

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF THE DOORS FAN CLUB GERMANY

DOORS GD

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE NO. 28



break on through to the other side...



...is a magazine for members of
THE DOORS FAN CLUB W/Germany
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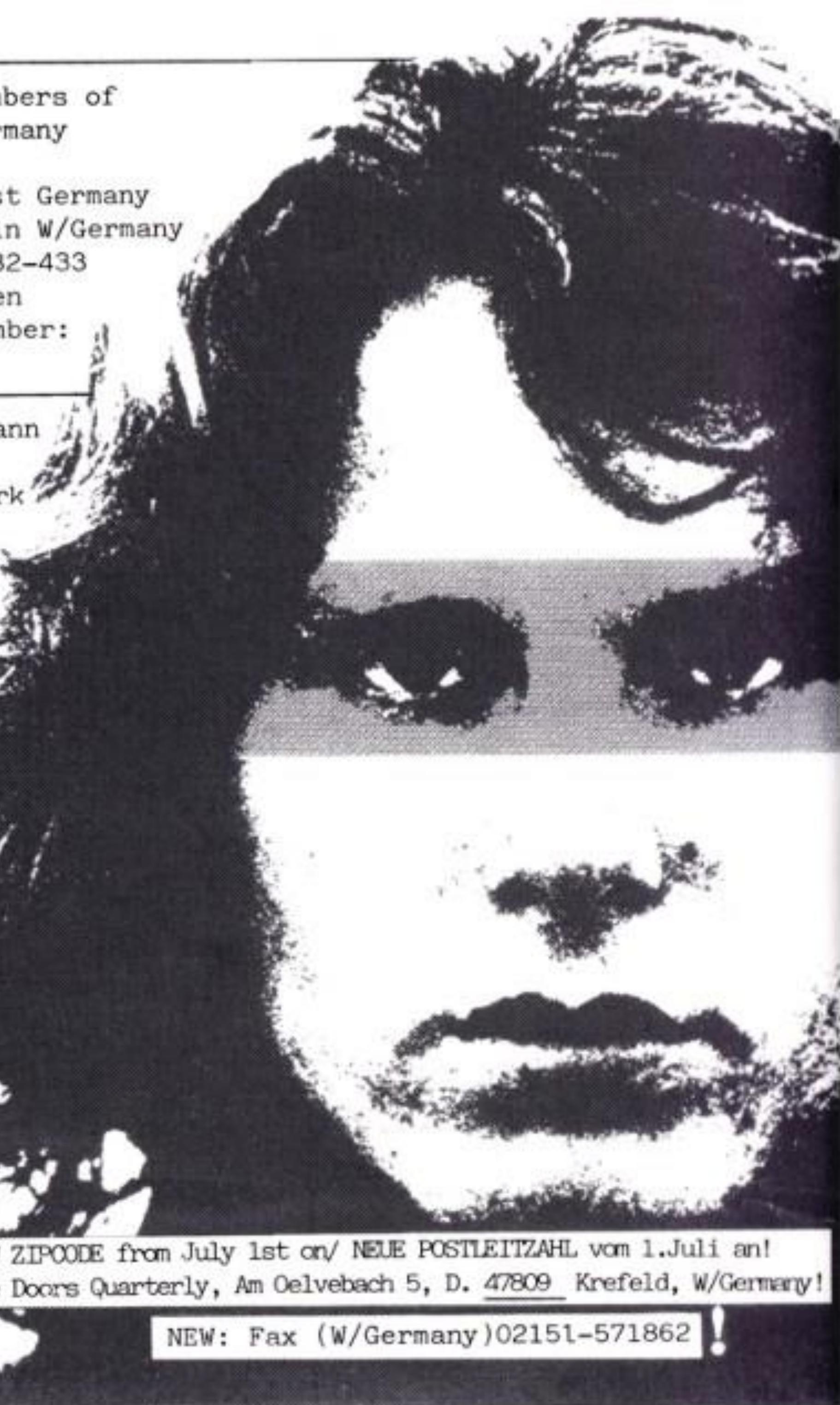
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Dear readers, some work will have to
be done by you — please change my zipcode
from 4150 to 47809 by the end of June.
From July 1st on everybody in Germany will
get a new zipcode ... also note that I have
got a fax now, pretty easy — it's the same num-
ber as my telephone. After having written a
song called "Fax Me, Baby" I couldn't re-

sist buying a machine. One of the first who faxed me was Danny Sugerman, by the way. — In this DQ, which is
late again, as usual, you'll find a flyer for a painting Robby did (I love it!), which a company sells as a
limited edition silkscreen now. I hope some of you can afford buying a print personally signed by Robby. —
As promised, there's a new poster in this DQ — a concert poster of The Doors' Long Beach performance. Thanks
to Jochen Maaßen and Stefan Simons, who spent their precious time preparing the poster for printing, and al-
so for their work having it printed. — Jim's 50th birthday is nearing in December, and we can expect some
(hopefully) interesting TV-Specials. I met a guy from Germany TV, who is busy preparing a special, but I'll
let you know in DQ 29 about more details. Till now it is still a secret. — I'm also busy preparing a big
Quarterly issue on MIAMI, which will contain more than 25 pages on this subject, after some incredible new
informations had been revealed from the court's archives. Also in preparation: an interview with Gilles Yere-
mian, the guy who found Jim at the Whiskey A Gogo in 1971, along with an updated version of my Jim Morrison —
Paris guide. — Paul Rothchild was happy to get his German Morrison-stamps and agreed to do an interview with
me this summer in L.A. for the Quarterly. Thanks, Paul! — Rossella from Italy finally sent me copies of "King"—
magazine (thanks, baby!), which features a lot of photos taken by Alain Ronay (colour ones!) on June 26th, 1971,
just a week before our beloved Jim died. I wonder how many pictures Ronay took on that day — by now I've got
12 different ones. You shouldn't try to get "King", this issue is totally sold out. — I don't know when the
next Quarterly will be out (as you know from DQ 27, my time got drastically limited), probably before this
July, if not you can meet me in Paris this July 1st-5th. — Due to some impudent rises in postage from April 1st
on, I am not sure to keep your costs for your subscription as low as they are now. Instead of 0,80 DM for a DQ
in Germany I'll have to pay 3,20 then, and to avoid paying THAT much and rising the membership fee for about 10
DM more than it is now, I am probably going to mail the DQ from Holland in the near future ...

All the best, Rainer



NEW ZIPCODE from July 1st on/ NEUE POSTLEITZAHL vom 1.Juli an!
The Doors Quarterly, Am Oelvebach 5, D. 47809 Krefeld, W/Germany!

NEW: Fax (W/Germany) 02151-571862

TALK TALK TALK about The Doors

... The Ramones put their fine version of *Take It As It Comes* on their latest album. Nice addition to my collection of cover versions. Remember: The Ramones asked Ray Manzarek to play keyboards with it, but he sent them a 'No', unfortunately ...

... again The Ramones: They played three sell-out nights at the Hollywood Palladium in Los Angeles last November, and on the opening night Robby Krieger joined them on stage. Somebody's seen the group videotaping the concert ...

... there's no end to coverbands! A group called The Lizard King recently turned up in L.A. with a lead singer claiming to be Jim's son going by the name Clifford Morrison. Another band called The Doors Cover currently tours Brazil(!), while we over here are waiting for The Soft Parade to come back for their third European tour, which probably will not take place late spring this year, but in autumn (for information on their forthcoming tour please phone or fax me) ...

... as rumours go, John Densmore will play the drums on Bob Dylan's next world tour. I hope Dylan will not play any Doors songs ...

... Robby Krieger appears in *Married with Children* (German title: *Eine schrecklich nette Familie*, RTL television). The character Al Bundy breaks into a VIP lounge in the airport and runs into rock stars like Mark Lindsay, John Sebastian, Peter Noone, Spencer Davis, Richie Havens and - Robby Krieger ...

... Robby Krieger was interviewed for *A Current Affair* (a TV Show) that was taping a documentary on the late promoter Bill Graham with the approval of his son and the estate. At Club M at Canoga Park Robby told the story of how Jim was swinging the microphone around and hit Bill in the head. The next time The Doors performed for Graham they brought him a helmet - and Bill actually wore it ...

... Patricia Kennealy-Morrison's book *Strange Days* sold out its first print of 50.000 copies. A paperback edition of it will be in the shops soon, updated information and also a few new points of view will make the expanded paperback even more interesting than the first print ...

... a New York guide for Doors fans is in the making. Strange things will be in there like how to find the backyard where the cover photo of The Doors' *Strange Days*-LP was shot. Meanwhile, my great friend Ulli Michaelis did some more research for me in Los Angeles and completed my L.A. guide. See what he found out in this Quarterly ...

... no rumour, but the truth and very interesting: According to a source who was close to Admiral George S. Morrison in a Navy capacity, the only time Jim's father ever mentioned the name of his eldest son was when he issued orders that the men under his command were not to listen to Doors music under pain of discipline. Of course, that only made the poor sailors want to listen even more! So up there comes the fact: Mr. George S. Morrison must have known ALL Doors songs - or how should he have realized if it was a Doors song or something else the soldiers were listening to? And up there comes the question: Did Admiral Morrison regularly walk into the next record store and ask for the latest Doors record to be update? ...

... the group **Megadeath** did one of Jim's poems during their song *Go to Hell*: "Now I lay me down to sleep, pray the Lord my soul to keep ..." In fact this is not really Jim's poem, but a pretty common prayer from whatever religious book, but - here's your question, dear readers: in which **Doors** song (published on countless bootlegs, not official albums) did Jim improvise on this prayer? Your answer must be here on a **postcard** until April 30th, 1993, and one of you will win a rare copy of *VOX-Magazine* with a 16(!)-page *Doors-Story!!* Good luck, although this means that you have to listen to some horribly sounding bootlegs again ...

... the *Hard Rock Café* in Paris (Boulevard Montmartre 14) has got three interesting items for *Doors* fans - a leather jacket, previously owned by **Jim Morrison**, his handwritten lyrics to *Crawling King Snake*, and a Gibson SG electric guitar, signed by **Robby Krieger** ...

... **Robby**'s son **Waylon Krieger** plays in a band called *Bloodline*. With him there are Erin Davis, son of Miles; Berry Oakley, son of the late Allman Brothers bassist, who is also Robby's Godchild; and a 15-year old guy named Smokin' Joe Bonamassa. The kids are on the road to blow their fathers away ...

... **Gloria Stavers'** fur jacket, worn by Jim Morrison for a famous photosession which took place in Stavers' apartement in New York, went on auction for an estimated value up to \$12.000; Jim's hand also wrote down the entire lyrics to the Krieger song *Love Her Madly* in brown felt-tip pen, three pages for the same value; a \$90 Dollar check, made out to Jim and endorsed on verso by himself was estimated to \$800 ...

... a **Doors** "Greatest Hits" video is due out this fall. Let's pray it will contain unreleased material...

... finally released *THE DOORS IN MIAMI* on CD. It is - of course - the concert everybody has been wanting to listen to for ages. Read my review on this CD in this Quarterly. To my surprise the liner notes mention my book as a source for information, such as an Italian bootleg CD box called *The Doors Complete*. Thanks to the bootleggers for this free promotion ...

... who was abused at young age? - Jim Morrison! Who had sex with his mother as a youngster? - Jim Morrison! Who committed suicide in Paris? - Jim Morrison! At least in **Albert Goldman**'s forthcoming book on Jim. If this book will ever come out ... the publisher just went bankrupt. I really wonder how Albert is going to prove his theories. Actually I have never even heard someone discussing the theories mentioned above, let alone read it. It's probably time for Jim to get back and tell the real truth ...

... the quote "*Come on baby, light my fire*" made its way into **Bartlett's** 16th edition of *Familiar Quotations* ...

... talking about quotes - **Roger Daltrey** of The Who is currently working on a movie on the life and death of drummer **Keith Moon**. Roger said the movie should be absolutely different from what **Oliver Stone** made out of Jim's story: "I knew **Jim Morrison** personally - and this film was totally shitty. It had nothing to do with the truth." ...

... **Eric Burdon** currently is on a big 3-weeks tour in Germany. **Brian Auger** agreed to join him on stage, **Robby Krieger** said a 'No', unfortunately, in the very last minute. Robby is on a tour with his

own band **ROBBY KRIEGER ORGANIZATION** (see photo in this DQ) in the USA:

March 21	- L.A. Artist for Unicef Benefit, Palomino, California
March 25-31	- Quebec/Canadian tour
April 15	- Stoney's Posthouse Tavern, State College, PA
April 16	- Graffiti Showcase, Pittsburgh, PA
April 17	- The Ritz, New York
April 18	- Christopher's Sport Walk Cafe, Oceanside, New York
April 19	- Turing Point, Piermont, New York
May 29	- Big Bear Festival, Big Bear, California ...

... a facsimile copy of **Jim Morrison's** poetry book **An American Prayer** (made by the movie people?) makes people unsure if it is an original or not. True? Yes. The copy looks exactly like the original, using the same paper, same colour of the cover, same gold printing, same binding. There's absolutely no difference. I wonder when those copies will turn up at auctions. Original **An American Prayer** books with Jim's signature were sold at auctions for more than \$8.000. But even having a copy is great, as most people cannot afford to purchase an original, I guess. By the way, I found my copy at a record fair in Bruxelles, Belgium. The guy selling it was honest enough to tell me it was a copy. Unfortunately it was his last one ...

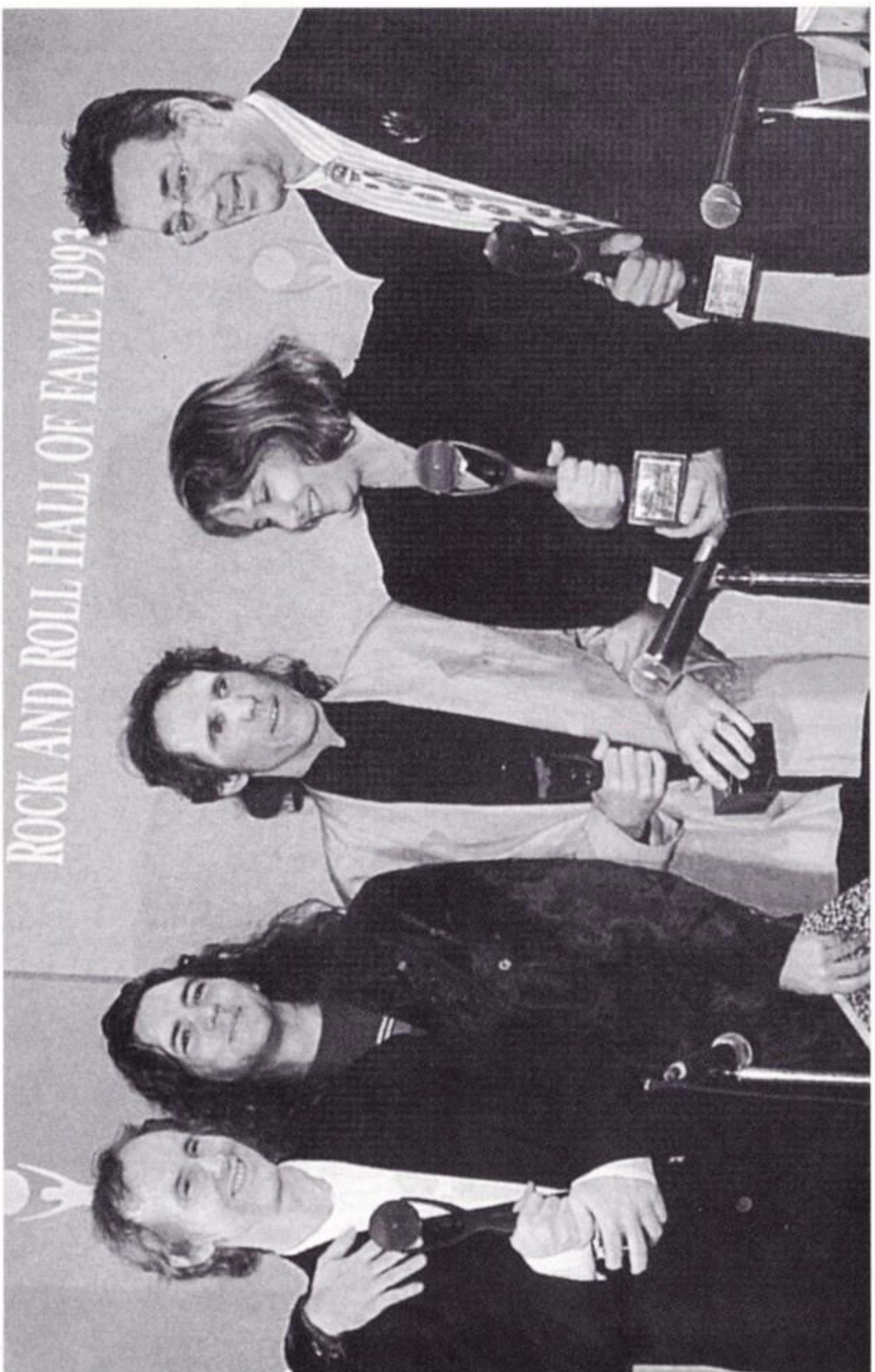
... dear **fans** who visit **Jim's grave** - dear **people** to whom this place means a lot - bloody **bums** hanging out there and sip your wine: **it does not look good!** Over 150 families of people buried at **Pére Lachaise** have started a legal action to get Jim moved. There are strong rumours saying it'll happen **THIS MARCH**, others say it'll happen **BEFORE** his 50th birthday. The French authorities are **constantly** begging Jim's parents to agree to take him somewhere to an unknown place, although there are **TWO** video cameras constantly observing the grave, and policemen come there at least every ten minutes. **People - don't drink, don't write grafittis on other graves, don't smoke pot or deal with drugs, don't be noisy, don't party at the grave and don't litter the surroundings!** Keep people away from doing things like this! Honestly! **It does not look good!** (This from a **VERY reliable source!**) ...

... the long-awaited **Missing Links** Bootleg-CD has been postponed again. A fax tells me that its next release date will be at the beginning of June 1993 ...

... and finally: **The Doors** are part of the *Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame* now! The induction took place at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles, conveniently located between the Santa Monica and San Diego freeways, on Tuesday, January 12, 1993. Along with Pearl Jam's **Eddie Vedder** on vocals, **John Densmore**, **Robby Krieger** and **Ray Manzarek** performed during the \$1.000-a-plate gala three songs live on stage: *Break On Through*, *Roadhouse Blues* and *Light My Fire*, after Ray recited some parts of "An American Prayer". **Anne (Graham) Morrison**, Jim's sister, represented Jim at his induction to the *Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame*, much to **Patricia Kennealy-Morrison's** protest. Patricia (who - as you all know - is the only woman whom Jim ever married in any form of wedding ceremony) wrote to **Michael Benz**, director of the Foundation: "(Jim) ... would have very much wanted **NO ONE** to accept this honor for him save his three fellow Doors, with whom he shared so transcendent an artistic partnership ... If anyone besides the other Doors **WAS** going to accept for Jim, it surely should not have been someone who, though a blood relative, was cut out of his life by her brother until the day he died... if they had been a close and loving brother and sister, sure,... let her do it. But that is patently not the case ... The Doors really should have been up there **alone.**" I guess Patricia is right! (See the photo of the induction on the next page!) ...

