



DIRTY BLONDE

THE DIARIES OF

Courtney Love

U.S.A. \$35.00

Canada \$43.95

GROUNDBREAKING

ROCK MUSICIAN.

AWARD-WINNING ACTRESS.

PERCEPTIVE SONGWRITER

AND AUTHOR.

MOTHER.

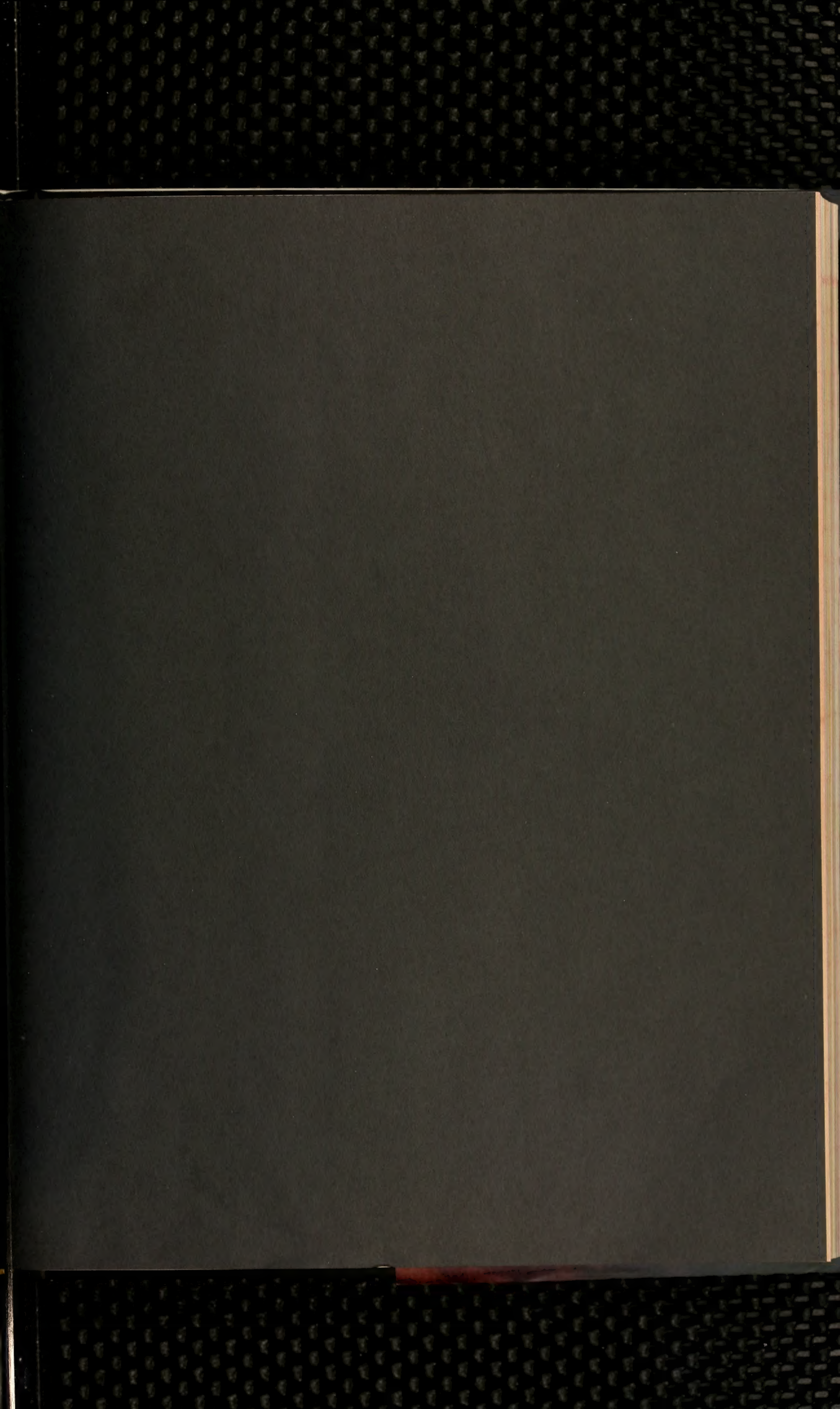
WIFE OF A ROCK GOD.

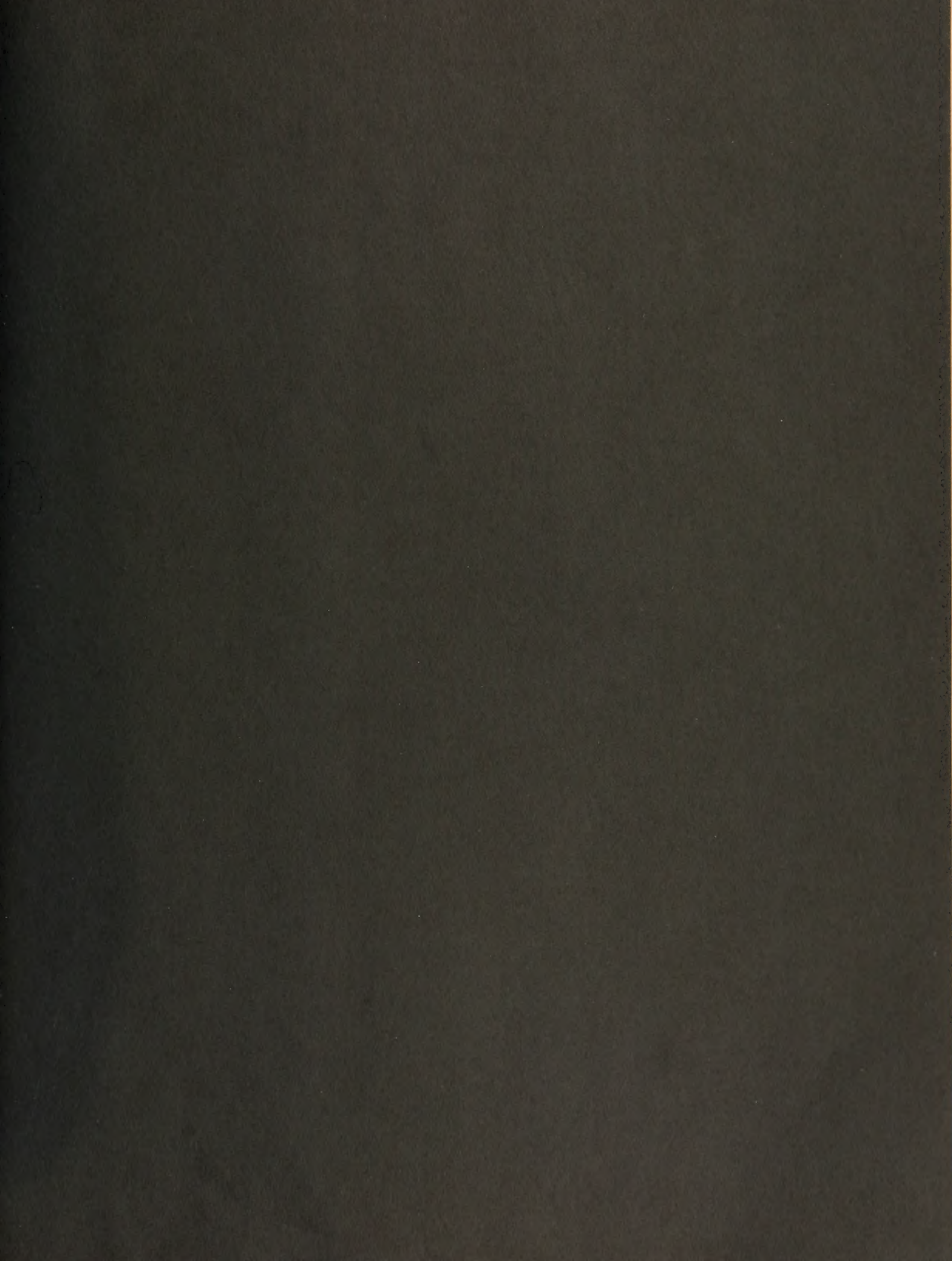
FASHIONISTA AND TRENDSETTER.

PROVOCATEUR.

In each and every one of these roles, Courtney Love has demonstrated a wholehearted commitment to her art and an unyielding drive and lust for life that have made her a star and a celebrity icon, but that have also led her into some unwise, uncharted, and even dangerous territory. Simultaneously candid and enigmatic, Love is undeniably compelling, her mordant wit and vivid intelligence matched in intensity only by the extraordinary life she has led, from a bleak early childhood through great fame and terrible heartbreak to the present day. By turns exhilarating and unsettling, this is a story told for the first time in *Dirty Blonde*.

(continued on back flap)





DE

DIRTY BLONDE

THE DIARIES OF
COURTNEY LOVE





DIRTY BLONDE

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Courtney Love

RESEARCHED AND EDITED BY

AVA STANDER



FABER AND FABER, INC.

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New York

FABER AND FABER, INC.

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**WHEN I DRIFTED OFF TO SEA AND WENT TO
THE DARKEST CAVES OF HELL,
THESE PEOPLE PULLED ME THROUGH AND UP AND OUT.
WITHOUT THEM MY LIFE WOULD SUCK
AND I'D BE DEAD:**

Frances Bean, Jason Weinberg, Howard Weitzman, Cameron Crowe, Brett Ratner, Deb, Warren Boyd, Mel Gibson, Billy Corgan, Linda Perry, Trudie and Sting, Stacey Sher and Kerry, Edward Norton, Heather Parry, Allison Shearmur, Lisa Leveridge, Neil Strauss, Marie Walsh, Peter Asher, Alan Nierob, Stephen J., Alan McGee, Lisa Moorish, my bandmates Paul, Desmond, and Nate, Kimberly Stewart, Tracey Ross, Milos Forman, Julie Panebianco, Michael Stipe, Bono, Bennett M (who is wondrous in every way), Rand Rubin for not sending me to the pokey, Craig Marks, André Balazs, Phil and everyone at the Chat, Woody Harrelson and Laura Louie, Jolie, the Great Carrie Fisher (mentor & muse), the divine David LaChapelle (and his will to live & create), Marc Jacobs for never ever being reactive and always having a girl's back even when she's down, Lara Shriftman, Heidi & Jill, Mensch for letting me clear the air, Matt Lucas, Sara Sugarman, Agent X at the FBI (for being my knight in shining armor), Guy O, Amanda Demme, Chris Rock, Brandi Rolfe, Vigliano, Steves, sweet Billy Bob for changing my paradigm at the Sunset Marquis, Klaus, Miss Pamela (for being a good friend), Larry Mestel, John Branca, David Byrnes, Frank Rodriguez, Eric Evlandson, my editors Denise Oswald and Ava Stander, Drew & Nan for just being family.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

I HAVE ALWAYS SAID that I would never write a book and I really haven't. This is a collection of what got left behind from my life so far and of what I am willing to share. So many of my things have disappeared in fires (both real and metaphorical) or with movers that some of the choices were already made for me.

I have been asked why I am doing it; I guess it is because after all the black years (and I've had a few) I wanted to define myself for better or worse, how I think and am and behave. My values have changed drastically over the years; I am now a practicing Buddhist, sober and macrobiotic. I have been Catholic, dabbled in Scientology for a moment, and checked out Wiccan books from the Eugene, Oregon, library to cast spells on innocent fourth graders. I've been a shoplifter and an activist and I've been an asshole. What I really want out of this is for the reader to know how I experienced life and thus how I created songs.

I am not reticent when it comes to speaking my mind. I like the fluffy, gracious-living movie star things as anyone would but I am also a real feminist and have a strong political side. You will notice the absence of anything much for about four years of my life; that's because I was on drugs and nothing I wrote made any sense. It may be that for some people their drug years purchased them greatness but mine brought me nothing but dull, aching pain, misery, and wrecked lives—mostly my daughter's. I never grieved properly for the death of my husband and it finally caught up with me in 2000.

I do not kiss and tell, but the wild pirate life I have led gave me many great adventures. I have had a fabulous ride so far—filled with music, hope and glory, tragedy, boys, and lots and lots of poetry.

The greatest gift I was given as a child was being raised without fear. One has to take risks, one has to love oneself and have the courage to ride that ghost into uncharted territory; and in this quest I have been fueled by the blistering desire to make it somehow. At my age, I treasure my past and look forward to the second half of my life. Above all, I thank God for my own child—she is my sun and moon. I am grateful to my friends who rescued me from myself time and time again.

Thanks for giving me the chance to share these scraps and bits and bobs; I have always believed in keeping the pen and the piece of wood with the six strings nearby and writing it all down in a diary or in a song—the shock, the agony, the ugliness, and the beauty, every fucking second of it. There is only one ride and it is a wonderful one.

My last words are simple and written with a straight face: Love really is the answer—love for humanity, love for self, love for family, love for one another, and love for your friends. Love is the highest human function and I am proud to have so many loved ones and to be loved. It makes life worth living.

Blessings,

COURTNEY LOVE

INTRODUCTION

BY

CARRIE FISHER

THERE'S A SAYING: "Some of us can't find heaven without backing away from hell." Well, it seems to me that that's been part of Courtney Love's experience—not that she's found heaven, but I'm sure she has seen glimpses of the place. How could she not, with all her experience fighting her demons? She's had to have had some sweet feelings; possibly even ones she felt were brought to her by angels, who knows? The relief of surviving one's particular hell is often heavenly.

After Kurt died, Courtney did her grieving in public . . . if she did any grieving at all. I've heard that grief is a private thing, but privacy is a far-off Shangri la-like kingdom that Courtney long ago lost her map to. Most would say willingly—and they'd more than likely be right. She did seem to want to capture the attention of the rock and roll world and keep it right in her grasp for all time. And that's the trade-off—privacy for publicity—or so I've heard.

But isn't that the dream of so many people, that dream of stardom? Audiences at your feet, screaming your name, worldwide acclaim, and you up there, above reproach, past caring, the sins of your past wiped clean . . . a miracle! The pain and losses of your childhood not even a memory. *If they could see me now! Wouldn't they be sorry they didn't treat me better! They'll wish they'd never . . . they'll wish they had . . . fame will be a new mother to me; a mother with many heads; one who follows me everywhere, who's interested in everything I do. A mother who clothes me and feeds me and gives me the biggest roof over my head imaginable and an allowance that never quits.*

And for someone who felt unwanted, or unloved, or sent away from home at an early age, and who had been traveling an awfully long time, Mother Fame would look like a homecoming. But I think you want to perform your art in public. At least I imagine Courtney did. Sing her songs or act in her films, not live her life out on a world stage. But

that's fame in the twenty-first century. Mother is very strict about that these days. Fame is an around-the-clock affair. You punch in and you never punch out, especially if your life is so interesting that sometimes you can barely fucking breathe. There is said to be a Chinese curse: "May you live in interesting times." Those ancient Asians must have had Courtney, and a few more of us, in mind when they etched out that hex in those faraway times. Because since Kurt's suicide, I can't really remember too long of a time when the press would avert its awful gaze from Courtney. Grieving Courtney, Widow Cobain, Single Mother Courtney, mom to fatherless Frances Bean. Courtney's brilliant new album: Did she write it or did her now-deceased husband? Stoned Courtney: Is she or isn't she? Grieving Courtney: When did that happen? When did she take the time? Courtney as fashion icon: from rocker rags to haute couture. Did she do something to her face or didn't she? Who is Courtney hanging out with? What celebrities? What rock icon is she war-ringing with and why? Billy Corgan or Marilyn Manson? Courtney's filming a movie directed by Milos Forman with Edward Norton and Woody Harrelson: The word is she's very good. Is that true? How can that be? I hear she's dating Edward Norton. No! That can't be true. Where did you hear that? How old is her daughter now? I hear she looks like her dad. I hear Courtney's really badly behaved on the film. Really? I heard the opposite. Who did you talk to? I hear she had to insure herself, that no one would insure her. I hear she carries Kurt's ashes around with her in a teddy bear. No, that's so weird! Are you allowed to do that? I heard she found the body. I heard her father said some awful things about her, like she controlled Kurt or something. Her father? You mean the guy who dropped all that acid and never met Kurt in his life? You know what I think? I think because Kurt looked like this fragile angel and Courtney

looks like this tough street chick, people say crazy shit like that. I saw the movie—she's brilliant in it. Awesome! But, I mean, she plays a junkie, so how much of a stretch can that be for her, right? Well, wait, a lot of people are a lot of things, but that doesn't mean they can play them. I hear she bought Ellen DeGeneres's house in Coldwater Canyon. Really? Expensive house? Oh yeah, millions, I'm told. Well, I hear her grandmother is a really famous well-respected author who gave up Courtney's mother for adoption, and that her mother is this psychologist who treated some famous radical on the run from the law. Wow. I heard the mom was a nudist and used to go skinny-dipping when Courtney was a kid. I heard rumors and denials that her grandfather is Marlon Brando. I hear she's part Jewish. Wow, did you see that she didn't get nominated? That's kind of weird. Everyone thought she would. Yeah, but I hear she's going to be a presenter on the Oscars this year. That I have to see . . .

And that's when I met Courtney. I was a staff writer for the Academy Awards, she was presenting, and I was assigned to write something that met with her approval, because everyone over at Casa del Oscar imagined Courtney would be a nightmare to deal with. So, I was sent as the diplomat from the Country of Show Business to establish relations with the land of all things Love and Courtney. But contrary to everyone's expectations (I don't know what mine were; I mean, my mother is Debbie Reynolds—how much bigger than that could she be?) I found Courtney to be . . . well . . . I got along great with her. You might say we got along like a house on fire, which would make sense, as you would have to go a fair distance to find two bigger smokers, or two greater masters at burning it down to the ground, than Miss Love and myself. There was a comedy trailer, where the jokes were housed and fed at the back of the Shrine Auditorium, and Courtney immediately moved in. There were changes of clothes, Kurt's mother and sister, love notes from Edward, and more. Everyone watched the telecast on the little TV in the camper and screamed and yelled and jumped on the sofa when Cuba Gooding, Jr., gave his great, long, ecstatic acceptance speech, and later more winnings and losses that, at this distance and having burned too many brain cells, I can no longer remember.

But Courtney's joy is what I first noticed about her. This joyfulness had to be part of this whole crazy star-choked Oscar fest, and how happy she was to be wearing the haute couture and the borrowed jewels, what a goof it was to have arrived at the erstwhile Mecca of Movie Industry. Here at the Oscars. Here in this trailer. Sure, this was a girl of appetites, but she was not a person who always feeds on a gloomy feast.

We discovered that our daughters were the same age, born the same year, divided by a month and a day, and that we lived right next door to each other. Our properties lit-

erally shared a border in our backyards. So this was the beginning of my friendship with Courtney. My daughter, Billie, and her daughter, Frances, ultimately became friends. We traveled together to Thailand and to the Orange County Fair—a world of extremes.

That's what I think you'll find in these pages of Courtney's journals. A girl making her way through her life—a far from easy one, to be sure, but she is someone who barely had time for a childhood, who was thrust into this world without appropriate role models or any coping skills. Not unlike many young people of her generation, and generations before, and after, which is one of the reasons why I think her music has enjoyed the popularity it has, as well as being a contributing factor to its amazing critical success.

In these journals you'll find the young Courtney before she surfaced into our choked fishbowl for all the world to see, to sing along with, and to comment on: Courtney under construction, Courtney self-destructing; taking things too hard—to heart, and on the chin. Courtney trying to make sense of things, succeeding, failing. Courtney, the wild child, wise beyond anyone's years, a precocious kid. Courtney with her rampant empathy—a person without insulation. If someone gets a headache in Iquitos, Peru, she feels it in the back of her brain. She picks up radio stations in her molars on a clear night. This is a lady made for those drugs that quiet the noise, that soften that edge. She's the doctor and the patient, and frequently the doctor just isn't in. Over the years, anyone who cares to has been able to watch her struggle with her more-than-medical self-ministrations. With Kurt, and then alone.

But she's always used her writing and her music to make sense of it; first in these journal entries and early wise child lyrics from the age of fourteen, then with music: her band Hole, from their amazing landmark album *Pretty on the Inside*, to their critically acclaimed *Live Through This*, written before the death of her husband, directly after she toured, and then Hole's *Celebrity Skin*, along with Courtney's solo album, *America's Sweetheart*, and finally the newest (and perhaps most remarkable) album, *How Dirty Girls Get Clean*.

This lady, this friend and former neighbor of mine, has healed herself on and off in four ways (that I know of) over the years: with genius men, bad medicine, great music, and motherhood. A rock icon for all seasons.

So these journals are a glimpse into the unhip, unobserved (until now) Courtney Love. After all is said and done—whenever that is—she is a survivor. Unfortunately, the only thing wrong with being a survivor is you have to keep getting in trouble to show off your gift. Getting in trouble and then getting out again, bearing gifts.

THE DIARIES

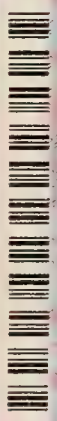






Amendments and Endorsements
Modifications et mentions spéciales
Enmiendas y Anotaciones

134199327



-THIS PASSPORT IS A REPLACEMENT FOR A STOLEN PASSPORT

-THE BEARER IS ALSO KNOWN AS COURTNEY LOVE.



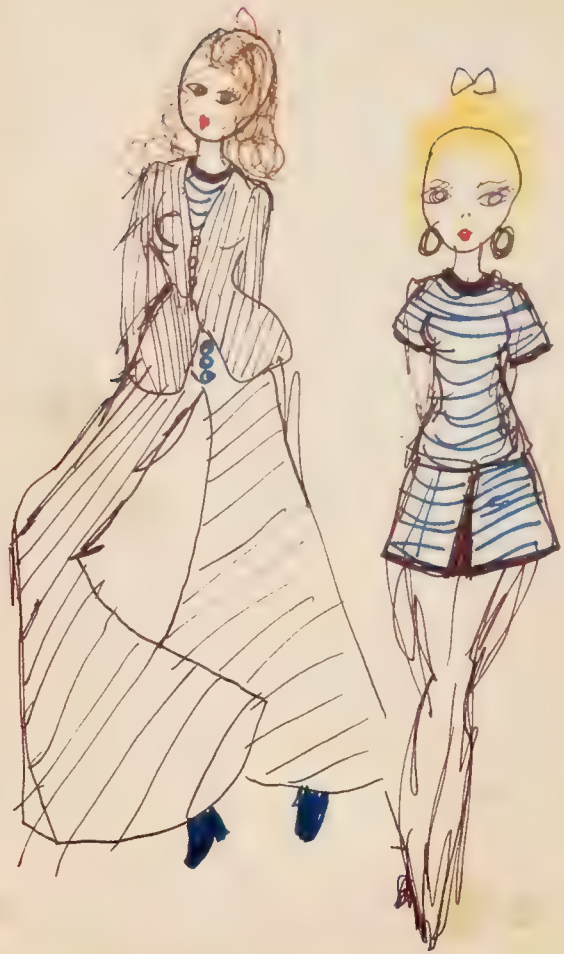
me &
Miss
Monika
She was
a Dutch
playboy
model.
I was
teacher's
pet



Marcola Oregon, 72, we had just come into
a few million dollars. we had to fast on brewers yeast.



Sep 75
C. MR



in flight with

AIR NEW ZEALAND



On a DC-10 parking at
the ~~end~~ ~~out~~ my window
into ~~the~~ beautiful! One side
was a beautiful starry night
with a full-faced moon shining
above
and the other side is
just beautiful it starts
Ruby on the ~~Pelley~~ Red
gangs into a ~~red~~
indian orange, then pale
beauty yellow, then
Rolling hills green when
a warm, thin grassy color,
then I was blue, then
a fresh blue, then they
were then midnight
blue.

in flight with

AIR NEW ZEALAND



Oh how I miss
Dorothy CARLIE PARKERS
Dorothy CARLIE PARKERS
I saw "The Koolhaas" last night
over the "Empire" tower.
Everything from the
except one thing.
I will never go to visit of New
Zealand, that's right -
is just CRAZY with
Crazy things it was disgusting
hundreds of emu riding up
on each other... I
got a bit of interest from
its in the bridge on the
islands.

Love



Cartney
Menely c/o
NCG, Hostel
Examiner St.
Nelson New Zealand

Guess what? in our school play we are
doing Oliver Twist and I'm
(Da da da, La La) Fagin!
theres 600 ~~people~~ girls in our school.

July 28th
← I also
played the
Artful dodger
of course.

I'm trying to organize myself I start
with my part of the dormitory
cleaning, knowing where things are,
then on to school then my mind
and let me tell you thats
Hard!

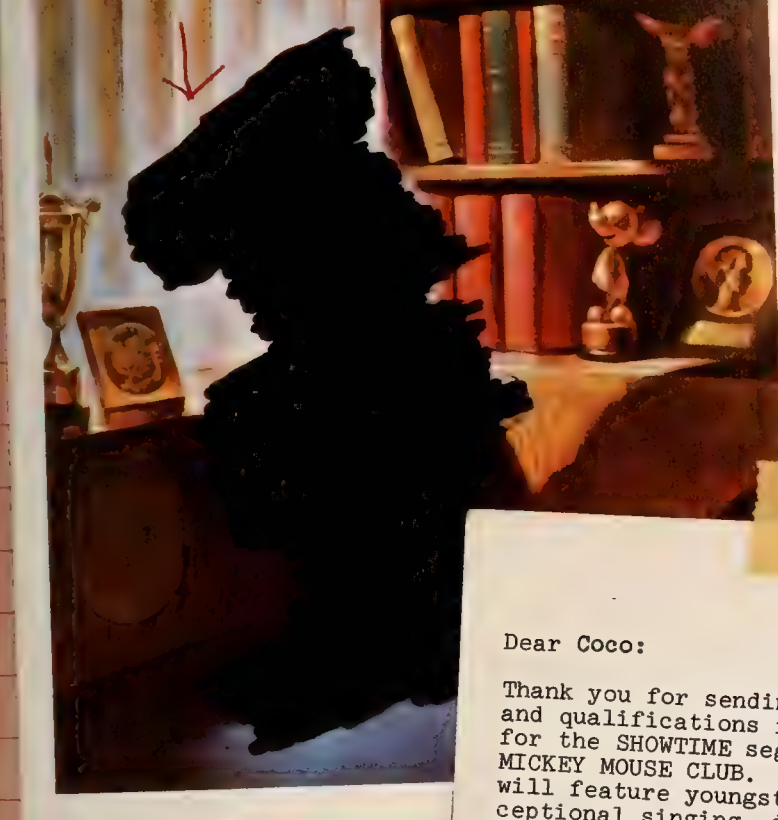
Theres a neat T.V. show on called
"Ready to Roll" it has all the popstars
singing their ~~the~~ songs. its just bits from
concerts etc.

have you got the song "Fernando" by
Abba over their yet? I'm so bored
with these songs "Shannon" and "Coogie
fever" are the top 2!
How bloody dum - dum - dum!

July 28 on Saturday wed go see "Carny on" movies
in town & Sunday was always reserved for Monty Python
my favorite. → July 29



NOT allowed to use "the Mouse"!



Nellya my 1st dog

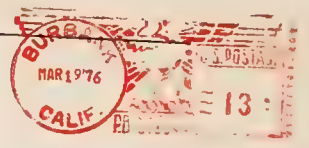
Dear Coco:

Thank you for sending us your picture and qualifications for consideration for the SHOWTIME segment of the NEW MICKEY MOUSE CLUB. Since SHOWTIME will feature youngsters who have exceptional singing, dancing or musical ability, with a marked degree of performance experience, we regret that you do not qualify.

Please accept our personal best wishes for success in developing your performing abilities and enjoying the fun that comes from sharing your talents with others.

Cordially,

Michael Tyler
NEW MICKEY MOUSE CLUB



Coco Rodriguez
3155 N.E. Couch
Portland, OR 97232

* its me,

you know, naughty,
a little wierd, late on Puberty...

... and my mothers gone nuts
and sent me to Camp Kiwi -
an Evangelical Born again
Camp which takes up an entire
Island, a little Island In the
middle of the big Islands of NZ,

the Man is preachin',
hes preaching all sorts
of fire & brimstone -
And all of the sudden my line
across the chairs, scarfs
aloft, tartan on jeans

Start screaming
'we want the rollers -
we want the rollers'

maybe 20 of us - and yes I am one
of the loudest.

How does a ^{savvy} ~~smart~~ American ^{girl} find herself
stranded on an Island in NZ screaming
'I want the rollers' in 1977?
Ive never figured it out -

a year later Im in the American NWest,
Brutal Junior High, No Sweet, No Slade, No Bowie,
No Jackie, No Monty Python, No Abba and certainly
No Rollers just a lot of Zeppelin Belt Buckles
and interesting looking accoutrements for
smoking mass pot, and me with furten
the bottom of Every pair
of jeans that I owned.

the Rollers were beaten out of me.

I blame them for toughening me up.

As Derek et al are entirely responsible for
the fact that Ive been able to hold my own
since 6th Grade. I had to fight the
stoners, to defend their honor.

But ive never figured out how

I came to like them in the first
place how did?? how did I

love something so technically klaff that
I fought for it?

BAY CITY



Les Les Les

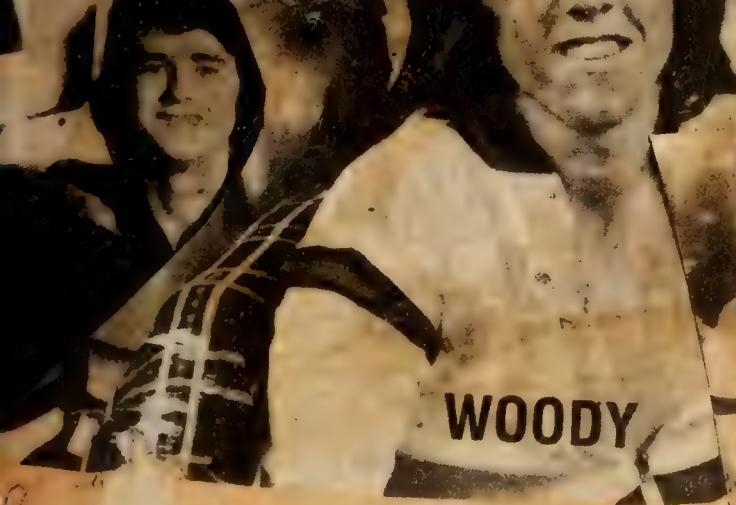
Les Les Les

Les Les Les



THE BAY CITY ROLLERS!

DOLLERS



LES

we are not allowed to have
Pencils in our rooms here
but I snuck down a Crayon
I am in Skipworth now
and Im going to Hillcrest
in a couple weeks. but
after I go to Hillcrest
if I dont Fuck up I can
go back to the Farm
home. Well I drew you
a picture and I had to
finish it with my Crayon
it is starting to be
spring I can smell it.
the Cherry blossoms
are so pretty. We went
outside a couple days.

ago and there was a
tree in the yard and
I picked a branch of
cherry blossoms. do
you know if my Mother
is moving back here to
the U.S., I feel kinda
nervous about writing
her. I don't know when
I get around her I
feel so awkward and
timid and weak and I
always find myself
trying to prove to her
that I can make friends
and be popular even
though she lives on the
other side of the world.

Angel Dust



falling like pearls from the mist
why we meet like lovers
you and I -

our eyes are open - our eyes are closed
our closeness is something
nobody knows.

You possess me - I want you

And when I see fireworks I know
there's got to be something to this
cold started gloom

where everything's misty and grey
where I'm being pulled away
by the angels of time
the sparkles of life,

A spark that ignites the
silvery splinters of it all.

Time and space
are no longer relevant

and as our bodies meet in
this divine haze of nothing

I see you are perfect in every
way and I feel as if the very
angels of heaven have

sprinkled the dust of their

brilliant white wings onto our lips



written at the age of 9 about ? I
don't think he had appeared yet.
But he keeps on appearing & disappearing to
this day

You remind me of someone
that I know

~~That~~ doesn't know me

Someone who can fulfill my deepest need

~~That~~ doesn't care too

Someone that can top the springs of my emotions
but won't

Someone as special as a diamond among glass
but doesn't care

Someone who I love

~~That~~ doesn't love me

Someone who I need

~~That~~ doesn't need me

Someone as warm as a summer breeze
but is always cold

Someone ~~so~~ beautiful as an amber sunset

~~That~~ doesn't see

Someone as brilliant as the starry sun ~~to~~

but cannot understand

my love ~~to~~ ~~to~~

so excuse if I stare,

if my dreams flow through the air

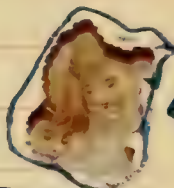
excuse me if I cry or get up and punch a wall

we're all only human, after all

written in juvenile hall. Courtney dunt

... that we had the First Slumber Party
in the history of hillcrest Saturday
I stayed up til 5:30 a.m.
it felt good seeing Saturday Night
Live. & Monty Python.
S... that was fun.

♥ Monty Python night.
I can do the funny
voices. but I think
I'll be a Rockstar.
Get an Oscar too
& Be best friends with
Elton Jo



I live in this hole

welcome to
Hillcrest
Hee Hee Hee Hee

REFORM

REFORM



(Whore paint, war paint) Well tonite
I got the Group meeting and told
my life story and told about
Everything about how afraid I am
of not being ~~appre~~ ~~is~~ accepted
(God! I cant spell any more) etc.
etc. and we have kitchen duty
5 hours a day so I dont Go to
School and Of course I bitched about
it stating to Cottage Supervisor that
under ORS. 169.83 (f?) it was Truancy
if under 15 you didnt attend
school. He laughed and told me to
call my lawyer and Now he
Calls me his "Legal Beagle" still!

I note the Blackness of this room,

the very walls are incarcerated and captured by the iron web,
gotta Get outta here

Baby whores wailing in a sacred unison,
nurs.

Daughters of Divine Charity,

that know no evil,

Rose milk from the porcelain breast all too soon
turns to wrinkled homogenized yellow foam,

flowers from 1964 wilted remains in her heart,
Indian Batik and solid acrylic Turtle necks not
tucked in. Loose sex and whippers in the night
forbidden memories honored stored,

death

and flowing money

and life in a mist
cutting dolls hair

This poem was readily
interrupted by the walls

I love my mother.

Chris's Death Note no 43#

HENNEPIN COUNTY
IDENTIFICATION CARD FOR U. S. D. A. FOOD STAMPS

CONTROL NUMBER 322239

CASE NUMBER
278717

NAME OF HEAD OF HOUSEHOLD

MENEVLY COURTNEY

SIGNATURE OF HEAD OF HOUSEHOLD

NAME OF AUTHORIZED REPRESENTATIVE

SIGNATURE OF AUTHORIZED REPRESENTATIVE

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Bring this card and your authorization card when obtaining food stamps.
2. Be prepared to show identification card in food stores upon request
3. Be prepared to identify yourself as legitimate bearer of this identification card
4. Notify the department of any increase or decrease in your income or household size.

