Also by Jan Greenberg
and Sandra Jordan

Vincent van Gogh: Portrait of an Artist
andy warhol

prince of pop

jan greenberg & sandra jordan
for

beverly horowitz
and francoise bui

who make it all happen
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Pittsburgh Days 1928–1940

*I never wanted to be a painter. I wanted to be a
tap dancer. —Andy Warhol*

He loved her. Entranced, he sat in the darkened movie theater while child star Shirley Temple tap-danced her way into his heart. In Poor Little Rich Girl, the silver-screen charmer with the adorable dimples and fifty-six golden curls triumphed over adversity with a smile. In Andy's world, work was grueling, but Shirley made it look like fun. He stored away impressions of his idol to imitate later on. For now, Andy worshipped Shirley from afar, even sending off a dime to join her fan club. The photograph that came in the mail was signed “To Andrew Warhola, from Shirley Temple.” Carefully placed in a scrapbook, it would remain one of Andy's treasured possessions. This marked the beginning of his lasting passion for celebrities, collecting their autographs and photos, creating a fantasy life that would determine his future.

Both were eight years old, born in 1928, but how different Shirley's life was from Andy's. He could dream about being a Hollywood star; life in Pittsburgh offered a grimmer picture. “Being born,” Andy later said, “is like being kidnapped. And then sold into slavery.”

Andy came into the world in the back bedroom of his family's tiny apartment at 73 Orr Street in Pittsburgh's grimy immigrant ghetto. Shortly after his birth, his father, Andrej Warhola, lost his construction job, and the family moved to an even more cramped two-room apartment. Andy shared a bed with his older brothers, Paul and John. The bathtub sat in the middle of the kitchen—convenient because with the apartment's primitive plumbing, anyone wanting hot water had to heat it on the stove. In the alley behind the building was a communal privy.

The precocious Andy walked and talked early, and it was clear to everyone that he was bright, if a bit of a handful. His blond, cherubic looks were a contrast to those of his more robust brothers, and his mother, Julia, deciding her youngest child's health was delicate, coddled him. Although they didn't own a radio (and commercial television didn't exist), they found ways to entertain themselves. When the boys' games grew too rambunctious for the family's close quarters, Julia brought them into the kitchen, gave them paper and crayons, and announced a contest for the best drawing. Julia was artistic, and all three Warhola boys inherited some of her gift, but Andy easily outstripped his brothers. He might have been the youngest, but he always won the giant Hershey bar Julia offered as a prize.

From the beginning, making art was what Andy liked to do best. His
brother John remembered a neighborhood baseball game where Andy reluctantly took a position in the outfield. “Someone hit a baseball where Andy was supposed to be, and Andy wasn't there. I later found him sitting in front of the house drawing flowers. Andy never argued, he never swore, he didn't go in for rough stuff. I always thought he was going to be a priest.”

Andy isn't known to have considered that possibility, but he dutifully attended church with Julia during the week as well as on Sunday. The Byzantine Catholic Church loomed large in the devout Warhola family. From their apartment they walked three miles down a winding road and across the railroad tracks to St. John Chrysostom. “Rain or shine, there were no excuses,” John recalled. The priest sat all the boys—including Andy—in the first row, where they at least had to pretend to pay attention during the long service. At the altar stood a golden screen, closely hung with square upon square, row upon row of icons—sacred paintings of saints. These repetitive images would have a profound effect on Andy's art.

Their father insisted that Sunday be strictly observed, but John remembered it as a joyous time, mainly because of Julia's influence. “My mother... liked going to church better than material things. She never believed in being wealthy—she believed just being a real good person made you happy. We were taught never to hurt anybody, to believe you're just here for a short time and you're going to leave the material things behind.”

There weren't many material things to leave. Andy's family originated in Carpatho-Ruthenia, a poor farming area of the Carpathian Mountains that was passed back and forth in the constant wars and border disputes among Czechoslovakia, Ukraine, and Hungary. Andrej and Julia Warhola—along with many members of both of their families—came to America seeking work and a better life.

