

Fred Baggen

Stronger Than Dirt Ridin' Jim Morrison's HWY Until The End

Thoughts on the
† 1971 « 50th anniversary » 2021*
of Jim Morrison's death

Gedachten bij de « 50ste sterfdag »
van Jim Morrison

MEMOIR FANATIQUE

Aldus Boek Compagnie

Excitement soon unfolds!

1 To come of age (1983)

Absolutely Live

In 1983 was ik vijftien en bevond ik me op de trouwerij van mijn oudste nicht. Er werd muziek gedraaid en ik zou me ontfermen over de stereoinstallatie en platencollectie. Na afloop van het feest mocht ik uit de dozen elpees uit haar en haar mans studententijd wat van mijn gading mee naar huis nemen. Als beginnende muziekkenner koos ik *Creedence Gold* (Creedence Clearwater Revival), *Rolled Gold Vol. 1* (The Rolling Stones), en een plaat zonder goud maar met een overwegend blauwe hoesfoto van een rockband tijdens een concert, een diagonaal in het vlak gepositioneerde zanger in een leren broek en met een microfoonstandaard, een bandlogo in Bauhaus-stijl en (op de achterkant van de klaphozen doorlopend) de door podiumlicht overstraalde silhouetten van de muzikanten: THE DOORS / ABSOLUTELY LIVE.

Van The Doors had ik op de radio weleens ‘Riders on the Storm’ gehoord, maar behalve de sinistere sfeer met regengekletter en onweersgeluiden was die muziek niet blijven hangen. Thuis hield ik de dubbelelpree in mijn handen, klapte de hoes uit, bekeek hem van alle kanten, las de liner notes over deze registratie van liveconcerten tussen augustus 1969 en mei 1970, bestudeerde de foto’s en snuffelde aan het dikke karton, dat aan de randen enigszins viltig was geworden van het vele gebruik.

Absolutely Live

In 1983 I was fifteen and invited to my eldest cousin's wedding. Music was being played and I was to take care of the stereo equipment and the record collection. After the party, I was allowed to take home some of what I liked from the boxes of records from her and her husband's student days. As a novice music connoisseur, I chose *Creedence Gold* (Creedence Clearwater Revival), *Rolled Gold Vol. 1* (The Rolling Stones), and a record sleeve without gold but with a predominantly blue cover photograph of a rock band at a concert, a singer positioned diagonally on the cover, in leather trousers and with a microphone stand, a Bauhaus-style band name logo and (continuing on the back of the folding cover) the silhouettes of the musicians radiated by stage lights: THE DOORS / ABSOLUTELY LIVE.

I had heard ‘Riders on the Storm’ by The Doors on the radio, but apart from the sinister atmosphere with the clattering of rain and the sounds of thunder, the music had not stuck in my mind. At home I held the double album in my hands, unfolded the cover, looked at it from all sides, read the liner notes about this registration of live concerts between August 1969 and May 1970, studied the photos and sniffed at the thick cardboard, that had become a bit felty at the edges because of the many

Ten slotte haalde ik na het bewust uitgestelde genot de eerste binnenhoes eruit, zwart en bedrukt met een patroon van goudkleurige Elektra-logo's, het platenlabel van de band. In het midden ervan zat een groot rond gat waardoorheen de labelsticker op het vinyl zichtbaar was: een groenkoperen marmering van tinten met een getekende, kleurige vlinder.

Had ik eerst mijn nieuwsgierigheid nog kunnen bedwingen, nu was ik toch eindelijk ongeduldig geworden en haalde de plaat uit de binnenhoes, legde hem op de draaitafel en liet voorzichtig de naald neerdalen in de aanloopgroef. Het gekraak verdween toen publieksgeroezemoes aanzwol. Een *announcer* met een nauw verholen trilling in zijn stem sprak het blijkbaar dicht opeengepakte en overduidelijk opgewonden publiek toe. De veiligheid was in het geding en onder deze omstandigheden, zo zei de stem waarschuwend, zou het concert niet doorgaan.

Na die woorden kalmeerde de menigte, om na luttele seconden als één man op te veren en te applaudisseren toen de announcer met nu triomfantelijke stem door de microfoon riep: 'Ladies and gentlemen, The Doors!'

