

## ABOUT THE HOTEL BEVERLY HILLS – Part 1.

**Journo:** *when did you first arrive at Hotel Beverly Hills?*

**D.L.:** a Friday night, sometime in March 2007.

**Journo:** *was there any announcement made about your arrival?*

**D.L.:** not as Dr. Love. In fact, on the first night, they were convinced I was an alien.

**Journo:** *an alien?*

**D.L.:** in every which way. For a start nobody would go in 100% Versace gear, oversized buckle belt, leather boots and all, then came the cowboy hat, the bandana, that cute little Samsung phone and the signature pelvic twist move. Dr. Love: an alien, the beast, definitely.

**Journo:** *how did you get through the security as Dr. Love?*

**D.L.:** the first night at Hotel Beverly Hills (HBH, aka the Chamber), I was nobody. I performed a few songs at the karaoke bar which went well. On the next night the Karaoke Host, Danny, suggested I should have a stage name. I said: "what about Bon Jovi?" He enquired my occupation and I replied: "a doctor". He said: "what about Dr. Love". That's how it all got started.

**Journo:** *what happened next?*

**D.L.:** the first part of 2007 was the wild days for Dr. Love. He was the larrikin who was fun to watch but a nightmare for the security. He did a lot of singing and acting on stage. He even bought roses to sing the Bed of Roses. Roses were tossed across the bar. I don't think back then Dr. Love knew what sort of love he was looking for. One thing for sure he never wanted to hurt anyone's feeling.

**Journo:** *did you get lucky?*

**D.L.:** I could have if I knew what true love meant.

## ABOUT THE FOREX HOTEL

(Continue from Interview – About the Hotel Beverly Hills – Part 1)

**Journo:** *somewhere else?*

**D.L.:** well, still on Hartford Way Dr. Love started to drift, drifting across the street to the Forex Hotel.

**Journo:** *someone at the Forex?*

**D.L.:** well, there must have been an attraction. At one stage Dr. Love was even going there on a Monday night.

**Journo:** *must have been some attraction, tell us more.*

**D.L.:** well, it was sometime in April 2007, about a month or so after my debut at Hotel Beverly Hills. One night I was standing at the Beer Garden of Hotel Beverly Hills overlooking the Forex Hotel on the other side of the street, something attracted my attention. The silky golden hair on this kitten attracted my attention.

**Journo:** *hair on a kitten?*

**D.L.:** what do you want me to say? Reveal her name on the web?

**Journo:** *surely she couldn't have been a cat?*

**D.L.:** put it this way, very soon Hello Kitty became very fashionable at the Forex. For those who could still remember, there were the Hello Kitty T-shirt, oversize stuffed Hello Kitty, a Hello Kitty mug and even Hello Kitty notepad to scribble messages.

**Journo:** *could the kitten talk?*

**D.L.:** she could but she didn't let me.

**Journo:** *you mean you didn't speak her language.*

**D.L.:** I think the management didn't want her to chat with patrons.

**Journo:** *is that what the notepad was used for?*

**D.L.:** well, the pub was a noisy place at night and I pretended I lost my voice. For a karaoke pro, it was the perfect excuse.

**Journo:** *what were the messages?*

**D.L.:** I came up with the idea of Dr. Love (the journo) doing interviews with Dr. Love.

It was sometime in early May 2007, there was a Playboy fancy dress night at the Forex. I had the whole wardrobe in my car. I changed costumes half a dozen times that night. They had the best dressed prize worth \$500 which would have paid for a couple of the more expensive Versace outfits.

As expected, Dr. Love missed out, but only on technical ground. The prize was given away while I was out of the pub for a costume change. I think the management decided to give the money to some poor guy who was struggling to pay for a pair of Home Brand socks. The bloke who pocketed the money wore a generic black coat all night long.

**Journo:** *did you jump in front of a car?*

**D.L.:** why?

**Journo:** *big disappointment losing out on the best dressed prize?*

**D.L.:** not at all. When the kitten is around I am always happy.

So I wrote to the kitten:

"A pint of Budweiser, please.

Interview with Dr. Love:

Journo: how do you think you went with the fashion tonight?

D.L.: pretty poor, pretty poor indeed. I would have been chucked out if it wasn't for my extreme good looks."

I then gave it to her. I looked away from her and when I glanced over my shoulder she had a big giggle. It gave me a vivacious feeling.

**Journo:** *did you get chucked out?*

**D.L.:** not that night.

**Journo:** *some other night?*

**D.L.:** put it this way, in the beginning Dr. Love was still a novice in the dating game. In the first few months of arrival on Hartford Way, he was pretty wild and did some outrageous acts to attract attention.

**Journo:** *some examples?*

**D.L.:** the lateral forward pelvic twist move was a special, a difficult act for patrons to emulate. The Billy Jean performance with white gloves and hat was an instant hit.

**Journo:** *did the umpires make the right decision?*

**D.L.:** I am not sure about that. I think their decision was influenced.

**Journo:** *so did you get the sin-bin decision?*

**D.L.:** yes, sooner or later it was going to come.

**Journo:** *which night did it happen?*

**D.L.:** ask the security guard at the Forex who raised the finger. It was May 11, 2007, the eve of my birth day.

**Journo:** *what's his claim to fame with Dr. Love?*

**D.L.:** he was a one-time Haka instructor for Dr. Love, the man who said these famous words: "this guy can sing.", a re-born believer (I still hope he is), a chalk handler at the billiard room of the Chamber, and an introduction agent.

**Journo:** *a re-born believer of what?*

**D.L.:** men with good hearts.

**Journo:** *and an introduction agent?*

**D.L.:** yes. One night, out of blue, the big bloke, himself a man with a good heart, came to the Comedy Club at Echo Park, joined not long after by a beautiful lady. They both settled at a table next to Dr. Love.

**Journo:** *couldn't that have just been a coincidence?*

**D.L.:** nothing ever happens by accident around Dr. Love. They were signs and indicators. You don't have to believe me, go and ask the big fellow. I didn't chat to them as I was committed to Lola, the blonde barmaid, at the time.

**Journo:** *didn't you end up with kitten from the Forex?*

**D.L.:** it's hard to romance somebody from the footpath.

**Journo:** *did she know you were going to be a star one day?*

**D.L.:** as a joke I wrote:

"Pure Blonde, please.  
Interview with Dr. Love  
Journo: what's next for Dr. Love?  
D.L.: write a book called Dr. Love and start a rock band."

