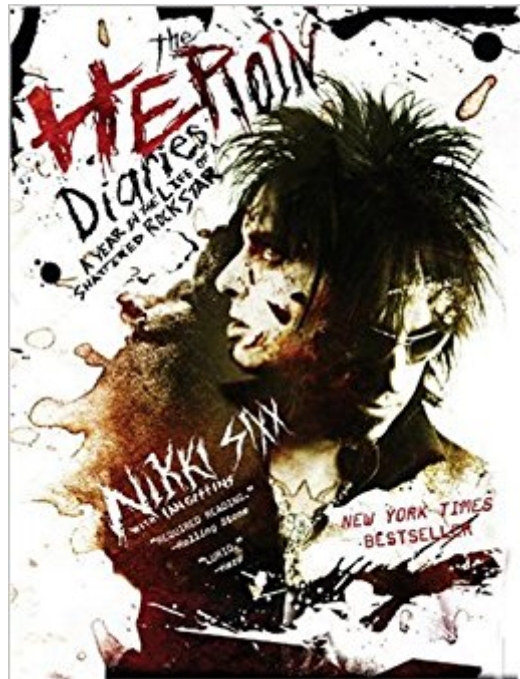




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The Heroin Diaries: A Year In The Life Of A Shattered Rock Star



Synopsis

In one of the most unique memoirs of addiction ever published, Mötley Crüe's Nikki Sixx shares mesmerizing diary entries from the year he spiraled out of control in a haze of heroin and cocaine, presented alongside riveting commentary from people who were there at the time, and from Nikki himself. When Mötley Crüe was at the height of its fame, there wasn't any drug Nikki Sixx wouldn't do. He spent days -- sometimes alone, sometimes with other addicts, friends, and lovers -- in a coke and heroin-fueled daze. The highs were high, and Nikki's journal entries reveal some euphoria and joy. But the lows were lower, often ending with Nikki in his closet, surrounded by drug paraphernalia and wrapped in paranoid delusions. Here, Nikki shares those diary entries -- some poetic, some scatterbrained, some bizarre -- and reflects on that time. Joining him are Tommy Lee, Vince Neil, Mick Mars, Slash, Rick Nielsen, Bob Rock, and a host of ex-managers, ex-lovers, and more. Brutally honest, utterly riveting, and shockingly moving, *The Heroin Diaries* follows Nikki during the year he plunged to rock bottom -- and his courageous decision to pick himself up and start living again.

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Customer Reviews

International rock icon Nikki Sixx is one of the founding members of Mötley Crüe and Sixx:A.M., a two-time New York Times bestselling author of *The Heroin Diaries* and *This Is Gonna Hurt*, co-founder of rock couture fashion line Royal Underground, philanthropist, photographer, and host of the nationally syndicated radio show *Sixx Sense*, which airs on over 115 stations, and *The Side Show Countdown*. As the creative force behind a multitude of projects, Sixx never stops

inventing new ways to express himself and continues to unveil his unusual points of view with new projects. In addition to selling over 100 million albums with Mötley Crüe and Sixx:A.M., songs written by Sixx have been used in national commercials, his photographs have been published by the New York Post, and he's raised several hundred thousand dollars through his Running Wild In The Night charity for Covenant House California.

