



## #MyHendrixExperience:

*an untold story of a coming of age Foxy Lady—  
And a Sixties cultural memoir*

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 leans 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 . . .) 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 LA. 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 priest (better than calling this man of cloth evil,) 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. 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 as 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.

## MONTEREY

*#MyHendrixExperience* really began in Monterey, California in June 1967 at *The Monterey Int’l Pop Festival*.

To delineate my Hendrix timeline, it’s helpful for you to view, that is take a look at the brilliant 2013 biographical drama, *Jimi: All is By My Side*, which depicted Jimi mostly circa 1966, and his beginnings in London where the *Jimi Hendrix Experience* band was created with two Brit musicians, bass guitarist Noel Redding and drummer Mitch Mitchell. This movie is more truth than these lame documentaries on YouTube. Trust it!

I believe this biopic, written and directed by Academy Award Winner (*12 Years a Slave*) John Ridley, is as factual as we can get in piecing together what is essential to know about the man I knew, Jimi Hendrix. It satisfies my yearning to do Jimi justice.

The flick had the input of credible supporters of Jimi’s career. Especially meaning is its counter of tall-tales out there which grew taller like unkept weeds as the decades’ past. Just guessing lots of truth came from his dear friend Linda Keith.

The biopic maps the timetable of an unknown Jimi and his exit from the NYC blues music scene to find his groove in London’s 1966 rock dynamic where Jimi especially desired a meet-up with Eric Clapton. Well-groomed Londoner, Linda Keith, being girlfriend of the *Rolling Stones* guitarist, Keith Richards, could easily facilitate this.

I had to return to this page when editing, for I came across a YouTube documentary verifying Linda Keith's credibility as the discover of Jimi Hendrix, which sadly many totally ignore or lie about. The interviewee was Tony Calder, co-manager producing the *Rolling Stones*.

Calder relates personally: When Brian Epstein, *Beatles* manager, invited him to hear Hendrix (when he first arrived in London and was performing at Epstein's theatre on the next Sunday) that though Hendrix played the same "set" he had heard him play in NYC, he and his partner wanted to sign Hendrix. But "Linda Keith had taken Chas [Chandler] to hear him [in NYC] and Chas signed him."

I take it that Linda had given Calder the first chance. When he showed no interest, Linda brought in Chas. This is painfully interesting. In that in hindsight Jimi would have been in better hands with Calder than Chandler. Just guessin'!

Cheers that the movie thoroughly and rightfully decries and defames his manager Michael Jeffrey—as well as "that" drugged-out groupie, Kathy, who scammed him (as far as her friends relate in interviews.) As soon as he arrived in London, she shattered whatever peace of mind Jimi had garnered from Linda. Posthumously, Kathy twisted the truth to become a stimulating spokesperson of Jimi's private persona. Thus, Kathy has damaged Jimi's character by portraying him as a drugged-out sex fiend. Why would she do this if she loved him as she has claimed? Time upchucked the truth. Even in her own words, she was the fiend. Evidenced when comparing herself as Jimi's Yoko. (More later.)

I met Kathy—interfaced with her on occasion during my work in London with Jimi. I knew she wanted to become rich & famous. I don't fault her for that. It's just that she wanted to do it, off of plagiarism and lies. Authoring a book would be a start to being rich for she had already managed to make herself famous by claiming she was Jimi's one and only *Foxy Lady*. Seemed she waited until more credible books on Jimi Hendrix had been published, which gave her an info-edge so to elaborate her tall-tale. And Chas Chandler had died in 1996. That's important because he would of slammed Kathy for what she did to harm Jimi's career through her mad antics. Though generally a real nice guy, Chas was known to dislike Kathy.

So it was in 1999, she claimed WHATEVER she fancied in her book, *Through Gypsy Eyes*. The title was revealing. She was a vagabond thief. (I haven't read the book and don't want to.)

Much more later on this formidable "druggie." As the movie portrays, from the start she was out to exploit Jimi and was a beyond the norm, freaked groupie. Dysfunctional, yes. But she beat the game of an *Almost Famous* groupie, Kathy was formidable for she became famous at the expense of Jimi's reputation. Disgraceful wench ass-piped naïve Jimi.

The biopic ends with Jimi in London being intro'd to Michael Jeffery by Chas Chandler, Jimi's then full-time manager. These guys are discussing Jimi's schedule to perform at California's *Monterey Int'l Pop Festival*—a first of its kind in America, advertised heavily for mass appeal.

So, this is the dovetail in this piece of my past—the movie or biopic, ends where Jimi entered my life. Monterey is where my Hendrix mindset began.

All right then.

Let's sort out management a tad more, because however it happened, it was quite unfortunate for Jimi when Jeffery became Jimi's manager. He turned out to be Hendrix' Svengali, meaning a person who exercises a controlling or mesmeric influence on another, especially for a sinister purpose. Harsh? Not if you follow the money. Jeffrey's maleficent dealings will be fully described. And I have found no one that disagrees. Jeffrey was evil.

When Jimi arrived in London, Chas accompanied him and was his manager. He knew Jeffery because he had been the manager of *The Animals*, where Chas was base guitarist. Then somehow Jeffery became a co-manager with Chandler. But before Monterey or around then, Jeffery made his move and became Jimi's solo manager. So, I ask. Did Chas Chandler willingly resign his management with Jimi? Someone please let me know it wasn't due to Jeffery threatening Chas!

I would have asked Chas, but he died in 1996 before I thought of writing my story.

Forget about getting the "real or whole" truth about modern renown figures from Wiki. Their PR can publish what they want. So, I'm sad and conflicted now that some stuff I read there I know is BS—the contributor(s) ignored Linda Keith's influence and as well Jeffery's timeline as I remember it.

*The Monterey Int'l Pop Festival* with thousands from far & wide, was a seminal event in the American cultural revolution. In hindsight decades thereafter, *Rolling Stone* co-founder and controversial publisher, Jann Simon Wenner, referred to this 1967 event, stating, "Monterey was the **nexus** [meaning *link* or *connection*]—it sprang from what the Beatles began, and from it sprang what followed."

Here's a geek-out, so to speak, as I venture in to yet another aside. Though it is random—meaning made, done, happening, or chosen without method or conscious decision—this is a **Sixties cultural memoir**, too. For sure!

So . . . Six months after the 1967 *Monterey Int'l Pop Festival*, "Rolling Stone Magazine" was established in San Francisco. Since the publication has become tremendously influential as an icon of music sensationalism and as well political journalism, swaying several generations of young people toward a personal and/or political agenda, hear what is said about the publisher, Jann Simon Wenner as not someone to trust.

In an article in *The Washington Post (WaPo)*, titled *Pied Pipers Of the Age of Rock 'n' Roll*, Wenner is referred to as a "boy-tyrant." . . . He even shelved articles on music-groups he didn't like.

He's criticized ardently for his "failures in dealing with people," which are described in full detail in a book by Robert Sam Anson, *Gone Crazy and Back Again*, which portrays Wenner as "paranoid, obsessed with power, . . ." Anson quotes a *RS* employee as saying, he is "the biggest groupie in the world."

The *WaPo* article is a book review of sorts, panning author Anson for using "the middle-class Wenner and his white, male-dominated magazine as a metaphor for the social upheaval and spirit of the '60s."

Worst of railings against Wenner, is the depiction of his disgusting inhumane personality in the movie, *Rising Higher*. Wherein Wenner's faults and nastiness is magnified on the big screen—in the recounting of “true” events in his business dealings.

This bad-stuff of Wenner is important to substantiate my claim herein that my generation was certainly at the mercy of godless, megalomaniac men. These tyrants have not stopped yet, nor have they been silenced. They are attempting to write the future for another generation, robbing them of the truth—“Man's inhumanity to man,” as poet Robert Burns poignantly states. It's all about a testosterone inseminated society. (Enough! God is Mother, too.)

Two years after Monterey, or on August 1969, the East-coast link to the counterculture explosion happened in New York—*The Woodstock Festival* with an attendance of some 400,000.

California events, including ones prior to Monterey, are credited as the beginnings of the “Summer of Love,” eyeballing California as the center of the counterculture or hippie revolution of “free love.”

Monterey is 343 miles north of Los Angeles. On June 14, 1967, folks from Far-Out road the windy Pacific Coast Highway (PCH) up the gorgeous California coast to be among a well-attended phenomenon, *The Monterey Int'l Rock Festival*. A ROCK festival, featuring the spectrum of Rock music—blues rock, folk rock, hard rock, and psychedelic rock. On June 16, 1967, the concert began, ending two days later.

For me this was my “summer of love.”

I exploded when a virtually unknown Janis Joplin sang, *Piece of My Heart*. I was in awe! I sang with her until my throat was raw. To this day, she's the one and only woman that defined my *Sixties* heart.

Then there was *Eric Burdon and The Animals*. I danced whirled my long-hair wildly until my neck muscles screamed to a halt. “Those were the days my friend; we thought they'd never end. We'd sing and dance the night away.” Twenty-six year old, Otis Redding, calmed my soul with his velvet tones, singing, *Try a Little Tenderness* and *I've Been Loving You Too Long*.

I was in front of him as he sang at Monterey in June 1967. He became enormously popular thereafter. Yet, on December 10, 1967, Otis was tragically killed when his private Beechcraft plane crashed into Lake Monona in Wisconsin, just four miles from their destination, killing as well all but one of his *Bar-Kays* band members, Ben Cauley. Chilling!

For the moment, we had the time of our life witnessing the first major American appearance of *The Hendrix Experience*. And so many newcomers from abroad, too, were introduced to a mass American audience, who absolutely loved them so much that they made them famous. Their fame began alright! As Jimi hoped, he was skyrocketed as a key artist in the dawning of the Age of Aquarius.

Some other acts were: Grace Slick & Jefferson Airplane. Hugh Masekela. Grateful Dead. The Byrd's. The Who. Ravi Shankar (who is Nora Jones' dad.) So many became stars thereafter.

Why *Monterey Jazz Festival* (aka) became a totemic or revered symbol of the Sixties has been discussed to death by the world of academia. They have pondered the Sixties kids rejection of authority, declaring that it was “a search for a new authority—new examples.” Actually conjuring the idea that our “Summer of Love” was also the moment of an energy which became a “creative destruction” of the norm. Interesting. I like it. But I think their hindsight is foolhardy more often than not, for we were raised in a warmongering world. Where we were expected to lay down our life for our country—we just wanted a little fun before we had to do that! (Remember Viet Nam War was still raging. It ended in 1975.)

After Monterey, Steven was fired-up, stoked about Hendrix. (Who wasn't?) He never stopped with his rap about this musician. Other groups at Far-Out were like on the back burner. He assigned me the task of finding out what I could. But there was no internet. When I heard that Hendrix was playing an event in Boston, he figured a way. He decided to fly to Massachusetts to attend the 1968 *Boston Garden Pop Festival* for the sole purpose of making connection with Hendrix 'people'. So then, he would have to enter the event as a professional. It was an easy 'do' since one startup at Far-Out Steven had come up with so he could make contact with the music groups was: *The Visual Thing Poster Co.*. Many of their management for PR purposes had signed exclusive rights to reproduce photographs of rockers taken by an in-house photographer at Far-Out. Hendrix was among them.

There he was. Steve Gold supervising vending posters. And, so-called, serendipitously bumping into Jeffery. As the story was related to me by Steven, he finagled things so that we could film Jimi's upcoming: *Hendrix Experience Euro Tour*. That was huge!

The kick-off was to be at London's Royal Albert Hall, February 18, 1969. Then Germany. France. Denmark. Austria. As it turned out as mentioned earlier, Jimi's tour culminated with a concert back at RAH February 24<sup>th</sup>. A piece of the puzzle that few know—we “had” to return to RAH. (Hold that thought. While I unwind a tad more of this *untold story*.)

Steven sold the idea to me. That I could get rich if I was willing to make this film project my priority rather than the office work I was doing at Far-Out. The difficult part was where I fit-in for me to be willing to leave home and acting auditions and jump-in to the Hendrix film project. I said, “No,” at first. I was fearful of being unavailable to do bit parts that would move me closer in achieving my goal to land a lead role in a movie.

Steven kept at me. And I reasoned that I needed to change-up agents, which takes even more effort than landing a part. I wasn't with an agent that was getting me “in the door.” Steven had begun managing my career, and he needed to be a part of that transition. But he was gonna be in Europe with Hendrix. So when I was offered the co-production gig, I'm figuring Steven would further analyze a plan for my acting career while we were in Europe.

As well I reasoned that if the job description outlined by Steven is correct, I possess qualities necessary to co-produce the project. Certainly it is a career hike from office work! I could feel safe for I had secured a position at Far-Out for my friend Burt McCann, who could back me up on producing if my inexperience got me in trouble in London. But I needed to find someone to oversee the kids.

But I'm thinking that Steven's partner at Far-Out, Jerry Goldstein, is trouble spelled with a capitol T. I all but hated him for what he had done to me. (Truth coming soon.)

After a long talk, Steven assured me that he'd handle Jerry. Next, I found a governess to live-in, who would keep my grammar school kids on-point with their schooling, it was a *GO!*

So again there I was, off to the races. Mostly riding a race with illusive time.

## MrBubblegumMusic Jerry—THE MAD HATTER

Steven's 'other' partner, Jerry Goldstein, was our Svengali.

Jerry was #MrBubblegumMusic, an American recording artist of "bubblegum music" who raped not only our film. Within the decade, Jerry deteriorated my partner into a drugged-out waste that in such a state, Steve Gold signed over all his business rights in Far-Out Productions to Jerry, essentially robbing Gold of the company in which he had built with his whole heart 'n' soul. And in so doing, Steven cut me out of my profits. For without Steven, I did not have the know-with-all or money to lawyer-up against Jerry.

TheToad should have listened to my advice that his Far-Out Productions partner, Gerald "Jerry" Goldstein was gonna do him in. "He's gonna shaft us!" But Steven didn't listen. I argued on ol' Gold's side many a time. Stating, "Without murdering you, your face as the innovator of Far-Out will be eradicated," I knew MrBubblegumMusic was a little shitface, whose pitiful claim to music notoriety was as a studio something(?) for the short-lived diddley-bop band, the *Strangeloves*. But Goldstein's gift was his shrewdness in a most mad and crafty way.

The Mad Hatter was insanely nasty, but lucky when he was able to charm Steven. They were from the same mold, really. In that they loved to scheme. Thus they formed a partnership to forward their brilliant schemes, which in-the-long-run screwed artists who tried to "move-on" when they felt gyped. (Gyp is coined from swindling Gypsies.)

Poor Steven. Soon his heart wasn't really in it. The artists pain, reached him. He came to love the musicians he had signed to Far-Out. They were his family. They loved him. They came to hate Jerry. In fact, some railed in the office upper chambers that he was a "small-dick-mother-fucker." Perfect sentiment for this self-important snotnose prick.

Truth is Steven made a deal with the devil—bad juju Jerry would eventually steal everything from him. Jerry coldcocked Steven, taking Far-Out's legacy as his own. Look at Wikipedia, little is true from those contributors who posted. Why? Jerry had publicly lied lied lied trying to erase Steven, and no one knew any better.

Here's a fact worth repeating: A November 26, 1993 article by Steven Ivory of *BRE* (Black Entertainment's Premiere Magazine) states: "...Gold found he'd signed over his interest in Far-Out to partner Goldstein "for basically what amounted to a kilo of coke." Seems by the time of this interview TheToad had 'woke.' But not cleaned-up like a prince, mind you. He was a day late and tons of dollars short to make any difference for me and the kids.



So it was! Jerry Goldstein is the **first bitch** about my business involvement with Hendrix. Douchebag Jerry, along with Hendrix' UK svengali-manager, Michael Jeffery, highjacked our film effort.

Jerry continues to erase people from what is rightfully due them. He posted our Royal Albert Hall (RAH) filming on YouTube circa 2015, doing so illegally. For I am the co-owner, with Steve Gold, the copyright is registered at *The United States Library of Congress* (LOC)—film and sound track from concerts. So it seems he remastered the footage from the February 24, 1969 RAH concert and had a screening on October 2019, as a *50-year Celebration* film event of Jimi at RAH, London. It appears that Jerry did this in joint effort with the Hendrix Estate and SONY. I don't F\*in know.

Wish I had known that the entertainment industry, THE BIZ, has a way of making you worthless, not famous as I had dreamed. For sure, you become cynical when you feel these parasites under your skin. Unless, of course, you *did not* become one of them. You didn't sell your soul to "make it!"

So then. Here's the **second bitch** about my business involvement—it's with 'ol Gold. Ignorant and starry-eyed, I became entwined within his spin of minor and major fibs. And everyone knows when they are manipulated with lies it is a rape of one's inner being—an anger dwells deep in your being. You even may succumb to a life-threatening illness, which really is caused by the stress you went through.

It is fair to say, I feel Gold was earnest at first, but the *fucker* ruined my acting career in two ways.

1. By not using his connections to follow-through on the management plan as soon as we finished the Hendrix project, I missed my shot. And ingenue is short-lived in Hollywood. And Steven had messed with my identity. E.g. he even had me change my name in the *Screen Actors Guild* (SAG) book—to Laura Hume. It felt like another identity crisis, for my first movie was under my married name, Laura Hilliard. (Pearson is my maiden name.)
2. He failed to inform me that his "general business partnership" at Far-Out Productions—with the rapist, Goldstein—included 'holdings' under lengthy incorporated contracts which most probably would adversely affect my simple contract with Gold.

I believed Steven when he assured me not to take seriously this guy. That Goldstein could not interfere with my advancement at Far-Out in co-producing the film for his, Steven's, contract with me would protect me from Goldstein. (Little did I know.)

I should have known something would go wrong for I had observed them in their office. They were bonded in a way . . . it was hard to figure. Picture it! They shared the same desk. It was this huge wood table, like a dining room table. They sat opposite one another in posh leather executive chairs. All day into the night their laughs were the most sickening guffaws, especially Goldstein who didn't fake it well but tried his best to massage Steven's ego. It was sickening to watch the circle-jerk.

Desk telephones were answered at the same time to amplify their sales pitches, which sounded much like crow magpies in a cartoon. Smoke filled the room from Steven's excessive smoking. When they hung the phone up, there would be boisterous hoots 'n' hollers like they had just harpooned the catch of the day.



Goldstein's snide comments kept me out of their office most days, other than gofer stuff, like lunch.

Truth? He was a dunce who looked at the world from a place the 'sun don't shine.'

Whereas known genius Steve Gold, had a feel for blues—musicians absolutely loved him for having their business interest at heart. Goldstein was not taken seriously by 'real' musicians who were the wheel turning Far-Out into a recognized management company. They hated Goldstein for his cold disdain of their well-being—though he tried to act caring. He was the true exemplification of an emotional vampire. In the end, they all found that out as he destroyed them. Most, anyway.

That's sayin' not the half about this punk! This Sleazeball. This Slimball. This Douchebag who got-off popping everyone's bubble. But that's what Bubblegum does! Pop.

Eventually Gold, as *BRE* rightly noted, was swindled by Goldstein. But also my good-hearted friend Jimmy Witherspoon. Cutie-pie in your face, Tanya Tucker. And the original WAR. Just ask band members of the 'original' hit funk band *WAR!* Ya know the hits! *Spill the Wine. The Cisco Kid. Why Can't We Be Friends. Low Rider.*

As you have noted by now, by Goldstein shafting Gold, I was skewered as well. Notwithstanding, my partner, Gold, tried to right this wrong in a RICO lawsuit, before he died (more later.) Goldstein has no remorse—he is publicly deceitful to this day, defiling Gold's reputation even on Wikipedia. Come on. I know he edited Gold's name OUT as co-creator if not the 'father' of the group, WAR. Steven, being a World War11 wounded Veteran, named the funk group WAR. (I'm thinking of registering on WIKI and honoring Steven. Gotta do it!)

So it was that Jimi's dream was again denigrated by another greedy male, Jerry Goldstein. This jerk resisted hiring a competent editor. A filmmaker I had lined-up at newly formed AFI. (Now it's *prestigious* American Film Institute.)

Ironically, it was Steven who kept Jerry in power. Against my will. He shrugged me off until I was panicky, seeing my hope for financial recovery squelched. The frustration was nerve racking as I continued to oversee inferior editing. I begged Steven for our *Hendrix Experience Euro Tour* film sever ties with Goldstein. But. There was more than paperwork to Steven's relationship with Jerry than I understood at that moment.

They thought they were gonna screw the world. Little did Steven know; he was a better person than that. Jerry fit the role with pitchfork in hand and a black cape to hide the deception. Am I mocking? I wish I could find the words to completely trash this creature. When you consider how Jerry 'did-in Steven' like-a greedy bitch-of-a-wife strategizes a killer divorce, I feel pity for the Wisconsin boy who was maimed fighting for our country.

Gold's demise by Goldstein was much like Jeffery to Hendrix. Such injustice is unbelievable to someone like us.

## RAPIST JERRY

More than behind my back. Goldstein deflated my bubble violently—if it were today, ya know the #MeToo era—I’d be believed when I declare that he raped me. This creepy guy would pay some price for raping me one night after a meeting. Guess it was a *Mickey Finn* he dropped into my drink. (Lesson: Never imbibe with the enemy.) That he announced *it* to Steven ASAP, who was by then hopelessly in love with me, I surmise was to torture him. That act was to weaken and take further control of Steven. It worked.

Ya gotta know after I woke from this stupor, in vain I warned Steven about Jerry. Guess Gold thought he was outsmarting Goldstein. Nope. Jerry feigned discipleship to his guru Steven, but he was not a Judas, never was a disciple of Steven’s—Jerry was rotten to the core and sold Steven to the devil.

Endlessly, I called this rapist out. That I was not believed by Steven, hurt. Hurt? For whatever reason, by then I had come to care for Steven. In hindsight, I realize he was a huge part of my coming-of-age. Yet, in hindsight I see even Steven was manipulating me—that is—weakening me.

Now #DearReader you understand the significance of my disgust for Goldstein: **This weasel is ‘the why’** Steven no longer trusted me as a person! And worse? It is ‘the why’ Jimi’s film died in 1970.

I need to, right now, spell it out. #Mr.BubblegumMusic, Gerald “Jerry” Goldstein was the RAPIST. It was his way of terrifying me. It worked. Why? In this dehumanizing of me, he got control of my self-respect, which was already down to a frazzle after my husband deserting us and the court orders.

That Jerry remains alive, just turned 80, February 17, 2020, and he’s very rich from his thievery of Gold’s partnership with him, of course, there is a sick sense that he may try to hurt my book, my last hope to be heard. This is unsettling to say the least. But. . . all my #MeToo sisters will rise up with me and destroy this transgressing womanizer.

Goldstein denied my claim which deflated me more violently—if it were today, ya know the #MeToo era, I’d be believed when I declare that he raped me. This creepy guy would pay some price for raping me one night after a meeting. Guess it was a *Mickey Finn* he dropped into my drink. (Lesson: Never imbibe with the enemy.) That he announced “an affair” to Steven ASAP, who was by then hopelessly conflicted with love for me, too, I surmise was Jerry’s way of torturing Steven. That act was to weaken and take further take control of Steven. It worked.

Ya gotta know after I woke from this stupor, in vain I warned Steven about Jerry. He didn’t believe me. And told me he didn’t care. Gold thought he was outsmarting Goldstein. Nope. Jerry feigned discipleship to his master, Steven. He was a Judas, never a disciple. Jerry was rotten to the core and sold Steven to more than the Sanhedrins, he sold him to the devil.

Endlessly, I called this rapist out. But in vain. That I was not believed by Steven, hurt. Hurt? For whatever reason, by then I had come to care for Steven. In hindsight, I realize he was a huge part of my coming-of-age. Yet, in hindsight I see even Steven was manipulating me—that is—weakening me.

This was one event, among so many recollections, that is excruciatingly harmful to relive. All of it is affecting my personal relations as I finish this memoir. For I’m flying forward that ol’ black magic “fear of men.”

Nothing sung to socialize this supernatural power, or magic for evil and selfish purposes, can make it right. Fuck you Sinatra for trying to croon women into submission with as well your other song,

*Witchcraft.* It worked on my mom, not me. (Anymore anyway. TGI!) And Sinatra you're not fooling anyone that you turned around the evil to make women the culprit. No wonder you tried to commit suicide multiple times. It's guys like you that ruin families. You womanizing mafia pawn creep.

Seriously though, after this memory of rape that a prayer will help. And that you'll pray with me, #DearReader. It's to the Muse:

—Humor me oh muse if I digress here or there. But indubitably hold your tongue on Laura that she may, before this piece ends, right the wrong. Voicing it is sufficient for the day.

—Somehow, we need to give dignity to the story #MyHendrixExperience. Unravel the truth. But what is Truth? A word? Material reality? Centuries have been lost in pursuit of Truth.

OMG, help!

—Have patience, Muse, that she may at last share her profound spiritual journey from the knowing of Jimi to that yonder place she has spiritually attained. Their encounter was like a tesseract into a new dimension. She woke. Drugs soon would be abandoned. Nothing would ever appear the same. The distance from *her* here (hell) to her there (heaven,) shortened.

—Forgive her and help her that she better explain stuff—Jimi's blessing on her life which is inexplicable really, for it was a metaphysical awakening. Help her finish her story, which has been so hard to tell because by doing so we've strayed dangerously into Laura of yesteryear. By so doing, we've been hurting the breasts of the woman, Lor. Delving into the 'foolish naïve self' *Laura* was when *Jimi* and his experiment with life, met up with her, could be dangerous to Lor's health. For by going public with it, she is again putting herself out there for ridicule. Thus failure. Unbelievable stress.

#DearReader: Let's put my so-called prayer aside and finish this short chapter with the crazy loop of Laura's mental state in a nutshell. Work was always a problem because of the kids. More like I cared that I had kids, but then again I needed to work. I was broke and uneducated. (You see the twist.)

I had few choices because of the kids. I was tormented that they had already been deserted by their Dad. I wasn't about to abandon them, too. Or leave them in the hands of my mother.

I was working three waitress jobs and caring for the kids and my Mom, who already had tried to commit suicide in our home—was still terrifying me. Even so he took the pressure off his hide by deserting us. He was not a classic deadbeat dad. He was always okay because of his folk's money and he was the favorite of his mother's two sons.

I'll share more later about my heartless ex, Robin Hilliard, who knew how this high school dropout was struggling to keep things going after his desertion. I had tried to reconcile with him, but he had met a gal that was perfect for him, was younger than me, with no kids.

Lauren, (funny name, huh?) was a perfect callous match for him. I still have the newspaper astrological blurb she sent to me. It came in the mail when I requested money. It said that "Leo's are going to experience financial problems." It seemed she had no idea that her boyfriend's Virgo and Capricorn kids were the ones to suffer, really.

Ah, now it's sinking in the hot-mess I was.

No matter this state of emotional things in which I met Jimi, I somehow understood his 'real' #lovelorn. So, I keep our relationship respectfully platonic. Excitingly platonic. I know it was the freaking free-lovin' Sixties and he wouldn't have judged me. And I would have enjoyed every minute of our lust for one another. Just sayin' that's what I saw then. After unpacking #MyHendrixExperience, I see it once again. Even clearer.

Certainly the telling of my story as "one" of his many shags, would not have been the clearheaded fun it is. Truly, at this moment in like a Dali-time-melt, I find myself again defending our relationship as decent. As worthy of respect.

Ya gotta give it to me that I remain hopeful to make a meaningful case for the relations of *Laura & Jimi*. He died. I lived on through many a metamorphizes, fading from the limelight into a fundamentally different time and space.

## ARRIVAL in LONDON

As soon as we arrived in London, Jeffery interfered with our filming schedule. For among things, he was disruptive and nasty to the top-notch Euro tour organizer, Fritz Rau—the well-respected promoter and organizer of Jazz concert tours in Europe who was hired by management to book Jimi in the best concert houses in Europe.

Fritz, a tall, large framed burley guy, was like a Santa Claus for success. I fondly remember him. He had branched into promoting pop tours and was a bit green to our jargon. So when referring to the groovy filming plan, I said, "Dynamite! That's DYNAMITE." (A colloquialism of the day. Meaning: terrific, fabulous, great!) Well, Fritz' face turned red. He stuttered in his thick German accent: "Nein! No. No. No. Nein dynamite!" He took it that serious.

Fritz was amiably old-fashioned—quite nervous about the Hendrix rock scene in that Fritz thought American-rockers were *that* nutty they'd dynamite the stage. Though after a performance of Jimi slamming the hell out of his axe into the amps before he set everything on fire until only the stem in his hands survived —yes, he did that— which electrified the rocker audience to just short of a stampede, it was then that I appreciated conservative Fritz' fear.

About the time of audience mass craze at RAH, I never again wanted to return to one of these insane performances. It was an angry, out of control Jimi. A defying musician, yes. Yet a defiled Jimi, I did not admire. What kinda drug(s) induced such a miasma? That, I was never privy to. No matter, it was for certain insane. Like a fit of sadistic sexuality on *Foxy*. Let's face it. He had just finished some love songs.

I had seen him do this in Monterey, but now it was more personal. And I was found of Jimi—a sorta love, for sure. Most significantly, this was a side of Jimi that the world would, if put on film, obliterate the real Jimi. Maybe forever. Was that what I was doing by filming this flare-up?

What was left on stage was more than a slaughtered guitar and raped amps. These images were in the minds of crowds to be replayed like a fiddle. Indelible were the images of Jimi creating a musical massacre, replaying in my mind like it was yesterday as I see pieces of a shattered man's broken heart. It not only shook me to the bone; it shook up my bones. My equilibrium. Scary stuff that caused me some physical problems when I returned to Los Angeles.

So be it. There was a portion of entertainer Jimi from whom I hid. I'd forgo some uncertainties of his crazed 'world of rock' at its maximum decimals, by stowing away at Royal Garden Hotel, Kensington Park, London, where I was comfortably housed for months. Dazed I'd stare out the window to life below and beyond. The world, again, seemed idyllically silent. Those moments in these elegant surroundings refreshed me. And when Jimi and I dined downstairs.

Images are stuck in my mind. One fave was trekking the hallways. The regal carpeted halls reminded me of an awestruck kid wandering the Drake Hotel in Chicago. Sounds funny, I know. Yet. The smell of its richness continues to linger in my subconscious.

So there I was rendezvousing in plush halls with Jimi, like two mischievous kids who had snuck out of their respective bedroom windows, to find one another and roam free—it was romantic, but like *Strangers in the Night* we mostly were like ghosts who faded in daylight. Love was more than a glance away. At the moment, it was a world apart from reality. So, we'd talk business. He didn't trust TheToad. So he sounded-off with me.

Trust was the intangible appearing in my bailiwick—Jimi chose to get assurance from me. Frustrating was that he gave to me only a tad of feedback. It was timorous! Yet clearly precise, "A,a,a—I want..." So, he wanted the filming not just to capture his flamboyance but the depth of his artistry. He repeated often, his disappointment in earlier filmmaking efforts.

He hesitated speaking stuff, sorta like a stutter, as if someone had a gun to his head. In retrospect I realize that he felt this because he was drained, which made him sense "time was of the essence." Jimi didn't have much left in him to realize his plan. (You see it in Dannemann's photos.) Jeffrey was pressuring him to death to resign with him, for their contract was over soon.

