



DOORS
QUARTERLY
22



DOORS QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
Am Oelvebach 5 D. 4150 Krefeld-Stratum 12
W/GERMANY

Dear readers,

as you can see on the right, the Quarterly has got three correspondents now. Well the 3 girls are the ones who try to collect all Doors news in the three major "Jim Morrison" cities for the Quarterly, which means: They send me newspaper articles or phone me when there's something interesting for Doors fans. Thanks for your contributions, girls! Anyway, I still need a UK correspondent...

The Doors seem to concentrate on the movie project (a company called "The Doors Project" is working on the production right now), and the news that Tom Cruise would play Jim Morrison shocked many Doors Fans. Nobody knows why, but Tom Cruise will definitely NOT play Morrison (I'm glad about this, so I don't need to print all the complaints). Starring as Jim Morrison will be VAL KILMER (haven't heard of the man before I must admit...), and I do hope to get a photo of him as soon as possible. Poor Dave Brock! He was in the talk for years, hope he doesn't retire now! The title of the movie will be "Riders On The Storm", and I'm sure John Densmore is not that happy with it because he wanted to call his book "Riders On The Storm", too... Anne of "The Doors Project" called the other day and Oliver Stone asked me for some contributions... I did my best and Val Kilmer is now listening to a tape of mine (and is practicing what he's listening to), and Mr Stone is enjoying the latest Quarterlys....

The Doors evening in Holland was quite nice and well-organized by Peter de Gelder, including a slide- and video show and a concert of The Comedown, who played a few Doors songs. They will also play on the official clubmeeting this February 26th 1990.

A few rumours are going around: Someone says he's got the Miami concert on video (!), and someone in Holland is said to have found the '68 Amsterdam concert on video(!) and some American guy claims to have an hour of the L. A. Woman rehearsals on video... he offered the tape to Danny Sugerman, but nothing came over yet. On the other hand this year sees the 20th anniversary of the Isle of Wight festival, and hopefully a video of The Doors' performance over there will turn up, as it had been filmed and recorded. Over the years I have collected so many records and so many informations about Doors records that the project of a next-to-complete Doors discography, published as a book available to all fans, is coming close. My friend Ulrich Michaelis and I will start working on the manuscript very soon. I'll keep you informed on any progress. The book will include photos of all interesting covers (the best ones in colour) and will fit perfectly to your record collection -- it will be printed the size of an LP...

In this DQ you will find the final part of my big Krieger-interview, the final part of the Patricia Kennealy interview and a nice transcription of "People Are Strange". Next DQ will feature my major John Densmore-interview, the first part of a guide through Los Angeles for Doors Fans and my interview with Danny Sugerman... till then!

Take care

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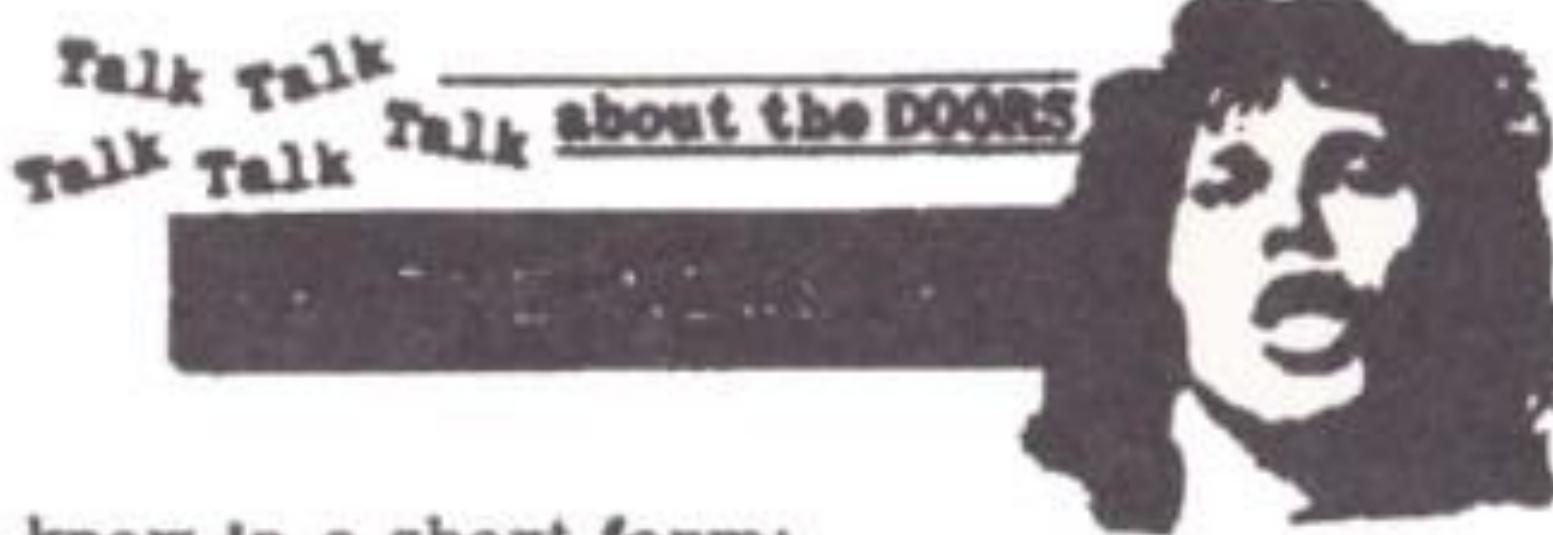
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(cover photo by Henry Diltz)

... main project of The Doors is the movie, of course. Read all the details and the history of how the movie was planned in this Quarterly "Back to the Sixties, darkly"...



... here are the things that everybody wants to know in a short form:
"Riders On The Storm" (title of the film); Oliver Stone (director), Val Kilmer (Jim Morrison), Kevin Dillon (John Densmore), Kyle MacLachlan (Ray Manzarek), Frank Whalley (Robby Krieger), Meg Ryan (Pamela Courson), Kathleen Quinlan (Patricia Kennealy), Billy Idol (Tom Baker); Bill Graham (producer), Ray Manzarek (Co-producer), Danny Sugerman (creative supervisor); Carolco (filmcompany). Filming starts in March 1990, budgeted at approx. 20 million Dollars, in Los Angeles...

... Jerry Hopkins wrote a new article on Jim Morrison in the book "The Day The Music Died" based on his material for "No One Here..." rewritten in a way that makes it interesting to the familiar reader...

... Oliver Stone will also direct the movie based on Danny Sugerman's novel "Wonderland Avenue". Just one actor is named: Iggy Pop, who will play himself...

... a guy named Dylan Jones is writing a Jim Morrison biography for the British company Bloomsbury to be published in 1990...

... Robby Krieger performed January 7th in Santa Monica at a club called "At My Place", special guest on that night was Eric Burdon, who joined him on "Roadhouse Blues" and "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place". At midnight everybody ate from a cake with a guitar on it in honor of Robby's birthday. Photo of Eric and Robby in DQ 23....

... this spring will see the German releases of "Wonderland Avenue" and "Wilderness"...

... "The Doors Are Open" will be out soon as an official Homevideo from Granada TV...

... also out is an Italian edition of "Wilderness"...

... "The Doors In Europe" finally came out in Europe last November with a different cover than the American release...

... new US bootleg called "Isle Of Wight" is around, and a counterfeit of "Phantom's Devine Comedy" comes from Italy along with a bootleg of previously unpublished Phantom tracks called "The Lost Album". Rumours of a "Doors From The Inside Vol2" have not been confirmed...

... Michael Hutchence, lead singer for INXS, didn't want to play Morrison in the movie, because the job requires more acting than singing. So did Star Jasper, who was called for an audition to play Pamela. "Too sexual, almost pornographic", she said. "No way!"...

... look for an album called "Requiem For The Americas". It is said to contain a never before published Jim Morrison - poem, read by himself. The album is intended to focus attention on the plight of American Indians. Profits go to a special fund...

... Bono of U2 cut a track for the Requiem-disc, in which he chants under a spoken poem of Jim, but the other members of U2 nixed it...

... watch the following movies: "Made In Heaven" (notice the Morrison poster prominently displayed); "Rainy Day Friends" (with an L. A. Woman poster); and watch the following videos "Communication" by John Farnham (Jim Morrison poster) and Nina Hagen's "Hold Me", which was in parts filmed at Jim Morrison's grave in Paris...

... Germans should watch TV on Feb. 6th: "Der König der Eidechsen" (The Lizard King) will be on ZDF TV at 22.55. Will also be broadcasted via Satellite TV in most European countries...

BACK TO THE SIXTIES, DARKLY

The Doors' Jim Morrison is coming back as a movie. But will the sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll of the Sixties play in the Nineties?

The storm still swirls around a generation's ultimate bad boy as Oliver Stone prepares to bring his story to the screen

By PATH BROESKE

Nearly 20 years after his death, Jim Morrison—enigmatic lead singer of the Doors—is headed for a theater near you. It hasn't been an easy resurrection.

Like Morrison himself, the journey of his life story to the screen has been dark, troubled and complicated.

A decade-long quest, it's been dominated by furious disagreements between the three surviving Doors and members of the Morrison estate. Some of the fighting centered on the controversial Morrison biography, "No One Here Gets Out Alive"—which the estate detests. It wasn't until legendary rock impresario Bill Graham entered the fray in 1985, acting as a kind of mediator for the Morrison estate, that all the necessary dramatic rights were acquired.

Throughout the battles and beyond, projects were announced and unannounced. There were meetings with a slew of top producers, directors and actors. Several studios were involved.

Ultimately, the project made its way to film maker Oliver Stone, who was a soldier in Vietnam when he first heard the Doors' music. "It blew me away," remembered Stone, who maintains that "on the broadest possible level, Jimmy Morrison's story represents themes of seeking a new consciousness and new levels of freedom." Stone is now readying the yet-untitled "Doors Project" for a March start date for Carolco Pictures.

It may seem odd that Stone, the industry's best-known Vietnam veteran, is writing and directing a movie about a group that represented the '60s radical movement that embraced everyone from war protesters to draft dodgers. As it turns out, Stone—whose wartime experiences inspired the Academy Award-winning "Platoon" (1986)—sees Morrison as a

soldier who traversed the frontiers of the mind, for the sake of art.

"In his own way, he was very much on the front line. He was a warrior," Stone said. "He was an outlaw rebel pushing at boundaries. A searcher who wrote about sex and death, two things any guy who'd been in Vietnam could relate to."

The Morrison project garnered a certain cachet when Stone came aboard. It doesn't hurt that his recently released "Born on the Fourth of July," about a disabled Vietnam vet's homecoming, is being touted as one of the front-runners in this year's Academy Award race.

Still, the Morrison movie remains a filmic mine field, with obstacles including:

- The downbeat grittiness of the subject matter—including Morrison's drug- and alcohol-induced exploits, his physical deterioration shortly after attaining stardom and his still-mysterious death of a heart attack at age 27 in 1971.

- Dealing with the sexually free '60s in the nervous climate of the '90s, including Morrison's sexual experimentation (though he was not always able to "perform," perhaps due to all the drink and drugs) and his tendency to shed all his clothes in the night and run naked through streets or across balconies and rooftops.

- Contract stipulations from the Morrison estate, which limit the screenplay's ability to explore Morrison's family life—which may or may not have been central to Morrison's personal turmoil.

- The fact that, with few exceptions such as "The Buddy Holly Story" and "La Bamba," both set in the '50s and about the boys-next-door—few rock 'n' roll movies have been box-office hits. Consider last summer's mega-bomb about ribald Jerry Lee Lewis, "Great Balls of Fire."

- The dilemma of capturing the complexity and mystery of one of pop culture's most controversial figures. Everyone who knew him—the Doors, Morrison's drinking cronies, his countless romantic partners—

seemed to know a different man.

As a result, the casting of Val Kilmer as Morrison seems a crucial factor. Kilmer, 30, was most recently seen as the renegade swordsman of "Willow." He's probably best known for his role as Tom Cruise's competition, Ice Man, in "Top Gun."

Well aware of the challenges, Stone made a surprising confession when he said: "You do not get out of these things alive—or whole. At the end of the day you risk being condemned. Ideally, I would rather not be involved in this movie."

So why is he doing it?

"The fact is, I can't help myself. I've become obsessed with Morrison."

Stone is hardly alone. For the part of the charismatic Morrison, countless young actors grew their hair long, took their shirts off, donned love beads and mimicked a famed Morrison photo session. It seemed that everyone wanted to snare the role of the man who has come to represent the classic rock martyr—the leader of the legendary band that symbolized, perhaps more than any other, the dark, hedonistic side of the '60s.

(Joan Didion, writing in the Saturday Evening Post, once dubbed the Doors "the Norman Mailers of the Top 40, missionaries of apocalyptic sex.")

As the most daring of the '60s bands—both cerebral and hard-driving—the Doors became a bridge to the heavy-metal '70s and the new-wave '80s. Little wonder that they continue to be profitable today, and that their many hits remain staples of the airwaves.

Morrison himself was the fore-runner of the countless rockers who have since donned leather and their most brooding, pouty looks for the sake of album covers and posters.

Leather and pouty looks aside, no one has been able to approxi-

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made what set Morrison apart, for the erudite rock star was also a poet. (See accompanying story.)

He was also a conduit—from the audience to their fantasies. "This guy is basically like a mirror. You can see yourself in him, somewhere," explained Sasha Harari, the Israeli producer who got involved with Morrison's story in 1982 and is now seeing it to fruition.

For years, Doors guitarist Robby Krieger fought the notion of a Morrison/Doors movie. "I've never been in favor of it. I just never believed that anyone could capture on film how it was, you



know?"

Drummer John Densmore is philosophical. "I'm trying to hang on to the original intent. We don't expect this movie to be the truth. As a friend of mine once said, they're going to take your six-year career and squash it down to two hours and blow it up to the size of a two-story building. Is that going to be reality? No. But if it has a sense of truth, then it's worth it. If it inspires individual and social consciousness in the '90s, it's worth it. But it's terrifying."

Unlike his comrades, keyboardist Ray Manzarek has wanted a movie—desperately. He spent years trying to make it happen, along with Danny Sugerman—his good friend, personal manager, consultant to the Doors and co-author of the notorious "No One Here Gets Out Alive." Manzarek—who has a master's degree in film from UCLA—also sought to be involved creatively.

Said Krieger, "I think Ray always believed that he could keep control over it, enough to make it his idea of the movie. And that's why he wanted to do it so bad. I always tried to tell him, 'Hey, you know, once it gets too big in Hollywood and everything, we're going to lose control.'"

Manzarek, who proudly speaks of "the magical symbiosis" and "synchronicity" of the Doors, would like to see a movie that



focuses on the group, as opposed to their lead singer. Stone, however, clearly sees this as a Morrison movie—in which the other three Doors are supporting players. Thus, there have been difficulties between the two men. Or as Manzarek put it, they aren't on speaking terms, they're on "shouting terms."

Shrugged Manzarek, "Oliver's passionate and I'm passionate. He has a vision, and I have a vision."

Manzarek's vision? "I see the picture as a joyous celebration of youth and life. It's got a great upward arc and then, boom, the lead singer dies in Paris. And it becomes an American tragedy—showing not just what happened to the Doors, but what happened to America.

"I want the movie to be spiritual, transcendental, psychological, psychedelic and kick-ass rock 'n' roll. That's all I ask for," Manzarek said, smiling.



Co-producer Bill Graham, who booked the biggest acts of the '60s at his famed Winterland and Fillmore arenas, is hoping for a paean to the era. Waxed Graham: "Those times were a once-in-a-lifetime. . . . Whether right or wrong, they were about blind hope. Obviously, not enough people got involved to make a change but,

there were significant numbers saying, 'What's wrong with this world?'"

For Stone, the Morrison movie continues his cinematic journey across the '60s' tumultuous landscape. (Still down the road is a final title in Stone's promised trilogy on Vietnam.) Only this time, he'll explore the flip side of "Born on the Fourth of July." Based on the autobiography of Ron Kovic, "Fourth of July" traces Kovic's evolution from gung-ho Marine to disabled vet to outspoken anti-war activist.