TEAR OUT ON PERFORATION

Last Will and Testament
When I die
Burn my Body
Take my Ashes
Over the mountains
And the Sea
To the places I have lived
Sprinkle some
among the people I used to know
who I loved
and who loved me.
For there my soul shall rest at last
let some linger in the breeze
Blowing them
to distant places
where my shadow
will hide all my
dribs + sorrows
leaving only
all the love
my heart has carried

NAME:

Courtney Menely - Kappa

10-15-79

DATE

BY:

P. Dillabough

WH: CENTRAL FILE

YL: DIRECTOR SOCIAL SERVICE COUNSELOR

PK: ASS'T DIR. S.S.

GR: OTHER

GL: OTHER

EXPLANATION:

10³⁰/pm Courtney awake and cooperative.

11³⁰/pm Courtney finally sleeping.

1⁰⁰/am Still asleep.

Courtney slept without any disturbance. She was checked throughout the night.

~~Handwritten notes at top of page~~

This is what is
 on my bed post
 caused in -

on my
 wall
 ↓
 HILLCREST

FLEX

JACKS

THEY

HELP

ASS

600

NAME: Courtney Menely

11-11-79

DATE

BY: A. Powell

WH: CENTRAL FILE

YL: DIRECTOR SOCIAL SERVICE/COUNSELOR

PK: ASS'T DIR S.S.

CR: OTHER

CL: OTHER

EXPLANATION: Courtney began screaming and swearing about Bugs in her room at 11:57p refused to be reasonable. She became louder and more insistent.

Coordinator was called and Courtney was escorted to Q.R. by Mr. Rommel, 1 male Jata staff and myself.

She entered Q.R. at 12:23 A.M.

630 633

EDITORIAL

There is no such things Girl Love, because all cool girls are competitive cunts, which is worth loving in itself so its okay. Just dont pretend its otherwise. celebrate the reality!





Bardot
Etd.

my body is my temple and doesn't need to be abused by being sat in lye filled baths every day and using detergent and asbestos on my hair (no less dye).

I want to be clean inside and out sparkling and pure.

It means parting with elaborate cosmetics, it hurts but it's okay.

I don't have to part with my clothes except the wearing of constantly that cut off my circulation and underwire whale bone bras. I don't have to part with anything except some rituals - how worth it it will be.



I've sat in this place

for 2 years,

had alot of pain,

shed alot of tears,

played alot of games,

tuned alot of pages,

But I can't beat the system,

nothing ever changes,

Never seemed to worry what's wrong

what's right

Just seemed to worry

about who I'm gonna fight.

Thought I was big stuff

impressing everyone,

But I learned the truth, I was recognized

by no one

Never seemed to care

about life in general,

But the heat started seeping through,

remember this is hell

and even the hardest of us have to break.

Our soul is the only thing they can't
take.

But these walls have brought me

peace, tranquility,

And now ~~we~~ we learned,

I must love me.

January 30, 1980

CO: LANE PO: NEWBY DOB: 7/9/64 DOC: 3/27/78

KAPPA COTTAGE

MENELY, Courtney

REASON FOR HEARING:

Courtney is being seen by the Student Review Committee to be considered for placement. Courtney was last seen by the Committee on December 5, 1979, for a regular review.

ACADEMIC PROGRAM:

Courtney is enrolled as a full time student at Robert S. Farrell High School. She is presently in the tenth grade and in Mrs. Newton's core class in the mornings. Her afternoon classes include US History, drama, and studying in the Media Center.

Courtney's adjustment to the academic program at Robert S. Farrell has been excellent. She has maintained excellent grades throughout her entire stay at Hillcrest. Since Courtney arrived on Kappa Cottage in September, 1979, she has consistently done well academically. The previous school quarter which ended in November saw Courtney make honor roll status.

Behaviorwise, Courtney has had significant problems in the school program. She is a very intelligent young lady who tends to over extend herself as far as dealing with people in the school program. She is very outspoken and to the point of having or causing problems within the program because of her boisterous behavior. She has been sent back to the cottage on numerous occasions in the past months because of behavior problems in the school program.

Courtney's academic ability is seen to be far beyond the typical student at Hillcrest.

COTTAGE PROGRAM:

Courtney has been involved in the GGI program on Kappa Cottage since her arrival. There was an approximate six week session in which Courtney was removed from group because of her negative, hurtful behavior. This seemed to have a definite effect on Courtney and when she returned to the group program, she handled the help sessions in a much more positive fashion. Courtney's major problem areas seem to be her low self image. Courtney does not feel that she is as strong as she appears to be. She puts up a very good "front". While appearing to be very strong and capable externally, internally, Courtney appears to be a very frightened young lady who has never met with very much success at anything that she has tried.

Courtney has made some progress in the area of improving her self concept; however, her anger and hurtful behavior toward others is still evidenced on cottage. It seems that at times, Courtney spends more energy trying to find ways to beat the system rather than trying to work within its confines to accomplish her own goals. This behavior pattern has been consistent in both the Guided Group Interaction groups and on the cottage behavior. Courtney is presently expressing some very severe feelings of fear regarding placement in the community.

MEDICAL AND PSYCHIATRIC:

Courtney is presently in good physical health. She has been referred to Dr. Daly, consulting psychiatrist and has been seeing him.

MacLAREN SCHOOL

CHRONOLOGICAL DATA SHEET

NAME Meredith Courtney Michelle NUMBER 4659
 #1 Visitor's Permit To _____ #2 _____

Date	Assignment	Home Visits
3/27/79	Zeta (reception)	5/25-5/29/79 Sally Johns
4/1/78	Theta	
11/1/78	Kappa	
11/27/78	CCC	
2/9/79	Zeta	
2/16/79	Theta	
5/25/79	F.L.T.V.	
5/29/79	Theta	
6-1-79	F.C.	
6/12/79	Beta	
7-19-79	a.a. Court hearing	
7-20-79	F.C.	
8-14-79	U.A.	
8-27-79	Zeta	
9-4-79	Kappa	
11-20-79	a.a.	
11-26-79	Kappa	
12-21-79	a.a.	
12-28-79	Kappa	
2-1-80	Foster Care	
2-6-80	U.A.	
2-21-80	F.C.	
3-11-80	U.A.	
4-1-80	Parole	
5-24-80	Termination	

July 28 2006
 - This is a copy of all the places I lived while in the juvenile system. "Parents whereabouts unknown" CLC

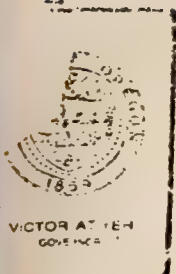
Date	Date		Item
	Sent	Rec'd	
			Commitment Order
			Court Summary
			Birth Verification
			Public Welfare
			Other

Case Closed
5-24-80

Department of Human Resources
CHILDREN'S SERVICES DIVISION

Juvenile Parole and Community Services

2450 STRONG ROAD S.E., SALEM, OREGON 97310 PHONE 378-5289



PAROLE

COMMITMENT OFFENSE: Theft II; Criminal Mischief II

PROGRAM: (Institution, Community Adjustment)

Courtney remained at Hillcrest approximately eight months before a first attempt at community placement was made. While at Hillcrest, Courtney displayed numerous personal problems in peer relationships, acceptance of authority, a low self-concept, and self-destructive tendencies. During her first institutional stay Courtney seemed to make some progress on improving her self concept and learning to cope with peers. She also learned to adjust to institutional life and appeared to be becoming somewhat dependent on the structured setting.

Attempts at community placements have been problematic. Courtney continued her former pattern of challenging adult authority, running away to avoid problems, and seeking immediate gratification of her needs. Further complicating the case is the fact that Courtney pushes for the freedoms of independent living while displaying many dependency needs and repeatedly asking for authorities to find her a "home." It is apparent that Courtney has been in search of the family life she has been deprived of for so many years and has rejected substitutes as unworthy.

Currently, Courtney has stabilized at least temporarily in a placement she found herself while on a runaway status in California. We are awaiting an official report from the placement. We have contacted Courtney and her placement, Echo Burgess, who is in her late 20s and has three children. She is related to her placement and is accepted responsible for Courtney. The placement can be licensed for Courtney.



At your convenience etc x



DROP 7 MISCLASS
take challenge exam next term

Drop 7 MISCLASS

Dublin

I hate cheap colleges - Steady universities like this one. Cheap Colleges have Cheap Staff. You learn nothing you do Nothing Everything is Liberal, nothing is traditional.

Traditional Values are the Rudiments of learning -
Repetition, Boredom etc. Combining Elements of "Games" and "Modernity" with learning is a Public Education way of trying to evade the inevitable, that learning is hard.

I find this Class an insult to my intelligence which isn't hysterical but does exist.

Nothing should be Social Everything should be Covered with
Try all the Teachers should have attended Oxford
Courses should be Competitive -

me commenting
that all teachers
at a juvenile hall
should have been
educated
at Oxford

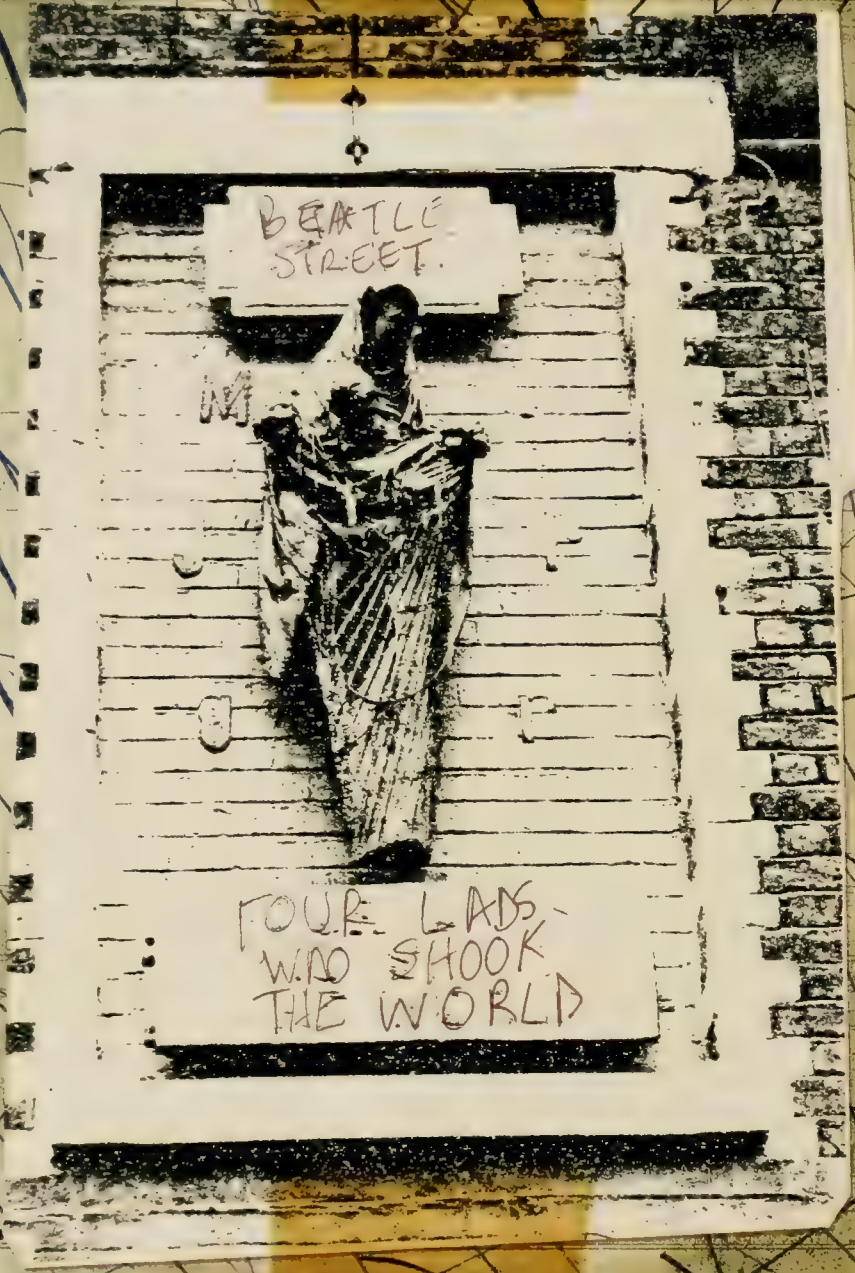
What's left that isn't swept by the Rages of Apathy?
Why do I always Crave change?
When will it settle?

oh Desire
oh money
oh Greed
oh



oh Accomplishment.

Eye meep for I am feckal lavalamiabile
I am pretty and chunky and young
I am cockless and Demanding rhetorical and
Gutsy I am sexual and Dreamy and
painfully Extraordinary. I am
full of - fantasy and lies and
astonishment and a greed to have
and a greed to love and a greed
to taste impossibility and a greed
to Fuck.



Liverpool

Records

30 12" - Transmission

Talking Heads - Fear of Music
Faust

Patti - Ethiopia / Wave / Easter

Copernicus - Pash Friend, Treason w/

Leonard Cohen (?)

Greatest hits of Roxy
Young Americans
Stage

Sex Pistols - b/Bullies

Bethoven - 9
Bach (imperial canon - figure 5)

Mokum Compilation
Scott Walker Comp.

Siavixie Greatest

Interlocker Suite
Love (?)

Heaven up Here



New Order
J.D.'s Greatest hits

Romeo Void

Associates Club Country
Barbaree - Killin' the Edge

Nuggets 65-69

E.B. - Breaking the Brill of Love

Marque Moon

E.B. - Rescue

PIL -



I desire a friend more than anything,
I desire a love, I desire safety -

me and ~~Rebecca~~ ^{Robin} after a sweaty long ride its not
English properness. we had a tape player and played
ride loud experimental punkprelusion music con
the LA Bus Depot Cafeteria - in our fringe punk
Gear the Greasy bap with greasy faces came and
sat at our table. Scallie bap with no brains,
when we breeze through a Council Estate narrow
all their roots. But were just poverty stricken
transients of a different nature - el lere
those Scallie bap. Sunday morning at
6 am the only soul is a 17 year old
Scallie bap. hardened criminal and his
Blumy Oog. he invites us on a Rebbery
we decline delicately and he says "all ya
wants do is Standard watch. 500 quid"
nonono! we talk about the decline of punk
the usefulness of life. he asks to walk with us
a little waep because the police are chasing him
for no reason. we walk through squats
Banged out windows and Greasy intact ones. the old
Council Estate meets the new study one. its like
liverpool meets manchester. industrial severity
meets Romantic filthy decadence. (where bayone
Nap and Outsource girls)

Dear Linda

For ~~my~~ ^{your} selection to continue my education - fees, what I need from you is a financial guarantee regarding ^{my} ~~my~~ ^{my} expenses. The course I'm taking is a continuation of A levels (Considered Advanced course).

Please note that an estimated ^{living expense amount for} ~~of~~ ^{the} twelve month stay in the UK not including course fee is around 5000 pounds - this means that what I'm getting now comes to around half that amount not sufficient for a financial guarantee. In order to get my visa reissued I need to have this guarantee, and a letter of acceptance from this college, they won't give me that until there is documentary evidence of my financial state, and 25% of the tuition fee is received by the college.

} or go to Dublin again & go to Trinity College I want to major in Theology, physics & Drama

So, please note the recommendation on the general information sheet and let me know about ~~about~~ your feeling on this that I'm receiving now seems to have me at ~~the~~ ^{the} bone and beyond. Seeing as that was ~~our~~ ^{our} thought up 2 1/2 years ago things have changed and especially in Britain. (I'm writing you piecewise and maybe pre-war) ^{national} So, regardless, send the documentation and also perhaps a few copies of it (can send them) to the consulate and any major medical things that might come up.

I'm doing fine and am enjoying myself. The band I'm in has an imminent recording deal so maybe I'll be so much you ^{Trinity College} won't have to even bother - ^{c/o Peter & Tricia} Love (Carthage) ^{So I'll continue to} ^{live}

George should see it when an early clash song comes on in a Liverpool pub
 all the lads are falling all over themselves yelling "we were there,
 at Eric's gigs, The Pistols we were THERE..." the only
 thing that catches their eye is when a Doors song comes on
 everyone's up doing their cover versions and its like okay
 Go back to sleep theres no place to go from here....

well you know more about me

I've never paid too much attention to rebellion though, what with
 my mother ~~always~~ playing Crosby stills and Nash and
 warming up the Hot Tobs it would have been pretty STUPID.
 She was real into ~~the~~ punk though she didn't like the nihilism
 just the tokenism, thats all it is now anyway, a bunch of my
 mother clones - late converters born to exist or late converts
 So what if theres no movement? no cause? **Devil** takes you for the next
 But its going to be as shallow as the last Face it if you were in it
 in 77 you going to have to wait 7 years and by that
 time you'll be too old.

If Liverpool was a person
 it wouldnt sleep with it

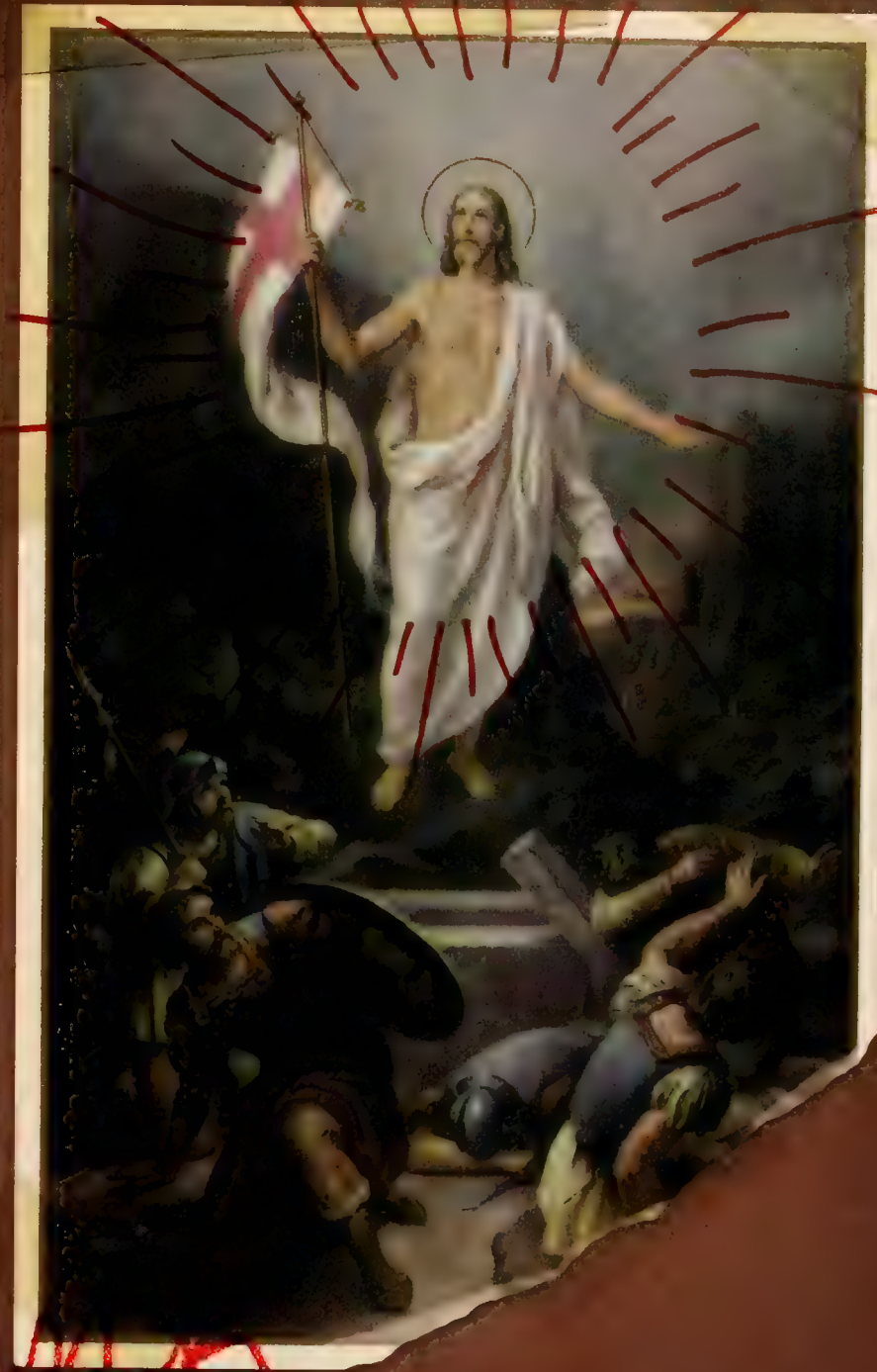
Theres just God when hes

if I learned how you know I learned tonight
 how to love me I've learned
 how a combination, I've never even
 thought.... Dint like ever.... no
 1st in terms of my crushes or not
 even that... I've never loved his
 Ghost he shaved me now to make
 men love me the little Baudelaire's -
 Abandon the soul... Say them... its if
 lost innocence. **Feminism** is for the
 old and young - Idealists - I

Its the cool of the evening and the suns gone down
 I want the night in my arms, want the push you
 want to make you bottle and spill out
 all your secrets
 (you're beautiful)
 (you're beautiful)
 you got to tell me blame Captains
 ungentle words strong
 the words that are deep
 the blue wilderness in daylight on
 written in Ireland I think
 I stole it. Dublin Bewleys 1982

KNOW HOW TO HAVE SLAVES! I KNOW NOW... NO ONE EVER TOLD ME WHY DIDNT SOMEONE TELL ME? SOMEONE SHOULD HAVE SAID MEDAM AND SAID, NOW CONFREY CHRISSE THEY SHOULD HAVE LOOKED AT ME FEARLESSLY AND TOLD ME ABOUT HOW WHEN,

I got video id have a power
could use... want to use it.



me

canceling all broken hearts forever, and
Ever Amen, sorry love's I'm going
to sleep and God forbid my soul
to keep because when I die flesh
abandoned I'll let them when I'll
love them all love and longing
Breast to Breast Check to
Check.

Note here

years from now (I think of who looks and
years from now when I write)
I will look and know when I first
learned about love.

I can't have
what I want. I never will. I want love nonstop and
Adulation for a million faces. a mother that loves me and a
father that's always there. friends and expression pure thought
and clean conscience steady stable erratic consistency with
plenty of room to breathe

Crunch!, Crackle!, Go → oh fuck off all of you

insidious is the
word for
this week

sub word

Malignant

st week it was
balance

Baudelaire Scott
and many others

and Kerouac

Everyone Copies Everyone here Mac copying Tom Verlaine
and copied a fag French realist. Julie Coping
ever depthroat that ever with hood tho
Coles of metaphysical ~~the~~ ~~the~~ puppy lov,
Deb Tyall copying Ethel Smith who
Copied everything that ever impressed
her ever. I dont know whether to
Respect Envy at or hate it because
i cant find it in me to adulate

Anyone except those in immediacy.
I love (pure personal level) Bunnymen
because its close on me separate from
social consciousness but not altogether i cannot
so grow into it at all - I love
Teardrop because of obvious but due
come to appreciate both entities products
in new wired way **life** on an artistic
plane instead of personalized theyre
both my favorite bands, Bunnymen first
because theyre more. I could see Jo first
if he was more realized and less a slave
to himself and defo not in love



this week is now water

she lost control

Carney London

Ideal Books

148 x 105mm (5 7/8 x 4 1/8 in) A6



Sho London

Ideal Index Books

148 x 105mm (5 7/8 x 4 1/8 in) A6

210 x 148mm (8 1/4 x 5 7/8 in) A5

254 x 203mm (10 x 8 in)

297 x 210mm (11 3/4 x 8 1/4 in) A4

[Faint handwritten notes]

Songs

~~[Large scribbled-out text]~~

- I Wanna Be Evil - Earth Kitt
- Andy's Crest - Lou Reed
- Some Velvet Morning - Lee Hazelwood and Nancy Sinatra
- Do the Strand - Ruxton Music
- Civil Front - Street
- Sweet Virginia - Rolling Stones
- Lou Louie - Kingsmen
- Wild Blood - Seeds
- ~~Beach's Burning - Lens and the Rockers~~
- ~~Use Me - Julian Cope~~
- ~~The Drive - Echo~~
- Never ~~for ever~~ never - Flameo Void
- ~~Big Brother - Stone~~

27

Clothes

- Big Protective and Dark
- Desire
- Relaxation

Books

- The Little Princess
- The Secret Garden
- Claudine at School

Albums

- Each Impass
- Alli panderate

and the downfall is he tends to (strange things)
and alienate people because he's in love so tender
and it's in love so strange, so self,
and ungeneral that's as bad as narciss more
plodding and unearthy outrage but
it seems that there's more to relate to
perhaps it's the macho man in us all
why do I find it so much more Challenging.
than Echo Macaloch? ← "Bore", yet I find EBM's
song song song more... simply enjoyable?

Repent

April 19th 1980



at all unimpaired
days.

thanky 2.



Shattered

Malesit night / loveids

- Star Trek
- AA Milne - Kipling -
- Milo
- Puffbirds
- Halloween
- "Latin Americans" Buz
- ~~Temples~~
- Suzanne Leonard Cohen
- SPS lost Control Joy Division
- ~~Green Magazine~~ - Tzars -
- one of the * three *
- Regets cafe

- Dance of the Sugarplum fairies
- Methyl dioxide
- shinjuku and ~~roppongi~~ Roppongi
- County Meath Ireland / County cork / Droghda /
- Rough seas (Bombard Saltwater ha ha)
- Che flew over the cuckoo's nest
- Fantastic life
- A bad month
- The lining inside my gloves
- my Diddy
- my Diddy's teeth and Discipline.

*I'm going to live in Ireland
Someday **

- Hate squad
- The Birthday party
- Thumper and Bugs
- Las Vegas
- Bomp Records
- Los Angeles
- ~~Jim Morrison~~ Jim Morrison
- Ganje -
- "Sand and vision"
- K Marx
- R Reagan
- ~~Mopsy~~ Mopsy
- The moral majority
- The Icarus / Kiwi
- | ~~Harold~~ C Anderson
- # school of superfold lyric writing
- Red - Reds
- Watership down
- Easter

as much as I fought it, I miss the routine of the institutions, both of them, one stricter harsher but altogether different - I feel the ultimate need to go back to the institutions to my parents these the ones who taught me. you can't steal that I miss the institutions, I miss them so what perversity motivates me to work with juvenile delinquents in the very institution that held me? who would hire me on the grounds that it's innate, it seems natural not revengeful or idealized, I know it, I understand them I have compassion yet perception of their unde view. I know to be as distant and remote or as overbearing and assertive as need be.

Quote
"the words 'vain and blarney' should be changed to 'petulant and plump' - this odd and senseless was left over only here once. is a job I don't jump I'd. Don't jump now my mate before I say too much"

July 21 1982 ,

here i am sitting in the airport. Heathrow. Supassing 3 Liverpool Chopters. Sweeping them away Julian. Micheal. (see he won!) Bandiam Kevin Atmosphere Jay Division Echo and the fucking Bunnymen. Englishness. Goodbye.

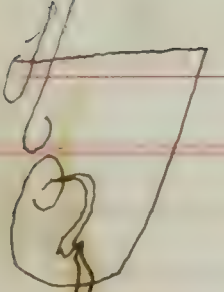
i can make tea now. i can remain Enigmatic pose well and appear feminine i can take many physical appearances risks as well as writing some of the Better lyrics around. Mark Smith is very good. i can play music and understand technology. i can stay in and resist temptation too make the first move or stay too long or worse get intense. American style. i have friends some of them perhaps lifelong. i wonder if i should go to school, i miss the smell and the drive but i dread the boredom. Dont talk to me about Love we all know and if there's one thing i hate its Girls who go on about the love of their lifes breaking their weeping hearts.

so everyone in Portland that cares to speculate may do say but moms the word on my side Babe because there's one Asset Everyone has until they spend it. their mystique.

i do have some fantasies just old remaining familiar favorites. about men. it would indeed be horrible to let them get the better of me. to let them have me. Sweltering wet blustering 'romance'!

God i hate it and hope its just a phase. we are conditioned to believe that at one point we blossom and find love so itum B and sit here opened math waiting. actually theres something quite lovely about being B. something wise. ill go and call my mother, none i wont, on the Bus we drove through the tiny English midlands so with souverdant i was given a lager to slosh in the Green nightness. we stopped and i had Egg and chips to be really scarce. in the room the women come and go maybe theres a hint of Michelangelo. its time for a new book.

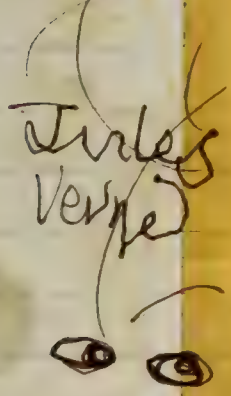
(AD 7535759)



Fluers
Du
Mal

Fluers Du Mal

Fluers
Du
Mal



Fluers du Mal
Fluers du Mal



Ricki Tikki Tavi

San Francisco

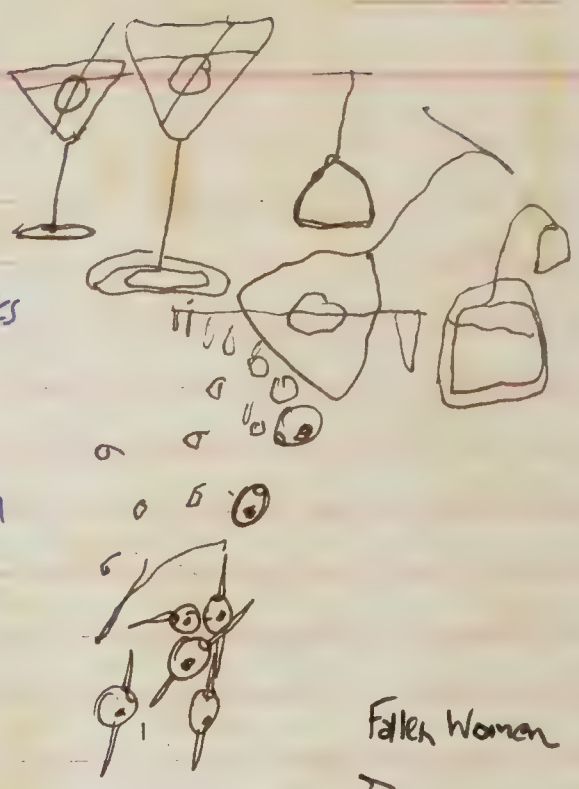
San Francisco

153 miles to SF San Francisco

Im Having a very fun time. Its kind of like
 Having two homes... (saw Code of Honor with Black
 Flag last night - Everyone was bored probably
 because they've all seen B.F. a million times.

I went to get up & run home But im having fun.
 tomorrow im flying to LA. I striped my hair & it looks
Horrible. oh well.... Social Distortion are
 playing in LA this week. Im also getting my
 stereo back tomorrow, its Really a Great one Ill send it on
 Greyhound if i do Can you please pick it up from
 the station?? Ill let you know details.... this is to

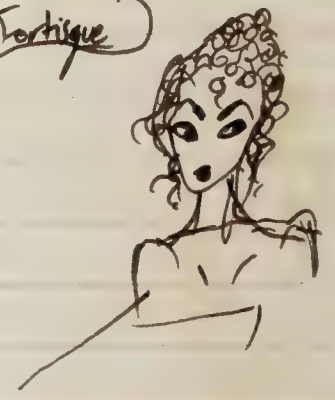
Say Hello & now Ill say Goodbye....



Fallen Women

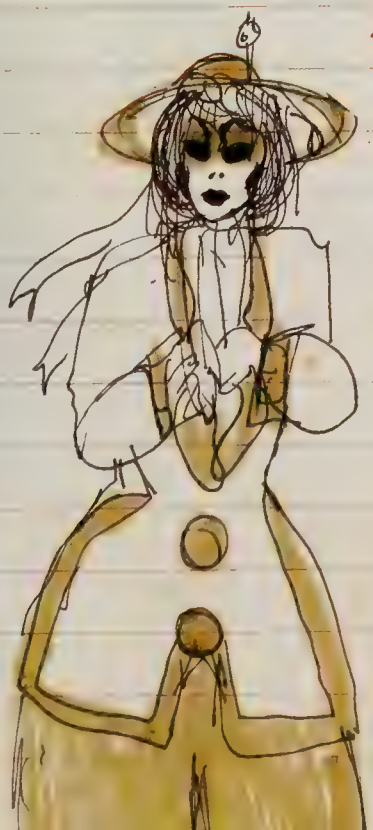
Tortoise

Shine on my own
 Shine all alone



Somehow can no longer
 Write of Anything - but what Concerns me,
 Me in the turmoil of the world, just me
 Everything else is remote Wrong! Wrong!

But the lips Are Mumbling & my face lies
 In your lap.



I've seen people
 with tattoos of
 this! I've been
 drawing it since
 I was 4 + got
 it on my 1st
 single)

Handwritten scribbles and text at the bottom left corner.

my last European Evening: MoonBathing
in the Cot in Paris its full and it
feels me. I do want my hair green
Again But I've got to get a job,
oh Paula, you Beautiful Monster were
Cot a strange Trek ahead of us.
Im not stopping, unabashed assault on
creativity, no Plan B about it,
I am Born first of Purity, and
Secondly & most important of
desperation - I must make this quickly.

