

DOORS



QUARTERLY

4

THE DOORS QUARTERLY 4

is a magazine for
members of THE DOORS
FAN CLUB WEST GERMANY,
Hagenastr.20; D.4300
Essen 1; W/Germany
There are 4 editions
a year.

from us to you

Hi, liebe Fan Club Mitglieder! Zur vierten Ausgabe unseres DOORS QUARTERLY gibt es das versprochene Geschenk: Eine Postkarte, die Jim Morrison 1968 in Frankfurt mit seinem Autogramm versah, als Nachdruck. Das Original dieser Karte wurde vom Vorstandsmitglied

Uli Heumann zur Verfügung gestellt, ein sehr wertvolles Stück Papier, denn Original Morrison Autogramme erzielen in den USA Preise bis zu 400 DM! Man sollte allerdings bei Angeboten äußerst vorsichtig sein, mit Sicherheit sind Fälschungen dabei. Uli's Karte ist jedoch unzweifelhaft echt. Einige fragten an, wer denn diese 'häßliche' Zeichnung auf dem Titelblatt von DQ 3 verbrochen hat. Nun, das Blatt stammt aus einer Sammlung von 26 Lithografien, die in limitierter Auflage von 250 Stück in den USA verkauft wurden, gezeichnet von Meister Morrison 1958. Die teils pornografischen Zeichnungen vom pubertierenden Jim wurden in 'Goldmine' angeboten und kosteten teure 125 Dollar als Set. Feststellbar ist, daß Jim MAD-Leser war, denn einige Zeichnungen zeigen Alfred- oder Don Martin-Motive. Wir möchten besonders auf das nächste Club-Meeting, auf die kommenden Quarterlys sowie auf den Clubbeitrag für die nächsten 4 Hefte hinweisen (dazu die Anzeigen im Heft!)

Bis bald!



Gaby outside DIETZEL Pub, place
for the next DOORS FAN CLUB MEETING!

Talk Talk Talk about the DOORS



- ... release date of the official DOORS Video is March 1985 ...
- ... new Compact Disc releases this October: MORRISON HOTEL and LA WOMAN ...
- ... a guy named Ben Edmonds is working in the management slot now that Rich Linnell left ...
- ... for those Doors people who come to Paris these days there is a spectacular play about and with the poetical work of Jim Morrison created by Alain Verane and la Rage-Coeur and performed by Dany Calvero along with Doors' music. Performances at 10.30 pm at Lys Montparnasse Theatre, 15 Rue du Maine, 75014 Paris, Phone: (1) 327 88 61; with no performance on Sundays and Thursdays. We didn't see it yet, but we try to comment it in DQ 5 ...
- ... Danny Sugerman told me that he is working on a Doors Box set, with some records (LA Woman, An American Prayer, Absolutely Live, Alive She Cried) remastered and re-equalized. It should be out by Xmas, along with some photo compilation inside. Danny asks the members of The Doors Fan Club West Germany about the cover: Nice red laquer or even black leather? ...
- ... DOORS ARE OPEN on the air in Germany! Arno arranged that at the last Loreley Festival, when he talked to Rockpalast's chief Peter Röchel; thanks Peter: We like The Doors more than Bruce ...
- ... a definite Doors Songbook should be out in the next future. This book comes out in a private edition and contains not only the COMPLETE official Doors/Morrison/Krieger/Manzarek/Densmore lyrics without any mistakes, but also lyrics of bootlegs and tapes. I guess everybody wants to know what Jim was singing and talking during Doors' concerts, as he always (okay: almost always) changed lyrics and poems throughout the years. We let you know about this ...
- ... do you want to see the MORRISON HOTEL? Well, go to Frankfurt, West Germany, Weissadlergasse 5 ! There is an exact copy of the real Morrison Hotel (which burnt down we've heard), looks very nice outside, but has got awful disco music inside ...
- ... the latest bootleg releases "Stoned Immaculate" and "Pere Lachaise" turned out to be copies of the "Resurrection" bootleg double ...



Jim in Frankfurt, photos taken inside the Nicolai church, right at the famous Roemer.

"The Doors lassen in Frankfurt einen Versuchsballon steigen, um die abendländisch gewundenen Gehörgänge für den letzten Schrei aus Amerikas Stereo-Studios abzutasten. Vier Musiker an Orgel, Klavier, Gitarre und Drums haben jedenfalls in dem von Schaumsound und Weichwelle verhätschelten Schauschaffen der Staaten einen Wirbel provoziert, der auch hierzulande noch Wind machen wird," (FR am Abend, 15.08.1968).

Als sie sich in den USA auf dem Höhepunkt ihrer legendären Karriere befanden, wagten die Doors im Sommer '68 ihren ersten Trip in die Alte Welt. Doch wer konnte damals ahnen, daß die beiden Konzerte in der Kongreßhalle zu Frankfurt die einzigen Auftritte von Jim Morrison auf deutschem Boden sein sollten?

Heute ist ihr flüchtiger Aufenthalt im Strom der Zeit längst zur Legende etabliert, werden Konzertbesucher von damals erfurchtsvoll beneidet und begeistert sich eine zahllose Anhängerschaft an dem Wenigen, das mehr oder weniger offiziell publik ist - den Fotos, dem Bootleg-Album "The Night On Fire" vom ersten Konzert um 18 Uhr, den kurzen Filmauszügen von "Light My Fire" und "Five To One", die in Videokreisen kursieren.

Heute, nach einer endlosen Distanz und einer gewandelten Welt, ist die Rückschau für jemanden, der nicht dabeigewesen ist, fast unmöglich. Der Verklärung stehen die Publikationen von damals gegenüber, die, ob positiv oder negativ, oftmals von Unverständnis geprägt sind.

Während die "Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung" (FAZ) die ganze Sache als "Kitsch, psychedelisch" abkanzelte und die "Frankfurter Rundschau" glaubte, "als es hell wurde, war da nichts, das man als Eindruck hätte mitnehmen können, was diese mit Anstrengung unternommene Deutschland - premiere gerechtfertigt hätte", gaben sich der "Stern" und die "Welt" enthusiastisch, bezeichneten die Doors als "Kinder des Blues" (Welt) und Jim Morrison als "dichtenden, wilden Engel" und "Poeten in Leder" (Der Stern).

Und wie ist es damals abgelaufen?

Mit zweistündiger Verspätung landen die Doors am Freitag, den 13.09.68 auf dem Rhein-Main-Flughafen. "Mit einer schlafwandlerischen Erotik" (Stern) steigt Jim Morrison aus dem Flugzeug und "versenkt sich zehn Minuten lang in die Willkommensblumen."

Am Abend eine Pressekonferenz im Drugstore - was sagte der Metronome - Manager? "Die Burschen sind wie ihre Musik: schwierig und vollkommen durchgedreht!"

Samstag, 14.09.1968: Schönes Wetter erleichtert es, vor den Türen des Frankfurter Römers Aufnahmen für die Fernsehsendung "4 - 3 - 2 - 1 Hot And Sweet" zu machen. Von Ilja Richter angekündigt, erleben die Fernsehzuschauer im Play-Back-Verfahren den No.1 Hit "Hello, I Love You", optisch untermalt von einem süßen Go-Go-Girl im Mini-Röckchen. - Jim Morrison geht bei dieser Gelegenheit einem privaten Hobby nach: für eine stattliche Spende in Form eines angemessenen Dollarbetrages bekommt er die Erlaubnis, eine Stunde auf der Orgel der Nicolai-Kirche spielen zu dürfen. Eindrucksvoll die Fotos von der Kanzel: Jim Morrison als Prediger.

"Es ist vielleicht besser, wenn Sie ihn nur beobachten und nichts fragen", erklärt Pressemanager Leon Barnard und unterstreicht (erwartungsgemäß) ein von Medien vorgezeichnetes Image. Leon Barnard, ein Mann, der später einmal sagte, seine Hauptaufgabe bestehe darin, durch die Welt zu reisen und "Long Live The Doors" auszurufen.



"Morrison wirkt verschlafen. Zerdrückt ist sein blaues Hemd, haut - nah die schwarze Lederhose, blank der große Silbergürtel, der sich um seine Hüften spannt. - Er kommt von den Indianern...ist einige hundert Jahre alt, wissen Sie. - Träge legt er seine linke Hand auf die Lippen, ahmt stumm den Ruf der Indianer nach," so beschreibt Florentine Pabst im "Stern" ihre Eindrücke von der Pressekonferenz.

Statt zu üben meditieren Robby Krieger und John Densmore kurz vor dem Konzert. Jim Morrison textet in seinem Zimmer und träumt von einem See, wo er allein sein kann. Er gibt sich unnahbar, schlurft wortkarg durch die Halle und erscheint um 18 Uhr, immer noch das Schleppende im Schritt und mit gesenktem Kopf, erstmals vor einem deutschen Publikum, um ihm mit "Break On Through" gleich mächtig einzuheizen. Beide Konzerte sind ausverkauft, endlich einmal live diese so unge - wöhnliche Band aus den USA - und sie serviert ihr "Saturday Night Fever", das wahrlich mit dem Nonsens heutiger Pop-Musik absolut nichts mehr gemein hat. Gleich im ersten Konzert ein neuer Song, eigentlich mehr ein gesprochenes Gedicht - "Texas Radio & The Big Beat" (THE WASP), erst Jahre später, wenn auch in anderer Version, auf eine Platte gepreßt ("L.A. Woman").

