

Godot at The Sherman Theatre

Pleasurable nihilistic nightmare done in white

By IFAN PAYNE

REVIEWS

ALTHOUGH born in Dublin, Samuel Beckett has lived in France most of his life — and *En Attendant Godot* his first play, completed in 1952, was written in French.

It is the custom to sit through original language productions of opera, yet it is seldom that we get an opportunity to hear a play in its original language.

Just as it is sad to sit amongst a silent, uncomprehending audience during a comic opera like *The Marriage of Figaro* because it cannot understand the witty Italian dialogue, so, conversely, it is to be regretted that we do not often have the pleasure of hearing the flow and lilt of a playwright's original creation.

For this we must thank Triangle Theatre whose French-language production of *Godot* I saw at the Sherman Theatre this week.

"A country road. A tree. Evening." This is the only clue that Samuel Beckett gives as to the setting of his play.

This is interpreted at the Sherman by Cinzia Mascherini in a design

that is striking for its starkly apt white on white. Even the carrot and radish are white.

Carman Jakobi's sure direction goes for verbal pace, highlighting the wit of the text and also building considerable tension during Lucky's monologue so that wasteland is transformed into a bedlam for the grotesque.

In a strong ensemble performance, the Estragon of Anthony Wise stood out for his expressive features — a sort of Gaelic William Bramble. Kevin Moxon was also notable as a truly realistic Pozzo.

The production was simply yet most effectively lit by Jim Atkins.

Above all, though, is the sense that everyone involved with this production has contributed with a singleness of purpose to this deliberate nihilistic nightmare.

I don't know who is to be complimented more for their incentive; Triangle or the Sherman. Either way, we can be grateful that *En Attendant Godot* is being performed again today at 1.30 and 7pm.