

"Christ You Know It Ain't Easy"

By Charles Peter Eschweiler

In the November '67 issue of Cheetah magazine Peter Segal wrote of the Doors "I have a feeling the Doors fourth or fifth album is going to be very worthwhile".

Since then Cheetah and Segal have left the scene, the Doors remain, a band of fallen heroes, and no one seems to care. The reason would seem obvious on the surface, style changes, Morrisons escapades of the last few years. But it goes deeper than that, a question of who should make changes to accommodate who, the group, or their public.

Obviously the changes have been great, Morrison has become a full-fledged reality freak, but then he always was, especially in his realization that only death is permanent and the rest of existence consists of occasional rises from a rock bottom of bare existentialism, naturally then all of the group's material (the romance numbers in particular) are suicidal or Byronic.

Too many people would just get stoned and listen to Doors albums saying "Yeah, weird and trips, wow, gimme another

hit" they never would listen close enough to realize things like "Light My Fire," "Moonlight Drive," and "My Eyes Have Seen You", were a bit anguished in their depression, so when the "Soft Parade" came out, with a few little rock croons on it the general impression was one of "What the fuck is he doing!?"

The "New Doors" were fully introduced to us in one track from the Soft Parade, Shamans Blues, which is I think, more autobiographical than even Morrison realizes. The Doors have become Morrison and Krieger's band and the thoughts of the Doors are the thoughts of Morrison and Krieger. But the new album is all Morrison's, and it would seem that he has taken his memory of whatever it is in Shamans Blues that "Walks the Meadows While I Stalk the Fields" has moved into the Morrison Hotel, and we've all been there at least once. The Morrison Hotel album is divided into two themes, the first side is the Hard Rock Cafe, which isn't what it would seem.

In concert the group will sometimes break into some mean little

rockers from the fifties, I anticipated the Hard Rock Cafe side to be some recordings of that nature (Get out there and shake yer asses folks).

The moods of the first side vary from down and evil to sweet and syrupy, but even the jubilant sounding numbers have the taste of trying to dance faster than anyone else on a sinking ship. It's depressing, but after all, that's what's happening these days isn't it?

Musically the first side is as good as anything the group has ever done. Morrison's voice rides over everything, with Krieger right along side, and Manzarek and Densmore keeping things straight (Manzarek even plays some new organ riffs, which is kind of nice, the variations of "Light My Fire" which he's been playing for the past three years have gotten tiring) There are no

distinctive tracks, but then, any overly distinctive numbers would ruin the flow.

The second side consists of Morrison's fantasies. Land Ho is a sea chanty, Indian Summer is Shamans Blues all over again, Maggie McGill is what Twentieth Century Fox from the first album was all about.

Several of the numbers on the albums are rock croons. At first they sound sickeningly sentimental but the idea behind Morrison singing some actual croons isn't as opposed to his image as it would seem (here comes some anguish again, etc). If you listen to them enough it seems that Morrison only begins to insinuate things, besides it's too gooey to be anything other than sarcastic.

It would seem that the Doors

have become a private and personal group, and instead of trying to please everybody, they are concentrating on the hard core Doors freaks. Morrison is still a perverted Billy Graham, Manzarek is still the brooding classicist, and Krieger and Densmore are still the unseen drivers of the group.

Those who keep saying "yeah, ever since the first album they've been going downhill" are the ones who should listen again, and then figure out whether it's their loss or not that they still can't dig the group. Morrison pretty much gets down on it in Roadhouse Blues when he sings:

"The future is uncertain and the end is pretty near". There are still some pretty weird scenes in the goldmine.

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