

THE DOORS



QUARTERLY



# THE DOORS QUARTERLY 6

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## from us to you

Hi folks! Es gibt mal wieder nur äußerstes Schweigen in den USA, was Neuigkeiten angeht. Aber der Nachrichtenmangel stört uns kaum in unserer Arbeit: man entsinne sich nur an das grose Schweigen über die Doors von 1974 - 78, wo absolut nichts Imposantes publiziert wurde... Nun, trotzdem habe ich prima Dinge zu verkünden: Es kam im Februar die ERSTE offizielle DOORS-VIDEO Cassette heraus, die sich im Grunde genommen als Enttäuschung entpuppte: Der Titel der Cassette ist A TRIBUTE TO JIM MORRISON, und wie von mir befürchtet, ist es nichts anderes als eine um 15 Minuten erweiterte Version von NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE, die ja wohl jeder Doors-Videofreak schon kennt. Das einzig interessante Neue ist, daß die Interviews mit der Gruppe wesentlich ausführlicher geraten sind (Robby erzählt etwas über ROCK IS DEAD usw.). Natürlich ist das Band trotzdem SEHR sehenswert. Leider muß man es aber wohl als eine geplante Irreführung des Käufers bezeichnen (lest dazu die niederschmetternde Kritik von Paul Carter). Doch dann der ab-

absolute Hammer: In den USA ist eine Videocassette mit dem Titel DANCE ON FIRE erschienen, mit 14 (!) kompletten Videoclips, alle von den Originalbändern neu abgemischt. Die Anzeige aus dem BILLBOARD magazin seht ihr auf Seite 3. Das ist das Ding, auf das wir gewartet haben! Leider liegt mir noch keine Promocassette vor, so daß ich die Besprechung der Cassette erst im nächsten Heft machen kann. Ich habe mich, um diese 2 Cassetten auch möglichst billig anbieten zu können, bemüht und

← Live in Copenhagen



hatte Erfolg: Im Fanclub kostet die A TRIBUTE TO JIM MORRISON nur 70-., als Original England Import (statt 79-., + Nachnahme in bestimmten Versanden), die DANCE ON FIRE kann ich, sobald ich den Ladenpreis weiß, Euch auch für rund 10-., billiger anbieten. Vorbestellungen erbeten. Noch was: Das diesjährige Treffen findet in PARIS statt! Näheres dazu im Heft! So long!

# Rock Godol. Poet. Vision

Jim Morrison. His lyrics revealed him as a truth seeker. His performances shocked and mesmerized his audiences. Rock 'n roll in the 60's reeled under the influence of The Doors.

Now there's an all-music video that captures the power and mystique of that legendary group — it contains rarely seen concert and TV appearances, previously banned footage and an intimate look at the man whose dynamic music lives on.

Some of the 14 complete songs include:  
BREAK ON THROUGH The original Elektra Records promo film.  
LIGHT MY FIRE Performance from The Ed Sullivan Show.  
L.A. WOMAN A new film directed by Ray Manzarek.  
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Talk Talk  
Talk about the DOORS

The

# DOORS

dance on fire



# THEY BLEW IT...

by PAUL CARTER, LONDON

They blew it.

It started to look a little bleak when one Danny Sugarman materialised as the spokesman on all things Doors-ish, I feel; from then on things seemed to take on an ever tacky, more materialistic, "not quite...not quite relaxed" feel. Purists may prefer to trace it back to July 1971 as the moment the spark left The Doors, but "An American Prayer" is proof enough (for me) that it was still present years later. No, it was Sugarman's entrance that spelt the beginning of the end of "style", where The Doors were concerned.

If Jerry Hopkins had been allowed to publish his original, weighty biography of Morrison, all might now be different. "Sales" being the key word in this whole subject, however, the studied biography of a highly complex man was deemed necessary to be hacked to bits, and he replaced by a string of loving anecdotes - a fan's love letter, for that's all it really amounted to in the end, unfortunately - "No One Here Gets Out Alive"... ("Boys Get Crazy In The Head And Suffer", or "Love Him Madly - He Was My God" would have been more appropriate, Danny). Sad to say it very probably spelt the end of any James Douglas Morrison biography - (very sad considering the amount of 'rock biographies' there are in the world). Then there was the TV Special of the book, also called "No One Here Gets Out Alive": a bit of an advertisement for the book, really. True, it did contain some very interesting footage, but it didn't get anywhere near the mark in doing The Doors full justice.

And now there's the first Doors video release, entitled "The Doors. A Tribute To Jim Morrison". I am a trifle disappointed to find this long wait for the first Doors video release rewarded by nothing more than the aforementioned TV Special: "No One Here Gets Out Alive", a little out of synch, and with a few tiny additions: Jerry Hopkins' name gets a look in on this one, and he has his piece about "Apocalypse Now" included, followed by a little clip from the opening of the film, (both in the original "NOHGOA" I understand, but taken out for the British transmission). The only real addition is the long awaited "L.A. Woman" video, which turns out to be a one and a half minute car trip around the streets of...L.A., filming...you've guessed it...women, and because it's a wacky, misunderstood (but respected) band like The Doors, it's shot in negative, right? It's the imagination that has died here.

It's very tragic. There used to be a time when anything to do with The Doors positively dripped with style.

Then Sugarman showed.

Some may say that he's introducing The Doors to a new generation, that that's where the money is, but for those of us who heard that first album in 1967, and who felt compelled to follow every second thereafter, it's a bit of a shame to see how things have turned out.

To release a video that every self-respecting Doors fan will already have in his or her possession, under a different title, is a little on the tacky side, in my view. If it had been released with its original title, I could have forgiven them, (after all I forgave them for the book), but this...it's tacky.

Standards have fallen well below the belt, no doubt about it.



P.S.:

by PAUL CARTER, London

I take it all back Danny.

Six days later and I take it all back.

You are forgiven.

I've just seen an ad in "Billboard" magazine for another Doors video.

This one looks to be the one we were waiting for all along.

The real McCoy!

14 complete songs - promos, live material, no talking heads, and "mixed from the original master tapes", in stereo.

Now this is what we want!

Even the title is an inspiration: DANCE ON FIRE (it intends)

This is indeed a happy return to style - I'm not going to rest easy 'til I have my copy!



## CLUBMEETING

WATCH OUT! NO TIME TO  
HESITATE!

This year's ONLY Doors-  
-Fanclubmeeting will take  
place in PARIS on EASTER  
SUNDAY, APRIL 7th, 1985.  
Come over to JIM'S GRAVE  
at 2pm, we'll meet there  
and at the time the ceme-  
tery closes we'll go to  
LE CELTIC opposite the  
metro Philipp Auguste  
and have a drink. Meet a  
lot of clubmembers this  
day, and let's have good  
talks over there! COME!

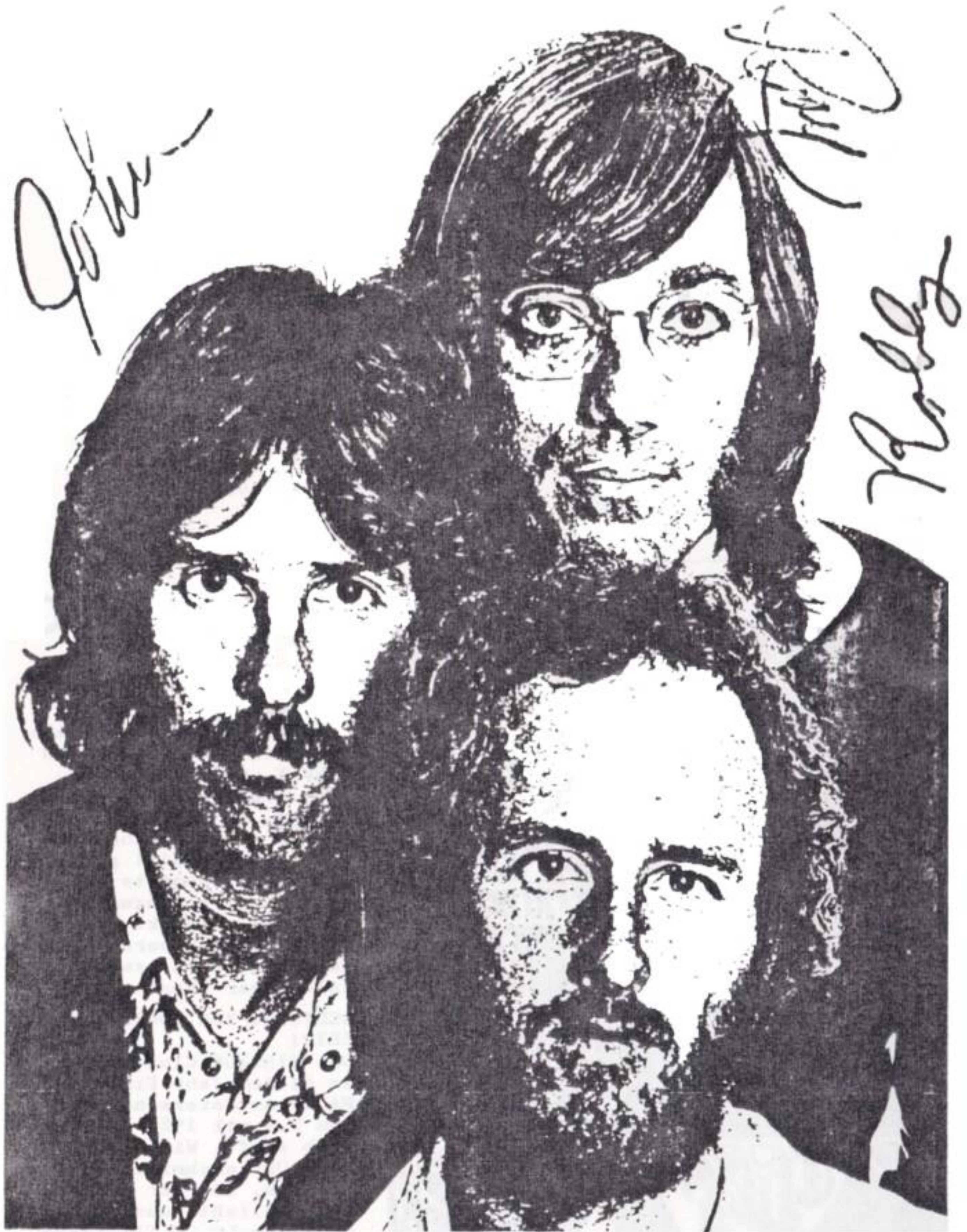
ACHTUNG! ZUM ZOGERN KEINE  
ZEIT!