De broeierge onrust in het publiek ebde weg, iemand van de band zei: 'Ah, hold on, we gotta tune up', en na het wegtikken van de eerste minuten van plaatkant A, die net als ik met het bestuderen van de hoes het uitgestelde genot effectief toepaste, begon dan eindelijk de muziek.

hands that held it. Finally, after deliberately delayed enjoyment, I pulled out the first inner sleeve, which was black with a printed pattern of gold Elektra logos, the band's record label. In the middle of it was a large round hole through which the label sticker on the vinyl was visible: a green copper marbling of shades with a drawn, colourful butterfly.

If at first I had been able to contain my curiosity, now I had finally become impatient and removed the record from its inner sleeve, put it on the turntable and carefully lowered the needle into the intro groove. The crackling disappeared as soon as the audience murmured. An announcer with a closely disguised tremor in his voice addressed the apparently tightly packed and obviously excited audience. Safety was at stake and under these circumstances, the voice warned the audience, the concert would be cancelled.

After these words, the crowd calmed down, only to rise in unison after a few seconds and applaud when the announcer shouted through the microphone in a now triumphant voice: 'Ladies and gentlemen, The Doors!'

The sultry unrest in the audience ebbed away, someone from the band said: 'Ah, hold on, we gotta tune up', and after the first minutes of album side A had ticked

Hôtel de l'Oise, 25 Quai d'Amont, Saint-Leu-d'Esserent

Op 28 juni gingen Jim, Pamela en Alain Ronay naar dit dorpje ten noorden van Parijs voor de jaarlijkse *fête*, een braderie. Hier maakte Ronay de laatste foto's van Jim Morrison, die in 1991 werden gepubliceerd in het Franse blad *Paris Match* en het Italiaanse blad *King*. — On June 28, Jim, Pamela, and Alain Ronay went to this village north of Paris for the annual *fête*, a braderie. Here Ronay took the last photographs of Jim Morrison, which were published in 1991 in the French magazine *Paris Match* and the Italian magazine *King*.



Jim & Pam in Saint-Leu-d'Esserent. PHOTO ALAIN RONAY

Le Mazet, 61 Rue St. André des Arts

In 1971 was dit een nogal louche bar waar ook drugs werden verhandeld. Morrison werd hier op 1 juli door toeristen herkend. Tegenwoordig is de naam op internationaal toerisme ingesteld: The Mazet. — In 1971, this was a rather seedy bar notorious for drug dealing. Morrison was recognized here by tourists on July 1. Today the name is adapted to towards international tourism: The Mazet.

Action Lafayette, 9 Rue Buffault

Bioscoop (twee zalen) waar Morrison in de avonduren van 2 juli de western *Pursued*

zag. Tegenwoordig is hier supermarket Carrefour City gevestigd. — Cinema (two rooms) where Morrison saw the western Pursued in the evening hours of July 2. Today, supermarket Carrefour City is located here.

Père Lachaise, 16 Rue du Repos / Boulevard de Ménilmontant

Laatste rustplaats van Morrison (en vele anderen). Pelgrimsoord voor de vele fans. — Final resting place of Jim Morrison (and many others). Pilgrimage site for the many fans.



Vroege foto van Jims graf / Early photo of Jim's grave, september 1971.