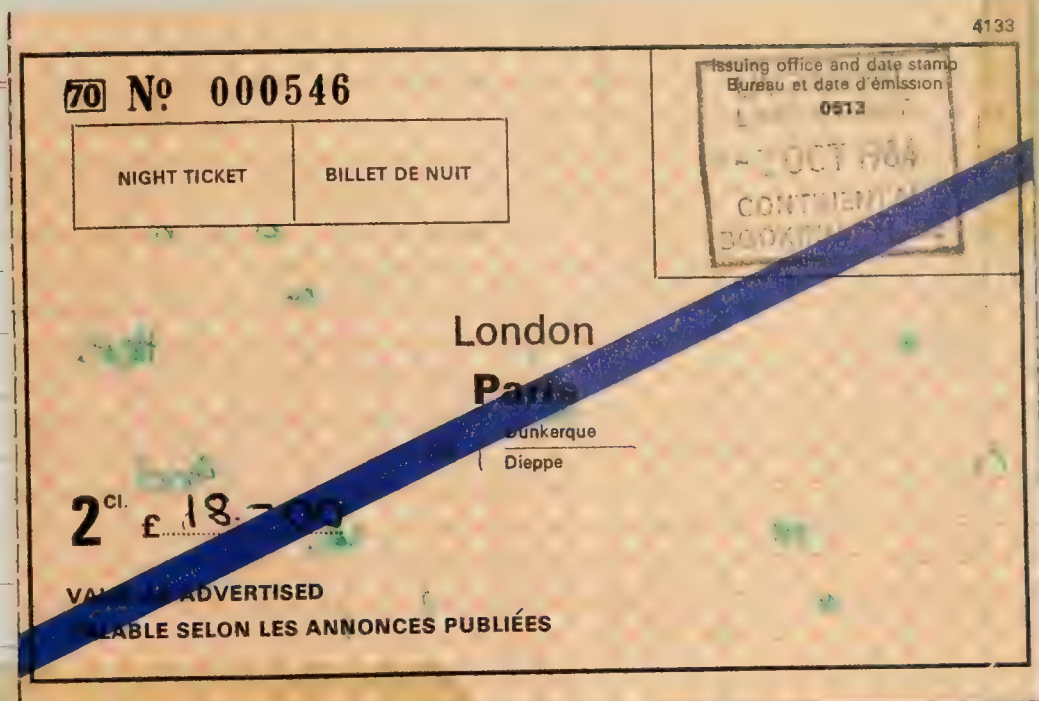
This Jumping from the Ocean in the
Night This Emerging from Trees
Expert Everett Star of our Video

Nanana Plague is about This Violation
& this Edded Pain. oh yes, I am
exemplary of the Rockdream Ladies &
Gentlemen I give to you

Provençal Portland Oregon

Beggars Banquet

Sharon Jones
"it's a good bible for you too"



i changed my mine.
↓

i think Roddy Frame & Richard Butler are possibly the two most gorgeous men alive. Roddy Frame is because im so envious. when i was 15 i wanted to do what he did and hes a thousand times less jaded. Richard Butler because he is just him. A stupid Southender homely as sin who is crass and mellowed by America.

One day ill write loads of songs again. its my only hope.

I am 20 years old.

I am not a beautiful youth. Adolescent Boy.

This Experiment in Boyishness has failed

I am a woman... MAYBE I am a woman

I depend upon Artifice As I have been taught.



SIMON LEE BOA

I AM A DURANNIE



I WILL BE

SWAN
SWAN
SWAN

well there now that the End of Empire - for a while
my mind is filled with long daydreams

EMERALD



of self-willed
things like
lion bases
moonlit hills
of old lace
Empire,
Michael's
Rock Garden
Rodericramor
Johnny Law
Sun for cois
me and
PK. Visual
in the snow
Dickens in
America -
Nansen
Plague.

keep the Poze, the Civilization,
the Direction words
like Swain
Wisdom! Yang Master

173
all be
st
do

March 21, 1985

I must stop smoking soon. I must stop
Smoking soon. Yw die of smoking
i must choose to die. when i choose.

i cannot die of cancer
its quite frightening to be a
smoker i must look so ~~old~~
im sure i am

yw sweetly languorous
ethereal in my arms
Apartheid is definitely my pet peeve
Vera Beckett

Oh swell he said, he said
and it all sounds the same to you—
Right? write....

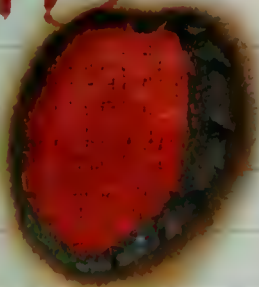
What'll become of me? the way i eat?

so lame!

so lame!

im no spring chicken, though
theoretically i should be.

AVOID COMPOSITE
LIKE TH-



The only real love I have ever felt
was for children & other woman
Everything else was lust, pity, self hatred
lust

now look again at the face of

Botticelli's Venus,
Cal, The Judith of
Chartres with her
so called smile

how I am
burning all of you
in testimony.
Laugh!

↑
a quote
from
"lifestyles
of the
Rich
& Famous"

Yes. I have a Rage for Success
A flame that I don't always
pay attention too.

my house on the corner of
Egomania and humility.

I moved to the corner of Rich & Famous
Then to the
lonely ~~Estates~~ PROSPEROUS & ACCLAIMED.

I will never pine for power
I only need to be
taken care of and teach
people, lots of them. And then in
turn take care of everyone
and have

truly Great Kids.
As long as in Fertile.
I don't think it's fair
if I die. But it will be
okay if I do. Just

desolate,

PLAGUE

Apr 1985

Its Not like im Actually
ON THE STREET just misplaced
dis GRACED dis jointed.
and a little Bit Betrayed
yeah a little fucking Bit
BETRAYED okay? so im dressing
up tonight. " Jingly Jangly guitars
paisley & lace & dreamy Sensitivity"
Oh God! Give me a Break.
did i forget to mention
"last years Funkadelic sand" Waw
could i forget that prayer?
Yei Robin lets Comission Someone
to mold us silk suits.

gone into a garden. There was a subtle
sigh in her throat. She has taken on
too much. Groan Groan. Pet White
light sometimes i think its All a
slow singe. Ive got no determination.
wite they all say im a fucking
whiel a Big Mess that leatr
world have died for. i was
som intolerant.

full of Ghosts.
That inteneve. with a werd
stor. a wierd twisted intense
wacky fatal gar that wrapped
around me like my search
for perfect dependance, Blue with
choking on this umbilical.

Ah, she said. Im ALONE. Ach Na.
Fuck me, i laughed salty
out a past prime.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7

stuff I am full of
Lilacs
Tedd Nelson
3D pants less
Smoking
Sundae
face into lilacs

and sometimes shed just cry these
Enormous Masturbatory
Crocodile tears over "her Lost Kat"
or ~~her~~ "My Micheal" or Get
Terribly fishy About this one
"my Jeff" shed say &
Collapse she rarely drank -
she said America was just this
Country addicted to Sugar Alcohol &
tobacco. she was like Gloriana swanson
about the Sugar and the Red meat
as well.

living
Clean Clean Clean
Clean damn

I am not here as a muse for those
Revolted old Ghosts from my Posts.

I hold onto beauty -
Practise my moxie & my plights
living just to die for another day
I'll whirl & dance & die in your Eyes
I'll fall into your arms
I need you so simply.
I need you - just must find
that Beauty
Somewhere.

The language of love

is the
same

as

Letters

Suicide Notes

Wednesday

I like that. She's come. She's
got very good love. She's strong.
She's talented.

She won't sell my records
for money & she won't work.

So what? So just what
am I supposed to do.

My job situation is slow

But it will work out. I pay
the rent. What about

Everything.

I understand they not
wanting a Seaside
job neither do I.
But still....



July 10

I never said I hated England. My house is Fab. Very Big.
Very roomy full of space. It's worth a lot to
me to pay this much money sucks & I hate
thinking about it. I love bodily so much.
I also don't care about
who I love.

Pola
Negri



About **Ambition** well what

I dont know if
I trust Kat.

She makes me feel immoral.

I am not immoral & so

what if it looks like I am

This is my home, and here

Get Fuck it...

I am happy

Francis
CLARE

Wich name?

girl
things to teach my
children
(i will have four children.)

Francis
Clare
Scarlett
Kevin

never let anyone see you be self promoting: stephen
stay a virgin. sex is gross and should
only be accompanied with Equal love.

← until at
least
get a horse
instead

never smoke

get enough sleep

Be a brilliant
equestrienne
film directing is better than
film acting
fantastic wardrobe

play & work, but NEVER BE BORED
be glamorous, let your high lights done every
16 days
Be honest for peasants. but don't
get sexy. learn the
ways of the
English & the
French
Food is

pay Even the littlest things
Back. never borrow any money.
anyway, I'll give it to them

Clarel Frances
you will be
very spoiled.
don't
use it.

Pray
Earn your own money.

→ Dont trust my taste in
men but if i ever
really fell in love
with someone other than you
you'll know because I want to have
you 3



KEEP

YOUR

We shall live in

Beverly Hills
English Countryside
New York
London / Ireland

Provence /

Don't take taxis.
Keep your Enigma

DRINKING IS DROLL

Write letters w/o. PHONE

Nighttime is best

Learning is fun. Knowledge is a quest

Summer & hot places are a Curse.
always be creative.

Alcohol & cigarettly are weaknesses.

Disgusting ones. Don't
have weak flesh.

Renunciate
Dance well.

Be humble

Be Faustic (dry)

Be Quiet

Don't fight. if you do
If you lose I'll fight ^{win.} for you

Reading is a

Really good

thing - its departure
from Squalor.

Food is for peasants

Go to college - Oxford.

VNUCENCE

think About Barding school
only in the UK

Don't spend money too fast

Keep disciplined in what ~~the~~ the
training is for.

Be obedient it will be Best
noone will be asked to do that
much.

The blues are nice, but
don't be led around by the Blues.

Tea & hotties & Edward the Bear &
Milo & Dublin & Liverpool & parties
Grey muted vees, blues, & Books &
fun camp & Laura Ashley &
Lilacs & tans & Astrology
& Vegetables & Apples &
Natural hair & face is all
okay, but highlights are okay too.

DONT SMOKE - Acupuncture
Coffee Electric blankets & Smurfs
& Hersheys & LA & Chicago
& Red & Neon & Video Cameras
& endless new things &
peer pressure & pot & Gold &
Gut & Cuff & Footrest
& trinkets & wallpaper
developed something that

WRONG

* she will always have
Spectacle & birthday parties

Quiet Room

into the Quiet room

where the lullabies are kept

& children come & cry at night
~~& cruel stars turn into fears, noones ^{where} ^{ever} sleep here~~

& ~~what~~ do i deserve the
ice of isolation

protect me from But lead me to.

your final destination.

Faith is all we have here

Where did you fall
why did you run
why am i alone in here
why am i alone

shred into this Quiet room

all of ~~phantom~~ ships deceptions
& shattered ~~lullabies~~ on the floor
& all your ~~parts~~ in bits
~~hearts~~

~~where do we go on the Honey moon~~

~~the eye of the~~
all into the Quiet room

now there's the Great divide
& twilight brings you hearing all
the Babies locked inside

here i am in the eye of the hurricane
oh where do we go on the Honey moon
into the Quiet room

a taste of exposure wont throw me into a whack, i hope not i dont want to
talk about it. Just my perception gets so lazy & full of Averice Thuart me, But
know art fickle. Byrons Ariel Boring Byron. what a fucking image!
Binning i.i my throat for Carol Baker. for Candy & Magazines

REM.

Gingham

has ;

1. saved me from Being a

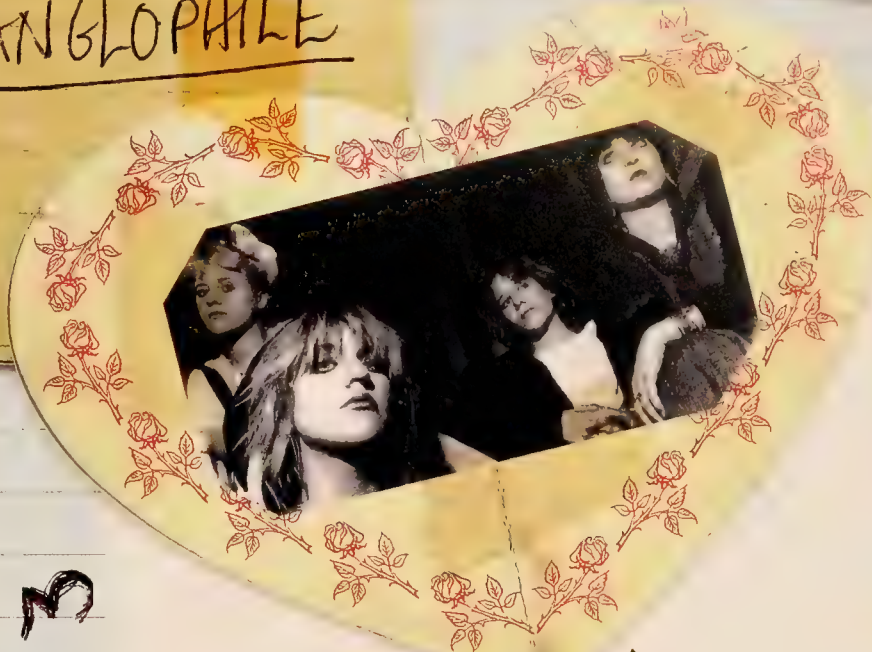
perpetual ANGLOPHILE

forever.

Awful Song

i don't know?

Killer forget your Aline



doesn't go 1. and it
doesn't go 1-2. it
GOES 1-2-3

Nancy studies:

Alba 677

1. Evil smile
2. Punk Rock Queen pose
3. "Wake up sid"
4. Pensive thoughtful & pretty & psychotic
5. Fat ugly & slung out

Terrible. infantile. Warped.

Lawrence
 Harry Vivien! Vivien!
 my Bands songs are going through my
 head. Voice lessons, Voice lessons!
 warrior with Baboonlike shaking
 a stick at me.
 obscene

Best Sunday dress

(Intro)

E { Tempted of the ~~tempt~~ ^{corruption} near the things
 x4 ~~it could be~~ ^{it could be} ~~or me~~ ^{or me} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~innocence~~ ^{innocence}
 I can't bring to I can't bring to I am going to live through this.

A { I am sleeping in the River
 x2 ~~drawn in~~ ^{drawn in} ~~the blue moon~~ ^{the blue moon}

E { I run away from all the messes
 x2 ~~leave each bridge~~ ^{leave each bridge} ~~in a race of ruin~~ ^{in a race of ruin}
 x4 Swim on your side, we will ~~be perfect again~~ ^{be perfect again}
 way so much cold.

*A { x2 ~~there is~~ ^{there is} ~~all the light~~ ^{all the light} ~~pared~~ ^{pared} out of you

E { these things that go inside
 x2 just Bam down house that all (they do)

A { x4 I put on my Best Sunday Dress
 E { I walk straight thru
 mass of ~~my~~ ^{my}

E { I am terrified of the corruption
 x4 ~~it could be~~ ^{it could be} ~~or me~~ ^{or me} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~innocence~~ ^{innocence}
 A { no more infections from your friend
 x2 no more seizures by the sea

E { I walk like a little girl
 x2 like a little girl

A { I have three rocks at me
 x2 I have three rocks at me

E { you can have your pants off
 x2 just justify it

A { x4

Repeat twice

I need money so I need a job. I'm hopeless at everything but children, artistic or very small. I look too scary.

It's the night before the audition it's 5am. wish me luck. I am Nancy.

Dear God I think I can do this.

Late August night. Los Angeles. im up so late. ASD the same here. miles of hell. funny weirdness - cut up in the morning & rolled into a pool. miles of money...

ACTING

- GET ALL PARTS OF 'LK' CUTTED ONTO ONE DEMO VIDEO
- GET JOAN'S 8x10's -
- TYPE RESUME
- SEND OUT TO LA & NYC AGENCIES.
- LOSE LOTS OF

WEIGHT

i stand Everyone up
Romantic tragic & not so
dammed Skinny at all.
i need makeup. most of
all i need Nancy
& fame.

I love Jennifer Finch
much. for God she's
realizing herself -
sympathetic little simpstress.
I'm awed by her spirit -
no i dont think ill ever
have too much bad to say
about her talents, or her
mind.

Truth & Passion those things you
can never put down.

LIVERPOOL

Laird Studios →

Velma was great fun for me.
 it was a huge challenge in
 that it depended on me
not ~~seeing~~ watching a lot of cartoons
 and just overdoing everything.

i didnt have to think like an adult
 i didnt even want to.

Kids been here not
 quite 2 months
 we've written 4 songs

- 'I see Nothing'
- 'Colder than me'
- 'My Angels'
- Next is 'Gonna Be called'
- 'All roads lead to'
- We've played 3 times.
- had 2 Bass players
- heard ourselves on
 the radio w/out
 asking 4 times...

Enemies holding his breath
 waiting for Alex's next
 MASTERPIECE and he hasn't
 even had one MASTERPIECE
 yet. Meanwhile, if you can't
 appreciate that in this Age of
 Cinema, in a world of shit has a
 Directors Directors as opposed
 to Studio Fodder - it took
 him ALOT of BALLS to
 go make this movie and
 to take the piss out of your ^{hisself} CAREER
 hip-jaded cynical, you gonna
 hate it. The first time i
 went to Blue Velvet in N.Y.
 i was in this horrible Hip
 Audience who were
 laughing and murmuring Before
 the insect closeups
 Anticipating them. They
 but to be honest it does
 truly suck.



Do you now?
i have been so small
around you & so alone

i feel my bones aching
towards a new obsession -

Maybe this could be CONSUMMATE!
The obsession did not fit
heart is new

knew they were SUPPOSED to
ADORE David Lynch's
return to his INTEGRITY
and they did. I'd much rather
go out to a council
pub in Liverpool or Downtown
New York than go do
cock & get in free to clubs
with people who can't even
SENSE PLAY like who have no
of a kind TACTILE humor.

when you lose the Animal in yourself
- you just a USELESS FAG PARTY
FIXTURE who is gonna hate me.
who probably hates messy obnoxious
kids and untrained dogs and
was never REALLY punk.

LOVE is
phoenix cat scratch.

Love is
you.

Dark shadows & long bones under
the skin of your face.
did you GLARE AT ME.
did you LOVE ME.

not enough.
need a connection
need a charge.
is a woz - to just get a fix of
LOVEGLUTTON

the little Girl understand
Everything ANYWAY. i was the first
kid on my Block to have a
Fall Record ~~and~~ But i ~~would~~ use
Secretly obsessed with John Taylor.
Finally im Able to be true.
If you cant be immature



then your lame. youve got to
Throw a TV out the Window
Sometimes - especially now that
you cant Fuck or Do Drugs,
this is jst ~~Atts~~ TV out

our
the Window. its A Beastie
Movie. its for KIDS.
FUCK OFF - IT COOL

My Goals are to Always feel
Brilliant About what i do. to
have Christmas EVERY DAY.
Every Day. to Gain so much
DENSITY and BRILLIANCE that
as an Actress i can find
SPIRITUAL ENLIGHTENMENT.
to Afford A really creative
M~~ade~~ Aid, to Dissappear when
i want to And to
Never Give in to Boredom
to have Every Day Heaven and
christmas and WORK

Jean



b. 1911, Harlean Carpenter
Kansas City Missouri
Dad; Dentist

Girls school

10 yrs. moved to LA
Extra work. / opposition

Hells Angels
Perfect Example of
how you create illusion

ILLUSION



Remember always give your
Character and Secret tell
wish. and never *
Anyone *

i want to be so
excellent as Jean!
want people to leave
the theatres and
Go fuck because of this play.

Producer: ERIC FELLNER. who I love hates me. one day
 I'll get my nose fixed & gain his respect. Sara Sugarman.
 Kathy Burke. I know this film sucks & I'm not pretty (yet)
 but I will succeed as an actor. just not for this.



Alex ax
 & me
 sleep
 under the
 stars.
 we do
 not fuck

Cusack
 came for
 the day.
 oooh
 my
 I'll
 never
 tell.

PHOTO CREDIT: TOM COLLINS

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"STRAIGHT TO HELL"



ISLAND
 PICTURES

Courtney Love is Velma, the moll of
 the gang, in Alex Cox's raucous action
 comedy "Straight to Hell," an Island
 Pictures release.

STH4

Testament to my charisma
 not my face. I'm getting
 my nose fixed ASAP.

Ladies do not kiss & fell.
 Tim Robbins: a bit pre-kin' org

COURTNEY LOVE

THEATRE

Ashland Oregon: attended
Shakespeare "camp" at Shakespeare
festival 6 years.

Talking With (Handler)
Storefront Theatre,
Portland, Oregon

After the Fall (Maggie)
Portland Civic Theatre,
Portland Oregon

Marat Sade (Charlotte Corday)
Portland Civic Theatre
Portland, Oregon

FILM

SID & NANCY (Gretchen)
Directed by Alex Cox, 1986

STRAIGHT TO HELL (Velma)
Directed by Alex Cox, 1986

MUSIC

Faith No More /Slash/ (Epic Recording Artists)
Singer & Guitarist

I've been locking my doors
for the devils and the ghosts
and the shadows that i cast
when i ached the most
and the parade marches on
they are looking for me
But they'll never find
the one that you see
I'm the girl in the doorway in
the rain and i know that
you will come back to me again

Since ive chanted my hairs grown
ive lost weight im confronting deep
seated fears, and i have a career.

Once i was walking in
the West Village and i felt
transported back to the
sixties and it was gorgeous
and i wanted to make love
but there was noone there.
so i walked with my friend
Arthur to Times Square
with a broken shoe and
saw a horror film.
Halloween came to New
York in 1986 and i was
the UGLIEST GIRL IN THE
WORLD i felt like Gret in
a cell full of my own shit.
instead i was at A Rock
party At the palladium

4/14/87

the proceedings went smoothly
for a nightmare.

ya fidgeted with yar fancy dress and
yar sheets were too shiny
As bad Actresses stole yar
parts in exotic locales, lying
in what could have been
yar juiciest trash.

LIGHTS ON
AND NO APOLOGIES

im sick of parquet floors
and cool cheese
im bored with my taste in music
im sick of yar nostrils

is indulgence
i hate that yar so fucking
Grown up & clean

Big Ugly industry Ego.

Busy crazy Murder madmen
Lucky girls flashy eyes
weeping glitter drains and
blue kisses

April 22

i dont feel free sometimes
my Buddhism is my
freedom

Am i ugly i wonder to my
Lovers.

do they care at that
point.

am i really ugly?

Not, according to the television.

There are some true pains on this
earth, there is some true
hunger some suffering.

i wonder About Blake's soul?

he was on a Graffiti Binge in San Francisco. He wrote 'Sex is Revenge' in every conceivable place in the town. Every coffeehouse toilet. ~~20~~ feet high on trendy club fronts and walgreens. Someone countered him with 'Love is Revenge'. (Eventually I won by crossing that out and writing my own name as revenge) I was leaving a lovers house (one I want to forget really terribly) it was night on a backstreet in North Beach and the new Beat revolution was occurring

the next time I saw C. I was about to be famous and I was off drugs ~~in~~ was in New York and I had coffee with him and his friend. my head was screwed on all wrong and I was in a rubber dress. I was poor and confused but my future was bright.

The Next time i saw C.
he worked at a trendy club
in New York. i was Brilliant
at a party. i a New Yorkian
certainly Celebutante status
and i had had my
Rockstars and my Buddhism
and my intellect was
burning and returning.
i can hardly stand
bleached blonde anymore
its like Gunk i wanted
my English Major Blood to Bill.
Call me, he said so i did.
i saw him tonight and
i had tea with him hes
very impressed that im
becoming a movie star
Well, its not going to happen for
many Real time years.
E I'll be a Rockstar first. I hope
when I get Famous to not be too
misunderstood. Ive always gotten the men
I want E I have a premonition that
a man will somehow get me in hot water.
We went E fucked at his Apt. one day
I want be so promiscuous.... I really want

and so he should be. he asked me how the publicity revenge was going. I said I was over it. he handed me a sheaf of stories he'd written - one of which starred in he called me ugly three times in it.

I'm glad he thought I was ugly. Because he's seen the magazines and he knows I'm a blonde fox "Starlet" now. the fucking went fairly well. I decided he was a little masochist. I used my skills, learned in Japan & at the Dominican palace to humiliate him. I'll never fuck him again. I didn't take his number more than 3 blocks before I threw it away.

I think from my lifetime I'll only be in love max 3 times. It's fun to fuck.

But I'm like a Guy. I don't want any emotion or commitment from 90% of them.

I certainly didn't cum. coz I didn't want to.

he will be talking about that blow job for the rest of his days ha. as I stated I'll never fuck him again.

Joni Mitchells on and i only love Babylon and im
back with Leonard Cohen and i love Ezra pound and
Kevin Hunter now and im playing Jean Harlow in my
first play and im off to London wednesday to do the 11
and covers of ^{the} Magazines.
and clay will write many more stories

im in because

if you've
been inside
someone and
they rise
and they
become
barnes
you feel
responsible in
some small
way. Or
large
way.

and clay
is not a
bad writer
hes just a
little sad
and i
think he

falls in love
with probably lame cynical girls

Ica nwellen

invites you

to

Go
STRAIGHT TO HELL

with

Courtney LOVE

IN

new film due out
June 12 Alex Cox's

SPECIAL PERFORMANCES

By Pagnis
& Sex Gods

DO NOT

COMPROMISE

I must
withdraw from those
who threaten
my integrity -

INTEGRITY

OR

INDULGE IN ANYTHING
UNDERHAND

BE

UNSWERVINGLY SELF
DISCIPLINED

Liverpool was special but people there
have not aged or changed in five
years. they just have worse
Drug problems

i stand apart in Liverpool.

the Columbia - the piano -
harlots on Barstools
How i need to feel alive.
how proud
they are of me now.

all in saying is that it's wrong to want this masculinity its
traditional & womanly to need to seem someone. its the role of the

bride. MOTHER DIVORCEE

attered old bitch drinking scotch in CA afternoon she beats
her children she fucks strangers. the pool cleaner.

you perfect lord Byron
pulled you in him
visibly ~~!~~ clinging
at the Glorious son
of your flesh of one and
your heart & heart
and you killed him in cold blood
when he expected it least
Perfect Lord Byron
Come Mad Again
he tells you that you
are his passionate friend
he tells you that you are the
Moth
& he is the flame
and when he fucks you again
it feels just the same
as heaven flooding
Arbanche crying soul
hot nightmare
you Perfect Lord Byron
Gushes and curts
his fist at the breast
of ten other girls
and then he walks home
alone in terrific long strides
when the stars scream
that's perfection your name
when he died

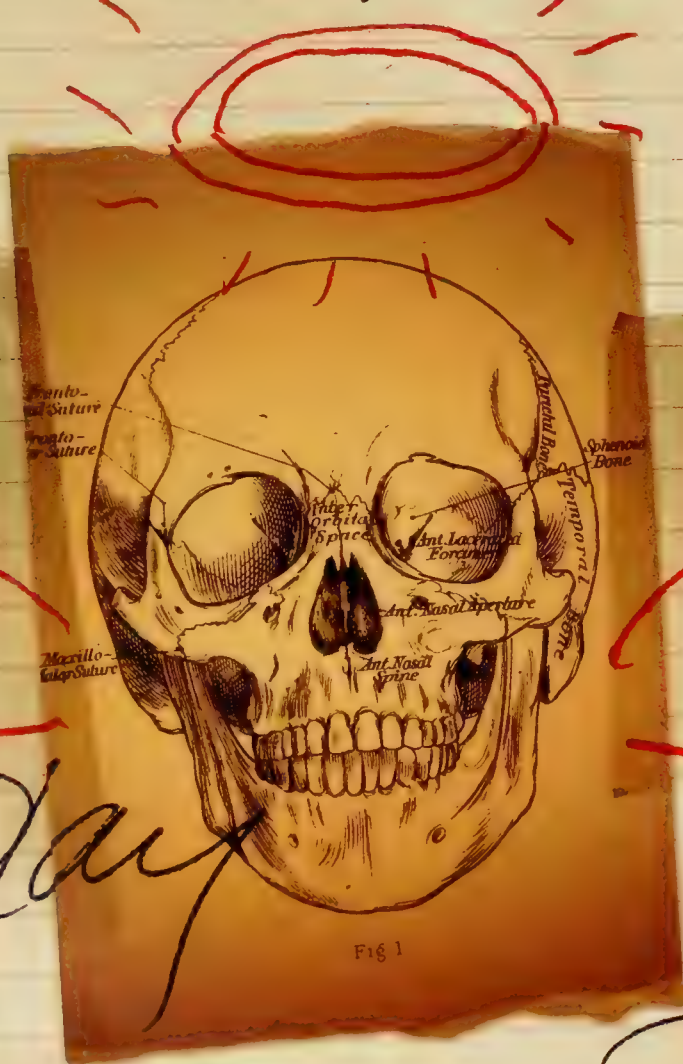
— i saw Tim Roth last night. hes
short but hes Beautiful. i saw Cobby,
mick, etc. (Rockwires too, Jason.)
but Tim Roth. Hes SHORT but hes
FAB. like INTENSE. like I WANNA
WORK with him. i did ARTISTIC as
he CHECKED ME OUT.
And then i DREAMED! i
DREAMED i cut my tattoo
off and gave it to HIM.
i hope he COMES

Dennis Hopper told my
publicist i was "very funny"
and a very good Actress.
my boy was in the Bay.
i Adore that man... XX

and Divinity

and why? why?

because love is DIVINE



lets play

HIDE THE SKELETON.



SPRING

Compositions

Name Candy goes

School to the

Grade Midwest

9³/₄ in. x 7¹/₂ in.

100 Leaves

No. 77925

\$1.49

Roaring Spring / Top Scholar Roaring Spring, Pa. - 16673

cold and ugly velocity
burns like cheap fuel
and who would startle this one with Love?
they would leave her there forever
battling her mad visions
and empty prophecies
Tipping thick liquor and hardcore
Tunafish,
i cant live in this

I said picking up the Ashtray
it's Not the maggots, crutch rot or
smell.

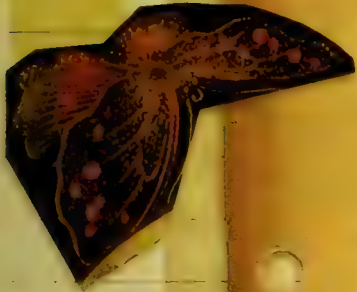
No it's the Absence of hope —
It is by no means the
money that i owe — my dear —
it is the cold grey day that never
ends .

No, it's the moments crying into
moments —
the satire of a life.





Cricket awoke this morning in
Edina a suburb of the Twin Cities
Tangled up in her boyfriends long brown
hair.



Cricket is going to have another
nervous breakdown soon if she
doesn't get a band & write a novel
C. do a movie SOON.

She has got no patience for the years
going so fast. SO FAST. Oh fuck.
Oh Egg MOMMA. Oh Abyss
Oh saint shit.

I Love you. I do really.
I'm NOT BORED here
I just need A BAND.



"God, really hate intense
Conversations in Bars" say I can
with little pearly teeth. Gnash
Gnash/Gnash/Gnash pick that sweater
baby No big thing a tiny bony little groovy

I look
for the holy fuck.

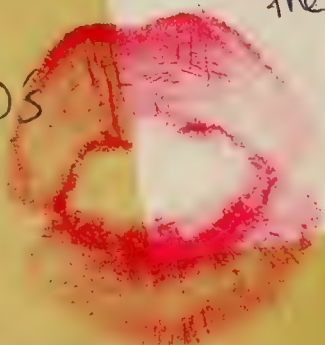
in Everything I see

Walking the streets
like a lullaby
And whos throwing rocks at me

looking for the Holy Fuck

the psychic Stripper
the mystic Cow
the swamp pussy
all the
time
NOW.

Cans of codeine
line the shelves
of the Eoid shadows
again,
there is as well
a tide,
A fucking big black moon
on the June Bride
she hides Behind the veil
and forsakes her
Cool Love,
Yeah Fuck your
Confidence and oatmeal.
Mypensy in a botticelli seashell
Silly were you the one
in the garden
my teenage
Season in hell?



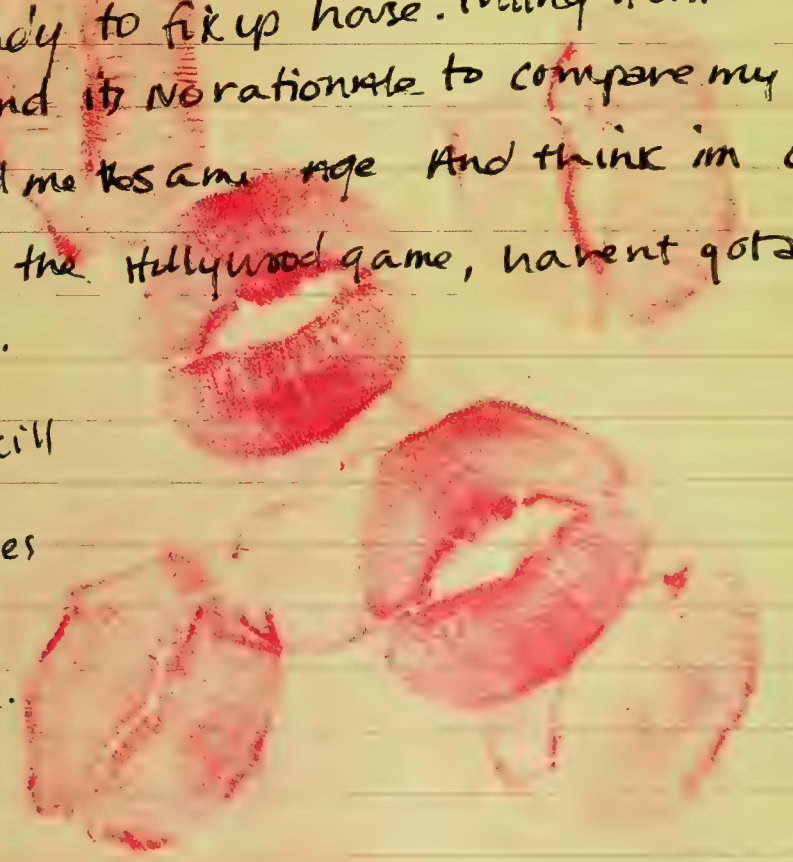
thing, like the giving goy artwork.
All boys go out with tiny bony things
And then in the venery in the too intense
ferwards bitch, then they climb the
Sullen walls, then they split and
climb onto the teensy weensy tiny boney
baby beebee Bodies in the teensy baddy bays.

May 5 -

i havent been writing much at all, this being because ive been so in love. its springtime in minnesota and im beginning to feel the universe is maybe malevolent, impersonal. i dont like it here at the bottom, in the underside of the wheel of fortune and i need some reassurance that im still a lucky judicious special person, able to have abundance.

The Ophreum was a crazy fucking disaster which i did handle with lots of panache. i love high stress, power, uhaw, zoom. but its not so fun when it leads to financial panic & trouble. Lori and i are barely on speaking terms. we moved from Amandas into Loris and my Big lovely ready to fix up house. filling it with Libacs. ill be 24 and its not rationale to compare my life to others around me the same age and think im ok. im not. Cant play the Hollywood game, havent gots

band together yet. need a hand by next year. or Ill kill myself. or end up doing monty python voices for a living... which would make me a comedian, which i never want ever to be.

