

PROPHECY — It's My Life, Let Me Live It

By Jim Golden — Chapter Nine

Woodstock, love-ins, freaks & hippies, Haight & Ashbury, Timothy Leary, Led Zeppelin, Janis Joplin and Jimmy Hendricks. These were the years of discovery. The air itself seemed to be alive with limitless excitement and endless possibility. All the images and expectations I had labored to fulfill had been put to death on the gallows of failure. The doorway to a "*new age*" was suddenly flung wide open, right in front of me.

You would've had to have been there and a part of it to know what I mean when I say it was like the dawning of a new age. It seemed as though a whole culture or race of people was born overnight. They lived in a kingdom of love, joy and peace. So many of the "old order" inhibitions and bigotries had drowned in a sea of "*Leary's elixir of love*".

Slogans like, "*let LSD set you free*," filled the thoughts of a war-weary generation of youth. They were tired of the "older" generation dictating to them the way they should live or think. Jimmy Hendricks, a former Marine, now "reborn" acid-rock guitarist, and psychedelic Guru, championed the cause of this new freedom. A new outlook on life was birthed with lyrics like, "...nobody can die when it's time for me to die, it's my life, so let me live it like I want to."

There was a sincerity of love and acceptance many had only dreamed of. We were the counter-culture, a society within a society. We were a generation that was truly on a "magical mystery tour." No one knew where we would end up or the road would take us and we didn't care. We were the true existentialists, living our lives without regard for any future consequences, adopting a philosophy of, "if it feels good how can it be wrong?"

I remember some of the struggles the Nation went through in its efforts to define pornography. At one point I had been in a partnership with a man named Bob R. We produced magazines that actually showed people in the act of "making love" with pictures of bodies rotting in the sun, mutilated by the "wholesomeness of war" on opposite pages. With 60 pt. banners proclaiming "**WHAT IS REALLY PORNOGRAPHIC?**" we sought to champion our own revolution.

It was at the beginning of this age when I met Dickey. Richard, his given name, was a good looking young man with delusions of grandeur. His charismatic personality and air of acceptance allowed him to espouse many to his court of admirers. Not really wanting to stay with Charlie and my mother after my release from the Marine Corps, I soon became a follower of Dickey. My association with him would open the door to a new stage in my life.

Gracy Slick was suggesting that we should feed our heads and not just our bodies. As I began to "*expand*" my mind I actually believed my desire to feed other people's minds had nothing to do with greed. In the early days before the age of paranoia it was easy to make "*good connections*". I was able to get almost any quantity of "*acid*" (LSD) or pharmaceutical cocaine at very low prices whenever I wanted.

It wasn't until Steppenwolf's *The Pusherman* came out that I even had a clue that what I was doing was wrong. Even then we rationalized that if we were fair in our prices, generous in our quantities and connoisseurs in our quality of merchandise we didn't fit into the category of a "*pusher*". In fact, we were risking our freedom to provide the

material needed to fertilize the philosophy of a new world order. We were providing what the people wanted.

One thing that was in short supply was good marijuana or weed as we often called it. With the backing of a local construction company owner who was an under-cover convert of the "*movement*" Dickey and I left for regions unknown in his 1967 Camaro. The plan was to go to Acapulco, Mexico. We had a name or two and rejoiced at the thought of kilos for \$135 apiece. *No stems, no seeds, nothing you don't need. Acapulco Gold is some bad _ _ weed.* I'll let you fill in the blanks. Cheech & Chong's little chorus became the pursuit of our days and nights. *Weed* was the staple of our lives. We would begin and end our day with it. It was almost a bonding ritual among us.

Sayings like, "*dope will get you through times of no money better than money will get you through times of no dope,*" shaped our philosophy. From Mexico to California, Dickey and I shared everything until our failure to find a lucrative contact in Mexico revealed the true meaning of our association and we parted ways. Dickey found a new friend to polish his armor and I found Reb.

Reb was a good friend. He took me into his house and treated me like family. He was a biker and business man all rolled into one. While he adopted most of the attitudes of "hippiedom" he was different. Reb drank a little bit and from time to time if he drank a little bit more than a little bit he might get high. That was the exception, not the rule.