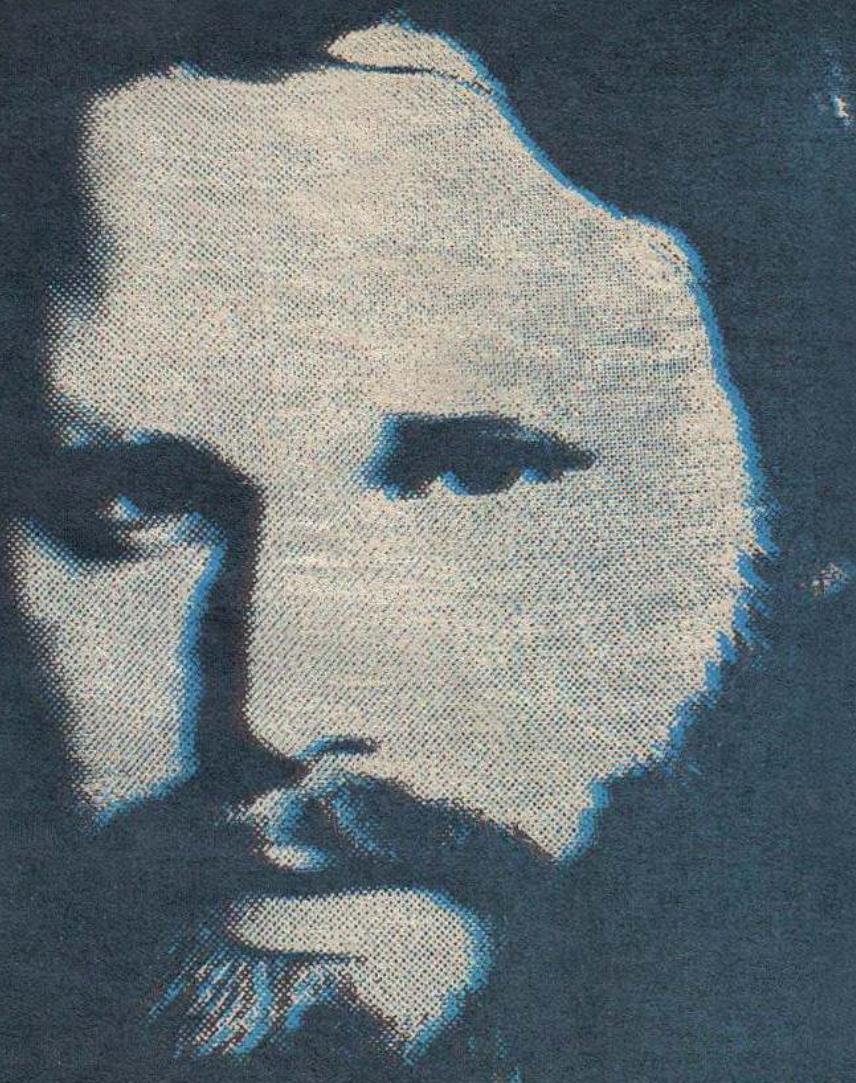
PHOTO GILLES YEPREMIAN

Morrison's dood is omgeven door vragen: waar is hij gestorven, thuis in zijn appartement of in een wc-hokje van een nachtclub? Wat was de oorzaak van overlijden, drank? Een bloedprop en/of een geperforeerde long veroorzaakt door een eerdere val uit een raam? Een heroïne-overdosis? Zelfmoord? Al deze scenario's passeren veelvuldig de revue zodra de media vanaf 8 juli 1971 nieuws ruiken. Het duurt niet lang of er wordt zelfs geopperd dat Jim Morrison helemaal niet dood is maar dat hij zijn eigen dood in scène heeft gezet, om de mogelijke gevangenisstraf van de Miami-rechtszaak te ontlopen en in totale anonimiteit verder te kunnen leven. In Afrika bijvoorbeeld, net als Rimbaud.

Op 24 september, nog geen drie maanden na Morrison's vroegtijdige overlijden, beschrijft het *Nieuwsblad van het Noorden* zijn graf op Père Lachaise: 'Een foto uit 'n tijdschrift geknipt, schelpen, brieven, bloemen, halssnoeren, twee kleine houten kruisen en een zwart schild met een naam.' Fans 'met lang haar, hippies, met opzichtige truien of doorzichtige hemden, alleen of in groepjes' willen met eigen ogen zien dat de Doors-zanger hier werkelijk begraven ligt. Het is het begin van een pelgrimage, de ongekende aanbidding van een rockster die tot op de dag van vandaag voortduurt.

Morrison's death is surrounded by questions: where did he die, at home in his apartment or in a nightclub toilet? What was the cause of death, booze? A blood clot and / or perforated lung caused by an earlier fall from a window? A heroin overdose? Suicide? All of these scenarios are considered, from the very moment on July 8, 1971 when the media smell the news. Before long, it is even suggested that Jim Morrison is not dead at all, but that he staged his own death, in order to avoid the possible imprisonment following the Miami trial, and continue living anonymously. In Africa, for example, just like Rimbaud.

On September 24, less than three months after Morrison's untimely death, Dutch newspaper *Nieuwsblad van het Noorden* describes his grave on Père Lachaise: 'A photograph cut out of a magazine, shells, letters, flowers, necklaces, two small wooden crosses and a black shield with a name.' Fans 'with long hair, hippies, with gaudy sweaters or see-through shirts, alone or in groups' want to see for themselves that the Doors singer is really buried here. It's the beginning of a pilgrimage, the unprecedented adoration of a rock star that continues to this day.



brian jones jimi hendrix
janis joplin jim morrison

ALOHA

NUMERO 6
75 cent

geldig van 4 juli
tot en met 30 juli

Nadat de kunstenaar het verbluffende portret in Macedonisch marmer had geplaatst, maakte hij er zelf de allereerste foto's van.