The Pittsburgh where the Warholas settled was a far different town in the 1920s and 1930s than it is today. Located at the point where three rivers meet, it was the bustling steelmaking capital of America. Iron ore arrived from vast strip mines in northern Minnesota, coal from Pennsylvania. Even when unemployment was high during the Great Depression of the thirties, and labor protesters and private policemen fought in the streets of the city, the steel mills roared twenty-four hours a day, filling the daytime sky with so much smoke that drivers had to keep their headlights on. The word smog was invented to describe the sooty air that hung over Pittsburgh. At night the Bessemer converters in the steel mills lit up the sky like fireworks, and small trains left the mills and dumped the hot, glowing slag on the hillsides, where it cascaded down in burning rivulets.

Many other groups of Middle Europeans populated the neighborhood called Soho, where the Warhola family lived. They all had been lured there by the promise of America, the land of golden opportunity; instead they found backbreaking, often dangerous jobs that paid meager wages. The cheaply built housing that was all they could afford sometimes lacked even the basics of
heat, hot water, and safe sanitation. Disease was a constant threat. Nobody seemed to care. The immigrants were treated as interlopers in their adopted country, despised for their imperfect English, their strange customs, and most of all for their poverty.

However, in several respects Andy was fortunate. His father managed to keep food on the table and a roof over their heads during the toughest years of the Depression. He labored six days a week, twelve hours a day, taking odd jobs when he was laid off from construction work. Sundays were spent in church. After the long service, the Warholas visited the various aunts, uncles, and cousins who also had moved to the Pittsburgh area. Unlike many of his fellows, Andrej saved his money and did not drink or gamble to relieve the stress of his unremitting drudgery. His critics, some of them within the family, went so far as to call him a tightfisted workaholic. Andy inherited both his father's capacity for hard work and his thrifty nature.

In contrast to Andrej, whose stern glance compelled instant obedience from his sons, Julia was warmhearted and loving. John said, “She could really make you laugh.” She told rambling, mythic stories about the “old country” in Po Nasemlu, the Carpo-Rusyn language, a mixture of Hungarian and Ukrainian, that all the Warholas spoke at home. She also loved to sing, and enjoyed regaling her listeners with stories of the year when she and one of her sisters had traveled around the Ruthenian countryside singing with the Gypsies.

It was just after Julia’s Gypsy singing tour that she encountered the handsome, wavy-haired Andrej, who had worked for several years in America before returning home to find a suitable bride. They married in a festive village wedding that lasted for days. Three years later, Europe was on the brink of war, and Julia was pregnant with their first child. Andrej returned to America alone, fearing that otherwise he would be drafted into the Austrian army. When he was settled with a job and a place to live, he would send for Julia and the baby. Shortly after his departure, Julia gave birth to a daughter who survived only a few weeks, probably because no medical treatment was available. The death plunged Julia into despair, but there was no way she could reach Andrej to share her grief. World War I had begun, and several warring armies made travel between Carpatho-Ruthenia and America too dangerous. It would be nine years before Julia finally joined Andrej in Pittsburgh. There she had three more children, Paul in 1922, John in 1925, and Andy, the last, in 1928.

The older boys assumed a somewhat paternal attitude toward their baby brother, as Andrej’s work often took him out of town during the week. Paul thought that shy Andy, who hid behind his doting mother’s skirts when visitors came to the house, was becoming a sissy and needed discipline. He dragged his crying four-year-old sibling off to school and enrolled him in the first grade. Andy lasted barely a day. After a little girl hit him, he went home in tears, refusing to go back. Julia said, “Don’t push him. He’s too young yet.”
For two more years Andy happily stayed home with his mother.

During that time the Warholas moved, and by some bureaucratic error, Holmes Elementary School in their new neighborhood counted Andy's single day in first grade as a full year. He was placed in the second grade. Because his family conversed in Po Nasemu, he spoke broken English, but he easily caught up with his classmates, and his unusual talent for drawing was quickly noticed. “He was a good little artist in second grade,” one of his teachers recalled. In fact, all his teachers throughout the years seemed to recognize his art ability. Probably because he preferred crayons to baseball bats, most of Andy's friends in grade school were girls. According to Margie Girman and Mina Serbin, his best friends at Holmes, girls liked to be around Andy, who was good company and flattered them with his attention.

