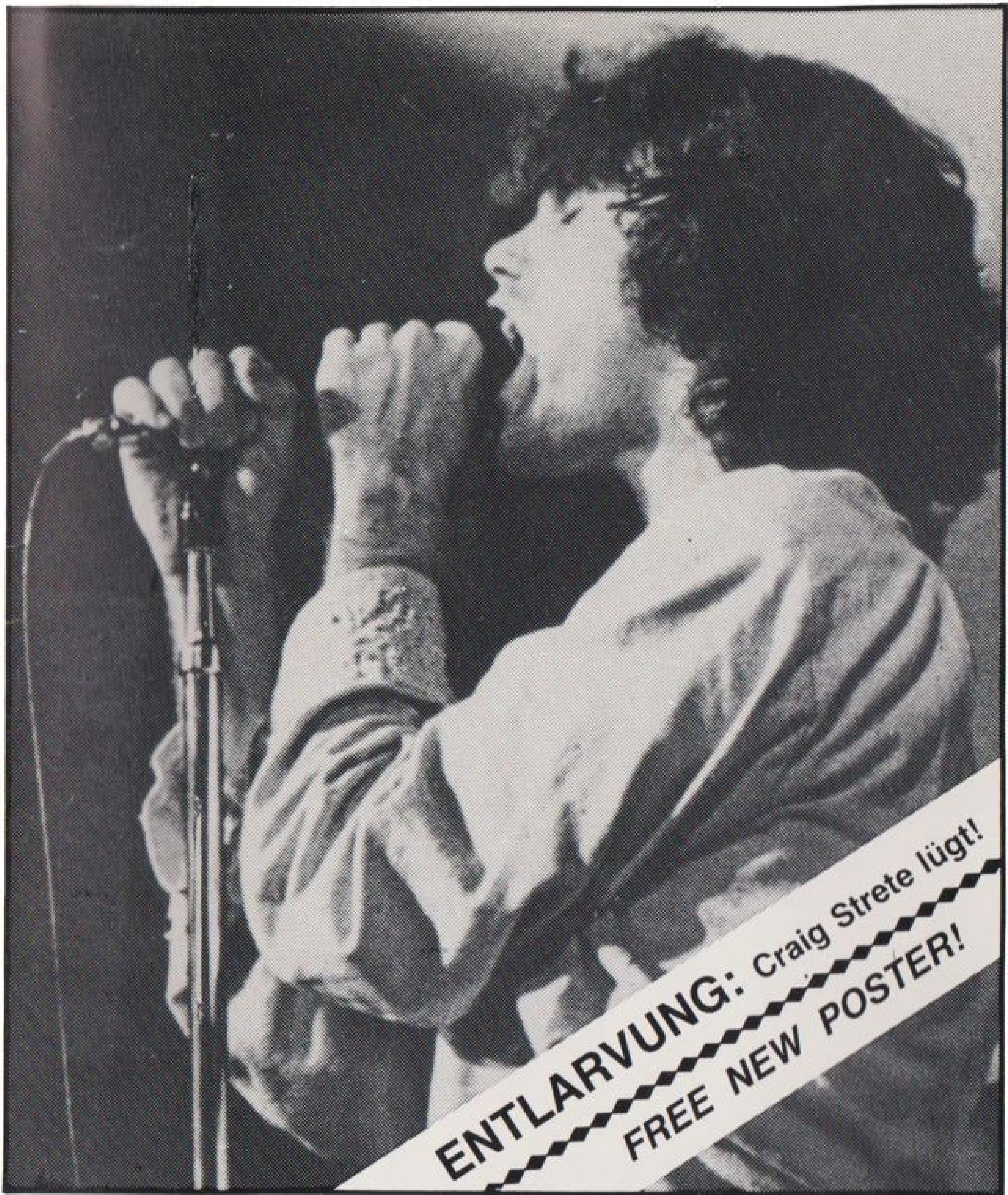


THE DOORS



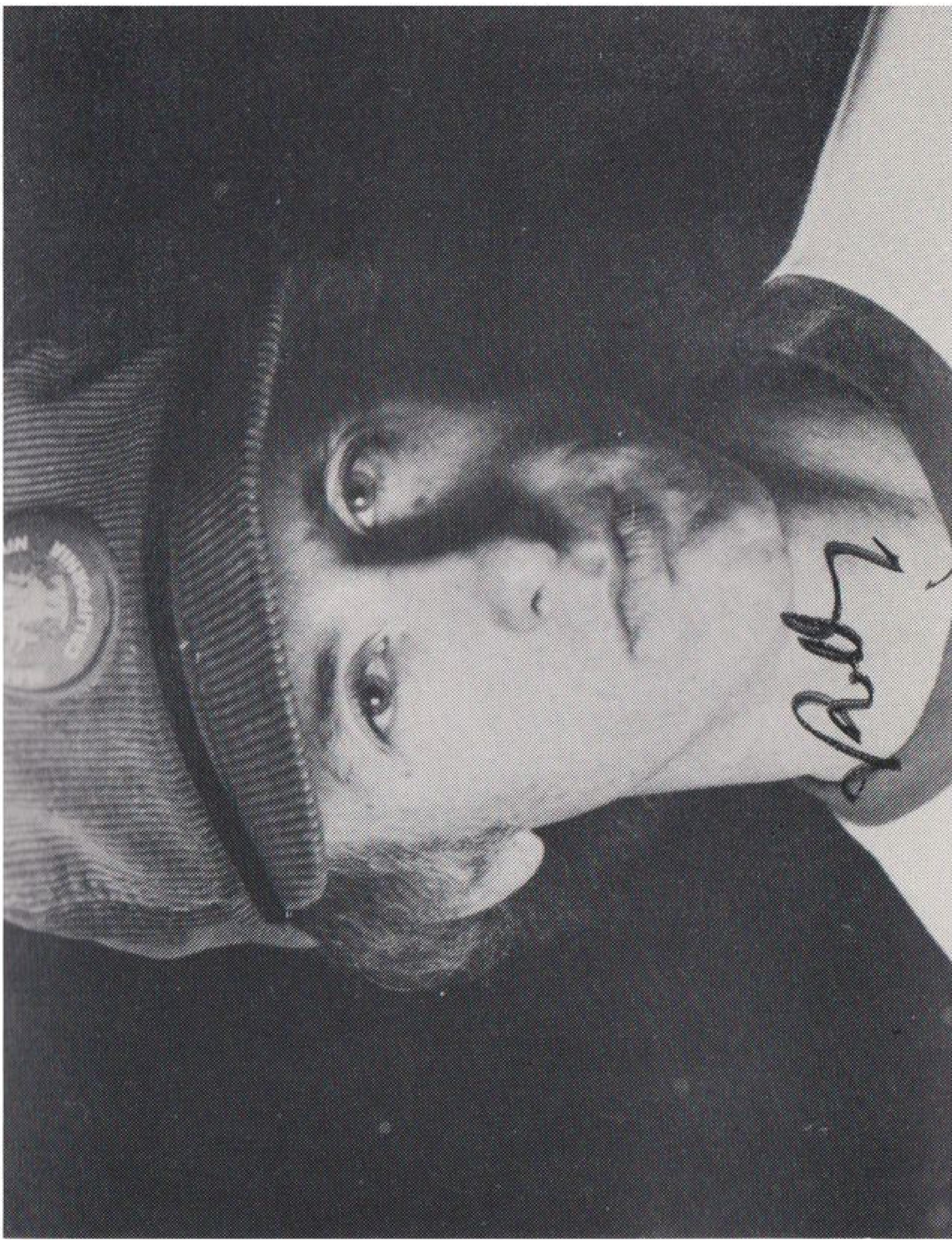
ENTLARVUNG: Craig Streté lugt!
FREE NEW POSTER!

QUARTERLY

No. 15

ROBBY KRIEGER

Best wishes
Books for all
Germann



THE DOORS QUARTERLY 15

RELEASE DATE

of this Quarterly: September 12, 1987

Hello to all fans!

That's it, my friends, I had some discussions in the past weeks with a few club members who don't want to be called "fans" ... who's ashamed of being a fan of somebody? Is there any other word that fits better? Okay, there might be a bad interpretation about the word "fan" - everybody knows about football-fans, who die for "their" stars, and there are people who killed themselves after hearing about Presley's or Lennon's death, but that is real fanaticism, has got a lot to do with religion. We, who admire The Doors as a group or Jim Morrison as a person, aren't fanatics at all ... or? So, what's the word for you who is reading these lines in this very moment? Admirer? Worshipper? Adorer? Follower? Fan? It would be interesting to know, how you consider your relationship to The Doors or Morrison. You are welcome to write me.

This year's July 3rd wasn't bad at all. I met a lot of beautiful people at the grave, with things happening I didn't expect. My friend Richard Fletcher wrote some lines about it for this Quarterly, too many "Hellos" I think, but he gives a right impression about this special day, and I'd like to say "Hello", too, and if one of you readers feels like being spoken to, you are certainly right, yes: YOU!

Finally Heinz delivered his "Hollywood Bowl" article, and it turns up in this DQ, sorry, it came too late for No 14.

This Quarterly shows you a thing which had never been done before: An absolutely fascinating article on Jim Morrison's horoscope, and this is a big "thank you" to Sybille, who had a lot of work to finish it. Whatever you might think about horoscopes, there are certainly interesting facts in it, which fit to Jim's person and life perfectly. Sybille wrote this one in English, and even if you don't understand all of it, you should read it carefully, the article deserves it!

There's the second fan club poster in this DQ with a photo of Morrison which I've never seen before (thanks Keith for sending me the slide!), taken on "Love Street" (I don't know if it is true) inbetween --- who? Does anybody know who are the other people in the picture? Please tell us!

Watch out for the little lottery in this Quarterly! The only thing you have to do is: Write me a postcard with your address and name your favourite Doors LP. It is as simple as that. You can win good prices, just see! Do it until November 1st! Somebody wrote an article remembering all rock groups in my hometown way up in Northern Germany, and he remembered the group "Preludium" I joined with my Rickenbacker Bassguitar and my voice. He wrote about me: "The group did some fine interpretations of Doors songs, and although RM wasn't Jim Morrison, the group gave their best to create a Doors charisma. There are rumours that even now, 13 years later, RM is still making pilgrimages to Morrison's grave in Paris...". Funny. This guy wasn't talking about my singing or bassplaying, but just remembering me being a --- which word do you want to read now? See above! . . . of Jim Morrison... do you know why I was freaking out when I read this?

Hope you have some pilgrimages with this Quarterly! Hello I love you!

... is a magazine for members of

THE DOORS FAN CLUB

DOORS QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

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Talk Talk — Talk Talk Talk about the DOORS



... on July 16th of this year the new Doors video came out in Europe! It is 65 minutes long, in full colour and excellent Hifi Stereo sound. Filmed at the Hollywood Bowl July 5th 1968. Unfortunately it is NOT the complete concert (as they say on their press releases). At least one complete song is missed (Hello I love you), and there's just the 2nd half of Spanish Caravan on it, but don't think about that. This video is the BEST they could have published for the fans. All information about the video in DQ 16...

... MCA Video (CIC in Europe) says that DANCE ON FIRE was one of their best-selling programs. It will be the same for HOLLYWOOD BOWL, it immediately climbed to No 1 in Holland's video charts ...

1 (1) Doors — Live at the Hollywood Bowl
2 (2) Alice Cooper — The Nightmare Returns

... unfortunately the HOLLYWOOD BOWL CD contains just one more song: a cut (!) version of Light my Fire, from the same concert, the most useless track WEA ever put on a CD. Nobody knows why they didn't put the complete soundtrack on the CD - it would have been a perfect one ...

... there are rumours concerning a bootleg album coming out with the complete soundtrack. No wonder! ...

... Agnès Varda, famous film director and personal friend of Morrison, never forgets him. In her Movie "SANS TOIT NI LOI" (German title: VOGELFREI), France 1985, she used "CHANGELING" for the film - soundtrack ...

... Bruce Joiner & The Plantation (I hope I got that name right) have got a wellknown keyboardplayer on their latest album "SWIMMING WITH FRIENDS" -- of course RAY MANZAREK. He can be heard on the latest Echo and The Bunnymen LP, too. But I think that PEOPLE ARE STRANGE is not a good version of the classic Doors song...

... the Berkeley University saw hundreds of Morrisons some weeks ago. There was a big Doors-meeting, and everybody was asked to turn up dressed like Jim ...

... another meeting took place in Melbourne, at the Rubber Soul Club again. The press said the meeting was even more successful than the first one. I mailed some fanclub-posters to the club, hope they stick them to the wall ...

... promotion posters all around. Big sized posters celebrate the new EP/CD/VIDEO release and 20 DOORS years - go to your local record store, they all got the poster, try to get it. Stores also got promotion copies of the EP along with a special RAY MANZAREK INTERVIEW LP, he's talking about THE DOORS HISTORY on this LP, I would have expected him remembering the Hollywood Bowl concert ...

... it was a good, but rare book :STUMBLING INTO NEON by Nibor/Patrick, 'cos it covered interpretations of Morrison poetry. Out of print for a long time it finally got back to English bookstores. Interesting discography in it ...

... the famous TANGIE TOWN Albums are out on picture disc. (NIGHT ON FIRE, FIRST FLASH OF EDEN and ROCK IS DEAD). Some Italian bootleggers are responsible for that. Also from Italy: ANNIVERSAL ISSUE, a FOUR PICTURE DISC SET in a box ...

... NEW biography in sight, coming out late this year by John Muir, it will be called simply "THE DOORS". The cover of the book will be a painting by clubmember Sybille Greiling ...

... she also did a poetry reading in Munich on July 16th this year about Morrison...

... NICHT VERSÄUMEN: Mo, 14. 9. ZDF "Was bleibt ist Musik" u. a. mit JIM!...

20.30 Was bleibt ist die Musik

Erlinnerungen an Rockstars

Mit Bill Haley, Buddy Holly, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Mama Cass Elliot, Elvis Presley, John Lennon

... some news for the Germans: Wir sind jetzt mit dem Quarterly im STAMM Leitfaden (das ist DAS Handbuch für Presse und Publizistik) verzeichnet, worauf wir prompt von der Deutschen Bibliothek (die alles in der BRD Publizierte archiviert) aufgefordert wurden, Belegexemplare zu schicken ...

... some ads in newspapers and musicmagazines got us more than 60 new members, welcome to the Doors-family ...

... Arno wrote a big article covering The Doors' story for Belgique magazin "BACKSTAGE" with our address in it, we hopefully will get some more members from Belgium now, just got one (Hi Pascal!) ...

... ROBBY KRIEGER's contract with Jem Records is up (on Versions) and he's trying to buy the rights for his solo-albums back for a release on CD since there are a lot of requests for it (thanks Linda for the news & press material) ...

... ROBBY KRIEGER has just completed the original score for the Whoopi Goldberg/Rutger Hauer production of "WHO ARE THEY", an hour long documentary on the homeless, directed by Bill Bristow ...

... more ROBBY KRIEGER activity: at the Welcome Home benefit salute for Vietnam veterans he shared the marquee with Stevie Wonder, Herbie Hancock, Neil Young, John Sebastian, Country Joe McDonald, Joe Walsh, Peter Fonda...

... next DOORS QUARTERLY mid or end December with articles such as a view on Doors merchandising products (posters, T-Shirts, buttons and so on), a long analysis of Hollywood Bowl video, a personal memory by close Morrison friend Tom Baker and an interesting new John Densmore interview ...

... sorry, clubmembers, but I ran out of my stickers! I usually put a sticker in all letters I write, but they're finished! I'll promise to print some new ones in the near future, keep the new free poster instead. There'll be a surprise for you free in the next Quarterly (YES another poster, but a quite unusual one), just wait and see. Put ads with the fanclub address in your local papers and music mags, we need new members to have the Quarterly PRINTED (not xeroxed)! Please help us, and if you don't want to put an ad yourself, please send me the address of your paper/music mag, then I'll write to them. Thanks to DANNY SUGERMAN who put our address in his fan letter response ...

... September 12th there's a clubmeeting in VIENNA (WIEN) sorry, the news came too late! Hey you Austrian guys should plan this half a year before, not sending me this info on September 4th, I'm sure that I could have come knowing it earlier...

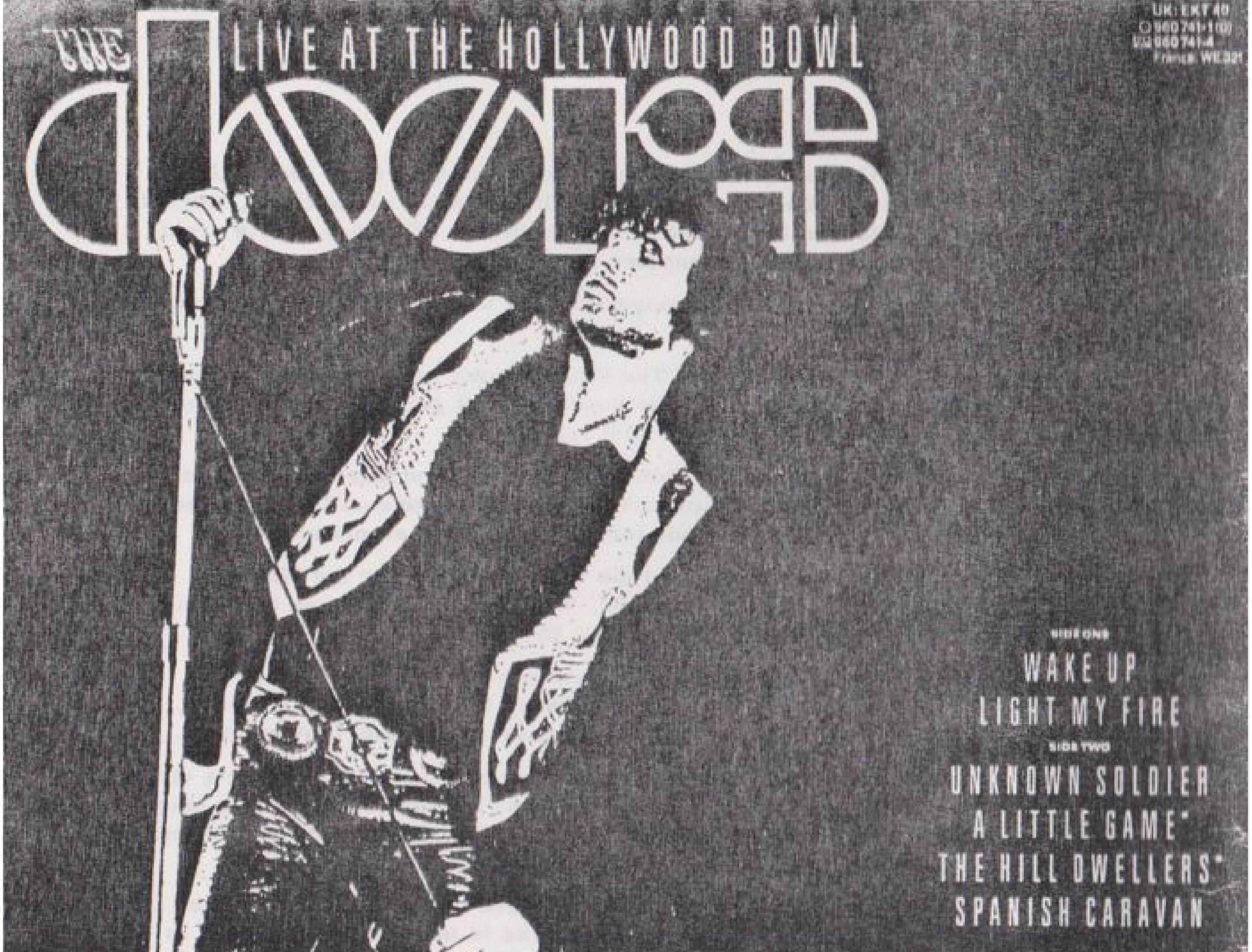
... and the last question to RAY MANZAREK himself: Ray, would you send me a picture of you with autograph and some "best wishes" to our club members?...

