

ABOUT LOVE

Journo: *Dr. Love, what a name. You must have all the answers about love?*

D.L.: not at all, a few experiences and a few opinions, that's all.

Journo: *how did it all start?*

D.L.: Desperado.

Journo: *wasn't it a case of Take It Easy?*

D.L.: that was how Eagles got started.

Journo: *Dr. Love you are the man, surely it must have been "eight women on your mind", and not "You are roaming this world all alone"?*

D.L.: all alone and may be forever.

Journo: *may be you'll find love on compassionate ground?*

D.L.: it's the only hope I've got.

Journo: *tell me, Dr. Love, have you constructed your own website and tried to start a rock band just to get lucky?*

D.L.: you mean to have plan Z just in case plans A to Y fail to raise interest.

Journo: *what was plan A?*

D.L.: turning up at the pub on every Friday and Saturday nights,

Journo: *plan B?*

D.L.: turning up seven nights a week

Journo: *plan C?*

D.L.: groom up en vogue Versace gear and hang around the karaoke bar,

Journo: plan D?

D.L.: hang around the pub window ledge well into early hour of the morning for as long it takes.

Journo: plan E?

D.L.: a Mercedes coupe and a matching number plate – *LOVE 4U* as a gift pack.

Journo: Plan F?

D.L.: wearing custom printed T-shirts that read: "The Dr. Love Band will rock you!" and "Wanna date a rock star? First in, first served, for life!"

Journo: you are going to get lucky, aren't you?

D.L.: well, I don't think any lady would fall for that. They have too much intelligence. So we are heading to plan G, bringing words into action.

Journo: what if plan G fails?

D.L.: you mean even after signing a \$200 million contract with Sony Music.

Journo: you know money and fame aren't everything.

D.L.: I know. They are the only thing.

Journo: so what's plan H?

D.L.: the Great Escape. I think I might catch the last plane out of L.A. and head straight to a karaoke bar in Shanghai.

Journo: I think you might get lucky there on the first night?

D.L.: I reckon. Bullseye, bingo, bonanza! Eureka Stockade! There is nothing quite like a hand job from a cheated Chinese Princess and I'll be hitting some Shanghai mattress all night long.

Journo: *before we get down to plan Z, let us go back to the beginning, where did you start?*

D.L.: at the Oceanside Hotel, south of L.A.

Journo: *when was that?*

D.L.: in the early 2005.

Journo: *why did you start?*

D.L.: loneliness.

Journo: *that's hard to believe.*

D.L.: I agree. It's just a presumption.

Journo: *a presumption of what?*

D.L.: that once one's been institutionalised, one would live happily ever after.

Journo: *isn't that assumption true?*

D.L.: not for the nearly 50% who eventually get de-institutionalised.

Journo: *what about the rest?*

D.L.: the truth is about half of those who remain institutionalised wish they could be de-institutionalised but for one reason or another stay institutionalised.

Journo: *that doesn't leave for too many happy faces?*

D.L.: 1 in 4 in my experience and it's the truth. You don't have to do market research to prove that.

Journo: *have you found new happy faces in your life?*

D.L.: you mean one new happy face.

Journo: *sorry, I forget your name is Dr. One Love.*

D.L.: well, I've met many happy faces, at one time or another, but for one reason or another, Dr. Love never received a phone call or text message, let alone a dinner date with anyone.

Journo: *do you see yourself as a failure when it comes to love?*

D.L.: not at all. I feel loved, very loved, by more than one woman. It's hard to believe but it's true.

Journo: *how could you say that when you've got nothing to show?*

D.L.: correct, no result.

Journo: *getting desperate?*

D.L.: desperate for what?

Journo: *a Cupid's Chokehold?*

D.L.: yes, even a Cupid's Chokehold. In fact any form of hold would do.

Journo: *a chokehold?*

D.L.: well, I am sure some Oceansiders would like to apply a chokehold on Dr Love. Next question please.

Journo: *so why is it so difficult for Dr Love to get a date?*

D.L.: well, I don't know. Does anybody know? I think the pub patrons know. I can tell they know. But whatever they know, they aren't telling Dr. Love.

The only thing I know is my forbearers and their forbearers came from vastly different places of this planet. In fact my great great grand parents first set foot on America in the late 19th century. Although not on technical ground, spiritually I am a 5th generation American. (Read Interview - About Dr. Love).

D.L.: *do you mean conformity and peer group pressure gets in the way – a kind of herd psychology?*

Journo: true, but I know someday I will meet someone who will have the courage to break away from the herd.

Journo: *do you think there may be another reason for not getting a dinner date, despite all the hypes Dr. Love brings to every pub?*

D.L.: what are you leading me to?

Journo: *have you been looking in the mirror lately?*

D.L.: well, when I arrive at Sunset Boulevard every Friday and Saturday nights, I always check the mirror to make sure the correct amount of hair gel has been applied.

Journo: *have you noticed the wrinkles on your face?*

D.L.: I haven't seen much of that.

Journo: *is the lighting good?*

D.L.: what do you expect from an internal car light?

Journo: *let me rephrase it, do you recall the number of birthday candles you blew the most recent time?*

D.L.: well, may be I've had a few more birthdays than most others in the club scene.

Journo: *may be?*

D.L.: Okay, definitely.

Journo: *a few more birthdays?*

D.L.: Okay, several more, if you insist. Put it this way, what matters is how the lady feels about you. If you look old, actually true or not, and she is not interested in you, you just have to move on.