At age seven he surprised his parents by requesting his own movie projector, a rather exotic item for an ordinary household. John said, “My dad couldn't afford to buy it, so my mother would do some housework one or two days a week…. She saved the money up and got it for Andy.” Andy spent every nickel he scrounged by running errands and selling newspapers to buy films of Mickey Mouse and other cartoons. The family didn't bother with a screen; he projected the films over and over on a bare wall, and then he drew his own copies.

Andy was eight when all Julia's fears about his health came true. He caught rheumatic fever, a disease that in the days before penicillin could leave a child with a weak heart or crippling arthritis—if it didn't kill him. The only treatment available was bed rest. After a month's absence from school Andy was told it was time to go back to class. No one paid attention to his pleas that he still felt sick; everyone in the family, except Julia, thought he was a crybaby. With their father away, Paul enlisted a burly nextdoor neighbor to carry his kicking and shrieking brother down the street to Holmes Elementary.

Before the fever Andy's shyness and creative temperament had made him a teacher's pet, but now school became a torment. His hands shook so badly he could not write on the blackboard; his knees buckled when he walked. The other students mocked his disabilities. Eventually the family doctor diagnosed the condition as chorea, a complication of rheumatic fever that is also known as St. Vitus' dance, because those who have it shake uncontrollably. Again the only available treatment was bed rest. Later, when Andy talked about this period of his life, he referred to his illness as a series of nervous breakdowns, yet in some ways it seems to have provided the happiest months of his childhood. Under the doting gaze of his mother, he lay in bed with his comics and coloring books, drifting and dreaming, free to contemplate and fantasize. He definitely preferred staying home.

Thanks to Andrej's frugal ways, the family recently had purchased a house on Dawson Street in the more middleclass neighborhood of Oakland. For the first time they had the luxury of an indoor bathroom with hot and cold
running water, and a furnace in the cellar for central heating. There were two bedrooms, a living room, a separate dining room, and an attic, which Paul renovated into a third bedroom for himself.

Julia now moved her ailing son's bed into the dining room. She put the family's only radio there and showered Andy with devoted care. When he finished a page in his coloring book, Julia gave him one of the Hershey bars she used to reward good behavior. Sometimes, at his pleading, she read his comic books aloud to him. Her accent in English often was incomprehensible even to her son, but he enjoyed the attention and didn't tell her. Paul, perhaps feeling guilty about his part in sending Andy back to school prematurely, also spent extra time with his baby brother, showing him how to use wax to transfer a comic strip onto another piece of paper. Andy's illness cemented once and for all his status as a special child who needed to be protected. Far from resenting him, his two older brothers looked out for him, and when they weren't around, they asked their friends to keep an eye on him.

Once Andy finally returned to school, his long absence didn't affect his grades. The next year, his teacher recommended him for a gifted children's class given free on Saturday mornings at the Carnegie Institute. Students from all over the city attended. Not only could Andy see great art and improve his drawing skills, but he also was exposed to children from Pittsburgh's upper class. They arrived in gleaming automobiles, escorted by mothers dressed in expensively tailored suits and fur coats. The movies Andy loved showed Hollywood's version of glittering extravagance, but now, on Saturday mornings at the museum, he gained a close-up view of an affluent and privileged way of life that looked out of reach for a Ruthenian boy from a blue-collar family.

Still, in art classes all the children had an equal chance. Three hundred budding artists sat together in long rows, balancing Masonite drawing boards on their laps while they drew with crayons. Andy quickly stood out. The teacher, Joseph Fitzpatrick, recalled that socially Andy had no manners or consideration for others, but artistically he was both accomplished and individualistic. “From the class every week I had what they called an honor roll,” Fitzpatrick said, “and people who were on the honor roll [stood] at easels on the stage…. Andy was up on the stage in the honor roll many times.”

But Saturday classes and art in school were not enough to satisfy Andy. With a grade-school friend, Nick Kish, who also liked to draw, Andy used to sneak upstairs to Nick's parents' room. Together they sat in front of a very large mirror and drew self-portraits. Nick said, “We used to show ourselves the way [we thought] others saw us, and [the results] were horrible. We didn't think too much of ourselves. Andy's self-portraits were always very white because his skin was so fair. In fact, in one of them he took chalk and put it over his face in the drawing, at which point both of us burst out laughing because it looked like death warmed over.” A remarkable portrait
Andy drew of Nick demonstrated the unusual skill he had already developed.

