

Edie Sedgwick #7: A Horse with No Name

by Kyle Hemmings

So Andy was throwing this like monstrous dig at The Factory to celebrate the opening of his new film *Beauty 2*, which starred me & these two other guys & I was buzzed on something this freak with outrageously thick black glasses & in tight gabardines & untied Hush puppies, called Horsefly Juice, whatever the fuck that was & the ludes were still keeping my gravity on & Andy was talking to this cute photographer named Mitch & Andy kept ignoring me because he said he was sick of hearing me complain of when I was gonna get paid, he said *Don't worry, you'll get your money, bunny*, but I kept finding dead ants in my cereal boxes & all kinds of bugs sexing my bed & in walked Andy's new superstar, Miss Ovid Blue, with her fucking hair

died what other color? Blue. Fucking palatinate blue! & she greeted everyone like she' was crowned the new fucking Queen of Transylvania with her size Z tits, the sequined gown clinging to her overstuffed figure like a mold she'll have to live with, I mean the bitch couldn't act for shit, like Antonioni or Wyler were really gonna cast her in some Tennessee Williams four-way street collision with lives instead of streetcars. & the bitch could talk up a storm not like she was selling herself but injecting herself & she was lousy street heroin not worth a bathroom stall & a flush. Somewhere in the calamity I lost a

fucking shoe & had to crawl under ten pair of legs to find it. Like I was a fucking Cinderella but freaked. So then this guy showed up, one of Warhol's studs with big dippers but their talk was always salty anti-climax. The guy's name was Max or Sterling. I couldn't

remember. But he came up to me after he was done cock-teasing almost every male variety in the room & said *Would you like to ride my horse?* I was like *Are you shitting me or something? I didn't know you could get turned on by a girl.* So I kept turning away & he was like *No, you don't understand. I have a real horse parked outside. It's a nice night. Let's take a ride. Anyway, it's too foggy in here.* So I told Stud to have a nice day, but next time,

get some better acid that makes you hallucinate raccoons or butterflies in the middle of the night & he took me to the window, five stories up, and sure enough, if girls weren't all marshmallow & melon whore, there was a horse! & he wasn't taking No for an answer. So he dragged me downstairs & after several times sliding off the gorgeous brown stallion, or whatever it was, I was sitting with hands clasped around Max the stud not the horse & we were fucking touring upper Manhattan at 3:30 in the morning! & maybe to show off, Stud actually got the horse to trot down an empty sidewalk. & what people were left on this strange planet called Manhattan stared at us like we were from fucking Mars. Actually, I thought

they were jealous. Homogeneously envious. So I yelled out, *You want a ride? You want a ride, you marshmallow whores who will never get famous? Who will never get laid without disastrous consequences.* When we got back to The Factory, so many people were either gone or passed out, some naked or making strange motions with their curved fingers in the air, like they wanted to be cats or panthers or they entered a new level of existence, maybe some bullshit karma stuff with levitating gods with hidden mushrooms & I shuffled over to Andy & said, *We just rode on a horse!* & Andy was like *Please, Precious, don't interrupt me now. I'm having this really important conversation that will ultimately lead to the best blow job of my life & don't you know it's rude for little girls to be rude?* & I was saying *No, Andy, it's the god-honest truth.* He

waved me away. But it was, I swear, the best ride of my life. It was such a beautiful and elegant horse.