Die Pause bis zum zweiten Konzert um 21 Uhr füllen die Canned Heat aus. Sie sind fast vergessen, als die Doors erneut die Bühne betreten. Erneut lassen die Besucher sich bannen vom Blues und Jim Morrison macht es ihnen nicht schwer, gebannt zu sein.

Doch nicht alle im Saal wollen ihn, den Blues, und hier setzt der Ärger ein. Eine Gruppe von Konzertbesuchern, unter ihnen viele GI's aus den umliegenden Kasernen, verlangen nach dem größten Hit der Band, verlangen nach "Light My Fire". Erst zaghaft, dann immer drängender wünschen sie den Song. Doch Jim Morrison hat eigentlich keine Lust dazu. Zunächst läßt er noch mit sich reden, geht auf Wünsche ein, wirft, damit jeder etwas von dem Gespräch hat und damit sich die Un - zufriedenen artikulieren können, ein Handmikrofon in's Parkett, fängt es geschickt wieder auf und bittet: "Laßt mich doch bitte einen lang - samen Blues singen. Mir ist so danach." Aber die Leute wollen "Light My Fire" und Jim Morrison erfüllt ihren Wunsch.

Er tut es und rächt sich dadurch, daß er die erste Strophe lieblos herunter singt, und an die Stelle des instrumentalen Zwischenspiels setzen die Doors eine Collage aus elektronisch verzerrten Klängen, aus denen der Haß sprüht, in denen die Dissonanzen jaulen.

Jim Morrisons Zorn wächst: er sieht, wie ein Trupp glücklicher und in sich gefestigter GI's nach vorne stürmt. Die grüne Fahne ihrer kali - fornischen Einheit, an einer hochaufgerichteten Bambuslanze befestigt, flattert ihnen voran. Sie wollen zu ihrem Jim, doch der reißt ihnen die Flagge aus der Hand, rupft den Wimpel vom Mast und knüllt ihn zu - sammen. Dann geht er in Wurfstellung, reckt sich, visiert mit der Lanzenspitze das Publikum an und - tritt an's Mikrofon: "Ich glaube, auf diese schlechte Publicity kann ich gut verzichten."

Das Fahnentuch wirft er in die Menge. Unglücklich, traurig, enttäuscht suchen die Soldaten. Die Lanze zertritt er mühsam, Bambus ist zäh.

Es scheint vorbei zu sein. Foyer und Garderobe liegen schon verlassen da, die Programmverkäufer rechnen ab, noch rund 200 Fans umscharen die Bühne. Zum dritten Male an diesem Abend betreten die Doors die Bretter der Kongreßhalle. Aus diesem Saal heraus und mitten in die Öde klingen nach der vorangegangenen Ekstase verhaltene Gitarren - akkorde, eine menschliche Stimme. Jim Morrison singt den kleinen langsamen Blues, nach dem ihm schon seit Stunden zumute gewesen ist und den er im Konzert nicht hat loswerden können. Die Lichter gehen aus, es wird dunkel, nur die roten Lämpchen an den Verstärkern glühen. Die kleine im Saal verliebene Schaar von Fans genießt 45 Minuten "The End" und eine riesige Version von "I'm A Man".

Der Fotograf Michael Montfort hat diesen raren Auftritt in Bildern fest gehalten. Sie zeigen einen lockeren Jim Morrison, der den Leuten

auf die Bühne hilft, an der Rampe sitzend bereitwillig Autogramme gibt. Sie sind ihm ganz nah, sitzen sogar auf der Bühne.

Jim Morrison singt in den Sonntag hinein, solange bis er erschöpft am Boden liegenbleibt. Sein erster und einziger Konzerttrip auf deutschem Boden ist endgültig vorbei.

Einige ganz begeisterte Fans wagen sich noch bis zur Garderobe vor, doch sie werden nach kurzen freundlichen Worten weggeschickt: nicht nur das Publikum, auch die Akteure selbst sind nach den drei Auftritten geschafft, und sie müssen ja noch weiter nach Amsterdam, Kopenhagen und Stockholm.

Am 3. Juli 1983 habe ich an Jims Grab einen Fan getroffen, der bis zum Schluß dabei war, sich sogar bis zur Garderobe durchgeschleust hatte. Seine Augen leuchteten beim Erzählen, für ihn war der 15.09.68 wie gestern gewesen - für mich der Bericht aus einer anderen Zeit.





NO OBVIOUS TITLE

by Patricia Devaux, France

Chaque chose, en ce monde, a son début, sa fin. L'histoire de Jim Morrison (du moins ce que l'on croit en connaître) semblait prédestinée. Sa fin aurait pu être écrite avant son début. Au commencement on écoutait déjà "This is the END ..."

Venu des lointains marécages sudistes, l'homme du Sud et de sa chaleur pourrissante, échoué à L.A., avènement et peut être bientôt sépulture d'un capitalisme qui, aveuglé par son essor, a voulu aller trop loin, trop vite, quitte à se noyer dans l'absurde. Et Venice refuge de ceux qui ne peuvent pas s'adapter ...

Hier l'acid psychédélique, aujourd'hui la funk music et le roller-skating; et cet homme qui croyait en une autre vie, un autre côté, tout en rejetant celle que la société aurait pu lui offrir sur un plateau. Jim Morrison en officier de marine! ... Qui peut imaginer une telle situation? Surtout pas lui!

Il avait échoué sur cette plage, qui est belle, qui est témoin de centaines de vies sans but, de centaines de refus et de déceptions. Il était un refus mais surtout un espoir.

Mais un espoir qui, pour franchir le Mur trop haut de notre société, a pris un élan trop rapide. Adieu les reptiles floridiens, adieu les villes cruelles, adieu la littérature et l'avenir du cinéma ...

Jim voulait recommunier avec la nature première, originelle avec les hommes et les femmes; il voulait nous offrir des promenades par des clairs de lune éternels. Mais la gloire l'a désiré et, au delà du sexe, lui a offert la seule vie qu'il pouvait assimiler. Au delà du reptile, au delà du "possédé", il y avait cet esprit "sain", sain de l'anti moralité occidentale.

Jusqu'à la tombe du 'Père Lachaise', sépulture romanesque d'un personnage "romanesque" par excellence. Dans la plus ancienne partie du cimetière, parmi des tombes antiques, en ruines pour la plupart mais "concession à perpétuité" oblige, parmi une abondante végétation, repose celui qui pouvait se prétendre sans ridicule être le "Roi Léopard"!

De nombreuses personnalités typiquement françaises gisent ici, visitées curieusement par des centaines de touristes étrangers tout le long de l'année; et puis, dans le vieux cimetière, couronné de fleurs desséchées, le regard creux de l'idole de pierre païenne que l'on a fait de lui se perd au loin dans les feuillages, assumant dignement le rôle ingrat que lui imposent les employés du "Père Lachaise" aux yeux des visiteurs. Le scandale des graffitis, chaque jour des insultes, mais chaque jour aussi ceux qui se souviennent, ceux qui entendent encore la voix, sa voix qui fait vite oublier les mesquines-ries d'un cimetière.

Est il ici? n'y est il pas? Il y est sans aucun doute, où voulez vous donc qu'il soit? Toutes ces légendes africaines sonnent un peu trop comme la seconde partie de la vie d'un autre poète et pas des moindres: Rimbaud, le poète et philosophe que l'on retrouve certainement le plus au travers de Jim. Cette lettre du "Voyant" complétée des proverbes de l'enfer de W. Blake il semble l'avoir appliquée presque mot pour mot ... il a même essayé d'aller voir plus loin: "viendront d'autres horribles travailleurs; ils commenceront par les horizons où l'autre s'est affaissé!" The "Graveyard Poem" résonne aujourd'hui comme une prophétie. En écoutant Jim réciter ses propres mots, décrire ses visions on se retrouve inévitablement replongé dans l'atmosphère du "Père Lachaise".

"See me change"

The Changeling: il ne pouvait mieux se définir lui même. Une telle métamorphose physique comme une succession de vies différentes sur seulement quelques années!

Plusieurs vies, plusieurs âmes? ...

L'homme de Wight, le gros barbu renfermé sur lui même, prophète aux yeux tristes, rarement ouverts, exorcisant de temps en temps l'énergie qu'il sait, désormais; maîtriser en son âme riche de connaissances, riche de ce que personne ne pourra jamais affirmer puisqu'il est parti par surprise, sans rien dire ...

Malgré cela son message il l'a communiqué, sa mission il l'a remplie puisqu'il a ouvert les yeux de ceux qui ont eu la chance (directement ou non) de le rencontrer.

Lui seul savait quels ont été ses réussites et ses échecs; il est difficile de le qualifier de victime, de héros car, dans cette expérience "à mener par tous" il aurait rempli plutôt le rôle d'un initiateur. Jusqu'à sa mort à Paris qui nous laisse rêveurs par son romanesque et par le mystère qui l'entoure.

Regardez le changer, regardez l'insolent jeune homme de Venice et le triste voyageur de Paris, regardez l'idole rock'n rollienne de 1968 et le poète déchu d'après Miami, et que l'on ne parle plus de l'affaire de Miami après cela.

Jim Morrison homme étrange, poète sybillin. De tous les textes connus, chansons comme poèmes, il se dégage un esprit poétique réellement objectif, auréolé de symboles, empreint d'un surréalisme européen clairsemé de culture américaine. On retrouve en lui un mélange de cultures diverses (grecque, indienne, occidentale, ...) en cela il a apporté un changement fondamental à la scène du rock et bien au delà.