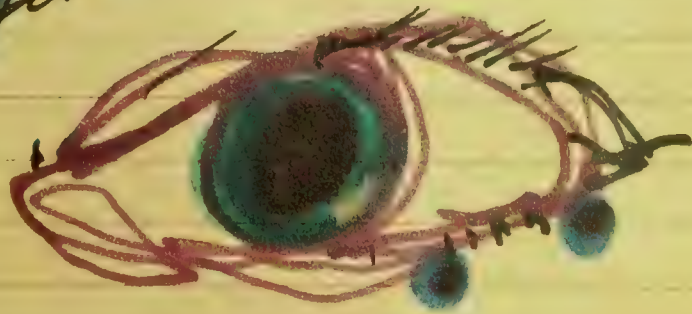
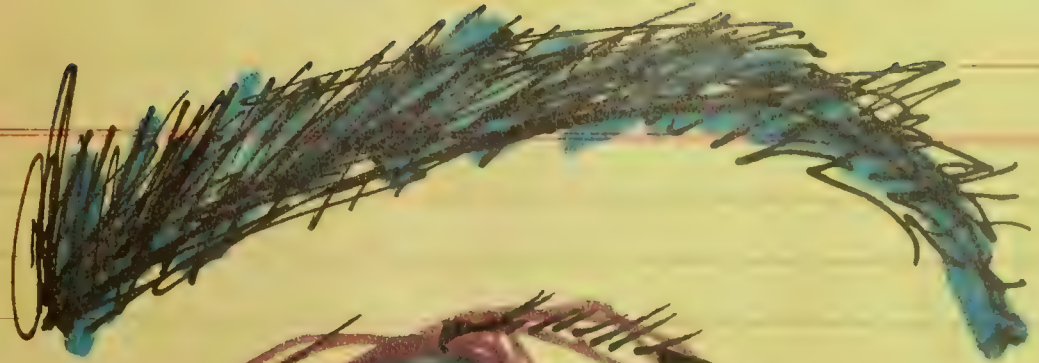


Eyes will follow and you will follow
Eyes on you

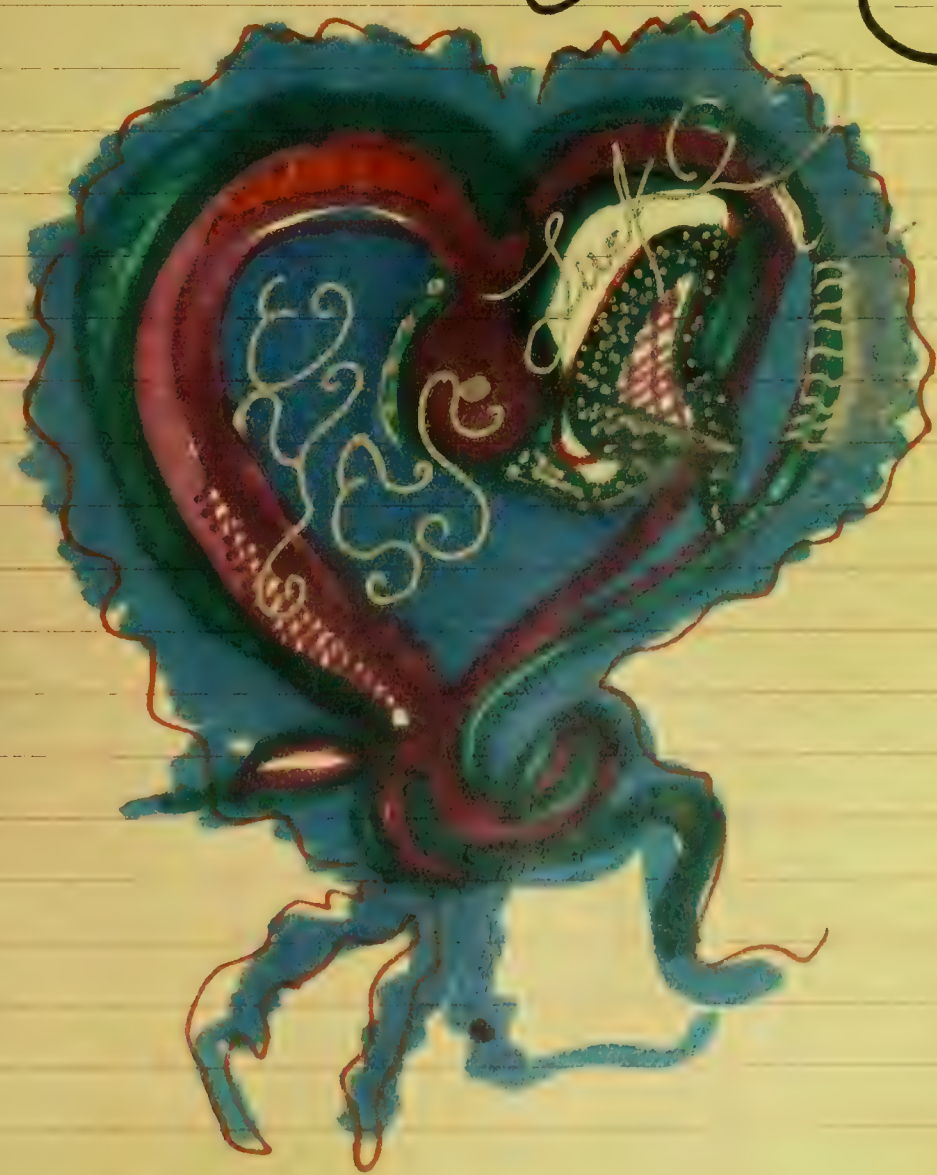
Yes communion grate
divinity is it possible & your
Eyes - i'm too terrified
of them to look into
my heart. Any more

Decorative AN ICING
Nothing more

Like ~~to~~ BLES



eye



SWEET CRYSTAL
POWERED
BY



DICKNAIL
CLOUDS

Dear the right Guy at 4Ad,

This is our band Hole. we have 3 Guitars.
Jill our bass player played in Sylvia
Juncosa and Super Heroines me, i started
Babes in Toyland with my friend ^{Kat} and even
used to be the Singer in Faith No More
wich is a fairly cheesy thing to
go around boasting about but i really
will do just about anything for us to
get a good old fashioned color
seperation LP on a nice FIRM label
like yourself's wich includes boasting
(apparently) about 'cheesy things.

Maybe you'll really like our single all on its
own and say 'All Right you Girls go
make a Record' and you wont hold it
Against me that i used our Ex bands
to get a leg up. or down, actually in
the case of the one ex band, but im only
telling you this to get ahead.

all Right man.

C. Love-Hole
? all Holes.

Dear John Peel:

Thanks for your interest in our band. we've gotten tons of letters because of your show, we will be putting out a 7 inch in August and an LP by November on John's label sympathy.

For some Background info - i came to San Francisco from Portland, Ore. and ended up being the singer for Faith No More for about a year but i was just a teenager and i don't remember it much, this was previous to their Macho phase. then i met this cool girl Kat and we moved to Minneapolis and started bands eventually being Babes in Toyland. Then i met this film guy Alex Cox and did this pretty dumb movie and then i moved here and started Hole with Jill Emery who was in Sylvia and an LA punk band Super Heroines and ERIC who's just sort of a Genius and Caroline our drummer, and we just got this new guy Errol so now we have 3 Guitars, were really hoping to get over there to your Land soon and we would love to do sessions for you i hope its possible sometime. please let us know what u think. thanks Courtney Love-Hole and all Holes: ^{in General} (97) ~~ES~~

Dear John
Peel.

Thank you very much for
Y's note here is all we
have we are doing another
record for sympathy and a
Subpop singles club thing*
we all come from LA
except me i come from
Portland, Oregon and
it is really really HOT
here right now so i wish
i wasn't here. we hope to
somehow come there
in the future -

OK COOL MAN
we will send u
stuff from

Courtney from HIC LE



Beauty. Cant ever really believe
case i generally find it corny and



process for me believing sometimes an
woman it is at that point
the Beauty

female beauty unless its absolute, is with
mistakeful as in the case of Toretone



thick tipped blonde models, when i am
finally and utterly convinced of a woman's

beauty and is an endless
now in the presence of the
in utterly bored

FROM MAN TO GOD. AS IF WERE HE HAS BEEN PICKED CLEAN: HE IS A SKELETON: ONE MUST
 GO INTO LIFE AGAIN IN ORDER TO PUT ON FLESH: THE WORD MUST BECOME FLESH: THE SOUL
 ON WHATEVER CRUMB MY EYE FALLS I WILL POUNCE AND DEVOUR: HERETOFORE I HAVE
 BEEN TRYING TO SAVE MY PRECIOUS HIDE: TRYING TO PRESERVE THE FEW PIECES OF MEAT THAT I
 HAVE REACHED THE LIMITS OF ENDURANCE I CAN RETREAT NO FURTHER MY
 TO THE WALL. IF I AM A HYENA I AM A LEAN AND HUNGRY ONE. I GO FOR THE
 FATTEN MYSELF MILLER.

Some of Bands
 FRIDAY
 AUG
 24th



GENTUSES

EXTREMISTS

TS REVOLUTION

CLAW
 HAMMER
 and
 HOLE



Tear its heart out
 Shut it up.

AT SHAMROCK

LIVE ON
THE SUN

the
HOTTEST
GLAM FAG Bands
this side of Eagle Rock.

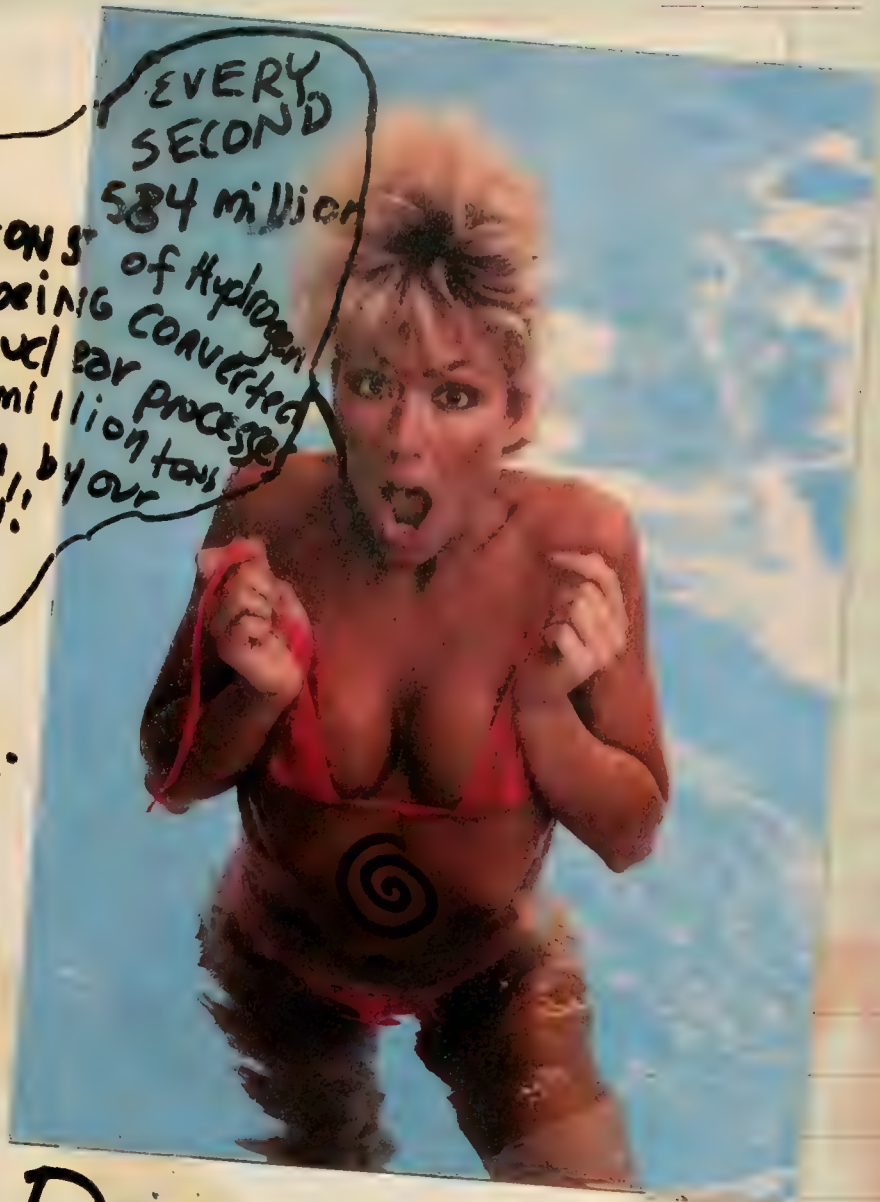
L7
from Boston

LEMON HEADS
from the Midwest

GODBULLIES

&
HOLE

∞ 8pm ∞



EVERY
SECOND
584 million
tons of Hydrogen
are being converted
thru Nuclear processes
into 580 million tons
of Helium by our
dear sun!

the
CROXY
WED
NOV 21

Mother may I set fire to the Sun,
my worlds so small
all worlds so small,

Black berry
Blood dripping down tangle,
me, they threw a rock
at me, on Roosevelt Street,
Mother may I may I, tear out
thier ~~eyes~~ eyes
leave em in the Black- berry
Bushes to die,

YOU, FUCKEN, SPIDER

I've got to be a blonde again
with my mouth sucked on this
is miserable. I can't see like as a
fump its just too horrid x
talked to me
Swampy J...
X



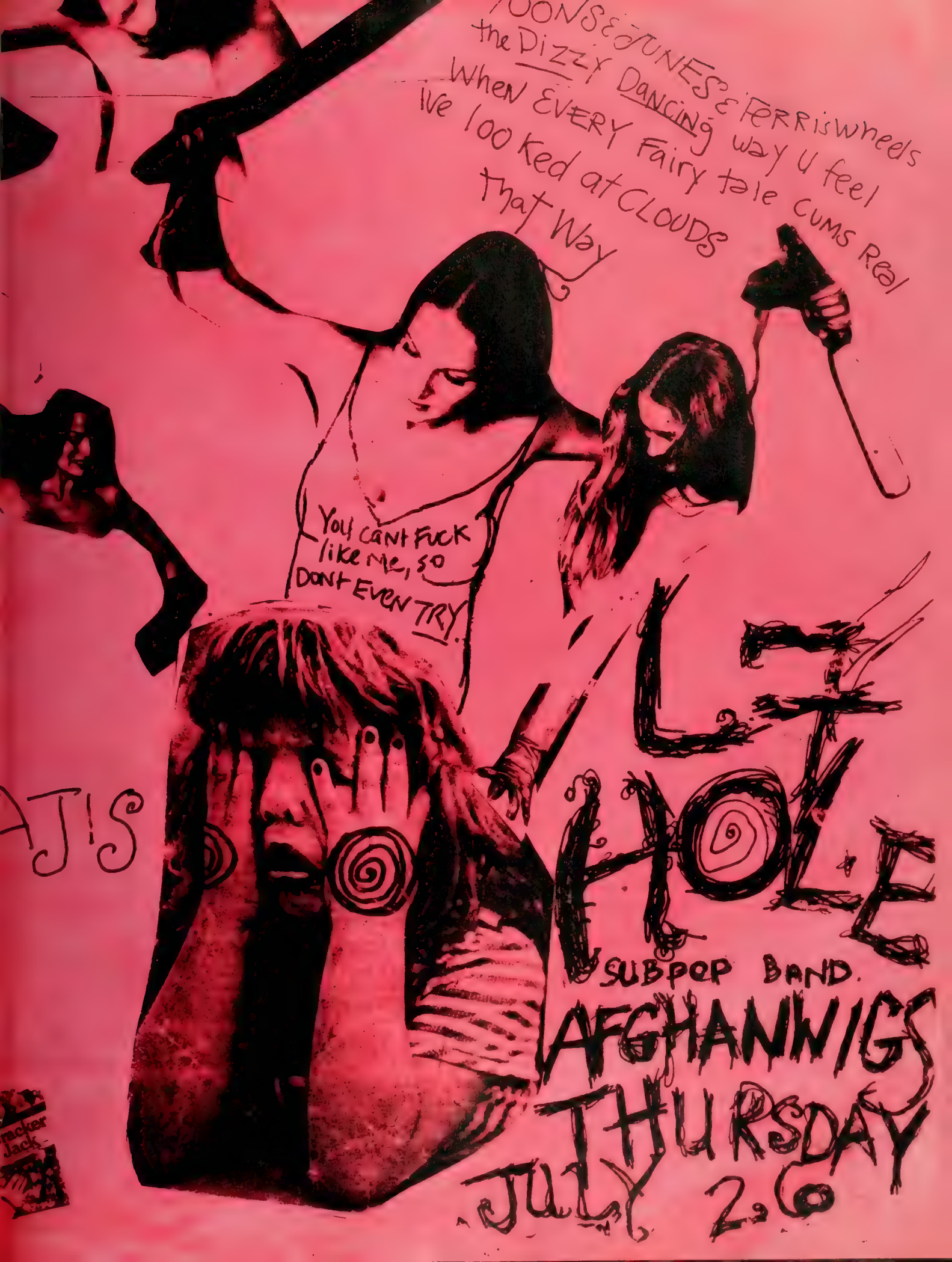
Salmonilla baby eyes & syphilitic
SACRIFICE.

My water breaks like Turpentine
Being got waffin red tashes
and the Abscess came a vicious S.S.
Superstar Carcass out mere ON
me impike, yu dont care if she says yes
Galaxy waving frantically
still yr sky open and let the Moon
cut yr throat

IM A MONSTER
Got a revved up feenage head
A real monster

California Borne Bread

MOONS & JONES & FERRIS WHEELS
the DIZZY DANCING way u feel
When EVERY Fairy tale cums real
Ive looked at CLOUDS
That Way



You cant FUCK
like me, so
DONT EVEN TRY.

LOVE

SUBPOP BAND.

AFGHANWIGS

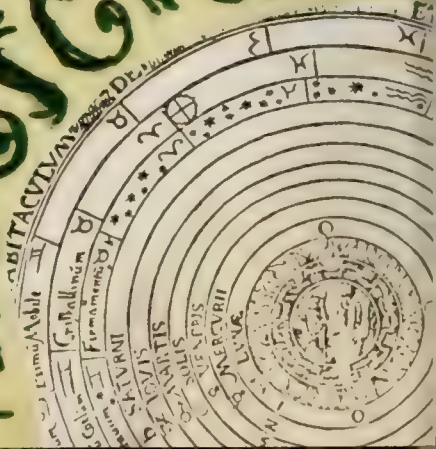
THURSDAY

JULY 26

AJIS



AFRICANA



Whilst we... the conventional
education, agitation and organiza-
tion, some independent genius has
taken the matter in hand.....

George Bernard Shaw



+

+

+

Spirit Houses



Show starts at 10:00 x
Sunday x June 17th x
LECTISERNIUM x
9300 W. JEFFERSON BLD.
AT THE COVER GIRL CLUB
5\$



inviolate rose Enfold me in my Hour of Hours
Far off, most secret

like the Biggles
blown buds of
SARAH
Desires
Cinnamon Girl



sed down your
dreams & pow

chest, the sevenfold cash in heaven.
sleep that porno sleep miss mousy.
ers and everything but sleep

**Porn Star's \$80 Million a Year
Can't Buy Tea With the Queen**

THE **SONIC YOUTH**

LIVE

AND **HOLE**

THURSDAY
NOV 1

WHISKEY AU
GO-GO



I've since
revised this
statement.

6'3 +

All Hot Men
Are tall. ←

Eric Erlandson
William Butler Yeats
NICK CAVE
Thurston Moore
Neil Young

All Hot Women
Are short

MADONNA, KAT,
KIM GORDON,

F AM TALL,
Blood Blister

SCAR TISSUE

Sell down

the River,

Sister,

Rue the Day

Give me Back
my water
spirit





Change: the serious truth of deconstruction

mperv
wizards

NOVE SAT
MARCH
24th

Drunken Withered manzanita sisters
Late snow

JABBERJAW 3711 PICO



you've got to come to expect this Thurston

baby, now that you a youthquakeing
tastemaker.

now that you've put the "Be Coolordie"
Law into effect. I will ignore your Law.
& will not thank you in my Oscar Speech.

with I shall have
the unsolicited
postal product, on hole 7,

all for you delicate & \$
little rosebuds, a F~~uckin~~ Machination
like licking the stamp, there you
go, From us to you,
Love.

a strapping healthy
yang Bitten Goodles
from Blackberry Thorn crawling
Oregon & the rest of em.
Let em all burncha, c ha,

9

ELUCIDATE

Can't sleep. keep getting lured from my
hundreds of Messes of thoughts center of the Matrix being
my hand and the occasional twinge of Bad conscience.
stom. marks. But also freedom. Whole scenarios of people
revisited (taking my ~~own~~ soul loves) Competition with my
friends making all the Right Moves dealing with my
-wubiny and semi-living semi humiliating past incarnations
of evening from Liverpool Whipping post to Sugar chigger
to Kat Bjelland to Roddy Bottum.

id now how my dearest nearest little Tuetonic
sweetheart lies wrapped in warm blankets in his lovely American
red on a warm LA night and im wanting it ^{bad}
and that's what it really all about im too old
right now to really want to lay it on the line, when those
Smooth Francis wraprand re i just feel Right i dont feel
Bored or Frenzied just happy to be in the here and now
and when someone says something Against him
i want them Banished from the Light.
i dont think ↳ Stole me, i just



think i gave her the Traditional Blueprint
For what A Fucked up Girl should be.
i think that i sort of contributed and
helped to shape that blueprint. it has always existed of
course. Girls should generally be loud and fucked up or
i usually don't talk to them. Except if they are quiet and
fucked up in which case they are even better in some
ways.

SUNDAY
MARCH
3

It's the Only Thing
They Understand.



What is the color when black is burnt? ^{is} N YOUNG

THE ECHHELMEY
COMMUNION from NYC

JABBERJAW

INFO:

732-3403 donation 3711 PICO BLVD

Pretty on the inside

Teenage whore

BURY

Good sister ~~Bad~~ sister

Garbadge

Clouds

X
X

Dicknail
Bum black

retard

phone bill
~~LOADED~~

Witch Finder
General

Demonologist

Badfinger

SLEIGH
SLOT

Wierd red Light

TEENAGE WHORE

BURY ME

WIERD RED LIGHT

x Sugar heart

~~NEW ONE~~
MUD

2
Pretty from the BACK

GOOD SISTER

something ~~PAST~~

GARBADGE

CLOUDS

MRS JONES

GAG

Turpentine

BLACK VIRGIN
angel dust
NOSE

Taking it in taking it all in, it's truly
Glorious - Life - I want to live it well,
I want to help, The ugly the Disavowed
the Disowned the Terminal.

Now, ~~my~~ I have no patience for those
that would try, Though marked and
obviously outcast, I have no patience for
them that deny their difference.

The only ones I'm interested in saving
(a Buddhist as it may be) are those that
are lost and need to make a stand.

Oh spring, winter, Fall, Glorious
Summer now I am one of the
pretty ones and I vow to use it

WELL I will never again

Scapegoat anyone - I will

help them. God bless this

Life I have loved it and
will love it even more.

man ; most want to sleep with  ; WB YEATS 

GOALS 444-5660

1/15/91 — 4/15/91

MAKE LP
ACHIEVE LA VISIBILITY

125 TONED POUNDS - HEAL

CASH FLOW VERY GOOD - LOOSE

WRITE 3-4 NEW SONGS

WRITE 3 TIMES A WEEK

CONTINUE PRACTICE

ERIS PRACTISE - HEALTH -
FULFILMENT - GO HORIZON


EUROPEAN TOUR W/ PATRONS
(PIX, MVDH., JAINS)
GOATS

AMERICAN TOUR W PATRONS
STUCK PIG.

Jan 1, 1991

Dear ^{miss} Kim

Here is a Tape of our subpop 7 which is supposed to come out in a week or two.

We are looking to make an LP in the next month for Sympathy - we had a meeting thinking of who to try for a producer and besides the fact that we would prefer working with a woman, we really like the way the STP record sounds and all admire your body of work quite hugely & stenchingly. If you are at all interested i ~~will~~ give you a rehearsal tape. we would be completely honored and stoked .

Thank you Courtney Love.



simplicity vases
marjelen furniture.

Only 2 marriages no more.

Things That interest me: (and Everything Else Bore's me.)

NAZIS
BLUES

County meath
County Cork

Avedon

OLD BOTTLES.

Provence.

Post modern celebrity.

OLD BLUE BOTTLES & Tin cans

CHRISTIANITY - CATHOLICISM

WB Yeats

POOR BLACK/WHITE PEOPLE

BABYLONIA - (History of Iraq - Mesopotamia
mecca, Nation of Islam.)

TEAPOTS

VICTORIANA

Goon Show

Genealogy

Roman History

Geology

Hamlet

Roman History

Monty Python

Celtic History

Englishmen.

Astronomy

Irishmen.

physics

Northern men.

molecular

Biology

Cooking well.

reverse

Avant Garde

literature

Poetry

Being a Great Fuck.

SELF GLORIFICATION

Strange sexual practises of the famous
a certain level of my Buddhist sect

Romantic intrigues

humility.

MY LIFE

Jay Division

3 children in this life

Elton

ROCK
PUNK ROCK

Discipline

Peter Sellers old Guitars

Add/Scam

Dylan Chick Musicians.

Monroe BAD Early 80's New wave.

(missing persons Berlinet)

Hard Ball

STRATEGY

True Love.

a Good Spank! a Good Spankee!



I AM AN
AMERICAN

fine delicate dainty refined
comely Fair slender

thin svelte
Appealing
attractive
choice
proper
spiritual

blue lick me

thanks for going there.

like a drunk bear

take the snaffles

out of your hair

VIRTUOUS

Hello Kitty, Hello City, What's up

gonna do when the lights are peeling —

little When MRS. JONES
graceful lives in my BOXES
easy AND I AM SO NUMB
i AM SO DULL

i pick my Dull Edge Apart
my Blunted Eye
So Easy to Satisfy
NO Quotient just a Grime
that settles Every Where

handsome mel bred
purified Moral Clean
intellectual
pure chaste

is it Boredly poisoning my self
I'm Not vital or real

so
what you think is dangerous is stupid.

Coarse indelicate rough vulgar Compt
obscene lewd impure sensual thick
dense Bulky enormous monstrous &
corpulate large unwieldy obese
fleshy ponderous clownish wide low
Vulgar unbecoming Repulsive total
whole

Go see
Yr Nazi Nun
with her
Pants undone
Go join the herd
Go join the Herd

MARCH 91 -

Things are going well. we are signing
to Caroline and have Kim Gordon producing
us, playing Beat the Clock w/ Kat, which
i choose and i am chanting regularly.
I finally sent the Great Fuck you to my
Mother and took a lot of Car Age.
But I forgive her - i gave my word -
we are doing well, although not as prolific
or easy to finger as some bands and
certainly not as clever - clever with
Titles as pussy below we are still
in believe heads and tails above the
rest, i am frightened of the success so
close and it scares me. i'm frightened
of having it just a short time but i will
overcome that i will make them
Riot i will cure them i will keep them
interested i will not bend.
my Diplomatic skills are finely tuned at
last combined with a striving for
purity and honesty in my lyricism
i think this LP will do well.
and be im portant. I Love Eric,

Lori Ann - BULLY

Oh God not this again, sucking sucking
Not this again

There is insane & then there is evil
shes like a mirror

held up ~~title~~ by an enemy

you just see Medusa, but Empty Empty

you just see the lipid state of New Jersey

the stench of a Bully - in my room

she maths the word of DOG

she hisses its Poison shes Dialing the phone

shes Dialing my phone

Radiating my phone

I have a fine burning all on my own
better than Love its mine, alone

no one can take my Flame away
my black fucking cunt, the burning

want use the bad word

when you plant the bad seed

plant the bad seed

right next to me.

just like Medusa

but Empty a Bully

in Minneapolis TWIN TONE / SUB POP Artists

Babes in Toyland

WE



show starts 10 pm

Rajis Fri. 24 April

1991 - Summer.

LOVE U IN WAY, but not in way - I'm meeting and too many of them have the white hot I Love ya in a T Rex

A CHEAP TRICK Sabbath A Black peoples eyes to many peoples eyes the people I'm meeting crackle in their eyes. Way but not

WIPERS way - you've got the someone - silver stars to create once was a reeling - I want there once was a IN reverse shoot out - VALU

VOID, I want for once the phone to be picked up by my boyfriend's not under girlfriends.

Hole wishes to Thank:

Kate Belljar, Long Gone John (please stop hating us), ~~Joan~~ Subpop, Savy Boviak, Mo, Carla, Mia Terraro, Lisa Roberts, Micheal ~~Geisbrecht~~, Enrol Stewart Heather Heiged ovr sister Finch, RC Bottom, Joe Cole, ~~and~~ The Goats, Laurel, John Connors,

thanks to Everyone that was in this band:

Heather Enrol Lisa Mike Mia Carla Rob Graves

Also Long Gone John, Jennifer Finch, Joe Cole, Subpop, Roddy B., AL Flipside, ~~and~~ The Goats ~~and~~ Kate Belljar.

This record is dedicated in Loving Memory to Rob Ritter.

I ~~Love~~ Miss you.

Thanks to Everyone that was Ever in this Band
Publisa Mike Enrol Heather Mia Carla
ALo Long Gone John Jennifer Finch Joe Cole Subpop, ~~and~~
Roddy B. AL Flipside the Fab Goats from NYC
Sarah and
Katey Belljar - this record is dedicated in Miss
Loving Memory to Rob Ritter
we miss you.
all the
Time.

I worked to hard for my Sins.

I'm into my Sin and im into vulnerability, and im into not compromising my ideals so as to keep my mystery or Appeal more to the Corporate ~~more~~ fuckers who would destroy this band. I mean whatever, thats my story, its so heavy, put on some Abba or some Trex for fucks sake.

this is all im going to say to that stupid fucking Magazine
fuck it i dont say anything.



Above the boy
put me somewhere Above
the boy with all
the ~~candy~~ in my hand
i've seen it all before
Still cry & beg for more

I will be here watch
the sky turn violet
i want it Again
and Violent more Violent
more Violent
and it comes to me
as NO Surprise
and i Looked at it
Through your Twisted EYES

I wish my hands
were turning
into skylarks
flying millions of them





Sister Hurricane
Spreadem wide
Ruby rose in
the mystic
pearl
in the wilt
you cajole
cajole to the
eternal soulcoil
Saint persephone
Pray for us NOW
in the hour of our
needs

Fuck monster Deluxe
Physic stripper twisting into
Shes Jady DISGUSTUS
Holy old divine yr
Saint Sickly sweet of suicide and
TRIPLE holy fuck
Ghost towns
the FAB patroness
Everything is
mine
love.

Theres noone ever to talk to
Drive, so i sit in my little
Time listening to Joan Baez
friends in my band, me and
ones that Fight in sanity,
in himself, all of his Confidence
Spine and i dont want to
i have Mojo. but i dont have
more like 20 interviews yesterday
i shut up for a second, coz that's
Give myself away for Free Free
~~we~~ we come off like the most
Fucks that ever walked, its
or something or maybe its the
we come off as Sincere Ev
it, I hate being in Control
i hate how these Germans Ran
Hype hype hype i hate how

n LA and I cant

shack most of the

I just wish we were
Eric are, but were the
he has no confidence

is in me. I am this
be a LEADER because
confidence... I think we did

and do you know, when
all i do babble babble
ee, and force them to talk
arrogant pompous Evil

that LA upbringing
with, at least when i talk

icks ~~AAAAAAAAAAAA~~. I just hate
ete not being in Control

and Pave about our

ynical Limeys say in CONTRIVED

seen Cutesy until i saw
swiping cigs out of
"you wont look innocent"
with my sick sealer
are competing i
its very cool at all, ~~at~~ least
pretty much completely crucified
every last member of her
A CHEERLEADER, now
are not evil, it just means
and Perky i dont hold it
(teenage popularity) but
spirit makes it easier
boners and then spindle
Innocent and my band are
Day before i left England she
with a Bleach job just like
darkstar whore now ~ And i
and worked at the Artistic
are the only people i can
~~talk to~~ here comes my
to my compilation Tape, its
a little Leadbelly a little Blondie
Salisbury Steak? I know you

with press officers
thier hands

well thats the thing
friend, the thing is we
ate it, i dont think
anyone in my band was
in high school and
band was, i swear,
im sure, cheerleaders

you were well adjusted
against anyone ~~anyone~~ ^{any more}
i think the cheerleading
for you to give guys
them. so her band is
Dark star whores, and the
walked in the room

INE. so shes going to be a
wish i still lived in NW
school because Artistic kids

Really ~~about~~ relate to,
Airplane Dinner i am listening
got Calamity Jane, Beach boys,
whatever, should i have the
asked me for advice

They are putting my band on the
i guess thats a big deal, (its
put my face. Meat.

UNTENSE. Evenif i do write
publishing Evenly so everyone
ass. There is no Hell like

1989 Hollywood, Except 1982
like being singled out. So

Friends, ~~thats~~ ~~are~~ is the things
people for press. -im pretty Good

you HONE your SKILLS

As far as Ramones Free i dont
i cant explain it and im all
Ramones. NO ramones. thats

This Record
was a TRIBUTE
to Leonard Cohen
& Black Sabbath

cover of the Melody Maker,
(English) probably they'll just
that'll make Things Extra
it all, i split the
would at least cover their
trying to start a band in
1985 Portland, but i dont
much. Since i have no
that excites me - Manipulating
at it because in isolation

Care, Fuck the Ramones,
alone but just.... Fuck the
i can say!

I think our next
ones probably
going to be
our tribute to
the Beach boys
and Quantum
physics.

Seeing Germany from a hole.

Interviews, too many,

Am Lonely and sick of
talking about myself

(haven't actually stopped,

talking about myself

trying to teach myself the

Math of Charles & Kurt

and writing as much music

as possible all y it

unsatisfying & 2nd rate
to me.

a very beautiful tall man

interviewed me here in

Dortmund. many many

men curious, peekers

They think im a 'star'

co someone told them i was.

honestly i feel like a monkey
from the zoo.

i am here
Not to make you
feel better
i am just here
to make you
feel worse







Last night we played a show that was so INSANE and frightening.
It was just this hype thing and someone threw beer on me and SLUT SLUT SLUT
An it was so Violent violent violent im still Shaking. Raped by a
crowd. I asked for it

Oct 5

Just Got back from SB.
 w/ MUDHONEY & MYLONNEE
 Last Night we played the
 Palace one of our tightest
 sets EVER, he n't Chanted
 2 hours yesterday - I was so
 Focused the whole band was
 Focused I Focused on GRACE
 and the sble of it I am so
 sick of This Pugilist Vulgarian
 1 Dimensional IMAGE Foisted
 upon me by Peoples First
 GLANCE. I wanted to show
 ROISE & Mebdy, SPAN? Violence
 And we did! ~~At~~ Much to
 The Corporate World's DELITE
 apparently, at least we
 didnt Embross Janet. Mark was
 Not Sexy. acroly they surged
 last Night, but Tonight
 they were Excellent Again and
 Mark was Sexy~

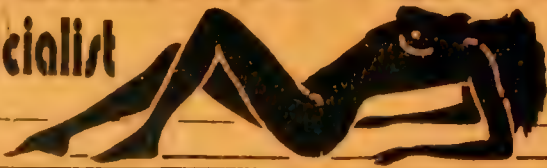


724 2952
Schoolgirl Type
LOVES
To Be Spanked

Can't tell if im s or m sometimes
 I like beating boys.

