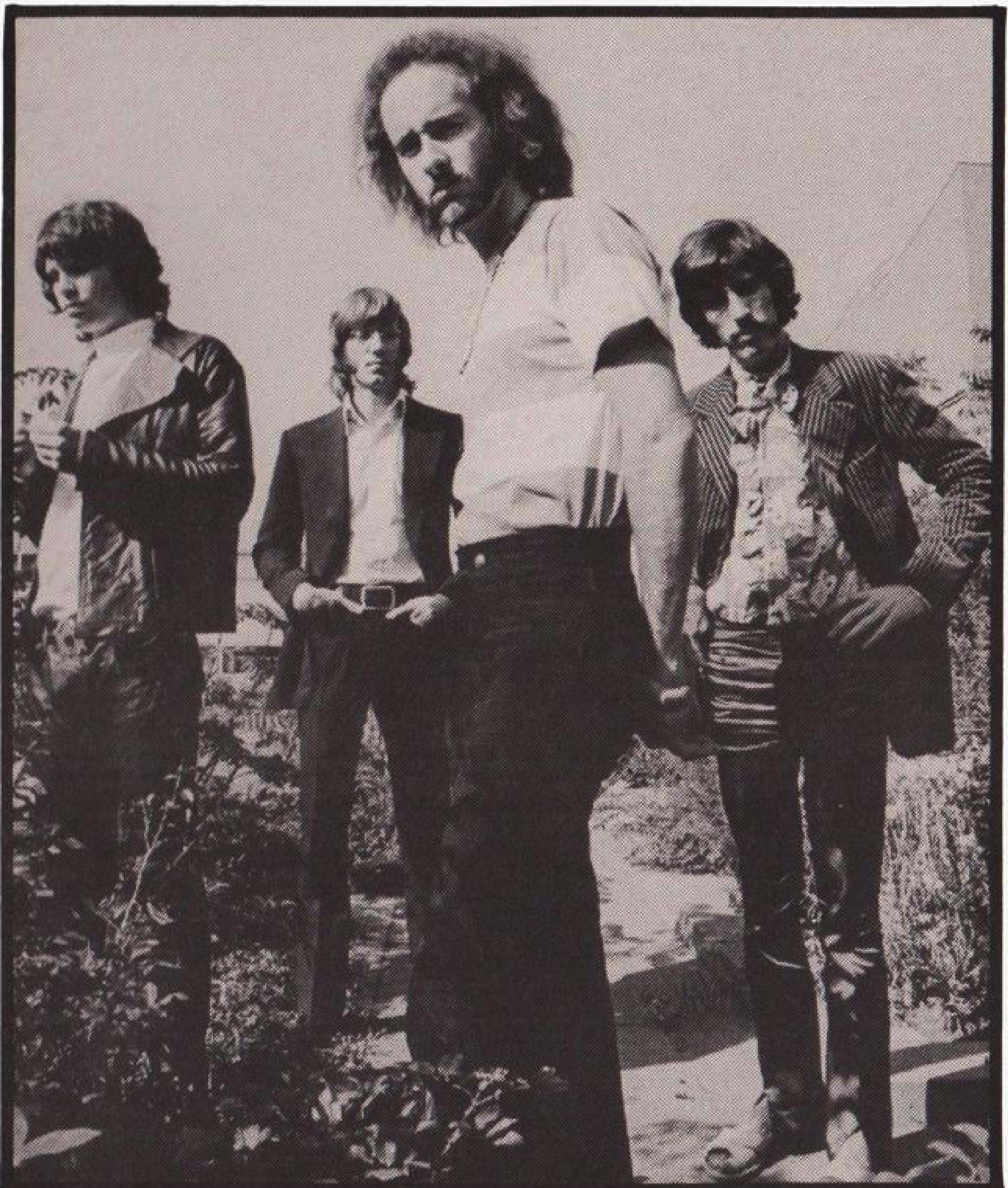


THE DOORS



QUARTERLY

No. 16



Four fanclubmembers posing with Doors-T-Shirts. For this photo see Merchandising article. (Photos by Rainer Moddemann)



THE DOORS QUARTERLY

Hello dear friends,
we wish you a happy Christmas and
a good new year 1988! And we hope,
that everybody will stay in the Fan
Club till eternity, although we can't
present you a "Talk Talk" page as
usual, because there are just a few

news about The Doors, and it's not enough for a whole page. So I'm going to put them
in this little article including some stories you might be interested in.

Two weeks ago I was interviewed on the phone by a guy from Portugese radio, and it
was aired some days later. Just a short talk, don't know whether they cut out some-
thing or not. I even was allowed to tell the Portugese fans our address, and I hope to
get some new members from Portugal soon. It was a show celebrating the 20th anni-
versary of LIGHT MY FIRE, and the show has got 18 (!) parts, each one hour long,
on the air every Sunday. Astonishing, isn't it? In Portugal they released for the first
time Jim's poetry book THE LORDS AND THE NEW CREATURES, and there was a
party celebrating this release in a night club in Lissabon.

Robby "Golden throat" Krieger enjoyed the last Quarterly, says his promotion mana-
ger Linda Kyriazi. And now listen, U2 fans, Robby attended a U2 concert down there
in California. Any live tapes available, Robby?

And guitar players listen! Robby is busy designing a ROBBY KRIEGER GIBSON GUITAR
which might be available in the shops sometime in the near future. Linda said that it
was modelled after his famous red guitar he usually played in Doors concerts. I wonder
(as being a guitarist myself) what kind of pickups he is going to use with this guitar.
Robby is also interested in German guitar strings. Should I send you some typical
German ones? (I remember Rich Linnell asking me to show him some guitar shops).

Our last clubmeeting was busy, as usual. Thanks for coming to all who were there.
I can't say something about the next meeting, but there'll be a Doors feast in WIEN
in March 1988, watch out for ads in the papers.

Thanks to the RUBBER SOUL CLUB in Melbourne, Australia. They put our poster on
the wall, and we have some new members from Australia now!

A rare thing in this Quarterly: Jim's handwriting of "End of the Night". Good, eh?
Thanks to Heinz for research!

I had a lot of work with the new DOORS TAPE AND VIDEO LIST, which you get free
with this Quarterly. Ray once asked me to do such a thing, just to see what is out,
and after all it turned out to be 150 tapes ... don't ask me how much money I gave to
tape dealers to get such a vast collection! Next thing will be THE DOORS DISCOGRAPHY,
which means even more work. If one of you readers has got some obscure Doors discs,
send the dates to me, title/cover/order number/matrix number/country/year of release.

You're still looking for Christmas presents? What about LA WOMAN on CD, which
was released in Europe as a low-price CD? Or what about the new OFFICIAL DOORS
CALENDAR 1988? Or the low-price version of the DANCE ON FIRE video? Or the
latest release on video LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL? Or the EP? The Doors
are always a good choice, I think!

You might have noticed that this Quarterly is of better visual quality than the ones be-
fore ... well, I discovered a printery here in Krefeld with reasonable prices, that's
the thing. So this DOORS QUARTERLY is not xeroxed, but printed entirely, and I do

... is a magazine for members of

THE DOORS FAN CLUB

DOORS QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

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hope to keep up this standard for the next issues as well. I hope you'll appreciate it as much as I do.

Another thing for your pleasure: What about a FAN CLUB FLEXI DISC? I have plans to produce a flexi disc for the Quarterly featuring an unpublished interview with all Doors, recorded in San Francisco 1967 backstage at the Fillmore ... don't know about the copyright yet, and the costs are rather high. Don't know if this will turn out to become reality, just a plan, but maybe you'll find a flexi disc free in one of the next Quarterlys.

No news about Danny's book WONDERLAND AVENUE yet. I heard it isn't out in the states right now. But I got a video from the Whiskey A Gogo, recorded Live on July 3rd, 1986, with Danny Sugerman on it, trying to read from his manuscript, but unfortunately the audience was yelling for WILD CHILD, a Doors cover group playing The Whiskey that night ... any news, Danny?

Plans for the next Quarterly (out next April, 1988): I'll try to have an interview with Herve Muller in Paris this December, which will be in DQ 17 then. And there'll be a new poster in DQ 17, a big ad for the YOU MAKE ME REAL single, with a rare "Hard Rock Cafe" photo. And there'll be a crossword puzzle on The Doors in DQ 17, and as usual you can win some prizes with it.

Today many thanks to Uwe Dürr, who worked hard on the poster and on the envelope of this Quarterly. And thanks to Jürgen Willhauk, who did the artwork for our 4-live-picture poster and the Love Street poster. Good work!

Have a good time with this Doors Quarterly! 

PS.: I just heard that there are two new bootleg double albums out in the States. One of them is called "Roadhouse Blues" (latest news). We'll keep you informed!



Schnelldrucke von Zeichnungen mit Morrison/Doors-Motiven auf Spezialkarton (Motive vom ersten Kalender 1985), Format 20x30 3 Stück nur DM 10-. Jim Morrison Portrait, handcolorierter Schnelldruck DM 30-. (Im Alu-Rahmen mit Anti-Reflex-Glas DM 60-.) Preise incl. Porto. Bitte in bar (Scheine) im Einschreibbrief oder überweisen auf Kto. Nr. :5249 44-205, Postscheckamt Hamburg, Blz. : 200 100 20. THOMAS COLLMER, Dennerstr. 4a, 2000 Hamburg 60

* Who has an interest writing to me about The Doors? We can help each other at stuff or discuss about The Doors. If you react you will do me a great pleasure. MIELLY HILLEN, Borchhofstraat 4, NL-6363 BP Wijnandsrade-Limburg, Holland

* Wer tauscht mit mir tapes aus? Schickt mir Eure Listen von den LPs, die Ihr besitzt, danach schicke ich Euch meine Liste und wir können uns gegenseitig Platten aufnehmen! FRANK SCHIEBEL, Kiefernweg 1, 7519 Wässingen

* Die erste, inoffizielle Jim Morrison Biografie mit Facts, die nicht in "Keiner kommt..." stehen. Geschrieben 1973, fotokopierte Neuauflage. Einfach einen 10 DM Schein im Brief schicken an ULI HEUMANN, Frankensteiner Str. 3, 4720 Beckum

YOUR AD in the next DQ doesn't cost anything. If you want to sell, buy or swap Doors-items, just write us. We can't print bootleg-offers, sorry!

DEINE KLEINANZEIGE kostenlos im nächsten DQ. Alles, was Du verkaufen, kaufen oder tauschen willst an Doors-Sachen! Bootleg-Angebote können wir nicht drucken!



MERCHANDISING

& THE DOORS?

von Rainer Moddemann

Kaum ist der letzte Ton verklungen, kaum beginnt das Publikum wie benommen aus dem New Yorker Felt Forum hinauszuströmen, ertönt die Stimme des announcer, der die Zuschauer darauf hinweist, doch im Untergeschoß der Halle die head shops zu besuchen, kostenloser Eintritt wird garantiert. Zu hören auf dem Doors Doppelalbum *Absolutely Live*, aus den letzten Rillen der Seite 4.

Was damals nur schmückendes Beiwerk eines Konzertes und eine unbedeutende Nebeneinnahmequelle für die Künstler war, übertrifft heutzutage schon manchmal die eigentliche Gage um ein mehrfaches: Die Merchandising Produkte.

Es handelt sich hier fast ausschließlich um Souveniers, die von dem Künstler lizenziert während eines Konzertes oder in Läden bzw. im Versand zu kaufen sind. Da diese Lizenzen beträchtlich hoch sind, verdienen die Künstler ein ungeheueres Geld damit. Es geht sogar das Gerücht, daß Duran Duran nur Konzerte geben, um T-Shirts, Poster und andere Dinge zu verkaufen; ohne Merchandising Produkte wäre eine Tour für sie eine völlige finanzielle Pleite. Schön und gut. Aber was hat das mit den Doors zu tun? Nun, die Gruppe tourt nicht mehr, kann also durch eine Tournee kein Interesse für eine neue Platte wecken. Neben den Werbeaktivitäten der Plattenfirma bleibt den 3 verbliebenen Doors also nichts anderes übrig, als zähneknirschend sich auf Interviewtournee zu begeben. Für die 1983er Interview-Tour reisten sie für ca 40 Interviews quer durch die USA, besuchten London, Paris, München, Madrid, Mailand, Stockholm und Amsterdam und zeigten für Fans, die das Glück hatten, limitierte Karten zu bekommen, seltene videos, veranstalteten Doors-Seminare für Journalisten.

Schön, daß es "nebenbei" auf speziellen Tischen "Alive She Cried", "Illustrated History" und "No One Here Gets Out Alive" sowie diverse Jim Morrison-Poster zu kaufen gab. Natürlich waren die Tische blitzschnell leergekauft ...

Nein, die Doors haben das finanziell wohl nicht nötig. Die LPs der Gruppe verkaufen sich besser denn je, und die Solo- und Produzentenaktivitäten der Doors bringen ein zusätzliches Polster ... aber Merchandising ist eben ein ungeheuer attraktives Geschäft, dem sich kaum eine Gruppe verschließen kann. Bei den Doors läuft es allerdings etwas anders als bei noch existierenden Gruppen.

So verwaltet Danny Sugerman ein riesiges Archiv von Fotos und Zeitungsberichten, wo man schon in den Mittsiebziger Jahren darauf bedacht war, das Copyright aufzukaufen sowie sich die exklusiven Veröffentlichungsrechte zu sichern. So gründete Danny eine Firma namens Dan Sugerman Enterprises und kassierte bei einigen Posterveröffentlichungen der Endsiebziger mit. Damit auch die Gruppe einen Teil des Posterkuchens sich einverleiben konnte, verwaltete die Jim Morrison & The Doors Incorporated das fotografische Erbe der Doors, später ging diese Firma in die Doors Music Company über, die zusätzlich das musikalische und filmische Erbe der Gruppe kontrolliert. Über Jim's poetry wacht unter der Kontrolle von Jim's Vater sowie seines Schwiegervaters die Jim Morrison Publishing und bemüht sich zur Zeit verzweifelt, die Rechte an der mysteriösen strongbox zu erwerben.

Auch Ray, John und Robby wollen die Rechte daran kaufen ...

Diese verschiedenen Verwaltungsapparate kassieren nun für alle erdenklichen Produkte, die unter dem Namen "Doors" oder "Jim Morrison" herauskommen und auf dem Markt erhältlich sind. Und - man kassiert für Produkte, die unlizenziert verkauft wurden und deren Hersteller man hat ausfindig machen können. So bekam ein englischer T-Shirthersteller Ärger und durfte 2000 Pfund Sterling nachträglich an die Doors abführen, weil er ein Hemd (mit dem Antlitz Morrisons in einem Baum) vertrieb, welches nicht vorher genehmigt war. Wenn man sich die ungeheuere Menge schöner (aber auch teilweise geschmackloser) T-Shirts anschaut, ahnt man, daß mit Sicherheit die Hälfte davon "illegale" Produkte sind. Ein paar der netteren T-Shirts haben sich unsere Fan Club Models für die Umschlagseite übergestreift.

Neben T- und Sweatshirts mit diversen Aufdrucken gibt es aber noch eine weite Palette von Merchandising Produkten, von denen die Buttons wohl noch am harmlosesten sind. Ich selbst besitze etwa 60 verschiedene Buttons, die meisten stammen vom Anfang der 80er Jahre, wo ein regelrechter Boom zu verzeichnen war. Unheimlich kitschige sind darunter, und in Italien scheute man sich nicht, Jim eine Dornenkrone zu verpassen und das ganze als Button, Aufnäher, Abziehbild, Poster und Riesenflagge zu verkaufen.

Eine Perversität wird aus den USA gemeldet: dort gibt es die Doors als 10cm große biegsame Gummipüppchen zu erwerben, zu 14 Dollar das Stück. Eine Jim Morrison-Uhr ist dagegen schon recht normal, und wer schon alles hat, lege sich einen Morrison-Schlips zu, in Italien zu etwa 13 DM. Das Morrison-Stirnband unter der Morrison-Mütze vervollständigen das Outfit des perfekten Fans, der sich dann wohlgefällig im LA Woman Spiegel betrachten kann.

Nicht genug? Dann kleistere man sich sein Zimmer noch mit unzähligen Farbpostern voll, kaufe sich eine Jim Morrison Muschelkette in San Francisco und lese eine der zahlreichen Ausgaben von Keiner Kommt Hier Lebend Raus ... der Phantasie sind nur finanzielle Grenzen gesetzt.

Profit machen die Händler, Hersteller und Lizenzgeber, na klar. Die Gewinnspanne bei einem Poster liegt bei 10000 Prozent, bei Postkarten ähnlich. Bei der Flagge immerhin noch bei geschätzten 8000 %, bei T-Shirts etwa 1000 %. Wer's sich leisten will - nichts dagegen, doch sollte ein Käufer sich schon gut überlegen, ob er ein lohnenswertes Poster kauft oder eins, was mit Sicherheit von der Gruppe nie genehmigt worden ist (siehe Dornenkrone).

Wenige haben das Glück, wirklich rare Dinge zu bekommen, mit denen mal Merchandising betrieben wurde. So zählen originale Tourprogramme der Doors, die während der Tourneen verkauft wurden, zu sammelnswerten Objekten.

Eine amerikanische Firma verkauft originale Konzertplakate aus den 60er Jahren, schön psychedelisch und liebevoll gestaltet von anerkannten Künstlern der psychedelischen Aera.

Zählen Schallplatten auch zu Merchandising Produkten? In den 60er Jahren war es gang und gäbe, auch Platten bei den Konzerten erstehen zu können, und wer sich beeilte, konnte nach dem Konzert sich die Platte signieren lassen, heute sind das wohlgehütete Schätze glücklicher Fans. Eine von allen 4 Doors in LA 1968 signierte "Waiting For The Sun" Platte mit der Widmung "Cheers" verkaufte sich für königliche 550 Dollar. Selbst Kaugummieinwickelpapier (kein Scherz!) aus den 60ern erzielt Spitzenpreise bis zu 5 Dollar das Stück, mit Kaugummi wirds natürlich unbezahlbar. Auf dem Papier, welch Wunder, ist selbstverständlich ein Morrison-Kopf zu erkennen. Der Kult treibt schon merkwürdige Blüten. Von Morrison-Vasen, in denen man diese Blüten kultivieren könnte, habe ich allerdings noch nichts gehört. Die gibt's nur von Charles und Diana, und die singen gottseidank nicht ...