Au cours de ses concerts / "celebrations" il devenait, par une subtile métamorphose, différent de l'homme quotidien: l'Acteur dionysiaque, le sorcier indien en transes mystiques. Difficile de percevoir l'âme, l'imagination qui se cache derrière ces textes obscurs.

Un regard amer sur la société transformé en un monde imaginaire de mots percutants. L'annonciateur, le prophète des jours étranges est bien la personne la plus mystérieuse que l'on puisse imaginer. Qui peut prétendre avoir jamais vraiment compris un tel homme? comment ne pas se sentir effrayé en sa présence quand l'homme de qualité devenait le possédé de l'ivresse?

Que se soient les formes grotesques qui défilent devant nos yeux dans "The Soft Parade" ou la stupéfiante envolée rythmique qui se fond dans la vitesse délirante des freeways de "L.A. Woman" et voilà que s'ouvre à nous un livre d'images aussi évidentes et agressives que dans un film.

La poésie de Jim Morrison est une poésie d'images, de cinéma mais d'un cinéma dans lequel les dialogues deviendraient inutiles tout comme l'image se crée d'elle même par les mots quand on écoute, quand on lit ses poèmes/chansons.

Que l'on se promène encore aujourd'hui dans la nuit de L.A. ou dans sa chaleur de midi et la voix tonitruante de Jim, ses mots deviennent une vérité première.

Jim Morrison = Oedipe, Hamlet? Prométhée, Alexandre ...?

c'est une "nouvelle créature": le Roi Léopard, l'artiste en jeune homme passionné des théories nietschzéennes, l'inversion du bien et du mal, l'esprit universel, une forme d'art donnant la primauté à l'inconscient, aux instincts primitifs. Un refoulement oedipien, un intérêt profond et tout à fait intellectuel pour le cinéma, les chambres noires; le sang craché du soldat inconnu, une agressivité longtemps contenue et qui explose, tard dans la nuit, parmi les vapeurs d'alcools et les fumées bizarres, l'hypnose provoquée par la boisson, par un rythme lancinant, doux et reptilien, aux accents orientaux très prononcés et voici que surgit des profondeurs de la ville le cri apocalyptique:

" Father I want to kill you
Mother I want to fuck you
This Is The END "

"The END" la trouvaille, le morceau des DOORS par excellence: indescriptible, surprenant, violent, courageux, étrange, envoutant, inégalé, décontenancant, inoubliable.

Une nouvelle forme de musique/poésie était née, incantation mêlée d'hypnose, entrelaçant l'automatisme des mots à l'ivresse quasi effrayante de la musique. Avec "The END" Jim se faisait le prophète d'une certaine Apocalypse, une sorte d'Antéchrist de chair et de sang, périssable. Il ne vivra pas son Apocalypse.

Mais, pour nous, il continuera de dormir sur les plages, dans des voitures de location, dans des motels miniables d'un sommeil bien ivre de tous les alcools de la vie, et au matin il sortira au grand soleil de L.A. et:

" Nothing. The air outside
burns my eyes.
I'll pull them out
and get rid of the burning. "

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| IN DOORS QUARTERLY 5: | A never published interview with JIM MORRISON. The DOORS at the ISLE OF WIGHT FESTIVAL (interviews, comments, and a report by a Fan Club member who saw the concert) |
| IN DOORS QUARTERLY 6: | MIAMI SPECIAL EDITION - All about the concert, facts and imaginations, interviews, articles, photos and all about the trial. A report by a Fan Club member, who saw everything: the truth! |
| IN DOORS QUARTERLY 7: | The DOORS in Mexico, their legendary trip, plus many rare photos. |

PÈRE LACHAISE 3. JULI 1984

Here we've got two reports about July 3rd 1984. Both articles show that things have changed a lot. The mellow mood of the years 1972 to 1978 changed into violence. But not only the cops are getting crazy, even the (or some) fans are starting doing things you should NOT do inside the walls of the cemetery. That doesn't mean to stop drinking or listening to music, but that means to stop smashing bottles, stealing flowers from other graves, shouting and throwing garbage all around the place. As I know from a girl who works in the bureau, the chief of the cemetery intends to put Jim's body out of the grave into another, without telling anybody except Jim's family date and place of the new grave, if this craziness will go on. I know that visits to Jim's grave mean a lot to all of us, and there will never be another place like this to meet beautiful people but all of you who read this, should take care to keep this grave peaceful and tell everybody that we will have more violence, if this mess doesn't stop!

Rainer Moddemann

First letter by Heinz Gerstenmeyer:

Die Situation auf dem Père Lachaise spitzt sich zu: Gegen 4 Uhr nachmittags waren ca. 150 Leute da; alles in allem ging es aber wesentlich ruhiger zu als das letzte Mal. Dann kamen zwei Zivilbullen, die auch das letzte Mal schon Stunk gemacht hatten, und schossen mit TRANENGAS. Es gab ein paar Rangeleien mit den Bullen, aber die Leute haben sich ziemlich schnell verzogen, vor allem, weil dann noch 10 bis 15 Uniformierte aufkreuzten... Am 4.7. wurde das Grab dann rund um die Uhr von 10 Bullen bewacht. Jeder, der länger als 5 Minuten da war, sich niedersetzte oder gar mehrmals kam, wurde weggejagt. Am nächsten und am darauffolgenden Tag war es etwas besser, aber die Bullen kreuzten auch dann noch auf oder lungerten am Grab herum. Es kam aber nicht mehr zu Zusammenrottungen. Die meisten Leute ließen sich aus Angst nicht mehr sehen. Ich ging trotzdem täglich hin ... am Freitag dann warf mich ein Bulle eigenhändig vom Friedhof. Er meinte, wenn ich mich nochmal sehen ließe, dann ... (dazu machte er eine Geste, als schieße er mit einer Maschinenpistole). Ich sagte, daß ich sowieso morgen abfahre, aber daß er mich nicht davon abhalten könne, nächstes Jahr wieder aufzukreuzen ... und dann brachte ich noch mehrere englische, deutsche und schwäbische Beschimpfungen an, die er allerdings nicht verstand, der Blödmann. Aber saudumm hat er schon ausgesehen, als ich ihm erzählte, daß ich jedes Jahr hierherkomme. Das konnte er nicht fassen...

Second letter by Christian Stede:

Es waren schon etwa 10 - 20 Leute am Grab, als ich dort ankam, etwa 10.30 Uhr. Die Stimmung war relaxed, man unterhielt sich mit anderen Fans, trank Bier und Wein, man rauchte und hoffte, daß endlich jemand mit einem Recorder vorbeikommen würde, denn Musik hatten wir nicht. Inzwischen trafen immer mehr Leute ein, es war

schon ein ständiges Kommen und Gehen. So war kaum festzustellen, wieviele Leute im Lauf des Tages am Grab vorbeikamen, doch ich nehme an, daß es an die 200 Fans waren. Hin und wieder verirrte sich ein normaler Friedhofsbesucher ans Grab, sich wundernd, was da im Gange war. Etwa gegen



This guy is one of the nicer guards, he took care of the grave some years ago, smoked my Beedeers and talked to the fans. He's not there anymore, unfortunately. Photo by Jürgen Willhauk.

13 Uhr kamen plötzlich 3 Männer im Wagen vorbei, keine Polizei, keine Flics, eher Sicherheitsbeamte oder sowas in der Art. Nach dem, was ich hörte, waren sie der Ansicht, wir seien zu laut gewesen. Diesem Eindruck konnte sich allerdings keiner der Fans anschließen. Nach einigen (klärenden?) Debatten mit französischen Fans verschwanden sie aber wieder. Weitere Fans trafen ein, machten die obligatorischen Fotos vom Grab und gingen auch bald wieder. Ein kleiner Stamm blieb die ganze Zeit, trank weiter und unterhielt sich über die Doors und über vergangene Parisbesuche. Die Stimmung war gut, es war wirklich relaxed, wobei auch sicherlich der Alkohol seinen feil dazu beigetragen hat. Schon waren die ersten Leute infolge des Alkohols nicht nur ausgelassen, sondern auch recht laut. Dennoch: lauter als in den vergangenen Jahren war es nicht. So gegen 16.30 Uhr kamen dann die 3 Sicherheitsbeamte wieder. Diesmal schienen ihre Einwände energischer zu sein als zuvor. Ich maß dem kaum mehr Aufmerksamkeit zu, wie die meisten anderen auch. Doch dann sah ich, wie einer von ihnen etwas in Richtung der Leute am Grab sprayte. Wir alle kapierten schnell, daß es sich um TRANENGAS handelte. So verzogen wir uns dann schnell außer Reichweite... Ich war doch ziemlich verwundert, daß es soweit kommen würde, einen Haß auf diese Leute hatten wir aber wohl alle...

What experiences do you have? What do you remember thinking of your visit at the grave? Send your memories to us.

Welche Erfahrungen habt Ihr gesammelt? Wie waren Eure Besuche am Grab? Schreibt uns Eure Erinnerungen auf.

A Doors fan from England wrote a letter to the chief of the Père Lachaise in 1976, as there were rumours in the papers that Jim would be put into a collective paupers' grave. Here is the distasteful NME article, here is what Fan Club member Margaret Cook wrote to NME, and here's what the chief said. Compare it with what he is saying today!

Hot poop for Cool Ghouls: it's coming up to the fourth anniversary of Jim Morrison's death and as the lease on his grave expires next year, under French law, if his remains are unclaimed the authorities will dump 'em into a collective paupers' grave; what NME could do is claim Jimbo and offer him as a competition prize — the ultimate rock souvenir (We apologise for this Tzer, which is in extremely bad taste — Ed)...