Andy spent four defining years in Joseph Fitzpatrick's class. The dedicated teacher tried to impart more than technical skills to his students. Fitzpatrick paced back and forth on the stage, lecturing them: “Art is not just a subject. It's a way of life. It's the only subject you use from the time you open your eyes in the morning until you close them at night. Everything you look at has art or the lack of art.” Andy would internalize Fitzpatrick's lesson, that art was everywhere you looked, in ways his teacher never imagined.
Genuine as a Fingerprint 1941–1945

I tried and tried when I was younger to learn something about love, and since it wasn't taught in school I turned to the movies for some clues about what love is and what to do about it.

—Andy Warhol

For three days the body of Andrej Warhola was laid out in the living room of the small house on Dawson Street. This was the custom of their church, but the thought of sleeping in his bedroom while his dead father lay downstairs was more than the traumatized thirteen-year-old Andy could stand. He hid under the bed and wouldn't come out, begging to stay with his aunt Mary and cousin Tinka until after the funeral. Julia, fearing that Andy's grief would trigger a relapse of his St. Vitus’ dance, let him go. He came home for the service, but the experience left Andy with an abiding fear of death. In the future, he hardly ever attended funerals, quipping that death was too abstract. He preferred pretending that people who died had just gone shopping.

Andy later gave different versions of Andrej's death to interviewers, often saying his father had been killed in a coal mining accident. Actually, Andrej, who had already suffered from jaundice, caught hepatitis while working on one of his construction jobs away from home. He probably died of peritonitis. Julia had pleaded with her husband not to go, thinking that now that they had a little cash in the bank, he could afford to turn down dangerous assignments. However, Andrej wasn't one to pass up any chance to earn money. He was planning for his family's future. Paul and John were strong and steady, hard workers if not scholastically gifted. They would be all right. But he also believed that his youngest son had talent, and he had made an important decision. Andy would go to college.

When Andrej realized he was dying, he asked Paul and John to look after their mother and little brother. Julia wasn't good with finances, so he wanted to ensure that the post office savings bonds he had earmarked for Andy's education would be used that way. Paul and John promised to honor his wish.

With Andrej's death, poverty squeezed the family tighter than ever. Paul took over as the main support, but he was engaged to be married, and a new wife would stretch his finances. After the attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, America entered World War II, and Paul was sent to fight overseas, leaving only John to look after his mother, brother, and now pregnant sister-in-law. It would be up to him to see that Andrej's dying requests were carried out.
Puberty hit the still grieving Andy hard. His skin, already pale and blotchy from his bout with St. Vitus' dance, broke out in fiery acne, including a nose so swollen and inflamed that his family teased him with the nickname Andy the Red-Nosed Warhola. The change in his appearance didn't help Andy's shaky self-confidence. People who knew him in high school said he was quiet and odd-looking, but dressed like the rest in a pullover and saddle shoes. After school he often went to the local drugstore hangout, Yohe's. There he sat in a booth and drew people, using his artistic gift as a way to win a measure of acceptance.

He also continued to draw with Nick Kish and remained close with Margie Girman and Mina Serbin. Mina said, “I was captain of the cheerleaders and I was popular, but I wasn't that pretty. [Andy] would always say how beautiful my hair was or what nice colors I was wearing. We didn't really have dates in those days... but we went bowling... together and we went ice-skating, and we'd walk to the movies holding hands.” By Andy's junior year he was on the student board of the high school canteen, where kids went to drink Cokes and dance.

No matter how it seemed to those around him, Andy felt like an outsider. “I wasn't amazingly popular, but I had some nice friends. I wasn't very close to anyone, although I guess I wanted to be, because when I would see the kids telling one another their problems, I felt left out. No one confided in me—I wasn't the type they wanted to confide in, I guess.”