Jims voormalige mede-bandleden kwamen een maand later naar het graf van hun zanger, en konden gelijk de beeltenis bewonderen. In zijn boek *Riders on the Storm* (1990) beschrijft John Densmore die derde juli in 1981, waarbij onderstaand fragment rechtstreeks tot Morrison gericht is:

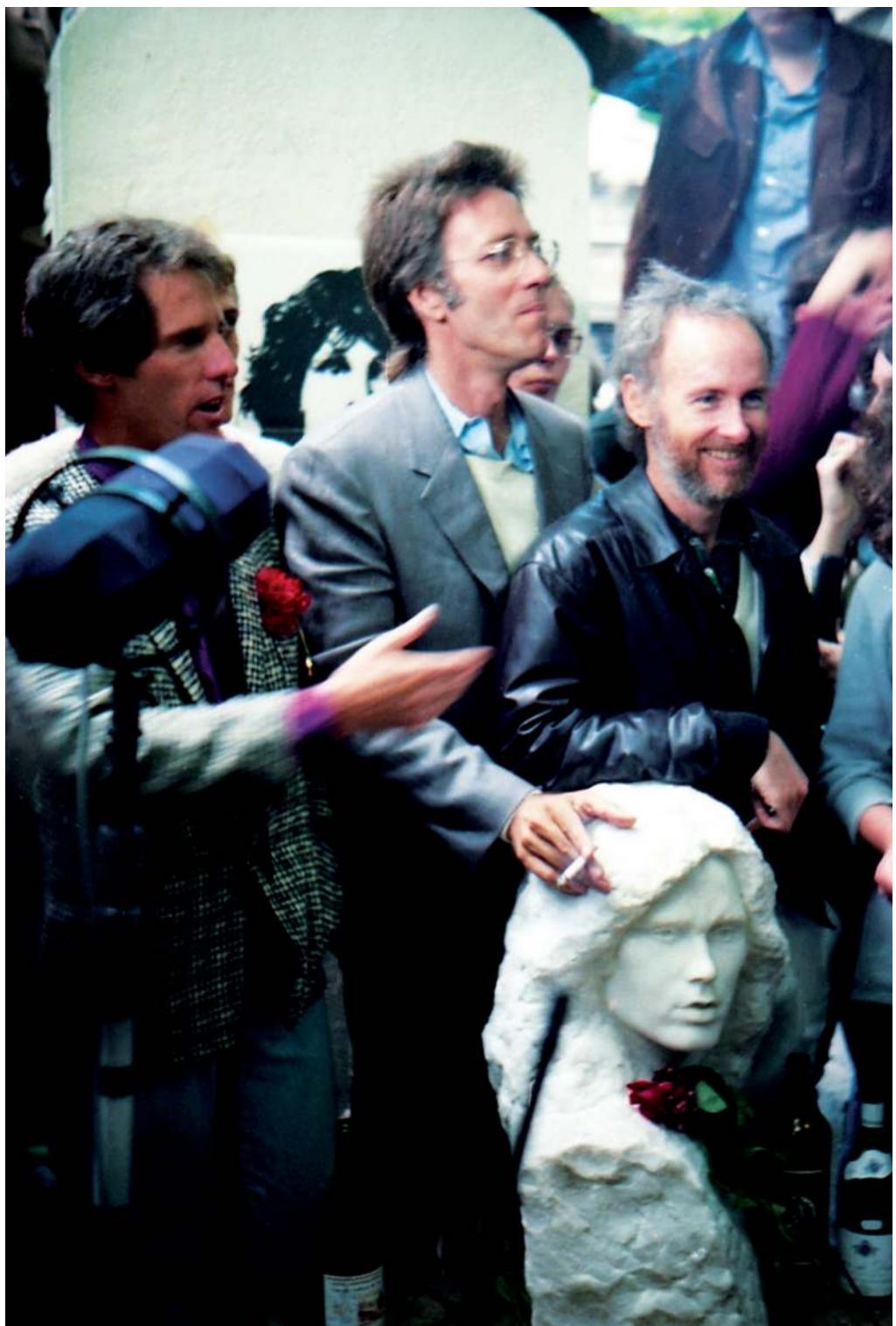
Robby and I knew what to expect when we visited Père Lachaise the second time and saw your small concrete rectangle. Ray was taken aback. He had finally gotten there to pay his respects after being too hung over from a Paris nightclub the first time we visited France. Or too scared. We walked up to your plot, which now has a bust of your head made by some Czechoslovakian who carved it behind the Iron Curtain and then snuck it across, and Ray froze and took a big three-second beat... then he regrouped, drinking wine with the fans, pouring it over your grave, and flicking his cigarette ashes on you. Robby and I looked at each other with raised eyebrows, but I know Ray loved you too much.

