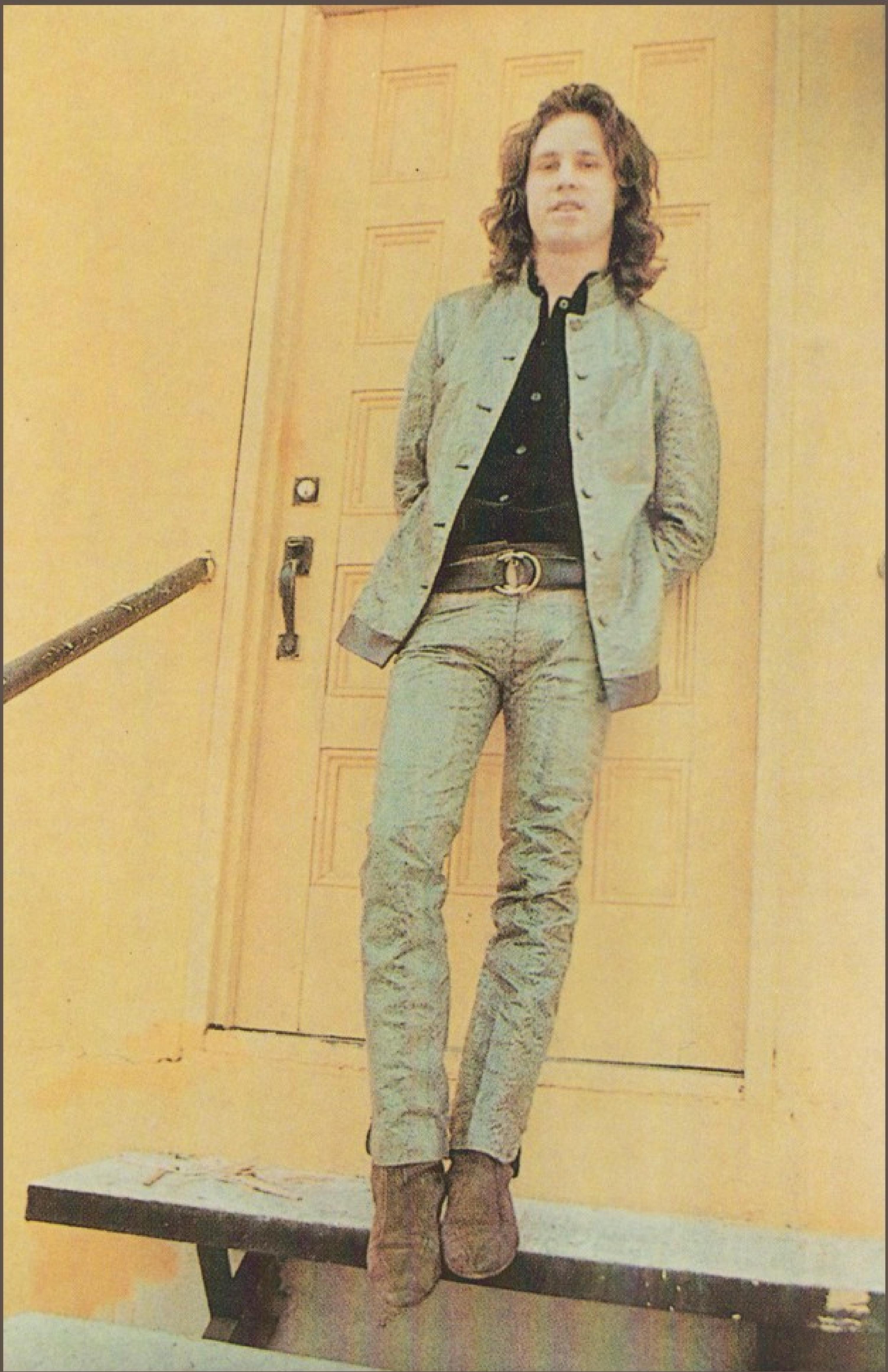




THE
doors

DOORS QUARTERLY MAGAZINE 20



THE DOORS QUARTERLY 20

Hi Doors people, finally summer came along and you've got your new DQ in your hands, the first

one with colour pages, and the most expensive of all. I didn't know that it's so expensive to do a colour edition, even if you have only four pages! Anyway, I hope you like this DQ 20, and show it around among your friends, do a little promotion and get some new members to join the fanclub.

For several reasons this DQ comes out with a delay (as usual) of more than a month, sorry, but I wanted to feature the exclusive tour report of the "Night Of The Guitars" among with a couple of new Robby Krieger photos. And his new album came just in time, shortly before this DQ went to the printery. It was so good to join Robby on the tour, and my best memories are from the day he came over to my house for a few hours. And I'll see him again this June in Los Angeles, and he plays the Greek Theatre in LA the day after my arrival. I wonder if the other 2 Doors will join him on "Love me two times" or "Roadhouse Blues" that special date (wouldn't that be a nice surprise, Ray and John?) ... June 24th ... can't wait.

Some people got it wrong! They mailed me back our info sheet they found in the last DQ. This was not for you who are already in the fanclub, but for people who want to join. Do some xerox copies and distribute it among fans you know or learn to know (at the grave or at Robby's concerts or wherever). Okay? So again, find another info sheet (in German and English) in this Quarterly, which will also include one of our old posters. There will be a new poster in DQ 22 or 23, I hope, and you can expect the next colour pages in DQ 25 (another anniversary...).

The Quarterly will also get more support from The Doors. There'll be a Hotline in the USA for the group, a phone number which you can call to get informations about the group and their latest activities. They'll put my address in there, so we will hopefully get more subscribers in the USA soon.

It was a nice idea by Karol from Czechoslovakia to mail me a photo of himself with a DQ in his hands, which you will find in this DQ. So the call goes to all you others who want to be pictured in a Quarterly: Send me a photo of yourself reading a DQ. The photo must be clear (no polaroids, please), should have your name and address on the back and probably some little funny additions (see what Karol did). Be sure to find it in a forthcoming DQ. I expect your photos soon! (No, not yours, Thomas, you'll surely think this is pretty childish, right?) Anyway, I always liked the idea of collecting photographs of Doors fans (already have a couple), and want to share it with you.

Before too many of you ask me in letters: Yes, I painted this huge wall painting (see left colour page) and it is in front of my house in Krefeld. Robby liked the idea of taking a few pictures for the Quarterly . I spent about 12 hours painting the thing, much to the horror of my neighbours, but in the meantime almost everybody seems to like the thing...

Thanks to everybody who mailed me articles, photos, reviews, poems, drawings and other things... don't complain, if I didn't answer till now, but 1: there were so many of you who expect a long answer; 2. I was on tour with Robby and all work had to stop for this; 3. the new DQ had to be prepared and I also have a family who takes my time... I promise to answer all letters and requests as soon as possible ... but again I ask you all to add German stamps or an International Response Coupon to your letter... the German post rose their prices for 25%, and I don't want to spend too much private money for stamps. Okay? You can buy an IRC at every post office...

So, dear friends, have a nice summer, have fun with the Quarterly (take it with you to the beach... what about a picture of you girls at the beach reading the DQ...) and above all: listen to the greatest band that ever graced to see the face of this planet: The Doors!

Yours on a hot day in late May.



... is a magazine for members of
THE DOORS FAN CLUB
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... after his successful European tour with the "Night Of The Guitars" Robby Krieger hopes to join the same on the US-tour, which starts on June 1st. Unfortunately he isn't sure to play on all dates...

... John Densmore finished his biography and is happy that he found a publisher. I hope we can expect the book before Christmas. "It's a book on my own experiences with the Doors", John said, and we can't wait to read it...

... on the other hand in a radio show someone announced a book written by Ray Manzarek. This is not true! ...

... Ray Manzarek is still busy with the script of a movie, based on the song LA Woman... a major TV company is interested in using the song LA Woman for a new forthcoming TV series, kinda next "Miami Vice" or something. This would mean: LA Woman could come back into the charts again, if the deal would work out...

... Robby Krieger's solo albums "Versions" and "Robby Krieger and friends" will be out on CD soon...

... Robby was sad when he visited Jim's grave in Paris on June 3rd 1989. "The grave is in a terrible state. It's a mess! We definitely must do something about it!" he told me, and I suggested they'd put a new bust out of bronze on the grave for the 20th anniversary of Jim's death in 1991. Robby thought this was a good idea...

... Pablo Manzarek is still working in the studio with his father on an album called "Bamboo Jungle". His daddy is also busy touring with Michael McClure...

... for all "Night Of The Guitars" fans producer Miles Copeland published a lot of recordings on the IRS label: A double Live album, a live CD & cassette, a guitar "Speak" compilation on disc and tape and a 1-hour video taped in London. Robby's on all of them...

... Best of the IRS releases: Robby Krieger's new solo album "No Habla"; read about this in this DQ...

... Frank Lisciandro wrote me a four-page letter, and says he was impressed with the contents of the Quarterly. Mr and Mrs Courson also would like a copy of the DQ in the future --- it's a pleasure to know that more and more people of the "Doors family" are interested in my magazine...

... the second Jim Morrison poetry book "Wilderness Vol 2" will be published in 1990, and a paperback of Vol 1 will be published by Vintage press this October or November...

... An Hour For Magic, Frank Lisciandro's beautiful photo book, is out of print for several years now. He is looking for a publisher to reprint it in the States and he also wants to publish a German version of the book

... a new songbook came out in Italy, covering all Doors songs, Jim's "Lords and the new creatures", "Ode to LA", "Rock is Dead" and the poems from Dec. 8th 1970. They also used a lot of Lisciandro's photos and the book comes along with a 7" single. Two Doors songs are on this one: "Build me a woman" (Critique) and Light my fire (Ed Sullivan), on the flip side there are a few poems read by Jim. Of course this book & single were printed without permission, as usual...

... "Best of Bootlegs" will be the working title for a CD, put out with (!) The Doors' permission by a West German publisher. I was asked to work on this project, too...

... The Doors In Europe 1968 is the title of the latest official video, which came out in the USA last week. Read about it in this Quarterly...

... the Museum of Art in Bridgeport, Conn., USA opened an exhibit called "Rock & Roll; Art & Artifact". Probably the most interesting item is Jim Morrison's high school yearbook (!), along with Harvey Brooks' gold record for "The Soft Parade" (Harvey played some bass on "Soft Parade")...

... in one month the next (I think it's the fifth!) script for the Morrison/Doors movie will be finished. The group is waiting for that, to start the production right away. Everybody hopes that it will be not as bad as the previous ones...

... and Danny Sugerman will be writing a screenplay for "Wonderland" this summer...

NOW-
For the first time
ON VIDEO

The
DOORS

LIVE IN EUROPE 1968

A video premiere of never-released footage capturing the legendary music of THE DOORS performed live on tour in Europe in 1968.

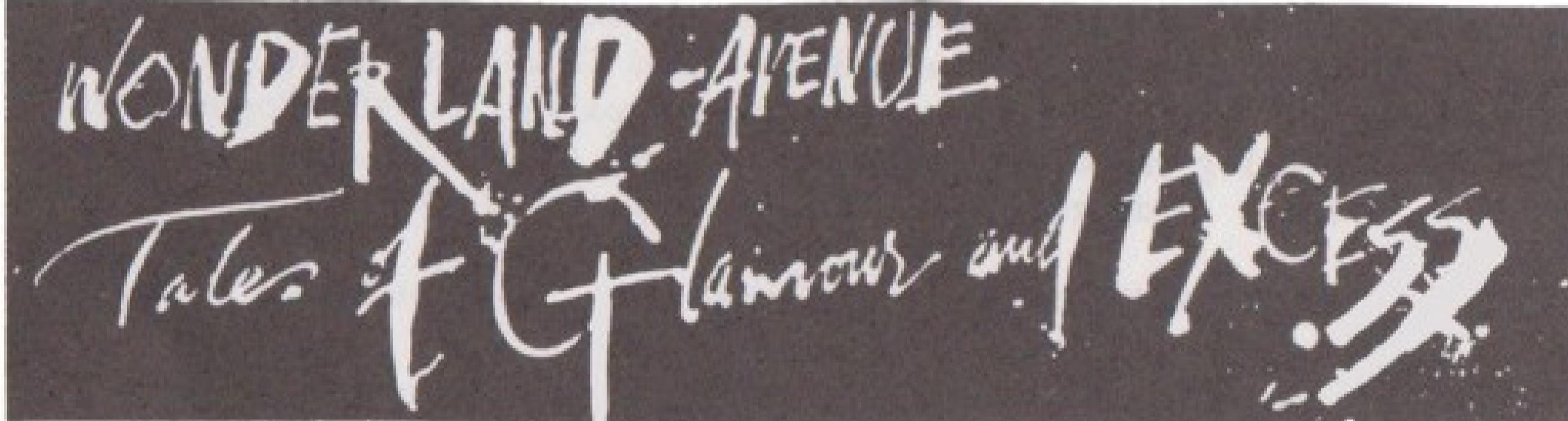
Featuring some of their most powerful performances ever, tracks include:
• Light My Fire
• Back Door Man
• Hello I Love You
• Unknown Soldier
• Love Me Two Times
• Spoonerman
• When the Music's Over
• and more!

Available where you buy videos.

HBO
VIDEO

\$19.99

...The Doors' CD box is due for a Christmas release this year. They are talking about 2 different sets --- a box with all studio albums, and a box with all live albums...
...a sensational new Doors bootleg video is around: LA Woman Sessions, showing The Doors rehearsing the songs for the album of the same title. Specially the rehearsing of "Changeling" is supposed to be really good. "Bill bring some more beer", Jim shouts during that. The Doors are trying to get the video for a future release...
...the group also watched a screening of Pennebaker's film taken at the Isle Of Wight Festival in 1970. Unfortunately the movie is very dark, and the photography wasn't that good, they told me...
...at the french border they distribute a promotion magazine for Paris-sight-seeings. And they called Jim's grave "the main attraction on the Père Lachaise" ---on the other hand french cops try to get fans off the cemetery. Strange...
...West German 7" single of "Riders on the storm" and "The End" was released some months ago. The disc contains both full-length versions and has got a beautiful cover. It was also published on a Compact disc single...
... news compiled by Rainer Moddemann...



as read by
Rainer
Moddemann

Wow! If all this is true, this kid must have had an extraordinary life. Skipping school, working for The Doors, lotta drugs and booze (400 Dollars a day), girls and Pamela Morrison... an exciting journey through the life of Danny Sugerman, his story of coming of age, not in a dry place, but in the hills of Hollywood. "Some of the names in the book are changed to avoid legal problems and to protect the guilty," Danny laughed, when I interviewed him in his house up in the hills of Beverly Hills. "But most of the characters are true, unfortunately almost all of them are dead", he nodded his head, "I was happy to survive." But isn't there too much about Jim Morrison in it, or, in other words, doesn't Jim's name help you to sell the book? "Well, he was a part of my life, and he still is. I can't negotiate him. But he dies halfway through the book, and my publisher went crazy when he noticed this. But Morrison's character was replaced by Iggy Pop, and I think I couldn't invent any characters better than Jim or Iggy. Nobody else could, and I'm ideally qualified to write this story." Danny is a good dramatizer, just look at what he's done with Jerry Hopkins' original manuscript of "No one here gets out alive" (I read some of the original manuscript... two books, really, impossible to compare), and he knows how to tell a story, make it up for public. He was a teen-rebel, but through drugs rocketing off into a self-destructive nightmare. "I wasn't alive anymore, just hanging around for drugs," he says and shakes his hair back. "And I was afraid that God was only keeping me alive to write this book. Now I'm healthy, go to bed early and avoid alcohol. Didn't know it was so good to become old this way." Danny is 35 years old now. Much time left to finish the screenplay for "Wonderland Avenue" (he just started to write the script for a film) and to continue his work for The Doors. "I wonder what else they will milk out of the Morrison myth", a critic wrote. I myself don't agree. The book is good to read, very entertaining, exhausting, gives some good laughs and treats you with the sorrows of a young man, you've probably experienced yourself in your youth.

WONDERLAND AVENUE by Danny Sugerman. William Morrow & Co, USA 1989

Sidgwick & Jackson, UK 1989

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Written by
R. Moddemann

What's this? For the first time I cannot tell you anything about new Doors bootlegs! Actually there is no real Doors bootleg available, which is new... all forthcoming CDs and vinyl discs were made in Italy, where the copyright expires after 20 years. So, believe it or not: all items mentioned in this article are legal, although all material was published on bootlegs before. Or the sound was taken from an existing bootleg... strange days!

1. THE DOORS : THE NIGHT ON FIRE (Living Legend Records LLR-CD 015)

Like the "real" bootleg vinyl LP "Break on through to the other side" (See DQ 19) this CD contains the complete video-soundtrack of the official "Live at the Hollywood Bowl" video cassette. Of course this CD is in absolute HiFi stereo soundquality. For people who haven't got the video (or a hiFi stereo video player) I really want to recommend this CD. It was made in W/Germany, but the copyright was "washed" in Italy.

2. THE LIVE DOORS: LIVE IN EUROPE SEPTEMBER 1968 (Bulldog Records BGCD 245)

For those of you who have got the Bootlegs "The Lizard King" and "The Night On Fire" (Tangie Town Records, see this DQ 20), you don't need this Double CD. The sound is quite bad (the vinyl sound is much better), and you can hear crackles, which makes sure that the CD master was taken from those 2 bootlegs. There's a tiny booklet added, showing a photo of different Doors Boots and singles.

3. THE DOORS: FOUR CLOSED DOORS (World Productions of Compact music 1288D013-2)

Another Italian CD. Again: if you have the Bootleg "Leather Pants In Denmark", forget this CD. Although: There's the Smothers Brothers Show (Wild Child+Touch Me) and the Ed Sullivan Show (Light My Fire) on it in excellent soundquality. But the Copenhagen Show was taped from a bad bootleg video... The cover is nice, showing a collage of the four group members in front of doors. But - I can't recommend this CD. It is also available on vinyl.

4. THE DOORS: RED WALLS BLUE DOORS (World Productions of Compact Music 1288D012-2)

These guys from WPOCM have jolly nice covers I must say. A blue Door with a red wall and a Morrison photo... nice artwork. This CD has got the Stockholm (the second) concert on it. Pity that the sound quality isn't too good (better on The Stockholm Tapes by Document Records), because it was obviously taped from a record. Made in Berlin (!), but... the Italian copyright...

