

The Historical, Numinous, Magical, Hilarious, Literary Beginnings of *Breakfast at Tiffany's, Part II*

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Truman Capote didn't write *BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S*. Willa Cather did. Truman Capote stole it, and Audrey Hepburn knew it (and set out to do something *absolutely marvelous* about it). It's the caper of the millennium and it's *ON*.

Audrey Hepburn's inherent soft, deeply caring nature may not have been written into the roles she played, as in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, *Paris When It Sizzles*, or *My Fair Lady*, but there was a hope in her that she could soften the world to care, and that is what her vulnerability and courage brings from her own light, shining through the movie screen and enduring beyond it for an influence even now, possibly even opened more now as we redefine ourselves away from structural and behaviorally-patterned authority. As well, art is a phenomenal medium for her as it does seek to open and change us with collective insight, sometimes collective joy and triumph. And so no matter what the role, her brightness and her vulnerability were put on the line because she did care deeply and that is her spirit that exudes further while also giving the art the chance to alter our expectations of culture. That gets conveyed in her roles without the saying so. It's a silent, deeply resonant statement beyond the roles themselves.

Richard Shepherd, a producer of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* said of her, "Everything you have read, heard, or wished to be true about Audrey Hepburn doesn't come close to how wonderful she was. There's not a human being on earth that was kinder, more gentle, more caring, more

giving, brighter, and more modest than Audrey. She was just an extraordinary, extraordinary person. Everyone should know that" (Wasson, 2010). That there *is* hope is because here it is in her hard trying and radiant beauty and it isn't going away. She gave herself to that hope. Her impact, then, is what we are dealing with in the art and its breaking open fixed boundaries against freedom of Being because culture has become deadly, and the real concern: real life for every Being. There's the cultural impact of the art that envisions something different, and there's the dharma body of the person herself. Zen Buddhist Master Thich Nhat Hahn describes it this way: "We are our actions." As he has said, that's what we are. Or, as John Mayer sings from making 2012's *Born and Raised*, "Love is a verb." There then, in the art, is also the dharma body.

This is no small thing as it easily lives beyond and outlives our forms, even song or movie forms. It's bigger than the art itself. But the art shows what we need to know to free ourselves, to find joy, to be awe struck, to find our way, to experience insight, and to discover what love is. It's working on a different plane, then, it is working on the level of Beingness. And who doesn't want to know their way around in that? It is also, then, to open a closed culture to the realness of life and its extraordinary, immeasurable experience and value for that Beingness. And what is more, for InterBeingness.

And so there is heroism in Audrey's choice of actions and choice of roles, even when it was going up *against* a darkness that nobody was seeing as a darkness, as fame was covering it up with a flashy and monied, and therefore rendered as "powerful and influential" façade (yet underneath it was actually just manipulative: Truman Capote always reading his audience, responding to get the desired effect—and everyone was fair game); as opposed to the softness of Audrey's self-effacing, yet luminating

exuberance. Audrey's fame wasn't flashy, but nonetheless radiant and more deeply influential. It was based on the very real. On another level of what was happening then, or different realm on the same Earth (different way of Being with the conditions), along with her actions, there is also the more-real-than-perceptions, the sublime at work. She may have believed the roles weren't doing enough good, but there was a continuum blooming with *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, *Paris When It Sizzles*, and through *My Fair Lady*. Her work is inspired, and that works on a different level. And that is what I am writing, to show that different level, from working from one's truest, purest nature, the phenomenal opening to the numinous.

While Audrey remained kind to Truman despite knowing what she had to do that was right and important, to say something and change things with her empowered actions, there is a vast difference in the heart of the actions they both were taking. It is important now to show the foundation and ramifications of the difference and then to look at what was actually happening on both "realms": the mundane Truman thought he was manipulating with appearances for short-term (in the long run) effects of money, adulation, and attention, and a soulful one transpiring into a much larger picture beyond the ordinary—what is at work in the very real that exceeds and "exists independently of human sense." The 1st century Roman Empire's Longinus' *On the Sublime*, offers one way of seeing it:

