

BOB DYLAN

QUARTERLY 1



# THE DOORS QUARTERLY

is a magazine for members of  
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Hi, Doors Fans!

Hier ist also die erste Ausgabe  
vom Doors Quarterly. Da es diesmal  
viele neue Sachen von und über  
den/die Doors gibt, mußten ge-  
plante Artikel auf die nächste  
Ausgabe verlegt werden. Trotzdem  
darf man wohl bemerken, daß das  
DOORS QUARTERLY randvoll mit in-  
teressanten news und Fotos ist.  
Doch stöbert selbst.

Ich möchte noch auf die Beilagen  
hinweisen, die diesem Heft beige-  
fügt sind: Das Foto vom ICA- Inter-  
view, unsere Angebotsliste mit  
Platten und Büchern sowie ein  
Werbeblatt unserer Freunde vom  
Kinks-Fanclub, die dasselbe für  
uns tun. Wenn Ihr einen Kinksfan  
kennt, laßt das Blatt ihm zu-  
kommen.

Eine ständige Rubrik im Quarterly  
sollen die Leserbriefe werden, die  
in Zukunft an dieser Stelle stehen.  
Denkt dran, daß Ihr Artikel, Plat-  
tenkritiken, eigene Fotos, Anregun-  
gen oder auch Gedichte und Zeich-  
nungen an uns schicken könnt.  
Macht auch ausländische Fans auf  
den Club aufmerksam, fordert TV  
und Radiosender auf, endlich mehr  
über die Doors zu bringen. Einige  
Clubmitglieder wie Uli Heumann,  
Jürgen Willhauk, Heinz Gerstenmeyer  
oder Stefan Krebser sind darin  
schon Profis. Merkwürdig: WEA in  
Hamburg scheint kein Interesse zu  
haben, Fanclubs zu promoten oder  
mit Material zu versorgen, obwohl  
wir doch kostenlose Werbung für  
ihre Gruppen machen, wovon dann  
finanziell nicht nur die Inter-  
preten, sondern auch der Platten-  
firmaapparat profitiert. Man ist  
dort wohl etwas träge...

Nun, Jim Morrisons Lieblingsre-  
zept zu Weihnachten kennen wir  
nicht, würden wir auch für un-  
wichtig halten, er aß aber sehr  
gerne gebratene Hühnchenleber mit  
Zwiebeln (Tatsache!), aber das ist  
ja wohl auch uninteressant, oder?

There will never be another one...



Grüße

*Rainer*

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# TA TALK K about DOORS

- ... a nice version of "Riders on the storm" was published by Annabel Lamb, ex Jazz singer from England, on a 45, and a special dub-version is on the same-titled Maxi-Single. Ray Manzarek plays the electric piano on this track...
- ... Robby Krieger produces some New Wave Bands like The Humans, Red Shift, Fun With Animals and The Willys. He is also on tour with Red Shift and sometimes he plays on stage with Blue Oyster Cult...
- ... John Densmore actually acts in a movie, a parody on the 60's Rockmusic...
- ... quite a lot of DOORS Revival Bands on stage in the USA. You should go and see "Strange Daze", "Soft Parade", "Crystal Ship" "The Backdoors" and so on ...
- ... Robby is also doing gigs around L.A. with a group called "Helena Springs"...
- ... one of the best L.A. bands called "X" has just released their fourth album called "More fun in the new world", again produced by Ray Manzarek. He also works with "The Zipper"...
- ... a new video with "Love me two times" was released as an official promotion filmclip. Taped in Copenhagen 1968, it shows in addition filmclips from the San Jose concert and from "Feast of Friends" and lots of unpublished Morrison photos. Turn on your videorecorder, Doors people!...
- ... "Break on through" has been chosen for the No. One Psychedelic Song of all times, way before The Beatles' "Strawberry Fields Forever" "Lucy in the sky with diamonds", Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit" and the Stones' "2000 Light years from home"...
- ... at a Adam and the Ants concert in L.A. Robby Krieger suddenly went on stage during one song called "Hello I love you" and taught the guitarist how to play it...
- ... one song of the Demo acetat (3 existing copies in the world) from 1965 with Manzarek, Densmore and Morrison was published by White Rabbit Records, Upper Downey St., San Francisco. The song is called "Go Insane" and it is an early segment from "Celebration of the Lizard" starting with "Once I had a little game..." Very good mono version with some crackles, but much better as on the bootleg album "Celebration"... The LP is titled "Mindblowers Vol 1". More is about to come. Remember, this is no bootleg!...
- ... German Television Station WDR is planning a feature on dead rockstars. Jim is definitely going to be in there with rare filmclips. The guy who works on that told me on the phone that he is a long-time Doors Fan. We'll see...
- ... CBS Television did filmclips on the Pere Lachaise for an US TV feature...
- ... Craig Kee Strete earns a lot of money with his "Burn Down The Night" fiction about himself and Jim Morrison. In former times he called that book "Two spies in the house of love", in Germany it is titled "Uns verbrennt die Nacht", the Dutch version has got the title "Twee Spionnen in het Huis van de Liefde" (thanks, Ad!)
- ... an interview with Craig Strete will be in DOORS QUARTERLY No.2 ...
- ... a nice poetry book with songtexts and articles from Sweden is called "Jim Morrison: Erotisk Politik" (thanks, Goeran)...