'Snuck across' het IJzeren Gordijn komt niet overeen met de waarheid: op een web-

After the artist placed the stunning portrait in Macedonian marble, he took the very first photos of it himself.

Jim's former fellow band members came to their singer's grave a month later, and were able to admire the effigy right away. In his book *Riders on the Storm* (1990), John Densmore describes that third of July in 1981, with the excerpt below addressed directly to Morrison:

Robby and I knew what to expect when we visited Père Lachaise the second time and saw your small concrete rectangle. Ray was taken aback. He had finally gotten there to pay his respects after being too hung over from a Paris nightclub the first time we visited France. Or too scared. We walked up to your plot, which now has a bust of your head made by some Czechoslovakian who carved it behind the Iron Curtain and then snuck it across, and Ray froze and took a big three-second beat... then he regrouped, drinking wine with the fans, pouring it over your grave, and flicking his cigarette ashes on you. Robby and I looked at each other with raised eyebrows, but I know Ray loved you too much.



John Densmore, Ray Manzarek & Robby Krieger, July 3, 1981.

PHOTO RAINER MODDEMANN

site over kunstenaar Mladen Mikulin en zijn Jim Morrison-borstbeeld wordt met afbeeldingen van officiële documenten aangetoond dat Mladen sinds 17 oktober 1980 al schriftelijk in gesprek was met de Parijse instanties — *Ville de Paris, Direction des Services industriels et commerciaux, Sous-Direction des Pompes funèbres*, die Mladen op de hoogte stelde dat ‘no one here is occupied with the maintenance of Jim Morrison’s grave’. De briefwisseling behelsde ook contact met de Amerikaanse ambassade in Belgrado en de Joegoslavische ambassade in Washington. In maart 1981 ontving Mladen uiteindelijk het verlossende woord van de beheerder van begraafplaats Père Lachaise: ‘J’ai le honneur de vous informer que je vous autorise à titre tout à fait exceptionnel à faire procéder aux travaux d’entretien et à la pose d’un buste du chanteur’. Bij wijze van uitzondering mocht de tweeëntwintigjarige beeldhouwer – letterlijk – aan de slag gaan. Drie maanden later was het beeld gereed voor plaatsing in juni.

De Franse Doors-liefhebber en fotografe Patricia Devaux was een maand na die plaatsing, op de derde juli, niet aanwezig, maar wel de dag erna (en vele andere dáárna) en zij legde als een van de weinigen – anderen waren Rainer Moddemann en Ulrich Heumann – het borstbeeld fotografisch vast in maagdelijke conditie. De beeldhouwde Jim Morrison poseerde geduldig en zonder tegen te spreken.

Veel van Patricia’s foto’s werden enkele jaren later gebundeld in het fotoboekje *Stone Immaculate*. In het voorwoord bij de tweede editie uit 2009 schrijft Patricia over de

‘Snuck across’ the Iron Curtain by no means covers the truth: on a website about artist Mladen Mikulin and his Jim Morrison bust, images of official documents show that since October 17, 1980, Mladen had been in written communication with the Paris authorities — *Ville de Paris, Direction des Services industriels et commerciaux, Sous-Direction des Pompes funèbres*, who informed Mladen that “no one here is occupied with the maintenance of Jim Morrison’s grave. The correspondence also included contact with the U.S. Embassy in Belgrade and the Yugoslav Embassy in Washington. In March 1981 Mladen finally received the liberating word from the caretaker of Père Lachaise cemetery: ‘I am honoured to inform you that I authorize you, as an exception, to proceed with the maintenance work and the installation of a bust of the singer’. The twenty-two-year-old sculptor was allowed to get to work. Three months later, the sculpture was ready for placement in June.

French Doors enthusiast and photographer Patricia Devaux was not present a month after that placement, on the third of July, but she was present the day after (and many others after that) and she was one of the few – others were Rainer Moddemann and Ulrich Heumann – to photograph the bust in virginal condition. The sculpted Jim Morrison posed patiently and without contradiction. Patricia’s many



Patricia: 'I remember very well this cat always hanging around Jim's grave, sleeping on it and welcoming visitors with charming meowings. If I had come to Paris with my car at that time, I guess I would have brought him home. Later I heard that an old lady had taken care of him...' **PHOTO PATRICIA DEVAUX**

photographs were collected several years later in the photo book *Stone Immaculate*. In the foreword to the second 2009 edition, Patricia writes about the 'degradation of the site by so-called fans, the graffiti, the drugs and drinking parties' that 'this kind of ritual has perhaps had an impact more positive than negative in the end, in the way it has been keeping the place alive... Who can tell or judge?'