734 3806

18 Yrs Naughty Miss
Submissive Services
Specialist

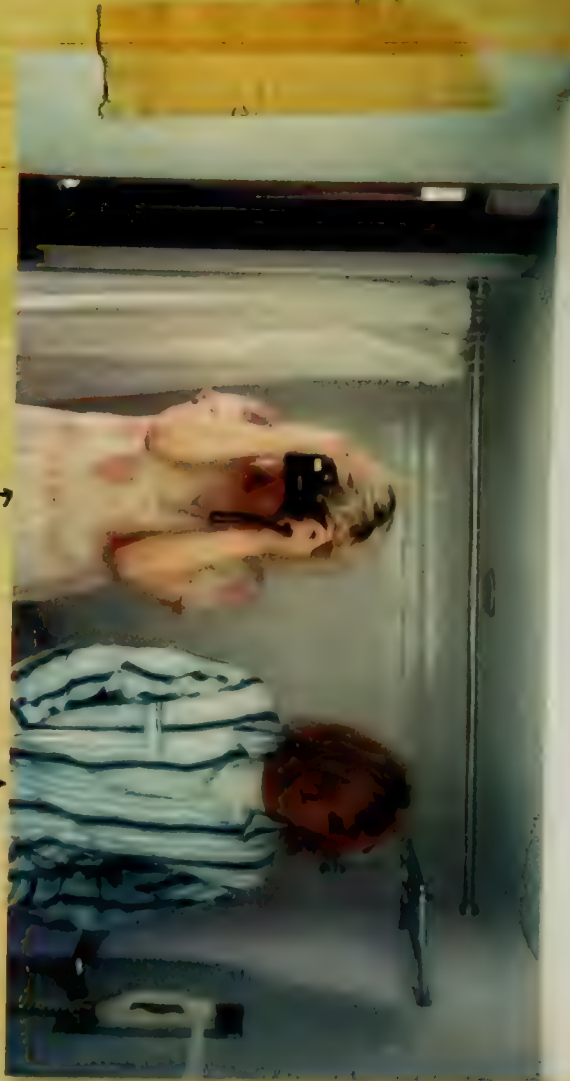


Something
 I like
 to be
 beaten.

Confusing. ♥

Frances
 Tummy
 in m

↑ Kurts
 weenie



i miss the dead brownbirds
and dirty yellow sweaters
i miss all that broken glass
that makes me feel better

There's one season here
one season all year

Fallison himself
falls in on himself
IMPLODES



Loves the Fragile
Drinks to ward
my Lurching
Cousin



DRUNKEN PANICIA
DOWN SHE GOES
DOWN SHE GOES IN ME
GIDDING
BLACKMOON SPITTING
HONEY
COMBING
HONEY
SLITTING
IN ME -
ROY white
ROY Red in
he ROY up in
her head
Drunk Patricia
licks the ICING OFF THE ANGEL CAKE

The Pavilion Hotel, 37 Leinster Gardens, London W2 3AR. Telephone: 071-258 0269 Fax: 071-723 7295 Telex: 268613

The Pavilion Hotel is a member of the V I N N A Group of Hotels

i love him PURE
like nothing else

if Reels like NOTHING ELSE
ITS MORE REVELATORY AND PURE
PURE
with snow being me so pretty

blood was
Til her ~~eyes were~~ frozen slowly
and her eyes were dark & holy

Please give this to KURT COBAIN - ^{my} everything the top part of my fractura
 all i care about is the graffiti.
 what will the graffiti look like tonight.
 i wonder?

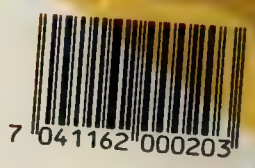
i have nine (9) days til i see you for 4 hours in Manchester with English people throwing beer at me and telling me to remove my panties.

my graffiti quotient is directly related to how frustrated i am, last night i did the whole dressing room. i cant wait til boss hog come next week and write "Bitch" all over everything.

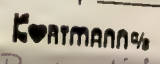
i dont know what to say you already know anything. its just that you do tell really excellent stories:

Oslo - Norway
 Gustav Vigeland's Sculpture Park
 «Sinnataggen»
 Foto: TG
 102.030-87

you're the most fuckin
 Spring prince on the planet
 we took apart a room
 and are sleeping on the
 callony waiting for my
 participant to bring us cheese
 burgers from the hard
 rock - size kitchen! Did
 the review theres a kurt and
 Courtney column in the
 Melody Maker, i think
 i have a job for you in Rock Middle Management



Arthur Brennan
 170 Norfolk st #3
 New York, New York
 USA 10002



Box E) love Courtney love

once had to have the boy down the street be my Babysitter and he was a year younger, i wish it would have been you I guarantee you'd have been twice as fucked up. i used



Oslo - Norway
Gustav Vigelands Sculpture Park
«Sinnataggen»
Foto: TG
102.030-87



cut played with Extreme and Pearl Jam the other day. I was fucken A hot. Imagine a sea of 40,000 perfect blond people that dont know the difference between Nuno Bettencourt

Naturkort

Long Gone John
4901 Virginia Ave
Long Beach, CA
USA 90805

KORTMANN%

E Nirvana. The Baby's kicking all the time

New York City

to torture him without mercy. i used to tell him i was going to introduce him to my friend SATAN. i told him SATAN visited me every NIGHT and FUCKED me. he quit, he got so scared of me: I told him my lion came alive at night and went into the dreams of my enemies and

made them into retards and he belived me. but i love you. Dont worry about it!

Oslo - Norway
Gustav Vigelands Sculpture Park
«Sinnataggen»
Foto: TG
102.030-87



Hi AL and Foes I played a guitar solo for Nuno Bettencourt the Guitar Player for extreme Pearl Jam Broke up. oh the Guilt! the Guilt! I couldnt

Goal were really boy in Europe I PROMISE.... I wish Carlos would stop thinking that my band ~~was~~ selling 10 records is like... A MIRACLE... because now look really dumb. oh well what else is new. Im on the ROAD WITH MY OLD MAN and its pretty sick, but he did play with PEARL JAM AND EXTREME the other day. Fuckin A Hot

Naturkort

AL FLIPSIDE.

KORTMANN%

BABY, I got stepsearched today coz im 7 months pregnant and they thought i was

LOVE COURTNEY LOVE

me. he quit, he got so scared of me: I told him my lion came alive at night and went into the dreams of my enemies and

AND

SHE'S NOT EVEN

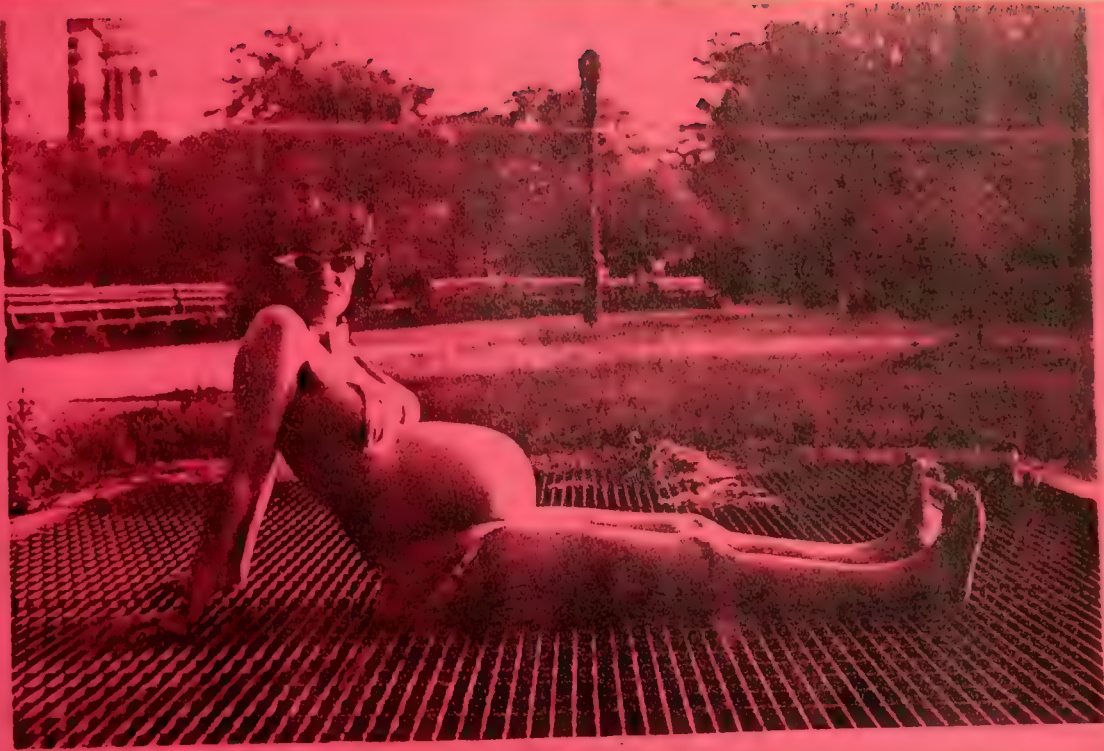


Annoying people, by and large, are treated like dirt. Doors slam in our faces. The kids at school scorn us! Mock us! Kick us! Ignore us! Call us names! Irritators, people like me, need a voice, however out of tune it may be! We deserve equal treatment! All except the ones who scratch their fingernails against chalkboards.

Sarah Hammond, 14, Oberlin, OH

PRETTY

VOL I
SPRING 92



WHERE ARE YOU???



"There are some jobs women do as well as men. But we still aren't equal, mentally or physically."
Nicky Davis, 20, from Tunbridge Wells.



"Job-wise, women should have equality, but this is ideological. A woman's place is in the home, and always will be."
Rosslyn Ebbetts, 18, from Harrow.

I WANT A WHORE
FROM HELL
That Loves the
PIXIES and the GERMS.

Whats why
Boys
naid carry
OUR AMPS.

Now that Ive been through Female Castration from
marrying a ROCKSTAR, i want a Bass player in my band
A REVOLUTIONARY, Inspired by those Hot D.C. Bitches,
Someone who can play ok, and stand in front of
30,000 people, take off her shirt and
have FUCK YOU written on her TITS, If you
not afraid of me, and you not afraid to FUCKING
HOLE
SAY IT, SEND A LETTER: PO BOX 3111, LA CA, 90078,
NO MORE FUSSIES, NO MORE FAKE GIRLS. 213-969-9173

HATE

- 1 Nirvanamania
- 2 OLYMPIA
- 3 GIRLS that call my house
NO matter how cool
- 4 EX-GIRLFRIENDS of husband
(NO matter how cool)
- 5 BEING PREGNANT
- 6 MAJOR LABEL BIDDINGWAR
- 7 MINNEAPOLIS
- 8 Pearl Jam, Nymphs, etc, shit
- 9

- 10 DRUGS
- 11 SASSY
- 12 Everett

LOVE

- 1 DRUGS
- 2 YOKO ONO
- 3 Kim and Thurston
- 4 HUSKER DU
- 5 Helping Bands.
- 6 Calamity Jane
- 7 The Bikini Kill
- 8 N.O.O.B.Y.'s 7 inch
- 9 GUS VAN ZANT
- 10 NIRVANAMANIA

11. Sassy
12. Everett



She
Didn't
have
a best
friend.
NO
shit.

Did she?
well?

ANSWER
ME!
ANSWER
ME!



Is it better to out-monster the monster
or to be quietly devoured? — Friedrich Nietzsche

"st" Francis

EX - BEST FRIENDS (Mark, Dead, Cont)



** PISCES, Junkie Faygot
Taught me Every
Chord I know on
Guitar, Drummed in
my band for 10
minutes, knew every
punk rock song and
made out with Darby,
was in the Bags, The
Nymphs, and 45 Grave,
(all female led),

Had 'Red' Sex one Stoned
Night, Lived off my strip
money for months (I was Glad to share
I used to stare up at the
violet lights when I lay on the
Floor During "THIRD SONG"
(that's the pussy shower song)
and think about his Elizabeth
Taylor eyes. How the Fuck
Do you think he died?

LOVED PUNK ROCK

I love you Joe cde.



*** ARIES

SHOT IN THE MOTHERFUCKING
HEAD BY SOME SATANIC
LANDSHARK (Yeah, im sorry
he was black, okay?)

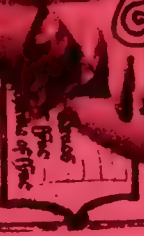
WHEN COMING HOME FROM
MY SHOW WITH HENRY
ROLLINS - STUCK UP
FOR ME ALWAYS - BRAVE AND
STRONG AND UNDERSTOOD
WOMEN MORE THAN ANYONE
ROADIED FOR US OUR LAST
TOUR - WE WATCHED A
GUY DIE IN BALTIMORE (SHOT
IN THE HEAD AT OUR FEET)
MADE OUT AT 4AM, JUST TO
PROVE WE WERE ALIVE

LOVED PUNK ROCK



thats the knife they
used to put in your
mother vultures
put on your back
and your little
candy coat

thats the knife they



the fake smile on the nurses face drip drip drip

tear the petals off of you and make

you tell the truth

tie it iff gag it

make him feel better(cant you make him feel better

your coming hearts and stars

on your little yellow sweater

ritalin doll

queen of the mall

fairy pink sugar

SHE BLOWS THE DEATH RATTLE

ICE CREAM ON MY DRESS

HES COLD GET HIM A CANDYCOAT

ICE CREAM ON MY BIB





Many artists and exes,
while acknowledging that
pressures to show a little
leg are still strong in
some quarters, say such
tactics wouldn't work for
the new female hands.

Reposition the clitoris
Sew up the Vagina for a Snigger fit
Loosen the Throat Muscles
Sever the Gag Reflex
Chronic sedated slimness



BUT I GUESS IT DOESNT FUCKING HURT.

COURTNEY LOVE

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FACIAL SURGERY

The purpose of cosmetic surgery is to make you look as good as it is possible for you to look. It cannot do more than that. If you are expecting a transforming miracle from surgery, you will unquestionably be disappointed. It is impossible to guarantee results. The ultimate goal of cosmetic surgery is to achieve a natural improved appearance.

You should bear in mind that with some patients undergoing facial surgery, there is a temporary period of slight emotional depression immediately following the surgery during the period when you look your worst. This is quite normal and should not alarm you. It is not easy to look bruised and swollen, particularly when natural expectations are toward improvement of your appearance. Fortunately this period passes quickly.

APPROXIMATELY THREE WEEKS BEFORE YOU
WILL BE ABLE TO SING

raining
tear the doll to pieces throw the head at
i only love the fragile things
cos i love to see them break
all waste4 and void
all waste and void
all wastye and void

down where the whores lie down,leave me

crawling up the wall on the back of a vicious red insect,craling

feverishly toward the gaping rim of some kicked in wall hole. the place where the (meets the exit (from my slavery).

2222222222

bleeding from one of my innumerable cutterages,come here

little girl i want you to reluieve me,i wish i had a cock to stuff in your big dollbaby stupid ass face

but ill have to be satisfied beating you into a breathless breathing heavy jellypulp and throwing your lazy ass out into the piss corridor.

find a voice? i am sure. i found one. the swish of that pigs blood as it pummeled onto Carries head.

worship now

worship now

worship now what i am about to destroy.

i slash me.

i knife mine.

i slash me

i knife mind.

acid stars, long jagged scars,

the cut worm forgives the plow

in the twisted roots of an oak he was suspended

in a fungus wich hung on a hook head downwards

into the deep breeding reptiles in his mind.

a vast spine writhing. the prolific and the devouring worms in

side, gelid and frosty. the dancing dogs and bears

the wretched blind pit ponies,the

little hunted hares.

the bad eyes watching us in the bloody mud. the one thats cocked

sunsi~~ster~~,

sister ecto plasme shes incredulous

in her snow white pumps she takes off her dress

smash me open like a pro

silver eyes veining

he cuts me up raining

i will follow you down the sick drain

when i lean on the sink

and the angeldust gets in my eyes,my hair,

on acid stars, im getting there

lured by soda pop murders

kether,ether suck me under

ill be your three legged donkey sister

your piss Christ

thread ,my bones through your clean needle

Donna, this girl in my class, picks on everyone for no reason. She acts like she's better than everyone and thinks she's really popular—but she's not. Everyone's afraid to tell her off because she's so tough: She's sort of a gangster. But I think she needs to be told to leave people alone. Should I tell her?





~~AX~~ to Kitty Cobain ROOM #15
~~FAX~~

What would the ROSE do?
would the rose hire a publicist?

lets be mountain junkies and breed
satanic mall rats.

I am Doll parts bad skin Doll heart
it stands for knife for the rest of my life.

peel my little heart off and soak
it in your
left hand
and call
me
Tonight



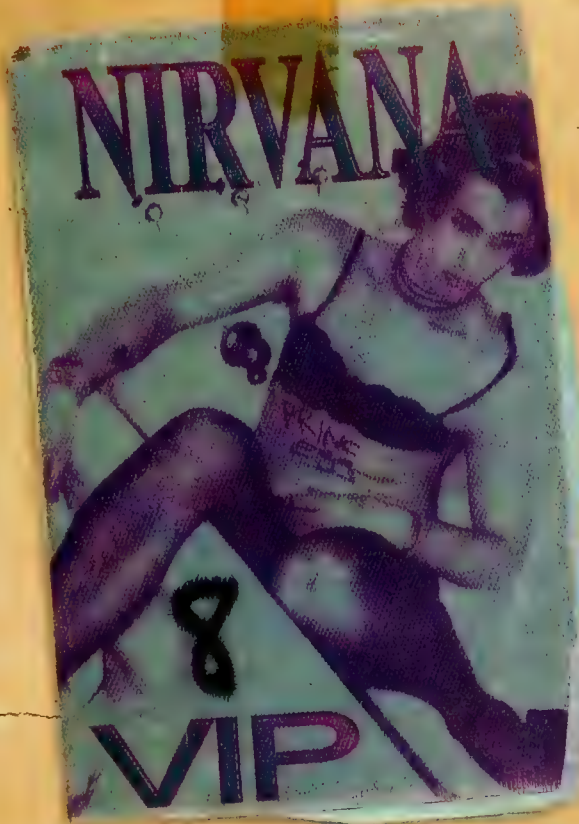
pearl jam is opening at CBS
for us. ha. ha.



Four Horsemen bassist Ben Hillary Pape, who has about a minute between the tour the Horsemen just finished (opening for Lynyrd Skynyrd) before they leave on another tour with another major act. And rumor has it that Hole singer Courtney Love, recently linked with Billy of Smashing Pumpkins, has a new thing going with Nirvana singer-guitarist Kurt Cobain.

HAPPY IN SODOM

Operation cutie people.



There are 10-20,000 Cutie
People on Planet Earth -
i want them all to love me.



011392-4



Seeking

Sadomasochistic annihilation
of separate identities.

Collapsing into me.

No one is as big. we are biggest.

FUCK ROCK

Kill ROCK

FUCK ROCK

LoveRock love ROCK

Kill ROCK

The Pee Girl has a Dick
your milk makes me sick

the Pee Girl gets the Belt

your milk makes me melt

mumbling little secrets

there's creatures in the corner

all winter long

were going to be warm

i cant name my tip to alliums

Belt

It needs to die. It'd be much cooler to have poets and writers.

ok ok, i want to kill it.

I can see right through it. like Camille Paglia's Theory of Baudelaire, secretly massively desiring to be a submissive lesbian.

I can see it smell it and it, makes me happy.

Things I want.

Brilliant & Best & most Honest SONGS.

STRONG PRACTICE

Kurt's happiness.

Erics happiness

English press
Video.

English shows

Tour Managers

Solid relationship. True Love.

aby.

Integrity
Sincerity
Compassion
Respect

Appetite - photos - skin.

KIDS

sharcarhiken
own Goshornzid



Kittys alive
shes in the bath
i cant read to good but i can do math

i am the Girl - you know
who drowns inside my bath
i can read real good
but i cant do math.

inside her head planes crash.
the truth is all rotten
it ruins yr teeth like candy cotton
my sweet tooth has burned a hole
my sweet tooth burned a hole
in your head
Now look youve spoiled her rotten
it ruins yr teeth like candy cotton
Go to sleep under a rock
teething in my heart shape box
Theres the sad result

i hope the sperms all were deformed
i hate this box i hate it here
Im spoiled and only half formed
i hate it here - i hate it here
the sperms swimming on my legs
what a waste,
what a waste of milk and Eggo

the only quote I've ever seen

You say about sexism it's always stuck
with me. you said "I've been thrown
down the stairs more times than
"I can count" this is the
moment Chrissie, I wanna
know? Did you read
backlash?

you changed my life
more than Runaways, more
than Patti, because you
wrote it, and lyrically

you are a goddess,
you are classic,

OK. Choosing
Chrissie.

Love you.



August 18, 1992

Ms. Courtney Love
Mr. Kurt Cobain
c/o Cedars-Sinai
Room 3108
8700 Beverly Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90048

Dear Courtney and Kurt,

Congratulations on your new baby girl. This is a very exciting time - you must be thrilled. I'm sure that she will bring you much laughter and happiness.

Kurt, I know that you are upset about the recent article on Courtney and the attacks made on her character. I sympathize with what you're going through and how it can affect you. The press have a way of sabotaging your privacy. The thing you have to remember is that these things pass and people quickly forget about articles of this type. You just have to let your life go on.

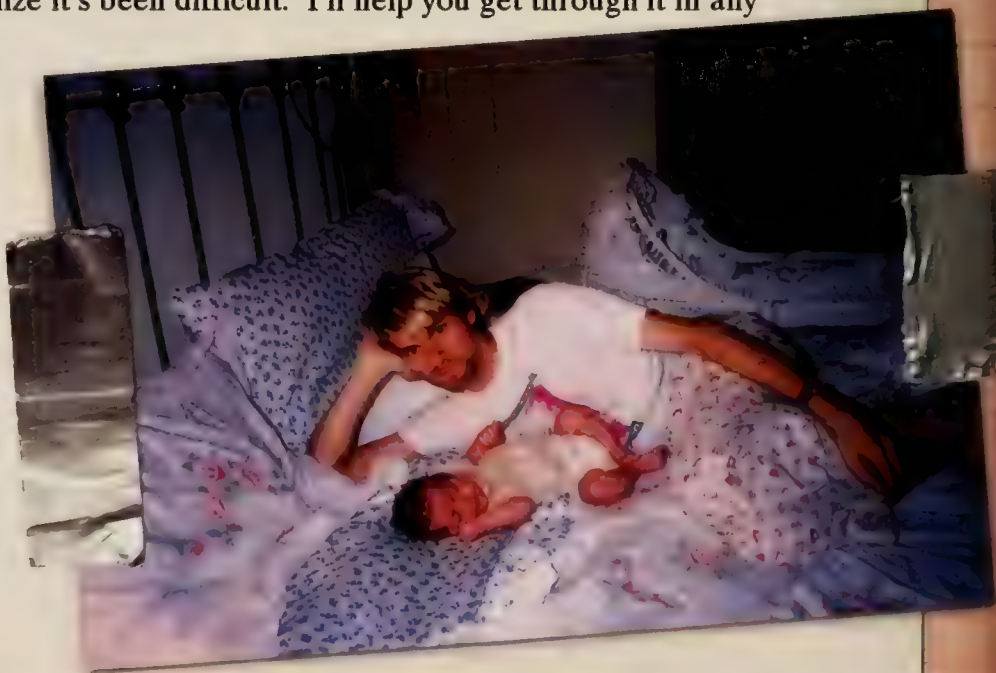
Please know that I am here if you need me. This should be a time of joy and celebration and I realize it's been difficult. I'll help you get through it in any way that I can.

Warmest regards,

David

David Geffen

DG:sb

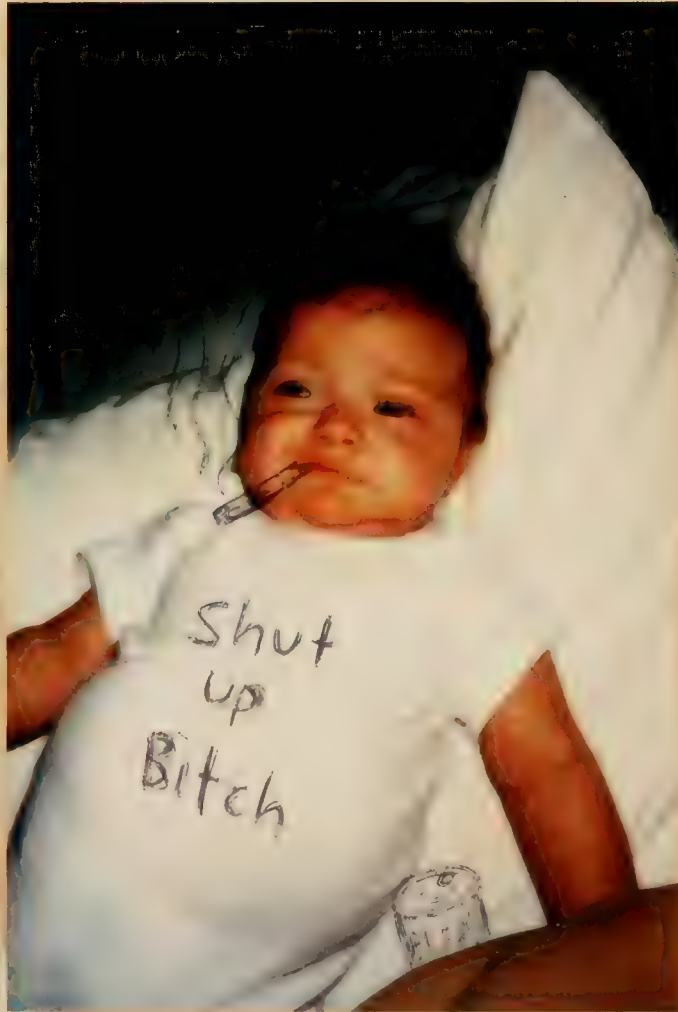






KURT
COBAIN





← Kurt
wrote
that
not
me.
based on
AxL Rose
telling me
to shut
up

I live through this



NOV 93 - Baby Bym -

she is so utterly perfect.
so full of sweet purity.
She is so utterly loving lovely
and thank God we can't afford
to lose her. my first entrusted
about F. Bean. - because there are no
words in English to describe the
Beauty my daughter brought me.
Doe eyes / Bezelie features



Eclipse

he takes my time away
i wasn't doing nothing anyway

I always knew he had it in him
Stuck in some artery or tendon
put him on liquids
and breathe thru larynx
and hell be happy.

utter - melt
shutter - welt
boil - smelt
spoil - felt
toil - felt

* Do you wanna be a Rock Star
i think you wanna be a Rock star
you say you'd rather die
i think you'd like to try
how'd you like to be Madonna
oh i know you wanna
how'd you like to be Nirvana
you'd rather die!

i know you wanna, wanna be a rockstar,
rather die than be a rockstar, oh yeah.

Hitlers Girlfriend black forest cake
Spit curly let them eat shit
rose white / rose red rose upon my head
rox white / rosered i wanna die in this bed
was fond of her curves
credible bra of Eva Braun
the Geli Roll shot thru' the head
boobs and Garters
Warholer, you'll get inside of me.
oh God i know you'll never leave

Teratagonic

Eyes like Angel wings
& scary kisses killing me
w/ his Eyes wide open
w/ his Eyes wide open
he could see Every - thing

Shut up. i see you.
you're too close. Everything in you
i want to touch too much.

Nothing More Pure than yr disease
and the Rings on the Sun when U give it to me
and the Rips and the tears
when you stare into me

olympia?

i lived in a Rockstars house once...

rose white rose red
i look great when
you're dead
i love my smother
years is gone



English Girl
im gonna let you go
You not a slag.
You not a slut.
You not a witch.

been through too much.

Liverpool Girl. Lets called a slut.
Fat cow.

by idiots by bozos by creeps.

English Girl
reinvent yourself for keeps

You the prettiest girl. i have ever seen. ^{you are} fucking breath-taking
Your cold in winter
and tea all day

and bedsit Girl throw down the Jackie & the NME. Fuck that shit.

English Girls are better
than any girls.

Come home with me.

they have it harder
than any girls i know.



They dont have much money

Theyre always cold

English Girl

im gonna let you go. Come & go with me

and come and live with me.

im gonna buy you sweaters and
make you drink coffee

and swear real loud and punch out boys

and steal cars and shoot off guns

oh English Girl, i swear well have fun.

Come home with me. Come and go with me.



noone recorded this
show!

you left me lying
in spasm & descent
choking on yr Candy Flesh
Bury me in 100 degrees
& SUGAR RUNS from yr Arteries

EVEN THE

UGLIEST

AMONG US

have you ever felt
like a monster.
have you ever felt
SO ASHAMED. felt
have you ever felt. so ugly.
so ugly. so ugly.
SO UGLY. as ME.

i want to know
HOW BIG IS YR SOUL

is it BLE As the MOON
is it Dead as the MOON

shes sweet baby
want to rape her head
want to cross her eyes
want to rape her dead.

shes sweet baby
mystic Tornado
shes so cold
needs a SUGARCOAT

LIAR

Cradle my Girdle

it holds me in
my Adipose sin

I found you in my milky red
it took my hate for you to me.

the Virgin milk, i choke from Holy water
(and the hymen of the Queen)

Lily Lily mystic rose

honey suckle, God - damn mystic rose

thread my bones through your clean needle

Use once and destroy

you left me lying in Spasm and descent

gagging on your virgin flesh

have you ever felt so Ashamed?

" as ugly.
as ugly.
as ugly as me.

How big is yr sat. is it dead like the moon. Tear that Doll to Pieces
is it black like my hole. Throw its head away
Mother Vulture Shes insane

MADE OUR

Sit in the Corner and Drink Down Soda

bomb the whole state of minnesota

... the U Ever felt... As ugly as me.

Im on my sad knee

that porno made a lady out of me

LOVERS

Icing on the
cake now my
bandaid is unbled

unreal chemical pecl
lips are fake.

Didnt i tell you to beg

didnt i beg you to beg

help me in your
bit me in shivering

wanting to see stars shiver on icy angel Ache

my sisters defy desire

the husk of him.

you got the body.

i keep the Fire-

BEAUTY SLASHING

WIERD LAUGHING

WORSHIP NOW

WORSHIP NOW

What I am About to Destroy

the sugar star

the mother uncore

when me disappear

i got the Bully sed need

Every Time you near me

I one eye help

the honey blood

the honey blood

of my virgin need

BEG

the swish of blood

on Carnos head

Im eating you

an overfed

inves a Nazi car

The oldest

As a chronic runaway pothead in Skipworth
Juvenile home, the next logical step for me was
to commit some ~~felony~~ ^{felony} and end up
using wasted space in a jail as an adult. I thank
GOD for the young interloper ~~who just~~ ^{who just}
~~returned from~~ ^{the} ~~vacation~~ ^{vacation} ~~book~~ ^{book}
BK, he gave me 3 records to play in the
"Library", a room full of "books" - Every Harlequin
romance, Every written and a hand filled
Pederast ~~condensed~~ ^{condensed} Novels - Sitting and



well i went to school

in Olympia

and everyone's the same

well what do you do with a revolution

Yeah ya forget your name

well i went to school in a Fascist state

and everyone's the same ~~we got it great~~
~~maximum the got~~ punk rock and ~~were better than you~~
yeah yeah yeah

want you please make me real,
sick
punk

Fuck you

Fuck you

well i went to school

in Olympia - & everyone's the same

from Parasites to psychopaths

please please please leave me
alone

and i went to school at pink rock high
and everyone's the same

we've got a little REVOLUTION

and everyone knows our name

well i went

to school in a Fascist state
the news went away



OPHELIA.
SHAKESPEARE - HAMLET

Ophelia, our hero, NOT

Linernotes live thru this

Monetta GA. 1993

Hello Kitty. I am trash from Planet Dogstar.

Kling on Eyefire. like a virus on Glucose. you hungry. but. I'm. STARVING.

i used to live in Hollywood. i saw Miss Mercy
on the bus. it was Morning after a Trashy Night.

She was going to meet Arthur Lee in a Parking Lot.

Don't sell your Publishing. Keep the Negatives.

and take the Cadillac if all your going to get.

i have a Germ's burn. Noone in Portland
ever belted my LA stories and i burned with

the desert Expanse. a leper thumbelina

with a stupid desire to Challenge... certain....

phallocentric institutions. Well, J. i hope my Lillypad

grows directly on your Smooth pond like a stubborn weed.

and i hope i languidly recline in that awful smog heat and

psychotic state of "celebrity". my hero/ines are

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, Echo and the Bunnymen, Robert Zimmerman,
Darby Crash, Bette Davis and maybe Perry Farrell.

This is a Dairy Album because the privilege of Suckling

was removed from my arms and because Motherblood is

like a Wolf. and the Milk stayed in me and became

bileous and CUNTLIKE. Smooth and Flappy. Rosebud pink

and also Flappy and Liver spotted. CUNTLIKE... i was moved

to purchase Arms and Ammo. i wish i was beautiful or at least

wise but im simply mad and violent. Still, as an American

i have my rights. And noone wants Lenny Bruce at the end

of his Career. ive got some stolen Karl Lagerfeld shoes from

a shoot. ha. ha. And i am Julia Demure Maternity

Dignity and Grace Kelly and oh what a Liar.

i dream of Anne Sexton in her Red Negligee with her therapist.

i dream of four years in Hillcrest state school.

i dream of LIFE, WIFE, and Truth. Now.

GO TO HELL.

(Courtney.)

SUNSET MARQUIS

Hotel and Villas

Art and Frances
Bean

I Love you.

please FORGIVE ME.

please Frances

you are

both too beautiful

for me ♡

I love you 4ever

1200 North Alta Loma Road, West Hall

Tele,



April 17th

From Mrs C.L. Cobain:

3

Times:

Nothing will ever again be the same.

~~From April 1st onward,~~

Exactly one month ago today was the last time I made Love with my husband. I cooked him

Dinner. We spent 4 hours in the playroom with Frances. we saw "Schindlers List"

it made us frightened of our life and we spoke of the value of life. our convictions, we defied, until 4 am and we fell asleep in each others arms and woke up that way in the morning.

Rome was a huge cover up, and I see it now... I just didnt want to see it, then.

all night I reread the note he left - in Rome - its so obviously a suicide note, so fucking obvious.

