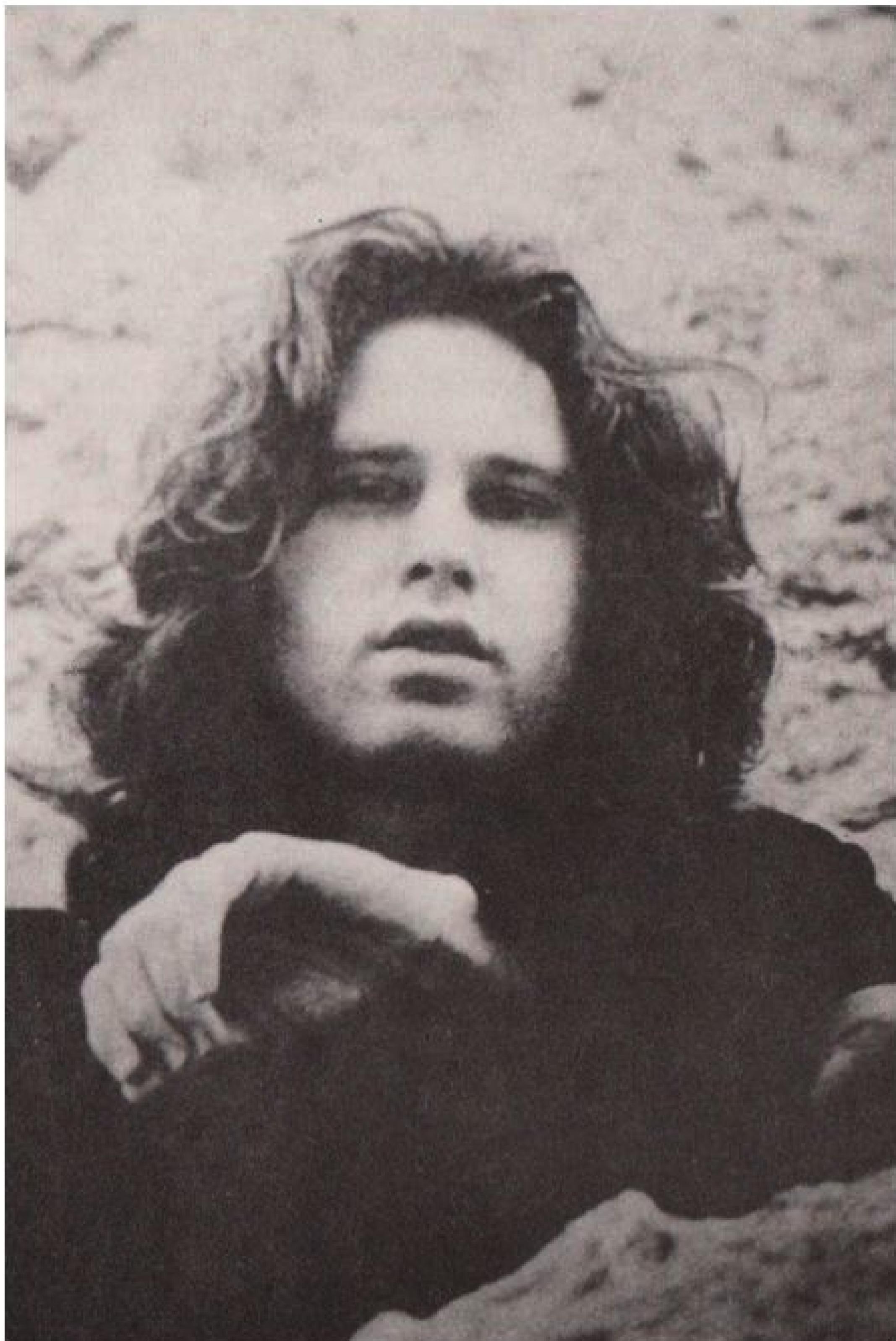


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quarterly!

THE DOORS QUARTERLY 18

Hi, dear Doors Quarterly readers,

I'm back from Los Angeles, where I had a really great time. Must I say that it was fantastic to see the Doors except one, to stay a few days in Danny Sugerman's house, to meet beautiful Linda and watch the sunset at the Griffith Observatory with her, reading Danny's manuscript of "Wonderland Avenue", looking through his "rare photocollection" and doing some sight-seeing with him, having a nice afternoon at Rich Linnell's house, lunch with John Densmore and a few beers with Robby Krieger, staying in Jim's room at the Alta Cienega Motel, spending nights at the Troubadour the Whiskey a Gogo, the Roxy and the Rainbow, a dinner at the Hard Rock Cafe, two afternoons at Venice beach, shopping in Santa Monica, a day in Mexico and San Diego ... well, before I ramble on like this, please note that you will learn more about my experiences in L. A. in this and the next Quarterly. Thanks to all people I met: The Doors, Danny, Linda, Rich, Jeannie, Joe, Danny's girlfriends (hmm) and Bunky (give him a bone, Danny!), not to forget the weird Chinese at the Alta Cienega. Marilyn, you have a beautiful grave and nice footsteps on Hollywood boulevard. Memories I'd like to share with the readers of the Doors Quarterly magazine. One thing I can't share with you: The Platinum award for the sales of 1 000 000 copies of WAITING FOR THE SUN, that Robby handed me for the work I did for him ... thanks Robby!

I FOUND IT (where's my reward as offered in DQ 17, page 33?). I found the HELLO I LOVE YOU video, taped on the Roemer square in Frankfurt, W/Germany on Sept. 13th, 1968. Don't ask me how and where, this story is too long to tell, but I'll tell you that this certain video was LOST for 20 years! Even 2 private detectives didn't get it. So imagine how lucky I was to make a phone-call to Los Angeles offering the guys the lost video! If The Doors will use the video in the forthcoming THE DOORS IN EUROPE video, it will be the first time in 20 years that the public is able to watch this video. Unfortunately a Gogo-girl is dancing during the film, and I'm sure she'll be cut out of the final video. But Jim looks great throughout the film ... and it is only 2'13" long... wish they would have kept the out-takes! See me holding the original reel of the video in my hands right before it was shipped to Los Angeles.

In this DQ read Part two of the long-awaited John Densmore Phone-Interview. Part one was in DQ 16, and DQ 17 missed part two, because a Portugese girl didn't deliver the pages in time. And even up till now I didn't get the interview from her, so I had to do it myself. Bloody Marina Silva! Promises, nothing but promises! Any explanation for this? Better not, lies are about to come then. By the way, even the group knows about your behaviour now. You're off!

Some better things: The forthcoming big Fan-club meeting in Dortmund, read this DQ for in-

... is a magazine for members of
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DOORS QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
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formation! A new Jim Morrison poetry-book! A new poster in the Doors Quarterly! Danny's book Wonderland Avenue out soon in England! A free Doors button in this Quarterly, thanks Rich Linnell (former Doors roadmanager), imagine how the customs looked when I declared "about 1000 buttons" in my suitcase ... a view on Shamanism in Jim Morrison's lyrics and (I think this time too many) new bootleg releases ... I really hope you'll enjoy this Quarterly. It comes out too late, I know, but be sure to have the next one before Christmas. See you next time or - better- at the Clubmeeting on October 20th in Dortmund! YOURS

Dan

-- THE NEWS --

Talk Talk Talk about the DOORS
Talk Talk



... new DOORS VIDEO will be out soon. In fact there are 2 new videos almost ready for a release. THE SOFT PARADE-A RETROSPECTIVE (we already announced that in DQ 17) and THE DOORS IN EUROPE, the latter using clips from London, Copenhagen and West Germany. It will be broadcast on American TV first, then available as a home video cassette...

...MTV recently had a big Doors contest. Prizes: Copies of CDs and "The Illustrated History" book...

...the DIGITALLY REMASTERED CDs are a must for Doors-Fans. I never heard the Doors songs that crispy and clear! Almost the best one in sound:THE SOFT PARADE...

...on the new digitally remastered CD of WAITING FOR THE SUN to my surprise there is a different Jim Morrison vocal-track for the song WINTERTIME LOVE...

...the "old" CDs are available for very low prices now to make space for the new copies...

...a lot of new bootleg releases available now from the certain dealers. Among them there are 4 CDs, the latest is called CRAWLING KING SNAKE...

...ROBBY KRIEGER dedicated a platinum record award to the Hard Rock Cafe along with a signed photo. THE SOFT PARADE award will be shipped to the Hard Rock in Sydney, Australia...

...also JOHN DENSMORE gave 2 golden awards to the Hard Rock along with 2 autographed drum heads, and he signed them "to the Aussies..."

...JOHN is also very busy finishing his book, a biography called RIDERS ON THE STORM, which will offer us an insight look at the Doors and how John saw the whole story...

...RAY MANZAREK meanwhile is playing piano with readings by MICHAEL McCLURE in pubs & halls all over the place. I also heard of an album in preparation...

...he's also busy with the script to a film called L.A.Woman and with his long-time project BAMBOO JUNGLE, on which his son Pablo is said to computerize the percussion...

...DANNY SUGERMAN is waiting for the release of his book WONDERLAND AVENUE in England this October and for the American release next March...

...TOM BAKER, old friend of Jim Morrison (see DQ 16!) died last November...

...this July 3rd was the worst ever. Read 2 reports in this DQ...

...CD box (digitally remastered!) will be out this Christmas...

...bonus for German Fans:A special 12'single THE END/RIDERS ON THE STORM will be released in West Germany only as a limited edition...

... ROBBY KRIEGER is preparing 2 new solo albums. An album with own compositions will be out next January on IRS Records (In Los Angeles Robby played one track for me which was called Strut-e-vary), guest stars on the album: John "Vatos" Hernandez from Oingo Boingo on drums, Brian Auger on keyboards and Bruce Gary on drums...

... KRIEGER'S second solo album for the next year is scheduled for a September release. It will contain cover-versions like "I want you, I need you, I love you" by Elvis Presley, Jackie Wilson's "Lonely Teardrops", Tina Turner's "I think it's gonna work out fine" and "Wild Child" by The Doors. He's still busy in the Cherokee studios cutting the tracks...

... GUITAR SPEAK Vol. I features great guitarists like Alvin Lee, Steve Howe, Leslie West and ROBBY KRIEGER (out on IRS Records). Tour dates: San Francisco 27th, Los Angeles 28th, Anaheim 29th and San Diege 30th October 1988. ROBBY's also on tour in England for ten days, be sure to see him live on stage after so many years...

... there's a compilation album out (a benefit record) called REQUIEM FOR THE MASSES and there's an UNPUBLISHED track recorded on December 8th, 1970 on it, well, read by JIM MORRISON. I haven't heard it yet. Does anyone have the album? ?? ...

... another great JIM MORRISON news: A new poetry book is out in the states called WILDERNESS: THE LOSTWRITINGS OF JIM MORRISON. This is not the 127 Fascination Box, but poetry from Jim's note-books, and, believe it or not, the books were never lost but were in Corky Courson's garage for ages!!! (Corky used to be Jim's father-in-law)...

... more MORRISON is about to come: A bonus CD single (or 12" single) for the CD box (or Collected works Box) of the new remastered tracks will contain WHISKEY, MYSTICS AND MEN, a poem which Jim sang without music on Dec. 8th, 1970. The Doors added music to this for the AN AMERICAN PRAYER album, but the track never appeared on the album. Now - finally - it will be out soon. I told the Doors to add ORANGE COUNTY SUITE, hopefully they'll do! ...

... another bootleg CD will be out soon (as the rumors go). ROCK IS DEAD plus ORANGE COUNTY SUITE plus LIGHT MY FIRE from New York's Felt Forum ...

... DANNY SUGERMAN is pissed with a fan who broke into his house while Danny was in Mexico for a few weeks. The fan didn't steal anything, but broke the front door and ate everything that was available in the house. After the cops came and the fan's parents picked their son up, Danny installed an alarm for the complete house and bought a dog ...

... THE LIZARD KING is a play running at Raymond Revuebar in Soho, London, which recalls the last days of JIM MORRISON in Paris. Did anyone see that and write some words about the play for the Quarterly? ...

... JIM MORRISON's BUST STOLEN (or put away by the cemetery authorities??). The grave looks terrible now. Hopefully there'll be a bronze bust back on the grave soon, paid by Jim's estate (They earned a lot of money with his name)! ...

... and the famous Matrix bootlegs weren't actually taken from real concert (Robby Krieger told me) but from several soundchecks or rehearsals, because the place was packed. That's why sometimes just one guy in the audience is clapping his hands...

... THE DOORS, L.A.'s greatest Rock band of all times? Read the Quarterly to find out...

... The winner of last DQ's competition will get his Manzarek disc soon, read DQ 19 for the results. DQ 19 out right before Christmas 1988!... No delay then! ...

... thanks to Linda, Danny, Pascal, Jeannie, Ulrike, Robby, Rich, Uli, Gaby, Heinz, Lana, Arno, Klaus and many others for helping to make this DQ the nicest we ever had...

... and Marianne for the little brown teardrop, only she knows what I mean...

4 ... and finally: The DOORS will use filmclips from July 3rd, 1981 in their next official video. That day the Doors were at Pere Lachaise, and the bust was new...
news compiled by Rainer Moddemann

L.A.'s Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Band —Who Is It?

By ROBERT HILBURN

Calendar polled 34 pop industry insiders to come up with the answer—and the winner is . . . the Doors.

The reasons behind the Doors' finish varied considerably.

Some scholarly minded voters spoke about the haunting or innovative nature of the Doors' songs, while others gave more personal or—primal—views.

In voting for the Doors, Dayle Gloria, co-owner of the underground nightclub the Scream, suggested, "Jim Morrison was the ultimate frontman . . . There's never been anybody cuter in rock or . . . who looked better in leather pants."

Morrison, That's All

Jim Morrison wasn't alone in the Doors, but the controversial lead singer dominates any discussion of the group. His fame was built by his charisma as a performer, his provocative lyrics and—for many—his role as a rock martyr.

Son of a Navy rear admiral, Morrison, attended film classes at UCLA briefly before joining the Doors and pursuing the extremes of the rock 'n' roll experience with a fury that caused him to be described as a "demonic vision out of a medieval Hellmouth."

Morrison wanted to test the "bounds of reality," as he put it, and he conducted those tests on stage—where he was once arrested for drunkenness and lewd conduct—and in his personal life, which was sometimes a fascinating, sometimes sad blend of innocence and excess.

Though Morrison died of a heart attack—at age 27—in 1971, his image and his work with the Doors still intrigue rock fans. A 1980 Morrison biography was a best-seller and a film is in the works.

In a 1981 report on Morrison's continuing spell on the rock audience, Rolling Stone magazine came up with one of its most famous headlines. Next to Morrison's picture on the cover were the words, "He's Hot. He's Sexy and He's Dead."

Here are how some members of the Calendar panel see him:

Paul Atkinson, senior vice president of artists and repertoire for RCA Records and former member of the British rock group the Zombies, calls Morrison the "quintessential rock idol."

Ron Oberman, vice president of artists and repertoire for Columbia Records, believes that the Doors' music and Morrison, unlike so many figures from the '60s, remain relevant today. "Look at pictures or videos of Morrison . . . his look, his attitude. . . . It all stands up," he said. "He could easily be singing today, fronting someone like Guns N' Roses."

Agrees Tom Zutaut, who signed Guns N' Roses at Geffen Records. "Ever since I moved here in 1980, I keep hearing how some hot new band contains the 'new' Jim Morrison. That's always the [reference point]. So, I have to figure that if he created that much of a vibe—where people are still trying to find the next Jim Morrison after all these years, I've got to figure that the Doors and Jim Morrison must have been the most important thing ever to come out of Los Angeles."

Penelope Spheeris, the film director whose works include highly regarded documentaries on the L.A. punk and heavy-metal scenes, also stresses the Doors' relevance to much of today's young rock audience.

"But there was also something else that the Doors did in the beginning," she said. "I look at rock 'n' roll trends as reactions to society's moral mind set at a certain time and the Doors had something to offer that was missing in the flower-child movement of the '60s: sexuality."

□

There was, however, more to the Doors than Morrison. His partners—keyboardist Ray Manzarek, guitarist Robby Krieger and drummer John Densmore—built a sound around a haunting update of the blues that mirrored with some-

The Greatest Vote

	Total Points*	1st-Place Votes	"Top-5" Votes
1. Doors	113	15	26
2. Beach Boys	86	12	20
3. Eagles	58	3	17
4. Byrds	51	2	14
5. Buffalo Springfield	21	--	9
Van Halen	21	--	12
7. Little Feat	17	1	5
8. Tom Petty / Heartbreakers	13	--	5
9. Love	12	--	6
10. X	10	--	6
Captain Beefheart	10	--	3
Fleetwood Mac	10	--	3
Frank Zappa/Mothers	10	--	3
14. Motley Crue	8	--	3
15. Turtles	7	--	2
16. Steely Dan	6	--	3
17. Bangles	5	--	3
18. Wall of Voodoo	5	--	2
19. Doobie Brothers	5	1	1
20. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; Neil Young/Crazy Horse; Black Flag; Dickies and Runaways	each had 4 points and were listed on two ballots.		

Also nominated: War (4 points/1 ballot), Dream Syndicate (3/1), Cannibal & the Headhunters (3/1) Sly & the Family Stone (3/1), Alice Cooper (2/2), Flying Burrito Brothers (2/2), Germs (2/1), Ventures (2/1), Los Lobos (1½/2), B-People (1), Go-Go's (1), Knack (1), Premiers (1) and Plimsouls (½).

* The point system: 5 points for every first-place vote, 4 for every second, etc.

times chilling detail the recklessness and experimental quest outlined in Morrison's often forbidding lyrics.

Like many judges, Bill Hein, co-owner of Enigma Records, spoke of the dark edges in the Doors' music. "I was still in junior high when I first heard 'Light My Fire,' but it was amazing . . . like nothing I had ever heard before. There was something sinister, yet intelligent . . . something not exactly evil, but very dark."

Added Jim Ladd, an 18-year veteran of rock radio in Los Angeles, "To me, the Doors have always represented the mystery and the magic of L.A. . . . kind of the madness of it as well. They had more influence on me than any band . . . save maybe the Beatles."

Not everyone on the panel, however, was enthralled with the Doors.

Bob Merlis, vice president of publicity at Warner Bros. Records, called them "too ponderous."

