

"It's the twist on the twist." -- Audrey Hepburn in Paris When It Sizzles

Magazine
WINTER ISSUE

WHAT IS THE BEST SCREENPLAY EVER WRITTEN? A LIFE THAT FOLLOWS THE TRUTHS OF THE ANCIENTS TO THE ULTIMATE, TRUSTING YOUR LIFE AND LOVE TO IT

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JANUARY 2025

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Looking deeper, living deeper, speaking deeper

THERE IS WONDER IN THE WORKS AND HAS BEEN FOR CENTURIES, KNOWABLE IN THIS MOMENT

The Wonder Works

2010,
NYC

These were the moments for me in coming to know and fall in love with John Mayer in 2010. As this reality started emerging, I felt as if I was moving into a perfect, certain rightness, into the flow of a strong moving alive river; it was beautiful and truthful and didn't succumb to any withholding or reservation of fear or trepidation of things around me that were always causing withholding, had caused withholding since birth in what was surrounding; this was moving powerfully internally and externally, and I knew with a deep certainty, probably for the first time ever that I had to defy what was around me when it turned ugly and felt wrong, misguided, misinformed, or coming from a different place. I knew internally the compass had to flow past that, even when it was painful and shocking to see. I HAD to follow the rightness I recognized within me because it was the most truthful experience, and it could not matter what the human realm was doing, this is what I HAD to do and knew it to be true. It matched my soul and everything I ever knew deep within myself. And that reality, which was an alive *genius tutelae* force, a *special providence*, that I could not make move in my life on my own *no matter how hard I tried until this happened*, in this way this force was breaking through into 'ordinary' existence that had barred out freedom and hope around me, without my knowing how or why, just that is was the most peaceful and beautiful thing, and now it was strikingly and notably showing signs, like "This is how it really works, just like you felt," like the eternal world together said, "Okay, for this succession of events we're going to show you openly with only the thinnest of veils this wonder matching internally that you knew since a child, that there's something else at work than the world normally feels." I had seen little wonders my whole life, believed in them, relying on hard evidence for it, over here something happening that can't happen, over there, little things, signs breaking through, the eternal was speaking, but always staying just signs, just a path.



This was unexpectedly the floodgates, the thing that could make me change and go with it, an open reality. I recognized it. My life had continually, strangely, been forced inward, as if I weren't allowed to actually participate, always something further inward. It was like there was a guardrail. Even though I learned much later on what narcissistic abuse is, I still know that there was a cosmic force in place that kept it that way, forcing me inward because this wasn't to be a path of just the old cold reality, or a path of the social scene as it was.

I could see out, see what I needed and wanted to do, but it was kept from me, (I thought I wanted to turn them into movies, to turn the wonder into 'how I would make a living,' but it didn't want that), even though I could be on the precipice, on the cusp, feeling every potential and beauty of it in my veins. I was inspired. I knew it was inspired, went deeper, could do tremendous things. I understand that in childhood when things are hard one can come up with a reality to help. But this was alive and I could see it, knew it existed as reality—numen, even just Being and it matching. I trusted that, so much so that I would suffer through whatever was happening and 'hold my peace' (excruciatingly).

We're in a Mars retrograde at the moment going back to my Sun at 17° Cancer—that Mars retrograde back through Leo hasn't happened since that exact moment in 2010 when I saw John for the first time, the crux of the shift—and now I am having to articulate *exactly what it was* that happened then, in this moment finding the words to further--further because I have to show what it was that wasn't ordinary, couldn't be talked about as if it were. This path of the retrograde happens from 6 December 2024 to 2 May 2025. According to astrologer Pam Gregory, "the last time it moved retrograde in Leo was from December 2009 until the 10th of March 2010." That is when it shifted, and I haven't been able to stop working on it since. There was nothing that would let me stop.

This intensely moving internal and numinous river was showing the whole way of what to follow, and it was all of the truth and the the unspoken truth of the heart and the heart's very real electromagnetic following and connecting, what no one would allow me to feel or think or say (without hurtful criticism and mean-spirited gossip), everything that had been held within from the beginning, this massive struggle against the outside wanting to control me gave way in this moment, the loneliness that had killed me, the seclusion, the isolation, the dreams, that I wasn't allowed to feel my way out of, knew this was it. I could breathe, but had to hold my breath to make it through. My body overthrew the training of subservience always previously accepted in the name of kind-heartedness.

It was marked in a succession of extraordinary things that "can't happen" and even more so in the odds of how many were happening, one after another; it was extraordinarily beautiful and shocking to see the flow of the *supernatural* things being spoken in existence, just like as if it were still the old reality, but this one, a peace and an aliveness, but I was also looking at the hard crush of a narcissistic-formed false reality beholden to believing wholeheartedly in "kindness, subservience, self-sacrifice," when people were being very ugly to me, and this was breaking through, pulling me through, "Isn't this what you knew was true all along? This is reason enough, to defy what is unjustified control and selfishness, when you've waited and worked and taken it inward your whole existence knowing you weren't speaking it in your body, but waiting."

There was an on-going sense of being carried by something special in how it was happening, in totally unexpected wonder breaking through, as it seemingly just can't do, breaking through the 'ordinary' to show something else at work, seamlessly. It struck so deep that the wonder was true, beyond anything either of us could have planned. All of it was surprising and wonderful, and strangely, deeply peaceful beneath the high turbulence of the social.

That's why it wasn't social, it had so little to do with it at that moment. It would have been lost on anyone I told, "Can you see this happening?" And it wasn't about fame. That would be mundane compared to what was happening. (In the long run it's more about humanness.) Strangely, though, in the criticism and control, it wasn't lost on those who wanted it desperately as their own reality but in the social realm, a human forceful kind of thing. I was not making it public, but I was writing about it on-line with only having a few readers. I was narrating the awe. Certainly as a writer I needed to express it (with no need to draw attention to it). My way was always with writing it down.

And so here are some of the things in the succession that started happening:

- August 2007 I had a deep sense of recognizing my Moonbeam when I first saw him as a puppy, my little wonder of bursting joy matched a joy I had always felt, he a white Bichon Frisé, whom I would later find on the walls of the Sistine Chapel leading me to look up, later to find my name and what it meant, the prophecy, Michelangelo's flood, Garden of Eden, the Sibyls with the books, the 'Sun' pointing at the Moon . . . (beam). I had had another white dog for many years . . .
- October 2007 I had these gorgeous photos taken at a river up from my ranch in which I couldn't show my face because of the client's hatred, photos that turned out to be like Beatrice in the *Divine Comedy*; I used a vintage Epiphone guitar, unbeknownst to me, like the 70's Gibson L-5 John was filming at that moment with for *Where the Light Is* at the Hollywood sign overlooking Los Angeles. (@johnmayergear states, "There's a bit of debate about the exact year of the L-5, as there are quotes of him saying both '70 and '77"--both of our birth years.) My way of coming to movies wasn't going to be the norm as I had early on surmised when I fell in love with old black and white movies, it was going to be tunneling inward and in art and literature and in knowing John in following what I knew was true and him telling me to go further. The guitar I was using had been worked on by SRV's guitar tech, and I did not know then that that was John's guitar tech. It was this flow of music that would carry these extraordinary occurrences from literature and art that I had been *divining* from my whole life, now was flowing from Homer to John . . . But I could see it happening and I was a hard marvel every step further.
- February 2008 I took a trip from Texas to Santa Fe to the oldest mission & unknowingly stepped into Willa Cather's photographs from 1925; that would lead to discovering the wild truths about what happened to her work that became *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, and for which Audrey Hepburn took a stand.

• I would come to know John in that very in Greenwich Village--right where *Breakfast at Tiffany's* had come to life without me even knowing it, even after my years of writing about it and trying to figure out what was compelling me, a sense of "something in it" just as I had felt about the *Odyssey*, about the *Pietà* --right where Willa's original story of this, "Coming, Aphrodite!" was based. It's where she began writing the character in "The Bohemian Girl" and then left for New Mexico where she would discover the feeling of embodiment in the Southwest where I live.

• April 2009 I got Vanilla Custard Pudding, my teacup Yorkie, another striking moment of perfectly and confusingly knowing this was my child, and who would make living alone and hiking the mountains and woods and writing in the Southwest possible, whose courage would take us into the woods and into figuratively speaking, the caves of Chauvet to the immense discoveries of the literature and art all the way back there and forward through time to our moment, to Dead and Company, a continuation of Song beyond imagine. We wrote the books together upon Moonbeam's passing, which we had started with him. (Those first essays, the beginning of that path, were published on-line beginning about 2012.)

• December 2009 I visited San Francisco and the home of the Grateful Dead, feeling kind of lost, but still trying . . .

• March 2010 I saw John live for the first time, in Austin, Texas, couldn't breathe or leave--my world was suddenly upside down, the realest person I'd ever seen, the third in that series of recognition that blew apart my formerly held beliefs that the old reality would hold.

• I had lived in the different cities of Texas where Stevie Ray Vaughan had lived and played; I had won a piano competition at about 16 where he had lived in Eastland, Texas. Perhaps it seemed unimportant at the time, but they put it in the newspaper. My initials match SR, and my maternal grandmother's maiden name is Vaughn.

• 1 April 2010 John Mayer and I looked at each other for the first time in Vancouver, B.C. & began communicating shortly thereafter; that first look was like recognizing someone after a lifetime. It was surreal. I would never be the same again. I felt the deepest peace I'd ever known.

• When I was leaving Canada I was stopped in customs by someone recognizing my name from someone a thousand miles away. I went to Seattle and bought a scarf where Jimi Hendrix was born. Jimi passed 70 days after I was born in 1970. John was then born in 77.

• July 2010 First trip to NYC to see him, live at Jones Beach, visiting Greenwich Village, Village Underground, and the Olive Tree Cafe--which was playing exactly the same black and white movies in the same kind of atmosphere I had experienced as a child.

• As I was walking up Bleeker and MacDougal I bought a pink cashmere-like wrap, not thinking about how Audrey Hepburn's intellectual book shop in *Funny Face* (1957, the year my book journal was born in Los Angeles, where it was filmed) was set right there, and the pink is her coming out scene in Paris.

• While I was in NYC I stopped to sit on a bench for a moment. An elderly man came and sat down by me in silence and then he said, "You just reminded me there are angels on earth." And he got up and walked off.

• Even though I basically knew very few people in NYC, I saw an old friend on a street corner from where I taught college on the border of Texas/Mexico. He was the former assistant to motorcycle riding Democratic Texas Governor Ann Richards.





- 4 December 2010 I attended a Saturday morning photography workshop at San Antonio School of Art, stopped before heading home to take pictures at a fountain of sculptured birds at the old Ursuline Academy on the Riverwalk which I would later find as a scene in Willa's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, a miracle that at the same moment:

- 3-4 December 2010 John sent me a video of him playing "A Face to Call Home" from the night before at the Village Underground where Bob Dylan first played in NYC, where I had been standing talking to him, falling in love with him, laughing, my heart amazed at his beauty.

- That December I had been making him a short film "Until I Was Seven" that he didn't know I was doing, as I didn't know he was writing that song. And that's when I knew he loved me, that we loved each other. There hadn't been a minute since we first saw each other that either of us looked away. I was a surprise and an awakening.

"Coming, Aphrodite!"

How you can tell in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* that Audrey and the filmmakers are aware of how she is bringing through the vitality and beauty of setting things right--the core and intention of her very soul.



"It's the twist on the twist!"

Audrey was pregnant with her son Sean when she was asked to be in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* in 1960, being a mother and having a home life being her most expressed goal. It would have to be important for her to accept a movie role at that very moment in her pregnancy and then having just given birth.

The first shot of the movie is a yellow taxi coming from the direction of Greenwich Village and arriving at Tiffany & Co., a scene of standing in front of luxurious windows and dreaming what she will have, which is in Willa Cather's "Coming, Aphrodite!" (set in Greenwich Village) and not described in Truman's novella, although he does mention Holly likes to go to Tiffany's.

That's the direction and flow from where Mark Twain lived on 5th Avenue on the block (where Willa visited him) of the Brevoort Hotel, where Willa sold the first story "The Bohemian Girl," and the Avenue then flowing down to Tiffany's like a Huckleberry River from Washington Square Park, its beginning, the taxi a lone raft, the river trip referenced in Johnny Mercer's lyrics and Henry Mancini's song. Later, as Holly is putting on her lipstick and trying to get to the airport, the rain on the back window of the taxi again makes the avenue into a 'river.' She exits the taxi to be back on this river, where the writer tells her he's in love with her. Across the street from the iconic kiss in a back alley is a pawn shop--as in Willa's works have been pawned for cash, but this moment is an honest break-through of loving her characters and her character opening now to being loved--publicly. (Truman Capote claimed to have taken riverboat trips with his dad, but his absent dad was *at best* a salesman for a boat company, and was a known habitual liar and boaster who never held a job or a relationship with Truman for long. Willa's ties to Mark Twain and her writing of "Tom Outland's Story," are details connected to Willa's writing the actual stories of the continuation of the feminine beyond Mark Twain with her female characters who became 'Holly Golightly,' and her own life.

