INTRODUCTION

I met Andy Warhol in the autumn of 1968—eight years after he painted his first Pop art canvases and just three months after he was shot and nearly killed by a woman who had appeared for a moment in one of his "underground" movies. During the previous spring the art-making/film-making/hanging-out setup known to sixties legend as the "Factory" had moved from its original location, a silvered loft on East 47th Street, to a white and mirrored loft that took up the whole sixth floor of 33 Union Square West.

Andy loved Union Square—the trees in the park and the loft with its view of the stately Con Edison tower, its clock face shining like a neighborhood moon, giving the time day and night. Always considered an unofficial boundary between uptown and downtown, Union Square was near the bargain-shopping area on 14th Street. To the south, the West and East Villages and Soho were all within easy walking distance.

And, of course, a block away on Park Avenue South was Max's Kansas City, the breeding ground for so many of the characters that wound up in Factory movies. Every night, celebrities of the art, fashion, music, and "underground" filmmaking crowds jammed themselves into favorite corners of the back room at Max's and monitored each other's clothes, makeup, wit, and love interests while they received "exchange" celebrities from out of town—directors and producers from Europe or Hollywood—and waited to be taken away from "all this" (New York notoriety) and put into "all that" (global fame). Andy's art hung on the wall.

I was an undergraduate at Barnard at the time, and going down to the Factory to see if Andy Warhol needed a part-time typist seemed like a good way to inject some glamour into my college years. I introduced myself to Andy, explaining that I was going to school, and he suggested I work for him just whenever I could. So I began going down to the Factory a few days a week after classes. He and I shared a 4' × 10' office piled—as in time I discovered *all* his offices, whatever their dimensions, would be piled—with clutter. He would read the newspapers and drink carrot juice from Brownies, the health food store around the corner on 16th Street, while I transcribed tapes he'd hand me of phone conversations he'd had while he was in bed recuperating, first in the hospital and then at home in the narrow four-story Victorian house on Lexington and 89th that he lived in with his mother.

Andy had come to New York from Pittsburgh in 1949 and at first he shared apartments with other people. Eventually he could afford a place of his own. Then his mother suddenly arrived in town and moved in with him, her youngest son, saying she wanted to look after him. She may have decided—or just as likely, he may have told her—that he was working so hard he had no time to find a *wife* to take care of him, because when I met Julia Warhola one afternoon in 1969 she

said hello, thought for a second, then concluded, "You'd be nice for my Andy—but he's too busy." (Andy's mother lived with him in his house on 89th Street and Lexington Avenue until 1971. By then, apparently suffering from senility, she required constant care and Andy sent her back to Pittsburgh to the care of his brothers John and Paul. After suffering a stroke, she died in a nursing home there in 1972, but to even his closest friends who'd often ask him, "How's your mother?" Andy continued for years to say, "Oh fine.")

In my first weeks at the Factory, friends Andy hadn't seen since before the shooting—superstars like Viva and Ondine and Nico, or Lou Reed or the other members of the Velvet Underground—would drop by the Union Square loft to ask him how he was feeling. He'd usually assure them, "Oh, good" or, occasionally he'd joke, "With my hands." Brigid Berlin, a.k.a. Brigid Polk, the eldest daughter of longtime Hearst Corporation chairman Richard E. Berlin, had starred in Andy's movie *Chelsea Girls* and now she would come by to make pocket money by letting Andy tape record her talking about, say, what had happened in the back room at Max's the night before or about who she had talked to on the phone that morning from her tiny room at the nearby George Washington Hotel; when she was done he'd take out his checkbook and reward her for the performance with $25 (sometimes negotiated up to $50). For each of these post-shooting reunions with his friends, something in Andy's expression said he was amazed that he was still alive to see them. At one point in the hospital, just before they succeeded in reviving him, the doctors had thought he was gone and Andy, in a state of semi-consciousness, had heard them say words to that effect; from June 1968 on, he considered himself a man who was officially "back from the dead."

Andy and I didn't talk much at first. For weeks I just transcribed and he just sat there, a few feet away from my manual typewriter, reading and taking phone calls. Most of the time, his face was impassive. There was definitely a weird feeling about him—for one thing, he moved in a strange way. Eventually I realized that this was because his chest was still wrapped in surgical tape—blood from the wounds that were still healing sometimes seeped through onto his shirt. But when Andy laughed, the weirdness disappeared and his whole face changed—then, he was appealing to me.

Andy was polite and humble. He rarely *told* anyone to do things—he'd just ask in a hopeful tone, "Do you think you could...?" He treated everyone with respect, he never talked down to anyone. And he made everyone feel important, soliciting their opinions and probing with questions about their own lives. He expected everyone who worked for him to do their job, but he was nonetheless grateful when they did—he knew that *any* degree of conscientiousness was hard to find, even when you paid for it. And he was especially grateful for even the smallest extra thing you might do for him. I never heard anyone say "Thank you" more than Andy, and from his tone, you always felt he meant it. "Thank you" were the last words he ever said to me.

Andy had three ways of dealing with employee incompetence, depending on his mood. Sometimes he'd watch for minutes at a time and then, raising his eyebrows and closing his eyes philosophically, turn away without saying a word; sometimes he'd rant and rail for half an hour at the offender, though nobody would ever get fired; and sometimes he'd suddenly break into an

impromptu imitation of the person—never a literal one, but rather *his* interpretation of *their* vision of themselves—and it was always funny.

The worst things Andy could think to say about someone was that he was "the kind of person who thinks he's better than you" or, simply, "He thinks he's an 'intellectual.'" Andy knew that a good idea could come from anywhere; his head wasn't turned by credentials.