Ken Barnes, editor of Radio & Records magazine, agreed. "I just find them really overblown, overrated. To me, the music doesn't

hold up well. There's a lot of pretension and not that much substance. But my feelings are partly a reaction to the way they have been canonized by so many people. I don't think they really deserve it."

CALENDAR/LOS ANGELES TIMES

AUGUST 21 1988

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written for
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Institute

dedicated to
Jim Morrison
and his
Feast of
Friends



A SYMBOLIC STUDY BY SCOTT HYDER

PART 3

In "Five to One", what sounds at first like a militaristic call to arms for the youth to at last take over the world, is seen in the last verse as a testament to the disenchantment and cynicism of the fallen puer. Mocking the message of the previous two verses, the song ends in a desperate plea to get "it" or himself together one more time, as the rest of the band intone a funeral chant of "get together one more time" over and over in the background. The days of carefree pleasure chasing, or "ballroom dancing" are over, and the night so urgently sought is in fact "drawin'" near, casting its pall over the time one has lived and has yet to live, hours sacrificed for paltry material fortune. Yes, well die young, a real success... The sarcasm fairly drips acid, the cynicism toward himself is ice, cutting with each incoherent repetition, each dull, uninspired push to just push on "one more time", performing just "one more time"...

In "Five to One", Morrison has stopped romanticizing the night and his pull to death, at last. Even the pain and agony which are so apparent in so many of his performances, have the authentic tone about them. The real thing, at last. But the real thing is a lot less romantic than it once seemed it would be. The posturing and self-indulgence was awkward, but at least then one could enjoy something of life. Now it is a question of endurance "until the end" ... "Out here in the perimeter there are no stars/Out here we is stoned /Immaculate ... I'll tell you 'bout the maiden with wrought iron soul..." (The WASP) Hey wait a minute, c'mere, I said, listen to this...I said, I'll tell you 'bout .. uh, I'll tell you...uh, I'll..uh...

It reminds one rather of "the fallen Icarus who, after the elation of creative fantasy, now drops once and for all into banality," as von Franz described the state. (V. Franz, p. 187) The images Morrison chose to describe his states of mind and soul are nonetheless compelling at times, for all the banality surrounding them or comprising the states themselves. His creativity is naturally bound up with his anima, which in turn is caught in the mother complex. As von Franz writes in Shadow and Evil in Fairytales, "what makes the anima so poisonous, is that she brings up these seed ideas, these creative hunches, in an unadapted, undigested way and in the strange style which she affects in speaking. Her new truth is presented in bad style.. it is a mixture of emotions and undigested ideas, and the worst of it is that you can neither accept or reject it. It is contaminated with absolute nonsense, but in it is a kernal of truth with something inspired." (p. 70) We've already seen the feminine arms and eyes which Morrison was obliged to perceive as threatening and deceptive. The above-mentioned "maiden with wrought-iron soul" is

perhaps worthy of further mention still. The iron maid of Nuremberg, probably a sister or close relative of Morrison's acquaintance, was a medieval instrument of torture. A coffin, in human-shape, with spikes inward was the maid so called. Victims were placed within, and the coffin was then closed. (de Vries, 271) A possessed anima image is "My Wild Love".

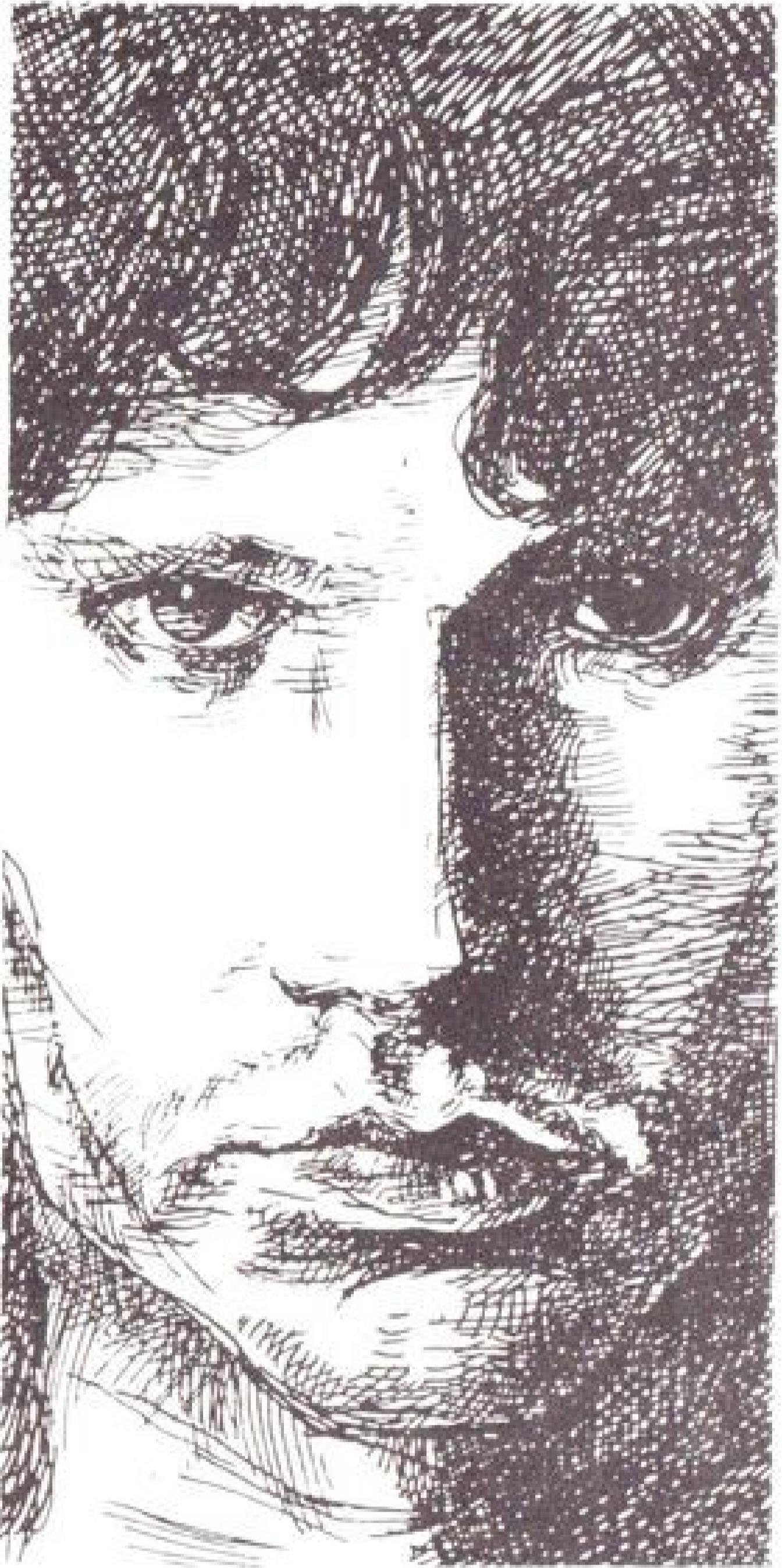
In "Soul Kitchen", Morrison just wants to "sleep all night/ in your soul kitchen". The song was actually written about a restaurant where he ate cheaply before becoming a rock star, but it strikes me as an appropriate feminine domain for the puer to fall asleep, to seek unconsciousness. In the song his "brain seems bruised with numb surprise", probably after some flight or another. In the end, all he wants to do is "learn to forget... all night". The lack of direction of other songs is again the central issue; the desire to escape, to crawl into the night and forget, is again the suggested solution.

Perhaps the best image or symbol of the song titles I have included, is that of "Ship of Fools", a rather breezy piece of mockery at the human race. Cirlot says the symbol "is fairly common in medieval iconography and is related to the Biblical "foolish virgins". It expresses the idea of "sailing" as an end in itself, as opposed to the true sense of "sailing", which is transition, evolution and salvation, or safe arrival at the haven. Hence, illustrations of stultifera navis usually showed a naked woman, a wine-glass and other allusions to terrestrial desires." (Cirlot, 295)

Cirlot goes on to draw the parallel symbol of the Accursed Hunter into the discussion. The accursed hunter is forever condemned to chase after a quarry he can never capture, as a punishment for beginning the pursuit instead of attending to his duty. Cirlot notes that "This is clearly a case of a symbol for a "limiting situation", that is, of a falling away from the centre--or the tendency to do so-- towards the endlessly turning periphery of the wheel of phenomena: unending because self-delusion is a perpetual incitement to the sterile urge of the pursuit of worldly things." (P. 154)

The two symbols seem apt and bring to mind much within Morrison's lyrics as evidence to such a condition. Whether "trading hours for a handful of dimes", "chasing pleasures and digging treasures here and there", "being stoned immaculate on a starless perimeter" or "hangin' out/hangin' up and hangin' down/hangin' in and holdin' fast", the message seems the same: sailing as an end in itself, wandering without goal or center, vision or purpose. The suspicion is again confirmed in "Strange Days", although here we have also a hint of having been tracked down-- perhaps by Artemis, the Goddess as Huntress. There is the feeling that, having been found and tracked down, idleness will be brought to an abrupt end. In what strikes me as a rather perplexed tone of confession, Morrison again evokes the isolation of his path and the inevitable destination: "from the day/to our strange/ night of stone".

De Vries relates how the stone can be a symbol of cohesion and strength or dismemberment and disintegration, depending upon whether it is seen as unity or is scattered. The image which seems most relevant to Morrison, However, is the stone as a symbol of the Mother, although its connection with a primitive altar and martyrdom seem related to and elaborations of the context of the mother. (p. 443) The reference to sin within the song, and its admission, also point to the meaning of being stoned as punishment. The notion of sin and punishment leads us to the consideration of Morrison's guilt feelings. They were, quite apparently, of an incestual order. The references to water, again in the domain of the Great Mother and a symbol of the unconscious, are perhaps more numerous than any other. As a symbol of the alchemical prime matter, the references would indicate that Morrison was trying desperately to emerge from the nigredo stage, which most of his poems and lyrics reflect. In "Yes The River Knows", the chorus runs "Free fall flow, river flow/ on and on it goes/breathe under water till the end". As a symbol of the passage of life, the river can be either of life or death. In this song, where one breathes underwater till the end, the image is more likely that of the underworld. De Vries notes that in Homer many heroes die in the river, and that



it is related to the Serpent and Water, (p. 307) Further, Morrison seems to sense his time is approaching, having "promised to drown himself in mystic-heated wine". The symbol of wine is associated with Christ and Dionysus both, as consecrated wine is a replacement of Christ's blood, and wine is a sacrificial libation replacing blood for Dionysus as well. In drowning the wine, there is clearly an identification with Dionysian intoxication; that it is "mystic-heated" is yet another reference to the sacred quality of this self-sacrifice, reminiscent of fertility-heroes. In identifying with the heroes and gods, Morrison elevates his Oedipal guilt to the sacred, divine status.

As Jung states, "the incest prohibition prevents the son from symbolically reproducing himself through the mother. It is not man as such who has to be regenerated or born again as a renewed whole, but, according to the statements of mythology, it is the hero or god who rejuvenates himself. These figures are generally expressed or characterized by libido-symbols (light, fire, sun, etc.), so that it looks as if they represented psychic energy. They are, in fact personifications of the libido. (Col. Wks. Vol 5, par. 388)

Later, exploring the incidence of such libidinal personifications, Jung notes that, "The "son of the mother," as a mere mortal, dies young, but as a god he can do that which is forbidden and superhuman: he commits the magical incest and thus obtains immortality." (CW Vol 5, par 394)

(FINAL PART OF THIS IN QUARTERLY 19!!)

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BOOTLEGGING THE DOORS

PART 6 (cont. from THE DOORS QUARTERLY 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17)

A series written by RAINER MODDEMANN

Today's part of my series is quite easy to write, because of the three bootleg albums described below there were no reprints or other countries' editions. The most useless Doors bootleg album of all times is called IN CONCERT. It is a double album consisting of material which had been on other releases before. IN CONCERT has got a coloured front cover in "rainbow"-colours using a black and white drawing of the Doors, copied from an official promotion photo (the one of the back of the official single album called GREATEST HITS). The bottom of the front is blue with white and black writing of the group's name and the title of the album. On the top one can read G.R. LP-33 2 RECORD SET. There's no writing on the thin back. On the back cover see on the right a black and white photo of Jim holding his mike and Robby in the background playing guitar. Read on the left a tiny little article covering the group's story (I have no idea where this is from, but surely not written by the bootlegger), the album title with the group's members below that and on the bottom the songlist of all four sides. Note that the songlist is wrong in a few cases, and one song mentioned on the cover is not on the album, instead of that SOUL KITCHEN is double (!) on the album in the same (!) version! The backcover also says "2 RECORD SET, Copyright 1980, Unauthorized Duplication is a Violation of Applicable Laws" (well, one of the usual jokes or tricks of the bootleggers to make the impression of a legal release) along with a nonsense address "GOLD RECORDS, Warstr 3-C, Berne CB-4037, Switzerland" and an "order number" G.R. LP-33.

Here are the tracks on IN CONCERT:

SIDE ONE: 1. Backdoor Man

2. Crawling King Snake

3. Wake Up (Cover says: Celebration of the Lizard Poem)

4. Unknown Soldier

5. Twentieth Century Fox

6. Soul Kitchen (Cover says: My Eyes Have Seen You !)

SIDE TWO: 1. Get Off My Life

2. Soul Kitchen

3. Five To One

4. Love Me Two Times

SIDE THREE: 1. Mack The Knife / Alabama Song/Backdoor Man (Medley)

2. Who Do You Love

3. Miami Raps (Cover says: Jim Morrison Dialogue to the audience)

4. Light my Fire

5. Wild Child

SIDE FOUR: 1. Touch Me

2. The End

3. Excerpt from the Howard Smith Interview (Cover says: Feast of Friends Interview; Jim Morrison's comments)

SOURCES: Side one: 1-4 THE DOORS ARE OPEN, Granada TV, Live at the Roundhouse, London, 6.9.68, 2nd show). The bootleggers cut out the politicians' comments for IN CONCERT.

5+6 Matrix Club 7.3.67, San Francisco. Obviously taken from the MOONLIGHT DRIVE bootleg, see DQ 13+14.

Side two: 1+2 see side one, track 5+6

3+4 Stockholm, Concerthuset, Sweden 20.9.68. Obviously taken from the bootleg RESURRECTION (see DQ 15).

- Side three: 1 see side two track 3+4
 2 Matrix 7.3.67, obviously taken from RESURRECTION.
 3 Miami 1.3.69, Dinner Key Auditorium. Taken from RESURRECTION bootleg.
 4 Ed Sullivan Show, New York, September 1967. From MR MOJO RISIN' bootleg.
 5 Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour, 15.12.68. From MR MOJO RISIN' bootleg.
- Side four: 1 see side three, track 5.
 2 CBC TV Show NOW EXPLOSION, Toronto, Canada, August 67, from MR MOJO RISIN' bootleg.
 3 Howard Smith Interview, December 1969, Doors Office, Los Angeles. Taken from MR MOJO RISIN'.
- First (and only) pressing
 spring 1981
- Cover: front- b/w drawing of the group on a rainbow coloured background. Blue stripe on bottom with white and black writing.
 back- B/W photo of Morrison & Krieger on the right. Article on the group, title and musicians, songlist and nonsense address of record company on the left.
- Label: bright blue label with black writing PLEASURE LOBE RECORDS "JIM", PL-33-A(orB), © 1980, Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws, STEREO 33 1/3 RPM Side 1 (or 2 or 3 or 4) with nonsense tracks below the hole. Below that read "Pleasure Lobe Music USA". Soundquality: vg mono to excellent stereo.
- Matrix: PL-33-A (or B or C or D), scratched in by hand. The bootleggers used recycled vinyl, which of course means that the records have got crackles during the songs. Some crackles also stem from the records they used to compile the album. No song-separation.

Country: USA Edition: about 1000 copies. No reprints known.

So please notice that the complete album was copied from other bootlegs. Somebody obviously tried to make his own "Best of" bootleg. The IN CONCERT album is pretty rare, but a rather useless Doors bootleg if you've got the albums where the songs stem from. Today the album is worth about 70 DM, if you can get it.

Another useless album is unfortunately more interesting because of the cover. It is called ARCHIVES and has got a beautiful colour cover. On the front you see the group, all of them are laughing. The photo was taken in New York, Central Park, sometime in winter 1968. Same photo session as the photo used for MR MOJO RISIN' cover (see DQ 16). The Doors are looking out of an open bay-window. Jim has got his fingers crossed and is the only one who is looking into the camera. The front also shows the typical Doors logo and the title of the album in orange colour. On the back see a photo of Jim's grave on the Peré Lachaise taken in the early days of the grave when there was no bust or stone and the walls were still dark with just a few white chalk graffiti. There is a complete songlist of all four sides at the top along with a list of The Doors' musicians and a surprisingly complete list "who wrote what" (The Doors, Weill-Brecht, Dixon-Burnett, Hooker). At the bottom you also figure out when the two sources were recorded and of course a nonsense record company with the usual license announcements. On the thin back there is the writing THE DOORS ARCHIVES.

Although the Matrix' tracks were taken from the Moonlight Drive album, the quality is quite good stereo. The Critique tracks were not taken from the CRITIQUE bootleg

but from the video tape that was circulating at that time (early 80's) from a video bootleg company called IF-PRODUCTIONS (They were busted by the FBI in late 1981, about 80 different bootleg videos were confiscated then).

Here are the tracks on ARCHIVES:

SIDE ONE: 1. People are Strange
2. Alabama Song
3. Crystal Ship
4. Twentieth Century Fox
5. Moonlight Drive

SIDE TWO:

1. Unhappy Girl
2. Backdoor Man
3. My Eyes Have Seen You
4. Summer's Almost Gone

SIDE THREE: 1. Soul Kitchen

2. Get Off My Life
3. Crawling King Snake
4. The Soft Parade

SIDE FOUR:

1. Tell All The People
2. Alabama Song / Backdoor Man
3. Wishful Sinful
4. Build Me A Woman

SOURCES: Side One, Side Two and Side Three (tracks 1-3) recorded live at the Matrix Club, San Francisco, 7.3.1967. Taken from the original Moonlight Drive bootleg.

Side Three (track 4) and Side Four recorded live in the PBS TV Studio, New York, WNET Channel 13, 23.5.1969. Taken from the IF-Productions video. Side Three track four starts with "You cannot petition ...". Side Four track one leaves out the first chords.

