





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.

As with all great stars, the imagery is immediate, evocative, headily omni-

present and there is always a need to know more. To want to have another look, another listen, is a clarification of stardom. Is it defined too by the power to *survive one's era*?

Jimi Hendrix lives on for today's young on record and in books, posters, memorabilia, film and videotape. Those of us who were there have instant recall of that unmistakable smiling self-invention of the later sixties, somewhat Cherokee, mostly Afro-American, entirely musical, driven by his imagination, a soul-rooted,



rock solid, Dylanesque fire-and-feathers, bluesy all-in-all unique guitar

pirate who paid his dues in America and got his first rewards in "swinging"

London, into which confident colourful city he was flown by the blunt amusing Georgie visionary Chas Chandler, lately of the Animals, by now peripatetic starmaker.

Long distance, Jimi Hendrix told his beloved father, Al of Seattle, who had gardened fit to bust to feed his motherless family: "It's me, Jimmy. I'm in England, Dad. I met some people and they're going to make me a big star. I've changed my name to J-I-M-I." Within a few months, with his

own divine drive flair and ambition, finding real nutrients in London's rich "underground" he enabled "them" to "make" him into a star. A star's star indeed, wearing the best threads that supra-national psychedelic countercul-

ture could conjure from British imperialism, native America and countries far beyond.



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 Vil-

lage 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 naïve 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

¹ Fifteen-year-old Jimmy Hendrix saw Presley live, in 1957—what a year for the King!





Noel Redding and Mitch Mitchell

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.

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 women¹ - 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 now have 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.


¹ “The sexiest man that’s walked the planet,” Neneh Cherry has said since.

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.

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 



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



Dear Sirs.

Here are the pictures we would like for you to use any where on the L.P. cover - ^{possibly inside and out} without the white frames around some of the pictures. And with most of them next to each other in different sizes and mixing the color prints at different points.



Rough Sketch
of L.P.
INSIDE
and OUTSIDE

and mixing the color prints at different points.
for instance



PLEASE use pictures with all 4 sides of the hole on the sleeve for front or back cover - (outside cover)

and the other back or front side (inside cover)
PLEASE use these good pictures of us 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 ^{yes sir!} Recording

USE on L.P.

Page 1.



TIME:

Letter to the room full of mirrors

4:30 - 6:00 AM
Session in Sept 2nd
1968... done

Let's see now...
4:30 to 6:00 AM
Denver Colo Sept 2nd
1968

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 sand was constantly from the South side of those carpets and a Sweet Rome 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. ^{parts} ^{sir!} at the approximate same....

2.

... that's Law and order, said the Borg Border Guard as his hand head weighed 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 Sun's apart in doing so, probably - he got to Fantasy Fjords on the humpy up side and also can you dig... oh oh! watch that stick and judge your distance from that ~~stick~~ Blue Swede kick!!
(Swiss thing knock... &!!!) Anyway -- can you dig that something came by here Not too terrible long at all... I was bathing my eye just a feet above those same ~~fire~~ ~~skies~~ And...

3.

You know, that sound there and after that, everywhere, Bathed me ~~physically~~ ~~physically~~ to a physical. And he Blurted out the Sand burnt the side of his inner wall also passing by and the liquid rain bar melted EROS all through his rooms and rooms of fears he was hiding from Erel the Queeny. And he thumbed a lift from his head and ~~heads~~ heads straight to anywhere to tell his woman, the world; that it was physical... Grrr... And (the bellhop begins to walk and create) His old lady Terma Mone, jumps in his face and says - "what's physical?!" and no ~~stutter~~ stutters, sides, ~~retaliates~~ and retaliates with... well... er ah... what is Music n' love? ~~your~~ ~~your~~ And they probably found out it was...
by this time -
yes sir!



And please send two pictures back
to Jimi Hendrix personal + private
c/o Jeffery + Chandler -
27 West 37th St. N.Y. N.Y.

After you finish with them.

Please, if you can, find a nice place and lettering
for the few words I wrote ~~for~~ named... "Letter ~~to~~
on the L-P cover. of the room full
of mirrors."

The sketch on the other page is enough
idea of course... But please use ALL the pictures.
And the words - Any other drastic change from these
directions would not be appropriate according to
the music and our group's present stage -
And the music is most important. And we have enough
personal problems without having to worry about this simple
ineffective layout. ~~you~~ Thank you. Jimi Hendrix



INFO for LP Jimi Hendrix
electric lady land

The Newhouse Hotel
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84119
PHONE 324-2166

title of LP. Electric lady land.

Directed and produced by Jimi Hendrix
~~Photography~~ ~~by~~ Linda Eastman
~~Engineers~~ Cary Kellegam and Eddie Kramer
Recorded at Record Plant - 321 West 44th St. N.Y.C.

Help from our friends & passengers includes
on "Raining Day" and "Still raining still dreaming" -

Organ — Mike Finnigan
Horn — Freddie Smith
Congas — Larry Fawcette
Drums — Buddy Miles

on "1983" — Chris Wood: flute -
on "Voodoo Child" — Stevie Winwood — organ
Jack Cassidy — BSS
"Bright Summer night" — A.L. Kooper — piano



The Newhouse Hotel

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84143
PHONE 322-4344

All Hendrix compositions published by Bella Gorb WA Music
Little Miss Strange by - Smart music
except "Come on Pt. 1" by Earl King

All songs written and arranged by J. Hendrix,
except: "Little Miss Strange" by Noel Redding
"All along the watch tower" by Bob Dylan
"Come on Pt. 1" by Earl King

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

- Side B:
1. Little Miss Strange
 2. Long hot Summer night
 3. Gypsy Eyes (Check and make sure of the cover of these two songs!)
 4. Come on (Pt 1) Let Good Time Roll
 5. Burning of the Midnight Lamp.

INFO FR L.P.
Jim Hendrix &
Electric lady land

3.
INFO FR L.P.
The Hendrix
Electric lady land



The Newhouse Hotel

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH 84143
PHONE 322-4344

- Side C:
1. Rainy Day, Dream Away
 2. 1983... (A merman I should turn to be)
 3. Moon, TURN THE TIDES (GENTLE GENTLY AND)

- 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 woman and man alike.

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

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 Rome 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, 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 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.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Tim O'Reilly". The signature is stylized and cursive, with a small blue square mark at the bottom left of the signature.