To turn to less grave matters, Elektra Records still hold the tapes of the outtakes of the Doors' "Absolutely Live" album — and the bootleg "Live At The Matrix" includes an otherwise unreleased song...

AS A LONG time Doors fan, especially of the greatest singer poet it has ever been my privilege to turn on to, I feel I must write and comment on the SICK remarks in this week's "Teasers".

It is very sad (in fact it's bloody despicable) that the remains of the phenomenal JIM MORRISON should be threatened with a paupers' collective grave; but the distasteful remarks which followed this information were more repulsive than the corpse-dumping French authorities.

Whoever was responsible for that little scrap of infantile sick humour has obviously never absorbed into that tiny mind anything JIM MORRISON tried to say. I feel very sorry for him... he doesn't know what he missed.

I am sure that true JIM MORRISON fans (oh, yes there's still lots of us about) will agree with me when I say that JIM who was often misunderstood in life (like so many MEN before him) deserves, at least, a little respect in death. — MARGARET COOK

Préfecture de Paris

Direction des Services
industriels et commerciaux

Sous-Direction
des Pompes
Monsieur,

PARIS LE 25 FEVR 1976

Comme suite à votre lettre du 14 février 1976, j'ai l'honneur de vous faire connaître que James Douglas MORRISON dit Jim a été inhumé en juillet 1971 à la 2ème ligne de la 6ème division du cimetière parisien de PÈRE-LACHAISE, boulevard du Ménilmontant 75 020 - PARIS - Son corps a été placé en concession perpétuelle n° 19 P dont le montant a été acquitté le 6 juillet 1971.

Cette concession confère à la famille, la jouissance exclusive et perpétuelle du terrain occupé.

D'autre part, cette sépulture fait l'objet de nombreuses visites et est régulièrement entretenue et fleurie par les admirateurs et admiratrices du chanteur.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments distingués.

L'ATTACHE PRINCIPAL D'ADMINISTRATION
CHEF DU BUREAU DES CIMETIERES

S. Lemaire
RMAULT



Growing Up with
Jim Morrison



Did this Door swing both ways? Are leather hedonists born or made? What did the Lizard King pick up in Mexico? A UCLA film school buddy looks back and learns.
Richard Blackburn

JIM MORRISON'S SCHOOL DAYS TRIPPING THROUGH THE COLLEGE JUNGLE

by Richard Blackburn

I want to tell you how I'm writing this. I'm in my West Hollywood apartment with an open quart of Tullamore Dew Irish Whiskey and it's two in the morning. Excessively romantic? Sure, but how in hell else do you write about Jim Morrison and What It Was Like Back Then?

I met Jim at the UCLA film school back in the early '60s. At that time, Film was on its way to becoming the Holy Grail. Every would-be painter, novelist and photographer wanted to get hold of a Bolex and express himself. If you were into film, you were into it 24 hours a day—talk, eat and make love to it. Yeah, even that

"Screwing," proclaimed the single most famous piece of graffiti in the editing room john, "is a 20-lap frame dissolve through a diffusion filter." Screaming fights would break out during screenings. Everyone was savagely committed to it. I was no exception. Jim Morrison was no exception.

My very first memory of him is my clearest. We were wheeling some lights over to a soundstage in one of those converted barracks buildings that looked like a set from the old Phil Silvers show, when something caught Jim's eye and he stopped. There, hanging from the twisted top spikes of a high cyclone fence, was the dead body of a squirrel, a lifeless little russet sack that the wind blew tap-tap-tap against the wire. Jim stared at it for a long time.

"Man," he nodded, "that says it all."

The Film Department stuck together, which was quite an achievement considering that the school had admitted just about every wig who had managed to apply, everyone who smelled like trouble, everyone whose academic record read like

an outpatient's. We were all there. I remember the time the department's mad intellectual, Dennis Jakob—described by a fellow student as "the best mind to have remained in the 19th century"—graphed *Ivan the Terrible Parts I & II* on the blackboard with 30 pieces of different-colored chalk.

We knew we were *special*, that we were in the vanguard, real artistes with intellectual clout. All of us wanted to be directors. And, of course, we reassured each other that we would never Sell Out. Later, we were surprised that no one seemed particularly interested if we did or not.

There was an endless stream of "relationship films"—painfully personal boy/girl romances, bohemian style. Paul Ferrara, who later became the Doors' cameraman/photographer, made one. Ray Manzarek made one starring himself and long-term girl friend Dorothy Fugikawa, who would one day inspire the song "Twentieth Century Fox."

There were the *cinema verite* projects: junkies vomited in Greyhound Bus Station toilets, winos staggered down countless Venice alleys, and once a sadistic sailor pissed on a queer (who, needless to say, was supposed to have enjoyed it). There was very little conscious comedy, and Jim Morrison was no comedian.

His film was a girl doing a strip tease on top of a television set tuned to a Nazi storm trooper rally, people rioting in a theater when the stag film they're watching breaks down—the obsession with erotic violence evident even then. The last shot was a giant close-up of Jim taking a hit off a monstro-joint while he gave the audience the Big Wink!

After being screened, the film was attacked at length by an uptight faculty member who called it "a product of a degenerate mind . . ." A few minutes later, Jim was seen talking to someone in a phone booth, crying bitterly, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Basically there were three distinct groups: The Hustlers, who were always going to make a film for Roger Corman at the end of the semester; The Technicians, who talked a lot about filter factors and stock sensitivities; and The Film Poets. A few people from the first group got to bat, more from the second group, but the only exception in the last bunch was Morrison—and then the game wasn't Film.

Others in Jim's crowd, despite originality and sometimes, talent, have yet to be heard from. There was Big John Da Bella, who now lives in New York City with his mother and writes poetry. A self-described male hustler and longshoreman who titled himself "Top Cock," he claimed a series of surreal sexual adventures. In one instance, he said he electrocuted a hooker who was giving him head by sticking his finger in a live light socket.

Another friend was dark, brooding Phil Oleno, who's currently making expensive redwood furniture up in Mendocino, pursuing Stonehenge and studying Max Brand. While at UCLA he supposedly read the complete output of Carl Jung.

The point here is that Jim knew some very crazy but philosophically heavy peo-



ple with whom he hadn't the intellect to compete. And because of that, he was driven to prove himself physically—fast driving, drugs, booze. But that didn't come all at once. It was a gradual thing.

In the early days at UCLA he was just a pudgy kid, hair curling just over his ears, kind of a mascot with a pissed-off expression who hung around the high jivers. But I sensed that he never did hunger to really Make It Big like most of the rest of us did. Sure, he was after girls and good times, but *The Tonight Show*? In that way he was oddly pure. He communicated the way Warren Beatty did in *Shampoo*—sexy little inarticulate mumblings. He'd stand off from the action in tight wheat jeans and tight white t-shirt, round head lolling to one side, exposing the soft white neck that was his seductive come-on to members of both sexes.

Was he bi-sexual? "He would've liked to have been," opines a former student and present day scriptwriter, who, like others, wished to remain nameless. (He has no desire to anger those who hold Jim in higher esteem than he does.) "He told me he wanted to base his life on Rimbaud—you know, have every experience he could. He loved to attract people, get them interested, manipulate them and observe the effect his image created.

"Like me, he was a great voyeur. We used to sit together in the library and make comments about the people, little allusions that always presupposed a vast area of secret knowledge beneath. I was flattered that someone like that—a hipster, I guess; hippies hadn't arrived yet—would be interested in a dry, scholarly type like me.

"The fact is that even though he was playing the same games as his friends, he was a lot more vulnerable. Well, he was a lot younger too. Often he'd invite me down to Venice to take drugs with him, but I didn't want any part of that. I thought his friends were really crazy. It was sort of an unspoken thing between us that his area was drug experiences and mine was sex experiences; that's how we got along.

"He was also an omnivorous reader—surrealism, Australian novels, anything. He had no particularly defined tastes, adopting and discarding them for effect, but when something synched into one of

his obsessions he'd keep with it until he had it down cold, almost as if he'd merged with it. It was very hard to say if he was intelligent or not; the truth was, most of the time I hadn't the faintest idea what in hell he was talking about.

"Oh yes, the bi-sexuality—in a sense that's how we became friends. I was making a movie about this male prostitute who is picked up by some creepy behavioral scientists and subjected to electro-shocks while seeing his own narcissistic image on a screen. You can imagine why Jim loved *that* story. He was really excited by it. I remember him saying, 'I think this one has a chance to be really something.' In fact, he was the one who told me about its similarity to *Clockwork Orange*.

"By the way, Jim was cameraman on the movie. 'Let me do it, man,' he begged me. 'I know what you want. I know what you want.' And he did. He had the time of his life running around swarming all over each scene."

The film, *Patient 411*, became the surprise hit of the year—at least within the walls of the Film Department. After it was first shown at a student screening, Jim and all of his crowd stood up and shook their fists at the faculty sitting in the theatre's back row. "That's what you're trying to do to us!" the gesture said. Yet the incident was prophetic. In a very short time, all authoritative father figures would have to be ritualistically murdered: policemen, candidates, people over 30, and of course, Jim's own father, the one he kills in his song "The End."

"Kill yourself, man," Paul Ferrara told Phil Oleno, one day. "If you don't dig life, then kill yourself."

We were all at the Gypsy Wagon—a campus lunchstand near the film building where everybody passed the time bullshitting and doing an occasional furtive joint.

"Hey," I remember saying, "don't tell him that. He's already badly depressed. He might do it."

Ferrara looked over at me with the clear gaze of someone who's got an unassailable philosophic position and said, "Why can't I? If he doesn't want to live, why should he have to?"