**Journo:** *I don't believe you.*

**D.L.:** go ask the kitten.

**Journo:** *is she back at the new Forex (reopened February 2009 after renovation)?*

**D.L.:** she left there sometime in June 2007.

**Journo:** *where did she go?*

**D.L.:** I was told she went to England to get married. It was just a fib to divert Dr. Love's attention away from her.

**Journo:** *I didn't think kittens have to get married to get serious.*

**D.L.:** nor did I.

**Journo:** *let's have 3 cheers for the kitten.*

**D.L.:** what are you having?

**Journo:** *a jug of Pure Blonde.*

**D.L.:** I'll have the jug, you have a pot. It's your turn to drive.

**Journo:** *gee, you drink fast, where is your car?*

**D.L.:** down the alleyway, but I think we should go in your car.

**Journo:** *why?*

**D.L.:** you see the Rower's Club at Silver Lake is just up the road from the Forex Hotel, they'll spot my car.

**Journo:** *don't they love you there anymore?*

**D.L.:** I think all the hypes and notoriety around Dr. Love have worn off. Goodwill at Silver Lake, just like on Echo Park, has evaporated. I don't think I am welcomed there anymore.

**Journo:** *couldn't you spin some Dr. Love magic one more time?*

**D.L.:** yeah, yeah, I can feel it. I can feel it coming. It's coming alright. Let me open the boot. How does this look?

**Journo:** *"Disney Mickey for President", that's old stuff. Haven't you got any new T shirt printed?*

**D.L.:** what about this one?

**Journo:** *"www.drlove.net". I think you'll convert a few true believers again.*

**D.L.:** at least for a little while. I think we'll go in my car. ... ..

(a few minutes later, up Sunset Boulevard, out of the sunroof)

**Journo:** Billy, Billy, Billy, we're coming. Billy, Billy, Billy, we're coming.

**D.L.:** shih... we'd better not stress the manager, his hair is getting thin.

**Journo:** *so is yours.*

**D.L.:** I've told you, don't give anybody any idea.

**Journo:** *don't forget to turn left?*

**D.L.:** I won't, its Dr. Love's Lane

**Journo:** *look, the first space is vacant.*

**D.L.:** it's reserved for Dr. Love. Everything still looks the same. Even one of my ex-Chamber mate, Merc, is minding the cab queue tonight.

**Journo:** *how do we get in?*

**D.L.:** back entrance.

**Journo:** *I left my id in the ute.*

**D.L.:** no worry, you've forgotten, a journo can always get in. Just tell them you are here to interview the African Queen.

**Journo:** *the African Queen?*

**D.L.:** I am going to keep some secret. Only Dr. Love and Marilyn know who the African Queen is.

**Journo:** *hey, there is a young African man waving to you.*

**D.L.:** yeah, he's been a go between for Dr. Love. I think I'm going to use his service tonight.

**Journo:** *you think the African Queen is going to make a comeback?*

**D.L.:** well, it's doesn't matter if it's the African Queen or the Little Gem (Gemma), as long as one of them makes a comeback, I'll be happy.

**Journo:** *I am confused. Do you really want to go in?*

**D.L.:** tonight could be the lucky night.

## ABOUT THE HOTEL BEVERLY HILLS – Part 2.

(continue from Interview – About the Forex Hotel)

**Journo:** *so what happened next?*

**D.L.:** back at Hotel Beverly Hills. In fact I never left HBH. Between sharing moments with the Kitten, I hopped across Hartford Way to the Chamber to do my karaoke numbers. After the Forex Hotel ban, I became a full time boarder at the Chamber.

**Journo:** *what became the agenda?*

**D.L.:** looking for new love.

**Journo:** *any luck?*

**D.L.:** Dr. Love always manages to attach himself to someone.

**Journo:** *who was she?*

**D.L.:** for a change this time she's a brunette.

**Journo:** *for a change?*

**D.L.:** well so far it's all been in the style of Norma Jeane.

**Journo:** *what's the Brunette like?*

**D.L.:** well, her name is Safara and there is something uniquely attractive about her.

**Journo:** *another barmaid?*

**D.L.:** can't help it.



**Journo:** *did it work out?*

D.L.: game cut short.

**Journo:** *another sin-bin decision?*

D.L.: more like a Cupid's Chokehold accusation, by the new karaoke host Slick, trying to get rid of me. He despised people he didn't like by letting them wait for eternity to get onto stage.

**Journo:** *surely, Dr. Love wouldn't do that.*

D.L.: correct. But I received a 3-months ban from Jack the manager.

**Journo:** *more time on Hartford Way?*

D.L.: yes, a lot of early morning sightings of Dr. Love on the footpath.

**Journo:** *strolling the streets at night?*

D.L.: just hoping to get it right.

**Journo:** *showing a lot of patience?*

D.L.: it's one my favourite song.

**Journo:** *was it a case of Desperado?*

D.L.: yes, my feet did get cold in the winter time and sun certainly didn't shine at 2 am on Hartford Way. But it wasn't a case of Desperado.

**Journo:** *what was it then?*

D.L.: it was Dr. Love trying to show what true commitment to love meant. He would turn up at Hartford Way in the early hours of the morning just to get a glimpse through the bar window.

**Journo:** *that's Romeo & Juliet styled saga.*

D.L.: Romeo didn't end in Juliet's arms though.

**Journo:** *what happened?*

**D.L.:** Dr. Love always gets what he wants. After making a complaint, and 3 months banishment, he was back in Hotel Beverly Hills where he belonged.

**Journo:** *all forgiven?*

**D.L.:** more than that. Even did a duet with Jack on stage.

**Journo:** *with the Brunette?*

**D.L.:** no. That didn't work out.

**Journo:** *why?*

**D.L.:** I think at that time, October 2007, she didn't quite know who Dr. Love was and he was still a bit wacky back then.

**Journo:** *she stopped given you the eye?*

**D.L.:** well, she left the pub soon after I got back in.

**Journo:** *where did she go?*

**D.L.:** no idea, but she made a comeback at Hotel Beverly Hills for a second inning.

**Journo:** *second inning with Dr. Love?*

**D.L.:** you will have to ask her that.

**Journo:** *but you are good at picking things up.*

**D.L.:** well, she became an itinerant patron at the Chamber in the first half of 2008. She must have heard or seen what Dr. Love would do for love. Sometime in July 2008, only a few weeks before Hotel Beverly Hills fire, she made a come back to on the other side of the bar.