"This will be the other side of the '60s," Stone said. "Ron bought the military life. Jim didn't believe in it. Ron was an Eagle Scout. Jim Morrison was no Eagle Scout. He was a bad boy—the rebel."

To some, the rebel—the tortured poet—has been enshrined as a god, a modern-day Dionysus. (Recall that the Greek god of revelry and wine was capable of unleashing a terrible fury when he was denied. Recall, too, that he was dismembered—and later resurrected.)

Not surprisingly, the mythologizing of Morrison happened in tandem with the rediscovery of the Doors.

What kicked off the resurgence was the use of the Doors' haunting 1967 song, "The End," in the opening sequence of Francis Coppola's epic Vietnam film, "Apocalypse, Now" (1979).

Then came the album "An American Prayer," featuring Morrison reading poetry that had been recorded in 1971, with new instrumental backing by the Doors.

It was followed by the controversial 1980 tome, "No One Here Gets Out Alive."

Also in 1980: the release of the Doors "Greatest Hits" album—which entered Billboard's Top 10 chart.

The next year, the specially made "The Doors: A Tribute to Jim Morrison" aired on cable stations.

In September, 1981, Rolling Stone heralded Doormania—and Morrison's status as a rock savior—with what was to become one of its most famous covers: the one boasting Morrison as cover boy and the headline, "He's hot, he's sexy and he's dead."

He was also destined to come to the screen . . . eventually.

Danny Sugerman was 13 when he began hanging out at the Doors' L.A. office. He wound up handling their fan mail and keeping their scrapbooks. Later, following Morrison's death and the

Jim Morrison: Back to the Sixties, Darkly

disbanding of the surviving Doors, Sugerman became Manzarek's manager.

(The surviving Doors recorded several albums after Morrison's death and then went their separate ways. Today, Manzarek and Krieger continue to be active musically; Denesmore is pursuing an acting career.)

Sugerman also became a co-writer of "No One Here Gets Out Alive." This after rock journalist Jerry Hopkins (author of the Elvis Presley bio "Elvis") spent five years working on a book about Morrison. When Hopkins couldn't get a publishing deal, Sugerman went to work on the manuscript, giving it the point of view of a Doors insider.

The resulting bio, from Warner Books, is a riveting look at rock 'n' roll hedonism as lived out by Morrison. (Hedonism has international appeal: The book's been published in more than a dozen languages.)

Since its publication, the tell-all has virtually divided the Morrison camp. After all, it doesn't dwell on Morrison's good points—like his sense of humor and warmth—or the non-scandalous events in his life. And there are those who question Sugerman's credentials as an insider. (They maintain he was too young to have known Morrison as closely as he claims.)

The three surviving Doors defend the book—with reservations. "It was kind of like a People magazine listing of binges. But all the binges were true," said Denesmore. He was thoughtful as he added: "But there were things missing. Where was the guy who wrote, 'Before I slip into unconsciousness/I'd like to have another kiss/another flashing chance at bliss' [the opening lines to 'The Crystal Ship']? That guy didn't make it into the book."

Pamela Courson, Morrison's longtime girlfriend, didn't come off looking like the all-American girl, either.

Courson, who discovered Morrison's body in Paris, was later able to attain common-law-wife status. When she died in 1974 at age 27 of a massive heroin overdose, her parents inherited her half-portion of the Morrison estate, which receives one-quarter of the monies earned by the Doors. Morrison's own reclusive parents, who have never spoken publicly about their son or his career, received the other half of the estate.

All of Morrison's personal property—including the many note-books he filled with his poetry—is owned by the Coursons. It was Pamela's father, Columbus

(Corky) Courson, a former Orange County high school principal, who oversaw the publication of "Wilderness: The Lost Writings of Jim Morrison" (Villard, 1988). Another volume is currently being edited.

The Coursons, who have met with Oliver Stone, are understandably anxious about how the movie will treat their daughter's relationship with Morrison. Though Morrison's associates have described a romance that could best be called erratic, Pearl Courson believes that her daughter and Jim enjoyed a "tremendous love affair," and were "destined to be together."

There is no love lost between the Coursons and the Doors—and Sugerman. "Trash city," is how Mrs. Courson described "No One Here Gets Out Alive." She added: "Are you aware that for years, they tried to bypass the estate to get a movie made of that book?"

After the publication of "No One Here Gets Out Alive," Manzarek and Sugerman met with interested film makers—sometimes without the blessing, or even the knowledge, of Denesmore and Krieger. Today, both Manzarek and Sugerman insist that what they were trying to do was drum up interest in a Morrison project. "The book was just a jumping off point," explained Manzarek.

It was Sasha Harari who optioned "No One Here" in 1982, for \$50,000. As he quickly discovered, it was a double-edged sword: Hollywood wanted it, the Morrison estate didn't.

Still, there were meetings. Harari talked with producer Allan Carr and director William Friedkin about doing the movie at Warners. Much to the horror of Sugerman, who remembered, "I begged Sasha not to bring Allan Carr in. I just didn't think that the man who had produced 'Grease' and 'Can't Stop the Music' could be sensitive to the story of the Doors."

Sugerman did think that then-hot disco king John Travolta might make a good Morrison. So Sugerman introduced him to the Doors—and he and Manzarek squired Travolta around town, taking him to places where the group had hung out. But the other Doors balked. ("John was a nice guy and all that. But he was too nice. He didn't have Jim's dangerous edge," Krieger recalled.) When it became clear that all the rights couldn't be acquired for Travolta to officially play Morrison, there were talks about Brian De Palma directing Travolta in a fictionalized project, like the thinly disguised Janis Joplin saga, "The Rose."

Still other film makers approached Harari and the Doors—and vice versa. Among them: Jonathan Taplin, Jerry Weintraub, Aaron Russo, Irving Asoff, Michael Mann, Francis Coppola and Martin Scorsese.

As all this was happening, a feature-length Doors documentary was in the works. (It was later abandoned because of efforts to make the feature.)

Morrison's sister and her husband also announced their intention to make a Morrison movie. But first, stated Anne Morrison Graham and her then-husband, Alan Graham (no relation to Bill Graham), they would stage a rock opera in which seven actors would play various aspects of the Morrison persona. And they planned to make a 90-minute TV documentary.

The rock opera actually happened—at Gazzarri's on the Sunset Strip, where the Doors had played 16 years earlier. Krieger still laughs about the night that two of the Morrison look-alikes showed up at a club where he was playing and got in a fight with each other.

Though the Grahams have since divorced, Alan Graham remains impassioned about one day making a film about his former brother-in-law. He has a company called Lizard King Productions—so named because of Morrison's moniker as the Lizard King (from a Doors song). From time to time, Graham sends out announcements of pending projects. Currently in the works: the provocatively titled rock opera, "Who Killed Jim Morrison?"

Harari eventually dropped the option on "No One Here Gets Out Alive," but he didn't drop his interest. In 1985, he succeeded in acquiring the rights of the three Doors.

Then Tony Krantz and Tony Ludwig, of Creative Artists Agency, got the idea to bring rock promoter Bill Graham into the project—to deal with the Coursons and the Grahams.

During the '60s, the Doors often played Graham's clubs in San Francisco and New York City. He still remembers their first show at Fillmore West in 1967, in which they were billed with the Jim Kweskin Jugband.

(The Doors were to have other memorable nights at Graham's clubs—including the time Morrison showed up drunk at Winterland, took to the stage and started throwing the microphone around. At one point, it flew across the room, hit Graham and knocked him down.)

The Return of Jim Morrison



Oliver Stone

Graham eventually succeeded as a rock 'n' roll Henry Kissinger with the estate. "They were not against a movie coming out," Graham explained. "They're against the exploitation or the exaggeration of what really went down. After all, those children were reared by those people. The parents want to retain some dignity."

"It's obvious that this wasn't exactly Jack Armstrong who was coming through life in that turbulent time. We can't whitewash Morrison, or Pam. But we want to respect them."

As it turned out, there was an attempt at a whitewash when the Coursons tried, unsuccessfully, to invoke a clause that would have forbidden any depiction of their daughter using drugs. One stipulation they did get: Pamela Courson-Morrison cannot be depicted as having anything to do with Morrison's death.

Then there is the contract stipulation involving the Morrisons. With the exception of a pivotal scene involving Jim's childhood encounter with Indian shamanism, the parents cannot be depicted.

The Coursonts and Morrisons also wanted—and got—assurances that the movie would not be an adaptation of "No One Here Gets Out Alive."

Ironie footnote: eventually, the film makers bought the book's research materials from co-author Jerry Hopkins. And Sugerman recently came aboard the film, as a consultant.

When all the rights were at last acquired in 1985, Harari put in a call to Oliver Stone's agent. Would Stone be interested in scripting? On the very day Stone was scheduled to meet with Harari, Stone got the go-ahead to make "Platoon." The next day he left for the Philippines.

From 1985 until the summer of 1987, the *Doors* project was at Columbia, under then-chairman Guy McElwaine. But when David Puttnam came to the studio, the project was dropped.

Within 24 hours, Harari got calls from United Artists and Warner Bros. He also got a call from Tony Ludwig, who had left CAA to become the president of Imagine Entertainment.

Ludwig had an immediate advantage over the studios. He knew all the parties involved, as well as the project's convoluted history. In September, 1987, Imagine officially acquired the Doors Project. Imagine chairmen Brian Grazer and Ron Howard then began talking with prospective directors—including Oliver Stone. Recalled Stone: "But they passed me up. I think it was

because I liked a draft of the screenplay that the Doors hated."

As coincidence would have it, Stone eventually made his way to another project involving Morrison—and Danny Sugerman. Based on the autobiographical "Wonderland Avenue: Tales of Glimmer and Echoes" (William Morrow, 1998), it's about a young man's coming-of-age in the rock world, and the rock star he idolizes.

Meanwhile, over at Imagine, development costs of the original Morrison movie had exceeded \$2 million. So Imagine struck up a production deal with Carolco Pictures, which became the financing entity. A few months later, Carolco signed Stone to a production deal, which is how Stone finally connected with the Morrison movie.

Stone thinks he may have looked at as many as 200 would-be Morrisons before opting for Val Kilmer.

Over the years, the candidates have included the aforementioned Travolta, Gregory Harrison, Michael Ontkean, Timothy Hutton, Steven Bauer, Christopher Lambert and, in the latest casting go-round, Michael Hutchence, of the rock group INXS, and Jason Patric, who was a dead-on Morrison look-alike in "The Lost Boys."

(At one point, Kevin Costner's agent even got a call. Morrison's mother had seen him in a movie on TV and thought he bore an incredible resemblance to her son.)

As for "Wonderland Avenue": a script is currently being written, following Sugerman's first-draft. Stone, who will produce, sees it as a coming-of-age piece in which (a yet-to-be cast) Morrison will be a supporting character.

Stone is currently at work on the Morrison/Doors script, working from three separate screenplay drafts penned by



CAROLE MORRIS

Randy Johnson ("Duder"), Ralph Thomas ("Ticket to Heaven") and Bob Doiman ("Willow") and stacks of transcripts. Budgeted at approximately \$20 million, the film's cast includes Meg Ryan as Pam, Kylie MacLachlan as Mansur, Kevin Dillon as Denmore, Frank Whaley as Krieger, Billy Idol as Morrison buddy Tom Baker, Joshua Evans as the Doors' manager and Kathleen Quinlan as one of Morrison's love interests.

Star Val Kilmer—who's a baritone, like Morrison—is working with former Doors producer Paul Rothchild, "laying down tracks." Kilmer did his own singing when he played a rock 'n' roller in the 1984 comedy "Top Secret!" Time will tell, said Stone, whether he'll again do his own singing. Until the movie comes out, there's no way of knowing if Kilmer will be able to evoke the sensual presence that was a Morrison trademark. To be on the safe side, he's getting instruction in dance and body language from dancer/choreographer/singer Paula Abdul.

Stone is trying to keep a balance—between man and myth, '60s freedom and '90s caution. (Stone acknowledged that he has already toned down some extremely lurid sex scenes involving Morrison and groupies.) "This won't be easy. After all, we're sailing in the wind of the Just Say No era, which is pretty simplistic. And there's the matter of Jim. Everybody will disagree on what he was."

Whatever he was, Morrison may have had an inkling of what was to come when he wrote: "Did you have a good world when you died? Enough to base a movie on?" □

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Anfang März 1971 verließ Jim Morrison die USA und flog nach Paris. Die Hintergründe, warum er nach Paris ging, sind relativ klar. Die Frage ist aber: War damit ein Auseinanderbrechen der Doors verbunden? Diese Frage wurde seither kontrovers diskutiert und wird es noch immer. In diesem Rahmen soll versucht werden, eine Antwort darauf zu geben. Eine endgültige Klärung kann dies aber nicht sein. Zunächst einige Zitate, die die Ursachen für seinen langen Paris-Aufenthalt darlegen sollen.

1971, Jim Morrison left, arrived in Paris to rest & rethink. Perhaps the group had split, it certainly seemed so, until Jim's death ended that controversy to begin another. (1) Oder auch: Despite the positive response to the new album, Jim Morrison left almost immediately for Paris. There were many rumours that he had left the group, while other stories simply spoke of him taking a pause for a rethink about his future (2).

Deutlicher dagegen wird Ray Manzarek: ... or perhaps right in the middle of LA Woman, the mixing of LA Woman, I think Jim left for Paris, ..., and he said "Hey man, everything is going fine here, why don't you guys finish it up, I'm off to Paris; Pam and I are going to Paris, and we're just going to hang around for a while and see what happens. So we said: O.K. man, talk to you later, over there, and have a good time and relax, take it easy and write some poetry. What Jim wanted to do in leaving for Paris was to emerge himself in an artistic environment, to get away from Los Angeles, to get away from Rock'n Roll, to get away from all the sensational press that he had. Jim was haunted by a lot of sensational press, a lot of yellow journalism, associated with the man. And frankly he was tired of it, he was tired of being the Lizard King. Jim Morrison was a poet, he was an artist, he didn't want to be the King of Orgasmic Rock, the King of Acid Rock, the Lizard King. He felt all those titles that people had put on him, the press had put on him were demeaning to what the Doors were trying to do. (3)

Ein Grund war demnach, seiner Existenz als Rock'n Roll Star mit all seinen Folgen zu entkommen. Der zweite war, sich auf andere Aktivitäten konzentrieren zu können, also vor allem Film und Lyrik. Beide Aspekte sind hinlänglich bekannt. Morrison hat sie selbst mehrfach angesprochen.

At that point he (Jim) was speaking almost daily with his good friend Francis Ford Coppola, who wanted to make films with him. That's where Jim was headed (Paul Rothchild). (4) He flew to Paris to escape Miami, to flee the fans and to become James Douglas Morrison - a poet and a lover. (5) Jim Morrison wollte sich endgültig nur auf das Schreiben konzentrieren und zog deswegen mit seiner Frau ganz nach Paris, ... (6)

Bill Siddons: But he went off to stop pursuing the rock'n roll dream because he had achieved, he didn't like it. And he said what am I but a writer . . . (7)

In den meisten Aussagen, die für ein Auseinanderbrechen der DOORS sprechen, spielt dieser Punkt die wichtigste Rolle. Jim hätte einen Schlußstrich unter das Kapitel "Doors" gemacht, um sich ganz aufs Schreiben konzentrieren zu können. Sicher hatte er als Rockstar nicht die Ruhe zum Schreiben gehabt, die er sich gewünscht hätte. Frank Lisciandro meinte einmal, Morrison hätte nur geschrieben wenn er



nüchtern war. Das Umfeld zum Schreiben war in Paris insgesamt wesentlich besser als in Los Angeles wo ihm immer seine Vergangenheit im Wege stand.

