

HAWAII PUNK

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GIRL PROBLEMS

1

The sun shoots thru the louvers, hits me in the face and I wake. Worms slither thru my head, eels crawl in my stomach, hangover. An arm lays across my neck. Outside the glass slits of window brite white clouds float across the brilliant blue Honolulu sky. I slide out from underneath the limb. I stand in a purple pair of surfer shorts, and look down at Sid, a half Korean/Hawaiian mohawked way Punk chick who believes that when Sid Vicious died, he reincarnated into her body. Whoever else slept at the party last night must be in the bedroom. I look around the apartment, dirty beige carpet, green chair and couch, TV and coffee table littered with empty beer cans.

I walk, sick, to the fridge and open it. This reveals 2 and a ½ cold slices of pizza, some mangoes, and bingo, 1 final beer, which I crack and chug. Ambrosia! When I finish I check the empties on the counter, TV and coffee table and find like 3 more ½ empty warm beers. These I drink. Soon my hangover cures itself. My black Chuck Taylor Converse All Star basketball shoes, or 'Chucks', sit under the couch, so I put them on.

I head for the bathroom, go to the sink, kick the door closed and turn on the cold water to splash my head and face with cold water. Before I do I notice that dried blood stains my fingers. I smell blood and pussy on them. I open my velcro fly and look at my penis, clean of blood. My mind draws conclusions. I almost fucked Sid last night but couldn't because I got too drunk. I don't remember.

No toothbrush, shit. It's in my backpack in the living room. I'll brush my mouth and teeth out later at the beach but steal some mouthwash from the counter to swish around in my mouth and gargle before I spit it down the sink.

My reflection looks back at me from the mirror with big black eyes, a full-mouthed sneer and a black buzzed hair cut with a white skunk stripe bleach-dyed in. I turn to the door hung with a full-length mirror draped by hung beach towels. I'm still kinda skinny, but getting a hint of a beer gut, and a little too pale for Hawaii. Oh well. I turn my arm to check out my big blue full dog profile tatt.

A t-shirt waits in my backpack out in the living room, and a shower at the beach, so I exit the bathroom, find my bag, open it and grab a sorta clean t- shirt, a sleeveless Exploited one with a big red mohawked skull on it.

I look at Sid who glares tazers, lights a cigarette and looks away. She wears a black 'Sid Vicious died for you' sleeveless T shirt, thrashed, in which the dead punk star snarls

and plays the bass in white. She wears a safety pin thru her bottom lip. Short, crazy and built like a Frank Frazetta jungle queen, Sid hangs out mostly by herself, lives on the streets I figure, doesn't shave her armpits and slam dances harder than lotsa dudes. I can tell she hates me so I walk out the door without saying anything. Romance.

My shirt flows in the breeze as I walk down from the 3rd floor apartment, out past the parking lot and onto Wilder Street.

I'm heading for the beach after I get a beer. There should be enough change in the front pocket of my backpack plus 35 cents that I found in my back pocket. I turn west on Keeaumoku Ave, walk on the freeway overpass and watch the traffic zip by in 2 directions under me. It trances me out a little so I shake it off and continue down the Avenue to the liquor store. I add up all my change. \$2.37, enough for a 40 oz. Too conspicuous. Maybe a tall can and a shot, which I buy from the old Chinese proprietor dude and continue past Tower Records and thru Ala Moana Shopping Center, across the Boulevard and park to the beach.

I wish I had screwed her. She'd be a way rad girlfriend except she probably doesn't shave her legs either, plus she spins in a different orbit than the rest of us. Maybe someday soon I'll run into her again when I'm not as smashed.

After a swim in the relatively flat clear blue water, I grab my bag and hit the beach shower with a ½ bar of soap wrapped in a baggie from my backpack. I shower in my shorts. When I finish I use my hands to squeegee the water off of myself before pulling out my towel and drying off. I brush my teeth in the water fountain.

The sun climbs a little, 10:30, 11:00 am. I lay my towel out to dry, before picking a space on the low, stuccoed beach wall that separates the park grass from the beach sand, and lay on the wall.

Who am I? Paul Cruz, Punk rock singer, California Mexican, college dropout, between jobs, cribs, bands, no girl friend, total social outcast. Fuck it. This is Hono-fucking-lulu HAWAII. Who needs an apartment?

I sneak a peek at the orange lifeguard tower and fish the beer from my bag, crack and swallow. Then I hide it between my bag and the wall in the sand. The lifeguard, a brown skinned Asian woman, like 25 maybe, watches swimmers in the opposite direction. So sneaking drinks every few minutes ain't no big hassle. Soon after the beer a real buzz creeps on.

Sleep creeps, but I stay awake and let the sun do its thing till my shorts and towel almost dry. The sun lowers past 2 o'clock. I put my shirt on, grab my bag, carrying my towel to fully dry, and head for Ala Moana Boulevard.

I sit at the bus stop just to pass time. Then I look at the sidewalk. No way! A big assed roach lies on the sidewalk. I snatch it up, get up, cross the Boulevard back to the park and sit with my back next to a Palm Tree. I dig matches out of the bag and light up the thumb sized prize, keeping an eye out. The thing has 4 or 5 good sweet hits that I puff. Pakalolo, Da Kine. It's enough. My head feels light and the world slows. A couple plays Frisbee. Beyond a row of Palm Trees I watch the beach and beach people. Some teenage white girls run into the water, splash and play. Maybe I should go and get a closer look,...nah.

Across the park, Boulevard and traffic the city hustles. I jump in and crawl thru, south down the strip, past apartment building condo complexes and offices, 10, 15 stories high. I think of that movie, Earthquake.

Half a mile up the Boulevard curves kind of east. I hit University Avenue and hang a left by the Varsity Theater, Mama's Pizza and the liquor store. I continue under the H1 overpass almost to the University of Hawaii, dead action on a Saturday.

Now I've got to choose between the dorms and the Manoa Hilton, a 5 bedroom house up in the Manoa valley north of UH. A bunch of DJs from the college station live there and I'm allowed to hang, or even sleep on the couch. Plus they've got a big TV, cable and a can of leafy spleef and bong on the coffee table.

Up the winding road I take a couple of rights and yet another into the parking lot road which bends again and opens into the lot space which slopes up towards a lush green hill past the carport underneath the house to the backdoor where the asphalt has climbed so that the back end of the building is now the ground floor. I enter and walk thru the hall.

Jay, Kat and Jimmy pass a spleef as they watch music videos in the living room.

"S'up?" I ask

The trio lethargically turn their lizard heads and look at me.

"Was'up Paul?" answers Jimmy, short skinny dark Indonesian dude. His long black hair shines.

"Was'up?" ask Jay and Kat, a couple, both with ratted shag David Bowie haircuts. Kat's blonde. Jay's dark, ½ white and ½ something ethnic, like India Indian.

Jay passes me the joint. I take a toke, pass it to Jimmy and sit on the recliner. It's blue shredded upholstery reveals beige foam.

"Da Kine" I decide after holding and exhaling the sweet smoke.

"That ain't no ragweed," agrees Jimmy.

"I hate these guys," moans Kat about the band in the video on the 3 foot screened TV.

"Beers for Queers," Jay renames the band.

"Devo's the only cool New Wave band," I say.

"And the B 52's," adds Kat.

"The Pig Song gets more requests than any other song by a local band," informs Jimmy.

"Where's my royalty check?" I ask.

"It's a college station. We don't have to pay royalties," Kat answers.

"Great. How much does it cost to press a 45? Never mind, I'm unemployed," I say, toking up again.

Kat gets up and heads for the kitchenette. "How 'bout a beer, rock star?"

"Yeah, cool. Some fuckin' rock star. I ain't even got a band no more. Can I still have a beer?"

Kat brings everyone a beer.

Dirk and Chuck, the Japanese bass player and hoale guitar player had left for the mainland East Coast like a month ago, having graduated from Hawaii Loa, the small private college we all went to before I transferred to UH for a year before I dropped out. Mark, the drummer, still lives in Kaneohe, on the other side of the island down the road from Hawaii Loa.

"Start a new band," says Kat, "You were the star of Battery Club."

"Dirk and Chuck are gonna be kinda hard to replace."

"There's gotta be somebody," says Jimmy.

"You guys play any instruments?" I ask.

"Synthesizer," says Jimmy.

"Ukulele," says Kat.

I think about it for a minute. "Gotta be guitar and bass. But I thought about going off on big metal cans."

"What about melody?" asks Jay.

"Like a buzz saw into smashed metal parts from car wrecks, or a tuba or trombone?" I wonder.

"A saxophone," suggests Jimmy.

"Sounds cool, but is it thrashable?" asks Kat.

"I don't know." I take a drink from my beer. The video playing ends and Vacation by the Go Gos comes on. Cali chicks in pink one piece bathing suits water ski.

"Oh Gawd!" exclaims Jimmy as he picks up the remote and channel surfs.

He finally stops on a Jacky Chan Kung Fu movie I've never seen. We watch TV and smoke bongs of leafy spleef from the coffee can till dark.

Like 8pm or so, I go into the bathroom and pull my black

jeans from my bag. I change and brush my teeth.

I emerge from the bathroom into the living room and sink back into the recliner.

"You goin' out tonight?" asks Jimmy.

"Yeah," I answer. "You?"

"Nah. Too much hassle," he replies.

I figured as much. It's still too early for Waikiki, but I can take my time getting there and maybe hustle up some beers from somebody somewhere.

"Anymore beer?" I ask.

Jimmy waits a minute before he answers. "Maybe I can fish one out." He does.

We watch a little more tube and finish the beer before I stand, tell Jimmy, Jay and Kat "Later's" and jet out the front.

"Crash out on the front couch tonight if you want," Jay says loudly.

"Mahalo!" I yell back up the stairs and walk out into the clear young Saturday night.

I eat a couple of mangoes from someone's backyard. I'm still hungry so I go to Foodland, the supermarket on King and University and boost a candy bar before I walk the rest of the way to Waikiki.

Halfway down the strip on Kuhio on the south side of the street the 3D Club looks down on the Waikiki street action from the 3rd, top floor of the shortest building on the block. It sits on top of a tropical clothing boutique on the 2nd floor and hot dog-pizza shack/video game room on the ground floor. 3D plays New Wave, Punk Rock and is the only venue for da kine bands. My old band gigged there a handful of times. I can tell by the traffic up and down the stairs that it's still kinda slow, which is good for getting a hand stamp free. I head up the 2 flights of zigzagged concrete steps and am stopped by Junior, the giant Hawaiian doorman.

"3 dollahs," he says.

"Kyle said I get in free when my band wasn't playing."

"Nah, nah," the doorman disagrees.

"C'mon, you remember me. My band played here a coupla months ago, Battery Club," I explain.

He scrutinizes me and then a look of recognition crosses his face. "Oh yah. You dat 1 crazy fuckah. Kay den, you get comped fo tonight," he agrees and stamps my hand.

"Mahalo bruddah," I go into the small dark club.

It's less than half full of Asian and Hoale punks and Trendies, mostly high school age. The Punks wear their leather jackets, and the flannel work shits hanging wrapped from their

waist, the current look in vogue. Mohawks and ratted 'Sid' dos become passe in favor of shaved heads. Steel toed boots replace combat boots, The Punk chicks wear either tattered party dresses or jeans and Punk t-shirts or the leather flannel combo just like the guys. The Trendies go for the retro look mostly. New Wave has already become the norm of straight civilization. Oops, I almost forgot the Mods.

The Mods occupy turf ½ way in extremism between the Punks and Trendies. They wear clothes from the early 60s, pork pie hats, old army rain coats and drive Vespa Scooters. They listen to Ska bands like the English Beat, Madness and the Specials.

Crazy Charlie spins records from the DJ booth as Kyle bartends and Ken dances to an Oingo Boingo song like Jerry Lewis on acid.

Kyle and Ken, in their late 30s or early 40s, own the club, which sells 3.2 beer officially, but real beer on the sneaks, but no hard liquor mostly. You can buy 3.2 if you're 18 in Hawaii, but 3D's always has a bunch of underage teens hanging out, which is a way for Kyle and Ken to meet way young chicks, obviously. They gotta be paying off the Liquor Commission is the only thing I can figure.

I go to the bar to talk to Kyle, small, thin dark and debonair in a kind of Woody Woodpecker way.

"Front me a beer slick," I ask.

"You gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me. Get a job."

"I gotta job, cleaning your club."

Kyle scrunches his forehead. "This is coming outta your pay."

I'm about to call Kyle a thief but I don't, not wanting to blow the deal. He looks both ways and I see him pouring something into the can. When he hands me a Schlitz, it's a full 6% with a shot in it, a boilermaker.

"Keep your head screwed on, junior," he tells me.

"You're a prince Kyle."

I listen to whatever Crazy Charlie spins and drink the drink. First it's the Specials and then X. Next I step up into the DJ booth.

"What's up Charles?" I ask. His forehead sweats as he stares at the turntable he's put a record on and switches channels to the other turntable playing Pretty Vacant by The Sex Pistols. 5'2" and potbellied, he shakes his head to the switched beat and nods in my general direction to acknowledge me before he changes albums on the first record player.

"Another night in the booth," he answers finally as he grabs a 40 oz of Old English 800 and takes a drink before he

passes it to me. He chooses a couple more records from the stacks on the wall, sets them by the turntables and shakes his short black haircut and hands seizure like, back and forth, at hip level. "Heard your band broke up," he says.

"Yeah, they left this rock."

"What a drag."

"You play any instruments?" I ask.

"No, but I got a drum set." He drinks and passes me the bottle. "We could practice here during the daytime."

I take a slug and think about it. Charlie definitely has attitude, but non-musicians don't really work out usually, except for bass players in Punk Rock bands.

"Let me think about it."

Charlie plays an Elvis Costello song next. "Get back to me."

He gives me another hit of Malt Liquor before I go back out onto the dance floor. I jerk around a little before I sit at a table, look out the window and try to figure out how to get a beer.

Pretty soon I exit the entrance, descend the stairs, hit the street and turn and head for the Ala Wai Canal to hopefully run into somebody with a case of beer. It doesn't take me long to find an old blue Toyota with 2 Punk dudes and a chick drinking in the car.

"Pig Rock!" the hoale in the driver's seat yells as I pass.

"Wass'up?" I answer, then wait a bit. "Gotta beer?" The 2 blond Punk dudes stare at me after glancing at each other before the cute Asian punk chick in the passenger seat hands me a beer. I take it and smile at her.

"Thanks. You rule." I nod at them and walk off.

I wander off down the canal before I jump from to the ledge 3 feet down, sit and crack the can of Old Milwaukee. I watch the algae and colored water flow toward Diamond Head and the Pacific as I drink up.

When I return to the club it's filled up some and I run into Brian Mack and Clifford Chen, Asian Commie Punks. Brian's about as tall as me, 1/2 White/Japanese; Hapahoale, and Clifford's full Chinese, 5'6", and way skinny. I met them both at UH before I dropped out. I sit on the red vinyl sparkly couch next to Brian as Clifford sits up on a tall bar chair staring with big bug eyes down at the street. Brian wears the standard buzz haircut and Clifford sports a wide Mohawk and has acne scars.

"Howzit fellas?" I ask.

Brian looks at me and nods. Cliff rolls his eyes up and shrugs.

"It's action-fucking-packed tonight," Clifford says, voice thick with sarcasm.

"Same old," Brian says. "How you been?"

"All right."

I know Clifford bought a bass at a Goodwill toward Pearl City. Brian used to sit in on guitar with Native Style, a Reggae/New Wave band of locals and plays guitar in a Commie Punk band called Revolt.

"Dirk and Chuck blew out, I heard," says Brian.

"Yup."

We sit not saying anything for a few moments watching the club as Cliff looks out the window.

"I wanna be a street singer but I need a tambourine, or just become a junky poet," I announce.

"Cool," Clifford approves.

"What's up with Revolt?" I ask Brian. "You guys haven't gigged for months."

Revolt plays mostly Clash, Dead Kennedys and Gang of 4 covers, plus has like 5 originals. Our bands played together at a dorm party once that got shut down.

"Fred's too busy organizing and doing the Worker zine, and I don't like Henry's attitude," Brian tells me.

"Wy'n'chu bring over your songs Paul. We could use a good front," Brian suggests.

I think about it for like 20 seconds. "Maybe if we forget some of the covers and I bring over the songs from the Battery Club demo and write some more songs."

I can see the wheels turning behind Brian's forehead.

"Fred and Henry aren't gonna want to do the Pig Song," he tells me.

"It was our biggest hit. Tell 'em it's anti cop," I suggest.

"It's about pedophilia," Cliff exclaims.

"Just because a song uses an example of degeneracy for comic shock value doesn't mean it upholds that behavior," I explain.

I wonder about how Cliff's coming along on bass and think about the commies as band mates. I realize I'd rather get them to start a new band with me and that we'd need a drummer. But Mark's still on the Island. These guys are cool, but way more political than me. All 3 of us sit there, considering.

"I can play a lot of songs now" Clifford says.

Brian looks at me, then him. I think some more.

"Could you get Henry to drum?" I ask Brian, not resorting to Mark yet, him being Battery Club's weakest link attitude wise.

"I don't know. Freddy'd be pissed. Maybe not."

"So what?"

"I don't wanna piss off my bandmates."

"If you wanna make an omelet," I point out.

I look out the window with Cliff, watch traffic and tourists and stretch my neck to see if any hotties walk up the stairs.

"Let's get a 40," Brian commands.

"I'm broke," I admit.

"Fuckin' rock stars," Cliff complains

"We got a few bucks," Brian offers.

We get up, exit the club, hit the liquor store and head for the alley.

We sit on the back steps of some building and Brian opens the bottle in the bag. He drinks and passes it to Cliff.

"Colt 45; a beer named after a gun," Cliff observes.

Me and Brian chuckle and Cliff hands me the bottle. I drink up and feel the beer. I get up to piss and turn it over in my head. Right now I've got nothing going on. I like these guys. I can probably get Mark to drum. Revolt kind of rocks but Brian's too cool for them. If Cliff's been practicing Punk's the easiest type of music to play on the bass. I return and wait for my turn to drink.

"Clifford, you think you got the bass down enough to play a set?"

"I can handle."

Brian stares straight ahead in thought. "I don't know if I have the time."

"How many songs did Battery Club have?" Clifford asks.

"Like 20, plus I got lyrics for a few more."

"That's like 2 sets," Brian considers, "But Fred and Henry won't like it."

"Maybe Revolt's a politically pure thing, but it's a cover band, Brian," Cliff argues, "Don't you want to do something more for real than that as a musician? Henry and Fred will get over it."

"Would Mark drum?" Brian asks.

"Probably. If not we practice till we find somebody. Here's to a new band." I drink and pass the bottle around.

"We can practice at the music rooms at school and at the bookstore." Brian drinks.

"Fuck, now we gotta think of a name," I say.

"Look, I'll get a set together with you guys, but I'm already in a band," Brian flip flops.

"This is gonna rock Brian, you'll see," Clifford tells him.

"All right, I'll be in 2 bands, fuck it."

"To Punk Rock," Cliff states and drinks from the Colt 45 bottle.

"To Punk," Brian says and drinks.

"Punk rules." I finish the beer. We go back to 3D, which has gotten even more crowded and grab like the only table.

"I'll reserve the music room Monday," Cliff tells Brian and me.

I grab my pencil and notebook from my backpack. "Let me get you guy's numbers." I give Clifford the pad and pencil.

"Where you living now?" Brian asks.

"I either crash on the couch at the Manoa Hilton or up in the caves behind UH," I tell him.

"You're so Punk," Clifford teases passing Brian the paper and pencil.

"I know, huh. But I need to get a real job and a crib."

I check the scene, the chicks and consider scamming another beer. Fuck it though, I'm buzzed. Brian gives me my things back and I put their numbers away. I nod at a few people I know.

Crazy Charlie plays One Step Beyond by Madness and Cliff, Brian and I get up on the floor and skank with all the other chumps. Next he plays Everything Turns Gray by Agent Orange and it all erupts into a thrash frenzy. Next comes some Spandau Ballet song and we all sit down again.

"Charlie always does that shit," says Cliff.

"What, plays some cool songs then puts on some lame ass New Romantic shit? I heard Kyle tell him not to play too many thrash songs in a row once cause he doesn't want so much thrashing," I report.

"If I had a nightclub I wouldn't want anyone to get hurt," Brian says, "There'd be a lawsuit and they'd shut it down."

"Kyle and Chuck gotta be greasin' somebody to let all the high school kids in," says Cliff.

"Works for me," I tell them as I get up. "I'll be back." I go to the john and on my way back run into Sharleen.

"Hi Paul." She looks at me with big brown eyes.

"Sharleen, How've you been?" I grasp her forearm and pull her gently out of traffic against the mirrored wall.

I drink her in with my eyes because she's spectacular, ½ Chinese/Japanese, a little plump, a couple of inches shorter than me, with a kissable mouth. She's like 17 and someone poured her into her jeans.

"I've been ok, and you?"

"I'm all right," I tell her,

I met Sharleen at Battery Club's last gig at the rented hall at Church of the Crossroads, near UH, when I asked her how she liked the show.

"How's the band?"

I tell her how and why my old band broke up. "I'm gonna make a new band with the Commies," I explain.

"That's cool. You're a good singer."

"Thanks. It'll take a month or 2 to get a set together."

A shorter Chinese girl walks up next to Sharleen.

"This is Paul, Gina...Gina, Paul," Sharleen introduces.

We say, "Hi."

Charlie plays Niteklub by the Specials.

"Let's dance," I suggest.

We all look at each other.

"You guys go ahead," says Gina.

Sharleen looks at me. "Ok."

Sharleen and I step onto the floor and dance for a couple of songs. When the second song ends I get close to her.

"We should go to a movie or something sometime," I tell her.

She looks at the floor and then into my eyes. "That might be nice," she answers.

We're close to Brian and Cliff's table so I tell Sharleen I'll be right back and grab my writing stuff from my bag.

"Watch my bag, 'K?" I ask them.

"All right," answers Cliff.

I return to her and we step just off the dance floor where I let her write her number into my notepad,

"I'd better find Gina," Sharleen says.

We walk back to the wall where we left her and Gina still waits, smoking a clove cigarette.

"Why don't we sit with my friends?" I suggest.

They shrug and I lead them over to the table and introduce everyone, then find a couple more chairs. I put the pad away and pull my chair back a little because it's kind of a tight squeeze. We listen to the music. Cliff asks Gina to dance and Sharleen and I join them. Brian sits so nobody steals our table.

When we come back Gina and Brian dance and I sit with Cliff and Sharleen. Cliff pulls out a Gudang Garam clove cigarette and we share the thick sugary smoke, catching a quick buzz.

"I didn't know you smoked," Sharleen says to me.

"Just cloves and weed. Tobacco don't get you high."

"When you're a kid it does," offers Cliff.

"Cigars kinda do," I add.

"I only smoke cloves," Sharleen says, "Pot makes me eat."

Brian and Gina get back and sit again. Clifford takes a hit and blows a smoke ring.

"You girls want some beer or wine or something?" I ask Sharleen and Gina

"I have to drive back to Pearl City. Do you want to drink, Gina?" Sharleen asks.

"Not if you don't." Gina tells her.

Which is good because it's probably past midnight and the liquor stores are closed. That leaves 3.2 beer from the

convenience store as the only option. Plus I'm broke unless I borrow from Brian and Cliff, or sneak them drinks from 3D 3.2.

Pipeline, the Agent Orange cover of the Ventures surf instrumental, plays and a pit ignites into a full circle war dance. Me, Cliff and Brian jump in without saying anything to the girls. Next is Lobotomy by the Ramones and the melee transforms into a pogo stomp. The chicks jump in and I watch Sharleen spasm, jerking her head wildly around and I'm like in love. Crazy Charlie plays a Culture Club song next and Brian and Cliff sit down. I dance with Sharleen and Gina just to be nice.

When the song ends we all sit down. The girls decide it's time for them to go because they still live with their parents. I decide I'd be laying it on too thick if I walked them to the car, so I walk them down the stairs instead.

"See you later Sharleen. I'll call you. Bye Gina."

Gina tells me "Bye."

I step back because it's too awkward to try to kiss Sharleen with Gina right there. They turn and walk down the street. I watch Sharleen and think of bouncing a quarter off of her butt. When I get back to the club Cliff asks me if I got Sharleen's phone number.

"Yeah," I admit.

"She's kinda young don't you think?"

"High school chicks rule dude," I state.

"I thought Punk Rock rules," says Brian.

"They both rule," I explain.

"What would you pick if you could only have one or the other?" asks Cliff.

I think about it for ½ a second. "High school chicks. One usually leads to the other though."

"Yup," Brian says.

We hang out for a while, listening to music, watching people and being seen. Finally Brian and Cliff buy beers and generously buy me one too. It's not long before the club closes.

"What are you gonna do now?" Cliff asks me.

"I don't know. First I gotta see what time Kyle wants me to clean the club tomorrow. Hang on a minute." I walk to Kyle at the bar.

People exit slowly as the lights go on. I ask Kyle what time to show up and he tells me 4 or 5.

"You want to gig with the Stingrays in 2 weeks?" Kyle asks, which bums me out.

"My band went left. I gotta new band but we ain't gonna be tight in 2 weeks. Maybe we can do a couple few songs."

"Yeah, whatever," he agrees. "Let me know."

"Later." I return to the fellas.

"Where you goin'?" Brian asks.

"I'm gonna wait outside the Cave and wait to see if I can run into Betty."

"I thought that was over," says Cliff.

"She's sorta avoiding me, I think. She's never home when I call, but she never like actually cut me off," I explain.

"Wanna ride?" Brian asks.

I look up into the crisp clean sky and figure I have to walk back up to the Manoa Hilton later. "Shoots," I answer. We walk over to the Ala Wai.

"We gotta gig with the Stingrays at 3D in 2 weeks. Kyle just told me," I inform them.

"2 weeks!?!?" Brian exclaims.

"Cool." says Clifford.

"We'll do like 3 songs or whatever we got tight by then. It'll rip, you'll see," I say.

"We don't even got a drummer for sure," Brian points out.

"Mark'll play," I tell them.

We get to Brian's 10 year old green Vega and get in. Brian shoots up to where the canal turns into the Boulevard.

"I'll call you guys by Monday to see when you got the practice room reserved," I tell them, "Thanks for the ride."

"Later," they say, almost in sync.

I get out of the car and watch the Vega drive off. My new band. I cut across the Boulevard, a parking lot, Kalakaua Avenue, and arrive at the Cave, the 4 am New Wave 21 club. The big 2 story building could be a warehouse except for the giant florescent sign with flashing lights and tropical paint.

The 2 AM line stretches about 50 people long, mostly other nightclub refugees or workers just off work from the other clubs that have just closed. They want to get into the big club to burn the night as long as possible. A big Samoan doorman checks IDs right outside the entrance. I have an ID, but even if I had the 5 bucks admission would be unwilling to pay it, unless the payoff was worth it. These people don't know I'm a rock star yet so I sit on the planter on the opposite side of the door from the line.

The breeze blows a little cooler on me in my cut off sleeves. Fuck it. I watch a bouncer hand motion a couple of strippers past the doorman. Strippers get comped, which is cool. I get as much possible free stuff as I can too.

A couple of other Punks sit on the planter down from me too. I look them over and we acknowledge each other's existences by nodding.

An hour or so later, right as I'm about to leave, Betty and her friend Gloria walk out of the Cave, towards the mountains. I

follow and catch up with them in like ½ a block and put my hand on Betty's shoulder from behind. She looks around at me.

"Hey babe. Long time no see," I say.

"Paul,... How've you been?" Betty takes a step back.

Gloria, thin, short, Japanese, wears baggy clothes and has long hair. She walks away from us a bit.

"Hi Paul," Gloria says and I greet her back,

"I've been all right Betty. I try to run into you at the Art Building or the Gardens and call your mom's house, but nobody answers your phone. I thought you might have been kidnapped or something," I explain.

"Nothing that dramatic. I've been depressed."

"Aint you gonna flunk out if you don't go to class?" I ask.

"I have labs and independent study. I have enough time to finish my work and still do ok," she explains.

Betty and Gloria are both grad students and artists. I check Betty out, a big Japanese woman with full lips, big eyes, glasses and a pageboy haircut grown out to her shoulders almost. My dick starts to get hard as I think of her big legs and butt under her loose red skirt. I think of riding that big pale body, sucking those brown nipples on top of melon tits, our handful of sessions. I decide to just force the issue.

"So like, when am I gonna see you again?" I ask.

Weirdly she step towards me and takes my hand. "Paul, I like you and everything, but you're too out of control."

"Out of control?" I repeat in disbelief.

"You don't have a real job and dropped out of school. You don't really live anywhere. I like being with you and all but it isn't going to work out" She looks right into my eyes, chews me up and spits me out tenderly.

I want to tell her that I'm a starving artist like Jack Kerouac or Pablo-fucking- Picasso, not an 'art student'.

Instead I just say "I get it. It's cool. It was good while it lasted." I take a deep breath and drop Betty's hand.

"Goodbye sweetie." Betty retreats.

"Later." I watch Betty and Gloria turn and walk away. Oh well, I think. When they disappear I walk the street towards the mountains, through the campus, dark and deserted. I decide on the cave over the Hilton, cross the campus road, stream and climb the short path where the cavernous compartment waits. I enter, pull a giant blanket from a large trash bag, lay it out and use my backpack for a pillow. I lay down in almost total darkness. I pop a boner thinking of Betty and her beautiful bigness and yank it. Then I go to sleep.

2

I wake late Sunday morning and hit the UH library, read the paper, magazines, hit the men's room and take a whole bath. By the time I walk towards the club I still got an hour to kill, so I go to Waikiki Beach to watch tourist chicks till it's time to go clean 3D.

I go through the alley, up the stairs and ring the bell. Kyle lets me in. He wears a New Wave Dada freak t-shirt of his own creation.

"Right on time," he says.

"Yup. I'm hungry. Whatcha got to eat?"

"Nothing, wanna beer, junior?" he offers.

I actually think it over this time. "Shoots."

He gives me a 6% Schlitz and I proceed to throw away empty beer cans, wipe the tables, ledges and bar, mop the floor and clean the trash cans after I throw the trash. Then I refine the cans. I go slow kinda and Kyle plays cool music, Iggy Pop, Lou Reed and shit. It looks like he does the books, and then stocks the beer and ice coolers while I mop the floor. Then I sweep the front stairs to the club.

"You remind me of Ig the pig," Kyle informs me, meaning Iggy Pop.

"That's a compliment. People call me Pig Rock all the time. Drives me fuckin' nuts."

"There's no fame like infamy."

"Yeah, but the name of the song's 'Pig Rot,'" I clarify. "Iggy Pop's way cool."

Iggy's kinda Proto Punk or something, but I dig Robert Johnson and Hank Williams even as far as that goes.

Kyle pays me a \$20, forgetting last night's boilermaker, and a couple of slices of pizza he's brought up from downstairs. I stuff the bill in my pocket.

"So is your new band going to open for the Stingrays in 2 weeks?" Kyle inquires.

"Uh huh, sure."

"You guys have a name yet?"

"Unh uh, nope, not yet," I admit.

"You better think one up. I'm working on a flyer."

"If I don't think one up in time, I'll make another flyer," I offer.

"Think of a name, Junior. How hard can it be?"

"Ex-fuckin-cruciatingly."

"Help me bring more beer up?" Kyle asks. "I'll give you another beer."

"We go."

We bring up 10 cases of 3.2 from Kyle's 2 year old black Datsun van.

"What're the lyrics to Pig Rock again?" Kyle asks me when we finish.

"Pig Rot," I correct him.

He produces 2 cans of brew for us. "Ok ok, Pig Rot. What are the lyrics to the Pig Song again?"

I take a moment to think of the words and make sure I got it straight, not wanting to blow it with an audience of one without a wall of electric noise. Then I take a big swig of liquid courage. I stomp my foot on the pavement for a beat and sing.

"Pig Rot, lives by the tollgate,
Out on Interstate 98.
His face is smashed, His head is bent,
Ever since his accident.

Pig Rot don't hang out in bars.
That ain't where the little girls are.
It's the younger ones that he will chase.
He say 'Hey, little girl, sit on my face'.

I'm a pig, I roll in shit.
I like to fuck, I gotta a big dick
My dick it's really big
It's really really fuckin' big.
Reee unhh ree unh, ree uhn reeunh
Reee unhh ree unh, ree uhn reeunh

He don't like your attitude,
He'll beat your ass and eat your food,
Whoop you in a fucked up mood.
Pig Rot is one badass dude!

Pig Rot is one badass dude!
Pig Rot is one badass dude!
Pig Rot is one badass dude!
Pig Rot is one badass dude!"

Kyle chuckles appreciatively. "Fucking brilliant."
"Thanks boss."

"That deserves a shot." He pours a shot of whiskey from a bottle he's pulled out into both of our cans.

What I don't tell him, or anyone, is that Chuck wrote the song. I wrote most of Battery Club's songs, and Spy for the CIA, our 2nd biggest hit, but am willing to take the credit for the song

everyone seems to love but ain't really mine, mostly because I'm a no good glory hog dickhead Punk Rock loser.

We finish our boilermakers and I thank Kyle, then I jet.

Back at the University I sit on the steps of the Art building and think stuff over. I need a real job and a place. I'll check a couple of things out tomorrow. I should probably get into summer school if I want to get the Financial Aid gravy boat-cake job action happening, and then transfer back to Hawaii Loa and graduate in the fall or maybe take just 2 or 3 classes a semester and take my sweet God damned time. Maybe it'd be stupid to graduate at all, if all I really want out of life is to be a Punk Rock singer. Fuck. Betty's a lost cause. That's the way the cookie crumbles, I guess. Sharleen might maybe make me into a sex offender because it's probably illegal for a 22 year old to get with a 17 year old, if I can even get into her panties. I have to not call her till Tuesday. \$20 will never last for a weekend date, maybe she'll see me like Wednesday if I can save \$12 from my \$20 and not drink it up. Sharleen's way cute. I need a crib.

I buy me a 40 oz of Colt 45 at the liquor store next to Mama Mia's and decide to not buy pizza or shop lift. I go to the Gardens next, the outdoor UH cafe-beer hall where everyone who's anyone at the UH hangs, but it's closed and deserted, which is perfect for my purposes. I check the vicinity for campus before I go into the snack machine room off the walled Gardens and shake the 2 machines hard. I score 2 bags of chips, 3 candy bars and a bag of peanuts.

Next I go back to the cave and fish a book out of my duffel bag. If me, Cliff and Brian can practice a couple of times, then work Mark into a mega practice session, we might have 2 or 3 songs down by the Stingray gig. It might suck, but we'll break the new band's cherry. We need to come up with a name. Very important to have a cool name.

I read a couple of pages of the Illuminatus trilogy before it gets too dark to read. Next I drink the 40 slow and watch the stars come out in the young night sky. I finish the beer, piss down the trail, lay down the sleeping bag back in the cave and go to sleep real early.

Monday morning the light from the mouth of the cave wakes me. I pull my duffel bag to the opening and dig out my black chinos and a collared button down shirt and put them in my backpack. The new morning air smells sweet and fresh as I truck down to the athletic building past Donoho Road by the dorms, sneak a shower and change into my surfer shorts, Chucks and a black t-shirt.

My next stop is in Palolo valley, the next valley east from Manoa towards Diamond Head, a short walk through the tropical dayglo neighborhood catching King Street again to Palolo Boulevard and up into the gorge to Pakui Street.

If I've timed this right, Bob Thomas, my partner from school still hasn't left for class and I can borrow dress shoes to go look for a job. Bob lives with his dad, Ron, a landscaper, lawn maintenance small business owner who has created a bad ass house toward the bottom of Palolo, the local ghetto valley, which slowly becomes more middle class because of people like Ron.

The house lays hidden back beyond an aqueduct over a bridge from the street, itself a cul de sac. Ron's truck, a 7 or 8 year old green Toyota, waits to drive him to work. I've worked for Ron before, putting in sprinklers, which is cool work because Ron's a cool boss who pays cash, no taxes, and digging sprinkler trench keeps you in shape and plus he buys you lunch.

I open the gray gate and greet Obake, Ron and Bob's crazy gray weimrunner, who jumps, barks, licks and smells me as I walk under the mango tree and up the steps to the white frame house's front door and knock. Ron opens the front door after like ½ a minute.

"Paul, long time no see," he declares.

"Hi Ron, is Bob around?"

Ron, a Caucasian, stands like 5'8". He has a build like a giant dwarf. He sports a longish grey goatee.

"Why, I believe so," he answers in his friendly sing song voice, "Come on in."

I enter the living room and Ron calls Bob as he gathers hand tools and puts them in his toolbox.

"Coffee?" he offers.

"Shoots."

"Help yourself."

I go through the door to the kitchen, which has been stripped of all the old moldings, tile, panel etc., and rebuilt, but unfinished. Bob emerges from his bedroom, bleary eyed and wildly coiffed, his Mohawk possessed by bed head.

Bob's his dad's height, ½ Japanese; Hapa Hoale and built like a trapeze artist being a prizewinning body surfer. He sings for a New Wave/Ska band called Luau Pig.

I pour myself a cup from the coffeemaker and load up with sugar from a capless plastic honeybear on the table of the dining nook, get a spoon from the dishrack and stir my coffee.

"Paul," Bob says.

"Bob," I reply, "Howzit?"

"Alright. What are you doin'?"

"I came to borrow your dress shoes."

"What are you fuckin' kiddin' me? You goin' to a wedding or something?" he asks.

"No. I gotta get a job," I explain.

"About time. You'll stretch out my dress shoes. I gotta new old pair of wingtips from Goodwill that are too big. Wear those, 'kay?"

"Kayden, mahalos."

"Did someone say they're looking for a job?" asks Ron.

"Yeah, me," I say.

"I have to put sprinklers in at the Van Duesen's place, starting in a week."

"That's cool. I was gonna try and get a job distributing flyers that's permanent like."

"Well, I've got work lined up through summer, more maintenance too," Ron clarifies.

"That'll work."

"Great, you can actually start Thursday or Friday by working on the yard and getting things ready for Monday, and there's some painting to do too.

"Thursday's cool. I'm kinda broke," I admit.

The flier job would be cleaner, and easier. But with no taxes clipped I'll make like \$70 more a week with Ron.

"Show up Thursday morning at 8:00 and I'll put you to work, Paul."

"Ok, great Ron. Thanks."

Ron grabs his toolbox and some bucket of parts and exits. "Be good boys," he calls out from the front porch.

"Bye Dad. See you tonight," Bob yells.

"Thanks again Ron. Have a good one," I holler.

Bob pours himself a cup of coffee and opens up the fridge to look for breakfast. I figure on hitting him up for a mango from the tree when I leave because I'm getting hungry.

"You still want those wingtips. I'll front 'em to you for 3 bucks till Dad pays you," Bob deals, wolfing down a cold piece of chicken and a donut.

"3 bucks? You're a friggin' thief Bob," I exclaim, just to be a hard ass.

"That's what I paid," he tells me, tossing me a donut.

"Kay den, let's see 'em. Wingtips rock." I shove the donut down my throat.

Bob runs to his room and grabs them. They're just a little beat up, but after a little polish they'll be slick. He hands them over and I take off my Chucks to try them on and they're a perfect fit.

"Right on," I say, sealing the deal. "You walking to school?"

"Yeah. I'm about to take off. Hold on, 'kay?"

"My schedule just opened way up, brah. I got time to burn, baby." Bob goes into the bathroom to clean up and I grab another cup of joe. Bob returns before I finish my coffee.

"We go," Bob says, picking up his bookbag.

The dog jumps around in a joyous frenzy as Bob stretches up to grab for the branches of the mango tree.

"Wanna mango?" Bob asks.

"Shoots."

Bob grabs us 2 and Obake bounces off as us as we walk out the gate.

"Why'd'ju name him Obake?" I ask, because Bob's told me Obake means ghost in Japanese, but never why he named the dog that.

"When he was a puppy he was really quiet."

"That dog needs seconal or something," I recommend.

"I love my dog," he argues.

"Hey, that's a Battery Club song, dude."

"Yeah, I know. It's a funny song."

We cross the bridge, eating the mangoes, and go back to UH.

I hang out at the University for the rest of the day after I change into my job search clothes in the Student Center restroom. I run into Cliff as he comes out of the dining hall and tell him to schedule practice for the evening after Thursday, which he'd do anyway because him and Brian have class during the day. Then I go to the library and read more from the Illuminatus, the weirdest book I've ever read; secret societies, aliens, spies, and super demons. It's actionpacked and funnier than watching a Marx brothers flick on a bottle of Robitussin DM cough syrup, a weird high which slows down time immeasurably and turns your skull inside out by rearranging your entire thought/sensation process.

Later I change back into my basketball shoes and surfer shorts, run to Ala Moana beach and go for a swim. Then I shower again and walk back to Manoa Gardens.

The Bobo's, a gang of hippie like waste-oid misfits, or 60's surfer pirates, hold court at the Gardens.

"Pig Rock!" exclaims Ivan when he sees me, looking like a brown haired Conan the Barbarian.

"Howzit Ivan?" I sit with him, Rex, Shelly and a few others.

They turn me onto a few beers and we sit around joking, telling tall tales and shooting the shit till the Gardens close.

Next I go to the liquor store and get a tall can instead of a

40 oz, deciding I need to slow down. Then I head back for the cave. I read a little till dark and think about what to name the new band. As I drink the brew. Loco Moco, The Undertakers, The Rent a Cops, Fuckbuddy. I can't decide. It's hard to name a band. How about Fuck the World? I finish the beer as I watch the stars. I relieve myself and retire in the cave. This day rocked. Finally I crash.

The next day I spend much like the day before except that now I don't have to look for a job. I go up to the Manoa Hilton in the early evening to use the phone, Jimmy, the only one home smokes a bong, and offers me a hit or 3 I ask him to use the phone.

"Ok," he says.

I call Cliff and find out they have the practice room lined up for Friday night at 7 o'clock.

"Does Brian's amp have 2 channels?" I ask Clifford.

"I don't know but mine does."

"Solid, See you den."

"Kay den." Cliff hangs up.

I call Sharleen's number next. Luckily her parents don't answer, she does.

"Hi Sharleen."

"Paul, hi."

"How was school?"

"Ok. What are you doin'?"

"Smoking weed. You wanna see Yojimbo Friday night at UH? It's by Akira Kurosawa."

"Yeah, ok. That's the guy who made 7 Samurai, huh?"

"Yup, It's got Toshiro Mifune in it," I tell her.

"Cool, he's funny."

"Meet me in front of the library Friday at 9, all right?"

"All right," agrees Sharleen.

We make small talk for a little while before we say "laters". I realize it's cutting it tight with practice at 7 and Sharleen at 9, but I can do it, I figure.

"Hot date, huh?" Jimmy asks passing me the bona.

"I hope."

Jimmy and me watch music videos. There's a case of Old Milwaukee in the fridge, so we drink. Later Jay and Kat bring home ½ a gallon of red wine. Jay changes the channel.

"Death Wish," he tells us.

"Cool, Charles Bronson," I say.

"Charles Bronson rules. He's bad ass," Jimmy states.

"Way bad ass," Kat clarifies.

We drink and watch Charles Bronson kill people. Later, when everybody goes to bed, they let me crash on the couch.

Thursday and Friday I clean Ron's yard, cut the dead leaves and branches from his potted plants, cut the grass in his yard outside the gate and edge it too. I have to leash the dog to the porch to keep him from constantly jumping all over me. Next I paint the fence on the other side of the house towards the yard. Then I stack the stepping stones and concrete cylinders neatly. I even sweep and mop the living room and kitchen. Of course Ron's left lunch in the refrigerator both days; cheese sandwiches on 7 grain whole wheat, and mangoes.

During lunch on Friday I go into Bob's room and get my microphone, which he's borrowed, from behind his record player.

Late Friday afternoon Ron brings a truckload of PVC pipe and we bring it into the inner yard and stack it on the cylinders. The shovels, picks and spades we lean against the side of the house by the aqueduct.

"Good job, Paul," Ron compliments me.

"Thanks boss."

He pulls \$95 from his wallet and hands it to me. "I owe you a buck."

"Right on." I put the money in my pocket.

"Monday morning, 8 am," Ron says.

"Check, see ya Monday."

"Stay outta trouble."

"No way." I take off and head for the drugstore to get a disposable razor, stick deodorant and a small bottle of patchouli. Then I hit the athletic building for a shower, after which I go to the cave and change into my black Chinos, a black sleeveless t-shirt with a fluorescent dragster demon and wingtips and pull out my leather jacket from the duffel bag. I don't own the standard issue Hardcore Motorcycle leather. I have a more 50s Spanish cut Elvis looking piece of shit. I keep the cologne in my backpack pocket.

I get a slice of pizza at Mama Mia's. After I finish I buy a tall can at the liquor store and then cross University to the Church of the Crossroads, open the beer, hidden around the side of the building. I pull out the notebook and a pencil to scrawl more possible band names: the Taco Chips, the Snack Cakes, Buzz Saw, the Wannabes, Death Squad, Stun Gun, Nightcrawlers, Funkpuppy, Pussyfinger Stinkfinger.

"Yeah," I say behind Pussyfinger and Stinkfinger.

Cliff and Brian will never go for Pussyfinger, but maybe I can sell them on Stinkfinger.

Or maybe the Under Dogs, Bomb Squad, I think... "nah".

I still have enough time to hit the Gardens and cop another beer or 2 with the Bobos.

When I arrive at the Gardens, Stan and Jocko sit with Ivan and company. The trio still wear dirty green work pants, black boots and beat t-shirts from working on the UH grounds crew. They look like somebody tied them to the back of a truck and dragged them through a dirty field of grass.

"Lookin' pretty sharp there, Pig Rock," says Stan, a tall skinny White boy with a buzz cut, flunking chemistry, who looks like a movie star.

"Gotta date with a Pearl City High School chick," I explain.

"Bobo!" cheers Ivan.

"Bobo!" 5 or 6 Bobos repeat.

Someone from somewhere has handed me a glass.

"Bobo!" I agree too and drink.

Someone passes me a jay and I actually get a couple of hits off of it before someone grabs it from me.

What you have to know about the Bobos is that they all surf, longboard, which is retro. Everyone in the 80s who surfs uses a shorter board. I've only board surfed like 5 or 6 times because the waves tend to knock the board out from under me and I don't like getting hit in the head with it. I'm kinda un-fuckin-coordinated and stick to body surfing or boogie boarding. Maybe if I wore a helmet.

It's about time for practice so I cop another glass and swallow it quickly before I say 'laters' and jet.

"Get her once for me!" yells Ivan after me.

"Fuck off, loser! It's all for me baby!" I reply.

Walking over to the music room at the Student Center I look up at the fruit flavored cloudy candy colored sky watching the giant clouds drift above. With change I still have about \$104, because I never spent the full \$20 from cleaning the club. I can afford a hotel room if I can get Sharleen way hot and talk her into it. But then I'd be broke. I could maybe get her in her dad's car, or the cave, but I know how chicks are.

I see Brian and Cliff hauling their amps up the stairs, so I grab their bass and guitar cases and follow.

"Howzit fellas?" I ask.

"Good." says Brian.

"Ok," answers Cliff. "I got the key."

We get to the music room, Cliff unlocks the door, we load in and the boys plug in their amps.

The boys, dressed in thrashed jeans and Punk Rock t-shirts, look over my duds.

"Who died?" Cliff asks.

"Nobody, I'm taking Sharleen to see Yojimbo at 9"
"You're a dirty dog," Brian tells me like I already don't know.

"Brian, Cliff says his amp has 2 channels, but my mike will sound better out of a guitar amp. Does yours have 2 channels?" I inquire.

"Yeah," he tells me.

"Can I plug into it?"

Brian looks at me a second. "Yeah, ok. But we'll have to play kinda quiet."

"We don't gotta be AC/DC right away," Cliff offers and begins making noise on his bass, and then turns down. "So what are we gonna play?"

I think it over as I plug in my mike. If we start with the songs Clifford already knows, it'll be easier, I figure.

"What songs do you know?" I ask Cliff.

"Some songs from Never Mind the Bollocks and Road to Ruin, some Clash, some Kiss," he tells us.

It figures, since the Sex Pistols, Ramones and Kiss are all pretty easy, even the Clash, but sometimes not.

"Let's do Anarchy in the UK," Brian suggests.

"That song's kinda had it, ain't it?" Cliff argues.

I can see that Brian agrees that it'll be easier if we start with what Cliff knows.

"We'll rewrite it and speed it up after we know we know it. Ok?" I recommend.

Cliff starts plucking the bass line and Brian starts strumming. I yell "Check, Check", and let it roll for a minute.

"I am an Anti Christ
I am an Anarchist
I know what I want
But not where to buy it
I wanna destroy
Kailua High
Cause I wanna be
Anarchy

Anarchy in Hawaii Kai
Is coming sometime and maybe
Start a knife fight
In the plate lunch line
You stole a queech
At the luau beach
Cause I'm gonna be
Anarchy."

We shred thru the pattern a few more time before Cliff chops the last lick and Brian plays like three more measures after but makes it sound like an outro, like he meant to do it.

"Rad," I critique.

"Let's do it again," Brian orders

We do it a couple of more times. Next we work on Lobotomy by the Ramones and then Clifford shows us that he can play Barbara Ann, by the Beach Boys, of all songs. I almost ask why but leave it alone. We try it.

"Went to the dance, lookin' for Romance
Saw Barbara Ann and tried to get into her pants
Barbara Ann Barbara Ann Bar bar a Ann
Barbara Ann Barbara Ann Bar bar a Ann"

Next we try Pig Rot after I assuage Brian's political standards by changing the verse about the little girl.

"Pig Rot likes the single's bar
That is where the hotties are
It's the big bad mamas he likes to chase
He say let me buy you a drink and get in your space."

By the time we get thru the song with no major fuck ups we're almost out of time. For a 1st practice, we've gotten through 4 songs including Lobotomy by the Ramones.

"We're sounding kinda sexist," Brian critiques.

"We're not putting women down by saying we're into them," Cliff argues, which gratifies me by defusing Brian's premise.

"This is just our 1st practice, Brian. We don't gotta do no songs all of us don't agree on," I compromise.

"Ok, ok. We can practice at Revolution Books on Sunday. It's closed, but I can get the key," Brian reports.

"Yeah, great," I agree.

We decide to practice at 2 or 3 on Sunday.

"I gotta get the key back to the Student Center office before it closes," Cliff says as he takes off.

Me and Brian jet too.

I put on deodorant and a little patchouli under a big Banyan tree, then I walk the block to the library and Sharleen waits. She wears a jean skirt, tight, a light pink retro sweater, red ankle boots and a slight inscrutable smile.

"Hey girl. You look nice," I greet her.

"Thanks. You do too Paul."

"Ah shucks. They're showing the movie at Andrews Theatre, right over there." I nod towards Manoa Gardens. "We might be like 5 minutes late."

"They always show previews anyway." she says.

I push the small of her back gently in the direction of Andrews, not more than a couple hundred feet away. We walk over and I sneak a look at the back of her thighs, way bad ass. I have a hard time keeping my hands to myself further than the nudge I've just given her.

The theater occupies the side of the building around the corner from the Gardens. It costs \$6 for both of us, cheap. We sit 2nd row center of the almost empty air- conditioned movie house. A trailer plays of some old French flick, by Godard, I figure. Next is a trailer for the Original Dr. Caligari, and the original Phantom of the Opera, with Lon Chaney Sr., both of which I want to see again.

"I'm so glad you asked me here tonight, Paul. I never go anywhere," Sharleen says, her voice like raspberry liqueur.

"The pleasure's mine Sharleen. It's been forever since I've been out with anybody," I lie.

"Why only 1 movie tonight?" Sharleen breathes in my ear.

"I think it's a long movie." I exhale quietly back onto her neck, hoping it gets her wet.

The screen's gone blue as the film between the trailers and movie projects. Then a black strip of scratchy black blasts the screen followed by the titles in arcane Japanese characters.

Yojimbo, in black and white and way more contained than 7 Samurais, with a smaller cast and set in a small village, tells a tale of revenge. The hero, Mifune's character, destroys members of a medieval army regiment that's wasted his village. His heroism comes from the fact that justice feeds his blood thirst and he's the baddest assest swordfighter on the block. The perfect swordplay and acting grab you by the neck.

The movie ends and Sharleen and I exit the theater with a handful of others into the ideal night.

"Do you want to go to 3D, or get a bottle of wine and go to the beach or up the Pali?" I ask.

"Let's not go to 3D. I'll get sick of it if I go every weekend." I'm stoked

"I'm parked across University," Sharleen tells me.

We walk to her car parked less than ½ a block away. I sneak another glance at the back of her legs and skirt.

"Did you like Yojimbo?" I ask.

"It wasn't funny, but scary. The sword fights were rad."

"Yup, amazing," I agree.

She drives her blue green Honda, her dad's I figure, to the liquor store down the street and parks in front.

"Do you want anything special?" I ask.

"Just get wine cooler. I have to drive home later."

No you don't, I think, Oh well, no biggy. "Ok."

I run into the store and get a 6 pack of wine cooler and a ½ pint of cheap vodka that I stash in my jacket pocket. Normally I like whiskey, but vodka doesn't hang on your breath as strong. I pay the long haired middle aged clerk and get back into Sharleen's ride.

"Do you want to go up to Pali Lookout or Diamond Head?" I ask.

"I haven't been up the Pali in a long time. Let's go there."

"Great." I crack a wine cooler and ask if she wants one.

"Not yet." she says, "Be careful."

"Careful is my middle name."

"I thought it was Danger."

"Nope, it's Paul Careful Cruz."

Sharleen laughs. I sip the drink and she has a couple of sips herself. Soon she exits H1 onto the Pali Highway and parks in the huge empty parking lot. We finish wine cooler #1 and open 2 more and pass her a bottle.

"Who was that red head I used to see you with?" asks Sharleen.

"That was Margo, Margo A Go Go. She plays bass for the Rattles." We each take a drink.

"What happened?"

"Basically, nothing. She was so busy with work, band practice and school that I never saw her. When I did see her it felt kinda funny."

"Funny?"

"Yeah, I can't explain it. You know how when something ain't right it ain't right?" I elucidate.

"Why'd you call her Margo A Go Go?"

"She's a go go dancer at Club Hubba Hubba."

"A strip club?" she asks.

"It's just a topless go go bar. I've never gone in."

"Have you ever been in a strip club?"

"Just once. The beers are too expensive and those people try to clip you for every last nickel. What about you? You've got to have a boyfriend, pretty girl like you," I tell her.

"Nope. The guys at school are dorks. I dated this guy, Jason, who plays on the basketball team. He turned out to be a creep," Sharleen admits

We continue to drink. "Why was he a creep?" I ask.

"He expected me to be there all the time, following him

around like a puppy dog. He'd never call. I had to call him."

"Is he a Hoale?" I ask.

"Hapahoale. You haven't been seeing anyone else?" she asks.

"I had a brief affair with an art school grad student, but it ended pretty quick. It's so over," I explain.

"Why'd it end?"

"Ask her. I'm a drop out? She was boring anyway," I elaborate.

"Are you gonna go back to school?"

"Baby, I'm gonna be a Rock star, just like Sid Vicious," I fantasize out loud.

We look into each other's eyes, so I kiss her light and slow on the mouth, savoring it, tasting pink frosty lipstick. We end the kiss and finish our drinks.

"Wanna take a look off the cliff?" I suggest.

"Ok."

We get out of the car, hold hands and walk to the lookout; a semi-circular shelf walled off at waist level the size of a fast food restaurant parking lot. A breeze blows across the deep starry sky and almost level with the rolling clouds.

Eastward, the Pali cuts down sharply to a vertical drop. Westward, towards Honolulu, the mountain slopes less dramatically.

We look down on the windward side of the island. From right to left we look at Kailua town lights, the Kailua Drive Inn, Hawaii Loa (my old school) and Kaneohe town lights, left and north. King Kamehameha used to throw his enemies from the cliffs onto the ground below.

"You can pick magic mushrooms right down off the cow pies after the rain in the morning," I say, pointing just left.

"You eat that?" she asks incredulously.

"You wash it off after you break the stem off above the cow dung. And believe me, you never touch the mess. Besides, people will buy 'shrooms, big time."

"It's chilly," Sharleen says as the breeze blows.

I put my arm around her. Soon it becomes an embrace, which leads to a long deep French kiss that lasts awhile. My breath gets short and I get dizzy as we play tongue tag. Eventually we break.

"Wow!" I breathe.

"Uh huh," agrees Sharleen.

We make out again. Soon I kiss her neck and put my hand up under her sweater and stroke the small of her back and eventually the top of her perfect butt. We continue until I put my fingers up the inside of Sharleen's muscular thighs towards her

panties. Soon she pulls gently away.

“Paul, where’s the restroom?”

“On the other side of the parking lot.” I gotta go too.

We make for them and I exit 1st when I’m done and when my date comes back we return to the car, and look at each other. Soon we embrace and kiss. When it gets intense I run my hand under her sweater and fondle her perfect tits, big for a Asian girl’s.

“You’re so gorgeous,” I say quietly.

Sharleen moans, barely. I get my hands up her skirt into her silky panties and only just get my fingers underneath and moist with warm thick fluid.

“Stop,” Sharleen tells me after a bit.

She moves my hand away. Damn! We make out some more. I try to finger her again but she ain’t having it. We kiss, twirling tongues, till I crawl on top of her and we grind. I try for some pussy again but she stops my hand. Then she strokes my cock through my Chinos but its cramped and my back keeps knocking against the steering wheel. I play with her breasts some more, we slow down and soon I dismount and sit down, sitting against her, holding her loosely.

“I have enough cash for a hotel room,” I announce, hoping that I do.

She stays quiet for a minute. “I have to get home soon. My parents bitched me out for staying out so late on Saturday night.”

“Ok,” I tell her before I kiss her again. We make out some more, then break.

“Can you drop me off close to the University?”

“Of course sweetie,” she says.

She drives me back after we drink another wine cooler each, and we make out a little more.

“Thanks for coming out tonight,” I say when she pulls over on University by the library.

“I had a nice time,” Sharleen says and we kiss each other goodnight.

“Me too,” I say and kiss her again. “Let’s do it again soon.” I open the car door.

“Ok,” she agrees.

I ask if she wants the last wine cooler and she says “no”. I take the cardboard pack with the empties and the last full one.

“I’ll call you soon,” I say as I get out of the car.

“All right.”

I blow her a kiss, she catches it and I watch her car drive away.

When she’s vanished I smell my fingers: food of the

Gods. If I hit Waikiki, 3D will only be open like another hour, tops, by the time I get there. So I make for the cave, drink the ½ pint using the cooler as a chaser as I make my bed and lay down. It's definitely love, I think, tasting my fingers with my tongue.

3

Saturday I wake late and find a pay phone at school and call Mark.

"Hello," Mark answers.

"Mark, Paul. Whatcha doin'?"

"Getting ready to go golf. Was 'up"

"I gotta new band. We're gonna play a few songs at 3D in a week with the Stingrays. Wanna sit in?" I ask him.

"In a week? You're nuts."

"2 or 3 songs; piece of cake; you know; Ramones, Sex Pistols; Pig Rot."

He doesn't speak for a moment. "Yeah, you're right, except I'm in a metal band now."

"So what. You know you wanna do it. We're practicing at UH. How're your evenings?"

"I got lab Tuesdays and Thursdays, but I can miss one if I need to," he tells me.

"We're practicing at a bookstore on King off University tomorrow."

"Can't do it; goin' fishin'."

"You've done all these songs anyway, brah. Listen, I'll call you about when we get the practice room at the University."

"I'll just beat on a trash can or books rather than bring my kit. I think my car's 'bout ready to die anyway," Mark explains.

"Kay den, I'll call you. Later."

"Later."

Saturday night I go to 3D again. I see black and white xeroxed fliers on light poles on the street made from letters cut from magazines with a cartoon of a monster manta ray heralding the Stingrays' gig. We haven't even thought of a name for our band yet and of course haven't been included.

Up inside the club, I see Benjy, the lead singer. I buy us both a beer and of course Kyle breaks out the 6% for us VIPS. Benjy, Japanese, crazy eyed with the most ratted haircut ever, wears the standard punk uniform with dirty black Levis torn so completely that duct tape holds them together and a leather jacket that has 'The Misfits' painted in big white dripping horror movie letters.

"My new band's sitting in your show next Saturday.

Should we bring our own gear?" I ask.

He thinks a bit. "I'm sure it's ok if you just plug into Jack and Andy's amps. Darian'll probably let your drummer use his kit. You got a new drummer?" Benjy asks.

"Nope. Mark's beatin' skins with us again."

"I'm sure it's ok then."

"Right on Benjy, thanks."

Battery Club gigged with the Stingrays a handful of times. The ethics of underground Punk gigs is that musicians let each other use their amps, P.A.s and even instruments, though this slightly crosses the line.

Brian and Cliff don't show and it's just another night at the Punk club. I see band names on t-shirts whose music I haven't heard, like MDC, Angry Samoans, DRI and Fear. While it's impossible not to be aware of how Punk has become "Hardcore", and I know songs by Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Dead Kennedys and the Germs from KTUH, it almost seems like too many new bands.

I hang out for a while, dance a little, check out the chicks and drink a couple more beers. I actually leave before midnight, hit the liquor store for a tall can and a ½ pint of cheap whiskey, and walk back up to the Hilton to see if they'll let me crash on the couch.

Sunday I wake on the couch hungover a little. I make for the liquor store and take care of it with a shot and a tall can and decide to not drink anymore today.

I meet the boys at Revolution Books at 2:30. We work on Lobotomy, Anarchy, and Pig Rock, deciding to just change the fucking title as long as we're changing a verse. Brian wants to work on I'm So Bored With the USA, by The Clash. I like the song but it's old, like our other covers. I show them Spy For the CIA, a Battery Club song, which is semi political.

I'm a spy for the CIA
I'm a spy for the CIA
I was a motorcycle cop from LA
But I wanted a ray gun and I wanted a raise

I'm a spy for the CIA
I'm a spy for the CIA
I'm an alligator on PCP
Federal neurosurgeon did a job on me

I'm a trained killer, I'm a psycho spy
I hear noises in my head and I don't know why

Don't know who I wanna be
I'm gonna car bomb the embassy

Kill Kill the President
Kill Kill the President
He won't tell me how my money's spent
So I'm gonna kill the President.

After practice I go to the Library and read until 9pm so that the Hiltonites don't get too tired of me. I figure I need to get up early so I need to not sleep in the cave where its dark and more likely that I'll oversleep. I need a cheap battery powered alarm clock or a watch that'll beep if you set it.

At the Hilton they all pass the bong, as usual. Joey, a blond Marine Science major/surfer who looks like He Man, sits on the recliner. Someone's brought a case of beer and we watch music videos, then someone changes it to the last ½ of Taste the Blood of Dracula starring Christopher Lee. I only drink a couple of beers because I work in the morning. We pass the bong, which someone's loaded with real bud, and watch Dracula hunt nubile English chicks from the roof tops of some Carpathian town. He peeps at a couple of hotties through a 3rd floor window, eyes way bloodshot.

"I dig those low cut 19th century nighties," Joey comments.

"The way they show off their tits. They even wear their evening gowns like that," I elaborate.

Everyone crashes relatively early and I fall asleep too.

I show up Monday morning, another perfect Hawaiian day, at Ron's. After a quick cup of coffee we load his truck with the shovels, picks and PVC pipe. Then we drive to Hawaii Kai, south, close to Diamond Head and definitely an upper class neighborhood. Ron parks in front of a house a couple of blocks from Kahala Mall.

We spend the day digging a trench 8 inches deep with trenching shovels and spades when the ground is soft and easy and picks when its more packed and rocky. The yard's way big and I figure it'll take a week or more to dig the trench and to glue the pipe and I don't know how long to lay the sod. Maybe we'll seed it. Of course on Fridays we do maintenance so that slows it down 20%. I get so sweaty that I hose off in Ron's yard after work before I go to the athletic building.

Cliff reserves the practice room for Wednesday at 7 pm. I

call Mark on the pay phone by the liquor store after I hang up with Cliff.

“See you night after tomorrow,” Mark tells me before we hang up.

Next I call Sharleen and we rap for a while and I tell her about the gig. She’s surprised it so soon.

“Only a few songs,” I tell her.

“But still,” she says.

We decide to meet Friday night.

I sit at the bus stop with my backpack and write the words to a new song down and think of a melody kinda.

I figure if I sleep at the mouth of the cave the sun will for sure wake me. I drink a tall can and look at the stars. I think of Sirius, the ‘Dog’ star and wonder where it is, why they call it that and what makes it so special. It’s 2 stars orbiting around each other. Or am I just confused? Then it comes to me; God Dog, the band name... or Dog God... neither... both... which eva.

I hose off after work on Wednesday and then make for band practice.

I meet Mark at the bottom of the steps to the Student Center. He’s got brown hair, a shag haircut, a 4-day beard and stands like 5’9” with a little beer gut. He majors in Asian Studies and is one of the only undergraduates at Hawaii Loa in their 30s.

Me and Mark talk about school till Brian and Cliff approach with their gear and set it down. I introduce Mark, Cliff gets the key and we wait for him.

“Yeah. I gotta new song tonight. Skin You Alive.

“Charming,” Brian opines.

Cliff returns in a few minutes and we go to the room and set up. Mark’s brought books and sticks and turns the waste can in the practice room over for a minikit.

“Let me guess, a punk band,” Mark says.

“Of course,” answers Brian, looking at him like he’s a retard.

Brian and Cliff turn down even lower than before and we run through Anarchy, Lobotomy, Pig Song and Spy for the CIA, all of which Mark already knows. I can tell he digs it.

“Let’s run through this new song,” I say.

“Howzitgo?” Brian asks.

I pull the lyrics from my backpack and sing it.

“You shoulda never put me down
You shoulda never pushed me around
You shoulda never pushed my face in the ground

'Cause I'm gonna take a knife
I'm gonna feel it slice, into your flesh
I'm gonna skin you alive

I'm gonna pull the meat off of your limbs
I'm gonna rip the eyeballs outta your skull
I'm gonna laugh in your face as
The life drains from your body

Death, death and nothing but death
And pain and suffering for you
And bleeding on the sidewalk
A funky funky death,"

Brian and Mark have almost figured it out and even Cliffs got the beat and almost hits the breaks by the time it's done. Everyone laughs.

"Nice," Mark comments.

"Blood curdling," adds Cliff.

We do it again a few more times. Then we go through the mini set again and again. The clerk from the Student Center office comes and asks us for the key at 9:45. We load Brian's car quickly.

"I thought of a band name; God Dog, or Dog God. It's spelled the same both forwards and back."

Everyone looks at each other for a second.

"Cool," says Cliff.

"Rad," Brian agrees.

Brian offers to drive Mark to the Ala Moana Mall so that he can make the next to the last bus quicker. Everyone decides we can maybe practice at the bookstore on Saturday. Everything's going super phenomenally. I'm so tired that I don't even get a beer before I hit the cave, which is closer than the Hilton anyway.

On the walk up the path to the cave, I wonder. Where's it all come from. It all came from nothing. Zero's a number, then comes 1, then 2 and then $1+2=3$ and the rest of the numbers into infinity. These songs come through me. I don't make them up. What the fuck, Chuck? I really can't figure it all out. That's not my job anyway. I'm just a Punk singer in a Rock and Roll band.

The rest of the week Ron and I work on the lawn in Kahala and finish more than $\frac{1}{2}$ the trench. On Friday it's maintenance at the Japanese millionaire's mansion almost on Diamond Head and at 2 other rich folk's places, estates practically, in lavishness if not size.

After we put the tools away in Palolo Ron pays me \$240 cash. I thank him and walk to Long's Drugstore on King and buy a dual radio/cassette player and recorder for \$14.

I call all the boys about practice tomorrow at 7 pm at the bookstore and it's a go. Then I buy a tall can at a liquor store a block away and drink it on the sneaks while I wait for the bus.

I catch it towards downtown and get off on Piikoi Street and walk a few blocks towards the Makiki valley, next to Manoa, and the Piikoi Arms. You can rent an 8' x 10' room for \$195 a month, plus \$60 deposit. A curtain serves as a front wall and the room shares a bathroom and shower with another room just like it, plus it's barely furnished. Cheaper rent doesn't exist in Honolulu.

I run back to King Street and find a mini mart where I buy a candle, a pack of clove cigarettes, a 3 pack of Trojans, non-lubricated, of course and a tall can of beer. With the money I've saved from last week I actually still have about \$50 left. I ask the Chinese clerk lady for matches and she slides a white book of fire at me.

"Mahalo," she thanks me.

"Ditto," I reply.

I walk back to the crib where I shower, shave, brush my teeth and put the scents on. Then I get dressed in black jeans, blue v-neck t and wing tips as I drink. I smoke a clove, lay on the bed and enjoy the short buzz and finish my beer. Finally I get up, comb my hair, put on my leather and bolt.

I take off into the Honolulu city night and use a transfer to catch the University bus through Makiki, the wrong way. It lets me off in front of the Varsity Theater.

She walks up 10 minutes later, in jeans, ankle boots and a light red sweater. I put my hand around her waist and give her a little peck on the neck.

"Hello gorgeous," I greet her.

"Hi Paul."

We tongue kiss for a second.

We go to the ticket window and I buy 2 tickets for the 8:20 showing of View to a Kill.

"Where'd you park?" I ask.

"Across the street from Foodland next to the park."

We hold hands and enter the lobby. I ask if she wants popcorn candy or anything and she says "No". The theater fills up less than ½ way, because the movie, like most of the Roger Moore Bond flicks, is pretty much a dud. We sit towards the back and make out in short bursts until she pushes me off of her. When the movie ends we exit onto University.

"Do we want Pizza?" I nod towards Mama Mia's.

"I don't," Sharleen says after she thinks it over for like 10 seconds.

"Let's get some wine coolers," I say and take her hand to cross the Boulevard to the liquor store.

She waits for me in front while I go in and buy the coolers, some Jolly Rancher candies, and a ½ pint of cheap whiskey, which I stash in my jacket pocket. I return to Sharleen outside and we start walking slowly towards the park.

"Do you wanna check out 3D tonight?" I ask, offering her a Jolly Rancher and eating one myself.

"Well, you're playing there tomorrow and I was sorta thinking I'd go too. Why don't we go to the beach?"

Killah!, I think. We hold hands and walk to her car, stop, I put my arms around her and we kiss doing tricks with the candies, our mouths sweet and wet. She gets into the Honda, lets me in and starts it up.

"How was school this week?" I ask.

"All right, same old."

"Did you see Jason?"

"He was around. I didn't really talk to him or anything."

She stops the car at a red light and stares at me from the driver's seat, nailing me with her big black eyes. "What about you Paul, did you see any of your girlfriends this week?"

"I haven't had a girlfriend in quite a while," I answer quietly.

The light changes and she goes. "No, you just like to go around the block with Go Go dancers and graduate art students."

Ouch! "That's not fair."

"But it's true."

"Yeah, but that was before I even knew if you would go out with me or not," I explain.

"I have to watch out for you. You're a silver tongued rock star and a bad bad boy."

"I have no idea what you're talking about Sharleen," I lie.

We arrive at Ala Moana Beach Park with our drinks and sit near the sand on the grass.

"You worked this week," she says, a statement, not a question.

"Yup, it's cool. I like Ron. He treats me right. Plus the work keeps me kinda in shape."

"Uh huh," she says, "Are you ever going back to school?"

"Yeah, after I get a record deal," I joke, "I can actually graduate in a year, or in the fall if I load up on summer classes and take an independent study next semester. Plus I gotta pass Chemistry." I take a slug of wine cooler.

"Cool." she approves.

"What about you? Are you going to UH next year?"

"My parents want me to do Berkeley but I really don't know."

"Go to UH a year or 3 then transfer," I suggest.

"I've been thinking of that."

The conversation lapses, we finish each our drinks and look into each other's eyes, unfathomable depth. We kiss for a while, start grinding slow, stop and pull away from each other, almost on cue.

"Let's go look at the ocean," Sharleen quietly suggests.

"All right, good idea."

We walk over the low beach wall and sit on it close to each other and watch the big bluish green clouds roll in front of the brilliant stars over the surf rolling in. Soon we start to kiss again and before long I'm on top of Sharleen on the wall. Our bodies rock to the gentle sound of the ocean waves.

I keep my hands from wandering underneath Sharleen's clothes since I have a room to launch the campaign for the final prize later on. I rub my cock against her groin, and she rubs herself right back against me, through our pants. After awhile we slowly stop, not wanting to be too conspicuous. I look in her eyes, then rise and sit up.

"Are you all right Sweetie?" Sharleen asks me.

"Yeah, of course."

She sits up too and leans next to me.

"I just don't want us to get arrested for Public Indecency," I explain.

Sharleen giggles. "What time do you think it is?"

"Early, before midnight."

We sit there, me hungering ravenously for her teenage feminosity.

"I got a place today, in Makiki," I reveal.

"Really?" she remarks.

"Yeah, wanna check it out?"

"I don't know, sounds dangerous."

"I'll be nice. I promise."

She waits a brief moment before answering. "...Ok."

Cha-ching!

We walk to the parking lot, get into the car and she drives out onto Ala Moana Boulevard.

"Get onto Piikoi and head towards King," I instruct.

She does this and we drives towards the mountains, almost to the freeway, till I show her where to pull into the Arm's parking lot. Luckily there's a space because it's a small patch of asphalt.

I kiss her neck, we get out of the car and I put my arm

around her shoulder as we walk to the door of my room as I carry the rest of the drinks.

When we enter I find the matches and light the candle, cherry scented, sit Sharleen on the bed and open us each a bottle of wine cooler Kool Aid. I turn the radio on to KTUH.

"It's not the Ritz, I know, but I can afford it," I explain.

"It's cute." she lies.

I get the pack of Gudang Garams and light us a clove to share. We each take a drag and the sugary smell mixes with the cherry candle vapor making it smell like an opium den. I take my shoes off and so does she.

"So we named the band Dog God," I inform.

She considers for a bit. "Cool," she approves, "Who's drumming?"

"Mark, from Battery Club," I use an empty from the 6-pack as an ashtray to drop the glowworm ash in.

"What time do you guys play?"

"Between their sets, I'd say a quarter to midnight."

"Rad."

Planet Earth by Duran Duran plays and we lay back and finish the clove. I drop it in the bottle and it fizzes. Let's Go To Bed by The Cure plays and I kiss Sharleen. She reclines and I lay on top of her and we resume the dry hump where we left off at the beach. I reach under her sweater and then her bra and play with her nipples as we rock hips and grind groins. I unzip her pants and get my fingers down underneath into funky wetness, but she keeps moving my hand away.

I slowly stop and whisper, "Trust me baby, we don't have to go all the way."

We kiss, rock and I get my hand in again and I finger her. I actually manage to pull her pants off. She lets me run my hands up and down her legs and under her sweater, and we kiss and slow hump till finally I pull her panties out of the way without taking them off and kiss and tongue her wet treasure box. She lays back, moans gently and rolls with it as I suck her moist lips and then her clit. I stick my tongue all the way in as far as it will go, farther, then use my fingers up in there as I lick her clit flat up against her pubic bone. She "ooohs" and "aahhs" louder and practically spasms on the bed beneath me. She retreats then a bit and when I begin to follow crawling in between her legs she holds her hands up to stop me.

"What's wrong Sharleen?"

"Paul, I have to go soon."

"No you don't. It's early."

"You don't know my dad. I really want to see you play tomorrow and if I don't go home now I definitely can't make the

show tomorrow night and then I'll be really sad," she explains and I can hear the violin play in my skull.

"You want another drink?" I ask.

"No, where's the bathroom Paul?"

I nod in its general direction, "Over there."

She stands, wiggles into her jeans, which bums me out hard, puts her shoes on and pulls the curtain back to head for the head. I figure there's enough moonlight for her to find the light switch. When she returns I ask her to wait a bit while I go to the bathroom too.

She stands when I come back. I'm thinking hard of some trick or ploy I can use to keep my little angel from flying out the door.

"I need to go Paul."

"I'll walk you to the car." We go out to the car and I put my arms around her.

"Sorry I need to go now." she says.

"Don't be. I can't wait to see you tomorrow night."

We embrace and kiss for a minute and I need to end it quick before I drag her back into the room.

"Call me tomorrow," Sharleen commands before she gets in the driver's seat.

"I will. Drive safe Sweetness."

"Bye Paul."

I kiss her one last time through the window. I watch her drive away, my boner aching.

When I go back in the room I grab the ½ pint from my jacket pocket, open it and take a slug, chasing it with the Kool Aid. Then I lay back on the bed and spank it, coming in like 5 seconds. Finally, I light another smoke, drink the whiskey and wine cooler and soon enough I pass the fuck out.

In the morning I wake up hungover, which seems weird, since I really didn't drink that much last night. There's a bottle of Kool Aid left so I tank it. I put on a blue t-shirt and my Chucks and make for the mini mart where I buy a tall can of Schlitz Malt Liquor. I return to the room, drink the beer and go back to sleep. I wake again later to pee, unhangover. I better not drink anymore till after we play, I decide.

Next I go to the cave, get my duffel bag, sleeping bag and stuff, and return, all on the bus. That's it, I'm pretty much moved in.

At about 2pm I go to the 7-11 and buy a candybar for change to call Sharleen on the payphone. I drop the coins and push the number buttons.

"Hello?" Sharleen's dad answers.

"May I speak with Sharleen please?"

"...Who is this?" he says, voice brimming with hostility.

"This is her friend, Jason."

"Sharleen's not home," Dad tells me.

Click.

Back at the room I change into surfer shorts and take my shirt off for a run to the beach, I do some sit ups and push ups, swim a little and run back. At the room I shower and then read the *Illuminatus*, listening to KTUH on the radio. I almost finish the 2nd book of the trilogy before it's about time to go. I'll need to score the final book of the trilogy soon.

I show up at the bookstore for practice wearing my leather with my mike in my pocket. The boys are on time, except for Mark, who's like 5 minutes late. We rip through the songs a few times ghetto style again.

"Good thing we got originals," Brian says when we call it quits.

"My boy here's a regular Edgar Alien Poe," Mark regales.

We figure we should get to 3D ASAP to work out the band fliparoo with the Stingrays between their sets,

Brian and Cliff wear their leather motorcycle jackets, beat to hell. Brian sports his Dead Kennedys t-shirt and Cliff his Millions of Dead Cops one. Mark has a thrashed jean jacket and is the least Punk of the quartet. We all wear Chucks. I wear a plain black sleeveless shirt under my leather. We look like a punk rock band. Maybe Sharleen will let me use her black eyeliner pencil. We cram into Brian's ride and he zips to Waikiki.

When we arrive people are already standing in a short line to get in. Brian and Cliff carry their axes.

"Listen fellas, Junior's probably gonna hassle us for cover. Don't argue with him when he does. Please, let me do the talking. I'll get us in free. Arguing will just make him more disagreeable. Trust me."

The boys all look at each other and shrug. Everyone's dealt with the doorman in this capacity except Cliff and even he knows the score, but I know how everyone loves to argue and plus we're not on the flier. When we finally get up to the 2nd level on the staircase, Junior's station, I see him look at Brian and Cliff's guitar and bass cases.

"3 dollahs," says Junior.

"Look Brah, Kyle asked me and my new band to play. Can you please just comp us? We're kinda broke," I ask.

"Nah nah. 3 dollahs each bruddah."

"You gotta be fuckin' kiddin' me man!" Mark exclaims.

I knew it. "Come on Junior, please, help me out brah.

Kyle asked us to play tonight”

“12 dollahs, I no get time fo dis brah,” Junior rumbles quietly like a volcano.

“We gotta pay to play?” remarks Cliff incredulously.

C’mon Junior. Go get Kyle then.”

“I no get time fo dat. 12 dollahs.”

“Listen, I’ll give you \$6 and get it from Kyle later on. Howzat?”

The line’s grown and the nightclubbers begin to squirm and make impatient noise. Junior thinks it over for like 10 or 15 seconds.

“Kay den. 6 dollahs.”

I pay the big man and me and the crew ascend the stairs and enter the club.

People fill the club for how early it is. Benjy and 3 Kailua Punks, 2 Hoales and an Asian, stand congregated on a slightly raised stage by the window. Tables and chairs usually sit here. I sneak close enough to get Benjy’s attention. He inconspicuously gives me a thumbs up, I notice he wears black eyeliner and hope Sharleen brings some.

I notice a few Mods from UH as I walk by them. The girls look straight out of the 60’s.

“Paul! ‘Sup?” says Bill, a short blond Mod.

“Howzit Bill?”

I join Cliff, Brian and Mark by the bar and explain that I’ve already worked out the band switch plan.

“Want a beer?” Cliff offers.

I notice they’ve all got one, “Not. After we play.”

I notice Sharleen walk in a few minutes later. She wears a tight gray skirt, collared button shirts, Levi jacket and ankle boots.

“I’ll be back,” I tell the guys and walk over to her.

I give her a peck on the cheek and take hold of her hand.

“Hi Paul.” She kisses me back.

“Hi gorgeous. Howzit?”

“Good. My dad hung up on you, huh?”

“Yeah.”

“And you said you were Jason. You’re bad. He knew you were lying. I think he knows his voice. Are you nervous?” she changes the subject.

“A little,” I admit

“You’ll do great,” she concludes.

I look over to check on my bandmates, who seem fine. The Stingrays begin to make noise through their amps. The drummer bangs out a few beats.

“Check, check,” Benjy says through the sound system.

"I want cash!" yells one of the Mods.

I put my arms around Sharleen and kiss the back of her neck. The Stingrays strum a chord, the drummer clicks off a beat, they hit the mark and launch off into Submission by the Sex Pistols.

I watch Benjy sway, gyrate, moan and twist through a couple of originals, You're So Punk a personal favorite. A Pogo pit starts; people slamming with no center, not a circle thrash. The Stingrays play a Germs cover, then a Black Flag song. I lose sight of Benjy because he screams into the mike laying on the ground. The next songs seem like new originals because I don't remember them.

"Sharleen, let me borrow you're eyeliner pencil, please," I hold her and say close enough for her to hear.

She digs into her bag and pulls it out for me. I just put a lot on and smear it into my eyes ghoulish style and hand it back. I figure it's time to get it together, so I pull Sharleen close.

"I've got to get ready," I say in her ear.

She turns around and kisses me on the mouth. "Good luck."

"Thanks." I kiss her back and join the boys at the bar.

"Let's get close to the stage," I tell them.

We look at each other and they take drinks of their beers before they get up. We make our way thru the crowd around the pit, Brian and Clifford with their axe cases, close to the side of the stage. I recognize the song, Scream Queen, probably the last of the set, which I dig.

"...You're a coke whore who wants more, more, more
You make a big ass mess on the fucking dance floor
You smell, go to hell
Think up some more lies to tell
You're a Scream Queen in a Freak Scene
Learned to live from a magazine!..."

Benjy yells, possessed and totally committed.

I guessed correctly. The band stops for the break. Benjy catches his breath and I get his attention. He tells me to just use 3D's mike. Each band member negotiates with his alternate band doppelganger over set up and plugs in.

"Don't bang so hard that you break my heads," the drummer tells Mark as he stands.

"For sure. Right on," Mark sits.

The 'Rays leave the stage and we stand ready to break Dog God's cherry. I look out at everyone and into their eyes,

posing like I'm Dracula or Godzilla or some scary monster.

"Pig Rock!" somebody yells.

Brian and Cliff hit their strings and make noise and Mark pounds out a beat. From aural chaos my boys hit the intro to Anarchy in Hawaii Kai fast, like a nail on the head. The kids in the pit recognize the song and start a calm thrash.

"Anarchy in Hawaii Kai
Is coming sometime and maybe
The wave you surf is really big
You dance a jig with a luau pig..."

God Dog hits the last note clean. About a 1/3 of the club laughs, getting the joke. I think Mark will launch right into the beat of Pig Rock, since it may be our last song, but he starts Skin You Alive instead. It's a slower song, almost a metal dirge, but I can tell by the expressions on people's faces in the audience that they appreciate the gruesomeness. When it's done Mark bangs out the beat to Pig Rock immediately.

Cliff starts in, then Brian, perfectly, and I start ranting and spewing at the perfect correct point. The beat of the song promotes a weird spastic energy in the people dancing in the audience. I'm way stoked.

"... He say hey baby mama
Let me get in your space.
Ree unh, Ree unh..."

In the break Brian tries a feedback assault that works. We hit the ending precisely. I look back at Mark and signal for him to cut it and not do Spy For the CIA, thinking it's been perfect and my instincts saying that less is more. People cheer a little.

"Thank you," I say into the mike.

People clap, cheer and whistle more. It's a success. The Stingrays take the stage again, beers and instruments in hand. Dog God heads for the bar again.

Ken, Kyle's partner, comps us 3 beers. We crack them and take a drink and my ears ring.

"You guys are nuts, Pig Rock," Ken says. I try to come up with a snappy comeback, since Ken is king of the lunatics, but I'm way too high to be a smartass.

"To God Dog," I toast.

We all take another drink. It feels right.

"I gotta find Sharleen," I say and get up. I watch Benjy and the band take the stage as Crazy Charlie plays She's Like Heroin to Me by The Gun Club. I find Sharleen where I left her.

"Wow, you guys were rad," she congratulates.

"Thanks." I take a drink of my beer.

The 'Rays make some noise over the Gun Club song, so Charlie doesn't spin another record when it ends. The band starts off with Chinese Rock by the Ramones. When sung by a Hawaiian Punk band, which is ½ Asian, it takes on a 3rd or 4th meaning.

"How're you feeling?" I ask Sharleen in her ear.

"Good," she answers into mine, her lips brushing against it. I hold her hand as we watch Benjy rock, the guitar and bass player roll, and the kids on the dancefloor slam.

After a couple more songs I ask Sharleen if she'd like to get a bottle of wine before the liquor store closes. She agrees.

Sharleen steps out of the club door before me. I look at my bandmates, who notice me and my girl. Sharleen's ahead of me and I nod at her looking at them. Cliff gives me the 'AOK' sign, thumb and forefinger in a circle, smiling like a goof. We go down the stairs into the Waikiki night, still bustling, filled with nightlights and kissed by the sweet Oahu breeze. We hold hands and walk down the block.

"How do you feel, now that the band's had a baptism of fire?" Sharleen asks.

My head spins, still in Rock and Roll Vertigo.

"Killa. We need to get a whole set down, 2 sets. Then I can get my fix."

"You're addicted."

"I'm a Punk junky."

We arrive at a liquor store. I grab Sharleen, wrap my arms around her waist and kiss her neck.

"Want anything?"

"Buy me a Tootsie Pop, Daddy," Sharleen giggles.

Drunk on her smile, I cringe at the implications, being 4 or 5 years older than her. I kiss her on the cheek, go in the store, buy a bottle of red wine and 2 Tootsie Pops from the middle aged Japanese clerk. He bags the goods and we exchange "Mahalos". I return outside to Sharleen.

We walk back towards the club but between the buildings to the alley. I pull the candy from the bag and give a sucker to my girl and put mine in my jacket pocket. I open the bottle, leaving it bagged. I hand it to her and she takes a drink and gives it back. I take a big gulp.

"I couldn't wait to see you all day," I tell her.

"Me too." I take a swig and pass her the bottle. She takes a dainty swallow.

"Does that make you my boyfriend?" she teases.

"I don't know. What do you think?"

"I don't know either. I guess I kinda hope so."

"Yeah, me too."

We put our arms around each other for a long lingering tongue kiss, sharing the sucker. After a while I pull away and take a gulp. Sharleen declines when I offer.

"Let's go to my place," I suggest.

I watch her face as she thinks it over.

"Yeah, ok," she agrees.

I feel like I'm really about to become her boyfriend. We leave the alley and walk to Sharleen's Honda parked on the Ala Wai. I put the bottle, still bagged, on the passenger side floor.

On the way to the Arms Sharleen explains that her dad will be a dick on the phone and that it's best to call before he gets home from work. I figure the only window I have is when me and Ron return to his house from landscaping. The lot is filled with 3 cars and Sharleen has to find a space on the street. She finishes her Tootsie Pop and throws the paper stick in the street as we walk arm in arm to my room. I unlock the door and we proceed beyond the curtain. I find the matches, light the candle and hang up my leather.

"I'm taking my boots off," My girl announces and does.

I grab a clove cigarette, light it, turn on the radio, take a drink of wine and pass Sharleen the bottle.

"I have to go home soon," she says after her drink.

I take the bottle and swallow wine, "No you don't"

I take hold of her luscious bod and crawl on top. The KTUH DJ plays a KISS song, of all bands. Slowly we start to make out and grind.

In a short while my hands creep into Sharleen's shirt. I unbutton it and she lets me. My hands slide under the cups of her bra, feeling the smooth perfect flesh and her erect nipples, She feels my cock through my jeans. I put my hand up her skirt and feel wet sticky heaven through her panties.

"Take your shirt off," Sharleen commands with a whisper.

I pull back and take it off.

"You're so hot," she says, sits up and unbuttons my jeans.

Sharleen pulls my cock out and puts it in her mouth. I sit back and sigh in total pleasure. After a while I lean back and push her off so I don't come,

"Stop!" I say, lay her back and unzip her skirt.

She pushes me back gently. "Stop."

I do and look into her big almond shaped eyes, shiny and beautiful.

"I just want to look at you," I promise, lying.

"You're bad Paul."

"Look, we won't screw. I just want to mess around. I swear on my life," I say.

I push her gently back and she reclines on the bed, open shirt in a red silk bra and panties. I slide on top of her feel her up and kiss her neck as she sighs. Soon I pull up, grab her underwear and slide it down.

"Don't Paul. Stop, please."

"Sharleen, I just want to go down on you, I swear to God."

I kiss her body. She let's me take her panties off. She has like a mini bush crowning her pubic flesh. I kiss it, kneel down and lick it and suck her off. She responds, moaning and rocking. I put a finger in her, then 2, and lick her clit soft, harder, then wet and hard. I stick a 3rd finger in paradise while I suck and flick her pussy button.

After a while I feel her spasm and tighten. Sharleen gasps and moans. I stand quick and grab a condom from my pocket and kick off my shoes. I lick her a bit while I put the rubber on my cock and stop a second to pull my pants off. Then I try to mount her but she holds me off. I grab her arms.

"Please baby doll, I know it's right," I plead.

She puts her arms down and lets me in. I fuck her slow, tongue kissing her deep, fucking fast, faster. She too speeds her groin rocking. After a bit I stop, or I'll explode. I pull off of her and grab her hips and turn them slightly. She takes the hint and turns around, revealing, the most perfect teenaged girl butt ever. I climb on and look at the ideal angelic bod from behind as I slam it.

I last awhile, but soon enough I climax. My being deflates. I feel wounded, disemboweled. I hold her, kiss her neck and shoulders and fall asleep.

"...Paul, wake up," Sharleen exclaims a while later.

I wake startled. She pulls away from me.

"We fell asleep. What time is it?" she asks in a loud panicked whisper.

I look at the clock. It's 2:45.

"A ¼ to 3," I inform.

"I'm in trouble," She stands and gets dressed.

I stand and put my shirt on too. Sharleen laughs.

"What's so funny?" I ask.

"You are."

"What? Why?"

"You're built like a polecat," she giggles.

"A polecat? You said I was hot."

"You are. You're a hot rodent."

I follow her out to her Honda, she opens the door but I grab her for a hug and a kiss.

"I'm not gonna let you go. You're mine now baby. Fuck your dad. I'll take care of you from now on."

She laughs. "I gotta go Paul. Call me."

We kiss deeply and then I let her go and sit in the driver's seat. She shuts the door, starts the engine and I watch her watch me as she drives away again. I'm dizzy. Somehow I know I'll lose her too, because I'm a born loser. But right now I'm high like a streetlight in the cool wet dark Honolulu night.

4

Things get really busy over the next few weeks. I wonder how I ever handled school, except that work was always part time and I lived in the dorms at Hawaii Loa. I jammed into a 1 bedroom apartment with 2 dudes when I transferred to UH, but I had a grant and another cake part time work study job. Finally I dropped out of school to be a total outcast streetpunk caveman. Now that I've rejoined society I run myself ragged keeping the band together, staying sober enough to make it to work and see Sharleen, 2 times a weekend if I'm lucky. Sometimes I bus it to Pearl City to see my girl, hang out at the mall or catch a movie at the multiplex. The most action we get is copping a feel though, but its nice just to be with her and any love is good love, as someone once said.

She still comes to town most weekend nights but my appetite for Sharleen grows too much to be sated by 1 or 2 weekly sex feasts if I'm lucky.

Dog God practices at UH or Revolution Books a couple times a week and we have 9 songs down soon, practically a whole set, more than ½ originals.

We do another sneak attack at 3D with The Rattles, who Margo A Go Go, the red headed bassist I tripped with plays in. We play 5 songs and kill them.

Margo walks up between sets and says "Hi", so I introduce Sharleen as my girlfriend and hold her tight and she only acts a little jealous.

Ron and I start working 6 days a week to handle the maintenance accounts.

I buy a 10 speed bike from Jimmy at the Manoa Hilton, get around farther faster, but I run more too to get my wind strong enough to put on a rad stage show.

The boys and me practice another Wednesday night at the Student Center, ghetto style of course. We've reworked Jumpin' Jack Flash by The Stones into a song called Black Mack Trash and play it 1 more time.

"I was born in a hot wired 'lectric brain
My head's jammed and I can't recall my name
But it's all right now, in fact I got crabs
And it's all right
I'm Black Mack Trash
I'll kick your fuckin' ass... "

We agree to speed up I Will Crawl, our slow Death Rock song.

Mark clicks out a quick 4/4 and we go through it fast. But it sounds wrong and ends too soon.

"Sounds better slow," Cliff critiques. "Yeah, let's do it again slow," I say.

Mark gives us a beat twice as slow and we roll through the intro 2 times just to erase the other tempo in our heads.

"I will crawl, for a cigarette a dollar
1 night in your dark thighs, I itch all day in bed,
Sleeping without dreams, in somebody else's nightmare
I crawl into the night, no love, no truth, no God

I will crawl, I will crawl, I will crawl

My skin is tight, my skull is light
Sweat blood runs down my brow
There's a man in my bed
And it's me, so I shoot him in the head

Into the night, I will crawl..."

We end the song and all agree that it sounds better slow. I help Mark take the chairs he used as drums to the office Brian turns the key in. Then we help Brian and Cliff load the car.

"You know, Wizard Studios by Pearl City has practice rooms with a full drum kits, P.A.s, amps and mikes," Brian informs us.

"How much?" I ask.

"8 bucks."

We could all squeeze into Brian's car if we only needed the guitar and bass and not the amps.

"Schedule a practice next week and call Mark and I'll call you," I coordinate.

"It'd be nice to practice on a full kit," Mark says.

"When are we gonna play again?" Clifford asks.

We all stare at each other, dumbfounded. I think quick about writing just 1 more song, but I've been dry lately, unable to

come up with any ideas that I like.

"If we come up with just 1 more song, that's a set," Brian calculates.

"Then we can split a night at 3D's with The 'Rays' or The Rattles'," I scheme.

"Set it up," Brian tells me. "Get in Mark, I'll drop you at Ala Moana."

"Sure, thanks."

They all get into the car. All of a sudden I feel really tired, barely able to get on the bike to coast home.

We all say "Later."

They drive off and I stop at the mini mart for a tall can and ride to my room. I turn the radio on, light a clove and drink and smoke while I listen to the KTUH DJ play Death Rock. Finally I set the alarm and crash.

The next day after Ron and me get back from work I use his phone to call Sharleen. We plan tentatively to see each other that Friday or Saturday. She tells me to call her back tomorrow.

I hang up the phone and Ron watches me, smiling.

"You know, if you got a woman your own age you wouldn't have to sneak around so much," he says.

"Yeah, but girls my own age have a way of wrapping you around their finger," I reply. "But I gotta admit, I'm getting tired of the weekend love schedule. I think I need 2 girlfriends."

"That's more trouble than it's worth kid," Ron advises.

"You're probably right," I say. "I'll see you in the morning."

"Yeah. Be good."

"Promise."

In the yard I grab my bike, walk it through the gate and cross the bridge over the aqueduct, jump on and pedal to Manoa Gardens.

At the Gardens I drink a couple of beers with Ivan, the UH Grounds Crew and the other Bobos. Somebody passes me a roach of kine bud and I take a couple of tokes down to nothing with my Mexican fingers. Ivan and a few people laugh.

