

The record store at the end of time.

Jimi Hendrix was in here the other day complaining about the prostitution of his back catalogue. He was wearing that deep red Victorian cavalry tunic, you know the one with all the gold braid that pinged out on that cover shoot, OK the shot was on the inside reveal on the double gatefold but it's still the **ULTIMATE WARDROBE CHOICE** isn't it? Set the tone for an entire genre defined an era - 15th King's Hussars, height of British imperialism or some such thing, that tone setting tunic, wasn't it?

At this point in time it's fair to make certain claims, the arguments are over history has had its say and, well, Jimi was here to talk about it. We ribbed him about digging out all the old gear. Teased him about his hair, his later jazz influences. Just your regular banter, Thursday evening store banter. He lightened up a little when we offered him a white bread sandwich with his beer, refused, saying they didn't agree with him, got a laugh there, but man he was down about the whole back catalogue thing. He said it was all good intentioned but it was like watching out takes of Justin Timberlake picking his nose.

See every time Jimi even tuned a guitar someone somewhere had the tape rolling. Every twang and tweak then found its way on to some overpriced juiced up vinyl discovery of the century deluxe package.

Which century is more the point.

Here we were discussing the finer points of the output desk he used for running the effects on 1983 (A Merman I should turn to be) and there are Mermans in the bar next door and the date is, well the date is the end of time. The conclusion of all things. Nada. Endito. No encores. House lights up canned music on and will everyone please keep the noise down as they leave, we don't want the neighbours whinging to the local alien invasion scout force.

Not that it would matter because this was without doubt humanity's final gig.

Rumours that the band would reform for a round of extraordinarily expensive intergalactic farewell tours had proven to be false. This was it. The most conclusive 'the band broke up and will never get back together again moment' since Jagger, Richards and Watts had choreographed cardiac arrests half way through the 4000k digital redux of Brown Sugar on their two million bucks a night 'Hope I

Die Before This Gets Even More Fucking Ridiculous' tour of gated Orange County retirement communities.

Sure there are rumours of Mick Taylor strumming Sympathy for the Devil to backpackers on the shores of some Neptunian Moon island resort but I for one don't believe it. He could never manage that many chord changes.