

# The Man Who Thought He Was Morrison

by David W Brown on May 10, 2019. © All rights reserved

The Doors were a polarizing band when they came on the scene in the mid 60's. Most musicians like me found their playing clunky; amateurish even. Vocalists screwed their face up at the flat, droning singing voice and the florid faux poetry of the lyrics.

They were Jimbo's band; a group of wanna be rock stars riding the coattails of a wanna be Rimbaud. He looked great, though. Perfect hair, classic Anglo-Saxon Caucasian features and a slightly beefy frame that set him apart from the wraith like figures of the Jaggars and Bowies et al.

I was selling hash, Mexican weed and Thai sticks out of my seventeenth-floor apartment when I met Lorne. He was a friend of a friend of a friend's brother and lived a few miles away in another cluster of concrete high-rises. Lorne sold hash oil and coke. We made a few dope deals, meeting at some neutral location and then eventually trusting each other enough to make personal visits.

The brother of the friend of the friend of my friend had passed along a cryptic nugget when he first set us up; Lorne thought he was Morrison. Not, as in liked Morrison's music, or thought he could sing like Morrison, or if he wore his hair just right and a pair of wayfarers and a tie-dyed shirt he looked like Morrison way, but thought he WAS Morrison. Frankly, I'd met lots of weird people in the business and it kind of intrigued me.

He was indeed male and Caucasian and had shoulder length, auburn hair and was verging on beefy. His features could be seen as similar to Jimbo's if the lighting and active THC levels were just right. Personally, I never saw it.

The whole thing wasn't that straightforward, though. Like he didn't introduce himself as Morrison or break out in verses of Roadhouse Blues or The End and it wasn't constant. Apparently, he'd been institutionalized after telling a narcotics detective he was Morrison when they were interviewing him after raiding his apartment and finding some Peruvian coke.

Then, he wasn't Morrison for a while, at least after he was released and went on probation. Anyways, it was a feature, like some dealers had a mean dog or liked to flash guns or had hookers hanging around. Lorne had the Morrison thing.

He also had Barb. Or Barbie, as we called her when Lorne wasn't around. She was four or five inches taller than Lorne and had the kind of body that would look perfect in tight jeans and a halter top.

Luckily, that's all she ever wore. Now Barb was maybe twenty and Lorne was about thirty and they'd been together for, let's say a while. Apparently she was his little sister's best friend and we'll leave it at that.

Barb was not only the beauty in their little duo, she was also the brains. Lorne had all the connections and scored and sold all the product, but Barb kept track of the money, prices and client list.

She had a real way with men that was fun to watch and also fun to be subjected to. She could sweet talk you out of, or into just about anything and you'd walk away feeling like she just blew you.

Someone sent a professional football player to their apartment one night, a steroid freak defensive lineman named Leonard who came to buy some coke and then ended up getting so high that they needed Quaaludes and a bag of my best Sensemillia to bring him down. Barbie called me when he had her cornered in their little bathroom and he was telling her about what they were going to name the children they were going to have together. I whipped over just in time to pass around a bag of 'ludes and fill a few hookah bowls for Lenny while he stared at Lorne as though he was going to rip his head off and shit down the neck hole. Well, that's actually what he told Lorne he was going to do to him, while we sat around the coffee table passing the hookah.

Barb sat beside Lenny with her hand on his shoulder and a big smile on her face, looking as cool as an iceberg in January. Lorne looked like he didn't want to wait for Lenny and had gone ahead and shit himself. I was all of six one and a buck fifty, so it wasn't like I had any wild ideas of knocking out a six three two seventy-five lunatic with eyes like twin dartboards. Besides, I didn't have Barbie's steely spine.

I was beginning to think I might join Lorne and soil myself as well, when Lenny suddenly calmed down. He closed his dartboard eyes as though he were the Dalai Lama and let out an enormous breath that simply had to be cleansing. It almost blew Lorne over, so it was some really impressive lung power.

He opened his eyes and turned to Barb like a boy about to tell his mother he was volunteering to go to Vietnam. He took her hand in his and looked deeply into her eyes. "Baby", he said in a strangely high pitched voice, "my baby my baby my baby...Hey hey hey, My baby, ooh, ooh

ooh", which, me being a Motown fan, I realized was a Temptations song. Barb smiled like she'd just heard her child's first words and placed her hand to her throat to show how touched she was.

