

MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF THE DOORS FAN CLUB GERMANY

THE DOORS FAN CLUB GERMANY

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE NO. 27



INCLUDES
FREE
JIM MORRISON
POSTER

break on through to the other side...



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

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

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

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

Dear readers, again there's half a page for
me to tell you what's going on. Well, lotta
personal stuff - I just started a full-time
job at a school, which means more of my free
time I have to dedicate to the fanclub. Be-
lieve it or not, but I'm working about 5 hours
a day answering your letters, which keep
coming in every day. But there are so

many! This means - some people have to wait for weeks or more to get their answers (by the way - nobody's paying
me for that, despite of what a few of you think). So - I decided to ask some people who the questions are really
dedicated to, well, to answer questions themselves. They can do it better! So please: If you have QUESTIONS to
the people (this time it is PATRICIA KENNEALY-MORRISON) mentioned on a certain page in this Quarterly, please
send the questions to me. I will collect them, send them to this person directly and he/she will answer all of
them in the forthcoming DQ. Please write in English, if not, I will translate your questions. And - please
avoid questions which have already been answered in the Quarterly (check your backissues). This person, who
has been in direct connection with The Doors (or still is) will be asked to answer your questions properly
(with this Quarterly a letter goes out to all people I'm thinking of), so be sure you will get even difficult
and uneasy questions answered. This - by the way - is a thing no other fanclub in the world has ever done before.
I know a lot of you will use this offer.

The Jugoslavian guy who bought the restaurant "Le Beaufreillis" opposite the house where Jim died changed both
his rooms into a kind of little museum. Morrison-photos and photos of his guests cover the walls, and I tried
to prevent him from changing the name "Le Beaufreillis" into "Morrison-pub" (urgh!). Although he is nice and
friendly, he seems to be clever, too - he offers a "Morrison-cocktail" (easy to get drunk with a few) and plays
Doors-music all night and very loud, much to the horror of the residents opposite. The lady who lives in Jim's
apartement now got tired of people staring into her windows from the other side of the street - she plastered
the whole third floor with brown paper. Another bad thing: fans already started to spray their graffities on
the walls of this old and ancient building. This - of course - causes trouble with the landlady, who keeps
watching like an eagle for people entering the building ...

More gossip from Paris in this issue of The Doors Quarterly. Please enjoy your NEW and absolutely FREE poster
— is there any other fanzine offering a free Morrison-poster? Let me know!

Bye for now!

TALK TALK TALK TALK TALK TALK

... Max Vassille, the doctor who examined the body of Jim Morrison and claimed Jim died of "heart failure", died of the same "heart failure" in Paris in June 1992. Rest in peace, Max, nobody's ever gonna bother you with questions about Jim's death anymore ...

... this July 3rd the fans behaved at Jim's grave because of the massive presence of countless policemen and guards. A party outside the cemetery gates turned into chaos when people got too drunk and were taken away by the cops. As long as it is outside the gates ...

... there is still the strong rumour that Jim will be taken out of his grave and put into a secret plot somewhere in the States. Actually the cemetery officials are begging Jim's family (i.e. his father) to give his permission. If this is going to happen, where should fans go and worship their idol? So, people, try to stop everybody who writes grafitti, drinks alcohol or deals with drugs. Calm the whole thing down. It seems to be the last chance ...

... fans were stunned when Joe Russo, singer of The Soft Parade, paid respect to his idol in Paris last June. Unlike the guys of Wild Child, Joe didn't distribute flyers at the grave for advertising his next concerts but sat quietly down at the grave. While you read this, The Soft Parade are back in Germany on a very successful tour ...

... James Riordan's book out now in paperback, same as Judy Huddleston's, and Patricia Kennealy-Morrison's Strange Days was released in England. Patricia did two very successful book-signing tours through the States and through England. Her book practically sells without any advertising in the shops ...

... The Doors' long-awaited box set (of all CDs plus extras) has been postponed again for an autumn '93 release, right after some papers announced it for a release this September ...

... Danny Sugerman married Fawn Hall, Oliver North's secretary, who smuggled out National Security Council documents under her skirt during the Iran-contra affair to protect her boss. Congratulations ...

... through Deborah Lazarus, Jim Morrison's spirit dictated another book of poetry: Morrison - Poems From The Other Side. In a dream that I recently had, Jim dictated his comment about this book to me: "Crap, nothing but crap!" ...

... Robby Krieger and his band performed for KLSX Radio (L.A.'s best ...) live at noon on July 31st this year. With Robby there were Dale Alexander on drums and Skip van Winkle on keyboards and bass-pedals ...

... did you know that Robby Krieger loves to draw and paint? He recently donated three of his paintings to AmFar, the foundation that raises money for AIDS research, and all three paintings (titled

Light My Fire, Light My Flower and Clouds) sold between \$1.000 and \$1.500. Robby will continue to paint more paintings, naming them after Doors-songs. If anyone of you readers is seriously interested in getting an ORIGINAL Robby Krieger-painting (also willing to pay a similar sum of money for it), please contact me at my address. I will forward your letters to Robby ...

... Jerry Hopkins' new book featuring a couple of essential Jim Morrison-Interviews plus a long chapter written by Jerry will be released in England next week. I've seen a copy at the Frankfurt bookfair and was very impressed (a lie: I got the manuscript half a year ago, ehm...), but nevertheless it seems to be another essential book for your library. A review of this book follows, hopefully before Jerry moves (as he plans) to a certain country in the Far East ...

... Ray Manzarek finally published his gorgeous The Golden Scarab on CD. Digitally remastered, it also features three extra songs from the Whole Thing album. See the review in this DQ ...

... some foreign language books from the East were released last year and this year, and they slowly pour over into the hands of collectors in the West. From Hungary comes a more or less private book called A Sárkánygyík igézetében (Under the ban of the lizard), kind of oratorio-collage using Jim's poetry and songlyrics with a few photos copied from The Illustrated History; also from Hungary (written by one Göbölös N. László) there's a book full of interpretations of songlyrics plus the well-known story of Jim's life using a lot of photos from The Illustrated History and Dark Star, of course all of them uncredited. Title of the book is Jim Morrison - Az Ajtókon innen és túl (On both sides of the doors). From Czechoslovakia there's a translation of No One Here Gets Out Alive called Nikdo to tu neprezije with an interesting cover. Finally from Poland there's a Doors-biography called The Doors - czas apokalipsy written by one Piotr Kosinski, which looks pretty nice, but seems to be a Polish mixture from No One Here, Dark Star and Tobler's The Doors, using some b/w and colour photos from The Illustrated History. Most of these books are (probably) illegal releases, copying other people's ideas, but anyway, they're collectibles in rather small editions ...

... the Morrison in Frankfurt (first it was called Morrison Hotel, of course it used to be a bistro, not a Hotel) closed down ...

... Robby Krieger is still working on his new solo-album ...

... the Australian Doors Show, another coverband from Down Under, did their second tour through Britain. They still (illegally) use a Jim Morrison photo for their advertising ...

... Vince Treanor, former Doors roadmanager, got lost. Nobody knows where he is now, after he was last seen in China

... and last not least a great news for all video-people and Doors-collectors: A company in Holland is planning to release six video-

ROBERT REED PRESENTS
the **australian**
doors
show

FRI 13 MARCH
MIDDLESBROUGH TOWN HALL
£8.50 advance.
1st show on the Morrison tour.

SAT 14 MARCH
NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS UNION
£7 advance.
Ticket available from Melody Records (Newcastle),
Superstore & Durham RPM, Old Hall & S.O.
Records.

"IS EVERYBODY IN?
THE CEREMONY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN"



cassettes featuring almost all artists playing the Isle Of Wight-Festival in 1970. Each cassette is filled with 3 hours (!) of music, all performances of the major acts will be featured in their full length! As you might have guessed right - The Doors were one of the major acts. You'll also watch a lot of backstage-footage. Interesting enough, you'll watch Jim Morrison telling jokes in the beer-tent, as our spy reports ...

... although announced for the end of May this year, there's no CD-copy of Miami in sight. The same goes for the CD Missing Links, which is supposed to feature the complete Rock Is Dead-session plus a few more rarities ...

... a magazine from Italy called King is said to have numerous photos of Jim Morrison taken by Alain Ronay accompanying an article on the last days of the Lizard King. But the only thing that turned up was a translation of that 12-page article, bloody interesting, but no photos ...

... Bob Seymour's book The End - The Death Of Jim Morrison will be published in Germany in the autumn of 1993. The book will feature different photos and miss the tiny mistakes the original version still has ...

... next year sees the 50th anniversary of Jim Morrison's birthday on December 8th. Be sure to find a couple of new stuff for the collectors. Most interesting: a Greatest Hits-videocassette ...

... did you know that The Doors' In Concert was only released on CD in the USA, not on LP? That's why many American fans are looking for the LP-version, which looks pretty much better in design, size and colour ...

... a collector's item is the new French version of Hervé Muller's book (which came out last year). After the publisher broke down, all copies were deleted and sold out immediately. Hervé even didn't get paid for his book.

... out in France by now: Jim Morrison - La Nuit Américaine (The American Night). The french version misses the songlyrics of the original book, which is O.K. It was translated by fanclubmember Patricia Devaux.

... by now you all know that The Soft Parade is the best Doors cover band of all times. But there are a few more bands around, of which most of you only know The Australian Doors Show (whose singer told journalists at Jim's grave that his cock was bigger than Jim's -- any other problems, man?) and Wild Child (as reported by readers they're getting worse). But have you heard of The Doors Absolutely Live, The Doors Hotel, Mr Mojo Risin', L.A. Woman, Strange Daze, The Back Doors, Riders On The Storm and Crystal Ship? Strangest ones of all are the German coverbands: (another) Mr Mojo Risin and a band called Didi & The Hot Dogs (who are pretty good, by the way) ...

... Ray Manzarek and Michael McClure cancelled their European tour. They preferred to do some promotion in the USA for their recently published CD of poetry and music. By the way, their video of a "performance of words and music", taped at the Bottom Line in New York, is called Love Lion and was published by Mystic Fire Video, distributed by Polygram Video ...