(News compiled by Rainer Moddemann)

ROCK AND ROLL HALL OF FAME 1993



THE DOORS AT THE ROCK AND ROLL HALL OF FAME CEREMONY January 12, 1993 (from left to right)

ROBBY KRIEGER EDDIE VEDDER
(The Doors) (Pearl Jam)

JOHN DENSMORE ANNE MORRISON
(The Doors) (Jim Morrison's sister)

RAY MANZAREK
(The Doors)

L.A. REVISITED

L.A.TOURS - Los Angeles For DOORS-Fans - PART FIVE

(written by Ulrich Michaelis)

Welcome back to Los Angeles, the city of angels and of THE DOORS. Most of you have read PART 1 - 4 of the L.A.TOURS in DQ 23 - 26 and we know many readers used that guide during their stay in L.A. (yes, it's YOU who has been watched walking around in West Hollywood with a DOORS QUARTERLY in your hands!).

This article intends to give you even more help finding your way to the DOORS landmarks in the city of lights. We have got plenty of new informations for you, some of them updates and/or corrections, some interesting additions to PART 1 - 4.

Let's start in West Hollywood on the famous Sunset Strip. I am sure you know that in 1990 the WHISKY A GOGO on 8901 Sunset Blvd/ Clark St had been repainted in its original 60s red color for the Oliver Stone movie. If you come to see it now - don't faint ! They recently painted it in three different shades of violet ! I don't know who gave the order to paint it that way but in my opinion he must be color-blind (fortunately the photo of THE WHISKY in this DQ is only black & white). Anyway, the venue opened on January 16, 1964 and from that year on the who is who of rockmusic performed in here: J.Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, The Who, The Cream and many more. THE DOORS had their first gig at THE WHISKY on April 25, 1966 and from May 23 - August 20, 1966 they were the houseband, mostly performing as a support act for bands like Love, Them, The Byrds or Buffalo Springfield. After the release of their first album THE DOORS returned to THE WHISKY for six nights, co-billed with The Byrds (May 16-21, 1967, see the concert poster on the backcover of DQ 19). From 1982 to 1986 THE WHISKY was closed but today it is a center of the L.A. hardrock scene again.

Note: Everybody knows the story of THE DOORS being fired from THE WHISKY after Jim sang the Oedipus-part of The End for the first time. In a recently published interview in MASTERS OF ROCK magazine, Mario Maglieri, a guy who worked for THE WHISKY's owner Elmar Valentine at that time, reports this famous story never happened:

"The guy used to party at THE WHISKY all the time. He used to get smashed he didn't know where he was. I used to protect him. He was like a little squirrel with drugs and booze - but Jim was never kicked out of THE WHISKY."
(see MASTERS OF ROCK # 9, page 61)

So what ? We all know the usual story from interviews with Ray, Robbie and John ! What is the truth ? Is this really just another classic rumor ?

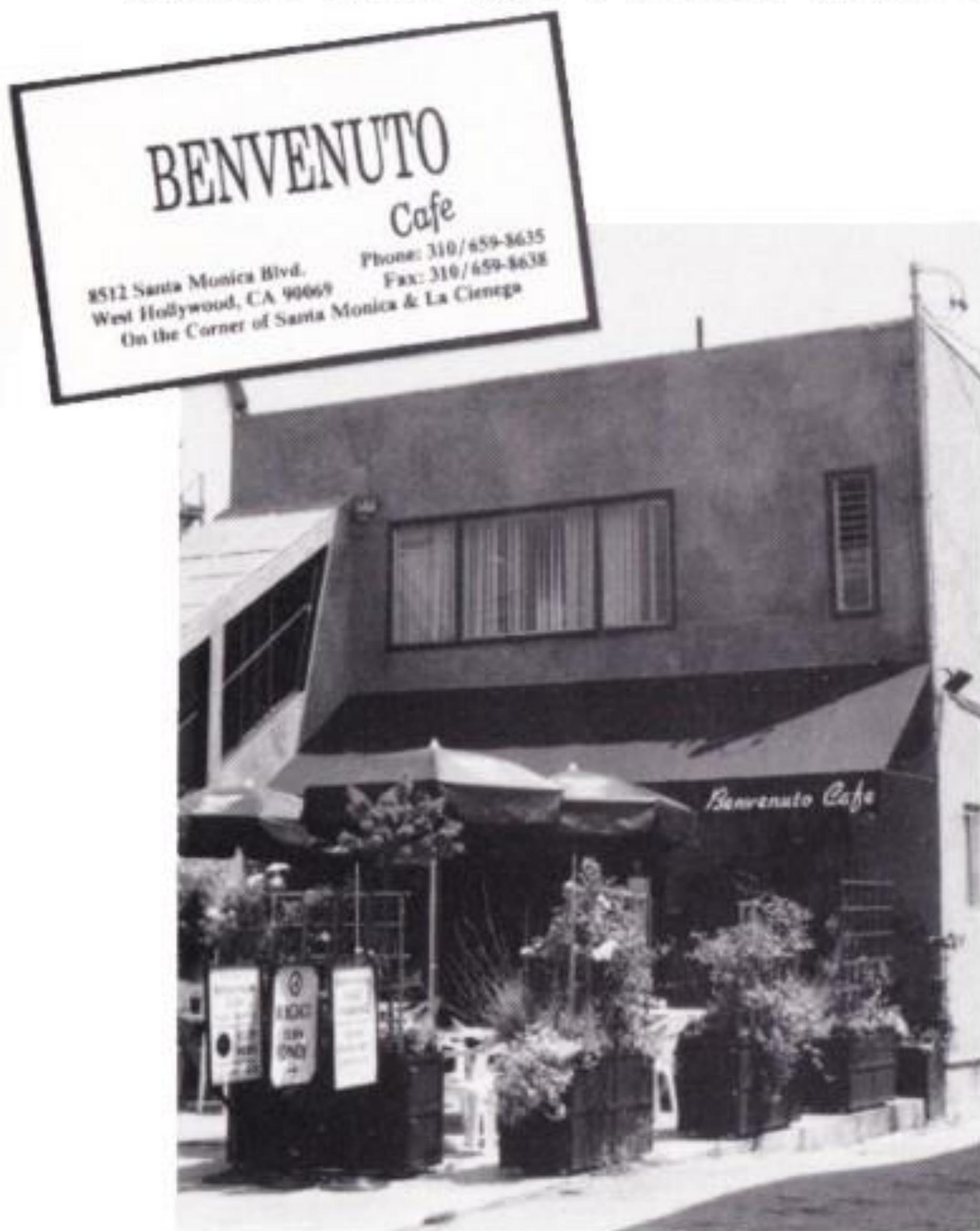
left:

THE WHISKY A GOGO on 8901 Sunset Boulevard, now a joint for metal-fans



Let's stay on the Strip in West Hollywood. On 8852 Sunset Blvd there is THE CENTRAL, a live club on corner Larrabee Street. For the Oliver Stone movie it was outfitted to make it the LONDON FOG, the small club THE DOORS created their typical sound in before Ronnie Haran booked them for THE WHISKY. But here's the news: in fact the LONDON FOG was **not** located here but on the same block as THE WHISKY. I met a 44-years-old rock music fan who used to visit clubs since the mid 60s. He told me that the LONDON FOG was just one or two doors away from THE WHISKY, right in the same building where you now find DUKE'S COFFEE SHOP.

In the 60s this part of the Sunset Blvd was the heart of the Sunset Strip. The couple of buildings between Clark Street and Hilldale Avenue have also been mentioned in a song written by Love's singer Arthur Lee (hear "Maybe The People Would Be The Times Or Between Clark And Hilldale" from Love's album *Forever Changes*). After the LONDON FOG closed down in late 1967 it became SNEAKY PETE'S. In 1988, when the famous TROPICANA MOTEL on 8585 Santa Monica Blvd was torn down, DUKE'S finally moved into this location.



Right across the street from the TROPICANA MOTEL there once was the **DOORS OFFICE** on 8512 Santa Monica Blvd; the place where THE DOORS recorded their *L.A. Woman* album in the rehearsal room on the groundfloor. In DQ 26 we already mentioned that this small building is no longer the home of the West Hollywood Gay & Lesbian Center but a place called BENVENUTO CAFE. In fact it is more an Italian restaurant with valet parking than a cafe. The complete groundfloor changed into one big room now, filled with chairs and tables. This means, you can have supper or lunch where THE DOORS once used to rehearse and record. The first floor is private, so you have no chance to get into the old office. Meanwhile the owners of the restaurant became aware of the history of the premises where they started their restaurant about one year ago. I heard stories about fans who did not come for the delicious food, but just to sing *Riders On The Storm* in that tiny restroom in which Jim recorded the vocals for the *L.A.*

Woman sessions (you know the story!). The restroom (for ladies **and** gentlemen) is still at the same place where it used to be in 1970, but it has been totally renovated with dark tiles and new facilities.

Nothing will remind you of its past.

If you want to have dinner at the BENVENUTO CAFE, please change your torn jeans and put on your coat or jacket. It is a restaurant and not a cheap snack bar.

Only a few steps further, at the corner of Santa Monica Blvd and La Cienega, there used to be THE EXTENSION, a topless-bar Jim often went to with journalists for interviews. Until last year there was a Fatburger fastfood, now you find AL & ED's AUTOSOUND in there. Go and see the house, where Jim often had lots of fun watching journalists who tried hard to concentrate on their questions while topless girls were irritating them.

Let's drive down Sunset Blvd in Eastern direction. Cross Highland Ave and turn right into the next street. It's N.McCadden Place and after a few feet you recognize a big building with a sign saying SHOOTING STAR INTERNATIONAL. This # 1441 is the historic Knights Of Columbus Club House, where the famous TTG STUDIOS used to be located. In 1967 and 1968 THE DOORS recorded their Waiting For The Sun album and parts of the Soft Parade album right in here. In those days (better to say from 1960 to 1988) Ami Hadani, a crack sound engineer from Israel was the founder and owner of TTG studios. Under his management TTG became the most advanced sound recording studio in town, used for commercials, pop, jazz and radio productions. In 1988 Hadani closed the studio down, leaving behind a room full of tapes with alternative takes, mixes and demos of the artists that recorded at TTG. When Peggy and Yoram Kahana bought the building for their Shooting Star International Photo Agency in 1988, they gave all the tapes to a recycling company (stop crying, bootleggers!).

For DOORS-fans, the most interesting part of the house is the recording studio in the backyard because this has always been the studio where rock artists made their recordings. Today, a music production company called TINY LIGHTS is using this historic rooms. Owner Michael Momm, a young recording engineer from Cologne, W/Germany, told me he didn't know anything about the history of the studio when he rented it two years ago. He just liked the intimate mood of the premises and its old-fashioned interior. Later a friend of his enlightened him on the exiting past of this part of TTG studios, showing him a photo of Jimi Hendrix standing inside the control room. Actually the studio looks quite a lot like it did in the late 60s, when THE DOORS recorded here (see the recording session of the song Wild Child on the video release The Soft Parade, this was filmed right in here!).



Drive down Highland Avenue in Southern direction and turn right at 1st St. After four blocks you get to the crossing Sycamore/1st Street. Look out for 108, N.Sycamore Av, a small house, almost completely hidden by a huge rubber tree. This is the death site of Jim's girlfriend Pamela Courson, the house where she died of a heroin overdose in 1974. Her apartement was the one on the right side of the groundfloor. Please do not disturb the privacy of the woman who now lives there! She is aware of what happened in her apartement 19 years ago and will definitely **not** let you in. So please don't even consider to ring the bell and bother her!

left:
the entrance of 108, North
Sycamore Avenue, Pam's death site

Get into your car and take the 101 Freeway to downtown L.A. Coming to 1246 S.Hope St there will be a surprise for you: the **MORRISON HOTEL** has been renovated and opened up again. But the price for a room is not "from \$ 2.50 up" anymore! The window of what the picture for the cover of the DOORS album was taken is still on the left side of the main entrance, but it looks a little different now. Not many tourists come to this part of town, Downtown L.A. can be very dangerous for visitors, especially at night.

Being in downtown, you shouldn't miss 300 E.5th Street. Why? Well folks, this is the place where the original **HARD ROCK CAFE** used to be (the information in DQ 26 was wrong, somebody told Rainer the wrong street, sorry!).

Every DOORS-fan knows this bar from the backcover of the Morrison Hotel album. In Danny Sugerman's "Illustrated History" you can find two more photos of THE DOORS standing in front of this house or inside the entrance. Unfolding the gatefold cover of the album you can see the band sitting at the counter of this sleazy bar. All these photos were taken by famous photographer Henry Diltz on the same day he shot the pictures of THE DOORS at the nearby Morrison Hotel (read about it in John Densmore's book "Riders On The Storm", Chapter 17!). The front of the building has changed a lot since then but the people hanging around did not change at all! Let me tell you, this is the toughest place I've ever been, it's the worst part of L.A.! If you go there, you should better not take pictures of the people hanging out. Most of them are black and poor and they definitely do not like to be photographed by white and rich tourists like you. Maybe you will get no chance to explain that you did not want to take a picture of **them** but only of house # 300! Take care of your camera and your health if you visit skid row!

Anyway, the story goes that the owner of the new and trendy HARD ROCK CAFE you know from many big cities all over the world, had to purchase the rights for the name from the original bar once located in 300 East 5th Street which is documented for eternity on the backcover of THE DOORS' fifth album.



MORRISON HOTEL, 1246 Hope Street



former HARD ROCK CAFE, 300 5th St

From downtown it's not too far to **SHRINE AUDITORIUM** at 665 West Jefferson. The impressive building looks like a big temple, you can't miss it. This is the hall where recently 6 GRAMMY awards were presented to Eric Clapton.

Many rock bands performed at the SHRINE but actually not at this huge venue. Drive around the block and you find a flat building with three big entrances in a row: that's **SHRINE EXPOSITION HALL** on 700 West 32nd Street. THE DOORS did four concerts here on December 22 and 23, 1967, two weeks after the New Haven incident where Jim was arrested on stage. The list of bands who performed at the EXPOSITION HALL is very big: The Who, Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, Jimi Hendrix performed here and last not least Frank Zappa gave a great number of his famous "Freak Outs" at the EXPOSITION HALL.

SHRINE AUDITORIUM is located next to the 110 Freeway. Take this Freeway, go South and leave at the exit "Manchester". Follow this big street in Western direction. After four miles you'll see a huge arena on your left: this is the **FORUM** (now called GREAT WESTERN FORUM) at Manchester Blvd and Prairie Av. in Inglewood. THE DOORS performed here on December 14, 1968 at the peak of their success. Just the absolute topacts of rock music have been able to fill the 17000-seat arena: The Rolling Stones, Bruce Springsteen, Led Zeppelin and The Who did so. If you are interested in basketball, go and see the LAKERS play the FORUM regularly.



left:
**SHRINE
EXPOSITION HALL,**
700, W 32nd Street
between Hoover
& Figuera

right:

the **FORUM** at
Manchester & Prairie
in Inglewood, near
L.A. International
Airport (LAX)



If you follow Manchester Blvd and take the 405 Freeway North you'll get to Venice. For THE DOORS everything started at Venice Beach, and our little sightseeing-tour ends right here. There is a new, beautiful mural of Jim on a blue house at 1811 Speedway, just a few steps away from Ocean Front Walk. I am sure especially the female fans will like the giant picture of a young shirtless Jim wearing his black leather pants.



Somebody told the fan club about a new Hotel at Venice Beach called THE MORRISON. Well, I was not able to find out the address, not even taxi-drivers knew it.

If you come to Venice Beach, try to find it and send us a business card of the Hotel.

to be continued???

left:

the mural on 1811 Speedway,
Venice Beach

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ARTIST: BARBARELLA B.

PRODUCT: 5" CD-SINGLE with triple A-side:
FAX ME, BABY / FAX MIR, BABY / FAXÉE, BABY
(English, German and French version)

Produced by Rainer Moddemann.

Engineered by Chris Beckers.

All instruments and voices by Barbarella B.

Recorded April 18th and 19th, 1992 at Private Room Recording Studios,
West Germany, for STRANGE DAZE PRODUCTIONS.

Music written by Silke Buchner.

Lyrics written by Silke Buchner and Rainer Moddemann.