Certainly, my moments with him were shared confidence that fostered admiration for one another. We kept our tryst somewhat secret. The nemesis Kathy knew. And she did all she could to interfere.

When back home in LA, I did tell Steven that Hendrix had confided in me, which was edgy. Such info thickened further anxiety for me with Steven. He could see the writing on the wall. Not that I had not rejected Steven a million times by then. When I argued with him, he told me I was blind. He added, "It's obvious babe. Jimi wants you."

OK. I was lying. I saw it. I lied for this feeling was mutual and I didn't want to be screwed out of my production rewards. But because Jimi and I didn't 'move on it yet,' I thought and felt that not agreeing with Steven was fair enough. Nonetheless, I was humbled that I had lied. For I was such a proponent of truth. Hypocrisy was a yoke around my neck. But my self-justification was "all is fair in love & war."

Truth came out after Jimi's passing that I was the fool. Steven had dampened things for Jimi & me by making suggesting to Jimi that I was unavailable. So Jimi must had been conflicted when I presented myself as available. It was a Shakespearian farce—a "much ado about nothing."

## JIMI YEARNED

As Jimi's popularity intensified, it was unbearable for him. The pressure, though passionately sought instinctively to match his genius, contained dangerous levels of CO2 gas discharged by his bastard Brit manager, Michael Jeffery, who was an archenemy to Jimi's well-being.

Jimi yearned for our filming to be a beautiful tribute to his lifework, the man's musical journey. He was disappointed in past film efforts. Yes. He said that many a time! I was feeling so pressured to deliver the best to him. He so deserved it.

It was not good that this was our very first try at documenting anyone. And this being an outrageous genius musician, who we could see was being drugged-silly by his manager, Jeffrey. (How do you document that?) It was awful to have our hands tied, knowing what Jeffrey was up to was lethal to Jimi. But I for one felt it would be okay because Jimi knew he had to get away from this toxic guy. He swore he was moving on from him. He had a plan to bring around him *tried & true* musicians—that they'd be helpful.

No matter, my thought was, "Why weren't his bandmates, Noel and Mitch, more helpful?"

There are some delicious blurbs on Wikipedia posted by so-called credible people. I think these "editors" are called HEADHITTERS. (One post may have multiple editors.)

Anyway . . .

Most telling was a post which stated: "Jeffery has received almost unanimous criticism from Hendrix biographers. Jeffery siphoned off much of Hendrix' income and channeled it into off-shore bank accounts. When *Jimi Hendrix Experience* bassist, Noel Redding, inquired as to where Jeffery was going with briefcases of the band's money, he was asked to leave the band."

Then you read an interview with Noel by Richie Yorke in *Rolling Stone*, published November 1969. (That's about 2 years after the magazine was founded.) Noel states that "his" last straw with Hendrix came at "*Denver Pop Festival* [June 1969] when Jimi told a reporter that he was going to *enlarge* the band . . . without even consulting myself or our drummer, Mitch Mitchell. I went up to Jimi that night, said goodbye, and caught the next plane back to London. I don't think Jimi believed I'd do it. Later on, he phoned and asked me to come back, but I said, 'Stuff it!'"

So then. What are we to believe? Did Jefferey fire Noel? Or did he quit? Does it matter?

An item most agree is that somehow Jefferey reunited the band in February 1970. But is that a fact when in early 1970, Jimi had formed the Band of Gypsy with base guitarist Billy Cox with Buddy Miles on drums?

Any savvy Hendrix fan, is with me. No *one* person has dates or even album releases clear. Many have tried to piece together Jimi's drug and sexual activity, but they wind -up telling yet another tall-tale about the man. Such is the movie on YouTube, *Jimi Hendrix: The Last 24 Hours*. I believe Jimi did not want such a movie about him being made.



To be clear, the tall-tale stuff in this hour movie farce, was when the narrated-script “tried” to piece together events long before Jimi’s *last 24 hours*—actually events which occurred years before. They piled together disputed claims and didn’t even have right Jimi’s album-discography. Annoyingly spliced throughout the so-called truth-telling, was an interview with renown Hendrix archivist Steven Roby, author of *Black Gold: The Lost Archives of Jimi Hendrix*. (Black Gold? This sensational title seems racist.) Roby actually collected as “true,” information he garnered from groupie Kathy, again throwing poor Monika “under the bus.” So ya gotta know, I doubt his “ear” for truth about Jimi’s women.

One thing we can count on being true for everybody, is the dates of the events Jimi performed.

With that said, I have found in my research that when it comes from the “horses-mouth” it’s probably true—i.e. interviews with individuals who experienced what they are talking about, are more reliable than archivists or authors, who were more fans than participants.

No matter such contradictions, it is satisfying for me to know why Noel always had such a long-face—he was counting straws—remembering what he had said in his interview with *Rolling Stone*, quoted above. So figuring that he had the privilege of playing with the greatest rock guitarist that world has ever known, don’t you think it is too bad that he was not more grateful that Jimi made him famous?

NOTE: This reflective-stuff helps me see more clearly why I could not get this film project produced. Such internal duress both with Jimi and at Far-Out!

As soon as we returned to LA, Goldstein was beyond unmanageable for Gold. Goldstein knew what to do. Just like Jeffery did. Drug the piece-of-shit drug-lovin’ guys to death. Flush them down the proverbial toilet where all excess survival waste goes.

No telling! It was impossible to keep Steven or Jimi alert. There you have it. Without their focus, it was an uphill battle by my lonely self.

Finding an editor at first had seemed a simple task. But it was insufferable due to “my partner” being manipulated by Jerry, his “general business partner.” What a farce! Jerry was not a partner, not in truth. Jerry was Steven’s most brutal competitor. Opponent. Foe. Steven thought he had the “one up” on Jerry. But we all know from the way it all worked out, it was Goldstein that ruined Gold—layer upon layer, his nemesis Jerry dismantled his legacy.

My involvement was a treadmill on a vicious-cycle, which makes me, to this day, feel bonkers. I can’t even figure who was worse to me, Steven or Jerry? That this Svengali or manipulator Jerry reigned victorious by making dead the dreams of so many, he must be the worst. His evil ways, if you’re looking from the outside, seemed to have made him rich & famous.

Anyway . . .

Jimi called sometime in March 1969, to let me know he’d be in Hollywood the end of the month. I let him know that we were far from ready to screen his film. I recall him responding something short ‘n’ sweet, “Sure, ya know. I can dig it.”

I asked how long he’d be in California. He said he’d be back in June to play *Newport*. I replied, “far-out!”



My third fave expression was “far-out.” Far-out was a popular exclamation of excitement and approval in the Sixties. Exactly why Steven named his company Far-Out.

I hesitated when telling Jimi that the film wouldn’t be ready for viewing. For I wanted to see him again and hear from him that he was free of *that* groupie. That was something we couldn’t discuss on the phone. As my heart was pumping, I simply said, “I’ll see you then.”

Jimi replied, “Sure.” And the conversation was over.

I had planned to attend the *Newport 69* concert at San Fernando Valley State College, Devonshire Downs, featuring some of my favorite bands. I loved Joe Cocker and the blues of Taj Mahal. Of course, connecting again with Jimi would be a dream come true even though we had made it a plan. Seemed a simple plan at that.

I truly worked diligently to hire another editor because Stanley screwed up some cuts, overused dissolves, put in some special effects that were dumb, and so on and so forth. I’m sorry I went along with his suggestions. I tried my best to let Stanley go. When Steven resisted changing editors. many arguments took place. He blamed Jerry. Basically barking, “Jerry, wants this goddamn thing done soon. Stanley’s good enough.”

I was beside myself, for I could see the writing on the wall. It was another bust for Jimi.

These sham of businessmen resisted hiring a perfect editor, a brilliant filmmaker enamored by Hendrix’ persona. As mentioned earlier, who I had lined up from newly formed AFI, which became the prestigious American Film Institute at Trousdale Estates, Beverly Hills, CA.

This was a big plus to my ability to produce, which job was far from over after London. AFI would have got the job done right!

Prestigious American Film Institute aka Advanced Film Studies—complicated morphing—was located in a mansion in the Trousdale Estates of Beverly Hills (BH) 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’m pathetically burdened with detail. And ya know what they say, ‘The devil is in the details.’)

On and on Steven argued that it was not him. It was Jerry. Ironically, though it was Steven who kept Jerry in power. Against my will, he refused. He just shrugged me off. The frustration was nerve racking. A complete nightmare daily. Nightmares are okay as long as they’re experienced while sleeping, but when your day is lived in that atmosphere, every little thing goes haywire!

I begged that our project, *The Hendrix Experience Euro Tour* filming, sever ties with Goldstein. But no. He wouldn’t. He couldn’t. There was so much more than paperwork to Jerry’s relationship with Steven than I understood. I at first thought Steven was like a father figure to Jerry. Then I thought they were like brothers from the same synagogue. Then I thought I’d better admit the obvious.

It took me years to out them. And it will only take you reading about 20 more pages to have it upchucked.

No matter what, to this day the oh-so hard part for me to swallow, is that Jimi passed September 18, 1970, which was just a month and a half before we had the film scheduled for a screening at Campbell Hall UCLA on November 7, 1970, which did take place. All hell broke loose at Far-Out for besides the screening not being well attended, all offers were off the table. The Hendrix estate was locked. With him dead, every greedy bastard made claim to his music. Of course, we were hit by this upheaval, which prevented distribution.

Jimi had no Will, no last Testament. So, what was to happen with his estate? Ah! Manager Svengali Michael Jeffrey was very much alive with a plan, conspiring to take advantage of Jimi's family. He intended to deprive them of their rights. And he did.

Figure this. Jimi died in 1970. It took until 1995 before the family would ever see the inheritance to which they had a legal right. Where was the money being funneled? You guessed it! Multiple millions of dollars went in to the coffers & banks of attorneys—too often the parasites of business. (I learned the “parasite” designation from one of my very honest attorneys. He also said “We are leeches of society.”)

At some point before 1973, an integral date that I'll explain soon in about a dozen or more pages, Michael Jeffrey had opened the floodtide of Hendrix' royalties to profit others, but not Jimi's family.

Gold couldn't figure how to secure our profits from our film after Jimi passed. No finagling was gonna work for old-Gold this time. I was under the impression it was mostly Goldstein in the way, but I did not understand that the contract Steven had made with Jeffrey was messy. Gold had met his match in Jeffrey. Goldstein, as per usual, parroted Gold, which was good for him for he deceived Steven this way. I hate that he benefited from our hard work. But he had Steven's number. He knew just what to do to Gold. And he did it at the right moment.

I have in my possession a copy of a magazine. It is the November 26, 1993, issue of *BRE* (Black Entertainment's Premiere Magazine.) The article is by Steven Ivory and his interview with Steve Gold, which states *what* Goldstein did to Gold:

“...Gold found he'd signed over his interest in Far-Out to partner Goldstein “for basically what amounted to a kilo of coke.”

Seems by the time of this interview TheToad had ‘woke.’ Not cleaned-up like a prince, mind you. Being interviewed in such a meaningful way was Gold's last hurrah, though a day late and tons of dollars short to make any difference for me and the kids.

I had told him what Jerry was like until my bowels ached from the telling. My stomach turned. My breasts fired.

I told him that Jerry was the wrong person to trust. He was gonna be the death of our work. Like “You can take a horse to water but ya can't make him drink.” Like the jackass LMAO stories. It was more important for Steven to be a bombastic blowhard telling his wild stories and dirty jokes than it was to safeguard our work.

Symptomatically, delusions of a blowhard pervert like Steven are always easy roadkill for a megalomaniac like Jerry, always are an easy target down the road. The know how be the culprit. And trust it, such evil ones have not regret. Ah, but then there is this . . .

## REVIEW JIMI'S TIMELINE (?VISUAL THING?)

Let's review some of this stuff.

1/ Evil descended upon Hendrix when his manager became Michael Jeffery, who came into play after decent Chas Chandler's sincere 1966 to 68(?) management effort on Jimi's behalf. Ok, we got that.

2/ Before diverging into management, as noted Chandler was lead bassist for *The Animals*. Eric was the lead singer of *The Animals*.

3/ Eric frequented a British club, *The Downbeat Jazz Club*, owned by impresario Michael Jeffery. There's another piece of a timeline-puzzle snugly fitting!

4/ #Shyster Jeffery managed *The Animals* and for a short time co-managed Hendrix with Chandler.

5/ Jimi was intending to dump Jeffery for their contract was soon over. He wanted to form a new band. But how? According to Billy Cox, who he met in the Army, Jimi invited him to London that he be a part of this restart.

6/ Jeffery was not going to let Jimi transition easily. This last point is beyond my purview.

A question that is not answered for me is: Why did Chandler, who is now dead, turn Hendrix' management completely over to Jeffery? As anyone who valued Jimi saw, at the get-go Jeffery inflicted mayhem on Jimi's sense of his musical journey. Think about it. Jeffery came into Jimi's life in 1967 (mid or late '67?); Jimi was dead by the fall of 1970.

Timeline-wise, Chandler let go of co-management probably after California's *Monterey International Pop Festival* in June of 1967, in which it is estimated 90,000 attendees cemented Jimi's worldwide fame. For sure, Jeffery was Jimi's fulltime manager when I came upon the London scene in late 1968, to immortalize Jimi on film.

So it was, I dealt with lecherous Jeffery. He and my partner, unlike me, gelled at the 1968 *Boston Garden* pop festival, featuring Hendrix. No matter a flimsy contract, Steven insisted we had a solid deal—to “Let me handle it, babe!” I figured Jeffery didn't care because we were putting up the cash.

Gold and Goldstein had formed a company, The Visual Thing. Steven told me his idea was being dissed by Goldstein, but he had to “work it” to convince him. How?

Steven was already tight with many of the groups and could facilitate contractual agreements. The Visual Thing started as a poster company that photographed rock stars—the likes of Jimi Hendrix

and most top groups. (I've saved many thru the years. One of my fave was Zappa Crappa as Steven called the poster of Frank Zappa taking a crap.)

So it was to be. Steven was hacking posters at the 1968 *Boston Garden* pop festival, featuring Hendrix. This is when and where Gold and Michael Jeffrey gelled. I didn't go because the kids had school events which I needed to attend.

**Trust me when I tell-ya, Goldstein did not make these or any deals.** All he was capable of opening was Jeffrey's car door. And I'm sorry to say, working Steve in many ways. He drugged Steve continually with cocaine, but I don't remember Jerry ever being wasted on drugs. That way he stayed on top of things, in control. Besides drugs, how else do you think he got Steven wasted and took everything from him? Truth? Steven was in love with Jerry.

BEWARE this is not a PG moment. —I saw Goldstein goin'-down on Gold. After leaving the editing room late one night with ol' Stanley, we meandered downstairs of our crazy huge building, for Stanley to apprise them of progress on the edit. Their office door was ajar. Shocking mistake! Stanley let out an eek and backed away. I saw it, too.

## HOW JIMI MET MICHAEL JEFFERY

Meeting Jeffery is *the* why Jimi was in the wrong place at the wrong time when he showed up at Michael Jeffery's Jazz Club, *The Downbeat*, in Newcastle Upon Tyne in north east England. Some call it Newcastle's Club A'Gogo. Just think! History can't even get that right. I don't recall the name of the club we all went to a few times. I do recall Eric singing.

Eric Burdon was among the "young rebels" of this "beat Music venue," as were lots of young blokes that Eric later described as "like a motorcycle gang."

Jeffery had gotten into the music industry by opening the club and luring great talent. I should add cunning, for Jeffery did not have the musician's interest at heart—he meant them to serve his dishonorable intentions. He was soon to manage *The Animals*. That was he boost into Music management.

In what has been coined in the United States as the Sixties "British Invasion," Eric Burdon was considered a "minor" player Point well taken for when I share stuff to acquaintances about me knowing Jimi and their positive response, "Really!" And then I ask, "I was associated with Eric Burdon, too? "you remember him?" invariably, the general public I'm askin' answers, "No."

"*The Animals*?" I ask. "No." But if I mention one of their songs, like *We Gotta Get Out of this Place* or *House of the Rising Sun*? *See See Rider*? . . . they say, "Oh. Yeah."

If I continue and ask, “Well, did you know Eric was the front singer in the group *WAR*? “No.” They’re not even sure about the band *WAR* until I say, “Ya Know—their first single in 1970 got them noticed, *Spill the Wine*. “Oh, yeah! Great”

So, at this point, I wanna share with ‘them’ every song my friends made and that I love so much, and which has supported not only my heart but the hearts of the upcoming racial GenZs: *The World is a Ghetto*. *The Cisco Kid*. *Why Can’t We Be Friends*. And *Low Rider*.

And I can tell you why I believe people are confused or don’t ‘relate’ to who the group *WAR* is. Because Jerry Goldstein formed a pseudo group, changed the line-up thereby screwing the original *WAR* members with the exception of one who somehow found it in him to go along with the change. (Remaining band members formed *Low Rider Band*.)

Most band members in the Nineties, were plaintiffs in our RICO lawsuit. But our dear Papa Dee Allen had passed. (Goldstein prevailed in the lawsuit.)

I think you get my drift about Eric. He is in no way remembered in the same class as Jimi. Nor is he honored in any way similar. Though he is still alive. I find it fascinating that he weathered Jeffrey. That’s saying a lot. Today, that ol’ lover boy, yet a horrible sexist Eric, has racked up mighty credentials. In 2008, he was ranked 57<sup>th</sup> in *Rolling Stone’s* list of the *100 Greatest Singers of All Time*.

Eric now seems only a ‘stranger in my night’ while I’m visiting the museum of my past. Maybe that says enough. I just know that Eric was a meaningful distraction for me after Jimi passed.

All things considered and why I’m considering Eric so much, #DearReader, is as I’ve said, I wonder how Eric survived Jeffrey? Wait! Burdon was not the commodity as was Hendrix. Nor was he a talent that Jeffrey saw as easily fooled. It wasn’t an age thing—Eric was like a year older than Jimi—born May 11, 1941, at Walker, Newcastle upon Tyne. But Eric was tough, the epitome of an English scamp—as he related in his 2001 autobiography, *Don’t Let Me Be Misunderstood*. He was raised by, or that is he says, “born to a lower working-class family.” Therefore, Eric was not easily manipulated as was trusting and tender hearted, Jimi.

## BRITISH MI-6 ASSASSIN

Was Jeffery a “former” British MI-6 assassin, who always was a clear & present danger to Jimi? No doubt. Plus. Picture a world, as was the Sixties, without public IT to expose and exterminate rats like this.

For sure. He murdered Jimi’s spirit. So Jeffery was a “former” British MI-6 assassin! I’d go as far as to speculate that Brit citizen Michael Jeffery had a plantation mindset—kinda like the colonial Brit subjugation in which South African blacks were pandered into servitude—then apartheid. Jimi talked with me many-a-time about this ‘damp-squid’ failing him. (Brit for a propensity to fail!) In Jimi’s case, Jeffery’s propensity was to be a lying sack-a-shite whose greed so putrefied their dealings that Jimi’s talent management was doomed from the start... that is when he changed management from Chandler

to Jeffery, around 1967. And when in 1970, Jimi knew he needed Chandler back, it was too late to save his career. Sadly, when his career went “haywire,” so did the man. Jimi was finished.

In retrospect, what I was witnessing was black servitude echoing forward in my generations music industry. So many Black soul groups got screwed. Even by their fellow Black-impresarios. I’ve read nasty stuff about Barry Gordo of Motown.

I mean can’t say I’m comfortable with the uprising of retribution against whites because blacks’ worst enemy often has been their neighbors. I remember my friend Harold Brown, drummer of War, talking to me one day at Far-Out Productions, where Steven had in 1969 signed the group *WAR* and brilliantly added Eric Burdon as the front-vocalist: *Eric Burdon & War*. And he named their first album: *Eric Burdon declares War*—the track *Spill the Wine* remains a hit today.

To market Far-Out Production’s new group *WAR* with their new Englishman member, Eric, Steven rented a double-decker shining red bus in which we traveled to Huntington Beach’s famous nightclub venue, *Golden Bear* for the funk group’s public debut.

*Golden Lion Cage* (opened 1923,) and later was known as the *Golden Bear*, which closed in 1986. Top acts appeared, including Jimi.

Side Note here, which has always tickled me: When we arrived there was this klutzy comedian on stage, seeming ridiculous telling jokes while he made animals out of balloons. Guess who? Yep—an unknown Steve Martin.

Anyway. Harold said that he had bought a couple Doberman Pinchers to keep the break-ins down. I was surprised seeing as Harold was living in an upscale black community. I said, “I thought you lived in a safe area.”

I think Harold lived in Baldwin Hills, which had the first Olympic Village built for the 1932 Games. And since the 1963 Reservoir flood, was totally rebuilt. Remember this conversation was about 1968.

He laughed that gentle laugh of his. With a, “Hey, girl. They’re the worst.” I recall saying to him something like, “They’re just jealous that you’re with a hit band.” We hugged. (I loved those guys in *WAR*. All smart and talented and respectful.)

Jeffrey wasn’t alone in his madness to exploit a black man. I can best express the horror of what sits down in my psyche by sharing a vivid example in history. So, let’s think on this disgust of ‘black servitude’ by imaging the tyrant warlord Leopold<sup>11</sup> of Belgium (worth \$500Mil in the late 1800’s.) Leopold<sup>11</sup> killed some eight million blacks in the Congo by overworking them on his rubber plantations and maiming them, including children, if they failed to produce.

A comparison may seem heavily unrealistic to some, but not to me. The weight of what Jeffrey did to the greatest guitarist God gave us, seems a fair enough assessment. Jeffrey skillfully manipulated nice guy Jimi into servitude through falsities—thru lies and more lies—he out ‘n’ out coerced Jimi to sign contracts after he drugged him into a stupor.



Okay, I might as well jump in here with the conspiracy “murder” theorists. In this. That Jimi’s death has been an amazing mystery, to some as intense as JFK, tells you how evil Jeffrey was.

Society doesn’t take their heroes death’s unanswered. Dylan burst out of retirement and just posted on his website (March 27, 2020) an epic song—a 17 minute single about the murder of JFK, titled, *Murder Most Foul*.

He’s right to remind us of the assassination. For if JFK would have survived the “deep state,” I believe a peacemaking lover of America like MLK, would have been, rightly, our first black president. Just sayin’.

We know foul-play is not a rare story told about the Sixties Rocker Industry. Yet always a sad one when it caused such depression, as in Jimi’s case, that the rocker gave in to wicked people. Fame can be a wicked wish. Jimi got his fame and was DOA ‘sooner than later.’ So it was that businessman Michael Jeffrey cooked books, if they even existed, blindsiding Jimi so badly that he couldn’t see his way clear to any longer share his musical genius.

Whatever the cause of Jimi’s death. Truth is Jimi was broken by evil Jeffrey.

## BAND-AIDS

Now we’re at the *groupie* junction, which I briefly mentioned earlier when referring to gossip by a minion who posthumously wanted to lasso Jimi’s affairs in her corral. (I will continue by creating a groupie-trope in a further chapter.)

Who created groupies, anyway? In a word, businessmen messing with Eros.

Rockers are no different from any of us. They have the need for a home cooked meal, some love and companionship. Managers cared less about their stable of rock ‘n roll talent’s tummies, no less their yearning for home sweet home. They were interested in rocker’s blood streams being addicted to drugs that they may do business behind their wasted-asses. So, they came-up with a for sure fix which sufficed for home—SEX. They combined business with pleasure, and turned FANS into a new thingamajig, inventing creatures called *Groupies*. It was a smooth transition. For management had the control strings to let fans, the flashy good-lookers, not only go backstage but travel with the band.

Nice guy Jimi came up with the name “Band Aids” for groupies. (Gotta love him!)

Groupies not being created in the image & likeness of God to further mankind, they were sycophants and toadies. Groupies don’t yearn; they hunger with urgency. It’s a hunger game with them craving to get that member up their dress or down their pants. Those groupies were/are more than sex objects; they themselves were predators, some marauders. Basically, talent<sup>less</sup> chicks or groupies settled for *Almost Famous*. (TY Kate Hudson for playing so well the ‘lord of the Minions’.)

The deviants that were dangerous were the ones like Frankenstein's monster, who thought in return for backstage passes and all the dressings that go with undressing the rocker, that they had the right to be centerstage not only in photos but demanding that they be taken seriously as they took advantage of the rocker in any psycho means possible, as did dangerous druggy thumb sucker Kathy Etchingham.

I had to laugh when a dear old minister-type friend that I met in 1975, and who I never talked turkey with about my past, got in touch. "What a ya up to?" he asked. I mentioned that I was writing a memoir about Jimi. His reply was, "I thought you were a Hendrix' groupie." Due to me knowing Hendrix, I was pigeonholed. He 'presumed' the sluttiest.

No. No. I settled for business with Jimi Hendrix. I desired something that no man could satisfy: Independence and respect. Money could give me that. But how? I was a pregnant sophomore high-schooler, who chose not to abort, dropping out from school to marry so that when I gave birth, we would avoid the shaming.

Strange how things have changed. If it was today, I could have been a star in a TV Reality *drama*. But the funny thing that happened to me was that within years and with a modicum of acting talent and less 'brains,' I was under the klieg lights of Hollywood.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves here. This book is dedicated to #MyHendrixExperience. My other book in the works is *Almost Hollywood*, a memoir of all the *Once Upon a Time in Hollywood* stuff. Thus when I saw that Oscar nominated 2020 flick, I knew what was straight fiction and what was not. E.g. the ending, which I loved, was how it should have been in 'real' life—Mason Family slaughtered. Brilliant Tarantino!

How do I know the real truth? I dated two guys whose stories were featured in the movie. Jay Sebring, one of the people slaughtered with Sharon Tate by Charlie Manson Girls. And I dated Dennis Wilson, of *The Beach Boys*, who angered deranged Manson when he discredited him in a song that they worked on together. It is rumored that this tragedy distressed Dennis for years. Allegedly he committed suicide feeling his involvement with Manson was an underlying reason for Manson to have his zombies slaughter victims.

See how close I came to the killer *Lord of the Flies*?

BTW. I did not move-on to a bedroom scene with these guys. I would have liked to with Dennis, but I had distractions in my personal life. I met him in west Hollywood where I was dancing in shimmy-shimmy stage revue. It was like the Whisky-a-Go-Go girls in a cage wearing bra tops and mini-skirts with oodles of fringe that the least hip movement created a neat illusion under strobe lights. And those go-go knee-high boots. Those were the days! Anyway. Dennis frequented this nightclub, and asked the owner to introduce me to him.

And Jay? Early on I got a weird feeling about Jay. Besides him being totally in love with Sharon Tate, who married Roman Polanski instead of him, there was a sick sense I had about Jay. Unlike yesteryear, I can describe it today. I see it this way—Eros was his god. Our tryst ended abruptly—Jay had invited me to his private party and even though I showed up all decked out and wanting to be charmed, I recall walking in and then immediately walking out. He stopped the elevator door from closing and said, "Where are you going?" I replied, "I'm

going home.” I was naïve, but I was intuitive. I trusted it. And stayed away from what was most probably sex co-mingling.

### THREE WOMEN & a biopic

My knowing of Jimi that is my work with him, of course, was distinctly different from the heterosexual men, who had worked closely with him and since his passing have shared their ‘masculine or testosterone’ experience.

Obviously, I’ve been highlighting my feminine energy. Yet, it was and remains worlds apart from the *slags*\* who were all about this rocker’s biosphere perks and yummy sex sex sex. (\*Brit for *skaggs*. I.e. groupies.)

I say to myself, “Don’t feel bad about calling one-night-stand-groupies *skaggs*. No one has made them noteworthy Hendrix women, anyway.” So it seems fair to call these groupies *skaggs*, for their recollections were a shoutout from an overnight in his plush-tie-dyed bed, and the evermore inferior bedrooms they crisscrossed on any given night. This pretty well universally defines Sixties groupies.

But what differentiates a groupie from a girlfriend? One particular quality of a groupie who became a girlfriend, is that she was a nurturer of the rocker’s well-being. Historically a groupie/girlfriend comforted the rocker while he was touring. Ya know, that gene of caring or mothering the guy. (When in doubt of it, do the research.)

Let’s put some skin on Jimi’s women, differentiating between girlfriend or groupie, which will explain a lot about Jimi’s state of mind.

THREE *W*omen. To understand this charmed drifter, let’s take a closer look at the other ‘last’ significant women in Jimi’s life. Linda. Kathy. Monika. Linda discovered him in 1966. Kathy who claims to have been his girlfriend and the ‘only’ *Foxy Lady*—met him in 1966. Monika claims she met him in 1969 in Germany and was his fiancé at his passing in 1970. (Note: Jimi’s Dad recognized this engagement.)

No question in everyone’s Hendrix mindset, they should tribute Linda’s discovery of Jimi in NYC. I find it an unfortunate ignorance that the blokes who wrote *Jimi Hendrix-Electric Gypsy*, bypassed her meeting with Jimi and introducing him to Chas Chandler, who got Jimi to Europe in 1966. (So much for minimizing women.)

I have no knowledge whether Jimi and Linda’s relationship was anything but platonic—she was the girlfriend of Keith Richards of *The Rolling Stones*. But I do know from my experience that Jimi was respectful of anyone he thought was already involved with another.

No matter. Linda certainly honored Jimi. For whatever time frame they shared, she supported and promoted his career. Jimi was grateful. To express his overwhelming gratitude to Linda for turning his life around by getting him in the right direction, Jimi wrote her a song, *Send My Love to Linda*.

What about alleged ‘girlfriend’ Kathy? To my sense, and I knew her while in London, she was his first ‘real’ groupie—i.e. she lasted for more than a night. I have this grind with her. For she was destructive to Jimi. FYI she was unauthorized by Chas, to tag when we toured. Because she caused constant burdensome fight-scenes with him.

As with many male and female relations, one is better than the other. Jimi was certainly better than Kathy. Way, way more sober. He could function. She could barely keep her eyes open; well, except for a photoshoot. He was nice. She was manipulative. He was talented. She was jealous. In the less than two years they dated when he wasn’t on tour, which was most of the time, Kathy was nothing but trouble especially when she initiated physical violence but wanted to run to news outlets and put such behavior on him.

She controlled photoshoots to get her mug centerstage. From the get-go she was about making herself especially known at the expense of this genius rocker, who to this day she claims adoration.

Kathy clung. Kathy fretted—drugged induced tantrums galore. She was destructive to him through the painful months that she imposed herself on him, even chasing away Jimi’s precious friendship with Linda. She lured Jimi through sexual games. She did all this while she was sleeping with other rockers.

Time has testified to her pitiful untrue but immature claim to entitlement, even after his passing, to-the-umph degree desiring to be known as *THE ONLY Foxy Lady* in Jimi’s ‘whole’ life! So, criticizing this one particular crooked gal as a groupie *slag* (she’s Brit) rather than a girlfriend, as she claims, seems fair enough!

Let us turn back a page now to again let the terrific biopic explain this skagg, and as well meet the woman who discovered Jimmy James and encouraged him to change his name to Jimi, Linda Keith.

