

ABOUT DR. LOVE

(Interview conducted in Shanghai)

Journo: *is Dr. Love real or fiction?*

D.L.: a hybrid.

Journo: *a hybrid of what?*

D.L.: what do you suggest?

Journo: *a cross between Hugh Hefner and Superman?*

D.L.: Dr Love couldn't hold onto the title of a super stud even if he wants to. He is content with the title of Dr. One Love considering right now he is Dr. No Love. Dr. Love would rather be a cross between Romeo and Charlie Brown.

Journo: *why Charlie Brown?*

D.L.: Dr. Love sees a lot of Charlie Brown in him, not least the copycat hairdo with streaks down his forehead. Just like Charlie, Dr. Love is a little boy inside who's been knocked around, trampled to the ground, he gets to his feet and he says: what about me?

Journo: *it isn't fair?*

D.L.: no, all in love is fair, tonight I ain't got talking room.

Journo: *should we end this interview?*

D.L.: not at all. I was just rehearsing the lyrics*. (*"Bring Me Some Water" by Melissa Eldridge).

Journo: *you sing on the run?*

D.L.: well, I can't eat on the run. I am on a strict diet.

Journo: *is that how you keep yourself in great shape?*

D.L.: I wouldn't use those words.

Journo: what's the secret?

D.L.: years of pumping iron in the gym hasn't been a waste of time. There have been times when sweating it out in the gym with very few other souls around and you think to yourself: why am I doing this when I could be watching the Oprah or David Letterman show.

Journo: is Dr. Love your real name?

D.L.: what do you think?

Journo: not at first sight.

D.L.: I agree.

Journo: may be not even at second sight.

D.L.: what do you mean?

Journo: walking down the street, not many would think you could even speak English.

D.L.: yes, I remember a bloke, a stranger, an Anglo-local, whom I played a game of pool with at the Comedy Club not long ago, said to me: "at least you could speak English". The funny thing was I almost lost the game. I swear I could have jumped off the nearest bridge if I lost to him.

Journo: what about at third sight?

D.L.: well, I was in San Francisco not long ago attending a seminar and visited a karaoke bar in downtown. I followed the procedure and put my name down as Dr. Love and the song the Bed of Roses. The announcement by the karaoke host was: "the next singer is Mister Love". I guess the guy was only doing his job. How could anyone call themselves Dr. Love if they weren't a doctor? But if only he had bothered to ask!

Journo: how did you go with the number?

D.L.: I thought I did the number pretty well judging by the sudden swell of people coming into the pub soon after that song. I think the text messages got out quickly: "come and see a mad Chinaman

doing Bon Jovi, he is sensational!!!” There were even tourists carrying their passports queuing up to get in.

Journo: *how do we know you are not telling another tall story? We weren't there.*

D.L.: the Bed of Roses is a Dr. Love's special. If you don't believe me, go and ask the African Queen (Marilyn) from the Rower's Club. She has heard Dr. Love's rendition of the Bed of the Roses at Club169, a boutique karaoke bar on East Temple Street near City Hall, in the fall of 2008. Ask her what she thinks of Dr. Love's star potential.

Journo: *who is the African Queen?*

D.L.: well she's an African Queen in the style of Norma Jeane. Walking down the street, she could be mistaken for Miss Finland. Dr. Love met this lady on a few occasions after the inferno in 2008 at the Rower's Club but she made a big impression on Dr. Love. The one thing that struck Dr. Love, apart from her raw beauty, was her intelligence. Dr. Love felt she was the next best thing after the Angel, the beauty to tame the beast.

Journo: *another angel?*

D.L.: there couldn't be another Angel. Dr. Love felt the African Queen was the one who understood his struggle for love and respect. After all, she was a minority in her country of origin, discriminated against and literally driven out of her homeland. Dr. Love has even got a joke out of it with the African Queen and that was the last conversation they had.

Journo: *what did you say to her?*

D.L.: “How is Robert Mogabe?” She replied: “... .. it sucks, doesn't it.”

Journo: *what happened next?*

D.L.: she resigned that night, a Saturday night in October 2008.

Journo: *what was the last drink she made you?*

D.L.: Tequila Sunrise

Journo: *looking slowly cross the sky, they said goodbye?*

D.L.: not at all. When she gets to understand Dr. Love more, perhaps after reading my book, I think she'll make a come back for a second inning.

Journo: *a book?*

D.L.: yes, I'll be soon launching a book appropriately titled "Dr. Love".

Journo: *how did you get the Love part?*

D.L.: It's never been my intention to call myself Dr. Love. It's a name given by Danny, the karaoke host, at the Hotel Beverly Hills back in March 2007. I've been stuck with that title ever since.

