

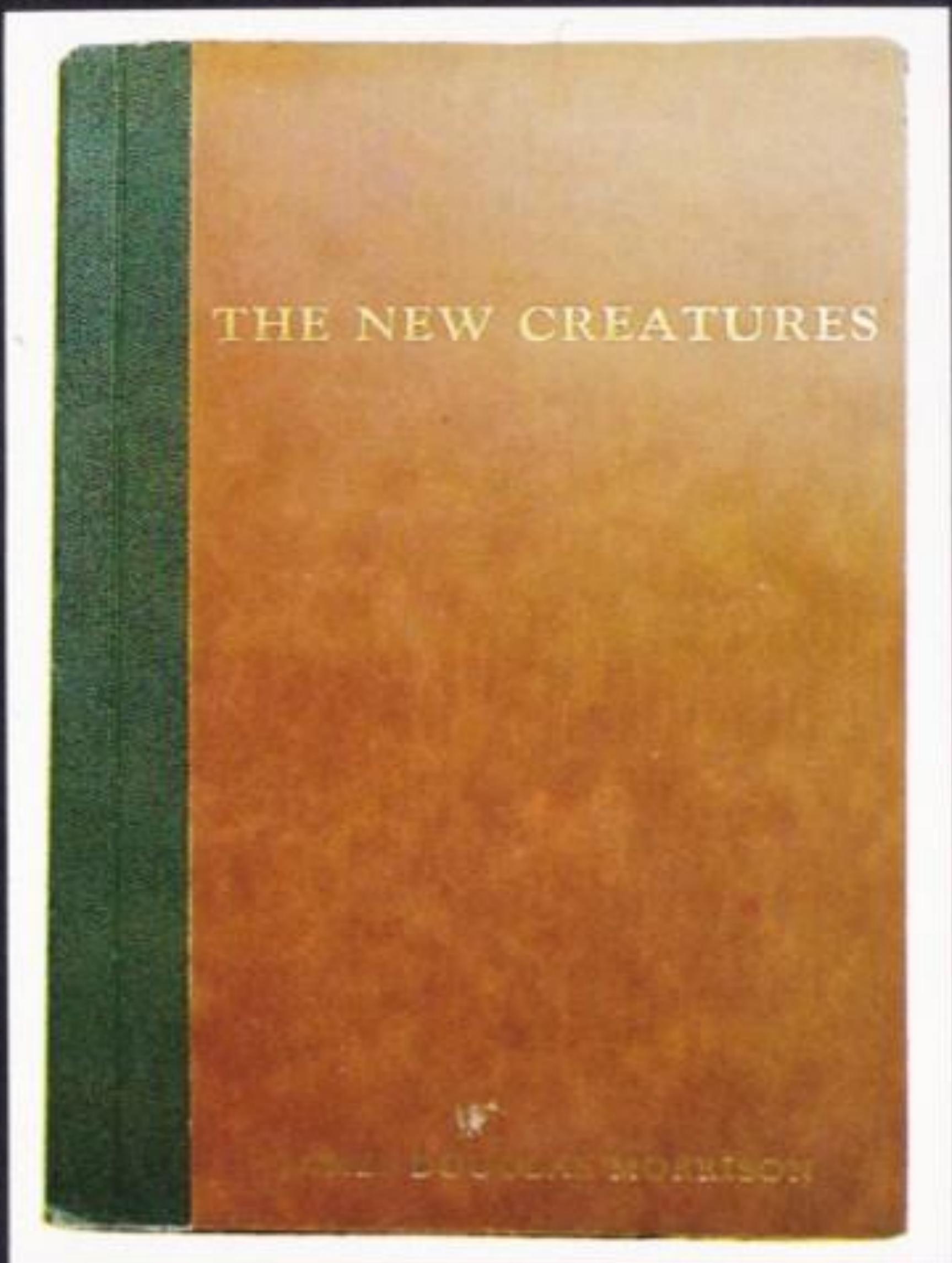
MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF THE DOORS FAN CLUB

THE DOORS

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE No 34



break on through to the other side ...



JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON: The New Creatures

In March 1969, Jim Morrison had two poetry compilations printed by a company called Western Lithographers, which he gave out to friends, fans and journalists. His first work was *The Lords*, his second *The New Creatures*, a bound book in a brownish red streaky cardboard cover. Both publications were published under his full name: *James Douglas Morrison*. *The New Creatures*, a collection of modern poems, partly consists of traditional verse forms, but also shows traces of concrete poetry as well as rhythms from rock music. He dedicated *The New Creatures* to Pamela Susan (Courson), his girlfriend. Many metaphors from the song lyrics emerged - lizards, cars, deserts, magical forests, and all these were brought into unity with the complex town of Los Angeles.

The song *The Soft Parade* seems like a short version of *The New Creatures*, with Jim Morrison as a reporter and observer of the surreal life in the city, who portrays Pamela's (his *Lizard Woman*) "innocence" as the highest measure of desire and sexuality.

The book pictured above is the original edition, of which only 100 copies were made. Exclusively in *The Doors Quarterly*, you are able to see the cover of this book in colour for the first time. An original copy of it sells for more than \$ 1.800 at auctions. This copy pictured above is in private possession and it is not for sale. Because of its value, the owner usually keeps it in a bank safe deposit. (Photo by Rainer Moddemann)

THE DOORS QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

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Note: What I print in *The Doors Quarterly Magazine*
does not necessarily reflect my own views. The DQ is a
non-profit magazine; the subscription covers the costs
for preparing, printing and mailing the magazine. If there
are any profits, they are used for free supplements.

Thanks for their extra invaluable help with this issue: Jochen Maaßen, Gilles Yéprémian, Ulrich Michaelis, Alex Heerkens, Thomas Schlüter and Barbara Oltersdorf. Also thanks to all who contributed articles and photos. Special thanks to Jerry Prochnicki, Michelle Campbell, Paul Carter, Barbarella Buchner, Patricia Kennealy-Morrison, her husband, and Chris from Ozit Records. A big "hello" to Jim Lukas Jochmann and his mother!

ISSUE 34, June 25th, 1996



© Rainer Moddemann/The Doors Quarterly Magazine

Dear Doors people,

I really do hope you have this DQ in your mailbox before July 3rd, because this is the big *Paris issue* of *The Doors Quarterly Magazine*. It contains everything you have to know what was going on in Paris 25 years ago. The article "*Quiet Days In Paris*" is not really just a translation of the chapter with the same name in my book, but it also contains several new and interesting facts and interviews, which spread even more light on Jim's last months in the city of light. As I know many of you are interested in following Jim's footsteps in Paris, and as I am tired to mail out my "*exclusive Paris guide*", I decided to print it once again. It is a version without photos, easy to take with you on the trip to this amazing city, whenever you may go. Don't complain if you already have this - some things have been added, just check. If you guys can't go to Paris, please check the news in this DQ (two reports on July 3rd by SPIEGEL TV on RTL and SPIEGEL REPORTAGE on SAT 1) - till the date of release of this DQ (only 2 weeks before Jim's 25th anniversary) nothing is really planned, just rumors are around, as usual. Patti Smith is coming, Bon Jovi is coming. The Doors are coming, The Doors are not coming. Nick and Iain and John and Atze and Luj and all the others of the usual crowd will be there. What else? Yes, the cops. There'll be a herd of 200 riot policemen around. I guess the gates will be closed again and this will cause another riot. The usual frustration. Thanks God I have my safe hotel room to escape. So, why do I go there?

Well, it's to pay tribute to the man I've been loving for 29 years now. To be near his physical remains 25 years after he died. To be near the man who influenced me more deeply than any other poet, singer, man, or anything else before. Imagine - for 29 years! A long time, a long run, and a long hunt after the mystery of the man. And I'm still hunting. Still haven't got him. Don't laugh, I guess (except very few people who really knew him in person) nobody will ever get the guy, whatever book that person might read or write or translate. Have you got an answer to that question? Please write to *The Doors Quarterly*. **What is the mystery behind Jim Morrison?** A tough question. I wonder if anybody will write. Get your pens; your letters are welcome to be published in DQ 35, the next issue.

A lot of words in this DQ, less pictures. Not many record reviews, no book reviews (there'll be a lot coming out on July 3rd), no space to put them all in. Except the new 4 bootleg CDs *Stages*, which I still have not seen but they're out in Italy, there's nothing spectacular out from the underground. Beware of all those inferior releases which might be offered to you. Be critical!

Hope to meet many of you on July 3rd! Take care!

ABOUT the doors

... the biggest news of all, which should end the rumors of **Jim Morrison** being taken out of his grave to an unknown place or his ashes being spread in the ocean near Venice Beach or anything like that, is the following - the minister of culture of Paris announced on March 1st 1996 on TV that Jim's grave should be considered as part of a *cultural monument* (special sections of the Pére Lachaise) and that Jim's grave should stay at the same place for eternity. So now it is verified that the plot for which the estate has paid a rent until July 7th, 2001, could only be opened on his parents personal wish. Has anybody taped the announcement of the minister to print his exact words? ...

... **Patti Smith** will be playing Paris July 2nd and 3rd. In an interview for the French music magazine *Rock And Folk* she announced something special for her July 3rd concert. Will this be another Doors song from Patti Smith? In 1978 she did an amazing complete musical version of Jim's *An American Prayer* in Vienna ...

... the European soccer mastership plus a sold-out *Bon Jovi* concert plus the *Patti Smith* concert keeps French club owners from booking a **coverband**. *The Soft Parade* is definitely not coming because of this reason. The German coverband *The Creats* will be there, probably playing in a small club. Watch out for flyers on July 3rd. *Patti Smith*, by the way, has been at Jim's grave before, and *Bon Jovi* has visited it, too ...

... another July 3rd news: Expect about **200 policemen** (well, riot police!) watching every move on and around *Père Lachaise* this year.

... on the other hand, for the **25th anniversary** in Paris nothing is planned. Just a window at *Virgin Megastore* will be dedicated to Jim, but no other exhibition, concert or any other event is in preparation in order to celebrate this day decently. In other words - we can expect spontaneous actions, which will be, of course, considered being illegally by the riot police. Whatever you do - decent is the word you should always remember ...

... also - German *SPIEGEL TV* is preparing **two TV specials** for the anniversary. Both will be on Satellite TV on July 7th. RTL will have a short 6 minute report, while SAT 1 will have a 20 minute report during **SPIEGEL REPORTAGE**. Both are going to be broadcasted around 11 pm at night ...

... **Patricia Kennealy-Morrison** will be sending out interesting messages for Doors fans soon on the internet. Please try her URL address <http://www.fly.com/~lizardqn> to find out what she has got for you. It is still under construction, so don't log on it just yet. She will **not** accept e-mail, because she doesn't want to have to deal with vicious trash-letters like the one I once printed without thinking (sorry *again* for that, Patricia) ...

... more news from *Patricia Kennealy Morrison*: She will publish love letters, drawings and poetry of **James Douglas Morrison**, her husband, on July 3rd, 2021 (yes, yes, in 25 years!). This was stuff Jim had given or sent to her to hold against his return before he went to Paris in 1971. Read her very interesting article in this *Doors Quarterly*, and see the drawing Jim and Patricia made, exclusively and for the first and only time legally published in print with the authors' permission. I myself, having seen some of that stuff being published in 25 years, can't wait to see "*Fireheart*" in print for the public. Believe me, Jim's words and his letters will definitely blow all people away who are still criticising Patricia's and Jim's relationship ...

... do you know tennis player **Boris Becker** is a Doors fan? In a recent interview he told the interviewer he usually listens to a Doors tape before going to the match ...

Attention: For paying your subscription, I cannot accept anymore *Girobetaalkaarten* from The Netherlands anymore. The same goes for *Scottish pound notes*; they're considered as being "too exotic" over here in this country - you should have heard me laughing when my bank told me this! So please, send *cash* (German marks, Guilders ...) or *Eurocheques* made out in DM from Holland, and you dear Scottish fans, please send *English pounds* in registered letters or *International Money Orders* which you can easily get from your local bank. I can't do anything about it and I know it sounds quite silly, but they simply do not accept the other kinds of payment over here. (RM)

NEW OFFICIAL RELEASES,

THE BUTTS BAND: THE COMPLETE RECORDINGS (CD)

One Way Records OW 30993, USA 1996

1.I Won't Be Alone Anymore/ 2.Baja Bus/ 3.Sweet Danger/ 4.Pop-A-Top/ 5.Be With Me/ 6.New Ways/ 7.Love Your Brother/ 8.Kansas City/ 9.Get Up, Stand Up/ 10.Corner Of My Mind/ 11.Caught In The Middle/ 12.Everybody's Fool/ 13.Livin' And Dyiin'/ 14.Don't Wake Up/ 15.If You Gotta Make A Fool Of Somebody/ 16.Feelin' So Bad/ 17.White Noise/ 18.Act Of Love/ 19.That's All Right/ 20.Lovin' You For All The Right Reasons. Tracks 19 and 20 are bonus tracks, published for the first time.

Robby Krieger and John Densmore formed the Butts Band right after The Doors were put to bed by Ray Manzarek. They recorded just two albums which became collectors' items soon, *Butts Band* and *Hear And Now*. Their first album, a bluesy/jazzy/rocky album got well accepted by the critics, while *Hear And Now*, which is much more commercial, got almost totally ignored. No wonder, Jess Roden, a great British singer that Robby and John met in London, had left the band after the first album. From this release, I still enjoy listening to the great but sad ballad *Sweet Danger*, the reggae-orientated *Pop-A-Top* (which was also released as a single) and to the rocking slide guitar on *Kansas City*, a fake live-in-concert recording (it was recorded live in studio, but overdubbed with audience noises from The Doors' *Absolutely Live* album!), just listen to the very end of the track at 4:01 minutes, check your display. The Butts Band's second singer, Michael Stull (almost forgotten) who appeared on *Hear And Now*, has just got a mediocre voice, and he fails to give soul to the otherwise perfect music (except on the great version of *If You Gotta Make A Fool Of Somebody*). The other (female) singer, Alex Richman, has got a perfect muzak-voice, but I prefer her piano playing. The title of that CD is not correct. One track is missed on the so-called complete recordings, *Kinky Reggae*, which was written by Bob Marley and got published on a rare 12" single called *The Krieger-Densmore Reggae Bonanza* on Rhino Records. With this, the Butts Band collection would have been totally complete.

JIM MORRISON OF THE DOORS: STONED BUT ARTICULATE (CD)

Ozit Records/Roach Records OZCD 00020, U.K. 1996

Source: An interview with Jim Morrison, London, September 1968

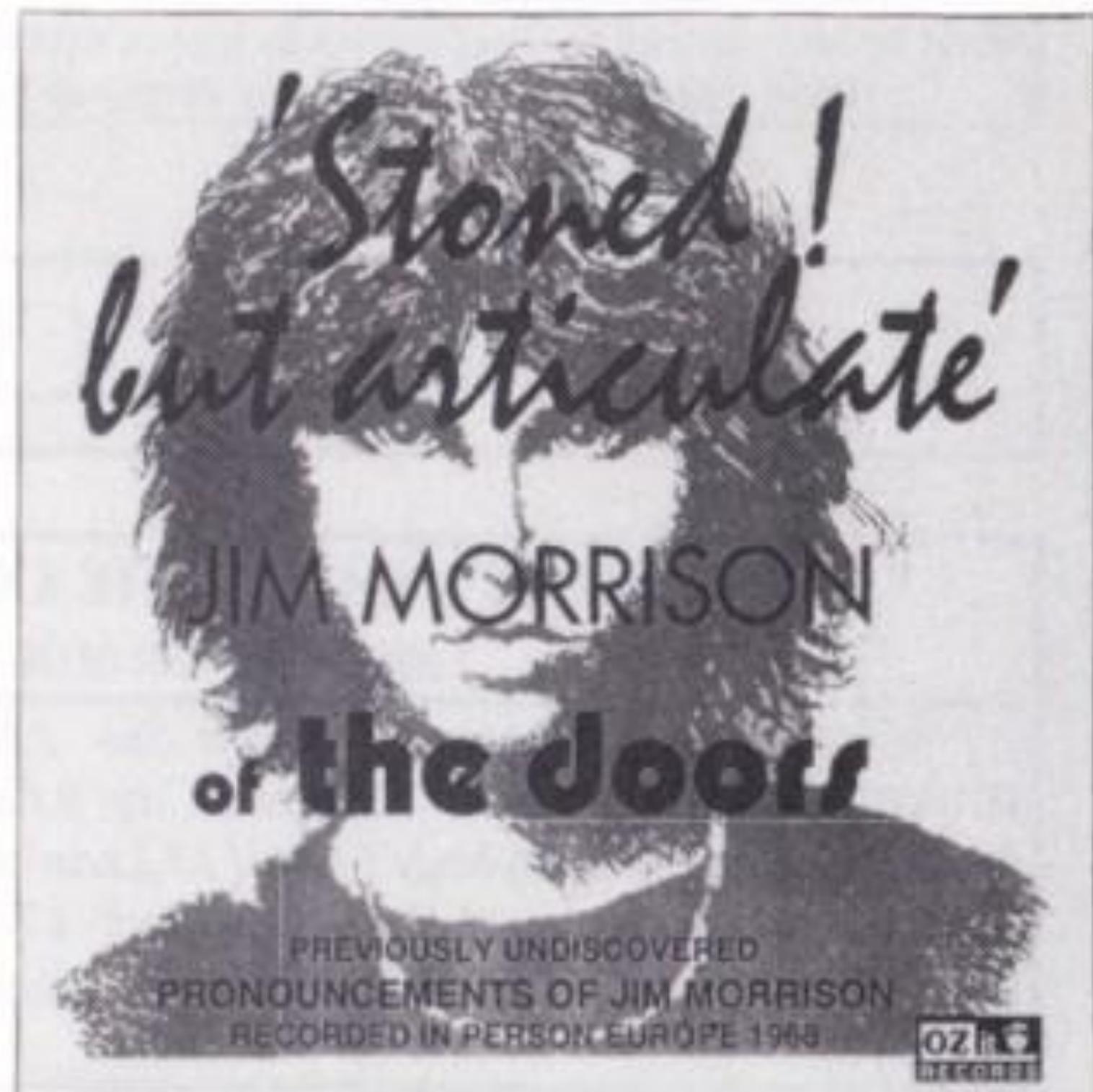
First of all, this is no bootleg but a widely distributed legal interview disc, which is recommended because of its 17-minute content and its perfect hifi quality. There's just Jim Morrison to be heard on this disc, no interviewer (the questions got cut off) and no other member of The Doors. The content: Jim talks about the police at Doors concerts, his audiences, New Haven, the psychology of the voyeur, the Roundhouse and his trip to Europe, especially London. What Chris Hewitt from Ozit

Records told VOX magazine ("It's full of typical Morrison bullshit!") does not match my opinion. Even when Jim was stoned he was totally aware of an interview situation and of what he said. The articulation that others might consider as a "slurred stream-of-semi-conscious thoughts" (VOX) was in reality the way Jim used to speak, in total control of his words, forming his thoughts to meaningful expressions before speaking them out slowly. Consider this, and you'll have insightful 17 minutes alone with Jim Morrison.



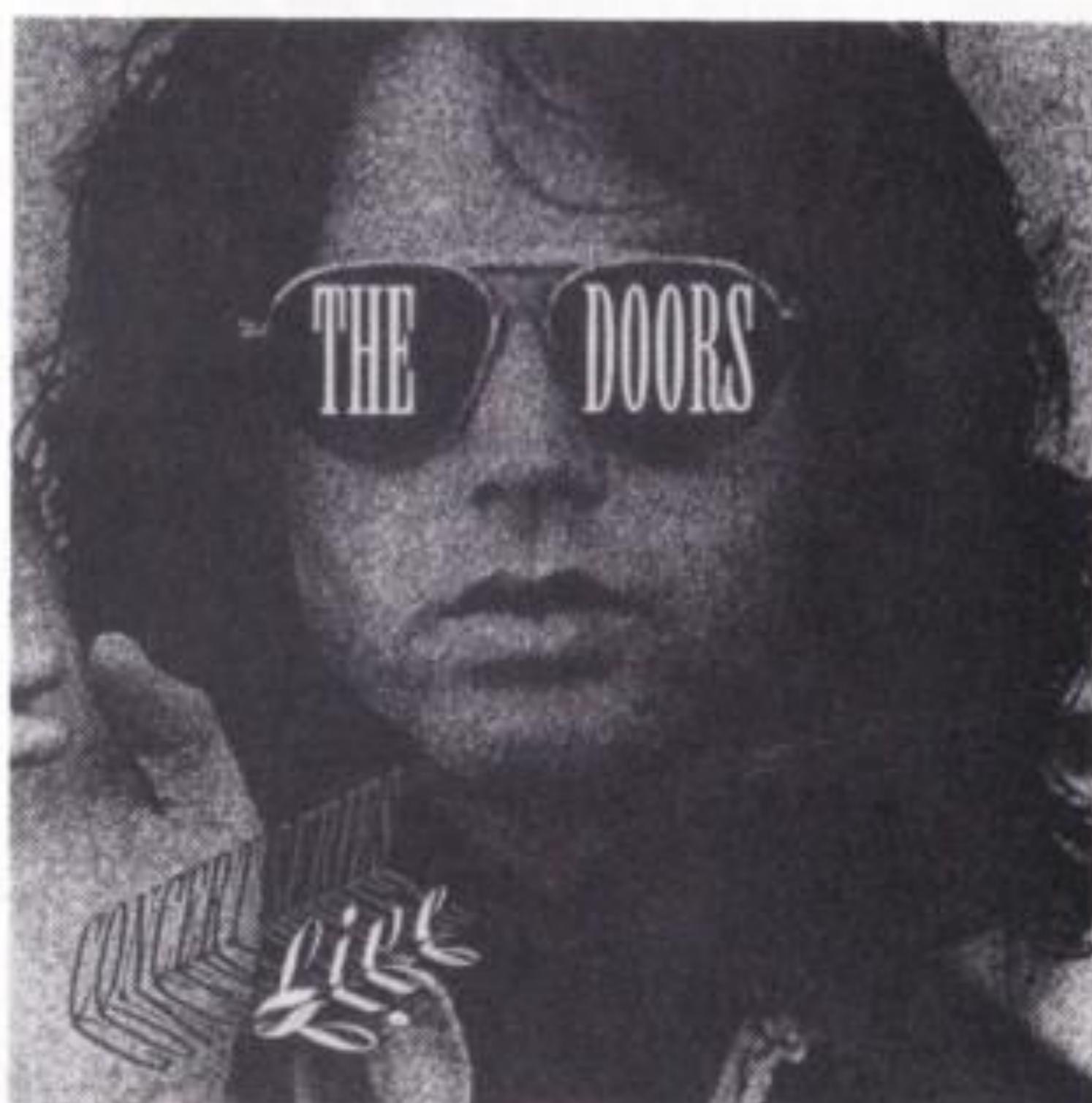
Top: The Butts Band - The Complete Recordings OW 30993

Below: Mystical Blues Babyface B031



Top: Jim Morrison Of The Doors Stoned But Articulate OZCD 00020

Below: Concert Series Live CS 004



THE QUIZ in DQ 33 was difficult. No wonder just a handful correct answers arrived. Here are the correct answers: 1= Jim Morrison, Bob Dylan, Donovan, Eric Clapton, Grace Slick. 2= Skip van Winkle, Dale Alexander. 3=Gilles Yéprémian. 4= Daniel (Manzarek), Paul (Densmore), Alan (Krieger). 5= Golden Days Diamond Nights, West Germany.

