



LETTER TO THE ROOM FULL OF MIRRORS

4:30 - 6:00 AM, Denver, Colorado, September 2, 1968 . . . alone

Let's see now . . . "It wasn't too long ago, but it feels like years ago since I've felt the warm hello of the sun . . . lately things . . ." And then he was interrupted by the slow motion speeded-up sound that sometimes cut so deep. That sound was from those cellophane typewriters—exactly, constantly from the south side of those carpets. And but anyway Sweet Rose was on my mind. "She gave so sweetly . . ." And on he walked until after crowning Ethel the dog the Only Queen of Ears, the sky cracked wide open and split many of his brothers' and sisters' heads all over the world apart at approximately the same . . . "That's law and order," said the Border Guard, as his hard head weighted something like wet bread—which to explain through brain rain as that's . . . well . . . Bro, in this here country all what much ahead?

And said the owner of the velvet horse who heard all this . . . "I just know I'm going to get involved here" and slams the machine in reverse, splitting both suns apart in doing so, probably. He got to Fantasy Fjords on the hurry up side and also can you dig . . . Oh Oh! watch that stick and judge your distance from that blue suede kick!! (Swisshhh Knock . . . !?!? . . .) Anyway . . . can you dig that something came by here not too terrible long at all . . . I was bathing my eye . . . just a thousand feet above those same old tired skies and . . . you know, that sound there and after that, everywhere, bathed me to a physical. And he blurted out the sound burnt the side of his inner wall also passing by, and the liquid rainbow melted EROS all through his rooms and rooms of ears that he was hiding from Ethel the Queeny. And he thumbed a lift from his head and heads straight to anywhere to tell his woman, the world; that it was physical . . . GASP. And (the cellophane begins to crattle and crake) his old lady, Terra Mama, jumps in his face and says, "What's physical?!" and he stutters, smiles, and retaliates with . . . well . . . er, ah . . . what is music m'love? PUFF PUFF.

And they probably found out that it was by this time.

Jim Hendrix





HE SHALL GROW NOT OLD, AS SOME WHO ARE LEFT GROW OLD.

Posterity has taken care of Jimi Hendrix and it is the real man who lives on, and not just the legend, though God knows that is a flaming beacon and a pounding sound and light show of many colours and unmistakable rhythms.

Shakespeare and his interpreter Lord Buckley were wrong: now and again, the good jazz that a cat blows wails on long after he's cut out and it's the bad that is stashed with his bones. So it has been with Jimi.

He was much painted, posterized, photographed, decorated and dressed. He became the embodiment of artistic compulsions; his own and those of contemporaries. He set himself free.

My own powerful memory and outline is of the 1967 Monterey Pop Festival when he was hatless and very intense; full of fire and purpose with much at stake. This could be—was to be—his

homeland breakthrough. For others, it will be a more relaxed smiling Jimi, daring to cheek and curse an audience delighted to hear it. There is the vision with the hat with the metal rings on it. The many-scarved, through-a-hedge backwards, electrified Dylan-haired Jimi with eyes almost closed either in concentration or on something else or both.

People who go a long way back will remember a short haired boy-man out of the Army, on the road as a sideman with Little Richard, Sam Cooke, King Curtis and the Isley Brothers. There are lucky people who were around Chas Chandler when he found Jimi at the Café Wha? in Greenwich Village where he then lived. Growing his hair and blowing his

mind as the constraints of being a sideman had not allowed him.

You have to be lucky, but you have to be good coin to be "found," picked up, pocketed and polished. You have to be luckier still, no matter how good, not to be misspent or misused. I always felt—am I even more naive than I know?—that until the last terrible time





of confusion and death, Jimi had a good fulfilling life. Absorbing far more as a world figure than any poor boy—but not dirt poor—from Seattle had a reason to expect.

There was an absolute rightness in his timing. Maybe above all in his positioning in the “pop scene,” just as there is with all the mightiest of modern music, be it Armstrong, Ellington, Crosby, or Frank Sinatra. Or the blues men of the '20s to '50s or Elvis' and Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Buddy Holly or the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, the Byrds and all the flash San Franciscans. The thing with Jimi—as with all of the foregoing—was that he was absolutely his own man. He had such intelligence and sensitivity that he knew what to do and when and where. During the years as obedient back-up guitarist he knew he had more to offer than most. All stars are aware of this specialness—usually as children they know it—and when the right moment beckons, they jump.