5. THE DOORS: LIGHT MY FIRE (Duchesse CD 352036)

Nobody can really tell what this is -- a counterfeit-bootleg perhaps? This CD contains original recordings : the first Doors album. Songorder is a bit different; Light my Fire comes first instead of Break On Through. And the cover is different, showing an early promotion shot of the group. The soundquality of course is good, but for this the group does not get royalties... so if you have the first Doors album on CD, forget this one, although it is distributed as a low-price CD and available in most CD shops.

-
- Songlist:
1. When the music's over/Alabama Song/Backdoor man/Five to one/Moonlight Drive/Horse Latitudes/The End (all:Hollywood Bowl, July 5th, 1968)
 2. Five to one/Break on through/When the music's over/The End (all London, Roundhouse Sept. 7, 1968);Break on through/Alabama Song/Backdoor man/The WASP/Hello I love you/When the music's over/Light my fire/The unknown Soldier (all: Kongresshalle, Frankfurt, September 14th, 1968)
 3. Alabama song/Backdoor man/The Wasp/Love me two times/The unknown soldier/When the music's over (all:Copenhagen, 17. 9. 68);The End (Toronto, 8/1967);Wild child/Touch me (Smothers Bros Show, 12/15/68);Light my fire (Ed Sullivan Show , 9/67).
 4. Five to one/Alabama song/Backdoor man/You're lost little girl/Love me two times/Wild Child/Money/Celebration of the lizard/Light my fire/The End (Stockholm, Konserthuset, September 20th, 1968, 2nd show)
 5. All ORIGINAL songs from their first album .

DOORS



THE NIGHT ON FIRE

four closed doors

JOHN DENSMORE (drums) RAY MANZAREK (keyboards) JIM MORRISON (vocalist) ROBBY KRIEGER (guitar)

IT WAS MORE THAN 20 YEARS AGO

THE LIVE

LIVE IN EUROPE SEPTEMBER 1968

FATONE

red walls blue doors
حِلَافَةُ النَّسَاءِ

DOORS
GREEDONES

THE doors

THE doors
Light My Fire

THE doors

□ Light My Fire □ Break On Trough (To The Other Side)
□ Soul Kitchen □ The Crystal Ship □ Twentieth Century Fox
□ Alabama Song (Whisky Bar) □ Back Door Man □ I Looked
At You □ End Of The Night □ Take It As It Comes □ The End

THE doors
Light My Fire

1. Light My Fire	7:06
2. Break On Trough (To The Other Side)	2:25
3. Soul Kitchen	3:30
4. The Crystal Ship	2:30
5. Twentieth Century Fox	2:30
6. Alabama Song (Whisky Bar) (Weill-Brecht)	3:15
7. Back Door Man (W. Dixon/C. Burnett)	3:30
8. I Looked At You	2:18
9. End Of The Night	2:49
10. Take It As It Comes	2:13
11. The End	1:35

Words and Music to all songs by The Doors (unless otherwise indicated)

JIM MORRISON VOCALS ■
RAY MANZAREK KEYBOARDS ■
ROBBY KRIEGER GUITAR ■
JOHN DENSMORE DRUMS ■

© 1968 THE DOORS INC.
RECORDED AND PRODUCED BY LEE KERCHIN

7

ROBBY KRIEGER BACK ON STAGE AGAIN

by Rainer Moddemann

"Hi Rainer, nice to see you!" he said to me after he jumped out of the taxi. He was late for the show in Nürnberg. "You must hurry; Randy's already on stage!" I said, and grabbed one of his guitars. "You know why I am so late? At the customs they wouldn't believe that there are so many nails in my boots, and they x-rayed my shoes!" he laughed, and rushed to the next amp in his dressing-room to tune his guitar. "Thanks God, he's here!", Leslie West entered the room, and grinned. Then he peered at me and bawled: "Hi Jim, I thought you were dead!" (From that day on Leslie always called me "Jim" . . .). Robby introduced me and Arno to all people around, making sure that everybody from now on considered us as "Robby's friends". Randy finished his "Hey Joe" and introduced Robby: "Now the guitar-player from one of the greatest bands in the world; from the Doors please welcome Robby Krieger!" People rose from their seats to give him a hand, and for the first time ever I saw one of the Doors on stage, live. Robby played a new version of "You're Lost Little Girl", with a spacy sound, followed by a Chick Corea song named "Espana" and "Roadhouse Blues", joined by Scott Sanders (young new guitar-player from LA), Peter Haycock (former Climax Blues Band) and Steve Hunter, who used to play with many great artists such as Lou Reed and Alice Cooper. The audience clapped their hands, some sang with the songs, but wasn't too enthusiastic. "There shouldn't be seats in the auditorium," Robby told me, "you should have seen the audience in Italy!" "We do hope there will be no seats in Munich tomorrow," Ray Paret, Robby's manager, commented and took a few polaroid photos of the catering girls. "Seats kill the atmosphere; people can't move." Robby went back on stage again to join Pino Daniele, a well-known Italian guitarist for one song. When he came back I took him upstairs for an interview with Brian Burgess from Radio Gong, who is going to do a long Doors-Special for a forthcoming broadcast... How did this all happen? I got a letter from Linda, Robby's public relation manager, asking to take care of Robby's press during his German tour. This, of course was the chance to work for Robby and to be with him on the complete German tour, and a lot of fun was about to come. For sure I said "Yes" and immediately prepared a press release for him containing a biography, discography and an interview in German, which I mailed around to several papers and distributed among the journalists hanging around backstage. The next day, April 25th we met Robby at his hotel, when he decided not to join the rest of the guys in the tour bus but take a ride with us in Arno's BMW to Munich. "You can't sleep in the bus. Too noisy. Leslie is always talking!" he said and climbed into the car. We had a lovely ride down south, while Robby watched the landscape pass by. In Munich we drove to Sybille's flat, who immediately started to show Robby a lot of her paintings, which she dedicated to Jim Morrison. "Your paintings are unique, but you shouldn't give them titles from Doors-lyrics. People might think that you are just using the songlines for selling the pictures," Robby smiled. Sybille, showing how much she cared about Robby, started to put Jojoba oil on Robby's face, which surprised him a lot. He seemed to be relieved when I asked Sybille to get some fresh air outside. In a cemetery we finally relaxed, listening to Sybille's constant talk about health and how good a certain doctor cures bad skins... After a short visit at a local guitar shop we took Robby to his hotel. We arrived at the German Museum concert hall when Robby did his soundcheck.

night of the guitar live!

JAN ACKERMANN
(Focus)
RANDY CALIFORNIA
(The Spirit)
PINO DANIELE
(Sole)
PETE HAYCOCK
(Climax Blues Band)
STEVE HUNTER
(Lou Reed)
ROBBY KRIEGER
(The Doors)
PHIL MARZANERA
(Rock Music)
ARNO POWELL
(Wishbone Ash)
TED TURNER
(Wishbone Ash)
LESLIE WEST
(Mountain)



TOUR REPORT

Guest
PRESENCE
TOUR PASS

Access all areas

28.04
Local Crew

Guest
PRESENCE
TOUR PASS

Scott Sanders came to me and asked "Who the fuck was this lady?" when I saw Sybille rushing out of the dressing room because nobody seemed to be interested in her book of paintings. "I never experienced anything like this before, she was creaming my face with some stuff," Robby said and seemed to be amused.

While Arno took a video of the concert from the upstairs gallery, I walked around the hall and distributed a few fanclub stickers to people with Doors T-Shirts. Robby's performance was much better than the day before, and the audience didn't want him to leave the stage and shouted "Robby, Robby", and a Munich guitarist stood beside the stage with his mouth open: "He's got the fastest fingers in the West!". During the encore Robby did Chuck Berry's duck walk, much to the pleasure of the audience. "This hall reminds me of the old Filmore in New York," he told me after the concert, "good acoustic and a good audience!"

We left for Offenbach the very next day at about 11. Robby again decided to ride with us in the BMW instead of the bus. After a three hour drive we arrived at a Frankfurt hotel and he checked in. He accepted our offer to do some sight-seeing, and we drove him to Frankfurt's Roemer square, where The Doors did some outdoor shots for ZDF television 21 years ago (featured in the latest Doors video The Doors In Europe). After he bought a tiny mini-amp in a local guitar shop we drove to the "Morrison", former "Morrison Hotel", a simple bar that (from the outside) looks like the famous album cover. Opposite there was a shop full of fossils, and he bought an expensive snail-shell in there.

We missed the tour bus and arrived just in time for the concert. During the break I arranged a meeting between his manager and Mr. B., the "bootlegger," who is responsible for the Doors CDs "The Stockholm tapes" and "Orange County Suite". Mr B. had a bunch of his products with him, and everybody was wondering how these illegal recordings finally end up legally on CDs. I can tell you just one thing: The talk between Ray Paret (Robby's manager) and Mr B. ended at 5 in the morning at the hotel and will cause some confusion on the American record market; you'll see. The concert was good, specially Leslie, who just met his wife before the concert, did a good show. Robby took a mouth-harp during "Get Back", and was pleased that the audience liked that. "I didn't even hear myself playing," he laughed after the concert, "but I think what I played was good; the audience gave me a hand for it!"

We slept at Mr B.'s flat, and left about noon for the Hannover gig. There was a lot of talk to cancel the gig, because it was to take place in a big circus tent. Everybody (especially Randy) was confused, when they entered the tent. Could have been a good concert, but everybody was in a bad mood; and I talked to Peter Haycock for a while about his performance, which was the worst he ever did on the tour. "Don't mind, Rainer, just another gig. Let's forget it." he said. Leslie had another mineral water and whispered "Hey, did you notice? Jim Morrison has changed his pants! Did you see it?" In fact I had some jeans on that night instead of my black leather pants. He spent the whole evening talking about me having some other pants on! We escaped from the bad mood backstage quite early, because I had to do an interview for WDR 1 early next morning for Robby in Düsseldorf. "See ya tomorrow,

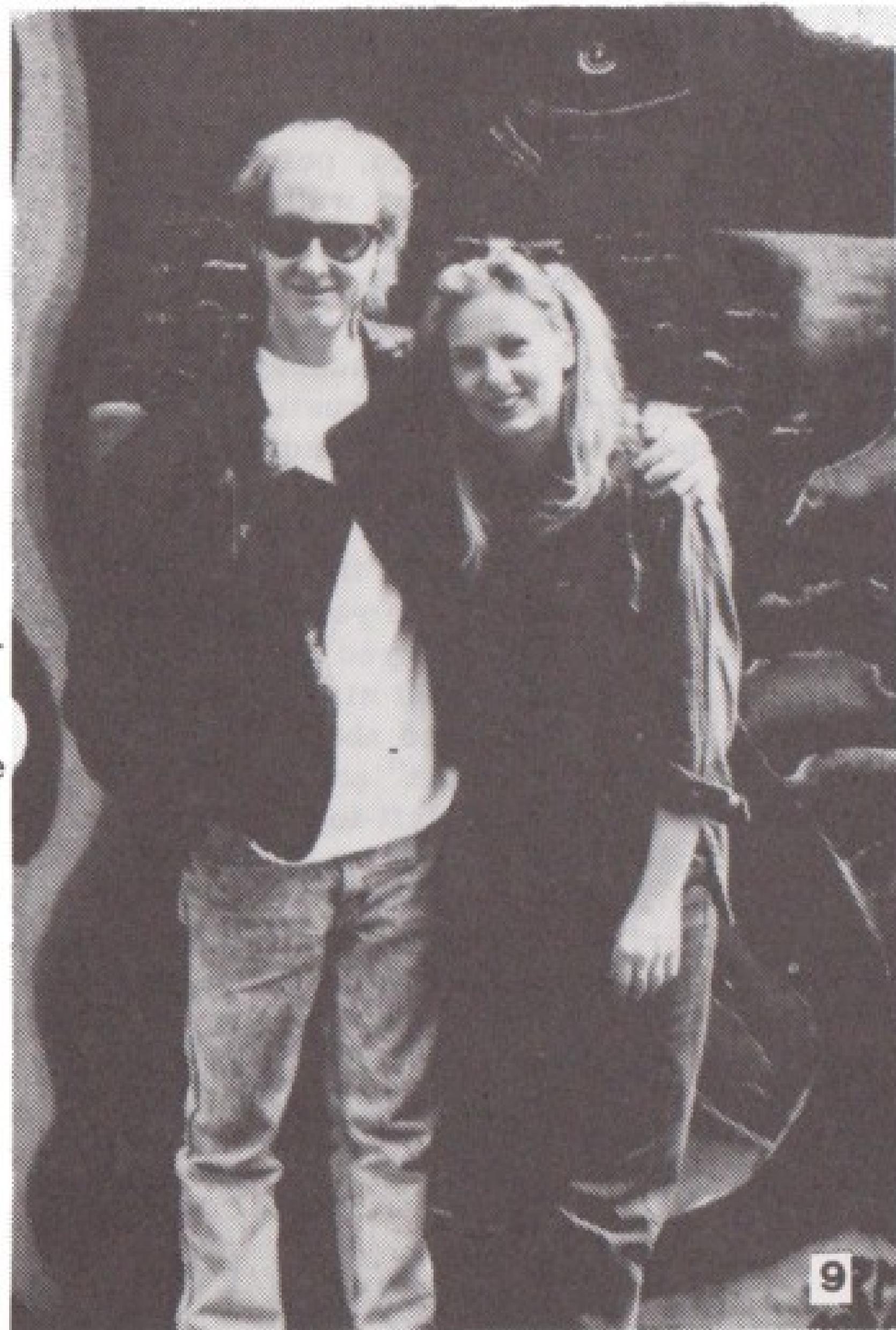


photo: Rainer Moddemann

That's The Way



Led Zeppelin Club Fanzine

c/o: Marcus A. Herbsthofer
Albrechtstrasse 2
A-4600 Neus
Austria

Rainer, don't we come past your house near Düsseldorf?" he asked. "Sure you'll do, we'll have some fruit-cakes for you at home" I answered and remembered that he liked German fruity "Plunder"-cake a lot. We waved good-bye and he went to a Doors Fan at a table who had about 60 albums for him to sign!

The next morning I did my 10-minute interview for the radio and hurried home. The phone rang and there was Robby mumbling an excuse. "The bus is late and Ray and I will take the plane at 5 to be there in Düsseldorf for the soundcheck. I'll come to your house tomorrow." So we had to eat the cakes ourselves this time... Early in the evening a few friends passed by and we drove to Düsseldorf. The Philippshalle was still empty, but Robby was on stage and played some instrumental chords, just tested some new sounds he wanted to include in his set. Backstage it was quite narrow, which made a few of the guitarists quite nervous. Robby didn't seem to notice anybody, he was reading a copy of Stephen King's "Talisman". "Do you know this book? It's very good!" he recommended it to me. Before he went on stage for his set, we could hear backstage the audience go "Robby, Robby!" for the whole time. Robby himself noticed this with a smile, much to Randy California's jealousy. The Düsseldorf audience sang to every song he did, freaked out when he left the stage, and freaked out again when he came back to join Pino Daniele for his blues song. I got a few friends backstage for autographs, and Robby always was friendly to the guys, asking what they liked about the show, where they're from and so on. Randy started taking 1 DM for an autograph, freaked around with some aluminium around his head and was constantly peering out for groupies. After the show Robby was tired as usual, so he missed a meeting in the bar of the hotel, where we had a long talk about music with Jan Akkerman (why didn't anyone tape this?) former guitarplayer of Focus, and we also met Ray Paret's latest flame, Francisca, former Miss Italia 1988 (be sure, she looked like that!).

Early next morning I rang Robby at the hotel, and he asked me to pick him up at his room at 11. I did, and he was waiting for me in the foyer with Ray and Francisca. We got into my Mercedes and drove to my house, where Robby found a surprise outside: a huge wall painting I did of Jim Morrison last October. "Hey, I didn't know you were a painter," he said, "That's pretty fine!". We got into the house and Robby immediately started looking through my book collection of The Doors. "There's a lot of money in there, am I right?" he said, pointing to my record collection. His manager took videos of every move and of every wall in the living room. "I want to take a few polaroids of your wall painting," he said, "to send them to Jim's mother. She'll like it!" I took him upstairs to the bedroom, where he took 6 polaroids of the wall. "Sign them for Mrs Morrison, please!" Meanwhile Robby went upstairs to my office and was astonished about the mass of Doors-concert posters on the wall. "I don't have that much!" he said, sat down and grabbed my acoustic Ibanez guitar out of the case. "This needs some new strings, definitely!" he said and started to play a five minute flamenco, much to Francisca's pleasure (Thanks God Arno videotaped Robby's solo concert!). 'This 25 year old Ibanez was never played by a better guitarist' I thought. Robby finished the song and mumbled an excuse: "I haven't played this for years, but it's a very good guitar!" (Thanks, Daddy, that you bought this for me years and years ago!). Ray and Francisca left with a cab for the airport, but Robby stayed for a couple of hours, finished his cake, watched a few videos Arno had taken last night in Düsseldorf and signed photos and records and guitars for me. He was surprised about my Doors bootleg collection "I didn't know that there were so many of them out" and asked to hear "Rock Is Dead" again "I haven't heard this for a while!" Before he left for the next concert in Heidelberg (which I didn't go to) we took a couple of photos of him outside in front of the wall painting (do you like the photos, Robby, I mailed them to you last week), got into the Mercedes and drove with 130 mph to Düsseldorf airport. I took care that he found the right gate. "See you guys in Holland," he smiled and went through the passport control.

Utrecht, Holland, two days later. After we left our luggage at Ko's flat (the clubmember who wrote the index to "No One Here Gets Out Alive") we went to the concert, got back-

stage and ran into Leslie West. "Hey Jim, I've got to tell you something! I fell off the train, and have this terrible wound now. Can you see it?" he told me pointing to a big plaster covering his eyebrow. "I'm fed up with your fuckin' German trains! People told me to get off, but it was the wrong station..." Poor Leslie! He told the story to 50 different people, even to the audience on stage. was constantly smoking joints to forget the pain. Of course he gave the best concert of the tour...

Robby was backstage giving interviews for "Kippeveel", a Dutch music TV show. Randy always interrupted him, disturbing the depth of the interview (much of this was shown on Dutch TV, not funny at all). "It's good to be on tour with so many good guitarists, you never stop learning," Robby said, fixing his hat. "You get so many inspirations, because all guitarists on this tour have got a different style to play their instrument. That makes the tour so incredibly interesting." And he gave the audience something good for their heads this night!

