

*'Jim's Death, We Have To Accept That
Alcohol Was The Main Culprit'*



"I've heard so many stories about his death," Manzarek says, "that I can't begin to separate them. I don't believe he was shot or stabbed... You hear stories about heroin, French junkies, Jim dying quietly in the bathtub while Pamela was asleep in the bedroom... There are also those who say he had a lung infection & that that led to a coughing-fit which caused his heart-attack. Now that's a possibility, because Jim was certainly coughing a lot when we were making L.A. Woman."

Manzarek concludes: "I think we have to accept that alcohol was the main culprit. You see, people were playing cards & somebody threw away the jack of hearts. Jim says that it was the only card in the deck he had left to play."

"There must be some deep and heavy symbolic meaning of a man close to death playing a one-eyed jack. And it's the jack of hearts, so Jim's heart charka needed to be opened because the alcohol had closed it. Jimbo had closed off the Native American, the shaman; the cowboy had killed the Indian, and Jim Morrison, the shaman, was almost dead."

EXCERPT FROM *Classic Rock* #55

The list of questions which follows has helped a lot of people find out if they had a problem with alcohol. But please keep in mind that you are the only one who can say if you have a problem or not. Even if you've been told by others that you do, the important thing is that you decide for yourself.

	Yes	No
1. Do you lose time from work or school due to drinking?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
2. Does drinking make your life at home unhappy?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
3. Do you drink to lose shyness and build up self-confidence?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
4. Is drinking affecting your reputation?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
5. Do you ever get into trouble with money because of your drinking?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
6. Does it bother you if somebody says that you drink too much?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
7. Have you ever lost friends because of your drinking?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
8. Do you blame your drinking on the behavior of others?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
9. Has drinking decreased your ambition?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
10. Do you ever want a drink "the morning after"?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
11. Do you have a hard time sleeping because of your drinking?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12. Has your ability to work or study decreased since you started drinking?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
13. Does drinking get you into trouble in school, on the job or in business?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
14. Do you drink to escape from problems or worries?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
15. Do you drink alone?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
16. Have you ever had a complete memory loss as a result of drinking?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
17. Have you ever been treated by a doctor for your drinking?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
18. Have you ever been arrested, locked up or hospitalized on account of drinking?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
19. Have you ever felt guilty after drinking?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
20. Do you think you have a problem with alcohol?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

If you answered "yes" to three or more questions, you may be an alcoholic. No one forces us to admit we are alcoholics. No one forces us to stay sober.

DO YOU DRINK ALONE?



Alcoholism
You can beat it!

DO YOU DRINK ALONE?, LAFFS & DANGER 07, April, 2019. Edited by F. Christian Juziuk, a.k.a. SIKK LAFFTER. Published as a supplement to ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS REDUX – Thelonius Bone, and is © 2019 LAFFS & DANGER.

No part of this pamphlet may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic, mechanical, photocopying, microfilming, recording, or otherwise (except for the copying permitted by Sections 107 and 108 of the U.S. Copyright Law and except by reviewers for public press) without written permission from the Publisher.

No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in DO YOU DRINK ALONE? and those of any persons living or dead is intended (except for satirical intent), and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental.

Excerpts from *AUTUMN '87: SARAH'S DIARY* (author unknown), *WIZ CREAMED: THE BIRTH OF FULTON COUNTY AA* (written by B. Thomas Hunter), *JIM'S DEATH, WE HAVE TO ACCEPT THAT ALCOHOL WAS THE MAIN CULPRIT* (author unknown), and *CHECKLIST* (author unknown) are used by permission.

All rights reserved.
First printed edition.

If, when you honestly want to, you find you cannot quit entirely, or if when drinking, you have little control over the amount you take, you are probably alcoholic. "*The Twelve Steps worked like a crowbar, prying into my dishonesty and fear.*"

Acceptance is the answer to all of my problems today. When I am disturbed, it is because I find some person, place, thing or situation – some fact of my life – unacceptable to me, and I can find no serenity until I accept that person, place, thing or situation as being exactly the way it is supposed to be at this moment.

Printed in Detroit in the state of Michigan (admitted into the Union in 1837 as the 26th state) of the United States of America.

LAFFS & DANGER • DETROIT MICHIGAN



AUTUMN '87: SARAH'S DIARY

(author unknown)

• 29 Sep 1987

Feeling stretched and beat. Went to sleep at 7AM! Booze and cocaine, my system feels all jittery. Have to yank it together. Half the day spent thinking about getting a drink and not satisfied when I do. The hell of life and self-sabotage.

• 6 Oct 1987

Just woke up from a nap, feeling ill and an excruciating sadness at life gone by and missed opportunities: no sunsets, no parks, no living at all. The weekend is a spector (sic) still looming like a dark mark. I know I'm missing something. Staying home a lot. I would go anywhere right now. I'm headless, I'm screaming, I'm heartless with no shoes. I have no value for others or myself.

• 13 Oct 1987

So angry to be awake and feeling twisted at 12:50AM. Hoped to be asleep hours ago. Lying in bed, running all kinds of stress through my head over and over again. Angry thinking about Michael telling me about his embarrassing sexual interactions with other girls. And then he tells me that I'M selfish because of what I want.

What are you thinking when you look at me? Awful quiet. It must feel pretty damn good to be so smart and good looking and sexy and wanted all the time. Why do you even bother when I'm always this fucked up? How great thou art. I'm trying to count the eyerolls accumulating.

• 14 Oct 1987

Fuck how you talk to me. Phoney (sic), sensitive, self-centered bullshit. And I'm a coward, immature and inarticulate and why say a goddamn thing anyway. I hate this goddamn world.

I hate this poison-filled shithole. Sour stomach. Head is a garbage dump. Endless crap, just a living nightmare of selfish pointlessness. A goddamn damned world.

Autumn '87 EXCERPT IS BASED ON THE ACTUAL DIARY OF A COMPLICATED FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD ALCOHOL AND DRUG USER.

CHAPTER 5: *MY DOG IS ROLLING*

by B. Thomas Hunter

~

One day, the male testicles fell away leaving a smooth patch from shaft to anus, like something out of Sci-Fi. A dark, sunless patch: ashy, maybe some hair but sans huevos. No eggs. "Pleasure trumps reproduction" is what the headlines read.

The town lesbians snarled: "They had it cumming." Crowing and carrying-on in the streets, the mobs wailed "I'M SCUM! I'M WORTHLESS!" But that was old Atlanta, and this is new Atlanta.

"I'm new in town and looking for kicks!" Denim'd Robert Wisdom, who they called Wiz, un-denim'd. He once tipped a waitress a Budweiser bandanna, because her kid looked dumb.

"Didn't want to waste the money," he said.

He moved to Atlanta, got into some kinky stuff like paying for cock torture. Weird stuff, but nothing far-out. He was a philanderer strapped snug to a table in a Fulton County basement. It was your typical torture dungeon. The normal trappings of S&M. Pretty boring stuff for Wiz. They jazzed the walls up with some pentagrams, a few six-six-sixes. A kind of inept ragtime music softly played in the lobby. "My old place didn't have a lobby."

New places, new faces. It would be a disservice not to mention the permanent state of his breath. Garlicy. Spicey. He drove to the Police station – *drunk* – and turned himself in.

EXCERPT FROM *Wiz Creamed: The Birth of Fulton County AA* PERMISSION GRANTED BY AUTHOR