Den übelsten Ableger des Merchandising möchte ich Euch nicht vorenthalten: Da warb eine englische Firma in bekannten Musikgazetten für Morrison Graveside Memorabilia, was nichts anderes ist als ein T-Shirt mit einem Foto von Jim's Grab sowie einer knallroten Inschrift "Viva Jim" darauf. Zusätzlich gab's Fotos vom Grab sowie einen farbigen Button zu kaufen. Daß diese Anzeige noch zusätzlich mit einem spärlich bekleideten Mädchen in besagtem Hemd versehen war, erhöht den abstoßenden Effekt dieses fraglichen Geschäftssinns. Hoffentlich hat niemand diesen Schwachsinn gekauft ... oder doch?



LETTERS *from you to us*

Dear Rainer, I'd like to share with you what Jim Morrison means to me. I do admire him, worship him, adore him, love him but I could never follow him. How can anybody follow him? That's impossible, everyone has his own course of life. The 'shaman' touched my soul and set me free. Dramatic but true. I can't find a better way to describe my transformation. My (inner) life changed completely, only two years ago. I'm convinced he's still with us today and eventually in another dimension we will join him.

I think it is very sad that the bust on Jim's grave is in such an abominable state. There must be something we can do about it. (A bust of undestructable material?) Together, as "fans" or whatever you like to call it. Keep the good work going on!

Aimée Zylstra, Holland

Meine Meinung zum Wort "Fan": Glücklich bin ich damit nicht, aber was besseres fällt mir eben auch nicht ein. "Admirer" und "Adorer" hört sich ja wohl noch bekackter an, und "Worshipper" oder gar "Follower" ist ja schon fast religiös bzw. Führer-mäßig. Ich renne doch nicht blind so nem Idol hinterher, sondern finde einige Personen und das, was sie gemacht haben, faszinierend und interessant, so daß ich versuche, über diese Personen so viel wie möglich zu erfahren. Was ich dann von diesen Erfahrungen, Meinungen usw. anderer für mich verwerte oder verwerfe, ist ja dann meine Sache. Also bin ich eben "fan", denn dieses Wort schließt wenigstens Kritikfähigkeit nicht aus. Carola Isernhagen

I did have a very good time in Gladbeck at the Doors-meeting. To meet people who feel the same as I do. It was good to meet you and Arno and other people. Maybe everyone has his own way to love The Doors! But we do understand each other, that's very important. . . . The book "Stone Immaculate" about the grave of Jim Morrison is very beautiful. It really touches my heart. I think the photos are the most beautiful photos of Jim's grave ever. You can feel Peré Lachaise again. You must tell this to Patricia!

Carla Askamp, Holland

Können wir noch Doors Quarterly Magazine. Den Zettel da deten wir vier noch gebrauchen. Wir sind alle nemlich Jim Morrison Fan und drum möchten wir ein Jimi Club gründen. Ich habe die Idee gehabt. Und drum möchte ich fragen: Bitte wie daß ißt das auf machen. . . . Ich habe auch gelesen daß Jim Morrison mit Ray Manzarek in einer Gruppe gespielt hat. Und die heißt "Vik and the revens". Kann ich von diese erste Gruppe wo Jimi mitgespielt hat. Das ist nemlich sehr wichtig und da ist noch etwas: ißt Jim Morrison mit van Morrison verwahnt ja oder nein. . . . Und wir möchten auch unterschriften von die anderen haben. Wir deten uns freuen wenn sie uns daß schiken deten und uns wenn's geht auch unterstützen. Denn wir vier sind ein Familie James dougals Morrison.

Peter Frantsich, Österreich

Übrigens, ich habe auch den Roman (wohlgernekt: Roman) von Strete gelesen. Nachdem ich den Bericht darüber im letzten DQ gelesen hatte, wurde mir klar, daß da einiges mit dem Roman nicht stimmen kann. Danach habe ich dann "Keiner kommt hier lebend raus" gelesen und bin der gleichen Meinung wie der Verfasser des Berichts!

Tanja Kärcher, Pforzheim

I really like that Astrological Portrait! How did she find out Jim's time of birth? It didn't say AM or PM? Danny's letter seems pretty honest. Everyone who knocks the book, are just too fussy. I liked that book a lot. There are always a lot of negative, pickey people around. I like to stay positive about all the creative ventures about Jim.

Gregg Williams, USA

Ich habe gerade das DQ 15 erhalten und bin doch angenehm überrascht. Das Magazin ist Euch recht gut gelungen. Mit Interesse habe ich den Bericht über Craig Strete's "Uns verbrennt die Nacht" gelesen. Schon nach einmaliger Lektüre habe auch ich den Wahrheitsgehalt des Buches angezweifelt, halte es ansonsten aber für einen gelungenen Underground-Roman. Ebenfalls gut war der Artikel über das Resurrection-Bootleg. Euer Englisch ist sehr verständlich geschrieben.

Harald Wodtke, Bedburg (Neumitglied)

About "Live At The Hollywood Bowl": My opinion is "Worst official Record ever"! I cannot understand why The Doors (especially Ray) agreed with the release of this record and CD. They should have had a release only on video-tape. The EP is too short for CD and record. Morrison and Krieger were not so good that night but John Densmore was really great, I think. "American Prayer" and "Alive She Cried" were conscientious, careful productions for Jim's spirit and his dying wishes. But this CD and record isn't. Almost like many many Hendrix albums. This CD/record (not the video) is very odd, just for money-making. The man who decided to release this, is very impolite to Jim, like a bootlegger, like a gravedigger, I think.

Osamu Nozawa, Japan

Das astrologische Portrait Jim Morrison's ist zwar interessant und sicher mit viel Sorgfalt erstellt worden, ich halte es aber dennoch für Quatsch. Was Sybille da über Morrison schreibt, ist ja im Grunde genommen nichts neues. Für diese Informationen braucht man die Sterne nicht zu bemühen. Außerdem schreibt sie: "If you don't accompany the life of a person from very close, the interpretation of the horoscope will always be fragmentary ..." Das bedeutet praktisch, daß je mehr ich über die Persönlichkeit einer Person weiß, um so mehr kann ich aus seinem Horoskop über seine Persönlichkeit herauslesen. Bloß, wozu brauche ich dann das Horoskop? Daß Astrologie Quatsch ist, zeigt sich mir immer dadurch, daß noch keiner der vorwiegend weiblichen Astrologieanhänger auf Anhieb mein Sternzeichen erriet. Auch nicht, wenn sie mich schon länger kannten.... Die Angabe der Uhrzeit (11.55 h) soll wohl die Geburtsuhrzeit sein. Mich würde interessieren, liebe Sybille, wo Du die her hast. Und was machst Du, wenn sie nicht stimmt? Man bedenke, daß die Uhrzeit aufgrund der US-Schreibweise auch 23.55 h sein könnte. Aber wie ich die Astrologiefans kenne, brauchen sie in so einem Falle nur einen zusätzlichen Strich in den Kreis zu machen, und schon ist alles wieder in Ordnung. Heinz Gerstenmeyer, Esslingen

The Astrological Portrait? Hahahaha! Crap, Rainer, nothing but crap!

Paul Carter, London (on the telephone)

I would like to complement you with the Doors Quarterly! We read all the informations and articles with great pleasure and hope you will go on for a long time!

C. J. Radstake, Holland

Das letzte DQ war mal wieder ganz brillant. Vor allen Dingen der Artikel über Craig Strete's "Uns verbrennt die Nacht" war super!

Martin Groh, Dellfeld

Das Quarterly 15 übertrifft wirklich jede Erwartung. Am besten gefiel mir der Artikel über Craig Strete. Endlich jemand, der dem Mythos Strete ein Ende setzt, und das so sachlich und einleuchtend, daß wohl kein Zweifel mehr an einer Fälschung bestehen kann. Auch der Artikel über die "Bowl" EP hat den Nagel auf den Kopf getroffen. Die Platte ist wirklich zu kurz und angesichts der geringen Spieldauer hätte man nicht soviele Cuts machen müssen. Und dann noch die gekürzte Version von "Light my Fire" auf der CD! Dafür hätte man ruhig etwas anderes nehmen können. Kein Wunder, wenn bei so einer Veröffentlichungspolitik die Fans zu Bootlegs greifen!

Jörg Ackermann, Nürnberg

Editor's note: Richtig, Jörg. Man hätte beispielsweise "Hello I love You", das im Video fehlt, ruhig als Bonus-track auf die CD setzen können. Rainer M.

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Do you remember? After the release of THE DOORS LIVE AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL EP I said that we could be sure to have a bootleg record with the complete video soundtrack soon. And I was right. On our local fleamarket I bought on a cold December day a new Doors bootleg called BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE, and it was no surprise that there's the video soundtrack on it, and I must admit that this is in perfect Hifi Stereo, obviously copied from a Hifi Stereo video recorder.

Again I'd like to say it: This bootleg is no wonder. Still I can't understand why the record company of The Doors didn't release the complete soundtrack on record, at least on CD, after all what had been done to clean and polish up the sound (see Doors Quarterly 15).

Anyway, this bootleg is a fine one. Nice colour cover of all four Doors, a well-done list of all songs on the back (I would have expected some concert pics of Hollywood Bowl on it, but it isn't), good black vinyl pressing and above all the perfect sound of the video. 60 minutes Doors live for our pleasure on one LP, that was worth the price of 30 DM.

Of all Doors bootlegs ever published, this BREAK ON THROUGH has definitely got the best sound, remember ROCK IS DEAD or A CELEBRATION, not to forget LEATHER PANTS IN DENMARK and the beautiful BRING OUT YOUR DEAD, but if you are a Hifi-Freak this one's better.

The bootleggers added something else: A 12 page booklet, big size, with the complete text of the album, even the words Jim said between the songs and the alternated lyrics of THE END, and it makes a perfect listening when you can read the words with it.

Some people say that The Doors' Hollywood Bowl gig wasn't one of their best, and in some cases they might be right. But remember: This concert is almost uncut (just a few seconds of THE END, the complete HELLO I LOVE YOU and the first half of SPANISH CARAVAN are missed), and because of the superb quality the VIDEO and the EP and this bootleg is a must for the serious collector. The price of BREAK ON THROUGH might be around 30 DM. Get it if you can.

Here are the songs on
BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE

SIDE ONE

Intro 10"
When the music's over 12'40"
Audience 5"
Alabama Song 1'33"
Backdoor man 2'34" Medley 6'54"
Five to one 1'29"
Backdoor man 1'18"
Audience 5"
Moonlight Drive/Horse Latitudes 4'25"
Go Insane 1'21"
Deep into the brain 2'20"

SIDE TWO

Spanish Caravan 1'09"
Audience 10"
Wake up 1'30"
Light my Fire 9'20"
Audience 35"
Unknown Soldier 4'14"
Audience 15"
The End 15'13"

Recorded Live at the Hollywood Bowl,
Los Angeles, USA, 5.7.1968

DO IT Records, Lübeck, W/Germany (I'm sure there is no such thing in Lübeck!)
Cover: Full colour photo of the Doors standing on the steps of their LA office, 1968.

Backcover: Songlist only.

Vinyl: pressing comes in black vinyl, no crackles

Sound: Superb Hifi Stereo

Edit: not known. Possibly 500 - 1000 copies Source: Original video tape.

(written by Rainer Moddemann)

JIM MORRISON

A PERSONAL MEMBRANCE

BY

HIS FRIEND

TOM BAKER

WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER

- Jack Kerouac, On the Road

TA

WHEN I FIRST READ THOSE WORDS I WAS A FRESHMAN IN HIGH SCHOOL, LIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO, JUST A long boccie-ball toss from North Beach. For a long time afterward, I was convinced I might be one of Uncle Jack's "mad ones," who would explode across the stars like a "blue center light." When I reached my 30th birthday I settled for being another Kerouac. But by then I had met two people who, beyond a doubt, fit that classic description of cosmic brilliance: James Douglas Morrison and his wife, Pamela Courson. In their tragically brief and mercurial lives, they would make up one of the most volatile and intensely dramatic romances of modern times.

I had been living in New York City for three years, tending bar in Greenwich Village, studying acting with Lee Strasberg and working steadily in off-off-Broadway and regional theater, when I impulsively and unwisely it turns out, signed a seven-year contract with Universal Studios. So, ten days before Thanksgiving, 1966, I was whisked from New York's wind-chilled winter streets to the balmy subtropical climate of Hollywood.

Upon arriving, I went to the Laurel Canyon home of a friend. Not five minutes later, a young girl came knocking on the door, asking to use the phone. She lived across the street and hers had been cut off. For days now she had been trying, in vain, to reach her boyfriend. He was working in New York and would neither answer her calls nor leave a message.

She was dressed in old jeans and a man's work shirt with her hair piled in curlers, but her beauty was still apparent to me. Her relationship with the guy in New York was an unraveling one, so in his absence and her insecurity we became immediate friends and lovers and I moved in with her that night. Her name was Pamela.

It was clear to me she was more than just a pretty face. Although she was only 18 years old and did not have a high-school diploma, she was bright and quick with a sophisticated knowledge of literature. She told me all about her boyfriend and how he had exposed her to many serious writers, among them Norman Mailer, who, coincidentally was a friend of mine from New York. Her boyfriend's name was Jim, Jim Morrison, and he was the singer in a new rock group called the Doors.

Along with our mutual appreciation of Mailer, Jim and I had much else in common, according to Pam. We both came from military families, and we had a passion for poetry and theater and were possessed of "wild Indian" personalities. She told me we even had a strong physical resemblance. Hearing all this created a bit of a resentment in me toward Jim, because for sure, I had fallen deeply in love with Pam. Just prior to Jim's return to Los Angeles, I rented a house nearby. Pam was all set to move in with me until I stipulated she could no longer see Jim. How naive of me. I realized I had underestimated her. And as a result, I lost some of her love.

On a cold and star-filled December night, missing New York and my friends there, feeling suffocated by my contract to the studio, and most of all,

missing Pam, I hopped in my newly purchased sports car and drove by the house where we had met, hoping to see her. Instead, once inside, I was confronted by two male strangers. It was obvious who one of them was. He sat slouching in an easy chair, loosely gripping a half-empty bottle of tequila. His dark curly hair exploded from his head and fell down, nearly past his shoulders. He had a half smile, half sneer on his face. His eyes were intensely penetrating, with just enough of a hint of madness to keep you off balance. He knew my name and much more about me. His knowledge was so thorough, I'd have sworn he'd had access to my womb-to-tomb dossier.

So, this was Jim, and he'd gotten his information from Pam, which surprised me. Had she also told him of our affair? I half expected him to come at me in a rage, but this did not happen.

We spent the next 30 or 40 minutes talking around each other, smoking powerful Mexican grass and passing the tequila bottle. He and his friend did much theorizing about Maiier, all too obviously for my benefit, and he impressed me with his ideas and intelligence. The two of them were quite drunk and the other guy, whose name I never did learn, passed out on the couch. Jim drained the last of the booze and lurched out the door. I hung around for a few minutes, waiting for Pam, begrudgingly admitting to myself that Jim was extremely bright and quite fascinating. She never did show so I walked out to my car. On the lawn near the driveway I found Jim sprawled, thoroughly unconscious, looking neither bright nor fascinating.

In the first six months of the new year, I saw little of either Pam or Jim, although they had taken a house just down the street from mine. Occasionally we would drive past each other on the narrow canyon road, and I'd feel Jim's "mad-eyes" burning into me as they sped by. They would be in Pam's VW, another reminder of our time together.

A few months later I had a chance to see Jim play Gazzari's, a funky and popular club on the Sunset Strip. He was high on LSD and staggeringly drunk to boot.

Overall, his performance was sadly unspectacular, except for one moment. While stumbling through a song early in the set, he suddenly let out a deep-throated roar, a bloodcurdling scream, really, and it startled me, as though someone had snapped a wet towel against my bare skin. Pam was furious with him because of his condition and kept telling me I was seeing him far from his best. I replied that he was a good guy, but he should keep his day job.

But soon, evidence of the Doors' success was everywhere. An album, a billboard on Sunset Boulevard, their songs played on AM radio and on jukeboxes. Still I was not yet as impressed with their talent as with their PR. And I peevishly figured they couldn't be doing so hot if Pam still drove the old VW. In any event, it hardly seemed Jim and I were destined to become bosom buddies.

buddies.
Unexpectedly free of my Universal contract, I returned to New York City in July and met with Andy Warhol. After the constraining situation with the studio, the concept of doing an experimental, underground film

greatly appealed to me, so when Andy asked me to star in one with him directing, I quickly accepted. I had noticed in the paper that the Doors were appearing in town at the Scene, on West 46th Street, and suggested to Andy we go to see them.

I sat with Andy and his entourage at a long table near the stage. Pam sat alongside me and she was very excited. She told me, "Jim's really up for tonight's show. Forget that shit at Gazzari's; now you're going to see the real Jim Morrison." She was right. His performance was a classic one, giving off glimpses of all our beautiful tragic/comic American Heroes of the previous 15 years. One moment I saw Brando's "wild one," the next James Dean's "rebel," then Chet Baker playing his Golden Horned Blues/Love Songs, and finally he went straight on through to Elvis, the definitive rocker. Throughout the set, he boldly projected the seductively sinister quality of a street "punk" right out of the pages of John Rechy's *City of Night*, plying his "trade" between the lions of the public library.

When he finished, I sat stunned for a moment, then I joined the furious applause. I felt Pam smiling at me, and as I looked at her, she leaned into me and said, "I told you so." Indeed, she had.

Much later, Jim and I stood talking at the bottom of the stairs that led up to 46th Street. It was late, and the area was dangerous, with various creeps and cops lurking about. Suddenly, Morrison started throwing empty glasses up the stairs and into the street. I grabbed his arm and yelled, "What the fuck you doing, for Christ's sake?" He ignored me and threw another glass up the stairs, simultaneously letting out with his bloodcurdling scream. I expected hordes of stoned and angry street freaks or a small army of cops to come charging down. After one final glass and scream, Jim turned and was gone. I felt frustrated when I realized he had left, for I wanted to tell him that, finally, I had met someone who was truly possessed.

I did the film with Warhol. It took only three days and we decided to call it *I, A Man*. I returned to Los Angeles and more or less forgot about it until I learned Andy had opened it in a Broadway theater only weeks after we had finished it. Local and national press gave it much coverage, some even favorable, so I immediately flew back to New York, hoping to capitalize on my sudden, if limited, fame.