"In the treatise, the author asserts that 'the Sublime leads the listeners not to persuasion, but to ecstasy: for what is wonderful always goes together with a sense of dismay, and prevails over what is only convincing or delightful, since persuasion, as a rule, is within everyone's grasp: whereas, the Sublime, giving to speech an invincible power and [an invincible] strength, rises above every listener'. According to this statement, one could think that the sublime, for Longinus, was only a

moment of evasion from reality. But on the contrary, he thought that literature could model a soul, and that a soul could pour itself out into a work of art. In this way the treatise becomes not only a text of literary inquiry, but also one of ethical dissertation, since the Sublime becomes the product of a great soul (μεγαλοφροσύνης ἀπήχημα, megalophrosunēs apēchēma). The sources of the Sublime are of two kinds: inborn sources ('aspiration to vigorous concepts' and 'strong and enthusiastic passion') and acquirable sources (rhetorical devices, choice of the right lexicon, and 'dignified and high composition')." (Wikipedia Retrieved 28 February 2023).

The world that Audrey hoped and worked for was also in motion, despite the harshness she found. For example, when Audrey agreed in 1960 to make *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, there was something in the air that was also awakened within Willa's writing congruent to the movement to give her work back with the spirit, or from the soul, from which it was written. The next year on the release of the movie in October 1961, Irving Stone's novel *The Agony and the Ecstasy* about Michelangelo's life and art had just been published in March. That novel set in motion the very ground-breaking in 1962 in New York City to bring Michelangelo's (St. Peters) *Pieta* with Mary and Jesus to the 1964 World's Fair. That is closely linked to themes in Willa's work and the religion-like feminine embodied, bare feet on the ground, establishing Place in a very real grounding in the importantly here and now as in *The Song of the Lark*, *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and *Shadows on the Rock* (and not in the white male god made-in-his-own-image, abstract or dogma).

And so with this literal breaking New York City soil for the arrival of this most impassioned transformed sadness into radiant love, the very words were set back into motion: Willa's "Coming, Aphrodite!" is one of the

major sources Truman took for *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Willa wrote that story for herself during the Christmas season of 1919 and not for set publication. (In the fall of 1919, exactly 100 years later, in the writing of all of this together, Vanilla Custard Pudding, my beloved Yorkie, and I were on our way home from Aspen from seeing John Mayer at the Snowmass Jazz Festival and stopped in Santa Fe at Willa's cathedral.)

At that Moment of Audrey taking on Willa's role, Willa's actual "Coming, Aphrodite!" was coming at the same time as Michelangelo's Mary, a feminine symbol very much coming from the line of the mother and lover goddesses. Likewise in this continuum, Audrey had just gotten off the set of *The Nun's Story* where she walks out from the cathedral after being in front of Michelangelo's strikingly important Bruges *Madonna and Child* which gives freedom and life to the child and not crucifixion at its altar place, and from this Audrey stepping into her own freedom and Beingness before she entered *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and New York City where Willa wrote it 40 years earlier.

When Audrey's character in *The Nun's Story* entered that convent they forced her, Gabrielle, to give up her pen (which then makes her typewriting even funnier in *Paris When It Sizzles* with the character of the same name). In her very choices Audrey was bringing the power and soul of the writing, on a monumental, if unknown at the time, *sublime* scale. She was doing it by what was deeply right to her. And so in Audrey's strength of soul and character and her effervescent luminosity, a much larger picture was in fortuitous motion in reality, altering and changing the course of reality and culture, even when it was not seen or understood. (And it shines a brighter light on Truman's manipulations now.) And as I wrote about before about Cosmic alignments with this, Sheryl Crow, among many others, of course, was born right after this in February 1962

with the wild alignments so matching 7 B.C. along with what researchers said could have been envisioned as the Star of Bethlehem.

Whereas Willa had written about prominent symbols of ships as well in her stories, this is a ship headed to her New York City with Michelangelo's divine that would have been astounding and wildly meaningful to her. She wrote of ships arriving in New York City. This one was delivering the very real of her work both in person in Audrey and in the most divine art.

The *Pietà* had never left St. Peter's since Michelangelo had placed it there with his own hands and now moving upon Audrey's motion of following her instinct and heart, and now this divine heart too was in motion coming to New York City. And here it was, with its miracle of creation, essentially coming with Audrey, likely even made culturally possible by Audrey's light and her actions, her spirit making the impossible now possible, even likely causing the Vatican to imagine such things and to lighten the permission for what was coming true.