Das EINZIGE Clubtreffen  
in diesem Jahr findet in  
PARIS am Ostersonntag,  
dem 7. April 1985 an Jims  
Grab statt. Wir trudeln  
um 2 Uhr nachmittags ein,  
bleiben, bis der Fried-  
hof schließt, und gehen  
dann zum LE CELTIC (gegen-  
über der Metrostation  
Philipp Auguste) auf ein  
paar Drinks. Wir freuen  
uns auf viele Gespräche!  
KOMMT ZAHLREICH!

Greetings/Grüße

*Jim*









# TO BE ARRESTED

THE

# DOORS

## IN MIAMI

oder: AUS WEITER FERNE BETRACHTET von U.Heumann

Kein Ereignis in der einmaligen Karriere der Doors ist so legendär, so verschwommen, so schwierig zu erfassen, so voller Widersprüche, wie das Konzert am 1. März 1969 im Dinner Key Auditorium in Miami/Florida.

Endlose 16 Jahre sind vergangen, Jim Morrison weilt schon lange Zeit nicht mehr unter den Lebenden, die Doors zur Legende auf ewige Zeiten etabliert. Was ist da noch nachvollziehbar, wie ist Miami heute zu bewerten?

Der Auftritt im tiefsten Süden der USA wurde getragen von zwei gegensätzlichen Komponenten, die zwangsläufig aufeinander prallen mußten und dabei eine gewaltige Wandlung herbeiführten. Letztlich unbedeutend ist dabei die Frage, in welcher Form die so hochstilisierte "öffentliche Zurschaustellung" überhaupt stattgefunden haben könnte.

Zum einen wollte Jim Morrison radikal sein Image vom hübschen jungen Engel, vom Sex-Gott loswerden: "Ich hatte mein offizielles Image, mit dem ich manchmal bewußt, meist jedoch unbewußt selbst arbeitete, gründlichst satt. Es wurde mir wirklich zu viel, und so setzte ich der Sache an einem glorreichen Abend ein Ende. Auf was es hinauslief, war, daß ich dem Publikum sagte, daß sie ein Haufen verrückter Idioten seien. Sie sollten erkennen, daß sie nicht wirklich hier waren: um gute Songs von guten Musikern zu hören, sondern daß sie wegen etwas anderem gekommen waren. Warum dies nicht zugeben und dazu etwas tun. ... Miami war der geballte Höhepunkt unserer dressierten Karriere. Ich glaube, ich habe unbewußt versucht, die Sache absurd hinzustellen, und es klappte vorzüglich."

Zum anderen wollte die reaktionäre US-amerikanische Staatsmacht, tragisch manifestiert durch den verblendeten Richard Nixon, ein Exempel statuieren und der Gegenkultur einen vernichtenden Schlag versetzen: "Teil der Abfallszene in diesem Land, Worte, physisch



und verbal, Obszönitäten, ein Rockkonzert ist ein Ausdruck für Abfall, Sektierer." - aus der Urteilsbegründung zum Miami-Prozeß.

Es ist ebenso müßig wie überflüssig, an dieser Stelle eine politische Ära zu beleuchten, die durch die Vokabel "Watergate" noch geradezu harmlos dargestellt wird. Dieses mögen andere tun!

In den ersten Monaten des Jahres '69 befanden sich die Doors auf dem Höhepunkt ihrer kommerziellen Karriere. Mit dem flotten "Touch me" hatten sie nach "Hello, I love you ..." in kurzer Zeit einen weiteren großen Hit gelandet und waren somit in aller (Teenager)-Munde. Vor allem einer von ihnen, Jim, der tolle Jim, der Traummann, der alle Mädchenherzen höher schlagen läßt. Doch dieser tolle Jim wollte diesen Traum zerstören ("You are all a bunch of fuckin' idiots, your faces are beeing pressed into the shit of the world, take your fuckin' friend and love him ..."), wollte endlich durchbrechen zur anderen Seite, wollte nicht mehr "The king of Orgasmic Rock" sein. Er läßt sich einen wilden Vollbart stehen, er verzichtet auf seine Lederkluft, er schmeißt total betrunken ("Mr. Hyde") das erste Konzert der Doors in Miami, er verwandelt die Konzerthalle in ein Chaos ("Ich bin hauptsächlich an Revolte, Unordnung und Chaos interessiert - das scheint mir der einzige Weg zur Freiheit zu sein."). Er geht einen schweren Weg ("I'm so lonely"), den eines Dichters und Denkers ("Dichter zu sein erfordert mehr, als Gedichte zu schreiben. Es verlangt eine Bindung an das Leben und an den Tod, mit hohem Stil und tiefer Trauer. Es heißt, jeden Morgen mit dem Fieber der Leidenschaft aufzuwachen und wissen, daß nur der Tod es löscht und dabei überzeugt sein, daß diese Leiden einzigartigen Lohn tragen." - aus einer Biografie) - einen Weg, der dort enden muß, wo wir heute manchmal ratlos und einsam vorbeipilgern, auf dem Friedhof Père-Lachaise.

Miami ist der Schnittpunkt, der Übergang zum ureigentlichen Jim Morrison, der Beginn vom Ende des Musikers Jim Morrison, das Ende eines normalen Musikers und der Beginn einer neuen, größeren Zeit, aber auch der Beginn einer schärferen Distanz zwischen ihm und seinen Bandkollegen. Die Reise des Poeten Jim Morrison ist für sie nur bedingt nachvollziehbar. Er geht in die selbstgewählte Einsamkeit, um seinen Mitmenschen den positiven Versuch zu geben, einen Weg zum Überleben und Gedeihen in dieser Gesellschaft zu finden - "meine



Religion ist in meiner Kunst enthalten, als eine Reflektion des Lebens."

Die Position der Doors insgesamt wurde durch Miami jedoch nachhaltig gestärkt. Sie wurden wieder zu dem, was sie eigentlich immer waren, eine der außergewöhnlichsten und bedeutensten Rockbands aller Zeiten, die Musik und Lyrik in einer ganz eigenartigen Kombination vereinigte. Die Verbundenheit der vier manifestiert sich schon rein optisch durch das neue Live-Auftreten Jim Morrisons. Durch den Verzicht auf spektakuläre Ausbrüche integriert er sich im Ganzen, tritt zurück zugunsten der Virtuosität seiner Mitstreiter. In der PBS-Fernsehsow, nur wenige Wochen nach Miami aufgenommen, läßt sich dieses eindrucksvoll nachvollziehen. Höhepunkt dieser Entwicklung war der Auftritt beim Isle-of-Wight-Festival im August 1970, wo Morrison völlig regungslos nur durch seine Stimme fesselte und diese mit den Instrumenten zu einer absoluten Einheit verschmolz; man denke nur an "The end" vom "First Flash of Eden"-Album. Zuletzt benutzt Jim seine Stimme sogar als Instrument ("Cars hissing by my window"), doch das ist bereits der Schluß. Über der optischen Einheit wetterleuchtet schon das Ende ("I see the bathroom is clear, I think that somebody's near, I'm sure that someone is following me"), das Ende des Jim Morrison, gebärend den James Douglas Morrison, der einen Weg begehen muß, den wir noch beschreiten müssen.

Fazit: Sehen wir Miami als logische Konsequenz einer zwangsläufigen Entwicklung, als eine Station auf dem Weg des James Douglas Morrison auf seiner Reise "to the bright midnight".

# Morrison appeals against sentence

He was cleared of being drunk and disorderly and lewd and lascivious behaviour — the latter a federal charge. The Doors were due to make a projected visit to Britain in March, but Mike Hales of Elektra Records, said that this was now in the balance. "Knowing the American federal system, it will probably be some time before the appeal comes through," he said.

stop - Jim Morrison, Leader der Doors, hat Berufung gegen die Entscheidung des Gerichts eingeleitet das ihn wegen ob zonen Benehmens zu sechs Monaten Gefangnis verurteilte. Er wurde gegen Kautsion von 50 000 Dollar auf freien Fuß gesetzt - stop

He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and fined 500 dollars after being found guilty of indecent exposure and using profane language at a concert in Miami

DOORS lead singer Jim Morrison is on bail of 50,000 dollars pending an appeal against convictions imposed at Dade County Court, Miami, on Friday.

## DOORS IN BIG TROUBLE

JIM MORRISON was arrested two weeks ago in Miami on charges including one count of "lewd and lascivious behaviour in public . . ." two counts of indecent exposure and open public profanity, plus one of public drunkenness.