The "Asian" Mr. Yunioshi is played by Anglo actor Mickey Rooney because the person Truman Capote based the character on was actually an Anglo Asian art-dealer George Kates who had written articles about Willa Cather. My Yunioshi says, "I protest!" as he wakes up to this letting these characters into his building.

When he arrives in a taxi, Paul Varjak, the writer, turns and looks around the neighborhood because he doesn't know it--as Truman 'the writer' pretends to already live in the neighborhood he's taken from "Coming, Aphrodite!"

Paul Varjak doesn't have a 'key' or permission to the building and has to ring Holly's buzzer, just as Truman does not have permission to the text or apartment and characters of Willa's works. He has to be "let in" by (copying) the female character.

Paul Varjak tells Holly, "they sent me the upstairs key, I couldn't get the downstairs door open," and indeed, Truman takes the information from the upstairs in Willa's story, and not the street level, which he moves uptown and not on Washington Square Park.

She tries to close the door on him saying, "It's quite all right, could happen to anyone, quite frequently does"--that he does not have a key; she has been recognized by "Mr. Yunioshi"--a character known by the screenwriter to be connected to Willa.

It happens to her that she doesn't have her key, until later, after she's established her authenticity;

Plagiarism, too, "could happen to anyone and quite frequently does."

Inside the front cover of Willa Cather's magazine *McClure's* of which she was the editor from 1908-1912, was often a full page advertisement of Tiffany & Co., sometimes also the back cover. In "Coming, Aphrodite!" she talks about the jewelry and furs in shop windows. Eden Bower announces that she had "Breakfast at the Brevoort." On the 'coffee table' in Holly's apartment are two identical--copies of, repeats--of the same issue of an *Allure Magazine* (not actually in publication at the time as we know it)--and the 'allure' of Willa's characters, such as the effect that Thea Kronborg has on those around her, and the allure of taking the characters themselves, are the reasons why Truman copied Willa's works on the presence, stories, and details of her feminine characters. Additionally, on these *Allure* covers the female is brown-skinned, just like Willa's Clara Vavrika in "The Bohemian Girl" where the details of Holly and her apartment are taken for Holly Golightly.

Next to the magazines are movie soundtrack record albums. The one on top is the soundtrack to the musical film *The Five Pennies* (1959), a play on the name of the real person the movie is a biopic of, musician Red Nichols. Red's real-life wife's name is Willa. Willa wrote prodigiously about music and musicians, and whose closest friends were world-renown musicians. When Holly picks up the phone for him to call the 'older female decorator,' Paul steps on the cat who screams in alarm and jumps onto Paul's shoulders to the empty bookshelf. sets the telephone on top of this album to call 2E, i.e., to call for Willa's voice, but hangs up to find out what the female character is doing, where she is going . . .

Andy Rooney made the movie *Quicksand* (1950) about a snowballing life of crime where "each of his misdeeds [is] more serious than the last"--a reference now to what Truman Capote is doing in his "snowballing" plagiarism of Willa Cather. (Truman would go on to do it flagrantly again in *In Cold Blood* (1966).) The soundtrack for *Quicksand* was done by Red Nichols, married to Willa [Stutsman].

"Now the way I understand it, we are getting you ready to visit somebody in Sing Sing." "That's right," and indeed Audrey is implicating the true-life criminal (Truman) in her actions.

The 'alligator' is also a suggestion of a "bog"; the character of Hilda Burgoyne in Willa's novel *Alexander's Bridge* is singing the part in the theatre in a production of *Bog Lights*. (For Willa's character it is a foreshadowing as the bridge-architect Bartley Alexander will drown in the waters under his faulty bridge--of identity.) Hilda's character on stage in the opening is that of a comedic donkey-girl who enters on stage with a donkey." Willa's descriptions:

"But Hilda Burgoyne's the hit of the piece. Hugh's written a delightful part for her, and she's quite inexpressible."

And it is Audrey here doing beloved comedy for the audience. Willa continues:

"The audience had come forewarned, evidently, and whenever the ragged slip of a donkey-girl ran upon the stage there was a deep murmur of approbation, every one smiled and glowed, and Mainhall hitched his heavy chair a little nearer the brass railing."

Paul has found one shoe under the bed, like the alligator, and Holly finds the matching one, but this one is in a fruit and flower basket hung like a saddle bag on a life-size blue donkey as would be for the theater, and upon finding the shoe she exclaims, "There you are, you sneak!"

Willa writes, "She's really MacConnell's poetic motif, you see; makes the whole thing a fairy tale."

Audrey "finds the matching shoe" fairy tale style.

The story is leaning on Hilda's/Audrey's performance: "The second act opened before Philly Doyle's underground still, with Peggy and her battered donkey come in to smuggle a load of potheen across the bog, and to bring Philly word of what was doing in the world without, and of what was happening along the roadsides and ditches with the first gleam of fine weather. Alexander, annoyed by Mainhall's sighs and exclamations, watched her with keen, half-skeptical interest. As Mainhall had said, she was the second act; the plot and feeling alike depended upon her lightness of foot, her lightness of touch, upon the shrewdness and deft fancifulness that played alternately, and sometimes together, in her mirthful brown eyes."

This is moments before Holly and Paul go downstairs to meet the older "late" [deceased] female arriving in the taxi as the "decorator" [writer] of the apartment. Holly moves to turn on a soundtrack after she fills her champagne glass with "mother's" milk.

Holly's sparse furnishings in her apartment come from Willa's "The Bohemian Girl" and from her theory about writing in her article "The Novel D meuble" wherein the furnishing are 'taken out': "A novel crowded with physical sensations is no less a catalogue than one crowded with furniture" . . . "How wonderful it would be if we could throw all the furniture out of the window; and along with it, all the meaningless reiterations concerning physical sensations, all the tiresome old patterns, and leave the room as bare as the stage of a Greek theatre, or as that house into which the glory of Pentecost descended; leave the scene bare for the play of emotions, great and little—for the nursery tale, no less than the tragedy, is killed by tasteless amplitude. The elder Dumas enunciated a great principle when he said that to make a drama, a man needed one passion, and four walls."

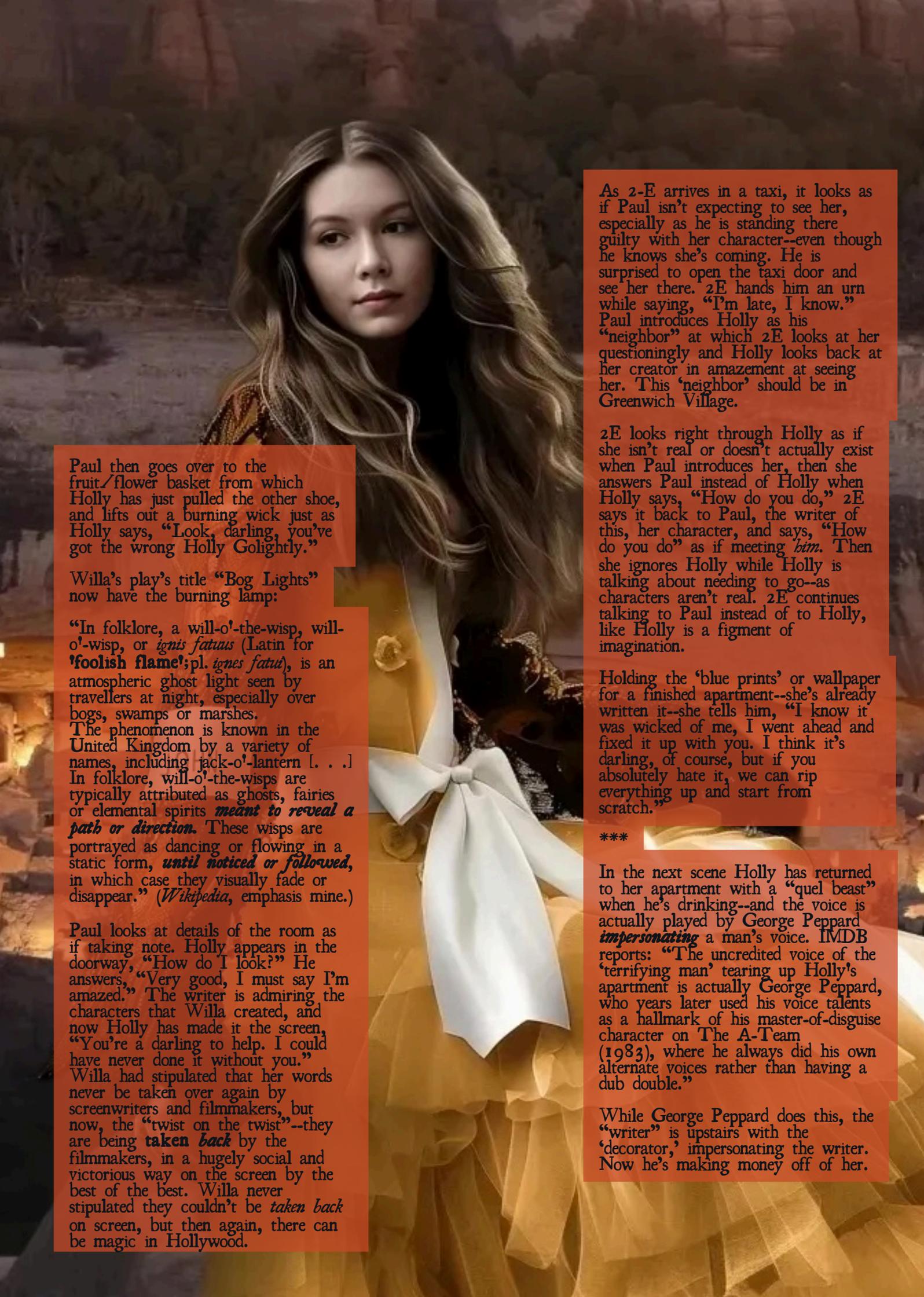
Holly is dressed like a 'Bright Young Thing' socialite with jewels in her hair and tiaras, and staying up all night partying, and not a call girl. She drinks milk from a champagne glass. Willa's close friend, Stephen Tennant was known as the brightest of the Bright Young Things.

Holly essentially asks for Paul's help in seeing if there's an "alligator under her bed," twice, around talking about her going to visit a scammer in prison. She explains, "Sing Sing, I mean, sounds more like it should be an opera house or something." Eden Bower and Thea Kronborg, among other of Willa's characters, are opera singers, as in "Coming, Aphrodite!" She then directly to him says, "Black Alligator."

Willa Cather writes
of opera singers.



She gargles like an opera singer would sing right when he says the words, "Sing Sing"--he's guilty of changing Willa's opera singer character.



Paul then goes over to the fruit/flower basket from which Holly has just pulled the other shoe, and lifts out a burning wick just as Holly says, "Look, darling, you've got the wrong Holly Golightly."

Willa's play's title "Bog Lights" now have the burning lamp:

"In folklore, a will-o'-the-wisp, will-o'-wisp, or *ignis fatuus* (Latin for 'foolish flame'; pl. *ignes fatui*), is an atmospheric ghost light seen by travellers at night, especially over bogs, swamps or marshes. The phenomenon is known in the United Kingdom by a variety of names, including jack-o'-lantern [. . .] In folklore, will-o'-the-wisps are typically attributed as ghosts, fairies or elemental spirits *meant to reveal a path or direction*. These wisps are portrayed as dancing or flowing in a static form, *until noticed or followed*, in which case they visually fade or disappear." (*Wikipedia*, emphasis mine.)

Paul looks at details of the room as if taking note. Holly appears in the doorway, "How do I look?" He answers, "Very good, I must say I'm amazed." The writer is admiring the characters that Willa created, and now Holly has made it the screen, "You're a darling to help. I could have never done it without you." Willa had stipulated that her words never be taken over again by screenwriters and filmmakers, but now, the "twist on the twist"--they are being **taken back** by the filmmakers, in a hugely social and victorious way on the screen by the best of the best. Willa never stipulated they couldn't be *taken back* on screen, but then again, there can be magic in Hollywood.

As 2-E arrives in a taxi, it looks as if Paul isn't expecting to see her, especially as he is standing there guilty with her character--even though he knows she's coming. He is surprised to open the taxi door and see her there. 2E hands him an urn while saying, "I'm late, I know." Paul introduces Holly as his "neighbor" at which 2E looks at her questioningly and Holly looks back at her creator in amazement at seeing her. This 'neighbor' should be in Greenwich Village.