Whatever Truman thought he was getting away with because his deceit was not recognized or said out loud or in the press, and whomever was lavishing all the praise and excessive attention on his desperate self as he soaked it up and schemed and grasped for more, as grand as the fame seemed and seemingly sparkled, were hardly a match for Audrey following what mattered to her, as can now be importantly seen, and now for the works that Willa had written from the fire of inspiration met with realization and now embodiment. All of that was what Truman wasn't even capable of while he ransacked her words to make himself into something people would fawn over, all the while reading people to see if they were believing his lies so that he could continue, and when necessary, when it was made evident in the works such as *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, to change

faces and pose as the criminal as in his interpersonal transgressions sold for public consumption in writing *In Cold Blood* and pretending to write a Proustian *Unanswered Prayers* (still plagiarizing Willa–*Hard Punishments*–on the title and process), and purposefully making a spectacle of how far he was willing to go to be seen as the writer who intended to transgress and trespass, and yet no one should have minded his destruction or his changing from the “sexy baby,” as on the back cover of his first book used to sell them.

And there it is on Willa’s and Audrey’s parts, not persuasion, but ecstasy: “what is wonderful . . . and a sense of dismay,” “an invincible power and strength,” “a soul poured out of itself into a work of art,” and that soul being undaunted by the conditions, even rabid plagiarism, even sixty-two years later or 103 years after Willa put it to the page in New York City at 5 Bank Street from a deep sense of inspiration. It is eternal because it came from her known depths and can’t be touched, only awakened.

When Willa stepped foot on the ground in Arizona in 1912 from her realization in Provence in 1902, and leading to this from that realization that would become *The Song of the Lark* (1915) and lead in a continuum through the rest of her works of female embodiment, numinosity, and realization, something else unimaginable happened at that very moment with another ship on its way to New York City and very much unlike the one coming with the movement of Audrey and the *Pietà*. In that very same Moment with Willa, the flashy, showing, ostentatious, pompous meant-for-attention-grabbing *Titanic* sank with the atrocious loss of life. The ship sank the night of 14–15 April 1912. It launched its maiden voyage on 10 April as Willa was also on her way to the Southwest. Willa arrived in Winslow, Arizona on 12 April 1912. Two nights later it sank. It must have added to her lightning realization beneath her feet to be written into her

character Thea's grounding with her feet on the land, the rock, the shock of inspiration of Place, as the Titanic had none, and in this realization a sense of grounding in rootedness and place as America had never felt before. This is a very different realization from conquering the land, or ostentatious display moving in grandeur without grounding.

And working on this from my own true nature, this is what I have found. Today, writing this, would be my Vanilla Custard Pudding's born day (28 February); I picked him up on 10 April 2009, the day the ship set sail. His birth momma's name was "Mystical Ms Molly Brown." The dates of that sinking, that night, crossing in the middle of the night from the 14th into the 15th, are in my name, Shiloh, upside down, 407145, (as I have written of this extraordinary numinosity before that has unfolded in so many ways) and this 4 being April, the last three numbers being 1 and $4+5 = 9$ or 19, and the first four numbers $4+0+7+1=12$, or 1912, and the last three numbers 14 & 15.

"Is the gate code still your birthday?"

-John Mayer, "Shot in the Dark"

John Mayer would release *Born & Raised* 100 years later from that moment in the spring of 2012, and that having to be done with Katy Perry's public protection against the fraudulent continuing two years after the falsely-caused public crucifixion which was done for fame, money, and adulation, like Truman, and the very opposite of Mary's transformed compassion into radiance, the healing of suffering, in the *Pietà*. Katy would have her Super Bowl performance there in Arizona in 2015, the place of Willa's embodied realization, exactly on the 100 year anniversary of the publication of that inspiration, *The Song of the Lark* (1915), with Thea, the opera singer who brings the very inspiration of her Being to New York City

from there, the bringing of grounding to now transformed Place. The numinous continues with Katy Perry (written about in another chapter) being born exactly two months after Truman tried to pass off his continued false story about a meeting with Willa as he died so that he could still get credit for the plagiarism, and Katy born to bring the falsity to light. She's a Mancini girl, alright.