Backstage in the dressing room Phil Manzanera was changing his pants. "It's good to play with Robby. He's got such a different style, and when you look at the Doors records and his latest recordings, you realize how much he got further into an own style, although he already had his own style with the Doors. It's difficult to explain, but Robby is the most friendly, but most complicated guitarist to play with on this tour!" he said, getting dressed for his set. And this from Phil Manzanera, former guitarist of Roxy Music, who only plays with Robby during the encore!

"It's an honour to work with him!" Chris Bucknell, the man on the keyboards said. "I hope to join him on the American tour as well, although it is not difficult to play keyboards to 'Roadhouse Blues'.

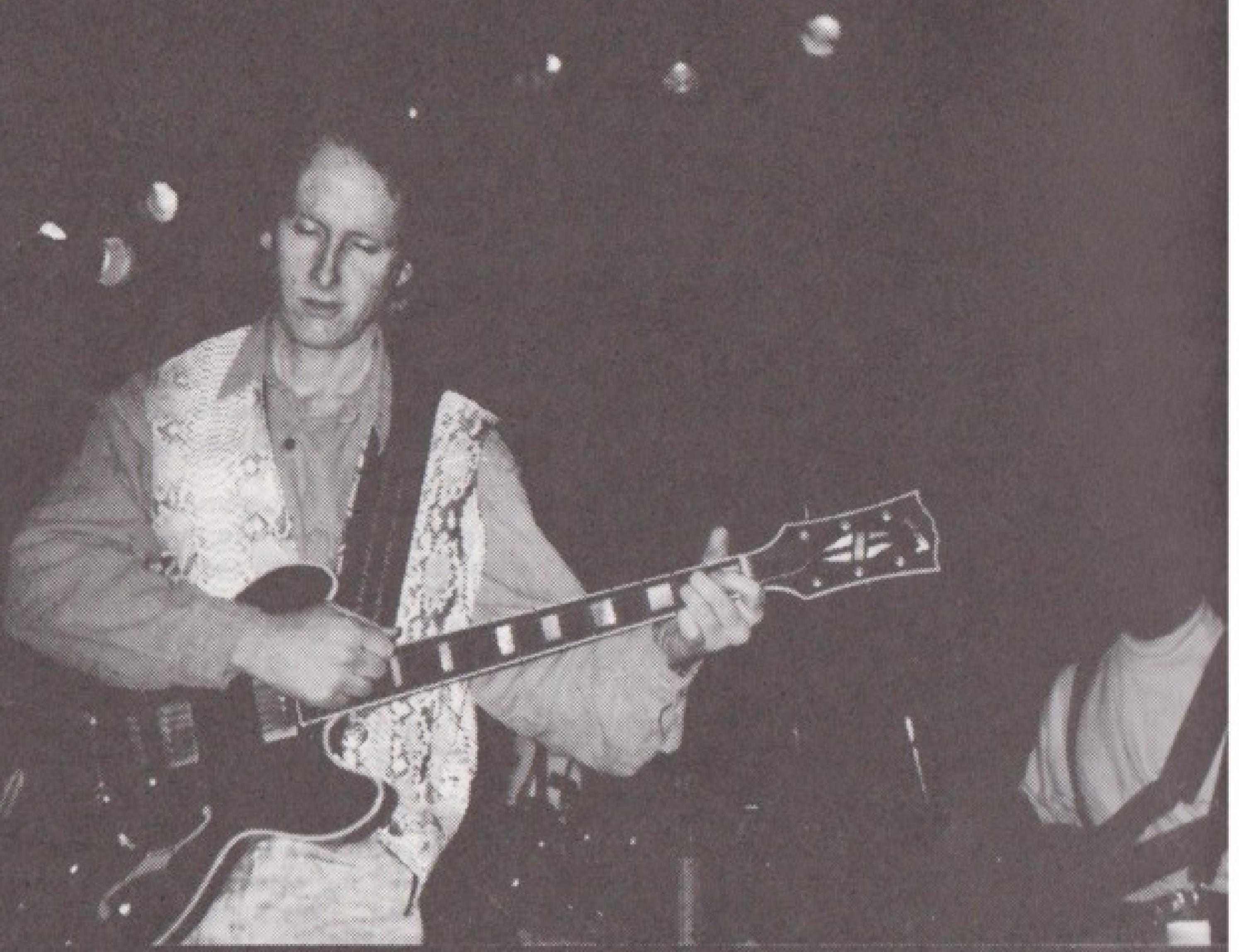
"We played Miami the day after The Doors did their famous show," Leslie West said and put his arm around my shoulder. "There were millions of cops hanging around when Mountain went on stage, and I shouted into the mike 'Fuck the cops' just to see what's gonna happen: Nothing! They didn't arrest me or anything. They stood there to hear Fuck the cops' and nothing happened. I was really surprised!"

Robby left the hall with a new rented Mercedes. "Very new. Just 1200 kilometers! See you guys tomorrow in Paris!". We spent the night (short one) an Ko's flat talking about witchcraft and Patricia Keneally and had some lovely peanut butter in the morning...

Paris next. What a city. I've been there for 30 times and still love it! We got there late, missed our way in Amsterdam. For me it was the final concert that night, so I wanted to have a good memory of that. Robby allowed me to tape the concert from the mixing board, and it was worth it. It was Robby's best concert ever of the tour, he was in a really good mood, so was the whole group of guitarists except Randy. Robby dedicated the song "You're lost little girl" to Pamela Morrison: "I wrote this song for Pamela Morrison". During the "Roadhouse Blues" he even sang "... save our Paris, right now!" And what an exciting solo he did on that show! I stood in the audience, when someone touched my back: "Jim, take me outta here!" Of course it was Leslie who couldn't find his way through the audience to the backstage area. I took him by the arm and smelled a lot of hash. "Thanks, Jim," he grinned when he finally saw the light of the catering...

Miles Copeland had his birthday that night, and the whole tour changed after the show to a big discotheque nearby. "Free drinks for all," Miles announced. On a small stage Jan Akkerman and Pete Haycock jammed with a few french musicians, and they played some good ol' Rock'n Roll stuff. Pity that Robby was tired, as usual, and had left for the hotel. We didn't see him again. He went to a few museums in the early next morning and missed us at the Chez Alexandre in the evening (he went to another Chez Alexandre for a mistake). He went to Pere Lachaise early next morning and missed me who came to the cemetery at 10 (Robby was there at nine...). I left a note at his hotel, and we left without goodbye...

The phone rang early in the morning a few days later. Robby was asking how we could have missed, how the tour went further in London and that he hoped to see me in LA soon. "See you, my friend very soon!" he said, and he left a good memory for me! Thanks, Robby!



MORE REPORTS...

I hope you like the enclosed photo of me and Robby. It was taken in Edinburgh on 23rd November 1988. I went through to try and get a glimpse of Robby outside when "Night of the Guitar" played there. We didn't have any money for a ticket but we didn't care; just to see him would have been enough for us. So we waited at the back of the Edinburgh Play house -- it was so cold! After about 10 minutes the tour bus pulled up -- there was about 15 people got off it. It was really dark and we were going right up to people to try and see Robby. I stuck my face into this guy's face -- and you guessed it -- it was Robby. I was dumbstruck and said "Robby, would you mind getting a photo taken with me?" I think it took him a while to understand my accent, then he said "Sure, no problem." and posed for a photo with me. I couldn't believe it. I just stood there, totally dumbstruck. Then Randy California came over to us and asked if we were going to the show; we told him "No" and that we only came to see Robby Krieger. Then he told us just to come through with him backstage. So we went and sat at the side of the stage on a big box. Eventually it was Robby's turn to soundcheck -- I honestly thought I was going to faint. After the soundcheck he saw us sitting on the box and must have recognized us from outside. He came over and stood right beside me -- I nearly had a heart attack, put my head down and didn't even look at him -- I just didn't know what to say. I just didn't have the courage to speak to Robby. The concert was good until Robby came on when it was just totally amazing. He played and sang "Love me two times"; the hall just totally erupted. Then after an instrumental he did "Roadhouse Blues". It was a once in a lifetime experience. My only regret is that we didn't speak to Robby. We had all our Doors albums with us to get signed, but didn't even ask him for an autograph!

Marie Magullian, Scotland



NIGHT OF THE GUITARS TOUR

St. Georges Hall, Bradford - 21st November '88

It was with a confused mixture of excitement and apprehension that I arrived at the St. Georges Hall in Bradford to finally (after 20 years of near misses), see Robby play live. Prior publicity of the "Night of the Guitars" tour had veered somewhere between scant and non-existent, so I really didn't know what to expect. I overheard a guy in the queue sum up my feelings when he muttered, "I just hope he isn't on a superstar-trip!" Well, I can happily reveal that he wasn't. There were a couple of egos on show, but Robby's definitely wasn't one of them. (Even though it was obvious from the reaction of the audience when he walked onstage that he was who the majority had come to see!)

I won't report on the whole show as I realise that anyone reading this will really only be interested in one performer. But I would like to say that the entire evening was excellent musically, great value for money and if you get the chance to go, GO! (It just goes to prove that old guitarists don't die, they just keep on practising!!!) Anyway, on with the report, and I make no apologies for this being an unashamedly 'fan's-eye view'!

The evening was split into three segments, Robby thankfully appearing during the first 'set'. (I don't think I could have stood the suspense if he'd come on

last!) The first I saw of him was standing at the side of the stage waiting to be introduced and it was a magical moment...like a photograph suddenly coming to life. A little older maybe (aren't we all?) but instantly recognisable, like a long lost brother or an old friend - just Robby I guess.

He was wearing a blue sweatshirt that looked as if it had seen the inside of a washing machine more than once, over a white round necked T. shirt, with a pair of baggy cream leathers tucked into multi-coloured sport boots. A smart black diver's type watch and his battered and scratched Gibson completed the outfit. All in all he looked comfortable, ordinary and most of all relaxed, and when he ambled onto the stage the audience erupted.

Don't ask me what he said. Times like that are like rerunning a film in your mind - you remember the plot not the lines, but what really stays with you is the feeling. Well the feeling I still get when I think about it is one of warmth and I think that's a pretty good feeling to have.

He started off by tuning up with a sort of Tyrolean piece - complex but simple at the same time. Just a bit of doodling no doubt, like yodelling with the guitar but really pretty. Then he went into "Love Me Two Times", singing the vocal the same way Ray used to when they played it as a three piece. His voice suits that kind of style these days, having got more depth over the years. A good version that went down really well. Then he introduced "Strut-E-Various" off the "Guitar Speak" album which was jazzy and complicated but was excellent live and a great showcase for his obvious talent. Then he said that anyone who wanted to could sing along and launched into "Roadhouse Blues"! It seemed as if the whole audience knew the words and the feeling of unity was incredible...and when he played that final string of notes, going up to the drum riser to finish, I was surprised not to see John sitting behind the drum kit!

Robby also seemed to enjoy himself and when he smiled at the end I just wanted time to stand still.

After that the rest of the show passed in a blur. I caught the occasional sight of Robby at the back of the stage watching the other performers and I thought that was it. But then at the very end everyone came on for a 'jam session' of 'Johnny B. Goode' and when Robby's turn came he strapped on a modern guitar and duck walked across the stage and back like Chuck Berry! I could hardly believe my eyes! Although there were now twelve other musicians onstage playing together, I could still hear Robby's cool, clear notes through it all, and it was a memorable experience to see him dueting on the keyboards and dancing away in the middle of the stage with a couple of the other musicians, a big grin on his face. Good time music is all I can say, and it looked as if everyone onstage was enjoying themselves as much as the audience was. I like to think that as it was the second night of the tour, that was as good as it got. (After first night hiccoughs and prior to rest of tour repetition).

Anyway, to sum it all up, Robby was a delight - everything I'd ever hoped seeing him would be and more. Standing next to me at the front of the stage was a young boy of about eleven with his father. It was his first ever concert, and afterwards I asked him if he'd enjoyed himself. He said it was the most brilliant thing he'd ever seen, and I thought to myself what a way to ensure that real musical talent will live on. Music isn't about the clothes you wear or what hairstyle is fashionable as kids today seem to be brainwashed into believing, but about pure music. I felt so proud that Robby had shown that boy what music is - and always should have been - about...thank you Robbie for a wonderful evening.

Lindsey F.M. McFadyen.

THE JIM MORRISON BUST

(from Cheetah, 5/68)

By Michael Zwerin

The leader of the Doors was busted in New Haven for, of all things, obscenity.

The author was there to see it all.

©1968, Michael Zwerin. This article is a chapter from a book, *The Silent Sound of Needles*, which deals with the Addicts' Rehabilitation Center in Harlem, to be published later this year by Prentice-Hall.

On the afternoon of a strange Saturday I scored uptown. Some heroin . . . just for research; I am not a junkie. Heroin will mess up your life, almost surely ruin it. Seventeen years, however, since I had some, and I wanted a reminder. I'd been too busy for months; interviewing, reading statistics, transcribing tapes and generally thinking and worrying about starting my first book; about the Addicts' Rehabilitation Center in Harlem.

In college, I experimented along with my girl Paula and other friends. I was a jazz musician then, and in 1951 junk and the jazz scene were as inseparable as acid and rock today. Now, Paula is dead, as are two of the others — all overdoses. Two of my friends from those days are still junkies, another a graduate of Synanon after 10 years of addiction.

I've often wondered why I was one of the saved. We were all on the same scene at the same time, we had the same heroes and villains, roughly the same values. We all thought it "hip" to sniff junk. None of us realized its deep, unrelenting, mellow evil. Was it only luck, that I was afraid to stick a needle in my veins? Maybe I just don't need what junk gives. I believe it is the latter, or at least I prefer to think so.

Junk is the Ferrari of highs; it takes you somewhere else fast but, like the car, is extremely hard to control. It is expensive, quickly escalating, treacherously addicting and miserable to kick. But I was sure of myself and after spending the better part of three months with addicts felt I should remind myself what it's like.

Much of the reason for the epidemic proportions of hard drug use in the ghettos is its availability, but heroin is not merely a ghetto habit. Take my friend Bill, for example.

Bill is a white musician who plays six percussion instruments and earns a medium five-figure salary in the recording studios. He just bought a brownstone and has been busy installing wall brackets, meeting the tenants, cooling-out his super and things like that. I've known him for years, since we were both scuffling on the road. Bill isn't a junkie although he snorts fairly regularly, a dangerous game he has so far kept ahead of. For those who can afford it, with a modicum of self control, snorting heroin isn't all that much heavier than popping tranquilizers — and it's a lot more effective.

Making a mental note to keep track of the expense for tax purposes, I gave Bill \$5 for a bag — a small glassine envelope folded in three with white powder in it. He arranged some in neat, thin lines and rolled up a dollar bill tightly. Using it as a straw, we pulled some into our nostrils. Nothing happened right away but that dry taste again. Snorting is like drinking 3.2 beer — it takes a long time to feel it and when you do it isn't like the real thing. But it's more than a slight hint, that's for sure. As a matter of fact, it gets me just about as high as I ever want to be.

I asked Bill how often he'd been making it recently.

"Man, you won't believe this," Bill flashed a wide, somewhat fleshy smile. He is beginning to lose his hair. "Every day for four months."

"What?" I was appalled.

"Yeah, man. I've been in a strange mood lately. I just can't seem to function without it."

"Maybe it's all the pressure on those big-time record dates you do."

"Maybe. I don't know. I just dig it."

"You realize of course that you've probably got a habit by now. How much you use a day?"

"About two or three nickel bags . . . Well, I actually decided to cool it a week ago. I haven't scored since then. Your call reminded me."

Bill looks so normal. He shows up to work on time, he is a good father to his three kids, a homeowner, short hair. A solid citizen, you might say. It never occurred to me he might be in danger. I shouldn't have called him. We sniffed more, listened to records and played with his kids when they came back from the park. Before leaving, Bill showed me around his town house, for which he paid \$150,000; \$30,000 cash. Bill is not the type you read about in junkie books.

Neither am I, but I was high.

Christmas shoppers plus a crush of matinéers at two o'clock made Broadway a real urban nightmare. Too many cars. Cars with New Jersey license plates turning from wrong lanes or stopping without a signal. Everybody in a hurry. It should have been a terrible trip home on my scooter. But I didn't mind it at all. Double-parked limousines, taxis honking and screaming, bus exhausts in my face, December cold. Who cares? It is impossible to be bugged or cold or other than high on junk. So-called reality is filtered through a lens which rejects anything unpleasant or uncomfortable. I felt fine.



Later, just as the Packer-Ram game began on television, the phone rang. My friend X — calling. He and his girl Y —, a writer working on a story, are going to New Haven for a Doors concert. Did I want to come along? I decided the Doors were more interesting than the Packers.

We stopped just over the Connecticut border for gas and coffee. I opened the bag, looked over my shoulder for the man, and snorted some more junk up my nose. Just a little later, a patrol car drove up next to us with its roof light flashing. A touch of panic, but the trooper was only interested in our Arizona license plates.

Anybody who has carried pot will understand. Routine brushes with the police are each a potential disaster. No matter how cool you look or act, what is in your pocket puts you in jeopardy. All cops are enemies. While this one checked us out, I remembered a similar roust.

Five of us were in a station wagon on the Indiana Turnpike. Just before dawn, a siren sounded behind us — and that same rotating light. It was foggy and cold so the windows were closed. The smell of pot was strong. Max, driving, threw out his lit joint and we tried to air the car out before pulling over.

"God damn," Max said. "This is it. Wait till he sees all those instruments in the back." Cops suspect all musicians

of something in this country. And we didn't look too cool anyway. We had worked that night and had drunk our usual share. We were hollow-eyed, needed shaves and didn't look particularly "normal" to begin with. If this cop gets curious, if he is alert and good at his job, we are sure to be busted. God knows what's on the floor or behind the seats after three weeks of one-nighters.

The trooper leaned in the window. "You were doing 90 back there. You realize that, Buddy?" His cracker twang wasn't very encouraging. "Let me see your license."

Max was cool. He smiled, relaxed and friendly — even innocent. "No. Really? I didn't know it was that fast. Sorry. There weren't any cars on the road and I guess I just wasn't watching the speedometer."

Shining a flashlight inside, the trooper saw the horns. I could see the morning headlines — BANDMEN ARRESTED ON DOPE RAP. "You guys musicians?" he asked.

"That's right, officer. We're playing a dance in Splodunk tonight."

"What hand are you with?"

"_____. _____. "

"Oh, really. I remember him when he was featured with ______. That guy's some trumpet player. Can he still hit those high notes? I used to play a little trumpet myself in high school. What do you guys play?"