The soundquality on the album is very good stereo (for the Matrix' tracks) and very good mono (for the Critique tracks). No song separation.

The bootlegger unfortunately used recycled vinyl, therefore you hear crackles on all four sides. The Cover says SUNBURN RECORDS, but the label says EVA RECORDS. EVA is a well-known bootleg company, they - by the way - also produced perfect Beatles bootlegs such as the Black Album, a triple. EVA boots are known for their good covers, although they almost always used previously published bootlegs for their sources. Just one pressing was made:

First (and only) pressing Cover: full colour photo of the Doors on the front. Orange writing of the group's name and the title of the album underlined in white.
summer 1982 Backcover - full colour photo of Morrison's grave. Songtitles, list of musicians and credits in orange on top, recording dates and record company's name on bottom. SUNBURN RECORDS ARE EXCLUSIVELY DISTRIBUTED BY THE HEIGHBODY RECORDING COOPERATIVE, USA, UNDER LICENSE. (of course this is nonsense)
Label: dark blue ground with silver writing saying EVA RECORDS HB 9003, STEREO (Mono tracks are noted). SIDE ONE(or TWO or THREE or FOUR). (P) 1967 MATRIX PRODUCTIONS (or: (P) 1969 NET). Correct songlist on all four sides.
Matrix: HB 9003-A (or B or C or D), scratched in by hand. Recycled vinyl, crackles on all four sides. No song separation. Quality almost the same as on MOONLIGHT DRIVE (first pressing!) and CRITIQUE (also first pressing!)
Country: USA Edition: Not more than 1500 copies. No reprints.

ARCHIVES is (of course) better than IN CONCERT, first in quality, second because of the beautiful cover. It almost disappeared from the record fairs, even in the States, but if you can get a copy you have to pay about 70 DM for it, and for the hard-core collector the album is worth it. All EVA records are out of print, and the guys are not working anymore, so they became real collector's items.

The last of the legendary bootlegs in this issue is called IF IT AIN'T ONE THING IT'S ANOTHER. The strangest title for a record I've ever heard. This one's worth to collect, because there are two complete Live concerts on the album ... it is a triple album. The three records come in a white jacket with a wrap-around paper sheet, smaller than the jacket. The bootlegger used different colours for the paper, my copy is bright yellow with blue print. The front shows a portrait of Jim Morrison (a Frank Lisciandro shot) with a stubbly beard. Above the picture you can read THE DOORS and the long title of the album and in brackets LIVE AT THE FELT FORUM N.Y AND DALLAS, TEXAS 1970, 3 ALBUM SET, EXCELLENT QUALITY. What a joke! The album has not got an excellent quality, but is rather poor in its soundquality, according to the tapes where it was copied from.

On the back read the songtitles (including THE END for the Dallas concert, which is not on the album; to my knowledge The Doors didn't play that tune over there), an excerpt from Frank Lisciandro's book AN HOUR FOR MAGIC (a Doors backstage dialogue) and see two promotion photos of Jim. On the thin back read the title of the album. No record company is mentioned, just a tiny order number D-538 ... the record is very easy to identify as being a bootleg.

Here are the tracks on IF IT AIN'T ONE THING IT'S ANOTHER:

<u>SIDE ONE:</u>	1. Roadhouse Blues	<u>SIDE TWO:</u>	1. Alabama Song/Backdoor Man
	2. Ship Of Fools		, Five To One
	3. Break On Through		2. Moonlight Drive
	4. Universal Mind		
<u>SIDE THREE:</u>	1. Who Do You Love	<u>SIDE FOUR:</u>	1. When The Music's Over
	2. Money		
	3. Light My Fire		
<u>SIDE FIVE:</u>	1. Love Her Madly	<u>SIDE SIX:</u>	1. L. A. Woman
	2. Backdoor Man		2. When The Music's Over
	3. Ship Of Fools		
	4. Changeling		

The cover track-listing is not quite right. THE END is not on the album (this goes for both concerts!). LIGHT MY FIRE is not on Side four, but on Side three.

SOURCES: Side one to four Live at the Felt Forum, New York, 18.1.1970.
Side five and six Live at the Mc Farlin Auditorium, Dallas, 11.12.1970.

First Pressing: Cover: yellow wrap-around sheet on a white jacket.
autumn 1983
Front: Jim Morrison photo with stubbly beard. Artist and album title at the top, below that sources, number of records and quality information.
Back: Songlist (incorrect!), small article and two Jim Morrison promotion photos.

Label: Side 1+2: brown-golden label with black print: CANYON RECORDS SIDE ONE (or TWO), 33¹/₃ RPM, CANYON-A (or B), STEREO (not true!), SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION COLLECTORS SERIES.

Side 3+4: red-orange label with black writing: RARING RECORDS, RARITIES COLLECTION, SIDE FOUR (or Three), 33¹/₃ RPM-STEREO, SPECIAL EDITION COLLECTORS RELEASE, VOLUME ONE.

Side 5+6: green label with the same text as on 3+4 (just SIDE FIVE/SIX changed).

Matrix: D-538 A (or B or C or D or E or F). Note the missing "-" on side E+F. All scratched in by hand.

Country: USA Edition: not more than 1000 copies.



the doors



THE DOORS
IF IT AIN'T ONE THING,
IT'S ANOTHER

THE DOORS QUARTERLY • VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1 • SPRING 1988



SET

See the covers of IN CONCERT, IF IT AIN'T ONE THING IT'S ANOTHER and ARCHIVES on the left. In THE DOORS QUARTERLY 18 I'll tell you about the bootlegs KILL THE FATHER FUCK THE MOTHER, A CLOSED DOOR IS OPENED, WEIRD SONGS and WEIRD TRIANGLE. Till then!

July 3rd, 1988

This July 3rd was the worst ever, and I'm sure all people who went there on that special day agree with me. It started quiet and cool, as always.

I just came back from Los Angeles

and of course all people who know me wanted to know everything ... sorry guys and dolls, I can't tell you everything... so till noon there were just a few friendly female cops preventing everybody from sitting down and drinking alcohol. Then out of the rain came this ugly tiny dwarf-cop with his boss chasing everybody away. No reason! We all were quiet and all fans behaved well. The hunting began and took the whole afternoon; how to get back to the grave, how to escape from the cops' eyes and their screaming. Many fans got into a bar and drank their anger away, of course they couldn't get back to the cemetery ... Almost nobody was at the grave the whole afternoon, just the ugly dwarf was throwing his cigarettes onto Jim's grave. I walked around, and out of the rain came Marianne, and this was the most splendid time of my July 3rd. Nowadays you are not allowed to stay more than 5 minutes at the grave, no sit-down, no alcohol (good!), no music, "just have a look and fuck off" one cop said. "We don't want you dirty bastards here!" he screamed... is that any way to behave on a graveyard? The dream of a nice July 3rd is over, I guess. It's getting worse ... avoid it!

Rainer Moddemann

When the music's over

JIM MORRISON
IM ACHTZEHNEN
TODESJAHR (aus 'ran,
Aug. '88)



Üstere, regenschwere Wolken hängen über Père Lachaise, dem wohl berühmtesten Friedhof von Paris. In dieser Kleinstadt des Todes liegen sie begraben, die Revolutionäre, Dichter und Denker Frankreichs: Danton, Bizet, Colette und hunderte andere Berühmtheiten inmitten von tausenden anderen V.I.P.s und Nobodys, denen Denkmäler gleichende Steine und Mausoleen errichtet wurden.

Doch ein Amerikaner ist es, der alljährlich zum 3. 7. Hunderte von Trauergästen ganz besonderer Art anzieht. Versteckt und unscheinbar ist sein Grab, und dennoch leicht zu finden: Immer der Nase und den Graffities nach, die den Weg weisen zu dem Stein, in den schlicht ein Name und zwei Daten gemeißelt wurden. Jim Morrison 1943–1971.

Nachdem der Sänger und Texter der weltberühmten „Doors“ gestorben war, dauerte es nicht lange, und sein Grab wurde zum Mekka für die alten und neuen Freaks aus Europa und Übersee. Jedes Jahr wurden an seinem Todestag am 3. Juli Feten gefeiert, es wurde geraucht, gesoffen und getanzt. Und auch 1988 sind viele Veteranen wieder da: Der „Schwedenfreak“, der seinem Idol so tauschend ähnlich sieht und schon glasige Augen hat; Annemarie aus der Schweiz, die sich hier mit einer Urlaubskanntnschaft verabredet hat (aber nicht mehr genau weiß, für welches Jahr); und natürlich Rainer Moddemann (34), Herausgeber des „Doors Quarterly Magazine“, der regelmäßig seit 1973 das Grab von Jim besucht. Rainer gilt als der am besten informierte Mann in der Szene, hat er doch auch heute noch Kontakt zu den ehemaligen Musikern um Morrison-Manzarek, Krieger und Dansmore. Er verteilt Aufkleber, mit denen er für seinen Fan-Club wirbt, und zeigt Fotos von den „Doors“.

Und doch ist dieses Jahr alles an-

ders. Er herrscht Ruhe im 6. Arrondissement, in dem Morrison liegt. Kein „Alabama-Song“ oder „Light my fire“ schallt überlaut aus Cassettentellern. Die Weinflaschen und die Joints kreisen nicht, und die mitgebrachten Gitarren bleiben in ihren Koffern.

Beamte der Friedhofsverwaltung und der Garde National achten auf Einhaltung von Anstand und Sitte. Eine Viertelstunde Trauer ist genug. Dann haben die Fans das Grab zu verlassen. Auch der in Stein gehauene Kopf von Morrison, der auf dem Grabstein stand, ist verschwunden, irgendwann im Mai '88. Er steht jetzt vielleicht im Wohnzimmer eines Fetischisten.

Rainer: „Früher standen die Flics auch schon mal hier, aber sie haben nichts gemacht. Einer von ihnen hat sich sogar zu uns gesetzt und mitgetrunken und -geraucht. Als dann Mitte der 80er Jahre in Biographien über Jim und in alternativen Reiseführern das Grab in Père Lachaise erwähnt wurde, kamen immer mehr Leute, auch solche, die einfach nur Bock auf freies Dope und Saufen hatten, und dann ‚Zappa is better‘ auf den Stein schrieben. Ich bin froh, daß der Kopf weg ist, so kann er nicht weiter verschandelt werden.“

Eine Art Katz-und-Maus-Spiel beginnt. Einige Freaks stolpern querfeldein über die Gräber, um von der anderen Seite wieder zu Jims Grab zu gelangen, verfolgt von den Flics, die sie vom Friedhof herunterjagen wollen. An den Eingängen werden alle Besucher kontrolliert. Manch einer klettert über die Mauer, da ihm der Einlaß verwehrt wurde. Gerhard (18): „Also ich mußte meinen Rucksack erst in der Bar abgeben, bevor man mich hereinließ.“ Inzwischen setzt starker Regen ein, und so treffen sich alle erstmal in der nächsten Bar, um sich Geschichten vergangener Tage zu erzählen. Eine Kopie des offiziellen Totenscheins – mitgebracht von Rainer aus L.A. – macht die Runde, und „Haste schon gehört, Jim ist gar nicht tot, er kommt zu seinem 20. Todestag nach Père Lachaise.“ Während die Gerüchteküche lebt, mache ich mich nochmals auf den Weg zum Friedhof. Nachdem der Wächter am Eingang meinen Presseausweis genauestens studiert hat und mich hereinläßt, weist er mich darauf hin, daß ich am Grab von Morrison keine Fotos machen dürfe. Brauche ich auch nicht. Ist 'eh keiner mehr da.“

David Klammer

DOORS FAN CLUB NIGHT MEETING 20.10.88

IM LIVE-STATION, DORTMUND !!!!!!! direkt im Hauptbahnhof. BEGINN: 20 UHR!

Eintritt: DM 4 ; Clubmitglieder zahlen BEI VORLAGE IHRER MEMBERSHIP CARD nur DM 3, also: Die Karte nicht vergessen!

Programm: Superrare videos gucken (lest mal Seite 2 in diesem Quarterly), zusammen Bierchen trinken, essen (dort ist auch ein kleines Restaurant), plauschen, diskutieren, Doors-Musik hören und sich im Kreis Gleichgesinnter wohlfühlen. Außerdem sind dort 2 große Plattenstände, wo man Records kaufen kann; außerdem wird eine Auktion stattfinden, wo man mit Glück (+ a little money) z. B. Doors-Autogramme ersteigern kann oder bei seltenen Platten mitbieten kann. Vom Erlös wird fürs Doors Quarterly ein Farbumschlag + ein kostenloses Farbposter finanziert, alles fürs Jubiläumsheft Nr. 20. Hinweis: Der 20. Oktober ist in den Herbstferien; und das LIVE STATION ist wirklich im Dortmunder Hauptbahnhof, garnicht zu verfehlten. Bitte ruft mich (02151/571862) oder Arno (02043/41400) an, wenn Ihr kommt! Bis dann! (Veranstalter: The Amsterdam Record Shop/Detlef Müller, Dortmund + Doors Quarterly/R. Moddemann)

COME to our big DOORS NIGHT/FAN CLUB MEETING at the LIVE STATION in Dortmund, located inside the Central Station, you can't miss it. Follow the signs HAUPTBAHNHOF. We'll watch videos, listen to Doors-music, talk and discuss. Live Station has got a bar and a restaurant inside for hungry fans. Meet other clubmembers, and don't forget your membership card to pay less money to get in. We start October 20th at 8 pm with the meeting. There'll be 2 record dealers selling records, and there'll be an auction for rare Doors items. Call me (02151/571862) or Arno (02043/41400) before your coming. Hope to see and meet many of you readers! Till then! Rainer M.

Wer verschenkt oder verkauft mir billig eine oder mehrere HEINO-Platten?
Arno Bednorz, Kirchhellener Str. 78,
4390 Gladbeck. (Ernstgemeint!!!)

LETTERS *from you to us*

Es ist ja ganz o.k., liebe Fans - und entspricht nebenbei auch exakt der von mir so "arrogant" vertretenen Narzißmustheorie - daß ihr mich nun ein bißchen attackiert. Aber überlegt wenigstens auch, anstatt euch bloß gekränkt zu fühlen, wozu ihr den Jim eigentlich braucht und ge-braucht! Das war nämlich der Sinn meines provozierenden Artikels. Und sicher ist, daß Morrison sich sehr für Narzißmusproblematik interessierte: ungefähr ein Viertel seiner "Notes On Vision" handelt davon. So viel zur angeblichen Sachfremdheit! - An H.Pottritt: was hat der Wunsch, gelesen zu werden, mit einer Sehnsucht nach "Fans" zu tun? Und überleg dir mal, kann denn ein "Freund", der diese Bezeichnung verdient, ein "Fan" sein? Schließt einander wohl geradezu aus. Wenn ich mir die Auswirkungen des Kultstatus auf J.M. anschau, sehe ich keinen Grund für jenen Optimismus, den du bei mir vermißt. (Geschweigedenn für "Veredelung"...) - Zu meiner angeblichen Geschäftstüchtigkeit: vielleicht interessiert es dich, Bernd K., daß der von mir angesetzte Club-Preis für den 87er Kalender noch unter den reinen Herstellungskosten lag. Ich hatte von vornherein so kalkuliert, daß ich etwa zwei Drittel wieder hereinbekam. - Hingegen finde ich die Kritik von A.Liknar an der Kleinanzeige berechtigt: habe mir selbst auch schon gesagt, daß diese Kombination zynisch war. Wird nicht wieder vorkommen. Hoffe nur, daß die wirklichen Geschäftemacher gleichfalls vor ihrer "Tür" kehren!! - Bernd M. irrt sich gewaltig, wenn er mutmaßt, mein Nachdenken über Fans sei mit tollen Gefühlen verbunden - dazu ekelt mich der unehrliche Rummel einstweilen zu sehr an. Ein Punkt, den man diskutieren könnte (von niemandem erwähnt), wäre, ob nicht "Fan" von Medien in den letzten Jahren zunehmend unspezifisch gebraucht wird; dem stehen indes Trends entgegen, wie Uli Heumann sie aus der Fußballwelt mitteilt. - Daß Morrison mit den "idiots" die "slaves" gemeint hat, kann jeder auf Band nachhören, Bernd. Daß es auch kritisch denkende Leute gibt, die mit der Bezeichnung "Fan" Positiveres verbinden als ich, weiß ich wohl und habe es gar nicht bestritten. Dennoch: auch die Nichtfanatiker sind mehr oder weniger mit der dargestellten Situation konfrontiert - und es handelt sich zu einem Großteil um unbewußte Prozesse, die stark abwehrbesetzt sind. Das Problem ist, daß Selbständigkeit sich gerade über die Introjektion von Idealbildungen konstituiert - und daß sie nur insoweit wirklich zustandekommt, als der ganze Zusammenhang durchschaut wird. Gegen den Versuch einer solchen persönlichen Verarbeitung ist natürlich nichts einzuwenden, im Gegenteil. Die meisten verfahren jedoch so, wie Uli in seinem Artikel sagt: schleifen sich ihr J.M.-Bild zurecht, "wie sie ihn haben wollen". - Ich teile vieles von dem, was Scott Hyder geschrieben hat, glaube aber nicht, daß man einen festen Ersatzbegriff benötigt. "Cognoscenti", so wie Scott es erläutert, gefällt mir recht gut, klingt aber geschraubt und kann zu dem Mißverständnis führen, damit sei impliziert, es könne in Sachen Morrison wirkliche 'Eingeweihte' geben - und das verbietet wohl gerade der Respekt vor dieser verwirrend komplexen Persönlichkeit, den der Begriff ja zum Ausdruck bringen soll...

Thomas Collmer, Hamburg

A few Quarterlies back someone wrote about a Doors-night at a pub called Rubber Soul Club in West Melbourne, Australia, near where I work. Anyway, this Doors night was not as good as Nick Black described, in my opinion. To describe the scene, imagine about 2000 people crammed into a tiny pub, nearly all of them smoking continually, and the music played so loud that the sound system could not take it. I like to listen to music, not have my brain pulverised through the ears by volume and distortion. There was absolutely nothing good or special about it, except that occasionally they played a Doors record or tape. The guy who organizes it is a real weed who only uses The Doors to get people into the pub so they can maximize their profits in beer sales. Its the ultimate way to rip off Jim Morrison, and I'm sure he would hate it. I remain unimpressed! One other thing: Did they ever run an American TV Show in Germany called The Outer Limits? It's the best science fiction series ever, and I'm sure Jim would have watched it before he was famous. It was made 1963-4, and broadcast in England just a few years ago... George Simpson, Australia

Editor's note: Never heard of that TV Show. Did anyone videotape it? Does anyone have the same opinion about the Rubber Soul Doors nights over there in "Down Under"? ? RM.

