

## #MyHendrixExperience:

*an untold story of a coming of age Foxy Lady*

by Lor Pearson



Let me introduce myself. Known as Laura to Jimi, I now go by my nickname, Lor. Welcome into my cool past. I was there with Jimi—up-close & personal co-producing a documentary of his 1969 concert tour. It was the halcyon days of a beautiful and interrelated European experience.

Jimi hoped our filming would portray him as he saw himself and his guitar mastery. He was especially desiring that he would be documented brilliantly. He was so very disappointed in other film efforts. Yes. He said that to me. I'm hopeful that *#MyHendrixExperience—an untold story* or memoir, will portray to you how Jimi's *inner* world was ticking as well as how he clearly affected my *coming of age*.

It would have been shallow if *all* I got from my work with Jimi was money or recognition, even though I had traveled to Europe for *that* one and only reason. My sole purpose was to get this project “profitably” in theaters that I may support my family while I manage an acting career. As it turned out God had something else planned. It had to be that way, for I had mystery going for me, too.

Soon I fell in love—that is I felt the heat with the way Jimi sang *Foxy Lady* to me at our final filming at Royal Albert Hall, London, England—February 24, 1969. He said he would dedicate his sexy song to me. And he did. Loud & Clear. No feedback. With him pointing the stem of his Stratovarius at me, and then jumping to a squat with the whole of ‘it’ between his legs! I creamed. That was wild fun then. But I remain sad about stuff that waylaid this project.

That you’ve never heard from me before, I think gives me credibility for not being one of the bloodsuckin’ leeches or haywire groupies. Although Jimi & I did share an intimacy, it was rooted in our spirituality. Don’t snicker. I’m seriously speaking as not only one of the last meaningful women to hug his being, but as his spiritual soulmate.

You may ask, “Why now?”

1/ It turns out that nobody alive knows what I know. Not in detail or character. Henceforward by sharing my knowing, I hope to shed a bright light. Not only *about* the man we all love, but what no one has been willing to document *of* Hendrix—the man’s profound spiritual energy. Or maybe those journalists or biographers weren’t spiritually advanced enough to have such insight. Just sayin’!

2/ Before I die, my desire is to say an Amen to my story with him. For Jimi altered my destiny.

Is this piece for Hendrix-purist-music-aficionados? Certainly not if they're not open to inserting into Jimi's bio this woman's personal & pensive experience in working with him. Though late in a tribute, it is nonetheless a noteworthy account, for it is true to Jimi's spirit.

Additionally, my reflection will not be pleasing for atheists, the "unspiritual," who choose to see Jimi only materialistically. That is thru humanistic values, which by its very definition more often than not rejects spirituality. Seeing his music just made by a psychedelic genius guitarist, is a tragic flaw of fans.

Jimi clearly mapped out his spiritual struggle in his verse. For instance, cynics argued with Jimi when he purported that his song *Purple Haze* was a "love" song. Rather than argue, they should have asked him: "To whom?"

The truth of "to whom" is answered by Jimi when he shared a dream he had. I recall it went something like this: "You know. In my dream a purple haze surrounded me. It engulfed me and got me lost. It was a traumatic experience, but in my dream my faith in Jesus saved me."

Monika Dannemann in her book: *The Inner World of Jimi Hendrix*, pg. 47, copied Jimi's penned draft of the lyrics to *Purple Haze*. As Jimi wrote, the original title was: *Purple Haze—Jesus Saves*.

One may surmise, a materialist edited the title to please the commercial world. Not so was his last composition able to be edited. For it was, allegedly, penned one day before his demise in his London flat. *The Story of Life*, as he titled it, is about Jesus & feminine love. Yet, it's more Jimi's auto-bio-sketch in a confessional poem. (I've reprinted it on the next page that you may judge for yourself.)

The stuff of this spiritual man of Christ, is essential to understand upfront. Or you may doubt its relevance with Hendrix not being able to reconcile the wild lion with the innocent lamb. Jimi was both. You are henceforth asked to dive into deeper spiritual prose, which will be presented in further discourse. For there were countless moments in his lifetime where Hendrix saw Jesus as his Savior.

If Jimi had the opportunity to put *The Story of Life* to music, he would have been the pacesetter of a most massively popular "Praise Band," with our galore arms reaching to high-heaven.

Apparently, *The Story of Life* was composed a day before his death, describing his heartfelt trust in Jesus, his admiration of women's unique role in men's salvation, and his fresh thoughts concerning marriage. He was ready!

In the book earlier referenced, pgs.171-173, Jimi's final lover, Monika Dannemann, reprints Jimi's handwritten draft of this composition. She was apparently there when he wrote it. It remained in her possession as his limp body was carried from his apartment the next day.