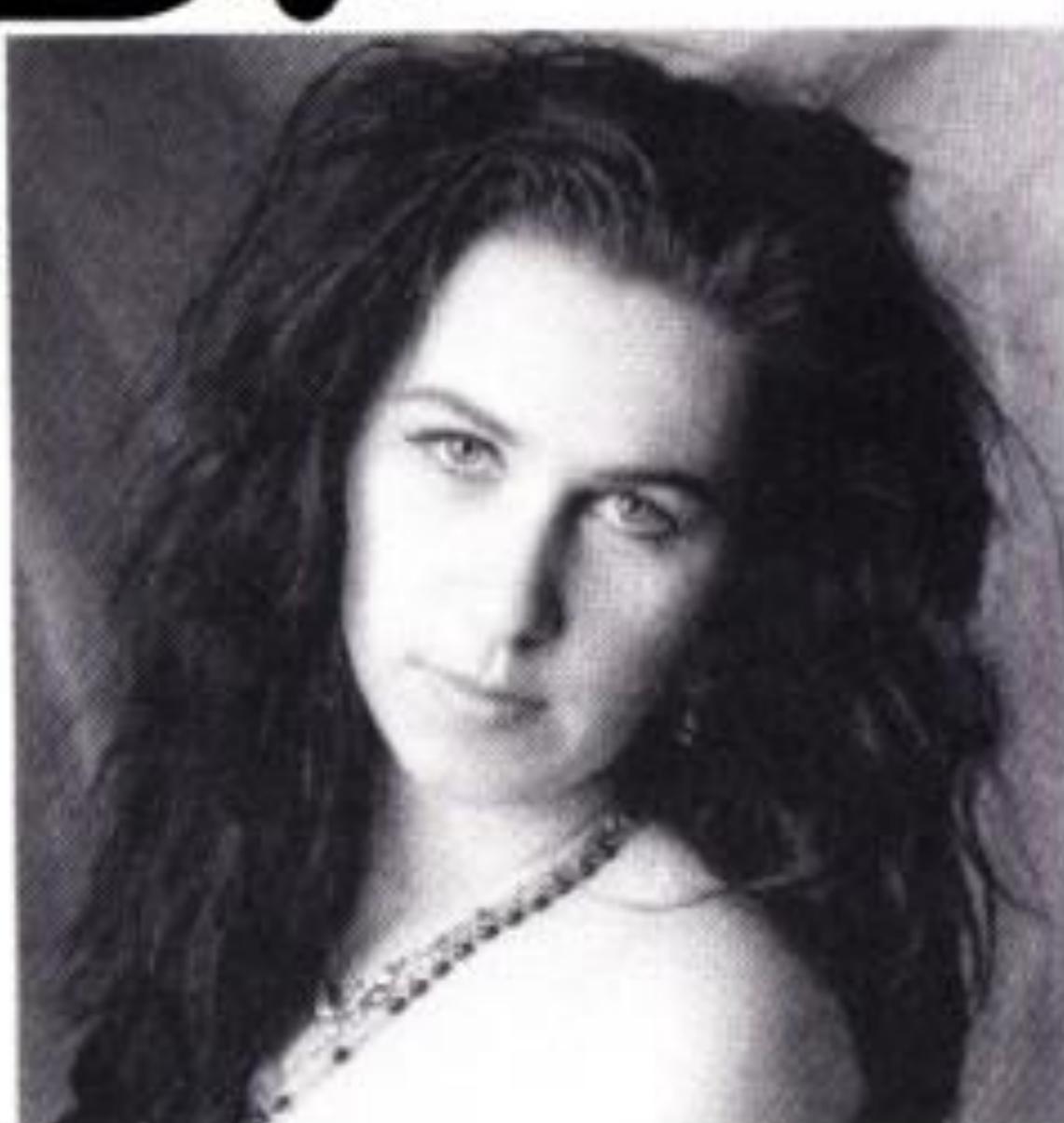
French lyrics written by Patricia Devaux.

Management and booking contact:

STRANGE DAZE PRODUCTIONS

c/o R. Moddemann · Am Oelvebach 5 · D-4150 Krefeld 12 · W/Germany

FAX : West Germany 02151-57 1862.



An open letter from
Patricia Kennedy-Morrison

When Rainer asked me to do this piece, I was at first hesitant and reluctant. Over the past three years, I had gone from never talking about Jim Morrison at all, for two decades, to talking nonstop about nothing else BUT Jim Morrison. I had just written a book about Jim and me whose every line was pain and anguish and grief and loss renewed, and which said in words ripped out of my soul, in love and honesty, everything I felt able to share with the public; and far, far more than I had ever hoped I would be asked and indeed required to share. I had come off two gruelling month-long national tours, one here in the States, one in England and Scotland, in the course of which, for the first time ever, I was subjected to the most vicious, insensitive, brutal, prying, condescending questions you could ever imagine, about the most intimate details of my love for and time with and loss of my beloved consort. (To be fair, most interviewers were not like that at all, but sympathetic and perceptive.) I was so far behind on the book I had interrupted to write "Strange Days" that I had missed two extended deadlines and still could not settle down to finish it.

My life was in total upheaval, I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown and JUST COULD NOT TAKE ANY MORE; I was wiped out—tired and tearful and every wound I had taken over the past twenty years had been ripped open again and was slowly bleeding in the cold. And all I wanted to do was die and be with Jim.

I tell you all this not to court sympathy, but just so you can know what the writing of "Strange Days" meant to me, and did to me. This is not something I ever wanted to do to myself and to Jim, or that I did lightly, or for money, or for any other reason than love. Bottom line, I wrote that book for Jim, and I wrote it out of the great love I bear him and always will. I wrote it, too, to refute the picture of Jim that has emerged from the poison pens of people who never even met him, or from the limited perspectives of people who knew him in varying and limited ways, or from, even, the genuine relationships that several people had with him and from which they wrote their own stories.

I freely admit that Jim and I had a rather untraditional relationship, bicoastal and extralegal; that I didn't go back to the early days of the Doors but entered his life later (albeit not as groupie or girlfriend but as a professional dealing with him as an equal) and don't share all his history; that it's really easy for people to be dismissive and scornful of our bond and union and commitment.

And I know intellectually that none of this makes any difference, to Jim and to me, or to how we felt about each other. Still, emotionally, it's been very difficult for me to come to terms with: the fact that I put all this out there on the line for people to paw over in public, gave up so much that was so private and so cherished, and STILL people think I'm lying about it.

Well, I can't MAKE people believe. Those of you who can recognize love and honor and honesty will see the truth in my book and respond to it, as indeed so many of you have done. The rest of you will never see it no matter what I say. I've never had to face that sort of thing before—Jim did all the time, of course, and I have come to admire and respect him in a whole new way now that I've been hit with it a little—and it's been very, very hard.

But then the letters started coming in, THOUSANDS (all of which I answer individually; Jim wouldn't like form responses, and neither do I), and they were so wonderful, so supportive. And they all said the same thing: "THANK YOU!! We knew Jim had to be the way you reveal him to be, knew he couldn't have been the guy all those other people have written about. How COULD he have been? Where would all those songs and poems have come from, that music, the hold he had on us? FINALLY! We've been waiting for twenty-two years to be told this story, and you are the only one who could have told us, and now you have." They all tell me they've never written to an author before but they felt they HAD to write me, to let me know that THEY know, and feel and believe and understand. They say that having read my book, they think of me as a longtime friend, and of Jim as someone they suddenly see for the first time as a real person, not some drunken psychedelic cartoon. They say, too, that learning the truth about Jim and me has made them see Pam in her true light at last:

They knew all along, they say, somehow, something was wrong, something was missing, someONE was missing—and now they know what, and who, that was. They tell me who in their opinion truly loved Jim, who in their consideration was really Jim's wife... And their letters make me weep, for humbleness and pride.

And then Rainer asked me to respond directly to questioners, and it was suddenly something I was eager and grateful to do, something Jim wanted me to do. I know many of you will not have read "Strange Days"; it's not published on the Continent, only in the States (Dutton) and the U.K. (HarperCollins), and it won't be available in paperback (from both publishers, in an updated and expanded form) until May of this year. On the other hand, I know many of you HAVE read it, for which I thank you—whether you liked it or not. Some of these questions and answers cover the same ground as the book, and I would ask those who've heard it all before to be patient, and those for whom it is new terrain to ride through it with an open heart as well as an open mind.

I am also very well aware that certain individuals with deeply vested interests in other versions of Jim's story (interests vested as much in self-importance as in cold cash) have called my account delusional, and worse: some have accused me of telling lies, or claimed my book was a sales disaster (it isn't; read on) which brought shame and ridicule on all those other SERIOUS AND ACCURATE AND TRUTHFUL people who've written on Jim—let's see, I guess that would be all those paragons of credibility who've hidden the truth about Jim's death and Pam's hand in it for twenty years, who romanticized the addictive dysfunctionality of that relationship, who sought to build up their own status Jim-wise by tearing down mine, who never knew Jim at all, perhaps, but who try to persuade the public they knew him better than Patricia Kennealy Morrison did.

Well, I can see what they mean: After all, I ONLY loved Jim, married him (yeah, yeah, I know), carried his child, held him while he cried, was held by him in return, stood by him, spoke the truth to him, shared with him souls, bodies, minds, hearts, interests and plans for the future. So, sure, compared to those other folk, I guess I really DID know him hardly very well at all...

Listen. I'm not out to run down anyone who truly knew Jim and loved Jim; those are people I honor and respect, since Jim cared about them. But he cared about me too, you know, and I would hope that as fair-minded and honest people they in return would do me as much honor as I do them. That's fair, surely.

I would ask people reading books about Jim, or listening to interviews, or, indeed, watching movies, to take into consideration how the writer or the interviewee or the filmmaker knew Jim in the first place, or even IF he or she knew him, or even ever saw him. I leave it to the hearer to judge. But I can see why some of these scoffing individuals might well feel threatened by me, and by the truth I have at last told about the Jim I know and love: a truth and a Jim they are so very afraid of letting out to the public, because that truth, that Jim, are so at variance with what they've been passing off as "truth" and "the real Jim" for all these years. They are afraid that love and honesty can blow their cheap, tawdry portraiture---a portrait that is a sin and a crime against a very real, very loving, very beautiful, shy, well-bred soul---right out of the water. And I hope to God that they are right to fear so.

I had an adult relationship with Jim as an adult, not as a hero-worshipping adolescent on drugs or a self-loathing groupie or a pretty airhead whose idea of a good career move and the proper way to mourn Jim was prostitution and smack. If I had written "Strange Days" twelve years ago, ten years, even five years ago, THEY would now be the ones in my position. The big difference is, truth is on my side and Jim's. And truth will prevail, always, even though it may take long. We can wait.

But I put it to you all: Which Jim would YOU rather have known, which Jim would YOU rather have had for a friend or a colleague or a lover? The drunken, cruel, obnoxious lout who is the only Jim most of these people ever met (if they ever met him at all), the one their books and movies don't even seem to mourn or grieve for, but to whom they have paid such vampirical attention? Or James Douglas Morrison, whom I love, and who doesn't get much attention?

They got in first and set themselves up as definitive authorities when they were nothing of the sort, and I am paying the price for telling the truth, and telling it maybe too late to make much difference. And that is manifestly

unfair; but Jim, not I, is the one who has suffered most here. I would do much more than even this to try to set that right at last; and Jim knows it.

And that is something those others will never know, and which has sustained me for all these years and will for however many more: Jim's love. In truth, I need no more than that.

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Patricia Kennealy Morrison, DTJ

Some even opener answers from
Patricia Kennealy-Morrison
Part One

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QI must say you very impressed me since I heard of you in "No One Here Gets Out Alive", and your comment about the Oliver Stone movie was very serious - I liked it (DQ 26). My question is: When did you hear about Jim's death, who told you, and what had your relationship to Jim been that time? What was the last time you saw Jim? How did you feel and react? I know you were sad but were there any special feelings and thoughts you've never had before?

Alexandra from Austria

AThank you for your kind words; it's to correct much of the information in those other sources you mention, though, that I wrote my book in the first place...

I had a premonition Jim was going to die: Two nights before his death, I had a vision of him in the night. He was standing by the side of my bed, he was so real I could smell him---wine and long hair and clean skin. And I knew he had come to say goodbye: He just looked at me for a long time, and I at him, then he leaned over and kissed me and was gone. I could feel him leaving, just pulling away and vanishing into the Light.

I had another premonition the morning of his death: a white butterfly on my window. You can scoff and call it coincidence, but I've never seen a white butterfly on my street---much less inside my apartment---before or since. But I was told officially on Thursday July 8, when Siddons made his announcement after he and Pam came back to LA. I wasn't watching the news, so didn't hear until a friend called me at 3 in the morning.

I knew very well why she had called, but I couldn't say it, and she could hardly bear to tell me. All she could say was "Oh Patricia---" Finally I screamed at her, "Just say it! Just TELL ME!" And she said, so gently, "Oh Patricia, oh honey---he's dead."

I had not seen him since I left L.A. in late February, where I had been with him before he left two weeks later for Paris, but we had been in touch by letter all the weeks after. He sent me about five or six letters from Paris in all, plus some poems and songs, and some gifts of jewels.

As for my reaction: Well, again, you would have to read the book. I can't go into it again here; it's far too painful, and I just don't want to write it out again. But how do you THINK I felt? How does ANY woman feel, when her beloved dies? I was devastated, and I still haven't gotten over it, and I never will. It's one of those wounds that time just never heals. I hope you never know what it feels like.

QI guess a question everybody wants to know, and it should be answered in the Quarterly: Why didn't Jim go with you to Paris but with Pamela? Did he ever ask you to join him on a trip like this? Do you really believe he wanted to end his relationship with Pam in Paris? Photos

taken by Alain Ronay published in a French paper speak a very different language. I've seen a picture of them taken just a couple of days before he died, they were kissing and hugging (for Ronay's camera?). Is there reasonable explanation for this? Did Jim explain to you why he took Pam with him? Did you know it at that time? On the cover of your book we can see a whole bunch of things, a pretty small and unsharp photo. Any chance to get sharp and clear copies to print in a Quarterly, along with some notes what these things are all about?

Beatrice from France

AJim went with Pam to Paris because---as he told me and others---he wanted "to end it off gently" with her. I have letters from him in Paris stating that he was winding it down with her; he wanted to do it gradually because they'd been around each other so long, and she really wasn't a very independent sort of person, and he didn't want to just dump her. I don't find it either upsetting or surprising that they were photographed hugging and kissing---they'd known each other for years and undoubtedly had feelings of caring and affection of some sort. I don't know about you, but I have friends that I kiss and hug when I see them, and I'm not in love with them; so no, that doesn't surprise me or annoy me. Feelings of affection are one thing, but love's another.

I asked Jim before he left for Paris why he was going, and he said he felt he owed it to Pam, to break it off as gently as he could; and this was reflected in the very loving, openly yearning letters he sent me before his death. I am not permitted to publish these letters, and may not even quote extensively from them, without obtaining permission from the Morrison and/or Courson families. Which, of course, I would sooner die than do. In any case, I have to keep something still private between Jim and me, so maybe it's just as well.

But in the letters there are promises to be with me in New York in the fall, "to watch the leaves turn color," plans to get a big old loft downtown where we could work on writing projects together---all the kind of things you plan to do with someone you love and care for. He described his and Pam's relationship as "poisoned...half pity, half habit." It's just a pity he didn't get out while he still could, because then it was too late.

I believe Pam murdered Jim. I KNOW she killed him. If you read any of the pieces that Alain Ronay wrote for European publications, I think you too will come to the same conclusion. I think she gave him heroin, not telling him what it was, "Here Jim, have some of this, it'll make you feel better," then just sat back and let him die. She certainly didn't seem overly concerned when he was vomiting blood into a pot she actually held for him, didn't insist he go to see a doctor in a hospital emergency room; which makes her guilty at least of criminally negligent manslaughter, if not worse.

But, although I cannot prove it, I believe it was murder. She knew she was losing him, and maybe it was just "If I can't have him, nobody else is going to have him either." And then her own guilt destroyed her too in the end. No, I have no pity for Pamela; and as I say in my book, if she weren't dead already, I'd kill her myself with my bare hands. I hope she died in agony, and I'm only sorry I couldn't have watched.

If you think I'm deluding myself, fine. I couldn't care less what you think. I know what Jim felt, and what he intended, and he's the only one I care about.

The photographs of the "icons" on the verso of my book jacket are as good as they get; no prints make them any clearer, because the shots were meant to make them look mysterious and romantic.

But, to gloss them: Top row, left to right: First picture, the tigerclaw on a gold chain that Jim gave me in 1969, the first thing he ever gave me (photographed against my own hair). Second picture, photographed against a macrame shawl Jim stole for me from Pam's shop Themis: the scallop shell I took from Jim's grave, filled with earth from the grave; a Doors backstage pass for the Spectrum concert of 1 May 1970; a porno playing card (lower right) used as the backstage pass for the Felt Forum shows of January 1970; under the shell, the telegram Jim sent me ("Thanks for the pat on the back") in reference to my



Original pencil sketch by Jim Morrison, June 1970, showing Patricia. She also helped him with this.
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review of his poetry books in Jazz & Pop; background, a picture I took of Jim's grave when I went there after his death. Third picture: Jim's and my wedding rings, impaled on the blade of the sgian (ritual knife) we used to make the cuts on our wrists for the marriage ceremony; Jim's ring is the lower one, in gold; mine is above, and is silver; photographed against a brocade coat I wore with Jim.

Bottom row, left to right: First picture: My right hand, holding a gold and ruby Victorian lizard pin with emerald eyes, given to me by Jim in 1970; on my thumb is my wedding present to Jim, a heavy gold ring formed from a Celtic cross (it's too big even for my thumb, so I seldom wear it; but when he gave it back to me for safekeeping while he went to Paris, I found that he had had it engraved inside JAMES AND PATRICIA MORRISON 6-24-70). Second picture: the first letter Jim ever sent me, a thank-you note for the article I wrote in Jazz & Pop; in the upper left corner, a cross I gave Jim; in the lower right, Jim's Mark Cross silver pen; across the letter, a rose from a private moment we shared. Third picture: the silver chalice (17th-18th century) that held the consecrated wine and blood at our wedding, photographed against my brocade coat.

These things are meant to be "icons" of significance, and of course they all have deeply special meaning to me; most of them are mentioned somewhere in the text. (I wore the lizard pin, with a small gold and diamond Victorian crown pin above its head—the Lizard King! or Lizard Queen—for all my public appearances to do with STRANGE DAYS, when I was on my book tours in the States and the U.K.)

Q What do you think about Ray Manzarek and his organ style, and what (for you) was the most important thing in the music of the band?

Luca from Italy

A I do not know Ray Manzarek personally, and he does not know me—we met once or twice on social occasions, and never exchanged more than a dozen words—so I cannot comment on him save as a musician and member of the Doors.

That said, I happen to think that Ray Manzarek is, quite simply, the best keyboardist rock and roll ever saw. I also think that Ray, perhaps more even than Jim, was responsible for the overall beauty and unique strangeness and superlativity of the Doors' music. Robby and John are fabulous musicians too, of course, but Ray made the sound instantly recognizable, and Jim made it instantly impactful. But as Jim always and so rightly insisted, it was very much a four-man band, each of them synergistically complementing the others. The best thing about the Doors' music was that when Jim wasn't singing, you were NEVER just waiting around for him to start again. What the others were doing was every bit as terrific and compelling. You were never bored or sorry to have to listen to them, and when Jim did start singing after a ride section he always sounded more like just another instrument and less like a "lead singer." I LOVED that.

Q Do you think that Jim believed there would be any kind of life after death? Was there anything in this world that Jim did really love? What was Jim's attitude towards women, how did he deal with them?

Susanne from Germany

A Jim believed in a sort of afterlife, especially after I started telling him about my own beliefs. He really wanted to "just sleep forever;" and he told me that a number of times. But when I pressed him on it, he allowed as to how there might be a sort of "waystation" after death, a place of thought, peace and light, where people could rebuild themselves before going on to whatever. He liked the idea of reincarnation (which is my personal belief), but he never said whether he actually had faith in it for himself.

Jim loved his art above all things, even his own life. His poetry, his lyrics, his music—and all the wonderful forms they might have taken if he had lived:

Those are the things that stayed with Jim no matter what.

I think he loved Pamela. I think he loved me; at least he told me he did, and I see no reason not to believe him. His attitude toward women was less ideally perfect and liberated than it might have been, but he was coming to a greater realization of what women were all about. The great thing about Jim was that if you approached him as an equal, that was how he dealt with you; and even if you DIDN'T, that was STILL how he dealt with you, at least until you proved yourself otherwise. I met Jim as an intellectual, spiritual, sexual equal---and that was how he responded to me.

