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**GET ME A XANAX**

*A rare glimpse into the private life of Courtney Love*



By Jessica LaBrie

Jessica Labrie



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## Synopsis for 'GET ME A XANAX'

This is an unprecedented glimpse into the daily life of the chaotic widow of Kurt Cobain, by an innocuous girl who had the extraordinary chance to witness it all. Delve into the depths of the inner psyche and intimate circle of celebrity like never before.

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GET ME A XANAX chronicles the journey of a young woman who attains a job as the assistant to one of the world's most notorious celebrities, the ferocious and sardonic Courtney Love, who is a prima donna that could test the humility of a monk, courtesy of her mercurial demands and refusal to acknowledge the end of a work day.

Jessica struggles to hold on to the job and her lucidity, knowing that a recommendation from Courtney could open many doors in the industry. A tempestuous and grinding narrative that depicts a merciless star that is oblivious to discretionary procedures, whose life unravels in front of the world on social media.

It will be organized chronologically and will include emails, tweets, personal texts, Facebook posts, and photos to correspond with the events. There will be approximately 10 chapters that will detail the fairy tale beginning of our relationship, and the agonizing ending and aftermath that followed:

Chapter 1: The Lord, the Lady, and the Hotellier

Chapter 2: Courtney's Love

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Chapter 3: Falsifiers

Chapter 4: Up and Comers

Chapter 5: Greed

Chapter 6: Edward

Chapter 7: Duff, Slash, Taupin et al

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Chapter 8: Deviance

Chapter 9: Letters

Chapter 10: Truth

I have currently completed 29,000 words but intend to have the finished project exceed 40,000 words. I'd like to include color pictures and illustrations. I can have the book completed within 6 months of solidifying an agreement.

The audience will be comprised of people intrigued by celebrity culture, music fans, supporters and detractors of Courtney Love, Kurt Cobain and Nirvana, and those who enjoy nonfiction cautionary tales.

Other books that have been published in this genre and have similarities include:

- *Heavier Than Heaven - By Charles Cross* (Hyperion 2001)
- *Dirty Blonde – By Courtney Love* (Faber & Faber 2007)
- *Cobain Unseen by Charles Cross* (Little, Brown and Company 2008)
- *Courtney Comes Clean by Maer Roshan* (Barnes & Noble 2012)
- *Courtney's pending memoir co-written by Neil Strauss* (Harper and Collins 2012)

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Celebrity gossip magazines sell upwards of 6 million copies per week, and websites like TMZ, and Perez Hilton are dominating our lives. A fascinating look into the private life of a celebrity is sure to intrigue.

I have a massive and unique archive of letters and texts, as well as a wealth of knowledge and experience with the "real" Courtney Love, not the carefully constructed persona that she conveys to the press. She projects a perfectly messed up and deliberate "Keith Richards" type, when the actuality is more like Jekyll and Hyde, with distress, confusion, and chaos inflicted upon anyone who she encounters.

Revelatory facets of Courtney Love's life will be uncovered, including that she she has an extensive criminal record, is a hoarder, does not often pay for goods and services, and she is a savant of media manipulation. She is also relentless in the search for the "perfect plutocrat" to marry, as she longs desperately for an oligarchic union.

Extraordinary sentiment, expressed in her own words about her feelings about Kurt Cobain's suicide will be divulged, as well as the truth about her break-up with Edward Norton, and subsequent trysts with the Hon. Lord Henry Allsopp, Andre Balazs, and random yet surprising Hollywood up and comers.

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Bio:

I am an Administrative Assistant that resides in the city of Vancouver, BC. I have studied Courtney Love's career for close to 20 years, culminating with a relationship as her close friend and personal assistant. My interests have always been in the realm of entertainment. I am an audiophile, a collector of music and pop culture, as well as an occasional musician.

During my time with Ms. Love, I was interviewed by NBC's Tara Wallis-Finestone, Linda Thomas from 97.3 KIRO FM in Seattle, and Nancy Jo Sales for Courtney Love's feature in *Vanity Fair*, *Love in a Cold Climate*, published in November of 2011.

I would be a valuable resource to the publicity and marketing of this book through networking and self-promotion with the contacts I've assembled, as well as through social media and any other avenues that are available to me in this process.

Enclosed is chapter 1 from GET ME A XANAX.

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Chapter 1: *The Lord, the Lady, and the Hotellier*

*“Why do you fuck me like a whore? Why can’t you make love? Is it just me? Can you make love at all?”*

When Courtney Love posed such a question to Henry Allsopp, the son and heir of Lord Hindlip and godson of the Duchess of Cornwall, my heart sunk. I was overwhelmed by the desperation in the statement, the neediness, and the loneliness that it conveyed.