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THE
DOORS

SAT. DEC. 12TH.

at a warehouse
1820 tchoupitoulas

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no age limit

FREE SHUTTLE BUS LEAVES FAR OUT 6:30
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ADVANCE TICKETS ONLY

ADMISSION \$5

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INDIAN SUMMER

... Indianischer Sommer, die wohl schönste Zeit an der amerikanischen Ostküste, der Spätherbst, mit noch warmen Klima und warmgetöntem Laub ... und zufällig der Titel des ersten Songs, den die Doors jemals aufnahmen und der erst auf ihrem 5. Album "MORRISON HOTEL" veröffentlicht wurde ... ein wunderschöner, eindrucksvoller, einfacher Lovesong, trotzdem oder grade deswegen so kunstvoll

poetisch, daß er tiefen Eindruck hinterläßt ... und unglückseligerweise der Name einer Band, die aus München kommt und sich als kommende "Doors-Style-Gruppe" feiern läßt... die ein paar Doors-Songs im Repertoire hat und Eigenkompositionen "so spielt, als hätte Jim Morrison seine Finger im Spiel gehabt" ... au weiah!!!

Da schickte mir Dirk Jakob, mit der Tontechnik der Band beschäftigt, eine Democassette zu, bei der sich alle Haare sträuben, bei der sich der Magen nach außen stülpt und die schleunigst gegen eine Original Doors-Platte als Hörgefühl ausgetauscht wurde.

Die Cassette (hoffentlich machen die Jungs keine Platte daraus!) ist verheißungsvoll mit WHISKY, MYSTICS AND MEN betitelt, ein von Morrison gesungenes Gedicht von der ROCK IS DEAD-Bootleg, demnächst als von den Doors selbst vertonter Outtake der AN AMERICAN PRAYER Session vom 8. Dezember 1970 auf offizieller Platte erhältlich. Gut, INDIAN SUMMER strengt sich an, aus der einfachen Morrison-Melodie etwas zu machen, doch der Organist stochert wie Linda McCartney auf den Tasten herum und fabriziert keine Variationen, sondern nur hilflose Melodiebögen. Das Medley SHE GETS HIGH artet aus zu einer sinnlosen Collage aus Doors-Materialfetzen; reichlich stumpf der Bass (Mensch, Dein Geklimpere ist gelinde gesagt stümperhaft), und die Gitarre versucht verzweifelt, Robby Kriegers geniales Spiel zu kopieren... grauenhaft!

GET OFF MY LIFE vorheißt erwartungsvoll eine Coverversion von Allan Toussaints gleichnamigem Song (siehe Doors-Boot MOONLIGHT DRIVE), stattdessen ergießt sich ein abgedroschener Text wie "Girl, I'll set you free" in die Gehörgänge. CARS HISS BY MY WINDOW strömt gemächlich, leider mit dem üblichen gestocherten Keyboard solo. WHO DO YOU LOVE, mit einem Wahnsinnsdrive bei den Doors, artet bei INDIAN SUMMER in ein wütendes Gehämmere aus ... ach, ich vergaß das unglaublich peinliche, eine jaulende Gitarre imitierende Gesangssolo bei "Cars hiss..." Morrison's Spontanität bei der entsprechenden Doors-Stelle kommt da nicht rüber. Bei den Eigenkompositionen der Gruppe wie zum Beispiel MY PRIVATE END quillt der Tonkopf über von Doors-Zitaten, unangenehm aufdringlich. Nicht daß Ideen zu guten Melodien fehlen, nur sind diese von ausgesprochen schlechter Inszenierung und enden als bloße, offensichtliche Doors-Zitate. Man höre sich nur CALL ON THE SEA an, ein übles Falsifikat von HORSE LATITUDES.

Die Band versucht, ein Image aufzubauen (von einschlägiger Szene-Presse begleitet), das - so der Info-Text von INDIAN SUMMER - imaginär, visionär sei und das Goldene Zeitalter wiederfinden will... schwitz: wenn das hier auf der Cassette verewigte Material das Unbewusste sein soll und die Tabus des Lebens (so Infotext) widerspiegeln will ... na dann Gute Nacht!

Und das absolut Entsetzlichste: dieser Sänger! Lieber Mericano (Pseudonym natürlich), besuche doch mal in der Uni einen Kurs über die Aussprache der englischen Sprache! Was da an germanisch gefärbtem Amerikanisch losgelassen wird, ist ein Alpträum! Die Aussprache des amerikanischen "r" gerät grundsätzlich zum Grunzen, so künstlich echt es auch gedacht ist. Das "th" ist erwartungsgemäß falsch, und das Röhren bei BACKDOOR MAN löste Heiterkeitsausbrüche hervor bei allen, denen ich das Band vorspielte. Vielleicht ist INDIAN SUMMER live ganz gut, wenn nur nicht dieser entsetzliche Sänger, dieser stochernde Keyboardmann, dieser plumpen Bassmensch und der verzweifelte Gitarrist mitspielen würden ... ich wollte eigentlich den Doors Eure

Cassette schicken, lasse es aber lieber sein, um Euch weitere peinliche Kommentare seitens der Gruppe selbst oder gar Plagiats/Copyrightprobleme zu ersparen... Wie meinte doch eine liebe Freundin von mir, die zu einem Eurer Konzerte in München eingeladen war: da sah ich diesen Sänger, der den Macho rauskehrte, den ersten Song so intonierte, daß einem wirklichen Doors-Fan die Ohren abfaulen, sodaß ich sofort den Saal verließ, um nicht in diesem Lärm um nichts taub zu werden..." Trotzdem hier für alle, die sich entweder tierisch ärgern wollen (der Hirsch über Opa's Sofa röhrt nicht so kitschig-künstlich wie der Sänger von INDIAN SUMMER) oder sich eine fröhliche, unterhaltsame und äußerst amüsante Drei Viertelstunde machen wollen (das ist die lustigste Cover-Group seit den RUTLES...) hier die Adresse der Band, wo man das Demotape bestellen kann (DM 10 + Porto): INDIAN SUMMER, Schwanthalerstr. 131, 8000 München 2; und wenn INDIAN SUMMER mal irgendwo in der Gegend spielen, sollte man sich selbst überzeugen, daß inzwischen die komplette Besetzung der Band gewechselt hat oder wenigstens versuchen, kostenlos dem Konzert beizuwohnen, denn sonst ist man so verärgert, wie ich über diese Demo-Cassette bin; da lobe ich mir WILD CHILD, eine Truppe aus Los Angeles, mit dem genialen Morrison-Plagiat DAVE BROCK, der immerhin so gut ist, daß er für die Hauptrolle in dem Doors-Film vorgesehen ist... der nicht versucht (so wie Herr Mericiano), Morrison zu kopieren (krampfhaft), sondern die zumindest offizielle Kopie Morrisons ist, wenn man mal vom Gehirn absieht... Immerhin versuchen WILD CHILD nicht, sich aus DOORS-Zitaten (textlich und musikalisch) eigene Songs zusammenzuzimmern, die nur lächerlich wirken, wie bei INDIAN SUMMER. Außerdem: der "Indian Summer" ist nichts anderes als der anfangs beschriebene, bei uns als Altweibersommer bezeichnete Teil des Jahres; kein "Sinnbild für die Auflehnung der Indianer gegen die Gesellschaft" (so der Pressetext der Gruppe), und was Eure Musik und vor allen Dingen Eure Texte mit den Indianern zu tun haben, bleibt wohl allen verborgen... Da gibt's doch so tolle Songbücher! Warum müssen denn dann bei INDIAN SUMMER die Doors-Texte auch noch falsch wiedergegeben werden? Auch die Texte der Songs, die die Doors gecovert haben, sind verballhornt. Das mag an der katastrophalen Aussprache des Mericiano liegen, ist aber auch ein Ergebnis unpräzisen "Heraushörens". Beispiele:

So wird gesungen

Backdoor Man : ... midnight jeep...
... men eat your kidneys...
Break On Through : ... you can kiss my daughter...

Who Do You Love: ... miles of bump pire (???)...
... house by the rope tire (???)...
... troops gone ahead on a ...
... rattlelike whip...

So soll es heißen

... midnight creep...
... men eat your dinner...
... thinks he can shoot my daughter...
... miles of barbed wire...
... house by the roadside...
... tombstone head on a ...
... rattlesnake whip...

Gut, nicht? Lustig wird es, wenn ich mal versuche, die ganze Sache phonetisch aufzuschreiben, nur ein winziges Beispiel anhand von CARS HISS BY MY WINDOW, das die Aussprache und die Fehler des "Sängers" zumindest für unsere deutschen Leser verdeutlicht:

Er singt: "Wändoul strallsaull tämboll", was wohl Morrisons "Window started trembling" bedeuten soll. Bei der zweiten Wiederholung der Zeile macht Mericiano noch einen abenteuerlichen Schlenker: "Wändoul starrtschaull tschämboll". Der Ideenreichtum zum Thema "Variationen der Germanisierung amerikanischer Aussprache" kennt bei INDIAN SUMMER keine Grenzen.

Mit Bemerkungen über diese Cassette --- hoffentlich machen die keine Platte daraus--- könnte man ein ganzes Quarterly füllen. Schaut Euch die Gruppe an und bildet Euch ein eigenes Urteil. Schaut Euch aber auch z. B. den Video von WILD CHILD an. Falls Ihr in den USA seid, seht Covergruppen wie STRANGE DAZE, BACKDOOR oder CRYSTAL SHIP oder eben WILD CHILD. In Holland soll's ne gute Covergroup geben (siehe DQ 17, S. 26). Und aus München kommt INDIAN SUMMER...

getippt und verfaßt in einer lauen Spätsommernacht von
Rainer Moddemann

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

written by
Rainer Moddemann

I can't remember one period of time in the past years with the release of so many bootlegs within half a year. The thing I said some Quarterlies ago seems to be very true: The more bootleggers are busted and out of business, the more new bootleggers appear on the scene with new releases, and 90% of the discs are in fantastic visual (of course I mean the covers) quality. No wonder that there are a lot of new DOORS bootlegs available from various sources. And, with the growing strength of the CD, there are 3 Doors CDs available, kinda half-legal products (Danny Sugerman, of course, says they are bootlegs, but as far as the story goes, no "maker" of the CDs was busted, although the police knows them, because the CDs were made in Italy and are considered over here as "imports" and, for sure, because of the very different copyright-law in Italy, which allows everybody to copy all material for record or CD which is older than 20 years.) One lawyer is forbidden to name these products "bootlegs", otherwise he has to pay 500000 DM (about 263 000 Dollars) to the maker of the "Stockholm Tapes" CD ... so everybody should be careful to call the new CDs "Bootlegs", although, in my opinion, they really are.

See a few of the new record-releases on the next page. Because of the mass of new bootlegs I can't talk too long about each record, but be sure to read a more intense description of the records in one of the forthcoming Quarterlies in my never-ending series "Bootlegging The Doors."

4.	2.
3.	4.
5.	6.

1. WEIRD SCENES INSIDE THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL → When the music's over
Oedipus Records JRRJ-70648, USA Spring 1988

contains the unreleased tracks from The Doors' Live At The Hollywood Bowl video, which were not on the official EP. Fantastic soundquality, nice colour cover Recorded July 5th, 1968

Alabama Song/Backdoor man/
Five to one
Moonlight Drive /Horse Latitudes
The End

2. WHISKEY, MYSTICS & MEN → People are strange, Alabama Song, Crystal Ship, 20th Century Fox, Moonlight Drive, Unhappy Girl, Backdoor Man, My Eyes Have Seen You, Summer's almost Gone, Soul Kitchen, Get off my Life, Crawling King Snake, I can't See Your Face in my Mind, Whiskey, Mystics & Men^X, Orange County Suite^X, Music's Over, Alabama Song⁺, Backdoor Man⁺, Five to One⁺

3. ROADHOUSE BLUES → Roadhouse Blues, Break on Through, Ship of Fools, Crawling King Snake, Alabama Song/Backdoor Man/Five to One, Build Me a Woman, Peace Frog, The End, The Celebration of the Lizard

Soundquality: Good Mono (unfortunately!)

4. LIMITLESS AND FREE → Rock Is Dead,⁺ Crystal Ship,^X
Holy Sha Poem^{\$} Alabama Song/
Backdoor Man[/]Build Me a Woman^o,
Get Off My Life^o, Ship Of Fools^ä
unknown record company, Israel (!) Winter 1987
contains songs from: +: Rehearsal session,
X: Toronto, Canada 13. 9. 69; \$: Boston, USA 17. 3. 68;
%: Copenhagen, Denmark, TV Studio 17. 9. 68; o: PBS
TV Show, N.Y. 23. 5. 69; ö: Matrix 7. 3. 67; ä: Isle of
Wight Festival 29. 8. 70. Interesting cover, superrare bootleg from Israel!!!!!!!

Whiskey, Mystics & Men



the doors

limitless and free

ROAD TO THE DOORS

POEMS, LYRICS AND STORIES BY
JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON

DAWSON

5. LITTLE GAMES

Shogun Records 13010, USA Winter 1987 contains material from both Stockholm concerts, 20. 9. 1968. Taken from the triple bootleg box The Complete Stockholm Tapes, pressed on two discs instead of three. Soundquality is still good, but the box (of course) is better. Another fine cover, also copied from The Illustrated History book, what a good source for Bootleg-covers.

6. POEMS, LYRICS AND STORIES BY JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON

Old Works Records 07/A, Italy Winter 1987 contains songs from the Matrix, 7. 3. 1967. Taken from the album Moonlight Drive, misses "20th Century Fox". Good Mono, nice cover design. Expensive Italian bootleg.

7. SOMETHING'S ROCKIN' IN DENMARK

Instant Analysis Records BBR 013, USA Spring 88. Looks like an "old" bootleg with it's loose sheet, a "cheap" cover. Contains material from Copenhagen, TV Show 17. 9. 68, taken from a video copy (the Bootleg 10" disc called LEATHER PANTS IN DENMARK was taken directly from TV!), and additional songs from Monterey, USA 26. 12. 1967 (+), in an astonishing good soundquality. A cheap product, but in Europe a quite expensive record to obtain. Soundquality:Good Mono.

Let's switch over to the CD section of this article. We'll have a short look at the three CDs which are around at this time. There is a fourth one which I didn't get up till now called CRAWLING KING SNAKE, but be sure to read all about that in DQ 19.

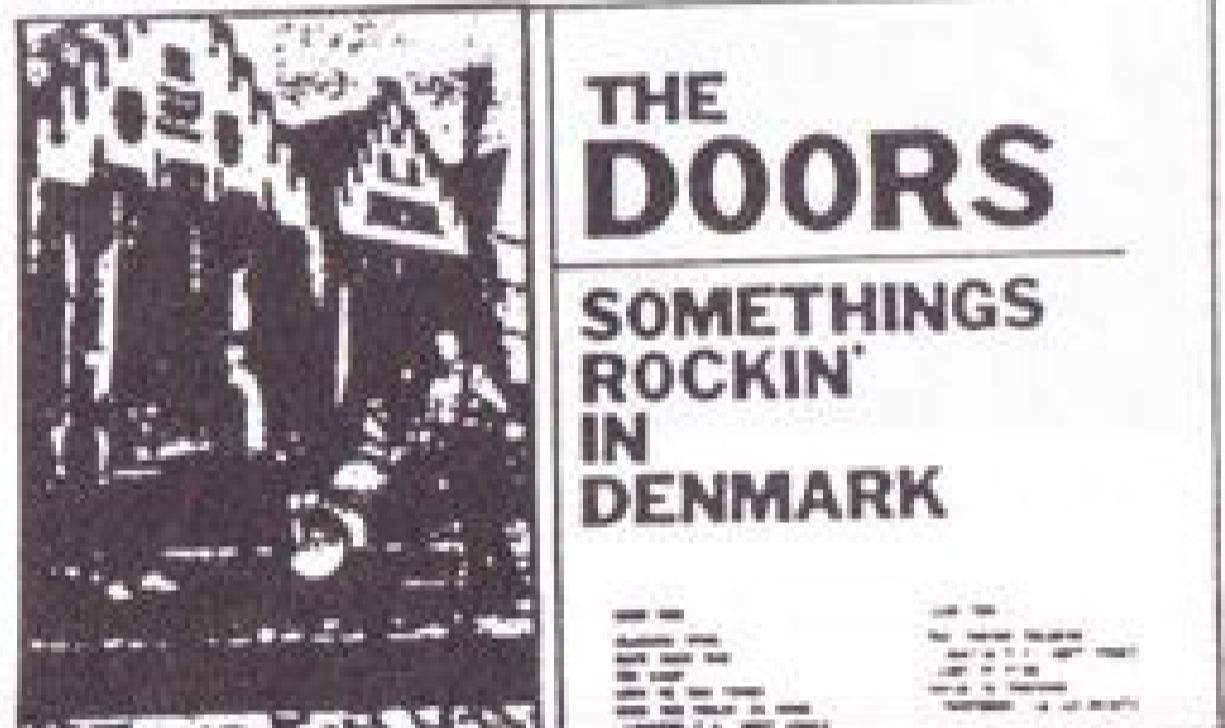
IT WAS MORE THAN 20 YEARS AGO

THE LIVE DOORS

Five To One, Love Street, Love Me Two Times, When The Music's Over, Unknown Soldier, Little Games, Light My Fire, Five To One, Mack The Knife / Alabama Song / Backdoor Man, You're Lost Little Girl, Love Me Two Times, When The Music's Over, Wild Child, Money, Light My Fire, The End

Backdoor Man, My Eyes Have Seen You, Soul Kitchen, Get Off My Life, Crawling King Snake, People Are Strange, Alabama Song, Crystal Ship, Unhappy Girl, Moonlight Drive, Summer's Almost Gone

Alabama Song / Backdoor Man, The WASP, Love Me Two Times, When The Music's Over, Unknown Soldier, Light my Fire⁺, Break On Through⁺



All CDs come from Italy, and they all contain material which had been released before. THE LIVE DOORS contains songs from the Matrix, 7. 3. 67. Only one song of the concert is missing: "When The Music's Over", unfortunately. The CD is obviously taken from the bootleg BLUES FOR A SHAMAN, also an Italian release. Songs: My Eyes Have Seen You, Soul Kitchen, I can't see your Face In My Mind, Summer's Almost Gone, Money, Who Do You Love, Moonlight Drive, Alabama Song, People Are Strange, I'm A King Bee,

Gloria, Break On Through, Summertime, Backdoor Man, The End. The soundquality is not that good, too bad, the CD was copied from the record. Nice black/white cover with a handwritten article in English & Italian on the insert sheet. Order Number: BGCD 012, Bulldog Records. They also published other CDs such as Beatles, Stones & Dylan.