If you don't have Monika's book, it is a gem to own. In any case, the reprint on the next page, uses all of Jimi's use of punctuations and caps. As well are presented lines to exact Jimi's lines—some were short, others long. He underlined one phrase. It is unquestionable to me that he used lines to express his feelings. They appear to be a mental *pause* as Jimi wrote with bated breath—as the Universe revealed, what to me at one point sounds like his eulogy. I'm not saying he wrote it as such. But it seemed Jesus again was saving Jimi from a bad dream. —Just sayin'!

# *The Story of Life*

by Jimi Hendrix

**First Stanza:** The story—of Jesus so easy to explain. After they crucified him, a woman, she claimed his name. The story—of Jesus —the whole Bible knows—went all across the Desert. And in the middle, he found a rose, There should be no questions there should be no lies —He was married ever happily after——, for all the tears we cry —No use in inquiring ——all the use to the man moans —When each man falls in battle, his soul it has to roam

Angels ——of heaven flying saucers to some, made easter Sunday the home of the Rising Sun

The story ... is written by so many people who dared, to lay down the truth ——to so very many who cared. to carry the cross of Jesus and beyond—— We will guild the light —this time with a woman in our arms —— We as men — ——can't explain the reason why ——the woman's always mentioned at the moment that we die— All we know is God is by our side and he says the word so easy yet so hard——

I wish not to be alone, so I must respect my other heart ——— Oh —the story —— of Jesus ——is the story of you and me —No use in feeling lonely — I am you searching to be free

**Last Stanza:** The story ——of life is quicker than the wink of any eye

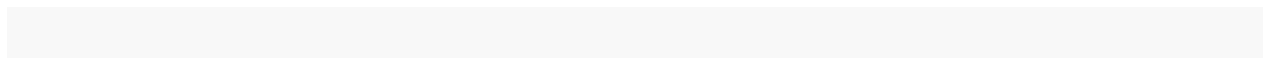
The story of love is hello and goodbye ——Until we meet again

NOTE: What's truly amazing to ponder is that Biblical scholars have reasoned that “Women were always present in Jesus’ healing work—when Jesus raised the dead and during his crucifixion and resurrection.”

Now no one need wonder why I fell in love with Jimi instantaneously. Suddenly in awe like witnessing a shooting star illuminating not only the night sky but the landscape of my barren soul.

It seems fair enough to wonder if my love for him was spiritual or carnal?

Let me explain in this memoir.



## CUBBYHOLE?

OK. If you're open to a read, please do not cubbyhole me as one of his many girlfriends or groupies. I was neither. I'm not apologizing for being a foxy-babe who was more than capable to put it out there. As then, I am now, a feminine energy in tight jeans. Just sayin' it's a mistake to brush off my working experience with Hendrix, though short lived as was his life, if you care to glean fresh insight into the soul of 'his feminine love.'

I believe insight into it helps us understand what made him expire so soon. For I propose it wasn't absolutely about overdosing while on illegal recreational substances. That was the 'effect' of a compound heartache. The 'cause' was that the man was lost in lovelorn for his Mamma.

I'm not pigeonholing him as a Mamma's boy. Though he was seriously still tryin' to smoothen his childhood hurt from when his mother shamed and then abandoned the family though I have some mercy for his Mamma, Lucille. For she was a teenage mother, who was conflicted and dismayed when her husband, Jimi's father Al, was enlisted in the Armed Services. She was alone, pregnant, and hot to trot.

Having a background in such a hapless teenage condition, I suggest this. If Jimi was raised by a spiritual woman's teachings, he would have been prepared mentally to face a world of sinners. Sound and more sober, he would have been capable to protect himself from what were a nest of vipers which eventually did coil around his genius wanting to own it FOREVER, waiting for him to make a move not of their liking that they may inject their poisonous lethal venom. A move such as changing career direction which didn't include them.

As if predestined by their Seattle Project, Jimi's Mamma was unsettled and irresponsible. No matter, she was the *first* human, if not the only, to completely have this gentle man's *heart*. History records the unique nature of mother & son being emotionally intense. It powers the boy into manhood—for better or for worse. As a matter of course, men get to manhood by physically aging. But most women know what I'm talking about when I say that loving a guy that you have to mother, is a damned-if-you-do situation. Jimi needed his Mamma to do that. But she didn't.

He was abandoned by her, unnurtured by the comfort that only his mother could have provided. Thus he was deprived of the most precious thing—unconditional love. Whereas, nurturing by a wise woman stabilizes the *things* of her child's heart. Sensitive boys like Jimi, deprived of sound mothering, don't arrive in manhood with a mature heart capable of handling the wiles-of-the-world.

Let that idea sink in and make sense in your life—I'm trying to, still. So, what are these wisdoms a devoted and loving mother can provide to help her boy possess that he may sooner than later wear the trousers & shoes of a successful and happy man? She can be an example of the things of love. Love is respectful. A good woman has the "patience of Job." Love is caring. A good woman nurtures. Love is unselfish. A moral woman thinks less of self. Love is humble. A meek woman invites harmony in her home. Love is charitable. A sound woman doesn't gossip or deride others. Love is not envious. A spiritual woman is grateful for God's goodness.