I leave when the next pitcher runs low. Next I ride to Mama Mia's for a couple of slices of pizza and a small pitcher. After that I get a tall can and ride home.

If God Dog splits a gig were gonna need a song or 2 more, which is easy if they're covers. But they have to be originals because we're a real band, not a cover band. I pull out the notebook and go through it. I crack the can as I look through the pages to find a few proto songs that I've written lately.

Stuck inside this lousy game
Everything's the fucking same
My life is just so fucking lame
Boring is my middle name...

it. "Sucks," I say quietly to myself looking at the page facing

Another wasted night, another car wreck wound too tight
Got a slice on my neck
Grab at the dark, trying not to die
Why oh why do I even try...

I think about that one a little while. Nothing there, I decide. I take a drink of beer and light up a clove and remember something that I wrote about a week ago. I flip through the pages, look for it and eureka.

Went to the graveyard, late last night
Dogs was barking in the cold cold night
Heard the voice of a human scream
Man you shoulda' heard that gravedigger sing
That rock, Graveyard Rock

Everybody knockin' off their blocks
Rockin' to that Graveyard Rock

Ice white bones and human flesh
People that died in accidents
Face all smashed, blood's all spent
Don't know where your spirit went

And they rock, Graveyard Rock
Church clock goes 'Tick Tock'
Rockin' to that Graveyard Rock...

It needs another verse. There's something there though, I figure. I hear Rockabilly, Punk, Punkabilly. I take a drink, think and finally it comes.

Darkness comes, life's a wreck
Got a slice across your neck
Eternal night, your head is bent
Forever's where your soul's been sent
And they rock...

It'll work, I think. I drink more and try to come up with another song, at least an idea or a title. I light ½ smoked clove. Something sparks my skull.

Creep around like a deadly germ
Crawl around like a pink earthworm
Your mama said you live and learn
But you squirm squirm baby squirm...

I write it down and try to think up another verse, but I'm on empty. Tomorrow's another day so I turn on the radio and finish the Gudang. After the little high get I shower, finish my beer and go to bed.

Friday after work I ride to the liquor store on King by Ron's and buy a can of beer. I leave the bike unlocked and use the change for the payphone to call Sharleen.

"Hello?" her mom answers.

"Can I please speak with Sharleen?"

"Who is this?"

"Her friend, from school... Phil."

"... I'll get her," Mom complies.

I wait a minute.

"Hello?" Sharleen answers.

"Hey gorgeous."

"Hi."

"Come out tonight, ok?" I request.

"I don't know I can. Wait a minute, ok."

"Ok, sure." I wait a long minute and finally my baby doll comes back onto the phone.

"Listen Sweetie, now's not a good time to ask. If I can make it I'll meet you at the club about 9. Ok?" she tells me.

"All right."

"I'll see you, I hope."

"Me too."

I hop on the bike and ride straight down King Street to the Piikoi Arms. Back at the crib I do 2 sets of a 150 sit ups and 100 push ups each, then I shower, put on a thrashed pair of jeans scrawled with band names, cartoon monsters and demons. I find my white sleeveless t-shirt with a red Anarchy sign, (a capital A scrawled inside a circle) about the size of a kid's head.

I head out to the mini mart and buy stuff to make sandwiches, rubbers, then go get beer and a pack of filterless Camels because they're out of cloves and I'm too lazy to ride to the tobacco store. I make a big ass sandwich with wheat bread, cheese, barbecue chips and ketchup, and it and take a drink of

beer. I lay back, smoke a 'grette, listen to the radio and think stuff over.

Basically I need to run into Benjy Stingray, or Reggie of The Rattles, or Margo A Go Go and get one of them to split a night with us at 3D. If we rent a hall like Church of the Cross Roads we need more bands or a DJ with a sound system, more complicated. If we do a gig alone we need to learn another set quick enough to satisfy our Jones to play, impossible. 1 set short changes the audience. Maybe Kyle will hook up another band if I propose a gig to him. I think he likes Dog God. I could possibly slickaroo The Wave or Manoa Gardens, but they'll know as soon as we promote the gig that it's a punk show from the band name. 3D with another band seems the most probable venue. If I don't run into someone tonight I'll just ask Kyle.

I resolve to apply for summer classes at UH, and financial aid. I better write my mom and dad, who divorced before I started college. Later they might send me money. But then again, if I don't really need it, maybe I better save that for when I really need it. They've been borderline hostile since I dropped out but maybe taking classes will calm them down and they'll love me again.

I feel like Sharleen's parents obstruct my happiness by making her sneak around to see me and making it hard to even talk on the phone.

When it gets close to 8 I shave, put on deodorant and cologne, and then my leather jacket. Then I leave and walk to Waikiki. I stop at 2 liquor stores for tall cans which I hide in my jacket pocket and sneak drinks intermittently along the way. I stop in the alley by the club to pee and then out on the street to wait for my girl.

I nod and say "Was'up?" to various Punks as they go up the stairs to 3D. I see Sid but she ignores me. I watch the Mods park their Vespa scooters and say "Howzit?" to them.

"Howzit Pig Rock?" they respond.

Still no Sharleen. After a smoke I figure its like 9:30. She never promised, I think, and decide to not let it upset me if she's a no show. There's lots of chicks, fuck it.

After a short while I go up to the club, paying the \$3 cover without hesitation. I figure I'll save hassling for a freebie for when I need it.

Inside 3D, a little crowded, about 15 people dance to Stray Cat Strut by The Stray Cats. I quit dancing after the song, wanting not to sweat. Crazy Charlie spins Slip It In by Black Flag next.

"Hard Core rules!" yells out The Stingrays drummer.

I approach him, ask him if he's seen Benjy tonight, and

he tells me Benjy works at Taco Hut in Kailua. I don't know the drummer well enough to ask him about splitting a show.

"Kay den, mahalos brah," I thank him.

He nods at me.

I look around. No Sharleen, No Margo, no Reggie, ½ Hawaiian ½ Hoale guitar player and band leader of The Rattles. Oh well. I buy a beer, too expensive, but I don't want to miss my girl running out for a beer and sneaking in the alley to drink it. As I wait for Kyle to straighten me out I check out a table with 3 Goth chicks, 2 Asians and 1 White chick, probably high school girls. 2 of them, the Asians, wear black flowing dresses and tops lined with lace. The Hoale chick wears black jeans and a purple satin Victorian shirt beneath a leather jacket. All wear heavy white foundation, lots of black eyeliner and black or deep red lipstick. They look way hot. Kyle passes me the 6% and when I take a drink I find out it's a Boilermaker.

When Kyle gets a brief break in beer orders, he taps my shoulder. He asks me if the band has a set ready to gig with the Rattles. I tell him "yup" and we arrange to meet here Sunday so he can fill me in. I look around and Sharleen's right next to me. I put my arm around her waist.

"Hey Beautiful," I say and kiss her.

"Hi Paul. I missed you all week."

"I missed you more," I take another hit.

We lean against the bar. Ant Music by Adam and the Ants plays.

"Let's dance," Sharleen commands.

"My pleasure." I tank my drink on the way to the dance floor. Sharleen and I shake it with all the other cats and chicks. Next is See Jungle by Bow Wow Wow.

When the song ends Sharleen and I sit at the barstools on the outside of the metal bars beneath the counter which fences off 2 sides of the dance floor, 1 side facing the stage, the other side toward the DJ booth.

Sharleen asks me if I think Annabella of Bow Wow Wow is hot and I say she's "not bad".

Charlie plays Surfin' Bird by The Cramps. I pull Sharleen onto the dance floor again and we go off. I like The Cramps way a lot. I want the new song to be Psychobilly too. I tried to grow a ducktail about a year ago, but it didn't look right somehow; wavy hair.

After the song ends I ask Sharleen if she wants to get a drink and she says "Yeah." We go down to the store and I go in and get some wine cooler and stash ½ pint of whiskey. Heading into the alley I ask her if she'd rather just go to my place. I watch her face as she thinks it over.

"Ok, let's." she decides.

On the drive over I tell her that we're playing a gig soon with The Rattles, most likely in a couple of weeks.

After she parks in the street as we walk to my room I look at my baby and think how she's the 1st girlfriend I've ever had who I've totally wanted to be with who was totally with me. Even though I'm fully aware of how wet behind the ears I am about females though, I figure at some point she'll throw me a curve ball. Still though, for now, the dream's priceless. It's good to be drunk on a girl.

When we enter I light the candle, we take our jackets and shoes off, I turn on the radio and we smoke a filterless cigarette.

"No cloves?" asks Sharleen.

"The store was out."

I place the cigarette on an empty can and we start making out. We take breaks from the love action to take swigs of wine, and continue smooching and copping feels.

I try like crazy to get my hands in her pants to make her go wild so we can screw but she's got her period so she only gives me one helluva blowjob.

I run to the bathroom to let the come out and return. I sit and take a drink of wine. Sharleen declines, because she has to drive soon. After 15 or 20 minutes of just holding each other, Sharleen decides it's time for her to leave.

"You can't stay a while?" I ask, knowing that she can't.

"I'll get in trouble," Sharleen stands, grabbing her jacket from the closet.

"Fuck 'getting in trouble'. Just run the fuck away." I get up too.

"What did you say?"

"I want you to stay," I tell her.

Sharleen just stares at me hard. "I can't Paul, I've got to go."

I put my arms around my girl. She squirms away but I hold her tighter and she relaxes, letting me hold her until she wiggles away a little, so I let her.

"So go," I say.

She goes to leave and I lay back down on the bed.

"Later," I say.

"Aren't you going to walk me out?" She looks at me, looking kinda mad or scared or something.

I almost say "Why should I?" just to be mean, but instead I get up after a few seconds and follow her out to the car.

"Lets go see a movie tomorrow," Sharleen orders.

"Yeah, ok," I think quick. "What do you wanna see?"

"I don't know, call me on your lunch break."

"Yeah, ok. But if your dad blocks my call, pick me up here at 7 anyway," I plan for the worst.

She sits in the driver's seat and I kiss her 1 last time.

"Thanks sweetness," I tell her.

"For what?"

I almost say, "For the blowjob," but instead I say, "For everything."

"You're welcome." She starts the engine.

I watch her drive back to her parent's house again.

The next day, Saturday, Ron and I do maintenance on a few yards in Hawaii Kai. In the morning it's Moriyamis. We mow his lawn, edge it, trim the flower bushes and plants of the dead branches and leaves, sweep off the pool deck and clean the pool.

Ron gets more coffee between jobs at McDonald's. I use the break to call Sharleen because Ron's brought sandwiches for lunch and we'll just eat in the truck or under somebody's tree somewhere.

"Hello?" Sharleen's Dad answers.

"Is Sharleen available?"

"No, she is not. Who is this?"

I know he's lying, but I understand. After all, his 17 year old daughter just gave me a blowjob last night. I'd probably be a dick too.

"This is Bill," I lie, "Thank you," and hang up.

When I call after work, Sharleen's Mom answers and tells me that Sharleen's gone out and asks if I would like to leave a message. I think it would be a good idea but can't think of any good coded messages to relay on the fly.

"No thank you," I say.

I can't wait to get the details about the show, so I ride to 3D next. I lock the bike, climb the back stairs and knock. Nobody answers. I go back down and Kyle comes up with 2 cases of beer.

"Pig Rock!" he greets me.

"Howzit Dad?"

Kyle descends and I follow. He tells me the show's in 2 weeks at 10pm. That means we'll probably play 2nd set between "The Rattles" sets at like a ¼ to 11.

He goes to the van, opens it, grabs 2 cases and I do too. We make a few more trips and the van's unloaded. At the bar Kyle opens a beer for me, pours a shot in and makes a Boilermaker for himself too.

"Thanks Kyle."

"You remember the deal," he states.

"Yeah, of course."

"Dog God and The Rattles split ½ the door and ½ the beer profits after I make \$150 at the bar," he tells me anyway, "You get the word out, bring your amps and drums and we have a PA and mikes."

"Great. You got Reggie's phone number?"

"Yeah, just a second." Kyle pulls his wallet out. From under the cash register he grabs a pen and bar napkin and writes it for me.

I notice a skinny black haired Punk chick cleaning the club. Kyle's skrogging her, I figure. He hands me the number.

"How's the job?" Kyle asks, looking at me in my work clothes covered in dirt, soil and sweat.

"Bitchin'" I say with a tone of sarcasm.

Kyle slides me a fin, "That's for helping me load the bar."

"Thanks Kyle." I take a drink. "Anything else? I gotta skedaddle or I'm gonna be late."

Kyle shakes his head "No," then offers me his hand. We shake.

"See you in 2 weeks, if not sooner, if not tonight." I make for the door.

"Make fliers," Kyle orders after me.

"No prob." I stop, turn and tell him, "I'll call Reggie and let him know we're playing. But tell him or Margo A Go Go if you see either of them tonight anyway."

"For sure," he confirms.

I speed home to shower and change in case Sharleen makes it by 7. I stop at the mini mart for a tall can and a newspaper and shower as soon as I can. I crack the beer, shave, and then brush my teeth, all by 5 minutes to 7.

But I'm wrapped in a towel, not knowing what to wear, so I rush back to my room and grab a pair of black jeans. Finally I just put on a white collared button down shirt and a pair of clean socks. I lay down, holding the beer, drink, put it down and light a smoke. I resolve not to buy another pack of tobacco cigarettes so that I don't pick up another dirty habit.

I finish the beer about 7:20. I look out the door in 10 minutes and then again in another 10. I told her "around 7" sometime, I remember. I'm asleep by the time I hear a knock on the door. I get up to let Sharleen in.

She stands outside the door when I open it in tight black jeans and black silky Goth shirt. I grab her hands and we kiss.

"Sharleen."

"Hi Paul."

"I couldn't get through today."

"I know. Dad was pissed I was late last night," Sharleen fills me in.

"But you weren't late. Never mind, come in."

We enter my dingy little shoebox. I'm embarrassed of it in the twilight and want to leave as soon as possible. I motion for her to sit down while I lean against the counter.

"I don't have much to eat or drink. Why don't we go out?" I propose.

"I already had dinner."

"Your Dad was pissed?"

"Yeah. He's noticed that I tend to disappear on weekend nights. And then, I think when he answers the phone the next day, and he can tell that you're older, it doesn't matter if I was a lot or a little bit late. It's just the fact that a man's calling me, not some high school boy, that's the straw that breaks his back."

"Whoops," I say, "How'd you get out?"

"Lied. I told them I was going over to Robin's."

"How late did you get in?"

"I don't know, like 12:30 I think."

I light a 'grette and offer her some but she motions it away.

"If anything, I came in too early. I've come home late lots of weekend nights, even before I met you. But he was awake this time. He busted me," she illuminates.

"And he hears my voice on the phone today and he puts 2 and 2 together. He's not stupid. He's a CPA, right?" I ask.

"Right. But I'll be at UH next year," Sharleen declares.

"With me." I lunge for her and grab her on the bed. "I've got a paper. What d'ya want to go see?"

"I don't know," she says.

I grab the paper from the counter and open it to the movie listings and sit next to her so that she can see.

"Unless we go to a late show all we can really see is 'Rocky IV' I say.

"I know," Sharleen agrees.

"You wanna see it?"

"If you do."

"That'd be alright right I guess."

I stand and grab my leather, we head out, get in her car and shoot down to the Waikiki Theaters. Sharleen parks and we rush to the movie, buy tickets and enter the lobby.

"Candy, popcorn, soda?" I ask as we pass the snack counter.

"Not if you don't want anything."

We enter Theatre 3, watch the previews and then the movie, which excites and gets forgotten right away since we've seen it at least 3 times before anyway, except that Rocky has a title fight with some Caucasian knucklehead this time and barely

wins by the hair of his chinny chin chin. You know.

"You want to go to 3D's?" I ask as we walk through Waikiki.

"No let's go back to your place," she answers, surprising me.

We go to the liquor store and get wine instead of wine cooler, another surprise. Sharleen says that she's not hungry when I ask if she wants something to eat. I get a couple of Tootsie Pops, a bottle of red wine, and a ½ pint of whiskey, which I hide in the usual place.

"How'd you like the movie?" I ask on the way to my place.

"It was ok, kinda silly."

She parks and we make for the room. I barely light the candle and turn the radio on before Sharleen's puts her hands all over me. We undress each other and feel each other up, but I slow her down because I want a drink, and open the wine. We drink, kiss and squirt wine into each other's mouths. I unwrap a Tootsie Pop and we share it as we grope each other.

"So your dad's getting psycho 'cause he knows that I'm older."

"Yeah, he might have overheard me talking on the phone with Robin or Gina."

"What's the worst he could do?"

"Ground me, or take the car away."

"He could hire someone to stomp me if he knew who I was."

"I'd never tell him Sweetie. I'm going to college next year anyway."

I remember before I left California when my mom tried to ground me. I never had a car because I didn't want to have to work that much to pay for it and I'd have just wrecked it anyway. She'd just get tired of watching me and I'd just end up sneaking out soon enough.

I put the bottle on the counter and we play around some more. I take her shirt off and she gets inside my pants. Soon enough, I have her on the bed in just her underwear and I'm only wearing my pants, undone. I meet no resistance when I put my hand in her panties, which surprises me. She grabs my cock hard, and as a matter of fact, acts more aggressively than she ever has. This scares me a little, but turns me on too.

I pull her panties off and play with her snatch and worm out of my pants at the same time. I get my face in and she yanks at my boner. Soon enough we're giving each other head. I gotta count to a hundred just so I don't pop off. I pull my dick out of her mouth.

"Hold on baby, I'm gonna blow it. Just lay back and let me do you."

She lays back. "Ok Honey."

I start to bang her with my fingers and suck her off simultaneously, noticing a faint tang of blood in my mouth, which drives me wild. She stops me and I finally see her tampon string.

"Wait a minute." She pulls it out quick and puts it on the counter.

We pick up where we left off. I watch her take her bra off. Her grinding and twisting in my face makes me nuts. We go like that for a while, me sucking and licking her pink knob with my fingers up inside of her. She moans, possessed, looking down at me into my eyes. Soon she twitches and heaves and I grab a rubber from under the bed, rip the packet open and slip it on. I get up a little, we smile wickedly at each other and I put my cock in her. I fuck her slow for a while like that, and finger her clit too. Then I fuck her faster and harder. I slow down after a bit so that I can last.

I pull out and turn her over. She sticks her gorgeous ass towards me. I put it in again and do her from behind like that. We tongue and kiss and I go slow some more. Then I pull back to watch her perfect back and ass in the candlelight. I speed up and screw her fast, holding her tits. Soon enough I go off and collapse on top of her.

I stay inside of Sharleen, holding her until after my dick goes soft. I kiss her cheek, neck and back from behind and she sighs. We stay there like that for a time, my arms around her.

"That was nice," Sharleen says, bringing me back.

"Yeah, it was. You're amazing," I inform her.

"Thanks Pigrock. Let me have a drink of wine, ok?"

I grab the bottle and give it to her. We both lay back and drink naked together.

"Light a cigarette," she tells me.

I do and she takes a drag and passes it back to me. I take a hit and look at my dick, which still wears the rubber, only slightly bloodied.

"What happened to your period?" I ask.

"It's practically over. It was over yesterday, just still a little messy."

I make a soundless "Oh" with my mouth and peck her cheek. After the cigarette I get up to go clean up. I grab her tampon and go to the bathroom to flush it and my blood crowned condom. When I come back and look at her I consider how great she's taken care of me both tonight and last night and how lucky I am, what a fantasy I'm living. She pulls her panties on and then her jeans. I grab my pants and pull them on too.

"We both wore black Levis tonight," she comments.

"Yeah, I noticed," I say as I watch her put her bra on.

I grab the bottle and take a drink as she puts her black shirt on and then her blue Chucks.

"You're not leaving, are you?" I ask her as I look at the clock, which says 12:20.

"I should be home sorta early tonight. Its already late."

I don't say anything, but take a drink and pass her the bottle. She only takes a sip. I put my shirt on without buttoning it and my Chucks without tying them and walk my girl out to her car. We kiss against the Honda.

"I think I'm falling in love with you," I tell her.

"Me too," she answers.

We kiss each other goodbye and she drives away. I go into my crib and get my ½ pint from my jacket, drink and chase it with the wine. By the time I finish the whiskey and a cigarette I go to sleep pretty easy.

5

I wake up with a hangover, but there's a ¼ bottle of wine left and I drink it. By the time I take a trip to the store for a tall can and drink that too the hangover's over. I better lay off the booze today, I think, for once, I go back to sleep and get up again at a ¼ to 10. I need to make a flier today and call everyone.

I get on the bike and jet ½ way to University and stop at Punaho and go to Froggy's Used Bookstore. I buy a few National Enquirers, after I'm sure they're what I need, and a copy of Book III of the Illuminatus, finally. The Watchtower's sit in a metal box outside of a Jehovah's Witness Outreach Center/Chapel, so I sneak one, not wanting to hear the Jesus hype from the freaks inside.

I go to 7-11 for a glue stick and scissors, but they don't have typing paper. Next I head for Copymax on University and King. I go in and lay the magazines and stuff on the worktable and grab a piece of paper from the tray in a copy machine, saving myself 3 cents. The Asian college age geek clerk looks me over sideways but gives me no grief. I find a picture of a dog from a dog food ad, plus the word 'Dog'. The word 'God', I cut from a Watchtower, but gotta blow up with a Xerox machine so it matches the size of the doppelganger word, so I get the counter box from the geek at the counter. I cut the eyes out of the dog picture and draw scarier ones, and make his Fangs way bigger and give Fido a crown of flames.

Next I cut letters out of the Enquirers for the text of the flier. When it's done it looks all right and says:

The Rattles and Dog God
\$at Nite, 10PM
3D \$3

I let The Rattles headline because they do have 2 sets and the graphic on the flier identifies us. I order 100 on Dayglo Red from the clerk. He finishes in like 5 minutes and it costs me \$6 and change. Then I remember to buy thumbtacks, a roll of Scotch tape and a bottle of glue, another \$3.

I keep the master separate and put up fliers at University Plaza, on phone poles, In front of Anna Banana's, at UH on bulletin boards and at the dorms. By this time it's 2pm so I call Cliff to tell him about the gig and to schedule a practice at the Student Center. I call Mark and tell him I'll call him again as soon as I know when practice is. They both ask about Wizard Studios but I tell them we should wait till the last practice before the gig. I call Brian but he's not home so I've got to call him later.

Next I ride down to Tower Records and put a flier inside and glue a few onto the lightpoles outside. I hit Ramjam's Record's too, Tower's local competition and the island's source for any kind of independent or underground tapes or records, just north of Ala Moana Mall. Finally I do Waikiki and heavily hit walls and poles by the club and slide like 10 fliers in the mailbox.

I hit a few more lightpoles at busy intersections on the way home and its past 4 by the time I'm done. At home I change into my shorts, run to the beach and go for a swim. I'm tired by then so I walk slow back to the crib.

I rest a while before I get up again and go for a beer and to call Brian and tell him about the gig. Next I try to call Reggie, then Margo, but neither answer. I just lay back the rest of the night, listen to music, drink my beer and read my book.

The next day after work I call Sharleen from Ron's and she answers the phone this time.

"How was your Dad yesterday?"

"He was asleep when I got home so he didn't say anything," she explains.

"Your Mom's not saying nothing?"

"Not now. She's different. She likes to have little talks. She doesn't lay down the law like Dad."

"As long as you're not in trouble. Listen Love, I'm gonna go home and shower. I'll call you later this week. I miss you lots," I tell her.

"Me too. See you this weekend probably," Sharleen says.

"Can't wait, be good." I say "later" to Ron and ride to

Manoa Gardens to pass out a few fliers, drink a beer and then take a flier up at KTUH. I put a flier on the bulletin board and put some around the studio.

"Tell Kat, Jimmy and the other DJs to announce the gig, ok?" I ask Jay when he plays a Public Service Announcement cart. I'll put you guys on the guest list."

"Yeah, sure. No problem."

"Right on. Thanks."

I ride home and then go for a run to UH and back. Then I shower, dress and go to the mini mart and call Cliff after I buy beer and sandwich stuff. He tells me practice is on Wednesday night at 8. I tell him I'll call Mark and he says he'll let Brian know.

"Shoots," Cliff agrees.

I call Mark and tell him what's up. Then I just go home, eat, drink and relax. Jay announces the gig on the radio before his show is over.

Wednesday night I meet the guys at the practice room. After we set up we go thru all our songs a couple of times each, some a few times. Then I pull out the new songs.

I recite the lyrics to Graveyard Rock and after everyone just looks at each other with blank expressions.

"Maybe we can mutate the tune to Jailhouse Rock kinda," I break the silence.

Brian and Cliff mess around with a Rockabilly tune and Mark lightly taps a beat. After a few times thru it starts to gel. It takes me a little time to figure out where they're going and where to come in, but soon enough I get it and when they hit the break I wait 2 measures and join in. We go around with it a couple more times without stopping until it feels solid. At the end of the last verse we look at each other before the chorus.

"...Tickin' minutes of the tower clock
Rockin' to the graveyard rock."

We all look at each other some more.

"That was pretty good for the 1st time we ever tried it," Brian approves.

"Isn't it a Copyright violation?" Mark asks.

"So what if it is?" asks Clifford.

"I don't think it is if the words and tune are different enough," I say.

"How much is enough?" Mark asks.

"How much is too much?" Clifford jokes.

"Too much is when people don't recognize it's a parody," Brian figures.

"Then it's totally our own thing, and it doesn't matter," I throw in.

"I don't think it's something we gotta worry about," Cliff says.

"Elvis is dead anyways. He can't sue us from hell, I don't think," Brian decides.

"It sounds cool. Let's do it," I instruct.

"Yeah," says Brian and plucks out the 1st lick.

Cliff starts in right away and Mark and I jump in the 2nd time around and we go thru all 3 verses and choruses, I nod, and they all hit the last note clean.

"Needs a change," Mark says.

Brian plays with the tune, "After the 2nd chorus, Cliff, drop down an octave for 2 measures, maybe just play the root note over and over or something, and just come back top where you left off. It's like a verse, except lower, but everyone just go off," he instructs.

Then he demonstrates.

"That's the classic change trick. Cliff laughs.

"Yeah, everyone does that," Mark says.

"Let's just use it till we think of something better," I suggest.

"Let's try it with the change," Brian says.

Mark taps out 4 beats with just sticks, we hit it and go thru the whole song with no perceptible mess ups. During the break everyone goes off, I bark and howl, but everyone has the timing right, so it works. It impresses me how much instinct and ability Cliff has for a self taught bassist.

I count it out again, "1,2,3,4." And we do Graveyard Rock again. The song has a just that much more taste and bang this time.

"Good job," Brian decrees.

"Yeah," I agree, "We should start bringing a cassette recorder. How much time we got left, Cliff?"

Cliff looks at his watch. "Like 20 minutes."

"I have an idea for another song," I announce, "It's just 1 verse, but a cool title. If we figure out a decent tune maybe it'll help me think up some new lyrics."

I read the verse to them and we stare at each other again. Brian starts playing around with a tune and I try to find the handle in my head where to hook the words and he abruptly stops. Mark starts knocking a beat around and Brian starts again, kind of like Spy For The CIA but not. Cliff starts playing with a bass line, hitting a high note an octave up. I make a motion for everybody to slow it down. Now it's kinda like Spy, except inside out. I find a hook to hang the lyrics on and sing them a couple of

times. Then everyone wanks around with it and it pretty much falls apart, turning into sludge, until Mark overpowers banging an ending hard on the trashcan.

Cliff looks at his watch again. Mark stands and stretches.

"I gotta write more verses and a chorus," I say. "We got time for another song or 2?" I ask.

"Let's do Graveyard Rock again," Cliff says.

Mark taps it out obviously slower and we do it like a country song almost, just for fun. It sounds good, especially on the minimal set up we got going.

Our time ends, so we just break everything down. Cliff takes the key, and we load Brian's car. I make sure I have my mike stuffed in my pants.

Mark almost backs out of a practice for Friday at 7 because of a party but we all gently guilt him into it. We agree we'll need another Wizard Studio practice.

We all say "Later," and Brian and Cliff drive Mark to the mall.

I ride the bike to the mini mart for a beer and then home for a shower.

I call Sharleen from Ron's Thursday but her Mom answers and says she's not there. I call her Friday too but Mom answers again.

"Sorry, wrong number," I say disguising my voice, then hang up.

Friday night me and the boys practice again, but it's pretty rushed so we basically just go thru the set a few times fast.

Saturday I'm going to call Sharleen but I have a bad feeling about it. So I don't.

That night I go for a run, shower, and think about staying in. But I want a pack of cloves, so I put on a thrashed pair of jeans, a plain black t shirt, my Chucks and my leather. By the time I walk to Ala Moana and cop a pack of smokes, its practically 8:30, so I go the liquor store across the street from the mall and buy a tall can and a ½ pint.

Then I sit at the bus stop on Kapiolani, drink a couple of shots and sneak hits off the beer. It goes to my head kinda quick, so I light a clove, feel the buzz and watch the world go by. I'm oblivious to the bus when it stops, so the bus driver waits like 5 seconds and just drives off when I don't get up. I finish my beer and make for Waikiki kinda slow, because I've got time to kill.

I buy a can of coke right on the edge of Walks, drink some, then pour the rest of the ½ pint in and viola, secret mixed drink, strong. I take a big drink, and a few more along the ½ mile walk to the club. I stop in an alley for a piss and at the liquor store for another tall can, which I drink on the canal.

By the time I get to 3D I'm already ripped. I go up the steps and approach Junior, grabbing for my wallet. Hardly anybody's here yet and he motions me past after he stamps my hand, free.

"Mahalos," I tell him as I pass.

20 or so people make the scene inside. I see the fliers I made up on the walls and mirrors. I notice Reggie at the bar, talking to Kyle. I make my way over, trying to keep my booze buzz inconspicuous.

"Paul! Howzit?" asks Reggie, tall ½ Hawaiian Haole dressed like a mod in a retro checkered sports jacket and a pork pie hat.

"Just running myself ragged getting stuff ready for the gig."

"Cool flier. We made 1 too. It's hanging around somewhere," Reggie tells me.

"Saw it. It's cooler than mine. I just wanted to get the town covered quick."

Kyle sets a beer down for me. I'm going to have to sip it. Charlie plays Flowers of Romance by PIL.

"How many sets does your band have?" Reggie asks.

"Barely 1." I sip my beer, a Boilermaker.

"We've got 2, at least. You guys wanna go in the middle, or wait and go last?" he asks.

"Just put us in the middle," I say, deciding on the spur of the moment.

"Righteous."

We shake on it.

"Long time no see Reggie. How you been?"

"AH right. I'm managing Dunkin' Donuts at Ala Moana now."

"Wow, cool," I reply "I'll have to come by for a donut hole."

Dirk, of Battery Club, played bass in The Rattles before we started the band. He played in both bands for awhile before it got to be too much for him.

I know that Brian and Cliff will need to use their own amps because The Rattles have a 60s sound, which come from their amps. Mark has used Peter's drums at least a few times at gigs when Battery Club did shows with the New Wave/Ska band, so I know its ok.

Me and Reggie figure the stage will hold all 4 amps and that its simple enough to just switch amp mikes and have Kyle run a quick sound check for each set.

"Sounds good, brah," I tell Reg.

"For sure. So is your new band in the same vein as your old one?"

"I don't know what it is. We play a Stones cover with new lyrics, but we put it all thru a blender, or a cement mixer. Something."

"Same skin and bones, different clothes," he jokes.

"Yup, I'm thinking up some new tricks," I admit.

We talk about Punk metamorphosing into Hardcore and the new Thrash uniform and bands like Suicidal Tendencies and Agnostic Front carrying the torch.

"It's like louder faster rules. There's an article in Maximum Rock n Roll," Reggie fills me in.

"I'm into slower," I say, "like Flipper, slower and noisier; Slowcore."

Reggie laughs. "There's a new band on the North Shore, TRO."

"What's it stand for?"

"Thrashing Room Only, I think," he informs me.

"Totally Rotten Okole," I quip. Okole means ass.

"Nah, nah. I don't know for sure what it means. It's sorta like you can take any 3 letters and figure out what it stands for later."

"It's a good trick. There's been like 30 years of Rock bands. Sooner or later we'll run out of band names."

"Just look in the Dictionary," Reggie says.

"Yeah, for sure. Listen, I'm gonna go get me some fresh air." I finish my drink. "If I need to talk yo you, I know where to find you."

"Ok, Talk to you later, Pig Rock."

"Later."

I notice not many more people arrive at the club as I go to the liquor store where I get a tall can. In the alley I check out the graffiti and notice someone has scrawled TRO in fat black felt tipped pen on the wall. As far as I know this new band has never gigged in town and already somebody's flying their flag. A wave of jealousy runs thru my chest. I tell myself not to sweat it. The world and Oahu are big enough for one more Punk Rock band.

I open my beer and light a Gudang Garam. I decide to just sit for a while, realizing that I'll be drunk soon. I finish the clove before I finish the beer, which I tank then because I'm bored and want to go back to Punkland.

I figure I'd better get some kind of alcohol for the morning because I gotta work and I'll be hung over for sure. It's probably not even 11 yet so I still have time, I figure.

Up in the club a Simple Minds song plays, a boring band, but I'm drunk, so I dance around a bit. I notice a few more Punks,

Mods and some Goth chicks. I realize that unless I take a bus home that I'll have to walk, catch a cab or bum a ride. I still have more than an hour. I make my way to the bar, buy one last beer from Kyle and decide to leave to drink it fast then leave.

"Pig Rock!" says some Punk with a skateboard in a trio as I pass them on the way down the stairs.

"Ss'up," I nod, too cut to recognize anyone.

On the street I see Cliff with 2 girls, high school chicks it looks like. Everyone wears jeans, t shirts and jean, or light jackets. 1 of the girls is blonde, and the other's Asian, Japanese probably.

"Paul, this is Janine and Kailani," Cliff introduces us all. I've seen these nymphs before, I realize. They're daughters of older Communist women that I've seen at the bookstore.

"Hi," I say.

"Hello," says Janine, the Japanese girl, thin, with longish hair, a small mouth and cupid's bowed lips.

"Hi," says Kailani, blue eyed, short blonde hair, ultrabritewhite teeth, built like a swimmer, radiating health.

"We're practicing at the bookstore Sunday at 2?" I ask Cliff.

"Yup, as usual."

"I'll call Mark," I say.

"He already knows."

"Kay den."

I have an immediate intense crush on Janine, but then again I'm a fag for Asian women. Kailani exudes super feminine teenaged power, a sexy little Viking woman. She can have me too. They both can have me. I have to make myself not follow them around.

"I'd love to join you, but I should get home. I've had a little too much to drink," I say, slurring a bit.

Everyone smiles at me. They almost laugh.

"Bye." says Janine.

"Nice meeting you." says Kailani.

"Nice meeting you too," I reply, looking at them as I walk away. I turn my head toward the liquor store and go buy a tall can for the morning and one last shooter for tonight. After that I wait at the bus stop and light a clove, but the bus comes as soon as I light my 'grette.

In the morning the hangover hangs pretty bad. I drink my tall can but on the ride to Ron's I buy a couple of whiskey shooters to finally kill it. Me and Ron have 4 yards to do today.

I call Sharleen from a payphone at Grace's, a plate lunch place, at lunch. Her Dad answers.

"Sorry, wrong number," I say and hang up.

On the ride home I stop to buy some food. At home I decide I don't need a run, so I shower. Then I eat a sandwich, a Spam musubi (a riceball and Spam wrapped in seaweed), an apple and a Milky Way, washed down by a Coke. I'm resolved not to drink for 1 night, at least. I figure that means not going to 3D tonight.

I try really hard not to be pissed about not being able to talk to Sharleen. It won't solve anything. Besides, she's a kid. I decide I should just not call her for at least a few days. I'm getting too sexually addicted to her anyways. I should just get used to being a jack off again and not need anybody for anything.

I read some Illuminatus and then smoke a clove. It's hard to not drink a beer. I know from passing the Theater last night that a zombie movie plays at the Kapiolani. I can just make the 8:15 show, so I hop on the bike and make it just in time.

I grab a pop and small buttered popcorn and watch George Romero's Day of the Dead. Zombies chase the last handful of human beings thru a shopping mall. I like it ok. It's a pretty simple metaphor, exciting enough, gory. We're zombies, Americans, the West, whatever, shopoholic living corpses feeding off of the living flesh of our neighbors. What else is new?

Riding home, I pass a strip club, Femme Nu. I consider checking it out, but no, forget it. When I'm almost to King Street, I go by another one, Club Mignon. Any strip club with a name like that needs to at least be checked out. I lock my bike to an aluminum lightpole and head in the front door.

The atmosphere hits me like a dump truck. Cigarette smoke, perfume, stagelights, Bon Jovi plays and I can even smell a little weed. A blonde hotty twirls and swirls onstage in a fancy robe, stockings and a garter belt.

Korean waitresses take beers and drinks out to the house, almost filled with Local and Hoale looking average Joes, and a couple of tables of cops close to the stage. An older Korean Dragon Lady runs the cash register and barks orders to the bartenders who yell at the waitresses. All wear heavy eyeliner, red red lipstick and lots of foundation.

I walk up to the bar and order a Bud.

"3 Dollas," the bartender almost yells.

I pay, take my beer and head for an empty seat on the stage. The dancer has taken off the robe and now only wears g string, garter and bright yellow stockings. Her bod looks tight and she wears tassels over her nipples tipping the medium sized tits. Her arms and legs twist and move as she spins her whole body from her center, her hips and ass on the stage floor, so that I can't see her face.

I sip my beer and light a clove. A Great White song plays.

Some Local dudes sitting on the stage put dollars into her panties. I see her face, finally, pretty. She has blue eyes.

A White girl in orange spandex pants and a black ripped up Motorhead shirt walks by from the DJ booth to the stage.

"Is that a clove?" she asks as she does a doubletake.

"Yeah." I notice her light brown hair and brown eyes.

"Do you have an extra 1?"

I take a drag of the 1 I just lit and hand it to her.

"I only have 1 more left. Here, just smoke this one," I lie.

"Ok, thanks."

"Listen, my name's Paul. It smells like pot in here. Do you know who I could buy a jay from?"

"You're not a cop, are you?"

"Do I look like a cop?"

"No, listen, I'll sell you a bud for 5 bucks." She takes a drag of the clove and hands it to me.

"Finish it," I say.

"I'll go get you a chunk," she says and takes off for a door across the club, the dressing room, I figure.

I take a drink and wait. The next dancer, a brunette, takes the stage in the same costume as the last 1 except the lingerie colors are different. A Wham song plays. I get a five ready for the brown haired stripper who went to get me a bud.

She comes back and sits next to me before the song ends. I slide her the \$5 and she puts a bud wrapped in a dollar in my palm under the stage edge.

"Thanks," I say.

"Sure. My name's Stormy."

"I'm Paul. Nice to meet you. You're probably working, but my band's playing at club 3D in Waikiki next Saturday."

"I've heard of that club."

"I could put you on the guest list if you were off that night," I offer.

"I gotta work. Another time maybe."

"Yeah, thanks again Stormy." I stand.

"Are you leaving?"

"Yeah, it's been a long day and I wasn't going to drink today, so I better go. See you."

"Be good, Paul."

I take one last look at Mignon before I unlock my bike. So much for not drinking, I go to the mini mart and get some rolling papers and a tall can.

When I get home there's a note for me from Sharleen under my door.

"Dear Paul, I must have missed you. I'll be at 3D. I miss you. Love, Sharleen."

"Oops," I whisper to myself and put the note in my pocket.

I consider riding down to Waikiki to find my girl, but don't. I'm tired, but it's more than that. It's too hard to be with her most times. I figure I'll just back off a bit for a little while until I at least know what I'm doing with her.

I go inside and roll myself a joint. There's enough for another out of what Stormy sold me, which turned out to be a good deal, considering. I smoke it while listening to the radio. Kat plugs our gig between Holiday in Cambodia by the Dead Kennedys and Little Angel Fuck by The Misfits. I drink the beer and it doesn't take long before I'm out.

A while later I'm woken by a knock on my door. I get up to answer it, hoping it isn't bothering my neighbor across the hall. It's Sharleen. I feel too groggy to deal with her.

"Wass'up Sharleen? Come in."

"Ok," she says tentatively, "I can't stay long."

We sit on my bed in the dark.

I start to wake up a little. "I missed you. I tried to call."

"I know."

I slide my hands around her waist and kiss her neck. She barely responds. I feel like jumping on top of her but instead I just lay back.

"I just thought I'd come and say Hi." she says.

"Hi," I say.

"I should go."

"Yeah, I figured."

"Are you mad or something?"

"I'm not mad Sharleen, I just wanted to see you this weekend."

"Come up to Pearl City tomorrow."

"I got band practice." If I wanted I could before practice.

We sit there for a few moments and then Sharleen stands. "Walk me to my car," she commands.

I do what she tells me. Outside by the Honda I put my arms around her and tongue kiss her good and deep. She kisses me back like she means it before she slides out of my hold.

"Call me, Paul."

"Yeah, ok. Sure."

She drives off and I bum that the liquor store is closed. I light up the roach, take a couple of tokes and go back to sleep.

Sunday I wake a little past 9. It's a beautiful day, as usual. I want a beer but don't get 1. Instead I put on shorts and a tank top and walk to 7-11 for a coffee and a couple of donuts, get back to the Arms and realize that Squirm Baby Squirm needs

more lyrics before practice. I grab my notebook from my bookbag, find the right page and stare at it for a while I finish my coffee. Nothing comes, so I go to the bathroom to get cleaned up, come back and stare at my notebook some more. I still have an apple so I eat it and the other donut, and buy a pop from the machine to chase it, brunch, I guess you'd call it by now. I grab the pen and notebook again because I've got a few rhymes at least. I add them to the 1st verse.

Creep around like a deadly germ
Crawl around like a pink earthworm
Your mama said you live and learn
But you squirm squirm baby squirm

You've got your keep to earn
You know you're gonna burn
But you've gotta wait your turn
And still you squirm, squirm, squirm

Your ashes in the urn
Your existence wasted sperm
Your life has come full term
So you just squirm squirm baby squirm

And a chorus:

I dropped my head in a ditch
Gotta scratch where I can't itch
Don't know which witch is which
ain't that a fuckin bitch.

I sit there, look at it and think about it. I like it but it seems too short, or like it really means nothing, or something. But I like it anyway. Maybe if we just repeat a verse or the chorus or add a change or a solo or I write more lyrics or something. If it doesn't work or the guys don't like it we'll just trash it. I can always teach Brian and Cliff another Battery Club song if nobody likes it. Besides, the sets probably long enough without it.

Later, at 1:30, I ride to practice. Cliff and Brian show up with Kailani, and Janine driving a red Toyota minivan.

Me and Cliff say "Was 'up?" "Howzit?"

"Janine just took us all to make fliers at Copymax for an anti-Reagan rally downtown about the White House sponsoring Noriega," he explains.

The girls and I all say "Hi".

I realize Janine's sexy pout is permanent, genetic. Her

and Cliff wear different jeans and t shirts from last night. Brian wears surfer shorts and Kailani wears cut offs. She's a little goddess.

Brian and Cliff start to unload so I grab the bass amp. Brian puts his amp down to unlock the store and we all take everything inside.

I plug my mike into Brian's 2nd channel. Clifford plugs his amp in and his bass into the box.

Janine and Kailani look thru issues of the latest *Revolutionary Worker*, which they grab from the magazine rack to the right of the front counter.

I read the guys my new lyrics but they don't say anything. Cliff starts fucking around with the tune we worked on last practice and Brian joins in. I start singing too, but can't tell if it's working or what.

"What d'ya guys think?" I ask after we stop.

Brian and Cliff say it's too Metal. Mark calmly disagrees. We do the set over and come back to Squirm Baby Squirm.

"Go down an octave for ½ a verse at the end and smash it up," I direct before we go thru it.

"just stop, don't have a bad trip
feel your life go drip drip drip."

We all look at each other, human question marks.

"Which Witch is which?" Janine smirks quietly.

We leave it alone. Brian tells us he's got a room reserved at Wizard's Wednesday at 8PM. Everyone agrees it'll be cool to practice on a real set up for once.

Everyone wants pizza and Mark says he'll just have a beer till the bus comes.

We load the minivan, Brian locks the store and we walk over to Mama Mia's.

Mama's has tables with big umbrellas mostly outside, with a bar, a few tables and booths under the roof. We grab a booth on the far wall across from the bar. A Hapa Haole waitress hurriedly tosses us our menus, but we probably already know what we want. 6 of us sit squeezed around the table in the booth with Kailani and Cliff at the table end sitting on chairs.

"Let's just get a combo and pitcher special," I recommend. That's an xtra large sausage, pepperoni, hamburger, onion and pepper pizza and pitcher of Old Style for \$12.99.

"We need to get cokes," Says Janine, meaning her and Kailani.

"That'll work," says Cliff.

Pretty soon the waitress comes with a pitcher of water and glasses, takes our order and disappears.

"We've been a band for 5 or 6 weeks and we've already got a set. That's not bad," Clifford judges.

"We need more songs," I say.

"More conscious songs," Brian says.

The waitress returns with the beer and cokes.

"You been writing anything?" I ask Brian.

"Not lately. We can't play Revolt's originals," Brian states. I like the stuff you write Paul, but except for the comic book death shit, you're kind of an existentialist, or a nihilist."

I fill up our glasses thinking how to deal with this opinion, which is kind of the problem with having a band with Brian and Cliff.

"The bus will probably be here in like 15 minutes I bet," Mark says and takes a drink.

"It's Punk Rock, not propaganda," I tell Brian, knowing I'm opening a can of worms.

"Yeah, but if you're gonna make music, wouldn't it be better if it advanced some positive thought?" Brian questions.

"Oh shit," Cliff says.

I notice Janine and Kailani watching us attentively.

"I guess, but to me, that's not the most important thing," I say.

"What's the most important thing then?" Cliff asks.

"If it rhymes."

"If it rhymes? Come on," Brian repeats.

"Yeah, and if it sounds cool. Basically it's that, 'cause it's gotta rhyme in the 1st place, that's a given. But next I want it to grab your attention in a cool original way." I'm getting a headache, so I take a drink.

"But a song can do that and something more," Janine offers, "Why not?"

"You're probably right, Janine. But for me it's hard enough just to think up songs worth singing. And asking for them to make the world right is too much."

"So it's all just *Fluors de Mal*," Brian concludes, more than asks.

"I don't know, I guess," I reply.

"Flowers of Evil? What?" Kailani asks.

"A book of poems by some dead French guy, Baudelaire I think" I tell her.

Mark gets up. "I should go. See you guys Wednesday, 7 o'clock, Ala Moana, north parking lot." He gets up leaving \$3, and walks out the front gate of Mama's.

I finish my beer and fill me up another. The whole

problem goes thru my skull in a brief handful of seconds. With Chuck and Dirk it was a little easier, but not. They didn't drink. Dirk did acid and 'shrooms, plus smoked a little weed, but would get really weird, like get naked, lock himself in the closet balled up in the fetal position tripping way too hard. He only did it once every couple of months or so. Chuck didn't do any mind altering substances. Even though we were all into an aggressive flamboyant stage show, they both frowned on my drinking and weed smoking and hassled me about it. They kinda dug my drop out of society and live in a cave approach to life, but gave me grief about habitually poisoning my mind and body.

I sensed that Cliff and Brian respected my misanthropy too. In fact, I felt it even lent my existence more validity in their eyes. But their problem in doing the band with me was that I didn't have any idea about what to do about how fucked up society was, other than to just drop out and do what you wanted. But they liked drinking almost as much as I did. It was weird how my bandmates always held me to a higher standard. These more political ones shared my love of degeneracy where the more eccentric ones wanted me to live a cleaner life but didn't care about my political actions. Maybe they were all right. Maybe I should car bomb a cop station or at least do graffiti that says "FUCK THE PIG STATE!!!", or at least write a protest song.

"Your life goes drip drip drip," Kailani giggles, "I like the new song."

I can see Mark get on the University bus across the street. He doesn't give a fuck how much I drink or what my political program is, even though he's a dinosaur.

"Someday, we'll all be dinosaurs," I state.

"Sounds like a song title."

"Not me," Cliff disagrees. "I'll never be a dinosaur."

The waitress brings the pizza and sets 5 small plates around.

"You already are a dinosaur," says Janine.

"You're still in high school. To you, everyone's a dinosaur," Brian points out.

I grab the red pepper shaker and shake some on, then the mozzarella cheese, making an extra cheesy spicy slice.

"You're not a dinosaur, Cliff. You're an iguana," Kailani teases.

Cliff opens his eyes real big, sticks his tongue out and croaks, which makes everybody laugh.

We all get into our huge slices, and there's another for each of us: which works out perfectly. Brian, Cliff and I each get 1 last glass of beer.

The Commies tell me about a meeting to plan an anti

Ronnie Raygun demo at the Bank of Hawaii downtown Friday at 5PM where they'll pass out fliers denouncing the administration's financing Noriega's dictatorship with low interest loans.

"I have to work on Friday till 5, but I could be at the bank by like a ¼ to 6," I explain, looking into Kailani's crystal blue eyes. "I'll come to the meeting."

"Yeah, come by the bookstore at 8, Tuesday night," Brian tells me.

"Rad, we could use more help," Janine says

We all start on the 2nd slice, which kills the pizza, but the slices are way big. Finally I wash the final bite with the last of the Old Style.

"What are you guys gonna do now?" I ask.

"Probably Janine will cruise me and Cliff home, and we gotta study for a Medieval History test tomorrow," Brian answers.

"I just ruined dinner. Mom will be pissed," says Kailani.

"Mom and I always eat at Grandma's on Sunday," Janine tells us.

I know that Brian and Cliff live at the edge of Kaimuki almost in Hawaii Kai, at their parent's. I imagine, for some reason, that they and their parents barely acknowledge each other's existences, like the last time I spent summer vacation in California at my Mom's .

"Where do you guys live?" I ask Janine and Kailani.

"Pololo, in the back of the valley," Kailani says.

"Opposite sides," Janine fills me in.

"Wow, my boss, Ron Thomas, has a house is at the front of the valley," I say.

"That's Bob Thomas's Dad," says Kailani. "Bob went to Kaimuki High. His Dad's house is way cool."

"Yup, that's the 1," I confirm.

"What are you gonna do, Pig Rock?" Cliff asks.

"I might have another beer."

"I feel like another pitcher, but I totally gotta study," Brian decides.

"Yeah, me too," Cliff agrees.

I pull out \$7 from my pocket and add it to Brian and Cliff's cash with what Mark left. Janine and Kailani leave a tip, \$3. They all get up and make like they're ready to leave.

"All right everybody, see you all Tuesday night," I tell them.

Everyone tells me "Later."

I kinda want to go with Janine and Kailani. I think about Sharleen, and how I'd most likely get whatever action I could get away with from either of these chicks, and what a total dog I am. I try to feel the vibes going on between Janine, Bryan, Cliff and

Kailani, but really it doesn't matter, because whatever's gonna happen's gonna happen, or not.

I pay the bill so far and order another beer.

I go to the bathroom and take a piss. Graffiti covers the walls, like it's encouraged.

"Hardcore Rules" and "T.R.O." stare down at me from high above the pisser. I have to grab my felt tip marker from my bag and stand up on the urinal to reach a space to write on. I write "GOD DOG" off to the side of the other Punk graffiti.

I leave the restroom, finish my beer, pay the tab and tip the waitress another buck before I take off, find my bike and ride home. Then I go for a run, grab a quart of beer and go home to shower, read and listen to the radio.

6

Monday, after work, I call Sharleen from the payphone at McDonald's at King and Pololo because Ron gets on the phone after work.

"Hello?" her Dad answers.

I just hang up. It's hopeless really, just fucking hopeless.

I ride up to Manoa Gardens, lock my bike on the rack outside the wall and go into the cafe to buy myself a quart of Steinlager. I slip out to the Gardens, where Ivan and Stan hold court with the rest of the Bobos.

"Pig Rock bought his own beer. Bobo! It's getting cold. Hell must be freezing over," Ivan remarks. "I gotta buy my own beer sometimes. Once you Bobos realize I only love you for your beer, you won't love me for me anymore," I speculate out loud.

I notice Bobo Dad sitting at one of the stone tables with Leilani, a skinny hippy chick and Ivan or Stan's girlfriend. I forget which, or maybe both, depending. She looks Japanese mostly but is supposed to be Hawaiian.

Bobo Dad has a shaggy gray bush of hair and beard, a gut, and is about 5'3". He always wears an aloha shirt, surfer shorts, flip flops and has cocaine. Dad also owns a little curly haired mop of a dog, named George.

I remember fliers in my bag and pull a couple out. "Come to the gig on Saturday Night," I tell everyone.

I've never really seen the Bobo's at 3D, except for once or twice. When they invade any other haunts, it's usually a beach barbeque or Anna Banana's, to see "Local Style", the Reggae/New Wave band. Maybe they'll show if they don't get too drunk that day.

I sit next to Dad, who's real name is Henry. He inspects the flier.

"So Pig Rock, you made another band, huh?" Dad says.
"Yup, with the Commies, Brian and Cliff." I take a drink, hoping he gives me a bump of cocaine.
"What kind of stuff?"
"Mostly just psycho death obsessed bullshit sexist crap," I tell him.
"Cool, cool," he approves.
"My bandmates want me to write some more politically constructive songs."
"Fuck that shit," Henry groans.
"They might be right, I've been thinking," I admit.
"No, it can't all be Sandinista," he tells me referring to the Clash album.
I've sorta been considering covering Death or Glory, off that record.
"It all can't be Bad Music for Bad People either," I say, referring to the Cramps album.
"Whatever rocks," Dad points out.
"Sell me a line Henry, I only got 10 bucks I can spend," I request. This move pushes the border of polite things to ask of your dealer/ fan. But it gives Dad an excuse to dip into his stash. Besides, he's used to it. Plus it's from out of the blue, being Monday at the gardens and not the weekend at Anna Bananas. I can see the neurons firing behind Dad's forehead.
"Mmmm ok, twist my arm, twist my arm. Let's retire to my office," Henry tells me.
I swallow the rest of my beer and follow Henry to the side of the building. George starts to follow too.
Dad points at him. "George, stay" he commands.
George obeys and me and Henry walk towards the restroom. I look back at the poodle mutt and notice that in the light he looks kind of turquoise. We go into the Men's room.
"Did you dye your dog blue?" I ask.
"Yeah, about 10 days ago. The dye's starting to wear off though."
I grab a \$10 from my pocket and give it to Dad, who takes off his fanny pack, unzips it and pulls out a little plastic bag of white. He bites the \$20 bag open, lays it on the water tank above the shitter, and pulls out a plastic card to chop the lines with.
"How many songs does Dog God know?" Dad asks.
"10. We have 6 originals."
He rolls up the \$10 I gave him, "When I heard your band left the island I gave you up for obscurity, and already you've risen from the ashes like a phoenix."
He offers me the rolled bill and points to the 2 big assed

lines that he's laid out. I grab it and whiff up my line, which bites the back of my sinuses and throat with that delicious chemical coke taste. I hand him back the green tube.

"I guess that's kind of dramatic though." He does the other line.

"Thanks Dad."

"Don't mention it. As a matter of fact, I can't let us return ½ baked." He pulls out a mini plastic container from his belt bag and lays out like twice as much yay as he's already laid out, which I knew he probably would. "Don't go unless you're gonna go all the way."

"Right on," I agree.

Henry cuts the coke and makes lines.

"Can you afford a pitcher?" he asks.

"Yeah, I think."

He has 4 huge lines laid out. Henry whiffs 2 and hands me the rolled \$10.

"Cool."

Right then somebody comes into the restroom. I do my lines real fast and it hits my pipes harder this time. I rise straightening up and a middle aged Asian balding scholastic looking man heads for the urinal. As he pees, me and Henry take turns using the sink to wash our faces as a ruse to chase the blow with water up our noses.

We leave, and then sniff loudly outside.

"He was probably a Law Professor," Bobo Dad laughs. I'm way amped.

"Thanks again for the bumps Henry."

"I would be remiss if I didn't contribute to our own hometown Rock Star's debauchery."

"Well, I appreciate it."

We return to the same table.

"Bobo!" yells Ivan.

"Bobo!" Dad repeats.

I enjoy the exquisite chemical taste and electricity for like 10 minutes. Then I go into the bar and get a big pitcher of Miller and a couple of glasses. I fill mine and Henry's glasses, and Ivan's Stan's and Leilani's, who already have cups.

"We're gonna have to make it down to Waikiki on Saturday," Stan says.

"The last time I saw Battery Club, you guys crashed The Rattles gig here. That was Bobo!" Ivan critiques. I nod at him.

"Does your new band do Pig Rock?" Dad asks.

"For sure, dude," I say, "Hey, who's heard of that new North Shore band? They're surfers, TRO."

"Yeah, that's John Olsen's new band, Thrashing Room

Only,' Ivan tells me.

"Wow, Reggie in The Rattles told me it stood for Totally Rotten Okole," I tell Ivan.

Everyone laughs.

"Maybe it does," says Stan, "It could mean lots of things."

We all shoot the shit for a while. After a while I feel the urge for more coke, but pour myself another beer instead.

"Is your new band Punk or Hardcore, or what?" somebody asks.

"I'd call it Nocore," I reply.

Someone buys the next pitcher and I take off towards the end of it.

I stop off and get a tall can and a couple of shooters from the mini mart, and resist temptation for a pack of Camels. I don't call my girl either.

At home I decide that I'm too cut to run. Instead I just shower, drink my beer, smoke a couple of clove butts, and do my shots. I hope I wake up without a hangover.

The next day at work Ron and me start on a new job in Kahala, at the edge of Hawaii Kai. It's at a house, which has just been purchased by a White woman, who has just gotten a divorce from a Chinese lawyer, which sounds like the start of a joke.

I wake up unhangover. I want a beer but don't get 1. Instead I just wait for coffee at Ron's. We start with the sprinklers. That's cool because it means I get to dig trench and stay in shape. After work I ride home, go for a short run, 2 miles down to the mall and back. Then I shower and get ready for the Commie meeting. I feel like calling Sharleen, but I know it's already too late and that Daddy's home by now.

As I shave and put on deodorant I feel like I'm going to the club, or on a date. I wonder if my instinctual love addiction will fuck up any of Clifford or Brian's romantic plans. But then again, they ignore whatever desires for comrades they might have as part of their political program. But it could still fuck up the band. And yet then again, if you wanna make an omelet...

Underneath it all I know what a dick I am, because I already have a girlfriend, who I adore. As I pedal down King Street towards Revolution Books I realize that people are ruthless because they can be.

And then I stop at a liquor store because, A; of this epiphany, and because, B; I'm disappointed in myself that I'd cheat on Sharleen in a heartbeat and fuck over Cliff or Brian if I could and because, C; I've never noticed this particular liquor store before.

I go in and grab a tall can of Schlitz and a shooter from a bin facing the counter. I stand behind a skinny black guy buying a pint who also buys a single cigarette besides his pint of vodka. I buy a cigarette too and wonder as I pay if all the liquor stores on Oahu are owned by middle aged Asians.

"Mahalo," we say to each other after I get a book of matches from the owner.

Outside I walk my bike across the street and walk down to an unlit patch of sidewalk to drink my shot and crack my beer. I light the 'grette and smoke it as I sneak drinks from the can.

I hop on the bike and ride the rest of the way to the bookstore. I lock it to a pole, notice Brian's car and feel the Boilermaker do its thing.

Inside the store besides Brian, Cliff, Janine and Kailani are a tall red headed young woman with glasses and a taller Mulatto guy with dreadlocks who I've seen at UH.

Brian introduces me to them, Katie and Donnie. It seems I've walked in right in the middle of the small talk.

"Well, I already know that Paul's showing up late on Friday. The bank closes at 6 but I was hoping that we could all make it by 5," Brian says, "Speaking of which, I guess this is all who's going to show tonight."

"I won't be any later than 5:30," Katie tells Brian.

"I might be there by 5:30, no later than 5:45," I say, thinking I'll have to lock my bike on King and take the bus.

Right then a couple of Asian women come into the store, 1 wearing glasses, both probably in their late 20s, named Joanne and Lorna.

Brian and Joanne mostly tell us to be cool, not hostile about communicating the line and to stay off of bank property and stay on the sidewalk so that the bank bosses can't have us arrested. The line we're conveying is that it's wrong, if not illegal, for our government, propped up by the banking system, to lend Panama and Noriega low interest money.

I agree that I don't like low interest U.S. insured bank loans going to a dictator. But somehow I'm not 100% convinced. I'm pretty sure it's evil, but don't quite know about illegal. Then again I'm not, and don't want to be, a banker or lawyer. I don't feel like a discussion so I keep my mouth shut because probably I agree.

The conversation runs on 2 tracks in the same space. Joanne, Katie, Brian, Lorna and Janine talk about the illegality and immorality of US sponsored fascism while Kailani, Cliff and I talk about exactly what we're doing on Friday.

"So we're passing out fliers to people and talking to them about it?" I ask.

"Yeah, and telling them that they should pull their money out of the bank," says Kailani.

I think about when I had a little money in the bank, most of it bank loaned, whether or not I'd do it. Of course it went to the school mostly pretty much. Now that I'm cash only, paid under the table, it's not an issue. But if was a normal tax paying citizen, would I pull my money out? Probably someone could convince me, I decide.

"What about signing a petition and sending it to Reagan, Congress and Senate?" Donny asks.

"The committee in San Francisco is drafting a statement which we're going to attach a petition to. Probably we'll get it in a couple few weeks," Lorna says.

The meeting's pretty much been played out in a little while, since all the relevant theorizing and planning's been done. There's a little discussion of the US Sponsoring Viet Nam before the war and 60s riots. I drift over to asking Janine and Kailani what Kaimuki High School's like. I find out it's kinda rough if you're Hoale, but still ok anyway.

"Come check out the band, Dog God, on Saturday night," Cliff says, pointing to a flier taped the front counter.

"You were in that band, Battery Club, huh?" Donny asks me.

"Yup," I say

"I heard you guys rocked," he says.

"Well, that's dead action now anyways. Cliff and Brian are a lotta fun now though," I explain.

"Check it out Saturday night," Cliff says.

"Let's go get a 12 pack," Brian suggests.

Lorna, Joanne and Katie decide not to join us because they all need to take off.

Or a case, I think. Kailani and Janine sorta need to get home, but decide they have like a ½ an hour. We walk to the Pump and get a 12 pack of Old Style, then to the park between Revolution Books and Anna Banana's. We all sit at the bottom of the bleachers behind the backstop fence. We put the beer under the bleachers and Cliff passes everyone a beer. All of us keep our cans low, or in between our legs. Really it's stupid, but the car's too small for everyone, it's not cool to drink in the bookstore and too much hassle to go to the stream behind UH.

"If the pigs roll by and shake us down, we're busted," Brian says.

I crack my can and tank almost ½ of it. "Suck 'em up den," I say.

Everyone pretty much does.

"So when are you gonna write some more political

songs?" asks Janine.

I look at her innocent precious feline face. I'm pierced by selfish desire.

"When a song takes me," I answer, on the spot. "But until I do, if you guys want, we can do "Death or Glory'," I offer.

Brian and Cliff look up at me quizzically.

"Yeah, maybe," Cliff considers.

"Speed it up," Brian considers.

Sold! I think to myself. Everyone takes a drink. I'm about done with my beer so I kill it. Brian notices, so he does likewise. I grab another 1 and 1 for Brian.

"I'm a speed drinker," I explain.

"No shame," says Donny.

"Are you from Cali?" I ask him.

"Santa Monica, I came here to go to UH, but dropped out after 1 semester."

"No shit? Me too. I'm from Castro Valley," I tell him.

"Really? My Dad had a paint store up by there, in Hayward."

"That's pretty close."

"All you West Coast guys come out here to surf, smoke weed, drop out of UH and start bands," Cliff says.

"Lucky for you guys, or you'd all be playing in Hawaiian bands covering Little Grass Shack, strumming a ukulele," I reply, "working in Dad's liquor store."

"Fuck that noise," Brian laughs.

Brian and Clifford grab a beer.

"Why'd you leave California anyway, I mean, if you want to start Punk bands like that?" Janine asks.

"I didn't know that's what I wanted to do. I wanted to go to school, basically as far away from my family as possible, and plus get closer to Asia, for some reason I haven't figured out yet, except that I like Kung Fu and Samurai movies," I say.

"And California is kinda like this endless cul de sac in this gargantuan suburb, unless you're in S.F. or L.A., and even more so then, in a way," Donny reveals.

"Honolulu is an island though," Kailani says despondently.

"Gilligan's Island," Brian takes a drink.

And the conversation continues for a little while longer, until Donny and Cliff finish their brews.

"Janine and I should be cruising home," Kailani reminds Brian.

Brian tells me to meet him at the Ala Moana bus stop tomorrow for a ride to Wizard at 7:05 . I take a beer, we all say

"Bye" and I go to the liquor store for a boilermaker and a smoke before I crash.

Ron fronts me \$20 the next day, but it's cool. I'm too rushed to call Sharleen after work. I ride home, hang a bit, and walk down to Ala Moana even though it's drizzling a little. I enter the huge multi level parking lot and see Mark at the bus stop.

He tells me with 2 bands and school he's getting fried and might have to quit. I ask him to hang for a gig or 2 more.

Brian and Cliff pick us up. On the way we talk about finally practicing on a full set up with a drum kit and a real PA. Brian drives on the freeway going west and before he hits Pearl Harbor, pulls off in an industrial district.

"What time is it Cliff?" Brian asks.

"¼ till."

"Time for a beer run!" Brian decides.

Right off the exit sits a liquor store that Brian pulls in front of. Each of us gives him a buck or 2 and he comes back with a 12 pak and a 40 oz. He makes it to Wizard's in a couple of minutes.

Wizard's sits at the end of a small industrial park, 1 of a few pre fab sheet metal buildings with a big sign above the door in red and blue gothic metal looking letters. We all get out of the car. Brian and Cliff carry their amps, Mark the guitar and bass and me the beer.

Inside the studio, Jackie John, a 40ish plump metal head in surfer shorts and a Quiet Riot shirt with long balding brown hair sits behind a desk and introduces himself.

"You guys must be Dog God, or God Dog. Which is it?" he asks.

"Whichever," I tell him.

"I like it, I like it," he approves, "You can pay me on the way out."

A large clock on the wall shows that it's practically 8.

"You left the mike in the car," Brian tells me.

"There's a mike in the room already. Do you guys need your amps miked?" Jackie asks.

"No, I don't think so," Brian says.

"It'd probably just feed back anyway, small room." Jackie stands, he's like 5'7". He walks over and lets us into the room. "Somebody got a watch?"

"I do," Cliff answers.

"You don't need me to tell you when your time's up, good deal."

Mark gets up behind the drum kit with his sticks and sits. I check out the sound board, flip on the switch and walk over to the mike stand.

"Check," I say into the mike.

It sounds too loud so I walk back to the board and pull the knob back a couple of notches. Brian and Cliff start to make noise.

"Need anything, I'm right out here." Jackie nods out the door and exits.

Mark thumps a few beats and I run to the board and put some reverb on my channel. I check it by howling into the mike, decide I don't like it, turn it down ½ way, try it again and decide I like it.

"This is rad," I say into the mike.

Mark does a "thitty thit thwap" on the skins and Cliff and Brian hit a simultaneous sustained anti chord noise blast.

"WE'RE God Dog AND YOU SUCK!!!" I bellow like Yaweh into the microphone.

Mark rolls into the intro and we smash into Pig Rock like an 18 wheel semi truck on 4 lanes of wet highway.

"That kicks ass," I say, unmiked, when the song's over.

"Look at me Mom, just like Sid Vicious," Cliff says.

"Beats the hell out of the bookstore, or the Student Center," Brian agrees.

We actually have 10 other songs that aren't Squirm Baby Squirm so down that it's pretty fucking fun to just do the set. In fact, we rip thru them all again. Even Graveyard Rock sounds clean. Brian's been playing mostly chords, maybe a little baby signature here or there, but basically just straight up power chords with some feed back chaos in just the right places. But now, this time, the 2nd time thru the set in a real practice studio, I hear Brian step out on top of the chords and try some real leads, which I like.

"Let's try Squirm," I say, "We've done everything else.

We screw up the change and stop.

"Just wait Cliff, follow me," Brian tells him

"Waddaya mean? I'm the bass," Cliff answers.

"Let me be the bass till we get it"

Cliff rolls his eyes and Mark starts the song. We get to the chorus, Brian hits it hard and loud and Cliff waits, hits the high note and catches up coming down.

"...I dropped my head in a ditch
Gotta scratch where I can't itch"

We do it 2 more times, even the smashed ½ chorus outro. But I still can't tell. We stand there quiet for a bit.

"We forgot the beer," I remember, grabbing 1.

Mark comes from behind the drums and grabs a beer.

Cliff and Brian follow. We all crack our beers open and drink.

"We have like 35, 40 minutes left," Cliff says. "Let's learn Pretty Vacant real quick."

Nobody seems too excited about learning a cover.

"What about this new song?" I ask.

"Maybe stick another verse in where you don't sing and I'll do a lead," Brian suggests. Everyone looks at each other. I think it over. We have enough time to get thru the whole set if we jump on it.

"Yeah, ok. Let's just start going thru the set and we'll stick Squirm in 4th or 5th or something," I propose.

"Let's roll," Mark hits it.

We go thru the set, breaking after Squirm Baby Squirm, to look at each other and shrug. We stop after the mutated Stones cover to grab another beer and still have enough time to finish the set. We finish loading out a couple minutes late.

Out in the office we can hear a metal band practice. I pull out a \$20 and pay Jackie, who gives me \$4 back.

"I do PA rentals and have an 8 track studio if you guys want to cut your demo. You guys rocked" Jackie sells, handing us a xeroxed rate sheet.

"Cool," I acknowledge, folding the paper, "I'm outta fliers. If you're in Waikiki Saturday, check out 3D at 10. I'll put you on the list," I invite him.

"I'm here Saturday," he says.

I thank him and we head out.

"Can you guys kick in for practice?" I ask in the parking lot.

They come up with \$7 and change between them, and we each get a beer, plus the 40, which we open. We pass the bottle around, drinking it up pretty fast, because it's past 10 and we've all got school or work tomorrow.

Mark asks Brian to just drop him off downtown so he can catch the bus from there. Brian drives to the Piikoi Arms then.

"I think Mark digs the new song," Cliff says as Brian pulls over.

"It needs something," Brian mutters.

"If we don't wanna play it Saturday, we won't. Whatever," I tell him.

"It'll be ok Pig Rock," Brian says.

"Yeah, thanks bruddahs. See you guys Friday." I get out of the car.

"Later," they say and drive off. I think about getting more beer. I decide not to since I have 1 left. It feels like not enough so I walk to the liquor store and get a shooter. I look up at the sky on my way back. I've heard phones ring in other rooms in the Arms. I

guess it's possible to have a phone installed. I want to call Sharleen, but can't this late.

"Fuck!" I scream, and punch myself in the head a couple times.

I calm down and watch the clouds slip past the stars. Could it be that I'm subhuman seducing a 17-year old? Could it be that I got seduced?

I get back to the shack, suck 'em up and go to sleep, almost.

I wake after barely sleeping, feeling deprived, not hung over, just slow and heavy. It's a gray bike ride. I need a cup of coffee so stop at Burger King, not even locking my bike. I get a to-go cup with a little ice so that I can slam it.

At Ron's we load some stepping-stones and sand bags in the truck after more coffee.

"We might get rained out boss," Ron tells me.

"Whatever the weather, Ron."

"I'll let the \$20 ride if we do," he says graciously.

"Thanks."

"You're a good kid."

We unload the truck and work till like lunchtime, when it starts to rain. We have sandwiches and pops, so we eat in the truck. Cement bags sit under a tarp in Ron's yard when we return, so we stash them under his house, on plywood and cinderblock. As we finish, Bob comes home. He wears a psychedelic spray painted t shirt.

"You're playing 3D night after tomorrow," Bob says.

"Yup."

"Let's smoke a joint," he orders.

"Shoots," I agree.

I follow Bob past the kitchen and bathroom into his room. Horror movie and Giant Robot posters hang from his walls, and dayglo spray painted voodoo symbols decorate the rest of the wall space. I guess Ron lets him do whatever to his unfinished space. I'm more than jealous. Japanese movie monster and robot toys stand guard on the dresser, windowsill and stereo speakers.

Bob lights a joint. I take a deep breath. This will get way heavy, I figure, maybe definitely a 5th gear conversation.

"You're lookin' way brown, dude," Bob says.

"Me and your Dad have been in the sun lots," I smoke.

"What, you went to school today?"

"Yup, what you think, I've been ditching?"

"Nah, I miss the caffeine weed lunchroom conversations though. What you been reading?"

"Franney and Zooney, way cool. You?" Bob tells me.

"Illuminatus, almost done. Intense, parody, I think."

"That's the secret society, eye in the pyramid, unseen hand stuff, right?"

"Yup."

"What made you think up Dog God? It's heavy."

"It's a whatchoocall, an anagram, the same backwards as forwards. I didn't think it up, it just flashed, kinda."

"Yeah, anagram I think," Bob almost confirms. "It should be called a marganagram though."

"Only later did I realize the further self contradictory perpetuating negating meanings. I don't think I'm a nihilist anymore. Buddhism seems cool. Hell, I'll become a Christian if it gets me laid."

"Yeah right."

"Oh shit. I gotta call Sharleen," I remember.

"That's that Pearl City High School chick Dad told me about, huh? You're a bad man," Bob praises me.

"I know. That's why I can't call from here, your Dad. I gotta call between when she's home from school and her Dad gets back from the Accounting Firm," I explain.

"Call from here. Dad doesn't care. It only increases your myth in his eyes," Bob reveals as he puts on a Black Flag album. Rise Above plays.

"Bob, I'm a total child molester," I admit.

"You wish. You're not even a date rapist."

"Done that."

"If she's menstruating, she's all woman," Bob decides.

"Well, she is. We gotta break up though."

"Fuck it, just marry her."

"Why didn't I think of that? You're a genius," I thank him.

"Yup, I know," he agrees.

"But I already met these Kaimuki High School chicks, Commies, Pololo girls who are aware of your legend," I stroke.

"I know you're a dog," Bob states the obvious. "Marry all of 'em."

"This is Honolulu, not Salt Lake City."

"Why do you think they call it Polynesia?" Bob puns.

"Really, I better call my girl if I want any hope of any action. But tell me something. Is there a movie about a genocidal self-programming mutating megabot?" I ask.

"Yeah, I think so. But it wasn't subtitled or dubbed, so I don't know."

"You know. But I'm going to call my teenage sexbot."

"Now that's a movie!" Bob exclaims.

"Call my agent." I make for the phone.

Ron's left the kitchen and living room, so I hurry and dial.

It rings twice.

"Hello?" her Dad answers.

Fuck it, I go for broke like a fool. "Can I speak with Sharleen please?"

"Look dropout, stop calling my daughter. I'll get the law on you so fast it'll make your head spin. Find yourself a grown woman, pervert!" he barks.

"Yes sir. Thank you sir." I hang up.

Ron comes out of the bathroom. "Whoops," he says.

"Yeah, I know."

"Look kid, take it from a guy who knows. Sometimes it just ain't worth it," Ron advises.

"Oh it's worth it all right."

"Is he a lawyer?" Ron asks.

"A CPA."

"Even worse son. Bite the bullet Paul. You'll be in skin in no time."

This comes from a short fat guy who married and divorced a hot Asian lawyer woman and remarried another Asian luxury restaurateur.

"Not to change the subject or anything Ron, but do you think it's more narcissistic to want to possess beauty, create beauty, or be beautiful."

"Hell if I know. What scares me is thinking that you might be serious," he avoids answering me really.

"See you tomorrow Ron."

"Try not to get too drunk tonight," he advises me more.

"Ok boss." I exit. I pet Obake the ghost dog as he dances and follows me with my bike to the gate.

Cut to the chase. I don't get that drunk. Sharleen comes by my pad!!! I tell her we gotta break up or her dad's gonna have me sent to jail.

"But you love me and I love you," she answers.

"I know, but why'd you tell your dad about me?"

"He knew about you from listening behind my back."

"He's gonna have me sent to jail Sharleen. He said," I explain.

"He won't. I don't care. Let's run away. We can get married," she commands.

"I don't think that it's legal if you're only 17 Baby."

"Let's just run away then."

"We don't have any money. Where can we go? I can't take care of you. I'm a loser. You can't drop outta school to be with me. You're gonna graduate next year," I tell her.

"I don't care. We'll run away."

"I can't do that to you darling. You'll find better, trust me. I love you but I gotta let you go." My head spins.

Sharleen gets quiet and looks down at her knees. "Fuck you Paul."

I don't answer her.

"I'm not gonna graduate next year. I'm only 15 Sweetie," she reveals.

I feel like grabbing her by her shirt and shaking her, but don't. Instead I just lay back feeling numb.

"Fuck me," she whispers.

I just lay there, not moving.

"Didn't you hear me, I said fuck me."

Cut to the chase again. I do. I'm only human. What would you do? It's beautiful and sad, just like Romeo and Juliet, but not.

She leaves about 1 because she has to be to High School early. I hold on to her tight, feeling like melted Jello, before she gets in her car and I watch her drive away 1 last time. Then I go in and write her a poem.

Sharleen

15

Come to bed and we'll get unclean

Your eyes are black and your lips are green

I wanna take you to the jungle and make you my Queen

I have enough for 1 beer at Club Mignon, so I walk over there.

I walk in and order from the hostile Korean bartender woman, take my beer and sit at the farthest table from the stage. After a bit Stormy walks by, in red spandex pants and an AC/DC t shirt.

"Hey honey." She looks at me. "You been crying?"

"Yeah. I just broke up with my girlfriend."

"And you're here?" she chuckles, "You're no good."

"I wanted a beer to calm down," I explain.

"Listen, stick around, I gotta do my set and I wanna ask you something."

"I would, but I gotta work tomorrow," I tell her.

"You know where to cop some boy?"

"What, heroin?" I lean towards her and whisper.

"Uh huh," she confirms.

"Uhn uh, I don't," I say.

"Ok, see ya."

"I'll see you another time Stormy," I vow.

"Sure, any time." She zips towards the dressing room.

I finish my beer, walk home thru the sad lonely tropical

Hawaii Punk

night, and actually make it to the land of nod for 4 or 5 hours before I gotta get up, scape land, and seduce me another High School chick. I suck. I'm doomed. Oh well, doo do do.

MORE GIRL PROBLEMS

7

I get up and go to work with Ron, mostly maintenance. We put in a couple of hours at the lawyer's ex wife's house. We both check out High School girls going to and coming from the mall thru the blue afternoon. Life's rad. Chicks rule.

I think about Sharleen every spare minute. What am I gonna do? For real. There's a hole where my heart should be, if I ever had one.

Ron pays me. I lock the bike on King Street at McDonald's and hit the liquor store real quick, for a boilermaker. It's hard not to call Sharleen. I know her Dad wants to kill me. The restricted love schedule was killing me anyway. She's 15, which makes it even hotter, if that's even possible, but come on.

I wait for the #1 bus downtown. It will drop me off right across the street from the Bank of Hawaii, which I owe 20 grand to in student loans, give or take, more or less. I'll pay them someday, maybe. They're the Bank. I bet they barely notice.

Like always, way hot chicks sit on the bus. The driver let's me off and already everyone from the meeting educates the masses. I get a handful of fliers from Brian and say "Hi" to all, especially Janine and Kailani.

Everyone wears casual, almost business clothes. I look like a total troglodyte. I'm totally conquered by Janine, who'll wipe the floor with me, I already know. But Kailani glows, and will slice it my way and let me pick which records to play. So I figure it's Kailani. I'm a no good dirty dog.

It's time to get to work changing the world.

"Hello sir. Did you know that the Reagan administration lends 10s of millions to Noriega's thugs in Panama of our tax dollars each year at very low interest."

The people who acknowledge us nod, say "Un huh," and take a flier.

Cliff has a thinly disguised friendly debate with a Chinese suit. Donny talks to a cute voluptuous 30 something Samoan retail clerk. Lorna and Joanne both have a deep political discussion with an Asian trio, 2 men and a woman, who look like they work at a bar or a coffee house. I just keep on passing as much paper as I can.

The bank types and security watch us from inside. Soon the bank closes and traffic slows to just a trickle. We educate for a little while longer before it's over.

I realize again how funky I am. "Hey, we should play Play That Funky Music White Boy," I say out loud.

"What? None of us are White," Cliff points out.

"Mark's White," I disagree.

"But he sits in the back," Brian contends.

"So, that makes it more of a goof," I say.

"Yeah, maybe. What about We Want the Funk?" Cliff suggests.

"Chaka Khan," Kailani offers.

"Chaka Khan," I parrot.

Everyone laughs. Joanne and Lorna need to go to a committee meeting and jet.

"Come to the gig," Brian says.

"Wouldn't miss it," Joanne smiles.

"Bye bye everybody."

"Bye, see ya," everyone says.

Lorna seems like fun. Political types need other committed workers though. I already know. Everyone stands around looking at each other. A lot of office types and workers all wait for buses or hurry to wherever they're parked.

"What's going on tonight?" Katie asks.

"Fists of Fury, 8 o'clock at the UH Film Society," Clifford answers.

"Right on," I approve.

"Meet you guys there, fellow proletarians," says Kailani.

Janine, Katie and her take off, to Janine's Mom's minivan, I guess. Brian, Cliff, Donny and me load into Brian's car. He drops me off at the McDonald's where I parked my bike. I'm able to bike home, shower, shave and dress in jeans, wing tips and a sleeveless T and bike back to UH by 8. I meet the crew at Kuykendall Hall like clockwork.

I've seen Fists of Fury a couple of times at least, but it rules. Bruce Lee epitomizes total coolness.

"If I was 1/2 that bad," Cliff says on the way out

Brian laughs, "Me too."

"But Bruce Lee's a God," Janine says.

"Is he alive?" asks Katie, the tall red head.

"He's gotta be. He catches bullets with his teeth," Donny tells us.

"Bullshit," I declaim, "He's dead."

"Yeah, it's a mystery. Nobody knows how or why he died," Brian adds.

Kailani looks sad. "He was cute."

I feel a twinge of jealousy, which is stupid. We all walk down the steps to the lane in front of Kuykendall.

"Let's get a case," Cliff says.

"What about 3D's?" Janine asks.

"Tomorrow night. Let's just get some beer and rap," Donny suggests.

I really don't feel like hanging out with everyone now, considering Sharleen, but I don't want to be alone either.

We all put our money together and go down to the Pump and get a case of Old Style and a big bag of taco chips. I buy, so I get a ½ pint and put it in my pocket. Then we all head to Manoa Stream behind campus. To be young, done and hanging in the dark Oahu jungle, drinking beer and eating chips.

"You really think it does anything?" Donny asks.

"What, talking to people at the bank?" Cliff asks back.

"Yeah," Donny answers.

"Somebody's gotta do something," Janine offers.

"Until we start the real Revolution, we do what we can," Brian says.

I wonder if it did start, if it ever did, would I fight or not. It feels like a longshot, Revolution in Hawaii, or California, or the USA, in 1984. Are these Communists, or us, really waiting for some extreme history to fuck shit up enough to force a Revolution so that we can enforce a Dictatorship of the Proletariat? Would that make things better?

"I think we made some people think. What else can we do?" I say.

We all drink, listening to the noise of the stream. I'm bummed about my 15 year old girlfriend, but what can I do? I can't even call.

"It's nice back here," Kailani observes.

"I was crashing in a cave up the trail," I say.

"Oh yeah?" asks Donny, "Up that trail?"

"Yup, right up the mountain. You can't miss it."

"I might need a crash space soon," Donny admits.

Everyone except Cliff and I sit on a tree stump or big rock. I just pick a tree to sit against on the ground, close to Kailani.

"Do you work tomorrow Paul?" she asks.

"Uh huh." I finish my beer and grab another one and some chips.

"You 2 graduate this semester, huh?" I ask Kailani and Janine.

"Yeah," they both confirm.

"UH next year?"

"Uh huh," they say.

"You'll dig it," I tell them.

I look at Kailani, and how her blue eyes shine in just the faraway streetlight.

"Are you coming to 3D tomorrow night?" I ask her.

"Probably."

They both grab another beer.

"I should find a restroom," Janine says.

"Yeah, me too," Kailani utters too.

"What, it's about 11? East West Center doesn't lock its restrooms," I tell them.

Brian and Cliff return and Donny walks off to the stream. Janine, Kailani and Katie all get up.

"Should 1 of us walk over there with you?"

"If you want. Campus is safe, I think." Kailani leaves it up to me.

What kinda move can I really make with all of them anyway? "I'll go."

We walk up the incline path and cross the lane to East West Center.

"I should go home soon," I say as we approach the center, a large 3 story stone hexagon.

"We still have a lot of beer left," Janine points out.

"Yeah, but I don't want a hangover. I gotta big day tomorrow."

They go into the Women's room and I go into the Men's room. I finish and come back. I miss Sharleen so much that I feel dizzy. She's too damn young though, and if I were her Dad I'd kill me too. But damn, she's so badass .

Kailani comes out 1st.

"You like working for Bob Thomas's Dad?" she asks.

"Yeah, he's rad, pays me under the table, no taxes."

"Cool."

A moment of silence falls so I move. "We should have coffee or something sometime. Let me call you."

She thinks for a second. "Ok. Gotta pen?"

I have a pencil in my pocket, but no paper. I pull out a dollar instead and let her write her number on it.

Janine joins us. "What's going on?"

"I'm scheming on Kailani," I admit.

"Uh oh," Janine says.

I kinda bum on not hitting on Janine instead, but my chances are way better with Kailani, and plus, she's way a fox too.

Katie joins us and we all walk back to the stream.

I finish my beer, crack another and take a long drink. Brian, Cliff and Donny talk about doing the bank thing again next week.

"I should get rolling everyone," I announce.

"What time should we meet at 3D's" Brian asks.

"8 at the latest," I tell him and Cliff.

"Right on," Brian says.

I tell everyone "Goodbye" and grab 1 for the road.

Everyone says "Bye" back, so I cruise and walk home .

At home I drink about ½ the ½ pint and beer. I get to bed and keep waking up, so I finish the whiskey.

In the morning on the way out, I find a note under the door.

"Paul, I'll be at 3D tonight.
Love, Sharleen"

I stop and feel like I'm falling. My heart pounds in my throat.

"Oh fuck," I whisper.

In the morning my hangover's not that bad, so I don't get a beer. I bus it to my bike. Me and Ron work on some lawns. Then I come home. I'm ok. I gotta show to play.

I can't do anything about me and my girl, who isn't mine now. It'll be ok. I get ready for the gig.

After the shower, hygiene routine, I zip back to my funky little room and turn the radio on. The DJ, Jay from the Hilton, plays You Really Got Me by the Kinks.

I scream, "Yeah!" and sing along.

I put on my retro grey slacks, black socks, wing tips, Anarchy t shirt, spike bracelet and a silver chain with a dayglo plastic skull.

"This next song goes out to a pal. You know who you are Pig Rock. Dog God plays 3D tonight, at 10. Break your legs, slick," Jay tells me thru the electric box on the counter, "I know you're gonna love this song."

The old ass scratchy proto rock n roll plays. For some reason I push record on the box.

"I put a spell on you
Because you're mine
So stop the things you do I ain't lyin'..."

Screamin' Jay Hawkins croons like a banshee. It's divine inspiration.

"We gotta do this song tonight," I whisper to myself.

Everything seems too much to take, Sharleen, the gig, Kailani. Maybe I'd better just leave Kailani alone. Nah.

Then Jay plays the song, which is my nickname, which everyone got wrong till I just changed the name of the song, which I didn't even write.

The clock says "7:07". I make sure I got 10 bucks in my pocket, just in case. I gotta hit it. I gotta gig. I turn off the radio and

rush to stuff it in my bag.

I can walk or take the bus. Rock n Roll High School, here I come. I decide to walk. On the way I stop at 7-11 and cop a cheap lighter and a bottle of isopropyl alcohol and stash them in my bag. I toy with the idea of black eyeliner, but it costs \$2.99 but I'm close to broke and plus I already have a stick back at the pad and I know I can borrow some from some poser at the club.

The sun sets to my right over Waikiki Beach as I walk down Kalakaua past Ala Moana Boulevard. It bleeds the sky neon orange as bright purple clouds drift across that you can practically touch. I'll be there in just a handful of blocks.

I get to 3D and go up inside. The Rattles set up, placing their amps. The drummer puts his kit together. At the bar Kyle stocks the cooler. He wears 1 of his original psychedelic dada cat t shirts.

"Howzit Kyle?" I call out.

"Pig Rock!" he says loudly back.

I go over to the stage and watch. Margo plugs her bass in and Reggie turns his amp on.

"S 'up?" I ask.

"Paul," Reggie says.

Reggie wears slacks, the same cut as mine, mini checkered, Beatle boots, polo shirt and a gray pork pie hat. Margo wears a gold lame 1 piece skirt/top, gold high heels and a fake pearl necklace. She hasn't put make up on yet.

The drummer starts to hit the skins as Margo and Reggie start tuning and making sounds. I wait for a lull, which happens soon enough.

"So you guys do a set at 10, then we do ours and you guys do the last?" I ask.

"Yeah, sure. That's what we figured," Reggie agrees.

Now comes the hard part.

"Are we gonna split the door down the middle, or like 65/35, or what?" I ask.

Reggie hesitates a minute. I figure maybe he wants to wait and see what the door amounts to, and I'm about to suggest we wait and see.

"50/50. You fliered more, and you're name's ½ the draw I guess," he says before I propose waiting.

"Cool, thanks brah."

Just then Brian and Clifford walk in.

"Did you catch that? I ask them quietly.

"Yeah, that's great," Brian says.

Cliff nods, pulling his sunglasses off. Each of them carries their instrument cases. Both of them wear black jeans and leather.

"Let's go get the amps," Brian instructs.

"Shoots. 1 second," I say.

I go over the amp, mike and drum situation with Reggie and Margo again quickly. We all agree.

Brian and Cliff leave their axes off towards the side of the stage, close to the DJ booth. We go out the door down to the street. It's almost dark now.

"Do you guys know You Really Got Me by The Kinks?" I ask them.

"I know it. Cliff?" Brian questions as we turn the corner.

"I don't think I could just play it cold," Cliff admits.

"What about I Put a Spell On You by Screamin' Jay Hawkins?" I ask.

"Yeah, I love that song," Brian says.

"I know it," Cliff says confidently, "I taped it off KTUH and learned it months ago."

This surprises me.

"Let's do it," I propose.

We arrive at the Ala Wai and stop for a break in traffic. The last purple line of sun can be seen against the horizon as it disappears, now that we've entered a break in the concrete canyons of hotels.

We cross to Brian's car and start to unload the amps.

"Let's try it when we do a sound check. If it works, we'll do it," Brian offers.

"I brought a tape of it," I say.

"Rad," says Cliff.

Again we wait for traffic to let us back into the concrete jungle. Mark walks up to us out in front of the club. He wears a gray sleeveless sweat shirt, tennis and bell bottoms, almost like Anti Punk. In a weird way it makes us even more Punk somehow.

"Howzit Mark?" I greet him.

"Ok."

Cliff, Brian and Mark all say "Was'up?"

Brian and Mark team up with Brian's amp and I help Cliff with his up the stairs.

When we enter 3D The Rattles play White Wedding by Billy Idol and Kyle sets the knobs behind the soundboard. Soon they finish.

"Was that good?" Reggie asks Kyle.

"Sounds good to me. Howzit sound to you guys?" Kyle asks back.

"Fine. We'll let these guy set up and sound check," Reggie tells him.

"All right."

The Rattles leave the stage and Brian and Cliff set their

amps up right next to Margo and Reggie's.

Mark and The Rattles drummer discuss things for a minute as Brian and Cliff make some noise.

"Do you know I Put a Spell On You' by Screamin' Jay?" I ask Mark.

"I think I've heard it."

"It's a blues beat kinda."

Mark looks at me confused.

"You guys want to mike your amps," Kyle tells us.

Brian and Cliff do that while Mark tries out the drums.

"Let's do Squirm 1st," Mark tells us.

Kyle doesn't mess with the knobs as we do the song. We get thru it ok. It still feels a little weird, even though it still has some fire.

"That'll rock once we get a couple of beers in us," Cliff theorizes.

"Let's try I Put a Spell On You," I tell them.

"Try a blues beat, a little bit fast," I suggest back at Mark.

Mark gives us a good beat, though Brian and Cliff gotta find their niche thru the patter. We get thru it and it actually kinda works, but not quite somehow.

"You guys are actually going to do that tonight? You're nuts," Kyle says.

"Punk Rock Kyle," I say into the mike.

"That's gonna take 3 beers," Cliff says.

"We'll listen to it on tape after. Let's try it again," I order.

We do it again. It works better.

"I like it," I say

"Cool song," Kyle approves.

"Weird song," Mark judges.

Brian and Cliff don't say anything. They just put their axe cases against the window that looks down on the Avenue. I pull the radio/cassette player out of my bag and find a place to plug it in. I cue it up and play Screamin' Jay. Everyone nods. Mark looks like he gets it now. I rewind it, cue it up again and play it 1 more time.

"Ok. That's simple. We can make that work," Mark says.

"Right on," says Cliff.

The Rattles sit at the bar. Kyle heads back behind the counter to offer them a beer. We all follow instinctively, waiting a minute so we don't seem like we're hassling him.

"You all get a couple before the gig, and 1 after you're done," Kyle reminds us.

I know Kyle's good for another beer or 2, and maybe a Boilermaker.

“Spell on You, huh? You’ve got a knack Paul,” Margo strokes.

“Thanks. You’re not so bad yourself,” I reply.

“Praise from Caesar,” she says, smiling.

I look at her blue eyes, sparkling smile, red hair pulled back and wonder why we didn’t make it when we dated. Oh well. I crack my beer and both bands imbibe.

Everyone hangs, heads for the street for a phone call or a bite, drinks. I borrow Margo’s eyeliner and give myself a Goth raccoon look sorta. Before we know it, clubgoers start arriving. Crazy Charlie starts spinning New Wave and Punk, like Squeeze, Vandals, Police and Dead Boys, I guess reflecting tonight’s lineup. As it gets later he goes on a Gothic Kick; Sisters of Mercy and Bauhaus.

The club fills up at a steady pace. All the band members have another beer. Soon enough Punks from UH, High School, town and Kailua, hang out. I don’t want to get drunk yet so I hold off on buying another beer.

Cliff, Brian and Mark hang against a mirrored wall.

“Hurry up and wait,” Cliff says.

“Are we really gonna do the Screamin’ Jay song?” Brian asks.

“Yeah, it worked. Don’t be scared of it,” I answer.

“It’ll be good,” Cliff agrees, “Maybe play it a little faster.”

“Nah, let’s just hit the chops harder,” Brian instructs.

“Ok, all right. That’ll work,” Cliff decides.

7 or 8 Mods walk in. Some wear army issue raincoats, pork pie hats and either wing tips or Chucks. The chicks wear either the male mod uniform or retro party dresses or skirts.

Bob Thomas walks by with his girl friend Kris.

“Bob, S’up?” I grab his shoulder.

“Hey Paul. Good luck tonight, Killer,” Bob wears slacks and a collared button shirt.

Kris, ½ Korean/Caucasian, pale, petite elfin sprite hangs on him. We both say “Hi” quietly. Kris dons retro slacks too.

“Come with us to Sandy’s Beach tomorrow. Mike’s coming. We’ve got mushrooms,” Bob spills.

“What time is it Cliff?” I ask.

“9:20.”

Ivan and 4 or 5 Bobos arrive in hippy surfer rags.

“Pig Rock, Bobo!!” Ivan yells.

“Bobo,” I holler back.

“We’re gonna go get a beer,” Bob says.

“Tomorrow, Sandy’s,” I confirm, watching him and Kris walk to the bar.

I figure maybe I can handle another drink without getting

too drunk to sing.

"Let's go get a couple of 40s," I suggest to the band.

They look at me open eyed with scrunched foreheads, like I've just blown a fuse.

"Maybe just a 40," Cliff amends.

"Ok ok," I say.

We take off. On the street, Janine, Kailani, and her big brother Mike approach. Mike and Janine wear thrashed jeans, t shirts and Chucks with leather jackets. Kailani wears ripped jeans too, but with a white button up shirt tied at her navel with a black bra underneath, way sexy, under an old Levi's jacket. Everyone says "Howzit?".