*Jimi: All is By My Side*, presented exquisite NYC model Linda Keith’s 1966 ‘discovery’ of Hendrix, who was playing riffs in a blues band at the *Cheetah Club* in NYC where she frequented, and her introducing Jimmy James to Chas, band guitarist in *The Animals*, who was getting into talent management.

BTW the gorgeous gal that acted Linda was savvy and smooth like you imagine Linda to be. Just what Jimi needed to feel that his career, thru Linda’s guidance, would be going in the right direction he had imagined. The same imagination which fired up the stage at Monterey making him an overnight sensation.

Jimi trusted Linda. Her sense of his career harmonized with his. This was the very reason he could immediately up and leave NYC for London’s rock scene, leaving his band life behind, after Linda introduced him to his new manager, sincere and ‘straight as an arrow’ freshly bred businessman, Chas Chandler.

The biopic maps the timetable of an unknown Jimi and his exit from the NYC blues music scene to find his groove in London's 1966 rock dynamic where Jimi especially desired a meet-up with Eric Clapton. Well-groomed Londoner, Linda, being girlfriend of the *Stones* guitarist, Keith Richards, could easily facilitate this.

In the biopic, as far as women go, Jimi's well-connected fan/friend Linda exits his life in London's '66 music scene, after a particularly offensive *groupie* named Kathy forced herself on Jimi when he arrived in London. (Though before Linda's departure, she had set Jimi on his path to fame.)

Kathy had read a newspaper article announcing Jimi's stellar arrival in London, as her friends tell it, for they had watched Kathy do this with other rockers. Immediately, Kathy targeted Jimi as the best "catch of the day." So she trolled her way into his boudoir, as the biopic depicts. She realized his talent probably by the article mentioning Linda. Kathy knew how to chase Linda away. It was simple with a classy well-bred Londoner like Linda. Be obnoxious. That was not a challenge for a drugged-out hairdresser like Kathy.

NOTE: Kathy challenged the movie's depiction of her. The director answered by pointing out that the movie script was a compilation of 'real' stories.

Seems to me, the flick made Kathy insignificant to Jimi's heart—ostensibly, a groupie who strapped herself on his lap. Not for better but for worse. For what followed was Kathy's drugged induced madness. Over and over, scenes portray her dysfunction until she was raging and violently flailing on him. All the time. But the 'really' worse? She caught Jimi in the web of her insanity. Just like a groupie would do when obsessed by the delusion that she meant anything more to the rocker than the chick who was a convenient shag! (Hint to groupiesque Kathies: Rockers are not to be domesticated.)

Noteworthy in the flick are accounts from others, particularly his early manager, Chas Chandler, that Kathy was interfering with Jimi's career by her dramatic fits—before performances, after them, et al. Seems there was little lovemaking. Her fits were due to Jimi not paying attention to her above his career. Exactly like a mixed-up broad would do.

Kathy failed to make Jimi *sound* or a better say might be *safe*, as I would have done with a guy I loved, especially a genius talent. Obviously, she didn't love Jimi. Just sayin'!

As strange as it was, the biopic avoided identifying Kathy other than her first name. In that the character playing her was a co-star, I was curious why Kathy's 'surname' was never mentioned in the biopic end-credits. Nor did it appear in frame (for clarity) as soon as that character in Jimi's life was in frame, as did all the other characters names—e.g. as was Linda Keith's.

So I asked myself, "Why?" Why did the film not 'credit' Kathy?

To illustrate Kathy's ludicrous M.O. let's look at her in 'real' life, #DearReader. My first impression of Kathy Etchingham was true. "She's a weirdo! Off her ever-lovin' rocker. A destructive slag." So much so, that she would have sued the movie producers' arses to kingdom-come. Which she proved true to form, when she sued Jimi's alleged fiancé, Monika. (The biopic doesn't meander into 'Monika' territory.)

Juicy detail emerges on the internet and Facebook—ya know that dearly beloved blabbermouth for humanity. The biopic finds its origins in a book written by Hendrix' former NYC band-leader Curtis Knight, who collected those real-life stories. Etchingam claimed she “was never interviewed by Knight.” She then took legal action against the publishers of his book. But after she invested in lawyers (maybe substantially,) her lawsuit was squashed in the UK. (Supposedly, excerpts remain online.)

The film is thankfully in display for our clarification. It includes a story/chase scene in which Hendrix after one of Kathy's hysterics, follows her tracks. He winds up in a club where Kathy is talking on an ol' wall-phone (probably ordering more drugs)—he grabs its handset from her, and wallops her on the head. Next scene, she's overdosing on sleeping pills. Next, she's waking up in a hospital.

Kathy seemed to suffer from a woman's historical sick emotional jealousy aimed to get control of the man she fancies. Like stalkers do. It appears accurate when the biopic rigorously depicts Kathy's random madness, scheming to make sensitive Jimi insecure. (Which did not succeed, when I knew them both.) The flick was made decades after his death, making very real the point of 'groupie Kathy' being a damaging *slag* to Jimi. If ever meaningful to him, Jimi had reneged on her foxiness.

Outrageous megalomaniac Kathy claimed she wasn't consulted by the screenwriter of Ridley's film, calling the scenes in the film, “absolute nonsense.” Here's director Ridley's rebuttal. He re-states that he's simply “retelling stories.” Stories that have been reported previously and that “She's got every right to dispute it, but she's got to dispute it with the people who originated these stories.”

But her scheming was still working, for she was getting coveted press coverage. In an interview Kathy charged forward, “I'm defending myself, not Jimi. Jimi's gone. You can say anything you like about a dead person. What I am is collateral damage.”

Hypocrite Kathy is talking about herself. She provoked violence. She did the damaging. She is playing forward a story that upset lots of Jimi-lovers. So #DearReader, all or whomever was involved in the making of the biopic was so repulsed by her lies that they went-all-out to set the “story straight.” What is Kathy at best? A *skagg*, looking for billing as *Pretty Woman*.

If the biopic is as insightful as I see it, Jimi was lazy emotionally, though more than a functional musician who showed up. Lazy? Just maybe, that's why he let Kathy get negatively into his psyche to such an extreme that he retaliated by returning a blow—he was acting out some nasty physical wanker stuff on her, which to this day she callously asserts as the 'real' Hendrix. She just can't let Jimi RIP.

With that said, a rational thinker, which takes mental work to control emotions, would have tossed her nasty bum out before he lost it! That he let her emotionally abusive behavior continue, seems to me, if I'm gonna fault-find Jimi's behavior, it is more than a *drug* freak-out, he was emotionally unavailable to any woman's takeover. He was drenched in #lovelorn over his Mamma's desertion.

(Yes, we are back to this.) Abandonment in childhood, for any child, is certain to deeply and negatively affect the child's psyche. For a genius? Insanity is one step away. Suicidal tendency is high.



Counseling is needed, but not sought. Jimi handled his past by leaving it to ride another train. He centered on his music. Though that sad past was on an opposite track, at any time from a track-switch over his career and personal life could crash headlong in to one another. This is mental, of course. It can be worse than a physical crash because you can't jump off the train. You don't even know which train you wound up on.

And his upbringing did haunt him as his lack of business education left him unable to handle his career success.

This was stressful to him, finding that being a musician was not barely enough to sustain his budding career. He needed to be a wary businessman. And he needed drugs to sustain his music. Loss of what to do led to depression seemed to send Jimi into adulthood conjuring women as untrustworthy, objects to enjoy. I mean, he saw men doing that to his Mamma. Jimi seemed to fly-forward what he saw.

When he did this mental pattern with his UK manager, Jeffrey, who Jimi somehow chose to replace Chandler, he woke to the peril his career was in. But he did not figure on extent his fame meant to Jeffrey. In a last effort to correct his mistake, Jimi thought to get Chandler back on board. But it turned out to be too late. Jeffrey was not going to let that happen. It was "til death do us part."

This one male, Jeffrey, was worse for Jimi than all of the women combined. He and actually all of the music businessMEN just wanted a piece of a man, who was skin and bones from lack of phileo love. Add to that, Jimi was tragically sensitive. Hence it was. Their unspoken evil worked on him daily.

## MEANINGLESS KATHY

What else will aid in us grasping what a 'good woman' could have done for Jimi? For we must admit this is a mortal law or truth—from a mother's nurturing he goes in to a woman's arms. But what do creatures like a wacko groupie Kathy, do? And did do!

Nonetheless, it seems Kathy could have helped Jimi for he was open to her. Yet it appears she never ever 'really' loved him. No matter, she has become a voice for Jimi. That's the point of belaboring this groupie's effect. She added so much stress on him. Seems he increased in-take of drugs.

In summary:

1. Kathy impressed no one. She hung around, wanting drugs. She was unwelcomed to tour with us.
2. Jimi all but hated her mindlessness. Yet, he was kind. Just said she was, "Ya know, like haywire."
3. Remember devout band-groupies were considered not only sexual support to touring lads but rather a warm & fuzzy mothering presence. Kathy was never that to Jimi. She was a crazed-slag.

Jimi bailed from her too late. Thus in my humble opinion, she destructed his survival instinct. Let the concept of self-destruct sink in. There are people who turn us against ourselves.

Let's not forget to double-down on Jimi's demise by adding male parasites. Not just in the music industry. The movie, aforementioned—*Jimi: All is By My Side*, had only one scene about Jimi's family. And it was negative. In it, Jimi's father was harsh to him during a phone call. And then there's the rumor that Al would not let Jimi go to his Mamma's funeral. So we're supposed to be left with the bitterness that Al was a cause of anguish for his son while he was alive.

This was the impression that I was under until I researched biographers, which justified Al by telling of the harsh world in which he was endeavoring to raise his son. I'll take the high ground for Al. For I 'get it,' being a working parent with no spouse. Little education. A flair for the good life. And especially I identify with being subject to the horrors of prejudice.

I'm among the millions of oppressed feminine souls who were subjected to servitude. USA women didn't "win" the right to vote on issues concerning their lives and their children's, until 1920. (As if voting should have been an issue... we were citizens and counted in the United States Census, inaugurated August 2, 1790.)

It took untold violence against suffragettes to Amend the Constitution—the 19<sup>th</sup>. Think about it. The official beginning of our nation was when the Declaration of Independence was issued on July 4, 1776. Women got the "right to vote" almost one hundred and fifty years thereafter.

Another thought to contemplate about women's hell was fathered by religious zealots, patriarchal men of the so-called Universal (Catholic) Church. I read in a Christian zine (at the DDS's office, mind you,) a counsel of 14 religious' patriarchs in the 1400s, voted on this issue: **Are women human?** 13 men in this powerful governing forum, voted women are "not" human. Can you believe it sisters? Pinch yourself. Do "you" seem real to you? No wonder we're crazy bitches. We have an excuse: we're not real!

A fair question is: who first gave birth to males? Adam or Eve? The woman! And it is true in science that like creates like—basic biology. So when a woman births a boy child and she's not human; well then, how can her son be? Aha, the vampire theory.

Pinch yourself again. Nothing has changed in a patriarchal society.

Considering religious patriarchal men's insane subjugation of women, it's a wonder we would ever be a part of their church or submit to their dogma and creed. TG, Jesus knew better.

How could women's *human* existence have been a subject for men to take to task? Absurd! One and only one answer is by false ideologies. Patriarchs are still in forceful power, continuing the Adam and Eve myth to disallow women human rights in their relationship with God and mankind and country—it took until 1994 for women to serve aboard U.S. Navy combatant vessels.

In earnest, my deepest connection with Jimi was our female grief. Herein, our demons were united—his over his Mamma's abandonment, which set in motion his #lovelorn. Mine over having a bad-seed as a mother, which set in motion feeling unloved. Our mothers were weak. Jimi found his guitar to

comfort him, which I've read he found his first guitar (an acoustic) in someone's garbage—it had only one string. Due to lack of family resources, that would have to do. Jimi took that ol' thing and learned to play it.

I found my vanity to comfort me. It seemed *beauty* was my *gift*, and at some point in my adolescence, I actually believed that all I needed was a cameraman to feel loved. Ya know them saying, "That's it. Work it babe."

You'd suppose because Jimi went *bye-bye*, this ended his struggle with his human mother. I don't know if there is life hereafter. What I'm sure of is I remain in mental turmoil about my love/hate for my Mom. Daily her terror is mine. Though please understand #DearReader, I saw her wholeheartedly to her death. Even watching the casket enter the fiery furnace to assure that her remains were decently treated—I had read gruesome manhandling stories. And was gonna have none of *that*! My faithfulness as a daughter, gave me physical closure. That's all. The demon lives on.

Anyway. We were inconsolably hurt by our parents. As the Sixties would coin us: We were barefoot drugged tie-dyed fucked-up hippies.

His Mamma's disappearance early in his life was one thing, but his father dismissiveness was another. Allegedly, this bitter divorcée was so unforgiving, he did not allow Jimi to go to his Mamma's funeral.

Our families were broken into a thousand pieces—but that's another story. Still in pain from childhood abuses, is emotionally where Laura & James respectfully entered one another's psyche.

For the short time I knew Jimi, I mothered him: saw him as good and beloved. Gave him hope. Respected him. Didn't stress his moods, even if that meant more work for me in the production. Look, I'm even defending him to you like crazy right here. So #DearReader I believe you see from my POV.

To this day I wish him motherly goodness. Hopeful that beyond his rainbow or troposphere where Jimi must have passed, that he met up with his long lost yet beloved Dear painfully missed Mamma. As well, I wish Monika a marriage ceremony.

I fault myself. Jimi was stuck in forlorn (meaning lonely, lost, abandon, neglected) which was his #lovelorn anxiety. He needed a good woman to nurture him into manhood. To aid him in taking responsibility for himself rather than trust men with his affairs. He needed that nurturing so that he could love the man, not just the music.

Sobering up here. Truth is that I would not of had a refreshing story if I was just one of the 'group.' Jimi was interested in something more real than a groupie to ease his manhood. He desired making love to his *Foxy* guitar on celluloid. Not the way he had made love to her before. He envisioned every lick of her music on the Big Screen.

He wanted a to be immortalized in a biopic. (We didn't call it that then. The storyboard was that of a biopic.) Our connection was to make that dream come true. He wanted our film project to highlight his brilliant talent. His ego was righteously full blown. For sure. Unfortunately, his genius wasn't enough to make it happen.

Glad to say, posthumously, Dear Jimi deservedly got something solid: Immortal Fame. For here we are fifty years later—generations gone by—fans are still in awe of him.

## MÉNAGE a TROIS

A noteworthy fact. Kathy was not jealous of me because she was attracted to me and tried to engage me. There are film-frames of us on Jimi's bed taken by the film crew with her trying to indulge me with drugs. When a tryst didn't work, she attempted to get a threesome going, a fact of which I don't have a reason to believe Jimi was aware.

Hendrix had his pick of the hen house to comfort him and/or to play the *Sodom & Gomorrah* game, which I never thought he was hooked in. Yet, groupies like Kathy easily were. No one, absolutely no one has come forward with any such assertion as Jimi being kinky. If so, let me know #DearReader.

Truth about Jimi's sexuality is that Jimi's guitar was his *Foxy Lady*; so any threesome was her and whomever. Jimi wanted his real-*Foxy* to be immortalized.

Jimi wanted our film to do just that. Thus our project was of major importance to him. He was beginning to understand Kathy was destructive to not only his wellbeing, but the filming. So he kept her away from our filming thereafter the one apartment scene of Jimi singing Elvis' song, mentioned earlier.

He did not intend that she follow him to Los Angeles or for that matter on any of his musical events, no less the film's premier. Before I departed London, he assured me that he was done with her, for "She's haywire." (#DearReader, see what a kind person he was.)

I'm sick of talking about the skagg. But here goes. Hopeful the last posting to elaborate detail of my feelings.

Certainly, my POV when I met Kathy in late '68 was stay clear of this emaciated drugged-out waste, which I did my best to do. I withdrew, feeling an unexplainable eeriness. I avoided her edginess. I had a job to do and needed to interface with Jimi after shows, which he facilitated. It was uneasy for Kathy knew Jimi was looking my way.

Kathy has since, for 50some non-stop years (ad nauseum) made the claim that she was not only his girlfriend, but the "real" *Foxy Lady*. The only one. Jimi wrote that song for her. Really? Hmm? She seemed *unfoxy* to me. Thus, I agree with the frame after frame in the movie, denying Kathy to be anything but a dysfunctional unloving groupie headache for Jimi.

In any case, he let Kathy come around a bit more while I was in London. But she didn't tour with us. Period. Jimi did bail on this "haywire" groupie and connected with a fan named Monika after I returned to the States.

Kathy was like *Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>*, appearing when you thought the creature was dead and buried. Kathy couldn't just walkaway even half way decently. She was a thing which made anyone who came in her realm, a ghost to disbelieve and fear. Subsequent to Jimi duping her, she acted out the 'scorned

woman.’ Extreme hate seethed from her. She stalked his affairs. History depicts this creature insanely possessed to discredit one particular Hendrix woman. Monika.

Monika was Jimi’s next girlfriend and she became Kathy’s lifelong prey. So much so that, the credible louverly German artist, Monika Dannemann, after Jimi’s passing, had to file in the UK court, a restraining order on Etchingham. Seems she was haranguing Monika’s claim posthumously that when they were dating, at some point, they decided to marry.

I suspect our beloved touring musician didn’t connect much with groupie Kathy because she was so negative, but she must have been sexually intense. There was that. No matter. To me, Kathy will always be the groupie who was his ALMOST girlfriend.

Dear Hendrix admirer think on this. Kathy is so bold she brazenly claimed, of course after Jimi’s demise, that the song *Send My Love to Linda* was written for her. That she convinced Jimi to remove her name from the title. Gimme a break! As if! What fool would believe that after this chick has made a career Jimi’s girlfriend. I mean ya know with me #DearReader this was/is one aggressive bitch who wouldn’t hesitate for Jimi to feature her in a song. How stupid she thinks Jimi’s public is!

She’s alive in Australia still at it online! I’m confident that this cubby gray-haired groupie had not changed colors. No matter. It would be too costly for her to try and hunt me down in the US. Still, wish before she dies, she has to swallow #MyHendrixExperience—an untold story. (As they say, “Ya better watch out what ya wish for.” Ok then. I take it back. LOL)

## KATHY’S DISGUSTING DEPICTION

The late Curtis Knight, a musician who early-on played with Jimi, when writing his autobiography, allegedly interviewed this infamous groupie, Kathy. She, referring to Jimi’s affairs, stated: “He had so many. Sometimes several at a time. He wouldn’t recognize them the next night.” How would she know? Unless she was a part & parcel of the dalliance.

What she really was talking about was herself. This groupie got attention by gaming Jimi, playing around with truth by not admitting in interviews, her ongoing liaisons with other rockers while a supposed Hendrix girlfriend. The 2013 biopic earlier tagged, exploits her meaningless claims of being a meaningful woman in Jimi’s life. As said earlier, her British girlfriends outed her on the internet.

In an interview with the *Evening Standard*, September 16, 2010 edition, Etchingham is quoted as saying, “I was Jimi Hendrix’ Yoko Ono.”

Well, there you have it. Yoko was into orgies.

What was Kathy saying in a covert way? Did she facilitate orgies like Yoko did for John? And because of rich-brat Yoko’s fame of being married to John Lennon, that made Kathy’s perversion okay?

I own a book by Yoko & John—a magazine like hard-cover, which consists of fine-line-ink pornographic sketches by Lennon—down-dirty spread-eagle to revel every pubic hair on their bodies with a vulva or penis in full display.

Yeah, that is what Kathy was talking about. Her fascination with Eros! It deserves a repeat – I know Kathy promoted ménage-a-trois for she tried to get me involved. By so doing, she became as “ugly as sin” to me. This is when I made myself unavailable to again hang around her nonsense.

And kept any liaison with Jimi private.

## MONIKA DANNEMANN

Monika was a woman of means who became Jimi’s substantial girlfriend. Maybe she was the only one who went beyond his fame to get to know the man! Kinda what his Dad said when he met Monika after Jimi passed. (She visited the family in Seattle before the publication of her book that I’ve lauded, *The Inner World of Jimi Hendrix*.)

It matters that no one else has wholeheartedly come forward—professed or could illustrate such love for him as Monika did. As I’ve honestly related, count me out of the girlfriend-rollcall for I didn’t act on the opportunity. Yet, count me in on loving (respecting) the man and his lyrics.

It has been rumored that Dannemann was an heiress. For sure at a young age, this lovely German maiden was an accomplished competitive athlete—award winning figure skater. Thereafter, she became a fine artist and a portrait photographer. All this apparent talent was in works before she met Jimi. This is significant, for when they became ‘an item’ she was able to brilliantly put her artistic talent into showcasing him. And as things would have it, loving him to the bitter-end.

Her picture book speaks a thousand truths. **If** one disbelieves Monika’s meaningful tryst with Jimi, it is due to Kathy’s chronic delusional lie that she was Jimi’s true girlfriend and was “the real *Foxy Lady*—the only.”

Jimi’s death in London at age 27, was from asphyxiating on his vomit. Apparently, Monika was with him. (Though there are varies stories about her presence.) Many blame her. I’ll go out on a limb by saying, I could have kept ‘the stoner’ from choking on his vomit (coroner’s report) while in a horizontal repose. Not hard to have just sat-Jimi-up while he was puking. Publicly and emotionally, Monika paid sorely for her ignorance in this emergency.

Wish she could have done him better than a eulogy in book form.

All things considered. Truth has a way of being understood better when framed in fiction.



## FOXY LADY?

Kathy—this such-a-nothing-like-a-real woman—had become devilishly consumed to helter-skelter Monika. It was complete evil to deceive Hendrix fans into believing that she was THAT meaningful to Jimi. That she was the one ‘n’ only *Foxy Lady*. As if there were only ONE!

Geez, “Take a deep yoga breath with me, Muse.” Boo Hoo.

Jimi said *Foxy Lady* was me, too. Remember, Dear Reader? He said those exciting two words to me in his flat. Thereafter he strummed that tune on his acoustic guitar, *I Ain’t Nothing but a Hound Dog*. I loved it then. And love it now.

Yeah, at his flat at 23 Brook Street, London, he whispered those sensual words in my ear with Kathy eyeballing us. I have a film frames of us three. Steven was there eyeballing, too.

That groupie has lusted after his reputation and since his death she has been taking advantage by bending the truth of their tryst. Him not being here, obviously, then he can’t tell media what a “haywire” chick she is as he told me and the aforementioned movie, *Jimi: All is By My Side*, depicts.

So I’m trying to tell ya how she “is.” She’s pitiful. And so is anyone who buys in to her tall-tales. Even a modicum of research belittles her junk. Hypocrite that she is.

#DearReader is the harangue on who was *Foxy*, making more sense now? Do you abhor what ‘Kathy’ did and is still trying to do to Jimi’s legacy by decrying Jimi’s story in a secular way? Anyone who loved him, saw his spiritual was gift—certainly his electric *Lady* was his astral.

Kathy’s lifelong quest to make his song no less his life, a tribute to her and her putting herself in the middle of his heart, is a travesty. E.g. Jimi’s flat in London was at 23 Brook Street; it was turned in to a museum in honor of him. The official date for this designation was February 2016, making this ‘flat’ the only officially recognized Hendrix residence in the world.

Historians interviewed her as an expert on Jimi. It was sickening to watch her video interview—her hemming & hawing. Why? Because she knew she was lying about finding this flat for Jimi, but she took credit. To facilitate her involvement, she conveniently helped curators from afar. Emails?

Guess they Skyped her in Australia where she is living, which gave her plenty of time to do research on things to share, making her look like she decorated it. Is she serious? I saw it the flat which looked like a den of thieves from a Hollywood blockbuster.

The building where Jimi’s flat exists, is a treasure titled Handel House, which had its opening in November 2001, making it a protected heritage house site. For renown Baroque-era composer for royalty Georg Friederich Handel (1685-1759), a German born immigrant to Britain, had made 23 Brook Street his home after his prominence in London.

Here's another of Kathy's tall-tales. She claims *Send My Love to Linda* was written for her. Thus, attempting to denounce Linda Keith's credibility in Jimi's heart—his appreciation of Linda's career support.

Kathy had gotten away with so much that she actually believed fans would believe that the original name of the song was: *Send My Love to Kathy*. And that she asked Jimi to change it, because she was . . .? What? Shy? Afraid of publicity? Fuck you liar?

Do ya see what a creep she is? (I can hear Elisha in her sweet way, saying to me, "Come on, Lor. Sure we get it. We're not vapid. Just trust it. Keep writing.")

All of Kathy's plaintiff lawsuits kept Kathy in the news and branded her notoriety. Book deals and selling her tryst as a real-love story, got her interviews. Lotsa blood money. For in the doing she trashed Jimi.

She has created a Hendrix legacy for herself. This is not ending 'til she dies. Even her current, 2019, FB page has a Christmas celebration of Jimi on it. She's plays her game well. She's branded a product successfully. Ya gotta give it to her for that!

Why fret?

Oh, bollocks! Piss-off. It's fair-minded to shed the truth. I love truth. And I hate that she has said awful things about Jimi: i.e. that he was "**always** Drunk. Stoned. Violent. Sex. Sex. Sex." (The word *always* is an absolute. So the idiot creature doesn't know of whom she speaks.)

## NEVER MET MONIKA

I never met Monika. I was under the impression when the word of his passing crashed into the editing room in Los Angeles at Far-Out, that she had not met Jimi 'til after I had left London in the spring of 1969, heading back to The States.

I began ruminating. "He was encouraging me to stay."

What I see in today's sunlight is that I was conjuring crazy selfish thoughts. Like, "If I had stayed, he maybe would have not died. I could have saved him!"

I still believe, both Kathy and Monika failed to protect this decent and vulnerable guy— in spite of him living in a revolutionary time of #FreeLove. Who was not monogamous back then? We had burned the nuclear family in the ashes of a phoenix. We Baby Boomers marched forward to as we pleased.

The Sixties was the era 'after' the days of *nine & roses*. It was the days of "anything goes."

Monika said Jimi immediately connected in a good way, with her. Who wouldn't agree when knowing Monika & Jimi's 'for real' love was evidenced peacefully as they shared quarters? There were no reports of arguments, no more violence. Jimi had found peace in her serenity.

Unlike poor drugged out hairdresser Kathy, Monika was not a groupie. A fan of rock music, yes. Ultimately it was Monika who demonstrated her love for Jimi—posthumously she authored a critically acclaimed art book, dedicated to their love-affair. In it you find them truly at one. It is there that I read she met Jimi in Germany after a concert. In his bedroom? (I kept his bedroom off-limits.)

It's hard for me to believe that they bedded down in Germany. For I was there touring and filming during his Germany concerts. But I didn't go to night spots with him or crew all the time. But my friend, Burt McCann who I got this job, told me everything. Yet, I'll admit my eyes were closed to lots of stuff.

## JIMI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN PICTURES

Monika honored Jimi with her artistic talent in a decent environment, which is worlds apart from Kathy's unspiritual persona and warlike relationship with the man, offering him nothing when out-of-the-sack, but grief. Monika lovingly sketched and painted colorful flamboyant portraits of him. Tirelessly she photographed him in soothing garden settings.

If you doubt Monika & Jimi were at a minimum engaged in true love at the time of his death, check out her art book of him, titled: *The Inner World of Jimi Hendrix*—rich with musings and correspondence from Jimi, and weepy photographs of his last year on earth. As well her book is rich with psychedelic artistic illustrations of Jimi, painted by a talented artist in love. It's like a biography in pictures. (published/copyrighted 1995 by St. Martin's Press.) Among positive reviews are the NYT, Billboard Magazine, Seattle Times.)

One of the lifestyle photographs Monika took is on the 'back-jacket' of someone else's book, and it is a really funny image of Jimi. Odd, to say the least. There we have the 'god of guitar' in a British garden standing on a path, holding a basket (picture it as Dorothy held her basket heading for Oz.) The basket is in Jimi's left hand (whereas Dorothy's was held in the crease of her elbow.) With his right hand and arm, Jimi is pointing at what looked like thorny Bramble bushes. Seems Jimi was given the task to pick berries from the bushes. (Brits make jelly from their berries.)

The book referenced is titled, *Jimi Hendrix—Cherokee Mist: The Lost Writings* compiled by ardent fan Bill Nitopi, who was a self-proclaimed archivist of Hendrix lyrics. Nitopi had impressive credits: Consultant to the *Hard Rock Cafes* and a contributor to *Guitar World* magazine. The front book-jacket flap explains collector Nitopi mission—to help us get to know Jimi *through his prose*.

Pretty cool if you think about it in this way—lyrics are how Jimi wrote his autobiography (“auto” in French means life; biography is story= life-story.) Nitopi quotes Jimi:

“You go into different moods and when you write, your moods come through.  
That’s the only way I can explain myself thoroughly, is through songs.”

Jimi Hendrix

I’ve learned a lot about copyrights, so I’ll make this trite observation. It seems Nitopi in 1993 had bought *only* the use of Monika’s photo; she preserving the copyright. For on p.155 of Monika’s 1995 art book of Jimi, you’ll find this same image and many others from her photoshoot. FYI, I think the basket thing appeared totally posed by Monika though she says it was a natural occurrence (same page of her book.) Gotta love her imagination.

I find it fascinating that Nitopi chose that photograph from his huge collection, to grace his back-jacket cover. Because it is so odd. Yet perfect. Perfectly wonderful! It is an innocent, vulnerable Jimi that you don’t normally see. Ya know, like the drugged-out weirdo image on the paperback cover of *Jimi Hendrix-Electric Gypsy*. (I hate it. They still sell it online. Take a look and let me know what you think.)

Yet I get why Nitopi chose it after observing Monika’s additional images from her photoshoot, an 8x10 photo reproduction (*ibid* p156) and another on p.157. Nitopi seemed to want to capture Jimi’s spirituality. Though I’ve never met him, I bet he is a bird-of-a-feather. In that image we can see Jimi had kicked-back. He was comfortable. He was a kid again, wondering around enjoying time & space.

Though I have this tugging feeling. Jimi was not comfortable in such a setting for very long. To get back to his music would take a variety of drugs, which would help him endure the pain of his electrified guitar reorganizing his atoms. Deafening his ears. Stings eating at his fingers.

In a few garden photographs, Jimi looked worn like someone who was recovering from drug abuse. In their precious moments, Monika had caught Jimi’s exhaustion, both in mind and body—he seemed to be worrying, “What next.” “How to make change?”

Dannemann delineated Jimi on canvas as one would a prince of peace. She felt he was a spirit guide. A prophet. And this is how Monika’s book helped us view a dimension of Jimi no one else had captured. His inner world. She illustrated him.

Jimi’s father, James “Al” Hendrix, wrote to Monika in support of her book, “Monika, from the moment I saw your paintings, I realized that you had met Jimi not only in body but in spirit as well. I can only say, from the bottom of my heart, you have remained true to what Jimi was all about—kind, gentle, and artistically creative.” (*ibid* pg10.)

#DearReader:

I know you see what I mean when I say, Jimi did to Monika what he did to me—he guided us spiritually.

## WAS JIMI AN ORACLE?

I won't go as far as Monika did, calling him a prophet. Or would I? For sure, he had a profound influence on us when we were personally within his persona and thereafter experienced his effect. He was my medium. In that he was an agent of change for me to leave a mindset of a material girl and a desperation to find spiritual footing. Believe it!