He trusted people to help him realize his potential. He picked up on blues and soul and—according to his friend Miles Davis—on hillbilly, yet! And now, as someone in his early twenties when black-based music in England didn't mind getting whiter, thrown around the mind by hallucinogens and psychotropic drugs. He saw real potential in becoming a brand new one-and-only Jimi Hendrix with both first name and last ambiguous in their spelling and wonderfully commercial in their aural and visual impact.

‘Fifteen-year-old Jimmy Hendrix saw Presley live, in 1957—what a year for the King!



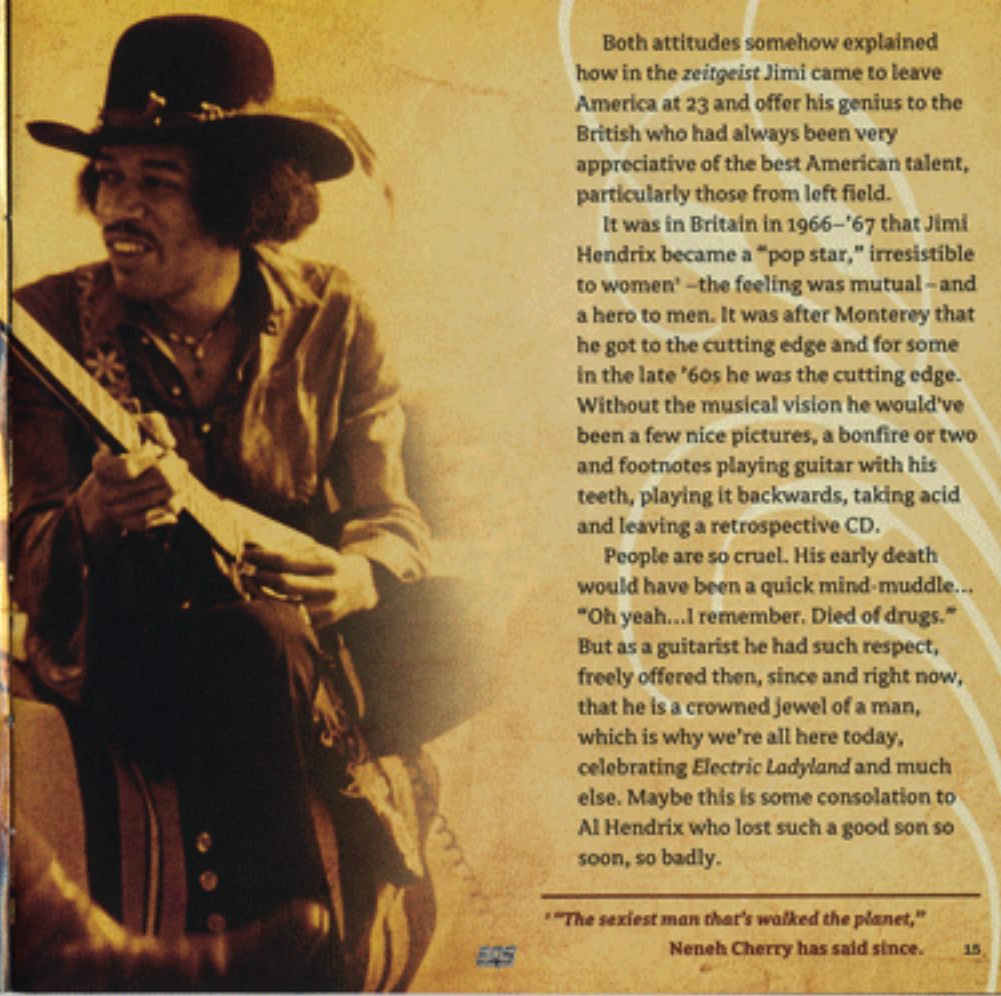
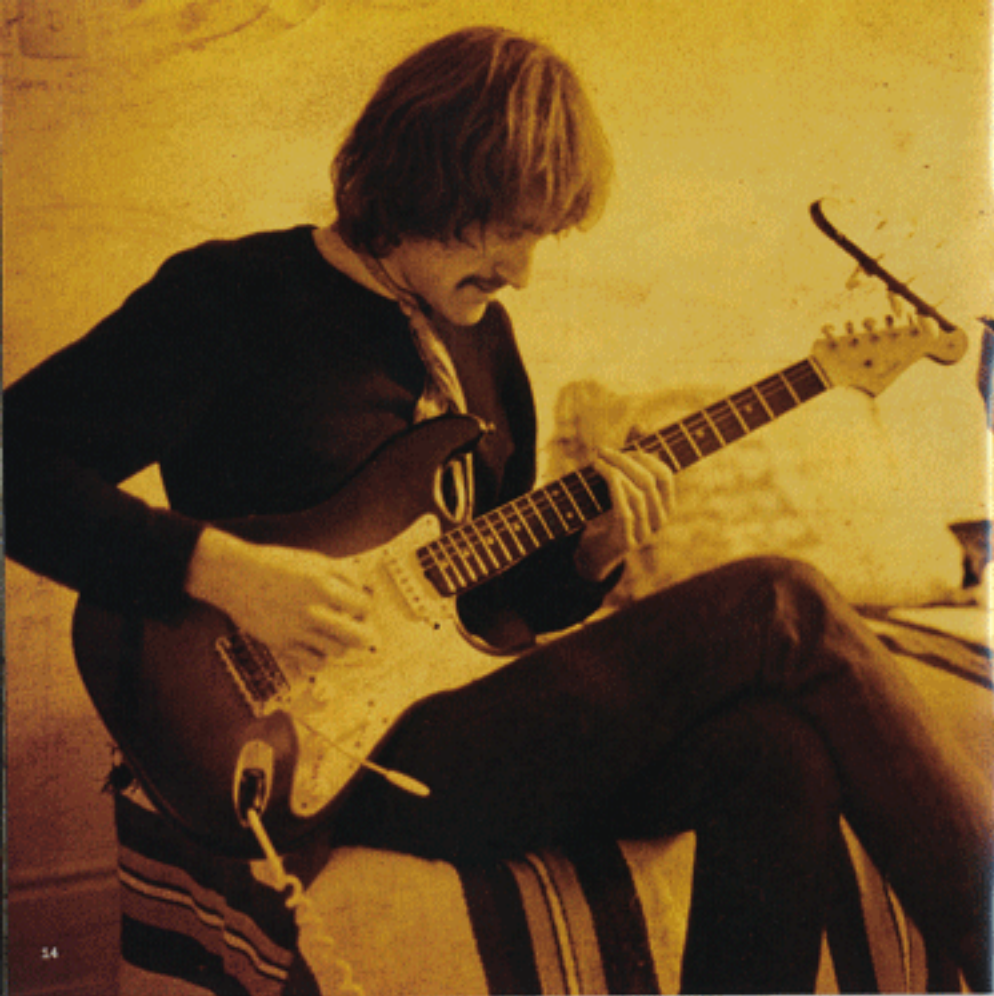


