

Doll Parts

by John Wentworth Chapin

I knew Courtney Love was hot even before she finally brushed her hair and took a shower sometime after Kurt Cobain shot himself. One look at that mouth and you know she gives kickass head when she's not passed out or saying stupid shit. Someone that talented should be a fucking superstar, but what's so hot about Courtney is she's so damaged. If I met her I'd be cool and sort of a dick to her and she'd eat it up, and we'd end up with her straddling me in my back seat, probably. And she'd be pissed off about it, too, because I'm a nobody and look how far she's fallen. She's always had one foot on a pedestal and the other in a gutter. Every Courtney episode is just so screwed up and it makes her all the hotter. It's not like I'm fixated on 1994 Courtney or rehab Courtney or Golden Globes Courtney or whatever — I accept all of her. You know, I bet no one else does — not anyone who isn't drawing a paycheck off her. She would hate me for being nothing and I would love her for being famous but nothing. I'm the one who could make her happy. I'd probably have to treat her like shit a little, but that's okay, because I want to see what she does next, even if I'm already fucking her.

