

Dear You, Listener -

It's Amanda.

Thank you, so much, for buying this record.

If you are downloading this file, it means that you know how to use a computer.

If you know how to use a computer, you could have easily gotten this record for free from any of your friends.

But instead, you bought it. For that, I am truly grateful.

We are living in strange times for the record business.

Recorded music has been perceived as not worth paying for for a while now, but it still costs money to record music.

Moreover, a musician must have money to eat, pay rent, buy instruments, do coke off of strippers' tits and all of the other things musicians must do to find their muse.

It's going to be an interesting few years, these next few, while the business expands and contracts and musicians experiment with new ways to actually make money off of their recorded music while more and more people buy computers and figure out that to PAY for music in a STORE is becoming rather ridiculous and redundant.

MY dream about the future is that the artist/listener relationship will trump everything else, and that true fans and appreciators of artists will actively WANT to support them, will WANT to give them money, perhaps in a slightly different configuration than we're used to. I'm trying to figure out creative ways to do that. Time was, famous painters and musicians had rich patrons and royalty who fed them and kept them kicking around because ART MADE LIFE BETTER AND MORE INTERESTING. Nowadays, with the power of the net, a mish-mashy assortment of people spanning the globe can be that patron, if it's wisely organized. Those people would be, ahem, YOU.

For now, there are two simple, and very powerful, things you can do to help me out....above and beyond buying this record, above and beyond buying merchandise and concert tickets and books and all the other things I will try to entice you to buy: Stay in touch with me (make sure you're on the [MySpace](#) or mailing list - if you're not, please, please [subscribe](#)) and spread the word. Your recommendation about this record to a friend means WAY more than any fancy marketing me or my label can do.

If you love it, share it. Really. Do.

Long live the punk cabaret, comrades.

XXXXOO

amanda palmer

P.S. As a token of appreciation, please enjoy some previews of photos and a story from *Who Killed Amanda Palmer* (the BOOK)...



Photos by Kyle Cassidy

FROM THE PRIVATE DIARY OF MAIA CARLISLE

We had blackberry jam and scones for tea. Asya said we should go up to the ballroom and pretend we were at a grand ball with gowns and invitations and ambassadors but Chloe said please no and she just wanted to go for a walk by the lake.

So we did.

At first we thought it was a swan or perhaps a dress that had blown off the clothes-line and into the water. We saw the white.

"It's a lady," said Chloe. She is the oldest of us, and says this means she has the sharpest eyes.

We thought she was alive. I mean, I did. I thought she was thinking. Asya said she thought she was alive too. Chloe said she knew she was dead all along.

We walked out a little way and pushed her back to the shore with sticks, like a toy boat.

I said, "It's Miss Palmer."

Asya said that the strains of being a governess must have got to her, with all the French and grammar and everything, and she expected that Miss Palmer had succumbed to brain fever.

Chloe didn't say anything at all. Not then.

The bruises on Miss Palmer's neck were the colour of blackberry jam.

Then we went up the hill to the house to tell people what we had found.

When we were waiting to tell them, Chloe said she saw Miss Palmer kissing someone in the scullery, two nights ago. Asya and I asked her who it was, but she said she did not know the gentleman, and only caught a glimpse.

We all agreed that a governess who died for love is a most romantic thing; but who will teach us pianoforte and sewing and composition now?

We had poached eggs for supper and then to bed. Asya and I listened to Chloe crying quietly in her bed, and eventually she stopped crying, and then we slept.

In the morning Miss Palmer was no longer to be seen, and Mama said the matter was not to be mentioned again. For tea we had gooseberry jam and toast.