Q What, if anything, did Jim say about the accident on a New Mexico highway he witnessed as a young child? What is your feeling about the notion he was possessed by spirits of Indians? *Connie from the USA*

A Jim mentioned the incident once or twice in passing (but Oliver Stone made MUCH more of it than Jim ever did). He did NOT believe he was possessed by the spirits of the dead Indians---but obviously the incident made a great impact on him, as it would have done on any young child. It was a shock and a trauma, and he never forgot it; but he didn't dwell on it. And, as an artist, he used it in his art. But I don't myself believe for ONE MINUTE that the Indians' spirits jumped into Jim: No self-respecting Native American, or any other spiritually enlightened person, for that matter, would so invade and violate another living soul. There are strict rules about that sort of thing. Oliver just needed a hook for the damn movie, because he was so creatively bankrupt otherwise... And SOOOO many people took Jim seriously, the idiots, because they just weren't smart enough or clever enough or perceptive enough to see that very often he had his tongue so far into his cheek that it was coming through the other side...we call it IRONY, boneheads! You HAVE heard of irony??? Please, Jim, tell me I'm not the only person who ever got it!!!

Q How was your relationship to your parents? Did they know Jim personally and what did they think about him? I'm very interested in everything about witches - can you tell me where I can find original old books? What have you done as a witch? Are you still a member?

Sonja and Annika from Germany

A My relationship with my family was very unlike Jim's with his: I have always been lucky enough to have a good and warm relationship with my parents, sister and brothers---I'm closest to my mother and sister and grandmother (still alive and tougher than all of us, at 97!).

My family knew about my involvement with Jim, of course, while it was going on—I called my mother in the middle of the night to cry to her when I first heard Jim was dead---but they never met him. Jim would ALWAYS ask me about them, though---maybe because his own family ties were smashed beyond repair, and it was a source of curiosity and a little envy that I could be so close to my kin and still be independent and solid on my own trip.

When he was here with me, we never had enough time to do all the things WE wanted to do, so we never went out to my folks' house for Sunday dinner or anything like that. If we had, I'm sure he would have been his true, charming, shy, well-bred self---the Southern gentleman par excellence---and they would have adored him.

After Jim died, I broke up the coven; I just didn't have the strength to deal with that and my grief and pain and loss all at the same time. Since then, I've mostly practiced with friends I know I can work with; I don't have a formal group going at the moment. I celebrate the holy days with friends, and the rest of the time I practice on my own.

I wouldn't recommend many "original old books"---too many times they're written by people who don't know much about the Craft, people who still think it's some kind of devil worship. Which, of course, it isn't: It's the ancient, pre-Christian religion that was practiced all over Europe, from Russia to Ireland. Different in different regions, of course, but strikingly consistent. (If you're really interested in learning more, write me privately and I'd be happy to give

you more information. You can reach me c/o Dutton/ Penguin USA, 375 Hudson Street, NY, NY 10014 USA, and address the envelope Attention Christopher Schelling—he's my editor. All mail is opened and read before it is passed on to me.)

Q How has your book *Strange Days* done in terms of sales? What kind of reviews did you get for it? Are you glad you wrote it, or do you wish you hadn't?
Susan from Texas

A *STRANGE DAYS* has done very, very well, thank you for asking. It sold over 25,000 copies in the first two months, and has since sold out the entire press run of 50,000 (NO returns! what they call a clean sell-through). Not bestseller status, but very respectable—I can supply you with sales sheets if you don't believe me... The reviews and articles were for the most part extremely favorable and accepting; though, of course, some assholes aren't going to like or believe you no matter what you do, and those are usually the ones who have a hard time responding to anyone being utterly open and honest and candid—they just can't deal with real people and real emotions.

So I have to learn to live with the fact that, even though I wrote that book in my own blood, just tore out my heart and guts and spread them over the pages, punctuated with occasional bits of vented spleen, there are indeed people who don't and won't believe me.

All I can say to them is, Why on earth would I put myself and my beloved Jim out there like that, for trash like them to take cheap shots at, if it weren't the truth? Maybe it challenges their closely cherished, and deeply erroneous, little beliefs; maybe it just cuts away too much of their own turf, and they have nothing else left to make a profit out of.

And I wonder how in hell did Jim stand it; and he had to stand SO MUCH of it, so much more than I, and for so much longer too. I asked him once, in fact, about it, and he replied, "Honey, it just rolls right off my back. I'd go nuts if I let those assholes get to me."

And he was right, of course, as he so often was; but I think it had to get to him all the same, it MUST have bothered him, he wouldn't have been human if it didn't. And he was very, very human, you know. OR maybe you DON'T know, and maybe that's why people feel so safe in treating him like a symbol and a thing, something to be used and reduced to fit their own petty purposes?

Well, Jim WASN'T a thing and a symbol; he was a very real, very loving, very vulnerable person. And I would ask people to remember that: how young he was, how wounded, how brave, how human. He tried so hard, harder than anyone else ever did, or could. And he crashed in flames, and some of us are still picking pieces of shrapnel out of our hearts, and some of us will carry those wounds until the day we die.

"Hungry hearts eat lies." Well, they will if nothing more nutritious and substantial is served them. I'm sorry it took twenty years to get my truth on the table. I could not have done it any sooner, and I wish I could have had forty years more to be alone with my Jim, but I'm sorry all the same that it took so long. And I am so very, very glad Jim gave me the strength to do it, for him and for me and for us, and also for you.

READ PART TWO OF THIS Q&A in THE DOORS QUARTERLY # 29!!



Hey Alan from Newcastle! I wrote to you but you moved and my letter came back! Please send me your new address, because I really want to write you. Hey Gerwin, hier mein angekündigter Gruß. Denk dran: Du hast schon zwei Strafpunkte! Jim is alive, isn't he? Stop laughing! Antwort erwünscht! Sonja Hand, West Germany

A friend of mine has serious problems with a company from Charles City, Iowa, along with other people. Their name is YOUR SONGS, and we wouldn't recommend to order any records, CDs or memorabilia from them. Unless they pay him his \$70 back, they're on the DQ's BLACKLIST! (RM)

DOORS, AIRPLANE IN MIDDLE EARTH

BY JONATHAN COTT

LONDON — "Never ask a door what it thinks. No need to ask an airplane."

I found this message scribbled on a piece of paper left outside the Roundhouse where the Doors and Jefferson Airplane played to 2,000 persons on September 7 and 8.

The concert was to be one of the top pop events of the London season. The musical press had been covering both groups for the preceding three weeks, speculating about the significance of American "underground" groups for the British pop scene. Arthur Brown, Stevie Winwood, Jim Capaldi and others attended.

CALIFORNIA IN GREAT BRITAIN

the most striking London had seen.

Jim Morrison entered the Doors' reception at the Institute for Contemporary Arts' Cybernetics show tracked and followed by Granada Television's lights and cameras, Morrison looking paler and more abstracted than the remote control robot walking jerkily around the reception floor. With all the photographers and reporters surrounding him Morrison must have lost his soul a thousand times.—see photo.

(The cybernetics exhibition which features computer generated graphics, animated films, composed music and painting machines is like a wide-eyed children's playground and a fantastic place for a reception—unlike the Revolution—a club resembling the Copacabana where the Airplane walked around unnoticeably during their reception.)

On the Doors' first visit to England Morrison avoided the press and generally built up the image of an inaccessible dark poet. His principal meeting with the press was at the shooting of a TV show. Morrison showed up for a minute or two to say, "London's a groovy scene," and then ducked out.

The Doors are not yet the superstars in England that they are in the U. S. They have yet to have a single in the Top Ten, for instance. The British musical press shows a mixed reaction to them, more than they might be expected to show toward an established group.

The opinions range from Chris Welch's "the worst group ever" in a Melody Maker article generally unfavorable to American groups, to Tony Wilson's "one of the most professional groups on the scene everywhere" in the same publication. Wilson also praised the Doors for their "underlying feel of calculation and projection." Other reporters were impressed by Morrison's assurance and coolness, and some even found him "a nice guy."

It's surprising to realize that the only West Coast groups that have previously performed in London are the Mothers, Captain Beefheart, the Byrds. (Canned Heat is now here, while Sly and the Family Stone were busted at the airport and split for home.) And certain informed English intellectuals consider the Mothers and especially the Doors to be

Jefferson Airplane arrived in London a week earlier, flying in five tons of equipment, bringing a party of fifteen including Head Lights, and drove around the city — at least part of the time—in a double-decker bus.

The Airplane got off to a start playing outdoors—their most familiar medium, but a novelty in Britain —on the Isle of Wight, and at a free concert in Hampstead Heath.

It was 40 degrees at 3 a.m.—scattered campfires around the field—when they played at an open air Isle of Wight festival, and it poured at Parliament Hill on Hampstead Heath where, inside of what looked like an amalgam of a finely-made Swedish

matchbox and a neon-lit toaster, the Airplane performed springily and happily for lots of dancing children, kids with knapsacks, and other dewy people. Even in the rain—mad dogs and Englishmen attending—the group recreated Golden Gate park in a city where open clouds, and not the sky, touch your head. At the Roundhouse, with visuals by Head Lights, the Airplane played two sets each night with its usual gaiety and unpretentiousness.

The Airplane's show at the Roundhouse, though slow to get chugging according to a British critic, was well-received. The imported San Francisco lightshow was acknowledged as

"subversive pop groups."

According to Dave Laing, writing in the ICA newsletter, "The Mothers have already seemed to me to be the most subversive of pop groups, not so much because of the political resonance of many Zappa's songs, but because of the group's dismembering and reconstruction of the styles and methods of hit parade music." But it's possible that this quasi-Barthian analysis could be used to interpret Vanilla Fudge or even the Who. And if you followed the lower path of this kind of esthetic analysis, surveyed as social criticism, you might turn up seeing in Barbara Streisand's tempo inversions — fast becoming slow, and vice versa — a kind of subverting of the Broadway musical ideal.

As for the Doors, some excellent Granada Television people are filming the group for an hour-long program to be called *When the Music Changes, the Walls of the City Will Shake*. The question is, will the doors open and walk out of the building as it collapses.

The Roundhouse concert got such advance coverage in the British press as: "The biggest freak-out since Babylon is likely to erupt at London's Roundhouse next weekend, if advance reports on the Doors and Jefferson Airplane are anything to go by." One reason was that this was to be one of the very few times the two groups appeared on the same stage.

The British audience by and large preferred the Airplane, according to Melody Maker's columnist The Raver. The Airplane's second and third albums were big hits in England, and Grace Slick figured in the Melody Maker's Pop Poll as sixth most popular girl singer, the first American in the list after Aretha Franklin.

Grace had been photographed for the newspapers, while she protected herself from the English fog and rain — and photographers — by burying her face in a thick fur collar. Interviews with Grace, focusing on her story from Great Society days and underground movies, graced the center-spread pages.

The Doors' performance at the Roundhouse featured Morrison's usual dramatic persona—heart beating drums with the hero waiting with aggressive silence for heckling to start before letting out his "butterfly scream." Now the English audi-

ence came to hear the Doors' music, so no one really fainted or screamed, and Morrison grew more peevish. Later he waited sulkily for the lights to go out for "The End." And another time he stood at the edge of the stage, asked for a cigarette—did thousands rush forward? Five minutes later someone offered him a roll-up.

Morrison comes across obviously like James Dean and less obviously—to an English audience—as the L.A. teeny-bopper's alter ego. (The film *Wild in the Streets* is clearly based on the Morrison image—"We've Got the Numbers"; and this film is not only esthetically atrocious, tastelessly directed and acted as it is, but it's politically corrupt since it implies that, since the fascist kids eliminate the FBI, CIA, and Senator Ed Begley, there must, by contrast, be something deeply humane about the establishment forces.)

To see the Doors as a radical political influence seems to me misguided. According to Morrison, "The Unknown Soldier" is a love song. "The violence is just a metaphor," he's quoted as saying. "It's about sexual intercourse. The firing squad is just a metaphor for what's going on." Soldiers in Vietnam turn on and listen to the Doors records—what kind of politics is that? Are the Doors any more subversive than the Vietnam war?

While in England, Morrison explicitly distinguished the Doors from the underground music scene of which Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead are examples. "If the Underground is giving away money, not earning money," he said at the Institute of Contemporary Arts press conference, "then we are not Underground. I guess we qualify as businessmen."

If the Doors represent a subversive influence it must be more owing to the fact that the group identifies itself with a pulsating population of sixteen-year-olds than to its awareness of "what's going on."

With the Stones at the doorstep, it takes a lot of cerebration to see the Doors—a less interesting musical group than, say, Traffic, though they still write nice songs like "Light My Fire" and "Love Street"—as more relevant than Dylan (A. Goldman in *New World Writing 3*) or more to the point than "Street Fighting Man."

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

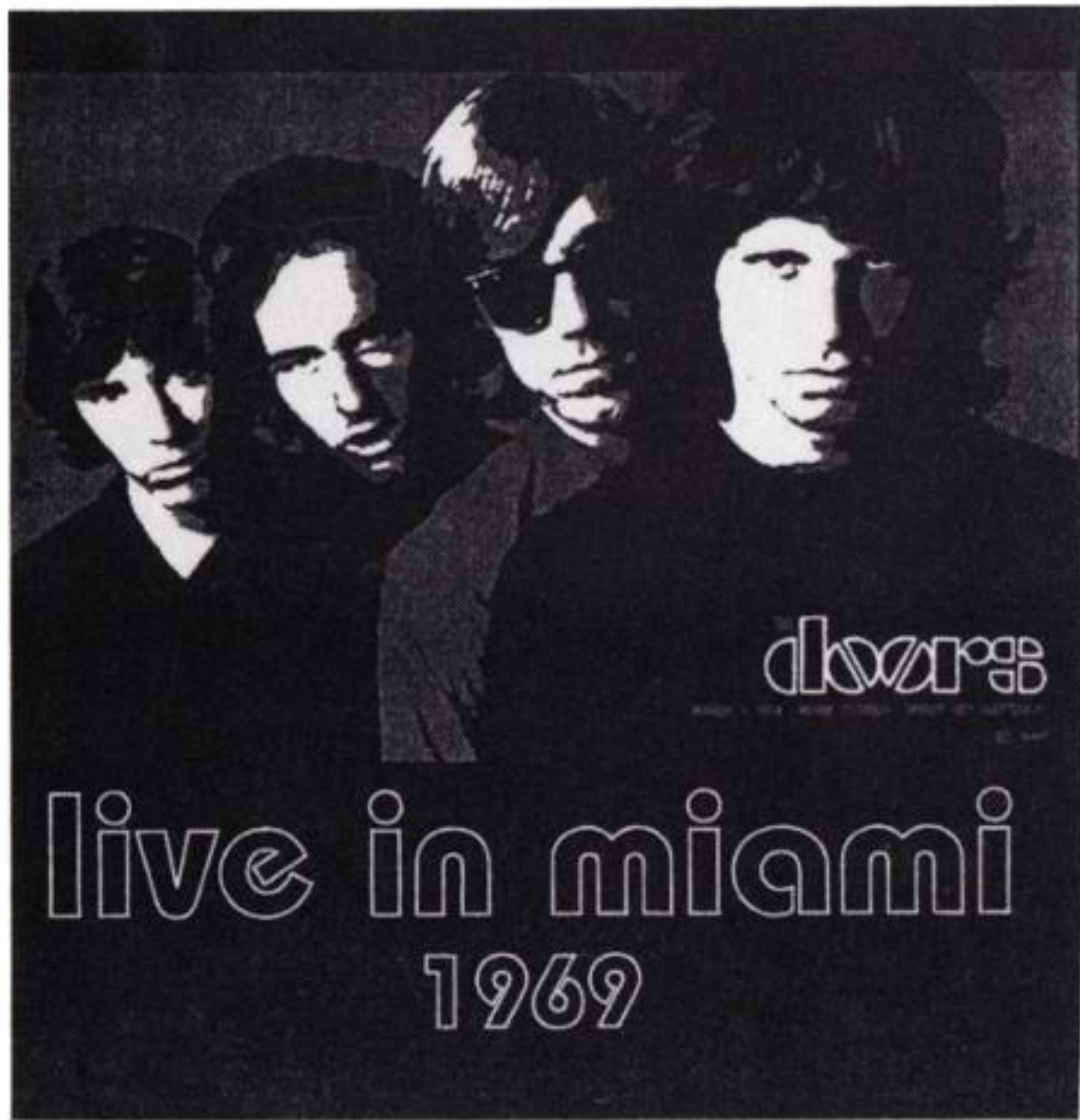
This time, dear readers, we have some high-quality releases from the underground, as you will read on the next pages. Beautifully designed boxes and covers seem to become standard for Italian and other European bootleggers, and there were two of them out by the end of last year. But first - the most interesting one: Miami!

THE DOORS: LIVE IN MIAMI 1969
RTW Records 004, Luxemburg 1993

Backdoor Man/ Five To One/ Touch Me/ Love Me Two Times/ When The Music's Over/ Wake Up - Light My Fire (all songs recorded in Miami, Florida, on March 1st, 1969, entire concert).