"Your brother gave you guys a ride?" I ask Kailani quietly.

"Yeah," she answers.

Brian Cliff and Mark start to walk for the liquor store.

"We'll see you all up there. We're gonna go say a band prayer," I say.

"To the Beer Goddess, I bet," Mike jokes.

"Ok, see ya," Kailani tells us.

Kailani, Janine and Mike go up to 3D and me and the fellas go to the liquor store and cop a 40.

We hit the alley. Mark and I sit on some steps and Brian and Cliff find a couple of milk crates to park it on. Brian opens the bottle of Old English 800 and we pass it.

"What's the 800?" Cliff asks.

"That's your blood alcohol content after you drink 1," answers Brian.

Everyone laughs. We take turns, sharing the beer. I feel for the 1st time today that I'm not rushing to be somewhere or get something done.

"Hey Paul, are you gonna make Kailani?" Brian asks me.

"If she wants, maybe. I mean, I figured if you we're gonna you would've already," I confess.

"I would have, but I didn't. I think it was just too complicated, being on the Committee and in the Party with her Mom and everything," Brian explains, "You might be saving me lots of problems. Besides, I feel like Joanne's kinda been wanting to hang out." He takes a drink and passes me the bottle.

"Just don't hate me." I take a slug, "If it's a problem, I'll totally lay off." I pass the bottle to Clifford.

"Don't worry dude. It's alright."

The breeze blows light from the deep dark starry sky past the concrete walls.

Mark takes a drink. "I can't believe we're doing 'Spell On You after practically never doing it before."

"It'll be ok. It's simple and it worked. We don't have to do

it," I advise.

"I know. I mean, it's only Rock n Roll, and plus, it's exciting to take a chance once in a while," Mark says.

"We just gotta hit the notes harder, punch it. I'll lay some reverb on thick in the breaks. It'll be cool," Brian plans.

We all sit there quiet for a bit.

"We should be getting back soon," Cliff reminds us.

"Maybe we should tank the rest of this 40 and go," Brian tells us.

We pass the bottle a couple of times, drinking like we're dying of thirst. I finish the last swallow and finish the final drops on my tongue.

"Showtime boys," I announce.

We go back up to the club past Junior, who lets us in for free. Inside, the house is almost crowded. Tainted Love by Soft Cell plays. The Rattles' have a conference close to the stage. Next Crazy Charlie plays Skulls by The Misfits. The band takes the stage. Kyle sits at the soundboard.

"Test, test," Reggie says into the mike.

The song playing ends. Reggie signals for Charlie to play another song. He spins Psycho Killer by The Talking Heads.

The boys and I squeeze against 1 of the mirrored walls. The scene waits. I notice Benjy sitting at a table with the Goth chicks, all in black, made up like monster movie vampires. I want to try some black lipstick, but figure by now it's too much hassle. Next gig, I think.

"Hi everybody. We're The Rattles," Reggie starts, "1, 2, 3, 4!"

They break into a song, an original, titled Last Generation. I look across at the empty dancefloor. Sharleen stands with her friend, Gina, on the other side of the black metal rails at the edge of the floor.

"Oh shit," I whisper to myself.

I decide I'd better wait till after the set to go talk to her. It flashes thru my head that maybe I should run away and marry her. She wears jeans and a jean jacket and looks pretty hot. I really should worry about her later though.

"We are the last generation, and we're gonna have fun," Reggie sings.

The song ends. The house claps and a few people cheer. I think about sneaking to the liquor store and alley for a tall can and shooter, but know it's a bad idea. I could always just buy me a beer at the bar.

The Rattles get people dancing with a Ramones and a Madness cover. Then they do a couple more originals, lose a few people from the floor, do a Specials cover and get the Mods

dancing, do a Ska original and keep people jumping.

I try not to look Sharleen's way, but I do anyway, and our eyes lock. The Rattles play *White Wedding*. I'm pretty much nailed. I walk up to her around the floor. She looks like she's going to step towards me, but doesn't.

"Thanks for coming," I say.

"I wanted to see the show," she replies.

She has a skull t shirt on beneath her jacket. I feel like jumping out the window into traffic.

"Listen Honey, we'll talk after the set, ok?" I promise.

"All right. I'm ok Paul, really."

"Of course you are. I'm gonna go hang with the guys, ok?"

"Sure," she permits.

I walk back to the wall to stand with Brian, Cliff and Mark, feeling lost. I watch Kailani, Janine and Mike dance. The girls dance with each other and Mike bops off to the side, to a Clash song. The Rattles end the set with an original, *Corporation Cubbyhole*, straight up 4/4 Punk. Like 20 people, including the Bobos, pogo.

"Thanks. Stay tuned for *God Dog*," Reggie says to the crowd. The crowd reacts with applause and cheers. I grab my backpack, look at the guys, who look back, and we make for the stage.

"Good set," I tell Reggie as he comes off the stage.

"Thanks." He sweats beneath his hat.

Brian stands in front of his amp and moves the mike, looking at Reggie, who nods "Ok." Mark raps with The Rattles' drummer, and Cliff with Margo as he moves the mike. Charlie plays *Bad Boys* by Wham, of all songs. Mark hits some beats, and Cliff and Brian make some noise while Kyle adjusts the controls on the board.

"Check," I say into the mike.

Kyle and I make eye contact. He gives me a thumbs up, which I return. I look at my band mates. Take a second, and pull the set list from my pocket and take a quick look at it.

"The 1st song's called *Skin You Alive*. It's a love song," I tell the club.

The dancefloor waits, empty. Mark hits it, a little faster than at practice, which is cool. Even though it's meant to be a dirge, I've been thinking it's too slow. Some of the Bobos, Mods and UH Punks start to bounce and pogo off of each other.

Next we play *Anarchy* in Hawaii Kai fast.

"...You stole a queech
at the luau beach
cause I'm gonna be, *Anarchy*..."

We jump right into Pig Rock, practically not stopping at all, which gets a decent pit going. I stare at people past the pit, right in the eye, even as I spasm and shake thru Lobotomy and I'm So Bored With the USA, both of which we've sped up. The pit churns with a respectable population of 20 or so, but hasn't turned into a riot or anything. Next comes I Will Crawl, a song which can't be played very fast. Luckily bodies stand, undulate and step in place. People like that song, I guess. During the bridge I grab the bottle of isopropyl alcohol and lighter, twist off the cap, take a big swig holding it in my mouth, light the lighter with a big flame and spit out the fire water in a fine mist as possible across the flame. This lights a big ass fireball to a bunch of "Yeah, and Ooh"s. I sing and writhe like a snake thru the rest of the song.

Next we do Spy for the CIA, faster than we've ever done it I think. I shake it all around but keep myself kinda planted so that I can sing from the bottom of my guts.

"...I was a motorcycle cop, from LA but I wanted a ray gun, and I wanted a raise..."

"The next song's kinda by The Stones, 1 of my favorite bands," I tell the crowd, sweating and breathing hard.

"Bobo!" Ivan screams, "Fireball!!!"

We burn up Black Mack Trash, mutated from Jumpin' Jack Flash, now a hardcore song. The pit grows with a few more High School Punks joining the UH factions. The 20 or so thrashers slam maniacally. When the lyrics end, I jump in the pit for the outro. It's going good.

We zip thru Squirm Baby Squirm, and it goes all right I feel, though we lose a few people on the floor.

Next we do Graveyard Rock fast of course, totally Psychodelikably. I'm possessed, dancing singing and howling like I'm on fire.

"... Ice white bones and human flesh
People that died in accidents
Face all smashed, blood's all spent
Don't know where your spirit went..."

The kids on the floor do that Rockabilly shake, picking up the song's groove. I'm way stoked.

"The last song's by a cat named Screamin' Jay Hawkins. It's about total love," I educate the crowd.

"Fireball!!!" the Bobos demand. We start as fast as it's wise to, being it's the blues.

I spit a huge fireball as Brian does a gnarly guitar solo and Mark

makes rhythmic chaos. A few people scream at the airborne explosion and people on the dancefloor shimmy and sway.

“I put a spell on you, because you're mine
Mine mine, ooh ahh ooh aaah whoo Wow!”

Brian, Mark and Cliff punch the last note. The crowd screams loud, strong and long. I look back at the boys, who smile with me. My head spins, lost in a rush. It's like the whole club tilts and whirls in an axis at the front of the dancefloor under me. We don't know any more songs. I consider trying *You Really Got Me*, or repeating a song, or doing *Barbara Ann*, but any would be weak. Plus, it's always good to leave the audience wanting more.

The cheers die. Brian and Cliff have positioned the mikes back at Reggie and Margo's amps and put their axes in the cases. Mark has come out from behind the drums. It's over, I don't know about the guys, but I feel pretty good.

We all make for the bar as Crazy Charlie spins a *Nick Cave* song.

Ken runs the bar and we each get an *Old Milwaukee*.

“You guys rocked,” he tells Brian as he serves him, “Good job *Pig Rock*. You kicked our asses.”

“Thanks,” I tell him as he gives me my beer. “What time is it?” I ask Clifford.

“About a ¼ after 11. We've got some time before the liquor store closes,” he assures me.

“We'll go in a bit. I gotta talk to someone.” I take a drink.

I go to where I last saw Sharleen. I find her standing by the bars lining the dance floor still, with Gina and a tall Japanese Punk dude.

“Hi Sharleen. You look good,” I say.

“Hi Paul,” she smiles slightly.

The Punk stands closer to her than Gina, which doesn't definitely tell me whether or not they're involved, but at least strongly suggests that they are.

“I just wanted to say hi,” I explain.

“I liked the show. You guys are funny,” she approves, “Paul, this is Ryan, Ryan, Paul.”

Fuck you, Jagoff, I think. We tell each other “Howzit” and shake.

“Your band's rad,” Ryan says.

I thank him.

“I just figured I'd come see how you're doin'. I gotta go help these guys. See ya later, ok?” I look Sharleen in the eyes.

“Sure. Later Paul,” she says.

I burn with envy but feel off the hook at the same time. A

strange combination of feelings, but it's ok. Me and my band need to buy alcohol now. I go back to the bar and swallow the last of the beer I've got.

"We should wait to break down till after The Rattles play their 2nd set," Brian decides.

"Yeah, but we should get a 12 pack or something."

"Yup," Cliff votes.

The Rattles start making noise as we head for the entrance. We pass Kailani, Mike and Janine, who tell us we rocked.

"We're going for beer for later," Brian tells them.

Mike and Janine throw Brian a few bucks and I turn towards Kailani. She kills me with her smile.

"You guys are too much, and you're a pyromaniac." Kailani passes me a couple of singles, "Get me a bottle of Thunderbird, ok?"

"Yeah sure." I take the money.

God Dog makes the run to the liquor store. We take a case, a couple of 40's and a couple of bottles of Thunderbird to Brian's car. I stash a couple of whiskey shooters in my pocket. We get a couple of tall cans to split in the alley. After the beer and a shooter, I'm getting drunk. Back towards the club we pass a couple of Skate Punks.

"Pig Rock!" 1 says.

"S'up?" I answer.

We go back up into 3D again. The Rattles play a ska version of Let Me Stand Next To Your Fire, by Jimmy Hendrix. The Mods, Bobos, Punks and others skank energetically. It's a party.

I notice Sharleen, Ryan and Gina dancing too. A ball of emotions churns up from my stomach into my throat and mouth. I remember it's my own fault mostly. Kailani, Janine and Mike stand against a row of bars off the dancefloor.

"Where are we going after the gig?" Janine asks.

The guys and I all look at each other.

"Nobody knows," Cliff finally answers.

The Rattles play a song I don't really recognize, but it's catchy and has a good beat, so I ask Kailani to dance. Soon enough Janine, Mike and Cliff hit the floor too.

I watch Kailani bop and sway, hypnotized. When the band plays Rock and Roll High School I notice Jimmy, Jay and Kat, the KTUH Hiltonites, jump on the floor too.

When the song ends Kailani and I leave the floor and help Brian claim out territory by the bars.

"Are you tired yet?" Kailani asks.

"Nah, it ain't even midnight."

"Yeah, but you burned a lot of energy today, I bet."

Mark returns from the bar with a beer.

"Playing a gig makes me more amped sometimes," I tell her, "Mark, just wait up. We'll load up the car and then go drink that case."

"I couldn't wait till the club closed." Mark drinks.

"Yeah, but Kyle ain't even gonna pay us till tomorrow," I remind him, "We can bail after this set."

We drop the issue. The Rattles end the set after a couple of more songs, new originals I figure, since I don't recognize them. The house cheers and me and the boys grab our gear.

"Meet us here tomorrow at 4 and Kyle will pay us," Reggie tells me as he breaks down too.

"Ok, thanks. Good gig," I tell him.

"Thanks, you guys were badass," he answers.

"Right on, Later." I rush to join our party leaving the club.

"Where are you guys parked?" Brian asks Mike.

"Up on the Ala Wai."

"Let's go to Makiki Graveyard," I suggest.

The Graveyard sits right on Piikoi and Pensacola Street, towards the mountains, a few blocks from the crib. It has the advantage of being away from apartment dwellers or street.

"You know where that is Mike. Meet us up there, all right?" Brian asks.

"Yeah, under the big tree."

Soon enough, we're all at the Graveyard at the top of the slope by the Banyan tree. It's like 50 yards under a 40 story apartment building. Me, Brian and Cliff all pass a 40 and everyone else drinks a can. I tell everyone how in the movie American Hot Wax Screamin' Jay sings to a skull onstage.

"The song's about how this guy sold his soul to the devil to gain control over his wild girlfriend, who's been runnin' around," I tell the tale. Brian and Cliff tell me that they like the song even though it's as "backwards" it can be. I want to ask them what they like about the song, but instead tell them that he was 1 of the 1st Rock n Rollers to break out to a wider audience. Then we change the subject to how we need to write more songs.

"About shit that really matters," Brian says.

I don't even touch that 1. Janine and Kailani open a bottle of Thunderbird, which everyone gets a hit off of. Me and the boys grab a can after we tank a 40. I'm definitely cut. Janine and Kailani both look pretty hot. But I've already started scheming on Kailani. Right now, I can't figure out how to get her off alone, right out from under her brother Mike.

"It's funny," Janine says, "I've never really noticed this

Graveyard before. These tombstones are huge." She's talking about most of the stones towards the top of the hill, which are 8 or 9 feet tall, some with Japanese or Chinese characters engraved into them.

"Manoa Graveyard doesn't have this many big tombstones," Mike points out

"You'd think it'd be the other way around," Kailani says.

"Now Manoa's an upscale neighborhood, but Makiki's always been connected to town, more money. Plus 50 or 100 years ago, how many people lived in Manoa?" Brian asks.

Really Manoa's just over a mini range of lava mountains ½ a mile east.

"These tombstones are closer together because Manoa Graveyard's bigger, I think," I tell everyone.

"I think we really should play that Wild Cherry song someone suggested," Mark offers.

"I bet they got the 45 at Ramjam's Records. I could buy it and record it onto tape for practice," Brian volunteers.

"I'll be back," I say before I slip away around the other side of the giant Banyan tree to take a piss. When I come back from around the tree, Kailani walks up from the group.

"Around the tree's as out of the way as you're gonna find," I tell her, "I'll look out for you."

She looks at me, melting me with those laser blue eyes and priceless smile.

"Promise I won't peek," I pledge.

Kailani giggles. I wait for a few minutes and she comes back from around the tree. I stand in her way and wait a couple of seconds before stepping closer. We look into each other's eyes. I lean in to kiss her, and she kisses me back. I put my arms around her waist and she grabs around my back. After a couple of minutes we stop.

"Wow, I've wanted to do that for a while," I say.

"Me too," Kailani laughs

"What are you laughing at, how I schemed on you by following you to pee?"

"Yeah," she answers, "I followed you 1st, though."

"What can I say honey? I'm desperate."

We kiss again, more of a tongue kiss this time. It lasts a while before she retreats.

"I'm glad you did. Somebody had to do something," Kailani whispers.

This time we put our bodies into it. I trip on how our mouths and torsos fit together, rock and undulate in rhythm to each other's clothed flesh.

"We should get back. They're all gonna know," I suggest.

"They already do."

"Yeah, but let's not be rude." We embrace and suck face
1 last time, long and slow.

Finally it ends.

"Let's go back Paul."

"Yeah, ok."

We do. Nobody really seems aware of me and Kailani's
interlude, or if they are, they ignore it.

"I like The Rattles', but they play too many freakin'
covers," Brian criticizes.

"We do covers," Mark points out.

"Yeah, but that's different," argues Brian.

"How?" Mark asks.

"We rewrite ours. Lobotomy and I'm So Bored... are our
only straight up covers, except for ...Spell On You, and come on,
you can't really count a Screamin' Jay Hawkins song, or how we
redo The Stones," Cliff explains, "The Rattles play the straight
KTUH hit list."

"KTUH plays The Stones," Mark tells us.

"Ernie Maxwell, Sundays at 3AM," Brian adds.

I'm drunk, and hypnotized by the conversation.

"I'm just glad someone in this band writes songs," Cliff
says.

"The Rolling Stones played covers," Janine reminds us.

We have another beer or 2 before Brian reminds us he's
got to drive home before he gets more drunk. I tell Mark he can
crash on my floor till the Kaneohe bus starts running in the
morning. I live only a few blocks away so we don't need a ride. I
put a couple of beers in my pockets for the hangover and motion
for Mark to do likewise. I walk up to Kailani and squeeze her
hand, but don't kiss her so I don't show off our blossoming
romance.

"3D's tomorrow, 4pm," I tell Brian and Cliff.

"Sandy's, tomorrow morning," Mike reminds me.

We all say "Goodbye" and call it a night. Me and Mark
argue about who gets the floor and end up flipping a coin. I win,
but let him have the sleeping bag and pillow and roll up a pair of
pants to lay my head on.

8

When I wake late in the morning, hungover, Mark's
already gone. I crack me a warm beer and run the other 1 under
the cold water in the bathroom and do a quick shower. I return to
the cell to put on surfer shorts, a t shirt, grab bus fare, and a towel
and drink the cooler beer before I jet. I walk to the mall, cured of

my hangover, and catch the bus to Sandy's beach, on the south shore.

When I get there, it's a little before noon. I take a quick look down the beach, almost a ¼ mile long, but don't spot Bob or Mike amidst the Saturday horde of beachgoers, mostly Hoale, Asian or Polynesian young males, and some females, on beach towels. I look into the surf, breaking 3 to 4 feet, searching for Bob and Mike among the bodysurfers and boogieboarders, but I can't find them.

I take a walk down the beach as people come and go out of and into the ocean. Soon enough I spot Kris, who lays on a big orange beach towel in a blue bikini and sunglasses, next to 2 other empty stretched out beach towels. I look at her blue painted toenails and up her slim perfect legs and torso and choke down a wave of lust, because after all, she is with my partner.

"Kris," I say.

She looks up at me, "Paul. Good show last night dude."

"Thanks, I'm gonna catch a couple."

"Stay here and talk to me for a few. I'm all alone."

I lay my towel down, just a small bath towel, and lay down, "Let's go in the water," I say.

"I'm tired. You think you're going back to school again?" she asks.

"No, I'm gonna be famous, like Elvis," I answer.

"You're silly. You oughta go back to UH dude, serious."

"Yeah, I know. I might. A BA's not really good for much though, unless it's in Math, Science or Pre Law. I could be a substitute, or go into public relations. I think I'm avoiding growing up."

"I know what you mean. I think it'd be cool to be a teacher," she says.

I know that her parents own a lot of property, some of it commercial, and that she's probably made.

"Listen, I'm gonna go catch some waves. Come on," I try to persuade her.

"Go ahead Paul."

As I walk toward the surf I hope that Kris uses sunscreen. I'd hate to see her tan that beautiful white skin.

Somehow, by some unspoken code, people only boogie board or body surf at Sandy's, probably because if board surfing and bodysurfing occurred in the same surf, somebody would probably get brained. Also, the surf breaks right onto the beach, making it tough to land with a board. Still if you bodysurf, you could get dumped on your head and break your neck.

I approach the beach and jog out to knee depth and dive under the oncoming wave under the curl and surface up back

behind it as it pounds into the sand. I look down the line where the waves roll in and the 25 or 30 bodysurfers, mostly men and boys, catch the waves. I hang back for a couple until I see a choice wave come and swim toward land until I'm right in the tube holding my body straight as I speed down the small face of crystal blue and catch a glimpse of a few more wave riders before I turn back into the wave, feeling the incredible power of the mighty sea.

I catch a couple more before I let the surf leave me on the beach and walk back to where I found Kris.

Actually, I'm not much of a bodysurfer. I've only board surfed a few times in my life and gone bodysurfing every once in a while since I've been on Oahu. The water's too cold in northern California. Bob and Mike, being from Honolulu, born and raised, bodysurf way better. They spin and roll down a wave face like mermen.

Mike and Bob lay back next to Kris when I return and we all say "Howzit".

"You guys having fun?" I ask.

"Yeah," Bob says, "It's kinda crowded today."

"Weekend," Mike points out. "It aint that bad."

I lie down on the towel in the sun and relax.

"We didn't think you'd make it," Bob tells me.

"I didn't have nothing else to do."

I watch the clouds roll in, like slow motion giant cotton tumbleweeds, so close I can grab them.

"Cliff and Brian aren't making you do Clash covers and write political songs?" Bob asks.

"Yeah, but not," I tell him, "But I went and agitated with them downtown at the Bank of Hawaii."

"And started scheming on my sister." Mike says with a taste of venom in his voice.

"Mike, she started with me. Besides, I wrote her number on a buck and spent it on beer," I lie.

"Aren't you still seeing that Pearl City High School chick?" Bob asks.

"If I keep seeing Sharleen her Dad's gonna have me arrested or stomped. Besides, she told me she's 16." I don't reveal she's only 15.

"Paul Cruz, you're a no good creep!" says Kris.

"Kris, I didn't know she's that young. I swear."

"Cradle robber," Kris says.

"She seduced me Kris."

It occurs to me that Sharene can't have a license if she's 15. Did she lie to me, to cut me? Why? It's too late now, I figure.

"Don't hurt my little sister." Mark commands, his tone cold.

I look at Mike and Bob's faces. Their pupils are extraordinarily big. Kris's are way smaller.

"Mike, I can't see Sharleen no more, and Kailani probably won't let me get to 1st base anyways," I take a breath and change the subject toot sweet. "You guys are frying, huh?"

"I told you I had mushrooms," Bob reminds me, "You want some?"

"Does Dracula have fangs?" I reply.

"Ok," Bob turns to Kris. "Let me have the keys Hon, please."

She gets them from her beachbag and hands them to him and they kiss. Bob and I get up and make for the parking lot.

"Be careful." Kris calls out after us.

At Kris's red Honda, Bob opens the passenger door and reaches under the dash as I survey all around us. A few surfers and a couple of chicks in bikinis get in or out of their cars as I step closer to Kris's car.

"You aint got nothing to drink, huh?" I ask.

"No,... wait," he hands me a small wad of about 5 wet gooey caps and stems which I hold while he reaches under the seat. "Here's the short end of a bottle of wine. It's kinda warm, but it'll work," Bob motions me towards him with his head.

I step into the car as he backs up. I swallow the 'shrooms and wash them down with warm red Gallo wine. It's a nasty combo but I manage to keep my wretching down to a minimum, but kill the wine anyway, which is just enough to barely feel, maybe. It all goes down and Bob laughs at my attempt to pretend it's not an ordeal.

"Are you ok dude?"

"It's delightful baby," I tell him.

Bob shuts the car door after I get out of the way. We return to our little chunk of Sandy's beach.

Mike surfs as we recline with Kris again. We see him dance horizontally with the deep blue ocean and we all know how totally alive he feels.

"Mike's Aquaman," Bob declares.

Mike's physical perfection seems like it would ruin his hangoutability, but it doesn't. He's cool. He even knows about my designs on his sister, and doesn't need to give me more than a hint of grief. Probably he knows that any of us guys will take as much as we can get from any female. He also knows, I'm sure, that most women, even as young as Kailani, know how to protect themselves in the jungle of romantic combat. If Mike dated my ½ sister, who's 6 years older than me anyway, I'm sure I'd probably

be way more of a dick than he's being to me. Or I just might let it slide, depending. I'm just here to catch a couple of waves and do some 'shrooms with the boys before I go to 3D and get paid for last night.

"You took World Religion class last year, didn't you?"

Bob asks me.

"Yeah, it's ok."

"Kris and I might take it next semester."

"It's pretty easy, and worth it."

"Are you an Atheist, or what Paul?" Kris questions.

"I'm a Satanist."

"Come on." she prods.

"I don't know anymore. I used to be Atheist, or Agnostic, but if this all exists," I wave my hand across the bright yellow beach and blue ocean, "and we're here to experience it and then not, that's absurd. If that's it, I mean, it's ok, but sad. I'll be gone so then what? Are we reincarnated, or do we go to heaven, or hell depending on how good or bad we are. Buddhism makes more sense to me, but I'm more brainwashed as a Catholic. I say my prayers to God and Jesus when I'm scared. I don't know what I am. But Professor Hoffman's way cool and the class is an easy A."

In a while, Bob and I decide to hit the ocean again. We leave Kris, wade out into the water and dive under a wave as it breaks and surface on the back end. We float there and wait for the next wave and catch it with all of the other wave riders.

Bob and me ride the surf, gradually becoming separated until I'm alone in the crowded ocean staking my claim on each blue curl in.

After a time I begin to feel the mushrooms. Everything that moves, ocean and everybody in it, decelerates into slow motion.

Soon the ocean, sound, the sky, color and light all weave in and out of one big rolling wave that I can't put my finger on the rhythm of. My chest feels opened and everything flows thru it. It's hard to handle so I just swim back onto the beach and sit back with Kris.

"Did those 'shrooms hit yet?" she asks.

"Yup, kinda heavy."

She giggles a little bit, "I figure I'd eat just a couple of caps. Someone's got to drive."

"That's good."

After a while, Mike and Bob return.

"You alright there Paul?" Bob asks.

"Yeah, don't call 911 yet."

"If you have a bad trip, we're ditching you," Mike threatens.

"It's all groovy dudes," I assure them.

We all watch the surf scene for a while longer before Kris suggests we should head back to town.

We go back to the car and get in, letting Kris drive. She and Bob sit in the front and she pulls out of the parking lot onto the short beach road, then freeway. When she turns towards town, Mike starts talking about *Escape from New York*, a really cool movie.

"So New York city's a prison, because it's an island," Mike tells us.

"Doesn't Kurt Russell have a bomb inside of him that's gonna go off?" Bob asks.

"Yeah, He's gotta rescue Donald Pleasance, the President," Mike says.

"Wow, what if there was a movie like that about Oahu?" I wonder.

"Yeah, *Escape from Waikiki*," exclaims Bob.

"I heard a couple of convicts escaped from Alcatraz way back."

"Yeah, like in the '40s or '50s," I say.

By this time Waialae changes into King Street heading towards Pololo.

"Want us to drop you off at your house Mike?" Kris asks.

"That'll work."

We take a right onto Pololo Drive and Mike tells her where to go. She drives up the valley less than ½ a mile. When we let Mike out of the car it's all I can do not to go up and knock on the door and make time with Kailani.

Kris and Bob drop me at the bottom of the valley. I gotta go to 3D to get paid. Mr. Showbiz.

The concrete, asphalt, sky and buildings all seem like undulating waves of liquid still. All the traffic and wind noise throbs in my head ears and head. I didn't do too much. Still though, I should take it slow.

I walk down the Ala Wai, which seems more boring, but less scary on mushrooms. I make it like 10 minutes early but soon enough Reggie arrives, and then Brian and Cliff show. Kyle tells us that the door made \$475, plus he made an extra \$150 in beer sales so that's \$75 for us. So the bands split like \$272, or \$136 apiece, better than a kick in the nuts.

Everyone in Dog God takes \$30 and lets me keep the extra \$16 since I flied. I hang onto Mark's \$30.

"A pleasure doing business with you," I tell everyone after we split the take.

Kyle asks if I want to clean up the club, since his regular chick didn't show.

"I'm tripping on mushrooms Kyle. I can't today. I can barely talk."

Brian and Cliff give me a ride back towards my pad.

"We oughta rent the hall at Church of the Crossroads and line up a few bands," Brian says.

"That can work out if you do it right. I know, it don't really seem like much money. But you gotta do the advertising right and get a good PA to rent for cheap when you do your own gig," I remind Brian.

"Yup," agrees Cliff. "We should do a Pig Rock 45, or silkscreen Dog God shirts."

"That sounds cool," I approve.

Brian and Cliff let me off at the liquor store and we all say "Later". I buy 2 tall cans, 1 for now, and 1 for later after the 'shrooms wear off, so I can sleep before work tomorrow. I get a pack of filterless Camels too, for some stupid reason. Next I go to 7-11 and buy stuff for barbecue chip cheese sandwiches and bananas. I have enough change to call Kailani. I've already copied her number from the buck before I spent it.

Luckily Kailani answers.

"Hello, Kailani? It's Paul."

We say "Hi".

"What'd you do today?" I ask.

"I was hungover, so I slept in. Then I did homework and cleaned my room and stuff," she tells me.

I tell her about my day, except not about the mushrooms, which I can still feel. I really want to convince her to come out right now, but decide not to push it.

"How about one night this week just you and me have dinner at Mama's, or Thai Garden if you want, say like Tuesday night?"

She stays silent for a bit, "Ok, Maybe. Call me tomorrow night and I'll let you know for sure."

We talk just a little more before we say "Bye" and hang up.

At home I open a beer, light a smoke and listen to the radio for a while. The cigarette brings the mushroom high on stronger for about 5 minutes.

Since I didn't take a whole lot of mushrooms, they wear down soon enough though. Finally I get a little hungry and eat. In a while I open tall can. I figure I'll go to sleep early for once and be ready for work. What a weekend it's been.

On Monday we dig sprinkler trench at work. When I get off I bike back to the pad and do some push ups and sit ups and

decide I don't have to run before I shower. Then I read and listen to the radio before I decide it's time to go and call Kailani.

I call from the 7-11 pay phone and Mike answers.

"Is this Paul?" he asks after I ask for her.

"Yup."

"Hang on, I'll get her."

"Hi Paul," she says after a minute.

"Hey Sunshine. How are you?"

"I'm good."

"Can you meet me tomorrow at 7 at Mama Mia's?" I ask.

"I think so, but if I don't show, I couldn't sneak out." she explains.

"I thought your Mom was a Commie, not a Fascist."

"She's ok, but I just don't want to have to make up an excuse. Never mind. I'll be there."

After work the next day and a quick run, I shower at the pad. Then I put on slacks and a collared shirt. I throw on a little cologne, brush my teeth, and then turn on the radio for a little bit. I have a smoke and soon enough it's time to bike down to Mama's.

I lock the bike, go in, sit at the bar and order a mug of beer to wait for Kailani.

Mama's is half filled with University multicultural Asian/White customers, and the bartender, a stocky bald guy in his 30s with a hoop earring. I'm about to ask if it's cool to grab a booth to wait for my date when she walks in the front gate.

She wears jeans and combat boots, shined, and a clingy blue v-neck sweater. She smiles that electric smile and I drain my beer and stand to meet her.

"Hi gorgeous," I tell her, noticing her lip gloss and eyeliner.

"Hi Paul."

"Let's grab a table," I say, since all the booths are taken.

Out closer to the sidewalks we grab 1 of the tables under a huge umbrella. "How's school?"

"Fine. How's work?" she asks.

"Alright."

The waitress, a skinny Chinese woman I recognize from UH, brings us menus and greets us.

"Should we share a small pizza or just slices... or maybe pasta?" I ask.

Finally we order 2 combo slices, 2 pieces of cheesecake and 2 diet cokes when the waitress brings us water.

"I'd order beer, but they'll ID you," I tell Kailani.

"I know. It's a school night anyway."

"We can maybe get a drink later."

"I borrowed my Mom's jeep. I'm supposed to be at a friend's, studying."

How to get her to the pad? That's the million dollar question.

We talk about her going to UH in the fall and my going back to school or not.

"Wow, I'm dating an upperclassman in college," Kailani teases.

"Right now I'm a drop out."

Our food comes and we savor it, making the date and meal last a little while at least.

Kailani doesn't want to drink and drive her Mom's jeep. I can't even talk her into a beer at the park. Ultimately I have to settle for a passionate tongue kiss and embrace at the vehicle under a streetlight that's gone out, enough for a boner. I watch her pull into traffic and drive down King Street. I go home and jack off, thinking of the things I want to do with her. Then I have a tall can, smoke and listen to the radio reading Count of Monte Cristo before I go to bed.

God Dog needs to gig again, most definitely. I call Brian the next night on the 7-11 payphone about new songs, practice and the next gig. Cliff and Mark aren't home. I walk to the Makiki cemetery.

Dark falls. I look up at the 40 story apartment building above the boneyard, like a giant tombstone with lights where I kissed Kailani the other night. I walk back down to the liquor store.

I go home and shower, then just turn on the radio and open my book and crack a beer and try not to feel like a total shit, which I know I am. It's the Reggae show on KTUH. I have a smoke and a strong ass Boilermaker. After a song I don't know the DJ plays I Shot the Sheriff by Bob Marley and the Wailers. I still have a cassette in the box so I hit Record.

Maybe I don't have any songs written, but with that rad bass chord progression it's a killer song that Cliff and Brian will dig and plus it'll make a superbad Punk cover.

Thursday after I get home from work and Manoa Gardens, I go to the payphone to call Kailani and we make a date to see Beauty and the Beast by Cocteau tomorrow night.

Ron and I do the Friday lawn maintenance route before he drives me back to his house and pays me. He tells me we're taking tomorrow off so that he and his wife can spend a day together. I catch Bob at home and he sells me a little weed.

"How're things going with little Kailani?" he asks with a sly smile.

"I took her to dinner on Tuesday but we just made out a little. I'm seeing her tonight though."

"You dog."

"Woof."

I bike home, shower, shave and change. I wear thrashed Punk clothes because I haven't done laundry in a while and don't have a lot to choose from. Plus, I gotta go to band practice before I meet her. I put the radio/cassette and my mike in the backpack and bail.

I bike down to Revolution Books. Brian and Cliff have been there a while already, it being Brian's night to clerk.

We all say "Howzit?"

They've already set up their amps so we roll thru the set, stopping and starting only on a couple of songs.

"That was all right," Cliff judges.

Really it disappoints a bit, going thru it drumless with no PA, as comfortable as it feels.

"What else should we do?" Brian asks.

I grab my bag from behind the counter and pull out the radio/cassette and plug it in next to Cliffs bass amp.

"I don't have no new lyrics but I recorded a song off of KTUH that I think would rock," I explain.

I rewind the tape and stop the cassette, ½ by instinct and ½ from experience and hit play right on the 1st signature progression. 9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1, "I shot the sheriff..."

"Yeah!" Brian exclaims.

"Right on Paul," Cliff agrees.

A Hoale couple, who look like students, come in and browse while we work.

We listen to it a couple more times before we try it without the cassette. We play it slow the 1st time. The 2nd time we try it we speed it up a bit. By now we can tell that it's gonna work. We do it 1 last time.

"This is gonna rock," Brian says.

Clifford and I nod in agreement. The couple drift out of the bookstore. Brian decides to close up the store and we end practice.

We talk about getting a practice with Mark at the Music room, saving Wizard's for a gig.

We all say "Later" and I bike up to Kuykendall Hall on campus. I lock up the bike and smoke a 'grette while I wait for her.

She walks up soon, perfect as an ice cream sundae with her big ice blue eyes and snow white smile. She wears jeans,

Chucks, a Millions of Dead Cops t shirt with a hooded sweater over it. We kiss lightly.

“Hi Gorgeous,” I greet her.

“Hi Paul.”

We enter the hall and 1 buy tickets at the door. We sit towards the front in the middle.

I’ve seen the film before, by Cocteau, in black and white, made in the late 40s or early 50s, a beautiful surreal version of the fairytail. Of course the Beast kidnaps Beauty and locks her away in his castle, Chateau la Bette, House of the Beast. Mostly we ignore the subtitles, because the visuals hypnotize us. Beauty drops a tear on a rose and it turns the Beast into this French male model looking dude, kinda stupid if you think about it, but in the movie it works. It leaves us dizzy.

It’s almost 11:30 when the movie lets out. We walk between the academic buildings to University Avenue, hang a left and walk towards King Street. I suggest a bottle of wine and she agrees so we stop by the Pump liquor store. I have her wait outside while I buy a bottle of Rhine wine for \$3.50.

“Wanna go to the park?” I ask her when I come out.

“Let’s.”

We go. We sit behind a tree on the grass. The stars shine far away as the clouds blow by close, like right above our heads. I cover the bottle with my windbreaker, which kinda works but kinda doesn’t. We sneak drinks as I keep an eye out for pigs.

“I like this wine,” Kailani comments. “It’s sweet, with a kick.”

“Tastes like apple juice,” I add.

She takes a drink, pulling the bottle from under my jacket. I kiss her after she finishes and hides the bottle.

“Let me taste it.”

We kiss slow and start to make out. After a bit we take a couple more drinks and continue on the grass. Soon I’m on top of her. Our hips lock and rock and we twirl tongues. We stop, drink a little more and go.

I try to sneak my hand down her jeans but she’s not having it and stops me. I pull back. We kiss, grind real slow and stop. Maybe the middle of the park seems kinda like the wrong place. We drink a little more, almost killing the bottle.

“Thanks for coming with me tonight,” I tell her.

“Thanks for asking me.”

I offer her the last but she lets me drink it.

“I have some weed at my place. Wanna get stoned?” I ask.

“Gee, I don’t know.”

“I’ll be good.”

"Promise?"

"Promise," I pledge.

"...Ok."

We cross Beretania to the small parking lot in front of Anna Banana's. I'm about to use a payphone to call a cab but before I do a cab drives up and drops off a long haired Japanese man. I hail it and we get in.

I ask the driver, a big bruddah, to take us to the Piikoi Arms, and he says "Shoots" and we get there in no time. It only costs like \$4 but I give him \$5 and Kailani and I get out.

"Mahalo Brah," he drives off.

I show Kailani in, mentally kicking my own ass for not cleaning up more. But it's like I don't own enough stuff to make that much of a mess anyway. I light the candle and turn on the radio and the DJ plays True by Spandau Ballet. I feel blessed that we've caught the Pop/New Romantic show on a night to seduce. I can't lose.

I pull the papers and weed from my drawer as I tell Kailani that me and the guys practiced a punk version of I Shot the Sheriff.

"It's got that gnarly chord progression as an intro," I say.

"Sounds tough."

Soon I've got the number rolled, light it and we smoke sweet Hawaiian bud on my bed. When the Jay's ½ smoked I turn it backwards in my mouth and give her a shotgun.

"I'm stoned," she announces.

I take 1 last hit and put the rest on top of a beer can on the counter, turn back and kiss her slowly again.

We smooch stow and tender for a long while before I try to get my hand down her pants. She stops me again. I fall into a rhythm of going for it and getting stopped by her pushing my hand back.

I kiss her neck and tickle her neck with my tongue. "Just let me. I won't make you do anything else you don't wanna do."

I try again in a little bit. She lets me slide my hand under her silken panties. I finger her lightly, then press a little harder. She starts to moan a little. I put my mouth on hers and we kiss hard, tongues tangling.

Soon I pull back and take my shirt off. She does too. Boy George sings I'll Tumble For You on the radio. Kailani and I start to rock again. She looks sensational in her bra with her pants undone. I unzip mine. We squirm together and I rub my cock on her silky panties. We do this slow, fast, faster, slow, fast, faster and kiss frantically. I pull back and we keep on grinding. I hear her breath, hot and heavy. I get my fingers in and we French kiss

for a while. Soon I stand, taste my fingers and grab a rubber from my drawer.

“Let’s make love.” I open the foil packet.

She’s quiet for a moment, “I don’t know.”

“It’ll be good, I promise.”

“Paul, please. I don’t think so.”

I start to pull her pants off. “Don’t be afraid.”

“It’s not that.”

“What is it then?”

She doesn’t answer. I pull her shoes off and get her pants all the way off.

“I promise I’m not gonna just ditch you. I really really dig you, a lot.”

I kiss her more, bang her a little again and pull her panties down. When they’re around her ankles I put my mouth on her. This keeps me hard. I keep this up as I pull the rubber out and roll it on my cock. When it’s on I pull back, jump in again and line my cock up against her.

“Wait,” she whispers.

But I’ve already bucked in against a little physical shield on her snatch. I flash then that I’ve taken her virginity.

Horniness overwhelms the bit of regret as I hump inside gorgeous blond perfect little Kailani. I get my hand under her bra and squeeze her tit, then her nipple. Then I finger her and fuck her slow, and listen to the radio play *Girls on Film* by Duran Duran to keep from coming. I have to block the song out and focus on traffic though, to keep control. I kiss her hungrily, and she kisses me back as we do it harder, faster, as I hold her ass I pull out, turn her around, line myself up and reenter to take her from behind and watch her great little butt. I hold it off as long as I can, but soon enough I come, tingling in every cell in my body. I fall on her spent, and stay in her for a few minutes kissing the back of her neck slow. *Pretty in Pink* plays.

“You’re amazing,” I whisper.

Kailani stays quiet. I pull off and she turns around. We hold each other a while, just listening to the radio. Finally she gets up and starts getting dressed.

“I’ve got to get home,” she informs.

I don’t answer for a bit.

“We’ll get you a cab.” I pull a \$10 and a few singles from my roll.

I pull my pants up and put my shirt on as she finishes getting it together. I make sure I have change for the phone and we leave.

We walk down King Street holding hands. Soon enough we get to 7-11 and stroll towards the phone, but a cab

approaches and Kailani waves at it. He pulls into the parking lot and we walk over and I talk to the driver, a Filipino man in his 50s.

"Can you take my girl to Pololo?" I ask him.

"Sure."

I palm her the money, enough for the fare and a tip, maybe. We hug and kiss for a minute and say "Goodbye".

She gets in and the cab drives down the street into the night.

I walk back to my cell and lay down, high as a kite on love. In like ½ an hour the string breaks, and I float away to sleep.

9

It only seems a few minutes before the sun wakes me. I try to go back to sleep, but can't. I go to 7-11 for a small coffee with lots of sugar to wake up and return to grab my pad and pen. I feel a song coming on. I drink the coffee and write it down. It comes slow, the lines snatched bit by bit.

Your flesh like an hourglass
Your tongue an ocean of class
Your touch the thing that I miss
Please just give me 1 more kiss

You make me know that I'm alive
The sex attack stings me like a knife
Right now the time of my life
Don't know how I'm gonna survive

You're making me a waste
Girl give me just 1 more taste
You cut me to the deepest core
All I want is more and more

I'm going to the liquor store
And walk thru the dark red door
Buy a shooter and a quart of beer
And a bottle of Everclear

The situation that I'm in
It don't matter if I lose or win
Remember we had so much fun
But baby now I've come undone

I look at the paper and wonder why it came out so depressing, especially after all the great times I've been catching.

That's the way it goes, I guess.

I think I better write a revolutionary song for Brian and Cliff but end up looking at the blank page holding the pen like my dick in my hand.

Pretty soon I think about what I should do today. I go for a run down to the beach and swim, then walk back to the pad. I listen to the radio for a little, stare some more at the pad and leave it blank. Oh well. I get some change, walk to the payphone and call Kailani. Her Mom, I guess, answers. Kailani gets on the phone after a minute.

"Hello?" she asks.

I say "Hi," and she asks, "What're you doing?"

"I wrote a song. I'm trying to write another 1 but I can't," I tell her.

"What're you doing later?"

"I was maybe gonna go down to the club and talk to Kyle. Can you go out tonight?"

"I don't know. Call me later," she orders.

"Ok. See you later, maybe."

After I read a while, I go get a beer and read some more. Kyle won't be at the club till later, and I don't really want to go today anyway. I figure it's not time to call Kailani yet, so I go get another beer and a couple of shooters, and I'm buzzed. I lay back, smoke a 'grette, and figure fuck it, I'm gonna call her. I walk down to the payphone.

She answers, "Hello?"

"Hey Gorgeous."

"Hi Paul, what're you doing?"

"Reading, smoking cigarettes. Can you go out tonight?"

"No, Mom's pissed."

"What? Why?"

"I didn't do dishes, got a C in World History and didn't get home till almost 3 last night."

Not this bullshit again, I think. "I wanna see you tonight. Sneak out."

"Can't. Let's do something tomorrow, a movie maybe."

"If I'm not too hungover. I'm gonna get way drunk if I can't see you tonight," I tell her. "I'll call you."

"Can't you talk?"

"Someone wants to use the phone," I lie.

"Don't get too drunk, Paul. Be good. Call me tomorrow."

"Yeah, ok. Later," I hang up.

Fucking shit. I hit the liquor store again for another Boilermaker and go back to the pad for another cigarette. I lay around and look at the ceiling. Maybe I even sleep a while. I don't know.

At 8:30 I decide to walk to 3D, without even showering. I get a ½ pint of whiskey and a tall can to chase it. I drink it on the walk on the sneaks. I'm cut by the time I get there, but it's still slow, so Junior lets me in for free and stamps my hand.

Kyle comps me a beer. I try to act like I'm not drunk, but I see him look me over before he gives with the brew.

"Take it slow there, Junior," he recommends.

"I'm all right, brah."

Less than 20 people hang out. Crazy Charlie plays some synth pop Human League sounding crap. I finish the beer in like 3 swallows. I could always go home and crash, I figure. I think of Kailani, and how she likes Thunderbird, fortified wine. Yet again, I head for the liquor store.

I cop the bottle and head for the canal to drink it on the ledge lower than street level right above the waterway, mostly hidden from society. I could drink in the alley but want to look at the clouds and stars. I unscrew the bottle cap, take a big old swig, look at the sky and sing a California Girls by the Beach Boys in my head.

½ way thru the bottle, I'm drunk. My head swims down a dark river of anti matter, red and thick like blood. It feels good, sick as that sounds. Maybe it's a bad idea, but I finish the rest of the bottle and start back for 3D. I'm probably gonna get in trouble, maybe I figure.

I wait for a break in 1 way traffic across Ala Wai Boulevard and try to walk straight across when the oncoming lights seem far. If a car or truck hits me, I'll fuck it the fuck up.

Maybe I should get to a payphone and call Kailani. No, that's a bad idea. I gotta remember that most completely drunk ideas should be left undone.

The sidewalk sucks back my shoes like thick mud. I drag my feet and wobble back towards the club, take a deep breath and brace myself. I gotta walk a straight line, clench my teeth, hold on tight and not look like such a god damned drunk. I got it together now. The streetlights burn bright in the deep dark night. The jungle shakes with every step I take. Watch out people, here comes King Fuckin' Kong with my big long dong.

Someone from somewhere says "Hey, Pig Rock!" I can't even figure out who said it, so I just nod and say "Howzit".

Bill, the sort blond Mod stands under the stairs.

I walk over to say "S'up."

"Paul," he says, "your new band's bitchin', dude."

"Mahalo brah," I answer.

"Dude, you're drunker than Otis on Andy Griffith."

"Yup."

Right then, a way hot little brown haired Hoale Punkette

walks up the stairs with a tall skinny ugly pimply Punk, his arm around her like they're all in love. She's got a short short tattered plaid skirt on with torn black stockings and steel toed boots and legs like a porn star's. Me and Bill look at each other wondering what she's doing with him.

"That's like Barney Fife with Thelma Lou in Mayberry," I tell Bill.

"I always thought Helen Crump was too hot for Andy, as far as that goes. That pig can't even cuff his pants right."

"Or Jackie Gleason and Alice on The Honeymooners," Bill adds.

"Just like Morticia and John Astin."

"Or Herman Munster and Lilly."

"Fuck, they we're monsters. I bet that was like a non stop monster orgy," I wager.

"I wonder what was really going on on Gilligan's Island."

"What about Ginger and Mary Ann? Now that'd be a hell of a porno," I bet. "Or the Skipper and Gilligan."

"Eeuuw, gross," Bill says. "Dude, I gotta get another beer now. Take it easy."

"Kay den."

I watch Bill walk off, bouncing like a rubberball.

Up the stairs more people have arrived. I have to wait in a short line to get in again, but Junior just hand signals me past it in a bit.

Up inside Crazy Charlie plays some good old fashioned Punk, Wasted by Circle Jerks, I think. A pit of about 25 punks churns on the floor. My brain's short circuited so I forget. The song ends.

Speed Kills by Agent Orange plays next. I love this song and jump into the pit. I crunch thru the other thrashers, stomping and romping in a circle, drunk and high on booze and life, giving and taking slams in the body and elbows and fists in the head.

"Hot wheels, cheap thrills
White lines, speed kills
Fast girls, French wine
I lost control I lost my soul I lost my mind!!!"

The song's over now and the slam dance ends because Charlie plays some Madonna disco sounding shit next. I'm out of breath anyway. In fact, it feels stuffy and hot, so I head out the front door again and down the steps.

I pass Junior and people paying for a hand stamp, riding waves of alcohol. Sharleen and Ryan climb the bottom flight of stairs as I descend. She sees me and looks away. I step in front

of her, blocking her way.

"What's up Sweetness?" I say.

"Nothing Paul. Goodbye."

"Sharleen, let's go get some wine cooler."

"No Paul."

"Come on," I plead.

She tries to go around me and I step in her way.

"Leave her alone, Dickhead!" Ryan orders.

"Fuck you twerp!" I spit.

I grab Sharleen's arm and Ryan grabs me by the shoulder. I grab his neck and punch him at the same time. He's knocked back down the stairs and I jump on him. I start throwing punches and Ryan punches back from under me.

Sharleen screams, "No Paul!!"

In a flash I'm ripped off of Ryan like a ragdoll and Junior thwaps me in the head, open handed, and throws me on the sidewalk.

"GET DA FUCK OUTTA HEA', FUCKAH, BEFO' I CALL DA COPS!!!" Junior bellows.

I get up, slow and trembling. Ryan and Sharleen walk away down the street. I walk after them.

"The otha' way, Stupid." Junior says.

I turn around and walk off, the world spinning. My head throbs. I probably hit the sidewalk with it. I head for the liquor store.

I wake in my bed feeling like I've been run over, with a steamroller. I'm road kill, pure and simple. I remember last night to the point where Junior threw my ass on the concrete and I started walking home, but the walk home seems like a blur I barely recall.

My head throbs and I feel like I'm gonna puke, but my stomach's empty. I get dressed and wobble off to get the cure. I return with a tall can, 2 shots for a super Boilermaker and some aspirin. After this I'm calling it quits for a while, I tell myself. The drink and aspirin fix my head, mostly. I still have a little weed so I smoke a pinner, turn on the radio and go to sleep again. When I get up, I'm ok more or less. When I go to the bathroom to piss I look in the mirror and see my swollen lip and bruised side of my face.

I need something to do, so I ride to Ramjam records. It's the size of a small supermarket with a lot of records and magazines you can't get anywhere else. A handful of people shop. I look thru the records, but I don't even have a record player. Maybe I'll buy a cassette, but mostly I tape the DJ's I like off of KTUH and get my tunes for free. I'm here for 1 thing.

I make my way over the 45 rack and look thru the disco section. I find it in a bit, under Wild Cherry. I pick up the little black disc and look at the title on the A side, Play That Funky Music.

I walk over to the cash register and buy it from a cute Japanese clerk with a buzzed doo died yellow orange. She smiles and says "Thank You" after I give her \$1.87.

I walk out to my bike, still shaky, and unlock it. I can get this disc to Brian, he can tape it for practice and we got another song. As I get on the bike I see a couple of skinny young White Punks with shaved heads exit the store and walk across the parking lot. They both wear thrashed jeans, bleached white all crazy. 1 wears a jean jacket with a stenciled big black swastika spray painted on it. I look at them walk towards the mall for a few seconds, wondering what kind of skulduggery this prophesies.

I look at the blue sky and consider a run and a swim, but I feel too torn up. I go home because I feel a song coming on. At the pad I pull out the pad and pen and write down what I got.

I hear the sirens strong
They went and dropped the bomb
No more time for a love song
Just put your lead suit on

The shit's gone all wrong
In a big white bang the island's gone
Negotiations have come undone
No more nothing, no more fun

Nothing's been left alive
Not even bugs survive
Our worlds gone without a trace
For the next mutant race

And we're all out of luck
Your corporate military sucks I
I'll die and live again
I'm full of hate and want revenge

You'll feel me then you'll know
My disgust when I explode
I'll burn you like the sun
I am the atom bomb

I am the bomb I am the bomb

I look at it and read it, but I don't know. Maybe the guys

will like it. It don't matter. We have cool songs already. It's late afternoon and I figure I should maybe call Kailani, so I scrape up some change and walk down to the payphone.

I call and she answers, "Hello?"

"Hi Kailani. Howzit?"

"Good. How're you doing?"

"I'm all right. What's going on?" I ask.

"I'm watching some cowboy movie on TV, Clint Eastwood."

"Can you go out tonight?"

"Maybe I better not."

"Come on, just come to Mama's or something," I say even though I kinda don't feel like it myself.

She waits a minute before she answers, "Let me talk to my Mom 1st, ok?"

"All right."

She leaves me hanging for a minute. "Listen, meet me at McDonald's at 7, ok? I can't stay out too long though."

Fucking High School chicks, I think. "Ok. 7 o'clock. I'll see you later, Precious."

"Bye Paul."

I walk home and take a couple more aspirins, shave and take a shower. Then I turn the radio on and read until 6:30. I change t shirts and bike down Piikoi to King Street to Pololo McDonald's and wait for a bit.

She walks down Pololo Avenue in jeans and a plain white t shirt and wears no make up, cute as hell. I grab her hands and go to kiss her.

"What happened to your face, Paul?"

"I don't remember," I lie.

"You got drunk last night, huh?"

"Yup."

"Stupid," she shakes her head and kisses me.

It hurts my lip, but I kiss her hard anyway.

"Let's go in and get a shake," I suggest.

She says "Ok" and we go in and decide to share a chocolate shake and apple pie and sit in a booth by the window. We talk about work and school and watch traffic go by as we eat the pie and sip the shake out of 2 straws.

Finally she holds my hands and looks in my eyes all serious. "Paul, you can't go getting all drunk and nuts just because I can't come out with you some nights."

"This wasn't about you, Kailani. I just get too drunk sometimes. I think I just fell down some stairs."

She's silent for a minute, "Sure."

We finish the shake and it the straws make that wet

scrunchy slurping sound as we suck up the last of it.

“You oughta play a gig before your face heals. You look way too Punk,” she giggles and stretches her tight little bod up across the table to kiss me.

We throw our trash and walk out into the evening and I say I’ll walk her home up into the valley. We walk up the road and then make out for a while under a street light that goes on as we kiss, and then we say goodnight, because there’s really no place to hide for some real action. I walk back down and unlock my bike and ride home and end up smoking the last of the weed and going to sleep early.

10

Over the next few weeks it’s all work, Kailani and Punk Rock. Ron and I finish 1 yard and start another, doing maintenance Fridays and Saturdays.

Sometimes Kailani can’t come out, but mostly she can and it’s way hot. Mostly we make it at my pad but a couple of times at the beach and 1 night we get it in the Art Lab at UH. I really dig her a lot and she makes me feel lucky and takes care of my love addiction, but I still look at and flirt with other chicks every chance I get.

We practice without Mark to work on the new songs and then at Wizard’s like once a week with him. Me and the fellas get I Shot the Sheriff, and Play That Funky Music down pretty easy. They’re both bad ass. A Bomb goes kinda easy, because it’s just a Punk song. Brian and Cliff like it, but it’s too simple still. We call the love/ booze song Dark Red Door, but it’s sorta old fashioned, like a Doors song. We speed it up but nobody can tell if it really works. It’s harder most times to write original songs than it is to rework covers.

I still hang out at the Gardens and 3D some weekend nights, and mostly slow down on the drinking. I still get cut now and then, but try and not drink enough to get hungover and manage to not get fully tore up the way I did when Junior threw me on the sidewalk for thrashing Ryan, Sharleen’s new boyfriend.

It’s Friday night and I’m at the club. Kailani had to stay at home because her Dad’s coming to visit her and Mike from the mainland and they’re all going to the North Shore early in the morning, I hang with Brian at the bar drinking our free can of 6% Schlitz from Kyle, wearing our leather. Cliff took some chick from Art 201 bowling or somewhere tonight.

“Hey Pig Rock, you start walking shaky and you’re cut off. And if you ever even give anyone a dirty look in my club,

you're 86ed, like for life," Kyle warns me, for like the 100th time, between selling beers.

"Yeah, I know Dad. You told me."

"We shoulda played when your face was fucked up, Paul," Brian says.

"Next time we're gonna gig, you or Cliff can hit me in the face with a bottle, dude."

"Right on, rad."

Charlie spins the Tears of a Clown cover by The Specials. The Mods, Trendies and even some Hardcores start to skank. I notice a little crew of about 5 white guys, with bleached jeans and thin suspenders. 1 wears a swastika on his jean jacket and another wears a leather with "WHITE POWER" hand scrawled on it with red paint.

"Who the hell are these Nazi Hardcore looking twerps?" I ask Brian.

"Skinheads, it's the new Punk fad from Cali."

"No way."

"Way."

I shake my head, "Stupid. I thought that's what we were against. What the fucking fuck, they're promoting Fascism?"

"I don't think they think that deeply about it. It's just shock value. Still yet, next gig, I'm gonna score some mace, or a stun gun for the pit."

"I'd get me a set of brass knucks, but I'm a lover not a fighter."

"Yeah, that night you attacked your old girlfriend's new boyfriend, you were just trying to give him a kiss," Brian teases.

"Hey, he started it. Besides, I was way drunk."

"I'm not guilty, your Honor, I was way drunk."

I let it drop. Love My Way by Psychedelic Furs plays and the Skinheads walk off and join a couple of others who wear the same uniform by the window. 1 of these idiots looks Hawaiian or Samoan. I nod over toward them for Brian to take a look at this Polynesian White Supremacist.

"That's pretty fucked up," he judges.

"Yup." I finish my beer.

We stand there for a bit and I check out the chicks, but I figure that maybe it's getting late.

"Well Brian, I'm gonna bail I think," I say.

"I thought we'd go get a 40 and drink it in the alley," Brian tells me.

"I gotta work tomorrow, Dude. Just do a Boilermaker and think of all the fun we've had together."

"I think I'm gonna cruise too then. Wanna ride?" Brian asks.

"That wouldn't hurt my feelings,"

Brian drains the last of his brew, and we walk thru the club like Rock Stars, down the front stairs and stroll down the Waikiki streets to his car parked on the Ala Wai. We get in and turn onto a street, which puts us back on the strip leading towards Kalakaua.

On King Street I realize that just around the next left Club Mignon waits. Maybe it's just because I wonder about Brian's apparent lack of lust, sacrificing animal hunger for politics, or I just want to corrupt his moral code, I decide to take him into the Strip Club. Because Brian looks like a friggin' movie star, definitely the best looking guy in the band, but I've never known him to have a girlfriend, just because he's a Commie.

"Hey Brian, you gotta check this club out. Take a left and it's right there. I'll buy you a beer."

He looks at me sideways and then shrugs. "Yeah, ok." He makes the turn and looks at the parking lot. "Here?"

"Yeah," I tell him.

He pulls into the parking lot. "This is a Strip Club, dude."

"Yeah, I know. Come on. I told this girl that I'd come talk to her."

"No Paul, I ain't going in no strip,Club."

"Why not?"

"Because it's sexist."

I look at him and sigh, "Brian, how are you ever gonna understand how the enemy thinks unless you take a walk on the other side of the block?"

I see him thinking it over. "Come on, just 1 beer."

"All right, just 1 beer," he decides and parks.

We get out of the car and enter Mignon. Brian looks like Ward Cleaver walking into an opium den. I go to the bar and score 2 Buds for \$6 from one of the psycho looking Korean barmaids.

Walking back to Brian at the entrance, I notice a lot of dudes giving us a hostile once over. We look all Punk, I guess, in our leather and with our haircuts. It's pretty full in here being the weekend, but I find us a table at the back of the club.

The golden haired woman onstage wears a see thru nighty, high heels and tassels on her nipples. A Donna Summer song plays.

"This chick's a knock out," I say.

"Yup," Brian agrees.

Donna Summer ends and a Prince song starts, Controversy. I notice the dancer's tits seem unnaturally large and firm, probably fake, I bet. Way into the song, the g-string comes off and she twists and turns down on the stage floor like a

poisonous snake. I can see Brian mentally licking his lips. It's good to know he's human. We nurse our beers as we notice the waitresses forcing beers on the customers with empties.

Our table is back by the dressing room and I notice chicks coming in and out. Stormy comes out in black spandex pants and a plain red t shirt. A shorter Asian woman walks with her in a silver gray robe, with orange streaked black hair, eyes blacker than night, painted like a French courtesan's, and deep red lipstick on her full voluptuous mouth. I look at her and I'm dizzy.

"Hi Paul," Stormy says.

"Hi Stormy."

Stormy stops at our table with her friend. I introduce her and Brian. I look at Stormy's friend and notice a hint of curiosity, maybe, in this dark exotic creature's eyes as she looks me and Brian over rapidly before putting back on her mask of indifference.

"Paul, this is Angie. Angie, Paul," Stormy says.

I look at Angie, mesmerized, and smile slightly. "A pleasure."

"Hi," Angie says quietly looking directly into my eyes for ½ a second.

"How's your band. Have you been playing out?" asks Stormy.

"Not for a few weeks. Brian here plays guitar," I inform her.

"Well, we've gotta go. Stay and check out my set this time, dude," Stormy says.

"Sure. Next time we're gonna play, I'll bring a flier by."

We all say "Later". I watch Angie mostly, but they both sit at a table of middle aged Asian suits and there's a bottle of wine or champagne in an ice bucket in the middle of the table.

Brian laughs and shakes his head, "You're amazing dude."

"What?" I ask him.

"Nothing. But if you hurt Kailani, after Mike stomps you, I'm stomping you."

"Yeah sure, whatever," I say, unable to think of a more smartass reply.

The song ends. I notice Angie get up quickly and take the stage. I notice a hush falls slightly on the house. What's Love Got To Do With It by Tina Turner plays. Angie steps, twists and moves to the song with the skill and prowess of an alley cat, grace personified. Brian and I watch her, unable to look away.

"She's good," Brian comments.

"Yeah she is," I agree.

The Billy Idol cover of Mony Mony spins next. She drops her robe and I notice her deep dark skin and tight perfect torso. She prances and swirls in expert rhythm and time, perfect and wild. Fly Robin Fly plays next, a 70s disco hit, and Angie goes topless. I see that she has the smallest perfect tits on a Bruce Lee torso on top of her feline muscled legs and an ass to die for. I'm like in love.

Gold Finger, the Shirley Bassey James Bond title song plays, Angie's final song. She wears only gold stockings and a red garter by now. I stand and step closer, needing a better look. I watch her pull her g string off, arching her back off of the floor to do it, and twist and grind on the wooden stage floor like a girl on fire. I'm swirling, eating my heart out. I see her pubic flesh, lighter brown under her tan line, and her thin strip of pubic hair. Her pussy has a Mohawk.

I drain my beer as I walk back to the table. "Wow. Let's go dude. I gotta get out of here," I tell Brian.

Brian finishes his beer too. "Cool."

We walk to his car and get in. He starts it, pulls out onto the street, and turns onto King towards my pad.

"You're gonna go home and spank it, huh."

"Shut up dude. At least I got a girlfriend."

Brian drops me off and I go in and spank it, thinking of Angie onstage.

11

I get registered for summer school ok, and take 2 classes, Buddhism 101 and Introduction to Chemistry, a Science requirement towards my BA. Classes start in 6 more weeks. Bank of Hawaii gives me another small loan, but only for \$750, which almost covers tuition. Ron lets me have a couple of weekday afternoons off to take Chemistry on Tuesdays and Thursdays and Buddhism class happens on those same nights. Both last like 3 hours, but that still leaves 5 nights and all Sunday to schedule band practice.

God Dog wants to gig again, but we try to think of and set up some other situation than a 3D gig with The Sting Rays or The Rattles. Getting 6 new songs down for a 2nd set seems a tall order, so we think about renting a hall and bringing both bands in and maybe even TRO and whatever other fledgling Punk or New Music bands out there, and maybe even Bob Thomas's band. This seems complicated, and I talk with Benjy and Reggie about it, but in the end it comes down to Church of the Crossroads or this warehouse space Reggie knows about downtown, but everyone gets stuck on the details so we just keep on practicing

the set with the 4 new songs.

It's Friday night at 3D. It's pretty much the same old disco action scene. Charlie spins Cruel Summer by Bananarama, a lame song. So forget about dancing. I stand by the window and Kailani joins me coming back from the bathroom. I put my arm around her and kiss her neck.

"Wait up for a minute, ok?" I tell her.

"Where ya' goin'?"

"I'm gonna go do some Ultraviolence." We went and saw Clock Work Orange at UH earlier, "I'll be right back."

"Smash something for me too," she says.

"Ok." I kiss her hand.

I cross the ½ crowded club over to the bar and fish out \$3 from my pocket, figuring I'll pay for a beer before I try and get a comp. When Kyle notices me and my money on the bar, he gives me a funny look.

"Pinch me and wake me up. I must be dreaming," he says.

"What?" I ask.

"You're actually paying me for a beer before getting a free 1? Don't tell me, your rich uncle died and left you in his will, no, you won the lotto. You didn't rob a liquor store, did you?"

"Kyle, if I wanted jokes, I'da stayed home and watched Letterman. Fine, give me a free 1 then." I start pulling my cash back.

Kyle puts his hand on the 3 bones quick and I shake my head. Kyle sets me up a brew quick.

"Hang on Slick, I got some news." He takes care of another customer.

I take a drink and it's got that whiskey kick. I didn't even notice Kyle sneak the shot in.

Kyle tell me that he's booked Agent Orange in a few weeks and wants us, TRO and the Sting Rays to open. He also wants me to help flier.

"Good. I'm going to make fliers tomorrow. Come by tomorrow sometime after 5 and pick some up, ok?"

"All right chief."

"Thanks."

Kyle handles somebody else. I take my drink and walk back over to my girl. She looks tasty in jeans and a Cramps t shirt with the Rockabilly zombie face. I have black jeans and a sleeveless button up on. I feel like giving her a hit of my Boilermaker, but I still can't afford to get into any mischief in Kyle and Ken's club.

I tell Kailani about the show. I'd like to open without the other bands but realize how selfish that is.

"In a few weeks, huh?" Kailani asks.

I know why she's freaking, "Yeah, prom's in 2 weeks, right?"

"Uh huh."

"No problem, Sunshine." I look in her eyes sincerely, "We're going. Every day with you feels like the prom."

"You're a retard."

"I know."

I know that even with just a few weeks to flier, with Agent Orange and 3 other Punk bands, 3D will be packed tighter than an full can of open tuna fish left out on the counter all night with cockroaches. There hasn't been a show in a while and the Headliner's big, from Cali, and plays old Surf tunes, Hardcore style, like Pipeline. They're self titled album's almost been adopted by the Honolulu scene as the soundtrack of its life. I gotta write another song and think up some new tricks. The fireball still works, but more is more.

I grab Kailani's hand, lean over and whisper in her ear,

"Let's go to the liquor store before it closes."

"Ok, but I can only drink a little."

She has her Mom's jeep tonight and can't get too drunk. We leave the club, holding hands and I hit the liquor store. I get Rhine wine because I know that's what she likes, not Thunderbird, which is stronger, or even any whiskey, because I've actually slowed down somewhat, and besides, I've got a little pakalolo to smoke. We walk to her car, parked on a side street off the canal, without even talking about it. We both know were going to my place to skrog so that she can still get home reasonably early to not piss her Mom off.

She drives toward the Arms and I watch her feeling like a very lucky boy.

"You're the best girlfriend in the whole world," I tell her.

"You're just saying that because I let you have your way with me," she answers like a little smart ass.

"Don't act like you don't like it just as much as I do."

Kailani doesn't say anything, but just looks over at me and sticks her tongue out like a brat. I lunge at her as she drives and bite her on the neck.

"Paul, stop! You're gonna make me wreck!"

"Sorry Mom, but I just can't wait." I sit back, my dick getting hard in anticipation.

She giggles. We'll be there in just a few more blocks.

I tell the guys about the gig and we keep up practicing, but set up more sessions at Wizard's. I can't come up with a new song that I like enough to do, and we don't feel like doing another

cover before we do another original. Still though, we got 4 new songs since the last time we played.

Friday night the week before the show we practice at Wizard's. We go thru the set 3 times. But it's 14 songs and it lasts 40 minutes, too long in a show with 3 bands. After we finish and load Brian's car, we stand in the parking lot passing a 40 under the phosphorus light on the building.

"We gotta cut some songs," Brian says.

"Squirm" Cliff says.

"That's a good song, dude. We can't cut that song," Mark disagrees.

"Dark Red Door then," Clifford puts forward.

"I like that song. We gotta cut covers," Brian states.

"Our covers are mutated though, They're more like originals than some of our own songs. We can cut Lobotomy," I propose.

Everyone agrees the Ramones cover expendable. I want to suggest cutting the Clash cover, but don't want to go thru it with Cliff and Brian right now.

"We gotta cut 2 more songs, or play them all really fast with no breaks," Mark says.

"We have 8 days. We'll figure what covers we can live without, 2 more, and we'll make a list, 1,2,3, starting with the 1 we can do without the most 1st, and then the next, like that, and we keep playing until the audience seems bored or Kyle tells us to cut it," I advise, passing the beer to Cliff.

"Yeah, and we keep Pig Rock, or Spell on You for last and just play 1 more when we know, so we end, strong like," Brian plans.

"Good, good," Cliff agrees and finishes the beer.

"I gotta catch the bus dudes," Mark reminds us.

"Yeah, ok." says Brian.

We load in Brian's car and jet for Ala Moana.

12

Saturday night, prom night, and I've got something special in my pocket.

I take the corsage up to Kailani's on the bus, and walk up Pololo Street from McDonald's after hitting the liquor store and stashing a ½ pint of whiskey. I let her keep my 40's tux jacket, that I spent \$25 bones on from a thrift store and \$5 more to have dry cleaned, and shirt at her house.

She dons a cream colored shiny retro gown herself, low cut, which shows off her perfect tits quite nicely when I knock on the door and she lets me in. Mike watches Miami Vice on TV in

the living room.

"Wow, you're a knock out, just like the Bride of Dracula," I say.

"Thanks. Let me get your shirt and jacket." She runs to her room.

Me and Mike say "Howzit?"

Kailani returns. I put the shirt and jacket on.

"You're looking pretty sharp yourself there, Paul," Kailani tells me.

"Thanks Sunshine." I step over and pin the corsage on her. "When's Janine picking us up?"

"Soon. Jimmy was already there when I talked to her just before you got here."

Jimmy from the Hilton has started dating Janine. I wonder how Jimmy pulled that move, or Janine. It's not really my business, though. I got my love machine. I hold Kailani around the waist, kiss her neck, cheek and give her a peck on the lips. I know better than to give her a full tongue kiss in front of her brother.

"Guess what I got in my pocket," I say quiet in her ear.

"What?" she asks, a little too loud to keep it secret.

"Acid," I tell her.

"Where did you get it?"

"1 of the Bobos."

I actually got it from Stan, who got it from Bobo Dad, probably. Mike gets up from the recliner and takes a couple of steps toward us.

"You got acid?" he asks.

"I only got 2 hits, Mike," I let him know.

"I don't know, Paul." Kailani looks worried.

"This stuff's good, Sunshine, real clean. It's not real strong, mellow. Trust me"

"Someone tear me off ½ a hit. Come on. I'll give you 3 bucks," Mike pleads.

"Dude, any other night, you know I would. But this is a special night. Prom," I explain.

"Ok." He sits back down frowning a little.

Just then Jimmy and Janine honk the horn outside. Kailani and I say "Bye" to Mike and run out the front door and down the flight of concrete steps to the street.

"Paul, I've never done acid. I don't wanna have a bad trip at Prom."

"Don't worry, Kailani. It's mellow, almost like pot, you'll see. We won't drop till Prom's almost after. It's for after. Acid makes sex really hot, Baby," I whisper.

Me and Jimmy split a black Honda rental for tonight, late

model. It's not exactly a limo, but slick enough, I figure. This prom action sets me back like 60 bones, plus \$25 for the ticket weeks ago, I open the door for my girl and get in the back seat after her. A Styrofoam cooler sits on the floor beneath Kailani's feet.

"Howzit Janine, Jimmy?" I ask.

Everyone exchanges greetings. Jimmy drives down the road. I notice that he managed to score a retro tux jacket with tails too.

"Hey dude, we're both slick, like Groucho Marx," I comment.

He glances back at me. "Hey yeah, Pig Rock. Why don't you open a bottle of bubbly in the cooler?"

I pull it out of the cooler and pop it open. "Cheers everyone. A toast to these beautiful young ladies."

We all pass the bottle, sneaky like, especially after Jimmy pulls onto King. Janine takes too big a swig and almost sneezes back up.

"You ok?" Jimmy asks.

"I'm all right," she smiles, "I just drank too much. It tickles."

Kailani takes a big old swallow and doesn't even flinch. I'm proud and glad I ended up with her. I lean up against her and bite her neck. She lets me smother her till the bottle comes my way, and then uses that distraction to gently push me off, wanting to maintain an air of civility, I figure.

Jimmy's got the radio tuned to KTUH. The Message by Grand Master Flash and the Furious 5 plays.

"I like this song. It's bad," Janine comments.

"Yup," Jimmy agrees, "There's a lot of cool funk shit out there."

"George Clinton's got a new song I don't know the name of," I say then recite, "Bow wow wow, yippy yo yippy yay'. Funny as hell, what's the name of it?"

"I forget. There's a video," Jimmy tells us.

"Remember Brides of Funkenstein? That was pretty twisted for when it came out. I saw the live show when I was like 13. George Clinton and all these black women descended onstage from these huge test tube elevators in silver space suits with lots of pyrotechnics and smoke. Infuckinsane, for real. It blew my friggin' mind," I remember out loud.

"Janine told me your band's covering Play That Funky Music, huh?" Jimmy asks.

"Yup."

"The skinheads are gonna love that, white boy," Kailani teases.

"I ain't white, I'm a California Mexican."

"Do you speak Spanish, Paul?" Janine inquires.

"Bastante por problemas."

"What?" asks Jimmy.

"Never mind, dude."

We pull up to the restaurant, Thai Palace, right on the border of Kaimuki and Kahala. Jimmy lights a joint up and we blow it quick. It's a pinner, but we all get a couple/few hits. We get out of the car next to the restaurant.

Dinner's on the girls tonight. Luckily for me and Jimmy, our dates believe in the equality of the sexes, i.e.; going Dutch. The Thai Palace takes up like a ½ of a block. The sun sets down the street. Ancient Thai cornices and spires crown the stuccoed mustard walls. We enter and a thin Asian waiter in a white shirt and black jacket seats us.

Lattice screens, potted plants and wooden animal sculptures, mostly monkeys, decorate the dimly lit dining room. Kailani points out all the faux animals. I'm high.

"This reminds me of Indonesia," Jimmy relates.

"Or an Opium den," I counter.

The waiter comes by and takes our order. We get a salad with mint leaves and a spicy dressing, followed by beef and pork on skewers in a hot sauce and a fried rice dish in chili sauce. For desert we have a cinnamon custard dish with chocolate. Thru the sumptuous courses we talk mostly pop culture or politics, Elvis, James Brown, Stalin, David Bowie, Ghandi, Martin Luther King, The French Revolution, decapitation and The Wizard of Oz. Somehow we make the jump in subjects from the guillotine to the scene in Oz where the Scarecrow gets torn apart by the Wicked Witch.

"See, what made that movie so much a part of our psyche is TV. It did shitty at the box office, and the critics said it sucked, but it's played at least once a year on network TV and has become 1 of our most dramatic myths," I spout off.

"If you only had a brain," teases Kailani, "It's getting late. We gotta date."

"Over the rainbow," Janine quips. "Hold on a minute everyone. I need to fix my make up. I'll be right back."

"I'll go with you," Kailani says.

They head for the women's room. I'm full, tired and feel like I'm falling asleep.

"We should've ordered coffee," I say.

"Once were dancing in the gym, you'll wake up," Jimmy reminds me.

"So how'd you score Janine, you fiend?"

"Takes 1 to know 1, Pig Rock."

"Yeah, yeah. Now spill, quick, before our dates come

back, you Statutory Rapist.”

“Her Mom and some Commies came up to the station for the World Politics Hour on Sunday night. We talked and I got her number, you nosy, dirty old man.”

“Who you callin’ old, twerp?” I joke.

Kailani and Janine, in a black gown, return. They both look phenomenal. I wish I wasn’t so crazy about Asian chicks. Kailani really rocks though, like for real.

The girls hand motion for the waiter and take care of the bill. Jimmy and I leave a tip.

In the car Kailani wants to put black eyeliner on me because she says it makes me look pretty.

“Look Sunshine, I ain’t going to no gym full of Mokes wearing girly make up.”

“Come on, Paul. Do it for me,” she commands.

“Uhn uh, no way.”

She puts her hand on my thigh and rubs, “Do something for me and I’ll do something for you, Baby.”

I think about it for a few seconds, “Well, ok, I guess.”

From Thai Palace we proceed to the Kaimuki High School gym as Kailani does my eyes.

“I wanna do your eyes too, Jimmy,” Janine decides.

“I have to drive.”

“When we get there then.”

We kill the 1st bottle of champagne while Janine does Jimmy’s eye makeup after we park. Night has fallen and the distant stars twinkle as we stroll from the car to the gym. Kailani and I hold hands as we enter.

The gym’s covered in red and black crepe paper and streamers and hanging ribbons. A big disco ball spins, lit by a spotlight. A few disco lights strobe and strands of blinking Christmas lights hang from the ceiling. Borderline by Madonna plays on the sound system. ‘Class of ‘85’ hangs big and high in tinsel letters on the gym wall, lit by reflections from the lights and disco globe.

We’ve arrived late it seems, because the gym’s already full with a few hundred, about. The crowd’s mostly Local with less Asian students here. Only a handful of White students go to Kaimuki High I guess, judging from the few others at the prom besides my girl.

A lot of the kids shoot us strange looks as we walk towards a table covered in a white tablecloth. They all wear the normal rented tuxes and gowns, so we’re a pretty eccentric quartet. At 1st it’s uncomfortable, because the stares and disdain of the graduating class don’t stop. In a few minutes though, I get used to it and dig it. That’s the whole goof of being a Punk, being

the center of a bad scene.

The mal-attention of their classmates doesn't bother Janine or Kailani in the least. They're used to it, I figure. In fact they sit erect, with heads held high, wearing inscrutable smiles. Probably they're proud to be escorted by men, not boys.

"Don't worry about these kids, guys. They're all bark and no bite, really," Kailani assures me and Jimmy.

Some of these football player looking local boys seem kinda scary, but if it came down to it, I'm relatively fast and could probably run away. I've escaped and dodged the threat of Grievous Bodily Harm from bonehead jock types thru my adolescence till now, though. It's no biggy.

"This seems like a fun school to go to," says Jimmy.

"Oh, it is," Janine agrees sarcastically.

Nasty Boys by Janet Jackson plays and we all get up to dance. The other dancers actually clear away from us weirdos a little as we skank and groove. We dance to a couple more songs, until we begin to sweat. We walk toward the table and I hold Kailani's hand. She drops it and wraps her arm around my waist, so I hold her around her shoulder and we like melt into each other. I feel like I'm being shown off to her peer group. It's gratifying. I look over and see Janine and Jimmy displaying their affection in a similar manner.

We sit back and relax. Now we're having fun. I feel like we're characters in a 19th century novel at the ball.

My own senior prom, 5 years ago, seems very long ago and far away, but I got so drunk that I don't remember much. My date, a junior, never talked to me again.

"I wish they'd play some cooler music," Janine says.

"Yeah, I know," Kailani agrees. "But they're stupid."

That Flock of Seagulls song, I Ran plays. We all consider dancing, but me and Jimmy say we're going to the restroom instead.

"It's right over there, on the south wall by the corner," Janine directs us.

I kiss Kailani and take off with Jimmy. We cross the gym, enter the restroom, wait for a urinal and piss.

I notice a few big Local dudes smirking and pointing us out. I finally mouths off.

"Hey, you guys faggots? You guys fags, huh?"

"Shit, I like pussy. I get more pussy on a weekend than you're gonna get in your whole life, brah," I smart off, all friendly like.

"Fuck you fag. I say you a fag."

I zip up my pants turn around and look at him, though my head is light, I'm dizzy and scared shitless.

"Hey Junior, I'm not a fag, you're a fag, fag," I tell him, like Clint Eastwood.

He lunges and rushes towards me. Me and Jimmy shoot out of the restroom quick and join the crowd. He rushes after us with his boys behind him, but stops and looks at us with a homicidal expression.

We walk back towards our table, wiping the sweat from our brows and shaking our heads.

Jimmy laughs, "'you're a fag, fag.' That was a snappy comeback, dude."

"I didn't hear you say nothing, Jimmy."

"No, it was funny. You rock, Pig Rock."

We sit again and join the girls. I guess they can tell by our expressions that something almost just occurred.

"What happened?" Kailani asks.

"Nothing. Some Moke almost just got thrashed, that's all," I explain.

"Paul! What happened?" she demands.

Janine looks at us too with curious intensity.

"Nothing happened Kailani. These Mokes called us fags, Paul mouthed off and they chased us out of the restroom. That's all," Jimmy fills them in.

"Paul! Are you crazy?" Kailani trips.

"What do you want me to do, Kailani? If it've happened anywhere else I'd have hit him in the neck."

"That guy was a fucking truck. He'd have squashed you," Jimmy calculates.

"Yeah, he would have. That's why I ran, dumb shit. Do you think I'm stupid?"

"No, but you're funny. That's why he got pissed."

"What'd you tell him?" Janine asks.

"Never mind."

We decide to go to the car and crack the other bottle. We get up and leave the gym, feeling all the eyes on us. A light breeze blows the sweet wind on the way to the car. We get in and, open the bottle and drink.

"What'd you tell those guys in the bathroom, Paul?" Janine questions.

Jimmy tells her, even the part about how much pussy I get, which I know Kailani doesn't like. Her and Janine laugh anyway. Kailani and I start kissing.

"You kids keep control back there," Jimmy orders.

"Ok, Dad," Kailani answers.

We drink ½ the bottle and save the rest for after the Prom. I take out the acid, blue dragon blotter, put it under my tongue and try to sneak Kailani a hit.

"I just want ½," she tells me.

"½ of what?" Jimmy asks.

"A hit of 'cid," I say, caught cold.

"Oh." He doesn't ask for any.

I tear her hit in ½ and she puts under her tongue like I did.

"Like this?" she asks.

"Yeah, just suck on it till all the dragon's gone," I instruct.

We all go back to the gym, but I walk slow with Kailani, falling behind, and crack my ½ pint. I offer her a shot but she declines, making a disappointed face. I suck the entire bottle back and throw it away, Janine and Jimmy never the wiser. I put my arm around my Sunshine and she shakes her head. I give her a kiss.

It's a waste, really, drinking alcohol before frying. The cid will negate the booze buzz and I'll be left with just a hangover. But it's not like I'm drinking a whole lot tonight. Plus, the acid won't hit for another hour anyway.

I feel the whiskey and champagne almost right away. What Have You Done For Me Lately by Paula Abdul plays and we all dance again. Next comes Glamorous Life by Sheena E., and then a song I can't even remember. Then we sit again, hot. I take off my tux jacket and so does Jimmy.

"So, are you guys ready for Agent Orange?" Janine asks.

"If we were any tighter we'd snap apart," I explain.

"Good. Don't get too tight," Jimmy advises.

"I hear you. You can't ever be too tight, I guess, but you gotta be relaxed with it. I can't explain it."

The girls excuse themselves to the restroom. I get up to go and take another piss too.

"I better come with you, Paul," Jimmy says.

"Right on dude."

We relieve ourselves and return without incident. We beat the girls back. As I watch them cross the gym, sounds warble and slow, while the lights bend and brighten. Kailani and Janine glow, beautiful, like virgin saints. I feel that rush in my chest. The acid hits sooner than I expected. They sit and we all smile at each other.

"How do you feel?" I ask Kailani.

"Good. I can feel the acid, I think. I like it, I guess."

Purple Rain by Prince plays. We figure it's maybe the last dance, so we get up to slow dance. On the floor I hold my Sunshine tight. We step sway and groove sweet and slow. I look up at the disco ball and the lights zipping off of it, hypnotized, as Kailani snuggles her face against my neck. The song ends too soon. After that the music ends. We go to the table and Jimmy

and I get our jackets, the chicks get their mini purses. A classical record comes on, instrumental with violin and flute. Over the music a voice announces that photos will be taken at the booth by the gym exit. We all stroll over to the line.

Me and Kailani smile at the camera with my arm around her when the Chinese woman shoots our photo. We wait for Janine and Jimmy to get theirs shot. Prom has ended.

On the way to the car I whisper in Kailani's ear, "Let's go back to my place."

"What's everyone want to do?" she asks.

"We could go to 3D, or the beach, or maybe up to Pali lookout," Jimmy suggests.

"It's been a long day, Jimmy," I tell him.

"I know you ain't tired, Fryboy."

"I'm tired," Janine shares.

Everybody probably just wants to make love, I hope. We get in the car, open the bottle and pass it.

"Come over," I tell Kailani quietly again.

"My gown and stuff. Come over to my house," she almost whispers back.

"Can you sneak me in?" I ask.

"What are you guys whispering about?" Janine asks.

"Nothing," I lie.

"Where are we taking you guys?" Jimmy asks.

"To my house," Kailani tells him.

Jimmy drives us to Pololo. We say "Goodbye" to them and get out in front of the house. They drive off and I put my arms around Kailani.

"Can you sneak me in?" I ask.

"Yeah. The living room light's off so Mom's in bed. All you gotta do is go to the back door and I'll let you in."

"You wanna do that other ½ hit?"

"Yeah, ok."

I take it out of my wallet and put it on her tongue with my finger. We stand there on the street holding each other and kissing, but holding our tongues back so she can let the blotter dissolve. Soon enough I need to get her out of her gown though, and it's time to make our move.

We climb the steps to the front door on the 2nd floor as the crickets sing. She motions me to the walkway around the house to the back door. She goes in the front door and I pussyfoot around the house thru the superdark and find the back door. Kailani already has it cracked open and pulls me inside. We go into the kitchen and down the stairs to the basement. I follow her to her bedroom and we go in. She turns a desk lamp on and turns the bulb towards the wall so that it's dim. She turns to me

and looks at me with those big, beautiful eyes that say she's just as horny for me as I am for her. Her irises look big from the acid.

We grab each other and tongue kiss deep and long. I take the jacket and shirt off and put them on the back of the chair and turn back to my Sunshine and hold her around the waist. She covers my chest in kisses and then lovebites. I run my fingers up and down her back thru her gown. I try then to get my hand up her legs, but her skirt's too long and thick. I kneel to the floor and pull it up, getting my fingers onto the soft firm flesh of her thighs and up into her panties. We flick tongues more but I lose contact with her legs thru her dress again. I grab her ass thru the fabric and squeeze, rushing like a wild river, her body against me tight. I can feel her heart beat against my chest.

I grab the zipper at the top of the back of her gown and try to unzip it, but she wiggles out of my arms and does it herself impatiently. I watch my little Viking chick twist herself out of her Prom dress and stand there in her bra and panties, perfect and resplendent. I stand there in awe, not moving.

"What are you waiting for, Boyfriend? Take your pants off," she instructs.

I obey, kicking my shoes off and pulling my socks off and squirming out of my slacks, leaving it all on the floor. We embrace and fall on the bed.

Sound, sight, breath, light and touch all melt into our embrace and kiss. Our mouths and tongues melt into each other and begin to explore each other's bodies, me in my shirt and her in her underwear.

Pretty soon I have my hands in her white panties. She's wet, like dripping. I smell it and lick it from my fingers and put them between our hungry mouths and we both taste her funk, drunk on lust. I lay her back and pull her panties off, leaving her bra on because it turns me on. I get on the floor as she lies back on the bed. I eat her out, looking up at her face past her tits, my hands cupping and squeezing them, at her sweet innocent face and into her eyes. I pull my right hand away from her bra and stick my fingers inside her, 1, then 2, and bang her as I suck her off, doing her like a dog. Then I get 3 fingers in and I press up under her pelvic bone, almost lifting her as she moans and shakes.

In a while she pushes me off and takes her bra off. I stand and move to jump on her, but she puts me in her mouth. She goes at it with a fervor. I almost lose it, so I push her off to get control and I sit on the bed next to her, but she attacks it again. I worm around in between her legs. We do each other like that for as long as I can stand it, at the center of a whirlpool of flesh, sweat and hunger.

I find my wallet and get a condom. I open the packet and roll it on. Then I mount her from the front so that we can face each other. At first I go slow and we kiss as we screw in slow motion as we stop kissing and look into each other's eyes. I fuck Kailani harder and faster and she begins to moan.

"Sshh, Baby. You'll wake your Mom and brother up."

She quiets down. I turn her over and pull her in my face and eat her ravenously some more. Then I pull back to look at her gorgeous butt and I have to tongue up and down her beautifulness. Then I get on and put myself in her and buck and fuck as we tongue kiss and I hold her body and tit tight from behind. I make it last as long as I can, pinching her nipple. Soon I spasm, am torn apart, gutted like a fish. An acid orgasm with an angelic female is like nothing else on earth. It seems to last forever, like heaven, then it's over, and you're empty, spent, your heartbeat a million miles away.

I lay on her for a while, till I phase back in. Then I dismount and stand.

Then we lay together, just holding each other.

"We can't go to sleep. I have to sneak you out of here before my Mom gets up," she tells me.

"Ok."

After just being there, touching and holding each other for a time, we get it again. Luckily I brought a 3 pack of condoms. Then she lies on top of me, her head resting on my chest. I lose consciousness, but somehow towards dawn we start the sex fest again. Each time is crazier and more furious than the last. Finally the feast ends. But we blow it and fall asleep in each other's arms.

I wake and the sun has already risen and seems pretty high from inside the window. Kailani snores lightly. I sit up and panic a bit. I'm a taste hungover and strung out. The clock on the desk says it's a ¼ to 10. I dress quick and quiet, so I don't wake my girl. I figure I'd better sneak out the way we came in because there are bars on the windows. Plus, I gotta piss like a race horse. Then I think I'd better at least say goodbye to my girlfriend.

I slink up next to her and kiss her cheek and squeeze her. She stirs and opens her bleary eyes.

"Morning Sunshine. I'm gonna jet, ok?"

"Don't go," Kailani sighs, still tired, then jolts up, "It's almost 10, oh shit!" she says in a panicked whisper.

"Maybe your Mom's still asleep."

"We'll just keep you in here till she goes somewhere."

"I gotta pee."

"We've got a downstairs bathroom."

"There's no other way out?"

“Just the front door and back door. All the windows are barred except in the living room.”

I think it over. I'm not willing to hide for who knows how long in Kailani's bedroom. If her Mom catches me, the worst she can do is call the pigs, and a Commie's not gonna do that. I'm willing to bet my life that she don't own a gun, and even if she did she probably wouldn't shoot me or even get it before I'm out the door and down the street.

“No Kailani. Listen Baby, I'll call you later.” I pull my clothes on without the jacket. “I can't stay in here cooped up all day. I'm already feeling claustrophobic.”

“Paul, you're gonna get me in trouble.”

“Don't worry about it. I'm sure your Mom knows you're a woman, practically. If she grounds you can run away and come live with me.”

“I'm not living with you in your shoebox, Paul.”

I feel my voice start to rise above a whisper, but shut up, sit next to her and put my arm around her.

“Then we'll go live in the cave. It's Sunday, I'm sure she's still asleep.”

“Paul.”

“Kailani,” I tease and kiss her. “Goodbye, Love.”

We French kiss and I get up and go. I'm out the door and step softly up the stairs. When I cross thru the door into the kitchen I look and there's a woman bent over the stove. I think I can get back down the stairs quick when she turns and looks at me. She's in her late 30's, maybe early 40's with light brown hair and more plump than her daughter, but still pretty sexy. She wears baggy Bermuda shorts and a red t shirt with Chairman Mao's portrait. She regards me expressionless for a few seconds with Kailani's same eyes, except hazel. Then she smiles her offspring's exact priceless smile. It's way scary.

“Hello, I'm Karen, Kailani's Mom.”

“Uh, hi,” I say.

“You must be Paul.”

This feels like a strange dream considering my chemical metabolic state, “Yeah, I'm Paul. Glad to meet you.”

“I'm glad to finally meet you too. I've heard a lot about you,” she turns back to the stove.

“I'm not that bad, really.” I think of how loud the sex might have been last night and hope Mom didn't hear.

“Oh no, it's not bad. I've heard you're not a bad singer/poet, and even somewhat politically active, from others in the party even.”

“Uh yeah, I guess. Thanks,” I stumble.

"Listen, I'm making pancakes. Would you like some breakfast?"

Tripping usually makes me really hungry after I crash, so I consider her offer.

"Yes, I would, thanks," I accept.

"Is Kailani awake?"

"I think so. I'll go see."

It's a stone goof that Karen likes me, even after she nails me sneaking out of her daughter's room. I guess she's open minded, knows the score, and figures Kailani's better off with a radical like me.

So I eat with Kailani and Karen. Kailani shoots me some dirty pissed off looks when her Mom's not looking, but relaxes after a while. I help with the dishes after breakfast and then talk with both of them over a last cup of coffee. Then Kailani walks me to the bus stop at the King Street McDonald's, acting distant, but still affectionate. It's almost noon when I see the bus coming down the street.

"I'll call you tonight, Sunshine," I tell her.

"Bye Pig Rock, I had fun."

"Me too."

We kiss and then I walk down to catch the bus and go home.

13

Ron and me start another job in Hawaii Kai, at a rich gay guy's house who lives with his boyfriend. Like we do most of the time, we start with the sprinkler trenches. I keep my shirt on most of the time when I swing the pick or dig with the shovel when they're at home.

On Friday Ron pays me. I just hose off and then bike to the pad, change and walk to the mall. There I meet Mark at the bus stop for Brian to pick us up for practice at the studio.

We go buy beer and cruise on up to Wizard's and just crank thru the set a few times. We're tight. We go over like 10 minutes but it's cool with Jackie because the room's not booked.

In the parking lot over beer, me, Mark, Cliff and Brian argue over which songs we can cut. We all agree that we can lose Lobotomy and I'm So Bored, but still can't decide on the last 1, bringing the set down to 11 songs.

"We can X Dark Red Door or I Will Crawl, come on," Brian appeals.

"We can't not do any originals Brian, you come on," Clifford disagrees.

We all hold a beer and I take a big drink. We stand there,

not saying anything.

“Look, we all know what songs we gotta play. It’s only 1 song we need to cut, not a big deal. We’ll decide tomorrow night. Let’s load up now because Mark’s gonna be late for the bus,” I mediate.

The world won’t end if we play less songs. I ask Brian for a ride home because I work early tomorrow.

After work the next day I hit Foodland and buy me a bottle of isopropyl alcohol again and 3 bottles of food coloring, 2 orange, 1 blue, for my bag of tricks. By the time I get home and cleaned up, I’ve only got like 1 hour 45 minutes to wait before heading to the club. I already know what I’m gonna wear, so I only need like 10 minutes to get dressed. I turn on the radio and read for a bit. At 10 minutes to 8 I put on the most thrashed sleeveless t shirt which I rip more holes in and a mangled pair of jeans that are bleached to hell. I actually wore the get up for a zombie movie marathon on Halloween 3 years ago at the Kaimuki Theatre. I put my leather on and decide to bus it to Waiks. I already know that I’m gonna be late, but I don’t wanna be too late. I grab my bag and take off.

When I arrive and go up into 3D almost everyone from all the bands except for Agent Orange already waits for Kyle. I see 4 dudes leave, all wearing Punk or surf t shirts with flared jeans and sorta long hair, like Anti-Punk. I figure they’re the headliner. They walk out the front door. Kyle sees me and comes out from behind the bar.

“All right, Pig Rock’s here. Any other stragglers?” he asks.

Nobody says anything. I walk over and join the rest of my crew to the right of the stage up on stools by the bars bordering the dancefloor. Cliff has reshaved the sides of his head and shellacked his ‘hawk. Both him and Brian have scored black eyeliner and now sport the silent film Star Goth look. Rock Stars.

