

IN THE STUDIO

"WAITING FOR THE SUN "

It is October of 1967 and we are rehearsing for "Waiting for the Sun" at The Doors' new offices — a small two-story office building off La Cienega in L.A. They have a great rehearsal room with Acoustic amps—one of the top lines. The amps were obtained in a promotional deal with the manufacturer: We use their amps exclusively; in return, we get all the amps we want for free! Truckloads of them! Blow an amp? No problem! A new one will be dropped off the next day.

The Doors have become a household name. A few months ago, "Light My Fire" spent three weeks on the top of the charts. Then their first album — after sputtering for months — took off like a rocket and made it to No. 2.

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They have achieved overnight stardom that few can imagine: sold out tours; a steady stream of interviews and camera flashes. They're always in the public eye! They handle it well. In the interviews I see, they come across as united and enormously intelligent.

But in the studio there is a new tension. The intense pressure is taking its toll — it's in their faces. The exuberant looks are gone. They are not as happy or excited. It's becoming more like a business — get in, do the work, go home ... "Got lots of things to do."

Jim sometimes shows up when he pleases, which makes the rest of the band crazy. They are more impatient. Are they richer? Yes! Happier? Probably — but it is not so obvious anymore. The music is still wonderfully interesting, and there are many good days when we all leave smiling. But the tension and edginess are affecting roughly a quarter of our studio time. Those are bad days, and when they're over, it's "see ya' tomorrow" and everyone goes his own way.