Willa wrote a story about the sinking of the Titanic that Truman also ransacked for *Breakfast at Tiffany's* called "The Diamond Mine." He thought he had found one and could bejewel himself fraudulently taking her whole oeuvre as his own, violating her and her life as he did the women of New York City who unfortunately opened their doors to him. And how has "fame" in human perception lasted him? (Willa wrote and published "The Diamond Mine" in NYC in 1916 after *The Song of the Lark* was published in 1915.) That story starts out:

"I first became aware that Cressida Garnet was on board when I saw young men with cameras going up to the boat deck. In that exposed spot she was good-naturedly posing for them—amid fluttering lavender scarves—wearing a most unseaworthy hat, her broad, vigorous face wreathed in smiles. She was much too American not to believe in publicity. All advertising was good. If it was good for breakfast foods, it was good for prime donne,—especially for a prima donna who would never be any younger and who had just announced her intention of marrying a fourth time" [emphasis mine for Truman's fluttering scarves and breakfast foods and current affairs].

By the end of the story Cressida Garnet is down at the bottom of the ocean with the *Titanic* and those who supposedly loved her are plowing through her belongings for what they can grab while complaining about it. Within

two months of that sinking, on her way back, as I wrote before, Willa would come by train by what would be our mountain here in New Mexico, to arrive back east on 12 June 1912, and publish “The Bohemian Girl,” the beginnings of *Breakfast at Tiffany’s* and write the further works she was seeing into, including how to alter the societal structure in the cultural height of New York City so that it had different grounding, different roots, and would be itself inspired. How it has opened now is miraculous.

As later Audrey did, Willa Cather knew the difference. Look at the epigraph of her first collection of short stories *The Troll Garden* in 1905 from Christina Rossetti’s poem “Goblin Market” (1862) : “*We must not look at Goblin men, / We must not buy their fruits; / Who knows upon what soil they fed / Their hungry, thirsty roots?*” She’s looking at the roots of human character and of culture. And she knows she’s looking at goblins. How shocking then when we realize what happened to her work and with Sam Wasson’s quote about *Breakfast at Tiffany’s* producer Marty Jurow, “*Marty looked up. There was the leprechaun Truman Capote, bouncing ahead, extending a grin to all his admirers, and catching air kisses thrown at him from all ends of the restaurant. Yes, Marty thought, he was looking at a picture of pure showbiz, an entrance staged and costumed to Truman’s exacting perfection.*” The vision, the transcendence would be lost on us if we ignored that the Goblin took the work and did not understand it; it was not of his soul—as the crimes were from the lack thereof. The difference makes all the difference.

There is also the suggestion in the quotes she chose that Willa knew what she and her writing were facing. In scholar Cynthia Griffin Wolff’s introduction to Willa’s work *Coming, Aphrodite! and Other Stories*, she writes about the second epigraph of that first story collection, quoting, “*A fairy palace, with a fairy garden: . . . Inside the trolls dwell . . . working at their*

magic forges, making and making always things rare and strange.” Those looking in don’t actually understand what is being made, created, written, how and from where it is created and what it all means, what worlds are created and how to navigate them by gaining insight.

Woolf writes, *“The quotation from Kingsley’s lecture suggests both Cather’s own sense of isolation and, more broadly, the unavoidable division between an artist and those who cannot understand the creative act. Kingsley’s lectures told of the invasion of Rome by the barbarians: The Romans are the artisans of civilization while [. . .] those outside the garden, are both wonderstruck and envious at the artisans’ creations. Eventually, they break in and overrun the garden only to find that they cannot rebuild what they have demolished”* [emphasis mine]. Looking at *Breakfast at Tiffany’s* in this way, the creators and Audrey putting it back together from Willa, the one who could see inside of it and the reasons why, the roots of it and its implications, and Audrey’s giving her embodiment . . . is a monumental act of quiet, far-resonating heroism.

Even if what Audrey was doing didn’t get recognized, it was from her spirit, and more so now it makes a difference when we can see it.

Woolf continues, *“The quotation from Kingsley has to do with the progress of civilization; it suggests that although separation from others is an inevitable component of the creative process, art and creativity are intrinsically good; they contribute to the progress of [human]kind. However, it also indicates that the artist and her work will be the object of others’ malignant envy [. . .] Taken together, [Willa’s] two quotations seem to describe the precarious situation of an emergent female artist: she will become foreign to those who cannot understand her vocation and subject to the envy of others [. . .].”*

Look how hard the navigation, how fragile the outcome of civilization when the art is that easily sold for surface celebrity that underneath means harm to anyone and everyone for empty, screaming, desperate self-adulation, coming from a deep need that can never be filled or satiated that way. Narcissism does not heal itself. Audrey did not do public harm to Truman, but she set the dharma body of the work straight with brilliance, beauty, caring, and humor for THIS Moment, able to alter lives even now. It is what she would have hoped for, possibly even continues to bring her Presence to. The act of creation is the real thing, even sacred to Beingness, and in Dante, those who take that content and sell it are committing simony, suggested here in the divine sense also by Willa's title "Coming, Aphrodite!"