What was he impressed with, then? Fame—old, new, or faded. Beauty. Classical talent. Innovative talent. Anyone who did anything *first*. A certain kind of outrageous nerve. Good talkers. Money—especially big, old, American brand-name money. Contrary to what readers of social columns might guess after seeing Andy's name in print so many times over so many years at so many events with European royalty, foreign titles didn't impress him—he always got them completely wrong or, at the very least, badly mispronounced them.

He never took his success for granted; he was thrilled to have it. His uniform humility and courtesy were my two favorite things about him and, as much as he changed and evolved over all the years I knew him, these qualities never diminished.

After a few weeks of volunteer typing, I had my midterm exams to study for so I stopped going downtown. I assumed that Andy probably wouldn't even notice I wasn't around (I hadn't figured out yet that his passive expression didn't mean he wasn't noticing even the smallest details) so I was shocked when someone knocked on the door of my dorm room to say I had a call from "Andy." I couldn't believe he would even remember what school I went to, let alone which dorm I lived in. Where was I, he wanted to know. And to make sure I was coming back, he "sweetened the pot" by offering to start paying my subway fares to and from "work." A ride was then twenty cents.

The major activity at the Factory in the years 1968–72 was making feature-length 16mm movies (they would be blown up to 35mm for commercial release) with the offbeat people who hung around Max's or who came by the Factory to be "discovered." During the summer of '68 when Andy was home in bed recovering from his gunshot wounds, Paul Morrissey, a Fordham graduate who had once worked for an insurance company and who up until the shooting had assisted on Andy's "Factory" movies, filmed a movie of his own, *Flesh*. It starred the handsome receptionist/bouncer at the Factory, Joe Dallesandro, as an irresistible male hustler trying to raise money for his girlfriend's abortion, and in the fall of '68 *Flesh* began a long commercial run at the Garrick Theater on Bleecker Street.

Assisting Paul on *Flesh* was Jed Johnson, who had begun working at the Factory in the spring, shortly after he and his twin brother Jay arrived in town from Sacramento. Jed's first duties at the Factory were stripping the paint from the wooden frames of the windows that looked out on Union Square Park, and building shelves in the back of the loft for film-can storage. In his spare time he taught himself how to edit film on the Factory's Moviola by playing with reels of *San Diego Surf* and *Lonesome Cowboys*, both of which had been filmed by Andy on a Factory filmmaking field trip to Arizona and California just before he was shot.

Once the Factory moved to Union Square, Billy Name, the photographer who had been

responsible for the silver look of the 47th Street Factory and for its amphetamine-centered social life, began living in the small darkroom he set up at the back of the loft. Over the course of a few months in '68 and the beginning of '69, he retreated from the daytime activities of the Factory and began emerging from his darkroom only at night and only after everyone had gone. Empty take-out food containers in the trash the next day were the only indications that he was alive and eating. After over a year of this hermitic, nocturnal life, when Jed arrived as usual one morning to open up the loft, he found the darkroom door wide open—Billy had gone.

Gerard Malanga, one of Andy's first painting assistants in the sixties and a performer in some of the early movies like *Vinyl* and *Kiss*, shared one of the two large desks at the front of the loft with Fred Hughes, who was just evolving into his position as manager of Andy's art career. Fred had entered the world of art connoisseurship through working for the de Menil family, art patrons and philanthropists from his hometown of Houston. Fred made a big impression on Andy in two major ways: First, in the short term, Fred had introduced him to this rich, generous family; and second, in the long term, he had a rare understanding of and respect for Andy's art and a flair for how, when, and where to present it. From his half of the desk, Gerard answered the phones while he wrote poetry, and in 1969 when Andy decided to start a magazine called *inter/VIEW*, Gerard was for a short while its editor before he left New York for Europe.

The other large desk belonged to Paul, who sat with color blowups of some of the "superstars" behind him, including two "Girls of the Year," Viva and International Velvet (Susan Bottomly). Paul went on to make *Trash* ('70) and *Heat* ('71). *Women in Revolt* and *L'Amour*, made during the same period, were a collaborative Factory effort with Andy, Paul, Fred, and Jed all involved in the casting, shooting, and editing. Then in 1974 Paul went to Italy to direct two movies for Carlo Ponti's production company which were ultimately "presented" by Andy—*Andy Warhol's Frankenstein* and *Andy Warhol's Dracula*. Jed and I went to Italy to work on them, and after they were finished Paul stayed on in Europe, in effect ending his role as a major influence at the Factory.

Fred by now was setting up all the office deals and helping Andy make his business decisions. Vincent Fremont, who had driven cross-country to New York from San Diego and begun working at the Factory in the autumn of '69, was now general office manager.

In the summer of '74 the Factory moved from 33 Union Square West to the third floor of 860 Broadway—just half a block away. Around this time, Andy instructed the receptionists to stop answering the phone with "Factory"—"Factory" had become "too corny," he said—and the place became simply "the office." Bob Colaciello, who had graduated from Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service and had come to the Factory by way of writing a review of *Trash* for the *Village Voice*, was working by this time mainly for the magazine (now, with a slight title change, called *Andy Warhol's Interview*), doing articles and writing his column, "OUT," which chronicled his own around-the-clock social life and dropped a heavy load of names every month. In 1974 Bob Colacello (by then he'd dropped the "i") officially became the magazine's executive editor, shaping its image into a politically conservative and sexually androgynous one. (It wasn't a magazine with a family readership—one survey in the late '70s concluded that the "average *Interview* reader

had something like .001 children.") Its editorial and advertising policies were elitist to the point of being dedicated—as Bob himself once explained, laughing—to "the restoration of the world's most glamorous—and most forgotten—dictatorships and monarchies." It was a goal, people pointed out, that seemed incongruous with Bob's Brooklyn accent, but this didn't stop him from going on to specify exactly *which* monarchies he missed most and why.