News compiled by Rainer Moddemann



← Peter

DOORS T-SHIRTS designed and produced by clubmember PETER BRUMBAUER, Grentweg 8, D. 8115 Ohlstadt, W/Germany. I asked Peter to produce T- and Sweatshirts, because my favourite Doors Sweatshirt was designed by him, and many people asked where to get it from. If you are interested, write to him. A sweatshirt like I have (with THE DOORS LA WOMAN on it) costs about 33 DM, a T-Shirt is cheaper. Don't forget your size (S, M, L) and add RÜCKPORTO (an International Response Coupon) for his answer.



LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

THE DOORS

SIDE ONE

WAKE UP

LIGHT MY FIRE

SIDE TWO

UNKNOWN SOLDIER

A LITTLE GAME

THE HILL DWELLERS

SPANISH CARAVAN

Was ich bereits im DQ 8/9 (S. 34/35) gemutmaßt hatte, ist nun Wirklichkeit geworden: Am 12. Juni wurde eine neue Doors Live LP veröffentlicht, das angekündigte, dazugehörige Video dürfte wohl nicht allzulange auf sich warten lassen.

Allerdings ist der Ausdruck "LP" etwas ungerechtfertigt, denn die Spielzeit der Platte beträgt nur knapp 2 x 10 Minuten. Es ist offensichtlich, daß diese nur als Werbeplatte für das Video gedacht ist. Auf dem Cover findet sich denn auch der Hinweis, daß es sich hier um "Excerpts from the MCA Home Video 'The Doors Live At The Hollywood Bowl'" handelt.

Und hier setzt auch meine Kritik ein: Warum keine Doppel-LP mit dem vollständigen Soundtrack? Oder, da die Doors keine Freunde von Doppel-LPs sind (es sei denn, es handelt sich um einen Sampler...), zumindest eine richtige LP mit einem Großteil des Videosoundtracks?

Eine richtige LP würde ihre Werbefunktion doch genauso, wenn nicht sogar noch besser erfüllen. Mir ist jedenfalls kein Fall bekannt, wo eine LP einem Video-Konkurrenz gemacht hätte. Wer würde sich denn das Video entgehen lassen, selbst wenn er den kompletten Soundtrack auf Platte hätte? Ich stehe dieser Taktik, nur knapp ein Drittel des Videosoundtracks auf Platte zu veröffentlichen -- wenn man dem Cover glauben mag, ist auf der Videokassette das komplette Hollywood-Bowl-Konzert zu finden -- recht verständnislos gegenüber. Oder sollte später irgendwann der Rest des Konzertes auf einer zweiten LP erscheinen? Von der Spielzeit her würde es jedenfalls hinkommen, denn das Konzert dauerte insgesamt etwa 70 Minuten. Immerhin ist der Preis der Spielzeit der Platte angemessen. Sie kostet in größeren Läden nur 8,50 DM.

Der Sound der neuen LP ist unvergleichlich. Seltener habe ich eine derart klare Live-LP gehört. Besonders John Densmore ist hier der große Gewinner. Sein Schlagzeug kommt bei diesen Aufnahmen ganz besonders zur Geltung. Man hört jede einzelne Trommel klar und deutlich heraus. Bei kaum einer Doors-LP kommt seine exzellente Spielweise so zum Ausdruck wie auf dieser Platte.

Das Material ist also nicht, wie mancher vielleicht hatte innnehmen können, Abfall, der nur aufbereitet wurde; ganz und gar nicht. Die Aufnahmen wurden am 12./13.10.68 in der Hollywood Bowl, Los Angeles, für ein noch geplantes Live-Album aufgenommen, das dann aber nicht getanzt wurde. Für das spätere *Absolutely Live*-Album wurden dann neue Aufnahmen gemacht, die Hollywood-Bowl-Aufnahmen wurden dafür nicht verwendet. Auch wurde das Konzert gefilmt, und der Ausschnitt 'The End' ist in 'Feast Of Friends' und 'Dance On Fire' enthalten. Die restlichen Foto- und Tonmitsnahmen wurden dann nie verwendet.

Der Grund, weshalb die Aufnahmen bislang nicht veröffentlicht wurden, liegt auf der Hand: Das Hollywood-Bowl-Konzert war nicht eines der allerbesten Doorskonzerte (siehe: *The Illustrated History*, S.96). Die Schuld daran lag in erster Linie bei Jim Morrison. Nicht selten entstellte er Teile mancher Songs (scheinbar absichtlich) durch undeutlichen Sing-Sang und es hat Paul Rothchild, der sich seit 1983 wieder als Doorsproduzent betätigt, sicher einige an Aufwand und Nerven gekostet, um dies auszubugeln. Auf der LP ist denn auch davon kaum mehr etwas zu hören. Zusätzlich hat er noch ein paar spielerische Unregelmäßigkeiten entfernt.

Die Ausschnitte auf der LP stammen ausnahmslos aus der letzten Hälfte des Konzertes und die Songreihenfolge wurde umgestellt. 'A Little Game' und 'The Hill Dwellers' sind, wie auf dem Cover auch vermerkt ist, Teil einer 'Celebration Of The Lizard'. Im Konzert wurden diese als eine Art Medley, oder besser, als eine Aneinanderreihung von mehreren verschiedenen Songs gespielt, die auf der LP teilweise weggemixt wurden:

| | Konzert | LP |
|-------------------------------------|---------|------|
| Moonlight Drive/ Horse Latitudes | 4'75 | --- |
| A Little Game | 1'21 | 1'20 |
| The Hill Dwellers | 2'20 | 2'20 |
| Spanish Caravan | 2'47 | 1'09 |
| total: | 10'54 | 4'49 |

'Moonlight Drive/Horse Latitudes' wurde also entfernt, und auf der LP hört es sich so an, als ob die Doors gleich mit 'A Little Game' begonnen hätten, was sie 1968 oftmals auch taten, nur eben in diesem Konzert nicht.

'A Little Game' ist auf der LP eine Sekunde kürzer, da ganz am Anfang zwei Orgelnoten getilgt wurden. Nach 'The Hill Dwellers' ("Wait! There's been a slaughter here!") gingen die Doors über in 'Spanish Caravan'. Im Konzert spielten sie den Song komplett, auf der LP wurde nur die zweite Hälfte des Songs verwendet. Offensichtlich mißfiel Paul Rothchild Robbie Kiegers hakelige Spielweise in der ersten Hälfte des Songs.

Nun kann man sich darüber streiten, ob es besser ist, den kompletten Song in etwas hakeliger Spielweise zu hören, oder eben nur den halben Song. Sicher aber hört es sich, so wie es auf der LP ist, gut an.

Der Titel 'A Little Game' ist ein wenig unglücklich gewählt, da das Stück eher unter dem Titel 'Go Insane' bekannt ist. Auch 'The Hill Dwellers' ist nicht ganz treffend.

Textlich orientiert sich Jim Morrison hauptsächlich an der *Absolutely-Live*-Version. Er verzichtet lediglich die zweite und dritte "Strophe" bei 'A Little Game'. Auch 'Spanish Caravan' entspricht textlich der Originalversion, abgesehen davon, daß die erste Strophe weggemixt wurde.

Ein weiterer Teil aus 'The Celebration Of The Lizard' ist 'Wake Up'. Dies ist allerdings auf dem Cover nicht vermerkt, wohl um nicht den Eindruck entstehen zu lassen, hier wäre ein kompletter Live-Take von 'Celebration' in mehrere Teile geschnitten auf der Platte verstraut worden. 1968 spielten die Doors 'The Celebration Of The Lizard' fast nie als komplette Version, sondern meist, wie hier, in einzelnen Teilen, oft auch in Verbindung mit anderen Songs. So wurde auch 'Wake Up' meist in Verbindung mit 'Light My Fire' gespielt.

'Light My Fire' wurde etwas gekürzt. Im Konzert dauerte die Aufnahme 9'19, auf der LP wurde die Aufnahme an zwei Stellen editiert. Am Ende des Gitarrensolos, kurz bevor dieses in die Basspassage übergeht, wurden 49 Sekunden herausgeschnitten. Auch aus der Überleitung von der Basspassage zu den Schlußstrophen wurden 15 Sekunden entfernt. An dieser Stelle brüllte Jim Morrison im Konzert sieben mal "Fuck-Fuck-Fuck-Fuck", was auf der LP der Zensur zum Opfer fiel (Vgl.: LP Alive She Cried, dort aber sehr undeutlich; es soll jedenfalls 'Fuck' heißen).

Auch an Jim Morrisons Gesang während der Schlußstrophen muß einiges gedreht worden sein. Im Konzert hatte er einen Tonfall drauf, der den Song fast lächerlich machte. Davon ist auf der LP nichts mehr zu hören.

Der 5. Juli 1968 scheint auch nicht Robbie Kiegers Tag gewesen zu sein. Sein Solo hört sich recht holperig an und die Gitarre hat bei diesem Song einen etwas eigenartigen Sound. Dafür sind aber Ray Manzarek und John Densmore umso brillanter.

Auch 'The Unknown Soldier' wurde leichten Editierungen unterzogen und dadurch perfekter gestaltet. Zwischen der ersten Strophe und dem Beginn der "Exekutionspassage" wurde eine 15 Sekunden lange Schlagzeugpassage entfernt und bei "Company halt!" wurde die Aufnahme etwas eingerückt. Ursprünglich war es so, daß die Orgel endete, dann folgte ein Drum-Akkzent und dann rief Jim Morrison "Company halt! Present arms!". Auf der LP wurde "Company halt!" über die Orgel gedubbt, dann folgt der Drum-Akkzent und dann "Present arms!". Durch dieses Einrücken, gewissermaßen, wurde die

LOTTERY!

We want to know your favourite Doors LP (for a kind of hitparade in the next Quarterly). Please write us a POSTCARD with your address and the title of the LP you prefer to all the others. We can't put bootlegs in this hitparade, so just chose out ONE OFFICIAL ALBUM! You can win a price, see below! With the eyes closed we pick out 3 winners and name them 'n the next DQ!

Wir wollen für eine kleine Hitparade im nächsten DQ Eure Lieblings-Doors LP wissen. Schreibt uns eine Postkarte mit dem Titel einer einzigen Doors LP, die Ihr am liebsten hört. Titel von Bootlegs können wir nicht einbeziehen. Es gibt einige Preise zu gewinnen, die wir mit geschlossenen Augen unter allen Einsendern verlosen!

1st Price: Original Videocassette DANCE ON FIRE (nur Beta)

2nd Price: Stone Immaculate (photobook about Jim's grave)

3rd Price: Original Poster from the USA (Morrison)

YOUR POSTCARD MUST BE HERE AT NOVEMBER 1st! DIE KARTE MUSS AM 1. NOVEMBER HIER SEIN!!! (Ihr könnt sie mir auch beim Clubtreffen geben.) Es wäre zwecks eines repräsentativen Ergebnisses schön, wenn alle sich beteiligen würden. If everybody takes part, the result would be quite representative!!!!!!

Aufnahme um weitere 3 Sekunden kurzer. Außerdem wurde die sirenennimrende Originalgitarre während dieser Passage durch eine echte Sirene ersetzt.

Das Publikum scheint nicht viel von der Aussage dieses Songs zu verstehen, denn nach dem Schuß (an dieser Stelle läßt sich Jim Morrison auf die Bühne fallen) bricht schallendes Gelächter aus. Bei der folgenden Strophe singt Jim Morrison dann auch sehr undeutlich, verschluckt die Worte und hört sich sehr gereizt an. Sicher eine Reaktion auf das dumme Gelächter. Am Schluß des Songs singt Ray Manzarek noch ein bisschen im Hintergrund mit. Er ist auch bei den ersten beiden Refrains von 'Light My Fire' zu hören. Textlich entsprechen auch 'The Unknown Soldier' und 'Wake Up/Light My Fire' den bislang schon bekannten Versionen, wenn man einmal davon absieht, daß Jim Morrison sich das "To left! To left! To left! Two! Three! Four!" während der "Exekutionspassage" beim 'Unknown Soldier' spart.

Das ist auch schon alles, was es auf der LP zu hören gibt. Die Platte ist wirklich verheerend kurz. An der Klangqualität läßt sich, wie schon ange deutet, rein gar nichts bemängeln. Die Aufnahmen sind im klarsten Stereo, das man sich bloß vorstellen kann. Während 'Light My Fire', 'The Unknown Soldier' und 'A Little Game' sind an insgesamt sechs Stellen kurze Störungen zu hören, die so klingen, als ob jemand mit der Hand gegen ein Mikrofon schlägt. Aber man kann ja schließlich nicht alles haben...

Das Cover ist einfach umwerfend. Ganz in schwarz, mit dem typischen Doors Logo in gold. Beide Covertotos wurden während des Konzertes gemacht. Das Morrison-Foto auf der Vorderseite wurde offensichtlich erst nachträglich coloriert, war also ursprünglich ein schwarz/weiß Foto.

Diesmal wurde auf dem Cover sogar das genaue Aufnahmedatum des Konzertes angegeben. Bei den bisherigen Doors-Live-LPs hat man dies offensichtlich nicht für nötig erachtet.

Das Elektra-Label wurde mittlerweile wieder umgestaltet, diesmal in den Farben schwarz/rot. Es scheint, als ob WEA nun, neben den Doorsplatten für Frankreich, auch die Doorsplatten für England in Deutschland pressen läßt.

Die auf dem Label angegebenen Spielzeiten der einzelnen Songs stimmen hinten und vorne nicht. Teilweise wurden die Publikumsgeräusche in die Spielzeit mit eingerechnet, teilweise nicht. Da ich die Spielzeiten bei der Suche nach den Cuts ohnehin abgestoppt habe, gebe ich sie spaßeshalber mal an. In Klammern die Spielzeiten, die auf dem Label abgedruckt sind:

| S.1: | --- | 0'10 | S.2: | --- | 0'09 |
|------|---------------|--------|-------------------|---------------------|--------|
| | Wake Up | (1'40) | 1'30 | The Unknown Soldier | (4'23) |
| | Light My Fire | (8'15) | 8'15 | --- | 4'14 |
| | --- | 0'24 | A Little Game | (1'22) | 0'15 |
| | Total | 10'19 | The Hill Dwellers | (2'20) | 1'20 |
| | | | Spanish Caravan | (1'19) | 2'20 |
| | | | --- | 1'09 | 0'10 |
| | | | Total | | 9'37 |

Bleibt nur noch zu hoffen, daß das Video recht bald auch in Deutschland erhältlich ist.
Heinz Gerstenmeyer

PRODUCED BY PAUL A. ROTCHILD:

Engineer: Bruce Botnick

Recorded at the Hollywood Bowl, Los Angeles, California, July 5, 1968.

Photography: Henry Diltz

Colorization: Curtice Taylor

Design: Carol Bobols

DOORS

RECORDS

Excerpts from the video
"The Doors Live At The Hollywood Bowl"



The complete concert is available on videocassette
at record and video stores everywhere.

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PERFORMANCE SCANNER

JIM CLASS OF '68

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

THE DOORS

Live At The Hollywood Bowl
(CIC Video)

THE DOORS

John Tobler & Andrew Doe
(Bobcat)

JULY 5, 1968, full-length, one-hour performance, shot in credible colour by a steady hand on the camera, good ears at the mixing desk and absolutely no Vietnam War footage interrupting the action to make some heavy point about the '60s Amerikan Third Reich. Need I say more?

Doors fans will have already stopped reading and are now halfway to the video shop with tongues hanging out. The rest of us can consider the crotch that crooked in '71 yet was still sufficiently alive seven years later to inspire countless imitators in that weird period when former punks discovered leather pants and mind-expanding drugs.

In retrospect, Jim Morrison is among the most contrived rock 'n' roll megastars ever seen. From studiously Dionysiac hairstyle to sullen, narrowed

eyes to just the beatnik pose he strikes when smoking a cigarette, Jim seems to have copied his act from *The Fifties Guide To American Hip Anti-Hero Angst*.

Even his drop-dead shift from lowering, languid magnetism to an abandoned Zorba The Greek dance looks dramatic in the worst sense. You almost feel he only drank because Jack Kerouac did.

Perhaps it is simply that, so assiduously have his mannerisms been aped by the Cope-Bunnymac-Curtis generation, that today the original, the real thing, looks fake. Compare Morrison here to the fluid grace, the tongue-in-cheek humping panache of his contemporary Jimi Hendrix in his 1967 Monterey performance (also recently released on video) and you wonder how Mr Mojo ever appealed beyond the student market.