*“You’re much more like Kurt than you know” she continued, “you’re helpless like that, and I need a daddy of some sort I suppose. I need someone to take care of me.... I just want to sleep with you. By sleeping, I mean, in your arms, not to be left like a hooker at 4 a.m.”*

Courtney often told Allsopp that he reminded her of Kurt Cobain, and upon meeting him she construed a story that she wanted to leak to the press. She was giddy with the possibilities, the media storm, and the unmitigated revenge that the title “Lady Courtney” could bring. For a while this was her path to redemption, her *raison d’être*. She devoured literature about toff’s, blue blood’s, aristocracy, and the life of royalty that she felt entitled to, and relished in the fact that this rendezvous with Allsopp was bound to get her all sorts of attention.

*“Go on Amazon RIGHT NOW and order 'Snobs' by Julian Fellowes. You must read it at once!”* This was just one of the many tasks I was to undertake that week.

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She baited Allsopp with promises of “curating the tasteful auction” of Kurt Cobain’s remaining possessions and artwork that she was planning, and that for a period of time she inferred would be held at Philips DePury, where Allsopp worked. She even sent Allsopp to “Art Pack” in Los Angeles, where the Cobain treasures are housed, to allow him to view the items and gain inspiration from them.

She would often bluster *“I’m going to make him a superstar art dealer! Franny would love him.”*

Courtney went to stay at the Cliveden Spring Cottage in the U.K. for a few months in the winter of 2010, to mull about her strained relations with Andre Balazs, famed Hotellier and Developer (Standard Hotels Line, Chateau Marmont, The Mercer) and to amuse herself with her new lover, Lord Henry Allsopp. A failed attempt at media manipulation had driven a wedge between her and Andre, as she blew the lid off of their illicit arrangement by having a picture of a kiss leaked to the Daily Mail, with accompanying sentiment suggesting it was a “tender” moment.

Andre was not impressed, and demanded a “cool-off” period. Courtney was devastated. She continued to attend parties in NYC that she hoped Andre would be at, and was not taking no for an answer, until the perfect distraction fell into her lap.

*"I thought he was a caterer!" She said of Henry Allsopp. "I met him at Larry Gagosian's party and we left for the U.K together instantly."*

She began posting pictures of herself on Twitter, seemingly elated, along the River Thames, in elegant homes beside glorious fireplaces, and even pictures of Allsopp himself reading the Telegraph over tea. She was gushing, but said repeatedly that she wasn't lusting after him, and that he was "cute" and "charming" but not "handsome" like Balazs, however the idea of Allsopp's title filled the void where there was an absence of lascivious yearning.

From what I could tell, Balazs treated her like a booty call, but she was too infatuated to see it, and had inundated him with extensive love letters, texts, and rants, to which he'd reply with terse one liners, if he replied at all. She spent most of 2009 and 2010 wrapped up in the affair with Balazs, and it wasn't until she met Henry Allsopp that she was able to distract herself for a moment.

From detoxing at Henry's home, to possibly marrying him, the press opportunities in Courtney's mind were endless and from Ticky Hedley-Dent, to Lady Victoria Hervey, Mandy Stadtmiller and Emily Smith at the NY Post, her mind started whirling. She wanted to use the opportunity of new found media attention to provoke jealousy from Balazs.

*"Journalists are lazy Jessica, we have to write the story for them. Trust me."*



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For many days and nights, Courtney dictated the “perfect” endorsement of her hopes for aristocracy that she then wanted “leaked” to the press, to her meticulously selected media contacts only of course:

*“Lady Courtney, the joke was old before it was told.*

*Lady Nothing, she is the Queen of Rock... Personally I love her... And I definitely don't think she gets a fair shake.*

*About 2 weeks ago, you'll notice that Courtney left 2 interesting messages on Facebook and on her @colove1 account on Twitter.*

*On Facebook there was a plea made to Keith Richards' son, Marlon, regarding an Addiction Doctor in Dorset, and the other posting on Twitter “has anybody here ever had 11 orgasms in 8 hours? Oh, never mind...” Then she suddenly split to the UK...*

*Friends and many others witnessed, at Larry Gagosian's Party for Anselm Keifer, a beleaguered Love deep in discussion, with Hon. (In 3 yrs. he'll be a lord) Henry Allsopp (an upcoming Superstar Art Dealer, at Philips Depury). Subsequently, Allsopp threw Love over his shoulder and into a waiting car, and they've been inseparable ever since. He's offered the newly free from frozen assets Love (she's alleged to be worth \$430 million or so, minus what she claims is stolen) to stay at his home to detox from prescription drugs. Further, it is said that Love has given Allsopp Power of Attorney over most of her assets that have to do with her*