# L FOR LEATHER LIZARD

New Musical Express 29th October, 1983

## THE DOORS

### Alive, She Cried (Elektra)

a. THE ONLY way to read a review of The Doors is to dance along with it, or better still, drink along with it.

b. This record may not be called 'The Escaped Cock' and it may have the kind of title that reflects Jim Morrison's adult desire for life to be daily started in a new spirit, but we shouldn't forget that as well as Morrison having this formidable, spoilt dream of freedom he was also incredibly funny. As funny, as R. Meltzer said, as a fish. The fish, P. Morley says, that Morrison drank like

c. Morrison is the kind of entertainer that gives rock'n'roll a good name: he couldn't accept foolish dreariness. "We are talking about the whole life of mankind. The subject is too great, too deep for weakness or cowardice." Morrison's songs with The Doors were not perfect miracles of living form and sensual lunacy, but here he works, woo and wank his abandoned slaying way through the seven snaps and snaps on this ridiculously cheering LP, driven by demons real or otherwise, feeling that he could go unprotected, alert in all his senses as an animal, delighted by the chase, and you'll know that there lies no greater sensualist, no more vital and free a rock entertainer. Desires multiply, discontent rages, the decisive encounters are evoked. When we hear The Doors are we listening to the noise of time? Why not? 'Alive, She Cried' eases out of the past as a reminder that it's no use feebly noting that the surfaces of life look stable enough: underneath, massive and dizzying changes are at work that undermine our bearings. A reminder whether today's babies are S. hits types or Brat Cave downs they are just adding two and two together — and making four, the bland bleeders — or tying themselves down on a bed of onionskins, but Morrison with The Doors was, comically and sanctimoniously restricting time, WASTING time, in the ways of an Art Rimbaud or a Charles Parker. Morrison with The Doors took time to the cleaners, had no time for the ugly imperialism of any absolute, got ideas into his head and let them stay there for a while and then ruined the pattern. And the music, the screams and the obsessions, the suction power and the conversation, the stops, goes, greens and blues on this record are not from yesterday but a past that should be with us in the future. And it's a reminder — even Morrison's quasi-spontaneous hokum sounds good to me and it's a spit of gob in the face of today's baby language. Morrison may not have been toilet trained, but at least he got agitated and depressed and didn't try to hide it.

d. Is For The Doors.

e. Is For Ego

f. Is For Fuck

g. Is For 'Gloria' — the version on this record is from some 1969 soundcheck, and it's right there in the ritual cloud between pop gossip and the gospel truth, here patient, there struck by lightning. From the patience of prayer to the lightning strikes of frustration. 'Alive, She Cried' is, for want of something better to say, to the double live 'Absolutely Live' what 'Live At Max's Kansas City' is to '1969' — a lean and pleasant and dwindling echo of certain proposals (and withdrawals, telling us that no one sound is final, that the main action will never begin, kind of casual and distracted yet massaging into our lives the solemn point that reason is the rust of

our vitality. Open your coat, Jim, and let the son of Zeus spring upon you.

h. Hey, after 'Gloria' there's 'Light My Fire', 'You Make Me Real', 'Texas Radio And The Big Beat', 'Love Me Two Times', 'Little Red Rooster', 'Moonlight Drive'... no song that appeared on 'Absolutely Live'... there's some story about how all these live versions were found but I can't bore you with the details and ruin your drinking and dancing as you sway through this review... just remember that if, say, Spandau Ballet drink like Mike Baldwins, Jim Morrison drank like Malcolm Lowry. I think this says a lot about the dull, contented and moderately corrupt rock'n'roll

that sprays for you today. Today's rock'n'roll, whether it's The Alarm or Sex Gang Children, is a terrible mixture of blandness, pomposity and cosiness: with The Doors you're at the foot of the cross and hearing a defense of the right to believe.

i. And the traditionalist right: the rebel does flounder, he is a fool, he does take pride in his ignorance, make a virtue of chaos and disruption, and suppose that he is less a hypocrite for being vulgar, he admires spontaneity and despises effort, thinks sincerity will substitute for skill, allows heat to consume patience, and imagines that his simple presence



Jim the Adored. Pic Chris Walter



on the world is cause enough for rejoicing — he need only be and the world will be a better place. Yet the rebel is right, too. A style can strangle. J. is For Joy Division. K. is for K.

[ These days few LPs are forgivable left alone likeable, which is a reminder of today's lack of direction, lack of intelligence, lack of belonging, lack of wonder. . . For all their imperfections — see how easy it is to play tricks with the mind when you're reviewing an LP — The Doors on this gravely groovy LP illuminate what is missing from today's rock and roll. What's missing? Oh, mystery, energy, obscenity, hatred, power, knowledge, a sense of mastering one's inadequacies and emotions, a sense of controlling oneself, wrestling for an attitude, struggling for orientation, battling with time. This LP is the reminder: how ORDINARY everything is today. We're talking or even shouting about loss of nerve . . . the nerve that makes everything, criticism or reason or adulthood, pale before the energy that it creates for itself. A nerve that wets the tongue in the cheek, or that ignites

the special impudence, that fires the music, poor or powerful, with an unmistakable belief in its own existence — it seems to know, to the very last knowledge, what it's about. This isn't something to take for granted. In a world crowded by semi-literates it's become a nonsense to talk of trickery, perversion, hidden motives, to talk of defying time, destiny, to talk of a victory over impermanence, relativity and history, but The Doors remind us that it is much more delightful to be caught naive, stupid and messy but struggling and moving than it is to allow surrender and a paralysis of any type of criticism. It is better to be comic than correct. Better to be opaque than ordinary. Lifeless and loveless our surroundings may be, but hearing The Doors open up on even such a dubious record you know that strength and encouragement will always emerge from the confused rock and roll arrangement. Measure that.

m. Remind yourself.