But above all this imagery, this cat could play. And that, as Mitch Mitchell (a drumming soul mate with an intelligent part in the evolution of the Jimi Hendrix Experience) would say, was what it was all about. That is what it came down to: the music. Many remembered quotations from Jimi bear witness to his intense, mature desire to make *music*, voice and instruments—take him and his audiences to new places.

(He could have done it in a brown mohair suit but it wouldn't have been quite as much fun.)

I have written elsewhere—not too often I hope—of having woken one morning in L.A. to find myself a founder of the Monterey Pop Festival, and that Paul McCartney—both fan and a mentor of Jimi—said that he should be booked for the Festival. I remember an American star and friend being very rude to me about Jimi whom he thought had little to offer.





Both attitudes somehow explained how in the *zeitgeist* Jimi came to leave America at 23 and offer his genius to the British who had always been very appreciative of the best American talent, particularly those from left field.

It was in Britain in 1966-'67 that Jimi Hendrix became a "pop star," irresistible to women' -the feeling was mutual - and a hero to men. It was after Monterey that he got to the cutting edge and for some in the late '60s he was the cutting edge. Without the musical vision he would've been a few nice pictures, a bonfire or two and footnotes playing guitar with his teeth, playing it backwards, taking acid and leaving a retrospective CD.

People are so cruel. His early death would have been a quick mind-muddle... "Oh yeah...I remember. Died of drugs." But as a guitarist he had such respect, freely offered then, since and right now, that he is a crowned jewel of a man, which is why we're all here today, celebrating *Electric Ladyland* and much else. Maybe this is some consolation to Al Hendrix who lost such a good son so soon, so badly.

"The sexiest man that's walked the planet,"

Neneh Cherry has said since.





After Jimi's British success, guitarists queued to praise him. Over the years the tributes mounted. Albert Collins: "He didn't play nobody else's stuff...Jimi was original." Buddy Guy: "One of those guys that was so explosive...Jimi basically played the blues but added to it." Eric Clapton: "He liked Freddie and B.B. King, Robert Johnson and Buddy Guy. We liked all the same people... it was such a thrill because it was all secondhand for me. It was something I learned from records. *This guy had been among them and was one of them.*"

After Woodstock, Neil Young said that Jimi was "absolutely the best guitar player that ever lived; there was no one even in the same building as that guy." Miles Davis said: "He had a natural ear for hearing music...it was great. He influenced me and I influenced him and that's the way great music is always made. Everybody's showing somebody else something and then moving on from there...Jimi Hendrix came from the blues, like me. We understood each other right away... he was a great blues guitarist."





In the illuminating new film on the making of the groundbreaking *Electric Ladyland*, Steve Winwood, an artist much admired by Hendrix, makes the key point about Jimi the motivator—that he could establish a mood of camaraderie, in his quiet nice way, by jamming, by playing—the simplest way to do it.

Jimi Hendrix was a great bringer-together of people. He made a fine happy unit of the Experience with charming adroit and funny Noel Redding—inspired casting—and brave, reliable Mitch Mitchell. Gered Mankowitz, who took splendid pictures of him, says today, “He was charming, unassuming and funny, and often laughing, his face lighting up: a happy person, pleasant and





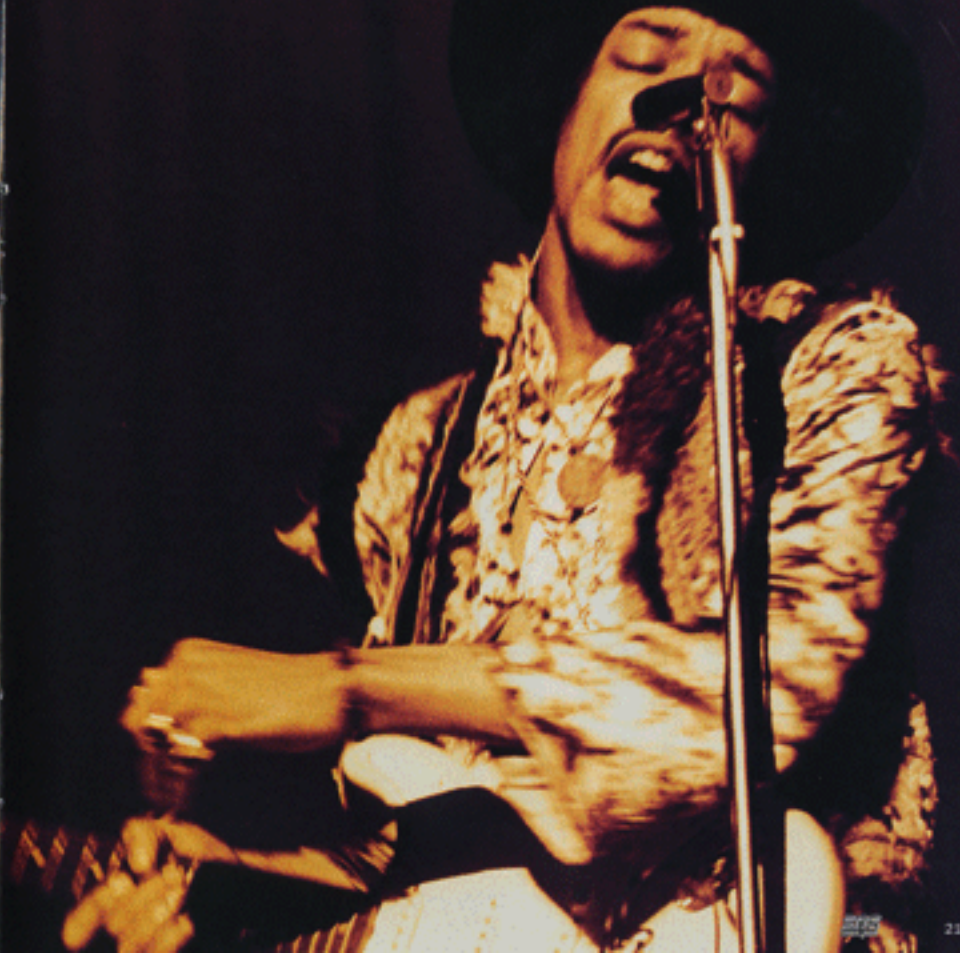
accommodating. Many will testify to his liking/love of people. He really dug hangers-on. ("his hangers on" says a friend in the film).