John Haenly: I believe everybody in the band will tell you, before Jim left to Paris that he said he didn't really mean it and that he was planning an coming-back in rejoining the band. Personally I find this a total myth, I find this to be myth, that's been fabricated for the Doors-egos. I don't find any truth in it. Jim never (eluded ?) to it. He never inferred that he ever wanted to be a Door again. It was very important to him, that the world would proceed him as a poet, not as the punk-bit rock-star. That's why, when he left the doors, that he signed a contract with Elektra-records to ... make a poetry album that said 'Jim Morrison' and had no illusion with the Doors, or whatsoever. ... (8)

Bill Siddons: ... and Jim announced to us, that he was moving to Paris and had no intention of continuing anything or not continuing anything. ... it is never a question that Jim Morrison was from the day that LA Woman was finished, done, with the DOORS as an obligation. And in fact, while Jim was in Paris, Ray Manzarek, Robbie Krieger and John Densmore rehearsed with different singers to find a new singer, because they knew that Jim might never come back. (9). Jim went to Paris to leave Rock'n roll behind him and go as a writer. (10) But of course after LA Woman was completed, at that point, Jim quit the band. (11)

Anders dagegen die Position von Ray und Robby. Sie sagen, daß sie erst nach Morrisons Tod mit anderen Sängern geprakt hätten. Die Aussage von Siddons sei bedeutungslos. Sie sind der Meinung, daß Paris nur eine Episode hätte sein sollen. Eine Art Beginnungs- und Ruhepause, um danach wieder weiter zu machen.

Ray Manzarek: When Jim went to Paris he hadn't left the band. Let me explain. After we finished 'L.A. Woman' we decided to make a rest, because our recording company with Elektra had expired. So Jim went to Paris. For all of us it was a time of mental re-grouping in that we didn't know what we were going to do in the immediate future. (12)

Ray Manzarek: Had we talked about breaking up, we would just have broken up, had Jim said 'I'm never coming back from Paris and I never see you guys again, then we would have gone our separate ways. But Jim Morrison fully intended to come back from Paris. He went to Paris to take a vacation, to get away from being Jim Morrison, to get away from being the Lizard King, the King of Acid-Rock, the King of Orgasmic Rock, all those things the american press said about him. He went to get away from Miami, he went to get away from his friends and from his enemies both, just to get away from everything. To go to Paris and be a Poet again. So if he had come back, the Doors would definitely making music today. (13)

Robbie Krieger: We never really broke up, you know. We had finished our contract with Elektra, ... , we're take a long vacation for sure, but never said that. In fact Jim had called John Densmore shortly before his death, and he said: 'Hey, how is the album doing, the stuff, you know. We might have to come back to do another one pretty soon', or whatever, you know. (14)

Es lassen sich also zwei gegensätzliche Positionen ausmachen. Interessant ist dabei zu sehen, wer sie vertritt. Auf der einen Seite sind also Ray, John, Robby (und Danny), die ein Auseinanderbrechen der Gruppe verneinen. Auf der anderen Seite Leute aus dem engsten Umfeld

der Gruppe, Bill Siddons, John Haeny oder auch Paul Rothchild, die mehr oder weniger stark die Gegenposition vertreten. Wie dem auch sei, für letztere Position sprechen noch zwei Punkte. Zum einen der Zustand der Gruppe und vor allem Jim's Zustand. Ende 1970 hatten die Doors (und Morrison) viel von ihrem Elan der ersten Jahre verloren. Auch wenn sie noch gute Konzerte hatten, ist bezeichnend, daß das letzte Konzert (in New Orleans) eine komplette Katastrophe war. Sicherlich hat Morrisons Alkoholismus einen bedeutenden Teil dazu beigetragen. Zum anderen die Rolle, die Pamela spielte. Ihr wird nachgesagt, daß sie Jim sowieso lieber als Schriftsteller denn als Rockstar gesehen hat.

Rothchild über das letzte Album: *Jim had to be dragged into the studio. It was a band in its death throes, ... So here I am, ... with a singer that doesn't want to sing and a band that is hanging around lackadaisically coming up with terrible ideas. ..., and they were totally unprepared. ... (15)*

Bill Siddons: *She (Pamela) convinced him to leave after making the L.A. Woman-Album, to seek out a place of refugee, to seek out a place where he could write, get his thoughts together, get his notebooks together, publishing the book of poetry, maybe write his screenplay. She was always encouraged in him to be a writer, she was always encouraged in him to be poet. She was always looking at Jim Morrison, the man of literature rather than Jim Morrison, the man of rock. ... (16)*

Tatsächlich schien Jim mit Äußerungen über die Zukunft der Doors auch nach Abschluß der Arbeiten zu L.A. Woman reichlich zurückhaltend gewesen zu sein. Eine definitive Aussage, daß er sich von den drei anderen DOORS trennen wollte, ist nicht bekannt. Das sagt sogar Bill Siddons:

He never said, 'I quit the band. It's over, forget you, it will never happen again', he also never said 'I'll be back in three months. He just said: 'I don't know who I am, I don't know what I'm doing, I don't know what I wanna do, I'm gone. Don't count on me. Goodbye.' (17)

Dennoch gibt es ein hochinteressantes Statement Jim's, über die Zukunft der Doors. Danach war der Abstecher nach Paris tatsächlich nicht der Bruch, sondern wirklich nur eine Erholungsphase. Im März 1971, wenige Tage vor Jim's Aufbruch nach Frankreich erschien ein Interview von ihm, daß definitiv nach L.A. Woman gemacht wurde. Auf die Frage "What's in the immediate future for the Doors? Any concerts?" antwortete er:

No, we're kind of off playing concerts; somehow no one enjoys the big places anymore, and to go into clubs more than just a night every now and then is kind of meaningless. I think we'll do a couple of albums and then everyone will probably get into their own thing; each guy in the band has certain projects and they want to do more independently. (18)

Zählt man noch das bekannte Telefongespräch das Jim mit John Denmore führte hinzu, dann scheint es offensichtlich, daß Jim mit den DOORS weitermachen wollte. Hinzu kommt der Brief, den Jim an Corky Courson aus Paris schrieb und den dieser in einer der Radio-Specials über die Doors zitierte. Darin fragt Jim ob, "can we stay a little longer? Is that possible? ". Hätte Jim sich von den Doors getrennt, hätte er eine solche Frage sicher nicht gestellt.

Wie dem auch sei, dieser Anruf wie auch Jim's erwähntes Statement relativieren die Aussagen von Bill Siddons und John Haeny. Trotzdem ist damit nicht gesagt, daß die DOORS nach einer eventuellen Rückkehr Jim's

wie gewohnt hätten fortfahren können. Auch so hätte Paris einen Umbruch dargestellt.

Jim, und das ist sicher, wollte und brauchte mehr Freiraum für seine Aktivitäten in Film und Literatur: "I guess that's (Film) what I've always wanted to do, even more than being in a band, was working in films" (19). Entweder hätten sich die Doors nach ein paar Alben getrennt und wären eigene Wege gegangen, oder aber sie hätten nunmehr nur noch eine temporäre Erscheinung sein können. Alle paar Jahre ein Album, gelegentlich ein Konzert, ansonsten viel Freiraum für Soloprojekte, wie Jim sie etwa mit seinem Lyrik-Album beabsichtigte (oder aber John, Robbie und Ray heute mit ihren Solo-Projekten zeigen). Mit ihrer Erfahrung und musikalischen Kompetenz hätten die Doors mit Morrison einige Jahre mehr überstanden, als es letztlich der Fall war. Leider haben sich diese Spekulationen mit dem 3. Juli 1971 von selbst erledigt.

- 1) Bim Balam, July 1979
- 2) Record Collector, July 1982
- 3) Promo-LP to Hollywood-Bowl
- 4) Paul Rothschild, probably: Musician 8/81
- 5) NME Nov 19th 1983
- 6) Oldie-Markt, August 1985
- 7) Bill Siddons, 20th Anniversary Salute
- 8) John Haeny, 20th Anniversary Salute
- 9) Bill Siddons, 20th Anniversary Salute
- 10) Bill Siddons, Inner View
- 11) Bill Siddons, Three Hours for magic
- 12) NME, Feb 10th 1972
- 13) Radio-Show
- 14) 20th Anniversary Salute
- 15) 20th Anniversary Salute / Three Hours for magic
- 16) Three Hours for magic
- 17) Three Hours for magic
- 18) Rolling Stone / March 4. 1971 // Interview by Ben Fong Torres //
see DQ 1
- 19) Rolling Stone / March 4. 1971



FAN CLUB MEETING **LIVE FROM THE ★ HOLLAND: COMEDOWN**

Monday 26. February START: 7.30 pm/19.30 Uhr
in Dortmund, W/Germany Admission/Eintritt: 10 DM
DOORS VIDEO SHOW!!!
Live Station [im Hauptbahnhof] DOORS MUSIC ALL NIGHT!!!!!!

A young and unique band from Holland will play in their neo-psychadelic style some interesting Doors-cover-versions among their own original material.

Trotz Rosenmontag könnt Ihr dem Karneval im LIVE STATION entfliehen! Trefft Gleichgesinnte, diskutiert oder schaut bisher unveröffentlichte Doors videos. FANCLUBMITGLIEDER erhalten bei Vorzeigen ihrer MEMBERSHIP-CARD 2 DM Ermäßigung. Kommt also zum Live Station, direkt neben dem Ausgang des Dortmunder Hauptbahnhofs!!!!!! It's carnival time on that Monday, but not at the Live Station in Dortmund (right at the main exit of Dortmund's central station). Meet fan club people, discuss, have a good time or watch rare Doors videos. Show your membership -card at the ticket-office to get 2 DM off the admission. For more information call me in W/Germany 02151-571862!

BIG SCREEN — NICE PEOPLE — GERMAN BEER — LIVE MUSIC — FEB. 26th 1990 —

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Written by
R. Moddemann

"Someday Soon" seems to be a bootleg made for people who try to get hard-to-find Doors material, officially released songs. Almost all tracks on this album have been released before, but it is almost impossible to get the original records into your collection, and if you are lucky to get one of these rarities you have to pay an awful lot of money for it. The material comes from different sources, and I will name you the actual collector's price for it: The Doors From The Inside (6 CD Box, about 400 Dollars), Get Up And Dance single (about 10 Dollars), "Waiting For The Sun" (US CD, about 17 Dollars,) Unknown Soldier (single, about 10 Doll.)

Love Me Two Times (acetate, impossible to get, would cost about 100 Dollars), Light My Fire (US Stereo single, about 5 Dollars), three Rick And The Ravens singles (promotion copies, each about 50 Dollars, almost impossible to get)... so: the album contains rare stuff in fine quality, it seems to be worth spending approximately 17 Dollars on this one...

The album comes in a colour sleeve and shows the Doors on a soldier's cemetery (Arlington?). The white circle on the cover announces (in German) a booklet inside, and the back-side of the covershows some Doors Postcards and an Alta Cienega Motel postcard along with a list of the tracks (including: who wrote them), the group's line-up, an ad for other bootlegs available from the same company and a nonsense-address of "Do it-Records". Isn't this a typical accurate German bootleg... some of the German notes are rather old-fashioned. Inside there's a nice booklet with all lyrics & interviews along with four Rick and the Ravens'labels, and an additional sheet, which is rather interesting, obviously a joke. If you'd understand German, you'd laugh a lot about the text...

Back to the vinyl: Side One track 1-7 comes from The Doors From The Inside, track 8 was recorded live at Long Beach Arena 1968; track 9 was recorded live in Miami March 1, 1969; track 10 is an unpublished studio track from the "Inside" show; track 11 is the flip side of "Get Up And Dance" single, which never appeared on an album. Side two track one is from the US -CD "Waiting For The Sun", tracks 2+3 are from the original single, track 4 from an acetate, track 5 from a single and tracks 6-11 are from 3 old Rick And The Ravens promotion singles, as the booklet says. To my knowledge none of the songs have ever been put on an album. Although the live tracks are interrupted by interviews, the album is fun to listen to, and for those who want to get



Seite 1 (29:54)

1. Little red rooster (W. D.
2. Improvisation (T. D.)
3. The end (R. M. & T. D.)
4. Crossroads (R. M. & T. D.)
5. Roadhouse blues (R. M. & T. D.)
6. Improvisation (T. D.)
7. Who do you love (R. M.)
8. The spy (R. M.)
9. Miami raps (R. M.)
10. Someday soon (R. M. & T. D.)
11. Tree trunk (R. M. & T. D.)

(track list from backcover)

deeper into the history of The Doors the bootleg is an absolute must, for the Rick And The Ravens songs haven't been released since 1965, and it is almost impossible to get a copy (even I don't have one...) and of course they've never been heard in any radio show about The Doors. I wonder if Ray Manzarek, who used to be the singer of this pre-Doors group, still has copies... The "Someday Soon" bootleg came out late last year, and it is not known how many copies were made. Costs about 30 DM.....

Seite 2 (29:36)

- 1 Wintertime lover (R. L. & R. M.)
- 2 We could be so good together (R. L. & R. M.)
- 3 The unknown soldier (J. Morrison)
- 4 Love me two times (R. L. & R. M.)
- 5 Light my fire (R. L. & R. M.)
- 6 Soul train (R. L. & R. M.)
- 7 Geraldine (Ray Manzarek)
- 8 Hennetta (Ray Manzarek)
- 9 Just for you (Ray Manzarek)
- 10 Big bucket "T" (Ray Manzarek)
- 11 Rampage (true, arr. Ray Manzarek)

DIE ZENTRALE TANZSCHAU
DER WELTBERÜHMTE VIER
AUS LOS ANGELES

the doors



Insert sheet

BOOTLEGGING THE DOORS

PART 10 (cont. from THE DOORS QUARTERLY 13-21)

A series written by Rainer Moddemann

In 1981 The Doors did a lot of research for a forthcoming video (Dance On Fire), and sent out people to find rare and lost TV-performances. Former Doors roadmanager and concert promoter Rich Linnell found what he was looking for: The Doors' TV show taped in a Copenhagen studio on September 17th, 1968 at 10 a. m. in the morning. It was a strange situation for the group: A day earlier Jim Morrison left the Amsterdam hospital he was taken to after a collapse and they flew to Copenhagen. There was no audience in the studio, just a few cameras, a few people and Gunter Zint, a photographer from Hamburg. But the group managed to play a satisfactory but short edition of a standard Doors concert with a rather sleepy Jim sitting on a chair, instantly peering into the camera's eye. The Doors obviously seemed to be irritated about no applause coming after each song, but this strange mood characterizing this performance is very unique and can't be heard on any other Doors show.

Soon after Rich took a copy of the tape with him to the USA, Danish TV broadcasted the show in its original form, and although it was unannounced and late at night, the show was videotaped and got into the hands of bootleggers.

When early 1984 a bootleg named "Leather Pants In Denmark" came out, people were quite amused by its title but realized that it would become a real collector's item. The bootleg came out as a 10 inch record in a clear bag with a nice insert sheet. The front cover photo was taken at Jim's grave with a cat sitting on one of the monuments and Jim's bust in the background. The back shows a photo of Jim in Frankfurt, title and artists in psychedelic letters and a list of the songs. It also was mentioned "clear vinyl", although the record first appeared in black vinyl. The clear vinyl version looked very nice, through the vinyl you could read the title and see the photo of Jim. Because of the very limited edition of the disc it is very hard to find it today. The original Tangle Town release has got the best sound of all bootlegs containing the same material.

LEATHER PANTS IN DENMARK (Tangle Town Records TTR 16284)

Side One: Alabama Song/Backdoor Man

Side Two: When The Music's Over

The WASP(later called "Texas Radio And The Big Beat")
Love Me Two Times
The Unknown Soldier

FIRST PRESSING
(early 1984)

cover: clear plastic bag with picture insert

label: side one - silver label with Jim's head and a tyrannosaurus printed in the negative

side two - black with silver writing: THE LIZZARDS LEATHER PANTS IN DENMARK 1968. The track list goes like this: Good Ol' Mama, Men Don't Know, Cool And Slow, I'm Going Away, War, Turn Out The Lights. Also on the label: All titles composed and played by The Lizards, All Rights Reserved, Best. Nr. 16284.