Michelle Campbell - A Feast of Friends

Jim Morrison's grave in Paris, just the sound of it is the stuff dreams are made of. Père Lachaise Cemetery is one of the most beautiful in the world. The combination of the two attracts about three and a half million visitors a year. Morrison's grave is the number one attraction, which puts him in the top twenty tourist sites in Paris. Add to that the story of how he died mysteriously in his bathtub in Paris on July 3, 1971, at the age of twenty-seven. He had arrived just four months earlier and The Doors had released their *L.A. Woman* album just three months before his untimely death.

In the early morning of July 7th he was secretly laid to rest. Only five people were in attendance. Besides Pamela Courson, his long time girlfriend, there were Agnès Varda and Alain Ronay, old friends from UCLA film school days, Bill Siddons, Doors manager, and Robin Wertle, Jim and Pam's assistant.

There were no flowers, a cheap wooden coffin, and little fanfare. Pam bought the least expensive plot possible, but for two people. Her plan was that when her time came she would join him. Sadly she died just three years later of an overdose, also at the age of twenty-seven. She was cremated and buried in Santa Ana, California.

For the first ten years Morrison's plot was unmarked, except for a basic cement runner. Then, in 1981, a Croatian artist, Mladen Mikulin, made a beautiful white marble bust with a limestone base. On the front was simply, JIM MORRISON, 1943-1971. He was commemorating the tenth anniversary of his death with a true labor of love, a gift for Jim and his fans. The bust and headstone weighed about 300 kgs together. Mladen brought them all the way from Zagreb to Paris by train, and placed them on the grave on June 4, 1981.

Sadly, over the years his beautiful tribute was defaced, and finally stolen in May, 1988. I was lucky enough to get a photo of it on a visit to Paris in June, 1987.

Then just the headstone was left. When Oliver Stone filmed in Père Lachaise for his movie *The Doors* in 1990, he had to make a bust out of styrofoam that looked more like Val Kilmer than Jim.

In December, 1990, the cemetery destroyed it to make way for the new granite gravestone that the Morrison family was putting on. I was there the morning they broke it into pieces. At first we weren't allowed to touch the broken stones. A young lady lawyer representing the Morrison's had the best pieces loaded into her 'Deux Chevaux' car. A local *habitué* said, that's all right, but if I ever see it in the Hardrock Cafe I'll kill her. We all believed him. A tourist managed to grab the small morsel that said 'Jim'. Finally, when security turned their backs, some of us were able to get



Père Lachaise pilgrims. PHOTO MICHELLE CAMPBELL

some pieces. The rest ended up in the cemetery trash. I got two big chunks for me. I also managed to get some small pieces that I gave out to fans over the years, but now they're all gone.

Later that month the new gravestone arrived. A bronze plaque was mounted with Jim's full name, dates, and a mysterious epitaph in a foreign language. It says KATA TON DAIMONA EAYTOY, which is ancient Greek. Some people went to the Sorbonne to ask what it meant. I was at a friend's house for dinner and mentioned the epitaph. He told me his uncle had written the *Ancient Greek Textbook* used at most major universities in America. I wrote him, and he kindly translated it as, 'according to the divine spirit within' like he lived like he had a divine spirit within. The key word is daimona. In ancient Greek it can be translated like a muse, almost a god. Socrates called on his *daimona* for inspiration and guidance. Then the early Christians came in and wanted to get rid of the old gods, so they changed the meaning to 'demon'. In modern Greek it could be translated as, 'he chases his own demons'. Both seem appropriate. Jim's demons of fame and the Miami trial had chased him all the way to Paris.

Wallace Fowlie, a professor of French literature, wrote *Rimbaud and Jim Morrison, the Rebel as Poet*. In his book, he translated the epitaph as, 'true to his own spirit', and this has been repeated many times.

certs from the side of the stage. I saw the band all over the United States and a few shows in Europe. Just as with message boards and chat rooms, these concerts were a meeting place for fellow Doors obsessed fans. They attracted old and new fans alike. I am still friends with many of the people I met at some of those Manzarek-Krieger shows. Late 2003 I worked on a script for a Doors anthology with Mike Sims, which still remains unreleased.