When Andy decided to start the magazine, in '69, the idea was that it be oriented toward the movies. He wanted stars to just talk—their own words, unedited—and, wherever possible, to be interviewed by other stars. This was something new in magazine publishing. And since Andy's business philosophy was always to start things on a small budget and build slowly—do the early financing yourself so that later when the business is worth more, you, and not a backer, own more of it—the magazine was published on a very low budget. To give an idea of just *how* low the budget was: In the first issue, an interviewee had referred to a well-known movie critic who had just appeared in a Hollywood movie about a transsexual as a "drag queen." It was only after the issue was already off the presses that a lawyer advised that "drag queen" was libelous but that just plain "queen" would be fine. So Andy, Paul, Fred, Jed, Gerard, and I, plus whoever happened to walk in the door, spent about six hours sitting in the front of the loft going through bundle after bundle of *inter/VIEWs* and crossing out the word "drag" with black felt-tip pens, while Paul complained, "This is like doing penance—'I will never call him a drag queen again, I will never call him a drag queen again.'"

At 33 Union Square West, the magazine offices had been two rooms on the tenth floor, four floors away from the Factory, but after the move to 860 Broadway they were on the same floor as Andy's office and painting area, separated from these only by a wall. Andy seemed to regard the employees of *Interview* as stepchildren, different from the people who worked directly for him, who were "family." (One visitor, noticing the psychological distance from Andy between his personal employees and the staff of his magazine, observed, only half-joking, "I get the feeling that if the people who work for *Interview* were asked to name the one celebrity in the world they'd most like to meet, they'd all say, 'Andy Warhol.'" There were exceptions: Crossovers who worked at *Interview* but were also Andy's personal friends who went out with him socially—people like Bob Colacello and Catherine Guinness, a member of the Anglo-Irish brewery family—but generally, to Andy, the *Interview* people were part of his business life but not his emotional life. He referred to them as "them," and to us as "us."

While Andy's social life in the late sixties and early seventies was steered mainly by Fred, by 1975 Bob Colacello was also initiating many social occasions and some business deals. (All deals, however, had to be cleared with Fred.) From the growing circle of rich people he was becoming friendly with, Bob delivered a lot of portrait commissions, and he also got Andy publishing contracts. On the first book, *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol (From A to B and Back Again)*, I did eight separate interviews with Andy on the basis of which I wrote chapters 1 through 8 and chapter 10. Then, using material from conversations Andy had taped between himself and Bob Colacello and Brigid Berlin, I wrote the introductory chapter and chapters 9, 11, 12, 13, and 14. It was the first major project Andy

and I had worked on together, and after the book was published, in 1975, he asked me to co-author the second book with him—his memoirs of the sixties, which we decided to call *Popism*.

From 1975 on, the magazine was a great source of activity for Andy. That was the year he bought out newsprint manufacturer/art collector Peter Brant to become full owner and publisher, with Fred assuming the title of president. Until this point Andy had remained pretty much aloof from the day-to-day operation of the magazine, but now suddenly he was running in to look at art director Marc Balet's layouts or scheduling lunches in the conference room to pitch *Interview* to prospective advertisers.

It was the magazine more than anything else that kept Andy from passing into sixties history. Meeting creative new people—especially young kids—was always important to him; he thrived on it. But he knew that people only come to you if they think you have something to offer them. In the mid-sixties when he was cranking out his early, cheap, "underground" films at the rate, practically, of one a week, it was the possibility of getting into Andy's movies that drew people to the Factory. By the 1970s, however, with the price of making commercially exhibitable movies becoming prohibitive, Andy had few roles to offer people and not even the certainty that the movie being discussed would ever actually get made. *Interview* magazine more than filled the void.

Circulation had been growing every year. By 1976 *Interview* had a cachet of sophisticated self-mocking silliness that made celebrities actually *want* to be in it. Often Andy, usually with someone on the staff, did the cover interview himself. Every issue had to be stocked with people, and this was the new supply of fresh faces now coming by the office constantly. "We'll put you in the magazine" replaced "We'll put you in a movie" as Andy's most frequent promise. The terms "Interman," "Viewgirl," "Upfront," and "First Impression" were all *Interview* page headings for pictures of young, never-before-seen-in-print male and female beauties. *Interview* became the most glamorous magazine around. I once heard Bob on the phone reassuring a society matron: "Don't worry about your photograph—we retouch anyone over *twenty*."

1976 was also the year that *Andy Warhol's Bad* was shot in New York, in 35mm and with a union crew. The cast was a combination of our own "studio stars"—people like Geraldine Smith from *Flesh* and Cyrinda Foxe from around the corner on East 17th Street—and Hollywood professionals like Carroll Baker and Perry King. Jed directed *Bad*—I had co-written the screenplay—and it was well-received. (Vincent Canby's review in the *New York Times* said it was "more aware of what it's up to than any Warhol film . . . to date.")

Despite the movie's critical success, after making *Bad*, Jed never went back to work at the Factory—"the office"—again. He began buying and selling antiques, and then started his own decorating business, although he continued to live on the fourth floor of the Federal-style town house on East 66th Street that he had found for Andy and that Andy had moved into in 1974. Fred, meanwhile, had moved from his apartment on East 16th Street into the house on Lexington that Andy had just vacated.