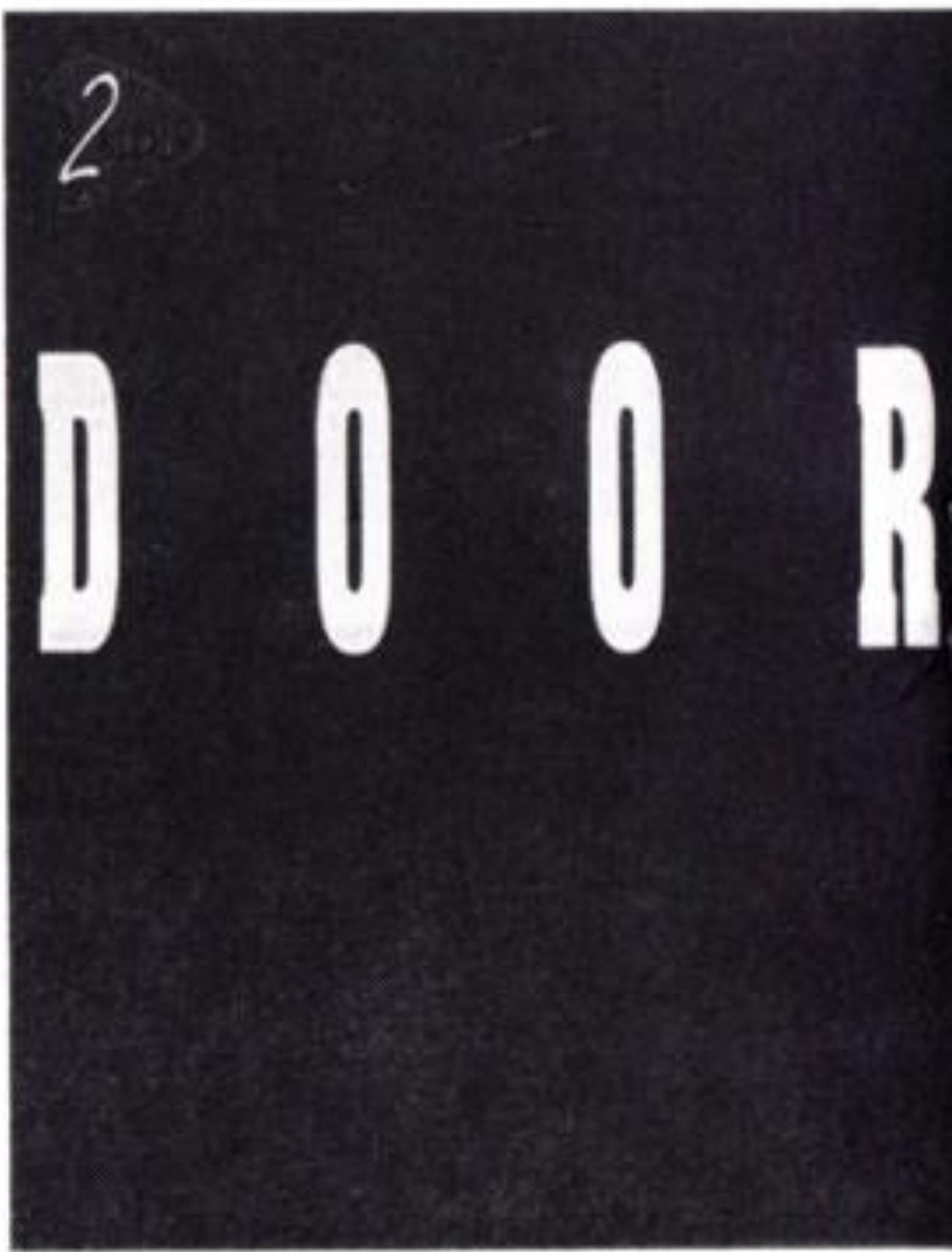
Finally, there's the long-awaited **Miami-CD**, which had been postponed since May 1992! Now it is out, but from a different company than it was announced. Thanks God - the sound is pretty much better than the preview tape I got from the bootlegger who was supposed to make the CD first. Haven't heard from this guy since, he probably went bust. Who cares? The record companies are busy tracking down those people, and along with the opening of the European economical system (no borders anymore) the few little gaps in our complicated copyright laws will be closed soon, which is going to make an abrupt end to all those legal bootlegs made in Italy, Luxembourg, Denmark or wherever.

I myself am happy that this very true historical document of Rock is now available for everyone, and despite the fact that none on behalf



left: cover of Miami CD

below: cover of double CD
The Best of The Doors,
Universe UN 22 012IF



of The Doors, their record company or their management would ever consider putting it out on record, it truly shows this very important turning point the band had to go through after Jim got tired of his "young lion-image", and especially, after having seen the *Living Theatre*-performance a night before he stumbled out into the neon lights of the **Dinner Key Auditorium in Miami, Florida.**

This seems to be the entire concert, and you can hear exactly how forcefully Jim interrupted "Touch Me" after the first few lines, how he was gently speaking to the audience during "When The Music's Over" and what he repeated from the *Living Theatre*-performance. He must have loved that! And what about dropping his pants? Read the liner notes below.

The sound is pretty O.K., just remember what happened around the tape-recorder. I don't think there's a better recording of this concert available. Watch your *Oliver Stone* movie to check what he got wrong or what was repeated correctly in the movie.

The CD comes with a **colour cover** using the original artwork of the concert poster, and I like the straight design of the booklet. I'd also (*this is a feedback, bootleggers!*) like to print the liner notes included in the booklet, because most of the information was taken from the book I wrote, and I like what *Charles Murphy* (never heard of this guy before) penned down. It also tells us what the bootleggers had done to "...preserve the original sound as close as possible...".

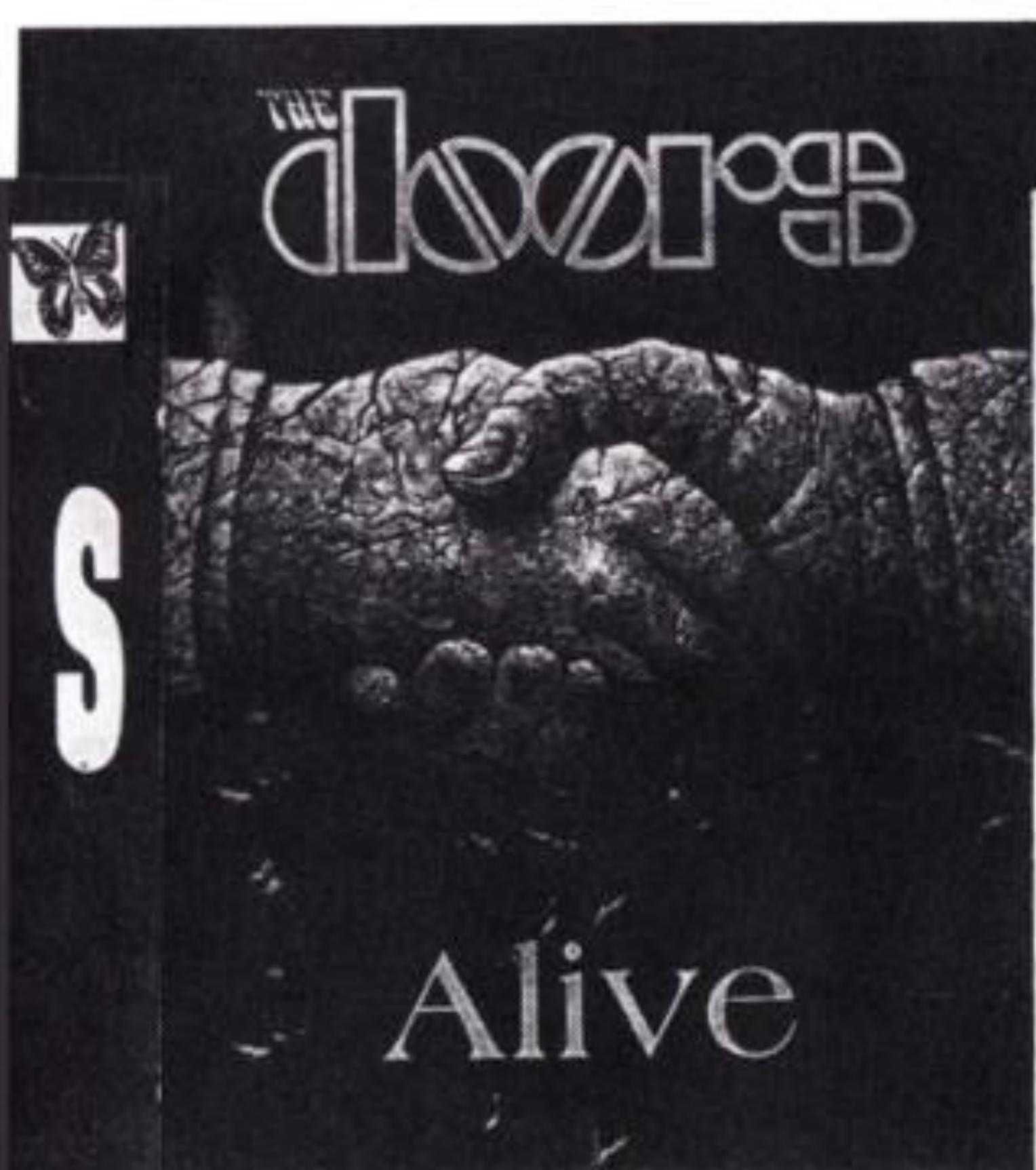
In my opinion a CD each serious Doors fan **must** have. **Recommended!**

The liner notes (as printed in the booklet):

THE DOORS - DINNER KEY AUDITORIUM, MIAMI, FLORIDA; March 1st, 1969
(by Charles Murphy)

This CD offers you the opportunity to listen to the **most legendary concert** of all time. It is not only your chance to follow the band and the audience through that infamous, hot, steamy, sweaty summer night and feel the "demons and snakes" people had seen during the performance (according to Ray Manzarek), but also your chance to judge for yourself: Did he or did he not expose himself? Manzarek said: "I was there, five feet away from him, and I didn't see him pulling it

Left: cover of "Alive", Leopard Records, LCD 122-1



Right: Cover of CD "When The Music's Over", Sarabandas 12029



out". John Densmore, desperately lost on his drum stool during the concert, reports that "Jim had his hand inside his pants, but Vince Treanor (Doors roadmanager) prevented him from unbuckling his belt. So he was unable to even open it".

So - did he, or did he not? Pamela Courson, his girlfriend, who seems to be responsible for Morrison's tragic death on July 3rd, 1971, asked him that very question. Jim put on his boyish smile and nodded a "Yes". When Pamela asked "Why?", he grinned and said "Honey, I just wanted to see how it looked in the spotlight"! (as reported by Jac Holzman, president of Elektra Records). "He was really good at jokes like that", said Diane Gardiner, one of Jim's friends. Being questioned in the courtroom by the Honorable Judge Murray Goodman on September 17th, 1970: "Did you at any time for five seconds or eight seconds or any other length of time exhibit any male organ of your body?", Jim answered "No, Sir." (as documented by court reporter Sylvia Fierman in the Criminal Court Of Record). People say it happened during "Light My Fire", halfway through the song. But actually never any photo turned up which showed the evidence, although there were a couple of professional photographers around, along with countless fans waving their Kodak Instamatics, and, honestly, who of them would have missed this very moment? "It was a mass-hallucination", Ray Manzarek explains, following his Freudian theories. "People went crazy, saw deamons, saw snakes. They saw the deamons and snakes in their own minds."

Bill Siddons, Doors manager at that time, said in a radio show: "The worst comment we got was from one of the cops, who was present during the whole concert and who we were sharing a beer or two after it. He said: 'You guys are gonna ruin your career with things like this. People came here to hear songs, not that preaching!' No word about any obscenity!"

The judge who himself got busted two years later because of a sexual abuse of children wasn't able to prove Jim exposed himself. He played this very tape you're listening to on this exclusive CD in the courtroom. Unbelievable to Mike Gershman, a journalist, who said: "It was like Kafka. They played this kind of music in a courtroom; a kind of music you usually dance or fuck to!"

But this scandalous concert was the beginning of the end of The Doors' live-performing career. Jim narrowly escaped "doing time" in prison, and his attempt to try his own performance of *The Living Theatre* failed. More problems were about to come when the planned 20-city "Soft Parade Tour" got cancelled by all tour promoters. It was time to change, time to relax. Time for Morrison to concentrate on his poetry and his films. He published 3 private poetry collections, completed The Doors' film "**Feast Of Friends**" and filmed his own movie "**HWY**". Finally, more than 2 1/2 months after Miami, The Doors got together again for a live-performance on PBS, WNET New York for the "**Critique**"-show.

But things were never the same again after Miami. Now, 24 years later, you have the chance to join the audience in Miami, as close as you can ever get. It seems like a miracle, that someone was able to tape the entire performance in the middle of this total chaos. The original reel-to-reel stopped for a few seconds ever once in a while when someone from the crowd touched the machine or the microphone, and those little drop-outs got cut off the tape this CD was made from. Elaborate studio technique was used to preserve the original sound as close as possible, and a lot of money was spent to make surface noises inaudible. Just for your pleasure, if there'll ever be one listening to one of the most scandalous concerts of all time: **The Doors in Miami, Florida.**

THE DOORS - The best of - Vol.2
Universe UN 3 094, Germany 1991

THE DOORS - The best of - Vol.3
Universe UN 3 095, Germany 1991

Vol.2 and 3 of *Universe CD UN 3 048* (see DQ 25, page 14), some dealers offer Vol.2 under the title *My Eyes Have Seen You* and Vol.3 under the title *Love Street*. Same horrible artwork as Vol.1. Both CDs offer songs from *Strange Days*, *Waiting For The Sun* and *The Soft Parade*. Not worth any penny. Avoid them like a stye!

THE DOORS - THE BEST OF THE DOORS
Universe UN 22 0121F, double CD box, Germany 1993

A repackaging on *Universe CD UN 3 048* and *UN 3 094* (same discs) as a double CD set, offered in shops for just about \$10. Of course people might think it is the official Elektra release with the same title. To confuse its buyers the blue *Universe* graphic cover bears a small butterfly. A must to avoid. We can expect further rip-offs like this!

THE DOORS - GOLDEN BEST CD

Lily Planning Products, Eastern Enterprise Co.Ltd., NLC 62, Japan 1992

A selection of Doors tunes from their first two albums. If there wasn't this very interesting cover, which comes along with a lyric sheet and some Japanese introduction, you should have avoided this Japanese bootleg compilation. So - not a must, but interesting.

THE DOORS - WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER/ ON STAGE
Sarabandas srl, CD 12029, Italy 1992

It's getting boring to list up all these illegal releases of official albums, to tell you the truth. This is another boring sample of ripping off people. This company usually takes tracks from live-radioshow, but this time they took all tracks from The Doors' official album *In Concert* (See also DQ 26, page 11). Of course the quality of this CD is fine, not to say excellent, I even like the artwork of the cover, but this is just another way to get money from fans and collectors. Why don't you steal this CD instead of buying it? The bootleggers stole the music from an official release ...

THE DOORS - SUMMER'S ALMOST GONE
Luna Records LU 9205, Hungary (?), 1992

Alabama Song/ Backdoor Man/ Five To One/ I Can't See Your Face In My Mind/ People Are Strange/ Money/ Who Do You Love/ Summer's Almost Gone/ I'm A King Bee/ Gloria/ Summertime (Matrix, March 10, 1967); *Close To You/ Rock Me Baby* (Matrix, March 7, 1967); *Let It Bleed* (= *Do It*, from *The Soft Parade* album, not *Los Angelos*, April 4, 1968 as the cover says); *The Hilldwellers* (Stockholm, Sept. 20, 1968); *No Limits No Laws* (= *Summertime*, Matrix March 10, 1967); *Sunday Soon* (= *Someday*

A perfect example how silly some of the bootleggers are. The instrumental *Summertime* from The Doors' Matrix concert is TWO times on this CD (The second time it got mislabelled as *No Limits No Laws*). This CD was copied from the Italian Go Insane double CD/LP (*Aulica Records*, see DQ 25, page 13/14), on which a couple of songs got mislabelled, too. The cover is nice, though. I doubt this disc is from Hungary (as printed on the label), could be an Italian release. **Keep your hands off this one!**

THE DOORS - ALIVE
Leopard Records LCD 122-1, Italy, 1992

Roadhouse Blues/ Texas Radio And The Big Beat/ Love Me Two Times/ Touch Me/ Horse Latitudes/ Moonlight Drive/ The End/ Light My Fire
(all tracks taken from the official Doors video *Dance On Fire*)

Here we go: another CD taken from *Dance On Fire*. Mislabelled, of course: *Roadhouse Blues* is not from the *Hollywood Bowl* and *Moonlight Drive* is not live at the *Jonathan Winters Show*, but the normal version from *Strange Days*. Soundquality: Perfect. Cover: Nice and unusual. What else? Colour booklet using a *Frank Lisciandro* and a *Paul Ferrara* photo. Although "...It Was More Than Twenty Years Ago" (as the cover legitimates this release) this CD is for the hard core collector only.

THE DOORS - THE DOORS COMPLETE (4-CD longbox)

Red Phantom and Great Dane Records GDRP 001/2/3/4, Italy, 1992

CD 1 (CLASSICS LIVE 1967/1968): *Soul Kitchen/ People Are Strange/ Moonlight Drive/ Break On Through* (Matrix, Mar.10, 1967); *Backdoor Man/ Close To You/ The Crystal Ship/ 20th Century Fox/ Unhappy Girl* (Matrix, Mar.7, 1967); *Love Street/ Love Me Two Times/ The Hill Dwellers/ The Unknown Soldier* (Stockholm, Sept. 20, 1968, 1st Show); *You're Lost Little Girl/ Wild Child/ Wake Up* (Stockholm, Sept. 20, 1968, 2nd Show); *Touch Me* (Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour, Dec.4, 1968).

CD 2: (CLASSICS LIVE 1970): *Someday Soon/ Five To One* (Seattle, June 5, 1970); *When The Music's Over* (Vancouver, June 6, 1970; cover says **Seattle**, which is not true); *Peace Frog/ Build Me A Woman* (Felt Forum, Jan. 17, 1970); *Light My Fire/ The End/ Roadhouse Blues* (Vancouver, June 6, 1970).

CD 3: (CLASSICS COVER 1967/1970): *Money/ I'm A King Bee/ Gloria/ Summertime/ Alabama Song/ Get Off My Life/ Crawling King Snake* (Matrix, March 7+10, 1967); *Mystery Train* (Seattle, June 5, 1970; cover says **June 7**, which is not true); *Backdoor Man/ Rock Me Baby/ Little Red Rooster/ Who Do You Love* (Vancouver, June 6, 1970).

CD 4: (OUTTAKES): *Moonlight Drive/ Hello I Love You/ Summer's Almost Gone/ My Eyes Have Seen You/ End Of The Night/ Go Insane* (= *Insane*) (Doors Demo Acetate, Sept. 2, 1965); *Someday Soon* (Seattle, June 5, 1970; cover says "**Outtakes Session Of Morrison Hotel**", which is not true); *Rock Is Dead* (Outtake from *The Soft Parade* sessions, Feb. 25, 1969); *Orange County Suite* (Poetry session, March 1969).

A luxurious glossy hardcover longbox containing 4 CDs, a beautiful 24-page booklet and a colour poster make one of the nicest Doors CD boxes of all time. All four PictureCDs and their covers had been designed individually. Sure, all tracks have been published on countless

bootlegs before, but this seems to be the most intelligent compilation up to date. Despite a few tiny mistakes (see box above) and the inclusion of a long *Someday Soon* version (from the *Flashback* CD, see DQ 27, page 18) and a short version (from *The Doors From The Inside* radio show, but the same concert), this box is a perfect collector's item. Fulvio Fiore (who is also responsible for some Italian Doors discographies and lyric books) wrote some liner notes for the booklet (to my surprise he mentioned my book and labelled it as a "monumental work") and lists 51 different Doors bootleg CDs including all their tracks. The booklet also contains many photos, mostly from Frank Lisciandro's books and Sugerman's *Illustrated History*. The colour poster shows the covers of all 51 CDs. Great work. Although the box is pretty expensive, it is worth the money and without any doubt recommended for the true fan.

