

THE

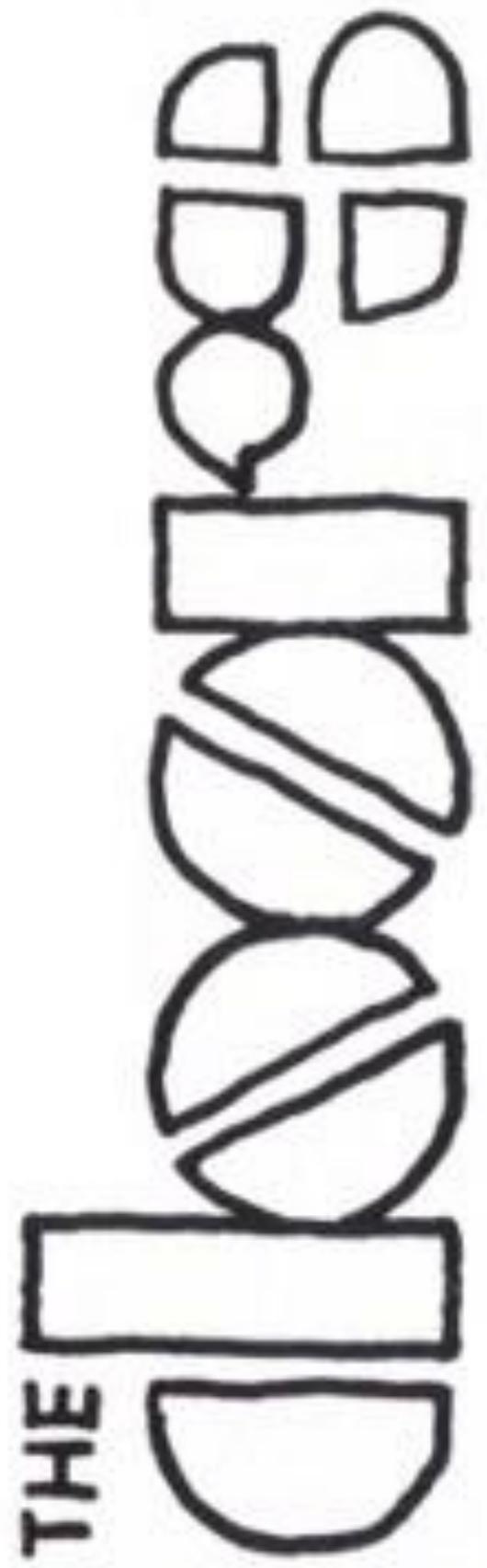
MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF THE DOORS FAN CLUB GERMANY

DOORS FAN CLUB GERMANY

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE NO. 26



break on through to the other side...



...is a magazine for members of
THE DOORS FAN CLUB W/Germany
Am Oelvebach 5
D. 4150 Krefeld 12 ; West Germany
Phone: 02151/571862 in W/Germany
Account/Konto: 3043 82-433
Bank: Postgiroamt Essen
Bankleitzahl/Bank Number:
360 100 43

Editor: Rainer Moddemann
Correspondents:
Kris Zeronda/New York
Jeannie Cromie/L.A.
Michelle Campbell/
Paris
Andrew Bucknall/
Iain Boyack U.K.

Subscription/
Abonnement for
4 issues (4DQs):
BRD: 22 DM
Europe: 25 DM
Overseas: 30 DM

IMPORTANT: Renew your subscription
as soon as you see the actual DQ
issue number behind your name on
your address sticker. Erneuert
Euer Abo, sobald die aktuelle
DQ Nummer neben Euerm Namen auf
dem Adressticker erscheint.

Hello, I'm sittin' here right
in front of my computer with
the finished DQ manuscript. A
lot of work as usual. I'm
listening to one of the best live
albums of all time, Tim Buckley's
DREAM LETTER (Enigma Retro/
Straight 773507-2), which I
prefer to The Doors' Absolutely Live (oh yes, Buckley's album is UNCUT and UNEDITED!)
unlike the Doors-album. Why do I tell you this? I'm busy working on a book on Tim
Buckley, and if you have ANYTHING on him, please send it to me. I'm also workin' on
my SECOND Doors-book, and you'll be surprised what it will be all about. I also
finished writing a chapter for a forthcoming British Doors-book ... busy times, as
usual. And there's the DQ, this time you didn't have to wait for it for so long, so
I'm getting back to the normal schedule. Find a fascinating, sweet article on Jim in
here, done by my friend Cathy Weldy, and a big thanks to her writing this exclusively
for the DQ. Along with the usual stuff (discography, record and book reviews, old
articles - thanks Patricia Kennealy-Morrison for the Jazz & Pop! - the LA-tours for
Doors fans, the letters) please notice the tour dates for THE SOFT PARADE, which
is the best DOORS-cover band of all times. You should come to their concerts, it is a
real experience. Don't mix them up with another band of the same name, touring the
Netherlands right now, doing just normal oldie-stuff! Watch out for the posters and
ads saying THE SOFT PARADE - TRIBUTE TO THE DOORS featuring Joe Russo. Believe it or
not - THE SOFT PARADE is BETTER than Wild Child (this goes out to all Dutch fans!),
if Dave Brock could only see Joe Russo, he (Dave) would quit his job I'll be in
Paris on July 3rd. Meet me at the grave or at the restaurant/bar right down the Rue
de Repos, down the small entrance of the Pére Lachaise. Can't wait to meet YOU!

Till then enjoy this DQ # 26!

Front cover photo
by Frank Lisciandro



TALK TALK TALK about The Doors

... it is a quiet Doors-world these days. After this boom, after all the mass-hysteria --- not many news poured in. But:

... **Ray Manzarek** and **Michael McClure** will do a poetry-reading on June 12th in Paris. Location unknown ...

... **Robby Krieger** (as rumours go) will play Paris, too, with his band KGB. No date or location yet ...

... **Frank Lisciandro** is in Russia these days, working on a benefit-project for the people over there...

... more rumours: **Ray Manzarek** sued Westwood One for publishing The Doors' Seattle-concert as a radio-show. As you might remember, Ray always talked about this concert as being one of the worst The Doors ever did. And now it is out in public! ...

... Morrison-copycat **Dave Brock** stars in a movie with Meryl Streep called *Death Becomes Her*. He plays Morrison in a dream sequence ...

... **The Soft Parade**, the best Doors cover group ever, will play more than 15 dates in Germany. Don't miss them! Tourdates in this DQ, and don't forget to join our competition ...

... **Joe Russo** of **The Soft Parade** recently met Ray Manzarek. Ray was very impressed about Joe's similarity to Jim Morrison. Joe also met **Albert King**, who went up to him and said: "I know you! I've seen you before!" And last not least, **Davy Jones** of the Monkees waited patiently 1 hour in line to attend a Soft Parade-concert in New York. Joe's comment: "I couldn't believe it! One of my idols came to see me perform!" ...

...you need quite a lot of money to buy all these illegal releases from the underground, which came out the past months, most of them are reviewed in this DQ to divide the good from the bad and the ugly ...

... **John Densmore** acts in a play called Be-bop-a-lula, which is about the life of the late, but probably great **Gene Vincent**. Fellow actor in that play is **Adam Ant** ...

... **Robby Krieger** is in the studio again working on new material ...

... the albums *Weird Scenes Inside The Goldmine* and *An American Prayer* got re-released in England last month. Unfortunately the amazing booklet for *Prayer* wasn't included ...

... a new biography will be out in England soon, written by **Jenny Stanley-Clarke** and published by Kingsfleet Publications ...

LA Tours

PART FOUR

LOS ANGELES FOR DOORS-FANS (written by Rainer Moddemann)

I promised you a trip up to Lookout Mountain Drive, where John, Robby and Jim shared a house, right? Okay, we'll get up there, but PLEASE do not disturb the peace of the people who live there right now - I mean, don't knock on the door to talk to them. Till last month, the present owner *didn't even know* about the history of the house until Steph (who I am grateful to for her research) told him. You also should check John Densmore's *Riders On The Storm* for the story.

The house is way up in the hills left to Laurel Canyon Boulevard, and it is absolutely necessary for you to use a map finding your way through the narrow streets. On **Lookout Mountain Ave.**, #8826, just a few steps below the lookout point, there's this beautiful house hidden behind some trees where Jim used to live for a few months (Robby and John tried to settle him down and to give him a steady address). In fact, on his *Application For Writer-Membership in the American Society Of Composers, Authors and Publishers*, signed on October 14th, 1966 he wrote down this address as his home. So did John Densmore. Unfortunately, from the street you only can see the white painted garage.

Up to the lookout point. From here, you have one of the most spectacular views over Los Angeles, especially at night. It was here, where Jim wrote the song *People Are Strange* in August 1967 (according to John Densmore; but I doubt that date very much, 'cos the single *People Are Strange* was released in early September that year, just a few days after he wrote it?). Anyway, enjoy the incredible view from over there and hum a quiet *People Are Strange* for Jim, ehm, do not disturb all the loving couples in their cars at night with your loud chanting ...

Of course this (and the stories told about the Laurel Canyon area in DQ 25) is not all about this part of L.A. Jim and the other 3 Doors used to be a lot around here, as there were many celebrities of the Sixties living in **Laurel Canyon** at that time. For example, Monkee Peter Tork used to have a house over there, and one of his guests remembered Jim Morrison being there a couple of times, attending Peter's countless parties, drunk as hell all the time.



The house on
Lookout Mountain
Avenue # 8826

(photo by
Stephy Toenges)

Get into your car to Downtown Los Angeles to find the former **Morrison Hotel** (1246 Hope Street). This hotel, found accidentally by Ray Manzarek during one of his drives through town, got eternally documented on the album cover of their 5th album, *Morrison Hotel*. Well, not the complete building, but just the front window of the reception, which used to be left of the main entrance. It is not a hotel anymore, the window disappeared, same as the writing on it, and right now there's a laundry in it, where there used to be the reception, but the main entrance is still there, and Henry Diltz took a few photos of The Doors inside the entrance, right in front of the mosaic, which is still there (now often closed by an iron gate), check your copy of *The Illustrated History*. Unfortunately they took off the old sign saying *Morrison Hotel*, so the photo in this DQ is probably the last one of the original neonlight (it was taken in late June 1989). Take care of your car and your health, it is kind of dangerous place to stay as a tourist, and be careful taking pictures - most of the people walking around there are illegal immigrants definitely not interested in being photographed at all...

Just around the corner (300 Flower Street) there used to be the original **Hard Rock Café** (pictured by Henry Diltz for the back of the *Morrison Hotel*-cover, the *Morrison Hotel*-songbook and also featured in *The Illustrated History*). Today there is nothing else but an ugly, grey concrete block, nothing to sight-see at all. The new *Hard Rock Café* with all the memorabilia and stuff has got nothing to do with the original at all except the name.



Get away from this part of town down to Santa Monica and park your car right at the ocean on one of the car parks. Walk up to Santa Monica Boulevard and get into a pub called *Ye Olde King's Head* (116 Santa Monica Boulevard). It is just one block away from the ocean. Here it is, the former **Turkey Joint West**, the famous one, where *Rick And The Ravens* used to play from April 1965 till June 1965 as the houseband. Remember - Rick and The Ravens was Ray Manzarek's Band before The Doors (*Rick Manczarek* - guitar, *Jim Manczarek* - organ and harps, *Jim Thomas* - drums, *Roland Biscaluz* - bass, *Pat Stonner* - saxophone, *Ray Manczarek* - piano and vocals). This was before Ray changed his Polish name *Manczarek* into Manzarek, which was pretty easier for American tongues. He also used to call himself *Screaming Ray Daniels* at that time.

The former Morrison Hotel.
This sign disappeared.
(photo by R.Moddemann)

Anyway, they financed their filmschool-studies with the money they earned at the *Turkey Joint West* (15 Dollars per night, at weekends 30 Dollars, pretty much at that time). On a couple of nights Ray used to invite his fellows from the filmschool to get on stage for a jam, and early June 1965 Jim Morrison joined them for his first stage appearance, doing *Louie Louie* and other Rock'n'Roll-standards. Today, this club is a kind of British pub, with a lot of photos of celebrities on the wall. Nothing reminds of the former *Turkey Joint West*, right behind 2nd Street.

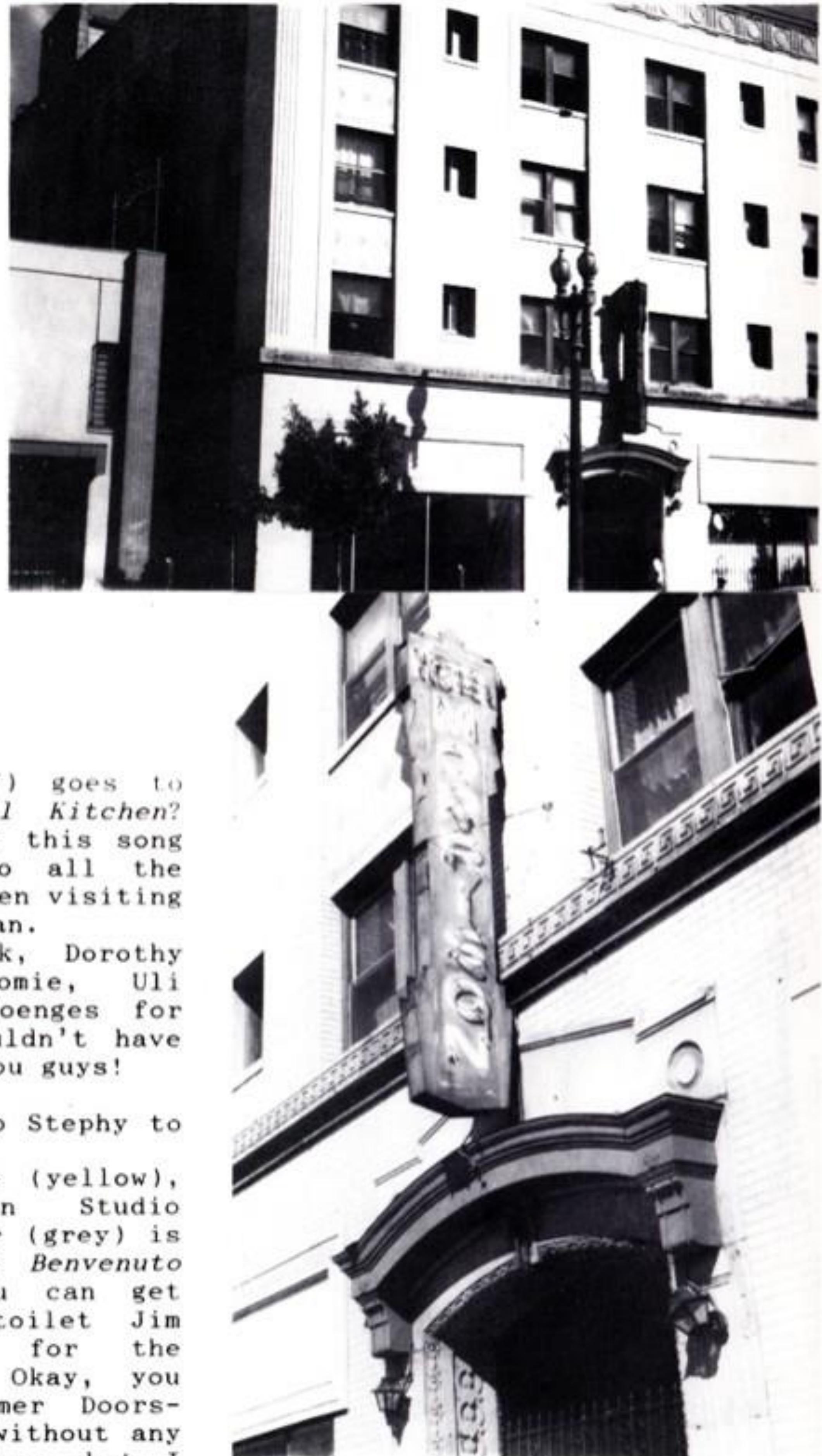
Next visit (see DQ 27) goes to *Olivia's* (remember *Soul Kitchen*? This restaurant is what this song is all about!) and to all the places you should see when visiting Venice, right at the ocean.