But my career took a complete nosedive after the Warhol film. It figured that Hollywood, with its traditional approach to moviemaking, would be threatened by Warhol's unconventionality, but I had hoped my background in legitimate stage would hold up in New York. I was dead wrong. People who only months earlier had been eagerly offering me jobs now would not take a phone call from me. To them, Warhol's people were "speed freaks" and "sex perverts" nonprofessional pretenders to the art of acting. Except for the nonpro bit, a fairly accurate opinion.

One cold, gray November day I was on 57th Street, near Carnegie Hall, walking with my head down and cursing the hypocrites who kept me from my deserved fame and fortune. I heard someone call "Heyyyy, Tom!" and looked up to see Jim emerging

from a movie house. He had just seen a film version of James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* and he was feeling Irish and poetic. We went to the bar in his hotel, the old Great Northern, and ordered beer and Irish whiskey. I had seen the film myself and we both agreed it was an excellent one. In the story the two sons are named Sherm and Shaun and represent the opposite sides of their father's personality. Sherm is the quiet, reclusive visionary poet, and Shaun is the roguish and gregarious extrovert. Jim and I decided we were like brothers and he was Sherm and I, Shaun. The notion was something of a schoolboy's conceit, but sincere nonetheless. He asked me about Mauer, wanting to know what it was like to go out drinking with him and his friends. Also, he was slyly curious about whether or not Mauer was aware of him and his music. I told him I only knew that there was a copy of *The Doors* album in his office, but it was part of Norman's genius to be aware of current personalities and the events surrounding them.

The drinking became almost competitive and we toasted everyone—Brando, Elvis, Mauer, even the bartender—as well as our military backgrounds and our mutual detestation of authority. We were toilet-hugging drunk, and remaining upright seemed to defy the law of gravity when Ray Manzarek appeared along with one of their managers. They had come to collect Jim for a concert that evening in a dull little town called Danbury, Connecticut. I was amazed he was going to do a show. After all that booze, I didn't see how he possibly could perform. He urged me to come along, suggesting I introduce the group and recite some poetry. My drunkenness clouded my better judgment and I piled into a long black limo with Jim and the band. After going a few blocks Morrison had the driver pull over and he dashed into a novelty store, returning with six Brechtian masks, every one a different color. Back in the limo he handed them out to each of us and we were off. I passed out before we were halfway through the Midtown Tunnel, only to awaken an hour later with an excruciatingly painful need to urinate.

I looked around and quickly realized we were a long way from 46th Street. The band took up their places behind the curtain, and I peeked out from the wings, trying to get a fix on the audience. I nearly choked when I saw all of these prepubescent runts with their mas and pas, clutching Doors albums to their heavily beating breasts. The atmosphere made me apprehensive about the introduction. Jim seemed to sense this and chided me about losing nerve.

I took a deep breath and stepped into the spotlight. I was wearing a deceptively expensive-looking black fur coat and, with the mask, felt very much out of place. I raced through the shortest poem I knew, then muttered something about having known "the boys" since the L.A. days and, after quickly checking behind the curtain, got the hell off the stage.

I watched from the wings, flanked by local honchos and some of their lovely daughters, who must have pulled their parents by the short hairs to gain access. Technically Jim went through the same motions that I saw at the Scene, but something was missing. He began wearing his mask, only

to discard it after the first song. He could have come onstage with a flaming arrow in his head and this collection of cads would not have noticed. Their reactions were Pavlovian, leaping to their feet and cheering every time they recognized a chord or lyric from the album, begging him to sing "Light My Fire" until no obliged.

The ride back was exhausting. I hadn't eaten all day and my head was pounding. It was well after one in the morning when I got out on the corner of 57th Street and Seventh Avenue and headed down the subway stairs. Jim was going on to piles of money and great adulation. I was faced with door pounding and job searching. I pondered the ironic reversal of our fates in the past year as I rode down to Greenwich Village on the BMT God, how I envied the bastard. As I approached my apartment, I remembered my girl friend had been waiting for me since early in the day. "Christ," I thought, "what am I going to tell her? She'll never believe I've been doing what I've been doing. Shit! Another problem! Fuck Pam! Fuck Jim! Fuck the Doors!"

Work was still scarce to me, and when *I, A Man* opened to genuine raves in L.A., I rushed back, hoping to change my luck. Perhaps some farsighted young filmmaker would take a chance on me.

Jim and Pam were living in Westwood and I called and went out to visit. Jim was in the studio finishing their third album so Pamela and I had a chance to talk privately for the first time in over a year. Our fling was far in the past and no longer interfered with our friendship. Jim was a bona fide star now. The Doors' second album sold as well as the first, and the group would be headlining the Hollywood Bowl in early July. Pam was very much a part of Jim's success. Riding over to the studio, I commented on the shiny new Porsche she was driving, and she laughed and assured me she still had the VW.

Inside the studio, Jim greeted me loudly. I never knew what to expect from this guy, and it would take a little time before I could accurately comprehend his mood when I saw him. But there was no mistaking now that he was happy to see me and renew our Sherm and Shaun relationship. He played me the master track of "Five to One" and he was like a new father, puffing on a cigar and beaming proudly as we listened. While it was not my favorite Doors song, millions of kids would make it their revolutionary anthem.

The *I, A Man* backlash was as strong as ever, so I found myself with far too much time on my hands and most of it would be spent with Jim. I was introduced to Jim's "circle of friends"; many of them, such as Paul Ferrera and Frank Lisciandro, he had met with Manzarek at the UCLA film school. Another one, Babe Hill, was a friend of Ferrera's from childhood. Hill was a stout, beer-bellied character with long hair, a beard, an earring and the strength and stamina of an ox. He would come to play Sancho Panza to Jim's Don Quixote, and the times he bodily carried Jim out of a bar and poured him into his motel room are beyond the count of the most advanced computer.

Whenever we went to rock clubs like the Whiskey or the Experience, Jim would cause a stir as we walked in and the kids gathered around him. Morrison was usually in a stupor and seemed oblivious to the fans. As soon as we sat down, the resident "groupies" would pounce on him. Sometimes I would share in the spoils; other times I would be ignored as though I were invisible; and still other times Jim would be so comatose I would get them all to myself.

One night we went to the grim little Hollywood flat of two of these "creatures" and sat up till dawn drinking and talking. One girl soon revealed herself to be a practicing junkie and she brought out a plastic vial of pills, blue tablets called New Mortinone, a strong synthetic morphine. We crushed them with a tablespoon and snuffed the powder. The high was speedy and euphoric and Jim became loose and talkative, telling us endless tales about himself, including the story of his body being inhabited by the spirit of an old Indian dying by the side of a New Mexico highway. The junkie offered to let us use her "outfit," but we declined. Jim was not inclined to use downers and hated the thought of using a needle on himself, and, aside from this night, I only saw him use cocaine or a hallucinogenic.

After a while, I went to bed in the front room with the junkie and the other girl began to wrestle Jim into her bedroom. He had become somewhat inert and sat with his head on the kitchen table. After a great effort, she got him into her bed and shut the door. About ten minutes later, she joined the junkie and me, complaining about Jim's lack of interest. Soon, the three of us were engaged in a robust bout of interchanging sexual positions and then I passed out, exhausted and content. I awoke at the crack of noon, alone. I sat in the kitchen drinking instant coffee and smoking cigarettes for about 15 minutes. Then curiosity got the best of me and I slowly opened the bed-

*Jim turned to me and said,
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in the balcony
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Get a riot going.
He had a madder than
usual look in his eyes.*

room door and looked in. The little beggars had abandoned me for Jim, and he and the junkie were asleep alongside one another. The other girl was feverishly giving Jim head, trying to pump some life into his pathetically limp dick. She looked not unlike a young lioness feeding on her fallen prey. She glanced over at me for a moment, then went right back to work. I returned to the kitchen and crushed up another pill.

By now, Pam had her own friends and I saw little of her. Apparently she resented Jim's drinking buddies, who monopolized his time and helped get him falling-down drunk every night. I wasn't sure where I fit in this situation, but I felt a discreet attitude was in all of our best interests and I made no attempts to talk to her or see her when Jim was not around. I couldn't help but feel she was a bit jealous of my friendship with Jim.

I called him one night at their apartment in Westwood and I could hear Pam in the background making a scene, trying to grab the phone from him, then telling him to get out, threatening to call the police. He asked me to come and pick him up, and I found him standing on the street holding a small overnight bag, looking rather forlorn. Driving back to West Hollywood, I asked him what caused the argument.

"I don't know, but whenever you call, Pam starts wigging out."

"What do you mean?" I asked him. "What does she say?"

He looked at me. "Did you ever make it with Pam?" he asked point-blank.

He had caught me off guard and I told him, "Well, yeah, sure, but it was a long time ago. Jim, before I had even met you. Anyway, I figured she had told you. Christ, she told you everything else."

"No," he said, "she never told me that." He looked confused and betrayed and I realized I had made a mistake in admitting anything, but it was too late to retract it now. We stopped at a liquor store for beer and cigarettes. When he got back in the car, I tried to explain once again, but he said to forget about it and never mentioned it again for as long as I knew him.

My carousing with him did not make me number one in the hearts and minds of the people who worked for the Doors. Bill Siddons, his manager, would bite down hard on his bridgework whenever I came around. Jim's personality demanded a form of indulgence and protectiveness from those who knew him, and often I would get fed up with the boorish rages he would get into when he was past a certain point in his drunkenness. It was difficult to stay mad at him for long.

Late one night, in the Elektra recording studios, after listening to the just completed mix of the *Soft Parade* album, we were typically drunk. Jim was more than a little apprehensive about the album. For the first time the Doors had recorded with strings and horns and only a few of the songs were his own. I began to bust his chops about the sleek and expensive look of the studio and offices, which had been financed almost entirely by the profits from the first two Doors albums. "Jesus, look at this place, Morrison, it's fucking disgusting. You did this Jim, you financed this whole round-haircut establishment. Why'n fuck don't you just move your whole corporate operation up to Sacramento with the rest of the bureaucrats? I mean, look at this, man, your songs, your words paid for this." I indicated the brand-new latest model IBM typewriters and shiny file cabinets. Jim had a slight smile and was silent, but I could see I was starting to get to him. He was looking at the equipment as the others with us tried to suppress nervous laughter. Next thing we knew Jim hopped up on top of a desk

and began to heel-stomp the costly IBM, kicking it to the floor and jumping down on it, then pouring beer over papers and files. I thought for sure there would be hell to pay, but the next day the mess was cleaned up and nothing was ever mentioned about it.

In the late 60s, the Living Theatre returned from a long period in exile, when they had wandered over Europe performing their radical and revolutionary brand of theater. The U.S. government had them up on charges of tax evasion and the group's message was one of the leading voices of the antiwar movement. They came to the campus of the University of Southern California in the middle of a predictably controversial tour, and Jim was looking forward to their arrival for weeks. He purchased a block of tickets for all of the week's shows and I went down to meet him there for the final night, a performance of *Paradise Now*.

In the final part of the show, members of the cast confronted the audience, shouting slogans of protest; then they encouraged everyone to join them onstage and take off their clothes and reject "uptight society." About three-fourths of the people joined in, and things were getting very chaotic, when the school authorities called in the dogs and pissed on the fire. At one point, Jim turned to me and said, "Let's start a fire in the balcony or something. Get a riot going." He had a madder than usual look in his eyes, though I knew he was sober. He left his seat and walked to the edge of the stage for a few minutes, then left, telling me he was leaving town for Miami early in the morning.

It is too bad he didn't get some of the crazies out of his head before he left, because the next night his concert in Dade County resulted in a riot, and he would later be charged with indecent exposure and other outrageous behavior.

It's possible no one knows what really happened that ridiculous night. Later, Jim was guarded and stoic, saying only he felt confident his lawyers could take care of it. I'm convinced he was influenced by the antics of the Living Theatre from the night before. But, more significantly, I believe he was, simply, tired of it all. I have never met anyone whose sensibilities were more unsuited to the rigorous demands of being a rock star and sex symbol. No doubt he had enjoyed the music and the explosive reaction of the young people he so strongly identified with; he'd savored the rush of success and the sense of power and manipulation. But Jim was a scholar, and all his life his academic achievements were outstanding. His success as a rock 'n' roller was so sudden and tremendous that he never really understood it and soon felt trapped by the image, longing to be thought of as a poet.

One day I dropped by Jim's office and found him on the phone, apparently trying to call me. "Hey, where the fuck you been, man? C'mon, we're going to Phoenix to see the Rolling Stones." He handed me a bottle of whiskey and waved a fistful of choice front-row tickets around. His manager, Bill Siddons, was a copromoter of the concert and had given them to Jim. He planned to stand outside the auditorium and randomly hand them out to young fans unable to afford a ticket, saying, "This is courtesy of your old pal Jim Morrison. Enjoy the show." He felt this would be a good-

natured and harmless way to slightly upstage Jagger and Company.

We finished off the bottle and then he and I along with Frank Lisciandro and a sometime publicist for the Doors, Leon Barnard, made a mad run for the airport. On the way we managed to stop and buy some beer and a pint of brandy. We were escorted onto our flight and took seats in the first-class compartment. Jim and I were seated on the aisle across from each other; he was one row ahead of me. We had concealed the bottle, rather ineptly in a comic book, and we passed it back and forth and openly drank from it, expecting any moment to have it confiscated; that never happened. The wait for takeoff was longer and even more interminable than usual. Finally we were airborne and the grim-faced stewardesses began their rounds. The head steward, a tight-lipped young crone whose name tag read "Reva Mills," leaned over me to serve Leon his drink. I asked her, "If your name is Reva, don't that make your father old man Reva?" We broke into a brief chorus of the song "Ol' Man River," but she did not see the humor and icily informed me her father was not her old man. During the face-mask demonstration I loudly announced that "my girl friend has one of those—only she calls it a diaphragm." Again, the girls did not see the humor.

I went to the bathroom and took a handful of small soap bars back to my seat with me, dropping a few into Jim's drink on the way. He imitated a small child and "told" on me to the stewardess, who quickly gave him a refill to keep him quiet.

About halfway to Phoenix, the captain appeared in front of us and, without using our names, told us to shape up or he would turn the plane around and hand us over to authorities in L.A. And sure enough, when the plane rolled to a halt in Phoenix, we were greeted by four of that city's finest, who informed us it was not an arrest, they just wanted to talk to us. But the captain reappeared and demanded we be taken into custody. The cops were only too happy to oblige, and we were handcuffed and led off to the airport holding station, then transferred to the downtown lockup.

Frank and Leon did the only thing possible—they went to the show. Any hopes we had of an early release and dashing off to see the concert soon faded. We made the best of a bad situation by talking to other prisoners and leading a sing-along of oldie goldies. Sorry, Mick, see ya next time.

At midnight we were each taken separately into another room and an agent of the FBI tried to question us. I could not understand what the FBI wanted with two drunks, and he politely told me that charges pertaining to the 1964 Sky Piracy Act were being considered. This nightmare would have been funny with different actors.

In the morning we were fined \$65 each for drunk and disorderly conduct and returned to our cells. Then at midday we were transferred by U.S. marshals to the federal courthouse to be booked on the hijacking charge. Siddons arrived with an attaché case full of cash, receipts from the concert, and posted bail, \$2,500 each. Finally a taste of freedom after 18 hours' confinement.

When we returned to L.A. it was everyone's foregone conclusion that I was the in-

stigator and the whole thing would never have happened if I had not been there to provoke Jim. Even Babe Hill lectured me on my behavior's having placed Jim in jeopardy. We curtailed our get-togethers for the most part, except for two trips to Phoenix to make obligatory court appearances. Evidently the idiotic authorities were going ahead with this farce.

The day before the trial Jim, Frank, Leon and I flew to Phoenix, where we met to discuss our legal strategy with our lawyers. We bought some blazers, ties and slacks to smooth out our appearance, but kept our hair shoulder length. Early the next day the condemned ate a hearty meal and went to the courthouse, where a crowd of young longhairs shouted words of encouragement to us. On the advice of our lawyer, we waived the right to trial by jury, leaving ourselves at the sole mercy of the judge, who was of the hanging variety, a dead ringer for the mad bomber of the air force, Gen. Curtis LeMay.

We sat rigidly at the defense table, flanked by our lawyers, and got a glimpse of our accusers. The first to testify was Sherry Ann Mason, one of the stewardesses. She was 22 years old, the median age of all three, yet, amazingly, none of them had heard of the Doors or Jim. The prosecutor expertly led Sherry Ann through her testimony and she told how, although they all could see our drunkenness when we boarded, they served us additional drinks. Then we began "using foul and obscene language." But you have to hear her tell it:

Q: Sherry... give the court an example of the type of language you were subjected to....
A: I don't use this kind of language... but I think... they were cussing about the plane.
... "This god-damned, son-of-bitchin', fucking airplane" would have been the... common language that was used....

For someone who doesn't use that kind of language, she did all right. She went on to say we also made obscene gestures, tried to trip her and hit her and the other stewards, threw plastic glasses at them and generally made their jobs difficult if not impossible and endangered the lives of our fellow passengers. One of her more outrageous accusations was that when I left the bathroom just prior to the now infamous "soap in the drink" incident, I deliberately tried to strike her with the door, all the while admitting it was impossible for me to see out while the door was shut. And what would prove to be the most damaging, she claimed that just before landing, Jim grabbed at and tried to kiss her knee or thigh, saying, "Pussy, pussy, pussy."

She was followed on the stand by my old friend, Reva Mills, whose testimony echoed Sherry's almost verbatim. When the "old man Reva" joke was repeated, she blushed and grimaced, but I swear the judge had a hint of a smile. But most perplexing was the fact that the girls had Jim and me confused. Everyone else who testified, including the other government witnesses, contradicted them, but the judge accepted their word along with the claim that Jim had made an obscene gesture toward Sherry and uttered the "pussy" phrase. So, based on the cockamamy testimony of these two airheads, Jim

was convicted of a misdemeanor, and I was totally acquitted. Jim was confused, because if anyone made a move, it was done by whoever was sitting in my seat. Understandably, he was rankled by the outcome, but the lawyer assured him it would be thrown out on appeal, and it was, some two months later. But before that, it would disrupt our friendship for many months.