Some of this feeling might have come from his family situation. The child of immigrant parents, Andy's home life was different from that of more assimilated families in his neighborhood. But he also must have suspected deeper problems. While he liked girls and counted them among his closest friends, he showed no signs of being attracted to them the way other boys were. Yet to whom could he talk about his feelings? In Pittsburgh in the early forties, high school students' information about sex was limited to prohibitions against having it. Sexuality was represented as strictly the province of adult married couples. The subject of homosexuality was taboo, considered shameful, not as a legitimate sexual preference. In many states homosexual acts were illegal. And most psychiatrists believed that it was a pathology that could be “cured” by the right treatment.

The world of the movies, which Andy worshipped, would have been no more help than his friends and family. Films hinted at gayness by ridiculing effeminate behavior. Andy was definitely effeminate. Many of his mannerisms — the way he walked, clasped his hands under his chin, or tilted his head—seemed to have been influenced by his crush on Shirley Temple. In spite of this, no one suspected him of being gay. A male friend from high school said, “It wasn't the sort of thing one thought about at the time.” Andy never spoke directly about any conflicts regarding his sexual identity, although he later wrote that he always knew he would never get married or have children. “I didn't want them to have the same problems I did. I don't think anybody
deserves it.”

Losing his father was hard enough for Andy, but in the fall of 1944, at the beginning of his senior year, Julia was diagnosed with colon cancer. The doctors said that her only chance was a risky new operation called a colostomy. Andy was worried that his mother would die, and his grades skidded. For the first time in high school he didn't take an art class. Julia survived the operation, but her convalescence took almost a year. John arranged his work hours so that he cared for Julia during the day, and Andy took over after school.

Julia needed his help for now, but there was no question that Andy was headed for college. In spite of his drop in grades, two prestigious local universities with excellent art programs, the University of Pittsburgh (Pitt) and the Carnegie Institute of Technology (Carnegie Tech), accepted him. He planned to go to Pitt, where his friend Nick Kish also had applied, but at the last minute Nick was drafted. Andy, whose seventeenth birthday occurred only a few weeks before the beginning of his freshman year, was too young for the draft, but he worried about getting lost in the crowd at Pitt. Instead he chose the smaller Carnegie Tech. In October of 1945 he would start a new life, not far from his house, but worlds away from Dawson Street.
Why Pick on Me? 1945–1949

Artists are never intellectuals, that's why they're artists. —Andy Warhol

Carnegie Tech called the process judgment, and for some, including Andy, it was Judgment Day. Artworks from the freshman class hung alphabetically down a long wall. With World War II recently over, the class had been warned that fifteen students would be dropped to make room for the returning veterans who had applied for admission. Slowly the faculty members moved down the hall, assigning grades for the semester. At last they came to the Ws—Andy Warhola's freshman work. “He's not going to fit,” announced one of the instructors. Andy was out.

Upon hearing the bad news, Andy did what any sensitive seventeen-year-old boy would do: “I created a big scene and cried.” Carnegie Tech was a top school, not only in Pittsburgh but nationally, and a number of well-known artists taught there. They were tough, talented, and professional, but they didn't always know what to make of Andy Warhola. Philip Pearlstein, an older student who would succeed later as a painter, said, “It was very apparent to all of the students that Andy was extraordinarily talented. It was not apparent to the faculty.”

Throughout his first year Andy regularly split the faculty down the middle between those who thought he was without talent and those who liked his work. Even some of the latter didn't think he had much of a future. One of his teachers said, “If anyone would have asked me who was least likely to succeed, I would have said Andy Warhola.”

Russell Hyde, a teacher known to the students as Papa Hyde, came to Andy's defense against the faculty. “I want you to give this kid another chance. Let him go and finish the summer with the class of veterans.” Concerned about integrating returning soldiers into the labor force, Congress had passed the GI Bill, which allowed veterans a stipend for college. People who had never expected to have a higher education enrolled in record numbers, and many tried for a place in the art school. Three hundred students would be attending the summer session, but the faculty promised Andy that if he did satisfactory work, he would be fully reinstated.