The winners are: **Mara Zagaria**, Italy (autographed photo of Robby Krieger); **Peter Bennett**, USA (autographed copy of The Golden Scarab LP); **Thomas Erkens**, Germany (rare cassette single). Congratulations!

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

ATTENTION : Grading System for the following reviews:

First Grading = Soundquality

- ***** = superb (first class recording quality, truly exceptional)
- **** = excellent (nice quality of recording)
- *** = good (still good recording but flaws)
- ** = average (flawed recording but still listenable)
- *= bad (crap sound quality for hard-core collectors, caution advised)
- * = piss poor (worst soundquality and/or ugly cuts, best avoided)

Second Grading = Rarity Of Material

- ***** = superb (superrare previously unpublished material, truly exceptional)
- **** = excellent (already published but still rare material)
- *** = good (common material many fans will know)
- ** = average (very common material every fan knows, caution advised)
- *= bad (just another uninteresting compilation of standard material)
- * = piss poor (intentionally falsified or/and mislabeled material: don't buy this rip-off)

Third Grading = Visual Attractiveness

- ***** = superb (absolute high-quality design, excellent professional design)
- **** = excellent (nice design, suitable for framing, worth collecting)
- *** = good (still interesting, but could have been done better)
- ** = average (looks like many other bootleg designs around)
- *= bad (uninteresting design, amateurish, not worth to be mentioned)
- * = piss poor (the bootlegger didn't give a shit for design, not worth to be collected)

THE DOORS: MYSTICAL BLUES (CD)

Babyface B031, Germany (?) 1996

1. Get Off My Life/ 2. Me And The Devil Blues-Sittin' Here Thinkin'-Rock Me Baby (labeled as Rock Me Baby)/ 3. Crawling King Snake/ 4. I'm a King Bee/ 5. Hitler/The Journey/Holy Sha Poem (cover just says Hitler)/ 6. You Need Meat/ 7. Who Scared You/ 8. Back Door Man/ 9. Five To One/ 10. Little Red Rooster/ 11. Who Do You Love/ 12. Whiskey, Mystics An Men/ 13. Roadhouse Blues/ 14. Love Me Two Times/ 15. Rock Is Dead (excerpt)/ 16. Love Me Tender

Sources: The most awful bootleg CDs *The Future Is Murder*, *Archangel* and *Replica Blues* (which were all produced by one German bootlegger who started to put misleading titles and sources on his CDs just to sell his rubbish), except track 12 (from *Missing Links*, Memorec 403) and track 14 (from *Live In Miami 1969*, RTW 004). A copy of *Blues Before Sunrise/ The Black Angel's Death Song* (Black Angel Records BA 597604).

Soundquality: ***** to ***/ **Rarity Of Material:** */ **Visual Attractiveness:** *****

A CD absolutely not worth your money, because this is another attempt to rip off Doors fans again. Remember: AVOID ALL CDs ON WHICH "LIVE IN NEW ORLEANS" IS WRITTEN. IT IS THE SAME SHIT ALL OVER AGAIN. Nice color cover, though. The track list on the backcover is - of course - not correct. The only positive thing about this CD is the nice design of the cover.

THE DOORS: CONCERT SERIES LIVE (CD)

CS 004, Italy (?) 1995

1. Light My Fire-Graveyard Poem-Light My Fire/ 2. Touch Me/ 3. Backdoor Man/ 4. When The Music's Over/ 5. The End/ 6. Money/ 7. Break On Through

Sources: 1,4+5=Hollywood Bowl, Los Angeles, June 5th, 1968, taken from the official video *Live At The Hollywood Bowl*; 2= Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour, December 4th, 1968, from video *Dance On Fire*; 3,6+7= Matrix Club, San Francisco, March 10th, 1967.

Soundquality: ***** to ***/ **Rarity Of Material:** **/ **Visual Attractiveness:** ****

A best avoided compilation of standard material. Nothing else.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: A GUITAR NIGHT IN ITALY (CD)

Minotauro Records AS 21, Italy (no release year identified)

You're Lost Little Girl, Heyman and Roadhouse Blues (Robby Krieger with other artists).

Sources: High quality audience tapes of the *Night Of The Guitars* tour, taped in Milano and Rome (Italy) in 1989.

Soundquality: ***** **Rarity Of Material:** ***** **Visual Attractiveness:** *****

This bootleg CD brought back good memories. The fabulous *Night Of The Guitars* tour got officially published on video and CD, but just the first tour. On this CD you hear songs from the second tour featuring artists like *Peter Haycock, Steve Hunter, Leslie West, Phil Manzanera, Ted Turner & Andy Powell, Jan Akkerman* and of course *Robby Krieger*. The sound is excellent, so is the cover. Made for Italians in Italy; over here it's rare. Check the Various Artists' boxes on record fairs for it.

THE DOORS: LUCIFER RISING (CD)

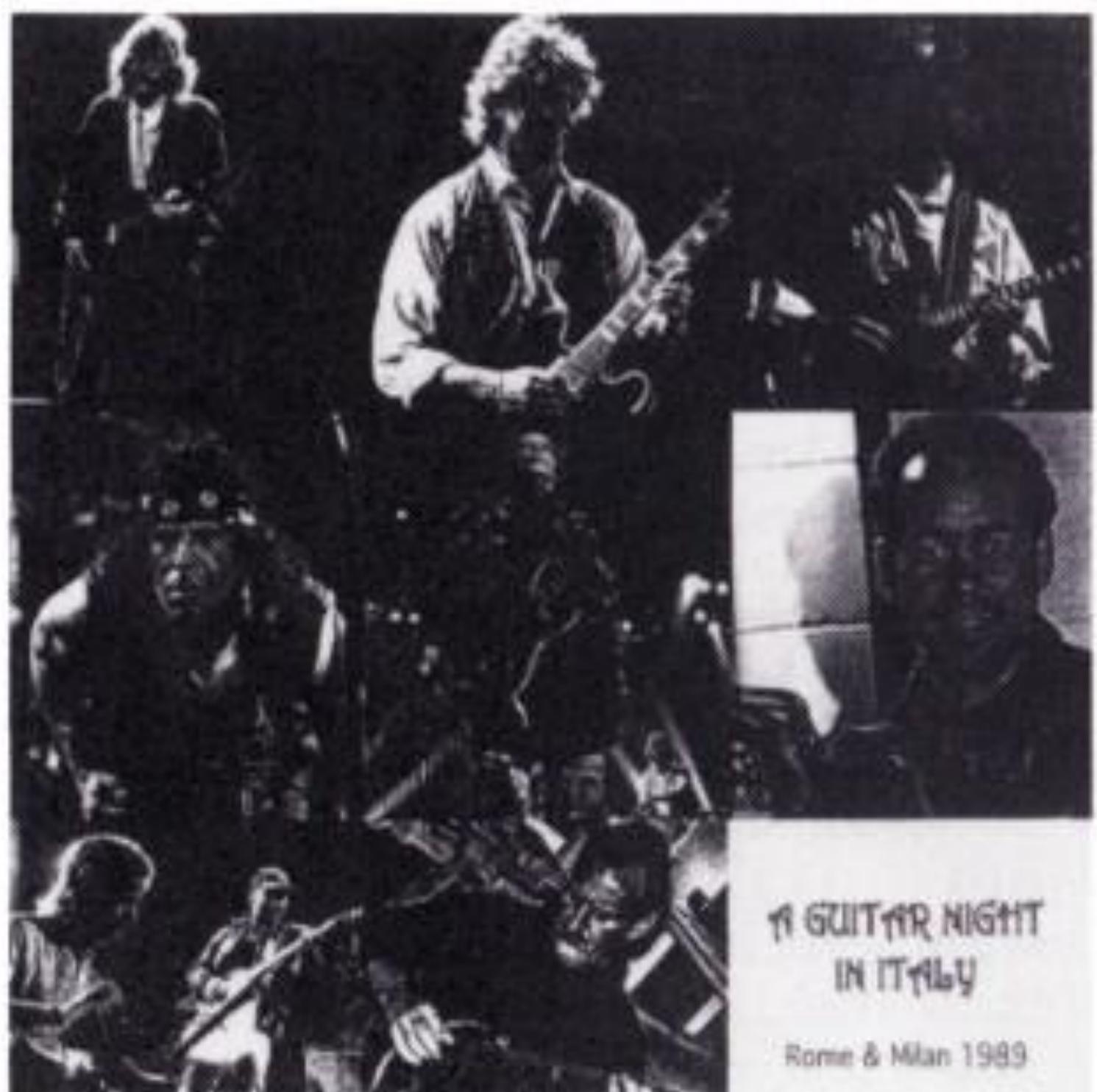
Chase The Dragon CTD 002, Germany 1995

1. Five To One / 2. Love Street / 3. Love Me Two Times / 4. When The Music's Over / 5. The Hill Dwellers / 6. Light My Fire / 7. The Unknown Soldier / 8. Mack The Knife-Alabama Song / 9. Backdoor Man / 10. You're Lost Little Girl / 11. Wild Child / 12. Money / 13. The End

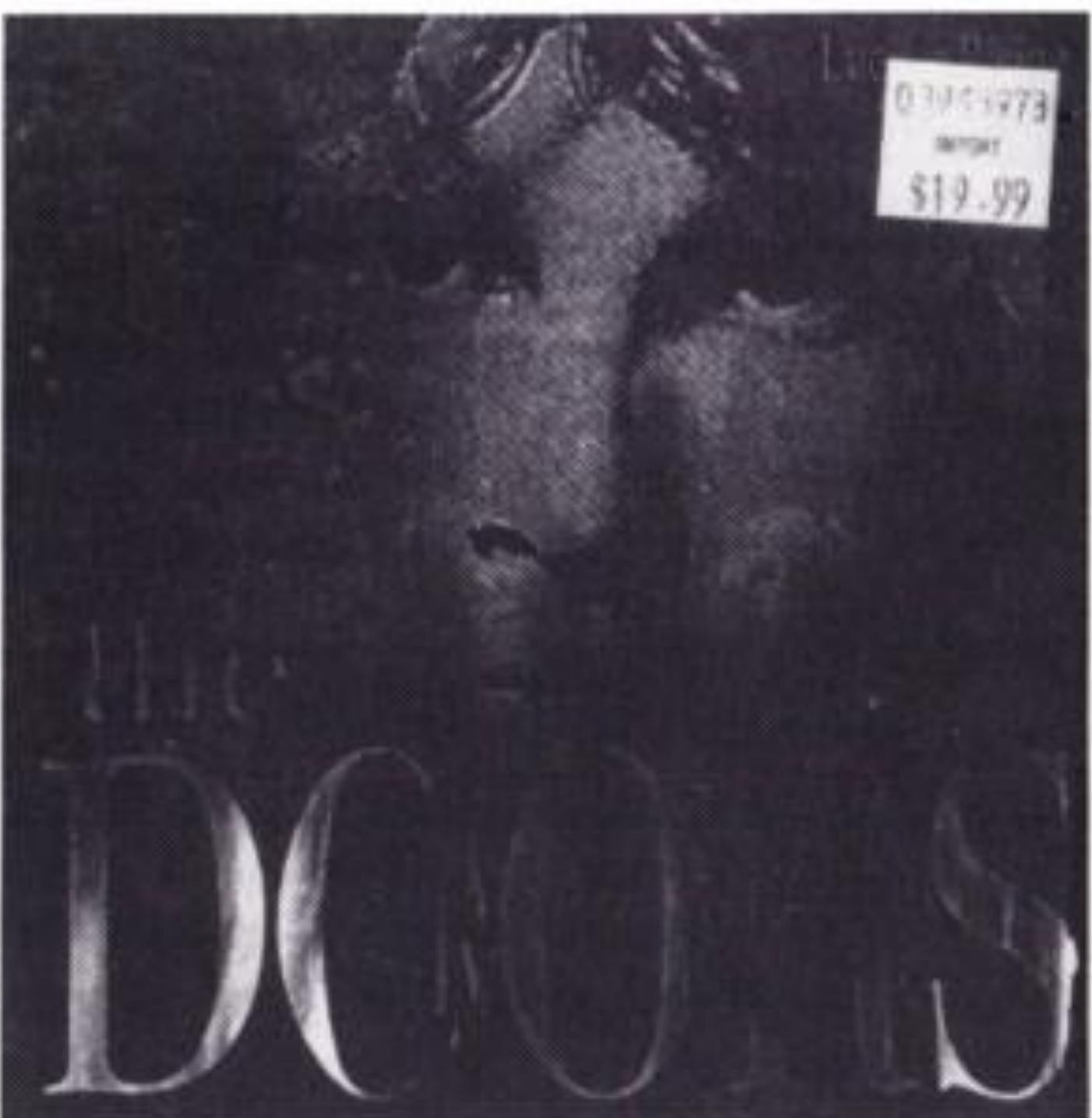
Sources: Track 1-7 Konserthuset, Stockholm, Sweden, September 20th, 1968, first show. Track 8-13 second show (not complete). Copied from the double CD *Live In Stockholm* (The Swinging Pig Records TSP-CD-004-2).

Soundquality: ***** **Rarity Of Material:** **** **Visual Attractiveness:** *****

For those who still haven't got any of the countless Stockholm releases, this is a disc worth to get. Nice cover, good soundquality. I haven't seen it on record fairs over here, got my copy from a subscriber in the States, although this disc was made in Germany. Seems it was made for export only.



Top: A Guitar Night In Italy
Minotauro Records AS 21



Top: Lucifer Rising
CTD 002

FIREHEART

The True 'Lost Writings' of James Douglas Morrison

To be published 3 July 2021

**The Love Letters, Songs, Drawings and Poetry of
Jim Morrison to Patricia Kennealy-Morrison**

**edited and annotated by Patricia Kennealy-Morrison
with a foreword by Jim Morrison**

On 5 May 1995, the twenty-fifth anniversary of James Douglas Morrison's proposing to me, I began to go over the many letters, drawings, poems, songs and notes he had sent or given me, or had left in my keeping to hold against his return, before he went to Paris to his death on 3 July 1971.

On 24 June 1995, the twenty-fifth anniversary of our handfast wedding ceremony, I completed the anguishing and exalting task of editing (minimally or not at all) and annotating (extensively) this material I had kept so close and cherished so long.

And now in this twenty-fifth anniversary year of Jim's death, I have the very great honor to announce *Fireheart*, to be published twenty-five years from now, on 3 July 2021, half a century since the day he died.

This compilation of Jim Morrison's private communications to me during the years 1969, 1970 and 1971—his true 'lost writings', though in point of fact they have never been lost, at least not to him and me—has been set aside in a place of safety, there to await the first instant when I (or my heirs or literary executors) shall finally be able to lawfully publish it without having to beg permission to do so from the controllers of my beloved late consort's literary estate—permission, which, given the rancorous hostile contentions that have historically surrounded Jim and his legacies, would without question have been summarily denied me.

During the course of our friendship, love, union and what it pleased both Jim and me to call our marriage, Jim saw fit to honor me with many truths. Save for some confidences which are of such incandescent intimacy as forever to preclude publication (I must keep something for ourselves alone), those truths will all be included here: words about himself, about me, about us; reflections on his childhood and youth, his family and associates; thoughts on his career as a

rock star and his ambitions as a writer; observations on his past and present and hopes for the future he promises he would have shared; poems of rare and, some may think, uncharacteristic lyricism—and unapologetic eroticism also.

Accompanying the letters and poems (many of which will be shown in facsimile) will be some of the drawings Jim made from time to time, as easily and as gracefully as he made his music—including some nude sketches of me and of us together—and several of the hitherto unpublished songs he left with me, perhaps intended for a Doors album that might have followed *L.A. Woman*, but more likely meant for his own first solo effort, which he had planned to begin recording here in New York when he came back from Paris.

The Jim Morrison of *Fireheart*, a Jim whom perhaps no one but I was ever privileged to know, is Fireheart (as he names himself in one of the last and loveliest of the poems): a man writing the deep secrets of his soul to the woman he calls, in these same writings, his wife, the woman he took to himself in an ancient and beautiful ceremony, as he took no other. This is the Jim I know and love and honor, Jim as he was with me and to me and for me.

Owing to the constraints of copyright law, this material has not been mine to release and publish (not even in Jim's own name, the only way in which I would ever have done so), and I would sooner have died myself than have allowed it to be published in the name of his estate, under the control of the managers thereof. Indeed, the very idea of being forced to petition for something that is mine to begin with, given me from Jim's own hand and heart, is hateful and abhorrent in the extreme. It is, also and alas, the law.

Very little of this material has therefore yet been seen, and none of it at all has been seen by the public. I have chosen to announce its future publication now, in this silver anniversary year of Jim's death, out of deepest love and respect, as tribute to him and tribute to the world; but also perhaps as a kind of subtle vengeance, my own way of combatting the rather more dubious 'tributes' that other individuals, with little or no personal connection to Jim, or at best laughably less cause and connection than I have, will doubtless be rushing to produce.

My original, long-held intention was to destroy all this before my own death, and so to take it with me back to Jim. But I have been persuaded away from this course by those who feared that this incomparable legacy might go forever unseen and unshared, and the Jim Morrison it reveals remain forever unknown. *Fireheart* will surprise many and astonish most, will show a Jim that not even my memoir *Strange Days* could show; and what it will prove most uncontroversibly is that this is a man of matchless spirit and sensitivity, by no means the alcoholic drug-benumbed sadistic catspaw who is the only Jim his various biographers seem able or willing to understand or accept, a man capable of the deepest feeling and the most loving expression thereof.

And, yes, it will also prove, once and for all, just how Jim Morrison felt about me, how he spoke of me both to me and in his own heart, and why he kept our union the secret it was from the world at large. Quite simply, he thought our love was none of anyone else's business—not his bandmates', not his associates', not the fans'—and considering the public torture that Linda Eastman McCartney and Yoko Ono Lennon were enduring at that very time (it always seems to be open season on rock wives, or at least on the ones who are strong, independent women with creative lives and careers of their own apart from their mates, while



A drawing of Jim's which Patricia has edited and collaborated on.
Used by exclusive permission of Patricia Kennealy-Morrison.
© Lizard Queen Productions 1995

the pretty, parasitic, brainless addicts who so often attach themselves to rock musicians are allowed an endless free ride by men and women alike), we were both—for of course I shared Jim's feeling on the matter—quite right to think so.

Jim, in his chivalry and protectiveness, wished only to spare me the pain of ordeal by media, and the harsh, hurtful personal attacks such attention can bring (and indeed has brought). What he and I could never have foreseen was that our silence and our natural wish for personal privacy for our love would, with ghastly irony, work so against me two decades later, resulting in a far more terrible ordeal, far greater pain, nor yet that I would be left to face it alone. If we had, our decision would almost certainly have been very different indeed...

Even so, I kept silence in the face of enormity for twenty-one years before finally speaking out in *Strange Days*; no one, I think, can accuse me of rushing to publish, and, with a name and a following of my own for my Keltiad, neither can I be accused of being a one-trick author, trading on my association with Jim *ad infinitum* (and *nauseam*) because that is all I have to offer.

Since 3 July 1971 my hands have been tied, my voice (or Jim's voice to and through me) has been stopped. Incredible as it may seem to you, I do not own the publication rights to the love letters sent me by my own husband, nor to the poems he composed for and about me nor the sketches he drew of and for me, nor the songs he sang to and about me. Not even in my own autobiography, my memoir of myself with him; not to prove my truth, not to defend his name or my own, not to save us both from honest ignorance and outright lies.

As it is, I must wait out a full half century from the day he died before that right can be mine: Copyright obtains for the lifespan of the author plus fifty years; thus Jim's estate, in which I have no legal rights, now controls even these most deeply personal of writings, and I do not. But the same law that has for so long barred me from making public any of this material will in time free me to do so: If copyright law now holds these writings hostage as part of Jim's literary estate (even though they were never anything but utterly private between Jim and me), then on 3 July 2021, by definition, copyright law must likewise let them go.