For most of the seventies and continuing right up until Andy's death, finding people to commission him to do portraits was a major activity, since it brought in a big share of his annual income. No

matter what other canvases he was working on for museum and gallery shows, there were always portraits in the works in some corner of the loft. Anyone—gallery dealers, friends, or employees—who brought in a commission *got* a commission. As artist Ronnie Cutrone, a dancer with the Exploding Plastic Inevitable in the sixties and Andy's painting assistant in the seventies, once put it: "Pop Art was over, and there was a bunch of new movements. Meanwhile he had an office to keep running and a magazine that he felt still needed subsidizing from him. After doing his Pop celebrity portraits in the sixties—the Marilyns, Lizzes, Elvises, Marlons, etc.—it was a natural evolution to do portraits of private—or at least non–show business—people, therefore making them equal, in some sense, to the legends." And actually, even in the sixties, on a much smaller scale, Andy had done some commissioned portraits of non-star subjects like art collector Ethel Scull, gallery owner Holly Solomon, and Happy Rockefeller. Fred Hughes adds: "The art establishment found the idea of Andy doing commissioned portraits very unconventional—artists weren't supposed to be *doing* this kind of thing. But Andy was always unconventional. And the fact is, he *liked* doing them—after we got the first few commissions he said to me, 'Oh get some more.'"

Andy's procedure for making a portrait was elaborate. It began with the subject posing while he took approximately sixty Polaroid photos. (He used Polaroid's Big Shot camera exclusively, and after that model was discontinued he made a special arrangement with the company to buy all the unused stock they had.) Then, from those sixty shots he would choose four and give them to a screen printer (he worked exclusively with one printer at a time—before 1977, his silkscreener was Alex Heinrici; after that, it was Rupert Smith) to make into positive images on 8" × 10" acetates. When those came back to him he would choose one image, decide where to crop it, and then doctor it cosmetically in order to make the subject appear as attractive as possible—he'd elongate necks, trim noses, enlarge lips, and clear up complexions as he saw fit; in short, he would do unto others as he would wish others to do unto him. Then he would have the cropped, doctored image on the 8" × 10" blown up to a 40" × 40" acetate, and from that the screen printer would make a silkscreen.

To always be prepared for the steady stream of portraits, Andy had his assistants prepaint rolls of canvas in one of two background shades: flesh tone for men's portraits and a different, pinker flesh tone for women's. Using a carbon transfer under tracing paper, he'd trace the image from the 40" × 40" acetate onto the flesh-tone-painted canvas and then paint in the colored areas like hair, eyes, lips on women, and ties and jackets on men. When the silkscreen was ready, the detailed image would be lined up with the prepainted colored areas and the details of the photograph would be screened onto the canvas. It was the slight variations in the alignment of the image with the painted colors underneath that gave Warhol portraits their characteristic "shifting" look. The portraits, as a rule, cost approximately $25,000 for the first canvas and $5,000 for each additional one.

Keeping to his beloved weekday "rut" was so important to Andy that he veered from it only when he was forced to. After "doing the Diary" with me on the phone, he'd make or take a few more phone calls, shower, get dressed, take his cherished dachshunds Archie and Amos into the elevator with him and go from the third floor of his house, where his bedroom was, to the basement kitchen

where he'd have breakfast with his two Filipino housekeepers, sisters Nena and Aurora Bugarin. Then he'd tuck some copies of *Interview* under his arm and go out shopping for a few hours, usually along Madison Avenue, then in the auction houses, the jewelry district around 47th Street, and the Village antique shops. He'd pass out the magazine to shopkeepers (in the hope that they would decide to advertise) and to fans who recognized him in the street and stopped him—he felt good always having something to *give* them.

He'd get to the office between 1:00 and 3:00, depending on whether there was a business advertising lunch there or not. Upon arrival he'd reach into his pocket—or his boot—for some cash and send one of the kids out to Brownies down the block for snacks. Then while he was drinking his carrot juice or tea he'd check the appointment books for that afternoon's and night's events, return calls, and take some of the calls that came in as he was standing there. He would also open the stacks of mail he got every day, deciding just which letters, invitations, gifts, and magazines to drop into a "Time Capsule," meaning one of the hundreds of 10" × 18" × 14" brown cardboard boxes, which would be sealed, dated, put into storage, and instantly replaced with an identical empty box. Less than one percent of all the items that he was constantly being sent or given did he keep for himself or give away. All the rest were "for the box": things he considered "interesting," which to Andy, who was interested in everything, meant literally everything.

A written communication from Andy was a rarity. You'd often see him holding a pen and his hand would be moving, but it was almost always just to sign his name, be it as an autograph or on a work of art or at the bottom of a contract. He did scribble phone numbers on scraps of paper but they were never organized into an address book. And when he wrote a note it was rarely more than a phrase—something like "Pat—use this" attached to a newspaper clipping that he thought would be helpful for a project we were working on. An exception was when someone would dictate words they wanted him to write—on a gift card, for example—and then he would be happy to keep writing, but only until the dictation stopped.

He'd stay in the main reception area for an hour or two talking to people around the office about their love lives, diets, and where they'd gone the night before. Then he'd move to the sunny window ledge by the phones and read the day's newspapers, leaf through magazines, take a few more random phone calls, talk a little business with Fred and Vincent. Eventually he'd go to his working area in the back part of the loft near the freight elevator and there he would paint, draw, cut, move images around, etc., until the end of the day when he would sit down with Vincent and pay bills and talk on the phone to friends, locking in the night's itinerary.