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

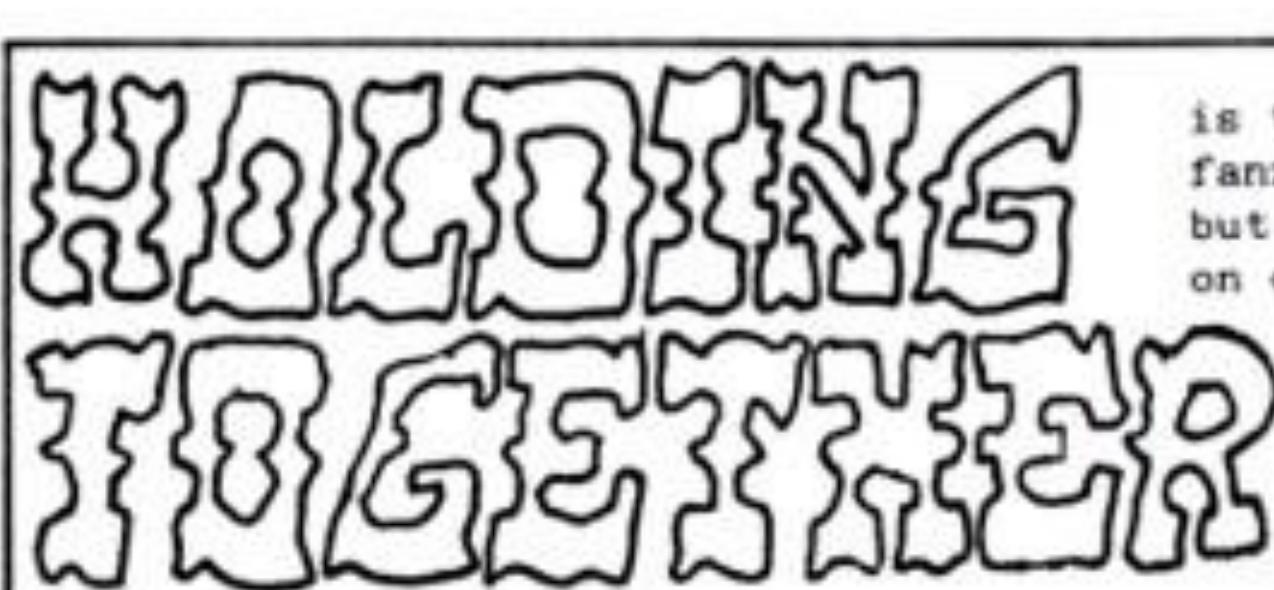
					TITLE	Artist (Producer), Label & Number	
					1 9 9 HELLO, I LOVE YOU.....	6 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Beatles (Paul McCartney), Atlantic 43438	
2	8	8	CLASSICAL GAS		2 8 8 CLASSICAL GAS	8 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Barbra Streisand (Mike Post), Warner Bros. Seven Arts 71196	
3	3	3	6 STONED SOUL PICNIC		3 3 6 STONED SOUL PICNIC	11 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Ben E. King (Ben E. King), Soul City 744	
4	1	1	1 GRAZING IN THE GRASS		4 1 1 GRAZING IN THE GRASS	10 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Ralph McTell (Stewart Lomax), Vertigo 53044	
★	13	32	64 PEOPLE GOT TO BE FREE		13 32 64 PEOPLE GOT TO BE FREE	4 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Bob Dylan (Ricardo), Atlantic 23327	
6	5	6	7 HURDY GURDY MAN		6 5 6 7 HURDY GURDY MAN	8 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Donovan (Mickie Most), Epic 10343	
7	2	2	LADY WILLPOWER		7 2 2 LADY WILLPOWER	10 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Barry McGuire & the Dixie Cups (Cherry Pickett), Columbia 64347	
8	9	11	14 TURN AROUND, LOOK AT ME		8 9 11 14 TURN AROUND, LOOK AT ME	9 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Vagabond (Dick Cloman), Express 9424	
9	10	18	22 SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE		9 10 18 22 SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE	6 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Green (Dino Pappalardi), Alice 63444	
10	6	4	3 JUMPIN' JACK FLASH		10 6 4 3 JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	10 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Bobby Sherman (Jimmy Miller), London 704	
11	11	31	39 BORN TO BE WILD		11 11 31 39 BORN TO BE WILD	5 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Steppenwolf (Bob Seger), Shout! 4138	
12	8	5	5 THE HORSE		12 8 5 5 THE HORSE	12 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Cliff Richard & Co (Jesus Christ), Phil S. & Co Soul 212	
★	18	25	36 STAY IN MY CORNER		18 25 36 STAY IN MY CORNER	7 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Billy Eckstine (Betty Miller), Cadet 5413	
14	12	15	21 PICTURES OF MATCHSTICK MEN		14 12 15 21 PICTURES OF MATCHSTICK MEN	13 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Steve Van Zandt (Steve Van Zandt), Cadet Concept 7001	
15	16	47	56 I (YOU KEEP ME) HANGIN' ON		15 16 47 56 I (YOU KEEP ME) HANGIN' ON	11 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Vanilla Fudge (Shadow Master), Alice 5495	
16	15	7	4 THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU		16 15 7 4 THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	13 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Rock Albert (Mark Alpert & Jerry Mess), ASG 929	
17	17	38	47 JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF MY MIND		17 17 38 47 JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF MY MIND	7 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Amber Baker (Bob Sted), Mainstream 684	
18	20	30	41 DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME		18 20 30 41 DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME	6 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Mama Cass with the Monkees & Peter Tork (Peter Tork), Booklet 4143	
19	19	21	26 AUTUMN OF MY LIFE		19 21 26 AUTUMN OF MY LIFE	7 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Bobby Goldsmith (Bob Montgomery), United Artists 58218	
★	32	62	— LIGHT MY FIRE		32 62 — LIGHT MY FIRE	3 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Jimi Hendrix (Mike Jeffery), RCA Victor 47-9330	

(Billboard Hot 100, Aug. 10, 1968)

Billboard Hot 100, Aug. 12, 1967)

					TITLE	Artist (Producer), Label & Number	
					1 1 3 LIGHT MY FIRE	11 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Beach Boys (Petey Williams), Atlantic 48418	
2	3	29	71 ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE		2 3 29 71 ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE	4 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Beatles (George Martin), Capitol 2944	
1	2	2	6 I WAS MADE TO LOVE HER		1 2 2 6 I WAS MADE TO LOVE HER	10 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Sylvia Plath (M. C. Carter), Tamla 24151	
★	9	24	51 PLEASANT VALLEY SUNDAY		9 24 51 PLEASANT VALLEY SUNDAY	4 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						John Denver (John Denver), Columbia 44142	
1	7	7	11 MERCY, MERCY, MERCY		1 7 7 11 MERCY, MERCY, MERCY	9 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Buckingham (James William Gossard), Columbia 44142	
1	6	4	2 CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU		1 6 4 2 CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU	13 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Frankie Valli (Bob Crewe), Philips 48448	
1	5	5	8 A WHITER SHADE OF PALE		1 5 5 8 A WHITER SHADE OF PALE	8 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Frank Zappa (Larry Goldings), Broom 7307	
1	4	3	1 WINDY		1 4 3 1 WINDY	12 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						The Association (Steve Boice), Warner Bros. 7641	
16	16	23	CARRIE ANN		16 16 23 CARRIE ANN	9 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Carrie Ann (Mike Richards), Epic 10138	
10	11	19	31 A GIRL LIKE YOU		10 11 19 31 A GIRL LIKE YOU	5 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Young Rascals (Young Rascals), Atlantic 3424	
★	22	47	65 BABY, I LOVE YOU		22 47 65 BABY, I LOVE YOU	4 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Janet Jackson (Janet Jackson), Atlantic 34137	
12	13	17	26 SILENCE IS GOLDEN		12 13 17 26 SILENCE IS GOLDEN	9 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Travis (Mike Smith), Epic 10134	
13	15	28	33 MY MAMMY		13 15 28 33 MY MAMMY	5 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Hopalong (Tobacco), B. T. Peper 330	
14	14	14	16 JACKSON		14 14 14 JACKSON	8 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Henry Jackson & Lee Greenwood (Lee Greenwood), Supraphon 8073	
15	8	8	12 WHITE RABBIT		15 8 8 12 WHITE RABBIT	8 <input type="checkbox"/>	
						Jefferson Airplane (Bob Weir), RCA Victor 7348	

NEW JIM MORRISON 21st Anniversary
Père Lachaise T-Shirt available !
Different colours, different sizes
... and of course it is a LIMITED
edition. For info send one IRC
or SAE to Maxine Goble, 23A Delany
House, Thames Street, Greenwich,
London SE10 9DQ, England -----



is the name of a nice British fanzine on the JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, but the guys also feature articles on other artists such as Tim Buckley and The Doors. Latest issue had a nice John Densmore-Interview. For information write to Bill Parry, 89 Glengariff St., Clubmoor, Liverpool L13 8DW.
Add an International Response Coupon.

Send 3 IRCs or \$1 to get the next list of rare records and books from Warren Peace, P.O.Box 12355, San Francisco, USA (US-Record Club)

THE DOORS DISCOGRAPHY

compiled by Rainer Hoddemann and Ulrich Michaelis

USA - ORIGINAL SINGLES (7")

1. Break On Through / End Of The Night (ELEKTRA EK-45611)
Januar 1967

2. Light My Fire / The Crystal Ship (ELEKTRA EK-45615)
April 1967

3. People Are Strange / Unhappy Girl (ELEKTRA EK-45621)
September 1967

4. Love Me Two Times / Moonlight Drive (ELEKTRA EK-45624)
November 1967

5. The Unknown Soldier / We Could Be So Good Together
(ELEKTRA EK-45628)
März 1968

6. Hello I Love You / Love Street (ELEKTRA EK-45635)
Juni 1968

7. Touch Me / Wild Child (ELEKTRA EK-45646)
Dezember 1968

8. Wishful Sinful / Who Scared You (ELEKTRA EK-45656)
Februar 1969

9. Tell All The People / Easy Ride (ELEKTRA EK-45663)
Mai 1969

10. Runnin' Blue / Do It (ELEKTRA EKS-45675)
August 1969

11. You Make Me Real / Roadhouse Blues (ELEKTRA EKS-45685)
März 1970

12. Love Her Madly / You Need Meat (ELEKTRA EKS-45726)
März 1971

13. Riders On The Storm / Changeling (ELEKTRA EKS-45738)
Juli 1971

14. Tightrope Ride / Variety Is The Spice Of Life (ELEKTRA EKS-45757)
November 1971

15. Ships With Sails / In The Eye Of The Sun (ELEKTRA EKS-45768)
Mai 1972

16. Get Up And Dance / Treetrunk (ELEKTRA EKS-45793)
Juli 1972

17. The Mosquito / It Slipped My Mind (ELEKTRA EKS-45807)
August 1972

18. The Piano Bird / Good Rockin' (ELEKTRA EKS-45825)
November 1972

The order-number EK is a MONO pressing, EKS is a STEREO pressing.

All original US-singles came in colour picture-sleeves, some of them just in certain regions of the USA.

The singles #1-11 came with the old 60's Elektra graphic label, singles #12-18 had the well-known caterpillar-label.



THE DOORS

BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE



TICKET OUTLETS SACRAMENTO: TIME BOOK STORE BERKELEY: WOE'S BOOKS, DISCOUNT RECORDS KELLO PARK: KEPLER'S BOOK STORE SAN FRANCISCO: TOWN AND COUNTRY MUSIC CENTER, LA FINE CAMERAS & MUSIC (KILLISDALE BLVD AT 19TH) SAN FRANCISCO: THE PSYCHEDELIC SHOP, CITY LIGHTS BOOKS, BALLY LOT, BARTON MARKS (NORTH BEACH), BUT 9-1 STATE COLLEGE, KELLY GALLERIES (3681-A SACRAMENTO ST) THE TOWN SQUARE (1318 FOLK ST)

© HAMILTON BOB PRODUCTIONS 447 BONHAM ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

San Franciscan Nights

- A San Francisco guide for DOORS fans -

(written by Ulrich Michaelis)

"This following program is dedicated to the city and people of San Francisco who may not know it but they are beautiful.."

I am sure that you have heard these words before. This intro of the ANIMALS song "San Franciscan nights" was written by ERIC BURDON in 1967 but still every word is true.

This year San Francisco celebrates the 25th anniversary of the Summer of Love. 25 years have passed since the hippies made San Francisco the capital of the Flower Power movement. San Francisco is still one of the most beautiful cities in the world, the people are relaxed and friendly and the GRATEFUL DEAD are still the city's most important band, despite of all musical changes during the last 25 years. If you walk down Haight St. you can watch lots of long haired guys with tie dye shirts and their girlfriends with hippie necklaces and colored ribbons in their hair. Although lots of things have changed since then, sometimes you can still feel the spirit of the 60s.

This anniversary is also a good reason to remember the places where THE DOORS had their San Francisco gigs, where they were a part of the soundtrack of the Summer of Love. What happened to the famous concert halls, ballrooms and clubs like the FILLMORE AUDITORIUM, the AVALON, the WINTERLAND and the MATRIX ? Do they still exist ? And if they do, how do the buildings look today, where can they be found ?

Before we'll answer these questions let's cast a glance at the DOORS' concert dates in the city by the bay. Although THE DOORS were a band from L.A. and never a part of the San Francisco Sound, the people of San Francisco liked them. Although they were no hippie band singing of love and peace, but of frightening things like fear and death, the people of San Francisco streamed into their concerts. It's surprising but it's true: nearly all San Franciscan DOORS concerts took place in the year 1967:

- 1) January 6 - 8: **FILLMORE AUDITORIUM**
(Young Rascals, Sopwith Camel, The Doors)
- 2) January 13-15: **FILLMORE AUDITORIUM**
(Grateful Dead, Junior Wells Chicago Blues Band, The Doors)
- 3) February 14-27: **WHISKEY AU GOGO**
(The Doors, Peanut Butter Conspiracy)
- 4) March 3 & 4: **AVALON BALLROOM**
(The Doors, Country Joe McDonald & The Fish)
- 5) March 7 - 11 : **MATRIX CLUB**
(The Doors)
- 6) April 14 & 15: **AVALON BALLROOM**
(The Doors, Miller Blues Band)
- 7) May 12 & 13: **AVALON BALLROOM**
(The Doors, Sparrow)
- 8) June 3 & 4 : **AVALON BALLROOM**
(The Doors, Miller Blues Band)
- 9) June 9 & 10 : **FILLMORE AUDITORIUM**
(The Doors, Jim Kewskin Jug Band)

- 10) July 28 - 30 : **FILLMORE AUDITORIUM**
 (The Doors, James Cotton Blues Band,
 Richie Havens)
- 11) November 16 : **FILLMORE AUDITORIUM**
 (The Doors, Procol Harum, Mt.Rushmore)
- 12) November 17 & 18 : **WINTERLAND**
 (The Doors, Procol Harum, Mt.Rushmore)
- 13) December 26 - 28 : **WINTERLAND**
 (The Doors, Chuck Berry, Salvation)

After the year 1967 had ended, the people of San Francisco had only 2 more chances to see THE DOORS on stage: on July 25, 1969 they performed at the huge COW PALACE (supporting acts: LONNIE MACK and the ELVIN BISHOP GROUP). In 1970 THE DOORS played the WINTERLAND on February 5 & 6 (supporting acts: COLD BLOOD and DOUG KERSHAW). At that time in February 1970 nobody knew that THE DOORS would never return to San Francisco

One Of San Francisco's most important concert halls of the 60s was the **FILLMORE AUDITORIUM**. Bill Graham, the godfather of S.F. rock music, opened this dance hall on November 6, 1965 at 1805 Geary Blvd. For almost 3 years the FILLMORE was one of the headquarters of psychedelic music. Bill Graham presented the Who is Who of late 60s rock: JANIS JOPLIN, JIMI HENDRIX, THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION, THE YARDBIRDS, OTIS REDDING, JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, GRATEFUL DEAD and of course ... THE DOORS. During their first appearances in January 1967 - "Break On Through" had just been released - THE DOORS played third bill to two other bands, but when they returned to the FILLMORE in June they were the topact of the evening. In June, July and November their gigs at the FILLMORE were sold out, once again THE DOORS were the main attraction and top of the bill.