“This is how it goes,” Kyle continues.

The Sting Rays drummer and bass player walk in just then.

“Ok, now is everyone here?”

Again nobody says anything.

“At 9:30 TRO plays. You guys have a short set because you’re the newest band. At 10 Dog God goes. The ‘Rays need to start by 10:45 because Agent Orange goes on at 11:30. That means that at each break both bands have 15 minutes to break down, set up and soundcheck. All 3 opening acts are using the same amps and all 4 bands use the same drums rented by me. So drummers, don’t break any drumheads. We don’t have time.”

I feel kinda shafted at playing 2nd, but The Sting Rays have been around the longest, so it's cool.

Kyle goes on, "I can only afford to pay each band 60 bucks each tonight, because I might lose money tonight. Everyone drinks free tonight, though. Everyone get ready. The show begins in about 47 minutes."

There are 2 bass amps onstage and 2 guitar amps. I guess Agent Orange gets their own. They're Rock Stars.

"Let's go get a drink," I suggest to the boys.

They all agree. I know this all leads to the conference on which song we're gonna cut, but we need to do it soon anyway. We go get 2 bottles of Thunderbird and head for the alley. I know the time for the dogfight has arrived, but decide I'm willing to part with an original.

In our spot behind and between the buildings of the strip, we crack a bottle open.

"We still gotta cut 1 more song," Clifford reminds us.

"Dark Red Door," I propose.

"Squirm," Mark counters.

"Look, we set up fast and do soundcheck as fast as we can and we'll rip thru Anarchy. We save Play That Funky Music for last. If we get cut off and can't play it, so what?"

Everyone agrees. We finish the bottle and open the other 1. I'm feeling relaxed about the set but I'm starting to freak on calling Kailani and pulling off this gig's goof. I make myself relax by breathing deep. I just like being as rad onstage as possible.

We finish the wine and get our buzz. When we go back up to the club it's opened already and lots of Punks have arrived. There's a line on the stairs that Junior lets us pass. Inside at the bar Kyle lets us have a beer. Charlie spins mostly hardcore, Suicidal Tendencies and Fuck the Dead by TSOL. He throws a little Cure or Tones on Tails in, just to change it up, but mostly plays Thrash. We can get another beer, but don't. None of us wants to get too drunk.

Ken takes over at the bar as Kyle sits behind the soundboard.

Finally Too Drunk to Fuck by Dead Kennedys spins and TRO takes the stage.

"I gotta go do my makeup guys," I tell everyone and take my bag into the bathroom.

I leave Brian, Cliff and Mark at the bar looking at each other confused and go into the bathroom. Soon I hear the band playing soundcheck while I take off my leather and shirt. I pull out the food coloring in front of the mirror above the sink and begin painting my arms and torso orange with my palms. I try then, as best I can, to get my back. Then I do my face. By the time I empty

the 2 bottles of coloring I'm almost totally orange. I know from Art class that dark on light works best, so I use the blue bottle for my lips, eye sockets and under my cheekbones. I wish I had some silver glitter gel for my hair, but oh well. By the time I sweat this will look cool, and plus it totally goes with the fireball trick.

In the bathroom the songs played by TRO sound like a speeding blur. I'm done, but wait 1 more song as guys come in to piss and look at me weird. I exit after the next song begins. I see that the new band's got a full pit of Punks fully thrashing, maybe bigger and more crazed than at our shows so far. I'm too wired to be jealous.

The guys look at me, smirk and laugh. I just lean against the bar like I'm waiting for the bus or something.

"You're fuckin' nuts," Mark shakes his head.

"You're too Punk, Pig Rock," Cliff approves.

I watch TRO, all Haole dudes. The guitar and bass player are tall and skinny, maybe in their late 20s and wear their leather. The singer screams into the mike in jeans and a plain white t shirt. He's short and a little chubby. It looks like the drummer has just a surfer t shirt on. They all have short hair, but none have fully shaved heads.

"The Mokes are coming out tonight
the Mokes are coming out to fight
the Mokes are coming out tonight
And all they wanna do is fight, fight, fight!!!"

Their sonic assault wanes and the human maelstrom in the pit dies. They've kicked ass. We've got our job to do now. We cheer with the rest of the nightclub.

"Thank you. God Dog is up next," the singer informs.

We rush the stage. Brian and Cliff grab their axe cases and plug in like speed freak robots. Mark mounts the drum seat and holds his sticks ready. I grab the mike and sing a low tone. Brian, Cliff and Mark all make noise without even looking at Kyle.

"Check check," I say into the mike hearing myself reverb above my band's din in the club, "1,2,3,4!"

And we slam into Anarchy in Hawaii Kai, playing it faster than ever. Kyle looks at us in wide eyed surprise, catching up moving knobs setting levels. A small pit starts and grows but the song ends before the dance attains maximum fury.

We zip thru the set. We even speed up Skin You Alive, I Will Crawl and Dark Red Door like staccato lightning, though they don't feel right.

I scream, dance and squirm like an orange snake demon banshee on fire. I breath hard and stare at people in the

audience. Sweat runs off of me in big orange streaks. My lungs burn. I see people look back from around the club and laugh, Bob and Kris, Jay and Kat from the Hilton, and Stan from the Bobos.

I spot Janine and Kailani smiling and clapping. Between songs I blow my Sunshine a kiss and she catches it on her lips. During Pig Rock the pit gets the biggest it gets. I climb up on the PA speaker, jump off and flip, landing on my knees into the pit and then get back onstage so that the mike doesn't get ripped out of the PA.

I spit fireballs during Graveyard Rock and Spell on You, which we actually slow down for and play at the proper pace. Finally we get to the last 3 songs. I Shot the Sheriff ignites the pit again. Spy for the CIA keeps it going.

I notice Kyle pointing at his watch and slicing his fingers across his neck, motioning us to cut it. We don't stop though, launching into the last song.

We do Play That Funky Music but people don't know how to react at 1st. By the time the 2nd verse rolls around, though, the Hardcores, Punks and especially the Skinheads all go off.

"Now things are so much better,
I'm Punkin' out in every way
You know I won't forget,
of how I gave dance lessons that day...

...lay down and boogie
And play that funky music till you DIE!!!"

The club explodes in applause and cheers. I don't even try to compare the reaction to TRO's, I'm so stoked.

Brian and Cliff unplug and stash their instrument cases as I grab my t shirt from my bag and put it on. Next we all head for the bar. Ken sets up us each with a beer.

"You guys are groovy. Very kinky," he praises.

Kailani and Janine join us. I put my arm around her and kiss her on the lips. She kisses me back.

"Eeeuw, I've been slimed," she giggles and holds me tight.

I see The Sting Rays step on stage and start to set up. They don't rush into it like we did though, but do a normal soundcheck. Submission by The 'Pistols 1st, and then Scream Queen. I finish my beer, and want to watch them, but want stronger drink than beer.

"You guys wanna go get more Thunderbird?" I ask.

"I gotta get back to Kaneohe. If I'm gonna make the last bus, I'd better take off," Mark tells me.

"I want some wine," Kailani says.

"Kyle said we get free beer here all night though," Cliff points out.

"I want something stronger before the booze store closes, and the girls can't drink up here," I explain.

Brian and Cliff look at each other, undecided. I can tell they'd maybe rather watch The 'Rays.

"We'll just go chug a quick bottle in the alley and be back up for the last of the set," I propose.

"Ok. Yeah, sure," Brian agrees.

Cliff shrugs. So me, the band, Janine and Kailani all leave the club and hit the street. The open air instantly cools me outside.

All the tourists and people on the strip, even from inside their cars in traffic, look at me like I'm a freak from outer space, stained and trickling orange and blue from my face in bright wet streaks. The food coloring has already got wiped onto my clothes, which I knew would happen.

"All right, later people," Mark tells us, "Call me about next practice."

"Kay den," we all say and watch him walk away quickly.

The 5 of us go on down to get more Thunderbird, leaving Janine and Kailani down the street a ways.

I get a strange look from the Chinese liquor store clerk when we get a bottle of fortified wine, a pint of whiskey and a pint of schnapps, because the girls will like it. We discuss getting a case of beer, but stashing it in the car will take too long and we drink free beer tonight anyway.

We join the girls again and all head for the alley. Me and Kailani walk arm in arm together following Janine, Brian and Cliff.

"Where's Jimmy tonight?" I ask Janine.

"He's on the radio."

"Oh yeah, I forgot."

We cut down across street towards the canal and walk ½ a block and turn in alley, Brian holding the bagged bottles under his arm. We proceed to our spot under the back of 3D. Brian and Janine sit down on the back stairs to the club. The rest of us stand.

I notice Skinheads Rule above a swastika graffitied on the wall along side TRO.

"Whose got a magic marker? I wanna fly our colors up there too," I announce.

Everyone shakes their heads because nobody's holding. Brian cracks the Thunderbird.

"Open the schnapps 1st and we'll chase it with wine," I say.

Kailani and Janine look at 1 another as Brian passes them the bottle after cracking it. Janine takes a drink and quickly grabs for the wine barely holding it down. Kailani knocks her drinks back without a glitch and me and the boys just take our shots like middleaged barflys.

"Let's tank these and catch the end of The Sting Rays set," Cliff advises.

Everyone drinks fast, even Janine. Soon we've almost finished the bottles. Brian polishes off the Schnapps, chases it and passes me the last of the wine. I kill the Thunderbird just as 4 Skins walk in the alley.

The liquor hits me quick, since I haven't really eaten. The Skins, 1 in leather, the others in bleached jean jackets, talk quietly to each other, pointing at us. I wonder why they're not up at the show, but figure that like us, they want to grab a quick drink before Agent Orange.

"Let's go back," I suggest.

Brian and Janine stand up from the steps. I notice 1 of the Skinheads put a bag, which looks like it has a 6 pack in it, down. My neck hair tingle, like I know these dudes are gonna fuck with us. When we all gather together to walk out to the street the Nazi Punks fan out to block our way. A dumpster sits pushed up against a metal stairway barring our way out the other end of the alley.

"What are you fucks doing in our alley?" the Skin in leather menaces.

"I don't see your name on it," Cliff smarts off back.

"Right up there," another points up at the graffiti.

"We're going to see the show brah, later," I say quietly, and make to walk around them.

"I think we should make these slopes pay us rent," the leather Skin states.

"Take it easy dudes. Have a beer. We're gone." I take a step and make ready to throw a block for everyone to get around.

Leather boy grabs my collar and jacket. "You gotta problem asshole?"

"No, you gotta problem?"

I try to break his grip as 1 of his crew makes to grab me too and Brian jumps in to block him. They throw fists, me and Brian block and I swing the bottle and miss as the other 2 guys attack and Janine, Kailani and Cliff run thru them out of the alley. Brian and I take a couple of hits then jet as all 4 Skins chase us. We catch up with Cliff and the girls at the alley entrance when I feel someone grab my leather from behind.

I hear a siren and see a flashing red light but turn and swing the bottle again, and the leather dickhead blocks the blow

but the bottle hits him in the head anyway, just not clean.

"Everyone stop!" an amplified metal cop voice commands from a motorized Cushman Police cart, which brakes when the pig driving sees the chaos spill from the alley.

We all stop. The Skins bail towards the canal. I stop because I don't want to leave Kailani. A cop car pulls up at the corner and they're halted already.

The Local Japanese officer has stepped out of the minitruck, his hand on his piece, and stomps towards us.

"What's going on here?" he says, then looks at me "You, sit down on the curb."

The girls, guys and me all look at 1 another with blank faces, not knowing what to say.

"Those idiots over there were gonna mug us or something, so we ran," I tell the cop.

"Everyone, I need to see IDs."

We all show him our identification. I look at Cliff and he rolls his eyes up. Another cop car pulls up and the other cops bring the Skins back toward us, but keep us separated. So the 5 pigs keep the 9 of us jammed and get all of our stories sorted out.

"What were you all doing in the alley?" the 1st cop asks.

"Taking a short cut," Brian improvises.

"Doing drugs or drinking, most likely," the pig counters.

"And what's the deal with all that skin make up. You some kind of clown, or what?" he asks me.

"Yeah, pretty much."

Finally, after they frisk us, they get the addresses and phone numbers of Janine, Kailani, Cliff and Brian, but let them go. They hand cuff me and put me in cop car and call yet another cop car so that they can take all 5 of us, me and the Skins, to the Police Station. The 1st pig in the Cushman saw the Nazis chasing us but saw me hit the Skin dick with the bottle. On the way the White and Chinese cops laugh at me and say I'm going to prison for awhile for assault. I want to say it was self defense, but keep my mouth shut.

"Well you can always plead insanity, with that make up and get up. Are you some kind of fruit, like a tangerine?" the white pig asks.

"I'm in a band. You know, like Kiss or something. We played a show tonight."

"Oh, at that crazy New Wave club."

"Punk Rock," I say, almost under my breath.

"Yeah, you look like a Punk all right," the pig insults.

Fucking pigs. I hate them, every single last pig in the whole wide world.

The Station's on King about 4 blocks south of Piikoi,

around the corner from Club Mignon, the strip club. There, more cops take my wallet and stuff, breathalyze me, take my statement, picture and prints. They say I get a phone call, and I think of calling Ron, but don't want to wake him. Then they lock me in a small holding cell with 3 other losers, a huge Hawaiian with long hair, a tall skinny short haired Local and an old shabby Asian. The bum sits awake, but the others sleep. I find a place on the cement slab and lie back, and actually nod out after a while.

In the morning I wake hungover. When the lights come on I see a huge holding cell with about 30 men, mostly Local across the hall. The Skins wake, all together, not really noticing me. When they finally do, they just point me out to each other then ignore me.

I see a metal toilet in the corner. We all gotta shit and piss in front of each other. Light brown paint covers all the concrete.

My cellmates look at me all streaked with orange in my zombie garb and ask "What da fuck you think, dis Halloween? You da Great Pumpkin, o wat?"

"No, I'm an actor in a play," I explain.

A couple of huge Local guards in brown coveralls serve breakfast thru a slot in the bars, oatmeal, coffee and an orange. Everyone in the cell talks just a little, bitching about how we got here. The only thing that marks the passing of time is meals. For lunch we get a paper sack with 2 baloney sandwiches, potato chips and an orange. For dinner they give us a plastic tray with like beef stew and rice, a big stale cookie and an orange. Finally, the lights go out.

Sometime after breakfast a pig comes for me and takes me to the front booking area and they serve me with a paper. I'm charged with Drunk and Disorderly Conduct, a misdemeanor, and ordered to appear in Court in like 6 weeks.

I look up at the clock on the wall, which says 9:10. I'm late for work. They give me my wallet back, I count my money and I walk back out into the sunlight. I try to think where a payphone's at to call Ron. They have phones back in the pig pen, but I ain't going back in there for nothing.

I find 1 at the bus stop across the street down the block. I drop a ¼ into the slot and call Ron's number. He answers after a few rings.

"Avant Gardner, this is Ron. Hello?"

"Ron, it's me, Paul. Sorry I'm late. I just got outta jail."

He waits a bit before answering, "Jail? Can you make it to work?"

"Yeah, but I gotta hose off or something. I'm all orange."

"Orange?"

"Body make up for the gig."

"Oh. You can take the day off if you want."

"No, I can't afford it. Be there in a ½ an hour or 45 minutes."

So I go to work, except I go to the liquor store and go get a Boilermaker 1st.

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After work I call Kailani from Ron's. Mike answers and asks me about jail. I tell him that it was a "kick in the head". He laughs and puts my Sunshine on the line.

"Paul, are you ok?" she asks.

"Yeah, I worked today after they let me out this morning."

"Why didn't you call?"

"I knew you couldn't bail me out, and I didn't wanna wake your Mom."

"I was worried."

"Yeah, me too. The cops said I was going to prison for Assault."

"What happened? Why'd they let you go?"

I tell her about the Drunk and Disorderly charge and that the reason they didn't charge me with assault was that the 1st pig saw the Skins chasing us and I probably didn't really hurt Nazi dickhead because I didn't hit him clean. She tells me about the show. Agent Orange rocked. They sounded louder, she says. The pit got way big. A couple more fights broke out and the band had to tell everyone to "Cool it" or they were gonna have to cut the show short. I bum that I missed it. But I had to hit that fucking Skin Head fuck.

"Listen, come down to McDonald's. I wanna see you bad," I tell her.

"Come over," she instructs.

"Your Mom though."

"She likes you, Paul."

"But I wanna kiss you and hug you."

"We can sit on the front porch."

I think it over. "Ok, let me go get a drink 1st."

"Don't drink too much, Paul."

"Yeah, yeah. Don't worry about it."

Me and Ron say "Later" and I walk down to King St. for the liquor store. I buy 2 shots and a tall can for a Superboilermaker and stroll back up into Pololo valley to tongue wrestle and dry hump my girlfriend.

Later that week I'm bored at home 1 night, so I put on a

black sleeveless t shirt and walk over to Club Mignon for a beer. Stormy actually dances on stage as I enter. I notice Angie standing at the bar, in her gray silver long jacket wearing black spandex tights and a white tank top underneath and black high heels. Her lips shine, ruby red and her big black cat eyes sparkle with eye make up. She's like the sun, pulling me, a meteor in with her gravity. I drift towards her at the bar. She acknowledges me, smiling slightly, but looks away. I say "Hi" quietly. She's so gorgeous, that I'm tongue tied. I don't know what to say, but I step towards her anyway.

"Was'up Angie? Hey listen, you got any money" I ask her, on accident like.

She looks at me wide eyed, like I'm nuts. I just stare back for a second, drinking in her feline face through my optic nerves.

"Not much. Hi. Paul right?" she answers.

"Yup."

"I don't have much money yet. Why, are you selling something?"

"No, I just wanted to borrow a dollar for a beer. I just changed my pants and left my roll in the other pair and only got 2 bones in my wallet."

She snorts, smiles and digs a few bills from her coat, peels me off a buck and hands it to me.

"Thanks. I'll get you back, Sista," I tell her.

Angie beams a bit, then shrugs, like it's not a big deal. I think desperately of something to say to keep the conversation going, but can't for a minute, ravished by her extreme feminine aura.

"So what do you do, besides dance in this clip joint?" I ask her.

Angie laughs out loud for real this time. "I take dance classes. I like to go dancing. I might take a class in massage. What do you do besides play in a Rock band?"

"I landscape and drink a lot, plus I'm a college dropout."

She nods. "Me too. Why'd you drop out?"

"Because I hate the system and middleclass mediocre mindfuck bullshit. But I'm going back this summer. I gotta do something. Why'd you drop out?"

"Long story. What's your major?"

"Language Arts, I think. I could get an Art degree, but that's pretty much worthless. So's Language, but I'm too stupid to get a Science or Math Degree. I could go to Grad School, but everyone who does that is fuckin' lame."

"Why do you say that?"

"After a certain point you gotta live life, and quit jerking off in school. School is for kids," I explain.

She nods thoughtfully. I notice that the bartender has her eye on us waiting for me to order a drink, I figure, and buy Angie a drink.

"I'm taking Buddhism at Chemistry 101 this summer at UH. But I'm gonna be famous, like Sid Vicious," I add.

"But he's dead."

"After you Rock the world, might as well die young and leave a pretty corpse."

Angie smirks and shakes her head slowly. "That's an interesting idea, I guess."

I look at her dark skin, high cheekbones, broad face and flaring nostrils. Her features seem more exotic than even Japanese or Chinese.

"You're Filipino, huh?" I ask.

"Yes, I am. You look Hispanic."

"Yup, Mexican, Americanized."

I order a beer from the Korean woman who waits for me to order for Angie too, but gets my beer when she realizes I'm just a deadbeat.

"Listen Baby, I have to go pull myself together. It's been fun talking to you. You're certainly different," Angie says.

"Yeah, later den."

I feel mildly offended at her calling me "Baby", because she barely knows me and probably says that to all the suckers. But I'm high on her mostly. It's harder than hell to not wait around to catch her set. Actually, I don't know if I can handle it anyway. I tank my beer as I watch a blond shake it on stage for a song. Then I head back to the pad, where I think about Angie.

Dog God practices only once a week at Wizard for a few weeks. I try to write political songs, but only come up with 1. I know that if I write more psycho serial killer drunken nihilist love songs that Brian and Cliff will gradually become more and more dissatisfied with the band.

"So, you writing any more lyrics?" Cliff asks me after we drop Mark off at Ala Moana and Brian drives me to the Arms.

It takes me ½ a minute to answer. "I've come up with a few ideas, but only 1 which I like even a little bit enough to try putting music too. Even that 1 I don't know about."

We go down the road a few blocks before Brian asks, "Well what's the deal, you gonna spill?"

"Yeah, sure. Ok." I grab the notebook from my bag and make ready to recite. Here goes nothing.

"The living's fat when you got the cash
But bury your gold for the market crash

Cause your brother's coming for your stash
And you're gonna have to fight, slice and slash

You got lots of naked chicks in your swimming pool
Your pussy finger stinks 'cause you're so fucking cool
Gotta shiny suit and a new hairdo
Gotta look good, Big Brother's watching you

See it on TV, use your credit card
You can have it if you want it and you work real hard
But the bank laughs last when they raise the interest rate
Just sign your check over to the Police State

See the ghouls smile on the television screen
It seems like home but it's a zombie scene
You get plugged into the Pig State dream
When they flip the switch you're gonna scream

By the time I finish Brian pulls in front of my building.
They both think it over.

"Sounds cool, but what does it mean?" Clifford wonders.

"What do you mean 'what does it mean?'" I respond.

"What does 'What does it mean?' mean?" he asks again.

"Come on Cliff. It says that the bullshit lifestyle of the Rich and Famous that everyone is stupid enough to buy props up a Capitalist vampire cop state just 1 degree left of Fascist," Brian explains.

"Yeah, I know. I'm just fucking with you, Pig Rock. It needs a chorus though."

"Fuck you Cliff. I don't know about these lyrics. We can always just use the 3rd verse, which I think is the coolest, or just the 3rd and 4th lines of the 2nd verse."

"Yeah," agrees Brian after a few seconds. "At least we have a new song cooking."

"How does the 2nd verse go again? I'll think of a tune by next practice," Cliff offers.

I recite it again and he says he'll remember it.

"When are we gonna gig again?" Brian asks.

"Well, either we set something up with another band at 3D, get some money up with other bands and rent somewhere, or maybe someone will want us at a graduation party," I put out.

They both nod. It's like that. After a month or so goes by since the last gig, you get itchy to play.

I think it over. I know that Ivan and Stan have thrown Bobo parties with Native Style at the Grounds Maintenance Building and had it wired with UH security to not get shut down.

Maybe they can do that with us, though a Punk show's riskier. I mention it.

"Most times a Punk band plays a secret show on campus, it gets shut down," Brian points out.

"Underground Punk shows in general get shut down," Cliff adds.

"Battery Club did a whole set at the Gardens that didn't get shut down," I remind them.

"Yeah, but no Punks knew about it, so they didn't show up. I saw that gig," Brian argues.

"You knew about it," I tell him, "Let's go ahead and play a set that we know will get stopped. The more out in the open, the better."

"In front of the Bank of Hawaii," Brian suggests.

Cliff nods enthusiastically, "We can get a little guitar amp to mike vocals."

"We'll get arrested at the bank, but it might be worth it. We'll figure something out," I assure them. "I gotta get to bed before too long guys. We'll find something, somehow. I'll call you guys. Later." I get out of the car.

"Later," they both say before they drive off.

I think about calling Kailani up, but it's a little late to be calling her Mom's house. I could go to Club Mignon, but I don't want to start going there too often, and plus, beer costs too much there, though the floor show rocks.

I have 1 beer saved from practice, so I turn on the radio and drink it then crash.

Kailani and I keep on seeing each other as usual. We usually go out on weekends, and make it then mostly. Sometimes we can hang out during the week, but mostly just make out on walks or sometimes she sneaks me into her bedroom, where we actually get it a couple of times when her Mom's out at the store or at meetings. Once in a while I run into Karen at her house or the bookstore and she's always happy to see me. I guess she's happy that her daughter dates a rebellious young Punk obviously opposed to the system instead of some jock or surfer dork. 1 evening, at her house, we discuss Anarchy versus Communism. She points out that except for a couple of isolated social experiments a practical Anarchist society has never really existed.

"What about the American Indians, or other tribal cultures," I exemplify.

"Loose Oligarchic Confederations based on Patriarchy," she answers.

"Well there's gotta be some kind of structure. What about

the Netherlands?"

"We'll yeah, they are more relaxed, but they still have a Parliament, Courts and Police. Anarchy is only 1 method of chaos that the Revolution employs to defeat the Capitalist Police State. It can't work by definition as a method of political organization."

Kailani watches us talk across the kitchen table, her expression intense as she looks at each of us talk.

"Well, I hate Government, no matter what it calls itself and would rather be free with no law at all," I declare.

"People are political animals and there will always be Government. Hopefully it can distribute wealth equitably and obliterate class structure, which is what oppresses us," Karen lectures.

We play twice soon, once at a Punaho High School graduation party in a backyard in Manoa. The kid's parents rent a PA. Only 60 or 70 town Punks go. We go 1st with The 'Rays, but the pigs shut it down during our set before the other band even plays. We call the new song Police State Dream, and debut it that night. They squash the show during Pig Rock, coincidentally.

We split a gig at the Art Building with a New Wave band named Brain Storm that plays sometimes at Anna Banana's and some weeknights at the Cave. They're a little older and the drummer and guitar player, black dudes, have dreadlocks. The singer, a hotty, has long hair, lots of tattoos on her right arm, bleach dyed blond hair teased all wild and a dark complexion.

The students who throw the bash in a Lab tell us not to flier so it's attended only by UH Punks, Art students and Bobos and some other UH alumni hip enough to find out. Of course I bring my Sunshine.

Brain Storm plays a set 1st, planning to do a 2nd after our set, but security busts the gig during our set, between their's. I spit fire during Spell on You in Chucks and a jock strap with a big blue skull painted on my chest. Everyone points, stares and laughs, even the woman singer from the other band as the handful of college Punks and Bobos pogo all crazed and almost thrash. Me and the guys are stoked even though they pull the plug on us.

I hit the strip club only a couple times a week, not wanting to spend a whole lot of money or wanting Angie to know that I've fully got a crush on her, big time. I want to invite her to 1 of the shows, but she's always busy because she's going on or off stage, changing, talking to other dancers or sitting with men who are buying her Champagne or drinks. She barely notices me, but at least smiles and waves a little a couple of times.

And Kailani makes me happy. Why I would even think of another woman I can't figure out. We even use the L word, staring into each other's eyes while we fuck each other's brains out, my hands full of her tit and ass and her finger nails in my back. But I still can't get Angie off of my mind.

I miss my Court date, of course, and since I gave the police my correct address, like a retard, figure it's time to move out of the Piikoi Arms. I move back into the cave behind UH. With the money I save in rent I'm able to buy a Honda moped from 1 of the Bobo's for \$100. I spray paint it dayglo orange. I sell my 10 speed for \$20.

It's hard at 1st to get Kailani up in the cave. All I gotta do though is get a tarp, a clean sleeping bag and blanket, pillows and a camping flashlight. Pretty soon she's as starved for me as I am for her.

1 night I'm riding the moped around, and end up at the Manoa Hilton. Kat, Jimmy and Jay pass the bong filled with leaf with baby buds that somebody scored from somewhere. It's kinda choice and tastes like mango when the red fiberglass tube comes my way.

The Amazing Colossal Man plays on TV, that black and white 50's movie where the astronaut or scientist White dude gets mutated by radiation or some shit and it turns him into a bald 1 eyed giant with ½ his face burnt off and the army chases him around the desert. I come in at the end so I forget what actually happened from when I saw it on TV when I was a kid. The Colossal Man picks up a semi truck and throws it, smashing it on the highway.

"Why is he running around in his shorts?" I ask.

"I guess the cosmic rays or whatever didn't enlarge his pants to the same degree that it did him," Jay answers.

I just nod. KTUH plays on the radio, the TV sound is turned off. A song I don't know by The Cult plays on the Goth show.

"Where's Joey tonight?" I inquire.

"Probably down at school, at the Marine Science lab," Kat says.

The soldiers fire bazookas at the giant freak on TV. We all watch. I take another hit from the bong, getting stoned already.

"Joey's moving out at the end of the month. Wanna move in?" Jimmy asks.

"How much?"

"\$400" Jimmy answers.

It's only a couple of weeks, but I figure I can handle because I really don't have any bills right now.

“Deposit?” I ask.

“Yeah, probably. But if you got Joey some of it when he moves out and the rest of it when he comes back from California in the fall. I think it’d be ok. I don’t think he’s planning on moving back in and I’m sure he’ll need some dough when he gets back,” Kat explains.

I think it over for a minute. “Yeah, I can do that.”

And that’s pretty much how it goes. Pretty soon I’ll be taking 4 classes a week, a student again, and living at the Hilton.

Kailani graduates. I don’t actually go to the ceremony because I can’t make it in time after work. But Janine and Kailani have a small party at Janine’s Mom’s house across the valley. Jimmy attends, Karen and Mike, Janine’s sister, Mom and Dad, and a few of their friends from school.

I drive the moped up after getting cleaned up and dressed in slacks a dress shirt and wing tips. I buy Kailani a cheap thin silver necklace because I’m wiped out from covering the Manoa Hilton, where I’ve already relocated. Karen and Janine’s parents buy us a couple of cases of beer.

Most of us end up on the front porch with an open bottle. The sun sets over the ocean past the urban chaos as clouds blow up into the valley as mist, right past our faces.

“What are you gonna take up at UH, Kailani?” Jimmy asks.

“I don’t know yet. Political Science maybe.”

“That’s my major,” he says.

“What can you do with that?” Janine asks.

“Go to law school or go to Grad School and eventually become a Poli Sci professor, like my Dad. If you know a foreign language you can maybe be an ambassador,” Jimmy explains.

“I gotta take another Spanish class,” I remember out loud.

“How’s your Spanish?” Karen asks me.

“Muy malo.”

“But you’re Mexican?” Kailani asks.

“And I’m a retard. Plus my Mom and Dad didn’t speak it to me and my sibs because they think speaking Spanish is a sign of lower class.”

“What are you planning on doing when you graduate?” Karen asks Jimmy.

Jimmy stays silent for awhile, “I’m going to the Police Academy,” he jokes.

Some of us chuckle. Suddenly we’re on the spot as examples of what post High School education can do.

“What are your plans?” Karen asks me.

"I'm gonna stay an undergraduate for 6 or 7 more years, I think. Then I'm planning on being a clown."

"In the circus?" Janine asks.

"No on TV, like Bozo."

"Cool," Jimmy approves, "I heard Bozo was a chronic alcoholic too."

We both finish our beers and walk back into the house for more and to throw our empties away.

"Who needs a beer?" Jimmy asks.

Nobody but us does. And we sit there shooting the breeze for a while until it's time to leave. Jimmy and I were hoping to take the girls out and get them back to the Hilton, but their parents won't let them drive.

Kailani's catching a plane to the Mainland for a few weeks to visit her Dad in a couple of days. Maybe I can get her up in my new room tomorrow night. I hang out to let the people clear out so I can get a kiss at least before I leave.

I hold my Sunshine tight on the front porch before I go and smell her raspberry soap and perfume in her tight black slacks and a light white sweater.

"I wish you wouldn't go," she tells me.

"I'm tired, Honey. We got tomorrow night. Plus, I'm gonna come see you off at the airport. We'll go see a movie or have dinner or something tomorrow. I'll call you right after work."

"All right, Paul," she agrees.

We have to have an early date tomorrow if we want 1 last romp before she leaves. I know she knows the score. We embrace and kiss for a long time before I finally hop on the moped and ride back home back in the next valley over.

After work the next evening I call Kailani from the Hilton and we decide to meet at Mama's. We both have a slice and dessert. We even go Dutch because she knows I'm broke. Ron fronted me a \$20, but I'm still tight. We get a bottle of Rhine wine and walk back up to the Hilton, holding hands.

Only Jimmy watches TV when we get there, so we smoke a couple of bongos as it gets dark outside. Soon enough he hits the shower and we're free to retire into my new bachelor pad discreetly.

It has a mattress and boxspring on the floor, but no bedframe, a dresser and an old chair from a kitchen table. Other than that I only own my cassette/radio, alarm clock and candle, the rest of my stuff in the closet. I light a candle and turn the radio on.

"Open the wine," she tells me.

I do and we sit on my bed and share. I lean back against

the wall and she lies against my chest and puts her arms around my neck.

"I don't wanna go to Arizona," Kailani confides.

"Why not?" I ask.

"I wanna stay here, with you."

"It's only for a few weeks, Sunshine. You'll have fun."

"You're gonna meet someone."

"What are you talking about?"

"I know how you are. You're a big old slut," she accuses.

"That's not fair. I'm not gonna meet anyone, I swear."

She doesn't answer. I feel her breath on my neck. We pass the bottle back and forth, in no hurry. I don't rush either, knowing she's sad. I'm a little depressed myself. After some time, we start to kiss, undress and get busy.

It gets pretty hot and wild, but melancholy. Though I'm inside her, frenching her and dripping sweat on her lusciousness beneath me, she's thousands of miles away. We pop off like firecrackers and then she lies on top of me and we hold each other quietly for a while, listening to the music.

And then we make love again. When it ends, it's after 1 AM. We lay there in each other's arms. The time has passed for me to call her a cab for Pololo. So I walk out to the phone and do that. Then I walk her out to the parking lot to wait with her.

"You better be good when I'm gone, Paul. If you're not, I'll kick your ass."

"I'll be good, promise." I pass her a \$5 to help her with the cab.

The cab drives up into the lot and we kiss 1 last time.

"Good night, Baby," Kailani tells me.

"Good night. I'll see you at the airport tomorrow."

She gets in the cab and it drives off down the narrow road into the lot toward the street.

The next morning my alarm wakes me early. I feel like road kill. Old coffee from yesterday sits in the pot. I nuke it in the microwave, slam it, take a whole bath and get dressed. Then I run out and catch a bus to the mall and transfer to the airport bus.

I don't know what time it is when the bus gets to Honolulu International Airport, but I figure I'm still on time. I walk into the ticketing area, and see from a clock on the wall that it's 8:45. I'm on schedule. I proceed thru the metal detectors to United gate 17B, where I find Kailani, her brother and Karen sitting in the waiting area. We all greet each other and I sit next to my girl. I hold her hand.

"Did you have a hard time getting out here?" Kailani asks.

"No. I just had to get up early. No sweat."

She puts her head on my shoulder. I look at her face and she pouts. It makes me sad too. Soon a voice tells the passengers that it's time to board. She grabs her backpack and I carry her small suitcase. We all walk to the gate.

Her Mom and Mike both tell Kailani "Goodbye".

"Call us when you get to your Dad's, Sweetie. I love you."

"I love you too, Mom, Bye Mike."

Me and Kailani drop her luggage and hug. We squeeze each other and kiss hard with no tongue action.

"I'm gonna miss you, Paul."

"Me too. You got my address and phone number. I'll call and write too. See you in a few weeks, Sunshine."

"Be good, Paul."

"You too, Baby," I counter.

We kiss, this time like lovers. Only when we're done and she walks through the door into the plane do I freak that we kissed like that right in front of her Mom and brother.

When Kailani's gone Karen asks me if I'd like a ride home.

"That wouldn't hurt my feelings," I tell her.

I run into Angie riding my moped up from the mall after buying a pack of cloves. She gets out of a shiny purple 15 year old MG convertible in the strip club parking lot. I pull in when I spot her, though I'm dirty and sweaty from work, because I never get a chance to talk to her.

"Howzit stranger?" I greet her, stopping the 'ped right in front of her.

"Hey Paul. Where've you been?"

"I've been around. You're always busy though, putting your clothes on, taking them off or clipping these suckers in here."

"You're a little smart ass."

"Yup."

"So's your band been playing out? What's it called again?"

"Dog God. Yeah we played a couple of times. I wanted to tell you and your friend, Windy, but youse are always busy. Both gigs got squashed by the pigs anyway," I explain.

"Her name's Stormy. Your band's that much of a menace, huh? I'm always busy anyway."

"I'll bring you a flyer next time we play anyway, put you on the VIP list even, if you can make it."

"Ok, listen Sweetie, I gotta go in to work now. Don't be a stranger."

"Yeah, sure. See ya around," I say.

I want at that moment desperately to ask her to dinner, or a movie. But like the Cowardly Lion, I don't have the courage. I guess I'll just wait till the next time I can talk to her.

"Bye bye." She walks past me to the front of the club waving at me from over her shoulder.

I watch her for 2 seconds, thinking of her round muscular butt beneath her long coat. Then I kick start the moped and putt on out of there.

15

Summer begins. It only ever gets marginally hotter on Oahu, like from the high 70s to the mid 80s, but it's hot enough to feel. Ron just brings a bucket of ice water with us to work and we slow down a little at 1st. He even gives me a raise of 50 cents an hour to help cover the money I lose from taking Tuesday and Thursday afternoons off.

Chemistry fucks me up like a bitch. The Prof, in his late 40s, grates and insults during his lectures. You can tell he dyes his hair and combs it over his bald spot. I can see right away I'm going to have to relearn algebra, never having really learned it the 1st time in High School because I just always cheated during tests and homework.

Buddhism rules though. A Japanese woman in her 50's teaches it, almost a beatnik. She's relaxed but into her lectures, which makes it interesting. I'll probably get an A, or at least a B, without even studying.

I'm still having a hard time writing songs. I want to write things relevant to fucked human situation or social order or whatever, but those songs just don't seem to come easily. Maybe being in a band with Commies changes my priorities. Or maybe I am just trying to keep them interested because they're cool and I want them in the band. But we've got 15 songs and need 5 more for a 2nd set.

And now that Kailani's gone the chick scene seems to just explode, like overnight.

On Friday night, I go to Anna Banana's to check out Native Style, because Brian's sitting in and can get me in free. Brain Storm, whose 1st set I come in the middle of, plays too. They end their set with Precious, by The Pretenders. After they're finished I stand at the bar, drinking a beer. The woman singer dries off with a towel and then walks up to the bar right next to me and orders herself a beer too. She's wearing black cotton tights and a purple tied dyed tank top and built like a brick house. When she gets her beer I look at her and she looks at me and smiles. She has high cheekbones and hazel eyes, almost green.

"Hello," she says.

"Howzit," I say back.

She tells me that she saw our set at the Art Building and thought we rocked. I tell her that I like her band too and she says that she can tell we're in a "wider orbit".

"Thanks, I guess," I tell her.

"I meant it as a compliment. Somebody's got to push the boundaries."

She asks me what I do and I tell her. I ask her what she does and she says that she's an astrologer and reads Tarot cards too.

"What's your name, anyway?" I ask.

"Kali," she says.

"That's heavy. Isn't that the Indian Death Goddess and wife of Shiva, God of Destruction?"

"Yes, that's pretty close. What's your name?"

"Paul."

"1 of Christ's disciples, who denied Jesus and founded the Catholic Church."

"Yeah, I think so. Mostly I'm a Buddhist or Nihilist. I'm only a Christian when I'm scared of the Devil."

"Your band's name is a mind fuck."

"Mind Fuck'd be a cool name. Let's start a new band."

Kali laughs, "1 band's too much hassle. But listen, let me get your number. I'd love to do your chart, or do a reading, gratis. You're an interesting cat and it'd be a professional exercise." She opens her fanny pack from under her abdomen and grabs a pen and paper.

"Only if you give me your number too," I bargain.

She agrees. And that's how I meet Kali.

Sunday I go to the mall to see if I can find a cheap pack of wife beaters, like at Woolworth's or someplace. They cost more than I want to pay, so I figure I'll just walk around and check out chicks and window shop for shit I can't afford.

Cruising by the cosmetics store that sells Lacombe make up and Chanel perfume I pass a tall beautiful blonde smoking a clove against a post right across the walk from the shop.

"Hi there," she says

I stop and do a double take, thinking that it never rains, but it pours. "Was'up" I say

"You're that crazed maniac Punk singer. I saw your band at Agent Orange."

"I guess that's me. I missed Agent Orange though."

"Why?"

"I got arrested."

She wears a loose black shiny Disco Goth shirt over tight slick white slacks. She has blue eyes, a slight model's build, a thin elfin face and the class and grace of a corporate billionaire's mistress. She don't seem like my type, but really the most breathtaking creature that's ever tried to talk to me.

She cracks a brilliant smile and shakes her head, "Something's wrong with you, dude."

"Yeah, I know. Let me get a clove, Girlfriend."

She looks at me sideways, laughs and then fishes me 1 out from underneath her shirt and lights it for me. I see that she's an inch or 2 taller than me.

I take a sweet heavy drag, "So what's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this."

"It's my break. I work in here." She nods at the boutique. "What's your name?"

"Paul. What's yours?"

Giselle." She takes a last hit and throws the butt out in the parking lot. "Paul, I'm going back to work now, but come to Thunderbird's tonight, like after 9. I'll put you on the comp list, just mention my name to the doorman."

"Yeah, sure. Ok. Nice meeting you."

"Same here, dude. Bye."

I watch her walk back into her work. She might be too skinny for my taste, but I can't deny she's angelic, a runway model, for real.

And that's how I meet Giselle.

I try to figure out what the hell's going on. It's not like I've changed colognes, or bought a new BMW or something.

Thunderbird looks down on the 7-11 parking lot around the corner from the Cave, the antithesis of 3D. Punks don't hang out there, and aren't even allowed really. It looks like a cool club though, because it has the front end of a '62 Thunderbird mounted on the wall out above the sidewalk. They play mostly New Romantic bullshit or Post Modern Disco, or whatever you call it. Even Goths don't fit in there, looking too scary or anti. The boys all have those stupid Duran Duran wedged haircuts and so do the chicks, except longer. Everyone wears expensive designer clothes and even the guys wear eye make up, lots of cologne and body glitter, but I guess even punks wear eyeliner. But you know that I'm there tonight to check Giselle out.

Not much ever happens with her though. I go to the shi shi club and meet her and we have a couple of overpriced drinks. I have to go to work and so we make a date to see a movie on Thursday night. Then I go home to crash.

I call Kali and we make an appointment for her to do my

astrological chart and read my tarot cards on. More happens with her, but she has a lot going on and makes everyone else seem like little girls, and plus I can't ever get a handle on her, though she gets 1 on me. In fact she lays me out. I'll tell more about Kali later.

I meet Giselle Thursday at the Waikiki 3 Theaters. We see *The Bodyguard* with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston. It's stupid and I hate it. She likes it, so I keep my mouth shut. After the film she wants to go to Thunderbird. I tell her that I have to work early and talk her into getting a bottle of wine and taking a cab with me to the Hilton. We get back and nobody's awake, so I turn the TV on, but nothing's on. We leave it on MASH and I pour us some wine in glasses. I ask her if she wants to smoke the bong in my room but she doesn't want to.

Finally she lets me sit next to her on the couch. When I finally make my move and kiss her, it's like dead action. She doesn't kiss me back and when I try to get my tongue in her mouth I just end up feeling stupid. Finally she wants to go so I call her a cab. I walk her down to the lot to wait, and hold her hand.

"I had fun tonight, Paul," she says.

"Yeah, me too," I lie.

The cab comes and I don't know whether to kiss her goodnight or not. I do anyway, but it's like kissing a mannequin.

"Good night, Paul. Call me," she says from the cab.

"Good night. I will."

I do call her but never make a date with her again. Now something really weird happens with Giselle though. The few times I see her in 3D, or out in front of Thunderbird or the Cave, she totally puts her arms around me, holds my hand and melts into me like we're together. I mean she acts like we're involved, together, in love or something. In fact, it ends up getting me in trouble. Ok, I follow her around like a puppy dog a handful of times. What can I say? She's beautiful, just weird. But she never gives me no touch. I never even feel her up or get a hand job. Women!

I notice a letter from Kailani on the table by the phone. I leave it there, unopened for now. I actually go down to my moped and jet on down to the liquor store by Mama's. I make it just before it closes, and am about to get a bottle of Thunderbird, but it reminds me of my Sunshine, so I get a pint of whiskey and a tall can instead.

I sit in front of the TV and while Jimmy channel surfs I drink. He lights the bong, takes a hit and passes it to me.

"Drinking the whiskey, huh boyfriend?" he asks.

"Yup."

"I saw the letter. Feeling a little guilty?"

I shake my head, "Nah. I ain't married or anything." I take a shot and chase it with the beer.

½ way thru the bottle I open the letter. Kailani says that she's having fun, that Phoenix is weird and that when her Dad goes to work, there's nothing to do except read and watch TV. She says she misses me a lot and doesn't know what she'll do if she doesn't have me and has a feeling that I'm gonna meet someone else. I feel like a worm and take a shot. She tells me to be good and that she can't wait to see me and signs the letter "Love, Kailani", not "I Love You," which gives me a little hope.

I don't know what to do, "Oh shit," I whisper.

I take a shot and a chaser.

"What?" Jimmy inquires.

I don't answer right away, "No, it's not that bad. I'm an animal, that's all."

"Don't worry, dude. All men are evil."

I drink a little more and save a couple of shots for the morning. I take another bong hit and by now I numb enough, disconnected from my guilt, I guess. I want to write her back, but I'm too cut. Ill write her tomorrow or something. Jimmy has stopped on McCale's Navy so we just watch that.

I gotta work tomorrow, so soon I crash.

Friday night we practice at Wizard. Cliff has a bassline for Police State Dream that sounds kinda like the theme from Dragnet. Brian and Mark fill the space ok. We work on it for like a ½ an hour, then go thru the set twice and work on a few songs that feel a little shaky, like I Shot the Sheriff and Dark Red Door. No new gigs have appeared on the horizon, so we don't even talk about it. Nobody wants to go out after, so after Brian drops Mark at Ala Moana, he cruises me up to Manoa.

Saturday I work, then smoke bongs with my housemates and watch TV till it's time to go to 3D. Then I get dressed in black and ride the 'ped down to Waiks.

It's just another night at the club. Neither Brian or Cliff shows up. Crazy Charlie spins the same old records and some I don't recognize. I rap a little with Bill the Mod and Benjy. I drink a ½ pint and tall can on the canal. Back in the club Margo A Go Go follows me around a little, but doesn't know where Reggie is. Kyle comps me a Boilermaker. I guess he's forgotten about me throttling Ryan and never drew no heat from when I hit the Skin with the bottle, which I couldn't help.

I'm buzzed enough, it's past midnight anyway, so I just listen to a few more songs before I blow wheels. I ride up to 7-11 under Thunderbird to see if I can maybe run into Giselle, though I

don't know why. I think about going on up into the club, but it costs 5 bucks and the crowd grosses me out and it's ready too close anyway. I'm not quite ready for the night to die yet for some reason. I go into 7-11 and get a microwave burrito and a pop.

When I'm finished I walk out in front of the Cave. It's late enough for the vampires to descend. I think about going in to get a nightcap, but that'd be like an 8 dollar hit. So I forget it. I check out chicks for a while and think of how much I miss Kailani.

"Hey Paul," says a chick from behind me to my right.

I look and see her, "Hi Angie."

"I thought that was you. What are you doing?"

"Thinking if I should go home or not."

Stormy walks up and joins Angie and we say "Was'up".

"Well come in. I'll get you a drink," Angie offers.

"Well hell, that wouldn't hurt my feelings." I figure it's worth the \$5 cover to hang out with this Goddess.

A skinny long haired metal head pretty boy attaches himself to Stormy. She introduces me to Kenny. The chicks are VIPs and get us in free too, though the Tongan bouncer looks me up and down a couple of times before he signals me in.

I haven't been in the Cave in forever. We all find a place to stand against the wall off a dancefloor like a ½ block big. Angie and Stormy sit up on barstools while me and Kenny stand. China Girl by David Bowie plays loud. I feel like a beer or a drink.

I lean into Angie so that she can hear me, "I'm going to get a drink. Want anything?"

"Wait, follow me. I know a couple of the bartenders."

She crosses the crowded club and I tag along to the long bar where 4 bartenders work frantically. They all look like gay guys in short sleeve Cave cotton shirts with collars. 1 notices her and they greet each other happily and she holds up her finger to him while she turns to me.

"Let me get you a Long Island Iced Tea, Paul. Trust me," she instructs.

"Shoots."

The brown haired swisher gets our drinks quickly and we turn back and cross to our spots. Orange red grenadine or something flows down from the top of the tall wide glass. I take a big sip out of the straw and can tell it's strong, though deceptively sweet and smooth.

"Damn, what's in this?" I ask.

"Vodka, Rum, and Gin and something else, I think," Angie tells me.

"Killer."

"You probably won't need another drink tonight."

"Right."

Stormy sits alone but Kenny returns in a few minutes with a couple of drinks for him and her. I think of the set up; a Metal Head, a Punk and a couple of strippers in a New Wave club. It could be the start of a joke waiting for a punch line or a skit on Saturday Night Live. Me and Kenny obviously seem out of place in the Cave, but not.

Stormy and Angie talk about work, their boss ragging at them about pushing drinks on the suckers or something. I feel a little drunk after just ½ of the Iced Tea.

Personal Jesus by Depeche Mode spins and the chicks drag Kenny and I onto the dancefloor. Of course Stormy and Angie command attention with grace and charisma by virtue of their trade. Kenny seems disaffected and bored. But I'm a lead singer, and though I dance to total dweeb rock, I bust some moves to the obvious appreciation of my partner. Burning Down the House by The Talking Heads plays next and we dance some more.

When the song ends the girls talk something over quickly as we drift towards our place off the floor.

Angie steps close to me, "Wanna do a bump, Paul?"

"Shoots."

"Follow us."

Stormy and Angie pull us with them the other way around the dancefloor toward the back of the club.

"You're a good dancer, Paul," Angie says in my ear as we go.

"Thanks, you're not bad yourself."

I see we're by the Women's Room and by the time I realize their evil plan I barely have enough time to look both ways before they pull us inside.

The female nightclubbers look me and Kenny over but barely seem to notice us as they cross to the stalls or primp and fix their make up in the mirrors over the sinks. Angie and Stormy crack open a bindle, which looks like it holds about a gram of coke. They dole us all out fat blasts with their pinky fingernails. By the time we've all done 3, ½ the supply has been exhausted. That cocaine taste jolts the back of my throat.

"I'm gonna jet. Meet you by the floor," I say to Angie.

Kenny and I slip out of the restroom. We walk back and claim our turf. I wet my fingers with some of my drink and sneak a snort of alcohol to chase the yayo for a 2nd kick. He asks if I'm in a band and I tell him yeah and what it's named and that I'm the singer. He plays guitar for a band named Bomb Squad.

Stormy and Angie join us again. Bizarre Love Triangle by New Order plays and we all hit the floor after I take a big swig of my drink. We dance more and after a few songs we hang against

the wall again and try to talk, but the music plays too loud.

After that the chicks sneak themselves more coke just by slinking low into their jackets.

“Act like I’m telling you a secret,” Angie tells me.

I pull towards her and she sneaks me a couple more bumps right out there in the club traffic. I wait a bit and then hit the Men’s room to piss and get some water up my nose for the full coke effect. When I came back Angie’s grabbed us both a couple more Long Island Iced Teas. I stand there all coked up and then drink the drink. The lights go up pretty soon and the Cave closes. Smoke hangs thick in the air as people move towards the front door. The booze squashes the cocaine and I’m cut. We all finish our drinks and make for the door.

Outside people hang a little, walk off, and cabs wait for some to get in to go home. Angie and Stormy have their own short conversation as me and Kenny wait. When they finish Stormy and Kenny walk off after we all bid each other farewell.

I think of making a play to get Angie up to my new pad, but forget the idea, not wanting to blow a chance for getting in skin later when I know her better.

“Thanks for the party girl. I was gonna ride my moped home, but I’m too fucked up. I think I’m gonna just hoof it. I had a blast. What are you doing?”

She thinks before answering, “Well, I’m staying with Stormy, but I told them I’d give them a couple of hours to be alone. Usually they go to Kenny’s, but his brothers partied there tonight. I’ll just get a little breakfast and coffee, and maybe a walk until the sun rises or something.”

I hear opportunity knock, “Listen, I know there was most of a case of beer at my place in Manoa. We can go have 1 and crash, just so you don’t have to wander the streets or sit in some restaurant or wander around alone.”

I can see her neurons flash under her pretty forehead, “I thought maybe you’d keep me company, Paul.”

“I’d love to, but I worked today and I’m thrashed. Come on over to my pad. It’s totally more relaxed, I promise I’ll be a total gentleman, and I’m too tired to try to seduce you anyway.”

Which is true, because I can’t believe I’m right here now hustling this beautiful creature, a woman more gorgeous and hot than in my wildest dreams, over to my place.

She takes another brief moment before she answers, “Ok, why not.”

We walk to 1 of the waiting cabs, driven by an old Chinese man in an aloha shirt, and take it back to the Manoa Hilton.

We walk up the steps and open the unlocked front door,

always left open pretty much, and enter the front room.

Neither of us did that much blow, not enough to crash hard, but I take a look in the fridge anyway to see if there's still beer. 8 or 9 sit in the case still.

"Do you need a beer?" I ask.

"Yeah, thanks."

I see from the clock on the microwave it's 4:21. She sits in the recliner and I sit on the couch and we crack our beers.

"Where'd you go to school?" I ask her.

"Leeward. I was gonna go to UH but it's too far from my folk's house."

Leeward's a Community College near Pearl City. I think that it only awards Associates Degrees, but the credits transfer.

"So what did you take?"

"Phys Ed and all the Dance classes I could," she tells me.

"Why'd you drop out?"

"I got married and moved to Washington with my husband."

"Did you break up?"

"I'm still legally married, but I haven't seen him in, wow, more than a year," she explains.

I want to know more but sense I'm getting into sensitive territory. I take a hit of my beer and feel like turning the radio on, but it's too late for my roomies.

"What about you, Paul? How many girlfriends do you have?" she interrogates.

"Any chicks silly enough to date me usually dump me because I'm too weird or too crazy or something," I kind of lie.

"Too wild, I'd say," Angie smiles. "Where's your bathroom?"

I show her and when she comes back I go myself. It'll be dawn before too long. When I join her again we finish our beers.

"Listen Angie, it's been a long day for me. Why don't we crash?"

She tilts her head and looks at me, "Ok, but I'm not in the mood for any mischief."

"I'll be a total gentleman. If you don't trust me, you take my bed and I'll sleep on the couch."

She waits a bit till she finally answers, "Ok. I trust you."

We retire to my room. I take off my shirt, shoes and socks. She hangs her coat on my chair and strips down to her black tights and a black tank top with a cat's face on it. Although it's practically impossible, I keep my word and keep my hands to myself. I'm totally in awe of her, too. That makes it easier, but not. Even though I freak on having the ultimate woman in my bed but

having promised not to touch her, I'm tired. Soon enough I nod out.

When I wake I'm on my back, which is weird because I usually sleep on my stomach. Angie softly snores, breathing on my neck, cuddled next to me, her arm across my chest. I stay still. Soon, her touching me, though sleeping, and feeling her breath, gives me a hard on. I lie there, don't do anything about it but savor it. Then I go back to sleep again.

Later I'm roused again. She doesn't touch me now, but rests close. I look at her and she watches me.

"Hi," she says, "Good morning."

"Morning."

I look at my clock, which says 11:35. I'm a touch hungover, but not bad. Nothing a beer won't cure.

"How do you feel?" I ask.

"All right, considering. How are you feeling?"

"Ok. I'm gonna grab a brew. Want 1?"

She looks at me funny, "I'm ok."

I get up, go out and grab 1 from the fridge and come back. She's up and has her socks and shoes on already. I open the can and drink.

"I need to go back to Waikiki and get my car."

"I gotta get my moped."

"Call us a cab, ok?"

"Sure."

I go out and make the call, return and find another t shirt, socks and put my shoes on. I finish my beer and grab another 1.

"What are you doing today?" Angie asks me.

"I'm gonna call the guys in the band and figure out when we're practicing again. I might go for a run and a swim later. What are you doing?"

"I have to do a wash and pull myself together for work tonight. I'll probably work out too."

I'm on the verge of suggesting a movie, or a picnic, but don't. We've already partied hardy, and I've gotten closer to her than I ever thought I would. It feels like too much too soon already somehow. Besides, she sounds busy.

We walk downstairs and wait for the cab. It picks us up in a short while and cruises us to Waikiki by the Cave. Though the beers have cured my head, I feel like a ghost in the sunlight.

We walk by 7-11 under the Thunderbird. I take hold of Angie's hand and she faces me.

"I had a good time last night. Thank you," I say.

"Thank you, Paul. You're sweet."

"Do you have a pen?"

"Yeah." She reaches in her bag and gets 1 and a book of matches.

I write my number on it, "Here's my number if you ever want to hang out or just talk."

"Ok. Come by the club and see me, ok?"

"For sure."

She kisses me on the cheek and pulls away. I let go of her hand and she walks away as we say "Goodbye."

16

Monday after I get back from work I see a message on the notebook by the phone in Kat's handwriting saying that Kali called. I get her number from my bag and call her back.

Kali's canned voice answers, "You've reached Readings by Kali. Please leave a brief message and I'll be in touch as soon as I am able. Peace."

"Hi Kali, Paul. Call me back, ok? Later."

She calls me back a couple of hours later. Jimmy calls me to the phone from the livingroom as I'm doing a set of sit ups by my bed. I go out to get it.

"It's your dime," I answer.

"Hi Paul, Kali. How are you?"

"Good. Was'up?"

She tells me she got back from band practice and can "squeeze me in" to do my chart. I like the sound of that. I agree to swing by at 9:30 PM tomorrow night.

"Yeah, that'll be good. I'm at the Kapiolani Terrace, right on Kapiolani and Pensacola, Apartment 322. You got that?"

I write it down, "Yup." I repeat the info.

She asks me where and when I was born, even the time of day, which I don't really know. I don't feel like calling my Mom to ask her either. Me and Kali make small talk a little and say "G'night" till the night after tomorrow.

After that, I go into my room, get my pen and a pad and write Kailani back. I don't say much, sign it "Love Paul" hop on the 'ped and take a ride to drop it in the mailbox.

I show up at Kali's at 9:30 PM Wednesday in just thrashed clothes wearing just deodorant, not wanting to lay on the hard sell. When she answers the door she wears black tights and a white tube top under a man's blue and green striped button up collared dress shirt. She also wears a little pink frost glossy lipstick and eyeliner. Her apartment, a basic 1 bedroom 15 year old layout, smells of incense laced with weed, dimly lit and hung with batiked cloths and macramé pieces.

"Howzit Kali?"

"Good, good. How was your day?"

"Ok. We're planting Mondo grass. It's easy, except you're low to the ground all day."

She shakes her head.

"How were your readings?"

"Typical. One woman wanted to know if her husband was cheating. Another client was curious if his business venture would profit, if his partners were stealing from him."

"Sounds like interesting work. How'd you get into it?"

"A lot of studying on my own, trial and error, intuition. I did your chart. I couldn't be as precise as I like to be without your exact time of birth, but I got a good general reading. Interesting."

"So you can tell my future?"

"Not exactly. I can tell you what general areas to put your energy into or what basic pitfalls to avoid, things like that. I read your basic character aspects and general personal tendencies, basics," Kali explains.

"So what do we know? What gives? Spill."

She tells me that I'm an earth sign with a high fire aspect. I need to work on cultivating my gentler qualities and avoid an inclination to self destruct, or damage in general. She also says that I'm blessed with a high personal magnetism and exceptional creative ability but that I'm apt to repel worldly possession. Kali ends up raising more questions in me than she answers.

She suggests doing a Tarot reading and I agree. She pulls out a deck wrapped in a purple cloth, shuffles the deck and cuts, then does it again. Kali asks me to pick out 7 cards, and I do. Then she looks them over. I feel like I'm playing poker at a casino in Las Vegas.

"Well," she says finally, "you're entering a time in which you will gain much, and lose much. You'll become a man, or the person you were meant to be. You're either going to win it all, or walk away with nothing, depending on your response to what someone very close to you does."

"Who?"

"I don't know. You may not even know that person yet."

Again she's only left me more curious than I was before. I can see that this may just be the way she suckers the chumps, and figure it's best not to let her play me.

"So that's it I guess, huh?" I ask.

"Until we know more."

"Thanks. I learned some things, I think."

"Sure, my pleasure," Kali tells me.

I tell her I brought a little weed so she find us a pipe and offers me some wine. We drink red out of glasses and sit close on

the couch. I figure she wants me to make a move, so I kiss her. She kisses me back.

Yeah, we end up making it, right there on her couch and carpeted floor. I won't say much because I only ever see Kali 1 more time after we have sex. But she knocks me out. She has pierced nipples and a shaved pussy. Her ass won't quit, high firm and round on top of strong luscious legs. She snarls and yowls like a wild cat in heat. I guess maybe that's saying too much.

I don't know why I don't chase Kali more. Maybe she's too much. My love life gets even more insane too.

We lie against each other on the couch when the guitar player in her band lets himself into the apartment with 2 mulatto boys, all with dreadlocks, aged 10 and 8. Kali introduces me to Chaval, her husband and Tyler and Blue, her sons.

I panic a little, but pretend like I'm calm till I see it's cool. After a little time passes I excuse myself and bail.

Friday night when we drop Mark off at the bus stop after practice, Brian and Cliff want to go to 3D. I do too, but 1st I want to go to Mignon to see if I can talk to Angie. I ask them if they want to go, even though I want to go alone, and they say that they don't. When I say I'll meet them later at 3D they decide that they can afford 1 beer, so they come in with me. I want to ask Angie out, so if I get to talk with her, I guess I'm pretty much busted.

We wear just jeans and t shirts, mine and Brian's sleeveless, and my hair has grown, but I still sport the skunk stripe, and Cliff has his 'hawk, so we definitely stand out in the strip club. It's crowded but we get our beers at the bar and find a small table at the back of the club.

Angie's just finished her set and makes for the dressing room, but detours towards me when she notices I've come.

"Hi baby," she says, "I'm glad you came by."

"Good to see you Angie. Howzit?"

"Good. Let me go change."

Angie runs off and the guys look at me like I'm Jack the Ripper or something. I pretend not to notice.

Cliff interrogates me about Angie as Brian looks at me disappointedly.

"Nothing's going on dudes."

"Uh huh," Brian says.

Angie returns in her silver gray coat with a white tank top and black tights on underneath, wearing make up. I introduce her to Brian and Cliff and tell her they're in my band.

"I wanna see you guys play," Angie tells us.

"We don't have anything lined up now, but I'll let you know when we do," I let her know.

"We just practiced. You could always come check us out at practice and bring some of your coworkers. We could do a private gig."

"Yeah, if we do it before 4, when the club opens. Has class started Paul?"

"Yeah, my schedule's way tight. The Chemistry Prof's a ballbuster. Listen Angie, are you busy Sunday in the early afternoon?"

"No. Why?"

I ask her to see Blue Velvet. She says "Ok". I tell her not to party all crazy like the last Saturday.

"I don't always do that. Stormy and I just got bored or something, You try to maintain yourself, Mr. Crack a beer at 10AM," Angie teases.

The bartender comes over to whisper in her ear. Angie stands then to excuse herself.

"I've got to go. Someone wants to buy me a drink. Nice meeting you guys," she says to Brian and Clifford.

"See you Sunday, Angie. Don't stand me up."

"Call me here tomorrow or come by again."

Brian and Cliff say "Bye."

We watch her trot off and then the boys turn their accusing eyes at me. I take a drink of my beer.

Finally I say, "What?"

"I thought you weren't going to fuck Kailani over?" Brian asks.

"Who says I am? This chick's just a friend."

"How does she know that you drink when you wake up, Mr. Crack a beer in the AM?" Cliff interrogates.

"She slept over because her roommate kicked her out to be alone with her boyfriend. Nothing happened, I swear."

"Yeah but if you can you'll get in skin with this woman," Brian calls it.

"If you do we're stomping you," Cliff threatens.

"And then tossing you to the Skinheads," Brian adds.

"So what, I'm like married to Kailani now?"

They shrug and look like they actually think it over. I thought Commies didn't believe in the institution of marriage. I guess that Brian and Cliff just care about Kailani's feelings, her being a part of their crew. It kinda makes me feel like a shit, but what am I gonna do? What would they do?

We sit there and nurse our beer while we watch a red headed stripper get naked and shake it. In a short time we finish our drinks and make for the club.

Brian parks on the canal and we hit the liquor store and get a bottle of Thunderbird to share. We drink it on the canal step

below the ground level, avoiding the alley.

On the way to 3D we see a flier on a lightpost on the street announcing a TRO gig next Saturday night on the Falls of Clyde, a ship in the harbor. The Sting Rays are on the bill too. We check it out but ignore it and it bugs me to be left out.

Junior lets us in free and Kyle comps us each a Boilermaker at the bar and we go stand over by the front window of the club looking down at the traffic on the strip. The kids only ½ fill the club tonight. Crazy Charlie spins some Punk and Goth, but breaks it up with an occasional double or triple spin of New Music Dance tunes, like Wham or Modern English. A few small fliers litter the tables and counters for next weeks show.

We stand there discussing what to do to come up with new material again.

Just then 1 of the guys from TRO walks up to us, the guitar player. He wears a black leather jacket and black jeans.

"How you guys doin'?" he asks.

"Good," I respond as Brian and Cliff nod in agreement.

"I'm John , from TRO. I saw you play at Agent Orange. You guys rocked."

"Thanks," I answer, "I'm Paul ."

Cliff and Brian introduce themselves and tell him that people call me Pig Rock.

"I've heard that," John tells us.

"I liked your band from what I saw. Mostly I was in the bathroom painting myself orange but I could hear."

"Listen, I know its kinda short notice, but next Saturday night, my little brother Cary's rented a ship in Honolulu Harbor, The Falls of Clyde, for his 21st birthday party. We're gonna play, and The Sting Rays. We were hoping you guys would play too. I would've asked you sooner, but I didn't know how too get a hold of you."

The guys and I look at each other and shrug.

"What do you think? I'm for it," I say.

"Why not?" Brian says.

"Ok," Cliff agrees.

"Are you guys tight?" John asks.

"We practice at Wizard's every Friday practically, more if we need it," Brian tells him.

"Come with me to the bar and I'll buy you a beer on it," John offers.

We all follow him to the bar and he buys us all a can of brew to seal the deal.

He tells us the details. All the bands use the same set up. They're charging for beer too, so if there's profit, we might get paid. I'm not really worried about it. We all exchange phone

numbers, shake hands, and then take a drink.

So we've got another gig, hassle free. I'm stoked. I hope silently that Mark's got his schedule open.

We rap a little and then John cruises. Me and the guys hang for another hour until Brian says he feels like crashing. I try to decide whether I want a ride home or to go hang out by the Cave and get into more trouble. Finally I tell Brian to just wait for me to get 1 more beer. Kyle makes me a Boilermaker for \$3 and I tank it quick like Speedy Gonzalez before we all jet.

Saturday I work and that night I just stay at home after a run. Me and my roommates just smoke bong, drink beer and watch TV. I don't even get that drunk, because I don't want a hangover for my date with Angie.

In the morning I get up, shower, shave and get dressed in my wing tips, black jeans and a retro patterned white long sleeved button up shirt. I put on just a healthy dose of stick deodorant, but no cologne.

I go down to wait for Angie at 20 to noon. Figure she'll probably be a little late if she doesn't totally blow me off. She drives her MG up like 10 minutes late as I wait in the shade of the carport under the house.

We say "Hi" and I get in the passenger's seat and she turns around in the lot and goes down the short road to the street. She wears old jeans, a plain white t shirt and black cloth Kung Fu shoes. The only make up she wears is black eyeliner. She still stuns, of course.

"How's work been?" I ask.

"Ok. How about for you?"

"Ok. All I can say is that it's healthy at least. I get lots of sun and exercise."

"I get exercise, but not much sun," she laughs.

"How do you keep so tanned?"

"Tanning booth, or lay out at the pool at Stormy's or if I stay at a hotel. Did you go out last night?"

"I just went out to 3D with Brian and Clifford after practice. Did you?"

"I had 1 drink and went home early, not even an Iced Tea, just a Kamikaze."

"We gotta gig on Saturday night."

"You do? That's kinda soon. How'd that you get that?"

I fill her in and by that time we're practically out of the valley by the University.

"Maybe I can take that night off so I can come and see you guys."

I kinda flash that Kailani will return only a couple of days

after the gig and a pang of guilt stabs me where my heart would be if I had 1. Oh well.

Soon we're at the Kapiolani Theatre, just in time for the movie. Angie parks on the street and we go in. I pay for tickets at the booth but there's not even time to ask if she wants candy or pop or anything. In fact when we sit in the sparsely filled theater for the 1st show, the credits already roll.

The movie's pretty wild, more than a film should be. The cinematography, look and feel, the song Blue Velvet and how it ties into the story. Dennis Hopper scares and makes you laugh at the same time. Kyle Mcclanahan's kind of a dink, but work's in the role, I guess. It's nightmarish and actionpacked at the same time.

"Wow, what a trip," Angie says as we walk back out into the sunlight out of the movie like from a tomb.

"I know, huh," I agree, "Fuckin' David Lynch."

"That's the director?"

"Yeah. He did this like horror flick called Eraserhead about 10 years ago on low quality black and white film that made it into art house midnight distribution that made his name. It's about a monster baby. I can't remember or explain it very good, but it's nuts."

We decide that we're hungry and want coffee maybe. Angie knows a café not far down Kapiolani Boulevard towards Waikiki that we walk to.

At Café Lyon, a small 8 table place with a counter and like 6 tables inside and 4 outside, we get onion bagels and cream cheese, double espressos with lots of sugar, and share a chocolate torte that's big and thick like a piece of black cheesecake. We talk about other movies that we like, bands that we like and I tell her about some of my favorite Punk bands that she's never heard of.

"Like my favorite Punk bands are Flipper and The Misfits but they're as different as bands can be. And then again I like bands that aren't even Punk at all. Like I think ZZ Top rules, or The Beach Boys, or Queen. But none of these bands have anything in common at all. Pop music's like that I guess. Whatever it is about the band or music that grabs you, you can't explain it. It just grabs you. For that matter, I really dig way old dinosaurs, like Johnny Cash and Roy Orbison. Those guys are like the hard drugs."

"With ZZ Top, I think it's the beards," she says, "But do you really think that Punk is Pop?"

I think a bit, "I don't know. It's anti pop. Even if it's meant to grate and instigate instead of calm and sell, it's still ABC 4/4. And if you're into it, after a while it doesn't disturb anymore, it just

soothes. Just listen to the Sex Pistols version of My Way by Frank Sinatra," I lecture.

Angie looks at me with her big black eyes, "I gotta hear some of this music you're telling me about. I've heard some Sex Pistols but not My Way."

I have most of my music taped off of the radio from the college station. I have a Flipper tape but then my cassette player ate my Misfits.

After another double espresso, we get up, she pays the check and I leave a tip. I notice that she wears no bra as she turns from the counter towards me. Her small tits make her look like a prepubescent girl, like she's just budding. I can't help comparing her to Kailani and Sharleen, but Angie's lack of cleavage makes her even sexier, maybe because it adds a forbidden quality to her grace and charisma. There's no denying that both my girls are way too sexy, but Angie occupies a class beyond imagining and burns hotter than hell.

As we walk down the street thru the ideal Honolulu day I grab Angie's hand and she lets me. I think that if I can pull this seduction off I'll be graduating from girls to a woman, but it makes me feel like drinking a couple of 5ths of whiskey till I die, too. I'm an asshole, there's no denying. But what can I do? If I can possibly make this woman, I'm gonna make her. I have to.

"What are you thinking about?" Angie asks.

"I've got to call our drummer about the show on Saturday. I hope that he don't have something going on," I lie.

We get to her car and she walks around to the driver's seat and I stand on the other side.

"Do you want a ride home?"

"Yeah, thanks. Do you work tonight?"

"Uh huh. I gotta be there before too long."

"Well come on up. Maybe you got time to smoke a bong or drink a beer," I suggest.

"Yeah maybe."

I open the door and get in. Then we drive back for Manoa.

When we arrive she looks at her watch and decides that she has some time to kill and comes up in the house with me.

As we enter my roomies watch Rugby from New Zealand on cable with the sound turned off and the radio on. The No Wave show plays, which spins the most dissonant least structured examples of dada surreal antimusic anywhere. A high pitched female singer wails over deep booming non percussion, breaking glass, a violin playing wildly out of tune and the sound of an air raid siren and helicopter.

"What is this music?" Angie asks me.

"I don't know who the artist is. It's a Sunday afternoon show on KTUH," I explain.

"It's kinda cool."

I introduce Kat, Jay and Jimmy to Angie and pull us up a couple of kitchen chairs. Soon Jay lights the bong. When it's passed to me I offer it to Angie 1st.

"Maybe just 1. I better not get too baked before work." She takes a small hit.

I do a bong and pass it to Jimmy. We watch teams of Maoris and Tongans smash the hell of each other on the tube, playing ball.

"Rugby's a pretty serious sport," Angie comments.

"Hell of a lot faster than Football," Jay says.

"These guys don't wear any pads either," Kat observes.

Pretty soon the phone rings. Jimmy gets up and gets it.

"Hello?" he says, then "...No he's not." "...I don't know." "...I will, bye." He writes something on the message pad by the phone after he hangs up.

My pulse sorta stops because I instinctively know that it's Kailani.

Angie looks at her watch, "Well Paul, I should be going."

"Ok, I'll walk you down."

Everyone says "Goodbye" and Angie and I walk out and take the stairs down to her car in the parking lot.

"Can I call you at Stormy's?" I ask her.

"I don't even remember the number. I'll give it to you another time. Thanks for the movie, Paul. You're fun" She turns to me.

"Thanks for coming with. Call me, ok?"

"Sure, come see me." She takes my hands.

She leans towards me and I put my hand around her waist and kiss her for a moment on the lips, no tongue. I want to hold her tighter, press the advantage and slip in for a real kiss, but I don't. Somehow, like the night she slept over after the Cave, she has control.

She gets in her sports car and zips off as I watch. Then I go back up.

"Hey Don Juan, that was your girl friend in Phoenix just now on the phone," Jimmy tells me.

"Thanks." I look at the message pad where he's written Kailani's name.

"Hey, Johnny Wadd, are you cheating on Kailani?" Kat asks.

"Angie's just a friend. I haven't even touched her."

"Don't worry. We'll still let you live here after 1 of them

runs you over or wastes your worthless ass," Kat promises, "If you survive."

Ouch. "Gee, thanks Mom. Can I help it if chicks dig me?"

The bong comes my way and I take a big old hit. I think about how I should call Mark, but I feel real tired. I think about calling my Sunshine back, but I feel dead. Instead I watch Rugby on TV and wait for another bong hit. I remember when they wanted Chuck and I to play on the Rugby team at Hawaii Loa, because we ran and they thought we'd be fast. We went and checked out a practice and saw the Hawaiian, Samoan and Tongan cats, all giant Polynesians except for a couple of big Australian and Midwestern boys, run at full speed and waste each other. You could hear their bones crunch on impact. We said "No way, Jose." I mean, a pit looks dangerous from the outside, and you might get bruised and scratched, but not pulverized. It makes me sleepy just thinking about it, or maybe it's the pot. But I go in my room to lie down and take a nap.

I sleep for a couple of hours. When I wake I nuke a cup of old coffee and pour lots of sugar in and drink it down as fast as I can. When I'm awake a little I call Mark. I tell him about the show and he says that he's free that night.

Next I get the number from my wallet and call Kailani's Dad's house in Arizona. The phone rings 4 times and her Dad's answering machine picks up, so I leave her a message, playing Trans-Pacific phone tag with my girlfriend.

I think about going for a run and swim, but don't. Maybe I should do some calisthenics in my room, or crack the Chemistry book. I don't. I should have a day once in a while where I don't do shit, I guess. Instead I just smoke bongs, drink a couple of beers and watch cable. We have a TV party today.

In a couple of hours the phone rings. Kat gets up and answers it before I do.

"Paul, it's for you," Kat tells me.

I get up and grab the receiver, "Hello?"

"Hi Paul," says Kailani.

"Kailani, Howzit?"

"Ok. Where were you earlier when I called?"

"I just took the books to the library to study. I feel more studious there," I lie, "Where did you go?"

"To the mall with my dad."

"Did you buy anything?"

"He bought some shoes. We had brunch. I miss you."

"I miss you too, Sunshine. You'll be back next week."

"What are you doing?" she asks.

"Watching Godzilla Versus the Smog Monster. It's pretty cool. What are you doing?"

"Nothing. I better get off the phone. I don't want to run my Dad's bill up."

"Ok. Thanks for calling."

"Sure, Baby. I love you, Paul," Kailani tells me.

"Yeah, I love you too."

We both hang up and I walk back to my chair in front of the Godzilla movie, wondering if I'll have enough money to catch a plane off the island on payday.

Monday I work and Tuesday I work and have classes until late. Wednesday after work I go to the copy store and use 4 fliers to make more, after I use a marker to put our band on the bill too, and then cut them and take them up to Manoa Gardens to hand out to the Bobos.

"Wow, cool Pig Rock. This will be like a Rock and Roll pirate ship," Ivan says.

I drink another beer before I jet.

Back at the Hilton me and Jimmy watch a female bodybuilding tournament on TV and smoke weed after I take a shower. Jay DJs at the station and Kat's with him I guess.

"Where'd you run into Angie?" Jimmy asks me.

"Mignon, the strip club."

"Should've guessed. She's like the evil spy chick in a Bond flick."

"Yeah, I know. I kinda hope I don't score. That chick's hard drugs, I can tell," I tell him.

"You better sleep with 1 eye open her if you make her."

"Yup."

After 5 or 6 superhero babes I decide I'm tired and go lay down early. I look at the ceiling, numb on pot.

Some time between 1 AM and 2, I hear the phone ring in the livingroom. Normally I would sleep thru it, so it's weird. I get up and get it anyway.

"Manoa Hilton," I say, "Pig Rock speaking."

"Hi Paul, it's Angie. I was wondering if I could come over."

I pinch myself to see if I'm dreaming. Nope, I'm awake, though still groggy.

"Yeah, of course. Come on over."

"Ok. See you in a bit."

"The door's open. Just come in."

We hang up and I turn the TV on with the sound down. Then I realize my clothes are sorta dirty so I go and change into a pair of jeans and a wife beater.

In about 15 minutes or so I hear her car down in the parking lot. I crack the door a little and sit to wait on the couch

again. In a few minutes she walks in wearing her silver coat and holding a black leather travel bag.

"Hi Angie, sit down," I say.

"Hi Paul, did I wake you?" she sits next to me.

"I went to bed early and woke up again. It's ok." I notice she smells like alcohol a little.

I see that her eyes look red, like she's been crying, "Are you all right?"

She shakes her head "Yes."

"You want to smoke a bong or drink a beer."

"Unh uh," she shakes her head "No."

"What's up?"

"Nothing. Stormy needed the studio and I didn't want to go to the Cave alone and I already had a few drinks at work anyway. I need to get my own place. I thought I'd come and bother you."

"You're not bugging me." I hold her hand, "I'm glad you came over."

"What are you watching, reruns?"

"Nothing really, Petticoat Junction."

I get up and walk to the fridge, "I'm gonna have a beer. Sure you don't want 1?"

"I'll have 1, I guess."

I grab us a couple and walk back to her on the couch. Under her coat she wears the black cotton stretch tights, a black t shirt with a flaming dragon cut at the midriff and black pumps. She still has a lot of make up on from work but looks sad.

"You seem kinda like you're bummin'," I tell her.

"I just got a little drunk. A couple of the girls and I were talking in the dressing room, you know. I've just been thinking about what a mess I've made of my life."

"How?"

"My marriage. My family. Look at me. I'm a stripper and only my brother Franky will talk to me anymore. I wanted to be a dancer, on Broadway. I just need to pull it all back together."

"Maybe you're not on Broadway, but you're an amazing dancer. You blow all the others away, for real," I say.

She looks at me, "Thanks," she says ½ heartedly and puts her head on my shoulder.

"Look at me. Everyone in my class graduated already. My family's bummed on me too. I'm making shit money, landscaping. About the only thing going right is the band, and were struggling to write songs and I'll probably have to find another drummer and don't know how long Brian and Cliff are gonna stay interested."

Angie twists her eyebrows a little. "Really, why?"

"They're Revolutionaries and think that I'm just a wastoid, I think."

I slip my arm around her shoulder and she stays cuddled against my neck.

"I like you, Paul. You're sweet."

"I like you too." I kiss her forehead.

We sit there like that for 10 minutes or so, quiet, just up against each other's warm bodies. I want to make a move, but I'm frozen, still in awe of her.

"Why don't we lay down? You can sleep here, like the other night," I suggest.

"Maybe I better not," she says after a minute.

"Trust me. You know I'll be good."

"Maybe I won't, and I can't afford to start anything with anyone right now."

Fucking chicks always gotta make everything so god damned complicated.

"Don't worry, Baby. You already said that you don't have anywhere else to go. We'll just go to sleep, promise," I persuade.

She shrugs, "Ok."

I stand and take her by the hand. She grabs her bag and I lead her to my room, shutting the TV off on the way.

I take my shirt off and she kicks her heels off. We lie down and I pull the sheet over us, me on my back while she puts her head on my chest with my arm around her. I resolve to not even make any kind of move until I can't stand it. She has all of the yank.

I listen to the crickets outside in the dark. Soon feeling her body against mine gives me a boner, but I keep my hands to myself and even start to doze off. Then she starts to kiss my neck. I let her then reciprocate and soon we kiss on the lips, and after that we flick tongues. Soon our hands roam all over each other's bodies and our mouths get all hungry and crazy. She climbs on top of me, straddling my groin and squirming on my bone. But she makes all the moves. I'm the tune and she plays me.

Angie sits up and pulls her top off. In the moonlight thru the window she looks like a dark angel and leaves me dizzy. I run my hands over her stomach and chest and cup her small breasts and feel her erect nipples. She falls on me and we kiss again, tongues tangling almost breathlessly.

She bounces her ass and thighs off of me and I finally make a move, pulling a switch. I slither on top of her and we hump and kiss. I dry hump her into my mattress like that for a while until I slide my fingers under her tights and panties. My

boner aches as I grind up against her pelvis as I get my fingers all wet and sticky.

In a while I pull back and grab the top of her tights, starting to pull them off. Angie sits up and puts her arms against my shoulders to stop me.

"Don't, Paul. I don't want to go all the way with you."

"We won't. I just want to look at you," I lie, back in full dog form.

She pushes me back harder, "Really, Sweetie. I just can't right now."

I retreat and sigh, "Ok."

I lie back on her and put my head on her shoulder and kiss her neck. I run my fingers gently up and down her torso and press my hard cock against her thigh.

"Oh fuck it!" Angie whispers.

I feel her grab the top of her tights and start to slip them off. She leaves her g string on. I slide down her covering her chest and stomach with kisses.

I pull her yellow panties off and raise myself for a bit to look at her naked and check out her pussy Mohawk, as I slide my pants off. I unbutton my pants as I kiss Angie's pussy and start to tongue her. After I get my tongue in I slip back to look at her brown snatch before I start to do her more. I get my other hand underneath her ass and squeeze, pulling her sex into my face tight, drunk on love. I do her like that for some time, my knees on the carpet my dong pressed against her leg, and want to stay like that forever.

But then she pushes me off of her and tells me to lay back and takes a hold of my cock with her blue painted fingernails. She licks up and down my dick and puts the tip in her mouth. I watch her down there between my legs, but I hold back, barely.

When I can't stand it no more I push her back and tell her to wait while I get a condom.

"No Paul," she wiggles back, "I don't want to fuck."

"I'll get protection, it'll be good, promise."

"It's not that. I just can't yet."

I can see somehow she's right. Though this seems like it's taking a long time, it still feels like too much too soon. I give up and lie back and Angie rests on top of me.

"I like you a lot Angie, too much maybe," I whisper.

"I know, me too."

I'm dizzy there, holding her. I nod off then, holding the most precious creature ever.

In the morning I wake. Angie has her arms around me. I stretch my neck to see the clock, which says that I'm 5 minutes

behind for work. I try to sneak out of her arms, but can't without waking her. When she opens her eyes I see that sometime last night she washed her make up off. I'm still naked, but she's got her tights and t shirt on. I pull the sheet off and sit up.

"Sorry, Babe. I'm late for work." I get out of bed.

I hurry, put my work clothes on and grab my wallet and moped key. Angie sits up and rubs the sleep out of her eyes.

"Go back to sleep. I'll make a fresh pot of coffee so you can have a cup when you wake up. Don' worry about my roomies, they're cool if they're even here," I explain.

"You're going?"

"I've got to. I gotta work."

"Come by Mignon later."

"I will after 10. I have class till then."

I kneel on the bed by her and we kiss a real kiss and she holds on to me for a minute.

We say "Later."

I rush to Ron's. After work I go to class dirty. Then I go home to shower. After I dress I ride to see Angie at the club.

In the club I look around for Angie. I don't see her anywhere but slink away from the bar to stall having to buy a beer as long as I can. I stand on the far wall away from the bar where I can see the dressing room door. A long haired brunette in a black nightie dances onstage to Walk This Way by Aerosmith. It looks like she has fake tits but at this distance I can't tell.

A middle aged bony Korean waitress nails me finally, "What you drink?"

"Bud."

I follow her to the bar so that I can get it myself to avoid tipping her. She gives me a dirty look as she orders for me and exchanges harsh sounding words in Korean with the bartender, who I fork over 3 bones to when she opens my beer. I decide, fuck it, and sit at the bar, as long as they both hate me for being a cheapskate. The waitress walks off then.

Angie walks up next to me and we greet each other low key, like we're buds. We talk about our days and the gig she wants to see on Saturday as the mean bartender watches us.

I feel like hugging and kissing Angie, but it's probably not a good idea at her work. Plus I'm mixed up about other things. I suddenly feel exhausted and take another drink.

"You look kind of tired," she tells me.

"I am. I just came by to say 'Hi'. You can come by my place tonight or tomorrow night after work or even after you go out. If you call and nobody answers, the door to the Hilton is always open, just come in my bedroom and wake me up."

"Ok. I should get to work now anyway."

I finish my beer, "Can you walk me out to my moped?"
"Yeah."

I leave the empty bottle on the bar and we both exit. We walk around the club into the parking lot and we put our arms around each other.

"Did you remember your number at Stormy's?" I ask her.
"Nope. I'll call you or leave it with 1 of your roommates."

I have a flier folded in my back pocket and pull it out for her. "I'll be home for sure Saturday between 5:30 and 7:30 if you want to call or just show up. Otherwise, just show up at the ship. I'll put you on the guest list."

"I'll talk to you before then," she tells me.

Then I kiss her and from the way she kisses me back I know this is more than just a fling. I watch her run back into Mignon and then start the moped and ride back for the Hilton, blocking the thought of Kailani out of my mind.

I have a hard time going to sleep when I go to bed. Then I wake at 2 and then at 3, and both times I lay awake waiting, but Angie doesn't show up.

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When I get home I climb the stairs bone tired under the porch light, which cuts the night. Jimmy and Kat watch MASH on cable. I look at the message pad by the phone and then grab a beer from the fridge.

"She hasn't called," he says.

"Who?" I ask.

"Whoever."

"Fuck you."

Later under my sheet I think about the last few weeks. Kailani comes back in a few days. I think about what a slut I've become. I feel like I'm in an Elvis movie drowning in pussy. I kinda don't know what to do.

I wake later to take a piss and check the message pad, no call from Angie.

Me and Ron mow lawns and do maintenance on Saturday, just another day in paradise.

"You've been kind of quiet lately, Paul. What's going on?"
Ron asks.

"Classes, I gotta gig tonight, girl problems, you know."

"Yeah, I know. I've heard that to be a good clown you've got to know how to juggle."

I snort at Ron's joke, even though it's true. We finish up the route and I ride back home.

I don't even know what I'm gonna wear, or not wear, or if I'll even spit fire. I may not do any tricks, and just sing this gig straight, without gimmicks, or I may pull out all the stops and think up some new stunts.

I shower, shave and get dressed in thrashed clothes. Then I make sure I have all my tricks and bring my jock strap just in case. I look at the message pad but Angie hasn't called.

Maybe it's best if she doesn't show.

I go down to the parking lot to wait for Brian. A few minutes later Brian drives up, right on time.

I get in the car and we take off to pick up Mark at the mall. We all wear our leather.

"Howzit boys?" I ask them.

They both say "Howzit?"

We all know that TRO headlines.

"Maybe we have to wrestle The 'Rays over who goes 2nd," Cliff jokes.

We get to Ala Moana and pick up Mark in like 10 minutes. Brian goes north on the Boulevard and we head towards the harbor right under the skyscrapers of downtown.

About 25 ships sit anchored at the docks. The Falls of Clyde stands apart, permanently fixed and unique. Built in the 19th century, it operates as a landmark or tourist attraction. The other boats actually sail and function, constructed within the last few decades. I look at its antique masts and hulls. It seems like a pirate ship. Its deck can't hold more than 100 people at the most.

The Aloha Tower, another monument that looks like 100 years old, rises like 10 stories above the harbor. At the top of the cream colored spire is a clock face, marked with roman numerals. We park in the lot under the tower and take our gear to the Falls.

We walk up the gangplank. The singer from TRO sits on a stool at the threshold of the ship, in jeans and a Circle Jerks t shirt.

"How you doin'?" I ask him, "We're God Dog. We're s'posed to play tonight, I guess."

"Yeah, right on. Come aboard, mates," he says, "I'm Steve."

We introduce ourselves and he points us to the stage. No stage actually exists. At the front the deck rises up a step. The PA, amps and drums stand set up already, and conform wide to the shape of the prow and face in. I notice that a slight roll rocks the floor gently.

John Olsen, in black jeans and a plain white v neck t shirt, holds a plastic 12 oz cup of beer and studies the sound board. He sees us and walks over.

"Was'up boys? Wanna beer?" he asks.

We all look at each other.

"Shoots," I shrug.

We set our stuff down and John leads us to the bridge toward the back center of the deck, in which a keg sits behind a table where a stack of cups rests. He grabs us 4 and pours us each a beer. We all head back to the stage just to hang, I guess, because everything seems pretty much set up.

"How many people are you expecting?" Brian asks.

"Fuck. I don't know," John answers.

"This is a rad place to gig, but it seems kinda tight," I observe.

"It's meant just to be a party, but if the whole scene comes, we might have to turn people away," John tells us.

"You have like a guest list? I got like this chick that might come to see us," I tell him.

"Did you tell her to bring some of her stripper friends?" Brian asks.

"I don't even know if she's coming, dude," I say.

"We've got a guest list. Just hang out by the gangplank though, to make sure."

I nod. Just then I see Benjy and the other 3 Sting Rays walk up from the parking lot. They carry their stuff and wear their leather.

I decide to just bring the main question up as they walk up the gangplank, "John, we figured you guys would play last. Who plays 2nd and who plays 1st?"

"I don't know. Maybe you can flip a coin or something."

The 'Rays come on board the Falls and TRO's singer signals them over. After we greet each other and John gets them a beer, Benjy actually brings it up before anybody else does.

"So how's this gonna work? Who plays when?" he asks.

"If the show gets shut down by the pigs again, maybe we wanna go 1st," Brian considers.

"Let's just flip for 2nd," I say.

"Sounds good," Benjy agrees.

The other Sting Rays shrug or nod. I pull a ¼ out of my pocket.

"I'll flip and you call it," I suggest.

"Ok," Benjy says.

I flip the coin high, catch it in my palm and cover it with my hand.

"Uhm, tails," Benjy guesses.

I take my hand off my palm to reveal the coin. It shows heads. Benjy rolls his eyes and cocks his head and the other 'Rays shake their heads a little in disappointment. I don't show

any pleased gesture and sense none from the guys, though I'm not looking at them.

So we go 2nd. I'm stoked. If the pigs squash the gig, I almost hope that they do it during our set. It feels like a badass badge to be busted.

Everyone just hangs for now and drinks beer. The sun sinks towards the horizon in the blue Pacific. I try to go slow so that I don't get too cut by the time we play. The Sting Rays start to sound check pretty soon.

The crowd starts to arrive soon after. I figure we'll just sound check before our set. They charge \$3 to come on the ship and \$1 for a beer. Pretty much the same crowd that frequents 3D comes. I figure the club must be dead action tonight. It's not long before the deck starts to get maxed out.

"This is like a Punk club on the high seas," Cliff observes.

"Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum," I agree.

"Someone should've raised the Jolly Roger," Brian laments.

"I left my eye patch at home," Mark says.

I notice that a big young long haired Hawaiian dude has taken over the post on the stool on the deck at the end of the gangplank. John Olsen or TRO's singer seems to advise him on who or who not to let aboard. Mostly Punks and Mods get in the gate. Mostly the Trendies and New Wavers don't make it onboard and stand on the dock.

As The Sting Rays make noise like they're ready to start, I find the restroom, take off my pants and put the jock strap and pants back on, just in case. Then I hang by the gangplank and keep an eye towards the parking lot hoping maybe Angie will still show.

Jimmy and Janine squirm their way to the front of the line as John Olsen wanders by to check things out. The big Local holds them back.

"John, do me a favor and tell the door guy to let my roomy and his girl on."

"For sure." John says something to him.

The Local lets Jimmy and Janine on. I thank John and me Jimmy and Janine all greet each other.

"They're selling beers for a buck back in the bridge," I tell them.

"Right on," Jimmy replies.

I see the Local let Sid on board without paying cover after exchanging "Howzits". She notices me and smiles a mean smile before looking away.

John leaves and I guess Jimmy and Janine go to get a beer. This suddenly seems like a crazy set up, but then again, no

more insane than a million plus people on an island the size of Oahu in the middle of the ocean.

I nurse my beer but soon I hold my cup empty. I think of going for a refill, but instead I wait for her. More people crowd onto the Falls. The 'Rays rip into their 1st song.

Darkness falls. The band does their standards. I sing along to *Scream Queen* in my skull as I keep an eye peeled towards shore, because I like the song.

Clifford comes by, "The guys were just wondering where you were."

"I'm just hanging, watching people."

"You waiting for someone?"

"Yeah."

"Who you waiting for?"

"Just some chick."

Cliff smiles, "You're waiting for that stripper, huh?"

"Yup."

"Come up with us next to the stage in a couple few songs."

"All right," I tell him.

Cliff walks off. I pull my eye pencil from my bag and do my eyes then. The *Sting Rays* go thru another song as I smear the excess, blind, out from my eyelids. I look up and Angie and another small dark chick walk up toward the gate. They both wear long black jackets and I notice Angie has less make up on than if she were going to work at *Mignon*. They both look like hotties.

"Hi, Paul," Angie says.

"Angie!"

At 1st the Moke doorman wonders if he should let them on. I lobby for them and he looks up, shrugs and does. He simply follows the universal law that hot females get in the door, I figure. Angie's name is on the guest list, so she gets on free, but her friend has to pay.

"You're putting on eye makeup, huh?" Angie asks.

"Yup, I might put more on. I don't know yet."

Angie introduces me to Doreen, another dancer, I guess. I tell them both where to get beer and figure I'm running out of time, when I notice Ivan, Stan and 3 more Bobos getting jammed by the door guy.

"Hey Pig Rock! Get us aboard!" Ivan yells at me.

"I'll see what I can do guys," I promise.

I know I don't have enough yank to get them on as they ask me to put a word in, and I can't find John anywhere. People pack the deck by now.

"This is quite a shin dig," Angie comments.

"Yup," I agree.

I see TROs singer and petition him to get the Bobos on board. At 1st he doesn't want to.

"Come on dude. These people are my most loyal supporters, even from the Battery Club days. Help me out here, brah," I plead.

He does and I get the Bobos on. I probably only have 2 or 3 more Sting Rays songs before we do sound check and play. I walk Angie and Doreen back to the keg to get us some beers. They both look around at the ship and Punk/Freak show as we go.

"Listen Angie, I've gotta get ready to play 'cause we're gonna go right on. So just have a beer and I'll talk to you guys after the set. Ok?" I ask as we go in and I grab us beers from a skinny unshaved Punker.

"Yeah, sure Baby. I'll talk to you after your set."

"Ok." I give her a kiss and then run out to the deck and motion to Mark, Brian and Cliff to wait just a couple more minutes as The 'Rays play on.

I wait for someone to get out of the bathroom, then just tell myself, fuck it, and fish the bottle of red food coloring out of my bag, take my leather and shirt off and pour it on all over my body and face in streams and drips, like blood. People watch as they buy beer. I tank mine down in like 3 swallows. I'm ready and rush out to join my crew. I put my shirt back on, grab my jacket and bag and run out by the stage and find my partners.