Those of us that love Jimi are regretful when fans, old and new, tend to look past the human being, settling with his genius guitar mastery and affairs. . . and drug addiction. This piece advocates more for the spiritual-man than to immortalize his persona. In this quest, I'm determined to mother him properly. That is to argue his case as if we are in Solomon's courtroom. That we stop dividing the man in half!

Actually, I'm on trial too, to tell this story as my truth.

## JIMI'S OTHER LOVES

For sure Jimi was a sweet son. In *The Story of Life*, allegedly written September 17, 1970, the night before his death, there's another reasonable interpretation. It seems he was trying to release his heart to Monika, to marry her. He struggled for his *first* love remained his mother, who had abandoned him. Nevertheless, one will never know why it was so difficult for Jimi to love another woman.

Some who are not conspiracy theorists, purport Jimi passed while in Monika's company. If it is true that she was there as claimed, we see another woman that he loved, failing him. For he unnecessarily choked on his vomit while he lain on the sofa in his London flat. He needed to be sat up and helped to clear his throat that he may breathe, as I did for a friend in such distress. (Later in this piece, I'll cover more on fan, lover, claimed fiancé Monika.)

My sense of 'lost boy' Jimi's *second* love is with an inanimate object—his guitar. He loved her since his youth, but he did not then handle her like his love. By adulthood, he had. The Jimi the world saw was lovemaking to his true-blue electric *Foxy* guitar.

With his guitar in hand, he could be himself. And she supported him as he sang the stories his mind knew from astral-travel. His guitar defined him not only as a musician but more importantly nurtured him into manhood. How important this is for his feminine side to be understood! Jimi's feminine angst inspired his electric climatic music.

No matter what gal claims to have inspired Jimi's hallmark song *Foxy Lady*, Hendrix' guitar was his *Foxy Lady*. He tongued her. He was emotionally available to her every string. On his knees he laid his body over her, humping her oh so adept. And the climax? He held his axe-queen above his head just before the climax of f\*n her good into the amps, releasing his mother-lode.

Let that sink in to understand Jimi's true love, which was with him to comfort on those 'lovelorn' nights. He was her life, and he wasn't one-dimensional in his passion to make her sing. He cradled her with understanding, sympathetic strains—*The Wind Cries Mary* was a boy's lovelorn projected into manhood. I knew this before biographers jumped into the ring, boxing-a-round with his life.

On August 1967, shortly before his worldwide fame, during a concert at the Saville Theatre in London, Jimi dedicated *The Wind Cries Mary* to his mother. *First* love and *second* love were united.

On December 1967, in an interview with journalist, Meatball Fulton whose real name is Thomas Lopez, Jimi shared a dream sequence that inspired his beautiful, yet sad, ballad, *Angel*:

“My mother was bein’ carried away on this camel. And there was a big caravan. She’s sayin’: “Well, I’m gonna see you now.”

“And she’s goin’ under these trees, and you could see the shade. You know, the leaf patterns across her face when she was goin’ under the . . . you know, the sun shines through a tree and if you go under the shadow of the tree . . . Shadows go across her face, green and yellow. She’s sayin’: ‘Well, I won’t be seein’ you too much anymore.’ You know! ‘I’ll see you.’”

Jimi continues the interview, but now he’s not sharing his dream. He’s sharing his teenage confusion that he got stuck in: “And then about two years after that, [my dream] she dies.” He’s sayin’ he had this dream or intuition when not yet a teenager. (So then, no psychedelic stuff enhanced it! For Jimi was born in 1942. His mother died in 1958 before his 13<sup>th</sup> birthday.)

Jimi goes back to relating his dream. He answers his Mamma, “But where are you goin’?” Psychologists agree a child’s #1 fear is death and a need to know about it. Then peaceful, soft spoken Jimi tells Meatball, “I remember that. I will *always* remember that. I never did forget. There are some dreams you never forget.”

In a way Jimi kept rewriting verses to his mother, song after song. Hear this from *Angel*, which song was featured in his 1971 posthumously released studio album: *The Cry of Love*, written and produced by him.

Angel came down from heaven yesterday

She stayed with me just long enough to rescue me

And she told me a story yesterday

About the sweet love between the moon and the deep blue sea

And then she spread her wings high over me

She said she is going to come back tomorrow

[*Chorus*]

And I said, "Fly on, my sweet angel

Fly on through the sky

Fly on my sweet angel

Tomorrow I'm going to be by your side"

Sure enough this morning came unto me

Silver wings silhouetted against the child's sunrise

And my angel she said unto me

"Today is the day for you to rise

Take my hand, you are going to be my man

You are going to rise"

And then she took me high over yonder

[*Chorus repeats*]

## PANDORA'S BOXES

This is significant: *Jimi & I* shared the curious deception underlying the Greek myth—Pandora's jar. Naively we had “hoped” that the jar held within, a promise of our mothers' devotion. That they would be omnipresent, omnipotent good in our lives—the wind beneath our wings. But as we found out this so-called box released a curse. Our curse was to stand by these wrecks, these skeleton of mothers, until the day *they* died. Due to our loving natures, that is what we did! And it was okay with them to leave us barren of their love. Someway they felt it was tolerable to live for themselves—like they were autonomous after childbearing. Unfortunately, their selfish ways plummeted our hearts deep in despair, fostering gloom which affected our every move toward freedom emotionally and socially.

