

Be clear #DearReader,
I'm damaged merchandise.
Humanly speaking that is,
for there is God's perfection.

...thoughts before Chapter One of *almost* Hollywood

Let's begin with 10 thoughts. Maybe foolheartedish COMMENTARIES. I numbered 'em. (LOL)
They're juicy. And lucky. Awesome unfoldments which came about from this *writing's research*.

In regards to saying "writing's research."

My English professor would frown on me for using a simple noun as a possessive of the word research. "Weak!" she'd proclaim. I.e. *writing* possessing research. Better say would be Lor's research or research for this writing.

Oh dear me! I'm being as nerdy as Drew Barrymore's journalist character in *Never Been Kissed*. Yet, I'm not editing this comment out. Why? Because I wanna encourage anyone who wants to write a story—theirs, a loved one's, fiction, or...—not to let their frustration with English grammar stop them. Take night school like I did. Or day courses.

I dropped out of University High in Santa Monica, California when I was 15-and-pregnant during a time of shaming girls in this viewed predicament. I made myself proud when receiving my high school diploma when I was 32 with my kids at my side, ages 12 and 14.

I kept growing and developing intellectually as circumstance arose either finding myself desiring to achieve something or when life changes demanded that I grow or die. Sounds dramatic, I know. But that's true for me. I live behind the comedy & tragedy mask.

Note: It's one mask, not two!

On to the first of the ten comments *before Chapter One*.

1.

#DearReader: I'm jawing on how to value my story? I mean we all have a story. And most of us don't wanna hang their laundry out to wash in a memoir. I mean don't ya have to be some kinda egocentric bore to do so?

And even if that were not so, what makes mine tellable enough for a book? Simple answer. I was there. I slipped my boots on. I trekked. I became Hollywood. Almost recognizable.

And along the way I became a poster child of the Sixties.

Of course I feel sorta foolish spelling out how I didn't become my dream. No Oscar. Not even significant billings. Yet in the telling, it pieces together the #MeToo hell that I experienced before the day anyone cared much at all!

I need a mantra to revisit yesteryear. An innocent one. For basically those days were the loss of innocence. So, how about the children's book *The Little Engine That Could!* The mantra being somethin' like I CAN DO THIS and DO IT WELL!

Pray tell. There's another reason I need a boot to toot. I tried to write this memoir as early as 2002. Now it's almost 2019. Was it that I didn't get encouragement? No Aunt Ana support? (more later) Finances? Lack of guts? Insular world of publishing? Lacka self-respected world of self-publishing? Shame to tell-all? No Tweets to connect with supporters? (Twitter est. 2006.) No #MeToo hashtag until 2018!

I didn't just quit short of finishing *almost Hollywood*: my experience as a beautiful Hollywood ingénue. In 1998—Monica Lewinsky years in sex&politics. (As if, it isn't today. Anyway, more later.) I quit on my screenplay *Jimi and Me*—about my 1969-70 rock 'n roll experience filming a Euro-concert docu of genius Hendrix. His last tour for he passed in September 1970 while I was with the editor of the 16mm film shot by Michael Ballhaus. (This was his first gig before leaving German TV. Now an Academy Award cinematographer.)

Knowing how to edit this film was way over my head so I solicited help from an *AFI Conservatory fellow. But the TOAD ruined this relationship, as he did everything he touched. (more later)

Prestigious American Film Institute aka Advanced Film Studies—complicated morphing—was located in a mansion in the Trousdale Estates of Beverly Hills and purchased by the city. BH leased it to AFI for a \$1 a year with an agreement that they'd keep up the grounds. The mansion is now known to be Doheny Estate/Greystone, in case ya all wanna do some boring Wiki history research as I did. (Pitiful! I am pitifully hooked by detail. LOL)

Not that I didn't give it my golden best to complete the *Lor & Jimi* screenplay as early as 1998. Desperate for the juice to get it to bed, I enrolled and was privileged to be accepted into an UCLA film school workshop. It was like winning the lottery and then by not finishing the screenplay it was like giving all monies/winnings away. Anyway. Here I am again. Trying! (Glad I have a HENDRIX page on my website.)

FYI. I didn't say sex with Jimi. Nope. I wasn't a groupie. I was dating my partner in this film project: the ugliest among avatars. A Toad. (More in a sec about this *incarnation of a man*. i.e an animal in human form that was from some hellish afterlife and before meeting up with me, dwelled in a-tomb-of-a-dank place... much like 'Iron John' did.) So this is where my ALMOST really began. Looking into Iron John's face: the Toad.

Iron John is an insightful German folklore which poet, philosopher, scholar Robert Bly took to naming a book after. His treatise became the popular "Blood, Sweat, and Tears" movement for men of the Nineties.

Supposedly, if I remember correctly, every farmer with a boy child had an Iron John in his well. This creature was the ugliest among all creatures. A stinky, slimy thing that was morose—the epitome of a gloomy personality. Thus when a boy (in puberty) was fetching water and saw Iron John as he looked into the well, he fell into a deep spell thinking the reflection was himself personified. Henceforth, the lad spent the rest of his days troubled. Thus there abode within him a deep-fear of his manhood being despicable because deep down he was ugly as sin—deserving of contempt. Forlorn he never grew beyond his fear.

Jimi is a perfect bridge here. Why? The reflection he got back when he looked in the mirror was one of a good son, a prince of music, a jester of garb. Every feather and ribbon, every velvet touch on his body described an incarnation of something so wonderful that every kid even some fifty years later knows who he is. Jimi's only depression was the world around him which desired to profit from his genius. He had hoped our filming would portray him as he saw himself. We failed. And the concert docu has never been released. Although I will have frames from it on my website.

Jimi and I had eyes. We didn't act upon 'em because I was dating my partner in this project. And I was there for the sole purpose of getting this project in the film-can. But come on! I loved the way Jimi sang *Foxy Lady* to me at our final filming in Royal Albert Hall, London, England—Feb 24, 1970. He was looking for me to deliver the surprise he promised which climaxed with him sensually banging the crap out of his guitar into the amps. (This had become a trademark during his tour.) I could feel every thrust.

Then there was that moment on film in Jimi's London apartment with his redhead girlfriend, the Toad, and me, when he strummed on an acoustic guitar while singing *You Ain't Nothing But A Hound Dog*. Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end... this way.

He was a really decent guy. And I was finding out, I was a real decent girl. We became close to one another in the filming, which in memory serves me better than sex would have. Dropping acid together while on the Euro tour, led to some awesome conversations. Mostly about his love of his mother. Go figure!

As the wheel of life spun, grinding decades to dust, I survived the rat race. Thus I'm proud to share part of my history: that I met an icon who was never to be forgotten. This sensual thing, yet decent to the core. To think this abused Chicago girl kept her nose clean as she hung and dropped acid with Jimi Hendrix. Cool indeed. To think that I'm sober, not dead, and other than faultfinding my storytelling style, you pretty well may cheer the truth of my story. Coolest indeed.

And if some assbites doubt: I own the The Library of Congress copyright of the filming.

Coming soon at lorpearson.com, on the Hendrix page, as I said, you may see frames from the docu. That in itself will be liberating, seeing as it has been buried in my heart and mind for almost half a century. Release from another labyrinth!

I'm still hopeful to find someone to upload my un-produced screenplay. My girlfriend wants me to have Cameron Crowe direct it or make this memoir into a movie by his direction. Ah! Isn't she fun!!! Or not. Ya know I'll look like 'Iron Joan' if it was made.

Right now I shouldn't be Sixties' helter skelter or flower power. All that is a way side-trip. Music stuff was sorta down the road for me while still dreamin' that dream in 'Hollywood. Though certainly a big part of me fitting together pieces of the puzzle of *almost*.

THE TOAD

Remember? Before distracted by Hendrix sound bites, I mentioned there was this avatar that appeared and was mostly the real reason for almost. Well, here's his intro to you.

This toad, before *dropping out* (as was called of those who drugged-up-and-out of "normal" society) was a conservative Wisconsin born Jew, who became a CPA for industry icons the likes of Judy Garland and Lenny Bruce. My Toad was a genius. 14yrs my senior. Who used to tout that I was a 'brilliant illiterate.' For anyone to say I was *that* smart, I was mesmerized. Hypnotized. Slobbering over his every word. For someone actually saw my brains more than my body. Or so I imagined.

His drug addiction was LSD (coined 'acid'). He was upped LSD not from just anybody, but from its alchemist: Harvard psychologist Timothy Leary. Toad was happy to supply me. (more later)

Toad had become more than a CPA to some of his clients. Bruce was obscene in an era of a prissy-standard. The F-word was taboo. Bruce actually got arrested for using the word schmuck on stage. (Insulting/obscene Yiddish term for penis.) Toad became drug friendly with radical social-critic and satirist filthy mouthed comedian Bruce with whom he learned stand-up. And gave a shot at it.

After Toad *dropped out* he wanted, in a badly way, to be a manager of recording artists. Thus right off he intro'd me to Sonny & Cher. Ike & Tina Turner. (All who performed at joints on Sunset Strip, like Gazzarris.) But it was Eric Burden and War (the original) that he signed and launched.

Of course *if if if* I had let it sink in that Toad's ambition was music entertainment, I woulda known it would be my Waterloo to let him be the manager for my acting aspiration. (more later—Yet this must be the real truth of ALMOST.)

2.

I need to begin this memoir again.