I've got a set list somewhere in my bag, but we've all got it pretty much memorized by now. The pit's become more frenzied chaos, not a circle dance yet, but just Punks throwing themselves against each other wildly. I reach down in my bag to make sure I have my bottle of isopropyl alcohol and a lighter. All of us in Dog God nod at each other, Brian and Cliff with their axe cases and Mark with his backpack that I know holds his drumsticks. Soon The Sting Rays play their last song.

"Thanks. Fuck you very much. Stay tuned for God Dog and TRO," Benjy tells the audience.

The crowd roars. The 'Rays break down and then we plug in. It doesn't take us long to sound check because the levels stay pretty much the same from the last band. John nods to us from behind the board and I give him a thumbs-up back.

Though I thought I might do this gig with no gimmicks, I pull out all the stops and use all my tricks. Maybe I'm showing off for my new Love. I twist, shimmy, shake, writhe and stare the audience down, as usual. The crowd responds. They pogo and slam whole heartedly. I notice the Bobos jump around gleefully, screaming their signature cheer. I spit fire to Pig Rock, strip down to my jockstrap, looking all bloodstained, and flame on twice

during Spell On You. The spectators laugh and cheer, entertained.

A group of 5 or 6 Skins jump into Play That Funky Music. Even though it's a fast funk beat, the pit slams in a circle, in like a rhythmic stomp. I'm out of breath and dizzy, but scream the lyrics harder from deeper in the pit of my gut. My sweat flows off of me in streams. During a break between the chorus and verse I jump up off of the stage, only like a 4 inch rise from the floor, and do a flip into the pit, and land on my knees. Crouched, I sing the verse, stand again, face down the crowd and stand shaking in my jock strap all covered in fake blood. With my legs wide I arch my back quick and throw my head back.

“... and play that funky music
till you DIE!!!!”

The crowd knows it's our last song, from my body language, I guess. They erupt. I'm high on their smiles and expressions of approval. I write songs and sing for this. I admit it. I'm a glory pig. I look back at the boys. Mark smiles a little, Brian and Cliff nod slightly, all cool in their leather. I look around and find them before I put my pants back on.

I wait for the air to cool me and go for another beer, still sucking oxygen up in gulps. The bartender has a roll of paper towels and I ask him for some to wipe down with. When I'm not dripping anymore, I put my shirt back on. Brian Mark and Cliff follow me into the bridge and make for the beer table.

“Right on guys. Good gig.”

“Dude, your like possessed by Wily Coyote, I think,”
Brian says.

“No, you mean Speedy Gonzalez,” Mark says.

“You're both wrong, it's Tasmanian Devil,” Cliff corrects.

“Some wild insane cartoon maniac. The 1 that flies around like in a tornado, smashing everything,” Brian states.

“Yeah, that's the 1, Taz,” I tell them.

When they all get beers and I get another 1 in between the other beer drinkers, we wander out to the deck. TRO finally starts to make noise on the set up, in no hurry because they know that nobody's going nowhere. Angie and Doreen walk up. Angie wears a wife beater, tight black jeans under her coat and pumps. Doreen wears tight thrashed blue jeans beneath her coat, and the dragon t shirt I saw Angie wear another night. I also notice that she looks Mulatto. She cuts her curly hair short, slicked back, almost like a man's, but the tip of her hair looks bleached white yellow, on dark black roots.

"Wow, Paul. This whole party's crazy, but you are wild," Angie says.

"Thanks, I think."

"No, I mean it dude. You put on quite a show. I've never seen anything like it. I'm impressed." She holds my hands.

"Aw shucks."

"Good show, for real, dude," Doreen tells me.

I introduce Doreen to the guys and Angie to Mark too, who actually has to leave to catch the last bus to Kaneohe from downtown, within walking distance. I see the crowd wait expectantly for TRO to begin. We stand against the outside wall of the bridge, facing the stage. I feel exhausted, finally at the end of a long week. I take inventory. It's 5 work shifts, 4 classes, a practice, a bunch of womanizing, lots of sit ups, push ups and some running and jerking off and passing out fliers and drinking. No wonder I'm crazy.

Angie leans up against me, still holding my hand, "You did a flip!" she tells me gleefully in my ear like it's a secret.

"I did?"

"You're a nut."

Now that I've cooled down, I put my leather back on and hold Angie's hand again. I wonder where Janine is.

TRO attacks into their 1st song, a cover, Johnny Hung Himself by DRI. It's slow, for a Hardcore song, but it ignites the pit immediately. I can feel the boat rock harder from the dancefloor action.

The band writes most of its own songs. They do the Beach Boys cover, Hawaii, fast and hard. It rocks. I watch their set, finally able to check these guys out in a relaxed normal situation.

From the size and ferocity of the pit, it's clear that TRO have become champs of the Local Hardcore scene in a short time already. In a way, I'm envious. But Dog God ain't really like a formula Hardcore band. The audience digs us for us. Plus we have fans who aren't classic Punks. So it's like comparing a banana and a mango. Me, Brian and Cliff jump into the pit for a couple of songs toward the end of the set. After that I take a break until the set ends.

As the band breaks down somebody plays a Misfits tape thru the sound system. I'm content to just hang out and drink beer. Probably that's what my bandmates want to do. Brian talks with Doreen a little, who seems typically inscrutable towards him.

I notice Cliff and Sid holding hands looking into each other's eyes as he leans against the inside edge of the ship.

"Are you gonna hang out here, Paul?" Angie asks after a while.

"I don't know. What are you thinking?"

"Me and Doreen were trying to think of somewhere to get something to drink besides beer."

I realize that it's probably past midnight, but that 3D is probably empty, which would be cool, and that even the Cave wouldn't be crowded yet, though it's for dweebs. Thunderbird maybe? Nah.

"Maybe there's some normal bar around that's not a night club too," I suggest.

"I know some place about ½ way between here and Ala Moana along the Boulevard," Angie tells me. "The White Tiger."

"I think I remember the sign," I tell her.

"It's like a hostess bar, with no dancers. They don't hassle you if you just want to drink. They have a Karaoke machine."

"Cool," I say, "Maybe that's what I need. Who needs a band?"

"Probably just your speed, dude," Brian approves.

Everybody just hangs out and drinks beer. It's too bad I didn't just get some wine or vodka or something. Oh well.

Brian seems unreadable but I know he's torn between coming with us to maybe hit on Doreen or free beer. Plus, he's Cliff's ride.

I tell the guys "Later" and leave them in charge of grabbing our cut. I trust them, but I don't know if TRO made any money. I know what a PA costs to rent, but don't know how much beer they sold and know that they only sold a finite amount of tickets. Renting this boat could have been way expensive too.

Just as we leave a thin Punk, in jeans a t shirt and his head wrapped pirate style in a red bandana yells out, "Party Hardy mates!" and jumps from the top of the mast into the water.

"Happy birthday Cary!" John yells back from the deck.

Doreen, Angie and I walk to her car, a 2 seater. I try to figure out how to handle the dilemma.

"I could just get a cab and meet you 2, or walk. It's not that far," I offer.

"Nonsense. Just have Doreen sit on your lap. Like you said, it's not that far," Angie instructs.

"The cops could bust you."

"The cops never bust me for anything," Angie snickers.

"Yeah, I bet," I say.

We arrive in minutes without incident. The small bar seems relaxed for a Saturday night. In a small brick building on a long block between 2 big warehouses, it has about 10 tables and a bar inside, and gold screens and moldings trim the place. Paper lanterns covering electric lights dimly illuminate the place. The

female bartender and few hostesses, who all sit with customers, are all of some Asian nationality, except for 1 Caucasian customer. Most everybody seems at least to be in their late 30s. Any 1 of them who look at me gives me the once over for the total freak that I am, but then shrug it off. As long as I buy a drink or 2, I guess.

"This is cool," I tell Angie and Doreen.

1 of the hostesses sings The Do Ron Ron on the Karaoke machine. Scenes of a big old car driving along a freeway play on a big video screen.

We go up to the bar to order drinks. The girls each get a glass of red wine and a Kamikaze. I get a Boilermaker for \$5. Angie tips the bartender and we all take our drinks and find a table

I see from a clock behind the bar that it's already ¼ to 1. We seem the youngest people in the bar and slightly misplaced, but nobody notices us or gives us any heat.

"Thanks for taking tonight off and coming to check us out," I tell Angie.

"My pleasure. I wouldn't have missed it," she replies.

They both ask me about how and when I started singing in bands. I tell them about Battery Club, when me, Chuck and Dirk started just playing and writing songs a few years ago at Hawaii Loa, with Chuck on an acoustic guitar with Dirk on a harmonica, and how we did the college talent show. Then we started talking to Reggie of The Rattles and actually crashed a gig of theirs and then played 3D, and recorded Pig Rot and the rest of our set at KTUH. I tell them about how Cliff and Brian started with me and we brought Mark in again. They can't believe we've only been a band for like 4 or 5 months.

"You really know how to work a crowd, Paul," Angie says.

"Thanks. I gotta think up some new tricks, though. I hope my act isn't getting tired," I reply.

They both say that they don't think so. They toss back their Kamikazes and chase them with wine.

"So do you work with Angie at Mignon?" I ask Doreen.

"Sometimes. I bounce from club to club. This week I'm at Femme Nu," she answers.

They sip their wine and I've already drunk like ½ my drink. I totally want to go slow for the rest of the night, though.

I listen to them talk and find out that Doreen's from San Diego, and also estranged but still married to a psycho husband. She's been on the island for about a year. They talk about being stalked by their spouses, and also customers that become obsessed with them, an occupational hazard I guess, especially when these guys buy them expensive drinks and then the

strippers don't put out. From their conversation it seems these bar owners, Korean dragon ladies mostly, have a hustle where the chumps buy a bottle of champagne for the girl for \$150, and supposedly get a blowjob in the deal. But most of the dancers aren't willing to do it. Everyone always throws you a curveball and you always gotta get by with a squeeze play, I guess.

"You always claw and scratch tooth and nail by the skin of your teeth and make it by the hair of your chinny chin chin," I point out.

"Sounds like a song," Angie observes.

"I'm gonna write it down." I dig my pen and pad from out of my bag.

Doreen gets up for the restroom. Angie finishes her wine and I finish my beer.

"You want to go to the Cave tonight?" she asks.

"Look at me. I need a shower," I say, hoping she'll come home with me, "We should do something tomorrow, like go bowling or roller skating or something."

"We could go to the beach, or just the mall and window shop. Let's get another drink. Do you want another Boilermaker?" she asks.

"Yeah, that wouldn't hurt my feelings. Maybe just a beer, I guess."

Angie smiles and Doreen comes back. They both decide to get another Kamikaze and I offer to go and get the order from the bar. Angie agrees and slides me a \$20. I get up and buy the drinks from the bartender, tipping her a buck from the change, and return to our table. Angie tells Doreen that she's gotta see Blue Velvet when I sit with the drinks and give Angie her change.

I take a couple of drinks before the chicks knock their shots back, so I'm not left with a whole beer to swallow, and then 1 to catch up. It's already close to 1:30 by this time.

Doreen wants to go out but Angie says she should drive me home at least.

Doreen thinks for a bit, "You know what, I'll just take a cab. Just meet me at the Cave later if you want."

I'm stoked. I finish the rest of my beer and I guess we're ready to go. The bartender thanks us as we walk out and the girls tell her "You're welcome."

We have to wait with Doreen 5 or 10 minutes before a cab drives by. The girls hug and say "Goodbye" and I tell Doreen it was nice meeting her. Then me and Angie get into her MG and she drives back up to the Hilton in Manoa.

When she pulls into the parking lot though she doesn't turn her engine off. I'm confused.

"Aren't you gonna come up?" I ask.

She turns her engine off and looks at me hard, "Paul, I really like you a lot, way lots. But I'm fucked up. My husband really hurt me. I haven't really been with anybody else since him. This is just going too fast too soon with you, Paul. I just a little scared, that's all "

I think it over quick, not knowing if I should believe it. A stripper who doesn't have sex with anyone seems nuts.

"Come on up, Baby. I'm not gonna make you do anything that you don't want to. You're not gonna cut me in my sleep, are you?" I implore.

"I don't think so. But if I were you, I'd sleep with 1 eye open." She looks at me seriously for a minute then laughs suddenly.

I open the door and step out, "Come on."

She opens her door. I grab my bag and we go up. We enter the empty livingroom. I turn the radio on low and the TV with the sound off to some National Geographic documentary about big African cats.

I offer her a beer but she doesn't want 1. We sit on the couch and I fill the bong. I take a few hits but she only smokes a couple.

I start to kiss her, but she doesn't seem all the way into it. I sit back and she puts her arms around my body and lies against me, limp, breathing against my neck. It starts to make me horny but I decide not to make a move.

After a while she starts to kiss my neck and slides her hand under my t shirt. I respond by lightly stroking her face, neck and hair. Then she kisses me. And soon we French slowly, until it gets faster and wilder. As soon as I think of climbing on top of her, she gets up on me, and we start to dry hump, kissing. Angie strokes my cock thru my jeans. It gets pretty hot pretty fast. I push her off of me in a minute.

"I better take a shower, Angie."

"I want you all dirty like this," she says.

We make out some more, squirming and writhing, feeling and grabbing onto 1 another.

"Take me in your room, Baby," she tells me.

We get up. I turn the radio and TV off and lead her into my space, shutting the door behind us. We stand there and kiss, getting undressed.

I look at her in the moonlight from thru the window. I realize that except for her hips, ass and little girl tits, she has a build a lot like me. Her stomach muscles show a little more than mine even. I may have a little more muscles, but not much. I'm an inch or so taller than her, but only 10 or 15 pounds heavier. I've

never been as blown away by anyone. I feel pretty lucky, like I'm in a dream.

I pull her red g string off and go down on her. I go off. She sucks me off too at the same time after a while. I push her off and just do her so I don't lose it, and finger bang her at the same time.

She jumps up on me and tries to get me inside of her soon. I push her off of me.

"Wait. Let me get a rubber," I say.

"Hurry, I can't wait."

I find 1 in my drawer, take it out of the packet and slide it on. I eat her out a little more and crawl on top of her and put myself inside.

I fuck her from the front, the back, sideways, backwards and inside out, lasting as long as I can, feeling her come when my fingers are in her too. When I'm finished we do it again. And then we do it again.

Finally, when dawn cracks the darkness, we fall asleep in each other's arms.

When we wake, she smiles at me. I smile back and run my fingers thru her hair.

"Morning baby," she says.

"Morning. It's after noon already."

"You ravished me last night, Love."

"You destroyed me. You're not getting rid of me now," I laugh.

I finally get up and take that shower I've needed.

I come back in the room and start to kiss Angie again. It starts to get hot and heavy, but I'm out of condoms, so we stop.

We get dressed. I put on a black pair of jeans and a wife beater. Angie puts on her clothes from last night.

"I should go by Stormy's and get a change of clothes," Angie says.

"Don't worry about it. You look great. Take a shower if you want. Use this towel." I grab her 1 from the closet.

She goes into the bathroom and cleans up while I go and pour us 2 cups of coffee from the coffeemaker. Jay and Kat look at me accusingly and shake their heads.

"What?" I mime.

Jay smiles after a bit, still shaking his head. Even Kat cracks a smile a little, though she points her finger at me. I add sugar to both cups and wait for Angie to join me.

Her wet hair looks slick and she wears a little fresh make up. I nuke the coffee, which has gotten a little cold. We drink it in the kitchen.

"What do you want to do?" I ask.

"Let's get something to eat. I'm hungry. Aren't you?"

“Yeah.”

We finish our coffee, say “Later” to Jay and Kat and jet. The sun blazes cool and high in the blue sky when we get in Angie’s car.

She drives us down to Denny’s at the edge of Waiks and treats me to lunch. I have a double cheeseburger and coke and she has a club sandwich and water.

Next we go to the mall and walk around thru stores looking at stuff. We check out Liberty House and 1st go to the sporting goods department to see the exercise equipment. When we pass thru the Women’s department Angie finds a Cats t shirt that she wants. She decides on a dark blue 1, medium, for \$14.99. It seems like a lot for a t shirt, but she can afford it, I guess. She pays for it at the cash register from a teenaged Japanese chick in a Liberty House shirt and then we walk out of the store.

“Have you heard the Cats sound track, Paul?”

“No, I’ve heard of the musical on Broadway. That’s all.”

“I have the soundtrack. My dance teacher, Simon, showed us the video. I love Cats. I wish they’d do a production in town. I totally want to be in it.”

“Cool,” I say.

We go across the street from the mall to Tower records to look at music after that. They don’t really have much Underground or Punk. I check out some New Wave records and tapes that I might want if I had a lot of cash, like Talking Heads or Devo, maybe. I look at the Folsom Prison Blues LP in the vinyl section. Pretty soon though, Angie has to take me home. She’s gotta work soon.

We go back to her car in the mall parking lot and get in. Angie drives me back up to the Hilton.

In the lot I lean over and grab her and we kiss a long 1. I hold her tight to me, tighter, feeling her warm flesh and pulse. I start to get a hard on and I pull her against it. In the car it’s a tight squeeze.

I come up for air, “Can you come up for a little while?”

“I don’t have time, Baby. I’ve gotta get ready for work.”

I sigh, “Ok.”

We kiss again. I hold on and don’t let go, until she pushes me off and laughs.

“Come and see me at work tonight,” she instructs.

“I will. Bye bye, Angie”

“Bye Paul, I had fun.”

“Me too.” I give her a little kiss again and get out of the car.

She waves and I watch her cruise the MG down the road.

I feel like I walk on the clouds for a minute. Then I remember the situation, and I plummet for the ground, a mile down. Kailani comes home tomorrow.

18

That day I run and work out, just to put things out of my mind. I feel like going to the bookstore, just to get something to block everything out of my mind, but end up just reading farther ahead in my Buddhism text in my room. Interesting stuff. I come out in the living room, and Kat cooks something. I actually crack the Chemistry text and study that. I essentially understand the theory part, but not formulas. I'm definitely going to need a basic algebra book.

When I can't handle math anymore, I sit with the roomies and watch TV while we listen to the radio, the Speed Metal show, a new phenom.

I crack a beer and watch a Hawaii 5'O rerun. Jay and Kat ask how the gig went.

"Fine," I say, "But we can't write songs fast enough, or even learn covers."

"Why do you gotta write more songs?" Jay asks, "You already got a fat set. God Dog hasn't even been a band that long."

"Yeah, but on this island, it's always the same audience at the same club. The pirate ship last night was cool, but the crowd was even more exclusive. They weren't even gonna let Jimmy on. I can't keep on doing the same tricks, spitting fire, stripping down to my jock. It's already getting old. And then when I don't, the audience screams 'Fireball!'"

Nobody says anything for a minute until Jimmy offers, "Take a break. Play a show or 3 straight, with no theatrics."

"I thought of that already. I had to put on a show last night. Angie finally showed."

"She did? I never noticed," Jimmy says.

I'm stoked. Probably Janine didn't see her either. But regardless, unless Angie dumps me like a hot potato, I'm going to have to end it with Kailani soon, which kills me. I can't juggle both chicks. One of them will murder me.

Hawaii 5'O ends and Beretta starts. I don't know the bands on the radio and am not really paying attention to the DJ. I get up and crack another beer.

"Maybe me and the fellas should just go to the Mainland and tour," I dream out loud.

"You guys need a demo tape to send to Punk clubs," Kat says.

I consider this, "That Battery Club KTUH Live show came out pretty good. Do you think Dog God could do 1?"

Jimmy, Jay and Kat all look at 1 another.

"I think we could set that up," Jay says, "It might be a little while. We're booked for the next month or so."

"Check into it, brah. Let me know."

After I finish the beer I ride down and see Angie at Mignon. I walk in and look around for her and see her close to the bar dressed in black tights and a white T. When I join her she gives me a peck on the cheek, boyfriends being forbidden by Dragonladies. She asks if I want a beer and I tell her I shouldn't.

"I'm up next, Paul. I'll get you a coke. Just hang out so I can walk you out," she tells me.

I agree and she gets me a coke from the bartender. The song ends and the previous dancer, a blond, collects her tips, wraps her self in a black robe and walks off stage.

What I Like About You by The Romantics, an old song, plays. Angie takes the stage. In a way I don't want to watch, but she dances great. I can't look away. As the set progresses I notice that she nails me with her eyes, like she means this strip tease for me alone. She twists, turns and prances skillfully and takes off her robe, and then her top and bra, dropping both with grace and precision somehow, making other strippers seem clumsy in comparison.

A few of the men sitting at the stage stuff bills in her g string. She wears black stockings and a red garter belt. Watching the woman you love and just made it with for the 1st time strip for a bar ½ full with men raises some very conflicting feelings. At once I rush in pride, am aroused, and ride a wave of jealousy. I almost leave the club.

Angie takes her panties off for the last song and lies on the floor to twist, crawl and slither. Again, her eyes look straight into mine. I'm crazed, but hypnotized with desire.

When the last song ends she gets her tips and stuff and motions for me to wait. I haven't touched my soda and take a sip. She comes out in a few minutes actually, dressed in what she wore before she danced.

"You're quite the dancer," I tell her.

"Thanks. Are you sure you won't stay and have another coke."

"Just come by tonight."

"I don't know. Maybe," she says.

I finish the coke, "I'm gonna go, Baby."

"I'll walk you out."

I put the glass on the bar and she comes with me out to the parking lot where I left my 'ped next to the wall.

"Do you have Stormy's number with you?" I ask.

"No. I'll get it for sure next time I'm there. I promise."

I guess if she doesn't call me or come by I'll just come back to the strip club to see her. That's life in the big city.

I grab her around her waist and look deep in her eyes, "Then call me tomorrow or the next day, if you don't come by, for real."

"Ok, I will."

I kiss her and she kisses me back like she means it. From that I don't think she's going to be dropping me soon. I let her go.

"Bye, Paul."

"Bye, Baby," I say.

She walks back towards the entrance to the club and I watch her till she turns and waves then turns around the corner for the door. I wave back get on my moped and ride home.

When I get there everyone watches a documentary about spiders while listening to the radio. I smoke a few bongos as it's passed, and finally grab a beer when the news comes on and Jay turns the radio off and the TV sound up. I don't really pay attention to the news but try not to think of my own dilemma. When I finish my beer I just say "Goodnight" to everyone and go to bed.

I wake in the middle of the night, about 3, and Angie hasn't come by. I can't go back to sleep right away, and don't want a beer, so I go out and smoke a bong. Then I can sleep again.

The next day I work. When I get off I don't call Kailani from Ron's but wait till I go home and shower before I call.

Mike answers, "Hello?"

"Hey Mike. Howzit? It's Paul. Is your sister home yet?"

"No. My Mom went to get her. They should've been home already though. Rush hour, you know?"

"Yeah. Tell her to call me when she gets in, ok?"

"For sure."

I go to the fridge for a beer. We only have a couple left. I'll have to go get a 12 pack at least later. I grab 1 and sit on the couch. Kat and Jimmy watch music videos and I drink the beer.

"What's going on?" I ask them.

"Nothing," Jimmy says, "Your girl gets home today, huh?"

"Yup."

Should I Stay Or Should I Go by The Clash plays on TV. When I finish the beer I get up to go down to the liquor store for a 12 pack. I take the 'ped down and get a whiskey shooter too. I've got a crate strapped to the rack on the back of the bike and put

the beer there and head back.

When I get back I put the beer in the fridge, grab the last from the old case, which I trash. Then I sit down and watch the tube while I drink a Boilermaker.

I finish the shot and drink like ½ the beer before the phone rings. I get up and answer it.

“Hello?”

“Paul. Hi.”

“Hi Kailani. How’re you doing?”

“Good. I’m tired. What’s going on?”

“I worked today. I got work and class tomorrow. Chemistry is nuts.”

“You doin’ anything tonight?”

I try to think of something quick, but can’t, “Unh uh. Why, what’re you doin’?”

“Mom just asked if you wanted to come over and have dinner.”

I figure I might as well face the music, “Yeah, sure. Ok. You want I should come right over?”

“Yeah, just come on over, Sweetie. I can’t wait. I missed you.”

“Yeah, me too. I’ll be right over, ok?”

“Ok.” she agrees.

We hang up. I finish my beer and go to the bathroom and brush my teeth. I come out and walk for the door.

“You going over Kailani’s” Jimmy asks.

“Yup.”

He sings the tune from Dragnet.

“Shut up,” I tell him.

“Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do,” he says.

“What wouldn’t you do?”

As I walk down to the moped, I feel like a condemned man walking to the gallows. I zip on over to Pololo, up into the valley and to Kailani’s Mom’s house. For now I decide to keep my mouth shut as I walk up the front stairs. I might as well just wait till I’m nailed or I just can’t stand it anymore. I get to the front door and ring the doorbell.

Kailani answers the front door in jeans and a white t shirt, smiling wide. She jumps into my arms and we hold each other tight.

“I missed you so much, Paul,” Kailani says.

“Yeah, me too.”

We kiss and then stop. She looks over her shoulder and when she sees that her Mom or brother aren’t watching, kisses me again. It starts to make me horny. We stop then and walk into the livingroom and sit on the couch.

"How was your flight?" I ask.

"Ok. We watched a movie, Men in Black."

"Did you like it?"

"Yeah, it was alright."

"So, What did you do in Phoenix?" I ask.

"Not much. Mostly Dad worked. There was a park with a pool. Dad took me shopping, or to eat and to see a couple of movies on the weekend. We went out to a park in the desert, that's all."

Mike walks in from the kitchen and says "Was'up"

"Nothing. Kailani's back."

He asks about the Falls of Clyde show. I tell him and Kailani about it, about TRO and John Olsen's little brother jumping into the harbor from the mast.

"Rad," Mike says.

Karen comes out and says "Hi."

I greet her back and smile. She still wears business clothes, like she hasn't had time to change from work. Somehow I put the skulduggery of the past few weeks in a box somewhere down deep in me.

"Dinner's ready," she tells us, "Kailani, can you help set the table?"

"Ok."

Karen brings out a pot of chili and rice, bread and a salad as Kailani sets the plates and silverware. Mike brings the glasses. We drink water from an iced pitcher.

"Smells great," I say.

Karen scoops out servings and tell us to "Dig in."

We pass the shoyu and start to eat. I'm hungry and it's good I wait till everybody else gets another serving before I get 2nds. Kailani and Karen both serve themselves smaller portions, so I do too.

After dinner Karen asks if we want ice cream. I say maybe after my dinner settles. Really what I want is another Boilermaker. Karen asks what I'm taking in summer school and I tell her. She asks what I'm going to do after I get out of school.

"You mean if I get out of school."

"Ok, if you get out of school," she parrots.

"Buy a truck, be a landscaper. Maybe I'll just be a street singer. I could become a Buddhist monk."

"Interesting."

"What do you do for a real job?" I ask.

"I'm a receptionist at the State Employee's Credit Union," she answers.

I can see how that's not a total sell out of being a Hardcore Communist, but then again I don't exactly know how

that institution connects to banking, the State and any Union of Government workers that might exist. I decide not to ask.

Karen gets up and gets ice cream and bowls as the rest of us clear the table. She serves everyone a scoop with chocolate syrup and we all start at it.

"What are you gonna do with the rest of your summer, now that you're a High School graduate?" I ask Kailani.

"Get registered for UH this fall and goof off. Maybe I'll look for a job."

"Doing what?"

"Maybe I can be a Rent a Cop," She answers, "and catch shoplifters."

"That'd be cool. You could be a clown at the Punaho carnival," Mike suggests.

"That's already over," Kailani tells him.

When we finish eating Kailani and I do the dishes. She pulls me into the stairway and starts kissing me and feeling me up after we're done. I respond, even flashing on Angie, and Kali, but just forget about both of them. Somehow it even gets me hotter. She wants to go in her room but I tell her maybe that's not such a good idea because we definitely can't go all the way.

"You can just come over some night, or I'll skip class 1 day," I tell her.

"Ok." she agrees.

We go in the livingroom and Mike watches Sumo Wrestling on TV. We sit on the couch holding hands for a while until I tell her I should go. She walks me down to the moped and we make out for 10 or 15 minutes.

"I'm glad you're back, Sunshine," I tell her.

"Me too," she says.

"I'll call you between classes tomorrow, or maybe after class."

"Can't you take 1 off tomorrow?" she asks.

"Not tomorrow. Maybe Thursday. I gotta see how well I know it. I can't take Chemistry off. I'll let you know tomorrow, I guess." Now the secrets burn a hole in my gut.

"Ok, call me."

"Ok."

We kiss and I watch her walk up the stairs. Then I ride home and wonder what the fuck I'm gonna do.

I wake in the middle of the night. Again Angie hasn't called or come over. I think maybe I should not go looking for her tomorrow night, or Wednesday night, like I know that I will. She hasn't called or come over, well once, and she finally showed up for the gig. But she's got me on a string, or a leash, like for real.

Just forget about it and stay with Kailani, I tell myself. I get up for a beer and smoke a bong, then lay down and go back to sleep.

The next morning I work with Ron. Then I ride to Chemistry and try to understand what the hell the prof's talking about. In between classes I mean to call Kailani, but I haven't got change. I bum a mug of beer from the Bobos and I'm off to Buddhism class. I like the teacher. She does a lecture on the cessation of desire, which kinda hits a nerve, I guess. After class I go to the liquor store for just a tall can in case there's no beer at home, and from there I call Kailani after checking to see if Angie's called. She hasn't.

After we exchange love words she asks why I didn't call between classes. I tell her I ran out of change. We say we might try to see each other tomorrow night but she doesn't know and I tell her I can't ditch Chemistry Thursday. I promise after band practice Friday night and all Saturday.

"Ok," she agrees.

"Listen, I'll call you tomorrow after work, all right."

"Yeah, sure. Call me tomorrow," she tells me.

We hang up and I crack my beer. Jimmy watches the Home Shopping Channel while Flipper plays on the radio.

"You look stressed, dude," he tells me.

"Long day," I explain.

He lights a bong and passes it to me, "Here, smoke this."

I do. I finish my beer while I listen to the radio. I toy with the idea of going down to Mignon to check out Angie. I figure I should just sleep. Me and Jimmy smoke another bong and I say "G'night".

Of course I wake in the middle of the night about 2:30 and see that Angie hasn't come by. I get up and look in the fridge, but there's no beer. I just smoke a bong of leaf from the coffee can, and then another, and just lie down again. I watch my ceiling for a while. It's hard to nod out again. I wish I could just forget Angie. I could always just try to wait her out, I guess. Not.

The next day I get up and go to work for a full day with Ron. When we're driving back to his house I finally try to figure it all out. I've been putting it off, but now I gotta know how I'm gonna handle.

Just for right now, tonight, I don't know what the fuck Angie's gonna do. She could just cut me off cold, like Betty did. I guess I'll just act like everything's still the same with Kailani. If Janine saw me and Angie hang on 1 another on the ship, she'd have told Kailani by now and then I burn that bridge after I cross it, I guess. Besides, I have no way of knowing that Kailani didn't meet some guy and go around the block with him. For now, I

figure I'll play it cool. Whatever's gonna happen is gonna happen.

"Whatcha thinkin' kid?" Ron asks me as we drive up towards his street.

"Chicks."

"If you're thinking that hard, there must be a problem."

"There's not a problem unless I make it 1."

"Where females are involved, there's usually a problem,"

Ron lectures.

"I could always join the Army, or the French Foreign Legion."

"Let me know before you do that."

Ron parks and we get out of his truck and carry his tools across the bridge and into his yard. Obake greets us jumping around all psycho.

"I'm gonna make a call, Ron."

"Go right ahead."

I follow Ron in the door, grab the phone and call Kailani. It rings twice.

Kailani and I decide to meet at Mama's for a slice of pizza even if she has to ride Mike's bike if she can't get the jeep.

I tell Ron I'll see him tomorrow, go out in the yard and say "Bye" to the dog, get on the 'ped and jet home.

I check the messages when I walk in and Angie still hasn't called. I feel kinda relieved.

Kailani calls a little while after I finish my shower. She tells me that she's eating with Mike and her Mom and that she'll just bike over and be here in about an hour and a ½. I say cool and sit back on the couch.

Kat and Jay sit watching a Fantasy Island episode listening to KTUH. I load the bong and ask Kat for a lighter.

"Still playing both ends against the middle, Pig Rock?"

Kat passes me the light.

"Angie's got me on hold, and nothing really happened anyway."

"Tell it to the judge," she says.

"I'm not guilty, your honor. I didn't know it was against the law, and besides, I'm insane."

I light the bong and we pass it. I wait for a 2nd hit and then go in my room to. I lay on my bed to study Chemistry. The text says nothing to me though. I try to actually grasp what it's talking about but I'm either too stoned or too stupid.

I read the Buddhism text then. It makes a little more sense. Before anything exists, nothing exists, or doesn't exist. What? It has a lot in common with 20th century French Existentialism. I wonder how 2 times and places so far apart separated by more than 2 thousand years can have belief

systems so alike. Maybe its not that different being a Medieval Asian and a Modern European.

Pretty soon I figure I'd better wait for Kailani in the livingroom. I think that I'm going to avoid making it with her till I sort it out. I'm a creep. I walk out and go to the fridge for a beer and sit on the couch. Now The Love Boat shows on the tube.

Soon Kailani knocks on the door, though open. I tell her to come in. She enters, in cut off jeans, Chucks and a green Clash t shirt. I pat on the couch cushion next to me and she comes and sits by me. I give her a hug and we kiss briefly.

"Hi Sunshine. How was the ride?"

"Ok. It's uphill from UH, but not that bad," she says.

"What did you do today?"

"Nothing, really. I was gonna go look for a job but didn't know where to go and woke up late anyway. I laid out in the sun for awhile. I'm glad Mike lent me the bike to at least get some exercise."

"You can go out tomorrow," I offer.

"I should have went to see Dad at the end of summer. All the jobs are taken already."

"I can ask Kyle if he needs somebody to clean 3D. It's only weekends, though. He'll probably try to get you in bed, too."

"Kyle and Ken are a couple of lechers," Kat informs us like we didn't already know.

"Dirty old men need love too," Jay argues.

"Eeeuuuw," Kat noises off.

"You want a beer or a bong hit?" I ask Kailani.

"Maybe a beer."

I get up and get her 1 and get me another. Despite everything, it feels good to have her next to me again. I've got my arm around her and feel her warm up against my chest and neck.

When The Love Boat ends, Charlie's Angels come on. Nobody says anything for a while. It creates a strange juxtaposition, 70's TV and 80's college radio. Figuring out the plot with no dialog becomes like a strange puzzle. This show deals with a jewel thief who likes to blow up the places he robs, like a mad bomber/high class thief, I guess.

Jay and Kat decide to get a pizza so I throw a few bucks in too, because I haven't eaten. Kailani's not hungry. We wait a while for it to arrive and when it does I have a couple of slices and another beer. Jay and Kat stay planted in front of the TV, which fits into my plans.

"You guys never watch TV with the sound on?" Kailani asks.

Jay nods "No", and says, "We've seen most of these

episodes anyway, and even if we haven't, if you've seen 1 you've seen them all."

"I don't really know the '70s shows as well as the '60s shows. Any old Hawaii 5'O or old Gilligan's Island, I know inside out," Kat explains.

"Or Star Trek, God!" I exclaim, "I swear I've seen every episode about a hundred times."

"That's sick. I wonder if Gene Rodenberry knew he was going to brainwash a generation?" Kat ponders.

"If he did, he could have made a fortune in product placement. Like they could drink Coke on the bridge, or the Enterprise could fly by giant McDonald's in space," Jay elaborates.

"That's kinda like on The Jetsons," Kat says.

"Who remembers Space Food sticks?" I ask.

Everybody does. Just then Jimmy walks in the front door. He pulls himself up a kitchen chair, sits in front of the TV, loads himself a bong and tokes up.

"What's shakin' everybody?" he asks.

"We're just sitting around talking about how much TV we've watched in our life and how it's permanently ruined our ability to process reality and distorted our moral code by leading us to expect all of our desires to be gratified instantly," Kat says.

"I wonder if they give a degree in Pop Culture," Jimmy speculates.

"Probably only in Los Angeles," I guess.

The bong goes around. Jimmy, I guess, brought some of that shag with the baby buds in it. It gets you nice and stoned.

Pretty soon I remember all the times me and Kailani had together. It's got me aroused and I feel like I can just ignore my other entanglements and pretend nothing happened. After all, Kailani is all that and a box of donuts.

"I should have taken you to a movie or something tonight," I tell Kailani.

"We can go Friday or Saturday. This is fine," she says.

And plus she's gotta complicate things by being totally cool and very sweet. Sitting here on the couch with her, forgetting anything happened with Angie or Kali seems like the only choice I have.

"You wanna go look at the sunset?" I ask her.

"Ok."

We walk past the other bedrooms and out the back door. Out past the porch and small clearing, or yard, we climb the path to the top of the hill that the property sits on. Below us sits a big old turn of the century 2 story house, a mansion practically, though abandoned. Orange bleeds the western sky as the sun

sinks past the trees, rest of the city and atmosphere.

"Have you ever been in that old house down there?"

Kailani asks.

"Me, Jimmy and his ex a while ago."

"Was it creepy?"

"It was at night and plus we were frying on acid, so yeah. Jimmy had a mini flashlight. But it felt haunted."

We stand there and start to make out. At 1st we just hug and kiss, but soon our hands start to touch each other and I get way horny for her.

"I want to go in your room," Kailani tells me.

"Me too, but it'd be kinda obvious with everyone right there outside if we just went in and started skrogging."

"I know, huh?"

"You can just stay till everyone goes to bed," I suggest.

"Probably I shouldn't"

"Let's go in the haunted house," I propose.

"That'd be oodgy."

We make out some more and soon it gets darker. We stop and look into each other's eyes. I hold her hand and lead her back down the trail to the house. By now I've sold myself on the thought that I may as well have my cake and it too, and my donuts and a candybar.

Back in the livingroom Jimmy's taken a spot on the couch, but gets up for us and we sit next to Kat again. Gunsmoke plays on the TV now. For some reason we always watch reruns, instead of what's new. Maybe because we've probably already seen it and don't have to commit, leaving us free to listen to the radio. Or maybe it comforts us to watch what we've already seen in our childhood and adolescence. Maybe it's both.

"So Kailani, Paul told you about the show on the pirate ship?" Jimmy asks.

"Yeah. Sounds like a good show."

"I'm bummed we didn't go," Kat says.

"Don't be. It was good to see TRO do a full set, but for us it was the same old show," I tell her.

"Maybe I should get some silver or gold lamet jump suits, or at least some disco shirts." I figure.

"Maybe a gorilla suit," Kailani says.

"Or an astronaut suit, or an Evel Kneivel flame retardant suit so you could start your whole body on fire," Jay offers.

"That'd probably violate the fire code. But what do we care? We're a Punk Rock band," I ask.

"Something," Kat says.

"Oh, Paul. You guys can record any Live night from 4 weeks from yesterday night," Jay says.

I flash that I'm gonna have to skip Buddhism class 1 night. What would the Buddha do?

"Well, we're tight. Book us for 4 weeks."

"That'll work."

Soon Kailani says she's gonna go. She says "Bye" to all and I walk her down to the lot where she's locked Mike's bike to the carport post. We make out a little till she says she should go.

"Call me tomorrow," she tells me.

We kiss 1 last time and I watch her get on the bike and ride away, aching for her beautiful young butt.

I go back upstairs, grab a beer and sit between Jimmy and Kat on the couch. We watch the news and someone's actually turned the sound up and the radio off. We pass the bong and soon enough I'm good and baked.

19

The next day I work in the morning, go to Chemistry and then call Kailani from a payphone at Manoa Gardens. She tells me she went and applied at Tower Records, Ramjam and even Burger King. Anyone who applies at a fast food chain is serious about getting a job, I tell her.

"You can have my job," I say.

"What are you gonna do then?" she asks.

"Move back to the cave."

"You better find yourself another girl then."

Ouch. "Tomorrow after practice I figure we I'll go to 3D. Go ok?"

"Yeah, probably," she says, "I wanna be alone with you though, Paul. It's been forever, you know?"

"I gotta go to class now. I'll call you after work tomorrow."

"All right, Paul. Be good."

"Always."

We hang up and I go to Buddhism class.

After class I ride the moped home and check the message pad. Angie still hasn't called.

I look in the phonebook and find the strip club's number. When I call a harsh Korean female voice answers. I hear bar sounds and music play loud in the background.

"Mignon."

"I wanna leave a message for Angie. Tell her Paul called please."

"Say what?"

"Tell Angie that Paul called, please!" I say real loud.

"Ok. She right here now. I tell her."

I'm about to ask to talk to her since she's right there, but

the waitress or bartender hangs up with a click.

I sigh, drink a beer, smoke a bong, go to my room and hit the mattress.

Not long after I go to sleep Jimmy opens my door and wakes me. I sit up and shake my head.

"Hey Pig Rock, I think you wanna take this call. It's Angie," Jimmy tells me.

"Yeah, ok. Hang on."

I get up and walk out to the telephone. I pick up the receiver and can hear the bar on the other end.

"Hello?" I ask.

"Hi, Paul."

"Angie, was'up?"

"Same old. Why haven't you come by the club?"

"I told you call me or come by here. I feel like I'm getting you in trouble at work. You're always busy."

She chastises me. When I ask her if the bartender told her I called she says yeah and its lucky she happened to be by the bar.

"Just come by and wake me up tonight." I almost regret telling her to as soon as I say it.

"Maybe. We'll see. I got Stormy's number."

"What is it?" I ask.

"It's in my bag in the dressing room. If I don't come see you tonight, come see me soon, ok?"

"I'll try."

We say "Bye."

After I hang up I stand there shaking my head. I sit in the recliner after grabbing the bong off the coffee table.

"Maybe I shouldn't have woken you," Jimmy comments.

"Maybe not," I agree.

I hit the bong, go to my room, back to bed and fall asleep again.

I don't wake at 2 or 3. At 4:30 or so Angie slides into bed next to me, under the sheet. I wake, feeling her kiss my neck and run her hands up and down my body. I feel her tight warm body next to mine, in her panties and a tank top. I've already got a hard on.

"Angie, Hi Baby."

"Hi Sweetie." She stops for a minute.

"Did you go out after work?"

"Yeah. I came to see you because talking to you on the phone made me miss you."

I smell alcohol on her breath again. I kiss her on the mouth and we start to tongue kiss.

We start to tear each other apart. When we're done, I

rest and am almost asleep again, but she starts to work on me and we make it again. I see the sun coming up outside the window by the time we're done. Then we lay back and start to go to sleep holding onto each other.

Before I go to sleep I think that now I absolutely have to break up with Kailani. It feels like I'm sticking a knife in my own gut.

In the morning I wake, like 10 minutes late. I get out of bed and move Angie off of me, waking her as I get dressed.

"You have to go?" she asks.

"Yeah, I'm late for work."

"Come see me tonight, ok?"

"Yeah, ok. Wait, I have practice tonight. I can't," I explain.

"After practice."

As I put my boots on we try to figure out when and where we'll see each other and I finally just kiss her and tell her to call me or come back at night.

"Just let yourself out. Take a shower if you want, and grab some coffee if you want. I gotta go, Baby. I'm late."

"See you, Paul. Love you."

"Love you too." Oh Fuck!

I still feel sleepy, though panicked because I'm late. I grab a cup of coffee from the coffee maker and throw an ice cube in it and swallow it. Then I run down the front steps, jump on the 'ped and ride to Pololo as fast as I can. I feel like wrecking the moped.

I actually make it to work only a few minutes late. Ron doesn't say anything. We even have time for a cup of coffee before we load the truck with tools and drive off.

"You almost fell asleep at lunch, kid. You getting enough sleep?" Ron asks as we drive back to his house after work.

"I met a new chick and she kept me up late last night. She works nights," I confide.

Ron shakes his head, "I thought your girl came back from the mainland."

"She did. The new one's hotter than hell."

"If you play with fire, you're gonna get burned, Paul."

"It's kinda too late, Daddyo," I say.

"The sooner you end it, the easier it'll be."

When I get home I shower quick. I don't even shave. Next I get dressed in black jeans, Chucks and a black sleeveless t shirt. After I'm done I call Kailani. She answers after just a few rings.

"Hello?"

"Hiya, Sunshine," I say.

I tell her I'm waiting for Brian to pick me up for practice. She tells me about her job search at Mickey D's

"Are you guys going to 3D tonight after practice?" she asks.

"I don't know if Brian and Cliff are, but I will if you wanna go, unless you wanna meet me somewhere else."

"No, 3D will be cool, I guess. If I can't get the jeep or Janine doesn't go, I'll just take the bus. Can you get me a cab back if I don't have a ride?"

"Yeah, sure. I already figured on that. I'll see you about 10:30 then in the club," I let her know.

We let each other go and I see Jimmy sitting on the recliner in the livingroom watching TV.

"Hey Johnny Wadd. Which chick are you hustling now?" he says.

"Kailani."

He just nods. Maybe I just imagine it, but he looks like he sits in the jury box. I guess I'm gonna hang.

I got some time to kill so I go in my room and do some push ups and sit ups slow.

Brian and Cliff pick me up in a bit. We all say "Howzit" as Brian drives out to the street.

"So 3 weeks from Tuesday night, huh," Cliff says, referring to the KTUH Live session.

"Yup," I say.

"You working on any new songs?" Cliff asks as we drive thru Honolulu towards the mall.

"No dude. I'm crazy busy now."

"We gotta come up with something, Paul. Our act's getting old," Brian lectures.

"Yeah, I know. But it's the same audience, every gig. 1 of you guys can write a song, maybe."

"We could just take a break till we write a couple more songs," Cliff advises.

We all know that if a gig came up we'd be on it like white on rice, though. I want to tell them I'm working on a cheating on your girlfriend song, a Country tune, but keep my mouth shut.

We pick Mark up and blow wheels towards Wizard's Studios. Of course we stop by the liquor store for a 12 pack and 2 40s.

"3 Tuesdays from now, huh?" Mark asks.

"Yeah," I say.

"Do we need any more practices?"

"We're tight, Mark."

"Write a couple more songs, dude," Mark tells me.

"Ok, ok. If everyone quits bugging me about writing more

songs, I'll write at least 1. I promise. Even if it sucks."

"Sorry, Mr. Sensitive," Mark teases.

"Fuck yourself hard, dude," I tell him quietly.

We get to the studio, check in with Jackie, set up, sound check and crank thru our 14 songs a few times like clock work. I jump around a lot, and even run in place to keep myself moving between songs, even though I keep the breaks short before calling out the next number even though we all know the song order by heart. It feels kinda stale.

"Slow down, man. Work on your voice," Brian tells me.

"I'm just working on my wind. I ain't been running as much and wanna squeeze a work out in," I explain as I sweat.

We finish practice and drink the rest of the beer before heading back to town and getting Mark to the bus stop.

"So what, you guys wanna hit 3D?" I ask the guys.

"What, no strip club tonight?" Cliff asks.

"I gotta meet Kailani, Junior," I tell him.

Brian and Cliff both look over their shoulders at me. I guess maybe I said the wrong thing.

"Yeah, why the hell not," Brian says.

Brian parks on the canal as usual. I suggest the liquor store but they've both had enough to drink for now. I step in for a quick ½ pint of whiskey then duck in the alley to slam quick and catch up with them before they're up the stairs to the club.

I feel good and cut by the time Junior lets us up into 3D. The usual crowd fills it more than ½ way tonight.

"You ok, Pig Rock?" Cliff asks.

"Yeah, I ain't drunk yet."

Cliff nods in agreement, "No I guess not yet."

"What's up with you and Sid?" I ask.

"She's teaching me some new tricks."

"Cool, like you're her dog?"

"Yeah. She's wild, like Queen Kong. She hates your guts. Whadja do to her?"

"I don't know. I don't remember. Does she shave her legs?"

"You're an asshole." he shoves me.

I shrug.

I can't figure what the big deal is. I forget about it. I remember then that I gotta work tomorrow and think maybe I better slow myself down. Kailani doesn't seem to be anywhere around. Tainted Love by Soft Cell spins, an old song for Charlie to be playing. I see Kailani with Janine and Jimmy, sitting at a table towards the DJ booth by the front window.

I lean towards the guys, "I'm gonna go check out Kailani and Janine."

I walk over and Brian and Cliff follow. They sit at a high table on bar chairs. Everyone greets each other and Kailani and I kiss a big wet 1.

"Have you been here long?" I ask her.

"We got here a little while ago," Kailani tells me. "You've been drinking whiskey, huh?"

"Yup," I admit, "Why, can you smell it?"

"Yeah. I was gonna ask you to get us something at the liquor store, but maybe we better not."

"I'm fine."

She leans toward me close and says to me privately, "I know, but I want to be with you tonight."

"I wanna dance anyway. If you need a drink later I'll get you 1 and lay off if you're worried about it. I gotta work tomorrow and don't need a hangover."

She puts her arms around me, pulls me tight and gives me another kiss. In a few songs Crazy Charlie plays a mini set of vintage and neo Rockabilly, Stray Cats, Chuck Berry and Eddie Cochran type stuff. Me, Kailani, Jimmy, Janine and even Brian and Cliff get up to dance.

Some Goth spins next, like Why Can't I Be You by The Cure and Alone Again, a cover by The Damned. Me and Kailani dance the longest, for like 7 or 8 songs, and work up a sweat even, my 2nd workout tonight.

"If you wanna get a drink, we'd better get 1 now," I tell her when we walk off the dancefloor.

"Maybe I want just a beer," she says

Janine drives, I figure, and her and Jimmy probably want to get in his room. I guess we all just have to make for our Love Cribs in front of each other. I'm gonna have to let Kailani know that I'm breaking up with her soon, like before we leave 3D. It sucks, for real.

We get back to the table and ask everyone who wants to come with us for a beer. Luckily, everyone wants to get 1. I don't have to face the music yet. We all hit the street and head for the liquor store. With 6 of us, we're gonna have to chance the alley.

Jimmy, Janine, Kailani and I all get tall cans while Brian and Cliff share a 40.

"Keep an eye out for Skinheads," Kailani jokes as we sit or stand around drinking.

"Those retards better watch out for me," I say.

"Or they'll get a bottle in the face," Jokes Cliff.

"Yup," I agree.

We all finish our beer pretty quick and head back up. When we head up the stairs Kailani discreetly gets my attention as we drag up the rear of the party.

"Let me see what Janine's gonna do. If she doesn't wanna go to the Hilton yet, can you get us a cab?" she asks.

"Yeah sure," I tell her.

I look at her, we kiss and then go on up. In the club we've lost our table and people sit at all the others. We congregate at an open space by the iron bars surrounding the dancefloor.

It's not long before Kailani drags Janine off to the restroom. I feel weak and not real, like a ghost and wish I could be 1. I need another drink.

"I'm gonna go and see if I can get a freebie," I tell the boys.

I walk over to the bar where Kyle works. I pull out 3 bones and put it on the bar, hoping he'll make it a Boilermaker. He notices and does like a doubletake, but doesn't throw jokes at me like the last time I started the transaction like this.

"This must mean you need a real drink, Pig Rock."

"Your generosity is exceeded only by your perception," I tell him.

Kyle takes the green cash and sets me up with a beer, spiked stiff with a shot of whiskey. I toss ½ of it back.

"Thanks Kyle, you're a gentleman and a rapsallion."

"You don't even know what that means."

"Nothing means anything," I tell him and walk back to where I left everyone.

I finish my drink by the time I get back and toss the empty in a waste can next to the wall. Kailani and Janine have returned too. Sound and vision have blurred in my skull and my emotions feel disconnected from my brain. I guess I can do this. Now, if Janine and Jimmy drive Kailani and I home, I guess I tell her in my room, and call her a cab home after that. If we plan to cab it to the Hilton, I tell her on the street when we walk out of 3D, and whatever happens happens.

I stand next to Kailani and she grabs my hand and looks up at me. I grab her hand tight.

"Janine said let's wait just a little while and then we'll go up to the Hilton," she says close to my ear.

I just nod. I wonder if they both think they'll come up, get laid and then Janine will just drive both of them home to Pololo. Soon it ain't gonna matter. I take a deep breath and swallow.

"Come downstairs with me for a minute, ok?" I ask her.

She looks at me wide eyed, "Why, what's up?"

"Just come on. I want to talk." I pull her hand as I cross towards the entrance.

"About what?" she follows holding my hand.

We go out, down the stairs, walk up the street and I turn the corner till nobody walks real close. I turn to look at her.

"Kailani, when you were gone I was bad. Real bad. I met a few girls and made it with all of them. I am a slut and don't deserve to be with you. You gotta drop me. We gotta break up," I say and it's done.

She just looks at me for a few seconds like she didn't even hear me, then says, "So you met somebody else just like I was afraid of?"

"Not 1 girl, 3. I'm not gonna be with any of them like I was with you. But if I'm this nuts, I can't be with you."

She looks down, and glances up at me, her eyes moist. I look up at the sky and away from her.

"I knew it. I don't know what to say, Paul."

"Sorry."

"Sorry? You're awful," she almost screams.

I start walking back to the club, "Let's go back."

Kailani walks a little ways behind me. I get to the stairs and stand clear of them. She starts up and turns towards me and looks at me, her face meaner than I've ever seen.

"Aren't you coming up?" she asks.

"No, I'm going home."

"You're gonna walk?"

"I don't know. I might catch a cab. Bye."

"Bye," she says.

I turn and walk up the strip towards the Cave and Manoa. Up to now, I've felt pretty numb. But at this point the sidewalk opens and it feels like the earth swallows me. I need more booze.

I know it's past midnight and that the liquor stores closed already. I figure I'll walk into either a hotel bar, but in a few blocks notice Hamburger Mary's, a gay bar. I know from when I went out with Betty, who was a little bit of a fag hag, that Mary's had no cover and had relatively cheap drinks. I walk in, show my ID to the doorman and walk straight to the bar.

The skinny Filipino bartender wears a spiked bleached hairdo and unbuttoned aloha shirt. I order a Boilermaker with house whiskey and Primo beer for \$3.50 and drink half of it fast then feel the world crawl. Ziggy Stardust plays loud and for now I'm not in a hurry to finish my drink.

I order another and stare down at the bar so nobody tries to talk to me. I'm not dressed that weird, but in my sleeveless t these fags might think I'm on the make, but fuck it. I leave a handful of change on the bar for a tip and the bartender smiles at me.

"Thanks, Sweetie," he says.

I look back down at the bar and bob my head. I'm drunk enough now. I hope we got a case in the fridge at home. I'll need a couple beers in the morning probably. I toss back the 2nd drink

and almost wobble out of the bar.

I figure I'll just walk up past the Cave a little and catch a cab from there. I stroll up the street thru the tourists, traffic and tropical night breeze past the lights and feel nothing, anesthetized now. In a few blocks I get to the 7-11 under the Thunderbird. I don't know why but I cross the parking lot and walk past the entrance stairway.

"Paul, hi!" Giselle calls from up the stairs a few steps, in a shiny slinky dark blue 1 piece dress.

"Giselle."

She descends to me a few feet, puts her arms around me and kisses my cheek. I instinctively put my arm around her.

"How have you been? Come up to the club. I'll get you in." she pulls me towards the stairs up.

"I'm kinda drunk, Giselle."

"That's ok, come on." She tugs me, unrelenting, her arms around me like an octopus.

"Listen, I should go home."

"Why haven't you called me, Paul?"

As mildly as I can I grab Giselle by the shoulders and turn her to me and look into her eyes and say kinda loud, "Look, Girl. I just broke up with my girlfriend and I'm really drunk. I gotta work tomorrow but I'm gonna be hungover and I'll probably call in sick, which I've never done. I'm catching a cab home and if you wanna come home and fuck me, you can, but I'm probably too cut, so if I were you I wouldn't waste my time. Ok?" I practically gotta shake her before I let her go.

"Ok, but if you want to come up, I'll buy you a drink," she offers.

"That's not a good idea. I'll call you, ok?"

"Yeah, call me, Paul." She hugs me and kisses my neck, then lets me go.

I watch her go up, way fine, and shake my head. Too bad she's nuts, I think.

I turn walk off and cross the Boulevard so I can flag down a passing cab. Finally after a ¼ mile I do. A big Local with shoulder length hair in a gray t shirt picks me up and I ask him to drive me home. I spend money tonight like there's no tomorrow. Killing romance costs a lot, I guess. The thought crosses my mind of going by Mignon, but I'm ½ dead on booze and grief as it is. I just ride on home and call it a night.

WOMAN PROBLEMS

20

In the morning I wake and tremble a little. I don't feel that bad, considering. Obviously, Angie didn't come by last night. I'm still kinda sick though. I think about calling Ron and telling him that I can't make it, but drag myself to the fridge and pop open a beer. After I pound it down, it evens me out, so I get dressed for work as I open another 1. I'm ok after that.

I ride on over to Ron's then and we go on the Saturday maintenance route. Once we work a little I put my dilemma away. I've taken care of it anyway, made myself the creep and made my choice.

Ron and I even finish like 15 minutes early. After work I decide that I'll go see Angie all dirty from work without changing. On Saturday, the later I go the more crowded it'll get. Besides, she's seen me like this and maybe I'm secretly hoping that she'll dump me so that I'm not living with such a rollercoaster inside of me. I gotta be cool, like Fonzie, like Jesus, I think.

Riding the 'ped down King I pull off on University to stop at the liquor store by Mama's. I get 2 whiskey shooters and 16 ounce Old Milwaukee for a Superboilermaker and tank it in the alley.

I jump back on the moped and jet on down the rest of the way to Club Mignon. I park next to the wall in the parking lot and walk on in.

I avoid getting a beer right away but the bartender nails me so I get a Bud. I look around for Angie but she's not around. I only take a sip of my beer before I see Stormy in hyper short cut off blue jeans and a tight white Coca Cola t shirt walking from the dressing room.

I walk up to her, "Hey Stormy. Howzit? Is Angie around?"

"Hi, Paul. She's getting dressed. I'll tell her you're here." She returns into the dressing room.

In a few minutes Angie emerges wearing a tight shiny black dress which stretches down to less than 1/2 way down her brown thighs, black pumps, a silver chain, super red lipstick and sparkly eye make up. The sight of her makes me short of breath and my blood rush. I think of how I'm dirty and sweaty, unshaven, in old surfer shorts, work boots and a dirty thrashed t shirt. She walks over quickly, puts her arms around my neck and kisses me on the cheek. I kiss her back.

"Hey, Baby," she says.

"Hi, Angie. What's going on?"

"Nothing. I just got ready. You just got off work, huh?"

"Yeah, I would've went home and got cleaned up, but I couldn't wait to see you."

"It'll just get busy in about an hour anyway," she echoes my reason for coming early.

I take a drink from my beer, "We should do something this weekend, see a movie or something."

"Ok, let's go out tonight after I finish work."

"Maybe. I gotta go take a nap 1st."

She takes a step back, "Sure, whatever."

I look at her for a few seconds. She looks sideways, towards the floor. It feels kinda chilly somehow.

"Did you ever get the number at Stormy's?" I ask finally.

She looks up at me for a bit, "Yeah, I got it in my bag."

I take a drink of my beer, "Get it for me before I leave, ok? I wanna be able to call you."

She shakes her head a few times and looks away, "Yeah, ok. I don't know if I'm gonna keep staying there, though. I might just get me a room somewhere."

I think it over before I say, "Just stay with me for a few nights. My roomies probably wouldn't even notice."

"Sure, maybe." She doesn't even look at me.

I want to put my arms around her and pull her to me, but we're at her work place. I take another pull off of my beer, almost killing it. Neither of us says anything for a minute.

"I'm really tired Angie. I'm gonna get going, ok?"

"Ok, Baby."

"Get me that number, alright?"

"Sure. I'll be right back." She looks up at me briefly, smiles a little and walks away for the dressing room.

It seems like she takes a long time to come back. I save the last of my beer so that I don't have to buy another. Finally she exits the dressing room and walks back to me. I finish my beer.

"Here you go, Paul." She hands me a small slip of paper.

"Can you walk me out to my 'ped?"

"Let's go."

We walk out the front door and around the side of the building to the parking lot by the wall where I'm parked. I face her and put my arms around her. She looks down before she lifts her face towards mine for a kiss. She just lets me kiss her without kissing back, though.

"If I don't show up tonight at the Cave, just come over after, or I'll call you tomorrow like at noon, ok?"

She just nods. I kiss her again and she kisses me back after a few seconds, sighing when it's finished.

"Have a good night, Baby," I say.

"Bye, Paul."

I let her go and she goes back into Mignon, walking around the corner of the building without looking back at me. I get on the moped and bail.

On the way home I stop at a liquor store in Makiki and get a ½ pint of whiskey and a 12 pack, in case there's no beer in the fridge. At the Food Mart on the same lot I get a microwave burrito and a bag of barbecue chips. Then I ride back to the Hilton and bring the bag of goodies up.

Kat and Jimmy watch MTV and we say "Howzit". I drink a beer before I shower. After I dress, I nuke the burrito and open the chips. I sit on the couch and open another beer to wash dinner down.

I finish eating, we pass the bong and zone out on the tube. Jimmy gets tired of music videos, I guess, because he starts to channel surf. He finds Grease, pretty much at the beginning, so we watch that.

Jimmy and Kat grab a beer and I open my whiskey and another can. I feel like staying home tonight.

"So did you fight with Kailani last night?" Jimmy asks me.

"We kinda broke up. How was she?"

"Just quiet. I asked her where you went and she just said that she didn't know and didn't care. Janine gave her a ride back to Pololo after we left 3D. I just wondered where the fuck you went."

"If we don't end it, things will just get too complicated." I take a shot of whiskey.

We all sit there and watch John Travolta and Olivia Newton John dance, sing and pretend like they're in the '50s.

I finish my ½ pint. We smoke more spleef. I drink another beer and crash early.

I wake up after 2 in the morning and think about going down to the Cave. Even though I want to see Angie, I don't want to go to the nightclub. I get up, grab a beer and turn MTV on with the sound real low. I go to my room and back to sleep after 2 beers.

In the morning I get up bummed that Angie didn't show up. Then I make a pot of coffee and drink a couple of cups. Fuck her anyway, I think. When I feel all the way awake I go for a run to the back of the valley, up the Manoa Graveyard Road to the top of it, then back out of the valley to UH and back again to the Hilton. I do a bunch of sit ups and push ups in the parking lot.

After a shower and peanut butter on toast I study Chemistry in my room. After a while I realize that it's pointless without a basic Algebra text and resolve to get 1 before I study again.

I decide it's late enough to call Angie. I find the number in my wallet and go out to the phone and call it. The phone just rings. Nobody answers. I try again in about an hour and a ½. Nobody answers again. By this time it's like 1:30 already. I guess if I want to see her today I'm going to have to go down to club Mignon in a few hours. Fuck it, at least it's slow on Sundays.

"If she's mad, she's stupid. I didn't promise I'd go to the Cave last night," I say quietly to myself.

"Hey Pig Rock," Jimmy yells from the couch, "They say that talking to yourself is a sign of insanity."

"Everyone around here is too slow to communicate with me," I respond.

"My name is Jimmy, and I'm special," he says, pretending to be retarded.

I remember that I wrote something down with Angie and her friend the night we went to the White Tiger bar after the Falls of Clyde gig. I go to my room and dig my notebook out of my bag. I sit on the chair at the desk above my drawers and a stream flows out onto the page.

You always claw and scratch tooth and nail by the skin
Of your teeth and make it by the hair of your chinny chin
chin
When you run in the race of rats
You know you gotta play to win
Now you just squeak by the hair of the dog
And the margin is so thin
You snooze you loose, conquest you choose
Buy you gotta lie, thief, kill and sin
That's just the world were living in
But you just do it and you do it again

I write more verses that I think are good and look at it. I like it, but it needs a line or 2, like for a chorus. I think to try to come up with something almost until my head hurts, but nothing comes. I decide to just put it away till later.

I walk out into the livingroom. Jimmy, Jay and Kat watch the demolition derby on the tube while the radio plays a Dead Kennedys song, California Uber Alles. I go to the phone and try to call Angie at Stormy's again. Nobody answers.

I pull up a chair and park it in front of the TV and watch the contained vehicular destruction. Pretty soon the bong goes around. I figure in an hour or so I can take a ride down to Mignon.

I'm good and baked soon, which increases the apathy quotient. But I know I gotta make a move as far as Angie goes.

So I drink a couple cans of liquid guts before I finally decide to leave.

"If Mormons believe in Polygamy, does that mean that they also date multiple people too?" I ask whichever roomy that answers 1st.

"Good question, Pig Rock. Salt Lake City and Utah are really weird, though. Mormons are fucking twisted, my aunt was 1," Jay tells me.

"I wonder what the Punk scene's like in Salt Lake," I speculate.

"I don't know, but the pigs are fucking Nazis," Kat says.

"Wow, Skinhead cops!" I marvel.

"No, like Nazis, for real," she reiterates.

"All pigs are Nazis anyway," Jimmy points out.

"Not like the Mormon pigs in SLC. It's like Andy Griffith compared to Mad Max," Jay illustrates.

"Maybe I don't wanna go there," I say, "Why do chicks gotta be so uptight about if you're getting yourself some side action?"

"Paul," Kat castigates, "What if Kailani went and slept with Brian or Clifford."

I think it over for a minute, "Well, I guess if I didn't murder either or both of them, I could talk them into doing a 3 way porn flick, if I could score a video camera. Then I'd make some real money. I wonder how drunk I'd have to get her."

"Paul!" Kat exclaims.

"Slip a Mickey in her drink," Jay suggests.

"Hey yeah!" I agree.

"Men suck," Kat decides.

"Yup," I concur.

But Kat's right. I see her point. I wouldn't like it if Kailani, or Angie screwed somebody else. Everything always gets so complicated. I get up to take a piss. Then I dress up slick and even dab on a little patchouli. It's time to go and womanize. I feel like a junky.

I say "Later" to the roomies and walk out the front door. By the time I get to the bottom of the stairs the line runs thru my head, so I run back up to write it down before I forget.

"Forget something?" Jimmy asks me in the livingroom.

"Nope. I thought something up."

I run into my room, find my pen and pad and write the chorus down.

I'm running but I'm going too fast

Don't know how I'm gonna last

Don't know if I'm heading to my grave or my bed
Cause there's only 2 kinds, the quick and the dead

I run outside and ride on down to the strip club and park the 'ped in the usual spot. Then I go in and go thru the - ignore the bartender and buy the beer when she notices you - routine. Girls Just Wanna Have Fun by Cyndi Lauper plays as an Asian dancer does her strip. I actually don't even check her out that much. I keep my eye out for Angie.

I take little sips of my beer to save it and finally spot her walking from the DJ booth. She wears a short tight purple shiny dress and lots of make up. I cross the club to intersect her path.

"Hi, stranger," I say.

"Hi, Paul," Angie responds without smiling.

"Did you have fun last night?"

"It was ok." she looks me up and down, "You look nice."

"Thanks. I missed you."

"Why didn't you come?"

"I was tired. Why didn't you come over?"

"I didn't feel like it. I wanted to sleep alone, I guess," she tells me.

"Great. I tried to call today."

"Me and Stormy were by the pool."

"All day?"

"We went to lunch."

"What did you eat?"

"Chinese."

"Any good?"

"You know Chinese. It's always the same."

"Come over tonight," I say, overplaying my hand on purpose, because if she's gonna cut me off I figure she should just get it the fuck over with.

She doesn't answer for a few seconds, "Maybe."

"What do I gotta do to get you to come over tonight?"

"There's nothing you can do. I'll come if I feel like it when work's over. Ok?"

I keep my mouth shut for a few seconds this time, "I guess if that's how it's gonna be, that's how it's gonna be."

"You wanna know what you can do to make me come over tonight, Paul? You can start by telling me who in the fuck Kailani is." She pierces me with the venom in her big black beautiful eyes.

This left hook sends me reeling. How did she find out? However she did, she knows. I can't totally deny anything. Suddenly I feel attacked, though I've done nothing wrong that I can see.

"A girl I used to see."

"You said that you didn't have any girlfriends," Angie accuses.

The flash bulb pops. She found my Sunshine's letter and read it. I try to quickly remember what she wrote.

"I don't."

"Then who's Kailani?"

"Kailani wasn't my girlfriend," I lie.

"Who was she then?"

"Someone I let things go too far with. I ended it with her."

"Typical. It figures."

"What? You gotta know what that's like, Baby. It doesn't make a difference." I notice a heavily made up older Korean dragon lady looking at us from behind the bar.

"You know? I don't know what it's like to let things go to far with someone, yet."

I want to ask, what about her husband, but don't even know what it's about. So I just exclaim "Oh come on!"

"Maybe I let things go too far with you!"

Ouch, I think, "I'm gonna get you in trouble. I better go." I take a big swallow of beer.

"Fuck them. If they fire me, I'll go strip somewhere else."

"It's probably better if we talk about this when we're alone somewhere sometime."

"You're right, I guess. Just stay, though," Angie instructs.

"I can't afford another beer."

"I'll get you 1."

"It makes me feel weird to see you strip for a club full of men."

"Come on, Paul. You knew I was a stripper before we got involved."

"Yeah, I know. I'll stay for another beer," I agree.

We sit at the bar and when I finish my beer she gets another 1 for me. Then Angie disappears into the dressing room to prepare for her show. When she leaves I think of how it's already more complicated than it ever was with Kailani. That's life in the fast lane, I guess.

I watch her dance again. Once more she looks into my eyes as she does her nude femme fatale money making act. What a wet dream come true she is. I notice that she looks into the eyes of some of the patrons too. 1 thing I already know about people and money is that no matter how much they make, they spend more.

I nurse my beer till Angie finishes her dance and gets dressed. It takes a little while, but finally she walks me out to the parking lot in a silky blue shirt over her dress.

I put my arms around her and we kiss. She kisses me back like for real. I'm stoked. It makes me hard. I press my cock against her hip.

"Please come over tonight," I plead.

"Probably. We'll see."

"If I don't see you again tonight, I'll call you when I take a lunch break tomorrow."

"Ok. Thanks for coming and seeing me today, Paul."

"My pleasure."

We kiss again. I walk her walk back in. She looks back and waves at me when she walks around the wall corner.

I zip back on up into the valley, almost all the way to the top at the gate of the Graveyard, for the 2nd time already today. I look at the clouds roll by the houses and yards that stretch out below, towards the city. Everything moves by so fast. I'm probably storing up a load of bad karma. But how the hell's a guy supposed to play it any different?

I ride on back to the Hilton and go up on in. I feel exhausted. I say "hey" to Jimmy and don't even notice what's on the tube or radio, and walk into my room. I take my shoes and shirt off and just lay down and nod out.

I dream that I'm in the livingroom with all the roomies. We watch Monster Zero, with about 5 Japanese monsters, including Godzilla and the 3 headed Ghidra and even Godzilla's son, Gadzooky. Miles Davis plays on the radio. We argue over which Presidential candidate to vote for, Bob Barker or Oral Roberts, as we pass the bong. It's kinda sad when your dreams don't seem that different from reality. What that means, I don't know.

In the middle of this menagerie, I'm semi aware that someone comes into my room and lays on the bed next to me. She puts her arms around me and holds me. For a while I just stay there, asleep. I wake once or twice, falling back into slumber again. When I finally wake I see that Kailani holds me. But I already know it's her. She wears jeans, a wife beater and a dark blue windbreaker. I'm not frustrated or exasperated. I guess it kinda just seems normal.

"Kailani, what are you doing here?"

"I don't know, I just wanted to see you, I guess," she answers.

"You shouldn't."

"I know. I don't care."

I look at the clock. It says 10:25. But I can't kick her out or bitch at her or anything. So I just lay there and let her hold me like I'm a beat up dirty old teddy bear.

After like a ½ hour or so she starts to run her fingers over my body and kiss my neck.

"Don't, ok?" I plead.

"Why not? You have another girlfriend already?"

"No. It just makes me feel bad, that's all."

Kailani stops, but holds me a little tighter, "So when I was gone, you just started chasing other girls?" she doesn't say it angry or accuse me, she just asks softly.

"No. It wasn't like that. Things just happened, that's all."

"Like what things? What happened?"

"I don't think you want to know."

"I want to know, Paul."

I sigh, "I met a married woman in another band. She said come over to my house and I did. I met a chick who works at Ala Moana. I asked her for a clove, we talked and she asked me out for a drink and we came back here 1 night. Another chick I ran into at the Cave 1 night and we went back to her hotel."

"That's nuts, Paul. Why didn't you just stop yourself?"

"I don't know... I just didn't. I'm sorry. You're right, I'm a slut, I guess. I didn't know. Now I know. That's why I can't be with you anymore. I don't wanna be with anyone. But I know I'm just no fucking good now." I don't even know if I've lied or not, but I have to tell Kailani something.

We just lay there again. In a while she starts to feel me up and kiss my neck again. I'm just tired, but presently it gives me a boner. I don't know what I'm gonna do. It doesn't even matter.

She crawls up on me and kisses my mouth. I kiss her back hard. She gets her hands in my pants on my dick. I start grabbing her tit with 1 hand and her ass with the other. I'm like on autopilot.

I push her off, "You're just gonna hurt yourself, Sunshine."

"Don't call me that no more, Dickhead."

"Ok."

She falls on me, holding my neck, straddling me. I feel her tears on my chest. I feel like I'm a whirlpool at the bottom of a draining sink of hot water. I just let her hold me like that.

After a little time passes she sits back up and looks me in the eyes. Damn, but she looks pretty. You can't have your cake and eat it too.

"I just wanted to see you 1 more time, to understand, to hold you again, I guess," she tells me.

"I could've just not told you. I'm lost."

"You're right though. I can't be with you. You're a creep. I still love you though."

"Yeah, I do you too."

She gets up off of me and stands and looks down at me. It's gotten dark since she's been here. Even on a moonless night,

a parking lot lamp throws light in the window.

"How'd you get here?" I ask.

"I took Mom's jeep. I'd better go."

"I'll walk you down." I get up.

I put a t shirt on and my Chucks. Then we walk out, pass Jimmy and go out the front door and down the steps.

At her Mom's jeep she turns and looks at me. Neither of us tries to hold the other. She turns away and gets in the jeep. I try to think of something to say.

"I'm sorry," I tell her.

She starts the engine, "Bye Paul. Be good."

"You too." I want to call her Sunshine again, but don't.

The jeep rolls down the lot road and Kailani's gone. I feel hollow, like an empty paper bag, but it also seems like I've dropped a bag of cement. After just standing there for a minute looking at the sky, I go back upstairs again.

I go to the fridge for a beer, toot sweet. Then I sit on the couch in front of the TV as Jimmy watches from the recliner. He watches some White boy with a shellacked lunch box hairdo rap on Soul Train.

"Who's this clown?" I ask.

"Vanilla Ice."

He sings Ice Ice Baby. What's the world coming to, I think, shaking my head.

"I feel really old, dude," I tell Jimmy.

"Yup. Me too."

I just sit there and zone. Me and Jimmy smoke some spleef. I don't even think or pay attention to the TV or nothing. Maybe this could be total emptiness and I'm getting closer to attaining Nirvana, but I doubt it. Attaining Nirvana is a contradiction in terms, by definition, I think, and the spell breaks. I'm a hard core Westerner and probably not capable of realizing the esoteric non-material channels of existence, without using psychedelics.

For a second or 2, here and there, I realize how stupid it is to throw away 1 woman for another. But I'm a puppet. Angie is badass rad with a capital B, though, and that's just too bad.

"So what's going on with Kailani?" Jimmy asks.

"She just had to say goodbye, I guess. If it makes me feel like shit, I guess I deserve it."

"That's what happens when you go trying to be James Bond and shit."

"You saw Angie. What would you do?"

Jimmy shrugs, "I guess you're right."

By the time I've finished a 2nd beer and smoked a couple of hits, I figure I'm ready for bed. I have to resist the temptation to

make a trip to the liquor store to drown my bad emotion in whiskey. I have to go to work without waking with a hangover.

I get up to pee again and tell Jimmy "G'night". Then I get undressed and return to bed. I doubt that Angie will show tonight.

A little after 2 I feel Angie slide into bed next to me. She lays with her head resting on my chest when I lift my head and open my eyes.

"Hey, Baby. Was'up?" I ask.

"Hi, Paul. I just wanted to sleep with you tonight."

I put my arms around her and discover that she still wears the tight purple shiny dress. We start to French kiss and I get an instant erection. We start to touch and get our hands full of each other, and I roll up on her and start to grind thru my pants against her dress.

I have the urge to push her away and tell her about Kailani and that I just can't be with anyone ever because I'm as insane and selfish as Lucifer Satan.

Instead I just slide my hands up her dress in her wet panties and feel that thick sticky quim juice. I put my fingers between our mouths and we lick it off. I unbutton my jeans and rub my dick against her g string before I slide down, pull her panties off and her dress up to suck her off. And we just go around the world like that, eventually getting all the way undressed. And then we go again.

When we're finally finished I hold Angie in my arms, sinking in her deep dark eyes. I still feel like an asshole.

"Paul, you're so sweet. I love you."

"I love you more, Baby."

Finally we go to sleep, like 2 little kittens with only each other in the whole wide world to keep us warm.

In the morning as I dress we go thru the same rigamaroll of when and how we'll see each other. After not knowing we tell each other "I love you" again, like retards. Then I get up and blow her a kiss before I'm out the door.

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I don't go see Angie that night. I call her at Stormy's Tuesday after work on the way to Chemistry class. Stormy actually answers and I talk to Angie. We tell each other we'll see each other soon and I'm off and running again.

After Chemistry I go by Manoa Gardens to check out the Bobo's. I sit with Ivan, in UH overalls all covered with dirt and cut grass and Bobo Dad, in surfer shorts, a tie dyed shirt and slippers.

"Pig Rock, Bobo! Wanna beer?" Ivan asks.

"No, I gotta go to class, dude."

"Pig Rock's not drinking? No way."

"Way. I'm just killing a little time, bro."

I notice a big blue eyed blond Punk Rocker with a mohawk and whose left cheek has a lot of scars. He wears red and black striped pants, combat boots and a sleeveless white t-shirt that says "Sid Vicious, RIP" and has a big picture of Sid with a needle in his arm and his trademark snarl. He sees me notice him I guess.

"Hey, Pig Rock!" he hails me.

"Howzit?" I acknowledge him.

He stands and sits at the table with me, Dad and Ivan, "I saw your band at the Art Building the last time you guys played there. You guys are nuts. I just wanted to meet you. I'm Kevin Potts," he extends his hand and we shake.

"Thanks. I appreciate being appreciated."

"It was a bummer the cops busted the show."

"Nah man, I like it when that happens."

"I didn't think Honolulu would have cool bands. Check it out. I drew a Dog God after I saw the show," he tells me.

Kevin goes to his book bag and pulls out an art pad and show me a page with a rad demonic dog skeleton sitting and raising its arms giving the peace sign with 1 hand and a Fuck You finger with the other.

"Cool," I approve.

"I silk screen t shirts too. I did this Sid shirt."

"That's bad."

So that's it. He's hustling. But that's all right. It'd be cool to have band t shirts.

"Wow. Listen, Brah, I gotta go to class now. I'm sure I'll run into you again. It's a small island. But t shirts would be cool. We'll talk about it. Later."

I get up, "Later, Bobos. Bobo!"

I take Wednesday afternoon off from work and go to Hawaii Loa to see about financial aid and getting registered. I can just squeak in before the deadline if I do the paperwork quick, but I only have 9 days to do the financial aid stuff.

I go to Mignon after I get back to the Hilton from Hawaii Loa on Wednesday, buy a beer and talk to my new Love. She wears the tight shiny black dress and tells me that she'll probably come over tonight.

After Angie walks me out to the parking lot and we hug and kiss goodbye, I ride to Froggy's Used Books and find an old High School Algebra text so that I'm not just wasting time in

Chemistry. Then I jump on the 'ped and go back to the Hilton and study.

After a few calisthenics, I shower, change and study. I call all the guys right before 10 and confirm practice on Sunday. We have a session soon and a new song to work on.

I drink a beer, smoke a bong and watch cable listening to the radio with Kat and Jay, then go to bed.

Angie walks in during the middle of the night and makes it all worth it, giving her precious self to me. I wake in the morning and the sun shines and birds sing outside my window. I kiss Angie goodbye to zip to work and class again. I promise that if I don't see her by Friday, we'll go out after she works, Saturday at the latest.

"Come see me at work," she demands.

"I will if I can. I have class tonight and practice tomorrow. We gotta record soon."

We declare our love.

I go to work. I haven't studied enough Algebra to make Chemistry any more comprehensible, but I still have time, I figure, to decipher it. Buddhism is a cake walk. I actually stop by Mignon for a quick beer after class, dirty and tired. Angie seems busy. We say "Hi, Bye" and I head home for a shower and bed.

After work Friday I ride home and then run to Manoa Graveyard, UH and back to the Hilton, to keep my wind strong. The bongs don't help. I get a shower and shave in before I get dressed in thrashed jeans and a sleeveless black t shirt, work boots and I wear the plastic skull necklace. I notice my hair has grown, but don't wanna cut it somehow. Everyone shaves their head these days. I gotta figure out a hairdo that'll distinguish me and set me apart, being a Rock Star like I am.

I have a little while before Brian and Cliff pick me up. I grab a beer and sit in front of the TV with Jimmy and Kat. Batman, the TV show plays while Tell Me When It's Over by Dream Syndicate plays on the radio. It's insane because I love the show and the song, but they don't go together at all. I blocks out the other. I want to tell them to turn 1 on or the other, but decide it's not important. The song will be over soon anyway.

"Going somewhere, Slick?" Jimmy asks passing me the bong.

"Practice. I wrote a new song." I take a big hit of smoke from the big plexiglass tube.

"Got a title yet?" Jimmy asks.

"The Quick and the Dead."

"Isn't that the title of a Western?" Kat wonders.

"Yeah, but I don't know if it's a book or a movie, or both."

"Copyright violation," Jimmy reminds.

"So what? They can sue us. You can't get blood out of a rock."

"That'd be a cool name for an album," Jimmy says.

"Hey yeah. But not only that, look at The Misfits. It's a band name and a movie. Did Warner Brothers or whoever sue Plan 9?" I ask.

"I'll ask my lawyer," Jimmy promises.

The bong goes around, we watch Batman, and then it's time to go down to wait for Brian and Cliff. I say "Later" and take my pad and go.

I watch the sky as I sit on the steps for a few minutes until I hear Brian's car drive up to the parking lot. I get in the back seat and we all greet each other. Brian cruises off then to pick up Mark at the mall.

Cliff tells me I'm a fuckhead about Kailani and after that we all shut up. That's all they ever say about it.

At Ala Moana we all say "Howzit" and head for the liquor store to buy beer before we go to Wizard's. We get to the studio a bit early and rap with Jacky a few minutes while he checks us in.

In the practice room we set up quick and zip thru the set a few times, doing all the songs the same way quick and clean. Maybe it sounds a little dry. I Am the Bomb and Police State Dream we actually do maybe a little slower, but they work, I think. Then we break down, pack up and check out to pay Jacky, running only 5 minutes over.

Drinking beer out by the car I lay the new lyrics on them. They all nod, thinking it over.

"If you could make a copy, it'd help us make up a tune quicker," Brian tells me.

I think quick, "Let me run into the studio. If Jacky don't have a copier, I'll write it down again for you."

I run into the studio to ask. Jacky has a copier to make fliers for gigs. The thief actually charges me a quarter. I don't have 1 so he changes a dollar for me.

He makes a copy of The Quick and the Dead. I thank him and rush back out to the band and give it to Brian.

"Right on, dude," he says.

"Do we have time to learn a new song before the session?" Mark asks.

"Dude, we didn't learn Spell on You till the night of the gig and it went over. It was rad, remember?" Cliff reminds him.

"Yeah, but it had a tune already," he argues.

"We've never had a hard time coming up with tunes," I tell him.

"We only have 1 more practice." Mark's gotta squabble.

"We just do the set twice next week and work on the new song plus do a Bookstore or Music Room practice. If it ain't right, we don't do it. Even if it sounds lame on the air it won't ruin our big time rep. If we turn this session into a demo, we can edit out whatever songs don't come out good. You don't even want more than 10/11 songs on a cassette anyways," I make my case.

"Why not?" Cliff asks, drinks from a 40 and passes it to me.

"Because. Just look at any album, stupid," Brian tells him.

They all think it over for a minute. Mark shakes his head up and down real slow. Brian shrugs. Cliff looks out up into outer space.

"Yeah, I guess you're right. It's not like we're Led Zeppelin or something," Mark agrees finally.

We finish up the 40s and its time to get Mark to the bus stop. Brian, Cliff and I all talk about what to do. I'm for going home, but Brian and Cliff want to make the scene. I tell Mark he should come hang, and crash out at the Hilton on the couch.

He says, "Some other time, dude."

We drop Mark off and tell him we'll call him about when we line up a practice, because it should be before Friday and really Wednesday at the Student Center Music Room works the best, if it's open.

Cliff and Brian want to go and get a drink at Mignon, where Angie, the girl I dumped Kailani for, to their disapproval, works.

"We can go drink Thunderbird on the canal and get drunker, faster, cheaper," I suggest.

"Louder faster rules, dudes! But we can do both," Cliff reminds us.

"Yup," Brian agrees.

"I guess I'm out voted then," I give in.

I almost remind my Commie bandmates how sexist strip clubs are but I like seeing them act like normal horny human dogs so I keep my mouth shut. I know it'll be busy at Mignon, but Angie will like that I come by, so that's cool. If I go broke I go broke. As long as I can make rent, the Bobos will always give me free beer.

Soon we pull in front of Mignon but have to park on the street because the lot's full. No one wears leather tonight, just t shirts and jeans, but we still look too Punk. We all walk in and stand around, looking for someplace to sit but it's standing room only. The bartender hustles so we can watch the lady get naked without buying a beer for now.

Doreen shakes it onstage to Brick House by The Commodores in only a white garter belt and stockings. She has medium sized breasts but she is indeed a brick house. In a

minute she gets on the floor, squirming and jiggling her round butt, turning over, spreading her legs and teasing the audience with her g-stringed snatch. I look thru the club for Angie but don't see her anywhere.

"That's Doreen, huh?" Cliff asks.

"Yup," I confirm.

A few Local Japanese guys in their 20s with medium length hair in short sleeve collared shirts gets up from a table. Me and the boys snag it quick. I decide to order beer directly from the bartender so that we don't have to tip the waitress. When it's busy the bartender don't even notice when you stiff her.

I bring the beers to the table and let the guys pay me back. I look around again for my chick, but still don't see her.

"Whoa," Cliff sighs.

I turn my head towards the stage and look at Doreen. The g-string has come off and she shows her pussy Mohawk to the club as men lay their cash on the stage floor.

"She's stone cold bush," I proclaim quietly.

"Uh huh," Brian agrees.

I take a sip of beer, look up at the ceiling, and then down at my lap. I look around the club again but still can't find Angie. Doreen has left the stage and a blond in a frilly pink robe dances to Holiday by Madonna. I look back at my lap again after a sip of Bud.

Suddenly an arm grabs me around the neck and a hand covers my eyes and I'm pulled backwards in my chair. I almost spill my beer. My attacker bites my ear and kisses my neck. I hear Angie's voice laugh.

"Hey, what do you think you're trying to do!?" I exclaim.

"I'm trying to knock you out cold and have my way with you, Boyfriend," Angie giggles cruelly.

She lets me go and my chair slams to the floor but I hold onto my beer and manage not to spill any.

"You don't have to knock me out to have your way with me, Girlfriend," I respond.

"You just don't know what I have in mind," she threatens.

"I'll probably like it. I don't think you know who you're dealing with."

"You're a freak."

"I know you are, but what am I?" I say, pulling a switcharoo.

"You're weird."

"Shut up. You're stupid."

"I'm not stupid, you're stupid," Angie answers.

I notice Cliff and Brian watch our infantile argument/flirtation rapt with confusion at our intimacy, I guess.

“Ok, I’m stupid. Tell me something I don’t already know, Baby.”

Angie bends to me, grabs me around the neck and kisses me on the cheek.

Angie, Clifford and Brian exchange “Howzits”.

“Listen, Paul, I’m busy ok? I just came by to say “Hi”. Are you going out tonight?”

“I’m just going to 3D for 1 more beer.”

“I thought you were coming out with me after work tonight.” Angie sounds disappointed.

“I can’t. I gotta work tomorrow. Tomorrow night,” I promise.

I want to tell her to come over after the Cave, but can’t with Brian and Cliff, Kailani’s friends, right here.

“Well hang out for a while. I’ll be back.” Angie kisses me again and runs off.

“This looks serious, Pig Rock,” Cliff comments.

“I don’t know. I hope so,” I say.

They watch the floorshow and I try to ignore it as much as possible, which isn’t very much. Soon though, we’ve finished our beers. When the vulture faced waitress comes by to ask if we want another round, we say “No” and stand up to take off. I slowly pull up the rear to hopefully catch Angie’s attention and tell her that I’m going.

When I’m at the door we notice each other. She sits at a table with 2 middle aged Asian suits. I wave at her and she runs up to me and tells me to wait.

“Brian and Cliff wanna go, Honey,” I tell her.

“I want to ask you something, Paul.”

“What?”

“Alone.”

Brian and Cliff, outside, look away. I grab her hands and look into her eyes and her face looks anxious. I sense that this time and place sucks for this, but easing Angie’s distress seems more crucial.

“Come by after the Cave then, and wake me up,” I tell her.

“Yeah, maybe.”

“Ok, I’ll have a beer and come back here before you get off. I’ve gotta get some sleep before I work tomorrow though.”

“No, Baby. You don’t have to do that. I’ll be busy anyway.”

“I’ll call you tomorrow on my lunchbreak then, or come by after work again. I’ll see you soon, though, for sure. Ok?”

“Ok,” Angie agrees ½ heartedly.

I kiss her lightly on the cheek just in the doorway of Mignon as the noise and smoke inside almost obscure that

something bothers my Love. But I smile and she smiles too before I walk outside. Then I join the boys and we walk over to Brian's car and get in.

He starts the engine and pulls down the street towards Waiks. I feel like I should just go back to the Hilton so that if Angie does come over, at least I'll get enough sleep before work tomorrow.

"Hey, Brian. Why don't you take me home before you guys go to 3D, ok?" I ask him.

"No way, Junior. You're coming out with us tonight," he tells me.

"I gotta get some sleep before working," I plead.

"You're young strong and healthy. 1st we're gonna drink a bottle of Thunderbird, then we'll get Kyle to make us each a Boilermaker, and then you can go home, if you aren't hustling some chick," Cliff lays it out.

What are you gonna do? That's pretty much how it goes. After the bottle we walk up to the club and get in free. Kyle comps us each a Boilermaker and we drink standing against the bar, seeing and being seen by the scene, nodding at this person and saying "Howzit" to that chick.

Charlie spins Fire Woman by The Cult and the Goths all dance their scary spookhouse skank. I notice Janine, Jimmy and Kailani across the club. She looks good in a white button up shirt and black slacks that I know hug her perfect ass real good. I go to the restroom to throw a piss.

When I return to the bar, Cliff has disappeared. I bum a 'grette from some Punk and get a light off him. I finish my drink and when Kyle notices me I buy another.

"Where'd Cliff go?" I ask Brian.

"Over there." He nods at Janine, Jimmy and Kailani's table.

Cliff sits with them. It seems obvious that he's there mostly to talk to Kailani. I realize that it doesn't necessarily mean anything but I still feel betrayed and jealous. How can I blame anybody for anything, though? I'm dogshit.

I finish my drink and the last few drags from the cigarette and decide I'm gonna bail.

"Later Brian, I'm gonna blow wheels," I tell him.

"Kay den, Brah."

I walk out of the club and down the stairs. I figure I'll just go back to talk to Angie. I least I can assuage any doubts she has, or show that I want to if she's too busy. I figure I'll just walk down the strip thru the traffic with the tourists and fun seekers in the tropical night breeze.

When I get as far as the Cave, I remember the bus still

runs this early. I look back down the strip and see it like 5 blocks away coming my way. I fish the fare out of my pocket and wait at the next bus stop.

A huge middle aged driver pulls over, stops and lets me on the bus, ½ full tonight. I drop my coins into the farebox.

“Mahalo,” he says.

“You’re welcome.” I find a seat.

I watch Kalakaua go by as we head towards King Street. The bus turns onto King when we get there and I get off after 3 blocks, right after the police station. I only have to turn the corner and I’m at Club Mignon. I know in the back of my mind that I either gotta walk or catch a cab home but I’m not even planning that far ahead into the future.

I walk back into the crowded club. As usual I can’t see her anywhere. I’m feeling nice and buzzed so I just hang at the back of the club and try not to pay too much attention to the Asian hotty onstage. As soon as I think that I should find a shady corner away from the bar the bartender notices me.

“What you drink?” she growls at me.

“Bud.”

She gives me the beer and I give her 3 bones. I only have 35 in change but don’t want to tip her a whole buck, so I put it on the bar so she doesn’t totally hate me even though I realize it’s probably an insult. Fuck it, nobody ever gave me 35 God damned cents for digging sprinkler trench, fucking hatchet faced slope eyed bitch.

I walk around looking for Angie, or Stormy or Doreen to find my girl, so that I don’t have to be here very long. I take a sip or 2 off my beer but don’t find anyone. I just find the back corner when I notice Doreen. I take a slug of beer and walk over to her sitting at a table off the stage with a couple of military looking White boys.

“Doreen. Howzit?” I tell her.

“Paul, hi.”

“Do you know where Angie is?”

“In the dressing room, I think.”

“Can you do me a favor and get her for me, please,” I request.

“Yeah, sure,” she assures me.

Doreen leans over to the suckers turning on the charm, “Let me run away for just a couple of minutes. I’ll be right back guys.”

As the sailorboys look up at me confused, she gets up and rushes to the dressing room and I follow quick. She enters and I stand outside the door and take a real drink from my beer.

Doreen and Angie come out in a few minutes and I thank Doreen as she hurries back to clip her customers.

"What are you doing back here, Baby?" Angie asks me.

"You said you wanted to ask me something."

She looks at me wide eyed, "I can ask you when we're alone."

"We're alone. Nobody cares right now."

"But I don't have time now. I've gotta dance soon."

I take another drink of beer, "It just seemed like something was bugging you."

"Don't worry. If I don't come by tonight, come by here after you get off work tomorrow. I'm glad you came by, though. Are you gonna stay till after I dance?"

"I don't think so. I left the guys at 3D because I have to wake up tomorrow."

"Ok, I've gotta go, Sweetie." She leans towards me and kisses me on the mouth.

I kiss her back, "Bye, Angie."

She lets go and disappears into the dressing room again. I drain my beer.

I walk out of the club and walk down King towards Punaho. A cab passes and I flag it down. A thin old Chinese driver in a plain white t shirt stops and I tell him to take me up to the Hilton.

Nobody sits in the dark livingroom when I walk in. I just go in my room get in bed and crash.

I'm not even aware that Angie crawls into bed with me after the Cave closes. I wake 10 minutes early and she snuggles up against me. I turn towards her and gently put my arm around her, just laying there. I kiss her forehead.

Soon, though, I need to get up and get dressed. I know this will wake her and it does.

"G'morning, Baby," she says.

"Morning, Love." I sit down next to her.

"You're going to work, huh?"

"Yup. Did you have fun last night."

"It was ok. I wanted to wake you, but you looked so pretty sleeping, and I thought I should let you get your sleep because you work today," she explains.

I've never thought of myself as pretty before, "You could've woken me. It's ok. What did you want to ask me?"

"I want you to tell me all about Kailani."

"Ok. But you gotta tell me all about your husband."

"I told you about him. You said you didn't have any girlfriends."

"You read the letter, huh?"

"Yeah, it was sitting right on your dresser," she rationalizes.

"It's like I told you, she made herself easy for me even though I told her not to. She wanted to be more to me than she was and gave herself to me and I kept on telling her that she was too young for me," I justify.

"In the letter it sounded like you guys were together."

"It was over with Kailani before I was with you I swear," I lie.

Angie looks at me, thinking it over, "Do you ever talk to her?"

"She was at 3D last night. We didn't even look at each other, practically."

"You swear."

"I came to see you last night again, didn't I?"

She nods her head "Yes."

I put my arms around her and say in her ear, "I love you, Angie."

"Ok."

"I gotta go now." I kiss Angie's lips.

I crawl on top of her and we start to grind. I get off though, before I can't stop myself and I'm late.