Given by his mother, Jimi's original name was Johnny—he was born when his Dad, Al, was stationed in the Army. In Al's absence, beautiful sexy teenager, Lucille had eyes for a guy named Johnny, who at some point she had an affair. She named her baby after Johnny. Shortly thereafter returning home from the Army, Al changed Jimi's name to James Marshall. Great turmoil fired-up the Hendrix household though within five years Lucille did have another child by Al—Leon. The family tried to help Lucille grow out of her partying, which left devoted father Al conflicted. However, they were finally divorced, for there was no fixin' Lucille's passion for the nightlife.

Jimi's self-worth waned in the “lasting, unforgettable” knowledge of his mother's negligence and sexual offensives; he knew of her giving birth to many babies from casual affairs.

Jimi's Mamma died when Jimi was in puberty, mine when I was 60. He didn't know it, but he was lucky to have her early-on buried for good. He could then dream of her as a heavenly “angel.” Mine was a “lucifer” who kept interfering in my life even when I became a married teen mother. She fought to control my kids as her own.

When she was unhappy with one of her marriages, she came to our lovely house and my envious lifestyle. In one of those depressing times for her, her answer was to ingest a bottle of her sleeping pills in our daughter's bedroom. Her limp body was discovered by her 4-year-old grandson (my son.) I loaded her and the kids in my *Lincoln Continental*, and shaking like a leaf drove us to the ER. I was informed that we made it just in time. They had to put her on a dialysis machine to flush her blood for that particular sleeping-pill was repeating in her system.

The kid's dad, Robin Hilliard, deserted us. He related to his brother, Sherwood, this dramatic event by his mother-in-law (my mom) was the cause of our divorce. He added that she had been throwing violent fits and slapping me around, since we were married. And he said that that was “enough!!!” when I wasn't willing to disown my mother. You see, I wanted her to get better and not pass down this negative heritage to our children—I had read that suicide could be fatefully passed down through the family tree, like a monarch “inherits” the throne.

My brother-in-law, 23 y/o 6'4” Sherwood stood-up at our wedding in Las Vegas, where we had gotten married before a judge. I was age 16. And his brother, 6'1” Robin was 19—the

favorite of his well-to-do and daily-inebriate, mother who was remarried to Robin's father's cousin.

After Robin's desertion, Sherwood was there for me through many of the kid's growing-up years. Whereas his rogue brother was enjoying greener pastures in San Jose, never to be heard of or seen again. I remained spiritually united with Sherwood until his death in 2015.

While she was alive, Mom could never really bring herself to let me "have a life." This may be a clue to why we *wish* people dead. We don't act on it, hopefully. Admittedly, when Mom got worse as the years past, I'd wonder how my life would have matured if she had died from that overdose? The unfortunate truth is, we mostly stay tormented by our mother's until they grow into decent people. And if they die while unstable, it is sad for all involved in their life. The confusion is damaging to their children. Jimi was tormented, for sure. Yet he was kinder than I when trying to resolve things with his mother's abandonment, thru song. I will always be disappointed that Mom tainted my sweet childhood with abuse and then moved on to hurting my marriage and children. Sometime in year 2000, I warned her if she didn't change her ways, I would put pen to paper. So, there you have it!

Ah! There was something very good that came from her maledicted ways and reign of terror over me—I was determined to be the best mother to my kids. It took forever for us to bloom as *The Three Musketeers* and we're still workin' it! They still need to forgive that I ALMOST went down my mother's selfish past. I was so angry at her, I became her.

Anger at our parents can do that! Love was the answer. It took me years to, "Wait, and love more for every hate, and fear No ill, —since God is good, and lose is gain." (Verse is from a poem entitled, *Mother's Evening Prayer* by Mary Baker Eddy.)

Nonetheless, in my defense in living on-the-edge, I'll add: I was young like Lucille. I was hot to trot. I was intelligent but illiterate; I was loving but conflicted. Beautiful and sexy. But to my disgrace in early years, I was *blonde* enough to be a target for a spectrum of male chauvinists. The talented and irresistible. Or the wealthy with panache. Most often they were lustful, egomaniac men—their abuse seemed okay due to the formative years of mother's abuse and my Dad's remarriage coincidentally to a *Lucille*, who banned me from their home. I wanted to be loved more than anything. And men's domination had some sort of ring of truth to it.