Luckily, Papa Hyde taught the course. After a few weeks he lectured Andy: “Damn it, you just must stop drawing in a manner that you try to please me or you're trying to get a good grade or you're trying to do someone else. You do it the way you see it.... You've got to do it to please yourself. And if you don't, you'll never amount to a damn.”
Andy took Hyde's advice and sharpened his skills by pleasing himself. His brother Paul, back from the navy, had purchased a small truck and gave Andy a part-time job peddling fruits and vegetables door to door. When Andy wasn't helping Paul, he perched on the truck, drawing quick continuous-line sketches of the neighborhood women and children. “He used to sell the drawings for a quarter,” Paul said. “He'd make a dollar or so.” Over the summer, Andy's vivid impressions of women gossiping, lounging in doorways or crowding around the truck with babies slung over their hips and hanging from their skirts, filled a sketchbook.

The sketchbook got Andy back into school. He also submitted it to a competition for the school's prestigious annual award for the finest work done by a student over the summer. He won, receiving both a prize of $40 and an exhibition of his drawings. The surprised reaction was “Andy Warhola did these?” A friend from those days later said that Andy was a standout sophomore but never lost his humility and his shyness.

Andy became something of a leading figure in his class, though he was the youngest. The girls mothered him, probably misled by his slight five-foot-nine physique and pale, pale skin into thinking that he didn't have a warm coat or enough to eat. How could they know that Julia hovered, giving him the most comfortable room in the house so he would have a quiet place to work, and nagging him to bundle up? Although Oakland was only a short distance from Carnegie Tech, Andy kept his school and home lives separate.

The boys in art school also felt protective of him. Philip Pearlstein said, “Andy was a very young person. He liked to laugh. He was very naive and left himself open in a way. He was like an angel in the sky at the beginning of his college times. But only for then. That's what college gets rid of.”

Andy walked the thin line between satisfying the faculty and doing things his own way. For one class the students were asked to illustrate a Willa Cather short story in which a young man leaps to his death in front of a train. The teacher expected them to do research on turn-of-the-century clothing, models of locomotives, and so on. Most of them did just that, producing accomplished renderings of a man's figure caught in the headlight of the train, or lying broken and dead on the tracks. Andy turned in a splat of red paint.

“It could be catsup,” the professor said.

In his smallest voice Andy replied, “It's supposed to be blood.” The teacher later argued that students should receive two grades—one for the quality of the work and one for how well it followed the assignment—but he still gave Andy an A in the class.

It was in college that Andy developed a unique drawing technique using a blotted line. To make these drawings Andy taped two pieces of paper together. On one he drew or traced an outline with his pen; then before the ink dried he quickly folded over the other piece of paper, blotting the line. It was a slow, labor-intensive procedure, but the stops, skips, and imperfections gave the line a distinctive quality. Andy's innovations attracted many
followers among his fellow art students—and now when he went to the cafeteria or student “Beanery,” he was surrounded by admirers.

By the third year, students had to wrestle with the prospect of earning a living, since being a full-time artist seldom paid the bills. Having grown up during the Depression, most of them, including Andy, were all too aware of the economic realities of life—and the importance of a regular paycheck. Andy considered becoming a teacher until he taught an art class at the local YMCA. Speaking in front of a group of students proved an ordeal. That left commercial art as his best career option. With that goal in mind, he concentrated his efforts on creating a portfolio of material that would appeal to the world of advertising and magazine illustration.

He also lucked into a part-time job at Joseph Horne, the top department store in Pittsburgh. For skimming through fashion magazines to get ideas for window displays, he was paid fifty cents per hour. Andy claimed he never found any ideas, but he gave a great deal of credit to his talented boss, Larry Vollmer, whom he later acknowledged as a major influence on his life. Watching Vollmer, Andy learned the real demands of commercial art, including the absolute necessity for speed.

From the window dressers, he learned other eyeopening lessons about a gay lifestyle only hinted at in college, although, according to one of his teachers, “homosexuality was pretty well accepted in art school. No one really thought much about Andy and sex because he left a very sexless impression.” Young for his age, Andy was expected to go home to his mother every night after work, so his exposure to gay life was limited, but the flamboyant antics of these talented men who loved to dress up and gossip about their costume parties intrigued the innocent boy, who had yet to come out.