And one last statement on Willa's choice of epigraphs from Woolf: *"In one respect, however, these quotations make a unified statement: there is something 'strange' and magical about art; and if it has beauty and the power to elevate our lives, it also has the potentially destructive component. One might tumble into art's compelling illusions—and drown."* The outcome is ours because now we can see the difference.

Audrey did not come to this caring and taking action by an easy path. (While Truman used his made-up past as a reason for victimhood.) Her own sorrows and disappointments were real and intense. Her son Sean Hepburn Ferrer in his memoir of her *Audrey Hepburn: An Elegant Spirit* describes, *"The 'emotional hunger' that 'food cannot alleviate,' which is how she often described children she met during her UNICEF years, was something she knew how to recognize [. . .] having experienced it herself, she had an instinctual desire to share it with her husbands and help heal that missing link [. . .] The voice of her inner child calling out for that embrace was so*

all-encompassing that she never understood how others might have processed that hunger differently. Yet her deeply romantic nature prevented her from demanding, from asking for that quenching. She wanted it to come freely, like flowers that are sent and not requested [. . .] There is only sadness when two souls cannot merge. The snarling void left by her father's absence bore an equal share of the responsibility in the failure of both of her marriages [. . .] exhausted by an authoritarian mother, she wished for a world where caring and love came freely [. . .] just like the children she would later fight for, those children who in one way or another hadn't benefited by the simple right to their own childhood. Her emotional world was simple: If you love with all your might and take care of the other, he or she will do the same in return. How disappointing it is when we realize that the world isn't that way. [. . .] She was so emotional because she feared an old age, not of wrinkles, but of disenchantment. Yet she emerged from her own life as a powerful person: strong-willed and sure of what she wanted. She was, as some liked to describe her, a steel hand in a velvet glove" (11-14).

Audrey knew what she knew deeply. While she “never understood how others might have processed that hunger differently,” she knew when to take a stand against it and for something so much better. She gave herself to that throughout her life, doing what she could with a loving hand that meant to make a difference with what power she had. And in this, she also quietly took a stand against Truman Capote lying to the public, manipulating, and selling others' lives and works, and even lying to make himself the victim while committing his actual horrendous acts of violation of others'.

“Moon River” for which Audrey originally performed in the movie in 1961, won the 1962 Grammy for Record of the Year and Song of the Year. So while Audrey's voice was filling the air waves of movie theaters and her

face and Beingness the wonder breakthrough of the screen, its own Huckleberry Girl, and when the song was winning at the Grammys, the ground was being broken for the propitious sacred arrival of the *Pietà* to the continent of spiritual and bodily freedom for its own awakening to itself. Irving Stone, the author of *The Agony and the Ecstasy* soon after the publication gave all his years of research on Michelangelo, even having lived in Florence researching the details and nuances of Michelangelo's life, to the head librarian of UCLA, Lawrence Clark Powell, the founder of this very journal in 1957 for which I write, *Books of the Southwest*. Irving Stone's intensive, dedicated research included that: "*Stone lived in Italy for years visiting many of the locations in Rome and Florence, worked in marble quarries, and apprenticed himself to a marble sculptor. A primary source for the novel is Michelangelo's correspondence, all 495 letters of which Stone had translated from Italian by Charles Speroni and published in 1962 as I Michelangelo, Sculptor. Stone also collaborated with Canadian sculptor Stanley Lewis, who researched Michelangelo's carving technique and tools*" (Wikipedia "The Agony and the Ecstasy" Retrieved 10 July 2021). And all these thousands of words I have written to John Mayer in the course of all these happenings as I have written these books and articles! Stone's messages were being sent here.