After 22 hours of prayer and chanting he came down from the ceiling





Dad with baby

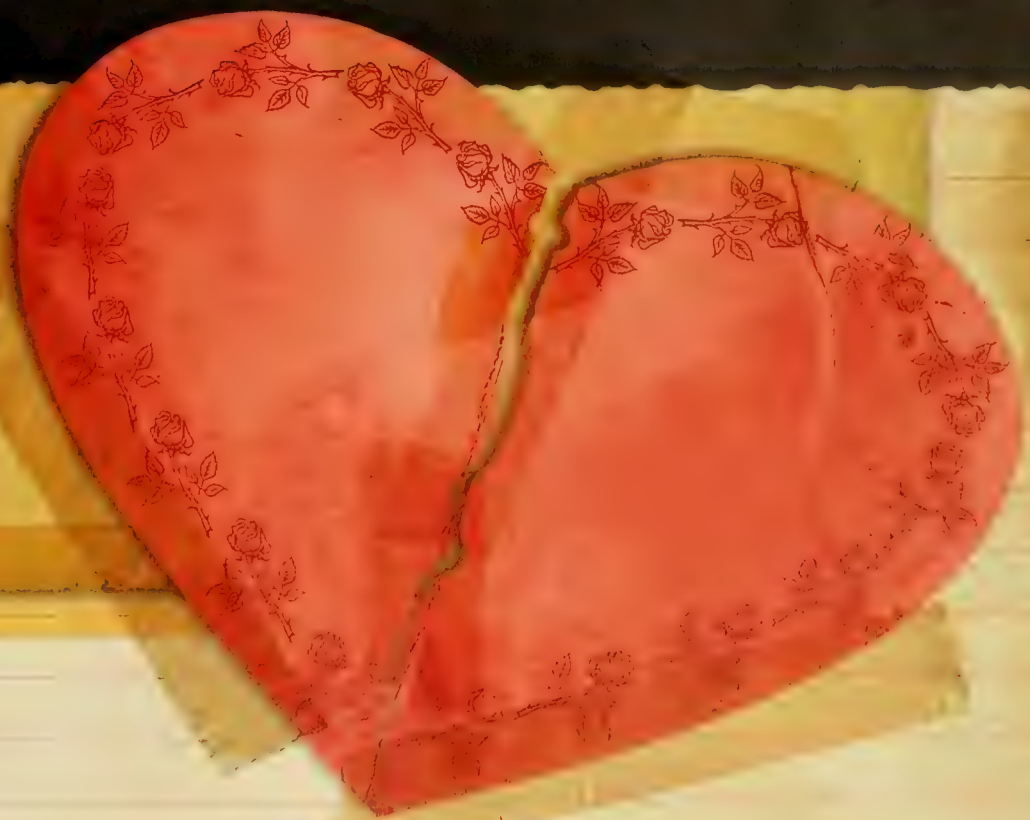


Cobain Mort i left the bay lifeless
 streetcar named Seebis
 beneath her
 the stars
 beneath her
 the sky
 and enter into
 the forest in the darkest part
 my ancestor was the core of discovery
 ya never hear of him

Shiva
 was he the Drunk in the knoch?
 was he the illiterate one?
 I come from the stock of the staff
 they say i drained yar gold
 they say i left yar silver

dear boy
 dear box of chocolates
 Tamper not yar pretty bones
 and sewn shut eyes
 fear not. the plague has passed
 the stone has no Tombs.
 sweet baby.







Celebrity Callers of the Day

- x Drew Barrymore - (Eric's GIRLFRIEND)
- x Cher (didn't take it)
- x Madonna. (oh my god.)
- * Chrissie Hynde but I was hiding in my bed.
- Ya don't Cant. neither does Michael S.
- and he called. it was so cool. has so good to me.
- have no clue why.

in three miles of bad road.
In his crush w/ eyeliner.

2 and I headed it the honey ashes into the willow. I hope it grows huge and we planted tons of poppies at the base of like the orange scarlet. Also if I can't find a bigger and since this is his tree w/dont it be only tree of jump poppies - 27 big purple opium poppies nice to plant we can suck it out and always be in love. It's so stressed and beautiful - 14 Gray stores "fortified" at little vampire having was exactly the and look! fell in love and Gothic the reason we irony - it all and such cruel

Collection University of Minnesota
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Today my Gordon and I transplanted a weeping willow. the people from the Japanese garden come by and asked. eashed over the present garden little banzai trees and tiny Japanese Maple. I note it, it's too precious. I mean POINTY and postmodern these boomers get even more disgusted to plant a jungle when they heard of my plans to plant a jungle

of Lilacs and tea down the horrible streets Ropes are horrible snobs they will only grow in soil that I only growing OTHER ROSES, they can't stand the company of any thing but their own specimen. and the tiny Japanese are even snoblier than the roses. exact type of plant. - and roses are strange the insanely beautiful hybrids don't breed at all and the gorgeous sexed hybrids don't smell or reproduce

but the ones that smell the best (grasse - rose Absolute, wilderstem - damask roses) are but ugly one whole section of the property is freely and a tree trunk and it's going to be completely bare / blue white from march til August if going to completely white, foaming right outside the bedroom

be - exploding white, foaming right outside the bedroom window, from the Dogwood and Magnolia and Apple blossoms down to the teeniest Muguet lily of the valley and Lovell Callahan. lilies, it's going to be Irisane the Jewel of the County (Clematis - Dylan's car!) I planted this weeping willow today and put his ashes in the roots







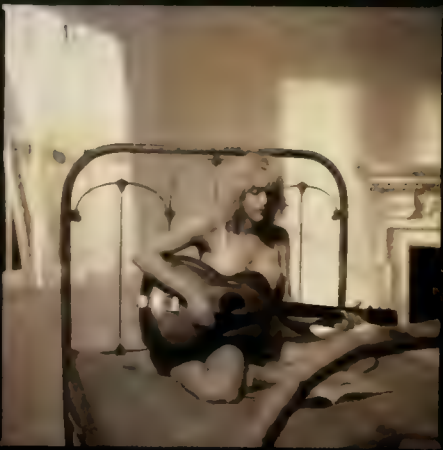
KODAK T1P 6048



50



KODAK T1P 6046



KODAK T1P 6048



KODAK T1P 6048



KODAK T1P 6048



48



KODAK T1P 6048



53



KODAK T1P 6048



52

I am Doll Parts

Doll Eyes
Doll Mouth

~~Doll~~ Doll Legs
A...

I am
Doll ARM
Blue veins
Dog Beg

yeah they really want you

they really want you they really do
yeah they really want you

x i do too.
x i want to be the girl w/ the most cake
he only loves those things because he loves to see them break
I fly to true i am beyond like. And someday you
I am Doll parts willache like leche

bad SKIN
Doll heart

♡ K stands for knife
for the rest of
my life.









NOV 14 1994

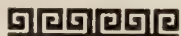
Hole

ALL

SATURDAY NIGHT



THE MARK



N E W Y O R K

*my Body the hand
Grenade.*

MADISON AVENUE AT EAST 77TH STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10021

TELEPHONE (212) 744-4300

FACSIMILE (212) 744-2749





Present!

Not a life lived.

Not a life lived.

Frances Grounds me
her beautiful funny gorgeous
spirit makes me cry.
her miniature body
is delightful her love
her atrocious maturity
her sparkling crackling
blue eyes
her fathers Absurdist theatre
her own sense of self
Frances is my life

Someday i hope to make her
so proud and so happy →
my honey girl
with Frances i am here
Right Now.

i dreamt of hemp.

Oh Frances grow lush and
Strong long limbed
Grow into presence and truth
Grow in the light
my darling girl, my darling
baby girl. ♡

i see you
you are Gods
own child ♡



Reasons to be Beautiful.

I don't want to go
"anymore
it's so dreamy and so dull

Squashed the blossom
dropped it on its head

Squashed the blossom
and the blossoms dead



10 good reasons to stay
10 good reasons I can't find

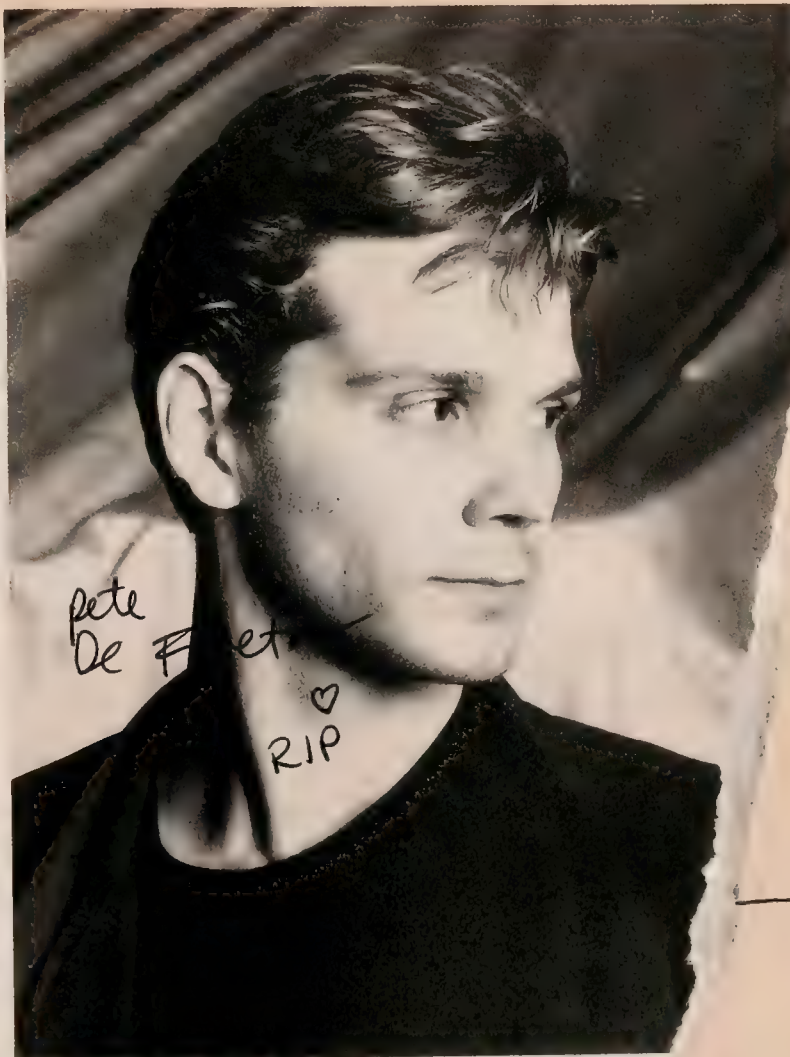
Chorus

Baby take it all the way
taste it anyway
then throw it up



Dec 97
15

Looking at pictures from Liverpool
How sad it makes me seeing this
old Bunnymen book.



Les started up the bass line, Will began playing a tinny and repe-
style guitar riff, and Ian McCulloch stared shortsightedly at a sh-
the lyrics on. The song was 'I Bogsy Yours', a primitive ve-
the small audience didn't realise was that this was
they intended to make it last. Fifteen minut-
the drum box off, and for ten second-
use.

to Les. "That was to-
tion. Oth

Sunset Marquis

its all disease
I cannot reach into that place so cold in you
So frozen with pain and with
being fucked.

I am looking out a window
Facing a Room of humiliations and degradations.
those cigarette burns
I know you wonder.....

i needle myself
i see a beautiful mysterious perfect Madonna
Standing next to Joan Jett in an Onides uniform.
Who gave birth to someone
who has affected me so so so profoundly
and what can I do

my eyes are locked in cages
my math is never in the right place
my heart is jumping from knees
to freezer

I can only kiss away your darkest day

I take it upon myself
I wish i want born deformed
I hate my past I hate the grotesque vulgarity
I am.

You shine a pure light into my soul
I see a path so ungettered
I have no second thoughts.
I am carving out Love as though i never knew
what is ours.

beyond Euphoria & craving & Lust
beyond Loyalty & that ultimate irony, honesty,
I want to build a Love that is God the Lion

DEFEAT

DEFEAT

DEFEAT

DEFEAT

get me. i always stand up survivor my dreaming Rockhard I reach to strangle my
the corner, i reach for my shame for my feet, everything reasonable finally
my
and

Dantask me what ~~one of~~ all

to do with your demons

Crash and burn

All the stars explode tonight
Oh its so pretty

~~stuck a pretty~~

All the lights lay down and died

under such heavy sedation
And in your grip I feel my end
I hope you get well soon
how'd you get so desperate

Slay the world with just one
Song

burned the fire from yr eyes
how'd you get so desperate
how'd you stay alive

~~there~~

Now we've
got poor Diana
w/ her hands
down her
throat

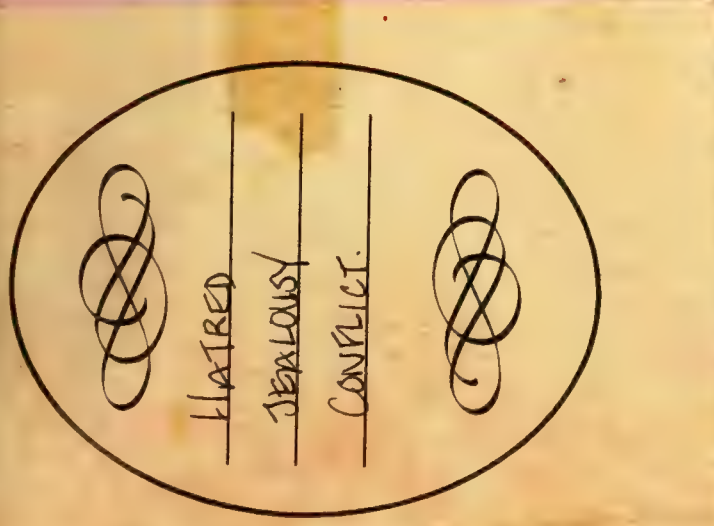
Foam of
a Scapegoat
in the FORM of a scapegoat

Burn the witch
with the broken back

If i was
a princess
i think
id just
Gloat



Diana has
scabs on
the sides of
her thumbs
and
potassium
stains
on her
teeth
and
Electrolyte
crin
blossoms
poor thing
Stamp you
hard off
Give it



Oh John
Skin
Skin

oh make me over
im all i wanna be
a walking study
in Demology



ere she comes yeah
somebody's daughter
in drink it up yeah
it's holy water

yeah now you really made it
so glad you have made it

oh look at my face my name
is might have been

old & help
my name is never was
(my names) forgotten

~~stepped on toes~~

hey now you really made it
so glad you could make it
theres only us left now



you better watch at
what you wish for
it better be worth it
or you could die for it

when i wake up in my make up
its too early for that dress
now im fading / ~~written & faded~~
somewhere in Hollywood





I Love; Frances, You, LA, New York, Seattle,
 Money. generating in come my hair blonde.

I Love being famous.
 I Fucking Enjoy it so much.
 Why do I have to explain that?
 Because noone else has it. Because its
 a fight. Because its psychicky charging.
 Hey, Because I get off on it.

I Love playing music;
 its the best thing ever. I give it what noone
 Else does and I feel so wired when
 someone is competing with me or pushing
 me; especially when its my own self.

Because it affords me the power to feel
 that I am worth something. In order to
 DO IT RIGHT I would renounce just
 about anything.

Gangsta Rap Gets Spanked in Congress

SPIN

COURTNEY LOVE COMES CLEAN

**On Axl Rose,
Eddie Vedder,
and Herself
By Dennis
Cooper**

**VANILLA
ICE**
Oh God,
He's Back



**COUNTING
CROWS**
Bland Guys
Finish First

**RADIO
CLASH**
The FCC vs.
Stephen Dunifer

**BLOOD
SPORT**
Kickboxing
By William T.
Vollmann

Plus:
Nine Inch Nails
John Waters
Tina Turner
Casper Van Dyke



MAY 1994 \$2.95
CAN \$3.50/UK £2.25

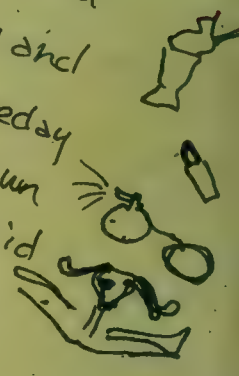
Linear thinking does not come naturally to me moreover it kills my imagination. Nothing happens. No hell reap no moment of

Here and Now.


No moment that says des.

Without those moments I am not alive. and so, rather than driving at a goal, I like so much better to go thru a spiral

i wald like to go back to school (Columbia) and study the ology and one hard science and will someday when my Victory garden is grown and i develop a fantastic hybrid Frances Edbain Rose fat as a baby ^{Farmer} artist and sundappled amber with tea rose climbing Qualities. F.C. roses are my goal of legacy (in keeping w/ Whitman and with Yeats). God bless you and Dr Bronner. Essene. Essene. one world.



Sunburst. = greenhouse providing real orchids to the Northwest. i went her on Cello. astronomer and NYU Graduate. on well she toddles with jay delight and perfection. she toddles with pink and lovely smell i only speak of this Love with K. but i am enjoyed for you. Bliss. God bless. Merry Merry. your formerly precocious and now just pretentious friend. in Soul.

Courtney  Joy you have

P.S. you will cry and cry. Joy you have never know. i promise. these are private







The makeup makes me

Oh baby pretty so polite
pretty pretty fight or flight

put on the makeup You've got stuff to sell
put on the makeup to cover up the hell.

and the ladies at the counter say

this perfume blows you away
this very color is of the hair
this little tube gives you infinite power

and the ladies at the counter yell

Get this bra! push up your hell!

lotion potion i can gleam

more like a well oiled machine

Gutter & Gleam As got to hide

all the Rot I hide inside -

because the makeup makes me - be



the winner keeps on trying
and I keep on trying —



Breathe in the fire
that destroyed the man
hell hath no fury like the Master plan
dangerous girls in bloom
coming into this room
naked on their face —

her finger on the trigger
the trigger of this world
you can shut up the lady
but you cannot stop the girl
her finger on the trigger
she's got her heart in
mind.

Will she ever find the right one
with her trigger heart this
time.



79 Gillian My brilliant career
 82 Seidelmann Smotherings
 86 Donna Deitch Desert hearts
 88 Penny - Big
 93 Campion wins for piano
 98 Lisa Cholodenko High art
 I still love Kind hearts & coronets. I love Alec Guinness, sexy.

August 18th

1999

Shes being so pretty that i've seen what they mean by Heavenly.



Shes so gorgeous. Shes so beautiful. & Shes mine!

Francis C. B. Bohan 11/20/99

Shoulders and good health
 like her
 genius complicated
 nutty memory.

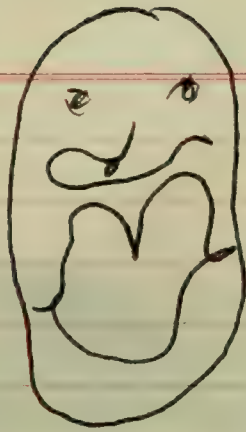


her MUMA'S ♡ was
 Tough to Everyone else
 in the world.
 MUMA said "let Em all
 get the hell away if
 they try to hurt my little
 girl"



There was a
 beautiful diamond
 eyed baby
 with crystal blue
 eyes like her
 beautiful daddy
 and strong →

DONT EVER



FULL

WITH ME

My little Girls the only
one in his world
Skin like a blue moon
Dancing on ^{Black} Pearls
my little Girls got Genes

DAUGHTER

She can whip your ass at anything & ~~she~~ ^{you} never be good enough.

She's fragile as glass
tougher than diamonds,

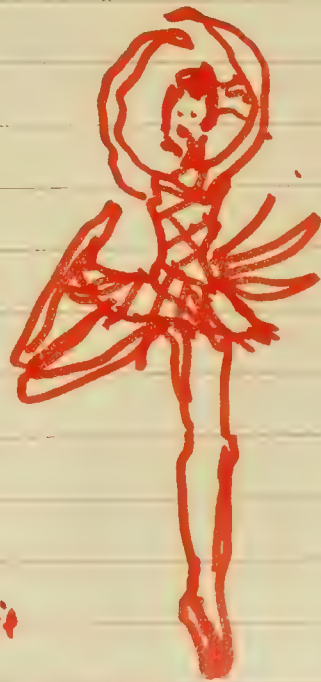
~~She's~~ She's wall to wall class,
~~issues~~ & rock n roll's Queen

i play the witch over & over
Im a great fighter
But Im the worlds greatest mother,
my little Girl is a Lion
with a touch that could raise the dead
Shes brilliant rare & she defines the word kind
She inhabits the Empathy
She inherited the wind. the clouds. the sky. the trees.
she inherited Eyes that see everything
but one day one of you will try to take her away
the beauty the eyes the money the name
my baby swim in the deep end of the pool
the pearls & rubies wont get to that Girl

She rides like Thunder stops on a dime
Dances the Super Plan fairy better than Ballanchine
Knows when an Earthquake's coming.
She Speaks wine the dead.
& her daddy is gone, I'll always be the fire
that surrounds the big hug she needs from anyone
would use her, my baby seen Cheryl blossom Rain.
& she feels way too much.
She feels your fucking pain.
I block your pain out.
your Creed & Stezy. I wish i was a prosecutor.
my speciality would be honor.
but my full time job is called.

Tell me what to do
Cos I'll do anything.
Tell me when I'm thru
Cos you'll do anything....

Nothing
you do is at it
seems
no part of
you will
Ever be
Clean.
Ever Ever
Ever be clean.



I've been driven to a perfume factory in Grasse.
If I don't make the greatest perfume I will have nothing
I walk through a field of Jasmine into the back
door of a house / factory. There's a huge room with every



to smell
incredible in
Glass vials. I
make a perfume
out of Neroli - Sand -

hummingbird
feathers -

Cognac

petrified wood Amber & Seahorse.
tracks the secret recipe and it's
impossible so I give up after
making smell after smell that
doesn't work.

I spot a harpsichord in the corner
dusty & old

Neroli. I have

I sit at it and begin to play.

I write a song called 'Many Lied'

its easy and delicate to write
it comes to me fast, and I can

play harpsichord very well.

all the cats in the house
come sit by
the harpsichord with me.

theres about 30 cats or more.

they all love the song.



**ple this Glitter thing
& just do it til it DIES...**



I look at the clock.
If I dont make ~~the~~ perfume soon
I will lose everything
my house, my love, etc.
by a miracle there is
a jar with ground up Seahorse
in it I sort of

slosh together Neroli-Seahorse and some bitter rare red
berry flowers. I smell it - the music has restored my
sense of smell. its not what I had in mind but I
realize it will do. I ~~put~~ the vial in my bra
and walk back out to the jasmine
field.

It's nothing to be proud of.
I wanted in and I wanted in bad.
Sometimes I'd think when the
Sub pop thing was happening

"Fuck it. I'm going to West
Sisset Blvd Clean. Me. I'm
going to find the four best
female players on Earth under
25 and fuck shit up
and stay RIGHT HERE in
LA like the peppers or stars
do and watch the hairbands
go.

Hairbands and Numetal by
the exact same thing

Even in Juvenile hall in Eugene
I'd seen the back of Nancy Wilson's
Fender Flashlights as heart who
were 2 women basically one
who played Page Leads in Kinky
boot I could see Everything.
in Artzen Stadium.

? the Month before Robert "Chris"
Zane had been there filming
"Personal Best" and people kept
yelling "Check the gate"
and "Action" and I started
"Personal Best" at my window.

So it hadn't been so bad for me.
But I had to conform just as much
as Kurt and I had to play ball
just the same.

the only thing I had was cool hair
and better lyrics than anybody
else. And a really bad Reputation.

the only thing he had was genius.
and he was beautiful. and he
could play a guitar just like
Kinging a bell.

and so the ~~articles~~ the
rich assholes who were
removing everything now let us
both in.

you could be Brad Pitt and Julia Roberts
put together and if still is not as
powerful as Beautiful music.

Being a film actor is cool.

Specially if you are a guy filmmaker like
Edward or Russell Crowe.

They usually get to Fickerson.

It's called being a "leading character"
like Robert DeNiro.

Art is still nowhere as powerful as
singing these Beautiful songs

Everybody a certain age remembers
where they were the first time they
heard ten spin it on the radio.

It was the opposite feeling of the

Some people three years later hearing
that my husband had shot himself
in the head with a shotgun.

and so the Power kept brought
to everyone around him was so

powerful, but that himself was
very quiet to others. he didn't

want people to know him. and when
we started to go out we knew we were

in love when one night maybe the

third night we crossed that little
bridge by the Beverly Gardens Hotel

in the alley, and he said "I wish

I was more like you" and he

meant it and I looked at him
& thought about the fact that he

really broke Chad's drums almost
every night. He was not conservative

like me and I said "I wish I was
more like you" and I really meant it





June 30, 2002.

MARC JACOBS

Dear Courtney,

I am equally touched and moved by both the beautiful gift, and the kind note you sent me.

I will always keep this extraordinary, personal gift to myself - private!, as you said. It will never be shared with anyone else - I give you my word that I will not betray your address and your

generosity, in any way - ever.

You mentioned that I have always been sweet and funny to you - That has been easy for me as I have always been awestruck by your style, your intelligence and your talent.

I guess now, I feel completely blown away by your sensitivity as well.

Again, Thank you very much,
With all my love,
Marc.









NASHVILLE
MAY 99



HOUSTON THEATRE
MAY 9.99



Blue tube skirt
Blue Suede top. CINC.

* EXAMPLES OF SHOW LOOKS.
FROM VARIOUS VENUES.

Sounds leather
hand ripped by
US

Love r



PORTLAND

~~Wrong Coat.~~
This is Jill Sander.

Alessandro
in Washington

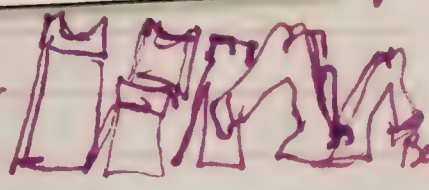


one dress left
Alessandro

Alessandro
Sheer bright
Red chignon
Del Acqua
Core to
Also Core me
Beige knit

Green 2 piece
frieckish wool
Beige sweater
my fabric is
Beige Dress

3 pieces
with hand







ok I give in
will you leave me alone
If I say nothing
with the truth it may be hell down there
but its heaven up here

She walks by on a stick, she looks so ~~fat~~^{soul} sick
I cant drive I cant drive
'b the kindness of strangers that keeps me
alive

and i see the desert once
grown into a film dont ask me Im a Gilded

whore of the realm

the porno burns
into the sweet

a hole

tooth You call your soul

and In the night we all
stay home
except for us who are
never alone



**Oh I'm PREACHING!
I'm PREACHIN!!
TOO BAD I'M NOT GOING TO HEAVEN!!**



Gun
~~Club~~ club for Girls
Shelragig

virus of wilkening

We have a virus.
It's a strain lain dormant
for thousands of years - for ever
it pokes up now & again
& through the prism of a
hundred thousand - refracted
beams of poisonous lights
is distorted & twisted
to be something that it is not.
It gets slandered, it gets shattered
punished burned at the stake
drowned and made a humiliating
example of - over and over
again.

The "Virus" will 'ruin' our society
the 'Virus' will certainly cause
Change within our society

and that will not do.....
This is the virus of Queens, of Divas,
of Prima Donnas, of Amazons,
of Hillary. of the Matriarchy.
Proud, Graceful, full of power.
This is the "Virus" that tells me
deep in my brainstem that I
can be whatever it is that I want to be.
the 'Virus' that never understood

growing up why there weren't female
baseball teams or potogamists
worth their salt in comic books or
Video Games of my Gender.

The intention to gain ~~de~~ a straight up,
Square, linear objective such as
writing a record, writing a poem,
getting involved in my Community
getting involved in femmeniste
causes, even something simple
such as attending to the
Everyday Common Conceptual
art of Celebrity

always seems to get perverted
twisted distorted.

I see my words in Interviews and
SO rarely are those words what
I said, how I said it, what I
meant.

I look on Interviews as a way
of sharing information, particularly
of womens magazine interviews,

a way of saying look at this
cool thing I found & because

I'm always searching for cool things
to make me a better, happier

(person) and it generally seems to
come out all wrong, twisted
the rebel grml / the weird
sister. There she goes.

and there is certainly some of
that rebel & weird in who
I am and what I do

But we all have the virus,
we all have the Secret Amazon
virus in us. That much I know
for sure ^{women}
Some ~~people~~ treat their
Celebrity with a solemnity best
saved for funerals. This can be valid
if one uses it nonstop (as W. Ryder)

for good causes.
I can't take it too seriously no

matter how hard it is.
Because hummer one, it doesn't
have much to do with my art.

If I work and apply what
many people have described as
a Calvinist work ethic and I
pay attention to my spirit
and the purity of what I'm doing,
my music, my writing, my acting,
new producing

Those things will come out well.
Those things will not be cheap or
haphazard or "pop" - I don't do
pop, I just don't know how.

But Celebrity is Cheap.

I hate to breed it to everyone as
it is, for sure a billion(\$) dollar
Industry on some level, but what is
it? Taking lots of pictures and

using the media as a way of
selling your products, and in the
meantime getting projected on by
thousands or millions of people.

There's only one thing to do with it.
Spread the virus.

Get Everywhere I try, in economy
magazines in any case,
My words get distorted and poisoned.
I think a plague of Editor's

have assigned me honorary bad
girl the same way they've assigned, say,
Meg Ryan Miss Spunkygirl,
I have seen Ms. Ryan Eyes in
a trance in mismatched socks and
a Cool mans suit standing on
the side of a stage in Central park
watching Patti Smith and mourning



Every Single lyric (Patti Smith
being someone who has the virus,
lives the virus, and can be used
as a touchstone for anyone
of us that needs to access the
virus)

A REAL GIRL ROCKSTAR

1. is glamorous
 2. starts trends
 3. makes entrances & Exits that are Blb.
 4. has a twinkle of Fun in the eye.
 5. has a twinkle of Evil in the eye
 6. has listened to patty smiths
"PISS FACTORY" many many times
- Starts a hairdo.
- Is nice to all crew.
(or your auto bitten)



a POISED franky with eye contact.



MOVIES TO WATCH BEFORE YOU DECIDE

1. Times Square X Genius
2. PERFORMANCE X both mick & andi name will not be that cool again
3. DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN
4. Clueless. (this is your school Baby. but yes you get a person)
5. Rivers Edge.
6. Almost Famous Dootlag (Extra Sensu)
1 & 2 are totally vital
7. Meg Ryan's Clothes in 'The Doors' (She sucks it socks but betty did annoy clothes)
8. Cocteau's 'Beck & Le Beast' (French but insanely beautiful clothes & image)



7 needs are of Girls who are going to be famous.
Good poets & are

- 1 Survival
- 2 Safety Security
- 3 the need to understand
- 4 the need to be Right
- 5 the need for Glory & Adoration
6. the need for Power
7. the need to Gifts you

Clute me
L8 Confidential
didn't want to do hookers, Crazy girls
too young for Nicholson second
business to learn!
and use them Girl interrupted
Matrix Good as it gets

Black Guitars is #3

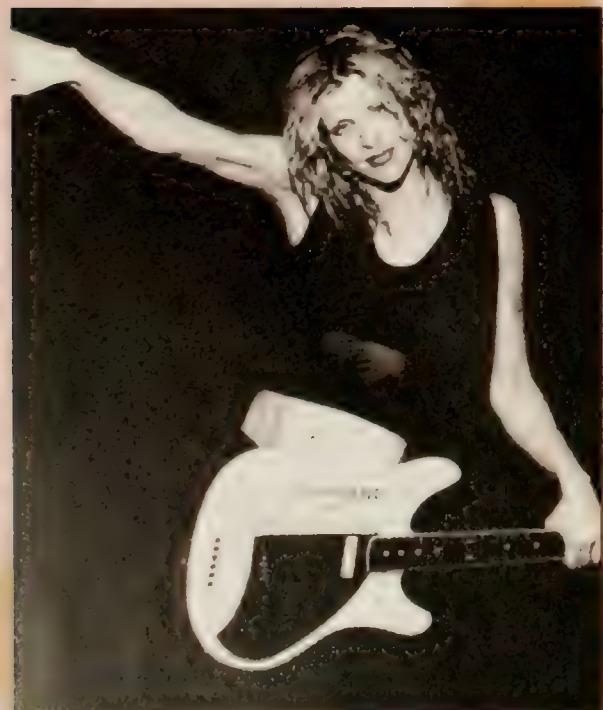
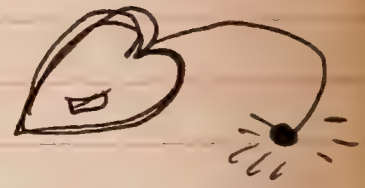
- 1 Kiss Kiss
- 2. Bang Bang
- 3. Cash slash BANG OOPS!



heart
 Exploding
 Black/silver &
 w/ red guitar

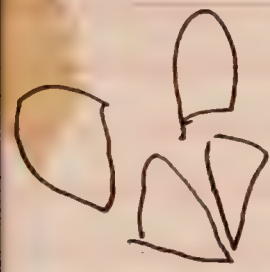


Kitty with a lit match.



VBerndt? or someone way better
 back on 2) there thing i saw
 sucked so

CALL JOE MAMA!
 & give VB another shot



this should be a big
 old exploding
 heart.