I'm not saying that he was lord in the spiritual realm. I'm saying that he was a regular caller in that ether when he wasn't on stage.

On the other hand, humanly understanding the man's *Foxies* is to enhance a deeper look into the musician. It seems not just fancy to suggest that he made-love to his guitar as he did to girls. With one exception. Jimi was never emotionally available to a female, but he was to his guitar.

He was willing to trash his body to be the *Wild Thing* on stage. You can see it on his face as he played—his face contorted as in the intensity of a sexual climax. He's pornographic. Though rightfully touted as the greatest guitarist that ever lived, ya know “god of the guitar,” it was painful for Jimi to please a sound out of her.

Fundamentally shy Hendrix, had his drugs to aid him to be an extrovert and an exhibitionist. Hence, the world saw the naked Jimi. In every performance, he was transformed from a lamb to a hungry lion. The price he paid for performing a savage feast with his guitar, after catching mass appeal, was that he became a *thing*.

In some way we disconnected emotionally with watching the kill, so he became a nonentity really. Not having certain human rights. Such as the “rite of passage”—the common occurrence to pass from boy to man privately. This can be said of all walk of fame *stars*. E.g. Elvis was like that, too.

So the public spends decades worshipping the musician, caring little to figure out the man. For they have already pigeonholed him.

The above perspective isn't voiced perfectly. I know. Nonetheless, I needed to share how I felt embarrassed for Jimi when I contrasted the man I was appreciating with the musician I saw perform up-close & personal.

It has taken me decades to just have this perspective though weak it may well be. So whether fans like it or not, isn't as important than my sharing the emotional conflict I've had about my relationship with Jimi. (Anyone's feedback shall be taken seriously.)

Hopeful, it is realistic when contending that all musicians' music is defined by with whom they choose to bed-down. I offer a few suspicions. Foremost on Jimi. He made love to his true-blue foxy white

Stradivarius through sexual encounters with women. That may be a bit scary to suggest, for he did destroy *Foxy* at the end of each concert.

Think of this, #DearReader. Jimi didn't begin this rage on his guitar, destroying it into amps at the end of a performance, until after he met Kathy. That was her appalling influence on him! It wasn't *love sweet love* as she rushed in and shoved the supportive Linda aside. When Kathy read the newspaper of his arrival in London, she insanely hurried to make her claim on his fame as her fame, as the biopic documents from her friends and people who witnessed her telling what they saw—I suspect that Linda was a good source of truth for the movie.

Somehow, Kathy landed his ass. The creature in a nutshell— Divisive. Troublesome kunte. (Look the word up.)

The “white Fender Stratocaster” was not destroyed at a concert. A stand-in was. Mysterious rumors have circulated of what happened to the priceless Stratocaster. The biopic suggests Jimi gave it back to Linda, who had gifted it to him, but really it belonged to her boyfriend Keith Richards. (Are you thinking that the biopic did consult with Linda Keith?)

Honestly, sometimes it seems due to imagined greed that I feel Hendrix was a missed opportunity. But not really greed. Jimi would have been a better choice for me to make than what followed at Far-Out Productions. I can't help but wonder if I would have been less vulnerable to the pain & suffering of false hopes, which created a miasma by TheToad's manipulations and lies. But wait! That is exactly what Jeffrey was doing to Jimi.

These insights had remained unclear until exhuming #MyHendrixExperience, I had thought foolheartedly after Jimi's untimely demise in 1970, and the betrayal\* by TheToad shortly thereafter that, “I should have stayed and made a difference!”

\*Betrayal by TheToad, Steven Moe Gold? Sure I felt I was getting screwed when back in Los Angeles facing a wall of resistance at Far-Out Productions, owned by Gold and Goldstein. Steven would assure me that I was being silly. He'd remind me to look at our “original deal.” He guaranteed I had 50% of our project's ownership. He'd say “Babe, just look at what I signed.” But I argued about Jerry.

Steven about this time would try and convince me that if we would marry that that would protect me from Goldstein. Hmm?

\*\*Stayed? I cajole this sentiment as I write though it makes no sense. I had to return for my munchkins that they didn't meander down a yellow-brick road with hair-brains and cowards as sign posts to a fake place run by a bogus wizard of Oz.

Anyhow. To close my fanciful wound, I wholeheartedly wrote Jimi, a while ago, a song, titled *The Goodbye Song*.

\*\*\*Made a difference for Jimi? Even if just to have stabilized him in the transition, not only from nemesis Kathy if she was again pounding at his dressing room door, but save him from



his ‘evil’ new manager, Michael Jeffery. My partner could have hired an editor. I could have saved Jimi. I could have gotten the kids and moved to London.

That’s a fancy I’ll always mess with.

## MONIKA’S NEMESIS

Things for Monika were troubled from the get-go, for Kathy detested her. She seethed that Jimi was with a “significant other.” Since his death, and Monika was with him, Kathy has been determined to taint and mar Monika. It got agonizingly bad for Monika when Kathy opened a case at Scotland Yard for further investigation into Jimi’s death. I guess to cast further doubt on Monika.

Kathy has plagiarized Jimi’s writings to Monika, relocating ideas into her own *playbook*. Her central aim was to make Monika out a liar that she was never engaged to Jimi as she claimed. I believe his verse, *The Story of Life*, was a statement of his yielding to marrying Monika—which substantiates Monika’s claim that they were engaged. Though due to Jimi’s death a day after writing the poem, it was a shocking eulogy. (In awe of his depth, I keep rereading his November 17, 1970 last words.)

Does anyone suspect like me that Michael Jeffrey wanted Jimi dead BEFORE he married Monika? I’m thinking it. For if Jimi married Monika she’d inherit his estate.

Don’t know how Kathy found the resources to stalk Monika like it was her full-time job.

It was way sad for me to discover, since this writing, that disheartened Monika passed away—just a year after the publication of her book, *The Inner World of Jimi Hendrix*. At age 50 on 5 April 1996, in Seaford East Sussex, England, Monika Dannemann committed suicide.

We didn’t have the internet savvy in 1995, and I was by then totally involved in my metaphysical practice so didn’t even think to find out who that girlfriend was who was there when Jimi passed. I would have loved to have shared stuff with her. Another tender opportunity missed. Timing is everything in man as well as it is in music.

Yes, I like that I wrote that “Timing is everything in man as well as it is in music.”

Supposedly Monika committed suicide. For her grieving husband, Uli Jon Roth, guitarist of the *Scorpions*, made a public statement after she expired in her fume-filled Mercedes Benz: “...her death was the result of foul play.” Yeah, he thought thug Kathy & Co. had much to do with it.

Uli made a point. For her death occurred two days after a court decision Kathy Etchingham had provoked trying to AGAIN separate Monika's legacy with Jimi. Hardnosed *skagg* had filed another lawsuit.

So, now *movie-Surname-less Kathy*, was not just a catfighting groupie; she was an accomplice in Monika's demise. Or as Sherlock might say, "Watson. The death was by witchery." Seems the ol' girl, even though now seemingly stable—internet blurbs that her second marriage was to a doctor who was the father of her children.

Anyway. Kathy used her resources to hound Monika to death. Apparently, Kathy's hubby furthered her neurosis of Jimi. There was no stopping her viciousness to destroy IRREFUTABLY the woman Dear Jimi was last with and to whom he was engaged. (I don't doubt it!)

Kathy was a squirt-gun hardballer, nonetheless deadly, when claiming all sorts of falsehoods to disgrace Monika. Sincere and sensitive Monika was heartbroken when Kathy claimed that Monika only knew Jimi four days. FOUR DAYS. Sure! Who would believe that? Back in LA I had heard, seems it was the end of 1969 or the beginning of 1970, that Jimi was with someone new. Monika.

Kathy's truth or dare game worked. Such torturous words in the power of the press, drove a fictional knife deeper into Monika's grieving heart. #Lovelorn Monika was broken by this wench's lies to media. In fact when Kathy won the infamous 'last' lawsuit against Monika, an article in UK's Independent News, which seemed wrapped around Kathy's middle finger (which was pointed upward to Monika,) was titled: *'Foxy Lady' is winner over Hendrix slur*. The slur? Monika called Kathy a "liar." A liar for denouncing that she was engaged to Jimi, and had made this claim in her, aforesaid, art book.

I suppose there was a financial obligation in the loss of the lawsuit. Nevertheless, you can imagine the 'real' blow to Monika. She wasn't believed and never would be. For it had been 25 years. A quarter of a century since Jimi's passing, and 'no one' seemed to credit her love affair with him! (Glad the 2014 biopic, *Jimi: All is By My Side* was made. (#Dear Reader: Do you know why the biopic was titled that?)

## ONE MORE *CHANCE* to FILM JIMI

**On February 24, 1969**, after applying makeup—the cat-eye look (think Adele)—I adorned my satiny brown (at that moment imagining Jimi's skin,) leather pants-outfit, which was a 'find' from Germany while traveling on the tour with him.

I exited the London hotel—located at a corner of infamous Kensington Park, heading for Royal Albert Concert Hall, a Victorian dome-shaped architectural wonder, named in honor of Queen Victoria's deceased husband, Prince Albert.

It was our last concert filming.

Little did I know early-on in our touring with Jimi with camera rolling, the upcoming February 24<sup>th</sup> RAH concert, was our last hope to catch Jimi on film due to TheToad's hifalutin nonsense!!! Seems he had not raised enough money for purchasing 16mm celluloid when Jimi played Royal Albert Hall at the start of *The Jimi Hendrix Experience Tour*. (God, I wish I had my old passport.)

That is 'the why' we had to return. Return not only to RAH for the February 24<sup>th</sup> concert, but 'the why' we had to return to Los Angeles before this 2<sup>nd</sup> concert there. Steven said it was a short-break for "babe" to see the kids. Of course, after almost two months away, I was weird. (I didn't understand intercessory prayer back then. My prayer seemed to be a mindset of 'worry,' which I now call weird. For what good has worry ever done a mother?) Sure Steven's thought was nice for "babe." Real truth? It was to raise money for celluloid.

I didn't flip-out when I was told. Yet, I had this sick gut-feeling. Steven guffawed his outrageous huge sound, which came from his incessantly smoking 4 packs a day. And then he smoothly explained that he knew it was best 'not' to tell me stuff ahead of time. "Come on, babe, you'd get nervous." And I found out from an old friend, Burt McCann, who I secured a job at Far-Out, that Steven warned him. Everybody.

Yes, worry to a fault dealing with this guy. He had "babe's" number. I processed minutiae until "babe" had sucked the life right out of herself. Like how the weight of the ocean activity grinds rock to sand. Maybe in this case, I was justified. Seeing as Steven was manipulating "babe."

Unbelievable! Steven had the camera rolling at RAH February 18<sup>th</sup> concert, with no film. (Be clear, I wasn't aware.) At the time, I didn't question Steven about such an obvious production need. So, I was told that the RAH February 24, 1969 concert had to be added, not just to finalize Jimi's Euro Tour. OMG, it was to get some footage of him playing at this prestigious hall. Period! Notable is that we did manage enough celluloid to get outtakes when traveling. Hmm? But that was various cameramen, who god-only-knows, may have been conned into providing the celluloid.

Trust it! I was supervising the edit in Los Angeles, and there was no footage at the editor's disposal from Jimi's London RAH February 18<sup>th</sup> concert, nor from Germany. France. Austria. Denmark. Wherever! Steven had conned a big one on EVERYBODY. Wait! Did Jerry know?

HaHa in a way. Seems TheToad had BS'd the 9 year older than Jimi, bullshiter, #Shyster Jeffery. Steven had pulled-the-wool-over-the-wolves-eyes. He finagled him into thinking we had the *know-with-all* to film! Nope.

(sidenote repeat here) Indubitably—I used this word all the time. Beside "fuck" it was my fave word back when-it-all-was-all-happening. "Like those were the days my friend. We thought they'd never end." The 'ol *Fiddler on the Roof* had AGE down.

Anyway.

Indubitably we returned to Los Angeles, frantic to fund the upcoming February 24<sup>th</sup> RAH concert. I was frightened to see the kids, for I knew I wouldn't wanna so soon leave them once again. The kids were being supervised by an ol' governess named Goldie. A short little thing of a grandma-type. She was good at getting them to school, but on daily phone calls to them from London, they complained that Goldie was a bore, sitting in a rocking-chair in front of the TV. They did not like her cooking. And she snored.

To make the plane back to London from Los Angeles, was white-knuckle funny. LAX was a couple of freeways away from where we were scattered. Finally on the 405 tensions escalated. Not surprising, it was bumper to bumper morning traffic. Steven was driving my Twenty some y/o, classic 1948 Grey Jaguar Sedan Mark IV. (Not much engine horsepower in the 'ol gall) Mind you, he drove like a grandma to top the tension.

Whereas, I was raised by step-folk who were Indi race car Italians, finally winning “ome” with Mario Andretti at the wheel. They had respect for the ‘road,’ and advised me, at age 15 with a California driver’s permit, to drive like an ‘ol grandma. I didn’t listen. I drove the Freeway *My Way*. (Gotta thank Sinatra once again and YouTubers. Make this moment interactive, and take a listen #DearReader. I am right now while interpolating the masculine noun and pronouns for the feminine.)

Anyway. At my insistence, Steven pulled onto the shoulder of the 405, that I could jump behind the wheel to get to LAX for take-off. Totally stoked and out of my ever-lovin’ mind, I drove the Freeway’s shoulder whenever possible. Honking lots to warn ‘sane’ drivers that I was coming upon them, on the shoulder.

Luckily ‘in one piece,’ though out of breath with hearts pumping irregularly, we made our flight.

## MICHAEL BALLHAUS, Cinematographer

For the final tour concert on February 24, 1969, the RAH filming, we hired Michael Ballhaus, who was at the time an ‘unknown cinematographer’ but an excellent German TV cameraman. What a find! Subsequently, Ballhaus filmed for Hollywood royalty, Steven Spielberg, and became an *Academy Award* nominated cinematographer multiple times. (FYI #DearReader he’s dead, too.)

We asked Ballhaus to film Jimi like he would a hot woman: Pan him from head to toe. Sexy. Lotsa crotch shots. Slow & easy during Jimi’s soft grooves—up his legs to him fingering *Foxy*.

Those crotch shots speak-volumes when remembering a group of ‘wildthings’—*The Plaster Casters*—who made replicas of Rock Star’s fave ‘member.’ As you rightfully imagine, for many straight women experiencing *that thang* was the ultimate sexual awakening. Our mission-style fantasy come true!

It could’ve been the time of my life but for the worry about the kids and Jeffery over-drugging Jimi. Jeffery just fussed and fussed. Dicked around. Cursing everyone. He jinxed our project as soon as we landed at Heathrow Airport, and we were a wreck seeing this come-down. He messed with our cinematographer, Michael Ballhaus, so much so he almost walked before the concert. Besides being a ‘no-good-human,’ Jeffery’s only excuse was he was more a pub entrepreneur than a talent manager. (You may recall that it was in his pub that Eric met him. Small world stuff. And that’s as close to Disneyland that any of us came in those days of unruliness.)

My partner did his best to keep things smooth, and he liked Jeffery. At first, anyway. Seems they were “cut from the same cloth.” No matter. Steven was up against his own devils about failure as evidenced in his increased drug usage, which I called him out on. Ya see, he needed me to have-his-

back. To hold him up during stress. He loved my strength of character. But basically, I just listened and talked to him until he calmed.

Anyway. Michael Jeffery was more than a pain in the arse, he was that historical nemesis that wins even though he's evil. We wanted him to STOP the insanity, but he wasn't about to be fair. He had just begun the torture as he dealt another blow after we split London with the RAH February 1969, concert film in the can. Seems he thrived on messy business stuff.

When I got really nervous, Steven would go-to-town with expletives. "In the fucking original deal," Steven assured me over and over would be honored—I had 50% ownership. He'd say "just look at the fucking paperwork I signed to you." Steven about this time would try and convince me that "if we would just "Goddamn it! Get married babe," that that would protect me from, at least, Goldstein. Hmm?

What to do? What to do?

Did you ever wish someone dead? We did. Jeffery needed to be GONE, or we would never be able to fly this eagle from the nest. The original deal agreed upon by Jeffrey, needed to be honored otherwise distribution would be taken from us.

## WOKE IN MID-AIR

This momentary *Foxy Lady* woke in mid-air. Heathrow to LAX. Even if there had been time to hook-up, it was too complicated. It would have degraded my purpose. I've always had a type of pride about me—which was the better part of me. I knew not to play with fire, for I would not only get burned but so would the kids. Jimi a step-father?

Plus but not to overemphasize it, my partner, TheToad, was crazy. He had become baseball bat crazy about me. And who knew what the egomaniac-druggie-groupie, Kathy, had in her bag of tricks?!!

Well, then. Besides fear of repercussions, there was this respect for Jimi. I sensed being friendly to him was the most priceless relationship. Yes, he fed my conceit. But wait. In a world of sin, the divine light shines on virtuous restraint. It can be the recipe for true love. If you know what I mean? That is if you love someone from the standpoint of agape love, you do the most loving thing. And for Jimi that was to get on with hiring an EDITOR.

## BACK HOME

Back in the USA, I grounded myself at work in charge of editing at Far-Out. We had complications with our editor, and I was tied down in trying to solve it by Goldstein's interference. Steven was in constant fights with him.

In the editing room daily, Jimi was forefront in my mind. He wanted to know things were proceeding well, but I couldn't lie. He was disappointed I didn't have great news about the progress. It was depressing. Things were becoming a blur.

In August 1970, Jimi was on to another filming at The Isle of Wight Festival, which was another fiasco with the sound systems, which were defied by winds. The distinct difference for Jimi is that he was one musical act among an impressive Artist Lineup. It wasn't a film about him as ours was to be.

Then sometime in 1970, he was with a wonderful woman, Monika Dannemann. I heard of it at work while in charge of editing our film at Far-Out Productions.

## ME? SICK

When I made it back to Los Angeles from London and after hiring an editor and seeing Jimi's tantrum over and over on celluloid, I was not in good shape. I went to Dr. Cantor for a check-up, thinking from the symptoms it was a possible ulcer.

Dr. Cantor? Loved this general physician located on Sunset Blvd at the most westerly section just as you'd enter Beverly Hills. Swanky? No. He was the most real and genuine guy. He cared. Took time with you. And most important, he expected healing.

When there, he did his dutiful examination.

On my return to his office, he gave me a bill of health though I was still feeling awful. Surprisingly, but yet again mind altering, before leaving he took me into his tiny corner office with more books than room. He pointed to them, instructing, "You know if I don't keep up with new research, I'm not as good tomorrow as I was yesterday."

He saw I was confused. So quickly got to the point. Continuing, "I believe that you know what is wrong with you. Your doctor is as good as the answers you give or the information you divulge to him." Wow! He was right! No examination takes place without discussion. I was blown away. That is cobwebs were clearing in my worried self, as his counsel sank in.

Departing his office, I questioned myself, "What did I say to him that he read me that way?" I needed to do some honest soul-searching. But where to start? I was amazed at what unfolded. **First**, I had no idea how to fix myself without drugs. **Second**, what kind of thinking got me so messed-up?

**Third**, was the big awakening when I said to myself, "Self. You have always been a lover of truth. You've sought out truth more than you've sought love out. Truth frees you. Love has been a joke." I was feeling cynically that love is a 'wild-goose chase' evidenced from childhood's vacant wanting—to have loving parents. No matter. I was stunned at this realization that seeking truth is where I'll find everything. Including love.

That 'reality' replayed in my mind over and over and over. And it wound up to be my mission statement. "Look for truth. Just maybe Truth is looking for you. You may have a million miles to



trek to get on the right path. But maybe you're on it right now. Somehow 'this Jimi project' landed you there." Positive thoughts developed and brought blessed 'seconds' of peace as weeks dissolved into months.

But. Okay, reality check! So ya know I WANTED MY MONEY. But did I LOVE MY SANITY MORE? Did I love my peace of mind enough to walk away from this madness? But what about my acting career? Not like that was without stress with a dead-end likely. Making money, was the whole point of why I got involved with *The Jimi Hendrix Experience*. So I was thinking, "How can I have peace-of-mind without money to support my family?" It was a catch-22.

There is this part of me that still worries about money. Who doesn't? I know I'm not alone with this. But back then, I was dumb enough to believe that I could get it easily. Actually? I could have had it, but for one problem. I couldn't see the "forest for the trees" E.g. at the end of a concert, I could have taken memorabilia from the wreckage on stage, like a guitar stem. Even in the day, it had a 'pretty penny' of worth. Today? Collectors are willing to pay sorely—six digits. Sotheby successfully auctioned one. The owner was one of two of Jimi's band members—either the drummer, Mitch, or the base guitarist, Noel. (FYI #DearReader, they're dead, too.)

Point is that to keep my sanity, I knew I had to flee. But how without jeopardizing everything to evil Goldstein? Steven took heart to my ill-physical-feeling and promised things would be "Okay, babe." That, "You have to take care of yourself, babe!"

I agonized. How could I be a *Little Runaway, run run runaway*? Besides finding it distressing to walk away without secured money, there was this other little problem. I'm NOT a QUITTER. Being not a quitter, it was against my nature to leave something undone. (So, here we are writing. To bring closure? Yet, here I am again thinking, "I hope it is more than that.")

The past seems so much like a dream, expressly when it was happening.

My heart was big for Jimi then. And even more so now. That heart of mine beats with fond memories of a man who few would ever personally know. A man whom the-likes of the skulking eyes of the CIA didn't understand. Drugs didn't define Jimi. He defined the angst of the Baby Boomer generation. That was their fear. He shattered *their* strongarm on us. That is the truth! And Jimi did it while loving the United States of America. As I write those words, I'm hearing Jimi play *The Star-Spangled Banner* at Woodstock.

How about you, #DearReader, take a pause to YouTube it. Feel the pride with me.) Then check out, on YouTube, Jimi's September 9, 1969 interview on *The Dick Cavett Show*. Priceless. That's what Jimi looked like when I met him.

Play the song again for "Uncle Sam" and know this: Jimi enlisted in the Army in 1961. He served in the rough & tough and rigorous 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne division. Due to injury he was discharged in 1962. And more inherently still, the Army is where Jimi met Billy Cox. Seems to me then, the Universe was on Jimi's side.

Forgive me, but I insist you watch the Cavett interview right now, before continuing. Jimi jumps out as normal and sane but tired and UNINTERESTED in a commitment to a woman. That's a comment on being done with ol' Kathy, for sure.

## IT WAS TOO LATE

Fast forward, three years later. The gods who reign in hell, heard our plea by 1973, having Jeffery's evil self, melt into toxic vapor in an ill-famed death. Thoughtless of innocent people who had been killed, TheToad and I did the 'Munchkin March' around the offices at Far-Out Production, 7410 Sunset Blvd, Los Angeles, California, bellowing: "The wicked witch is dead. Ding Dong, the wicked witch is dead. Sing it high. Sing it low" Ya see? We were kids at heart with sometimes a wicked mindset.

Awakening from our stupor of believing someone's death will solve anything. Things didn't change. Thinking the obstacle was Jeffery was not quite right. The next bloody mess was that my partner had fudged a lot of stuff to me about 'the semen deal' he made with Goldstein. Sorry! But true. He was sleeping with and drugged by #MrBubblegumMusic like a screwy screaming bobbysocks fan.

Here's a repeat to make the point that "I" needed to awake: Ewwie—I saw him goin'-down on him when fortuitously after leaving the editing room late one night, I meandered downstairs of our crazy huge building, and opened their unlocked office door. Shocking mistake! "Wake up, girl," I thought—another Omen that I must make a departure ASAP. As they say, a love-triangle is dangerous. (Actually, it was not me—it was an extension of three people involved alright, for Steven was still married.)

Things in the emerging Los Angeles music scene, were sketchy enough without internal negative forces working against a deal. For starters, it helps to understand that the Sixties 'ROCK' Los Angeles Music was a sub-Industry competing with established ones. Figure this in: If the artist wasn't under contract, deals were done similarly to those of the Mafiosi with a handshake like a papal-prayer. Oh wait! Even record companies allegedly were sorta-*like* dealing with the mob, too. Or was it run by them? Some had alleged this.

Thank God I've always had a memory for detail, which may be especially uncommon among those who lived thru the #SixtiesDrugScene. I'm grateful for this capacity right now in that the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the notorious August 1969 Woodstock Festival brought Jimi notoriety back to me once again. (Forgive me if you disagree, Jimi was the main attraction—not just due to the deal set forth, but because he was the draw.) Today is February 17, 2020. A week away from 51 years ago that he filming took place. Good enough to re-celebrate Hendrix' Woodstock golden anniversary.

I didn't attend Woodstock the summer of 1969, for I was involved with editing concert footage. Stanley was the editor, and for the life of me, "Sorry STANLEY," I don't recall your last name.

Steven and I had projected a special screening scheduled November 1970, at Campbell Hall, UCLA campus, Westwood, California, which did take place. But without Jimi there. Just think, Jimi passed in London on September 18, 1970. If we could have scheduled the screening sooner than November and flown Jimi to Los Angeles... who knows? (I mean, he was in NYC in 1970 and gave a great *AP* interview. You can catch it on YouTube, titled: *Jimi Hendrix News Conference – 1970*.)

After Jimi's demise oh-so close, a little more than a month away from our screening, every little thing went nuts at Far-Out. –Do remember, Jeffery was still alive until 1973. So we had to deal with this aberration of a human coming instead. This peculiar anomaly to Jimi.

Steven handled Jeffrey. Supposedly trying to fend-off his trip, while I continued to look for distribution. I had a contact in that I had earlier on pitched my screenplay, *Groupie*, to decent supportive David Picker, who was at the time head of United Artists. Eric and I presented it to him. I co-wrote it with Gabriel Walsh, award nominated screenplay of *Quackster Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx*. It starred Gene Wilder. (FYI #DearReader, he's dead. PS: Wilder was a more handsome Jerry Goldstein.) (Funny. Another *Almost Hollywood* side note. I was a member of Howard Storm's Improv Group along with Teri Garr, who was a part of the Wilder clique of friends.)

No matter staying on the move, something in me went haywire after Jimi passed. It wasn't just that I had listened to the Royal Albert Hall concert, every 'working day' for a good nineteen months. Yep, 19 deafening months! It was unsettling. As you know, I imagined I had an ulcer.

Mostly it was discouraging, trying to get this show on the road without the fixation of Jimi and our meeting once again. So disheartening. Confusing. Depressing.

## MONEY MANIA

Money-maniacs alike fame-mania alkie fan mania spreads like a virus with many fatalities. History has seen its share of ridiculous, outrageous, insane popular money-delusions. These are so unbelievable, so crazy that in the 1800s Charles MacKay L.L.D. authored a fascinating memoir, titled: *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of the Crowds*. (Republished in 1841. Then 1852. Then 1932. More?) Find it! Read it! Gasp. Pass it on.

The question easiest to answer, is Why? Why do we get caught up in such stuff? Simple answer. The ol' temptation of Greed and Envy blinds us. Blind with eyes wide open.

Here's a few excerpts from vignettes bound in my crazy-fun FAVE hardcopy.

In the 1600s, Holland's *Tulipmania* raged for three years. Between 1634 and 1637 tulip bulbs were traded like futures. Centuries old farmlands were squandered and merchants dissipated their worth for 'one' tulip bulb. When the BUBBLE popped, it was doomsday for the fools. (*ibid* p. 89)

Another sample is a Banking Credit Scheme authored by a sole Frenchman. Ironically, the author's name was John Law. In 1719-1720 *The Mississippi Scheme* ripped-off masses of people so bad, so degradingly that they only had their underwear to keep them snug. Basically. Somehow. History blamed the people more than the man who masterminded the scheme. (*ibid* p. 1)

*The Witch Mania* was spun to steal power. Greed. (Note: it seems to be the same thing we're dealing with today in politics.) "Witchcraft . . . consider the absurd impersonation of the evil principle formed by the monks in their legends. We must make acquaintance with the *primum mobile*, and understand what sort of personage it was who gave the witches, in exchange for their souls, the power to torment their fellow-creatures." (*ibid* p. 464)

In modern days, this book has been quoted by news outlets when such craziness again invaded the streets of moneychangers. E.g.: After Arnold Schwarzenegger paid \$250K for JFK's golf clubs. After the Hunt's drove unsustainable silver prices sky high. Madoff's Ponzi scheme.

## A WALK IN "EVERGREEN"

As I began again ruminating about documenting my Hendrix experience, scary images conjured feelings that overwhelmed me—quickly morphing into dark physical sensations, which I seemed to have no control over for long, or no sense of how to stop them from happening again. Wondering? Was it then, for they now have stopped, from dropping acid all those decades ago with Jimi? (My drug of choice.) Or was 'it' present fear of ghosts from an abusive childhood? Or aging? Maybe it's 'ol Elisha, insisting that I no longer procrastinate in telling my story. Truthful, as of this day, I know that it was exhaustion from the wholehearted attempt to unfetter myself from earth weights which have held me back.

"But it's painful," I bellowed to Elisha. "It's another dead-end. Why put myself through more torture. More backfire. Like punks screeching at me, "Who cares about your f\*ing-ass experience! We guys matter, not some chick's dumbass take! But thanks for caring. Yet, I'm figuring there is not much interest in a female diehard Hendrix story. But ok. ok. ok. . . and my kids would know what those years were all about if . . . I get it in book form as a testament to Jimi."

"TELL YOUR STORY with Jimi!!!," Elisha persisted. "Sitting with him. Talking. Traveling. Women have not told their stories. Not really. Lotsa musicians, who have worked with him, have. Or groupies who slept with him, have." Elisha continued, trying to square-off my doubt. (I gotta get her Dannemann's book.)

"But, but, but who cares!" I proclaim like a beaten wife.

Elisha wasn't "whistling Dixie." She has a few local connections to promote my story. She was a teen rocker enthusiast, traveling with her boyfriend (now husband) Terry Premru, and with her mother's permission. It's a beautiful story. Terry's band was called: *The Roadside Band*. Currently, Terry is cofounder of *The Tampa Bay Finger Style Guitar Guild*. His "licks" are superb.

Often, I'd justify my angst to her, "You hear the anxiety attacks, which obviously are scary. They come all of a sudden. Like I'm losing my mind. I know that Memory Lane is often a personal Armageddon for females. Add in the age factor, and boom a regression occurs, which stymies most

sexagenarians. No less septuagenarian females who are already filled with acrimony from decades of being belittled. Bullied. Beaten. Controlled. Disrespected. Ignored. Shamed.

“Girl, another way to spit it out. Flatly. Memoirs are a bitch. Otherwise we would all write about the nooks & crannies of our past. I hear it all the time from people who find out I’m writing a memoir: ‘I should write my story. I have a great one!’ Most don’t sit down and do it. Why? Because reliving the past can be a death sentence. Believe this; that one puts their life on hold. It’s self-isolation. Thus hell.”

To make my case, as long ago as in the 1990ish, I tried to write about Jimi. I enrolled in an exclusive screenwriting summer course at UCLA, where International students vied to be chosen to attend. There I was writing with the best kids, but again shying away. They encouraged me to just “write anything” about #MyHendrixExperience. Many went as far to state, “Even lie. Just write it!” There I was thinking, “I can’t lie about Jimi. That would kill me.” So I backed away, once again.