Thanks to Ray Manzarek, Dorothy Manzarek, Jeannie Cromie, Uli Michaelis and Stephie Toenges for research this time. Couldn't have done the guide without you guys!

A few **updates** (thanks to Stephie to let me know):

The former **Doors-office** (yellow), later The Upsidedown Studio (white), then The Center (grey) is now red and became the *Benviuento Cafe*, which means, you can get inside and see the toilet Jim recorded his vocals for the L.A.Woman-sessions in. Okay, you also can see the former Doors-office from the inside without any restrictions, if you know what I mean (8512 Santa Monica Boulevard).

The Fatburger (ex-The Extension) on the corner of La Cienega/Santa Monica Boulevard closed down. Nothing's in there right now. What about you L.A. fanclubmembers informing me and our readers about actual changes of sight-seeing-places for Doors-fans?



Photos show the front of the former Morrison Hotel in 1989. The famous window was left to the entrance. (photos by Rainer Moddemann)



The former Turkey Joint West. Today it is called "Ye Olde King's Head" and it became a very fine British pub. If you're lucky, you'll meet celebrities like Arnold Schwarzenegger, Ronald Reagan or Monkee Mickey Dolenz in there (just look at the photos on the wall).

(photo by R. Moddemann)

canadian night

THE DOORS INTERVIEWED

ROCKSTARS & IN CONCERT

New CDs, see page 10-13

ON STAGE **THE DOORS**

Feel The

JIM MORRISON
Leader of the DOORS
featuring
ALBERT KING

Jim Morrison's DOORS

BOOK REVIEWS

PATRICIA KENNEALY MORRISON: STRANGE DAYS - MY LIFE WITH AND WITHOUT JIM MORRISON

Button, New York, May 1992 (ISBN 0-525-93419-7, out now in the US)
HarperCollins, London, no certain publishing date in the UK yet.

It's hard to review a book written by a friend, who has not only been supporting the Quarterly for years, writing long and personal letters to me, sharing her beautiful memories so freely and trustfully, but also letting me have an insight into the progress in writing this book and giving me two credits in it I really appreciate. So - what should I do?

Write a review? Yes, sure. Here it is, at least a try. As you know, Patricia is the only woman Jim ever married in a ceremony. From this point of view of a loving wife, having lost her husband more than 20 years ago, never having made any money out of her relationship to Jim, there should have been enough distance for her to write an *objective* book about what had happened way back. What did Patricia do instead? She wrote **THE** book!

Honestly, this book is the most *honest* and *open* and *subjective* book on James Douglas Morrison ever written. I myself, having read all other books and even most of the unpublished manuscripts people wrote, think that *STRANGE DAYS* doesn't only show Jim Morrison's personality as a rockstar, but also the real human being behind all that. From Patricia's first meeting with Jim in a hotel in New York till the very last one at his lonely Paris grave, she points out her intensive relationship to him as clearly and positively as she was able to, not leaving out bad experiences and mean feelings she had about him. He appears as the human being he was really like - intelligent, deep, well-behaved and soft-, but also teasing, pushy and of changing moods. And - unlike all other "Jim Morrison-biographies", the reader will not have to read between the lines to find a true portrait of the singer and poet we admire, but will see all ups and downs of his personality in this *breathtaking* and *well-written* biography. Unfortunately, US copyright laws don't allow her to reproduce any of the poems Jim wrote for her or even the letters he sent her. I miss them very very much in this book. Jim's estate owns the copyright, Patricia owns the paper they're written on, and the ink they're written in. So - they are paraphrased only.

But there's not only Jim Morrison in there. There are the other three Doors, whom she likes as musicians, but doesn't say much about as persons. There are other people who get their due, one of them is Oliver Stone who is heavily criticised for what he did to Jim's memory in his movie, and also for the way he treated Patricia in the film. Despite of this she is still very fond of him as a person. Strange days!

And there's Pamela.

Patricia is concerned Pam might have contributed to Jim's death, but she carefully describes her personal contacts to that woman who always called herself "Mrs Morrison". She later bursts out in anger about how Pam was flagrantly unfaithful to Jim when he was alive. No, I don't think Patricia puts Pam down because of some silly jealousy of "the other woman in his life", she just realized from the things Jim told her (and wrote to her from Paris) that Pam was dependent upon him (and he in one way or the other upon her), which finally led to this deadly circle Patricia accurately describes, analyzing Pam's and Jim's strange relationship.

Unpleasant but honest talk. Patricia knows very well that she was Jim's alternative to escape Pam and drugs and drinks and the endless sameness his life had become.

What a torture it must have been for Patricia to remember the experience of visiting her husband's grave a few days after the burial! How painful it must have been to write it all down! This - the pain, the love for Jim, the descriptions of her experiences with people who worked with him, her contrast in opinion to what other people think or write about Pamela Courson - all of this makes this book an **unequalled** read, and a must for each fan of Jim Morrison. In this book the reader finds out more about the "private" man than in any other biography ever offered to the public (with the exception of Lisciandro's *Feast Of Friends*). Find his official or non-official rockstar image in most of the other books, but find his heart and his mind portrayed in this book. Gorgeously!

JAMES RIORDAN & JERRY PROCHNICKY: BREAK ON THROUGH - THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JIM MORRISON

Morrow, New York (ISBN 0-688-00029-5)

James Riordan got involved in writing this book back in 1985 when he met Jerry Prochnicky who had already been wanting to do something like this for several years (Jerry had been collecting Doors-material ever since the release of their first album).

Some heavy stuff, really. From the basic mythology of the Indians to Freud and Jung's philosophy, desperately seeking the relation to Jim Morrison or, at least, to the stuff he wrote ... if you put out all the analyzes (which, basically, are the most interesting ever done for a book on Morrison, especially the quotes from writers, singers and philosophers who made the most impact on Jim), you've got a copy of John Tobler's book about The Doors in your hands. Of course James Riordan (using Jerry Prochnicky's vast collection of Doors-material) did a great job writing this book, with all the extra interviews and research (also showing the many sides of Jim's character as well including his sense of humor, artistic nature and concern for others), but more or less it is repeating most of the well-known stories of "*No One Here Gets Out Alive*" and the Tobler-book. And, some mistakes were made, like Pamela being buried in Jim's grave on Père Lachaise (Oh no, she's not! Read DQ 24!), and describing her as Jim's intellectual equal (!). And Jim wasn't born a *Roman Catholic*, but a *Presbyterian*. He also dismisses Patricia as a character - you don't get any sense of who Patricia Kennealy Morrison is or why Jim loved her. And some more faults.

But - this book is great. An interesting reading, great for research (I love the pages on shamanism) and he even got the date **right** that Sugerman/Hopkins, Densmore and Stone put wrong in their books or films -- The New Haven bust took place on December 9th, 1967, **not** 1968. Fine, so far. And I really enjoy the way Riordan interlaces Jim's poetry and words to the story. All of what Hopkins/Sugerman and Tobler wrote is in here, in addition there are James Riordan's own thoughts and feelings, along with a web full of phrases and quotes from different philosophers ... what do you expect from a good biography written by an outsider, who has never really been a Doors or Morrison fan? Truth and myth are hardly to be separated from each other, and this is what this book is all about. It does state to reveal the real story, but repeats in detail and in some parts naively all the myths that "*No One Here Gets Out Alive*" offers to the fans. James said: "I believe that Jim Morrison is so complex that there is room for many books

about him. We wanted to present a thorough and complete analysis of the man and still capture at least a part of that magical essence which enables him to live on in the mind of the public long after his critics and biographers have passed on." This book is not the whole story, but as far as the myth grew, we have **everything** in here to keep Jim Morrison alive.

If you have difficulties to get this book over here on the continent, send \$20 plus \$6.25 postage and handling to the following address: Relevant Music Books, 4207 W.Josephine Drive, Kankakee, Illinois 60901, USA. This company will send you the book (mention you got the address from DQ Magazine).

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Vinyl is dead, they say. According to several shop owners I spoke to, this seems to be right: They sold all their vinyl records in favour of CDs. Nowadays even bootleg records on vinyl are getting more and more rare (what a bummer for vinyl collectors like me), but there still are some available on record fairs or fleamarkets. Probably the last bootlegs on vinyl are mentioned in this chapter:

THE INTERVIEWED DOORS

Lightmy 5 Discussion Records, England 1991 (LP)

Lightmy 5 CD Discussion Records, England 1991 (CD in a 7"box)

The well-known *Howard Smith Interview* with Jim Morrison from December 1969, unfortunately on LP and CD there's a **short** version of just 32 (!!!) minutes of the whole thing, and the soundquality is pretty bad. It might be a rarity (especially the CD which came in a white 7"box, labelled as a "*Strictly Limited Edition*", along with two postcards), but if you want to obtain this interview, go out and buy the complete one, which is on the following disc.

THE DOORS: THE CEREMONY CONTINUES

Ektabak Records, (CBAK 1052), England 1992 (CD)

Right, on this CD there's Howard's complete 59'21" interview in the best quality I've ever heard of it. If you listen to this on the earphones, you live through Howard's nightmares talking to Jim, and I guess you realize how much Jim was teasing him. The girl in the background, by the way, is Jim's former secretary, Kathy Lisciandro, who still makes the best coffee in the world. Anyway, this CD is highly recommended, and it comes with a VERY beautiful coversheet and a short version of The Doors' story. Nice one. On the back it says: "*This album does not contain music and is not an Elektra release*". It also says it was recorded in 1970 ... not true, must have been December 1969, but who cares about one month?

THE DOORS: IN CONCERT

Starlife ST 2912, Luxemburg 1991 (2 CDs in a paper box)

A repackaging of the bootleg CD "Live in Los Angeles" (HRCD 52072) and a new copy of the CD "Crawling King Snakes" (BACKTRAX 04-88004),

this time called "Live in San Francisco" (ST 8004) in a special 2-CD paper box using a Roundhouse live-photo ... No, please **no more** releases of *Hollywood Bowl* and *Matrix!* But here it is, and people are buying this **rip-off** ... **a must to avoid**, really!

THE DOORS: NEW YORK 1970 (also known as **THE DOORS LIVE**)
STENTOR Sten 91.001, West Germany 1991 (CD)

*Roadhouse Blues/Break On Through/Ship Of Fools/Crawling King Snake/
Build Me A Woman/ Peace Frog/ The End/ The Celebration Of The Lizard*

This is the CD-version of the famous US Double-album "*Roadhouse Blues*", fairly good soundquality. I wish the bootleggers would have copied the sound from the album "*Bring Out Your Dead*" instead of the US copy. Anyway, if you don't have this blend of two Felt Forum concerts from January 17th and 18th 1970 on vinyl, this CD is the right choice for you.

THE DOORS: "LIGHT MY FIRE" (also known as **ON STAGE**)
Sarabandas CD 12015, Italy 1992 (CD)

*Roadhouse Blues/Light My Fire (incl. Graveyard Poem)/Love Me Two Times/
Moonlight Drive (incl. Horse Latitudes)/ You Make Me Real/
Unknown Soldier/ Gloria/ Little Red Rooster/ The End*

Another CD called "*Light My Fire*"! But the sound is excellent - NO WONDER! This is nothing else but an Italian compilation from the official Elektra double CD "*IN CONCERT*", and it has got an ugly drawing of Jim on the cover sheet. And of course, this is just another Italian rip-off. URGH!

JIM MORRISON'S DOORS: ROCKSTARS IN CONCERT
6127062, Holland 1992 (CD)

Roadhouse Blues/Break On Through/Love Me Two Times/When The Music's Over/Light My Fire/The End

Another compilation "Live" CD, this time from Holland. *Roadhouse Blues*, *Break On Through* and *The End* are from The Doors Felt Forum Show (Jan.17th, 1970), the rest is from their Stockholm shows (Sept.20th, 1968). The bootleggers used good tape-material, but as both shows are already out on CD in pretty much better quality, this compilation should be considered as "**useless**". Talking about the good, the bad and the ugly covers, this CD has got an awful one. And because of the title (*JIM MORRISON'S DOORS*) Jim would start rotating in his grave, if he'd only could read this...

After **Westwood One** put out 2 boxes containing stuff from The Doors **Vancouver Concert** (*N.E.Coliseum, Vancouver, Canada, June 6th 1970*) for radio broadcast all over the US, it was no wonder that the bootleggers would eagerly copy this material for their own profit. Vince Treanor, who had those tapes in his possession for more than 20 years, gave the tapes to Sandy Gibson, who, to Treanor's absolute horror, put them out as radio shows on Westwood One. The result are 1 Bootleg album (*Saint James*, see DQ 25) and at least 3 bootleg CDs (there will be more about to come, be sure).

THE DOORS: CANADIAN NIGHT

Buccaneer Records BUC 011, Italy 1991 (CD)

Roadhouse Blues/Backdoor Man-Five To One/ When The Music's Over/ Who Do You Love/ Light My Fire (incl. Fever/Summertime/St. James Infirmary)/ The End

A **brilliant** CD, with about 70 minutes playing time, absolutely worth the money because of the excellent sound, the nice design and the good cover (a Jim Marshall-photo from San José). This CD was taken from the first of two *Westwood One* radio shows broadcasted July 6th and 7th, 1991, which also came out on vinyl "for radio stations only". Of course, this is not the complete show, but if you also buy the following CD *Vancouver 70*, you've got the missing tracks. Jim Morrison is in a very good mood, The Doors play better than on most other 70's shows, and Albert King, the great old bluesman from the South, joins them on "Who Do You Love". A GREAT version of "Light My Fire" is on it, too, including a medley of **FEVER**, **SUMMERTIME** and **ST.JAMES INFIRMARY**, which fits absolutely perfect into the song. This CD is finally what **we** call *Absolutely Live!* Recommended!