Journo: *do you deserve that title?*

D.L.: well, after 3 years of playing the game of love, I hope Dr. Love could officially adopt that title, even if it's by default.

Journo: *by default?*

D.L.: I don't think anybody else is coming forward to claim that title.

Journo: *who is Dr. Love?*

D.L.: he is a simple man with a heart of gold in a complicated land.

Journo: *a heart of gold? You can't say that about yourself.*

D.L.: gold-plated actually, a kind of fake to some. Despite all the hype and larrikinism, in reality he is a down to earth type of bloke. I think I know Dr. Love better than anyone else. He only wished, from the day he was born, he was a simple man with a simple mind living in a simple land.

Journo: *what's complicated about this land?*

D.L.: nothing, nothing at all.

Journo: *you must have met some difficult people?*

D.L.: hardly any.

Journno: *well you said that with a big grin on your face.*

D.L.: what do you want me to do? Cry? Next question please.

Journno: *has anyone told lies about you?*

D.L.: no, no one. Why would anyone tell lies about a nice guy like Dr. Love.

Journno: *are you sure?*

D.L.: I've got to leave a story or two for the book.

Journno: *a book?*

D.L.: well, one day. I've already written the book in my head.

Journno: *what can you tell us about the book?*

D.L.: I can tell you the title for chapter 13 will be: The Angel is Calling.

Journno: *who is Angel?*

D.L.: you just have to guess that one.

Journno: *what does Dr. Love stand for?*

D.L.: love, passion and funkiness.

Journno: *funkiness?*

D.L.: well Dr. Love had to throw that one in. Can you imagine Dr Love without the boots, over-sized buckle belts, Versace outfits and the cutest little phone ever made?

Even making that Charlie Brown hair do is not an easy task. An exact amount of hair gel must be applied at the right position at the right time. Too much would make him look like he is been to the wax museum. Misplacing it could reveal his receding hair line. Too early will make it look dry, stale and lack lustre by the time Dr. Love steps onto the karaoke stage.

And who could forget the pelvic twisting move with white glove, hat and all performing Billie Jean at the Forex Hotel, in the early days of Dr. Love's creation.

Journo: *you are full of yourself, ain't you? A true narcissistic.*

D.L.: my apology, I've just had 3 Tequila Sunrises before the interview. Well the truth is half of the population are narcissistic and the other halves are wannabes.

Journo: *tell me Dr. Love what's your country of origin?*

D.L.: no one would have guessed, my grand mother was born in this country, America, the land of promise. Her forbearers, like many others, adopted this country as their homeland. Her parents decided to return to their ancestral land when she was at a young age. I like to think the family went back for a vacation, but it turned out to be a forty year vacation.

Journo: *what was that vacation like for your grandma?*

D.L.: I think it was the best journey she ever took. She became a de facto English teacher at the age of 10 in a country where no one could speak English back then. She became a translator for the American marines based there during World War II. She eventually returned to America leaving my father, mother and brother in our country of origin. I wasn't even born when she returned to America.

Journo: *when did you arrive on the shores of this land?*

D.L.: we arrived the year the Super Bowl was won by Pittsburgh Steelers, after the song Khe Sanh was released, the year when Pink was born and the year before Eagles broke up.

Journo: *were you silver spoon fed?*

D.L.: not at all, wooden spoon in the literal sense. My parents were not poor, they both were doctors, but the far away land I grew up in was poor. We arrived on this shore with only \$500 USD for the whole family of four.

Journo: *what's the far away land like now?*

D.L.: that far away place has undergone an amazing transformation in the past 40 years. Its economy has grown nearly 10% each year for all that time and is now the world second largest economy and by 2030 is predicted to become the largest economy.

Journo: *are the people there good with sport?*

D.L.: not traditionally. 40 years ago, as a nation they attended their first Olympic. They've done pretty well at the recent Olympics.

Journo: *what was it like growing up in this country?*

D.L.: not as easy as Dr. Love would have liked. He would have preferred to grow up in a simple land. You see Dr. Love was a book worm and he had an Asian Hollywood smile, he hardly went out in his school days.

Journo: *did you find love when you grew up?*

D.L.: not at all. Dr. Love didn't feel loved and never dated anyone when he was at high school, at UCLA medical school and as a doctor.

Journo: *don't they say don't judge a book by its cover?*

D.L.: well I think book cover is the only thing that gets judged.

Journo: *I've read your CV: you were the Dux of school, achieved highest University entrance score and attended the most prestigious medical school, achieved honors degree in MD and yet no lady want to talk you and date you?*

D.L.: correct.

Journo: *what a terrible thing to have grown up and never felt loved!*

D.L.: I think that is the underlying problem plugging his mind even today. He is still searching for an answer.