We returned to the bar at the hotel along with our lawyers to celebrate our tainted victory. Temporarily satisfied that it would be worked out in his favor, Jim loosened up and we toasted the end of the ordeal. To our surprise, the stewardesses and the captain joined our table. What gall! Reva was unwavering in her tight-bunned animosity toward us, but the other two cozied right up, telling us they had been coerced into pressing charges. They were brazenly flirtatious and gave us their room number, saying they would love to hear from us later in the evening.

We were followed back to the room by the Phoenix-based lawyer, a greedy legal-beagle schmuck, who had long begun to wear on our nerves. Drinking and laughing it up, Jim and I started talking about calling Sherry Ann and her friend. The lawyer could not believe we would have anything to do with them after they had tried to put us in jail. I told him we were really going to get back at them by taking them out to the desert and fucking them and leaving them there. Jim and I exchanged broad winks, then he said not only would we strip them and fuck them, but we would urinate on their bare bodies before deserting them. The lawyer was cockeyed drunk and crawling around on his hands and knees, pleading with us not to do it. He looked pathetic and we laughed at him and tormented him until he passed out.

Jim called my room first thing in the morning and woke me up. He was in high spirits and anxious to get an early start. Back in L.A. we were greeted by the gang from the office when we walked into the Palms in West Hollywood to continue celebrating. We drank and played pool for about an hour. Then we all left together.

A friend of mine had come to pick me up and he walked with us to the office parking lot. I had left some belongings in the office before going to Phoenix and went upstairs to collect them. Suddenly, Jim came charging into the room and began loudly ordering me out. He kept saying that I shouldn't be there, it was a place of business. When I laughed, remembering all the times I had seen him destroy the place in a drunken rage, he jumped on me and we rolled around on the carpet for a few minutes. He was too drunk to do anyone harm and I laughed and pretended to wrestle with him for a few seconds, then pulled myself away and started to leave. Babe came bursting through the door and grabbed me, thinking I might be pummeling Jim. He was closely followed by Tony Funches, a large bodyguard, formerly employed by the Stones and now working for the Doors. When my friend came in he thought all three were ganging up on me and he jumped into the fray. A real donnybrook broke out and the four of us tumbled down the wrought-iron steps to the parking lot. Jim stayed out of it and called the police. They wasted no time getting there, and

along with me, were flabbergasted to learn it was Jim who had called them.

Now I was really mad. Morrison stood at the top of the stairs, in the shadows, but I could see him looking down at me. I yelled, "You called the cops, Morrison, you actually called the fucking cops on me, you son of a bitch." The cops laughed their asses off and threatened to arrest Jim and Babe; then they broke us up and I left with my friend. He'd been hit hard a few times and who wanted some revenge. He drove around the block and picked up a rock the size of a softball. "Here, Baker, take this."

"What for? I don't want the fucking thing."

"Throw it," he said. He pointed to a large picture window on the second floor.

"Ah, hey I can't do that, no shit man."

"Baker, throw the goddamn rock. After what just happened, we ought to burn the place to the ground." I knew he wouldn't rest until we took some action, so I threw it. We drove away to the sound of breaking glass. I did not see Jim or Babe or anyone associated with the Doors for the next eight months.

I was on a roll of good fortune. To the astonishment of everyone, I raised the money to finish my film, *Bongo Wolf*, and traveled to London and Paris in November, 1970, where I succeeded in selling



*"Did you ever make it with Pam?"
Jim asked point-blank.
He looked confused and betrayed.*

it for distribution. I returned from Europe late in January 1971, and moved into a small house in Laurel Canyon. It was not more than 50 yards from where I had met Jim and Pam some years earlier. I soon received a message via friends that Jim wanted to hear from me. I rang him up and he invited me to come join him for lunch and drinks.

Everybody was actually glad to see me when I walked into the office. Jim and I went to sit at an outdoor restaurant and reaffirm our friendship. Shem and Shaun, back together again. He told about a fall he had taken from the window of his room at the Chateau Marmont Hotel. Walking the edge of a high-rise roof or dangling by his fingers from open windows and balconies was one of his favorite "provocative" jokes, but this time it had caught up to him. Fortu-

nately the window was not a high one, and his fall was broken by a porch roof, but he still felt much pain in the vicinity of his kidney. He told me he'd had the opportunity to patch things up with our old drinking buddy Janis Joplin, who had spent a few nights on the town with us some years earlier. She and Jim had a legendary battle when he attacked her in an unprovoked drunken rage and dragged her around the room by her hair. Janis responded by chasing him out to his car and beating him on the head with a full bottle of Jack Daniels as he laughed maniacally. She stayed angry with him for a long time afterward and often asked me why he had done it, but I could offer no explanation for his behavior. Apparently he made amends with her just weeks before she passed away, and he was genuinely grateful for it.

I was abstaining from booze—after my travels, I was feeling a bit rundown—but Jim was drinking (he told me he couldn't imagine not drinking), although he was restricting himself to white wine. I looked at him and remembered the first time I had seen him. The comparison did not hold up well at all. His once sharply defined face was now bloated by alcohol; his features were soft and pale. His eyes lacked that fierce sparkle and he moved with what appeared to be great effort.

He told me he and Pam were getting on reasonably well, living together in an apartment nearby. My stories of living and loving it up in London and Paris and Malta the previous eight weeks appealed to him and he confided to me his intention to move to Paris with Pam once he was finished with the *L.A. Woman* album. "Yeah," he told me, "my rock 'n' roll days are over, I guess."

Along with Babe Hill, we would meet quite regularly for the rest of his time in L.A., and I could tell he had lost much of his fascination for that town.

His last day in L.A. he and Babe and I spent wandering around the Santa Monica pier. Late in the afternoon, we returned to his office and he tossed notebooks, manuscripts and other belongings into cardboard boxes. Various friends stopped in to wish him bon voyage. In the morning he boarded his flight, never to return to L.A. I had seen the last of James Douglas Morrison.

I would get intermittent reports on Jim and Pam. For a while it looked like I might have to return to London to work on a film, and I tried to call Jim, but he was not in Paris at the time and I never reached him. Often I told myself I would write to them, but I never got around to it. Then one morning, almost four years to the day after his performance at the Scene, I received a phone call from someone on the scene telling me Jim had died in Paris two days earlier. I refused to believe it at first, but Babe confirmed it for me. I was devastated and it would be some time before I could be rational about the subject. It was very tempting to believe the rumors that he had faked his death.

More than a year later, I saw Pam at a party. She was drunk and excited. We left together in her rented sedan and she drank from a bottle as she careened down Santa Monica Boulevard, talking nonstop in a semicoherent monologue and shouting

out every few minutes, "Oh, Tom, let's go, let's go see Jimmy." She swallowed a long slug of tequila and narrowly missed a parked car. I kept looking for the old familiar red light to come flashing up behind us, and was tremendously relieved when she screeched to a stop in the driveway of the Beverly Terrace Motel, across the street from the Troubadour. Inside her room, she continued her rap. I went in the bathroom and came out to find her asleep on the bed. I took the car and left, returning in the morning to give her the keys. She was sitting by the minuscule pool with a grimy-looking Morrison clone. Saying goodbye was awkward for both of us and I did not expect to see her again.

I would hear many stories about Pam for the next few years, none of them very pleasant. She was involved in a bitter legal battle with Jim's family, who contested the validity of their marriage and the eventual rights to Jim's estate. Most disturbing was the story that Pam was living with a loathsome parasite and that she had a daily and expensive drug habit. I dismissed the tales whenever they were repeated to me, but the idea of it nagged at me.

Late one night, more than a year after I had last seen her, I was driving down a nearly deserted but well-lit Sunset Boulevard. The only other car was a familiar-looking VW, being driven by a girl with a male passenger. We pulled alongside one another at a red light, and I looked to my right. Pam was staring back at me, quite defiantly, and her passenger was stretching around her, trying to get a look at me. From the looks of him, it was obvious the stories I'd heard were true. When the light changed, I just took off.

A year passed before I next saw her. I was standing in front of my apartment house in Hollywood when she drove by in a new foreign economy car. She recognized me and stopped to talk, inviting me to come with her to lunch. She didn't touch a bite of her meal but she managed to swallow three codeines, washing them down with red wine. She had gotten rid of the creep and won her court battle. Overall, she was much improved, though she was still strung out on dope.

We made arrangements to go out that night and she dropped me off, promising to call later on. Later, when she phoned, she was even more stoned than she had been at lunch, sounding euphoric and slurring her words badly. I finally got her to hang up but as I was going out the door, the phone rang again. It was Pam and she was even more stoned than she had been just 20 minutes earlier, if that was possible. She had changed her mind about going out but made me promise to call her in the morning to ride out to Malibu with her.

I awoke about 11 A.M. and reached for the phone. A woman answered. It was Pam's mom, and I could detect anxiety in her voice. She asked who was calling. After I identified myself she told me Pam was dead. She had died in her sleep, peacefully, thank God, at the age of 27, and it's fairly certain I was the last to speak to her.

A memorial service was held a week later at Forest Lawn. Babe Hill went with me and many old and good friends were there. Ray Manzarek played organ. Pam was cremated and her ashes flown to Paris to be with Jim.

I was in Paris in May of 1979 for the first time in more than eight years. I had been meaning to visit Père La Chaise, the historic old cemetery in a run-down section of the city where Jim and Pam were buried. I took the metro out there and walked around the neighborhood until I found it. Before going in, I stopped in a small bistro across the street to have a beer and think about the both of them. There were some Doors songs on the jukebox and I played them and sipped my beer, recalling the time nine years earlier when I had come across an interview with Groucho Marx. He was a big favorite of both Morrison's and mine. Toward the end of the article, Groucho told of

a pact he made with Harpo and Chico: They agreed that whoever died first would attempt to spiritually contact the survivors. The closing line was "Well, I haven't heard anything yet." I had showed it to Jim and we both got a big kick out of that line.

I finished my beer and went over to the cemetery. A map of the grounds cost a franc and the gendarme who sold it to me pointed me in the direction of "Meester Jaerne Morrisonn." The place is set on the side of a steep hill and I walked slowly up, checking occasionally on the map. The tombstones were old and it was difficult to read them. On my left, I saw scrawled on the side of a large headstone, "King Lizard this Way" with an arrow pointing further up the hill. Then an-

other clue, "This way to Jim" and a few more before I finally located it. The front of the headstone faced away from the path and the ground below it was covered with burned-out incense sticks and flowers long faded and wilted. The face of the headstone was so covered with grafitti it resembled the dressing-room wall of the Fillmore.

I stood there, somewhat numbly staring at the headstone. An ardent admirer had silk-screened a well-known picture of Jim onto the stone and his madeyes peered out. The whole effect was very eerie. I started calling, quietly at first, then louder and louder, "Hey Jim." Again. "Hey Jim, it's me, Baker." Again, "Hey Jim, it's Baker. Are you there?" I kept this up for maybe a minute, then turned and walked down the hill toward the metro. I still haven't heard anything. □

FROM YOU TO US Part 2.

"Burn Down The Night" hat Tagtraumcharakter, und seitdem ich mich entschieden habe, es eben als literarischen Tagtraum zu lesen, kann ich damit umgehen. Als Vereinnahmung Morrisons zweifellos ein ärgerliches Buch, und doch werden all die Sex-, Drugs- & Violence-Klischees hier so sehr überreizt, daß es schon wieder amüsant ist. Unter den "Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data" der US'82-Edition steht ausdrücklich der Vermerk "Fiction", und das muß man wörtlich nehmen. Diese Mischung aus gerade noch hinreichender Absicherung und dennoch mit aller Kraft betriebener Mythenbildung ist offensichtlich kalt-schnüzzig kalkuliert. Falls sich D. Sugerman wirklich über das Buch geärgert hat, sollte er nicht vergessen, daß kein Anderer als er selbst mit seinem "No One Here..."-Umschreibstil dem Konzept dieses Trittbrettfahrers die Erfolgsbahn bereitet hat!

Ich wußte bisher nicht, daß die Erstausgabe als "Two Spies..." bereits 1979 erschienen ist. Daß Stretes Einblick in Hopkins' ursprüngliches Manuskript hatte, scheint in der Tat möglich, denn in seinem "Foreword" zur "Illustrated History" erzählt Hopkins, daß er irgendwann 1978 den Versuch, die Morrison-Biographie zu veröffentlichen, nach über vierzig Absagen (darunter zwei von Warner Books) resigniert aufgeben wollte, als Sugerman sich ihrer annahm und "ungefähr acht Monate später" ein Angebot von Warner Books erzielte. Zu dieser Zeit, noch vor Sugermans Rewrite, lag das Manuskript also bei Warner Books als Veröffentlichungsprojekt vor, und eben 1979 erschien dann dort zunächst die Erstausgabe von Stretes Roman...

Ergänzend zu Deiner sehr sorgfältigen, aufschlußreichen Analyse, Heinz, ein paar kurze Bemerkungen zu den eingearbeiteten Gedichten, auf die Du mit Recht nicht weiter eingegangen bist (die Seitenzahlen beziehen sich auf die US-Edition von 1982):

Das Gedicht auf S.18 kommt im Rhythmus reichlich holprig daher, trifft aber den assoziativen Stil Morrisons (der oft ruckartig-kantig ist, dann wieder melodiös) immerhin noch eher als die anderen Elaborate (sehr dürfzig S.68). - Auf S.95 verarbeitet Stretes zwei Fragmente aus dem "In old Russia, the Czar...etc."-Text in "The Lords" (New York '71 S.31): "impossible selection" und "(sometimes) by force", sowie zwei aus "Cars Hiss By My Window": "cold girl(s)" und "darkened room(s)". - Der engagiert klingende Prosatext auf S.161/2 ("The string") gefällt mir so für sich gar nicht einmal schlecht, vielleicht gerade weil Stretes hier Morrison nicht krampfhaft zu kopieren sucht. - Das Gedicht "Little Strange Eyes" auf S.220 schließlich ist sichtlich als Songlyrik gedacht; es ist hier zwar eine Unmenge von Einzelwörtern oder -fragmenten verarbeitet, die wir aus Morrison-Texten kennen ("strange", "eyes", "fire", "earth", "(put) out the light" oder der Reim "grinning - sining"), und dennoch klingt das Gebilde nicht nach Morrison: diese lockere Reihung ohne thematische Bewegung, mit Einschluß unregelmäßiger Wiederholungen, erinnert mich weder an diejenigen Songs von Morrison, wo er ein einfaches Versmaß einhält, noch an diejenigen Texte, die aus einer losen Zusammenfügung von frei assoziierten & rhythmisierten Einzelpassagen bestehen, sondern eher ein wenig an "Tightrope Ride" (von

Robby Krieger und Ray Manzarek geschrieben). Thomas Collmer, Hamburg
NOTE:Dieser Brief wurde von Thomas an Heinz gesandt. Er ist (wie alle
Beiträge von PHAN-THOMAS COLLMER so interessant, daß ich ihn Euch
nicht vorenthalten möchte. (Rainer)

AN INTERVIEW WITH KEVIN COYNE **aSPECIAL** by Heinz Gerstenmeyer

A few weeks ago, some friends of mine from Rudersberg (a village 40 kilometers west of Stuttgart) told me about the upcoming annual Rudersberg Open Air Festival, with, among two others, Kevin Coyne playing there. Kevin Coyne? Has something to do with the DOORS, I thought. I looked through my collection of articles, and there it was: A newspaper rumour about Kevin Coyne to join the DOORS after Jim Morrison's death. I decided to check it out.

Kevin Coyne is described in Rock Biographies as a kind of mysterious man, obstinate and not very well to get along with. Now, as some friends of mine describe me as obstinate, too, I thought we would go well together.

I missed the first band and just as the second one started playing, I ran into Kevin Coyne, who was standing around in the audience.

How could I describe him? He is interesting. And he is interested in anything. He has a sense of humor. He is always grinning, when he makes sharp remarks, which he does a lot. We joked around a lot, so maybe you shouldn't take all of this too serious.

HG: After Jim Morrison died, there were rumours that you are going to join the Doors.

KC: Yeah, that's right.

HG: Did you get an offer from the Doors?

KC: No-no-no, I was told they were interested.

HG: And you were not interested?

KC: Well, it's...it's a bit boring.

HG: If you don't tell me the story, then I cannot tell you if it was boring.

KC: Okay, well, come out here, I'll tell you about.

(We walked into the foyer)

KC: What you're doing? A Doors fanzine?

HG: Yes. It's about anything which has to do with the Doors.

KC: Well, yeah. The day after Jim Morrison was found dead in Paris, I was with my, ah....my manager at that time was the English boss of Elektra Records*, and I was with Dandelion Records, which was distributed by Elektra Records. And the next day I was called into the office at Warner Brothers/Kinney, and they asked me, 'would you like to join the Doors?', you know. But I didn't join, because Jac Holzman, who ran Elektra Records, said that he didn't like me, because I spent some of his money, maybe a year before, that's all...

He said I was crazier than Jim Morrison, and that's why I didn't get it.

HG: But you are still alive...

KC: That's right. And I tell you, I'm as good as Jim Morrison was, and I made more records than he.

But, you know, I like the Doors very much.

HG: Did you ever meet them?

KC: No-no. I didn't want to, anyway. I didn't like them at that time, I didn't think they were really interested. But now, all these years later, I like them now.

HG: What do you think about Jim Morrison?

KC: Well, he was a young guy, he died too young. Too much alcohol and drugs. I don't drink now. I stopped drinking. I'm against it, man. But I used to drink a lot.

HG: Did you see the Doors on stage?

KC: No, only on English TV, when they played at the Round House.

HG: The Doors Are Open.

* he means Clive Selwood

Kevin Coyne Juke Crashing Blues

Sa. 05. Sept. 87

Jugendzentrum
Rudersberg



Cheers to
Kevin Coyne
from Brixton to Deutschland

Der 42jährige, verheiratet, drei Kinder, stammt aus der mittelenglischen Stadt Derby. Bereits im Alter von 12 Jahren begann er Rhythm & Blues und Rock'n'Roll zu hören und zu spielen. Nach Besuch einer Kunstschule, Mitarbeit bei verschiedenen Literaturmagazinen, Studium, Spezialtherapeut an einer Nervenklinik, nebenbei zog er als Sänger durch Pubs und Arbeiterclubs. 1969 in London gründete er mit David Clague die Gruppe „Siren“. Zwei LPs erschienen, erregten bei der Kritik Aufsehen, jedoch ohne Publikumsresonanz.

