

fore. He is here for dinner sometimes four nights a week and he is always stopping in to play with his brothers. He adores the children Jack and I have.

"There is many a Saturday afternoon when you can see him dashing in and out of toy stores with the whole brood. He is quite a guy!"

"Does David ever bring any of his girl friends to meet you and his father?"

Shirley laughed. "Yes he does. But right now, he has so many girl firends that it's hard to remember one from the other. David has become quite a ladies man—and he is enjoying every moment of it!"

Shirley got up and put on a tape of David's latest album. "Isn't he something?" she said, beaming. "He went out and did several weeks on tour to various theaters and broke it up wherever he appeared. And he has not changed since attaining all of this success. To the contrary, David has become even warmer and more aware of people. We often sit at dinner and discuss human emotions. It is through these discussions that David often decides which songs to record, since he wants to appeal to adults as well as teenagers. He hopes to go to Las Vegas with an adult act within the next year. And I bet he will, too," she said with conviction.

I then asked the star of *The Partridge Family*, if her stepson really tried out for the part of her son on the series without her knowledge.

"That's David," she chuckled, "full of surprises. He sure did try out on his own to the amazement of everyone, except his father and me. When he told us what he had done, we knew this was simply another step in the growing up of our David Cassidy."

JIM MORRISON

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It is hard to believe dead a man who could turn a concert into a religious experience. So even if his body did give out, he still lives in sainthood and he always was a saint.

Well, once you've decided that, you can start uncovering a lot of things to support it. Whether or not Morrison was a saint, there is no doubt he was a very special man.

He is credited with second sight. The cultists think it is no accident that he visited his own grave site a couple of weeks before he died. They say he had mystical experiences and that his songs came to him from a spiritual world. They refer in this case to Morrison's own description of how his first songs came into being.

"Those first five or six songs I wrote," he said, "I was just taking notes at a fantastic rock concert that was going on in my head . . . I went down to the beach and I just started hearing songs."

Of course this is appealing to those of us who have grown suspicious of boundaries, whether it be the old structures of poetry (Morrison said poetry should flow, without thought, like automatic writing) or those represented by authority, like parents, teachers, or cops.

Morrison's own battle with authority goes way back. At first it was his father who was a Rear Admiral and tried to order Jim around in a military fashion. Later Morrison claimed his parents were dead, thus freeing himself from that part of his background.

Teachers? It has been documented that he often knew more than the teachers.

He was arrested several times. In Miami he received a six-month sentence. Usually the rap was indecent exposure. His sense of freedom could not even tolerate the clothing that held him in.

He advocated for the United States a week of hilarity (sort of like a Mardi Gras) during which all work would cease, all business, all discrimination, all authority. A week of total freedom during which we'd pick someone off the street, at random, to be President.

His feelings for freedom on all levels is what appeals most. When the Beatles seemed to be telling the audience to stay back, Morrison was encouraging them to stand up, move around, get with it. "I like people to be free, not chained," he said.

He showed the same freedom in his own work. He would start a blues number just to see where it would take him. And he liked poetry because a poem could "go anywhere."

He thought he could go anywhere and had no regard for his body which he considered "a thing." Non-physical things were more real to him. Once he walked the 15-foot ledge on the roof of a skyscraper. Would he fly with the strong spirit of his? Could he walk on water?

He was Christ-like in many ways, anyway.

Although he wrote most of the songs on The Doors' first albums he insisted on crediting all songs to the group as a whole. They shared equally in royalties. A rare thing in the recording business. He was a rare guy.

"Well, look at us," he told *Rolling Stone* when he was filled with love for his own generation. "We're incredible. I guess I mean people who ride motorcycles and have fast cars and interesting clothes, who are saying things,

expressing themselves honestly. Young people. Yeh, it seems romantic to me. I'm pleased to be alive at this time. It's incredible. I think we're going to look very good to future people, because so many changes are taking place and we're really handling it with a flair."

And now a part of the generation, the Morrison cult, returns that love to the point of idolatry. They speak in the kind of words used by a columnist in 1968: "There isn't another face like that in the world. It's so beautiful . . . I think it's because you can tell by looking at him that he is God . . . He's everything that ever was and all that ever can be."

Well, Morrison himself would have laughed at all this. Or if he could he would descend to some beach where the cult waits for his message. He would descend from the clouds, in a white robe . . . and he'd expose himself. He would love a chance to put them on, as he loved to put people on in life.

But he would know that the cult is looking at only a part of what made him great. They consider him a martyr because of his tangle with the cops. But at the same time he understood the cops. They were doing their job. It just wasn't a job that needed to be done. In fact, their presence encouraged riots. They presented a barrier to the stage, and that's why the audience screamed to get on it.

His freedom searched for a boundary to contain it. He said you could do anything but "*so long as it's in tune with the forces of the universe.*" There was a boundary beyond himself, and that's what he was reaching for.

Although he liked films because they were perishable, he liked poetry because it was eternal. He was close to death, and that is why he was so close to life. But he never wanted to, nor expected to die. He hoped to live to 120, or to hold out until science discovered some miracle drug so that he wouldn't have to die at all. In later life he became a little more concerned about his body. He stopped drinking to excess. And he never got deeply into the drug scene.

He unwittingly delivered a message to his cult two years ago when he said, "There's always a group that for whatever reasons—these are the adulators—they just jangle the sensibilities."

If in death he had a smile on his face, it was because he realized the ironic joke of it all. Morrison wanted, more than anyone, to stay alive . . . as a man, not as a god. Maybe that's the way we should remember him.

BILL BIXBY

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haunted by this dream about his wedding to Brenda Benet. It was like some