That I've overcome this abuse and went on to a productive life, it seems sensible that I think of my feminine/mothering personal background as insightful into the man, Jimi. As well, I went into a healing ministry within years of meeting Jimi.

It is noteworthy that I was one of the last women to have a meaningful contact with him before his untimely death. So be it. . . I was involved in a small way in the last half of his four-year career—early 1969 to the fall of 1970. And though I've been in the shadows, I'm looking for sunlight as we all do *if* we want to grow in truth. Somehow the universe put me there to bless and to be blessed. As things worked out Jimi did ultimately bless me by turning me to Christ Jesus.

I intend to bless Jimi by sharing with his world of fan's, maybe even his peers, a SPIRITUAL PERSPECTIVE of the extraordinary man, Jimi Hendrix.



# Part One

Like any hard-working woman knows, ironing out wrinkles in a linen shirt or blouse is thankless. The minute our body heat touches the fabric and we tuck it in or belt it, wrinkles immediately appear. Dare the wearer lean his or her back on the driver's seat!

Our life is like fine linen. "Fine" because God created us. However, the minute we roll out of bed, things in our day begin to wear on us. No matter how we had planned for life to work out, it easily can appear unkept.

My life was a series of "wrinkles in time." Meeting Jimi was a catalyst which enormously helped me to cast linen shirts aside, so to speak. To simplify so then I didn't have to iron out so many wrinkles.

Somewhere in time his story became my story. Thus there's no telling of him, without me answering, "How in the world did a naïve snow-white Chicagoan windup dropping acid with Aladdin-like #ElectricLadyMan?" That chore taken-up involves lots of dirty laundry to be washed clean.

NOTE: Part One & Part Two are mashed together like a pureed stew. Even so, *my untold story* of working closely with and thus knowing Jimi, is mostly Part One. Whereas, Part Two gets more personal while relating an assortment of Sixties memories of *Coming of age in a world of sin*.

## HENDRIX BRAND

The man felt kindly of himself. Jimi identified with ‘the ordinary’ though he felt special enough to dream big. He was a regular guy but torn, which was realistic considering his background in a 1940s Seattle that was racist, segregating Blacks into housing projects. His Dad, Al Hendrix, was a hard-working laborer thus was able to weather the storm of poverty though frustrated that his aspirations were dimmed. Al once was, as was his father before him, an ambitious performer and dancer, who “didn’t make the grade” as a professional dancer. Nonetheless, he loved to dance after work. He danced in the ring too, boxing himself to wins.

Picture this insolvent family man, Al:

Jimi’s first childhood girlfriend, Carmen Goudy, was from the same neighborhood as the Hendrixes. They were ninth graders. She tells her remembrance of Jimi in a (circa) 2003 interview with biographers earlier delineated, stating: “Jimi had to put cardboard in the bottom of his shoes to cover the holes.” She said she’d share her lunch with him “so he ate one.”

Of course then, Al could not afford his son his most sincere need—a guitar. Life could have become thankless when Jimi couldn’t reckon with his musical inclination and his Mamma’s desertion. So, Jimi did what he could. His genius was practical, too. One biographer said that he invented a makeshift guitar on the wall of their garage. Another quotes neighborhood folk, who knew Jimi, agreeing that Jimi foraged a guitar from someone’s garbage. Even though “it had only one string, he made it sing.” Many biographers record that in 1958 at age 15, Al bought his son an acoustic guitar.

No matter what it took, Al bought it for his son. It was a white Super-Ozark guitar which Jimi played in his friend’s band, called the *Velvetones*. It is said that “soon Jimi realized he needed an electric guitar so he could be ‘heard above other musicians.’” (Doesn’t that make you smile?)

So it was to be. Jimi was already humbled by life as he followed in his father’s footsteps, exiting the Seattle projects into the Army. And with his guitar, but without his Mamma’s prayers and blessings. It seems more than fair to assume that being a ‘genius’ is a power in which a dysfunctional child cannot manage. Jimi got stuck psychologically in childhood trauma. At some point thereafter the Army, Jimi made his debut with recreational drugs as his elixir. Seems he thought that self-expression would fill the gap—the emptiness with which he struggled. Fame became the name of his game.

He grew to see himself flamboyant. The reflection Jimi enjoyed when he looked into the legendary mirror was not only one of a good-natured gentle and loving son but was that of a prince of music and a jester of garb. Every feather. Every scarf. Every silky thing caressing his body or shimmying fringe on his jacket described an incarnation of a musician so wonderful that globally kids today, even some fifty years later, picture who he is.

He’s still in fashion because he adorned himself like a rainbow, reflecting the beautiful passion and love of the universe while taking us to the ‘other side’ with his guitar instrumentals and often irreverent lyrics.