Morrison could receive a combined maximum prison sentence of three years and 150 days at the State's Reformatory prison.

Miami and Dade County police did not immediately arrest Morrison who appeared drunk, screamed obscenities and reportedly exposed himself in full view of the audience — a sold out concert hall seating 18,000. The lawyers feared that arresting Morrison on the spot would have caused a riot.



# WANTED



## IN THE COUNTY OF DADE

For: Lewd and Lascivious Behavior in Public  
by Exposing His Private Parts and by Simulating  
Masturbation and Oral Copulation. A Felony.



# State of Florida vs. Jim Morrison

BY GLORIA VANJAK

MIAMI—A year and a half after the controversial concert at Dinner Key Auditorium in Coconut Grove, Florida, Jim Morrison is back in nearby Miami to stand trial for his alleged indecent performance.

*The State of Florida vs. James Morrison* began in criminal court on August 10th, and has been in session every other day. The trial is expected to last six to ten weeks. The six-person jury is made up of two white men, two black men and two white women. The State has so far called six witnesses to testify to the acts Morrison is charged with: a felony, lewd and lascivious behavior; and three misdemeanors, indecent exposure, open profanity and drunkenness. All counts could bring him a sentence of three years in jail.

Morrison's lawyer's argument is that the singer's use of four letter words and "lewd" conduct is acceptable by present community standards, in regard to books, theater, and X-rated movies. And that with rock, a voice of dissent, Morrison has the constitutional right to free expression.

The Metropolitan Dade County Justice Building is a 15-minute drive from the Carillon on Miami Beach where the Doors are staying. The Carillon is a medium-priced resort hotel with a vast beige marble lobby and crystal chandelier. It's 8 AM on Monday, August 10th, and Morrison's attorney from Beverly Hills, Max Fink, and Doors press agent Mike Gershman are standing by the red courtesy phones waiting.

Morrison appears, walking slowly through the lobby, carrying a black Scholastic notebook. He has a full beard, is wearing brown cowboy boots, black jeans, a white peasant shirt and has a navy embroidered caftan jacket under his arm.

Following him is Babe Hill, a bearded dude who did the sound on two Morrison films. They split for the courthouse, and finally the other Doors, Ray, Robbie and John, appear.

Robert Josefsberg, the Miami lawyer on the Morrison case, steps by with 150 glossy 8x10 photographs of the concert to be used as evidence. None prove there was any exposure. Morrison in the pictures is alternately the demon and the clown, and glancing at the assortment in the hallway for the first time. Jim enjoys them immensely. "Yes that's where I'm supposedly giving head to Robbie's guitar," "that hat belongs to Moonfire, and that lamb was purring amidst all that chaos," "I look sort of satanic there, taking the lamb to the slaughter," "yeah, yeah and the band played on," "you know I'm beginning to believe I'm innocent!"

Judge Goodman himself uses clear nail polish on his nails. Judge Goodman is up for reelection in the fall. Morrison is red-faced with sunburn, and wearing a black leather vest. Terrence McWilliams, the young prosecutor, has got large jeweled cufflinks, an orange shirt and an olive green suit.



Morrison: 'I'm beginning to believe I'm innocent.'

Max Fink is wearing a custom grey suit. He rises to move for dismissal of the charges as fraud. Goodman wishes to proceed to jury selection, and dismisses the motion.

The room is cleared; out go the fans and in come 39 people. Up to the stand walks a very tall muscular woman, Mrs. Erlanger, who was once a dancer. She does pretty well until she discloses that she belongs to a show business fraternity. "The State excuses Mrs. Erlanger," says McWilliams, and Morrison smiles.

Fink questions a Mrs. Trussell who says, "I find it better to get along by abiding the law," and states she has seen *Butch Cassidy*.

Fink reads a list of the best-selling books of the last two years, as examples that community standards have changed. "I will request the judge to allow the jury to see some of the current plays and films. If Jim Morrison used some slang expressions, some words you as an individual may consider crude, four-letter words, you would find the same words physically and verbally are a part of the dissenting scene in this country. By evidence of the plays, books, and thinking people of this country, would you be shocked?"

She answers, "I'd be shocked."

Ray is rooting for the new prospective juror on the stand, Johnny Weiner, a young mod hairstylist with sideburns and an Edwardian suit. As he's questioned, Weiner says he frequents The Climax night club, and owns Doors albums. Weiner is retained for awhile.

Max approaches him. "Would you believe that because, in a rock band, a singer crawls on his hands and knees to

fondle another man that he is feigning oral copulation?"

"I'd have to see it," Weiner says.

He's eventually excused.

An elderly lady is dismissed after she says "I'm very fond of young people, and I would not want to injure the young man in any way—there's a two-generation gap."

Mr. Beidl is questioned concerning his Coast Guard background, and the fact that Morrison's father is a high ranking admiral in the Navy.

Mr. Beidl responds firmly, "I have no prejudice against Mr. Morrison or his father." Mr. Beidl is retained, along with five others and two alternates. They are all sworn in and court is recessed until Monday.

Friday evening, Jim and his crowd go to see Creedence Clearwater Revival at the Miami Beach Convention Center. Inside the huge hall, fans flock around Jim wishing him good luck. Fogerty's band turns in a very average set and Tony bo-hums, "well, now I've seen Creedence."

Next stop is the Marco Polo where Canned Heat is playing the Hump Room. After greeting Morrison at his table with a Bear hug, Bob Hite comes on stage to announce: "There's a young man in the audience, Mr. Jim Morrison, and I want him to come up here."

Jim and Canned Heat do four numbers together: "Back Door Man," "Rock Me Baby," "Fever," and "I'm a Man." Bear is blowing on his harp ("my Mississippi saxophone") and saying "I hope you are just as loose as I am and if you are, too bad."

Josefsberg begins today's session with



regard to the subpoenas for motion pictures (*Woodstock*, *Tropic of Cancer*, etc.) that he wishes the jury to see, and the legal complications of keeping the films until the judge and State approve their relevance. Judge Goodman says the court isn't concerned with the contents of *Woodstock*, and motions to the bailiff to usher in the jury. He later issues an order barring films, plays and books as "irrelevant" to the offenses charged.

Terrence McWilliams reads from the court record the State's charges. He reads the entire report directly in front of Morrison, who has turned his face up to McWilliams, blinking his eyes, and listening intently as the prosecutor emphasizes such portions as, "... the defendant did lewdly and lasciviously expose his penis, place his hand on his penis and shake it, and further the said defendant did simulate the acts of masturbation upon himself and oral copulation upon another ..."

McWilliams then quotes, from the record, the language of the performance: "... YOU ARE ALL A BUNCH OF FUCKING IDIOTS, YOUR FACES ARE BEING PRESSED INTO THE SHIT OF THE WORLD, TAKE YOUR FUCKING FRIEND AND LOVE HIM, DO YOU WANT TO SEE MY COCK?" (Caps are used in the record.) The jury sits quietly, expressing no reaction to the words.

Max Fink makes his speech at noon to the jury: "Your imagination may run rampant, but there's a small difference between the prosecutors' evidence and their witnesses. There is no question about the use of the words. I'm 62 and I haven't been to one of these concerts but it is what they say these days. Young people use these words with no prurient intention whatsoever."

Max quotes the Fish cheer, "Give Me a F\*U\*C\*K," used at rock festivals. "This is what they say and do. A rock concert is an expression of dissent. Let's have love, let's take care of our minorities, let's have oneness. You will see photographs of the audience making V signs, you will hear what Mr. Morrison said to his audience of 10,000 people. You will hear the audience yelling 'Fuck You' and 'You're a fairy' at him ..."

"There were 26 officers present in uniform that night, and many officers not in uniform. No one arrested his performance on stage. Now a rock singer works very hard; he leaves the stage swimming in perspiration to join his friends for a few laughs backstage before heading to the hotel and then to Jamaica. There was no arrest, there was no crime. The words we admit, that's free speech. The evil is in the mind."

The first State witness is Colleen Clary, a frail 17-year-old blonde. Her hair is parted in the middle and swept up into a pony tail. Her blue eyes are icy. Colleen was at the Dinner Key concert, sitting in the bleachers where the lights were dim.

She testifies that she saw Morrison expose himself. "I guess it was ten seconds," she tells McWilliams. "My boyfriend and I were shocked, we couldn't believe it."

"How did it affect you?" asks McWilliams.



"I was shocked; it was disgusting," answers Colleen, wringing a handkerchief.

Fink reads from her sworn statement taken in April of this year, wherein Colleen states she saw Morrison rubbing against a girl on stage. But she can't remember whether his pants were up or down. Max points out that this sworn statement was made 13 months and five days after the event.

Max reads again from her April 1970 sworn testimony; Colleen looks peeved. (Q: "Were you able to actually observe his genital area when he dropped his clothes?" Colleen: "Most of the time he was moving around.")

Max asks, "Has your memory been affected in the last few months?"

The witness answers, "I don't know," turns her face away from the jury and begins to cry. A short recess is called; Morrison rises, taking notes as he looks at Colleen facing the wall.

After the break, Max asks how far down Morrison's trousers were. Colleen, nervously states they were "above his knees."

Max reads from her previous testimony: Q: "How far down?" A: I could see it was below his knees."

Colleen corrects the quote, "I motioned that it was above his knees."

"Then did the reporter [in April] improperly quote you? Did you see Mr. Morrison put his hand inside his trousers?"

"I think so."

Again Max Fink reads from the sworn testimony which asks if the singer placed his hands inside his clothing at any-time other than when he dropped his pants. "I couldn't see," was Colleen's answer in April.

