

Likely, Beckett never “heard” his words in his head.
Not that he couldn’t.
It’s just that until you try ... or you hear someone do his words so well ...
You know ... like what Billie Whitelaw heard and believed her beloved Sam wanted ...

Thing is, everything is dated ... frozen in time ... held down or lifted up by precedent ...
And Sam’s words were precedent ... the new precedent ...
His notion of theatre was a new precedent ...
The lift ... the wind under his wings ... was huge ...
There was nothing to compare him to ...
And if you stop comparing ...
and just listen ...
feel, sense the flow and rhythm ...

That’s the essence of Beckett.

If you just stop ... listen ... feel, sense the flow ...

There’s a modern “age” ... not the whisky-drinking, cigarette-smoking Paris of the 50s ...
That was its birth ... his birth ...

Now, there’s another Billie on the scene ... not that she’s better than her ...
Or that Billie didn’t have flaws (good God, we all have flaws ...)
Or that she doesn’t (must I say good God again?)
It’s just that it’s a voice of a modern time ... one post-TV, radio, streaming video ... of
ubiquitous speakers everywhere, in everyone’s head, always blaring ... a vastly different
aural landscape ...

And in this aural landscape, a new voice is required ... not a different one ... no, Billie
knew exactly what her beloved Sam wanted ... but one of this age.

Listen ... you’ll know what I mean.