Journo: *well, whatever form of book worm you were back then, nowadays you seem to be extremely extraverted bordering eccentric, are all these highs natural?*

D.L.: yes it's all natural. Mind you I have gone through life's little highs and little lows. Right now I am in high gear and I suppose we should leave some stories for the book.

Journo: *do you think your level of euphoria, larrikinism and funny but at times abstract acts bother some people?*

D.L.: no doubt. But it's all controlled. Life is too short to be grumpy. There is too much tragedy around and I've seen it all in my job.

Journo: *it's also been said there are nights at the Karaoke Bar when you have be seen to be sad, lonely and in tears.*

D.L.: With Dr. Love, what you see is what you get. The mood is a reflection of the situation Dr. Love is under. Dr. Love by nature is a positive person. The lows he feels is driven by loneliness he endured in the last 3 years on the road show.

Journo: *you are also known to display bursts of anger, please explain.*

D.L.: that's extremely rare but it can be grotesque. Dr. Love is a peaceful and easy feeling sort of bloke. Many people who know him can attest that. He is a very tolerant person and always tries to compliment other people. His level of kindness can be exemplified by the number of drinks he's bought the karaoke hosts, giving away thousands of dollars in past few years.

Journo: *should ladies who may want to date you be concerned about the occasional anger rage?*

D.L.: not at all. Dr. Love deals with many people every day in his professional job and his business. He is a real person. The trouble is, I think, ladies observes and thinks too much when it come to Dr. Love, and as is the case so far eventually talk themselves out of it. I think the first lady to go out on a rendezvous with Dr. Love will be overwhelmed by his level of warmth and charm with a bit of nervous tension tossed in. That's just part of the deal, part of being little high, little low.

Journo: *a kind of life in the fast lane.*

D.L.: only if I got a car to match it.

Journo: *haven't you got a fast car?*

D.L.: not at 1.8 L.

Journo: *a fast number plate?*

D.L.: the plate on the front is slim line.

Journo: *what does it say?*

D.L.: what do you think?

Journo: *something to do with love?*

D.L.: not hard to guess that one.

Journo: *any story behind it?*

D.L.: one night in his dream, Romeo thought of getting a nice present for Juliet (read Hotel Beverly Hills Interview). He went down to a car yard and bought a black Mercedes coupe with a matching plate for her, two weeks before the inferno. As fate turned out, Romeo never got the chance to pass the gift to Juliet.

Journo: *should have gone for fast women?*

D.L.: definitely not. If experience is what Dr. Love goes by, love either comes very slowly or more likely to never come. More precisely love tends to drift away from Dr. Love into someone else's arms.

Journo: *fast talking?*

D.L.: there is no time to waste.

Journo: *fast walking?*

D.L.: with my short legs, I have to.

Journo: *aren't all heroes tall, dark and handsome?*

D.L.: big disappointment. Dr. Love is not a heart throb, certainly not by height. One thing that's cute is his Charlie Brown hair-do with streaks running down to mask any receding hairline.

Journo: *is that a fast hair cut?*

D.L.: only if it's done by the same lady. I always get the same lady to do my hair. She needs to time it so it's in a perfect length for Tuesday night's karaoke at the Comedy Club.

Journo: *I love your story telling, let's keep going. What about big mansions?*

D.L.: hopefully several mansions and a castle thrown into the wood work.

Journo: *wishful thinking?*

D.L.: highly. Real life for Dr. Love is plain hard work. Nothing comes easy for him. That doesn't stop him dreaming of big mansions for the love of his life.

Journo: *what is your favourite season?*

D.L.: winter.

Journo: *please explain?*

D.L.: men's winter fashion is the best of the four seasons.

Journo: *men's winter fashion?*

D.L.: you know I like to see more guys getting into fashion. Let them empty out boot shops and Versace stores. It's no secret, ladies love to see men booted and belted up. It turns them on. I know you are going to say but Dr. Love hasn't got lucky on Versace fashion yet.

Journo: *why Versace?*

D.L.: well, it started with Versace by accident. I walked into a Versace store on Rodeo Drive a couple of years ago and fell in love with the label ever since. As a perfectionist, I like matching apparels and accessories. I knew if I wear the same fashion label eventually it will get noticed. Dr. Love is also known as the "the Versace man".

Journo: *is a Dr. Love label in the pipeline?*

D.L.: perhaps.

Journo: *what's the label?*

D.L.: LOVE 4U by D.L. Fashion.

Journo: *LOVE 4U, haven't I seen that somewhere?*

D.L.: at the Rower's Club?

Journo: *what about a motel chain?*

D.L.: how should I name it?

Journo: *the Dr. Love's Love Shack.*

D.L.: how come I couldn't come up with a name like that?

Journo: *what about a beverage label?*

D.L.: what's your pick?

Journo: *Dr. Love's Blonde Cruiser?*

D.L.: well, we are just going say it was your idea.