Paul Morley



## Die öffentliche Meinung über Jim Morrison

VON STEFAN KREISER

Schon sehr oft habe ich mit Menschen über die Musikgeschichte und über das Musikgeschehen gesprochen. Dabei stelle ich immer die Frage, ob ihnen die Doors bekannt sind, oder deren Leadsänger Jim Morrison. Meistens, oder sagen wir besser, zu 70% aller Befragten antworten mit: " NEIN ! ". Aber wenn jemand schon etwas über Morrison weiß, tja dann kommen da ganz böse Dinge zum Vorschein — unglaublich. Da frage ich die Leute, was sie denn wissen über Jim Morrison. " Ach ", sagen sie, " das ist ein blöder Fixer, Säufer und obendrein ist er noch schwul! Hau' mir bloß mit einem solchen Idioten ab! " Aber mehr nicht. So tönt es vielfach. Es wird auch gesagt, Jim sei gemein und gesetzeslos gewesen. Manche " wissen " sogar, daß er auf der Bühne die Hosen runtergelassen habe! Aber mehr nicht. Das negative weiß man immer zuerst. Vom positiven ist nie die Rede! An dieser Stelle möchte ich sagen, daß wir einander alle beistehen müssen, zusammenhalten, damit solchen " Aussagen " ein Ende bereitet wird. Ich möchte einmal den Vorwurf, Jim sei ein Fixer, genauer anschauen. Er hat sicherlich viel Drogen konsumiert, wie Haschisch, LSD, Marihuana, Transquilizer u.s.w., aber Heroin hat er nie gespritzt, dessen bin ich mir sicher. Er hatte große Angst vor scharfen Gegenständen und spitzen Sachen (Spritzen hat er als Kind schon immer abgewehrt). Und ich glaube, wenn Jim Heroin gespritzt hätte, wäre dies nicht unbekannt geblieben. Mit größter Wahrscheinlichkeit hätte das die Presse irgendwie aufgeschnappt und es wäre an die Öffentlichkeit geraten! Was auf geheimnisvolle Weise an die Öffentlichkeit geriet, war: Jim hätte was mit Schwulen! Dazu ist zu sagen, daß Jim etliche Frauengeschichten hatte. Als er dann aber einmal von zwei Homosexuellen vor sein Auto gedrängt und angepöbelt wurde, wehrte er sie heftig ab und fuhr weg! Was mich aber am meisten ärgert und zu tiefen Gedankengängen veranlaßt, ist die Behauptung, Jim Morrison hätte sich auf der Bühne entblößt!

Dazu möchte ich folgende Erklärung abgeben: Es ist zu berücksichtigen, daß der ganze Gerichtsprozeß sehr düster und düstig ablief. Jim wurde in vier Punkten angeklagt: Trunkenheit in der Öffentlichkeit, lästerliches Reden, unzuchtiges Verhalten und Entblößung. Schuldig befand man ihn bei den lästerlichen Reden (Beweis waren Tonbandaufnahmen), obwohl das auch nicht unbedingt lästerlich ist; weiter schuldig gesprochen wurde er der Entblößung (Beweis: Keine). Unschuldig war er beim unzuchtigen Verhalten (es gab keine Beweisfotos) und der Trunkenheit in der Öffentlichkeit (er sagte aber, als man ihn nach der Entblößung fragte, er sei zu betrunken gewesen, um es noch zu wissen!). Und ausgerechnet in diesem Punkt der Anklage sprach man Jim frei . . . , also, zu einem solchen Entscheid fehlen mir die Worte! Noch etwas ist da, denn die Zeugen widerriefen ihre Aussagen ständig. Und da ist noch der Richter. Dieser stand kurz vor den Wahlen und da kommt man in der Öffentlichkeit gut an, wenn man den " obszönen " Sänger der Doors, Jim Morrison, verurteilt! Die Öffentlichkeit mochte Jim nicht wegen seiner Bühnenschaus und seinem Verhalten. Jim war aber nicht primitiv und dumm. Er machte z.B. Filme, ging an Universitäten zur Schule und hatte einen Intelligenzquotienten von 149!

Ihr seht, so ungefähr habe ich mich zu verteidigen (ich weiß nicht, wie ich es anders machen soll), aber trotzdem sind solche Gerüchte und Meinungen nicht verschwunden. Also, auf, halten wir zusammen!

MERRY X-MAS AND A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR 1984 TO ALL FAN CLUB MEMBERS !  
SCHÖNE FEIERTAGE UND EIN PRIMA 1984 ALLEN UNSEREN FAN CLUB MEMBERS !





## JIM MORRISON – LEBENDIG UND GESUND

von Jerry Hopkins

Der Anrufer fragte: „Wollen Sie ein R-Gespräch mit Jim Morrison entgegennehmen?“ Ich war mir nicht ganz sicher, was ich erwidern sollte. Soweit mir bekannt war, sollte Mr. Morrison seit einiger Zeit tot sein. Es war der dritte Anruf dieser Art innerhalb von nur drei Monaten. Schließlich zuckte ich mit den Achseln und antwortete: „Warum, zum Teufel, eigentlich nicht?“ Es war ein interessantes Gespräch, aber es war nicht Jim, zumindest nicht der Jim, an den ich dachte.

Als Co-Autor seiner Biographie *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, habe ich mich an Anrufe und Briefe von Fans gewöhnt, die wissen wollen, ob Morrison wirklich tot ist.

Tatsächlich behaupten viele dieser Leute, daß sie Morrison sind. Sein Leben stellvertretend durch das eines Fremden zu leben, ist die eine Sache, sofortige Reinkarnation eine andere.

Was erstaunlich bleibt, ist die Tatsache, wie viele Menschen willens sind, an solche Behauptungen zu glauben. Wann immer die drei überlebenden Doors-Mitglieder nach Jims tragischen Ableben im Sommer '71 auftraten, nahmen ihre Konzerte die Atmosphäre einer Verherrlichung an. Viele im Publikum glaubten ernsthaft, daß Morrison jeden Augenblick erscheinen und das Mikro packen würde. Manchmal unterstützte Ray Manzarek diese Erwartungshaltung, indem er nach Jim rief oder bekanntgab, daß Morrison irgendwo in der Halle sei.

Man erinnere sich ferner an die Single von „The Phantom“. „Das muß Jim gewesen sein!“ sagten die Fans voller Inbrunst.