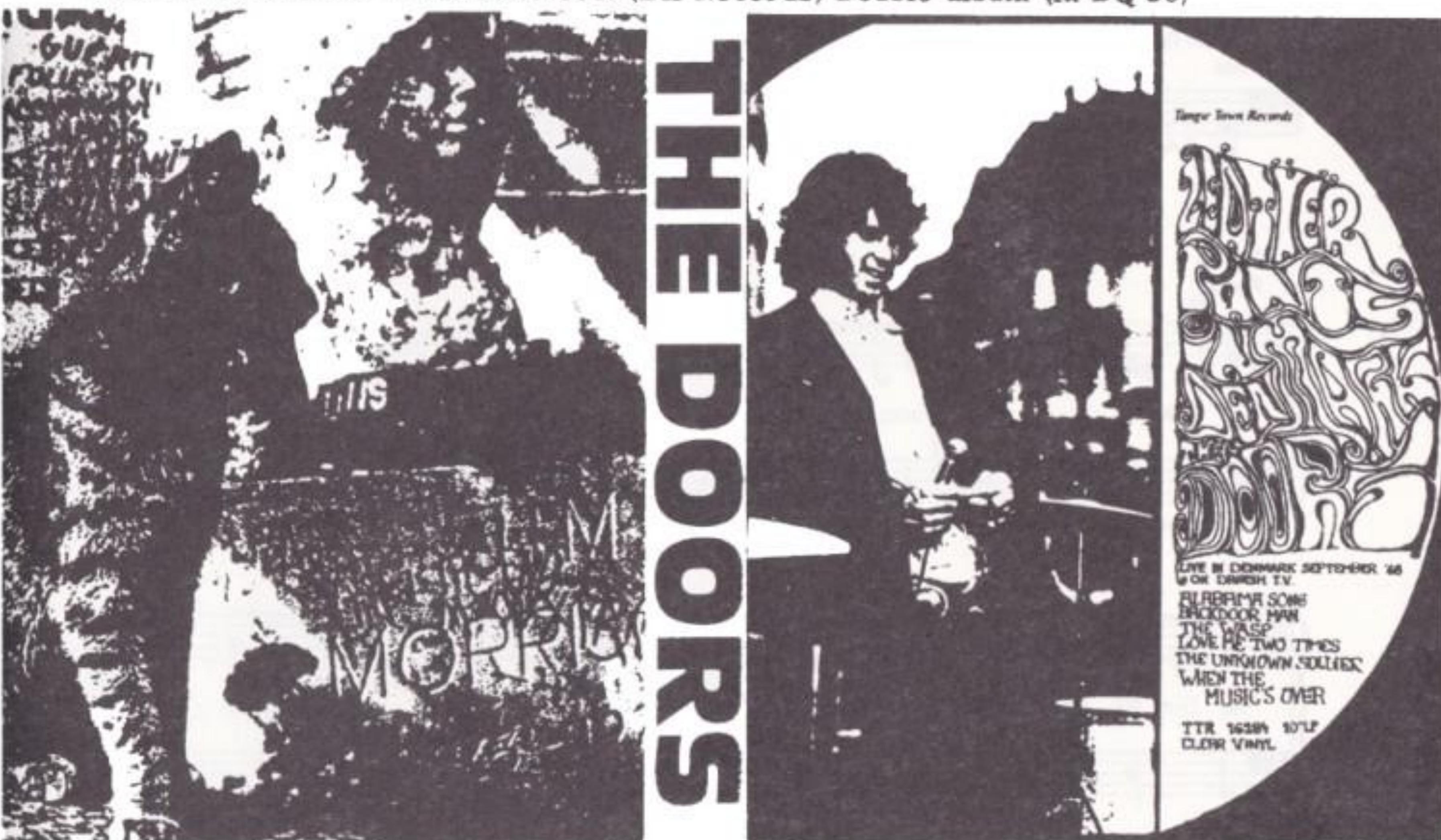
Matrix: 16284, scratched in by hand. Also: et. Black vinyl. 10" record!
Country: W/Germany Edition: less than 400

SECOND PRESSING

(spring 1984) Cover: same as first pressing
Label: same as first pressing
Matrix: same as first pressing, but clear vinyl 10" record!
Country: W/Germany Edition about 500 copies

The video soundtrack meanwhile appeared on many other bootleg records and also on a CD. The original Tangle Town release was copied by an Italian bootlegger in late 1989 as a single (7") with only two tracks, Alabama Song and Backdoor Man, but using the same cover. LEATHER PANTS IN DENMARK was taken (obviously) from a master video copy, all other releases used either a copy of the Tangle Town bootleg or a bad copy with a lot of surface noise from a worse videotape.

Next in this series: CELEBRATION (Eli Records) Double album (in DQ 23)



DOORS records for (set-)sale.
Send IRC or 1DM stamp for
list to: Dieter Rademaker,
Auf den Kuhlen 50, D. 4444
Bad Bentheim 2, W/Germany

DOORS records for sale.
Send IRC for computer
list. Many rarities! Paolo
Scamperle, Via Fresco-
baldi 13; 34100 Trieste;
Italy

DOORS QUARTERLY
Backissues 1-10 for
3 DM each; 11-21 for
4 DM each available
again. Write to DQ
address

"People Are Strange"

Verse

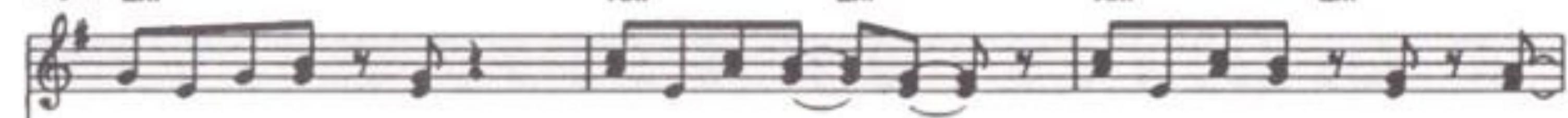
Organ Em

Am

Em

Am

Em



Piano

People Are Strange

When You're A Stranger

Faces Look Ug - ly

B7

Em

Am

Em

When You're A - lone

Women Seem Wicked

When You're Unwan - ted

Am

Em

B7

Em

Streets

Are Uneven

When You're Down.

Guitar Solo

B7

Em



"People Are Strange"

A photograph of a piano sheet music page. The top staff is in E minor (Em) and the bottom staff is in G major (G). Measure 86 consists of eighth-note chords. Measure 87 begins with a half note, followed by eighth-note chords. The page number 87 is printed above the staff.

A musical score page featuring a piano-vocal arrangement. The top staff is for the voice, starting with an Em chord, followed by a melodic line with lyrics: "When You're Strange". The lyrics are aligned with specific notes. The key changes to B7, and the melody continues with the lyrics: "Faces Come Out Of The Rain". The bottom staff is for the piano, showing harmonic progression and bass notes.

A musical score for a single melodic line, likely for a guitar or piano. The music is in common time and consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and features a melody with various note values and rests. Chords are indicated above the staff: B7 at the beginning, G in the middle, and B7 again at the end. The bottom staff is in bass clef and provides harmonic support with sustained notes and occasional bass notes. The lyrics "When You're Strange" are written below the treble staff, and "No One Re-Mem-Bers Your Name When You're Strange" is written below the bass staff. The music concludes with a final B7 chord.

The musical score shows a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The first measure starts with a B7 chord. The lyrics "When You're Strange" are repeated twice, followed by "Alright Yeah". The bass clef staff below provides harmonic support with sustained notes.

Piano Solo

**"People Are
Strange"**

Em Am Em

When You're

This section shows the first few measures of the piano/vocal/guitar score. It starts with a piano introduction in E minor (Em). The vocal part begins with "When You're". The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords.

Chorus

Strange- Fa- ces Come Out Of The Rain When Your

This section shows the start of the chorus. The vocal line includes lyrics like "Strange-", "Fa-ces Come Out", "Of The Rain", and "When Your". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

G B7

Strange No One Re- mem- bers Your Name When You're Strange

This section shows the end of the chorus and the beginning of the bridge. The vocal line continues with "Strange", "No One Re- mem- bers Your Name", and "When You're Strange". The piano accompaniment changes to a G chord followed by a B7 chord.

Guitar

When You're Strange

rubato

(actual pitch) let ring, bend sharp slightly with wah bar

This section shows a guitar solo. It starts with a melodic line over a power chord progression. The word "rubato" indicates a performance technique where the rhythm is altered. A note at the bottom specifies "(actual pitch) let ring, bend sharp slightly with wah bar".

ZDF UHR
6.2.90
DER KÖNIG
DER EIDECHSEN



von Andreas Piontkowitz in Zusammenarbeit mit Klaus Flemmer
'72 min., 16 mm., s/w **(PRESSETEXT)**

Am 3. Juli 1971 stirbt unter mysteriösen Umständen in der Pariser Rue Beauteillis Nr. 17 der Sänger und Songschreiber der Rockband "The Doors"- Jim Morrison.

In seinem kurzen, von Alkohol und Drogenexzessen gekennzeichneten Leben, verwandelte der "Lizard King"- wie Morrison sich nannte- die Gefühle und Wünsche der Jugend rund um das Protest- und Aufbruchsjahr 1968 in gesungene Slogans:

"Break on through to the other side" oder

"We want the world and we want it now!"

Zwanzig Jahre später zieren diese Sinsprüche - zum Leidwesen der Friedhofsverwaltung - das Grab Morrisons auf dem Pariser Prominentenfriedhof Pere Lachaise, wo sich alljährlich zum Todestag des Idols eine eingeschworene Gemeinde aus alten und nachgewachsenen Fans zum fröhlichen Gedenken trifft.

Marko und Uwe fahren nicht zum feiern ans Grab.

Uwe hat aus seinem "Doors Quarterly"- Fanclub-Heft erfahren, daß frevelerische Fans, vielleicht sogar die verärgerte Friedhofsverwaltung, die steinerne Büste von Morrisons Grab entwendet haben.

Er überredet seinen Freund Marko, der sonst mit den "Clubbrüdern" nichts zu tun haben will, eine neue Büste zu modellieren um sie am Todestag aufs Grab zu stellen.

Das Kunstwerk auf dem Rücken verlassen sie ihre ländliche Heimat und trampen nach Paris.

Die Durchführung ihres Plans gestaltet sich jedoch schwieriger als erwartet.

Als sie auf dem Friedhof ankommen, müssen sie wegen der anwesenden Polizei ihr Vorhaben erst einmal aufschieben. Eine Clique vermeintlicher Morrison-Fans aus Paris schlägt vor, im Schutze der Nacht einen zweiten Versuch zu starten.

JAMES DORGLAS MORRISON of The Doors reportedly expired in a bathtub in Paris' 4th arrondissement on July 3, 1971. Eighteen years later to the day, a Franco-German film crew was on hand just outside the gates of Père-Lachaise cemetery where Jim's mortal remains may or may not be buried. (A guard assured me, five years ago, that Morrison's fa-

mily had stopped by to collect the body.) The film-in-progress (no French title, as yet) tells of two German Doors fans on their journey to Paris to replace the bust of Morrison that graced the singer's otherwise unmarked grave from mid-1981 until its theft on May 9, 1988. *Globe* magazine published a photo of the two young bandits who hauled

away the original bust of "Morrison" (sic) because disrespectful visitors had been chipping away at the nose and lips and it was beginning to look as pitted as the Sphinx. Special note to Jim: If you're reading this, the German film should be finished before the biopic Hollywood has in the works about you.

Paris Passion 9/89

WANTED

X et X ont déterré Jim Morrisson

Jim Morrisson, le dieu Morrisson a été enlevé de son piédestal. Deux de ses adorateurs les plus fervents n'ont pas hésité à devenir délinquants par amour. Ils ont volé le buste qui trônait sur la tombe du chanteur des Doors au Père-Lachaise dans la nuit du 9 au 10 mai 1988. Ils sont partis avec 128 kg de pierre sur leur moto tout simplement parce qu'ils ne supportaient pas le culte niais que l'on vouait à leur Idole. L'idée que le beau Jim soit devenu une Joconde de pacotille à la merci des marchands de cartes postales leur était insupportable. Pire encore, le buste à son effigie était devenu un monument devant lequel on se fait photographier, sur lequel on écrit son nom et même qu'on emporte en souvenir par petits bouts (le nez et la bouche ont disparu). Bref autant de choses profanatoires en contradiction totale avec la pensée de leur maître qu'ils qualifient de nouveau Rimbaud. Le buste est maintenant à l'abri de tous ces actes sacrilèges dans leur appartement. Jim Morrisson est vraiment le mythe du moment, on ne parle plus que de lui, Christian Bourgois en profite pour rééditer *An American Prayer*, sa maison de disques pour ressortir un CD des best of the Doors et Ivan Passer pour préparer un film sur la vie de l'idole. Jusqu'à Nathan qui l'utilise pour sa pub. Texte : Olivier Besson. Photo : Antoine Le Grand.



At night, 9/10 May 1988 these two bandits stole Jim Morrison's bust from his grave at the Pére Lachaise. The 128 kilo stone was taken away with a motor-bike and rests now at one of the guys' apartement. People are strange... does anyone know the guys?

INTERVIEW

PATRICIA KENNEALY MORRISON Interviewed
By Ko Lankester (part 2)

Q: You are writing a series of novels that combine ancient Celtic myths and science fiction. The first one, "The Copper Crown", bears the following dedication:

To James Douglas Morrison.

Without whom.

Bydd i ti ddychwelyd

I can smell it is Welsh, but what does it mean?

A: The dedication to Jim---which I had promised him; in fact, he was the first one to hear about THE KELTIAD---is in Old Welsh, and is the inscription on some hero or other's ring in the Mabinogion adaptions of Kenneth Morris (Cenydd Morus). It translates as "There shall be a returning for thee", and I use it as part of the (invented by me) Keltic funeral rites. Aeron says it to Haruko in "Copper Crown", and to the Coranian captain in "Throne of Scone".

Q: I think there is a lot of autobiography in "The Copper Crown". The leading character, Aeron Aiobhell, is the queen of Keltia, also known as the She-wolf. She can even cast the image of a wolf upon herself. You told me Kennealy in Irish ("Cinnfhaolidh", which incidentally I would place among "some of the more difficult names") originally meant "Wolf's Head". The male protagonist, Gwydion, loves Aeron, but war prevents their marriage so instead they "have been set handfast each to the other" (p 182). What do these autobiographical elements mean to you and why did you incorporate them into your novel?

A: You are quite right, there IS a good deal of autobiography in my books, and you are the first person to mention it.

Autobiographical elements are unavoidable for any author, if he or she is an honest author, but I think even so some of the elements you mention are almost by-the-way in my books, and only to a lesser extent intentional. I needed some drama and great personal tragedy to temper my protagonist, Aeron, the future High Queen, and love





and death will do it every time. I should have written such love and loss for Aeron, though, whether or not I myself had gone through similar trials; it's dramatic and it serves to advance plot and characterization.

Since I had suffered such loss, of course I used it, as is the writer's nasty habit; and also it served as a kind of catharsis for me, to write it out at last and in a sense to pass it on to my character alter ego.

There is a great deal of Jim in the character known as Gwydion and some of him in the character Rhodri; even more if you are looking to find it. Maybe even more than I knew when I was writing the books; very often when in the throes of writing, an author will "write past" himself or herself, putting more into something than is apparent when the work is being done. But even though I gave her my name, and a fair amount of my personal traits (I'm afraid of tidal waves too) I never really thought of myself as Aeron. The characters I identified with most strongly were always the outsiders: Haruko and O'Reilly in "The Copper Crown", Elathan in "The Throne of Sccone", Aeron's friend Sabia in "The Silver Branch", and in the new book, "The Hawk's Gray Feather", the narrator, Taliesin.

Q: The "Copper Crown" has 27 chapters, almost a magic number for any Doors fan. Would you say that is just a very remarkable coincidence?