**Journo:** *did she declare?*

**D.L.:** she didn't get a chance to declare. The fire ended the second inning abruptly (Sunday 27, July 2008).

**Journo:** *did you try to have a second bite at the cherry while she was batting?*

**D.L.:** you mean trying to get her caught between the second base and the boundary fence.

**Journo:** *any which way she could be caught.*

**D.L.:** well, Dr. Love was committed to someone else by that time.

**Journo:** *did you get a hint why she made a comeback?*

**D.L.:** yes, a big hint.

**Journo:** *what was the hint?*

**D.L.:** well on the night of the inferno, a Saturday night, Dr. Love was with a friend, a former security staff - Columbus. We stepped onto the beer garden. I was talking to him with my back to the bar. Some time later I turned around and saw the brightest blush on the face of the Brunette. I knew then.

**Journo:** *do you miss her?*

**D.L.:** this lady is special. She's made a come back for a second inning. That's very deep and meaningful for Dr. Love.

**Journo:** *what if she makes another come back to complete her second inning?*

**D.L.:** yes, she is one of the favorite ladies I would like to meet again. That's assuming I am still in the game after Hotel Beverly Hills is rebuilt?

**Journo:** *after the Brunette left the Chamber back in October 2007, what did you do?*

**D.L.:** well, Dr. Love got to do what Dr. Love got to do.

**Journo:** *another barmaid?*

**D.L.:** no escape.

**Journo:** *another brunette?*

**D.L.:** no.

**Journo:** a red head?

**D.L.:** no.

**Journo:** *back to tradition?*

**D.L.:** it's just how it happened.

**Journo:** *so she is a blonde.*

**D.L.:** can't tell you.

**Journo:** *why?*

**D.L.:** can't make it so obvious.

**Journo:** *why?*

**D.L.:** some people judge other people by their differences rather than their commonalities.

**Journo:** *I didn't know there was a difference between you and the barmaids?*

**D.L.:** couldn't you tell.

**Journo:** *I am color blind.*

**D.L.:** that makes two of us.

**Journo:** *you couldn't have been color blind.*

**D.L.:** how would you know?

**Journo:** *well, virtually all the barmaids you have tried to romance are in the style of Norma Jeane.*

**D.L.:** it's just accidental.

**Journo:** *but you said nothing happens by accident in Dr. Love's life.*

**D.L.:** you're not going to make a big issue of this, are you?

**Journo:** *well, it's the only issue?*

**D.L.:** you mean otherwise I would have been taken on the first night at Hotel Beverly Hills.

**Journo:** *I'll say.*

**D.L.:** fair dinkum.

**Journo:** *Eureka Stockade.*

**D.L.:** Oki Doki.

**Journo:** *in Wagga Wagga, Down Under.*

**D.L.:** Aka Daka

**Journo:** *I didn't know you are so good with Aussie slang?*

**D.L.:** nor do many others.

**Journo:** *what about a Russian back-packer in Wagga Wagga?*

**D.L.:** well, he'll have more luck night clubbing there than Dr. Love, provides he doesn't say a word.

**Journo:** *I see what you are getting at.*

D.L.: that's life

*Journo: well the truth is, even if the Russian bloke opened his mouth, he still has a better chance than you in getting a date in Wagga Wagga.*

D.L.: I agree.

*Journo: tough luck.*

D.L.: could you pass me that bottle of Vodka, please.

*Journo: it's just not cricket. Anyway how did you go with the new kitten?*

D.L.: no, her name is Selena, the Angel.

*Journo: you know this interview is going international.*

D.L.: I know, but nobody, not even her friends know her by this nickname.

*Journo: how did Angel come about?*

D.L.: one night at the karaoke, I whispered to her across the bar: "you are the angel in my next song" (Angels by Robbie Williams). This lass loves Dr. Love's rendition of Angels. It's her favourite song.

*Journo: what was romancing the Angel like?*

D.L.: she touches my heart and soul like no others.

*Journo: what is the best thing about her?*

D.L.: the Angel's eyes and her silky hair. She blew my mind away.

*Journo: in what way?*

**D.L.:** she got blue eyes of an angel. Her natural blonde hair reminds me of my childhood in endless summer where I try to find a place to hide and waiting for the lightening and rain to quickly pass me by.

**Journo:** *did the thunder and rain come?*

**D.L.:** they sure did and more than once.

**Journo:** *tell us.*

**D.L.:** we have to go back to the beginning. I knew Selena from about May 2007 when she started working at Hotel Beverly Hills, but things didn't get going till the fall of 2007 and into the New Year.

**Journo:** *a good start to the New Year (2008)?*

**D.L.:** a brilliant start.

**Journo:** *love at first sight?*

**D.L.:** I think it was a case of mutual admiration at first sight. After the banishment, Dr. Love was back on the scene again, still restless, but under more control. Gone are the larrikin acts, cowboy hat, and the roses.

**Journo:** *the beast being tamed?*

**D.L.:** partly. You don't want Dr. Love to go into hibernation; no one would then be interested in the road show.

**Journo:** *how was the 2008 New Year's Day barbeque?*

**D.L.:** with whom.

**Journo:** *the Angel?*

**D.L.:** way too early

**Journo:** *what about Valentine's Day?*

**D.L.:** still way too early.

**Journo:** *way too slow my friend. After 6 weeks, most guys would have moved into her place.*

**D.L.:** the thought of asking her out didn't even cross my mind.

**Journo:** *a case of take another shot of Tequila and wonder why the words never come, you just get stoned?*

**D.L.:** not even after a full bottle of Tequila on ice.

**Journo:** *what's your problem?*

**D.L.:** well, when it's a case of the beast seducing the beauty queen, unwavering commitment and complete love were the only way of having a chance to dance in the courtyard.

**Journo:** *at Hotel Beverly Hills?*

**D.L.:** or other pubs.

**Journo:** *what's happening at Hotel Beverly Hills?*

**D.L.:** after its reopening?

**Journo:** *I mean back to the beginning of 2008.*

**D.L.:** in the first half of 2008, it was a case of turning up week in week out, standing next to the window of the Sport's Bar and staring out onto Hartford Way into the early hours of the morning. Even the garbo on the other side of the window showed some concern for Dr. Love.

A few months later, Selena was transferred to the upstairs Dance Bar. The views out of upstairs window were better.

**Journo:** *you've been treating her like a royalty.*

**D.L.:** on reflection, yes. It's as though I was worshipping her.

**Journo:** *a kind of smooth seduction.*



**D.L.:** well, this lass is worth the wait. She is a once in a lifetime angel. I believe a man needs to serve a period of apprenticeship. The other thing is watching window reflections all night long can be fun. Only two things glow in the window at night: the bar lights and her hair.