In December of that year I had the opportunity to visit Europe. Not only to see Ray and Robby play there but to see Jim's grave for what would have been his sixtieth birthday. Everyone was so friendly and welcoming despite some language barriers. I knew many of the people from online, such as Fred Baggen, but to finally meet them in person was something I'll never forget. I remember this small Doors themed cafe near Père Lachaise cemetery where everyone gathered to drink, sing, laugh and talk about their love of their favorite band, The Doors. I was amazed that here you had people that were not native English speakers, yet they understood each other. I met people that could barely speak English but were able to sing every Doors song or recite one of Jim's poems. It was beautiful. Visiting Jim's grave was a surreal experience. A group of friends and myself went there early in the morning of Jim's birthday. It was quiet and we were the only ones there at that time. There were no barriers yet so we were able to get up close and take photos. Later that same day Ray and Robby visited and there were hundreds of fans encircling Jim's grave. A very different experience than earlier that day.

I got to see Ray and Robby play two concerts in Paris and one in London before flying back to the States. One memory that stands out is after the London gig, me and two friends shared a cab with their frontman Ian Astbury. He couldn't have been nicer, asking us questions and pointing out the area where he grew up or where to get the best steak dinner in London.

In the summer of 2004 when John Densmore and the Morrison estate were suing Ray and Robby over the Doors name. Basically John and the Morrison's didn't want Ray or Robby using the Doors name to promote or advertise their concerts. I flew to L.A. to attend a week of the court trial. I went with a friend and we were the only 'fans' in the courtroom. Everyone else was either friends or family. John and his former wife couldn't have been more friendly to us. They were amazed we traveled so far just to be there. John's wife, at the time, asked for our phone number so she could call us every morning to let us know if it was a day of testimony or just the lawyers arguing different legal motions. One day I got to talk to Jim's brother Andy in the hallway. He was really friendly and we invited him out for a beer. He wanted to, but said he 'had to drive mom and dad back home'.

The Doors had a 40th anniversary celebration in late 2006. I attended with a few friends and was able to get everyone on Robby's guest list. Ray, Robby and John were all signing autographs at various locations along the Sunset Strip. I met Val Kilmer hanging out behind the Whisky A Go Go. He was rude and not fan friendly at all. I ended up seeing Ray and Robby play a number of more shows in the years that followed. I've been lucky enough to hang out at Robby's house, have dinner with him, visit The Doors office numerous times and meet some of the Doors original inner circle. I have so many fond memories from over the years and hope to continue to make more. I was also fortunate enough to see footage and hear recordings that very few people have. In closing, I'd like to thank Fred Baggen for allowing me to tell part of my story and share it here with fellow Doors fans. Proud to be part of this number...

Greg Parulis

April 2021



Cees Driehuis, Greg Parulis, Simone Giuseppin, Père Lachaise, December 8, 2003.

PHOTO FRED BAGGEN

15 Jim is alive (2005-2021)

Het kwam voor mezelf niet echt als een verrassing: mijn Doors-obsessie, die me twintig jaar lang in haar greep had gehad, verloor haar glans. *Babylon fading*. De afstand tussen de eeuwig zeventientwintigjarige Jim Morrison en mijn eigen, ouder wordende persoon werd steeds groter. Ik was op een leeftijd dat ik kinderen zou kunnen hebben die zich voor popmuziek begonnen te interesseren. Ik stelde me voor dat ik die kinderen uitlegde waarom papa zo gek was van The Doors, en waarom hun zanger, die al doodging toen papa zelf nog een kleuter was, zo'n indruk op hem had gemaakt.

Ik had een veeleisende baan, woonde samen, werd ouder, mijn Doors-verzameling was nagenoeg compleet. Het grenzeloos bewonderen van een Californische twintiger die ‘was testing the bounds of reality’, die aan de vensterbank van openstaande hotelramen hing (en soms omlaagviel), die zichzelf door zijn drankmisbruik te gronde richtte, die zo ontzettend egocentrisch en onverantwoordelijk was, stond me steeds meer tegen — deze man wilde ik niet langer verafgoden. Zijn muziek en woordkunst vond ik nog steeds prachtig, maar de persoon die ze had gecreëerd...