I see it all the time in my practice. I see local blokes, usually chain smokers and working outdoors, who may be 38 but looks 50. He's got no hope of picking a lady at a karaoke bar. What is he suppose to do, print his age on a T-shirt. Even if he does, ladies still wouldn't be interested because

he looks old just as some ladies who don't date blokes over 6 foot 10 tall. We are dealing with human perceptions, feelings and prejudice.

By the same token, if a lady likes you and you look young in her mind, you get to stay. It's as simple as that. As it happens, Dr. Love looks a lot younger than his age and that's a bonus. He also looks fit because he goes to the gym, plays tennis and watches his diet. May be he should print his age on his sleeve.

***Journo:** maybe you should.*

D.L.: the point is you can't make too many assumptions when it comes to human relationships. You can't assume that if you marry a person of similar age, you both are going to live to an age of 80 plus.

***Journo:** but you wouldn't want the young lass to be widowed in her 60's.*

D.L.: who are you talking about?

***Journo:** I thought you knew.*

D.L.: well the truth is I see blokes (no exaggeration, no bullshit and in my clinic) getting their first heart attack when they are just over the other side of the hill. They are usually smokers and took the easy option when it came to lifestyles. Some of them die in their sleep.

So the young lass walking down the aisle with a Marlboro and Budweiser man with a paunch in his late 20's could end up widowed in her 30's. As fate turned out and as a result of good management, the beast at Hotel Beverly Hills lives to a hundred.

***Journo:** do you think Jack the manager, Captain Eastwood and Columbus will accept your argument?*

D.L.: who are you talking about?

***Journo:** I thought you knew. Haven't you watched the Untouchables?*

D.L.: let's not go there, not yet.

***Journo:** any other clinical observations?*

D.L.: you also can't assume if you marry someone older the older partner will reach infirmity first.

For example, I have treated people struck down by multiple sclerosis and become wheel chair bound in their 30's. It's a condition more common in females. As it turned out the older partner could be the one to look after her for a few decades.

At end of the day, it's still better to have an old doctor in the house than to have no doctor at all.

Journo: *any further observations?*

D.L.: you can't assume that relationships would last forever. These days a lot of relationships last for only a few years if that.

Once upon a time, there was Miss Versace (Victoria) from Oceanside Hotel. When the war was over, she fell for an Anglo-local debutant instead of me. She got pregnant, she had a boy, they said goodbye and she became a single mum.

Journo: *you made that up, there is no Miss Versace.*

D.L.: wait till you read my book.

Journo: *any other declarations?*

D.L.: well, look at it in another way, if you become Miss Love for a few years, you'll have the time of your life. At the end of it, you'll have dated one of the nicest and kindest guys you'll ever meet, travelled the world and get to keep the Mercedes and perhaps the riverside apartment.

Journo: *you are trying to justify your existence at karaoke bars, aren't you?*

D.L.: well, what do you say when mid-aged and retired Americans drift across the pacific to Southeast Asia to check things out and returned with ladies in their 20's?

Journo: *there is nothing wrong with that.*

D.L.: and what's more this is what the Anglo-locals will say to their mate: "Good on you, you know how to look after your self." Age gap doesn't seem to be an issue for the local blokes or their mates, not when it's in their favour.

Journo: *I'll tell you another story. I was in Shanghai the other week interviewing Bono. Walking down the mall, I must have seen half a dozen American expatriate businessmen of Bono's era holding hands with local brides half of their age.*

D.L.: those couples seem to receive universal endorsements from both sides of the Pacific Oceans.

Journo: even the night men from Shanghai karaoke bars don't seem to have a problem with it.

D.L.: but it isn't fair.

Journo: who cares! Have you read Animal Farm?

D.L.: but we are human.

Journo: that makes it even more so.

D.L.: you know we are on the worldwide web.

Journo: forget about political correctness, get real.

D.L.: I know, but you don't want to lose your job trying to make a stand for Dr. Love.

Journo: I'm not making a stand for you, I'm just telling the truth. I tell you one more thing.

D.L.: what?

Journo: the retired American locals and the business men are doing their young brides from across the pacific big favours?

D.L.: big favours?

Journo: those young lass should be thankful for their freedom and good life, and there is one more problem with you Dr. Love.

D.L.: I didn't know I had a problem.

Journo: I've been observing, you're a perfectionist, you want the perfect love and you have been sitting on the fences for too long?

D.L.: well, that's true. But he has finally came down from the fences and opened his heart. It won't be long when there will be rainbow above.

Journno: *let us have a break.*

D.L.: what would you like?

Journno: *a Dr. Love's Blonde Cruiser?*

D.L.: they don't make here at the Hotel Beverly Hills, not yet. It's a secret formula under development.

Journno: *what about a Strawberry Muddle?*

D.L.: standard or special?

Journno: *what's a special?*

D.L.: sorry I just remembered the lady who used make it doesn't work here anymore (after HBH re-opening March 2009). I grab you a Tequila Sunrise.

Journno: *you look sad.*

D.L.: I miss the Angel a lot. (Read Interview – About Hotel Beverly Hills, aka the Chamber)

Journno: *would you like to see her face again?*

D.L.: until the end of time. I just want a private conversation with her over a long black. I like to explain her where Dr. Love comes from and why Dr. Love did what he did at the Chamber. There will always be a hole in my heart until that happens.

Speaker: *paging Dr. Love, paging Dr. Love*

D.L.: got go.

Journno: *is there an emergency?*

D.L.: looks like there is a fight over the microphone.

Journno: *what number are you doing?*

D.L.: Angels by Robbie Williams.

Journo: *good choice. By the way, you won't tell my boss we've doing this interview inside a pub.*

D.L.: Dr. Love wouldn't do that. Enjoy your Tequila.

Speaker: *Dr. Love going once, Dr. Love going twice*

Speaker: Heello.

(End)