THE DOORS: VANCOUVER 70

Skeleton Records SKCD 1066, Italy 1992 (CD)

Roadhouse Blues/Backdoor Man-Five To One/Money/Rock Me Baby/Little Red Rooster/ Who Do You Love/Light My Fire (incl. Fever/ Summertime/ St.James Infirmary)/The End

Same show as *Canadian Night*, but different tracks. In fact, *Westwood One* released a second radio show in December 1991, which featured the missing tracks of the first one, but left out *When The Music's Over*. So buy both CDs, and you have the complete Vancouver show. This *Vancouver 70* CD is even longer than the first one (almost 74 minutes), more than one *Golden Hour Of The Doors Live* in good soundquality. Albert King is jamming with the group on *Rock Me Baby*, *Little Red Rooster* and *Who Do Yo Love*, definitely playing a phantastic blues guitar. Wish this jam would be out on video! Despite the fact that the Italian bootleggers illegally copied a chapter of my *Doors*-book (Heel Verlag), took a photo from the Isle Of Wight Popfestival and forgot Jim's birthdate for their booklet (which has a pretty nice design), this is a CD **absolutely worth** to obtain.

THE DOORS featuring ALBERT KING: FEEL THE BLUES

American Concert Series ACS 024, Italy 1992 (CD)

This CD is an example how to take a good quality radio show and produce something bad out of it. First - they used a tape-copy instead of the original vinyl show. Second - they FADE IN the songs and, of course, they FADE OUT. Horrible! Buy *Canadian Night*, it has the same songs in better soundquality and NO FADES. Avoid this one. Despite the rare photo on the front (bad quality, though, from The Doors' 1968 *Top Of The Pops* appearance) there's nothing good to say about *Feel The Blues*.

THE DOORS: RECOGNITION

On The Road Records ODO222, England 1991 (LP)

Side One: Wintertime Love/ We Could Be So Good Together/ The Unknown Soldier/ Love Me Two Times/ Light My Fire/ Who Do You Love/ Someday Soon. **Side Two:** Light My Fire/ Touch Me/ Moonlight Drive/ Light My Fire/ Treetrunk

I guess this is the only album with three (!) different *Light My Fire*-versions on. Anyway, all songs are copied from the albums *Someday Soon* (DO IT RECORDS) and *Celebration* (SWINGIN' PIG RECORDS). Nothing new at all. For people in Great Britain there might be some interesting stuff on it, because not many of the original albums went over to the islands. The artwork for the cover (which looks really pretty) was taken from a widely distributed Morrison-postcard, a drawing showing one Morrison in the clouds over a lake among flashes, the second Morrison below that with a broken Statue of Liberty in his hand. The soundquality is quite good, but the originals are better. But as I've said - probably one of the last vinyl bootlegs. Therefore: Collectable. Even if it says "20th Anniversary Tribute".

THE DOORS: MIAMI 69

Living Theatre Records 1, USA 1992 (LP)

Side One: Backdoor Man-Five To One/ Touch Me **Side Two:** Love Me Two Times/ When The Music's Over

Some heavy stuff, of course. The first (and probably only) pressing on the infamous *Miami-concert* on vinyl. Unfortunately it is **not** the complete show (the forthcoming CD will have 57 minutes, out by the beginning of June this year), but these 40 minutes of chaos, raps, unfinished songs, disorder, preaching and noise are better than nothing, and be sure, this will be a collector's item soon (just 500 numbered copies made, the cover-sheet says *ADVANCE COPY*). The cover-inset-sheet shows a photo of Jim with a cop in the Miami courtroom, the back is a verov. of a *Miami Herald*-article plus a photo of Jim being interviewed, taken from Sugerman's *Illustrated History Of The Doors*. If you like vinyl, try to get this one, if you wanna have the complete thing, wait for the CD (Whole Lotta Noise for one CD!!!). By the way, I like the name of the "record company" for this album. Guess why?

FOURTHCOMING CDs:

MISSING LINKS: The complete 65 minute version of the famous *ROCK IS DEAD*-session, including songs like WHISKEY, MYSTICS AND MEN, LOVE ME TENDER (yes, yes, the Elvis Presley-song!), ROCK ME BABY and a new never-heard-before song called QUEEN OF THE MAGAZINES, all of this in perfect stereo as group-versions. The CD will also feature a short vocal rendition of *Roadhouse Blues* plus some poetry spoken by Jim (out on the An American Prayer album, but here without music). I recently got an advance tape of this CD, and I must say that this will be a mindblower when it is out.

LIVE IN MIAMI: The complete Miami-concert on CD, about 57 minutes long. I guess everybody is waiting for this after so many years.....

Long reviews of both CDs in DQ 27. Till then!

THE PRIVATE JIM MORRISON

•mΩ ⊕4↗BY↑Ω V↗• O♀44↗h♀Ω

THE JIM MORRISON THAT I KNEW written by Cathy Weldy

These are two of my stories about Jim Morrison. I would like you readers of The Doors Quarterly to see a gentler and brighter side to a man who I feel was very misunderstood. Jim was complicated, he was difficult, he was definitely a chameleon but if you ever had the good fortune to talk to him one to one, you knew that you were in the company of a unique soul. Someone who would make a difference.

I.

I grew up smack in the middle of the Sixties in Los Angeles with some really wonderful, experimental people. My best friend then, Georgie, is still my best friend today. It is a special friendship, creative, spiritual and always fun. Most nights the Sunset Strip was our home. Georgie was "Rock and Roll" and I was "Folk-Folk Rock". We used to hit all the clubs. It was with Georgie that I would enter the world of The Doors.

Georgie had met Robby Krieger through her sister, Josie. He used to play bottleneck up at their home. Robby was in a new band playing at "*The London Fog*". We couldn't get in because we were underage but we would stand at the door and watch. Soon enough we learned the necessary tricks and were happily inside. You know who we were watching and who was mesmerizing us. Mr James Douglas. That is not to say that Robby, Ray and John were not capturing us as well with their intriguing sound. It all came together as something new, mind altering and curious. This was something to reckon with. We had to think, really use our brain power. This was more like theatre.

Georgie was already close with Robby and she became close with Jim as well. I got to tag along to a lot of the gigs and hang out at the office when they practiced. After some performances we would go to "*Barney's Beanery*", a late night bar and restaurant. Jim always ordered liver and onions. On those occasions he was usually lively and comical, not brooding or mean. Of course those were the early days.

I was very shy - but also very observant. We went to so many performances, the *Whiskey*, *Ciro's*, *Seawitch*, *Cheetah*, to name a few. We even flew to San Francisco to be with them at the "*Avalon*".

The Doors were getting really big. On July 5th, 1968 they were playing the "*Hollywood Bowl*". Georgie and I picked up our box seat tickets and were joyfully off to the concert.

This event was being filmed by Paul Ferrara, one of Jim's close friends, for a movie they were putting together, "*Feast Of Friends*". Another buddy, Frank Lisciandro, was involved as well.

We were sitting catty corner from Pamela, Jim's lady, who was sitting with Mick Jagger. I think this made Jim nervous. He was friendly with Mick but they were, media wise, dueling sex symbols. The performance was not up to par. The real abandonment, electricity, just the total improvisation of a usual concert did not materialize. Jim was bummed.

There was a big party after the concert behind the stage. I was seated next to the punch bowl and my cup was never empty. I was pretty high and don't remember how I got to The Doors' office. A smaller group had migrated there and more partying ensued. Then all of the sudden everyone was gone except for Jim and I. This must have been around 2:00 a.m.

Jim was sitting at his desk looking very pensive and definitely in no mood to talk. I sat in the corner drawing, Jim just sat there thinking. I knew better than to try to say anything to him. He needed space. This went on for almost four hours. I don't think he was writing or drinking.

I have a feeling this was the beginning of his discontent. His uncomfortableness with the fame and it's responsibilities. He was disturbed, needed comforting, where was Pam? We being strangers could only share the space. I felt wanted, didn't want to leave. Jim could have left the room at any time because he always kept a room across the street at a motel called "Alta Cienega".

By this time it was apparent that Georgie was not coming back for me. That night Georgie fell in love with Paul Ferrara. They married months later. What had happened was that because of all those lovely spirits we had consumed, Georgie had passed out. Paul had taken sweet, gentlemanly care of her, but she was not to know this until sometime the next day.

Meanwhile time was ticking on and I needed to be at work by 8:00 a.m. I began to get nervous, I lived way across town, was supposed to be at home by midnight and mom was waiting up. By now it was 6:30 a.m.

In a strange way I think Jim appreciated the company. There were many emotions circulating the room. He also appreciated my silence.

Finally I asked him if he could explain exactly where we were. He just looked at me softly and didn't say a word. I had to leave so I just walked out in search of a taxi. The moment I went down the stairs to call for one, Jim who hadn't stirred in hours, came to the window to watch me and/or the American night.

It took well over an hour and three walks across the street to recall for a taxi before one came. Jim never left the window, he just stood there watching.

A policeman in full uniform, gun included, rounded the corner hitchhiking. I laughed at him, he joined me and when my taxi finally came we shared the ride. With the sun coming up we were on our way. I will never forget the soldiers at the veteran's administration doing manoeuvres that early morning, war games.

I like to think Jim wanted to make sure that I was safe. It is hard to explain but without words we spent a special evening. Like two old friends that don't have to speak to communicate.

II.

One typically smoggy L.A. day, in 1969, I was walking up *La Cienega Boulevard* towards *Santa Monica Boulevard*. I was on my way home from an oil painting class which I took every Tuesday. So, loaded down with my paint box and sketch pad I rounded the corner where The Doors' office was. I always loved to look and see what might be going on.

This was my lucky day because Jim was bounding down the stairs looking very bright and cheerful. He walked right up to me and with a big smile asked me what I was up to. I was taken aback at his friendliness since the last time I had seen him was after their *Hollywood Bowl*-concert, where we had spent a bizarre four hours of silence. I told him that I was on my way home from class. He picked up my sketch pad and looked at some of my drawings. He said "Hey, those are real nice, how about some lunch?" "Great", I said, and off we went to a little dive bar down the street called "*The Palms*".

Everyone inside knew Jim so we sat at his regular table. I was a bit nervous which Jim sensed. He ordered us both drinks. His usual, a beer and a shot of whiskey. He playfully dropped the shot glass into the full glass of beer. "Now I'm gonna teach you how to drink like the big boys, darlin'! Now this is a boilermaker!"

The drink, should I say drinks (very plural!), began to relax

me. Jim began to open up. He sensed my perceptiveness and started sharing with me some of his private thoughts. That afternoon he was supposed to go to the recording studio to sing "Tell All The People". He said that he was beginning to hate what he was doing. The words to that song were not the message he wanted to convey. The lyrics, "Tell all the people to follow me ... I don't want them to follow me! I want them to do their own thing. I am really sick of it. I want to get out. This isn't who I want to be anymore and I want the time to do more of what I want to do!" I felt that he was expressing a well thought out emotion and I gave him all the encouragement I could offer. I was witnessing an envelopment.

His food arrived and he urged me to talk about myself. I had been going to Nicaragua, Central America, for the past several summers. This intrigued Jim because jungles, reptiles and adventure fascinated him. He wanted me to take him there. I had some good stories because my father had been one of the first white hunters allowed into the Amazon. He collected wild animals for US zoos, lived with headhunters and was now working for President Somoza. I couldn't start a sentence without him jumping in with tons of questions. His eyes would widen when I spoke of dad's experiences. He wanted to hear the minutist details.

We were really having fun, the conversation was flowing. He began to get a little romantic, playing with my hair. He told me that I should cut my hair, fluff it up to give me height. "You know", he said, "I wish I had the time to spend with you. I would fix your hair, dress you up in fancy clothes, do your make-up. I could make you into one of the hottest chicks in Hollywood." He kept complaining about the lack of time. At this point I think he was talking to himself. He needed time, space a chance to think, be who he was, not what was expected of him.

He jumped up from the table. "Come with me across the street. I keep a little place, a home away from home. I want to make love to you." "I can't, Jim. I'm afraid." . "I won't scare you, you'll like it. I'll be gentle." I didn't know how to react. He could see that I was hesitant and he sat back down.

Then he became serious and started to tell me about his poetry, how much it meant to him. He told me that he had written a small book of poems that were just for his friends, that it was a secret. He didn't want people to know about them, but the writing was everything to him. It was what he wanted to do now, and who he wanted to be. He asked me not to tell anyone. The poems were to be private. He was intoxicating, so full of life.

"C'mon baby, let's just slip across to my place. I'll be so good to you, so easy." He was treating me with such tenderness. Again he complained about time. He said that if he had it he would put me in a small house, and lock me in the bedroom. "I'd tie you to the bed and only let you up when I come in. Then I'd chase you around that bed with a little whip. I'd make you get your exercise. Then I'd love you over and over till I'd make you beg for more." He was erotically playful and I understood.

I wanted to be with him. Inbetween the come ons that were just his games, he was sharing his secrets, letting me in. Even though I fell in love with him that day, I couldn't go across the street. Besides being inexperienced, I had someone in my life and I had met Pam. I had just spent time with her at their home in Beachwood Canyon. We watched slides of Jim staring into snake pits and climbing pyramids in Mexico. Somehow I thought it would destroy the intimacy of the thoughts we were feeling.

"Hey Jim, it's time!" One of the guys from the office peeked into the darkness of "The Palms". "You have to be in the studio." "Can't you see I'm with a friend, we're having a little lunch!"

Jim said that he didn't want to go but that he had to. "The band depends on me, I can't let them down. Oh well, we could have had a good time, you and I. Let me know when you go to Nicaragua, I'll be ready!" he said, and he kissed me sweetly on the lips.

THE DOORS DISCOGRAPHY

The Demo Acetate

THE DOORS: *Moonlight Drive*/
Hello, I Love You/
Summer's Almost Gone/
My Eyes Have Seen You/
End Of The Night/
Insane
UNIVERSAL AND RADIO RECORDERS
DIVISION EMI (USA)

This is the famous doors **Demo** record, which The Doors took around to all major and minor record-companies to get a recording contract (check John Densmore's book for the story). Just 5 copies were made, cut directly from the original master tape into vinyl, which means - there was no pressing "father" (matrix) made.

This is the famous doors **Demo** record, which The Doors took around to all major and minor record-companies to get a recording contract (check John Densmore's book for the story). Just 5 copies were made, cut directly from the original master tape into vinyl, which means - there was no pressing "father" (matrix) made. Of course it is absolutely impossible to get an original copy of that acetate, one is owned by Ray Manzarek (he showed it to me when I visited him at his house and let me take a picture of it). Fay mentioned it was Jim's copy, because Morrison's phone-number is on it. Another copy is owned by Billy James, who worked for Columbia Records and gave The Doors their first recording-contract because he liked the demo. But - they never recorded for Columbia. The other two copies disappeared, they say Hobby still has a copy, although he doesn't play on the disc.

Interesting enough, this demo record presents stuff the Doors recorded also for Elektra, but very much later. The versions on this demo are pretty much different, too, and Jim's voice shows he was still unexperienced as a singer. The track *Insane* (often mislabelled as *Go Insane*) later appeared as a part of *The Celebration Of The Lizard* on their *Absolutely Live* - album. The acetate has got the size of a normal 12"LP, but the tracks are just on one side. The recording took place in the *World Pacific Studios* (3rd Street, Los Angeles). The acetate got cut at *Universal And Radio Recorders Division* (7000 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood).