(Since making these plans, I have learned that a recent modification in American copyright law states that any unpublished material written before 1978 enters the public domain in 2003; whether I will take advantage of this provision to publish earlier, I have not yet decided, and for the moment I will keep to the 2021 publication date.)

My one regret is that it shall take so long to happen; but that is a thing I can neither command nor control. Twenty-five years from now, *Fireheart* will at last complete the picture *Strange Days* began to paint—and the truth is no less true for being delayed.

Yet perhaps the knowledge that it *will* happen—that Jim's own words are waiting up ahead to point the truth from beyond the grave—may occasion more care and caution as to what people choose to believe or opine in the meantime, may be a warning to future Morrisonographers to get it right for once, may even prompt reconsideration or repentance of certain past wrongful judgments.

I cannot say and dare not hope. But at the very least, come the year 2021, the casual vindictive dismissiveness many have practiced toward me and my part in Jim's life will be considerably more difficult to maintain, and those who

did so, or who insist on continuing to do so in the face of this evidence so staggeringly to the contrary, will stand branded, by Jim Morrison himself, as the fools and liars they have always been. Nor can I say that the thought of this much displeases me...

By assembling this work, announcing this intent, I break no trust Jim placed in me, have violated no smallest tenet of the covenant we made between us. Indeed, I am all the more confident in my conviction that this but enhances the trust and faith we share, the vows we took, the love that was and is and ever shall be; and it is the way I choose to honor him, by enabling him to speak, for once, for himself, and also, for the first time publicly, for us.

Like *Strange Days* before it, *Fireheart* is a gift of love from me to the man I call my husband, the last I shall give him in this lifetime and perhaps the most enduring. The great, the tremendous difference that changes all is that Jim himself created it as gift for me, and now at last, at long last, twenty-five years from now, I can return to him, as one creative artist to another, that wondrous gift of love he bestowed upon me twenty-five years ago.

Jim told me many times that he wanted to use the name 'James Douglas Morrison' for his poetry and other literary works, and to keep 'Jim' for his music; that never happened, as we know, and with *Fireheart* I am going to see to it that he gets his wish at last.

I do not know if, two and a half decades hence, Jim Morrison will still command the same intensity of interest he has aroused in the public during his life, and since the undeserved and untimely death that was so murderously dealt him. I realize that many among us may not be around to see published this last loving vindication of a man who has been much and deeply wronged; that I myself, even, may no longer be here in the world to view our triumph but joyfully reunited with Jim according to our vows, moving on together to our next lives, or beyond them.

No matter. What does matter is that whoever may come to read *Fireheart* will find, I think, that it will have been well worth the wait to meet James Douglas Morrison at last, as he was, and as he was loving enough and courageous enough to reveal himself to his mate, face to face, mind to mind, heart to heart.

Or so, at least, he and I both hope. We can wait.

Patricia Morrison

New York, July 1996

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What you've just read is a slightly alternated announcement of *Fireheart* from Patricia's new book, *The Hedge Of Mist*, published by HarperCollins, New York, used by permission of the author. *The Hedge Of Mist* is her sixth Keltiad novel. Her first four novels were translated into German and were published by Heyne Verlag. Patricia is now working on a new book, *Blackmantle*, a sort of *Strange Days* in outer space.

THE DOOR'S JIM burning the soul at both ends



By Louise Freeman, age 16

THE DOORS had a great number on their first album. Trouble is, it ran a full eight-minutes—a thumbs-downer from the average deejay right there. Well, *The Doors* needed a single hit to get off the ground after two years of struggle, so how about a less lengthy single from the same album? How about it? It didn't make it. The Fire was still there, still too long. So just the vocal part was dubbed off and that, kiddies, is how Jim Morrison and *Light My Fire* were launched and took *The Doors* with

them.

Jim sounds so great on that hit single because it expresses musically the kind of fire he generates in personal appearances. *The Doors* are smart to "stage" their lead singer. He leaps into the group after the intro and takes off before the music dies out. He's a flame that comes to illuminate and he generates the heat so thoroughly that it takes a little segue music to mark his departure. Jim lit the fire for *The Doors* and the group is wisely keeping his fierce flame bright.

JIM MORRISON'S QUIET DAYS IN PARIS

written by Rainer Moddemann

For writing this article, which is based on the chapter *Stille Tage in Paris* from my book (*Doors*, Heel Verlag, Königswinter, Germany) I went back to the following sources: The books *No One Here Gets Out Alive* by Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugerman, Jerry Hopkins' manuscript of *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, *The End* by Bob Seymour, *Jim Morrison au delà des Doors* by Hervé Muller; the unpublished biography of Max Fink, Judson Klinger's unpublished report *As The Doors Turn*; my interviews with Ray Manzarek, John Densmore and Robby Krieger; also my interviews with Frank Lisciandro, Kathy Lisciandro, Gilles Yeremian, Philippe, Patricia Kennealy-Morrison and Hervé Muller; countless radio shows, TV shows and printed interviews, especially *King Magazine* and *Rolling Stone*, other interviews with Madame Colinette and Agnes Varda. The translation was done by Barbarella Buchner, stylistic revision by Paul Carter. Special thanks also to Patricia Devaux, Rossella Madonna, Jeannie Cromie, Andreas Kanonenberg, Dan Salomon and Michelle Campbell for documents and information.

The 'official' biography portrays Jim Morrison's time in Paris as being very romantic, if not a little disconnected from the world. Small wonder, as very little of his stay in the 'City of Poets and Thinkers' is as yet known to

the public. This chapter, based on thorough research, will deal with Jim Morrison's "quiet days in Paris", as well as his death and Pamela Courson's death, all in detail.

Ray Manzarek was disgruntled, but he didn't show it. "Go on, Jim. Stay in Paris as long as you want. We'll go on working on the mixing of *L.A. Woman*", he had said to Morrison, when the latter had broken the news about his plans to leave Los Angeles, right in the middle of the final mixing of the new Doors album. This was at the beginning of February 1971. The Doors were in the studio, together with Bruce Botnik, sound technician from Elektra Records, mixing the individual tracks on the 8-track machine for the next album. Jim, who since the *Soft Parade* album had not much cared for mixing anyway, would rather hang out in his favorite bar, or go fishing with his drinking buddy Babe Hill.

He was bored with life in Los Angeles though, and the memory of his first visit to Paris in 1970 had possibly given rise to his emphasizing, weeks before leaving, that he needed a few months rest in order to write new poems and he thought Paris might well be the perfect place. He mentioned that he wanted to buy an old church in the south of France, do it up and live in it, his own permanent island of peace.

Pamela was enthusiastic about the idea. Jim had told her much about Paris, and she was aching to live in this enchanted, far-away, romantic city, and this was a good chance of course, to get Jim away from The Doors and have him all to herself. "The man is a poet", she insisted, "he shouldn't be wasting his time with a rock band!" The Doors knew Pamela's views of course, and were naturally not of the same opinion. They didn't appreciate Pamela's presence at the Doors office very much, either.

Jim's friends confirmed to him that Paris was the right place to go to get away from Los Angeles, and by extension to get away from The Doors. Alain Ronay had gone into raptures about the city time and again, and his relationship with the film-maker Agnes Varda, who also lived in Paris, reminded Jim of the long conversations they had had on the film medium, one of his favorite topics. Back in 1970, together with Agnes, Jim took the train to Chateau Chambord, to watch the shooting of Jacques Demy's film *Peau D'Ane*. None of the film crew there recognized him. Agnes still has a 3-minute film clip showing Jim sitting on the

lawn at the shooting of the movie, having a chat with actress Catherine Deneuve and director Francois Truffaud.

With The Doors' knowledge, Jim Morrison prepared his departure.

At Jim's suggestion Pamela had flown to Paris on 14th February 1971, St. Valentine's Day, to find an apartment for them and to prepare everything for his arrival. While looking, Pamela stayed at the *Hôtel Georges V*, which Jim had recommended to her, and there she met a French nobleman, a certain count by the name of Jean DeBreteuil, with whom she promptly started an affair. She also made friends with the French model Elisabeth Lariviere and her American boyfriend, whom she had met in the *Café de Flore*, a restaurant which had fast become one of her favorites. The couple offered to let her stay at their apartment in Rue Beaufreillis. ZoZo, (the model's pseudonym), was not going to be in Paris for the next few months anyway, and the luxuriously furnished apartment at No. 17 on the third floor was quiet and would be perfect for Jim to work on his various projects.

Jim stayed in Los Angeles until 10th March 1971. He enjoyed being a bachelor again. On clearing out his desk in the Doors office, he found a vast amount of telephone numbers that had been given to him by female fans. He invited two of them on a boat trip together with Babe Hill, then spent a few intense days with Patricia Kennealy at Pamela's apartment in Norton Avenue, packed his scrap books, the spools of film of *Feast Of Friends*, HWY and *The Doors Are Open*, a few remaining copies of his private prints, some items of clothing and several of his favorite books, and made his way to L.A. International Airport. Frank and Kathy Lisciandro, Babe Hill and Alain Ronay accompanied him there to say their good-byes.

Frank Lisciandro told *The Doors Quarterly* in an interview: "I remember Babe brought him to the airport but Kathy and I met him there. They went in their car and we went in another car, and we met at L.A. International Airport the night that Jim was supposed to be leaving for Paris. We sat in the bar, at a table, talking about a lot of different things - what he planned to do there, that we all planned to visit him there, how long he planned to be there, like that. But what strikes me about that

evening - it was a typical evening with Jim. We had become so animated with conversation, and so involved in our conversation that we missed the three announcements for the airplane, and in fact Jim missed his plane, he never got on the plane that night and he had to go back to the airport the following morning and get on the plane, so that's when he left for Paris."

Robby Krieger remembers: "He has talked about Paris for quite a while now. After we had recorded *L.A. Woman* and thereby fulfilled the terms in our contract, nothing could hold him anymore. He took off, without having said any proper good-byes. He just said that he would fly to Paris tomorrow and that he would stay there for some time."

John Densmore: "Jim said his bye bye, and that was it. I am sure that he wanted to come back."

Bill Siddons remembers Jim's remarks before his departure: "He said, 'I don't know who I am, and I don't know what I'm doing at the moment. I don't even know what I really want, I just wanna go away.' Pamela was behind it all. It was her who pushed him to leave, and who told him to take his scrap books and write a theatre play."

The future of The Doors was in no doubt, though. In a Rolling Stone interview with Ben Fong-Torres a few days before his departure, Jim Morrison was still making plans: "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."

Ray Manzarek confirmed in an interview: "That Jim went to Paris didn't mean the split of the band. To the contrary - as soon as he had left we started practicing new songs in our rehearsal room, songs that Robby had written for the next Doors album with Jim."

This means that Jim had never split up with The Doors. On 27th April 1971, Danny Sugerman, who at that time answered all the letters that were delivered to the Doors office, wrote to a worried fan: "The album is out, as you already probably know. Sorry this letter is late, but things have been really hectic these last few weeks. Jim is, in fact, in Europe writing a book on the trial. No tour, or concerts is/are planned for quite some time yet, seeing how Jim probably won't be back for

quite some time. The Doors are NOT breaking, just taking a vacation. Rest and recuperation.

Sincerely yours,

Danny Sugerman, Doors Productions."

Frank Lisciandro says: "Jim's feeling at the time - and I remember this distinctly because we had more than one conversation about it - was that his days in Los Angeles were over for this particular part of his life. He had finished the commitment to Elektra Records and had finished the last album they owed them on the contract. And he had somewhat put behind him the Miami trial although there might be an appeal or whatever that was behind him. Pamela was waiting for him in Paris and had established a home there. My feeling and the feeling of the people who knew him closely was that he was leaving. As a matter of fact we had closed the HWY Production office, and with this it was over for Jim in Los Angeles. He was leaving for good. For as long as he could get away from L.A. He was through with this particular part of his career and his life."

Jim Morrison arrived in Paris on 11th March 1971, a month after Pamela. To begin with they lived at the *Hôtel Georges V* in Avenue Georges V. The *Bar Alexandre*, situated in the same street, became one of his regular watering holes. Because of the generous tips that he was wont to leave, his drinking escapades down the *Alexandre* were eventually tolerated. Pamela, who was already well '*au fait*' with Parisian nightlife thanks to her count, showed him to other bars where the insiders and '*Le Jet Set*' hung out: the *Café de Flore*, the *Les Deux Magots* and the infamous *Rock'n'Roll Circus*.

Only a week later Jim and Pamela moved in at No. 17 Rue Beaureillis. ZoZo gave them one of the three bedrooms of the spacious apartment, and Jim moved a desk for himself near to the window. He shaved off the long dark beard he had worn for almost six months, and with which he had also wanted to appear on the forthcoming album cover. He hoped that people would not recognize him in Paris without his beard.

In the sunny, quiet apartment in the *Marais* quarter he was very happy. He loved to walk down the Rue St. Antoine, an ordinary tourist, or take expeditions across the *Ile St. Louis*. He found total peace and quiet in the close-by

Place des Vosges, an elegant and inspiring square slightly reminiscent of Venice, Italy, and incidentally the square where Victor Hugo had once lived. Not a few of his later poems and essays were written here. Jim carried a scrap book with him at all times, in which he wrote or made sketches. Pamela began to resent Jim walking around the streets of Paris on his own; she would have liked him a lot better by her side. Frustrated and angry, she continued her affair with the count.

Jim telephoned Agnes Varda. She invited him to her daughter Rosalie's birthday party. Jim, who only spoke a few words of French, came and drank vast amounts of *Grand Marnier* in the midst of the other small party guests.

Agnes Varda remembers: "He fell on one of the girls' little tables. However, they were still happy, because they liked him very much. He thought it was great to be with all these little children. There are also many allusions to his own childhood in his poems."

In an early Agnes Varda film, *Lion's Love*, which she filmed in Los Angeles in 1969, Jim Morrison had been cast as an extra. In a short clip he can be seen for a few seconds in a theatre as a spectator. Hardly anyone recognized him in this though, as at that time he had just grown a full beard. In her films Agnes Varda does not deny her love for Jim Morrison, and she has used Doors songs more than once as the theme or as background music, the last being *The Changeling* in her film *Jane B.*, a film biography of the actress Jane Birkin.

Agnes comments that her relationship with Jim was a very quiet one: "Jim used to sit with us and a few friends in this yard for hours. He didn't talk much, didn't utter a superfluous word. He didn't like gossip. For five years we used to meet relatively often, but I cannot say that we ever talked much. And we respected him. His greatest wish when he came to Paris was to remain here incognito, as someone who just wanted to write his poems."

Not even the press was informed of the fact that Jim Morrison was staying in Paris, and only a few people recognized him on the streets. In Paris he found the peace and quiet that he had longed for. He took long walks along the Rue St. Antoine with its pretty delicatessen shops, to the Rue de Rivoli, and from there on to St. Germain des Pres and the area around the

Place St. Michel. More than once Jim and Pamela got caught up in one of the numerous demonstrations by Parisian students, and they had been fascinated and mesmerized by the riots and violence they kept on stumbling into.

On 3rd April 1971 Jim, who was slightly drunk, was sitting in the *L'Astroquet* on *Boulevard St. Germain*, chatting with some Americans sitting at an adjacent table. They were Phil Trainer and his band, *Clinic*. When they recognized Morrison they took their guitars out of their cases and played blues songs for hours. Jim sang *Crawling King Snake* with them, while smoking one *Marlboro* after the other. The evening ended up in the apartment of a female photographer who Jim and Pamela knew. Jim also attacked the alcohol stock there. Trainer particularly remembers Jim's coughing fits in between deep inhalations from the cigarettes he smoked. Many years later, Trainer recorded a song that paid tribute to Jim: *Beautiful Jim*.

Pamela, who did not drink much, preferring a cocktail of drugs, complained about Jim's alcohol consumption. He had almost totally cut out the drugs, and had for some time been advancing to the state of an extremely heavy drinker. From midday onwards he would pour all kinds of alcohol down his throat, and he was also chain-smoking. For the first time during his coughing fits he coughed up blood, and at the beginning of April Pamela made him see an American doctor in Paris.

On 9th April Jim and Pamela rented a car and drove down to the South of France, via Limoges to Toulouse, where Jim admired the pink-colored architecture. On they went via Andorra to Madrid. Here they spent a whole day at the *Prado Museum*, where Jim sat in front of Hieronymus Bosch's "*The Garden of Earthly Delights*", studying it for hours.

They eventually spent several days in Granada, where Jim often climbed up to the *Alhambra* to admire the stonemasonry of the old Moorish palace, and to walk through the enchanting *Generalife Gardens*. Pamela used up countless Super-8 films, one of which shows Jim sitting on the lion's fountain of the *Alhambra*. Suddenly he gets up, and with his arms outstretched walks towards the camera,

closer and closer, until eventually only one eye fills the lens.

They crossed over to Tangier in Morocco, via Algeciras, their car on the ferry, and promptly got ripped-off to the tune of \$100 by an English speaking Arab who had very kindly offered to get them a lump of hashish. The man disappeared without delivering his goods.

They spent some time in Casablanca, Marrakech and Fez, and there handed over the car to the car rental company, flying back to Paris on 3rd May 1971.

"I will include my adventures in Africa in a theatre play", Jim later told a female journalist friend of Pamela's, adding "One of the reasons I like Paris is the fact that it lies fairly centrally in Europe. It's not like L.A., so far away from everything."

Once back in Paris Jim and Pam had to move to *L'Hotel* at No. 13 Rue des Beaux Arts for a few days, because ZoZo and several friends had taken over the apartment in the Rue Beutreillis. Jim stayed on the second floor, in the room where Oscar Wilde died, and was now behaving just like in the old times in Los Angeles. He drank more than ever, was climbing around on the balcony railing of his room, and on the evening of 7th May fell onto the roof of one of the cars parked down in the street. A frightened Pamela hurried outside, and found that Jim was already on his feet again, brushing off his brown suede jacket. Much to her dismay though, he immediately left on his own to continue his drinking spree down the *Rock'n'Roll Circus*, (which is now called *Whisky A Gogo* and has been turned into a tuxedo discotheque).

At this nightclub, which does not open its doors until 10.00 p.m., the Parisian heroin underground scene used to meet, and the people there were accordingly mental. Jim Morrison loved this mad scenery, and drank a whole lot of straight whiskeys. Eventually he got so drunk that he was throwing seat cushions around and knocking over tables. At this point he was immediately kicked out.

In the long marble lined corridor he sat down on the floor with outstretched legs, and started insulting the nightclubbers passing him by with filthy language. Gilles Yeremian, a friend of the journalist Hervé Muller, recognized him and



Jim Morrison in Hervé Muller's apartment. Flashing the Morrison smile at Gilles' camera. *Photo: Gilles Yéprémian*

put him in a taxi in order to take him to Muller's flat.

"I was there with some friends in the restaurant of the club", Gilles Ypremian told *The Doors Quarterly Magazine* during an interview in 1993. "I just saw a shadow where the security guys were standing. Later I went out and saw this guy kicking the doors with his feet, he apparently wanted to get inside. But the security wouldn't let him in again because they had just thrown him out. When I looked at his face I realized it was Jim Morrison. He was completely drunk. He didn't look like Jim Morrison the rockstar, but like an American student traveling in France, wearing a green military jacket and some blue jeans. I asked him 'Are you Jim?', and he said 'Yeeeeah!'. So I took him away from that door by his arm along the hallway to the outside. I was sure if he would have stayed there he would have gotten into a fight with the security. So I decided to take him to Hervé's."

But it wasn't that easy to get Jim to Hervé Muller's apartment, Gilles says.

"We got into the taxi and I told the driver Hervé's address. Soon we arrived at the Pont de la Concorde, which is a bridge crossing the Seine. Jim wanted the taxi to stop. He got out and went away from it. I paid the driver and followed Jim. He wanted to jump up the railing. Two cops were nearing and I said, 'Jim, be careful, cops are coming!'. But Jim shouted, 'Fuck the pigs', something like that. Then he was quiet again. I stopped another taxi which took us to Place Tristan-Bernard 6, where Hervé used to live."

The completely drunk Jim Morrison spent the night at Muller's apartment on Place Tristan-Bernard, and a totally surprised Hervé had to give up his bed to spend the night in a sleeping bag and let the paralytic Jim sleep off his drunken stupor.

Gilles Ypremian: "We went up to Hervé's flat. On each floor Jim knocked on my back and hissed, 'Sssssh, they are sleeping!'. I rang Hervé's door and Yvonne, his girlfriend, opened it. I remember there was this Belgian girl staying there overnight, and she thought we were the police wanting to search the apartment. So she threw all her hash out of the window in a hurry. I said to Hervé, 'It's me, and I'm here with Jim Morrison!' Hervé answered, 'Fuck you, Gilles, it's four o'clock in

the morning!' But Jim simply went into the room, crashed upon their bed and fell asleep. It was impossible to move him out of the bed again."

He only awoke at midday the next day, 8th May, and immediately invited Hervé and his girlfriend Yvonne Fuka for lunch at the *Bar Alexandre* on Avenue George V. They talked about films and poetry, and Jim gave Hervé a copy of his *An American Prayer* poetry book. Naturally the alcohol was already flowing freely, and Jim soon began to get violent again. He shouted at people at adjacent tables, threw cocktail cherries around, and was drinking liberally the while from a large bottle of cognac. Hervé had his camera on him and he and Yvonne were busy taking pictures of Jim's every move. Eventually Morrison threw himself onto the 'art nouveau' iron bench in front of the Alexandre, yelling: "Where're you taking me? I don't wanna go!"