Max told him he was a drummer and we all introduced ourselves. The trooper was now downright friendly, happy to have met some celebrities. Finally, he wrote out a warning and said to be more careful in the future.

The cops in New Haven weren't going to be so loose.

✿

Before the concert, X—, his girl and I went for a pizza. The guy with no sideburns and a flat-top who served us looked like Dean Rusk's idea of the "enslaved" people behind the Iron Curtain — pasty, unsmiling, without spirit. A Coke clock and Coke posters decorated the newly painted walls. The plant near the door had a ribbon on it: "Congratulations." A fat family, out for a big Saturday night treat, ate without looking at or talking to each other. The kid kept dripping spaghetti sauce on his pants. Here was too much reality. Some hick schmuck's free-enterprise dream come true. A business of his very own. A cleanclean neon and formica business founded on American principles and artificial seasoning. The pizza was lousy.

We walked to the concert a few blocks away, through a neighborhood of gas stations, hardware stores, bars, laundromats and brick taxpayers. Plenty of cops around. Cops with haggy pants and unshined shoes. Cops walking to work in pairs swinging billy clubs. Dumb looking old cops. Burly cops with red faces. Only a few young cops with still some humanity left. All cops ready to defend the Republic against obscenity and hair.

"Boy, I sure would hate to get arrested with this junk in my pocket," I said. "But Judge, you don't understand. This isn't dope, it's research. But Judge — just call my editor at Prentice-Hall. But Judge...." We all laughed.

The New Haven Arena is a run-down hockey rink. We had "ice seats," second row front and center. The place was filled with a few townies, not many hippies — mostly teenyboppers and Yalies. And quite a few cops. About 2,000 people in all. It was cold and drab like the neighborhood — and like the first group, locals named Tommy and the Rivieras. Two saxophones, guitars, organ and drums thumping and clanging while three girls fresh from the beauty parlor in spangled semi-mini-dresses sang unheard into a dead microphone. After about 10 minutes I realized I wasn't high enough for this.

In the john stall, which didn't lock, I took out my junk again. I was nervous and inefficient, pouring too

much on my thumbnail. Spilling some on the floor, I snorted it quickly. On the way out, I stopped in front of the mirror to make sure there was no white evidence around my nose.

Things were much better after I corrected my lens. I sank comfortably into the crooked, wooden folding seat, my very own Eames Chair spreading through me. My hand moved slowly, only partially under control, as I wrote in my diary.

My nose and cheeks itch. I find myself dropping off to sleep although I'm not sleepy. I feel heavy, Insular. "I am a rock." Nothing can touch me. Certainly banality is nothing to get in a state about. Ordinarily I would be nervous and full of regret over wasting a night on the Connecticut Turnpike. But there will be other nights to work.

Fortunately, my ears were quite stuffed from the junk during the Lochsley Hall Assembly, a second local group. I gathered energy and continued pushing my pencil.

There is a shimmering film over everything. The bright lights are even brighter than they are. Okay. I am not horny — mini-skirts leave me unruffled for a change. Thank God. I feel so good it worries me. Even the more than slight nausea is fine. Is this how "normal" people feel all the time? Maybe I'm an addictive personality after all. I sure wouldn't mind this being normal. Peace. Acceptance of what is. No tight muscles in my neck. I have just gone into a good nod, thinking of what to write next. The ash from my cigarette dropped on my pants. Does anybody notice? No matter. Softness around me. Tingling at the end of my fingers. Itch itch itch. My hand moves more reluctantly. Focusing is difficult. When I speak, my voice is in the back of my throat; the junkie rasp. I can no longer control my pencil, I would like to sleep. And throw up.

During intermission I went to the john again; just a little booster this time.



Three Doors came through the curtain dressed flower-casual. They plugged in and tuned up, relaxed, without hurrying, as if nothing had happened. Then, Jim Morrison and teenybopper screams. Such a lovely neck he had, all framed in hair. An erection was obvious through his tight vinyl pants. He is chief Door and the first American male sex symbol since James Dean, so they say.

More cops around the stage, serious and bitter.

Morrison started freaking out his act, grinding, bumping and coming close to swallowing the microphone. If you had a dirty mind, you might call it obscene. His eyes were oh — so red. I wrote in my diary.

If I were a cop I'd arrest him for just looking that way.

But for the teenyboppers, he's a gas. He does have charisma. He knows he's different, special. He's convinced of it. He communicates it. There's an electricity about him. And then that beautiful, smooth neck. . . .

Two teenyboppers flitted down front and flashed their Instamatics. More came. They sat, looking up at their funky hero with rapture.

Unhappy girl, fly fast away, don't miss your chance to swim in mystery.

Morrison rolled the heavy round base of the microphone stand with his feet as he sang, holding the pole with one hand, barely under control.

People are strange when you're a stranger.

He separated the mike from the pole and, finishing the song, heaved the base off the stage, missing the kids sitting down front but not by much. The cops moved out. Somebody's daughter sitting in the aisle next to me was dragged by her scruff; she twisted and turned like some little animal. The other little girls went back to their seats under similar pressure.

Things settled down, but the police were staring up at Morrison with undisguised hate as he went into a soliloquy, the rhythm section vamping quietly behind him.

"I want to tell you a story. It happened to me very recently, just a few minutes ago, right here in New Haven, Connecticut." He continued, slow, deliberate, almost poetic. ". . . Yes. That's right . . . Right here in New Haven . . . Connecticut. My friends here [waves to the band] and I went out for . . . a sandwich and a drink just before . . . the concert . . . got to talking with the waitress there . . . she asked for our autographs . . . said it was for her daughter . . . but I knew she wanted it for herself . . . came back here . . . right here in New Haven, Connecticut . . . this girl and I went in the shower room to . . . get acquainted . . . to get to know each other. This is a true story . . . it happened right here in New Haven, Connecticut . . . just a few minutes ago

. . . A little man in blue comes in and says, [with an Amos and Andy accent] 'Watchoo doin' heah? Break it awup. Move awon.' . . . There's no love in the world . . . sometimes I feel so alone . . . like nobody loves me . . ."

A teenybopper ran down the aisle, her face falling apart. "I love you," she screamed. "I LOVE YOU!" I was having trouble staying out of a nod. The cops were huddled on each side of the stage, like a football team going over the game plan.

". . . So, this little man in blue . . . he takes out a shaving can . . . and, right here in New Haven, Connecticut . . . only a few minutes ago . . . he squirts it in my face . . . And I'm blind . . . He blinds me . . . I was blind for five minutes . . . and now they are red and they itch." (Mine too, I thought.)

". . . Yes, ladies and gentlemen . . ." Hard rock time began together, as if this routine was normal. Morrison leaned back, the bulge in his pants incredibly obvious, "WE WANT THE WHOLE ----- WORLD AND WE WANT IT . . . NooOwwwWW!

That did it. Two police platoons went into action as the "tune" ended. Morrison bowed to spotty applause. The lights came on. The Door on organ whispered in Morrison's ear — something like "Let's get out of here," I guessed. Ignoring him, Morrison shouted, "Do you want to hear one more?"

"Oh yes. Yes. Yeaaayy." A clump of teenyboppers screamed. "YESYES-YESYES." Most of the audience was leaving. We were standing. Morrison was salty, extremely salty — on some kind of verge. "Okay, then turn the lights out. We're not finished yet. Turn out the lights . . . LIGHTS. LIGHTS." He stood stiff, defiant, waiting for a response.

Then so-called reality ran over what remained of my high. The New Haven Arena became a Living Theater. (That's the way it is, the way it really is.) The curtains behind the stage parted for Lieutenant Kelly in braid, Irish gray hair neat around his officer's cap — a poster cop. He posed for fully a minute, hands on hips. It was a catharsis, a sniff of immortality, a flash of clarity. Here was the essence of America. Now! The establishment against youth. Law versus individual expression. The police against everybody. The definitive bust. A Godard freeze. H-O-L-D . . . I-T. . . .

Chaos. Girls hysterically crying as more cops poured on stage, wrestled with Morrison and finally hustled him off. The loudspeaker started a march. "Be kind to our web-footed friends, for a duck may be somebody's mo-ther . . ." No announcement. No explanation. No psychology. No police science. Little discipline. Just a lot of pushing. "Okay, okay. Move on. Everybody out. It's all over, folks. Let's go. MOVE."

The lawyer's transcript of our state-

ments about what happened next reads: ". . . Five cops converged on a youngster in the lobby and beat him up. X— saw it and photographed the incident. When one of the police saw him he charged into X—, kneed him in the buttocks and threw him out through the door into the street. X— was wearing on his coat jacket a red 'working press' card. X— went up to Lieutenant Kelly, who had seen the assault, showed him his press card, and requested an apology from the offending policeman 'as a matter of courtesy.' Kelly was very polite and said, 'Very well, I'll take care of that in a minute, sir.'

"Shortly thereafter, the cop who had hit X— saw him and X— demanded an apology. The cop said, 'You want trouble? Arrest this man.' The cop tried to get handcuffs on X—, cutting his finger and threatening to bust him open." He twisted X—'s arm behind his back and hustled him to the squad car where he roughly frisked him. X— states that he was saying, "Okay, okay. I'm going quietly. I'm not armed." He mentioned that he was English and that he had spent two years with the press in Vietnam.

"Y— Z— witnessed X—'s arrest and approached the arresting officer saying, 'Patrolman, you have a member of the press and I suggest you release him.' Her request went unheeded and the cop swung at Miss Z— grazing her lightly. She tugged at his sleeve and asked for X—'s cameras and the cop retorted, 'You want to get arrested, too? Grab that woman.'

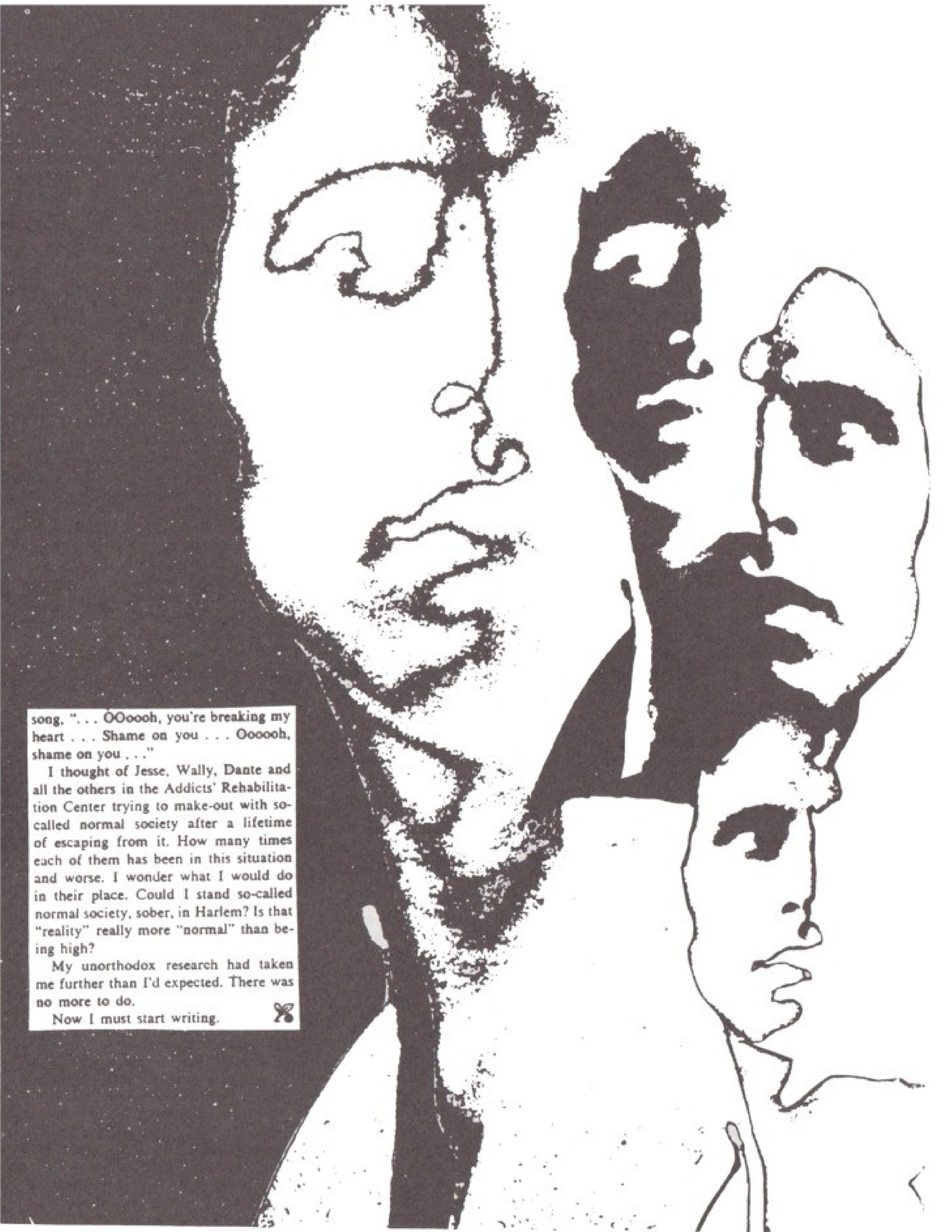
"Z— was put into a squad car with X— when Zwerin approached the car and said, 'Excuse me officer, but I'm with these people. Can you tell me . . .' The same policeman shouted 'He's one of them . . . You're under arrest too.' And Zwerin was arrested."

See what I mean? Never ask a cop for directions. In the paddy wagon, I tore up the glassine envelope until it was indistinguishable from the rest of the filth on the floor.

We were booked into the Saturday night tank, well stocked with drunks yelling for cigarettes and water — and moaning. Morrison was a few cells away, not much of a sex symbol slumped on a bench, his eyes still red from the MACE sprayed at him in the locker room before the concert.

Our cell, like his, was a dirty cubicle furnished with only a splintery wooden bench and a toilet which had neither seat nor flusher. It stank. The steel wall was covered with graffiti: "Drunk March 2nd," "Pee Wee, 1961," and other such historical data. Doors clanged for hours as we were ignored. A bit paranoid, I erased some of my notes, incriminating words like "junk," "nod," and "snorting."

Around 5:30 A.M. another drunk was locked up next door. He sang a soggy



song. ". . . Ooooh, you're breaking my heart . . . Shame on you . . . Ooooh, shame on you . . ."

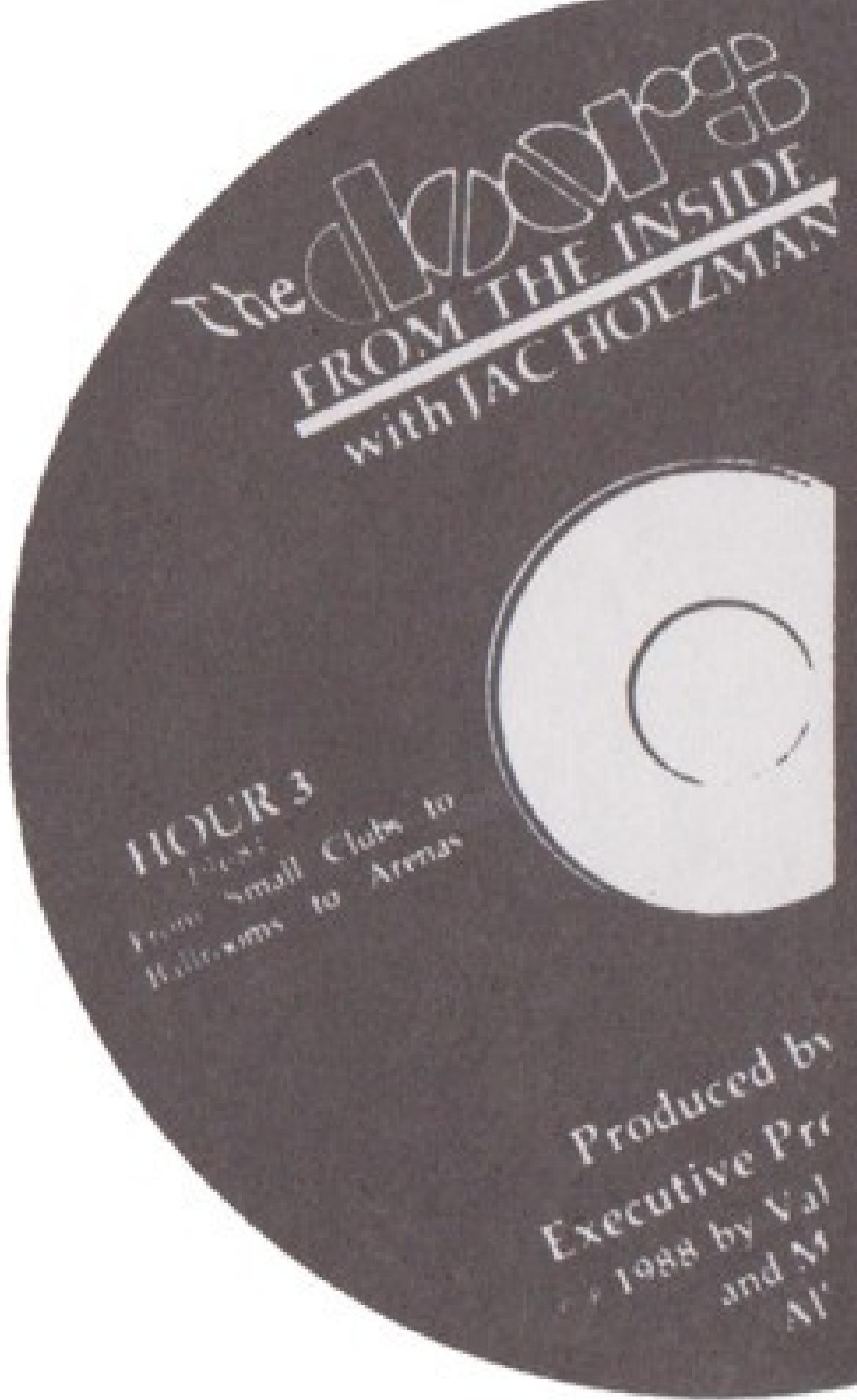
I thought of Jesse, Wally, Dante and all the others in the Addicts' Rehabilitation Center trying to make-out with so-called normal society after a lifetime of escaping from it. How many times each of them has been in this situation and worse. I wonder what I would do in their place. Could I stand so-called normal society, sober, in Harlem? Is that "reality" really more "normal" than being high?

My unorthodox research had taken me further than I'd expected. There was no more to do.

Now I must start writing.