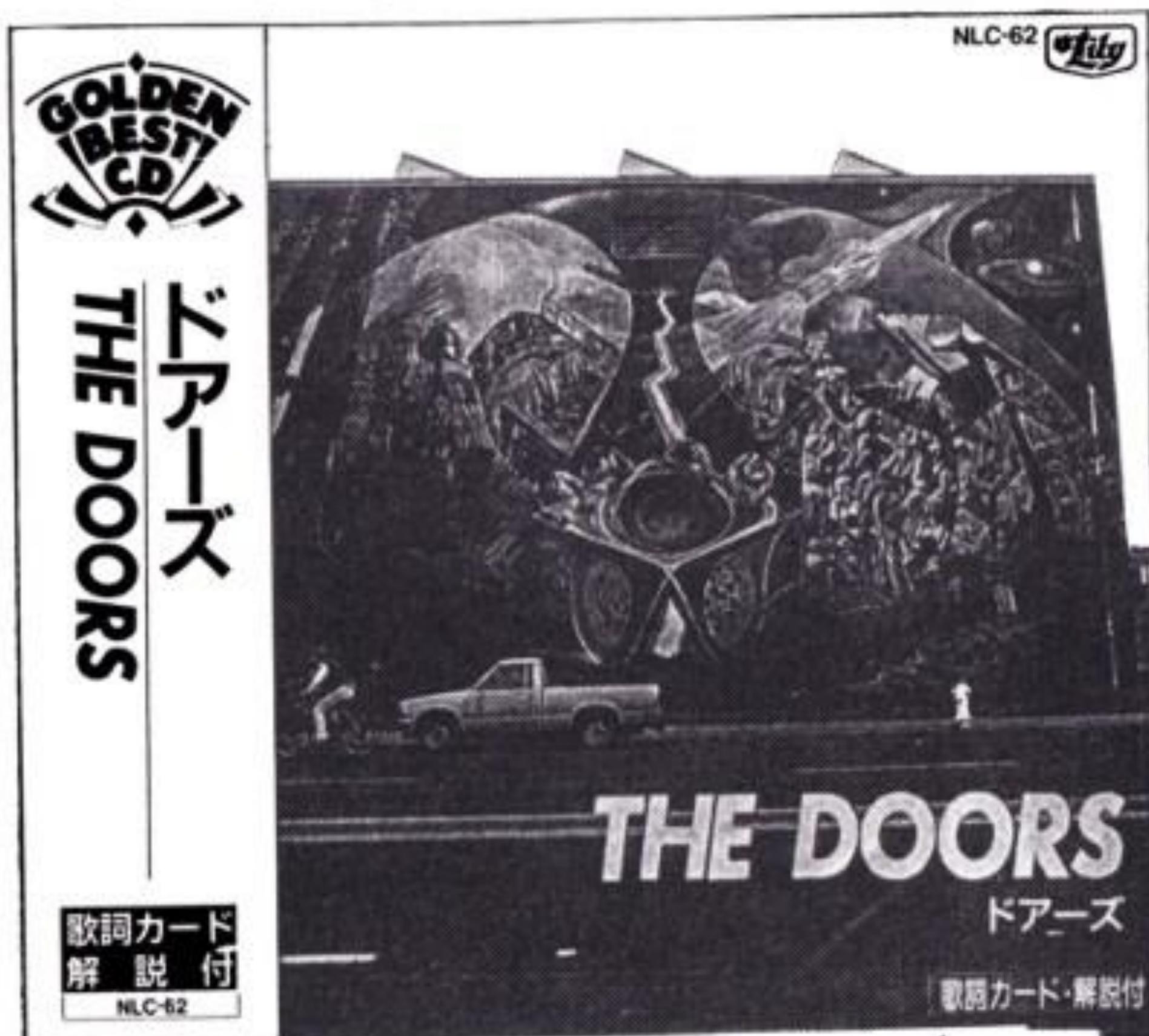
THE DOORS - KING ARTHURS COURT

Black Cat Records BC-04, Australia (?), 1992

CD 1: *Roadhouse Blues/ Peace Frog/ Alabama Song-Backdoor Man/ Build Me A Woman/ When The Music's Over/ Soul Kitchen*

CD 2: *Light My Fire/ The Celebration Of The Lizard* (all tracks from *Felt Forum, January 17 and 18, 1970*. The cover says **Live at Westbury, Connecticut 1969**, which is not true!)

The quality of both CDs is bad, but I enjoy the nice hardcover longbox, which comes in colour, bearing two beautiful Morrison photos. I'm sure people will buy it because the cover says the tracks were from *Westbury*, but (unfortunately) this is not true. The best available quality of this concert is on the bootleg double album (vinyl!) *Bring Out Your Dead* (Tangie Town Records). So what? The cover is great, the quality is bad, the box is expensive. Better keep your money in your pocket.



Left: Cover of CD "Golden Best" Japan

THE DOORS SUMMER'S ALMOST GONE



Right: Cover of "Summer's Almost Gone" CD





**ROBBY KRIEGER
ORGANIZATION**

PHOTO BY HEATHER HARRIS

NEW OFFICIAL RELEASES

THE DOORS - THE DOORS (first album)
DCC Compact Classics GZS 1023, Japan/USA 1992

THE DOORS - STRANGE DAYS
DCC Compact Classics GZS 1026, Japan/USA 1992

Golden treasures for the ultimative collector. Both releases are official and produced under license from Elektra/Asylum Records. The discs were manufactured in Japan, but the whole thing is being distributed from California. Both are **24 Karat gold-plated Compact Discs**, look really beautiful and the sound is just amazing. The booklets are printed on thick, high-glossy paper, the one of *STRANGE DAYS* is a reproduction of the original inner sleeve of the first US vinyl edition. Steve Hoffman, the guy who remastered the master tapes exclusively for these editions, did an incredible job. There's absolutely no surface noise left, all instruments are clearly audible, and you can even hear Jim breathing during the breaks of his vocals. I've never heard *The End* like this. And *Backdoor Man* comes as intensive as never before!

Although both CDs are pretty expensive, they are absolutely worth the money. Sell all your previous purchased *THE DOORS* and *STRANGE DAYS*, and get these. You won't regret it. **Highly recommended!**

As I've heard from someone at Elektra, DCC Compact Classics are going to put out *L.A.WOMAN* next including a special gimmic-cover this March: They are going to use the original slide cover, which was also used for Elektra's first release of *L.A.Woman* in 1971. Nice idea!

The following two are official releases but not available in any shops, because they were made for radio stations only:

THE DOORS - SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT (10 CD Set)
Westwood One Radio Networks, USA, 1991

What a great show! Intelligent, deep, full of new interviews, stories, informations - nothing but great. Each CD contains interviews on one special subject (f.e. one covers the *Miami concert* including a 15 minute extract from that very show; new facts about Jim's death on another CD ...), which makes an enjoyable listening. It should be a must for every fan and I guess no future Doors book can be written without the informations in this show (consider it like a very extended version of *The Doors From The Inside*), if it was out in the shops ... but it isn't. If you're lucky to get one of these superrare CD sets, you have to pay more than \$550 for it, which is absolutely worth the money (the complete show is more than 10 hours long!). It was broadcasted on American radio between October 14th and November 25th, 1991, and few people taped the complete show. I was lucky enough to get a complete set of CDs and will give you more informations on their content in the near future. Of course there will be no **beeps** when I talk about the Miami concert...

THE DOORS - SHOWCASE OF ROCK
Unistar Radio Networks (3 CD Set)

Recycling a radio show doesn't necessarily mean that it is getting better. Look into your Quarterly 25, page 18 and read what I wrote about the radio show called *A Tribute To Jim Morrison*. Right, this one here is the same - they just featured another host this time. Same

interviews, same music, same stories, if there wasn't the end of disc 3 (hour 3). The first version had an interview with **Danny Sugerman** right at the very end, the new version features **Patricia Kennealy-Morrison**. Who's gonna be on version three?

By the way - they usually just change the commercials but not the content of a radio show for a **second** edition. The second edition of *The Doors From The Inside* and the second edition of *Inner View* just have different commercials. The second editions are usually cheaper than the originals.

The following CD single is official, too, if you could call it like this, although it came out for promotional use only (it is no promotion, it's **horror!**). Out goes the warning: This is the worst CD Elektra ever put out:

Rubáiját - Plunderphonics
Elektra's 40th Anniversary
Elektra PRCD 8247-2 5"-CD Single, 1991

There are just 4 "songs" (1 Doors track) on this one, and the title of this CD is correct - the songs are totally plundered and ripped into pieces. The Doors tune is called *O'Hell*, and it sounds like it. A guy named *John Oswald* (fans should send him to hell for this!) tore 13 **Doors songs** into tiny little pieces, put them together again --- you can imagine how it sounds like. It hurts. I've got absolutely nothing against digital technology, but this is a waste of time and money. I hope nobody ever played this rubbish on the radio!



READ THIS BEFORE YOU LOOK AT THIS QUARTERLY'S COLOUR SUPPLEMENT:

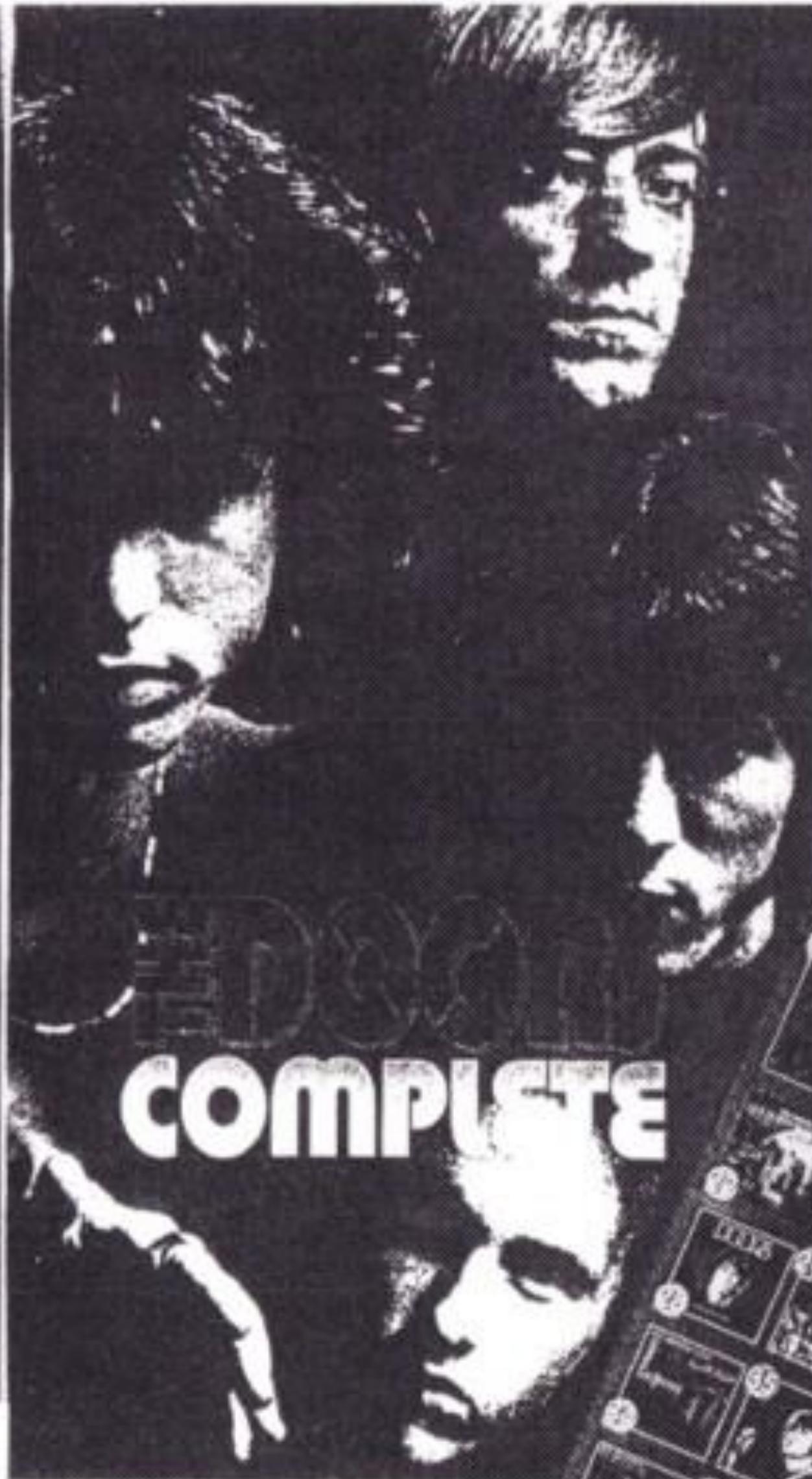
SHE LIVES ON LOVE STREET
A SILKSCREEN by ROBBY KRIEGER

'She Lives On Love Street' is a panorama of symbolic images juxtaposed in a mystical landscape. Composed of various references from the DOORS song, the work sweeps across the canvas with a strong elemental and expressionist quality. Regarded by Robby Krieger as his best to date, the silkscreen of 'She Lives On Love Street' is comprised of 30 colours on Arches cover. Each individual silkscreen is numbered and hand signed by Robby Krieger. The artwork is presently touring the United States as part of Image Makers Rock'N'Roll Art Expo.

'She Lives On Love Street' is offered at the pre-release price of \$550 (includes shipping and insurance) until March 31st 1993. After this date it will be sold at the retail price current at that time. Credit card orders are currently being taken by telephone at (215) 351-0984 or 1-800 POP ROCK or by fax at (215) 351 0741 in the US. Mail orders with check should be sent to: Image Makers Art, Inc.; 138 South Street; Philadelphia; PA 19147; USA.



Left: Booklet and box of "THE DOORS COMPLETE", Italy

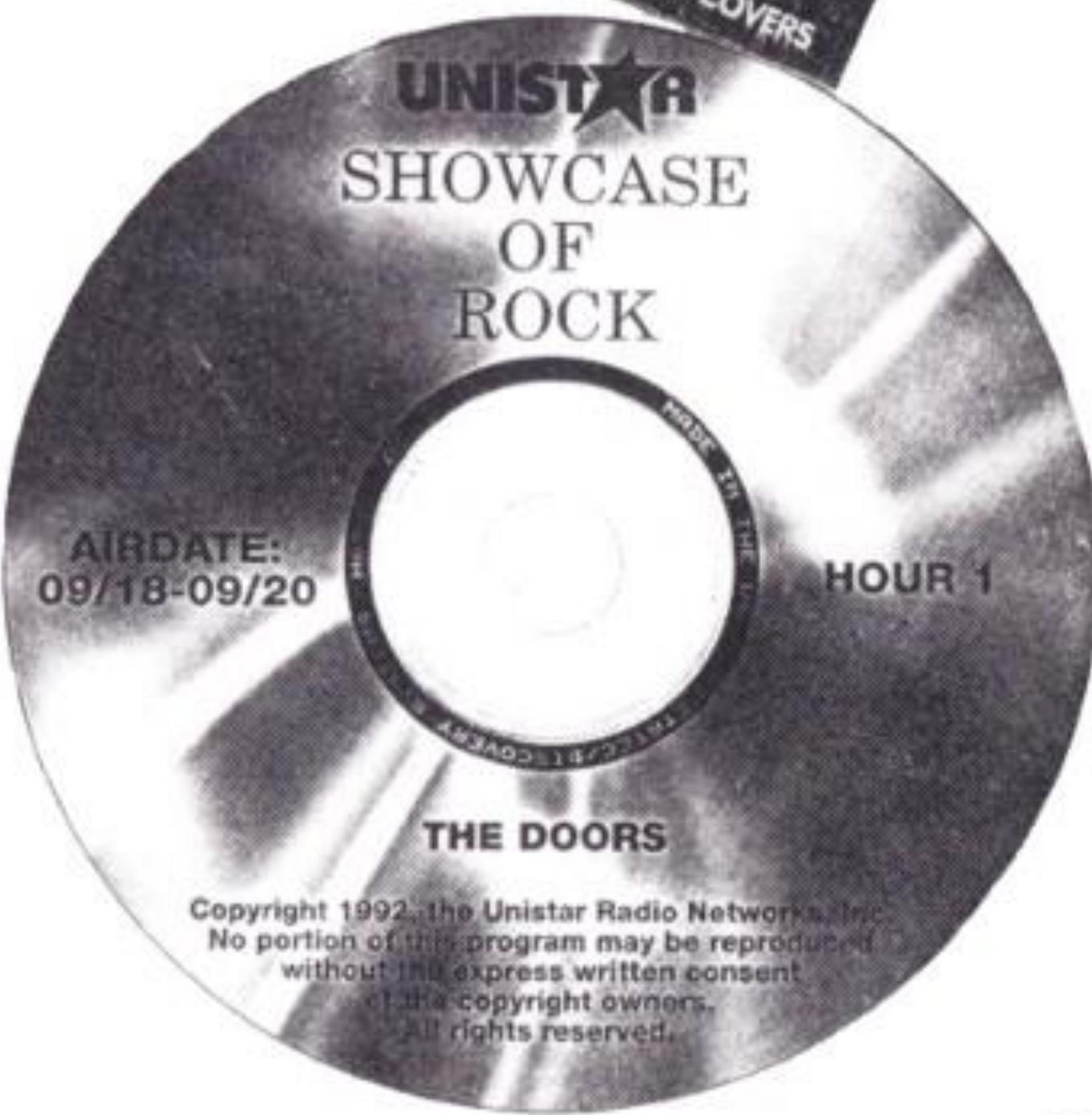


Below: Poster of CD covers, supplement for "The Doors Complete"- box



Left: The 4 individual CDs of "The Doors Complete" -Box from Italy

Below: Two of the promotional radioshow mentioned in this DQ.



Letters to the Editor

Hello, I am writing in response to a small piece of paper I was given by a man at a petrol station. On this particular occasion I was wearing a Doors T-Shirt. The man approached me and asked me several times if I was a Doors-fan. When I had convinced him that I truly am he handed me a small sheet of paper containing your address. I'm not quite sure what I'm writing for, but I figured there must be someone out there who shares my love for Jim Morrison and The Doors.

Althea Maxwell, Australia

(You're right, baby. Welcome to the fanclub! Rainer M.)

Hallo Rainer, ich war im Februar 1993 in Amsterdam. Bei meiner Heimreise am 10.2.93 traf mich am Flughafen Schipol fast der Blitz: Ich sah jemanden, der Jim Morrison zum Verwechseln ähnlich war. Kleidung, Frisur, Outfit - alles war einfach perfekt. Mein erster Gedanke war, daß es Joe Russo von The Soft Parade gewesen sein könnte. Liege ich mit meiner Vermutung richtig? War Joe Russo zu dieser Zeit in Amsterdam?