THE DOORS—*The Stockholm Tapes*



cover of The Stockholm Tapes CD

cover of Autumn Life CD

The best of the three CDs is called THE STOCKHOLM TAPES, with a beautiful colour cover and a perfect stereo-sound. Taped on September 20th, 1968 in Sweden. Taken from the Stockholm Box the CD leaves out the double-tracked songs from the box. Document Records, DR 010, 1988. The Songs: Five To One, Mack The Knife / Alabama Song / Backdoor Man, You're lost Little Girl, Love Me Two Times, When The Music's Over, Wild Child, Money, Love Street, Wake UP / Light My Fire, Unknown Soldier. The CD has got a total playing time of about 64 minutes. A very nice item to collect, even if you haven't got a CD-player yet, who knows when this disc will disappear from the scene... Jim Morrison himself once said he loved the Stockholm performances, here you are able to capture the mood of a European Doors concert, and, quite important, it makes an enjoyable listening because of the perfect stereo-sound.

Another Matrix release (my gosh, is only the Matrix-concert interesting for bootleggers?) is called AUTUMN LIFE, released on CD only. It was also copied from an Italian bootleg record named DEFINITELY CLOSED, plus a few additional songs: People are Strange, Alabama Song, Crystal Ship, 20th Century Fox, Moonlight Drive, Unhappy Girl, Backdoor Man, My Eyes Have Seen You, Summer's Almost Gone, Soul Kitchen, Get Off My Life, Crawling King Snake, I can't see your Face in my Mind. The soundquality is much better than on THE LIVE DOORS CD, although I prefer to listen to my tape copy of the concert or the first pressing of MOONLIGHT DRIVE. The cover is a fine photography of a leaf in "autumn"-colours, looks really nice! This CD (no wonder!) is another Italian release... wish that the laws will never change in Italy, guess why! If you have one or plan to buy a CD-player, hurry to get a copy...
Limited editions - as usual!!!

EXCLUSIVE DOORS ITEMS AVAILABLE!

2.→

1.

All items on this page are licensed Doors merchandising products and not available in Europe. In Los Angeles I made contact with the manufacturer (thanks to Jeannie!) and we can offer the items for you now in the Quarterly. See description and prices of items below. We order them directly from the States, so it might take a few weeks until they arrive.

All prices excluding postage. Perfect for an exclusive Christmas present, don't you think so? Sorry, the little kid on the photo is not for sale...

3.

1.BANNER (Wandbehang) on silver silk with red & black colour, 113cm x 122 cm nur 25 DM

2. HEAD BAND (Stirnband) in black with white & blue, 113cm x 4,5cm nur 5 DM

3. DOOR WALL BANNER (Tür/Wandbehang) in black silk with white colour 177 cm x 57 cm nur 22 DM

4. PILLOW (Kissen) black silk with white print, 34cm x 37 cm, nur 14 DM

5. BANNER (Wandbehang), black silk with white colour, 113 cm x 122 cm nur 25 DM

TO GET THE ITEMS BEFORE CHRISTMAS ORDER NOW. DO NOT SEND MONEY IN ADVANCE!

5.

the doors



Rainer, Arno and Robby. Robby is signing his solo records

Same as above. Robby is checking The Doors Definitely Complete Songbook.

Photos by Linda Kyriazi

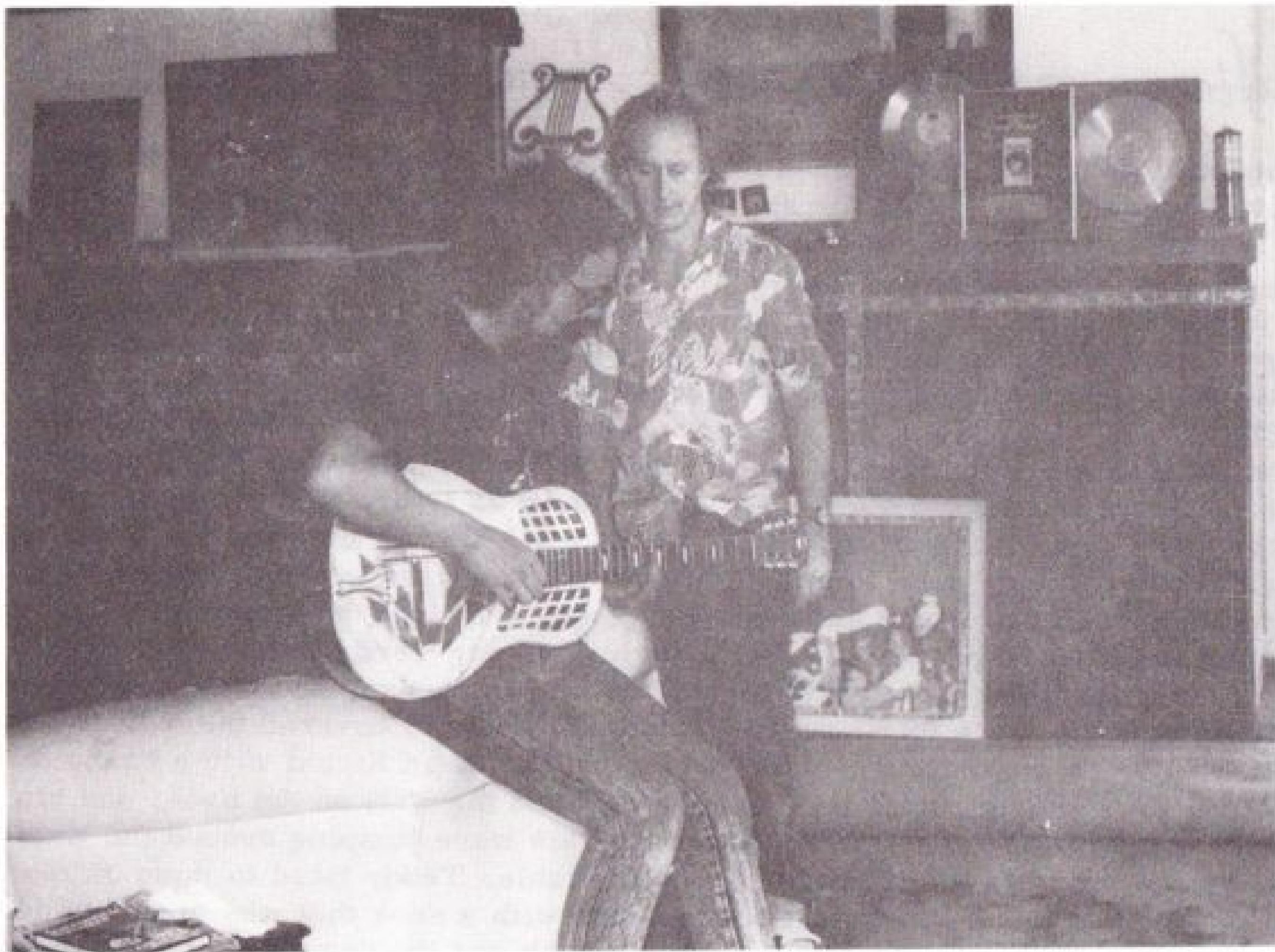


An afternoon with Robby Krieger

as seen by
Rainer Moddemann

It was a beautiful bright L. A. afternoon in late June 1988, when I finally got a date with Robby Krieger of The Doors for an interview. Robby was busy, working in the studio on two different albums, and he first wanted me to come into the studio to watch the sessions (I would have liked that!). But it didn't work out; he couldn't get all his musicians together or couldn't get a date with the studio . . . he finally decided to invite me to his house. So Linda Kyriazi (his PR manager) came down to the Alta Cienega Motel, where I stayed during my second week in Los Angeles in Jim's old room No 32. Arno, who lived in No 31, came out of the door, packed with record covers and photos for Robby to sign. We drove with Linda's Elvis car (her license number in fact says Elvis, and she's a big Elvis-Fan) up Laurel Canyon to one of those big gates, which usually stay close to strangers, Linda rang, and the big gate swung open. Up the hill we rode to a big house with a few cars in front. There he was, Robby Krieger, with a blue shirt and some old jeans, barefoot, welcoming us like we were old friends. I had to prevent myself from his big dog Teddy, who was trying to jump on me for quite a few minutes. Robby led us into the house, and we immediately felt like being at home --- a lot of gold and platinum records covered the wall and were leaning against the tape collection. A big poster of Nastassia Kinski with a snake was hanging above the chimney, tapes and records covered the wall on the back, and big curved windows allowed the daylight to come in. Cats were jumping around the living-room, and a few women's magazines were on the table. Teddy tried to jump on me constantly, so I tried to decoy him out of the house with a sock that was placed under the table. Finally - after Robby tried to save his sock and the dog was outside - Robby asked us to come upstairs to his studio. It was filled with amplifiers, drum-computers electric pianos, tape-machines and many guitars... and, no wonder, gold and platinum record awards on the wall. While I almost fell across hundreds of cables on the floor, Robby explained how to use the machines, turned on his drum-computer, and a fast beat filled the room. He took a red Gibson guitar and played a quick solo, followed by a really nice slow-blues. As he fixed his guitar to a synthesizer, it sounded like a flute, a harpsichord or a piano. How happy I was to have my video with me to record everything he did! Arno in the meantime took photos from every corner of the studio. I noticed the first Doors gold record award for "Light my Fire" on the wall. Being asked about the compositions he usually writes Robby said he preferred a real band to all the computers, he just records the basic tracks in his home-studio and works out the songs with a band in a big studio. (Read my big Robby Krieger Interview in *Doors Quarterly* 19, with more information on the instruments described above.)

Finally we went down to the sunny living room again, and Robby put on a tape with one of his new songs. "It's called Strut-e-vary," he explained, a word-game for Stradivary, in my opinion an unusual title for a funky song with no strings in the instrumental line. He smiled listening to the song and was constantly swinging his foot while sitting next to me on the back of a big leather sofa. After a while he got one of the most beautiful guitars I've ever seen from a corner of the room and handed it to me. It was an old Dobro from the early 20ties, made by the famous Dopyera Brothers, you know the kind of guitar which is made out of metal with a membrane inside the body which doubles the loudness of the guitar. I played a few chords on it with Robby watching me. The music stopped and Robby put on another tape with a weird comedy show called the Black Beatles (he knew that I was a Beatles-Fan, too) and we had a good laugh, such a funny tape. Meanwhile Linda got some Coors (my favourite American beer) out of the fridge and switched on some of the beautiful Tiffany lamps. Unfortunately Teddy got back into the room, this time he was interested in biting Arno, but Robby finally tamed him and he stayed for the rest of the day under the table, while two Angora cats were resting on the table. The tape and the video was running, and I started my interview, which lasted for more than an hour. Linda grabbed the video and ran all across the rooms, zooming a lot and gave us (after returning from L.A.) an impressing video of how a Door lives. But finally the video



Robby Krieger watching me playing his Dobro. Photo by Linda Kyriazi.

came back on the table again and Arno zoomed it until the picture of Robby was good for a nice watching. It was interesting to talk with Robby, and he did his best to answer questions which seemed to be quite unusual for him. You know, I wasn't trying to recall the Doors' story that everybody already knows. My questions (thanks Heinz for a lot of basic ideas) went further, deep into recording sessions, back to the soul of the Doors' songs, to figure out more about the group than any other interviewer did before. We talked about Robby's further plans, about his relationship to Jim Morrison, about what he thinks about certain songs, about his Gibson SG, about other people in the business. We talked about the Robby Krieger Gibson guitar, and how the idea was developed. We heard about unfinished songs, recording sessions and how Rothchild cut the tapes. We heard more about Pamela Courson, we talked about the actual Doors business problems. Robby often said "...but this is not for the Quarterly...", so, dear readers, I can't write down the entire interview, because I don't want to break the trust Robby put in me. We didn't see Robby's wife, but his son Waylon, a tall blonde-haired guy, came in for a "Hello, how you're doing?"...

After the interview Robby showed us his oldtimers, a few old cars, and posed for a few pictures. Then he got back into the living room and came out with a platinum and a gold record award. "This is for you," he said, "for all the work you did for me". Linda couldn't believe her eyes, and I was even more surprised. A generous present, thanks Robby! I took the platinum disc, which was handed to Robby to commemorate the sales of One Million copies of the album "Waiting For The Sun", and it proudly hangs on the wall in my living-room now, and it always will remind me of a very special L.A. afternoon. Robby signed a lot of photos for me, yeah, he was really busy with that, and then it was time to go. Hope to see you back again, Robby. Keep up the good work you do!

Rainer Moddemann

READ MY BIG ROBBY KRIEGER INTERVIEW IN DOORS QUARTERLY No 19!

Do you know a SUPREMES-Fan? There's a very active Fanclub in L.A., I went to their Florence Ballard Exhibition over there and met the head, Alan White. For information write to Florence Ballard Fanclub, P.O. Box 36A02, Los Angeles, CA 90036, USA.

Der Blues des Schamanen

von NATHALIE SENARD

aus dem Französischen von
Sybille Greiling/Nova

mit besonderem Dank an
Herrn Andreas Lommel, der
einige Korrekturen anbrachte,
sowie Ulrike fürs Tippen + Gestalten

Eine Studie über Schamanismus und Dridentum im Werk Jim Morrisons

Dies ist eine Würdigung Jim Morrison's, jenseits des Sängers und des Dichters. Eine Würdigung dessen, was er seit Beginn aller Zeiten verkörpert, was er in seinem tiefsten Innersten war und was er niemals wirklich enthüllt hat. Nichtdestoweniger hat er die Zeichen dieses verborgenen Schatzes durch seine Dichtung, sein Leben als Sänger, seine (nicht oft verstandene) Persönlichkeit, seine Leiden und Hoffnungen offenbart. Aus diesem Grund will ich mich mit den Dingen beschäftigen, die sein Herz und seine Seele bewegten und die er nur teilweise verwirklichen konnte. All das, was er viel offener, intuitiver, aufrichtiger und verständnisvoller mit den anderen teilen wollte, ohne daß sein Image zur Beute der Medien wurde, eines Publikums, das in ihm meist nichts weiter als seine physischen Erscheinung sah, seine Maske des Sängers, ohne jemals wirklich die Quintessenz eines Menschen wahrzunehmen, in dem viel mehr steckte als sich erahnen ließ, eines mächtigen und dennoch so zerbrechlichen Wesens, das schließlich an sich zugrundeging . . . er war, er ist, er wird sein . . .

Erste Person: der Schamane

Der Schamanismus entstand in den Steppen Sibiriens. Er breitete sich nach Asien sowie nach Süd- und Nordamerika aus. Der Schamane war ein rätselhaftes, außergewöhnliches Wesen. Schamanismus ist keine Religion. Es gibt hier keinen Kult und kein Dogma. Der Schamane nutzt seine schamanistischen Kräfte im Dienste seines Klans. Er praktiziert die kathartische Trance: abgeschnitten von allem macht er sich auf die Reise, besucht die Götter, die Geister der Ahnen, trägt seine Bitten vor (eine Krankheit zu heilen, eine verlorene Seele wiederzufinden, einen Verstorbenen an einen Ort des Friedens zu führen etc.) Unweigerlich muß man dabei an eine Stelle aus "The Lords and the new creatures" denken.

"Sich unsichtbar oder winzig klein machen. Riesengroß werden und zu den weitestenferntesten Dingen gelangen. Den Lauf der Natur verändern, irgend eine Stelle in Raum oder Zeit sein. Die Toten beschwören. Die Sinne in Extase versetzen und nicht zugängliche Bilder wahrzunehmen, die im Innersten der eigenen Gedanken oder denen anderer ruhen."

Diese Fähigkeit, sich in übernatürliche Bereiche hineinzubewegen, in Verbindung mit dem Übermenschlichen sowie magischen Kräften zu kommen, erlangt der Schamane durch Erfahrungen von Schrecken und Leid. Seine Initiation ist so hart, daß er dabei hin und wieder den Verstand verliert, manchmal sogar sein Leben. Seine Visionen sind keine Halluzinationen, er ist nicht verrückt, ganz und gar nicht. Ein großer Schamane ist gezwungenermaßen ein Psychologe. Die harten Prüfungen seiner Einweihung haben aus ihm einen starken Mann gemacht, von unerschütterlicher psychischer Stabilität. Er gelangt zu neuen Wahrnehmungen des Sehens, Hörens, Denkens etc. Dadurch, daß er die Grenzen des Menschlichen überschritten hat, wird er zum Meister des Spiels. (Man erinnere sich an Nietzsche, Huxley und Blake diesbezüglich.) Er weiß den anderen ihr verlorenes Gleichgewicht

wiederzugeben, er weiß, die Massen zu manipulieren. Er erweist sich als geschickter, als der beste Psychiater. Da, wo es keinen Schamanen gibt, ist die Seele des Klans in Gefahr auseinanderzufallen, denn sie hat ihr stabilisierendes Element verloren:

"Ziel der Seance ist, die Krankheit zu heilen. Ein Volk, das die Bürde historischer Ereignisse zu tragen hatte oder in einer schlechten Umgebung vor sich insiechte, konnte durch eine bestimmte seelische Verfassung neu motiviert werden. Es versuchte, sich von Schicksal, Tod und Schrecken zu befreien . . ."

Nur der Schamane war hierzu in der Lage. Für das, was man von ihm wollte, reichten die menschlichen Kräfte allein nicht. Er brauchte einen oder mehrere Schutzgeister aus dem Bereich der Tiere, Pflanzen oder Menschen.

"Die sanfte Parade beginnt gerade
Hört, wie die Motoren aufheulen
Die Leute sind auf der Straße, um sich zu amüsieren
Eine Kobra zu meiner Linken
Ein Leopard zu meiner Rechten . . .
. . . die Hunde werden gerufen . . ."