VALLEY ISLE PRODUCTIONS AND MEDIAAMERICA RADIO PRESENT



The DOORS FROM THE INSIDE

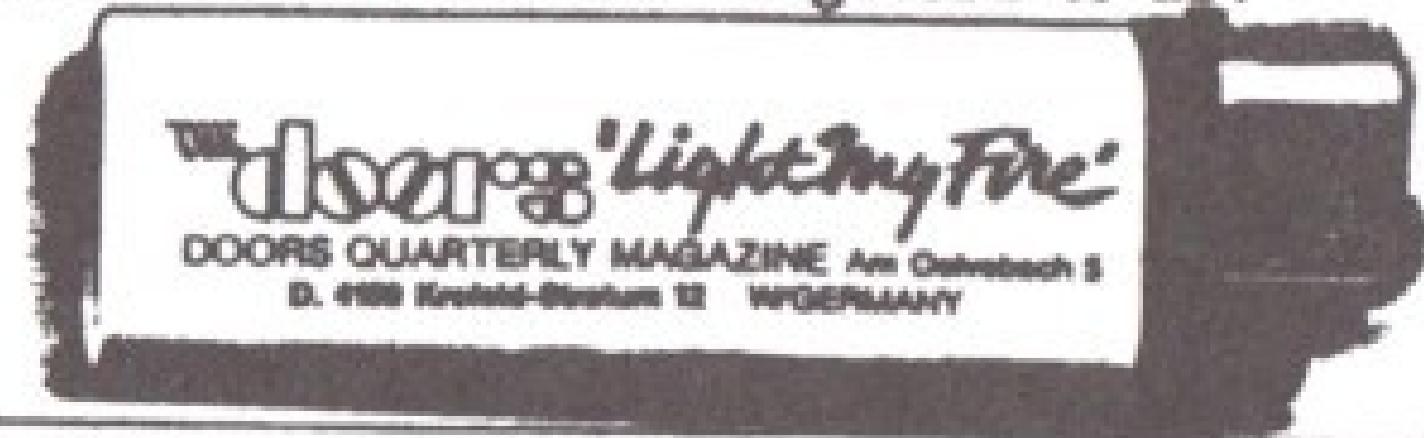
With Jim Morrison, Ray Manzarek, Robby Krieger, John Densmore & Jac Holzman



As a long-time collector of radio-shows I gathered together a bunch of vinyl discs, which all featured some Doors shows produced for American radio. There were really good ones, THE INNER VIEW and THREE HOURS FOR MAGIC, and there were bad ones, ROYALTY OF ROCK and more. Just very few of the shows were authorized by the group itself or by one of their relatives. But now, last November saw the release of a 6 CD box named THE DOORS FROM THE INSIDE which contains the most adorable collection of interviews and music on record that ever was produced. No other but Jac Holzman, long-time Jim Morrison friend and president of Elektra Records is responsible for this 6 (!) hour show. And he hosts the show as well. Robby Krieger and Ray Manzarek contributed some new music, and many people gave their precious private collections for use on this set. There's also a lot of (never before bootlegged) music, live performance from 1968 and 1970, on this one. Listen to an exciting version of "The End", and a beautiful new "Roadhouse Blues", a wonderful version of "Who Do You Love" with the original lyrics. And, above all, there's "Someday Soon" on Hour 4, the unpublished studio song, that never made it on "The Soft Parade", as it was originally planned. Surprising new interviews were found of Jim Morrison, that were lost for a long time. Even Jim's old school buddys tell what they remember. Along with original other artists' music of that time, almost all original Doors songs, concert excerpts from Copenhagen and Stockholm, good interviews and Jac Holzman's soft entertaining voice as the narrator, this is really the best radio show I've ever heard. It is available as a 6 CD set (for promotion use only, people pay about 800 Dollars for a complete set!), or you should tape it when it comes through your radio. Absolutely recommended!

Rainer Moddemann

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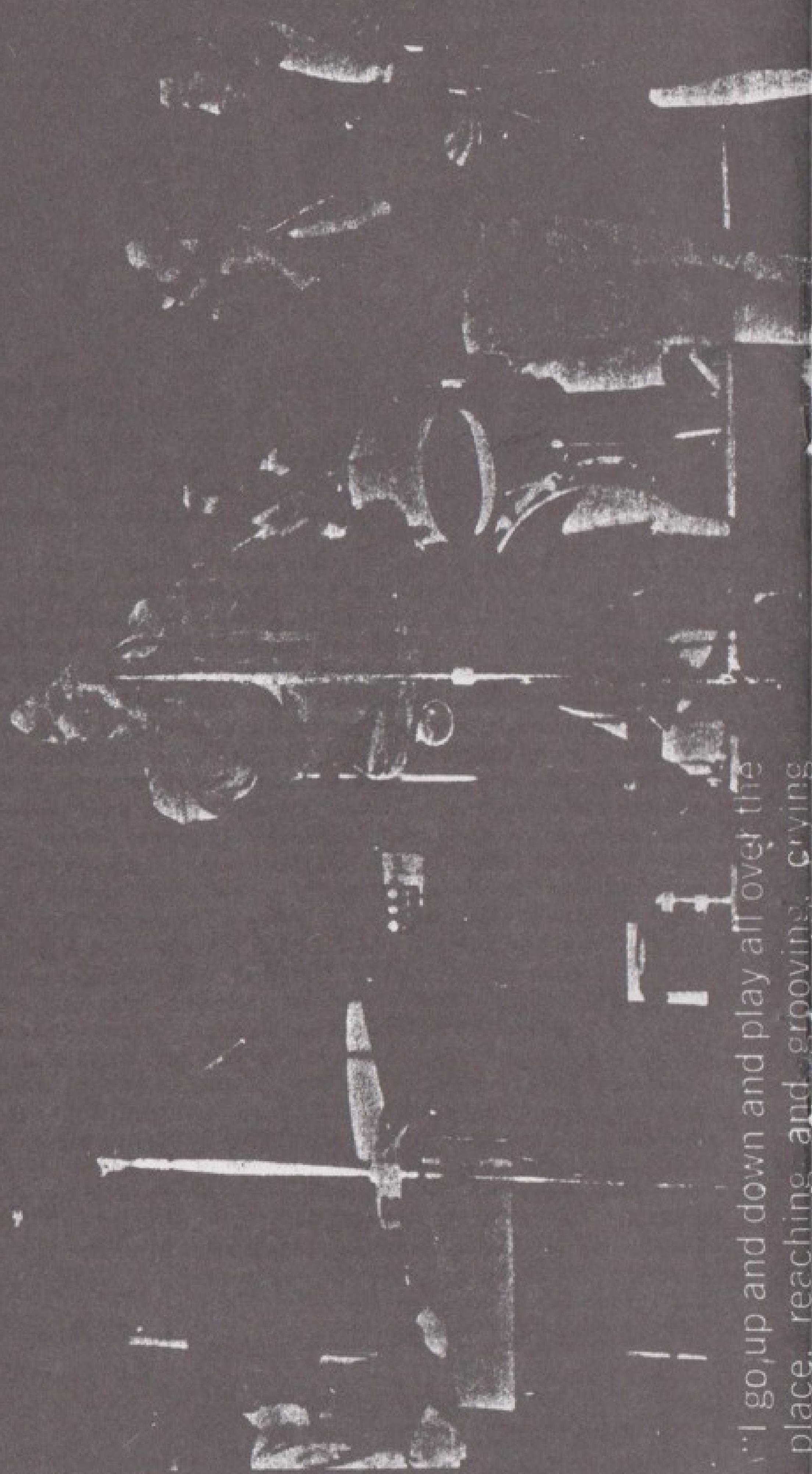
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up there with the Doors

BY TONY GLOVER



thru his hair. "Well, we'll do about three numbers, then call you on—"

"Onstage?"

"Yeah."

I looked around—nobody was laughing, so I figured he must be serious. I took several large swallows of beer. "Okay, what sort of keys and things?"

Robbie and Jim discussed and settled on three numbers. Robbie told me the keys and showed me the riffs to two of them. I got out my harps and played along, his guitar was out of tune. He shrugged, "I'll tune it to the organ when we get down there." Then the rehearsal was over. I wasn't really sure what was happening, but I knew there wasn't enough time left to get uptight. The elevator arrived, and we went down to the semi-lit stage. Jim motioned me out and as the band tuned showed me where I could stand. "Just wander around anywhere," he said. Then the group started the riff to "Soul Kitchen" and as the curtains opened Morrison had his back to the audience. He turned slowly, defiantly, around and just stared at the audience, feeling them out—for a minute or more. People began to get up-tight. He just stood there and stared, swaying a little from side to side, the king snake weaving a cobra spell. A full two minutes later he began the vocal, and the tension moved to a different level. The wings were dotted with watchers and fuzz, the question for the night was "What's Morrison gonna do?" and the answer seemed to be, "Nobody knows"—and that's half the trip, right there. They finished "Soul Kitchen," and after a pause for retuning and refueling went into "Break On Thru," an uptempo number. Morrison was caressing the mike, writhing around it, little girls were squirming in their seats. After the number another pause, then the soft organ riffs that intro "When The Music's Over," one of their "epic" cuts. Ray played alone a while, then the rest came in all together, Morrison screaming like a wounded animal, Robbie heavy on feedback guitar. The number built to the middle quiet part, and Morrison began laughing like a madman—people in the wings looked at each other and wondered. Then it was over, some cat yelled "Goddam, ain't Morrison beautiful?" and Jim looked over to the wings. He said "We got a special guest tonight, Tony Glover," and as I came onstage, the band started the riff to "Backdoor Man," a Chicago Blues number. Jim handed me a mike and I just started wailing, watching Robbie's fingers for the changes, cause I could barely hear myself. Robbie and I trade off on the break, then Jim improvises some lines, and Robbie answers on guitar. Suddenly

Jim is singing in very graphic terms what he wants his lover to do for him—and he laughs. As the audience cheers I look to the wings, figuring the fuzz will be in at any moment and we'll all go downtown, even little innocent me. But either they didn't hear it, or they didn't want to believe they heard it—doesn't matter which, cause either way they're still standing there, and it's cool. After the number we meet back at the drums, and Jim offers me some of his beer. I take it. Morrison pulls out a cigarette, but nobody has a light. He goes to the mike and asks for a match—a cat in the second row leaps up, matchbooks shower the stage. I look down, there's a joint neatly tucked into a book by my feet. I figure I best leave well enough alone, so it just lays there. Then Robbie starts the bottleneck intro, and we're off into "Little Red Rooster," another blues number, made popular by The Rolling Stones. We trade off on breaks again, and it really feels good to be playing music. I'm not really aware of the audience, except as an extension of the music—I can barely hear Ray, so I concentrate on Robbie, watching for the changes, and listen to Jim's voice, and try to weave my harp around it. Then it too ends, and Robbie starts one I'd never heard before—"Wild Child." I follow as best I can and trust my instincts . . . the song doesn't really end, it just sort of disappears, and Jim is singing like a gospel preacher. "Welllllll, I in-tend to tell you bout something you need real—bad!" (Organ, guitar and harp flurry.) "Hey listen here I'm talkin bout something you aint seen for a very long time." (Drums, guitar and harp.) "I'm mad" Jim yells. "Get mad!" Ray answers, grinning. "And I'm bad, B-A-D, BAD!" (Guitar, Ray rattles a tambourine.) "Weeell, lord have mercy—on my soul!" (Guitar and harp, a long drawn out note that quivers, goes flat and comes back to pitch.) Then, heavy on the rhythm, "You know the best things in life are free—," the band is in, and it's "Money," the classic rock number. We finish full power, everybody blowing, and meet back at the drums. "Just hang around and fill in on anything you think needs it," Morrison says to me. "How about 'Love Me Two Times'?" Ray suggests, and it's agreed. (That afternoon Robbie had told me he got the idea for the riff from "Southbound Train," a cut Koerner and I had recorded a few years back.) I run offstage to get the harp I need for that key, and when I get back we take off. It's a stone groove from the front. The break comes, and I stay in the background, waiting for somebody to come in. "Let him go," Ray yells, Robbie nods, and

I take off. I go up and down and play all over the place, reaching and grooving, crying and moving, and it's beautiful inside me—the kind of magic that happens just often enough to keep you wanting to play. Jim comes back in and starts riffing phrases, Robbie and I trade riffs back and forth, Jim starts grunting and moaning—it's the Stones "Going Home" trip and it sure feels nice. Jim sings "I hate to end my song, want to love you all night long—" and then goes into details. Applause from the oral members of the audience—and finally, as all things must, it too ends, and with a crash I realize where I am—I better split, since people came to hear them, not me, so I gather my harps, say "If you need me, call me" to Robbie, and head off. I don't really hear the rest of the concert, I'm still stoned on the grooving. I vaguely remember people grinning at me and telling me it was a groove—but it was one of those times that it felt so good that it doesn't matter much what anybody says—for or against. Then, finally the curtain is coming down and Jim hobbies offstage . . .

Backstage people are milling around. Bill comes over. "Wow man, too much—you brought 'em down funkier than I've ever heard 'em!" Robbie, John, Ray and I grin at each other. "It gets to be a drag playing the same songs the same way—tonight was really nice," Robbie says.

After a noisy jam session with everybody on drums we head back upstairs. Jim is in deep conversation with one of the security cats, talking about karate and black belts. People wander around, sipping beers and eating lunch meat. Bill is doing chin-ups on a heating pipe, John is goofing with his chick. Jim gets up to get another beer, I thank him for having me sit in. He peers at me intently. "Did you have a good time?" I nod. "That's what counts," he says and I nod . . .

Later I ask Robbie about groupies, he mentions that they have more male groupies than almost any other group. I ask why, he doesn't know. Bill comes over. "Maybe it's because they want to be able to communicate to their chicks like Jim does. When he says 'both arms around my back, both legs around my neck—man, that is communicating . . .' Ray asks why I don't get out of the interview business and back into music. "Well, nobody much to play with you know . . ." Then it's time to go to the airport where they catch a 1 a.m. plane to L.A. We head to the basement where the limos wait. "Come to L.A.—" the motors start and they drive off, waving good-byes. I follow the cars on foot, up the ramp and into the night that's getting cold . . ."

(unknown source)

—1—
WILDEHORN
EAGLES SONG
IT'S GONNA
WORK OUT FINE
DOOLY DOOMES
LOVE IT OR
LEAVE IT

—2—
THE BIG
HURT
DOOLIES
EAGLES SONG
I WANT YOU
NEED YOU
LOVE YOU
WILDEHORN

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you, I need you, I love you" . . . must I say that Elvis would be proud of what Robby made out of his song? Another highlight on the album is The Doors' "You're lost little girl", which Robby wrote for Pamela Morrison. He really speaks through his wailing guitar. The same goes for "Wild Child", with its nice double guitar sound and Brian Auger's brilliant organ. Robby's version of this Doors standard is even more interesting than the original, I specially enjoy the acoustic part of it. "Eagles Song" would make a perfect soundtrack for some film taken high above the clouds. After the rockin' "It's gonna work out fine" Robby introduces us to some Reggae in Jackie Wilson's "Lonely Teardrops". This album is a musical unity, and I'm sure that everybody will enjoy the pure guitar sound of Robby's Gibson guitars and his enthusiasm of giving delightful and intelligent cover versions to his countless fans. Along with Ray Manzarek's timeless "Golden Scarab" album this is the best solo-release by one of the Doors so far.

Rainer Moddemann

ROBBY KRIEGER "NO HABLA" NEW ALBUM OUT NOW!

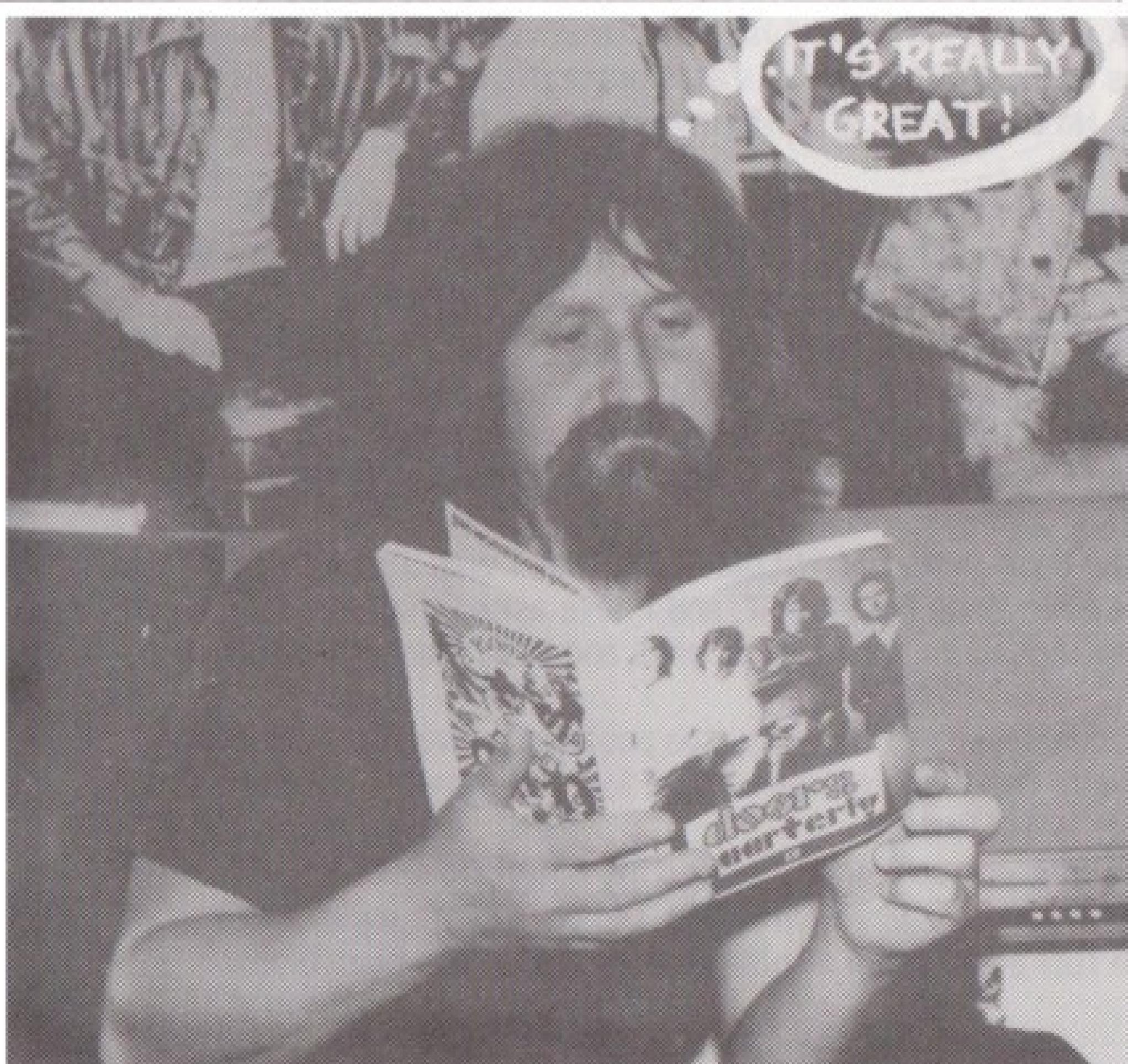
It seems to me that almost the entire issue of this DOORS QUARTERLY is devoted to Robby, but in fact he's the one of the three surviving Doors who is in the spotlight nowadays. His performance is the highlight of the "Night Of The Guitars" tour for reviewers and fans, and his "Strut a various" definitely is the best song on the "Guitar Speak" sampler. Now there's "No Habla", with legendary Brian Auger on keyboards, John Hernandez on drums and John Avila on bass. The album contains a selection of Oldies and three new Robby Krieger Originals. Robby, who played some funk jazz on his former albums, came back to more familiar melodies and rhythms with this album. Just listen to his fabulous version of Elvis Presley's "I want

WILD CHILD
(THE DOORS)
DOORS MUSIC (ASCAP)
EAGLES SONG
(ROBBY KRIEGER)
RAZENPHAT/IRS MUSIC INC (ASCAP)
IT'S GONNA WORK OUT FINE
(IKE TURNER)
PLACID MUSIC/POWERFORCE MUSIC (BMI)
LONELY TEARDROPS
(BARRY GORDON/TYRAN CARLO)
LEWA MUSIC (BMI)
LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT
(ROBBY KRIEGER)
RAZENPHAT/IRS MUSIC INC (ASCAP)
THE BIG HURT (DOLORES)
(PATHE SHANGHAI)
GLADYS MUSIC/TB HARMES (ASCAP)
PIGGY'S SONG
(ROBBY KRIEGER)
RAZENPHAT/IRS MUSIC INC (ASCAP)
I WANT YOU, I NEED YOU.
I LOVE YOU
(GEORGE MUSSEL/TA HORLOFF)
ELVIS PRESLEY MUSIC (BMI)
YOU'RE LOST LITTLE GIRL
(THE DOORS)
DOORS MUSIC (ASCAP)

IRSD-82004



Many people behind the Iron Curtain read the Quarterly with evident pleasure. So does Karol Spilák from Czechoslovakia, for who the DQ is the only chance to get informations about The Doors. For proof he mailed me this photo...