Ich glaube durch das Buch für Dinge dieser Art mitverantwortlich zu sein. Das letzte Kapitel unseres Buches, das die Umstände seines Ablebens zum Inhalt hat, ist in mancher Hinsicht zu zweideutig. Wie dem auch sei: Ich übernehme dennoch keinerlei Verantwortung für irgendeinen dieser wiederauferstandenen „Lizard Kings“, die ich entweder getroffen oder von denen ich während der letzten Jahre gehört habe. Der erste den ich traf, war ein Stutzer. Er tauchte kurz nach der Meldung über Morrisons Tod in San Francisco auf und begann, Schecks auf dessen Namen auszustellen. Er schrieb keine ungedeckten Schecks aus, von wegen, es war sein Geld, das er spendete. Er kleidete sich so, wie es Jim während seiner „Leder-Periode“ getan hatte, und er erzählte jedem, daß er der leibhaftige Doors-Sänger sei. Unsere verschiedentlichen Unterhaltungen waren verwirrend. Er erzählte mir, daß er nach Paris gehen wolle, um Morrisons Grab öffnen zu lassen. Das würde laut seinen Angaben beweisen, daß sich kein Mensch darin befindet. Um dies durchzuführen, würde er allerdings die Erlaubnis von 12 katholischen Kardinälen benötigen. Diese läge, wie könnte es anders sein, jedoch nicht vor. Ein Besuch bei ihm zu Hause war in gewisser Weise unangenehm berührend. Das Ende eines langen Raumes war von ihm in einen Morrison-Schrein umgewandelt worden. Poster, frische Blumen, religiöse Ikonen standen genauso herum wie sämtliche Platten und Bücher des Verstorbenen.

Mittlerweile sind wenigstens zwei weitere Jim Morrisons aufgetaucht und leben munter in Louisiana. Ich weiß nicht, warum sich ausgerechnet so viele von diesen Wiederauferstandenen in diesem Staat aufhalten.

Vielleicht deshalb, weil der letzte Auftritt der Doors in New Orleans stattfand. Es war eines dieser Konzerte, in dem Morrison versuchte, die Bühnenbretter regelrecht totzuschlagen. Der erste dieser drei Morrisons schrieb und veröffentlichte ein Buch, das mit folgenden Worten begann:

„Dies ist die Geschichte der irdischen Wiedererscheinung eines toten Hollywood-Rockstars in Gestalt eines freundlichen Louisiana-Bankiers.“ Die 200 Seiten Prosa, die danach folgen, wurden von einem der wenigen Buchrezensenten als „entweder vor der Geburt geschrieben oder als post — Quale“ bezeichnet. Nichtsdestotrotz wurden mehrere tausend Exemplare des Buches verkauft, zum Teil per Direktbestellung und Nachnahme.

Ein anderer Jim Morrison wurde Gerüchten zufolge von jemandem gesichtet, der mir kürzlich über ein Erlebnis schrieb, das seinen Angaben zufolge 1978 stattfand. Ein guter Freund von ihm, namens Larry, hatte seinerzeit nicht ganz unberechtigte Hoffnungen, als Rockmusiker erfolgreich zu werden. Er gab diese Ambitionen allerdings auf, nachdem er einen Mann getroffen hatte, der in einem Haus, zusammen mit einer ganzen Horde kleiner, ständig nackter Kinder lebte.

„Ich erinnere mich, wie mir Larry erzählte, daß eine ganze Wand eines Raumes mit Büchern zugestellt war“, schrieb er. „Jedes dieser Bücher hatte mit dem Teufel oder Satan zu tun. Er erzählte mir auch von einem großen, thronähnlichen Stuhl, auf dem dieser Mann zu sitzen pflegte, um seine herumlaufenden, nackten Kinder zu überwachen. Larry stieß auf eine Menge Briefe, die von großen Rockbands, wie Led Zeppelin oder Rush an ihn gerichtet waren. Larry bekam panische Angst und wollte um Gottes Willen so schnell wie möglich aus diesem Haus wieder herauskommen. Heute ist Larry einer der gläubigsten Christen, die ich kenne. Nach diesem Erlebnis beschloß er augenblicklich, sein Vorhaben, Rock'n Roll zu spielen, aufzugeben.“

Du wirst wahrscheinlich bereits erraten haben, wer dieser schrullige und seltsame alte Mann war: Jim Morrison, der Lizard King in all seiner Herrlichkeit natürlich.

Ein bei weitem noch bizarrer Jim Morrison wurde mir von einer Dame vorgestellt, die von sich behauptete, seine „kosmische Gefährtin“ zu sein. „Dieser Brief soll Dich wissen lassen“, schrieb sie, „daß Jim Morrison lebt. Inkognito, auf Staten Island, zusammen mit seiner kosmischen Gefährtin Rhea und dem vierjährigen Sohn Jesse James. Seine erstmalige Auferstehung war im Mai 1979. Jim hat sich in ein Stadium purer Energie verwandelt und kann sich materialisieren und wieder dematerialisieren. Jim und ich sind die ersten menschlichen Beispiele für kosmische Gefährtenneutralisation (ein geistiger wie physischer Prozeß). Wir sind Teil eines göttlichen Plans und stehen unter göttlicher Leitung. Jim und ich können telepathisch-elektromagnetisch miteinander kommunizieren. Du bist der erste, der von uns hört. Wir werden bald wieder mit Dir Kontakt aufnehmen und Dir einen Weg angeben, auf dem Du uns erreichen kannst, falls Du willst. Ich, Rhea, schreibe diesen Brief unter Jims Leitung. Ich bin seine Botschafterin.“ Rhea, Du kannst mich anrufen. Meine Nummer steht im Telefonbuch, aber bitte kein R-Gespräch! ■



## Jim Morrison's Got the Blues

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

LOS ANGELES—Jim Morrison and the Doors are back home in Hollywood and at work on an album—this time without producer Paul Rothchild, and this time featuring "blues," Morrison says, "Original blues, if there's such a thing."

