

SAMUEL BECKETT'S FAMED 1940s tragicomedy *Waiting for Godot* is about... well, what is it about?

The ludicrousity, nonetheless, is found in the existentialist conviction that life has no reason, and keeping in mind that the decisions that we make are insignificant for fantastic scope, they at last impact our self-definition. Everything is redundant and going on in a cyclic manner. Life is useless as an air pocket. Every one of these issues arose after the disaster of universal conflicts and results of that fierceness. Presence of individual and God was being referred to. All journalists of existentialist way of thinking proposed that person ought to recognize his own singularity and quit looking towards a saviour or a heavenly ability to handle issues of men hostility. This examination paper explained absurdity in Beckett's work with the assistance of literary confirmations from "*Waiting for Godot*" to demonstrate how essayist effectively opened ways for conversation about human corruption.

It's a play about two men – one having terrible trouble with his shoes, the other having terrible trouble with his prostate – who are waiting in a barren landscape near a single tree.

It's a play about two men – called Vladimir and Estragon – who are waiting for a Godot who never comes; a play about two men who meet, while they're waiting, two other men.

It's a play where the same thing happens in the first half of the play and the second half.

It's a mystery, an enigma wrapped in a riddle. Or maybe it just is what it is.

There are many interpretations – some say the men are lovers, others say they are friends. Some say the 'Godot' is God, others that he is a character who appears in the play.

Beckett himself said that if he had meant 'Godot' to mean 'God', he'd have said God.