FOR MEN ONLY

Featuring
FAYE MONDE

YOU QUINNY TO SEE HER BOK
MAMA'S WELL HAS DONE GONE D
WHERE CAN I FIND A CHERRY
FOR MY BANANA SPLIT?
IF YOU DANT CONTROL YOUR MAN
BLOW UP PAPA
IT WAS HARD WHEN I KISSED HER GOODBYE
MEAT MAN PETS
I AINT YOUR REN BISTER PLY ROOKIE
MY DADDY DONT DO NOTHIN' BAD
M.A. STATIONARY WOMAN LOOKIN'
FOR A PERMANENT MAN
WHAT'S YOUR PRICE
BOTH HAVE A MAN OR BE LONE



Cherry bombs

heart bomb



MASON SCALES

b

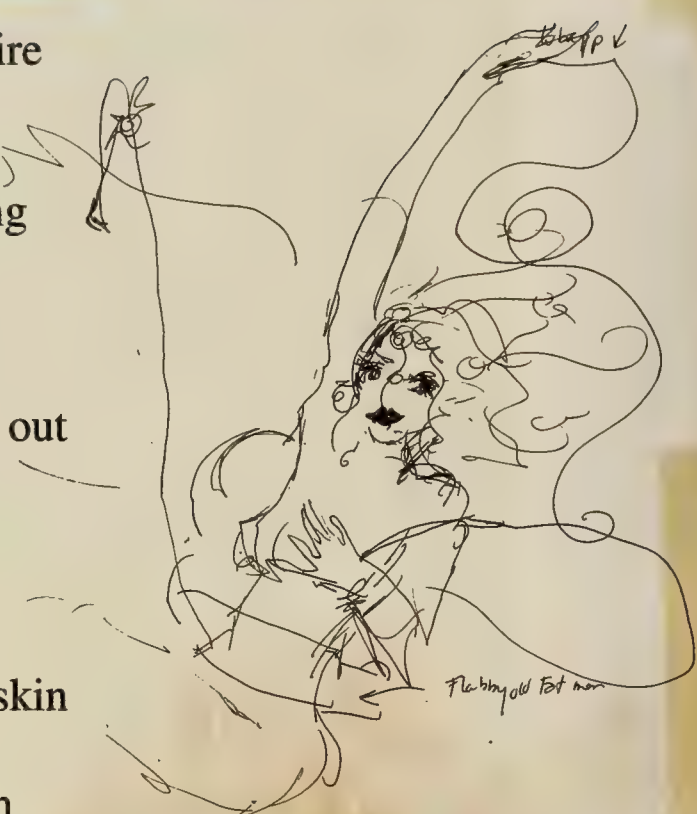
1. GOVERNED BY 4th
2. FLAT THE 4th
3. RETAIN THE FLATS

0	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
ROOT	WS	WS	HS	WS	WS	WS	WS	HS
1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	OCTAVE

1	F	G	A	B ^b	C	D	E	F ^b
2	B ^b	C	D	E ^b	F	G	A	B ^b
3	E ^b	F	G	A ^b	B ^b	C	D	E ^b
4	A ^b	B ^b	C	D ^b	E ^b	F	G	A ^b
5	D ^b	E ^b	F	G ^b	A ^b	B ^b	C	D ^b
6	G ^b	A ^b	B ^b	C ^b	D ^b	E ^b	F	G ^b
7	C ^b	D ^b	E ^b	F ^b	G ^b	A ^b	B ^b	C ^b

Run away your heads on fire
Can't tell the difference
Between hate and desire
Everything went all fucking
Wrong chaos reigns in
This bed, where I'm alone

Fuck you up won't get me out
Wash that stain
Under your skin
Can't wash that really
Nothing to wash it in yeah
Twist that rag under your skin
Can't help yourself
You gonna rub me in, yeah



if then well do it Again
if you deny it wall you
friends.

I have to come to the End
I have to come Revenge

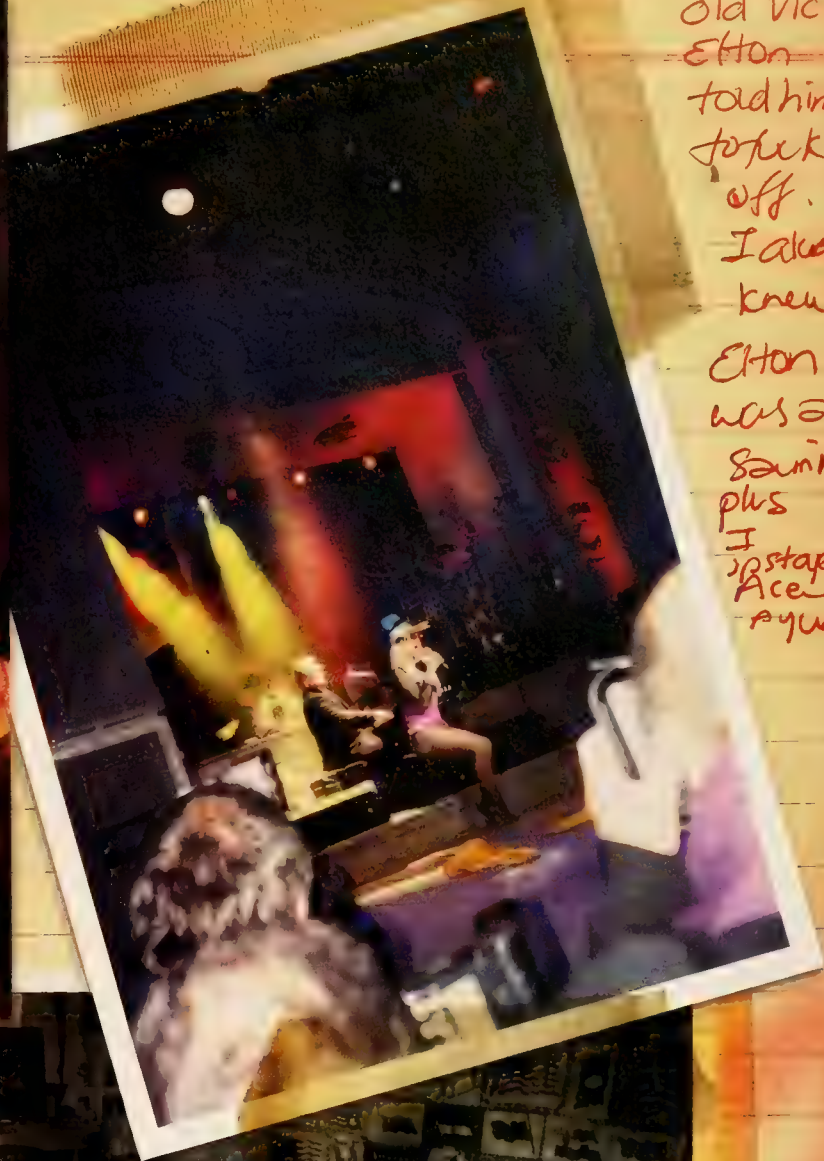
DO IT AGAIN BP

REVENGE

leave me

All my love is in vain
Can't abide by this pain
All my love's been blood
Don't have enough
Can't mend broken heart
House has fell apart

Spacey tried to get me booted from the old vic. Elton told him to get off. I always knew Elton was a saint. plus I stayed Acey Judy



me & milos in bed. I LOVE YOU MILOS FORMAN!

Ribcose fabric

less length
is front
more
behind



But a funny
Girdle
from
hell



See





People die in New York

Im shattered

So im always right

and thru

the CRACK

Can you see my light?

if you can

Then maybe im

Crazy as they say

Stoned & dying Blind

& crawling up your legs


like a fuck-me vine

People die in New York.

alone.

in the night.



But i want to have the best ass  as i

Grind Glass

and the moment has



less than 14 hours peering
a Bitchy Stewardess from Bransons Arrive
had me ARRESTED. Richard, a very sweet man
is apologising.

writing is an intimacy i dont like. i feel forced into it.
you can now see my mind working. you think you know me. ^{you can} then
imagining i can make the revolution simply by changing
my own life

the jihad
the mother of all
violate me more with your "knowledge" of my mind / heart.

In a patriarchal society men identify
themselves with culture and women w/ nature and
the body

i am a Public figure unhappy with my share
of the American dream. There can only be one
reason for this. I am on drugs and have the
morals and mentality of a cartoon characters.
what did i want after all?? If i wanted
certain things, like respect and privacy i should have
put out certain universal female symbols like chastity
and ethereal modestness, like making nice with
Daddy like standard issue demure sullen chic.
in a Caste hierarchy we are comforted by the idea of
one "marrying" up." us girls can use our wits, looks or
dumb luck to get us out of the concil flat / waitress job and
get us rolling around on tightly threaded Italian linen.

.Demonization.

Oct 10m

we all get olde. we all fade away.
our lights all get dim. we all look
our doors. we all get Greedy.

We all hie behind a collective
Moral mediocrity. I want ^{the} goodness
Inside of me to shine. INFRASTRUCTURE! NOW!

THIS IS A GAMBLERS GAME.

WATCHED "DIG!" AGAIN

1. TO "ONJI": TO PASSIVELY STAND BY & NOT
HELP A DYING human being

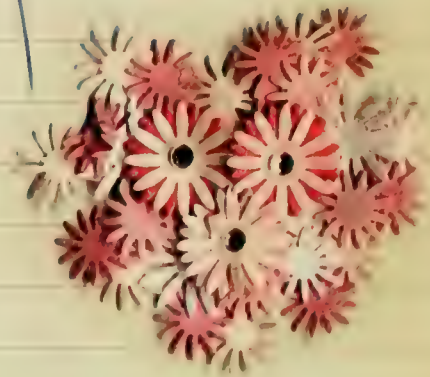
2. I think I hate rock n roll

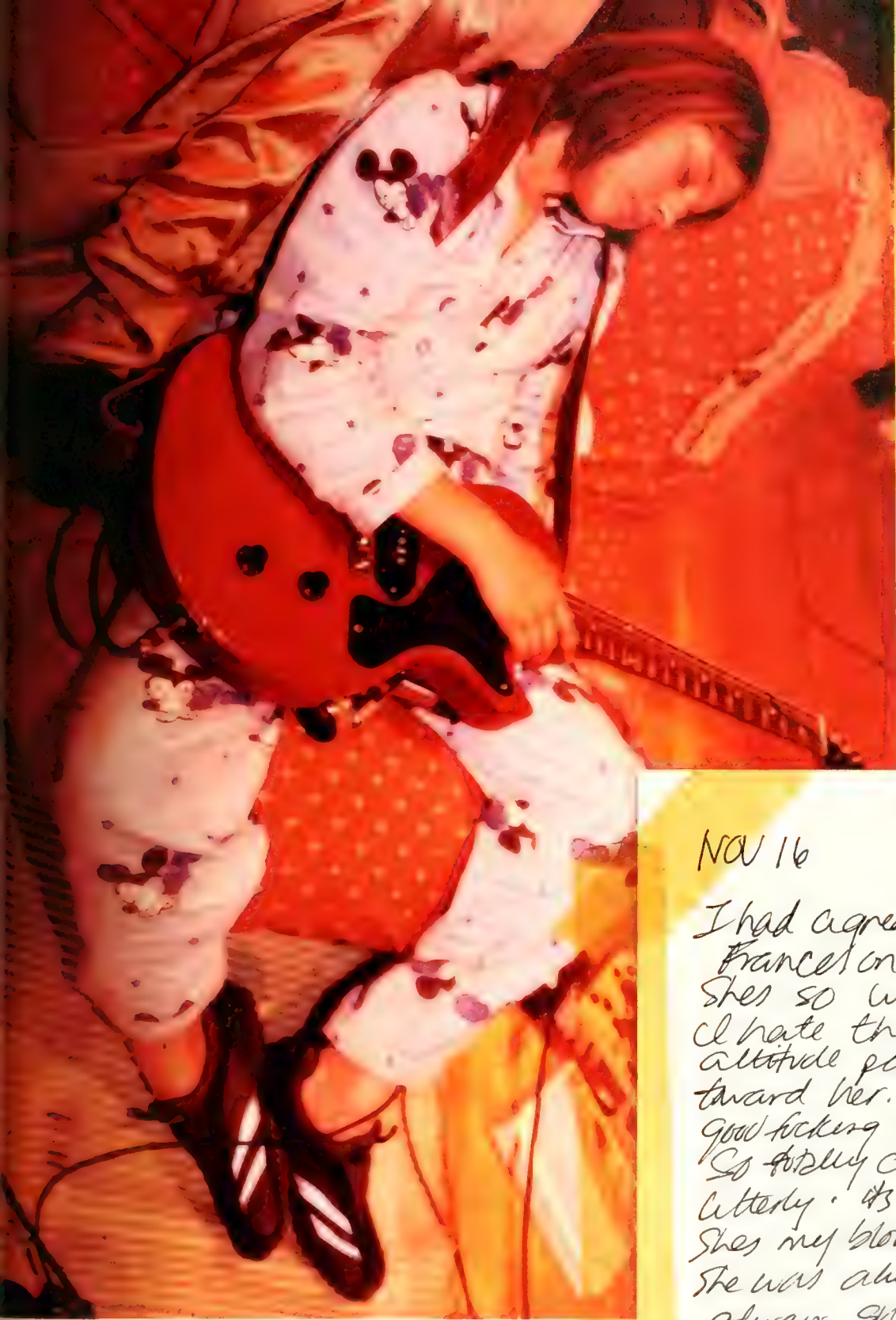
3. one more stand - sexy sexy arming
monkey. make it real.

make it right.
toast it to myself.

have fun baby. xxx

they have stripped me of my
of my lifeblood
they have taken from me everything





NOV 16

I had a great talk with
Frances on the phone.
She's so wanted by me.
I hate the patronizing
attitude people have
toward her. She does too.
Good fucking luck. I love her
So ~~totally~~ completely &
utterly. It's total effiece.
She's my blood & my lifeline.
She was always a golden child.
always snuggled & loved up
& wanted. I guess this is
the middle passage of my life
she got really upset when I let
myself go. So did I. who didn't.



Dear old like my Grandmother
died
Broke rockstar to
become worlds !!!
Richest woman...

Broke Rockstar to become
Worlds Richest woman.....

as a consequence of
Never receiving any
love from my mother.

as a consequence of
my Grandmother's
its flow.

Big Glamorous trip happened
to me.

Big Glamorous trip happened
to my baby doll little bear.

E I wanted you
like none else before
said you coming back for me
money

~~This is how troubles born~~
money

This is how ~~troubles born~~
hell forms

This is how a storm begins

This is how troubles born

Listen to how she screams

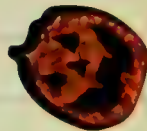
Listen to her wail

You're given birth to terrible things

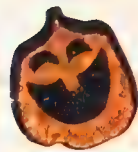
now watch from unweild

So I sing the blues

I sing them to me



listen to her twist
listen to her snake



put the shackles on a little tighter

now you say too late

listen to my torment

listen to my pain

please come on back here

let me try again

of the rain it came down

of the wind it moaned

ashes wrapped in rags so elegant

she's got no home

it's spectacular

to watch her fall so hard

when you stab her

can you hear me crying

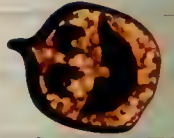
you can stab her with the hammer
you sharpen that knife





Oh baby stop settle harder
we've got the rest of my life

The devil
made



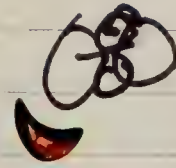
Na Na Na Na Na

~~now got a knife~~

you devil
heart
you don't
do it

Na Na Na Na Na

★ I've got all night



I've lost my mind

I've lost control

I've lost the feeling in my arm

I'm a lost soul

Make the most of me

Don't spit me out

This is how dirty Brits get clean

Don't leave me now

Café C D A f e m
and she's looking at me
and he looks real dumb

any one you staring
this is how its done
this is how it screams
this is how it stretches
like a million anaplasthes
on all of your bitches

the night
comes hauling
lonely stars
fall down
not a drop of
mercy in this
whole dry town.
I still want him
his got what I need
This is how by dirty girls get clean

~~listen~~ listen to her lust
hear her disgrace
listen to the fragile things
as they all break
watch from the comfort
the comfort of your home
listen to her shame come up screaming
listen to her moan

what
its an angry
star
on your devil heart
Runs you
Remain of
@em

diaries published. I want my
poetry & lyrics published. I dont
want my gobblegook nonsense
"Romantic" Catholicism unstable
leaving published.

I feel so lonely. after my
trials and what have been
through. I feel so aching opening
lonely; no I do not want my



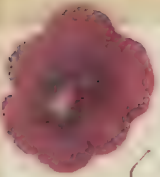
people want to do movies

So badly because each part
changes the soul. That's the
Secret. It's not the same part.
That's addiction. It's the harmonic
of changing who you are at a
soul level. you evolve towards
enlightenment faster. It's why
experienced film stars are more
enlightened light eyed they're

Moved through character after
Character I been filmed thru
35 saved man doing it
it has changed them.
I want my growth back
want to be changed again
It's May i'll be 40 to 50 years!





 I feel ready for a brand
new life now. I've scrubbed
clean the mud & rags of
2000-01-02-03-04 & 05. Five years
of hell. Everything runs in 7 year
cycles. well I'm definitely out of
my darkest now.

What We did to me
at the Sunset Marquis
When We left me
in such a state
with no warning
about the people at my gates
When I fell right in
like a stupid girl
When I slipped & fell & was gone
down on my back
down at the heels
Oh baby you are not the only one
all my secrets come & go
at the Chateau
but for privacy for my reality
I hide behind the walls of the
Sunset Marquis

& for Every bad ending
there was a spectacular beginning
believe me

don't you bother me
I have my privacy
In my own world at the
Sunset Marquis
I can trash my room
I can hit the floor
and they will just take care of me
I can spend Christmas alone
at the Sunset Marquis
and I've been there all my life
don't come here to fuck with me
it's the only home that I know
I'm gonna hide behind the
gates of the Marquis

an old diary of ^{NOV 31 2005} mine from my ^{NOV 31 2005}
lone affair (marriage surfaced at
Sanctuary today. I read it. I miss
being loved by a husband very much
by my husband there were pictures of
Kurt in there. and pictures from
the nightmare Vanity Fair photo
shoot which ruined my life back then.
pictures of Kurt walking with Corbin
Boroughs. I really miss him.

Follow me down to the Sunset
 Marquis, Gamble it all & lose it on me
 & whose sorry now. I'm sorry now
 Inside my room at the Sunset Marquis
 We can play rotten neighbours
 from local families
 whose yard daddy now?
 Wheres your daddy now?
 Inside the walls of the Sunset Marquis
 We can do all the things
 that noone believes
 people like us do.
 heres looking at you.
 I can tell that we are never
 going to be friends I can tell that
 this is going to have a bad end
 I dont know who in here to believe
 I'll just be thankful if I'm breathing
 when you leave.

Follow me back to the Sunset Marquis
 lock all the doors
 I've got something you need
 Oh baby you can move.
 You can light up a room
 & the lights gone obscene
 But ~~you~~ looked real to me
 Follow me down to my walking
 Shame
 My dirty little secret has a dirty
 little name
 & the hookers got loud
 But dont tell them now
 Follow me back to the Sunset Marquis
 Play rich n famous n bad rap
 Is that what you want?
 So insouciant.
 Inside the walls of the Sunset Marquis
 I'll never tell no it will die with me
 Oh the things I have seen not
 will die with me
 Follow me back to the Sunset Marquis
 We can play rich n famous & live normally
 I'll be at the bar after you go

Wont you
 Follow me
 back to the
 Sunset Marquis
 We can do all
 the things that
 noone believes
 that people like us
 do
 heres looking at you

Wont you
 Follow me
 back to the
 Sunset Marquis
 We can do all
 the things that
 noone believes
 that people like us
 do
 heres looking at you

Wont you
 Follow me
 back to the
 Sunset Marquis
 We can do all
 the things that
 noone believes
 that people like us
 do
 heres looking at you

È i can tell that were
here gonna be friends
È i can tell that this
is gonna be a best friend



The Protection of men

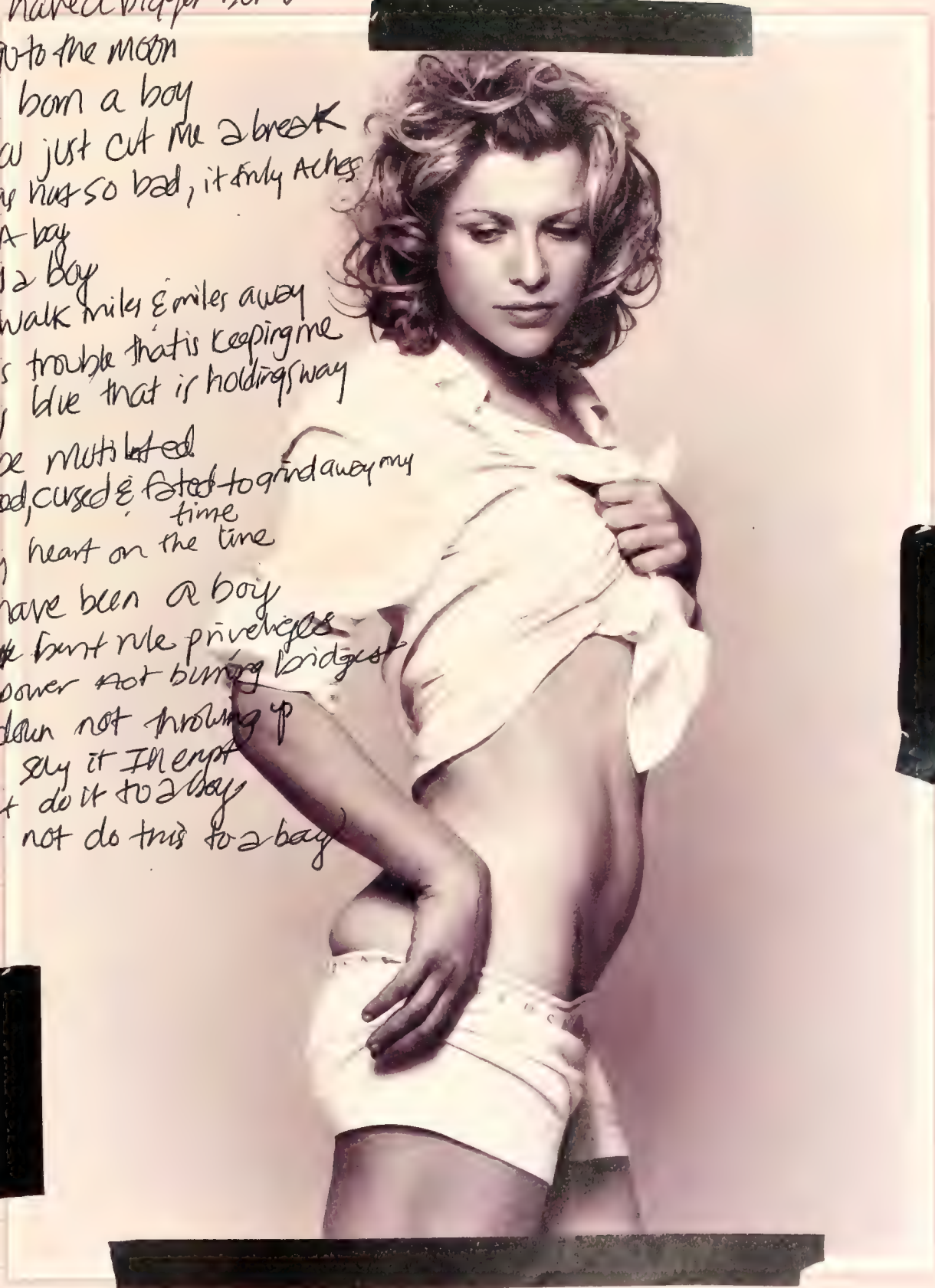
Within
my lifespan
I never believed, would need
the protection of men -
Cut me, bend me, shape me and
I don't need the
protection of men.

within my wingspan
I don't need the
protection of men
don't stand for me
I don't stand for you.
I will defy you -
even if it means I am
through

Through the finish to the End
How did it end up with the protection of men



If I was a boy
could i get a bigger room
could i have a bigger bomb
could i go to the moon
if i was born a boy
would you just cut me a break
would this hurt so bad, it truly aches
if i was a boy
if i was a boy
could i walk miles & miles away
from this trouble that is keeping me
from this blue that is holding me
would i be mutilated
humiliated, cursed & fated to grind away my
time
with my heart on the line
should have been a boy
all that front row privileges
building power not burning bridges
throwing down not throwing up
if i dont say it ill cry
you wouldnt do it to a boy
you would not do this to a boy



I have remembered a man
& I just don't understand this

you say ~~me~~ you love me more than words
you say you love me more than her
I will have you. & I know you
want me. Somewhere deep within
my bedroom walls are coming down
& everyone can see as now

my bedroom walls are so thin
Can you see me wait for him
my bedroom walls are all in ruins
You have come & ransacked my path
My bedroom walls have come to rot
You have everything I've got

If I need more than my share
It's because I really care
childhood friend & oversized
Baby what did you expect

Why do I love
this man. he's the first one I've loved
Kurt style. he reminds me of Kurt in so many ways.
And I had to chase Kurt for 2.5 years.
I think... despite everyone's loathing"
him. he is Golden
worth the pain.

Did i bend the rules
Did i shake it up for you
Did i change it all around
Did i break the frame

I want to know how did i rate
What did i mean
is this the way
Dirty Girls Get Clean?



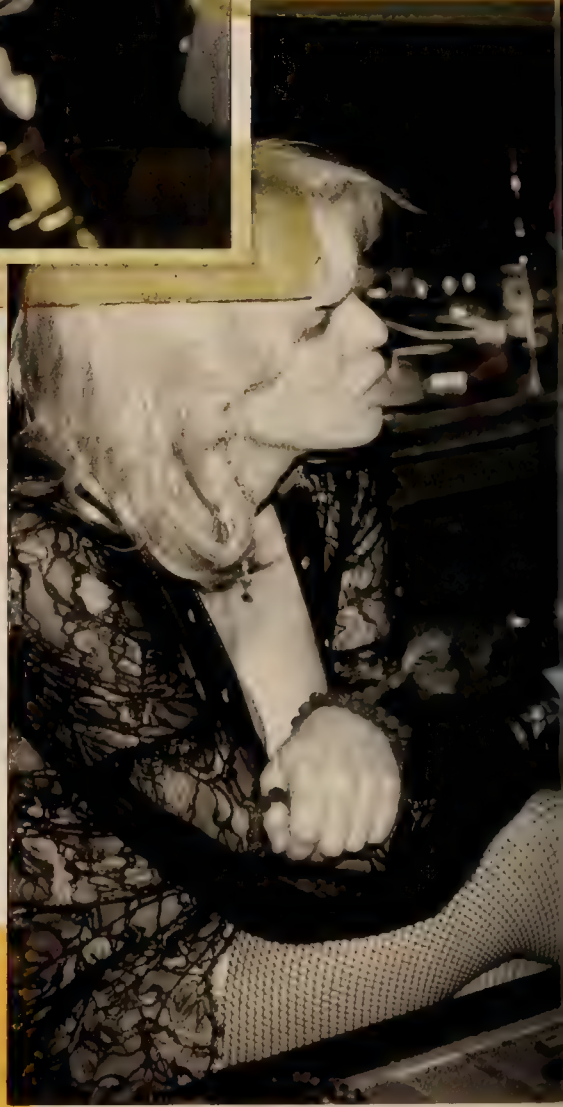
Do i scrub up nice
is it worth the sacrifice

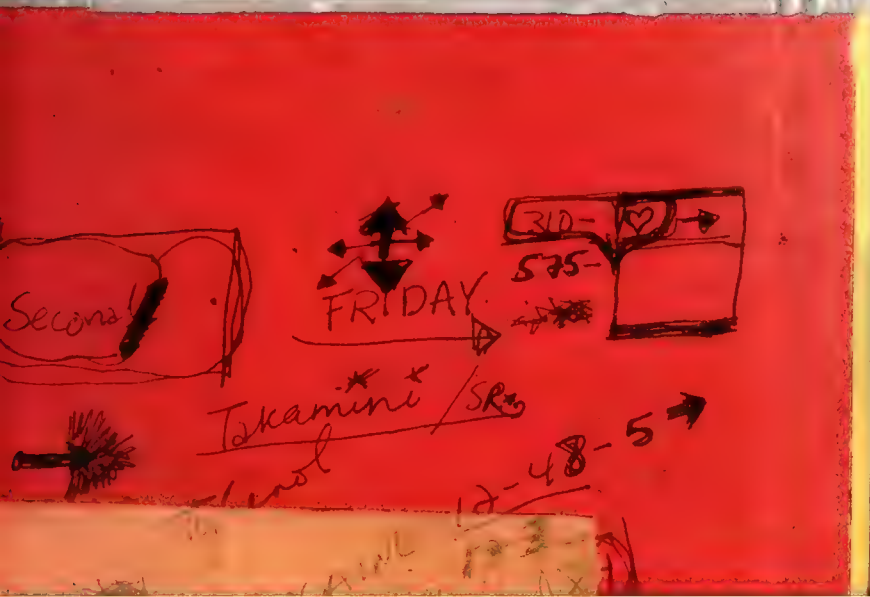


The Angel
10202 N. Wash. / m
10202 N. Wash. / m

Nov 22

I just returned from the Village Recorder. Last night with Corqan. I love him so much. he takes good care of me. we wrote 7 songs and he was incredibly supportive. we recalibrated, reframed, and really got in deep.





I dont understand this
 Concept of publishing
 my diaries
 Althogh i didnt
 mind publishing has
 had become so fucking obnoxious
 I just stopped caring what people
 thought, now i do. i wish i
 could take it back. But
 I cant. and on
 and on and on
 ya dirty blonde.



Dec 24th -
 Im awaiting some feedback
 from anthropologie. I bought Free album.
 and from Tiffany = i got her
 a key necklace and some beautiful
 jewelry. diamonds. platinum. o
 shes a real little girl she
 very happy to see the Tiffany bracelet
 believe for me. just that beautiful
 Tiffany have. i could paint a room
 Tiffany blue. i could paint the town
 Tiffany blue.

Anne Sexton's ironical sense that she was better off than the public who considered her crazy offers a design for anyone like me.

I have to MAKE MY OWN WORLD

Instead of succumbing to the one that presses on me. I have to turn the tables on the lie which tries to appear as fact & the full weight of the DA's office

Against all odds I must keep my wits about me and refuse to surrender to anyone or anything less than divine.

I must be faithful to the mystery taking place in my heart - rather than ANY system which would try whatever the motive to disempower me. to own me. The strategy of eccentricity

I felt hurt tonight when i was Chanting. all up in my heart. ~~and~~

Genuine Grief. Clean Grief not mixed In with anything. you know that guy was so sophisticated & witty. I know wed still be together despite my doubts. he could hang, justin that sort of compatibility comes once In a



blue moon. I genuinely deeply miss him & wherever he is he knows it it burns me up that im a "widow". i hate the word. and i hate how what they has done to my beautiful daughter - hardened her edges even more than i have her soft & blurry beautiful bumpy clumsy edges. oh Frances bean you are the Queen & your daddy was a prince russia

Risk unmanaged why
 is the most spender
 Rock n roll nigger recorded rock n roll music.
 song in the canon of heterosexual
 of the JT bray Hoer suggests
 woman ~~can~~ cannot make it on their own.
 They must pretend to be something that
 they are not. Even a westered transgendered
 former Aids riddled street hustler protected
 by a network of gay mafia is preferable to
 being a semi educated straight female. catch is
 a third the reason Rock n roll nigger
 aspires to true religious greatness
 a straight woman with no predilection
 no support system no paradigm grabbing
 at imagery as though it were her last day
 on earth. ~~the~~ socially appropriate. the usage of
 the screech "nigger" is a blandishment to
 patli is making or socially appropriate to fuck
 you very much if you don't agree or understand.
 as old as this song gets it never fails
 to put me in a frame.

I've watched over ever as people squirm at the lyrics of nigger in song.

It's not about love..... most of my songs are.
 the ones that are not aspire to be cocky like
 this. it cannot be topped. not for time,
 there will never be 1977 ever again. not for
 bravery. there will never be pre patli Smith.
 pre hip hop. not for original thought. There will
 never be an opportunity to dare people to
 think one a racist when one is so obviously
 not. not for literacy. showing some of the
 best poetic imagery into an incredibly nuanced
 rock n roll song and pulling it off. There is
 done twice in a generation or five. There is
 nothing to do with this song but stand back
 in awe and know you've been hustled,
 beaten, ass kicked and that you are in
 witness to a true religious experience.
 its risk. pure adrenaline chemic risk.
 there is zero refuge in this song.
 no cock is coming out at the end of
 comfort you with its stability and heterogeneity
 boringness. you are transported to a stretch
 dampening wilderness of pre punk pre post punk
 pre rock n roll line enter nonsense "ethos" spouting
 nonsense. If you cant cry upon hearing this song then
 do not count yourself among the wild hearted
 young americans. Shine on. shine on.

I read JT Leary's "Hacker" piece
in the New Yorker in absolute horror.
I feel like the ceiling fell in. What a
bitch. All those hours on the phone
with her, all that investment of my
time, all that breathless nonsense.
I went off JT 2-3 years ago, to the point
of allergen. A real chemie phobia
developed. Neil asked me to write a
piece for a rock n roll book, but when
I saw JT had had a complete taste
tapse & devoted God knows 10,000 words
or something to Dave Grohl, I felt it was
such a disconnect that the meditation I
wanted to do on a sacrament of
rock music such as "Rock n Roll Abigger"
(Pattis) would be wasted. Should've
shown that tasteless idiot — who cannot
BUY her credibility or a new paradigm

1. ultimate
p. Smith
Shirts, etc



You were beautiful
You were glorious
now you are covered in love dust
You were fabulous

You were gorgeous
now you are covered in love dust
all the things I'm about
to crush

All the things I used to trust
your youth is gone, it's turned to rust
it's all covered in love dust

na nana you going down for
chachacha what you done - pray
you going down for your lover
dust





they think were evil dumb & tozy
oversized loudmouthed & crazy
They think wed marry them for money
if we could
& the Silly cunts among us really would
we are represented by the small
& the big among us fall
into chains and into manlings by aroun
and they know this from the start
& it breaks just breaks my heart
they think that in the end it isnt
us that really rules the world
thats where they are deluded
because in this dark age precluded
as we are
from living proper lifes and being
forced to act like Girls and
being dragged & forced into Confessing
on an choking bleeding deathbeds that
ahem ahem it must be amens woff

they think were fools
they think were ninives
and God forbid if
we arent skinny
and if i could id just be gay
id make them all just go away
and if i could id just castrate them
I swear to God i fucking hate them
as much as they hate me
they think were stupid swooning bitches
they think were 28 day bloody witches
they want to ban me at the stake
and put a knife right through my heart
and turn the weak of us against
the strong
and turn woman into girls
and make the worst of us into predators
its a bloody mans private world

I know the truth, call me a whore
but Ill just tell the truth some more
Take my money destroy my life
make it insane for me to ever be
anybody's wife
Tear me down again & again
make me so lonely i can't die
without a friend
make me long for firearms
make me wimper for a noose
but by the crack of dawn
Ill be so drunk with the truth
Call me honey Call me baby
Call me your precious qar little Girl
pull the diamonds from my holes
~~make~~ me to long lost shanes
exile
but youll never catch me snoring
that Im lost in a mans world
I'll never equate all that I am
with who I fuck with who I reflect
with who I am as a man.
fuck off.