Jim was listening like he always did

then, without comment. When he hung out at the Gypsy Wagon, Jim would try to shock people with really disgusting sex stories. Other people could beat him at it, though, by telling equally sick sagas—Jim had a weak stomach and would have to leave when they got too heavy. Apparently they were too visceral for him—stag films would play inside his head—and he'd have to bail out. The creative and destructive forces inside him were picking up momentum, shaping him into a kind of projectile who would be prepared to go the limit. Yet, coexisting with it all, was a shy, repressed kid—the kind who needs drugs both for catharsis and confidence in his own self-expression. And, naturally, these forces didn't develop without stimulation.

For Jim Morrison, the guru was Felix Venable. Oh sure, Jim had his idols—Robert Graves, T.S. Eliot and, of course, Rimbaud—but the immediate tactile figure, the one who taught him to do drugs and booze, the one who constantly encouraged him to break on through to the other side, was Felix. A kind of film student's Dean Moriarty.

As with all true legends, Felix's past was cloaked in mystery. Some said he was a former CIA agent who'd blown his mind and was hiding out. Some said he was a redneck busdriver from Oklahoma. He appeared at the film school, made an award-winning short partly created with a paper punch called *Les Anges Dormant* (LSD, get it?) and a few years later was dead of alcoholism and drugs. He was a moocher, a lecher and bullshitter extraordinaire; one of the most engaging and amusing people I've ever known.

His immediate past was the Beat scene. Back in the late '50s, he'd made the San Francisco poetry thing with other space cadets. He remembered weird characters from those not-so-distant days: people like Hube De Cube, "who was so cool, he'd play rubber-topped bongoes. Dig, so nobody could hear." A dated outlaw, perhaps, being too intensely involved in everything to be truly *au courant* with the new air-conditioned attitudes, he was nevertheless an effective Virgil to Morrison's Dante.

I remember the time Jim, Felix and I went to visit some girl who was writing a



term paper on American writers of the nineteenth century.

"Diggit!" said Felix as he accepted a joint. "You know why nineteenth-century writing was so groovy? Cause pot was only two cents a lid!"

The girl looked up goggle-eyed. "Felix, is that really true?"

"True? Baby, I looked it up in the library. Dig. Thoreau was the first to trip—dig! And he turned on everyone else!"

By this time I was laughing, and so was the girl, and even Jim was smiling. I told Felix he ought to become the first weed-head comedian. He said he wasn't a comedian; got very offended, told me he was a philosopher just like Benjamin Franklin, "my all-time favorite cat." I asked him how come.

"Oh man," said Felix, "cause he said don't squander your time, and that's groovy!"

Jim just sat there, listening, watching and doubtlessly, learning.

Soon after that, Felix had gotten Jim onto drugs and eventually became his supplier. In the early days, before the shit hit the fan, there was a series of tests being run by the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Center for which anyone could sign up. One test per person. Well, hell, Felix and Jim signed up for *every one*!

They'd go into one room there and some white-smocked guy'd come out and give them each a pill and a Lily cup of water. So they'd do the pill and the guy'd tell them he'd be back in twenty minutes or so to "gauge their reactions." He'd leave and they'd split down to another test room, identify themselves by new aliases (Fred Nietzsche and Art Schopenhauer were favorites) and do another number, cutting back to the first room to deny any effects so they could get another pill.

At the end of the day, when someone would come upon them nodding snakelike at the Gypsy Wagon and ask the fashionable question, "What are you on?" the reply would be something like "... two blues, a yellow, two whites and a little speckled motherfucker. . . ."

No one had yet understood that you can't live that kind of life and not expect some casualties. We were all like the cat in the technicolor Tom & Jerry cartoons who gets whacked out of shape in scene after scene but keeps returning, intact, for more. LSD was yet to be made illegal, people weren't that hip to grass—it was a frantic time of testing limits.

Felix is dead now, as dead as Jim. They weren't the type of people that you can get close to because, while they're around, they're spinning too fast. It's not them I miss, it's a feeling that, no matter how misguided, they represented the desire to FIND IT! To, once and for all, set the night on fire.

Carol Winters, who was perhaps Jim's closest lady friend, tells the story of how he and Felix came back from Culver City



Amyl nitrate & acid on stage

having ripped off an entire case of doctor's samples. "They just sat down on the floor and went through everything in the bag, taking one of each." Jim was soon screaming out on the balcony and having dry heaves, but that was the usual trip. Otherwise he'd throw lighted matches onto the bed or tell Carol to go into the kitchen to make some food.

"Yes," she confesses, "he was manipulative, but he was also very protective. We weren't lovers, except for one weekend, but I really loved him and he looked out for me. He wouldn't let me do really dangerous stuff like drive a car when I was on acid. But he hurt me too. After he got famous he didn't want me in his new life. I guess he didn't want to remember that I'd been supporting him."

Carol told me all this as I sat in her Santa Monica apartment. She's been through some group therapy and now teaches school. Carol is attractive but was never a "fox." If you ask her she'll bring out her scrapbook and show you some of the stuff Jim wrote while he was staying with her, weird lyrics with words like "miscegenation" in them.

Before Jim, rock 'n roll singers were the Presleys—members of a lower to lower-middle working class. So when I heard Jim was trying to sing, I thought it was a put-on. Like the Spanish kids trying to be bullfighters—you only did it if you had no other advantages. A college guy wouldn't do it. It was for kids anyway, teenagers—and I was sure Jim didn't want to direct *Beach Blanket Bingo*. So why this? Jim was one of the first middle-class rockers. Inarticulate repression looking for an outlet.

However, it appears that Morrison was absorbed with the idea of performing way back in 1963 when, at the apartment of Martin Bondell—an early college friend—he encountered a girl who had just

returned from a Bob Dylan concert. "Jim sat down with the girl," Bondell recalls. "and quizzed her intently as to what Dylan sang, what clothes he wore, how he moved and what the effect of his act was. He was totally fascinated by it."

"The singing was only a means to an end," Carol affirms. "He really wanted to be part of the artistic elite over in Europe—a writer, a poet. At first, when the sex thing happened for him, he dug it. Later he got to hate it. That's why he grew the beard and went to Paris. He was always looking for something else."

"The first time I met him he was with Phil and they were running into the Social Sciences Building at UCLA. I was just an innocent, screwed-up art student and they were running with this *long hair* and everything, so I followed them up on the elevator to the roof. And when I got to the top Jim flung out his arms and asked 'Who are you?' And that was it. Later, after they'd run off somewhere else, I asked some friends of mine about him."

"Carol," they said, "that's Jim Morrison. Stay away from him. He's the most self-destructive guy in the whole school!"

Not everybody was as taken with Jim as Carol Winters. A certain lady costume designer currently quite in demand for freaky Hollywood films and who, for the same reasons as the screenwriter, wants to be anonymous, remembers Jim quite differently.

"Fag. That's what I thought when I first saw him. Hated women. I think the acid revealed the homosexual inside him and drove him crazy. I thought Jim was a total banana."

"I mean, he used to drop by my place all the time, around '66—that's when I was in a West Hollywood apartment—and I was afraid to leave my small son around when he came in. Jim'd either want to shock me or have me mother him. He didn't care about anyone but himself. The couple of times I left him alone, he opened up cans of tunafish and smeared the stuff all over the walls."

In any event, Carol became den-mother to them all. Picking them up when they were too stoned to know where they were, or giving them shelter when they couldn't

even meet the rock-bottom rents in Venice. She was even in on the famous Mexican Trip—the journey that was the Altamont to Morrison's Castaneda-type experience. Of all versions of the legend, this, Carol claims, is the true one.

"Felix and Phil and Jim all called me up at four a.m. They were freaked out at the Fox Hills Golf Course and I snuck out of my parents' house in my orange Mustang to get them. So they got back to Phil's house and got Phil's brother's car and took off for Mexico to meet the Indians and take peyote and mescaline."

"On the way down, Jim jumped out of the car at a stop light, ran over to this girl walking down the sidewalk and kissed her, then got back in the car and they all got down there and no one will ever know *exactly* what happened but I think they were beat up by a gang of Mexicans—not once but several times, they came back all bruised. Felix and Jim came back alone and immediately told everyone they'd killed Phil and left him in a river bed. But I knew it was a lie because Jim enjoyed telling it so much. Still it got back to Phil's father, who was an attorney and he got the girl Jim kissed to press assault charges so Jim could be arrested and then he could get him to tell about Phil. And Jim was arrested and I had to go down there and bail him out. It all blew over, of course."

There are many other versions. For instance, here's one from the costume designer:

"Well, what I heard about that trip was they only got to New Mexico and were beaten up by police because Jim was wearing a dress. And that they'd beaten up Phil Oleno because he'd taken Jim's girl or something. Only the impression I got was that Jim was really jealous of the girl—that he was hot for Phil. I don't know, it was all insane."

But what *did* happen to Phil?

"He had some really bad argument with Jim," Carol explained. "I don't know what it was but Phil was always more serious about spiritual experiences and he finally called Jim an asshole and didn't want to have anything more to do with him. [Phil has denied this account to me, saying "I never had any bad feelings toward Jim."] Jim didn't want to be a monk or a scholar,

he wanted excitement. Well, he did for a while anyway because it was after he came back from that trip that the Doors began to happen. They started playing at the London Fog on the Strip."

The London Fog is gone now, so is the Fred C. Dobbs where the clientele changed from beatnik to hippie almost overnight and the jukebox sang to Mr. Jones who didn't know what was going on. Across the street you could see the flashing neon sign of The Trip where the Byrds played. The Trip is now The Playboy Club.