Morrison, the ex-sex symbol of West Coast rock; the poet who called himself "Lizard King," is a convicted man, following a two-month trial in Florida for his alleged organ recital at a March, 1969 concert in Miami. He was found guilty of misdemeanors—indecent exposure and open profanity, and his case is on appeal—probably for an indefinite time. He's out on bail.

Jim Morrison, all of the above, is still a Door. He continues the transition from rock and roll to poetry and films. And he has aged. His face is still jungular, but now more lion-like than Tarzan, outlined as it is by comfortably long, dark hair and full, dark beard. And he's got the beginning of a beer belly. Qu—about his Miami case in the *ROLLING STONE* interview he did in July, 1969 and silent, still, during the trial, Morrison seemed eager to talk a bit when we ran into each other in Hollywood—to put the old days in proper perspective, to discuss the Doors, and to assess the whole Miami thing, in his own words.

Do you still consider yourself the "Lizard King"?

That was two years ago and even then it was kind of ironic. I meant it ironically . . . half tongue-in-cheek. It was an easy thing to pick up on. I just thought everyone knew it was ironic, but apparently they thought I was mad.

Do you think you'd be classified among the people who signify what some people insist is the "death of rock"?

Well, I was saying rock is dead years ago. What rock means to me is—for example, in one period 20 or 30 years ago, jazz was the kind of music people went to, and large crowds danced to, and moved around to. And then rock and roll replaced that, and then another generation came along and they called it rock. The new generation of kids will come along in a few years, swarm together, and have a new name for it. It'll be the kind of music that people like to go out and get it on to.

But back 20, 30 years ago the music didn't become a symbol of a whole new culture or subculture.

But, you know, each generation wants new symbols, new people, new names—they want to divorce themselves from the preceding generation; they won't call it rock . . . Don't you see a cyclical thing every five or ten years, when everyone comes together and swarms and breaks apart . . . When you think of rock it's not mind music. I mean, if you couldn't understand the words, there'd still be everything there to react to.

How about Miami? Will that whole thing affect whether you'll play any more concerts?

I think that was the culmination, in a way, of our mass performing career. Subconsciously, I think I was trying to get across in that concert—I was trying to reduce it to absurdity, and it worked too well.

When did it stop getting to be fun?

I think there's a certain moment when you're right in time with your audience and then you both grow out of it and and you both have to realize it; it's not that you're outgrown your audience; it has to go on to something else.

You see blues fitting in with this?

No, it's just getting back to more of what we enjoy. What we actually personally enjoy. Not that we've ever not played music that we didn't like. When we were playing clubs, I'd say over half of what we did was blues, and we used our own material on records, but I think the most exciting things we did were basic blues. I like them mainly 'cause they're fun to sing.

We're using Elvis' bass player—his name is Jerry, damn it, I forget his last name—and for the first time we recorded it in our office where we rehearse, and the board's upstairs; we're using the engineer that we used on the other records—Bruce Botnick—but we're not using Paul Rothchild on this one. It was kind of mutual; just figured it was time . . . to take different roads.

What was your main interest in the Miami case, aside from your personal liberty?

You know, I was hoping—or I thought there might be a possibility of it becoming a major, ground-breaking kind of case, but it didn't turn out that way. It might have been one of the reasons why they dragged it out so long in order not to let enough momentum or sentiment build up in a short time, or a lot of attention focus on it. So it actually received very little national attention. But in a way I was kind of relieved, because as the case wore on, there were no great ideals at stake.

I thought it might become just a basic American issue involving freedom of speech and the right of anyone with a personal viewpoint to state their ideas in public and receive a hearing without legal pressure being put on them. In fact my lawyer made a speech part way through the trial in which he traced the origin of freedom of speech which goes side by side with the origin of drama, actually. The right of the dramatist or artist to state his views. It was a brilliant summary of that historical process, but it didn't have any effect on the outcome at all. The first amendment provides supposedly for the freedom of expression. There's a clause which states that any dramatic or public artistic performance comes under this amendment.

Basically the prosecution refused to listen to any testimony which would come under that clause. They were prosecuting totally on a criminal case. My defense counsel was prepared to put the whole case on the fact that even if this alleged event did occur, it did not violate contemporary community standards, and they were going to take the jury to see *Woodstock*, a lot of other films—and during the trial the production company of *HAIR* opened up in Miami, and they had obscenity and nudity on stage in it, and there were no restrictions on it as to the age of the audience, they let anybody in, but the judge anticipated that, and he threw out the proceedings.

But is that a really relevant parallel?

In *Hair*, say, that profanity and that alleged obscenity is planned as part of the act. Would you then have to testify that whatever acts you took were part of your act? Yours were spontaneous.

But it is a theatrical performance, nonetheless. It's not a political rally. We go on to a series of songs that everyone's familiar with. The people who come to the shows have the albums and I think they know basically what they're coming to see.

I suppose they could've had a point there, but they never even got into that.

What did they find you guilty of?

There were four charges—one was a felony which carried a three-year rap—for lascivious behavior including exposure. And three misdemeanors—one was on profanity; one was on—let's see—oh, public drunkenness, and the other was one which included the exposure charge. It was a separate one. So constitutionally, right there they were wrong. You're not supposed to be able to try a person on the same count twice. You could argue that anyway. That's probably one of the motions that we'll include in the appeal.

Why wasn't that argued in the very beginning? Couldn't you have called for a dismissal of the trial?

Yeah, we called for a dismissal a score of times, but they were all denied.

Another cause for argument was that there was no possible way I could have received a fair trial because of the climate of public opinion that had been stirred up for a year and a half—probably a newspaper story or a radio or TV story in Miami. We have a sheaf of clippings that takes up two files from all over the country. But one thing I was interested to observe: Everyday we would rush home to watch ourselves on TV; they couldn't film in the court room, but going and leaving they'd film it, and we'd hear the reporters' views of what happened. The first few days it was kinda the old-line policy, what people had been thinking for a year and a half, but as the trial wore on, the reporters themselves, from just talking to me and



the people involved in the case—the tone of the news articles—and even the papers—became a little more objective as each day went on.