"Bye bye, Love."

"Bye. Paul, working where I work, I just know how men are, that's all."

I want to tell her that maybe she should do something else, then. I figure I should keep my mouth shut.

"It's ok, really. I'll see you tonight."

"Have a good day baby."

I leave the room and in the kitchen slam a cup of cold day old coffee. Then I'm out the front door, down the steps, on my moped and off to work.

Ron and I do the maintenance route. It gets as hot as it ever gets on Oahu, so I'm super sweaty and dirty by the time we finish, not to mention the dust and dirt kicked up by the mower and weedwacker on a couple of unscaped lots we cut. I look and smell like a total troglodyte.

I say "Later" to Ron and jet on down to Mignon, because I know the later it gets, the busier Angie will be and I want to get together with her tonight with the minimum hassle. I park by the wall in the lot and go into Mignon.

I step in and look around for her. The bartender sees me and immediately asks me what I want to drink. I tell her "Bud" and she sets me up when I pay her. A sandy haired girl dances to Everybody's Got a Hungry Heart by Bruce Springsteen.

Angie emerges from the dressing room in black tights

and the Cats t shirt she bought at Ala Moana, comes up to me, grabs me and kisses me even though I'm way dirty.

"Watch out, Angie. You'll get slimed," I warn her and kiss her back.

"Slime me, Daddy," she teases, "What are you doing? I thought you'd come by late or I'd see you in front of the Cave."

"I wanted to figure out where we should get together," I tell her.

"Either come by here at 1:45 or meet me in front of the Cave at 2," she tells me.

"I knew that. Really I just needed to see you."

"You're silly."

"It's your fault."

"What? Why is it my fault?"

"You should have woken me up and fucked me last night. Then I wouldn't have to come by this evil strip club just to hassle you into paying attention to me."

"You're kind of hard to miss, you big goof."

The comebacks come crowding into my brain, but sometimes you should bite your tongue. I take a big drink of my beer.

"If I don't see you here then, I'll see you there. I gotta go, though." I take another drink.

"What? Why so soon? Don't you want to see me dance?"

"Yeah, but I need a shower, bad."

"There's something about a dirty little boy." She looks at me, lust simmering in her eyes.

"You're bad."

"I know. Maybe I need a spanking."

"Stop it, Angie. Wait till we're in my room," I say getting a hard on.

Angie just laughs. I finish my beer and put the empty bottle on the bar.

"Are you gonna walk me out?" I ask.

"Yeah, sure."

We walk out of the club to my moped holding each other's hands after we get outside.

I hold her face in my hands and start to kiss her, put she puts her arms around me and pulls me tight.

"Don't, you'll get all dirty," I tell her.

"It's ok. It'll wash off."

"Ok," I sigh.

We hug tight and kiss hard. I feel way stoked. How many super hot chicks are there in the world who would make out with you when you're all dirty. Finally we let each other go.

"I'll see you later, Baby," I tell her.

“Ok. Ride safe.”

I watch her go back in and she turns and blows me a kiss before she disappears. Then I take the ride thru the Honolulu streets home.

Up the stairs I take stock of everything. It seems like a big mess so I let everything go.

After I get home and shower I go sit in front of the TV with my 2 roomies. They watch the rodeo on cable. The DJ on KTUH plays Garbage Truck by The Cramps off of the Bad Music For Bad People album, 1 of the station's favorite discs. I gotta admit that it's the coolest.

“What's going on, Slick?” Jimmy asks.

“Too much.”

“What do you mean, ‘too much’?”

“Work, class, practice, getting registered at my old school for fall, a new song, the session, the old girlfriend, and the new 1 who's just too much but that's got me by the balls. If I don't have a stroke or a heart attack I'll probably get hit by a bus,” I explain.

“Well, it probably won't kill you. Those buses don't go very fast,” Jay tells me.

I watch a cowboy ride a bull and get thrashed for about 9 seconds before he's thrown off and nearly stomped to death.

I drink a brew and watch the cowboys on TV and then go into my room and crack the Algebra and Chemistry books. I still can't make heads or tails out of either, so I drink another beer in front of the TV again. After I finish it I go back to sleep for a while.

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When I wake again it's already 12:30. I wanted to maybe hit 3D before the Cave. I can still make it but why punch it. By the time I'm done looking at the ceiling in the dark it's 12:45, so I get up and get a beer and sit in front of the TV. I channel surf until I just watch MTV. When I'm tired of that I surf again and decide on Zardoz, a Sci Fi movie starring Sean Connery when he's going bald with allusions to The Wizard of Oz. I've seen it before, but not since I was a kid.

In a little while I figure I should leave. I want to meet Angie at work so that in the morning I don't have so far to go for the moped. I go back in the room and put on a striped button up retro shirt, wing tips, my leather and some patchouli. Then I walk down, jump on the bike and ride on down to Mignon thru the night.

I park and enter the club as a lot of guys leave. I walk in, the stage is bare and the lights are all up. A few men finish their

beers or drinks and the bartender and waitresses throw empty bottles into trashcans.

"We closed now," the Bartender informs me sternly.

"Is Angie around? I'm supposed to meet her."

"You meet her outside. I tell her."

I stall for a minute hoping to see my love emerge from the dressing room, but the bartender repeats her command, so I go outside.

In front of the club I bum a smoke and a light from a blond dancer. I finish it, seeing some other girls leave, before Angie walks out.

"Hi, Paul."

"Hey, Baby," I tell her back.

She wears her long silver gray coat, a tight short black shiny dress, black stockings and black pumps. Doreen joins us from the club, in a red jean jacket, white tights and pumps. We greet each other.

"So I guess we're going to the Cave, huh?" I ask.

"Yeah, I guess. The only other 4 o'clock bar is the Rubber Room and that place is for tourists and Mokes," Angie says.

"Yeah, and the music way sucks," Doreen agrees.

I want to suggest coming up to the Hilton for some beer and bongs but I know they won't go for it.

"So should we crowd into my car again or cab it?" Angie asks.

"A cab will only be a few bucks," Doreen reminds Angie.

"And I won't have to find a parking place," Angie adds.

"Yeah, let's get a cab," Doreen agrees.

A few cabs drive up and down in front of the club, intermittently. Angie waves 1 down and we all get in, Doreen sitting in the front seat. A 30ish chubby Chinese woman drives us down to the Cave and we pile out in front. A Tongan bouncer with a build that makes Conan the Barbarian look like a wimp waves us in past the short line for free.

The same old New Wave late night crowd does the club thing, dancing and drinking into the wee wee hours as the world turns. We find a place by the wall to hang. Doreen sits on the open barstool and I lean against the ledge and hold my Angel.

I don't understand why Angie and her friends gotta make the scene here all the time, but I guess you could say the same thing about 3D too. The chicks just talk about how much they hate their jobs.

"These guys think just because they buy you a drink that you're gonna go out with them or give up your phone number," Doreen complains.

"All you gotta do is tell them you're celibate, or your

husband's a cop, and give them Mignon's phone number," Angie schools her.

"Hey, yeah."

"Let's get a drink," Angie suggests.

"Ok," Doreen agrees.

"I'll hold down the fort. Just get me a Boilermaker, ok?" I tell them.

I watch the pair of the way badass women walk across the club floor thru the crowd to the bar. They return in a short time, Angie with a Kamikaze, Doreen with what looks like a Rum and Coke and my girl hands me my Boilermaker.

"Thanks, Baby." I kiss her cheek.

I knock my drink back. We all stare off into space absently, and the girls sip their drinks too.

Blue Monday by New Order spins and we all finish our drinks quick to go dance. People crowd the floor but somehow make space for us to do our thing. Madame Butterfly by Malcolm McClaren plays next so we keep bopping. With or Without You by U2 comes on and we hang it up to find a new place on the wall.

"Do you want another drink, Paul?" Angie asks after like 30 seconds.

I barely even need to think it over, "Nah, I'm ok."

They both walk off to the bar. It's not very long before they return with their drinks. Before she even tastes hers, Angie looks both ways and pulls her closed fist and sniffs. Then she holds something under her waist level and fiddles with it. Then she passes it to Doreen, who waits a minute and pulls her fist to her nose and whiffs it. Angie repeats the operation and hands me a small brown bottle with a bullet shaped plastic top that has a hole at the apex with white dust in it, coke, I guess. I lower my head and make like I'm rubbing my nose for the small blast in it. After another song Angie repeats the whole operation.

There might be narcs in the club, and if so we're being really stupid, but oh well. We hit the dancefloor again for a couple more songs. Then Angie fixes us all another blast. Angie and Doreen talk a little more. It doesn't seem like very long before the club lights go up.

We wait until the 1st wave of people exit and the crowd clears the door before we cross to it and walk out into the night.

On the street we wait with Doreen for 1 of the passing cabs picking up the Cave's customers. She grabs 1 and her and Angie hug goodbye and me and her say "Later" as well.

Angie and I get a cab driven by a middle aged Local guy with a crew cut in a white t shirt. She tells him where we want to go and he speeds off toward the strip club. We sit in the back seat

with my arm around my Love as she leans next to me with my back against the window.

"You wanna come to the Hilton?" I ask her.

"Stormy went with Kenny to the North Shore for the weekend," Angie tells me.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. We could go over there tonight."

"Yeah, I guess we could," I agree.

The cab pulls up in front of Mignon. Angie pays the driver and we get out. I figure I'll just leave my moped by the club till tomorrow and get in Angie's MG. She starts it up and turns down King north and takes a right on Piikoi, past my old pad at the Arms and runs to the corner of the Makiki Graveyard and takes a left. At the back of it is the 40 story apartment building.

Angie pulls up the drive of the parking garage entrance. A steel gate hangs closed. A metal box sits on a pole in the middle of the drive at front window level with a keypad. Angie punches in a security code and it raises the fence and we proceed up the concrete incline. She zigzags up a few levels, finds her spot and parks. We get out of her car and she takes my hand and leads me to the elevator. It comes in a few seconds, the doors open and we get in. She pushes the button for the 37th floor. As it ascends I put my arms around her and we kiss and tongue deep and hard. The elevator stops, the doors open and I follow her to 3706. She opens the door and we go into the dark studio.

Angie turns on a switch above the stove in the kitchenette, which dimly lights the place. It has a king size bed, a couch, TV, dresser, table and chairs and about as much space as a big hotel room. At the far edge of the room beyond the drapes are glass doors, which open onto the patio, or lanai as it's called in Hawaii, and beyond that the Honolulu sky. I have to admit, I'm pretty impressed.

"Wow, this is living the high life, huh?" I praise.

"It's too expensive for what it is. I gotta get my own place."

I want to ask how much rent is, but don't. My dick gets a little hard thinking of Angie and Stormy sleeping in the same bed, plus I get a little jealous. I cross the room quickly open the glass doors, and go out. Her building stands taller than any between Downtown and Waiks. Makiki spreads out below and the patio looks out toward the city, south, towards the University and Diamond Head, onto all the shorter apartment buildings and houses and the clouds and ocean beyond that. I step to the cement patio wall, which comes up to hip level and look straight down at the Graveyard, 37 floors below.

"Fucking A," I say.

Angie follows me out and puts her arms around me from behind, "You like it, huh?"

"You can't beat the view."

The lanai has an exercise bike and a couch frame with a vinyl futon. I turn around and grab her too. We start to kiss and swirl tongues. I run my fingers up and down the back of her neck and she runs her hands over my body underneath my shirt and leather jacket. I start to get hard and put my hand on the stocking, which chokes her thigh. We dig our tongues into each other's mouths as far as they will go.

Angie pulls my jacket off and it falls to the patio floor. I pull her tight under her coat and rub my boner against her crotch and then grab under her dress to get a handful of the back of her legs and butt. She unbuttons the top of my jeans and bottom of my shirt, starts to sink as she feels my torso and looks up into my eyes.

"I'm gonna suck you off," she says.

I hold her and pull her up, "No, I wanna do you 1st."

I lower myself to the ground as I feel up and down her abdomen, leg and ass, discovering that she wears a garter belt beneath her dress. I get on my knees pull her dress up, and feel her groin thru her red panties. When I pull her dress up I see a yellow mini rose tops the red triangle of the g-string. I rub the velvety fabric into her. Then I pull it away to fingerbang her for real. I lick and bite up at the top of the insides of her thighs then proceed to suck her off for a while. Then I put my middle finger up inside of her and pull back inside up against her.

She takes the coke bottle out of her coat pocket and languidly fixes herself 3 blasts. Then she fixes me 1 and passes me the bottle. I do it up quick and without even understanding how it works greedily make myself another and snort it, then give her the bottle back.

I keep tonguing her bell as I stick another finger in, and slowly feel up and down in her. Finally I get a 3rd finger in and do her good, slow, then a bit faster and hold her hard from the inside of her snatch against her pelvic bone.

After a while she moans, spasms and twitches. I slowly pull my fingers out and slow my tongue and mouth down till I'm only lightly teasing and kissing .

She stands and unbuttons the rest of my shirt and pulls it off of me as she grips me by my boner. I taste the coke in the back of my nose and throat and feel tingly and amped. I want more, but know that I'll lose it then.

"Now I'm gonna give you a blowjob," she tells me.

Angie sinks, pulls my pants down around my ankles and puts my dick in her mouth. She gets it nice and wet, using a lot of

spit. Then she pulls it out and licks her fingers, getting them nice and wet too. When she puts me back in her mouth she plays with the base of my cock and balls with her wet sticky fingers.

I get closer and closer to popping off but count backwards from 100 to keep from losing it. She takes her long middle fingernail and runs it up and down my crack. Then she holds me and squeezes my balls.

I can't stop it anymore and have to pull her up and off of me from under her arms. I hold her, look into the blacks of her eyes then kiss her wet and hard, and taste my own dick in her mouth. From the small of her back under her dress I feel down under her garter strap to the top of her firm ass flesh.

Softly, she pushes me away, "I want you to fuck me now."

I remember something suddenly, "Fuck! I didn't bring any rubbers."

"It's ok, just squeeze your dick when you come, or pull out or something."

Angie gets on the bike machine, bends over, spansks her ass, grabs me and pulls me to her. With her coat thrown to 1 side revealing her dress hiked up with stockings and garters garnishing her legs and hind flesh, she sends the blood pounding in my skull and thru my body. I stick it in her and fuck her soft and slow because I want to make it last. I pull her around the waist close to me tight and feel her heat and strength. I tongue kiss her from behind desperate for her taste.

I fuck her harder and faster, trying not to come, but I can't hold it off and explode. I pull out and spunk on her ass cheek. Then I fall on her back and hold her. I phase into her and it seems like we become 1 person for a few moments, our heartbeats and breath twisting together into a single being. We slip out of each other and I loosen my grip a little.

"This is it, Baby, like for real," I tell her.

"Yeah, I know," Angie whispers.

I get up and off of my Angel and pull her up. We get our stuff and go in. Then we go into the bathroom and get cleaned up. When we come out I chase her onto the bed and we start to fool around again. She grabs the coke bottle from a chair as I bite her nipple lightly and then she does a bolt, fixes me up 1 and gives it to me. I do it and get a chance to inspect the white plastic bullet on top of the little brown bottle. A chamber with a hole in it connects with a little lever on the side, which spins it from the inside of the bottle to the top of the bullet so that you can fill it with a dose. She does another and fixes me yet another blast. We lay around more and I get into it, but don't get hard. After 10 or 15 minutes she does more coke and makes me 1 more taste. I'm high now and after we feel each other up some more. Soon

though, I start to feel like I want a drink.

"You don't got any alcohol, do you?" I ask finally.

"There might be some vodka in the fridgerator. Make me a drink too, if there's any, please," she tells me.

I get up and open it. A 5th of Stoly sits in the middle of the main shelf, a bit more than ½ full. A litre of tonic, almost empty, stands on the side door shelf.

"Do you want some mixer?" I ask.

"Please."

I find 2 tumblers in the cupboard, pour myself a stiffy, like 2/3s full, and pour Angie's just more than ½ full and almost top it with soda. I sit next to her with the drinks and we clink glasses.

"To us," I toast.

"To us," she repeats.

We drink and kiss. I lay back against the headboard and she lies against my chest.

She makes a face, "You made this strong."

"You're almost out of tonic."

I take another drink and begin to feel it just a bit. Then I drain the glass.

"You just drink that straight?" she asks.

I just shrug. I wait a few minutes after she finishes her drink till I get up and ask her if she wants another. She does, so I get up again and set us up with the same order, which almost kills what's in the bottle. I turn off the kitchenette light and return to bed with our drinks. I definitely feel the 1st so I take it slower with the 2nd.

"I'm so glad you hustled me, Paul," Angie confides.

"I hustled you? I thought you were the 1 that hustled me."

"You're so funny. You're the 1st guy who's ever started a conversation by asking if I had any money."

"I was tongue tied. I didn't know what to say."

"What made you say that?"

"I don't know. I wanted you to remember me," I reveal.

"I already did remember you. I wanted to talk to you. Luckily you talked to me 1st."

"I think we just had some kind of extra sensory connection, like we're psychic friends or something."

"Something." She kisses me.

The LED on the digital clock on the dresser says "5:40" already. How time flies when you're having fun. I take a 2nd slug from the tumbler. Outside the drapes I can see that the morning sun starts to crack the sky over the mountains.

"The vampires are all heading back to their coffins," I say.

"I know. It's late, or early."

"We should crash, huh?"

"Yeah."

I finish the vodka in my tumbler and set it on the nightstand. The booze smothers the coke buzz and I'm ready for sleep. Angie sets her glass by mine, pulls the sheet up on us and lies on my chest with her arms around my neck. I fall asleep on my back hold her like that, feeling like I'm 007 having just scored with the evil double agent. Then we fall asleep.

When I come to again noon has already passed. I stay in bed like that and let Angie sleep. I try to go back out again, but it's no good. I'm awake.

I try to slither from her arms without waking her, but rouse her anyway. She looks at the clock too.

"Let's go back to sleep," she tells me.

"I can't sleep. Can I take a shower?"

"Yeah, but put some water on the stove for coffee, ok?"

They have a kettle and I fill it, turn an electric burner on the stove on and put it on. I wait for it to boil and put our glasses from last night in the sink. I make us instant coffee when it does and put a packet of Sweet & Low in each of our cups, find a spoon in the kitchenette drawer and we take our wake up in bed.

"Mmmm. Good stuff," I say.

"Breakfast of champions," she agrees.

When I'm done I tell her I want to shower again. She decides to come with me. We go in the bathroom, she brushes her teeth and I wash my mouth out with toothpaste. We get in the tub under the showerhead, turn on the hot water and start to soap each other up. I get an erection and she starts to jerk me off.

"Wait till I can go get rubbers, Baby," I tell her.

"There's a shop down on the 1st floor, Paul."

We finish our shower and I take the elevator down to the store and come back up. Then we make love on the king sized bed in a studio on the 37th floor of a Honolulu Hi Rise in the middle of the day as only a young couple way in love can do. Then when we rest for a bit we go off again. What can I say? We're a couple of animals.

"I love you, Angel," I say after I come back up from under the depth of her.

"Me too, Honeybuns."

"Don't call me that."

Angie just laughs. I get up and put my clothes on. She gets dressed too, picking black tights and a white wifebeater.

"You wanna go see a movie or something?" I ask.

"We don't really have time, Babe. I've gotta be at work before very long."

I figure I'll just wait till then and get a ride down to Mignon to pick up my moped. I should probably study Algebra and

Chemistry at least a little before I go to bed tonight. Angie brushes her hair and puts gel in it and starts to blow dry it in the mirror above the dresser. I make the bed. Then I go out on the lanai and look down on the city and the burning blue sky and puffy white clouds just a bit further. When I come back in Angie puts on eyeliner in the bathroom after finishing her foundation and lipstick. I look at her from just out the door and consider ravishing her again.

She gets her bag and a few more clothes for her act, makes sure she has her wallet and puts her ankle boots on.

"I can finish my eyes at the club, I guess," she says.

"Let's go. " I agree.

She grabs her long coat and her black travel bag and I get my leather jacket and we leave. I put my arm around her on the way to the elevator and she pushes the down button when we get there. We have it to ourselves when it arrives and make out as it falls. It stops in 10 or 15 floors or so, and we compose before a middle aged Japanese woman in a pressed skirt and blouse gets on. A couple of younger long haired White guys in surfer shorts, flip flops and long sleeved surf t shirts get on when we're almost all the way down to the parking level.

We get out and go to her car and then get in. She drives down the ramps to street level and the metal gate automatically goes up as she slowly approaches. She pulls out onto the street and hops, skips and jumps down to the strip club.

When we get out of the car I grab her hand to pull her to me for a goodbye kiss as I lean towards my moped. She looks back at me, semi disturbed.

"Aren't you coming in?" Angie asks me.

"I gotta study and go for a run, Baby."

"Can you go get us something to eat, please? I'm hungry. Aren't you?"

"Yeah, I guess I am kinda hungry."

"Come in for a minute while I figure out what we should get."

I follow her into Mignon and she puts her bag on a table and pulls out her wallet. Korean instrumental music plays on the sound system and the house lights flood the place compared to the normal low level.

"How does Korean sound?" she asks.

"Fine."

"Get me a Kalbi plate then, and whatever you want. Go to Jun's. It's right down the street like a block towards the mall." She hands me a \$20.

"Oky Doky. Be right back."

I give her a kiss on the lips, walk back out into the light

and down the street till I come to Jun's Korean Barbecue, distinguished by a big white plexiglass sign in cursive letters on top of the front of the white fast food sized building trimmed in red.

I walk in and choose from the menu then order from a short plump Korean woman in her 30s in a white red short sleeved shirt, white apron and paper hat which bears the "Jun's" logo. I get a Kalbi plate with an extra scoop of rice and a side of Kalbi, spicy barbecue beef ribs, and Kim Chee, cabbage pickled in hot sauce. It costs almost as much, but I never eat all my rice and never like the macaroni salad on island plate lunches anyway. I get a big coke too.

I return with the chow in white paper bags into the club. They've lowered the lights and Once Bitten Twice Shy by Great White plays, though no girl dances yet. Of course I can't see Angie anywhere around.

"What you want drink?" the bartender asks me harshly.

"Call Angie. I brought food for her," I almost yell back, tired of her attitude.

"Angie! Your food here now!" she calls out loudly.

My girl appears from the dressing room, her eyes incompletely painted in gold and blue/green sparkly make up. She brings her small eye make up kit and we sit at the same table as before. I put the bags and coke on the table and give her \$11 in change.

"Do you want a beer too?" she asks me.

"That wouldn't hurt my feelings."

She scampers off to the bar and gets a Bud from the bartender, which I don't see her pay for, and comes back to the table. I've already pulled the food out, but she starts to put powder on her eyelids with the little applicator.

"I didn't walk all the way down to that crazy Korean Barbecue and back so that you can do your make up. Eat with me Girlfriend, or I'm riding my 'ped on home, lonely and hungry."

She looks at me, wide eyed in mock shock, "Ok, ok. I didn't realize how sensitive you were, Honeybuns."

"I told you not to call me that."

Angie grabs both my hands and leans towards me, "I'm sorry. If you forgive me I'll let you have your way with me."

"I bet you say that to all the boys."

"Fuck you creep. Give me something to eat, I'm hungry."

For 3 seconds I think that I might have really pissed her off, and laugh silently to myself. Soon though, I see that she only gave me an act.

We eat the food up, and I have to admit, it's pretty good, tasty and spicy. I'm satisfied almost right away after I finish, lick

my fingers and wash it down with my beer. I hold my burp though, after I'm aware of tasting the juice off my digits. If Angie noticed, she doesn't indicate it in anyway. I grab a napkin, wipe my mouth and finish wiping my fingers.

"That was good. Thanks," I say.

"Your welcome, Sweetie," she responds sincerely.

I stand up, "I'm gonna go now."

"Stay a while. I'll get you another beer."

"I totally need to study, run and work out. Plus I need to call the boys about another practice before Friday."

"Ok." she agrees dejectedly.

"Just come by after work whatever night you want. If not, I'll call you at Stormy's, or just come looking for you here in this den of iniquity. Can you walk me out?"

"Yeah, sure."

She puts her make up compact in the waist of her tights and we walk out of the club into the parking lot holding hands. When we get to my moped I pull her to me and we kiss.

"I wish you'd stick around, Paul," she tells me.

"I got stuff to do, Baby. You know where I'm at."

"Yeah, you're right."

We make out more and it starts getting too hot. I feel like taking her back to Stormy's, or my place. Finally we end the lip lock and let each other go.

"Love you Angie. I'll see you soon."

"Yeah, me too."

She goes back into work and I watch her smile back at me before I start the moped and cruise on back to the Hilton.

When I get back I park and go straight up into the house. I stop at the phone and almost call Brian and or Cliff. I know though that Cliff will try to line up the Music Room for Wednesday night tomorrow, and if it's already booked Brian will get the bookstore. They won't know anything now anyway.

I say "Hi" to Jimmy on the couch and go into my room. Then I change into shorts and a t shirt and do my push ups and sit ups. Then I put on my Chucks and go for my run. After I do a run and a shower I drink a beer and smoke a bong with Jimmy, who watches The Man From Uncle while My Girl is Red Hot by The Stray Cats plays on the radio.

"Where you been, Pig Rock?" Jimmy asks.

"Painting the town red."

"Paint it black."

"I can't even tell anymore, dude."

I smoke another bong hit and finish my beer. I actually turn down the next hit when he passes it to me.

"I better go crack the books and learn some knowledge," I tell him.

"What, are you fucking kidding me man?"

"No way, Brah. I'm gonna flunk Chemistry if I don't catch up."

I enter my room, turn the light on, sit in front of my desk and crack the Algebra book, and even get paper and pencil to do some problems. Then I have to go back a few Chemistry chapters and read it over again. When I don't understand the Chemistry formulas, I gotta look in the Algebra text for equations that relate to them and proceed like that. Time goes by pretty fast but I don't get very far. That's the only way I can figure of cracking this nut. After I get a headache I read Buddhism. I study till it gets dark. I have exams in 11 days. I think maybe I should go back to Chemistry again but just say fuck it for the night. Then I get high, drink a couple of beers, watch TV and listen to the radio with the roomies. After a while I just go crash. Angie doesn't come over.

23

I wake in the morning alone and go to work. Ron and I eat sandwiches on the job site, so I don't call her at lunch. After work I feel like I should just go home and study.

Before I do that I call Cliff and see if he got the Music Room on Wednesday night.

"It was reserved already. Brian got the bookstore at 8," Cliff tells me.

"All right, I'll call him and Mark. Later," I say.

"Kay den."

I call Brian and he confirms that he got the bookstore. I think about asking him to do some back up vocals, but it's not important and probably too late.

"I thought of a tune," Brian lets me know.

"Bitchin'."

I call Mark, but he's not there, so I leave a message with 1 of his roommates. I get cleaned up and change without working out or running and hit the books. After tying my brain in a knot I go call Mark again and get a hold of him. I let him know about practice and he asks if I can call Brian and ask him to pick him up at the mall. I say "ok" but Brian ain't home.

I go back to the books and cram till I'm sick of it and longer. I don't even know if it's doing any good. Maybe I should just let myself flunk. I go out to the fridge, grab a beer and sit in front of the tube. Jimmy and Jay view Girls Girls Girls.

"What are you guys watching? Change it," I tell them.

"Nothing else is on. I like this video," Jay says.

Jimmy passes me the bong and I smoke a big ass hit. I just zone for a while, say "goodnight" and hit the hay. I got a long day tomorrow. Angie lets me sleep alone again.

I go to work in the morning. I call Stormy's from a payphone on the way to Chemistry after work but nobody answers.

I remember that I gotta pick up some papers from the Financial Aid Office and realize after that I don't have time to take them to Hawaii Loa. Instead I go buy a stamp and envelope from the Campus Store and stick them in the mail box, hoping it makes it by the day after tomorrow. I run around like a headless chicken and barely make it to Chemistry a couple of minutes late and out of breath. I actually think I start to understand a little, but maybe I'm just imagining it.

After class I'm way hungry so I get a turkey sandwich from 1 of the machines right next to the Gardens. The Bobos turn me onto a beer to wash it down with.

I call Brian to ask him to pick Mark up tomorrow. He says he will. Then I call Mark to let him know. When I finish, I'm off to Buddhism class.

After class I hang and after all the other students leave I tell the professor about the KTUH live session in a week and that I'll have to miss class. She tells me she'll give me lecture notes and copy an extra paper for me to read to go over what the class covers, so I know it for the test next Thursday. I thank her, take off and go home.

When I go to work the next day, Ron and me have lunch at McDonald's, so I call Angie at Stormy's again after we get our food and grab a table.

Stormy answers, "Hello."

"Hi Stormy, it's Paul. Is Angie around?"

"Hi Paul. Yeah. Hold on."

Angie comes on the phone in a minute, "Hi Paul. What are you doing?"

"I'm at lunch. Howzit, Baby?"

"Good. What are you doing tonight?"

"We gotta practice the new song for Tuesday's radio show. I should study, too."

"Come with me to Thunderbird's tonight."

"Thunderbird, why? What's going on?"

"My friend Lenny, 1 of the bartenders at the Cave, is having a birthday party. I'm taking the night off so I can go."

I try to figure out if I can real quick, "Ok, maybe. I can't be there till after 10 though."

I guess I can forget about studying any for tonight. I probably have time to catch up.

"That's ok. Just meet me there, ok?"

"Yeah, sure. Listen, I gotta go eat and get back to work. See you tonight, ok?"

"Ok, love you."

"Love you too," I say.

We hang up and I'm kinda light headed thinking about what we just said.

When I get my bearings back I go and sit with Ron. When I ride home after work I figure I don't have time to study enough to make it worth it. Instead I take a short run and work out. Then I shower and get dressed up.

Jimmy sits on the couch watching Beverly Hill, 90210 while some Kicking Against the Pricks by Nick Cave plays. I get myself a beer before joining him.

"Howzit, Pig Rock?" he asks me.

"Ok, except I'm all Goo Goo Gaa Gaa."

"What? Why?" He hits the bong and passes it.

"We gotta record Tuesday. We're working on the new song tonight. I gotta Chemistry exam next Thursday and have to learn Algebra by then. Plus I gotta meet Angie at Thunderbird tonight." I take a bong hit.

"Pedal to the metal, huh?"

"Yup, on a moped. If I flunk Chemistry, can I make it up?"

"I think you gotta pass Physics then."

"Hawaii Loa might be different. Which is harder, you think?" I ask.

"You mean UH or Hawaii Loa, or Physics and Chemistry?"

"Physics or Chemistry, stupid. I know UH is harder then Hawaii Loa, but the chicks are way hotter," I tell him.

I make a sandwich and a bowl of ramen and drink a beer. I sit down and by the time I do another bong it's time to grab the lyrics and my mike, shove them in my pocket and blow wheels.

I park my moped in front of the store and see Brian's car there. When I walk into the bookstore the guys have already set up. We say "was'up" and I plug my mike into Cliff's amp, just because it seems like it has more power. Mark has text books set up on a table and sits on a chair to fake a drum kit.

We do Police State Dream kinda slow and then Spell on You just to warm up. The "drums" sound a little bit quiet but you can still hear them. Me and Brian both pull the lyrics to The Quick and the Dead out.

"Ok, here's the tune," Brian announces and then does it.

Cliff joins right in and nails it showing that they've already practiced behind it. It almost sounds like an old Ventures song.

Mark listens to it and thwaps out the beat like ½ way thru it. I read the lyrics in my head to myself trying to make them fit. It'll be a tight squeeze but I can jam all the words in probably. They fake an ending and we all look at each other.

“Good. Let's do it again. It just might work,” I say.

Mark clicks of 4 beats on his sticks and they all kick in. I let the 1st 2 measures roll by and start singing.

“You always claw and scratch tooth and nail by the skin
of your teeth
and make it by the hair of your chinny chin chin
When you run in the race of rats
you know you gotta play to win
Now you just squeak by the hair of the dog
and the margin is so thin
You snooze you loose, conquest you choose
but you gotta lie, thief, kill and sin
That's just the world were living in
But you just do it and you do it again

If you wanna walk where
The streets are sunny
You get it done with your
Guts and a gun
Life is cheap and
Time is money
That's the score and there
Aint no more
Its dog eat dog and
It ain't funny honey

A blue suit and badge is just a license to steal
Shake the ladies of the night down, cop a feel
You're a big big man like way for real
Flash your brights, wheel and deal and kill

I'm running but I'm going too fast
Don't know how I'm gonna last
Don't know if I'm heading to my grave or my bed
Cause there's only 2 kinds, the quick and the dead”

They roll thru the main riff 2 more times while Mark and I look at each other. I raise my arm and drop it quick so we all hit the mark clean. It almost feels like a cowboy song, but it's still cool. We all search each other's expression for an indication of our opinions.

"Yeah," Brian approves finally.

"Punk Rock," Clifford echoes.

"Let's do it again. Try it a little faster," I tell them.

Mark clicks it off again. We get thru it ok but I still feel like I'm smashing too many words into the tune, but I keep my mouth shut.

Next Brian shows us an intro and he works it out with Mark. Cliff just hangs back till the last 2 beats of it and they start the song and Brian stops it.

"Ok, let's try it again."

And we do. When we finish we decide to practice a couple other songs, I Shot the Sheriff and Pig Rock, both kinda slow. Then we do the new song 1 last time.

"That's gonna rock when we can do it really loud and even faster," Cliff states.

"Yeah. We'll work on it Friday," Brian says.

"But still, will it be ready by Tuesday?" Mark doubts.

"Look, brah. If it ain't ready, we won't do it, ok?" I bargain.

"Ok, ok," Mark agrees.

We all figure it's a wrap, since to get the song tighter we need to do it on a real system. I help Cliff get the bass amp in Brian's car while Mark and Brian get his, though Brian's amp weighs less and he can handle it. When we finish I realize that nobody brought any alcohol.

"We should have a beer or something," I remind everybody.

"I should get to the bus stop," Mark says.

"Oh yeah," I remember.

"I wish I didn't dig all the songs we've been writing so much," Brian confesses.

"What are you talking about?" I ask.

"It just makes it harder. Me and Cliff are going to Cali in a few weeks on Party business. We're doing training, seminars, and will be gone the rest of the summer."

"What do you mean?" I'm don't hear what he's telling me.

"We gotta quit the band."

"No you don't."

"Yeah, we're choosing Politics over Art," Brian says.

"That's stupid. You can have both."

"Look, Paul. We're still doing KTUH. If we can maybe put together a gig like at 3D before we leave, we can do that too. But we can't make you and Mark wait the rest of the summer to play again. I know a really good guitar player who digs our songs and wants to jam with you. You'll put it together again," Cliff explains.

"You guys will be back," I say, still not believing the news.

Mark doesn't say anything. I just shut up. I feel like I'll

puke. I might scream, or bang my head into the car window, but that'd just hurt.

"Look, Paul. We should get Mark to the mall. We'll see you Friday, ok?" Brian opens the car door.

"Yeah, sure," I say quietly, not even looking at him.

They all get in the car and I turn and walk towards my moped. The car sounds off as Brian starts it and they drive off. I don't even look. I just start the 'ped and drive it to the liquor store for a tall can and a ½ pint of whiskey.

Basically I just drink the booze and beer right in front of Mama's out of the brown paper bags, not bothering to hide. Then I start my little ride up and zip to Waikiki as I feel the buzz creep on.

I park the moped in the alley under Thunderbird behind 7-11. I'm almost cut but I want another drink and the nearest liquor store is like 4 blocks away. I walk out slow towards the club trying to think of a way to avoid going and just taking off alone to get smashed.

"Fuck 'em. They're stupid," I say under my breath to myself.

As I walk out of the alley across the 7-11 lot toward the street and stairway up to Thunderbird, somebody grabs me from behind.

"Where are you going, Paul?" a female voice asks.

"Upstairs to the club," I answer, trying to turn around.

At 1st I think it's Angie, but from the voice know that it's not. I have a hard time turning around the phantom chick holds me so tight. When I finally do get a look, I see Giselle in a medium length black silky dress with spaghetti straps.

"Giselle, what are you doing?" at first I hold her loosely around her waist.

"Nothing. What have you been up to?"

I try to get my arms in between us to break her grasp. But she wraps herself onto me like she's an octopus. She wears long silver earrings and a rhinestone choker, and looks absolutely gorgeous.

"I'm meeting my girlfriend." I get my hands between us and gently push her off a little.

"I never see you, dude." Giselle holds me by the waist and arm.

"Please, Giselle, I've had a real shitty night."

"Paul, What the hell!" Angie yells coming from towards the 7-11.

I grip Giselle by her shoulders and pry her off. Angie marches up, stopping like 10 feet away, plants her feet wide, crosses her arms and looks at us with a stare that can melt lead.

She wears her silver gray coat and slacks underneath with a shiny black disco shirt and her ankle boots.

"Angie, this is Giselle. Giselle, meet Angie, my girlfriend," I declare as I step towards Angie.

Giselle takes a couple steps back, "Nice to meet you."

"Yeah," Angie responds, looking away from her and at me.

Giselle walks around us toward the stairway. I grab Angie's hand sheepishly.

"Later, Paul. Call me," Giselle rubs it in.

Like 5 things rush into my mouth to say, but I keep it shut. Angie looks away and taps her foot. After a minute I move toward the stairs up, dragging her with me.

"Who was that, another girlfriend?" she interrogates.

"Not even," I deny.

"What's her deal then?"

"I don't know, she's nuts."

I pull her along slow. She seems like she thinks about whether or not she's gonna come up with me.

"Come on, Baby. Let's go up," I almost plead.

She finally walks to the stairway with me like she's decided to come on up. She still doesn't look at me though, and has dropped my hand.

"So what the fuck was that, Paul?" she asks when we get to the bottom of the stairs.

"I dated her a couple times. Nothing happened. Now when she sees me she makes like we're involved. I don't know what her deal is," I explain.

"Uh huh."

We go up. Right outside of the door a big buff White doorman in black slacks and a white tux shirt comps us a handstamp, which only shows up when passed under a fluorescent light mounted at the entry.

We go into the semi crowded disco, about the same size as 3D, but a lot more swank. A couple of barstools stand empty by the wall, so we go over and sit by a black ledge done with fake black marble linoleum and faux obsidian molding. Neither of us says anything for a few minutes.

"What's been going on? I haven't seen you for a few days," I ask.

"Nothing." She doesn't look at me.

I try to think of something else to ask her, "How's work?"

"Ok."

She gives me the silent treatment. Fuck this shit. I almost get up and just leave her at the club, but realize even just venting

spleen at her would probably be a better move than that. Women. I just let the clock tick a little while.

"I need a drink Angie. You want a Kamikaze or something?" I ask finally.

"Yeah, ok."

I walk thru the bar of slick beautiful people in the posh palace. Glow by Spandau Ballet plays and a handful of people dance. The guys mostly wear slacks, dress shirts and have those Duran Duran wedge doos. The chicks dress the same, or in silky clingy loose dresses like Giselle. Fluorescent lights light up people's teeth, smiles and whatever white clothes people wear. I get thru the bunch of dinks and dinkettes to the bar.

I order a Boilermaker and Kamikaze from a short thin bartender with a blond spiky haircut who looks like a male model. He sets me up and it comes to 8 bones, plus the tip. Staying high ain't cheap in the jet set, I guess.

I return to my angry Love with our drinks. I set them on the shelf and she just stares off away from me. I swallow like ½ my whiskey and chase it with a big slug of beer. Angie takes a sip of her Kamikaze. I notice the turquoise and orange red velvet trim between the top of the wall and the ceiling, faux marble floor and more spinning lights then I've ever seen in a nightclub and a big old disco ball. They even have a chandelier that hangs between the bar and dancefloor. Angie and I sit next to each other with an ice blizzard between us.

"This kinda sucks," I say quietly.

"Just tell me what that was."

"I did, Angie."

"She acted like more than just some chick you dated."

"I told you what happened. Now whenever she sees me she acts like something's going on with us, but there's not. She's boring. She's an ice queen."

"You said you didn't have a girlfriend and now I've already found out about 2. What's the story, Paul? How many other chicks have you got in the closet, Rock Star?"

"None. Yeah, I made it with Kailani, but I'm human, I got horny. Ok? Giselle's a twisted sister and nothing ever happened with her," I say as calmly as I can.

"Yeah, but if it would have, what then? You'd be wrapped around her finger like a little puppy dog!"

"Fuck that. Even if she was a nymphomaniac she's still a lame Thunderbird trendy stuck up bitch. I introduced you as my girlfriend, didn't I? Before you walked up I was trying to tear her off of me, wasn't I?!" I finish my whiskey and chase it with beer.

"You're a lying 2 timing man whore dickhead asshole, Paul. You don't even have to put on an act!"

I take a few deep breaths. This feels very stupid. I try to just relax, but I really need a drink. My guitar and bass player left me tonight. And now this happens. I'm not going to get angry. I'm just going to go get a bottle of Thunderbird.

I stand, "It's been a rough night. Brian and Cliff quit. I'm gonna go get drunk."

"Don't leave," she snarls.

"Don't worry. I'm coming back." I strive to keep my temper.

"Don't you fucking walk out on me, Paul!" she yells and grabs my shoulder.

People around the nightclub stare at us. I hyperventilate and struggle to keep my cool.

"Angie, I love you like I've never loved anybody. I'm sorry, I've seen other girls, but they don't compare to you. You either believe that or you don't. My band broke up tonight. It's gone. I'm gonna go to the liquor store and buy me a real drink. If you wanna come with me, let's go," I spell it out slowly, just loud enough for her to hear.

I drain the beer bottle and Angie knocks her drink back. I take her by the hand and draw her up and we start out the door.

We go down the stairs and walk thru the parking lot towards Kuhio into Waikiki. I lead her 4 blocks to the liquor store in silence, but she walks with me now, not resisting anymore.

I buy a bottle of Thunderbird and a pint of whiskey from the small old Chinese proprietor. Then we walk down the street thru the hi-rises toward the Ala Wai.

"Where are we going, Paul?"

"The canal."

We cross the Boulevard and she follows me after I jump down onto the ledge below the street level and sit on it so our heads don't stick up past the sidewalk. I open the wine bottle, take a big drink and pass it to her. I want to give her lots of little explanations, but figure I shouldn't play with fire now that she's calmed down. Maybe I shouldn't give her alcohol. But I've lost my band and feel like there's nothing else to lose. For now she keeps her distance.

I open the whiskey, take a drink and pass her the bottle. She passes. I chase it with wine and she takes a drink of that.

"You're gonna get drunk, Paul," she informs me.

"I know."

The next time I take a shot she does too, and almost spits it back before I give her the Thunderbird to follow it.

"Is this where all the Punks come to get drunk?" she asks.

"Here or the alley behind 3D. I tend to stay away from there since the night I got arrested," I tell her.

She puts her head on my shoulder and arm around my waist, "I don't know what I'm doing with you."

I put my arm around her and swallow a shot, "I know what I'm doing with you."

"What?"

"Starting my world on fire."

She laughs a little, "You're funny."

"Tell me something I don't already know."

I take another shot, chase it and pass her the pint bottle. She puts her hand up to refuse.

"Come on. Help me drink this or I'll get too drunk," I persuade her.

She thinks it over, drinks 1 and chases it, "We're both gonna get too drunk."

I remember that Brian and Clifford have abandoned me. I want to jump in the canal, or traffic.

Angie must be psychic, because she asks, "What do you mean Brian and Cliff quit?"

"They're Commies, Revolutionaries. They're going to California to learn how to destroy our government, I guess. They think that's more important than Dog God. They're probably right, but it's not like they're ever gonna bomb the Capitol or anything."

She doesn't respond for a minute, "I'm sorry, Baby. You'll find other guys to play in your band."

"They were perfect, Angie. Like, I really dug Chuck and Dirk from Battery Club but even I gotta admit Dog God's that much more rad. And now it's gone, poof, just like that."

"It's you that's rad, Honey. You'll find somebody else. Probably right now there are other Punks just dying to join your band."

"Brian said he knew a guitar player."

"See? Told you," she says.

"I don't even know if I want to put another combo together though. Why bother, if everything always falls apart?" I ponder.

"It's your thing."

Even as I think, why the hell even record on Tuesday? I think, then we'll have a tape for the new guys to learn the songs from.

We finish the whiskey in a short while but have like ½ the wine left. I figure we should finish it to get back to her friend's party but she takes just little drinks.

"What about your party?" I ask.

"I already said 'happy birthday'. I was hungry and came down to go get a couple bananas at 7-11," she explains.

We sit there and finish the Thunderbird. I'm drunk. I'll probably leave my moped parked where it is tonight and figure out what I'll do to get everywhere I gotta go tomorrow.

I throw the whiskey and wine bottle into the canal and watch them drift in the green black water towards Diamond Head.

"Let's go back up for a bit. I should tell Lenny goodnight," Angie decides.

"Ok," I agree.

I think that we might not get let back into Thunderbird as drunk as we are. But we can try. We get up and stagger back towards the club.

We get back up the stairs and I hold myself as stiff and erect as I can. The doorman waves us in without noticing how intoxicated we are. In the club we stand off to the side by the wall. I put my arms around Angie. I guess she's not mad at me anymore.

"I'm gonna go see Lenny, come on," she tells me.

"Go ahead, Love. I'm too drunk. I'll just embarrass you."

"Come on, Baby. I'm just gonna say 'bye'."

"I'll wait for you here. Where's he at?"

"The VIP room." She pulls away.

"I'll be right here."

"I'll come right back."

When she disappears across the room I go to the bar and get another shot of whiskey. Why? I don't know. I gulp it down and go back to our spot to wait for her. She returns in a little while and holds my hand.

"Let's go now. I'm fucked up," she says.

"Me too."

We leave and go down the stairs arm in arm. I try to decide how we should get to my place, thinking that's where we're going.

"Are you coming over to my place, or what?" I ask.

"Yeah, I guess."

"Are you ok to drive?"

She thinks a bit then nods, "I think so."

"Maybe we should take a cab?" I suggest.

"Too much hassle tomorrow then."

I think it over too, "Yeah, you're right. It'll suck if I gotta come find my moped tomorrow. Where are you parked?"

"Right down the street over there." She points toward her car.

"Let me get my moped. I'll meet you there."

I hug and kiss her like she's taking the Concorde to Paris

or something. Then I go get my 'ped in the alley, jump on and putt over to her car. She shuts the door as she sits behind the steering wheel. I feel in my pockets to make sure that I still have my mike and lyrics.

"Drive slow, I'll follow. I don't wanna wreck," I say.

"Ok, be careful."

"You too. If we get split up, just meet me there."

Angie nods and starts her engine. I kick start my machine and she pulls out into the light weeknight Waikiki traffic. She takes a left on Kalakaua and I tail her MG towards the mountains. The cool wind wakes and sobers me up a little but I still ride as if I'm driving down a tightrope of asphalt above a mile wide river of flowing lava thru Hell.

We go slow. I don't lose her. Soon enough we pull into the Hilton parking lot. I park my bike and check my pockets drunkenly. I still have my mike and the lyrics, though I've memorized them by now. I walk over to join my Love at the car. She shuts the car door and we go upstairs.

In my dark room we kiss, grope, undress each other and fall onto my bed drunk. We actually end up just holding each other as we pledge our love and pass out wrapped around 1 another.

I feel like hell in the morning. Angie doesn't wake when I go get a beer and sleeps all the way thru till I'm almost dressed for work.

"Oh gawd. I feel like shit," she says when she opens her eyes.

"You want a beer?" I ask.

"No, I'll just go back to sleep for a while."

I finish my beer and sit back next to her, "Suit yourself, Baby Love. I gotta go to work now, ok? I'll see you later."

"Are you gonna come by the club tonight?"

"I got class, remember? Maybe tomorrow, but I gotta learn Chemistry in a week, or I'm not gonna graduate. Just come over and wake me whenever you want. You know where I am. I'll call at Stormy's, or call me here at night from the club. Ok?"

"Ok."

We hug, kiss and say "love you". Then I leave, grab another beer, tank it, go down and get on the 'ped and jet to work.

24

I go to Chemistry on Thursday, and then in Buddhism the professor gives me a Xeroxed article to read about 10 pages long and an outline of the lecture she's giving Tuesday. I thank her and take the ride home. I just go home and crash then.

I work on Friday, get paid, go home, run, work out, shower and change.

Jimmy watches *The Toxic Avenger* in the livingroom. I have time for a beer and a couple of bong hits.

"Fuck, I wanna watch this," I say.

"Where you going, practice?"

"Yeah."

Then I tell Jimmy "later" because I gotta go and wait for Brian and Cliff in the parking lot.

We say "Howzit" when they pick me up and we drive to go pick Mark up.

Nobody says much on the way to the mall . Then we do we buy beer before we cruise over to Wizard Studios.

At Wizard we do the the set, pretty much like clockwork, twice. I try to be still and just concentrate on singing. I feel like the set has lost something, but keep my mouth shut. Nothing will solve it except for someone else to sing back up vocals, I think. But it's too late now, for both the session and the band.

Maybe if when we record, we just concentrate and take a few beats between each song and not rush because we only have so much time, it'll be all right.

Now it's time to do *The Quick and the Dead*. Mark clicks it off and we go thru it once with Brian's intro, and get thru it though it feels a little shaky. The 2nd time feels faster, louder and it rocks harder.

"I thought of a bridge. Let's put it between the 2nd verse and the chorus," Brian instructs.

He demonstrates it and he, Cliff and Mark try it from ½ way thru the preceding verse.

"Ok. That'll work," Brian says.

Mark counts it off again and we do the song and the bridge works. Then we do it again and again.

"Sounds fuckin' cool," Cliff approves.

Our time has practically ended, but we want to get it nailed down as tight as we can before we put it on wax.

"Let's do it 1 more time," Brian tells us.

We play it like we've played it 10'000 times before already. I want to make sure we've got it but its time to break down. We pay Jacky and head out to the parking lot to drink our 40s.

Mark initiates a heated discussion about whether the new song works.

"Ok. I guess you guys are right. It's not gonna be some major tragedy if it don't come off. We can edit it out," Mark finally gives in.

Brian asks Mark if it'll be ok if he plays on KTUH's drum kit. Mark says "ok".

We finish our beers and take off towards town. Cliff and Brian want to hit 3D, but I tell them I had a rough week and have to study as much as humanly possible this weekend. We let Mark off and they cruise me back to Manoa. They let me off in the parking lot at the Hilton again.

Then they drive off. I walk upstairs and feel all lonely. I go upstairs and watch MTV with Kat and Jay while I drink a couple more beers and smoke some bong hits.

"Jay, does the studio still have that drum kit?" I ask.

"Yeah, it's still works," he says.

I finish my beer and a bong hit then I go to bed and go out like a light.

Angie doesn't come over that night. Saturday I just go to work, then come home, shower and study. I actually only have 1 beer all night. I finally go to bed at like 1, and Angie leaves me alone again.

On Sunday I go to the University library with the Chemistry and Algebra book like at 10 AM. I stay there all day, till almost 6. Then I go back to the Hilton and go in on a pizza with my roomies. Angie has left me a message, but I have no way to call her back at work and don't really want to go down to Mignon tonight. We watch Streets of San Francisco, smoke pot and listen to Punk Rock on the radio till the pizza arrives and I wash 3 slices of sausage pepperoni down with a couple of beers. When it settles I drink a few cups of coffee as I study in my room till 11. Maybe I'm making headway but it's hard to tell. Connecting the Algebra with the Chemistry slows me down because the texts aren't really designed to go with 1 another. Both really seem like symbolic facsimiles of reality that don't have anything to do with each other directly, necessarily. Of course the reality, which supposedly binds them seems the most important foundation, sometimes I get lost and can't find the bridge between the Algebra and Chemistry. Or maybe I'm just stupid.

I plod on thru till after 11 and then I smoke a couple more bong hits and then nod out.

Angie wakes me in the middle of the night. I sit up and open my eyes as she lays on me, holding me and kissing my neck.

"What's going on Einstein? Learning anything?" she asks.

"Einstein was physics. I don't know if I'm learning a fucking thing, Baby Doll. I think I'm just giving myself a stroke."

"Come on, Sweetie. Give it a chance to sink in. You're gonna figure it out. I have faith in you."

"Thanks, Angie. If I flunk though, I can always drive an ice cream truck."

We start to kiss. I undress her and she pulls my pants off, the only clothes I have on. Then we rock.

Monday morning me and Angie say our goodbyes in the usual way. I got class and a recording session tomorrow, probably the last gig ever with the boys, and work every day till the Chemistry test. The only study blocks of time I have left are tonight and Wednesday night. The session doesn't really worry me. My vocals, the new song and the fact that I'm bummed about the line up falling apart seem like the only hard parts. I have an article to read for Buddhism and that's cake. In Chemistry I'm lost.

I go off to work and then come back to the Hilton. Then I study thru the evening till I crash.

Angie doesn't come over. I wake Tuesday and go to work. Then I get to UH and call my baby from the phones by the Gardens.

"Hello?" she answers.

"Hi, Love."

"Hi, Paul. What's going on?"

"I'm going to Chemistry. I just thought I'd call and say hi. What're you doing?"

"We just got up. We're gonna go down to the pool, I think."

"Is there a radio at Mignon?" I ask.

"No, I don't think so. I can just take my radio, though. Why, do you want me to listen to the show tonight?"

"Yeah, if you want."

"Ok, as much as I can. But I gotta dance too. You're gonna get a tape, aren't you?"

"Yeah, of course."

"Ok. Break a leg, Honeybuns. Maybe I'll come over tonight," she tells me.

"That'd be great. Listen, I gotta go to class. See you, ok?"

"Ok. Love you."

"Love you too."

Well, at least we talked. I park my moped to the side of the bike racks in front of the library across the way. Then I make for Chemistry class, still wearing my surfer shorts, battered t shirt, boots and all dirty from work.

In class it seems like it starts to all make sense. Maybe I'm just imagining it. But no more classes happen till after exams.

If I flunk I have no hope of passing, I figure. I still have 1 more night to study.

After Chemistry I stop by Manoa Gardens. I actually buy myself a mug of beer inside and sit with Ivan, Stan, Bobo Dad and the rest of the Bobos.

Kevin Potts sits at another table, sees me and joins us. I finish my beer pretty fast and someone gives me a refill from the pitcher when it comes around.

Kevin wears thrashed bleached jeans, a white sleeveless t shirt with a big black hand painted upside down Anarchy symbol.

“What’s up, dude?” he asks.

“Nada. Well not really, a lot. We’re doing a live session at KTUH tonight.”

“Really? Cool. Maybe I’ll tape it.”

“I’d be stoked, except my band’s breaking up.”

“No way.”

“Way. Cliff and Brian are going to California. Brian says he knows a guitar player, but I just don’t know. I’m kinda bummed.”

“Pig Rock, I play bass. If you already have a guitar player and have your old drummer, we’re all the way there. Are you guys recording your whole set?”

“Yeah, but wait up. Are you any good?” I ask him.

“Well I taught myself playing with old Sex Pistols and Ramones albums. I’ve practiced with 1 band that never played out. I got a bass and an amp.”

“Well, that’s how Cliff learned. I got a Chemistry test in a couple of days so right now I can’t even think about it. Come up to the station tonight, if you want,” I tell him, though I don’t know why.

“Yeah, maybe. Sure.”

After I finish my beer I say “Bobo” to everyone and take off for the 1st part of Buddhism class. I pretty much zone out in class. Probably I’m tired or maybe it’s the beer. I catch something about the 8 Fold Path and compassion. I’m sure I have it in the notes and reading that the Professor gave me. I have to leave part way thru the lecture and go to the station.

The same building that surrounds the courtyard of Manoa Gardens holds KTUH on the 2nd floor. I take the stairs up around the side of the building. I walk in the unlocked door to the waiting room, which has a brown vinyl couch and coffee table with music magazines on it. A hallway runs past that, next to the DJ booth where a thin jock with long black hair spins. The on air show isn’t played though, because at the end of the hallway parallel to the

DJ booth Jay works in the studio patching cords into the mixing board and the board into the tape deck and transmitter feed.

I see from a clock in the DJ booth that it's like 6:20 and the guys aren't around. If we want to soundcheck the new song a few times we gotta be set up by 6:45. I calm down by reminding myself that it just doesn't matter anymore.

I see that Jay has the mikes and mike stands set up already at their optimum positions. The drum mikes sit ready and my mike rests on a mike stand, but the guitar and bass amp mikes sit set up at about 3 feet, and 2 and a ½ feet, where the amp speakers would be. The drums have 3 mikes and the bass, guitar and vocals each have just 1 mike. That's 6 tracks in all. I know the mixing board has 8 tracks though. All the cords patch into a box at the bottom to the side of the window to the DJ booth, which I know all patch into the board in the booth. A box with a small speaker sits on the floor in front of the DJ booth facing the band, which I know is the vocal mike, set up for the band to hear and so it doesn't bleed onto the live mikes.

"Howzit Jay?" I say.

"Howzit. Where's your band?"

"They'll be here," I assure him.

He nods. "Sing something thru the mike so I can get a level."

I go up to the vocal mike and sing,

"Regrets, I've had a few
but then again, to few to mention."

"No, sing a God Dog song, fool," he instructs.

I sing part of Quick and the Dead.

"Good. Is that the new song?" he asks.

"Yup."

Brian and Cliff come up carrying Brian's amp. Mark carries Brian and Clifford's axe cases.

"Paul, come help me get my amp," Cliff says after helping Brian place his amp in front of the shorter mike stand.

"Shoots."

Mark sits behind the drums and starts to hit the heads, cymbals and step on the bass pedal tentatively as Brian plugs in, hits a chord and adjusts his knobs. Cliff and I head down the hall and downstairs.

"What took you guys?" I ask Cliff.

"We came as quick as we could after we picked Mark up," he answers defensively.

"No biggy. We're on time."

"Barely," Cliff admits.

The car is parked on the walk next to the building stairway. I wonder if Brian might get towed or get a ticket. If he's not worried, neither am I. We grab the amp and hump it up the stairs, thru the waiting room and hallway into the studio in front of the mike stand.

"Just so you guys know, I mix everything so it all just peaks barely into the red, out front, a basic live Punk mix. Nothing drowns anything. It's a live mix onto 4 track tape, but the board's mixing the session into 1 signal so there's no way to remix. That's because the reel to reel gets the signal feed straight from a cord from the transmitter," Jay tells us.

"Dude, I trust you. That's how the 1st Pig Rot was recorded and that came out good," I tell him.

"Ok. If anyone wants any effects, you gotta do it out of your amp," Jay explains.

Everyone else shakes their heads like they already knew this. Brian and Cliff face their amps and play a little and set their volume and Mark hits the drums a few times to test them further.

I want to ask Jay what will happen if we use the 2 extra channels to double the bass and guitar in the mix but we have no time for the Q & A and especially to actually do it.

"I'm gonna go in the booth and set the levels of the mix. We got like 20 minutes. When I go in there just start playing when you want, but Paul, watch me in the booth in case we've got to communicate. I'll come back in before we go live," Jay says and then walks out of the studio into the DJ booth.

"Ok, Quick and the Dead. Ready?" I say thru the mike.

Mark clicks it off 4 times and Brian nails the intro, we start into it, mess the bridge up but pull it back together quick and end the song clean.

"Let's just do it again," Brian says loud.

Mark counts it off on the drums again. I work on my voice and it seems like we do the song clean this time.

"Let's try it 1 more time but lets do it faster," Brian tells us.

We do it again and though I'm totally concentrating on how I sound it seems like it totally rocks to me.

Jay comes back into the studio to talk with us again. We've got less than 5 minutes left but it doesn't seem like Jay's stressing so I guess I'm not either.

"All right. We're almost ready. When the red light is on above the window, we're live. I'll hand signal you and count the last 5 seconds before we go on from the window. It's an hour show but I know your set's only like 45 minutes, so we're cool on time. I'm not gonna cut anything short. The mix sounds good and

you guys are tight, and we're ready to roll in just a few minutes. Ok?"

Everybody just nods "yes". Jay leaves and in ½ a minute reappears in the booth window wearing headphones. It seems like it takes a lot longer than a couple of minutes but finally he raises his hand, pulls each of his 5 fingers to his palm till it's a fist and then points at us.

"Good evening ladies and germs. We're Dog God, and you suck. 1,2,3,4" I say before we launch into Anarchy in Hawaii Kai.

I take a deep breath and a few seconds of a break in between each song. I totally get into how my voice sounds much more than in a gig and don't jump around or run out of breath at all.

We do The Quick and the Dead 4th. When we hit the bridge Brian sticks a new little lick in that sounds like Chuck Berry on acid. The song comes off clean. In fact I think it turns out way rad from how it sounds in the studio.

Because of the breaks between the songs and maybe because it's the most relaxed situation we've ever played in we do the whole set very well. As long as the mix was clean I'm sure the recording came out really good. When it's done I feel out of breath, but I'm not all sweaty like after a gig.

I see that Kevin Potts watches from the hallway and stands with another skinny shorter guy with a shaved head, big nose, but wearing a normal short sleeved button up shirt with a pocket protector that has 3 pens in it.

Jay comes in the studio as the band breaks down, "Good job guys. It sounded good."

Brian greets the shorter guy who raps with Kevin in the hallway as Cliff puts his bass away.

"Paul, this is the guitar player I was telling you about, Dan Uptun. Dan, meet Paul Cruz."

We shake hands and say "Howzit". He reminds me of a science or math major.

"You and Kevin have already met then, good," I say.

I know how getting copies of the tape goes because I've done it before. 1st I gotta get Jay blank cassettes and then he'll take the reel to reel to the audio lab so that he can make multiple dupes. He can only make 4 at a time, but there's a cassette to cassette set up at the Hilton where I can make these guys tapes. I compute this all quickly.

"I'll get you guys tapes ASAP and then we can maybe reserve the Music Room at the Student Center and we can try each other out." I already hustle again.

"I called my girlfriend and got her to tape the show already, Pig Rock," Kevin explains.

"I've seen you guys play and heard it just now. I think I could fake my way thru a few of your tunes. Pig Rock definitely," Dan tells me.

Wow, this all falls together easier than I would've thought. That's the power of reputation, I guess. Maybe God Dog has a life of its own that's bigger than me, or any combination of personalities. Still though, I gotta try these guys out, especially Kevin.

We plan on Monday, Wednesday or Friday night practices at the UH music room, followed by a Wizard's session if it works out. Me Kevin and Dan exchange phone numbers.

"Hey Elvis, help me get my amp down to the car?" Cliff asks me sarcastically.

"Hold on, dude. I'm taking care of business," I come back at him.

"Fucking Rock Stars," he counters.

Me, Dan and Kevin all finish and I help Cliff hump his amp down to Brian's car. Mark and Brian have just put Brian's amp in and then go back up for the guitar and bass. Me and Cliff shove the amp into the back seat.

"I gotta go back and get my bag," I tell Cliff and go grab it.

I run back out and down the stairs to the car. The guys stand and talk as I join them.

"Let's go drink a beer or 3," Mark says to me.

"I gotta study," I say.

"Come on, Paul. We gotta celebrate."

"Let's just go get a 12 pack and go to the Hilton," I say. How long can a 12 pack last?

Everybody agrees so I throw Brian a couple of bucks and they go get it. I tell them I'll meet them at the pad. I go get my moped and ride home and go up and crack the books for a few minutes before they arrive.

Jimmy and Kat sit in the livingroom watching TV and listening to the radio and commend our performance on the radio. We thank them and I pull the kitchen chairs from the front of the livingroom by the phone next to the kitchenette so we all can sit. We crack the beers open.

I tell everybody, "Good job."

We all take a drink. I Want to Rock plays by Twisted Sister on MTV and Mark throws his hand out and extends his pinky and forefinger out in the Satanic Metal salute.

"Hey, Paul. We talked to Kyle last week. He said we could do a secret goodbye set if we want in a couple weeks. He'll even pay us \$60 bucks if we flyer," Cliff tells me.

My stomach churns at the thought, "Yeah, sure, ok."

I want to let a dying dog die, but if these guys want to, I guess I'm out voted. I don't want to deal with the details now though, so I'm just amenable and let it go at that.

So that's that. By the time we've finished our 2nd beer, it's time for Mark to get to the bus stop. We all say "later" and they bail.

I put the chairs back, shower and change. Then I open the books. I've still got an hour or 2 to study. At 10:30 I go out, drink 1 last beer and smoke a bong before I go to sleep.

In the middle of the night I wake and find Angie sleeping next to me. I'm still tired, but I sit up anyway, curious why she didn't wake me up. She wears an orange t shirt, cut at the stomach and g string under my sheet. Looking at her makes me horny, so I lightly run my hand up and down her cat torso. When she stirs a little I stop, wait, start again and lightly kiss her neck.

She opens her pretty eyes, sits up a little and puts her arms around my neck.

"What are you doing, Baby?" she asks.

"Trying to get you hot and make it with you," I confess.

"Paul, you've got to sleep. You've got a Chemistry exam the day after tomorrow. That's why I didn't wake you."

I start putting the moves on her again and whisper in her ear, "I think I can afford to miss a little sleep."

I crawl on top of her, we tongue kiss and start to dry hump slowly. Then we rock and roll for a while until we both get a little satisfaction.

In the morning we say "Love you, goodbye," like always and I jet to Ron's. After work I come home, clean up and study. After a few hours of Algebra and Chemistry, I do the Buddhism extra credit reading and look at the outline notes. Then I study for the Chem exam again till almost midnight. I want to study later, but don't want to take the Chemistry test all wiped out.

I work with Ron in the morning and then go do the Chemistry exam at UH. It's like the hardest test I've ever taken. Electrons, protons, neutrons, particles, valence electrons, negative and positive charges, reactivity, heat and compression, all translated into Algebraic formulas and back into English sometimes again. I walk out of the class feeling like my brain was steak put thru the meatgrinder and smushed into hamburger. Maybe I passed, but I still don't know. At least it seems like I'm beginning to understand it. This feels like learning for real for once in my life.

I go take the Buddhism test next. It asks mostly essay

questions, with a short multiple guess section. I feel like I nail it even though I'm still thrashed from Chemistry.

After school I zip thru the night down to Mignon. I walk in and buy a Bud when the bartender notices me.

Angie sees me and crosses to me from the dressing room, "How'd it go, Baby?"

I say I might have passed but didn't get an A. Then I tell her about the session and Kevin and Dan wanting to join the band.

"See, Baby? Told you," she says.

"And I told you that you're a stone cold fox." I lunge towards her and bite her neck.

Angie laughs and pushes me off of her, "Don't get so fresh. It's bad for business."

"Fuck business."

I finish the beer and tell Angie I'm tired and going home. She walks me out to my 'ped and kisses me before I watch her walk back into Mignon, hop on the 'ped, ride home and go to bed.

I go to 3D Friday, the next night and we set the gig for a week from Saturday. I talk to Crazy Charlie and he says he can bring his drum kit to the club the night we play for Mark.

After work the next day I make a flier master with a ballpoint pen and magic marker using Kevin's God Dog design from memory. It looks pretty raw. I take it to the copy shop and make copies. Then I put them up around 3D and UH and leave them in and around the club. I don't stick around though. I don't want to OD on 3D.

Angie comes over that night after the Cave. I get up earlier than her, let her sleep and go for a run. She wakes after I'm showered and dressed and we have time to go see the 2nd showing of DePalma's Scarface with Al Pacino. It's Punk Rock.

"Say hello to my l'il fren'!"

Or when Tony Montana gives his "Look at the bad man!" monologue in the nightclub, or the 1st scene when the dealers try to burn them for their money and torture the 1st guy in the crew with a chainsaw then go at Tony with it and his partners bust in, they shoot it out and they get over with the kilos from the cutthroats that tried to jack them. The movie pretty much defines the decade.

She goes to work late and I get her Chinese food and help her eat it. Then I go home and just hang at the Hilton with the roomies and don't even think about studying, practice or recording. We don't even have a practice scheduled on Friday and probably won't even do all of our songs on Saturday night at 3D.

Monday I go to work as usual. Then I do work and Chemistry class, where I find out my score on the exam. I got a 70, like right on the border between a D and a C. Talk about just squeaking by.

I got an 88 on my Buddhism exam, a high B. I can live with that, I guess. At home I see a message that Dan Uptun called and I call him back after work the next night. He says he borrowed the tape from Kevin and both of them have been learning the songs and that I should reserve the Music Room. I call both of them and remind them I have Monday, Wednesday or Friday night open. I tell them I'll find my ID and reserve the room tomorrow and Dan tells me he'll do it and get back to me. I tell them both I'll put them on the guest list Saturday night.

Angie comes over Thursday night after I work and go to both classes again, wakes me up and we do our thing. Friday I go to work, get paid, and come home. I just stay in though it's our usual practice and 3D night. Fliers have been launched and if nobody even comes tomorrow I don't even care. Me and the roomies do the usual TV/Radio weed beer juxtaposition thing, and then I turn in early.

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Saturday it rains so me and Ron take the day off. That sucks for me as far as cash goes but I can use the rest.

I take a ride thru the gray drizzle to the mall to buy a pack of cassettes for Jay to make dupes of the live session. Kevin has 1 and I can just dupe 1 at home for Dan when Jay does it. Jay says he'll dupe them off by the end of the week for me.

I just smoke bong watch TV and when it gets time to go I get ready and just wear thrashed jeans, my work boots and a black t shirt. I decide to just sing with no body paint and not go down to my jock. If the spirit fills me I'll just get naked. I almost leave the isopropyl alcohol and lighter but decide that it's better to have it and not want it than to want it and not have it.

Angie has told me that she needs the money and can't take the night off.

So when it gets about 8:30 I take a moped ride down to the club in beautiful Waikiki. I park in the alley and go on up.

"Howzit, Junior?" I ask as I pass him on the stairs.

"Howzit," he replies and lets me by.

Not many people have come to the club yet. The boys aren't anywhere yet. I walk over to the bar and Kyle sets me up with a Boilermaker.

"So what are you gonna do after your band mates leave?" he asks.

“Suicide Bomb at Disneyland.”

“For real?”

“Maybe I got a new crew already. Maybe I’ll just hang it up. What am I gonna do, just keep playing your club month after month?”

“It’s better than a kick in the nuts.”

I think about it, “Yeah Kyle, I guess your right.”

I see that the PA and Charlie’s drums have already been set up. By the time I finish my drink Brian, Cliff and Mark come up with Brian’s amp and Mark has the bass and guitar cases. Cliff and Brian wear their leather and Mark, as usual, looks like a perpetual 70s stoner in an old surfer t shirt, bell bottoms and Chucks. Cliff asks me to help him with his amp and we go down to the car on the Ala Wai to fetch it and bring it all the way back.

When we come back up the front steps into 3D with the amp, Brian and Mark drink at the bar. Me and Cliff put it in place. Then we join our cohorts at the bar and Cliff gets his drink from Kyle. Some Punks and Mods start to arrive.

“What time do you guys want to go on?” Kyle asks.

If we start by 11 we can still do our whole set and make the liquor store before it closes, barely. I don’t feel like getting too cut before we play, but I might after.

“Between 10:30 and 11,” I answer.

Kyle takes a few seconds, “Hit the stage at 10:45. I’ve got to know when to tell Ken to be at the bar so I can run the board. We don’t have to soundcheck now. I know how to mix you guys. I’ll just tweak the board during the 1st song, Anarchy, pretty much a throwaway anyway.”

“Check, Sir.” I give him a thumbs up, just like Fonzie.

The gig tonight pretty much just lets Cliff and Brian say “Goodbye” to the band, closure, I guess. None of us invest too much energy in soundcheck or the mix. We just hang loose.

We have almost an hour and a ½ to kill. I hope we don’t end up drinking in the alley or by the canal. That will just make me feel all weird. If I had my own secret way, we wouldn’t play this last show anyway. It seems stupid to know that I have feelings for Brian and Cliff as part of this band. That’s life in the big city.

I Put \$3 on the bar for a beer from Cliff to forestall going and buying booze with the boys on the street.

“Put your money back, Pig Rock. I got you covered tonight,” Kyle tells me and sets me up with another Boilermaker.

By the time I finish it the guys say we should go get something to drink on the canal.

“Let’s just wait, dudes. We don’t wanna get all trashed before we play. Get another drink,” I tell them.

Crazy Charlie finally plays a record, You Spin Me

Around, by Dead or Alive and the night has officially begun.

In a little while the boys tell me they're going for a walk. I guess they have ants in their pants. I tell them I'll just hang. They take off. I'm a little buzzed. I sit by the window and look down on the street.

More UH Punks and the Stan, Ivan and some Bobos show up, Kevin too and Dan, a bit later. Bob Thomas comes alone. John Olsen and most of TRO show. Plus Margo and Reggie arrive from The Rattles but nobody from The Sting Rays. Janine and Jimmy walk in as well, and Kailani. I want to talk to her but she avoids looking at me, so I don't.

I schmooze with everybody just a little. Then the guys return as it gets closer to zero hour. I make sure my bag's on the stage with the isopropyl and the lighter in my pocket, with lots of fluid and a big jet of flame. I told myself I wouldn't spit fire but I know I probably will. I notice that Cliff goes to the table where Jimmy, Janine and Kailani sit to talk to my ex girl. I spit the bilious taste of jealousy out of my mouth, because I know that it's a stupid and wrong way to feel.

Almost when it gets to be time to take the stage, Angie walks in alone, in old baggy jeans, her ankle boots and a wife beater. She wears all the make up that she normally wears at work, which seems more than the typical 3D chick has on but it's not that out of bounds.

"What are you doing here, Baby? I thought you were supposed to be at work," I ask her as I wrap my arms around her.

"I came between sets to see your guys last show, but I can't stay too long," she explains.

I kiss her right in the entrance in full view of my whole society. Kailani probably sees. But we run together now, and that's how it is.

"Do you want a beer or a Boilermaker?" I ask.

She scrunches her nose, "No. Where's your ex?"

"She didn't come," I lie.

Maybe I should just point Kailani out, but I don't have time to deal with anything right now. I hold Angie's hand and we stand against the wall. I see Brian, Clifford and Mark take the stage.

"Why didn't you do your eyes?" she asks.

I just shrug, "It's showtime, Love."

"Break your legs, Honeybuns."

"I told you not to call me that."

"I can call you anything I want because you belong to me now," she declares.

"Ok, whatever. I gotta play now." I squeeze her again.

"I'm probably gonna bail during your set. Come to Mignon after," she tells me.

"Ok, but I'm gonna get drunk after the set."

"Paul, don't get drunk."

"I have to." I give her a long French kiss.

"Ok, love you," she tells me.

"Love you too."

I let her go and join my boys on the stage.

We all take our places. Mark, Cliff and Brian all make provisional noises as Kyle sets levels.

I say, "check, check," then, "Good evening ladies and germs, We're Dog God and you're not!"

Mark thwaps out 4 beats and we slam into Anarchy and Kyle sets each of the 6 channels he uses. We play a pretty relaxed set, do our fast songs fast and our slow songs slow. I work on vocals more than usual and dance around and spasm only intermittently, but I still start to sweat and take my shirt off to the howls and whistles of the house. I throw it into the audience, not knowing what the fuck I'm gonna wear for the rest of the night. The audience mostly pogos, but we get an actual pit going for Pig Rock. We keep it going for I Am the Bomb, Police State Dream, The Quick and the Dead, which we do later in the set, and Play That Funky Music. Angie walks out the door ½ way thru the set. I don't do any flips, get naked, or set my lungs on fire, but I spit fire for Pig Rock twice and on I Put a Spell On You and Play That Funky Music when the crowd demands "Fireball!" I end the set on the stage floor, holding the mike to my mouth, my shoulders on the floor and my knees tucked under my legs as my sweating torso dry humps the club air above. I'm woozy and it feels like sex. The viewers know which song plays last and roar when it's over. I go to the bar and get a drink from Ken.

Brian, Mark and Cliff catch up with me as I drain the whiskey and beer, only an appetizer for a booze feast to come.

"Come on, Pig Rock. Let's go get a drink," Mark says.

"We gotta go to the liquor store," I remind them.

"We already went," Cliff tells me.

"What did you get?" I ask

"We still got 2 bottles of Thunderbird and a 12 pack," Cliff says.

"I don't know if that's enough," I say.

"You just had a Boilermaker," Brian says.

"I'm mourning the death of a beautiful phenom. I'm gonna get polluted," I announce.

"Don't drive your moped home tonight," Mark advises me.

"I'll probably sleep in the canal, but for now I'm going for

a ½ pint, just to make sure. But you know what? I need a shirt to wear.”

“I got a shirt on my car seat, Paul,” Brian tells me.

“Ok, I know where you’re parked. Meet you guys there.”

“I’ll come with you, Pig Rock, just to make sure you make it.”

We have a bit of a hard time getting out of 3D because of everybody congratulating us. At the liquor store I get a pint just in case anybody else wants a pull or 2. Then we all sit on the ledge above the water of the Ala Wai and get drunk. Before we finish the booze we go back and load everything from the club into Brian’s ride, and then finish drinking. After that I don’t really remember much because I’m pretty much decapitated. The boys convince me to get in a cab and we all say “later”. And though Dog God probably reincarnates even as it dies, that’s the end of this combo. I crawl from the cab up into the Hilton and into my bed, drunk as a skunk.

I open my eyes in the morning sick as a dog. The sun and bright blue sky assault me from out of the window. Angie sleeps next to me. I go to the refrigerator for a couple of beers, drink them fast, and actually find the last couple of shots of whiskey in the pint bottle on my dresser back in my room. I suck them up as Angie wakes. My hangover cured, I lay back down at a little after 10:30.

“What are you doing, Baby?” she asks.

“Swallowing the hair of the dog that bit me.” I feel good and cut again.

“You’re a problem child.”

“Yeah, I know. Did you go out last night?”

“Yeah. When you didn’t show at Mignon I thought I’d go hang out a little,” she explains. “I wanted to rape you, but you were way passed out.”

“I’ll let you later. Let me sleep this alcohol off 1st.”

“Why’d you get so drunk last night?”

“Because I’m bummed about losing Cliff and Brian.”

“Don’t be such a glum chum. You guys were good last night. Sorry that I had to leave in the middle of the set,” she tells me.

I figure she came to check up and make sure I wasn’t making time with another chick, but of course don’t say anything. She puts her arms around me tighter and hugs me.

I kiss her on her forehead, “Lets go back to sleep for a while, ok?”

We go back to sleep for almost a couple of hours. Even

as I snooze though, I'm aware of her graceful powerful being wrapped around me, sweet, perfect and alive.

We wake again past noon on Sunday. My hangover gone, I sit up. Angie opens her eyes.

"I need a shower," I say.

"No you don't Honeybuns. I want you to do me."

"Let me at least brush my teeth. Come and get in the shower with me, Baby," I persuade her getting out of bed.

"Oh all right," she surrenders.

She gets up and puts on her black tights and white tank top. I get her a towel from my closet.

We have foreplay in the shower and finish our romp on my bed. After we get cleaned up and smoke a couple of bongs and have a cup of coffee, Angie treats me to lunch at the Hard Rock Café in Waiks. I pick up my moped, follow her to Stormy's where she gets her stuff, and then I tag along back to Mignon with her. I stay for a beer and she walks me out to the parking lot in a long tight slinky black dress and pumps, her eye make up unfinished. I watch her blow me a kiss as she goes back into work. Then I ride back to the Hilton.

Me and Ron go to lunch at McDonald's on Monday. I call the Hawaii Loa Financial aid Office and they got the papers in time so everything seems pretty much on track. I have to pick up a loan application and get it to the Bank of Hawaii, but the counselor says she can fill it out and get it to them, I just have to come and sign it. She also tells me I can have a work study job if I take 4 classes and want it. I tell her I'll let her know. I tell Ron I gotta go on Wednesday and that I'll meet him on the job site late that day. He agrees and asks if I'll work in the fall. I tell him I'll try to get mostly night classes.

Kevin, Dan and I program our 1st session for that Wednesday night at 6. In the morning I ride to the mall, catch the bus to Hawaii Loa to sign the loan application for like \$3500, take the bus back to the mall then ride the 'ped to Hawaii Kai to work with Ron. I still got just less than 3 weeks to get registered. After that I barely have time to go home for a shower, so I don't so that I'm not late for the practice. I'm a little early so I wait on the steps on the main level of the Student Center, which go up to the Music Room and study Chemistry.

Dan comes first with an acoustic guitar case, which works, I guess. He wears jeans, old red Chucks and a plain white t shirt.

We say "Howzit?" and decide to both go for the key in the music room.

We go get it from a young Chinese guy in the office. When we get back to the bottom of the steps Kevin has already arrived. He has a bass case and a small pig amp and wears thrashed bleached jeans held together with safety pins, combat boot, an old battered Mickey Mouse t shirt and a wide black leather metal studded belt.

"Was'up dudes?" Kevin smiles.

Me and Dan both say, "Was'up."

We all go up the stairs and I lead them to the practice room, 1 of 3 down the same hall and I open the door and we enter.

"So you guys have been sharing the tape that you made, Kevin?" I ask.

"Yup," Dan answers.

"It cuts off in the middle of Pig Rock, but that's an easy song and I've heard it lots," Kevin tells me.

"I'll make another tape by the weekend," I tell them.

Kevin plugs in and starts plucking out sounds as Dan tunes up. Then Kevin tunes to Dan. I notice that Kevin doesn't get all the way in tune but neither me or Dan says anything.

"If this works, I'll schedule a practice at Wizard with Mark, our drummer," I say.

We go thru the set from the start, slow as I beat on the stool in the room for some kind of a beat. I didn't bring my mike so I just sing loud, but it's easy since Kevin has his volume set low. They know the songs all right and it sounds kinda interesting unplugged. I can tell Dan plays the guitar way good, like Hendrix or something, even on an acoustic. Kevin, like Clifford, is a non musician self taught bass player. He has a Stranglers bumper sticker pasted to his red mangled bass.

I only reserved the room for an hour since this session basically serves to audition Kevin and Dan. We get thru the whole set ok. Even though sometimes Kevin has a hard time keeping up even though we play slow and he's slightly out of tune, I can tell that this can work. The gap between Kevin and Dan's abilities seems wider than Cliff and Brian's, but that might make for a rad sound, more Punk, like Post Punk or something.

When 7 o'clock rolls around I say, "Yeah, this could be something. I'll schedule a practice at the studio, maybe next week. Can you guys do Friday night?"

They both nod "Yes."

"Yeah, sure," Dan says.

"Ok," Kevin confirms.

"Let me call Mark and I'll get back to both of you. Keep practicing Kevin. Let's just keep the same band name," I tell them.

"For sure," Kevin agrees.

"It'll probably only take like 3 practice sessions before we're ready to gig. I should get the key back to the office," I say.

When I come back they want to get a pitcher at the Gardens. We walk over there from the Student Center. I'm already drinking with the new line up.

The Bobo's have their own table and it's pretty much filled up. Ivan sits practically passed out and I say "was'up" to Stan.

Kevin, Dan and I sit at the only empty stone table. We sit, drink and talk about 70s bands we liked. I tell them that I used to like Kool and the Gang and Earth Wind and Fire when I was in junior high school.

"I even owned a few pairs of platform shoes."

"You're a Punk Frank Zappa," Kevin tells me.

"Fuck off," I say.

"It's weird how the Skin Heads go off to Play That Funky Music," Dan says.

"They just relate to 'White boy'," I say.

Pretty soon the pitcher's empty. Kevin suggests getting another 1.

"I gotta go home and take a shower boys. I'll call you about next Friday," I tell them.

They both say, "All right," and decide to split another pitcher.

At home I call Mark about practice at Wizard's next Friday. 1 of his roommates answers and puts him on.

"What's happening?" Mark asks.

"I just practiced with a couple of UH cats who learned our set from taping the live session, the guys who were up there when we recorded," I explain.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, it went all right. You wanna practice with them at Wizard's next Friday night, same bat time, same bat channel?"

He doesn't answer right away, "I guess. This is kinda sudden, though. I thought we were a dead issue."

"This guitar player is badass, Mark. This could be good," I tell him.

"Ok, but Paul, I gotta tell you. I got 5 classes next semester and work study. I wanna graduate by spring."

"Me too."

"Brah, what I'm saying is, I don't know if I can jam with you all after the end of the summer. I'll get these guys tight and do whatever gigs until then, but after that, I think I gotta bail," Mark explains.

I don't say anything for ½ a minute, "Kay den. That's cool. I understand."

"Do either of these guys have a ride?"

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure. I'll see if Dan can pick you up at the usual spot next Friday and get back to you."

"Right on. Let me know. Get me a tape of the session."

"I'll bring it to practice."

We say "Goodbye" and hang up.

So I need to find a new drummer I guess. I feel like maybe I should just hang it up. But then what would I do? Plus it felt like Dan and Kevin could really work out. I remember that I have to get over to Hawaii Loa to apply for financial aid and get registered for fall. I might be too late. What's the point of graduating? What's the point of singing in a Punk Rock band? What's the point of anything? I go to the fridge for a beer and sit in front of the TV with Jimmy and Kat and wait for the bong.

The practices at Wizard Studios on Friday nights go pretty good for 3 weeks. We get thru the set twice the first 2 practices and 3 times the last 1. As usual we drink beer during and after and shoot the shit in the parking lot. A couple of times we go to 3D's after and once Mark comes over to the Hilton and crashes on the couch after the club. Then we decide to take a break until we line up a gig.

When Jay gets me the tape, it sounds great. I want to dupe off like 100, but I have to edit some songs out and get Jay to do that and make me a master for the dupe house in Waipahu past Pearl City. It'll cost like 178 bones and I don't really know where to get the money. I ask Kevin if he can clean up his Dog God logo for a cassette sleeve. I ask Jay to master me a reel to reel master editing out Anarchy, Play That Funky Music, Black Mack Trash and Dark Red Door. Probably we should 86 Spell on You with the rest of the covers, but I like it too much. Jay says "yeah" and I don't even need to buy him a reel of tape because he can just pinch it from the lab if I get it back to him. I figure the songs are all on tape in the KTUH library so it's cool.

"I was gonna clean up the band logo anyway to silk screen t shirts," Kevin tells me 1 night in Dan's 12 year old white Subaru hatchback on the ride from Wizard's to 3D.

I keep on working with Don landscaping and going to Chemistry and Buddhism class on Tuesdays and Thursdays. It kicks my ass with practice and all but I hold it together pretty good, none the less.

Angie keeps on coming up a few nights a week to wake me up at the Hilton for a sex party. When I can't get a hold of her on the phone at Stormy's I go and see her at Mignon. The bar

staff gets to know me as her boyfriend and even the bartender stops making me buy a Bud every time I go in, only like ½ the time. Angie hassles me a few times about Giselle and Kailani, but mostly not. She never sees Kailani and Giselle never crosses our path so there's not really much to hassle me about. For the most part we're in love and snug as 2 bugs in a rug.

Some UH Punks plan a Back to School dorm party at Johnson Hall, or J Hall and Kevin tells them about the new line up so they book us, saying they'll rent a PA. I want to ask TRO and The Sting Rays, or even The Rattles but know the gig will get squashed, so I don't. I let Kevin know and he tells the Punks and that it's probably a better idea to just hook a stereo up to the PA because only 1 band will get to play like ½ a set before it's busted. We set up a couple of Wizard practices. This might be Mark's last gig but I figure I'll wait till later to worry about finding a new drummer.

Finals time rolls around and I have to start studying hardcore for the Chemistry exam again like for 2 and a ½ weeks. For Buddhism I just show up and take notes plus do the reading. On the Chem test I get right on the border between a D and C again, but I pass the class. I'm actually prouder of that than of any A I ever got. In Buddhism I get a low B on the final exam and get a B in the class.

On a Monday I roll by the Gardens after work. Kevin and Dan sit drinking a pitcher with the Bobos.

"Wa'sup Bobos? Howzit boys?" I greet everyone.

"Bobo Pig Rock!" Ivan says.

Kevin and Dan ask me, "Howzit?"

I set with them and we get another pitcher. It's only been a few real practices but they almost know the set well enough to do the gig we've programmed.

"You guys like the tape of the KTUH session, yeah?" I ask them.

"Yeah," Kevin says.

"It pretty much rocks," Dan agrees.

I tell them I've got Jay editing some songs out to master a demo we can sell at gigs and at Ramjam Records.

"I know you guys didn't play on it, but if we got it out it'd strengthen our street credibility and then we could record an 8 track studio session when we write some more songs," I sell.

I see them thinking it over. I manage to talk them into splitting the cost of duping tapes. It'll cost us like \$60 each but I don't count the sleeve and jacket cost, which will be another \$27 or \$28 for 100, but I can worry about that later. At \$5 a tape we'll

make our money back and then some and the cassette will still be cheap.

We finish our pitcher. Kevin and Dan stand like they're about ready to go so I stand too.

"I got a bottle of Ouzo up at the crib. You guys wanna come over for a shot?" Kevin asks us.

I look at Dan and he looks at me before I say, "That wouldn't hurt my feelings.

"Why not?" Dan agrees.

"Should I go with you guys or just ride my moped?" I ask.

"I'll cruise you back here, no biggy," Dan offers.

"Shoots."

We say "later" to the Bobos and walk past the Library to University Boulevard and cross to where Dan's car stays parked. We get in, I sit in the back seat and Dan jets into Makiki to Kevin's 12 story apartment building which is off Piikoi Street like 2 blocks from my old cell at the Arms.

We get out of Dan's Subaru and walk toward the entrance of the building as me and Dan look up at the top of it.

"Living in a high rise apartment in the sky, huh, dude?" I ask.

"Yup. We're up on the 9th floor," Kevin tells us.

"Sweet," Dan remarks.

We get to the glass doorway of the entrance and go up the elevator to the 9th floor. When we get up to the floor Kevin leads us down the dim white hall, floor covered with red indoor outdoor carpet to apartment #907, unlocks the door and we enter.

The place has a kitchenette trimmed with blue linoleum, a living room about the size of a hotel room, and a door to the bedroom, I guess. We follow him to a blue chair and couch on green shag carpet and he puts on a Mentors album I've never heard.

It must cost a lot to live here, I think, but don't ask. Dan sits on the couch and I sit on the recliner. Kevin walks into the kitchenette and opens the refrigerator.

"Bitchin' pad, dude," I approve.

"Me and my old lady dig it. It costs too much though," Kevin says.

He brings over an unopened 5th of Ouzo and 3 small glasses from the cupboard and sets it all on a small coffee table. He opens the bottle and pours us each out a healthy double shot.

Kevin holds his glass out, "To Punk."

"To Punk," Dan and I repeat.

We all toss our shots back. It tastes like licorice Schnapps, except stronger. Then Kevin pours us each out a dose

again as big as the last. In a minute I feel it warm up my gut.

"Do you think we're gonna be ready by next Saturday night, Paul?" Dan asks.

"We got 2 practices before then. Do you think we'll be ready?" I answer a question with the same question.

Him and Kevin exchange confused looks. I smell the liqueur in my glass and put it down, not wanting to get smashed right away.

"I think we'll be ready," Kevin concludes.

"We're gonna get shut down by Campus Security anyways. We should play most of our favorite songs 1st," I tell them.

They both nod in agreement.

"What are your guy's majors anyway?" I ask them both.

"I'm an Art Major. But my Dad wants me to switch to Business, Math or Science. Maybe I should keep the Old Boy happy," Kevin tells me lackadaisically.

"Poli Sci," Dan reports.

"Are you a Commie?" I ask him.

"Maybe I'm an Anarchist. But as far as practical solutions to world problems go, I'm more of a Socialist, I guess."

I want to ask him if he's a Revolutionary who's gonna bail on the band to go to California Commie Camp, but figure it's better to wait till we've played a few gigs.

I see a couple of silkscreen frames leaning by the wall.

"Let me check these out, Kevin."

"Absolutely. 1's the Dog God screen I made from the cleaned up design I showed you at Manoa Gardens. The other is for that Sid shirt you've probably seen me wearing."

I reach over to grab them and hold them up toward the glass door onto the lanai to catch the light and see the design. I rush when I see our logo, the skeleton demon dog sitting on the floor with a beer can, ashtray and boombox holding up a peace sign with 1 arm and the FU finger with the other. I check the Sid screen out and set it down.

"That's rad Kevin," I praise.

"Thanks. I haven't printed any shirts because I just exposed the screen at school and don't even have any ink," he explains.

"I'd buy some shirts for us to do, but I'm gonna be broke after we dupe the cassettes."

"1 thing at a time," Dan advises.

The record ends and Kevin gets up to flip sides, I guess. I feel a good buzz slink up my neck to my skull. Instead of putting on side 2 of The Mentors album, he puts on a Rap record. The mix sounds pretty basic, almost like what I've seen of Run DMC

on MTV, but more raw, almost Punk. The rappers sound white though.

“Who’s this, Kevin?” I ask.

“This is the Beastie Boys,” he answers, passing me the album cover.

The look at the album titled License to Ill, listen to the tune and shake my head.

I listen for a minute, “This is like Rap Punk.”

“Or something,” Dan adds.

I take a sip of my Ouzo, smell it, then throw the whole licorice tasting glass back down my throat. Kevin and Dan both drink like ½ of theirs. Soon I’ll be cut.

“Fuckin’ A, Cassettes, t shirts, pretty soon we’ll need to start a corporation,” Dan figures.

“We can open up a theme park, or start a religion,” I dream.

“Better than government work,” Kevin observes.

“Or getting a real job or going on welfare,” I say.

Kevin starts to pour us another drink. I think about if I want to get more ripped or not but by the time I figure it out he’s already spilled out the booze.

Kevin’s girlfriend comes in the front door. She wears a sensible white blouse and blue slacks and has medium length brown hair, wears glasses and looks pretty in a normal librarian-like way.

“Sharon, meet Paul and Dan. Guys, this is Sharon, my girlfriend.” Kevin stands as he introduces us all.

We all smile, nod and say “nice to meet you” before Sharon excuses herself to their bedroom. Me and Dan finish our drinks and it seems like time to bail. Kevin asks if we want another drink but both me and Dan say we’ve gotta get home. We all say “later” and me and Dan take off.

On the way back to UH in Dan’s car I say, “You should start to tune Kevin’s bass for him.”

“Yeah, I know. He can keep up in every other way even though he’s a non-musician, but I think he’s tone deaf.”

Dan drops me off from the library at UH, “See you Friday at practice, Paul.”

“Cool. Thanks for the ride, Dan.”

He drives off and I go, ½ drunk, and find my moped, get on and ride it Back up to the Manoa Hilton.

I visit Angie at work a couple of times that week but she never comes over. She knows about the gig but tells me that she doesn’t know if she can make it. On Friday night after practice me, Dan and Kevin go to 3D. Then I meet Angie at the Cave later.

She has like a gram and a ½ of coke and we whiff some of it in the Women's room and some of it on the sneaks out in the Club with Stormy. I have 2 Long Island Iced Teas and more beer when we get to the Hilton. I'm kinda too trashed to get a hard on so we actually crash and wait till after I call Ron and tell him I'm too sick to work and then we skrog.

I haven't written any songs for a while but a couple have been floating up in the top of my skull so I lock myself in my room and write them down. I look them both over. Maybe they're stupid but I really like them anyway. They're different from the stuff I wrote with Cliff and Brian in the band but I don't think that it really matters 1 way or the other. I'll just wait and see what Kevin and Dan think. Mark probably ain't gonna play with us after Saturday's gig. It's time to find a new drummer too.

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Friday evening I meet Dan and Kevin at the Gardens with my notebook. At around 7 we finish a pitcher and then head down to Ala Moana to pick Mark up at the bus stop. We hit the liquor store on the way to Wizard's.

Dan parks, we check in with Jacky and I bring the 12 pack. We speed up the pace and get thru the set 3 times even though we've switched the order of the songs around. We go over 2 hours a few minutes. Jacky doesn't hassle us though.

In the parking lot while we glug down the 40s I grab my notebook from the backseat of Dan's car.

"I wrote a new song. Wanna check it out?" I ask everybody.

"Lay it on us, chief," Kevin instructs.

I clear my throat, "Here goes..."

...It's a Monster Jam, in my Cadillac
We go around the block, 1313 Mockingbird Lane

We don't have to go to the boneyard baby
Let's drink blood in the livingroom
I'm an insect on LSD
Let's play Dungeon of Beer

You're a real cool go go dancer
Yeah I dig those leather boots
Time to put your mask back on
We've got nothing to fear

It's a Monster Jam, in my Cadillac
We go around the block, 1313 Mockingbird Lane

Eddie, Lily, Herman, Grandpa
Not Marilyn, she's lame

Let's make a monster in the laboratory
And a 2 headed baby in the swimming pool
We'll rise again when the sun goes down
put it in gear and get out of here

And the chorus again."