The music, however, is awesomely good. When Morrison lifts the safety-curtain on that theatrical voice, he really does radiate a heavyweight presence despite his calculated death-visionary cool. Easy to recognise but hard to

define, Morrison did have something. Maybe it's the threat that at any moment he'd throw away his script and really let rip.

Not that he does here: *Live At The Hollywood Bowl* presents a faultless performance of, among others, 'Light My Fire', 'The Unknown Soldier', 'Moonlight Drive', 'The End' and 'When The Music's Over'. But by my reckoning, the show is stolen by Ray Manzarek's white shoes, which tap in time as he browses over his keyboards. Bravo.

Note also how closely the live sound resembles that of their classic first album, recorded over a fortnight in September 1966 at Los Angeles' Sunset Sound. A dry sort of fact, perhaps, but in their slim but highly commendable Doors biography, writers John Tobler and Andrew Doe judiciously mix narrative detail, the testimony of those involved (with one obvious exception), and their own often droll

comments. Far from sensationalising Morrison, they portray him as a personally intolerable pain in the sphincter and maybe not quite so perfectly talented as he thought he was.

The pity is, then, that unlike fellow rock casualties Hendrix and Janis Joplin who both died a few months before his own demise, Morrison was all set for a new creative high. Though 1968-9 had produced more pretension than art either high or low, by 1970 Morrison was back on the tracks, and I'd rate The Doors' last Morrison-era album, 'LA Woman', their best.

The rest of the band struggled on after Jim's last bath, and their doodlings and decline are dutifully noted for the record in the book's inevitably anti-climactic closing-chapter. Only the most anal-retentive Doors completist still listens to that stuff.

MAT SNOW

FOSSILISED LIZARD

THEY looked like sociology students playing truant but they were Rock Legends! A fact that "THE DOORS LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL," a recently discovered, newly released tape seeks to emphasise. Considered "lost" (I'll bet), this superb quality colour film ably testifies to THE DOORS cool and charm but, being digitally mixed, smooths out any momentous excitement.

We find them strolling through "The End", "The Unknown Soldier", a wholly inconsequential "Light My Fire"

and only a few others; one miserly hour, from the only complete concert footage of The Doors ever! Whatever became of the rest?

The calibre of this performance is hard to gauge, given contemporary standards and nostalgic expectation. Gently sombre, strangely easy on the ear, The Doors were clearly both the Joy Division and Foreigner of their time, plumbing dramatic depths as well as floundering in Manzarek-marshalled MOR (his keyboards a mellow sofa of sounds).

with Morrison holding the attention.

Chubby-cheeked and growling, like a statue on castors, he is it, but then nothing else is actually going on! He smiles, snarls, burps (getting a laugh) and sings well; handling things calmly in his confident, ostentatious manner. And God, can he be EMBARRASSING!

"Have you seen my grasshopper, momma?" he enquires of nobody in particular. "Lookin' real good!"

Hush child, and finish your tea — MM

Jonathan Takiff/Sound & Sight

Computer Wizardry Saves Classic Doors Concert

THANKS to advances in high-tech wizardry, audio recordings long considered irretrievably damaged are rising from the dead, reborn in an amazingly pristine, full-fidelity fashion.

A case in point is the soundtrack of the never-seen-before filmed performance of "The Doors: Live at the Hollywood Bowl," set for release next week by MCA Home Video on VHS Hi-Fi and Beta Hi-Fi tape at \$24.95.

A riveting piece of music history, this 65-minute video captures America's darkest, most dramatic progressive rock band of the 1960s in prime form, working through such classics as "When the Music's Over," "Alabama Song" (a.k.a. "Whiskey Bar"), "Back Door Man," "The Unknown Soldier" and extended versions of "Light My Fire" and "The End."

"Until recently, we thought this video could never be released," says Paul Rothchild, the Doors' longtime sound engineer and music director. "The first 23 minutes of the audio track were so loaded with microphone click and sputter noises you couldn't bear to listen to it."

While the Doors were the most tech-wise group of their day (escapees from the UCLA film school), front man Jim Morrison had unintentionally spoiled the July 5, 1968, concert recording.

"He walked out on stage and saw four movie cameras focusing on him," Rothchild recalls. "Then he saw that his voice mike was covered with a large foam pop filter, which obscured his face when he held it close to his mouth. So right off, Jim grabbed the mike wire with one hand and ripped off the pop filter with the other. In the process, he disturbed the internal connections.

"There were two lead wires inside the mike. One fed the house sound system, and the other went to the recording truck. Ironically, he only disturbed the recording-truck feed. That's why we couldn't figure out where the problem was, because the house sound was perfect. We checked 100 different connections before the problem finally righted itself."

The recording sat on the shelf for almost 18 years, until Rothchild and co-engineer Bruce Botnick heard about a new process called No-Noise, developed by a fledgling

San Francisco-based company, Sonic Solutions.

"We sent them the worst two minutes of the Doors recording we had," said Rothchild. "I was extremely skeptical. But the processed version they sent back was absolutely flawless, a perfectly restored Morrison vocal with no extraneous artifacts and in perfect sync with the picture. It was a minor miracle."

Actually, No-Noise is a marvel of computer programming, building on the digital error-correction circuitry integral to every compact disc player. For each second of the de-noising process, more than 53 million computations are performed. And to preserve the music's full fidelity, the sound is analyzed and filtered as more than 1,000 separate frequency bands.

The processor is fed a digitally mastered dub of the original material and is programmed to be on the lookout for hiss, clicks or signal reconstruction. When the sound scrubber comes to a spurt of unwanted noise, it identifies each side of the flaw and removes it. At the same time, the computer analyzes the sound that came just before and after the noise, averages these findings and drops a precisely matched slug of wave form into the empty slot.

The end product is uninterrupted sound without the dullness, shrillness or graininess associated with other noise eliminators.

No-Noise has been applied to a 50th anniversary CD collection of Andrews Sisters recordings for MCA, John Mayall's "Turning Point" for Polygram, Barbra Streisand's "Stoney End" and "Barbra Joan Streisand" albums for CBS, a Liberace collection for MCA, the Grateful Dead's "Live Dead" for Warner Brothers, Paul Horn's "Inside" for Rykodisc, a Louis Armstrong collection for RCA and Volume One of "The Disney Collection" for Disney Records.

The latter project — cleaning up movie-soundtrack classics such as "Whistle While You Work" and "When You Wish Upon a Star," is now inspiring film studios to test the No-Noise process.

"It's a natural for transferring older, hissy optical movie soundtracks to Hi-Fi video tape," said Mary Sauer, marketing vice president of Sonic Solutions.

CLUBMEETING 1987 3.10.

Das diesjährige CLUBTREFFEN findet am 3. Oktober 1987 wieder in Gladbeck statt. Ideal zum Kennenlernen, Gedankenaustausch, Bierchen trinken und Videogucken. Vielleicht kommt auch wieder eine Sessionband Live. Voranmeldungen an mich (Rainer) oder Arno (02043/41400). Auf Wunsch verschicke ich eine Skizze zum Treffpunkt GASTSTÄTTE DIETZEL, Horster Str. 68, 4390 Gladbeck. Beginn: 19.00 Uhr! COME to this years Fanclub-meeting to the address above. We will talk, learn to know us, drink a few beers and watch videos. Probably there'll be a session band playing Doors-songs. Date: October 3rd, 7 pm. I'll send you a map, if you want. Phone me (Rainer; 02151/571862) or Arno (02043/41400) if you want to come!

If you want to stay for a night, we'll arrange something for you. SEE YOU!

Tom

Uni Kopier Zentrum
 Tel. 314815 Gladbecker Str. 6 Essen
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 Qualität und Erfahrung
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JIMI MORRISON

ASTROLOGICAL PORTRAIT



by Sybille Nova

"I'm a sagittarius, the most philosophical of all the signs... but anyway, I don't believe in it... I think, it's a bunch of bullshit..."

Jim Morrison

The provoking orator and mass-seducer was right - in a sense. We certainly don't have to wait for any star-influence, to make our life what we want to make it. On a soul-level, we are totally free and can get our kicks right here, right now. Nevertheless, a horoscope is a nice mirror of our karmic network. It can help us to better understand our thought-feeling- and-behaviour-patterns and to change them, if necessary. Stars and planets can be considered as strangers, enemies or friends. If you understand their meaning, no psychologist in the world will be able to tell you more about yourself.

And yet, the levels on which all the constellations are lived, are very different. Venus in scorpio (Morrison) for instance, can be lived on a primitive, obsessional, perverted level, as well as on a level of transformation (the saint and the whore).

Each planet and sign offers a whole lot of realization-possibilities. If you don't accompany the life of a person from very close, the interpretation of the horoscope will always be fragmentary and influenced by your own view of life and the spiritual level you live on. For a biographer, it's similar, even for so-called seers and psychics - their own Ego can never be totally abolished.

I've studied this horoscope like I've studied Jim's face. Again and again, discovering, feeling something new each time, I look at it. There's never a conclusion. The only conclusion, I deeply perceive, is: Morrison's energy continues, this man wants badly to continue what he started... as a body, as Jim Morrison. And he's gonna do it, not as Jim Morrison, but as another highly intensive energy-network. Sooner or later.

When Morrison died in Paris, the 3d of july, 1971, sun was in cancer, moon in scorpio and the northern lunar node (destination) at the place where his rising sign was in this incarnation. So, the aim of this soul is to incarnate in this body again. (repeat-lessen)

Morrison was born under the fire-sign of sagittarius. Idealistic, tolerant, open-minded and independent. Always trying to shoot his arrows right into the limitlessness of expanding dimensions. "Break on through to the other side". Flexible, attracted by the essential questions of life and death (Venus in scorpio indicates an interest for the hidden, occult side of life), the powerful position of sun in the tenth house (social field, position in the world, fame) demonstrates a charismatic, radiant person with strong leader-qualities. Many religious leaders have sun in sagittarius, by the way.

Sagittarius seeks justice, is highly intuitive and sometimes has a gift of prophecy. His activities are often motivated by religious, philosophical and ethic considerations.

The typical sagittarius has an athletic body and likes to move. Yet, more about the appearance of a person, we can discover in his rising-sign. (sun= inner self, rising sign= appearance, behaviour, exchange with the world).

Morrison's rising sign is aquarius, ruled by Uranus, usually conferring a rather androgynous appearance with long, skinny limbs and giving an intuitive, innovative character, a sense of revolt against old, established values, defiance, eccentricity and a close link with all currents of the ZEITGEIST.

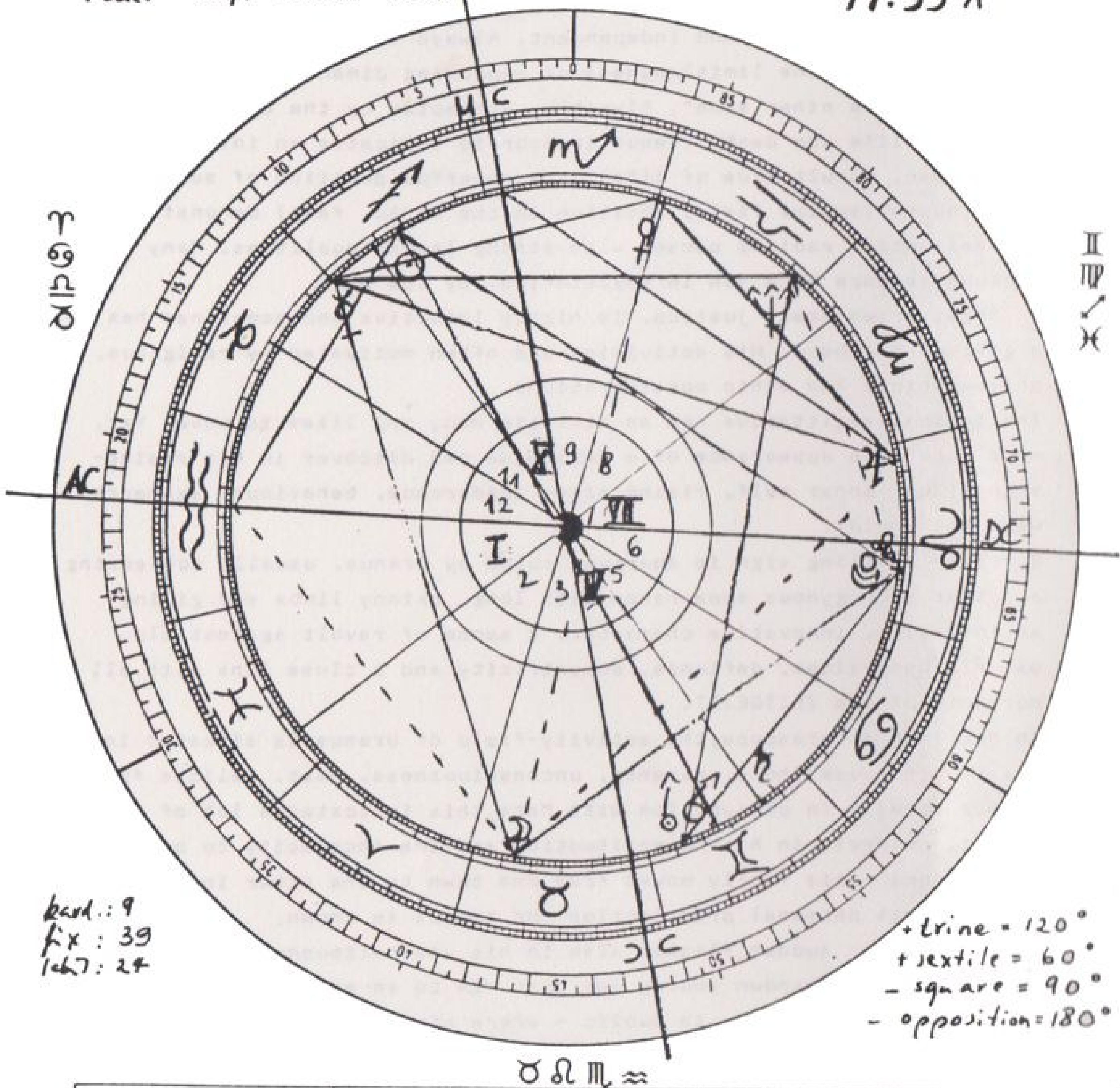
In Morrison's horoscope, the activity-field of Uranus is situated in the fourth house (home, parents, unconsciousness, past, relicts from former lives). In conjunction with Mars, this indicates a lot of riot, unrest, quarrels in his home-situation and the incapacity to build a stable home - his family moved from one town to the other in his childhood, and his personal predilection for hotels is known.

Excitement and sudden flashes also in his unconsciousness. Thoughts appear from an unknown source and push him to an expression in the tenth house - on stage, in public - where his sun is in exact opposition with that revolutionnary Mars-Uranus conjunction, that doesn't tolerate any tutor, any outer urge. The highest aims are freedom and individuality, any conventions are attacked, opposed, sometimes just for the sake of opposition itself (Morrison's handicap!).

The Uranus-Mars conjunction also gives intuition for the future and generally a thought ahead of its time, which makes the person often difficult to understand.

| F | L | W | E | NH |
|-------|------|--------|------|----|
| 14 | 28 | 15 | 13 | |
| Feuer | Luft | Wasser | Erde | |

James Douglas Morrison
8. 12. 1943
Melbourne/Florida
11.55 h



| | | Breite | MEZ |
|-----------|-----------|-------------|-----|
| ○ 16° ♂ | 21 27° ♀ | MC 27° ♂↑ | WZ |
| ♀ 9°30' ♀ | ♃ 24° ♊ | XI 21° ♋♂↑ | K |
| ○ 7° ♉ | ○ 6°30' ♊ | XII 15° ♈ | OZ |
| ♀ 0°40' ♈ | Ψ 4° ≈ | AS 13° ≈ | ST |
| ♀ 0°12' ♉ | ○ 8°40' ♋ | II 23°30' ♉ | KP |
| ♂ 12° ♊ | ♂ | III 29° ✓ | |

Also, this aspect intensifies sexuality - preferring the unpredictable and fascinating. There's an impulsive desire to conquer, sometimes rather inconsiderate.

The planets above the horizon and under the horizon are equally distributed, which shows a balance of introversion and extraversion. The element air predominates.(exchange, vivid) That Morrison's life was orientated towards the other(s) or lived through the other(s), can be seen in the distribution of more planets on the right side (the right side being the side of the other(s)).

MC (medium coeli) in scorpio indicates great ambition and also gives an image of mystery and fascination. (MC being the beginning of the tenth house, where Morrison's sun-stage is). Here we have the androgynous (rising sign) mysterious angel of ^{revenge} with his dark, mesmerizing sensuality, eyes half closed under heavy tragic lids, looks on an eternal moonlight-drive. Of course, not only MC but also Venus in scorpio and moon in taurus (scorpio and taurus are the most sensual signs of the zodiac) gave Morrison his seducing, sensual appeal. Morrison's feelings were deep(moon square Pluto), passionate and often alternating between self-esteem and self-hatred.

This moon in taurus, being in trine with Mercury, the best aspected (beside Venus) planet in the horoscope, (mercury is in capricorn= deep, thorough thinking) finds a very good way to express through words and also has a beautiful, warm voice, suited well for singing. (Many great singers have moon or sun in taurus) Thinking and feeling collaborate. Unconscious perceptions (moon) are brought to light and kept by a well functioning intellect. Very good constellation for poets and writers. Being in the third house, this moon likes and needs exchange. Probably, Morrison was a vivid storyteller, inspired by a very fertile fantasy. Sudden inspirations also come from Mars-Uranus in the fourth house. Here, the bridge to the unconsciousness can make automatic writing a way of discovery. Morrison's highly active, solid intellect allowed him to integrate and adapt the contents of deeper layers of consciousness easily.

Mercury also made him an understanding partner (trine with Jupiter in the seventh house, the house of partnership, see later), integrating different points of view without difficulty, showing a giving, optimistic and generous nature.

Mercury's square with Neptune in the eighth house indicates that the limits between consciousness and unconsciousness easily risk to disappear, which has both a positive and negative aspect. The positive is : secret, transcendental things can be perceived and expressed, the negative : chaos, mental disorder and a need for evasion from a world that doesn't allow to live one's dreams. Neptune, God of all kinds of extacies, drunkeness, mystical experiences, cosmic evasion, had a strong influence on Morrison. The beauty of his poetry is nourished by this planet, but also his excesses with alcohol and drugs.