Beauty? As you probably agree by now, outer or inner BEAUTY is not a many splendid thing. Like jealousy enslaved pretty Cinderella, attempting to make an ash-pile of her beauty—i.e. nicknaming Ella, Cinderella. Jealousy challenged her cheerful, loving nature, manipulating her into servitude. (Much like the Toad marred me.)

Hollywoodland would like to do this to the babes that appear on its doorstep. (I certainly was one.)

In #realHollywood rather than the girl finding a Prince, she gets slimy Toads who rape her one way or the other. Hard-shelled-lustful creatures that might as well have sprung on her from under a rock revealing to her immediately: I'M A TOAD THAT'LL GIVE YOU AWFUL HOMELY WARTS. For thereafter each encounter, an actress almost would rather have had a body of toad-warts than the godforsaken chronic feeling that she's worthless and scathed. (Speaking from experience.)

Beauty? My drama began in childhood. Dad disappeared, blaming mom for cheating on him while he was in the Army. Mom loved me because I was beautiful and feigned love wearing an assortment of masks. A devious form of jealousy. For it would poison without a trace. Believe it! Very critical of the girl's soul. So of course the girl thought she was scum, acting out her mother's bidding. This was this woman's way of getting full attention, leaving the girl to be frowned upon.

Impatient, vein mothers are that way—terribly complimentary of outward appearance, while ripping up their daughter's soul. Certainly, Mom's unrest had an excuse. Damaging none the less. Enough! This is now. And it's all about me, not about mommy-dearest and me blame blame blaming her for the failures in my helter skelter adult life. Fair enough that she ruined my childhood. I must now leave the dead bury the dead, and give to my credit this: I have attempted to grow beyond her pain which she inflicted upon me daily thru physical and verbal abuse, allowing her son (as she looked on) to beat me up as well.

#DearReader you may find out about Mom in my novel, *Journal of an Evening Primrose: virgin teen's discovery of her erotic angry self*. (I'll refer to this book further on as JEP.) Fictionalizing Mom was easy for she had passed away. Maybe I was harsh when I warned her after another year of monster-mother, I'll have the last word!

Beauty? Think about the paradigm which beguiles gorgeous females with a modicum of acting talent, who are pushed into Hollywood just because of their looks. (Like me.) I had the skin. Seductive eyes, yet revealing an innocent soul. Nose? Michelangelo chiseled. Silly? This mattered once upon a time to be a movie star. Hollywood so scrutinized women that an awkward nose barred a serious maiden from a lead role on the silver screen. Ya never saw the likes of Streisand back then.

Classic beauty was what it took to become a matinee idol. It was the yellow brick road to stardom in Hollywood. Of course, movieland is fixated on butts and boobs, too. (more later) The likes of illusive Garbo or delicate Princess Grace or violet eyed Liz or sweet Breakfast at Tiffany's Audrey, were long jawed until it boned out stars with unclassic beauty, like Oprah or Sarah.

I'm ill-at-ease to mention and as well angry that Sarah Jessica Parker was named on an internet site (people feedback thingamajig), as one of the ugliest celebrities. Seriously! Not my beloved fave actress. SJP is my role model, providing real insight of why I was ALMOST. You see, Sarah was not a foil, becoming a secondary character to a body of criticism. She was unscathed. (Smart girl.)

She did not fold by removing tha' mole as soon as it showed its ugly face. Even when, like a sudden tornado wipes out a landscape, criticism from jealous bitches shrieked. (Recently, the mole or wart or whatever! was removed. Probably a dermo concern.)

I foiled to criticism about a slight lisp. Stymied. So I put auditioning on hold until I could enunciate as good as my speech coach. (Dumb move.)

Sarah seemed nervous about how the camera pronounced her jaw even more than it is. Online bitches say it's horsey. Okay. I get it. With age and weight loss, it did get more pronounced. Yet, check out the plastic Celine Dion did to her face! And no jealous bitches?

Creampuffs are most jealous because SJP is the SEX symbol not only in her city: NYC. Everywhere! She made it where Marilyn's SEX Hollywood's way, killed her.

Industrious SJP learned to pose a certain way. She didn't let her bowlegged-ness destroy her. She crosses 'em over one another when walking or posing—almost like a gal does when seated. To boot, short lil Sarah is known as a fashion icon. You see? She didn't need a taller frame. Inside she's 10' tall. Most gals that waltz into Hollywood don't have her confidence or savvy.

When you factor in that Sarah was a talented and a pretty child actor (BTW totally supported by her parents), she must have known to “make it” as a lead in shallow Hollywood, she had to compensate for her actual physical drawbacks, which showed, as I said, with age. (I was an abused child thus nervous, too, which meant I thought I had physical drawbacks when I had none. Stress can do this.)

Now I've gotten to what is key. Nerves to stomach Hollywood without drugs was impossible for me. SJP didn't take drugs to fix her nervousness (that I know of—no rehab to date). She took her jumpiness like in *LA Story* with Steve Martin, and fidgeted for-all-it-was-worth.

Then Sarah took-on Woody-Allen-style jittery speech, making it her most attractive quality as an actress. Ah! Her put-on-hesitation branded her. She didn't let any physical or emotional drawback demean her. (What was I thinking?) Rather she took advantage by using edginess to fumble her way into the hearts of tens of millions watching *Sex and the City*. God! I admire her. (Hope to admire me for at least the telling of my story.)

Unlike SJP, I was considered “drop dead gorgeous” even by caddy industry women. I'm not suggesting they wanted to help me: Sisterhood did not exist in Hollywood or in school for that matter. Just making a point that my insecurity —needing approval from the outside— hurt me.

So what was the insecurity? Well, most everyone who looked at me undressed me in their mind. I could feel it. And I felt like I had what it took with my clothes on. I was slim: a 22” waist made a perfect curve for my 35” hips. And a 34C held up by swimmer shoulders. But I was nervous in a bikini. Pregnancy at 16, aged my body: stretch marked tummy. Even laughing at them and calling them seaweed, didn't help eliminate the early aging I hated.

Was my stress about this in my mind only? Probably because as I look at the photo (in website gallery) of me in a bikini in front of my Malibu digs, I'm thinking. Not bad. Not bad at all. Age will do this: give us a better perspective.

One of my fave lines from *Sex and the City* (S&C) is when the girls were chatting about addiction: “Everyone has a shortcoming. For some it's bathing suit season.” (Season 2, disc 3, which I bought a couple of years ago: I didn't watch TV from 1973-ish to 2015-ish, not even news.)

Wish S&C was there in the Sixties. Truth may be that it took the Sixties to birth it. And just maybe I didn't need to write JEP if I just told teens to watch complete series of S&C, telling them you'll learn all you need to know about women's frustration about their looks and sex.

Wait! Then again JEP gives spiritual lessons and teens should know this to survive bad guilty sex. LOL

Boobs? I felt challenged after two pregnancies. One breast gorged from trying to breastfeed. And there I was at seventeen with a road map of marks, which showed in a push-up bra. Of course with age, they disappeared. Go figure!

Anyway, even back then I knew that Hollywood loved virgins and their bodies. I sensed it. Suppose the flesh of innocence lambs satisfies hungry wolves like nothing else can. For a night anyway. Admittedly, I never imagined a Hollywood filled with pedophiles. That was not in my Disney dreams. I mean, I didn't even know what a homosexual was until I was in my twenties. (Believe it! Thus I'm not shocked over middle America's wake up call to #MeToo .)

Deeper truth to the ALMOST may be that 'inside' was the 'real' issue. See #DearReader, I never felt loved. I was like my childhood matinee idol Marilyn. As she said:

"This sad, bitter child who grew up too fast is hardly ever out of my heart. With success all around me, I can still feel her frightened eyes looking out of mine. She keeps saying, 'I never lived, I was never loved, and often I get confused and think it's I who am saying it.'"

Marilyn Monroe.

She did say that in her biography. And if you read into the phrase "grew up too fast," you may relate to her talking about how her sexuality came on her like gang busters. (Mine did.)

"I never lived, I was never loved, and often I get confused and think it's I who am saying it." Let's delve deep into her metaphysical statement: ". . . and often I get confused and think it's I who am saying it."

I shoulda named my memoir *Survived Hollywood By Answering Marilyn's Metaphysical Dilemma*. What am I suggesting #DearReader? Just this. It is essential to differentiate between what is true and good in thought in contrast to what is unreal. Negative mesmeric thinking if left unchecked, especially in the muddy vain hills & dank secret pasty morbid byways of Hollywood, spirals one into material hopelessness. As it did to Marilyn.

Q. Is it crazy that she was confused about whether it was 'her' thinking her thoughts or not?

A. Understand! From age 11 (eleven), Marilyn lived with Ana Lower, a Christian Science practitioner: a spiritual healer.

Please don't confuse this religion with the business of Scientology. To help, let me say that the Science of Mind church fashioned itself after Christian Science with the exception that adherents practice more doctoring than healing thru spiritual means alone. (More later. Pray tell, hopeful you can tolerate it #DearReader.)

Marilyn said after Ana Lower's death, "There's only one person in the world I ever loved. That was Aunt Ana." (Quoted in her 1974 autobiography *My Story*, published posthumously. And I found it in *Marilyn: A Life In Pictures* by Diana Karanikas Harvey pg. 14.)

Attending Sunday School with her, Marilyn learned that God is Love. But all Christian churches teach that. Right? Significantly is that this developing bombshell was being exposed to the concept that as well God is the 'all good' divine Mind and sensual thoughts are not of God, good. As the good book states: "We have the mind of Christ." (KJV) The opposing mind is 'belief in mortality or matter,' which needs to be seen as unreal.