**Journo:** *so she is a blonde?*

**D.L.:** well, one thing I can say is that my hair completely blends into the window. You know we liked each other very much, but we looked so different, so contrasting, almost as if we were from different planets.

**Journo:** *the Angel from Venus?*

**D.L.:** couldn't have been. There's no karaoke bar on Venus.

**Journo:** *did she get a job transfer?*

**D.L.:** eventually she drifted to the Karaoke Bar, by about April 2008, but on Friday nights only.

**Journo:** *love in the air?*

**D.L.:** love across the air, 6 yards of it.

**Journo:** *a stone throw away?*

**D.L.:** just a rose throw away.

**Journo:** *rose?*

**D.L.:** well, that's when the rose made its return at Hotel Beverly Hills, sometime in late April 2008.

**Journo:** *a bed of roses?*

**D.L.:** just a single rose.

**Journo:** *what about the song?*

**D.L.:** well, I never sang that song when the Angel was working at the Karaoke Bar. There is a part that you can't sing when the Angel is there.

**Journo:** *so she is a Norma Jeane?*

**D.L.:** if you insist.

**Journo:** *so what did you sing to her?*

**D.L.:** the top 3 songs for the Angel were Angels, Peaceful Easy Feeling and Patience.

**Journo:** *when did love come?*

**D.L.:** it never came.

**Journo:** *what happened?*

**D.L.:** the rose eventually brought trouble to paradise. It drew too much attention. Mr Brightside was cut down in size. Going to a fishing trip may not be safe.

**Journo:** *why is that?*

**D.L.:** not if Dr Love was fishing on a jetty accompanied by appendices and bumped into someone who knew Dr. Love. It was at a Long Island jetty when we came across Pete, the drummer, who played at the Chamber.

**Journo:** *when was that?*

**D.L.:** it was sometime in April 2008.

**Journo:** *was Pete a good story teller?*

**D.L.:** must have been.

**Journo:** *when was the story told?*

**D.L.:** the night of Friday 9th May 2008.

**Journo:** *how would you have remembered that?*

**D.L.:** well, it was only days before my birthday and I was planning to ask Selena out on a dinner date.

**Journo:** *what happened on that fateful night?*

**D.L.:** I was at the Beer Garden. The Angel was at the bar looking stunning as she always is. I wore the black "sergeant style" Versace shirt with a rose in the left upper pocket. Some time that night, I went to the bar to get a drink from the Angel. I said to her: "it's my birthday in 3 days, I'll be turning 25 (with a big grin on my face)."

As fate turned out Pete was watching from only yards away. That was it, kiss goodbye any chance of a dinner date.

**Journo:** *how did the story unfold?*

**D.L.:** the next day, I played tennis and I remember I had this sickening feeling Pete was going to interfere with my life instead of leaving it to nature.

**Journo:** *leaving it to nature?*

**D.L.:** I am sure Dr Love can tell his life story to the Angel over a dinner table.

**Journo:** *natural justice denied.*

**D.L.:** correct.

**Journo:** *how did the Angel react?*

**D.L.:** on Saturday 10 May 2008, I arrived at HBH and when straight to the bar upstairs and saw the Angel momentarily. The very next minute she's gone, left work. I knew exactly what had happened then.

**Journo:** *how did you react?*

**D.L.:** I had to stay cool and pretend nothing has happened. As they say the show must go on. So I took my customary spot, sat next to the window and pondered. Before the upstairs bar closing time, I went to my car and took a rose with its stem and left it on the window ledge.

**Journo:** *did the Angel resign?*

**D.L.:** well the following Thursday night was an unusual night. I didn't know what to expect. I arrived at 10pm and decided to sit at the back of the Karaoke Bar, near the entrance to the Gaming Room. I thought it was important not to rush and wait till midnight before drifting upstairs to check things out again.

I thought straight away the message would have got around about Dr. Love's arrival; she would have two hours of opportunity to leave early. She usually finishes at 4-5am. I knew if the Angel was there at midnight Dr. Love is still in with a chance.

**Journo:** *was she there?*

**D.L.:** she was there alright, working at the Dance Bar. She looked beautiful as ever and as happy as ever. She even wore a golden tiara. It seemed the event of the week had strengthened her bond.

**Journo:** *all in love is fair?*

**D.L.:** all in love under disguise is fair.

**Journo:** *love under disguise?*

**D.L.:** well, things could never be the same again. At least things couldn't appear to be the same. We had to pretend it's over. The first casualty was the roses. Taking a stake at the window ledge became a thing of the past. I had to be seen to be keeping a distance from the Angel. I could still order drinks from her, but the only things I could say to the Angel was "Tequila Sunrise, please".

**Journo:** *was it still fun?*

**D.L.:** more fun than ever. It truly tested my ability to come up with new ideas and new acts.

**Journo:** *what were they?*

**D.L.:** well, she was kept at the upstairs Dance Bar on most nights and I stayed at the down stair Karaoke Bar for most of the time.

**Journo:** *a case of Romeo and Juliet.*

**D.L.:** almost. Since I couldn't romance her using songs any more, at least on most nights, I had to show her I had other skills to keep her entertained.

I engineered the half hourly "tour of duty" program. The plan was to venture up stairs every half an hour on the dot, starting from 10pm till late. This program went into action about late May 2008.

I was pretending venturing upstairs at random to check out what's going on the Dance Floor. I think the Angel and other barmaids picked it up straight away. Even some of the patrons soon recognised this military like precision exercise.

So one night, probably early July 2008, I devised a new schedule and went upstairs half hourly on the dot starting at 10:15pm. Even that got picked by a regular patron after 2-3 trips. I think this lady admired Dr Love's devotion for the Angel.

**Journo:** *any special performances once you were up there?*

**D.L.:** it was a case of non verbal communication only. That's when I first came up with the "I am available, I love you" act with my ring less left hand holding my waist line and right foot crossed in front of the left leg. The Angel loved all that acting. In fact one night at the karaoke bar, she did the reciprocal act to me. It was subtle, yet erotic.

**Journo:** *how did you manage the timing?*

**D.L.:** timing wasn't always easy. I didn't want to be seen to be staring at the clock all night long. So I used songs to time my run. Songs at the Karaoke Bar runs for average 4:30 minutes plus half a minute for interchange. Sometimes I get called when the clock is about to chime: "paging Dr. Love, paging Dr. Love", as the karaoke lady, Maja, used to say.