Colleen is excused and the next State witness is Carl Hofstader, her boyfriend, age 20, wearing mod clothes. Carl states they were seated 80-90 feet from the stage. Carl says the exposure lasted "five to eight seconds," but that his vision was partially blocked. Josephsberg asks if he was shocked.

"Not to myself, but to my girlfriend."

State witness number four, an attractive policewoman named Betty Racine, takes the stand the next day. She observed the concert from outside the ladies' room and from the balcony.

On the stand today, she testifies she heard obscenity: "It sounded like, 'Do you want to see my cock?'" In her deposition of June 2, 1970, she states that she didn't remember hearing any profanity.

"Has your memory improved since then?" Fink asks. McWilliams objects as Mrs. Racine sits there quietly fuming. Her deposition is read by Max Fink. In it she's quoted as being "too busy" to have heard profanity or see any of the acts charged.

Mrs. Racine then admits she heard a tape of the Dinner Key performance in the last two months ("I heard something ... I wasn't supposed to say ..."), and her testimony is stricken. Terrence McWilliams face is as red as his shirt.

State witness number five is Jeffrey C. Simon, a self-employed photographer who took about 150 pictures of Morrison in action at Dinner Key. Jeff is a handsome former University of Miami student who has done Brylcreem commercials. He was three to five feet away from the front of the stage and was called to the State Attorney's office a couple days after the concert last year. From his manner and words on the stand, Jeff is obviously on Morrison's side.

Simon is cross-examined that afternoon by Fink, and states he did not see any genital exposure. Jeff turns and talks directly to the jury in a conversational way. He's asked to explain the so-called oral-copulation shot (Jim on his knees in front of Robbie).

Fink: "The projection down here is the guitar?" Jeff: "Yes."

Bobby Jennings is the sixth state witness. He is 6'9" with curly red longish hair and beard, 22 years old, wearing a ribbon dog collar. He works in the State



Attorney's office on the 6th floor of the Justice Building as an office clerk. He attended the concert with a friend, James Wood.

Jennings speaks of the hypnotic "drone effect" of the Doors' music and quotes extensively from memory the words of the concert. He also testifies that the exposure lasted "five to eight seconds," just like Carl and other state witnesses to follow. Jennings says his friend didn't see what was going on stage because "he had his head down and was grooving to the music."

Bobby Jennings testimony continues, shedding more confusion, and the laugh of the morning. Max Pink asks a question concerning masturbation.

Jennings: "I believe the expression is oral copulation. There's a difference you know." The judge raises his eyebrows.

Pink: "Are you an expert on oral copulation?"

Jennings: "I don't have a master's degree in it, no."

Jim and the caravan retire to a small bar in the hotel that night. No other patrons are in the bar. On his second

round of scotch and coke, Morrison tells the waitress, "There's something funny about this drink. This time you're using either a different coke or a different scotch. Make it Chivas Regal."

"She took one look at you, and said Bar Scotch!" hollers Babe. Morrison roars. Gershman makes a toast: "Well, folks, you've heard of the Chicago seven, now you've got the Miami nine!"

# JIM MORRISON'S PROZESS IN MIAMI

Mike Gershman ist Publizist und ein Freund Jim Morrison's. Ich habe Mike, der dauernd zwischen New York und Miami hin und her pendelt, interviewt, und zwar nachdem die Geschworenen berufen und der Verhandlungsbeginn auf den 17. August festgesetzt war.

(Mike): Auf dem Weg zum Gericht an jenem Montag merkten wir, daß Vizepräsident Agnew zu den Veteranen der beiden Weltkriege sprechen sollte. Wir fuhren an einem Wasserflugzeug vorbei, das ein Spruchband hinter sich herzog *Gott segne Spiro Tegen*. Morrison sprang auf und jemand sagte zu ihm: „Glaubst Du an ein Omen?“ Die Anklage führte zehn Zeugen vor, darunter die achtzehnjährige Collen Cleary, eine Aufpasserin in einem Supermarkt. Sie war schockiert über Morrison's Verhalten bei jenem Konzert in Miami, weswegen dieses Gericht zusammengekommen war. Die Zeugin berichtete, daß er auf der Bühne seinen Schwanz aus der Hose rausgeholt habe. Das habe ihr Leben ruiniert. Später, in der Mittagspause, kommt eins der Groupies aus dem Hintergrund auf Collen Cleary zu und sagt: „Du bist so gemein zu Jim gewesen.“ Die Zeugin guckt das Mädchen an und sagt: „Hau ab, Du kleine Hure!“ Das sagt das arme kleine Mädchen, das von Jim angeblich so sehr in seelische Bedrängnis gebracht worden ist.

(Chuck): Was geschah weiter, Mike?

(Mike): Als nächstes trat Collen's Freund in den Zeugenstand. Er berichtete, daß er überhaupt nichts gesehen habe. Wenn man nun bedenkt, daß beide nebeneinander gesessen haben, der Anblick von Morrison's Pimmel sie in starke seelische Note gebracht, er aber nichts gesehen hat, dann muß doch etwas faul sein. Der dritte Zeuge war ein Fotograf, der den ganzen Abend Aufnahmen gemacht hatte, so ungefähr hundertfünfzig Fotos, zwei Meter von der Bühne entfernt. Seine Bilder zeigten nichts was die Anklage erhärtet hätte. Erwägt man nun die Möglichkeit, daß es geschehen sein könnte, während er gerade einen neuen Film einlegte, so mußte doch seine Aussage, daß er auch

keine besondere Reaktion vom Publikum gehört hat, die ihn zum Aufblicken veranlaßt hätte, für den Angeklagten Morrison positiv zu Buche schlagen. Dann kam der Starzeuge der Anklage, ein Junge namens Robert Jennings, der zusammen mit zwei seiner Verwandten im Büro des Staatsanwalts arbeitet. Wie sich herausstellte, hatte er die Anklageschrift neununddreißig (39) Tage nach dem besagten Doors-Konzert in Miami unterschrieben. Anscheinend war unmittelbar nach dem Konzert niemand erzürnt genug, um unverzüglich Anklage zu erheben. Jennings sagte, er habe alles gesehen. Er will gesehen haben, wie Morrison seinen Schwanz rausgeholt hat, auf Rob Krieger zu gegangen ist und so getan habe, als würde er ihn aufessen (den Schwanz, nicht Rob Krieger). Der nächste Zeuge, der im Konzert neben Jennings stand, sagte, er habe nichts gesehen. Damit war Jennings völlig bloßgestellt. Am letzten Verhandlungstag, dem 27. August, spielte man ein Tonband ab, das die Polizei beim Konzert aufgenommen hatte. Deutlich horte man darauf Jim schimpfen: „Ihr seid ein Haufen beschissener Idioten. Ihr laßt Euch von allen herumkommandieren. Ihr seid Sklaven, ein Haufen von Sklaven.“ An dieser Stelle stand Morrison auf der Bühne mit einem kleinen Lamm, und er spricht ins Mikrofon: „Ich würde es gerne ficken, aber es ist noch zu jung.“ Hört man dieses Tonband, so findet man keinerlei Anzeichen (Publikumsreaktionen), daß Jim sich ausgetogen hatte. Es gibt keine massive Publikumsreaktion.

(Chuck): Was tat Jim denn gerade. War er mitten in einem Song als er sich angeblich zur Schau stellte?

(Mike): Einem Zeugen zufolge zog Jim seine Hose herunter und zeigt seinen Schwanz, während Rob Krieger gerade sein Gitarrensolo von „Light My Fire“ spielte. In der abschließenden Untersuchung sagten eine Reihe von Leuten, Jim habe es getan, aber noch mehr Leute sagten, er habe es nicht getan. Jim selbst erinnert sich nicht, weil er betrunken war.

(Chuck): Was geschah dann, Mike?

(Mike): Das Gericht wurde auf den 2. September vertagt. Doch Du mußt Dir einmal folgendes vorstellen. Chuck. Hier in diesem bürgerlichen Gerichtssaal sitzen Richter, Staatsanwalt und Geschworene und sechzigprozentige Freaks und ältere Typen. Man spielt dieses Band. Das erste Stück ist „Back Door Man“, und der Richter hat vorher die Zuhörer instruiert, daß er es nicht dulde, wenn geschrien, mitgesungen oder mit den Füßen der Takt mitgeklopft wurde. Was dann geschieht, ist dieses Augen-Kontakt-Spiel. Jeder schaut jeden an, lebenslange Freundschaften werden geschlossen. Das war unglaublich. Es war richtig kafkaesk. Diese Musik wird in einem Gerichtssaal gespielt, eine Musik, zu der man sonst tanzt oder fickt.

(Chuck): Wie, glaubst Du, wird es weitergehen?

(Mike): Nun, die Anklage wird ihr Plädoyer halten, und dann werden noch die Zeugen der Verteidigung an die Reihe kommen.

(Chuck): Wann wird wohl das Verfahren abgeschlossen sein?

(Mike): Schätzungsweise in zweieinhalb bis drei Wochen – also etwa Mitte September. Ich glaube, wenn Morrison schuldig gesprochen wird, kann das verschiedene bedeuten. Einmal in Miami ein Kampf zwischen den Jungen und den nicht mehr so Jungen. Dann Verbot von Rockkonzerten und/oder Festivals. Und vielleicht sogar Sperrstunden.