The "old" Fillmore where The Doors played. A genuine piece of rock history (Geary Blvd/Fillmore St.)

WICHTIG: Ich suche für PAUL ROTHCILD, den Produzenten der Doors, ein komplettes Blatt der JIM MORRISON-Briefmarke (1 Bogen zu 25 Stück) von 1988. Paul rief mich an, um ihm zu helfen. Bitte schickt Eure Angebote mit Preisvorstellung an die DQ-Adresse. (RM)



above: former Avalon Ballroom
(1290 Sutter/Van Ness). The
definitive meeting place for
the musical underground.

right: former Whiskey Au Go Go
(568 Sacramento).



In July 1968 Bill Graham closed the old FILLMORE and moved to a new location: the CAROUSEL BALLROOM on Van Ness / Market St. in downtown San Francisco. This building had a dance hall history that reached back into the 1930s and '40s when big bands played there. Graham renamed it FILLMORE WEST and the show went on until July 4, 1971, yes, it closed after a series of farewell shows just one day after Jim Morrison's death in Paris.

Many famous bands played the new FILLMORE WEST: THE WHO, SANTANA, LED ZEPPELIN, THE BYRDS, JETHRO TULL, JOE COCKER, but not THE DOORS ! That's why the "old" FILLMORE on Geary Blvd/ Fillmore St. is more important to DOORS fans. You can still find it there, the building looks almost exactly like 25 years ago : a "brown brick music hall on the edge of a rough, black neighborhood" , that's how John Densmore describes it in his book "Riders On The Storm" and that's what it is ! At the moment the location is not used, residents told me that the 1989 earthquake has caused static problems and after Bill Graham's death in 1991 nobody seems to know what will happen to this building in the future. It's a genuine piece of rock history. See it when you'll come to San Francisco !

Since 1966 Bill Graham managed another ballroom that was located only one block north of the old FILLMORE: the WINTERLAND on Post & Steiner St. THE DOORS played this venue on 5 nights in November/December 1967 and on 2 nights in February 1970. Many people in San Francisco still swear that the finest shows in this town happened at the WINTERLAND. The Last Waltz of THE BAND took place there in 1976 and in the late 60s and early 70s JIMI

HENDRIX, THE CREAM, THE ALLMAN BROTHERS and even THE ROLLING STONES performed at the WINTERLAND, although these bands could have played much larger halls. But the WINTERLAND had a special charisma and many artists regarded an engagement at the WINTERLAND as a honour.

Nevertheless Bill Graham closed the location in late '78 after a grand series of farewell shows, the most significant of which featured BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN. The main reasons for closing the ballroom down were economic pressures of maintaining a hall that was only used on weekends and protests from the people of the neighborhood.

If you want to see the building of the WINTERLAND today ... - sorry, it has been pulled down in the early 80s. If you come to the crossing of Post St. and Steiner St. though, look out for a huge apartment building with a front covered with brown wooden plates. That's the place where the WINTERLAND used to be.

Bill Graham's FILLMORE and WINTERLAND were one side of the dance hall scene, Chet Helm's **AVALON BALLROOM** was the other. Until now many survivors of the late 60s are convinced that the AVALON was the definite place for the hardcore underground types, for the people who really knew what psychedelic music and happenings were all about. Anyway, Bill Graham and Family Dog's Chet Helms were rivals in booking the best bands for their ballrooms. Now, after all these years it is obvious that Graham was the more successful promotor, maybe because he was more aggressive, he was just a New York businessman, not a hippie. But there is one big honour that is due to Chet Helms: in 1966 he was the first to hire an artist named Wes Wilson to design a poster for an event at the AVALON. This heralded the dawn of the golden age of the San Francisco rock concert posters. Today many rock music collectors from all over the world are looking for these most attractive and creative designs, and some of the collectors pay unbelievable prices to get a rare item for their collection. Artists like Wes Wilson, Alton Kelley, Stanley "Mouse" Miller, Victor Moscoso (he's the one who designed the posters for all four AVALON gigs of THE DOORS), Rick Griffin and others are well known designers nowadays. Some of them are still creating concert posters for contemporary bands.

(NOTE: If you like these kind of concert posters, you shouldn't miss the gorgeous book "THE ART OF ROCK", published by ABBEVILLE PRESS in 1987. It contains hundreds of full color pictures)

A few months after Chet Helm's idea Bill Graham hired the same artists to create posters for the concerts at the FILLMORE and the WINTERLAND but the basic idea came from Helms.

Back to the AVALON: if you come to San Francisco you can still see the impressive building on 1290 Sutter St. at corner Van Ness Ave. Today you'll find the REGENCY THEATRES at this historic place.

In February 1967 THE DOORS played a couple of nights at a club in the financial district of San Francisco, called the **WHISKEY AU GOGO**. The concerts were a part of psychedelic happenings presented by the Love Conspiracy Commune. Unfortunately there are no more informations available but the old building still exists: go to 568 Sacramento (east of Chinatown) and you'll find the PRIMAVERA espresso bar. Try a cappuccino !

I'm sure every serious DOORS fan knows the tapes from the band's concerts at the **MATRIX**. It was in late 1973 when a few songs from the MATRIX gigs appeared for the first time on a bootleg album

called "Moonlight Drive- The Scream Of The Butterfly". Through the past 19 years songs from these concerts have been published again and again on many bootleg releases. The DOORS' record company ELEKTRA never showed any interest in publishing the tapes officially and therefore fans had to buy the bootlegs to hear the rough, early and sometimes quite different versions of DOORS songs plus a few songs that never came out on ELEKTRA albums.

(NOTE: the most complete collection of the songs from the MATRIX club and also with the best available sound quality has been released by SWINGING PIG records, Luxemburg in 1990. They remastered the tapes with the NO NOISE computer system. The 2-CD-set -or 3-LP-box- is simply called "The Matrix Tapes")

Listening to the tapes you might think THE DOORS played in an empty club because the only applause is a handclapping of 3 or 4 people. In an 1988 interview with Rainer, Robbie Krieger supposed that the tapes were recorded during a soundcheck, because "the place was packed when we played there" (DQ 19, page 37). Maybe you're right, Robbie, who knows ? But a soundcheck with more than 20 complete songs ? It's a fact that the three surviving members of THE DOORS don't care about questions like these. Or do you have more informations for us, Ray ?

Anyway, the MATRIX club was opened in August 1965. Marty Balin, member of JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, was the owner and of course the early Airplane were the houseband. It was at the MATRIX that GRACE SLICK and her husband Jerry saw the band and decided to form their own group, the GREAT SOCIETY. Late the next year Grace became the female vocalist of the Airplane, bringing with her the songs that became the band's first two hits: "White Rabbit" and "Somebody To Love".

left: former Matrix Club
3138 Fillmore Street. The
"Scream Of The Butterfly"
took place here.

bottom: The Cow Palace.



Walking through the city's Marina District you can still find the building where the MATRIX used to be from 1965 to 1970: it's on 3138 Fillmore St., only one block south of Lombard St. Today there is a bar and discotheque inside called PIERCE STREET ANNEX. The bar was established in 1962, but of course in a different place. They moved into the former MATRIX club about 9 years later. It is quite difficult to get more informations on that. The young people inside the bar don't care about rock history, they simply say "ask an oldtimer". But the oldtimers of '67 don't drink their beer at a yuppie joint like the ANNEX. My tip: visit the venue in the afternoon, have a draft beer at the counter for \$ 1.00 (instead of \$ 4.00 at night). Relax and remember that you are sitting in a room that saw lots of great psychedelic happenings and concerts in the late 60s.

In 1969 THE DOORS returned to San Francisco. Bill Graham (who else?) presented a show at the huge COW PALACE on July 25. There are no more details known about this concert that happened four months after the Miami incident and one month before the Woodstock festival. The beautiful concert poster for this show was designed by Randy Tuten. The COW PALACE is still located at Geneva Ave near Rio Verde, it's a giant hall that is used for music and sports events.

There is one more DOORS landmark you should know in San Francisco: go to the Golden Gate Park and look out for the Conservatory, a big Hall of Flowers. In early 1967 Paul Ferrara took pictures of the band inside and in front of this magnificent greenhouse. You can see two of them in Sugerman's Illustrated History on page 38 and 39.

THE DOORS in 1968

bottom: Frankfurt
right: London



If you want to know more about the San Franciscan nights of THE DOORS at the FILLMORE, the AVALON and at the WINTERLAND, read Chapter 7 of John Densmore's book "Riders on The Storm". Although it's a pretty good book , in regard to the concert dates John is wrong when he dates THE DOORS' debut at WINTERLAND shortly after their first appearance at the AVALON. I know that it is very difficult to recall all those things after more than 20 years but it took him so long to write this book, why didn't he ask some experts to avoid mistakes like that ?

Now you know where to find the historical places on your next trip to San Francisco. If you come to that city , you don't need to "wear some flowers in your hair", but make sure not to forget this QUARTERLY with your San Francisco-DOORS guide !

PATRICIA KENNEALY-MORRISON

is Jim Morrison's one and only wife.

She married him in a witch-ceremony.

She wrote a fascinating book about herself and Jim Morrison.

This is a once-in-a-lifetime offer:

Write your questions to Patricia. I'm going to send them to her. She is going to answer them in the next DOORS QUARTERLY. She's going to answer All of your questions.

Exclusively in THE DOORS QUARTERLY.

SO--- if you have questions for PATRICIA KENNEALY-MORRISON-----

please write them down on a sheet of paper. I'll collect them and send them to her. Patricia will take her precious time to answer them all.

All of your questions and all of her answers will be printed in THE DOORS QUARTERLY # 28. Ask anything you want. Anything you ever wanted to ask her. Don't hesitate. Her book includes THE answer, of course, but is there anything else you want to know? Anything else you want to share with readers of THE DOORS QUARTERLY MAGAZINE? Let me know.

Send your questions (not more than five, if you please) to The Doors Quarterly Magazine, Am Oelvebach 5, 4150 Krefeld 12, West Germany.

I talked to Patricia, and she liked the idea. I do hope that other people of The Doors' family will like this idea, too.

I'll write to all of them. You'll be surprised who's next. But thank you, Patricia, for writing a great book, and being the first!

Rainer Moddemann



NEW OFFICIAL RELEASES

RAY MANZAREK - THE GOLDEN SCARAB

Mercury 314 512 445-2, USA 1992 (CD)

When this record came out on vinyl in 1974, we loved it! We listened to it closely, danced to it, loved the rhythms, Ray's voice and the lyrics. This record was my all-time favourite in that year, I even played some songs from it with my own band. *The Golden Scarab* became a collector's item, people still pay a lot of money to get a copy of it. And now it is out on CD. Well, listening to the CD is like a journey back in time. The recordings sound still fresh and up-to-date, like Ray taped it for 1992's market. It brings back a lot of memories. I still have to laugh about Ray's sense of humor in *The Solar Boat*, with all its references to The Doors. *Downbound Train* is still a gorgeous rocker, and I prefer Ray's version to Chuck Berry's original. And the title track still sounds great. For this CD, Ray added 3 tracks from his second solo album, *The Whole Thing ...*, which I never liked as much as his first. Now, there are leftovers from the second album: What about putting them together with your two *Nite City* songs *The Dreamer* and *America* (which should become a new National Anthem), Ray? It would make *The Best Of Ray Manzarek Vol.2*, am I right? *The Golden Scarab* is a must for each Doors collector. Recommended!



NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Huh, there aren't many new releases from the underground, after the Miami CD and the Missing Links CD got postponed again. But take care of this one:

THE DOORS: JUNE 5th 1970 - LIVE IN SEATTLE

Flashback Worldproductions, 02.92.0170, Luxemburg 1992

Intro/ Roadhouse Blues/ Someday Soon/ Mystery Train (incomplete)/ Break On Through/ Five To One-Backdoor Man/ The End/ When The Music's Over (the last two songs are from Vancouver, 6.6.1970.

Certainly one of the best Live-CDs (besides *New York Blues*, *Vancouver 70*, *Canadian Night*, *The Matrix Tapes* and *The Stockholm Tapes*). Ray Manzarek sued Westwood One for publishing this tape for a radio-show (thank you, Sandy Gibson, for publishing it), and he's right: It wasn't one of the best shows of their 1970 tours. In fact - Jim is very unconcentrated, probably pretty drunk, the amplifiers don't work properly (interesting rap at the beginning of the CD)... but there's the complete *Someday Soon* on this CD (the song was cut on *The Doors From The Inside*), and an interesting version of *Mystery Train* (remember the Elvis Presley-version of this?). Unfortunately the original radio show featured two songs from The Doors' Vancouver show (*The End* and *When The Music's Over*), and the bootleggers were silly enough to feature both songs on this CD as well without checking. Anyway, the soundquality is excellent stereo (thanks to Vince Treanor, former Doors roadmanager, who taped the show and gave it to Sandy Gibson who had nothing else to do than to put it out on disc for radio stations), and it is a perfect example of a bad Doors performance (with the exception of *Someday Soon*). The show is carefully remixed (I prefer it to the original radio show!), which means you have the impression of an uncut Doors-concert. It also has a very nice fold-out cover. Therefore: Recommended!



(same tracks as on June 5th 1970 - Live in Seattle)

Well, this has got the same tracks and almost the same soundquality, but (compared to the one above) it is much worse. The bootleggers didn't care that much about how to edit the tracks. They fade in, they fade out, first notes and last notes of the songs are cut off. If you can get the *Flashback* CD, forget this one. I also dislike the cover which reproduces the tasteless "Rolling Stone" Wanted-poster, but with a colour photo.

ABOUT THE DOORS QUARTERLY

... a few brief annotations by R.Moddemann

Well, you guys are reading The Doors Quarterly Magazine, a magazine totally devoted to The Doors. And I guess most of you people are happy to get a magazine like this three or four times a year, right? Where else, seriously, can you read more about your favourite group than in this fanzine, there's more about The Doors in this little tiny magazine than in 40 issues of publications like Rolling Stone, New Musical Express, Sounds, Q, Vox etc. There are more insider-stories, interpretations, gossip-columns, interviews, photos, reviews, articles and facsimiles on your favourite band than in all the other papers mentioned above. But let me do a few annotations, which might be interesting to you. As the editor of this fanzine I think it is the right time for you to know more, and this goes out directly to the people who complain about the Quarterly being late, to the people who just sit down and read these 48 pages and do not even consider to write down their comments on a few things, and even if they do, they expect a long answer within a week.

I established the Quarterly in 1983 with two of my closest friends. In fact, after a long talk I had with Ray Manzarek in 1981, he said to me: "Hey, you know all the stories, you should start a fanclub!" It wasn't that easy to start, but finally we did it. Financial problems (I was a student at the time with a low budget) came up, but the main thing was to get readers for the fanzine. So I put a couple of ads in music papers, and about 45 people (only) responded. The original Doors Quarterly Magazine #1 came out as a limited edition of 60, 16 page copies in October 1983.

Soon the word got around, and we printed 100 copies of DQ #2. Unfortunately one of the guys jumped off the wagon (he wrote a few articles for forthcoming issues, but he helped only with the premier issue). The other had to leave after DQ 20 for certain reasons. Interested in how the first Quarterlies were made? Well, we xeroxed the whole thing, and found ourselves walking around a table putting the pages into the right order, adding a poster, a flyer or a sticker to it and putting everything into an envelope, which was handwritten at that time plus a few stamps. What work - but it was always fun.

The first American readers joined, and soon I had a few correspondents to keep on sending me news for the magazine. And I contacted The Doors' management. Danny Sugerman was too busy to send me letters with news and confidential stuff, but he trusted me with his scrapbook and let me stay at his house for a couple of days, which was an interesting experience. I met Ray, John and Robby in Los Angeles, and they shared their precious time with me to tell some very special stories for the DQ (and Ray for my book). Through the Quarterly I met some more interesting people: Frank and Kathy Lisciandro, Rich Linnell, Linda Kyriazi, Dorothy Manzarek, Stiv Bator, John Tobler - just to name a few. There's also contact to Dylan Jones, Jerry Prochnicky, James Riordan, Albert Goldman and Jerry Hopkins, plus contacts to publishers, radio and TV people, coverbands and record companies. And I also met countless true fans, who are still keeping contact after all these years and became friends. Especially Patricia Kennealy-Morrison, Uli Michaelis, Kris Zeronda and Joe Russo are the most reliable people I've ever known.

The amount of readers grew, and I soon found out that it was less work and even cheaper to really PRINT the DQ professionally, which I did from issue #16 on. The money I saved was used for free posters (yes, one came in colour, remember?), for one colour issue (#20, almost sold out) and for a few more additional pages and stickers. When the German Jim Morrison-stamp came out, all readers got that one on their envelopes along with a first-day postal stamp, a special service which cost me an additional 300 Marks.

Anyway, making the Quarterly still takes a lot of time. Time which I often don't have. There's my regular job as a full-time teacher, additional teaching at nightschool, writing two more new books, (at the same time) having a family who wants me to spend time with them, too. There are countless people who come over to my house to talk to me about the Doors, there are even more people who write to me and impatiently wait for an answer. There's the constant hunt for more Doors' rarities and memorabilia, and there's the time I need for research for the two new books and the DQ. The money I spend on telephone bills and postage is an awful lot (so don't forget to put a stamp or an International Response Coupon into your letter whenever you write to any fanzine).

Some people believe that I get money from The Doors to make the Quarterly. This is not true. The only money I got from them was for the research I did for their organization, like a finder's fee here and there. I never even asked for money, because I don't need it. I really do not want to change the critical undertone of the Quarterly into something that would sound like a sermon on how good The Doors are. I don't want to censor off controversial articles and interviews. I think The Doors respect that. They know about the potential of this fanzine and its readers. Accepting financial support from The Doors would mean an editorial change: From a mixture between the fans and the group to the interests strictly of the band (As The Beatles Monthly did way back in the Sixties). If The Doors would decide to give money to the Quarterly I would use it to print the front pages in colour, or print a free colour poster etc. What about this, Ray, Robby and John?

You can imagine that many people from "The Doors' family" read the Quarterly. They notice that the magazine is a reliable source of what the fans think and feel. Pamela's parents read the Quarterly carefully, and I also know that Jim's parents read it. People like Frank Lisciandro, Danny Sugerman and Patricia Kennealy-Morrison used The Doors Quarterly as a forum to express their opinions. So have many fans. Robby Krieger once asked for one of the backissues (he had lost his own copy). It was the issue in which Patricia did her great interview with Ko Lankester, and Robby wanted to re-read the interview. Whenever I meet Ray Manzarek, we talk about things

written in the Quarterly. I guess John Densmore was pleased to find his Roger Stepphens-interview in one of the Quarterlys. He remembered to include it in his own book *Riders On The Storm*. John phoned and asked me to help advertising of the audiocassette-version of his book (You all found his flyers in one of the recent Quarterlys).

For a fanzine it is quite difficult to acquire photos and articles for reprint. Most of the photos in the DQ are under copyright. So are the articles, even the ones written more than twenty years ago. But as you all know, the membership fee narrowly covers the costs for printing and mailing the DQ, and this makes it a non-commercial magazine, unlike the authorized papers you can buy at the newsstands. A fanzine doesn't reprint photos and articles to make profits. Everything is done for fans to share their collections with others. The same goes for documents, poetry and song-lyrics.

What about competition? Well, there are three more Doors fanzines out there, but they all praised the Quarterly as being the best. Two of them even use the Quarterly for their research (especially for news) and reprint part of the "Talk"-section. I'm not concerned, as long as they mention their source. Instead of working against each other, fanzine-editors should work together. As long as each fanzine keeps its own individuality. Am I right? Still in development is a forthcoming American fanclub.

Still, the Quarterly comes out worldwide and is read in about 24 different countries. People in the East copy it and give it to other fans who can't afford the membership-fee. Great! People in the USA even pay (!) to get my address (I told this person to please stop this practice immediately), and bootleg copies of the DQ sell for \$10 (!) in the US! Would you believe it?

And it is still growing. After our address got published in Jim Morrison/Doors books I received hundreds of letters asking for information. Most of the people who ask for an info join the club. "The Soft Parade" (the best coverband) helps to spread the address around. Writers and publishers give my address to people who ask about a fanclub. And fans talk about the DQ at Jim's grave, share the address and write. Many people share their personal problems with me, and I could tell stories of broken marriages, desperate deathwishes and any other problems young people have growing up. Strange "poets" write me, weird tales of excess arrive, like I was a psychologist, not a fanzine-editor. I don't complain. It takes time to answer letters like these, but I take my time to do so every once in a while. It's not always fun, but you always learn something new. Is there anything else I could wish?

Yes. Dear readers - use the DQ as your forum. Write articles, write poetry, send me your statements, your memories. If you have photos, let me know. If you have rare articles, send copies. Let's share our stuff with all Doors-fans in the world. That keeps a good fanzine going, and despite the fact that my own time is drastically limited, I'd like to keep The Doors Quarterly Magazine going as long as possible. By the way - we are going to celebrate our 10th anniversary next year with a big Doors-party (wait for the announcement!). With your help and your support (and this goes out to The Doors as well) this fanzine will continue for the next twenty years or so. Okay?

+-----+
I'd like to thank a few people who helped me in their way with this Quarterly: Jochen Maaßen for his support on the free poster, Joe Russo for checking and waiting, Marianna Kris for some lovely time, Ulrich and Gaby Michaelis for being my busy friends in San Francisco, Kris Zeronda for her countless letters, Patricia Kennealy-Morrison for a couple of enlightening phonecalls, and all the others for writing letters, informations and sending photos. RM.
+-----+

ROCK THEATRE'S BREECH BIRTH

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

In that land of the dead, that grimy necropolis, the Lower East Side, New York's moribund theatre has suddenly twitched into life. All through the winter and spring, crowds like those that once promenaded through mediaeval graveyards and charnel houses have invaded the old ghetto seeking a new kind of theatrical spectacle, the rock concert. These human tides form an audience of a sort that would never assemble for any "legitimate" performance, on or off Broadway. Weekend hippies, one-night drop-outs from suburbia's Kiddieland, they are American youth come to walk for a few hours through the neon fires of an infernal region: to rub shoulders with freaks, queens, yippies, spades, dragsters, and psychos; to stare at their own reflections in the stone face of a teen-age panhandler: to surmount or succumb to the temptations of these streets.

Not colourful, not ebullient, not even loud, these young people are intensely *drab*. They are dressed in brown, black, and tan—the colours of the earth. They stare wide-eyed from great bushes of hair and move with loose, undulant bodies under blankets, ponchos, serapes, and wide-brimmed floppy hats. What they resemble most is a mob of half-civilized Indians come to huddle and hunker inside the tribal lodge in expectation of ceremony.

The great Pandaemonium where they assemble is the Fillmore East, an ancient mouldering movie palace; its gloomy vaulted dome, haunted with the ghosts of a thousand old flicks and stars, makes it a veritable pop Pantheon. The theatre's old shell remains intact, with worn marble palace stairs, tacky carpets, Wedgwood reliefs, dirty buff walls, towering Corinthian columns, and grandiose stage boxes for exiled royalty. Even the giant silver screen still hangs within the proscenium arch. But when the lights dim in the antique sconces, no symphony of Hollywood plangency fills the air, no ghostly shapes of film saga loom on the screen. Instead, the house rocks with salvos of super-amplified blues; and the screen explodes in dazzling kinetic fireworks. As steeply pitched spotlights pick out the striking figures of The Doors, The Jefferson Airplane, Big Brother and the Holding Company, or The Who, the screen offers a view out of a spaceship window. One moment you are taking off into a streaming galaxy, the next you are landing on a pulsing planet. Dozens of brightly coloured fish eggs fly apart like dynamited caviar. Then they congeal into an immense fly eye laced with blood. Into desperate fibrillation goes the screen; rings of light whirl off the hot centre—the stage is plunged into primal darkness.