At that time, I couldn’t find the truth to worthy this experience. I couldn’t make sense of my love for him. Because then I didn’t know how to explain its spiritual essence. Yet Dear Friend, I actually did finish a fictionalized screenplay, casting Laura & Jimi in the world of Native Americans. The song I wrote, *The Goodbye Song* seems to me today somewhat dumb because the movie was never made. Nor was music put to it. In case ya wanna hear the lyrics, here they are.

## Goodbye Song

I thought I said goodbye  
not one time, for all time  
even though real love is said for a lifetime

To begin, your love – a promise  
Truth – fast beauty, feeling empowered  
Thus, real love was mine for the first time

How could I know what passed decades would tell?  
That love would grow within me forever;  
Goodbyes are never solely completed,  
For What good happened changed hearts for the better  
when love stepped out of my mind into our forever.

Once fear loses – goodbyes aren’t final  
I heard the message – love never loses  
To let go doesn’t cost us our laughter,

To have loved is the blessing, the message  
So, GOODbye is not such a bad thing  
in bright sunlight or shimmering night dreams

How could I know what passed decades would tell?

That true love grows within forever;  
See! Goodbyes are never really completed  
What good happened changed hearts for the better  
when our love stepped out of my mind into our forever.

Spaces between – help us grow together  
See!

Things of the heart make us for the better  
Because true loving teaches us forever,  
because true loving teaches us forever.  
Real love unites us all forever and ever.

FYI the screenplay is registered at the *Writer's Guild of America*, where it sits stone-faced like most of *Lor & Jimi*.

Anyway.

As well, years ago I strained to write my acting memoir, *Almost Hollywood*—scintillating tales of a starry-eyed ingénue in *Sin City*. Titillating real stuff. Like there was one moment in my life, or maybe I should say a split second, when I could have been at the LaBianca house the night *The Manson Family* sliced everyone up. But? There was a feeling I couldn't explain, which told me to call-off dating Jay Sebring, one of Manson Family victims.

The writing of *Almost Hollywood* is coming slowly in the readying it for book form. So, I've settled on [www.lorpearson.com](http://www.lorpearson.com) where I've uploaded one installment to read for free. But I was told to stop for 'someone' might pilfer my story. As if!

In the meantime, fiction worked to get a writing project done—my first novel: *Journal of an Evening Primrose, a virgin teen's discovery of her erotic angry self*. (It's on Amazon.) A coming-of-age piece of fiction told from an enquiring horny disjointed rambling teen's POV as she writes in her secret journal. In some silly way it is me as an Alice-like girl, traveling down a google-rabbit hole, looking into a Snow-Queen's mirror, which deflects the nice girl that she sees herself as, being captured in a lustful world, mesmerized there due to her teenage sexual curiosity. (Googling made it juicy & raunchy.) No apology!

## SCREWED

Clearly, I was not given any credit at the Royal Albert Hall October 2019 event. I'd settle for my story to go beyond a website-digital publication into book form that it be valued enough to find a place on thousands of bookshelves. No one can take this book from me. I'm the master of my life now. As trite as it may sound, but it isn't, time has been on my side. Humanity's progress has given me ample room to grow my talent: Technology. Telecommunications. Informatics. Self-publishing. You name it! As long as I've been willing to deal with the learning curves, life has been my oyster to develop and share my pearls of wisdom.



Glad to sit here and contemplate my ownership of something precious about the life of Jimi Hendrix and the journey I've been on since then. That is. How I've spent the last 50 years since we filmed him. To the most part I've been helping humanity with my metaphysical healing practice—spiritual work encompassing all sorts of physical and emotional healings in the name of Christ Jesus. This work was and is the most satisfying part of my life, really. Such a blessing!

Especially intense was working in obstetrics, from which I've retired. I “prayed” with pregnant mothers through their gestation period. And at the delivery I “worked” along with their doctors in the delivery room or with midwives at their home, that their babies were born safely. The parent's spiritual growth was portentous to lessen the child's sorrow in the world. Even in a high-risk case which always had to be with the helping hands of an OB-GYN, we never had it end up a tragedy.

## THE FILMING SHELVED FOR 50 YEARS

The film soon was thrown into a confusing legal battle. This is *the why* for 50 years, I ran-away from documenting #MyHendrixExperience and left it as *an untold story*. It was too painful to relive. Sadly, the project problems seemed an ending of two talent, *Jimi & Laura*, with a fame mindset. Jimi succeeded, I failed. Thus, the story is a troubling telling not only of Jimi's untimely demise—so much was left undone because of it—but it's a telltale account of my career demise. At least the one I was “in” then, where I was thin skinned. We can't survive if we are ‘thin skinned.’

Therein lies such distressing detail of not only my bitch at the murderers of Jimi's spirit, but the thief who stole my right to production profits. Such thievery could have destroyed me totally if not for the spiritual journey Jimi sent me on. The knowing of his spirit ignited me and saved me until I found the Christ Jesus he adored. (A lot more soon.)

We need not fret over what we cannot achieve or are not meant to accomplish. In spite of circumstance, we need to develop our gift from God (whatever it may be and certainly we have one) and then share the gift with others to help them know their best self. If nothing more, our common gift is “to love.” The hard part is practicing unconditional love, which is Godlikeness.

But. I didn't know this back then. I hated that thief and wished him dead.

My spiritual journey has been a lifetime of twists & turns for this voluptuous teenage high school pregnant sophomore dropout in a mini-skirt with a childish *Marilyn* mindset, who wound up involved in *The British Music Invasion* of America. Yes, I'm one who had hope for ‘world peace,’ as all beauty queens' voice. Seriously, though. I wasn't a beauty queen. I was a starlet with stretch marks—a mom who let all this wild stuff take place in her life.

Most who have written about Hendrix know about our filming. But even as late as 2019, they think our filming was just about his February 24, 1969 Royal Albert Hall (RAH) concert, which had never been released. They don't get that this was to be *more* than a filming of that concert. It was to be a film about *the man* and his *Hendrix Experience Euro Tour* —all the outtakes and interviews during his touring, and of course, the concerts.

In the back of a tome on p. 751 of a helter-skelter biography on Jimi, though a well-researched tribute to him which I read circa 1998, the authors of *Jimi Hendrix-Electric Gypsy* knew a tad:

Heading reads: UNRELEASED FILMS “*THE LAST EXPERIENCE*: Steve Gold & Jerry Goldstein. Complete concert, Royal Albert Hall, London, 24 February 1969. Legal difficulties throughout the years have so far prevented this film from hitting the screens.”

Ah, but they left out my name. I'm more than offended. In that I have a Library of Congress co-ownership of the filming with my partner Steven Moe Gold. And I'll tell you why my name was omitted. The rare footage was highjacked by a man who murdered our film and deteriorated my partner in *The Hendrix Experience Euro Tour* production, into a drugged-out waste. And methinks it was this maleficent hombre, Jerry Goldstein, who illegally posted an original copy of it on YouTube circa 2015 and then he sold every frame remaining of our 1969 filming to be remastered so that in 2019 a screening event could take place at Royal Albert Hall in London to celebrate Jimi's Fiftieth of the February 24<sup>th</sup> RAH filming.

It is a goal of mine to make clear my co-production role. The easiest way to draw the line is that I was with my partner about the filming. And of a matter of course there was “sound with the filming.” Whereas, production of ‘recording Jimi's concerts’ was not in my partner, Steven Gold, nor my bailiwick. That's were Goldstein made himself known. Rightful or not.

In the 1992 book, *HENDRIX: Setting the Record Straight*, by John McDermott *with* Eddie Kramer, p.168 it is explained as clearly as it can be. “In Jeffery's [Jimi's manager] absence, a tense power struggle emerged over who was in charge of the proceedings.” [The author is talking about the SOUND.] “Jerry Goldstein, Steve Gold's partner in Far Out Productions, had designated himself producer [of the sound] for the two shows.” The author is talking about the two shows in London at Royal Albert Hall —February 18<sup>th</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup>, 1969.

I'll skip a few sentences in their book about the infamous power-struggle, to get to the point where Jimi called in Chas Chandler, who for a time co-managed Jimi with Michael Jeffery. (But be clear. Chas was solo managing Jimi when he brought Jimi from NYC to London in 1966. You'll get the underbelly of that relationship in chapters to follow, in detail . . . the fullest possible account that I can.)

Anyway.

So Jimi called in Chas to mitigate the sound problem facing their first concert at RAH on the 18<sup>th</sup>. I was told different detail.

But for now, I'll rely on their book just referenced, *ibid*, p.169: “. . .Chandler had long known both Gold and Goldstein and had no problem working with either. . . . no one wished to upset the man [Chandler] that Hendrix had personally designated to salvage the RECORDINGS. The feedback problems were traced to poor grounding . . .and battered . . .sound systems.”

Please Note. 1992 the year McDermott and Kramer, Jimi's longtime engineer, published their book, was before the 1995 Kung-fu lawsuit by Jimi's father, Al. (I'll cover this in detail in later chapters.) Last I checked McDermott became archivist for *Hendrix Experience*, the incorporated Seattle based ownership of Jimi's estate, which the 1995 lawsuit basically established. That is when Jimi's estate went rightfully to his family and out of the clutches of shyster attorneys.

I remain outraged, mostly feeling Jimi got screwed, that our film became only a filming of his last concert at RAH on the 24<sup>th</sup> February, 1969. And there's a simple answer to why that happened. It will take a chapter or more in the telling.

## WHAT TO DO WITHOUT JIMI?

Let me see. Where was I after Jimi passed? I wasn't totally disposed. I witnessed Steven more under a drugged-up state induced by Goldstein. We argued constantly due to this. No sir! I couldn't allow Goldstein to threaten my person any further. But at the same time, staying clear of him was impossible if I remained working for Far-Out Productions. Mostly, I saw devilish writings on the wall of my innocent children's bedrooms— “Mom got totally screwed.”

Thus, I fled Far-Out Productions in the early-Seventies. The Dear kids were waiting for mommy not only to return home and relieve the governesses and/or babysitters, but mostly for Mommy to leave a London-mindset that she be in one piece. Even if she hadn't banked the gold.

As it turned out, an experience with Jimi gave me something far more valuable than Krugerrands. It was the transition my kids really needed. They needed a Mom who was present both physically and spiritually. Rich or not.

So #DearReader, so it was! After the film was in-the-premier Hollywood's Seward Film Vaults, which still exists—but I bet my key for vault #214, most probably no longer works. Anyway. I had enough of TheToad's bull-crap. I just walked! Hightailed it without a frame of film in my hip-pocket. And trust it. I wanted to take the film, but I knew it needed to be in a protected environment or be ruined from exposure. I just couldn't 'stoop that low' even if *they* had. All those greedy zealots.

I skipped down the proverbial yellow brick road in hopes to find the wisdom to be a good mother and as well protect them from my maternal family, who was in tatters from a sibling who tried to kill another of my Mom's husbands.

To the integral point. I never turned back to the Hendrix project with the exception that which I mentioned. In circa1997, when I joined the RICO lawsuit with TheToad who had hired entertainment

attorneys to fight Goldstein. This lawsuit was as were all dealings with TheToad, convoluted. A long-suffering stormy story where the ship never makes Port. I did not get my money. No mullah.

I'm backing-up just a sec to sort out my thoughts, to re-establish my place in all of this, which is co-ownership of the RAH filming with Steven Gold. Steven died several years after our attempt to recoup film rights. So that leaves me to sort this out. I have some cassette tapes of his prognostications. I have his agreement with me. I have the copyright.

So be it, for the reason Al Hendrix had won his lawsuit in circa 1995, that when he copyrighted Jimi's cache of music with The United States Library of Congress (LOC) it was the time and place to file our copyright—*indicia of ownership*. Our registration created a PRIMA FACIA, first face ownership. Any infringement is under "Civil Statutory Penalties."

December 10, 1997, LOC stamped and sealed in our names the copyright. It was mailed to me in Florida. One thus would rightly surmise that there was no conflict of interest with the Hendrix folks either, for they were re-copyright Jimi's works. LOC had opened an adjunct department to exclusively undertake the co-ordination of the voluminous influx of Hendrix' estate dispositioning copyrights, overseen by a Ted Hirokowa.

Mr. Hirokowa left a VM for me on Monday February 2, 1998 to clarify something for me. Coincidentally, I was in court on this case when the call came in. I spoke with him on February 3, 1998, at which time he assured me that our film's Audio and Visual is now copyright protected and that I could call him personally

Curious to me that not even Goldstein opposed such filing. I wonder if he knows?

So it was that Al Hendrix' lawsuit win allowed him to take possession of his son's huge musical cache, which control was facilitated by ardent and passionate fan Paul Allen, Microsoft co-founder, possibly Jimi's truest fan. Allen enabled the family through a loan of approximately \$5Mil, but most importantly was his wise counsel to the family that any effort to recover pilfered royalties was futile. This was exactly what that family needed to hear and which advice the family needed to follow—GET THE COPYRIGHTS BACK. The money is in future sales and deals.

As well it is especially great to see that Allen so honored Jimi that in June 2000, he opened in Jimi's hometown of Seattle, Washington, the interactive popular-music museum, *Experience Music Project*.

Please, understand the credibility of my co-ownership with a DeadToad, of the filming of Jimi's February 24, 1969 concert at Royal Albert Hall! And as well, as the copyright is referenced under heading:

"NATURE OF THIS WORK. MOTION PICTURE; CONCERT AND SOUNDTRACK ALBUM, ET AL, EUROPEAN 1968-69 TOUR." Thus, I allege Goldstein, et al, has had no right making money off of the project without my consent.

It's complicated due to the #GuitarGeniusHendrix and the greed of others, in my case Goldstein, who successfully wormed into my world and is profiting off of what I claim as my right. No surprise that recently I found part of my film on *YouTube*, which he uploaded circa 2015. Goldstein released it on YouTube, as if he was sole owner. Or for that matter, Steven signing Far-Out to him had made him sole owner of it.

He didn't seem to care that it wasn't his to upload without my consent— or doesn't he know? My attorney friend, Tom, recommended I contact YouTube. Did I? No. Why? It seemed a wild goose chase. He probably used that as live billboard ad, to sell it. Did he have to deal with the Hendrix estate? Or did he use the YouTube upload as a teaser to sell it to SONY, who appears to have made a remake of the film footage with the film debut at RAH, London October, 2019. \$paid\$ from SONY? WTF!

Gimme my share! Where is my Paul Allen? (He passed away October 15, 2018.) Along the yellow brick road to a big nothing wizard who would right this wrong, I have found some true *late-term* supportive friends. At the recommendation of attorney friend, Tom Hersum Esq, I contacted his Florida colleague, specializing in copyright law. November 2018, I spoke to him, and though he thought mine a 'way cool' experience, he said the cost for discovery is prohibitive with no guarantee, of course. Of course, I didn't want that preached to me.

Tom encouraged me to assert my claim with YouTube.com to get Goldstein's exposure there nil' and void. (Have the upload of my filming removed.) Don't expect much from me on this front, for I claim it's futile. They know I don't have the resources to fight Goldstein.

SOS: Please, contact me at [www.lorpearson.com](http://www.lorpearson.com).

#MrBubblegumMusic has pirated my goods. Enough is enough from this scoundrel.

Here's a stupid bust. Another almost. I desired to get this piece published before the 50<sup>th</sup> Woodstock event. But the promoter backed out. Guess that timing didn't matter. That diehard rocker enthusiast friend, Elisha, said some doofus cretins were gonna have rappers' headline—which, of course, is not a celebration of the outlandish Sixties Woodstock. To promote interest, seems they're advertising Woodstock 2019, with a hologram of Jimi. Quick question to these folks. Was the image from a frame of my film? If so, did Goldstein sell it to y'all?

OMG. Woodstock was fifty years ago. What does that make me? Ugly? Sick with aches? Almost dead? Doing some research, I found that all but Goldstein is six-foot-under. FYI, Steven was about fourteen years older than I.

If I was middle-aged when I met Jimi, LAURA PEARSON would most probably be a goner who never buckled down and wrote about her EXPERIENCE with JOHNNY ALLEN HENDRIX, Jimi's birth name. (His father later changed it to, James Marshall Hendrix.) I was just over my teen, and so green I thought 'gay' meant 'happy.'

I wanna say more about my 'evergreen'—my right now as I delineate stuff. But first I must emphasize my cold-turkey out of drug usage, a life-change that happened in February 1972. The business experience in the rock industry left me empty, in despair of the worse f\*n downer of my life.

No matter the few years it took, clearly, it was at the 1969 Royal Albert Hall concert, where I tucked away high in a private alcove looking down at the mass wave of mesmerized fans, when I realized that I had to live away from the psychology of the madness of crowds that I witnessing—the mass wave of bodies, swaying together in uniformity. The symmetry of a popular delusion being once again birthed. Fans. (A word derivative of fanatics.) This was so new to me that I walked away perplexed. Not just for the moment. For decades. But that didn't stop me from forging the change needed.

When I happened upon a memoir on *popular delusions*, sometime after my 1997 involvement in the RICO lawsuit. I realized then that *delusions* can be collective, which causes the madness of crowds. But that knowledge didn't get to me in time for me to not jump-right-in hoping to profit once again from the Hendrix project, which was fair to think or assume for his fame had quadrupled.

What? When? How to make BIG money. I tied my kite strings to Hendrix, once again. At this moment I'm reminded of what a friend told me several years ago. She was raised in a richy-rich environment in Kentucky bluegrass country. She'd grown-up to be a reasonably wise woman, yet a bit cynical in her lust for money, which she wasn't able to procure through her profession. She barked: "A woman has only three ways to make money: Inherit it. Marry it. Steal it." Somehow, she left out gambling.

Lord! I wanted to work for it. And I had in the Hendrix project. So why not give it another shot?

## MY INVOLVEMENT—RICO LAWSUIT

In the late Nineties when we attempted to recoup monies from Goldstein with a \*RICO based lawsuit, which I have copies, the jackal had incorporated so many times that no savvy entertainment and/or tax attorney(s) were able to track the money. You can imagine, all this was beyond me. (\*RICO: Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act.)

How did I get involved in the lawsuit?

A letter arrived from Steven in April 1997. It took him a while to find me. We had not spoken for a long time. Was it 20 years? My lawsuit filing with him was finalized in December 1976—pray tell what the hell filing do I speak? Ah. That's the bombshell revealed soon.

In 1992, I had bought a Florida home in Saint Petersburg, while still renting in West Los Angeles. Dual citizenship for years and years, I laughed with friends—Rednecks vs. Liberals. (PS: It took me until 2016 to adore Florida.) Why eight years for the transition from CA to FL? I was attempting to evolve my CA ministry to having it thrive in FL.

Ministry? A Christian metaphysical one based on Love. (Think sorta like, but not really, *Marianne Williamson* :>) I needed to find answers to what had happened to my 'being' in Hendrix' London. Exactly three years, 36 months, after the RHA concert that we filmed of Jimi, in February 1972, I



found a book and demonstrated its truths, gave answers to the Hendrix experience that pierced my psyche in 1969.

Anyway, *again* Steven needed me. He knew I didn't want to talk with him, so in 1997, he had a partner of his contact me—A fella named John Gayer who had hired Steven as promo director at *California State University* at Dominguez Hills. The April 18, 1997 letter was sent to my Los Angeles rental.

The letter begins: “Dear Laura: I am a friend and partner of Steve Gold. He has asked me to contact you to make sure you are aware of your ownership position in the ‘Jimi Hendrix at Royal Albert Hall’ film you helped him produce in 1969.”

Gold had signed-off his rights to Goldstein, without my signing-off my rights to Gold. That is the crux of it as I understood from Steven when we talked later. I realize now, going through saved paperwork, that my emphasis should have been on my ‘other lawful’ rights.

To be clear, no RICO lawsuit ever paid us for our earnest work on the concert documentary. However, the exception was Goldstein. His alleged racketeering paid off for him—somehow, he scammed untraceable assets. I was told it was simple. Goldstein kept re-incorporating.

He had learned well from Steven how to do business under the radar. Difference was Goldstein was a heartless crook. Steven was trying to build a company on a ‘shoestring budget,’ but he never screwed the artists. Whereas, Goldstein took rights away from them. The original WAR band members could not use the brand. Goldstein had recreating the band with new musicians. This was all a part of the RICO lawsuit.

All this about THEM... is why I got lost on what I should have made a solo case from the start. You see, I had taken Steven up on his suggestion to secure my rights. I married him. In early Seventies we married in name only, always living apart. Thus, when he signed over his rights to Goldstein, I was still married to him. Thus, I was a third-party beneficiary of the 1992 settlement agreement between Goldstein and Gold. The film was not “part and parcel” of their ‘92 agreement. At least that’s what law firm Pepper, Moore & Smith LLC, New Orleans, Louisiana, claimed in a communication they made to me in July 7, 1997.

Note: Steven had moved to Louisiana to be close to the members of WAR, who as I said, were as well plaintiffs in the RICO lawsuit. They, too, were attempting to right Goldstein’s wrong—to recover royalties and to procure their label rights, which was to stop Goldstein from using their brand.

Clearly, he reviled us as we him, but he got away with defaming everyone in his purview. Mostly, I detest this scoundrel for interfering with my ability to have a lifestyle I wanted for us—the kids and me. Plus, timing was key if I was to return to acting career—an ingénue has a brief lifespan.

## MALES ON JIMI’S DEATH

Males in the music industry? Their influence was all about stressing Jimi half-to-death to fill their purse with more and more cash from music sales. Mostly, fellow musicians were jealous of his genius

thus blinded of the man's need. He had no real friend in them. That scoundrel #Shyster manager, Jeffery, was no wise counsel. He was all about nothing good. (Shyster is a perfect pejorative for it's a person who uses unscrupulous, fraudulent, or deceptive methods in business.)

A messy Jeffrey 'state of mind' was where Jimi was when Monika snapped all-too many sad headshots of him. Yes, she portrayed his 'inner' life. So disillusioned it seemed.

Back to the work of the day the business gal in me was so "stick to the plan" that in my dealings with gofers or roadie blokes, they actually saluted me the *Sieg Heil*—lazyass druggies they were. They had come to understand that I wasn't just a babe. I'm a warrior. I'll "hold the line" no matter personal sacrifice. Yeah, I was young. But it was me even if in bootcamp uniform. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't a control freak. Or was I? I just wanted to get their asses moving. But especially in those days, a woman had to work tons harder to get respect.

Sad that after his passing, some dickwads depicted crappy stuff about Jimi. Methinks due to their covetousness. Seems negativity about rubbing-elbows with him was their way to get the attention to step into notoriety. Just maybe they didn't know how to civilize an experience with him. More like they were still lost, never leaving the drug scene into the silent minority, as I had.

After meeting up with the likes of this genius, unknowingly, I had moved underground with a movement that had no members, but there were millions of us. We are defined in a 2000 book titled *The Cultural Creatives—How 50 Million People Are Changing The World*. Well, I presume most of us cultural creatives were liberal.

Today, I'm not so liberal though I'll always be hugging a tree. And, since a child, I testify to the Pledge of Allegiance to our Flag and one nation under God with Liberty and Justice for all—with my hand over my heart, praising God for this remarkable God blessed country. (Fuck you Reverend Jerimiah Wright and anyone who preaches or believes in "goddamn America!" See him on YouTube. He changed my vote.)

Anyway.

Maybe some males chose the 'sensational Jimi' for their own greed—like to sell a book. In 2009—almost 40 years after Jimi's passing, Hendrix' road manager and as well roadie to other stars like Elvis—James "Tappy" Wright, made a sensational claim in his memoir, *Rock Roadie*. He spouted-off that Jimi was murdered by his UK (2<sup>nd</sup>) manager, Michael Jeffery, who Tappy asserts confessed his crime to him. He even sets Monika in the plot.

With that said about Tappy's two-cents, I'd agree that Hendrix' manager Jeffery was lethal. That is of Jimi's spirit. Jeffery's mental games which were full blown on display for me to witness, caught Jimi in a matrix of recreational drugs. Emotional upheaval was Jeffery's main ploy. Thus, Jeffery mentally infused depression and next came intense anxiety into Jimi's veins until only more and more of a drug induced consciousness was his desired escape. Be sure to add Kathy to this strain, and boom. Fini.

Here's an outrageous claim that I just found online at FlashinLeather blog, titled *The Mysterious Death of James Marshall Hendrix*, published on March 18, 2018. Can't figure out who wrote it. The guy says,

*Beginning of Quote:* I never thought to question the ‘official story’ regarding the death of Jimi Hendrix. However, the older I get I realize that just about everything we hear from ‘official’ sources is bunk. Last week in his podcast, [Talk is Jericho](#), former WWE Star Chris Jericho, interviewed Richard Syrett. They discussed little known anomalies surrounding the death of the greatest guitar player of all time, Jimi Hendrix.

The ‘official’ cause of death was an overdose of barbiturates causing Hendrix to choke on his own vomit.

Here are some of the anomalies:

- Red wine was in Hendrix’ lungs and hair but not in his blood. (Waterboarding?)
- Jimi didn’t drink red wine according to his friends.
- James “Tappy” Wright was Jimi’s road manager.
- Mike Jeffery was Jimi’s [UK] manager and a “former” British MI-6 assassin. I put former in quotes because I’m not sure anybody is ever a “former” member of an intelligence agency.
- Jeffery was a very controlling manager. He is even suspected of planting drugs on Hendrix so he’d get in trouble and could then ride to his rescue.
- Hendrix was unhappy with Jeffery’s management and his contract with Jeffery was set to expire in a few months; Hendrix was unlikely to re-sign with him. [Lor here stating, “I can attest to this detail as true. Yes. Jimi told Steven and me.”]
- Jeffery had borrowed heavily from New York Mobsters to finance the building of Electric Land Studios in New York.
- Jeffery had a life insurance policy on Hendrix.
- Hendrix was staying at a hotel with his girlfriend Monika Dannemann. However, Hendrix was found dead, alone in his room.

The theory, as related to Richard Syrett by James “Tappy” Wright, is that Monika Dannemann slipped something to Jimi, so he’d pass-out (barbiturates). She then goes out to get cigarettes and in comes the “wet team” lead by the “former” MI-6 agent/assassin Mike Jeffery, who waterboards Hendrix with red wine, essentially drowning him.

Mike Jeffery’s motive was to collect on the insurance policy to re-pay the mob the money he borrowed to finance Electric Land Studios.

On March 2nd, 2018 [Rock-n-Roll Twilight Zone](#) podcast, Richard Syrett played an interview he had with Tappy Wright and Tappy says that Jeffery later admitted to him that he had killed Hendrix.

The one thing that I don’t get is what was Dannemann’s motive for assisting in the murder? I don’t get her motive unless she was threatened. *End of Quote.*

DON’T GET IT? Ya piranhas! You can say what you will because they’re all dead. Monika loved Jimi. RIP Monika.

Was Tappy a hyperventilating lackey to claim that Jeffery killed Jimi? Research lauds respect and love on this reputable roadie. Admittedly, criticism about him would be hasty for I don't recall him touring with us, nor have I read his book. His remarkable account of Jimi's murder, is confusing to say the least. But I'm in good company. For even the blokes quoted above are bewildered on what to believe. Truth? We will never know.

The scoop that we heard in Los Angeles initially was that Monika was with Jimi in their apartment. Certainly, if there was any suspicion back then, Kathy would have been 'all over it.' But she claims to not be a Hendrix fanatic like you know who. But wait! Here's a quote from UK's *The Independent*, Edition May 1996, after Monika's demise in April. Purpose of the interview by Mary Braid was for Kathy to answer rumors circulating that she was the cause of Monika's death. Although Braid's editorial is biased in favor of Kathy, even she has to be honest about Kathy's inconsistency. (Let's face it, Kathy is a liar through and through!

“Etchingham ... was a 23-year-old hairdresser when she dated Jimi. She was another person in another time, and she seldom thinks of Jimi these days, **she claims. But you wonder.** ...She cared enough to spend three years in the early Nineties investigating the circumstances surrounding Jimi Hendrix' death. She criticized Dannemann's account of Jimi's death for its 'inconsistencies.' And her 34-page dossier resulted in Scotland Yard reopening the case, although it was subsequently dropped.”

Oh, Yeah. Full of crap Kathy was stalking Monika. Madly jealous of Monika's relationship with Jimi, Kathy wanted to be THE ONLY. But think about it. Jimi dumped Kathy. As he promised to me, he got rid of this wacko or as he said, “haywire” chick.

So here we are again back in the cockpit with Kathy. Anyway.

We know historically there is nothing worse than a scorned woman. Kathy is the epitome of a soul taken over by dark forces. Even the movie I've praised, dissed Kathy in it by avoiding this lawsuit crazed ditched groupie. Guess what? Online, Kathy critiques the movie depiction of her as “absolute nonsense.” Oh yeah. She was pissed off. Gotcha colors Kathy-o!

For certain, especially because of Monika's brilliant 'real' art book encasing Jimi's dear notes and letters to her, even a postcard he mailed to her brother in Germany, I'm all in for the girl. However, folks! I'll have to forgive her for perpetrating what has become a modern-day meme. That Jimi was kidnapped. She has that in her book.

In Monika's book, you see such sadness in Jimi's face and in the way he postured himself. He was like a puppet whose head-string was so frayed that it was ready to break. Her celebrating him wasn't saving him. Truth? He was wiped out by the time she entered his life.

Interesting to me at this moment as I realize that I could not have sought out Monika when I returned to London in 2004, even if I knew how. For she had expired in 1996. I was there to interview folks that might have known Jimi. Again I stayed at the Royal Garden Hotel where Jimi I had had lunch often. I had traveled there to research a screenplay that I was writing about Jimi and me, which project I began after the humiliating, infuriating, frustrating loss of the lawsuit in the late Nineties—ya know the thing that got Hendrix upfront in my life once again.

The meaningful book was her eulogy in praise and honor of Jimi. So there you have it! I side with his girlfriend/fiancée—the talented Monika Dannemann. Rather than the hardass vengeful wanker Kathy who, when I met, I had an instantaneous repulsion. Ya may know the feeling!

## JIMI'S ESTATE—NO WILL

Jimi unknowingly gave his fortune away to evil people. “Proof is in the pudding”—which means ya know by how the pudding tastes, whether it's good or bad. So let's see. Jeffrey profited. Then music producer(s), attorneys and/or International companies profited, as of circa 1974, from Hendrix' catalogue until a, *so to speak*, \*Kung-fu lawsuit.

Besides for exercise, \*Kung-fu is a discipline that is practiced especially for self-defense and spiritual growth. Can you see, #DearReader, how that even in Jimi's demise, spirituality was working its purpose out as year succeeded to year?

That's right—a Kung-fu lawsuit, which was filed in the early 1990s, and won ending the scammers outrageous rip-off.

The lawsuit was filed by Jimi's Dad. The once aspiring performer, dancer, and (minor) boxing champ, Al Hendrix, when he learned in April 1993 that MCA Music Entertainment was prepping to buy his son's recording and publishing copyrights for \$40 million, from a pair of Int'l companies that claimed to own them. Al Hendrix had put on his 'gloves' and won the match of a lifetime, won the lawsuit in 1995.

