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My Scattered Life

I am spectacularly disorganized. It is another risk I am taking, as commander in chief of Project Moving the Daughter. Since the entire venture requires talents I have not got, I have decided not to use even some of those I have. Organization, while I love and crave it, eludes me when it includes research, paperwork, filing, document retrieval, medical records or phone lists. I never did office work in my life. Once in 1972, my second year as an actress/singer/dancer in NYC, I was briefly unemployed. I panicked and applied for temporary office work. In those days you applied in person. There was no online job searching. I waited *in* line and got quizzed face to face then took a form to fill out before leaving. The form was surprisingly long. Question One: "Circle all office equipment you are qualified to use". I leafed through two single spaced pages of equipment, circled Staple Gun and left.

"Jesus" I thought on West 51st St. "I had better be as good onstage as I think I am".

Now four decades later, I find myself to be spectacularly untrained in every single skill needed from me at present. I really am in a farce (a light hearted comedy about the ineptitude of wacky- zany show biz types). The closing shot might feature a daft but quaint moral. *Never Underestimate The Need For Office Skills*

Scattered papers from a decade ago lay end to end on my desk. Moving this daughter out of a large non-profit bureaucracy and into the real world (so to speak) is a task well beyond my talents. I have questions like: Where did her money go? Who is running this organization? What have they been doing for the past 5 years?

My sense is that my daughter's life is an appalling mess. I have this queasy feeling we may never actually get her out of her present situation. Actually, this is what I always imagined planning an escape from the Soviet Union might be like. There is no proper way to do it; there is only a Chinese -Fire -Drill style improvisation we will devise at the last minute. But even that will require paperwork, no doubt.