The London Fog was a narrow, smoky, dirty bar frequented by a clientele which ranged from bikers to gays where Jim, backed by the Doors, used to get up and pop amyl nitrates right on stage and then collapse over the piano, cutting off his own improvised lyrics. I often saw him outside, crazed on acid, bumping into telephone poles. It was at the Fog that the young female publicist/manager of the Whisky A-Go-Go, Ronnie Haran, saw the Doors and steered them to her place, 50 yards down the street.

"Jim was sleeping under the boardwalk in Venice," Ronnie Haran Mellen, now a freelance photographer, recalls. "He didn't have a pot to piss in. I had to dress him, get him some t-shirts and turtle-necks at the Army-Navy store, the leathers didn't come until several months later. They'd been playing at the Fog for \$100 a week—\$25 a man—only because they could eat there for free. I wanted them to become the house band at the Whiskey but they kept getting fired and rehired."

Ronnie finally introduced them to Elektra's Jac Holzman. Initially she says, he thought they were "terrible" but saw the crowd reaction and kept coming back. Then she and Jim split. "He was getting crazy, taking acid every day. He was obsessed with death, never did anything in moderation—a consumptive personality. When we parted, he said, 'I'm gonna be dead in two years.'"

It was at a party during that threshold of success time that I'd asked Jim about the record contract. What was the news? Was it going through? And he, in a drug haze, had looked over at me and for an instant the haze was gone and with a weird

LISTEN!

Der Artikel über das JOHN TOBLER - Buch "THE DOORS" mußte leider (wie auch die POETRY SECTION und ein Artikel von Stefan Krebs) wegfallen. All dieses in DOORS QUARTERLY 5!

DRUCK+ TIPPFehler unterlaufen auch uns. So haben wir aus einem "dilettierenden Eklektiker" einen "Elektriker" gemacht, was natürlich völlig unsinnig ist. Dieser grauenvolle Fehler ist im Artikel von Thomas Collmer: Die Sprache der anderen Seite. Bitte entschuldigt diesen Dreckfuhler!



From under the boardwalk to Vogue

tiredness as if even then he saw where it was all going to lead, he was saying, "It'll happen, man." I waited for some elaboration but he had already unplugged from the immediate.

Everybody agrees. Jim Morrison knew he was going to make it, knew he had something in him that was going to make him famous. To Carol Winters it was sex appeal. "Sure he was talented," she says. "Maybe a genius. But if it wasn't for the sex appeal he would have never have got where he did. I think he knew it, and everybody else did too."

"But," I asked her, "didn't becoming a rock star, means-to-an-end or whatever it was, help to focus him, help to concentrate all that half-realized ambition?"

Carol looked across at me from the couch where her giant oil paintings of dragons and monsters hung in back of her, and said simply, as if to a retarded child, "Help him? It killed him."

Yet I never got her to tell me exactly how. Presumably it provided him with an arena to make his self-destructive fantasies come true. I remember going to see the Doors' studio on Santa Monica Blvd. in West Hollywood when they were at their peak. Jim wasn't there but Ray Manzarek was. We hadn't seen each other for a year or so and when we met we immediately tried to out-hip each other, not by reference or remarks, which was by then considered very un-hip anyway (intuitive flashes being more highly prized than mere information), but by attitude and tone. As we spoke, our voices grew softer and softer until we were barely whispering and I had the eerie feeling that we would both go *poof!* in little smoke puffs, so hip were we. Which isn't to say that Manzarek, or Jim, or myself were consciously faking; we were all just so caught up in "what was going down," were so close to it, that it was as

tasteless and colorless as air.

Because on that hot afternoon, as we all watched rushes of a film on the Doors, saw Jim screaming red-faced on the tiny movieola screen like a baby lusting to be born, how were we to know that he and the Doors wouldn't remain as constant a part of the nation's consciousness as *Time* magazine or Campbell's Soup? The moment blinds us all, particularly *then* when everyone was living for the present. As Jim played the piano with his elbows yelling about "FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE AND THE HORSE!" none of us knew how really close the end was. Not only for him but for a profligate recklessness that began with the assassination of a president and ended with an ex-con named Manson showing us the extent of psychotic hatred behind the decorative flowers. It was Manson who Jim was singing about.

"Jim was a very talented and very brilliant person who was a little too young to be wise," Phil Oleno told me. "People like him always die young, and the assholes live."

Of course, there are those rumors that pop up from time to time. Rumors that say Jim is really not dead at all, but, just like Huck and Tom, only *pretending* to be.

"It sounds like something Jim would do," John Da Bella told a friend of mine, some years ago in New York. "Like Rimbaud disappearing to become a gun-runner in Africa. It's his style, all right." And then went on to discuss several mysteries surrounding the coroner's report and how few people actually saw the body. It's all a little like James Dean.

In the spring of 1968, three years before Jim's death, a friend of ours from the film department ripped up the body of his girl friend in an attempt, as he told the press, "to free the spirit of my mother." It was practically a refrain from a Doors song. And I'd seen him just the night before, smoothly and successfully hustling chicks—second only to Jim in his sexual attractiveness to ladies. And who was the crazier, the sadist or the masochist, both personalities pathetically bound up in the ideal for a greater freedom.

For what was Jim Morrison doing when he bared his neck but tempting the blade of life to cut him and relieve the great pressure inside? He was a victim of the killer fantasies he sang about. High on acid, he had sat for four hours in front of a soundless television set watching endless violent images and then had written "The End." Kill daddy and fuck mommy—throw off your own suffocation repression and become reborn.

And what was Felix doing with his constant yea-saying and funky black inflections but trying to tap into some gushing flow of non-stop reality? And Oleno with his Jungian mind trips, and Manzarek with his oriental disciplines. All of us, each and every one, were trying to break on through—no matter what was waiting on

the other side. All the stoned, drunken, electric nights, foolish brave talk. All the love and the terror.

"The real reason I don't like him," the fashion designer said finally, "is because of the time John, Robbie and Carol Winters left him at my place when they left to run an errand. I didn't want him around because he was so high and I got on his case about it. He grabbed a butcher knife, held it against my stomach and kept threatening me in a voice that never went above a whisper. Finally they came back and got him. After that I never saw him much. But he did have that pretty white neck."

Carol Winters, after I'd finished interviewing her, after she'd put the most intense part of her life back in the scrapbook, looked down at the empty beer can in her hand and said sadly, "Alcohol, that's the way we've all gone." Alcohol, a traditional sentimentalizer of the past, as opposed to psychedelics, the vitalizers of the present. It's almost as if they're following the example of Jim, whose predilection for booze was, at the height of his fame, excused by the hip press as a romantic throwback to his Irish heritage. If he'd lived, perhaps the stuff would have anesthetized his talent for good.

"The last time I saw him," recalled the fashion designer, "was at a party around 1970. It was a housewarming up in Laurel Canyon. He'd grown a beard and was really fat. He still wasn't combing his hair—said 'a dog doesn't comb his hair.' That was also the time he was pissing everywhere. Anything to show his cock. At one point in the party he began breaking beer bottles and smashing them into this beautiful hardwood floor. People had to restrain him."

But then, perhaps this Twilight of the Gods approach is as excessively romantic as my writing this with a bottle of Irish whiskey before me.

The bottle is now half-empty. It's six a.m. and outside it's getting light—light but smoggy. The same type of morning it was when, almost ten years ago, I drove up to the Strip and saw Jim's sleepy, surly face a hundred or so feet high on a billboard and decided "Jesus, if that lunatic can make it, anybody can!" ■



"Es gibt keine Derwische mehr. Die Menschheit ist unterschieden in Darsteller und Zuschauer. Wir sind besessen von professionellen Helden, Heiligen und Huren, die für uns leben und die wir bestrafen können durch Liebesentzug", hat Jim Morrison in einem seiner Bücher geschrieben.

Der Doors-Sänger und Dichter war der letzte große Derwisch und Schamane der Rockmusik. In seinem Leben gab es keine Grenzen zwischen Show und Wirklichkeit. Er nahm den extremen, den intensiven Weg. Konsequenz bis in den bis heute immer noch ungeklärten Tod im Sommer 1971. In der packenden Biographie "No One Here Gets Out Alive" erzählen die Autoren Jerry Hopkins und Danny Sugerman, wie die Legende Morrison wirklich lebte. Mit dem Bühnensexzeß in Miami begann das Ende seiner Supergruppe The Doors: "Hey, ihr Vollidioten, wie lange noch wollt ihr euch gängeln und bevormunden lassen?! Euch macht es wohl Spaß, daß sie euch ständig auf den Kopf scheißen! Sklaven seid ihr, ...Sklaven!" So hetzte Jim das Publikum auf. Ray zählte "Touch Me" ein, um Jim's Aufmerksamkeit auf die Musik zu lenken. Aber Morrison sang bloß zwei Zeilen, dann fing er an seinen Gürtel zu öffnen. "Es gibt keine Gesetze! Es gibt keine Grenzen!"

Vince, der Tourmanager, rannte auf die Bühne und packte Jim an den Armen, um das Ärgste zu verhindern. Als Jim ihn abgeschüttelt hatte, machte er noch eine Stunde lang so weiter, provozierte das Publikum, forderte es auf, zu ihm auf die Bühne zu kommen. Er tanzte mit drei Mädchen, und als die Bühne überfüllt war, drehte einer der Saalordner durch. Er stieß Jim in den Zuschauerraum. Als er wieder auf den Beinen war, zog er wie ein Rattenfänger durch den Saal, hunderte Fans tobend hinter ihm her. Plötzlich war Jim verschwunden. Die Show war zu Ende.