A: The twenty-seven chapters of "Crown" are no coincidence at all. 27 is an extremely significant number, but the significance to Jim was secondary to the magical implications and to the fact that in astrology 27 is the Saturn transit, which Jim and Janis and Jimi and so many others did not survive. The Saturn transit either kills you or changes you: It killed Jim, and it killed Pamela, and I thought it would kill me too but it changed me instead.

The rest of the overtly autobiographical stuff---using the meaning of my family name, Kennealy (in Irish Cinnfhaolidh, or in Old Irish Cennfaelad, meaning "Wolf's Head") and

other things of that sort---is just me having a good time.

But I will say again, that if anyone is looking seriously for revelations about Jim, or about Jim and me, I won't say they are not there to be found.

Actually, I have written two books before the Keltiad books: One was a sort of witchcraft-mystery-thriller about a modern-day Pendragon who is also an English earl, his television-reporter girlfriend and the attempt of a black coven to steal the Four Sacred Objects of Britain of which he is hereditary custodian; and the first book I ever wrote was half book and half therapy, begun about three months after Jim's death.

It was called "The Voice that Launched a Million Trips," at it was a rock and roll roman a clef about the late 60's/early 70's, and Jim and me and the Doors and the scene at that time. The Morrison character was called Toy Tyler, and the Patricia character was called (yes!) O'Rahilly (another spelling for O'Reilly...strange how one gets attached to names). It will never be published, though it was submitted to several editors many years ago who were very interested (they wanted me to add too much sleazy stuff), and I have the only surviving copy. It was not entirely true-to-life (I added a mystery murder element), but very nearly, and almost ALL the dialogue was word-for-word.

Q: The main body of your first and second Keltiad book is a description of the continuous war between good (Aeron and her Kelts) and evil (Jaun Akhera and Coranians). Towards the end of the second book when Aeron and Jaun Akhera finally meet and almost destroy each other, Aeron reaches the astonishing but very wise conclusion that "Jaun Akhera was her Shadow made reality and given form by her own fears, and she of course was his".

What does that statement mean to you? I think it relates directly to what Jim was trying to say all his life.

A: Though I agree with your statement that "Aeron and her Kelts" are "good" and "Jaun Akhera and the Coranians"

are "evil", it's all merely a matter of perspective. Had I been so inclined, I could have written the book from the Coranian point of view, and the Kelts would have been the bad guys. The point I was trying to make is that it---the whole problem of good and evil---is not that they are the same, but that they cannot exist independently of each other. They are indivisible, the front and back of the same hand, which is God's hand (or Goddess's hand). Aeron says in The Copper Crown that without Darkness in it, our Light becomes diffuse and forceless, and without Light in it, our Darkness becomes sheer malevolence. Each needs the other to give it form and strength.

Believe it: The Shadow is very, very real. We need it, need it very much and always, and it is when we assume we can do without it that the greatest and most mistakes are made; and I speak from experience here, so listen up.

As a very perspective disciple of Jung, Edward C. Withmont, put it in his book The Symbolic Quest: "The Shadow cannot be eliminated. It is the ever-present dark brother or sister. Whenever we fail to see where it stands, there is likely to be trouble afoot. For then it is certain to be standing behind us. The adequate question therefore never is: 'Have I a Shadow problem? Have I a negative side?' But rather: 'Where does it happen to be right now?' When we cannot see it, it is time to beware! ... It becomes pathological only when we assume that we do not have it; because then it has us."

But it takes a great deal of courage to turn around and look our Shadow in the face: It's our own face we are looking at, and the shock of seeing it may very well kill us. It will certainly change us... Jim may have looked at his own Shadow a little too long and too hard; had he looked at his own Light as long and as hard he might still be in this world. But had he done so, we would have had very different art from him. Not better; not worse; just different.

Aeron does not win her battle until

she comes to this truth for herself; Jaun Akhera loses because he comes to it too late, or not strong enough. It is not for me to tell you or anyone of my own battles with the Shadow, or Jim's, or whether we won or lost or saw or did not see. His fight is his own concern, as is anyone's---and it goes on, as does everyone's.

Q: How much Morrison will you put into the protagonist of your next book, Arthur?

A: It's not a question of "how much Morrison" or indeed "how much Kennealy" I choose to put into characters in my books; it's a question of how much I FIND there. The characters are themselves; I create them only insofar as they are willing to be created. They are Jim, or me, or whoever, certainly; but only by equation. Thus: I find certain qualities admirable in a person---or in a man---therefore I tend to write characters---or to choose men---who fit that mold.

There is much of Jim in Gwydion, but Gwydion is not Jim; much of me in Aeron, more in O'Reilly, but neither of them is me. The characters express individuals---real or idealized persons---but they are not the persons themselves. Part of it is certainly wish fulfillment---the character becoming the person the character's creator would like to be, or wishes she had been, or had known, or might know in future. That's just a writer abusing her power; or to put it more charitably, one's creative imagination at work. But what each writer chooses to write about, or whom, is in the end no choice at all: Like the Shadow---it chooses you.

As for my new book, The Hawk's Gray Feather (which will be out in spring of 1990) and the one I'm working on now, its sequel The Oak above the Kings, Jim is in them, certainly; and so am I, and so is Pamela, and so are you, and so are many people I have known and will never know, or have "only imagined." So what? The question is not "Who is this character, really?" but "What is this character, really?" And the story itself, not the author, decides that for itself.

Q: In 1979 you legally changed your name from Kennely to Kennealy Morrison. What did that mean to you?

A: I changed my name for a number of reasons. I had used Morrison since June 24, 1970 on a private basis, and would have had it legally changed back then, but I still worked in the music business and there would have been too many curious questions from people it did not concern.

But when I left CBS in 1979 (I had gone to work for RCA Records as an advertising copywriter after leaving JAZZ & POP, and for CBS Records as copywriter and director after that), I decided that was the time to do it. It was more a matter of associating him with me, than associating me with him... I do not use his name professionally because I do not care to trade on the relationship---I have not received a penny from the association, nor would I wish to; the interviews for "No One Here" and "Rock Wives" were strictly unpaid, and I only consented to do them to set the record straight.

Q: Why do you write as "Patricia Kennealy" while the copyrights are "Patricia Kennealy Morrison"?

A: I used it on the copyrights because I feel like it, though that may change in future. My name change is legal, where Pamela's was not.

As for relative luster of pedigree: Well, the Morrisons are a minor Scottish clan, said to have been founded by the bastard son of a king of Norway, while the Kennealys were Irish chieftains of royal Milesian lineage and tribal shamans (reflected in the family arms of a white stag on a red field), and a few of the name were kings of Ireland---so it's not as if I were social-climbing!

Q: Why did you add an "a" to Kennely?

A: I added an "a" to the spelling because I was sick and tired of people pronouncing it KENNEL-ee rather than Ken-EEL-ee. Since the original spelling, when my family came to America, was actually O'Kinealy, I thought it would be nice to go back a

little. But all the way back to Cinnfhaolidh, or Cennfaelad, was a little TOO far...

Q: Allowing for the difference between poets and novelists I think there is a striking similarity between your way of writing and Jim's, in that you both digest an enormous amount of knowledge about a certain subject before you write about it. You read up on Celtic lore and history before you started your novels, and Jim, omniphorous bookworm, read a lot about the occult and old religions before his poetic statements about the darker side of life took form. Do you think knowledge often was a burden for Jim when he wrote or did it stimulate him?

Do you think he mentally analyzed the myths he used in his poems or would you say his intuition and unconsciousness did the job?

A: Knowledge is only a burden for those who cannot make anything out of it. I have a friend who is probably ten times better read than even Jim, yet he is not a thousandth part the artist Jim is; he knows, but he cannot marshal what he knows, the bare facts, into something new and creative and reflective; he cannot synthesize, and Jim was a master synthesizer. Or weaver, if you will; to take diverse strands of knowledge and join them in a seamless fabric of imagination.

I don't think Jim ever actually sat down in his big purple chair and said, "Hey, snakes are symbols of regeneration, and houses are symbols of hell and confinement---I think today I'll make a song that will use them in such a way as to depict man's relationship to the universe." That's not the way the creative imagination works. You may quite consciously store away such elements---myth and symbology and such---but when they come out of you again in a song or a poem or a story, THEY come out of YOU. You don't decide; the song or poem or story does... You don't even get to deliberately pick and choose how they shall come, or if, or which ones. They decide all that for themselves. Snakes and houses and cars and all such things ARE those things, not symbols

only; no decision of Jim's, or any other creative artist, is going to change it. They came out that way in Jim's work because of THEIR strength, not his. That they came out so beautifully in his artistry, and his gift.

Q: I sent you my article about pagan images and symbols in Jim's poetry and lyrics. What is your reaction to that article?

A: What can I say! I think the article is extraordinary. More to the point, I think it is an exhaustively and meticulously detailed exegesis of motifs the like of which we just don't see anymore in rock.

As to the work itself, I confess to a lasting critical ambivalence. Which translates as: I love the songs, but I'm not so sure about the poems (even the ones he wrote for me). (Being a critic has clearly got to you when you start applying literary criteria to the love poetry somebody's written for you...)

But I think criticism---or perhaps it might better be described as a kind of producer's ear, somebody sitting in the booth hearing the poetic playback and trying to fix it in the mix---was one of the things he sought from me. He knew I would be fair, if hard on him; he knew I wasn't cowed by him and was every bit as literate as he was; and that there would be integrity in it---no personality crucifixions. If I gave him one in the metaphorical chops, it would be on strictly literary terms, for strictly literary failings. That was a great and lovely compliment he paid me, that he thought so; and a great trust. And not so easy for me, either: To cast a cold editorial eye on the work of someone you love, and then to TELL them where they've gone off the rails---when all about are falling over themselves to flatter---on the one hand, you risk hurt feelings; on the other, you risk worse if you're not completely and scrupulously honest.

I can speak for myself with my own work, and how I want people to look at it: I WANT them to tell me where it's weak or scant or wrong. How else can I

fix it? Besides, any honest craftsman already knows where the shaky spots are; you just need to hear someone else confirm it.

Jim's poetry was a little too self-indulgent in many places, too sloppy and self-referential for its ---or his---own good. He was such a master of word tension and freight ---how much he could pack into one word or phrase or symbol!---in his songwriting that I always felt disappointed that the poems didn't measure up. Not that they would have always failed to measure up; he was only just beginning to find his footing outside his songs. I doubt poems would have been the end of it; he once told me he would have loved to be able to write novels, and I think that that might have been a perfect form for him. Imagine all the masks and persona he could have inhabited in the space of one book---

And I have very little patience with so-called "literary" types who sneer and jeer, at him for writing and at us his admirers for admiring; I have nothing to say to them except that they are more than welcome to the kind of stuff they apparently prefer, of which I hold the same opinion, in spades, as they have of Jim's work and my--or your--love of it.

I remember after I had published in JAZZ & POP my review of The Lords and The New Creatures, he sent me a telegram that consisted in its entirety of the following words: "Thanks for the pat on the back." We talked about it later, when he was in Philadelphia for a concert at the Spectrum and then in New York after that. He wasn't angry at all, as I had half-expected him to be; in fact, in an oddly endearing way, he was almost grateful---and very surprised that someone had actually criticized his work and not him.

Anyway, I put it to him that W.S. Gilbert (of Gilbert & Sullivan fame) never read his good reviews, only the bad notices, and the worse they were the better he liked them. When someone asked him why, Gilbert replied that he knew very well how good he was; what he didn't know was how bad he was.

Jim, I think, took the point.

Q: Do you think, "Wilderness" could stand alone as a work of art, or do you think the book is only interesting to Doors fans who could buy anything connected with their Hero?

A: Although I find it amusing that Jim and I should both have new book out just now, I have not read "Wilderness," and have no intention of reading it; not now, not ever, not with a gun to my head.

Q: In "No one here gets out alive" there is a picture you took of Jim's grave. I know the ring of shells around the grave was there before you came, because you told Victoria Balfour so, but I wonder if you put the flowers and the vase there, and if you did, what is the meaning of the coat of arms on the vase?

A: No, the vase of roses was there the day I arrived, straight from Orly off the plane from JFK; I just changed clothes at the hotel--- black pants and top into long black dress and vail---and took a cab immediately to Père-Lachaise. I have no idea of who might have put it there---Pamela, or Agnes Varda, or Jaques Demy; nor have I been able to identify the coat of arms---it might be a made-up commercial design, or perhaps it's a French device I'm not familiar with. I didn't have anything at the time with my own family's coat of arms on it, or even anything with the Morrison clan crest; so the vase stayed.

When the roses died, I put more there; I was in Paris for a week and spent all day, every day, beside the grave, and spent a fortune on flowers ... I only remember seeing a few other people in all that time: a gendarme who heard me weeping and was so kind; a French couple who came up behind me one afternoon and spoke as if I weren't kneeling there at all---they obviously didn't know Jim, and said nothing of note, probably didn't think I might speak French; or maybe they think I might, and that was why they said nothing of note; and two young men, who very politely sat in the little cobblestoned lane and waited

for me to leave rather than trouble my virgil. Like everyone else, I too left a few things there: a few slips of paper with lines from his poetry written on them, and buried down deep in the loose earth, a letter to him; and some other things as well.

I do not plan ever to go back there.

Q: I think "No one here gets out alive" gave a fair if incomplete description of some of your dealings with Jim Morrison. So I was taken by surprise when, discussing theories about the way Jim died, the authors ventured that "another had a spurned mistress killing him long-distance from New York by Witchcraft". Did that hurt you or did you just think it was a sick joke? Why the sting after your willingness to co-operate with the book? Do you think Danny Sugarman wrote that? Do you think crazy notions like these are the main reason Doors fans haven't bothered you so far, because witchcraft scares the hell out of them?

A: Yes, I was rather taken by surprise myself to read that, and I was very deeply hurt by it, since it was NOT in the pages that had been given to me for my approval and I thought its omission and ultimate inclusion a cruel and nasty piece of work. Since I had been so very open with Jerry---and he had thanked me many times in letters and phone calls for my candor and generosity with details and color---I felt that my trust had been repaid with a slap in the face.

I have no idea which of them---Danny or Jerry---was responsible for writing it and publishing it, though naturally I would like to think it wasn't Jerry, with whom I had become friends (to the point of conducting several Absent Healing circles for his deaf son, Nicholas; whose hearing, according to Jerry, improved by many decibels after the workings---causing Jerry, a healthy though open-minded skeptic, to declare as to how there might actually BE something to this magic stuff after all).

But more even than hurt, I felt betrayed (and to a Celt there is no worse sin). So, instead of turning

them all into toads, I'll just set the record straight:

First, I was NEVER Jim's "mistress." Mistress connotes one who is entirely supported by a man in exchange for sexual favors, a "kept woman." I supported myself completely, as I did before and have ever since; I was his handfasted lady; and I'd say the sexual favors were pretty equally bestowed. The only thing he ever paid for was our abortion.

Secondly, I would NEVER have done such a thing to the man I loved---or to anyone, for that matter---and I bitterly resent the image that that mean, sniping, off-hand little remark presents to Doors fans: of me as a woman who could, or would, or might, do such a thing. The accusation was utterly unjust, and absolutely untrue, and I will never forget it---and I will never forgive whoever was responsible for printing it.

And thirdly, I was "spurned" only in Danny's---or Jerry's---imagination. In actual truth, even before he left LA for Paris, and in letters from Paris, Jim had spoken to me of returning to New York in the fall for a "season"---to be with me. I knew he would not, because I knew I'd never see him alive again; but I believe HE believed he meant it.

I think, now, that the remark, whoever may have originated it, was simply meant to shore up the vested interest certain individuals have in the Gospel of St. James of La Cienega, according to the Apostles Ray, Robbie, John, Siddons and Sugarman: the standard accepted myth, "The Ballad of Jim and Pam", the fantasy of Jim and Pamela as perfect lovers. Whatever they were, they weren't that; whatever he and I were, we weren't that either; but whatever any of it may have been; it was hardly necessary, and unnecessarily vicious, to paint me as some kind of lunatic with pretensions to magic and journalism. "Dramatic" I'll cop to---daggers in desks spring to mind---but how else does one get Jim's undivided attention?