2E looks right through Holly as if she isn't real or doesn't actually exist when Paul introduces her, then she answers Paul instead of Holly when Holly says, "How do you do," 2E says it back to Paul, the writer of this, her character, and says, "How do you do" as if meeting *him*. Then she ignores Holly while Holly is talking about needing to go--as characters aren't real. 2E continues talking to Paul instead of to Holly, like Holly is a figment of imagination.

Holding the 'blue prints' or wallpaper for a finished apartment--she's already written it--she tells him, "I know it was wicked of me, I went ahead and fixed it up with you. I think it's darling, of course, but if you absolutely hate it, we can rip everything up and start from scratch."

In the next scene Holly has returned to her apartment with a "quel beast" when he's drinking--and the voice is actually played by George Peppard *impersonating* a man's voice. IMDB reports: "The uncredited voice of the 'terrifying man' tearing up Holly's apartment is actually George Peppard, who years later used his voice talents as a hallmark of his master-of-disguise character on *The A-Team* (1983), where he always did his own alternate voices rather than having a dub double."

While George Peppard does this, the "writer" is upstairs with the 'decorator,' impersonating the writer. Now he's making money off of her.

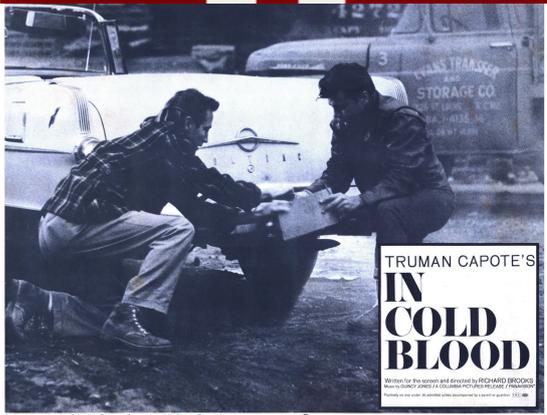
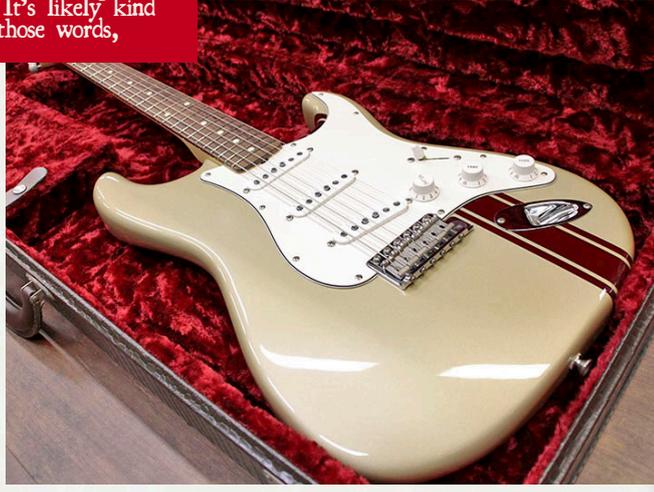


A color-coded continuation in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*: 2E has arrived in a different color of taxi: a white car with red stripes. Now we notice when Mr. Yunioshi comes out to protest again, the hallways of the building she's written are white with orange-red stripes, matching her arrival where she began announcing her identity. (Orange being the color of Audrey's Dutch Resistance, her "stripes" in line with this.) When Holly comes back from Sing Sing, she isn't in the apartment and the music stops and the "impersonated" voice starts railing at her through the door to not stop 'the party' and 'be a pal' as she escapes out the fire escape--from Willa's "Coming, Aphrodite!" This "voice" is actually 'tearing up' her apartment (as well as *in Truman's writing*). The next scene is going to question this 'literary impersonated voice.' When she slips into Paul's apartment she sits down in "Paul's" writing desk chair--which is actually Willa's--it is also red and white stripes. The moment Holly sits down in it she says, "You know, you look a little like my brother Fred. Do you mind if I call you Fred?" The chair squeaks as if to speak as she says "Fred." Fred's character Truman lifted from Willa's novel *The Song of the Lark*, not even changing the name. This writer who doesn't even have a ribbon in the typewriter doesn't mind "at all," as he's taken it from Willa, and he doesn't mind being identified as that. He's already assumed all the identities in her writing as the author. Holly then immediately leans forward and touches the cash left for him. As the truth comes out, now it's "The party's over--out!" coming from his denial. Line for line, and in all the details from the filmmakers--without missing a beat, they are exposing Truman Capote claiming to be the author.



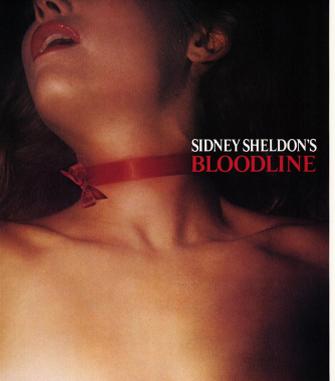
One of John Mayer's first custom guitars was a Shoreline Gold Fender USA Stratocaster with 50s decal red racing stripes [from 2004-2005] that he uses in his "Bigger Than My Body" music video. After the girl and he exchange looks, looking intently at each other and she gets dragged off, his feet start to lift off the ground. He's wearing white with red stripes sneakers.

Holly tells Paul, "I'm just trying to let you know I understand. ***I understand completely.***" She's showing her entire act of defiance in making the movie against his wrong. And, outdoing Truman, she says, "It's very useful being top banana in the shock department"--Truman Capote's very public game--being shocking, and not sober or sane. At that instant of saying "shock department" she takes a drink of the liquor and winces. Paul will go on to drink his all the while he's in bed, but she'll pour hers into the vibrant green plants that Willa/2E have planted in the "entryway" to this story--the Garden, her Garden of Eden Willa recreated in so many of her works, toward an unfathomably brilliant and numinous vision, and here liquor being poured on her garden, as Truman has done with her work in his stance of "being a writer" for fame, money, and free publicity. In this shot there's a mirror above the greenery framed in gold showing Audrey 'in the Garden,'--Willa's very answer now here embodied by the very full spirited and courageous Audrey Hepburn--with Paul "behind the blinds"--the public and media blinded about the art and what happened to twist the universal garden--and Audrey having demonstrated 'the liquor poisoning the garden,' i.e. Truman Capote's false identity and endless lies and usurping her masterful work. Downstairs when she was "drawing" herself with the Tiffany blue pencil, she was in a gold-framed mirror as well. She's presenting her character in the strength and spirit to take it back and make a more vibrant, alive statement. Upon taking a taste of the liquor on those words, "the shock department" and wincing Holly immediately asks, "What do you *do*, anyway?" To which he answers (as he lies in bed), "I'm a writer, I guess."--At that very moment she's outside the view, outside the 'room divider' that has been created around his bed--as Truman is a "room divider" inside Willa's works, and in this Holly is not in [Truman's] "his" false scene of lying saying he is a writer. He didn't write her. She's Willa's character in every sense, even in the sense of claiming herself. Holly comes back into it to ask, "You guess? *Don't you know?*" He can't admit the truth--he will, in fact, go on to ruin many other people's lives from Babe Paley to the remaining Clutter daughters, eager to invade and hurt as many people as possible, using Willa still, no less, and no matter what pain they've been through as long as he can be the "writer" and "famous" and the forced center of attention. As Holly opens the "closet" door talking about a writer she says the words, "Quel rat!" into the closet. She comes back from the closet and asks, "Tell me, are you a *real* writer? I mean, does anybody buy what YOU write, or publish it or anything?" His answer is not straight-up: "They bought what's in that box." "Yours!?" "Uh huh." "All these books!?" "Well, there's just the one book--12 COPIES OF IT. Willa Carther wrote 12 novels. Holly reads the cover, "*Nine Lives* by Paul Varjak. They're stories," she says, i.e. lies, fabrications. In fact, the dog from "Coming, Aphrodite!" is now her cat who screamed in alarm and jumped from his shoulder to the empty bookshelf when he stepped on it, and she goes to retrieve the cat from the bookshelf, bringing it comfort and a place instead. Truman has also been experiencing publicly, in not being found out, a kind of 'nine lives' of close-call survival, 'landing on his feet,' in the media and public adoration, but he's not on his feet here, he's in bed where Truman egotically lied publicly about where he 'writes' in bed--where he was sneaking taking from Willa. According to commentary notes on this moment, "He is wearing a watch on his right wrist. However, when he states, 'They bought what's in that box' while pointing to a box filled with copies of his novel, the watch disappears. It reappears in the next shot." It's likely kind of another lovely divine nomen of watches and John Mayer on those words, *"They bought what's in that box."*



THE LINE BETWEEN LOVE AND DEATH IS THE BLOODLINE.

Paramount Pictures Presents
 A DAVID V. PICKER
 SIDNEY BECKERMAN Production
 Starring
 AUDREY HEPBURN
 BEN GAZZARA
 JAMES MASON
 CLAUDIA MORI
 IRENE PAPAS
 MICHELLE PHILLIPS
 MAURICE RONET
 ROMY SCHNEIDER
 OMAR SHARIF
 BEATRICE STRAIGHT and
 GERT FRÖBE as Inspector Max Horing
 "SIDNEY SHELTON'S
 BLOODLINE"
 Produced by DAVID V. PICKER and
 SIDNEY BECKERMAN
 Directed by TERENCE YOUNG
 Screenplay by LAIRD KOENIG
 Based on the Novel by SIDNEY SHELTON
 Music Composed and Conducted by
 ENNIO MORRICONE
 A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



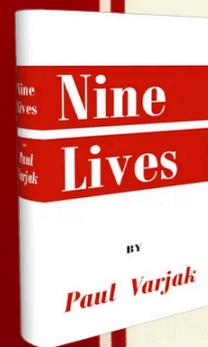
"I suppose this is kind of a ratty question, but what have you written lately?" "Lately I've been working on a novel." "Lately, since 1956?" "Well, a novel takes a long time. I want to get it exactly right." "So no more stories"--As in, "So this one isn't going to be taken from someone else and sold as your own?" His answer, "Well the idea is that I'm not supposed to *fritter my talent away on little things*. I'm supposed to be saving it for the BIG ONE." As he is saying the words "BIG ONE" she is opening the dollar-green typewriter case to reveal that the typewriter is red and white: Willa's--and Audrey's statement. Truman is too delusional, too self-important, too self-grandiose to "fritter himself away" [as other artists have to do as they painstakingly and slowly master their art] on trying to write things that aren't *already masterpieces*. At saying "Sure" that he writes everyday, Paul takes a drink of liquor--what Truman was actually doing. In subsequent shots it can be seen that the typewriter still has the tag hanging on it--and the tag is red and white, its creator, its owner, the statement of the heart and of humanity and respect worth making.

On the corner of the desk is the direct line to Willa's voice--the golden telephone--the gold, priceless. It's more prominent than anything else on the "writing" desk.

Holly asks, "Tell me, do you write every day?" "Sure." "Today?" "Sure."--He's lying. "Beautiful typewriter," she says. "Of course. **I** writes nothing but sensitive, intensely felt, promising prose." She points out the truth: "But there's no ribbon in it." "There isn't?" The matching red and white chair across, the copy, has his blue robe draped over the red and white stripes. Before she has come into this scene, like an angel Holly has conspicuously changed into a *white* robe and ascended to this usurpation of the divine. This character belongs to Willa from many of her stories. Holly asks if the stories are dirty and he replies, "only incidentally." "Mostly they are angry, sensitive, intensely felt and that dirtiest of all dirty words, promising." Truman doesn't want to be a "promising" writer. He wanted the eminence and stature immediately. He was very willing to lie to get it. They are "incidentally dirty" because he added the whorish to Willa's female characters. If one takes note, the easy and fast is always *the tearing down*--what he will try to do to Audrey after the movie in retaliation. Audrey's spirit withstands it. The steel in her is going to take a stand, no matter what.

Holly lays "his" book *Nine Lives* down right beside the typewriter. Its cover is white with a red stripe, with Paul's name in red. It's all lies. When she gifts him the typewriter ribbon and he opens it, it is red. Paul smiles, what a gift! Willa's writing. It is in a gold box and left at the mailbox, where Willa's character Don Hedger sees Eden Bower's mail and comes to know who has moved into the building in "Coming, Aphrodite!" The details are extremely brilliant, huge reclamations in the most gorgeous and generous of humorous spirit and drawing the very clear line for the genius female author and formidable actress and soul. Truman had sold the novella with his name on it, then sold the movie rights, hoping to star in it, but certainly pocketing the cash. Audrey has taken on a very dark narcissist, but if anyone's spirit can bring out the right, and in astounding beauty, it is Audrey.