Perhaps it is The Who that is performing. An hour of savage tribal drumming, acid-rock rave-ups, and gladiatorial salutes has led to the climactic moment. As the audience shouts its approbation, the celebrant prepares to sacrifice a shapely guitar. Seizing the instrument by its neck, he bashes its body against a standing microphone. Backward he lurches into a huge amplifier and topples it to the ground. The drums roar, the audience moans. Falling on all fours, the youthful rocker becomes a beast dismembering its prey. Suddenly, you cast a glance over

From: VOGUE, 1.Aug. 1968

Reprinted exclusively in the
Doors Quarterly Magazine by
kind permission of the author.



THE DOORS
dances, ironically
theatrical; circling
gan"; John Dens
guitarist, who oper



those rock musicians who draw the most sophisticated audience; in the centre, Jim Morrison, lead singer, a human being, left to right, Ray Manzarek, who plays a "hard, linear organ", a drummer who cuts out with power; and Robby Krieger, the one up in "long, liquid lines of electronic song."

your shoulder. The onlookers have risen from their seats and are being drawn down the aisles, as if summoned by a mighty hypnotist. Slowly they come at first, eyes fixed, faces glowing in the lights—then faster and faster, until the stage picture is obscured by vaulting silhouettes. Darkness douses the scene. As the dim, unreal house light comes up, hundreds of boys and girls are discovered standing all over the theatre looking bewildered and embarrassed.

Or it is another night. Arthur Brown, king of the English hippies, is leading the bill. His band has done a lurid send-up of the Harlem Gospel Train by playing raunchy electric-organ blues for ten minutes at maniacal tempos, the organist's wildly waving hair and carelessly draped cloak suggesting some mad cavalier intent on raping the Miltonic keyboard. Then a cry from the back of the house sends a thousand heads spinning. A barbaric figure dressed in gorgeous robes, wearing a silver death mask with two flaming horns sprouting from its head, is being borne down the aisle on a peacock-feathered palanquin carried by four sturdy bearded half-naked warriors. Disdainfully tossing flowers to the faithful, King Arthur looks like a cruel Mayan chieftain, a blasphemous antipope, a great Teutonic devil arriving at the Witches' Sabbath on the Brocken.

Or it is one of those special nights dedicated to The Doors. They draw a more sophisticated audience: coolly appraising, ironically appreciative, an audience of knowing voyeurs trained to go limp emotionally but finding themselves growing taut with primordial tensions. They are watching The Doors' brief colour film, *The Unknown Soldier*. To the sounds of Jim Morrison's soft, lonely crooner's voice, pictures flit across the screen. Boy and girl bodies amorously entwined, strangely inert in the grass, alternating with glimpses of busy, ugly, self-absorbed city life. Then The Doors themselves, trekking up

and Oriental instruments. Are they bound for a celebration? No, they are binding big, handsome Jim to old, half-buried timbers. The camera, kneeling at his feet, catches his face from below: closed eyes, bearded chin, long clustering locks—a serene Italian Jesus. Now the sound track is picturing a firing squad: Orders are barked, rifle bolts snap, a drum roll—wham! Morrison lurches forward. His splendid head hangs like a flower from a broken stalk: his mouth vomits thick red blood.

Fiercely, the music spins a vivid kaleidoscope of war. Orange-gold napalm flashes, thatched huts burn, squat howitzers lurch—war is beautiful! Files of troopers move out grimly, prisoners stumble blindfolded, bodies lie in the sun crawling with maggots—war is hideous! "The war is over!" cries the singer: images of VJ Day spill across the screen. Sailors lift girls with upswept hairdos; an old Negro dances to the beat of a washtub; shouting throngs fill the streets, laughing and weeping for joy. At the last triumphant shout, the audience in the theatre roars back at the crowds on the screen, "The Doors have ended the war!"

As these glimpses of the Fillmore East suggest, there is in rock a nascent theatre that is squalling already with vigour. Securely in possession of the two halves of contemporary culture, the primitive and the futuristic, rock is wedded to myths that reach down to the lowest level of human consciousness. Its technical resources are immense and its popularity universal. Driven by an ambition to transcend the narrow ambit of the pop music business, all the best rock groups are now determined to enter the theatre. As they externalize dramatically the visions that were always implicit in their nostalgic, or ironic, atavistic sounds, they are developing the materials and sensibility for several distinct types of theatre.

The Beatles, in *Sgt. Pepper* and *Magical Mystery Tour*, have produced rough sketches of something that might be called the psychedelic variety show. A theatre of nostalgia, distilling the poignancy of good times rec-

ollected in distress, this surrealistic vaudeville makes play with the dreamlike world of the old music hall. One promise of this theatre is a delicious escapism of the kind offered by the English pantomimes, the Edwardian circus, the Victorian raree show, and the children's theatres crammed into the narrow storeys of Benjamin Pollock's toy shop in London.

That enchanting singer Tiny Tim has shown us how such a toy theatre would look and sound with authentic vocal cutouts from old phonograph records. Yet the same attachment to vaudeville and surrealism has opened the way into another, vastly different world—the cabaret opera of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill.

Much of the peculiar intensity and irony of the Brecht-Weill collaborations is owing to the genius with which they employ the tricks of the music hall as a medium for satire. In effect, they find a way to channel the culture's most harmless and irrepressible energies into a dangerous current sapping the culture's very foundations.

The same pop-satiric backlash is beginning to appear in the work of The Beatles and other leading rock groups. "I Am the Walrus," the masterpiece of rock song thus far, emerges from the ambience of a television kiddies' show: its dense, ominous, abrasive texture, leaking rage at every pore, is coated with innocent, childlike nonsense verses, including such traditional rugby cheers as, "Yellow matter custard dripping from a dead dog's eye." The objects of The Beatles' rage are much harder to identify than the targets of Brecht and Weill, because the distrustfulness of contemporary youth produces a miasma of ambiguity that not only masks the attacker but obscures his enemy. Nonetheless, there is no mistaking the build-up of anger behind pop music's darkening facade.

Neither nostalgia nor irony, however, seems as suitable to rock, as fulfilling of its inmost demands, as another mode envisioned and called for thirty years ago by Antonin Artaud—the Theatre of Cruelty. Essentially primitive, impersonal, ritual-

istic; wed to the body and the dance; so violent that the audience is exalted, stunned, or benumbed—rock is in very fact the theatre of Artaud's dreams. The visionary descriptions contained in his famous "First Manifesto" read today like literal accounts of the Electric Circus or the Fillmore East.

The theatre, Artaud wrote, is to be an alchemical compound of "Cries, groans, apparitions . . . theatricalities of all kinds, magic beauty of costumes taken from certain ritual models, resplendent lighting, incantational beauty of voices . . . rare notes of music, colours of objects, physical rhythm of movements . . . masks, effigies yards high, sudden changes of light. . . ."

The spectator is to be directly involved in this spectacle, just as he is in today's environments, discothèques, and mixed-media theatres. Above all, the Theatre of Cruelty is designed—like the nascent rock theatre—to promote a catharsis of the most basic instinctual appetites and fantasies. "The theatre," he wrote, "will never find itself again except by furnishing the spectator with the truthful precipitates of his dreams, his taste for crime, his erotic obsessions, his savagery, his chimeras, his utopian sense of life and matter, even his cannibalism."

Now for the first time in the modern world, the special instruments and sensibilities demanded by Artaud's vision have been forged and are lying within easy reach, ready for employment by a master theatrician. But there are grave reasons for questioning whether this generation of performers can achieve the synthesis promised by their music. The protective environment of the recording studio and the minimal performance demands of the bandstand have left most rock musicians undeveloped as public performers.

Still struggling to throw off the idea that all they have to do is turn out on-stage looking like colourful *banditi* or rubber-legged mannequins from a haberdasher's window, many of the rockers seem more involved with themselves than with their audiences. Not surprisingly, they

Rock Theatre

have a profound aversion to the fanatically motivated, make-out style of American show business. Members of a new amateur-professional class, they find their models in the tradition of the singing vagabond, the country bluesman, and other artists of the road.

Unfortunately, this spirit militates against their cooperation with the show-biz professionals whose skills they need in the theatre. The Beatles, alone among rock groups, have consistently acknowledged their deficiencies and supplied them from the stores of an army of professional collaborators. That is why The Beatles are the best costumed, best produced, most various and technically resourceful of rock bands.

More typical of the plight of today's rock musicians—talented, successful, ambitious but maladroit in the pursuit of their vision—is The Doors, the leading American group. When The Doors appeared about a year ago, everyone remarked on their obvious theatrical flair. Standing at the focus of a powerful music, as cruelly inflected as jazz, Jim Morrison glowed with the slowly shifting shapes of a light show. Like those pictures under plastic that tease the eye by changing with every move of the viewer's head, Morrison offered an astonishing range of personal images. He was a virile young man, a shy maiden, a vulgar hustler, a fluffy toy animal, a crazed maenad, an angel by Michelangelo. A polymorphous personality, created, I suspect, in the way that photographs of stars are made—through prolonged exposure to sharp but distant images—Jim Morrison was a human theatricon.

After one had seen the group a number of times, however, the magic began to wear off; one looked over and around them, searching for a more comprehensive theatrical image that would not be so tightly focused on the psychodrama of the star. What one got were tantalizing glimpses of Brechtian drama, of rock ceremonial, of the aesthetic of cruelty. One tried to picture

the musicians in archetypal settings: on Easter Island, for instance, with giant totems looming behind them, a garish red and purple sunset lighting the sky, while at their feet the tribe huddles, eyes fixed on the weird figure at the centre of the magic circle. Statements appeared in the press promising a theatrical instauration of The Doors—but nothing changed.

Finally, I met the boys and discovered why they were unable to take the next step in their natural evolution. The reason is one with their true identity, which has been grossly distorted by journalists and fans who continually confuse these musicians' life style with their stage presence. Far from being a grim squad of sadistic, self-destructive "heads," swinging naked from college belfries, the four young men with whom I spent a day recently were models of healthy, normal, intelligent, well-educated, idealistic American manhood.

Walking into an upstairs room at a country inn on Long Island, I was struck by their appearance at table. With their road managers, camera crew, and other guests, they were almost a dozen. Sitting in long rows, bread and wine before them, Jim Morrison presiding comfortably at the head of the table, his long hair resting on his shoulders, they recalled automatically a hundred cheap lithos of the Last Supper. But why laugh? Appearances are revealing. There is a kind of unconscious sanctity in certain of the youth today; heaven knows how it came there, but it's real and it's beautiful.

Morrison was born a star; a certain amount of attitudinizing is inherent in his disposition. Considering that he travels with a *cinéma vérité* crew that crouches at his feet in the back of a limousine like a pair of faithful baronial mastiffs, his degree of self-consciousness is remarkably slight. The personality that emerges is reflective, modest, casually humorous, and quietly authoritative.

The other members are all very different types. The guitarist, Robby Krieger, and the drummer, John Densmore, pal

together; both are disciples of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, quietly committed to his discipline of mind and body. Yoga explains perhaps how a man built as slightly as Densmore can cut into a drum with the stunning power he displays in the quiet passages of "The End." Krieger is physically even less imposing, wandering around the stage under a mass of ruffled hair that makes him look like a slightly dazed child. Yet when he opens up his guitar in long liquid lines of electronic song, he conjures up visions of an artificial bird singing in the gardens of a Byzantine emperor.

Ray Manzarek, who plays a hard, linear organ in a style of pop toccata, looks and talks like a refined bespectacled young professor in a Midwestern college. Everything he says reveals his cool, incisive, tartly sincere intelligence. He is an unswerving idealist, who insistently demands that his generation grow up, assume responsibility, take power, and transform this world into something closer to their hearts. Manzarek's credo is affirmed when Jim Morrison cries, "We want the world and we want it now!"

When asked about their early days at Venice West, the Lower East Side of Los Angeles, when they all lived in one house and made the hippie scene, Manzarek replies that as a developmental stage the period of high acidity had a certain value; today, however, he is obviously delighted to be married, to have his own house (with a swimming pool), and to be up and doing. He is grateful to success for the first chance he's ever had to live a thoroughly comfortable life.