Morrison hat der Rockmusik viel gegeben. Das Verfahren gegen ihn erscheint wie ein neuerer Schwindel. Man sollte sich fragen: Ist der Prozeß in Miami nur ein Prozeß gegen Jim Morrison? Oder ist es vielleicht ein Prozeß Alt gegen Jung? Ist es gar ein Verfahren gegen unsere Kultur und unsere Lebensweise? Oder bist am Ende Du es, der angeklagt wird?

... CHUCK PULIN

Das Urteil wurde erst Ende Oktober gesprochen. Jim Morrison wurde zu sechs Monaten Gefängnis und 500 Dollar Geldstrafe verurteilt.



# CHANGELING IN FLORIDA

von Rainer Moddemann

Miami als Höhepunkt der Doors? Miami als das Ende vom Anfang oder der Anfang vom Ende?

Deutungsversuche fallen einem schwer, zu sehr lastet der Eindruck, den ein wütender Jim Morrison auf den Bändern des Konzerts hinterläßt. Oder war er nur aus Spaß daran interessiert, sein Publikum zu beschimpfen?

"Ihr seid gekommen, um eine Freak-Show zu sehen. Nun gut, ihr werdet etwas sehen, was ihr noch nie zuvor erlebt habt, nichts wird größer als das, was ihr jetzt sehen werdet!"

Mit diesen Worten startete Morrison zu schweren Akkorden des 'Backdoor man' das Konzert, als die Menge, kaum daß die Gruppe die Bühne betreten hatte, schon nach 'Light my fire' schrie. Oder soll man dieses ganze Fiasko etwa gar dem reichlichen Genuß von Alkohol in die Schuhe schieben?

Eine neue Generation von Schauspielertruppen zog mit provozierenden Stücken durch das spießige Amerika, Publikumsbeschimpfungen waren 'in'. Das Publikum wußte, was es bekam: man wurde beschimpft, genoß seine eigene Spießigkeit, suhlte sich in dem verbalen Schmutz, der von der Bühne kam und kletterte danach im Glamour und Cadillac wieder in die häusliche Zufriedenheit.

So ein Stück, wie Peter Handke es auslebte, sah Morrison genau einen Tag zuvor. Rich Linnell erzählte mir, wie Jim grinsend aus dem Theater ging, grinsend, als ob er etwas vorhätte. Schon bei den Aufnahmen zu ROCK IS DEAD sind Anklänge einer Publikumsbeschimpfung zu hören. Rock is Dead legte den Grundstein für Miami.

Hinzu kam der allabendliche Ärger mit den Sicherheitsbullen, und meiner Meinung nach die Spießigkeit Floridas mit Heerscharen alter Leute, die ihren Wohlstand in Ruhe genießen wollen, mit korrupten Gouverneuren, Politikern und dressierten Jugendlichen. Lest das Protokoll der Gerichtsverhandlung, und ihr wißt, was ich meine.

Nun kommt dieser besoffene Jim Morrison und stellt Parolen in den mit 12 000 Zuhörern maßlos überfüllten Raum, in einer heißen, schwitzenden Nacht, reizt das Publikum mit eindeutig sexuellen Aufforderungen, agiert auf der Bühne wie ein besessener Derwisch und zieht den Leuten ihre Spießigkeit aus der Nase!

"Er tat es nie, er zog ihn nie heraus, ich war nur 5 Fuß entfernt, niemand sah etwas, es war eine Massenhalluzination, bedingt durch die Hitze und die Überfüllung..." erzählte mir Ray Manzarek in Hamburg 1978, doch er macht es sich zu einfach!

Nach solcher Provokation WOLLTE das Publikum so etwas sehen. Man kam nicht, um der Musik zuzuhören, wie Jim es gerne gehabt hätte, man kam, um jemanden zu sehen, der ausrastete.

Diese Erwartungshaltung setzt sich psychologisch begründbar in ein Bild um, ein illusionistisches Bild, ein Phantombild. Warum schoß keiner der vielen Fotografen ein Bild von DEM entscheidenden Augenblick? Wack eine Sensation für die voyeuristische Kameralinse! Doch keiner hat ein Bild!

Doch der Staat Florida hatte ein Bild! Das Bild JIM MORRISONS, das Bild eines Sündenbocks, Anlaß für das übervolle Faß, gefüllt mit subversiven Elementen aller Art, überzulaufen.

Doch wahrscheinlich wollte Morrison es so. Des Sexsymbolimages war er müde. Auch die Doors benötigten eine Veränderung.

Miami als Anlaß zum Zweck? Er veränderte viel!

Gott sei Dank!



## Morrison Hands Himself Over

MIAMI — Only a mid-April extradition hearing stands between Jim Morrison, lead singer for the Doors, and justice, Florida-style. Morrison turned himself over to the FBI in Los Angeles on April 3rd, in regards to a federal warrant charging him with interstate flight to avoid prosecution for six charges of lewd behavior and public exposure.

Morrison, accompanied by his Beverly Hills attorney, Max Fink, journeyed to the FBI's downtown Los Angeles branch to surrender. It was a casual sort of occasion, as described by Doors manager Bill Siddons.

"Jim said to me, 'I'm going to turn myself in tomorrow.' I said, 'Oh, really? Okay.'" And the next day he did.

Morrison has made himself unavailable to the press for comment since his controversial March 2nd performance, during which Florida authorities contend that he showed his penis to an audience of 12,000, made as if to masturbate, simulated oral copulation, and a couple of other things.

Doors spokesman Siddons feels the extradition warrant is a phony—technically illegal—since Morrison departed Florida four full days before any charges were issued against him.

But it is important that Morrison not appear to run from it. "You got to fight them in court," explains Siddons, "not by disappearing. Because if they had caught Jim, they would have thrown him in jail, probably made the bail higher, too, and put Jim on a bumner."

If he winds up in Florida and loses his trial, it could be an even worse bumner than that: Morrison could wind up in a Florida state pen for nearly three and a half years (3 years, 150 days).

At the April 14th extradition hearing in Los Angeles, the plan is to fight extradition for all Morrison and the Doors are worth. Their feeling is that it is impossible for Morrison to get a fair trial in the State of Florida, considering the present state of public opinion here.

Says Siddons concerning Florida: "It's incredible, man. Everybody in the state wants us."

Despite his alarm, however, it appears that only Miami remains up in arms, not all of Florida. Though a special Easter festival which was to star the Grateful Dead and a showing of the film *The Greatest Story Ever Told* had to be cancelled because no place in Miami could be found for it (after city fathers denied use of a previously contracted, city-owned auditorium), a Fort Lauderdale rock and roll festival just north of Miami went off without a hitch. (It is worth noting, though, that Fort Lauderdale's city government did ban the MC5 from appearing.)

Another Easter number that never came off was an announced nude swim-in at Fort Lauderdale by the Reverend Jefferson Fuck Poland of the Sexual Freedom League. Some 10,000 celebrants dutifully tramped out to the beach to watch the skin show. But the Rev. Poland must have done it elsewhere.

On the heels of the 30,000-strong Rally for Decency staged here at the Orange Bowl by a bunch of high school kids and Jackie Gleason and the Catholic Church, it was feared that a new wave of anti-rock repression might be about to sweep the nation.

President Richard M. Nixon, for instance, sent a letter to the sponsors and organizers of the Decency Rally, which said: "This is a very positive approach [which] strengthens my belief that the younger generation is our greatest natural resource." As our President was congratulating the decent kids whose parents made this nation what it is today, the brother and nephew of Nixon's closest advisor, Charles (Bebe) Rebozo, were busted for dope. William Rebozo, Bebe's older brother, was arrested for getting rough with Miami cops when they came to nail son Donald on possession and sales charges involving hash.

President Nixon was not immediately available for comment.

The fact is that while the Doors remain persona non grata many places (they've been barred in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and Dallas, as well as Miami, since the March 2nd excitement), representatives of two of the largest agencies handling rock and roll acts say everything's cool everywhere else but Miami—although they concede

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that just after Morrison pulled his fast one the industry was fearful of nationwide cancellations.

"But the only place that's really tightened, is Miami," says Ed Rubin of the Ashley-Pamous agency. His firm handles two of rock's most pungent groups, Country Joe and the Fish and the Mothers of Invention, and neither band has had trouble with bookings or cancellations.

It's the same at Creative Management Associates, whose clients (Sweetwater and others) lost between \$30,000 and \$40,000 in Miami cancellations but otherwise emerged unscathed. "It affected us," says agent Leo Leichter. "But it seems to have resolved itself outside Miami."

And even inside Miami, it appears that public sentiment may be mellowing. When the Easter show produced by Together Productions, Inc., was rescheduled for April 24th-25th—only to be turned down anew by city fathers—newspapers and radio stations began to side with Together. "The city," intoned an editorial heard on TV station WCKT and radio stations WUCG and WIOD, "has only succeeded in alienating itself and most of the adult world from the younger generation. . . ."



# 'UH-OH, I THINK I EXPOSED MYSELF OUT THERE'



BY JOHN BURKS

MIAMI—Jim Morrison, the Doors' cataclysmic, electroplastic lead singer, finally let it all hang out at a March 2nd concert in Miami, Florida, and in the outraged aftermath became the object of six arrest warrants, including one for a felony charge of "Lewd and lascivious behavior in public by exposing his private parts and by simulating masturbation and oral copulation."

The five other warrants are for misdemeanor charges on two counts of indecent exposure, two counts of open public profanity and one of public drunkenness. The total maximum sentence the 25-year-old Morrison could get would be three years and 150 days at Raiford State Penitentiary, one of the tougher state pens in the South.

And judging by local sentiment in Dade County, it's likely they'll throw the book at him. "They'd crucify him if they could, they're so worked up," said Larry Mahoney of the *Miami Herald*, the reporter who's done most of the *Herald's* reportage which has served to work everybody up.