Some credit Jimi's flare to be influenced by *Little Richard*, his one-time employer, who fired him. Were these critics shallow when bellowing anything they conjured after 1970, seeing as he was dead? Seems so. When Jimi played in Richard's 1965 band, they wore clean-cut suits—alike the Beatles. Little Richard's style evolved. In his final costume revolution in the Nineties, he sequenced his apparel. Jimi wasn't cheesy. His style mostly came from his Native American heritage.

Hendrix had his style down perfectly from the get-go as he arrived solo in 1966 London to make his mark in what had become in America, rock music's *British Invasion*. He had a plan, which was forwarded by a dear woman who immediately became an admirer, hearing him perform at NYC's Cheetah Club. Londoner Linda Keith, renamed NYC performer Jimmy James to Jimi. She set up his management with Chas Chandler and facilitated Jimi's 1966 move to London. (*More later.*)

Recognizing his talent, a swarm of London's music-grubbers clung to him from the start. They desired to profit from his guitar genius while giving little back to him, in the way of sustaining the man's dream for "his music." Up front they lied to him. Jimi's problem became the business of the day to forward his plan. Naively he hired folk who had him sign on-the-dotted-line, but it was a one-way trip to their bank. A life of servitude for Jimi. A treasure trove for them. Depression set in early as his naïve soul awoke to their corruption. Within two years he found himself miserably trapped. (1966-1968.) He mentioned this frustration to me in late 1968. Just shaking his head.

Jimi came to look upon the music business world, negatively. Think about the sentiment he voiced in a November 1969 interview with Alan Smith of *Hit Parade*. (Jimi passed one year later, practically to the date.)

"Sometimes I'd like to tell the world off, but I just can't because it's not in my nature."

*Jimi Hendrix*

Loving. So Nice. That was Jimi. A truly nice guy in the unorthodox music business of the Sixties. This lamb among wolves put them in their place so nicely. Right? What a shame, really. For they paid no mind to how he felt until he tried to free himself from them. Then these greedy bastards were like a den of serial killers out to dismember Jimi's spirit, terrifying the man, one deception after another. Lies and trickery compounded can make a person feel crazy.

They didn't care how they were murdering his spirit, as long as he continued to make them rich. They set-up insurance policies that if he died from an overdose of pills (WHATEVER drugs) that they were incessantly providing for him and fed to him by agents of the corrupt incorporated music industry, they would continue to profit. They were scratching one another's backs to obtain bloody profits. It was blood money made off of Jimi.

Depression caused by such management, is what he was feeling when he made the above statement to me and to Alan Smith of *Hit Parade*.

## HENDRIX AERODYNAMICS

How I came to work with astral lover Hendrix.

Far-Out (Music) Productions, at 7414 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, was an upcoming music management and production company. I was looking for a way to support my family until I 'made it' as an actress. So I took a job sorta in the industry. Far-Out offered flexible hours, paid a reasonable salary with benefits, and I could audition. I loved the idea of working with some of my favorite soul groups even if it was doing meaningless office work and being a gofer. Most importantly, I could be at home when the kids needed me or at school to support their events. They had extracurricular activities I needed to oversee: David was in a baseball league coached by nutrition guru Jack LaLanne. Deborah had her first horse, a registered POA named, Lot-a-Dot Siri-Kid. We called this special appaloosa muscly pony, Siri.

Truly, I wanted to work at Far-Out, not only because their name was my fave Sixties colloquialism or idiom. It was when I caught wind of the lush budding LA music industry's quick money fix. So off I went to the races where unbeknownst to me, horses are drugged to win. Where borrowed money to lay-bets may never be paid back until "death do you part." But there I was.

It wasn't just any ol' job. Something remarkable happened when Far-Out expanded into film. Within a couple years, I was offered a co-production title and a share of film profits from Jimi's *wild 'n wooly* 1968-69 Euro Tour, *The Jimi Hendrix Experience*. I landed in London with Jimi. That's how I was privileged in getting caught up in the aerodynamics of Hendrix. Nothing would ever be the same for me when everyone of my cells were reorganized. Sound waves can do that. Well, so can a great spirit.

Greatest? Jimi was quoted as saying: "I've been imitated so well, I've heard people copy my mistakes."

As then, it is now. My heart is overwhelmed. For my knowing of Jimi is a fascinating meander into a spiritual healing that was a profound lifestyle change, which replaced psychedelic with metaphysic. (Much more outlined later, mostly in *Part Two*.)

At first my *#MyHendrixExperience* was one of an independent *Foxy Lady's* jaunt with a gentle and respectful soul, but then again a distressing rocker who has become a musical-superhero. Wow! Who would have pictured this conservative housewife ¼ of a nuclear family, sitting on Hendrix' bed in his London flat, him strummin' on his acoustic guitar and singin' an Elvis jive to me: *I Ain't Nothing But a Hound Dog?* Not only that transition was outrageous, but I never fathomed while sitting with him, that some fifty years later THESE MOMENTS would be a most meaningful deal still.