So her saying: "I get confused and think it's I who am saying it," meant Marilyn struggled with a mortal-mind-sense as her own. Such as lustful thoughts. Fear. Anger. Abandonment from being tossed around foster homes, before Ana (who wasn't her real aunt). All this pain (mental error) seemed to Marilyn to be who she was. An abandoned child. Lustful girl. Fearful mortal. A happy face for her was a put-on.

So why not be the dumbest most lovable ditzy breathy gorgeous blonde that ever lived?

Marilyn rather than smarten up and give up a sensuous nature, must have decided to escape mental hell through drugs which helped her act the part of a dumb blonde even when off the screen—24/7 she faked materialism.

Marilyn wasn't dumb, but this is deep stuff that challenges gray matter at its very root. Mind over matter came out of the 1800's Enlightenment movement in human consciousness. Mind is All-in-all is today Christian Science. So there's no room for lust, for example. Bombshells don't survive in this concept for their mindset is physical beauty, which every eye-baller on earth highlights back .

You guessed it, #DearReader. Taking up this profound study escalated me out of a Hollywood mindset, sorta in one piece. (more later, Latida!)

For certain as a young woman, I was like Marilyn. Desperately misunderstood. Lusted after—even by relatives. So very alone. Silly me suffered a misconception: I somehow felt beauty could get the love I needed. So I cavorted that my in-between size was a flaw. Marilyn was in-between, too. Not fat. Not skinny. But no matter, I was convinced that 5.33333 less pounds would get the attention of all, especially Hollywood. So I desperately struggled with weight, becoming bulimic.

My body of thoughts cycled around beauty getting me somewhere, just like it did movie stars. And men's response to it gave me the dear attention that my childhood was lacking. Vanity grew. The sensuous world was no longer just a night dream. It became my daystar, too. Alas! Marilyn and I hunted for love in the wrong place: outside. In a world of flesh. And we're not talking hamburger.

Holy crap. I idolized her, entering Hollywood mesmerized by her screen image. Not breathy like her. But with bated breath. (Oxygen deprivation isn't good.)

Where to go with this memoir that I share with you #DearReader my last breath of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*? That I probe, oh so gently, into how I awoke from the material pull of *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend* so I must know *How to Marry a Millionaire*? (Which of course being a glam actress synched the deal.) For in a babe's Hollywood you join those *Some Like It Hot*.

When and how did I finally realize a happy family life as an entertainer is impossible? Figuring I'll get burned to a crisp in their hell and left guilty of taking my kids with me. That's what I need to share. I mean, what is my truth?

Ah! Truth has a way of persecuting one and at the same time freeing another. Truth like water makes a way. It leaked out! Idolized Marilyn Monroe, 'lil Norma Jeane (birth certificate spelling), was more miserable than the girl next door in San Fernando Valley, California. And she wasn't straight. (Actually, while writing this piece, I learned she was bi. OMG! What next? A vampire.)

Of course Hollywood didn't wanna cry with this once Valley girl from Van Nuys. For that woulda meant poor box-office sales. Maybe even expose their groping propensities. Sympathy woulda cracked their cesspool.

Basically, Hollywood after exhausting this blonde bomb of-a sex-symbol, just wanted to toss her aside blaming her demise on drugs—her weak character. Just as it had dear child star Judy Garland. Hollywood pleaded not guilty to drugging Judy. Yet at age 14, to complete the filming of the *Wizard of Oz*, they in fact did just that: prescribed barbiturates byway of charlatan doctors who were more than willing to bastardize their Hippocratic Oath in the fantasy of "bigger than life". Judy Garland died of alcoholism.

I, too, was drugged and exhausted sooner than later. #DearReader isn't it kinda weird that I met Judy's CPA, the TOAD? Lotsa years later. But still weird message that I didn't crochet 'til now. Also in later years that I was best friends with Shanda Lear (of the Lear Jet fortune). And Shanda was friends with Liza Minnelli, Judy's daughter! Go figure!

Not realizing early on the truth about this babe-of-all-babes, the one and only MARILYN, I signed up with *The Misfits* that dreamt Hollywood would help 'em find their niche. In the end? I found a safe *Bus Stop* out of Hollywood. The kids were blessed.

Or did God give me a cross to bear for decades more? Clearly, sensualism lives-on alongside spirituality. It is like biblical *tares and wheat* which grow sidexside. Looking the same. Ah! But in the day of harvest the tares are dwarfed next to the cultivated staple: wheat. It is then easy to see the real from the unreal.

Death ultimately was Marilyn's truth. Without beauty she didn't exist anyway.

So #DearReader. Like a whirlwind, I had escaped Hollywood by the time factual truth of her alpha to omega—this magical icon to miserable crypt story finalized at age 36. Marilyn's gut* wrenching life in Hollywood's sexweb went as deep as 'the swamp' in Washington, DC. No matter. She somehow made that choice. (I didn't.)

*definition of gut: the alimentary canal “from the mouth to the anus”. This moment this is to me about how Marilyn passed from Hollywood: 1. she ingested its gall, its impudence for materiality and its hatred of spirituality 2. she passed out a shitload of lust, envy, and unrequited love. RIP my beloved childhood idol. You made me want to be beautiful. Not just cute as I was.

It was a hard-earned realization that from childhood, I'd idolized a lost soul. A painful grasp. Sublime lesson. So meaningful a lesson that it awoke in me, as her truth sunk in, a feminist. With a capitol F.

4.

In this intense moment, I'm grateful that as a pregnant 16yr old, I was selfless enough to refuse and resist step-relatives insistence that I abort. Instead I married before a Las Vegas judge on January 21. Delivering him a month after I turned 17. And 15 months later at age 18 I welcomed my second child. It's a girl! Which meant for sure I was done.

I was accountable for more than myself from thenceforth. I mean, who can remove clouds from the sky? They bring forth blessed rain to replenish the earth. Yet clouds block the light. No matter the dark nights, I cherished their existence more. Definitely more than my secret dream of sensuous stardom, which I did not initiate until I was so-called 'discovered'. The kids were just out of kindergarten.

Such an endeavor was fraught from the start. Responsibility to further the kids well-being juxtaposed with my creative endeavor was suspect. Hell broke loose within my motherhood. Please know, I'm not comparing myself to the nutcase mom, played by Ashley Judd, in *Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood*.

Again and again it was like that Biblical parable Jesus taught: *the tares and the wheat*. Tares are nature's clones of the original. They're WEEDS. They grow sideXside. Yet they cannot really grow into such majesty as to be windswept wheat. For tares are fake wheat. Thus have no innate nutritional value for mankind.

Neat to visualize these phony little aberrations of nature. So pitifully puny that in the day of harvest, they're not apparent in the farmer's first cut. That cut is pure wheat. The original seed sown. And it is significant that the farmer has to let them grow sideXside not to destroy the wheat too.

See? I grew unbeknownst to me by the watering of the great Spirit. By a love that had to be God for it overshadowed my controlling Mom. I wasn't just tempted to hate her because she stole my childhood. She was controlling my teen marriage. My husband threatened her presence in our life if she hit me again. (She had moved her drunken self in with us.) She didn't lighten up much. Eventually, my husband left. Ultimately, he told my adult daughter it was because of mom.)

#Dear Reader when the wind blew some sense into me, I realized that the kids deserved better than Hollywood, which was becoming as abusive as Mom. So after being beaten up sufficiently by Hollywood this angry girl and self-centered beauty, began living life for others. Even Mom! Decades

later, I was the only one who didn't wanna pull the life-support plug on her. (Hopeful no more later. (LOL)

I mean. I was tired from childhood abuse. Tired when I delivered motherhood. So it's not surprising that as exhaustion from the unrequited love affair with Hollywood set in, motherhood screamed panicky. It might be just then when anxiety attacks began for in childhood I dare not top my Mom's. I.e. take away from her egocentricity.

You'll agree that my EXIT was destined sooner than later, when I add that the Toad—the guy I had trusted with my career—was (SURPRISE) in to orgies. Probably all of Hollywood. But who knew then? When I found out about this scum, not only resistance to not fall into this narcissism trap—there arose in me a disgust. It had to do with my underlying belief in a moral law and a God of love of whom I had yet to encounter thus fully understand. More than moral rebellion. A twice removed phoenix appeared—that mythological symbol of death and resurrection.

A diversion here may give clarity of the substance of my being. When step-dad, et al, moved to California, we landed in the hills of Westchester which was a palisades overlooking what in years was to become Marina del Rey. This thirteen year old loved the winds coming off the Pacific. It sailed my long hair up to heaven. Gave me thrilling goosebumps. It was totally cleansing.

Another fierce fight was happening with Mom and my so called step-dad Joe Granatelli, of race car fame. (They lied about being married.) This time I chose not to take the punches for Mom and ran outside to my safe space: the remarkable palisades overlooking the deep blue waters.

I had my first enlightened metaphysical experience though unawares that this is what it was. When the wind howled through my being, replacing the screeches from inside our home. I thought:

Though it feels as if the wind is traveling right through me, it's not. It's actually circling around me. And though it appears Mom and Dad are destroying any chance for happiness, they cannot. It only seems so. They are not in me! I am free inside to think and live happily. If only I have faith that only 'good is going on.'

So I became stronger. This childhood sacred awareness, “only good is going on”, was so deep in my heart you'd think I was as radiant as a star. And just maybe that's how I was 'discovered.' My light was shining bright. For sure I wanted to radiate from then on.