Anyway, at this late date it no longer matters what people think of the girl I was, or of the woman I am,

and I am not sorry for any of it. It's become a minor fashion these days for folk to recant their deeds of excess in the 60's and early 70's---I think they're a pack of cowards, the craven little toads. One is certainly not PROUD of everything one did; but it was done, and done for reasons that were good in themselves and of their time; and, under the same circumstances, I for one would do now exactly as I did then---and, I daresay, so would Jim.

As to whether Doors fans are terrified of magic---I can't say. Certainly they SHOULD be afraid of it...as they should be afraid of Christianity, or the Tao, or Islam, or any other great spiritual power. All such things are rightly to be feared, and must be treated with respect.

If you mean to suggest that seriously disturbed young people have left me in peace only for fear that I might turn them into frogs...well, all I have to say to that is "Would that I could!"

Anyway, they HAVEN'T left me in peace, at least not completely...Let's see: There were those two guys who succeeded in tracking me down at home (they SAID Ray had given them my address and phone number---an out-of-date one, thank heaven---but I can hardly believe this even of Ray; and since he and I barely knew each other---we'd met once---there's no reason he'd have had such informations to begin with).

It's such a bizarre little tale I think it's worth telling in full: Just so I "wouldn't think we were crazy", (they said), they stood across the street from my former apartment building (I've moved since) staring up at what they thought were my windows, then after an hour or so managed to get into the building to leave a note. After more letters and phone calls, I realized I wasn't going to get any peace until I talked to them, so I did---in the presence of a male friend, in case they tried to kidnap me or something; and, since all this was only a couple of months after John Lennon's assassination, I was armed.

I was then informed by them that Jim had told them to get in touch with me;

that he had told them, also, that he would return in 1983 (!), in the physical body (!!)-actually, as a tulpa (a Tibetan occult thought-form that takes on human substance from his creator (!!!)). They couldn't believe that I didn't know all about this (!!!!), and were convinced that I was just pretending ignorance of it to test them. "But Jim must have told YOU!" they insisted, until they were asked, gently, to go away.

Then there was the mysterious sheet of parchment I found one New Year's Day morning, with the coat of arms of the Plantagenet kings (three lions arranged in a vertical row) beautifully painted on it in gold leaf, nailed to my doorframe with a steak-knife. (No, I haven't a clue either...)

And the person or persons unknown who kept stealing my mailbox nameplate, and the one who left the white peonies...

No, if fear of my alleged sorcerous powers, or possible reprisal, keeps this sort of thing to a minimum, that's fine with me. I am a very quiet person who wishes only to live a tranquil life; I have books to write, I really don't want to be bothered, and I don't care if that sounds cranky and belligerent.

All the same, I am entirely at the service of anyone with a genuine (non-fannish) interest and civilized demeanor; the letters I have received from my own readers give me a tiny bit of the feeling Jim must have had for his fans---never did I see him treat a fan with anything but grace and good humor (well, except for that time he stuck pins in his eyes...). And I am thrilled to know that people who weren't even born when he died are listening to his music and finding in it something for themselves.

I just want him to be admired for the wrong reasons, by the people. And the wrong reasons are of course all the flashy and bizarre stuff, the drugs and the booze, and the Lizard King silliness; and the wrong people are of course impressionable young people who take all this out of context. Sure, Jim took drugs; sure, he drank to the

point of incipient alcoholism. All the same, he was a sane and a serious person, an EDUCATED person; there was wit and intelligence and reason behind his work, if not perhaps always behind his personal life. No matter what else he did, he did his audience the honor of addressing them, through his songs and poems, as equals in mind and purpose; so do him the same honor ---don't just admire him for his excesses, but for the disciplined mind and craft that created his art. (Which translates as: Get some weight into your lives, boys and girls---get out of the malls and into the library ---get something behind your eyes worth looking into---Jim wouldn't want stupid and shallow fans, and I don't want illiterate twits thinking they know what Jim was all about.)

Q: What do you think of the possibility that there may soon be a movie about Jim's life and death?

A: Not much. In fact, my initial reaction on hearing about it was the same as Judy Belushi's on hearing that a movie was to be made about John: "I hope I'm dead by the time it comes out, so I won't have to see it."

Failing that, I'll probably flee the country---or the planet...

Actually, the screenwriter of the Morrison movie that looks most like becoming reality (tentatively titled "Wasting the Dawn", for Ron Howard's Imagine Films) did talk to me at length last year, and couldn't believe that no previous screenwriter had bothered to speak to me. He made it so easy for me---he was very perceptive and very kind and very courteous, and asked GREAT questions---but screenplays have often little to do with perception and courtesy and such things, and finished films still less, so we'll see. It won't kill me.

Q: Will you ever write a book about you and Jim?

A: I take it you mean a factual book, not the novel I did write...No, I don't think so, but then again one never knows.

For twenty years I have always vowed I never would, that I'd sooner be dead

in a ditch than write such a book; and sooner be so ten thousand times over than profit by such a book... But when I see the way Jim is portrayed by certain individuals who shall remain nameless, to advance their own specific personal agendas (and cheerfully declaring that I certainly have agendas of my own), I sometimes think I should consider.

I haven't yet seen a book that shows Jim as the person who was capable of composing those magnificent songs, dark, powerful, literate works that outlasted the bubble context of their time; who could command a stage as no one else before or since; who could generate a physic violence in performance that would freeze you in your seat. I haven't yet seen Jim portrayed as the courtly Southern gentleman, or the genuinely, endearingly shy Romantic, or the thoughtful, perceptive, well-spoken UCLA graduate who knew, and used, far more effective words than the four-letter variety (which, just possibly interestingly, he never used in his conversations with me).

I did the Hopkins and Balfour interviews in hopes of sharing the Jim I knew with those who only knew the image; if I did not manage to convey to either of them what Jim was like, it is my failure, and the resultant pain is my own fault. Though I certainly saw my share of Jim's dark side, I never for the smallest instant believed that that was all there was to him. I would not have suffered such a person for five minutes. The Jim I knew and loved, and still love, and who loved me (oh yes), was a man of tenderness and brilliance, creativity and charm, humor and drama, passion and compassion.

This Jim has no one to speak for him, no one else who seems to even have met him, save for me. Whoever this 'Jim' is that others are making their thirty pieces of silver off of, it is not my Jim, and if they think or believe it's their Jim, how very sad and sorry that makes me. Just possibly, a time may come when my charge to protect and defend him can only be accomplished by speaking out more clearly and strongly than I have done even here; when that

charge must outweigh my wish to protect us---my memory of us---by continuing to cherish that memory in privacy and silence. We'll just have to see about that too.

Q: Any closing comments?

A: I would rather have been handfast with him for one year than married to any other man for fifty.

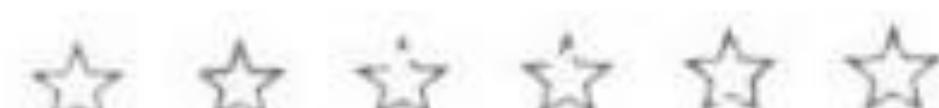
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REWARDS

Till 1987 The Doors sold 12 million albums, and most of those sales occurred long after the band stopped performing. The RIAA statistics say the following rewards:



GOLD ALBUMS

Absolutely Live
Alive She Cried
Morrison Hotel
Strange Days

PLATINUM ALBUMS

The Best Of The Doors
The Doors 13
The Soft Parade
Waiting For The Sun

DOUBLE PLATINUM

Greatest Hits
LA Woman
The Doors (1st album)

FROM YOU TO ME LETTERS Letters Letters

Dear Rainer, I'm trying to answer your question in DQ 21 (if Jim is dead or alive): I think Jim is, unfortunately, dead. Agnes Varda demonstrates the facts and the ideas almost like they are, I think. Of course Jim's death will always be a mystery, but the myth "Jim lives" we surely must not believe. How can it be possible? Did he go to Africa and stay there, like Rimbaud did in the last century... ridiculous! These ideas are commerce, money, exploration and, I believe, some guys surely earn a fortune with that farce. Jim, as he said to Patricia Kennealy, wanted to rest, find some peace with himself. His life was too intensive and excessive which led him first to the palace of wisdom but then, as a normal course, led him to the palace of death. A Portuguese poet (Fernando Pessoa) said that "people die young who the Gods love". And even nowadays Jim can't rest in peace, I think. It's time to close these doors (Jim is alive) and open other ones (Jim's poetry and music), surely the way that leads us to the "doors of perception".

Jorge Manuel Costa Lopes, Portugal

My comment to the interviews about Jim in DQ 21: Jim isn't dead, he is eternal. He is in everyone who loves him, 'cos real love opens the doors of perception. Believe in him and you'll see him - again. I do my very best.

Daniela Fuhrmann, Linz

Es ist eigentlich sehr schwer vorzustellen, daß irgendjemand überhaupt Jim Morrison darstellen könnte, da dieser so einmalig war. Vielleicht würde er sich im Grabe umdrehen, wenn er es wüßte, denn schon zu Lebzeiten war er dagegen gewesen, daß man ihn auf der Leinwand als Jim Morrison-Rockstar bringen sollte! Ich frage mich in diesem Sinne, wie weit der Respekt für Morrison seitens seiner Freunde geht? Es ist doch alles nur Geschäftsmacherei. Ich stelle auch unseren Respekt für den toten Poeten in Frage, denn sicherlich ist dieser Film ein Leckerbissen für jeden Doors/Morrison Fan, aber man kann ja auch übertreiben und geschmacklos werden im Elfer, ein wenig Geld zu machen. Mich würde interessieren, was die anderen Fans darüber denken.

Trevor Millin, Dortmund

Das Interview mit Agnes Varda war sehr spannend. Sie erzählt glaubwürdig von Jims Beerdigung. Allerdings kann der Tod und die Beerdigung ja auch zur guten Inszenierung des Stücks gehören, das Jim sich ausgedacht hat. Das war scheinbar mal sein eigener Vorschlag gewesen, wie es in "No One Here Gets Out Alive" steht, um die Gruppe interessanter zu machen und um dadurch eine Absatzsteigerung herbeizuführen. Auch denke ich jedesmal, wenn ich in Paris am Grab stehe, daß Jim im dunklen Kapuzenmantel auf dem Pére Lachaise zwischen den alten Grabmalen herumschleicht, um ab und zu einen Blick auf das Grab und das Treiben dort zu werfen. Doof, ne? Aber wenn ich mir andererseits die letzten Fotos ansehe und seinen Lebensstil berücksichtige, komme ich nicht umhin zu denken, daß er tot ist. Er war bestimmt ein "Liebling der Götter". In gewisser Weise war er todessüchtig und hat zum Schluß die Grenzen überschritten. In "Wishful Sinful" singt er: "... wishful crystal water covers everything in blue cooling water..." und "... I know where I would like to be -- right back where I came!". Wenn ich daran denke, daß er in der Badewanne gestorben ist und im Tod den Zustand wie vor der Geburt erreicht hat, ist er jetzt da, wo er herkam und hat praktisch seinen Tod vorher besungen -- brrr ich krieg he Gänsehaut. Nur paßt in diese Theorie nicht ganz, daß das Lied von Robby Krieger ist...

Anja Koch, Essen

Of course Jim is alive! But why is "being alive" always the same as being physically around? Jim lives as never before, in the myth, in contexts and in the people who got their inspiration through him. But I think that Jim always had the right to start a new life from one day to the other, to live peaceful without screaming fans, without a society that doesn't accept him as a poet. Spiritual Jim did never die, and physically I believe that he is still existing on this planet. I don't agree with Agnes Varda who says that the strength of a poet is not that he must break through reality. I think that we need this from a poet, we don't want to see reality, but want to survive by phantasy. All great ideas came through

phantasy. In my thoughts of life Jim exists perfectly through his images. And so he broke with reality and put himself into a phantasy world, that's why it is very possible that he can be physically alive.

J. Wouters, Belgium

Doors pen-pals wanted! Write to Jose' Carlos Fernandes, Rua Pedro Nunes 10, 2. Esq. 2800 Almada, Portugal

Zu der Frage ob Morrison tot ist? Sicher ist er es. Niemand kann sich über einen so langen Zeitraum unerkannt der Öffentlichkeit entziehen. Auch -und vielleicht gerade- Morrison nicht. Selbst in Afrika kann man nicht 18 Jahre unerkannt verbringen. Man braucht Geld zum Leben, Kontenbewegungen zugunsten Morrisons wäre sicher entdeckt worden. Sein eigenes Vermögen konnte er nicht antasten. Der Mythos, daß Jim möglicherweise noch lebt ist von einigen Leuten aus rein kommerziellen Gründen bewußt und wider besseren Wissens über Jahre hinweg aufrecht erhalten worden. Mit Sugarman's "No one here ..." wurde dieser Mythos vollends unter die breite Öffentlichkeit gestreut. Es gibt Statements von den anderen drei Doors aus den frühen siebziger Jahren, nach denen Jim in Paris gestorben ist. Die beiden im DQ21 abgedruckten Interviews sind eindeutige Hinweise dafür, daß Jim tatsächlich tot ist. Daneben ist Pamela eine wichtige Zeugin, auch wenn von ihr praktisch keine Statements bekannt sind. Paul Rothschild schrieb (vermutlich in: Musician August 1981) "Rest assured; Jim is well dead. If for no other reason, I know it because when Pamela came back from France, she visited my house regularly ... and endlessly wept the bitterest tears I've ever seen over the death of her lover. That's something she couldn't possibly have faked". Dem, so denke ich, ist nicht hinzuzufügen.

Christian Stede, Aichtal

ROBBY KRIEGER INTERVIEW ☆

BY RAINER MODDEMANN

Los Angeles, June 1988

- Robby I used to play harmonica with a holder like Bob Dylan (laughs), before The
Doors I used to play at coffee-houses and I played Bob Dylan-songs.
- Rainer There's this nice song you played with Jim at a Norman Mailer-benefit
called "Far Arden Blues" or something -- was this the only song you played
there or did you do more stuff?
- Robby Yeah, there was some other stuff, but it was
kinda pretty ragged, you know.
- Rainer What's "Far Arden" in your opinion? People say
Jim means the Garden Of Eden with it...
- Robby Far Arden is a place in England called Arden,
which was mentioned by English poets.
- Rainer I love the guitar on that track but unfortunately it was overdubbed with a poem. Wish
I could hear that without the poem.
(laughs)
- Rainer When did you start recording "Full Circle"?
After the 1972 tour?
- Robby Yes, that's right.
- Rainer Were you aware that this would be the last
Doors album?
- Robby No, that's funny, we just called it like that.
When we went to Europe to try to get a
singer --- so we were still playing as The
Doors after "Full Circle".
- Rainer You were auditioning a few singers: Jess
Roden, Howard Werth --- who else? Iggy Pop?
- Robby No, we actually never did...
- Rainer He always wanted that, is that true?