Rock music (as it was becoming, the best was "pop" no longer) was surpassingly segregated then sometimes by lax custom, sometimes because of outright prejudice, and Jimi's eclecticism did a lot to change that mode. When he went back a hero to the U.S., there were unprecedented white audiences. He would make New York his base until his death in 1970.

I spent an evening with him there, in a club, not many people. I wish I could remember more. Only the vibes remain, man, only the vibes.

But what vibes! And what a man.

— Derek Taylor





Alternate image from the UK
Electric Ladyland cover photo session.



Dear Sirs.

Here are the pictures we would like for you to use anywhere on the L.P. cover. ^{preferably inside and out} without the white frames around some of the B/W ones. And with most of them next to each other in different sizes



Rough Sketch of L.P. INSIDE and OUT SIDE



And mixing the color prints at different points. - for instance

Use these pictures with #15 and #16 on the scene for front or back cover - (OUTSIDE COACH)

And the other back or front side (inside) Please use these Good Pictures of OS. IN B/W or color

we would like to make an apology for taking so very long to send this but we have been working very hard indeed doing shows AND Recording

Page 1.

USO on L.P.

Jim Hendrix Electric Pick Band -

the Cosmopolitan

DENVER, COLORADO 80202 • BROADWAY AT EAST EIGHTH AVE. • PHONE 353-2181



TITLE:

Letter to the room full of mirrors

4:30 - 6:00pm Denver on Sept. 2nd 1968

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let's see now... "It wasn't too long ago, but it feels like, years ago, since I've felt the warm hello of the Sun... lately things..." and then

he was interrupted by the Show motion Speeded up Sound that sometimes cut so deep, that sound was from those Chelophane typewriters... exactly. Constantly from the South Side of those carpets and Sweet Rome was on my mind. "She gave so sweetly..." And on he walked until after crowning Ethel the dog, the only Queen of cars, the sky cracked wide open and split many of his Brothers and Sisters heads all over the world ^{part} ^{with} ^{sing} the approximate same....

2.



... that's Law and order, said the Borg Border
Guard as his hand head weighted something
like bread - which to explain through brain
rain as that's well... Bro, is this here Country
all what much ahead?

And said the owner of the velvet horse who heard
all this - I just know I'm going to get involved here
and seems the machine in Reverse splitting both
Suns apart in doing so, probably - he got to
Fantasy Fjords on the hump up side and also
can you dig... Oh Oh! watch that stick and judge
your distance from that ~~stick~~ Blue Suede kick!!
(Swissman knee... #!?!?) Anyway... can you
dig that something came by here not too terrible
long at all - Luds breathing my eye - just a foot
above these some ~~tried~~ skies and....