Not a second was wasted on my enlightenment. From there on out, it was a moment by moment mantra: **only good is going on**. This was my stand. See the good everywhere! And the Toad admired it. So when he called me the “brilliant illiterate.” I felt close to him. I knew I was unschooled. But brilliant? Well, sure it must be true if I'm letting my good shine.

Truly, he so bathed in my brilliance that one day he admitted: “I'm a cynic. Yes, but cynics are angels fallen from heaven.” It was his way to express his atheism being affected by my spirituality. Clever. Funny. Yet his witty head-trips had me going one more round with him while ignoring my career.

If only I had known and grasped Dylan Thomas' poem, "Do not go gentle into that good night." Maybe then I would have toughened up before the merry-go-round of a lifetime. My naïveté was just the fresh flesh for which Hollywood was hungering. In a sad way even today, it's all so freaking bittersweet. Traveling in its world did have magic. Yet being *almost* has left me in an abyss.

As I write to you #DearReader I'm thinking I was on a suicide mission those Hollywood years. Please understand, I wasn't like Marilyn who by age 19 had already made two suicide attempts. At that age, as you now know, I had two kids. My husband and owned our home. (Lordie! Did I say that I married their father?)

Is it that my heart was drenched in wine? An aspiration to be bigger than the miserable life I came from? *YouTube* Norah Jones' song: *Don't Know Why!* It sorta spells out why I entered Hollywood. I just had to show up for the party that I was invited to—just for being extra pretty. For sure "you'll be on my mind forever."

I was still married when the shocking news of Marilyn's passing clobbered me. Though I didn't realize that I was about to follow in her depressing footsteps.

As I said, I was not suicidal. *Per se*. Yet it is now blatantly obvious to me, I didn't give a crap about my real existence. I beat myself up, letting Hollywood takeover where my childhood family had left off—violent mother, incestuous brother, rapist step-dad. You've heard about how an unloved girl grows up feeling so lowly that even abuse seems like love. What do they call it nowadays? Rough love? Red room of pain. Now you call it the #MeToo movement. It as well could be denoted: #YourGettingYoursAssbites

Pitiful when a woman knows no better. Isn't taught that the *Art of War* is for women, too. Flirt with the book, *The Princessa Machiavelli for Women* by Harriet Rubin. Though dated it remains relevant. Then watch *Enough*, starring another mostly-exquisite fave J.Lo—Jennifer Lopez. 'Enough is enough!' is a great place to arrive at.

I never thrashed a guy like J.Lo did her abusive ex in that movie. Yet I had had enough with a guy I loaned money to, who was in an entertainment endeavor with me. I retaliated when he tried to default on repaying the bucks, punching him in the face. I about broke his jaw. He passively laughed it off. And jested, "What a right hook?" Interestingly, he paid up. I guess outta some kinda sick respect.

Awakening from oppression comes in stages. Initial being fearful rage. Yet we have no choice save to awake. Women have God given emancipation thus liberation from a nuclear-family sense of life. This is my polite way of saying that we do not owe an apology to anyone that we are independent females. Complex beings. It's integral to get to the heart of our angst. We are centered complete humans—no missing parts just because we are independent souls.

Plus, that we have personal goals outside of family is not a flaw. Nor should we be ashamed of or shy away from our power to become worldly. No matter, heed dear men. If we start a family we mean for it to flourish and bless mankind. And children come first. A great teacher of this was Mary

Baker Eddy, who coined, “A mother is a mother all of her life. A father is a father until he gets a new wife.”

To the San Francisco Chronicle, listen to how Marilyn apologized for her worldliness, after her 1954 marriage to Joe DiMaggio: “*Marriage is my main career now; a woman’s not a woman unless she has children. We’re going to have six. I am going to make all of Joe’s favorite food like steak and spaghetti.*” (fast fwd: Her miscarriages broke her.)

Okay. Yea. That sounded dumb. But that was then. Wait! It’s still now. Why? Because it will always be a patriarchal society. That is so long as men can’t get pregnant. Even religious sects deny women rights. It’s been an eon since women were disciples of Jesus. Did it last? Progress today?

5.

Again cud chewing. TG no sleepless nights digging at my soul. Yet the question remains in me, screeching often, embarrassed mostly that I was an almost... the question demands like a trial of inhumane NAZI sympathizers: Why was I *almost*?

I have so much more going for me right now. The too smart gene is awakened. No being messed with by Hollywood. No agreement with out-of-control California that wants to secede from the USA. This bleeding-heart-liberal, as my son used to call me, says: Grow up Berkeley brats! Guess they wanna be as out of control with civil unrest as Southern CA is with their penises. Sorry! I just couldn’t resist.

For sure, it was that bastard’s fault. The Hendrix partner screwed me out of my *Snow White* awakening and moved me to *Nightmare on Elm Street*. So I will leave the avatar unnamed. Not that I have to for he’s dead. It’s just because.

And forgive me for wonderin’ where wicked incarnate creatures (in human skin) like the Toad dwell hereafter. I hear there is definitely a transition and that there’s no peace there for toads. Only princes. No place to put their pennie. No water to cool their burning tongue. Well, that’s until they make peace with the supreme almighty Good. Just sayin’!

He blindsided me that I took a left turn from acting. He seriously promised that I could get back to acting as soon as I became rich from the Hendrix film project. “For the kids, do it!” Rich enough that I could support my kids better, which acting wasn’t. Instead dizzy wily* drugged me ditty giddy. Delivered my head to Nero. And ‘wily’ took my body to the garbage dump.

(*wily means crafty enough to be skilled at using clever tricks to deceive people)

Why did I listen to him? So many maybes!

Maybe due to my exhausting abusive childhood, I just sorta stumbled into Hollywood. Mind you looking all prettied up and sober—an elegant self dropping by *The Ivy* in West LA to fine dine with the Stars. (See my photo masthead on my website. That’s the look then.) That woulda been nice.

Instead loser-Toad did a head job on me that it was cooler to dine at Canter’s Deli with Gefilte-fish.

Maybe I was not an extraordinary talent? Da!

Maybe I didn't care enough? Marilyn did say, "*I use to think as I looked out on the Hollywood night, there must be thousands of girls sitting alone like me, dreaming of becoming a movie star. But I'm not going to worry about them. I'm dreaming the hardest.*"

Maybe I didn't hang in there long enough? Possible!
Hung with the wrong crowd? For sure!

Didn't know enough powerful people? Nope! For, in early twenties, I collaborated with an award winning screenwriter and famed rocker Eric Burden, to pen *Groupie*, pitching David Picker, the only real decent head of anything worthwhile in Hollywood. At the time Picker was the President and CEO of United Artist.* (UA was acquired by MGM in 1981.) in his illustrious career, Picker was as well CEO of Paramount, Lorimar, and Columbia Pictures.

*During his stint at UA, David Picker co-produced the *James Bond* series, which is the most successful franchise in cinema history. In 2013 he wrote a memoir about his career in the film industry: *Musts, Maybes and Nevers*. I gotta buy it. Gotta get in contact with him. (Maybe *Groupie* was one of those **Maybes**.)

Yet I'll never know because Eric dropped from the project. I'll never forget the goodbye, looking dear David in the face.

Maybe I left because I escaped death of the most horrific kind. Let me explain in detail #DearReader.

NOTE: More later on how I entered Hollywood a single girl.

I was hanging out with Jay Sebring, an acclaimed hairstylist—four upscale salons, one in London. He was in love with and engaged to *Valley of the Dolls* actress, gorgeous Sharon Tate who jolted him, marrying Roman Polanski.

Last time I saw Jay was when he stopped an elevator that I had gotten into, exiting his wild penthouse party. He didn't want me to leave. Moan. Moan. I said, "Jay, I'm very uncomfortable." He shrugged his shoulders, turned his back, and fumbled back to his party.

I had felt a morbid sense there. Like evil was in the air. It wasn't a couple of months that had passed when the Tate slaughters happened by the knifing hands of Charlie Manson's Family. Jay was among the dead, stabbed to death as were others. They murdered 26yr old pregnant Sharon Tate and tied a rope around her neck tossed it over a ceiling beam and then tied it to Jay's neck. Imagine! Is their conundrum familiar? Like a *Romeo and Juliet* tragedy.

OMG! This brutal murdering spree happened on my birthday!!!

This was one of those shockers that slammed me against a wall. Thereafter, the message pounding in my head for months was that I had escaped a brutal demise and should move

quickly away from anyone or anything I had before known. Basically, get the hell out of Hollywood 'butt' quick.

Listen up: 1. Tate's husband, Polanski, was making another movie. Maybe another *Rosemary's Baby*. Married Polanski was an unsatiated pedophile—alleged to have been dating 'a girl' in Europe at almost the same moment his wife and unborn baby were slain.

Listen up: 2. Not at all to make light of her murder. Yet! Listen to how Tate felt about Hollywood. She declared to "Look Magazine" at the height of her popularity: *"People look at me and all they see is a sex thing. I mean, people see sexy. When I was put under contract I thought, Oh, how nice. But it [I] was just another piece of merchandise. Nobody cared about me."*

Tate continued, *"People expect so much of an attractive person. I mean people are very critical of me. It makes me tense; even when I lie down I'm tense. I think sometimes people don't want me around. I don't like to be alone, though. When I'm alone my imagination gets all creepy."* Sound like Marilyn? Me? Sound like another beauty lost in the wild and unscrupulous Movieland?