Nina Dworan, Österreich

(Ja er war an jenem Tag dort und wartete auf seinen Rückflug nach New York. Warum hast Du ihn nicht angesprochen? Rainer M.)

Hallo Rainer, ich habe Dein Buch gelesen - einfach super. Endlich ein Buch, was nur aus Fakten und Tatsachen besteht. Besondere Klasse ist die Auflistung der ganzen LPs und Konzerte. Ingo Wachsmann, W/Germany (Ach, Du warst derjenige, der das Buch gekauft hat! Rainer M.)

Dear Rainer, I wanted to say you've done a great job with The Doors Quarterly. That's a real tribute to you, to help carry on The Doors' legacy for all the fans worldwide.

James Shaffer, USA

(Thanks! There's just one fat guy - we call him "Style" over here - who calls the Quarterly "trash". I know more than 1500 subscribers certainly do not think like he does. Rainer M.)

Hallo Rainer, da fühlt sich der Fan doch leicht verarscht: ewig heißt es, Bruce Botnik hat vergessen, das Band zu wechseln, daher ist "Rock is Dead" nicht länger, selbst John Densmore behauptet dies, und nun zaubert plötzlich jemand eine ungekürzte Fassung aus dem Hut und will es als Bootleg-CD mit dem treffenden Namen "Missing Links" herausbringen! Übrigens, Muddy Waters' Manish Boy von 1955 fängt auch mit den Worten an 'When I was a young boy, at the age of five...'. Schon gewußt? Aber Muddy's 'Mama's talkin'' ist wesentlich positiver!

Barbara Schlitter, West Germany

(Barbara hat recht. Vielleicht sollte man vielen Legenden nicht unbedingtes Vertrauen schenken. Lest dazu auch die Ullis Fortsetzung meines L.A. Reiseführers in diesem Heft. Rainer M.)

Dear Rainer, thanks for the latest DQ, as usual I found it extremely interesting and hard to put down until I'd read it several times. I must say when I joined the Doors fanclub in fact only last year I was expecting a booklet full of sensationalist filth and little substance. In fact I was really surprised just how good it is ... the detail on features, articles, news is really first class. It obviously is a labour of love from a devoted Doors fan. It is really a great professional effort. You must have no free time to yourself! I am writing this as a reply to those people who've been complaining about slight lateness etc. I myself kept thinking 'It must be about time for DQ again' but this is really a tribute to yourself, as if the mag wasn't any good no one would be hassling you - it is only because it is so good that people cannot wait for the next issue! This comes from a Doors fan from way back to '67 by the way.

Dave H. Uren, England

Hello Rainer, I had money, I had none, but I'll never be so broke that I couldn't pay my subscription to the Doors Quarterly! All the best
Laurens van Mourik, Holland

Hallo Rainer, habe mir im Kölner Luxor "The Australian Doors Show" angeschaut. Vielleicht sollte sich der Sänger mehr um seine Arbeit auf der Bühne als um die Größe seines Schwanzes kümmern!

Andrea Luhr, West Germany

(Ich habe noch mehr Briefe bezüglich der Australian Doors Show bekommen. Jemand schrieb: "Nachdem ich The Soft Parade gesehen hatte und sie mit den Australiern vergleichen konnte, wußte ich erst, wie gut The Soft Parade sind. Ich werde mir keine weitere Coverband anschauen; sie kann nur schlechter sein." Ich kann dem nur zustimmen. Besser als das Soft Parade-Konzert in Tilburg, Holland, können nur die Doors selbst an einem guten Abend gewesen sein. Ich habe nun etwa 20 Konzerte der Band gesehen, doch dieser Auftritt blies mich vom Hocker. Hat jemand ein Audio-tape davon? Rainer M.)

ISRAELIAN DOORS Records for sale! Different covers, hebraian writings on most issues. Real collector's items! Send one CRI for list. Other artists available, too. Write to BLACK HOLE RECORDS, Eli Natan, 5 Shlomo Hamelech St., Tel-Aviv 64377, Israel. Tel&Fax 972-3-5284308.

THE MOVIE WILL BEGIN IN FIVE MOMENTS (not just another review ...)

by Doug Sundling

THE FILM: Oliver Stone's the doors

March 17, 1991. I stood underneath the awning out of the cold Sunday afternoon rain waiting for a friend to arrive before we went into the Northcrest Holiday 1 movie theater to watch Oliver Stone's the doors. Two weekends earlier, the film had been released, but I had put off the inevitable, not wanting to be a part of the Giant Family, preferring a Feast of Friends atmosphere. As I waited, I noted on the marquee that next weekend Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II would replace the doors.

Even in the bastion of cinematography, Jimbo can't escape the halo of juvenility.

Since the early 1970s, I, too, had contemplated the making of a movie on The Doors. I would open with "Riders on the Storm" and a scene of the desert and the car accident with the Indians, and I would close with the bathtub scene dissolving into the young lion bursting onto stage in a glowing blue spotlight, the credits rolling through as The Doors played a live version of "Break On Through." There were numerous other scenes that I had envisioned, but I soon resolved that The Doors was one of those stories that shouldn't be made into a movie because their story couldn't be made to fit into the limited scope of the camera (or a book). Film cannot portray the music, the communal creative spirit, the swirling essence of the story of The Doors. At best, a movie could capture a few good moving snapshots and snippets of music. Such irony -- for Jim and Ray sprung from the school of cinematography.

I felt reassured of these preceptions as I kept reading that the three surviving Doors refused to release use of the songs for such an movie. But when I read that they finally had consented, I shrugged, accepting the inevitable, and muttered something like, "Well, if they're going to make a movie, I hope Oliver Stone does it because he's probably the only director around right now who could possibly do it."

And shortly thereafter, I learned who the director was to be.

As my friend and I waited in the lobby with the twenty or so other folks, we watched a couple in their late thirties enter with their three children, purchase tickets, and join the rest of us. I was bemused, but, hey, they're not my kids.

"You're right," I said to my friend. "I don't think I would bring a nine-year-old to this movie."

But then again, Jim never really demonstrated rational concern for anything beyond the immediate moment, let along the immediate moment.

After leaving the theater and re-entering the damp reality of the mid-March dusk, I realized what I was feeling: "That movie has been one big drug trip." Fine, Oliver Stone's rendition of Jim Morrison is an extended metaphor based on the imagery of a drug trip. Drugs, sex, violence -- the three great metaphors from which the creative spirits of the Sixties drew, and Olive Stone's film wove a intertwining texture of all three.

The movie is a slice of Stone's artistic vision using Jim Morrison as a vehicle to deliver that vision through film.

If you expect a chronological ordering and factual presentation of The Doors' history, forget it.

If you expect a portrait of how the communal spirit worked and how the four Doors related to and conflicted with each other, forget it.

If you expect a portrait of how each individual Door dealt with his own coming of age during this tumultuous six-year span, forget it.

If you expect to see the unfolding blossom of the music, forget it.

You do get enticing snippets of music and some great moving snapshots of Morrison and the Sixties scene.

You do get a great resurrection by Val Kilmer of a sedated Jim Morrison who travels through the entire two hour plus drug trip with his only friend, the tall and bald "end."

Actually, you get a movie not much different than what Jimbo might have pieced together. But Jim was not able to deliver his artistic vision through film; he did through music, and that is where the story of The Doors is told. The movie and the books come and go, but the music remains to carry on The Doors' artistic vision.

What about a Doors animation film next time? Using Andrea Dirschowskis characters (see below) it can't be bad



JERRY HOPKINS

is one of the most acclaimed writers in rock history.

He wrote No One Here Gets Out Alive, one of the most successful rock biographies of all time. It wasn't his original manuscript which got published, but a very different one, which was co-written by Danny Sugerman.

He also wrote lots of other biographies, including one of Elvis Presley, Yoko Ono and Jimi Hendrix.

He also worked for different rock magazines including Rolling Stone.

He met Jim Morrison a couple of times, did a great interview with him (originally published in Rolling Stone) and accompanied The Doors on their tour through Mexico. The result was another great article in Rolling Stone.

Jerry also worked on some Doors radio shows including the very interesting Artist From Hell.

He just published his second Jim Morrison-book The Lizard King - The Essential Jim Morrison.

Jerry agreed to answer YOUR questions exclusively for The Doors Quarterly.

So - if you have any questions for JERRY HOPKINS ----- please write them down on a sheet of paper. Your questions will be forwarded to Jerry. Ask anything you want, anything you ever wanted to ask him about The Doors, about Jim Morrison, about Danny Sugerman, about his books, his interviews, his personal memories, his opinions about -- well, it's up to you. It might be your only chance to ask him your questions. Jerry promised to answer them all. So - don't hesitate!

Your questions and Jerry's answers will be featured in The Doors Quarterly 30, but your letters should be here till September, just to give Jerry some time to answer them.

Jerry is the second one to give the Quarterly this exclusive and great honour. Thank you!

Rainer Moddemann

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FOR ALL GERMAN FANS/FÜR ALLE DEUTSCHEN FANS: Bitte schickt mir vor dem ersten Juli unbedingt AUF EINER POSTKARTE Eure neue POSTLEITZAHL. Ich weiß, dies ist ärgerlich genug, und ich sehe mich schon stundenlang vor dem Computer sitzen und über 800 dämliche Postleitzahlen ändern, aber nur so kann eine erhebliche Verzögerung bei der zukünftigen Lieferung des Quarterlys innerhalb der BRD vermieden werden. Also- Postkarte an meine Adresse bis spätestens 1.7.1993 genügt. Rainer M.



graphien, Anekdoten, News und Biographien - wirklich alles, was ein Fan dieser "Good Times" braucht. Schreibt mit 1,-DM Rückporto an **GOOD TIMES**, Postfach 111321, 6100 Darmstadt 11, West Germany!

DIE MUSIK DER SECHZIGER UND DER SIEBZIGER wird wieder lebendig! In diesem Magazin lest Ihr alles über den Beat, Rock und Rhythm'n'Blues dieser Jahre! Fotos, Termine für Plattenbörsen, ein riesiger internationaler Konzertkalender, Buch-, CD- und Plattenrezensionen, Disco-

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AIRPORT MARKETING CORPORATION, World Trade Center, Suite 291, San Francisco, CA 94111, USA.

(Find one of Mr Jacobs' photos on page in this DOORS QUARTERLY!)

Desperately seeking Joe Russo: Suche Fotos von THE SOFT PARADE, auch Videos oder Audiocassetten von Konzerten. Schreibt an Waltraud Hagemann, Comeniusstr. 47, 3300 Braunschweig, West Germany.

Suche Doors-Fans, die Lust haben, im Juli 1993 für ein paar Tage Los Angeles zu erforschen (anhand von Rainers Reiseführer in seinem Buch "DOORS", Heel-Verlag). Bitte setzt Euch nur bei ernsthaftem Interesse mit mir in Verbindung! *E.Hellwig, Bergische Str.6, 4330 Mülheim/Ruhr, West Germany.* Beim Clubtreffen in L.A. bin ich auch dabei!

FANCLUBMEETING for L.A.Clubmembers: Meet us on **July 17th, 1993, at 10.00am at Barney's Beanery, 8447 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles.** After breakfast we'll do a Doors-sightseeing tour through West Hollywood. We're gonna have some fun that day! (Rainer)

Help! I'm looking for photos, live audiotapes or live-videos of "**THE SOFT PARADE**"-concerts! Please write to *Sonja Hand, Am Hötzberg 30, 5500 Trier, West Germany.*

A VIEW OF PARIS - BY TWO DOORS FANS! This video shows interesting places in Paris for Jim Morrison-Fans. Overdubbed with a lot of music you will do a sightseeing-tour of Jim's Paris 21 years after he died. Includes footage of the riots in July 1991. Running time 26 minutes, colour. Available in VHS or Video 8 format, German or English subtitles. Including postage, this video costs only 30 DM.
Stefan Krause, Wasserbreite 30a, 4980 Bünde, West Germany.

PHOTOS: THE SOFT PARADE Live in concert! 15 photos for only 15 DM.
Stefan Krause, Wasserbreite 30a, 4980 Bünde, West Germany.

Suche Doors-Fans für gelegentliche Treffs oder Brieffreundschaften. Meine Adresse: *S.Bäcker, Katharinenstr. 1, 6600 Saarbrücken, W/Germany*

I would like to get in touch with Jim Morrison-fans. *Paulina Szostak, Ul.Kulczyriskiego 7 m 78, 02-777 Warsaw, Poland.*

BROKEN ARROW - THE Neil Young Fanzine. One of the finest fanzines around. 11 years in existence with Neil's personal support, the magazine comes with a colour cover! For info send one CRI to *Alan Jenkins, 2a Llynfi St., Bridgend, Mid Glamorgan CF31 1SY, Wales, UK.*

HOLDING TOGETHER, that's what Jefferson Airplane fans do. If you're interested in this band (HT issues also cover other musicians such as Tim Buckley, The Doors, Starship ...) send a CRI to *Bill Parry, 89 Glengariff St., Clubmoor, Liverpool L13 8DW, England.*

Warren Peace still sends out his huge list of rare records and books for sale. To get this just send him 3 CRIs or \$1 cash to *P.O.Box 12355, San Francisco, CA 94112, USA.*

Still some **21st Anniversary T-Shirts** left. They will sell out soon. Last chance to get one! Send me a CRI for info: *Maxine Goble, 23A Delany House, Thames Street, Greenwich, London, SE10 9DQ, England.*

Fanclubmember *Larissa Bendel, Seumestr. 24, 2000 Hamburg 76*, is the editor of a high quality big-sized **A-HA** fanzine. Lotta interesting news and private photos of the band, and they're in very close contact with the guys, too. And, Larissa is nice! Interesting enough, after they put an ad for the DQ into their mag, I got loads of letters from fans, who love A-HA AND The Doors. Don't forget your CRI or 1DM-stamp!

What's a **CRI**? Well, it is a **Coupon-Réponse International**, which you can buy at each postoffice, and which the people you send it to can change for postage stamps of their own country. Never forget to add one of these to your letters.

THE FAN PAGE

This is a new series in the Quarterly. This series is dedicated to the fans of The Doors. Doors fans talk about themselves, how they became a Doors fan, how they feel, what they think, what others think about them ... If you want to write something about yourself, you're welcome. Send in YOUR own story (please TYPE it!) and don't forget your photo! The first story was written by German fan Kerstin. She calls it: _____

BREAK ON THROUGH by Kerstin Kraschewski, W. Germany



I am a female creature, born in 1966 and have been a DOORS fan for 1½ years. I would like to tell you how I became infatuated with the DOORS, what their music means to me and how it made me see certain things in a different, and better light. Before I heard of them I never really dared to be myself, always playing some kind of role, but I always had the feeling that this just wasn't right, and I couldn't explain it to myself.

Something's wrong, something's not quite right...

I have always been a loner. Other girls at my age who I know (superficially), all have these "typical female" predilections for things such as sewing, knitting, having babies, etcetera, and sometimes conversations about "hair-do's", "fingernails" and "what-eye-shadow-goes-best-with-the-colour-of-my-eyes" festivals. All this yapping about hairstyles, the latest fashion and diets has always terribly got on my nerves anyway, so these people really bored me to death. I thought that they had already grown old before their time, with their fancy for the BINGO-Shows on television or some other brainwashing TV programme. These people are TOTALLY dull, and as I am not the kind of person who thinks that she must socialise to not appear "weird" to people, and rather be alone instead, I decided to be the "loner", and boycotted all the parties. - Have you heard the latest joke? - Des O'Connor music - Tracys and Sharons dancing 'round their handbags -!!! No thanks, not for ME!!! To top it all, they all told me how pitiful they thought I was: "Poor girl, always alone!"

Please, no pity! Under these circumstances I'd rather stay at home alone and listen to decent music. The DOORS for example. When I was 20 I was a devoted BEATLES fan. To me Lennon and McCartney was the greatest by far that has ever crossed my turntable. I didn't like SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND very much, but the stuff on the WHITE ALBUM, for example, was simply superb. However, I got tired of them after a while, I don't know why. I still like listening to them, but it doesn't seem to be the same anymore. (I once read that the BEATLES and the ROLLING STONES "take your spirit away", whereas the DOORS "take your spirit to a higher plane", or something like that). At that time I was rather depressed anyway and felt as though life's been taking the piss out of me. The worst thing was that nobody seemed to understand me, and I had people coming to me all the time, telling me all their problems and worries ("my boyfriend's so jealous, what shall I do?"). Whenever I mentioned though that I thought there was something wrong with me and that I was starting to think whether life is really worth living (I mean, I didn't feel comfortable with myself), they'd say: "Oh, come on, it's only a passing phase!", or - the worst answer -: "I wouldn't like to be in your skin!" Thank you all very much, too! But to the contrary, this wasn't a passing phase.

In May 1991 I saw the following sentence on a cinema poster: "There are things known and things unknown. And in between are the DOORS... - Jim Morrison." (Because I am interested in anything to do with the 60s, I knew that there was a band called the DOORS in the late 60s, whose singer had been long dead, but otherwise I didn't know what kind of music they made). Now, that sentence really appealed to me and I decided to go and see the movie with a friend (one of my very few female friends), who warned me before we went to see it: "The vocalist sings 'Girl, I want to fuck you!'". Well, who cares. Let's go and see it anyway. Of course, I didn't want to just stupidly sit in my seat in the cinema and understand sod all, so I stormed the nearest book shop and bought 'NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE'. I found out that Jim Morrison really was a poet, and that my friend got it wrong, it is 'Mother, I want to fuck you!', and also that that line is from a song called "THE END". I started to get really into it. When I read that Jim had also had a pretty bad relationship with his parents, and that he was the same starsign as me, I got really excited. For a little taste I first bought "THE BEST OF THE DOORS", sat down in the evening, put my headphones on and listened to it curiously. When I heard the first few bars of "BREAK ON THROUGH" I was a bit disappointed, however. THESE are the DOORS? Hm. --- But I did like the chorus. "BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE"... Aha!? But where is the other side? Within myself, or where, or what? Hm.

Then I heard:

People are strange, when you're a stranger,
Faces look ugly when you're alone...
When you're strange, no one remembers your name...

I thought, yes exactly, who are you telling this? He was totally speaking my mind.

"LIGHT MY FIRE" really knocked me off my feet! I especially loved the organ and the vocals. Lying in between my headphones, I was completely taken in by "WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER":

...when the music is your special friend...

- Yes, so damn true, I thought to myself. This is really MY kind of music!

...dance on fire...

- Dancing on fire? How do you do that??? -

...WE WANT THE WORLD AND WE WANT IT ...

- Those drums! The tension is getting unbearable! -

WATER. THE TENSION IS GOVERNING.