Between 6:00 and 7:00, once the rush-hour traffic was over, he'd walk over to Park Avenue and get a cab uptown. He'd spend a few minutes at home doing what he called "gluing"—washing his face, adjusting the silver "hair" that was his trademark, and maybe, *maybe* changing his clothes, but only if it was an especially "heavy" evening. Then he'd check to make sure there was film in his instant camera. (From the mid-sixties to the mid-seventies, Andy was notorious for endlessly tape-recording his friends. But by the end of the seventies he'd gotten bored with random taping and usually would record people only for a specific reason—that is, if he felt he could use what they said

as dialogue for a play or movie script.) Then he'd leave for the night—sometimes to multiple dinners and parties, sometimes just to an early movie and dinner. But no matter how late he stayed out, he was always ready for the Diary again early the next morning.

For a few years before 1976 I had kept a general and very sketchy Factory log for Andy. I'd make a list of the business visitors who had come to the office during the day, and then another list of the main events of the previous night—even if I'd been to some or all of them myself, I'd have different people give me their versions of the same dinner party or art opening. The point was simply to determine what had happened, who was there, and how much it had cost Andy in cash expenses—not to get Andy's personal view of it. Very often I'd just ask him what his expenses had been and leave his contribution to the log at that.

In 1976, after the filming of *Bad*, I told Andy that I didn't want to work at the office anymore but that I would still write *Popism* with him. He asked me if I would continue to keep the log and itemize his personal expenses—"It'll only take you five minutes a day," he said. I told him that I didn't want to have to continue calling everyone at the office every day to find out what had happened the day before—that if I were going to do that, I might as well still be working there. So we agreed that from then on, the daily accounts would come from Andy himself. At this point the log became Andy's own personal narrative.

In the fall of 1976 Andy and I established a weekday morning routine of talking to each other on the phone. Ostensibly still for the purpose of getting down on record everything he had done and every place he had gone the day and night before and logging the cash business expenses he had incurred in the process, this account of daily activity came to have the larger function of letting Andy examine life. In a word, it was a diary. But whatever its broader objective, its narrow one, to satisfy tax auditors, was always on Andy's mind. The record he kept included even the ten-cent calls he made from street payphones. It wasn't that he was being overly cautious—the IRS had subjected his business to its first major audit in 1972 and continued the scrutiny every year right up until his death. Andy was convinced these audits were triggered by someone in the Nixon administration because the campaign poster he'd done for George McGovern in 1972 featured a green-faced Richard M. Nixon and the words "Vote McGovern." (Philosophically, Andy was a liberal Democrat, although he never voted because, he said, he didn't want to get called up for jury duty. He did, however, offer his employees bribes of Election Days off if they gave their word they'd vote Democratic.)

I'd call Andy around 9:00 A.M., never later than 9:30. Sometimes I'd be waking him up, sometimes he'd say he'd been awake for hours. If I happened to oversleep he'd call *me* and say something like, "Good morning, Miss Diary—what's wrong with *you*?" or "Sweetheart! You're fired!" The calls were always conversations. We'd warm up for a while just chatting—he was always curious about everything, he'd ask a million questions: "What are you having for breakfast? Do you have channel 7 on? How can I clean my can opener—should I do it with a toothbrush?" Then he'd give me his cash expenses and tell me all about the day and night before. Nothing was too insignificant for him to tell the Diary. These sessions—what he referred to as my "five-minutes-a-day job"—would actually take anywhere from one to two hours. Every other week or so, I'd go over to the office

with the typed pages of each day's entry and I'd staple to the back of every page all the loose cab and restaurant receipts he'd left for me in the interim—receipts that corresponded to the amounts he'd already told me over the phone. The pages were then stored in letter boxes from the stationery store.

The Diary was done every morning Monday through Friday, but never on the weekends even if Andy and I happened to talk on the phone or see each other. The Diary would always wait until Monday morning when we'd do a triple session and he'd recount Friday-Saturday-and-Sunday's activities. I made extensive notes on a legal pad as we talked, and right after we hung up, while Andy's intonations were fresh in my mind, I'd sit at the typewriter and get it all down on paper.

When Andy was out of town, he'd either call me from where he was, or scrawl notes, usually on hotel stationery, and he'd read them to me over the phone when he got back, often having to stop to decipher them—and on these occasions the going was slower, so I usually had time to type them as he read. (Occasionally he'd talk into a tape recorder and give me the cassette when he got back.) When I went away, the arrangements would vary—sometimes I would call him periodically from where I was and he would read me the notes he'd kept. Whatever the procedure, no day was left un-Diarized.

The Diary calls weren't, necessarily, the only times Andy and I would talk to each other during the day. If we were working on a project together—writing *Popism*, for example—we might speak a few times during the day and evening. And business aside, we were friends, the kind of friends who would call each other whenever we felt like it—when something funny happened or when we were mad about something. (Actually, arguing and laughing are the two things I remember doing most with Andy.) Many times during these non-Diary calls, and occasionally in person, Andy would add to or correct something he'd told me during the regular morning call and he would tell me to "put that in the Diary."

Andy changed so much over the years that some who knew him in the sixties and early seventies may very well wonder why certain aspects of his personality that they experienced (and that were widely written about) don't show up more in the Diary—particularly a cruel, maddening way he had of provoking people to near-hysteria with comments calculated to do just that. The answer is in two parts: first, and most obviously, this is a *diary*—one man's perspective—and the diary form itself precludes dramatic confrontations between two or more people; second, Andy gradually outgrew the impulse to make trouble. He'd had a late adolescence—in his twenties he'd worked very hard at his commercial art career; he didn't take much time out to have fun, really, until he was in his thirties. So he terrorized people the way, for instance, the most popular girl in high school could—creating cliques and setting up rivalries just for the "entertainment" value of watching people fight for his attention. But toward the end of the seventies he started to mellow. Very rarely would he deliberately provoke someone—in fact, he tried to pacify more than to incite. And the personal and emotional problems he himself went through during the years covered by the diaries left him looking for comfort, not drama, in his friendships. By the last year of his life, he was kinder and easier to be around than at any time since I'd met him.