One day Maja's niece did a call: "paging Dr. Love". I got up the stage and said to her: "Is the patient still alive?" She said: "what?" and looked totally bemused. Just as well some patrons had a laugh.

**Journo:** *any other extraordinary performances?*

**D.L.:** well, it was important to come up with new performances to intrigue her. So two weeks after I passed my business card to Selena, I got onto the stage of the dance floor, pretending to be just another patron and tried to get a bird's eye view of the Angel working on the far side of the bar through a narrow passage way. The next thing I saw was a barmaid going up to the Angel and whispered to her. The next scene was the Angel doing a "pretending I didn't seen you", eyes squinted, scampering toward the direction of the stage. Oh, boy, what a good feeling that was.

**Journo:** *any extraordinary performance from the Angel?*

**D.L.:** the "Strawberry Muddle" drink she made was very special.

**Journal:** *what's special about the Strawberry Muddle drink?*

**D.L.:** Look at the "Time for a Drink" icon and you can stretch your imagination. The split-cut strawberry perched on the edge of the glass looked lascivious.

**Journo:** *did you ever pop the question?*

**D.L.:** well, I did, sometime in early June 2008, ask her out for a dinner date. I can't tell you what her response was. All I can say is that I thought what she said was a joke and that she needed more time.

**Journo:** *more time?*

**D.L.:** bit more than I liked. In early July, I talked to a group of young amateur musicians who I knew for a little while about starting a rock band. One day I wrote an email, said a few things all with good intentions and asked for a band meeting.

**Journo:** *how was the band meeting?*

**D.L.:** well, no one turned up except for me. What's more when I performed the tour of duty, the Angel left work once again in a hurry. On reflection, the email contained some grandiose ideations that a normal person wouldn't write.

**Journo:** *what happened next?*

**D.L.:** once more I had to seek Selena's approval. The next night, a Friday night, after arriving I did a walk around the Beer Garden. For some reason that night, as if though it was planned, the lights along the walk way were dimmed to give a romantic atmosphere.

Sure enough as I walked towards the bar at the end of the walk, there stood the Angel, serving a customer. As though she had sixth sense she gazed up at me with perfect timing, and the look of affection and as if to say: "it's okay, I know you are not like what they say you are". The look in her eyes would make a grown man cry.

**Journo:** *in love again?*

**D.L.:** well, never been out of love.

**Journo:** LOVE 4EVER?

**D.L.:** that's 3 letters too long.

**Journo:** 3 letters too long?

**D.L.:** for a number plate.

**Journo:** what number plate?

**D.L.:** by mid-July (2008) I felt our relationship has reached a peak. So I purchased a Mercedes coupe with a matching plate – LOVE 4U, a gift for the Angel. I parked it for the first time on Hartford Way on the weekend before the fire at the Chamber.

**Journo:** did she like the gift?

**D.L.:** Dr. Love never got a chance to talk her again. A series of totally unexpected and incredible events took place in the following week.

**Journo:** tell us.

**D.L.:** the following Thursday (24 July 2008), 2 days before the fire, I arrived at Hotel Beverly Hills early as usual. I sat at the back of the karaoke bar and was waiting the clock to click at 10pm before starting the tour of duty.

At 9:40pm I received a text message and it read: "Hi my friend. I have resigned. I am not working at the moment. I hope to catch you around some time." "Oh no, she's resigned" was my immediate thought. I had to stay cool, so I kept my seat at back of the Karaoke Bar.

I thought she must have resigned because of the publicity surrounding our situation and my push to further our relationship became the trigger for the break up. The other thought I had was that she merely wanted to advance our romance away from work, away from public eye.

So for the rest of the night I stayed down stairs. I thought, what's the point of venturing up stairs if she is not there? I got home in the early hours of Friday morning and sent a return text message: "Hi my friend, sorry to have heard the news. Hope everything goes well with you. I am okay. I hope to catch you around some time."

**Journo:** what happened next?

**D.L.:** the next night was terrible. It's bit like the morning after. I felt it didn't have to happen. She didn't have to resign. It wasn't her fault. It wasn't my fault either. I was numb. My mood was frozen.

The whole Karaoke Bar on that Friday night was in a sombre mood as if everybody felt the sorrow for Dr. Love. It was a night that couldn't have passed quickly. The thought of going upstairs to check things out just in case never crossed my mind. I was convinced she resigned, but how wrong was I.

**Journo:** *how wrong were you?*

**D.L.:** well the next day, Saturday (26 July 2008), I felt something wasn't right and I decided to ring the number that came with the text message. "Hello" in the voice of a man was the answer. "Hello, it's Dr Love". "How are you my friend" was the reply.

Only then I realised that text message on Thursday night came from Columbus, the security officer. He was the one who resigned. Just to be sure, I asked him: "tell me how many people resigned from Hotel Beverly Hills". "Two" was the reply. Once again, I was convinced the Angel was the other one. My friend needed a job, so I suggested he should visit my business to see if I could offer him a position.

**Journo:** *I thought you are Doctor Love.*

**D.L.:** well, Doctor Love is allowed to have a second career to diversify his way of making a living.

**Journo:** *what happened to your friend?*

**D.L.:** that afternoon, Saturday 26 July 2008, I picked up Columbus from the city and drove him to my medical supplies shop at Lakewood, L.A. Cruising along the highway a surprising news came. "Do you know who's other person that resigned?" asked my friend. "Selena" was my reply. "No, one of the duty managers resigned at the same time" was the reply from my friend.

Well, it seemed that these chains of events came from a fantasy novel or a nightmare movie depends on how you look at it. It was a nightmare for Juliet who worked two nights (24 & 25 July) upstairs while Romeo sang down stairs totally "ignoring" her.

To this day, until she has read this interview, she didn't know that I thought she had resigned and that was only the reason why I didn't venture upstairs. I owe her a big apology. It was a complete misunderstanding.

**Journo:** *did Romeo make the apology?*



**D.L.:** he didn't get a chance. That Saturday evening, Columbus told me more inside stories, gave me some advice, took my job offer and we drove back to Hotel Beverly Hills together.

I was so excited about seeing the Angel that night that I wore the Goodbye Norma Jeane T-shirt inside my Versace jacket. We arrived at the Chamber early that night. We decided to have a chat in the Beer Garden. I went over to a familiar barmaid for a couple of drinks.

I said to my friend on the way to Hotel Beverly Hills, that if there is somebody I really want to work for my business and the person who would do the best job would be her.