The musicians are: **Jim Morrison** (vocals), **Ray Manzarek** (organ), **Jim Manzarek** (piano), **Rick Manzarek** (guitar), **John Densmore** (drums) and an unknown female **bass-guitarist**, who was friendly with Jim Morrison at that time. Copies of the demo-acetate are around on several bootlegs, best quality on an Italian bootleg named "Run Free".



Letters to the Editor

Dear Rainer, thank you for sending me the copy of your wonderful book, and thank you a million times more for writing it. The book is beautiful, all those gorgeous colour pages, that discography, I can't believe it! The pictures are great --- I just love the whole thing, and I can't wait for it to be published in English so I can read the whole thing. My rudimentary German is pathetically insufficient to pick up on all the nuances of the text. But I'm so delighted with the book you wrote --- you did a wonderful, wonderful job --- it is by far the most detailed and useful book of all Doors books, as a research tool.

Patricia Kennealy-Morrison, USA

Hallo Rainer, ich möchte Dir zu Deinem Buch über die Doors gratulieren. Mit dieser Dokumentation werden tatsächlich etliche Lücken, die sich beim Lesen anderer Biografien ergeben, geschlossen und viele Zusammenhänge verdeutlicht. Besonders beeindruckt war ich von der Doors-Discografie, die in Wort und Bild ausführlich aufgelistet ist. Endlich bekommen wir Fans einen Überblick über die vielen Schätze, die sich überall verstecken. **Roy Murphy, W/Germany**

(*Nicht nur die Fans, sondern auch die Plattenfirma und die Doors selbst äußerten ihre Freude über die im Heel-Buch enthaltene Discografie der Doors. Eine derartig umfangreiche Liste hatte es bisher noch nicht gegeben. So war die Plattenfirma äußerst erstaunt, wie oft sie schon Light My Fire veröffentlicht hatte. R.M.*)

Ich habe mir so meine eigenen Gedanken gemacht zu den Übersetzungen von Jims Schriften. Dabei möchte ich nur ein Beispiel zur Diskussion stellen: In *An American Prayer* heißt es "dog-men & their mean women / pulling poor blankets / over our sailors". Ich möchte *dog-men* eigentlich nicht so gerne mit Hunde-Männern übersetzt wissen. Ich gehe davon aus, daß es sich hierbei um ein Wortspiel handelt:

dogma - dog-men

Das stellt dann auch eine sinnvolle Verbindung her zu "cruel bindings". Oder liege ich damit völlig daneben?

Barbara Schlitter, W/Germany

I can't say how I felt that afternoon, when I saw the grave for the first time. I was so glad, so excited and said to myself *I'll see Jim's grave, Jim is there, I'll be next to him, at last!* But when I was in front of it, I felt so strange, so sad, it was like a nightmare. I wish I could have cried, but I couldn't do any moves, just put down the rose looking at that tombstone, I felt like my heart stopped, my soul had gone out of myself to be near Jim. I always thought Jim is really dead, but there the only thing I could think of was *No, it's impossible, he's not dead, Jim, can you listen to me? Please answer me!* I looked around, was looking for Jim hoping he would appear and sit down among us. You know, a dream, a beautiful daydream. He took my hand and talked to me. When they killed Jim, they also killed me. Jim is all - Jim is the dark and the light, the truth and the lie, the sin and the salvation. There will never again be someone like him. The scream of King Lizard never ends.

Stella Feruglio, Italy

With regards to the planned Box set of Doors CD's, we ardent FANS have already bought **all** of them (i.e. the first six studio albums). But for us to get the bonus CD we will probably be expected to rush out and buy the whole lot again, in the box. I would like to appeal to the Marketing People of WEA (I call them "screws") to make available (on special order if necessary) any such bonus CDs for the Dedicated Collectors. In other words, to treat us ageing hippies like adults for

a change. However, we do not live in a perfect world, the WEA executives are probably pissed off at being referred to as Screwballs, and I doubt that they would have the intelligence or common decency to make such a bold move in marketing. They are more likely to produce another useless CD like *Live At The Hollywood Bowl* or yet another compilation CD. Note how the song *Who Scared You* has never appeared on CD, yet it was on *Weird Scenes Inside The Goldmine* which is now deleted. And apparently *The Best Of The Doors* mark3 may appear with *Who Scared You*, so that those of us who already have the first six albums on CD, and want that **one** song, have to buy the latest compilation CD. Apparently logical thinking is not a part of the Record Industry policy. And they wonder why people buy Bootleg records!!!!

George Simpson, Australia

Congratulations on an outstanding book, Rainer. It's a very impressive edition, with wonderful colour printing and solid value. Take a bow. You did a fine job. Of course, I can only read a few words of the text so I don't know what you're saying. But I'm sure the writing is fine and the content is interesting. I especially love the illustrations of the albums, books, boots and CDs.

Frank Lisciandro, USA

The movie will begin in five moments ... Spannung, ungeduldige Erwartung, Neugier. Riders On The Storm, eine vielversprechende Eröffnung, dann verblutende Indianer auf dem Highway. Soll das wirklich Jim sein, der kleine Junge auf dem Rücksitz des Autos? Weitere Szenen, bekannte Begebenheiten aus Jims Leben, versucht darzustellen, oberflächlich, distanziert, ausdruckslos. The program for this evening is not new, you've seen this entertainment through and through... Ungeduldiges Rutschen auf den harten Kinositzen, auf der Leinwand Doors-Songs in lächerlicher Verzerrung - hey, Jungs, wen wollt Ihr eigentlich imitieren? Was ist mit Euch, Ray, Robby und John? Habt Ihr nicht auch eine Geschichte? I'm getting out of here! Ende ist nicht in Sicht, zweieinviertel Stunden Sex, Drogen und Rock'n'Roll, und- ? The Doors? Meinst Du DIE Doors?- Ja, ich hab's schließlich gemerkt; an L.A. Woman habe ich's erkannt- und in diesem Fall ist der Nachspann absolut das Schönste!

Larissa Bendel, West Germany

Neulich war eine Doors-Fete in der Bagwhan-Disco in Köln. Es war grauenhaft! Am Anfang lief der Video *A Tribute To Jim Morrison* mit einer absolut schlechten Akustik. Alle wurden nach kurzer Zeit unruhig, weil sie kein Wort verstanden. Dann die Musikauswahl: Irgendein Neger spielte den D.J., sprach nur englisch und hatte keine Ahnung von den Doors. Wahrscheinlich spielt er sonst nur Hiphop, denn er stöhnte während der Musik ständig "Yeah"s etc. ins Mikro. Es lief 2x *When The Music's Over*, 3x *Light My Fire*, 2x *Roadhouse Blues* und sonst nur U2 und ähnlich grauenhaftes Zeug. Schwer enttäuschend. Das Schlimmste war, daß ständig Wettbewerbe veranstaltet wurden, wer am besten "Wake Up" ins Mikro schreien konnte, dafür gab's dann T-Shirts oder Kinokarten. Grauenvoll!

Sylvia Salm, West Germany

Als ich aus dem Kino kam, war ich frustriert. Jeder Doors-Fan hat sein eigenes Bild von Jim Morrison, geprägt von Wahrheit und Phantasie. Dann bekommt man diesen Film vorgesetzt. Schauspielerisch war der Film toll. Val Kilmer überzeugte total und erschreckend, so wie die anderen Doors. Schlimm fand ich die deutsche Synchronisation. Es fehlte der nachdenkliche, ruhige Jim. Zu sehr wurde der Alkohol und die Drogen herausgehoben. Irgendwie bin ich zu keiner Meinung zu diesem Film fähig, obwohl ich ihn mehrmals gesehen habe.

Andreas Wulf, W/Germany

Es ist ein kommerzieller Film, der in erster Linie Geld einspielen soll. Zu viele Leute haben ihre Finger im Spiel gehabt. Pamela's Eltern haben ein geschöntes Bild ihrer Tochter durchgesetzt, dasselbe gilt auch wohl für Morrison Senior. Auch mußte Stone bei der Darstellung von Drogenkonsum vorsichtig sein. So leidet der Film wohl auch unter all den Kompromissen, die gemacht werden mußten. Einiges kommt zu kurz: Morrisons poetische Seite, seine Selbstzweifel bezüglich seiner Existenz als Rockstar, die anderen drei Doors. Zu arg strapaziert die Indianergeschichten, völlig deplaziert und überflüssig die Szenen auf dem Pére Lachaise. Insgesamt dient der Film eher zur Aufrechterhaltung des Mythos' Morrisons als zu seiner Aufarbeitung.

Christian Stede, West Germany

Jim Morrison is such a reality to me (I don't mean I'm a crazy obsessive who talks to him beyond the grave) but that I have such admiration, fascination and respect for him that I could not relate to the impostor in the film. Kilmer **was** excellent and introduced Morrison to new audiences but the film was a superficial look at such a gifted and extraordinary individual. Stone was not adequately equipped (or willing?) to deal with such a strong subject. He loves Jim but approached him like a spotty faced teenager who has just had his first kiss and wants to tell everybody. I felt so embarrassed watching Stone on T.V. describe Jim as if he were the gold in King Tut's tomb. I think Jim would be amused and angered at such absurd reverence. Kilmer was no better derigrating Jim in interviews. I think he did this to distance himself from Jim and not to become too associated with this role. Fat chance! Jim Morrison is way ahead and Kilmer will never reach him. Arrogant little shit. The film was visually stunning and exciting. A fragment from The Movie opened it perfectly: Jim's voice filling the dark, silent auditorium. The childhood incident in New Mexico was handled wonderfully and was very atmospheric but this lead to the clumsy and ludicrous inclusion of a Red Indian at doors concerts to emphasise Jim was possessed by an ancient spirit. I think Jim was a pow-wow in his own right, the power came from within himself, not second-hand from a long-dead Indian, and he had a number of sources for his stage persona - the Theatre Of Cruelty, Classical Theatre, crowd psychology, the Method and good hard raunchy Blues and Rock'n'Roll, as well as the infamous Shaman. I just wish the film hadn't treated Jim in such a cursory fashion. Jim's life could be filmed again without repeating anything from Stone's movie really. Or maybe a **real** in-depth documentary to capture the essence of the man like Chet Baker's "Let's Get Lost".

Timothy Humble, England

Eigentlich war ich wirklich enttäuscht über den Film von Stone. Irgendwer sagte treffenderweise, daß der Film "*Gestorben am 3. Juli/Dead On The Third Of July*" hätte heißen müssen. Er ist wie die meisten Hollywood-Fließbandproduktionen: ätzend, doof, zum Kotzen. Gewundert hat mich, daß Stone sehr auf Details geachtet hat, wo doch die Story im Großen und Ganzen erfunden ist. Auch der Anfang war vielversprechend. Eidechse am Straßenrand, bedrückende Szene mit toten Indianern und kleinem Jimmy.

Gudrun Strobl, West Germany

Das Buch von John Densmore war natürlich eine interessante Pflichtlektüre, hat mich aber enttäuscht. Ich habe den Eindruck, er hat heute noch nicht verstanden, was damals passiert ist. Da habe ich (Jahrgang 1954) ja mehr von den 60ern mitbekommen. Stellenweise zeigt er eine ehrenwert offene Selbtkritik, aber andererseits auch eine blamable Ignoranz. Densmore bestätigt alle Vorurteile über Schlagzeuger, ähnlich den Vorurteilen über Linksaßen im Fußball (Keith Moon= Ente Lippens der Rockmusik).

Jochen Brandau, W/Germany

Remembering the AVALON, March 4, 1967

by Sally E. Hinton

March 4, 1992

Twenty five years ago today, I saw the Doors in concert.

It was March 4, 1967. The Avalon Ballroom in San Francisco. Country Joe and The Fish, Sparrow and the Doors were appearing in concert.

In 1967, I was living in Fresno, California. I had several cousins that lived in San Francisco. One weekend in early March, they invited me to attend a concert at the Avalon to see a new band. They had seen them several months before and were very impressed with their music. The band was the Doors.

The Avalon was different from most auditoriums. It had no seats! The audience either stood or sat on the floor. The walls were hung with white cloth. I learned later that this was for the light show that went on during the performances. The crowd was happy and the atmosphere was one of tremendous energy. I have to admit that I don't recall much about the first two bands. Bottles of wine were being passed around and many people were smoking pot. Everyone was relaxed and mellow by the time the last band came on. This was the band that our cousins were so excited about. When the band was announced, three young men walked on stage. When the fourth member appeared, I can't put into words what I felt at that moment. Being struck by lightning might be appropriate! He walked slowly to the microphone. He was dressed in dark clothing. I can't remember if he was wearing a leather outfit but I do recall that his clothing was a dark color. He was extremely handsome. You could actually feel the energy flowing from him. When he began to sing, I suddenly realized that I could understand his lyrics. Many singers mumble so that you can't understand them. But not Jim Morrison. What left a lasting impression on me was his poetry. He actually recited poetry with his songs. I loved the poetry. The band's performance was so powerful, you could actually feel the energy flowing between the stage and the audience. Those four young men were fantastic! I've never experienced anything like that concert since that evening. The one song that really stands out in my memory was "The End". Jim had total control of the audience with that song. I remember feeling hypnotized. The sound of the music and his lyrics caused an extraordinary reaction from the audience. We were all caught up in the mood and the moment. It's hard to describe this. Words just aren't adequate. You had to be there to know what I mean. Although I haven't as yet read John Densmore's book, "Riders On The Storm", I've been told that he wrote about that night at the Avalon. It must have been memorable for the band as well as the audience. I know I will never forget it. It was truly an evening for magic.

That one performance was the only time that I would ever see the Doors in person. They were four very unique artists that combined their talents to form the greatest band of the 60's. Their longevity has proven this. Twenty five years have passed since that night and the Doors are even more popular.

MORRISON



Morrison Hotel, the Doors' fifth album, is not what it seems. And anyone who tells you it's the Doors' return to that "good old rock and roll" has either confused Fabian with Walt Whitman or has just been listening to the Moody Blues for too long. (After the Moody Blues, even Mantovani starts to sound like the Great Rock And Roll Revival.)

No, the Doors have revived, even resurrected, a lot of lost arts in *Morrison Hotel*, which lyrically encompasses everything from poetry to parable, but in their hands, rock and roll and all its magic have always been full of life and have never needed any special care.

More accurately, Jim Morrison and the Doors have finally found a way to create the long-overdue, much-needed "Great Revival Revival." The elements of Theatre, so essential to the group's central musical ethic, have not been forsaken, but have rather been condensed and compressed so that while they are now less glaring and obvious, they are all the more overwhelming simply because of their subtlety. *Morrison Hotel* is then an involving album on several levels, so you shouldn't be surprised to find yourself pounding your fists or tear-

ing your hair out in addition to tapping your foot.

The Great Revival Revival. That's it. Fever and fervor. Screams of religious ecstasy. Shouts of "Glory Hallelujah!" "I gotta get to God," and "Love the Lord," and "save us, Jesus," and "Sing, you Sinners!" and "A hearty Hosanna to you all !!!!!"

Poet, singer, shaman, high priest, prophet, poet, politician, Messiah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Jim Morrison.