A Few Words About WILDERNESS

FRANK LISCIANDRO
February 11, 1989

I read with great interest Rainer Moddemann's article in DQ 19 concerning WILDERNESS, Jim Morrison's book of poems and writings. In many respects Mr. Moddemann's reactions to the book are illuminating and welcomed. But as the book's compiler (notice I do not use the word editor) I thought a response to the article would give me an opportunity to clear up some apparent misunderstandings.

Mr. Courson, who inherited the obligation to publish Jim's poems from his daughter Pamela, did not, as was stated, merely store Jim's notebooks in a garage. Through the years, Mr. Courson read and reread the poems, transcribed many of them, and then, several years ago, prepared a manuscript of the poems for publication. This manuscript was rejected by a major American publisher. As a group, American book companies are not known for their support of poetry. Mr. Courson has become an expert on Jim's writings, and he is one of Jim's greatest defenders and admirers. He feels, as I do, that Morrison is one of the major poets of his generation, possibly one of the major poets produced in the United States in the 20th century.

Mr. Courson and I knew each other from the months we spent working together on the record album of Jim's poems, AN AMERICAN PRAYER. In the spring of 1987, Mr. Courson asked if Kathy Lisciandro and I would help him transcribe all of Jim's writings and get the best of the material ready for a book. Kathy had worked in the Doors office and had assisted Jim in preparing his writings for publication while he was alive. For many years it had been our ambition to help bring about the release of Jim's poems, and given the chance, we gladly accepted Mr. Courson's offer. At this point Mr. Courson did not have a book publishing contract and he was prepared to issue Jim's poems at his own expense, if no book company was interested.

Although Mr. Moddemann states that WILDERNESS was edited, this was not the case. What we did was choose poems, or find the last version of a poem, for inclusion in the book. We did not change a single word of any of the poems; all appear exactly as Jim wrote them. In many cases, whenever we could, we followed Jim's own sequencing of the poems. Entire sections of WILDERNESS are as we found them in his notebooks.

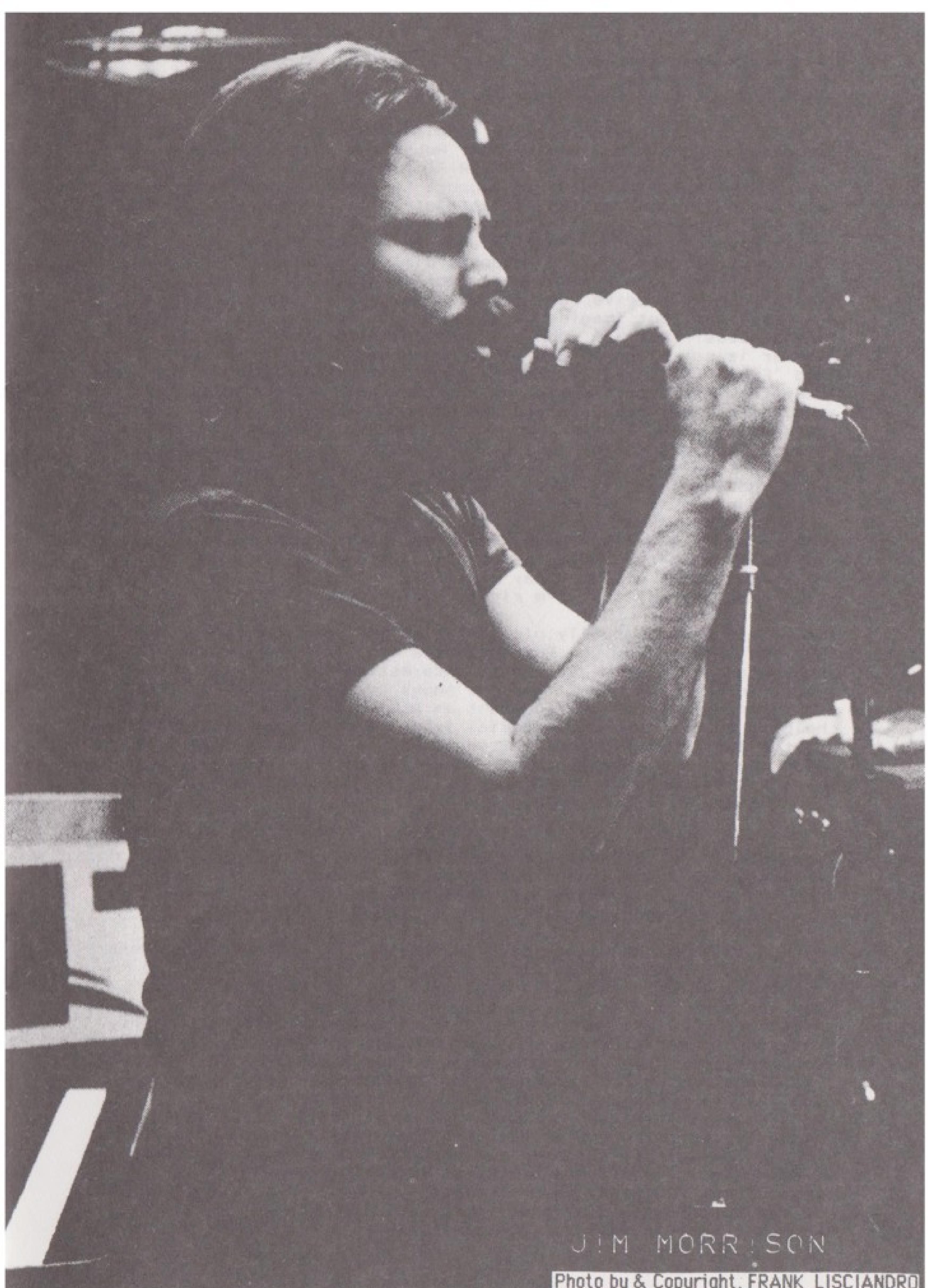
Because Jim was constantly attempting to improve his craft, he rewrote many of the poems over and over again. In some cases, there are drafts that are vastly different, one from another; but most of the poems show only minor changes from one draft to the next. Mr. Moddemann suggests that we should have presented multiple versions of the same poem. Tracing the artist's progress may be of interest to some readers, but the vast majority of people who pick up a book want the last and final version of the artist's vision. Any artist who continues to modify his work is attempting to give his audience a complete and unified statement. No one wants a half finished versions of their work presented.

Mr. Moddemann asks why weren't the other members of the band involved in the release of this book. While Jim Morrison was alive, he did not include the other Doors in the publication of his poems. He published all three of his books without the help, criticism, support or input of the other three men in the band. Jim separated his work as a poet/writer from his activity as a songwriter, singer and performer. Everyone knew and respected this separation. We felt it would be best to follow Jim's established practice and keep the publication of WILDERNESS apart, as much as possible, from his public image.

The publisher claims, on the book jacket of WILDERNESS, that I was Jim's closest friend. This is not a claim I have ever made for myself, and I have asked that this notation be changed in future printings. Jim had many friends and I feel fortunate to count myself among them.

In an effort to attract curious buyers to the book, the publisher gave it a subtitle: The Lost Writings. Don't be mislead; these poems were never lost. The true title and only necessary title of the book is WILDERNESS.

For everyone who admires Jim Morrison, or his work, this collection of his writings will confirm what they already know: Jim was a gifted poet. For new readers, WILDERNESS will reveal a man in full possession of his creative vision and poetic power.



JIM MORRISON

Photo by & Copyright, FRANK LISCANDRO

LETTERS *from you to us*

I will from the beginning make it clear. Jim would never have succeeded, as he did without John, Robby and Ray. A good example is of course "AN AMERICAN PRAYER". Jim's poetry is great, certainly, but with music to support the mood, atmosphere, the wellknown strange feeling, is absolutely incredible. What would the beginning of "When the music's over" be without Ray's special organ-playing? What would "The end" be without Robby's guitar-play? John's way to support Jim's lyrics on "When the music's over"... makes the words more real, I think. What would "Moonlight drive" be without Robby's bottleneck...the song is brilliant, but imagine it without bottleneck...I will not even try a guess! But Ray, John and Robby without Jim - yeah: the answer is not blown in the wind, but appears on "OTHER VOICES" and "FULL CIRCLE". Ray's, John's and Robby's solo works are so far away from The Doors' music, but again I think they had to try something else, not only because of the loss of Jim but personally, too. I mean Jim was blowing the brains out of their heads, and he knew he was creating something very special, he did, certainly, and then "woosh" he was gone and gone was the mood and the intensity, too. I think myself that the time after Jim's death must have been pretty hard for the three guys! The article from Osamu Nozawa in DQ 10 gives a good impression of what kind of music the guys were creating in common, but only one guy knew, what the "after-effects" would be, that was Jim Morrison, poet. I will not say that this is the whole truth, but some fans may say that I'm right.. Brian Lund, Denmark

The DQ 19 has got really nice articles and is a very good work and dedication from you, Rainer. Notes From The Underground and Bootlegging The Doors are quite interesting because they give a close information about the live shows the Doors made, and help to understand their development as a band. And, of course, they help to choose the good material from the bad. Really fascinating is the Scott Hyder Symbolic Study, that in this part made a very good approach with philosophic ideas and Jim Morrison's personality. Great to read! Keep on the magnificent work!

Pedro M. Pereira, Portugal

You said in DQ 19: "What would Jim have been without Robby Krieger, Ray Manzarek and John Densmore?" I really think you should have asked, what they would have been without Jim!!!

Eytan Seeger, Israel

Das DQ 19 fand ich wieder sehr informativ und spannend. Besonders gut war der Jim Morrison Paris Guide. Immer, wenn wir in Paris sind, klappern wir auch alle möglichen Stellen ab, wo Jim mal war. Was mich noch interessieren würde - ist der Artikel "An Afternoon with Jim Morrison" eine fiktive Geschichte oder nicht, und von wem war sie? (Welche Lady das geschrieben hat, ist vorerst unbekannt, der Name war weggeschnitten; der Artikel selbst ist wohl mit Sicherheit nicht erfunden. R.M.) Ich möchte auch noch mal was zum Artikel "PHANTOM'S DIVINE COMEDY" beitragen. Heinz Gerschtemeyer schreibt im DQ 19, daß der Titel der LP darauf hindeuten würde, daß dies kein ernstgemeinter Versuch wäre, Jim Morrison wieder auferstehen zu lassen. Ich sehe das anders. Grade diesen Titel finde ich als äußerst intelligent gewählt: In dem Video "DANCE ON FIRE" wird an einer Stelle bei dem Lied LA WOMAN 3x das Wort "DANTE'S" eingeblendet. DIVINE COMEDY (die Göttliche Komödie) ist ein Werk von Dante Alighieri, der 1307 das größte

christliche Weltgedicht geschrieben hat. Es handelt von dem Zustand der Seelen nach dem Tod und schildert in 100 Gesängen gleichnishaft die Wanderung Dantes durch das Jenseits als den Weg der Seele von der Unwissenheit und Sünde über die Reue zur Erkenntnis und zur Anschauung Gottes als den Weg der Menschheit zum Heil. Die "Göttliche Komödie" ist also keine Komödie, sondern doch ein ernstgemeinter Versuch. Selbst Dali als Surrealist hat in 100 Lithographien ernsthaft dieses Thema dargestellt. War Jim nicht auch ein Salvador Dali-Fan? Allerdings war meine Hoffnung verflogen, daß Jim dieses Phantom gewesen sein könnte, als ich den Kommentar von Ray Manzarek über Phantom "Ted Sowieso" gelesen habe... schade. Der Artikel in DQ 18 war so schon mystisch.

Anja Koch, Essen

Well, what would Jim have been without the other Doors? I could think of several answers: He could have been a big star, with a successful solo career and very big money; or a big moviestar specially admired by women, a kind of sexsymbol, which he already was; or a big poet, without the music he might have developed that gift more; or a famous drinker, an excentric. In my opinion he was a man with many talents and an extraordinary and extravagant person, who needed some line in his life. Some pressure. That's where the other Doors fit in. On the other hand The Doors are individually very good musicians, but Jim was the centre of it all. He wrote most of the songs and the lyrics. He was the face, the inspirator, the soul of the band. John, Robby and Ray as a whole could never have become so famous without Jim. We all know what happened to the group after Jim had died. They all needed each other and they were all very talented artists. Jim needed them for several reasons and they needed Jim.

Netty Meelen, Holland

Ich schreibe das folgende aus Bewunderung und mit einem Abstand, den man hat, wenn man im Ostteil der Stadt Berlin lebt. Diese DQs haben einen hohen Wert an Qualität und stellenweise schon musikwissenschaftliche Aussagen. Du leitest eine sehr gute und richtige Arbeit.

Axel Raasch, Ost-Berlin

Habe jetzt endlich eine Heino-Platte bekommen. Kann jemand noch welche auftreiben?

Arno Bednorz, Gladbeck (02043/41400)

Hello Rainer, wie immer ist das DQ 19 ausgezeichnet gelungen. Interessant ist der Robby Krieger Artikel von Dir (das Interview), auch möchte ich die Ausführungen von Scott Hyder hervorheben. Zustimmen möchte ich Heinz Gerstenmeyer in seinem Artikel über das PHANTOM. Die Stimme ist an manchen Stellen SO ähnlich, daß man es kaum glauben kann. Doch textlich und musikalisch unterscheidet es sich doch sicherlich von den Doors. Für mich persönlich zeigen sich zur Zeit zwei Probleme im Zusammenhang mit den Doors und Jim Morrison. Zu einem (wie es auch der Bootlegger der BREAK ON THROUGH) anspricht) die Mystifizierung Morrisons. Eine Person mit einer solchen Ausstrahlung, einem solchen Charisma und einem solchen literarischen Werk verdient einer dementsprechenden Würdigung. Doch muß und darf die Auseinanderstellung nicht unkritisch sein. Daß dies nicht der Fall ist, zeigt allein schon das Verhalten einiger auf dem Pére Lachaise. Daß es einige für "hip" halten, "a party in the cemetery" zu feiern, zeigt, welcher Geisteshaltung dies entspringt. Ich glaube, viele nehmen die Person Morrisons nur als Aufhänger, ohne sich mit Leben und Werk auseinanderzusetzen. Leider geht dies Verhalten auf Kosten derjenigen, die sich ernsthaft mit Morrison und den Doors beschäftigen. Zum zweiten tritt durch die Überbewertung der Person Morrisons die Gruppe als Ganzes in den Hintergrund. Manzarek, Krieger und Densmore erscheinen - wenn überhaupt - nur als Mitläufer. Deutlich zu machen, daß vier Leute für den Erfolg der Gruppe verantwortlich sind, ist meiner Meinung

nach mit das Wichtigste. Es ist jetzt zu fragen, wie dieser Mißstand bekämpft werden kann. Ich glaube, daß Du in dem DQ durch die Interviews mit Densmore und jetzt auch Robby Krieger den richtigen Weg eingeschlagen. Ich glaube, das DQ sollte ein Forum sein, das den Gruppencharakter der Doors klar hervorhebt. In der jetzigen Form - alte Berichte, aktuelle Beiträge zu und von Morrison (Densmore, Krieger, Manzarek) ist eine gute Ausgangsposition zu finden; das DQ ist ausgezeichnet. Problematisch wird es nur, wenn amn die Resonanz der Leserschaft betrachtet (mich selbst natürlich eingeschlossen). Es ist häufig eine Konsumhaltung zu beobachten. Es findet sich zwar durchweg eine positive Resonanz Deiner Arbeit, doch finde ich, daß diese etwas zu mager ist. Vielleicht sollte von Seiten der Leserschaft mehr Bereitschaft zur Diskussion sein, und der Versuch, Artikel zu verfassen, sollte von unserer Seite gemacht werden. Du leitest eben eine zu hervorragende Bedienung, die die Faulheit der Leute noch unterstützt. Mein Appell geht also an die Leserschaft. Wir sollten versuchen, uns mehr in das DQ als Forum einzuklinken und uns zu beteiligen.