The Doors' composite image was reassuring; but it was also disquieting. Much as one enjoyed their healthy calm and workmanlike approach to the job of entertaining thousands of fanatically dedicated fans, there was something lacking in the way of creative devotion and professional drive. They seemed suspended on a golden hook of success, unable to shake free.

Manzarek spoke of hiring a theatre, engaging actors, performing an interesting piece called *Celebration of the Lizard*,

which is a kind of exodus in the course of which the people sometimes stop to ask, "Where has the light gone?" A sort of pop *Moses und Aron*, the piece suggested the dimensions of epic theatre—but all pretty vague.

Much sharper was the first association of a practised thetrician like Robert Goldstein, the inventor of The Lightworks and other "total-environment" entertainments. I asked him whether he thought the music of The Doors had theatrical possibilities. He answered that he had imagined a theatre piece as soon as he heard "Moonlight Drive"; it was to be a rock version of the Brecht-Weill *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*, with Haight-Ashbury as the setting. Though he did not fill in the details, the scenario practically wrote itself.

First would come the influx of hordes of kids eager to indulge themselves in the joys of absolute freedom flowing from the reversal of commandments from "Thou shalt not" to "Thou shalt." Then, after a brief period of joy, the bickering and the apathy begins; everyone is on drugs and the descent into petty crime, hustling, disease, and madness is headlong.

The plunge into squalor ends with a climactic outrage, the murder of Linda Fitzpatrick and Groovy. Suddenly, the hippie community is shocked into a new awareness: the need for social action. The murders compel them to abandon their lotus eating for political militancy, signalling the exodus from the urban Eden. Swarming back to their hometowns, the new revolutionaries undertake to overthrow the world they once fled.

The myth exists. The theatre exists. The musicians and actors are ready. We hear the strains of a new Dionysian music, see the arena filling with familiar shapes of flying hair, clapping hands, twitching bodies. The ancient goat song is being danced by a rout of heroes and satyrs. Still lacking, however, is the impresario, the *régisseur*, the latter-day Diaghilev, Reinhardt, or Orson Welles, who will bring forth from this rock dithyramb an authentic theatre of mass man.



PHOTOS BY DAVID SAWYER

BREAK ON THROUGH

As Recorded by the Doors
(From the album THE DOORS/Elektra Records)

Words and Music by the Doors

Moderately Fast Rock $\text{♩} = 180$

Intro (Drums) 3 N.C.
Gtr. I N.C.(Em)

1st Verse
N.C.(Em)

You know the day des - troys the night,...

Riff A

night di - vides the day... Tried to run,... tried to hide... (end Riff A)

Chorus
N.C.(Em)

Break on through... to the oth - er side... Break on through... to the oth - er side...

Riff B

Copyright © 1966, 1971, 1988, 1990 by Doors Music Co. Permission for the United Kingdom through Rondor Music (London) Ltd.; Permission for Australia and New Zealand through Rondor Music (Australia) Pty Ltd.; Permission for Scandinavia and Finland through Sweden Music AB International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved Used By Permission

Break on through— to the oth - er side,— yeah.

(end Riff B)

Guitar tablature for Riff B ending:

- String 6: H H
- String 5: H H
- String 4: H P
- String 3: 0 1 2 0 1 2
- String 2: 0 2 0 2
- String 1: 2 0 2 2
- String 0: 2 2 0

String 0: 15 sl.

2nd Verse
w/Riff A
N.C.(Em)

We chased our pleas - ures here,—

Guitar tablature for the 2nd Verse continuation:

- String 6: 0 1 2 0 1 2
- String 5: 0 2 0 2
- String 4: 2 0 2 2
- String 3: 0
- String 2: 15 sl.

D

dug our treas - ures there... But can you still re - call... time we cried?...

Chorus
w/Riff B (1st 5 bars only)
N.C.(Em)

Guitar tablature for the Chorus (Riff B):

Break on through - to the oth - er side...

w/Fill 1

Organ solo
w/Riff A (1st 2 bars only - play 8 times,
w/improvisation & vocal ad lib.)
N.C.(Em) 16

Guitar tablature for Fill 1, Gtr. I:

- String 6: H P
- String 5: H P
- String 4: 0 2 0 2
- String 3: 0
- String 2: 12 sl.

Fill 1
Gtr. I

Detailed guitar tablature for Fill 1, Gtr. I:

- String 6: H P
- String 5: H P
- String 4: 0 2 0 2
- String 3: 0
- String 2: 12 sl.

w/Riff A (1st 2 bars only - play 4 times)
N.C.(Em)

w/Riff A (1st 2 bars only - play 2 times)
N.C.(Em)

I found an

3rd Verse
N.C.(Em)

Chorus
N.C.(Em)

D

Arms that chain, eyes that lie. Break on through... to the oth - er side...

w/Riff B (1st 2 bars only)

Break on through... to the oth - er side... Break on through. oh!... Oh

yeah!

E7#9

4th Verse
E7#9

*T = thumb.

Made the scene... week to week...

D

day to day, — hour to hour, — Gate is straight, — deep and wide, —

let ring - - -

let ring - - -

Chorus
N.C.(Em)

Break on through... to the oth - er side... Break on through... to the oth - er side...

2

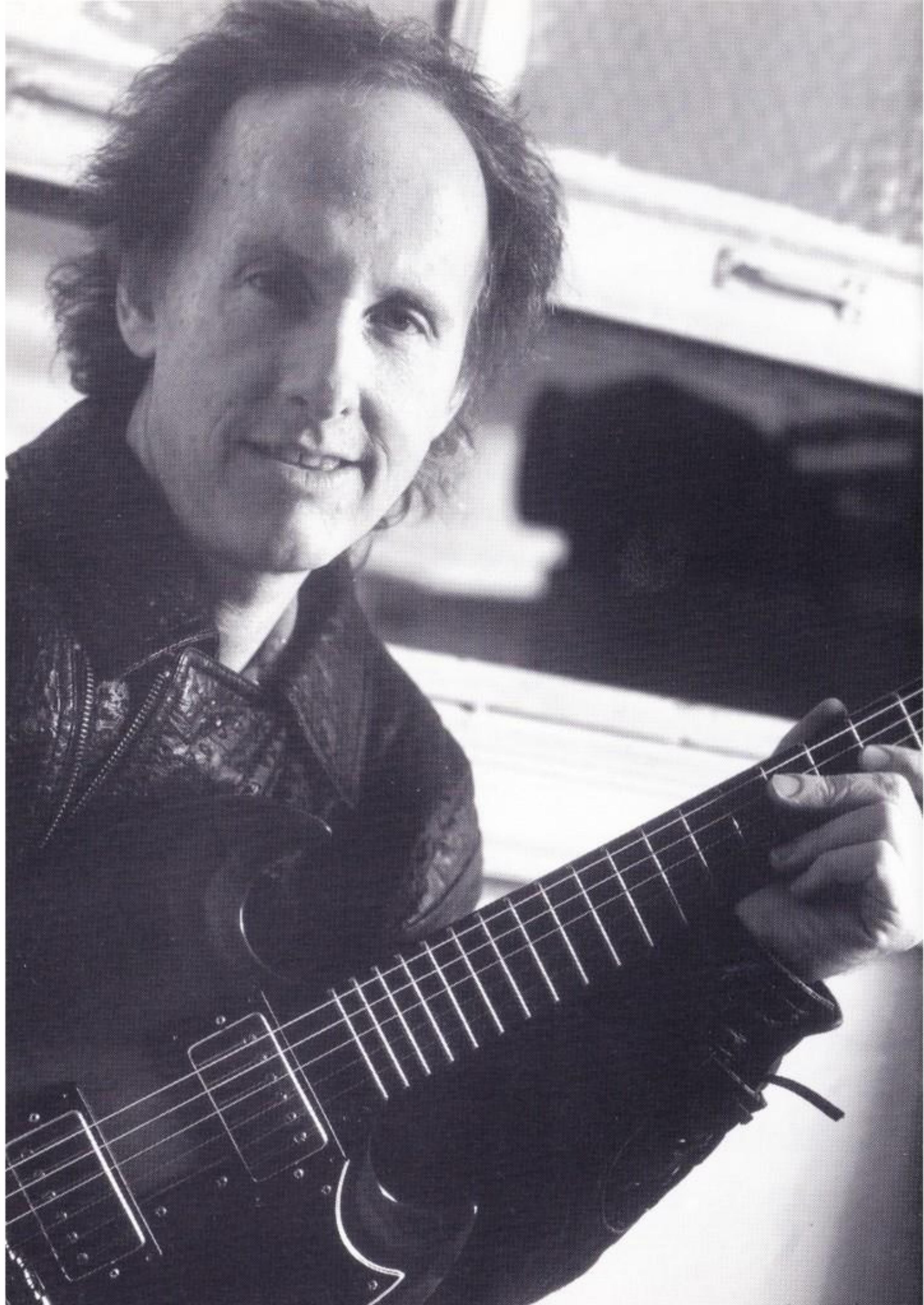
2

Break on through... Break on through... Break on through... Break on through... Heh, heh,

Full 1/2 Full 1/2 Full 1/2 Full 1/2

eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh,

Full 1/2 1 1/2 Full 1/2 Full Full Full 1/2 Full 1/2 Full 1/2 Full 1/2



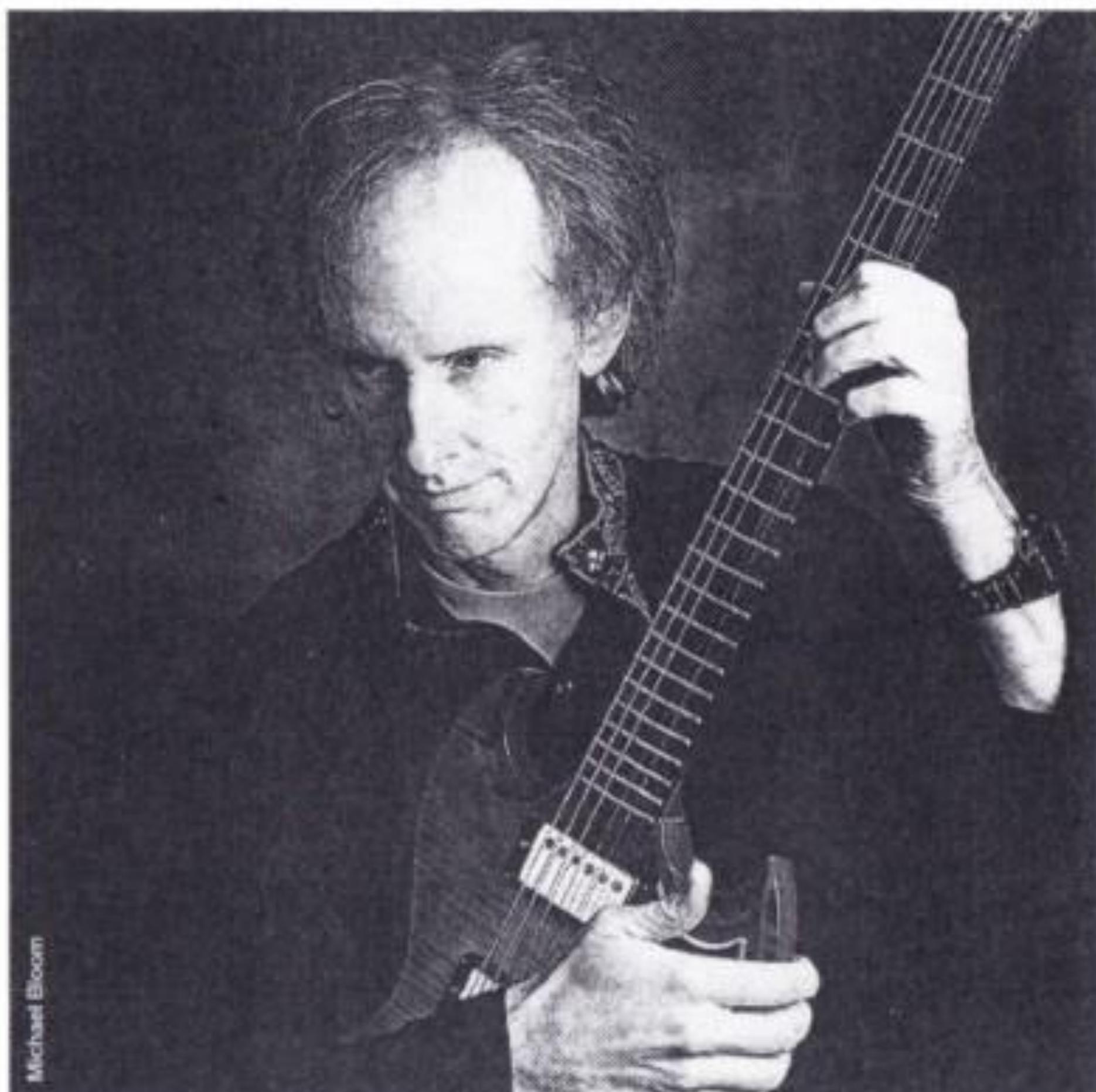
From: GUITAR (May 1992)

For someone who hasn't played many solo gigs lately, and whose original band hasn't been together for more than twenty years, Doors guitarist Robbie Krieger has had a good deal of current exposure—in Oliver Stone's movie and former bandmate John Densmore's book.