Film-maker, actor, writer, director, composer, and all-around, kiss-em-on-the-lips rockandrollstar.

Teenage idol.

Sex symbol.

Superstud.

Superstar.

Jesus Christ.

What all this muck really demonstrates is that Morrison's effect on his audience, great as it is, cannot begin to compare with his massive effect on critics. Morrison and the Doors make writers fairly foam at the mouth with verbiage. He arouses us to such fits of intellectual masturbation that we all begin to spend our days sitting around racking our brains trying to find more awesome roles for the singer to perform in the social milieu: "And

now for the first time in any overblown windbag rock column, see the young artist, in the very act of painting his own portrait, attempt the death-defying stunt of being Elvis Presley, Mao Tse Tung, Lord Byron, and Noel Coward all at the same time, while balancing himself precariously over the audience on an empty can of film and a full can of beer."

Oh, well.

Jim Morrison is a masterful songwriter, a provocative and inventive lyricist, a worthy composer, and a motherfucker of a singer. His first full-length feature motion picture, *Hiway*, soon to be made available for exhibition by the national underground cinema, is a filmed poem, overflowing with beautiful, evocative images, sensitively depicting man in relation to Nature and in relation to himself.

Morrison's poetry, released in book form as *The Lords And The New Creatures* by Simon and Schuster, is sometimes a bit obscure, even murky, but somehow through the power of its language and the depth of its thought, is always stirring.

But never mind all this. The best way to discover the Doors is to in-

HOTEL REVISITED by Chris Reabur



Photos by Greg Winter

vestigate the critical reaction against them. The people who dislike the Doors the most in their attempts to demonstrate what's wrong with the Doors, never fail to point out just what it is that makes the Doors so great. Critics raving about the Doors often get so carried away that they have to be... well, carried away. The best picture of the Doors' brand of insanity is best drawn by the sane man who hates them. Only he can truly do justice to the group.

Critics who react harshly against the idea of Morrison as Messiah tend to question Morrison's qualifications to be leader of anything, including a band. What such a critic is really objecting to is the entire concept of leaders and is spouting a kind of anarchistic-let-it-be-we-were-all-a-bunch-of-asparagus-at-Woodstock-anyway type philosophy. But in a time when leaders are scarce, we need leaders the most. Well, we ain't gonna look to our mommies and our daddys and we ain't gonna look to our teachers, and we ain't gonna look to the Pope, and we ain't gonna look to the Vice President, so all we got left is ol' Jim. (Actually, it is one of the great saving graces of this generation that its most significant leaders have been artists

rather than politicians. You might follow McCarthy all the way to New Hampshire, but you know damned well you'd follow Morrison or Lennon or Dylan to the ends of the earth, or at least as far as L.A.... whichever comes first.)

The critic arguing with the concept of Morrison as leader has tried to restrict Morrison to only one of his many social functions. Morrison's performance, for instance, tends to be far more religious than it is political: Morrison has always been more a prophet than a pied piper, and if he cannot teach us how to live, he can at least teach us how *not* to live: "Cancel my subscription to the Resurrection" and "You *cannot* petition the Lord with prayer." (Italics added.) After you've cancelled your subscription to the Resurrection, it's entirely up to you whether you will find "sanctuary" and "soft asylum," or will remain "lost in a prison of your own devise." Morrison has not so much attempted to destroy religion as he has attempted to replace it.

Which takes us right back to *Morrison Hotel*.

Autobiography has always been a central focus of Morrison's writings.

Even though his work often masquerades as the history of a generation, it is more often the history of a man. We forgot too easily that all those times that Morrison was speaking for us (in *Five To One* and *When The Music's Over*, for instance) he was also speaking for himself. The justifiable fear of linking too closely an artist's personality with his work kept us from realizing that Jim Morrison's songs were as personal as they were universal, as much about Jim Morrison himself as they were about anything or anybody. This does not mean to imply that Morrison simply wrote down whatever he felt and that it just happened to coincide with what a lot of other people were feeling. On the contrary, Morrison is sensitive enough to what is going on around him to know which aspects of his own personality will most accurately reflect the personalities of his audience. Thus, *The End* is about all of us simply because it is also about Jim Morrison.

All Doors albums have been deeply autobiographical, especially the unjustly criticized *Soft Parade* LP, which was really on the whole an awful lot better than an awful lot of awful people wanted to have to ad-

mit. More than any other of the group's albums, *The Soft Parade* is most specifically an album about the Doors and their meanings in our society. Its unfortunate and unfitting appendages, *Wishful Sinful* and *Touch Me*, have a way of just being there, and even being in the way. But the rest of the album, for better or for worse, tells us a great deal about how Jim Morrison sees himself (or at least saw himself at that time). *Shaman's Blues* is obviously a self-referring statement, as is the more precious and schmaltzy *Tell All The People*. *Tell All The People*, written by Robby Krieger, is obviously Krieger's view of Morrison and clearly tells us far more about Krieger than it does about Morrison. We see Krieger from the inside out: in describing Morrison he succeeds primarily in describing himself.

Morrison's self-description in *Shaman's Blues* is decidedly more revealing: "How you must to think and wonder/How I must feel/Out on the meadows/While you're on the field/I'm alone/For you/And I cry." And there is really no end to the autobiographical implications in a suggestive verse like, "He's sweatin'/Look at him/Optical promise/(You'll be dead and in hell before I'm born.)/Sure thing/Bride's maid/The only solution—Isn't it amazing!"

Perhaps a lot of people liked *The Soft Parade* LP least because it referred to them least. Like a Beatle album, it was highly internalized, an album about itself. In the *Soft Parade* LP, we are related to Jim Morrison only as "Wild Children" or as "Please-Please-Listen-to-me Children." Morrison talks to us here but rarely about us.

Morrison Hotel, on the other hand, for all its flurries of autobiography, is really more directly an album about America. But like *The Soft Parade* it is about you and me only by inference. Most of what has already been written about the album has been about the music, about how it is a return to the tight fury of early Doors music, of how it abounds with funk and guts and earth-energy. All this is true, and there can be little doubt that *Morrison Hotel* is one of the major musical events of Rock '70. But perhaps even more important, and far more overlooked, is the lyrical accomplishment which Morrison, who wrote all the lyrics for the album, has made. A little chronology is in order.

The first album, *The Doors*, was pure experimentation. It is made up of a number of greatly contrasting moments, the successful non-lyric of

an anti-song like *End Of The Night*, which is simultaneously sparse on words and rich in thought, opposing the not-so-successful rock 'em, sock 'em pseudo-something of *Take It As It Comes*. After all, the line from that forgettable ditty, "Specialize in having fun," though it became the creed for legions of would-be greaser-hippies, is neither particularly poetic nor particularly profound, and is an idea Morrison has elsewhere made more subtle and more precise: "Deliver me from reasons why you'd rather cry, I'd rather fly." (*The Crystal Ship*.)

The *Strange Days* album is earnest and consistently poetic, while the *Waiting For The Sun* album, though more loosely entertaining, is spasmodically brilliant, or maybe just clever, and leaves the listener with the vague impression of a chaos of sounds and ideas.

As suggested earlier, *The Soft Parade* exhibits the schizophrenia of a group struggling to encompass both the amiable nonsense of Robby Krieger's "Runnin' scared, runnin' blue, goin' so fast, what'll I do?" (*Runnin' Blue*) and the awesome imagery of Jim Morrison's "Tropic corridor, tropic treasure, what got us this far to this mild equator?" (*The Soft Parade*).

Morrison Hotel is all Morrison and thus even at its most charming and most banal ("My girl awaits for me in tender times, my girl is mine, she is the world, she is my girl."—*Blue Sunday*), still a little fearsome. What happens, for instance, when the "tender times" are over?

The suggestions for interpretation that follow are founded in the belief that there is a basic sense of order at the core of Jim Morrison's songwriting. It is really very doubtful that Morrison settles for blank visions of empty chaos in his lyrics, and we ought to have faith in his integrity as an artist. He does not throw words around in his work but rather tends to be simplistic, direct, and painfully concise. Yet it is remarkable how much meaning he can pack into tight little lines like, "Remember when we were in Africa?" Unlike his harsh critics and detractors, Morrison does not need to use a million words to state a single idea. Often in a single word, such as "Lord" in *The Soft Parade* he can conjure a million ideas. We should then proceed with the faith that at least a significant portion of what we find in Morrison's work was placed there intentionally.

Each of the songs contained in *Morrison Hotel*, even the innocuous

Blue Sunday and *Indian Summer*, is constructed around one or both of two central image patterns, which in the end combine to form a vision of America in all its savage splendor and awesome beauty. These two central image patterns deal with either roads or houses, the imagery of roads often being expanded into the imagery of traveling and journeys (either through space or time.) This is what gives the album its unity and therefore its impact. The songs play off each other, comment on each other, complement each other. And not in the unsubtle and obvious (though powerful) way in which *Moonlight Drive* works together with *Horse Latitudes* on the *Strange Days* LP or *I Can't See Your Face In My Mind* contrasts with *My Eyes Have Seen You* on the same album, or *Wintertime Love* contrasts with *Summer's Almost Gone* on the *Waiting For The Sun* album.

In *Morrison Hotel* all the songs work together very deliberately. They flatter each other, both musically and lyrically, by setting off each other's strong points and intensifying each other's meanings.

Finding these image patterns in *Morrison Hotel* should by no means astound us. Imagery of travelling and making journeys and of endless roads is nothing new to Morrison's work. What with all those "highways to the end of the night" (*End Of The Night*) and the "blue bus" (*The End*) and the *Crystal Ship* and the *Spanish Caravan* and the "still sea [conspiring] an armor" (*Horse Latitudes*) and the *Moonlight Drive* and the "alleys on an endless roll" (*My Eyes Have Seen You*), and the *Love Street* and "nothing left to do but run, run, run" (*Not To Touch The Earth*) and *My Wild Love* "rode to Japan" and "I gotta go out in this car with these people" (*Five To One*) and "fleeing down south to cross the border" (*Celebration Of The Lizard*), and the *Easy Ride*, and *The Soft Parade*. All about roads and journeys.

The journey is a kind of mental voyage, one way to "break on through to the other side," "one way to get unraveled."

The imagery of houses is equally abundant in Morrison's work. At different times, we are inside the *Soul Kitchen*, inside the "ancient gallery" (*The End*), inside the "strange rooms" (*Strange Days*), inside the "prisons of our own devise" (*Unhappy Girl*), inside the "house of detention" (*When The Music's Over*), inside the "store where the creatures meet" (*Love Street*), inside the



John Densmore, Robby Krieger, Morrison

warm "mansion on top of the hill" (*Not To Touch The Earth*), and of course, inside the "seminary school" (*The Soft Parade*). Houses are wombs, tombs, homes, and hells. Always it is left for us to "wonder what they do in there," since we "won't know a thing till we get inside."

The title of the album is not without its share of significance. The *Hotel* is a special kind of house, where there are many visitors, many different views and ways of life. *Morrison Hotel* is, obviously, the hotel of Jim Morrison's mind. The sub-title, *Hard Rock Cafe*, also clearly denotes a house of some kind. The first song title on the album is *Roadhouse Blues*, clearly signifying the two central image patterns, roads and houses. As the album opens, we are told, "Keep your eyes on the road and your hands upon the wheel." Obviously, we begin our journey in a car, which is a house with wheels, a kind of road house in itself. We are going to the roadhouse, we are optimistic, we are "gonna have a real good time." This is Irish beer-drinking Americana. And what else can we expect from an Irish beer drinker like Morrison? The only warning we must keep in the back of our minds is that the journey may be dangerous. If we don't keep our eyes on the road and our hands on the wheel, we may not survive. We know where we are going, but we might well ask what it is we are coming from. Obviously, a place where *no one* has a real good time. Isn't that how America began? All those people fleeing tyranny, searching for a land of freedom. Perhaps we are witnessing the birth of a nation.

Morrison's chorus in *Roadhouse Blues* is the first instance in the album of a phrase which is worked time and again throughout the songs, "Let it roll, baby, roll! Let it roll, baby, roll! Let it roll, all night long!" This is an invocation to the audience, that they join Morrison on his journey. He doesn't want to let us be, or even let us bleed, but wants us literally to let it roll, to act, to become a part in something turning.

In the last verse, we glimpse the broader meanings of the idea. We get up in the morning and have our Irish-American beer. What still hangs over us on our voyage is that the "future's uncertain and the end is always near." This is where we stand now. What we can do is to let it roll.

Waiting For The Sun continues the journey: "At first flash of Eden, we raced down to the sea, standing there on freedom's shore, waiting for the sun." We are now travelling to the ocean and finally on the ocean. It is the "first flash" of Paradise, our first vision of freedom. The sun is "scattered" all over the land. We must search for it now. For too long, we have been simply waiting. The time is Now.

You Make Me Real, though masquerading as another bang-bang rock 'n' roll excursion into Morrison's "cock psychology", is in its own moronic way a similar statement. It too tells us, "Roll, baby, roll, you got to roll, baby, roll," in a manner that seems to border on obscenity but has much more to do with tying the album together. *You Make Me Real* also ought to get an award for containing the all-time great Morrison slur, "So lemme tie a binder round-

er, don't you see," which is on the lead sheet written out as "So let me slide into your tender sunken sea."

"Let me slide into your tender sunken sea," eh? Where were we going at that first flash of Eden? Not bad, Jim, not bad.

Peace Frog is Jim Morrison's throwaway protest song. If Paul Simon, or any other college sophomore, had given it a title, it might have been called, *Hey, Mr. President, What Are We Gonna Do About The Blood In The Streets???* Morrison had to wince at all this and couldn't do any better than to leave the song essentially untitled and burden it with a bad joke. Peace frog, indeed!

At any rate, *Peace Frog* is the song that gives us the best picture of the current America. It isn't the good guys vs. the bad guys America we can find in *Easy Rider*, either. It's a much more terrifying America, a land of death and violence and horror. A land in which everything is a giant. The land of dinosaurs. And then too, some of that blood in the streets is caused by traffic accidents made by careless travelers who don't keep their eyes on the road and their hands upon the wheel: "Indian scattered on dawn's highway bleeding/Ghosts crowd the young child's fragile egg-shell mind." America, land of traffic accidents.

But of course, there's much more to it than just that. For one thing, it is an Indian that's been killed. On the highway of dawn, a dead Indian. The dawn of America. As Morrison says in *Peace Frog*, "blood will be born in the birth of a nation." And after all, "blood is the rose of mysterious union." America is a very mysterious union, and blood is the rose of her flag which sometimes is striped red, red, and red.

But there is something else in *Peace Frog* that cannot be overlooked. Morrison can only make a joke out of peace, because he looks upon it much the way that "Blood and Guts" Patton looked upon it. Blood in the streets, blood in the streets, blood in the streets. There is blood in the streets in Chicago (remember?), in New Haven (scene not only of the slaughter of a number of innocent black people in a police riot, but of Morrison's first onstage bust, back in 1968), blood in the streets in Venice (Venice, California, remember?) and of course, there's the "bloody red sun of fantastic L.A." We were waiting for the sun, but when it came, it filled the sky with blood.