The summer of his junior year he and two friends took a Greyhound bus to New York to investigate the commercial art market. The drawings he pulled from a brown paper bag impressed important magazine art directors enough that they promised him freelance work after graduation. By the beginning of his senior year, Andy confidently entered a provocative painting in the juried art show given by the Pittsburgh Associated Artists. In 1948, the title alone was controversial—The Broad Gave Me My Face but I Can Pick My Own Nose—and the subject, a portrait of a young man with a finger buried deep in his nose, was shocking. One judge reacted in anger, declaring it vulgar and coarse. The guest judge thought it was excellent. They argued. The third judge broke the tie by casting a definitive negative vote. Retitled by Andy Why Pick on Me, the now notorious painting hung in a show of “rejects,” where it drew a crowd of admiring students and their parents. Andy had learned the value of publicity, which he would put to good use in the future.

During his senior year, much to everyone’s surprise, Andy became the only male to join the modern-dance club. He wasn’t much of a dancer, but he liked the dance classes, and in photographs taken of him at the time, he often struck a dramatically angular dancer’s pose. He was also a member of the film
club, which sponsored avantgarde movies, and the art director of Carnegie Tech's literary magazine. He and Philip Pearlstein collaborated on a children's book about a Mexican jumping bean. The bean's name was supposed to be Leroy, but Andy misspelled it Leory, and both artists agreed it sounded better that way.

In spite of his stature in the class, Andy retained the air of the detached outsider. A friend said, “He was never argumentative, never put anybody down. He was a gentle and very kind person, and he had a whimsical smile and a wide eye, as if he was already ready to make some outlandish remark.”

When Philip Pearlstein announced that he was going to New York and that one of their teachers had found him a cheap sublet on the Lower East Side, Andy's future was decided. He might not have braved New York by himself, but with Philip to lend him courage, he felt ready. In June 1949 he boarded the train with his Carnegie Tech portfolio, $200 in his pocket, and his mother's words of advice in his head: “Andy, just believe in destiny... you will do something great, crazy, terrific!”
Warhola to Warhol 1950–1951

*I loved working when I worked at commercial art*
*and they told you what to do and how to do it*
*and all you had to do was correct it and*
*they'd say yes or no.* —Andy Warhol

Andy had an appointment with Carmel Snow, the elegant art director of the most elegant women’s magazine in the country, Harper’s Bazaar. He reached into the brown paper bag he carried instead of a portfolio and took out his drawings. To his dismay, a cockroach crept from between the pages onto her desk. He had introduced a live roach into this temple of high fashion. And there were plenty more at home in his apartment.

Andy loved telling stories—some truer than others—about what he later called his roach period. The buginfested summer sublet he shared with Philip Pearlstein was in a then run-down section of New York, the Lower East Side. The grungy apartment was six flights up, bathtub in the kitchen, toilet in a closet. Living as cheaply as possible with only $200 between him and starvation, Andy urgently needed to find work. With a list of art directors in his pocket, he set out to conquer Manhattan.

New York in the 1950s was a city where men came to work in suits, white shirts, and ties. They sported felt hats in the winter and straw hats in the summer. Few women worked in offices, except as clerks or secretaries. They put on hats and gloves to come to town and wore suits or tailored dresses, pumps with high heels, and sheer flesh-toned stockings. No pantsuits or slacks were permitted on women in restaurants or offices. Everybody smoked everywhere, all the time. The three-martini lunch was a business tradition. Into this formal world entered Andy.

Philip told him, “Brush your hair! Put on a suit.” Andy paid no attention. Far from trying to look like a welldressed, worldly New Yorker, Andy cultivated a bashful, boyish air. Instead of a tailored suit, he wore chinos, T-shirts, and old sneakers. He looked like a hick from the sticks—Raggedy Andy, as his new friends teasingly called him. This was the first of the personas he assumed, or hid behind, relying on his talent to speak for him. His portfolio might harbor an occasional roach, but the drawings he pulled out impressed even the most sophisticated editor.

His first week in New York he went to see the hightowered art director Tina Fredericks at Glamour. The year before, she had been among those who told Andy to come back after he graduated. Fredericks said, “I greeted a pale, blotchy boy, diffident to the point of disappearance but somehow