As she walks through *blinds* leading into that different room, the entryway, he says, "You know something you said this morning has been *bothering me all day*." Why would it be bothering him so much? Because it's what gets to him: the female author doesn't have to be whorish, pimped, or pimp others. She IS. She exists by being herself and taking care. She's a masterful, gorgeous creation, creator. "What's that?" she asks and *parts the room* and enters the entryway where the green plants are growing and her face is surrounded by the gold of the mirror. "Do they really give you \$50 whenever you go to the powder room?" [The *women's* room, the room of the creation of characters, as Holly drawing her own face.] (Thea Kronborg in *The Song of the Lark*, for example, does accept financial help from an older male doctor who believes in her in getting started in her opera singing career.) "Of course," she answers. She looks with kindness from the Garden to the "Other Voices, Other Rooms" betrayer, whore. [Dante calls it so when fraud sells the sacred for cash, and Willa's works most definitely touch and deliver the sacred, it's how she moved away from the men such as F. Scott Fitzgerald and William Faulker from taking her work and moved further towards a shockingly profound goal in her writing She saw the vision of where to go, and in this spirit, Audrey is it.] Here Holly's talking about Fred, contemplating the character and discussing it with Paul. Thea Kronborg was very close to her brother, practically his mother. Audrey knows these details.



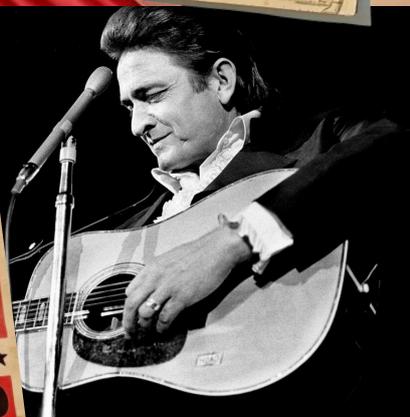
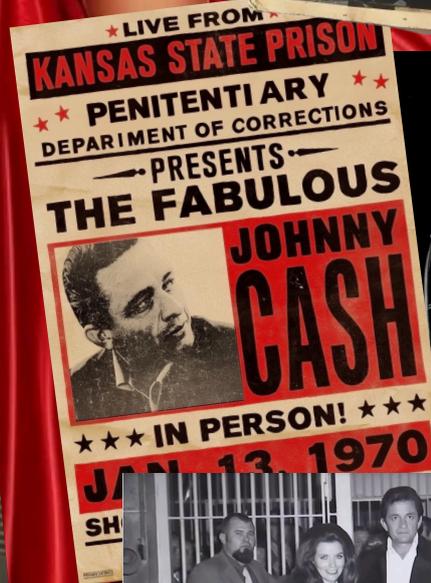
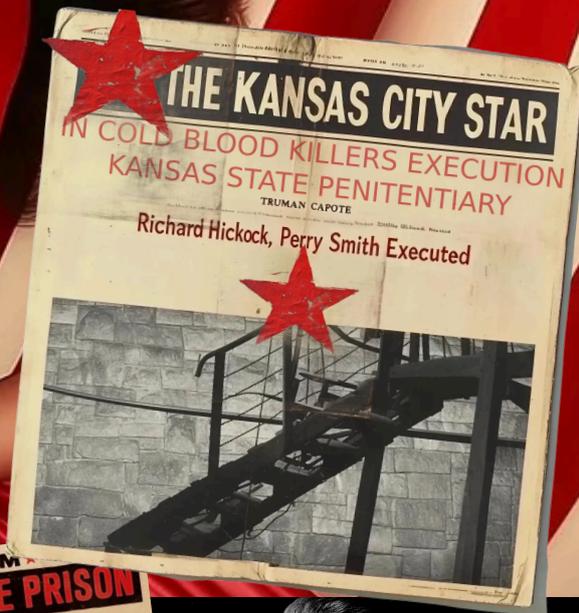
At the beginning when Paul has first arrived and is learning about her "character" as she gets dressed for Sing Sing [her entire act is demonstrating the crime], he sits down on her red Harvard blanket. Willa's character of Fred in *The Song of the Lark*, from which many of the details of Truman's novella is taken, attended Harvard.



When Holly finally lays down right beside him and rests her head on him, she asks, "We are friends, aren't we?" Truman certainly continually presented to the public that he was friends with Audrey (even trying to say through lies and more plagiarism that he was friends with Willa), then disparaging Audrey and her role (and everyone else) to make himself in the clear and much more important, and certainly more the public center of a false, delusional prevailing narrative. Paul gives the same untrue answer he gave to the question if he writes everyday: "Sure" and pats her on the shoulder like she's just a kid--demeaning her intelligence, spirit, even humanity. Now she is going to have a 'nightmare' about Fred, the character in question. In her subconscious she starts saying things that are true in Willa's stories: She's out at Walnut Canyon in Arizona. She is wondering where Fred is. When he does arrive they get caught in a storm in the canyon before making it back to the ranch, therefore she is saying, "It's cold. Snow and wind." Paul is listening to every word. He asks now as he wakes her, "Why are you crying?" And now she shows she's upset and the truth comes out: "If we're going to be friends, let's just get one thing straight right now. I hate snoops." This is the truth: He's snooped into all of Willa's works. She exits out the fire escape, back into Willa's story of what happens in "Coming, Aphrodite!"--and the Garden of Greenwich Village where they make the cultural spring spring forth from her writing.

First Paul touches the Harvard blanket as he looks under the bed for the "alligator"-- showing the identity now turned alligator under the bed? [Willa's burial]--and then when he finds it on the other side of the bed, he sits down holding the "alligator" on the red blanket and says, "Now as I understand it, we're getting you ready to visit somebody in Sing Sing." Yes, Audrey is showing the case for a conviction. Matter-of-factly: "That's right. You can always tell *the kind of person a man really thinks you are* by the earrings he gives you. I must say, *the mind reels!*" She isn't the kind of character at all that Truman made her into, and the filmmakers are showing where the character of Fred comes from and the female character's objection, and coming out back as herself, extraordinary, vibrantly beautiful and alive. He then asks, "May I ask whom?" She begins 'writing herself' with a Tiffany blue colored pencil--"Oh, who I go to visit you mean." "I guess that's what I mean." "I don't know that I should even discuss it. Well, they never told me not to tell anyone." It's the crime of his plagiarism and the discussion of visiting someone that should be in prison.

She runs to look under the bed for the other shoe, but it isn't under there as Paul leans over to talk to her character 'under the bed'--"You mean they pay you?"--just for conversation--*writing*. Truman is interested--money, daring, notoriety. As she crawls out, she's perfectly in line in the shot with a rather haggard (beat up) bull [a mythological symbol of the female goddess such as Io, now stabbed in both sides from the 'bullfights'-- here injured by Truman Capote--and his bull@*!]. Paul's head and the shoe he's holding line up to stabbing Holly in the same formation. She gets up from crawling and runs over to the ass (donkey, discussed earlier from *Alexander's Bridge*)--and now the act of taking back the "copy"--the other shoe. She darts past Paul as she says, "Sneak," grabs the other shoe, and runs past him to the closet to grab what she needs to get out of there and escape with her character. When she reappears in the doorway she's stunning. She has done it herself. She can carry and reclaim the story.

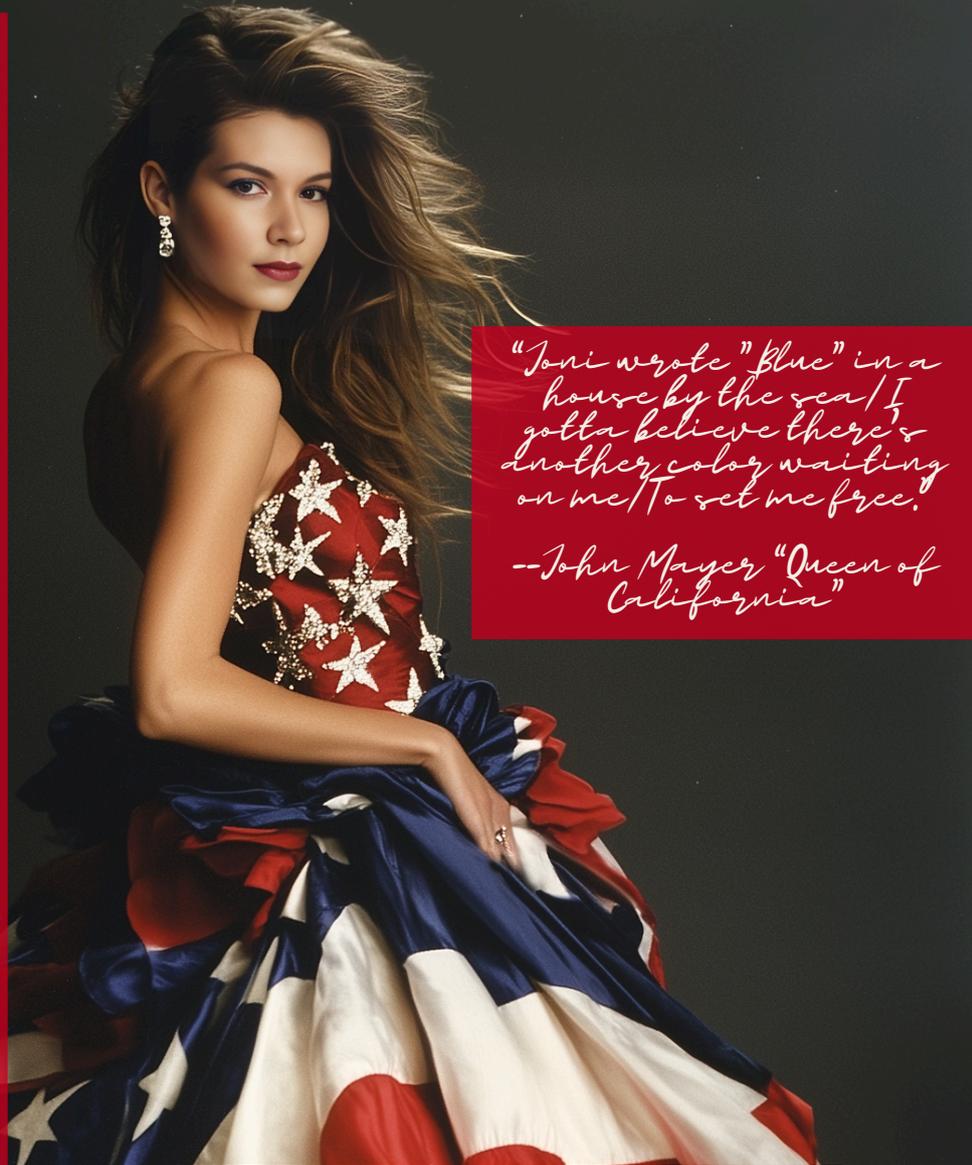


Knowing that the filmmakers have established this color scheme of red and white with Willa and Audrey, thinking of the blood and sacrifice, Audrey having suffered a childhood in World War I in the Netherlands, the invasion of the Nazis and the extremely closed-minded taking over, a deluded, harm-filled populace in a collective mass madness, and the colors of the Red Cross, Audrey's undying humanitarian spirit, and Willa giving her life and life-long effort to writing masterpieces for a differently structured American on the feminine, and on this sacred Place, on Being, on a natural land sacredness into Beingness, and the pursuit of expression represented in red, the huge price paid for complete freedom of spirit . . .

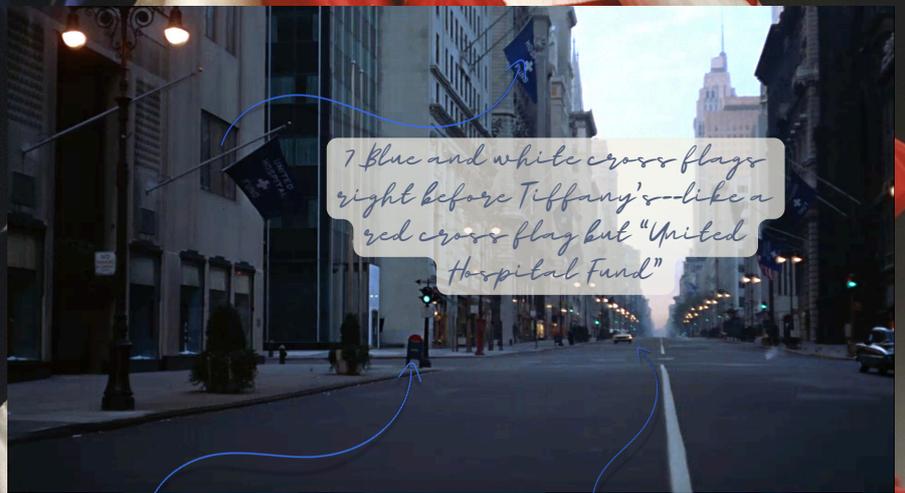
And the purity and innocence, "new beginnings, purity of intentions," symbolized in the white of Audrey's actions--from her *opera* tuxedo shirt to her white angelic "robe," we can go back to the beginning of the movie and see the colors of red, white, and then the role of blue and how the filmmakers carefully, mind-boggling intricately played them together to show what Truman had untruthfully and unjustly done. America is not what it is destined to be without Audrey's truth and justice. Willa wrote of the bohemian spirit, and Audrey is here to bring it.