- Robby Yeah, we just never got together enough for some reason. We never actually rehearsed with Howard Werth actually, just talked to him one day.
- Rainer Oh, here comes my son Waylon. You know he's named after a German wine, Whelener Sonnenberg, it's a Mosel wine, and it's one of the best from the Saar river, I guess, a real sweet wine. I used to be really into German wine.
- Rainer Jim was the same I think. I read he ordered 100 bottles of a German wine named Goldener Oktober.
- Robby That's funny, I didn't know that.
- Rainer Ray Manzarek always made his joke when he announced "The Mosquito" on the 1972 tour about Robby and his highschool Spanish. Did you write that song?
- Robby Yeah, I got the idea from a Mexican band doing traditional songs, and I wrote an equivalent.
- Rainer Someone said that it was a traditional song...
- Robby Yeah, pretty much. Do you know that this one was one of our biggest songs aside from the stuff with Jim?
- Rainer Many people covered it...
- Robby Yeah, a lot. I also heard a German version of it, pretty weird.
- Rainer "The Peking King And The New York Queen" was one of Ray's songs I guess. There's this East/West dialogue in it. The West part is Ray, who's doing the East part? You?
- Robby I think Ray did both.
- Rainer John told me yesterday that a Verdilac was a vampire. Do you agree?
- Robby Yeah, you didn't know that? I guess it's an Austrian expression for a vampire, from an old movie.
- Rainer About the "An American Prayer" album -- wasn't it a kind of weird job to do the album with the voice of Jim from a tape?
- Robby Yeah, but it was fun, too. And it was hard. We had to use sentences and words, cut them here and there, but it was worth doing that.
- Rainer Do you only play guitar on this album, I mean just guitar?
- Robby No, I also played some other instruments, but most of it was guitar.
- Rainer Who did the "Gloria" chorus on "Alive She Cried"?
- Robby Oh, we all did.
- Rainer But it was overdubbed later I bet.
- Robby Yeah, but don't tell...
- Rainer Well, it's one secret everybody knows.
- Robby Shock! Shock!
- Rainer Was "Gloria" on "Alive She Cried" the complete take?
- Robby No, it wasn't. The uncut take is more dirty, definitely, and it is much longer. Somebody still has the original, might come out one day.
- Rainer The guitar was kinda sterile -- was it also overdubbed?
- Robby No, it wasn't overdubbed. That's why it sounds sterile! (laughs) No, the reason for that was -- it was a soundcheck, and there was no audience there, so maybe I wasn't really into that.
- Rainer Was it a soundcheck for the recording of "Absolutely Live"?
- Robby Yeah, well, for the Aquarius concerts, which was a lot of "Absolutely Live". You overdubbed "Texas Radio And The Big Beat" as well, but it is without dubs on "Dance On Fire" and it's still gorgeous.
- Robby Yeah, yeah, well, I did the overdubs. But you're right: It was good without dubs.
- Rainer Do you remember the recording of "Little Red Rooster" with John Sebastian on harp?
- Robby That was from a show in Detroit, I believe, and he played on a couple of things. On "Cars Hiss By My Window" there's Jim imitating a guitar. Wasn't there any guitar around?
- Robby (laughs) No, a harp, a harmonica sound, that was what he was doing. He couldn't really play a harp very good. Some people think it's a real harp.

- Rainer On some bootleg material Jim plays a horrible harp!
Robby Don't say that when Jim is around! (laughs)
Rainer Why wasn't there any live recording of the Doors after Jim's death, of The Butts Band or something?
Robby Oh, you know, we did a live recording with the Butts Band in Boston, but I don't know whatever happened to it.
Rainer Who's idea was the Butts Band?
Robby Well, you know, we were in England looking for a singer for The Doors, and Ray decided that he didn't want to do that anymore, so he went back to the States and John and I decided, well, what are we gonna do? Let's just stay here and see what we can get going, so we got this group together with Jess Roden, Phil Chen and Roy Davies and we called it The Butts Band, it was Jess Roden's name for the group he had before, which was also called The Butts Band, and we liked it. It was a good band.
Rainer Yeah, definitely. You also played with Blue Oyster Cult live...
Robby Roadhouse Blues, yeah. It was out there at the Country Club in the valley. They called me up one day said that they're gonna be playing, if I could come down. I played on a lot of their stuff, and the producers sometimes used it, sometimes they didn't. Sometimes they couldn't use it because of some legal thing or something, played some real good stuff on their new album in fact, the album they just released but recorded years ago. Yeah, I did a lot of guitar, and people thought it must have been a real Oyster guy who plays the guitar.
Rainer I always wondered why there's this nice little song "Treestrunk" not on the "Full Circle" album.
Robby Well, I think it sounded too commercial for the album, somebody else should sing it, you know, but that's funny that you remember this one!
Rainer Can you tell me who's the Ashen Lady in Roadhouse Blues?
Robby Who's the Ashen Lady? Well I don't know who he meant by that. Probably not a real person.
Rainer What's the Blue Bus in "The End"? Could it simply be the real busline from Santa Monica to the UCLA as written in one of the Quarterlys?
Robby Possible. Yes, there is a blue bus there -- oh, one funny thing : my wife Lynn was hanging out with Jim and some other people, and they were just hitch-hiking somewhere, and all of the sudden this big blue bus comes up and picks them up, and this weird hippie was driving it with a weird dog, and he drove them all over town, everywhere they wanted to go, never said a word, and then they got off and never saw him again. And they were freaking out, 'cos Jim has written about the Blue Bus earlier.
Rainer What about the "Hyacinth House" ?
Robby That was my house. We were writing some songs, and I had hyacinths in the back-yard. So it wasn't the Hyatt Hotel, as people might think, which we used to call the "Riot Hotel". But you know in the same song there are the lines about the bathroom, see, we were just sitting and writing that song and Jim had to go to the bathroom (laughs), he was waiting for somebody to get out of the bathroom. So it has got no deep meaning. Remember the "lions" in that song? They were my cats among the hyacinths, and in fact I had a lion, a bobcat, a big cat, you know, which was in the backyard when we were writing that song.
Rainer Why wasn't "Who scared you" on the "Soft Parade" album?
Robby I think Rothchild didn't like it.
Rainer Is it true that Jim didn't want to record "Tell All The People" ?
Robby Yeah, he was afraid of a political classification.
Rainer He didn't want people to follow him?
Robby No, it's just the fact that he thought it was kinda political, and if he'd sang it people would think he wrote it, I don't know.
Rainer And why did you write those lines?

- Robby Actually that song was of a --- remember the frame "follow mw down"--- that was from a Leadbelly song called Fanton Street Blues, so that was more a blues - idea than political.
- Rainer John is thinking about The Doors doing the soundtrack for the Morrison movie...
- Robby Yeah, we'll probably do that. I mean, who else could do that?
- Rainer But you are not gonna act in the movie?
- Robby Oh no, I don't think so.
- Rainer Are there any unpublished Doors songs?
- Robby Unpublished Doors songs? Not any good ones. There's a version of "Whiskey, Mystics And Men" which is pretty good. They swept the bottom of the files, anything of use would be used.
- Rainer Ray once talked about a song called "Happy For A Night And A Day"...
- Robby Did he? Well, I don't remember that.
- Rainer There's this line in "I Can't See Your Face In My Mind" saying "...carnival dogs consume the line" ---what's the meaning of this?
- Robby Maybe you could say the line being the linearity of the world, you know, with the image of the dogs it means, you know, everything is not as we see it.
- Rainer Why didn't you take care of how they reproduced the lyrics in all official songbooks? For example in "Unknown Soldier" the songbooks say "...practice where the news is read..." instead of the correct "Breakfast".
- Robby I think we were just too lazy to read those (laughs). It's funny: Practice!
- Rainer It's you who sings the chorus on "Running Blue". Does the beginning of the song come from a Leadbelly song named "Poor Howard"?
- Robby That's right. Oh, you know, Jim made that part up, so I can't take credit for that. But Leadbelly didn't write that either, that's a traditional thing, an old cowboy refrain or an old slaves' song. You know, "My Wild Love" is the same thing, you know (sings the first line of the song), it's one of those old chain gang songs...

The interview ends here, and we continued talking about other things-----



Jim Morrison at the Aquarius. Photo by Frank Liscandro from "An Hour For Magic"

THE DOORS'

EUROPEAN TOUR 1968

(an addition to the official video release THE DOORS IN EUROPE)

by Heinz Gerstenmeyer; completed by Rainer Moddemann

- (Tu) Sept. 3rd The Doors arrive at Heathrow Airport, London with the Air India Flight 102 at 8.10 a.m.
- (Th) Sept. 5th Live TV performance on "Top of the Pops" with HELLO I LOVE YOU
- (Fr) Sept. 6th Concert at the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm, London with Jefferson Airplane
- 7.30 pm 1st Show (Audience: 2500) : Backdoor Man/Break On Through/When The Music's Over/Alabama Song/Hello I Love You/Wild Child/Money/Light My Fire/The Unknown Soldier/The End (Not available on tape or video).
- 10.00pm 2nd Show (Audience: 2500) : (See tape list below)
- (Sa) Sept. 7th noon: Press Conference at the ICA Gallery, The Mall, London.
- Concert at the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm, London
- 7.30pm 1st Show (Audience: 2500) : (See tape list below)
- 10.00pm 2nd Show (Audience: 2500) : (Not available on tape or video, songs unknown).
- (Fr) Sept. 13th The Doors arrive at Rhein-Main Airport, Frankfurt, West Germany
- BRAVO Magazine interviews Jim Morrison in their Hotel lobby.
- 1.00 pm Playback recording of HELLO I LOVE YOU and LIGHT MY FIRE at the Römer square, Frankfurt for TV Show "4-3-2-1 Hot and Sweet"
- 6.00pm Press Conference at the Drugstore, Frankfurt
- (Sa) Sept. 14th Concert at the Kongresshalle, Frankfurt with Canned Heat
- 6.00pm 1st Show (Audience: unknown) : (See tape list below)
- 9.00pm 2nd Show (Audience: unknown) : Five to One/Alabama Song - Backdoor Man/When The Music's Over/Light My Fire/Little Red Rooster/I'm A Man/The End (Not available on tape, for video see tape list below).
- (Su) Sept. 15th The Doors arrive at Schiphol Airport, Amsterdam, Holland
- 9.00pm Concert at the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam with Jefferson Airplane
- Jim Morrison stumbled in during the Airplane's show, collapsed and was taken to a hospital because of an alcohol/drug overdose. The other three Doors perform without him as a trio (See tape list below).
- (Mo) Sept. 16th Jim Morrison left the hospital. The Doors fly to Copenhagen, Denmark.
- (Tu) Sept. 17th Live Concert in a Danish TV Studio without audience at 10.00 am (See tape list below).
- 8.00pm Concert at the Concerthall, Copenhagen (Songlist unknown, not on tape)
- (Fr) Sept. 20th Concert at the Koncerthuset, Stockholm, Sweden
- 1st Show (Audience: unknown) : (See tape list below) taped by Swedish Radio
- 2nd Show (Audience: unknown) : (See tape list below) taped by Swedish Radio
- Both shows were broadcasted live on Swedish Radio.
- (Sa) Sept. 21st The Doors return to Los Angeles, Jim Morrison returns to London.
- He lived with Pamela at the Belgravia Hotel.
- (Mo) Sept. 23rd Jim Morrison visits The Beatles at Abbey Road Studios, London during the recording of "Happiness Is A Warm Gun".
- (Su) Oct. 6th Jim Morrison watches the Granada Film "The Doors Are Open" on BBC TV
- (Mo) Oct. 13th Jim Morrison meets Michael McClure in London
- about Oct. 20th Jim Morrison returns to Los Angeles

AUDIO- & VIDEOTAPES, BOOTLEGS & OFFICIAL RELEASES OF THEIR '68 TOUR

6. 9. 1968

ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON

Second Show: 1. Five To One 2. Break On Through 3. When The Music's Over 4. Alabama Song-Backdoor Man-Crawling King Snake 5. Spanish Caravan 6. Love Me Two Times 7. Light My Fire 8. Unknown Soldier 9. Soul Kitchen 10. Celebration Of The Lizard 11. Hello I Love You 12. Moonlight Drive-Horse Latitudes 13. Money



Audience tape. Cuts 12+13 on bootlegs "A Closed Door Is Opened" and "Weird Songs". Cuts 1, 3, 4, 5, 7 + 8 published on video "The Doors Are Open". Parts also on "The Doors In Europe".

7. 9. 1968

ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON

First Show: 1. Five to One 2. Break On Through 3. When The Music's Over 4. Wake up/Light My Fire 5. The End

Audience tape. All cuts except "Wake up" on bootlegs "Lizard King", "Weird Triangle", "Apocalypse Now", "Lizard King Plays London" and on double CD set "Europe September 68". Cut 5 on LP "Celebration" (double).

14. 9. 1968

KONGRESSHALLE, FRANKFURT

First Show: 1. Break On Through 2. Alabama Song/Backdoor Man 3. When The Music's Over 4. Texas Radio & The Big Beat 5. Hello I Love You 6. Light My Fire 7. The Unknown Soldier

Audience tape. All cuts on bootleg "The Night On Fire" and on CD Set "Europe September 68". Cuts 4, 5 + 7 on "A Closed Door Is Opened" and "Weird Songs". A short excerpt of cut 6 at the beginning of video "The Doors In Europe".

A short excerpt of "Five To One" from the second Frankfurt Show is featured in the video "The Doors In Europe".

15. 9. 1968

CONCERTGEBOUW, AMSTERDAM

1. Break On Through 2. Soul Kitchen 3. Alabama Song / Backdoor Man 4. Hello I Love You 5. Light My Fire 6. The Unknown Soldier

Audience tape. Ray Manzarek sings. On no bootleg.

17. 9. 1968

TV STUDIO, COPENHAGEN

1. Alabama Song/Backdoor Man 2. Texas Radio & The Big Beat 3. Love Me Two Times 4 When The Music's Over 5. The Unknown Soldier

Mixingboard tape. Also available on video (complete, or in excerpts on the official video cassettes "Dance On Fire" and "The Doors In Europe". Best soundquality on bootleg 10"LP "Leather Pants In Denmark", worse quality on other bootlegs and bootleg CDs. Cuts 2 + 3 on Elektra LP "Alive She Cried".

20. 9. 1968

CONCERTHUSET, STOCKHOLM

First Show: 1. Five To One 2. Mack The Knife/Alabama Song/Backdoor Man 3. You're Lost Little Girl 4. Love Me Two Times 5. When The Music's Over 6. Wild Child 7. Money 8. Wake Up/Light My Fire

Soundboard tape. All cuts on bootlegs "The Stockholm Tapes" (LP & CD) and "Stockholm 68". Parts on "Resurrection", "In Concert", "Père Lachaise", "Celebration II" and radio show "The Doors From The Inside".

Second Show: 1. Five To One 2. Love Street 3. Love Me Two Times 4. When The Music's Over 5. Celebration Of The Lizard/Light My Fire 6. The Unknown Soldier 7. The End

Soundboard tape. All cuts on bootlegs "The Beautiful Die Young" (not the CD!), "The Stockholm Tapes" (LP) and "Live In Stockholm" (CD and LP). Also on various Italian and American bootlegs (Cds and LPs).

THE DOORS ARE OPEN video by Granada TV, UK (LONDON, 6. 9. 1968)

1. Intro 2. When The Music's Over 3. Five To One 4. Spanish Caravan

5. Interview excerpts (ICA Gallery) 6. Hello I Love You 7. Interviews

8. Backdoor Man/Crawling King Snake 9. Interview with Jim Morrison (exc.)

10. Wake Up/Light My Fire 11. The Unknown Soldier 12. Extro

Available on video & tape. Recorded during the second show on Sept. 6th, except cut 6 which was recorded during a rehearsal with Ray on vocals. Parts on various TV shows, videos + bootlegs .

THE SHAMAN AS SUPERSTAR

"How has your behavior onstage changed?"

"See, it used to be . . . I'd just stand still and sing. Now,

I . . . uh . . . exaggerate a little bit."

His voice drops an octave at the sight of a tape recorder, and the surrogate audience it represents. He gives a cautious mischievous interview, contemplating each question as though it were a hangnail, and answering with just a trace of smile in the corners of his quotation marks. But he gets his scene across.

"I'm beginning to think it's easier to scare people than to make them laugh."

"I wonder why people like to believe I'm high all the time. I guess . . . maybe they think someone else can take their trip for them."

A game is a closed field . . . a ring of death with . . . uh . . . sex at the center. Performing is the only game I've got, so . . . I guess it's my life." His statements, like his songs, are unpunctuated puzzles. You connect the dots between images, and become involved. "I'm a word man," he exults. In discussing his craft, he sputters with esthetic energy. "See, there's this theory about the nature of tragedy, that Aristotle didn't mean catharsis for the audience, but a purgation of emotions for the actors themselves. The audience is just a witness to the event taking place onstage."

He suggests you read Nietzsche on the nature of tragedy to understand where he is really at. His eyes glow as he launches into a discussion of the Apollonian-Dionysian struggle for control of the life force. No need to guess which side he's on.