Once inside Muller's small apartment again he continued yelling, waking the neighbors and the caretaker, who called the police. When the police arrived though, Jim was already asleep, not to rise again until late the next evening. A taxi took him back to the Rue des Beaux Arts, where a furious Pamela was waiting for him.

The next day at *L'Hotel*, sober again, Jim Morrison talked to a slightly shocked Hervé Muller.

"I am looking for a cinema here in Paris, where I can show my films. I have three films with me, the *Doors* film 'Feast of Friends', 'HWY', and a documentation of a *Doors* concert." He also talked again about buying an old church somewhere in France, and having it done up as an apartment, if it cost no more than \$100,000. Speaking of The Doors, he said that he hadn't seen them for a long while, but that the band would continue although he felt really a bit too old to be a Rock'n'Roll singer at the age of 27.

A few days later Jim and Pamela moved back in to No. 17 Rue Beaureillis, and made plans to drive down to Switzerland, but at Yvonne's suggestion while they were sharing a bottle of Corsican wine, they decided to visit Corsica instead. On the way there though, at Marseilles Airport, Jim lost all his papers, requiring an immediate return to Paris to have his documents replaced at the American embassy



Top: Madame Colinette, who witnessed the burial.

Photo: Rainer Moddemann

Right: Behind closed doors. The front door of Jim Morrison's apartment in Rue Beutreillis 17.

Photo: Iain Boyack

Below: Pamela, Jim, Hervé Muller, and journalist Henri-Jean Henu in front of 6, Place Tristan Bernard, where Hervé used to live. The photo was taken in May 1971. *Photo: Gilles Yéprémian*



there. His old passport was later found by the airport authorities and was sent back to Paris a few days later. (After Jim's death, this passport was returned to his parents).

In the end they did manage to spend 10 days in Corsica, but Jim later remarked to female journalist Tere Tereba, who he had talked to shortly before his death, that apart from one day it had rained all the time, and that he and Pamela had got rather bored.

Back in Paris Jim continued meeting Agnes Varda and his other acquaintances and friends. He was now working on the draft of a rock opera, an idea that had fascinated him since the early days at Venice Beach. He filled up his scrap books with poetry, mainly in the apartment in the Marais, but often also in the shade of one of the cafes around the Place des Vosges. Many of the poems that were later posthumously published in the books '*Wilderness*' and '*The American Night*' were written here. Most of them are fragmentary short insights into his own life and of his own experiences, like the lyrical '*As I Look Back*'.

In those weeks he kept close contact with Los Angeles. He was completely satisfied with the final version of *L.A. Woman*, which he received from Elektra Records as a test pressing, as it was the long wished for blues album by The Doors. Jim sent a couple of postcards to the Doors office, and wrote to his poet friend Michael McClure and to the Doors finance administrator, Bob Greene. He invited Frank Lisciandro and his wife Kathy to Paris at the end of July, an offer which both of them happily accepted. Lisciandro said that they had to tie up some loose ends first, but after that they would visit him in Paris.

Frank Lisciandro remembers: "*I had written to Jim about a month after he left saying that Kathy and I were planning a trip to Paris. In fact we were going to make a long motordrive through Eastern Europe and we would be stopping in Paris to pick up a car. In my letter I invited Pamela and Jim to come along with us on any particular part of this drive. We were going to see a friend of us in Hungary and we were going to be going to Greece and Turkey. I got a letter back from Jim saying that he had recently been in Corsica, where he had in a typical Jim Morrison fashion lost his*

wallet, but then he was back in Paris, and he invited Kathy and me to stay with them at their apartment in Paris while we were there. He didn't mention about the trip whether or not he intended or wanted to think about going on a part of our trip. He also said that he was doing well and that it would be good to see old friends again."

In the meantime Jim had employed a secretary. Robin Werte, a pretty Canadian, was his 'Girl Friday', and did not only deal with Jim's business correspondence, but also with the buying of furniture, the employment of a cleaning lady and all other matters needing a knowledge of the French language.

The last time Hervé Muller met Jim was on 11th June. Together with Alain Ronay they watched the theatre play '*Le Regard Du Sourcier*' by Bob Wilson at the *Théâtre de la Musique*. As Pamela was annoyed by Alain's presence, she preferred to stay behind with her count, whom Jim did not like.

In mid June Jim went to see a doctor for the second time, because he had been coughing up blood again. The physician urgently advised him to stop smoking and drinking heavily. From his consumption of alcohol and a great deal of French food, Jim's body had become bloated, and his powers of concentration that he needed to be able to work had diminished significantly and suddenly. He also had severe coughing fits.

To take his mind off things he undertook daily walks to the Ile St.Louis, walking around for hours, and he visited the *Hôtel de Lauzun* on the *Quai d'Anjou* and also the *Louvre*. To cover up his now already uncomfortable and corpulent figure he wore baggy shirts and dark, striped trousers, together with his old, worn-out suede boots.

On 14th June he telephoned John Densmore in Los Angeles, to find out how the sales of the new Doors album, *L.A. Woman*, were going. He was very pleased with the promotion copy the record company Elektra had sent him, the only record he would listen to again and again in those weeks.

John told him that the record was climbing the US Charts, and that the single *Love Her Madly*, which had been written by Robby Krieger, was also selling excellently. Jim said he saw this as a

good reason to record a further album, and maybe go on tour again, as Ray had always wished, with an expanded instrumental group. John did not tell him that The Doors were already practicing new material. Without Jim the three Doors instrumentalists felt a lot freer and not bound to the blues-type stuff that Jim loved as a basis for his songs.

Jim was yet to learn that *Riders On The Storm* would shortly be released as the second single off the album, and he told Densmore that he would probably stay in Paris for another few months. This was the last The Doors ever heard from Jim Morrison, the man. From now on, only the myth and the words remained.

On one of his walks through the narrow streets of St.-Germain-des-Prés one day he discovered a recording studio, and went there again on June 16th to listen to a reel-to-reel tape of the poetry he had recorded in March 1969 in Los Angeles. On stepping out of the studio in search of liquid refreshment, he stumbled upon two young American street musicians who were playing guitar in front of the *Café de Flore*. He decided on the spot to buy them a drink. Later in the afternoon he invited them to a spontaneous recording session in the studio he had just come from. Everybody was already drunk. Jim told the engineer it was his own band called *Jomo And The Smoothies* and paid for an hour of recording.

"I get twenty-five percent of everything that happens, right?" he told the musicians. The others tuned their guitars. This took a fairly long time while the tape was running, and it sounded horrible. Jim grinned. "They're tolerating us until we get our asses in gear," he said.

But the three musicians failed to make decent recordings of songs they knew, although one guitarist suggested songs like '*Little Miss Five Feet Five*', '*Three Little Fishes*' and '*I Wanna Dance With My Indigo Sugar*'. Even when it came to his own material, Jim couldn't quite remember all the lyrics of his ode to Pamela, '*Orange County Suite*', screaming and yelling the hazy parts. The session ended after only 14 minutes and the engineer cut the tape. Jim and the two others listened to the tape again, but decided not to record more. Jim scribbled "*JOMO AND THE SMOOTHIES*" onto the box

and put it into a plastic bag in which he also put the poetry tape and a few other belongings.

Then they left the studio and split. Jim wanted to go for some more drinks but wasn't into carrying the bag around. After all, the poetry tape was the master copy from Elektra Records' archives, and together with the master of the recording he and the musicians had just made as *Jomo And The Smoothies*, the risk of losing the plastic bag somewhere in a Parisian bar during the night would have been too great. So he decided to pay a visit to Philippe, a friend of his who used to live just round the corner.

"I used to be a friend of Jim's when he was in Paris", Philippe told *The Doors Quarterly Magazine* in 1994. *"I met him quite often, because I was in love with a girl who was Pamela's friend. But it wasn't that much we did together, you know, a few meetings here and there. We all went out a couple of times to bars and restaurants in the Quartier, the Marais and Les Halles, where we had drinks together. He always was very quiet, not talkative at all. Very shy. But there always was a good feeling between us."*

They shared a few drinks while copying some poetry tapes on cassette. When Jim left, he took the dubbed cassettes, but not the plastic bag with the two reels. Philippe ran after him shouting, *"Jim, you forgot your bag!"*, but Jim was already going down in the elevator yelling back, *"Keep it for me, I'll pick it up later!"*.

Philippe never saw Jim Morrison again. Of course he was curious and looked into the bag. Jim was carrying not only the two reels with him that night, but also a note book full of poetry, a bunch of private photos (including a polaroid showing Jim standing at the window of his Rue Beautreillis apartment looking out in the street) and official Elektra press pictures, also two newspaper articles. One was an interview with film director Jean-Luc Godard called *Film And Revolution*, the other was an article torn out from Patricia Kennealy's *Jazz And Pop* magazine, named *Morrison Hotel Revisited*. Philippe put the plastic bag into a cupboard and forgot about it until he attended a celebration concert for Jim Morrison's 50th birthday in Paris in 1993. He thought it would be too selfish to keep the tapes and decided to give DAT-copies to fans. Months later, in 1994, a bootleg CD came out in Canada called *Jim Morrison - The Lost Paris Tapes*,

containing complete recordings of the two master reels ...

The original tapes, however, were sold for \$10.000 to a German fan in 1995.

In the last week of June Jim wrote a letter to Bob Greene, which he received on 3rd July:

Hello Bob, how are you? The weather today finally turned sunny, after a month of gray. Paris is beautiful in the sun, an exciting town, built for human beings. Speaking to Bill (Siddons) a while back I told him of our desire to stay on here indefinitely. Will that be possible? Could you write and give me an idea of how long we can stay on living at our present rate, a sort of financial statement in general? Also, a copy of the partnership agreement, if it was ever completed. We have decided to turn the shop (Themis, Pamela's boutique) over to Tom and Judy (Pamela's sister and her husband), so they can seek alone. All but the furnishing sans some personal things, which we ought to keep. Eventually, we'd like to be completely clear of any involvement. Could you help to figure out the best way to do this? Incidentally, would you ask Judy for her parents' address and send them 100 bucks for the dog (Jim and Pamela's dog Sage)?

Any luck on the credit cards? We could use them made out in both our names. What's the problem? And if you'd send our cheque when you receive this - house bills are catching up. Please send \$ 3.000.

*Give our best to all,
later,
Jim."*

This letter doesn't sound like a burnt out Jim Morrison, allegedly wasted both physically and emotionally by this time. It does, however, feed the rumors that claim that Jim wanted to clear off.

The letters Jim wrote to Patricia Kennealy, the New York journalist, who in a witches' ceremony had become his wife, and who today carries the name Morrison, sound on the other hand very bitter, and talk of frightening visions. In his last letter from Paris he describes his yearning for her, in his own unique poetic language. He stresses that he has got to get out of this city, because "the air was full of lies". He

further expresses his wish to die, and asks Patricia to confirm that he has not sold himself. From the letter it follows that it was written after a long walk, which, following his own words, had completely exhausted Jim.

Apparently Jim's exile in Paris had not been as peaceful and harmonious as Pamela had always described in her stories after Morrison's death. Jim had reached the end of his life, and apparently he knew it. He was tired of being stood up by Pamela on the one hand, and tired of having to put up with her almost motherly protectiveness on the other. His asthma had flared up, and the many alcohol excesses over the years had provoked a terminal weakening of his body. The polluted Parisian air did the rest.

On 26th June, Pamela, who was hanging out at the *Café de Flore* with a few of her count's French friends, met a friend from Los Angeles, the female journalist Tere Tereba. Pamela invited her to come to Rue Beaufreillis the next day. Tere visited them on the afternoon of the 27th June, and met a relaxed Jim, who told her that he had lost a lot of weight, on account of recently cutting out the alcohol. He showed her an almost finished manuscript, and went into raptures about the city of Paris. Pamela said that Jim wanted to become immortal, a status that could be easier achieved as a poet than as a rock star. For supper Tere suggested *La Coupole*, which Jim and Pamela hadn't discovered yet - Hemingway had also been a frequent visitor to this bar. On their way to Boulevard du Montparnasse Jim talked about the experiences of the past few months, and mentioned that they had booked a flight to London, to spend a few days with Michael McClure.

At *La Coupole*, which reminded Jim of *Ratner's*, the delicatessen restaurant in New York, he said that he had been offered the leading part in the film *Catch My Soul*, starring with Tina Turner, Joe Frazier and Melanie. He was also supposed to play the part of a bear hunter, co-starring with Robert Mitchum, in Norman Mailer's film *Why Are We In Vietnam*. "I'm turning down the play, and I don't think I'll do the movie because it will take up too much time when I could be writing." He also mentioned to Tere his plans to show his own

films, the ones he had brought with him, to a select audience there in Paris.

"What I am going to do though is have a screening here for some people of my three films - first a documentary of a Doors concert made by some slick, professional film-makers, then another Doors documentary, a much more human, violent look made by the friends I work on films with, sort of how a similar event, a concert can be seen in different contrasting ways, and last I will show my film HWY. S'il vous plait, may we have some chocolate mousse for the ladies, please?"

On their return to Rue Beutreillis they got caught up in another student demonstration, this one at Place St. Michel. Jim and Pamela were fascinated by the hustle and bustle in the square, but they then decided to avoid trouble and did not stay. When Tere took her leave, saying that she was looking forward to getting back to Los Angeles, Jim said that he would definitely not be back before September. The contradictory nature of Jim Morrison as a person becomes apparent. On the one hand he is plagued with self doubts, depressed with his immediate surroundings and his poor physical condition, even mentioning the wish to die, while on the other he's playing the carefree poet, with lots of plans on his mind, seemingly very glad to be in Paris. It can be supposed that he had only trusted Patricia, his intimate friend in far away New York, with the full truth of his condition. In his letter he declared that he would never lie to her, because she possessed his full trust. He also told her he would move to New York to live with her in October 1971, after finishing it off gently with Pamela. Had he become an actor in Paris, with Pamela and Tere as spectators?

Frank Lisciandro says: "My feeling now is that Jim was somewhat lonely for his friends in Paris and that he was lonely for communications and conversations because he didn't speak any French. How he had gone to live in a place where I suspect he might have assumed that there would be more English spoken than there was. But in Paris in 1971 there were not a lot of people who spoke English. Back then, there were precious few that really spoke English and you would have a conversation with. He was lonely because he

loved talking, he loved listening to people, he loved asking questions. I think this was one of the drawbacks of his being in Paris, this sense of isolation because of the language. He was one with no language ability at all - none!"

At the end of June 1971, Jim went to *Père Lachaise Cemetery*. Alain remembers an evening in early June 1971 they spent on the steps of the *Sacré Cœur*, when Jim had asked him about a hill he saw in the distance, the location of the cemetery. Jim said he would go there another day. The gravestones and monuments left a deep impression on him, when he did so. He spent a whole day in the cemetery, visiting the graves of Edith Piaf, Oscar Wilde, Honore de Balzac and Frederic Chopin. Jim hardly spoke a word, and eventually mentioned to an unnamed friend who was accompanying him that he wished to be buried in this cemetery.

In the last week of his life Jim began to drink again, although the French doctor had prescribed him some medication for his heavy asthma which explicitly warns against alcohol consumption. According to one of Morrison's close friends, Jim could not have taken this warning seriously, as he had not read the instruction leaflet that was in French.

On 28 June, Jim and Pamela, accompanied by Alain Ronay, made a trip to Chantilly on the Oise, north of Paris. There, in a small village called Saint-Leu-d'Esserent, Alain took what were probably the last photos of Jim Morrison, photos which didn't see the light of day until they were finally published in April 1991 in the magazine *Paris Match* and additional ones in the Italian *King Magazine*. In those pictures taken next to the *Hôtel de l'Oise*, Jim appears relaxed and in a good mood, although his face seems bloated and flabby. In many of the photos Pamela is clinging on to him, while in others Jim is flashing the Morrison smile at Ronay's camera.

On 1st July 1971 he and Pamela had dinner at *Le Beutreillis*, the restaurant opposite their house, at about 8 p.m. Jim was rather depressed, as he had apparently not been able to write anything that day, and he wasn't in any mood to venture further than 10 yards away

REPORT OF THE DEATH OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

FINALAmerican Embassy, Paris, France, August 11, 1971
(Place and date)Name in full James Douglas MORRISON Occupation SingerNative or naturalized BORN ON December 8, 1943 AT Clearwater, Florida Last known address
in the United States 8216 Norton Avenue, Los Angeles, CaliforniaDate of death July 3 5:00 a.m. 1971 Ago 27 years
(Month) (Day) (Hour) (Minute) (Year) (Age)
(As nearly as can be ascertained)Place of death 17, rue Beaureillis, Paris 4, France
(Number and street) or (Hospital or hotel) (City) (Country)Cause of death Heart Failure
(Include authority for statement)

As certified by Dr. Max Vassille, 31, rue du Renard, Paris, France

Disposition of the remains Interred in Pere Lachaise Cemetery, 16th Division, Paris, France on July 7, 1971.Local law as to disinterring remains May be disinterred at any time upon the request of nearest relative or legal representative of the estate. See Decree Law of December 31, 1941, Journal Official, January 26-27, 1942, Page 378.Disposition of the effects In the custody of Pamela Courson, friend.Person or official responsible for custody of effects and accounting therefor Rear Admiral George S. Morrison, father.
Informed by telegram:

NAME	ADDRESS	RELATIONSHIP	DATE SENT
N/A			

Copy of this report sent to:

NAME	ADDRESS	RELATIONSHIP	DATE SENT
Rear Admiral George S. Morrison	Chief Naval Operations QPO 3B - Room 4E 552 Pentagon, Washington, D.C. 20350	Father	August 11, 1971

xTraveling or residing abroad with relatives or friends as follows:

NAME	ADDRESS	RELATIONSHIP
Miss Pamela Courson	17, rue Beaureillis 75 - Paris 4, France	Friend

Other known relatives (not given above):

NAME	ADDRESS	RELATIONSHIP
Unknown		

This information and data concerning an inventory of the effects, accounts, etc., have been placed under File 234 in the correspondence of this office.

Remarks: U.S. passport number J 900083, issued at Los Angeles, California, on August 7, 1968 cancelled and returned to father.

Filing date and place of French Death Certificate: July 3, 1971 at the Town Hall of Paris 4, France.

(Continue on reverse if necessary.)

Mary Ann Maysenbuye
Mary Ann Maysenbuye
(Signature on all copies)

Vice Consul of the United States of America.

[SEAL]
No fee prescribed.

D-1984-1000-2

I certify that this document is a true copy of the record contained in the files of Passport Services, Department of State.

In testimony whereof, I, GEORGE P. SHULTZ, Secretary of State, have hereunto caused the seal of the Department of State to be affixed and my name subscribed by the Authentication Officer of the said Department, at the city of Washington, in the District of Columbia, this

Presented the day of February 1984 Service No. 8401708

George P. Shultz *John B. Massie*
Secretary of State Authentication Officer
This certificate is not valid if it is altered in any way.

from the apartment. They had a fight while eating. Two German students recognized that they had been sitting at the same table with Jim and Pam only after some minutes when Pam threw some cash on the table and shouted something like "*Fuck you, Jim Morrison!*" Jim had left the restaurant a minute earlier, and the two students watched him disappear behind the door of Rue Beaufreillis 17 while they were looking out of the window. Pamela followed him. Later that night, after 11 p.m., a quiet Jim Morrison was recognized and photographed by an American fan as he was drinking *Bordeaux* wine and eating a *Croque Monsieur* in the *Le Mazet* bar on Rue St. André des Arts. He had obviously gone there by himself.

His condition was still the same on 2nd July. Alain Ronay noticed his depressions, and without Pamela they had dinner at a restaurant on Rue St. Antoine, where Morrison ate his food in silence. Alain later remembers that Jim Morrison's face looked like a death mask, and that he had had a bad hiccoughing fit.

Afterwards Jim sent a telephone telegram to his publisher, Jonathan Dolger, in New York, asking him not to use the Joel Brodsky photo for his paperback edition of *The Lords And The New Creatures*, but to use a newer Edmond Teske photo instead, a photo showing him with full beard.

After this, he and Pamela went to a cinema near the metro station Pelletier, to watch the film *Death Valley*. They returned to the apartment at about 1.00 a.m., and Jim sat down at his desk for a short while, but again could not concentrate. He decided to replay a few of the Super-8 films that he and Pamela had shot during their holiday. Subsequently he listened to a few Doors albums, during which he was plagued by coughing fits, and then went to bed, in which Pamela already lay sleeping. Later on in the night he woke up and had to vomit several times. Pamela later reported that he threw up a torrent of blood and blood clots. He didn't want her to call a doctor. Instead, he sent Pamela back to bed, and filled up the tub for a hot bath. He thought this would make him feel better...

In the early hours of the morning Pamela woke up and found the bathroom door locked from the inside. She felt that something was

wrong, and in a panic she called several friends (Alain Ronay, Agnes Varda and the count, Jean DeBreteil), who all hurried to Rue Beaufreillis No. 17 straight away. The count was allegedly accompanied by the singer Marianne Faithfull, who he had just spent the night with. Together they broke down the bathroom door and found Jim Morrison lying lifelessly in the tub, a smile playing on his lips. A trickle of clotted blood ran from his nose to his upper lip.

The count and his accompaniment left the apartment before the emergency doctor was called. They didn't want to make a statement to the police, as they were both known drug addicts.

At 9.30 a.m. an ambulance was called. Jim was lifted out of the tub and a cardiac massage was applied. However, the uselessness of resuscitation was soon realized, and his body was carried to the bedroom and covered with a dressing gown.

