

THE SEARCH MISCELLANEOUS MATERIAL

ANDY WARHOL'S DIARY: Sunday, October 5, 1986

Then went to meet that kid named Stephen Bluttal from the Museum of Modern Art and went to the closing night of the Lily Tomlin play. Had really good seats.

The Campbell's Soup Can was all through it and the play seemed a lot like the *Philosophy* book. She does a bag lady that really sounded like a bag lady. She has a great body. At the end Jane Wagner came out and they were crying and kissed, very feminine. There was a party afterwards but I didn't go to it.

LUD: You know what your problem is toots? You can't concentrate; you've got a brain like a hummingbird... makes you appear dense and at the same time flighty. Did you ever see a hummingbird try to make up its mind which flower to land on? Well, picture your brain in place of that bird. And you have a clue as to what I have to put up with.

LYN: I feel such a rush of positive 'woman-energy'. When women get equality...social and economic equality, ah, there'll be no more wars.

TINA: "Alright now, Trudy, don't mess with me. I am coastin' on my own chemistry, and I am volatile, baby. I woke up today I felt like I had had brain surgery done over my entire body. I'm thinkin' half the damn day, "What chemicals did I take to make me feel so wrecked?" And then I remembered, I hadn't taken anything. Here I was trying to blame a drug for what it feels like to be straight."

PAUL: What's the point in being a health nut by day if you're a coke head at night?..... What's the point being a hedonist if you're not having a good time.

EDIE: Edie works for a liberal left newspaper. She writes a column, "Boycotts of the Month."

CHRISSY

(Ties shoes and pull tights. To friend.)

Whooo! Eileen, I have been on four job interviews today. Talk about being bushed.

Whooo! No matter what kind of job you have, it's got to be easier work than looking for one.

Oh, they fired me at that telemarketing place. No, they gave me no notice at all, just warnings. This may sound like a cop out but some of my job probs are not my fault. I have to lay most of the blame on the people who hire me. I'm just not good at lying to people. Oh, sure, maybe I lie to myself, but that's where I draw the line.

These jobs don't work because I'd do better at something creative, and I feel I am somewhat creative, but, somehow, I lack the talent to go with it. And being creative without talent is a bit like being a perfectionist and not being able to do anything right.

All my life I've wanted to be somebody, but I see now I should have been more specific. Not that I lack ambition. I want to be so much more than I am now. But if I were truly ambitious, I think I'd already be more than I am now. Don't you?

(Drops to floor)

A sobering thought, what if right at this very moment, I am living up to my full potential?

(Crosses to shower)

This seminar I just went to has opened me up like some kind of bronchial spray.

I got clear that my expectations about life are simply way too high. Because we are all being force-fed a lot of false hopes, Eileen, about romance, success, sex, life - you name it. I've just about decided if I'm ever going to make something of myself it won't be through any job, it'll be through personal growth stuff. My seminar leader, he said to me, "Chrissy, you are a classic 'false hope' case." Because not only do I not have a very firm grasp on reality but I have sort of a loose grip on my fantasies, too.

(Cross to locker.)

He was just pushing me to be self-aware. That's his big thing Awareness.' But self-awareness can be tricky, Eileen. It's been my experience that too much self-awareness can make you just too aware of what it is you don't like about yourself in the first place.

See, I'm getting all these new insights. If they don't make you suddenly understand everything. It's a step, don't you see, if they leave you confused in a deeper way. Next week, I'm working on overcoming my fears. Oh, but it's not easy, fear is a big issue with me. You name it, I have feared it.

The worst fear I have is that this feeling I once had may come back. Once I...I guess I've been wanting to tell this to someone for so long... once I came this close to committing suicide. I even wrote a note. That's how down and low I felt. I would have done it, too. Just one thing stopped me: fear. Eileen, I was just plain too afraid. So if I ever did commit suicide, I'd have to be so desperate I wouldn't even let fear of suicide stand in my way.

(Cross toward center)

And yet, Eileen, see, if I could overcome a fear like that, I could overcome all my fears, I bet. And then, of course, and here's the irony, probably if I weren't afraid I'd really want to live. Only by then, if I'd really conquered my fear of suicide, it might be too late; I might have already, you know, done it.

Life can be so ironic. Sometimes to make any move at all seems totally pointless. I hope I never feel that low again. I have been feeling so up about the work I've been doing on myself in these seminars. 'Course I don't want to become a seminar hopper like this ex friend I used to know. Eileen, she had no time for anything but self-improvement. She felt that she'd outgrown everyone in our crowd, especially me. Behind my back, she told this person that I was an upwardly immobile asshole. And then, to add insult to injury, she said it to my face. Well, that did it. I don't have to TAKE THAT! From a FRIEND? I get enough critical looks on job interviews.