- HAMMIE : completely jumped out of my skin just then!

SAME AS I TREATS!

... SAVE US! JESUS!

that guy can

music... is your... only

- SIGN -

til the e

everything was clear to see. THE

When the song was over, I thought that suddenly everything was clear to me. This is all

While listening to "THE END", I got goosepimplies. Snakes? Urgh, how disgusting! I found the melody very beautiful, but at the same time terribly melancholic and sad; somehow spooky, but nice. Basically, for me it is a "Goodbye-we-won't-ever-meet-again" kind of song:

... This is the end, my only friend, the end

It hurts to set you free

but you'll...never...follow me...

By the way, I know an excellent medicine to fight off an acute attack of heartache. It's very easy: You record two tapes, the first one of which we call "THE-CRY-YOUR-EYES-OUT" tape, on which you record all those soppy love songs such as "Rain and Tears" (Aphrodite's Child), "Yesterday" (The Beatles), "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" (Righteous Bros.), "For Emily - Whenever I May Find Her" (Simon & Garfunkel) and other such stuff. (Please use a C60 cassette - I think one hour of sobbing should be enough!). Then, when you are over the worst, you use the second tape (you can take a C90 or even C120 for this). On this tape you will have the exact opposite to the first one: Let's call this one "THE-PAIN-GO-AWAY" TAPE, on which you can put whatever you like to get your spirits up again, for example "Gloria" (Doors), "Purple Haze" (Jimi Hendrix), "Born to be Wild" (Steppenwolf), "Smoke on the Water" (Deep Purple), "Break on Through" (Doors), "You ain't seen nothing yet" (Bachman Turner Overdrive), etcetera. You should feel better after all that rock music (of course, heavy metal fans can also put heavier stuff on their cassettes) - besides you'll be too exhausted anyway to mourn after your ex.

Although I have to give my compliments to Val Kilmer, I didn't like the movie about the DOORS very much. It didn't really portray the POST Jim Morrison, but instead dealt too much with riots, drugs and alcohol excesses. But by then I had tasted first blood. One after another, I got myself the videos and other albums by the band. My favourite ones are "STRANGE DAYS" and "MORRISON HOTEL". ("INDIAN SUMMER".... SIGH!). My favourite on "BEST OF..." is "WEIRD SCENES INSIDE THE GOLD MINE" - it is a brilliant compilation of DOORS songs.

Of all their videos I like "DANCE ON FIRE" best, especially "L.A. WOMAN", which has been really well produced. The short live version of "LIGHT MY FIRE", in which Jim sings "Girl, we couldn't get much higher" without batting an eye lid, despite Sullivan's order NOT to do it, is also absolutely superb. (In the video "A TRIBUTE TO JIM MORRISON" you can see a furious Ed Sullivan raising his index finger against Jim at the end of "LIGHT MY FIRE". Hey, take it easy, Dude!)

I thought that the picture and sound quality of "THE DOORS ARE OPEN" wasn't very good, and also, GRANADA didn't seem to get the concept together properly. They could have done a hell of a lot better job with the material. (They're mad, the British!). What I did like about it though (again), was "LIGHT MY FIRE", where Jim involves the audience in the show. I have never seen this kind of thing before, that a star like him walks towards his audience. However, he might have just been bored, who knows.

"THE SOFT PARADE" wasn't entirely bad either, for example with Jim tinkling on the piano and singing an ode to Friedrich Nietzsche. However, in the "HELLO I LOVE YOU" video (The DOORS in Germany! And I was only 2 years old at the time!), the girl who was freaking and frolicking around in front of the cameras, was completely out of place. What was that all about?

I have been in love with books since childhood, so then I went to raid all the book stores to find DOORS material. (I once stood inside a book shop that had dedicated one whole special corner to the DOORS. Books and poems, and more, more, more.....! I would have purchased that whole corner, but my finances didn't allow it.) Sometimes though I did buy the wrong things. BURN DOWN THE NIGHT from a certain Craig Kee Strete didn't look quite right at first sight. Wasn't there a mention about that book in NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE? Let me have a look. Yeah, that's right, here it is: In the epilogue it says "... in the meantime it has been

proved that everything in this book is fictional." What a total idiot. And me, too! To think that I really got into that book and forgot that it was fiction! Another piece of crap is DARK STAR by Bob Dylan. It is really not worth reading, as it seems that the author didn't have the slightest idea about anything, and decided to portray Jim as a stinking wino. At least there are some good photos in it. Well, well.

One book that is absolutely brilliant, however (there are not only crappy books about the DOORS), is THE DOORS by Rainer Moddemann, which not only contains a travellers' guide to Paris and L.A. (at last!), but also gives you references to rare CDs, records, books, etcetera. The pictures in the book of these rarities alone are a visual delight for every DOORS fan.

The thing that hit me like an electric shock were Jim's statements in interviews: "Expose yourself to your deepest fear. After that, fear has no power... you are free." --- "I think of myself as an intelligent, sensitive human being with the soul of a clown, which always forces me to blow it at the most important moments." --- "People are afraid of themselves, of their own reality - their feelings most of all... How can they deal with love if they're afraid to feel?" (Exactly. A lot of people have been trying to tell me that it was wrong to show your feelings, and that they succeeded in life, because they hid theirs. I had also tried to hide my feelings, but I can't do it and besides, don't want to do it. Whilst doing this, you feel like a robot, and you're always busy examining yourself very carefully and thinking "Watch out now, Girl!" It gives me that terrible feeling that I must be lying to myself, and that then I couldn't face myself in the mirror anymore). "... we cripple ourselves with lies..."

The AN AMERICAN PRAYER book I didn't quite understand, to be honest, but WILDERNESS I thought was fantastic: "If my poetry aims to achieve anything, it's to deliver people from the limited ways in which they see and feel." YEAH!! If he had been anywhere near me, I would have given him a big hug.

Slowly, I was beginning to understand the meaning of the name "The DOORS", and that it isn't the kind of music you just listen to and then switch off again. I was so happy with my new found knowledge about things, that I wanted to let people know immediately. Of course, I thought that if I knew and understood all these things, then all my acquaintances would understand them, too; I acted like a stupid Jehovah's Witness, or something, who goes out to preach the Gospel to the world. I showed everybody my record collection, recommended the books, and literally PREACHED to them, how brilliant this music was, with the lyrics so full of meaning, etcetera, etcetera. But it wasn't worth it, because all I heard in return was: You listen to THIS crap? or "Jim Morrison? That perverse singer of the DOORS?" and other similar comments. I thought: "Are they all totally stupid?" I was disappointed and really pissed off. When I had calmed down, I thought: "Okay, forget it. It's their own fault".

I also wore a Jim Morrison T-shirt at work, which only got me strange looks from people. A colleague gave my T-shirt, trainers and jeans really dirty looks, and I also instantly felt physically sick just looking at her, in her boring blouse with "elegant" frills, and her "decent" mouse-grey skirt and office stilettos (in other words: we didn't like each other). I have always had difficulties fitting into society, especially when it came to clothes, but now it only got worse. Everything was/is so bloody false! Some people lie to your face and say, Yes, you're absolutely right, and then they start talking behind your back, saying something completely different. Or something is being planned without you knowing about it, and then they tell you the final decision. The worst type of people are those who first talk behind your back, slagging you off, and then, when you ask them to tell it to your face, say: "Oh, I am sorry, I really didn't mean it that way. I have always admired you, because I have always wanted to be like you!" or "God, you got so much more upstairs, you're sooo much more intelligent than I am..." Of course, this didn't flatter me. Why should I bother with people who lie behind my back, and don't accept me the way I am?

Sometimes people also tell me their "prophesies" about history repeating itself, i.e. sons/daughters inevitably become just like their parents. I can only laugh about this. I never believed in this kind of rubbish anyway. Besides, I hate repeats.

Natural child, terrible child,
not your mother's or your father's child...

When I'm at home, I sometimes put on my headphones and try and sing my favourite DOORS songs (what a lovely pastime. My neighbours, by the way, are half deaf - how "lucky" for them!). It is really fun, because I always get a frog in my throat and have to cough. Also, about half an hour later I either get out of breath or get a sore throat. Who care, I don't want to compete with anyone. Or I sit down and try things on the keyboard, which is even more fun. The most beautiful thing about it is, that you just forget EVERYTHING around you, and you get that floating feeling (I mean without drugs or alcohol - I don't like either). When I'm in that state, nothing can touch me!

...Now you should try this little game,
just close your eyes, forget your name.
Forget the world, forget the people
and we'll erect a different steeple...

Someone once asked me how I would react, if I had met Jim. Hm, I don't know. Maybe I would have run away. Maybe I would have chatted to him, or laughed with him about the bourgeois. In any case, I would have loved to have seen the DOORS live on stage just once in my life.

Some people believe that Jim is still alive (somewhere), and that he just had enough of all the publicity, etcetera, and wanted to have his piece - which he has had for more than 20 years now. I think that he didn't do this. I also don't think that he wanted to

die. He was mortal, like the rest of us. However, he/The DOORS have become immortal with their unique music, which has sparkled on through the years like a finely cut diamond, and which will - hopefully - sparkle on to teach people how to "break on through to the other side".

Their music will never die, not for me and not for a lot of other fans, simply because it is so different, i.e. honest, and not as false and fast-moving as today's society. Jim had once said: "We must go back to our roots." Of course! That's what I am doing at the moment! And all the ignorant people out there will also get on with their lives as they are. They will never follow us.

(translated by Barbarella Buchner)

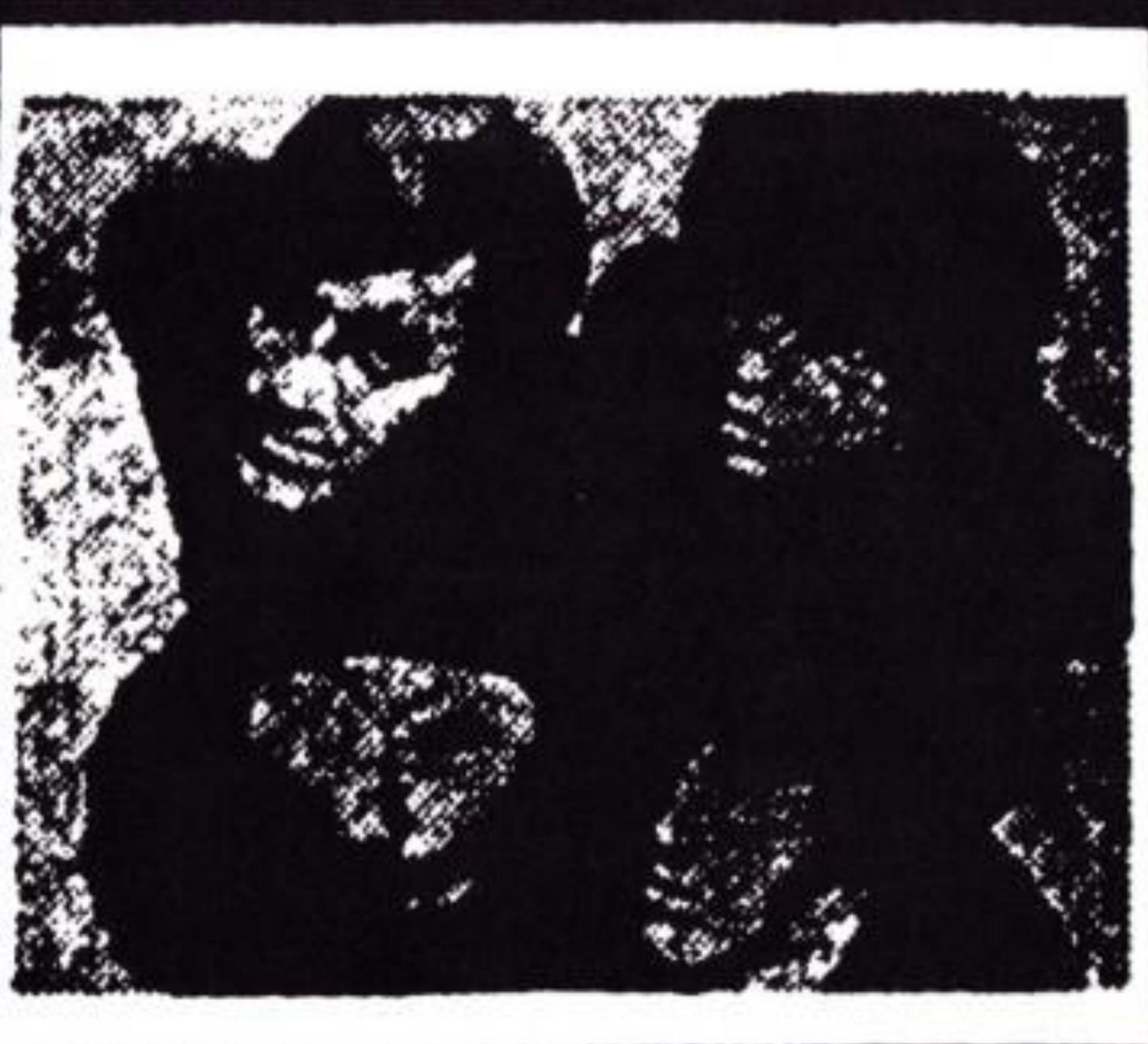
Below: Ad for The Doors' Cleveland show, Sat. August 3rd, 1968

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BOOK REVIEWS

PETER HENISCH - MORRISONS VERSTECK

Residenz Verlag, Salzburg und Wien, 1991, ISBN 3-7017-0652-2

Das ganze funktioniert folgendermaßen: Man kratze ein bißchen Phantasie zusammen, klappere ein paar Fakten ab, wienere um den lauen Brei herum, spinnere sich eine halbwegs plausible Story, verquicke diese mit den hinlänglich bekannten Doors-Geschichten zusammen und klebe alles zu einem Roman in ein Buch. Ja, hatten wir das nicht schon einmal? Geschrieben von einem gewissen Craig Strette? *Uns verbrennt die Nacht* unter leicht anderen Vorzeichen?

Textprobe: Auf einer über die Bühne gebreiteten Wiese aus grünem Plastik bewegten sich zwei in mehr oder minder lustvoller Umarmung. Und ich mußte mich setzen, denn die weibliche Hälfte jenes Tiers mit den zwei Rücken war wirklich Petra oder zumindest ihre Doppelgängerin. Damit aber nicht genug: Der Typ, mit dem sie auf der im Rhythmus der Beckenstöße allmählich in meine Richtung rutschenden Lustwiese agierte, wem sah der zum Verwechseln ähnlich? Morrison, klar, und er war auch bestens erhalten.

Ja, Träume. Hat jeder. Auch Peter Henisch. Aber mußte er ausgerechnet ein Buch daraus basteln? Mit ineinander verschachtelten, pseudointellektuellen Handlungsabläufen? Mit in die Erwachsenenwelt versetzten Kleinmädchen(alp)träumen? Mit seiner nichtendenden Jagd über Petra hinweg durch Drogengeschwätz zu einem Morrisonphantom? Da liebe ich hingegen das Büchlein von Bob Seymour, der sein Ziel trotz Hinterfragens nicht erreicht, wenn er auch vom Ansatz her grundverschieden ist. Herr Henisch liebt es "poetischer".

Naja, wenn das so ist, sagte Jim - wo ist der nächste Fliegenpilz?

Muller läßt grüßen. Dessen Herointheorie hat auch Peter Henisch verinnerlicht. Jim Morrison spricht. Und er spricht zuviel. Und Henisch schreibt zuviel. Um nicht zu sagen - er labert. Pseudopsychedelischer Neokitsch. Poetischer Nicht-Stil. Jim Morrison als Spielmaterial, wie der Klappentext berichtet. Das "beziehungsreiche Geflecht" dieses Romans liest sich wie ein trüber Fluß. Nichtssagend plätschernd. Brabbelnd wie ein Wortwall. 300 Seiten lang. Nein danke!

Wo ist die nächste Kloschüssel?

Um mal eine Kritik im Stile von Peter Henisch zu schreiben.

JERRY HOPKINS - THE LIZARD KING: The essential Jim Morrison

Plexus, London, 1992, ISBN 0-85965-147-9

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1992, ISBN 0-684-19524-0

I consider Jerry's new book as an essential addition to your Doors-bookshelf, although I think the pages he wrote around the Jim Morrison-interviews are not that necessary. OK, it is more free than what Jerry was able to publish before, after it was co-written. But I would consider it as a revised short version of *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, if there wasn't the excellent chapter on Jim's death and all the rumours around it. Jerry examines all the stories, gets to the ground with them and presents Ronay's story as the most reliable of all then. Nothing of what's presented here is really NEW (at least not to us Europeans who've known the Ronay story since May 1991, and of course not to readers of the book I wrote about The Doors). And all of this short version was written in a pretty exciting, but also serious style of writing. If the original manuscript of *No One Here Gets Out Alive* was like this, I wonder why nobody wanted to publish it. The more essential thing in this book are seven interviews Jim Morrison gave to seven different journalists, including Jerry. Well,

here's the man, in his own words. Note that most of these interviews haven't been available for ages. It's good to have them back in print. This doesn't go for the photographs, of which we have already seen about 90% in other books.

I know there are a few typos and mistakes - the book should have been proof-read more intensively (or was it the lack of time Jerry had to write it?) - , but they don't affect the normal reader's attention at all.

This book is an essential one, of course, because of the interviews and because Jerry wrote it. This time it wasn't co-written. I don't like people remembering long conversations word-for-word after twenty years (unless it's a novel) without mentioning that the long conversation "went like this" or using a tape transcript or a tape, which proves that the conversation actually went like this. I have a superrare tape of the complete interview Jim gave to John Tobler (it is also in the book) at the Isle Of Wight Festival (please don't even ask, I'd NEVER give this tape to anybody!). And - the interview actually went like this!

Rainer Moddemann



JERRY HOPKINS

COAUTHOR OF NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE

MARK HODKINSON - MARIANNE FAITHFULL: As Tears Go By
Omnibus Press, London, 1991, ISBN 0-7119-2401-5

Well, it's Marianne's biography ... the Jim Morrison connection: *Roger Stepphens*, an American DJ, told the story of how Marianne became entangled in the mysteries about Jim's death (read Stepphen's interview with John Densmore in DQ 21, page 21-22). Hodkinson writes about *Jean De Bretteuil* being Marianne's and Pam's lover, and how all of this story will remain a mystery, because Marianne NEVER talked about Jim's death except to Stepphens. A great and tough book on Marianne with just 2 pages for Jim Morrison fans. More than expected.

There's always a lot to read in the Quarterly, isn't it? Well, see you in New York early July, in L.A. mid-July; on July 3rd or December 8 this year in Paris. Bye for now. Write soon! Rainer M.