Blue Sunday is pretty much what it seems, except that it places the journey in time. The album opens



Ray Manzarek, Morrison, Krieger

in springtime ("Can't you feel it, now that spring has come?") and moves through the "terrible summer" of *Peace Frog*. Now we hang suspended on a *Blue Sunday*.

Ship Of Fools and *Land Ho!* both deal with new voyages. The human race is dying out because we are making journeys to the moon. Smog, caused in part by polluting car engines, is going to get us all, and pollution is the most dangerous traffic accident there is. "Along came Mr. Goodtrips, looking for a new ship, come on, baby, better climb on board, come on, people, now, goin' home. Ship of fools!" Some trips are false. Maybe "Mr. Goodtrips" is Morrison himself, and we had all better watch out. In any event, we are on a "ship of fools," all on a journey toward death.

Land Ho! tends to operate as a historical footnote to *Ship Of Fools*. We begin to see America as America. Somewhere along the line for all of us, "Grandma loved a sailor." That's what America is. It is a land no one is born in. Everyone is really from somewhere else. And everyone is going somewhere. The great journey westward. Toward the sunset, toward death.

The three ships with the sixty men that Morrison talks about in *Land Ho!* could be any three ships, but they could also be the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria. All of us are "going crazy from livin' on the land." We've all got to find some shipmates and walk on foreign sands. We've gotta get out of this place.

Remember?

The Spy is in a house of love. That's where we're going. To the house of love, to the Roadhouse. In our cars (houses on wheels), in our ships (houses on water), in our minds (houses on ideas), we all travel somewhere. What we seek perhaps is to become more than just spies.

Queen Of The Highway strengthens the imagery of the journey. This is not only an album about America in some abstract form but also about Americans. You, and me, and Maggie M'Gill. Our heroine is the princess, the queen of the highway, the constant traveller, whose realm is anywhere she visits. "Sign by the road said, 'Take us to Madre!'" Where else in a Jim Morrison song but to "Madre?" "Mother." Our hero is a motorcycle "monster." The two marry and they are like two young lovers. "Naked as children, out in the meadow." How touching. But what is important is that they are going to have offspring, which is what you get if you're not careful while sliding into someone's tender sunken sea, and their offspring, we are told, will "start it all over." That's America. Cycle upon cycle. Birth, life, and death. And then more birth. They are the "American boy, American girl, most beautiful people in the world." Well, how's that for patriotism, Spiro? And like all of us, they are children of the frontier, of the "Indian swirl." Children of the wilderness. Americans. They will dance on and on into the "midnight whirlpool formless." But again, we hear the threat, "Hope

it can continue a little while longer." The human race is dying out.

Winter is almost upon us. Soon it will come with pain and destruction, desolation and emptiness. We are surviving in an *Indian Summer*. The end is always near.

And after all, as the album draws to a close, what have we in Maggie M'Gill but the archtypal American heroine? She is a rural woman in a setting almost frontier-Western in nature: "She lived on a hill/her daddy got drunk and left her no will/she went down, down to Tangie Town." With no other course left her, Maggie turns to what a frontiersman might have called a "life of sin." But Tangie Town is a good place to be, because the "people down there really like to get it on." Hang out in any roadhouse in the vicinity of Tangie Town and you can have a real good time. Maggie M'Gill makes the journey. She leaves her life on the hill. She goes to a strange land. What she finds has its drawbacks. It seems ugly, sordid, tawdry, but it is the end of the road. If you can't get it on in Tangie Town, there ain't nowhere you'll be able to get it on.

Maggie M'Gill fades out on what seems to be another of Morrison's parenthetical monologues, but is really a summation of the thematic development of the album. As a last song, it obviously has much to accomplish. For one thing, it serves as a unifying factor. The album opens with our riding in a car, on our way to the roadhouse, and, in *Maggie M'Gill*, ends with a scene of Mom meeting Dad in the back of what Morrison facetiously calls a "rock and roll car." The car is parked now. The journey is at an end, and yet the last voice we hear cries out, "Roll on, Maggie, Maggie M'Gill, Maggie, Maggie, Maggie M'Gill, Maggie, Maggie, roll on, roll on, roll on, roll on, Maggie M'Gill." Once again, we are told to "roll on," to "let it roll." The cycle continues endlessly. Life somehow goes on. Morrison says, "I've been singing the blues ever since the world began." He has indeed. But he hasn't been alone. Maggie M'Gill has been singing the blues since the world began as well. And so have you. And so have I. And all of us will be singing them forever. It's what Morrison means about "rolling on." Begin to live the life that's unfolding before you, for if you don't, it will unfold without you. The American quest for the sunset, for the house of love, for the Roadhouse, for the "rock and roll car," for Tangie Town, for Morrison Hotel. For Something Somewhere. Morrison tells us that it's everywhere. Life is all around us. It just rolls on and on.

Q&A: JERRY HOPKINS

THE LIZARD KING: THE ESSENTIAL JIM MORRISON

Jerry Hopkins is co-author of NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE, the first, and most popular, of Jim Morrison's several biographies. When it was published in 1980, it went to No. 1 in The New York Times, a list on which it remained for nine months. When Oliver Stone's movie "The Doors" was released in 1991, NO ONE HERE went back onto the Times list, rising to No.2. Today there are more than 3-million copies in print in over a dozen languages. Jerry's second book about Jim, THE LIZARD KING: THE ESSENTIAL JIM MORRISON, will be published this year.

Q. Why did you decide to do another book about Jim?

A. Jim frequently talked about writing his autobiography. That sort of talk popped up most often during and after the Miami trial. So far as I know, he never did much toward realizing that idea, but during the few years of his stardom he did give several interviews and I always thought Jim was one of the most intelligent and articulate of interview subjects. So I went to a publisher in London to suggest publication of a collection of his Q&A interviews, to give Jim a chance to speak for himself.

Q. Including your own from Rolling Stone?

A. Well, yes, of course. I think it was one of Jim's best. Not so much because I did it, but because it came at a crucial time in his life, after the Miami arrest and before the trial, in Spring 1969, when Jim was, I think, deliberately shifting his image. He had gone from leather pants to cotton trousers, from a skinny, clean-shaven sex idol to a bearded, rather overweight poet and budding film-maker. Although we didn't talk about the image so much, it was clear that he wanted to be accepted seriously, especially since Rolling Stone had portrayed him as a drunken clown at Miami. So I think, for that reason, it was one of the most thoughtful interviews he ever gave.

Q. What other interviews are included?

A. Right now, we're still getting permissions to reprint and it's been difficult to do that, since so many of the publications have gone out of print and so many of the interviewers or publishers have died or disappeared. So

I can't answer definitively. But besides my own, there are two from the Los Angeles Free Press, by John Carpenter and Bob Chorush; a two-parter from Circus magazine, by Salli Stevenson; John Tobler's from Zigzag; and Ben Fong-Torres' Q&A from Rolling Stone that took place a couple of years after mine. They cover a period from 1968 to shortly before he went to Paris in 1971, and I think they form, collectively, a pretty good representation of the many Jim Morrisons---always thoughtful, but sometimes playful, sometimes intellectual, sometimes a raucous drunk.

Q. Is there anything else in the book?

A. Yes. My publisher, Plexus in London, asked me to write 35,000 "new" words to be wrapped around the interviews. The idea was to take another look at Jim's life and also to consider some of what's happened since he died in 1971. So I went back to my original interviews, conducted with about 200 people when I was researching the first book in 1972-1974. Some of the classic stories from NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE are repeated of course, as they are in any book about Jim. But my idea was to use material not used the first time around, anecdotes and quotes that were "left out" of NO ONE HERE. So I've tried to make as much of the material as fresh as possible.

Q. And what about Jim's death. The word is you've got the definitive explanation.

A. Did I say Jim was dead?

Q. Come on, now.

A. Okay, seriously...when I wrote NO ONE HERE, the original manuscript had two last chapters. In one of them, Jim died of unspecific causes; some said an overdose, some said something else. In the other final chapter of the manuscript, Jim and Pam devised a hoax, staging his death so that he could go off to North Africa or wherever, so he could attain the freedom that anonymity brings. My idea was to use both endings. If the publisher, Simon & Schuster, decided to print 10,000 copies, say, 5,000 would end with Jim dead and the other 5,000 would end with the hoax. My desire was to have the books distributed randomly without saying anything---let the readers discover the two versions on their own. I did this because at the time, I really wasn't satisfied I knew precisely how Jim died, although I felt that he surely did. I also felt it "fitted" Jim, that the ambiguity was appropriate.

Q. That didn't happen. The book had only one ending.

A. Well, first of all Simon & Schuster asked me to rewrite the manuscript and then they rejected the rewrite, saying Jim's time had come and gone as a commercial viability. Some may say that was a stupid judgment, but at the time, in the early 1970s, it may have been true---none of us can really

say. After that, over a period of six or so years, another 30 or so publishers also rejected the manuscript and when Warner Books took it---on the third submission!---they asked that the two last chapters be blended into one so that the question was left up in the air. Was he dead or not? I felt that still satisfied my original notion, so that's what we did.

Q. And now? How did Jim die?

A. Forgive me if I sound like an author, but I'd rather that be revealed in the new book. Let me just say that after NO ONE HERE was published, I received a lot of new information. At one point, I even considered doing a second book, a sort of romance about Jim and Pamela. I felt Pam got overlooked, even in my first book, because I didn't know much about her and the people I interviewed didn't know her, either. So I started going back to people I'd talked to the first time around and re-interviewed them with that in mind. Lots of new stuff came out. Years had passed by now and some people were more willing to talk more openly and I finally got what I think is the true story. But the point to keep in mind is that it doesn't really matter how Jim died, precisely. What matters is what he represented, and continues to represent, as one of the great dramatic figures and poets of rock. It's the music that remains at the core of his contribution. To that, now, if I may be so bold, we may add some of his views and ideas through the best of his interviews.



Their Artistic Vision

by Doug Sundling and Diana Maniak

Why do The Doors continue to survive?

Not only survive, but also thrive?

Despite Jim Morrison's notoriety, the legacy of a dead rock idol can't be responsible for the lasting power of The Doors. Over the years, as many Doors fanatics begin to leave their adolescent view of life, Jimbo falls from the previously held Dionysian throne on Mt. Olympus back to Earth with a thud. When the worshippers grow-up, the god becomes all too human.

Like a fiery and intense burst of brilliance, like so many artistic spirits who choose not to burn the candle at both ends but with a blowtorch in the middle, Jim, though very gifted, would pay a dear price

for being a jerk.

That doesn't keep albums selling.

The Doors made their music for the sake of art, not the dollars, and it is that artistic vision that keeps the music alive, an artistic vision that has been overshadowed by the hype and larger-than-life image that has grown out of their six-year presence on the American rock 'n' roll scene.

The Doors composed six original studio albums, each a well-rendered portrait of their artistic vision that opened doors for both reaction and transformation. Art is revolutionary; unfortunately, most of what is called "art" nowadays is merely something being marketed for consumption, not transformation.

The intensity and uniqueness of The Doors' artistic vision emerged from the four members functioning as a cohesive, creative spirit. The creative guidance as the main lyricist that Morrison provided became quite evident upon his death. The group cut two more albums, but the music lacked the spirit and impact of the previous work. Morrison's verbal imagery and themes set the tone of the six original Doors' albums.

Like his contemporaries, Morrison sketched many pictures with the imagery of sex, death, drugs, and the unknown. Morrison's poetic perspective, shadowed with such bizarre and dark imagery, leaves the impression of a negative portrait of the world of man. However, Morrison sought to reveal that some very basic forces were being suppressed behind the facades of both the Western way of life and the romantic notions of the newly born Pop culture, an offspring of rock 'n' roll, and that one needed to turn on, tune in, and drop out -- to cut ties to the establishment past, take a "Moonlight Drive" into your own emotions, and suffer death and rebirth.

Morrison understood the power of obscurity, and his lyrics would tantalize the mind. Entice it with a short, beautiful or terrifying

burst of imagery. Arouse its curiosity. Excite with sexual tension. With drug imagery. With the threat of violence. Of the unknown fears within the soul. Of death. Then leave it in a state that it must seek to complete the aroused experience.

To communicate as an artist, to express the human condition, Morrison used short snatches of poetic imagery and themes that would grasp the fast-paced, temporal-oriented contemporary mind. A short glimpse of Morrison's poetic vision would have a chance to take hold in impressionable minds, of either the young audience or the media. Poetry built in the traditional sense upon a central theme within a well-defined format wouldn't begin to get a foothold in a culture attuned for immediate, sensory impressions.

These snatches of poetic images and themes are like fragments that piece together a puzzle, ultimately forming a coherent picture of Morrison's -- and, hence, The Doors' -- artistic perspective of life, a reflection that isn't always clear and that can be described in many different ways.

The other three Doors didn't simply fill in the music to accompany Jim's lyrics. The Doors' "sound" -- which has been slid into the categories of "rock," "blues," and "psychedelic" -- is a unique "style." This style arises from the way all four fit their individual parts together creating the inner structure that gives rise to the overall sound. The relationship between the music and the musicians was direct.

Each of the four Doors had certain functions in certain situations, felt and predicted unconsciously by individual musical instinct and collectively by the inner dynamics of the group. Outwardly, their technique is not definitive, nor are their songs very advanced in terms of theoretical construction on paper. Yet, except for the work on the fourth album, the music of The Doors doesn't sound like anything or anybody else. It is rare to even hear the exact sound within a repeated pattern of a song. The moment guided the creative input by each of the

four members, and no two moments are ever the same.

For The Doors, who insisted their work was art, there was only one kind of album: the concept album. The traditional vinyl album had a given format -- two sides with a beginning and an end to each side; the compact disc has eliminated the need for a transition from one side to another. Thus, artists conscientious of structuring a statement within such a format must recognize:

- the beginning of side one,
- a closing statement on side one,
- either a restating of the theme
or other transition to open side two,
- and the ending on side two.

Perceiving and appreciating the concept album requires recognizing the pieces of the puzzles and fitting them together to see the picture the artist is painting, consciously and unconsciously. Not all concept albums follow a smooth, chronological ordering which takes the listener comfortably through a storyline. Organizational patterns have followed:

- traditional modes of moving chronologically through event one to the last sequential event,
- thematic statements which take the listener through a kaleidoscope of images,
- or extended metaphors.

The concept album usually results from one of two processes:

- artists consciously write and produce the album within an intended structure,
- or albums reflect the thoughtful orchestration of songs, written independent of a specific purpose, to reflect an artistic statement inherent in all the songs.

The second process is characterized by the significant contribution of a producer, usually someone who is independent of the artist and who

coordinates the ordering of songs from the artist's repertoire. It is this latter process which typifies The Doors under the guidance of producer Paul Rothchild, who produced the first five albums.

So then, what characterizes the music of The Doors?

