

DETAILS
JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2001

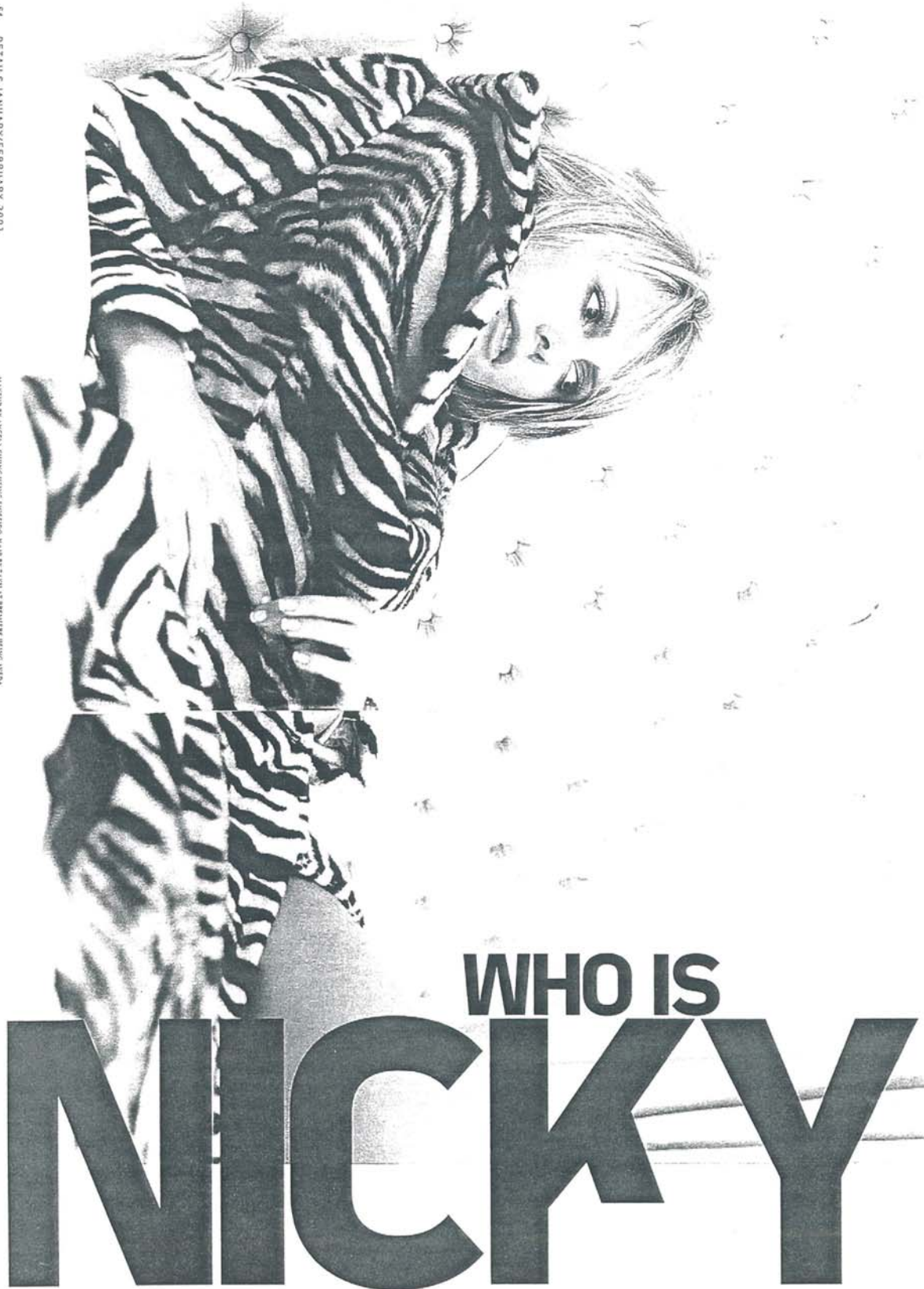
BY BARTON BLASENGAME
PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD MILNE

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64 DETAILS JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2001

MAKEUP BY ANGELA CHUNG USING SHISEIDO HAIR BY TANI AT PRESIDENT BEING AIDA.



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SHE'S THE POUTY blonde Australian whose debut CD, *Honeyvision* (DreamWorks) is a lavish, sneering romp through 28 years of emotional baggage. If angst and ennui were nineties badges of honor, Love gives both a new-millennium gleam on her first single. "They Don't Understand Me." Moping has never been this sexy. "I'm very youthful," Love coos between giggles, "and firm. I'm fully prepared to be a rock goddess. I'm gagging to get out there and perform."

SHE'S TAKEN a bruising road to fame through a rocky suburban Sydney childhood featuring an alcoholic father and "crippling" shyness. Love quit school in her early teens to chow down on the glamorous life. She hurtled between modeling shoots and television gigs before joining the Freaked-Out Flower Children, an all-girl band known more for hot pants than hot licks. By her late teens, she'd sunk into a rut of nonstop partying that would last for years. "I really thought I was the dog's bollocks," Love says. "All the partying and drugs... it kind of slowly became a drag. It felt empty. You can only run so far."

SHE'S LEARNED that writing is cheap therapy. After the death of her father and the suicide of a close friend, Love cleared her head—and rinsed her system—with an eighteen-month soul-scrutinizing trek through Europe. She skidded to a stop in London and began composing the material that would eventually form the backbone of *Honeyvision*. "All the hardships and wild times and partying were a great source," she explains.

SHE REFUSES to exploit her natural resources as she sharpens her reputation. "It's a double-edged sword," Love says. "I'm very happy about the way I look, but it's weird because sometimes you don't have to try as hard." And there's always the dreaded pigeonholing. "People wanted me to sing these girly, shitty songs about bubblegum and losing your virginity," she complains. "But I've already been through that."

SHE PLAYED her demo for legendary Band man Robbie Robertson, who was moved enough to make Love his first signing as a DreamWorks A&R man. Of course, Love didn't know she was spilling her guts to the Robbie Robertson. "I didn't realize quite the legend he was," she admits. "I'd heard some of his songs, but didn't know much about the Band or his dealings with Dylan." Love says Robertson's influence in the studio was sagelike: "He told me, 'Remember, Nicky, you've got to live with this for the rest of your life. Make sure you're happy with it.'"

SHE'S RECENTLY FOUND a base-camp compromise between the Land Down Under and the record-buying USA on the coast of Marbella, Spain. She's already been linked romantically to a cast of various Euro-royals. But Love insists her heart belongs to an Englishman—and her two dogs. Besides, she says, "Have you seen the Spanish royal family?"