Neptune in the eighth house (transformation, occult, the 'other side', death - reigned by scorpio) can definitely indicate a death through drugs or magic - there are some rumours about his blood-marriage with a witch before leaving the States . Anyway, his suicide was the final, consequent step of a very hungry soul. Neptune in the destructive scorpio-house can show an illimitated need to destroy the limits of matter and achieve freedom even through killing one's own physical existence. Morrison wanted PARADISE NOW - FAR ARDEN and saw that the universal mind ('I was doing fine in the universal mind'... until Jim Morrison came along with a suitcase and a song...) was difficult to grasp in the reality of a 20th century rock-avatar -sex-symbol-record-label-pussycat-revolutionary life. Must great poets have deeply suffered from a reality inadequate to their visions of beauty and love.

Morrison was loved by millions. Hardly a woman could resist his charms. And he had known many of them. Yet, in the end, not even Pamela, his long-time companion, was able to keep him from suicide. What can his horoscope tell us about his relation with women? His needs, his problems.

For this, Venus, Moon and the seventh house have to be examined. While Venus symbolizes the erotic partner (or one's own erotic energies), Moon has to do with the woman of the heart (or one's own capacity and energies to feel) and the mother.

Moon in taurus indicates the image of a fertile, abundant mother-earth woman with a springlike sensuality (taurus is ruled by Venus), able to enjoy all pleasures of the senses, giving and sharing generously. In square with Pluto, love and pain go hand in hand. By fear to loose the other again, real commitment becomes difficult. Very high expectations from partnership, possessiveness.



oral satisfactions, eating is important for taurus

Certainly Morrison's mother had a tremendous influence on him as a child. There may have been repression of feelings through overprotectiveness (he must have been very sweet, easy to figure out!) and a guilt-complex planted (his sexuality being certainly early awake) by maybe punishing his little games. The authoritarian father-figure (sun in the tenth house also represents the father), early aim of aggression (through Mars-Uranus in the fourth house-in opposition) together with a possessive mother must have disturbed the emotional balance of this freedom-haunted being in the very beginning. For sure, Morrison later always was confronted with power-conflicts in whatever relationship he entered. And for sure, he did everything to be the winner, which won't be difficult, the moment he replaces his strong father-image by his own radiant presence in the tenth house. Mama Morrison's Impact will harder to get rid of for this child of the moon... (the author herself lives with moon square Pluto - the only solution is creativity and send your mother a postcard once a year from abroad!)

Let's see what Morrison's Venus tells us, he is in scorpio, retrograde (about the signification of retrograde planets in Morrison's horoscope perhaps another article and will happen with Mercury and Jupiter). Situated in the ninth house, the house of expansion (mind, philosophy, religion, other countries) she shows the need for expansion through love. The woman, Morrison needed, had to combine sensuality, sex-appeal and a deeper knowledge of the secrets of life. (Scorpio always questioning for the things behind our normal perceptions, and the ninth house being exactly the place where this knowledge can lead to new dimensions). With Venus in the ninth house, a love-relationship must always be connected with a mutual development of a philosophical or religious world-conception. For a person with Venus at this place, love is a key to the sense of life. Of course, Venus in scorpio can also manifestst greedy one-night stands with all perversions you like to imagine (the saint and the whore from the beginning!). Its true and deep reality however, wants an expansion into greater dimensions, (tantrism, alchemy) especially here in the house of Jupiter (=expansion). The love to read (expansion of knowledge), to travel or love-relationships in other countries are indicated as well.

Morrison's Venus in sextile to Mercury and Jupiter shows a friendly, diplomatic, tolerant character, inner wisdom, power to convince

★ this so-called 'harmonic astrology' shows how our past lives reflect in our actual horoscope

and a strong tendency to live according to the lust-principle, yet with strong ethic feelings. How reckless and inconsiderate he was or how friendly and caring, is hard to say from his horoscope. Probably fifty-fifty, the art of astrology being the right combination of now and then even contradicting constellations. So far Venus.

Let's now see the way, partnership was or should have been lived with this horoscope.

For many artists, the transformation of their libido-energies into an expression of art represents the highest and final act of love. Their often extremely demanding expectations from partnership not being fulfilled, a creative solitude, evasion through drugs and alcohol or the exciting interference with a great public, (audience) can replace their need of exchange with a concrete, existing person.

Morrison's northern lunar node (possibility of self-realization, future, karmic destination) is situated just at the cusp of the seventh house (partnership on whatever level, marriage, contracts, public). In conjunction with Pluto, this indicates that Morrison's field of realization was closely in intense exchange with an intense partner that had Plutonian qualities or that he used his own Plutonian power to influence people and act with or on them in a transformative way. There is a strong urge for a common work with common (of course Plutonian) aims and the need to impress other people. And of course, Morrison had that suggestive power. A tremendous power to make energy move. Call it magic, call it shamanistic, call it ecstatic, call it destructive, these energies were too explosive to find their fulfillment in a sex-and food-partnership with a pretty girl, mainly interested in clothing, barbiturates and sex.

Pluto is in trine with Morrison's sun in the tenth field. So, his inner dynamite had the possibility to manifest without difficulty in form of his certainly very satisfying capacity of mass-fascination. The masses became his anonymous partner, which he used to get his kicks, but which he certainly didn't love. (You can't adore Nietzsche and love people). And of course, there was that general ecstasy of the sixties about abolishing all the old values, that made him the pioneer of transformation for a whole generation. That was his great partnership.

The day, Morrison couldn't manifest his Plutonian powers to fulfill any longer (after April 1), his emotional fiance must have become totally threatened. There was no substitute for that special way to experience

his energies. Once the tiger has charmed the whole zoo, he won't crawl back to his honey's straw-mattress and snore. Pluto became a problem. The defender of freedom, that wild chi^{ld}, saw a concrete prison-door open. Frustration and disappointment made Morrison turn his explosive energies, which used to accelerate thousands, against himself. Heavy drinking, overeating, drug-abuse, self-degrading sado-masochistic sexual adventures, show the negative aspect of his Moon-Pluto square and that multi-faced scorpio-Venus. His main concern in life, exchange, being mortally wounded by trials to make him disappear from public, there was no way to keep him from following his always existing tendencies of evasion from this kingdom, which by far was not the best.

His moon in square with his rising sign confirms that he never felt identic with the image he gave. There was always the reality of his sexy outer appearance^a and that of the thinker, poet and writer who was too old a soul to be understood and suffered inside not to be born in an age where the magicians, poets and priests were still roaming free.

Being so sexy, definitely was his main-problem. (It also caused the interesting incidence in Miami, which is worth to be analyzed in a whole book about power, sex, music and mass-psychosis). The planet that shows on what field we have to learn most in our life, is Saturn.

In Morrison's horoscope, Saturn is in the fifth house (sensual pleasures, children, creativity). Here things are taken very serious or inhibitions manifest. That inhibitions can be compensated by the contrary, is known. If Morrison behaved as a sex-monster, it merely shows that in this field he was completely unsecure. Saturn blocks erotic energy only if the situation is not lived on the level of depth and true concern, this planet demands. So, Morrison's impotency, which caused Pamela to write this charming phrase on his bathroom mirror: 'There are sex-symbols who don't even get it up' probably resulted in a growing disgust for his role as a sex-object. With Saturn in this field, you can't just fuck around without being disgusted sooner or later. The choices and the responsibilities for himself and his partner was the lesson, Morrison had to learn. To establish a contact on all levels (chakras), to dance on rainbowbridge with a woman, a public, was his vision, but not his realization in this life. For most of his entourage and fans he was and will be that long-legged, handsome sex-machine in permanent crisis of puberty. Get together one more time!

LETTERS *from you to us*

Hallo Rainer, echt stark finde ich Deinen Rückblick "Nostalgie" aus dem letzten Quarterly. Ich habe lange nicht so gut gelesen. Erinnerungen, wie sie nicht besser zu beschreiben sind. Da wir ein Jahrgang sind, könnte er auch glatt von mir sein!

Hansi Pottritt, Hünfeldhür

Die "Hollywood Bowl" LP kann man in Essen für 9,95 DM kriegen. Das Cover ist wirklich geschmacklos. Nach 16 Jahren hätte Jim es wirklich verdient, nicht mehr nur als Sex-Symbol angepriesen zu werden. Bernd Marwitz, Haltern

In München gibt es eine Band namens Indian Summer! 2/3 der Songs sind wirklich gute Interpretationen von Doors-Nummern. Ich habe bisher ein Konzert gesehen und es war Spitze! Ich gehe mit Sicherheit noch öfters hin, es lohnt sich wirklich! Dirk Jacob, München

Well, The Doors are still mean - and Jim's hair is green! Yes, I kid you not. Even worse than the blue rinse someone gave him last July 3rd. I know Jim was a mercurial character but even his bust seems reluctant to stay the same. It is alleged he is the Godfather of Punk. Someone will be sticking a pin in his nose next, except he doesn't have one of those anymore, someone made off with it, well all I can say is - hope they are breathing easier. Can't even stick a joint in his mouth anymore because someone somewhere has stolen his lips. It's very sad. Mind you, it was just about the only thing that spoiled it, because this year was even better than last, I'd say - and that's really saying something. As usual, July 3rd was busy. Admittedly, not as busy as last year (the 15th anniversary was surely the reason). Unfortunately, then, the French police did not help matters much by clearing everyone out rather forcibly a lot sooner than the cemetery was due to close, though thank goodness there was no repeat of this, this time. Perhaps they didn't anticipate as many people and they were right. Last year, the large numbers of people who turned up, disappeared just as quickly. The days that immediately followed July 3rd 1986 were quiet. Very few people. This year, the number of people at the grave remained steady. There were just as many on the 6th as there were on the 3rd. This was great to see and the best testament to Jim yet, which is why the authorities over here must see his resting place in Pere Lachaise as being a problem with the constant, steady stream of fans it attracts. God help them if they try to move the grave like there is talk of them doing ("We shall be inside the gates by evening" Not to touch the earth). It is set in a delightful place and has character all its own. Every year the graffiti is removed from the gravestones, only for more of it to be written day by day. It's true what Ray Manzarek said about it changing all the time and being alive, like Jim's spirit. I personally visited his grave every day for a week and there is no place else I'd rather have been. - Some great friendships were struck up too. I would like to say a special hello to Niklas from Sweden, who must surely rate as being the best "Lizard King" replete with leathers lookalike I've ever seen. Photo for next Quarterly perhaps? Just in case anything unfortunate happens to Dave Brock of "Wild Child", remember this Swedish guy, we could easily get the movie completed. Also, a big hello to Chris from Holland, Marina from Portugal and to absent friends from '86 who for one reason and another, couldn't make it, including Laurie from Montreal who tells me she's pregnant - definitely not mine, and to Marianne (hello) from Spain who I was meaning to talk to but didn't, maybe next year. Last but not least, Sophie from Paris who came in useful for sweet-talking the cops. Hated us drinking wine at Jim's, but didn't mind us drinking vodka at Chopin's, can you believe? People are strange. Roll on 3.7.88

Richard Fletcher, England

---Aus Platzgründen diesmal kein Flohmarkt! No space for DQ Fleamarket this time---



Danny Sugerman

Dear Rainer--

The Quarterly looks, and reads, better and better. Thanks once more for keeping us all connected and aware of what's going on.

I'll try and answer your printed question to me. I've seen Holzman's comment before. I've talked to him about it. Paul Rothchild tends to agree with Jac and has made similar comments and I honestly couldn't give a shit. I've said this a hundred times before and I'll say it again: No One Here Gets Out Alive was, essentially, Jerry Hopkins book. I rewrote it, remember? Now, that doesn't mean I won't defend it, although I don't see how you can really need to. The book sold over two million copies, how do you argue with that? But, since they do, let me try and respond. First, the book was not a repackaging job. It was an original work. As far as ~~ignorizing aspects~~ reporting on aspects of Jim's character best ignored, it was a biography which means, in my book, it covers the good the bad and the ugly. One of the reasons Denny Sullivan is in the book at all is because, 1) Jerry first had several of those stories with my name and 2) I felt we needed to have more examples of Jim being a decent caring human being and since none of his other so called friends, including Jac Holzman, saw fit to talk about that side of Jim (Jac told a story about Jim trying to destroy his art work if memory serves correctly), I used Denny. I never claimed I knew Jim that well. All I say is I knew him. How can the book imply I was tight with Jim? I don't even use my own name. By the way, something you may not know is that Denny Sullivan was the name Jim had me use when I wrote to rock papers as a Doors fan. I'd get pissed at papers for giving the Doors bad reviews (this was around the time of Waiting for the Sun and Soft Parade) and I'd written so often to so many papers under my own name Jim suggested I might use a different name to be more effective. I still wanted the Doors to know it was me writing so I picked Denny. It seemed to be keeping in the spirit of my relationship with Jim to use it when it was time to rewrite the book.

Let me say this: No One Here may not be the great work of art everyone wants it to be, it's not Lust for Life and I'm not Irving Stone but I'll say this: It did the job. I just wanted Jim to have his own book. He turned me onto literature and the printed word and it seemed an appropriate way to both thank and immortalize him. And I still think it did more good than bad. If anyone doesn't think so, fuck them. I like the book and apparently so did a lot of other people.

There is no news on the Doors movie other than Alan Graham is not and never has been involved. There is no family view of Jim. Then never saw him after he was 20 years old. Alan I believe is no longer married to Anne. Although I think the truest thing in the article snippet is the ending comment/line about for a "family whom Jim studiously ignored for most of his adult life, an amazing degree of concern is suddenly being displayed.

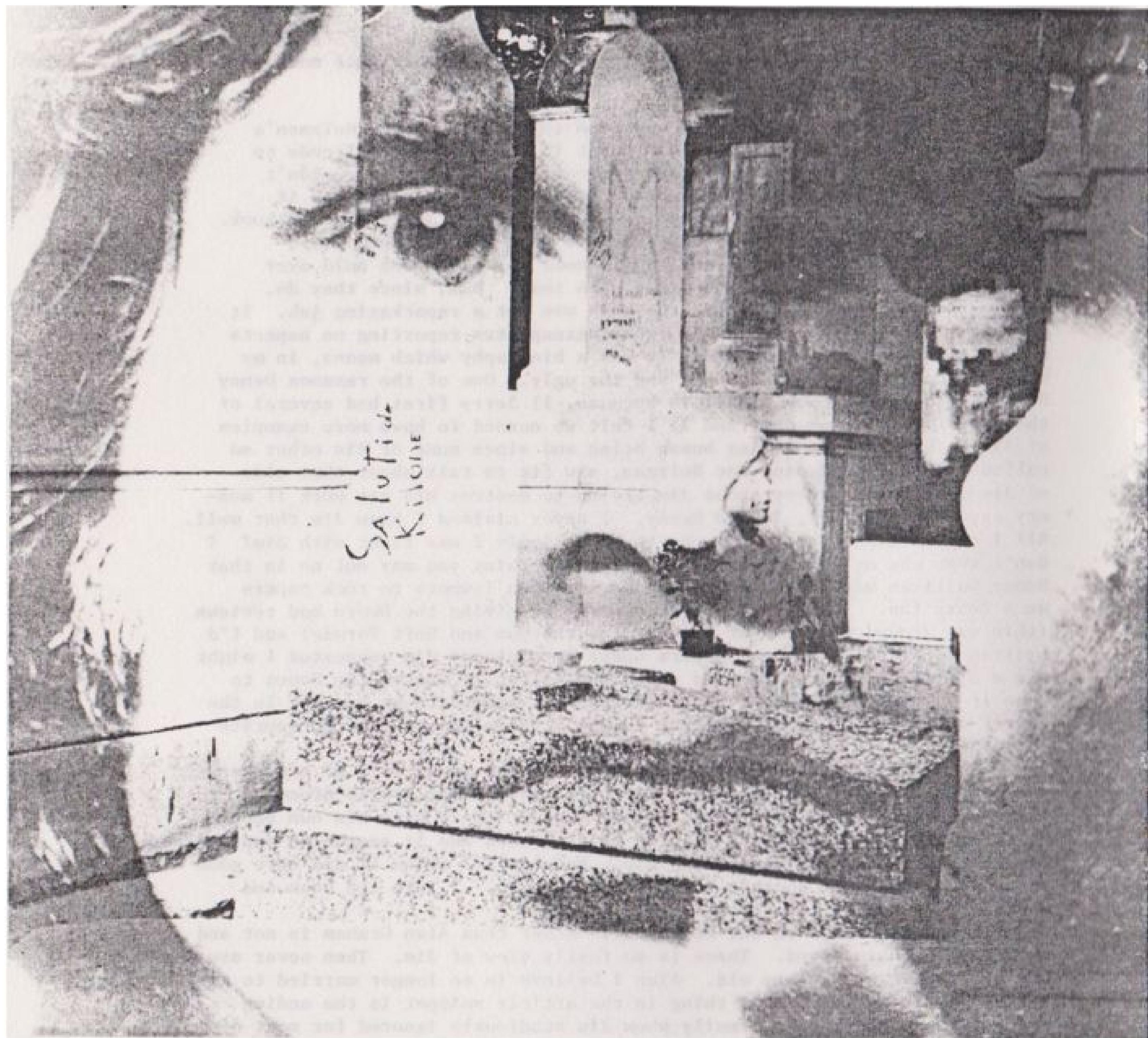
Answer your questions? I'm sorry if I sound pissed off but I've been dealing with this shit for so long I was really sorry to see it still coming up. I'm not saying I don't make mistakes. All I'm saying is what I do I do out of love and I'm sick of being accused otherwise.

Okay?

Take care. I've noted the correct address and have included it in the new fan letter response.

Danny

JIM MORRISON Stone Immaculate



A GRAVEYARD POEM

ON late



PHOTOBOOK: STONE IMMACULATE A GRAVEYARD POEM



You might ask how can anyone publish a little book like this, with photos of Jim Morrison's bust on his grave . . . but this isn't pure business at all. All the photos are carefully designed, they are precious and beautiful. The poems are selected for each of the photos with a good sense of taste, a taste Jim Morrison deserves. This book would be perfect for selling it in the souvenier shops surrounding the Père Lachaise, but I didn't see any copy over there.