She walked Lenny to the door and he kissed her hand suavely like Claude Rains and bowed before he headed out the door. Lorne was mouthing "LOCK THE FUCKING DOOR" frantically and Barb turned the dual deadbolts and pulled the safety chain in place like a ninja. We let out a collective sigh of relief that rivalled Lenny's breath of fire a few minutes earlier. She was just sitting down on the couch when a tremendous crash pulled us all to our feet.

The door was hanging off the hinges and an enormous concrete ashtray that had been sitting beside the elevator door was now somehow on the floor inside the apartment. Lenny's face peered around the corner of the doorframe and he said "Baby, I think I forgot my smokes".

Anyways, after that I avoided doing any deals at Lorne's place just in case Lenny somehow remembered their address.

Lorne paid me a visit a month or so later to score a half kilo of some weed. He brought Barb, which was always a bonus. So, while I'm weighing it up for him on my new scale, he asks me if I know someone who owns an Austin Healey. I'm more a muscle car man, like Challengers and Vettes, but I know that a Healey's a pretty rare rig. I say no and Lorne goes, cool, cause I saw one parked across the street in the gravel lot. I said that the owner must live in the tower, cause that's the overflow for tenants.

So, a week later, Lorne and Barb show up around eleven one night, just to 'say hi' and smoke some crazy hash oil he just scored. I fire up the butane torch and pull out my trusty tempered steel butter knives. I know some people prefer a spoon, but there's no substitute for that extra blast of pressure on the dope. Lorne won't hear of it. "We're not smoking my best oil off a couple of fucking medieval swords", he says and tells us he'll be right back.

As soon as he's out the door, Barb says "fire those fuckers up, daddy. Momma needs a hit".

I cannot say no to a beautiful woman, so we blast about six drops each. Lorne still hasn't come back, but I'm too wasted to notice anything trivial like that and anyway, Barb asks me to play my guitar for her.

I cannot say no to a beautiful woman, so I get out the '55 Martin 0-18 and start playing some Mississippi John Hurt and Mance Lipscomb. "That shit right there", she said, "is some REAL fucking music, dude". I couldn't argue with that.

So Lorne finally comes back with an antique carved mahogany cutlery box with a set of copper spoons inside. We blasted more of his oil off those and then Lorne said they needed to 'make a drop'.

The next week, they show up again. Same deal, we're going to smoke some oil and then Lorne excuses himself to get something from the car. Now, I'm not paranoid, which is surprising given how much dope I smoke, but a man in my line of work needs to be somewhat suspicious at a minimum.

Barb sees me mentally scratching my head and tells me that Lorne is stripping parts from the Austin Healey in the gravel parking lot. His Healey hasn't been running for a while and Lorne figured he'd help himself to some unsuspecting dude's gear. She said he got some ignition parts the previous week and was planning on harvesting the alternator this time.

Now, I admire a man with initiative as much as the next guy, but bringing heat to my home base is a big no-no for a man in my line of work. I excuse myself from Barbie and go in the bedroom and phone my wanna be biker buddy Sammy, who lives in the tower across from mine. His real name is 'Euan' but they call him Sammy because he has this crazy long, wispy mustache which he thought would make him look like Yosemite Sam. Now Sammy is tough as a bucket of rusty nails and a good dude, but he's lazy as hell and can't hold a steady job.

I like the guy, so I front him an ounce of weed on the regular and he tries to pay me when he gets some cash. But he's like 4 free ounces to the red and doesn't like to work in the summer, so I know his tab ain't getting cleared soon.

I tell him I need him to do me a solid. There's a guy in the gravel lot across the street boosting parts from a buddy's wheels and I need Sammy to take care of it for me. He asks me if that wipes the tab, but I'm a businessman first and foremost, so I say no, but I can front him some Thai stick if he takes care of it in five minutes. Sammy says, "deal, dude!".

He's about to hang up when he says, hold on, what does the dirtbag look like.

I said, "some people say he looks like Morrison".