Diese Geister werden ihm auf seiner Reise helfen, die Hindernisse, denen er möglicherweise auf seinem Weg begegnet, zu beseitigen. Sein Verhalten wird sich je nach Intensität und Etappe der Reise verändern: entsetzliche Schreie, gefährliche Sprünge, Gesänge, Kapriolen aller Art, Tierimitationen, Nachahmung von Menschen etc. . .

"Der Schamane leitete die Seance. Eine Panik der Sinne, die bewußt mit Hilfe von Drogen, Gesängen und Tänzen hervorgerufen wird, versetzt den Schamanen in Trance. Er verhält sich wie ein Verrückter . . . Durch ihn wurde die Brücke von der Welt der Menschen zu der der Geister geschaffen. Diese Astralwanderungen des Schamanen stellten den Mittelpunkt des religiösen Lebens des Stammes dar."

Sie gaben ihm zahlreiche Funktionen als Seher, Heiler, Regisseur seines eigenen kathartischen Theaters, Schauspieler und Zuschauer:

"Das Kino hat seinen Ursprung in einer alten, populären Tradition der Zauberei, von Anbeginn an ist es eng verbunden mit Priestern, Magie, Geisterbeschwörungen etc. . ."

Z w e i t e P e r s o n : d e r D r u i d e

Das Druidentum ist die Weiterentwicklung des Schamanismus. Es entwickelte sich aufgrund der indoeuropäischen Völkerwanderung über ganz Europa verstreut. Es gelangte bei den Germanen Skandinaviens zur Blüte und bei allen keltischen Völkern wie den Iren, Schotten und Franzosen. Verlassen wir also die Steppen Sibiriens und die Tundra der ersten Schamanen und machen wir uns mit unseren indoeuropäischen Vorfahren auf den Weg. Sie trugen den Schlüssel zum Schamanismus mit sich. In Irland, wo Jim seine ursprünglichsten Wurzeln hat, entwickelten sich ganz besonders schnell und stark.

Vor ungefähr 10.000 Jahren kam ein eigenartiges Volk nach Irland: die Tuatha De Danaan, Untertanen der Magierin Dana . . . sie kamen der Sage nach von den Inseln des Nordens, von jener großen Insel, deren letzter Überrest Island ist. Sie brachten die alte, archaische Form des Schamanismus mit, zumindest seine Grundlagen und seine Techniken, und hatten bereits den Schlüssel zum Druidentum. Sie gründeten das Land der Kelten. Sie waren zwischen 2,20 m und 2,50 m groß und bauten mit Hilfe der Fomore-Riesen, Einwohnern Irlands, Megalithen (Dolmen, Menhire etc. . .). Die Tuatha waren als Krieger-Aristokratie organisiert (aus Notwendigkeit), aber vor allem als magische, spirituelle Kaste. Im Laufe der Zeit schwand die Vertrautheit mit dem Heiligen, die Natur degenerierte, denn die Menschen verloren ihr intuitives, spontanes Bewußtsein. Diese Degeneration führte unvermeidlich zu einer krankhaften Verbreitung aller möglichen Religionsauswüchse.

sinnloser Riten, Aberglauben und Angst vor dem Tod - was alles nichts mehr mit Schamanismus zu tun hatte. Man findet davon noch einige Spuren in Sibirien und bei den Eskimos, jedoch ist sich heute jeder im klaren darüber, daß der Mensch seine natürliche Beziehung zum spirituellen Bereich verloren hat, im Materialismus versackt und sich jedem Kontakt mit anderen Wirklichkeiten verschließt.

"Die Herren besänftigen uns mit Bildern. Sie geben uns Bücher, Konzerte, Galerien, Theater, Kinos. Vor allem Kinos. Mit Hilfe der Kunst verwirren sie uns und machen uns blind für unser Sklaventum. Die Kunst dekoriert die Mauern unserer Gefängnisse und hält uns ruhig, zerstreut und gleichgültig."

Abschließend zum Thema Schamanismus eine Stelle bei Jim, die sehr aufschlußreich ist.

"Ich verbrachte meine Zeit im universellen Geist.
Ich fühlte mich wohl.
Ich öffnete Türen, ich befreite Seelen.
Es ging mir absolut gut."

Die Tuatha De Danaan waren nicht nur Schamanen, sondern auch Schmiede, Dichter und Barden. Sie brachten alle Künste nach Irland und legten die ersten Fundamente der keltischen Zivilisation, die im Aufblühen war . . . Unter ihnen waren einige Magier und Magierinnen, die jeweils eine besondere Funktion hatten.

Lugh (keltischer Gott) hatte alle Macht. Dagda brachte mit seiner Harfe die Musik nach Irland. Er hatte so einen mächtigen Einfluß, daß noch heute die Musiker, die aus Irland stammen, nicht zu zählen sind. Soviele Menschen, fast Götter, haben zum Aufblühen dieser Insel beigetragen. Hierzu eine Stelle aus "An American Prayer":

"Laßt uns die Götter wieder erfinden,
alle Mythen der Zeiten."

Vergessen wir nicht Chuchulainn, Druide, Krieger, aber auch Dichter. Sohn des Lugh und mutiger Held, dessen Kampf für Irland keine Grenzen kannte. Schließlich kommt die Schicht der Barden, Reisenden und Dichter. Jim gehört zweifellos zu ihnen . . .

Wir finden in den Legenden zahlreichen reisende Helden, Dichter, die jung sterben, durch ihren Tod jedoch immer wieder zu einem neuen Wesen werden, bis sie die Vollkommenheit erlangt haben. Ein Beispiel dafür zeigt das "Cat Codden" (keltisches Buch):

"Einst war ich Gwyon Bac,
jetzt bin ich Taliesin."

D r u i d e n t u m u n d S e e l e n w a n d e r u n g

Die Druiden glaubten, daß die Seele unsterblich sei, daß sie Metamorphosen unterliegt und von einem Körper zum anderen wandern könne - dies ist jedoch nur den eingeweihten Druiden vorbehalten. Ihre schwierigen Einweihungsprüfungen, ihr Wissen, ihre Weisheit bestimmen sie für dies seltene Privileg. (Seelenwanderung ist nach Auffassung vieler Weltreligionen nicht nur Privileg Eingeweihter, sondern ein natürliches, kosmisches Evolutionsgesetz. Anm. d. Übs.)

Im allgemeinen verläßt der Druide am Ende seines Lebens den Klan und zieht sich in die Wälder zurück. (Ein Beispiel dafür ist der Zauberer Merlin aus den Legenden um König Arthur.) Erinnern wir uns an die Sehnsucht, die Jim im "An American Prayer" ausdrückt:

"Laßt uns die Symbole der tiefen, alten Wälder feiern,
Die Ahnen kichern in den Bäumen des Waldes."

Vergessen wir auch nicht die so schönen keltischen Legenden, welche den Träumen unserer Ahnen entsprangen. Viele von ihnen machen Anspielungen auf geheimnisvolle Inseln, wo Druidenfrauen leben, wie z. B. die Insel Avalon, der Ort, wo König Arthur ruht oder jenes Feenland, das die Barden besangen:

"Die Insel Emain am Meer, sei sie nah, sei sie fern, wo Tausende von seltsamen Frauen leben, von den Fluten umgeben . . ."

Diese geheimnisvollen Inseln, wo die reisenden Helden der Kelten für immer bleiben können, beschwört Jim in der "Celebration of the Lizard":

"Sieben Jahre lang habe ich im Palast des Exils gelebt und seltsame Spiele mit den Töchtern der Insel getrieben."

Wenn in der Kaste der Druiden ein Eingeweihter jung stirbt, wird sein Tod zu einer anderen Art der Einweihung. Um auf eine höhere Seinsebene zu gelangen, muß er sich einer Prüfung unterziehen: ein etwa 7-jähriges Kind finden, in dem er seine Einweihung fortsetzt, sich verwirklicht und nicht nur seine Vergangenheit, sondern auch seine eigene Persönlichkeit weitergibt. Es ist eine lange und schwierige Lehre für denjenigen, der diesen Geist aufnimmt. Ebenso ist es im Schamanismus.

Jim sprach einmal davon (vgl. H. Müller, "Jim Morrison au delà des Doors"):

"Die schöpferische Macht der Welt wird durch eine Schlange symbolisiert, die der neue Schamane in den Tiefen eines Sees wiederfinden muß, um dann mit ihr an die Oberfläche aufzusteigen, indem er unter Beistand eines alten Schamanen auf ihr reitet."

Die Vereinigung der beiden Geister kann nur über die Vermittlung einer magischen Gefährtin (Gattin) stattfinden, sei sie aus dieser Welt oder aus der anderen. Der Eingeweihte wird zum anderen und bleibt gleichzeitig er selbst. Beispiel im "Shaman Blues":

"Es wird niemals wieder jemand geben wie Dich
Niemand anders wird tun können, was Du tust
Wirst Du mir noch einmal eine Chance geben (...)
Bitte besinn Dich, Du wirst Dich erinnern
Wir waren zusammen, was auch immer geschieht (...)
Ich weiß, was Du brauchst
Ich keine Deine Gefühle und Deinen Geist
Und Deinen Geist, Deinen Geist, dies Band nie zerreißt."

Die Legenden sind im allgemeinen voll von Beispielen berühmter Gefährtinnen, die eine magische Symbiose zwischen dem Geist ihres Mannes und dem anderen vollzogen: Ariane und Dionysos, Viviane, die Merlin in einen Zauberer verwandelte, Isis, die ihren Gemahl Osiris in Horus wieder zum Leben erweckt und noch viele andere . . . All diese Helden unterstehen den vier Kardinalpunkten der Mysterien der Alchemie, der Esoterik etc. Nicht jedoch irgendeiner destruktiven Religion, derer es so viele Gab. (Jede Religion hat exoterische und esoterische Aspekte. Anm. d. Übs.) Die Druidengemahlin singt eine ganze Nacht lang, damit sich die Alchemie zwischen dem Alten und dem Neuen verwirklicht. (Ebenso dienen die Mantriren der Buddhisten zur Transformation der Psyche. Der Buddhismus ist die einzige Religion, in der schamanistische Praktiken integriert sind. Anm. d. Übs.) Dies ist ein Pakt, der seit Beginn aller Zeiten existiert und für denjenigen, der unter diesem Zeichen geboren ist, wirkt er schicksalhaft bestimmend. Die Liebe ist dabei der Leitfaden und wird es immer sein . . . In der "Celebration of the Lizard" heißt es:

"Ich bin nun zurückgekehrt ins Land der Gerechten, der Starken und der Weisen."
(Ich sehe keinen Zusammenhang. Anm. d. Übs.)

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The doors

D a n n y S u g e r m a n

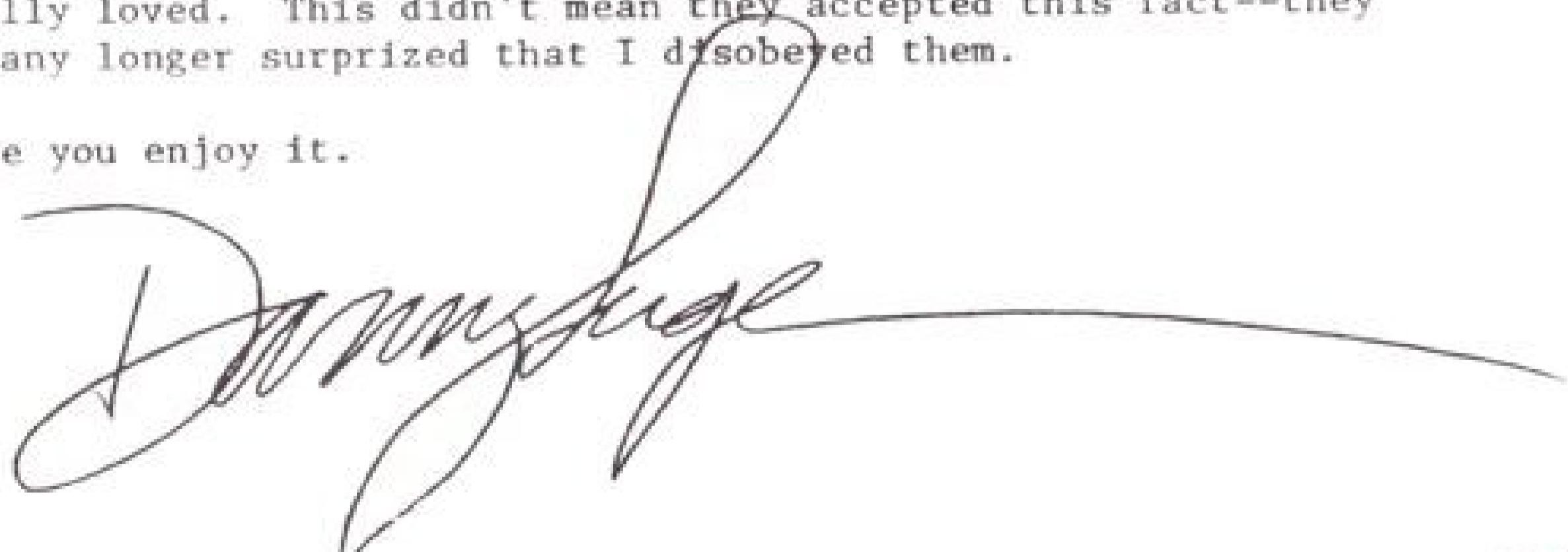
Dear Doors Quarterly Readers,

The following writing was originally composed for my upcoming novelized autobiography WONDERLAND AVENUE: TALES OF GLAMOUR & EXCESS. I have been working on this project since before No One Here Gets Out Alive was published in the summer of 1980. It is the book, and the presentation of Jim Morrison, that I regard as my own, my perception, the Doors I knew and I saw. It is written in novel form, yet it is 100% accurate. In the tradition (if I may be so humble) of On the Road, Naked Lunch, the Basketball Diaries I wanted to write a book that utilized my experiences, presented them in the first person, yet was universal in its appeal and could be appreciated by people with no knowledge of either myself or the Doors. I hope I have succeeded.

This piece you are about to read was edited out at the last minute, much to my chagrin. It is one of my favorite pieces--I have read it aloud in nightclubs and on college campuses to audiences ranging from 30 to 3,000 and it always got the greatest reaction. The thought of/having it published didn't sit right. The original manuscript of the book was over 1,000 pages long. I had to get it down to at least 6000. This writing, as good as I think it is, did not further the story line. And alas, my editor I have to admit was right when she said the narrator simply sounds off older than his years in this particular section.

So then, you are reading an excerpt from my next book, once in, now out. I think it stands well on its own. I had been working for the Doors for about a year and a half. The Doors were going out of town on what was supposed to be their first ever major multi-city tour. I was saddened because I would miss them yet I was excited that my friends and favorite band were going to be playing to so many people. They had won a talent contest in Miami Florida and elected to start the tour there. Within a week every city on a 30+ city tour was canceled but Detroit and Hawaii. I'd been living at home, under increasingly dismal and depressing conditions, with my stepfather and mother, both of whom had forbid me to see the Doors. I had promised them I wouldn't see them anymore. But I think we all knew better. They knew how I could be when it came to something I really loved. This didn't mean they accepted this fact--they simply weren't any longer surprised that I disobeyed them.

I sincerely hope you enjoy it.



This excerpt from WONDERLAND AVENUE was edited out from the final version of the book. It will not be printed anywhere, so the DOORS QUARTERLY readers are the only people to read it - Danny gave me the exclusive right to print it. Have fun!(R)

I really didn't know exactly what was going on all around me during the sixties, but that something was going on was crystal fucking clear and undeniable. And I had been developing some vague ideas of my own. For instance: There was the establishment, a. k. a. them, and the fr--ks, among whom I counted myself. Being at least six years the junior of everyone else I was hanging around, I wasn't about to start asking dumb shit either like what or why this all was. But that didn't stop me from being sympathetic. I wasn't hip to the specific ideological cartel necessarily, beyond letting my hair grow (as long as possible) and taking drugs (as many and as much as possible) and listening to music (as often and as loud as possible) -- I just wasn't too keenly informed on the individual newsworthy political gestures or the exact sociological ramifications. I might not have known exactly what we were about, or why, but I knew what we were against. We were against THEM. It was US against them. And I knew who THEY were and I knew whose side I was on and I knew what we were for. We were for FREEDOM. And we were beautiful. We really were. We were massive and beautiful and strong. There were so many of us. And our faith was enormous. Do you remember? We were going to change the world, we really believed it. We were also pretty damned naive and ignorant.

We might not have known where our ultimate destination was, but at least we were moving. We were doing something. It wasn't complete and it had its faults and frailties, but no matter how you looked at it then and no matter how corny it sounds today, the truth is peace and love was just a whole lot better than what they were doing with their war and draft and bigotries and hypocritical pettiness. It was true then and its still true now.

It was inevitable -- there had to be a confrontation. There had been occasional flare-ups, erratic, but violent eruptions here and there. Little Us against Them stand-offs. We protested and we sang "Give peace a chance" and "Come together" and we gathered in strength and conviction, and in our naivete we really thought love and music would change the world (and someone remember to bring along the dope). For awhile there the only question in our minds was when was this confrontation gonna be and who was going to win? We marched and we protested. We got stronger and we got bigger. We were marvelous. We were going to end the war. "They got the guns, but we got the numbers."(Five to One; The Doors) Right?

Wrong. When the confrontation finally came, it was so puny and we were so ill-equipped to deal with it ... In Chicago, they hit us. They hit us hard. They hit us and our faith shattered under the impact of the blast and attack. There we were with our peace symbols and slogans, banners, songs and sandals and there they were, coming at us with their army boots and guns, tanks, batons and tear gas cannisters ... and they hit us. They hit women, they hit children, they hit men and students and long-hairs and short-hairs alike. "We're not the enemy, you assholes, we're your goddamn children!" somebody shouted, but they didn't want to listen to us. They hit all of us; they hit anything that moved. And we did fracture and we did fall.

We were shocked out of our collectiveness. No, we were embarrassed out of it. The confrontation came and what happened? We were wimps. In the face of it, when the big moment finally came, we pussied out. They walked right over us and we let 'em. We didn't fight back because we couldn't fight back because we lacked the courage and the conviction and the faith. There might have been more of us than them but the enemy was stronger. The sixties didn't end with a bang, they ended with a whimper. And frankly speaking, I thought it was disgusting. I was disgusted with all of us. I mean, I was

only, what? Fifteen years old, what the fuck was I supposed to do? I did the only thing I knew how to do, I turned up the music louder and I got higher. Which is exactly what a lot of other people did, too, apparently.

