

Hendrix The final experience

By STEVE GELLER

Friday, the eighteenth of September, nineteen hundred and seventy will be remembered. Jimi Hendrix, perhaps rock's most electrifying guitarist-composer-singer died in London England of an apparent overdose of drugs.

Hendrix, only in his mid-twenties, collapsed in the morning at home in the Notting Hill Gate section of London and was taken to the St. Mary Abbots hospital for emergency treatment. Hospital doctors were unsuccessful in attempting to revive Hendrix who died without regaining consciousness. A preliminary report confirming the cause of death will be established when doctors carry out a postmortem examination.

Hendrix was the recent owner of a million dollar recording studio, Electric Lady, which had turned out albums for such top groups as Led Zeppelin and Voices of East Harlem. His new album, "Suns and Rainbows", was scheduled for release in the near future.

Jimi Hendrix was an individualist. He created music rather than interpreting it. Hendrix hit the top of all pop's charts in early 1967. He never fell from that position because his talent, ability, and ingenuity never failed him. He loved music and lived music, and was always trying to do something new with a guitar.

His stage presence and delivery will never be forgotten. He will always be remembered for performing with a completely empathetic attitude towards his music which was delivered via guitar played up-side-down, behind his back, on his belly buckle, with his feet, or with his teeth.

Musically, Hendrix's material was nothing short of incredible. With a type of controlled insanity, Hendrix and his group The Jimi Hendrix Experience, helped lead popular music to the wild, colourful world of psychedelics.

Mellowing somewhat in the later stages of his career, Hendrix took on a type of blues premiss and combining with Miles Davis bore "Band of Gypsies" who released one fine album of the same title.

In all of his endeavours Hendrix managed to master his music with all the class that was characteristic of him.

Jimi Hendrix was a product of an exploding youth culture and reflectively was a musician of his time.

His music appealed to the entire youth culture, bearing no racial overtones and not arising from a predominately black root. In every respect Jimi Hendrix was a prophet unto the Aquarian age in which he lived. His loss is a sad one and will be greatly felt throughout the music world.

"Purple haze all through my brain,
Lately things don't seem the same.
I'm acting funny. I don't know why,
Excuse me while I kiss the sky."


When you need a Bank

It's nice to know you're near one.
The Commerce.
Come in.
And find out how more of us can do more for you.

There's a Commerce branch
at
KEELE AND FINCH



CANADIAN IMPERIAL
BANK OF COMMERCE



Hendrix found
the slow note
sustained
lyric slaughter
while carnivore
businessmen
flash peace
signs
not being is produced by
rest
who could play the
slow echoes
acid of time
farewell.

what variations
on the old one way
to silence
don't the sunrise slow
to closed eyes
burning guitar pyre
of dying moon
being and becoming
the result of motion
Hendrix is dead
echoes we are
fast
myths of flesh

John Oughton

Naked came Polonsky

The Butcher and the Column

By the time this newspaper finds its way onto the brave freshman's sturdy clipboard, nestled somewhere in between THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST and THE YOUNG SOCIALIST, said freshman will have endured, orientation week included, ten days at York University. In these ten days he will have puzzled at the maze of ramps and hallways in the college complex, witnessed his dreams of taking MAN IN SEARCH dashed, and will have probably not really got to know one new person.

Ten days, eight to nine thousand people, and not a new friend in the place! But for the third year man (getting pretty close to that B.A.) these past few days should have been sufficiently tolerable except for that occasional pang of "What am I doing back at this place, when only a month ago I was smoking dope in Amsterdam, getting stoned on hash in Morocco, and dropping acid in Spain."

Well, for one third year man, these past few days have produced a disaster of the proportions that would make Richard Needham quit the Globe and become an accountant. Somewhere in between the time I pressed that last "H" on the typewriter, and the time EXCALIBUR made its descent from the printing machines, my first column of the year got butchered. For four days I had urged the freshmen on to the staff boxes of this newspaper. For four days I had informed the freshmen of the little known fact that I had my own column in EXCALIBUR. And what happens? They butcher my column. My column comes out of the printers unrecognizable from the way it went in. Sure, last year when I wrote about politics, economics and sex, not one column got butchered. But my article on Joe Namath? Destroyed!

I go for supper. A few people say hello. I cringe. What they really meant to say, I mutter to myself, is "Boy was your column awful this week. Washed up at 21, man?"

I line up for registration. An English professor forces a "Good Day". What he really wanted to say was "My God, my lad, the injustice you have committed to Her Majesty's English shall never be pardoned by me or anyone else on the faculty, as long as I have my say in running York University."

I cannot look anyone straight in the eye. I feel like a maiden sneaking into the Humanities Building through the back entrance because she has banned her bra for the first time. But a friend, Harry Levine manages a peek. The maiden looks down in anguish and cries to herself, "Why the hell can't they stay still?"

My mother! What is she going to think? After 16 years in school and her son cannot write 800 words coherently. What about my intellectual brother? His five-year-old daughter? My cousin the professor who I have never met? What if he read it? What if he writes home to all the relatives? And what if just one of those cousins, one of those malicious cousins, goes and tells (OH GOD, perish the thought) the Polonsky patriarch, grandfather the rabbi — the scholar? I am ruined. I was never that far ahead of my 20-year-old first year law cousin from Chicago, in the first place. But now?

"I'm sorry," said the managing editor. "We didn't mean to butcher it. After all, it was our first issue. It will be better next week, or the week after."

So, my fine first year friends, relax. You are lost somewhere near the Buttery. You are stuck with a man in a primitive society rather than a man in search. You have not talked to anyone in ten days. You have not even said the word "revolution" once since you have got here. Well, what about my column? What about me? What about my old grandfather the rabbi — the scholar?



the Villager
shoe shoppes



Just Men



Burgundy and Black Leather
Olive Green and Black Leather,
only \$24.00

Open Thursday and Friday nites. C.O.D. orders accepted. Credit and Chargex cards honored.

126 Bloor Street West
262 Yonge Street

1475 Yonge Street near St. Clair
Fairview Mall Shopping Centre

Design and Word Trade Marks in Canada of The Villagers Shoe Shoppes Ltd.