Ludger Isfort, Wadersloh

(Anmerkung: Deswegen widme ich den Lesserbriefen in Zukunft mehr Raum als vorher. Also: Schreibt Artikel über das, was Euch an Morrison/Doors interessiert, schreibt Eure Meinung, auch provokativ, zu dem Heft. Schreibt Anmerkungen, Beobachtungen, Entwicklungen, die Ihr mit uns oder Euch seht. Rezensiert Bücher, selbst wenn sie schon mal im DQ besprochen worden sind. Alles ist erlaubt, und wenn es irgendwie in das Konzept des Doors Quarterlys paßt, drucken wir es auch. R. M.)

JOHN DENSMORE PHONE INTERVIEW

by BILLY PINNELL, broadcast 25.8.85. PART 4 (cont. from QUARTERLY 19)

John: I was very happy to get this drum sound. That took me an hour, whereas in the old days we'd spent half a day getting sound on the drums, so yeah, "Riders" I'm real proud of. It's got that jazzy feeling that I like.

Billy: How did you learn about Jim Morrison's death?

J: Well Robby told me as I came to our office one morning for a rehearsal, you know he was in Paris and we were still just kinda bored and jammed on songs, just writing and playing.

B: Were you surprised?

J: Yes and no. Yes, because uh, well you know when it finally happened it was really shocking, you can't believe it; no, because it was clear he was self-destructive, but on the other hand sometimes I thought well, maybe he's an Irish drunk who'll party till he's 80, you know, so: both ways.

B: Why wasn't the news of his death made public until days after he actually died?

J: Well, that was Bill Siddons', our manager's decision who...uh, his press release said he didn't want the circus atmosphere of Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin's burial so he waited, uh, I don't know if that was such a good idea, uh, but there was no autopsy, he died on a weekend and then his wife Pam died uh a year or so later, you know, and this started all these "is he really dead" rumours because she was the only one who saw his body, so uh the Rimbaud - myth began.

B: In retrospect could anyone close to Jim have prevented him from continuing the excessive lifestyle and maybe saved him from his early death?

J: Uh, that's a real good question. Uh I don't think so, except personally uh...it was really hard on me, uh, I could see that happening but was trying to pretend it wasn't and I uh, you know, I kinda quit a couple of times and uh I got headaches, you know, I don't think anybody could have stopped him, but uh, it was hard living with him, you know seeing him being that. What happened was -- I mean in the early days we tried to say things, Ray --- a little bit tried to tell him but we got snapped up, so then after a few years one tend not to be around with him so much, 'cos he wanted to go down and you go with him if you were around him, you know. Peer pressure

would also make you drink so I stayed away.

B: Now yourself, Robby and Ray recorded two albums as a trio. Is it true that you approached Iggy Pop to replace Jim?

J: Uh, there was talk, yeah, you know we did those two albums, ah, we didn't have a replacement because we felt like no one could fill Jim's shoes, so Ray and Robby tried to sing. And then we just gave up because it was over without Jim, uh, Ray was friend with Iggy and there was some little discussion here and there, but...

B: There's a really really great song on the Other Voices album called "Ships with Sails" which has got a similar feel to "Riders On the Storm" and once again shows what a beautiful feel you had for that style of drumming.

J: Thanks, and in fact I wrote that song (laughs). I wrote the music, the melody, not the words, Ray or Robby did, I don't know. So, thank you.

B: Robby and you stayed together to form the Butts Band. Just tell me about that.

J: Ah, let's see, uh, we did an album in Jamaica with Phil Chen, who was the bass player. Chinese guy born in Jamaica, lived in England. He played bass with Rod Stewart for a while after; Jess Roden was the singer, who did some back-ups for The Who on "Magic Bus", he was an English singer, ah, frankly I felt that the band could have done it, but there were ego-problems (laughs)... if we would have done another album... well there were two albums, but the second was a whole different line-up except Robby and I, ah, if the original band'd stayed together I had thought, it really had potential, but people were talking about solo-albums or... I didn't understand that, it took years of a nutual vision to launch a band, and Robby and I knew what it took and boy-- we fell apart!

B: You had a really strong reggae influence in the band and I believe that you fell in love with Jamaican music in the late sixties when you stayed there for a while.

J: Yeah, very much. We listened to the Wailers and all that stuff before it came of station. I saw Marley several times in little clubs; now that he's gone, I don't know, Reggae seems to be sort of derivative of Marley now.

B: Did you think that your version of "Get up stand up" came up well?

J: Well in fact the Wailers were in Los Angeles and Robby and I had a jam session with the keyboard-player Tyron Downie and he said that Bob had heard "Get up stand up" and he liked it, you know, so we made it pretty good.

B: That's great! Let's talk about the project in 1978 "An American Prayer". Could you briefly explain that for me?

J: Well, John Haeny, an engineer that worked on the third album had called Robby and said 'Hey I've got all these tapes of Jim's poetry that he read on his birthday,' and it had been several years since we've done done anything so we felt like that was a decent amount of time. He'd always wanted to do this poetry album. He originally conceived it was an orchestra, you know, a classical orchestra, but uh, he died, so we worked real hard on it as a tribute, so God it took about a year, because all we had were these words with nothing else, so we wrote music under it, sometimes we just stopped the words and sometimes we let go and we had to kinda put the whole thing together. We tried to make it like a movie for your ear (laughs) ... it was kinda esoteric, we knew it wouldn't be a big seller, but uh, we worked hard on it and believed in it.

B: What was the feeling like having Jim's voice coming through your headphones seven years after his death?

J: Yeah, that was definitely rather strange. Ah, there was a couple of incidents, one was ... I don't know how this bird, uh, you know, kinda bluejay or something, flew in the studio, you know, in the studio there are several doors, soundproofed, and this bird flew into the recording-room, and we were playing and went all kinda "Jesus, he's there!", you know (laughs). Got a little metaphysical stuff like this happening, you know.

B: Do you think it might have been some sort of sign from Jim?

J: Well, at the time we liked to have thought it was!

B: Getting it together The Doors' music is still popular worldwide; your albums and videos are still big seller... what's the secret of this everlasting life of The Doors?

J: Bill?

B: Yes?

J: You'll tell me (laughs)! I mean, you know, I could say the secret is the drumming!

B: (laughs)

J: But really, it sounds like kind of self-congratulatory: There's this great lyricist with this incredible mystic, this wild man, and we worked real hard on the songs, uh, what else can I say? We were great 'live', uh, and somehow we're going on 20 years, I originally thought if we could last a decade I'd be pretty proud, but uh, I don't know, it's like Frank Sinatra-time, or something, you know.

B: John, we had an album released in Australia and I guess worldwide called "Alive She Cried", which were live-tapes that were found in a storage facility or something. Will it be more of that sort of thing coming out?

J: Uh, no, that's pretty much yet, uh, Paul Rothchild found those live tapes, went to the studio with them and kinda got it all organized and uh there's very few little things around uh, we recorded pretty much of everything that... there wasn't much left. There's one or two little things maybe but not for another album you know.

B: So what are your own plans for the immediate future, have you ever thought of forming another band or playing with some other players on a semi-permanent basis?

J: Well, back a few years I did with the Butts Band and a few other bands but now I'm really not interested. I've got real interest in writing and acting and so. I'm writing a book about my past and I wrote a play, it was a one-man show that I performed in Los Angeles and in New York in small little theatres. I'm really interested in that direction and I still play my drums. I have jam-sessions in my house and in some of these punk-clubs I sit in and uh, I still love my drums.

B: Have you got a family?

J: Yeah, I have a daughter, 8-year-old daughter and that of course changes one's life a bit (laughs), makes you more responsible.

B: Is she keen on music?

J: Oh yeah, sure.

B: Look, it's been great to spend this time with you, as I've said you before The Doors' music certainly means a lot to a lot of Australians and certainly does to me and if you ever get to Australia I'd love to have the opportunity of maybe sittin' down and talk to you again.

J: Yeah, maybe in person, uh we've never been to Australia, you know, I always read about it and I always wanted to go Down Under, you know. Surf around the Barrier reef and go to Ayer's Rock (laughs).

B: Listen, John, thanks very much again for your time, right?

J: Right! Bye bye!

Frankfurt: AUF DEN SPUREN JIM MORRISONS

von Heinz Gerstenmeyer

Pfingstmontag, herrliches Wetter, von der Autobahn hab ich eh die Schnauze voll, also mache ich einen kleinen Abstecher nach Frankfurt. Ohne größere Zwischenfälle führt mein Weg zum Roßmarkt und zu meiner größten Verwunderung finde ich auch gleich einen Parkplatz. Wo ist der Römerberg? Ich frage eine Oma, die gerade des Weges wackelt. Ah, ja, diese Richtung, ein paar hundert Meter, immer der Nase (bzw. der Beschilderung) nach. Zehn Minuten später bin ich da. Idyllisches Plätzchen, dieser Römerberg (Wieso heißt der eigentlich "Berg"? Liegt topfeben direkt am Bach). Derjenige, der die Idee hatte, hier 'nen Videoclip zu drehen, hat einen Orden verdient. Hier vor dem alten Rathaus muß es wohl gewesen sein. Ich trabe ein paar mal im Kreis und versuche, die Stelle genau zu finden. Leider kein Foto dabei, also muß es eine ungefähre Standortbestimmung zur Not auch tun. War das nicht der Schachtdeckel, über den Jim Morrison latschte, als er 'Hello

I Love You' sang? Ich stelle mich auf Ebendenselben. Da überkommt mich das Bedürfnis, lautstark ein Lied zu singen: "HÄLLAU, AI...". Weiter komme ich nicht. Alles gafft. Erinnert mich schwer an die Morrison-Fotos. Mein Blick fällt zur Nikolaikirche. Die Tür steht offen. Ich schütze, da werde ich mal ein Auge riskieren. Gedacht, getan. Klein und düster ist das Ding. Hatte ich mir größer und heller vorgestellt. Vor welchem Relief stand Jim Morrison nun gleich? Vor dem linken oder dem rechten? Vor dem linken stehen Stühle, also nehme ich das rechte (War leider das falsche). Mist, kein Fotoapparat dabei. Michel konnte seinen ja ausgerechnet heute nicht entbehren. Ich stelle mich trotzdem in Pose. Ob ich den Japsen, der gerade auch in der Kirche rumfleucht, anquake, ein Bild von mir zu machen? Zuviel Hektik, das schickt der mir eh nie. Ich glaub, ich steig mal auf die Kanzel. Aus dem Blickwinkel sehe ich, daß der Japse eine Videokamera gezückt hat und mich filmt. Also steige ich extra theatralisch die Treppe hoch. Als ich oben ankomme, filmt er noch immer. Ob der wohl Doors-Fan ist? "You cannot petition the Lord with prayer", rufe ich von der Kanzel. Der Japse lacht. Ich auch. Aber sonst keine Reaktion. Also kein Doors-Fan.

Als nächstes steht das 'Morrison Hotel', eine Kneipe in der Weißadlergasse, deren Fenster genau nach der Plattenhülle gestaltet ist, auf dem Programm. Die Weißadlergasse mache ich Ruck-Zuck anhand des Stadtplanes in der U-Bahnstation Römerberg ausfindig. Liegt nur ein Katzensprung entfernt, etwa ein Steinwurf vom Zweitausendeins-Laden im Parkhaus Hauptwache weg. Leider ist die Kneipe dicht und zwei große Rollläden versperren die Sicht. In der Toreinfahrt neben der Kneipe sehe ich ein Relikt von einem gewissen St. Krebs: "Jim Morrison, du lebst in mir. Ich werde dich nie vergessen". Pretty neat, pretty neat. Ein bisschen Enthusiasmus kann nie schaden. Leider steht nirgends, wann die Kneipe aufmacht. Also werde ich mich einstweilen den kulturellen Ereignissen rund um die Kaiserstraße widmen. Selten so beliebt gewesen bei Frauen, alle fünf Meter labert mich eine an.

Um 20 Uhr finde ich mich wieder am 'Morrison' ein, das soeben geöffnet hat. Das Fenster ist wirklich originalgetreu, mit dem einen Unterschied, daß hier nur 'Morrison' statt 'Morrison Hotel' steht. Sogar das Schild 'Rooms from 2,50 up' ist vorhanden. Augenscheinlich eine nicht inadäquate Kneipe. Natürlich mußere ich sofort einen Musikwunsch, der auch prompt erfüllt wird (Diese Gruppe erratet ihr nie!). Bei der Bierbestellung kommt es glatt zu Sprachschwierigkeiten ("Lährschmer moal oas nei"). Da mußte ich den Weißwurstäquator, den ich bislang immer bei Frankfurt angesiedelt hatte, deutlich in Richtung Süden korrigieren. Neben mir sitzt ein Typ, bei dem mein Musikwunsch offensichtlich auf Zustimmung stieß. Ich drücke ihm einen Fan-Club-Aufkleber in die Hand. Ob man damit Kohle verdienen kann, fragt er gleich. "Mein Gehalt in Höhe von 10 000 DM je Monat steht bislang noch aus", antworte ich. Da hat er kein Interesse mehr. Hätt ich ihm bloß keinen Aufkleber gegeben. Die letzten Töne von 'Light My Fire' erklingen. Ich rufe der Thekensteherin zu: "Umdrehen!" Sie dreht sich um. So hatte ich das eigentlich nicht gemeint. Ich flöße mir noch ein paar Bier ein (BierCHEN wäre wohl der geeignetere Ausdruck), bringe in den Toiletten noch ein paar Aufkleber an (dort sind sie bekanntlich am effektivsten) und trete dann den Rückzug an. Als ich über den Roßmarkt trabe, fällt mir ein, daß ich der Tante noch das Schild abschwatzen wollte, denn offensichtlich hat sie mit Morrison nicht viel am Hut. Die Zeiten, in denen das 'Morrison' eine Kultkneipe war, sind vorbei. Nun ja, das nächste mal vielleicht. Oder ich werd mir selbst eins malen.

(Robby Krieger war auch beim "Morrison" ... seht das Farbfoto in diesem DQ. RM)

BOOTLEGGING THE DOORS

PART 8 (cont. from THE DOORS QUARTERLY 13-19).

A series written by Rainer Moddemann

In the last DOORS QUARTERLY I talked about the worst Doors bootleg ever, A CLOSED DOOR IS OPENED; now we switch over to some much better albums.

Most of the Doors fans know the bootleggercompany TANGIE TOWN RECORDS. These guys (or guy) produced some of the finest Doors underground productions that ever hit the black market. They not only took always care of the best (so far) sound quality of each recording and the best available vinyl, but also printed careful covers for their albums, typical "Made in West Germany" high quality product. A buyer of TANGIE TOWN products was never disappointed, and almost all records were pressed in large quantities. Today TANGIE TOWN RECORDS don't work anymore, but there is talk about a NEW forthcoming Tangie Town release containing the famous MIAMI concert in full length. We'll see!

The first TTR album was released in autumn 1981 and it contained The Doors' first show in Frankfurt, West Germany. The album was taken from the original master tape, so be sure it has got the best available soundquality of this concert. All reprints (even the latest CD double set LIVE IN EUROPE 1968) were taken from this album. On the front cover there were four Morrison live photos taken during the group's second set in Frankfurt, obviously taken from the first German edition of NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE. On the left see the title of the album THE NIGHT ON FIRE, on the right they didn't use the official Doors logo, but some other letters for the group's name, and below the right photo read "live in frankfurt, germany, 14. 9. 1968". On the backside you see some quite unusual photos of the group. To everybody's surprise the pictures were taken on July 3rd, 1981 at the Père Lachaise in Paris, when The Doors showed up there for the 10th anniversary of Jim's death. See Jim's (clean) bust and the three remaining Doors on four different pics. The back also gives a list of the concert's songs and where it was recorded: "live at the jahrhunderthalle, frankfurt 14. 9. 1968". This is not correct. The Jahrhundert-halle is in Frankfurt, but The Doors (according to the original concert poster) never played there, but at the Kongresshalle, which is also in Frankfurt. Doesn't matter, of course. To my knowledge there is no tape of the second show around (they played different songs then, such as "Five To One", "Manish Boy/I'm a man" and "The End"). This is not a very special Doors concert, but a standard one, except the fact that they played TEXAS RADIO AND THE BIG BEAT (mistitled on the album as "the wasp poem"). The label didn't use "The Doors" as the artist's name, but "The WASPS", a pseudonym to hide the fact that this was a bootleg, a usual practice of bootleggers in the early 80's.

Here are the facts:

THE NIGHT ON FIRE

Side one: Break on through
Alabama Song
Backdoor Man
When the music's over

Side two: The WASP (poem)
Hello I love you
Light my Fire
The unknown soldier

SOURCE: Live in Frankfurt, W/Germany, September 14th, 1968. First show, complete.

FIRST PRESSING Cover: deluxe black and white cover with 4 live Morrison photos

Label: dark blue label with silver writing: Tangie Town Records, THE WASPS, 1010812A(and B), 25:45 (and 21:03), GEMA 331/3 RPM, The Night On Fire. Nonsense (but clever) songlist: The Other Side, Our Good Old Mama, The Man (!) Don't Know, Turn Out The Lights, Virginia (!) Swamps, Queen of the Angles(!), The Night On Fire, The War Is Over. Also a German round-text with the address of a pressing factory.

Matrix ST 1010 812 A (or B), printed.

Country: West Germany. Edition 3000 copies



SECOND PRESSING

Cover:same as 1st pressing
Label:same as 1st pressing
Matrix:same as 1st p.
Country:same;Edit. 1000 cop.

In a whole there were 4000 copies of this bootleg made. So it is one of the most widely distributed Doors bootlegs ever. There is no difference between the first and the second pressing. The second pressing was made entirely for the American market, according to a dealer who seemed to know more than I do. There was an Italian reprint last year with a different cover in a 500 limited edition. I haven't got the reprint but they say it was in coloured vinyl. There also was a 300 limited edition picture disc from Italy using a different photo but the same writing. Both reprints were

taken from the original Tangle Town release, and were pressed in much worse sound-quality. The Tangle Town release was also used for the Double CD package "Live in Europe", a pure rip-off, 'cos the soundquality is SO bad that they shouldn't have put it out on CD... Price of both pressings about 30 DM.