1973 wurde Kevin Coyne, bis dahin immer noch hauptberuflicher Sozialarbeiter, von Virgin Records unter Vertrag genommen. Das Doppelalbum „Majorie Razorblade“ bescherte ihm erstmals einen größeren Publikumserfolg.

Seine Live-Auftritte (und seine Studio-Produktionen) bieten vergleichsweise mehr Unterhaltung als die seiner erfolgreicherer Kollegen, wenn man als Entertainment auch folgendes ansieht: bissige, zuweilen billige, aufrichtige Texte, komponiert mit rauer, ursprünglicher Rockmusik, die stark am R&B orientiert ist. Ein witziger Schauspieler, mit dem der grüne Clown und talentierte Schauspieler seine Lieder auflockert, quasi mundgerecht macht. Seine Stimme ist nicht übermäßig wohlklingend, aber sie hat Charakter, und das macht ihn unverwechselbar und einzigartig.

17 Jahre lang lebte Coyne in dem berüchtigten Londoner Stadtteil Brixton, ehe er nach Deutschland kam und seit Mitte '86 mit dem Gitarristen Hans Pukke, sowie Falk Steffen (drums) und Robert Steinhardt (bass) als Verstärkung durch deutsche Lande tourt.

„From Brixton to Deutschland“ – im Sommer '86 konnte die Formation beim großen WAAhnsinns-Festival in Burglengenfeld vor über 100 000 Besuchern voll überzeugen und war dann auch im Kinofilm zum Festival zu sehen und zu hören. Seine neue LP „Stumblin on to Paradise“ ist im Frühjahr '87 erschienen.

KC: Yes. The Round House is a famous English....I played there many times myself....it was a famous, kind of hippie place in the sixties and early seventies. It's an old tram shed, you know, Straßenbahn. It was very famous in the sixties and early seventies.

HG: It's also very small,right?

KC: Yeah-yeah. But the Doors didn't mean much in England. In England Jim Morrison then was not considered as a poet really. As a...more of a just a bit weak. The band wasn't considered to be very interesting, you know. Now, it was very different, the sound was different at that time.

HG: In 1973, the Doors came to London to maybe find some new musicians. Did you hear something about that?

KC: I don't remember that...I don't remember.

HG: The press talked about Howard Werth joining the Doors.

KC: Howard Werth, from Audience, yes. He is a good singer. I don't know what happened to him. I believe he disappeared altogether. There was another singer called....

HG: Jess Roden? (At that point I jumped in too quick. I doubt if he had

KC: Jess Roden, yeah. Jess Roden in his mind)

HG: He joined the Doors then.

KC: But they needed somebody like me. They needed a poet, a real genuine poet and a writer like me. But, you know, I think it's a good thing for me, because I made many albums of my own and I did what I want then. I didn't have to do that. Maybe if I would have joined them, I would have probably changed the whole thing anyway.

HG: I never heard any of your records.

KC: Aw, I made 21 LPs!

HG: The press says that you are a kind of underground singer and that you never got the recognition that you deserved.

KC: I don't know. I don't think that's true. I've always done what I liked. I'll do okay, you know. You never heard any of my records, but they are better than the Doors', believe me. Some of them are more classics than the Doors have ever made. I have a strong following in many countries, you know, but it's always underground. I made seventeen singles in England, seventeen singles, yeah. Not one was a hit. (laughter)

HG: The Doors had never a big hit in England, too.

KC: Ah, that's right, because they didn't like it, people didn't like it. But all that Doors thing is old, and it's, you know, a long time ago.

HG: But it's still interesting.

KC: Yeah-yeah. What year did he die, Jim Morrison?

HG: 1971. July 3, exactly.

KC: You're an expert.

HG: Yes. What did you hear from the people of your business, of what he died?

KC: They found him dead in the bath. Heart attack. Too much booze and.... I also know another guy who was with him in the last days. The journalist who was with him the last days in Paris, I know very well, too. Whose photo is in that book. You know the Jim Morrison book?

(at that point I was wondering which journalist he could mean, so I missed his question. But of course he meant Hervé Muller, and the Biography 'No One Here Gets Out Alive')

But I mean, Jim Morrison is not....to me he's just a rather average poet. But he brought something to rock and roll which wasn't there at the time, you know. He's not a GREAT poet. I mean, it's just the feeling on those records, the ambience. And of course he was a bit crazy, you know.

HG: Did you like some of his writings?

KC: Well, I think there's not enough of them, you know. But they are all influenced by Rimbaud and Baudelaire, most people don't know. Well, they're

not very original, you know. If you read Rimbaud, then you've read this. But it's nice, it's interesting. A lot of people who go to see rock 'n' roll bands have never read a book, so they don't really know. You know, I'm a writer, too, I write for the theater and for films, for a theater in London. I'm a painter, I paint pictures, you know, I have a very good education, too.

I think, a lot of people in rock 'n' roll, they read the Jim Morrison thing, but they would never read Gregory Corso or William Burroughs, which is much better, you know. That's the truth. He was a ROCK SINGER, you know. A SPOILT CHILD really. But he looked good and the girls liked him and....I think he had enough of that, by the time he was finished, you know. Like a lot of people in rock 'n' roll, he started to believe his own image. You know, he became the Lizard King and whatever, which is very tragic really.

Because I been in the rock 'n' roll business for....I made my first record in 1968....and I've been around, I'm almost a history of rock and roll, and I've seen so many guys like Jim Morrison then. And he's just another one, you know. A great one, but he's another one.

I prefer the Sex Pistols myself. I think they were more exciting. They were part of rock 'n' roll, too, so...

HG: But Jim Morrison rejected his Lizard King image.

KC: He wanted to be a poet, yeah. Lot's of people do that. I'm a poet, too. Yeah, but of course it's hard when you become a rock and roll millionaire, to suddenly become a poet. And that's sad. I mean Lou Reed is the same. A lot of guys are like that. People don't take them seriously.

HG: What kind of things do you play, then. Blues?

KC: Now, I play all kind of things. Jazz kind of things. If you haven't listened, you don't know the history of my records, then you don't know anything at all. This (concert) is not representative in anything what I do. You have to know all the records and you have to follow the whole story, you know. There's a lot of records. There's a new one out in two weeks time.

HG: Most of your records are very hard to get, I found out.

KC: Yeah, most of them have been deleted, yeah. Many of them go in auctions and then they're too expensive, and are....But, you know, they come and go. What I do now (on stage) is all new stuff. A lot of it is new. I don't care if you like it or not.

HG: But I guess that you like that people are listening to your music.

KC: Not always. When you do so many concerts, you do it for the money a lot of time. You know, I made a lot of money and I lost a lot of money. At the moment I don't have any money, so I need to do concerts.

HG: But you don't play just for the money, I guess.

KC: No-no. I do it, because it's like a disease. You have to do it. If you don't do it, you're unhappy, you know. I play in front of mass audiences and for little audiences and sometimes when you go into a bar, you feel in the mood and someone's playing the piano, you want to sing, you know, or play or something. How old are you then?

HG: Twenty-six.

KC: I'm getting old! I'm getting old! (he grins)

HG: You're about as old as Jim Morrison would be today.

KC: Yeah?

HG: He was born December 1943.

KC: I was born January 1944. Just a few weeks....yes.

(somehow we came to talk about astrology)

HG: Jim Morrison didn't believe in astrology.

KC: Because he was an alcoholic. He still believed in voodoo or something, I think. Alcoholics believe in that kind of things.

I believe in a higher power. You can call it god or however you wanna call it.

HG: Jim Morrison was Sagittarius.

KC: They're primadonnas. I don't like them very much. And they're obsessing. They have good ideas though. They have visions, like Aquarians. I like Aquarians the most. Whenever I'm going to play with someone, I ask them for their sign. Aquarians are the best musicians.

HG: Ray Manzarek is also Aquarian. Maybe we should tell him...

KC: He may not even heard that story, you know. Because a lot of people who write in the newspapers, they just imagine things. So he probably never heard of it. You never know. You never know.

HG: The Doors haven't made a record in along time, so maybe they need a singer right now...

KC: No-no. I don't wanna join anybody. That's not important. I'm happy here in Germany. I like to be who I am. I'm happy to be who I am.

(A while later)

KC: Those Doors fans are all a bit crazy, right? (laughter)

They believe in spirits....the spiritual feel...

HG: Some people whom you can meet at the grave are really a bit crazy. But everybody's a bit crazy in one way or another, I think.

KC: Yeah-yeah. Now, what do you do there? All get drunk?

HG: Now....hey, come here next year on the 3rd of July. Perhaps you become a Doors fan!

KC: (he grins)

Interview done by Kevin Coyne and Heinz Gerstenmeyer, September 5, 1987
Thanks to Manfred Sautre, Rottweil, and Iain G. Boyack, Dundee, UK, for helping me to pen this down.

Kevin Coyne has now a very modern, 1980's sound, not nostalgic at all, and I wonder why he is not in the charts. His voice reminded me a bit of Joe Cocker's. Manfred, though, said immediately, his voice reminded him a lot of the late Jim Morrison's. I checked out a few local record stores, at least the underlined ones are available in Germany at this time.

CASE HISTORY (1972) Polydor 2310 228 * MARJORY RAZOR BLADE (1973) Virgin 800 935 * BLAME IT ON THE NIGHT (1974) Virgin 800 936 * MATCHING HEAD AND FEET (1975) Virgin 800 886 * HEARTBURN (1976) Virgin 27265 * IN LIVING BLACK AND WHITE (1976) Virgin 28426 * BEAUTIFUL EXTREMES (1977) Virgin 800 793 * DYNAMITE DAZE (1978) Virgin 25801 * MILLIONAIRES AND TEDDY BEARS (1978) Virgin 200 215 * BURSTING BUBBLES (1980) Virgin 201 654 * SANITY STOMP (1980) Virgin 301 427 * POINTING THE FINGER (1981) Ariola 204 118 * POLITICZ (1982) Ariola 204 689 * LE-GLASS IN MANILA (1983) Rough Trade RTD 22 * LIVE (1985) On 12-1250 * (S) LET'S HAVE A PARTY Virgin 89800 * Mit - Siren - SIREN (1969) Dandelion 63755 * STRANGE LOCOMOTION (1971) Dandelion, DAN 8001 * Mit Dagmar Krause BABBLE - SONGS FOR LONELY LOVERS (1979) Virgin 200 596

LOTTERY!

THE WINNERS ARE: FIRST PRIZE (Original DANCE ON FIRE video cassette)
PAOLO SCAMPERLE, Italy

Second prize (Photobook on Jim's grave): Keith Melere, USA

Third prize (Poster from the USA): Jörn Ehmig, W/Germany

JOHN DENSMORE PHONE INTERVIEW

PART
ONE

by BILLY PINNELL, broadcast 25.8.85. EON - FM , Australia.

Thanks to Peter Bruce for sending the tape. Thanks to Paul Carter for writing it down.

B= Billy ; J= John

B Look, before I ask you about The Doors, what made you choose drums for your instrument?

J That's a good question, well I, uh, I played piano, I had piano lessons when I was eight years old, I really loved music, and then when I got to Junior High School I wanted to be in the orchestra and band, and I was going to take up clarinet but the dentist said my teeth were crooked enough as it is, so uh, then I decided on drums.

B Were any particular bands or musicians an influence on you back in those early days?

J Well not that far back, I mean maybe Gene Krupa way back but a little later I was real interested in jazz and uh uh I liked uh ... oh ... Miles Davis and Elvin Jones who played with John Coltrane and Art Blakey, and rock'n roll: I liked the Rolling Stones and like that, you know.

B Now tell me about the Psychedelic Rangers, the band you were in before The Doors.

J Heh heh, well I don't know if you could really call that a band, it was uh ... Robby and I who uh .. well let's say we were experimenting with LSD back then, and we went to a meditation class and then we decided just for fun to form this band and uh, oh we only had a couple of songs, it was just an excuse for us to get together and fool around and play a little music but uh .. we weren't .. hmm you know, trying to necessarily get anywhere or make it with the band, just friends fooling around.

B So how'd you get to meet Ray and Jim and become part of The Doors?

J Well, after Meditation Course Ray was one of the uh, hmm you know, he was going to the course and I met him, and he heard I was a drummer and uh said " Well, I, I've got this singer and we're trying to put something together" .. so he called me a few months later and I uh, came down to rehearsal, and The Doors began, but that was with his brother playing guitar, and his other brother playing harmonica, and then they quit, I dunno, they thought Jim, that the songs didn't have any potential or something, I dunno .. so later on I brought Robby to rehearsal and then we were .. complete.

B So that were your initial impression of Jim Morrison?

J Well initially I thought he was rather shy and uh .. great lyrics, I thought the lyrics were real uh .. different and I .. it made me think of drum rhythms right away and I was real excited about playing to his lyrics, but as far as a singer .. he just had begun, and a performer .. I was really worried, I thought, boy, he's got a ways to go, you know.

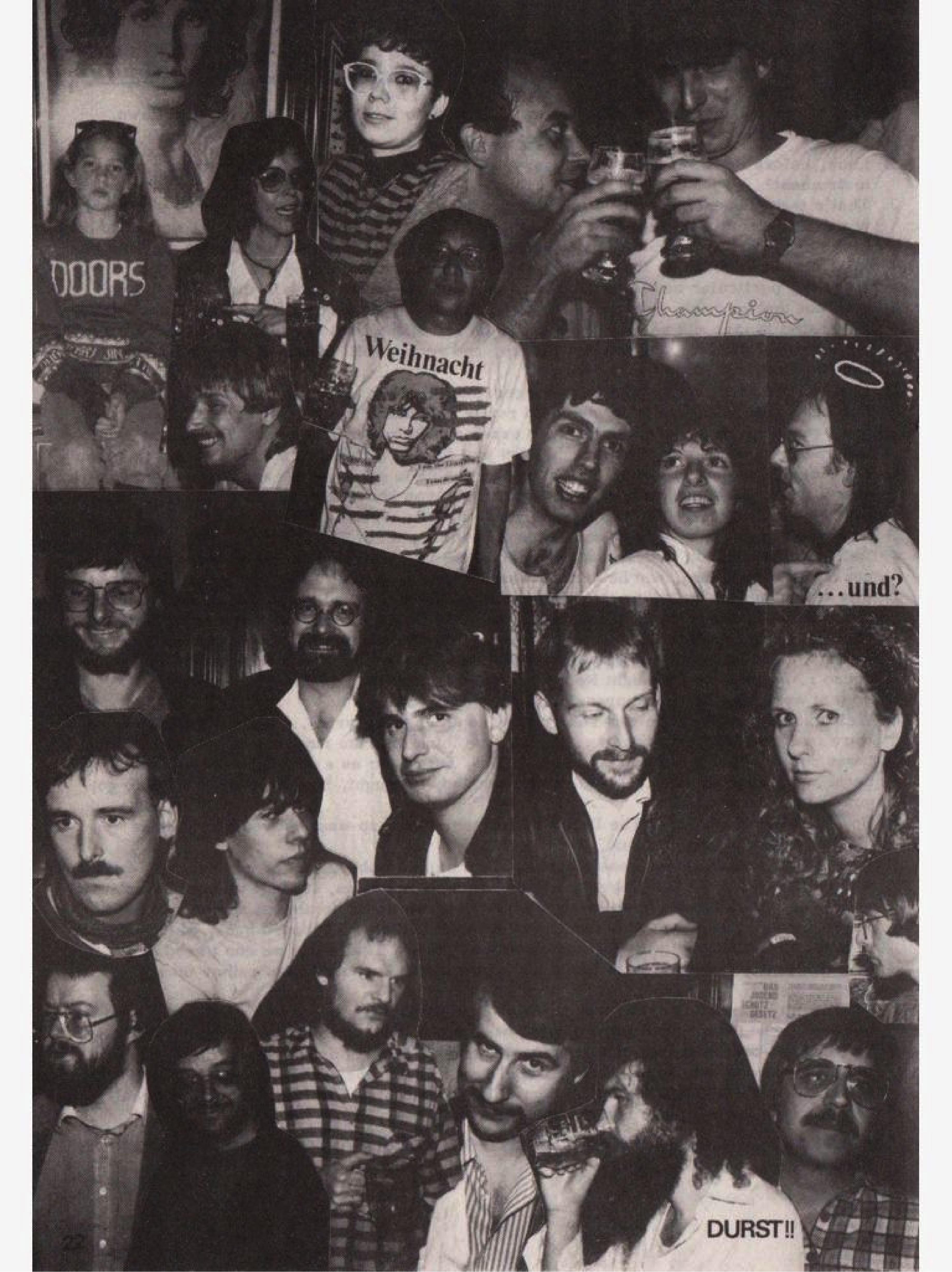
B Now an unusual aspect of The Doors' instrumental line-up was that you had no bass player, that was very unusual, wasn't it?

J Yeah. Well we auditioned bass players, after we had Robby, we had our quartet, and we auditioned a few bass players, one girl in fact, but hmm, it made us sound traditional, and we'd sort of started developing this idea that we would do almost anything to be different, so .. and then Ray discovered a Fender Rhodes Keyboard bass, which was sort of mushy but kind of did the job and uh so we figured "That's it - we don't need one!".

B How difficult was it for you to adapt to playing with a keyboard bass rather than a regular bass?

J Uhm .. uh I guess I .. there was more of a responsibility on me to hold the tempo down because .. an independent mind playing bass would have concentrated more on the tempo, so I had to work harder at making sure we weren't rushing or dragging. But .. it did leave more room you know, so I .. I kinda got to fill .. besides keeping the tempo I would fill in uh the open spaces uh sort of as comments on Jim's vocal, which I really enjoyed, you know I got to really express myself.

PART TWO OF THIS REALLY INTERESTING INTERVIEW IN "THE DOORS QUARTERLY"
NO 17.



DOORS

...und?

DURST!!