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*estranged daughter, Frances Bean. She has told friends that Allsopp “saved me” and also “He’s a genius and a really good person. Frances would love him.”*

It was important to Courtney that Allsopp be portrayed as “heroic” and a “superstar” to redeem her bruised ego from Balazs’ rejection:

*“However, this “elopement” has caused one local innkeeper consternation and he has implored the abandoned rock goddess to come home to NYC. In the meantime, the Hon., Henry has set Love up with a private bank, a solicitor, a realtor, things the local innkeeper never got around to doing...*

*Do you need to see this document in terms of her net worth? I would hate for it to be published and get back to me but I can send it to you for your eyes only.”*

The document is an evaluation by Christie’s of her net worth.

Lady Victoria Hervey, Emily Smith, and Mandy Stadmiller, were sent this epistle in hopes that they’d expose the story in their respective media publications. Each of the women suspected Courtney was behind the story, but it went to the press anyway.

In the eleventh hour, Courtney feared Andre’s publicist, Nadine, would squash the story to protect the Hotelier’s image. She became quite obsessed with the potential outcomes, and as

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soon as they agreed to go to print she immediately wanted to retract everything, and in her panic lashed out with threats that her lawyers would get involved. But she was too late.

She wrote to Henry, in an attempt to downplay the tabloid fodder their “union” was causing in the UK:

*“I know that if we opened up to one another we would become intimate, and I know that if we were to become intimate- its all right and fun in tabloids and telegraphs, oh ho ho, its like a funny cartoon, and you see what a catchy fantasy THAT is, and what an unmitigated disaster, for you certainly. Not so much for me, except that you frighten me very much.... Between me and you alone and with nothing all that much in "common" - its sort of a disaster socially, but I have looked across the bed in the morning and wondered what you would look like there, wondered if I could catch your respect as I know you don't have it for me as an artist which I find to be a shame, it doesn't make me like you less, yes it does, it pisses me straight off, because there is no way you belong in that spot, if you cant and don't respect my work, but I've seen you there asleep sometimes, wondering to myself? Hmm. what an unlikely pairing.”*

Courtney devised a plot where there was a romantic struggle between Henry and Andre. If things cooled off with Henry, she would throw Andre in his face and vice versa. Late January of 2011, communications with Andre left her weirdly euphoric:

*“Jess. Mr. B saves day yet again. I have one friend in the world to be extremely grateful for, given my terrible reputation it's very hard for him, but that is how heroism works. It's the*

*dynamic of what I know is there. Just sadly, not in the humanity surrounding me. I feel sort of guilty about the Hon. Lord H.A. But it's business. If the choice is down to me x Acumen and heroism and "romantic" notions that equal greed? Talk to Jay Jopling or someone about the evaluation and bidding process. I'm not for sale. I never will be. Yet again saves day. It is humiliating and ... graceless, to have to turn to my friend simply because of some outside world perception, and his reputation and "plutocrat" status. But it hurts what is sacred to me. There is no other option now. This has been long and hard. Heroism is never easy. I won't forget that in a jiffy. Gosh. Learned so much. Just want to collapse in my own bed under my rented roof. Xxxx."*

Courtney alluded to having used cocaine with Henry, in a moment of sexual depravity, and inferred that she still used Cocaine on occasion. She had no guilt over this, and didn't see how it might be problematic. This saddened me deeply. She was constantly telling people she had been "clean and sober" for several years. It's so hard to trust and work along side of someone who has a drug problem, my belief in her waned, and with good reason. On top of the occasional Cocaine use, Ms. Love was constantly using pharmaceuticals, putting herself in a perpetually comatose state, and regardless of the Allsopp hosted rehab that she bragged about, Adderrall and Xanax were still taken daily.

Allsopp treated her like a prostitute and she willingly accepted it. Furthering her self-debasing behaviors, she said he was a "cold lover," there was none of the intensity she enjoyed with Balazs. She told me repeatedly that Andre wanted her to be wasp-y and the only way she could have revenge on him was to get with this "toff."

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Still, all the commotion with Henry couldn't diffuse her deep infatuation for Andre, and she became obsessed with convincing him that she was a victim to a fraudulent scheme, and that she needed a "White Knight" to save her.

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The letter below is 100% dictation from Ms. Love. I was on vacation with my family and she was still at the Cliveden Spring Cottage in February 2011, and was adamant that this message was urgent, and needed to be conveyed to Balazs via email, and also by FedEx. I was inundated with texts, emails, and hand written faxes from Courtney, with additions, and edits, and she was clear that there was NOTHING more important than this letter. I was quite sick with strep throat. I could barely speak and for hours and hours, in the middle of the night, she was frantically calling me, and making me type then recite back to her, over and over, until finally she was happy and said the words I longed to hear:

"I'm taking my Xanax Jessica and I need this sent IMMEDIATELY in the a.m." she said, exasperatedly.