Renowned playwright Arthur Miller, Marilyn's third husband, said of her: "She was a poet on a street corner trying to recite to a crowd pulling at her clothes."

Yet they all may have been wrong when trying to size up Marilyn. In her words, "I knew I belonged to the public and to the world, not because I was talented or even beautiful but because I had never belonged to anything or anyone else."

This is genius.* Marilyn Monroe the 5'5½" 117# breathy blonde bombshell was willing, not resentfully, to give herself to a welcoming, fiercely lusty, public for she got back an essential something for which she wanted and needed and dreamt upon a star. Genius self-knowledge! Though sexually twisted (by women too), Marilyn's public made her genius.

*genius: somebody with exceptional ability, especially somebody whose intellectual or creative achievements gain worldwide recognition.

BREAKING NEWS. Like I'm an investigative reporter. (LOL) Like *Nancy Drew*.

Listen up: 3. After the headlines, I shortly thereafter walked from it all. But now. Now because of this memoir, I want the facts. And wow. It's an amazing connection.

I couldn't write this part for days. Why? Because of this connection: WHY of ALL THE HOUSES in LOS ANGELES for this sadistic act to take place, was **10050 Cielo Drive** CHOSEN by Mason.

Through internet research, I connected the pieces. (Don't know how many others have. E.g. in a book.) Personally, when it happened, I stayed away from news: reading anything about this was too scary. But Manson just died in prison at age 83. And maybe the spell broke for a lot of us.

Ok then. Here is the spice! In 1968 Dennis Wilson of the 'Beach Boys' owned and resided at 14400 Sunset Blvd., Pacific Palisades. He is said to have twice stopped and picked up two gals, hitchhikers

on PCH. The second time he took these gals to his home he left them there. Then went to a recording session. (Remember it was the ever-free-lovin' Sixties!) When he returned home a stranger, Charles Manson, met him in the driveway. They walked inside. There were an egg carton of females being hatched into the infamous Manson Family.

Eventually Dennis introduced the aspiring song writer, Charles Manson, to Terry Melcher, record producer of 'The Byrds'. (Terry Melcher was Doris Day's son.) Here's another connection. When promoting stuff with the Toad, we rented an office from Melcher in Beverly Hills.

Manson threatened Dennis when he didn't give proper credit to a song he wrote, *Never Learn Not To Love*. Manson handed Dennis a bullet, according to collaborator Van Dyke Parks, who was not present but in on the skinny-of-it. Of the bullet in Dennis' hand, Manson said: "Every time you look at this, I want you to think how nice it is your kids are still safe." (Guess he meant the 'family' of Beach Boys.) Allegedly, Dennis fearlessly attacked, knocking Manson to the ground, pummeling him until Manson yelled, "Ouch!" (Seriously?) Dennis yelled back, "How dare you!"

Thus Dennis cut ties due to Manson's volatile/unstable (potentially dangerous) nature. How? So sometime in 1968, Dennis had to move from his house at 14400 Sunset Blvd.. Manson and his Family stayed behind. In the end, Dennis was out approximately \$100K, which included constant penicillin shots for the Family's persistent gonorrhea.

Allegedly Melcher too had a falling out or just ignored fragile/stressed-out/control freak Manson. This stress was about to rip violently into Wilson and Melcher's world.

Think about what serial killer Ted Bundy said. FYI, he took psychology in college, and you hear it in his last interviews—saying STRESS is the culprit. In prison years before being fried in Florida's electric chair, he interviewed other "grandiose narcissists," as some psychologists refer to such insane heinous behavior.

"I didn't know what made people want to be friends. I didn't know what made people attractive to one another. I didn't know what underlay social interactions . . . You take the individual we are talking about and then you subject him to stress. Stress happens to come randomly, but its effect on the personality is not random; it's specific. That results in a certain amount of chaos, confusion, and frustration.

That person begins to seek out a target for his frustrations. The continued nature of this stress this person was under—the nature of the flaw or weakness in his personality together with other elements in the environment that offer him a logical target for his frustrations or escape from reality—yields the situation we're discussing.

There is no trigger; it is truly more sophisticated than that."

Listen up: 4. Melcher owned a posh villa at 10050 Cielo Drive hidden in lush Benedict Canyon (just north of Beverly Hills), which Melcher rented to Roman Polanski and his wife, actress Sharon Tate. About two years into the lease, in 1969, Manson Family members went on a bloody massacre there.

CONNECTION TIME! Dennis called Manson “dumb”. Yet claimed he had “learned (insights?) from him”—Manson’s Family called him ‘the guru.’

After the murders, Dennis said in 1976 to journalist David Felton: “As long as I live, I’ll never talk about that.”

Listen up: 5. Maybe dumb. Nonetheless Manson’s violent mind was functioning enough to commit the revenge crime—payback to Dennis and Melcher—for dissing him credit on the song he wrote with Dennis. Charles Manson did this without lifting a finger. This is why some call him the *Wizard of Murder*.

On December 28, 1983 (my daughter’s birthday), surfer dude known as the sexy Beach Boy drowned in Marina del Rey, where my mom lived. On 4th December, Dennis had turned 39.

Manson murder by proxy? 2015 Biographer Mark Dillon knew what I just found out. He wrote, “Some attribute his [Dennis] subsequent spiral of self-destructive behavior—particularly his drug intake—to these fears and feelings of guilt for ever having introduced this evil Wizard into the Hollywood scene.”

Listen up: 6. Again how close to home was it for me? I coulda been at Dennis’. How? I was in a dance review; ya know a back up dancer for a black guy who both sang and danced and told jokes. The girls wore shimmy shimmy outfits; ya know the tassels on miniskirts that when ya moved, especially hip twisting in strobe-lighting it was crazy. Well, Dennis sought me after the show.

So, I held hands with THE Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys walkin’ and talkin’ up the boulevard, after that West Hollywood dance review. We talked of our aspirations. We talked about our divorces. We didn’t kiss. I wanted to be his friend. A friend that could clue me in to stuff. I couldn’t stay too long with him for I needed to get home to the kids.

We could have become an item. But didn’t. We wanted to meet up again. Another mystery of why not. That is until this writing research, finding out that Dear Dennis had underpinnings that would wind him up dead at 39—in the most depressing way.

Nevertheless, I was blown away when he took interest in me. Fairytales spun in my head. Why? As a teen I lived in southern CA, Pacific Palisades to be exact. And that wasn’t too far from where the Wilson boys lived in Hawthorne. Where they sang us girl’s into night dreams with: *Don’t Worry Baby*. *Barbara Ann*. *California Girl*. Their songs grooved into my *Good Vibrations*.

6.

Maybe it was meant to be because winding up walking from Hollywood to go spiritual that I may bath the kids in a world of light and love, was a good thing. It was a great thing to do in the long run. For sure. More than any one thing, my children actually saved me and have continued to do so.

The list of why *almost* like a necromancers charms forward the dead, has depressingly pound in my head through passing decades. So I know I must let this eagle fly from its nest. Ya know how a telling-of-your-truth sets ya free. Bonus? I may help others, too.

My tryst in Hollywood may have been significant. May really have mattered in the scheme of history. The Spiritual one. For a drop of the water is one with the ocean. Thus each drop counts.

#DearReader the fire for Hollywood went out in me at some point. At any stage it is a sleazy unheavenly place, offering hedonistic tidbits to naïve babes. (Maybe except for Shirley Temple whose parents righteously policed her career.) Mostly, the entertainment industry as a whole is barely civilized. More often than not it embraces with no condemnation the seven evil behaviors. Envy. Greed. Pride. Lust. Gluttony. Hate. Laziness. I'd add slovenliness—of the Manson Family genre: gonorrhea.

Hollywood always has been an industry that defiles a decent, intelligent, innocent newcomer. Can you spell W E I N S T E I N? SPACEY? Well, at least they were somebodies. Not a comparison to lowlifes that I ran in to. Like the Universal Studio producer who held a gun to my head and raped me. Too bad there were no out of court settlements in that once-upon-a-time-land.

Again I survived another meltdown in the cesspool. Enforcing that the kids and I just had to get out of there. But how? This time I had I survived a drug overdose from stuff Eldon gave me. Who's he? A nobody who lived nearby and liked me so we got high together—now and then. Same Eldon who sold the same speed laced drugs to Rowen's kid. I was told that she did OD. (Rowen of the Rowen&Martin Laughins TV show that made Goldie Hawn famous. I was considered for that show. (more later)

The deeper fall into the pit of frustration, the danker it got. Most don't come out smelling like a rose. I did! No stardom, but what the hell. *Almost Hollywood* was a UNIQUE EXPERIENCE. I woke up. Swallowed my pride, burying my fancy that I could be a star. Phased out. Gave my homegrown portrait of Greta Garbo as a goodbye to my dear commercial talent agent, Don Schwartz, who had known her. (I did portrait drawings of ol' celebs as a hobby. This creative outlet was therapy as acting parts slipped from my fingers.) Sooner than later I deposed into spiritual dust.

7.

When I mention to a stranger that I was a Hollywood actress, invariably I'M asked: were you in any movies that I'd recognize? Squirmy question. For if ya have to ask . . .

Honestly? No. But it's embarrassing to share. Not that I was a porn-star. It's just that answering not only aged me, but to throw out stuff that is unrecognizable, hurt. I never got where I wanted to be. Now that I think of it, I should have been ballsy and answered: Yea, I had a starring role at Universal Studio but after the producer held a gun to my head that I sex-him, I didn't want the part.