The volume of Jimi's music catalogue, was so immense that the United States Library of Congress copyright department opened a sub-department to register the transfers of ownership.

So then, until 1995 Hendrix' dad, Jimi's first-in-line blood relative was denied all but a pittance of Jimi's mounting prosperity. I read somewhere it was something like \$500 a month that was paid to Al, then working as a janitor. Not bad extra money when you're a laborer. Unless and until you realize what vast amounts of money your son's recording royalties were garnering—to strangers, no less, who somehow had gotten their dirty hands on Jimi's estate. Understand, Al Hendrix had had no knowledge of what evil dark forebodings lawyers can evoke in one's life and summon in a court of law. I learned it, too.

In the long run, his son's success treated Al and Al's adopted-daughter, Janie—the youngest of Ayako's five children, quite well. I mention this because Janie now owns the purse-strings—I read that Al *Willed* Janie along with Al's nephew, Robert Hendrix, the company, *Experience Hendrix*, which controls the rights to the Hendrix estate.

Jimi was in the Army when Al married Janie's mom, June. Janie was 3 y/o in 1966 when Al met Ayako, who went by June, the month of her birth. (June passed in 1999, but she and Al had separated in 1986.) Al passed in 2002. (He was born in 1919.)

I had a brief but cordial phone conversation with Leon, Jimi's brother, on November 7, 2019. As I recall he mentioned Janie's control of the *Hendrix Estate* and his unsuccessful 2002 lawsuit to overturn his father's *Will*, which case he lost in 2004. That his wife had passed. That he was disheartened. It cost him everything.

I could hear that it was still driving him crazy that being Jimi's blood brother and his precious friend since childhood, who also wore cardboard to line his shoes, that Janie saw fit to X him out of Jimi's fortune.

I so appreciated Leon calling me back. I had left word for him through his website, had left my website address to verify me, so to speak, and I made a request that he write a foreword to my book.

Leon Marshall Hendrix, Jimi's 6yr. younger brother by Al and Lucille Jetter Hendrix, was left out of benefiting from Jimi's estate. Now that's a mindblower, and you don't need to drop acid to be fearful of the space it creates between one's heart and sanity.

In trying to get my arms around it, I realize that Al set the tone. Al had disowned Leon. Leon had drug issues and served prison time. Somehow things never got forgiven. I surmise this was a humiliation to proud hardworking Al as well as the family. Thus he was unable to forgive his second, his youngest son though Leon has been "clean" for well over a decade.

Janie must have experienced her step-father's agonizing over Leon, as the drama over many exhausting years of Leon's drug addiction terrorized Al. Any good woman sides with the ones they love. Janie, obviously, was a loving daughter and protector of her father. Good for her!

Nevertheless, considering Jimi's ever-growing rich estate, it was so sad to hear that Leon was in financial straits. Confusing, to say the least! It was a major mess that Jimi did not have a *Will*. But the way we live our lives and put our family through the drama, has consequences. Sad Leon is still hurting. But he has a gift from God. He's a talented guitarist, too.

I'm still waiting for him to write that foreword.

It was a quarter of a century later and about time for the rightful heir, Al, to reap realistic benefits from Jimi's musical treasures. Though in fairhandedness, just sayin', maybe some good was promoted by these pirates—for example, Jimi owed back taxes, which Jeffrey let happen, and these music mogels increased Jimi's exposure. Thus, Jimi's estate lucked out when Jimi became more popular posthumously.

As mentioned, *they* didn't quite leave Al out of the blessing of his son's lifework. But, allegedly, ESTATE lawyer Leo Branton had at some point bought out Michael Jeffery, and subsequently, was unaccountable to Al on royalty benefits. (What a f\* mess for Al!)

Please, don't ask how Branton EXACTLY wound up with control of the Hendrix estate after Jeffery was killed in an airplane crash in 1973? (Yes, as I mentioned earlier that 1973 was a significant year. Jeffrey was killed in a mid-air crash over Nantes, France. Anyway.) I would bet my bottom dollar that nobody could draw a straight line on the "Branton takeover."



Imagine. Jimi died in 1970. Yet it wasn't until 1995ish and that Kung-fu 2-year court case, brought by his father that Jimi stopped 'turning in his grave!' (Sorry, I do have a lit' bit of Irish in me.)

BTW. If ya wanna drive farther down, meandering a pothole road—a wretched avenue in Jimi's business afterlife—its online. All kind-a confusing road maps are there.

I found a good read in an article by Peter Allsopp, an estate attorney, titled: *Jimi Hendrix, Ongoing Estate Litigation*. It's brief, and I question some facts he states. One thing I appreciated getting savvy about was when Allsopp addresses the unfair treatment of Jimi's brother, Leon, specifically because Jimi did not have a Will. So, as the wheels turned, Al wrote Leon out of *his* Will

NOTE an old adage:

“A mother is a mother all of her life. A father is a father until he gets a new wife.”

## SPIRITUAL ZONE—ONE

My disagreement with music aficionados is that they judge Jimi wrongly when they pigeonhole him outside the SPIRITUAL-ZONE where his dreams were realized. Jimi reached out to God. He didn't expect God to find him. He did the seeking. (Maybe I'm talking more about myself here, but this is the truth that I saw in beloved Jimi.)

Face it! Jimi didn't get where he did without vision. That vision, of course, was mental. As the mental, like love, is not matter based in its very nature, spiritual vision is one's ability to see beyond today. (See what I mean about everything really is mental?)

Notwithstanding, I met Jimi at the time he was losing sight of his most cherished human yearning, his dream of developing his own recording studio to play and make music until his heart felt fulfilled. But for our purpose, let's call it a *Grammy Award* mass appeal dream. I saw how Jeffrey would stymie Jimi asleep in the nightmare of Jeffrey's mindset—serving filthy lucre, which is blood money. The outcome of wicked deception.

Those lies about what he was doing to ensure Jimi's proposed dream, were constant. When in truth, Jeffrey wasn't sure if Jimi's dream of a recording studio of his own, would make him (Jeffrey) get richer quicker scheme work. (Irony is that Jeffrey was killed in 1973—just a few years after he killed Jimi's spirit. And maybe person. (I ask you #DearReader: What's the difference to an artist?))

Jeffrey's dissimulation— (concealment, dishonesty, camouflage, suppression) —accosted, ambushed, trapped, and waylaid Jimi. I heard that double-faced crap! Jeffrey tore at Jimi's stardom agenda, or rather genius, and the music that he desired to produce “in his own studio,” to follow his highest behest beckoned by his astral travels. He was slowly asphyxiating his body. (Yeah, I mean that!)

In Jeffery's corrupt toxic testosterone management atmosphere, what was once a decent kid from Seattle, Washington, became a rogue in London. A rogue that caught the heart of an ingénue, projecting an *Academy Award* dream: Laura! We both WOKE in a zone we hadn't expected as an answer to our 1960s dreams. Jimi was dead. And I went totally into a Christianly-metaphysical zone that didn't include Hollywood. And was without Jimi.

Funny how time works. Now it's 2020, and I'm with Jimi (in spirit) again. This time rather than an intended article to celebrate the 50<sup>th</sup> RAH, no less Woodstock, it has unfolded in book form for as I soon saw, there was so much more to share about us. It has been a bitch of a journey to sort this memoir out. Well worth it though, for much mental cleansing has ensued.

THANKX for hanging in there with me, #DearReader though I must apologize for an overabundant gratitude. I sadly realize that most peeps don't accept accolades with grace.

I truly believe that I added a dimension to Jimi's spirituality just being there for a moment in his journey. Unfortunately, I didn't articulate it to him. For I was still a babe in the woods. I had no words yet. Neither did Jimi have many words for me. Lotsa haunting deep penetrating looks.

I'm reminded of a tribute I saw online at [historylink.org](http://historylink.org), referring to Jimi's 1969 Seattle trip: "This was Jimi's final visit to Seattle and the last time Al would ever see him alive. At the boarding ramp at the airport, Al said [to his son,] "Keep your nose clean."

Al recalled Jimi started towards the plane but came back and looked into his eyes. He went down the ramp again but turned around, came back to Al and just looked at him. "He did this three times," Al recalled.

Al then highlighted his interview by stating what he thought to himself the last time Jimi returned to him, "Will I ever see him again?"

Al knew. He wasn't green when it came to those who would like to darken your joy.

When in business, I became a force of nature. Seemed my ignorance was beneficial for I had no fear or caution. I'd charge ahead. With all honesty, I attest that the men that I have loved have deserted me due to my vision and strength, calling me too "independent" in other words 'too difficult' to ever harmonize with their everyday stuff. I couldn't win, so to speak.

But the story wasn't over.

As it is said, "We spend our years as a tale that is told." But not in the SPIRITUAL ZONE. The story is never over, really, when we let the "sunlight of Truth" melt our toxicity. When we choose the reality of GOOD, thus vanish mankind's *evil* ways. Life is a choice between the good or the evil side. As Mary Baker Eddy states, "One hides the other. How important then to choose good as the reality."

Finally after this piece, I can say GOODBYE to confusion about what happened back when with Jimi, for I've ironed it out. Rather than thru psychotherapy, which is so self-centered, it has been through my consecration to my creative juices

#DearReader we made it thus far. Now it's up to the Universe to spread the word, so to speak. You know like word of mouth or advertising or an idea that just shows up in someone's head.

## SPIRITUAL ZONE—TWO

If Jimi had any *will* left on that foggy London night September 18, 1970, as his body gave up, he went to that science fiction place he fancied, adored, and with which he harmonized every string of his guitar.

There's no telling how far he went over the rainbow. To perceive it would challenge us to then define our rainbow. Generations of guitarists since Hendrix' career was birthed, have knelt before his musical genius unable to recreate a vibration close to his lightning strikes. He created an unworldly sound with his teeth, which nimble fingers couldn't do. His tongue then vibrated a brain recharge. Hendrix was thereby moving in an astral-plan he himself did not really comprehend. He just knew he was the minstrel of its knightly prowess.

Sad that he sustained for us this crazy bodily commitment to his guitar for only a short lifespan. Glad though that his energy lives on. Unmatched.

Here's a projection I'm most probably foolishly making before the weighty scrutiny of devotees of other talented electric-guitarists. That is. Projecting *why* they have failed to surpass his genius. Ah! They didn't embrace the SPIRITUAL-ZONE that Jimi fearlessly travelled within. He found his music in a spiritual space that inspired him. And fans? He inspired all of us to reach for ours. (I attest to that!)

**Look at** other (electric) guitarists of the day or today! I went online to substantiate my hunch. There's a list at [thetoptens.com](http://thetoptens.com) of what most think are the ten Greatest Electric Guitarists.

An anonymous commenter said this: "Without Hendrix, you wouldn't have any of the electric guitarists on this list. Shredding, feedback, and loads of other little techniques on the guitar wouldn't be used as frequently. This man [Hendrix] did more for the guitar in a three-album career than *Synyster Gates* will ever, ever do.

Seems top guitarists besides Hendrix, were about a secular 'thang' in a world of a godless-rock-n-roll. No Jesus lyrics. Let's look at 5 on the list, not including Jimi, in order by birthdates, not by rating:

Frank Zappa, born 1940, died 1993. He was an atheist and outspoken against religion.

Look at founder of Led Zeppelin, Jimmy Page, born 1944. Handsome Jimmy has been considered a “statutory rapist” for, while in his twenties, he had an affair with a 13 y/o known as “baby groupie.” Doesn’t seem Jesus was much in his thought.

Eric Clapton, born 1945, who disgraced his marriage with infidelity and domestic violence. In 1991 while in his ex-wife’s care, his 4 y/o son fell from a NYC balcony to his death. (Karma? Or am I being disgustingly judgmental?)

I love and respect monogamist John Francis Bongiovi Jr.—that is Jon Bon Jovi, born 1962. Yet he apologizes for his spirituality. Saying, “I’m a recovering catholic.” Of course, I get those folk. But why resign without another path?

Then there’s Eddie Van Halen, born 1955. He’s a character unlike the others. I feel for this talented Dutchman, for he seemed left without mercy, winding-up a medical mess after his life of alcoholism and smoking, which began at age 12. Eddie boasts of being a virtuoso pianist—while in Holland, at the age of 6 he studied classical music—before he immigrated to America in 1962 with his folks.

He felt he was better than Hendrix or any the others, though he admired Clapton and learned from him by *just* listening to his albums, while a teenager.

Someone online quoted Eddie as saying, “satanic guitar playing came from God.” He had read a 2015 Billboard lead story on Eddie. The cover photo was of Eddie with the title, “The Last Guitar God,” with a subtitle, “*Eddie Van Halen conquered drugs, booze and cancer, but heavy metal’s Hendrix now has his greatest challenge...*”

I did more research on ol’ rocker Eddie than I wanted to, but this guitarists says a lot of wonderful things, so I kept reading. (Reading until a day went by.) I kept on feeling more and more uneasy about this dude. There was always this question: Was it only *his* truth? If so. He seemed to try to be omniscient truth. He disagreed with everybody, which seemed to me unrealistic and would only be the-take of a mixed-up megalomaniac. Or course, being an alcoholic from an early age, distorts reality.

I found Sammy “Red” Hagar’s 2011 autobiography, *Red: My uncensored Life in Rock*, which depicts Eddie as a “violent, booze-addled vampire, living inside a garbage house resembling the mansion from *Grey Gardens*”—I found this pretty-well describing Eddie. Eddie is quoted in the Billboard article as agreeing that he was an angry drunk, but he denies, what he calls Hagar’s “embellished” story as “painting a picture of something that never happened.”

Gotta give it Eddie, he knew how to paint-talk himself sane, even at the expense of others—he was quite critical of others. Downright mean. Referring to his medical challenges, I find one of them interesting seen through the eye of irony, his tongue was mostly cut out to cure cancer. He said, “I’m not a drunk anymore, but since they cut out my tongue, I sound drunk.” His sobriety was in 2004.

After knowing Eddie’s reality from 12 on, was gained from the drug of alcohol. I question this—How could a drunk remember his abusive ways? And when did Eddie record *For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge*?

In contrast to Sammy Hagar's account. Think again on those things bandmate Billy Cox said of Jimi: "It is exciting to know that the world has yet to truly be exposed to Jimi's genius. Maybe one day the overshadowing rumours that are used by some to cloud his image [people who didn't even meet Jimi] will be replaced by an understanding of the man I knew — a child of the universe, a guitar master, a warm and gentle soul." *Guitar Player*, May 1989:

And "There's one thing about Jimi nobody ever wants to discuss, the metaphysical Jimi Hendrix. [except Lor] No one's ever touched the surface of the real Jimi Hendrix..." *Guitar World*, September 1985.

And "Jimi and I were locked together spiritually... that doesn't happen so much nowadays." *Guitar World*, January 8, 2020

So there you have it..

I'm sticking with my opinion. Seems to me other great metal guitarists fingered their way to success from zip codes. Jimi traveled in an astral space. Jimi was able to combine his wild stuff with the accompaniment of drugs, sex, and rock 'n' roll. Yes. But while he remained a lover of and held a relationship with our Master metaphysician, Jesus. And Jimi was a kind soul. Only Kathy denies him this quality. Don't listen to her. She created ugly drama. And her projections after the fire settled, was her looking at herself. Just sayin'!

#DearReader, I had to say it to be true to the inner-world of *Jimi & Laura*.

# Part Two

Part Two is mostly Laura's *Coming of age through spiritual growth*. There's no story without me honoring my relationship with God. From teenager to woman. That chore taken-up involves lots of folding fresh laundry.

Still this hard-working good woman knows, ironing out the wrinkles in a linen shirt or blouse is thankless. The minute your body heat touches the fabric and you tuck the shirt in or belt the blouse, wrinkles immediately appear. It's like that in everyone's story. The minute you get out of bed things get worn and look unkept.

Here goes the Part Two. Where I iron-out *my* story. Yet, against my will it will stand incomplete. For in a woman's world such effort is similar to fine linen that wrinkles quickly as it covers her naked body, looking worn so easily. It wrinkles and wrinkles. Voluntarily, against her will.

In Part One, where reasonable, we pitched a linear account of the dry toxic cold male disdain of Jimi. All that *stuff* totally destroyed the musician we adore. (FYI I'm hard-pressed separating who was truly masculine.)



## DECADES

As decades have passed, it seems *#MyHendrixExperience—an untold story* with Jimi is the closest thing I've come to kissing sought after recognition that was to sooth the pain of childhood. Like I've implied being on the Big Screen, I thought, would facilitate the attention I desired. A long, long time ago I desired and worked hard for Mr. Oscar. Instead I got awarded co-ownership in *The Hendrix Experience Euro Tour* filming, which turned out to be just The Royal Albert Hall Concert filming of Jimi Hendrix one February 24, 1969. Now that is a fun fact—a horse of another color that I'll draw later.

No matter. Fate brought us together, almost instantly it sobered me up. For within a few years I was on a spiritual quest, away from drugs and Hollywood's perversion for youth. That is the meat of why Jimi is so important to my life. My meetup with him catapulted me out of a self-indulgent hell. Nothing ever would be the same. The game with fame had gone kerplunk, but hope remained.

## SOMEWHERE IN TIME

*Laura & Jimi* seem like a dream. Mostly, *A Somewhere in Time* with which captivation remains to return for true love. Honestly, is it envy with fame that brings me back to make 'terms' with what happened? I have this queasy feeling that I can't answer that question honestly. *#DearReader* you know how I'd like to answer it.

To make a statement in 'our' book—remember *#DearReader*, your imagination has made you an interactive writer. Let's face it, you probably are hearing things I haven't written. And may have done me the favor of editing *our* book better than I've written it. TY. God bless you!

Truth? Yes, I felt screwed up when I began writing this piece. Sane now. Heart is soaring that in the saying I was given a fresh 'lease on life.' I've freely spoken my truth which is the ultimate liberty. That you're reading it, is the passage I needed. For this special time in my life deserved a reckoning with Truth.

In these moments of sorting stuff out, I have found the ability to forgive my decades of hesitation. I've found "me" standing face to face with Jimi and saying, "hey friend. I am so privileged to have done some astral travels with you. I love you for trusting me with life-words about you. RIP my beloved hero. You pointed me in the way that I may in time, save myself."

Glad I didn't give-up on myself. So *#DearReader* being here brings some worth to this part of my life as I honor Jimi to be the kind gentleman he was. And think of it, I'm just 1/3 done writing this memoir.

Here's a repeat example of this Dear man. The idea he voiced in the November 1969, interview with Alan Smith of *Hit Parade*:

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

A nature that knew how to look down from a stellar sky.

## ASTROLOGICAL UNDERPINNING

Jimi was birthed with a certain predestination, the minor of which is an astrological influence. His is a #FireSign as is mine, but he’s a Sagittarius born November 27, 1942, a bit older than I. Charted to be radically independent. Craving excitement with open arms. Capable of true friendship. Selfless kindness. Definitely feelin’ lucky. Like, *hey Foxy!*

Forever *Foxy*? Certainly, I’m feelin’ lucky. You see, in that Jimi has become a legend—living beyond his earth life of 27 years, he passed-away September 18, 1970—my ‘timeline’ with him remains relevant. Always something special from my past. Frozen, mind you. Though presently thawing. So, please, take heed #DearReader.

I suppose the best explanation of why I didn’t, earlier than this, put some skin on my story is just that I didn’t value #MyHendrixExperience with Jimi enough. So I left it an untold story. And believed it would remain that. But one day his spirit again, overwhelmed me.

Yet, it sounds untrue that I didn’t value what was happening back then. More like I was fearful. All the legal mess with the budding LA music biz, after his passing, soon dissed my relevancy in his life. It seems that I needed a lifecycle to chill to not care or be fearful of the naysayers harm, who would begrudge even this writing. But wait. Most of them are dead. Though two remain alive. One of which is a feckless joke-of-a-man, who is crucial to right the wrong. Which is my right to profit from my ownership of the Hendrix film project, I co-produced. He won’t. He was and is the most malevolent man. Worse than a scoundrel. He’s a murderer of our spirit. (I shall soon expose him in full detail.)

As well, I can see I needed the #MeToo movement to support my voice publicly when I claim, RAPE. Actually, he wasn’t the first person to defile me. My ‘coming of age’ was tainted by such shameful transgressions, which sat in the dark recesses of memory, making a memoir agonizingly provocative.

Here I am not just a Helen Reddy *I AM WOMAN*—*invincible*. I’m an Aretha girl giving “all you want,” but just wantin’ a little respect. R.E.S.P.E.C.T. Just a little bit to present my story to open hearts.

Surprisingly, Jimi and my story began in a setting that may be likened to the environment of the Roaring Twenties. Significant prosperity but excessive living contrasted by musical fun-lovin’ poor folk laboring to feed their loved ones while hanging at scat singing dives to dance the weekends ‘til Sunday church time, to relieve the sinful pain of poverty. The pain of not being anything but a number to most.

Sexually crazed free-spirited youth down deep were very upset. Angry groves of what soon would be labeled Baby Boomers, were about making the Sixties psychedelic while fostering civil unrest. Rich

or poor, everywhere pandering fools revolted to change patterns, especially within the white-collar world.

The Sixties were a crazy shift away from the way my hardworking middle-class American family lived. The salt-of-the-earth “corn belt” maternal decent folk. And hardworking immigrant paternal folk.

My unexpected truth is that even though I had the nuclear family American dream solid in my heart, I found myself in the eye of the extraordinary tempestuous experiment of the Sixties revolution against the cultural ‘norm.’ The 1963 assassination of President Kennedy, shook Americans to the bone. And me! I remember being in the supermarket and dropping my shopping bag to rush home to see the news on TV.

In 1969 the Vietnam War was still raging. Youth were either rebelling against government or they were waving their tie-dyed banner of #FreeLove, letting it blow wildly in their parent’s face. That was Jimi and me. We were among the Sixties youth, stoked by lust for free-expression, we turned from venerated institutions. There I was, somehow, with Hendrix defining the Sixties as ‘sex, drugs, and rock ‘n’ roll,’ roaring fiercely against my nuclear family—the perfect foursome was a husband and two children—one a boy and one a girl. (This will unfold as I peel-the-onion.)

Rockers played a vital part on this huge platform for change. The adage of “The storm is upon us,” found footing in my generation. We were hell-bent to prove that “we were the storm.” Well done to us Baby Boomers who weathered it! Sad for many as it became an apocalypse for them. Our heartbeat minstrels did not survive long—our Pied Pipers who scared the bats out of our belfries by leading us to hippie-land, away from authoritarianism. Perished. Pied Pipers who died at the magic age of 27, within months of one another. September 1970, Jimi Hendrix. October 1970, Janis Joplin. July 1971, Jim Morrison. (Sorry, if I left your *icon* out.)

There was more than my astrological underpinning wreaking havoc on my Dear Soul when I met him. I had suffered from ignorant jokes as all blonde-beauties do. Horndogs do that on purpose to lower our guard that they may through intimidation, have their way with us. Have us kneeling, just about crotch high, in shame of our innocent beauty. We girls were the guilty ones for being voluptuous. Not them. They had power over us. Truth in my era? Men lusted for blondes. Ask any girl named Marilyn.

Anyway. I’m not just a Leo Sun sign. My moon is in \_\_\_? (Can’t find the friggin chart.) For sure Leo Rising with houses in Scorpio and Virgo—as charted by a human-design astrologist. So, of course I’m pigeonholed as *OVERLY* everything. Melodramatic. Melodramatic. Vain. Vain. Artistic. Generous. Loyal. Confident.

So confident that when energized, I scare people. Mesmerize them. That is while they are in my presence. Behind my back they thought I couldn’t hear them fume with distain, mostly jealous that they were duds as I was exploding with truth and spirit. I could *feel* their nasty mal-thoughts (mal is Greek meaning *bad*) projections. Unknowingly, they hoped to make me stumble. Truth? They just made me angry—I don’t need to preach it. Anger is not a good thing for a trusting soul.

Back then I was illiterate and stubborn and feisty. Mostly, I compensated for my inadequacy by trying to be tough. Despite that armor, I’d give in as the formidable ocean does to the touch of a finger. You see, the real me would skulk-away rather than ‘really’ stand-up to ‘them’ with how I felt. I blindly

suffered from a fault diametrically opposed to **independence**—I wanted “him” to accept me. Even to be appreciated by anyone.

Worse? I talked myself into submission to others’ lust and jealousy as if it was my own, for fear that otherwise their rejection would be the death of me. That’s why in my midlife crisis, I wrote confessional poetry. And even read some s\* at the Museum of Fine Arts in St. Petersburg, Florida.

Because I needed to be loved, I cowered from my intellectual strength, not like the lion in *The Wizard of Oz*. Yet with my tail held tight in my hands, I would not purr while under their spell. Depression? Of course, it set in. Sadly, it has taken me my lifespan, all these decades to not give a crap about ‘them.’ My imagined enemies, and maybe a few ‘real’ ones.

See? I know much of that stuff is vanity. Probably no one cared, really. They were stymied by the proverbial umbilical cord wrapped around ‘their’ necks. Anyway. I didn’t enact the infamous lion’s roar ‘til later in life when I cut ties with my birth throes. Glad I’ve lived long enough to have the ability to pop my middle finger to unwrap that cord from my neck. But mostly to critics! Detractors.

Yet this is sad because most likely the infamous “they,” I was most probably *their* enemy if in fact Bad Thoughts have power. You see, I didn’t like lots of people as I was growing up when I was controlled by them. And I actually thought my dislike of them was a payback for their harm of me. It took me ages to realize that “He who thinks it, gets it.” Thus I suffered from my own negativity wrapped around my neck.

Get this! Ya know, I’ve put some weight in astrological predestination which tells a lot about character tendencies. Well! Because of my mother’s unusual gestation period of 10 months—my Birth Certificate notes that I was 10-lunar months in the womb—obstetricians were not inclined to force labor back then. So, if born in 9 months, my predestination would fall under Cancer. That makes some ‘real’ sense about why I’m conflicted. Oh yeah, I’ve been conflicted not knowing why I was so ignorant about who I am. But how I let others tread on me.

In a normal pregnancy the OB “doing his thing” like they all seem to do nowadays, I would have been a C-section. Born with a predestination of a Cancer: Tenacious. Highly imaginative. Loyal. Emotional. Sympathetic. Persuasive. As well: moody, pessimistic, insecure. (Someone left out VANITY.) That is so me! It totally fits me better than the Leo BS of being confident. Ha!!! I’ve been anything but. Yet I have always had guts. Maybe I was trying to be faithful to the LEO label?

Jimi’s last girlfriend, Monika Dannemann (more soon,) interviewed by the blokes who wrote the book earlier quoted, talked about Jimi’s mindset in astrology and astronomical stellar stuff.

On p.460 she is quoted as saying and as I had seen: “He had some psychic powers, he could see visions; he could recall astral\* travels. . .”

\*Astral projection is an intentional out-of-body-experience.

I’d say this. It’s like looking not up to the stars, but looking down from them. Very cool mind-blowing experience indeed, altering your body for a moment to divest yourself of earth

weights as I have managed to do often since meeting Jimi and studying a book, which I'll later share more about.

No matter, my #DearReader, instead of using my God-given strength of character to be like a Leo (haha if this predestine thing is real), I was overly sympathetic, aimed to please everybody. Thus, I seemed to please nobody, especially myself. I loathed myself through the eyes of others and such blindness had me screaming for help. So I coward from the descent with a little help from drink. Not that I knew any better. Everyone drank back then. And smoked. And doctors prescribed uppers and downers like they were candy-lifesavers. Mind you, the prescribed drugs were from my mother-in-law who was a rich Palm Springs bitch of a hypochondriac.

At first, I enjoyed with my husband the oblivion and hardness of liquor—on weekends when the kids were being babysat. (Unbeknownst to me, he was drinking during workdays, too.) Then when my drunken hubby deserted us, I enjoyed tonics with fellow workers after my shift as a cocktail waitress at the plush downtown spot, the Statler Hilton Lounge—a Tiger themed Club that was in competition with Playboy Club's bunny theme.

I did not like the down feeling of beer or marijuana. Speed made me feel like I was having a heart attack.

Lastly, only psychedelic drugs were my high.

## TEEN MARRIAGE

Jimi-fans—I was quite insecure back when. I wore a gregarious mask to cover this weakness, to hide my vulnerability. Steven liked to tease: “I can see down deep past those mesmerizing blue-limbal-ring green eyes with gold specks.” He was wrong. Jimi did. I could feel it.

Seemed Jimi was attracted to girls that he could see through. I'm thinking of Devon Wilson, Jimi's NYC girlfriend, somewhat before his fame. Her “gruff, assured exterior” was not true; it had been implied that her heart was riddled by insecurity and self-doubt. Biographers revel that Jimi and Devon's relationship was tumultuous through the three years that they dated. They proved right. For she was DOA by the time Jimi made it big in London.

I'm telling #MyHendrixExperience by wearing a mask once again. (OMG, it hurts.) My vanity remains to this day. In a man's world, especially in the Sixties, most exquisite women used their looks rather than their smarts to get ahead, no less pay their bills. Some things never change for men who use women. They love eye candy. Yep, a Venus & Mars for most girls from the get-go of childhood.

And that ain't so bad compared to today's climate of lusting for the feminine. Look at our national travesties against girls. I was so proud when Weinstein was arrested. Justice!!! But that didn't last long. California has a Bill which makes pedophilia just a fetish. Not a crime? This outrages me. It

should outrage all decent people. Dirty truth? As a child, I was abused at home in many ways. I know I'm not alone in this offense.

#DearReader I cry this forward for the very reason that that is the baggage which weighed me down as a child in Chicago's northside. I took it with me as our family traveled Route66 to Los Angeles' plush westside, and it was with me, buried down deep, in London sitting on Jimi's bed.

Here's a lily-of-a-bio that may shine light on my emotional makeup when I met Jimi: At virgin 13 we moved from beloved Chi town, to clean Pacific air, Los Angeles' magnificent Palisades cliffs. I was a virgin in heaven—beautiful California. (The sexual abuse as a child was molestation, not penetration.)

Two years in the warm pristine climate of Southern California at virgin 15, I was dating a Brad Pitt type good-looker college dude with a spanking new red corvette drivin' Playboy-Club-member from the richy-rich West side of Los Angeles whose friends included a Tishman offspring—family was megamillion high-rise real estate developers.

We did road racing in the hills. Like James Dean ivy-league style. No matter the thrill as the co-pilot to call out twist 'n turns in a pre-mapped course—racing friends wildly through the mountainous terrain—I didn't want to date him anymore.

He was mean about stupid stuff, scolding me that I didn't know how to prepare romaine lettuce for a salad. "Don't cut it! Rip it! Goddamn it!" Not only did I hate that he swore like that, I could see the writing on the wall. I didn't wanna be treated like I was handled at home. I feared that his next move was to slap me around like Mom did daily.

But my pride overtook my logic, for he had a lot going for him. And he wanted me. Hands down he was a great makeout. I felt the moon and the stars light up in me. Easily I could have given in to him. It was hot and heavy, getting to close for me to deal with. So I 'cooled my jets.' Like, didn't return phone calls.

