

Andy on Bloomsday

by William Walsh

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Thursday, June 16, 1977

I waited for Fred to pick me up at Sloan-Kettering to see Dr. Stone to go under the knife for a biopsy. No, Dr. Strong. I got a local anesthesia. They did it for half an hour, and then they said go to work. I'm still worried, they don't know what it is. You get up your nerve to go for a test—you pop the question—and then pretty soon it can be all over, they give you the answer and you pop off. So I'll let My Dear Diary know soon if the days are numbered.

Went to the office (\$4) with a bandage on my neck. Bob was interviewing Barbara Allen, the next *Interview* cover girl, on Men, Women, and Love. Tom Beard [*a member of Carter's inaugural committee*] brought a really interesting guy called Joel McCleary, who's the treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, and he's around-thirty. He was the national finance chairman of the Carter campaign. He's trying to get the Dalai Lama back into this country. He said a lot of Tibetan monks work in a prophylactic company in Paterson, New Jersey, that they take the bus and go make prophylactics. And Barbara Allen said, "You know, that's true, a lot of prophylactics *do* say made in New Jersey."

Went over to visit Victor at his new loft, which just has a bed in the middle with big jars of different kinds of Vaseline around it—he's so much like Ondine.

Saturday, June 16, 1979

Got up and called Curley, he was too tired to go out to Manhasset with us to the Brentano's bookstore where we were taking Blondie to autograph *Interviews*.

Barbara Colacello picked me up and then we picked up Rupert at the Pierre because it was near a subway stop. Then we went over to

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pick up Blondie. She lives in the great building on 58th and Seventh. Blondie—Debbie—was sweet, her hair was fixed up and you'd never believe she's in her thirties—no wrinkles and so pretty. She said her grandmother lived to be ninety-five and all her family looks young. She spends all her money on makeup. She must not have been pretty all these years, though, or I would have noticed her. She must have tried to look bad or something. But I guess some people look better, actually, when they get a little older. I didn't know what to call her, I guess I called her Debbie. But when I introduce her, I call her Blondie. But Blondie is the name of the whole group, so...She was really great on the ride out, she didn't complain about anything and she didn't want anything.

So we got to Brentano's and the thing was a big dud. The store didn't advertise that we would be there until that same day's papers, which didn't come out until one, and so even if people did read it they wouldn't rush down, probably. But the kids who came all came just to see Blondie, they didn't care about me, they were a whole new young crowd. What they did was go next door and get copies of her record and had her autograph that.

Then Debbie had to get back to rehearse for her new album. We got back around 5:00. After we dropped her, Rupert and I went for a late lunch.

We had aquavit and caviar (\$70), We were getting drunk talking business, and we didn't pay attention when a guy next to us was down on the floor screaming, and finally he said, "Oh, can I have your autograph?" and it turned out to be John Lennon! And I just wished we noticed him before—he was with Yoko and her mother and it would have been so much fun. John's very skinny now, I don't know what kind of diet he's on, maybe rice. They live at the Dakota. Then I went home, and I was drunk so a movie was out. I really can't drink in the afternoon.

Tuesday, June 16, 1981

Got up early, went to a 10:30 appointment with Doc Cox. I was feeling fine, took my own temperature, and it was normal. The Doc said the pneumonia had completely cleared up.

Then I went to meet Jon at Citibank on the corner of Park and 57th, where he was getting a loan. It used to be my bank and still is, sort of, because I have a safety-deposit box there which they haven't sent me notices about for a long time. I should see about it. I think it has my deed to the house on Lexington and 89th Street. When I used to go to this bank there was just a teller, and now there's lines around the block.

Ran into Pat York. Ran into Gene Simmons of KISS. Ran into an old rep of mine.

Eva from *Stern* sent over the article she wrote and I just couldn't believe it. I mean, poured out my heart to her and she wrote the kind of rehashed article, you know—"Father died in coal mines / Warhola / Carnegie Tech"—and I poured out my heart to her. I actually gave her a good interview because she kept saying she wanted to do something really *different*. I mean I even *told* her my father was a construction worker, and *still*—"Father died in coal mines." I mean, I only gave it because I liked the guy who has *Stern* who was so nice to us in Munich. The one who's doing the liquor that'll last till the year 2000. And she didn't put in any of the *young* things that we did. The modern things, I mean, we had that great night at the Ritz which was really interesting where she had told the kid I was an Andy Warhol double—and she didn't even *use* that.

I went to see Janet Sartin and confessed that her treatments weren't working, that I had eighteen pimples and that I'd gone back to my Orentreich methods because he has that stuff that dries them up overnight.

Oh, and I heard that Jed's sister Susan s marrying Mel Brooks's son! I mean if that spoiled girl lands on Easy Street I just won't be able to stand it.

Wednesday, June 16, 1982

I decided to see *Grease II* for the third time. Lorna Luft was having a screening at Paramount (cab \$5.50). But Lorna wasn't even there. Her husband, Jake Hooker, was, and he said that Lorna's seen it too much. Sat in the back row and this third time was better than when I sat up close in the screening room.

Thursday, June 16, 1983

Timothy Hutton came to be interviewed by Maura and me. Maura, I could tell, wasn't really hot for him, the sparks weren't flying. But (*laughs*) I was hot for him. He was so adorable. He looked scruffy. He's just finished *Daniel*.

Frank Zappa came to be interviewed for our TV show and I think that after the interview I hated Zappa event more that when it started. I remember when he was so mean to us when the Mothers of Invention played with the Velvet Underground—I think both at the Trip, in LA, and at the Fillmore in San Francisco. I hated him then and I still don't like him. And he was awfully strange about Moon. I said how great she was, and he said, "Listen, I created her. I invented her." Like, "She's nothing, it's all me." And I mean, if it were my daughter I would be saying, "Gee, she's so smart," but he's taking all the credit. It was peculiar.

Then Stellan from Sweden was waiting and we went over to Sandro Chia's on West 23rd and 10th Avenue. And he was almost the whole building now. He has a lithographic press that he wants other artists to use. I guess he's making it like a foundation, a tax thing. And he's supposed to be giving me a picture, and that's why I wanted to go over there, but he gave me one I didn't like. I wanted a Floating Man on. And Benjamin said he looked in Chia's eyes and that they were "wild eyes." And afterwards I said to Benjamin, "Well what do you mean?" I said, "Look into my eyes and what do you see?" And Benjamin said, "Troubled eyes." I said, "Oh who do you think you are?"

Monday, June 16, 1986

A crew that was filming me for English TV was at the office and I told them that they should just follow me around the city and do it without sound, so they said okay, and so I took Brigid's dog Fame and we went around the block. Fame shit and I cleaned it up so that was a good scene, and then we walked to 27th Street looking for stores and there were two guys standing there and one said, "I took pictures of you and Brooke Shields," and the other one said under his breath (*laughs*), "Cocksucker." It was really good. I don't know if he really knew me or what, but there's a lot of color out there on the street.

Keith has limo and I decided to go with him to the Carlyle for a party for the Ells kid who wrote *Less Than Zero*. He graduated from Bennington. And as we were going in a bald girl with a fashionable ugly dress was going in. I wonder if regular nonfashion clothes are out forever, if these kids will ever dress normally like, you know, Phil Donahue, again. It was such a cute party. I never read his book, but someone sent it to me. All the kids had the right fashionable hair and the fashionable right clothes. And always California kids are tall, but these kids were all three feet.

Nick Rhodes called from London and said to call him when I got there, and Julie Anne is expecting the baby in August. He said, "We're expecting a piece of sculpture."