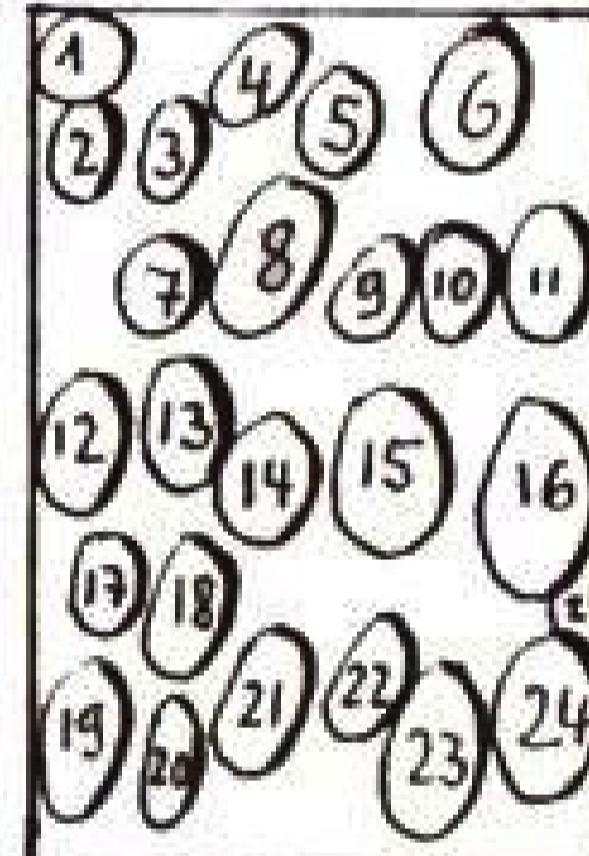
CLUBMEETING 1987 3.10.87

What a nice meeting this was! We had so much fun from 7pm till 5.30 am in Dietzel's pub in Gladbeck, that everybody left with a happy feeling, except our Belgian member Pascal, who had a depressing flu that night. Hope you're feeling better right now. We were quite international: Gerhard Schieder came all along his way from Vienna, Austria, and Iain Boyack took the plane from Scotland. Mielly, Dieny and Carla rushed in from Holland, Heinz Gerstenmeyer hitchhiked from the strange country of Swabia, Bert and Karl-Heinz came down from the North, Uwe and Christian drove up from the South, Uli and Uli and Andreas came from the East, same as Winfried, who freaked out when he watched Hollywood Bowl on the telly. Of course Walter Nowicki was thirsty again, and he forgot to pay his bill (meanwhile he did!). Gaby with the curly hair talked to all the boys in the pub, while Richard was checking over his condition in drinking beer. Jessica, Dieny's little daughter, was proud of her selfmade Doors-pullover, good work, Dieny. Annette was so kind to give me a late birthday present, thanks for the nice coin! And thanks to Arno organizing the whole thing, he was as busy as ever, and I was enjoing the meeting, seeing the faces of clubmembers I just knew from their letters before, talking to them in the flesh.

We missed some people who would have made this meeting even better: Paul Carter didn't turn up (although he promised it), and Thomas Collmer didn't come, too, pity. And why didn't you come -- feel ashamed! Bernd was missing the whole thing, because he thought it'd be a week later ... see you next time! Next meeting will be next year, about Easter time in Paris. Just read the Quarterly! See ya!

Rainer Moddemann

- | | | |
|-------------|----------------|---------------|
| 1. Jim | 11. Heinz | 21. Uli No. 2 |
| 2. Jessica | 12. Uli No. 1 | 22. Bert |
| 3. Dieny | 13. Rainer | 23. Walter |
| 4. Annette | 14. Gerhard | 24. Richard |
| 5. Arno | 15. Karl-Heinz | 25. Wolfgang |
| 6. Gerhard | 16. Gaby | |
| 7. Uwe | 17. Andreas | |
| 8. Winfried | 18. Pascal | |
| 9. Albert | 19. Iain | |
| 10. Mielly | 20. Christian | |



all photos by
R+G. Moddemann



Rainer and clubmember Carla Askamp + Mr. Unknown.

Jessica and her pullover.

„FANS“^{nützliche Idioten des Business, Psychosichtlinge ihres Ich-Ideals und Mörder/Zerstückeler des Schamanen}

von THOMAS COLLMER

Wenn ich im folgenden den "Fan" mit einigen semantischen, psychologischen und soziologischen Fäden umgarne, wird das nicht ohne Provokation abgehen. Ich möchte sowohl an der Hängematte der naiv-passiven Konsumenten rütteln als auch die Hardcore-Enthusiasten mit dem laut Nietzsche verfänglichsten aller Schlüsse konfrontieren: dem Schluß von einem Ideal auf den, der es nötig hat. Falls es mir gelingen sollte, einige Leute zum Nachdenken anzuregen, nehme ich dafür etwaige Protestrufe, auch lautstarke, gern auf meine Kappe.

Zunächst betrachte ich den gängigen Sprachgebrauch. "Fan" wird im allgemeinen mit "begeisterter Anhänger" übersetzt und von "fanatic" (Eiferer, Schwärmer) abgeleitet (was mich wunderte, denn ich hatte auch an das harmlosere "fancy" = Neigung/Vorliebe gedacht). Bezeichnung und Bezeichnetes sind Produkte der kapitalistischen Massenkultur und Massenunterhaltung, die bekanntlich eine doppelte Funktion hat: den verwalteten Bürger, ob nun 'mündig' oder 'unmündig', durch Angebot von Identifikationsmöglichkeiten ruhigzustellen sowie zum Konsum von allerlei Produkten anzuhalten. Das nützt allen: dem Konsumvieh, das sich so einen inneren Halt erwerben, seine unbefriedigten Phantasien ersatzweise ausleben und über harmlose Freizeitgestaltung seine Arbeitskraft regenerieren kann; dem Unterhaltungskünstler, indem er Echo und Lebensunterhalt findet; dem Arbeitsmarkt überhaupt mit seinen zahlreichen am Massenablenkungsbetrieb hängenden Branchen; und nicht zuletzt den Herrschenden, in Form von Konzernprofiten sowie geregelter Verschleierung und Akzeptanz bestehender Machtverhältnisse. Ein wichtiges Glied in dieser Kette der universell prästabilierten Harmonie ist der "Fan". Deshalb findet man trotz der allen bekannten gelegentlichen Exzesse, bei denen anscheinend die systematisch aufgeputschten Leidenschaften kurzfristig über die von der Brot-und-Spiele-Politik vorgezeichneten Bahnen hinausschwappen (wobei die Opfer in der Regel die Fans selbst oder auch ihre Stellvertreter, die Stars, sind, selten hingegen die Drahtzieher und Verdiner hinter den Kulissen), in den einschlägigen Lexika freundliche Worte, zum Beispiel: "Fans sind kenntnisreiche, zumeist liebenswürdige und in der Tat unentbehrliche Teilhaber der Rockgeschichte" (Tibor Kneif, Sachlexikon Rockmusik, Reinbek 1978, S.69). Das heißt: in etwa demselben Maße, wie man ihnen die Potenz einredet, ihre eigene Geschichte zu bestimmen, läßt man sie z.B. an der Rockgeschichte mitbasteln.

Von "Fans" spricht man vorwiegend in den Bereichen des Sports, des Films und der populären Musik - d.h. überall dort, wo Anhänger sich auch in sogenannten "Fan-Clubs" organisieren - kaum (bzw. eher scherhaft-metaphorisch) in den Bereichen Literatur, Theater, bildende Kunst oder klassische Musik. Welche notwendigen Kriterien muß, dem üblichen Sprachgebrauch zufolge, ein "Fan" erfüllen? Bloßes Interesse, auch eine ausgeprägte Vorliebe reichen nicht aus; hinzukommen muß ein gewisser Identifikationsmechanismus, der symbolisch Ausdruck findet, was freilich auf sehr verschiedene Weise geschehen kann. Der "Fan" hört zum Beispiel die Musik bestimmter Interpreten signifikant häufiger und lieber als andere Musik, favorisiert nachhaltig eine bestimmte

Fußballmannschaft, möchte so sein wie ein bestimmter Filmstar, sucht sein Idol vielleicht innerlich und äußerlich nachzuahmen usw. Als Ausdrucksformen der Identifikation können etwa (müssen aber nicht) fungieren: Sammelleidenschaft, Kenntnisreichtum, Kleidung, Benehmen, Zugehörigkeit zu einem Verein, lautstark geäußerte Zustimmung usw. ... Ein unbedingt notwendiges Kriterium ist dabei meines Erachtens das Vorhandensein einer spezifischen Konsumbereitschaft, d.h. eine ausgeprägte Neigung, die Schallplatten, Filme, Spiele mit Beteiligung des Favoriten signifikant häufiger bzw. lieber zu kaufen, hören, sehen und zu besuchen als andere. Durch dieses äußerliche Verhalten setzt sich der "Fan" mit dem Objekt seiner imaginären Identifikation symbolisch in Bezug. Wie weitgehend eine differenzierte innere Prägung durch das Leitbild tatsächlich stattfindet, ist unwichtig gegenüber einem rein strukturellen Merkmal: das favorisierte Objekt wird Bestandteil der narzißtischen Ökonomie. Mit anderen Worten: durch und über die Identifikation mit dem Idol identifiziert der "Fan" sich selbst.

Das ist natürlich ein im wesentlichen irrationaler Vorgang, der zudem noch den unterschiedlichsten Anlässen und Motiven entspringen kann: zum Beispiel werden Sportmannschaften oft nur ihrer zufälligen Lokalität wegen favorisiert; ein Popstar kann wegen eines Trendsetter- oder Außenseiter-Images, auch wegen eines erotisierenden Augenaufschlags oder eines bestimmten souverän-zynischen Verziehens der Mundwinkel faszinieren; rüde auftretende Rockbands werden häufig deswegen verehrt, weil sie die Auseinandersetzung mit & Ablösung von den Leitbildern der Eltern fördern; manchmal sind es auch nur die äußeren Umstände eines ersten Draufstoßens und Kennenlernens, an die man sich gern erinnert. Und so weiter. Ein Interesse an rationaler, sachlich-kritischer Auseinandersetzung ist bei "Fans" eher die Ausnahme, weil hier eine narzißtische Abwehr einsetzt. Wer sein bevorzugtes Objekt zum Gegenstand ernsthafter Forschungen erhebt, tut gut daran, sich seine Voreingenommenheiten und Fan-Allüren beizeiten abzugewöhnen, weil es ihm sonst unweigerlich an der nötigen kritischen Distanz mangeln wird. Wer im Reiz-Reaktions-Mechanismus der spätpubertären Idolatrie verbleibt, hat weder eine Chance, sich mit dem realen Menschen auseinanderzusetzen, der hinter der phantasmatischen Maske des Idols sich verbirgt, noch mit seinen Leistungen und Produkten sich näher zu befassen. Nicht bloß mit dem Fan-Kuchenbacken, auch mit all dem privaten Seelenmüll, der dem Ich als einer imaginären Funktion des Verkennens und der flickwerkelnden Lückenverkleisterung und -verbüßung anhaftet, gilt es zu diesem Zwecke aufzuräumen.

Jim-Morrison-Fans (an die ich mich hier wende, wobei meine Provokation in zweiter Linie auch den Sinn hat, zu erläutern, warum ich selbst keiner (mehr) bin) haben anderen sogenannten "Fans" gegenüber einen großen Vor- bzw. auch Nachteil: sie sind nämlich die selbsternannten "Fans" von jemandem, der ihnen diesen Status ausdrücklich verboten hat, bevor ihn der Ekel vor dem "bunch of fucking idiots", die er freilich selbst dazu aufgefordert hatte, ihn stellvertretend zu töten und seinen Leichnam mit der alkoholhaltigen Milch des unstillbaren Begehrens einzusaugen, konsequent ins Grab brachte. Wenngleich er die mit Abstand realistischste und rücksichtsloseste existierende Narzißmus- u.d.h. Subjekttheorie, die des französischen Psychiaters und Psychoanalytikers Jacques Lacan (1901-81), wohl nicht gekannt hat, zeigen seine eigenen Notizen und Interviewäußerungen ein Bewußtsein von der unauffebbaren strukturellen Brechung des Subjekts als des symbolgeplagten

Doubles des Anderen und schlechten Schauspielers der Doppelgänger-gläubigkeit seiner selbst, wie es unter sogenannten Rockstars wahrlich nicht alltäglich ist. Statthalter des Begehrens nach dem Begehren des/der andern, krümmte der schwarzlederne Eidechsenmann sich als Körperphantasma dem ohnmachtgeborenen Voyeurismus der Menge entgegen, um ihr diejenige masturbatorische Möglichkeit von Selbstversicherung vorzugaukeln, deren Schwinden ihm selbst, indem er die "sterbenden Tiere" versklavte, zur Dauererfahrung wurde. Die Fan-tasmen der imaginären Verschmelzung und zerebralen Erektion, im regressiven Omnipotenzwunsch schon mündend in jene sattsam bekannten Infantilismen, die der "fear and attraction of being swallowed" auf der Ebene des Realen nun einmal zu entsprechen pflegen, hinterlassen wenig mehr als die zerstörerische und selbstzerstörerische Sehnsucht "to get rid of the burning".

Und doch: die Besessenheit der überflüssigen Vegetierer durch Helden, die stellvertretend für sie leben und dafür, daß sie es dürfen, bestraft und zerstört werden, erreicht die im totalisierenden Begehren angestrebte Identifikation höchst nüchtern und überraschend auf der realen Bühne jenes universellen Verblendungszusammenhangs, um dessen Reproduktion willen letztlich beide, der Star und der Fan, existieren: als Marionetten des sich kaschierenden Spätkapitalismus reichen Handelnder und Zuschauer einander die Hand, beide gleichermaßen ein wenig überfordert und desorientiert, die Handflächen leicht schwitzend. Kein Friedensschluß, sondern sich verewigender Zugriff der Demontage, die sich nun über das Anhäufen von Tonträgern, Postern, Bildchen, Verdinglichungen der gedruckten Magie des Namens und anderen Identitäts- und Existenzbeweisen biedermännisch-schleichend vollzieht, als zeitgemäße Variante der rituellen Zerstückelung des Schamanen oder des Gottes Dionysos zu einem Schrotthaufen konsumierbarer Fragmente. Symbolische Hetze der Nimmersatten, die sich in einem ausweglosen Zirkel aus sauggierigem Sadomasochismus und verschleiernd harmloser Grimasse um das nächste Produkt, sprich um sich selbst drehen, Erkennungsembleme schwenkend, lächelnd einander gegenseitig aufmunternd und bestätigend. Nützliche Idioten der Drahtzieher, die sich am Tode beider, des Stars und des Starrers (into the hollow idol's eye) mästen, um ihren eigenen Auf- und Untergang noch eine Spur grandioser in Szene zu setzen, der Wohlfahrt eines undefinierbaren Ganzen wegen, das angesichts seiner Totalität niemand mehr benennen mag: Scheu vor dem Namen des Vaters. Father, I want to... aber lassen wir das.

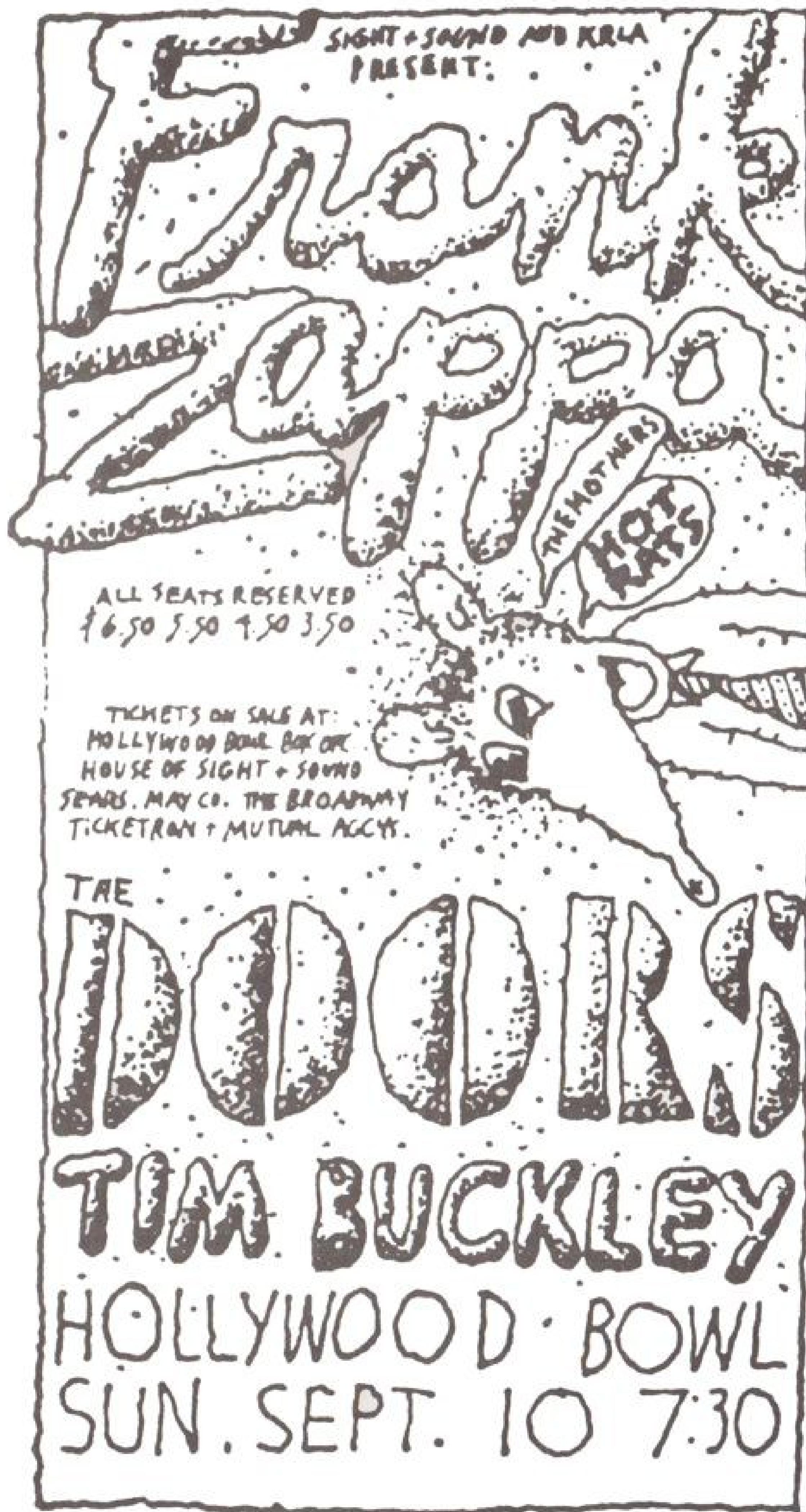
Herrn Morrison jedenfalls, liebe Fans, sollte man beim Wort des von ihm geschätzten Friedrich Nietzsche nehmen: 'Ihr suchtet euch, da findet ihr mich. Jetzt aber heiße ich euch, mich zu verlieren und euch zu finden - und erst wenn ihr mich alle verleugnet habt, werde ich euch wiederkehren.' - The only solution... isn't it amazing??