A complicating factor for "The King of Orgasmic Rock" (as the *Miami Herald* labels Morrison) is that the felony charge makes him liable to arrest and extradition anywhere in the U.S. He and the rest of the Doors are presently vacationing in the Bahamas, each on his own island, and it will be interesting to see what happens when they try bringing it all back home again.

Exactly what depths of lewdness, lasciviousness, depravity and creepiness did Morrison descend to that the full wrath of Dade County and the State of Florida should be visited upon him?

Accounts vary. Morrison (still sunning himself outside the country) is unavailable for comment. Doors' manager Bill Siddons, in Los Angeles, passed the incident off as a mere nothing, "just another dirty Doors show. It didn't seem to be too big a deal," he added, "until the police chief took it on as his crusade."

Siddons acknowledged that the typical Doors rap had passed from the lips of Morrison: "You know, shitfuckpiss and the rest of them." But there had been no onstage penis exposure, Siddons said. "I mean," the manager explained, "no one in the group saw him do it. Morrison said he did it, but not on-stage. Like he had been tucking in his shirt or something and he might have slipped a little. But off-stage."

The Miami police, meanwhile, subpoenaed *Miami Herald* photos of the concert, and it is on the basis of these, they say, that exposure charges were placed. A further problem with the tucking-in-his-shirt explanations is that Morrison had (by most accounts of the concert) already taken off his shirt by the time the incidents in question transpired.

And Siddons does recall that as Morrison left the stage, he said something like, "Uh-oh—I think I exposed myself." Nonetheless, Siddons discounts any claims that Morrison was trying to start a riot. "We had seen the Living Theater the night before, you know, and Jim copped a few lines. He said some things like 'Why don't we have a revolution here?' and things like that—but that's not inciting to riot."

Ken Collier, proprietor of the Miami rock dance hall The Image, who was one of the promoters of the Dinner Key Auditorium concert, was contacted to give his description of the event. "He was obscene, no question about it," said Collier's wife before he came to the phone. "You could say he was trying to incite a riot and not get much argument from me. He was saying 'Let's have a good time, let's have a revolution, everybody come up on-stage.'"

Then Collier himself described how the capacity crowd of 10,000 (who'd paid \$6 and \$7) had gotten worked up to a very excitable pitch by Morrison's "hypnotic but musically very mediocre" performance. The band had played for about an hour, with Morrison singing bits of this, then that, the audience shouting for "Light My Fire," Morrison ignoring that request, exhorting them increasingly with each new song.

Late in the session, Morrison whipped off his shirt and began to pull out all the stops. At one point, according to Collier, Morrison was asking, "Do you wanna touch me?" Then it became a command: "Come up and touch me." At another point Morrison was pouring champagne over his own head. "He was really drunk; he's a big drinker," Collier says.

Then, just before the stage filled up with about 60 people, Morrison asked, "Do you wanna see my cock?" according to Collier; and this was when Collier went into action, grabbing the microphone away from the singer, flashing the two-finger peace and victory sign at the audience and saying: "Keep calm, sit down, keep quiet, peace, this can't happen in Miami, we're not going to have this in Miami, sit down . . ."

While Collier was rapping, Morrison was in action, pushing people around the stage, bellowing, and acting as if he were masturbating, Collier recounts; but Collier did not see Morrison liberate his penis, he stresses. Other observers told Collier that Morrison had exposed himself, but Collier himself missed it.

Between shoving matches, Morrison would grab the mike and shout out more about revolution. But the rest of the band, organist Ray Manzarek, guitarist Rob Krieger and drummer John Densmore, were playing at such ear-bending volume and intensity that little could be heard of the rap.



There was some more tug-of-war with the microphone, then Morrison went one way, shoving more people around, and Collier went the other, ripping out amplifier cords ("the lead guitar was mesmerizing the audience") and kicking in drumheads to silence the music.

Morrison managed to push Collier's brother off the stage into the audience, according to Collier. Then the vinyl-trouser singer made the mistake of hitting on a colleague of Collier's named Larry Pizzi who holds a black belt in karate. As soon as Pizzi felt the rock-singer grab at him from behind, he grabbed Morrison by the arms and flipped him head over heels in a perfect arc off the front edge of the stage into the audience, who scrambled out of the path of the falling star.

At about precisely this instant, Collier had succeeded in unplugging the band, and the house lights had been brought up, and the audience, somewhat stunned, began to get to their feet and file out, slowly and quietly, flashing V signs. Morrison, unhurt, picked himself up and hurried backstage.

There were several off-duty police on hand (31 of them, according to the *Miami Herald's* story) but they made no arrests, upon consulting with Collier. "We were only afraid," said the promoter, "that the way Morrison had revved up everybody's emotions, it could start some real trouble if cops came onstage to stop the show."

Said *Miami Herald* reporter Mahoney: "I saw it all, and I wasn't offended at the obscenity. What *did* offend me was that he was trying to start a riot." Mahoney's stories told how there'd been no riot—all Miami seemed to congratulate itself on that—and how obscene the show had been. "The King of Orgasmic Rock"—"the hypnotically erotic Morrison"—"flaunting the laws of obscenity, indecent exposure and incitement to riot," Mahoney reported, "appeared to masturbate in full view of his audience," etc., etc., on and on.

"The reaction," Mahoney says today, "was a lot bigger than I thought it would be. I personally don't want to see Morrison hung. He didn't hurt anybody. But Florida's a very conservative, staid place . . . and I talked with Morrison afterward and he seemed to me to be in a very poor emotional condition. He might not be able to stand three and a half years in Raiford Penitentiary." A native Floridian (b. Melbourne, Florida, went to St. Petersburg J.C. and Florida State University), Morrison doubtless knows Raiford's reputation.

The reaction went like this:

The Mayor of Jacksonville, Florida, personally cancelled a Doors concert in his city scheduled for the following weekend.

The *Miami Herald* went for the throats of the off-duty cops who'd failed to arrest Morrison on the spot: "They saw and heard laws being broken. . . . We cannot see why some of the policemen did not make the arrest."

The president of the Crime Commission of Greater Miami called for a Grand Jury investigation both into the alleged obscenities and into how Morrison had been allowed to perform there in the first place.

In response, Collier copped out by issuing a public statement to the effect that he had no idea Morrison would come on anything like he had and (in the classic phrase) "anyway, if we hadn't brought him here, somebody else would have."

It was Wednesday, four days after the concert, before the State Attorney's Office weighed in with its warrants (which set bonds totalling \$4,500), under the pressure of the public uproar.

"I was extremely shocked at the facts in this case as to what this man did, and the State Attorney's Office will prosecute him and ask for the maximum sentence on each count to run consecutively," promised Joe Durant, an assistant to State Attorney Richard E. Gerstein.

"It is our intent to serve these warrants on him and bring him before our courts," chimed Acting Police Chief Paul M. Denham.

In the past, Morrison has gotten off without serving any time. His major contretemps with the law have taken place in New Haven, Connecticut (breach of the peace and giving an indecent or immoral exhibition were the charges there), in Phoenix, Arizona (started a riot at the State Fair—and will never, the manager said, be invited back again), and in Long Island, New York (another riot).

These were the acts of an "erotic politician," to use Morrison's own term. "I just think I'm lucky to have found a perfect medium to express myself in," he recently told *The New York Times*. "When I sing my songs in public, that's a dramatic act, but not just acting as in theater, but a social act, real action."

The Doors were paid \$25,000 for this latest social act of Morrison's, and it will be wise for them to save it carefully. It may be some time before they are allowed to carry out another social act of this kind—within the framework of Floridian/American society, at any rate.

But there's a brighter ending to this story for Ken Collier, the promoter, who said: "There's one good thing in this for me. Before this happened, nobody ever heard of me or the club in New York. But now I think they have."

APRIL 5, 1969

## MORRISON'S PENIS IS INDECENT

MIAMI—This city is still plenty steamed up in the wake of the Doors' early March concert. And in the surge of public outrage that followed Morrison's pulling his booboo—or not pulling it, if you believe Doors spokesmen—an enormous "decency" movement has sprung up here.

Thirty thousand people, half teenagers and half adults, turned up at a free March 23 "Rally for Decency" at Miami's Orange Bowl, in response to the controversial Doors concert. Not that they were protesting anything—only commies and freaks protest, after all—they rallied to let the world know what they stand for.

What they stand for is "five virtues": "Belief in God and that He loves us; love of our planet and country; love of our family; reverence of one's sexuality; and equality of all men." In Florida?

Said Jackie Gleason, one of the performers at the affair, and one of the nation's biggest drinkers: "I believe this kind of movement will snowball across the States and perhaps across the world." Among his fellow performers were Kate Smith, Anita Bryant, the Lettermen, the Faculty (a Canadian band), and the Miami Drum and Bugle Corps.

Original announcements of the Rally for Decency, which was put together by high school students with support from Archbishop Coleman F. Carol and a local radio station, pointedly stressed that "longhairs and weird dressers" would not be allowed in. (Long hair and weird clothes being the outer manifestations of inner indecency.) But this violated regulations governing use of the city-owned stadium and everyone was allowed in.

Numerous religious organizations contributed to the rally and the American Legion passed out 10,000 small American flags as a parade of young speakers gave three-minute pitches on behalf of goodness and virtue. Spectators lofted signs reading DOWN WITH OBSCENITY.

Quite an outpouring of energy and emotion over such an insignificant matter as Jim Morrison's prick.