In the meantime the police had arrived, and were questioning the persons present. The French doctor Max Vassille only arrived at the apartment at 6.00 p.m. He examined the body and established that the cause of death was heart failure, which he estimated had occurred at approximately 5.00 a.m. A notary assigned by the police had already made out the official French certificate of death at 2.30 p.m. at the registry office in the *Mairie du 4e Arrondissement*. The certificate described Jim Morrison as having been an author. He was also described as having been single. His full name is printed on the form: *Douglas Morrison, James*. For this reason the authorities did not realize that this was the American singer Jim Morrison, also well known in France, and he was regarded as an ordinary tourist who had died accidentally in Paris.

The doctor's report does not give details on why his heart failed, but describes Morrison's death as a "*natural*" one. The reason for his heart failure remains unknown, as an autopsy was never done. However, Bill Siddons later remembered Pamela saying that she heard the physician talk about a blood clot blocking the cardiac artery, which had apparently been the cause of death.

The most probable cause of death, however, was the dangerous cocktail of the asthma medication and the copious amounts of alcohol

Morrison was wont to put away. According to several physicians, even a small dose, taken during heavy consumption of alcohol, can be toxic and eventually have a lethal effect, especially when the body is already in a weakened state. One can assume that on 2nd July Jim Morrison was drinking highproof alcohol in his depressive state, and at the same time tried to battle the return of his respiratory symptoms with a dose of his tablets. This was a lethal mixture for him. One can also assume that the wound in his lung he had obtained from the fall from the balcony at the *Chateau Marmont* had opened up again from his coughing fits. This would explain the vast amount of blood that Jim had thrown up in the early morning hours of 3rd July. It is also possible that an untreated stomach ulcer, which can cause the vomiting of blood, played a small part in it.

Only in April 1991, after 20 years of silence, did Alain Ronay share his thoughts with the world. In an article in the magazine *Paris Match* he describes the last hours of Jim Morrison's life, according to Pamela's version of events. Apparently, on 2nd July Jim had snorted some heroin that Pamela had got him in the afternoon. In the evening both of them had taken a further dose of the drug, and Jim had started listening to every single old Doors record. After they had both gone to bed, Jim had snorted some more heroin and had apparently fallen asleep, while the song *The End* had drifted into the bedroom from the record player.

The further course of Ronay's report is basically identical with the above mentioned description. One cannot be sure for certain which version is nearer the truth.

For the simple reason that - an autopsy was never performed. Neither the emergency service, nor the police officials and not even Dr. Max Vassille, none of them showed the slightest amount of suspicion that it was a drug-related death. If it had been, an autopsy would surely have been undertaken. Alain Ronay reports that he had not seen Jim Morrison's body. If one considers Pamela's confused state of mind, as well as her now published police report, there is no certain proof that the cause of death was a "heroin overdose". Above all,

people who were close to him knew he had a horror of heroin. Apparently, after his arrival at Rue Beautreillis, Bill Siddons had found a wooden box in which Pamela used to keep her drugs. He had tasted the substance, but could not determine what it was. Years later he reported this finding to the press, and the sensation-hungry journalists were sure that it could only have been heroin.

This all leads up to the inevitable conclusion that Pamela was substantially responsible for his death. She stated in the official police report that Jim (after coughing three bowls of blood) insisted on taking a warm bath. Why didn't she stay with him then instead of sleeping off her own smack? Nobody in their right mind would have left someone alone in a horribly vulnerable state like that. If it was a heroin overdose - why did she ever offer him the stuff, knowing he was ill? Or - if he was alone in the flat while she was staying with the count, not returning until early morning, why then did she leave pure smack in a box on the table, knowing he would find it and take it to feel better or to commit suicide? Why did she, after she allegedly "found" him, call Varda and Ronay first, instead of an emergency service? It seems nobody from The Doors' family wants to answer questions like these.

On the morning of 5th July, an undertaker laid out Jim Morrison's body in a veneered coffin in the bedroom of the apartment, all according to Pamela's wishes. She, for unknown reasons, had chosen the cheapest coffin the undertaker offered, a so-called *cercueil chêne verni* for just 366 (old) Francs. To counteract the decay of the body, dry ice was added, and the coffin was sealed with screws. The total costs of the funeral were just 878 (old) French Francs.

Agnes Varda spoke on the telephone with several cemetery authorities in smaller towns, to find a burial space for Jim outside of Paris, but all without success. Eventually, Alain Ronay remembered Jim's wish to be buried at *Père Lachaise Cemetery* and contacted the authorities. On 6th July he and Pamela went to *Père Lachaise* and purchased a double grave for 4.600 (old) French francs with an indefinite time limit, which, in this case, means 30 years.

Although the district authorities, as well as Jim's friends, had kept totally quiet about his death, and the American Embassy, which in the meantime had been contacted, had not realized that the person in question, "James Douglas Morrison", was, in fact, the singer of The Doors, the rumor that Jim Morrison had died in Paris had already started to spread on 4th July 1971.

Eventually the rumors reached London. Clive Selwood, the London manager of the Elektra label, called Bill Siddons in Los Angeles. When the telephone rang in his bedroom, his wife, Cherry, jumped up and said: "*Something's happened to Jim!*" It was 4.30 in the morning, and after Clive's call, Bill immediately tried to reach Pamela in Paris. Nobody picked up the receiver.

At 8.00 a.m. Siddons tried again, and this time Pamela answered. "*She was very nervous, and I asked whether the rumor that Jim was dead was true. She said that it wasn't true, but she sounded completely despairing. I told her that I called as a friend, and that I only wanted to help her. This was when she started to cry. I told her that I would take the next plane to Paris.*"

Bill informed Ray Manzarek.

Ray remembers: "*The telephone rang early in the morning. It was Bill, and he said that Jim had possibly died. I said that there had often been rumors such as that before in the past, and that I couldn't believe it without any proof. However, Bill said that this time it was probably true though, and that he had already booked his flight to Paris.*"

Frank Lisciandro looks back: "*It was July 4th that we heard the news. Babe Hill, probably Jim's closest friend, was at our apartment, and we were intending to have a meal on this big American celebration day. Then came the call from Bill Siddons who told us the news. He talked to Babe, he talked to me, then to Kathy. I was shocked beyond comprehension. Sometimes you don't internalize news very quickly, you have the information but not the body reactions to the information. The emotional and spiritual reaction to the information. That just developed after a period of time. I was just shocked, speechless.*"

Siddon's plane touched down in Paris at 6.30 a.m. on 6th July. He took a taxi to Rue Beautreillis and there found a completely distraught Pamela, who had not slept a wink since the discovery of the body. Robin Werte was with her. She had been trying to calm her down for days. In the bedroom of the apartment Bill found the coffin, tightly sealed with screws, and so had no opportunity to see the contents.

Even for the usually calm and collected Bill Siddons, this situation was rather strange. Pamela seemed confused, cried, and went about doing apparently nonsensical chores. Somehow Agnes Varda and Alain Ronay had managed to keep the news of rock star Jim Morrison's death out of the police protocol, and so they were able to prepare a quiet and secret funeral at Père Lachaise on 7th July.

In the meantime, Marianne Faithfull and the count - still in shock - had traveled to Marrakech and told DJ Roger Stephens, who she met there, the story. Stephens, however, also kept quiet about it until he revealed the story to John Densmore in a 1989 L.A. radio show. Mrs Faithfull, however, still vehemently denies her part in this story.

Everyone agreed that the kind of media frenzy, as had been witnessed happened at Jimi Hendrix's funeral, should definitely be avoided. On the burial certificate of 7th July, Pamela poses as Morrison's cousin, while at the notary's office, Marks, Sherman & Schwartz, she had described herself as his wife. However, in the report for the American Embassy Pamela called herself his girlfriend, which was the truth finally.

On the morning of 7th July 1971, at 8.30, Jim Morrison was buried in the 6th Division, 2nd Row, Grave No.5, in the presence of a small funeral procession consisting of Pamela, Bill Siddons, Agnes Varda, Alain Ronay and Robin Werte. Pamela said that Jim had wished to have a few verses spoken at his funeral, so she said a few words in a subdued voice, which nobody present understood. Everybody threw some flowers on the coffin and said their goodbyes. A French lady, Madame Colinette, witnessed the burial. She later told the press that it was disgraceful. "*Everything was done in a hurry. No priest was present, everybody left quickly. The whole scene was piteous and*

miserable", she said in the German TV feature *Jim Morrison - Quiet Days In Paris*.

The next day Bill Siddons returned to Los Angeles. Pamela Courson was with him. In her luggage was a big metal box with most of the scrap books and note pads that Jim had written during his days in exile. This box was marked *127 Fascination*.

Bill immediately drove down to the Doors office, and met Robby Krieger and Ray Manzarek there. "We have buried Jim", he told the stunned musicians. Ray Manzarek could not believe it. "Did you see the body? How did Jim look?", he wanted to know. When Bill thereupon explained that he had only seen the sealed coffin, but not Jim's body, Ray became agitated. "How can you be so sure about it? How do you know whether Jim is really inside that coffin?" "I hadn't really thought about asking the question, whether I could see Jim one more time," Siddons answered. "Besides, Pamela was totally distraught...". Despondently, the three Doors went back to their studio on the ground floor of the office, to continue working on their new songs.

Frank Lisciandro remembers the week following Jim's death: "We would spend virtually an entire week at The Doors' office answering phone calls, writing letters to people, trying to console absolute strangers and friends of Jim's who would call daily. Dozens and dozens of calls came into that office, expressing grief and horror at Jim's death, and we who were very close to him had to play the role of consoling all these other people. But after a week we got on the plane and flew to Paris. Within a day we visited the cemetery and I came to grips with the fact that I wouldn't see Jim anymore, although it's hard to put a person to rest when you don't see their dead body."

Until recently, Ray Manzarek did not believe that Morrison was dead. He did not want to believe it, speculated on Jim's sudden return, created theories about where he could be, and lost himself in mystical hints that Jim had possibly only faked his death. "He could be just off wandering around somewhere", Ray said in a 1974 interview.

Robby Krieger and John Densmore look back more soberly. "With all the talk circulating amongst the Doors family, he would probably by now have raised his voice," says Densmore in an interview with *The Doors Quarterly Magazine*.

Robby Krieger makes it clearer: "Jim would never have wanted the copyrights of his poems to fall into his parents' hands. At that time, at the latest he would have surfaced to avoid this. I am sure that he is dead."

Back in Los Angeles, Pamela began to lead an unsettled and restless life. To everyone she seemed disturbed, and couldn't allegedly remember anything in relation to Jim's death. In spite of this, it was her only topic of conversation. She would go out to clubs for nights on end, started injecting heroin, and took home men for just one night. Soon after her return from Paris, she paid a visit to her boutique Themis, and poured gallons of perfume over all the clothes, much to her sister's horror. When Themis was to be shut down shortly after, she drove a car into the showroom window. The glass shattered, and the front of the building was severely damaged.

From the Doors' money she wanted to arrange to have a tombstone erected on Jim's grave. "She has injected the money into her veins", John Densmore said. "No gravestone was erected from that money."

Jim Morrison had left everything in his Will to Pamela, a fact disclosed by his lawyer, Max Fink, a few weeks after his death. The Will made her the sole heir to his fortune. In the event that Pamela should outlive him or fail to survive for a period of three months following his death, Jim ordered that it should be bequeathed to his brother Andrew and his sister Anne. Jim determined that the Will should be executed by his lawyer, Max Fink (who died in the autumn of 1990) and Pamela. After Morrison's death, on 12th July 1971, Fink applied for the disclosure of the Will. In this application, Jim's fortune is described as follows: "Royalties from musical compositions, non-material oil shares, value above \$75,000; annual income approximately \$50,000." Jim possessed land (maybe even without his knowledge), and an oil field under it, in which he had a share of the mining rights. The total sum of his fortune seems disproportionately



small. As there were estimations from other sources amounting to \$3,000,000, one can assume that a deliberately low sum was stated in the application.

However, the three remaining Doors' financial interests interrupted the easy execution of Jim's Last Will. Pamela Courson was sued for the return of a sum of between \$150,000 and \$258,000, that Jim had "*been lent*" by The Doors. Jim's "*partnership contract*" had supposedly been well overdrawn. Max Fink also eventually demanded a fee of \$50,000 for Morrison's defense during the Miami trial. Only on 6th May 1974, two weeks after she died, Pamela was awarded the fortune, which had in the meantime (officially) grown to more than half a million dollars. In addition, she was allowed a quarter of any future royalties of The Doors, from the record sales with Jim Morrison as singer. However, she would not have the taste of a carefree life again.

On 25th April 1974, one of Morrison's old friends, John Mandell, with whom she was living at the time, had found Pamela dead in her apartment, with fresh needle marks on her arm. The medical report states the cause of death to have been an overdose of heroin. Apparently Mandell and another friend, Clifton Dunn, who both lived with Pamela in an apartment at No. 105 North Sycamore on the ground floor, had seen her lying on the sofa, thinking that she was asleep. Both men had prepared supper, and had then tried unsuccessfully to wake Pamela up. The police had arrived soon after, and had found a syringe, but no other drug utensils. It is mentioned in the police report that there had been a "girlfriend" (Diane Gardiner, one of Jim's and Pam's old friends) present at the time when Mandell and Dunn returned to the apartment, who had, however, left shortly afterwards.

Apparently, Mandell (this report was made on the strength of his testimony), who was already known to the police with several offenses, told them that the "husband" of the deceased had died from a heroin overdose in Paris four years earlier, a piece of information that he had presumably got from Pamela. Considering the fact that after Morrison's death Pamela's mental state was extremely unstable, and that she had even told some people that Jim was not dead, and would return in a short while (in addition,

she always talked about Jim in the present tense), this information should be treated with extreme care.

On the other hand there are some unanswered questions concerning the last few hours of Pamela Courson. The two reports Mandell gave the police within a few hours time difference present a few oddities. First of all, he mentioned Diane Gardiner being at the apartment on that very day. She left at 6.30pm in the first version of the report but at 11.00pm in the second version. Diane herself reported being there last on April 24th, a day before Pamela died. Mandell also said Pamela was drunk that night, but at the autopsy they found no alcohol in her blood. Mandell mentioned he was cooking dinner - in the first report he took 2 1/4 hours to prepare it, in the second he needed only 50 minutes. In the first version, John Mandell and Clifton Dunn are gone for shopping until 9.30pm, while in the second one Mandell and Pamela are out shopping. And last but not least, in the first version Pamela is seen to be apparently asleep at 9.30pm, but the second version has her talking to her parents until at least 10.00pm.

On 29th April 1974 a memorial service for Pamela and Jim was held at the *Old North Church* in *Forest Lawn Cemetery*, Burbank. The guests were told not to wear black, and Ray Manzarek played several Doors songs on the church organ, including *You're Lost Little Girl*. Her body was cremated, and the urn was taken to *Fairhaven Memorial Park & Mortuary Cemetery* in Santa Ana, near Disneyland. This is where her last resting place is, in the Garden Courts of the cemetery, compartment No. 164. The rarely visited grave is covered in cobwebs, and the small bronze plaque bears the inscription "*MORRISON, PAMELA SUSAN, 1946 - 1974*". Even in death, her illusion of having been married to Jim Morrison lives on.

For a long time there was a rumor that Pamela had been buried in Jim's grave in *Père Lachaise Cemetery*. This rumor was based on some of Ray Manzarek's earlier speculations, when in several interviews after Pamela's death he expressed his hopes that the urn would be taken to Paris. "*It's a Rock'n'Roll love story*", he said. "*They should be together in one grave. Those*

two belong together". Apparently the Courson family was against this idea, or Jim's parents simply didn't want Pamela to be buried in Jim's grave.

Pamela's fortune, which consisted almost exclusively of the money she had received from Morrison's will, now went to her parents. The latter shared the sum with Morrison's parents. All of Jim's current income through his 1/4 share of The Doors royalties, is also split between the Coursons and the Morrisons. Jim Morrison's wish, that his parents should not receive a single penny, was accordingly ruined three years after his death.

On 8 July 1971 Bill Siddons prepared a press announcement that was spread the following day via the media: "I have just returned from Paris, where I attended the funeral of Jim Morrison. Jim was buried in a simple ceremony, with only a few friends present. The initial news of his death and funeral was kept quiet because those of us who knew him intimately and loved him as a person wanted to avoid all the notoriety and circus-like atmosphere that surrounded the deaths of such other rock personalities as Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin. I can say that Jim died peacefully of natural causes - he had been in Paris since March with his wife, Pam. He had seen a doctor in Paris about a respiratory problem, and had complained of this problem on Saturday - the day of his death. I hope that Jim is remembered not only as a rock singer and poet, but also as a warm human being. He was the most warm, most human, most understanding person I've known. This wasn't always the Jim Morrison people read about - but it was the Jim Morrison I knew, and his close friends will remember."

On 10th July 1971, England's *Melody Maker* were still denying the rumors of Jim's death. An employee of the press agency *United Press* had found out the telephone number of the apartment in Rue Beautreillis No. 17, and had reached Pamela on 5th July. She told the journalist that Jim was staying at a special clinic outside Paris, to convalesce. The press announcement was copied and printed by further newspapers, completely ignoring Bill Siddons' statement. On 8th July the front page

of the French magazine *Pop Musique* announced: "*Jim Morrison n'est pas mort*" (*Jim Morrison is not dead*), although disc jockey Cameron Watson, who had been told about it by Marianne Faithfull and her count, had already announced the news over the microphone in the nightclub *La Bulle*.

When Patricia Kennealy received the news of Jim's death, she immediately flew to Paris. She found the soil around the grave surrounded by shells, with a wooden plaque with Morrison's name on top of it. At that time hardly anybody knew where the grave was situated, so Patricia was alone in her mourning.

A few days later a black metal plaque was erected, with the singer's name printed incorrectly by the French: "*Morisson, James Douglas*". This plaque was also stolen by grave robbers. In 1973 a small stone plaque, with the surname again spelt incorrectly, was screwed onto the grave, which had in the meantime been edged by narrow stone slabs. After this plaque was stolen, the cemetery authorities decided to mark the grave. In the meantime, visitors had started to 'decorate' the immediate surroundings of the grave, first with chalk, then with paint and spray cans, with morbid slogans and lines from Doors songs. The tourist invasion began - slowly at first, but then with increasing violence. The 'high points' so far: 3rd July 1981, Morrison's 10th anniversary, when The Doors visited the grave, and approximately 150 fans tried to get autographs, pushing and shoving in the narrow alleys between the graves; 3rd July 1985, when the National Guard was called in and threw tear-gas grenades amongst the crowds to control the chaos created by noisy fans and a few rioters; 3rd July 1986, when the relatively quiet and peaceful visitors were beaten out of the cemetery, and 3rd July 1991, when a crowd of thousands (many of them were from the East visiting Paris for the first time) were rioting at the grave, and, having been thrown out of the cemetery, continued their desecrating actions in front of the cemetery gates. At midnight they set fire to the iron main gate, pushing a wrecked car towards it in order to open it. Another smaller riot erupted on 8th December 1993, Jim's 50th birthday, when fans started to sing at the grave and were immediately thrown out of the graveyard, only to continue their chants in front of the gates till late at night. Many fans had left

the place early to catch a concert of the New York coverband *The Soft Parade* with a guest appearance by Robby Krieger, so the police didn't have much trouble to chase the rest away.

The uncertainty that was apparent a few days after Jim's death, the silence of Morrison's close friends, the unclear comments from Ray Manzarek, as well as Jim's own remarks that he was sick of leading the life of a rock star, were all good nourishment for rumors that Jim just faked his own death. Only a short while after this, there were comments from people who had apparently seen him at the beginning of July, as he was booking a long distance flight. Other people swore that he had been seen in Marrakech. Two DJs spoke up in the mid 70s, saying that they had interviewed Jim, and that he had sung along to a recording of *Light My Fire*. There are journalists who claim that he was killed by Pamela and a girlfriend in some kind of witch ceremony, and that photos of Morrison's body, covered in knife wounds, are in Bill Siddons' possession. Others claimed that he was killed by the Mafia, because he had drawn America's good reputation through the dirt in France. Or that he was murdered by jealous ex-groupies. And then there was yet another rumor of him having taken a heroin overdose at the *Rock'n'Roll Circus*, and that his body was taken back to his apartment to avoid

a scandal. Apparently, Morrison had wanted to buy heroin for Pamela and had taken a sample of the stuff, which had then caused his death, as it had apparently been pure, unprocessed heroin. A fool-hardy theory, which is supported only by statements from ex-junkies, with no facts to substantiate it.

Even today, many of the numerous fans that visit the grave doubt that Jim Morrison is really dead, or that he died of natural causes.

An American journalist thought that the coffin had actually been put into the grave, but that it had been filled with rocks. At the same time, he demanded to open up the grave to be certain. This demand is as absurd as it is impracticable. To be able to exhume a body buried in *Père Lachaise Cemetery*, besides having the family's approval, one not only needs to have special approval from the C.I.D., but also the consent from seven French cardinals, who can each demand a right of veto for themselves. It goes without saying that the mere assumption that someone has only faked his death, and had his coffin filled with rocks, would not prompt anybody fill in an application for exhumation.

As Jim was, however, an American citizen, his mortal remains can be transferred to the USA at any time at the request of his family, as is explicitly stated in the certificate from the American Embassy.