Really such a thoughtless inquiry was like questioning a Vet on how many people he killed. Rather than just letting her/him know you are grateful for their service. Like saying to me: "Cool! Must have been exciting." Now that would have led to some awesome chat.

Of course, if I woulda mentioned that Michelle Pfeiffer attended my daughter's wedding at a ranch in Southern California. Ah! That satisfies the proverbial curiosity seeker that they may just be rubbing elbows with an almost-star.

Years ago it as well meant something that I dropped acid with the likes of Jimi Hendrix. And because the 50th Anniversary of Woodstock is near ... well it again is relevant.

Or I happened because I was the chaperon for Helen Hunt, when attending Harvey Lembeck's comedy improv group. BTW, John Ritter (star of the TV hit *Three's Company*) was also in the "group." –One time, to get a laugh-like a Stooge, he took my arm to enable him to successfully fling me across the stage. Those were the days that men got away with strong-arming an actress. Ouch!

Just about now in this writing, I'm vacillating. Why bother with any diatribe when my not famous voice wouldn't raise an eyebrow. (They laughed me out of the audition when I tried out for *Jesus Christ Superstar*.) I'm a babe who faded into the attic of Hollywood hopefuls, a longtime ago. Hurt a lot by industry folk, especially fellow actors who as well made Hollywood awful.

Sure there are juicy parts. Like what those sleazy Hollywood producers, directors, et al that had power, did to my pussy. Do you deserve it in detail? Or could I be so foolish to hope that for some reason, you care more about how I survived Hollywood. I'll say this once and for all: Trump was not kidding when he said gals flung theirs. (The Toad encouraged me to do my share.) What I just said makes me squirm because my kids are grown. And I'm remarried to a nice-enough guy, who doesn't think of me *that* way. Yet, in all fairness the #MeToo hashtag is way over rated for its being blindsided by whiners. With the exception of pedophiles like Stacey or serial rapists like Weinstein, much of the nonsense was consensual.

I have disgusting stories about gropers, who did more than slap me on the butt like football players affectionately do to their teammates. (Which I prefer to the bonking each other's helmets, which can't be good for their already tackled brains.)

The dream of the ultimate climax wasn't only to be a star. It was with him! Romance-heaven was to be fulfilled as a heterosexual woman. Ya know. The traditional mindset for my day. Climax mission style with someone I loved. That didn't happen until later in life, and the stodgy ol' Brit left me due to his (methinks) homosexual frustration. So not even intimacy was within my grasp. Is it ever for anyone? I'm somewhat cynical at this point though I do believe tender and caring solicitude—sorta calm awakenings as age sets in with a partner—may endure and be the ultimate blessing. But intimacy and sexual yearning married happily? It's out! If not due to incompatibility, it'll be due to the medical world's current fave diseases: Alzheimer and Dementia.

8.

Mostly, I held my own seet pow-wows in the Sixties free-love era though I did envision intimacy with a man. At least that seemed a goal in my reach if Hollywood hardness didn't prevent me from feeling it when it was near.

I'll share a successful pow-wow while in Hollywood. Successful meaning that it was a relationship set in quiet intimacy.

Billy Gray was the cute kid in the TV series *Father Knows Best* who had become a handsome man. I was an ingénue living in middle class Santa Monica Canyon near State Beach. Billy living a hillside away in hippie Topanga Canyon. Take Pacific Coast Highway (PCH) north to next canyon and trek

some curvy roads into his woodsy digs. And there I was to enjoy him in the cozy bearded hills. Watch football. I didn't like beer, so basically while he indulged, I drank tea.

I love what Billy said to me when we first met. He thought he'd never go out with me because I was another one of those Hollywood babes. Then he looked at my hands. "Working hands," he thought. Yeah, man. Strong hands, (even to this day.) Veins mapping hands that loved to garden, not only flowers but the human body. I loved to massage. I've thought of Billy's acceptance of this "babe" as pay dirt. He was real compared to the sleaze I met at auditions.

Cool! Right off Billy knew I wasn't a spoiled salon Sunset Strip 'thing' or Beverly Hills thing. Just due to my loving hands. (Feels good to write that.)

We liked motorcycles. He actually became a champ off-road competitor. And my first movie part was that of a biker chick who rode in a gang. It was titled *The Angry Breed*.

Billy was easy. Comforting. A breath of fresh air. I loved dating Billy. It didn't last long for a few reasons. (I don't know his.) First, my lungs didn't like the marijuana that was an integral part of his lifestyle. Second, the kids! No way was I exposing them to the culture of Topanga Canyon—too woodsmen for my intellectual and *phobic eight(?) y/o son. I felt that was not best for their developing minds.

*phobic meaning: intensely fearful of *something*...having or shoring an intense fear and dislike...

I missed Billy but regretfully moved on.

PS: Interestingly to this day, Billy lives in the same Topanga house with his successful beautiful actress wife.

9.

Maybe I shoulda been ceded in woodsy Topanga Canyon. Now that I reflect back. Not with Billy per se. It is just that before our divorce the children's father wanted to move there. And felt it was too strange. Then shortly thereafter we became more distant and divorced.

I would hate to think that I coulda saved my marriage, my first love affair and the only man I 'knew', if only I woulda made the move. Wait! He was drinking a fifth of bourbon a night while our construction business went down the proverbial tubes. He was belt-spanking the kids more often. Okay then. His disappearance was a blessing!

Why woodsy smacks right now is that I'm at the *Sacred Trees*. A virgin 2.5 acre tree sanctuary—land I bought in 2010 to stable my paint quarter-horse, Masquaw. It's in a magical preserve area in the west coast woodlands of Florida. Little else than outside well-water and electricity exist here. There's a FEMA trailer on it—tiny housing type of thing. (I did say that I remarried. This dear man has a beautiful home 3 miles from Sacred Trees, which I enjoy with him when I'm not writing here.)

Anyway, my third book—the Omega of my trilogy and another memoir—is titled *Sacred Trees* and will embrace this incredible experience of surviving another economic crash and reinventing myself—once again. This time as a naturalist. Alone with my horse, Masquaw and cat, Angel.

When at Sacred Trees, I feel like a reincarnation of, let's say, a distant niece of Henry David Thoreau: intellectually superior; profoundly hearing leaves talk to me; ridding fear alike clouds release rain. As Bostonian Thoreau, an 1800's brainy yet introspect Harvard grad and abolitionist who among poetry and essays said in his nature-workshop book *Walden: of Life in the Woods*: “We need the tonic of wildness... We can never have enough nature. ... I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.”

When the hurricanes hit (or threaten to be here any minute) and shuffle our heavenly-tall bamboo arching them as if to halo my secret place, I welcome these forceful gusts akin to greatest American nature photographer Ansel Adams did when the storms brew. Legend has it that climbed the tallest of Yosemite Sequoias and surfed atop its bow bends as the tempest fiercely howled.

10.

Remember when I mention Monica Lewinsky and that I'd give more detail later? I bumped into her in West Los Angeles some years ago.

It is helpful to explain that presently, I've gotten into political Twitter stuff. I flipped out when our beautiful country was going to the dogs and preachers like black activist Reverend Jeremiah Wright, Jr. of Chicago's Trinity United Church of Christ, shockingly bellowed to his thousands of parishioners and a 2008 presidential hopeful, “Not God bless America; god**** America!” (Infamously it's on YouTube.) So you can see that this liberal had a devastating choice to make to leave her comfort zone of GOOD IS GOING ON. This heartfelt liberal tuned out of socialism, relearning the basics of the US Constitution and joined the NRA cause supporting the 2A #WeThePeople have a right to protect our home and homeland. And even though I want this writing to again that liberal spirit, I'm finding it is hard to separate the two.

Let me say that I still believe that GOOD is the REAL POWER. Yet there was a fight ahead to remain a Republic of and for the People. So yeah. In January 2016 I signed up to twitter but was thinking it was to find readers for my novel, *Journal of An Evening Primrose*. But soon it was not as personal as creativity. Anyway, I later signed up for another twitter account just for my creative stuff and enjoy a truly liberal thing again. @secret JEP.

So anyway. I heard @MonicaLewinsky was tweeting—became aware of a tweet she made by way of a news program, *The Five*. Lewinsky tweeted about scathed ol' Bill Clinton. Something about “ghost of his past.” Looked for it. But couldn't find the tweet in her thread. It was probably deleted. So I went on Google to find something which explains her ghostly White House guy. I came across her talk at TED—in it she proclaims herself a [liberal] twenty-two y/o girl that had fallen in love with her boss, enduring thereafter unthinkable bullying. (Check it out on YouTube: March 20, 2015.)

Lewinsky has become a gorgeous woman. So glad she made it through what could have been a fatal attraction, given the Clinton's past history of alleged body counts. Maybe Bill loved her, too.

In essence her TED talk referred to the aftermath of the scandal, that the bullying was almost unbearable. She welcomed the EMPATHY shown to her even by a stranger during the 1998 harrying press core campaign which attempted to have all America see her solely responsible for their affair—trying to make her out as a first class slut. Such humiliation and harassment by the MSM (main stream media) sent her home to her parents; them having her keep the bathroom door open while she showered for fear she would not come out alive.

Awareness of the dire effects of bullying is now a mission with her. (As it is for many a feminist.) It was the saving EMPATHY of her family, friends, and even strangers that saw her through this humiliation: “. . . even one person can make a difference,” she stated.

WAS I ONE OF THOSE STANGERS?