Nachwort: Sicherlich hat jeder von Euch seine eigene Meinung zu diesem Thema. Schreibt Eure Gedanken auf und schickt sie uns! Die interessantesten Meinungen (ob nun genehm oder unbequem wie Thomas' Beitrag) veröffentlichen wir dann in DQ 17. Bezieht auch Stellung zu Thomas' Ansichten über "Fans"!

Rainer M.

	<u>Jim Morrison T-Shirts</u> Hand Painted Young Lion Psychedelic Patterns in Red*Blue*Purple*Orange*Green sizes - Small*Med.*Large *Specify size and color.	Send 45DM in check or money order to: Brian Rogers 4559 Doane St. Fremont Calif. 94538 USA	
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A RARE POSTER. WHAT A CONCERT!!!



BEMERKUNGEN

zu einer ungarischen Doors - Gedächtnisalbum
von Péter Nagy, Ungarn

VÁNDOR AZ ÚTON

HBB - JIM MORRISON EMLÉKMÜSOR / HUNGAROTON © 1987

2 LP's

Dieses Jahr vor drei Monaten kam eine doppel LP von einer ungarischen Gruppe - heißt Hobo Blues Band - in Ungarn heraus. Dieses Album inbegriffen 18 Doors-Interpretationen auf ungarisch. Was kann ich etwas Gutes über dieses Album sagen? Leider nicht zu viel. Obwohl dieses doppel LP auch wenige Vorteile hat, (darüber ein bisschen später) hat es viele Nachteile auch. Erstens: Wenn jemand sich an die Musik von Doors angewöhnt hat und diese Musik gut kennt, dann kann man - ich bin der Meinung - dieses Album erstes Mal nicht vom Anfang bis zum Ende hören. Ein 'meiner Freunde, der mag auch die Musik von Doors, sagte mir, wenn er die Doors noch nicht gekannt hätte, hätte er keinen Lust auf dem Grund des Albums die Doors kennenzulernen. Zum Glück gibt's in Ungarn bereits seit langen Jahren viele-viele Doors Fans und für sie - wie für mich ein bisschen auch - ist dieses Album keine Werbung, sondern lieber eine Beilage, die Doors besser kennenzulernen und zu verstehen. Na ja, aber es ist kein Vorteil für die Ausländer, die nicht ungarisch können. Deswegen muss man noch nicht ungarisch lernen, ich glaube, es ist auf englisch noch immer besser. Der Gesang und die Musik sind gar nicht so schön auf diesen Platten wie den Jim gesungen und die Doors gespielt hat. Es war aber kein Zweck - sagte mir Hobo, der 'Sänger' der Gruppe -, es gab die Doors nur einmal und niemehr wieder. Wir wollten nur der Doors ein Andenken stellen." Zweitens ist die Tonqualität dieser Platten ziemlich schlecht. Der Grund dieser Tatsache besteht in der falschen Tonmischung. Das Album

Anmerkung: Danke, Peter, für Deinen Bericht, den ich im Original ließ.
Allerdings widerspreche ich Dir: Die Platte hat eine einwandfreie Tonqualität, für Raritätsammler nur zu empfehlen! (Rainer Moddemann)

wurde in zwei Konzerten aufgenommen, also das ist ein Live - Album. Der schönste Teil des Albums ist der Umschlag, finde ich. Das „Frontcover“ ist eine wunderschöne Graphik über den jungen Jim. Die muß man sehen! Dieses Album hat in Ungarn große Bedeutung, denn bis zur Zeit wurde bei uns noch nichts von Doors veröffentlicht. Vielleicht ist es der erste Schritt und im Zukunft kommt noch in Ungarn einige echte Doors - Platten auch heraus. Zum Schluß empfehle ich dieses Album für jedermann, die sich für einen Doors - Sammler halten. Das ist eine echte Rarität aus Ostblock - staaten. Wenn jemand dieses Album besitzen möchte, muß man mir nur einen kurzen Brief mit der Name und Adresse zuschicken und steh' es noch darin wieviel Stück von diesem Album ich schicken muß und ich probiere es zu besorgen. Diese 2LP kostet 25,- DM + Porto. (Das Porto nach West-Europa ist 3,- DM nach dem ersten Album und dann nach jedem nächsten Album noch 1,- DM ; nach Übersee ist es 5,- DM und dann noch 2,- DM /Stück .) Bitte das Geld für LP's auf diese Adresse schicken: STEFAN KREBSER , CH-9000 ST GALLEN, Ruthbergstr. 40 / Schweiz
Meine Adresse, auf die man die Bestellungsbriefe schicken muß: NAGY PÉTER, H-9400 SOPRON, Kertesi u. 31 /
Ungarn

VÁNDOR AZ ÚTON * HBB - JIM MORRISON EMLÉKMÜSOR

MADE IN HUNGARY © 1987 HUNGAROTON MHV

A, ÉBREDÉS (AWAKE)

A HÁSIK OLDALRA TÖRJÜNK ÁT (BREAK ON THROUGH)

SZERESS KÉTSZER (LOVE ME TWO TIMES)

A ZENÉNEK VÉGE (WHEN THE MUSIC IS OVER)

B, MAGGIE M'GILL (~)

ALABAMA SONG (~)

SPION (THE SPY)

ÓDA L.A.-HEZ (ODE TO L.A.)

VAD SRÁC (WILD CHILD)

VAD SZERELMÉM (MY WILDE LOVE)

C, ORSZÁGÚTI FOGADÓ BLUES (ROADHOUSE BLUES)

LOBBANTS LÁNGRA (LIGHT MY FIRE)

VÁNDOR AZ ÚTON (RIDERS ON THE STORM)

AMERIKAI IMA (AN AMERICAN PRAYER)

D, SPANYOL KARAVÁN (SPANISH CARAVAN)

ÖTEN EGYÉRT (FIVE TO ONE)

A NAPRA VárVA (WAITING FOR THE SUN)

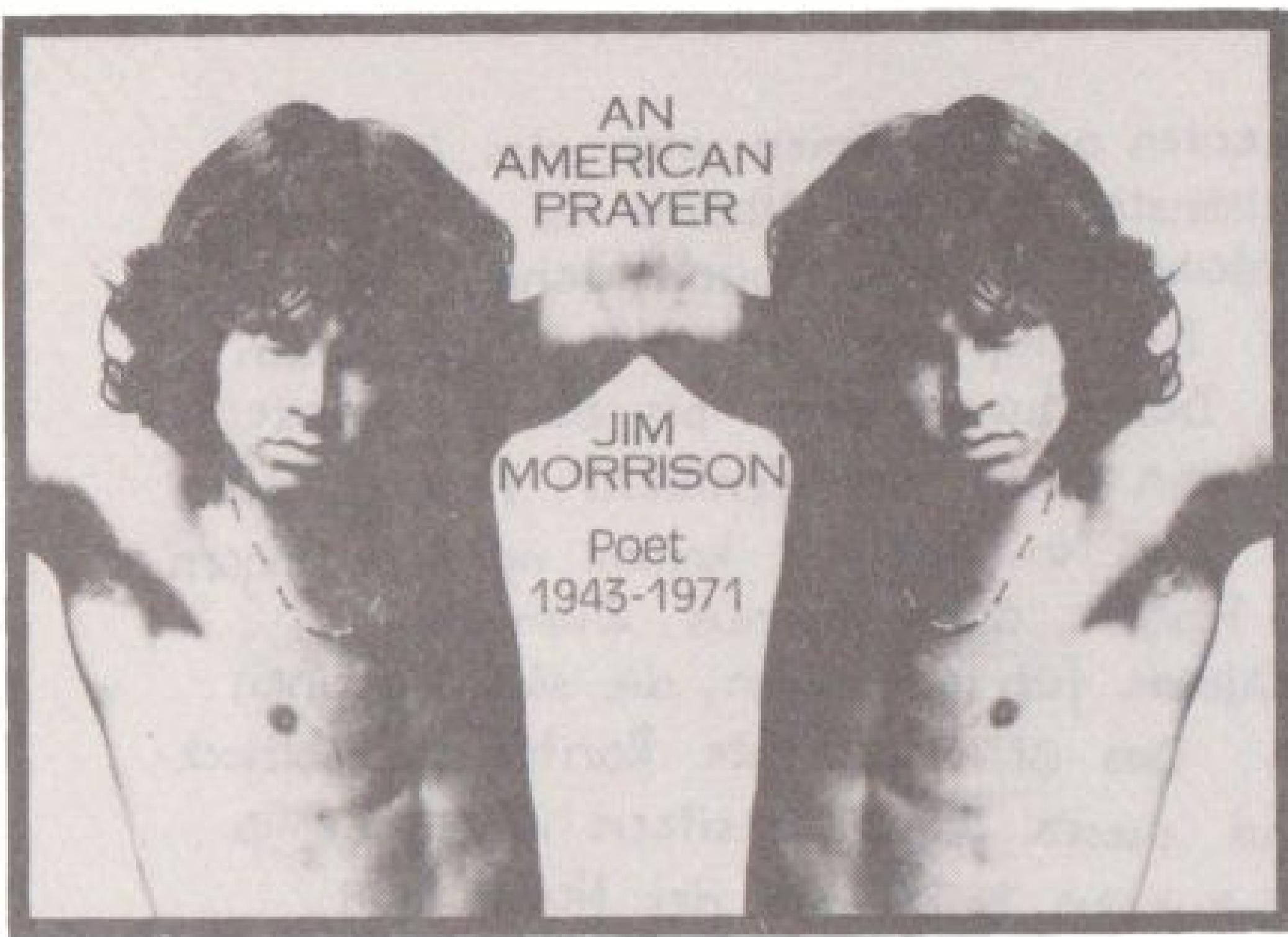
A VÉG (THE END)

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C: 24'08"

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written for
C. G. Jung
Institute

dedicated to
Jim Morrison
and his
Feast of
Friends



A SYMBOLIC STUDY BY SCOTT HYDER

PART 1

Christianity gave Eros poison to drink - he did not die of it, to be sure, but degenerated into vice. Nietzsche: Beyond Good And Evil; "Maximes and Interludes" No. 168

The psychology of the orgy as an overflowing feeling of life and energy within which even pain acts as a stimulus provided me with the key to the concept of the tragic feeling, which was misunderstood as much by Aristotle as it especially was by our pessimists. Tragedy is so far from providing evidence for pessimism among the Hellenes . . . that it has to be considered the decisive repudiation of it. Affirmation of life even in its strangest and sternest problems, the will to life rejoicing in its own inexhaustibility through the sacrifice of its highest types--that is what I called Dionysian, that is what I recognized as the bridge to the psychology of the tragic poet. Not so as to get rid of pity and terror, not so as to purify oneself of a dangerous emotion through its vehement discharge-- it was thus Aristotle understood it--: but, beyond pity and terror, to realize in oneself the eternal joy of becoming-- that joy which also encompasses joy in destruction. . . .

Nietzsche: Twilight of the Idols; "What I Owe the Ancients"

I love the friends I have gathered together on this thin raft. We have constructed pyramids in honor of our escaping... Morrison: The WASP; "LA Woman" album

I promised I would drown myself in mystic-heated wine.

Morrison: Summer's almost gone; "Waiting for the Sun"

You'll be dead and in hell before I'm born . . .

Morrison: Shaman's Blues; "Soft Parade" album

I'll tell you this: No eternal reward will forgive us now for wasting the dawn.

Morrison: The WASP; "LA Woman" album

No more money, no more fancy dress
This other kingdom seems by far the best
Until its other jaw reveals incest
& loose obedience to a vegetable law.

Morrison: An American Prayer

INTRODUCTION

Once upon a time the world was enchanted and magic, populated with gods, heroes, sleeping princesses, elves, dragons, a number of witches, and a fair amount of magical animals. Then the world became wise and industrialized; the enlightened mind of the new, secular and material society discarded the above characters as so much dead weight. But with the devine vengeance of all rejected and repressed spirits, the archetypal powers have continually discovered new ways of permeating and pervading the reductive consciousness of today's collective rationalism. Denied conceptually as quaint archaisms or mere superstitions, the devine and demonic qualities of the psyche have adopted the manipulative techniques of modern advertising and continue to enchant and enlighten, industriously finding contemporary figures to carry the archetypal import and messages to the collective in a manner and fashion suitable to its times and secularized prejudices.

Perhaps the changing form and style of archetypal emergence is less a reflection of manipulation than one of instinctual urge to survival through mutability and adaptation to each and every new tack of an envolving, changing collective. After all, archetypes must be as adept at survival as the humanity they serve and control, it would seem, else there would be little point or promise in the continued existence of either. In any case, the superficial contempt with which the old forms are dismissed is belied by the advent of psychic surrogates who, in one guise or another, attract the equivalent affective response as the ancient mythic figures did in their time. The appeal and veneration of such collective idols as the charismatic politician, god-like, genius scientist, star athlete, adored actor or actress, or any other cultural magnet, including assassins and artists, would seem to point to a survival of the archetypal carriers. The idealized projections of the collective unconscious, including those most feared, are given voice, form, and essence as surely now as ever before.

The contemporary figures don the cloak and mystery of the heroic, demonic, god-like and enchanted, dwell in crystal palaces, pristine laboratories, and dungeon-like slums, and then live out the fantasies of the collective kingdom of the modern world. Even in a tinsel wasteland, they are the figures who, for a day or a lifetime or longer, embody the archetypal potential within the contemporary world.

While children and adults alike may dream of donning that cloak themselves, becoming the hero and living the privileged life, it is evident from those who somehow have managed to do so, that assuming the role is not without its attendant dangers. Especially for performers and entertainers, the price of stardom may be the very earth upon which they stand and rely for their all-too-human existence. Potential immortality is always purchased at the cost of one's personal mortality. Whether the soul is lost in the vain, narcissistic attempt to garner everlasting attention and confirmation through the collective, or whether loss of soul is simply the inevitable exaction of the gods for hubristic identification with their realm, the inflated or greater-than-life figures which comprise the heavenly constellations of the collective consciousness often go through a personal hell to attain their rather dubious and often ephemeral places of distinction in the waxed museum of the collective memory.

Just as the projections and archetypal yearnings of the collective are generally unconscious, so appear many of the chosen carriers for those yearnings and projections. Seemingly ignorant of the consequences and perils to their personal being, they are spun into the orbit of the collective fantasy. Nevertheless, there exists a curious complicity quite often in the relationship between the personal psyche of the damned or chosen and that of the impersonal collective within which the archetypal role has meaning and importance. Each apparently needs the other, but as a result of the relationship, the lives of these archetypal spokesmen or carriers appear as fated as they are fantastic to the everyman back on earth. Jung describes one form that such a relationship may take, relevant to the thesis of my paper:



C.G. Jung (1875-1961)
drawing by R. Moddemann

an impersonal archetype, the identification with one pole to the exclusion of the other provides ample grounds for psychic divorce within the ego's tension of opposites.

Lack of an individual center, an ego, then insures the suffering of the character on the stage of the world when the collective projection is removed, for one reason or another, or when the 'star' succumbs to the pull of the shadow of the collective to which he or she is bound, falling and assuming an immortality based on physical death at a time when his or her image is still at the apex of popularity.

thus, perhaps the Image of Ouroboros is especially appropriate for those heroes and heroines who return early to the dark waters of the unconscious, the everlasting embrace of the Great Mother from whence they came, the collective unconscious which they reigned and served. With the idiosyncratic differences one would expect from nature and distinct fables of the chosen, heroic and damned, such was indeed the fate shared by James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, Elvis Presley and many others. Jung touches on the notion of these figures as collective symbols, saying:

"The finest of all symbols of the libido is the human figure, conceived as a demon or hero. Here the symbolism leaves the objective, material realm of astral and meteorological images and takes on human form, changing into a figure who passes from joy to sorrow, from sorrow to joy, and like the sun, now stands high at the zenith and now is plunged into darkest night, only to rise again in new splendor." C.G. Jung, Collected Works, Vol. 5, par. 251

It is perhaps well to note that while the sun and even sunheroes may rise again from the darkest night in new splendor, the figures embodying the myth in reality do so only in the collective consciousness. Their image may re-emerge, but it may just as easily be replaced by another, who then embodies the archetypal pattern once again. Some figures do return from the dead, however, in a metaphorical sense at least. The attraction and power of their mythic image is then one of continual fascination and archetypal importance. From the culture of instant gratification and disposable icons arise the disembodied symbols of and for the technological age, offering messages which transcend time and contemporary prejudices, but which often also reflect the archetypal urgency of repressed elements within an epoch and culture. As mentioned before, there is a reciprocity and balance between the messenger or archetypal carrier and the culture in which it is found. As Christopher Lasch notes in his book, *The Culture of Narcissism*, "Every society reproduces its culture -- its norms, its underlying assumptions, its modes of organizing experience -- in the

"It is a psychological fact that an archetype can seize hold of the ego and even compel it to act as it -- the archetype -- wills. A man can then take on archetypal dimensions and exercise corresponding effects; he can appear in the place of God, so that it is not only possible, but quite sensible, for other men to act towards him as they act towards God . . ." C.G. Jung, Collected Works, Vol. 5 par. 101

However, unlike the archetypes themselves, eternal and essentially unchanging within the ethers of human consciousness, their human representatives fade and change with each year. They may fulfill the archetypal role they assumed, embodying the symbol in its entirety for a time and culture, or it may be forfeited and projected onto another. The public is fickle and the archetypes, however powerful personally, are impersonal. No matter how callous it may appear, when a person has sacrificed the personal to become a tool of the collective unconscious or the demands of

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individual, in the form of personality." (p. 70, Lasch). What he does not mention, but what must also be recognized, is that every society also reproduces its cultural shadow (or recognizes it) within the form of the individual.

Generally speaking, however, in so far as most of the compelling symbols of contemporary culture arise and reign through the sophistications of the technological age, they attain a visual and audible omnipresence to a degree that even the gods must find impressive, if often that presence is rather transitory. The power of the age and the entertainment/media industry to create and sustain an image, a myth or an imaginary sensation is as awesome as is its power to destroy or discard the importance of a figure's public image. Even "negative" figures are propelled to the limelight, so long as they sell -- whether newspapers, new products, records, or anything else is irrelevant: the point of exposure is to be found in marketing potential. The mentality and material means at the disposal of the culture reflect its time and interests, and they influence the models and heroes which arise within that culture accordingly.