In convergence of these energetic Moon Rivers, this was happening while Truman Capote was raiding Willa's work and publishing *Breakfast at Tiffany's* in 1958. In the same moment as the movie and the novel, "*In January 1961, Bobby Zimmerman, who was at the time remembered back in Hibbing as the rock-n-roll kid silenced by the principal—if he was remembered at all—arrived in New York City as Bob Dylan, an anonymous folkie determined to never be quieted again*" (*Life Magazine's Bob Dylan: America's Greatest Songwriter*, 17). Bob Dylan's neighborhoods were the places I visited when I went to see John in concert in New York City in 2010. It is

where John would sing “A Face to Call Home” for the first time in December 2010 at the Village Underground where I was walking and writing to him that July. Just around the corner, I didn’t know at the time, Willa had written the stories that would come to this realization. The magazine of Bob Dylan features a poster from 6 November 1961 (the month after the release of *Breakfast at Tiffany’s*) from The Folklore Center on MacDougal Street describing, “and his first album hasn’t even been released!” The energetic world was on its path to powerfully carrying forward and breaking oceanically wide open.

I just visited New York City again last week, (March 2023), to visit Willa’s doorstep on Washington Square Park and the places where she lived and wrote, and discover for myself that that very address, in all of the cosmos, now the student center at NYU, is where what would become *Breakfast at Tiffany’s* was coming to life for her, what I had exactly been writing to John over a decade ago, and writing at that time about writing screenplays, even one I had written called *Dinner at Tiffany’s*.

Before coming for that auspicious trip to New York City in 2010, I had come through there once before. Willa had left for her first visit to Provence in 1902. I came through New York City for the first time in 2002 on my way to France, exactly 100 years after her first, formative trip to France that she would then also bring to the Southwest in realization before that circle back to New York City to publish “The Bohemian Girl.” In 2002 John was there in NYC having just made and released his first album, *Room for Squares* (2001). John, so young, was taking this very different path to stardom than rock stars, the hard-won path of following what he knew of his truest nature. If freedom of embodiment was envisioned by him, his song “Your Body is a Wonderland” had just arrived in the public consciousness, written as he has said, by a 21 year old boy.

The *Pietà* was gorgeously photographed at the 1964 World's Fair whose theme was "Peace Through Understanding." "Place of Peace" is one meaning of my name, Shiloh, and now seeing Place being so important in Willa's grounding of realness. Audrey would return to Europe and buy her property *La Paisible*, meaning "The Peaceful," and she would pass away at that 'place of peace.'

Robert Hupka's deeply resonant photography of Mary holding Jesus was first intended to be the artwork to a commemorative album of the music he had selected to play in the Vatican's exhibit at the World Fair. That all then led artist Maxine Pendry in the later 1960s to paint the face of Jesus from the *Pietà* in a work inspired by the name of the novel, entitling her painting *The Agony*. That painting, reminiscent even of Michelangelo's face, became the cover of my dad's gospel album entitled *Face to Face*, recorded when I was about 2-3 years old, c. 1973. I have kept a copy of the album all my life, carrying that portrait. The *Pietà* on the ship had arrived at 44th from the Hudson, the year of my dad's birth and Katy's name (who also began singing gospel). What has only happened once is John and I seeing each other "face to face" at a Meet and Greet in 2017. I had kept my dad's album with me and it becoming frayed and bleached out, and all those years not knowing that it would lead me to the recognition scenes of the Homeric epics. In those epics there is the culmination at the bed Odysseus built of the live, rooted olive tree. In NYC in 2010 when I walked into the Olive Tree Cafe on MacDougal, it was like walking into a childhood memory of a very similar place where I had fallen in love with black and white movies, the very same movies playing on their screen. Just a street over was Willa's addresses where all of this was coming to life.

The title of my dad's album comes from the Hebrew Bible scripture about knowing true identity, love, and truest kind of recognition: "*For now we see a reflection as in a mirror [a glass darkly]; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known*" (NIV 1 Corinthians 13:12).

"Who Did You Think I Was?"

That Meet and Greet took place on John's *The Search for Everything Tour*, at Isleta, NM, which is also in Willa's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Most likely John was not aware of the numinosity when it happened, but he began that very tour singing "How Great Thou Art" with the New Zealand Kapahaka as a tribute to the Christchurch and New Zealand which had recently had a terrorist attack on two mosques. That song is the last song on my dad's album. It was all already set into motion, "driftin'" towards truthful recognition beyond the ordinary.

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