(1) The instrumentation. The prominent use of the electric organ was unique, as was the lack of a bass player and the use of only one guitarist. Ray Manzarek's organ and other keyboards provided, as Jim Ladd said in "No One Here Gets Out Alive: The Doors' Story" on his radio special, The Inner View, a "haunting, chanting undertone." The lack of a bass player allowed The Doors' sound to be, as drummer John Densmore told Ladd, "more ethereal." A standard practice in the music field is to use different guitar players for different styles; guitarist Robby Krieger did it all himself, and incredibly well. Having a jazz background, Densmore brought an essential quality of blending into what would become The Doors' "sound." On the radio special, The Inner View, Densmore said, "I could never just be the timekeeper ... I just couldn't help commenting on whatever [Jim] would say or sing." Also, The Doors didn't use, except for one album, extra woodwinds, horns, or percussion, which was a popular practice of the time.

(2) Morrison's voice. His sensual crooning, sarcastic laughter, and screams are all givens. In the radio special, "Rock & Roll Never Forgets: Jim Morrison," Rothchild said of Morrison's voice, "He was a rock 'n' roll Bing Cosby; the first crooner of the new era." From Wilderness, Vol. 1, a book of Morrison poetry, comes this observation by Morrison of his voice:

Elvis had sex-wise
mature voice at 19.

Mine still retains the
nasal whine of a
repressed adolescent
minor squeaks & furies
An interesting singer
at best -- a scream
or a sick croon. Nothing
in-between.

Despite a lack of training, Morrison demonstrated a good sense of control and appropriateness of phrasings and feelings to get maximum audience impact. Somehow, his voice always makes you take him seriously, even on the occasional bubble-gum tunes, or "radio songs" as Jim called them.

(3) The inner structure of the music. Their unique style stems mainly from the somewhat unusual instrumentation. The lack of a bass player also meant the lack of the typical Sixties-rock bass line, which was most of the time a simple outline of the basic chord progressions -- repetitive, obtrusive, and, most of the time, boring, being a simple building block on which everything else rested. Usually, on top of the bass line would be the guitar part. The guitar line could either be a rhythm part (almost exclusively chords that simultaneously filled in the bass line and supported the upper parts), or a lead part (mainly melody lines and few chords). Sometimes, the piano or organ was used in this supporting capacity if the guitar played a lot of melody. The organ was almost never the main focus like Manzarek's was. When trendy instruments, like flutes and recorders, made their appearances, it was to play an upper part. The vocals almost always carried the melody, which was supposedly the most important line, so the instrumental parts tended to mold themselves into compact layers underneath the singer.

For The Doors, this is the most crucial point of difference -- they never, ever played in predictable or well-defined "layers," or even concentric circles, but in "swirls." None of The Doors ever sticks to a musical role or limits himself to playing one piece of music. The creation of music was a constant process every time The Doors played a song. The most ingenious interplay occurred between Manzarek and Krieger, who managed to produce simple bass lines, complex bass lines, supporting chord parts, supporting melodic lines and solo lines, as well as original combinations of inner harmonic lines. So adept were they at

recognizing and developing the harmonic structure of a song that at times it is difficult to really tell who is playing what kind of line at a given moment.

The music "swirls" because the relationship between the musicians constantly changes. One player will throw out a piece of a bass line, and, for a few measures, everybody builds on that. Then, the texture shifts subtly, with someone else picking up the line, making the ensemble fall together in a different configuration. The most impressive thing about the group is not that they didn't use patterns, but that they did without the listener being able to tell. A lot of the songs have a definable chord structure and lyric/chorus/bridge/coda configuration, but each time a pattern is repeated it is different somehow. The songs seem to unfold and fall into place, instead of plodding along in disjointed or predictable steps. Even without the words, which are themselves an integral factor in the swirling process, the music always sets a mood, playing with the listener's ears, mind, and emotion.

Morrison was the wordsmith, but Densmore, Krieger, and Manzarek were poets in the musical sense. In the first three albums, The Doors, Strange Days, and Waiting for the Sun, the artistic vision was still fairly cohesive and defined. The words, music, and drums all fit together, complementing and moving amongst each other in such a way that The Doors presented not only music and ideas, but an undefinable essence that far transcended four guys having a jam session. Because of the artistic vision, the music became a vehicle and not a goal. These guys could play together and just know by instinct where the music needed to go without getting caught up in details along the way.

(4) The Doors sound. The first three albums, though a little fuzzy on the artistic vision in the third one, Waiting for the Sun, are for all purposes musically equivalent. The style is consistently the same and so is the sound. Though there are a few lightweight songs

(especially on the third album), they are legitimized by the way they contribute to the sequence of metaphors developed on the respective albums. Even where that excuse is questionable, The Doors get away with it by pure, brute musical talent. Some of these songs, if nothing else, are just all-out, kick-ass jams.

Above all, they were innovative in their sound. For the first three albums, the overall sound is generally psychedelic, but not self-consciously so. In the his "unauthorized" 1969 book, Jim Morrison and The Doors, Mike Jahn wrote that The Doors' sound

is a gentle sound which doesn't pretend to hide the layer of violence beneath. There is much violence beneath that cloud of beauty, and it is the violence of ideas repressed, of youth suppressed, of tensions waiting to be murdered and hopes aching to be set free.

The Doors, during this time, were so much a feeling beyond music itself that it is wrong to label them as anything specific.

Despite the sell-out to pop idioms in the fourth album, The Soft Parade, The Doors' sound definitely shifts to a blues tone. The underlying style is still there on the fifth and sixth albums, Morrison Hotel and L.A. Woman, but the interplay is not quite so ambiguous. The musical outlook mellowed along with the artistic vision, which is why these albums don't really pack the gut-twisting punch that the others did. Not that they aren't as good or as meaningful, but these later albums have to be approached with a different mindset.

Anger and impatience tend to cloud one's true inner feelings, keeping one from facing and accepting all the pain and all the joy of being human. On the fourth album, Morrison begins to make the shift to inner peace, but the rest of the band doesn't catch up until the next album. Here, the swirling tempest of sound slows to a blues pace, which actually allows for deeper feeling to emerge. The Doors rely more on the chordal and rhythmic patterns inherent to the blues style, which brings the intensity level down a notch, and the music becomes less introspective and more relative to life the way all humans experience

it. The Doors' essence is still there, perhaps even stronger because the fist-clenching anger is gone.

The Doors claimed their roots were in the blues, but the blues they grew out of were the manicured lawns of suburbia and the many plastic dogmas of the middle class, not the mud of the Mississippi Delta or the urban grit of the inner city of the North. That doesn't mean the blues The Doors played was any less than what is considered "blues"; rather, the sound lacked gregorian grounding to the rhythms of life outside of Western man's mechanical world. The blues of a John Lee Hooker, a Willie Dixon, a Muddy Waters, and so on roll with a pace that celebrates and embraces the urgency of passion, of frustration, of pain, of angry, but the rhythm remains rooted to a more natural, hence deeper, rhythm of life. In the music of The Doors, the blues are nurtured by four musicians grounded to America's artificial pace of a fragmented, sped-up, mass-production-&-consumption rhythm.

The picture of life The Doors paint from their artistic perspective may appear to be puzzling and fragmentary, more so due to Morrison's rich rendering with universal symbols rather than specific ones. Like all art, each work of art renders a different impression on each beholder. The different impressions evoked by The Doors spread from one end of the emotional and intellectual spectrum to the other, from "it's all sophomoric psychedelic babble of a bozo laureate" to "he's a god," and for the most part, each are valid renderings of The Doors.

But if an artist's work reflects the times, then The Doors' works echo the fragmentary nature of the society and its people yearning for a connection to deeper truths expelled from an artificial environment which has segmented the world into days, hours, minutes, seconds, into disjointed plastic images detached from life, a fragmenting that creates disquieting despair in even the most basic sanctuaries of a house or of love.

The Doors rendered an artistic vision for the consciousness, painting many scenes that had remained behind closed doors of the facades of twentieth century living. As long as the world of man remains a menacing world to so many, demanding conformity to and grinding away behind plastic images and values imposed upon our existence, the artistic vision rendered by The Doors remains a vivid portrait of the landscape we move across.

PAMELA COURSON AND JIM MORRISON'S

VISION OF LOS ANGELES

by Dan Salomon

For those of us who grew up in Los Angeles, it was common to hear, from those who lived elsewhere, that L.A. was merely a large group of towns with no center.

Jim Morrison was quoted as saying that "this city is looking for a ritual to join its fragments."

There seemed to be no symbol of this place, no one who represented the feel, the spirit, the romantic vision of the metropolis.

Morrison was able to fill this void by poetically merging Pamela Courson with the city he and Pam lived in together for five years.

In 1968, Jacques Demy's film *Model Shop* created an image of Los Angeles as a place symbolized by endless driving on endless streets. This is the image presented by Morrison, in numerous lyrics, through the use of a girl (Pamela). He also used the sun and the ocean to complete the vision.

The opening lines of *Roadhouse Blues* present a picture of Pamela driving Jim to their cottage in Topanga. That route, from West Hollywood, would have taken the two west along the Ventura freeway to Topanga Canyon Boulevard and then along the winding mountain road. An alternate way would have been west on the Santa Monica freeway, which ends through a tunnel that leads to the Pacific Coast Highway, then north along the ocean front to Topanga.

In *Peace Frog* we have, as John Densmore described it, a metaphor for Pam:

She came into town
And then she drove away
Sunlight in her hair

A picture of Pam driving, with the ever-present Los Angeles sunlight illuminating her. This, of course, is set off against the "bloody-red sun of phantastic L.A." in the ominous abortion section of the song.

Queen Of The Highway again presents a portrait of Pam in a car on a highway.

In *Paris Journal* Jim uses this symbolism when recalling the city he would never live to see again:

I remember freeways
Summer, beside you
Ocean - brother

The imagery is never presented so forcefully as in *L.A. Woman*:

L.A. Woman Sunday afternoon
Drive thru your suburbs
Into your blues
Into your blue-blue Blues
Into your blues
The sun, the ocean and driving, compressed into a few words.
*

In late 1973 and early 1974 - seeing a doctor in Century City, renting a sewing machine in West Los Angeles, buying a fur coat in Beverly Hills, returning to her last apartment just south of Hollywood - driving from place to place in a new Volkswagen, red hair flowing in the sun - in her final days, Pamela Courson was living out the image created for her and for her city.

To this day, we in Los Angeles are the beneficiaries of that vision.

Remembering The Doors "LIVE"

by Jeff Hughson

I first saw The Doors in concert at the Mount Tamalpais festival (June 10th, 1967, RM) sponsored by San Francisco radio station KFRC. This was a beautiful festival with about 20 bands held on the highest mountain around San Francisco! What a great time it was! Music, arts and crafts, healthy foods and lots of pretty girls! I was 17 years old. The band looked young and innocent at the time, they played very well that day. "Break On Through" became an instant favourite of me and my friend I used to go to shows with. I then saw them at the original Fillmore, Winterland and at the Sacramento Memorial Auditorium. I live in Sacramento which is 90 miles from San Francisco. When they were good, they had a great energy and played with a lot of musical textures. They would stretch out on jazz-like excursions that were spell-binding and kick into some funky blues jams. Then there were the nights that it just did not click. I think this came later in their career, and I think it had to do with Morrison being too fucked up to keep it together. They were either great, or terrible! And then, it was over. Real fast.

THE DOORS: Promo records/ Radio shows/ Interviews/ Memorabilia from the Sixties for sale. Send SAE or 1 International Response Coupon to Jeff Hughson, P.O.Box 19143, Sacramento, CA 95819, USA

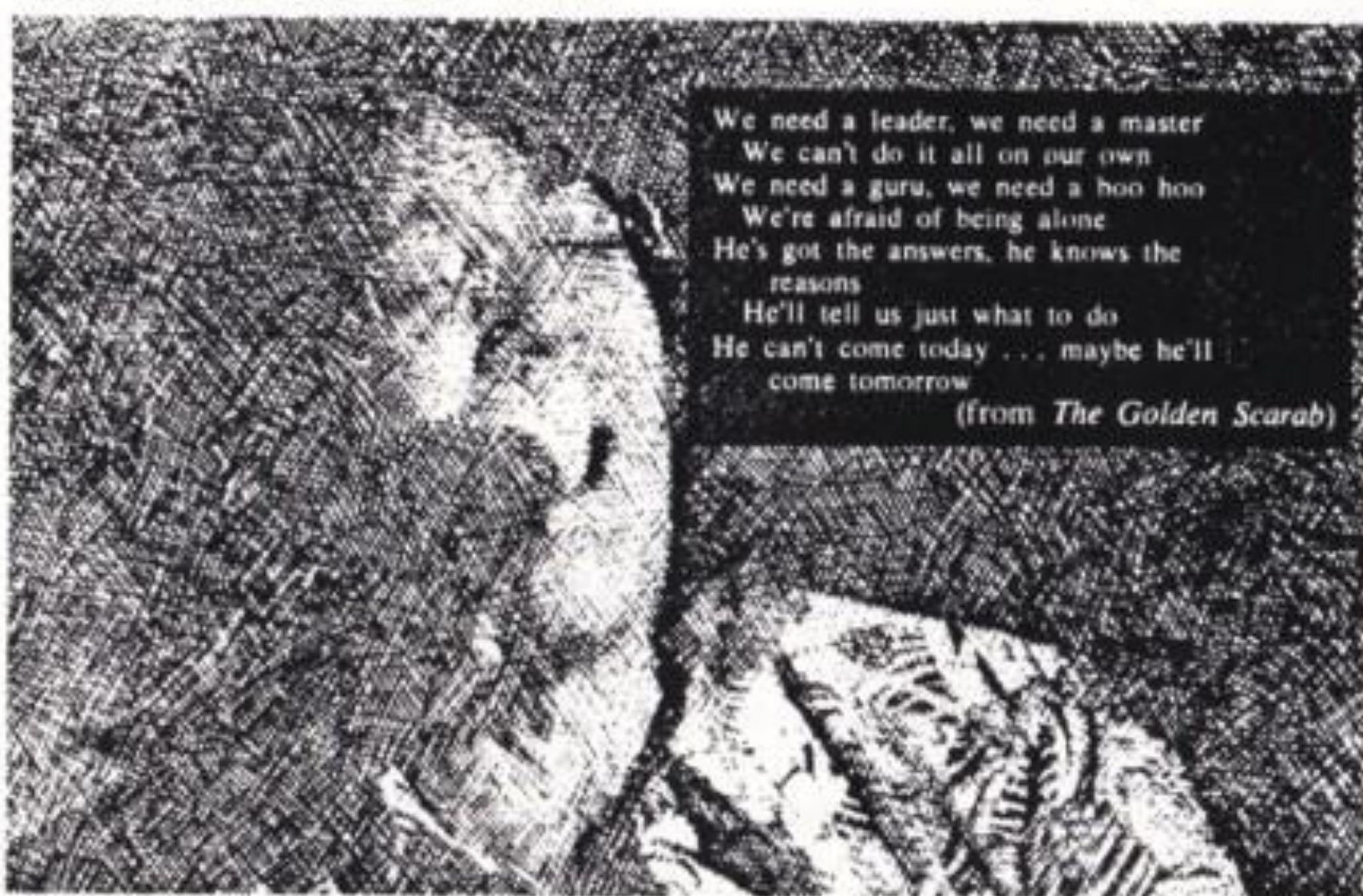
Ich heiße Sabine, bin französisch und wohne in Paris am Père Lachaise, sehe Jim alle Tage. Ich denke, daß er lebend ist, im unsere Kopf und unsere Herz. Darf ich eine Jims Bratspieß haben bitte? Ich möchte einen Brieffreund, er (sie) muß die Doors lieben! Schreibt an
Sabine Plaud, 17 Rue du Repos, 75020 Paris, France.