There have been persistent rumors that for years the cemetery management has been

DÉCÈS

LE TROIS JUILLET MIL NEUF CENT SOIXANTE ET ONZE, CINQ HEURES, EST DÉCÉDÉ==
17 RUE BEAUTREILLIS, JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON, NÉ À FLORIDA (ETATS UNIS=====
D'AMÉRIQUE) LE 3 DÉCEMBRE 1943, ÉCRIVAIN, DOMICILIÉ À LOS ANGELES (ETATS
UNIS D'AMÉRIQUE) 82-16, NORTON, AVENUE LOS ANGELES, FILIATION INCONNUE=====
DU DÉCLARANT. CÉLIBATAIRE. DRESSÉ LE 3 JUILLET 1971, 14 HEURES 30 SUR=====
LA DÉCLARATION DE MICHEL GAGNEPAIN, 34 ANS, EMPLOYÉ 8 RUE DU CLOTTRE=====
NOTRE DAME, QUI LECTURE FAITE ET INVITÉ À LIRE L'ACTE A SIGNÉ AVEC NOUS==
ANNIE JACQUELINE FRANÇOISE TARIN épouse MORENO FONCTIONNAIRE DE LA MAIRIE
DU IV^e ARRONDISSEMENT DE PARIS, OFFICIER DE L'ETAT-CIVIL PARDÉLÉGATION ==
DU MAIRE AM./ .=====

Gagnepain

dit! Alix

appealing to Morrison's heirs to have this transferal of the coffin made, due to the graffiti, vandalizing and rioting of the numerous fans. However, this could not have been done before July 7th 2001, 30 years after the burial, without the permission of Jim's parents.

On 1st March 1996, at long last, the minister of culture of Paris announced that Jim Morrison was not to be removed. His grave was declared to be a cultural monument. Of course, this declaration was also made because the minister knew the thousands of fans are bringing money into the city, money the city of Paris surely does not want to miss.

In December 1990, a new, monumental gravestone was erected on Jim Morrison's grave. Attached to it is a bronze plaque, which carries the singer's name, birth and death date, as well as a Greek epitaph, KATA TON ΔAIMONA EAYTOY ("To the divine spirit within himself"; different translations could be made from Old Greek "The devil within himself" and Modern Greek "The genius in his mind", but also "He caused his own demons"). Then, in March 1991, Jim Morrison's parents visited their son's grave. "George Morrison appeared composed, almost stony, while Clara

Morrison wiped the tears from her eyes with a handkerchief", photographer Michelle Campbell, who was an eye witness to this scene, commented. Jim's parents had arranged and paid for the erection of the new tombstone.

The flood of fans that has visited Jim Morrison's grave since late 1971 does not look set to ebb. Even on cold, foggy November days, countless people from all over the world turn up during the course of the day, and speculate about the different theories on how Jim died, or if he was still alive.

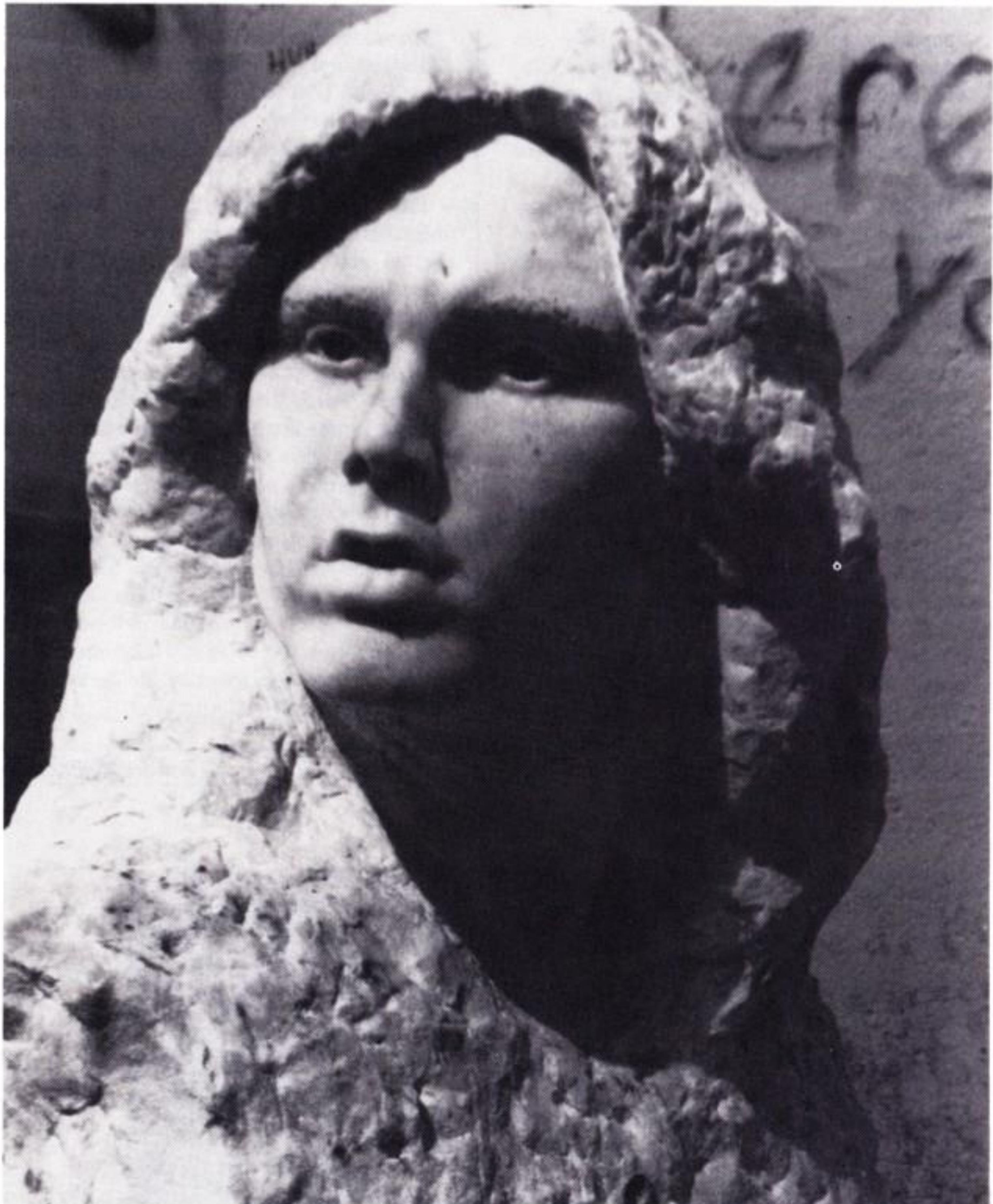
Agnes Varda, Jim's close friend, broke her silence for the first time 18 years after Jim died, and with it, made an end to all rumors:

"There was the gossip, that Jim had not died, but that he was still alive. I got a lot of 'phone calls from his family, managers and friends, who asked me if I could tell them whether I had seen him dead. These rumors were pure nonsense. There was the doctor's certificate - we don't bury the dead just like that. Only a doctor can release someone for burial. Jim is dead, unfortunately!"

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Jim's grave in 1995. Photo: Jochen Maassen



Jim Morrison's grave in 1983 before the bust got damaged by so-called "fans".
Photo: Patricia Devaux

Credits:

Page 1 shows an original concert poster of The Doors (with Love and Canned Heat) from June 2nd, 1967 at the *Pasadena Civic Auditorium, Pasadena*.

Page 2 shows an original copy of Jim Morrison's book *The New Creatures*. Photo: Rainer Moddemann

Page 59 shows The Doors Live at the *Fillmore East*, New York, March 22nd, 1968. Photo: unknown

Page 60 shows The Doors Live in Montreux, Switzerland, April 30th, 1972. Photo: unknown

Page 14 shows an original page from *Movie Teen Illustrated*, April 1968

THE DEFINITELY COMPLETE PARIS GUIDE FOR JIM MORRISON FANS

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The following text is a slightly alternated, extended and revised article from THE DOORS QUARTERLY # 29. This is an absolutely exclusive guide for fans who want to follow Jim through Paris. I also recommend the little red book *Paris par Arrondissement*, which is the best you can get to find your way through Paris. It is available in all bookstores and most newsstands and it is very helpful.

But - I beg your pardon - do NOT disturb occupants, I mean, don't bother them with questions. Do NOT write grafitti on the walls of buildings and monuments. Respect privacy. Respect the dead and the death and the sacred lay of the cemetery, respect Jim Morrison's grave and his memory.

I think all fans would start their memorial tour by paying a visit to Jim's grave on this beautiful cemetery named **Père Lachaise** in the South-East of Paris.

In fact Jim Morrison spent half a day on **Père Lachaise** less than a week before he died and saw the graves of Oscar Wilde, Edith Piaf, Honoré de Balzac and Frédéric Chopin. He was with a friend (not Alain Ronay, as reported before) and told this person that he would like to be buried in this cemetery. His wish was about to become reality soon.

The cemetery is open Monday-Friday from 7.30 am - 6 pm, on Saturdays it opens at 8.30 am, and on Sundays at 9 am in the summer. In winter they open at 8 am, on Saturdays and Sundays at 9 am. You should be there very early to be alone at the grave and hang on to your thoughts. From about 10 am on there's a constant stream of visitors, guided tours, other tourists, bums, busses load of sight-seers and people, who come there just for their curiosity and disturb the silence. Jim's grave is the **fourth** most visited monument in Paris after the *Eiffel-tower*, the *Notré Dame* and the *Centré Pompidou*, so you better know what is going on there right now during the grave's rush-hours from 10 am - 6 pm.

You shouldn't stay in the cemetery after it closes, they have dogs watching the cemetery and you'll get

into big trouble if they catch you. Don't try to climb the walls at night, I know people did it in the past when it was still easy, but now it is impossible. Be aware of the fact, that there are two **cameras** (video!) constantly watching the grave. One of them is hidden in the fake street lamp on the right next to the grave, and it is sending out its pictures right into the office of the guards, 24 hours a day! The other is supposed to be in one of those trees in the back. Both cameras catch every move at the grave (thanks to them they were able to bust a few drug dealers and also get some control on the prostitution which was going on over there for a couple of years). In the past there even were black masses happening at Jim's grave in the middle of the night. People were caught being already 2 metres deep digging up the grave! Today this is impossible, thanks to the cameras. If they catch you writing grafitti, they charge you for 5000 French Francs, so you'd better not even try to write grafitti.

Jim's grave is in the 6th division, second line. It is quite easy to find if you follow this way:

Get out at the Metrostation called **Philippe Auguste** (not *Père Lachaise*, as many of you still do). On the right you see a bar named *Le Celtic* on the other side of the street. Follow *Rue Pierre Bayle* up right next to this bar, which leads to the walls of **Père Lachaise**, turn left into *Rue de Repos* until you see a small gate on your right. Get into the cemetery through this gate (the guards will definitely check your bags if you look like going up to Jim's) and follow the way on your right. Turn right into the next street, and left again into the next street which leads you directly to Jim's grave up the hill. (The "streets" on *Père Lachaise* are covered with cobblestones and they are also pretty narrow). Up the hill you'll see a very old rusty monument in front of you. Follow the narrow path between this one and the one on the left. After a very few feet you'll see Jim's grave on your left, hopefully covered with flowers (The guards use to throw all fresh flowers into the garbage can in the evenings!).

Now you're right there: **Jim Morrison** got buried right here in this plot, 4 metres deep, on July 7th 1971 at 8.30 in the morning, in the cheapest coffin the funeral service was selling. Pamela Courson paid only 366 French Francs - old ones - for the "cercueil chêne verni", a veneered coffin, 878 Francs in total for the whole burial. A French Franc back in 1971 was about five to a dollar. Didn't she have Jim's money? Didn't she ask Bill Siddons for some money? And the funeral was disgraceful, *Madame Colinette*, who watched the burial, said ...

The procedure of putting Jim down into the ground took less than 10 minutes, no priest was present, no prayer was said, just a few final words by Agnes Varda; everybody left in a hurry and never returned - the whole scene was piteous and miserable (this is from an interview with *Madame Colinette*, who witnessed the burial. The interview is to be seen in the German TV film *Jim Morrison - Quiet Days In Paris*, which was based on a chapter from my book).

Some notes about the history of Jim's grave: After he was buried there was nothing but a little hill of mud. A few days later somebody laid some shells around it. They got stolen, such as the black shield the cemetery officials put up in August 1971 saying in white letters *DOUGLAS MORISSON, JAMES 1943-1971*. In 1972 there came another shield made of stone, with the same strange (French) spelling of Jim's last name. This got stolen as well in late 1973, and the grave stayed unmarked till July 2nd, 1981, when a beautiful white bust got put up (done by a Jugoslavian fan). The Doors came to pay a visit to the grave the day after, at the 10th anniversary (as documented in the video *The Soft Parade* and also as a private Super-8 film featured in *Jim Morrison - Quiet Days In Paris*).

This bust, which everybody loved, got damaged by so-called fans writing grafitti, cutting the nose off, painting it --- it looked really horrible in the end, and finally it was stolen by some young French people in the night of the 7th to the 8th of May 1988. Another 3 years the grave was unmarked until Jim's parents put up a big (but horribly monumental) stone at the grave bearing a Greek saying *KATA TON ΔAIMONA EAYTOY*, which sounds like coming from an old Greek tragedy but there is no such quote. There are also different interpretations and translations available, but the most appropriate one seems to be the "Old Greek" *TO THE DEVINE SPIRIT WITHIN HIMSELF*. In "New Greek" it means *HE CAUSED HIS OWN DEAMONS*. That's how the grave looks today, with its growing crowds; seems like everybody wants to see Jim's final resting place (when do you tourists watch him being moved and get a picture of his bones?). The grave's quiet days are over, definitely - and the cemetery officials are still busy using the machine Jim's parents paid for to clean all the grafitti.

The first time Jim came to Paris (without Pamela) was almost exactly a year before he died in June 1970. On June 20th, 1970, he moved into **Hôtel George V.** (*31 Avenue George V.; Metro: George V.*) along with The Doors' financial manager Leon Barnard and a friend of Leon, Rick, and led the life

of a normal tourist visiting Napoleon's grave, the famous catacombs and the Montmartre hill, writing poetry while sitting on the stairs below the church called *Sacré-Cœur*. After 3 days Leon and Rick left for Copenhagen, and Jim ran into his old friend Alain Ronay by accident. Nobody of them knew that the other one was in Paris.

Jim moved out of the **Hôtel Georges V.** about 4 days later to leave for some holidays together with Alain. They travelled through Spain and spent more than a week in Morocco (I've seen photos of Jim in Marrakesh, dressed in a colourful caftan, dancing with Moroccan children on Marrakesh's *Djemaa El Fna*-square. Other pictures show him sitting in a café high above the square, drinking some peppermint tea).

He came back to Paris about 10 days later and stayed in a very cheap hotel for American students called **Hôtel de Medicis** (*214 Rue St. Jacques, Metro: Luxembourg*) for another week until he left for L.A. to do his preparations for the Miami-trial. Entering this hotel today you can smell the damp of old age, and it is still very cheap.

Jim Morrison came back to Paris on March 11th, 1971. His girlfriend Pamela Courson (who got to Paris about a month before on February 14th, 1971) was staying at the **Hôtel Georges V.**, which Jim had recommended to her as looking like a "*red plush whorehouse*", and he moved in with her for a week. Then they changed into an apartment on the **third floor in Rue Beautreillis 17** (*Metro: Bastille, get the exit Rue Saint Antoine, walk down Rue Saint Antoine; the fifth street on your left is Rue Beautreillis*), which was rented by a French model, Elizabeth (ZoZo) Lariviere and her boyfriend, an American TV producer. Jim and Pam had to pay the rent of 3000 Francs (about \$600 at that time) in her absence (ZoZo left on April 10th; until then, Jim and Pam shared one of the three bedrooms in the apartment).

Pamela (as remembered by ZoZo) only talked about "*Jeem*", as she used to call him in her shrieking voice, but also begged ZoZo to tell lies for her in the mornings after she had stayed out with her French count Jean DeBreteuil and his friends, who Jim absolutely disliked.

Jim loved the apartment in the Marais, the beautiful ancient Jewish quarter of Paris. The apartment was quiet and sunny, and he used ZoZo's desk for writing some poetry, working on his project named "*Observations On America While On Trial For Obscenity In Miami*", starting the script on a rock opera, writing letters to his friends, working on new poetry. He also loved the quarter of Paris he

was staying at, the Marais. As reported, he went down **Rue Saint Antoine** with all those lovely shops offering fresh vegetables, fish and meat, bread and cheese. He bought cheese (strong smelling and tasting cheese from the Pyrénées mountains) at the little shop just round the corner, **Les Fils Peuvrier** (43, *Rue Saint Antoine*), and bottles of wine (preferably white wine from Bordeaux) at **Vin des Pyrénées** (25, *Rue Beaufreillis*), for all of these use the same Metro exit as for *Rue Beaufreillis* (see above).

Opposite his apartment there still is a restaurant named **Le Beaufreillis** (18 *Rue Beaufreillis*). Till 1990 it was owned by an old French couple, who had lovely stories to tell about Jim (which they knew from the restaurant's previous owner) and served lovely native French food. Then Vieran, a guy from Yugoslavia, rented the restaurant, unaware of its history for Jim Morrison fans. But soon he discovered the good reputation of this place (when people showed him the Paris guide for Jim Morrison fans in the Quarterly and in my book) and changed the scene almost completely. The walls are now covered with photos he took of his guests, with memorabilia of all kinds (like photos of the apartment, tiles from Jim's bathroom, photos of celebrities, letters and stickers), and he serves Slavian food now. He also keeps visitors' books, interesting to have a look at (I do not want to comment some certain woman's ugly scribbling to what others wrote, so judge yourself). In 1993, he changed "Jim's room" again.

Jim (and Pamela) went to this restaurant quite often, whenever they didn't want to go out too far away from their home for dinner. Last they were seen there on July 1st, 1971 at about 9:30 pm. They had a fight there at their table, although the two German students who were sitting at the same table (the restaurant was crowded that night) didn't get much of their conversation and they weren't even aware of who was sitting at the same table unless Pamela was screaming out Jim's full name while he was leaving the restaurant in a hurry, obviously to get away from her. Pamela threw some money on the table and ran after Jim through the door of *Rue Beaufreillis* 17. One of the German students still has the empty bottle of wine Jim and Pam had that night for dinner.

Go down *Rue Beaufreillis*, just cross *Rue Saint Antoine*, follow *Rue Birague* and enter the gorgeous **Place des Vosges**, where Jim Morrison used to relax, have a beer in one of the bars around and write poetry while sitting on one of the countless benches inside the lovely park. Some of his poems

from *Wilderness* and *The American Night* were written here. This square still looks like one of those amazing squares in Venice, Italy, and you should spend an hour or more here, looking at all the other people relaxing. The *Place des Vosges* used to be Jim's favourite place to hide away from everybody.

Next stop on our Jim Morrison memorial tour through Paris is the **Quai D'Anjou** on the *Ile St.Louis*. To get there, go back into *Rue Beaufreillis*, turn left into *Rue des Lions* until you get to *Boulevard Henri IV*. Turn right, cross the bridge called *Pont Sully* and walk down the stairs. Down at the quai, turn to your left. Right there, at the river *Seine*, Jim Morrison often used to sit watching the ships pass by and the people on the other side of the river. It definitely is beautiful there in the sun, and you can forget the traffic noisily crossing the bridge. Right there at 17 *Quai D'Anjou* there still is the **Hôtel de Lauzun**, which Jim went to, because Charles Baudelaire, one of his favourite French poets, was joining his Hashish club in there. Jim didn't live in this hotel, he just had a look at its great architecture, outside and inside (if you go there by Metro, the best stop will be **Metro: Sully Morland**).

The 6th Arrondissement is still well-known for its nightlife, and in 1971 the scene used to be even more interesting than today. Jim loved this quarter of Paris, which was absolutely hip with students and insiders in 1971 in the late Sixties. He probably went to more bars and restaurants than mentioned in this guide, but these are the places he definitely was seen. The **Café de Flore**, a very expensive café, was Pamela's favourite one. She met (accompanied by the count she was hanging out with) a friend of hers in here, Tere Tereba, on June 26th, 1971, who Jim gave his last interview to a day later. Jim himself spent a great amount of his time with Pamela at the *Café de Flore* as well (try the hot chocolate in there, it's great). To get there, take the **Metro exit St.-Germain-des-Prés**, cross *Boulevard St.-Germain* and turn left. You can't miss the **Café de Flore** in 172 *Boulevard St.-Germain*.

Les Deux Magots is a beautiful restaurant right next to the *Café de Flore* in 168 *Boulevard St.-Germain*. Jim loved it because of its Art Deco design and used to have dinner in there quite often. Even today The Doors go there, whenever they are in town.

Opposite the church of St.-Germain now there is the Grand Hotel Taranne. In 1971 it was a bar called **L'Astroquet** (153 *Boulevard St.-Germain*), a casual Parisian café. Jim met American singer Phil Trainer in here on April 3rd 1971 and did a spontaneous jam

session with members of Trainer's band Clinic, who had their guitars with them. Phil remembered them singing *Crawling King Snake* among countless other bluessongs. He also remembered Jim chain-smoking Marlboros, which caused long and painful coughing. The *L'Astroquet* used to be where the hotel's reception is now.

Follow *Rue Bonaparte* (in northern direction off *Place St.-Germain des Prés*) and check the 4th street on your right. This is *Rue des Beaux Arts*, where **L'Hôtel** is located (13 Rue des Beaux Arts). Jim and Pamela stayed there for a few days in May 1971 in the same room on the second floor in which Oscar Wilde died, because their regular flat in Rue Beaufreillis was occupied by ZoZo and a few of her friends. Jim fell out of the window onto one car parking below one day, but didn't get hurt, wiped the dust off his jacket and continued his drinking tour.

Follow *Rue Bonaparte* until you see **Galerie Patrice Trigano**, 4bis *Rue des Beaux Arts*. In 1971 this used to be a hotel, and Jim had a room upstairs with Pamela during an unknown period, most probably in May 1971. An American woman named Deborah met Jim Morrison in there and talked to him, while he was sitting in the lobby watching a TV documentary on the February 10th earthquake in the Los Angeles area of the same year. Deborah remembers him mentioning "*his girlfriend upstairs*".