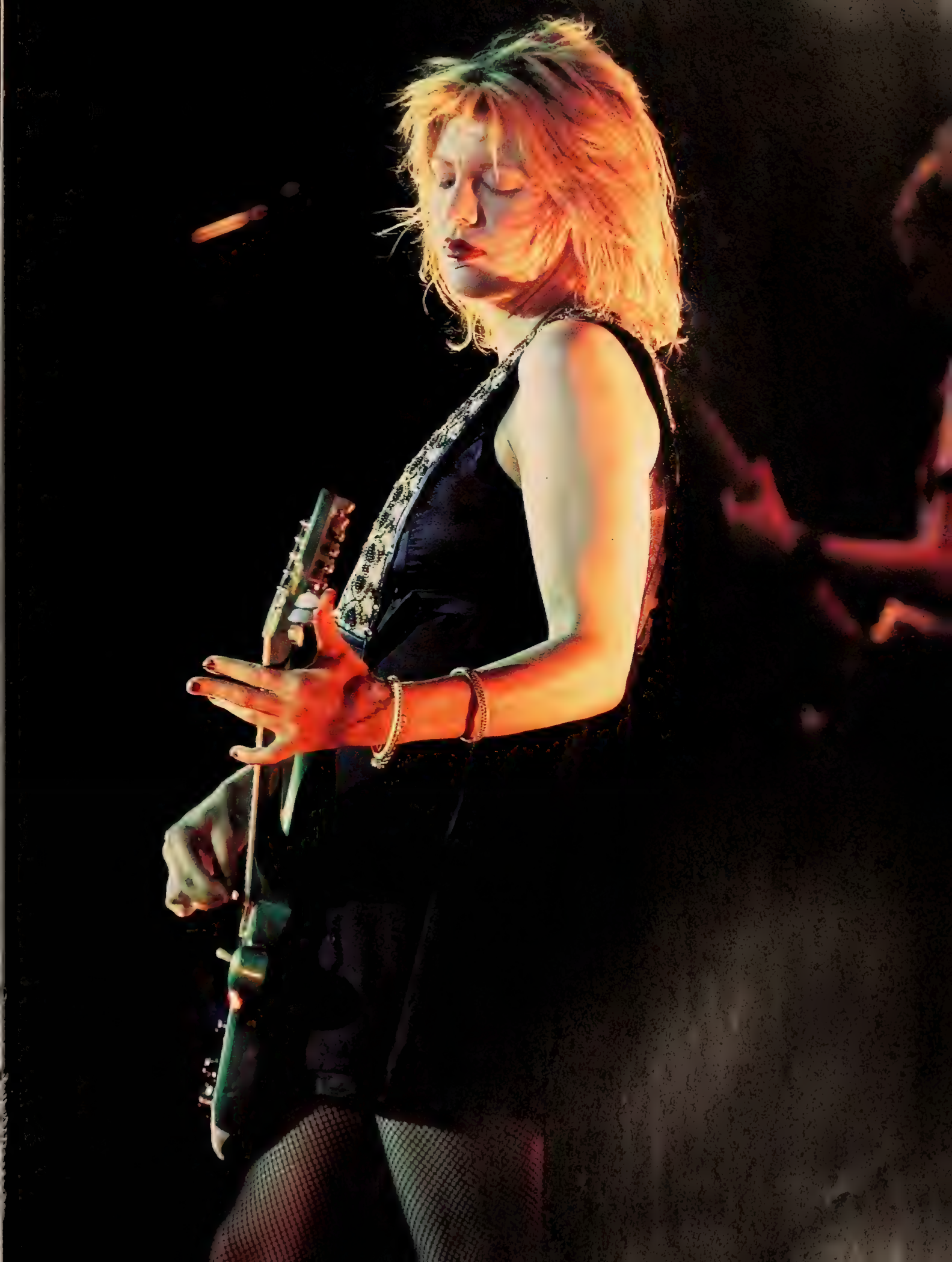


the depths of my despair

É it isn't fair
the depths of my despair
I can't take it anymore
when I get it wrong, i really get it wrong
and it lasts forever ok
I am stuck with you
NO Rewards no proof
I can't take you anymore

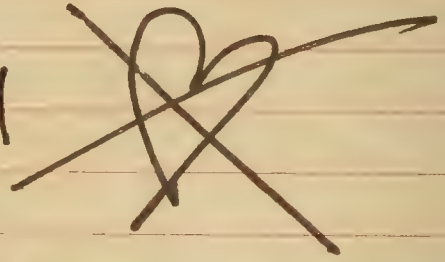
É it isn't fair
the depths of my despair
I have a right to be this wrong
if theres hope its fading
all of me is aching
If theres life in this its gone

É it can't be real
how sick & dark this feels
how its a mistake that im alive
I can drink and drink
to blot at my trunk
have another one or five

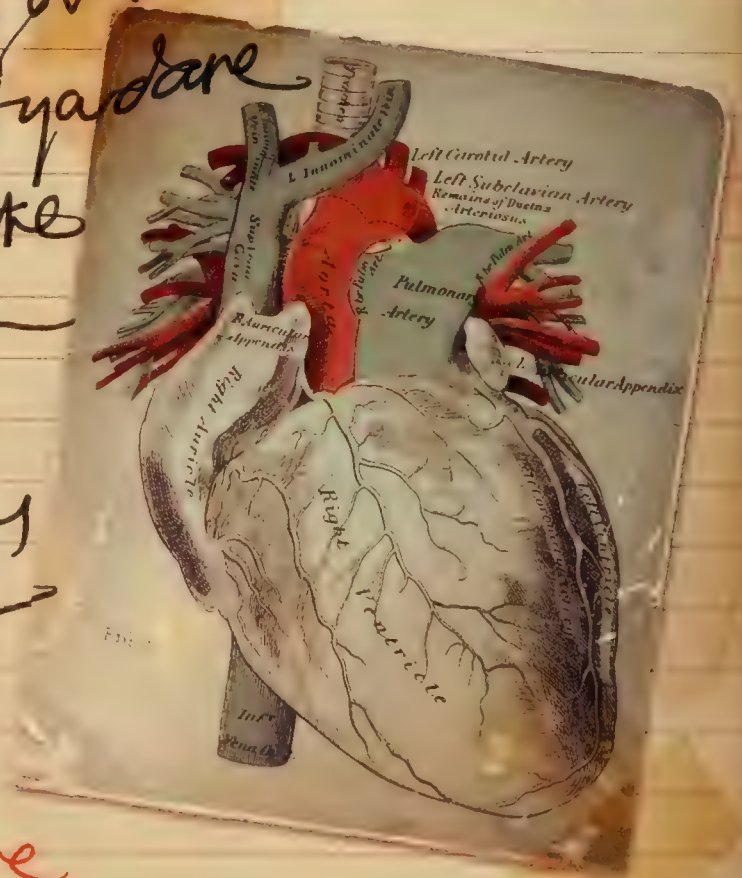


I was born ~~forward~~ too
like my toys back I can't move
but come a little closer

see
the depths of my
despair



like me damn a peg or two
spill my secrets don't ya dare
face to face with the
abyss known
as the
depths of my
despair



like a broken diamond
like a keening nightmare
you're the only game

in town (one who knows)

the depths of my despair

like a broken babydoll
waking up from a nightmare
I need just some relief
from the depths of my despair

I told you simply everything
took it all off I laid bare
Now you lend it for all to see
the depths of my despair

~~You~~ welcome to it
You welcome to it

-----Original Message-----

From: [Courtney Love]
To: [Lindsay Lohan]
Subject: keep your chin up
Date: Sat, 07 Jan 2006 21:35:03

I was at the gym today and you should know that noone really gives a hoot about this woman trying to make a name for herself. I was thinking about you and looked around and we were all just ignoring the nonsense... I remember reading my first VF - my cover was nicer but the first article was a fucking nightmare - I thought the world had split open and was going to swallow me whole and all I wanted to do was kill that woman... I realise now that as hardcore as it was, it made me alot more interesting and somehow employable. Keep your chin up. Noones giving it a second thought. I bet its hard because your in it, but just keeo creative and surrounded by good people. Courtney

[Lindsay Lohan]

To: Court L
Subject: Re: keep your chin up
Date: Sun, 8 Jan 2006 05:22:34 +0000 GMT

You first off, are so amazing, and introspective and kind and I really admire your perspective on things, as well you taking the time to be so courteous in my situation and these sickofans that invest in our lives that we work hard for and aspire to have. People that are so unhappy with their own lives they have to pry and lie about anothers...

But again, you, second off, its really rad that you're even emailing me and have so much care to give me your insight because you're bloody fucking genius in all the things you do, amongst all the shit you've been through...

Can we meet sometime and talk and chat like normal people so that I can pick your brain?

... Also, my mommy says hello and she loves you tons. Hehe :) ... I need to go to a gym!!! Peace and love. . Til soon xxl



my memmy is a very very good
memmy. Vomit.

I hope she enjoyed her rick Broomfield
15 minutes. it was more like Four.
I knew she'd do it someday.
and just like her, she bet
against me. She bet wrong.

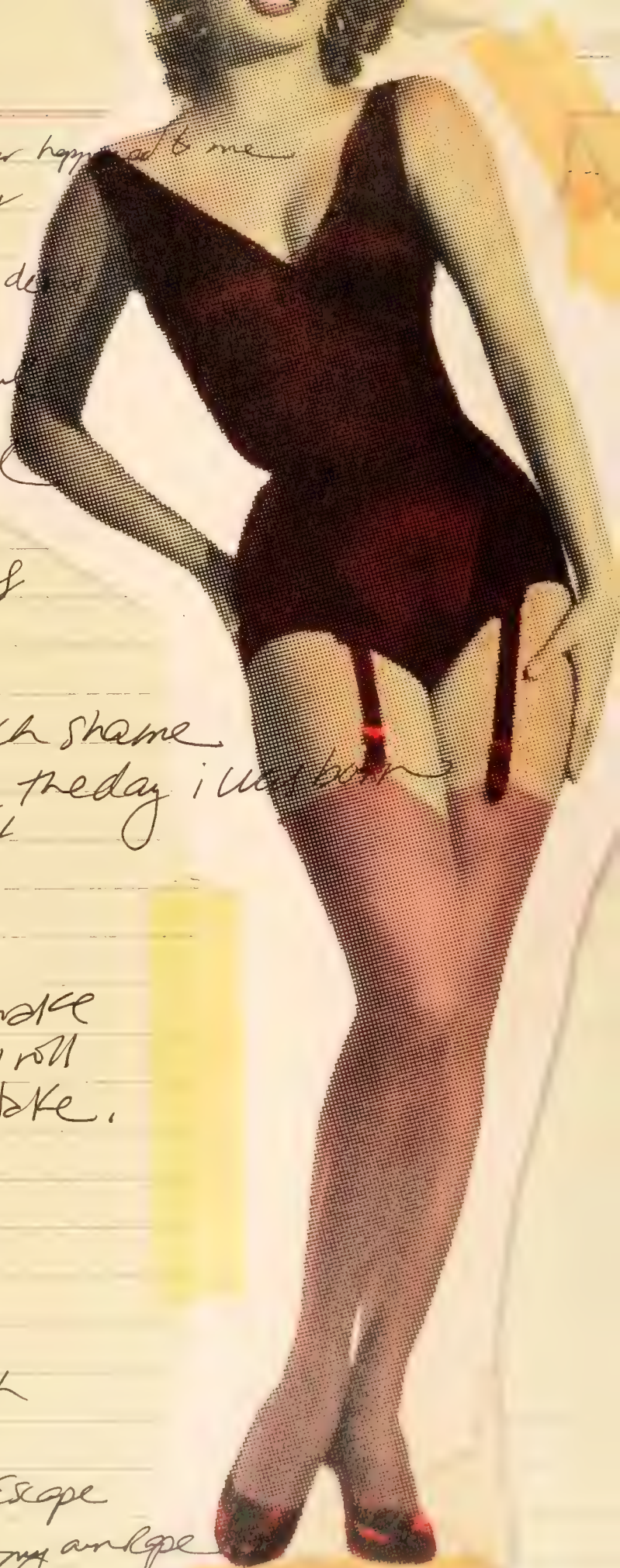
April 17th
2006

I went to Liz Taylors Easter Egg
party yesterday ^{to} was summoned by dame
Elizabeth to her bathroom where she
put her goddess hands on my head weighted
down with the diamond "Kripp" "Burton-Taylor"
Burton had given her (upon asking how she got it
she replied "I was loved darling") & said
to her little retinue "Are lone sweet
Country dont we" in that voice

you know it's over
it just has to be
you're the worst thing that ever happened to me
you're being angry I really want
if there's any place that you'd
Early in the morning
after a dark night of the same
you cannot keep a secret
I'm too young to feel this old

my dirty little secret has
a dirty little name
never felt so used
never felt so ~~stunned~~ such shame
Hell hath no fury like the day I was born
I'll be what you want
Body ain't sweet porn
Hell hath no fury
like the mess I made
like the heads will roll
like the names I'll take.

down dim down
past beyond all sex
where you drag me yeah
I'm delirious
I stumble there trying to escape
but even I cannot prevent my ankle



my house is so outrageously beautiful & crazy sexy
& my bathroom is covered in cherry blossoms
& lilacs & the blues. & really really lovely.

I work at the most beautiful studio in
CA & come home to the most beautiful house

I've ever seen. I feel so fucking blessed.
& to have Linda - who is the hottest songwriter
& producer on this planet & Billy who is such
a complete melodic genius both working at RDD?

on this I just feel so lucky, & I'm not
paying anything everyone is doing everything for free.
all the bad stuff just seems to have fucking
evaporated - as long as I walk this Road I
have nothing to hide.

This record is going into a magical majestic
place. the shabby demos aren't even
sketches at this point. it's dreamy & sexy &
magical & beautiful & dark. it doesn't compromise
who I am in the least. Billy played guitar
In New Order as a study in humility &
they gifted him with Ian's vocal effects box
& the jazz division amp & head. We're
coming up with an arrangement for "Love Ain't Tears"
Apart that is as good if not better than the
original or obviously I couldn't fuck it. &
Peter (Hark) is I hear going to play bass on it.

My heart is a tabloid
I'm guilty as sin
I swear ~~spare~~

you a very bad boy
and you just pull me
back in

They don't value sweet
or dignity or death

∴ they're treacherly bile-leaze with their gutter
with hand ~~my last breath~~ like breath

but baby I just melt like a butter pat
I naved so much to say
but there's no saying that

X it's what it is } I've got a use for you
X and it's not enough } I'm not through with you
you ~~play~~ ^{pick} so dirty } I've got a nose for you
∴ you play too rough } I've got news for you
fuck } I'll tell you when that's through
∴ why can't I seduce ~~you~~ everyone else } 490

they look at me
∴ they can just can tell

∴ ice cream all melted
just spudible on the floor
I'm brosed ∴ I'm whetted
∴ I feel like a whore.

Go and clean up your mess bitch
you left my GATS on the floor
and I've had enough of you
but I can't find the dock

my heart is a tabloid
it's been left to exploit
I'm guilty as sin
But I'd do it all over again

I'm guilty as sin
∴ In no time I'd do it again

my heart is a tabloid
What's left of it is hull & void

But Fire rain & death cannot stop me
from trying
Credul thores nothing left
but a ghost and ~~is~~ crying

Cuz this is the day when you're gone
this is the day you walk alone

it's never - enough ~~not~~ burnt when
you can talk to him but you can't touch
∴ Always trouble in the bubble
been left here But wind time ∴ Speed cannot stop
my climb

he's

∴ dark Raging waves
I'll not hide your
Crime ~~any more~~

Dear Kurt:

pleas get a hex on Frannies teacher.
he called, and after 6 years at this
school our perfect daughter has a

behavioral problem: shes too popular.

She humiliated her in front of her class
by calling her the "Queen Bee"

he told me that shes most popular -
and you be pleased - shes nice to the oddballs
& misfits shes "mean" to the aspirants

he said shes a little drunk with her own power!

he said there are kids whose day rises & falls
upon whether Frances says hello to them. see

Drunk with power? me. Imperious & random? you.

Key chic word no one knows of yet? "Rare"

regard the little guts were going to
(imagine ...) rise up against her. Then he started
in on how "I know ya Courtney love" nonsense.

strange case shes officially humbled and now
wants him fired. (I think that's how Corey
please come home. I dont think you'd like
the man I love. but he reminds me
of you. your wife

o your ghost it shudders through me
I'm covered in diamonds & filth
but that which destroys me
merely covers up my guilt.

o I'll never see the end of this
like a phantom I expect
o I've lost the heart of everything
I've lost myself respect

o my hands are ~~deeply~~ ^{blackly} scarlet
they are ^{all} covered in blood
from all the damage I've done
to those ^{that} have loved

Sunday BU
I believe we got a cure for you all

Sunday
will you be there after it all.

They say you on the other side
~~standing~~ alone when you ~~leave~~ left
but I've been dead for years and years
~~and in coming to my last breath~~
I hope I'll get to the last breath

Drowning horses tangled up in black knots Slap me so much harder
that can't be all you've got.

the English eye
is the thing that
I've you mentioned you
that there were a billion
The many but you did
made us your best
bit more of a good one
the ghost of you ~~was~~ ^{was} in the
is the ghost - ~~was~~ ^{was} in the
Where's all that ~~was~~ ^{was} in the
ever ever ever
where is it now?
where is the point?
What ~~is~~ the point?
what
all the damage you done
~~and the hearts you heard~~
like a god they connect
o the horses are drowning
in the gutter & the stream
o no more drowning
you -
and no this isn't
a dream

At least i know
theres some hope
E. Im not ashamed
of where I've been
but I never want
to go there again
E. My wings are cracked
E. I got no shoes
E. I sit ~~at~~ rock back & forth
E. I wait for you
a shred of dignity
not too much sorrow
a little bit of hope
held out for tomorrow
Curses Cursk your spirit
E. you wonder God. can you hear us
tell us to survive this mess i made
are you my salvation babe?
E. when it's black
E. it's a hole
E. it's poison
no room for a soul
Absence of light
hey come lets open door
Nothing ~~there~~ but miles and miles of
Sorrow

It's a long drive but where
we started from

All the trouble we've seen
all the lies we've told

It's early in the morning after a
~~late~~ night of the sail

Don't you feel like I do?

too young to feel this old?

When you start to undress in this

long black limasine

I get this taste in my mouth

It's ~~all~~ ~~same~~

what we already seen

E. If i could only have one hit of you

a blast a hint a taste a clue

When you roll me all around

and that long black limasine

I see the sunset go down

On the sea on me - obscene

E. Im Rushing all in bits coz now gone

hit again

I like when it hurts like this

like some pleasure from myself

I was looking up at you
from the bottom of my life
I was looking far too deep
and I started to go blind
I don't regret, I just regret
I look at you,

I'm not gonna get this right
I'm just gonna repent
it's early in the morning after
a long night of the soul
I get so tired of learning him
im too young to feel this old

I swear you killing me
aint far the depths of my despair

on the radio
give it to me as hard as you got

Like a million
obstacles
I don't know if I'd dare
to part the sea
to face it down
the depths of my
despair

How can I possibly repent
when I don't regret, I just regret

I'll never get you right
Someone made an expose
about a thing I'd never betray
You never see the light

~~Happy Ending story~~
Hey I burn better in the dark
dont let the light in
its pure poison where ya are
Is that me crying

Hey fire every ending tragedy
hey ill ~~scare~~ ~~that dark in~~
tear your heart out
for every evil dumb lazy
hey ill tear the sun down

Hey the Quicklands coming better end
Hey its that me crying
Hey the stars fall down dont let them in
hey is that me dying

~~Oh i swear your killing me, killing me~~
Hey the lights coming let it in
in all its glory
If its all bloody its a sin
come tell me ur story

Dear God
 I'm looking for my other half
 two cripples they can walk
 all the shiny things I'm shown
 that I can never have
 That I don't do
 but I sure talk
 and I'm bowed to you in trance
 and I haven't got a prayer
 If you ~~the~~ exist take a chance
 I want to know if anyone you there

Give me your arms filled with my
 Give me your salt overflowing with grief
 Give it to me now; I will not
 wait for tomorrow

Give me back what you stole from me
 Give me back what you stole from me

This is the end
of my Journal
like it or not



AFTERWORD:

TAKE THE CAKE, GIRLS

CCOURTNEY LOVE IS already more exposed than her journals could possibly reveal. Still, you get the feeling that she'd be furious if she caught you reading her diaries. That is part of the essence of Courtney: contradiction. Hiding behind her dramatic persona is actually a very ordinary girl, a girl who seeks what *Valley of the Dolls* author Jacqueline Susann called "mass love" and yet doesn't edit herself for the sake of public approval. She's one of those rare people who might be exactly the same wherever she is and whomever she is with, whether she is walking down the red carpet or alone in her house checking her e-mail. She's always Courtney Love, difficult but rewarding.

In many ways *Dirty Blonde* is a kind of performance, just like her Hole shows, her star turns as Althea Leasure (Larry Flynt's wife) or Lynn Margulies (Andy Kaufman's girlfriend), and her make-outs with Drew Barrymore. She's bad and brilliant, surprising and predictable. Performing comes naturally to Courtney, as do her other notable attributes: being passionate, political, spontaneous, and vicious. Despite Courtney's sporadic claims that she doesn't want these pages published—she loves to be in the public eye.

But why does the public care about Courtney Love? Why should her diaries be published? People love Courtney in part because she is easy to hate—fulfilling the role of "bad" woman and embodying all of our free-floating cultural anxieties about women in general. For some, she is a modern-day Yoko Ono—the real reason the guitar gods are no longer with us—and punished with rumors and anti-woman screeds. For others, she is simply iconic. She takes up space and causes problems and never says sorry. She is the spiritual daughter of Janis Joplin—wild, smart, sexy, boy-crazy, and vulnerable to the dark allure of drugs. She's a rawer version of Madonna: she isn't a victim of sex, she wields the power, and she controls her image. And yet, after all that, she's just an average girl we can all relate to: "In her little-girl dresses and bright red lipstick, Courtney Love gave more the impression of a child playing dress-up than of an adult rock star," writes Debbie Stoller, *Bust's* cofounder and the coeditor of *The Bust Guide to the New Girl Order*. "Her girlie-girl style, coupled with her very

unladylike, out-of-control performances, helped to convey her rebellion against the stereotype of the demure, selfless female and won her a loyal following of young women who were grasping for a model of female adulthood and sexuality that could include anger and aggression."

An amalgam of letters, e-mails, song lyrics, photos, and mementos, these diaries are the emotional fragments of an outcast girl, a troubled teenager, a striving twentysomething, a superstar mother, and a somewhat tragic figure. In response to that characterization, Courtney might say, *Fuck you*. Her ambition and her ability to constantly reinvent herself defy feminine conventions. She is unscripted—and that is a frightening state for a woman, which makes her all the more heroic.

People love Courtney because she's fragile and yet protects herself by being overconfident and by exposing herself before others get the satisfaction of doing so, not unlike other iconic (and tragic) women such as Marilyn Monroe and Billie Holiday. The fact is that Love is seeking attention for reasons many women understand—she wants love and feels ugly and drinks too much and makes mistakes, and all of this is part of her allure. She's not perfect, but she's powerful. She's human.

People care about Courtney because she is an icon—not due to her crazy antics, but because she has been an emboldening presence in the lives of so many women and girls. The real essence of Courtney is her impact, the storms she leaves in her wake, the gumption and defiance she so naturally inhabits and makes possible for others to possess. Because of Courtney Love, twenty-two-year-old women pick up guitars, sixteen-year-old girls in Ohio learn about feminism by coming across the word in a *SPIN* interview with Courtney, and in general women don't feel held back by society's expectation of what it means to be a lady. Girls and women, including us, have been inspired to be more aggressive and to ask for more because of Love's example.

"I want to be the girl with the most cake," she sings in "Doll Parts." And who wouldn't want to be?

—JENNIFER BAUMGARDNER
AND AMY RICHARDS

NEW YORK CITY • JUNE 2006



NOTES and CHRONOLOGY

Unless otherwise noted, all letters represent drafts of correspondence.

PAGE 4
Drawing, 1972.

PAGE 5
At top: Gateway Montessori School, San Francisco. Courtney (three years old), bottom row, second from left. California, 1968. At bottom: Marcola, Oregon, with her sister Nicole. Photograph by F. Rodriguez, 1972.

PAGE 9
Excerpt from letter, written while Courtney was attending an all-girls' private boarding school in New Zealand, 1976.

PAGE 10
School photo, fourth grade, Oregon, ca. 1973.

PAGES 11-13
In March of 1976, Courtney auditioned for the Mickey Mouse Club and received this rejection. At the time she went by the nickname "Coco" and used her adoptive stepfather's last name. The writing at the bottom of pages 11-13 is ca. 2002.

PAGES 14-15
Bay City Rollers collage by Courtney, ca. 1976.

PAGES 16-17
Excerpt from a letter written to her stepfather while at Skipworth Juvenile Detention Center in Eugene, Oregon, March 1978. Courtney was sent to Skipworth after being convicted of shoplifting, and remained at the facility for approximately one year.

PAGES 18-31
Diary entries and poems written at the Hillcrest School of Oregon, where Courtney was a ward of the state, from 1978 to 1980. Hillcrest is a correctional lockdown facility for girls.

PAGE 32
Diary entry, Dublin, 1981.

PAGE 33
Japan, summer 1981. Courtney and friend.

PAGES 34-45
Diary entries, Liverpool, 1982.

PAGE 34
Postcard in journal, Liverpool.

PAGE 35
Photograph of Courtney in Sefton Park, Liverpool, 1982, by Robin Barbur, a friend from Portland, Oregon, who joined Courtney during her stay in the U.K. List of top records: "Roxy" = Roxy Music; *Young Americans*, David Bowie; *Stage*, David Bowie;

Heaven Up Here, Echo & The Bunnymen; *Marquee Moon*, Television; Siouxsie and the Banshees; Patti Smith; "P.I.L." = Public Image Limited; Faust (early 1970s German rock band); "J.D.'s" = Joy Division; "E.B." = Echo & The Bunnymen; "Cope" = Julian Cope (founding member and front man of the Teardrop Explodes). Liverpool, 1982.

PAGE 36
"Scouse" = Scouser, British slang for a native or resident of Liverpool; "Scallie" = scallywag; "Council Estate" = British government housing.

PAGE 37
Letter to Linda Carroll, Courtney's mother, Liverpool, 1982.

PAGES 38-39
Overlay: excerpt from poem. "Eric's" = legendary Liverpool punk club; "F. Scott" = F. Scott Fitzgerald; "Baudelaire" = Charles Baudelaire.

PAGE 41
"Mac" = Ian McCulloch; "Tom Verlaine" = front man of the band Television; "Julie" = Julian Cope; "Deb Iyall" = front woman of the band Romeo Void; "Ju" = Julian Cope. Photograph by F. Rodriguez, Portland, Oregon, 1981.

PAGE 42
Postcard in journal, London, 1982. Song list, Liverpool, 1982.

PAGE 43
"Mac" = Ian McCulloch (front man of Echo & The Bunnymen); "Ju" = Julian Cope; "EBM" = Echo & The Bunnymen. On left: Julian Cope; on right: Robin Barbur.

PAGE 45
Goodbye to Liverpool, diary entry, Heathrow Airport, 1982.

PAGES 46-49
Span 1982-84.

PAGE 49
"Roddy Frame" = songwriter, singer, guitarist of Aztec Camera; "Richard Butler" = lead singer of the Psychedelic Furs and later Love Spit Love.

PAGE 50
Diary cover, ca. 1984.

PAGE 51
Photograph of French poet Arthur Rimbaud. "Johnny Marr" = guitarist and founder, with singer Morrissey, of The Smiths. Paris, France, ca. 1984.

PAGES 52-66
San Francisco, 1985.

PAGES 54-55
"Keats" = British poet John Keats; "Funkadelic" = band; "Aidan Quinn" = actor; "Judd Nelson" = actor; "Her lost Kat" = Kat Bjelland, roommate and bandmate (guitarist) in Sugar Baby Doll aka Sugar Babylon; "My Micheal" = Michael "Mooneye" Mooney, Liverpool scenester, guitarist for Psychedelic Furs, Julian Cope, Spiritualised, and Lupine Howl; "Gloria Swanson" = actress.

PAGE 58
"Roddy" = Roddy Bottum, keyboard player for Faith No More. San Francisco, 1985. Courtney with Kat Bjelland at the 1993 Lollapalooza Festival, at which Babes in Toyland was headlining. Photograph by Jeffrey Thurnher.

PAGES 62-63
"Quiet Room" song lyrics inspired by Hillcrest School of Oregon during the Sugar Baby Doll aka Sugar Babylon period. "Byrons" = Lord Byron; "Carroll Baker" = Carroll Baker, actress and star of the 1956 film *Baby Doll*, written by Tennessee Williams and directed by Elia Kazan; "Lawrence Olivier" = Laurence Olivier, British actor; "Vivien" = Vivien Leigh, British actress. San Francisco, 1985. An early Sugar Baby Doll aka Sugar Babylon band photo, Courtney and Kat Bjelland appear on the left. Courtney's character study for the part of Nancy Spungen in the movie *Sid and Nancy: Love Kills*, directed by Alex Cox.

PAGE 64
"Best Sunday Dress," lyrics from Sugar Baby Doll aka Sugar Babylon song; Courtney would later perform the song with Hole.

PAGE 65
In August of 1985, Courtney traveled to Los Angeles for her audition as Nancy Spungen in *Love Kills*. Though the part would go to Chloe Webb, Courtney was cast as Nancy's friend Gretchen. "Jennifer Finch" = friend and bassist for Sugar Baby Doll aka Sugar Babylon. To-do list for acting career: "LK" = *Sid and Nancy: Love Kills*. San Francisco, 1985.

PAGE 66
After working with Courtney on *Love Kills*, Alex Cox would cast her in the role of Velma, one of the lead characters in his next film *Straight to Hell*, which also starred Joe Strummer. Written in London, ca. 1986.

PAGES 67-68
London, ca. 1986.



(continued from front flap)

An eclectic composition of deeply personal artifacts—including letters, childhood records, poetry, journal entries, song lyrics, fanzines, show flyers, other original writings, and photographs, many never before seen—*Dirty Blonde* leads us through the unimaginable highs and the despairing lows of one of the most captivating and creative figures in the world of popular culture. Forming a kind of impromptu memoir, the book shows Love's accomplishments, her missteps, her history, and her future in a whole new light. Ranging from her upbringing in Oregon through her years in Japan, New Zealand, and London; from her career highs with Hole and as a Hollywood leading lady to her personal heartbreak and struggles, *Dirty Blonde* is the Queen of Rock laid bare—a wholly fascinating portrait of a fierce and insightful woman with an unblinking worldview and a determination to express herself no matter the cost.



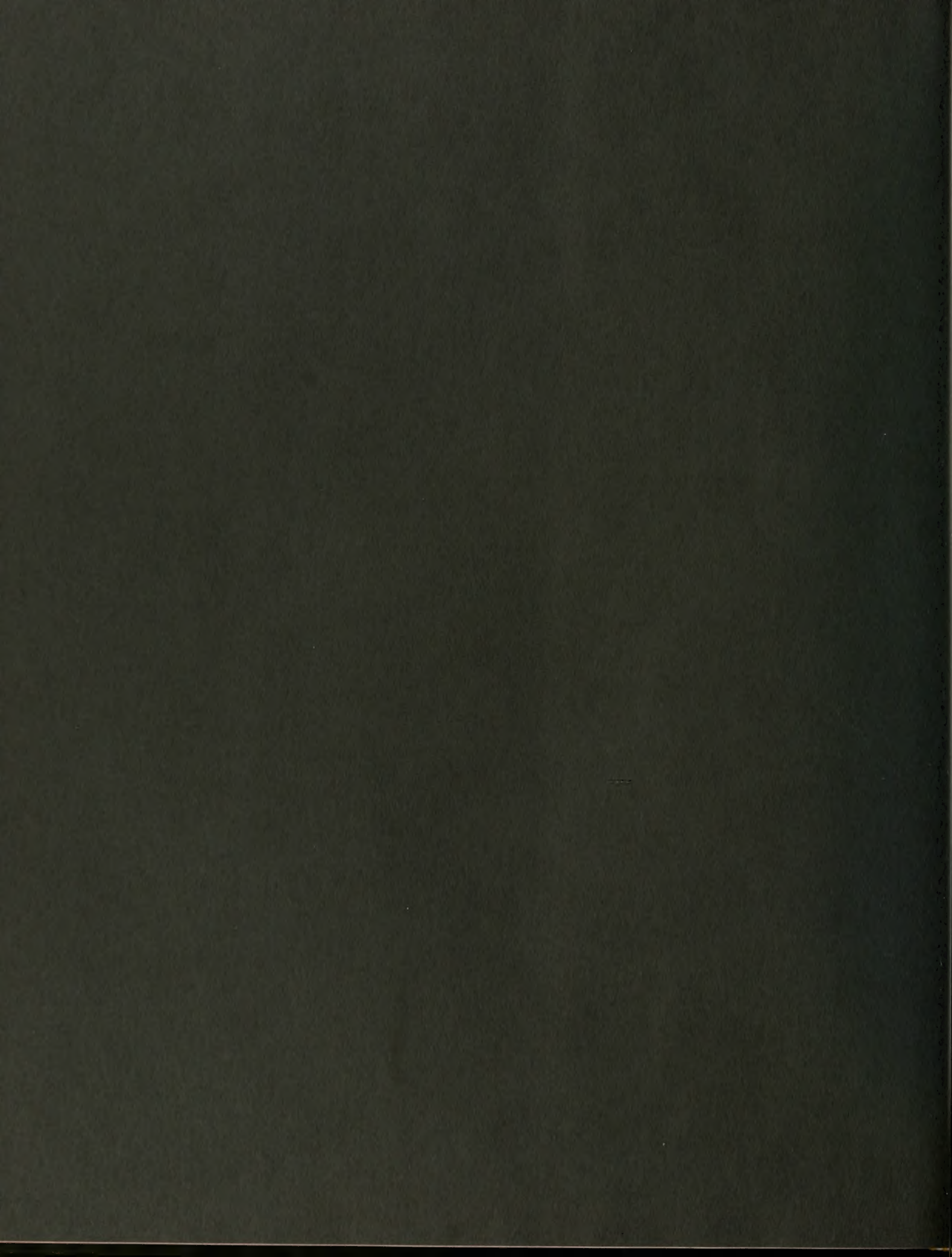
Jacket design by HEADCASE DESIGN

Front jacket photograph of Courtney and
back jacket photograph of heart-shaped box by Kurt Cobain

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“IN THESE JOURNALS

you'll find the young Courtney before she surfaced into our choked fishbowl for all the world to see, to sing along with, and to comment on: Courtney under construction, Courtney self-destructing; taking things too hard—to heart, and on the chin. Courtney trying to make sense of things, succeeding, failing. Courtney, the wild child, wise beyond anyone's years, a precocious kid. Courtney with her rampant empathy—a person without insulation . . . But she's always used her writing and her music to make sense of it; first in these journal entries and early wise child lyrics from the age of fourteen, then with music: her band Hole, from their amazing landmark album *Pretty on the Inside*, to their critically acclaimed *Live Through This*, . . . and then Hole's *Celebrity Skin*, along with Courtney's solo album, *America's Sweetheart*, and finally the newest (and perhaps most remarkable) album, *How Dirty Girls Get Clean* . . . So these journals are a glimpse into the unhip, unobserved (until now) Courtney Love. After all is said and done—whenever that is—she is a survivor. Unfortunately, the only thing wrong with being a survivor is you have to keep getting in trouble to show off your gift.”



—CARRIE FISHER,

from her introduction

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