"See, singing has all the things I like," he explains. "It's involved with writing and with music. There's a lot of acting. And it has this one other thing . . . a physical element . . . a sense of the immediate. When I sing, I create characters."

"What kinds of characters?"

"Oh . . . hundreds. Hundreds of 'em."

"I like to think he just arrived—
you know, came out of nowhere!"

A P.M.

"The shaman . . . he was a man who would intoxicate himself. See, he was probably already an . . . uh . . . unusual individual. And, he would put himself into a trance by dancing, whirling around, drinking, taking drugs—bowever. Then, he would go on a mental travel and . . . uh . . . describe his journey to the rest of the tribe."

JIM MORRISON

He comes to meet you in superstar fatigues: a slept-in pullover and the inevitable leather pants. A lumpy hat covers most of his mane. You mutter "groovy" at each other in greeting, and split for the beach. His most recent song comes on the radio. You both laugh as he turns up the volume, and fiddles with the bass controls. It's a perfect afternoon, so he picks up his girl. She says, "Your hat makes you look like a Rembrandt, Jim," and he whispers, "Oh, wow," riding the image as though it were a breaking wave.

Between freeways, you talk about his bust in New Haven (the charge: indecent and immoral exhibition), the war, psychoanalysis, and his new album. He wants to call it "The Celebration of the Lizard" after a 24-minute "drama" which he has just composed. He is very much into reptiles. He wants the album's jacket printed in pseudo-snakeskin, with its title embossed in gold.

The official interview takes place in a sequestered inlet at the Garden of Self-Realization, an ashram Hollywood style. You sit not far from an urn covered to contain Mahatma Gandhi's ashes. Music is piped in from speakers at the top of a stucco arch with cupolas sprayed gold. The ground on which you are assembling your tape recorder is filled with worms. They seem to be surfacing around his hands, and he examines one as you set the mike in place. A willing supplicant, it lies prone upon his palm. Does it know him as a serpent-king?

Amid a burst of strings from the hidden speakers, you ask the trial question. Jim answers in a slithering baritone. "I dunno . . . I haven't thought about it." The garden supplies Muzak boozannes.

"When you started, did you anticipate your image?"

"Nahhh. It just sort of happened . . . unconsciously."

"How did you prepare yourself for stardom?"

"Uh . . . about the only thing I did was . . . I stopped getting haircuts."

claim everyone was born, but I don't remember it," he insists. "Maybe I was having one of my blackouts."

To accept the thumbnail sketch he offers, there is little in Jim's past to account for his presence. His father is an admiral, but he doesn't think that explains his fascination with authority or his devotion to its overthrow. His family moved so often that his most immediate childhood memories are of landscapes. But that suggests nothing to him about his current shaftlessness. (He lives in motels, or with friends.)

Jim parries questions about his personal experience with acrobatic ability. You find yourself wondering whether he can manipulate his soul with the same consummate ease. Does he choose to show an amiable crecent of himself for this interview? Does his dark side appear at random, or can he summon the lunatic within the way most of us put on a telephone voice? You keep trying to catch him in a moment of prefabricated magic (he wouldn't be the first shaman to take refuge in ritual). But any attempt to grasp the corporeal essence of Jim Morrison is repelled by that fortress of ego, which is yet another of his persona. Behind the walls, however, you sense a soft, slippery kid, who was probably lonely and certainly bored.

"I was a good student. Read a lot. But I was always . . . uh . . . talking when I wasn't supposed to. They made me sit at a special table . . . nothing bad enough to get kicked out, of course. I got through school . . . Went to Florida State University . . . mainly because . . . I couldn't think of anything else to do."

He came west after college to attend the U.C.L.A. film school. He lived alone in Venice, among the muddy canals and peeling colonnades. The roof of a deserted warehouse was his office. He spent most of his free time there, writing and planning a career in the literary underground. He was brooding (now they say "intense") and shy (in the fan magazines, "sensitive"). A classmate recalls: "He was a lot like he is now, but nobody paid much attention then."

At U.C.L.A., Morrison met Ray Manzarek, a young filmmaker and a jazz pianist on the side. For a while they shared a tiny flat, and Jim began to share his poems as well. It was Manzarek who thought of setting them to music. And though he had never sung before, Jim spent the next few months exploring his voice, and transmitting his vision to drummer John Densmore and guitarist Robbie Krieger. They added sturdy hinges to the sound of the Doors. With Manzarek skimming the keyboard of an electric organ like a flat pebble on water, the new group was tight and sinewy from the start. They did bread-and-atmosphere clubs along the Sunset Strip, reworking rock-blues standards and staking out a milieu for themselves. But they spent most of their dormant period implementing the

He was born James Douglas Morrison, under the sign of Sagittarius the hunter, in Melbourne, Florida, 24 years ago. He once told a reporter, "You could say I was ideally suited for the work I'm doing. It's the feeling of a bow string being pulled back for 22 years and suddenly let go."

But he won't discuss those years on the taut end of existence. He would like you to accept his appearance as a case of spontaneous generation—America's love-lion spouting full grown from the neon lions of the '60s. "They

controlled insanity that Jim Morrison was soon to loose on modern rock. Long before the three musical Doors ever saw the inside of a recording studio, they had distilled the essence of Jim's screaming "recitalis" into vibrant rhythms and riffs.

"We all play a lead and subjugation things with each other," explains Ray. "When Jim gets into something, I'm able to give of that area within myself. We may look cool, but we are really evil, insidious cats behind Jim. We instigate the violence in him. A lot of times he doesn't feel particularly angry but the music just drives him to it."

This total immersion of sentiment in sound amplifies Morrison's lyrics, transforming them into something more like pageant than poetry. Jim himself is ennobled by the sound. Onstage, his voice becomes a fierce rattle, and all his games are magic spells. In a tiny sweat-cellar like Ondine, where they first played in New York: magic. In the Singer Bowl in Flushing, where they play on August 2. On the radio. In stereophonic sound: magic. They put a spell on you.

"Think of us as erotic politicians."

JIM MORRISON TO NEWWEEK

Elvis Presley was the Rasputin of Rock. He ground country funk into the nation's consciousness by playing music as though it were motion. Even with his famous hips obscured on television, there was magic in every quiver of his voice.

Presley's hillbilly grace is now a patriarchal paunch. But none of the rock titans who followed him has inherited his crown. Even the Beatles built their empire on clean energy ("Yeah, yeah, yeah") and later refined that base through the safe profundity of art song. The Rolling Stones came close. Their message was the ecstasy of straight potent sex, and their medium was honest ugliness. But the Stones were after mere rape, not soul plunder.

The Doors, however, are an inner theatre of cruelty. Their musical dramas have made fear and trembling part of the rock lexicon. These days every band worth its psychedelic salt has a local lunatic singing lead. But the Doors have already transcended their own image. Now, they are in search of total sensual contact with an audience. They may yet appear at a future concert in masks. As Ray Manzarek explains: "We want our music to short-circuit the conscious mind and allow the subconscious to flow free."

That goal is a realization of all that was implicit in Elvis Presley's sacred wiggle. But if Elvis was an unquestioning participant in his own hysteria, the Doors celebrate their

myth as a creative accomplishment. Playing sorcerer is Jim's thing—not a job, or a hobby, or even one of those terribly necessary rituals we sanctify with the name Role. Jim calls it "play":

"Play is not the same thing as a game," he explains. "A game involves rules. But play is an open event. It's free. Like, you know how people walk to where they're going—very orderly, right? But little kids . . . they're like dogs. They run around, touch things, sing a song. Well, actors play like that. Also, musicians. And you dig watching somebody play, because that's the way human beings are supposed to be . . . free. Like animals."

Words are Jim's playpen. He jets stanzas, images, and allusions into a leather bound notebook, as they occur to him. These are shaped and sifted into the thought-collages which are the Doors' finished lyrics.

. . . Awkward instant
And the first animal is jettisoned,
Legs furiously pumping
Their stiff green gallop,
And heads bob up
Poise
Delicate
Pause
Consent
In mute nostril agony. . . .

"See, this song is called 'Horse Latitudes' because it's about the Doldrums, where sailing ships from Spain would get stuck. In order to lighten the vessel, they had to throw things overboard. Their major cargo was working horses for the New World. And this song is about that moment when the horse is in air. I imagine it must have been hard to get them over the side. When they got to the edge, they probably started chucking and kicking. And it must have been hell for the men to watch, too. Because horses can swim for a while, but then they lose their strength and just go down . . . slowly sink away."

Even when Jim writes about impersonal situations they become charged with the tension of imminent explosion. Violence is his major motif. It permeates to the core of his work. His central symbol, the Great Snake, appears throughout the repertory of the Doors. Sometimes it is a phallic liberator, extolling an act of creative desecration. Sometimes it is a handy fetish to wave in the breeze, linking toward consciousness to be born. Most Doors songs plead with us to reject all repressive authority and embrace the Great Snake, with its slippery equation of freedom and violence. It is an equation we are eager to make, rendering holy what is simply unrestrained.

"Robbie and I were sittin' on a plane an' like it's first class, so you get a couple o' drinks, an' I said to Robbie, 'Y'know, there are these Apollonian people . . . like, very formal, rational dreamers. An' then there's the Dionysian thing . . . the insanity trip . . . way inside.' An' I said, 'You're an Apollonian . . . up there with your guitar . . . all neat an' thought out . . . y'know . . . an' you should get into the Dionysian thing.'

"An' he looks up at me an' says, 'Oh, yeah, right Jim.'"

The Lizard King slithers down Sunset Strip in a gaudy snakeskin jacket and leather tights. Bands of teenyboppers flutter about like neon butterflies, but he is oblivious to their scene. He moves past ticky-tacoomas and used-head shops into the open arms of recording studio B, where his true subjects wait.

He greets us with a grin out of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and we realize instantly that Jim is loaded. Juiced. Stoned—the old way. Boozes. No one is surprised; Jim is black Irish to the breath. He deposits a half-empty quart bottle of wine on top of the control panel and down the remnants of somebody's beer.

"Hasta break it in," he mutters, caressing the sleeves of his jacket. It sits green and scaly on his shoulders, and crinkles like tinfoil whenever he moves.

"It's—very Tennessee Williams, Jim." Grunt. He turns to producer Paul Rothchild with a sanguine grin that says, "I'm here, so you can start." But Rothchild makes little clicking noises with his tongue. He is absorbed in a musical problem, and he offers only a perfunctory nod to the tipsy titan at his side.

Behind a glass partition three musical Dooms bunch over their instruments, intent on a rhythm line that refuses to render itself whole. The gap between Morrison and the other Doors is vast in the studio, where the enforced cohesion of live performance is missing. On their own, they are methodic musicians. Denmore drums in sharp, precise strokes. Krieger's guitar undulates like a belly dancer—elusive but sober. And at the organ, Manzarek is cultivated and crisp. With his shaggy head atop a pair of plywood shoulders, he looks like a hip undertaker.

Jim walks into the studio and across a vacant mike. He

writhe in languid agony, jubilant at the excuse to move in his new jacket. But Rothchild keeps the vocal mike dead,

to assure maximum concentration on the problem at hand.

From behind the glass partition, Jim looks like a silent

movie of himself, spaced up for laughs. The musicians barely bother to notice. When he is drinking, they work

around him. Only Ray is solicitous enough to smile. The others tolerate him, as a pungent but necessary prop. "I'm the square of the Western hemisphere," he says, returning to his wine. "Man . . . whenever somebody'd say something groovy . . . it'd blow my mind. Now, I'm learnin' in . . . You like people? I hate 'em . . . screw 'em . . . I don't need 'em . . . Oh, I need 'em . . . to grow potatoes." He teeters about the tiny room, digging his boots into the carpeting. Between belches, he gazes at each of us, smirking as though he has found something vaguely amusing behind our eyes. But the seance is interrupted when Rothchild summons him. While Jim squats behind the central panel, a roughly recorded dub of his "Celebration of the Lizard" echoes over the loudspeakers.

Gently, almost apologetically, Ray tells him the thing doesn't work. Too diffuse, too mangy. Jim's face sinks beneath his scaly collar. Right then, you can sense that "The Celebration of the Lizard" will never appear on record—certainly not on the new Doors album. There will be clev- en driving songs, and snatches of poetry, read aloud the way they do it at the 92nd St. Y. But no Lizard-King. No Monarch crowned with love beads and holding the phallic scepter in his hand.

"Hey, bring your notebook to my house tomorrow morning, okay?" Rothchild offers.

"Yeah," Jim answers with the look of a dog who's just been told he's missed his walk. "Sure."

Defeated, the Lizard King seeks refuge within his scales. He disappears for ten minutes and returns with a bottle of brandy. Thus fortified, he closes himself inside an anteroom used to record isolated vocals. He turns the lights out, fits himself with earphones, and begins his game. Crescendos of breath between the syllables. His song is half threat, and half plea:

Five to one baby
One in five
Nobody here
Gets out alive . . .

Everyone in the room tries to bury Jim's presence in conversation. But his voice intrudes, bigger and blacker than life, over the loudspeakers. Each trace of sound is magnified, so we can hear him guzzling and belching away. Suddenly, he emerges from his formica cell, inflicting his back upon a wall, as though he were being impaled. He is a sweat-drunk, but still coherent, and he mutters so everyone can hear: "If I had an axe . . . man, I'd kill everybody . . . kept . . . uh . . . my friends."

Sagittarius the hunter stalks us with his glance. We sit frozen, waiting for him to spring.

FAN PHOTO SECTION

Clubmember Nathalie Cauchois from Belgium reads the most interesting magazine (for Doors Fans) in the whole wide world. This leads to the question: What is heavier -- the bracelets she is wearing or the DQ 20 she is reading? ? ? If YOU want to be pictured in a DQ send me a photo of YOURSELF reading a DOORS QUARTERLY -----

CLUBMEMBER SECTION

"Ah—I hafsta get one o'them Mexican wedding shirts," Robbie's girl, Donna, takes him on: "I don't know if they come in your size."

"I'm a medium . . . with a large neck."

"We'll have to get you measured, then."

"Uh-uh . . . I don't like to be measured." His eyes glow with sleep and swagger.

"Oh Jim, we're not gonna measure all of you. Just your shoulders."

by Rich Goldstein —New York MAGAZINE, 1968



A POEM...

THE MAD ONES

(an ode to Jim Morrison)

by Adam Boffi

they just don't
understand us man

they don't see
the true me, or you
or Vincent
or blue skies,
or his bright, burning brilliant
yellows,
or Edgar's mellow, deep, dark
& horribly beautiful imagery;
or Baudelaire's intensity,
or thru Lenny's obscenity.

they forced Rimbaud
to run guns in Africa,
and Marilyn to stare
into her bottle
& spend her last moments
in despair;
& Van Gogh
to blow his brains out
because the oil stains
on his fingers
went unrewarded.
Beethoven composed
even after
he was supposed to be deaf.
(they thought they had left him in
silence forever
where he would wither away & die)
well...it's all a lie man,
'cause their star shined
on the inside.

they'll never be able to hide
the walls of the Sistine Chapel
or the fact that
Michaelangelo will
live on forever
in the minds and souls
of every person
that has ever strolled
those hallowed halls

they were out of step
w/their times
their hearts, souls & minds
singing "new songs"
w/their own rhyme

so now their visions will live on...

they called you
the "Bozo Clown"
of rock n' roll
& stole that special glow
of your special star
for awhile
although now,
you will live on forever

a poet

who had been thrust into a mortal shell
for a period of time to dwell
in the history of this earthly hell

...well
what can i say,
the way things work out
maybe there is
justice
after all

as outlaws
striding tall
thru the old west
we're
strangers
unknowns
nobodies
riding free
on the highways
of history

but...
the outlaw
leaves his mark
& his story
to be told
no matter how old
their children get

and...
their little houses
little jobs
& little lives
disappear
after a few years
whereas the madman
artist
fool

solidifies his cool, eternal footprints
in the sidewalk
of memory & divinity.