But Mom insisted that I continue to date him, and was aggressive about it. "He's the one for you! Look, he's rich." Ha no! His family was rich.

I felt so perplexed that that summer, I even went back to Chicago to stay with Nana, my maternal grandmother-soulmate who owned and lived in the first level of the brownstone where I was raised. Before I left Robin asked me, the virgin, to go steady. Seriously? No. I have the postcard that I wrote to God on the airplane. I was freaked by a movie I saw titled *Blue Denim*—a controversial flick about two teens in crisis. She became pregnant. Should she abort? The romance ended there.

Upon my return I come to find out from Mom that Robin hounded her. I just was not up to seeing him. No matter my feeling, Mom persisted. I recall the Waterloo. It was the day that I refused to come downstairs when he came-calling unannounced. Mom sent him upstairs. He entered my lavender painted room. And he was so good-looking, I melted once again. Chemistry.

Six months after age 16, I gave in to our passion. A setting from the movie *Splendor in The Grass*—unbridled passion. We were in his parent's Revello Drive home where he lived, they were at the Palm Springs home. The Pacific Ocean sheened in moonlight and roared a symphony of true love. My heart was racing.



That first hook-up maxed out my teen life. I was no longer a virgin, and I was pregnant. It was if I had recreated *Blue Denim*. Everyone tried to get me to abort. I refused. When they didn't take no for an answer, I cried. And cried and cried. (More later.)

Next, I became a shamed pregnant high school dropout. Remember back then, most classmates were programmed by conceited and arrogant intolerant authoritarian folks, who were indoctrinated with fundamental religious authority on what is right for you vs. what is right to them.

We married in Las Vegas, with his mother and brother, Sherwood, as witnesses. (Gotta shoutout that Sherwood became a lifelong friend.) We had two kids by the time I was 17 ½ and he turned 22. To make this short from my POV, let me dismiss him further from this story by stating that when he had advanced to a fifth of Bourbon a night, he found someone else and deserted us.

Though pregnancy got me out of Mom's madhouse and married, it fueled smoldering embers from earlier abuse. The result? I was freaking angry. But of course, I didn't know how much so. Ignorant that the destructive behavior which pillaged many years of my youth, was about to make my adult life a charade—as in mistake after mistake was made while I hid my shame. More like I was stuck in it. For I *all-but*-hated my Mom because she messed with my destiny.

Basic problem with making mistakes (or bad choices) was nothing more than, I undervalued my intellect and was lazy about doing something about my education. I was like an untethered balloon, floating in beautiful blue yonder atmosphere. Some called me a sponge as my jaw dropped around 'smart' people. Every rotten personality around me seemed to control me. Worse? I had let my heart stray into agnosticism.

Fast forward. When still in a state of unawareness, Jimi and I dropped acid.

## HIPPIE or FREE SPIRIT

The Sixties was not about Eros per se. My youth-filled generation was about the “god of free-love,” but it did not embrace child sexual abuse or physical harm to one another by un-consensual sex. We individually sought consensual pleasure.

Pleasure was our antidote to puritanical authoritarianism. We rebelled against folks in society who were making sex dirty if it was outside the marriage covenant. We did not realize the older folks and those wise in society were hip to such practices as SRA. They were trying to protect our innocence. Ya know! That “real” feel-good which makes life less complicated.

Free-spirited pretty well describes actress Laura & musician Jimi. Not bad kids all-in-all. We were beautiful and sexy while passionately chasing our dreams to free us from our surroundings. We created our artistic-selves out of thin air. Jimi could not read music. An abused youngster he found himself in a musical mist. For due to family poverty, he jammed with a “broom” by way of improvising that

it was his guitar. I on the other hand, couldn't concentrate at school, nor finish reading a book due to childhood trauma—daily being slapped around by my mother and sexual abuse from my older brother and later by my step-dad. The great poets were my enlightenment. I devoured their stature—their calming influence and exciting education. My absolute favorite was, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

It has been said that Longfellow was the sort of Bard most needed in a materialistic age. At his passing in 1882, Walt Whitman said of Longfellow: “He comes as the poet of melancholy, courtesy, deference—poet of all sympathetic gentleness—and universal poet of women and young people.”

I didn't know it then, but I had sought refuge in the right place. And #DearReader you may have noticed that my verse often has within its phrasing, strokes of prose. “Poetic writing,” someone once complimented me. But is not like a Longfellow book length poem titled,

Truth of *Jimi & Laura*? We read something more important than musical notes or volumes of exegesis. We read universal truth—the Spirit within, which helped us dream. Bigly dreams—for we intended to live them out. We WOKE inspired. In daylight, we inspired others: Jimi with his music, me with my words. Our only fault was that we trusted the wrong people while pursuing our fantasy of celebrity. We mistakenly thought fame would not only appreciate our talent, but it would love us back, filling the gap our troubled childhood created. We craved comfort that we may leave our abusive past out of thought—out of mind. We hungered to be loved through our art, for this was our safe zone. Our sanity.

RE: Laura's ignorance that “superstar” would help heal her wounds.

Think on diva Bette Midler's bitterness after she excited crooning in NYC gay-bars into worldwide fame. “The worst part of success is to try to find someone who is [truly] happy for you.”

RE: Jimi's knowledge that his fellow musicians had his back.

Think about bassist Billy Cox's sweetness, a friend and bandmate of Jimi, who expounded in an interview with *Guitar Player*, May 1989: “It is exciting to know that the world has yet to truly be exposed to Jimi's genius. Maybe one day the overshadowing rumours that are used by some to cloud his image will be replaced by an understanding of the man I knew — a child of the universe, a guitar master, a warm and gentle soul.”

Misunderstood as a person or overlooked totally, Jimi's run-in with *fame* has pretty well been exposed and explained. For Hendrix fans, its worthy to repeat my intention in authoring this book. I hope to illustrate with an army of verse and prose, the inner Jimi that before you were unaware. As well, to give credibility to the huge chunk of my positive-self, spent from #MyHendrixExperience.

Knowing my effort to do the above, my lifelong friend Jim Reichow, *a peanut gallery of one*, sent me word after stumbling on a Hendrix YouTube, which asserted that Jimi was “worth more dead than alive.” Jim texted me: “Jimi needs someone like you to set him free from all the crappie people that manipulated. You are a good friend, good friend.” <🤔

Yes. We are “children of an immortal universe,” who shared a unique and profound moment in an everlasting rainbow of time. I relish in this. We shared days as fully-fledged children fluttering enviably each of us unique like brilliantly patterned Iguazu butterflies. Somehow, we were aware of wind drafts that could tatter our wings, making us easy prey. Yet, being creatures of nature, we had to make the rounds in the natural world, to replenish ourselves. We loved the art of being free. We were free-spirited to the umph degree. And our hope was, as we pursued our dreams, that we would not be eaten by parasitic flies when we took a moment to replenish. To kick back.

Unfortunately, the music business where we landed together as young adults, was a repugnant swampland, an island ruled by a rotating battle to be *Lord of the Flies*.

My remembrance of us is a spiritual love between a Mars and a Venus. Quite distant really. We didn't need sex to legitimize our love. Though one may doubt it for history portrayed the likes of Jimi's sexual prowess beyond the normal. It is deeply offensive to consider that that was the all of Jimi. This thoughtful man made his music while living under a metaphysical rainbow of phileo.

Billy Cox also said of Jimi: “There's one thing about Jimi nobody ever wants to discuss, the metaphysical Jimi Hendrix. No one's ever touched the surface of the real Jimi Hendrix...”  
*Guitar World*, September 1985.

Indubitably, that is him, “Metaphysical.” Absolutely that's us.

A sidenote here about the word, indubitably. I still love this word and am grateful it has come to mind to express halcyon moments. Beside the most satisfying of expletives—which is the word fuck, “indubitably” was my fave word back when-it-all-was-all-happening. “Like those were the days my friend. We thought they'd never end.” The ‘ol *Fiddler on the Roof* had AGE down.

I'm glad the word “indubitably” is a *BITMOJI*, once again becoming a popular word used to nod a “beyond the shadow of a doubt,” reply.

Indubitably, we felt between us from the get-go that energy of *true* love. We would have liked to have had sex with one another. But for reasons of the metaphysical universe we live within, we felt the love which was going to make us whole was not physical. I may say it this way once again, “we were respectful.” But then again, more than being respectful to the person, we were honoring an unavoidable impulse from the universe. Call it instinct.

I was certainly under the impression that lovemaking with Jimi, could have made me feel whole. At least a high to alter a childhood of emptiness. It is a fact that Jimi felt unloved from childhood abuse, as I did. Out pattern had unwisely been to sustain the energy of feeling good about ourselves through sex, as we made our mark in the world. Celibacy didn't seem an option in our worldly quest. So we had our affairs with the less meaningful. More and more that pleasure didn't satisfy the ‘I am.’ Ya know, the ‘I am’ because I breathe and think. But for reasons that were unclear at the time, we knew one another was off limits.

Jimi and I did not settle for being just human ‘I am.’ Our ‘I am’ had to come to terms with our spirituality. I'm not suggesting we had to come face-to-face with the ultimate—what the Bible

professes is Spirit, God. We just wanted to get our heads above earth-clouds. (Let that sink in as you do *your* reality check.)

Once more here's a gem from *The Band of Gypsy* album bassist Billy Cox, who proudly claims that he was the only musician who played with Jimi Hendrix in all of his bands, and played with him at Woodstock. He said more recently in a *Guitar World*, January 8, 2020, interview: "Jimi and I were locked together spiritually... that doesn't happen so much nowadays."

Billy Cox by God, like I am, is still ticking. And by God, I want him to write the foreword to this book. And he has a website with an email address. OMG!

## ERIC BURDON & ME

To emphasize my intent in the working project with Jim, I'll say that I simply was determined to bring home 'the gold' for us—to support my kid's wellbeing and secure a home, while I sought talent recognition as an actress.

In Part Two of this piece, I'm gonna share more about me and my homelife. Ya know, the private affair we have with ourselves as an outcome of the choices we make. For I present my biggest challenge in working outside the home IN THIS KINDA WORLD we abide.

For sure, I was conflicted with exposing my kids to a toxic entertainment world—so, a lot of hiding went on. I see now the words clearly to describe myself: I was a toxic coming-of-age chick with which I needed to 'come to terms' or to die like Jimi. For, as well, I had vampires at my gate.

As outlined, I was engaging in this work with a mentality that harbored how rough life already had been. But if I was gonna make things right, I needed to outsmart the foxes by being a foxier lady in business. But how could I when in fact, I was horny for 'the good life,' including a mission mindset with him.

So then. I had raging hormones, but then again feared my sexual prowess. I had innate beauty, but then again down deep I thought I was ugly—molestation can do that. I was 34 22 35, but with stretch marks from childbearing, which had me not only turning off the lights, but not comfortable with myself when entering the bedroom.

Okay. That sorta changed with the help of the drug scene. Nevertheless, I distanced myself from an affair with Jimi, which was difficult. For his persona was exciting beyond my understanding. Like a vestal virgin, I hid—like in an upper stadium during concerts. (Clueless girl. Better to have hooked-up with him than Eric. But you might laugh, I respected Jimi too much. He was decent unlike Eric the Animal.)

Eric & I became an 'item' after Jimi's passing and when he was launching WAR at Far-Out Productions where we worked in Los Angeles.

Hesitating with Jimi. But there I was backstage near Jimi with hot pants. Though, the conservative in me stopped an affair, the liberal was raging to satisfy self. Rather than satisfy it, I just watched the sniffing, smoking, drinking. Flirting. Then I hung my pants out to dry at my London digs, the Royal Garden Hotel.

Maybe due to my restraint, the most significant experience with Jimi was the mind altering of which I explained earlier. Talk about tuned! Talk about tuning in. Every shrieking vibration from his music reorganized my cells—shifted my blue pacific nervous system to somewhere over the rainbow. It was so intense that it flung me into the arms of that spiritual journey. Into a metaphysical chillout place.

I woke, realizing that I had been *thinking* from a fiercely fear-based mentality. Coming out of darkness into the light would take me over the rainbow down to the ‘pot of gold’—I fancied. That didn’t happen. But coming out of darkness, did save the kids.

## ERIC, TOO

Spirituality or whatever! Trust it, I was one turned-on girl. Jimi’s *plaster cast* was in the top ten of rockers. I held back. I truly wanted Jimi to feel I had more respect for him, than being one of his chicks. Well, maybe. Just maybe, it was Jimi that held back, knowing my desire to make a better life for my kids.

BTW so was Eric Burdon’s *plaster cast* a WOW, our beloved (always sexy) lead singer in *The Animals*. To this, I may personally testify. For Eric & I became an ‘item’ after Jimi’s passing and when he was launching WAR at Far-Out Productions where we worked in Los Angeles.

Eric is still rockin’ and rollin,’ lives with his wife, who is his music manager, in Ojai, California.

NOTE: Eric has yet to respond to my Tweet. Because I knocked Goldstein in it. Since I tweeted it, I’ve happened upon stuff online which indicates he’s still connected to Goldstein. That is why he has not responded. Dumb me for not just saying hi? Or was it honest ol’ me when I sent a negative comment about misfit Jerry, to him in that tweet?

I think I’ll send him a picture of the message that he wrote to me inside one of my Christmas presents he gifted to me, *The Little Prince*:

“a lovely little Book, for a lovely little girl, with lovely little children  
From an over fed, long haired leaping gnome.  
Happy Xmas Laura,  
Love,  
Eric Burdon”

Jeffery’s evil spell aside. Be clear. Jimi did not commit suicide as bloke Eric at first claimed. Eric had enough notoriety in London to have been interviewed shortly after Hendrix’ death. He stated that Jimi committed suicide. No. No. Bad idea, Eric! For this very proclamation wreaked havoc on Eric’s

career. Why? I came to understand the record company, or Jeffery for that matter, couldn't collect on Jimi's life-insurance policy(s) if suicide were true.

So, when this magnificent beast of a singer couldn't keep his prognostication to himself and blabbed it to the media, his career took a dive. I heard it dove into an abyss—no music hierarchy wanted anything to do with him. Then again, bless Steven for giving Eric a restart. At some point Eric had become the lead singer of WAR, signed by Far-Out Productions—where I was still working—paid well, I might add, including use of a car. (You'll see more-of-a dovetail soon.)

## EDGY STUFF

No matter what weary times that have stormed by, here *I Am Woman* unravelling personal edgy stuff when I truly desired only to radiate warmth and *Respect*, just a little, on my experience with Jimi's infamous last concert tour and with a feminine insight into the man. But, Lor has #Woke and has to have her say. So have at it.

Mostly my silence in tellin' my Hendrix story for so long (that is completing the telling) has much to do with what I've been saying: It's painful to travel back into our past, even a teen has regrets. #MyHendrix past, was a painful rip-off. I had so much hoped that my co-producing film docu of his Euro Tour, would be the freedom I needed for independence.

So anyway, when I began writing about it, I saw how I had trusted thieves and murderers. An excruciating loathing of myself oozed forward for being so naïve—no matter the legit excuse of my youth and lack of education—it had a toll on me. So much so, I became tongue tied. I'd stop writing. For years. But that made life worse. Such negativity bred a mentality that figured nobody would care about what I had gone through.

Ah! But it didn't much encouragement for me to begin writing again. A few dear friends countered my fear and changed my mind. And comments from others who thought just knowing Jimi was a trip to be touted. Then a dear attorney friend, Tom, who loved reading the book *Helter Skelter*, became a nifty editor.

I have a plan for the launch of #MyHendrixExperience—an untold story memoir, knowing that getting published through a major house, is hard, indeed. And self-publishing makes no sense at this time. So, it will be available digitally for download on my website for a modest fee, after the #DearReader reads a several pages for free. Then we'll see.

FYI I'm havin' lotsa fun these days in its final edit. How? I get up in the wee-hours when most of my world is still sleeping. Brew hot herbal tea. And away I go to the final lap in the race. A proud note from a clearheaded Foxy, is that I went off liquor and drugs, even medical ones, when I had a profound awakening, which I will expand upon later. Red wine? Maybe at parties. If I don't, I make others feel uncomfortable that I'm sober and they're not. LOL



I realize we all have had hard personal stories. Human existence isn't fair. I could rightly be criticized that I had more going for me than most and could have made more of myself. Of this I sadly agree if I'm judging myself from today's kids and the technology supporting their education. And as well their ability to report their parents to authorities. (Parental and sibling abuse is a burdensome telling, of which you will be spared.)

But business abuse, has to be told. So let me say it loud & clear in a run-on sentence. An innocent beautiful woman in Weinstein-like show biz days and with no family support with just enough 'street-smarts' but no 'real' education, who felt the universe between her thighs, has a painful telling of rapists and perverts, of crooks and thieves, of crushed dreams and false hopes. Wouldn't you say that is an underling woman?

So what is the call at the end of this gaming with Hendrix? A sad loss for two talent, *Jimi & Laura*, with a feathery *fame* mindset. Feathery? Yes. Because after spreading our wings, we really didn't have the stamina to fly the distance to support 'fame.' Oh yes, we fully spread plumage hoping to soar free as an eagle. No matter, we crashed into a mountainside of resistance.

*Jimi & Laura* weren't to blame for their lost opportunities. We were warped from childhood abuse—Jimi and I shared that major dilemma. Those fractured unchecked emotions stored deep in our psyche that, if triggered, could without warning (and did) destroy what stability we had assembled. To say it another way, we walked into adulthood worn-out. Dry. Tired. Drained.

Childhood parental abuse is the awful 'norm.' Particularly, in the Sixties because it was cloaked if not hidden in our parent's closet of unchecked crap they themselves dealt with as kids. It's the ol' sour-grape complaining peevish syndrome.

A Bible proverb instructed me in compassion, to not blame our folks:  
"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."  
*Ezekiel 18:2*

With Jimi the crash was a lonely one, he finally succumbed to exhaustion from battling personal demons, alive and dead. He went DOA. I was saved from my lonely fame-mindset after plummeting down the rocky terrain, surviving an overdose. I believe I awoke from it, to save my children. I wasn't 'really' alone. I was a responsible teen Mom. So I needed to act like one.

I WOKE in the midst of an overdose, thinking I had to save them from their grandmother raising them. I was rushed to an emergency hospital after collapsing in a gas station, hallucinating I was bleeding to death. You see, I had cut Hollywood out of me by having breast implants removed. It was a signature end to a Marilyn Monroe mindset.

OMG. Am I really okay with sharing this?

I had imagined *it* was an operation that had gone sideways and that I was bleeding to death—inside. Which has some metaphoric truth to it.

The OMG is also wondering how I could have ever been so self-deceived that I would have gone to ‘those’ lengths to please a “world of sin.” Echoing in my mind is the Christmas song, *O Little Town of Bethlehem*.

Sing the last stanza with me #DearReader to get the full import of what was happening to me.

No ear may hear His coming  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him **still**,  
The dear Christ enters in...

The dear Christ had entered in as soon as I became **still**. I know that word has a double meaning. But this is how I see it. Stillness allows us to hear God’s Christ—our Saviour. It was going to be a cross-bearing of a lifetime to open up for the Christ to stay center in my heart.

Facts of the drug I overdosed on? I thought I was taking a hallucinatory drug supplied by a neighbor friend, Eldon. Later, I came to understand he had given me acid, yes, but it was laced with speed. The same stuff that killed the daughter of a star of the duo *Ronan & Martin’s Laugh-In*—a hit TV show where Goldie Hawn got her send-off to movie fame, as well did Lily Tomlin. I found out that Eldon had sold it to her.

Sidenote: This was even more aggravating, seeing that I had been considered for *Laugh-In*, instead of Hawn, but didn’t have the chops.

But there was another factor. In NYC I met with a big-wig agent. Interestingly, TheToad who you’ll meet soon in yucky detail, screwed that up. He was managing my acting career. We had an appointment at an influential agent, the iconic Marvin Josephson of ICA. While in his office, sitting across from him, The Toad leaned forward and felt his carpet, and croaked slimily like wart toads do, “Just wanted to see how rich a pimp you are?” I was humiliated.

All this kinda stuff is in my memoir, *Almost Hollywood* which maybe I should title: *Diary of an Ingénue*.

The fear that held me back from EVERYTHING good, is basically the argument that I’ve had with myself, and maybe you relate to it: that I’m not as important or intelligent or talented as others are. That has a lot to do with my traditional Judeo-Christian upbringing or the lack of it. I’m not sure which, for my folks somehow seemed to go overboard from the boat Jesus was meandering troubled waters.

Truth unmask materialism for what it is. Nothingness. There are no answers to the questions: “How come?” “Why?” Evil is nothing more than a lie in the face of God, good.

Asking such answers to age-old questions will always wind-ya-up with wandering “If only” and a negative reply “Not fair!”

“If only”.is the questioning, the wonderings of a person who fits into one of my fave Biblical observations: “We spend our years as a tale that has been told.” *Psalms*

An important note: The ol' gray horse is not swayback from traveling the road away from Hollywood and carrying the heavy burden of working mentally to separate herself from a considerable amount of materialism. To my surprise, I had a special thing happen as I deviated from the road “more” traveled. I learned that Truth, God, makes one free from the world's ways & means—I'm not talking just in mind and spirit, I'm talking about the body, too. Yep. Even the body, so-called, being spiritualized. You know that thing that can defy our mind—the heaviest weight of materialism that humans have to deal with, their body.

I learned how to doctor myself—healthcare, psyche, all of it. (I'm seriously gonna share this soon because it all happened with Jimi. It was then that my life shifted into “real” time. My story became untold, so to speak.

## WHAT A MAN WANTED

Unlike the sensual but mostly spiritual, 27y/o Jimi I met, most guys I ran in to had a different ballgame with women. It was all about “just sex” with as many woman as possible. Jimi was “serious” about one woman at a time. Now I'm picturing the LMAO donkey, considering Jimi's rep. But think about what fellow musicians that I've quoted have said. They knew the man I met.

Jimi really wanted a committed relationship. (Reread *The Story of Life*.) That Kathy was not “marrying material” for Jimi, was fundamental to her frustration. Seems she was confused why Jimi dumped her when he was a champion of “free love.” Kathy didn't understand the man!

It seems confusing until I dug deeper. You see, Jimi was a man with fundamental integrity. And Kathy just wasn't a ‘good’ woman Jimi could marry. Period.

## WHAT A WOMAN WANTS

The point to highlight about women is that a “real” woman yearns to be loved even more than. . . dare I suggest? Sex. This truth is so ancient that only a pregnant woman, who awaits her child as if he's the messiah from her loneliness, may understand.

There is no generational gap to a woman's desire to be the King's Queen. And unless *he* becomes King of something she respects, she will never submit to him—be his Queen. No matter the pussy-hat-protestors of today purporting a disproportionate agenda. Their screaming that women's needs are all about a liberation to abort and the right to dice-up men however they please. A ‘real’ woman wants her match in a man.

Desiring to be loved is so gripping for a woman, she can hardly breathe—think clear while dating a man in whom she's interested. Even if unconscious, she knows she wants a weighty commitment. She needs him to love her when she can no longer cope with the routine, as in the movie, *When A*

*Man Loves A Woman.* The woman? She was a drunken waste of a mother. The man? His commitment to her was to a fault.

Honestly! For decades my playbook was a hunger to be satisfied by a hunk of a man. Ya know? Being satisfied as he was with a climax. What I found erotic love, is not satisfying no matter what method was involved. I now realize that I had taken on penis-envy. Go figure! In my ignorance, the man I fancied did not fancy a weighty commitment with me. It took me way too long to wise up!

## LOVE or LUST?

I'm impelled to define how I think and feel about love so you catch fire with what burns in my heart every single day that I face a new morning with some confusion about "reality!"

Let's talk about love as if I was your sister—or maybe your mother or grandmother—with the wisdom on what love is and what it is not.

For sure, wisdom cries, "it's not sex." Love is philosophically and spiritually not the same. When I met Jimi, I had an epiphany. I learned "real" LOVE, the supreme goodwill feeling of all emotions, is the universal goodness of mankind when living as God created him/her to be—a "very good" creation. Shortly after meeting Jimi I WOKE to a version of this.

The awakening made my life worth living in the open air, in the light. Viable, so to speak. Rather than be in the dark anymore, the awakening gave me courage to step out from the shadows of the sexual harm which had been perpetrated on me as a child and as a young adult.

In the years since, I see *Jimi & Laura's* convergence as a miraculous **energy** nothing short of *true* Love. (I wrote a poem about this, which is at the end of this piece.)

Hold on—for I could say such things about love of his "last" woman Monika. You'll meet her and I hope you'll love her through my eyes. Thru what I've seen of her truth with Jimi.

True Love with Jimi? Yes. For it was spiritual. Thus this truth moved mountains of resistance within me. I thereafter went on a mission to find out what happened to me that night of the 24<sup>th</sup> at RAH when I was up in the stadium by myself with thousands below in the main auditorium, completely mesmerized by what they were experiencing. They were a united mass, like waves pounding on the shoreline. A tsunami of fans, really, who before walking into the auditorium were mostly kids raised by stodgy Brits.

Was I falling in love with Jimi enough to try to make him "my man"? As if I could. I didn't buy into that. But I did feel an overwhelming love for him. Or was it that I, though unconscious of it then, was desiring to be loved with such passion as these fans acquiesced to him? As a woman, I knew I had a difficult choice. I could mix these personal feelings with the business at hand and acquiesce to sensual pleasure. But how could I then carry on with the business of the day and reach my goal? Even in my worst state of mind, I knew that was too much for me to handle.

Sex with Jimi wasn't gonna get me the recognition of which I yearned. Nor would it blanket him with the respect he deserved and was giving to me as a producer. So, I just wanted to go to bed alone at the Royal Gardens Hotel where we were housed, on and off, for about three months during the touring.

What it was that I wanted, took me what seems like forever to realize. I wanted RESPECT first and foremost. Even my denseness to the epiphany, it did not get in the way of me doing "the right thing." I kept it business.

Before Hollywood, being respected was always my agenda. So you can imagine how embarrassed I was in high school when I found that I was pregnant. FYI—it happened the first time that I had sex with my reputable college boyfriend.

When it came to Jimi experiencing "true" love (that we all deserve to experience), it's vital to understand what Jimi was up against. Lust in the name of love "came on to him" like a starving wolf with its teeth sharpened by gnawing on bones when the hunting was good.

Sexual love can be and often is vicious if it dominates the ego. E.g. Hate manifested in the name of "making-love" was perpetrated on Jimi by a man. Actually, the stalker hurt Jimi in the name of 'unrequited' sexual love—a tricky but most often minor form of Eros may occur if you're rejected.

Eros is the Greek god of love and sex. (Etymology or origin is in Latin from Greek, literally meaning "sexual love.")

On page 361 of the biography earlier quoted, *Jimi Hendrix-Electric Gypsy*, we find this gem about Jimi's 1968 drug bust in Toronto, (shortly after Monterey.) ". . . Trixie Sullivan's account [was] that a *male* groupie who was actually travelling with the band in some capacity had planted the drugs (then presumably phoned ahead) [to the authorities] in revenge for a rebuffed [unrequited] sexual advance he had made to Jimi."

Jimi thought, after feedback from everyone, that the drugs, obviously unawares to him, must have been planted in his carry-on in "mid-air." In a song he later wrote, titled, *Stepping Stone*, he made reference to what happened. "Flying can't be trusted – got busted." (*ibid* p. 362)

Then there's unrequited love suffered by a woman. Rejection on steroids that makes her go "crazy vindictive." Like the *female* groupie, Kathy Etchingham, who was dumped by Jimi soon after I left London in 1969. She exemplifies the epitome of a scorned creature hellbent at all costs to warp Jimi's legacy with lies and hyperventilating drama. Besides profiting she has sought notoriety from her sexual affair with Jimi—as years past she wrote a book, did interviews, and filed court cases. Sickening that media bought her scam.

It's important to emphasize that Kathy's lustful pitiful blindness actually was a sheer disdain of Jimi's spirituality. She knew the skeleton, not the soul. She did everything a scorned woman would do to wreak-havoc on his career. She, like the music industry, wanted Jimi for purposes that didn't serve the man well.

Thus as years unfolded into decades, Etchingam became a sought-after spokesperson. Actually, believed when fabricating all sorts of lies about Jimi's totally sinful character and lust-filled lifestyle as if she knew him well. She knew him naked, but she did not know the soul of this man. Monika and I knew it well.

Truth is. Jimi had forsaken Kathy, as he indicated to me was his desire, by the time I left London in 1969. Yes. He let me know he was going to do this. It was an opening of Jimi's heart that I did not deny but could not quit yet respond to because of the kids.

## EROS and SRA

This chapter lays-out highlights that sobered me up about sex and what I hate about the perversion of it and why our generation is in for a loveless life if they don't wise up. So bear with me, remembering that erotic-sex is the culprit behind so much societal upheaval and human misery.

Looking online at the god Eros, one finds statues of nude bodies entwined in an orgy. Eros' devilish feelings are not love which blesses. So why is this considered a degree of love? It's godless. Eros is uncontrollable eroticism. (Note to self: Default on Valentine's Day.)

Eros gone mad is in a sick voracious personal appetite or obsession for fleshly things, with human decency fed to the lions while the arena gallery cheers. Such awful things are perpetrated. Such as carnal lustful crimes: child porn, human trafficking and sacrifice, rape, genital mutilation, penis envy.

More than a normal desire for sex with a mate, Eros craves manipulation of and taking control of another's being. Eros is where the physical dismisses the spiritual, inciting sex-crimes. Eros practitioners are therefore evil at the core, but they seem livable skeptics or cynics and atheists. Fleshly or matter-based living, is their *true* MO. (One dictionary explains "matter" as generally defined is a physical substance, as distinct from mind and spirit. . .)

In Eros things can go haywire and do. Abusive things mount into depravity of everything good about being a human in love. I'm thinking this point has been filmed. In the movie *Eyes Wide Shut*, with Cruise and Kidman, we see a gorgeous sophisticated wealthy couple, blindly taken-in by Eros.

Breathe.

I know too much about sexual abusive proclivities of men. If not checked they lead to horrific trespasses against others. I was held at gunpoint by a Universal Studios producer and this married man, raped me. I was terrified, or course, not only that moment but thereafter. He could ruin my career with the snap of a finger.

I escaped into those shadows, earlier mentioned, with a horrible result. I'm not proud to say thereafter, I got caught up in his web of seduction. This is why I have such a heart for victims of Miramax movie



mogul, Harvey Weinstein. Justly, it was about time that #MeToo caught the big fish. May he rot in prison before he awakes in hell to find himself undone—the victim of lust unchecked.

TG I escaped the worst kind of human darkness which is more than a single predator defiling your life. Later in this piece, I'll share how close I came to being murdered by Charles Manson's family. And it was my being hired at Far-Out that relocated me in a safe space.

Anyway, let's end this diatribe of intolerable sex with the worst in society: "Satanic Ritual Abuse," known as SRA, which practice of human sacrifice of children, among physical tortures, has organized.

SRA allegedly was birthed in the US in 1980. Gimme a break! European forefathers forever have openly practiced sexual crimes. Think about the painful ordeal, both physically and spiritually for young boys at the hands of Greek aristocrats, circa 400 B.C.\*, who legally sodomized their male servants before they reached puberty or the age of 14.