*What's in the immediate future for the Doors? Any concerts?*

No, we're kind of off playing concerts; somehow no one enjoys the big places anymore, and to go into clubs more than just a night every now and then is kind of meaningless. I think we'll do a couple of albums and then everyone will probably get into their own thing; each guy in the band has certain projects that they want to do more independently. I heard that Robby would like one of his own, predominantly a guitar thing, and John has always been - basically he likes Jazz, and I would suspect he might produce and play in a jazz album. Robbie and

John a couple of years ago produced an album of some friends of theirs called *A Comfortable Chair*; they've both got an ear for producing.

*How about yourself? Do you have a film project?*

Ahhh . . . I guess that's what I've always wanted to do, even more than being in a band, was working in films. I'd like to write and direct a film of my own—there's one that's all in my head, but I have a film I made, which hasn't been seen very much, its called *Hiway*.

*Wasn't it shown up in Canada at a "Jim Morrison Film Festival?" How did it go over?*

The reports I got were that *Hiway* was very enthusiastically received.

*That wasn't the case in San Francisco at the film festival there . . .*

*Feast of Friends* was shown there a year or so ago with a lot of boos. I think they were reacting to personalities rather than film. *Hiway* was entered in the San Francisco Film Festival, but it was rejected, for whatever reason. It's a 15-minute film, 35 millimeter, and in color. I act in it and made it with some friends of mine. It's more poetic, more of an exercise for me, kind of a warm-up. There's no story in it. Just a hitchhiker who steals a car . . . we assume that, anyway . . . and drives into town and checks into a motel or something, and it just kind of ends like that.

HAVE YOU EVER  
BEEN IN  
INDONESIA????



Jürgen Willhauck aus  
Offenbach, Germany,  
bastelte diesen sehr  
originellen Sticker,  
leider gibt's die  
Marke nicht real in  
Indonesien...



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# The Krieger-Densmore Reggae Bonanza

This article is written by John Densmore himself about his experiences with Reggae music. You can find it on the backcover of a Maxi-Single called "The Krieger-Densmore Reggae Bonanza", which includes just two short Reggae songs: "Kinky Reggae" and "Get up stand up", both written by Bob Marley. Complete playing time for the whole record 6'47", less music for a high price, even John Densmore told me that this is a very rare record. The version of "Get up stand up" is the same as the one on Butts Band's "Hear and Now" album, what a pity. If you want to order it at a record shop, here it is: The Krieger-Densmore Reggae Bonanza Kinky Reggae b/w Get up Stand up Rhino Records RNTI 403

or write to RHINO RECORDS, 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, California 90404

It's your turn now, John!

## THE TRENCHTOWN EXPERIENCE

By  
John Densmore



DEDICATION: For Rita and C.B.

Bob Marley has been a year or so dead and there have been so few tributes to him on the radio that I've written this piece to honor his talent. Marley was a highly moral person with a spiritual vision. He was also the soul of reggae music. His influence is all over the radio. Elvis Costello, the Clash, Blondie, Men at Work, and the Police all have reggae influenced songs but the stations can't break their top 40 format and give a nod to the originator who inspired most of these musicians.

For me it all started back in the spring of '69 when "The Doors" started and finished a tour in Miami (all 20 following cities cancelled after our singer, Jim Morrison, allegedly exposed himself). Three of the four "Doors" went to nearby Jamaica for a week's vacation. I had no idea it was going to be the beginning of a permanent attraction to the music and culture of a tough, independent Caribbean island. An island you can drive around in four hours, but also an island that for 30 years has produced music which has had, directly or indirectly, a strong effect on the whole world.

While I was walking along a road on the north shore of Jamaica with Robby, our guitarist, the police pulled up and stopped. They asked us what we were doing, where we were from and why did we look like that. (The reference was to the length of our hair). We said we were on vacation, we were from Los Angeles, and everyone back home looked like us. (Well, everyone in Hollywood, anyway). They let us go with reluctance and we continued on our way to score some "ganja." Obviously dreadlocks hadn't surfaced on the island yet, "herb" had been there for years.

Jim was to bring his girlfriend, Pam, but they had a fight in L.A. so she never made it to Miami. They were going to stay at this old plantation house resting atop a tropical hill, complete with slavery vibes. Jim ended up staying there a few days alone before he joined Robby and me at our place. He said his short stay had been "spooky." He described sitting in the dining room at the end of a long table, eating, while the help sat in chairs along the walls, waiting to be called upon. The bedrooms had lace curtains over the beds to keep the bugs out. Pretty intense for a boy from Florida



Robby and I and our respective girlfriends had a big house with a cook, maid, butler and caretaker. At night we'd have chicken, peas and rice — a Jamaican specialty, and then the butler would bring out his 45's and his spliffs (marijuana joints). We were exposed to early ska music, a predecessor of reggae. "Tonight" by John Holt, was a favorite of everyone and we would play it ten or fifteen times in a row. The rhythm track had an infectious groove. The maid danced and she would look sooo cool. Her movements were very subtle, but I couldn't believe the rhythm in her body. Our caretaker, Tom, would crack a big smile, (no front teeth) and just snap his fingers. He was in the groove. As far as I could see, there wasn't any racial tension on the island, but we didn't get to Mo Bay (Montego Bay), let alone Kingston on this trip. Something must have been brewing though with the poverty level at about one million out-of-work blacks and only a handful of British whites still controlling the economy. Jamaica had gotten its freedom from England eight years before and you could tell that the locals preferred the Americans to the British, but a resentment of all tourists was soon to come.