A few idiosyncrasies to bring to the reader's attention: Andy's conversations were full of superficially contradictory remarks—he'd describe someone as a "cute little creep," or he'd say, "It was so much fun I had to leave." (And naturally, as in any diary, his opinions about any particular person or thing may fluctuate greatly over time.) He exaggerated quantities—he'd describe a 5'2" person as 2', or a man who weighed 250 pounds as 400. "Eighteen" was a favorite number—if there were multiple events on his evening schedule, he'd say he had "eighteen parties to go to." He used the terms "fairy" and "dyke" loosely, as when describing even slightly effeminate men and loud-speaking women. "Boyfriend" and "girlfriend" he used just as freely. When Andy worked long hours as a freelance commercial artist in the fifties, doing drawings at home at night and dragging his portfolio around Manhattan during the day, he met hundreds of people in advertising and publishing and retail sales; and after he'd left commercial art and become a Pop painter, it became a running joke that he'd refer to every one of them as "the person who gave me my first job"—that was just his way of describing anyone from that period of his life. It was often written about Andy that he used the "royal we." To an extent, that was true—it was "our movies," "our magazine," "our party," "our friends"—but that only applied to his post-Factory days: anyone he knew before he rented the first Factory was simply "a friend of mine." And anything related to his art, of course, was always described in the first person singular: "my painting," "my show," "my work."

Going broke was Andy's biggest fear. That, and getting cancer—a headache or a freckle was always a possible brain or skin cancer. Ironically, it's apparent now in retrospect that when he was *really* worried about a health problem he scarcely mentioned it—episodes like a lump in his neck in June of 1977 which doctors finally pronounced "benign" and the gallbladder problem in February of 1987 which led to his death.

So that the Diary could be published in one large volume, I've distilled its original length of 20,000 pages down to what I feel is the best material and the most representative of Andy. This naturally entailed cutting whole days, occasionally even entire weeks, but most often, just parts of days. On a day when Andy went to five parties, I may have included only a single one. I applied the same editing principle to names: to give the diary a narrative flow and to keep it from reading like social columns where the reader is deluged with lists of proper names that often have little meaning to him, I've cut many names. If Andy mentioned, say, ten people, I may have chosen to include only the three he had conversations with or spoke of in the most detail. Such omissions are not noted in the text since the effect would serve only to distract, and slow the reader down.

The Diary does not include a glossary because simplistic explanations of who people were in relation to Andy would go against—if not actually betray—the sensibility of what he was about and the unstructured world he generated around him. Andy was about *not* putting people into categories—he was about letting them cross in and out of categories. The people in his sixties "underground" movies were called "superstars," but what exactly did that mean? It could refer to the most beautiful model in New York or the delivery boy who brought her a pack of cigarettes during filming and wound up in front of the rolling camera.

To Andy, putting things in a format that made sense was enough of a compromise. He'd get exasperated when I'd occasionally make him repeat or rephrase something until I understood it. His first "novel," *a*, published in 1968, actually had been a literary experiment—transcripts of conversations that he'd taped of his superstars and friends as they operated in the amphetamine and pansexual subculture of New York were "transcribed" by amateur typists who, guessing at words and phrases when they couldn't be certain, perpetrated technical and conceptual mistakes galore that Andy then made sure were reproduced, typo for typo, as the published text.

Another concern was keeping the editorial explanations, which appear occasionally in brackets, to a minimum so that the flow of Andy's own voice with its peculiar locutions could be preserved uninterrupted. I felt that, although explanatory matter could have been provided in many editorial asides to occasionally make a reader's job a little easier, the benefits gained from these intrusions would be small in proportion to the jarring effect they would have on Andy's personal tone and the needlessly distancing effect they would have on the reader. The exact nature of some of the relationships between Andy and various characters in his diary can be grasped only after some effort, it is true, but I believe that having to *work* a little to understand things is part of the unique experience of diary-reading—watching life unfold naturally, with its occasional confusions. To keep these confusions to a minimum, however, *the diaries should be read in sequence.*

Finally, in editing the Diary for publication I've eliminated the interpersonal dimension of Andy's and my discourse—his direct references to me or to things that would have meaning only to me. In the relatively few instances where I did leave in personal references, I took the liberty of translating myself into the third person, using my initials, PH: My aim was to make it possible for the Diary to be read in the same casual and intimate spirit in which Andy gave it to me every morning, so that the reader would always be the "you" on the other end of the phone.

PAT HACKETT
New York
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anybody referred to *anything*, they clapped. And everyone had a mustache, eight out of ten people there. Finally it ended and we got out of there. The two dykes asked me *(laughs)*, "Are you going to Crackerjacks? To the party?"

But all that was at night. In the morning Benjamin arrived and I wasn't ready. Didn't have enough *Interviews* to take around, just had a couple. As we were walking on Madison between 66th and 67th, Raquel Welch came bouncing out of a shop. She had on dark sunglasses so you almost didn't recognize her. She said she was looking for a Napoleon bed. I gave her Dr. Karen's card for collagen. Fred likes the way my treatment looks and he's going to get it done.

We were on Page Six because of our interview with Georgia O'Keeffe where she called Philip Johnson a minor architect, and we left it in where I was saying that he's not now, and she was saying that he was then, and so since she can't see now, she didn't know. So I'm bracing myself for a call from David Whitney.