The pictures were taken at the time the bust was still clean, before it had been destroyed by vandals.

A book perfect for a quiet hour, for a little meditation on what life is worth.

As far as I know this book is a limited edition, although it has got a low reasonable price, and if you can get it, you should buy it.

I mailed some copies to The Doors and Danny, and I'm interested what they might say about it.

Thanks to Patricia for taking so many beautiful pictures, and start the initiative to have them printed.

R. Moddemann

left: cover and original size.

CRAIG KEE STRETE: DIE LÜGE WIRD ENTLARVT UNS VERBRENNT DIE NACHT

Ich muß feststellen, daß dieses Buch, das mittlerweile nun schon 8 Jahre alt ist, zunehmend kritiklos unter "Morrison-Literatur" geführt wird. So z.B. in Tobler/Doe "The Doors" (UK 1984) und in der Taschenbuchausgabe von "Keiner kommt hier lebend raus". Es scheint doch recht viele Leute zu geben, die diese Geschichte für bare Minze nehmen. Zugegeben, Stretes Art zu schreiben hat etwas für sich. Dem Roman kann man gewisse Qualitäten nicht absprechen. Aber dem Anspruch auf Authentizität wird das Buch nicht gerecht, zumindest nicht bei den Geschichten, die Jim Morrison betreffen. Strete bleibt da zu oberflächlich und gibt keine Details preis, die auf Authentizität schließen lassen. Das ganze ist nicht überzeugend, schlichtweg unglaublich, auf Jim Morrisons Persönlichkeit wird nicht im geringsten eingegangen. Strete schreibt nur Sachen, die dem weitverbreiteten IMAGE Jim Morrisons entsprechen, und die sich jeder hätte selbst ausdenken können. Keine neuen Aspekte, nicht der geringste Anhaltspunkt, daß an der Geschichte auch nur irgendetwas wahr sein könnte. Aber jede Menge Punkte, die dagegen sprechen.

Ich habe ein paar Sachen herausgesucht, die mir charakteristisch für den Roman, und ebenso charakteristisch für Stretes Arbeitsweise erscheinen.

Strete bringt die Story in einer Art autobiographischen Roman, in dem es drunter und darüber geht. Es sind genau die Geschichtchen, die Jim Morrisons Image als Chaot entsprechen und die, so scheint's, von jedermann so gerne gelesen und auch geglaubt werden. Und dazu natürlich noch eine ordentliche Portion Mystik.

Beim lesen beschleicht einen ständig das unvermeidliche Gefühl, daß man das alles schon einmal irgendwo gehört oder gelesen hat. Da sind zum einen die Zitate aus Doors-Songtexten. Strete verwendet die Zitate durchgehend im Romantext, nach dem Motto, man nehme einen Doors-Song und bastle eine Geschichte daraus. Hätte Strete die Songtextzitate Jim Morrison in den Mund gelegt, dann wäre das ganze noch einigermaßen akzeptabel gewesen. Aber so wirkt die Sache doch recht aufdringlich. Einige Beispiele (1):

- ★ Ich zähle zu den Leuten, vor denen euch die Eltern immer gewarnt haben. Wie ich hierhergekommen bin, ist nicht leicht zu sagen. Es heißt, manche sind Kinder des Glücks, und auf andere wartet nur die endlose Nacht. (S. 149)
- ★ Aber ich hätte nicht erwartet, ihm (= Jim Morrison) wieder über den Weg zu laufen. Irrtum. Immer wieder treffen wir aufeinander. Es ist, als ritten wir beide eine Zeitlang dieselbe Schlange zum uralten Opfersee. (S. 200)
- ★ Morrison stöhnt, läßt sich treiben in die Nacht, schwimmt in den Mond. (S. 246)
- ★ "Ein kaltes Mädchen bringt dich um in einem dunklen Raum", sagt er. Ich nicke, verstehe, erinnere mich an das, was ich immer zu wissen glaubte. (S. 258)
- ★ Das Telefon klingelt und klingelt. Niemand zu hause. Diese besessene Reise ans Ende der Nacht. Weswegen? Auf der Suche nach einem Zuhause in jedem Gesicht, das ich sehe. (S. 336)
- ★ Diesen Song habe ich ein Leben lang gehört. Immer derselbe Song. Der Song, indem es heißt "Ich habe den Blues gesungen seit Anbeginn der Welt". (S. 362)

Für einen authentischen Roman wirkt es zu plump, zu berechnend, zu sehr konstruiert, wenn Strete einfach Songtexte abkupfert und in den Romantext einbaut. Da fehlt mir das impulsive, die Art, aus dem hohlen Bauch zu schreiben.

Jim Morrison spricht, außer in Doors-Songtexten ("Nichts ist wichtiger, als lernen zu vergessen" (S. 275) / "Ich werde die Frauen des Sommers nehmen, die seltsamen Mädchen der Insel" (S. 356), usw.), meist in Gedichten:

- ★ "Nicht einmal unser eigenes gottverdammtes Leben gehört uns. Es wird für uns gelebt...verstehst du das denn nicht, Mann?" (S. 126)
- ★ "Paß auf, das ist wie eine gigantische Wahrnehmungsreise, und wir kriegen nur einen ganz kleinen Teil davon mit...Aber die Gebieter, die sehen alles. Sie leiden nicht. Sie stehen über dem Leben, aber sie verfangen sich selbst in all diesen geheimen Ausgängen, Eingänge und Verkleidungen, Mann" (S. 126)

- ★ "Die Kunst ist die größte Sklavenhalterin von allen, Kunst traezt und verbündet die Gelungenen, und sie sehen niemals die verdammten Wände ihres Kerkers, denn die Kunst hält sie mindestens, voller Furcht, lenkt sie ab und macht sie schließlich gleichgültig." (S. 127)

Wo hat Strete das wohl her? Nun, man nehme 'The Lords And The New Creatures' (2) und schlage Seite 87 auf. Und da heißt es (Auszug):

The Lords. Events take place beyond our knowledge or control. Our lives are lived for us. We can only try to enslave others...
 The Lords have secret entrances, and they know disguises. But they give themselves away in minor ways...
 Through art they confuse us and blind us to our enslavement. Art adorns our prison walls, keeps us silent and diverted and indifferent.

Übers.: Die Gebieter, Geschehnisse finden jenseits unseres Wissens und unserer Kontrolle statt. Dieser Leben wird für uns gelebt. Wir können nur verachten, andere zu Sklaven zu machen...
 Durch Kunst traezen sie uns, und machen uns blind für unsere Knechtschaft. Kunst ziert die Wände unseres Kerkers, hält uns stumm, abgelenkt, und macht uns gleichgültig.
Die Gebieter haben geheime Eingänge und sie benutzen Verkleidungen. Aber sie verraten sich in Kleinigkeiten...

Leicht abgewandelt zwar, aber die Verwandschaft ist mehr als offensichtlich. Noch besser läßt sich das Ganze darstellen, wenn man die amerikanische Ausgabe von 'Uns verbrennt die Nacht' zur Hand nimmt (3) (Vgl. deutsche Ausgabe S. 210):

- ★ "Ignore her", said Morrison. "She's only interested in cheap thrills. That as for us, let us suppose a journey. Let us bring forth one of the diseased creatures from a dollar hotel. Let us bring him forth and send him to the edge of the city, where he shall discover muddied dreams and zones of sophisticated boredom. We will point the eyes of the city through his eyes and we shall hear L.A., the biggest bitch-goddess city in the world, we shall hear the bitch speak and it will say: Look where we worship."

Man schlage nach in 'The Lords', Seite 7 und 8:

- S.7: Look where we worship
 S.8: ...Drive towards outskirts of city suburbs. At the edge discover zones of sophisticated vice and boredom...Diseased specimens in dollar hotels...

Weitere Zitate aus 'The Lords':

- "Müssen eine Höhle finden, wo wir blinde Höhlenfische sein können, augenlos, sicher und warm" (Strete, S. 276)
 The Lords, S. 16: In the womb we are blind cave fish.
- "Zuschauer sind Vampire. Wir lassen sie nicht rein." (Strete, S. 251)
 The Lords, S. 49: Film spectators are quiet vampires.

Neben den Zitaten aus den Doors-Songtexten hat Strete auch Zitate aus 'The Lords' direkt in den Romantext eingebaut, so z.B. Seite 325:

- Alles was ich kenne sind Spiele, und alle meine Spiele haben etwas mit dem Tod zu tun. Ich bin ein Geier, der aufs Leben hinausstürzt. Ich bin eine Kamera im Sarg, mache Interviews mit den Würmern. Wissen und glauben sind zweierlei Dinge. Und dennoch werde ich zu Tanara zurückkehren.

The Lords, S. 10: All games contain the idea of death.

The Lords, S. 11: Cameras inside the coffin interviewing worms.

Strete glaubte wohl, daß das alles niemandem auffällt, wenn er die Sachen ein bisschen verdreht. Die Tatsache, daß er im Wortlaut abgeschrieben hat, läßt sehr deutliche Schlüsse auf seine Arbeitsweise am gesamten Roman zu. Von Authentizität keine Spur.

Strete verarbeitet auch noch ein paar Geschichten, die auch in der Morrison-Biografie 'Keiner kommt hier lebend raus' angerissen werden. Da schleppt Jim Morrison des Nachts Leute auf einen Friedhof (S. 230 / Keiner... S. 122), geht mit dem Messer auf ein Mädchen los (S. 241 / Keiner... S. 90), und, wen wundert's, der Telefonspruch Jim Morrisons kommt auch in Stretes Buch vor (S. 279/ Keiner... S.20). In den deutschen Ausgaben ist dies nicht so offensichtlich, da sie verschieden übersetzt wurden. In den amerikanischen Originalausgaben sind sie jedoch identisch: "Morrison's (bzw. Bernie's) mortuary....you stab them, we slab them".

Jim Morrison taucht in nur etwa der Hälfte des Buches auf, ist also nicht durchgehend vertreten. Das tut dem Buch aber keinen Abbruch, denn in der übrigen Zeit schlüpft Strete in die Rolle von Jim Morrison. Auffallend ist, wie sich die sich die Persönlichkeiten von Morrison und Strete ähneln. Beide haben Angst vor Messern und scharfen Gegenständen, beide schlafen am Strand oder sonst irgendwo, und beide kommen letztendlich zu Tode. Auch mutet das Verhältnis Strete/Tamara wie das Verhältnis Jim/Pamela an. Und dann ist da noch die Sache mit dem Baby. Eine ähnliche Geschichte kennen wir doch auch aus 'Keiner kommt hier lebend raus'. Da sind so viele Ähnlichkeiten, daß man unweigerlich den Verdacht kriegt, daß Strete die Morrison-Biographie gekannt haben muß, bevor er sein Buch schrieb. Das Problem ist nur, daß die Originalausgabe von 'Uns verbrennt die Nacht' schon ein Jahr vor der Morrison-Biographie erschienen ist (4). Allerdings hat Jerry Hopkins die Biographie schon 1976 fertiggestellt, so daß es durchaus möglich ist, daß Strete als Buchautor (er schrieb nicht nur dieses eine Buch) Einblick in das unveröffentlichte Manuskript hatte. Außerdem wurden in der Biographie zu einem nicht unbeträchtlichen Teil alte amerikanische Zeitungsaufsätze verarbeitet, die also schon vor der Veröffentlichung der Biographie zugänglich waren. Immerhin studierte Strete an der UCLA in Los Angeles und saß somit direkt an der Quelle. Strete kannte sich zweifelsohne in der Geschichte Jim Morrison's bzw. der Doors sehr gut aus. Mich würde es auch nicht wundern, wenn die beiden Bücher beim selben Verlag erschienen wären (Das weiß ich leider nicht).

In diesem Zusammenhang fällt mir ein weiterer Satz aus Stretes Buch auf. Seite 254 sagt Jim Morrison: "Ich hasse alle meine Freunde. Ich wünschte, ich könnte sie mit einer Axt umbringen". Ein ähnlicher Satz findet sich in einem Artikel des New York Magazine vom 5.9.1968 (siehe Illustrated History, S. 76). Dort wird Jim Morrison zitiert: "If I had an axe, man, I'd kill everybody, except my friends". Ein bisschen umgedreht zwar, aber sonst ziemlich gleich. Zufall? Dergleichen Zufälle gibt es noch mehr. Das sind mir ein bisschen zuviel auf einmal.

Strete ging geschickt vor, denn er zitiert nur aus 'The Lords', nicht etwa aus 'The New Creatures' (ca. 1968 entstanden). Und 'The Lords' schrieb Jim Morrison ja schon 1964, war also zu dem Zeitpunkt, an dem der Roman spielt bereits fertig. Strete nennt aber 'The Lords and the creatures' an mehreren Stellen in einem Atemzug. Zum Beispiel:

- — "Wo von zum Teufel quatschst du eigentlich?"
"Die Gebieter und die Geschöpfe, Mann!" (S. 126)
- — "Du hörst dich nicht mehr an wie ein Lord", mache ich ihn an.
"Zahl mich heute abend zu den Kreaturen", sagt Morrison. (S. 127/128)

Diese Sätze sind ganz offensichtlich vom Buchtitel 'The Lords And The New Creatures' inspiriert worden. Wer will denn glauben, daß Jim Morrison diesen Buchtitel schon 1965 im Kopf hatte? Zudem kommt das Wort 'Creature' oder irgendetwas in dieser Bedeutung, wie Strete es hier herausstellt, gar nicht in 'The Lords' vor. Die folgenden Sätze (S. 126 / 127) sind aber alle aus 'The Lords' entnommen (siehe oben).

Noch ein böser Schnitzer (S. 130):

- Diese ganze unglaubliche Märchenerzählerei, die Sprüche von Jim, den ADMIRALS-SOHN, Eltern tot, allein auf der Welt, Lügen, fast alles Lügen.

Jim Morrison kann ihm das im Sommer 1965 überhaupt nicht erzählt haben, denn zu jenem Zeitpunkt war Jim Morrisons Vater noch gar nicht Admiral. Er wurde es erst ganze zwei Jahre später. Wenn Strete Morrison gekannt hätte, dann hätte er das eigentlich wissen müssen. Außerdem: Woher wußte er denn, daß es eine Lüge war? Das kann er doch nur viel später erfahren haben. Au, Strete verarbeitete in seinem Roman auch Wissen, das er erst erlangte, als Jim Morrison schon bekannt war. Zu Doorszeiten hat Jim Morrison aber unter

aller Garantie keinen Kontakt zu Strete gehabt, denn dann hätte irgendjemand irgendwann einmal etwas von ihm erfahren müssen, was aber nicht der Fall ist. Strete stellt Jim Morrison auch als ziemlichen Quacksalber dar, der weder andere, noch sich selbst, noch das was er sagt oder schreibt ernst nimmt, zum Beispiel Seite 129:

- Morrison fängt an zu lachen: "Wenn ich dir etwas sagte, würdest du wissen, daß ich läge. Genau, wie du mich mich belügen würdest, wenn ich versuchte, herauszufinden wer du wirklich bist..."

Oder Seite 357:

- "Belüge mich nicht," sagt Morrison. "Ich bin der Prinz aller Lügner, und in meiner Gegenwart gehören die Lügen nur mir!"

Oder, ebenfalls Seite 357:

- "Mein seltsamer Trick. Die Macht der Verstellung", sagt Morrison. "Man kann mich nicht sehen, weil meine Abgänge und Auftritte nur Lügen sind."

Jim Morrison hat sich selbst, und besonders seine Gedichte, sehr wohl ernst genommen. Er hat keinen Spaß damit getrieben. Das hat Strete nicht kapiert. Somit wären wir auch beim wundesten Punkt der Geschichte, bei den Gedichten, die Strete und Jim Morrison angeblich gemeinsam geschrieben haben. Dazu heißt es auf Seite 210:

- "Dann laß uns etwas schreiben", schlage ich vor.
Wir gehen auf die Jagd nach Papier, benutzen, was wir finden können, graben einen ziemlich mitgenommenen Kugelschreiber aus...
Wie besessen kritzeln ich auf Papierfetzen und Einkaufslisten..."

Aber: Jim Morrison trug in jener Zeit ständig ein Notizbuch mit sich herum, hatte es also gar nicht nötig, auf irgendwelche Papierfetzen zu schreiben. Fast die Hälfte seiner Lieder hat er in jenem Sommer 1966 geschrieben, und zwar in Notizbüchern, und nicht auf irgend-

CRAIG KEE STRETE · Uns verbringt die Nacht Ein Roman mit Jim Morrison



MICHAEL STRETE

JIM MORRISON lebt in Craig Kee Stretes autobiographischem Roman *Uns verbringt die Nacht*. Strete ist knapp 15 Jahre alt, als er Jim Morrison in Los Angeles begegnet. Und ab geht ihr Raketenritt in den Rausch und kalten Irrsinn der Sechziger, aus der Zeit des Neon in den betäubenden Sound des Rock, den schnellen und wütenden Sex, die Drogen, Pillen und Nadeln, Joints und Zuckerwürfel - Blut und Leben einer Generation. «Sie begreifen uns erst, wenn wir tot sind, dich und mich», sagt Jim Morrison zu Craig Strete, und sie steigen ein in die Todes-Orte mit Verrückten und kalifornischen Ladies, mit Teenager-Groupies, in die Bands.

Craig Kee Strete schreibt über seine Zeit mit Jim Morrison nicht wie einer, der einem Freund, der später mit den DOORS zur Kultfigur wird, einen weiteren Glorienschein verpassen will. Aber weil Craig Kee Strete nichts schont, lebt in diesem autobiographischen Roman Jim Morrison in aller Komplexität: der Rocksänger, der brutale Chauvinist und empfindsame Poet, dieser brillante, charismatische und be-

welche Einkaufstüten. Mit seinen Gedichten ging er sorgfältig um, er zeigte sie kaum jemandem. Vielweniger noch schrieb er sie zusammen mit irgendwelchen Bekanntschaften. Auch hatte er logischerweise immer etwas zu schreiben dabei, ein Kugelschreiber hatte also nicht erst irgendwo "ausgegraben" werden müssen. Blödsinn das ganze. Vielleicht kommt Strete ja noch eines Tages an und behauptet, er sei Mitautor von 'Break On Through' gewesen...