The larger picture is of course also in the broader scope of the concept of true and masterful expression, and the vast crime against all humanity in that being taken away for fame and money for one *extremely self-centered damaged person*--the "mental illness" we now define in known characteristics of personality disorders **which intend and commit harm to others**, power over others, such as those that *must* be the center of attention at all cost, cost not their own, extremely desirous of the attention and approval even if it is negative. They will even push the negative.

But far beyond this Audrey is bringing justice and healing, what she cared most about. In her willingness to dare she sets into motion this momentum beyond a movie to now when it can be known and we are able to value her spirit, even her heritage that Willa wrote about being so important, what is to be valued and integrated into what America's possibilities are, to be opened that way. Willa's envisioned this strength and spirit of the feminine, and it is a massive loss but supreme opportunity at Truman stealing it for himself--and Audrey's ability to retrieve the truth and justice. As we can see, her spirit is even able to speak through eternity itself. It's not just to make the formidable statement of vision for America and freedom that Willa made that can now break free through the hand of eternity, but also this stand in brilliance, purity, innocence, and caring so much for humanity. Audrey wasn't worried about her fame, and she had no need to worry.



"Joni wrote "blue" in a house by the sea / I gotta believe there's another color waiting on me / To set me free."
 --John Mayer "Queen of California"



7 blue and white cross flags right before Tiffany's--like a red cross flag but "United Hospital Fund"

Red and blue "mailbox" delivering the message

Here comes Audrey

Audrey's character is "MIRRORED" and "REFLECTED" throughout, even in the jewelry case at Tiffany's, showing the identity and replication of Willa's character into Truman's "works"

In the opening sequence just after all the blue and white flags, in the distance further is an American flag and a white flag with blue, the reversal. The credits roll while Audrey looks in the window. The instant before the credits read: "Based on the novel by Truman Capote," Audrey's image is for a split second just a reflection, then she starts to take a drink, and is drinking as his name is shown. She stops exactly as his name disappears. She cocks her head. She's up to something. The movie will end on this exact note as well: In the alley when Holly is hugging a soaked no-name Cat behind her are two posters: one red, white, and sunrise yellow saying "Help crippled children," and on a blue one, a mad man, his head caught inside a global sphere opposed to the golden moon.



The screen will be split in the background during the ending kiss: on Paul's side is "Pawn Brokers" with an arrow pointing down to a black car (Holly's black dress is in Willa's writing)--he has stolen and pawned Willa's works for cash, and been incredibly desirous of being the author of the spirit of her female characters which Audrey has beyond words brought to life. She's still the loving one, the massive spirit beyond form, as Willa predicted. And Thea's character in Willa's *The Song of the Lark* does indeed marry Fred. Here they are in a back alleyway--the means by which Truman procured her work, and with the garbage. But Audrey is here because she cares.



When she arrives to her apartment and doesn't have the key--this is actually the wrong building, so why would she have a key? She was written for Greenwich Village. There is a man in a black suit with a red carnation chasing her, yelling "Hey!" harassing her and invading her space. He's been--asleep--in his black car with a VERY RED interior. It's Truman's harassment and invasion of the female character. He follows her into the entryway which has the trimmings of forest garden green. She has to push an alarm for help from Mr. Yunioshi--the Anglo writer-Asian art collector who wrote articles about Willa and whom Truman turned into a character. Mr. Yunioshi, like the audience as well, has a hard time WAKING UP to what's happening. Mr. Yunioshi very symbolically hits his head on a moon-like lantern globe, right in the face, the feminine--as the audience should be as well. It even has a white cross hanging down.



His apartment is orange (and gold) of the resistance, too. As he stumbles to the door, taking a crazy 'picture' of himself (drawing attention to his identity), and stumbling on lights that should illuminate the situation, by the doorway is a picture of down into a deep hole, like the stairwell that he is about to look down into, very Dantean.

Holly, too, will have a hard time "waking up" to Paul's character ringing at her door unexpectedly, but her resistance is in full force: her lipstick is orange, even the cat is orange. She doesn't hear the doorbell buzz--the cat does and wakes her, and as she stumbles to the door to let who knows in, she can neither hear nor see Paul very well. The mask is going to have to come off, the ears unplugged. It's the coming to awareness intended of the brilliance of the movie. When she takes out the ear plugs and can hear Paul, she sets them on the empty bookshelf. Down the hallway to her bedroom is a set of three white suitcases stacked like a stairway to heaven. Paul will set his "luggage" down exactly at the same spot opposite out in the hallway, the copy. Audrey will transcend upstairs to set heaven right, which is here on Earth.

She says, "Oh, you wanted something!"--and it is to get 2E/Willa on the [black] phone. But Holly says she moved this phone into the suitcase to "muffle the sound." She moves it out and sets it on the sound recording beside 'Willa's' magazines and the expose is on.



When Mr. Yunioshi hits his head again on the "moon" when Holly gets back from Sing Sing, it's exactly as he says the words "Miss Colightly!" We are to WAKE UP to her as well, the very moon.

As Holly pulls out the black phone from the hidden suitcase, the phone we won't actually see him talking to 2E/Willa on, even though he begins to dial in front of us but hangs up to learn more about Holly's character, above it is a red globe lamp with white right above it with a winged gargoyle coming down over the suitcase. He takes a step towards the phone and steps on the cat, the alarm, the bookcase. Audrey cares enough to retrieve the cat. She states what she needs: "Where me and things go together." At the door as Paul is standing there there is a a red compass pointing past him to N to her; the base is like a fire hydrant, and on top is a fishy-fish pointing to him.

While Holly is down turning on the record player, on the artist easel is a painting of the red paints scribbling over blue. When she runs out to leave there is a close-up shot of the luggage. The red stripe in the hallway has led up to the "baggage"--what he's carrying--and then it turns orange and Audrey has taken over the Dutch Resistance cause.



There you are, you sneak. Thank you.



You're welcome.

Paul's head is also in the position of the "hot air blower."



I told him, "Look, darling, you've got the wrong Holly Golightly."



I mean the kids the wives bring.

The name "Varjak" means "crows" in Willa's Bohemian Hungarian



He pays you?

Head-to-head with the ass where he pulls out the flame, red-handed, where Holly has found "the other shoe" reclaiming her identity.

Removing the laurel crown

Truman's need to be seen.



And he always wants to meet you at Hamburger Heaven.



The voice on the other end of the line.

The cash

“A girl just can’t go
to Sing Sing with a
green face.”



DEAD & COMPANY
DEAD
FOREVER
LIVE AT SPHERE
LAS VEGAS

Holly knows how she wants to feel where she is valued, feels her own value, and a place where she belongs, and then remembers, "I'm sorry--YOU WANTED SOMETHING"--something more than just let into the building. He needs the voice. Oh yes, the black phone to call 2E/Willa.

Truman never actually met Willa Cather as he said over and over to cover himself, he was repeating her writing "A Chance Meeting," and so here he says, "I was supposed to meet somebody."

When Holly is fixing her hair



I mean, this is 10:00 Thursday morning, isn't it?



-I think so.
-Thursday! Oh, no, it can't be!



It's too gruesome.



Well, what's so gruesome about Thursday?

Stairway to heaven through what is inside Willa's writing.



Nothing, except I can never remember when it's coming up.

Tree lamp on her dressing table

Many years after the movie Truman Capote still kept repeating a plagiarized story to the press that he had met Willa Cather and that she had invited him over for a Thursday.

When Paul says he was supposed to meet somebody Holly lunges up out of Clara Vavrika's bathtub that Paul has put himself in and says, "It's too gruesome!"

And that she can never remember when it's coming up--because Willa never said it. In the background is the silhouette of a tree overhanging Holly and on the corner of her dressing table is the tree lamp with a cherub on the other side. She's going to restore the laurel tree and the Willa's Eden.

When 2E puts the cash on her own writing desk, it is near a lit lamp with a bent stem up to the light and the base is made of mythological sculptures: a young male is lifting the laurel (symbol of victory and achievement, especially to poets and athletes) from the head of a seated female. Behind it is the matching red and white chair with Paul's 'robe' draped over covering the stripes. In front of the seated female mythological figure is a standing bottle of liquor, the red band broken on the neck, the bottle open, and placed, in one shot, blocking the seated female out so that the laurel is almost being placed on the liquor bottle instead of her head. The water nymph river goddess Daphne is known for the laurel from being turned into a laurel tree fleeing from Apollo, being dedicated instead to her maidens--as Willa spent her life with female companions, four decades with Edith Lewis. In one mythological telling of Daphne, "She had sworn a vow of chastity and spent her time hunting with a group of maidens, but a boy named Leucippus disguised himself as a girl to get close to her," and this could be the boy in the porcelain lamp. But since we know Daphne was turned into a laurel tree, where the laurel is taken from as symbolism, the lamp itself is then supported by the rest of the room--the literary achievement--having been 'decorated' by Willa--and that is where the rest of the evidence of this mythology lies.

The sculpture in on top of the gilded--transformed--wood writing desk with wooden legs with a fury of gold growth up it, with the top completely transformed into gold. As the camera shows shots of the rooms, the dark figures holding torches around Paul in bed are to be seen hanging on a room divider, a partition of the room, and not the room itself, creating his own kind of hell in the room, but their torches are branches reaching upward--he has taken the laurel tree branches and by darkness of himself, these demon-like visages have become the laurel tree, taken the "laurels" for the "achievement"--which Willa's in the room itself. Within this space of the room dividers Fred isn't her Fred, but a plagiarized one. Holly says "You must think I'm tres fou or something--using French for "mad"--that she, Audrey must be mad about this that she's taking a stand for. He then repeats her French just as Truman copies Willa's.

In the bed area where Paul is “earning his money” “writing” Holly talks about trying to save, and she can’t seem to. Here’s the money/text leak. She’s trying to save the characters as well. She literally puts herself into his arms, seeing if they truly are friends, and he’s taking in every word she’s saying for writing down later. That that isn’t friendship should go without saying, but Audrey is here to prove character, authenticity, and believing in what you can do.

Earlier she says to tell her one of the stories in his book and his answer is, “They are not really the kind of stories you *can tell*,” as he can’t tell people or her what he’s done. For narcissists, “reality is an aggression,” there are no respectable boundaries for other humans, they should be able to steal, claim the resources as their own, and control the story over others. Those aren’t human rights.

Later Paul will be typing her Bohemian character on the red and white typewriter as we hear her voice overlaid, Holly singing “Moon River” on the fire escape--the Bohemian music as in Willa’s text, what he’s “overheard” and written down.

When Paul returns to the building the next day Holly has left him a note and a gift, apologizing for the night before and saying that they are friends, inviting him over that evening. When he gets back to his apartment the red and white typewriter is out on the desk. The phone is ringing at the same moment, with 2E on the other end, this time she is in her own home in blues and whites--the place that makes you feel like Tiffany’s, and *heavenly*. She’s now wearing the green--as she’s the source of the money and is the tree, the nature itself--and she has a white dog (as in the White Dog Star Sirius [XM Ch 14] signaling the transformation of Io, and with a red collar on the couch beside her. Above her in the light blue are white divine female figurines.



An excerpt from Willa’s *The Song of the Lark*:

“When Frederick Ottenburg was beginning his junior year at **Harvard**, he got a letter from Dick Brisbane, a Kansas City boy he knew, telling him that his fiancée, Miss Edith Beers, was going to New York to buy her trousseau. She would be at the Holland House, with her aunt and a girl from Kansas City who was to be a bridesmaid, for two weeks or more. If Ottenburg happened to be going down to New York, would he call upon Miss Beers and “show her a good time”?

Fred did happen to be going to New York. He was going down from New Haven, after the Thanksgiving game. He called on Miss Beers and found her, as he that night telegraphed Brisbane, a “ripping beauty, no mistake.” He took her and her aunt and her uninteresting friend to the theater and to the opera, and he asked them to lunch with him at the Waldorf. He took no little pains in arranging the luncheon with the head waiter. Miss Beers was the sort of girl with whom a young man liked to seem experienced. She was dark and slender and fiery. She was witty and slangy; said daring things and carried them off with nonchalance. Her childish extravagance and contempt for all the serious facts of life could be charged to her father’s generosity and his long packing-house purse. Freaks that would have been vulgar and ostentatious in a more simple-minded girl, in Miss Beers seemed whimsical and picturesque. She doted about in magnificent furs and pumps and close-clinging gowns, though that was the day of full skirts. Her hats were large and floppy. When she wriggled out of her moleskin coat at luncheon, she looked like a slim black weasel. Her satin dress was a mere sheath, so conspicuous by its severity and scantness that every one in the dining-room stared. She ate nothing but alligator-pear salad and hot-house grapes, drank a little champagne, and took cognac in her coffee. She ridiculed, in the raciest slang, the singers they had heard at the opera the night before, and when her aunt pretended to reprove her, she murmured indifferently, “What’s the matter with you, old sport?” She rattled on with a subdued loquaciousness, always keeping her voice low and monotonous, always looking out of the corner of her eye and speaking, as it were, in asides, out of the corner of her mouth. She was scornful of everything,—which became her eyebrows. Her face was mobile and discontented, her eyes quick and black.”