"It was probably the best rock 'n' roll video ever made," says Robbie of the Doors movie. "There was absolutely no character development, but I dug it, just for the concert shots. The Doors never really got any good shows down on film." Of Densmore's *Riders on the Storm*, "He made it sound like it was a tough job, being in the Doors, the poor guy," Krieger says. "I was having fun, myself."

Krieger is still having fun these days, inside of the Doors legacy and out, where his ear leans decidedly toward jazz. A Gil Evans/*Sketches of Spain*-like album is in the works, along with a plan to produce a series of albums, with a variety of L.A. collaborators, including Arthur Barrow, Robert Williams, Bruce Gary, Tommy Mars, and Bruce Fowler. According to Robbie, these albums will be "just total jams, off-the-wall jams, one after the other, maybe every couple of months, to see how it would progress, from album to album." We brought Robbie through the doors and into contact with some other guitar experimentalists In The Listening Room.

ROBBIE KRIEGER

THE DOORS

Michael Bloom

1 "For the Love of God" from *Passion and Warfare*, by Steve Vai/Relativity

ROBBIE: Being a guitar player, of course I would like that, because the guy's a real good player, although I think his sound could have been a little less edgy for my taste. I like the backing tracks, too. They show more thought than most guitar albums. For some reason, it sounded to me like a European production. I think he could have taken a little less time to get to the good stuff. It started off OK, but then it got real good in the middle of the song. Other than that, the guy's a great guitar player. He had a lot of energy, but not only raw energy. You could tell he's got control, and he knows what he's doing, and he's able to make stuff happen without a lot of notes—using sounds more than notes.

Was that Bettencourt?

That's Steve Vai, from *Passion and Warfare*.

Is that right? That's far out, because I bought that

ROBBIE KRIEGER/THE DOORS

record, and I didn't really like it. I played two or three songs on each side, and I thought there were too many tricks, too little playing, too much use of sampling and funny stuff. But this song was great, because he actually played.

2 "Outshined" from *Badmotorfinger*, by Soundgarden/A&M

ROBBIE: The song was real interesting, being in 7/4, with all the funny time change things it went through. The production was a little raw for my tastes. They didn't take a whole lot of time for cleaning up the tracks, which actually might be good in some cases. In this song, if you're going to do precise time changes, it should be cleaner, production-wise. I thought the big guitar sound was great. I didn't like the lead sound very much, but I liked the backing guitars. They're very Zeppelin-ish, as far as the way they construct their songs, which is good. It's not just dumb, noise rock.

LONDON FEATURES INT'L USA



3 "Hey Tee Bone" from *MVP Centrifugal Funk*, by Bret Garsed and Shawn Lane/Legato

ROBBIE: The first guy can really play gui-

tar. Unfortunately, the track is not up to his playing. It seems like a rudimentary backing-track, like some white guys trying to sound black. It sounds like something I'd do in my midi-studio. As a guitar player, I can appreciate the guy's playing, but I think a regular person wouldn't want to hear this. The second guy sounds like a video game. It's good, but it's a little hard to take. There's too much playing, no melody—just a lot of pyrotechnics. I wonder how old these guys are. Not knowing that, it sounds like an 18-year-old who started playing when he

was eight, and has tons of chops. He has good feel, good touch, but no concept of melody. It's more masturbation than jamming. Jamming is when you jam with other guys. The bass player and drummer just went Da-Da Da-Da. It could just as well have been a machine doing that. So even though there are two guitar players, and one would go, and the other one would go after, they wouldn't necessarily have to be on the same song. But I admire their technique.

4 "Even Better Than the Real Thing" from *Achtung Baby*, by U2/Island

ROBBIE: This is pretty good. I thought it was well-produced, though a little derivative of the '60s. In this case, that's good, because the melody was very Cream-like, and if you're going to copy somebody, they're a good band to copy. There are so many great things from the '60s to draw from, but a lot of times people settle for Hendrix or Jim Morrison. I did keep waiting for the song to go into a great guitar solo, but it sort of never happened; I did like the slide playing. I wish they'd gone into an actual solo or two. I liked the mix. The sound is big and it wasn't overproduced. The song had a good hook line. I know the group, but I just can't picture them.

That was the latest from U2.

My problem is, I'll buy maybe two albums by a group, and then I'll get bored with them and that will be it. I bought their first live one. Bono tries to sound like Jim a lot, but I think he does it better than most guys. ▀



THE SOFT PARADE

- Tribute to the Doors -

" on Tour '92 "



Joe Russo of THE SOFT PARADE
on stage.



top left:
Wuppertal,
oct.7th 1992
Photo: Jochen
Maaßen

top right:
Werne,
jun.21st 1992
Photo: Thomas
Pfeifer

bottom:
Braunschweig,
jun.20th 1992
Photo: Marianna
Kris

Comments about
THE SOFT PARADE

I have seen THE SOFT PARADE twice and want to give the group my sincerest compliments and many thanks for the two wonderful concerts. Especially the one in Krefeld was very impressive. There was an excellent mood in the audience from the very first minute on. The band, foremost singer Joe Russo, did a perfect show, and the barrier

between reality and illusion faded away soon. A young guy behind me said he thought he would never see The Doors in his life, but now he knew what they were all about. Even all the guys in the audience were absolutely fascinated; they even tried to get near the stage to touch Joe's hand. Unbelievable! I wish I would have a bootleg of the Krefeld-show. Did anybody tape it?

Andrea Luhr, West Germany

I went to see THE SOFT PARADE in Köln. Really, Rainer, your article didn't promise too much: The show was perfect. The music was greatly performed, and together with Joe's similarity to Jim Morrison and his voice it was totally fascinating. That's why I imagined a Doors-performance in a smoky club down on Sunset Boulevard during the whole show of THE SOFT PARADE.

Hans-Jörg Richardt, West Germany

THE SOFT PARADE concert in Hamburg was - WOW! I'm still on cloud nine. There's no such a good hifi equipment -- seeing this band "Live" is a thousand times better.

Barbara Schlitter, West Germany

Reise in die Vergangenheit

Persönliche Anmerkungen zu zwei Konzerten der Doors Coverband "The Soft Parade" von Stefan Krause.

Im DQ stand es, die angeblich beste Coverband der Doors kommt nach Osnabrück, am 8.6.92 spielen "The Soft Parade" im Hyde Park.

Mit meinem Bruder, bis dato kein Doors Fan, besuche ich dieses Konzert. Auf dem Parkplatz ertönt aus einem Autoradio in voller Lautstärke "When the musics over". Eine kleine Gruppe hat sich um das Auto versammelt, fröhlich, singend und Bier trinkend.

In der Halle läuft die typische Vorkonzertmusik vom Band. Es sind bis jetzt kaum Leute da und das Bier schmeckt mehr nach Wasser als nach Bier.

Das erste bekannte Gesicht gehört Rainer, der auch gleich darum bittet, die Konzerteindrücke für das nächste DQ niederzuschreiben. Man lernt auch noch andere Fan Club Mitglieder kennen, tauscht Meinungen und Befürchtungen aus.

Langsam füllt sich die Halle und pünktlich um 21.³⁰ Uhr kündigt Rainer die Band an. Auf die Bühne kommen drei Gestalten, sie



wirken sehr abwesend, das Publikum wird kaum beachtet. Einer der drei hat "elektrische Haare", er spielt Gitarre, ist etwas größer und fülliger als das Original Robby Krieger. Hinter der Orgel nimmt ein stilecht gekleideter Mann mit langen blonden Haaren und Brille Platz. Er wirkt kleiner als Ray Manzarek. Der Schlagzeuger hat mit John Densmore kaum etwas gemeinsam, außer die Psychodelic-Klamotten.

Die drei nicken sich kurz zu und beginnen mit dem Intro zu "Break in through". Der Sound ist super, originalgetreu. Die Orgel, dominierend und bis ins Mark gehend, wie im Original. Ich bin etwas nervös, auch mein Nachbar (ein eingefleischter Doors Fan) wirkt sehr angespannt. Hinter dem Schlagzeug öffnet sich die Tür. Tosender Beifall, Ausserungen wie; "Ich glaube ich spinne", "guck dir das an", "das gibt es doch gar nicht", "wahnsinn", hört man um sich herum.

Was da auf der Bühne erscheint, ist seit fast 21 Jahren tot, oder etwa doch nicht? Die Augen halb geschlossen, im perfekten Jim-Morrison-Gang schlendert Joe Russo zum Micro. "Black dressed in leather" der Saal tobt.

Wo sind wir hier? In einem Doors Konzert anno 1967 oder wirklich schon im Jahre 1992?

Joe Russo sieht aus, singt, schreit, tanzt, wie man es von seinem Vorbild Jim Morrison aus den diversen Videos kennt. Er ist perfekt. Das Publikum tanzt, tobt und hat Spaß.

Die Band spielt sich durch alle bekannten Songs der Doors, aber auch unbekanntere Stücke wie "Some day soon" werden gespielt. Gerade dieses Lied hört sich meines Erachtens besser an als das Original, das mir vorliegt. Einfach super!

Die Band spielt und spielt. Der Saal ist nicht überwältigend gefüllt, aber dafür ist die Stimmung einfach super.

Als letzte Zugabe spielt die Band das Ödipusdrama "The End". Bei Stücken wie "Light my fire", "Roadhouse Blues" u.s.w. tobte das Publikum, aber bei diesem Stück sprang der Funke nicht über. Die textliche und musikalische Darbietung war weit unter dem Gesamtniveau dieser Veranstaltung.

Nach zweieinhalb Stunden verabschieden sich "The Soft Parade" nach einer Super Show, die wirklich alle begeistert hat.

Das Fazit dieses Konzerts hieß für meinen Bruder und mich: Am 9.6. auf nach Detmold ins Hunky Dory.

Im Hunky Dory sind die Räumlichkeiten erheblich bescheidener als im Hyde Park. Dadurch war die Band zum Greifen nah. Ausgerüstet mit Fotoapparat standen wir ganz vorne. Der Beginn genau wie am Vortag. Die Show ebenso perfekt. Es kommen die Songs in anderer Reihenfolge, das Publikum wird gefragt, was es hören möchte. Obwohl erheblich weniger Zuschauer, ist auch hier die Stimmung sehr gut. Nach eineinhalb Stunden ist das Konzert beendet. Der Eindruck vom Vortag bestätigt, eine phantastische Leistung, die meiner Meinung nach nur vom Original in bester Spiellaune zu übertreffen wäre. Damit ist klar, dies ist die beste Coverband der Doors.

Nach dem Konzert sprach Joe Russo mich an. Er wäre an Abzügen von den Fotos dieser Veranstaltung interessiert. Wir haben uns etwas unterhalten, er ist ein sehr netter Mann.

Darum, spielt diese Band bei euch in der Nähe (zwei bis drei Stunden Anfahrt müssen hier als nähere Umgebung zählen), laßt es euch nicht entgehen. Es ist ein einmaliges Erlebnis.

MAKING CONTACT WITH JIM MORRISON

written by Lenny Stoute (The Toronto Star, Oct. 10, 1987)

Ever been beyond The Veil? Reached out and touched someone who wasn't really here?

Me, neither. But one night a bunch of spirited types were wondering what Jim Morrison was up to these days.

Back here on the planet, his career continues to go great guns. In April (1987), a stash of his writings - some 200 pages - was discovered in a San Francisco house. In true California style, the lawsuits burned rubber getting to court over the essential issue of whether the stuff was poetry or song lyrics. Major rumors persist that the surviving Doors are already writing music to go with the words.

Summer brought a Best Of Doors reissue and a newly released Live At The Hollywood Bowl video and LP.

Wondering how Jimbo felt about all this led naturally to trying to find the guy. Which takes some doing. Understandably, he doesn't talk to just any old voice on the ectoplasmic exchange.