Ja, und diese Papierfetzen des damals noch völlig unbekannten Jim Morrison, der noch nicht einmal die geringste Ahnung hatte, daß er einmal Rocksänger werden würde, diese Papierfetzen will Strete dann mehr als 10 Jahre aufgehoben haben, um sie dann, als dieser Jim Morrison zufällig weltbekannt wurde, lange nach dessen Tod zu veröffentlichen?? Wo Strete doch angeblich so einen chaotischen Lebenswandel führte. Da lachen ja die Hühner!

Der Roman spielt, wie schon erwähnt, im Sommer 1965. Der Zeitpunkt ist geschickt gewählt, da sich heute nicht mehr so genau nachvollziehen läßt, was Jim Morrison in jenem Sommer im einzelnen so gemacht hat und mit wem er sich rumtrieb. Stretes Pech ist, daß er damals erst um die 15 Jahre alt war. Dieser Umstand scheint ihn denn auch sehr zu kratzen, denn im Romantext betont er ständig

- "Wer war ich denn, gerade fünfzehn oder fast sechzehn, aber immer für älter gehalten?" (S. 29)
- "Ich lebe hier draußen auf den Straßen, fünfzehn Jahre alt, aber man schätzt mich älter". (S. 149)

Jedes einzelne mal, wenn er sein Alter nennt, betont er im gleichen Atemzug, daß er älter aussieht, und er erwähnt dies so oft, daß man den Eindruck kriegt, er würde krankhaft unter seiner Jugendlichkeit leiden. Außerdem ist die Angabe, er sei "fast 16" eine blonde Lüge, denn selbst wenn er ganz am Anfang des Jahres 1970 geboren worden wäre, dann wäre er im Sommer 1965 höchstens 15 1/2 gewesen. Leider ist im Biographischen Abriss auf der Buchrückseite nicht sein genaues Geburtsdatum angegeben (wohlwahrscheinlich nicht??). Der Verlag scheint indes etwas mehr zu wissen, denn im Vorwort heißt es, Strete sei "knapp 15" gewesen. Das liegt auch im Bereich des Möglichen, denn wenn er am Ende des Jahres 1950 geboren worden ist, dann wäre er zu jenem Zeitpunkt eben 14 1/2 gewesen. Nun, warum jongliert Strete so mit dem Alter hin und her? Warum ist es ihm so wichtig, daß er älter aussieht? Dem Leser ist es doch glatt egal, ob er nun 14, 15 oder älter ist. Mir scheint, daß er damit den klaffenden Altersunterschied zu Jim Morrison ein bisschen kaschieren will, denn dieser war damals bereits 21 1/2 Jahre alt. Da der Roman autobiographisch sein soll, kann

sessene Jünger der Finsternis. Ein Mensch, der Autorität, in welcher Form auch immer, verabscheute, der die »Grenzen der Realität erreichen will, mal sehen, was passierte. Jorge Luis Borges schreibt über Craig Kee Strete «Wir haben einen neuen großartigen Virtuosen», und die *New York Times*: »Strete mit seinem indianischen Erbe schafft es, eine neue Form von Roman zu schreiben.«

EDITOR'S NOTE: Heinz bat mich, noch hinzuzufügen, daß sowohl "TWO SPIES..." als auch "NO ONE HERE..." BEIDE bei WARNER BROS BOOK erschienen sind. RM



Das Foto auf dem Port. Cover

»Er schreibt mit einem Totempfahl, und ich vermisse, er ist drauf und dran, dir zu sagen, wo er ihn hinpflanzen will. UNS VERBRENNT DIE NACHT ist der beste Rock-and-Roll-Roman. Mehr als das: er ist eine Achterbahn zur Hölle... Er ist nicht einfach talentiert, sondern verdammt genial.«
John Lennon

Craig Kee Strete ist Cherokee-Indianer. Er wurde 1950 in Fort Wayne, Indiana, geboren. Von 1970-74 studierte er an der Wright State University, Ohio, von 1976-78 an der University of California. Er schrieb Film- und Fernsehdrehbücher, ein Kinderbuch, Science-fiction-Romane und Gedichte.

er sich nicht gleich um ein paar Jährchen älter machen, also drückt er sein Alter im Bereich des möglichen nach oben. Man sieht, daß Strete auch in diesen, relativ unwichtigen Punkt eine Gratwanderung zwischen Sein und Schein vollführt.

An einer Stelle (S. 51) sorgt sich Strete wegen der "minderjährigen Girls" im Auto, weil sie in eine Polizeikontrolle geraten (diese hatte er zuvor auf 16 bis 17 geschätzt...). Also, das ist doch lachhaft, wenn er selbst erst 15 ist. Man riecht förmlich, daß an dieser ganzen Geschichte etwas faul ist.

In dem Roman finden sich auch Stellen, die nicht nur am Rande der Wahrheit, sondern frei erfunden sind. So begeht Strete einen Einbruch und sogar einen Mord, den er detailliert beschreibt. Hätte er diesen Mord tatsächlich begangen, dann wäre die Polizei auch noch nach Jahren hellhörig geworden. So schnell wird ein Mord nicht zu den Akten gelegt, daß Strete diesen hier ungestraft erwähnen könnte.

Hier sieht man deutlich, daß der Roman keineswegs pur authentisch ist (wenn überhaupt), sondern daß hier Dichtung und Wahrheit sehr knapp beieinanderliegen. Und wer will nun behaupten, daß es bei den Geschichten mit Jim Morrison nicht auch so ist? Ich sehe keinen logischen Grund, anzunehmen, daß hier zwar vieles hinzugedichtet worden ist, daß ausgerechnet die Geschichten mit Jim Morrison aber der Wahrheit entsprechen.

Es gibt noch einiges mehr, als ich jetzt hier angeführt habe, aber das würde jetzt zu weit führen. Und sicher sind mir auch ein paar Sachen entgangen, da ich nur die deutsche Ausgabe gelesen habe. Auf die 'gemeinsamen Gedichte', die noch in dem Buch abgedruckt sind, bin ich erst gar nicht eingegangen (diese sind zum Glück zweisprachig abgedruckt). Schwachsinn, diese als Morrison-Gedichte verkaufen zu wollen.

Also, Leute, das ganze ist einfach zu aufdringlich, zu diffus im Detail, da sind zu viele Ungereimtheiten und Zufälle, und manchmal, besonders bei den in den Romantext eingebauten Doors-Songzitaten, wirkt das alles direkt peinlich. Und es steckt eine schäbige Haltung dahinter: "Seht her, ich war genau so wie Jim", oder besser, "Jim war wie ich".

Die ganze Lügengeschichte wird durch die Aufmachung des Buches noch weit übertrffen, und rundet das Bild, das man bei objektiver Betrachtungsweise erhält, noch vollends ab: Pure Geldmacherei.

Obwohl die Aufmachung Gegenteiliges suggeriert, ist Jim Morrison nicht die Hauptperson in dem Roman, sondern der Autor selbst. Der Klappentext ist der Gipfel der Verlogenheit: "...Aber weil Craig Strete nichts schönt, lebt in diesem autobiographischen Roman Jim Morrison in aller Komplexität: der Rocksänger (???), der brutale Chauvinist (!) und empfindsame Poet (lachhaft), dieser brillante, charismatische und besessene Jünger der Finsternis..."

Diese Beschreibung entspricht dem Roman-Jim-Morrison nicht im entferntesten (Anmerkungen in Klammern von mir).

Erwähnenswert wäre noch, daß Craig Strete allen Leuten, die Jim Morrison nahestanden, völlig unbekannt ist. Jim Morrison hat weder Stretes Name, noch die "gemeinsamen Gedichte" jemals irgend jemandem gegenüber erwähnt. Keiner hat ihn jemals mit Jim Morrison zusammen gesehen, oder ist ihm je begegnet. Rich Linell, ehemaliger Roadmanager der Doors, bezeichnete die "gemeinsamen Gedichte" als dilettantische Fälschungen (siehe auch DQ 2, S. 6/7).

Danny Sugerman hat angeblich versucht, das Buch verbieten zu lassen, was ihm allerdings nicht gelang. Strete (der behauptet, das Buch sei authentisch) berief sich darauf, das Buch sei eindeutig als Roman ausgewiesen. Ich finde, das sollte man wörtlich nehmen.

Heinz Gerstenmeyer

Anmerkungen:

Die Seitenangaben beziehen sich auf:

- (1) 'Uns verbrennt die Nacht', deutsche Originalausgabe, März Verlag, 1. Auflage, Sept. 1983
- (2) 'Die Herren und Die neuen Geschöpfe', Kramer Verlag, zweite Ausgabe (blauer Umschlag)
- (3) Ich habe die amerikanische Ausgabe nur einmal oberflächlich bei Rainer durchgeblättert, wobei mir dieser Absatz aufgefallen ist.
- (4) Die Originalausgabe erschien 1979 unter dem Titel 'Two Spies In The House Of Love' in den USA und war nicht sehr erfolgreich. 1982 wurde das Buch unter dem Titel 'Burn Down The Night' neu aufgelegt und wurde im Kielwasser der Morrison-Biographie zum Bestseller. Die deutsche Erstausgabe (siehe oben) erschien als großformatiges Paperback (Preis: 28 DM). Seit April 1986 ist das Buch unter dem gleichen Titel bei Rowolt als Taschenbuch erhältlich (Preis ca. 12 DM). Schwarzer Umschlag, andere Fotos, aber ähnliche Aufmachung wie die Ausgabe vom März-Verlag. Wurde MÖGLICHERWEISE gekürzt, muß aber nicht sein.

Ein spätes Nachwort von mir zu Heinzens Artikel:

Ich hoffe, daß Heinz mit dieser peniblen Untersuchung ein für alle Male mit dem Mythos Craig Strete aufgeräumt hat. In einzigartiger Weise entlarvt er eine eindeutige Fälschung. Ein Riesenlob zu dieser Initiative, ich glaube, daß nun die "little girls" endlich verstehen werden. Craig Strete hat noch andere Bücher geschrieben, gute Bücher, Indianergeschichten und ähnliches. Ich vermute, daß ihm diese Bücher keinen finanziellen Erfolg brachten. Hätte er nur Hendrix oder Joplin als Romanfigur genommen! Als Rich Linnell, früherer Doors Roadmanager, mich besuchte, erzählte er folgendes: "Maybe there was a meeting between Strete and Morrison. Jim had a lot of drinking buddies, who were running after him to get free drinks. I had to take care of Jim during the tours, from morning till night, to be with him and prevent him from heavy drinking and being lost somewhere early next morning, but I don't remember Craig Strete being around. The poems (Dark Journey) are rubbish. Someone's making money with Jim's name!" Interessant, nicht?

Rainer Moddemann

JIM MORRISON IM SEXKINO

THEATER IM SCHUBERTKINO: RUBEN ALBRECTS "FERNES ARDEN"

Jim Morrison, der Anti-Held, kehrt zurück. Sechzehn Jahre nach seinem Tod lehnt der gefeierte Sänger der Doors jetzt an der Wand des neuen Theaters im einstigen Wiener Schubert-Sexkino. "Fernes Arden" nennt Ruben Albrecht sein dramatisches Rendezvous mit der todessüchtigen Kultfigur. Stück um Stück erkämpft sich der junge Deutsche in sechs Monologen die Erinnerungen des Pop-Lyrikers. Regisseurin Isabella Suppanz steigert Morrisons amerikanisches Gebet effektvoll. Grelle Blitzlichter aus US-Städten, Jugendträume, surreale Alpträume. Und "The End", die traurigste Melodie der Doors, dient als Klangkulisse für schöne Erinnerungen.

The Doors Are Closed - hieß es am nächsten Tag.

Ruben Albrecht mußte den Saal räumen, da er Schwierigkeiten mit der Baupolizei hatte.

Gerhard Schieder, Wien



Jim Morrison...
"doodah like a
baseball bat"

MELODY MAKER 18/187

RE-PRINT

YOU'VE heard yet another live LP, seen yet another video, now read yet another book. "THE DOORS" is an imaginatively titled tome originally published in 1984.

In essence, and, unlike its many counterparts, the book is more of an operating table than a coffee table job, dissecting The Doors' myth with considerable care and, at times, a little too much painstaking attention, borrowing heavily from "No One Here Gets Out Alive" but uncovering and adding as much in the process.

Armed with a stack of original Sixties pics, artily cropped with pretensions to Eighties style, the text at times falls foul of the customary mystical claptrap that traditionally mars Doors critiques. Authors John Tobler and Andrew Doe are evidently the kind of chaps who are overawed by Jim's "apocalyptic imagery" and his "Freudian Reference" - his real appeal, the lips, the leather trousers and the doodah the size of a baseball bat merit nary a mention. The men don't know but the little girls understand.

Still, as the book attests, Manzarek, Kreiger and Densmore have realised that they've little to give the Eighties musically and, consequently, have been distracted by acting and film careers. Indeed, Tobler and Doe chart the subsequent post Doors activities of the surviving members with as much attention to detail as they afford Morrison himself. A shame, then that they didn't get a chance to update this reissued version. - MS

BOOTLEGGING THE DOORS

A series written
by RAINER MODDEMANN

PART 3 (cont. from THE DOORS QUARTERLY No 13 and 14)

Here are the songs of "THE LIZARD KING" bootleg:

Side One: Light my Fire
The End

Side Two: Five to one
Break on through
When the music's over (mono)

The tracks were taped from the audience on September 7th, 1968 at the Round-House (also written as Roundhouse), London, England. The Doors had 4 gigs over there, it is not known from which concert the tracks stem. Of course the 5 tracks on the album don't represent the entire concert, they probably played "Unknown Soldier" and "Hello I love you", too.

Today it is not easy to find copies of this bootleg. The last pressing came out 3 1/2 years ago, and it seems that it is completely sold out by now.

For many years Doors Fans had to wait for new records from the underground. Nothing was happening in the years 1975-1980, although the bootleg market was going vast, no bootlegger decided to produce a Doors record. Maybe they thought that there was no interest in The Doors at all in those days. But with the release of "An American Prayer" in late 1978 the scene changed, and the group found new fans (and their old fans back again) with this certainly astonishing poetry album. In the USA meanwhile there was a new generation of bootleggers producing good albums, not by using one single name for their "company" (like TAKRL or WIZARDO)but using different names and labels to irritate the cops.

One of them was a bootlegger who called himself "PARIS RECORDS", but in fact this wasn't his only name at all. He also published records using the name "Smilin' Ears" and "Chelsea Records". And he did two more Doors bootlegs not using "Paris Records", but "Deja Vu" (for CRITIQUE) and "Towne Records" (for MR MOJO RISIN). But his first Doors bootleg was RESURRECTION.

This album came out in summer 1980, and it was the first double Doors bootleg. On the frontcover you can see a photo of Jim Morrison, his head and shoulders. It is a black and white picture with a rough photographic screen, obviously copied from a newspaper, it seems that the photo had been "blown up" for the cover. There is no writing on the frontcover. On the backcover there are two photos showing Jim Morrison at the New Haven concert Dec. 9, 1968, pointing his microphone to one of the cops onstage and being grasped by two cops with a helpless Manzarek in the background. On both sides of the first photo you see the typical Doors-logo written vertically. A red writing(kind of psychedelic letters the group used for the "THE" on their first album The DOORS and for the title of their third album WAITING FOR THE SUN) tells us the title of the album RESURRECTION. On both sides of the lower photo you read the album tracks plus extra information where they had been taped. On the left side down you see the PARIS RECORDS logo along with the date (american) 7-3-71, the line NOT FOR SALE and FRENCH FAN CLUB RELEASE, which gives you the impression that this was a promotional record from France, which is (of course) not true. This was written to irritate the cops (I remember a Beatles bootleg from the USA, on which you could read the address of the Hamburg Reeperbahn police headquarters as being the address of the publisher of this Beatles bootleg, funny!). RESURRECTION became one of the most well-known and most distributed Doors bootleg, being heavily copied by different other bootleggers in the States and

in Europe, all using the original cover. That's why it is quite difficult to identify the different pressings, but it is possible for you after reading this article. There are some significant differences:

- First pressing: Cover - black and white deluxe cover with 3 photos and one red writing. Two Doors logos vertical. The printing is very clear, no mistake in the photos. Notice the photo with the 2 cops: You notice a very small dark grey stripe on top of the photo and a small white stripe at the bottom between photo and edge of the cover. No reprint has got this!
- Label - white with black writing: Paris Records logo with date and the two sentences above. One Doors logo vertical. Title of record in psychedelic letters. Number of side along with the word MONO. Track list of side with running time.
- Matrix- Side one: PARIS 7-3-71 ARE 2 Side three:PARIS
Side two:PARIS 7-3-71 BRE 2 all scratched into
Side three: PARIS 7-3-71 CRE 2 the pressing matrix
Side four: PARIS 7-3-71 DRE 2 by hand.
Notice that only on side 4 the tracks have got song separation.
The pressing is very good, no recycling vinyl was used.
- Country- USA Edit.: not more than 1000 copies.
- 2nd pressing: Cover - same as first pressing, but with Morrison's hair being 1,3 cm from the edge of the front cover. On the first pressing it was 3 cm. On first and second pressing the backcover was printed separately and glued on the cover. On this second pressing the vertical Doors logo on the left is very close to the edge of the cover. No stripes.
- Label- same as first pressing, but without vertical Doors logo.
- Matrix- same as first pressing.
- Country- USA Edit.: more than 1000 copies
- 3rd pressing: Cover - same as first pressing with significant differences:
(summer 1982) On the front cover Morrison's hair is just 0,6 cm from the upper edge (on the original it was about 3 cm!), the head is bigger and the screen is more rough. The photo is more in black than the original. Backcover: NO vertical Doors logo! No stripes on the 2-cops-photo. Back: directly printed.
- Label - white with wrong songtitles. No Doors logo, and on Side one one thing was added: All songs written by M. M. Saunders-B. Little
- Matrix-same as first pressing, so it is obvious that -although the same Matrix was used- the second pressing is not the work of the original PARIS RECORDS people because of the cover, but the work of someone else who somehow got the matrix.
- Country- USA summer 1982 Edit.: more than 2000 copies
- 4th pressing: Cover - same as first pressing with vertical Doors logo BUT:
(autumn 1982) Morrison's hair 2,5 cm from upper edge, the photos are brighter and not that clear. The writing in red is in a different red colour.
- Label- Side one/two pure white, Side three/four bright pink no writing.
- Matrix-RES 2000 A/B/C/D. Different Matrix than first and second pressing. ALL sides have got song separation. Flaws in the

vinyl, because recycling vinyl was used. This causes crackles, and the soundquality is notably worse than on the first pressings.

