

MY PERSONAL CHAUFFEUR

I still don't have a car, so my transportation to and from the rehearsals and recording studio for "Strange Days" varies between Paul Rothschild and Jim. Mid-afternoon, I hear a honk from the driveway. Most of the time it's Jim, who always has a welcoming smile. He can get me laughing at least two or three times before we arrive at our destination. One day one of our band girlfriends walks into The Light House and says, "Who is that god sitting outside in the car?" She has never heard of The Doors.

She has now!



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