

Lou Reed, A Dream

It was a very cold clear fall night.

I had a terrible dream the other night. Billy Name and Brigid were playing under my stair case on the second floor about two o'clock in the morning I woke up because Amos and Archie had started barking. That made me very angry because I wasn't feeling well and I told them.

I was very cross the real me, that they just better remember what happened to Sam the Bad Cat that was left at home and got sick and went pussy heaven.

It was a very cold clear fall night. Some snowflakes were falling, gee it was so beautiful, and so I went to get my camera to take some pictures. And then I was taking the pictures but the exposure thing wasn't right and I was going to call Fred or Gerry to find out how to get it set but oh it was late and then I remembered they were still probably at dinner and anyway I felt really bad and didn't want to talk to anybody anyway but the snowflakes were so beautiful and real looking and I really wanted to hold them. And that's when I heard the voices from down the hall near the stairs. So I got a flashlight and I was scared and I went out into the hallway. There's been all kinds of troubles lately in the neighborhood and someone's got to bring home the bacon and anyway there were Brigid and Billy playing. And under the stair case was a little meadow sort of like the park at 23rd street where all the young kids go and play frisbee, gee that must be fun, maybe we should do an article on that in the magazine, but they'll just tell me I'm stupid and it won't sell, but I'll just hold my ground this time, I mean it's my magazine isn't it?

So I was thinking that as the snowflakes fell and I heard those voices having so much fun. Gee it would be so great to have some fun. So I called Billy, but either he didn't hear me or he didn't want to answer which was so strange because even if I don't like reunions I've always loved Billy. I'm so glad he's working I mean it's different than Ondine. He keeps touring with those movies and he doesn't even pay us and the film, I mean the film's just going to disintegrate and then what. I mean he's so normal off of drugs. I just don't get it.

And then I saw John Cale. And he's been looking really great. He's been coming by the office to exercise with me. Ronnie said I have a muscle but he's been really mean since he went to AA. I mean what does it mean when you give up drinking and then you're still so mean. He says I'm being lazy but I'm not, I'm just can't find any ideas.

I mean I'm just not, let's face it, going to get any ideas up at the office. And seeing John made me think of the Velvet and I had been thinking about them when I was on St. Marks Place going to that new gallery those sweet new kids have opened, but the thought I was old, and then I saw the old Dom, the old club where we did our first shows. It was so great. And I don't understand about that Velvet's first album. I mean I did the cover and I was the producer and I always see it repackaged and I've never gotten a penny from it. How could that be. I should call Henry, but it was good seeing John, I did a cover for him, but I did in black and white and he change it to color. It would have been worth more if he'd left it my way but you can never tell anybody anything, I've learned that.

I tried calling again to Billy and John but they wouldn't recognize me it was like I wasn't there. Why won't they let me in. And then I saw Lou I'm so mad at him. Lou Reed got married and didn't invite me.

I mean is it because he thought I'd bring too many people. I don't get it. he could have at least called. I mean he's doing so great.

Why doesn't he call me? I saw him at the MTV show and he was one row away and he didn't even say hello. I don't get it. You know I hate Lou I really do. He won't even hire us for his videos. And I was proud of him.

I was so scared today. There was blood leaking through my shirt from those old scars from being shot. And the corset I wear to keep my insides in was hurting. And I did three sets of fifteen pushups and four sets of ten situps. But then my insides hurt and I saw drops of blood on my shirt and I remember the doctors saying I was dead. And then later they had to take blood out of my hand 'cause they ran out

or veins but then all this thinking was making me an old grouch and you can't do anything anyway so if they wouldn't let me play with them in my own dream I was just going to have to make another and another and another. Gee wouldn't it be funny if I died in this dream before I could make another one up.
And Nobody Calld.