Van Nuys, 7:30 p.m. Merry Christmas. Well, that's what people say at Christmas, right? Except normally they have somebody to say it to. They have their friends and family all around them. They haven't been crouched naked under a Christmas tree with a needle in their arm like an insane person in a mansion in Van Nuys. They're not out of their minds and writing in a diary and they're not watching their holiday spirit coagulating in a spoon. I didn't speak to a single person today... I thought of calling Bob Timmons, but why should I ruin his Christmas? I guess I've decided to start another diary this time for a few different reasons... 1. I have no friends left. 2. So I can read back and remember what I did the day before. 3. So if I die, at least I leave a paper trail of my life (nice lil suicide note). Merry Christmas... it's just you and me, diary. Welcome to my life. BOB TIMMONS: By Christmas 1986, Nikki had been addicted to heroin and cocaine for at least a year, possibly longer. As a drug counselor, I first met Nikki when Mötley Crüe's manager, Doc McGhee, called me in to work with the band's singer, Vince Neil. Nikki was initially very hostile to me; he tried to get me barred from going backstage or being around them. Nikki and I slowly formed a relationship, and early in 1986 he asked me for help with his own addictions. I advised him to go into a rehab center but he refused and said he didn't need to. He was very stubborn on that issue. Over the years I have worked with platinum-selling artists from the Rolling Stones to the Red Hot Chili Peppers and all points in between, and let me make one thing clear from the start-Mötley Crüe, more than anybody, wrote the book for decadence and partying. In that area they were the most extreme people I ever met, and Nikki was the most extreme of all. For many years, Nikki had one motto: I'm going to do exactly what I want to do, and fuck everybody else. Van Nuys, 2:10 a.m. Jason came over again today. I was touched... so there is a Santa Claus, after all. He came mooching in, with his greasy James Dean hair and his junkie eyes that are sunk so deep in his elongated face that he looks like he's wearing makeup, and he stood by the tree and asked me how my Christmas had been. Like he cares... like he doesn't know already that it was exactly the same as his. Sometimes Jason pisses me off when he tries to make small talk. He asked me how much gear I wanted, and I asked, how much have you got? And he gave me this contemptuous, sneering look and said, that must be nice... His Betty Page-wannabe Goth girlfriend Anastasia isn't much better. Oh, she's nice enuff, but

I know on the inside I'm just her meal ticket to an easier, softer life. I know she tells Jason to jump when I call because she, more than he, wants the money. Not just for the junk, they make enough off me to maintain their cheap little habits, but she likes to decorate their little one-room rat's nest with the extra money they have left over. That's the real reason she demands he comes at my beck and call...she likes that extra cash for thrift shops and secondhand stores. I see her as a sorta Suzie Homemaker from Hell, but it's all just a fantasy-she's stuck with a habit too...NIKKI: My dealer Jason and I had a real love-hate relationship. I loved him because I could pick up the phone and he'd be over in twenty minutes with everything I needed. I hated him because it was killing me. He loved me because I gave him hundreds (sometimes thousands) of dollars on a daily basis. He hated me because I was a spoiled millionaire rock star who could have anything I wanted whenever I wanted it, and usually did. I used to ride a Honda Shadow motorcycle around the Valleys with my shirt off, totally out of my mind. One time Jason started talking about Harleys and how much he loved them. Tommy had one, so the next day I just went out and bought one and rode it to Jason's house to score. He was furious: it was his dream bike, he'd shown me a picture of it and I'd bought it. He thought I was such a spoiled brat. Jason was as fucked on heroin as me. He was a tall, skinny guy who in another life could have been a model, or something, but he really just came off looking like a corpse. That was the real reason he hated me: we were both living for drugs, but I could afford as many as I wanted. Van Nuys, 4:15 a.m. The best part of freebase is before the first hit. I love that moment, right before I put the glass pipe to my lips...that moment when everything is sane, and the craving, the salivating, the excitement all feel fresh and innocent. It's like foreplay...the ache that's always better than the orgasm. Yet as soon as I hit the pipe, within 30 seconds all hell breaks loose in my brain...and I keep on doing it and doing it and doing it and doing it, and I can't stop. Every day that I sit here and write, it's always the same. So-why? Why do I do this? I hate it...I hate it so much, but I love it even more. The worst part of freebase is running out. But I have a new jones-speedballs of any kind. The junk just isn't enough anymore...I feel like I'm only halfway there...TOMMY LEE: Back around Girls Girls Girls, we were starting to make shitloads of money. With money came success, power, overindulgence and experimentation. Sixx and I, in particular, took a lot of narcotics, and he would always want to push things: "Hey, how about taking these two drugs together? How about heroin and cocaine at the same time?" That period led us to this really dark fucking place. We all went to that place at various times-but Nikki seemed to like it there more than any of us. Van Nuys, 9:40 p.m. After I binged last night-or was it tonight-I was convinced yet again that there were people coming to get me. It was more than just shadows and voices, more than just fantasies...it was real, and I was scared to my core. My bones were shaking...my heart was

pounding...I thought I was going to explode. I'm glad I have you to talk to, to write this down...I tried to keep it all together, but then I gave in to the madness and became one with my insanity...I always end up in the closet in my bedroom. Let me tell you about that place, my closet. It's more than a closet-it's a haven for me. It's where I keep my dope and where I keep my gun. I know when I'm in there I'm safe, at least until I get too high. I can't be out in the house-there are too many windows and I know I'm being watched. Right now it seems impossible that cops are peering in from the trees outside or people are looking at me thru the peeohole at the front door. But when the drugs kick in I can't control my mind...Today, last night feels like a lifetime ago. But the sick thing is I could do it again tonight.