After Jimi's last strum, even though we weren't alone (his about-to-be ex-groupie, Kathy, was there. As was my co-partner... Anyway. Jimi leaned over to me and whispered in my ear: "I'm gonna sing *Foxy Lady* to you tonight." Referring to that nights February 24, 1969, Royal Albert Hall concert. Yes. Jimi had made his move.

My heart became discombobulated. I had fancied this quiet, lithe man more than once, remembering the plaster casters. Jimi was top dog. At the very thought, my velvet feminine was raging.

I flashed on not returning to L.A. Was I falling into a groupie thang? That was not me. Fan? Not really. I was impressed by the man. His gentlemanliness. And I was impressed that he was a humble guy, no matter his star power and genius. I needed a reality check. But quick.

## CO-PARTNER

Co-partner? The idea of filming Hendrix during his Euro tour was the brain child of Steven Moe Gold. How to describe this flatfoot Wisconsin born Jew with a limp—a wounded WorldWar11 Veteran? He was a game-changer-kinda-guy in managing artists careers. Way shrewd. He was a genius with numbers—a licensed CPA. His clients were the likes of Judy Garland and Lenny Bruce! He definitely acquired lewd and crude comedy from his friend, Lenny. Moe was homely from head to toe! His cynical take on life was hysterically funny and fostered a stunning affection for the man.

Steven made artists feel he could make their dreams come true. He had you feeling that you were part of a “family.” He respected and loved the artists he managed. So much so, that in the Nineties during our lawsuit to win the films rights, he died in the arms of one of them. (More later on 1/the lawsuit and 2/compassionate drummer Harold Brown of the original WAR funk band, who thinks of me as his sister-in-truth.)

Fourteen years my senior and well educated, Steven became a most cherished employer. He was hip to the things of the heart—he was becoming a true friend. He listened tirelessly. He professed insights. He respected my raw business acumen, cemented by hiring me as co-producer in the Hendrix project.

He loved my strength, which was unusual for a man. I dug it! He promoted my acting as if I “had what it took.” Eventually, becoming my manager, which he was no good at. His heart was in music. He was just playing to my vanity. Or was it insecurity? In any case, he was smooth when referring to me as more beautiful than Golden Screen beauty icon, Lana Turner. (Think a shorter Charlize Theron.) Nice. But ‘that’ didn’t work, for already I was spoiled alike by men. But then again, he had the attention of this high school dropout when he referred to me as the “brilliant illiterate.”

Cleverly, he wormed into my heart through head trips and a lucrative job. When he hired me, he seemed okay with my shunning his advances. Beneath the skin, he was irritating. Yet, I was numb, for I was accustomed to this womanizing stuff, which was an uncomfortable and unfortunate *part & parcel* of working women in my day.

We often had coffee-clutch talks were I discovered our emotional commonality was our loving hardworking grandmothers, who truly blessed our childhoods. After his mother deserted him, his Bubbie raised him. My Nana did what she could to save me from my bansheesque, draconian (small offenses had heavy punishments) Mom. There you have the key—another dysfunctional mommy connection.

When we advanced into business lunches, interestingly, I wound-up draining my heartbreak to him. Things like my two dear children were abandoned by their deadbeat dad, who I had to divorce by

default. Steven was all-in with my dysfunction. He showed he truly understood when he gave me the co-production position on the Hendrix project, which increased my salary and hope for the future.

I believed this guy for he did not vie with me in a bedroom mindset. Little did I know then, he didn't need sex with me! He had an orgy of friends. They got together often. Oh yeah! And oopsie, he was married to homemaker, Roberta.

Anyway.

Steven needed my help with the Hendrix project for I was/am super organized, always follow through, true to my word. And a go-getter—a natural at producing. Most importantly, I wasn't a druggie—he depended on me to help him get straight not only from drugs but cynicism-on-steroids. His fave line to me was, “Cynics are angels that have fallen from heaven.” I loved it so much that I remember it verbatim.

I loved it because it affirmed, once again, that I brought out the best in people.

I may have had issues with childhood pain, but I overcame them daily through an attitude of gratitude. I loved life's wonderful surprises. As they say, “It's always darkest before the dawn.”

This healthy spirit helped me survive childhood abuse. At age 13, I had an epiphany though back then, I would not have called it thus. I came to call it “waking in the sunlight of Truth.” Ya know the truth of which I'm speaking. Jesus' told us: “The Truth sets you free.”

This expectancy of GOOD dawned on me in a revelation I had had when my family first moved to Los Angeles when I had just become a teenager.

Mom and my step-Dad, the Sicilian race car super-charger inventor mechanic extraordinaire, Joe Granatelli, were at one another's throats once again, and I was no longer gonna stand in their way, begging them to stop. Getting 'that' blackeye intended for Mom was too painful to my 11y/o self. I took the hit to stop him from what I thought—“He's gonna kill her if she doesn't shut-up.” Per her M.O. she was screaming like crazy. Smart women know that you don't behave in such a way with patriarchal Italians. Especially a Sicilian whose father was somehow tied to Chicago mafia.