The establishment said, "Okay, we'll make a compromise. But we'll make in on our terms. You can have long hair and you can have your crazy clothes and you can even smoke your marijuana cigarettes, but you get your candy asses off our streets. Go back inside. Go back to your families. Go back to school. Honor the system. We'll end the war in good time, but it'll be our time, not yours. Now go home." And we went back inside with our goddamn tail between our legs. And it pissed me right off. They had goddamn hit us! The gall. They hate us! And all around me I saw members of them trying to be like us. For godsake, that was really pathetic. Old bald fat men with beads and headbands and sandals. Fat grandmas in bell bottoms. Sickening. Don't let them in! They're the enemy, don't you remember? Regroup, we gotta attack and kick the fuck out of them... there are so fucking many of us, we can do anything... Like I said, I was probably the most naive of all.

Nobody wanted any more confrontations. Everyone wanted to let their scars heal. Forget the humiliation.

But not Jim Morrison. No way. Not him. He'd show 'em. Nixon got re-elected and in front of the whole world, Morrison stood up and called him a fraud. "Four more years of this bullshit? How much more are you people gonna take?!" He was pissed. He'd do something. He'd galvanize us into action. Morrison could do it. He was furious. He'd do something about it. I didn't know what, but I was sure he would and he could. He was just the man for this job. He'd show 'em.

And he did. The first night of the Doors' national tour, he stood up in a houseful of liars and he told the truth. He stood on stage, drunk and indignant, in Miami, Florida, and he told us exactly what he thought of us. "You're all a buncha fuckin' niggers!" he bellowed. "Your faces are being shoved into the shit of the world and you love it! You're all a buncha slaves! You must like being pushed around, you must love it. You're all a buncha fucking idiots!" and everyone gasped 'cause he was right and somewhere in their hearts they knew it. The room was quiet, but still Morrison raged: "You didn't come here for music tonight, you didn't come here to hear good songs, you came here for something else --- what do you expect? What do you want me to do?" And there is always some smart ass in the audience who'll yell out the wrong thing at the right time.

"Show us your cock!" this one yahoo screamed, and ten thousand people roared with approval.

Jim was astonished. He couldn't believe it. He blinked into the darkness. "Is that what you want?" he asked. Implying, "is that all?"

Here the man is ready to nail himself to the cross for us, ready to die for us, in order to wake us up, to set us free, and all we want is to see the Lizard King's dingle.

We weren't only wimpe, we were fools. We didn't deserve Jim Morrison. He wasn't only ahead of his time, we weren't in step with ours anymore. To ask whether or not Jim whopped it out in Miami is irrelevant. It's also stupid. It's beside the whole point.

Whatever he did that night in Miami, he did for us. And he was arrested for it. And he went on trial for it. And rock'n roll went on trial with him. I thought, "Now they'll see, now we'll get some results." The man can't bust our music, right? That was the last thing they could touch. Right? Right. It was the last thing they touched and put their dirty pudgy nicotine-stained fingers all over it! Rock 'n Roll went on trial and nobody cared. Nobody gave a fuck! Jim Morrison and the Doors were fighting in court with their own money to change the morality laws and the freedom of expression laws and nobody came. Nobody listened. It was sickening... pathetic, no, apathetic is what it was. Nobody cared. The generation who were a few short years before we're defired by their passion never raised a hand in defence of Morrison.

As most Doors fans know, Miami was the first, and the last date on a tour where the rest of the dates were either cancelled by city officials or aborted. Each one of the Doors

escaped, flying to a different island in the Bahamas. Then, one at a time, they returned back home to Los Angeles to estimate the damage, to try and sort our what happened and plot out their next move. When Jim came back, he found a warrant for his arrest waiting for him. For trying to set his audience free, his own freedom was now at stake. He announced he was going to turn himself into the F. B. I., an act I considered nothing short of heroic. We all braced for the after-effects, still having difficulty believing this was really happening in America. Jim hadn't really wanted to tour in the first place. Had this been his way of sabotaging the whole thing? Had this effort worked too well or had it backfired?

Had he let things, finally, and perhaps irrevocably, get out of his control? The night of the day Jim had surrendered I was back at the house in Deadchester, sitting at the dinner table with Clarence presiding. I hadn't been around much lately, but once again Mom had squeezed a promise out of me to attend dinner and try to get along by bribing me with one of my favourite meals, bar-b-qued spareribs with pecan pie for dessert. What the hell...

At dinner I announced to the gathering how Jim had turned himself in. "For what? What did the freak do this time?" Clarence demanded, since he didn't know how to ask anything nicely.

I took a deep breath, and with a pride, to the best of my ability, recited the charges I only vaguely understood. "The misdemeanors were public drunkenness, public profanity, and inciting a riot," I said. "And the felonies were lewd and lascivious behavior, and simulating masturbation and oral copulation." The misdemeanors I sort of grasped, but the felonies really had me quite baffled. I thought "simulation" meant a drawing of, like a cartoon, and I thought "oral copulation" meant saying fuck, oral meaning "mouth" and "vocal".

"Not in front of the girls!" Clarence yelled, whacking the table, doing the ole silverware jump again. He meant his daughters. I didn't know that.

"Yeah, the girls, in front of boys, the whole audience, cops too!"

"Young man, you have one filthy mouth and you will leave this table, pronto."

"No," I tried to explain. "I didn't say anything. Jim said it. I wasn't even there."

He gave my mother his vacant gape of awe look that said, "He-can't-be-that-stupid." Towards me his expression melted to hatred. That I understood.

He rose out of his chair and grabbed me by the wrist and hauled me out of the chair.

"Okay, okay, I'm going, I'm going...."

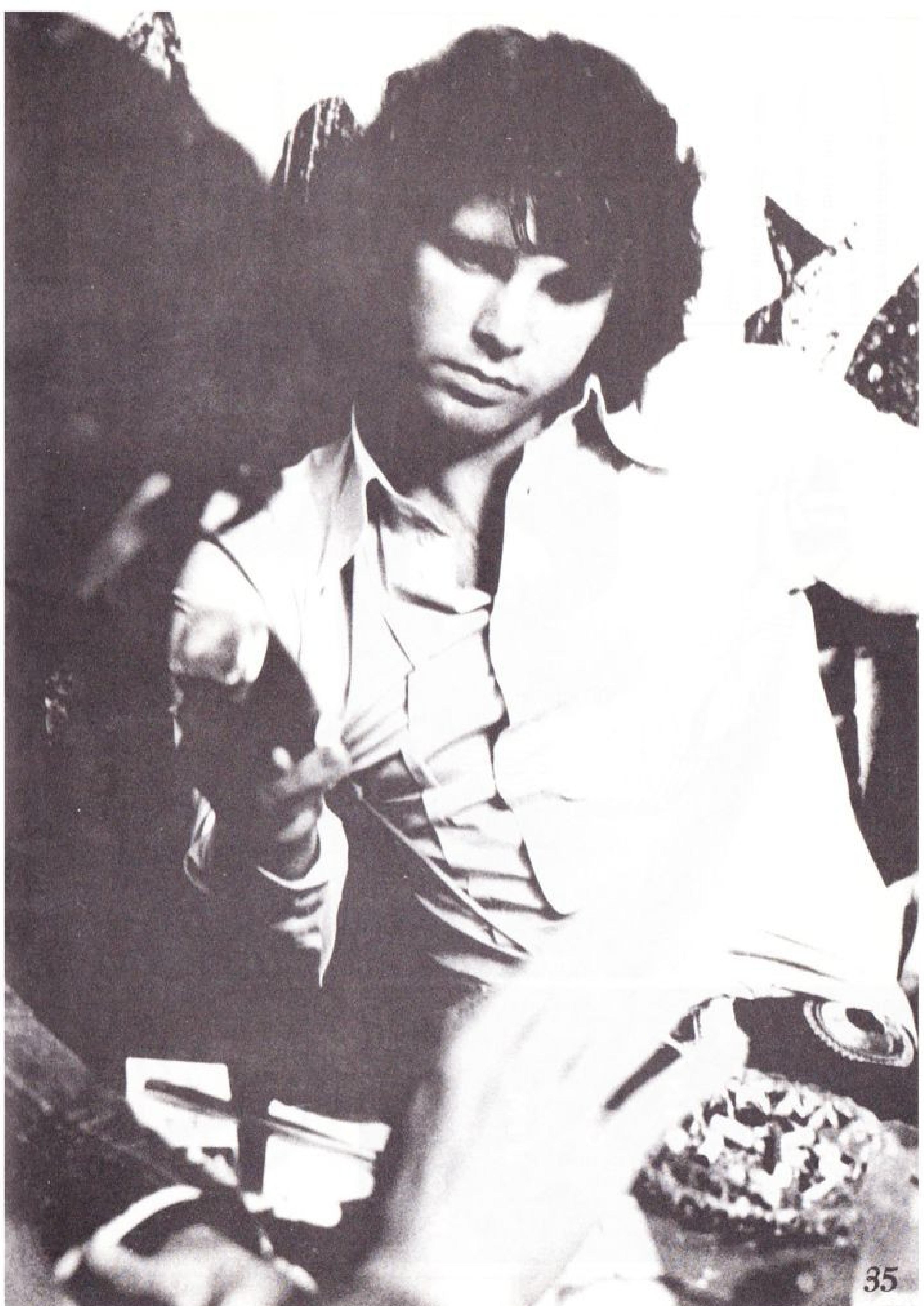
I left the dinner table before I even finished my salad. It wasn't a record, but it was damn close.

I didn't think his reaction was fair, after all, I didn't actually say a cuss word. I never thought saying "fuck" should carry the same penalty as saying "shit" should. "Fuck" I can understand a parent getting upset about. Even "shit" is pretty bad, but "goddamn" or "hell" those sort of words, I really think should carry lighter, or even better, suspended sentences in child punishment cases. And I hadn't said any of the above.

But judging from the way he reacted, apparently old Clarence thought the images I'd conjured up with those charges were just about the worst thing I'd ever said. I had no idea why he was so pissed off. Of course, I had incorporated cussing into my vocabulary so thoroughly, for a minute there I thought I may have let something slip I shouldn't have, but I was pretty positive I hadn't said anything wrong.

As the trial began and the months dragged on, you could see the change in Jim physically as the realization dawned on him we simply weren't worth it anymore, we weren't worth the effort, or the price. He grew a beard and put on weight. The leather pants didn't merely go back in the closet, they went into the trash.

"Fuck you," he said. "You don't deserve the effort." He gave up. He gave up on you and me. Most frightening of all, he gave up on himself, and I could do nothing but watch and try and stay out of his way.



THE LOST WRITINGS OF JIM MORRISON



Actors must make us think
they're real
Our friends must not
make us think we're acting
They are, though, in slow
Time

My wild words
slip into fusion
& risk losing
the solid ground

So stranger, get
wilder still

Probe the Highlands

ND I CAME TO YOU
FOR PEACE
AND I CAME TO YOU
FOR GOLD
AND I CAME TO YOU
FOR LIES
AND YOU GAVE ME FEVER
& WISDOM
& CRIES
OF SORROW
& WE'LL BE HERE
THE NEXT DAY
THE NEXT DAY
&
TOMORROW

Jim Morrison used writing the way a less literate generation of rock stars has used video cameras: as a means of charting the strange and perilous journey of a private person through the public world. Morrison wrote incessantly

HORSE LATITUDES

The barn is burning
The race-track is over
Farmers run out w/
buckers of water
The horse flesh is burning
They're kicking the stalls
(panic in a horse's eye
That can spread & fill
an entire sky.)

throughout his life, and though he was deeply interested in film-making, he understood the power film writing had over the public. He served and the observer, to be both a documentarian and a chronicler. Much of it is fragmentary, unconnected or even repeated or contradicted in other parts of his work, but it is always revealing and always intriguing. It is, however, through Morrissey's writing in always revealing and always intriguing, that one gets a clear impression of his personality, his political beliefs, his social consciousness and his literary influences. Butler Yeats and the Irishman, just as much as G. B. Shaw, brought him to self-awareness. Morrissey realised that while his characters may have brought him a liberating wisdom, they also led him to foolish self-parody and waste. Many fine poets have learned less by the time they turned twenty-seven, than which Morrissey died.

From the forthcoming book *The Last Years of Jim Morrissey*, a biography of Jim Morrissey, by Michael Morrissey. Copyright © 1998 by Michael Morrissey. Reproduced with the permission of Random House.

ROLLING STONE, OCTOBER 6TH, 1988

The clouds flow by
& tell a story

RECEIVED AN AZTEC WALL
OF VISION
& DISSOLVED MY ROOM IN
SWEET DERIS
CLOSED MY EYES, PREPARED
GENTLE WIND INFORM'D ME
D BATHED MY SKIN IN ETH



Some people have a hard time
describing sailors to the
undernourished

The decks are starving
Time to throw the cargo over

Now down & the high-sailing
fluttering of smiles on the air
w/ its cool night time disturbance
Tropic corridor
Tropic Treasure

What got us this far to this
mild equator

Now we need something
& someone new.
when all else fails
we can whip the horse's eyes
& make them cry.
& sleep

fear of Plane death

And night was what Night
should be
A girl, a bottle, & blessed sleep

I have ploughed
My seed thru the heart
of the nation.
Injected a germ in the psychic blood vein.

Now I embrace the poetry
of business & become—for
a time—A "Prince of Industry"

A natural leader, a poet,
a Shaman, w/the
soul of a clown.

What am I doing
in the Bull Ring
Arena

Every public figure
running for Leader

Spectators at the Tomb
—riot watchers

Fear of Eyes
Assassination

Being drunk is a good disguise.

I drink so I
can talk to assholes.
This includes me.

The horror of business

The Problem of Money
guilt
do I deserve it?

The Meeting
Rid of Managers & agents

After 4 yrs. I'm left w/a
mind like a fuzzy hammer

regret for wasted nights
& wasted years
I pissed it all away
American Music

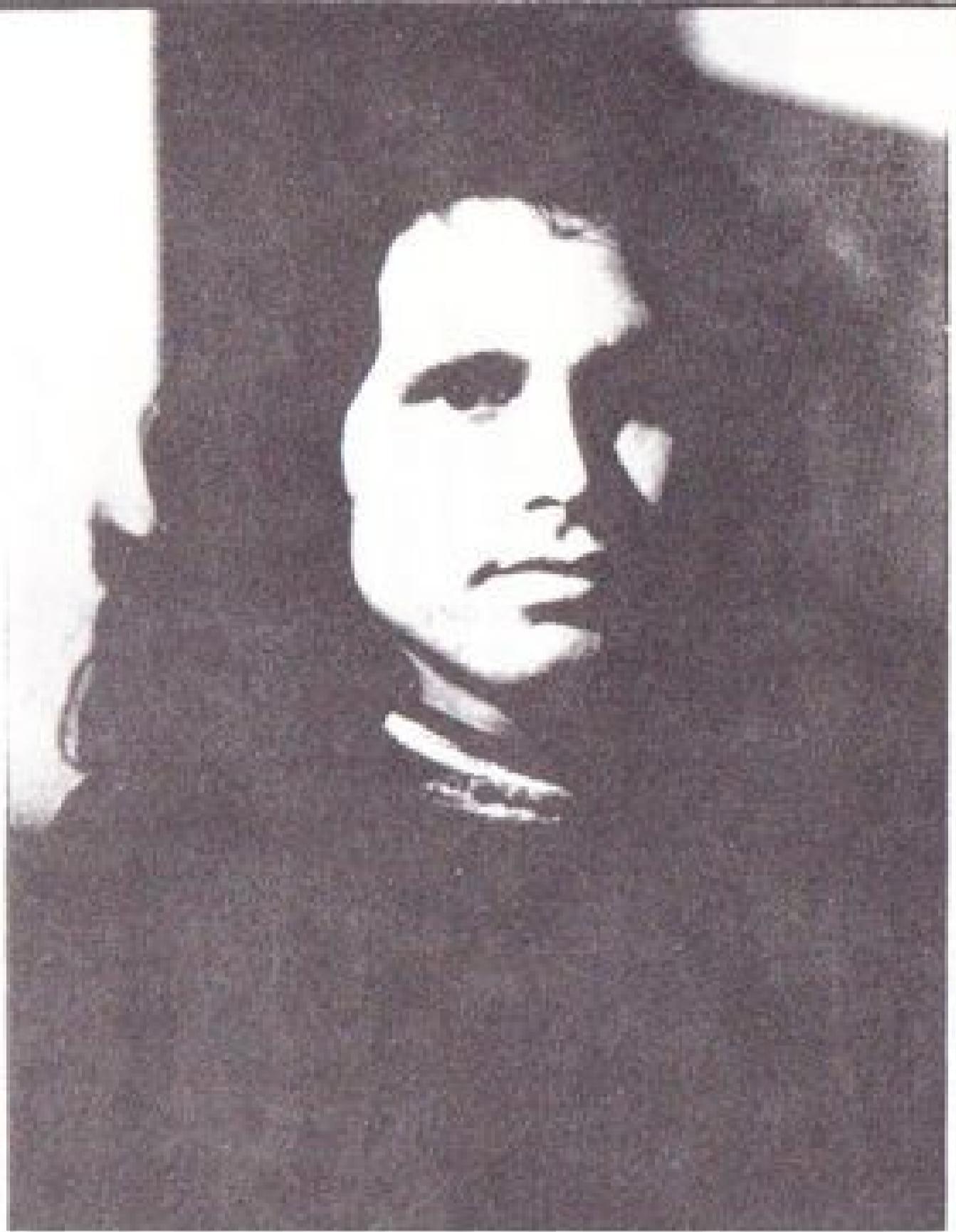
End w/fond good-bye
& plans for future
—Not an actor

Writer-filmmaker

Which of my cellves
will be remember'd

Good-bye America
I loved you

Money from home
good luck
stay out of trouble



*Why do I drink?
So that I can write poetry.*

*Sometimes when it's all spun out
and all that is ugly recedes
into a deep sleep*

*There is an awakening
and all that remains is true.*

*As the body is ravaged
the spirit grows stronger.*

*Forgive me Father for I know
what I do.*

*I want to hear the last Poem
of the last Poet.*

I remember those times
When we penetrated the nights
We worked together
You were close by my side

Walking lazy
Talking crazy
Watching the people

The town our place
To find out the ways
How to live in grace

We banished the reason
To get through the doors of wisdom
The secrets that we deciphered

And now I go blind without you
And the trip of perception
Has come to an end.



