

JULY 3, 1971

I hear about it on the news in New York, where I am living. I am sure the story is WRONG. There must be some mistake! But as the day wears on, it starts to sink in that the worst has happened. My phone starts ringing with friends asking if I've heard.

A day or so later I take a pre-planned business trip to L.A. When I arrive, I head straight to 'The Doors' offices. I still can't believe it; I need to hear it from their own mouths. I walk up the outdoor stairway leading to their second floor offices, weaving through a bunch of people camped out on the steps. I walk into an office and see only three people: Ray, Robby and John. They are the only ones in the building. Ray is sitting on a desk in front of me, his legs crossed at the ankles. To my right, Robby is leaning against the other desk. John is sitting in a chair next to it. They are motionless, staring silently at the floor. All of them. The building is very quiet.

82

“ I walk into an office and see only three people: Ray, Robby and John. ”

My question is answered.

Even so, I HAVE to ask... I have to hear it from them.

“Is it true?” I say.

“Yes,” Ray says quietly.

There is silence... awful silence.