Suche Kontakte zu Doors-Fans aus dem Raum Wolfsburg oder Umgebung. Ruft doch mal an! Antje, 05365-2518.

Journey to the Vortex of the GOLDEN SCARAB

(Downbeat, November 1974)

by ray townley



LINDA WING

We need a leader, we need a master
We can't do it all on our own
We need a guru, we need a hoo hoo
We're afraid of being alone
He's got the answers, he knows the
reasons
He'll tell us just what to do
He can't come today . . . maybe he'll
come tomorrow

(from *The Golden Scarab*)

The Persian restaurant was closed, so we had to settle for Bar BQ and Brew. Ray Manzarek, the former keyboardist for the Doors, who had gotten himself immersed in Middle-Eastern mythologizing with his first solo LP, *The Golden Scarab* (Mercury 1-703), had to succumb to his humble Mid-Western upbringing. Cheeseburger and fries, please.

"Shit, man, I've told this damn story a million times," Manzarek piqued, obviously irritated that people always asked him about Jim Morrison before they showed any interest in his solo career. "I met Morrison on the beach in Venice. (Isn't this in the bio?) We went to school together, graduated from UCLA, the film school. He came walking down the beach two months later. I said, 'What are you doing?' He said, 'I've been writing songs.' 'Outsight,' I said, 'let me hear some of them.' He sang *Moonlight Drive* and I said, 'That's incredible. Let's get a rock'n'roll band together and make a million dollars.'"

"That'll go over well in down beat, too. Stress that. 'Let's get a rock'n'roll band together and make a million dollars. And just have positions of power and authority and all that other stuff that goes along with it.' We had to get two other guys, or three. We thought about getting a bass player, but we never found one, so I just played keyboard bass the whole time."

"At that time I was involved in Maharishi meditation, and in my class, in that six lecture class that you take, were John (Densmore) and Robbie (Krieger). We all got together and the music was incredible and it was as simple as that, you know."

It was also subliminal. The dark champions of orgasmic rock, with Morrison the poetic sire and visual focus, the Doors created a ballyhoo of controversy during their six-year, six-gold-album existence. Then one day, Morrison upped and split the scene in more ways than one. Was the band together

er when he died? "He was in Europe and we were in—he was in Paris and we were in Los Angeles. He had gone over there for a rest, to vacation, get his head together. But he never came back. And that was a big . . . really very affecting, man, Jesus. I mean, here was a guy who was the King of Orgasmic Rock. The Lizard King. So we thought, Hell, what do we do now?"

"At that time there had been talk of taking a long vacation. Our contract with Elektra was up and we had no more obligations to deliver records. We thought, let's take some time off and see if we want to go back with Elektra, go with another company, or if we want to continue at all. Let's just cool it. We've been doing this for the last six years. Let's take eight months off and see what we want to do. So, that's what we did and it was very difficult after he died. We just decided to continue. Then it really fell apart. We all wanted to go in different directions. Everybody suddenly became a songwriter."

The death of Morrison remains clouded in obscurity. Nobody really knows what happened. "As far as I know, there are no published reports of Morrison's death. No one ever saw the body. It was a sealed coffin and the French death certificate translates—people said he died of a heart attack, that's what I thought—but the death certificate says, 'his heart stopped.' So, who knows. You don't put that down, that he's not breathing, he's dead. He died because his heart stopped! That is not a reason. So there is plenty of speculation."

Manzarek's whole demeanor belies his involvement in the punk-rock era of the Doors. Obviously well educated and interested, almost hung up, in the lore of religion and philosophy. Manzarek strikes a different pose from the one Morrison created. Even performing with his new group, doing material that melodically and lyrically is based in the Doors' sound, Manzarek seems more the

metaphysician than the demonic cajoler of twelve-year-olds.

Changing the topic of conversation from Morrison to Manzarek's newly revived career brings a flood of words. "I made the record (*The Golden Scarab*) and then I took it around to sell it. I went to some big record companies and nobody wanted it. They said exactly what they had said to me when I took the Doors' record around the first time. 'Too far out. Too weird. We don't understand it. We don't think our public, our buyers will understand it.' A&M Records said, 'We don't want it, it's not poetic enough.' They're looking for limp wrist, wishy-washy poetry and stuff like that. When you come right down to it, 'Take a walk in the park/Cut a little fart' that's not exactly great poetry. But, you know, on the other hand, it is. It's just so simple, so obvious and so direct."

"It's poetry with a hammer. It's not poetry with a feather and that's what they were looking for. Anyway, I went over to Columbia and they said, 'We don't want it. It's too poetic.' So, at that point, after I banged my head into the wall a few times . . ." *But what about the music?* "Yeah, Columbia liked the music. Said the music's real good, but we don't know what you're talking about, and what will you do next? That's a great compliment, in a way, because what they were saying, in effect, is that I'd summed it all up. There was nothing left to do."

"Finally, Mercury Records and Denny Rosencrantz said, 'Wow, I like this, man, we want it!' They were hip enough to take a chance with it. The Doors went through exactly the same thing I told the people at Columbia, 'You're fools, this is exactly what I went through with the Doors.' But Mercury and Elektra are very similar. Small record companies, but they give you a lot of good, personal contact, personal service, and they could just take right off."

"The fact that the album is a concept album is an act of my unconscious mind taking over. I had about ten songs written and one day I sat down and wrote each title out on a little piece of paper and would start to juggle them to arrange them in a sequence. Little by little, after playing with various combinations, it became the story. I said, Yeah, wait a minute, this thing tells the whole damn story, man, and each song covers one facet of a long, psychedelic voyage. A journey to the East, a journey for consciousness, a search for enlightenment, as much as I hate to use that word."

One of the unusual aspects of the album is the employment of three percussionists along with the extraordinary drummer, Tony Williams. According to Manzarek, "Rhythm is the foundation of the universe. The primitive African religions believed that in the beginning was rhythm and that by dancing and beating on drums and things you could get yourself in closer tune with the basic pulse of the universe. That's exactly what I believe. The foundation of it all is rhythm. Without rhythm, there is nothing."

"I was talking with my producer Bruce Botnick (who also engineered and produced much of the Doors material) and Bruce had just finished doing a Ben Sidran album for Blue Thumb on which Tony Williams played. So he suggested Williams and I loved the idea. Tony agreed to do it, so we flew him out for the session. When I started my tour I contacted Tony about traveling with me, but he said he was busy trying to put a new Lifetime together."

"I wanted to add a number of percussions-

ists to the album. I knew Steve (Forman) from Los Angeles, and there was a conga player, Mailto (Correa). I saw him on stage once with Gabor Szabo and he just blew me away. One more guy, Milt Holland, also played weird stuff. Holland does the same kind of thing that Steve does. So I had two guys playing klicky-klackys, bingers and boingers, scrappers and slappers, strange, loose tambourines that would go baro-o-om and all kinds of things. Tony was on traps and Mailto on congas and whatnot. 90% of it was a live session. The only overdubbing we did was on vocals, guitar solos (Larry Carlton), and maybe a little extra sweetening here or there."

On *Golden Scarab*, Manzarek proves himself a more than adequate vocalist. It makes you wonder why he didn't stretch out more while a member of the Doors, until, that is, you remember Morrison's tremendous ego problems. Manzarek recorded only two vocal tracks with the Morrison Doors (*Close To You* on the *Absolutely Live* LP, and the Willie Dixon blues, *(You Need Meat) Don't Go No Further*, issued on the Doors anthology, *Weird Scenes Inside The Gold Mine*.)

"I used to sing a lot before the Doors got started—Friday and Saturday night beer fraternity things in which we just played rock'n'roll, blues, and every once in a while, I tried to throw a jazz tune in. They'd go, 'Ugh, we can't dance to that!'"

What about the comment that your singing is very much like Morrison's? It seems that the Doors' vocals do not try to ride over the instruments, but rather come under and through the textures. It's like a vocal thrust in the lower register.

"The Doors' music is music the way I make music and the only way you can sing with the kind of music I make is to sing like that. It's just power. A lot of rock bands have a big mass of sound going on and some guy scream-in' his brains out, trying to go over the top of it all. Well, that's because they never allow for a space. The space in between is the silence. That's the part in your music where the void shines through. Those spaces are of absolute purity and one note in there is as important as all the other notes. Just one note played in the right place at the right time is more meaningful than half-an-hour of solid non-stop."

Manzarek's present state of mind is very much caught up in religio-mytho-philosophic-questions. "Lyrically, I want to explore the human condition. Now that I have gotten this basic statement out of the way, or what I went through to get to where my head is at right now, I can do that. I want to explore all avenues of life, to see how people relate to each other, to themselves, and to the universe and God."

Concretely, this is manifested in Manzarek's quest for musical fusions that transcend

cultural barriers. "I want to explore the rhythms and harmonies of all the cultures of the world. I want to do more African, more Brazilian, more Chinese music, Arabic music, and bring in as many different elements of the cultures of the world as I can. I think that's where music has to go. It has to expand itself to become a more universal sound. We have to take the basic rock'n'roll foundation and add on to it the harmonies of China, the rhythms of Africa and Brazil, Balinese gamelons, Middle-Eastern."

For now, he's going back into the studio to record his second album for Mercury. It will be titled, *The Whole Thing Started With Rock'n'Roll, And Now It's Out of Control*, with release date set for December. To be produced by Bob Brown, it will have Mark Pines on guitar, Gary Malber on drums, and Nigel Harrison on bass. Playing lead guitar will be Dick Wagner, who did such fine work on Lou Reed's *Rock'n'Roll Animal* album. Manzarek, as usual, will take care of vocals and play electric keyboards (Fender Rhodes, Hohner clavinet), synthesizer (Arp Odessy), and Hammond organ. #6



Ray Manzarek, August 31, 1991. Talking to autograph hunters in Berlin, West Germany. (Photo by R. Moddemann)

The Poetry Page

Tribute to a Wordman

Listen to the singer of The Doors you've heard,
a man with the gift
to use the power of words.

Messages delivered with religious zeal
to awaken the crowd for the chance to feel.

Would he wince at the greatness bestowed
on his behalf by those who grow old.

The Power was in his life and verse
not with followers trailing the hearse.

Since the wordman was laid to rest,
his songs and poems have stood the test
of time and trends

but his life never ends.

Within the groove and within the page
fixed for eternity and free of age.

Timothy Humble, England

(For a long time I wanted to write a poem for and about Jim but I couldn't. Today it just came. I'm a useless judge of my own poetic merits, this is no masterpiece, but it sounds nice and it rhymes. But anyway, it can't be worse than Robert Schmidt's in DQ 23 -- ...*a pretty chick on your face/ whipped out yer dong/ mailed him their panties...* -- honestly! How could you put that in a DQ? It was humorously horrible.)

*Robert Schmidt I think I must shoot
for bringing poetry into disrepute
But maybe I'm as guilty as he
for my attempts at poetry.*

Regards, T.H., England

Dedicated to Jim

Whenever
I hear your voice
it hits me
deep
inside

Listening
to that music
I feel
the doors of my soul
burst wide open
and I step through
to find a world
so long forgotten:
flashing lights of
psychedelic impressions
the smell and taste of ecstasy
faith and doubt
search and revelation
visions
and
dreams

Whenever
I see your face
I feel
that strange
and uncertain yearning
that touches
my heart

Susanne Bogner, W/Germany

THE SOFT PARADE *LIVE IN GERMANY!!*

"Wie war es, Jim Morrison und die Doors LIVE zu sehen? Findet es heraus" - so lautet der Slogan der derzeitig erfolgreichsten Doors-Coverband aus den USA. Tatsächlich stellen Joe Russo (Vocals), Carl Kramer (keyboards), Chris McNeil (Guitar) und Vic Ruiz (Drums) nicht nur einen großen Teil des Doors-Repertoires auf der Bühne akustisch perfekt dar, sondern mimen auch in Aussehen und Show wie die Doors. Kritiker und Fans sind gleichermaßen begeistert und meinen, man fühle sich in die Sechziger zurückversetzt. Hinzu kommt die Tatsache, daß Sänger Joe Russo dem Original-Jim Morrison täuschend ähnlich sieht und auch dessen Stimme besitzt. Bei dieser New Yorker Band, die in ihrem Repertoire mehr als 40 Doors-Songs hat, erlebt der Zuschauer einen Schock: Sind seit den aktiven Zeiten der Doors wirklich schon fast 22 Jahre vergangen? "Wir schaffen in unseren Konzerten eine Atmosphäre, die die Vergangenheit wieder lebendig werden läßt, während man bei anderen Coverbands die Augen schließen muß, um die Stimmung aufleben zu lassen, sollte man sie bei 'The Soft Parade' weit öffnen. Findet es heraus, wie es damals war! Welcome to The Soft Parade!"

TOURNEEDATEN:

1. 6. **Köln**
4. 6. **Dortmund**
5. 6. **Krefeld**
6. 6. **Gronau**
7. 6. **Werne**
8. 6. **Osnabrück**
9. 6. **Detmold**
10. 6. **Hamburg**
11. 6. **Lüdenscheid**
12. 6. **Berlin**
13. 6. **Leipzig**
14. 6. **Weltnau**
16. 6. **Bremen**

Alter Wartesaal
Live Station
Kulturfabrik
Concordiahalle
Marillion
Hydepark
Hunkydory
Markthalle
Image
Jojo
Popfestival
Sonneck (Bodensee)
Aladin

Ticketreservierungen:

0228-361015
0231-161783
02151-547994
02553-80514
02553-80514
02553-80514
02553-80514
02553-80514
02553-80514
02553-80514
02553-80514
02553-80514

(Weitere Daten oder Änderungen zu erfragen unter 02553-80514, ebenfalls Preise und Anfangszeiten)

PREISAUSSCHREIBEN

Wie heißt der freundliche junge Herr mit dem Hut neben Ray Manzarek von den Doors, der Jim Morrison so unglaublich ähnlich sieht? Schreibt seinen Namen auf eine Postkarte und sendet sie an die DQ-Adresse. Einsendeschluß ist der 30.5.92 (Datum des Poststempels). Zu gewinnen gibt es ein Presseticket zu einem beliebigen Konzert von THE SOFT PARADE in der Bundesrepublik siehe oben - (bitte also Wunschkonzert angeben!). Also: Wer ist es?

- A: Paul McCartney (*The Beatles*)
- B: Frank Lisciandro (*Writer*)
- C: Joe Russo (*The Soft Parade*)
- D: Winnetou (*Moviestar*)

Die Auslosung des Gewinners erfolgt unter Ausschluß des Rechtswegs. Der Gewinner wird telefonisch benachrichtigt, also auch Telefonnummer angeben! Viel Glück!



THE
SOFT PARADE
TRIBUTE TO THE DOORS
featuring JOE RUSSO