In those days I would get "*out there*" pretty far and Reb provided a non-condemning source of stability for my life. I was a pretty big fellow and a biker at heart. By this time I had begun to use barbiturates and could get very mean for a good cause. Reb managed an apartment building in the Valley and ran a modeling agency, which I helped him start. I had a lifestyle most men only dreamed about. I was his enforcer. Reb and I developed a reputation as people you could trust. We made sure all our models were paid and didn't have to do anything they didn't want to do.

At one point we had over 1300 models in the agency, doing everything from "*cheesecake*" to "*hard-core*" porn. Because of my position in the company Reb allowed me to open a small side-line business with Bob R., who I mentioned earlier. Whenever a new model came in I could audition her across the street in our studio and take a \$50.00 finder's fee for my trouble.

The great thing about wanting something but not getting it is, it always seems great. But when you get that thing you thought would make your life complete, the thrill so soon wears off. We enter the stage that most of us sooner or later dwell in. It's called disillusionment. That's what began to happen to me. I had everything most men never get and I was depressed and unhappy most of the time. It's funny how influential music can be. When I was going through my existentialist metamorphosis I had Jimmy telling me to live my life like I wanted to. Now I had B.B. King convincing me that the thrill was gone.

Sabu was quite a character. I never really liked him. He was a handsome figure of a young man who tooted his own horn way too much for me. He envisioned himself as God's gift to women and some sort of romantic "cat-burglar." Together we pulled off some incredible daytime and nighttime thefts. I had dabbled in this arena before, and found it exciting. With the thrill gone out of my life this was just the "shot in the arm" I thought I needed.

We dealt in the commercial end of the business. For some distorted reason we felt that set us a grade above those who preyed on the less fortunate individuals who didn't own

their own business. Thus we stayed out of residential capers. How ironic that a drug deal gone sour should end up in my going to prison for a residential burglary.

Dee was my source for "reds", one of three types of "barbs" that were popular on the streets in the early '70's. She had been dodging me because she had taken my money for a couple of jars of "red's" and went out the back door, so to speak. Some of my friends told me they knew where she was.

Sure enough, I found her the next day and "jacked" her up for the money or the "reds". As you might have guessed, she had neither. In fear for her life she offered me a few credit cards she claimed belonged to her new boyfriend. Her reasoning was if she didn't come through with the goods I could expose her facade the next evening. It sounded good to me, after all, you can't get "blood out of a turnip".

Some hope is better than none, so the next evening I showed up at the address on the "boyfriend's" license. Not seeing Dee anywhere I began to snoop around. Peeking into one of the apartment windows, I saw her and her girlfriend. The next thing I knew the police were all over me. Trying to explain that I was there to see Dee, they relented momentarily.

Talk about being played for a sucker, I think I hold the world's record. When the police produced Dee and her girlfriend to corroborate my story, I felt a little like Jesus on the night of his betrayal. "I have never seen this man before," she said coolly.

It seems as though the apartment next door to Dee had been robbed and with goods in hand the Police had nabbed the culprit. My life was tied up for the next three years in one incident after another relating to that fateful night.

I spent months in jail waiting to go to trial. Charles Manson would walk by my cell on his way to court very often. I remember thinking to myself, "what a twerp." He always had such a friendly smile as though we were members of some kind of secret brotherhood. I finally made bail and skipped town the same day. After about a year, I was caught and copped a plea. After I did my time I left the state immediately upon my release.

It was part of the deal. Through an interstate compact agreement, my home state agreed to supervise my parole period. I remember stopping to get a cup of coffee at a restaurant by the entrance to the freeway I was getting ready to stick my thumb out on, when it happened. The Jesus movement was in full swing and I had been corresponding with a girl who was telling me that Jesus was the only way. I guess it had affected me more than I knew. Inside the cafe a waitress turned around to ask me if she could help me. As she looked at me I could see all the blood drain from her face and a look of nausea produced by fear overpower her. The waitress was Dee.