Dan and Kevin look at each other for a second and then back at me. Mark just looks of into space, takes a swig of beer and hands me the bottle.

"I don't know what it means, but I like it I think," Dan says finally.

"I think your getting up onto another level, dude. Maybe it's good that you gotta think about what it means," Kevin says.

"I'll get Jacky to make a copy so you can maybe make a tune up for it, Dan. What do you think?" I ask.

"Yeah, sure."

I go back into the studio and pay Jacky to make a copy of the new song and another that I wrote.

I walk back out to the parking lot and hand Dan both sheets, "I actually wrote 2 new songs. They're both about monsters. I wrote mostly revolutionary type stuff with Cliff and Brian, so maybe why I'm coming out with this cartoon ass bullshit now," I explain.

Dan reads it and passes it to Kevin, "Funny."

"You wanna try to tackle 2 new tunes or just 1 at a time?" I ask him.

"I can give Kevin 1 and take the other and we can switch hit, like that. We've gotta get a new drummer. I might know a guy from a Reggae band."

"Rad. Kinda more normal, for a Punk song about horror movies," Kevin decides, passing Dan back the sheet.

"Let me check it out," Mark says as he intercepts the page.

"Lay it down, chief," Kevin tells me.

I wait till Mark looks it over and hands it back,

"Big bad feet 8 miles high
Razor teeth and laser eyes
I crawled up from the La Brea Tar Pits

I'm a big bad dragon, don't give me no shit

I came to slay, 'cause that's my way
I ate you're whole damn city today
I came to killa, I ate Manilla
I'm Rock, Rockzilla.

Rock, Rockzilla, Rock, Rockzilla
Rock, Rockzilla, I'm Rockzilla

I'll crush your flesh and bones to paste
Swallow you whole in just a taste
I'll lay the metropolis to waste
I'll stomp up this fucking place

You created me with radiation
A big lizard filled with rage and frustration
I came to destroy not wheel and deala
I'm Rock, Rockzilla

Chorus"

Maybe it's because of the Beastie Boys album Kevin played for us, but I recite Rockzilla kinda like a rap. We finish the beer, get in Dan's car and take Mark back to the bus stop at the mall. The UH Punks who live in J Hall made fliers and covered UH pretty good. I shrank it to ¼ size and made handbills and we take these to 3D and sneak them up and hand them all out so that we can get a bigger turn out for when Campus Security shuts us down tomorrow night. I tell Dan and Kevin I'm tired after were out of handbills and that I'm catching the bus out of Waikiki. They want to go too, so Dan gives Kevin a ride home and then me a ride to UH where I parked my moped. Then I jet home, have a beer and a couple of bong hits and crash.

The next day I come home after work, get cleaned up and dress in thrashed jeans, my boots and the white t shirt with the red Anarchy symbol. I don't really feel like doing the body paint-jock strap shtick but I know that I gotta do the fireball, so I put the isopropyl bottle in my bookbag, along with my microphone, and lighter in my pocket. Then I ride on down to Johnson Hall, 1 of 6 7 story beige cylinder shaped dorm buildings down the hill from campus under Donoho Road.

I go into the rec hall on the 1st floor in the building and Dan, Kevin and Mark have already arrived. Mark sets his drum kit up, which he brought over from Kaneohe in a car borrowed from

1 of his roommates. I'm assaulted with bad news about the set up tonight though.

Kevin doesn't have a real amp, just his mini pig amp. They didn't get us a real PA with 2 speakers, just an old 2 channel podium PA with 1 speaker in it. We have no stage or lights.

"I've got an idea for lights. What are we gonna do about Kevin's bass? I know his amp ain't loud enough," I ask everybody.

"Do you know anybody we can borrow a bass amp from?" Dan asks.

"Only Cliff, who's gone, and nobody in town right now. Maybe Margo A Go Go, but she moved and I don't have her number anymore," I answer.

"Well go get lights. I have an idea. Do you know where we can get another mike?" Dan asks.

"Maybe," I tell him.

"See what you can do and come back and we'll soundcheck."

"I didn't even think about my amp not being loud enough," Kevin explains.

"Don't worry. You gotta get you an amp though," Dan tells him.

"I'll be back in a few," I say and take off.

I ride to Ron's and find him drinking beer in his livingroom. I explain my dilemma, ask him if I can borrow 2 work lights and an extension cord with 3 outlets as well as Bob's microphone, since he's not home. Ron says "sure". I thank him, tie the lights to the inside of the crate on the back of the 'ped and ride back to J Hall.

When I get back the guys have found a couple of old doors, some concrete blocks and a few folding chairs. I bring the lights, cord and lights into the mix and begin to feel like maybe this might work, except for Kevin's bass.

"I thought maybe Kevin could plug into the other PA channel or the 2nd channel in my amp, but both feed back too much unless we lower the volume to what his amp can do anyway and then Mark's drums smash everything out. If we mike Kevin's pig amp thru the PA or my amp it might be loud enough and not feed back," Dan spells out.

"Let's try it out, brah," I say.

Kevin and Mark both just kinda shrug. Dan sets 1 of the folding chairs to the side of Kevin's amp and uses electrical tape to set Bob's microphone into position. Then we try miking Kevin's amp thru Dan's, and then thru the PA, while we practice Skin You Alive and Spell on You. It turns out that thru the PA it still feeds

back, but out of all the possible ways of making the bass loud enough, it makes the least noise.

"I think that's as good of a sound as we're gonna get it," Dan says finally.

"Well, it's Punk Rock, and we're gonna get busted anyways," I tell everybody.

Mark just makes a face. Then I start working on hotwiring the "lights and stage".

After we've almost got everything wired, the dorm dudes bring a keg into the hall. 8 o'clock has just rolled around. I figure we'll play when a decent audience arrives. I guess that means we've got like an hour and a ½ to kill. I've got the same old pre gig dilemma; lots of time and free beer but I don't need to get too drunk to sing. I tell the guys that I'm hungry and going to go get a slice of pizza at Mama Mia's. They say that they'll just stay and watch our stuff.

I go and get a combo slice and a small Coke to go and eat it out in front of the restaurant. Next I go to the park, lie in the grass and look at the sky as the sun sinks lower till I begin to feel like maybe I'm going to fall asleep. When I ride back to J Hall and return to the rec hall I figure I can go ahead and grab me a beer.

Mark, Dan and Kevin, all dressed pretty low key in jeans and t shirts, sit on a couch and chair against the wall drinking beer out of plastic cups. Kevin looks the most Punked out with his wide black studded belt and combat boots.

"How you guys feeling," I ask.

Kevin waits for somebody to say something than finally utters, "Fine. How're you doing, Pig Rock?"

"Great, except that time's just dragging by."

"How was the pizza?" Mark asks.

I burp.

I have an old stick of eye makeup in my backpack so I do my eyes without the benefit of a mirror. Kevin sees me and asks me to let him do his eyes too so I do.

The J Hall guys unplug 1 of the microphones out of the PA and set a stereo up on a folding table and plug it into the podium. Somehow they've got it wired to go thru both the stereo speakers and PA. The Punk DJ spins Blood on the Wall by Skinny Puppy. Dorm residents and general UH fuckers start showing up, and a little later even 3D lounge lizards. Only a couple of Skins show up. Nobody from TRO, The Sting Rays or The Rattles comes. Jay, Kat, Jimmy and Janine come but not Kailani.

The hall doesn't hold that many people, almost 100, maybe. It gets packed pretty fast, by the time I've had a couple of beers. I drink a couple more kinda fast and when the Bobos show

up with a couple of Rastafarian looking guys that occasionally hang out at the Gardens, I figure better now than later.

"Let's get the show on the road, fellas," I tell the boys.

We've got the door laid on the cinder blocks and 2 of the chairs on the doors. The amps sit on the floor in front of this and Mark's drums have been set in back. The work lights shine from both sides of the stage toward the front with the cords running under. I've arranged for the party producers to turn the house lights off on my signal. We take the stage and unplug the stereo, replug the microphone in, and give the hand sign to turn the lights down.

"We're God Dog. Do me, baby," I say into the mike.

We zip into Anarchy in Hawaii Kai. Right away the UH Punks, 3D Mods and Punks and Bobos start to pogo. The lyrics seem hard to hear and the whole mix sounds dirty and not loud enough but the crowd seems to get into it. It's like driving down a smooth dirt road when you're used to highway. We do Skin You Alive too fast, then slow it down with Spell on You and I spit fire. I start to sweat and take off my shirt. Next we do Pig Rock fast and a real thrash pit starts to churn. Then we do The Quick and the Dead. I stand on 1 of the folding chairs. Dan does a gnarly solo during the bridge that he's never done and I realize what a badass guitar player he really is. We then blast into Play That Funky Music, I stay up on the chair, Kevin gets up on 1 too and I notice he's taken his shirt off also and I see that 3 UH Security Sentries in blue uniforms rush into the rec hall toward the front.

I shake around and keep singing louder. I grab the bottle of rubbing alcohol from the floor and get back up on the chair and open it to spit fire again, spilling some on my hand. When I light the lighter and spit a fireball my hand starts on fire and I try to shake it out but my chair collapses and I fall forward onto the door and bang my forehead on it. When I get up my hand's gone out.

I guess another 1 of the UH pigs finds the breaker box because the amps and PA go silent and work lights go out. When the lights come back up the 4th Guard comes from a utility closet at the back of the room.

"The party's over kids! If you're not a dorm resident get off of the dorm grounds or we'll call HPD and have you arrested!" 1 of the Local Guards calls out loudly.

The crowd doesn't move at 1st, but in a minute start to make for the doors. The Guards actually deal with Mark, Dan, Kevin and I pretty calmly and after checking our IDs and calling them into the police station or wherever let us just load up and roll out.

"We could have you arrested for arson, but I don't need the hassle," the senior pig informs us.

They don't even make us rat on the guys who threw the party.

"Let's just get some booze and go up to the Hilton," I tell everybody quietly while we wait for our IDs.

When they let us go I slip Dan a few bucks and take all the stuff I borrowed from Ron and Bob and my bookbag and ride back home to wait for my bandmates. The new Dog God line up has broken its cherry, upholding our rep of infamy by having another gig squashed by campus pigs.

The guys bring up a 12 pack and 2 bottles of Thunderbird. Jay and Kat join us too.

"Dude, you've got a ding on your head," Kevin informs me.

"Yup. I fell down and went boom. Nothing a few drinks won't cure," I say.

It doesn't take us long to finish the booze though and the guys take off after we're done. I just go to bed after a bong hit.

Angie wakes me a little after 2 by crawling into bed next to me and wrapping herself around me. I already have a boner when I open my eyes.

"How's my Rock Star?" she asks.

"Good. How's my exotic showgirl?" I ask back.

"I'm fine. I was gonna go out but I wanted to make sure that you didn't bring any of your girlfriends home."

"You're the only girlfriend I've got and I never know if you're gonna show up or not. So now I know how to get you here. I just gotta play with my band somewhere. I need to find a nightly gig, I guess."

"Shut up, Paul. You're stupid but I love you. I was gonna come and see you guys play, but I don't know exactly where J Hall is."

"We played kinda early, I think. But it got busted by Campus Security, just like I knew it would."

"I'm sorry baby," she comforts.

"No, that's good. I like when the Johnnys stomp on it like a big juicy Hawaii cockroach. It fattens our rep. We played our best songs 1st anyways."

"Still though, you wanna play all your songs."

"We'll do a gig at 3D."

We kiss and stroke each other's bodies. I see she wears the shiny tight pink mini dress. Angie gets her hands under my sheet and she grabs between my legs for my cock. Then we do the nasty, twice.

I wake earlier and start doing push ups and sit ups,

though for some reason I'm sore. After a while Angie sits up, stretches and yawns.

"What are you doing? Come back to bed," she orders.

"I'm awake. I can't sleep."

I finish the set of sit ups I'm doing and jump back into bed to give her a good morning hug and kiss.

"You got a raspberry on your forehead, Baby," she says.

"Tell me something I don't already know."

"It looks cool, Paul. Let me kiss it and make it better," she does.

I crawl on top of her and start to maul her, but she puts her hands up and pushes me back.

"Wait up, Lover. I'm gonna go get cleaned up," Angie tells me.

We throw some clothes on, I grab us a beach towel and we run into the bathroom. In the shower we soap each other up and she starts to get me hard again.

We finish our shower and go back to my room and make it sweetly.

When we stop it's still pretty early, not even 1 PM. I ask Angie if she wants to go see a movie or something.

"I'm hungry. Let's go get something to eat," she tells me.

"All right. Do you wanna go down to Mama's?"

"That sounds good but I want to pick up 1 of those apartment guide papers. They don't have any of those boxes till you get into Waikiki or Ala Moana. Let's go get 1 and then we'll figure out where we should eat."

She needs to go down to her car and get her black leather travel bag to get something else besides her pink minidress. She has a pair of jeans but has to borrow a shirt from me. I give her a choice between a wifebeater and a black Misfits t shirt. She picks the black sleeveless Misfits T. I put on my Chucks, black jeans and the wifebeater.

She drives us down to a newspaper box, which holds the publications advertising condos, apartments and time share properties for rent by the mall, and then we make for the Lyon Café because we both want espresso.

She buys us both garlic bagel cream cheese sandwiches with tomato and onion and cheesecake. We also get a couple of double espressos with lots of sugar and ice waters.

Angie scans the apartment zine as we eat, "Here's 1. It's right at the top of Waikiki like a block from the Cave. Here's a couple more, too."

"How much?"

"I make enough. Security deposit might be a hassle. I can

save it by next weekend. Can you kick in a couple few hundred, maybe?" she asks.

I compute quickly, "Yeah, maybe \$250 at the end of the week. What's up at Stormy's?"

"You've seen it. Both the room and the bed are too small for a couple of strippers with as big of personality problems as we both have. I'd rather live with my boyfriend."

I swallow a drink of water, "Well, I gotta let my room mates know. It wouldn't be cool unless I gave them a month's notice but the semester starts in like 10 days and somebody on Campus needs a pad, guaranteed. I just gotta put an ad on the bulletin board and any Friday after payday I can throw in, I guess."

"Great. We don't have time today but I'll check it out this week and let you know. Try to find somebody to take your room, ok?"

"Yeah, sure," I reply, feeling kind of uneasy.

Angie holds my hand under the table and looks into my eyes with her cat's eyes. "I love you, Baby."

"Me too, Love."

We finish our meal, get up and walk out to the car, our arms around each other.

Angie drives up to Stormy's to pick up something to wear for work tonight. I wait in the parking garage since she just runs in, grabs something and returns. Then she asks if I want to come with her to work.

"I would, Baby but then I gotta walk home to the Hilton."

"I'll get you a cab."

"No don't do that. If you want I'll take a ride and come down and see you tonight. Just drop me off at home, ok?" I propose.

"Ok." she agrees.

She drives me to Manoa and drops me off in the Hilton parking lot after we kiss and hug "love you, goodbye" in the front seat.

I finish my sit ups and push ups from my aborted morning work out then go upstairs, say "hi" to the roomies, go in my room, change and go for a run. After I return I basically hang out smoking bongos but I drink only a couple of beers. Jimmy takes off, so me, Jay and Kat watch Flash Dance on cable. I go in my room before the sun goes down to look over the class catalog from school. I try to figure out if I can take all or mostly night classes and work at least 3 weekdays and a Saturday with Ron; anymore than that would be stupid because I'll kill myself. I need 4 classes to graduate. 1 has to be a 300 level Spanish or another Language and another has to be Senior Seminar. In that "class"

you just write a paper with 3 other seniors about some topic a professor/advisor helps you pick out. You don't have to attend lectures or classes, just meetings with your 3 project partners and meet once a month with your advisor. I don't know if I can find 3 other seniors who need to pass that class too. I can always wait till spring to graduate though. That might even be better, actually. I look over a handful of other classes that look easy, Art History, World Religion, Social Science. I gotta go by school tomorrow and take care of it.

I guess I smoked too many bongos though because I fall asleep. When I wake up my clock says 12:45. I sit up and remember that I told Angie that I'd go see her. I figure I've slept 4 hours already. I need to take the bus and be at the college by 9 when the Registrar's office opens, get registered because tomorrow's the deadline, take the bus back to town and meet Ron at the job in Hawaii Kai, late. I guess I can zip down and see my baby, as long as I get at least a couple more hours sleep, I should be all right.

I don't feel like wearing my leather for some reason, so I put on an old blue sweatshirt instead. I go into the bathroom to brush my teeth and comb my hair. It's grown to almost shag length by now. Maybe I should dye it white so I can put some fluorescent Crazy Colors in it. Dan saying something the other night at practice and remembering the Rastafarians at the gig with the Bobos on Saturday night sparks a flash. After I bleach my hair I can let it dread. For now I wet it down and comb it rockabilly style. The skunk stripe still crests my head. I put some patchouli on back in my room and then walk out the front door, get on the moped and ride thru the Manoa and the Honolulu night streets to club Mignon.

I walk in and look around the club, as dead as it ever gets, like ½ full. I order a Bud from the bartender.

"Is Angie around?" I ask.

"She get dressed," the bartender answers setting up my beer.

I figure I'll just wait till I see here. She materializes soon. She grabs my arm and puts her head on my shoulder.

"Where've you been, Paul? You said that you were gonna come by," she tells me.

"I'm here."

"I thought you'd be here before this."

"I'm sorry. I fell asleep."

"You wanna go get a drink in a little while?"

"Sure, I guess," I say, not really sure if I want to go to the Cave tonight but figuring it's easier to just go with Angie.

She kisses me and passes me the little brown coke bottle.

"Go in the bathroom and do a couple of hits," she whispers in my ear.

I take a drink, set my bottle on the bar, kiss my girl and walk over and enter the Men's restroom. I go into a stall, shut the door and work the hollow trick chamber bullet on the brown bottle and do a blast. I hit it 3 times, just to get a nice good jolt. I exit the stall and cross to the sink and mirror above it, wash my hands and lower my face to splash water on it to get a taste of water up my nostrils.

I leave the bathroom and walk back to find Angie at the bar where I pass her back the bottle. I taste the sharp chemical flavor and feel it lick the nerve in my spinal cord at the base of my skull. I stand next to Angie and want to get my face all up her black dress into thighs legs and panties.

"Thanks, Baby," I say.

"You're welcome."

"Do you gotta dance again?"

"I'm done for tonight. I just have to wait for Yuni to pay me," she lets me know.

Stormy emerges from the dressing room. We say "hi". She wears ankle boots, black tights, a red studded leather belt and a Poison t shirt. Her honey colored hair has grown and she's teased and hairsprayed it into a big wild hornet's nest of a doo. I finish my beer. The girls get paid in a bit, Angie grabs her silver coat and Stormy gets her leather jacket and we're ready to go paint the town red.

We walk out of Mignon, flag down a cab and a skinny 30ish Local Chinese driver takes us down to the Cave.

"Where's Kenny tonight?" I ask Stormy.

"He's gotta work tomorrow and didn't want to come out."

I almost tell her that I've got work tomorrow too but don't. Angie passes the coke around in the cab and the cabbie just ignores us. We each do a couple of blasts. When the cab stops Stormy, who sits in the front seat, pays him. Angie passes the brown bottle again. I guess we're burning the bottle at both ends tonight. After we get out of the cab in front of the Cave the Tongan bouncer waves us all in discreetly.

We actually snag a table across from the bar and facing the dancefloor. Angie and Stormy head to the bar and bring us all back Iced Teas.

The DJ plays Material Girl by Madonna and the chicks want to dance, so we do. We leave our drinks and Angie her coat to mark the table as ours. Halloween by Ministry plays next and we go off.

When the song ends the chicks pull me into the Women's room where Angie pulls the top off the bottle, lays us all big bolts on the back of our hands on the plane between our thumbs and forefinger and we all whiff it back. None of the women fixing their make up or going to or from a stall take very much notice.

"It must be my birthday," I remark.

"This guy who comes to the club now and then just gave me a lot," Angie explains.

Actually it makes sense. He wants to get her jones up, or something else, not necessarily sex. I keep my mouth shut. As Angie opens a bindle which looks like it has like about an entire gram left and pours it into the coke bottle carefully I escape from the Women's room and go back to our table to wait for Angie and Stormy. I'm good and jacked but still have like ½ of my drink so I take a big swallow. The girls join me pretty soon and they sit gossiping about coworkers and the dragon lady who employs them as we finish our Iced Teas. I've already got a good coke/booze buzz going but soon we do another hit, get up and dance, and the Stormy and Angie go to the bar to get us all another Iced Tea.

By the time the lights go up I'm drunk and jacked. The 3 of us drift outside with the other club goers and we catch a cab.

Angie sneakily pours Stormy a like ¼ gram into a dollar which she folds and passes it to her in the front seat. The middle aged Haole driver just looks the other way.

"Here, Baby," Angie tells her.

"No, Honey. I'm good." Stormy answers.

"Take it please. We're already way out."

Stormy takes it, "Thanks, Angie."

The cab lets us out in the parking lot at Mignon. I leave my 'ped parked because I'm in a dangerous condition to ride. We get in Angie's sports car and she drives us back to the Hilton.

She parks and we walk up the stairs and I'm high in anticipation. We get in my room and I get all up and under her dress. She gives me a few blasts but I can't get a boner so she lets me finger her and tongue her pussy. The only other coke I get till later is licking it off of her bell and pussy lips. Even though I'm a dog without fangs I feel like a vampire sucking blood after being shut up in the sarcophagus for 1000 years. After like about 45 minutes I finally get hard, put a rubber on and fuck Angie from the front and back, long and good, making up for lost time.

I finally fall on her back after I come and tongue kiss her from behind like that, letting my hard condom covered dick go soft in her, still feeling amped and wild. I can see that the sun's already beginning to light the sky

"Let's do this." Angie just opens the bottle and puts what's left on the back of our hands from where be whiff it back.

It crosses my mind to just say no, but it's way too late for that now. We're awake. I end up grabbing the rest of the beer from the refrigerator, like 7 cans, and we drink them to kill the coke crash. Finally, like after an hour, we go to sleep.

The next day I don't wake up in time to get over to Hawaii Loa to get registered. I figure I can go later, but when I get up I decide to go get my moped and meet Ron at work after I say "Goodbye" to Angie. I guess I'll wait till spring to graduate.

I don't know why I just don't go get registered for classes and call Ron and explain later. Maybe it seems too hard to juggle a band, job, school and Angie when I'm hungover. Maybe I don't really want to go to school and graduate this semester. All I know is that after a couple of hours of sleep I go get a boilermaker from a liquor store in Makiki after I catch the bus from UH, get my moped, Meet Ron and make like I went and got wired into school. I lie and tell him that I got all night classes and that I can still work with him. I'll deal with the fuck up at school and the bank later.

A message sits written next to the phone at the Hilton Tuesday after work, which tells me to go see Angie at work. I hop in the shower, get dressed and make to go see her but just right then she calls. Jay answers and passes me the phone.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Baby," Angie says.

"Was'up?"

"I want you to come look at a place with me tomorrow. Do you have to work?"

"Yeah. Can we do it after I get home?"

"Probably. I'll pick you up or call you at 5:30 tomorrow."

"Wait, don't you have to work?"

"I'll go in late and still get a couple of sets," she plans.

"Ok. I was gonna come and talk to you because I just saw your message, but I think I'll just hang here, ok?"

"Yeah, sure. I'll just come rape you tonight. I gotta go. Be good. I love you."

"I love you too, Angie."

I walk over to Jimmy who watches TV on the couch. He hits the bong and passes it to me.

"You look confused, dude," Jimmy says.

"Do you know anybody who wants to rent my room?"

"Somebody will rent it. Now's a good time. Why, are you moving back into the cave?"

"Angie wants me to move into a studio, I guess, in Waikiki, with her."

"Sounds serious. You gonna buy her a ring?"

"Can't afford it, Jimmy."

I grab a beer, open it and we watch Star Trek. A little later Dan calls me and asks me to come and meet a drummer down at Manoa Gardens.

"Right now?"

"Yeah, he saw us Saturday night. He plays with a Reggae band called Kona Gold but he said he dug our act even though our system was obviously shaky. We can schedule a practice right away and book a gig at 3D within a few weeks," Dan maps it out.

"Let's wait, see what he says and jam with the guy 1st, ok?"

"Yeah, sure. You have a tape of your guy's KTUH live gig?"

"Yeah," I tell him.

"Bring it for him to learn our songs."

"Ok, I'll see you in a few."

We hang up and I grab the tape. I almost don't want to let it out of my possession but sometimes you gotta chance it like that. I tell Jimmy "later" and I run down to the moped and cruise over to the Gardens to meet this guy.

When I get there they sit at a table with a mostly empty pitcher. They tell me to go get me a glass inside so I do.

"Paul, this is Thumper. Thumper, Paul," Dan says when I return.

"Pig Rock," Thumper calls me.

"Yup."

We shake hands in that triple hook thumbs, clasp palms, hook fingers and snap way that's gone out of vogue in the Punk world for the old style 50's honky handshake but still means cool in every other island subset.

I can see that he's tall, like 6'1', and thin with big arms. He wears a long thick set of dreadlocks, bleached brown by the sun. His skin looks dark dark brown, not black and his eyes are a very dark green. But his features look fully black, not ½ breed. He wears a surf tank top, surfer shorts and flip flops, plus he has a goatee.

"How're you doing?" I ask him.

"Good, and you?"

"I'm alright."

"I saw you guys play the other night. You guys rock. You're the funniest Punk band I've seen in a while," he applauds.

"Aren't you mostly into Reggae?" I ask him.

"Yeah, but I like all types of music. I'm from California."

Junior here reminds me of Hendrix. I hear you guys lost your drummer and I live in town, so maybe we can do this."

"You got another band though, don't you?" I ask.

"Yeah, but I don't know what's going on with them."

"Can you do 2 bands though? Where do you work?"

"Pig Rock, the only job I got is staying high," Thumper explains.

I chuckle, "Listen, here's a cassette of our last live session at KTUH. Learn the songs and we'll set up a practice maybe at Wizard or in the Music Room. That's the only tape I have of the show so I'll need it back, unless I can get another made. We're duping more but cutting a few songs out. Who has a pen?"

Dan pulls a pen out of his pocket and I pull the cover out of the cassette box to write my number on. Thumper gives me his phone number too.

We sit at Manoa Gardens, finish the pitcher and get another before it closes.

Angie keeps her promise that night and come over and forces me to have sex with her. In the morning I get up early to put a card up on the bulletin board at UH advertising my room for rent.

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Everything happens real fast again. Angie and I go and check out a studio in a 42 story condo right on the edge of Waiks at the top of the canal on the 39th floor. It has orange shag carpet, a king sized double bed with tropical a flower print bedspread, white paint and a kitchenette, a couch upholstered like the bedspread and a big TV. It has no lanai though, but the window takes up most of the wall and looks right over the swimming pool. You can see the Cave a block and a ½ away and the beach like 3 blocks off in the other direction. The agent who shows it to us, Carol, a plump 40ish woman in new casual tropical print blouse and long shorts, smiles a lot and acts super friendly. I dress in a button down shirt and slacks and Angie wears pressed jeans and a light sweater, but I know we must seem strange anyway.

The place costs \$300 a week, a bargain for Waikiki, the size and how close it is to the top floor, but still. Angie talks with Carol mostly and I just smile.

I feel scared of the whole deal as she drives toward Mignon from Waikiki. I keep my mouth shut though and figure I can always bail and crash in the cave behind UH again if it gets too nuts.

"It's a little cheaper than Stormy's place. What do you think, Paul?" Angie asks.

"I like it, Baby. But Angie, you gotta realize. I only make like \$1000 a month."

"Don't worry, Honeybuns. Just help me with what you can."

"I told you not to call me that."

I guess we've decided to move into a hi-rise love nest in Waiks. Angie goes to work and I accompany her long enough for a beer. I drink it quick as she disappears to get ready to take her clothes off on stage for big bucks. I'm able to get her attention long enough for a goodbye kiss as she does her eyes. Then I walk over Beretania and Punaho and catch the bus to UH. On the bus I wonder what the hell I'm getting myself into, but of course I'm not gonna bail. I can always hit the eject button later. Of course I stop at the Gardens before I go home.

Me, Dan, Kevin and Thumper do a practice in the music room on Friday night after work. Thumper brings a couple gallon paint cans and a plastic 5 gallon bucket to bang on with his sticks. I'm all dirty from work but we go 2 hours anyway. I've got my mike so I plug into Dan's other channel. We get thru the set twice and it sounds pretty good for practicing with Thumper for the 1st time. I can tell he drums way good.

Thumper nods, "This could rock."

"Yeah it could," Kevin agrees.

Then we work on the 2 new songs that Dan and Kevin have thought of tunes for. Monster Jam sounds sorta Metal and Rockzilla, which feels more basic, bangs along like a Rap. We don't have much time to work on them but both tunes seem like they'll probably work out.

"We should reserve a room at Wizard and book a gig at 3D," Dan tells us all.

I look around at everybody and they look at me. I actually feel like waiting a bit for once in my life.

"Yeah, Ok. Let's do a practice at Wizard 1st then I'll talk to Kyle," I say.

"Talk to Kyle this weekend. We'll be ready in 2 or 3 practices," Dan says.

Kevin and Thumper nod in agreement. I guess I'm out voted.

"Yeah, I think so," Thumper concurs with Dan.

After I meet them at the bottom of the stairs in the Student Center after returning the key, everybody wants to go get a beer. Manoa Gardens closes now so we decide to go to the

Hilton with a 12 pack or case rather than Mama's, because I need to get a shower.

The boys drink a few beers and then take off. After that I just stay at home.

Angie comes over in the middle of the night and wakes me in bed, "Hey, Boyfriend. I came over to jump you."

"Ok."

"Listen, let me pay the 1st week and security deposit on Monday. How much money do you have?" she asks.

"Like \$250."

"Let me have it and I'll give you some pocket money on Monday night. Ok?"

"...Ok." I keep my mouth shut about the fact that I've already paid rent for September.

"I'm so happy. We're gonna have so much fun," Angie declares.

She hugs me tight and I see that she wears my Misfits T, and tights. Then we kiss and rock each other for a while.

I go talk to Kyle at 3D early on Saturday night and I book the club for a Saturday in 3 weeks.

"Get TRO or The ' Rays to split the bill with you," Kyle says as he sets me up a Boilermaker.

"All right."

I wait around till the club gets swinging to see if John Olsen or Benjy show up but neither do. I go home about 10:30. I think I have John's phone number buried somewhere in my backpack.

In the late morning Kat tells me she has a friend who wants to rent my room, an Art Major like her. That works because Kat knows her so it's not like I'm sticking the roomies with an X factor. I make a mental note to take down the note on the bulletin board at UH.

Kat's friend wants to move in Friday, so she'll pay me 3 weeks for like \$335 and start paying the full \$450 with Jimmy, Kat and Jay in October.

I call John Olsen and he tells me that he has to ask his band mates but that they'll probably gig with us 3 weeks from yesterday, to just call him tomorrow and he'll tell me for sure. I say "ok". I call all the guys and they can do Friday night practices so we'll have time for 3. Then I call Wizard's and book the room at our regular 8 PM spot.

Angie comes over that night and when we wake in the morning I give her the cash to put down on the studio. I go to work and she says we can start moving in tomorrow. I can get my

stuff over in 1 trip in Angie's car, or even the bus if I have to so I'm not worried about it.

I don't see Angie that night, but I see her Tuesday night when she comes over after work. In the morning she gives me \$65 bucks in spending money for the rest of the week. I only need like \$10 for groceries and maybe \$15 for beer, but it's always good to have a few bucks in your pocket. We kiss, hug and say "Goodbye" after I get dressed for work and then I jet.

After I get off that evening I go and see Angie at Mignon straight from work. I ask the bartender if she's there.

"Angie, you boyfriend here!" she calls out.

Angie emerges from the dressing room, "Hey, Baby. How was work?"

"All right. How are you, Love?"

"Good. Was'up?"

"I wanted to get the key so I could move my stuff, some of it at least anyway. Did you get it?"

"Yeah, I got it. How're you gonna move your stuff?" she asks.

"On my moped."

Angie gives me a stern look, "Come on."

"No, I'll just hump it to the bus stop and take it on the bus. I'll get most of it I think and just get the rest later."

"Ok, let me get the key," she scampers off to the dressing room.

Angie returns quick and hands it over, "Do you want to sleep at the new place tonight?" she asks, barely hiding her excitement.

"Let me sleep at least 1 more night at the Hilton. Ok?"

"Paul, please?"

"Just 1 more night, Angie. This is all happening so fast."

"Ok," Angie permits.

I want to get going, so Angie walks me out to the parking lot to say goodbye. She leaves me alone that night, and we spend Wednesday at the new studio. Then on Thursday I talk her into spending 1 last night with me at the Hilton after she gets off of work.

The next morning before I go to work I put the last of my stuff in Angie's car. We say "Goodbye" and I leave her in my old bedroom, clean and empty except for the sheet, pillow and towel, in case she wants to shower before she leaves.

After work I realize that I don't have a key to the new pad for a shower. I might not have time to go to Mignon, get the key, go back, drop it off, and get to UH and meet Thumper and Kevin for Dan to pick us all up for practice at Wizard. I decide to just

hose off in the yard at Ron's and he lends me an old torn green t shirt way too big. The dog jumps all over me as I rinse off.

"You need a thorozone scrip, Obahe," I tell the crazy Weimrunner.

I ride up to the Gardens and from there and Dan picks everybody up to go to practice.

At Wizard we get thru the set twice and then work on Monster Jam and Rockzilla for more than a ½ an hour. Then we drink a few beers in the parking lot. Thumper lights up a joint of some sweet opium tasting bud that gets us all stoned. Then we head back and Dan drops me off at the Gardens to pick up my moped after letting Thumper off at Anna Banana's.

Dan and Kevin tell me, "Meet us at 3D later."

"Yeah, ok. Probably," I say.

We all say "later" and they drive off. I get on my machine and ride down to the strip club.

I park in my spot, walk in the club, grab a beer and wait to find my Baby so I can get her attention and get the key. I finally see Angie sitting at a table with a couple of 30ish looking polo shirt wearing yuppie looking Haole fucks with a drink in her hand. I walk by not looking at her so that she sees me and then get a spot at the crowded bar so that I'm easy to find.

I'm most of the way done with my beer by the time she joins me in cut off blue jean short shorts a wife beater and my Chuck's. She gives me a quick inconspicuous peck on the cheek.

"How's work?" I ask.

"All right. How was practice?"

"Good. Can I get the key, Baby? I wanna go change and then I'm supposed to meet Dan and Kevin at 3D."

"Sure. You're gonna be there after I get off of work, right?"

"Yeah, I'll make sure I'm home by 2." I realize I call the new pad home even though I've never barely crashed there once.

She pulls the key out of her pocket and hands it over, "I borrowed your hi-tops."

"Yeah, I noticed. Aren't they too big?"

"Yeah, but I can't find my tennis shoes. I gotta go back to work. I'll see you in a while. Love you." Angie bites me on the neck.

"Me too," I say as I watch her run off.

Then I go out, get on the bike and ride it into the parking garage our new condo complex/hotel to get dressed and go meet Dan and Kevin.

Me and Angie's unpacked stuff lays strewn around the studio. I see the stack of dirty magazines on the floor in the closet, grab 1, sit on the bed and check out a "Club". The porno

chicks start to get me hard. I feel like spanking it so I put it down because I want to save my juice for my Love later.

I get dressed and go to 3D. I only stay for a Boilermaker and a beer with Dan and Kevin before I return.

Angie buzzes me from the condo entrance downstairs 1 floor below the hotel lobby. We talk on the intercom after I answer it at the metal box in the wall mouth level by the door.

"Just push the button on the box to buzz me in, Paul," she instructs.

Angie wants to go out to the Cave but I promise her that I will tomorrow night because I have to work tomorrow. So we make it and crash by a little before 3AM. That still cuts me short on copping Zs before I gotta get up and scape land in the morning but that's the price you pay when you're a stripper's lap dog.

After work the next day I go to Mignon to pick up the key again, and decide we need to get a copy made at the hardware store tomorrow. Up in the pad I feel like smoking a bong after I shower, but don't have 1 or any spleef, so I walk down to the liquor store and get a shot and tall can. Back up in the studio I find my cassette player and Misfits tape and play it while I have my cocktail. By the time the tape ends I've fallen asleep.

Angie wakes me with the buzzer from the condo entrance and I get up to buzz her in. She comes up just to drop her bag off.

Still dopey from sleep I say, "I gotta get a cup of coffee from 7-11."

She hugs me, kisses my mouth and puts the little brown bottle in my hand, "Just do a couple hits."

"Sure," I obey and in about 15 seconds I feel the zip and shake the sleep out of my skull.

Angie wears he pink slinky minidress and her silver gray coat over it. I only have my black jeans and socks on so I throw my work boots and my sleeveless Exploited mohawked skull t shirt on.

We go to the Cave and hang out with Doreen, Stormy and Kenny. Angie only lets me have a couple of blasts of coke and I only drink 1 Iced Tea. We return to our new love nest and fuck and suck the hell out of each other every which way we can, like we usually do. She does a few bolts of yayo but only lets me do 1 so I don't lose my stiffy. In the middle of it she bites my ear lobe and sticks her tongue in it.

"Slap me while you fuck me, Dog," she hisses.

I slap her lightly while I pump her hard from on top of her. She looks straight into my eyes.

"Slap me harder," she instructs.

I do. I figure she wants it kinda rough so I slap her back and forth with cruel force as I slowly grind my cock up in her. After 6 or 7 good whacks I grab her neck and squeeze as I fuck her faster. I let go right as I think she may pass out and she gasps up lungfuls of air. I've gone too far too fast too hard and my whole body spasms as I come like a prehistoric volcano in her then collapse on her like a ruptured zeppelin.

When I phase back into standard time space I pull back away and up out of Angie, kiss down her tight flat brown belly and lightly apply my mouth and tongue to her woman flower and start to flick and kiss it moistly. When she starts to twirl and grind I stick a finger in. After a spell of this she pushes me back and gets up. Then she gets up and goes to the closet as I watch her slinky round tight ass and body. She grabs a dirty magazine and returns to her former position like the queen of sin on her throne. She grabs her brown coke bottle and hits it twice, and then passes it to me and allows me a couple of bolts. I feel the zing and go back to where I left of.

"Do me," she orders.

I comply. It makes me way hot to watch her looking at the zine as I triple finger fuck her and suck her off. She spasms and twitches and finally falls and rests. I climb up and get on her to hold and kiss her.

I think how twisted the sex starts to get between us, scared and fascinated at the same time.

"I love you," I tell her.

"Me too," she says back.

Then she grabs the bottle and does more white and lets me do a couple snorts too. And then we do what we just did all over again.

Luckily Angie doesn't have that much more cocaine. I even force myself not to do any more because we have no booze to kill the crash right now. Luckily I didn't do that much so it's not that bad. I don't know about her but I'm actually able to go to sleep a little after dawn.

We wake a little before 1PM, shower and have a more normal romantic skrog. That day before Angie goes to work she drives me to the mall to get a key made at the locksmith booth in Sears. I run and get us Kalbi from Jun's Korean Barbecue. After we eat she kisses me goodbye and I walk back to our place. That night I work out, run all the way down the Ala Wai and back, grab a 40 from the liquor store, watch TV and crash early so I can sleep some before my way sexy girlfriend comes home.

We get the tapes and cases from the dupehouse that week. Then we Xerox sleeves of the God Dog skeleton Kevin

drew and Xerox them on red paper. We use the same drawing for the flier of the next gig, except bigger. It looks less retarded than my last scribbled rendering of Kevin's basic design for the flier for the last gig plus Kevin uses Letraset rub on letters for the text. We flier UH, Waikiki around 3D and the other usual places.

I go to work as usual and me and the guys practice on Friday night. With no school I only have work and band practice besides going to the Cave a couple times a week with Angie and her friends. Angie has like a gram of cocaine like almost every other night. I try with marginal success to abstain or use in moderation but keep a pint of whiskey and/or a bottle of Thunderbird handy just in case I need a crash landing pad to go to sleep and make it to work in the mornings.

Kevin and I buy 4 3 packs of Fruit of the Loom white t shirts to make Dog God shirts from his silk screen. He buys a can of red ink, prints them at UH and heat sets them at his apartment with an iron. I go over to his apartment to check them out 1 day.

"Next we gotta do action figures, or maybe make God Dog breakfast cereal," I suggest.

"I know. Maybe we could use the logo to make blotter acid," Kevin agrees.

"That'd be rad."

That week I bleach dye my hair white, mostly. I leave some of it black and some of it turns out orange just for chaotic effect.

On Friday night after practice we hang out in the Wizard parking lot drinking beer as usual. We also pass a fat sweet joint that Thumper's brought.

"Hey Thumper, sell me a 20 sack," I request.

"I got 1 more left in my backpack, brah." He picks up his bag and digs it out.

"How do I get my hair to dread?" I ask him after we make the exchange.

"What you gotta do is get some hair gel, like Dippity Do, let it dry, sleep on it and leave it in and don't wash you hair for a few days and they'll start. Then just keep ripping them away from each other and that's basically it," Thumper explains.

I nod.

"Are we gonna need to get my drums to the gig next week?" he asks.

"And should I get a bass amp by then?" Kevin inquires.

"Let me call John Olsen and see if we can use TRO's stuff that night or what. I'll do it soon so we got time to figure it out by next Saturday night," I tell them.

We finish the 12 pack and everybody wants to get a beer at Mignon before we hit 3D that night.

The next day after work I stop by Mignon to say “hi” to Angie. I get a Bud and she greets me with a hug and a kiss at the bar wearing her black slinky low cut dress with long sleeves and black pumps.

“How was work, Baby?” she asks.

“We’re digging trench, so it’s kinda extra fun,” I say sarcastically.

“Go home and take a nap, my dirty little dog.”

I drink my beer quick. The bar still seems mostly empty so she walks me out to the parking lot.

Already the sun hangs lower in the sky above the street to the mall, throwing a shadow over the asphalt.

“Meet me at the Cave tonight after I get off, ok?”

“Yeah, sure.”

We embrace and French kiss till I’m almost out of breath. I hold her tight and grind my boner into her.

“I’ll get you all dirty,” I tell her when the kiss ends.

“Maybe that’s what I want, Boyfriend.”

We say “love you” “me too”.

Once again I watch her rush off, turn, wave and blow me a kiss. When she’s gone I get on the moped and ride it to Waiks and park it in our hi-rise parking lot.

Up in the apartment I do a few sets of push ups and sit ups. I’m too wiped out from swinging a pick all day for a run. I listen to 1 of the copies of our demo tape as I exercise.

When I’m done I take a shower then and put on my jeans, a wife beater and Chucks to walk to the booze store to get a bottle of whiskey in case Angie has blow later and a tall can for now. Then I come back, roll a jay, open the beer and turn on the TV. I watch Kung Fu on cable with the sound on as I get high. When it’s over I turn out the light, lie down and take my nap.

I sink kinda deep into sleep and have a weird dream where I’m in the holding tank of the Honolulu City Jail. A few old guys sit around on the bunks on the wall as I sit at a table with 6 other young guys, 2 Skin Heads and 4 Mokes and Sean Connery. We play pinochle with this crazy deck of day-glo psychedelic medieval 3D Tarot cards that swirl and move. Me and Sean, like 50 now, lose. The game ends and 1 of the Mokes puts the deck away. Then 1 of the Skins accuses Sean of stealing his cigarettes and they stand up from the table and argue loudly. Sean stays cool though. Later, when the whole holding cell has gone to sleep, the down and out aging actor asks me if I want a Marlboro and I accept. Then he pulls a book of matches from his pocket and lights us both a ‘grette.

I wake at 1:35, throw a retro dress shirt and my work

boots on and go to the bathroom to wet and slick my bleached mane back with a comb. I grab enough cash from the bottom of the top drawer for cover charge and a Boilermaker. I should probably just wait for Angie to get me in gratis but I want a drink now.

I take the elevator down to the condo entrance, walk toward the Cave and cross the street. I bum a Camel and a light from a young Local Japanese couple exiting the club and smoke it slow watching traffic. When I'm done I throw it in the gutter and get in the short line behind 4 or 5 people. The after 2 AM rush hasn't hit yet. When I get to the front of the line the giant Tongan bouncer recognizes me and nods me into the club for free and stamps my hand as I pass.

The club crowd packs the place at only like 80% of capacity. The downstairs bar looks sorta swamped so I walk up the stairs to the 2nd floor bar up in the deepest recesses of the Cave. This bar handles only about ½ the action as the 1 downstairs but still I gotta squeeze in with a bunch of people to get my drink. A Chinese chick with a Madonna hairdo wearing a shortsleeved Cave shirt with a collar sets me up with my whiskey/beer. Then I slip out of the press of customers and find a barstool next to the wall across the aisle from the bar and set my drink on the narrow gray shelf. When Doves Cry by Prince plays.

I figure Angie gets here in like 15 minutes so I decide to go hang out by the stairway after I finish my drink. I sit there looking out the window, which stretches along the top ½ of the wall all the way down the entire length of the club to the front stairway, onto the 1st floor of the Cave, people watching.

"Hey, Paul. Was'up, dude?"

I feel somebody lightly punch me in the arm and turn to see Doreen holding a glass and smiling brightly. She wears her red jean jacket, black stripper tights, black steel toed boots, a black Harley Davidson t shirt and black leather metal spiked collar.

"Nada. Howzit girl?"

"All right. What are you doing, sitting here all by your lonesome?"

"Having a drink and waiting for Angie. Didn't you work tonight?"

"Yeah, but I worked at Femme Nu and there were too many girls so I took off early after I got paid," she explains.

Doreen scans around us and pulls a bindle out of her inside jacket pocket and scoops herself a big whiff of yay and snorts it as inconspicuously as possible. I wonder why none of these chicks seems to be afraid at all of undercover narcs, but they ain't, I guess.

"You want a bump?" Doreen offers.

"That wouldn't hurt my feelings."

She shovels out a super fat scoop from the bindle with her fingernail and holds it above her stomach and motions for me to hit it with her other hand. While I bend in and snort the white up as sneakily as possible I breath in the syrupy scent of her perfume. Then we resume our previous positions like total law abiding night clubbers. I sniff again and my sinus gets coated with the brisk clean taste. I feel the tingly jolt in my skull, tongue, neck and the tips of my fingers and toes.

"You're not at Mignon anymore?" I ask.

"I bounce from club to club. When 1 of the mama sans pisses me off I just go down the street."

"Did you ever notice how most of the bars are owned by Koreans, especially strip clubs, and most of the liquor stores are owned by Chinese?" I ask Doreen.

"Yeah. All except Hubba Hubba."

"You know how Asians got slanted eyes?"

"Nuh uhn, how?"

"From going 'Oh no, not rice again!'" I slap my temples to the sides of my eyes hard and pull my skin tight, which makes my eyes into slits.

Doreen cracks up and grabs my arm as she lowers her head laughing. I laugh a little with her in empathetic mirth.

"You're a nut case, Paul," Doreen states.

Right then I sense someone right beside me. I look to see Angie right there. She has her silver coat on over the same black dress that she had on before.

"Hey, Gorgeous," I tell her and kiss her lips.

Angie does not reciprocate and quietly says, "Hi."

I feel a cold breeze from her magnified by the coke and she looks straight at me, her eyes burning coals.

"Hi, Angie," Doreen says.

"Hey, girl." Angie turns and smiles warmly.

I guess Angie's resents just me because I see her stance relax when she looks at Doreen.

Angie turns to me, "What's so funny?"

I turn to her and do the joke again. She rewards me with a slight smile, which looks more like a sneer.

"Hey Angie, let's do a bump." Doreen grabs her bindle.

Angie nods. Doreen scoops up a few hits and we all get in on it as secretly as possible. Doreen finishes her drink and Angie and I both thank her. I'm amped.

"Whoo. I need another drink. I'm going downstairs and get 1 from Lenny," Doreen says.

"Bring me a Kamikaze, ok?" Angie requests.

“Ok.”

Doreen takes off. Angie crosses her arms and looks at me like my Mom if she'd caught me stealing dollars from her wallet.

“What was that, Paul?” Angie asks.

“What was what?”

“What? You're hitting on my girlfriend?” she accuses.

“What? What are you talking about?”

“I walk up here and you got her laughing, doing her drugs, her hands all over you. Cut the games, Junior!”

“I told her a joke. I'm not making time with her. What do you think, I'm stupid?”

“I know how you are. How you lie about all your other girlfriends!” she yells.

The people around us stare. I just shake my head and take a step back, confused.

“You're insane, Angie.”

“Fuck you, Loser!” she smacks me upside the head.

I grab her arm and she slaps me with the other hand. I almost grab her by the neck, but don't. Everybody watches and I see the bartender on a walky talky.

“Later, Baby. I'm gone.” I start for the doorway.

“Don't walk away from me.”

I shake my head and walk on and see another big Polynesian bouncer turn toward us from the stairs. I look over my shoulder at Angie lunging to grab me. I turn to her and put my arms up to grab her and stop her.

“Cool out, Love. The sheriff's here,” I say.

Angie composes herself and I eject myself from the situation as calmly and quickly as possible and head downstairs and outside. Before I cross Kalakaua I look behind me and see Angie following me out of the club.

“Where do you think you're going?” she screams.

“Away from you!”

“Don't walk away from me, Paul!”

“I'll be back when you cool out, Angie!”

She turns angrily and goes back in the Cave as I cross Kalakaua as fast as I can away from Waikiki.

When I'm sure she's not behind me I circle back around a block to the hi-rise condo entrance and go up to the pad to grab my weed and my whiskey. Then I take the elevator to the parking lot and drink a few stiff shots before I hop on the 'ped and ride down to the street and zip up to Manoa. Up at the Hilton I park, go up the steps and sit on the couch with my bottle and my bag. Then I drink and smoke till my wires disconnect and finally kick off my boots, lie back and sleep on the couch.

In the morning I have a slight hangover. Nobody's up so I cop a couple beers from the fridge. I figure it's finally time to get back to the new pad and face the music with Angie.

As I drain the last of my 2nd beer Kat walks out in her robe and a case of bed head on the way to the kitchenette. She stops and looks me over.

"You look like a little lost dog. What's up? Sneaking in and sleeping on our couch and stealing beer," Kat interrogates.

"Sorry, I'll get you back. I had a fight with the Girlfriend."

Kat continues into the kitchen, "Don't sweat it redheaded. What happened?"

"Angie thought I was making time with 1 of her friends in the Cave so she started smacking me around."

I hear the sounds of Kat making coffee in the coffeemaker. I miss the Hilton .

"Good for her. You probably were if I know you," Kat judges.

"Not even. What'd I do to get this stinky rep?"

"Don't even pretend. You're a dirty dog and you know it."

"Gaaw. Who pissed in your Corn Flakes?"

"Probably you, Pig Rock."

"Ok, ok. I gotta go back and see if I still got a place to live. If I'm kicked out on the street I can always go back to the cave. That might be the best thing that can happen, if I think about it. You wanna smoke a bong? I got some bud," I offer.

"Naw, not before breakfast. I'm not even awake yet."

"All right. I better go. See ya, Kat."

"See ya. You're always welcome to crash on the couch when you're girlfriend kicks you out, Paul."

"Cool. Thanks." I take off out the door.

I go down the front stairs, hop on my little machine and ride thru the bright blue day toward Waiks.

I think about getting me a drink to brace myself for my homecoming to my Baby Spitfire but figure it's probably not a good idea. Instead I just park my ride in the garage and take the elevator back up to the studio. When I unlock the door and walk in I kinda sneak in like I walk on eggshells after easing the door back shut again. I see her asleep on the bed so I sit on the couch, get my bag and papers and start to roll me a jay.

Angie stirs, opens her eyes and sits up, "Paul, where were you?"

"I went and slept at the Hilton on the couch," I tell her.

"Come to bed, Baby," she instructs.

I look at the clock and see that it's still only about 10:30 AM and wonder that she doesn't sound mad.

"Let me roll this joint." I finish it.

I kick my boots off and throw my shirt on the dresser and get under the sheet with her.

"I'm sorry, Sweetie. I probably just had too much to drink before I left work. Ok?" she explains.

"No big deal, Love." I light the joint.

It does baffle me that Angie could think I would try to move in on Doreen. Granted I do think she's hot but I already know how Angie can get and I'm not that stupid. Right now I'm grateful that she's simmered down. I just lay back and smoke a few hits as she puts her arms around my neck and soon enough we both go back to sleep happy and in love again.

We sleep a few hours, wake up, screw and I go with her to work and run out to get Chinese food for her while she does her eye makeup. I wash my won ton and beef fried rice down with a beer, get up and stretch and rub my belly.

"Thanks, Girlfriend," I tell Angie.

"Your welcome, Paul."

"I'm gonna go home and work out. Ok?"

"Sure. Let's go out tonight again, ok?"

"I gotta work tomorrow, Baby."

"Yeah, but we didn't really get to go out last night," she says.

I want to say, who's fault was that, but keep my mouth shut. I look up with my eyeballs and think it over.

"Just go to sleep for a while and meet me at the Cave later tonight," she appeals.

"Maybe. We'll see," I finally say, "I'm gonna go, ok? I love you."

"Love you too." She gives me a hug and a wet sloppy kiss.

I walk down to Kapiolani and take that to Kalakaua and cross it and walk south almost 2 blocks to our building.

Upstairs I change to shorts and an old t shirt and exercise. After that I run down the Ala Wai and back and take a shower.

I call John Olsen up and ask if we can use their drums and bass amp and say he can use Dan's guitar amp, which I don't know about for sure. John says "yeah" but that he'll bring his own guitar amp anyway because I don't remember what kind Dan has. We say "later" and hang up. Finally I lay down in bed and try to go to sleep.

I toss and turn for a couple of hours but it's no good. Instead I just get up and turn the TV on. I channel surf but nothing's on. Finally I just settle on MTV and watch that for a while. I get so bored of music videos after a spell that I figure I'll

just cruise back up to Mignon. I throw on a Dog God t that I had Kevin screen onto 1 of my old sleeveless shirts, except with some black ink he had left over.

I actually just walk back up there to kill time and take in the pleasant city night air. When I finish the stroll on up I go into the bar. An almost naked, small breasted, light brown haired hotty I've never seen before dances to Sledge Hammer by Peter Gabriel, into the 3rd song of the set. I scan the bar for my Baby, don't see her so I go up to the bar and get a Bud.

The bar feels empty only ½ full on a Sunday night. I snag a place at the bar on a stool and nurse my beer. Finally I see her come out of the dressing room so I take a couple of steps toward her and wave.

"Angie."

She comes over, grabs my hand and kisses my mouth, "What are you doing here?"

"I couldn't sleep and I got bored so I came over to bother you."

"I just finished dancing, but I only have 1 more set. We can go after that unless somebody buys me a drink, which probably nobody will"

"Ok. That's cool."

I see her look at my shirt and recognize the logo. Her eyes widen a bit as she smiles and nods in admiration.

"Where'd you get that shirt?" she asks.

"Kevin made some."

"I know you bought some for him to print on but I thought you were selling those."

"This was just an old shirt to test old on. The new 1s are in red," I explain.

"That's why it looks so Punk. I wanna buy an old t shirt at the Goodwill and have him make me 1 too. I'll even pay him."

"Ok. We can do that. You don't gotta pay him though. You're fucking 1 of the guys in the band."

"That's right, I am." Angie kisses my mouth again.

"So when are you gonna dance again?"

"Relax. I just finished. It's gonna be a while. I already *told you*."

"Ok, ok. Sorry I asked, *Told you*," I tease her.

"Don't call me, *Told you*, Todju," she retaliates.

"I'm not a Todju. You're a Todju, Todju."

Angie laughs and bites me on the neck. I grab her around the waist and give her a kiss and take a big drink of beer.

Angie grabs something from the waist of her tights and presses it my hand. I recognize the coke bottle from the feel of it.

"You can do a big blast. I've got lots," she tells me quietly.

"Where'd you get it?"

"I'll explain later."

"Ok, thanks." I finish my beer.

I put my empty on the bar, give her a peck on the cheek and take the little brown bottle in my palm into the Men's room. I sneak 4 hits from the plastic trick bullet screwed on the brown bottle before some Local guy walks in. I splash my face with cold water and snort some up on the sneaks to chase it at the sink. Then I join Angie again and get another beer.

The action drags at Mignon so me and Angie hang and she turns me on to a few more bumps. By the time she dances I'm amped. I try not to watch as she twists and grinds seductively on stage. It still hits me as a strange mix of feelings seeing my Love dance naked for a roomful of men. A couple of times though she nails me with her deep dark eyes, like priceless jewels, alive. I finish another beer to try and equilibrate the jacked cocaine feeling.

She finishes her set and gets dressed in the dressing room. Her and Stormy plan to meet at the Cave. Angie and I just go in her car after she gets paid and Stormy says she'll just get a cab after her set.

"Where'd you get all the coke?" I ask in her car on the way down Kalakaua.

"From this guy named Floyd."

"How much did you get?"

"An 8 ball, for \$225 on credit. I sold some in the club and made \$150. I got 2 grams for like \$75."

"That's the guy who gave you a gram a while ago, huh?"

"Yeah."

So that's what the set up was. Probably he has a lot he wants to move and he knows these strip club chicks will eat it up but he doesn't have the time to nickel and dime it himself.

"What's this Floyd guy like?" I ask.

"He's Filipino like me. Remember Odd Job from Goldfinger? He looks like him, except he has long hair."

"Oh yeah?"

"Uh huh. It's weird. Before I knew he had coke, he used to hang out with some of the cops. I think they're all related, like cousins or something," Angie explains.

"That actually kinda makes sense," I tell her.

When she parks on a side street she opens the bottle and doles us out some huge hits that we do from the back of our hands by our thumbs. We go into the Cave, which feels less crowded tonight. Stormy gets there and we all get Iced teas, do more cocaine and dance. In a while I'm still way jacked so we get

another Iced Tea. Finally the booze starts to quench the coke fire and I feel the perfect mixed buzz.

Angie wants to go before the Cave closes so her and Stormy do a couple bumps each but Angie doesn't offer me any. I figure she wants to get fucked and knows what it does to my dick.

When we get back to the studio Angie keeps the lights off and goes wild. I can't get a boner right away but she lets me suck her off and finger fuck her and gives me no grief about it. I'm satisfied to service her like this on the floor underneath her as she lies with her legs spread on the bed. After a little time my dick gets hard and I jump on her and give her a slow ride, then a fast hard ride, forwards and backwards.

I spank her ass good fucking her from behind then turn her over and slap her face before I strangle her again. After she almost passes out and tells me she loves me I turn her over and do her from behind again and make it last as long as I can. When I finally come and pull myself off of her kissing her tenderly she finally lets me do a monster line and does 1 herself.

Then she has me suck her again and fingerfuck her while she looks at porn mags. We even do a couple more blasts and keep the freak scene going. She still has almost ½ a gram left about 5 AM and offers me another dose.

"I gotta get some sleep, Baby," I decline as much as I want more.

"You're right." She does 1 and puts it away.

We lay there all tweaked and geepy for like an hour. I fuck her again when I can and don't go to sleep till after 7AM.

I guess I totally space setting the alarm because I sleep till past 11 and when I realize that I've missed work I call and leave Ron a message leaving Angie asleep in bed.

"Ron, sorry. I had a rough night and overslept. See you tomorrow," I tell the answering machine.

Then I lay back down and go back to sleep for a couple of hours. When we get up Angie and I have sex again but leave the coke alone till later, and then I only get a couple small hits before she goes to work.

That day she gets another 8 ball from Floyd but actually makes \$25 bucks on it and has a free gram. Again I tell her I only want a little when she gets back from work and plus I have a pint of whiskey just in case. I only do a couple of blasts and she does more. We get kinda freaky but not as extreme as the last 2 cocaine sex fiascos. She puts the remaining white away and we open the pint.

"Why don't you get vodka?" Angie asks.

"Because I like whiskey."

I drink more of the pint than she but it takes care of the coke crash and we get to sleep at a reasonable hour.

28

The following day I show up at Ron's a ½ hour late. At the table in his breakfast nook over coffee he asks me what happened.

"I went to the 4AM bar with Angie and got so drunk that I forgot to set my alarm and overslept," I explain.

"Well, it's not like I've never done that. Just don't let it happen again, Stupid," Ron reprimands.

"Sorry."

We go to work at the new job, a lawyer bachelor's house with a pool in Kahala. His lot still looks like a yardful of dirt though. I gotta dig trench.

I cop a jar of Dippity Doo at Foodland to start the dreads on the way home from work. Then I go run and work out. I get a pint of whiskey just in case. Then I put the stuff in my hair, shower but don't wash my hair and sleep to wait for Angie to return from work.

When she comes back Angie relates how Floyd only had 2 grams for her tonight for \$125. She made \$25 and got a free ½.

"What's with your hair, Paul?"

"I'm starting my dreads."

We do it up the yayo and skrog, but it's not that much so I handle it ok. After that Angie and I drink the whiskey anyway. We crash a little after 4 so I get about 4 more hours of sleep so I'm ok the next day.

Wednesday night Angie comes home with a gram and a ½ and wants to go out. I tell her to go out without me because I've got to maintain. She does but comes back and wakes me up by getting me hard and licking my cock. I do a little yay, but not much and by the time we finish screwing we only have to drink a few shots each until I can go back to sleep.

In the bathroom Thursday morning I pull my dreads apart. They've already started pretty good and I figure I'll wash my hair tonight, finally.

Angie wakes as I get dressed to go to work. I sit on the bed next to her to say "Goodbye".

"I wish you didn't have to go to work," Angie whines.

"I know but I got to."

"Why do you gotta work 6 days a week?"

"You work 6 days a week."

"But I make real money."

"That's not fair, Angie." I feel knifed.

"I know. I'm sorry. I love you."

"Me too." I kiss her.

"See you tonight, Baby."

"Ok. See you."

I go down to the garage, hop on the moped and go to work and have a normal healthy day of swinging a pick and using a shovel with my boss.

I just do calisthenics that night before I shower. Then I go get a pint, stash it and crash. When Angie gets home she has a little over a gram and a ½. She wants to go out but I tell her "no".

"Come on, Paul. Come with me for just 1 drink." She does a bump.

"Ok, all right. Just 1 drink though." I take the coke bottle from her hand and do a couple of blasts.

We go to the Cave and both have an Iced Tea. She does a bump but I decline. After an hour I suggests leaving and she agrees and procrastinates.

"I want a Kamikaze, then we'll go home."

"Ok."

She goes to the bar and gets 1 and gets me a shot of bourbon. She sneaks a hit and offers me 1 so I do it and we knock back our drinks and go home.

Back at home I try to go to bed but she has her way with me and we make it. After she wants to keep going and opens the little brown bottle and we do a few fat hits and get freaky for a while.

After some of that I tell her put the stuff away because I've got to go to sleep and I get the pint bottle and we share it, me drinking most of it and her struggling to drink it and chasing it with diet Coke.

I set my alarm and get more than 3 hours of sleep but I'm hung over. I remember that I have like a ½ a pint left from the night before, find it and kill it. On the ride to work I get a 3.2 tall can from 7-11.

When I walk into Ron's and sit across the breakfast table from him with a cup of coffee he scrutinizes me closely after smelling booze on me, I guess.

"You're looking a little green around the gills there, Paul," he says.

"I know. I'm hung over."

"Take the day off, son."

"I'm all right, Ron. Really"

"I can't use you like this. I'll even pay you \$50 for today because I know you missed Monday and this is my decision. I think you should slow down, kid. I like to drink too. You showed

up today and I appreciate it. But you're an accident waiting to happen."

I feel like a piece of shit, "Ok. You're the boss. You don't gotta pay me for today though."

"I insist," he says

Ron goes off and comes back with a few 100 and change and lays it on me. I thank him and walk out.

I stall on the way home and wait for the liquor store to open. I get a ½ pint and a tall can and drink it in the parking garage before I go up to the pad. I try to not wake Angie as I get into bed with her but she does anyway.

"What happened, Paul? Why didn't you go to work?" she asks.

I tell her and then say, "I'm just gonna go to sleep for a little while."

"Ok, baby."

We both shut our eyes and nod out again and she puts her arms round me and rests her head against my shoulder.

We wake after 2 PM and I go down and buy us cheeseburgers from the hotel diner and we eat them by the pool. After we let settle we each swim some laps and play in the pool. Soon Angie has to go to work though so we go back up to the apartment. I try to put the moves on her but she wants to get to Mignon early because she wants 1st choice in the rotation and to get settled and ready because Friday is a money night.

After she leaves I still feel wiggly from the night before so I go for a run. I don't do push ups or sit ups though because I feel thrashed. I take a shower and ride the moped up to the Gardens to meet the band before practice.

I'm a little early but Kevin waits already with the Bobos. I say "Bobo" to Ivan, Stan and the boys.

"Get a glass," Kevin says.

"Not yet, dude."

"You're not on the wagon, are you?"

"No but me and Angie have been burning the candle at both ends and I wanna feel healthy tomorrow. Maybe after practice."

Kevin just shrugs. Thumper shows after awhile and we all say "Howzit". Dan picks us up presently and we all walk over and get in the car across the street from the library.

"Look what I dug out of my closet, dude," Dan says to me.

He throws me a rubber werewolf Halloween mask after he grabs it from between the front car seats.

"Where'd you get this?" I ask him.

"I wore it 1 Halloween in High School so I dug it out of my

closet. I was gonna wear it tomorrow night but you're the front man. I got some ideas for the rest of us anyway," Dan plans.

"Right on," I tell him.

"You're dreads are coming in good," Thumper approves.

"They're better now that I started washing my hair again."

We hit the liquor store for beer and then go to Wizard. We get thru the set 3 time and only do each of the 2 new songs twice, but we run over like 15 minutes so Jacky hassles me about it as I pay him and the guys head out to Dan's car.

"Look, Jacky. It's like an extra 2 bones. Put it on my tab," I tell him.

"Don't think I won't."

"Have a nice night." I turn and walk away.

"You, too. Come again," he says.

The boys have already cracked the 12 pack. Kevin passes me a can of Old Milwaukee.

"So what do you want to do tomorrow for the stage show?" I ask Dan.

"We should all paint ourselves with bodypaint, maybe some glitter too," he answers.

"I'm too dark for it to make any difference," Thumper says.

"You can try some glitter," Dan suggests.

"What do you use anyway?" Kevin asks.

"Food coloring," I tell them.

"You can just buy that at like Foodland, huh?" Dan inquires.

"Yup. I don't know where to get glitter though. The Halloween stuff's for sale at Walgreen's. Maybe they got it. I'll just pick it up. Should we all get the same color? If I'm wearing the Dog mask, I wanna use red," I say.

"I don't care," Kevin tells me.

"Whatever you want, chief," Dan decides.

"I'll pick some up tomorrow," I say.

We finish our beers and crack another, then light a spleef. Dan and Kevin want to go to 3D.

"Man, we're gonna play there tomorrow night. That's enough 3D for me for the weekend."

Everybody agrees. We compromise and all decide to go have a beer at fabulous club Mignon.

I say "hi" to my Baby quickly, because she's busy. Me and the boys all have a beer, check out the floorshow and then take off. Dan drops me and Thumper off at UH and we all say "later". Dan and Kevin take off for 3D and I ask Thumper to bring me a \$20 sack tomorrow and she says "shoots". Then I ride on home to Waikiki.

After work the next day I stop by Foodland and buy red, green and orange food coloring. I can't find glitter so I go to Walgreen's at the mall but can't find none there either. I still have a lot of fluid in the lighter and enough isopropyl for a few fireballs, even though I'm kinda tired of the trick. I bring the werewolf mask, 5 demos and hope Kevin remembers the t shirts.

Angie has gone to work by the time I get home so I stretch, do some sit ups and then shower. I go down to the pool and swim a little, rinse off and get dressed. Tonight I wear the thrashed jeans, boots and my Dog God T.

I hit a roach a few times and go sit at the beach before I go to 3D, just to kill time. Here I sit in the sand and watch the fluorescent sunset ocean and tourists catching the last day's rays, especially the teenaged chicks in bikinis oiled up on beach towels.

I walk down Kuhio, get to 3D and go on up saying "Howzit" to Junior on the stairs. TRO has already arrived and so have Kevin and Dan. I greet them and go to the bar and Kyle gives me a Boilermaker. Dan and Kevin wear jeans and Punk t shirts. Dan wears Chucks and Kevin wears combat boots and his Heavy Metal belt. I pull the food coloring out of my bag and hand Dan the green bottle and Kevin the orange.

"I'm taking the red 'cause I got the dog mask. I couldn't find any glitter," I let them know.

"I thought of another goof for me and Kevin," Dan tells me.

"Oh yeah? What?" I ask.

"I'll show you later. TRO's letting a Speed Metal band open with a short set, Hawaiian Punch. I said we go next and let TRO close," Dan tells me.

"That's cool." I don't care at this point.

The TRO guys set up their amps and drums. Dan's amp sits on the stage. I notice 4 long haired short young dudes in black metal t shirts and jeans sitting off the stage toward the window side of the club. I finish my drink and Thumper walks in the front door.

"Was'up? What time does this shindig begin?" he asks.

"The metal band plays a short set at 9:30. Then we'll go like 10 or 10:15, I guess," Dan tells him.

I ask Kevin if he brought the t shirts and he tells me "yup". So now I guess we just hurry up and wait.

"Hey, Dan. Is it cool if I rip the werewolf mask's lower jaw off so I can sing out of it? I can always wear it up higher on my head but it'll probably keep falling over my mouth.

He thinks before he answers, "Yeah sure, ok."

I go slow on the drinks with just 2 more beers. Thumper brings my weed and I offer to roll us all a jay but Kevin doesn't wanna smoke and Thumper already has a pipe loaded. We all go the alley and I figure, fuck the Skin Heads but nobody hangs out but us. Thumper lights the small metal pipe and we pass it but go by Kevin.

"So what's your guy's trick?" I ask Dan and Kevin.

"Dan got us both a pair of nylon stockings and some Nerf balls."

I guess Dan sees the confused look on my face, "See, we put the stockings around the top of our heads and the Nerf balls in the legs so we can whirl the balls around by whipping our heads back and forth."

"Nice," I approve.

I can see already that this show will rock. Soon we finish the pipe and go up to wait around. Crazy Charlie goes on a 1st generation Punk spree and spins Lust for Life by Iggy Pop, some Pistols, Clash and New York Dolls. The usual crowd arrives at a consistent pace, the Punks, Mods, Bobos, my ex roomies, some Skins, even some young Metalheads with their skateboards, Bob Thomas and Kris, Jimmy with Janine, Mike and even Kailani. I even say "hi" to her, but that's all.

Soon Kyle tells the boys from Hawaiian Punch to go. As they make for the stage I get Kevin and Dan together to go in the bathroom and get into costume.

"Thumper, if you're not gonna paint yourself, at least take your shirt off when we play, ok?" I ask him.

"Shoots," he says quietly.

I see Kyle at the soundboard as we go into the Men's room. Soon I hear the young Speed metal band making their 1st noises and Kyle playing with the levels.

I take my shirt off and hang it on the doorknob to keep it clean, "I'm pouring the food coloring to look like blood. But you can just spread it with your palm like sun tan lotion if you want total coverage. Whatever you want."

The guys who come in to use the head look at us strangely as we apply the intense pigment to our torsos.

"Showbiz," I explain.

From the corner of my eyes it looks like Kevin and Dan opt to cover their skin totally as I drip the red coloring over the front of my chest and stomach like dripping blood and save some for my arms.

Hawaiian Punch kicks into its 1st song. I can't hear the lyrics but it sounds like it's titled Slaughterhouse and Speed Metal. I look at Dan and Kevin, my green and orange cohorts.

"You guys got your clown hats?" I ask.

"There off to the side of the stage," Dan answers.

I have black eyeliner in my pocket, so I apply it raccoon style to enhance the dramatic effect of the mask and in case I take it off during the show. Dan and Kevin want to put some on too, and do so quickly when I'm finished.

When we finish I grab my shirt, realizing that it'll get stained anyway and we walk out of the Men's room and head to the bar. I decide to not get another beer since I'm slightly too relaxed already.

John and his bandmates from TRO sit against the bar drinking beers. They all wear black jeans, boots and black t shirts, wear eyeliner and have their hair gelled. They look like a spooky Rockabilly band.

"Howzit, John?" I say.

"Howzit, Pig Rock? It ain't Halloween yet," he tells me.

"Everyday is Halloween when you're in God Dog."

"I hear you. The same goes for the Totally Rad Ohana."

So the initials TRO have a new meaning. Out of all the other possible meanings I like it the best.

"Gnarly, Brah," I endorse.

The band's thrash almost drowns our conversation. They've got a small pit going, decent for a band's cherry popping.

I see Angie enter and look around the club. She wears her pink minidress and a black vinyl coat cut like a leather jacket with her black pumps and stockings. My heart skips a beat when I realize that she's mine but my next thought tells me that she dresses wrong for this crowd. Then I tell myself, fuck it, who cares? Doreen follows in her red jean jacket and medium length tight red skirt. I walk towards them to greet my Love.

"Hey, Girlfriend," I say when I get close.

"Paul, you look spooky!" Angie jumps into my arms.

We kiss zealously and after a moment I'm aware that we've become a mini spectacle.

"I'm gonna get your dress stained all red, Baby," I say.

"I can buy another 1. I'm getting tired of this dress anyway."

I set her down and address both of them, "Aren't you dudes supposed to be working?"

"We cut out early because we wanted to see you guys play. Stormy and Kenny are coming too," Doreen tells me.

"They better hurry because we're almost on."

I realize that Hawaiian Punch has ended their miniset, "I better get onstage. It's almost curtain time."

"Good luck," Doreen wishes us.

"Break your legs." Angie wipes out Doreen's bad omen.

I turn to signal the boys but see they already head for the

stage. Dan plugs into his amp and moves the PA mike in front of its speaker. Kevin and Thumper take their places and I grab the werewolf mask. Kevin and Dan wear the Nerf balls in the stocking feet on their heads. The guys make noise and I see Kyle set the level until he gives a thumbs up.

I take a look at the guys and take a deep breath and pull the mask down and open the set with a loud howl. We open with Spy for the CIA because we've ejected Anarchy and Black Mack Trash to make room for the new songs. The pit keeps going and gets bigger with the Mods and Punks.

We do our old songs, the new 1s, I see Kevin and Dan spinning their Nerf balls and as usual I get possessed and go nuts like the Tasmanian Devil. We actually lose some of the thrashers for Monster Jam and Rockzilla, but I see the young cats from Hawaiian Punch headbanging appreciatively. Luckily Pig Rock comes next and the pit regains full mass, velocity and chaos. I spit fire a few times and we keep the pit churning mostly. I appreciate during I Shot the Sheriff that Dog God's attained a new echelon of madness. Dan and Thumper give the band a sound that's almost a Jazz Punk Hendrix meltdown but Kevin keeps it rooted down to a basic 4/4 Ramones core. Out front, me, Dan and Kevin look right together, Kevin all muscles with a beer gut, me like a weasel and Dan like a beanpole with a hint of beer belly. Thumper looks like Animal on The Muppet Show behind the drums. As usual, the Skins go off for Play That Funky Music, our last number.

We're ready to unplug and descend off the stage but the crowd yowls and whistles for more. I look at Kevin and Dan and then turn around and motion for Thumper to sit back down behind the drums. I take off the mask, look at everybody again and pull the microphone up to my mouth as I make eye contact with Kyle.

"It's Anarchy, Baby...In Hawaii Kai!" I bellow.

Thumper clicks of 4 beats and we zip into it and the whole club, it seems, slams. When I've sung most of the lyrics I stand and flip into the pit and struggle back to the stage.

I grab the mike again and wail,

"CAUSE I, WANNA BE...ANARCHY!!!"

The audience yells and claps. I hear Ivan and Stan yell "BOBO!" The club spins around, the stage the axis of a Punk Rock merry go round.

"We have demo tapes and t shirts for sale!" I scream because Kyle's turned the PA off and hold up my t shirt to display it.

Now we unplug, I grab all my stuff and we vacate the stage to make way for TRO.

I see Kyle from behind the soundboard giving me 2 thumbs up and smile. As I walk off and he walks on, John Olsen grins and gives me the shaka sign and I give it back.

Charlie spins Show No Mercy by Slayer. Me and the band head for the bar. Angie and Doreen cross to us and Angie wraps her arms around me and practically picks me up and squeezes the life out of me.

"That was so badass, Paul. I love you!" she squeals and kisses my neck.

"Thanks, Baby." I catch my breath when she lets me go.

I kiss her back. My ears ring. This feels so good it seems like I stand outside of myself and watch it happen to somebody else, like a dream. Kenny and Stormy have arrived and we all say "was'up".

Ken makes me, Kevin, Thumper and Dan all Boilermakers, "You rule, Pig Rock."

We drink our cocktails and hold our heads high, sitting on top of the world. Dan and Kevin want to get more booze at the liquor store.

"I wanna watch TRO," I tell them.

TRO starts to tune up and soundcheck as John moves the microphone back to his amp. I realize that Angie probably has coke and that I have no whiskey to crash. I figure we probably have time to watch most of TRO's set and get to the booze store before it closes or go now and stash it in Angie or Dan's car and get it after the set.

"Let's just get enough juice to party after the set. I want a pint of cheap whiskey and a bottle of Thunderbird, at least," I tell Kevin.

"You buy, I'll fly," Kevin responds.

"I wanna t shirt!" Angie states.

I give Kevin a \$15 "Just get what I said and throw the rest in for whatever other else you want."

Angie holds a \$10 out to Kevin too, "Let me buy a medium God Dog shirt, Kevin."

I push her money back towards her and lay another fin on Kevin, "Let us have 1 at cost, Brah."

"Shoots," Kevin agrees and gets 1 for her.

Kevin and Dan both go off to the liquor store. TRO starts making noise for real and the drummer slams into Beer Upchuck and the pit starts. I watch them holding Angie and we both get beers. I feel like slamming but want to stay with Angie. After a few songs Dan and Kevin return. TRO keeps the pit raging. They save The Mokes Are Coming for last. All in all they're pretty loud,

fast, and slick, work up a sweat and play with fury and precision. They're way rad.

Dan and Kevin say, "Let's go drink."

Angie and I, Stormy, Doreen, Kenny, Thumper, Dan and Kevin all exit the club, go down the stairs and hit the alley, Dan and Kevin run to Dan's car real quick and get the case of beer and 2 bottles of Thunderbird and a 5th of whiskey and my pint. Thumper rolls and lights a fatty. 5 or 6 club rats, even a couple of Skin Heads, party in the alley too, We all argue about who's cooler, Black Sabbath or KISS.

"Nobody can touch Bootsy Collins," Thumper points out.

To which everybody agrees. Doreen and Stormy bust out the yayo and Angie turns me and the boys onto a couple of blasts from the bullet. Me and Angie decide maybe we should take the party back up to our crib.

Stormy and Kenny decide to go to the Rubber Room and everybody else comes over to our pad. There I just turn on cable to MTV, turn the lights down and Angie and Doreen break out some lines and we drink whiskey and smoke weed.

"This band is pretty infuckingsane," Thumper states.

Dan takes a shot from the 5th bottle.

Angie and Doreen probably go thru more than a gram, which ain't excessive considering how many of us there are. We celebrate knowing we've rocked 3D and the fact that we're already established Punk nobility in this island metropolis after only having just a handful of practice sessions. I can't believe how fast it can happen.

"We should blow wheels," Dan suggests not long after the 5th and blow run out.

"I'm gonna catch a cab too," Doreen says.

We say "later" to everybody and they all take off. Angie still has a ½ gram left and I still have the pint. I talk her into just keeping it put away because I'm already kinda drunk and probably ain't gonna get a boner for at least an hour. I open the bottle instead and I drink a couple big ass shots and she has a couple of small 1s.

"I can't believe how fast the new crew got as good as we did already," I remark.

"See, told you," Angie tells me.

"I'm not a todju. You're a todju."

"Unh uh. You're a todju," Angie giggles.

I put my pint away and we lie down and wrap ourselves around each other, numb to the minor crash.

29

I take the demo tapes and t shirts to Ram Jam the next day and a teenage Asian Punk clerk calls the owner from the stockroom when I ask him who to talk to about selling my wares. The proprietor, a 50ish long haired cat in an Aloha shirt, jeans, flip flops and a black beret, introduces himself as Martin.

"I've heard a few things about your band of miscreants," he tells me.

He buys 5 tapes and 5 shirts from me. I walk out of the record store with 50 bones.

Over the next few weeks Angie moves an 8 ball every night, or rather 2 or 2 ½ grams and we do the rest, going to the Cave and having cocaine sex. She learns how to keep me on a short leash till after I fuck her, and then lets me get really high, when I fingerbang and suck her off while she looks at porn, till I buy her a couple of dildos from the porn shop.

I always make sure I have whiskey to put myself to sleep. Once though, I don't make it to work. Another time Ron sends me home again because I show up too cut and smelling like whiskey again.

I stop by Mignon after work 1 evening, walk in and buy a beer. Angie appears in a bit in a shiny blue dress cut just like her short pink 1.

"How was work, Sweetheart?" she asks.

"Ok. You know. How are you?"

"All right. Can you do me a favor, maybe?"

"Maybe," I tell her. "What?"

"Take a ½ to Doreen at Femme Nu."

I think it over quickly, "Yeah, I guess."

We sit at the bar and I finish my beer. She tells me to wait a second, runs to the dressingroom, comes back and passes 3 bindles to me on the sneaks.

"Take these too and she'll have \$150 for you," Angie informs me.

"You said just take her a ½."

"These are for her and a couple of other chicks."

I feel like I've been slickarooed. If I have, though, she has been too by Floyd to a larger extent. I know the risk but considering that I'm getting high off of Angie's shit most nights I figure I can at least run a few papers down the street for her. Besides, I'll get to check out a little tail while I'm there.

"You want me to bring the cash back right away?" I ask her.

"You can just save it for me at home, Boyfriend."

I ride down to Femme Nu. I go in and have to buy a beer

because I don't find Doreen right away. A long haired Asian woman in black stockings, pumps and a garter dances to Poison by Bell, Biv, Devoe and I check her out. She moves clumsily compared to Angie, but that makes her erotic somehow.

Doreen sees me and comes over, "Hey, Paul. Did you bring me anything from Angie?"

"Uh huh. You got the cash, right?"

Doreen, after a few seconds, passes it to me discreetly. I wait a few seconds and pass her the 3 bindles back. I feel kind of apprehensive about it, not having a chance to count the cash but decide I have to just trust her right now this time. I become aware of a blond Haole chick and a Local Asian woman, both dressed like strippers in tights and cut t shirts, watching us taking mental Polaroids of me.

"Thanks, dude. Tell Angie I said 'hi'," Doreen says.

"My pleasure, Doreen. Later."

Doreen runs off towards the 2 women watching us and joins them. Then they all go off somewhere. I finish my beer as I watch the floorshow. Then I bail home.

Angie getting me to run papers to her friends at other clubs becomes a semi regular thing. I feel like it's risky because I'm not exactly the most inconspicuous looking person on the island but don't give Angie any heat behind it because she does pretty much float me even though I work and I figure the pigs have never really shook me down without a reason.

1 time I'm in Mignon and finally see Floyd. He sits at a table in black pressed black slacks, dress shoes and a black silk dress shirt. He looks about 40, short with a stocky build, has shoulder length thinning hair and looks Filipino. At his table a younger taller thinner Asian man sits with a cop haircut and dresses more conservatively, like an office worker. They both have tumblers with what looks like whiskey or brandy on the rocks. Angie sits rapping with them and calls me over.

"Floyd, Billy, this is Paul, my boyfriend. Paul, this is Floyd and Bill," she makes the introduction.

Floyd stands and shakes my hand. I notice his gold chain. I shake Bill's hand too but he remains seated. I feel kind of like a bumpkin, still unchanged from work. I feel slightly uncomfortable so instead of sitting I excuse myself.

"Nice meeting you guys. I'm gonna go grab a beer," I say.

They both smile and nod and I walk over to the bar. Angie joins me in a couple of minutes.

"Listen, Baby. I'm gonna let you handle the whole blow thing because it's getting too hot in here. I just wanted you to meet Floyd, all right?"

I don't know what to say at 1st, "Yeah, I guess, Love. Let's talk about this though. I don't know."

"Don't worry, Paul. All you gotta do is what you've been doing, except meet Floyd, cop, and fix the papers. It'll be all right. Trust me," Angie reassures.

I think it over, "Yeah, sure. Ok."

"You want a bump?"

"No, I'm gonna go after this beer."

I notice Floyd and Billy glance over at us a couple of times. Angie holds my hand and slips me the coke bottle even though I've declined. I figure, what the hell.

"I'll be right back, Angie." I go to the Men's room for a bump.

It goes pretty much like Angie says. Either I take Floyd the money, \$225, at his place, a big warehouse space fixed up like an apartment in Kakaako, the industrial district just north of downtown Honolulu, or he comes over to the pad and lays an 8 ball on me. I see a 9mm automatic on the coffee table where a couple of ounces of white sit too at his place. I also notice that he has the cannon strapped under his arm beneath his dress shirt 1 night when he comes by the pad to drop off my issue. I decide that I totally don't want or need a gun.

Angie just eyeballed the papers, but I get a triple beam scale and snow seals from the head shop in Waikiki. Angie knows chicks in 2 other clubs besides Femme Nu and just tells me where to go and who to talk to. I gotta tell these clip joint chicks to meet me in the parking lot so I don't have to always buy \$3 beers, or they get 1 for me. It usually only takes a couple hours every night. The only time it gets tight on time is Friday night when the band practices. I just cop before I meet the guys at the Gardens and meet Angie after and she tells me where to go and who to see.

Pretty soon I need more coke though, so I gotta get a ¼ oz. A typical 24 hour cycle goes like this. I get up at 8 AM to get to Ron's at 9 and work till 5 and then go back to his house. Then I go home and run and work out, shower and next meet Floyd, cop and make papers. Then I meet Angie, move some pieces at Mignon and she tells me where else to go and who needs what. By the time I've gone thru 4 or 5 clubs it's 11 and I go home to take a nap. Angie knows that I mostly can't handle the Cave because I need sleep more than I need to party, so she either comes home at around 2 or 4. Then we screw and do the coke sex freak thing and after a couple hours of that drink straight booze so I can take another nap before I get up at 8 again. Sometimes I gotta snort a fat line and drink a couple few shots to

make it to work. Every 3rd or 4th day I have like a gram left over so I just crash right after work and don't hustle coke at all and get enough sleep. Still though, this grind makes me lose weight, the little muscle I got, and I can tell from how much harder work gets and my runs that it eats me up slowly like a worm does an apple.

Another thing is that the strippers sometimes ask for credit and mostly they're good for it, but if a couple or a few of them leave me hanging me and Angie's gotta go into our money to get Floyd or we gotta hang him up for \$50 or \$100 for a day or 2, which he don't like.

1 night when I pick up a ¼ at his place he looks me in the eye real close and grips me hard by the wrist, "Look, junior. If you're starting to short me you need to slow down or stop fronting these girls."

"Floyd, no disrespect, Brah. But you know I always catch up by the next day," I tell him meekly.

"I'm just saying don't let this get to be a bigger problem, Paul," he draws the line.

"All right. I understand. Mahalo," I tell him before I jet.

On a Sunday night the phone rings at the studio a little after 1 AM. I pick it up knowing that it's Angie and what she wants.

"Hey, Baby," I answer groggily.

"Hi, Paul. Can you meet me at the Cave?"

"I guess. Can't you just let me sleep and wake me later?"

"I wanted you to bring me something and plus I wanted you to meet a friend of mine."

I try not to sigh loud enough for her to hear over the phone, "I guess."

"Thanks, Baby. Love you."

"Love you too."

After a quick cup of black instant coffee so that I don't bust into the stuff, I throw on my band t shirt, all stained from food coloring from the 3D show weeks ago, black jeans and my boots. We have 2 ½ gram bindles and another paper with like a ¼ in it, so I take it all, hit the street and walk over to the Cave.

When I get there the doorman lets me in free. The club seems empty almost, even for a Sunday night. I know it'll pick up after 2 though. I ascend the stairs to the bar upstairs and get me just a tumbler of Pepsi from the blond chick tending the bar.

I stand at the bar and Love Removal Machine by The Cult plays. I look out the window at the people downstairs and the handful of dancers shake it and the lights send colored beams thru the fog machine mist above them. I look to my right when I feel somebody grab my forearm.

"Paul, hi," Betty tells me.

I don't recognize her for a few seconds though she looks the same, "Betty. Long time no see. How are you?"

She looks good in tight black slacks and a red low cut sweater wearing blue sparkly eye make up and ruby red lipstick. She still has a generous voluptuous body, especially for a Japanese woman, and it makes me a little hard remembering riding her.

"I'm good. How are you?" she sounds a little cut.

"I'm all right."

"I've been hearing things about your band. Somebody said they heard you guys play on KTUH and at J Hall and they called the police." She leans closer to me.

"Yeah, that was fun."

"They're playing 1 of the songs on the radio sometimes."

"Oh really? I haven't been listening to KTUH a whole lot. I've been busy, you know."

"Oh yeah? With what?"

"The band and the usual skulduggery."

She leans still closer and gently takes hold of a couple of my dreadlocks.

"I like the dreads," she says.

"Uh, thanks."

Just as I think that if Angie walks up right now, I'm in trouble, she stands right there in her short short cut offs, wife beater, rhinestone necklace and a pair of black leather thigh high boots. A tall thin blonde blue eyed guy in a long sleeve tropical print dress shirt and white slacks and dress shoes stands behind her.

"Hi, Baby. Angie, this is Betty, a friend from school. Betty this is my girlfriend, Angie," I present.

They sat "hi" and I hold Angie's hand but she feels stiff and cold. I know that I have hell to pay but that's the price of being a stripper's pet, I guess.

"Paul, meet Dugan, Chris Dugan. Dugan, this is my boyfriend, Paul" Angie introduces us.

For a second I think I have ammunition against the probable imminent assault. He looks like a Nazi from Sound of Music.

"Nice to meet you, Paul. Angie's told me a lot about you," Chris says gently and extends his hand limply.

I shake Dugan's hand, "Nice to meet you."

"Let's get drinks, what do you want to drink, people?" Dugan asks.

"I'm ok. I need to work tomorrow. I think I'll just go back to

the pad. Nice meeting, you Dugan. Take care Betty. Love you, Angie." I kiss my girlfriend, immobile as a statue.

Dugan and Betty say "bye" and Angie looks at me coldly. I bend in close to her ear.

"Do you want 1 or 2 papers?" I ask quietly.

"2," she commands.

I shrug and pass her both bindles and hold her hand as I kiss her on the neck. She offers her throat flesh giving me like a centimeter of slack.

"Be good, Love."

"Uh huh," she responds, not looking at me.

I shake my head almost imperceptibly, smile and nod at everyone and walk away. Downstairs I go into the Men's room and into a stall and whiff the whole ¼ gram I have left. Then I come back out and get a Long Island Iced Tea from the downstairs bar. The short, dark haired pretty boy bartender knows me as Angie's boyfriend so gives me an extra strong drink for 3 bones. I let the coke coat the back of my sinuses and throat, angry that Angie will give me grief. Maybe I should just avoid the whole problem. I savor the coke buzz and then tank my drink as Ever Fallen in Love With Someone You Shouldn't Haven Fallen in Love With by The Fine Young Cannibals plays.

When I leave the Cave I go up to the pad, grab my bottle, put it in my boot and go to the parking garage. There I get on the 'ped and ride thru the night to the Manoa Hilton to sleep on the couch.

In the morning I wake early and bum I didn't remember to change for work. I finish the few shots in the pint bottle. I could just wear my black jeans and Dog God shirt, but I'd get them all dirt stained. The red stains on my shirt look cool, but dirt stains would fuck it up. I figure I can sneak in and out quick after I just grab my shorts and another shirt, or just cut out quick if Angie does wake up before she gets her claws into me.

When I get up to the studio I slip the key in the lock quietly and turn it as smooth as I can. I push the door open slow and step in.

3 seconds later she rushes me in a flash, "Where were you, Paul?"

She jumps me and rips into me with her nails in just a black g string and my Misfits T like a junkyard dog on a dumpster rat.

"At the Hilton!" I manage to somehow tear her off of me and jump back.

"Don't you ever, ever run and hide like that again you creep. Who was that bitch at the Cave last night?" she smells like vodka.

"I told you, Betty, a friend."

She lunges at me and slugs me with a right hook, "Another girlfriend, Rock Star!!!" she screams.

I block the next punch, but she lays more on me, and kicks me with her knees to, trying for my balls. At 1st I try to just block her punches and kicks, but she still tags me. I actually gotta punch her back a couple of times. Nobody wants to get their ass kicked by their girlfriend. Angie becomes the only female I've ever hit except for this 5th grade bitch used to stomp me on the playground when I was in the 3rd grade and was the 1st handful of booty I ever got. I have to rip Angie off again and I finally am able to escape the apartment into the hall.

I don't have time to wait for the elevator before she's out the door too so I cut into the stairway exit and go down the stairs like greased lightning in leaps and bounds. Angie chases but I'm faster. When I've got a couple floors on her I go into the hall and press the button for the elevator. I suck in huge breast of air listening for the stairway door, figuring if she finds me I'll just have to run away again, fuck it. I've lost her and the elevator comes and takes me to the garage.

My lip feels split, my eye hurts and I the multiple scratches on my arms and torso sting. I just hop on the machine and ride for 7-11 and get a quart of 3.2. I drink that as fast as I can in the alley. Then I hop back on the moped and ride to Ron's.

I walk into Ron's and sit across from him at the table sitting drinking a cup of coffee in the breakfast nook.

"Look what the cat dragged in," Ron says.

"Yup." I look at the tabletop.

"Paul, Paul, Paul. You've got a black eye, fat lip, you're scratched to hell and you smell like beer. You want a cup of coffee?"

"You gotta beer?"

"You can't have a beer. You don't look drunk, I'll give you that, but you've been drinking again. Did you wreck your moped?"

"No, me and Angie got in a fight. She won, I guess."

"It's a shame. You had that sweet beautiful young girl and you traded her in for a wildcat," Don sizes it up and puts it in a nutshell.

"I know."

"Frankly Paul, you're messing up. I like you, kid. You're a good boy. But if you're going to keep on showing up drunk, late, not showing up or all beat to hell, what can I do? I can't use you like this today. Take the day off. How much did you drink this morning?"

"A quart of 3.2," I answer.

"Grab a Beck's from the refrigerator," Don offers.

I get up and grab 1 as Ron finishes his coffee. I just pop the top and drink, not even bothering to sit. Ron rises anyway.

"Try to take it slow, Paul. Maybe think about getting a little distance away from your lady friend," he advises.

"You're probably right, boss."

"Just go ahead and let yourself out," Ron gets his keys and walks out.

I feel like a fat greasy brown Hawaii cockroach as Bob's door opens. He walks to the coffee maker like a zombie and grabs a mug from the dish rack. His hair looks like a weed patch.

Bob does a double take and opens his eyes a bit wider when he looks at me, "What happened, Pig Rock?"

"Girl problems." I finish the beer.

"Ok. Dad went to work without you?"

"Yeah, he said I should take the day off."

"Dude, I hate to say it, but maybe you'd be better off without her."

"I hear you, Bob. But I'm love with her."

Bob shakes his head and whistles, "You're fucked then."

I drop the bottle in the big green plastic trashcan, "Later, Bob. I'm gonna go get a real drink."

"Be careful, Paul. Don't drink and drive."

"All right, Daddy-O."

I walk out and say goodbye to the dog and then ride to Kaimuki Goodwill and buy a beach towel. By that time the liquor store opens so I go get a ½ pint and a tall can. Then I ride to Ala Moana Park and drink the bottle and can fast, as undercover as I can manage. Then I lay the towel out under a palm tree and lay down and pass out.

I come to in a few hours but wait to go back to the apartment until after 4:30 so that I can avoid the wrath of Angie for a while. That night I work out, run and watch Welcome Back Kotter on cable with a bottle of Mad Dog that I cop when I go and get a pint in case Angie has drugs, later. She's taken the money I guess because it's not in the drawer where I left it. I hope she doesn't cop tonight because we can use a break from yayo, I figure. I go to sleep with the TV on.

I don't wake again until Angie crawls into bed next to me. I actually just want to just go back to sleep.

She sees that I'm alive, "I'm sorry, Paul. Did I do that?"