2E/Willa’s conversation on the phone with Paul/Truman is brilliant in its humor and revelation.



Red and white bull piñata, stabbed to see what’s inside.

Paul/Truman has now completely moved into copying the French from when Holly/Audrey said that she was "Très fou"--he repeating her by saying "fou"--just as he copies Willa's use of the French language, literature, and heritage, Willa opening it up in hugely insightful ways. Now Paul arrives back the next morning carrying a French baguette in a paper sack, stops to pick up his new red typewriter ribbon from Holly, and when he opens the door to his apartment he's parallel to a background portrait of a French "Duke of Orleans"-type character who has draped himself in the French flag and has one hand grabbing for the crown. The golden phone is already ringing. The red typewriter is now out in the open. Paul answers the phone with a curt, "Yeah." She's talking to someone else, "Lucille, darling?" He plays along. A third of the screen now is a male hand pouring liquor. Whereas Holly had talked about trying to save, now 2E says, "Bill just got back. A day early, the beast." Paul had been drinking the day before: the 'beast' is back, and now Willa has to pay the price. She then says, "So I'm afraid I'll have to beg off"--trying to get him to stop hasn't worked over a decade.

There is an ancient Greek-like painting with females playing music on a canvas and a replica attached to it, in reverse.



"I'll phone you in the morning." "Uh-huh," he answers, "Whatever you say." He has taken her line by line. "And you will manage to survive without me tonight?" "Sure. I might even take a wild, boyish fling at writing." He's laid the baguette up against the typewriter and kicked off his shoes and put his feet up on the desk--the golden and tree desk--saying "writing" and putting his feet up at the same time, not exactly the way to get down to work, instead quite a relaxing approach. He sets the "communion" bread, so important to Willa's work, onto the floor, and as he unpacks the ribbon the camera is on a super-close-up of the female head with the laurel on it as he moves to put it into his typewriter. The phone is now faced toward the typewriter. The golden mirror above his head on the wall is placing the laurel on his head as they talk. The scene then fades immediately to a stuffed parrot in a golden cage superimposed over Paul, and with the agent O.J. Berman staring in at it. It's a fake parrot now.

"Puckling swords" by the "French" nobleman draped in the French flag and grabbing for the crown.

Inside the room divider of Paul's bed is orange of the resistance where the "personal demons" are holding up the torches and as the tree branches.

"Ah, got yourself stuffed, huh, Polly baby." The agent O.J. is aware of the "parrotling." He answers the door to Paul arriving at the party. Paul is now distinctly dressed in the blue and white carrying his red and white book. This is how Truman gives himself Willa's identity at social settings.

Godless figurines line her side of this heavenly room, besides the space taken by the unexpected intrusion of the male and alcohol



So I'm afraid I'll have to beg off.



Serves you right, big mouth.

"Serves you right, big mouth."

At the beginning 2E asks, "Has it only been 3 weeks since I felt you in Rome?" Her writing moved there, way ahead of him. But he goes everywhere she goes in her writing.

With the scene transitions it seems like two different scenes and times--Holly leaving in the taxi for Sing Sing and then her return to escaping from her apartment from the impersonated male voice yelling at her to accept the invasive treatment in her own sacred space. But in actuality, the filmmakers have woven together what happens with 2E/Willa enters the building of the rooms and characters she created with Paul/Truman FOLLOWING her in. The author has arrived, and yes, Holly got into the taxi to go to Sing Sing, but in the creation, the evidence for the crime is happening in the created building, and so there is the male invaded her character and the character is trying to escape in the "powder room" and then must escape out the window. At the same moment, 2E/Willa is upstairs with Paul/Truman--the actual voice of the person invading the character and building and recreating it--and abusing the female character. Holly/Audrey climbs the fire escape to look in the window of what's happening with Willa/Truman. 2E/Willa comes from the "powder room" back into the space where Paul/Truman is in bed doing nothing but sleeping, and 2E/Willa has to leave him cash.



Is it really only three weeks since I left you in Rome?



Seems like years.

He follows 2E/Willa into the building carrying her urn and blueprints/wallpaper



but if you absolutely hate it, we can rip everything up and start from scratch.



Miss Golightly!



Hey, baby! Where you going?



Come on, baby. Open the door.

This is exactly what the narcissistic abuser does: "Come on, be a pal," while they take extreme, damaging advantage. And to society it's the norm.

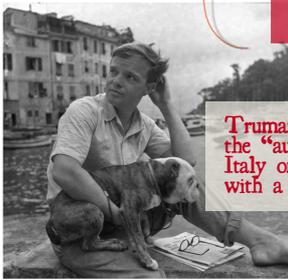
The abuser's voice is Paul's/Truman's

Her character is escaping and showing what is happening.

Here is what one *NYTimes* commentary wrote about the reality: "I doubt that this author has read *In Cold Blood* if she calls it Capote's masterpiece. It is psychologically vapid. I doubt that she has read Clark's bio of T. Capote where you can read how he paid someone to break Jack Dunphy's legs because he was so full of anger and hatred towards him."

relationship, and it established for Capote a routine that would serve him well -- escaping to the Mediterranean to write.

NYTimes 2019



Truman posing as the "auteur" in Italy on the water with a dog

It was here, in Forio, and elsewhere along the Mediterranean in later years, that he immersed himself in the novels "Summer Crossing," "The Grass Harp," and his masterpiece, "In Cold Blood," which came to define the true crime genre.

"Jack was very much part of the equation. He wanted to travel, and Truman wanted to please him," said Gerald Clarke, author of the authoritative "Capote: A Biography."

"But Truman was also pleasing himself. Though he came from a small town in Alabama, he loved New York, loved it so much that he found it hard to write when it was so tempting to go out on the town," Mr. Clarke told me. "New York was a kind

of addiction. He realized that if he wanted to write -- and that's all he wanted to do -- he would have to do it elsewhere."

While Capote would rise to become arguably New York's greatest literary and social lion of the '60s, whose iconic Black and White Ball at the Plaza hotel in Manhattan in 1952 would be hailed as the epitome of the postwar South's belief in

Audrey herself wasn't accepting the "friendly" abuse.

White cloud fringe that is about to show up on another of Willa's female characters at the party—a "tree that falls"

By what the filmmakers are doing, this scene is still a part of "going to Sing Sing."

She can't escape in her character's black dress, so she has to put on the angelic robe, step into the eternal role, and ascend to show what is happening with 2E/Willa.

Mickey Rooney references the "phonograph"—the biopic soundtrack and demands it be stopped. So it stops for that moment, but the door is shut in his face.



Cloud curtains



-It's all right. It's only me.
-Now, wait a minute. Miss...

The character's name is in question here, and he has to look around for the author to make sure she doesn't see this.



-It's all right. It's only me.
-Now, wait a minute. Miss...



Heavenly angel setting things right in beauty, grace, brilliance, humor, patience, generosity of spirit, caring, and kindness.



Golightly. Holly Golightly.



Audrey Hepburn in 1942 before the German occupation of The Netherlands when she would almost starve to death.

Narcissism is the structure of social culture. It isn't relegated to the psychology department. It isn't for some people to have to figure out, those who have suffered its abuse directly. It is for every single person to understand how it works, how it manipulates "being liked" on grounds not of reality. It is generational and it does not stop. It cannot stop-- It doesn't know how or want to. 3000 years ago Homer in song was pointing it out, how to get past it, how to get humanity home, not to war.

Nothing works on the entitlement, delusion, lies, sense of superiority of borderline, histrionic, and narcissist personality disorders. It would take extreme therapy to ever change their course, and they do not want that.

Audrey went on to make more films in this line, most specifically Paris When It Sizzles showing the plagiarism, but Truman could and would not stop. In 1959 he had already begun the plagiarism for In Cold Blood, and sold it for publication, completely taken from Willa, in 1965-66. He then copied Audrey's black and white scenes from My Fair Lady to throw himself the biggest social party in 1966.

The "gift" he gets from Holly (the "gift" of her character which he has taken) is in a white and gold box and as he opens it it matches the female receiving the laurel sculpture and the gold telephone, and the only other thing in the shot: the red and white typewriter. It's all-inclusive of what's exactly happening with his "writing."

"Mirror laurel" -- about to fade him into the parrot cage.



Instead of writing, of course, that evening Paul attends the party, as Truman would do.



This Asian female dressed in red and white keeps being in the shot over the agent's shoulder.

The AGENT (so easily interested in selling things) is hitting on one of Willa's characters -- "Irving" has her back up against a wall by the gold MIRROR with the red globe lanterns, and she's wearing the blue color of 2E/Willa's room/heaven. Her breasts are aligned with the two red globes.

The agent

Truman has put himself in as the character that Willa's stories are happening to and himself as the author, and so when he arrives at the party with the AGENT at the door, he is at first confronted then let in:

Although Truman mixes stories he is plagiarizing, "Rusty Trawler" is from "The Diamond Mine" and "José da Silva Pereira" from "The Garden Lodge" and "A Lost Lady"



Holly, darling.



-What's that? -Mag Wildwood.

Holly is shocked to see other characters of Willa's at her carefree "party" where Paul's book is set up with the "party favors," as that is what Truman's book is, to get entry into party social settings. Holly can outdo those party with her innate spirit.



It's a party. There's a lot of characters come around here, they're not expected.

Holly comes into the party at first like an operatic Aphrodite (as she is from "Coming, Aphrodite!" in a Grecian-like robe (improvised sheet).



Doesn't that look nice? Give me a cigarette, O.J.

Now it's just an agent talking to a guy whose going to write down what he sees from another author's characters.



Yeah? Whoa! Kid's still in the Shower. You expected?



I was invited. That what you mean?

When the agent claims to have "discovered" Holly, the Asian female character dressed in Willa's red steps in to block out the book.



Now don't get yourself all tense and sore, pal. Come on in.



Are you kidding? I'm the guy that discovered her.



A couple of years ago, back on the coast there.

The answer is Audrey's uncontainable fullness, strength, and daring of spirit, her unending radiant beingness, her kindness and heart, she breaking through eternity to this moment, even now on the 80th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz-Birkenau and Holocaust Remembrance Day, and coming out more astoundingly beautiful and alive than any abuser. Her spirit speaks more than Hitler ever could. It brought her to be her most beautiful and to take the stand so direly necessary for humanity.

The agent is offering up descriptions of foundational, monumental importance in Willa's works--America's rock formations and the realization of the feminine, being objectified and hit on here at the party--for Paul to choose how his "drink" is made as he checks out all the "characters" and activity.



But on the other hand, you're right, because she's a real phony.



You know why? Because she honestly believes all this phony junk.



He's already got a decorator, I'm the agent.

"I'm the agent!"



So... Oh, honey, that is you, that is you.

Dressed as the opera singer, she can now be happy her "Fred" from *The Song of the Lark* has come to see her in New York City, she reclaiming the brilliant stories--this is HER party, a celebration of life and creativity--from works of Willa's that actually lead somewhere magnificent in understanding and realization, not to mention incarnation, as in Audrey herself.



Fred, darling, I'm so glad you could come.

In Willa's "Coming, Aphrodite!" Eden and Don have a falling out because she recommends him to another artist who could give him some opportunities and advancement. In that story Don would rather be a true, ground-breaking masterful artist.



Stop blushing, Fred. You didn't say you were gehus, I did.



All right, you want rocks first, though, don't you?