Speaking of which, I've got another one this afternoon. Wish me luck, this job requires no skills. I could get lucky. I'll just be hooking people up to biofeedback machines. At least I won't be lying to them.

So, will I see you here tomorrow? Oh, how they lied about this health club. Talk about false hopes. But I keep coming. I tell myself that I'm really keeping fit. The truth is I pig out one week and starve the next. I have gained and lost the same ten pounds so many times over and over again that my cellulite must have déjà vu..

And this hairspray. They said it would hold up. Once more, false hopes. Hey, but if it weren't for 'false hopes' the economy would just collapse, I bet. Well, slinky-dinks, I'm outta here.

KATE: "Have you ever used the expression, "I am dying of boredom?" Well, so have I. I have used it all my life. It says if you use it that often, that may be exactly what you're doing. Even as I was reading the article, in the back of my mind, I caught myself thinking, "How boring!"

KATE: SUICIDE NOTE

Oh, Lonnie, you looked drenched, but doesn't the rain feel good? I've had the most extraordinary evening. Since I've seen you so much has happened—I feel like a new person.

This evening, first this little boy played the violin—absolute genius!

Before I forget, here's the article I had Xeroxed for you—all about boredom, remember? Oh, no, no, no, no. Sorry, that's not it. That's my suicide note. Well, not *my* suicide note . . . It's the one I've been keeping because, well, I found it, and I haven't been able to throw it away, because . . . well, I don't know exactly, it's the strangest effect . . . Where shall I start?

When I was in L.A., I found this suicide note in the street where my exercise class is. I don't know why I picked it up. You know, it's more my nature to step *over* things. But something compelled me. . . . I thought it could be a sign. Lately, I seem to look for signs; the closer I get to menopause, the more metaphysical I'm becoming.

I had no idea who it belonged to. *Anyone* living in *that* neighborhood had *reason* to want to end it all. I couldn't bring myself to throw it away. There should be a service one could use in cases like this, but there isn't. I was saddened by what she said in the note—but I felt even worse when I realize that losing the note could only *add* to her feelings of low self-esteem. Further evidence she could never do *anything* right. I should imagine there's only one thing more depressing than writing a suicide note, and that's *losing* the one you've just written.

For a while, I kept it in my wallet. And then I grew concerned. Well, supposing I got hit by a car, or, in that neighborhood, a beer bottle, I go unconscious, the paramedics come, they discover the note, they think it's mine and they give it to Freddie. Well, it would seem very strange that I just happened to be carrying someone else's suicide note. So I started keeping it at home. In one of those fireproof boxes with my important papers. Then the thought, again, what if something happened?

The note would be discovered and be given great importance because it was with my important papers. So I began moving it around the house. I am becoming so forgetful. I was so afraid I would misplace it. So I wrote myself a note telling me where I'd put it.

Now I had the suicide note *and* the note telling me *where* the suicide note was hidden. So I have decided it is best kept in my purse. But don't worry—I've written a note explaining the whole business.

Go ahead and say it: I am *possessed*. What is it about this phantom person that is so compelling? She seemed so fragile and yet courageous, too. Ironically, there is in this suicide note more feeling, more forgiveness, more capacity for life. . . . Whatever this person is, or was, she was *not* jaded. She was not bored. Her only real complaint was something she called "false hopes." If she ever *did* commit suicide, it would be out of feeling too much—not too little.

There's hardly a trace of bitterness or petty *anything*. That's really something, don't you think? I mean, in writing a suicide note, the *real* person must come out. There was nothing dramatic—no big tragedy, no terminal illness—it seems, just, a lifetime of being... dismissed... by everyone, apparently . . . except me.

This experience has had such an effect on me. Made me aware of just how closed off I've been to people's suffering, even my own. This evening, after the concert, I saw these two prostitutes on the corner... talking with this crazy, this bag lady. And I actually stopped to watch them. Even though it had begun to rain. And I remembered something I think it was Kafka wrote about having been filled with a sense of endless astonishment at simply seeing a group of people cheerfully assembled.

I saw this young man go up, obviously from out of town, and he asked them, "How do I get to Carnegie Hall?" And the bag lady said, "Practice!" And we caught each other's eyes—the prostitutes, the bag lady, the young man and I. We all burst out laughing. There we were, laughing together, in the pouring rain, and then the bag lady did the dearest thing—she offered me her umbrella hat. She said that I needed it more than she did, because one side of my hair was beginning to shrink. And, I did the strangest thing. I took it!