Journo: what are your favourite sports?

D.L.: tennis, golf, touch footy and skiing.

Journo: *I didn't know you could ski.*

D.L.: not at first sight.

Journo: *so where have you skied?*

D.L.: I did it five years in a row. The first was at Perisher Valley, followed by Thredbo (Snowy Mountains, Australia), Coronet's Peak/Remarkable (Queenstown, New Zealand), Heavenly Valley, Kirkwood and Park City back at home.

Journo: *looks like you have travelled the world.*

D.L.: yes in a way and in a way not. You know it would have been nice to have travelled along with someone. Someone you love and can share the experience with.

Journo: *well, if some lady would like to be your travel companion, what should they do?*

D.L.: express their interest at the nearest karaoke bar.

Journo: *the nearest karaoke bar?*

D.L.: I think Dr. Love has been to most of them at one time or another.

Journo: *is the trip all inclusive?*

D.L.: yes, so are the roses and kisses.

Journo: *let's have a break.*

D.L.: what would you like?

Journo: *Tequila Sunrise?*

D.L.: would you like it as a duet.

Journo: *is there a karaoke bar around?*

D.L.: you bet.

(a few minutes later)

Journo: *gee, you walk fast.*

D.L.: everyone walks fast here.

Journo: *look, there is a karaoke bar here.*

D.L.: what would you know?

Journo: *well there is a queue right out onto the street. Looks like some blokes have even brought their own CDG's. Didn't you used to do that at Beverly Hills?*

D.L.: well, Chinese people are known to be obsessional.

Journo: *what does that sign say?*

D.L.: couldn't you read?

Journo: *I am not as talented as you are.*

D.L.: it reads: "Karaoke Court on the 88th floor, open 24/7".

Journo: *that's amazing! You know what, you don't ever have to return to the Chamber and fight over that microphone.*

D.L.: but competition could come from those blondes at the front of the queue.

Journo: *I wouldn't worry about those local debutants with bleached hair-do. You just hang around me for a while. I'm good at seducing Anglo-broad. A natural blonde is always a winner.*

D.L.: I know, in this country the locals love foreigners more than other locals, which is something I wished for back at home.

Journo: *in your dreams. Mind you, you could always bleach your hair, get a nose job and throw away those ugly looking glasses.*

D.L.: a blonde Dr. Love, he could be so lucky.

Journo: *did you see that?*

D.L.: what?

Journo: *another local Sheila just brushed passed me and said in broken English: "do you want come with me."*

D.L.: how come I didn't get any offer?

Journo: *well you look like you are my porter, a local. The Sheilas will be thinking you won't even have money to pay for your own dinner tonight.*

D.L.: it's all perception isn't it, if only they knew who owned that Mercedes parked at the Beverly Hills?

Journo: *what are you doing?*

D.L.: I am adjusting my pocket, trying to get my American passport out in view.

Journo: *that's one thing you are good at, promoting yourself.*

D.L.: did you see that?

Journo: *what?*

D.L.: a Sheila just brushed passed me and said in fluent Mandarin: "please marry me" and dropped her card in my hand.

Journo: *it's amazing what fame brings.*

D.L.: I don't think they've heard of Dr. Love in Shanghai yet. I think she recognises the emblem on the passport.

Journo: *who cares, she is gorgeous, take her home.*

D.L.: but I'm committed to the Angel.

Journo: *then I'll have her.*

D.L.: I can tell she's a cheated Chinese princess.

Journo: *what's the mattress like in Shanghai?*

D.L.: but the last plane out of Shanghai is almost gone

Journo: *it's only a one-way ticket you got me, but thanks anyway for the freebie and the roses.*

D.L.: you didn't have to mention the roses.

Journo: it's time for some tea.

D.L.: tea?

Journo: yep, I want to live the healthy lifestyles of the locals.

D.L.: bit of liver cleansing will do you a lot of good. Stepping in, that's a Yum Cha House.

Journo: are you coming in?

D.L.: I'll join you in a tick. There is an Irish pub around the corner and I'll have a couple of Guinness first.

Journo: mate, it's 4 o'clock in the morning and the Irish closes at midnight. I know where you want to go?

D.L.: where?

Journo: you want to chat up that Sheila who wants to marry you.

D.L.: I know. I better let somebody love me before it's too late.

Journo: I even know the outro: G, G7, C, Cm6 & G (Desperado by Eagles).

D.L.: forget the tea house, let's head to the 88th Floor and watch the sunrise.

Journo: "this old world still looks the same"

D.L.: I'm not doing a duet with you.

Journo: "another frame".

D.L.: (after 3 measures) "Mm._____"

Journo (talking to himself): there is something wrong with this guy, he changes his mind so quickly.