**Journo:** *who is she?*

**D.L.:** she is one of my favorite ladies, Amour, the Queen of Heart (read Part 3 of this Interview).

**Journo:** *what happened next?*

**D.L.:** back inside the karaoke bar, I performed a few hits for the night and the last song I sang was Angels. As fate turned out, that was the last song that I sang in 2008.

At about mid-night, I went upstairs with Columbus and decided to have a few games around the pool table. I thought I better not rush to get a glimpse of the Angel. After doing the tour of duty so many times, bit longer waiting would be okay, I thought, not knowing what was about to occur would change the course of my life forever.

**Journo:** *changed the course of your life forever?*

**D.L.:** well, at about 2:45am (Sunday July 27, 2008) while I was still in the billiard room, a bloke sitting on the window ledge only yards away yelled out: "there is smoke!"

I quickly ran to the stair case and saw heavy smoke bellowing out of ground floor storeroom. I thought to my self: "I am not going to make it down these stairs". I went into a panic and for a moment I thought I was going to die in the fire. I thought briefly about jumping off the window onto the awning, before I realised I could escape down another staircase leading to the front entrance.

But the story took another twist. I haven't seen the Angel for a week. I didn't come upstairs for the two previous nights. By the time the fire broke out, I still haven't seen her. But as I ran to the other staircase, there she stood. There was the Angel, all by her self, standing in the atrium room near the stair case, looking bewildered as presumably she didn't know what was going on. She looked at me and I looked at her. No words were exchanged. I kept on scampering down the stairs and out onto the street. That was the very last time I saw the Angel.

**Journo:** *Sunday L.A. Time headline: "Romeo escapes inferno, Juliet left stranded".*

**D.L.:** It seemed Romeo didn't deserve Juliet's love at all. Not only did Romeo not help Juliet to escape the flames, he didn't even tell her there was a fire.

**Journo:** *In other words Romeo deserved to die?*

**D.L.:** well at the next inferno, he should be the last to leave.

**Journo:** *would you like to make a formal apology?*

**D.L.:** yes, another apology to the Angel and asking her for forgiveness for the momentary lapse of reason. On reflection, I understood why it happened that way. Here I was, not able to talk to the Angel in public, pretending we were strangers, for over two months, caught up in a panic, simply forgot to do what I should have done. It's not an excuse, it's what happened.

**Journo:** *what occurred next?*

**D.L.:** I was standing at the footpath on Sunset Boulevard watching fire engines taking up the parking spot. There were hundreds of patrons out on the street. I don't think anybody knew at the time how bad the damage was going to be.

**Journo:** *the end of road for Dr. Love?*

**D.L.:** no, beginning of a new journey. The very next day, I came during the day for an inspection. I learned it was a basement fire which was why it was difficult to put out. The damage was extensive. I knew I wouldn't be back soon.

**Journo:** *what was the effect of the fire on you?*

**D.L.:** it changed the course of my life forever. It felt like another Ground Zero and I was the only survivor. The pub I've adopted as my home was literally war-torn. The staff members of Hotel Beverly Hills, who were like brothers and sisters to me, have all suddenly vanished overnight. I know deep inside they are all doing well and I know some would be thinking of Dr Love.

**Journo:** *where did you end up next?*

**D.L.:** Well, I was like a refugee, checking out karaoke bars and pubs in suburbia. Things weren't quite the same after the inferno. I eventually drifted to the Comedy Club at Echo Park, then the Rower's Club at Silver Lake.

**Journo:** *if we could turn back time and change the course of events, what do you think would have happened to you and the Angel if the mysterious fire never happened?*

**D.L.:** you have chosen some interesting words. Well, I would have popped the question in the week or two following that weekend.

**Journo:** *what if the Angel answered your call?*

**D.L.:** I think I would have a heart attack.

**Journo:** *all your prayers answered?*

**D.L.:** for sure.

**Journo:** *how would the story unfold?*

**D.L.:** I think we'll start with a dinner at the Jack & Diane Seafood Restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, with Moet Chardon Champaign and a posy of red roses.

**Journo:** *welcome back the roses.*

**D.L.:** it would have been better if that occurred at Hotel Beverly Hills.

**Journo:** *would the lobster and caviar be Master Chef quality?*

**D.L.:** you bet. The Angel deserves only the best.

**Journo:** *what presents would you bring for the occasion?*

**D.L.:** well, I'll bring a pair of Swarovski earrings, Medusa-studded Versace Jeans and the car key.

**Journo:** *the car key on your first dinner date?*

**D.L.:** well it was bought for her. She would look so beautiful in it cruising along Sunset Boulevard.

**Journo:** *what's for desert?*

**D.L.:** we'll move to a one bedroom lakeside apartment at the Wilshire Tower at West Lake, L.A., and after that we would be on a week long holiday to Las Vegas or Paris.

**Journo:** *it's a tough choice the Angel has to make.*

**D.L.:** at least for a whole week, she'll get to drink Tequila Sunrise rather than making it.

**Journo:** *it's all good talking, but are they just empty promises to get her to a dinner date?*

**D.L.:** has Dr. Love not done anything that he promised he would do?

**Journo:** *from what I've heard and learned, I must admit Dr. Love would do anything for love.*

**D.L.:** but I won't do that.

**Journo:** *I am getting thirsty listening to you, let's grab a drink.*

**D.L.:** what would you like?

**Journo:** *Tequila Sunrise.*

**D.L.:** can't make you one. For a start I haven't got Grenadine syrup.

**Journo:** *just use some cordial.*

**D.L.:** it won't be the same without the pomegranate extract. Anyway, let's see what's in the fridge. You just have to put up with Pure Blonde. That's all I've got.

**Journo:** *what's the bottle of Champaign for?*

**D.L.:** the Moet Chardon is for someone's birthday.

**Journo:** *mate, forget about being so generous, it hasn't won you many friends.*

**D.L.:** I agree. I'll save it for the supper with the Angel.

**Journo:** *I'll tell you what this place is pretty plush with a million dollar view. How much does it set you back?*

**D.L.:** 850 bucks a week for the 16<sup>th</sup> floor lake view.

**Journo:** *I see you have got two bedrooms here, what do you need that for?*

**D.L.:** well, there is one bedroom apartment at other tower and is less pricy. I am like you, trying to work out why I ended in this tower. The one thing I can tell you is that there are security cameras everywhere.

**Journo:** *the Big Brother is watching.*

**D.L.:** I don't know about that. All I know is that the property manager Bogah is a compatriot of Columbus, the ex-security guard from Hotel Beverly Hills. They are both from Brazil.