Meanwhile, our manager called from L.A. and said that warrants had arrived for Jim's arrest. He'd been, incredibly, charged with lewd and lascivious behavior, simulating oral copulation and indecent exposure at the Miami concert. I couldn't believe the charges. Yes, Jim was drunk, but simulating oral copulation! They must be alluding to when Jim got down on his knees to get a closer look at Robby's fingers as he played guitar. Jim didn't play an instrument, so he was enamored with musicians. If he had whipped it out, why didn't they arrest Jim on the spot and why were the police so friendly after the concert? They were obviously trying to get Jim as an example of moral decay or it was some right-wing bullshit plot. Fucking politics.

Jim left Jamaica, but not before he talked Tom, the caretaker, into taking him to a voodoo ceremony. We had seen some sort of temple near Jim's plantation house and Tom was reluctant to talk about it. There obviously was still some superstition on the island. Tom finally relented and when they got back from the ceremony they didn't say much except that there were some bones and rattles hanging from a rope in the middle of the place. At the time I was frightened by the entire idea, so I didn't inquire further about what happened. I regret my lack of inquisition today.

*to be continued  
in Quarterly  
Vol 2!*



ANZEIGE

## BACK ISSUES

FIRST ISSUE, No. 1/78  
**doors** INTERVIEWS  
EXCLUSIVE THE ACTION  
**THE WHO SURE** ROBERT JOHNSON  
*Mythic Public Building*

**BEEFHEART**  
Interviews & albums  
**JIM MORRISON** / **doors** NEWS  
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Mehr als zwölf Jahre nach dem Tode Jim Morrisons gibt es ein neues Live-Album der Doors. Das Fazit vorab: " Alive, She Cried " ist hervorragend, diese Platte mit Aufnahmen aus den Jahren 1968 bis 1970 wird nicht nur die eingefleischten Doors Fans begeistern.

Aufbereitet durch neueste Technik klingt ein gewaltiger, atemberaubender Sound aus den Rillen. Jim Morrison lebt wirklich - und wie er lebt! Unglaublich, daß die Doors seit etlichen Jahren nicht mehr existieren. Spätestens seit dem billigen Gedröhne der letzten Rockpalast-Nacht wird man sie schmerzlich vermissen.

Jim Morrison eilt mit seiner Stimme von Höhepunkt zu Höhepunkt, sie lassen vergessen, daß auch er seinen Tribut zollen mußte. Die schon etwas brüchige Stimme von seinem letzten Geburtstag, tragisch manifestiert auf dem Album " Rock Is Dead ", ist auf " Alive, She Cried " noch nicht zu hören.

Obgleich es die Produzenten nicht so sehen: " Alive, She Cried " ist eine Hymne aus - schließlich an den Musiker Jim Morrison. Er und seine Bandkollegen präsentieren Rock - musik in höchster Vollendung. Wer kennt nicht die Klassiker " Gloria " und " Little Red Rooster ", mühelos prägt Morrison ihnen sein feelin' auf, er zelebriert sie, er führt sie zu neuen Höhen. Nicht billige Nachgesänge, wie wir es leider so oft mit " Light My Fire " erleben müssen, werden hier kundgetan - die Doors bieten mit beiden Songs etwas völlig Neues. Ich bin geneigt zu sagen, es bedurfte erst Jim Morrison und seiner Bandkollegen, um sie richtig zur Geltung zu bringen.

Bei " Little Red Rooster " spielt übrigens John Sebastian Mundharmonika. Aufgrund der Dynamik seiner vier Mitstreiter geht er allerdings doch etwas unter. Mit " Gloria " begibt Jim Morrison sich auf die schon klassische Gratwanderung zwischen Kunst und Pornografie. Für die Miami-Mafia wäre diese " Gloria " sicherlich ein willkommener An - laß gewesen, ihn erneut vor Gericht zu zerren.

Wenige akustische Ruhepausen sind dem Zuhörer dann vergönnt, wenn Jim Morrison zwischen den Songs seine Lyrik wie " The WASP " , " Graveyard Poem " und " Horse Latitudes " eindringlich vortragt, allerdings so eindringlich, daß man sich förmlich in das Land ver - setzt fühlt " where the pharao died " (The WASP).

" Alive, She Cried " ist das zweite Live-Album der Doors. Ende 1970 erschien bereits " Absolutely Live " . Mit diesem ist die neue LP nur bedingt zu vergleichen. " Alive, She Cried " fehlt das dramatische Rocktheater, wie es mit " When The Music's Over " und " The Celebration Of The Lizard " geboten wurde. Das entspricht durchaus dem Tenor des neuen Albums, denn es ist, wie bereits erwähnt, ausschließlich eine Hymne an den Musiker Jim Morrison. " Alive, She Cried " klingt allerdings in dieser Hinsicht so überzeugend, daß die Behauptung nicht weniger Kritiker, die Doors seien die bedeutenste Rockband überhaupt gewesen, deutlich bekräftigt wird.



" Alive, She Cried " ist nach " An American Prayer " (1978) das zweite nach Morrisons Tod produzierte Album mit unveröffentlichten Aufnahmen, vielleicht folgt ja ein drittes in weiteren fünf Jahren.