"Alright Courtney, Goodnight."

I have NEVER been so happy to end a call with this woman. My voice was so strained. I could barely speak. I was in excruciating pain and my boyfriend was upset that I had indulged Courtney's request. Throughout the duration of my time working for her this was a common theme, particularly during Holidays, when her inner demons were most active and

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alone. Christmas, New Years, Valentine's, it didn't matter. Neither did time differences, or anything else. I would need to be "on call" 24 hours a day. And I was. No matter what was going on.

The letter, transcribed verbatim, and by her request ignoring grammatical errors, was sent to the Hotelier by FedEx and email the next morning, it needed to be exactly as she had dictated:

*".... It's nearly impossible to compartmentalize Courtney's friends from the people who allegedly represent her infrastructure, and more often than not, has received little results from either.*

*To hear that you have reached out to intervene in her battle for good counsel is completely assuaging. Ms. Love-Cobain's music has saved my life, and the lives of many women that I know. She is a great icon. The last rock star if you will. And it pains me that seeking professional aide to provide her with some semblance of security has been excruciating and futile, many preoccupied with sinister agenda's, selfishness, and corruption. I don't know a thing about Manhattan, or Hotels, or any of your business. I do know that Courtney has told me you are one of the most heroic, and graceful people on earth.*

*It's been hard to watch, it's been hard to do, I'm not a professional and this is clearly out of everyone's depth. It gives me some reassurance to know that someone as legendary as Courtney has a friend who can intercede on her behalf, as no one in her so-called*

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*"infrastructure" have done anything heroic. In my opinion, for whatever reason, they have behaved as if this isn't happening.*

*...To quote a document that I have seen, from a lawyer that is suing her and blackmailing her at the same time, "they won't stop until they wear her down and starve her out." It seems like what they're after, (and there is a lot of them) is the rest of her/Kurt Cobain's publishing. It seems to me they treat rock stars like greyhound dogs when they are alive, and deity's when they are dead. There's got to be a happy ending and rational thinking in this for her somehow. Thank you so very much for being such a good friend to her."*

Soon afterwards, Andre completely rejected her. Others on the team had said that he blocked Courtney's number from reaching his cell phone, and that her many calls were answered by an automated message that said "the person you are trying to reach has chosen not to accept calls from your number."

She was consumed and furious. Her first thoughts were to attempt to tie Andre into a criminal racket and had malicious plans to expose him and punish him with public humiliation if she could prove her half-hazard theories were true. She obsessed over Andre's business partners and her suspicions, as usual, could not be proven.

Courtney over the years has had access to tons of intelligence. Including LexisNexis reports. Without the training to interpret the data she found, there was often much confusion for her and I believe this set her beliefs about "fraud" into motion. That, and the excessive and

obsessive spending she does without any thought of recourse or consequences. She had delusional thoughts that the Knickerbocker Hotel NYC had been dependent upon the “stolen” Nirvana monies, and thus any involvement Andre might have had with the Knickerbocker, was telling to her for whatever reason.

*“So he knew BD Hotels own the Bowery... As he’s used up everyone and thing in this place... As he’s insane. Everyone fucking hates his guts. I’ve seen him beautiful and sober. I have loved his very soul. But this isn’t about my being scorned. This is strictly about did he know? If he knew, If he knew, He’s dead. And trust me now is the moment to strike. On a bender from hell with Chelsea Handler... And he had had to seduce my heart. He was relentless about it. Fucking relentless...call Thor Equities! Much easier! ‘Hi I’m Sally Wilson from the NYTimes --- you know the real Estate section, and I got turned onto Andre Balazs who I interviewed personally, Any plans for downtown expansion or other hotels? Mr Balazs said he wanted to be involved with that personally, he’d always been fascinated by the Knickerbocker.”*

When searching, I found absolutely nothing to tie Balazs to the Knickerbocker, or to Thor Equities. I also did not make the call pretending to be the New York Times...

He was present at her show at the Hudson in NYC in the spring of 2010, and it was some of the worst performing I’ve ever seen from her. She wore Andre’s shirt to perform, and said later that she took a lot of medication to calm her nerves. She looked completely sluggish and lackluster, and it was being filmed for her “Behind the Music with VH1” episode. I later found out that Balazs had to ride in a Van with the band in order to exit the venue with Courtney, and



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he had his first taste of being part of her “world.” Courtney says that he sat as if disgusted and completely embarrassed. She was very hurt by this.

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