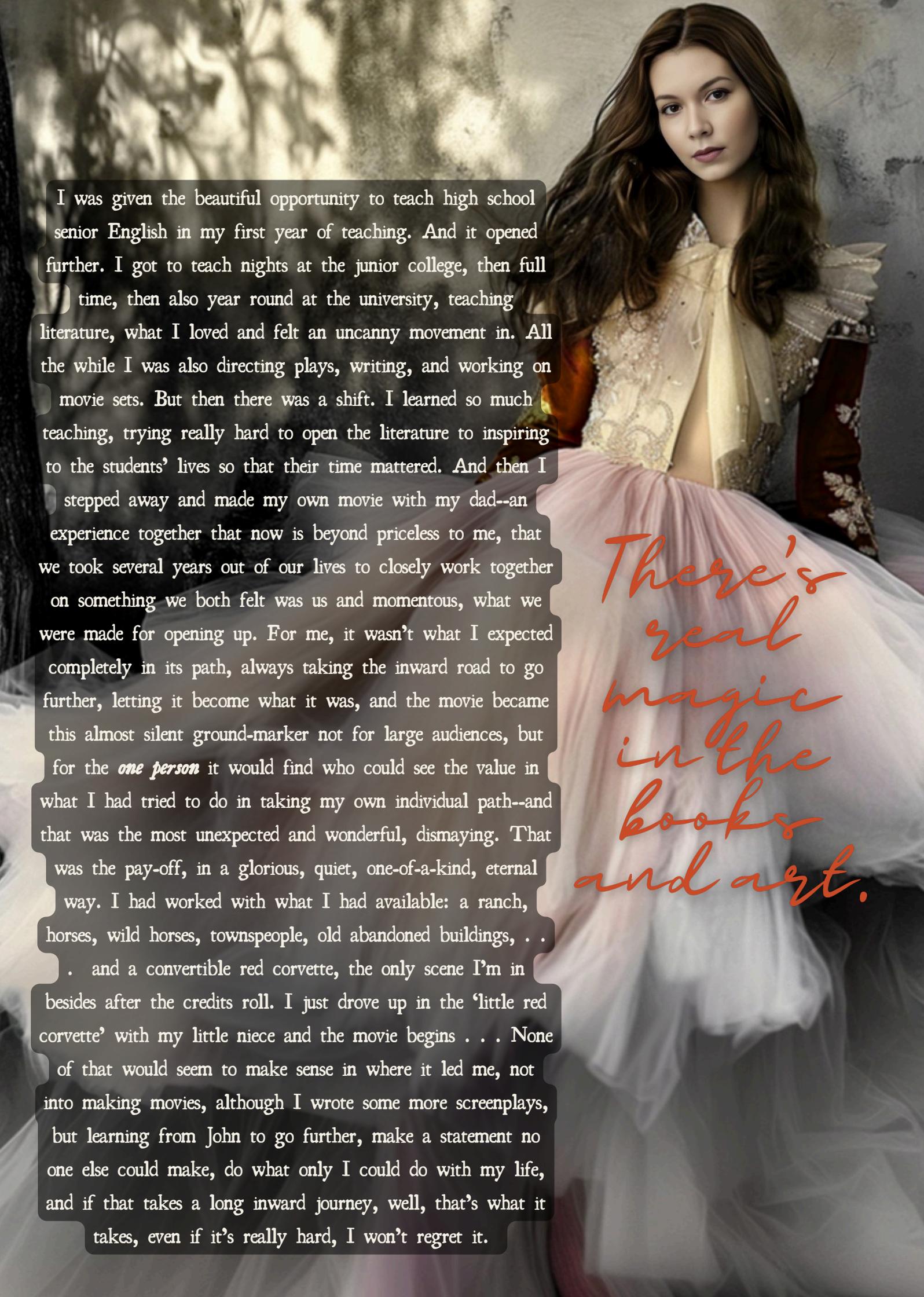


-On the rocks?
-Yeah. No. With water.



-Not too much.
-All right. That'll set you free.

"That'll set you free."



I was given the beautiful opportunity to teach high school senior English in my first year of teaching. And it opened further. I got to teach nights at the junior college, then full time, then also year round at the university, teaching literature, what I loved and felt an uncanny movement in. All the while I was also directing plays, writing, and working on movie sets. But then there was a shift. I learned so much teaching, trying really hard to open the literature to inspiring to the students' lives so that their time mattered. And then I stepped away and made my own movie with my dad--an experience together that now is beyond priceless to me, that we took several years out of our lives to closely work together on something we both felt was us and momentous, what we were made for opening up. For me, it wasn't what I expected completely in its path, always taking the inward road to go further, letting it become what it was, and the movie became this almost silent ground-marker not for large audiences, but for the *one person* it would find who could see the value in what I had tried to do in taking my own individual path--and that was the most unexpected and wonderful, dismaying. That was the pay-off, in a glorious, quiet, one-of-a-kind, eternal way. I had worked with what I had available: a ranch, horses, wild horses, townspeople, old abandoned buildings, . . . and a convertible red corvette, the only scene I'm in besides after the credits roll. I just drove up in the 'little red corvette' with my little niece and the movie begins . . . None of that would seem to make sense in where it led me, not into making movies, although I wrote some more screenplays, but learning from John to go further, make a statement no one else could make, do what only I could do with my life, and if that takes a long inward journey, well, that's what it takes, even if it's really hard, I won't regret it.

*There's
real
magic
in the
books
and art.*



And so I took the unimaginable time and space to look deeper into what I had been saying when I was teaching, when I was trying to create, and what I found wouldn't have been found if I had not stopped to value my own existence, to look at what I knew was wonder in the literature and movies. And that is how it came about that the stories took on that eternal voice and started to come to life--so much so that I could trust it and watch it speak, speak with it, in unfathomable ways. If I had not stopped . . . I would still be carrying the heartbreak of telling students, "I know it's true . . . and I hope you find it." I got to live to open it. I had other artists listening to me, and that was an immense compliment. And it became, over time, opening it not for myself, but for everyone. It was far more than I dreamt when I thought I just had to make movies to make a difference. This was life itself. If I had not stopped to look deeper and deeper, I would not have seen how real it all was in speaking a truth across human history, opening. It's more immense than I ever imagined it could be. And so, making a little independent movie on my own that somehow just barely accomplished what my initial intention was, but gave me time with my dad before he had to go, it was finding John and what he saw in me that he knew to believe in, enough to tell me to keep going. What I was doing wasn't important to be known until now.

I have a deep soul passion, internally on fire for it, combustible, life and death like the Plutonic, for the justice over stupid deliberate injustice. I've felt it internally intensely my whole life, even as a child, I felt like I was tunneling, defying every societal structure around me, into what I could know so that I could figure out the way to change it. And it did come to me, wondrously, beautifully.

I also needed most for purest love to break through. I wouldn't know that until many, many years later. I got the extraordinary opportunity to experience it.

As a child I learned to read on the Hebrew Bible. I read my name there. I knew it was my path.

I knew by about age 4 what it was. So I studied the queens of Europe, all of them, looking at their challenges and how they changed things, what they knew, because that was the example I could find in the library of females in culture. I could paraphrase Shakespeare by about age 7, writing impassioned about what "the marriage of true minds" meant.

It was all a secret I held. Someday I would see the way. I was fiercely lonely. Some of my earliest memories is that someday I would meet this person I thought I felt.

Instead of outward, as one would naturally think it would go, out into the social world, it instead always took a hard path of intense internal contemplation, intensified but driven by loneliness and belief in the wonder.

When I met John of course I thought it would be a social path. But everything directed us into the deeper path of inner silence, patience, dedication to the art, now called upon even more the same perseverance I knew as a child. More and more, without a doubt, I found the alive answers in the silence of nature, and art and literature.

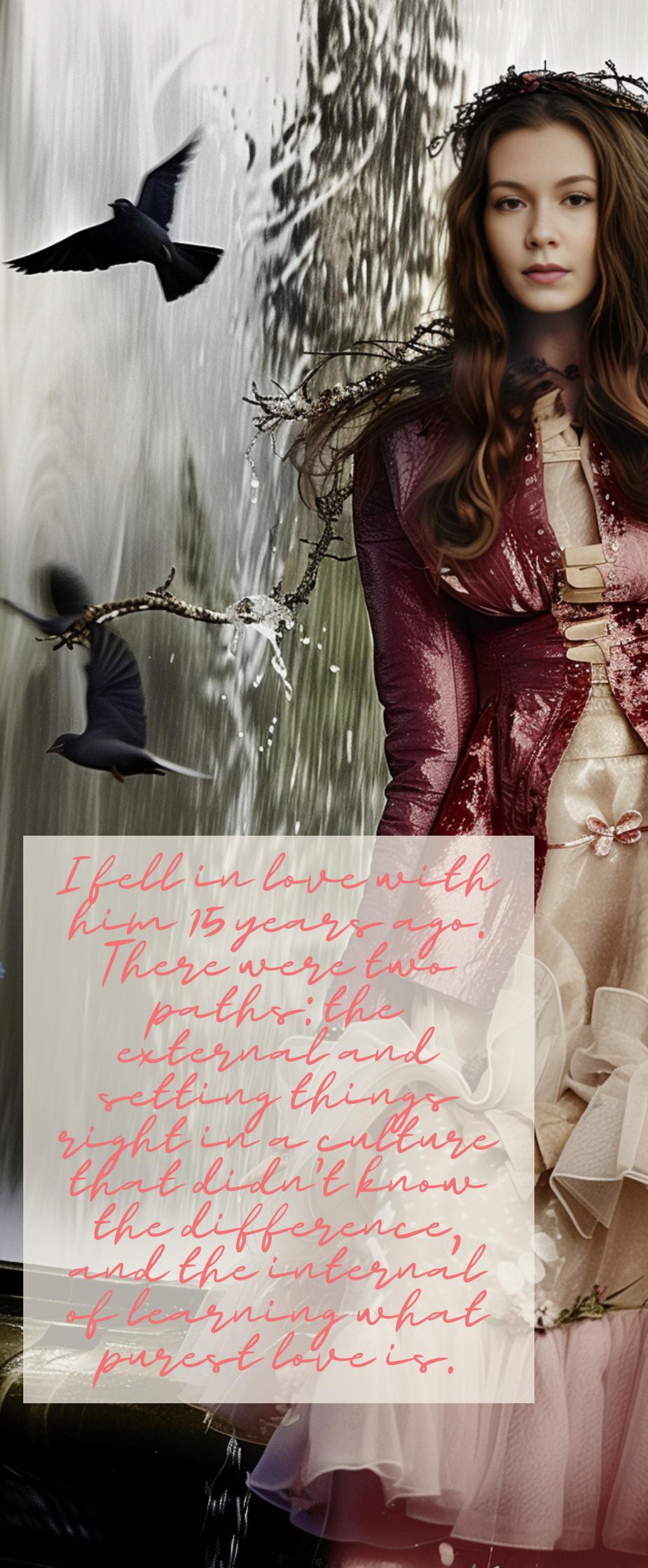
This is my intention: Though all the pain that has opened me to safety and joy, to love more truly and passionately, more purely, more reverently, more patiently, more gently and more kindly, without fear and knowing that we are pulling back the veil on the Avalamsaka, the Pure Land.

Looking
deeper,
living
deeper,
speaking
deeper



THE VOICE OF THE POET SHOULD NOT BE SILENCED; IT IS THE TRUTH AND VISION OF CULTURE

Beneath the text of the Homeric epics is a mystery rite that upon hearing the entirety of the songs one realizes what has also happened to them in the experience of hearing, that they actually shockingly see into what has happened to the singer, the artist, the composer, the one able to see into the depths of the human experience and see how to survive, and through it, how to find and experience the sublime of it, how to reach into the 'second' life of it in understanding and vibrancy. What Homer specifically says is that it is *not* repeated storytelling like rumor (which offers no rite of passage, no insight), which is accepted falsely as truth without basis, accepted in place of truth (lies), and thus forms the basis of a flimsy, false reality that requires "guarding," but is instead a truth more true than ordinary life because of the place that it comes from within the artist that transcends obsession with self. Within that mystery rite, in fact, self has been demolished by the obstacles it must live through and comes to know a more eternal Being. This does not come easy. It comes, as said before, as trial, shock, and realization. For one who has been through this and knows, it's easy to spot another. It's also easy to tell who lives locked in the realm of self-importance--locked to the mundane, unable to see, increasingly more desperate because they are afraid of their own demise. So who walks out of the room, for example, at a Dead and Company show? Check the smile of knowing upon exit. They know what they've just experienced, and it's a joy beyond merely being human. That's touching the voice of the eternal. So you have an 'artist' who can't see and says, 'Here, let me copy that you go on for 3 1/2 hours.' The divine is just missing. It can't be copied, only touched through the hard rite of knowing. It isn't open to those not willing for what it takes to get there. They can't hear the eternal Song, they can only repeat it, like rumor.



I fell in love with him 15 years ago. There were two paths: the external and setting things right in a culture that didn't know the difference, and the internal of learning what purest love is.

(There's the thing that narcissists need to punish, need to make others feel pain, need to cause turmoil, try to force and celebrate in others' 'failure' or demise, try to make them into nobody, because that's what they feel and need to project it on to others (unable to go back and see where it happened that their psyches broke in childhood). And narcissists get people to believe they are victims with a case of rumor and gossip, always tearing down, trying to build themselves up.) That's the old story, the old paradigm. From 2008-2024 I studied the social landscape; it was a master class in why the history of humanity fell victim to narcissism. It is truly what has created a hell on earth, even a hell for Earth. That time period went from my writing screenplays and working on movies to figuring out the depth of literature and finding what had happened to world-renowned musician, John Mayer (and to me) had happened as well to Willa Cather. I found it because I had to find the patterns that repeat—and they always do. And so that time period ends on proving the case not only of the plagiarism, but also the personality disorders that caused a career-long abuse of Willa's life and her works, and as it happened to John. The other path during that time was inward. After a lifetime of suffering covert narcissistic abuse, it was excruciatingly sorrowful and yet hopeful to give up and leave Texas for the Southwest with my two little dogs. And that is how I learned how to love.