As I said, I bumped into her in LA and since then have wondered if my few words that I shared with her, had blessed. She was exiting the restroom at Giraffe Restaurant in Santa Monica, California in 2000-something. I said, “Hi!” She smiled. Then getting as close as possible, I softly spoke 5 words. “We can survive these men.” She looked at me straightaway and sincerely replied, “Thank you!”

And I’m about to tweet Lewinsky and see if I’m one of those ‘strangers’ whose EMPATHY blessed her after she fell in love with her boss, William Jefferson Clinton, the 42nd President of the United States of America. Again I encourage you to YouTube her TED talk. It’s feminism at its best. (UPDATE: she never replied to my tweet.)

GOD I LOVE this memoir in that maybe I’ll have a definitive answer of why *almost* when I finish. And Dear LORD I HATE this memoir for it’s like visiting the *Vietnam Memorial Wall*: honoring a war that was dishonored and thanklessly fought against communism. In fact, in biblical corners to go into the past is visiting tombs. Depressing. Spooky. Daunting: meaning likely to discourage, intimidate, or frighten. Yep. Those days have been too many. Yet say on, I must. Though I’m as doubtful as a mockingbird, as fearful as a miser, as loose as a hoe, as wretched as a prisoner of war, as nutty as a fruitcake

So there!

You already know the answer to my creative dilemma to pen this memoir. It’s hard work to condense a lifespan within a few hundred pages. And a tumultuous one, plagued by confusion and emotional depression. Nonetheless. See what I love about this endeavor #DearReader? It’s like visiting ghosts of the past. It’s seeing where my friends, acquaintances, and piers wound up in a lifespan. (TY search engines. TY Wikipedia.)

We are about to enter some spiritual territory.

Put on your wings.

Though I would hope my memoir is not too troubled with pious outbursts here ‘n there about the spiritual journey spiraling me ‘mentally faraway’ from Hollywood, please be tolerant #DearReader. It is more than being like a smoker who has quit, relentlessly preaching the bad habit to ‘all.’ It’s how my children and I were saved. It’s the landscape where we flourished. And I wanna save others from

their foolish dreams. I didn't say real ones. I mean unrealistic ones. If you're a duck, it's impossible to be a dog.

To begin let me share with you, #Dear Reader, a message I wrote during the 2015 Holiday season, praising the child I did not abort as a teenager those many decades before. It appeared in a booklet given out by our Christian Science society of spiritual healers. I mean it is a far cry from my writing attitude when recalling Hollywood days. Yet it fits in for it gives to you my thoughts when I refused to abort my-out-of-wedlock-teen pregnancy. And it is interesting in that the abortion question came up for me again after I married the child's father before his birth.

And I hope it helps you #DearReader get into a mellow mood for *Chapter One: A girl's bittersweet beginnings* and a remembrance of some of the blessings of the kids' childhood. We weren't religious at all then. Yet healings happened for which we now are amazed.

I really wanna share this before I continue to dig a hole in the trenches of the sex war zone: Hollywood. So, if you wanna hideaway from my goodie-two-shoe-awakening and get to when our little family's *Shit Hits the Fan*, advance immediately to *Chapter Two* now! Or not. Up to you. Just let me say that I'd be dead but for my spiritual awakening.

Hey I know I'm nobody spiritualizing on ya. See below how Artis Lane loves Christian Science.

First. Artis who? Artislane.com She was married to my actor friend Vince Cannon aka Carol who starred in among credits the classic *Youngblood* and nominated for Best Short Film in Live Action category. Vince passed in 2002. RIP.

Artis is a direct descendant of prominent abolitionist, educator, and publisher, Mary Ann Shadd; gifted beyond measure and peaceful warrior for equality in gender and race; a Black Canadian also of German descent. Collectors include: President's Bush and Clinton, Magic Johnson, Quincy Jones, Jamie Lee Fox, Oprah... Bust of Rosa Parks is in White House; Smithsonian Sojour Truth

A quote from— <http://eklektix.com/artis-lane/> “On Sundays she reads the New York Times, but most of her reading during the week is Christian Science writings. She credits Mary Baker Eddy's *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* with changing her life. Lane says, “At that point men were my god. The first man I married was very domineering [Charles Lane, not Vince]. It explains that in my thinking that I couldn't think any further than the man in my life. I thought, “How could a woman have the vision and understanding to write such a brilliant book? *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* gave me the strength and inspiration to sculpt the reality of our being with God as opposed to the lie.”

David's birth

*"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."
Luke 2:11 KJV*

*"Today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you; he is the Messiah, the Lord."
Luke 2:11 New International Version (NIV)*

All translations of Luke 2:11, have the same substance: Jesus is our Lord, our Savior. I've come to understand that all are of the Lord thus saved, and thereby we have the ability to save our families and neighbors.

When a teenager I became pregnant (the first encounter) and at the insistence of strong willed individuals—established in the community—I was encouraged to abort.

Because I opposed the teaching of an influential, massively popular church that had tried to beat into my head that I was mortal thus born into sin, I was agnostic (though I didn't know it at 16). Of course, a pregnancy out of wedlock spells sin, but there was something in me which I have come to realize was the scientific statement of being that said this child is from the Lord. I gave this as my reason to those concerned so to not hurt the body of life growing within me.

So exalted in the concept that the child was from the Lord, in time his name became David. (Not knowing it Jesus' heritage). And as if to alter and reverse my spiritual gestation of this wonderful child of God, the world attempted to do him in and of course shame me in the process.

David was about 11years old when I found Christian Science. It's a long story; he's way into adulthood now, and I am here to report during this wonderful year of our Lord 2015, he's come to know the Lord as his scientific life and that the Lord is Love—the Christ, Truth, as revealed through all enlightened thinkers.

For both of us truth has been revealed mainly through the words and works of Christ Jesus and Mary Baker Eddy.

L. Pearson

almost Hollywood

a memoir

Chapter One

“Those were the days my friend
We thought they’d never end.
We’d sing and dance the night away”

Schooling before married @sweet16

Sorry #DearReader about confusing timeline. This is a bitch to piece together. I’m looking into old stinky boxes and bureaus to find postcards and letters. Whatever! to patch together this significant age. To help do this let me develop by way of bullets:

- Graduated 8th grade from Alexander Graham Bell Grammar School (1- 8 grades), Chicago, IL. Thereafter moved to Los Angeles with Granatelli and Mom. (Surprise! They weren’t really married, but under common law—10yrs with the block. So she’s married.)
- Was enrolled in Westchester High—the hills about what became Marina del Rey. Granatelli soon moved us to Pacific Palisades, where there was no high school. I was to be bused to renowned University High (Uni High) Santa Monica, where candy boxes of stars were schooled.
- College student sun-bronzed Hilliard (19) was from a well-to-do family living on a palisade above the blue Pacific in southern California and winter-white-skin me (14) readying to enter 9th grade was from a middle class Midwestern family. We met and had swanky dates: places like Ambassador Hotel’s ‘The Grove’ with a regal dance floor and featuring the best of Los Angeles live music entertainment. (Its popularity was lost after Robert Kennedy was assassinated there.)
- Even though I liked Hilliard, I missed my Nana terribly. So, I managed to make it back to Chicago to live with my grandmother and attend my first year of high school (9th grade) at Lake View High, rather than attend Uni Hi. (No middle school in Chicago.) I became popular by being voted into the Alpha sorority. Only blonde babes were among us.
- Hilliard and I corresponded. Lotsa letter writing. He was pulled from college to go into Army bootcamp, which turned his yearning for me to sizzling. I was trying to forget him and didn’t know how to say it. I thought a dear John letter was too mean. So I wrote back as a dear friend would. I hadn’t have sex with him not feel-ups, so I figured that was rightfully in my power to manage. In fact, I was holding my own with all guy friends.

More important than just my virginity, was all my friends. Holding out for the right guy to start society's ideal nuclear family: a heterosexual couple w/2 children—one of each sex, was about as good as a girl back then should hope for.

Ah! But wait! There was a despicable Chicago man who was readying allies to exploit women big time. Ya know! Bring 'em back to the days of: all you babes are good for is whoring. Even in Bible time it was a legit profession. Who started this modern day legal pimping? None other than Hugh 'pimp' Hefner. He had a den of grey-flannel-suit-corporate guys who married the 'safe' choice so that their hike-up the corporate ladder wouldn't be messed with.

The club was looking for pink-flesh so she could and would do 'it' to him the way their wives would never do. The younger the better. High school babe bodies were perfect. Hefner thought he had the answer for his friends. A monthly zine centerfold with journalistic expertise between and around the tits and butts. Nothing too slutty. And just airbrush imperfections. But drive home to the den that infidelity voyeurism is OK. It's not cheating. You're just sneaking a peek. And can do this in the privacy of your bathroom in stroking the dog or circle jerk with friends. (But we know what's next. Ted Bundy said it all.)

Intent hidden the zine would pass muster to be on the family's coffee table. And if the wife bitched. Just smack her down verbally as a jealous, argumentative shrew. She'll brokenheartedly cower away.

Marilyn Monroe premiered in Playboy Magazine's first (1953) centerfold. Hefner didn't even have to have a photoshoot. He bought nude pictures of her for which she had posed before she became a star. (Google: Insider Business.)

Far from forgotten she remains the most tragic beauty icon whose personal sadness trembles the heart of the world at large today: wasted by 1962, alone, and dead at age thirty-six. Death certificate read suicide. (This is important for it dovetails into a personal lamented suicide. That again was blamed on a woman's instability. When in fact it was a #MeToo problem.)