Morrison himself was back in Los Angeles, keeping out of sight, giving no interviews to anybody, according to the Doors office. The Florida cops had promised to press the felony charge—with its extradition clause which means Morrison could be deported from California to Florida to stand trial on charges worth a maximum three and a half years in jail—but none of the Doors nor any part of the Doors family has heard anything from the Florida authorities.

All Doors concerts have been cancelled (in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Dallas, Cincinnati and Cleveland) and, properly intimidated, the Doors will not appear publicly again—or even record—until the summer. "We're not," says a spokesman, "taking any chances."



Meanwhile, the City of Miami has moved in an effort to stop a three-day Easter happening starring the Grateful Dead that was scheduled to begin April 1st. Saying that "they're the same type people and play the same type music as the Doors," permission has been denied to use Dinner Key Auditorium, where the fateful Doors concert was held.

"It's this underground pop music," says George McLean, who runs the auditorium in cooperation with the city. "I don't think our community could stand another affair such as that."

But Together Productions, Inc., sponsors of this "Expanded Spiritual Music Concert" (which is to feature a showing of the movie *The Greatest Story Ever Told*), have lined up another hall, and the show will go on as planned. Featured along with the Dead will be the Steve Miller Band, Joe South, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Sweetwater, and Country Joe and the Fish, if they all show up, and it appears they will.

This onslaught of rock and roll personages figures to work Miami into new fits of frenzy. Country Joe has played there in the past—and included the f-u-c-k spell-out without incident—but that was in the days before the Morrison-inspired Rally for Decency.

To make matters all the more confusing the MC5 will be playing elsewhere in Miami at the same time. Note to the Miami PD: the MC5 include almost exactly the same let's-have-a-revolution rap in their act that Jim Morrison does; their favorite line is "Kick out the jams, motherfuckers!"; they recently enlivened a Seattle concert when one of the band took a shit onstage; their picture was in last week's *Berkeley Barb* gang-banging a broad; and the way they tell it, the MC5 spend most of their waking hours taking down.

Taking no chances themselves, the Miami police have already cancelled all leaves over Easter.

APRIL 19, 1969

## OBSCENITY TRIAL: A SPLIT DECISION

MIAMI—Jim Morrison's obscenity trial came to a bizarre end September 20th when the jury returned with a verdict of not guilty of the felony charge of lewd and lascivious behavior (self-exposure, feigning oral copulation, feigning masturbation) and the misdemeanor charge of public drunkenness, but guilty of indecent exposure and profanity, both misdemeanors.

Morrison, who is out on a \$50,000 surety bond (the judge at first wanted cash), returns to Miami October 23rd for sentencing. He can get a maximum of six months or \$200 for indecent exposure and two months or \$25 for profanity. His attorneys are confident, however, that the guilty verdicts on those two charges will be overturned by the appeals court.

One of the grounds for reversal, they say, is a statement the judge made. On the final day of the trial, defense lawyers wanted to call forth 28 more witnesses who would testify that Morrison didn't pull his cock out on stage during the Doors' concert. "You have already proven beyond a shadow of a doubt that Mr. Morrison didn't expose himself," the judge said then, "so I won't hear these witnesses." However, the six-man jury was out when the judge made this statement, and he did not so instruct the jury when it returned.

The judge also refused to allow any evidence of contemporary community standards, which Morrison's defense wanted to use to show that his language was, in the context of artistic expression, not profane. The appeals court is expected to rule such evidence should have been permitted. Morrison never denied using words like fuck and shit.

In fact, the court did hear a tape of the entire Miami concert, with the music and Morrison's exhortations between songs. "It was weird," said a Doors spokesman. "Can you imagine anything weirder than listening to a

Doors concert in the courtroom?" That tape was about the best thing the State had going for it, since most of the 19 prosecution witnesses contradicted each other strongly.

Morrison himself took the stand for six hours, and denied exposing himself; the other three Doors also testified he didn't do it, as did a parade of defense witnesses, and even some of the prosecution witnesses. He said he had a few drinks before the concert, and went there "feeling good, but not drunk." By the time he got on stage, though, he was mad at the promoter for over-selling the hall. The band wasn't getting it on, and when he went to one side of the stage and saw people sitting off in a corner who couldn't even see the show, he became even angrier, he testified. That's when he began swearing.

The trial lasted five weeks, cost both the Doors and the State of Florida a lot of money, and the jury took just over three hours to reach the compromise decision.

OCTOBER 15, 1970

THIS is what JOHN LENNON, former BEATLES, said about the Miami concert:

*What did you think of Jim Morrison's recent alleged masturbation incident in Florida?*

I don't think anything of it really. I suppose the show wasn't going too well, so Jim decided to pull out his prick and liven it up a bit. If he likes wanking, that's OK. I don't think he actually wanked off though; even if he did, I wish he'd done the whole thing and fucked some bird up there. Do the whole scene.

Actually, I've got a wanking play opening tonight on Broadway. Yes, four guys are wanking tonight in New York. It's the Kenneth Tynan play (*Oh! Calcutta!*). They asked us to write a smutty bit for them. I don't know whether they'll do it like it was when I wrote it. Ah, it all fucks up their little minds, doesn't it?



**Jim Morrison**  
The Doors



# Letters from you to us

Your mag is really FANTASTIC. I hope there will be more articles in English in future issues!

Alain Gay, Vichy, France

I received my Doors Quarterly today and that brightened up the day - it's brilliant. I just wish that everything would be both in German and English, 'cos my German is not that good.

Susanne Medby, Copenhagen

I feel like I owe you an apology for blasting off like a nuclear missile in my last letter (see DQ 5). What I wrote about Jim's grave remains the same, but there was no excuse for all that hysteria, by the time I'd calmed down the letter was well on it's way.

Margaret Cook, England

Ich möchte die Diskussion um die Erhöhung der Mitgliedsbeiträge etwas forcieren, indem ich mich freiwillig bereiterkläre, meinerseits für 1985 den Beitrag auf 20- zu erhöhen. Anlage: Scheck. Wer schon einmal bei einer Zeitung o.ä. gearbeitet hat, der weiß auch, wieviel Arbeit und Zeit darin steckt und wieviele Kosten entstehen, bevor soetwas fertig gedruckt ist.

Dieter A. Schiffer, Aachen

I just received DQ 5 and it was a really interesting reading. I have a contact in the USA who says she has Morrison Hotel in a live version! It's a whole LP on the Elektra label. The cover shows the Doors with their heads as skulls plus the original tour program. To me this is a little bit of sensation. Has anyone got this album?

Lars Fyledal, Sweden

Dank für das DQ 5! Es ist einfach großartig, nur weiter so!

Jörg Ackermann, Nürnberg

Euer DQ ist ausgezeichnet. Die Konzentration auf ein größeres Thema ist sehr praktisch, man kann viel besser mit den Quarterlys 'arbeiten'. Mein persönliches Problem besteht darin, daß ich nur ein 'nachgeborener' Fan bin. Irgendwie kann ich die Doors/Morrison nur über ihre Platten, Tapes, Bücher und Heftchen nachvollziehen und erfahren, es ist aber doch irgendwie frustrierend, wenn Leute aus eigenem Erleben der Doors über diese schreiben können.

Jürgen Engler, Lahnstein

In Lüneburg sah ich am Alten Johanneum (Humanistisches Gymnasium) folgenden ehrwürdigen Spruch über dem Eingangsportal: "Doctrinae, virtuti, humanitati" (= der Ausbildung, der Tüchtigkeit, der Menschlichkeit), und über dem Seiteneingang: "Bonus intra, melior exi" (= als Guter tritt ein, als Besserer geh wieder hinaus), während irgendein frustrierter Schüler in schwarzen Lettern an die graue Schulwand gemalt hatte: "NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE!"

Thomas Collmer, Hamburg

Besonders toll finde ich die vielen Dinge, die ihr für nur 15- im Jahr ermöglicht.

Olaf Kockmeyer, Mettingen

Schönen Dank für das DQ 5, es hat mir wieder sehr gefallen. Jetzt weiß ich auch endlich mal, wer alles beim IOW-Festival mitgespielt hat. Zu den Sprachen: Meiner Ansicht nach müßten 3 Sprachen an sich genügen, obwohl ich froh wäre, wenn nur soviel französische Artikel im DQ stehen würden wie nötig wären. Ich bin ebenfalls dafür, daß Englisch den Vorrang vor Deutsch haben sollte.

Friedrich Wittchen, Geisenheim



Nachdem ich im DQ 5 den Bericht vom Clubmeeting gelesen hatte, hatt' ich mich sonstwohin beißen können, nicht dabeigewesen zu sein! Was den Club im allgemeinen betrifft, so kann man als Doors-Fan wohl vollauf zufrieden sein mit den Leistungen und Informationen, die sich so wohltuend von dem abheben, was man so gemeinhin unter 'fanclub' versteht; sprich: ein den Doors angemessenes intellektuelles Niveau.

Knut Amtenbrink, Wolfsburg

Zuerst möchte ich Euch zum DQ 5 gratulieren: Die Berichte über das IOW Festival und vor allem der Bericht von Uli Heumann über die Frage der Daseinsberechtigung verdienen Anerkennung. Das Niveau Eurer Zeitschrift hat meiner Meinung nach den ersten Höhepunkt erreicht. Der in Englisch verfaßte Teil des Quarterlys soll nicht die Oberhand gewinnen.

