

Hendrix Knocks the Stuffings Out of Hall

NEW YORK — Philharmonic Hall underwent a Jimi Hendrix Experience and a unique "Electronic Thanksgiving" Thursday (28), surviving the two-show assault with its classical aplomb ruffled like the feathers of the holiday turkey. Appropriately plumed for the occasion, Jimi Hendrix, who records for Reprise, punished two guitars till they cried out in great gulps of psychedelic agony and flashed his classical-type virtuosity for a savage bunch of teeny-boppers.

An ex-patriot who returned here from England as the most singularly sensational rock star, Hendrix "jammed" with bassist Noel Redding and drummer Mitch Mitchell, coloring his athletic guitar maneuvers with sexy twists, hip quips and struttings and the lack of inhibition of a one-man revolution erupting on stage. Taking in his gait and dress, it becomes apparent

that the instrument Hendrix plays best of all is Hendrix himself, a circus with all three rings in rhythm.

Hendrix's impossible licks and riffs, coaxed out of his guitar without mercy, screamed through Philharmonic in waves and bursts. His "Foxy Lady," "Red House," "Purple Haze" and the Cream's "Sunshine of Your Love" were frantic translations of blues, lyrically retarded but soaring in their mind-bending psychedelic effect. His high-frequency guitar work, fed to the audience through giant amplifiers torn open from previous Hendrix destructive fits, flitted through a range of decibels and vocal imitations as Hendrix threw himself bodily into the beat.

Arrogant as a barroom bully and erotic to the point of outright invitation, Hendrix wailed from his knees while changing strings and by raking the strings across the microphone and his mouth. Following a rude reception to virtuoso harpsichordist Fernando Valenti and the New York Brass Quintet, Hendrix stomped on stage to the war whoops of excited fans. And though the Hendrix Experience is the most ecstatic musical experience in rock today, Philharmonic should have been spared as the scene of the rock trip and left in darkness to enjoy a quiet Thanksgiving.

ED OCHS

TOMORROW

By ED OCHS

I AM not going to apologize for Jimi Hendrix. Survival is not a sport. It was never meant to be quite that. But Hendrix's endgame is more than just a voice drowned in the roar of other voices. Up. Up into the clear heights, up into the abyss beyond the sun, up still higher to the top of the infinite, where red and purple are stored, Hendrix attacks two and three guitars, long pieces of flesh he carries like the lower half of female dummies. It is not even enough that Buddy Holly, the Big Bopper and Little Willie John are there. Or that his guitar fired darts. It is not easy—though some say "it's cool"—to accept Hendrix's body dead or imagine his stony skull asleep, bubbling into his throat where he swallowed his life. He left us his hurt to remember him by, and it lingers like dust on cynics. We cannot feel that he is relieved, that his blood has cooled mercifully, or that he has achieved safe distance from the brain's smashing music. It is not easy to think not of the verdict and the victim, the results, the morbid bite of blame, for not knowing. . . . It is in this frame that most fatal accidents occur.

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Not too much was really known about Jimi Hendrix, he was young. Newspapers couldn't seem to agree on his age—it ranged from 24 to 27. Network television coughed up his death reluctantly, edited not to stare, eventually to be written off the books of perspective as too provocative: a loaded question. Requiring thought. But his sex life came up, he was troubled and deadbent on downs. His father, a landscaper in Seattle, inherited \$500,000 Jimi couldn't possibly spend and live on at the same time. They would have to reconcile his life with theirs, compare them, news "not fit to print." This is called a credibility gap. Jimi Hendrix bridged that gap. Being a rock star is an exceedingly dangerous occupation, especially fatal for a gypsy.

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