Next plan because the zine launch was only the beginning of this pimp's empire. Hef opened clubs for a stadium full of friends who could pay for up-close 'n personal seats. He'd have power to let members reenact their bathroom fantasy with so-called 'real' women that he hired to make into call-girls. His pimping went undercover and until death do us part with this creature, he was never called out for his degeneracy—his complete abasement of women; his perversion of manhood.

Hefner was the worst of pedophiles and King of #MeToo. My Lake View High School Y-Alpha sorority older sister, Kerry, was a tragic figure who emerged from Playboy low-life-ing women. I was a freshman and Kerry a senior honors student with her heart set on a distinguished doctorate degree. Needing to earn money to aide her sister's handicap, after graduating from high school, this voluptuous, gorgeous blonde became a Playboy Bunny. The short of the story is she 'dated' and fell in love with Hefner. He hooked her on drugs then solicited her to his friends. She went down fast, like the speed of slipping of a ledge to the street below. Dear Kerry didn't know enough about herself to realize that participating in their trade would soon make life not worth living. I was told her death certificate read: suicide.

Back to Marilyn. Hefner was so grateful to Marilyn for making Playboy a win that when he died he scheduled his interment in a crypt next to hers in Westwood, CA, which he had purchased decades earlier. Frankly, I'm sick of the both of them for creating such angst in me. She for being a total put-on by doing little to expand her spirituality and him for corrupting American women and men.

Let me continue with a few more bullets here and there trying to piece together events. I'll back up into more detail of my departure from the Windy City.

- So I was having a blast in Chicago as an Alpha sister. And Mom calls and says she's coming for me. I begged Nana to stop her. But my angelic grandmother would not tarnish her wings with confronting her daughter. She prayed only. (One aside: the only thing Nana ever said negative about her daughter was that "Your mom's nuts." Then she'd suggest a remedy, "Let's have some popcorn and watch TV.")
- I resisted mom with all my might. To convince me she used physical violence—took me by the ponytail and said, "Let's go, or I'll drag you back to Pacific Palisades." We took a train from Chicago to LA. Drunken sailors helped my angst of leaving my grandmother and comfy friends. Actually, it was the most fun I ever had with Mom—she loved a party! J And the sailors were willing. (Mom allowed me to drink alcohol. So ships ahoy!)

When we arrived in California, Hilliard kept calling. Mom would answer. I refused to speak with him. Then he showed up on our doorstep. I ran up the stairs to my room and told my Mom, "I didn't want to see him." Mom told him to just go upstairs to my room. He did. I was mortified. I'm sure my skin was more lavender than my bedspread. And felt there was little I could do at that point. So I said, "Hi!"

At Mom's insistence, I once again dated Hilliard.

Mom argued. "He's rich!" And yes that in and of itself would have been perfect, but it was his folks' who owned the money. He was attractive for sure—looked like Clint Eastwood and sometimes like Brad Pitt. Dressed upscale. Was a college guy a swarthy three years older. Drove a spanking new red corvette. What was there not to 'go for'? Nonetheless he was not my hot-toddy because I loved to dance, not hotrod. I loved my virginity. He didn't. Truth is. He was awed that I was tied to Indi 500 Granatelli and that in itself gave me panache. He was therefore confident that I could be his clipboard navigator in Westside's rich Playboys' Road Racing Club. (decals and all) The club attempted to straighten street curves of Pacific Palisades and Malibu's hilly estates and devilishly speed thru narrow passages of Brentwood. Fashioned after James Dean's insanity of the day and each month's Playboy centerfold was on his coffee table. As it turned out we were kinda a *East of Eden* tradgedy.

So then I was entered into 10th grade, a sophomore at University High School, located at 11800 Texas Ave., West Los Angeles, California 90025, just off of Barrington Ave., I was serious on a good looking playboy type. I was bused there from Pacific Palisades, not living far from Hilliard. (As said, it was the closest high school.) I loved going there because of its alumni.

Soon I was a part of another posse: Marilyn Buteyn one of the three popular gorgeous all blonde sisters and the daughter of wealthy proprietor of *Jerry's Liquor* chain. Trina was from a close by Mexican community, whose grandmother made the most delectable homemade bread. And Dori from a mysteriously rich family dwelling in magical Mandeville Canyon where sleepovers plagued me with living in opulence. Ok then. Mom was right rich is everything. Keep dating Hilliard.

At 15, I was proud to be a student at Uni High for among things it was Sandra Dee's stomping ground. Ya know! The *Gidget*. As in the sand flea that was the surfer girl in envied movie fame. She married Bobby Darin of *Mack the Knife* singing fame. This began a media frenzy that lasted for the decade.

- Elizabeth Taylor went to Uni. As well Will Ferrell. James Brolin. On and on.
- In music: Composer Randy Newman. Faith Evans. And and and Tone-LoC
- And in sports: LaDainian Tomlinson. Steve Smith. Rich Braham.

Silly Wiki has an incomplete take of Sandra Dee's high school. It was Uni. Anyway, not important to anyone but someone like me, who was at the same high school along with others who found it a big deal when she showed up—here and there between movies and private education on set. (Maybe I'll edit this on Wiki someday.)

Depressing that God bestowed on this teenager such a great gift and beauty and timing, and she went on to be a self-absorbed alchi, drug addicted anorexic narcissist. Lord. I feel like drenching myself in the storm which is brewing outside my window at the Sacred Trees. Anything natural to antidote such a spoiled ungrateful brat's choices. Maybe I'll read her son's, Dodd Darin, memoir about his parents, *Dream Lovers: The Magnificent Shattered Lives of Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee*. Great title.

How Sandra Dee decided to live out her adult life is none of my business. Yet I feel like envious Salieri in the movie *Amadeus*. Such contempt for 'creatures' who have a gift so big that it reaches the masses gleaning their admiration. Thus want to emulate them. Or at least have such luck. History documents that Dee showed such wretched disgust for herself that she abused her body into addiction until death do her part. Such little gratitude as a vein self-serving interview here and there about her addition, is despicable.

Anyway. There I was trying to make the best of things at Uni High. I actually had the guts to try out for **OKLAHOMA**. I had guts but not the talent to garner the lead role in that season's theatrical presentation of my all time fave movie musical. To this day I can sing *Surrey with the Fringe on Top*. Though the male lead's song, it was my fave. Guess because it was built around country and horses.

I got a small role. Yet, before my feet could hit that stage running, I was pregnant from the first encounter with Hilliard.

I have a vivid memory of this encounter. It was after Dave's December 19th Christmas bash—he lived with his folks, like most college kids. But uptown. Dave lived across the street from the Reagan's. Hilliard and I returned to his cliffhanging home on Revello Drive in Pacific Palisades. We

drank some more, looking out the immense picture window at the ocean beyond until I was blurry eyed. Meandering into his bedroom after *Notebook* kissing, I succumbed to his advancement. And something in me asked him not to pull out. I wanted that full feeling.

To this day I don't know if I wanted him to save me and take all-all-of-me to a new home. Or if I just wanted a sweet child. Or? Whichever! I completely own what happened.

Things went whirling topsy-turvy immediately. Kinda like *Oz's* Dorothy in her grandma's bed when the tornado hit. Morning sickness came on me like gangbusters. Mom and Joe were disgusted with me so turned a cold shoulder. Joe yelling over an over to Mom, "I told you so, Annie. To not let her date." So he blamed Mom. Understandably Mom was angry with me. Joe dropped the brick the next week, saying we needed to move back to Chicago after my abortion.

When I refused, they tried by way of Joe's powerful brother's help, Andy Granatelli, to talk me into an abortion rather than marry and have the child. So Joe moved me with a suitcase, into Mr. STP and his Mrs. guest room. (They also lived in PP.) Mr. STP was a powerful negotiator in business and used his (as he would call it) hot-tongs in trying to talk me into an abortion by entering my room and sitting there lecturing me about my inadequacies. That didn't work so he set up a meeting with Hilliard's mom and step-dad, to jaw over the matter. That didn't work.

Well, #DearReader you have already read my Christmas gratitude story earlier. I made what I now know was one of the best choices that I ever made. What a joy to know I was right about something of great significance.

Bless Hilliard's heart for being willing to marry, which we did in a civil ceremony January 21st in Las Vegas, NV. I have pictures on my website, www.lorpearson.com, of me in a 'real' leopard jacket gifted by my mother-in-law. Hilliard's brother, Sherwood who became my lifelong best friend, was there as well as other of his relatives. No one from my family came. It was tragic what happened to Mom. Actually, Joe dumped her in Chicago. His secret plan.

Nana couldn't come because of her ending days before retirement at Marshall Field & Co.. So Nana sent me a roundtrip ticket on Western Airlines to visit her before I marry. (Western is a defunct airline. I still have courtesy postcards that I journaled on about flying back to Los Angeles to get married. This is exactly what I wrote as I struggled with myself:

This is a moment of my life which shall never be as/a happy—sorrowful moment as I am indulging in now. My existence as Laura Lee Pearson is almost at its end; 16 and I'm preparing for my lifetime step in holy matrimony. OH! How a girl looks forward to this moment, visualizing it in its full capacity and ecstasy. [I misspelled ecstasy.] Then when the time prevails upon you, its wonder is a worry. Its beauty becomes... is obstructed from your mind and you stop to think.

If you were in my possession, how you had wished regardless [Yes. I wrote a confusing idea]... but then miraculously done away ... ♡future Mrs. R. Hilliard

End of that story.