Country- Italy Edit.: not more than 500 copies

5th pressing: Cover - same as 4th pressing
Label - all four sides white with small black writing
"Made in U. S. A." (which is not true)

(1984) Matrix- same as 4th pressing
Country- Italy Edit.: more than 500 copies

There are probably more Italian pressings available. They are all the same as 4th or 5th pressing. It is impossible to describe more than 2 different Italian pressings. They are available in almost all regular Italian record shops.

There is a European pressing which I don't own. The only information I've got comes from HOT WACKS BOOK XI:

RESURRECTION (Paris Records) - A European copy of the US boot. Labels and cover were copied. Side 4 doesn't have song separation like the US version does.

(Hot Wacks Book XI, Canada 1985, page90)

I am sure that the Matrix of this copy is different to ALL other copies because of the missing song separation of Side Four.

And now for a real collector's item: There is just one copy of RESURRECTION which has got another cover. As you've read above all copies from the States and Europe used the same cover as the original. One bootlegger from Canada decided to design his own cover. He used a colour photo of Jim taken at the observatorium in LA for the front cover and a black and white photo of Ray Manzarek taken in Mexico in front of a huge wall painting of Morrison. The address given on the backcover says that this record is coming from Australia, which is not true. It also says that this is a BEACON ISLAND disc, but HOT WACKS BOOK doubts it. There was just one pressing of this bootleg.

1st and only pressing: Cover - Front:Colour photo of Morrison with a turquoise background. Doors logo vertical on the left.
(Winter 1980) Back: B/W photo of Manzarek. Group & title of record on top of photo, members of group, track list and record company "address" below the pic, all writings in white, turquoise background.
Label- pure white, no writing.
Matrix- 25543 A, B, C and D. Songseparation on Side D.
Flaws in the vinyl, recycling vinyl was used.
Country- Canada Edit.: less than 1000.

Here are the tracks which appear on ALL different pressings:

| | |
|--|--|
| <u>SIDE ONE:</u> When the music's over | <u>SIDE THREE:</u> Wake up/Light my fire (A) |
| Five to one | Five to one (A) |
| Spanish Caravan | Love me two times (A) |
| <u>SIDE TWO:</u> Backdoor man | <u>SIDE FOUR:</u> Mack The Knife / Alabama |
| Crawling King Snake | Song/Backdoor man (A) |
| Backdoor man | Moonlight Drive (B) |
| Wake up/Light my fire | Light my fire (B) |
| Unknown Soldier | Who do you love (C) |
| | Miami Rap Excerpts (D) |

Side one and two were recorded in London 6.9.68 for TV Show "The Doors are open".

Side 3 and 4 were recorded

(A) Stockholm, Sweden, Concerthuset, 20. 9. 68

First Show

(B) Jonathan Winters TV Show, USA, 27. 12. 67

(C) San Francisco, Matrix Club, 7. 3. 67

(D) Miami, Dinner Key Auditorium, 1. 3. 69

(series continues in DOORS QUARTERLY 16 with another classic boot:MR MOJO
RISIN')

PARIS RECORDS

7-3-71

NOT FOR SALE

FRENCH FAN CLUB RELEASE

RESURRECTION

SIDE ONE
MONO



- | | |
|--------------------------|-------|
| 1. WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER | 12:40 |
| 2. FIVE TO ONE | 3:54 |
| 3. SPANISH CARAVAN | 3:26 |

FIRST (ORIGINAL) PRESSING

PARIS RECORDS

7-3-71

NOT FOR SALE

FRENCH FAN CLUB RELEASE

RESURRECTION

SIDE ONE
MONO

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------|
| 1. WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER | 12:40 |
| 2. FIVE TO ONE | 3:54 |
| 3. SPANISH CARAVAN | 3:26 |

SECOND PRESSING

PARIS RECORDS

7-3-71

RESURRECTION

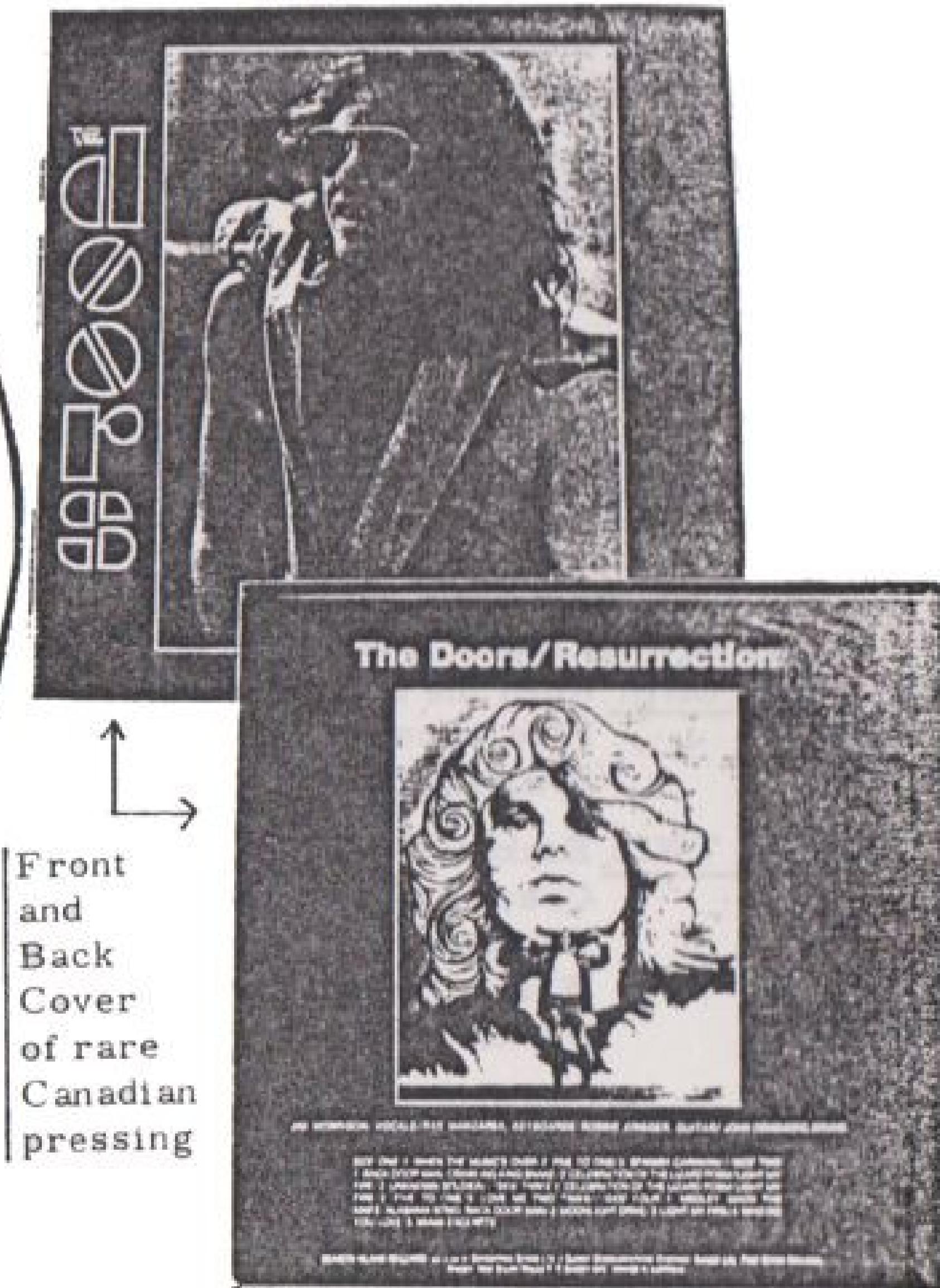
TOTAL TIME
20:00

SIDE 1
All Songs 1960
© Samson Music

1. THE MUSIC ENDS
2. FIVE AGAINST ONE
3. CARAVAN IN SPAIN

All Songs Written by
M. M. Saunders & B. Little

THIRD PRESSING. Note the
interesting alternate songtitles.



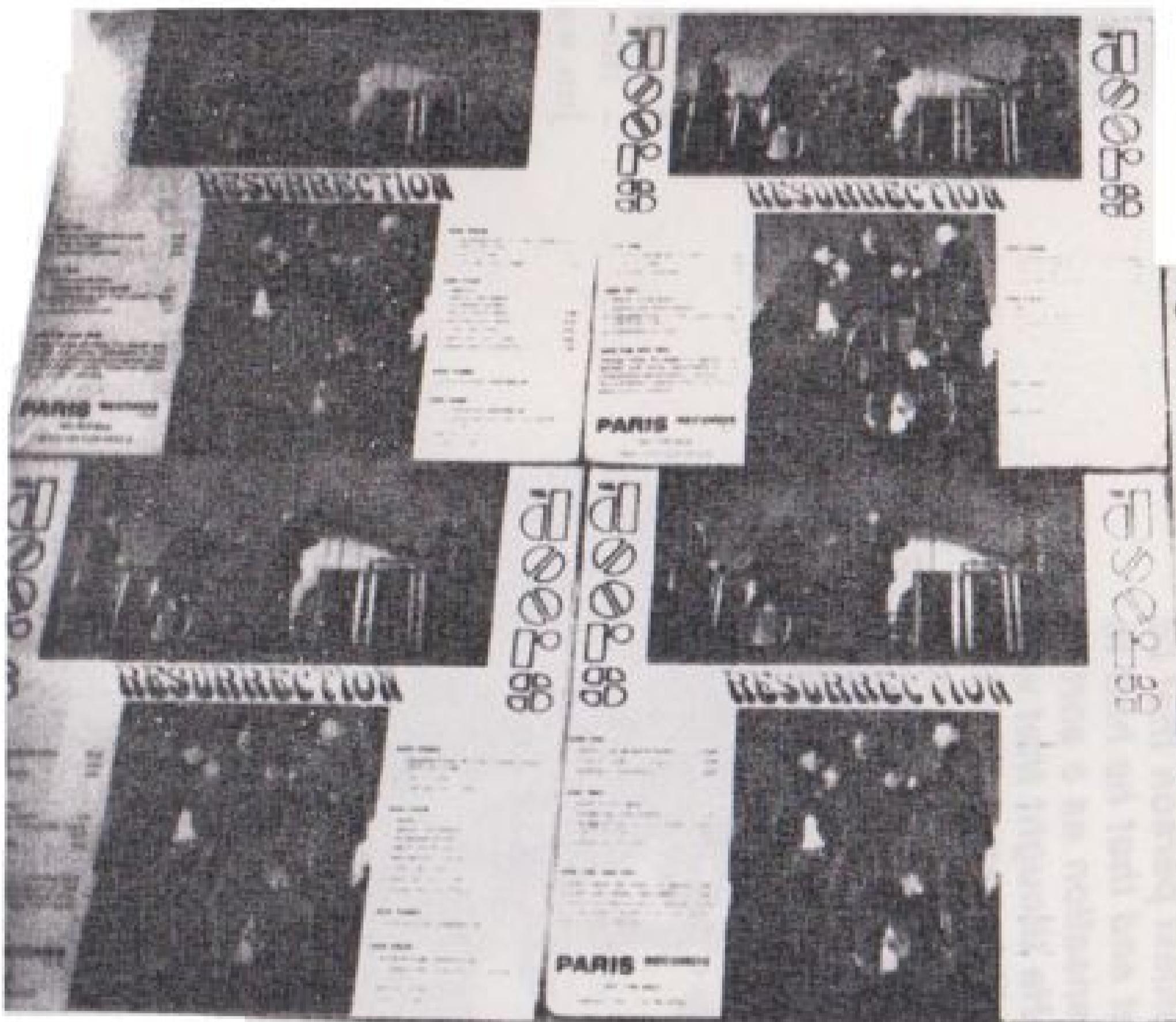
Front
and
Back
Cover
of rare
Canadian
pressing

The covers.

Front.



Back.



3rd pressing

4th pressing

5th pressing

1st pressing

2nd pressing

P

Patricia Kennealy

talks about her relationship

with

JIM MORRISON

(taken from the book *ROCK WIVES* by Victoria Balfour;
Virgin Books, London, England, 1986)

"I told him once that I thought he was the shiest person that I'd ever met and that he had to create a sensation as a sort of cover up. He thought that was just incredibly perceptive and very mean of me to say so."

In 1969, Patricia Kennealy, a young rock journalist for a magazine called *Jazz & Pop*, was assigned to interview the Doors. Patricia had heard some outrageous stories about Jim Morrison, the lead singer for the group and former UCLA film school grad student who had become something of a cult hero with fans because of his provocative onstage posing (nearly always in leather pants!) and his offstage reputation as a heavy-drinking mad poet. But when Patricia found herself actually face to face with Morrison, she was impressed with his charming good manners and intelligence. After her interview with him and the other three members of the Doors came out in the magazine, Jim sent Patricia a letter saying how much he liked the article. A friendship was struck. From time to time Jim would call Patricia at the magazine or send letters, or they would get together for dinner when he came to New York.

Eventually, the friendship evolved into romance. Patricia was twenty-two; Jim, twenty-five. "We were just babies," Patricia says now. "And I was this total convert flower. It was all as inevitable as a fairy tale—like falling in love with King Arthur, or maybe it was more like falling in love with Darth Vader. He was a lover and an adversary."

But complications set in rather quickly. For one thing, Jim was still seeing his longtime girlfriend Pamela Courson, and his behavior was becoming increasingly self-destructive. The affair, which had started so promisingly, ended rather badly. Patricia sums up what went wrong in this way: "It was like starting to make a bridge from two different ends, and then when you got to the middle, they didn't meet."

Jim Morrison was found dead—of heart failure, as the story goes—in a bathtub in Paris in 1971. His girlfriend Pamela, who was with him when he died, would herself die of a heroin overdose three years later.

* * *

Patricia Kennealy is excited. Her first book, which she describes as "science fiction fantasy," is about to be pub-



lished, and work on her second book is already well under way. Still, she is a little worried that in the interview she might come across as sounding like her life stopped after Jim Morrison. "The last thing I want is to come across like some sort of rock-era Miss Havisham, sitting in her cobwebbed room with her dusty memories and her old Fillmore programs," she says. Well, certainly judging from the decor of Patricia's East Village apartment—sort of medieval gothic—it does not appear that she has been doing much mooning. Granted, there are one or two Morrison posters, but for the most part the place is crammed with swords, chalices, crowns, masks, and even a highbacked carved bishop's chair. All this, coupled with Patricia's rather Old World looks—fair, fair skin and a mass of thick red hair, and a black cape—makes Patricia seem light-years away from being in any way remotely connected to the rock world, let alone Jim Morrison.

But the fact is back in 1967, as a writer/editor for *Jazz & Pop*, Patricia, at a very young age, was interviewing major groups like the Jefferson Airplane. *Jazz & Pop*, it seems, was a well-respected magazine run totally by women—"Rather unusual for that time," says Patricia. "Pauline Rivelli, who started it, was an extremely tough cookie. But it was really strange; the women writers a lot of times got tarred with the groupie brush when they would go and talk to people. The musicians were used to being pursued on the road, with groupies throwing themselves at them from all directions. So they figured you were a total slut." Robert Plant, she remembers, was a prime example. "I was backstage at the Fillmore, and, God, he was unbelievably rude. I had a lace pantsuit on—perhaps"—Patricia says with a smile—"he might have had a reason for thinking me a person of easy virtue. He said, 'Hey, you in the lace nightie—come over here and sit on me lap!' We always got propositioned. You had to have a hook of some kind to get people to take you seriously." Indeed, Patricia was so incensed by musicians' treatment of women writers that she spoke out against it in a column entitled "Rock Around the Cock." She wrote, ". . . I tire even more of going out to do an interview and being genteely condescended to as not

much more than a particularly well-connected groupie . . . and then . . . having to watch the interviewee male drop his drink at a perfectly ordinary remark as to, oh, the influence of eighteenth-century Irish-Scottish ballads on his work . . .

Needless to say, Patricia did not develop any great respect for musicians. "I just had incredible contempt for them. They were idiots, they were morons. They are totally irresponsible. Musicians just seem to be flakier than everybody else because they're always off somewhere." So out of all the musicians she'd met through her work, there was no one who sparked a personal interest in her. "There just never seemed to be anybody who was bright and interesting enough."

Until she met Morrison. Patricia had been a fan of the Doors ever since she had seen them at a performance in Forest Hills in 1967. ("They were second on the bill to Simon and Garfunkle.") But up until the time she was assigned to interview the Doors at the Plaza Hotel in 1969, she'd never heard anything particularly good about Jim Morrison as a person. "It was like Byron—he's mad, bad, and dangerous to know." On the day of the interview, Patricia's expectations of Jim were reinforced, when, on her way up to his suite, she overheard some groupies telling stories "about how he would stick a needle in his eye—the point was that he was doing so much acid that his pupils were so dilated that it didn't hurt." So imagine, then, Patricia's surprise when she entered the suite and Jim rose to his feet. "He had such good manners," she remembers. "I was knocked out, 'cause you don't really meet good manners much among rock and roll people. And then, when we shook hands, there were just sparks! He loved it. It was just perfect."

Good manners were all well and good, but what really astonished Patricia was the fact that Jim took her very seriously as an interviewer. "He seemed to treat most people who came to talk to him like that. You didn't have to prove anything to him; he accepted you as you were." She also discovered during the course of the interview that Jim was highly intelligent (his reported IQ of 149 was "not as high

as mine, but high enough," she says wryly). "He was extremely well read. We talked about music and about literature and writing."

After Patricia's interview came out in *Jazz & Pop*, Jim sent her a thank-you note, which Patricia produces from a box. It reads as follows:

Dear Pat

I want to thank you for the fine article which I consider the most brilliant witty and amusing [sic] You should write fiction (I don't mean that as a slam) (Honest) Let me hear from you sometime. Please.