NIKKI: This was the crazy routine I had at the time. I would start out freebasing or mainlining anywhere in the house: the front room, the kitchen, the bathroom. But as soon as the coke-induced psychosis kicked in, as soon as the insanity began, I would make a beeline for my bedroom closet. That was my refuge. I would huddle in there, surrounded by my drug paraphernalia and guns, convinced that people were in the house trying to get me, or a SWAT team was outside preparing to bust me. I would be too scared to move until I came down. The only way to bring myself down quicker was heroin. Heroin would make the madness go away: it was the easy solution. It seemed to make sense at the time.

Van Nuys, 4:30 p.m.I've been thinking about last Christmas Eve when I picked up that girl in a strip club, brought her back here on my bike, took her home the next day, then had Christmas dinner all by myself in McDonald's. I haven't made much progress I see.

Today I'm listening to Exile on Main Street, reading, laying around...tanning in the backyard, naked...today I feel like my old self. Sometimes I feel like I have two personalities. One is Nikki and one is...Sikki.

ROSS HALFIN: As a photographer I've shot M?tley Cr?e many times over the years for magazines and got particularly close to Nikki. I remember the first time I ever met him in LA we got on pretty well and decided to go for a drink that night. We sat talking in a booth. Vince Neil was in another booth with a girl, arguing, and Vince suddenly stood up and punched her in the face. I asked Nikki, "Should we sort it out?" And Nikki just laughed and said, "Let them sort it out themselves."

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Kudos to Nikki Sixx and those close to him who were not afraid to be brutally honest about the struggles and madness of addiction as it relates to both the addict, and the people that surround them as well. Nikki bares his soul in this memoir of what it was like to live a year imprisoned in substance abuse and depression. The story is told as a year of actual diary entries that Nikki kept during the Girls, Girls, Girls period of Motley Crue. Nikki's story includes tales of debauchery that

includes the members of Motley Crue, Guns n' Roses, Ratt, Vanity, and various others. In between the diary entries, there is commentary from Nikki and the people in his life that explain a little more about the diary entry and what was going on at the time. I admire Nikki for putting it all out there in the hopes of helping others who may find themselves in the arms of addiction. This book may also help those who have loved ones lost in addiction to have a look into the mind of an addict to get a better understanding of how addiction controls not only the mind, but the body as well.

I have been a fan of Motley Crue since the 80's and I had no idea the things Nikki was going through back then until I read this book. What a life and what great challenges he has overcome. Parts of the book were sad and depressing however I got a lot of inspiration from it. No matter how hard life's challenges can be, they can always be overcome.

In 1987 Motley Crue recorded *Girls, Girls, Girls*, toured with the then unknown Guns 'n Roses, sold out shows around the country (and world) and partied like they always had a day left to live. The previous book to tell the tale of this excess, *The Dirt*, felt more like a glorification of the excesses of the band, even though it addressed all the drug abuse Nikki Sixx subjected himself to, subsequent overdoses that almost killed him and reemergence towards a cleaner lifestyle. Basically, you take those chapters of *The Dirt* and make them their own book and you have *The Heroin Diaries*. The book is set up like a diary. In fact, it is a diary: the book accounts the year (Christmas 1986 to Christmas 1987) that Nikki spiraled down a deep hole of addiction and depression and kept insanely careful track of it in a notebook. In addition to his entries (cleaned up a bit so we can understand them), Nikki includes commentary from himself as well as those who were close to him at the time (it's clear that a lot of care and work was undertaken to get all of these voices lined up to tell this story). I'm reminded of one entry where Nikki says in passing that he had a blast at a radio interview the other night, but probably got the DJ fired. The commentary afterwards is the DJ's account of the debauchery that went down that night (and, yes, he did indeed get fired). Nikki doesn't pull any punches and asked all of his contributors to do the same. They are brutally honest and help paint a magnificent picture of what it is like to find yourself on a speeding train charging forward into a brick wall. If you ever wanted to know what the rock and roll lifestyle was like, or what it feels like to be addicted to drugs, this is the memoir for you. It's actually amazing to me that there could possibly have been any lucid entries. We assume of course that a number of them were cleaned up by the editor, but there are times when you are stunned at Sixx's foresight into the future of the industry (the eventual downfall of the hair metal genre by the flood of copycat bands), the future of the band