So here we *all* are some two years later in beautiful Los Angeles, and they're getting worse. I walked out of the house where I was away from the insanity. I headed across the street to the barren land or Westchester cliffs. I look out at a shimmering Blue Pacific. It was a moonlit night. The strong wind was coming across the ocean that pristine night, blowing my long blonde-hair everywhere. It felt cleansing. The beauty and power of nature calmed my spirit.

Then the wind gave me a chill. It was then that I heard 'it.' The “truth that frees” came to me! I thought, “Just as the wind is not *really* going through me, it just feels like it. The ugliness at home isn't in me though it seemed so. The truth revealed that night became my mantra: ONLY GOOD IS GOING ON.

I had seen that *God is good* from my Jewish friends at grammar school. Gorgeous 15 y/o Jackie Tobias was held back in school because she was a so-called deaf-mute. She signed to me, but when I didn't understand she wrote me. The truth that another name for God is the word Good, antidoted my

earlier parochial school's indoctrination that "man is a born sinner." For I had already determined that if God is good and man is his image and likeness, well then, we are good if we do good.

This transforming moment on the Westchester cliffs, stayed with me as many more dark nights would come to tempt me to believe in *bad stuff happens to good people*. I knew nothing but GOOD was in me, for ONLY GOOD IS GOING ON.

## THE TOAD

So, this guy I co-produced the filming of Jimi's Euro Concert Tour was fourteen years my senior. For many reasons, I thought of Steven as TheToad for this thirty something guy was giving me ugly warts. That is. He was defacing my innocence.

He turned me on to *acid*, reassuring me that his supply was "clear stuff" for it was from his 'friend' Timothy Leary. Impressive if true, in that Leary was the King of Lysergic-acid-diethylamide—the notable UC Berkeley Ph.D., who fathered psychedelic therapy. I gave in to taking this substance when TheToad insisted it would free my mind and spirit from my abusive childhood. By this time, I had confided lots to him like one would a shrink.

Main "couch" topic often was this Catholic priest's hatefulness that I had gotten pregnant while unmarried. This was true, hitherto my wedlock to Robin. So this worrywart (better than calling him evil) priest tried to downcast me and my child, by prognosticating we would suffer... blah, blah, blah. I remain dismayed that that jerk tried to cast a curse on us—such a dispersion is certainly a practice equal to those from the underworld. Forgive me Auntie Lee, I had to say it!

Auntie Lee was a surrogate-Aunt in that she was like a sister to Mom, who was an only child. Anyway. She was a staunch Catholic—the good kind, who gave me oodles of happy childhood summer days, and she stayed my fondest ally until she past some years ago.

TheToad was convincing me that *acid* would help me see things that before were hidden. It would release me from the mental shackles deterring my free expression. That I'd experience the world of "time" differently. In brilliant colors, I'd see a magnitude of beauty all around me. My real creative nature would be enhanced. And that I had nothing to fear for he would "guide me" through what he called "the trip." I'd feel safe.

And he did. And I was. Deep waves of love flowed out of me throughout my first 'trip,' which was a breakaway from the reality I had known. Almost a permanent high!

What TheToad didn't tell me was that he 'really' hoped I'd see his transformation from Toad to Prince.

No matter his intention and many more acid-trips, they did not free me from the angst of childhood. They were just what they were: A trip in an altered reality—skipping down a yellow brick road with a camp of little folk cheering me on to the wizard, Oz. I hallucinated with Dorothy. And I awakened like her to see my world caught up in a whirlwind.

Who would have expected that I liked meandering in Oz. A lot! Thus, England was an additional high when I dropped acid with our dear Jimi in his London flat. No matter the departure from drugs some conceit remains—I dropped acid with the likes of Jimi Hendrix. These were memorable time-lapses. Better say may be, they were time-warps.

Acid with Jimi found me more often than not, lost. It was a 'Brit trip' of darting around in an Alice-in-Wonderland labyrinth. Confusion came when I realized I had fallen down a rabbit hole rather than reaching the wizard. Soon wondering why I entered this bend on reality. It wasn't safe like TheToad's guidance. I soon was imaging how to escape that I may return to LA to be with my munchkins in our Oz.

My envied acting career was becoming more distant. I wasn't alone in this dismay over my career, for when I met-up with Jim in the labyrinth, he confessed that he felt compromised about his career as well. We were staring into one another's eyes like we were looking into a crystal ball in which we could see the future.

It was scary for me.

Maybe tripping didn't help either of us get closer to our dreams. What it did do was make us wanna go home. He was in the middle of mounting fame, but wanting to go home to sweet Seattle as well further his music at Electric Lady Land. He talked about forming a new band.

I just wanted to go home and wake snuggled-up to the kids.

**DearReader:**

*#MyHendrixExperience—untold story of a coming of age Foxy Lady* 🌟

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