

Morrison Hotel

Sgt. Alfred told me to build a foxhole on the perimeter of our base. Known as a defensive fighting position or DFP, he didn't ask if I had any carpentry experience. I didn't. I could've regaled him with stories of all the forts and clubhouses built as a kid, but wasn't asked. He also didn't need a plan. Not even a scribble on a napkin *Here's what I was thinking* I could've triumphantly held up. Nope.

I was given a week to do it, which in the Air Force meant Monday through Friday, normal business hours and issued a military vehicle, which being stationed in Europe was a compact Volkswagen pickup truck painted green.

I went over to the base hardware store and started grabbing stuff: plywood, 2 x 6's, lots of nails, and tools. I simply signed for everything and I'm still not sure why 2 x 4's wouldn't do. It had to be 2 x 6's.

Before I could begin, the old bunker had to be dismantled and discarded. A terrible job by another Airman (they probably didn't build many forts or clubhouses as a kid), I stripped it down and only kept four vertical railroad ties as support beams.

Sawing and pounding and instead of the usual cube, went with a rectangular design so as to have a hallway. I don't know that a defensive fighting position needs a hallway, but it got one. I loaded the top with sandbags and put camouflage netting over the entire creation.

This was during my *Doors* phase. It was the 20th anniversary of Jim Morrison's death and Oliver Stone's film about the band was released. There were also *two* road trips to Morrison's grave at Père Lachaise in Paris and you might be thinking my dorm room had a modest shrine dedicated to these four guys known for songs like *Riders on the Storm*, *Wild Child*, and *The End* and to that, all I can say is *Yes. Yes, it did* (I was 19).

It really was a lovely week. Nobody watching over or telling me what to do, productive (your tax dollars at work), and with my dual-cassette portable stereo (affectionately known as a boombox), *The Doors* were playing *all* the time.

The groups self-titled first album is a classic, *Waiting for the Sun* has a special place in my heart, and I loved the efficiency of the *Strange Days/LA Woman* double cassette. It's also easy getting work done to *Peace Frog* and the rest of *Morrison Hotel*, which is how the shack got its name and at the entrance (just before the hallway) and using a black marker, the structure was christened with all the fanfare you can imagine.

Eventually, all the makeshift shanties on the base were replaced with brand new concrete prefabricated defensive fighting positions (without hallways) and I knew the Airmen tasked with tearing down my masterpiece and let's just say I probably didn't need *that* many nails.

All Rights Reserved

Morrison Hotel is the sole property of Nicholas Remy and fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Empire (including the Dominion of Canada), and all other countries of the Copyright Union.

All rights, including professional, amateur, stock, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, stage production, singing, public reading, radio, internet, television, studio recording, and translation into foreign languages are strictly forbidden.

For information on using *Morrison Hotel*, contact: mail@nicholasremy.com

Copyright © 2026 Nicholas Remy