The second Tangle Town release came out only half a year later. It featured the last Doors concert with Jim Morrison in Europe at the Isle Of Wight Popfestival in 1970. In NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE you can't read many good things about this concert, but I guess Sugerman/Hopkins didn't hear a tape of the performance but just recall some bad press reviews. In my opinion the concert was good, strong and powerful, including great instrumental solos (specially Manzarek) and Jim's whiskey-touched voice.

Although the record has got more than 58 minutes of music on it, it contains not the complete concert (read one of the early Quarterlies for more informations about the concert). On the front cover you can see a beautiful photo taken on a graveyard: a statue of a young girl, posing in a very relaxed bearing of her body and her eyes closed. Somehow the title of the album, FIRST FLASH OF EDEN, fits perfectly to the mood of this amazing photo. (I saw people running around the Père Lachaise with the cover to find this statue, but nobody knows where this photo was taken). Read THE DOORS and FIRST FLASH OF EDEN on the front cover, too. On the back-cover see a nice Morrison photo, which also was on the cover of the first paperback edition of THE LORDS AND THE NEW CREATURES. Read the album's order number 62002(TTR 9002), THE DOORS, LIVE AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT FESTIVAL 29. 8. 70 along with the song list on the back.

The album was taken from a previously released bootleg, untitled, which came out in Holland as a limited edition of 50 copies. I've never seen this inscrutable first copy, and I don't know anybody who has got a copy. Obviously FIRST FLASH OF EDEN was pressed from a tape copy of this unknown album (read more about this album in Part 1 of this series). The sound, however, is excellent mono, although Jim's voice sounds a bit scratched. Here are the facts:

FIRST FLASH OF EDEN Side one:Backdoor Man
Break on through
When the music's over
Ship of fools

Side two:Light my fire
The End/Crossroads/
Lament of the Indian/
The End (Medley)

SOURCE: Live at the Isle of Wight Popfestival, UK, August 29th, 1970.

THE DOORS
FIRST FLASH OF EDEN



FIRST
(and only)PRESSING

(April 1982)

Cover: Photo of an unknown statue on a cemetery. Writing THE DOORS FIRST FLASH OF EDEN on the front.
Back: Jim Morrison photo with beard (pics in black and white.). Writing: 62002 (TTR 9002) THE DOORS; LIVE AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT FESTIVAL 29.8.70. jim morrison t ; along with the track list of side one and two. On the bottom right: Tangie Town Records Ltd. A so-called "Deluxe cover".
Label: Dark blue label with silver writing. German roundtext.
"TTR Tangie Town Records Ltd" Logo. THE DIRTY VOICES Best. Nr. 02823 ST 33 Seite 1 (or 2). Live im JZ Wuppertal.
"Hidden Doors tracks": Pork and Beans, Country in your eyes, Persian Nights, Better climb on board, A funeral pyre, Limitless and free (along with the actual running time of the tracks. Son
Matrix: ST 02823 A (or B) . Song separation. Mono.
Country: West Germany. Edition: 3000 copies.

This legendary bootleg is completely sold out, and collectors keep their copies. So it is almost impossible to find a copy of the original today. If you do you have to pay more than 60 DM for it. But beware of reprints: There was a (nice) Italian picture disc of the same record, but with a different photo and a horrible sound. Of course the reprint was taken from the original, obviously from a scratched copy. There's the same bad sound on a limited 200 copy edition in coloured vinyl, also from Italy. Which sums up the question: bootleggers of the world unite and swap your original tapes, to get the fans the best available soundquality.

Both Tangie Town originals were also included in a limited (30 copies, numbered!) box set called THE DOORS - A GREAT (THREE) SET, with a nice one colour photo of Jim Morrison on front. The box also included the third Tangie Town bootleg ROCK IS DEAD, about which I'm gonna give you all possible information in DOORS QUARTERLY No 21...

ROBBY KRIEGER INTERVIEW ☆

BY RAINER MODDEMANN
with a little help from Arno Bednorz.
Los Angeles, June 1988

PART TWO (continues from DOORS QUARTERLY 19)

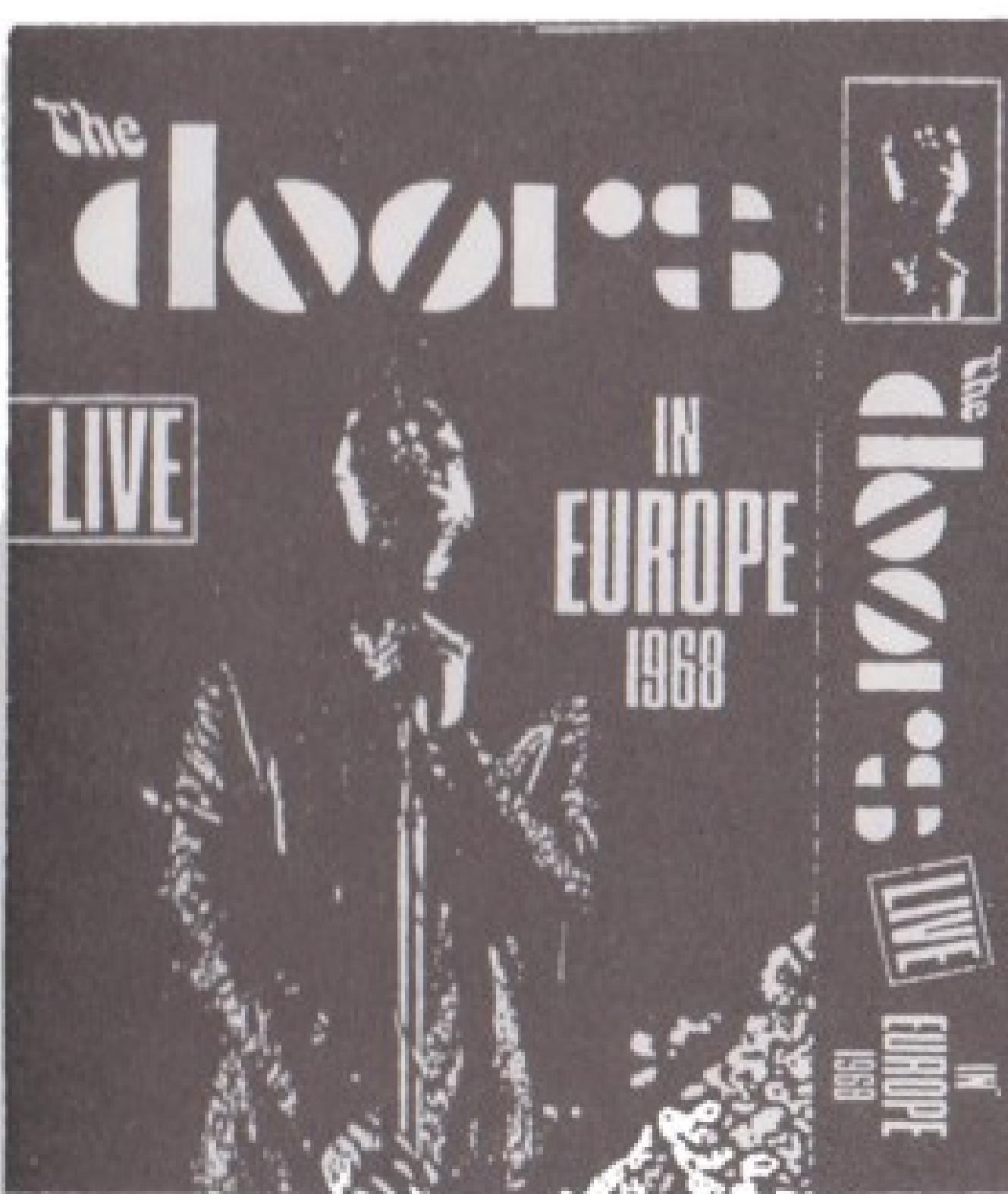
- Rainer Did you ever play with Rick and the Ravens?
Robby No I never did. I sat in sometimes. John played with them.
Rainer The first demo record of the Doors ... you didn't play on this , right?
Robby No, I'm not. I didn't play on the first Doors demo. I wasn't in the group then.
Rainer Which songs were the first that you ever recorded for the first Doors album?
Robby Ahm, for the first Doors LP? Well, first we ever recorded was Indian Summer.
Rainer Surprise, surprise! Indian Summer?
Robby Yeah. Indian Summer was the song that came out on the fifth album "Morrison Hotel". But that was actually the first song we ever recorded.
Rainer You used the same recording for "Morrison Hotel" ?
Robby Yeah, same one. You know, we peped it up a little bit. And then the second thing we did was "Moonlight Drive". You know, not the version you hear on the "Strange Days" album. But in fact it got lost, stupidly, that was a good version which I wish we could put out, but somebody lost it!
Rainer Light my fire was your song ...
Robby Yeah!
Rainer ... but I also read that Jim helped you with some lyrics.
Robby Right.

Rainer Which one?
Robby (smiles) The one about the "funeral pyre". (laughs)
Rainer Oh, that one...
Robby Yeah, that verse is Jim's.
Rainer But it is definitely your song?
Robby That's right.
Rainer You started using synthesizers on the second LP, changing the sound of Jim's voice. Did you also change the sound of your guitar with a synthesizer?
Robby No, not really. Not the guitar. At the time all they had was the Moog, you know, and they could use it on the keyboards and on voices and acoustic guitars...
Rainer Do you remember which instrument Ray Manzarek plays on "Love me two times"? Was it a harpsichord?
Robby Yeah, it was a real harpsichord.
Rainer And "Unhappy Girl" had a backwards piano...
Robby Yeah, it was actually organ and piano played backwards.
Rainer Do you remember the recording of "When the music's over"?
Robby Sure!
Rainer Someone said it was recorded like first the music and then Jim's voice. Is that true? It sounds so perfect...
Robby (laughs) Yeah, I know. When we used to do it, we knew sort of where he was gonna sing, so :Let's kinda do it that way. The day it was supposed to be recorded he was on an acid trip somewhere and he never showed up to the studio. So we recorded the music before, and when he finally came we needed only one vocal recording, then it was perfect.
Arno Is there any Doors song you really don't like?
Robby A Doors song I don't like? Ahm, I think "My Wild Love" is one of my least favourites.
Rainer A weird song...
Robby Yeah, yeah (mumbles).
Arno How did that come to be recorded?
Robby I don't know. We sort of needed an extra song or something (laughs)...
Arno So everybody joined in...
Robby Yeah. We were looking through Jim's poetry and, you know, here's one, let's make a song out of it.
Rainer There's a little interesting thing I noticed listening to your records. On the live recordings you always played your solo in A minor or B minor. But the studio version is half a tone lower.
Robby Which song?
Rainer Light my fire.
Robby On Light my Fire it's half a tone lower?
Rainer Yes it is!
Robby That's hard! Maybe...hmmm...
Rainer Well, the first LP version is half a tone lower, same as the live versions, but on the 7" version it's A minor as well.
Robby Wait. On the original LP it is in A flat or something?
Rainer Yeah.
Robby It's weird. We must... ah...I think they slowed it down. I always thought it sounded pretty slow (laughs). Impossible! Are you sure about that?
Rainer Yeah (laughs).
Robby That's weird. I have to check that out (laughs).
Rainer Why didn't you use the studio version of "The Celebration Of The Lizard"?
Robby Is it so different from the Absolutely Live version?
Robby Ahm, no, it's not that much different, but...
Rainer In "No one here gets out alive" I read that it was 25 minutes long...

- Robby Well, parts of it were used, yeah, but parts of the live version were improvised, you know, so it's not the same.
Rainer I hope it will be published some day.
Robby I really don't remember why we didn't use it, you know, I guess we used the good part of it, you know, the other parts we thought were not good.
Arno But the original tape is still available?
Robby I really don't know, I haven't checked on that.
Rainer Is "Not to touch the earth" from the "Waiting for the sun" album an outtake of the studio version or was it an extra recording?
Robby Well, that was recorded separately. But it was meant to go in there. But it was recorded in one piece.
Rainer "Wintertime Love", "Spanish Caravan" and "Yes, the river knows" were written by you?
Robby Yeah.
Rainer One of my favourite Doors songs is "Yes, the river knows", such a good-mood song.
Robby Yeah, thanks!
Rainer Where did you get the inspiration from?
Robby Aah... at that time I was ... oh, it was one of the first songs I've ever written. I was trying to keep my... you know... I was trying to learn from Jim, you know, keeping the subjects on a broadling scale; so "Light my fire": Fire, air, earth and water; so water: "Yes, the river knows".
Rainer The sessions for "Waiting for the sun" took very long for the album, but when was the song with the same name recorded?
Robby Oh, that was recorded earlier - or later? Either later or earlier. That came out on "Morrison Hotel", actually. I don't know why we didn't put it out on the third album.
Rainer Who's idea was it to use strings and horns and stuff like that for "The Soft Parade"?
Robby Rothchild.
Arno So he was a kind of George Martin for you?
Robby (laughs) For that album he was. It was kinda stupid I thought 'cos The Beatles did it, and we had to do it...
Arno Did you ever meet The Beatles?
Robby No, just George.
Arno We heard a story that Jim Morrison was in the studio with them when they recorded the White Beatles double album, and he joined them...
Rainer ... yeah, on "Happiness is a warm gun".
Robby Hmm, that's possible, but... ah, he met some of them in London I know, when I wasn't around or something. But I only met George.
Rainer At the end of "Touch Me" you hear the sentence "Stronger than dirt". Was this from the Ajax ad?
Robby (laughs) Yeah! I don't know who's idea was that but there was the chorus (sings) da da da dap, and somebody said 'Hey that sounds like Ajax,' and we started saying that, you know.
Rainer Do you remember the studio where "Morrison Hotel" was recorded?
Robby Yeah, it was in the Elektra studio, not in Sunset, which was for the first and second album, and the fourth and fifth at Elektra's.
Rainer What is a 'Peace Frog'?
Robby Well, what's a 'Peace Frog'...?
Rainer Was it a military button or something?
Robby Well, that's possible. I never really asked Jim about it. I think it was because of the guitar sound (sings) de-de-dep..., which sounded like a croaking frog's "quak-quak".
Arno Maybe he wanted to change the subject, because of a dove or a pigeon?
Robby Aah, it's possible...
Arno Sometimes poets try to say something...

Robby I never asked Jim about his meanings or his stuff, you know, because he never answered, you know.
Arno But I think for me personally you and Jim were the closest friends, is that true?
Robby I think so, yeah.
Arno Just look at the credits...
Robby Yeah, we wrote a lot of stuff when he stayed at my house, you know, together.
Arno When did you meet him for the first time?
Robby Well, he was not that crazy one when I first met him, you know, but the first time we played together he seemed a little out there, you know, 'cos after the session I remember he and this other guy got into this big fight, you know, over nothing!
Arno What fight? About poetry?
Robby I think it was about a drug deal actually (laughs), a drug deal gone sour (laughs).
Rainer Did you take any care of the production of the "Absolutely Live" album? It was cut together from so many bits and pieces of songs and concerts.
Robby Yeah, we all sat there for weeks and weeks and we listened to every little thing, so: this verse from this concert, this version of...
Arno Just only sentences or words cut out. Technically it was a very good work.
Robby Rothchild is famous for that, you know (laughs). Like the Paul Butterfield album, the first one. It sounds like it's a live album, but the whole studio was filled with tippies of tapes hanging up on hooks (laughs), one piece after another.
Arno I missed that a little bit on "Alive She Cried". With that you haven't got the feeling that it's a concert...
Robby Yeah, yeah, that's true.
Arno So everybody expected maybe a kind of a double record, but I guess there must be some more recordings left in stock?
Robby Not many, not much!
Rainer Did you always play your Gibson SG in concerts?
Robby Yeah, the red one. The black one was for slide, and it was a Les Paul.
Rainer Are those the same guitars you used in the studio?
Robby Ah, yes.
Rainer What kind of strings did you use?
Robby In those days I used "Super Slimkies", 9 to 36, and then I moved to 10's. But in The Doors I always used the 9's, the lighter ones, 'cos I never used a pick in those days.

READ PART 3 OF THIS EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW IN THE DOORS QUARTERLY 21.



NEW DOORS HOME VIDEO "THE DOORS IN EUROPE" soon to be released!

Now it was time to search through the archives, because of the lack of full length European concerts on film it was quite hard for the group to put an one hour long video together, which covers the European tour 1968. Just a few films survived: the Granada production THE DOORS ARE OPEN from London, half an hour TV performance in a Danish TV studio, and some little footage from Frankfurt, West Germany. Of course this wasn't enough for an exciting video, so they looked through the archives for more footage to fit. Cut together, the unknown footage for heavy Doors collectors (like me)

sums up to less than 6 minutes of "rare" stuff! A serious Doors collector of course has got more than 50 minutes of the new video in his collection! Those 50 minutes were distributed per bootleg video in the past, and although on this video it has got a much better quality, it is cut into tiny little pieces, very clever indeed. It needs a close watch to differ between the performances and to realize, that the producers used a lot of US-footage, obviously left over from "A Feast Of Friends".... The video was obviously aimed at newer fans, and I found Grace Slick and Paul Kantner introducing the kids to the 60's psychedelic times just as a teacher would do it at school. I also thought that too much time was taken up by them, why is there no Doors interview? Ray Manzarek could have done the job much better, I think. Sure in those days almost all footage was filmed in black and white. But, guys, I got you the Frankfurt "Hello I Love You" in colour! And to my knowledge this was the only video of the European tour which was taped in colour (except some Roundhouse clips I've also seen in colour of "When the music's over"); why is it featured in THE DOORS IN EUROPE in black and white???

Anyway, I suppose that for younger Doors fans who haven't seen "Roundhouse", "Copenhagen" etc. the video is marvellous, and the unseen clips are worth so much more than any of my criticism (where are the credits for me?). And it was so nice to see some of the footage that was taped on July 3rd 1981 in Paris at Jim's grave (I've seen myself, wife and a few friends in there), and the edit of this part of the video is simply beautiful and clever, and in some ways "Whiskey Bar" from the Copenhagen video fits perfectly.

The video is an hour long, fully packed with good footage (unfortunately interrupted by Slick/Kantner) and exciting live songs. And it lights the European Doors-fire again, even after 21 years!

In favour of THE DOORS IN EUROPE, the group is still holding back the release of THE SOFT PARADE-AN ANTHOLOGY, which should have been out by now due to the first rumours. For promotion, Danny Sugerman is carrying around with him a "Roadhouse Blues" promotion film, and shows this during his TV interviews for his new book. Unfortunately "Roadhouse Blues" is not in THE DOORS IN EUROPE...

Rainer Moddemann





ROBBY KRIEGER IN KREFELD

MORRISON