**Journo:** *what's life in the big tower like?*

**D.L.:** bloody lonely, just about every day I drive past the Chamber, seeing it being rebuilt. Life without the Angel is never the same.

**Journo:** *has your thinking changed?*

**D.L.:** well, after tours of the Comedy Club and the Rower's Club, Dr. Love is getting emotionally worn out.

**Journo:** *time to pack up the Dr. Love show?*

**D.L.:** well, he's giving it all but he is not about quit. This old dog still has bit of fire left in him.

**Journo:** *good to see a bit of agro. Let's empty the fridge.*

**D.L.:** next time it's going to be at your place and don't forget the Grenadine.

**Journo:** *I grow pomegranate in my back yard.*

**D.L.:** bring a bagful next time and I'll pass it to the Tower. They should be congratulated for doing their homework.

**Journo:** *what are you talking about?*

**D.L.:** Dr. Love is well known for his abstract thinking.

**Journo:** *well, this world still looks the same*

**D.L.:** another frame.

**Journo:** *drink up.*

**D.L.:** I think I might jump while I still can.

**Journo:** *when is the lease up?*

**D.L.:** soon.

**Journo:** *you know no one is going to catch you if you fall.*

**D.L.:** I know. It's Life in the City.

## **ABOUT THE HOTEL BEVERLY HILLS – Part 3.**

(from its re-opening in March 2009 to October 2009)

**Journo:** *welcome back. How do you feel about the new Chamber?*

**D.L.:** well, as I was getting out of my Mercedes parked on Hartford Way, I spotted barmaid Lucinda, strolling by. She saw me and immediately turned the other way as if bitterly disappointed and forlorn, like someone had died. She didn't have to tell me; I knew the reason was my age, compliment of Columbus. He had eight months to do his homework on me. I fell for his bait, living in the Wilshire Tower while HBH was under re-construction.

**Journo:** *how did the bouncer react?*

**D.L.:** I approached the main entrance as the bouncer tried hard to hide his own annoyance. He asked me for my Driver's License as I.D. He casually tapped the card on his hand. "Born '66," he

noted. I could tell he was saying, {'man, what are doing here? At 42, you're twice the age of our barmaids.'}

**Journo:** *what was like inside the Chamber?*

**D.L.:** The interior was completely rebuilt with solid oak wood benches and dazzling lights shooting reflections onto the new chromed bar fridges. The smell of fragrant barmaids combined with fresh paint gave me an instant euphoric hit.

I spotted Amour working at the Sport's Bar wiping the bar bench aimlessly. I knew the Angel hadn't returned and Sears Management was working her at their other pubs. I didn't venture upstairs because I sensed the manager, Jack, and the Captain, Eastwood, had already decided upon my resurrection from the inferno, I would romance a lady closer to my age, and a lady with a heart and soul devoted to me. That lady was Amour, Queen of Heart.

**Journo:** *what was your next move?*

**D.L.:** I was mirthful. At last, I could fulfill the Queen's desire and deep in my heart I was satisfied she could fulfill mine. For the next six weeks, I spent my entire time at Hotel Beverly Hills, romancing the Queen. I took a stake at the Beer Garden every evening from midweek onwards, loitering 'til late.

Along with the many new features at the restored Hotel Beverly Hills, there came a new duty manager, Jed. This man was previously at the helm of the Martian Hotel on Santa Monica Boulevard, West Hollywood. He was a leader, a man of diplomacy, a tactful mediator—skills that proved futile in forging the bond between the Queen and me. He was transferred from the Martian Hotel to accomplish the mission.

**Journo:** *was the mission accomplished?*

**D.L.:** Well after 6 weeks of seduction, I began to feel weary. When I look around, everybody is having a great time. All girls have boys, and all boys have girls; I'm the only one loitering by myself.

**Journo:** *what happened next?*

**D.L.:** On Easter Saturday, 2009, upon arrival at the Beer Garden, I received a surprise. The Queen looked stunning with her China girl hairdo. She looked confident; she looked in love and in season. I guessed it was Jed who prompted Amour to initiate a mating call.

After a short while, I suddenly decided to make the reciprocal mating call that night. I couldn't camp and commit any longer. I went to my car parked down the street and found a business card. I wrote

on the back: *Hi Amour, it would be nice if you could call or text me in the next day or two for coffee or dinner.*

**Journo:** *Did she reply?*

**D.L.:** as I expected, no. A storm of furious rage built within me. *Queen of Heart, how could you not answer to the call of duty? I'll show you how to break up a relationship, the Dr. Love way.* I started rehearsing the song *One* by U2. It was the perfect song for the occasion.

I broke up the relationship on Wednesday night when I turned up and restricted myself to the Karaoke Bar and didn't venture out to the Beer Garden. I didn't appear at the Hotel for the next two days, although, Saturday night was an important one. I felt to honor the formality of the Queen and my separation. Though we said goodbye by action, we needed to pay each other lasting respects. For most of the night, I sat on a seat at the Boutique Bar, where the Queen worked only a few yards away. The mood was solemn.

The Queen left the boutique bar before I did. Before we knew it, the night was over. One of the longest chapters was finally complete. It was 2 a.m. and I left The Chamber and stood across the road on Sunset Boulevard, opposite the Hotel, to take in a breath of fresh air.

**Journo:** *it's sad to hear. What happened next?*

**D.L.:** Then, a silhouette appeared in a window of the upstairs Dance Bar. Wishing for it to be the Angel, I recognized it as Sofia cleaning the ledge. She looked as if she was acting or trying to promote herself to me. I paid attention. It seemed Sofia was ready for a second inning after the catastrophe of her first inning. She once dated a duty manager, Serpent, for a few years until he created a love triangle. She felt betrayed, shattered, and was determined to find Mr. Perfect the second time around.

Sofia was charming, more mature, and studied at university in culture and business. Her glamour was different from Selena, who held the beauty queen title. Sofia had all the run of the mill beauty features—big bright eyes, beaming smile, moist, seductive lips. She was tall and elegant.

Everything was so new and refreshing after the calamity with the Queen. On the second night of this sprouting love, Sofia ambled into the Karaoke Bar early in the evening, lamenting her will, flaunting a pair of hot stretched denim jeans and a black choker.

**Journo:** *it all sounds lascivious. Tell me more.*

**D.L.:** just as I created the "tour of duty" program for the Angel, I had to produce a special act for Sofia. I called it the "circle of walk". I would start the circle by getting upstairs 10 minutes before midnight. I would stand at the junction of the Dance Bar and the Billiard Room. I would face the



Billiard Room with my back facing the Dance Bar and stand there for 10 minutes then start the circle of walk around the Dance Bar.