In den Tagen danach nahmen Miamis Politiker, die Polizei und die Presse die Zukunft der Doors in die Hand. Gegen Jim wurde Anklage wegen Anstiftung zum Aufruhr und anderen Dingen erhoben, die Doors hatten fast überall in den USA Auftrittsverbot. Da Jim gleich nach dem Konzert Miami verlassen hatte, setzte ihn das FBI auf die Fahndungsliste. Am 4. April stellte er sich und wurde gegen 100.000 Schilling Kautions auf freien Fuß gesetzt. "Ich habe nicht die Absicht mein Verhalten zu ändern", erklärte Jim bei der Gerichtsverhandlung. Dementsprechend hart fiel das Urteil aus: eine Million Schilling Strafe!

Die Monate nach dem Prozeß waren schlimmer als der Prozeß selbst. Jim flüchtete sich in unzählige Bettabenteuer, in noch mehr Alkohol und Kokain. Als Janis Joplin starb, sagte Jim zu Freunden: "Zuerst Jimi Hendrix, jetzt Janis. Ich glaube ihr trinkt mit dem Dritten im Bunde!"

Nach den Plattenaufnahmen für das Doors-Album L.A. Woman zog Jim einen Schlußstrich unter seine Rockkarriere. Zusammen mit Pamela ging Jim nach Paris, um in Ruhe schreiben zu können. Das Wenige, das er zu Papier brachte, war unter seinem Niveau und Jim wußte das. Am Abend des 2. Juli, nach einem Abendessen in einem Straßen-Café nahe Jim's Pariser Wohnung, brachte er Pamela heim und ging allein noch einmal fort. Jim wollte sich einen Film ansehen, den ihm Bekannte empfohlen hatten. Was nach dem Kino geschah oder ob Jim überhaupt in diesen Film ging, ist bis heute nicht geklärt. Einige Zeugen wollen ihn in dieser Nacht in der Junkie-Kneipe "Rock & Roll Circus" gesehen haben, wo er unter schweren Depressionen Heroin kaufte und sich auf der Toilette eine Überdosis spritzte. Andere wiederum bezeugen, er wäre zum Flughafen gefahren und hätte Frankreich verlassen. In Richtung Afrika. Gerüchte über seinen Tod wurden jedenfalls erst am Montag, den 5. Juli publik. Und erst sechs Tage später gab es eine offizielle Stellungnahme: Jim Morrison starb in der Badewanne seiner Pariser Wohnung an einem Herzinfarkt. Es gibt keinen Polizeibericht, es wurde keine Autopsie durchgeführt. Pamela nahm das Geheimnis mit ins Grab, als sie drei Jahre nach Jim's Verschwinden starb.

FAN CLUB MEETING ----- FAN CLUB TREFFEN

Das nächste Treffen findet am 8. Dezember 1984 am gewohnten Ort statt, in der Gaststätte DIETZEL, Horster Str. 68, 4390 Gladbeck, mit neuen Videos, vielen Gesprächen und einem kleinen Preisausschreiben, bei dem es Platten zu gewinnen gibt, bitte schreibt oder ruft an (0201/276455), wenn ihr kommen könnt! Our next meeting takes place at Dietzel (address see above) on Dec 8th, 1984; join us with talks, videos and good drinks; you also can win records in a little competition, if you can come please write or call us (Germany 201 - 276455).

OH CAROLINE

Kris Weintraub

Oh Caroline. I want to go back.

He's beautiful!

Debbie, Robin and I were close enough to see faces. Beautiful faces.

First there was a group called the Crome Syrcus from Oregon or Washington—some Pacific Northwest place. I was prepared for them to be terrible but they were great. They had some interesting lyrics and incredibly complicated arrangements that involved everybody switching instruments back and forth and split-second timing. They were all pretty ugly but they made up for it. Except for the lead singer who was too fat and not lovable like Howard Kaylan (of the Turtles). He could sing ok and he seemed nice enough but when the other guys had solos he stayed in front and distracted everyone. That's a bad trip.

Next was Ars Nova from New York City. They were practically an orchestra. Not in number—but what instruments! Three guitars, a trumpet, a trombone and this unbelievable percussion section that included every trap drum you ever heard of plus a kettle drum, a gigantic gong and a set of triangles! They were good too but a little too loud.

The Joshua Light Show did a groovy job when they caught it. They weren't on top of the music all the time but when they were it was beautiful. While the stage was being set up for The Doors they showed an old Bugs Bunny cartoon which was a big hit and injected some of their own color effects into it. Very cool when it came as a surprise. It wore out quickly but the first time was worth it.

Finally Ray came wandering across the purple-lit stage. He must be over six feet tall, very blond and very thin. He was wearing a beautiful cream-colored suit with a long jacket (double vents to the waist in back). It was perfect for him. He sat at his organ on the left facing center.

John came out—loped out—he's very long-legged—and sat at his drums. He has this really great face. It's very intense but you know all the time that he's smiling inside. He was dressed in red velvet and the front of the pullover top was like a striped woven bib with tassels on the bottom. Very interesting. He looked comfortable.

Robby materialized out of nowhere. I looked and there he was, standing there in a black denim street cowboy suit. You know the kind. It looked like he's been wearing it for seven or eight years and it's all stretched out to fit his bumps. His hair is incredible. It has no arrangement. How do you describe it? Avant garde Garfunkel? A haystack in a high wind? So what.

Robby and Ray threw notes back and forth across the stage tuning up and John bashed around a little so we wouldn't forget he was there. This went on until everyone was crazy from excitement—then they started the introduction to "When the Music's Over."

I couldn't believe they'd start with that. How do you follow it?

But they did.

They went on playing this endless introduction until everyone was leaning out of their seats in anticipation. . . .

Debbie kept saying "I bet he isn't here" until I was ready to hit her. . . .

Then a shadow came out of the wings.

A beautiful phantom in a sloppy pea jacket, floppy light brown leather cowboy hat, hair down to here and these impossible tight leather pants. . . .

There was instant applause and cheering.

He stepped to the microphone, grabbed the top with his right hand and the stand with his left fingertips, and looked up so the light hit his face.

The world began at that moment.

I felt like it was all a dream before that. Nothing was real except his incredible presence. Jim Morrison was there in that room and, baby, you better believe it.

There isn't another face like that in the world. It's so beautiful and not even handsome in the ordinary way. I think it's because you can tell by looking at him that he IS God. When he offers to die on the cross for us it's ok because he IS Christ. He's everything that ever was and all that ever can be and he KNOWS it. He just wants to let us know that so are we.

That's why we love him. (His soul has been around for a long time. It's seen things he only hints at but I remember things from a million years ago when he sings. He has one of the really old souls.)

He starts out shrieking, eating the microphone, pressing his thin leather leg against the stand. (The teenyboppers are coming all over the place. There are incredible sexual groans from the girls down the aisle at his every whisper.)

They moved straight into "Back Door Man." I think. I don't remember too clearly. Maybe it was "Break On Through." I was too busy wondering what his attitude toward us was. Why did he have to keep the hat and coat on? Was it too cold?

But at the end of whatever it was he turned his back to us—tossed down the hat gently in front of the drums—laid his jacket over it and ran his hands back through his hair. (I don't think he plans to ever cut it again. It's past his shoulders now—all wavy and thick. Debbie didn't like it at first and ended up saying "It's ok for him though." It IS him.)

When he turned around he was our friend.

He's definitely toned down his act from his falling off the stage period. He only jumped four times while they were on stage and they were beautiful leaps. Any cheerleader would be proud. . . . He only tried to rape the microphone stand twice.

There were a few times when he scared me to death. He grabbed the mike in both hands and screamed and shook until everyone was sure he was being electrocuted. Purely for effect.

And even though he tries to hold it back—once in a while he breaks into a smile that is so beautiful you want to hug him.

People were throwing daffodils onto the stage and he picked them all up and passed them around to the other guys—laying some on the organ and Robby's amp and stuffing them between the wires on John's mike stand. He took one personally from some brave (and lucky) girl who will never forgive herself for sitting down so fast. I think he wanted to thank her. . . .

They moved from one song to another effortlessly. Robby—very cool—walking around his side of the stage, checking his amps, goofing across the stage with Ray in a very quiet way, wandering down front to watch the show (just as if he weren't part of it). Ray bobs over his keyboards, an extension of the music inside of him, smiling because it all fits together so perfectly—just being beautiful. (Sometimes I love him more than Jim. Just sometimes.) He's playing two instruments at once (regular organ plus a piano bass) and he sounds like two organs and a regular electric bass. He amazes me. And John is bashing away happily—still looking intense—now very soft . . . now machine gun loud. Always just right and tying it all together.

During the break in "Light My Fire" Jim did something that earned him instant respect (at least from me and Debbie and Robin). He went off into the shadows and left the spotlight to Ray and John and Robby. You could see him if you wanted to but you didn't have to. He was in the darkness behind Ray dancing with a daffodil. (Yes, that's what I said.) Actually he was just dancing and he happened to have it in his hand. (He's a great dancer. Not awkward like most guys.) After a while he went over by John. In back of the drums there was a lower area where

their road managers were hiding in case they needed any help. (John's cymbal kept collapsing, for instance, and HE couldn't stop to set it up again.) There also was a ladder that some crazy bald guy kept climbing on to take pictures of the audience and Jim's back. Jim picked up the camera and took a picture of us. When he was tired of that he went around to the side of the drums and decided to play bug the drummer. He waved the daffodil under John's flying sticks—threatening to toss it on the snare—until John cracked his first smile (YUM!) and pretended to pound Jim . . . without ever missing a beat. About then it was time to stroll back and finish the song.