JOHN DENSMORE PHONE INTERVIEW

PART
TWO

by BILLY PINNELL, broadcast 25.8.85.

(cont. from QUARTERLY 16)

Billy: There used to be a most popular band in the Los Angeles area when the Doors started were a band called "Love". Did their music have much of an effect on you?

John: Yeah, very much, uh, we kind of looked up to them. They were on Elektra and they were playing at the Whiskey, a club which we wanted to play at, and eventually became the houseband. But uh, oh, they had an album out and a single and uh they were our idols for a while. (laughs)

B: It's interesting to hear you say that, John, because I did an interview with Arthur Lee a couple of weeks ago, I tracked him down, yes, I rang him, he lives in Memphis now with his mom, and I tracked him down and he had some very interesting things to say about the Doors.

J: Really?

B: He sounds very well, he's got some new songs and he's very keen to do a new album.

J: Oh good! Uh, were they popular in Australia?

B: Well, in an underground sort of way. This is very early, this was what, 66-67, and I guess people that were really into music back then would have had a lot of respect for "Love" also, and I think the album "Forever Changes" made a big impression on people in Australia.

J: Yeah, that was a really good album. Uh, that was later. But, uh, I've been working on a book for a couple of years now and, uh, about myself and The Doors and I've written that uh, I remember thinking "If we could only be as big as "Love", we'd be real happy, you know".

B: When you first had your Doors gigs the tendencies weren't all that big?

J: Well, we were the houseband, so we played uh from 9 till 2 every other set uh with whoever was in town. So the 9 o'clock set usually especially during the week was pretty sparse. So we'd do some sort of uh, ooh, little jam sessions, uh, one thing we called "Latin Bullshit Number Two" (laughs); well we just kinda jammed and then we humped down some new songs and things, so it was a good opportunity with a little bit of an audience to kinda get it together.

B: "Light my Fire" is credited as a Doors-composition on the first album. Was it in fact written by Robby Krieger?

J: Yeah, primarily, that's correct.

B: Were you surprised when "Light my Fire" and the first album went to Number One so quickly?

J: Uh yes! Ah, Break on Through was the first single which uh kind of uh had a hard time of it. It was Number 11 in Los Angeles and oh, I don't know, maybe it made the National Charts a little in the Top 100 but uh we got all these letters uh to the radio stations about "Light my Fire" and so then we cut it down and then it went quick. (laughs) That was uh pretty fast.

B: Did the recording of the first album take very long?

J: Two weeks.

B: That's amazing. I usen't to think that such a timeless record can be recorded so quickly where some bands take over a year to do an album these days.

J: Yeah, well you have to remember these songs were humped down for about a year and a half in our garage and uh in clubs like the Whiskey. So we were really ready. We had about two albums with the stuff. See, that's a major problem. After success, after a couple of albums, during such demand, and when you play live the people want to hear the hits, your time for writing and developing songs naturally is gone.

B: Well, how were the songs written? Did Jim present a bunch of lyrics and have you, Robby and Ray write the music around them?

J: Uh, primarily. He uh really he just kinda sang them acapella, you know. He'd go: (sings): "Before you slip into..." and we'd go: "He guy, wait a minute, what's this; A flat and let's play this in 3/4 and we sort of hacked it out altogether."

B: Did you intend a song like "The End" to be nearly 12 minutes long or did it go just that way when you started to record?

J: Well, by the time we got to the recording of the song - yes, it was 12 minutes, but when we started in rehearsals Jim just had, you know, the beginning which is the verses "This is the end...", that at both ends of the song, and all the long stuff in the middle developed uh in the clubs, you know. Uh, Jim would just try new poems, and we sort of vamped on that mideastern kind of feeling, you know, we got fired from the Whiskey; mind: Ray, I and Robby didn't know what he was doing either. It shocked us, I'll tell you!

B: Did you think it was used effectively that song in "Apocalypse Now"?

J: Yes, I do. Ahm, I just saw that recently again on cable TV and uh, yeah, it's quite good. I think it's the end of this... in the first section where they used it, it kind of dribbles out, it kind of faded out and that would be the only complain I have. But others than that, the visuals are just great. I think Jim would have been pretty knocked out.

B: Towards the end of 1967 Jim was arrested for public obscenity at a concert in New Haven and again the following year for causing a disturbance on an aeroplane. Was his behaviour having an adverse effect on the band?

J: Well, yeah. I personally thought uh, we were headed for trouble (laughs). Others might have thought, hey, this is pretty good press. Uh, I have very mixed emotions on that. But Jim was, uh, you know, he -- he -- all or nothing was the way he lived, so (laughs) he got hassles in a dressing-room in New Haven by a cop who thought he was a fan who had not to be backstage. So Jim yelled at him and so then he got maced, as you might know the story. Then he told the story on stage in the middle of a song and aggravated the police so much, who were supposed to be protecting us, and they arrested him.

READ PART THREE OF THIS INTERVIEW IN DOORS QUARTERLY No. 19.

OTHER INTERESTING STUFF IN DQ 19: Big Robby Krieger Interview/Last part of "Passages of a poet and puer"/Who is Danny Sugerman/Jim Morrison's Phoenix arrest - Court reports and fingerprints, exclusively in the Quarterly/Bootlegging The Doors Part 7/More about the new Morrison poetry-book + many exclusive photos!

THE P.D.~~o~~RS' D'VOID

aus "Glitterhouse"

Auch Du bist *Doors-Fan*, hast alle Platten und Bücher über sie im Regal stehen. Kennst jeden Song in- und auswendig, bist genauestens im Bilde über ihren Werdegang und da kommt jetzt irgendsoein Rotzlümmel daher und will Dich, ja ausgerechnet *DICH* eines Besseren belehren, indem er behauptet: "Jim Morrison lebt!" Aber nein, nicht nur das, er habe sogar 1974 nochmals eine LP aufgenommen mit einer ausgezeichneten Backing-Band, die allerdings sofort wieder vom Markt zurückgezogen wurde, weil seine alte Firma Einspruch dagegen erhob. Daraufhin habe er sich endgültig wieder auf seine Farm in Afrika zurückgezogen.

Falls Du aber von derartigen Spinnereien bislang verschont geblieben sein solltest, dann ist es spätestens jetzt an der Zeit, dies nachzuholen. Und ich stehe beileibe nicht vor einem paranoid-schizophrenen Schub, wenn ich hier erkläre, daß in obiger Behauptung ein kleines Fünkchen Wahrheit drinstecken könnte. Denn die große Unbekannte dieser Gleichung lautet PHANTOM.O.K., vermutlich zweifelst Du nun endgültig an meiner Zurechnungsfähigkeit und unterstellst mir einen beträchtlichen Hirnschaden wegen exzessiven Drogenmißbrauchs oder was auch immer. Dennoch bleibe Ich dabei, daß 1974 eine Band namens PHANTOM'S DIVINE COMEDY eine Lp bei Capitol Rec. veröffentlichte, die jeden eingefleischten Doors-Kenner verwunden, verwirren oder verzücken wird, sollte er sie je zu Gehör bekommen. Ich habe noch keinen erlebt, der beim ersten Anhören dieses Werkes nicht außer Kontrolle geriet und in die Knie ging, dem nicht langsam ein kalter Schauer an jedem einzelnen Rückenwirbel emporkroch, der nicht feuchte Hände bekam vor Aufregung, der nicht kreidebleich wurde und erstarrte, weil ihm jeder Tropfen Blut davonschoß oder der nicht wenigstens vor lauter Überwältigung in einen Tränenstrom ausbrach. PHANTOM'S DIVINE COMEDY ist wahrhaftig die schonungloseste Herausforderung an die

Musikwelt der Nach-Doors-Ära, denn alles was aus diesen Rillen dringt riecht so typisch nach Doors und ist vor allem so spezifisch Jim Morrison, daß sich alle Diskussionen über seinen mysteriösen Tod zu erübrigen scheinen. Du fragst mich, ob ich auch mal so schlau war nachzusehen was für eine Besetzung auf der Platte angegeben ist. Aber ja doch, bitte:
 vocals,guitar,piano - Phantom
 drums- X
 bass - Y + W
 piano,organ- Z

Nicht gerade aufschlußreich und die ganze Geschichte wird dadurch nur noch verzerrter. Gab es vielleicht gute Gründe die Platte zurückzuziehen? Etwa weil sich die Doors in Originalbesetzung unter anderem Namen und bei einer anderen Firma zu einem Comeback zusammengefunden hatten? Oder, was ebenso denkbar wäre, daß es sich 'nur' um unveröffentlichte Demos handelte, die jemand unerlaubt veröffentlichte? Fragen über Fragen, die einer Antwort bedürfen, die recht schreien nach einer Aufklärung.

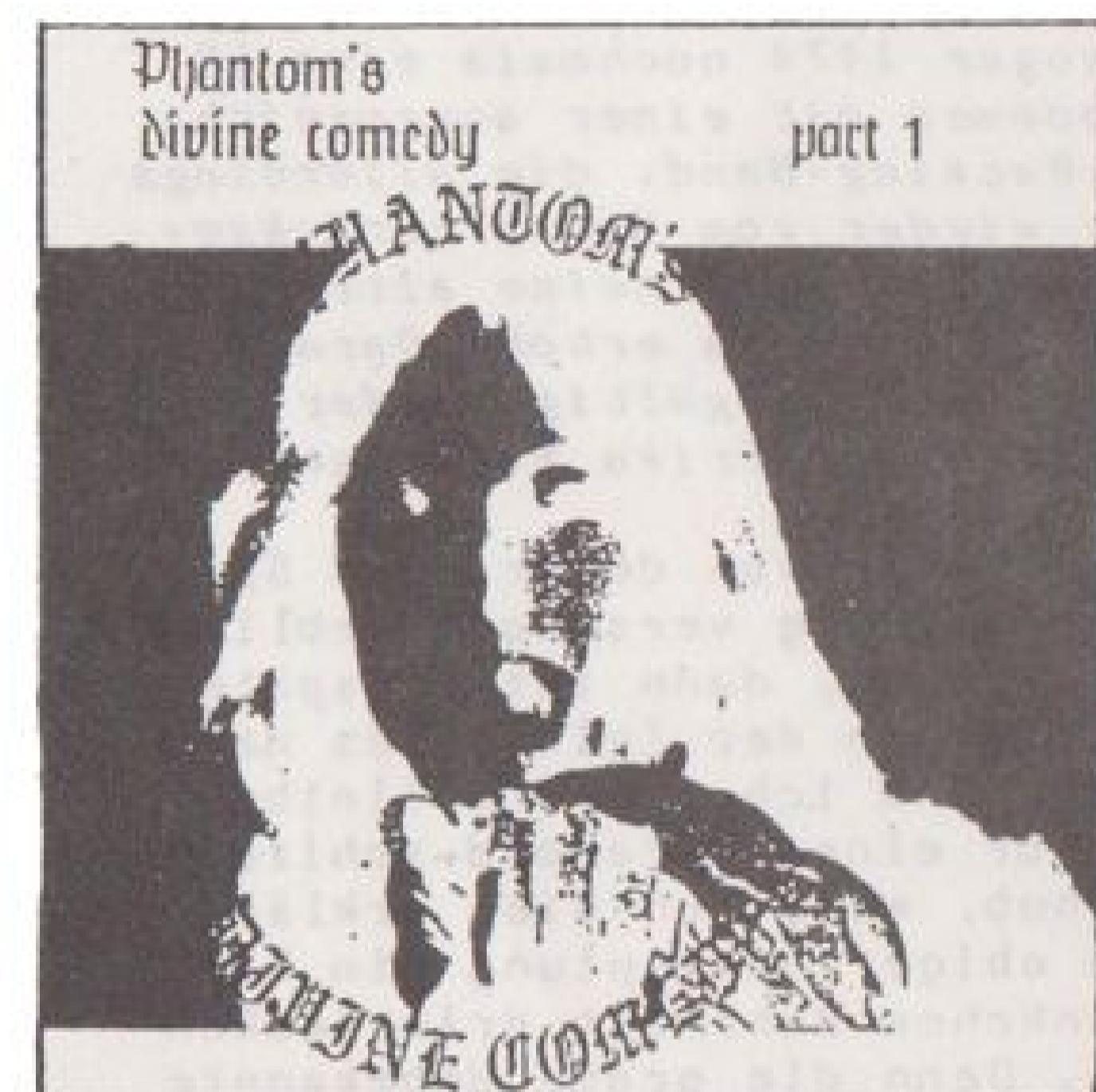
Zuerst machen wir uns jedoch auf zu einem kleinen Ausflug nach Michigan, genauergesagt in den Großraum Detroit. Wir schreiben das Jahr 1964. Bereits von einer Szene zu reden wäre eine maßlose Übertreibung, es war alles noch reichlich diffus. Es gab wohl schon eine Handvoll Teen-Bands, die immer beim Highschool Sockenhopf aufspielten, aber ansonsten war nicht viel los. Nun gut, zwei clevere Burschen erkannten dieses Manko, wollten Abhilfe schaffen und gründeten den Teenager-Club 'Hideout'. In Kürze wurde das 'Hideout' zu DEM Geheimtip, denn es war der einzige Ort, wo man freitags einfach hin MUSSTE, weil wirklich was geboten wurde für die Kids. Der Club gedieh rasch und förderte die lokale Szene, denn nicht nur das Publikum wuchs, sondern auch die Zahl der dort auftretenden Bands. Ein Jahr später wurde sogar noch ein zweiter 'Hideout' eröffnet, der nicht minder einschlägig. Die Initiatoren erhielten Auftrieb und starteten ein eigenes Label, nämlich Hideout Records. Die

ersten Veröffentlichungen müssen verheerend dilettantisch gewesen sein, aber im Laufe der Zeit brachte es die Firma immerhin auf runde 20 Singles und ein paar LPs.



Nach diesem kurzen Exkurs können wir uns wieder unserer dubiosen Geschichte von vorhin zuwenden, denn zumindestens ein Teilchen des Puzzles finden wir in Michigan. Auf dem Hideout Label erschien nämlich 1973 die Single "Calm Before The Storm/Black Magic, White Magic" eben von besagtem PHANTOM. Diese Single muß jedenfalls einige Aufmerksamkeit im Hause Capitol auf sich gezogen haben, sodaß man die Band unter Vertrag nahm und die bereits angesprochene ominöse LP veröffentlichte. Dadurch dürfte der Schleier um dieses Geheimnis etwas gelüftet sein und etwas Licht fällt auf dieses dunkle Rätsel: PHANTOM'S DIVINE COMEDY war wohl eine vierköpfige Formation aus Michigan, die nur dieses eine Album einspielte. Herausgekommen ist dabei, und ich schrecke nicht zurück vor diesem Sakrileg, das beste Doors-Album aller Zeiten. Die Bandmitglieder, auch wenn sie die großen Unbekannten sind, müssen sich auf einer höheren Stufe der Erleuchtung befunden haben, als sie dieses Monument errichteten und Jim Morrison wieder auferstehen ließen. Der Vocalist Phantom versucht gar nicht erst Jim zu kopieren, denn für eine magische Dreiviertelstunde ist er zur Reinkarnation Morrisons geworden, verwandelt sich zu dem Medium mit paranormalen Fähigkeiten, welches uns Jim's Botschaft "post mortem" übermittelt. Die Songs knüpfen tatsächlich allesamt nahtlos an das Doors Oevre von 1971 an, und die Texte scheinen exakt die Sprache Morrisons zu treffen: "Tales From A Wizard" "Devil's Child" "Calm Before The Storm" "Half A Life" "Spiders Will Dance" "Black Magic, White Magic" "Welcome To Hell" "Merlin" und "Stand Beside My Fire." Die Analogien sind nur zu

augenfällig, doch dem nicht genug, die damit verbundene Musik wird derart gekonnt interpretiert, einfühlsam und voller Reminiszenzen. Es ist einfach alles da: dominierende Keyboards, astreine Gitarrenarbeit und immer und immer wieder diese Stimme. PHANTOM'S DIVINE COMEDY hat das gesamte Schaffen der Doors in einem alchimistischen Kessel garkocht in dem Bestreben, die Essenz zu gewinnen, und es ist ihnen dabei gelungen, den Stein der Weisen zu finden. Ihre Musik ist blasphemisch bis ins letzte Detail und dennoch so intensiv, so inspiriert, so voller Verehrung für die Doors, daß es kaum gelingt ihr mit Worten gerecht zu werden. PHANTOM'S



DIVINE COMEDY sind jedoch alles andere als platte Epigonen, sie zeigen vielmehr wie es hätte weitergehen können, und die Rumpfgruppe ohne Jim Morrison verblaßt dagegen zu einem puren Nichts. Ich begehe sogar die Freveltat und wage zu behaupten, daß dies die einzige Formation war, die es verdient hat, als die legitimen Nachfolger bezeichnet zu werden. Mazzarek & Co werden schon wissen, warum sie dagegen Widerspruch einlegten und somit PHANTOM'S DIVINE COMEDY daran hinderten, ihr rechtmäßiges Erbe anzutreten. Ja, und wie läßt sich so eine Laudatio besser beenden als mit der dringenden Bitte an die Plattenfirmen, die Archive zu öffnen und diese Aufnahmen der Nachwelt zu offerieren!

(magyc eye)

Thanks to Hans Kesteloo, der die Platten zur Verfügung stellte.

SOUNDS FOR YOUR SOUL BY JIM MORRISON

Relax your constant Green woods

Drawn down the distance
of Long cities
Riding home thru the open
night alone
launching fever & strange carnage
from the back seat.
i want to tell you
about
Texas Radio and the Big Beat

it comes out of the Virginia Swamps
cool and slow
with plenty of precision
and a back beat narrow
and hard to master
some call it heavenly
in its brilliance
others mean and rueful
of the western dream

i love the friends i have
gathered together
on this thin raft
we have constructed pyramids
in honor of our escaping
this is the land where
the pharaoh died —
children
the river contains specimens
the voices of singing women
call us on the far shore
and they are saying:
"Forget the Night
live with us in Forests
of azure" (meager food for
souls forgot)

i tell you this;
no eternal reward will
forgive us now for
wasting the dawn.
one morning you awoke
and the strange sun
and opening your door...



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