Both the recording and the motion picture industry have discovered the enduring appeal (and marketing value) of their early dead. James Dean, Marilyn Monroe and Elvis, mentioned earlier, are household names -- not only known to all, but to be found attached to everything from dolls to T-Shirts to pop-art works. There is a virtual worship of the past hero, immortal and yet immanent thanks to the longevity of the recorded word and image. Cults of young and old admirers continue to pay homage to such personalities; the cinemas are like temples of transience, sacred amphitheatres of the ephemeral, allowing the viewer to transcend -- albeit briefly -- the strictures of time and space in illusion and momentary escape. At the same time, however, in an ever-changing world, the captured moment and the familiar and suspended heroes offer a sort of security in their finitude and repetition, unknown in the day to day world where nothing is stable, flux is drastic and violent often, and psychic and existential uprootedness is a matter of course.

In this paper, I would like to explore the particular symbolism of one such archetypal figure, a rock and roll singer and poet, named Jim Morrison. Dead at 27 in 1971, his records of the few years previous to that date, in a group called The Doors (after Huxley's *The Doors Of Perception*), sell more copies today than ever before. His lyrics are dark, brooding, sensual and evil, full of imagery of death, guilt and involution. In exploring the symbolism of the man himself, his lyrics and poetry, I will try to point to factors which explain his continuing popularity and archetypal status.

PASSAGES OF A POET AND PUER

You could say it's an accident that I was ideally suited for the work I am doing. It's the feeling of a bowstring being pulled back for 22 years and suddenly being let go ... I've always been attracted to ideas that were about revolt against authority ... the breaking away or overthrowing of established order ... anything about revolt, disorder, chaos -- especially activity that seems to have no meaning. It seems to me to be the road toward freedom -- external revolt is a way to bring about internal freedom. Rather than starting inside, I start outside -- reach the mental through the physical ... But the main thing is that we are The Doors ... The world we suggest is of a new wild west. A sensuous evil world. Strange and haunting, the path of the sun, you know? Toward the end ... The Pacific -- violence and peace -- the way between young and the old.

Jim Morrison (Original Elektra Records Biography, 1967)

"Morrison, James Douglas, born December 8, 1943, family: dead." So runs his biography for the first album The Doors produced. But his parents weren't really dead, at least not physically. His father was a navy admiral, his mother a navy admiral's wife, but psychologically speaking Morrison considered them dead. Perhaps that is why they emerge so frequently and with such force within his writings.

Forever fighting the authority of the father, on both personal and cultural (that is, spiritual) levels, the father who was in fact physically absent in his childhood for long periods of time, as well as the absent spiritual father of the times, Morrison's life gravitated increasingly to the domain of the mother, the Great Mother. In adopting the philosophies of revolt, the impulse of extremism and ecstasy, the identity of the dark, suffering, romantic poet, he found not only the rationale for his unbridled instinctuality but, as a rock star, a channel for its flight and release.

As a figure who captured the public eye and ear of the 1960s, a period of tremendous unrest, rebellion, and violence, and as a figure who continues to hold the fascination of a youth which never even knew him or of his existence until he was dead, I believe Morrison is clearly an archetypal symbol of relevance and importance to the collective today. In this study, I hope to suggest why, by reviewing the dominant symbolism and imagery of his lyrics and poetry. Anticipating immersion in the poetry and lyrics, which I hope will bear out my thesis, I would like to suggest that Morrison's continued impact well into the 1980s, fifteen years after his death, reflects a cultural identification -- or at least an identification of a sizable part of the youth subculture-- with the issues and complexes running throughout Morrison's writing. I believe there also exists an admiration for the aggressive yet tortured image which Morrison projected, and I will attempt to demonstrate that this stance, as well as the stanzas of his work, point to a rage and despair -- that of an impotence inherited from an age whose spirit is sterile, desecrated and destructive. Severed from belief in the sacred, the ground of all being becomes infertile. Then it is not only psychologically normal but spiritually necessary that fertility heroes must arise from the mother and return, that the culture be renewed and the harmony between the earth and sky (sky as spirit) or the earth and the underworld be restored. As it is the child which brings renewal, I believe we must examine Morrison, and the cultural urge identified with him, from the perspective of the *puer aeternus*, the eternal child. Although positive messages are more pleasant to receive, the negative puer is merely the other aspect of the whole, and the age undoubtedly must expect a modicum of divine wrath, given the wretched state of the collective spirit in our time.

Marie-Louise von Franz sums up the mythology and history of the *puer aeternus* concisely as follows:

"Puer aeternus is the name of a god of antiquity. The words themselves come from Ovid's Metamorphoses and are applied to the child-god in the Eleusinian mysteries. Ovid speaks of the child-god Iacchus, addressing him as puer aeternus and praising him in his role in these mysteries. In later times, the child-god was identified with Dionysus and the god Eros. He is the divine youth who is born in the night in this typical mother-cult mystery of Eleusis, and who is a redeemer. He is a god of life, death and resurrection -- the god of divine youth, corresponding to such oriental gods as Tammuz, Attis and Adonis. The title puer aeternus therefore means 'eternal youth'... (von Franz, *Puer Aeternus*, p. 1)

For von Franz, as for Jung, the man identified with the archetype of the *puer aeternus* has first and foremost 'an outstanding mother complex'. Hillman's view of the puer, while not denying the frequent connection to the mother, places the emphasis of the archetypal complex in its lost, faulty or deficient relation with the polar aspect of the puer, the senex, or the father archetype, which is associated with order, limits, morality and, most importantly for my purposes, spirit. The distinction is significant, I believe, since the mother complex is secondary and contingent upon the absent or negative father, in this perspective. While the symptoms and characteristics of the puer remain the same, the root problem seems more adequately explained through the notion of the severed connection with the senex.

Some of the most typical characteristics of the puer include lability, an aversion to commitment, 'of entering space and time completely,... a fascination for dangerous sports, particularly flying and mountaineering -- so as to get as high as possible, the symbolism of which is to get away from the mother; i.e. from the earth, from ordinary

life. If this type of complex is very pronounced, many such men die at a young age in airplane crashes and mountaineering accidents. It is an exteriorized spiritual longing which expresses itself in this form.' (von Franz, pp. 2-3)

Von Franz goes on to describe how the puer 'never quite commits himself to any mundane situation but just hovers over the earth, touching it from time to time, alighting here and there...' (von Franz, p. o.).

Hillman notes the same tendency in his essay on the 'Great Mother and the Puer':

Ecstasy is one of the Goddess' ways of seducing the puer from its senex connection. By overcoming limit, puer consciousness feels itself overcoming fate which sets and is limit. Rather than loving fate or being driven by it, ascending like Horus to redeem the father, there is escape from fate in magical ecstatic flight. Puer aspirations are fed with new fuel: the potent combustible of sexual and power drives whose source is in the instinctual domain of the Great Goddess. These exaggerations of the puer impulse set him afire. He is the torch, the arrow, and the wing, Aphrodite's son Eros. He seems able to realize in his sexual life and his career every wish of his childhood's omnipotence fantasies... His being is a magic phallus, glowing and strong, every act inspired, every word pregnant with deep natural wisdom. (James Hillman, Fathers & Mothers, p. 86)

----- (TO BE CONTINUED IN QUARTERLY 17) -----

BOOTLEGGING THE DOORS

A series written
by RAINER MODDEMANN

PART 4 (cont. from THE DOORS QUARTERLY No 13, 14 and 15)

A quick addition to the bootleg pressings of "THE LIZARD KING" in DQ 14: A sixth pressing of this record came out in 1987, summertime. It is easily identified because of the following list.

6th pressing: Cover: same as 1-4th pressing, but printed ONTO a black laminated cover in white colour. No writing on the thin back.

Label: silver with black drawing and writing. The drawing shows an ugly cop, thick writing GUILTY and a small "All rights ..." text round the label is written by hand. This label was also used for many bootlegs of other groups and for the Doors "The Complete Stockholm Tapes" and "A Celebration" bootlegs.

It is obvious that this boot was made by the same bootlegger.

Matrix: LILLP 1968-A and LILLP 1968-B. Different from ALL other matrix plates mentioned in DQ 14.

First pressing of this matrix comes in white vinyl, but I'm sure there are some other colours, too (just see the mass of different colours of the "Complete Stockholm Tapes" discs). This matrix was made from one of the other pressings, a lot of crackles can be heard. No song separation.

Country: West Germany. Edit.: not known. Probably not more than 500 copies.

For this Quarterly the main theme of my series is another classic Doors bootleg: MR. MOJO RISIN'. This bootleg double album was the first Doors bootleg using a colour cover, copied from a poster distributed in the States; obviously the photo was taken in a park in winter 1968, probably New York, Central Park. Jim is on his knees, looking to the left, with the other three Doors behind him, and he's wearing a snakeskin jacket. The others are wearing suits in black (Robby), in

white (John) and in brown (Ray). The backcover has got 72 (!) photos, which were copied from contact sheets. The photos were taken from a TV during the following shows: Ed Sullivan (9/67) 24 photos; "Now Explosion" TV show, Canada (8/67) 16 photos; and "Feast of Friends" (1968) 32 photos. All photos are in black and white, with the tracks of the album written underneath them.

After "Resurrection" having a filmsoundtrack (The Doors are open) on it, this is the second bootleg with a soundtrack on. Of course it is the only soundtrack which was available at that time, Feast of Friends. Here are the tracks:

MR. MOJO RISIN'

SIDE ONE:1. Strange days excerpt)

2. Dialogues
3. Wild Child
4. Dialogue
5. Moonlight Drive
6. Conversation Jim & pastor
7. Five to One (excerpt)
8. Not to Touch the Earth (ex.)
9. Backstage dialogue (Jim & girl)
10. Earth, Air, Fire, Water (poem;
recited by Jim himself)
11. The Doors backstage:
 - a) Ray Manzarek on piano
 - b) Robby Krieger singing and
playing his guitar
 - c) Jim Morrison telling the
"Frederik" story and accompanies
himself on the piano

SIDE TWO: 1. The End

2. Closing theme
3. Interview (exc.) with
Jim Morrison about
Feast of Friends.

SIDE THREE: 1. Light my Fire

2. Intro by Noel Harrison
3. The End

SIDE FOUR: 1. Introduction

- Wild Child
2. Touch me
 3. Doors interview by
Richard Goldstein

SOURCES:

Side one and two are the complete soundtrack of Feast of Friends, all songs from original LPs except "The End" recorded live in Los Angeles, Hollywood Bowl, 5. 7. 1968. Side two No 3 stems from an interview by Howard Smith, Dec. 1969.

Side three No 1 is from Ed Sullivan Show, New York, September 1967, live.

No 2 and 3 are from Canadian CBC TV show "Now Explosion", Toronto, August 1967, live.

Side four No 1 and 2 are from Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour, USA, 15.12.1968,
music:playback; vocals:live.

No 3 is from PBS TV show "Critique", WNET Channel 13, New York, 23.5.1969

Again it is not that easy to identify the different pressings. Here's a list for you to see which pressing you have got:

First pressing: Cover - front: colour picture of all four Doors in a park. Jim just shows head and shoulders. Black writing says "Mr. Mojo Risin'". Notice that on the original cover two branches of a tree go right into the two legs of the M of Mr.

Small writing on the thin back of the cover saying
Mr. Mojo Risin' K 413. Top of the letters show to front.
back: 72 photos from contact sheets with the tracks
written below the photo stripes.

The text also says "Towne Records, ©1970.
Los Angeles, Ca 90069", a record company which
of course doesn't exist.

(Winter 1980)

Label - all four labels have got the same three Morrison black and white photos from Ed Sullivan Show on it.
Side one: Mr. Mojo Risin', Feast of Friends K-413
Side two: Mr. Mojo Risin', Feast of Friends (Continued) K-413
Side three: Mr. Mojo Risin', Light My Fire The End K-413
Side four: Mr. Mojo Risin', Wild Child Touch Me Interview K-413
Printed in black on a white label. Note the extra groove circle inside the label.

Matrix - K 413 A, B, C and D, scratched in by hand. Black recycling vinyl was used, therefore the first pressing has got crackles, also flaws in the vinyl. Song separation on side 3 and 4.

Country - USA Edit.: about 1500 copies

2nd pressing Cover - same as first pressing BUT: front cover is a bit brighter; writing on the thin back has got the top of the letters showing to the backside of the cover; one branch of the tree goes right into the middle of the M of Mr. The photos on the backside are slightly darker.

1982 Label - record one: Yellow label with writing "Kreiger & Assoc. Mojo Workin' Feast Side One/Two K-413"
record two: Blue label with writing "Kreiger & Assoc. Mojo Workin' Fire - End/Wild One Your Touch Inner View Side Three/ Four K-413"

Matrix - same as first pressing. Black vinyl with flaws and crackles.
Country - USA Edit.: more than 2000 copies

3rd pressing Cover - same as second pressing

1984 Label - Side one and two same as first pressing (photos are a bit brighter)
Side three and four same as second pressing
Matrix - same as first pressing, but pressed on multicoloured vinyl
Country - USA Edit.: only 100 copies

4th pressing: Cover - same as first pressing but without writing on the thin back.

1982 -86 The quality of the cover is worse than the one of the first pressing. The front picture is much brighter, also the black and white pictures on the back. The shrink wrap, sealed vertically up the middle of the back of the LP makes it easy to identify this pressing.

Label - same as first pressing, but with brighter photos and without the extra groove.

Matrix - different from all other pressings. Same number but scratched in by another hand. Pressed on black good vinyl, but has also got crackles, so it is obvious that one of the other pressings was copied. This causes surface noise on the fourth pressing.

Country - Italy. Edit.: more than 1000 copies in the whole.

Towne Records also pressed "Resurrection" and "Critique". It is not know whether this bootlegger is still working or not.

For the first pressing of Mr. Mojo Risin' you usually pay (if you are lucky enough to get an original) more than 70 DM. The third pressing is even more expensive, and almost impossible to get. Price of today about 100 DM. The Italian copy sells for 45-50 DM on record fairs.

This series will be continued in DOORS QUARTERLY 17 with "CRITIQUE".

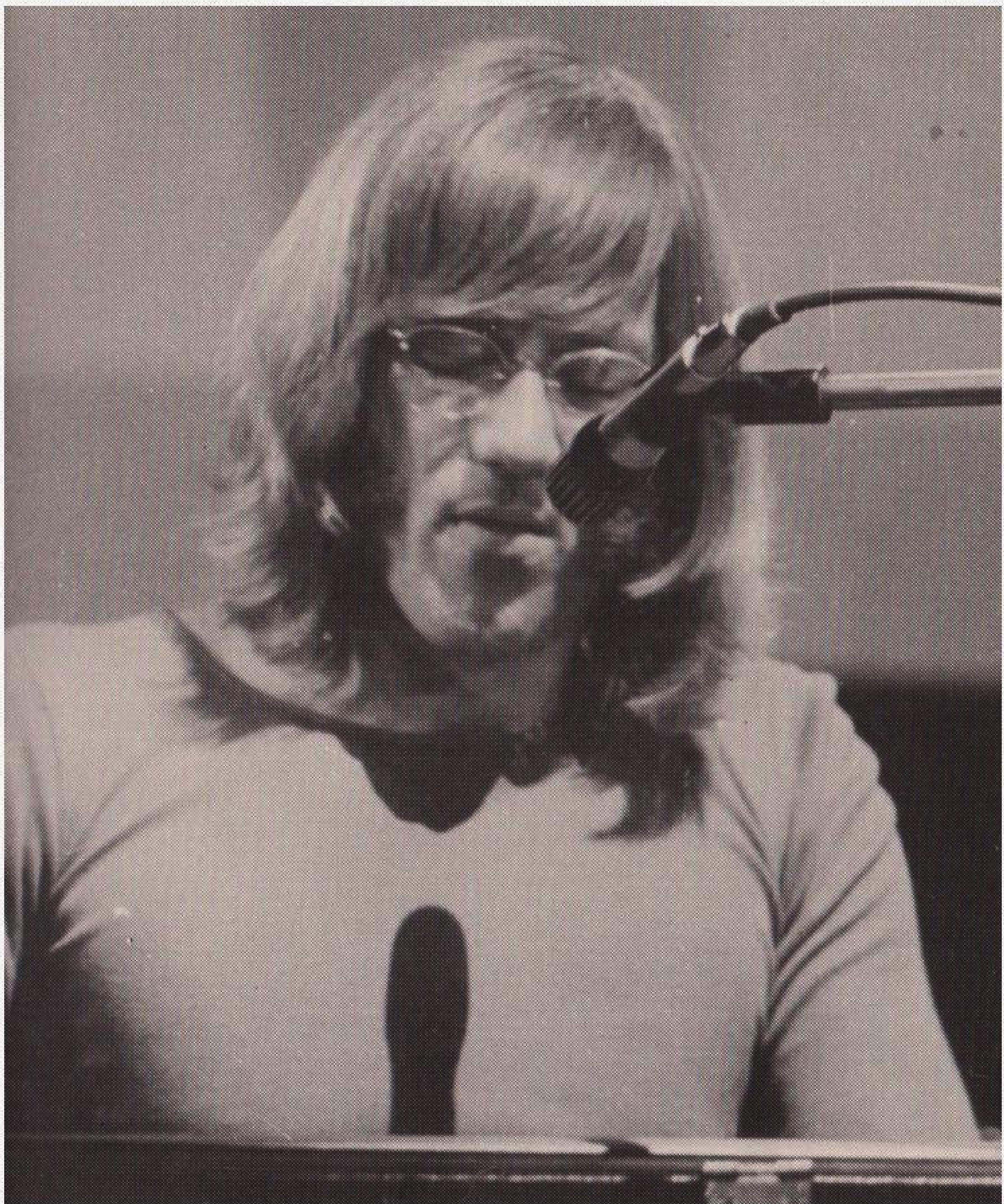
THE POETRY PAGE

End of the Night

take the highway to the end of the night
take a journey to the bright midnite
realms of bliss, realms of light
some are born to sweet delight
some are born to the endless night

J.M.

Original Jim Morrison handwriting.



**Ray Manzarek in Concert
Paris 1972**