Enter Leeanne Haze, leader of a Toronto spectral-metal band and priestess in the Order of the Silver Star. To fill out the lineup, we needed at least one other witch, and Sister Tahira of the OSS kindly consented to help out, for which we thank her.

What follows is a verbatim account of our conversation with a spirit who identified himself as Jim Morrison, with expletives deleted and taking into account the spector's occasional tendency to lapse into an Otherworldly nod.

Warning: Do not try this at home.

Priestess: So, did you die in Paris?

Jim: Oh yeah, I'm dead all right. It wasn't exactly suicide, but I wasn't real sure I wanted to live. Part of it was the Martyred King thing. You know, heroes die young. I'd gotten turned off by what The Doors had become. Just another rock'n'roll band. The original idea of that band was to be a teaching tool. With the name, The Doors, we were supposed to open new doors of perception for people. Instead, we turned into a hit machine. I wanted to get back to that idea with movies. I didn't think I could do it with rock anymore. It would be a super movie that would grab everyone's attention again. I'd met with some producers already on the project. We were coming to terms.

Priestess: What do you think of the kids who party at your gravesite?

Jim: It's great that they should party there and dance on my grave. It means they understand that what I was doing was a celebration of life. Boot marks are a small price to pay for adoration, and let me say I appreciate it.

Priestess: How do you feel about the various impersonators who claim to be possessed by you?

Jim: I've never possessed anybody in that way and I'll have my lawyers get on that. But I approve of what they're doing. They're keeping my memory alive, and they may inspire people to get beneath the surface and find out what Morrison was all about. When you die as the Martyred King, you inevitably spawn imitators. But that's a heavy current to draw on, so it's not surprising if some people get fried.

Priestess: Is the San Francisco find really the last remaining works of Jim Morrison?

Jim: Hell, no. I was a compulsive writer and keeper, so there's stuff everywhere. There's some in a house in Tangiers and some in a pension in Marrakesh. Some are at the houses of friends.

Priestess: Was the S.F. material intended to be poetry or song lyrics?

Jim: Damned if I know. At that time, I wasn't thinking of that stuff as publishable material. It was more like therapy. There's a lot of heartbreak in that stuff. I wanted to be with Pamela, but we couldn't live together. I would have liked to have a family. I remember reading some of it to Robby and Ray and it touched them. They didn't want to press me to do anything with it right then. I think some of it might even be downright mushy.

Priestess: What's happened to the money from your estate?

Jim: My family's getting most of it, for which I'm thankful. I never paid as much attention to them as I should. That's been an emotional salve for me.

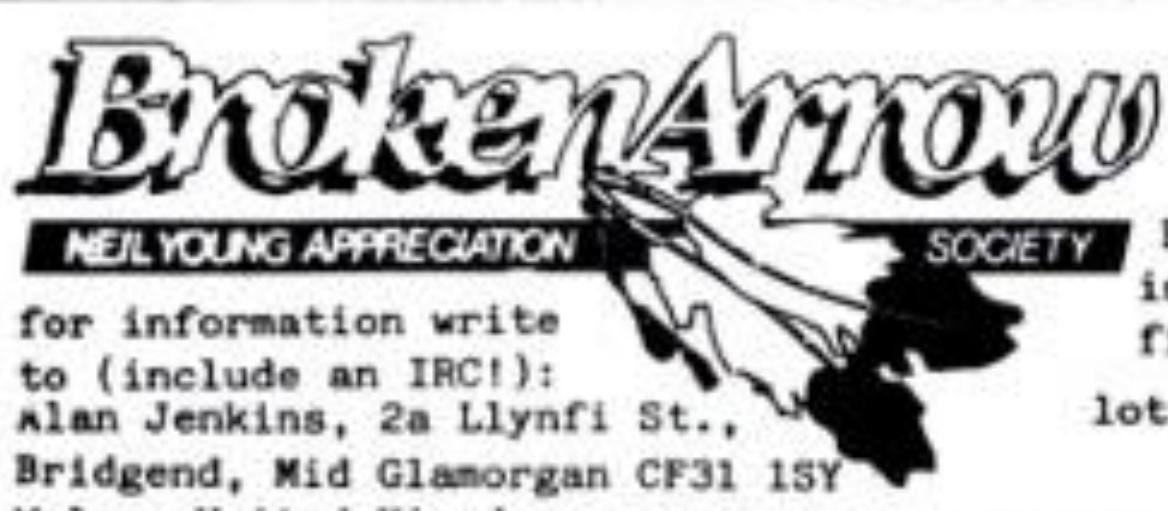
Priestess: Do you have a message to your fans?

Jim: Stick to your right to challenge concepts. Destroy the Tower. Stick with the classics. A white shirt and black leather jeans will always get you through in style.

Priestess: It is said you appear at your gravesite on Halloween.

Jim: I don't go out on Halloween anymore. Too many sickos.

(Do you believe in the possibility of talking to dead people through a ceremony? What do you think about the things this "Jim" said to the priestess? Did you try anything like that yourself? Let me know for a future Quarterly. RM)



They're celebrating their 10th anniversary, the guys of BROKEN ARROW. If you are interested in Neil Young (or his family Nash,Crosby,Stills, Buffalo Springfield,Crazy Horse...) this fanzine is a MUST for you. Actually one of the best and finest fanzines I've ever seen, and I've seen a lot! High quality print & photos. Recommended!

For my next book on The Doors I'm still looking for original US-picture sleeves of all US-7" singles except Tell All The People, Break On Through, The Unknown Soldier and People Are Strange. Please send a colour xerox, I'll pay you! Also wanted: Any PRIVATE photos of TIM BUCKLEY, in concert or anywhere else, plus concert reviews, articles, 7" picture sleeves or 7" records without picture sleeve. Any memories of a Tim Buckley-concert? Please write them down and send them to me. Your help will be gratefully accepted. R.Moddemann, Am Oelverbach 5, 4150 Krefeld 12, West Germany.

Hey you! If you want to write to a German Doors-fan, please contact Sonja Hand, Am Hötzberg 30, 5500 Trier, West Germany.

Don't believe in the rumours one Patricia Butler spreads around about me. No matter what, they are not true. Rainer Moddemann.

NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE: PUBLISHING'S UGLY DUCKLING

The story of how *No One Here Gets Out Alive* got published is a variation of the traditional children's story, "The Ugly Duckling." In the beginning, nobody wanted it, but in time it became a worldwide hit, a Number One bestseller in the United States and several other countries, and now the subject of Oliver Stone's latest film, *The Doors*.

Jerry Hopkins first biography, *Elvis*, was written in 1971 on assignment for Simon & Schuster, New York. The book was suggested to Hopkins by Doors vocalist Jim Morrison and therefore is dedicated to him. As it happened, Hopkins and Morrison---who had sold his first collection of poetry to S&S---shared an editor, Jonathan Dolger. When Morrison died, in 1971 in Paris, Dolger called Hopkins and asked him if he'd be interested in writing a book about Jim.

When Hopkins delivered the Morrison manuscript---which he describes as being "as thick as London's largest telephone directory---Dolger requested a rewrite. But when the abbreviated version arrived about a year later, S&S said that the singer's time had come and gone and the book was rejected.

Over the next six years, more than 30 more publishers also rejected it. In fact, Warner Books said no twice. The first time, the manuscript went in from an agent, cold. The second time, Hopkins was attempting to market the project himself and he asked a favor of a friend, Jac Holzman, who had been president of Elektra Records (Morrison's recording company), and who sat on the Warner board. Holzman took the manuscript to the president of Warner Books, Howard Kaminsky, who wrote Hopkins a single-line letter: "We're still not interested."

In a final effort to find a publisher, Hopkins sent copies of the manuscript to five British publishers (including Plexus). They also said no.

"I figured I'd given Jim enough energy for one lifetime," Hopkins explains, "so I decided to put the manuscript on a shelf. However, I had interviewed Danny Sugerman when researching Jim's story---Danny had

been a Doors errand boy in the Sixties---and when I told him my decision, he asked if he could try to find a publisher."

Hopkins promised Sugerman the standard agent's 10 per cent commission if he was successful. Not knowing the book's history, one of the first places Sugerman took it was to Warner Books. This time the manuscript---the long version---landed on the desk of a young female editor who had been with the publisher only a short while, but who had a "golden touch." Most of the books she took to the editorial committee had sold well, so when she argued forcefully to publish *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, Kaminsky and the others relented, so long as a Hopkins and Sugerman weren't given much of an advance (\$1,500).

That advance was used to pay a typist after Sugerman combined the long and short versions of the manuscript. Sugerman also wrote an introduction, elicited an afterward by poet Michael McClure, and assisted in collecting photographs. For this, he became a "co-author" and Hopkins gave him another 20 per cent, plus 50 per cent of the movie rights, which at the time the two writers regarded as worthless.

Some months later, when Hopkins finally met the editor---he lived in Hawaii and they had communicated until then by phone---he asked her what she had done before she became an editor. She said, "Ten-thousand micrograms of acid (LSD) and two years in a commune in New Mexico." He laughed and said, "Now I know why you liked the story."

No One Here Gets Out Alive---which takes its title from Jim Morrison song---was released in a trade paper format in June 1980 and within a few weeks was on *The New York Times* and *Publishers Weekly* bestseller lists, going straight to Number One. It remained on the *Times* list for nine months, has sold more than four-million copies in more than a dozen countries, and the film rights were sold four times, finally to Oliver Stone, whose new movie, "The Doors," was released this month.

"In this story," Hopkins says, "there are two lessons. The first is, if you believe in a project, don't give up. The second is, pray for luck---that the manuscript finds its way to the right desk."

Erinnerungen an den Père Lachaise

von Gisela Erler, West Germany

Nach meiner Ankunft ein Espresso in einem Bistro, das Radio spielt, und plötzlich höre ich "Riders On The Storm". Eine gelungene Einstimmung.

Montag früh der erste Besuch auf dem Père Lachaise: Gegen neun Uhr treffen wir (mein Kind und ich) am Grab ein, einige junge Franzosen (wohnen die auf dem Friedhof?!) wundern sich über den Besuch, so früh an einem Montag. Ich setze mich auf einen Grabstein, schreibe etwas in mein Tagebuch. Und dann beginnt der Besucherstrom ... Wir spazieren über den Friedhof, und ich erzähle Ingmar, daß Jim einmal einen Tag hier verbrachte und daß dabei der Wunsch in ihm aufkam, nach seinem Tode hier begraben zu werden. Zwei Tage später sind wir wieder hier, diesmal nachmittags. Es ist schwarz von Menschen. Ich beobachte sie mit Interesse: Viele sehen so jung aus; waren sie schon geboren, als Jim starb? Sie rauchen, trinken, gießen Bier auf das Grab. Ehrlich, ich habe diese Szenen als schmerzlich empfunden, war doch die Verehrung eines Typs offensichtlich, der Jim nie gewesen war. Ich hätte es gut gefunden, wäre Jims Grab der Platz, an dem man sich erinnert - an einen jungen Amerikaner, der ein wundervoller Dichter war, der Paris liebte, der hier lebte und starb. War ich hier Zeuge eines Mißverständnisses? Im Hotel las ich in "The American Night" - und war wieder fasziniert von den sprachlichen Bildern, die Jim für sein "Paris Journal" fand.

In den nächsten Tagen bummeln wir durch Paris, Wege, die Jim ging, in Saint Germain des Pres, über die Seine ins Marais, auf dem Place des Vosges sitzen wir lange. Freitag zum Abschied morgens noch einmal zum Père Lachaise. In einem kleinen Blumenladen kaufe ich eine rote Rose. Der Verkäufer, ein alter Mann, lächelt und fragt: "C'est pour Morrisson?" Und ich lächle auch, die Franzosen haben eine unvergleichliche Art, seinen Namen auszusprechen ...

Aber auf dem Friedhof, was ist das? Drei junge Männer, die uns entgegenkommen, fragen auf Englisch, ob ich zu Morrison will. Sagen, daß das Grab bis Mittag gesperrt ist. Egal, ich gehe trotzdem hin, sehe, der gekrümmte Pflasterweg ist abgesperrt. Wir gehen um das Gitter herum, oben halten uns Sicherheitsbeamte an. Bis Mittag gesperrt! "Bitte, für einen kleinen Augenblick nur, ich möchte meine Rose hinlegen." Ich darf durch, lege meine Rose auf das Grab. Bis zum nächsten Mal, Jim ...

Für wen der Sicherheitsaufwand wohl war, der am 10. April Jims Grab besuchte?



Jim's grave in 1981 (Photo: J.Willhauk)



THE END