(that they'd make their next record a #1 album) and even his own dim foreboding of the consequences of his lifestyle. He talks to the diary as if it were a person, as if it were his wife and only confidant in the world during that year (and it probably was). He addresses it with things like, "I have to go to the show now, but I'll see you when I get back tonight." When he departs without an entry for several days (sometimes simply because he is sober and sane) he is always apologetic and makes jokes about how he only writes to it when he is on drugs. The book pages are broken up with scribbles, notes that presumably came out of the original diary (To Do lists, lost lyric ideas, notes and the like), drug abuse inspired art and photographs of the people and places addressed, as well as song lyrics from a whole career of Sixx's songwriting. There are Motley Crue songs, songs from his 58 solo album, and songs from bands Nikki has adored in his life and reflect his lifestyle then and now. Each chapter is a month in the year, with an introduction, intermission and afterward included to set us up, take a break to reflect and plow forward into the future. The afterward in particular is interesting, because in it Sixx explains what happened in his life after that year: getting on and off the drugs, his failed marriages, his struggling band, his solo projects; everything (he calls it his Life After Death). It goes up to and beyond everything covered in *The Dirt*, and answers a number of nagging questions leftover from that book, like what was going on during the Girls Tour, what did some of the people mentioned in that book think about things discussed (Slash talking about his interactions with Nikki back then and his own struggling band and drug addictions), or whatever had become of certain events (like all that drama with Vanity). I found myself taking the ups (yes, there were good days) and downs along with Nikki on his ride of drug use, paranoia, rage, attempts at detox, thrills and pitfalls of touring, women, joys of songwriting and love of music, falling off the wagon, struggling on, wondering if he was killing himself, hoping for a way out, dying and coming back to life. I found myself reading an entry, wondering a question about it, and having it answered by the commentary. I also found myself wondering if the now clean and sober Vanity, turned Evangelist, is really any less insane than she was back then. Sure the drugs are gone, but the woman seems like she has a few permanent screws loose (there's one entry where she rambles on about the devil, leaving you thinking, "huh?," and then there's Nikki's commentary under hers going "Huh?" as well: fantastic!). The book has a message and Nikki Sixx has a hope that by writing this, that by laying his weaknesses bare for the world to see, that maybe that message can get through to people: the tunnel is dark but there is a light at the end, and even though it's probably better if you don't get into that tunnel in the first place, just because you are there doesn't mean there is no hope for you. I'm definitely sold on this book, as I was already sold on the soundtrack weeks ago. I highly recommend it to fans of the band, fans of rock and roll, people

interested in learning about the dangers of excess and any open-minded and curious individuals in general. It's a good read all around.

I was unsure about reading this book. Was I going to like it or is it just another spoiled rock star tale. As a kid I listened to the band but didn't know about all the crazy things they did. I grew up listening with my dad and my daughter and I listen to them now. This is amazing book... well written! I felt like I got to see a new side of the band. Being a country girl sitting on the front porch reading this took me back to my teenage years and all the mistakes and wrong turns I made but till came out ok. I will definitely read this book again. Now off to read The Dirt. Nikki Sixx your a amazing man!

I haven't followed the Crue since I was about 14, so I was interested to see what they had been up to four the past 30 years...Wow! The crappola he went through. its nice to see him alive and finally growing up sober! Good job Nikki!

In the 80s I remember my dad telling me that he refused to have music in his house that was basically yelling..printed demon signs on the album covers and one of the band mates displayed he worshipped the devil. I have always loved Motley Crue even if I had to listen to them in secret in my closet at night while I was suppose to be sleeping. My family on the outside portrayed a nice christian family with the nice white picket fence and 2 animals..but on the inside my father was degrading and selfish..my mom was silent and was being cheated on..my sister was the goody two shoes cheerleader with a 4.0 gpa..I was the outcast that dressed however I could to fit in..was nice to everyone even though I was followed home and beat on..& told I was nothing and a freak.then I found motley crue..with lots others to headline my rage. I am so sorry Nikki and others went through. What they did for me ..I have to thank them for because out of their destruction..drugs..and career they helped me get out of my mind for a while or I probably wouldn't be writing this review today. ÆfÂ Æ Å,Ã â ™Ã â "ÆfÂ Æ Å,Ã Å Æ Â¶

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