3.



you know, that sound there and after that, everywhere,
Bathed me ~~physically~~ to a physical.
And he Blotted out the sand burnt the side of his
inner wall also passing by and the liquid rainbar
melted EROS all through his rooms and rooms
of fears he was hiding from Euel the Queen's.
And he thumbed a lift from his head and ~~heads~~
heads straight to anywhere to tell his woman
the worlds that it was physical - ~~one~~ -
And (he bellyache begins to rattle and crack) his old lady Terra King
Jumps in his face and says - "what's physical?"
and no ~~stutter~~ stutters, sines, ~~retaliates~~ and
retaliates with... well... er ah... what is
Music n' love? ~~er er~~ ~~er er~~
And they probably found out it was.
by this time -
yes sirl



The Newhouse Hotel

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84143

PHONE 328-8344

All Hendrix compositions published by Bella GEDIVA Music
with Miss Strange by - Saint ^{except "Burning of the Midnight Lamp" and "PT. 1"}

All songs written and arranged by J. Hendrix,
except "Little Miss Strange" by Noel Redding

"All along the watch tower" by Bob Dylan ^{arranged by Hendrix}
"Come on PT. 1" by Eric King

- Side A. 1. And the Gods made love
2. Have you ever been (to Electric Ladyland)
3. Cross town traffic
4. Voodoo Child

- Side B. 1. Little Miss Stranger
2. Long hot Summer night
3. Gypsy Eyes? ^(check and make sure of the order of these two songs!)
4. Come on (PART 1) ^{aka Good Times Roll}
5. Burning of the Midnight Lamp.

INFO FOR L.P.

Jimi Hendrix &
Electric Lady Land



The Newhouse Hotel

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84143

PHONE 328-8344

INFO FOR L.P.

Jimi Hendrix &
Electric Lady Land

- Side C. 1. Rainy Day, Dream Away
2. 1983 ... (A Nerman I should turn to be)
3. Moon, TURN THE TREES - GENTLY GENTLY MORN.

- Side D. 1. Still Raining, Still dreaming
2. House burning down
3. All along the watch tower
4. Voodoo Child (Slight return)

We dedicate this Album to acoustic and electric women and man alike.

and to the girl at or from or with the ~~the~~ burton store and Arizona and Bill of some english town in England and, well, everybody.

HELP FROM OUR FRIENDS AND PASSENGERS INCLUDE:

on *Rainy Day* and *Still Raining*

ORGAN – Mike Finnigan
HORN – Freddie Smith
CONGAS – Larry Faucette
DRUMS – Buddy Miles

on 1983

FLUTE – Chris Wood

on *Voodoo Chile*

ORGAN – Stevie Winwood
BASS – Jack Casady

on *Long Hot Summer Night*

PIANO – Al Kooper

*We dedicate this album to acoustic
and electric woman and man alike,
and to the girl at or from or with
the button store, and Arizona,
and Bil of some English town in
England, and well, EVERYBODY.*



PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY JIMI HENDRIX

All compositions written and arranged by Jimi Hendrix, with the exceptions of *Little Miss Strange*, by Noel Redding,
All Along The Watchtower, by Bob Dylan (arranged by Jimi Hendrix), and *Come On (Let The Good Times Roll)*, by Earl King /

All compositions published by Experience Hendrix, L.L.C. (ASCAP) with the exceptions of *Little Miss Strange*,
Joint Music, adm. by Chappell & Co. (ASCAP); *All Along The Watchtower*, Dwarf Music (ASCAP) and
Come On (Let The Good Times Roll), EMI Unart Catalog Inc. (BMI) / Recorded at The Record Plant, New York

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Remastering Supervision by Jessie Hendrix & John McDermott for Experience Hendrix, L.L.C.

Release Design: Phil Yarnall – SMAY Design

Essay: Derek Taylor

Hendrix Writings: Jeff Leve

OUTER DIGI PAK PHOTOGRAPHY:

Linda McCartney (left), David Montgomery/M&M Management (center), Karl Ferris (right)

INNER DIGI PAK PHOTOGRAPHY:

David Sygall/e-shot.com (right, center), Linda McCartney (left)

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Linda McCartney (pg. 30, 34-35), and David Sygall/e-shot.com (pg. 11).

For more information about Jimi Hendrix please visit us at www.jimihendrix.com



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