The same woman met Jim again some weeks later having a beer in a nice bar called **La Palette** (43 *Rue de Seine*) on the corner of *Rue Jaques Callot*. She talked to him again there and he said that he and his girlfriend had moved into a flat in the Marais. To get to this bar (which is decorated with a lot of old paintings), just follow *Rue des Beaux Arts* and turn left into *Rue de Seine*. *La Palette* is on your right after a few metres.

Go back *Rue de Seine* again on the left side. In number 57 *Rue de Seine* you can still visit the **Whisky A Gogo**, which used to be called **Rock'n'Roll Circus** at the time Jim was there. It was a club for night-outers, and the Parisian heroin scene met there. Bands used to play in there, and they also served food in a side room. It was here where Gilles Yeremian, a young french student, met Jim Morrison on May 7th 1971. Jim, who was totally drunk, had already spent some time sitting in the long entrance hallway which leads to the door, belling at people who were walking up the stairs. When Gilles noticed it was not a normal American tourist, knocking at the entrance door of the club, trying to get in again (the security guys obviously had thrown him out before), he managed to get Jim

out of the front door into the street and hired a taxi. After a stop at the bridge named **Pont de la Concorde**, where Jim jumped up the railing shouting nasty words about some cops walking by, Gilles hired another taxi which took them to **Hervé Muller's flat** in number 6 *Place Tristan Bernard*, where Jim stayed for the night. Jim went back there a couple of times after his first visit, and Gilles took a few photos of Jim, Pamela, Hervé and Henri-Jean Henu, a French journalist, in front of the door in mid-May 1971 (for the complete story told by Gilles, read *The Doors Quarterly* #29 and watch the film "Jim Morrison's Quiet Days In Paris"). The famous door (there's also Gilles' photo of Jim standing in front of it in your copy of *No One Here Gets Out Alive*) is still the same today. To see it, get out of the **metrostation Charles De Gaulle Etoile**, follow down *Avenue Mac-Mahon* and turn left into *Avenue des Ternes*, until you get to *Place Tristan Bernard*. The door you're looking for is on the right side of this square next to a restaurant.

Jim also met Hervé and Gilles in a **bar/restaurant** on 57 *Avenue des Ternes*, sometime in May 1971. This is long time gone, now there's a Sony Hifi-shop in there. From *Place Tristan Bernard* just go back *Avenue des Ternes* on the right side of the street, it's easy to find.

And of course you've seen photos of a meeting in a restaurant called **Bar Alexandre** (53 *Avenue George V.*, **Metro: George V.**) taken by Hervé Muller and Yvonne Fuka, his girlfriend at that time. This meal took place on May 8th 1971 at noon. Jim Morrison used to go here quite often, and the waiters always tolerated him getting drunk as hell, because of the tips he used to give them. This noon, he got drunk as usual, threw himself on the bench opposite the restaurant shouting "*I don't wanna go away! Where are you taking me?*". The **Bar Alexandre** closed late 1990, got torn down and now there's a Japanese bank. Even the bench was taken away in 1992 (or stolen by a Morrison-fan?). So, unfortunately, there's nothing to see there now.

Hervé Muller met Jim last on June 11th, 1971. Both (together with Alain Ronay and Yvonne Fuka) went to the **Théâtre de la Musique**, which used to be in *Rue Papin* (**Metro: Réaumur Sébastopol**), a very small side street of the big Boulevard de Sébastopol, to watch Bob Wilson's *Le Regard Du Sourcier* (about deaf people, a play with no dialogue). It is a very small building between number 3 and number 5 *Rue Papin*, now closed to the public.

On June 27th, 1971 Jim Morrison, Pamela and Tere Tereba, a friend of Pamela's, went to **La Coupole**, a restaurant which remembered Jim of

Ratner's Deli in New York (*102 Boulevard du Montparnasse, Metro: Montparnasse-Bienvenue*). This restaurant was pretty hip with art students; Jim and Pamela hadn't been there before. In here, Jim told Tere about his future plans, especially about his ideas showing *The Doors Are Open, Feast Of Friends* and *HWY* in Paris.

A day later, June 28th 1971, Jim Morrison, Pamela and Alain Ronay drove up north with Alain's car to **Chantilly**, a beautiful city just 40 minutes from Paris. They visited the amazing **chateau** (south of Chantilly), had a look at the architecture of the castle and the paintings inside its museum (To get there, take the A1 direction airport *Charles de Gaulle*, drive past the airport and take the *exit Chantilly*. Just follow the signs *Chantilly*, they lead you directly to the castle).

After they finished their sight-seeings at the castle Alain Ronay suggested to see a *fête* (a fairground taking place just once a year) in a near-by town. So they drove up to a little town called **Saint-Leu-d'Esserent** in the north-west of *Chantilly*. Jim and Pamela seemed to enjoy the scene, and Pamela took films with Jim's Super-8 camera. Ronay took pictures of them looking at a lottery stand, where you could win guitars (!). They had a little snack (French Fries, coffee and Kronenbourg beer) at the **Hôtel de l'Oise** next to the *fête* site. Again, Ronay took a couple of photos of Jim and Pamela, sitting at a table right in front of the hotel's restaurant on the left side. Today, you can still find the exact place where they were sitting, if you have a close look at Ronay's pictures, although the restaurant changed a bit. But the *fête* still takes place every year on the last days of June.

Opposite the hotel there's the River **Oise**, and that's the place where Ronay took some more photos of the couple (just look at the trees on the other side of the river, they're still there). For me it was very exciting to go there, knowing that Jim had just 4 more days to live after those last photos of him were taken (great ones published in *King Magazine* from Italy, a few others in *Paris Match* from France and some different ones in an otherwise uninteresting German Doors biography called *Tanz Im Feuer* by one Hans Pfitzinger).

To get to *Saint-Leu-d'Esserent*, drive into *Chantilly* (up from the castle through a big ancient gate) and turn right into the very next street, which will lead you out of the city again. Follow the street until you get to a crossing where you just can turn left or right. Turn left there and follow the signs leading you to *St.-Leu-d'Esserent*. Don't get mad at the usual roundabouts! Cross the old bridge across

the Oise (which you can see in the background of some of Ronay's photos) and turn right into the first street after the bridge. You'll see the **Hôtel de l'Oise** on your left after 50 metres. Have some meal in there, excellent menu for moderate prices.

On July 1st 1971, Jim was recognized by an American fan. It was late at night, after 11pm, and Jim Morrison was having a bottle of white Bordeaux wine, eating a Croque Monsieur, in a bar called **Le Mazet** (*Rue St.-André des Arts, Metro: Odeon*). Jim was sitting right behind the glass door on the left side of the bar. He obviously went there alone after the two German students saw him and Pam at the Restaurant *Le Beaufreillis*. *Le Mazet* changed its interior almost completely in 1990. To get there, follow *Rue de l'Ancien-Comédie* until you get to the busy *Carrefour de Buci* and turn right there into *Rue St.-André des Arts*. See *Le Mazet* after a few metres on your right.

What Jim did on July 2nd is not easy to reconstruct. It is known that he went with Alain Ronay to an unknown **restaurant** on *Rue St Antoine*, where he didn't talk much but silently ate his dinner. Ronay noticed Jim's face looking like a death mask and remembered a hiccup torturing Jim. After dinner Alain Ronay had to leave Jim. Jim walked home to send a telegram to his publisher Jonathan Dolger. Then he went (it is not reported if he took Pamela with him) to a cinema called **Action Lafayette** (*9 Rue Buffault, Metro: Cadet*) to watch the Robert Mitchum movie *Pursued*, which was screened in English with French subtitles. The cinema was located in an office building and is now a boutique.

God only knows what really happened after Jim got out of the cinema. Did he go home to continue writing? Did Pamela offer him heroin which he took and overdosed? Did she let him die, sleeping off her own smack while he was in his bathtub? Or was he alone in the apartment, coughing blood while she was in bed with somebody else (as rumours go this guy is a famous French TV man today) and returned not earlier than at six in the morning? What did he die of, and where did he die? In the restrooms of the *Rock'n'Roll Circus*? In his own bathroom at *Rue Beaufreillis* 17?

This tourist guide for Jim Morrison fans was carefully put together and is the most complete one you will ever get. Paris changes a lot these days, and nobody knows how long we still can see the same buildings, bars, streets and sights that Jim went to in 1971. Hurry, dear readers. When I wrote the first version of this guide for DQ 18, the *Bar Alexandre* was still open, the *Le Beaufreillis* restaurant and *Le Mazet* hadn't even changed at all. Today everything is totally different, and just 7 years have passed. Now the whole *Marais* area is changing, they are tearing down ancient buildings to make space for fast food restaurants. Jim Morrison didn't leave many traces, but even the few he left are about to disappear. ←





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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Rainer, just a quick note to thank you for the excellent publication, *The Doors Quarterly*, always interesting and informative, which I await each quarter for a good "Doors fix".

Philippa Shierlaw, New Zealand

Dear Rainer, thank you for the Paris guide you kindly sent me. I visited Jim's grave but couldn't understand why we were allowed to take pictures but my husband got told off for using his video camera! Anyway, we had a great time because my husband pretended to stop video but I still got a shot of Jim's grave and some of the surrounding area. On the video "*The Soft Parade*" - do you know who the little girl is who runs her fingers through Jim's hair (lucky girl!)?

Sandra Smith, England

Editor's note: I have no idea, Sandra. This should make a nice story like the one in DQ 33 (*Who's that boy ...?*)!

Dear Rainer, I'm so sad I missed backissues before # 23. I will get a copy of "*The Best And The Worst Of The Doors Quarterly*" when it will be out. I would also like to thank you for all the articles, reviews and news that you give us every time. The DQ is simply fantastic. Every day I go on thinking that the DQ is really the best fanzine I've ever seen in the world. I have seen a lot of fanzines before about other groups and other kinds of music, but nothing is compared to yours, not only because it is about the best rock band ever existed. It's a real precious guide for fans, lovers and collectors.

Mara Zagaria, Italy

Editor's note: Thank you and all others for all the compliments. The book you mention is still in preparation. I hope to put it out before Christmas.

Dear Rainer, I would like to congratulate you on your book, *Doors*, which is marvelous. The fact that this book was written in German didn't stop me from reading it, after all, a dictionary is a handy tool. Out goes a big thanks to you for putting out such a wonderful piece of work. Another thing: you are absolutely right when you state that bootlegs are a real pain to get these days. I had been searching for a dealer for some time in the past and found one after a while. This man looked at my want-list which I gave him (there

were CDs on it like *The Lost Paris Tapes* and *The Complete Matrix Club Tapes*) and he told me they were easy for him to get. Weeks passed, but he wasn't able to get them anymore. Yesterday I went to a record fair and was happy to run into *The Lost Paris Tapes* and *Television Bleeding*, both excellent discs. So from now on I'm going to attend record fairs more often because I really do want to hear more alternative Doors material. Talking of *The Lost Paris Tapes*, I think your article on the boy on the cover is really great, you had a bit of luck there, didn't you? On the other hand I'm looking for alternative shots of the *Strange Days* record cover. Any idea?

Kevin Chiotis, Belgium

Editor's note: Me too, Kevin. I've seen just one alternative shot of this cover at L.A.'s Hard Rock Café. Does anybody have a picture of this or any other alternative *Strange Days* photo?

Dear Rainer, well done with the new Quarterly, the cover is a real peach! Congratulations also on your new *On Stage* book. It's gonna help a lot of people from ever being ripped off by the shitty bootleggers! Keep up the good work!

Steve Samson, Scotland

Dear Rainer, the newest DQ was interesting, as always. I really like the inclusion of original old magazine articles, as on pages 23-27. It's good to see the original layout of those. I also enjoyed the Miami testimonies. Well written, but sometimes hard to swallow was Brent Turner's article. Mostly, I eagerly read such contributions, but this one failed. Not that I didn't understand what he was saying. He's also quite negative about people with a less intellectual background.

Fred Baggen, Holland

Dear Rainer, here in the states they are running an anti-drug commercial on TV featuring photos of Jim, Janis Joplin and John Belushi, among others. They are also using Janis' "*Mercedes Benz*" to sell the expensive German automobile to the hippie-turned-yuppie crowd. Both of these blatant exploitations piss me off to no end!

Sheryl Briesemeister, USA

Dear Rainer, I cannot tell you how glad I was to see there was a Doors Fanclub for me to join, someone else who loves the man as much as me! I know The Doors have a tremendous following worldwide, but nobody near me can even begin to understand how great and totally unique this

guy was, they just remember him from "Light My Fire" and he was a junkie. I can't tell you how angry it makes me when people say that. So naturally I tell them about Jim Morrison but they don't understand. He and The Doors' music are classic and original and the world will never see another like them. Their music will stand the test of time and mean something to every new generation that is born, because the listener can take the lyrics and relate to them in their own personal way, with Jim Morrison's gift of being a true poet, having a beautiful way with words, and The Doors' understanding of Jim Morrison that coupled together nothing like it.

Anna Belcher, England

Dear Rainer, it's always a joy when a *Doors Quarterly* arrives - and most especially this time after a bad week at work and having to hire a plumber to stop a little flood in the kitchen! I agree with your comments about the 'revised' edition of "*No One Here Gets Out Alive*". I also just saw an audio version of it, with Danny Sugerman reading. It's on Warner Audio Entertainment label and was stacked right next to the books in my local Tower Records. Also, a biography of Oliver Stone by James Riordan came out around last Christmas, published by Hyperion. At any rate, it says that Sherry Siddons, Bill's ex-wife, gave Ollie a copy of the first script he (Stone) had ever written called "*Break*" and sent to The Doors' office in 1970, thinking that Jim could star in it. According to Riordan, Sherry told Stone that Bill found the script in Jim's apartment in Paris after he died. "*Someone told Bill that Jim had been reading it*," Stone said. Needless to say, Oliver took this as a sign that he should make *The Doors* movie. I personally wish Sherry had kept the script to herself. Keep your light shining!

Connie Lauerman, USA

Dear Rainer, the DQ is a great magazine and satisfies many of my deepest curiosities about Jim Morrison. I went and saw many of the sights in Los Angeles and was mystified. By the way, my cousin went to The Doors show on July 25, 1969 at the Cow Palace. He said Jim was hypnotic and refused to leave the stage after the lights came up. The Doors ended up playing well past midnight (they went on after 10 p.m.) which upset some parents like my mom who were waiting outside, and the people using the Cow Palace the

next day. He still has the ticket stub and the original advertisement poster.

Jeff Vogel, USA

Dear Rainer, thanks for the last four issues in which I clearly see that the DQ is getting better and better. Especially for the "older" fans, there is still news for us.

Frank Pol, Holland

Dear Rainer, I have read the latest issue of *The Doors Quarterly Magazine* and thought that it was excellent as were all the other issues. I found the story of the boy in the photograph very interesting. Could you give me any information on how to obtain a copy of *Feast Of Friends* video, and *HWY* video, please? Keep up the good work and thank you in anticipation for the next issues.

John Prowse, England

Editor's note: Many people ask where and how to get *Feast Of Friends* and *HWY* on video. To end all those questions: *Feast Of Friends* was available once in the American NTSC format, in bad quality and not playable on the PAL format. Some video dealer from New York distributed it. I've never seen a PAL copy on record fairs or flea markets - the quality is probably too bad. And - there is absolutely no chance to get *HWY* on video, unfortunately.

Dear Rainer, I traveled about 130 km to watch a coverband named the *L.A.Doors* in Herentals, Belgium. We could get in at 8 a.m. but the concert started at 10.30 p.m. Till then, Belgian chartmusic was to be heard. Then, starting with fog and lights, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King could be heard, along with dialogues from Oliver Stone's *Doors* movie. After that the band came on, but just their clothes reminded us of the real thing. The sound was pretty good, but the singer's voice wasn't similar to Morrison's. During *Alabama Song*, two Go-Go girls started dancing and singing - awful! In total - an average concert for just 200 Belgian Francs (about \$ 7). The band was O.K., but if you have seen *The Soft Parade* from New York, there's nothing better. Not even the *L.A.Doors*.

Roland Schlosser, Germany

Dear Rainer, thanks once again for all your hard work in putting the Dqs together. I never got DQ 32. What happened?

Nick Sutcliffe, England

Editor's note: Be sure it got stolen in the mail. I'll send you another one. RM

RETROSPECT ...

... is a new series in *The Doors Quarterly Magazine* featuring reviews written by fanclub members. If you have any book/record/video/article/person/play or anything else, related to The Doors that you love or hate, or just want to comment, please feel free to write down a review and send it to us. The product/event you are writing about should be at least 2 years old/ago. Make clear what your opinion is - we will print it. If you are not able to write in English language - don't worry, we'll find someone to translate your article. We continue this series with a review of a play by Tim Whitty, a book by Wallace Fowlie from 1993, and an interview CD. All reviews were written by subscribers of *The Doors Quarterly Magazine*.

crap and destruction and bad views that go on, and they decided to keep Jim prisoner and trying to destroy the person he used to be. I must say here that the play's message is vague, and the whole thing is very hard to follow. I have some quotes here from the other three actors, so you'll have a better idea of what I'm saying:

Dr. Rachman's quote: "Rock'n'Roll is an epidemic! A plague that surrounds the globe, the people that make this noise are monsters!"

The nurse's quote: "If you think you can crawl in here like a caterpillar and fly out like a butterfly, you're in for a nasty shock!"

And lastly a quote from the professor: "Rock'n'Roll is American music, loud music, Elvis sang about hot dogs."

So now you see what I mean? But the worst thing of all is a quote from Tom Whitty: "When you're a nobody, perhaps a Wilson, all you can do is to sit and watch. Morrison the poet, would of understood."

Would he? I don't think so. Jim didn't look on at the human race as "nobodies". He would tell us we were all Gods, and the only time I imagine him to tell us to "sit and watch" would be, if we were to learn something so, frankly, portraying Jim to be a faceless nobody, is insulting. The man had a great mind, his thoughts were intelligent, his views were well thought, and considered before he spoke them. He was someone who simply had "done" the loud music bit, been wild etc., as we all did, and we all, like Jim, grow up and quieted down. So, I agree he may have wanted to escape the fame, for the purpose I just mentioned, but no way, not to become a faceless nobody, and again (like these people, film-writers and play-writers and the like) seem to love doing, Jim's "destructive" side had to be blown up and the rest of him ignored, why do they still do that to him? We have all been taught again and again, Jim escaped through alcohol, he was a drunken arsehole etc., yeah, we know all that, but what about him also being a great thinker? The sensitivity he had towards others? He made great conversation, what about burying the drunken part of Jim and letting the great man himself always live on? We are fed up with Jim being pulled to pieces, and we don't want to hear about him being a destructive, drunken idiot anymore! If there's a chance for anyone to see this play, sure, go along, but only out of curiosity, don't have "our Jim" on your minds. Having said all that, the actor who played Jim, was actually very nice and came up to us afterwards to ask our opinions. He had no knowledge of Jim (he had only seen the

RETROSPECT

RIDERS ON THE STORM

(The Odyssey after Jim Morrison)

a play by Tim Whitty

a review written by Tina Hudgell

I thought I'd write about a stage play I went to see a couple of years ago, called *RIDERS ON THE STORM (The Odyssey after Jim Morrison)*. The play was written by Tom Whitty and it was shown in a basement theatre in a pub in Barons Court, London. Now, and kind of "Doors" event are few and far between in London, so I was really looking forward to it. But what a disappointment! This play is crap, the story is crap! Which is: After Jim "pretended to die" in Paris, he vanished into a hospital to have plastic surgery performed on his face, so as not to be recognized when he returned. He changed his name to Wilson (why Wilson??) and his whole purpose from what I could gather was to escape from us (Doors fans and the like), and fame etc., he kept the bandages on throughout the play, so he could remain a nobody (that was so annoying!), and spent his time giving out his viewpoints, with quotes like:

"... life/society treats poets like prisoners, people are not afraid of what they do. Poets ain't got the security of confinement, their lives are torture..."

There were only three other actors in the play, and all of them had the idea that Rock'n'Roll, Elvis Presley, Jim, etc. were to blame for all that

Doors movie, I say nothing!), so he came around, got a little more educated, and went off happily listening to "An American Prayer" so he could practice Jim's voice. So there you are, I'd had Jim round my house!

RETROSPECT

Wallace Fowlie: Rimbaud And Jim Morrison

a review written by Jon Trotter

This book could of, and should of, been done much, much better. Someone of Mr. Fowlie's intelligence, you would of thought would have done more research on the second subject of his book, instead of, so it would seem, just reading the better known myth-ridden biographies out there. For starters, this book is by far too short for anyone to learn much about the lives of two intelligent and talented men, brief or not. I myself once wrote a very brief history of Jim Morrison (just 25 pages) for an acquaintance of mine, who lives in Holland. It was basically just quotes from books, mainly Peter K.Hogan's attempt at the truth, as that was the first book I had read, and this is the book I am thankful for lightning the match for the inferno of knowledge I know now, which is probably why, if I was going to write a mini-biography now, it would turn into a mammoth, now that I know so much more in the short space of two years. Mr. Fowlie, on the other hand, has had since 1968, when he first learnt who Jim Morrison was, after receiving a letter of thanks from him for translating Rimbaud's work. I think this book, subtitled *The Rebel as Poet*, was basically designed to be carried around by college and university students (and probably is?), but all they are carrying around with them is the extended myth. When will the truth finally be told to the world? Does the world want to know the truth? If this book has tried to get over to the general public, that Jim Morrison was a poet, I'm afraid it sadly fails. The edited quotes from poems don't help the reader understand the poems or what they mean. And what do they mean?