Fred says he's not going to drink, that the other night was just too much.

Got home and there was a note that Ara Gallant called. So I called him back and he said that Debra Winger and the governor of Nebraska were over there, and he invited me over, but it was so late that I didn't want to go back out.

Talked to Jon in L.A.

Friday, August 26, 1983

Cab to meet Jean Michel Basquiat and we worked out ($6). He's going to rent the carriage house we own at 57 Great Jones Street. So Benjamin went over to get a lease and I hope it works out. Jean Michel is trying to get on a regular daily painting schedule. If he doesn't and he can't pay his rent it'll be hard to evict him. It's always hard to get people out.

Sunday, August 28, 1983

After getting bitten some more I decided that Archie must have fleas, so I checked and he did. Some years are good for fleas and this is one of them.

It was a hazy grey day. And in the park the Puerto Ricans were having some sort of event. It wasn't even Puerto Rican Day, they just create a party and call it some occasion and then they have the park all day with mounted policemen, beautiful mounted policemen on horses. Not one white person in the whole park.

Monday, August 29, 1983

I just stepped in dog shit. In my hall. And I'm usually wearing slippers but this time I wasn't. And usually you can smell it a mile away, but it just didn't smell, so I just finished cleaning it up. And I'm all fleabitten. When you know there's fleas, you keep feeling them all the time whether they're there

or not. So I just took a shower to get the shit off my foot and now I'm thinking what disease I can pick up from this whole episode.

Jean Michel and I went over to Yanna's, and we had our nails done. And you know, my nails are getting better. The two of us would make a good story for *Vogue* (pedicures $30).

Victor came by with his brother who's so good-looking. And Victor says his brother's cock is so big he used to hit the table with it at breakfast. I guess they were naked at breakfast, you know these South Americans. It takes years to get nervous and live in an uptight situation like civilization. But Victor's actually made out better than his brother—his brother still has to work.

Tuesday, August 30, 1983

Chris came by the office and he was crying and saying that he wanted things to be back the way they used to be between us with me giving him lots of work, but I didn't know what to tell him because I don't. I don't call him at all. I suppose I should. But I think about boys too much when I associate with him.

The Argentine lady came and wrote out a fat check for her portraits, which was great, it pays a month's mortgage on the new building. And last month Pia Zadora's check did that, so that was a lift.

Fred went to Dr. Karen for his collagen test and he said that she's klutzy, and actually she is, when I think about it. One thing she's got to learn is not to have people lie down. Because if you lie down, all the wrinkles go away, and how can you tell where to put the stuff? You should actually be hanging forward or something, so the wrinkles would really be exaggerated.

Wednesday, August 31, 1983

Cab to meet Lidija ($5). Worked out with Jean Michel who brought me some of his hair, cut off and put on a helmet. It looked great. He got Bruno to pay his first month's security and rent. He wanted to buy the Great Jones Street carriage house from me but I told him that together with our other one around the corner from it on the Bowery it was a nice lot, and that we might put a theater on it some day. He and Paige had a big fight because they had a date for 9:00 and he didn't show up till 1:00.

And I'm so mad at Scavullo. Those pictures he did of me for the Jordan Marsh catalogue, he made me look so ugly. He didn't air-brush at all, and he's an air-brush queen! But he didn't do it for me. I'd like to call him up and tell him off, but then he'd say, "We can only work with what you give us, darling."

Nelson called and said that Joe Dallesandro is driving a cab in L.A. Why can't Joe just get some woman to support him? Or somebody. He still has a big dick. He's stupid. S-T-U-P-I-D. And I don't know what happened with *Heat*. They were showing it on Friday night at the New York Film Festival—they were doing a series on movies that had opened there in the past. I didn't hear a thing about it.

Then Christopher wanted to have dinner. He said he hadn't eaten all day so he promised that he would actually eat the dinner and not have it wrapped to take home. We thought of the Water Club but then decided on the Jockey Club at the Ritz Carlton (dinner $250 with tip).

Friday, September 2, 1983

Jean Michel didn't show up for the workout because he was up all night. He was in love that day with Paige. Pia Zadora called to invite us to a party at Bob Guccione's on Tuesday. She wants me to present her with the portraits there.

And the new building, the new building. I'm trying to start to pack up at 860, but I just want to throw my hands up in the air.

Monday, September 5, 1983

Labor Day. Jean Michel called, he wanted some philosophy, he came over and we talked, and he's afraid he's just going to be a flash in the pan. And I told him not to worry, that he wouldn't be. But then I got scared because he's rented our building on Great Jones and what if he is a flash in the pan and doesn't have the money to pay his rent (supplies $35.06, $6)?

Pia Zadora called and said she was coming down. And they all came—her husband Riklis, his mother, and some other guy. I'd done twelve portraits of her. And they just liked two and they weren't the ones that I thought were the best. So we have all these portraits left over. But we were lucky, she bought the Dollar Sign. Worked alone till 6:00. Got depressed. It was hot and muggy.

Tuesday, September 6, 1983

Sent Jay home early to dress up so he could come with Benjamin and me to the *Penthouse* party for Pia Zadora and carry the portraits. Walked over to the party at Bob Guccione's in my neighborhood. And Guccione said to me that the time seemed "right" now to really do porno photographs with celebrities, and I put my foot in it, I said *(laughs)*, "How about Cornelia Guest?" I don't know what made me say it. Guccione was wearing a shirt and tie, he had his gold chains covered over. I'd heard he was in the hospital for a head tumor or something like that, but maybe it was hair transplants.