The word "lovesick" comes from these aristocrats having fallen in love with the boy-servant (more like sex-slave) and then by law being separated from him. Ironic then that these gluttonous Greek elites couldn't eat. (\*Reference book is *The Natural History of Love* by Morton M. Hunt.)

SRA by 1990, has been charged with rampant physical and fatal sexual abuse of victims. By the late Nineties it was a worldwide organization that included the wealthy and powerful World elite—children abducted and bred for the ritual of sacrifice, pornography, and prostitution. Today it is recognized as "human trafficking." (I wish they didn't use such civility to describe these heinous goings-on.)

Today we have Jeffrey Epstein and his Island of Sin, to silence disbelief that perversion is perpetrated by only uneducated and lowly folk. Society is dealing with rape allegations of minors against Epstein's elite buddies, among them are Prince Andrew and President Clinton. This is sickening. Especially, because the man who could verify this, Epstein, is dead. There's a hashtag trending on twitter: #EpsteinDidntKillHimself.

Just think. If I had written this book, let's say a few years ago, most people would have nay nayed my rape allegations. So it should be obvious that compulsive *thinking* thus obsessional fleshly behavior, fosters a sensual person to involve himself or herself in harmful Eros stuff—a place where only 'perverts rush in.' Remember this wisdom, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." (Proverbs 23:7.)

PS: Here's a perception. It's tough to not mix Eros with business for they have such similar attributes. Lust. Greed. Dishonesty. Deception. Envy. Jealousy. Theft. Even Murder—for revenge is a sensuous thing. In big business—MAKING LOTSA MONEY—it takes at least a modicum of deceitfulness. Wars are created then fathered by the lust for the power money generates. Rather than good old-fashioned honesty at the helm, we have a fleet of Captain Hooks there. I've just described the early Los Angeles Music Industry. Probably, it's the same today.

On the bright side of a desire for money is the good sense we have in wanting to work hard to afford the good life. Jimi worked hard, but not smart enough. That was me, too.

## ACTRESS REACTS TO HIS MUSIC

Who knew back ‘when’ that Hendrix’ electrifying musical genius would vibrate with young people decade after decade? I certainly didn’t. Sorry, I was not impressed with it. But after I met him, I was impressed by the man and wanted to get to know him. But because I was not a groupie, rather a budding actress temp businesswoman, our knowing of one another was less intimate.

I didn’t like Hendrix’ music then. Somehow now, it has found a special spot in my spirit. For I can listen to it on YouTube without the hundred watts of guitar feedback shaking up my bones, which makes me nervous. Jumpy. Let’s face it. I grew up on American Bandstand while a kid in Chicago, landing in West Los Angeles at age 13.

‘Discovered’ several years later at age 15, a guy trying to convince me that I could employ my beauty on film. Even though I was dreaming big I did not buy this line. Hook comes after the line. For the movie *Exec* (saw his card) that showed up at the drugstore, Clark Drugs in Pacific Palisades, where I worked after school. . .

. . .well, anyway. He was probably was one of those pedophiles, we all know about now. Probably like a Weinstein that would have done more than rape me. (Hate to say anything nice about Harvey, but at least thereafter he made these girls stars—like Jennifer Lawrence.

So it is very very good that somehow I knew he would Sink~~ber~~. Ya know, hook with the line and sink her with the shame.

So then at age 16, my dream of the Big Screen changed. I was a pregnant teen who after the delivery, wanted to be the best mother in the world, defying the odds by raising my children in a way diametrically opposed to my childhood trauma.

BTW. I wasn’t alone feeling uncomfortable with Jimi’s music. Yet mine was only a ‘sound decimal’ thing. Dear Jimi, he was up against more. Let this sink in. The arrogant, racist review in the Los Angeles Times after his *Hollywood Bowl* performance on September 16, 1968: “Hendrix the iconoclastic Negro has become a rallying point for youth in their conflict with adult tastes.” Hmm, why did they mention his race? Hmm—iconoclast? His music didn’t harm venerated institutions though it was some kind of an elixir for youth rebelling against authoritarianism.

Times were-a changing.

No matter the discordant strains in Jimi’s electric-music-land, as I’ve said there were lenient strains. Like *Little Wing*. That was a large part of him, reflecting his respectful and soft-spoken manner. His shyness, presented him socially as a taciturn guy, who you couldn’t get to know. Like especially when it came to building a relationship by way of sharing slight detail about his past.

Whereas, my shyness never evaded the truth of life, as I saw it. As you know #DearReader by reading this far, I share *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*.

I absolutely love Clint Eastwood’s evolution. Pray tell, why do I mention him. Well. Two reasons. He looked more like Robin than did Brad. And I did not want to be in his B-movies. That was one of many mistaken calls of poor judgement in my acting career.

Silly girl. Foolish, really. Because look at his progress from actor to director. His movies are A-listers. They speak truth about regular folk, wrongly persecuted folk, and all of us that should not be ignored. Like we are deplorable somehow.

He should get a humanitarian award for giving voice to the oppressed. In *The Bridges of Madison County*, he exposes the wasteland of adultery. In *Richard Jewell*, he exposes .gov injustice.

Anyway.

I was overcoming my social handicap by being gregarious. Though a high-school dropout, I was, as Steven grounded me: “A brilliant illiterate.” So #DearReader, that’s whose company you are in if you hadn’t already given me *some* credit for advancing from a school dropout to an author.

Also, I was an inspiration to others through that natural organic spiritual high, which I always muster up even when my personal life was forbidding. E.g. I got the TheToad so worked-up about his soul that he often justifying his cynicism, by saying: “A cynic is an angel fallen from heaven.” He was a disbeliever, understandably after serving in World War 11. Remember, he was a wounded Vet, lame in one leg from bombshell mortar.

Another example of how little education served my nature well. I was at a well-attended and respected ‘retreat’ in Mexico, expounding in a group parlor session. Many tried to shush me. When a man from the shadows spoke up. It went silent. (Like you could hear a pin drop.) He said: “You should listen to her. She speaks from the heart. One who speaks from the heart, speaks the truth.” Later I was told that man was Dr. Jonas Salk—the researcher who discovered the polio vaccine. I’ve often quipped, this was the day ‘my heart’ received a truthful, blessed PhD.

Prideful, I note this doctor’s service to mankind. I was a child when crippling polio ran rapid through children’s veins. When colleagues were aghast that Dr. Salk didn’t patent his discovery, he announced from *his* heart, “There is no patent. Can you patent the sun?” He appeared on TV presenting the vaccine as a gift to the American people. His stance has become a rallying cry against “big pharma patents.”

**Okay friends, we’re flying this eagle from the nest.** For mercy sake, I hope you now know *how* this Hollywood ingénue wound up in the music scene with genius Jimi. You know the truth. I wasn’t making enough money. I could say it this way. I wasn’t happening as soon as hoped. But. I didn’t realize at the time, that that was to be a huge blessing. For there I was in London with Jimi.

You can appreciate that I definitely needed money quick when I tell you that my home was in foreclosure. Feel that feeling. I was a mom with two kids by the time I was 17, who needed to support the three of us since their rich (by inheritance) real estate developer daddy, my husband, went sideways. That’s speaking kindly of this deserter deadbeat angry drunk prick dad.

He had flown the coop. Leaving behind the sixteen-year-old girl he had deflowered and who refused to abort. He reneged on us for when I agreed to marry him, he made a lifelong promise.

So the *Rebel Without a Cause*, deserted his wife who had dropped out of her sophomore year of High to marry him, intending to be a wed-mother when she delivered their child. He not only deserted his first child for by then we had two children. He shrank from responsibilities—letting our beautiful home go into foreclosure and my Lincoln Continental be repossessed. I couldn’t make adequate income as a waitress, to keep afloat.

PS: When our son was 9 y/o I made contact with Robin. He and Lauren, now Lauren Hilliard, were living on the island of Maui in plush Hawaii (where Robin's mother Audrey lived with her cousin-in-law who she married to legitimize their mixed couple's affairs. (See? Robin had no moral support. Money, yes. But scum.)

Anyway. I had written to him in Maui, letting him know that our son was depressed and having problems at school and that he "needed to get involved. Somehow." He wrote me back a caustic letter, which I still have. Stating that he'd take our son, if I would sign an agreement that I'd never see him again. Of course, that was the end of that.

Now he's a rich contractor, living in backwoods acreage in plush San Jose, California, still married to Lauren. (Our daughter did research.)

He has NOT tried to make amends with his kids even though thru the years, they've made connect with him.

When he walked. He knew how I was struggling—working three waitress jobs and caring for the kids and my Mom, who had tried to commit suicide in our home, was my only resource. Even so he took the pressure off his hide by deserting us. Forever. A classic deadbeat dad.

Here I was a box-of-rocks who took this hell-of-an-abandonment as an opportunity to become an actress—that is when I was 'discovered' by a talent scout while cocktail waitressing at the exclusive *Statler Hilton Lounge*, downtown Los Angeles' Playboy competition, wearing a Merrywidow Tiger Suit with a tail, as I delivered martinis' with a twist.

Thereafter, I was *thunking* co-producing a concert documentary of Jimi's Euro Tour, could make me some money to feed us once again a well-deserved steak dinner. Though with today's insight, for sure this starry-eyed girl wanted to survive Hollywood a few more years—I had a ten-year goal—to make it in the movies!!! Forget TV, which wasn't that big back then. I lusted for the BIG screen like a less funny and straight rather than a ditzzy bi-sexual Marilyn—my childhood idol, who I had thought was a blast, not a pervert.

## MY MALE GROUPIES

In the day, so to speak, it was exciting when one thing led to the next cognitive recognition of my person—like I was getting groupies—from a poster made of me off a Harry Langdon, Jr. photoshoot taken at my home on Malibu Beach. (Last I heard, his fee was \$25K a shoot.) I was in the surf holding my arms over my barren breasts. Like the top was ripped off by a wave-surge, but the bottoms were in tack. Tummy stretch marks and all, it was groovy and is on my website!

Girls fancied being in my shoes. Today, I see all that as crazy ugly. Foolish waste of my youth. Dumb choices made. Perverse Hollywood was hell. But I was hypnotized. Admittedly, I was one of their zombies, paying tribute to their bidding. It took one good-looking Malibu surfer lad saying that he was jacking-off to my poster that had me realize what road I was trekking. (It's funny and sad at the same time. Comedy & tragedy.)

And not to jump ahead much, but to give a timeline, this was another ‘sign’ after #MyHendrixExperience that the Universe got the message to me that “It’s death or life for you, girl! Save yourself at least for the kids.” Within the year, I moved from Malibu to conservative Glendale.

## FRANK SEPE

Okay now. I cannot bash ALL men. Come on! Life has been good since I got my act together. More recent professionally, I’ve had my share of great guys. I was a fitness model for renown, Frank Sepe a body building champion, TV personality who has graced hundreds of zine covers. This motivational trainer wrote the book, *Fitness as a Lifestyle*.

Frank had come up with a neat fitness gadget—the Twister disc. You’d get on it, stick a pole in the hole, and twist the HSN show away. I had only relaunched a TV commercial career in 2007, wasn’t interested in acting. Just used my improv skills that I gleaned from my Second City training. Anyway. In the audition for the gig at HSN, all we had to do was twist. Immediately, my old days of Chubby Checkers and twisting my day away, kicked in.

He gifted me his book, before he left HSN. He inscribed: “Lor, Thank you for everything: You are an inspiration. Love, Frank.”

He told me he felt this way after “90 women wrote to HSN” about missing me when I was absent for a short time. They wanted to see the “older’ blonde who smiles all the time.”

## THE GIRL GROWS SPIRITUALLY i.e. in Truth

Looking at the awesome spiritual-zone I relate to with Jimi, as a matter of course, I find a *want* in me, a need to outline my spiritual growth to you #DearReader. Thus there has been weeks of struggle to share my spiritual unfoldment. For sure, without such a delineation my meetup with the man Hendrix was no ‘real’ experience nor a meaningful and significant happening in my life story.

Jimi’s true-love of life in his psychedelic musical mathematical journey, changed my life. This book is my tribute to the man more than the music. For my experience with Hendrix was transformative. It’s unexplainable, really. But needed to be shared to shed light where there was darkness. That I’m saying it with all my heart, should mean a lot as Dr. Salk reminded some coldhearted listeners those many decades ago.

Sorry if there has been back-ups. Or repeats. To lay a foundation to what TRUTH happened to my *mind* thru revelations along the way. Ya know. . . how you happen upon stuff that can transform you just when you thought you were always gonna be stuck in that stubborn or worrisome mindset, which you'd been in—what seems like forever. And though that mental mumbo-jumbo was driving you crazy, you just were. . . stuck! Like a scratched CD. Like a car with no more gas.

No matter my muted scientific spirituality, it was a natural for me to tune-in as soon as Jimi made the vibration unavoidable. (I'm not going to rework this sentence because it says it the best. In truth.)

I believe Jimi must have felt a surge of the Science of his being, too, as I felt in February 1969 at Royal Albert Hall. At that moment, I was exactly three years away from articulating my spirituality. Geez, I sorta wish I knew this back when. Yet, what good was chosen, is what good happened. And Jimi was a year and half away from learning lessons about his spirituality, somewhere else.

Do I need to say I'm sorry, for being light headed? F\* No! I just don't believe in the finality of evil. That is. Jimi just had to awake in a better place than his flat with malfeasants at his door.

I mentioned a mile or so ago—ya know, that beach home where I had that photoshoot. Anyway. As the editing of *The Hendrix Experience Tour* was going on at Far-Out, I was living on Malibu Beach just south of the pier, with the kids. As it turned out for the kids and me, this is where the most important thing was about to happen. I was about to learn of the Science to the health of my spirituality. In fact, it was the Science (knowledge) of divine Mind—the one and only God and His/Her creation.

No this is not *yada yada*. God is Father & Mother.

So it 'happened.' Thereafter meeting Jimi in 1969 by destiny in February 1972, I was gifted a book to help me understand God. It was a metaphysical Christian lady from yesteryear.

Christianity? I was an agnostic by then. Metaphysics? That sounded less judgmental.

TIMELINE: I left London in the spring of 1969. I had spoken with Jimi *last* in 1970 while at work, still overseeing editing. He past suddenly on September 18, 1970. Now it's February 1972. I'm living on Malibu beach while still working at Far-Out.

I had been having medical issues because of tension at work about this project.

How I got the gift: Singing was a relief, so weekly, I traveled to Studio City to my music teacher to-the-stars, Laura Hart. One day the drive was from Malibu and it was not just one of those brilliant Southern California days. Out of nowhere, t seemed at the time, I was illumined with a vision of Jesus on a hill with lambs grazing, teaching innocent children, who were so perfectly peacefully listening. (You've seen the picture. I'm sure. It's a handsome bearded Jesus in a white robe. Etc. Etc.)

I didn't know where that revelation came from when I was driving, but I was so struck by the intensity of the "light" that my heart was overwhelmed. My consciousness was like washed clean. It felt so good.



As soon as I arrived at the music lesson, with lotsa tears, my heart reached out to my teacher. I asked her, “What does God mean to you?”

Laura Hart looked at me. (Stared really.) Then said, “I’ll be right back.”

And I? Wiping tears away, I closed my eyes, put my hands in my lap, and awaited.

When she returned, she had a book in hand. She handed it to me, and said, “Read it. It will explain everything! But stay away from the church!” (I remember her saying that though I didn’t understand, thus did not obey.)

OMG! At this moment I see, I’m trying to catch up to lost years. Creatively. That is why I’m justifying Jimi in my life.

Anyway. The idea of just reading a book was such a turn-off. BECAUSE I struggled with reading. I found it difficult to concentrate. Ya know, all that childhood abuse.

Nonetheless, I was impelled to read the book all weekend. (I had to use a dictionary to understand the terms and phraseology within these sacred pages.)

The book was *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures* by Mary Baker Eddy, basically Eddy’s treatise on Christ Jesus’ healing ministry. This lady caught my eye through her poetic command of the English language. I loved Shakespeare and was a part of a thespian group that performed his works, and her book seemed to me based in the King’s English.

Anyway. Eddy kept referring to the Bible, which I hated because I thought it condemned women like me. Ya know. The sensual sex kittens. (Little did I know then of concubines. Or in Old Testament times, the legitimate practice of prostitution.)

But then I’d come across ideas in the Bible that blew me away as they spoke to my heart as if they were written to comfort me that very instant. Like in *Proverbs* and *Psalms*. For instance, *Ps 90:9* “We spend our years as a tale that is told.”

That was a notion I felt too well.

## SPIRITUAL TIMELINE, per se

Okay then. The timeline of my spiritual awakening matters in this story. So, forgive me if it is lost in translation. I’m again backing in to my spiritual growth even further.

When still married to the children’s father in our cozy new “track” home in Northridge, 9636 Crebs Street, I read about the spirit provoking healing works of Edgar Cayce (1877-1945), in a biography by Thomas Sugrue, titled, *There Is A River*.

Sugrue captures Cayce's essence: Father of Holistic Medicine. Most Documented Psychic of Modern Times. A Sleeping Prophet, giving medical advice for healing for others while in a trance. (They were called "readings.")

Sugrue's bio of Cayce has been praised: "The astounding true story of Edgar Cayce, his remarkable prophecies, insights into the soul, and the medical cures he prescribed while in trance [state] – told by the only writer who knew and investigated him while he lived."

This was the first book that I EVER read from start to finish. I was nineteen.

For better or for worse, *There Is A River*, altered my *unconsciousness* by influencing my psychic ability, but it was not until I met Jimi several years later that I was so discombobulated that I had to find answers. But like most women, I did not look at first. I was too busy serving the male world. Their libido. Their ego.

That is until I got sick. There is no denying that book was preordained to fall into my hands. Sooner than later.

My life was transformed and I found how to live consciously with purpose—that normalcy was established by my putting into practice Eddy's defining work on the Science of Mind.

Though before reading metaphysical stuff, I had to toss the guilt-ridden-controlling-church concept of *Once a Catholic Always a Catholic*. I needed to shelve dabbling in the atheistic philosophy of Nietzsche and that ilk, including the all-time womanhater and hypocrite, racist H.L. Mencken, who loved Nietzsche—that should say it all about their worldview. Their sway is crap for any self-respecting woman.

Philosopher, 1776 American Revolutionary, and patriot Thomas Paine, who wrote *Common Sense*, was not really an option for lil' me—high-school dropout. Yet I pattered in that stuff. Like somehow, I could "get it" by way of osmosis.

I dumped the works of sex maniac misogynist, Sigmund Freud. (I don't suspect I'm alone in this opinion.) But I did try to figure my mother out through Freudianism. Mom loved that huddah—*Urban Dictionary*: dank ass buddah.

Also before I became a serious student of the metaphysical Christianity of Mary Baker Eddy, which has lasted to this day, I turned to Eastern theological modalities for my *mind & body & spirit*. And it wasn't just exercise. It was my way of life after Jimi passed.

West meets East: Often, I took a break from Far-Out with an extended lunch at *The Source Restaurant* in Los Angeles, which is considered LA's first health food restaurant and a vegan hot spot—moreover, a Utopian living experiment for the founder, ex-marine Jim Baker. Later to be known as Father Yod, who formed *The Source Family* with his 14-concubines. John Lennon and others alike, frequented his extremely profitable establishment.

I don't wanna dive deeper into that cult. But to say that the restaurant atmosphere had a great influence on many of us. This is where I was encouraged to cleanse my body through veganism and where I read a flyer on a *Summer Solstice* conducted by their spiritual guide at the time, guru Yogi Bhajan or Siri Singh Sahib. The Aquarian Teacher who formed 3HO—Healthy, Happy, Holy Organization.

Thereafter, as the waves pounded at our Malibu beachfront home, I began reading a book I picked-up at a used book store: *Parables of Rama, or Swami Rama Tirtha, M.A. A classified collection of the stories with morals.* Back then, this became my daily bible until February 1972 when that *other* teaching came into my life. (I've preserved the *Rama* book with its lovely morals. FYI, I have it on my desk for this trek into halcyon days.)

A Solstice? I took a short break from the Hendrix project, which was prescribed by Dr. Cantor. And away I went to New Mexico on that Summer Solstice while the kids were havin'-a-ball in an Idyllwild summer camp—located in the safe and sound San Jacinto mountain range. (Camps there still exist.) The kids and I were then living at 300 So. Rexford (penthouse) Beverly Hills, CA, 90212.

The *Summer Solstice* in New Mexico was not fun. Yogi had forbidden many of us newcomers from speaking a word—one of his many disciplines that came out of Far East Sikh teachings. Yogi said I should marry Babasohn, he renamed everyone, which was such a joke. This guy looked like Howdy Doody. And besides, where did Yogi get off?

What Yogi really wanted from me, was for my connections to get him in with the Hollywood crowd. (He was that hungry to make his mark on the West.) Ya see marrying me off was Yogi up to the nonsense of justifying his communal lifestyle, which I understand these days he is under investigation for rape. Don't know how that works, seeing as he passed in 2004. (That was probably old news.)

Anyway. We wore long dresses and served the men. Including Yogi having me rub his feet—size gazillion, mind you. (I acted the part well.)

No matter the shift, in the long run I did not take up serious discipleship with Yogi, but I did turn to his modalities to heal my body, rather than any longer choose Western medicine for the illness.

Yogi was a master teacher of Kundalini Yoga where classes were conducted at many of his rich student's venues. My favorite was on Melrose with successful antique dealer and Kundalini Yoga enthusiast, Jules Bucceri. It was awesome; he was awesome. I admired him so much. And that was that.

Yoga moving into our life was a tale of two lands. A tale of spoiled Americans kids and impoverished crippled Indian children. As a cultural experience, we were to go to India. As it turned out, I had a movie lead—of an artist. Thus needed to do a lot of research. So, the kids traveled with Yogi and his entourage to India for a month or so. Another summer vacation treat. Sort of.

As that turned out and to my dismay, it was Beverly Hills brats witnessing children maimed from birth that they could beg in the streets to collect money from sympathetic vacationers. BREAKING: They had no toilet paper.

Wow. That was a side trip. Where was I? In a man's world. I was being trapped once again. This time by a charismatic Guru. I couldn't let myself do it anymore. When the kids returned home, I disassociated myself with Yogi and his entourage.

So then. I turned to *Enlightenment* writers of the Nineteenth Century of which Mary Baker Eddy (1821-1910) was a prominent stoic figure among few women, though she was categorized under the popular heading: *New Thought* Movements of the day.

I was ready for a woman to speak Truth to me. As you recall, I had been given Eddy's book, *Science and Health*, on that enlightened and brilliant day in February 1972. But I was so fundamentally fearful of the Bible, and she based the knowledge of Jesus' ministry or what she named, Christian Science teaching, on it. The fear was well documented in my head—I was taught at parochial school that the Bible says “you are born in sin—a sinner,” which so completely ruined my sense of self that wearing a happy face took pounds of makeup.

So much so was my fear all of my life 'til that moment, that it chased my *mind* into agnosticism.

No matter my hesitation, I liked reading her book. It was empowering to read that Life is GOOD. I couldn't stop reading her book when I learned that I was not a sinner, but a “perfect reflection of God—His image and likeness—Eddy's main theme in presenting us in the direction of God. God is good; so am I. God is Spirit, so I am spiritual. What a weight was lifted! Thus, I came to admire this Victorian lady, who based her revolutionary metaphysics in Christianity.

As funny as it sounds, the more I read her book, the more I appreciated Jimi. He was like on my shoulder as I read, for I was thanking him for his remarkable influence. Silly me. I was hoping only to honor him through the film. When I could see, I would honor him by living my life beyond the frail of matter-based thinking.

I was and am, so grateful to him. And to her.

There weren't many women or for that matter even men, who could explain away the fallacy of a matter-based existence—that is Mind is God. Mind over matter. She was determined to be heard as a forerunner in the American Enlightenment Movement.

As I put her platform into practice, it held to be true. In fact, my son, who had been a medicated asthmatic since a toddler, was instantaneous healed the weekend I took up the study of *that* book in February 1972. Our home was enlightened just from the “read.” Go figure!

As well, I related to the strife of Mary Baker Eddy (1821-1910)—a grieved widow and a sickly woman, who before her discovery of Christian Science healing had her son taken from her. After her husband's passing, she so-wanted to secure a home for her son, so she remarried. But her second abusive marriage ended in divorce. She remarried to Asa Eddy, who had taken up the study of her faith. Finally a good marriage—when he passed suddenly, she went into seclusion for months. She

wrote a poem, titled *CONSTANCY*. Forgive me, but I must share it with you, for it so-helped me when I lost my husband. I love that she was a woman who loved deeply.

## CONSTANCY

When starlight blends with morning hue,  
I miss thee as the flower the dew!  
When noonday's length'ning shadows flee,  
I think of thee, I think of thee!

With evening, memories reappear—  
I watch thy chair, and wish thee here;  
Till sleep sets drooping fancy free  
To dream of thee, to dream of thee!

Since first we met, in weal or woe  
It hath been thus; and must be so  
Till bursting bonds our spirits part  
And Love divine doth fill my heart.

[Mary's poem reminds me of Jimi's "last" poem. Yea?]

Most important she was an outspoken advocate for women's rights. She actually "taught" Susan B. Anthony her Christian Science, a religion she founded after the age of forty.

It only took me three years after we filmed Jimi at RAH, February 1969, for me to see my way free from the clutches of materiality. That is if! If I could find a way to support the kids and me without compromising the truth of who I was discovering I *really* was. How could I breakaway from Far-Out when that's where my salary was made and where my interest in the Hendrix project was to bring us a "pretty penny?"

## ME? A HEALER

I was discovering there was something beautiful in me that had everything to do with not only being a good mother, but being a Christly metaphysical healer. I was on my way to new beginnings.

When I knew Jimi my physical beauty is what I loved for desired (ego) attention to feel loved. It made me feel alive. I manicured and manipulated my body until 'that superficial' love was gushed upon me. Not surprising that feeling appreciated from that kinda love, didn't last long to quite my psyche. It

was for the moment. Soon again, I felt empty. Not useful like we human's need to feel. But used. Then discarded. Even abused as I was by a Universal City producer, who held me at gunpoint.

If Eddy was right, I could help others find their way while I found mine. Now I thought that would be *real* satisfaction. And it wouldn't be the blind leading the blind. I could only help in increments. I'd overcome some state of unreality and wake to the REALITY OF GOOD, and thereby lift others to that level. And on and on it would go as I awakened spiritually. It was not by accretion of worldly stuff but by way of unfoldment of metaphysical reality.

For too long narcissism ("mirror mirror on the wall") was a sick thing which plagued me. I needed to know, to trust that I was far more perfect than just in the physical. Ah! That's where the meta saved me. (Meta is Greek, meaning "beyond.") In fact, my beauty was my childlike spirituality which has kept me a 'good babe' beyond mortal temptations—and there was a lair of demons that invited me in to thrash myself in their malevolent thoughts and evil ways, every single day before I took Eddy's path.

A good example is the break-in at our beach home. I had left the slider open that our mini Eskimo could potty at night. I was sleeping with my daughter's in her bedroom—a psychedelic-art mess of wall posters, floor pillows and a floor mattress.

It felt like a 2x4 hit me over the legs. But it was an intruder who had walked on 'em. I popped-up. My daughter was/is so smart; she pretended to still be asleep. Immediately, I knew the words to use to talk him out of our house. BTW the Malibu police were there in minutes, arresting him as he strolled down the beach. He was some druggie who lived in the apartments across the street.

I immediately started locking our doors and bought McCreed—a Doberman pincher. We moved to Hollywood Hills and enrolled McCreed in obedience training. By some lucky coincidence, Frank Inn (Benji's owner and trainer) nabbed McCreed to star in *The Doberman Gang*. Brad Pitt of Dobermans, handsome square-jawed McCreed, was the dude who carried away the "take" and jumped the highest.

## MASQUAW and ALMOST HOLLYWOOD

Indubitably. Somehow memoirs are a passage for an aching, and maybe failing, soul. Yet it's worth these years of commitment to tell this hard story that I may bless fans of Jimi and honor my decent experience with him. And how did I last this long? A horse named Masquaw.

Recently, I was contacted by a person who read on my website a free installment of my memoir, *Almost Hollywood*, which I curtailed finishing to get this Hendrix eagle out of the nest. Seeing as Jimi's 50<sup>th</sup> at WOODSTOCK was a big damn deal. But I couldn't fly the nestling out of he nest that soon.

Anyway, he said that my openness helped him deal with his past regrets. It was healing.



I'm aware that completing *Almost Hollywood* will be edgy, too. Then I may move on to my poetry or a loving memoir of the *Sacred Trees*, a tale of Masquaw—my life with this most delightful calming soothing paint quarter-horse. (She's been my soulmate since 2000.) She has a sorrel base, white socks and a black mane. Her tail is long, streaming colorfully: white hair at the top of her tail is flowing from one of her large painted white spots; under that or the base it is sable black. She truly runs with me like the wind blows. We have miles of horse trails to ride and gallop in Brooker Creeks Preserve's thousands of acres. Masquaw saved my soul.

That is not unusual for horses to heal people of a traumatic past, as you may know, it is therapy for Vets. My husband of four years, soulmate Michael, a Viet-Nam Vet plays with Masquaw daily and gets that *thang* from her presence. What do I think it is that horses have that effect on humans? It's this. Horses are focused on ONE thing: NATURE. Listening to it. Enjoying it. Living nowhere else but in the great outdoors. Telling this reminds me of the classic Billy Crystal movie, *City Slicker*. His character was in a mid-life crisis. His wife, in the movie, told him he needed to find himself. His buddies helped and took him to a ranch. On horseback they drove a heard of cattle, and while so doing a wrangler, played by Jack Palance, told him the key was ONE thing, and that one thing was something he needed to find for himself.

And they know ONE thing when fear comes there way—they hightail it. Fear means that their legs run as fast as possible away from the enemy. (A good lesson for all girls.)

No doors to close Masquaw in. She has a run-in-shelter to cover her from storms. That's it. She chooses to run-in or meander around Sacred Trees, her acres in Brooker Creek Preserve.

A local paper had a lead article titled: *The Healing Power of Horses*. It is about Jaycee Dugard, who was abducted on her way home from school, when she was 11 y/o. Then held captive for 18 years, during which time she had two daughters by one of her captors—the sexually assaulting monsters where a married couple, Phillip and Nancy Garrido.

To heal? Subtitle of article states, “A horse helped her [Jaycee] recover—and now she's bringing hope to others.” She named her paint horse, Cowboy. Her org to donate is: [thejaycfoundation.org](http://thejaycfoundation.org).

Okay then. One can't deny that the above layed out my four-legged therapist to my childhood trauma.

## CURTAIN CALL

My all-time musical idol of yesteryear spoke to my heartfelt confusion about men—the man’s world that raped and pillage without consequences. She was at the *Monterey Int’l Pop Festival*, too. Oh yeah, the one and only Janis sang, “Take another little *Piece of my Heart*, now baby! Oh, oh break it!... You know you got it if it makes you feel good. Oh, yes indeed.”

In my midnight clear arises a more important question than who was Jimi’s real or even last *Foxy Lady*? ‘Tis this. Why did Janis keep on giving yet another piece of her heart, baby?

Just askin’.