Some are obviously self-explanatory, others are personal themes, shared with the reader, nothing new in the history of poetry. "*Lament*" is a classic 'unknown' for most biographers. Some, like Mr. Fowlie say they don't understand it:

*"Death, old friend
Death & my cock
are the world."*

Old friend - the reader? Himself? The world - his own mind? These are questions, no translations or statements of any kind. Other writers dismiss this poem as being the worst Jim Morrison ever produced. I personally think that this poem proves what a talented poet Jim was in his themes and translations of them.

*"I can forgive
my injuries
in the name of
wisdom
luxury
romance."*

I wonder if Jim were still alive, who would he want, if asked, to write his biography? Many have tried and failed. Many just continue to write '*I hate Jim Morrison*'-books, just to make a fast buck. I must say that there are some good ones out there, but more bad ones, it seems. *Rimbaud And Jim Morrison* is one of them.

RETROSPECT

The Doors: The Ceremony Continues

("A rare 1970 interview with
Jim Morrison")
a review written by
Pamela Kleineder

If you are as crazy about Jim Morrison as I am then the CD entitled The Doors: The Ceremony Continues is a must have. When I first bought it I

wasn't sure what to expect but then I slipped it into my car player and the ceremony began. We all know what a wonderful bluesy singing voice Jim had, but to hear him speaking is a completely different experience and definitely not one to be missed. I couldn't quit smiling through the entire CD and at times found myself laughing out loud. The dark, brooding Morrison we so often read about isn't there at all. Instead, we are treated to a hearty dose of his delightful humor. It doesn't appear that the interviewer gets it or appreciates Jim's wit at all. He asks boring and at times insipid questions but Jim manages to handle each and everyone with so much grace and style you don't seem to mind. Jim is just outright sunny in what he describes as his 'grand Irish wit'.

However, it isn't just his humor we are able to observe from this interview. Jim gives us some insight into his feelings and views on many subjects. His deep sensitivity comes out in a number of places. For example, at the beginning of the CD he speaks of being in New Orleans and seeing a mural that features Napoleon and depicts war scenes with 'ghosts and shades'. He then precedes to tell us that 'I can't get it out of my mind, actually', what I found to be a very deep and sensitive statement. There are many other places during the interview where he displays his sensitive side. When the interviewer accuses Jim of being disdainful we get the impression that Jim is genuinely hurt and tells Howard (the interviewer) to ask him some more questions and he won't be disdainful. He even says, 'Sorry, if I was disdainful'.

Although, the interviewer never discusses Jim's poetry which we know to be his real passion, we still get a wonderful insight into Jim Morrison as an individual. In another part of the interview, he states very clearly his feelings about being perceived as a sex symbol. I found one statement he made about sexual appeal to be so unusual from the popular thought that I'm still reflecting on it. When asked about his sex image Jim says in effect that we all know that none is any sexier than anyone else unless of course they got mixed up on something at birth with the wrong equipment. His humor again comes through. Clearly, he believed this which makes me see that Jim perceived things on a whole different level than most of us.

There is much more to enjoy on this CD. Jim touches on other subjects such as the Miami trial, his relationship with the other Doors members and his movie HWY. You won't be disappointed

unless of course your image of Jim is the outrageous, impulsive abusive character we have heard countless times about. If that's what you're looking for you won't find it on this CD, nor for that matter, in my opinion, anywhere else connected with this truly delightful, thoughtful man. Let the ceremony continue!

Small Ads

KLEINANZEIGEN

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MIAMI

The Testimonies Part 3

(continued from The Doors Quarterly 32 and 33)

In the previous Quarterlies you've read what Jim Morrison and Robby Krieger were asked in the courtroom and what they answered. This time you can read the testimony of John Densmore, dated **September 16, 1970**. The complete testimony appears in print for the first time. It had been computer-scanned from the original full-length documents in order to make a better reading for your eye and to compress it for a suitable appearance in this magazine. It is unabridged. Ray Manzarek's testimony will follow in DQ 35. (R.M.)

THEREUPON:

JOHN PAUL DENSMORE

was called as a witness on behalf of the defendant, and being first duly sworn, was examined and testified on his oath as follows:

DIRECT EXAMINATION BY MR. FINK:

Q: Will you state your full name, please?

John: John Paul Densmore.

Q: Mr. Densmore, you are a member of the group known as the Doors?

John: Yes.

Q: How long has that group been working together?

John: About four years.

Q: Professionally, when did you start?

John: About three years ago.

Q: What instrument do you play?

John: I play drums.

Q: Rhythm for the group?

John: Right.

Q: You performed with the Doors on March 1st, 1969 at Dinner Key Auditorium?

John: Yes.

Q: Did you arrive at Dinner Key prior to the start of the program by the Doors that night?

John: Yes.

Q: Were you on the balcony before the show started in the dressing room?

John: Yes.

Q: While you were there and before the show started, did you see any police officers?

John: Yes.

Q: Did any of them come to the dressing room?

John: I think a couple were in and out of the dressing room.

Q: Do you recall before you went on stage looking down at the crowd in this huge auditorium?

John: Yes.

Q: Can you describe what you saw?

John: Well, it was filled to the brim, stuffed. I think that the person who promoted the concert ...

THE COURT: Just answer the question.

Q: In any event, did this audience appear to be quiet and seated or were they on the floor, sitting and standing and moving about?

John: They were on the floor. They were quite restless because it was hot and crowded.

Q: In any event you and the Doors went on stage, is that right?

John: Yes.

Q: About how long did the Doors' part of the program take?

John: About an hour and fifteen minutes.

Q: That is your approximation?

John: Yes.

Q: While you were on stage that night was Mr. Morrison, the defendant here, also on stage?

John: Yes.

Q: Did you observe him while he was on stage?

John: Yes.

Q: By the way, in playing the drums and the rhythm course for the group, do you follow Mr. Morrison's activities on stage?

John: Yes, I watch him most of the time.

Q: While you were observing Mr. Morrison did he at any time drop his trousers?

John: No.

Q: Did he at any time open his fly?

John: No.

Q: Did he at any time expose his penis?

John: No.
(objection.)

Q: Did he at any time while you were observing him expose his penis?

John: No.

Q: Did he at any time while you were observing him drop his trousers or pants below his knees?

John: No.

Q: Did he at any time while you were observing him drop his pants or trousers to a point just above his knees?

John: No.

Q: Did he at any time while you were observing him, while you were right on stage, drop his pants or trousers to a point below his crotch?

John: No.
(objection, overruled.)

Q: Did he at any time expose any part of his male organs?

John: No.
(objection, sustained.)

Q: Did he at any time while you were observing him, while under your observation, expose any part of his male organs?

John: No.

Q: Did he expose any pubic hair?

John: No.

Q: Did Robby Krieger, the guitar player, come around in front of Mr. Morrison on that

stage while you were observing him and pretend copulation, oral copulation?

John: No.
(objection, sustained.)

Q: Did Robby Krieger, the guitar player, did he at any time come around and kneel in front of Mr. Morrison on his knees facing Mr. Morrison's crotch area?

John: No.
(objection, overruled.)

Q: Did you hear the question?

John: Yes, and the answer is no.

Q: Did Mr. Morrison at any time while the Doors were on stage and while he was on stage within your observation, did he at any time masturbate?

John: No.

Q: Did he do any act pretending masturbation that you observed?

John: No.

Q: Do you recall a time in the program when Robby Krieger, guitar player, took a solo, a period when he played his guitar solo?

John: Yes, several.

Q: Is that something that is generally done in your programs?

John: Yes.
(objection, sustained.)
(answer stricken.)

Q: In any event, on this night in this particular program within your observation, both with your eyes and your ears at Dinner Key Auditorium, did you see Robby Krieger take his solo part on the guitar?

John: Yes.

Q: While Robby Krieger was taking the solo part on his guitar what, if anything, did Mr. Morrison do?

John: Well, usually when Robby solos ...
(objection, sustained.)

Q: The question is not what he usually does. It is what did he do this night, not whether he has done it a thousand times before.

John: He moved over to Robby to bring attention to Robby because Robby was taking a guitar solo. The spotlight is on Jim and as he moves over, the spotlight follows him.
(objection, overruled.)

Q: On this particular night, regardless of how many other times he may or may not have done it, on this particular night did Jim come over where Robby was doing his guitar solo and kneel down in front of him?

John: Yes.
(objection, sustained.)

Q: On this particular night, March 1, 1969, whatever the night may have been when you appeared in Dinner Key Auditorium in Miami with the Doors and while you were on stage and while you were observing Mr. Morrison with your eyes and ears, and while Robby Krieger was doing a guitar solo, did Jim Morrison come down on his knees directly in front of him and in front of his guitar?

John: Not directly in front of him, on the side, just comes over to stand on the side of him.

Q: I show you here the last page of five photos which were marked Exhibit No.3 in this case and ask you if you recognize Robby Krieger and Jim?

John: Yes, I do.

Q: Do you recall seeing that particular situation on the night of March 1 of 1969 at Dinner Key?

John: Yes, I recall.

Q: Will you describe exactly what happened at that time?

John: Well, Jim came over to Robby because Robby was going to take a solo and he, you

know, encourages him to play a good solo, shouts out, whatever, you know ...
(objection, overruled.)

John: ... that is what he did.

Q: Did Jim at any time while Robby was playing his solo or while he was on his knees or any time during that whole night pretend oral copulation with anybody?

John: No.

(objection, sustained.)

Q: Did Jim do any act that was unusual while he was on his knees near the guitar player?

John: No, he usually ...

THE COURT: You have answered the question.

Q: By the way, at this particular time when this particular scene was on that stage, was Jim's back to the audience?

John: No, he was sort of on the side.

Q: At that particular time did you have a clear view of Jim and Robby?

John: Yes, I think so.

Q: Did you have a clear view of the guitar?

John: Yes.

Q: Did you see all three of them, Jim, the guitar and Robby?

John: Yes.

Q: I show you here five photos in this Exhibit No.3. Will you take a look at the last one? ... You looked at the last one. Will you look at all of them now? ... Are those scenes as you see them on the picture approximately correct in your memory?

John: Yes.

Q: I show you here Jim with two pictures, one being Exhibit F and one Exhibit H, with Jim wearing a hat. Do you recall seeing approximately that view that night?

John: Yes.

Q: Do you recall seeing Jim with a policeman's hat on his head?

John: Well, I just saw it in the picture. I don't know whether I remember which hat he had on at the concert. ... It was in that last group you showed me.

Q: I show you here a picture, I believe of Mr. Morrison, his head tilted back and a policeman's hat on his head. Do you remember that?

John: Yes.

Q: Can you tell us what happened to the policeman's hat as well as to the funny looking hat Jim was wearing in the other pictures?

John: Well, there was a policeman standing on the side of the stage and as I recall, Jim ...

THE COURT: The question was what happened to the hat, son.

John: Jim went over to the policeman and took the hat off his head and threw it in the audience. Then the policeman took Jim's hat off, and threw his in the audience. Then I think the policeman's hat was tossed back up on the stage and Jim put it on.

Q: Was there a policeman's hat lost that night?

John: Yes.

Q: When this happened, was it done in a spirit of good humor or were they fighting about it?

(objection, overruled.)

John: It was done in good humor.

Q: As the Doors performed did the audience tend to move down toward the stage?

John: Yes.

Q: Did there come a time when they started to come up on the stage?

John: Yes.

Q: Did there come a time when the stage became particularly crowded with people climbing up on it?

John: Yes.

Q: What did you and the rest of your group do at that time?

John: Well, we kept playing.

Q: Did you leave the stage?

John: Eventually.

Q: About how long did you play after people started coming up?

John: 15 minutes.

Q: Then as the crowd became more intense on the stage did you quit playing?

John: Yes.

Q: Did you leave the stage?

John: Yes.

Q: Did you have any assistance of any police officers in leaving the stage?

John: Yes, they cleared the way.

Q: Then where did you go from the stage?

John: Up into the balcony, back in the dressing room.

Q: Approximately how long did you remain in the dressing room?

John: Quite awhile, an hour and a half, two hours, maybe.

Q: During all that time was Mr. Morrison there with you?

John: Yes.

Q: All four of the members of the Doors were present?

John: Yes.

Q: During the time were there any other people there?

John: Well, there was a few policemen and people coming in for autographs and stuff like that.

Q: This policeman with the hat deal, did he come in?

John: It seems that the Captain of the Police that was there came in and we paid him for the hat.

Q: Was there a handshake at that time?

John: Yes, it was all in, you know, good spirits. There wasn't any hostility.

Q: There was no hostility?

John: No.

CROSS EXAMINATION BY MR. McWILLIAMS:

Q: Now, your position on the stage relative to that of Morrison, isn't it a fact that you were behind Morrison?

John: Yes.

Q: You were not at the same level he was on the stage?

John: I am always up higher.

Q: Most of the time you were observing the back of Morrison, isn't that a fact?

John: He moved around all over the place.

Q: When he is facing the audience you are looking at his back, isn't that a fact?

John: Yes, when he is facing the audience, yes.

Q: When the surge came, when the crowd began coming up on stage, how many people did you see on stage?

John: Oh, approximately seven or eight people, maybe.

Q: Isn't it a fact that there were people to the right of Morrison?

John: To the right?

Q: To the right, to the left, people all around where Morrison was standing on the stage?

John: About seven people all locked arms.

Q: Isn't it a fact people were surging, forward trying to get up on top of the stage?

John: A few, yes.

Q: Were you worried about your equipment at all?

John: Yes.

Q: Were you doing anything to try to protect your equipment at that particular time?

John: Well, I was playing drums and our equipment people were trying to keep everything stable.

Q: There was a lot of confusion on the stage at that time, wasn't there?

John: Yes.

Q: Who left the stage first, you or Morrison?

John: I did.

Q: You left first?

John: Yes.

Q: So there was a time when Morrison was on the stage when you weren't on the stage, isn't that a fact?

John: Yes.

Q: How long, or do you know?

John: Well, as I left I went up to the balcony and stood there about five minutes watching.

Q: So there was a time, there was five minutes from the time you left the stage until Morrison left?

John: That is true but I was watching the whole time.

Q: Did you leave by way of the front?

John: No, to the left, stairs on the left of the stage.

Q: Isn't it a fact that there were people surging forward toward the stage at all sides of the stage?

John: Yes.

Q: You had to fight your way through that crowd, isn't that a fact?

John: I sort of jumped over a lot of people and I walked up the stairs to the balcony.

Q: You weren't walking backwards, were you, during those five minutes?

John: I wasn't walking for five minutes.

Q: It took you five minutes to get from the stage to the balcony?

John: I didn't say that. It took me 30 seconds. Then I stayed up there about five minutes watching.

Q: Did you walk backward while you went up the stairs?

John: No, I didn't.

Q: How long have you been with Morrison?

John: With the group, since the beginning.

Q: About four years?

John: Right.

Q: Do you have your own home in Beverly Hills, also?

John: I live in Hollywood.

Q: Hollywood, California. Do you have your own home?

John: Yes.

Q: How many thousands of dollars a year do you stand to lose if Morrison is convicted?

John: We have already lost quite a bit.
(objection, overruled.)

Q: Your entire musical future depends on what happens in this court, isn't that a fact?

John: I really don't know.

Q: You don't have any other occupation than as drummer for the Doors, isn't that a fact?

John: I am a musician. I am a studio musician, you know.

Q: Now, how much of the beer in the dressing room did you drink?

John: I drink orange juice.

Q: You didn't drink any of the beer?

John: No.

Q: How many six-packs were they drinking back in the dressing room?

John: Well, Jim arrived late so he had a couple of beers.

Q: How many six-packs were back there?

John: I have no idea.

Q: More than two?

John: I don't know.

Q: You didn't have any, is that right?

John: No.

Q: How about Robby Krieger, he didn't have any, did he?

John: Robby has a beer, usually.

Q: Maybe one or two?

John: Yes, and he likes it sometimes on stage.

Q: How about Ray, how many did he have?

John: Ray has a couple, usually.

Q: Did you have any of the champagne?

John: Was there champagne?
(objection, overruled.)

Q: Answer the question. Did you have any champagne?

John: No.

Q: Do you remember James Morrison drinking champagne on the stage?

John: No.

Q: Yet you say you were watching him most of the time, is that what you were telling the jury?

John: If I am not watching him, I look at Ray for musical cues.

Q: And you never saw any bottle at all on the stage?

John: No, I don't recall.

Q: How about the lamb, did you see a lamb on the stage?

John: Yes.

Q: Did you hear Morrison say, "*If it weren't so young I would fuck it?*" Did you hear that?

John: No, I didn't. I am behind the amplifiers and then the PA speakers are way out in front. I rarely hear a voice anyway.

Q: Were those amplifiers between you and Morrison?

John: They are in front of me.

Q: In front of you?

John: Yes.

Q: Which would mean at times Morrison was in front of the amplifier and you are behind the amplifier, is that right?

John: They don't block my view. They are on my side but they are up.

Q: You heard catcalls from the audience, isn't that a fact?

John: Yes.

Q: You heard people calling Morrison a fag?

John: I don't think I heard that specifically.

Q: Did you hear some reference?

John: I heard some four letter words, whatever.

Q: You were with Morrison back there in the dressing room that entire night. To your knowledge did he have any medical ailments?

John: No.

Q: Did he have any kind of fungus or rash?

John: No.

Q: How many times did you see him put his hand inside his pants, all the way down to his crotch?

(objection, overruled.)

John: I didn't say that.

Q: I show you Defendant's Exhibit I and ask you if you remember seeing that.

John: No.

Q: You couldn't see when Morrison was facing the audience, isn't that a fact?

John: As he directly faces the audience, I can't see him, true, from the front.

(objection.)

Q: Were you finished with your answer?

John: I don't recall.

(question read.)

John: I can't see him when he is facing the audience. I can see him as he moves all over the stage. He doesn't just stand rigid, ever.

Q: Did you hear him say, "Do you want to see my cock"?

John: No.

Q: You never heard that?

John: No, I didn't,

Q: You are familiar, of course, with his philosophy, are you not, of Morrison's philosophy?

John: What do you mean?
(objection, sustained.)

Q: Do you believe in the philosophy that there are no rules, there are no laws?

(objection, overruled.)

John: What was the question?

Q: Do you believe in the philosophy there are no rules, there are no laws?

John: No.

Q: Do you believe that a man has a right to disobey a law he feels has no further use?

(objection, sustained.)

Q: Do you believe that you have a right to disobey a law that you think is of no further use?
(objection, overruled.)

John: Do I feel I have a right to disobey a law I don't agree with?

Q: Yes.

John: I don't know, It would depend on the law and how I felt about it.

Q: How about the oath you took here to tell the truth?

John: Yes, I believe in that.

Q: You couldn't see him while he was facing the audience, is that what you are telling the jury?
(objection, overruled.)

John: When he is facing the audience I can't see him from the front.

**REDIRECT EXAMINATION
BY MR. FINK:**

Q: What you mean is you can't see the front of him if he happened to stand still facing the audience?

John: Right.

Q: Did he ever stand still facing the audience?

John: No, he never stands still.

Q: You say you couldn't see him. Could you see his back and sides even if he had been standing still, which you say he wasn't?

John: Yes, I could see his back and sides.

Q: By the way, do you know of any rules or any laws which would prevent those people who paid six or seven dollars a head by the thousands to come see that concert that night, do you know of any rules or laws that would keep them from standing up and dancing around, moving if they wanted to?

(objection, sustained.)

Q: Do you know of any rules or laws that would prevent them if they couldn't find room to stretch out their legs from getting up and moving around?

(objection, sustained.)

Q: Do you recall any mention being made that night while you were on stage about people who couldn't see the stage?

John: Pardon me?

Q: Do you recall any mention being made with regard to the fact some people that had paid admission couldn't see the stage?

(objection, overruled.)

John: Yes, there was a lot of people that couldn't see.

Q: Do you recall some mention of that fact by Jim?

John: Yes.

Q: Do you remember words to the effect to



Jim, Robby and Ray during a break in Miami, September 16th, 1970.

Photo: Miami Herald

some people over there to come on up and come on over?

John: Yes, he said that.

Q: Do you remember whether or not Jim took off his shirt during the course of the concert?

John: Yes.

(objection, sustained.)

Q: Did you observe with your eyes Jim Morrison remove his shirt?

John: Yes, I did.

Q: Was he wearing shorts?

John: Yes.

Q: While you were on the balcony for five minutes, is that the balcony right above the stage?

John: To the left of the stage.

Q: Just a few feet off the stage?

John: Yes.

Q: Was that the part of the balcony you were talking about?

John: Yes.

Q: In other words, you went over to your left around and up on top?

John: Right.

Q: Did you have a direct view right on top of the stage almost at that point?

John: Yes.

(objection, overruled.)

Q: At that time did you continue to watch the events on stage?

John: Yes, I did.

Q: The music had stopped, had it?

John: Yes.

Q: Jim was still there and people were coming on stage, were they?

John: Yes.

(objection, sustained.)

Q: Did Mr. Morrison leave the stage?

John: Did he leave the stage? Yes, he did.

Q: Did he have any assistance by police officers in leaving?

John: Police officers and a lot of other people that were locked in arms. They all sort of left.

Q: By the way, some hour and a half or two hours later you left the auditorium and where did you fellows go from there?
(objection.)

Q: Did you return to your hotel that night?

John: Yes, I think we did.

Q: Do you recall where you fellows stayed?

John: No, I don't.

Q: The Hilton Plaza, does that help you?

John: That's right.

Q: On the Beach?

John: Yes.

Q: Did you stay overnight?

John: Yes, we did.

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