In 2005 stortte ik me vol overgave op het verwezenlijken van de wens boeken te

It didn't really come as a surprise to me: my Doors obsession, which had gripped me for twenty years, was losing its luster. *Babylon fading*. The distance between the eternally twenty-seven-year-old Jim Morrison and my own aging person was widening. I was at an age when I might have had children who were beginning to take an interest in pop music. I imagined myself explaining to my kids why their dad was so crazy about The Doors, and why the lead singer of that long gone band, who died when dad was himself was still a toddler, had made such an impression on him.

I had a demanding job, a relation, got older, my Doors collection was almost complete. The boundless admiration of a Californian man in his twenties who ‘was testing the bounds of reality’, who hung from the window sill of open hotel windows (and sometimes fell down), who ruined himself by his alcohol abuse, who was so incredibly self-centered and irresponsible, was becoming more and more objectionable to me — I no longer wanted to idolize this man. I still loved his music and words, but the person who created them...

In 2005, I threw myself wholeheartedly into fulfilling the desire to write books.

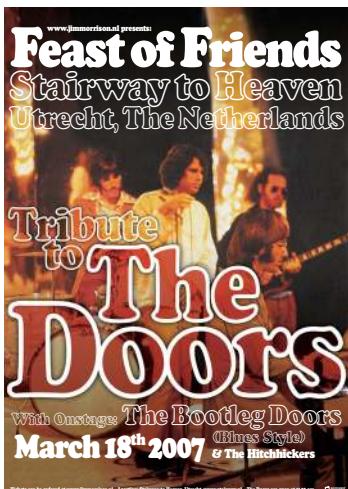
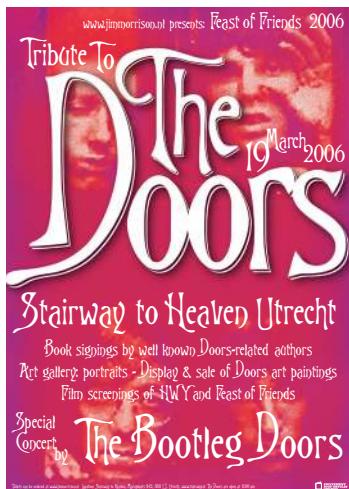
gaan schrijven. The Doors en Jim Morrison bleven waar ze waren: in mijn geheugen en in de platenkast. Toch bleef ik – sporadisch – aan Doors-gerelateerde projecten werken. De eerste was een combinatie van mijn oude en mijn nieuwe hobby: het vertalen van de boeken van Frank Lisciandro, *Jim Morrison. An Hour for Magic* en *Morrison. A Feast of Friends*. Het project bleef steken in de voorbereidingen: met de

website jamesdouglasmorrisonbook.com achter de hand, inclusief gefoto-
shopt logo in Jims handschrift, schreef ik uitgevers aan om hen ertoe te bewe-
gen deze vertaling in de nabije toe-

komst uit te geven. Niemand had interesse, wat overigens meer zegt over de Nederlandstalige boekenmarkt dan over het onderwerp van het boek.

Geslaagder wat de totstandbrenging betreft, waren de affiches die ik mocht ont-

werpen voor de door Leon Lagendijk (jimmorrison.nl) georganiseerde The Doors fanbijeenkomsten met de naam *Feast of Friends*.



The Doors, and Jim Morrison too, remained where they were: in my memory and on the record shelf. Still, I continued to work – sporadically – on a few Doors-related projects. The first was a combination of my old and my new hobby: translating the books of Frank Lisciandro, *Jim Morrison. An Hour for Magic* and *Morrison. A Feast of Friends*. The project stalled in its preparations: with the website jamesdouglasmorrisonbook.com as promotion platform, including photo-
shopped logo in Jim's handwriting, I wrote to publishers to get them to realize this translation in the near future. No one was interested, which incidentally says more about the Dutch-language book market than about the subject of the book.

More successful in terms of realization were the posters I was allowed to design for the Doors fan meetings organized by Leon Lagendijk (jimmorrison.nl) called *Feast of Friends*.

Thank you for previewing the
forthcoming commemorative book

Fred Baggen

Stronger Than Dirt

Ridin' Jim Morrison's HWY Until The End

Gedachten bij de 50ste sterfdag van Jim Morrison /
Thoughts on the 50th anniversary of Jim Morrison's death

Met een voorwoord door / With a preface by Gilles Yeremian
en persoonlijke herinneringen van / and personal recollections
from Michelle Campbell and Greg Parulis

MEMOIR FANATIQUE

*Stronger Than Dirt. Ridin' Jim Morrison's HWY
Until The End* is now available for preorder at:

www.aldusboekcompagnie.nl/boeken

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