

'HORSE LATITUDES'

Everyone knows what the term “Horse Latitudes” means now, don't they? It's an original and interesting piece. But being an avid sailor, and an animal lover, it is still shocking that they would throw the horses overboard, due to the ensuing lack of fresh water for crew AND horses, before they man the lifeboats to tow their sailing ship out of the Doldrums. (An area of no wind located at the Equator.) An ugly piece of history. But Jim turns it into absolute poetry.

AN ASIDE: INTO THE NIGHT

Every now and then, Jim and his girlfriend, Pam Courson, pick me up in a Volkswagen Beetle convertible. (I believe it was yellow.) Is it Pam's car or Jim's or an adoring neighbor's? I'm not sure, but we go screaming into the night — and Jim is driving. I'm sitting in the back seat watching Pam's beautiful hair streaming in the wind. SHE IS SO HOT.



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Laughter is abundant. They are such a happy pair. I use his ID a few times to get into various over-21 clubs. His name is not yet a household word, and we share the name Douglas. The ID doesn't have a picture and the bouncers almost always buy it. If they don't, we just go somewhere else. They never question Jim or Pam. They look all grown up.

Later on, something happens and Jim is not allowed to drive. Elektra puts a black Cadillac limo at his disposal 24/7. It stays parked outside his little Laurel Canyon duplex, and he doesn't like it one bit. They're getting too much information about where he's going and what he's doing. (Big Brother!)