At one point he said "We're gonna show a movie a little later and I want you all to watch it real close—cause you have to give a report on it."

It was the film I told you about for "The Unknown Soldier." You'll never see that one on TV. It's the bravest thing any group has done and I'm glad they did it—even though no one else could have. It's Jim's place. That's his purpose in life.

We demanded an encore. They sang "The Unknown Soldier" for us because the soundtrack on the film is scratchy.

Just before he collapsed to "die" Jim smiled his most beautiful smile. . . .

Lots of groups don't look too happy on stage. They act as though they're doing you a favor and they have lots of places they'd rather be.

Jim looked that way until he took his coat off. After that they all looked incredibly happy. They kept smiling and looked like they were really digging it all. That made me feel good. Ray and Jim especially looked like it was getting them high. That's nice.

When Jim is in a playful mood and doesn't feel like singing angry lyrics he lapses into gibberish or illiterate slang. It keeps the impact because everyone knows what the real words are—but it takes the edge off and lets us know where his head is, at that moment.

Debbie and Robin and I were trying to sum him up. I knew what I thought but I held back to see if it was just me. Debbie said it. I never opened my mouth. "He's like a little boy sometimes—but not childish." Childlike.

Jim has the kind of innocence about him that only comes from knowing everything. Do you understand that?

He doesn't have to be afraid of the dark because he already knows what's there. He can spend his time grooving and teaching instead of cowering and running.

He loves us and wants to show us that all we have to do is open up to ourselves and be honest with what is inherently US. That by putting him on a pedestal we can only elevate ourselves because he is determined to pull us up with him. He wants us to KNOW that and we sense it—at least subconsciously.

He's really an artist. I kept feeling that he was creating right in front of me. The sound waves are his canvas, the group is his brush and their talents are his colors. Right there he has more than enough to create a masterpiece. Then he puts himself into the center of it and becomes part of his art. It frames him and he IS and CREATES at the same time. Wow.

But there's more.

Ever since I got so deeply involved with their albums I've realized that Jim has or will say everything that needs to be said. Everything that can be said. "Weird scenes inside the gold mine" is already a classic line. There can only be more.

His poetry isn't personal like Dylan's. Anyone can understand it and realize that it's there to make it a better world. To make us better people.

Jim and his old soul are deeply tied in with the collective unconscious and he is great because he makes us remember ourselves or whoever we were in the past.

He unlocks something in the cells. That's very important.

Go see them if you ever have the chance.

One way to describe a Doors concert. Did YOU see the Doors live on stage? Send us our memories!

Notes from the Underground

ROCK IS DEAD / AN AMERICAN POET

von Heinz Gerstenmeyer

Auf dieser LP sind zwei außergewöhnliche Aufnahmen zu finden. Außergewöhnlich in zweierlei Hinsicht: Zum einen handelt es sich um die einzigen bekannten Studioaufnahmen, die im Untergrund kursieren, zum anderen bestechen sie durch exzellente Aufnahmequalität (Stereo), was vor allem auch demjenigen zu verdanken ist, der die Aufnahmen abgemischt hat. Es ist lediglich etwas übermäßiges Rauschen zu hören.

Auf Seite 1 befindet sich eine bislang unveröffentlichte 21-minütige Studiosession mit dem Titel "Rock Is Dead". Durchweg sowohl textlich als auch musikalisch improvisiert reicht die Bandbreite von Boogie über Blues bis hin zu Songfragmenten, welche die musikalische Linie der späteren Doors LP's schon deutlich aufzeigen. Die Aufnahme entstand während der Aufnahmen zu der LP "The Soft Parade", vermutlich zwischen dem Miami-Konzert, 3/69 (einige Textpassagen hören sich danach an) und 6/69 (Abschluß der Aufnahmen zu "The Soft Parade").

Robby, John und Jim (der gelegentlich auch Mundharmonika spielt) sind klar zu identifizieren. Im Hintergrund hört man noch ein etwas seltsames Instrument, das Ray's Keyboard sein könnte. Es ist aber auch möglich, daß es sich um ein anderes Instrument handelt, und daß Ray bei dieser Aufnahme gar nicht dabei war. Zusätzlich spielen noch ein Bassist und ein Cellist mit.

Die Aufnahme endet mit Albinioni's "Adagio", gespielt von einem ganzen Orchester und begleitet von den Doors. Das "Adagio" wurde wahrscheinlich nachträglich angefügt.

Auf Seite 2 singt und liest Jim Morrison 25 Minuten lang seine Gedichte. Mit wenigen Ausnahmen (Awake/Black Polished Chrome/Angels And Sailors/To Come Of Age) handelt es sich hierbei um vollkommen unveröffentlichtes Material. Die Aufnahmen entstanden während der sogenannten "An American Prayer-Session" vom 8. Dezember 1970, Jim's 27. und letztem Geburtstag. Sechs Stunden lang las er damals seine Gedichte. Sie bildeten die Grundlage für das 1978 erschienene "An American Prayer"-Album.

Hier jedoch erscheinen die Gedichte ohne jegliche Musik und vollkommen ungeschnitten. Die Magie von Jim's Stimme kommt so noch deutlicher zur Geltung als dies ohnehin schon auf der "Prayer"-LP der Fall ist. Die Aufnahme ist wahrscheinlich kein zusammenhängender Ausschnitt, sondern eine ausgewählte Sammlung von Gedichten aus der Session.

Seite 2 endet mit dem "Graveyard Poem", der von der Promo-LP "Inner View" stammt (nur 100 Stück Auflage) und mit "Riders On The Storm" unterlegt ist. Dieses Gedicht ist in leichter Abwandlung mittlerweile ja auch während "Light My Fire" auf der LP "Alive, She Cried" zu hören.

Auf dem Cover befindet sich eine exzellente Fotomontage, die gut zum Titel passt und an eine Szene aus "Macbeth" erinnert. Der Titel "Rock Is Dead" ist mit roter Farbe gedruckt. Es befindet sich ein gelber Aufkleber auf dem Cover, der die LP fälschlicherweise als Promo-LP ausweist. Auf der Rückseite befindet sich ein Foto, das Jim Morrison mit Bart zeigt. Was die Doors auf der "Prayer"-LP nicht gewagt haben ist hier verwirklicht: Die Namensnennung "James Douglas Morrison" anstatt "Jim Morrison". Den Meister würde es erfreuen. Der Platte ist ein Textheft beigelegt mit einigen unveröffentlichten Fotos von Jim Morrison in Frankfurt, September 1968. Das Textheft enthält den kompletten Text, der allerdings ein paar geringfügige Fehler aufweist.

Rock Is Dead ist eine LP, die sich jeder Bootleghersteller zum Maßstab nehmen sollte. Eine fantastische Platte, ein Muß für jeden Fan.

Rock Is Dead / An American Poet (LP)

Tangie Town Records 62 003 (TTR 9003)

Deutschland 1981

Side 1 : Rock Is Dead (21'14)

Side 2 : An American Prayer-Session Excerpts (24'35)

Von dieser LP gibt es noch eine Nachpressung mit dem Titel "No Limits, No Laws". Sie enthält zusätzlich noch einen kurzen Ausschnitt aus dem Miami-Konzert, dafür fehlt aber der "Graveyard Poem". Außerdem ist die Soundqualität wesentlich schlechter als bei "Rock Is Dead". Eine Textbeilage ist ebenfalls nicht vorhanden. Diese Platte ist eigentlich nur für Bootlegsammler interessant.

No Limits, No Laws (LP)

Deutschland 1981

Side 1 : Rock Is Dead (21'14)

No Limits, No Laws (Miami, 1. März 1969) (0'30)

Side 2 : An American Prayer-Session Excerpts (23'20)

Jim Morrison zu dem Stück "Rock Is Dead" (Aus: Jerry Hopkins Interview mit Jim Morrison, Rolling Stone 26. Juli 1969):

" We needed another song for this album (Ann.: "The Soft Parade"). We were racking our brains trying to think what song. We were in the studio and so we started throwing out all these old songs. Blues trips. Rock classics. Finally we just started playing and we played for about an hour, and we went through the whole history of rock music -- starting with blues, going through rock'n roll, surf music, latin, the whole thing I call it "Rock Is Dead". I doubt if anybody'll ever hear it."

The words and poetry of
**JAMES
DOUGLAS
MORRISON**

AN AMERICAN POET

*In the wake of the lizard
Ghost poem
A feast beneath the moon
The death bird
Bird of prey
Dawn's Highway
Under waterfall
The hitchhiker
Words in frozen woods
Winter photography
Whiskey, mystics and men
All hail the American night!
Far Arden poem
Shirley
The American night
Judge, judge!*

*Hitler
To come of age
Black polished chrome
Siren's song
Stories from the LA plague
Earth, air, fire, water
Angels and sailors
Stoned, immaculate
The carnival has just begun
Graveyard poem*

*Previously unpublished poems
read by James Douglas Morrison himself.*

*Recorded during the An American
Prayer Session on Dec. 8th, 1970
Copyright by James Douglas Morrison*

Backcover of
"ROCK IS DEAD"
album. We doubt
that these are
the real titles
for the poems
Jim had in
mind. Obviously
the boot-
legger entitled
them.

On German flea-
markets and re-
cord fairs this
album costs