Yours truly
J. Morrison

After that, Patricia and Jim started writing back and forth. "It was all very innocent. His letters were just chatty letters about what they were doing, where they were going on tour, books that I might be interested in."

From time to time, Patricia would run into Jim at concerts. Then, some months later, Patricia was invited to dinner with Jim and his off-again, on-again girlfriend Pamela Courson. "I really did like her," says Patricia. "She was nice. She wasn't an incredibly towering intellect, but she seemed very sweet and very pretty, very California." In spite of Pamela's presence, however, there was something going on between Jim and Patricia. "The vibes at that table," she says, "were not to be believed. I just knew something was building up. I think we both knew from that dinner on, but I didn't know where it was going to get started."

The next time Patricia saw him was in May 1970, in Philadelphia. "That's when everything really started. They were playing there and we saw each other backstage." Patricia, it seems, had just written a not entirely flattering review of Jim's collection of notes and poems published under the name *The Lord and the New Creatures*. Apparently it incensed him so that he sent me a telegram postmarked three o'clock in the morning from L.A. A friend of

ours from Elektra said that he couldn't get over the review, because it was the first review anybody'd really done of him as his work and not as him as a person. I think he was a little tweaked because it was a very accurate review."

But when they saw each other in Philly, all was forgotten, and two days later in New York the romance officially began. Asked to describe the setting, Patricia seems to have a hard time parting with the memories she seems to have stored away in a secret, special place. "We went to the Ginger Man on the West Side," she recalls almost nervously. "It was springtime and it was just so incredibly romantic. Nobody could eat because we were too excited." She was not, however, so totally swept off her feet that she couldn't bring up the subject of the status of Jim's relationship with Pamela. "He told me it was totally finished with her, which was the only way I would have started up with him, because I have scruples. He swore that they had broken up, that it was a poisoned relationship. He said it was half pity and half habit that had kept them together all this time. It was probably true when he said it, but he was just one of those people who changed his mind a lot," muses Patricia. "You never knew where you were. There was no consistency but inconsistency."

At any rate, after lunch the pair went for a walk in Central Park. They sat on the grass; Jim with his head in Patricia's lap. They ended up spending the whole day together. The next day, they went to a Jefferson Airplane concert ("He thought it was incredibly tedious and boring"), and afterward they went back to Patricia's apartment to listen to records. "He had his head in my lap and he said, 'Do you want me to stay the night and keep you company?' And I said, 'Well, if you understand it's not obligatory.' That surprised him. He said, 'No, it isn't.' There is a long pause. "It was very nice," Patricia says shyly. "He was very sweet."

Jim, Patricia was soon to discover, was not as secure with her as one might think. "He could be extremely jealous. He would be full of questions about 'Who's my competition?' The first time he came to my house here, he was all

over the house looking for men's clothing. "Jim didn't believe that I really liked him," she continues. "He was always asking for reassurance: 'Why are you with me?' He didn't believe it after the first morning we woke up here after he spent the night here for the first time. I was just looking at him and smiling quietly to myself, and he woke up and we started to talk. During the course of the conversation I said something like, 'I really like you enormously.' And this incredible look of pleased surprise comes over his face. And he said, 'Well, no, I didn't know. I just figured if you didn't want me around, you'd let me know.'"

In the relationship, says Patricia, Jim gave "insofar as he was able to. He was very afraid to open himself up with people. He was real scared to do that, and I think that's why he had so many problems. A lot of the personality problem had to do with alcoholism, which prevented him from doing so. But he poured his guts out in his poetry and onstage. It's harder when your audience is just one person and your bodies are naked and your souls are naked and you have to perform in all senses."

What, then, did she get from being with Jim? Patricia thinks for a minute before answering. "That's a hard one. He just made me very happy in spite of all the bullshit. He could be the unadulterated creep, the pigman of L.A. He could be incredibly cruel. I don't know how he made me happy." There is a pause. Then she says, "He was extremely affectionate—always holding hands in public—extremely romantic. He brought me peonies when he came over once. He gave me this gorgeous emerald ring, which I keep in the bank." She points to her aquamarine ear-rings. "He gave me these. He was very deep. He was always very interested in finding out what other people thought, how they thought, what they thought about, what they liked to read. I guess he got tired of always being the one doing all the talking. I think his curiosity would have been the one thing to save him. It just didn't happen enough."

As Patricia got to know Jim better, she also noticed this about him: "With people, he was whatever they expected

him to be. Some people said he was almost kind of a mirror, just reflecting whatever you were. If you were expecting him to be the prince of darkness, he would oblige you." A lot of that, Patricia thinks, had to do with shyness. "I told him once that I thought he was the shiest person that I'd ever met and that he had to create a sensation as a sort of cover up. He thought that was just incredibly perceptive and very mean of me to say so..."

In Patricia's eyes, the high point of her romance with Jim was when they were married in a Wiccan, or witch ceremony in her apartment on Midsummer's Night in 1979. Patricia, it seems, was involved with witchcraft. "It's not satanism," she is quick to say. "It's basically a mother religion, but there is also a god figure, a horned god of the hunt." Jim apparently was intrigued with all this, and it was he who suggested that they have the Wiccan wedding ceremony. So they were married by a high priest and priestess of the Celtic coven, who could have made the marriage legal, only Jim and Patricia didn't bother to get a license. "We just did the ceremony, which is binding a lot longer than till death do us part. It's a karmic sort of thing that links people through further reincarnations."

The ceremony itself involved "all kinds of rituals and candles and vosses." Jim and Patricia, clad in black robes, stood inside a magical circle that had been cast with a sword. Four candles had been placed in four corners of the room. Then, each of them made a slight cut on their wrists with the sacred ritual knife. "It was very dramatic," says Patricia. Then Jim gave Patricia a silver Irish *claddagh* wedding ring that has two hands holding a heart with a crown on top of it. Patricia doesn't know how seriously Jim took the ceremony ("probably not too seriously"), but to her, going through with the ceremony was "like being validated the way I wanted to be. It was a very private thing for me; a bond I wanted to make with this person."

Unfortunately, it was all downhill after that. First, Patricia discovered that she was pregnant. "It was an accident—the old diaphragm." And at this point, Jim was having his own troubles. He was in Miami facing charges for "exhibiting lewd and lascivious behavior by exposing

his private parts and by simulating masturbation and oral copulation onstage." But they agreed that they had to talk, and Patricia flew down to Miami to meet with him. On her way there, Patricia's mind did flipflops: "I thought, 'Oh, my God, this kid is going to be a god. How could it not be?' But then I thought, gods have to eat and go to school. You always have to be there, and I'm not very good with kids!'"

In Miami any hopes Patricia harbored of Jim wanting her child were dashed. "Jim was really cold," she says. "It was like he really didn't need this. He just didn't want to talk about it for the longest time. He just had all this other stuff. It took a couple of days before we started to talk about it." Then when they started to talk, Jim told Patricia that "if I had the kid, it would just ruin our relationship as far as he was concerned." "Maybe," muses Patricia, "it had something to do with the twenty paternity suits against him."

In the end, they decided that Patricia would have an abortion. Patricia flew back to New York, with Jim promising that he would be there to hold her hand throughout the operation.

As it turned out, he didn't show. He didn't even call, although Patricia learned later that he did call a couple of her friends to inquire after her welfare. "Jim could have handled it a lot better than he did," says Patricia, an understatement if there ever was one. Why didn't he come through for her? "I don't think he was good at adversity," she replies. "As soon as a relationship got trying, he would get crazy and run away from it. I used to think, when things got really hairy, 'Well, doesn't he want to keep me?' Apparently not, if it means work."

After Patricia got out of the hospital, she was, in her words, "a complete wreck." So she wrote a letter to Jim, which she decided to deliver in person in Los Angeles. "He was staying at the Chateau. I went there, left him a note, and nailed it to his desk with a little dagger with a little skull on top of it. I thought it would get his attention, and it certainly did. He called me that afternoon."

In California, Patricia stayed with Jim's former pub-

cist, Diane Gardiner. In the apartment above lived Jim's Pamela. Naturally, in that setup, things were bound to get a little crazy. "I was at Diane's, and Jim had promised to come over. The phone rang at Diane's, and it was for Pamela 'cause she didn't have a phone. They asked me to go upstairs and get her. I was wondering when this was going to happen. So I went upstairs and got her. She opened the door and she was naked to the waist." And she was also, according to Patricia, "completely luded out on owners, just completely wasted. So I said, 'I'm going to tell you a few things' and then we started talking." Patricia proceeded to tell Pamela "everything." Why did she have the show down? "I was mad," Patricia answers. "I also wanted some insight on why he was with her sometimes and with me other times. It was," she says, "a very nice little talk. It seemed so modern, so civilized. She said she thought it would have been a good idea if I'd had the baby. Then she said, 'Of course Jim wouldn't have given you any money or anything,'" which Patricia thought was a little mean.

In the midst of all this, Jim arrived. "He came in and said, 'Interesting stuff going on.' He thought it was just the most amusing thing. But he was unsure of himself and nervous, though."

Patricia immediately lit into him. "I was just so angry and upset from the abortion, and he said, 'Oh, I know, it was unforgivable. I'm a rotten person.' Of course I fell for it. We just sat there and talked. And then Pamela was there, and it was so strained. And then she just went upstairs in tears because he was staying with me, which I thought was very cruel of him. We ended up sleeping on the floor at Diane's place, and Pamela came in the next morning and found us there. He thought it was so funny. He said, 'I'm never going to hear the end of this.' I think he was losing all sense of judgment at this point. Our relationship had gotten so weird with all this other stuff."

This was not the first time Jim had played Patricia off another woman. "One time we were up at the hotel in New York, and there was this very strange woman who was following him around. She had just been released from a

mental hospital, where he had responded with her. Her name was Joanna. She was hanging around the hotel, and it was the most bizarre thing because he had told *me* to meet him at the hotel. I went down to the lobby, and there was this person waiting for him. She said, 'He's not here.' He had sent her a telegram saying that he was going to be in New York. He said he felt sorry for her and knew she'd been in the hospital and that she was a big Doors fan. Finally he showed up and took one look at her and one look at me and said, 'I wouldn't have missed this for the world.' Then we all went to the movies. It was strange—he would totally ignore anything she said and would make an exaggerated effort to lean over and pay attention to me. It was cruel, and she was getting frantic." The next day, Jim and Patricia discovered her outside his hotel room door, kicking and screaming that she wanted a divorce and that Mick Jagger was really the one. Eventually she got tired of kicking the door and left. Patricia thought Jim's behavior was cruel. "You don't send a telegram to someone and then do that. He liked to play people off one another and sit back and watch the fireworks."

In California, Patricia stayed around for a week. A couple of months later she was back. When she saw Jim this time, "He was completely falling apart." Joplin, Hendrix, and Brian Jones had all died their tragic deaths, and Patricia remembers Jim "running around telling everybody that he was going to be the next one." Patricia somehow knew he was right. "The atoms weren't going around the nucleus. It was like it wasn't him anymore. The dark side was taking over. There seemed to be less of a distinction between the public and the private. There was some very strange psychological stuff going on. And he was drinking extremely heavily."

As if that weren't enough, the friend with whom Patricia was staying in L.A. turned out to have a crush on Jim. In turn Jim's "roving eye had been caught, so I was very annoyed about that. And I ended up in a fistfight. It was unbelievable. The three of us were sitting on a couch, and she was unbuttoning his shirt. He was loving it. But I got mad at her. I'd been with him for a week, and he'd been

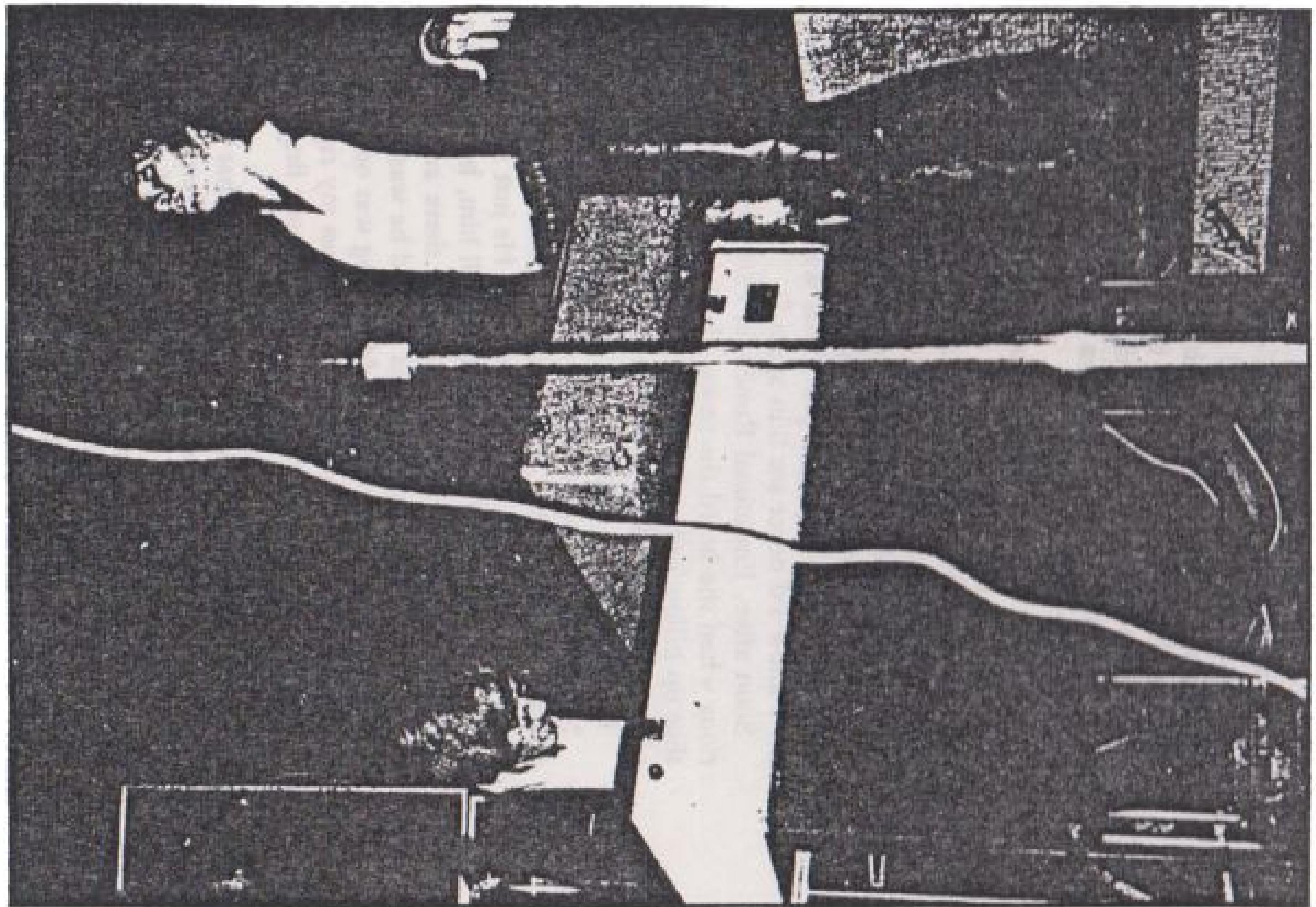
so loving and attentive—it was more presents and 'I love you this and I love you that' and 'I'm going to go to Paris with Pamela but that's only to get rid of her.' He said, 'I'm going to be with you in New York in the fall, and we'll get a place.' I believed this! But I dragged that girl into the bathroom, beat the shit out of her, dragged her into the hall and then threw her down a flight of stairs. I can't believe I didn't kill her. I really did see red. It was horrible, but wonderful. I was mad at him and I couldn't beat him up, so I beat up her."

And what was Jim doing throughout the fracas? "He was asleep on the couch. Completely sodden. It was like he was dead already. He was just lying stretched out on the couch with his hands crossed, and the couch was a big high dark couch and it looked just like a coffin. And his face was all green, waxy. And I bent over to kiss him, and it was like bending over to kiss a corpse. That was the end of it for us. I knew I'd never see him again."

Soon after, Jim joined Pamela in Paris. Patricia was furious when she heard the news. "I take my sword out and slice up pillows when I'm mad, and there were quite a few pillows that were decapitated at that time."

Then she had a dream. "Jim was standing at the foot of the bed. He didn't have a beard, which he had shaved off before he went to Paris, but I didn't know about it at the time. He just stood there and he was so real. I could almost smell him, his hair, the way his clothes smelled. He was just there and he bent down as if he were going to kiss me and he was just gone. Then when I woke up, my wedding ring was on my other finger. It was off my left hand and was on my right hand. I don't know how you can get a ring off your finger in the middle of the night. It's very hard to get off."

After the dream, Patricia told her friends that there was something very wrong with Jim in Paris. Ten days later Patricia learned that Jim had died. "A friend of mine called me about three o'clock in the morning with the news. Jim had been dead a week." Patricia got the first plane to Paris and went straight to his grave. "When I was there, it was lovely. There was a little ring of scallop shells around the



Ray Manzarek and Jim Morrison - live 1968

grave and somebody had made a little wooden cross. It's disgusting his grave now—they have all that graffiti." In the years since Jim's death, new generations of music fans keep discovering the Doors. For Patricia, the continuing popularity of the Doors has been a little hard on her. "It's very nice that he's remembered and thought of as a great artist but to have to walk down the street and see people with Doors T-shirts is very painful."

She, for one, doesn't agree with those today who call Jim Morrison "The Grandfather of Punk." "All that stuff is really garbage," she says. "I think Jim would hate punk. He was intelligent; he was literate; he was musical. Punk is none of those things. It's extremely nihilistic. He was not nihilistic. He was self-destructive, but he was not a nihilist."

If Jim were alive today, would Patricia put up with all the stuff that Jim used to pull on her? "Never in a million years!" she answers vehemently. "No way. This wasn't any kind of liberating relationship! He called all the shots. And the worst part of being with him was that I never knew whether I was going to see him again. I never asked him, 'When am I going to see you again?' I was afraid to hear what he might say."

"If he showed up at the door today, which I sometimes fantasize about, with all this nonsense about 'well, he isn't really dead,' the first thing I would do is flatten him, like that girl in *Indiana Jones*."



