



*I'll give them  
every note, and  
a suggestion...*



*... A hint that my  
voice is not just  
Billie's voice...*



*... But a voice that  
springs from every  
voice.*



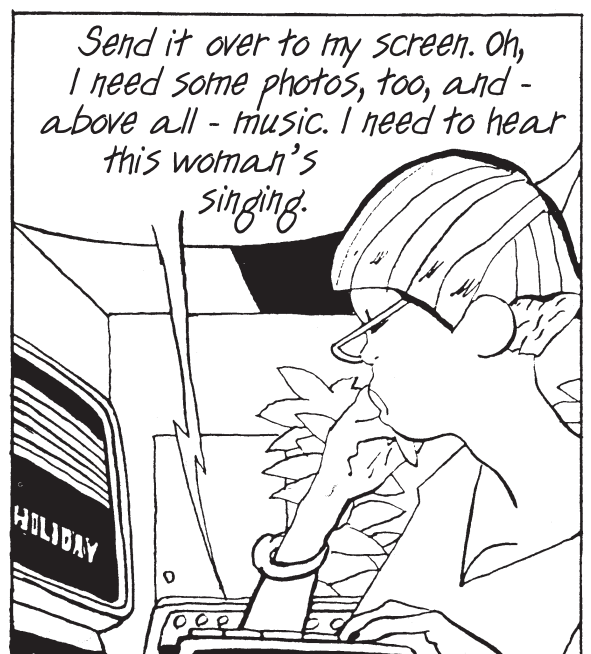
*Still, no one  
but me can  
call herself  
Billie Holiday...  
Lady Day.*



New York, Saturday, 11:30 pm



Lisa, I need all the facts you've got on Holiday, Billie, jazz vocalist, female, Black, dead at age 44, 30 years ago.



Send it over to my screen. Oh, I need some photos, too, and - above all - music. I need to hear this woman's singing.



Billie Holiday... they might've sprung this assignment on me earlier... and me having no idea who she is.



I got you the dope on this Billie person.

Okay. Go ahead and take off, I'll be on this all night. They want the final copy by dawn.

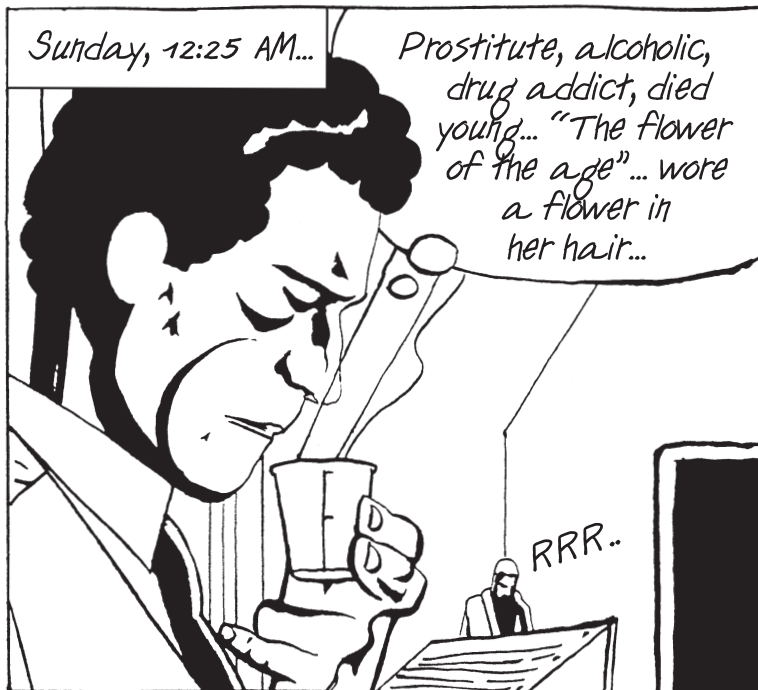
Trst! Trst! Trst!

Lady BILLIE

Saturday DAY







"The tabloids emphasized those aspects of her life to the exclusion of her music."



Don't  
leave me,  
Rufus!

"It's the law of supply and demand. There's a public that wants that kind of stuff."



Take  
that,  
whore!



"There's another public that pretends it doesn't, and won't accept it unless it's disguised."

Consider it  
a goodbye  
present.

"This latter audience is the one that buys our papers, that lets us turn a profit."



Stupid bitch!  
You aren't  
gonna kill anyone...  
not me, not  
yourself!