Rainer Lenk, Österreich

Absolut nicht kann ich mit der Meinung von Ulrich Heumann übereinstimmen. Das Craig Strete-Buch ist gut geschrieben - seien die Tatsachen dahingestellt - und es ist wahnsinnig gut zu lesen. Jim ist dieses Ausrasten absolut zuzutrauen und ich glaube, er hat es gebraucht, wie es jeder braucht, mal richtig durchzudrehen. Damals muß ja wohl eine ganze Generation durchgedreht sein. Jim war der absolute Lebensfreak, der diese Autorität, diese fette, träge Sau in ihrer Koe aus versteckter Perversität, Selbstbestätigungssucht als Fackel heiß über den Rücken strich. Jeder soll sich selbst von Morrison heraussuchen, was er will, dabei aber nicht vergessen, daß es sich um einen ganz normalen Menschen handelte, welcher die Fähigkeit besaß, sich selbst zu verwirklichen. Uli's erster Beitrag zur Daseinsberechtigung ist dagegen sehr gut.

Andreas Fichtner, Sulzbach

Das DQ 5 gefällt mir wiederum sehr gut. Es ist gelungen, die Sache mal mit einem Schwerpunktthema durchzuführen. Ich hoffe nur, daß das leidige Thema 'Sprachen im Quarterly' langsam erledigt ist. Aber die positive Resonanz auf das erste Jahr stimmt mich doch optimistisch.

Christian Stede, Mainz

Just received DQ 5. Thank you for the work you do - it is unique and a real service to Doors-Fans.

George Simpson, Australia

Schick mir doch bitte den irren Doors-Kalender. Ich habe ihn bei H. Isermann gesehen und finde ihn riesig...

(Das Lob geht an Thomas!)

Maggie Busch, Kassel

Gegendarstellung: Ich bin Mitglied im Fanclub, sehe jedoch einige Dinge anders als Ulrich Heumann "...Daseinsberechtigung" und nehme deshalb Stellung dazu: Zuerst muß ich U.H. rechtgeben: Der Club hat insofern seine Daseinsberechtigung, daß er für Leute, die ein gemeinsames Interesse haben, einen Leitpunkt darstellt, um z.B. neue Informationen zu verbreiten und um neue Diskussionspunkte zu schaffen. Dennoch kommt in U.H.'s Artikel eine Arroganz zum Tragen, da er sich zusammen mit dem Fanclub auf eine so 'hohe Warte' stellt und daraus auf andere Leute, die nun mal anders denken, herabschaut, sie als unreif diffamiert, da sie ja nicht die 'Qualifikation, die zwangsläufig zum Prozess der Reife (-prüfung) führt' mitbringen. Er hat es sich sehr einfach gemacht: Auf 1 1/2 Seiten beschreibt er, wie und weshalb der Club anders ist als andere. Weiterhin schmeichelt er allen Mitgliedern, sich selbst natürlich eingeschlossen. Diesen selbstgefälligen Narzismus kann und möchte ich nicht mit U.H. teilen oder gar von ihm übernehmen. Desweiteren darf der intellektuelle Touch natürlich auch nicht fehlen, dennoch ist es nicht nötig, auf soviel Platz so wenig substantielles in so viele Worte zu packen: Schade ums Papier! Ausserdem, lieber Ulrich, nützt der alleinige



Glaube an das Überleben in dieser schwierigen Zeit des "day after feelings" nichts, sondern jeder muß wirklich was dafür tun, damit wir "Paradiesvögel" trotz starken Glaubens nicht aussterben. Philosophieren ist gut und recht, aber es muss praktische Folgen haben. Wenn man sich z.B. in einer Organisation engagiert, die den Versuch unternimmt, politischen oder gesellschaftlichen Einfluß zu gewinnen, um damit Veränderungen zu erreichen, wird man sich sicherlich leichter tun, auch andere Leute an der "ethischen Maxime" teilhaben zu lassen. Bedenke eins: "You're all a bunch of slaves..." (Jim in Miami, 1.3.69)!

Peter Fischer, Stuttgart

Liebe Fans, so ist das eigentlich gedacht: Die Leserbriefecke sollte ein Diskussionsforum sein. Ich möchte Meinungen über die Doors und/oder Jim Morrison abdrucken, Meinungen zu Beiträgen der Clubmitglieder, zu Ereignissen betr. Doors oder über Magazinartikel, wie sie in jedem Heft zu finden sind. Aus diesem Grunde werden zukünftig keine Leserbriefe mehr zum Thema "Sprachen im Heft/Qualität des Heftes" abgedruckt, da diese Themen in den vergangenen Heften erschöpfend diskutiert wurden, bzw. durch Beschluß der letzten Mitgliederversammlung (siehe DQ 5) gelöst wurden. Wer trotzdem noch etwas dazu schreiben will, soll es bitte an mich schicken, kann aber nicht mit einer Veröffentlichung rechnen. Also: Klemmt Euch hinter den Kuli oder die Schreibmaschine und schreibt über die Doors oder über das, was Euch besonders beschäftigt an der Gruppe. So sehr ich mich über Lobeslieder (toll, das Quarterly) auch freue, eine Diskussion des essentiellen Inhalts bringt allen Mitgliedern etwas!

Rainer Moddemann, Essen

Bei dem Buch "Uns verbrennt die Nacht" möchte ich mich der Meinung Uli Heumanns ausnahmslos anschließen. Ich kann nicht verstehen, wie jemand diese Schreibe gut finden kann, denn sie ist schlecht, niveaulos und steht ohne Basis da. Dieses Buch eröffnet dem Leser keinerlei neue Perspektiven über Morrison, seinem Tun und Handeln, es stellt vielmehr einen Morrison dar, der so zu bedauern wäre, einen Morrison als Maß der Dinge, als Übermenschen, der immer nur ein lockeres 'fuck' auf den Lippen hatte. Morrison war gewiß ein Mensch, der etwas besonderes darstellte; er kannte aber die Tages- und Nachtseiten, konnte sie nicht voneinander trennen; er, der einige der schönsten Liebeslieder der Rockgeschichte schrieb, konnte deren Inhalte nicht wirklich leben, immer zog der Schatten der Vergänglichkeit auf. Er versuchte, dieser entgegenzuwirken, er wollte nicht erwachsen werden, denn er wußte, nur die Jugend hat das Privileg und die Kraft, zornig, aufsässig und absolut zu sein, nur der Jugend ist der Umgang mit der Zeit, mit dem Ende noch eine Herausforderung. Morrison lebte stellvertretend für uns sein radikales Leben, ein Dasein, an dem man zwar nur als entfernter Zuschauer teilnehmen kann, aber doch immerhin teilnimmt. Und das war das eigentliche Problem von Jim Morrison, zu wissen, daß nicht der Mensch Morrison, sondern der Rockstar Morrison geliebt und akzeptiert wird, und möglicherweise führte dieser Konflikt dazu, daß er daran ging, dieses Überbild von sich selbst zu zerstören. Der Bart und der Bauch wuchsen, auch die Müdigkeit, und schließlich zerstörte er mehr als nur sein Bild: er zerstörte eine Hoffnung.

Norbert Hanenberg, Krefeld

Großes Lob an Thomas Collmer. Tolle Arbeit!

Andreas Wulf, Halle/Westf.







# The Poetry Section

EXCERPTS FROM THE DOORS' MIAMI CONCERT MARCH 1st, 1969

1. Alright! Alright!  
Now I wanna see some action up there!  
I wanna see some action up there!  
I wanna see some action up there!  
I wanna see some action up there!  
I wanna see some action up there!  
I wanna see you people come up here and have some fun!  
Now, come on, let's get out of here!  
No limits, no laws, come on, come on!
2. You're all a bunch of fucking idiots!  
How long are you gonna let them push you around?  
You love it!  
You're all a bunch of slaves, a bunch of slaves!  
What are you gonna do about it?!  
What are you gonna do about it?!  
What are you gonna do about it?!  
What are you gonna do?!
3. Hey, I'm not talking about no revolution!  
I'm not talking about no demonstration!  
I'm not talking about getting out in the streets!  
I'm talking about having some fun!  
I'm talking about dancing!  
I'm talking about love your neighbour, till it hurts!  
I'm talking about grab your friend!  
I'm talking about love, love, love, love!
4. Hey, listen, I'm lonely!  
I need some love, you all!  
Ain't nobody gonna love my ass?  
Come on! I need ya'!  
There's so many of you out there and nobody's gonna love me,  
sweetheart, come on!  
Hey, there's a bunch of people way back there that I didn't  
even notice!  
Hey, what about fifty or sixty of you people come up here  
and love my ass?  
Come on! Yeah! I love ya'! Come on!

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Note: These are four excerpts of a rap Jim did during the Doors' concert. Section 2 was done during 'FIVE TO ONE', section 4 during 'BACKDOOR MAN', the others between songs. All sections stem from American radio broadcasts 'INNER VIEW' and 'PORTRAIT OF AN AERA', the word 'fucking' is beeped off. The raps are outtakes from an audience tape. Excerpts 2,3 and 4 were released on a promotion 4-record box called 'INNER VIEW' which later became known as the bootleg box 'NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE', also on the bootleg double album 'RESURRECTION'. Section 1 comes from the bootleg album 'NO LIMITS, NO LAWS' (see DQ 4). DANNY SUGERMAN is known to own a copy of the complete Miami tape, other copies are not around at this time. DANNY and JERRY quoted some of the raps in their book 'NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE' slightly different. Some other raps you can read in this DQ 6. The ones on this page are penned down from the bootlegs 'RESURRECTION' and 'NO LIMITS, NO LAWS'

People who wrote this page: Heinz Gerstenmeyer, Paul Carter  
and Rainer Moddemann