# ALIVE SHE CRIED

## DOORS

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## THE DOORS

by Rainer  
Moddemann

AT THE  
ICA  
LONDON NOV. 2nd  
1983

"Ladies and Gentlemen, here they are : The Doors !" Robin Denselow, that guy from the 'Old Grey Whistle Test', announced, and then they went on stage: Ray Manzarek, our smart, talkative gentleman ; Robby Krieger, the fragile grey-haired guitarist; and John Densmore in black leatherpants with his all-time smile on his manager-hair-styled head. About 50 fans congratulated them for being ex-Doors, and all of us missed the fourth Door to come into this gallery, about who this was all about. Jerry Hopkins was gently freaking around in the background, and they started talking about the new Danny Sugarman book and their new Live Album. I don't want to repeat all the facts about the Doors' history that all fans already know, but we heard some interesting news about other things. So Ray admitted that they added some overdubs to the new album whenever a wrong note came to their well educated ears. And they added the chorus to "Gloria", did you recognize that, folks? And now - definite for all the fans who asked me about that: this book called "Burn down the night" by Craig Strete is a fiction, and Ray said that it was a total ripp-off, not one word was true. Maybe John Lennon was wrong when he said that he loved that book. But more about Craig Strete in DOORS QUARTERLY 2 . Robin Denselow asked some stupid questions which proved that he wasn't into the whole thing. So he quickly decided letting the audience ask some questions. The



whole thing became more interesting. Ray talked about Morrison's relationship to mythology and -specially- his "Indian Side" in his soul. They also mentioned other songs which should have been on the new album : Rock me baby from their Winterland concert and The End from the Isle of Wight appearance, but as John said: "There wasn't any space left...". I myself doubt that. Why didn't they make a double album? "All the other tapes we had weren't in excellent quality, and all the official records that come from the Doors should be in the best quality." I again doubt that. The Doors recorded nearly all of their 69/70 tours: on Absolutely Live are seven different concert excerpts - so all the fans can be sure: There's lots of more live material. Another: Rich Linnell, their former roadmanager told me, that he's got about 300 Doors concerts on tape - what about "Riders on the storm", "LA Woman" or "Changeling" Live? No doubt : thats why more and more fans switch over to bootlegs...

back to the ICA. About one hundred fans were waiting outside. There wasn't any ticket available on the black market, and the few regular tickets had been sold out in one hour. The people who wanted to pay weren't allowed to get in and those fucking journalists (most of them were only interested in free drinks and the buffet) didn't care about the whole thing, being no Doors fans.

The Doors were very busy inside, but I had the chance to talk with John and Robby about their "Reggae Bonanza" album, and folks, they are planning another record like that. John also told me that they are going to use filmclips shot on the Peré Lachaise at Jim's grave for a documentary on Doors history, but there isn't any release date yet. After 1 1/2 hours it was over, and Paul and I went outside where we met Jerry Hopkins for a small talk about Morrison being still alive.

If you once go to London, go and see the video of this event in the ICA Videotheque for 50p per half hour. (ICA, The Mall, London SW 1, near Underground Trafalgar Square, open Tuesday - Sunday 12.00 - 5.30pm). I taped the complete interview, and you can have that on a C 60 cassette, if you are interested in that.

Paul Carter talking with Jerry Hopkins (left)



photo by  
Rainer  
Moddermann

**SPECIAL BONUS  
for all FAN  
CLUB MEMBERS:**

In this edition of DOORS QUARTERLY you find a nice original pic of the ICA event taken by myself during the interview. 2.



# NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

This is the Bootleg section of each DOORS QUARTERLY and in this and in the next issues of our magazine we'd like to talk about old and new record releases from the underground of record business, to give the interested fans some information what to buy or not, if he can get his hands on records like this.

Today we are talking about a double album called simply "The Doors", insiders call it "All rights to this material" or "Celebration Vol.2". It has got a white jacket with a bright-brown Doors-logo and a picture of the group in the same colour. Below there is a Kodak Film strip with four Morrison pics from the "Feast of friends" movie. On the backcover is the list of the songs appearing on the album and a very silly text by the bootlegger himself in English with a lot of awful mistakes. He seems to be in love with himself, half of the backcover is about credits to his "friends" and who "mastered" the tape material. Of course he used idioms instead of the real names.

The cover says that this is a limited edition of 500 copies. But you can put the copy number into the space by yourself, so don't trust that. Well, let's switch over to the record now.

There are a lot of interview segments on the two records, the most interesting seems to be the last letter of Jim Morrison, read by Corky Courson, dated from his weeks in Paris. Very nice also is the "Orange County Suite" thing with Jim performing one of his poems (never heard before, by the way) in a restaurant. And one of the best "The End" versions is on record 2, taped in Toronto 1969, when Jim gives his credits to all the blues and R'n Roll performers, who influenced him. The "Holy Sha Poem" is an excerpt from "The End" taped in Boston 17.3.68, but the complete version of this special performance sounds more interesting, why couldn't this fucking bootlegger put on that one?

This "Mash" says on the cover that he remastered some tapes, which have already been on bootlegs, f.e. the Aura Studio Demo Tape. But don't believe that, it sounds as badly as on the Celebration Vol 1 bootleg. The same goes for some Stockholm tracks and for the Winterland tracks "Rock me" and "Oh Carol". And the "People are strange" track is excellent on the "Tangie Town Records" 45, on "The Doors" it sounds worse.

The BPI will have some fun with that record: just peel off the Jim Morrison pic on the label, and you can read where this was pressed... Two nice records with mistakes and worse stuff than on other products. It runs for 45 - 55 DM on the "Black Market". Think it over, before you buy it...



# THE POETRY SECTION

Here, for the first time, are three previously unpublished poems by Jim Morrison. To my knowledge a fan copied them from Jim's notebook in 1970, which was on Jim's desk at the Doors' office in L.A. The first could be a segment from a song planned for the L.A. Woman album, the two others sound like outtakes from "The Lords and the New Creatures". Here they are:

---

Draw down the distance  
of long cities  
Riding home thru the open  
night alone  
launching fever & strange carnage  
from the back seat

James Douglas Morrison 1970

---

## THE AND ALLUSION BITCH

What does it mean? The artists' own  
hand slits her eyeball. Cloud razors  
slash the moon. Cosmic utterance.  
He has lanced the swollen boil of sight.

James Douglas Morrison 1969

---

Today the doors of all projection booths are made  
of steel.

Does the theatre keep out light or keep in darkness?

James Douglas Morrison 1969

---

NEXT TIME:  
A poem by  
American  
lyricist  
Ilona Rae  
Winkler