The rationale behind this performance was first to give notice of my arrival. The barmaids could see me, but I couldn't see them. It gave Sofia 10 minutes to make up her mind and to walk away to the staff room if she no longer lusted for me.

**Journo:** *were you in luck?*

**D.L.:** After a few weeks of dalliance with Sofia, I was still going strong. One night, as I walked the circle around the bend toward the bar bench, I could see a blonde lass in my left peripheral vision grinding some fruit. Her long silky hair covered her face. As there was no sight of Sofia, I had to keep walking—that was the rule.

Back on Sunset Boulevard, I pondered what was happening. I didn't believe it was time for Sofia to dump me. Then there was that blonde lass at the bar, if only she'd show her face. At 1 am, I walked the circle again to check things out. Once again, as I traversed the bend, the blonde appeared in my peripheral vision. Calling to another barmaid, she made a sudden turn around. We locked eyes and she gazed at me as if she had just met Elvis. My heart pounded against my ribs. It was the Angel! I had to keep walking. That was the rule. Sofia was only a few yards ahead, showing a stiff upper lip. It was Jesse all over again.

**Journo:** *how did the situation unfold?*

**D.L.:** after two more weeks of seducing Sofia, I decided it was time to make the call. So on the Saturday at 10 pm and 11 pm, I rehearsed the mating call act. I would take a stake at the back door to the Billiard Room. It's a door that staff uses occasionally, which I'd seen Sofia enter through before. I paced myself near the back door to get the message across. I'd be watching from the main entrance. If, by midnight, Sofia entered through the back door, it was stairway to heaven.

**Journo:** *were all the stores closed?*

**D.L.:** yes, my guess was right. She didn't stride through the Billiard Room back door at midnight. By 12:15 am, I turned around and saw Sofia conversing with Amour on the upper end of the staircase. I sensed Sofia felt the burden coming off her shoulder. She didn't have to play Miss Love anymore. Amour was there to show she was still devoted to me just in case I decided to toss the white towel to her next.

**Journo:** *you were running out of barmaids in waiting.*

**D.L.:** well, by 12:30 am, I fare welled Sofia and descended to the Karaoke Bar. The Angel was still out of reach as Management was keeping her away from me. *Wasn't Lucinda next to the throne?* I

stepped into the Karaoke Bar. My attention became fixed on this wanton beauty gazing at me. It was both instantaneous and spontaneous, our mutual admiration. I remember well how Lucinda put down her name twice as the princess in waiting. She's thrown in the white towel in a sweet surrender. I must not disappoint her.

By early June 2009, in the two weeks after my estrangement with Sofia, it was all about Lucinda. I lusted for her a lot, thinking after all this time she still idolized me. I adored her. Lucinda was a gorgeous lady in the fold of Angelina Jolly.

***Journo:** you were going to be lucky at last, before the end of time!*

**D.L.:** I decided two weeks of over-the-counter seduction was long enough to make the call. The Saturday midnight call came too soon. When I handed over the apple shaped coaster with my contact details scribed on the core, my beauty looked bewildered and uncomfortable. That's how the night ended. There was no call or text message, nor did I expect any.

I returned on Thursday night, and Lucinda was there when I didn't expect her to be. I ordered a Rum and Coke. When she handed over the drink, I swallowed her disapproval. The drink came with one straw in the glass when I was hoping for two. I then noticed the Queen standing behind, overlooking her. There was no doubt the Management had set the rules. They'd forbidden Lucinda from contacting me.

***Journo:** that's publican politics for you. It must be the end of road for Dr. Love.*

**D.L.:** Not quite, there is still the first anniversary of the inferno to commemorate, a fabulous Dr. Love website to be released, and a Saturday night fever at the Chamber with a professional musician.

***Journo:** it's well past the time for another round of drinks.*

**D.L.:** let's have a Crown Larger for a change. It's a premium beer from Australia.

***Journo:** you've just given me an idea. Why don't you drift across the Pacific Ocean to Down Under and set up a new karaoke career there. I'm sure that Sheilas and blokes there haven't heard of you.*

**D.L.:** I could settle down in Melbourne, watch the Aussie Open every year, and finishing writing my book.

***Journo:** what the title?*

**D.L.:** "Dr. Love"

**Journo:** *I could have guessed that one. Is it going to be “Dr. Love” written by Dr. Love?*

**D.L.:** no. The author is going to be Dr. Derek Randy, a pseudonym.

**Journo:** *when is it going to be “the Night the Music Died”?*

**D.L.:** What do you mean?

**Journo:** *the night you leave Hotel Beverly Hills.*

**D.L.:** I have already done that. The night the music had already died. The last song that I sang at the Chamber was some night in October 2009 and You May Be Right (I May Be Crazy) by Billy Joel.

**Journo:** *can you elaborate on the Night the Music Died?*

**D.L.:** that’s title for chapter 15 of the novel. I have to save some stories for the book.

**Journo:** *3 cheers to Derek! What about your last song by Billy Joe? What story is behind that?*

**D.L.:** my dear Journo, you’ve been hanging around me for years and you should have worked that one out a long time ago.

**Journo:** *a serious question. Which favorite barmaids from the Chamber would like to meet again till the end of time?*

**D.L.:** Selena, the Angel; Amour, Queen of Heart; and Lucinda, to start with.

**Journo:** *you gave me a preview of your website and I see that under Queen of Heart you wrote: “My sincerest apology”. Please explain.*

**D.L.:** my relationship with Amour, Queen of Heart, was victim to my savagery ... despite she giving the best of her love and unwavering devotion, I was insensitive. Disrespectful. Hostile. I won't ever forget “the Night of Nights.” – in May 2009, when I made her pouring out tears.

It exemplified my pugnacious attitude. I understand, now, how poorly I treated her and owe her a huge apology. I hope to meet her one day and we’ll suck on chili dogs and rejoice the past.

**Journo:** *have I finished with you?*

**D.L.:** yes for today. But there will be more Journo interviews for the website.

**Journo:** *you can't live without me.*

**D.L.:** with or without you. You are my propaganda minister.

**Journo:** *mate. I'm moving to Melbourne with you.*

**D.L.:** I'll put an extra shrimp on the barbeque.

**Journo:** *Crocodile Dundee II.*

**D.L.:** yep.

**Journo:** *it's already passed midnight.*

**Together:** 3 cheers to the 'Dr. Love' book. Good night.

(End)