Pia had on a beautiful ring—a diamond with blue sapphires, and she was wearing a Bob Mackie, red, white, and with a blue star. It really was a beautiful dress. Slit up to the ass and when the wind blew once, one of the photographers groaned, "Oh my God, I missed a pussy shot." And the funniest line was one Benjamin heard. When they showed the portraits, one of the photographers said, "How could Andy Warhol sink to such mediocrity?" and the photographer he said it to said, "What do you mean? He's *famous* for sinking to mediocrity."

And it's funny because there everybody is at this party for her and they still all put her down.

Oh, but I was gushing because Riklis came over and said, "How can we get the rest of the portraits? Let's talk about it." I was thrilled.

I snuck out at 7:30. Left Jay there looking for Bunnies. Or whatever *Penthouse* has. Pets.

Wednesday, September 7, 1983

I called Robert Hayes. Told him about getting Matt Dillon for the cover and he was excited about that, but he didn't like my idea of Shirley MacLaine. I'm trying to sell magazines. Maybe those ladies who watch *Donahue* will buy *Interview* if they see Shirley on the cover.

Monday, September 12, 1983

Jean Michel was late and he had to go back downtown so he was missing his pedicure. So I went over there and took his appointment ($35). And Yanna's son came over from the School of Visual Arts around the corner, he was cute, he had blue eyes.

Then Mrs. de Menil was having a party for the Lalanne guy who did the sheep-to-sit-on furniture in the sixties. It's French week at Bloomingdale's. When we got there I said to Mrs. de Menil that gee, she was a great-grandmother—Tiya just had a baby—and I guess I shouldn't have said that because she can't face it, but what I meant was that she looks so beautiful, much better than her kids.

I talked to Peter Schjeldahl the art critic who I know hates me, but I was working hard for him to like me, so we talked about Ted Berrigan dying from diet pills and Coke—the soda. He just wouldn't stop drinking it and it ate out his stomach.

And Jean Stein was there and I guess Peter believed everything in *Edie*. Then left there and Benjamin walked me home.

Tuesday, September 13, 1983

Jean Michel came over, he was drugged-out and excited, he brought a painting he wanted to show me. He told me a story about how he'd wanted to buy a pack of cigarettes so he did a drawing and sold it for $.75 and then a week later his gallery called up and said they had this drawing of his there and should they buy it for $1,000. Jean Michel thought it was funny. It is. And he was on his way upstairs to see if anybody would buy a painting of his for $2. I mean, because now his paintings go for $15,000 and so he wanted to see if anybody would give him $2 for one. Lidija was there, did a workout. Oh, and the girl Jean Michel took around the world and left in London arrived in New York and wanted a ticket back to California.

Saturday, September 17, 1983

Got up at 6:00 to go out on the second day of shooting the TDK ad in Queens. But it's worth it when you get a fat check. We were supposed to work until 5:30 but we finished by noon. We went

out to 45th Boulevard or whatever it was in Long Island City. The twenty Japs were waiting. And the crew—ten American guys, so good-looking. Like Mafia or Irish. With the gay fashion look of bracelets and pink shirts and pink belts. They're straight, but that's how those film-crew guys dress now.

We decided to go to dinner at the Café Seiyoken at 9:30. Picked up Bianca who was staying at the house of Marcie Klein's boyfriend. And I guess Calvin really is trying to have a hot media affair with his assistant Kelly. And Bianca was trying so hard to get him.

So we went to Café Seiyoken and I introduced Bianca to Keith Haring. I bet she wants him to do a mural for free in her apartment. She says she wants to interview him for *Interview*, and she also wants to interview Rauschenberg and all the artists.

Rauschenberg was there. He was drinking Jack Daniel's and he came over and he was sweet. I think he said he's working on costumes for Laurie Anderson but the Café Seiyoken is so noisy, though, you can't talk to people (dinner $450). I don't think I'll *go* back again because of the noise, but they're advertisers, so it was good to go.

Then Steve sent his driver to pick us up to go to meet them at that VanDam restaurant. And so we went and in addition to Steve and Ryan and Farrah, Bob Colacello was there. And Bob looks good, he was his old story-telling self. Ryan is so desperate, he calls you "Baby" and "Honey" and he kisses all the boys on the lips, it's so sick. Farrah was also so peculiar. She made Keith draw on her arm. And then Ryan and Farrah were nervous so they took a walk around the block to smoke a joint. Because I guess it was tense because Bianca had had an affair with Ryan.

Then I raved to Steve about Area, the new disco at 157 Hudson Street, and we went there. I'd been to the opening the other night, and so the guy let us in, but Steve shoved him aside and motioned us all in the door. It was funny, it was *(laughs)* like *he* was the club owner and letting us in, but he'd never even been there before. Marcie Klein was there and she could only talk about wanting to meet Rob Lowe.

Then it was 3:00 and Bianca wanted to go, so I dropped her at Marcie Klein's boyfriend's house, and then dropped Marcie on 83rd Street (cab $10).

Sunday, September 18, 1983

Couldn't get up after being up so late till 3:00. Saw the dogs off for the day. Nobody called because I guess I'd driven them crazy during the week. Went to church. Walked up to the Frick (admission $4) and gee, it's amazing how rich people were. One of the guards knew me, named Fayette, and he gave me a free catalogue.

Then Jon and I walked to the Castle in Central Park. Went to the Boathouse and we rented a rowboat ($20). We rowed for an hour and it was like modern Seurat, all these people on the lake. We got stuck on a rock and then four girls rammed into us, that was fun. And then they were gone and Jon and I were alone and then I thought I was Shelley Winters in *A Place in the Sun*. I can't swim.

Then went home. Decided to see the *Presented by Coppola* movie at the 57th Street Playhouse. It