When I taught literature I noticed an ability to see into the literature and bring it to life as if it were alive with us, like when I was teaching *The Scarlet Letter* in high school senior English, there was the Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky news story wherein the female must carry the burden and the reputation. I even wrote a tv series spec script called *Hugely Flawed and Beautiful* about these things happening.

(When I finally read *The Da Vinci Code*, the pope died while I was reading it.) This happening became, over time, a 'divining' of the literature. At first I knew I had this ability to kind of "see into" whatever I was teaching. But the bigger things came with this feeling that would never go away that "there's something in that." I taught Classical Literature and with the *Odyssey* it was Penelope always said just to be known for loyalty, and it didn't sit right. I thought, well, there's no way a story lasted 3000 years based on simply that.

But it was a nagging feeling, like someone trying to tell me something, or remember something you've forgotten and someone telling you it's really important that you remember, but you have no idea how to remember it.

My interest kept coming back to place and the feminine. I felt like something had been lost, as in having the "Statue" of Liberty which used to be known proudly as the "Goddess of Liberty" and the loss of that whole feeling in America and this hatred and abuse of women, the low status and zero respect. (My teaching career ended when I spoke out at the university. I simply said, "You're only doing that because she's a female." In one second the decade of teaching was over, even with my classes already filled for the upcoming semester.) Even justice had been embodied by the feminine, and that had slowly slipped out of the American realization. We were really worthless and only empty bodies. I had wondered how that happened.

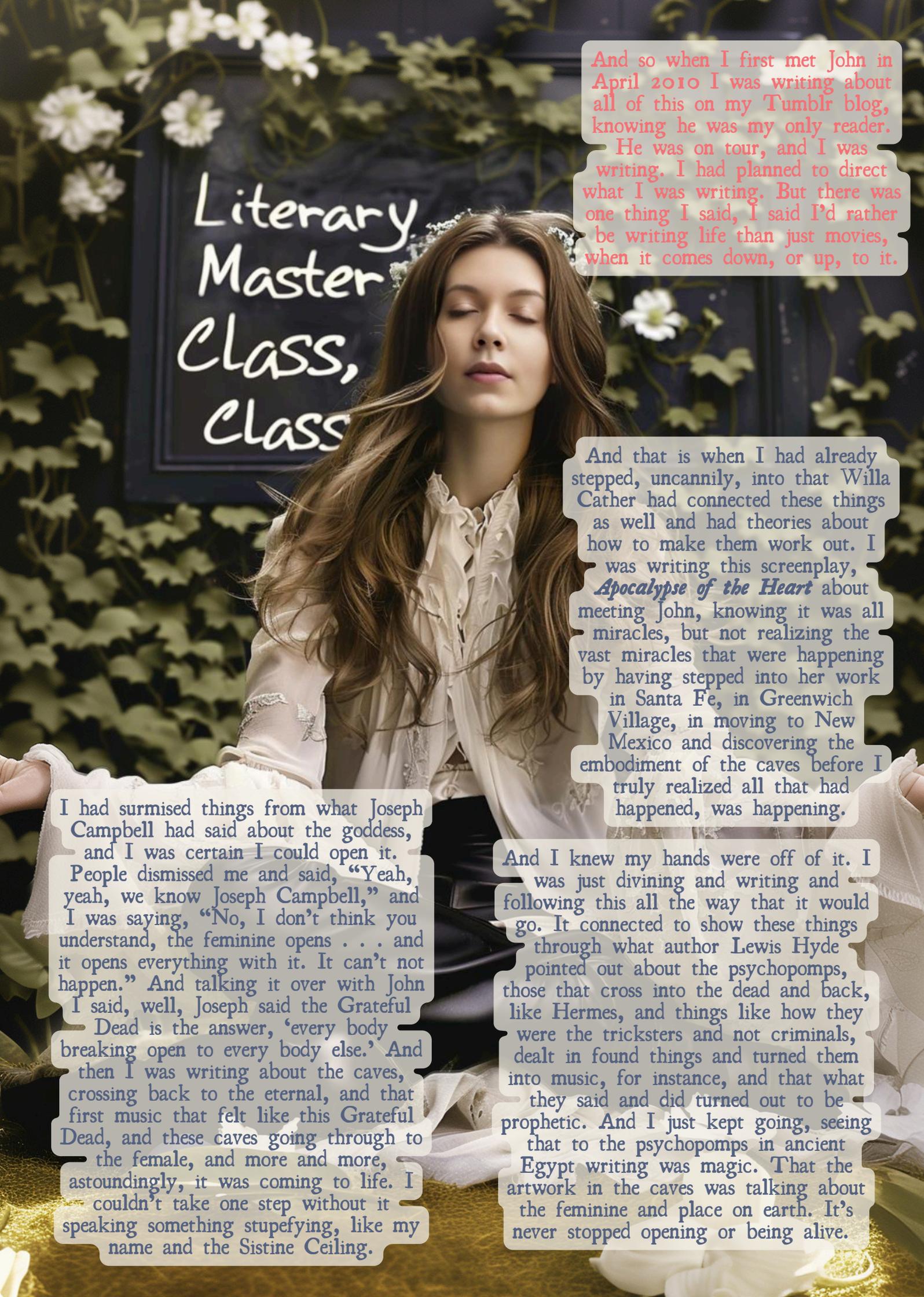
But *Breakfast at Tiffany's* was one of those that stuck with me with that nagging feeling, and so I thought, well, I'll have to write a sequel and figure out what happens in love after the on-screen kiss that is noteworthy, the value of it. But it didn't sit right. I read Truman Capote's novella, and I thought, "Well, that's really dark. There's something wrong."

WHAT IS THE BEST SCREENPLAY EVER WRITTEN?

A LIFE THAT FOLLOWS THE TRUTHS OF THE ANCIENTS TO THE ULTIMATE, TRUSTING YOUR LIFE AND LOVE TO IT.

Added to this "uncanny" ability, really serendipitous I thought at the time before it wasn't all connected, was one of the patterns of people who are "Highly Sensitive" and who tend to collect puzzle pieces in a pattern across a lifetime. I had been collecting the feminine in art and literature and culture and through religion and the reason religion couldn't allow her, for example, why she had been reduced across time to merely a helpless interceder which did not fit how capable I felt at all.

What I thought I wanted to do, what I was passionate about, was writing and directing movies with imagery and opened symbolism that would change that. I had been writing screenplays that I wanted to direct since high school, kind of stuck on it since I had first seen those black and white movies as a child. I spent all my free time writing them. It's why I had directed plays and musicals, more than 30 of them over the years, and worked on movies.



Literary Master Class, Class

And so when I first met John in April 2010 I was writing about all of this on my Tumblr blog, knowing he was my only reader.

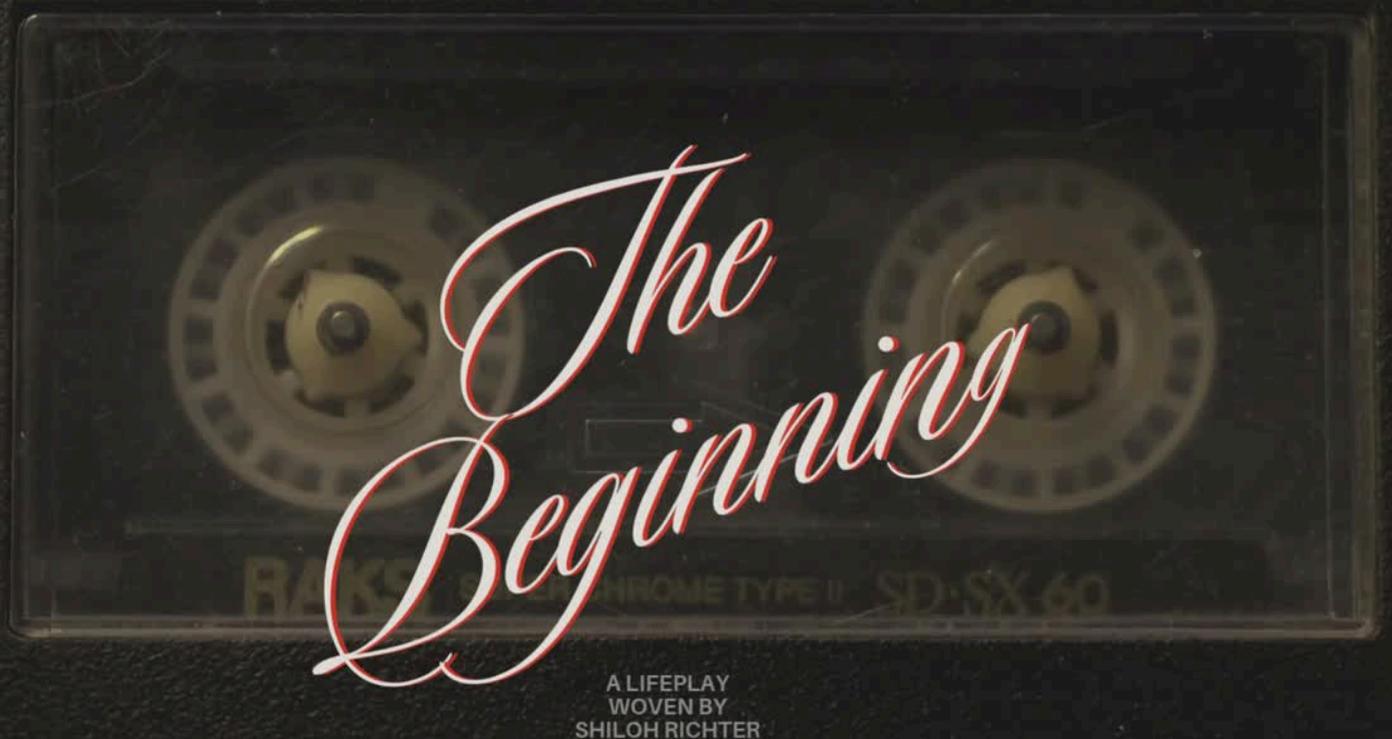
He was on tour, and I was writing. I had planned to direct what I was writing. But there was one thing I said, I said I'd rather be writing life than just movies, when it comes down, or up, to it.

And that is when I had already stepped, uncannily, into that Willa Cather had connected these things as well and had theories about how to make them work out. I was writing this screenplay, *Apocalypse of the Heart* about meeting John, knowing it was all miracles, but not realizing the vast miracles that were happening by having stepped into her work in Santa Fe, in Greenwich Village, in moving to New Mexico and discovering the embodiment of the caves before I truly realized all that had happened, was happening.

I had surmised things from what Joseph Campbell had said about the goddess, and I was certain I could open it. People dismissed me and said, "Yeah, yeah, we know Joseph Campbell," and I was saying, "No, I don't think you understand, the feminine opens . . . and it opens everything with it. It can't not happen." And talking it over with John I said, well, Joseph said the Grateful Dead is the answer, 'every body breaking open to every body else.' And then I was writing about the caves, crossing back to the eternal, and that first music that felt like this Grateful Dead, and these caves going through to the female, and more and more, astoundingly, it was coming to life. I couldn't take one step without it speaking something stupefying, like my name and the Sistine Ceiling.

And I knew my hands were off of it. I was just divining and writing and following this all the way that it would go. It connected to show these things through what author Lewis Hyde pointed out about the psychopomps, those that cross into the dead and back, like Hermes, and things like how they were the tricksters and not criminals, dealt in found things and turned them into music, for instance, and that what they said and did turned out to be prophetic. And I just kept going, seeing that to the psychopomps in ancient Egypt writing was magic. That the artwork in the caves was talking about the feminine and place on earth. It's never stopped opening or being alive.

Audrey Hepburn is the 'Hermes' psychopomp in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* because she held to eternal truths of her spirit and fortitude in setting things right and her voice and presence still speaks--even from the crossing of the eternal, in wonderfully mysterious ways.



Now I know this *is* the path--straight into the eternal, following, entering still hiking with my little ones, still following the adventure, with immense love and courage that is alive from them within me, present through the 'ordinary' in every touch and every precious step with them, and every breath that is also theirs, the entire Cosmos breathing, this is the Pure Land, the eternal brought through. I just had to be willing to follow it everywhere, even when my little ones passed, down to the Pieta Crossing and over, my little Yorkie Vanilla Custard Pudding telling me, "Come on, this way!" to Ardèche, "My Ardèche Wolf Heart" to the South of France, all the way through Willa's--prophetic--works, and back to this place of the American continent and what is coming through.