"No, my other girlfriend did it," I answer quietly not caring anymore what she says or does with me.

"You better be kidding, you fucking creep."

"Of course I am, psycho. I can't even handle you. How in the fuck am I supposed to handle another crazy chick? Did you calm down yet or are you gonna kick my ass again?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it."

"Didn't mean it? It sure feels like you meant it."

"I'm sorry. Does it hurt?"

"Does it look like it hurts?"

"Yeah. I'm sorry."

"It's ok. Don't be sorry. You took the money from the drawer, right?"

"Yeah. So who's Betty, another old girlfriend?"

"No, just some chick I used to talk to in Art class," I lie. "She's a lesbian anyway. And I told you, I don't have any old girlfriends."

"So I'm your 1st girlfriend ever, Paul," Angie says sarcastically.

"No, I didn't say that. But neither Giselle or Kailani were my girlfriends," I lie again.

"I don't believe you, or about Betty either. I know how you are. You're a Rock Star," she sounds defeated, quiet and sad.

"Where'd you get vodka yesterday morning?"

"How do you know I drank yesterday?"

"I smelled it on your breath as you kicked my ass," I tell her.

"The café downstairs serves Bloody Marys early."

She kisses my neck, caresses my body and starts to stroke my dick. I push her hand away.

"I wanna just sleep, ok?" I say.

"Paul." She walks her fingers in between my legs again.

I push them away again, "Angie."

"Do your girlfriend. What, are you gay?"

I think it over, getting a hard on, "Gimme a blast. I'm still sleepy."

She grabs the bottle and gives me a couple of bolts. She wears the pink minidress and pumps. We have hot make up sex and I make sure I make it last. I even lay off the blow till I get her twice. Then she lays a couple fat lines on me and we get all freaky for a while. Finally, I tell her I need to crash again and we almost finish the pint of whiskey. I drink it straight and she chases it with Coca Cola from the fridge. Then I crash again so I get up early enough to go to work.

In the morning I finish the last couple of shots in both bottles, get dressed, say "bye" to Angie and get on my moped in the garage. I stop at 7-11 for a tall can of 3.2 and tank it before I go to Ron's.

When I sit at the table across from my boss he looks pretty glum. In an instant I know what's coming.

"I'm sorry Paul. You're a good worker and I like you a lot but I'm letting you go. I think you're living too fast now. If you

manage to slow down in a month or so, come back and we'll try it again. For now though, I think you need to take a break and get it together.

"Ok, Ron," I say.

He gives me my pay for Saturday and I get up and tell him "later" Before I walk out and tell Obake "Goodbye" and get on my moped and ride it to the library at UH and sit there and watch girls for a little while, trying not to feel ashamed, stupid and miserable.

When it's opened I go to the liquor store and get a ½ pint and can of beer to chase it. I ride to Waiks then, hit another liquor store and get a bottle of Mad Dog and park the 'ped in the parking garage. I go up to the pad and Angie still sleeps as I drain the bottle of fortified wine. Then I pass out next to my love.

Since I have more time I start meeting Floyd earlier and instead of getting a ¼ oz at a time I get 3 8 balls since I have more time to circulate in and out of the clip joints. I guess since I'm moving more he gives me a break in the price and gives it to me for 6 bills. I'd go for a ½ oz but don't want more blow on me than I know I can move in a night. This way, I'm making \$100 or \$150 a night plus saving a gram or gram and a ½ for me and my Love.

At practice on a Friday night Dan, Thumper and Kevin all want to know when we're gonna play again talking as we drink beer in the parking lot.

"We can go to 3D right now and talk to Kyle about another gig," I say.

"Let's go," Kevin says.

"Take me back to UH, Dan. I gotta get home," Thumper requests.

We get in the car, Dan drives to town and drops Thumper off before we make for 3D.

I turn Dan and Kevin on to a ¼ gram and do a bump out of a paper in the Men's room at the club before we come out and Kyle gives us each a Boilermaker.

"Hey, Kyle. Let's do another show," I suggest to him.

"I'm bringing The Vandals in a few weeks. I want you and TRO to open. I wanted to book The Sting Rays too, but I heard they broke up," he tells me.

"Oh yeah?" I remark.

"Yup. The drummer and guitar player went to the mainland to school. I heard Benjy's starting a Death Rock band. Hyper Death Obsession."

"Sounds rad. I can't wait."

Kevin and Dan both hear so we all know the score. We

stand there drinking our drinks and watch people make the scene.

I drain my can, "Well boys, I gotta go sell drugs."

"Hey, Pig Rock. Sell me and Dan a ½ G," Kevin tells me.

I feel kinda guilty getting them started but say, "Ok, let's go in my office."

I think I may give them a lecture but change my mind because I figure that they're big boys. I enter the Men's room and they wait a discreet moment and follow and I make the exchange with Kevin and he gets money from Dan.

"Later boys, I gotta cruise. I'll come back maybe after I make some money."

They both tell me "later" and I take off.

I walk up Kuhio to Kapiolani and stop at 2 clubs and sell 3 papers. I had \$50 so now I have \$250 and change. I have 3 more ½s by the time I get to Femme Nu. I figure I can afford a beer so I get 1 and wait for somebody who wants cocaine to notice me. Doreen crosses me as I stand at the bar in a tight gold spandex cocktail dress.

"Was'up killer?" she says.

"Nothing. Howzit, girl?"

"Good. You got anything?"

"Yeah."

"You got 2?" she gets cash from her bra between her breasts.

"Yup," I tell her.

She grabs both my hands and puts 5 folded 20s in my left hand. We let our hands go and I reach in my pocket and get 2 papers, leave my hands there for a minute and then grab her hand pressing them into her palm as I pull her close and pretend to whisper something in her ear.

"Thanks, Sweetie," she tells me when the trade is made.

"No. Thank you Doreen. Is Spoonhead around?"

"Yeah, she's here somewhere. Listen, I gotta get ready to dance. Tell your girl I said 'hi'." She hurries off.

I take a drink and soon enough Spoonhead walks by. She doesn't see me at 1st but then turns to me.

"Paul. Howzit?" she says.

"Good. Howzit, Spoonhead?"

She wears black tights, engineer's work boots, a Heavy Metal studded belt and a Gun's n Roses t shirt. Spoonhead stands almost 2 inches taller than me on a thin curvy frame with pale Asian skin, long black hair and a cute buck toothed smile, small breasts and big almond eyes. She has a funny raspy voice.

"Can I get a paper?" she asks.

"You got 100 bucks?"

"I got \$50."

"You owe me \$50."

"Come by when we close and I'll straighten you out," she offers.

"I might not have time. You gotta catch up because we go thru this all the time. I got bills, you know."

"Come on, Paul. You know I'll catch up." She presses the bills in my hand.

I'm tempted to cut out but somehow I can't and let the \$50 ride. I hold onto her hand, fish another ½ from my pocket and press it in her palm. We hold both hands like that for a moment to cover the deal.

"Thanks, dude." Spoonhead smiles like a goofy kid.

She takes off and I watch her gently curved skinny butt as she scoots away.

As I finish my beer Doreen rushes by and I tap her on the shoulder and she looks at me.

"What's going on?" she asks.

"Do you know where Spoonhead lives?" I ask her

"Yeah, at the Plumeria Terrace."

"Do you know what apartment?"

"On the 1st floor, number 3. What are you gonna do, shake her down?"

"No nothing like that. I just wanna know where to find her before she spends all her money tonight," I explain.

"Honey, if I know Spoonhead, she'll be broke by dawn. See ya." Doreen disappears.

I take off into the night too.

I'll almost pass the Plumeria Terrace on the way back to Waiks except I gotta go towards the mountains a couple of blocks a little before I get to the 7-11 corner. I have an evil plan that I try to talk myself out of but Spoonhead has owed me \$50 like 3 times that I've sold her a piece. I know she makes at least 3 bills a night, so I figure it's time for me to get her caught up my way.

The Terrace is a 4 story low rise. I simply walk to apartment 3, look both ways to see that the coast is clear, pull out the louvers and crawl in the window over the counter and find the floor with my feet in the dark. I light the place with my lighter, take a pillowcase off a pillow and dump her CD collection into it. I grab her boombox too and exit thru the back door, into a small yard and over a gateless fence and slide out the alley.

I only have a few blocks to go, aware of how conspicuous I look. But I make it up to the studio without getting pinched to drop the booty off and make a few papers before I head back to 3D and meet Kevin and Dan again.

I walk back down Kuhio, up the stairs and into the club. I

say "Howzit" to a few Punks and Mods and nod at a couple of high school Haole chicks. Dan and Kevin stand by the window at the front of the club and say they're ready to leave, which suits me because I've got drugs I need to sell.

"Drop me at Mignon, Dan. Ok?" I ask.

"Yeah, all right," he agrees.

We leave and make for his car parked on the canal. When we're almost to Mignon Kevin and Dan try to talk me into fronting them a ½.

"No, if you don't have the cash now, I know you can't afford it," I say sternly.

"Come on, dude," Kevin whines.

"Look, no. Trust me, I'm doing you a favor. Have a drink."

"Just 'cause you've got stacks of cash and loads of coke," Dan mumbles resentfully.

"I don't. I'm not working. I front people and then I got nothing to get my nut. It ain't as easy of a hustle as it looks, believe me. And not only that, it's hotter than hell. I gotta get a real job again," I tell them.

Dan pulls into the parking lot at Mignon and I pull out a bindle and give them both a big bump, gratis but leave it alone myself not even wanting to get started.

"Alrighty, thanks dude," Dan tells me.

"Thanks chief," Kevin says.

"Don't mention it." I get out of the Subaru and walk around the building into the club.

Inside I buy a beer. A couple of girls see me and I off a couple of pieces. Angie greets me in her long tight shiny black dress and pumps. I ask her if anybody wants anything and she says shakes her head "no".

"I want something," she tells me.

I pass her the paper secretly that I broke into to give Kevin and Dan a taste, "Are you going to the Cave?" I ask.

"I don't know. How much money do you have?"

"500 bucks. I need another 1."

"What happened to all the money?"

"I didn't move everything. I still have another 8. I had band practice tonight and got a late start," I explain.

"Well bring a couple of ½s to the Cave."

"I just wanna sleep. Nobody else here wants anything?"

"Probably somebody but I have to dance soon. Right now I don't know if anybody needs anything."

"Well, I think I can make another \$50 tomorrow easy. I wanna catch Floyd early because I want the price break and to re up I got straighten him out before he leaves the Batcave. I can hustle all night make a couple few bills and plus we'll have

enough dope to party, if I just had another \$50." I drink the last of my Bud.

"He won't let you keep \$50 on the books? She asks.

"Yeah but he's never happy about it."

"Go to the Cave then."

"No, I'll just worry about it tomorrow. You're not off for another hour, huh?"

"Unh uh."

"I'm going home and wait for you then. See you soon, Sugarlips," I tell her.

"Bye bye, Todju."

"I'm not a Todju, you're a Todju." I kiss her goodbye and walk out into the Honolulu city night and home to our bed in the skyrise coke sex love freak pad.

Angie comes home and when I get her dress off find she has black stockings and a garter belt. I lay off the blow and let her get good and high and suck and fuck the hell out of her and get her good with a dildo, wet my finger and get her entire sexzone all covered with wet sticky coke. I do 1 line off her ass before I put my dick in her and fuck her forwards and back and stick my pussy finger in her ass finally before I can't stand it and come. Then we go off into the perv dildo porno coke cunnilingus fingerfuck zone and do what's left of a gram before I say "enough's enough" and pull out a 5th of whiskey I got on sale at the liquor store and smash the coke jones and pass out.

Late in the morning I get up and get dressed and leave with Spoonhead's cassettes and boombox. I sell the tapes at Ramjam but they only want \$35 worth and the CD/cassette player at a pawnshop in a smaller shop across the other side of the mall. They only give me \$10 even though it's a pretty nice unit but those are the breaks, I guess.

When I get back up to the pad Angie sits up in bed and asks where I went. I tell her I went to get a few bucks together.

"Somebody wanted coke now?"

"No, I went and sold some CDs and a box."

"Your's?"

"No, Spoonheads."

"Spoonhead's?"

"Yeah."

"What do you mean?"

I explain the whole thing to her. She looks at me like I murdered a litter of cute little kittens.

"What the fuck was I supposed to do?"

"Don't front her."

"I don't anymore, but she always lets that \$50 ride."

"Paul, you can't front these chicks."

"Did you ever front anybody?"

"Yeah but that was different."

"Why was it different?"

"Because I work with them."

"I don't have that luxury," I point out.

Angie stays quiet. I slide up next to her after I kick my Chucks off and wrap my arms around her waist.

"Lend me \$50, ok?" I say in my best Barry White voice.

"\$50, huh?"

"Yeah. I could always just sell what I got left, I got \$800, we take a break tonight and I re up on Sunday or I get Floyd back tonight, hustle and make either \$450 profit or a few hundred bucks tonight and we can still get high," I lay it out smooth.

"Floyd won't let you owe him a little?"

"Yeah, probably. But he's giving me a deal. Normally you don't get a price break till you buy a ½ oz and I'm getting a discount on 3 8s. If I keep on shorting him he's either gonna say "no" or do me like I did Spoonhead."

Angie shakes her head, "You're a criminal."

"Can I borrow the money?"

"...Yeah, ok." she gets up and gets her wallet.

I watch her fine ass, legs and torso, take the cash and when she gives it to me grab her and maul her and make her do dirty nasty things with me.

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Kyle makes fliers so I take a bunch and put them up all around the usual places. When I go to Ram Jam I take more tapes and t shirts in case they've sold out. A few minutes after I walk in Folsom Prison Blues by Johnny Cash plays. I'm hypnotized and feel a song being born in my head.

The same young Asian Punk gets Martin from behind the 45 rack when I ask if they need anymore tapes or shirts.

"Hello. Pig Rock. I like the tape. What do you got now?"

Martin asks

"5 of each again."

"Well, I sold 4 t shirts and 3 tapes and I took 1, so I guess I can buy what you got today."

"Right on," I say.

We make the trade and I've got \$50 more dollars. I remember that I've somehow got to pay Dan and Kevin back for the tapes soon. Maybe I'll give them drugs.

"Hey, Martin. You got any work?"

Martin looks up at the ceiling, "Maybe. Joe, get Mr. Rock an application, would you?"

The clerk pulls 1 from under the cash register. I realize that I don't have a pen.

"You gotta pen?" I ask Joe quietly.

He puts 1 on the counter as Martin walks back behind the 45 rack. I move to the side of a fat vinyl record index and fill the application out in about 20 minutes. Then I walk over to Joe and hand it to him.

"Hey, dude. I saw your band at J Hall. You guys are too much for the people." He kinda smiles without looking at me.

"Thanks, Brah."

"Check back in a few days, or call." Joe passes me a Ram Jam business card.

"Right on, Joe."

I walk out of the record store into the city sunshine hoping maybe this turns into a job so that I can stop dealing coke.

Things go pretty much the same that week. A couple girls hang me up for cash and I break into their studios and rip off their cassette collections and boomboxes, the only things that'll be easy to move. I know it ain't right, but if they always want drugs and only pay for a ½ that night but not what they owe I can't cut them off or I won't get paid. It don't look right at the pawn shop or Ram Jam either, me walking in there regularly with stuff to sell. I hope Martin don't notice because I want a job with him.

I start trying to run and swim more and do less drugs and take it slow with the whiskey, but it ain't easy with all that blow under me everyday. I don't work so I can exercise and don't start hustling till 4 or 5. I try only to party with Angie after she comes home.

She gets mad at me 1 night again when she thinks that I watch some blond hotty's stage show too much. Maybe I do but I don't know what she expects. Besides, I give her oral sex while she looks at porn almost every night and don't even trip. I gotta pin her arms around her to keep from getting beat up but she finally calms down and then acts like I'm invisible and don't exist. Can feel her getting ready to explode so I escape to the Hilton for a few hours and when I come back she says she's sorry and loves me again and plus we have hot make up sex.

1 afternoon after we get up I turn on the TV and Conquest of the Planet of the Apes shows on cable. Angie wants to go get something to eat.

"I have to watch this movie, Baby," I tell her.

"What do you mean you 'have to watch this movie'?"

"What do you mean 'What do you mean you 'have to watch this movie'?'"? What does 'have to watch this movie' mean?"

"It's just a stupid movie, Paul. I'm hungry," she stresses.

"Then go buy a candybar. This is my favorite movie of all time and I haven't seen it since the 8th grade. It's where the ape slaves have a revolution and burn up the city. It's way rad, with Roddy McDowell."

That shuts her up. She puts on jeans, my Chucks and a wife beater and I feel her simmering. Then she leaves and returns soon with 2 styrofoam containers with cheeseburgers and fries from the hotel café and a 40oz. Then she sits down next to me on the bed and watches the movie.

I look at the feast "Wow. You're the best girlfriend in the whole wide world."

I put my arm around her, we eat, drink the beer and watch the apes burn the city.

When the movie ends Angie and I kiss and hug goodbye and then she goes to work. Then I get Floyd's money from the drawer and get ready to take a ride to go pick up 3 8 balls.

I write most of the song that's been cooking in my head. The tune sounds like Folsom Prison Blues so nobody has to make 1 up. We have 1 more practice before the Vandal's show next Friday. We cut the set to 10 songs and get thru it 3 times. I wait till after we get thru practice to lay the new song out on the fellas.

Thumper lights a jay, I buy a 20 bag and we open 2 40s and stand in the parking lot.

"What are we gonna do to mutate the stage show?" Dan asks.

"I don't know, we'll think of something. I got a new song. It's already got a tune," I tell them.

"Why didn't we try to learn it before the show?" Thumper asks as he passes Kevin the jay.

"We don't have time. Maybe we'll hotwire a practice, but we already have too many songs for the gig. We gotta do a gig where we do 2 sets."

"Let's hear it," Dan says.

"Let me clear my throat..."

...I'm sitting in the bathroom with a razor in my hand
The belt's around my neck my woman's bummed about her man
She says I done her wrong, but I think she's full of shit
Well I'll take a drink and feel better, or maybe I'll just get pissed

Well maybe I'll get fired or maybe I'll just quit
But I gotta make some money so the landlord don't
throw a fit
Well if I was my Dad, I'd just break his fucking neck
You know I ain't that bad, so I'll just bounce a freaking
check

Baby lets do drugs and then we'll have hot sex
And then we'll steal a car and get into a wreck
And if we survive then we'll cool out in jail
And if the car explodes I hear they got no more room in
hell

Go thru this routine when my baby makes me cry
What the hell I'm gonna do cuz now I feel like dyin'
I'm a big old mess, I ain't gonna lie
I'll drink a bottle of old Mad Dog and then I'll be all high

I'm all messed up I'm all messed up
Gonna go downtown and get all drunk
I'm all messed up I'm all messed up
Let's get a bottle of Old Mad Dog
And we'll all get all messed up!"

"Wow, Pig Rock. You write just like Billy Shakespeare,"
Kevin praises.

"I know, huh?"

Thumper and Dan nod their endorsement. We drain the
beer and Kevin smokes the spleef down to a tiny little roach right
down to the tip of his thumb and index finger.

Dan and Kevin put their instruments in the back seat and
me and Thumper squeeze in. Dan and Kevin get in front and we
pull onto the street and cruise past the warehouses to the onramp
for the freeway to town.

"Dan, drop me at the strip club, all right?" I ask.

"Yeah, sure. Hey guys, wanna get a beer at Mignon?"
Dan suggests.

Dan and Thumper say "yeah" and we go off to the den of
sin singing a happy song.

We check out the showgirls, I say "hi" my Baby and sell
the 3 papers I have with me. After a beer we drop Thumper at UH
and Dan drops me off at the pad so I can make more papers to go
to work. I tell them I'm gonna make the rounds and they tell me to
meet them at 3D later.

"You gotta ½, Paul?" Kevin asks.

"Not on me. You wanna wait and I'll bring you 1 at the club?" Kevin and Dan look at each other and nod "yeah" and I take that as a cue to get out.

"Ok," Kevin says as I exit the Subaru.

I hope that they change their minds or that I sell enough drugs to just turn them on, because I know how thin a college student slices the lunchmeat. But then again, I've often wondered if Kevin's got a rich Dad. Still, that's no excuse to get my boys addicted to an expensive drug. For a second as I walk thru the condo entrance door I realize that I'm an addict by now and a drunk too. Then I sweep the realization under the rug by telling myself that I'm not that bad and haven't lost control of my jones yet.

So I sell enough drugs to go back to 3D and do a ½ with Dan and Kevin in the bathroom, doing only a small taste because I don't even wanna get going till after I've screwed my girlfriend.

I go home in a while Angie calls and tells me to meet her at the Cave. We do a couple bumps, dance, drink and hang with Doreen and Stormy. Then we return to the love pad and fuck, and do drugs and get all weird. We start drinking whiskey at like 7AM but I've sold enough drugs so that we can go thru another gram. By the time 9AM rolls around we're drunk, high as a weather balloon and turn on the TV to watch Pee Wee's Playhouse, the best TV show ever to hit the airwaves and pinnacle creation of Western Civilization, bar none. After Pee Wee, Chairy, Ptery and his playhouse full of freaks end, we need more booze. I go to the liquor store and get a pint of whiskey, and a bottle of Thunderbird. By 10:30 we pass out, I have \$743 and a gram and a ½ of coke left.

A few nights later I make the rounds. I walk into Femme Nu, grab a beer and off a paper to Doreen and Spoonhead. Another hop head stripper named Gloria in a silver lamet' cocktail dressed with a teased dirty blond mane approaches me.

"Hey, Paul. You holding?" she asks.

"Yup. You got that \$50 you owe me?"

"I have \$50 now. I'll get you \$50 tonight, later."

"I might not be around later, Gloria."

"Well then, I'll save you \$50 for tomorrow when you come by."

"Girl, if you knew how many times a night I heard that. I could put a down payment on a Beamer with all the money people owe me. What do you want me to do?" I explain.

"I want you to sell me a ½."

"And you're gonna clean up your bill tomorrow?"

"Yeah."

“...Ok.”

I make the trade with Gloria knowing she ain't gonna have \$50 for another paper and the \$50 she already owes me. Doreen walks by in a few minutes as I work on my beer in black tights and a light red tight pull over sweater.

I grab her shoulder gently as she walks by, “Doreen, where does Gloria live?”

She looks at me with a perplexed look on her face, “At the Sunset Plaza, 2nd floor, the pad all the way at the end away from the stairs toward the street.”

I nod, “Thanks, Doreen.”

I pull a paper from my other pocket that has a couple lines, a bit less than a ¼, left in it and put it in her hand, not worried about who sees.

“Thank you, Baby,” she tells me.

“No biggy. It's just a bump.”

Doreen walks off to do her business. I drink my beer and toss the empty in the big black rubbish can behind the bar. Then I stroll out into the young evening toward the Sunset Plaza.

The building rises 5 floors from the asphalt a couple of blocks towards the mountains from Kapiolani and a few blocks toward Waiks. I have just a plain black t shirt and jeans on but my dreads make me look pretty noticeable none the less. I climb the stairs to the 2nd floor and walk all the way down the causeway by the studios, barely look both ways to see if the coast seems clear and pull the louvers out of the window and slide over the counter in, not even worrying that anybody sees me. I grab all her CDs from the rack at the foot of the bed and her boombox and throw it all into her pillowcase. I go out the backdoor but it's just a lanai with no stairway.

I look underneath me and see an aluminum gutter pipe mounted vertically to the wall. I crawl over the Lanai wall, reach over and grab the pipe, which I gotta stretch to do, while I hold the pillowcase of goods in the other hand. Then I swing off the wall, almost lose it and ride the pipe like the batpole down to the alley concrete.

I head for the street but see a police cruiser pulling slow by the apartment building. I go back and make for the far end of the alley. When I get to the mouth of the way another pig ride sits. I twirl around and find a dumpster to stuff the pillowcase into. Next I walk back into the alley till I come to a narrow passage between a couple of buildings on the opposite side of the alley. I stroll out like its all hunky dory and cruise down the street. The cop car from the end of the alley rolls up towards me and slows as it pulls over to me.

A big 30ish local cop in the passenger seat looks me over, "Where you going?"

"1st to get a cocktail, and then to my place in Waikiki," I answer, my stomach in my throat.

"Where you coming from?"

"The record store. Is there anything wrong officer?"

"You got ID?" the pig asks.

I pull out my wallet and show him my Hawaii state ID and he pulls it out and looks at my California driver's license too. He holds onto both, scrutinizing them for a good 3 minutes, then shakes his head.

He hands my wallet back, "Ok, mahalo."

"Thank you officer," I say.

The pig ride drives off as I realize I still have a gram left on me. I shake my head and comprehend how close I just came from winning a complimentary stay at the Honolulu Hard Times Hotel.

I make for the closest hotel bar on Kapiolani and get a Boilermaker. Then I go back and grab the stolen goods from the dumpster and take the side streets as much as possible home. I go to the liquor store after that and get a 1/5 of whiskey. Next I make up 7 ½ gram papers, an 8 ball's worth, as I drink a few shots to calm my nerves. After I relax for a short time I go on out again and sell cocaine.

By the time I get to Mignon I have 2 papers left. I walk in and get a beer from the scary bartender chick and sit there on a stool. Angie sees me in a few moments and comes over in black tights and the Dog God t shirt.

"Hi, Baby," Angie tells me

"Hi, Love." I kiss her cheek, "Anybody need anything?"

"You got 3?"

"Unh uh, just 2. If somebody wants later I can meet her by our building."

"I'll ask. How much did you make?"

I think it over, "Like \$530, \$540, and 3 grams at the pad."

"You're a bit short, ain't you?" she asks.

"I fronted 2 girls but I ain't doing this no more. I almost got pinched."

"You almost got pinched? What do you mean? What happened?"

I tell her about burglarizing Gloria's pad and the cops almost nailing me. She looks at me sideways with displeasure in her wide eyes.

"So I guess I got a little more money once I sell the stuff I stole," I sum up.

"Paul, why do you do shit like that?"

"What do you mean 'why do I do shit like that?' I do shit like that because I don't like getting stiffed."

"Well, you're gonna get stomped, or arrested."

"Duh. That's why I ain't hustling no more. I ain't exactly inconspicuous with my doo, Baby. But it ain't a problem because I ain't hustling no more."

"Well then you better get a job, Paul."

I feel like telling Angie to get a real job her self, and just let me move out back into the cave. But I keep my mouth shut because not only do I want not to exacerbate this minor conflict, but because I know it's an idle threat because I'm physically unable to leave her.

"Ok, I will," I say instead.

"You're a loser," she shakes her head.

"Then what are you doing with me?"

"I love you."

"I'll have another \$100 once I move these 2 papers."

"I guess you ain't really as short as I thought you were."

"See?"

Angie puts her arm around me and gives me a kiss, "Give me those papers and I'll go handle these girls."

"Just hang onto the money, Love. We'll figure it all out later. I'm going home and crash."

"Ok, Baby."

I suck my beer up and give Angie a kiss and a cuddle goodbye before I get up and walk out and then home.

When Angie comes home after work I actually talk her into not touching the cocaine till we figure out if we should just sell it or what, even though I want some too.

"Just have a drink or 2 and we'll just crash tonight, ok?" I request.

"Whatever. I can take a night off I guess."

I pour her a bourbon coke and drink a shot myself, and we smoke a fat joint I have left from the last of a bag I bought from Thumper. Then we make it and have a normal sexual encounter for once. Then we both have another drink and turn off the lights and crawl under the sheet together.

I make us eggs, sausage, frozen hash browns and spice it up with canned salsa in the morning because we rise earlier than we normally do. After breakfast settles we go to the pool and I swim laps for about a half an hour and then go back up to the studio and screw. I do push ups and sit ups and then shower before I take the stuff I thieved to sell.

I sell the boombox at the pawnshop again. Then I take

the CDs to Ramjam and sell them to Joe while Martin works in the stockroom because I figure these guys gotta realize that I'm stealing this stuff by now and I want to work at the record store.

"Do you think you all need anybody?" I ask Joe after we've finished our business.

He's quiet for ½ a minute as he considers, "Yeah, maybe so. Let me ask Martin. Hold on."

Joe disappears back into the stockroom and in a few minutes him and Martin return.

"How you doing today, Paul?" Martin greets me.

"Good, and yourself?"

"I'm well. Listen, I'm replacing my record and cassette racks because my stuff in here is getting all warped and infested by termites. I have a carpenter who's going to do the work at my place in Pololo and I'm pretty sure he could use a helper. I'll pay you \$7.50 an hour, cash. It said you've painted on your application and I know we need to stain all the racks, so I could use you at least for that. But if you and Wayne can work together, there's more work at least for a little while."

"Great. You've got my phone number. Just let me know."

"Yeah, I think we're planning on starting next Monday," Martin tells me.

"Excellent. Thanks Martin."

Martin smiles, says "Goodbye" and returns to the stockroom. I thank Joe and walk out of Ramjam with a little over \$50 in my pocket as I whistle a happy tune.

Angie or I start to just get coke by the 8 ball again that week and if Angie can't sell 2 or 2 and a ½ grams at Mignon, I just make a delivery or the rounds and only have a paper or 2 to get rid of, just like before. I take just enough pocket money out of the few 100 profit from the whole coke dealing enterprise to float me till I get paid from the new job.

Martin calls and tells me to show up at his place on Monday at 9 AM to meet Wayne and work that day so Angie's off my back about having a job too. Before though, when I had a job, she wanted me to not work. I guess she doesn't know what she wants. I just figure I can't party so much.

That Friday night we practice at Wizard. We get thru all our songs twice reasonably tight and have time to work on All Messed Up a few times. We even actually end the practice on time. The new song still needs to be tightened but we all plan to do a Music Room practice on a weeknight next week because we open for The Vandals next Friday night.

We stand and drink a 12 pack in the parking lot at

practice. I buy a 20 bag from Thumper and we smoke a fat joint he's rolled.

"Let's go get a beer at Mignon," Kevin proposes.

"Yeah, sure," Dan agrees.

I don't even say anything because I figure I'll just go and Thumper wants us to just drop him off at UH again. We jump in the car after we drink the beer and then head for town. After we say "later" to our drummer at the University Dan drives to the strip club.

We go in and get a beer. Doreen bumps and grinds onstage to The Cars With the Boom by Salt N Peppa in the middle of her 3rd song. Men crowd the club and we gotta stand.

"You got any cocaine, chief?" Kevin asks me.

"Unh uh."

"What happened? You get burned?" he asks.

"Nuh uh. I had to hang it up. It's too hot."

Kevin and Dan look at each other, disappointed. We stand there and sip our beer.

"Angie might have a paper." I wish I'd have kept my mouth shut right after I say it.

"Ask her," Dan tells me.

Angie finally hustles by after about 5 minutes in my Misfits T and black tights. I stop her, we kiss briefly and I ask her. She tells me she wants me to go deliver a paper but I talk her into straightening out Kevin and Dan.

"Stick some extra in there and I'll give you an extra \$10," I tell her.

"That's stupid. Here, I'll just give you this." She puts a 2 bindles in my hand.

"Thanks, Baby. We're probably gonna go to the club after this beer. I'll be home soon after," I tell her.

"Ok. I gotta go work. Love you, Todju"

"Love you, Todju.

Angie zips off. Me and my team leave Mignon after the beer. Dan parks on the canal and we walk up to 3D.

The same old scene churns upstairs. Kyle comps us a Boilermaker each. When we slink into the Men's room to get high and open the papers I see that including what Angie turned me onto we've got almost a gram. We each do up like ½ of what we got. After we polish our drinks off we go to the liquor store for a bottle of Mad Dog. I get a pint of whiskey in case Angie still has drugs later. We do up the rest of the blow in the alley and open the wine.

"Paul, write another song and we'll record again," Dan tells me.

I think it over, "I guess. But still, we only got 4 new songs even if I write another 1."

"We'll record I Shot the Sheriff and Play That Funky Music. Neither are on the demo now. It'll be a 6 song EP," Dan argues.

I can see Dan just wants to record, "Copyright."

"Fuck copyright," Kevin says.

"I don't think we can do KTUH this soon," I point out.

"I'd rather do it at an 8 track studio anyway," Dan counters

I guess they're right. We're on Gilligan's Island in the middle of the Pacific. It's not like the recording will ever go anywhere. We pass the bottle. I feel frustrated, trapped inside my body. I realize the futility of having a Punk Rock band in Honolulu. Maybe the coke makes me feel that way. I'm a piranha in an aquarium.

When we empty the bottle Dan and Kevin want to go backup to 3D. I point out that I have a bottle of whiskey that I can't hide and should just go home.

"I'll call you guys about the Music room practice next week," I tell them.

"Right on," Dan says.

"Later, Slick," Kevin tells me.

We go our different ways and I grab another tall can and shooter before I go back to the love pad to wait for Angie and the coke sex freak scene.

Angie arrives not long after, her face pale with an upset look on it. She doesn't even greet me but starts stuffing more clothes in her black travel bag.

"Where you going, Angie?" I ask.

"We gotta go, Paul."

"What do you mean?"

"My husband walked into Mignon after you left. He was cool, but he's a psycho."

"He's a psycho? How did he find out you worked at Mignon?"

"A friend of his from here told him."

"He don't know where we live."

Angie stops, drops the bag, steps in front of me, grabs both of my arms and looks into my eyes. "He'll find out. He was gonna be a cop in Washington but he's too nuts and got kicked out of cop school. Then he became a private eye. He's all into that Nietzsche, Hitler, will to power, martial arts stuff. That's where I learned how to kickbox. He'll find out where I live."

"Then he'll have to deal with me."

"No offense, Paul. You're no pushover or anything but you're a pussycat, even though I love you."

"You were gonna call me a pussy, weren't you?"

"Paul, I love you because you're everything Victor's not. You're funny and creative and most of all gentle. I wouldn't say you're a pussy though."

"Well whatever, Angie. You can run away from your scary husband, but I ain't. I'll sleep with 1 eye open and a fork under my pillow and if he gets in here I'll stab the motherfucker," I say calmly.

Angie sighs and her tense body goes limp, "Ok then."

That night we don't do drugs or skrog. We have a few shots and fall asleep.

"I love you so much, Todju," Angie says in the dark on the bed in my arms.

"Love you more, Todju," I tell her back.

The next day we get up early enough to watch Pee Wee's Playhouse and then we make it and then rest and make it again. We don't have enough food in the refrigerator to make breakfast so I tell Angie I'll run down to buy some groceries so I can make brunch.

"Ok, Baby," she agrees.

I pull my pants on when somebody knocks hard on the door. I look at Angie with a look on her face like a cat looking at the headlights of a semi about to squash it under its wheels. After a pause the knock starts harder.

"Angie, open up. I know you're in there!" a voice booms.

Angie rushes to the phone and starts punching number on the keypad. It sounds like a key slides into the lock and opens. I know of course Victor attacks and grab the chair.

"Security, we have an attacker in 3706," Angie says in the phone.

As soon as Victor steps thru I swing the chair down towards his head. Victor looks like a big blue eyed movie star linebacker, like Dolph Lundgren with more scars and a shorter haircut. In a flash he deflects the chair and he's inside my swinging zone and grabs me by the neck and throws me across the room. I crash onto the dresser.

"Get out of here, Victor!" Angie screams.

"Who's this punk. Is that your boyfriend?" Victor asks incredulously.

Angie's husband wears black slacks, shiny shoes and an orange tropical print aloha shirt. I try to think of another weapon, but pulling a drawer out of the dresser seems too clumsy. I grab Angie's make up case and rush the prick again and whip the case at Victor's face 1st. He blocks it mostly but it allows me to get a

lick or 2 in but Victor catches me in the head and I hit the ground. When I get up I'm dizzy but 2 big local security guards in blue uniforms grab Victor by the arms from behind.

"Cool out, brah. The police are on the way."

Victor struggles but the giant Polynesians put him in a chokehold and he goes limp.

Angie runs to me and checks my head, "Are you ok?"

"Yeah, I'm all right."

She kisses my forehead like I'm a baby, "You're nasty Baby."

"I don't like getting beat up."

She holds me as the security guards pull her psycho husband out of the studio to wait for the cops.

So Victor gets arrested. But when the detectives come talk to her Angie decides not to press charges.

PROBLEMS

31

Monday morning I go to work at Martin's in Pololo, just a few blocks toward the front of the valley from Kailani's house. Martin introduces me to Wayne, a long haired Local Hoale carpenter and then takes off to Ramjam. Then me and Wayne go to the lumberyard in Kaimuki and buy 2x2s, plywood, 1x1s, trim and sheets of paneling. He's got a jigsaw and table saw set up in Martin's carport in front of his big old rickety 2 story brown house. He has me unload the van as he cuts wood and then puts the 1st record rack together. I arrange all the wood on cinderblocks and stand around watching Wayne a lot that day.

Angie takes Monday night off from work because that's the day he gets out of jail. We go see To Live and Die in LA and go to the Hard Rock Café. Angie wants to go to Thunderbird, but I know she's just scared of going home. I talk her into 1 Iced Tea at the Cave.

"Fuck hiding from your husband, dude," I tell her.

"Don't call me dude, dude."

When we go back to the pad we have normal sex except she does a little yayo, but after I get her she breaks into the gram she has left and we get all freaky.

We have a Music Room practice on Thursday at 7pm at the Student Center at UH. We work on All Messed Up and get it tight. After Dan gets the key back to the office we sit on the steps to the practice room.

"What songs are we gonna cut?" I pose.

"What do you mean?" Dan asks.

"Kyle ain't gonna let us play for much longer than a ½ an hour, you know."

Dan, Kevin and Thumper look at me but nobody has any answers. I let it ride for a moment or 2.

"Look, I'll write a set list down with 11 songs and if we get a chance to do 1 more we can save Anarchy. Of course we'll do all the new 1s. I'll show you guys the list tomorrow at 3D and if anybody wants to change my mind I'll just write a new list and then I'll call out the new songs before we play them."

I watch the crew think it over. Soon they all nod their approval of my plan.

"Sounds good," Thumper agrees.

So that's that. We say "laters" to Thumper, who takes off. Then me, Kevin and Dan head to Mama's for a pitcher before we all break company and I go home to catch some Zs before my Baby gets off work.

I work on Friday at Martin's with Wayne. Wayne pays me exactly 300 bones and I ride back to the love pad after stopping at Foodland for food coloring, isopropyl alcohol and a new lighter.

Looking thru the porno at the ads in the back I get an idea for the show. I write the set list, do a workout, shower and get dressed in thrashed jeans, my Dog God t shirt and boots. Before I go to 3D I head to a porno shop on Kalakaua and buy a prop from the bald 40ish Chinese clerk and put it in my bag of tricks. I go to the liquor store and buy a pint and bury it in the bottom of my back pack.

Junior waves me in up on the stairway after we say "Howzit". In the club I see on the stage that 2 sets of amps sit, TRO's and The Vandals. Just like at Agent Orange, Kyle's provided a drum kit for all the bands.

Dan and Kevin sit at the bar drinking a beer. Kyle checks the cords going from the mikes into the soundboard and Ken says "was'up" and gives me a beer.

"Let's see the set list, Pig Rock," Dan tells me.

I pull it out of the bag and show them. Dan checks it out and passes it to Kevin. It goes down like this"

All Messed Up
Police State Dream
Skin You Alive
Monster Jam
Spy For the CIA
Quick and the Dead
Spell on You
I Shot the Sheriff
Pig Rock
Rockzilla
Play That Funky Music
maybe Anarchy

"I know, it sucks. We gotta leave a lot of songs out," I say.

"Talk to Kyle," Kevin suggests.

"No, look 3 bands. He'll let the Vandals play 45 minutes maybe. But he'll only let us and TRO play a ½ an hour. If we do everything quick and jump on Anarchy we might be able to snatch ourselves a few extra minutes. What would you do if you we're Kyle? That's show biz," I tell them.

"Oh well. That's life, I guess," Dan observes.

"Where's TRO guys?" I ask.

"Maybe buying booze," Kevin answers.

"I talked to John. He says they brought the amps so we're going 1st," Dan informs me.

"You gotta get an amp, Kevin. Oh well, as long as there's an audience."

Thumper walks in and I show him the set list. The Vandals arrive and look pretty normal in jeans and Punk band t shirts with short haircuts that look kinda grown out and scraggly except for 1 short skinny dirty blond dude with long hair except for the sides shaved short like an extra wide Mohawk.

"You got any more tricks for the stage show?" Dan asks.

"Yup," I shake my head.

"Well spill dude," Thumper asks.

"Forget it. You gotta wait till show time."

John and TRO show up soon. The club opens and the usual crowd shows and probably gets jammed tighter than any previous show at 3D. I say "hi" to Sharleen, who shows up with Ryan. Then Kailani shows up with some thin Asian dude in a leather jacket and short hair that I've seen in the Art Building at UH. Our eyes meet and I wave. She waves back and looks away.

The Bobo's, my ex roomies and Bob Thomas and Kris all come. Soon it's almost time to play so me Dan and Kevin go and do the bodypaint make up thing in the Men's room quickly. When they see what I put down my pants they shake thier heads and laugh.

"You're a nut case, Pig Rock," Kevin lauds.

Then me and the boys take the stage. We make noise, I put on the werewolf mask but Dan has forgotten his and Kevin's Nerf ball stocking hats. We rip from song to song as I call them out.

I see Angie and Doreen at the front bars around the dancefloor. I want to wink at her but can't thru the mask. We get the pit going and people cheer and call out "Dog God rules!"

I spit fire for Monster Jam and whip my pink 18 inch strap-on dildo out and spit fire during Spell on You but don't start swinging it all over the place till Pig Rock, when I spit more fire. I start the strap-on on fire during Play That Funky Music after I pull my pants down. Kyle pulls his finger across his neck when we end the song but we rip into Anarchy in Hawaii Kai before he can even finish the gesture. Kyle shakes his head.

I end up covered in fake blood with my head and feet on the stage swinging a big rubber smoking melted dildo at the ceiling with my pants pulled down and a werewolf mask on, dizzy, howling into the mike like a beast. That's Punk Rock.

The crowd hollers with loud bloodlust when we end. I'm not even ½ drunk but I'm higher than hell. I get up, pull my pants up, take the dildo and the mask off and put my shirt on. By now the boys have unplugged and we head to the bar where Ken has us all set up with Boilermakers. Angie and Doreen run over and

join us. Angie wears her Dog God shirt too, an old black spandex miniskirt, torn stockings, her ankle boots and a spiked leather collar. Doreen has her red jean jacket, black tights and her dragon t shirt and work boots on.

"You're insane, Baby," Angie informs me as she embraces and kisses me.

"I know," I respond.

"Good show guys," Doreen offers.

We all say, "thanks".

Angie presses 2 papers in my palm as she holds my hand, "This is a present from Floyd for your show, he said."

"Tell him I said thanks." I figure he must've made money with me and wants me to hustle again.

"We gotta get back to work, Paul. Love you. Be good."

"Me too. See you soon."

I watch the girls walk for and out the front door. TRO takes the stage and me and the guys go do coke in the Men's room. We have a couple beers for the set. Me and Kevin thrash for a couple songs, but I don't want to melt the coke. In between TRO and The Vandals we go in the bathroom and finish the coke. I pass the pint around and save myself a few stiff shots and stuff the bottle back in my bag. Then we go and watch The Vandals, who rock pretty hard.

I have a couple more beers and jump in the pit again, which gets like a nest of angry killer bees. I pull out and take a rest, thinking I'll jump in again. Ultimately I just say, fuck it, and grab another beer from Ken. I slip into the bathroom and finish the last of the whiskey as Kevin joins me.

"Fuck, dude. I was gonna get a shot off of you," he says.

"Sorry, Brah. If you have \$3 Ken will give you a Boilermaker."

"I guess it's a plan then."

So we go to the bar and give Ken cash and he sets us up with whiskey in our beer.

When they finish their set and unplug the bass player for The Vandals tells me that we should book ourselves a show in Vegas.

"You guys are like a Salvador Dali Punk band in a music video directed by Fellinni."

"Thanks, I guess," I say.

Kyle comes over to me shaking his head, "If you ever light your dick on fire in my club again your band is 86ed for life."

"What? C'mon Kyle. It's about spectacle."

Kyle walks away and I feel like I've been caught in my room holding my dick in my hand.

I say "bye" to everybody after I make sure that I have

everything. Then I walk down to the street and walk down Kuhio Street to our building. In the bar in the hotel I grab another Boilermaker and go up to the pad to wait for Angie.

The next few weeks runs thru the routine of work and practice. I talk Kevin into practice singing backup during the chorus of most of the songs we'll record. I figure Dan's magic on the guitar matters too much to fuck with. At 1st it fucks Kevin up but after a while he's fine.

Angie hustles like an 8 ball a night and I try with relative success to not become too much of a wreck and make it to work most of the time without being too trashed or hungover.

Halloween comes and goes. Dan checks into an 8 track studio across from the parking garage at Ala Moana, Ruthless Recording, on the 2nd floor of a 3 story in a building which sits on Kapiolani Boulevard, caddy corner fro Tower records, but connected to the mall by the roof over the parking garage. I write a song, a slow dirge, which really might be just a goof that only I understand. Everybody in the band says they like it but it might be that they just want another song so that we can record. It goes like this...

Say shaka to Brian, say shaka to Brian yeah
Say shaka to Brian when you see him yeah
Because I haven't see Brian in real long time
I wanna go smoke 'lolo in the back of the valley with
Brian
With Bri iy iy iy an

Brian can really play the guitar
But he says he don't wanna no he just don't wanna
Wants to get high in his Mama's car
Let's go drink beer at Ala Moana, with Brian
With Bri iy iy iy an

Brian don't wanna be in the band no more
Partied hard, woke up and his head felt shitty
Met his maker, caught the plane to Salt Lake City
Gonna go do blow with my oversoul, like Brian
Like Bri iy iy iy an

And nothing means nothing and it don't mean nothing
And I wish it meant something but it don't mean nothing
All my songs are sung
And it don't mean nothing, and Brian's gone
And now this stupid song is done

We practice the songs at Wizard and book the time at Ruthless. The 8 track studio costs \$25 an hour if we start after 10 PM. Del Lauderbach, the owner/engineer figures we can do 6 songs in 8 hours. I think it should be less but I guess I can shave \$50 from my pay to throw in. We decide to record Say Shaka to Brian, All Messed Up, Rockzilla, Monster Jam, Play That Funky Music and I Shot the Sheriff the closest song to formula Hardcore Punk.

My own secret feeling tells me that we need to wait a while because we've only just released the KTUH demo and 6 songs aren't enough. But I won't mind recording in a real studio and we can stall the release and it never hurts to be prolific. More is more and too much is just enough.

I take a nap after Angie goes to work and ride to the studio at 9:40 PM. We've reserved Saturday night and the rest of us show up ready too. Kevin brings his mini practice pig amp, Dan his amp but a drum kit already sits ready in the studio for Thumper. We go up to the office like at 10 to 10 at night. It looks slick, done in wood paneling, chrome moldings with black carpet. A platinum 45 and a couple of gold 45s hung framed to the wall. I mean to check out what the fuck record could have won such an award in Honolulu but forget as we talk to Del, a tall Haole who looks like a young Vincent Price with a goatee in jeans and an Aloha shirt.

"All you gentlemen need to do is set up your amps and we'll do a soundcheck," Del tells us.

In the studio, like 200 square feet, the mikes have been set up and the drums have also been miked. Blue carpet hangs from the ceiling and walls and black carpet covers the floor, for sound absorption I figure.

A window separates the studio from the control room. We use 7 tracks out of 8, 2 vocal, 3 for drums, bass and guitar. Everyone has a set of headphones lined back out from the board to hear the vocals. The amps point away from each other. Dan has to turn down a bit and Kevin turns all the way up and has a bit of trouble positioning his little amp where it won't feedback. Thumper's drumming overpowers our sound in the studio but the headphones somewhat compensate and we all adjust.

After we soundcheck we record All Messed Up and he plays it back thru the headphones. The mix sounds right but we all want to do it over because it just don't sound like we got the groove 100% yet.

We lay each song down 2 or 3 times. We get sleepy, I guess, and Del makes us coffee, which we drink out of Styrofoam cups. We have to record Play That Funky Music 4 times because

everybody except me and Del gets sleepy. Del plays us the tape back as he lays it off on cassette for us. We use like almost 50 minutes on a 60 minute tape. Almost always the 2nd take rocks except for Play That Funky Music, which we don't nail till the last take.

We finish by 4AM. Nobody factored in the cost of 8 track tape so it's good we only take 6 hours, because our bill comes to just under \$200. We pay Del cash.

"I think it sounds good," I say to everybody in the office.

"I don't know. I'm too tired," Kevin tells us.

"I'll run off some dupes in the sound lab," Dan offers sleepily.

We all say "later", thank Del and exit the office to the parking lot. We all talk about gigging again for a minute or 2.

"Let's rent Church of the Crossroads or the pirate ship. I'm getting tired of playing 3D," I complain.

"That's because you've played there about a 100 times," Kevin points out.

"Let's figure it out at practice. I wanna go home and sleep," Dan says.

"Yeah. What he said," Thumper agrees.

"All right. Good job guys," I commend my crew.

They all get in Dan's car and he drives off as I ride my 'ped down Kapiolani to Me and Angie's place.

Wayne and I get 34 racks built by Thanksgiving week. When he gets 1 built and I just watch and help, feeding panel on the saw, penciling the cut lines or grabbing the wood, I stain the unit. That's what I do for 40 hours and 300 bucks.

Dan makes us all copies off the cassette. I talk everybody into just waiting till after New Year's to release it but Kevin says it will make a great stocking stuffer at practice 1 night. I point out that we can just have Dan dupe more off at the sound lab at UH for all the good boys and girls. They all itch for another gig. Martin's confided that he's booked The Red Hot Chili Peppers at the Aloha Tower right after Christmas and that he wants Dog God to open because we have the reputation as the most insane Punk band on the island. I keep it under my hat, though, till I know for sure.

Wednesday night I go to 3D in my black jeans and boots just because I'm bored. Kevin and Dan go too. The crowd ½ fills the club because it seems like a Friday night. Crazy Charlie spins November Fire by Samhain, the band The Misfits have turned into. Kevin, Dan and I stand at the bar and finish our complimentary Boilermakers. Kyle sets us up with just beer next time.

"We're gonna have to go get a real drink after this," Kevin concludes.

"Yup," I agree.

Jimmy, Janine and Kailani come in and over to the bar, in jeans and t shirts. My ex looks beautiful. Everybody says "hi". Jimmy gets a beer from Kyle.

I take a stab at talking to Kailani, "Where's your boyfriend?" I ask.

"At work. Where's your girlfriend?" she whispers hatefully.

"At work."

I listen to the music before I observe, "You girls can't drink in here."

"Nope," Kailani answers, looking away.

Jimmy finishes his beer soon, "So what are you lunatics planning to do to top yourselves now?"

"I don't know nothing about that but right now we're gonna go get a real drink," I tell him.

"I wouldn't mind a few hits of Thunderbird," Janine admits.

"That wouldn't hurt my feelings," Kevin agrees.

"Well let's hit the liquor store and then we can hang out in my office," I suggest.

I figure Jimmy and Janine must figure that Kailani must be over me by now because nobody disagrees with the proposal.

So we all walk for the club entrance, down the stairs and the strip and around the corner to the booze store. After Kevin buys 2 bottles of Thunderbird we all make for the alley.

Everybody talks about school while we drink and I kinda bum a little, but I just decide that I'll make sure I get registered at Hawaii Loa and graduate in the spring.

As we finish the wine I'm hyper aware of Kailani's splendor. Crying over spilt milk ain't no good though.

We all exit the alley and head down the lane for the strip to go on up to 3D. When we almost get to the stairs I hear Angie's voice.

"Paul!" she calls out.

I freeze then turn around. Angie and Stormy approach from ½ a block away. All my cohorts stop too as Stormy and Angie catch up.

I grab Angie's hand and kiss her but she holds herself stiff and I feel the fire under her flesh. I smell schnaaps or something on Angie's breath. I feel like bailing right then.

"Jimmy, Janine, Maria this is Stormy and my girl friend Angie." I try desperately to hide Kailani's true identity.

Nobody blows my cover but I know Angie's psychic about things like this and psycho too.

"What are you doing here, Baby?" I ask.

"Mignon's dead action tonight and Stormy and I wanted to come somewhere that wasn't the Cave. I thought you might be here when I called home and you weren't there."

Everyone starts to go up the stairs. Angie and Stormy ascend and I bring up the rear. Janine, Jimmy and Kailani grab a table and Stormy, Angie, Dan, Kevin and I head for the bar. The girls get beers but I don't really care whether Kyle gives them Boilermakers or not, figuring that probably he does.

I decide that I don't want to deal with Angie's wrath and excuse myself to the Men's room. After I quickly piss I slide out behind the bar and take the back exit and stairs down to the alley.

I rush up the canal for our building. I think that I should maybe just grab the moped and hit the liquor store but probably I can't make it before midnight. I can always hit a bar for a couple of drinks and the Hilton probably has beers stacked in the fridge. Even if Angie catches on I figure I still have her beat as I walk up the Waikiki thoroughfare thru the crisp evening lit up like a holiday weekend.

When I get to the condo entrance I go thru the glass doors and take the elevator up to the apartment. I enter and go for the drawer where I have a pint of whiskey stashed. I grab it and stuff it in my pants. I here the lock turn in the door and my blood freezes.

"Paul, you creep. How dare you leave me hanging looking stupid at the bar?!" Angie wails as she throws her coat to the floor.

I barely turn and have a split second to grab her arms and hold her nails from ripping into me as she jumps onto me like a mongoose on a rat.

"Whoa, Baby! Stop! Relax!"

"That was Kailani! I know it was. You LIAR!!!"

Soon the punches blows and kicks she throws land. I try to get out the door but she's too much for me. What can I say? I gotta smack her a couple of times and throw her off of me.

She lands by the sink and grabs a steak knife and charges. Again I barely turn in time to catch her wrist as the knife cuts thru the air for my face. My ears ring and vision goes red in rage that she attacks me with a knife. I pry it from her, rip it from her fist and throw it to the ground.

"You ain't gonna stab me bitch! You're outta line!!" I spit.

She sits on the carpet breathing hard looking at me with pure hate. I'm about to charge her and start beating her aware that I might just get my ass kicked. I back away slowly instead

getting a little distance toward the door. She grabs the knife off the floor and I grab the lamp and hold it over her as she stands again poised to stab me.

"You're funny. You ain't stabbing me bitch. I'll fucking traumatize your stupid ass!"

She sits in the chair and gasps, the hate in her face amplifies, "Well then I'll stab myself then!!"

Angie turns the knife towards herself. I just shake my head knowing I should just leave. But in that instant, I can't because my love makes me stupid. She'll just attack me anyway.

"You're funny! You're not gonna stab yourself!" I tell her.

"I will, Paul!"

"No you won't. Not even you are that stupid. I'm laughing at you."

"I'm gonna stab myself, Paul."

"No you're not! You're stupid! I'm laughing at YOU!! HA HA HA HA!!!"

Angie plunges the knife into her stomach and a stream of blood shoots out. I run to her and grab her by her shoulders and lift her out of the chair.

"Angie! What did you do? Are you nuts!?!"

I hear and feel heavy footsteps behind me. The same 2 security guards grab me that restrained Victor. They take me and Angie to the security office and 1 calls an ambulance on his walky talky on the way. The ambulance arrives soon and the Local guards have applied gauze and tape to Angie's wound. They don't talk to me and if they even look at me just shake their heads. They call the pigs and take my bottle, the motherfuckers.

"She stabbed herself, man. I didn't do nothing," I explain.

"Tell it to the judge." 1 of them says.

The pigs come pretty quick. They look like TV show cops, 1 Japanese and 1 White, trim and in their early 30s. They ask the security guards what happened while they cuff me and look at the IDs in my wallet. In no time I'm in the back seat of the squad car and they drive me towards the pig station on King Street.

"You're going to OCCC for a very long time, kid," the White pig says as he drives.

It's practically the only thing either of them says. In a few minutes we pull into the lot at the station. They take me in and take my picture, prints and book me. Then they put me in a small holding tank with a couple other losers. I wish I had my whiskey, oh well.

In a few hours a guard opens the cell, calls my name and escorts me to an interrogation room after I'm cuffed again. A Local and Haole cop, both in their 40s dressed in permanent press pants and wrinkled dress shirts ask me what happened.

They advise me of my rights. It's like a TV show, Hawaii 5'O, except real.

"Hey, I didn't do nothing, but I've watched enough cop shows on TV to keep my mouth shut until I talk to my lawyer."

I'm returned to the holding cell. I sleep on the concrete bench that night and when I wake up to lukewarm oatmeal and bad coffee my Disposition paper says that I am charged with Attempted Manslaughter. I get dizzy when I read that.

Later in the morning they move me to a big holding cell, which only has like 6 or 7 guys by now. That day about 3 PM we're served Thanksgiving dinner. We get canned Turkey, sliced white bread, some stuffing that looks like dog food and instant mashed potatoes and salad, lettuce and institutional French dressing. What a holiday feast.

So the holding cell fills up steadily. By Sunday night the suckers fill the place like 3D when The Vandals played, except with Local riff raff and the occasional weirdo like me. I don't count but it seems like 50 guys sit locked up. I "sleep" on a chunk of bench that night.

Early in the morning a guard comes to the door and calls my name. I get up.

"Come with me Mr. Cruz. You're being released," the big Hawaiian guard in a brown uniform informs me. In the front reception area a Japanese cop tells me that Angie told them what really happened and that they can't hold me.

"You seem bummed out, officer," I say.

"Personally, I don't believe her. But if she won't tell us what really happened we can't hold you. It's a shame."

I feel like telling him about a million things but instead I just say, "Bummer."

They escort me to the processing area where I'm given me my wallet and keys and let me walk out to the street and bright blue sky and clouds above the beautiful city. I wonder what ever happened to the drunk and disorderly charge that I failed to appear in court for. C'est la vie. I take a deep breath, way way relieved. I guess Angie's home and sleeping. I figure it's early enough to get on my moped and head for Martin's in Pololo to help Wayne build record racks.

Before I get my moped in the parking garage of our building I go to the café in the hotel and slam a couple of Bloody Marys. Then I jump on my ride in the garage and head for work.

Wayne asks me why I didn't wear my work clothes today. I tell him I spent Thanksgiving weekend in lockup because Angie and I got in a fight.

"That sounds kinda fucked," Wayne says.

"It was. 1st she kicks my ass then I go to jail. Love's a bitch," I tell him.

"Sounds like a good song title."

"Maybe I'll name the new EP that."

The racks are all done. We clean the carport up and after lunch Wayne gets his van and we load his saws and tools up.

"Martin's renting a van and then we're moving the racks to the store tomorrow. His other stores already have new racks so we don't have any others to build, but I bet he can use you for a little while unloading and reloading his stock at night. After that he might let you work at the store. I don't know," Wayne explains.

"Whatever the weather," I respond.

I get off at like 2:15 and ride home. When I go into the pad Angie sits against the headboard on the unmade bed with an empty glass and melted ice cubes. A drained ½ pint bottle of schnapps sits on the nightstand.

"Where were you today. Did you just get out of jail?" she asks.

I cross the room, sit on the bed and gently put my arm around her and kiss her forehead, "Nunh uh. I went to work because I didn't want to be late and lose my job."

"You should've at least come and let me know you were out, Paul."

"I didn't want to wake you. How bad did you cut yourself?"

"I had to get 9 stitches." She pulls the sheet down to show me 10 threads look like black ant legs that stick out of her abdomen skin. The backs of my knees cringe. I only count 5 stitches.

"Where's the rest of the stitches?" I ask.

"They had to put 4 in the muscle wall underneath."

I'm quiet for a moment before a carefully hug her and hold her to me as tight as I dare, "I'm sorry, Angie."

"You didn't stab me."

"Yeah, but I shouldn't have laughed at you."

"I made you mad. I love you, Paul."

"I love you more, Todju."

"Nope, I love you more, Todju."

We kiss and carefully I give her the slowest and gentlest work over that I ever have. When I finally come and collapse on her I feel like I've been stabbed where my heart should be. I lie on top of her for a while. When I finally pull out and get up the first thought that crosses my mind scares me that I could lose her.

"How long were you in the hospital?" I ask getting dressed.

"They kept me till Saturday because they didn't want me to break the stitches inside."

"Are you going to work tonight?"

"Yeah."

"You'll break your stitches, Angie."

"I went last night."

She seems not too drunk to work. She usually doesn't drink in the day unless we're coming off of yayo. She asks me to make her some coffee. She gets ready for work as she drinks it.

"Come with me to work, Paul," she tells me.

"Let me relax, Baby. I had a hell of a weekend, you know. I'll come by the club later."

"Ok."

When she leaves I go down the elevator with her to the parking garage and kiss her goodbye. I wait till she pulls out of her parking space and drives away until I go to the elevator. Back in the apartment I smoke a joint and watch MTV for a couple of hours until I go to Mignon like I promised her.

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After 4 or 5 days I notice that Angie doesn't talk and joke with me nearly as much as before the night she stabbed herself. She seems like a Body Snatcher almost.

I work for Martin moving the new racks in, old 1s out and switching the records. When we finish that he lets me price and put stock away. I only get between 20 and 30 hours a week, but it's better than a kick in the nuts I guess.

He confirms the Chili Peppers show and makes big 11x17 inch 3 color posters with a posterized photo of the headliners. I'm stoked that the bill lists Dog God as "Special Guests". Martin records a radio ad and buys spots on 2 Honolulu radio stations that don't mention us. But he buys spots on KTUH that I do the voice for over a loop of the solo in True Men Don't Kill Coyotes.

For the intro to the ad I say, "This is Pig Rock of God Dog, telling you that we'll be opening for The Red Hot Chili Peppers at the Aloha Tower..."

I write the words for a new P Funk song and we mostly practice that and the 11 songs that we played at The Vandals on Friday nights at Wizard. We go thru the other songs a couple few times. Martin makes it clear that we'll only get a ½ an hour so we probably need cut a song or 2 more anyways. He also tells me like a week before the event that 1500 tickets have sold, way bigger than any crowd we've ever played for.

The last Friday before the show me and the crew stand in the parking lot smoking weed and drinking beer.

"Hey, chief. Maybe I shouldn't say nothing but I think you better keep an eye on your chick," Kevin tells me.

"What do you mean? Why?" I ask him.

"I've been by Mignon a few times over the last couple of weeks. And you know Tim Clark, the bass player for TRO?"

"Yeah. I've met him. He's been a Punk since I even knew there was a scene on this rock."

"Well twice he was talking and having a drink with Angie sitting at a table. It seemed like a pretty intimate conversation."

I think about Tim as a rival for my Baby's love. I can't see him paying \$25 bones, twice, just to buy Angie a drink and talk with her. He's slow, like almost retarded when he talks but he's a well built real good looking blond guy.

We finish the beer, load into Dan's car and head for town. Dan drops Thumper at UH. Dan, Kevin and I go to Mignon for a beer, after which we go to 3D.

I only get like 20 hours with Martin at Ramjam this week. I manage to not drink too much or do too much blow but I smoke a couple 20 bags from Thumper, run, swim and work out a lot. I figure I'm gonna need a lot of wind for the show on Friday night.

Angie still seems distant but I give her back what she gives me just because I can't think of any other response. I kinda just want to grab her and shake her and tell her to just fucking talk to me but I don't want to blow the deal, end up in jail or watch her stab herself again. Fuck her anyway, I think. We barely even screw but when we do it gets sorta hostile.

I bum out that I used the strap on dildo trick for The Vandals. I don't really feel like I can repeat myself for this gig. I figure out a couple of new stunts though and have to go to the mall and pick up the props. Maybe I shouldn't use cheap effects like I do. Walking out of the store with my latest toy it hits me. Life ain't nothing but a cheap trick anyway.

I get Angie an All Access Guest Pass and Friday about 6 I kiss her goodbye from the apartment after putting on my thrashed jeans, boots and black sleeveless t with the plastic skull hung around my neck and my leather on. Then I walk to the mall and take the 1st bus that goes downtown and get off at the harbor and walk to Aloha Tower. I go in the main doors and explain to the big Hawaiian Security Guard that I'm in the opening act and show him my pass. He points me toward the VIP room backstage across the concert hall, built from yellow beige stone blocks with a 20 foot ceiling at least about 10,000 square feet big. I feel tied in knots in my chest looking at it. The size of the hall intimidates me.

2 rows of 2 5 foot black cube speakers sit atop each other and black pedestals that rise 7 feet from the floor to each side of the stage, 8 speakers in all. I whistle quietly to myself. 4 red velvet curtains hang from the ceiling to the floor on the side walls of the concert hall and 2 from the front stage arch pulled open to each side.

I go thru the door to the side of the stage and up a flight of stairs thru another metal door to the VIP room. Martin, Joe and Susan, Martin's wife, sit by a table on which a cooler full of ice, pops and beers rests. Susan looks middle age, like Martin, and Chinese. She wears a big long flower print dress, which covers her large body.

"Howzit, Paul? Where's your band?" Martin asks.

"They should be here soon. Where's the Chili Peppers?" I reply.

"They probably won't get here until you all go on. Everything's on schedule. We've sold 500 more tickets.

Once Battery Club played the UH Auditorium at a Battle of the Bands that had a crowd of like 700 people. This audience guarantees to dwarf any I have ever played for.

I grab a beer from the cooler, "You mind if I have 1 to calm my nerves?" I ask.

"Go right ahead," Martin says.

I twist the cap off and take a drink. Dan, Kevin and Thumper arrive in a few minutes and I introduce them to Martin, who offers them a beer. They all take 1.

"This is gonna be rad," Kevin says.

"They've sold more than 2000 tickets," I tell them.

"Oh shit." Dan takes a big a drink.

Thumper looks red eyed, like he's stoned. I wish I had some whiskey. I almost ask Thumper for a roach or something but that will only make me more nervous. I figure I'll drink 1 more beer after this 1 and tank 1 right before we go on, which won't be that long.

I try to relax but the minutes drag by. Finally music plays out of the huge speakers that point out into the arena, an old Kool and the Gang LP.

"You guys are going to play after both sides of the album play, so get ready," Martin tells us.

I hand out a purple bottle of food coloring to Kevin and green 1 to Dan. I have a red bottle for me. They apply the dye to their skin and I pour mine on like blood again. When we finish we grab another beer and wait. Kevin has brought a brick of Mad Dog that we all sneak drinks from as Martin rushes around giving instructions to the security staff and sound man. Dan and Kevin

put on their stocking Nerf ball hats and plus glitter covered Mardi Gras masks. He even has 1 for Thumper.

"Right on, Dan," I approve.

Dan takes a walk out of the VIP room door to the stage and walks back soon, "A lot of people are filling the floor up."

"I ain't even gonna look out there, dude," I tell him.

Hollywood Swinging plays. I think that pretty soon zero hour will arrive. Angie walks thru the door in her vinyl motorcycle cut jacket, our band t shirt, black miniskirt. I walk over quick and squeeze her tight.

"Hey, Todju," I say.

"Hi, Baby. Are you scared?"

"Yup."

"You're gonna rock, Paul. You always do."

"You wanna beer?" I offer.

"Ok."

I grab her 1 and decide I've had enough. I get my bookbag, pull a new cleaning sponge out and unwrap it, soak it in the melted ice from the cooler and stick it in the small plastic shopping bag.

"You're almost on, boys," Martin tells us loudly.

We gather in the wings. I open a new bottle of red food coloring and pour it all into the soaked sponge in the bag. Thumper holds his sticks and Dan and Kevin their axes. The drums have 3 mikes, and each amp has a mike. 2 vocal mikes sit clip atop 2 mike stands, 1 in front of the jumbo bass mike amp and 1 for the lead singer in the middle of the stage. I make sure that the life sized skull candle that I've purchased for the gig gets soaked from a new bottle of isopropyl alcohol. We all take our places. Dan and Kevin plug in and Thumper pounds a few beats. I look at the audience. Some faces look expectantly at us but most seem indifferent, talking to friends or staring off elsewhere. Dan and Kevin make provisional electric noise, loud. This gives me a little confidence. We've never been this loud. I see a few faces I know out in the crowd, Bob Thomas and Kris, Jay and Kat and some Mods and Punks I know. Martin walks out, takes my mike and says, "Ladies and gentlemen, Boys and girls, welcome to the Aloha Tower. I proudly present, Dog God."

The lights change quick. Colored spots nail us. The applause seem lukewarm. Then I decide for us to kill in our raddest ½ hour ever and pull on the werewolf mask.

In the mike I yowl, "1,2,3,4!!!"

We blast into a supercharged version of All Messed Up, hard and fast, Punkabilly style. I stand centered and shake and twitch a bit wanting to give the vocals everything from the core of my lungs and gut. The audience looks up, still not sold. We just

open for the real headliners, I guess. We rush right into Police State Dream and I barely get a breath between that and Skin You Alive. By the time we hit Monster Jam I dance and swagger around like Mick Jagger on speed. The crowd starts to pogo a little.

“It’s a Monster Jam, in my Cadillac
We go around the block, 1313 Mockingbird Lane...”

They almost love us. When I spit the 1st fireball as big as I dare I think we’ve finally got them sold. I shake hard as I can for Spy For the CIA but keep my feet in 1 place wanting to sound like a singer. A pit thrashes in the center of the floor. The Security watches unsure of what to do about it. I’m out of breath and my lungs burn at the end of the song.

During The Quick and the Dead I stand on the front lip of the stage and look out over the multitude and pull the blood soaked sponge out and hold it above my head and squeeze every drop out on my face, trembling like a tweaking monster. The light man takes my cue and hits me with a strobe. I hear people laugh and cheer openly finally.

For Spell on You I must retreat from the stage lip but stay forwardly placed as far as the mike cord allows. The strobe goes on and off intermittently. We play our slowest number but also our funniest. I howl and spit 2 huge fireballs, my largest ever. People whistle and scream. I pull out the alcohol soaked skull candle, light it and sing to it romantically as it burns, melts and drips in my hand. I’m oblivious to the burning pain of the flames.

“I want you, I want you, I want you, I don’t care if you don’t want me...”

...I put a spell on you, because you’re mine, mine, MINE,
OO AAH OOW!!”

I need to drop the burnt melted blob of hot wax. I shake my hand off because now I feel it. I catch a glimpse of Dan at my side as I step back and look over at Kevin too. They both shake their heads and laugh.

The pit gets bigger for I Shot the Sheriff, which we play faster than ever. We don’t even stop for Pig Rock though it practically kills me. Sweat drips out from under my mask and I gyrate and twitch possessed by a demon so I can’t pass out or have a stroke.

I have no more tricks left so I’ve only got 1 thing to do. I kick off my boots and pull off my pants to my jockstrap for Rockzilla as we smoothly segue into the P Funk part of the set. I

even get a chance to suck 3 huge lungfuls of air before we do it to it. All the kids on the floor beneath us keep thrashing and jumping. I notice that the Skin Heads once again go wild for Play That Funky Music. Now the crowd close beneath me looks like a nest of giant ants in fast motion.

For our last song I need to pull off the rubber werewolf mask because I'm blind with sweat. It's the new song, the Dog God Rock, and it goes like this...

"Once upon a time, I had a band
The sickest team on the whole island
We rock so crazy that I don't know who I am
But I sho nuff put the jelly on the Spam

And my main boy Kevin playing on the bass
Looks dangerous like the scars on his face
He mosh the beat, he's way too punk
He dropped his cigarette because he got too drunk

And master Thumper beating on the skins
Like Old King Cole he plays to win
He butters the slice with a layer of Funk
And loads the pipe with a big green chunk

We got killer Dan playing on guitar
Hard Dan Uptown he's a mega rock star
Gold rings on his fingers diamond boots on his feet
We call him Hendrix 'cause he plays so sweet

My name is Paul they call me Spatch
That's Spatuala for the chicks I catch
All my concubines are on the lawn
'Cause I got more kills than even James Bond!!!!"

I run a few steps out, jump and flip into the audience. The boys roll thru the tune 1 more time as I struggle thru the pit to climb the pedestals and speakers and jump back down on the stage as Kevin, Dan and Thumper impale the last note and beat. Kevin and Thumper both point their axes at the amps and both feedback and slowly the wave of noise dies. The crowd roars. I stand in the middle of the stage, my feet planted wide and arms raised. For this moment we rule.

Then we just walk backstage after I put my pants and boots on and grab my bag of tricks. It ends. I feel like I'm not real as I wake up from a dream that I'm in. Anthony Kiedis, with long

sandy hair, surfer shorts, combat boots and a white wife beater looks over at me as I pass him.

He nods at me and quietly says, "Rad."

The Chili Peppers get ready to go on.

I have praise from the king. I go for another beer and tank it. I toss the bottle away in a metal trashcan and grab another. As the guys raid the cooler too Angie comes thru the door to the stairway to the auditorium. She rushes over and practically jumps into my arms.

"You're insane," she squeals.

I hear Martin announce the headliners. I grab another beer but Dan and Kevin go out to watch the band. Me, Angie and Thumper sit on a blue couch where she sneaks us each a few hits of coke. She's also got a ½ pint of whiskey that I tank when Martin and the Security Staff don't look.

I'm oblivious to The Chili Peppers but keep thinking that we should go out and watch. It sounds muffled in the VIP room. I get up to look at them from the hallway but the angle sucks. I'm cut anyway.

Finally the show ends. We all end up going to the Blue Thunderbird, of all places, to be Rock stars with the real Rock Stars. But after couple of drinks me and Angie leave and cross the strip back to our abnormal lives.

Martin puts me on for real at Ramjam as a stock clerk/cashier but I only get part time. He gives me a break and keeps me at \$7.50 an hour but since it's no longer under the table it's less in my pocket than before. I think of going back to ask Ron if he needs me again but I kinda know he probably won't unless Angie and I break up. Besides, I'm sure that time runs out for me to get set up for financial aid and classes at Hawaii Loa.

Me and the band practice on Friday but don't even talk about a new gig or the recording. I've already planned going into Ruthless Recording to do the new song, but maybe we should wait till we come up with another song or 2. In the parking lot afterwards we just drink and get high but don't really make any plans of any kind. What do you do after you've done all that you can do?

By Sunday Angie goes back to the android act again. I don't know how to respond so I don't. I feel like grabbing and shaking her out of it or at least like asking her what the fuck her fucking problem is but it's like if I don't really want the answer to a question I shouldn't ask. She still turns like an 8 ball a night but we do less coke because she sells most of it I guess. We still screw a lot and have the same kinky coke sex after I fuck her but she likes to get slapped and spanked more, and spit on and

sometimes she switches the current and likes to slap and spit on me. She even strangles me 2 or 3 times while I lay on my back on the bed and she straddles me wiggling on top.

But it sucks because I know that probably I should just walk out but I can't. I just can't figure out a good move.

That week at the record store Joe trains me to work the cash register. Besides that I price and put out records, tapes and magazines. The store has a book section and I straighten all the paperback fiction shelves, all genres. I also clean the place, like sweep, vacuum and wash the windows.

I try to avoid Angie as much as possible. If I'm not supposed to work at the record store I go hang out at Manoa Gardens with the Bobos or at Kevin's apartment or the mall or the beach. Angie and I still make it when she wakes me after she comes home from Mignon or the Cave after. She stops even waking when I get up and leave to Ramjam or wherever else. Until the weekend we share the bed and each other's bodies and little else. I'm at the beach when she goes to work on Saturday.

I wake Sunday before dawn and she hasn't returned. I try to go back to sleep but I can't. I call the Police Department but they have no news. They ask if I want to file a missing person's report but I figure it's too early for that. I call a couple of hospitals but they have no information either. In the pit of my gut I know the score. She left me. The gig stops now.

At noon I call Stormy's but she doesn't answer. I call again in 2 and a ½ hours.

"Hello?" she answers.

"Hey, Stormy. It's Paul. Angie didn't come home last night. Do you know where she's at?"

"Nuh unh...did you call the police?"

"Yeah, and the hospitals too. They don't know nothing."

"Did you guys fight or something?"

"No. It hasn't been right, but we didn't fight."

"Maybe she's at her parents house? I don't know. I bet she shows up at work tonight," Stormy tells me.

"Yeah, you're probably right."

"Don't worry, Paul. I'm sure she's all right."

"Yeah, thanks. Goodbye."

"Later, dude."

We hang up and I sit there. I guess I'll just go by Mignon about 7 or 8. I should just leave maybe but I should at least wait till I know for sure.

I go to the liquor store for a shot and a tall can and smoke a pinner. I wait about an hour after sunset and go to the garage, get on my 'ped and jet up to the strip club.

I park in the lot and walk in. Music blasts in the crowded club. I scan the scene but don't see Angie.

"You want beer?" the bartender barks at me.

"No. Is Angie working tonight?"

"She no come yet."

I shake my head and dawdle back out the door. I have nothing left to do but go to the liquor store, where I buy a pint and a bottle of Thunderbird.

I return to the pad and take a couple shots of whiskey, which I chase with the fortified wine. Right then I play a hunch.

I call John Olsen of TRO. The singer and bass player, Tim, rent a house in Waimanalo, a tropical mini slum on the southeast side of Oahu around the corner from Diamond Head and Sandy's beach. Like the North Shore it's a Moke town, but the waves at Waimanalo beach are small, barely big enough to be rideable.

"Was'up?" John answers.

"John, it's Paul. Let me get the number to Waimanalo house, ok?" I request.

"It's 235-7704."

"Mahalo. Later, dude."

"Later, Paul."

I'm surprised I got the number. That's probably a good sign but I refuse to think of the portents. Instead I just drink whiskey and wine.

Later I call Mignon but the bartender tells me that she's still not there. I'd take a ride to see for myself but I'm too drunk. Instead I pass out.

I wake in the middle of the night. I get dressed and go to the Cave, buy an Iced Tea and look thru the crowd but don't find Angie. I return to the studio, drink the last shot and nod again. I wake again like at 7. I drink the remaining Thunderbird, like ½ a bottle, and smoke a joint.

That takes care of the hangover, but I want to get obliterated, erased. Instead I lay back and look at the ceiling, pissed. It's 1 thing to walk out on me, another to leave me for another guy but the worst she does is to make me wait. I decide that I'm not gonna be nice about it.

After an hour I go down to the café for a couple of Bloody Marys. I want more but it won't be forever before the liquor store opens. I return to the apartment and figure its time to try my last wildcard this once.

I call Waimanalo house. It rings but nobody answers. I let it ring and lose count after the sixteenth ring. Finally I hear a click as somebody picks up.

"Hello?" Angie answers, ½ asleep.

I hang up. This must be what it feels like to get your head chopped off by a guillotine.

"Fuck!" I fall down on my back on the bed.

The liquor store ain't open yet. I guess I got nothing left to do but lay on the bed and feel like dog shit for a little while. At least I don't have a hangover.

When the booze store opens I go get a pint and a can of coke to chase it. I come back to the pad and stuff my backpack with some clothes, my notebook and a couple of demos and the tape of the Ruthless session.

I walk out of the building drunk with 124 bones and change, about a 1/3 of the pint and my backpack. I figure on coming back for the moped if I ever sober up. I take the bus to King Street then wobble to University and walk into the Pump and get another pint because I might not have enough whiskey. Then I walk up to my old cave and drink myself into nonexistence.

I can't even say what happens next. I go on a diet of whiskey, Mad Dog and pizza sometimes. I guess I wake up a couple nights later sometime past midnight. I feel like microwaved death. I put a dress shirt on, my black jeans and practically gotta crawl down to the Cave choking back nausea as my ears ring and I drip sweat.

The Tongan Bouncer waves me in and handstamps me. I get a Long Island Iced Tea. Then I get another somehow. That doesn't put me out by the time I return to the cave. I'm hungover by the time the liquor store opens again but not too bad. I get a pint then, hang out at the Gardens, and in the late afternoon when I go back to the Pump I get a 5th so I don't have to worry about waking up sick in the middle of the night.

The next evening I find myself in front of Mignon. I enter and buy a beer. I look all around for Angie but don't see her. A naked blonde chick in gold pumps dances onstage to Relax by Frankie Goes to Hollywood.

I finally notice Tim Clark in jeans and a leather jacket stand at the other end of the bar. I drain my beer and walk up to him. Our eyes meet when I get within striking distance. I figure he's pretty stupid because he doesn't even lift his hand in defense when I crack him in the head the beer bottle. He drops to the floor like a 160 pound bag of cement.

Before I know it the bartender, waitresses and owner, I guess, put me in a chokehold and throw me out the front door onto the pavement. When I stand and the Korean women stand in guard of the doorway, I get up and bail, figuring I'm lucky not to get arrested with the cop station right around the corner and pigs hanging out in the strip club all the time.

Probably I should talk to Angie somehow and hear the score from her lips but then again, why give her the satisfaction.

I make it back to the cave somehow and work on drinking myself to death again.

I don't even know what the fuck happens over the next handful of days. I go to the liquor store, the Gardens and once I make it to the showers of the UH Athletic Building. When I feel sad or start to cry over losing Angie I just drink enough to bite it back. I wake 1 morning in the cave sick as hell. I still have 4 or 5 pulls from a 5th of whiskey and that gets me right for a few hours.

When I look in my wallet before I plan on going to the liquor store I'm broke. I lost it or spent it I figure. I don't remember.

When the booze wears off I feel shaky like Jell-O and sweat drips out of my forehead and body like a faucet left barely on. I'm more sober, I guess, than I've been in I don't know how long. The thought that Angie left me only torments me slightly in comparison to my need for a few stiff drinks.

I gotta take it step by step to Manoa Gardens. There I stand outside the wall, pull myself together as much as I can and walk in. The Bobos sit around with a pitcher.

"You look like hell, Pig Rock," Stan tells me.

"I'm all right. I just need a beer," I tell him.

"Get a mug."

I walk into the café and get 1. By the time I get a couple beers in me I'm ok. I sit around and drink a couple more beers for a while.

Kevin walks into the courtyard after a couple of hours. He sees me and crosses over to the stone table.

"Where the hell were you for practice on Friday, chief?" Kevin asks me.

"In the cave up the hill passed out drunk, probably. What day is it?"

"Monday. How long have you been drunk?"

"Bout a week."

Kevin laughs and shakes his head, "What the fuck, Chuck?"

"I found out Angie was catting with Tim Clark like you figured so I left the pad, got drunk and haven't stopped."

Kevin whistles quietly and thinks before he says anything, "Let's get a ½ pitcher and then we'll go to my place."

"I could use a beer."

He gets us the beer and we drink it. I tell him about whacking Tim with a bottle and he laughs and tells me I'm lucky not to be in jail. When we finish the pitcher he tells me to come to his apartment with him.

"That's ok, Kevin. I'm all right," I tell him.

"Fuck that noise, brah. You're coming with me. We can't let our lead singer/songwriter running around MIA hitting people with objects."

I figure he won't let me take no for an answer. Besides, maybe he has a bottle of something at home. We leave the Gardens, get on the bus and go to his place.

He has brandy and we drink a few drinks before he cuts me off. I haven't drunk myself blind and feel ok. He wants to talk about what happened with Angie but I tell him that I don't want to talk about it. I think maybe I should go get a few more things, take the boombox and any cash I find at the pad when I find the key to the apartment in my pocket.

"Dude, I gotta go back to my old place and get some of my shit," I tell Kevin after a couple of hours.

"Nah, unh uh. You're gonna get in trouble."

"Kevin, I promise. Don't worry. When I'm done I'll come right back."

"No."

"I need clothes, Brah. Come on."

"...Promise you'll come back."

"Promise."

"Swear on the band."

"I swear on the band."

"...Kay den," he agrees finally.

Kevin tells me again to come back when I'm done and I leave the hi-rise and hoof it back to me and Angie's building.

Of course Angie's at work or at Tim's. I get all the CDs, tapes, the boombox and put it all in a pillowcase. I get a couple more t shirts and a pair of pants too. I find \$200 in the drawer and stick a \$100 in my pocket.

I open the refrigerator and most of a 5th of Stolichnaya sits on the main shelf. I drink a couple few stiff pulls. When I'm drunk enough I get an idea so I drink a few more shots to brace myself.

I'm way drunk but I manage to juryrig a gallows with the chair, light fixture and a chair. I step up on it and put my belt around my neck, tie the end to the lamp, which hangs from the ceiling. Then I step off and kick the chair out from underneath me.

My heart beats hard and harder in my ears. My pulse pounds in my head. Right before everything starts to go black my head throbs and pulse booms like thunder. I start to fall out as I hang there swinging a little. Then the light fixture jerks from the ceiling and the belt breaks. I fall onto the floor and the world fades in again.

My head beats with mild pain. I go to the fridge and drink

a few more shots of vodka. Then I fall on the bed, take the belt from around my neck and pass out.

When I come to Angie shakes me hard. My head hurts kinda bad and I feel like I need a drink again.

“What did you do, Paul?!” she demands.

“What do you mean ‘what did I do?’?”

“Did you try to hang yourself?”

“No, of course not.”

“What happened to the light then and why is your neck stripped raw?”

I don't respond to the question but say very gently, “Get off of me, Angie. I need some space.”

She waits a minute and unstraddles me. I slide up out from underneath her and go to the fridge and tank the rest of the vodka.

“You're a wreck, Paul.”

“Oh, I'm all right.”

“That was a rotten thing to do, hitting Tom in the head with a bottle like that. He had spasms the next morning,” she tells me.

“Good,” I almost whisper.

She sighs, walks over to me and puts her arms around me, “I love you, Baby.”

“You have a strange way of showing it.”

“I'm sorry.”

“Fuck ‘I'm sorry’, Angie.”

“It hasn't been the same since that night I went to the hospital.”

“And that's my fault?”

She shrugs before she kisses me.

I kiss her back. I can't help myself. We start running our hands over each other and end up getting it a couple more times. When it ends I feel really stupid but I have no choice. I sneak out on her while she's asleep.

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I figure I've lost the job at Ramjam. I only stay drunk enough to not feel sick and give up drinking to annihilate the world.

I go by Mignon a few times and Angie has me meet her at the pad after and we make love a few more times. It's like sticking a butcher knife in my gut though.

We finish the last time and I go take a quick shower and get dressed as she watches me. I make sure I have the pint bottle before I pull my boots on.

"Where do you think you're going?" Angie asks.

"I'm gonna go crash in the cave."

"Why don't you just wait to sneak out on me like you usually do?"

"Too much hassle."

Angie gets out of bed, "Why are you being such a creep?"

"I can't do this no more. It's killing me."

"You're leaving me?" she says.

"We're over anyway. When you made it with Tim, it was done."

"Paul, you gotta let that go."

"Are you gonna let him go?"

She doesn't answer. I let the silence hang in the air. I feel like stomping her but decide it ain't worth it.

"Are you gonna leave him?" I ask again.

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"So you wanna be with both of us?"

"Yeah, I do."

I resolve to keep cool, like Fonzie, "I can't do that, Darling. The worst thing anybody's ever done to me in my life was leave me hanging like you did. It was bad enough you started fucking that goof, but leaving me without a word for those 2 days was just wrong."

"Don't go, Paul. Let me try to explain," Her eyes drip tears.

"Nope. I'm gone." I walk out the door and away forever, like for real this time.

For 8 or 9 days I keep on drinking enough not to be sick, making sure I have enough to carry me thru the night. I realize that I have to stop so stop drinking whiskey in favor of Thunderbird or Mad Dog. I plan to switch from wine to beer then quit but run out of money before I do. I realize that I still have a check at Ramjam so I stumble down there 1 morning as I shake and sweat.

When I finally make it I haven't had a drink in like 7 or 8 hours and have been sick as a dog all morning. My stomach knots up, my ears ring and I see like a veil of black spiders trembling as real as anything else. I clench my jaw and try to quit shaking as I step into the record store.

I walk up to the counter and ask Joe, "Hey, dude, you got my check?"

He looks up at me, "Yeah, but Martin wants to talk to you 1st."

Oh shit, I think, "All right."

"I'll get him."

I wait for a couple of minutes wishing for death. Martin comes out of the stockroom shaking his head.

"Martin, sorry about not showing up to work. I kinda need my last check."

"What happened, Paul?"

"I just went kinda goo goo gaa gaa. I'm all right now."

"You don't look it. I'm sending you to rehab."

"I'll be fine, Martin. I need my check though."

"I've heard thru the grapevine that you're drinking yourself sick. I'm taking you to the hospital right now."

"Really, Martin, I need my check."

"I kept you on payroll so the company's insurance would cover you. You need to stop this foolishness now."

I think it over. He's probably right. I need a drink though, bad. I can't figure anything out. I'm stuck.

"Can you buy me a beer then?"

Martin looks at me for a bit and pulls a bill out of his pocket, "Joe, go get Paul a quart of beer."

Joe takes the money and leaves. I hold onto the counter and wipe my brow.

"Are you ok, kid?" Martin asks.

"Yeah, I think so."

Everything goes black. I don't come back to consciousness till I'm in the hospital.

I'm not aware of a whole hell of a lot except sometimes being in a hospital bed and a nurse and or doctor shooting a big steel hypodermic needle in my arm. Finally I come to in a bed in a room. A 30ish Japanese nurse tells me that I had the DTs, alcohol withdrawal, but that I'm ok now. I'm hungry but gotta wait for a breakfast of hospital food. It's hard to eat though.

I still feel pretty shaky. Every 6 or 7 hours a nurse comes around and shoots me up with something, Tranzine, I'm told. I feel it slow me down and make me rubbery in a wave.

1 morning they bring me Tranzine pills instead of a shot. The nurse tells me to get up and follow her to a small office where a thin Haole doctor in a labcoat with a close cropped gray beard and short gray hair sits behind a desk. He shakes my hand and asks me to sit. Sunlight blasts thru the open blinds. I see the ground at least 10 floors below.

"Mr. Cruz, I'm Dr. Harris. We've admitted you to a 21 day alcoholic rehabilitation program. You're a chronic alcoholic and if you continue drinking you'll be dead by the time you're 35 at the rate you're going, if you're lucky."

"...What?"

“You’re very young to have such an advanced case. You had a seizure at your employer’s store. I’ve only ever seen 50 and 60 year olds do that. You have the most progressed case of the disease of a man as young as you as I’ve ever seen. You have the alcoholism of an old man.”

Dr. Harris gives me an outline of the program in a white folder. Then the nurse takes me to reception office of the rehab program in the hospital.

So basically it goes like this. 15 other people take the program with me. We get up every morning and shower. Then we go to alcohol or substance abuse class or individual therapy, just a couple of times a week. That lasts an hour for therapy and 2 for class. The remainder of the morning we can take the elevator down to the hospital grounds. Then we have lunch. In the afternoon we have group therapy and an AA or NA meeting. Then we have dinner. In the evening we can read, work out in a small gym with weights and aerobic machines or watch TV in the dayroom. I work out a lot. I also read a couple of John Carter of Mars book by Edgar Rice Burroughs and The Dunwich Horror by H.P. Lovecraft. On weekends we have mornings off but have AA or NA and group in the afternoon. On Sunday a Pastor comes in to give worship services if we want to go. I only go once.

They have good food and you can eat as much as you want. They have a coed program and a couple of the chicks look pretty good, white girls, and seem to be my age but I’m pretty thrashed. I learn about my Higher Power and the 12 Steps of AA but really I’m like on autopilot. I know I’m better off than being drunk all the time but I feel like everything that ever happened to me took place long ago and far away.

That’s pretty much it. I get a cheesy certificate when I walk out. Martin picks me up and I thank him. He tells me that I still work for him and not to blow it. He asks what I’m gonna do about a place and I let him know about the cave.

“Free rent at least,” he approves.

“It’s Punk Rock, Martin,” I tell him.

“Show up for work tomorrow when the store opens, Paul.”

“For sure, chief.”

He lets me off at UH. I go to the Library and find *The Stranger* by Albert Camus in the paperback rack in the lobby on the 1st floor. By the time the Library closes I’ve finished like 2/3rds of the book. I like the story a lot and it moves fast.

I head up to the cave and roll out the sleeping bag. It feels strange without anything to drink. I lie down and go to sleep early.

I work 5 days a week 5 hours a day. I have Sundays and Mondays off. I start going to AA everyday at The Beachcombers chapter of Waikiki at 7 PM. It happens in a storefront next to a Laundromat in a mini mall just towards King on Kapiolani around the corner from Kalakaua, a few blocks away from the Cave.

The whole idea of life without booze, drugs or even weed seems pretty strange. About 30 people usually attend, an even mix of Haoles, Asians and Locals of all ages. It lasts an hour and consists of people's stories of how they were when they drank and used and how their lives changed when they became sober. I don't say anything except to say my name and that I'm an alcoholic/addict. They have free coffee and practically everybody smokes cigarettes.

I only miss Friday night when I go to band practice. We do the set 2 times at Wizard and work on the songs that we didn't play.

After practice Kevin, Thumper and Dan drink beer in the parking lot. I don't though. I do take a couple hits of weed though when Thumper lights a joint. It gets me way high.

"So what are we gonna do to release the new recording?" Dan asks drinking a can of beer.

"We gotta record Dog God Rock and record another song," I answer.

"Have you written anything?" Thumper asks.

"Nope. We can do an instrumental if you want. We'll mutate Black Mack Trash."

Everybody just looks at me like I'm stupid. I don't have anything to tell them. I haven't thought of any new songs.

"I'll think of some new lyrics, boys. Promise. We'll book a session as soon as we practice it and it's tight," I tell them.

"When are we gonna play again?" Kevin asks.

"Either we go to Kyle again, rent Church of the Crossroads, Falls of Clyde or play some party or UH where the cops will stomp it," I lay out the usual options.

"3D's the easiest," Dan says.

"Yup," I agree.

"Let's go and talk to Kyle," Dan suggests.

"I can't, dude. I'll be too tempted to drink. I need to maintain. You talk to him. He knows you guys."

Dan and Kevin say "ok". When my crew finishes their beer we all get in the car and Dan drives back to town and drops me and Thumper off at UH.

I go back up to the cave and go to sleep.

The next morning I ride the moped down to Ala Moana beach to shower. Then I work at Ramjam.

After I do calisthenics at the beach and go swimming.

Then I rinse off and lay on the beach wall. Then I rinse off and lay on the beach wall and then go hang out at The Beachcombers storefront of the AA chapter. The meeting hasn't started and I hang out in front and try to bum a cigarette.

A couple of older women stand out in front in the parking lot smoking but as I approach them I realize they smoke menthol so I don't bother asking. I stand out in front of the entrance. A slim tanned 40ish woman with blue eyes, ultrabrite teeth and dark blonde hair approaches to enter. She does a doubletake after she glances at me.

"Excuse me, do you sing for the band that opened for The Red Hot Chili Peppers?" she asks.

I notice her lavender sleeveless blouse, white casual slacks and perfectly painted immaculate toenails under the white leather straps of her wooden sandals.

"Yup. Do you got a cigarette?" I ask her back.

"Yes, I do."

"They're not menthol, are they?"

"No." She pulls 1 out of a small black leather purse and gives me a Camel.

"Thanks," I take it.

She lights it for me, "You're quite the clown."

"I guess."

We both smoke for a bit and she stands next to me a couple of feet away as we both savor the cigarette smoke.

"My name is Teri Lee. Let's have coffee after the meeting. I have a proposition," she says.

"A proposition, huh?" I look at her and smile.

"Easy, boy. I might have some interesting employment opportunities for you. Have you ever done any acting?"

"Yeah, in college."

People start going thru the door to the assembly room. The meeting starts soon.

"Talk to me when the meetings over," she instructs calmly, smiling a little.

"Sure. By the way, my name is Paul Cruz."

She smiles, "Nice to meet you Mr. Cruz."

Everybody sits around the table, more than 30 people. We say the serenity prayer and people tell their stories. We hold hands in a circle at the end and say the Lord's Prayer. Mostly I think about how I don't want to drink, right now.

We all say, "Keep coming back, it works."

We let go of each other's hands. I know in the back of my mind that at some point in the future I want to drink. But now I know I'm a bad drunk. I know also that I don't want a drink right now. I need to hold onto that thought.

Me and Teri find each other again. We stroll out into the parking lot in front and I tell her about the Lyon Cafe.

"I know where it's, right around the way," she says.

We walk slowly over and she asks me about what plays I was in when I was in college.

"Tell me about these employment opportunities," I say.

"You go 1st."

"Ok. I played Johnny Fingers in The Beggar's Opera and the year before I played a few different small walk on roles in America Hurrah. Have you ever heard of them?"

"Yes, I've seen both performed."

We get to the café and go in. She asks what I want and I tell her a double espresso. We sit down at a table by the window and I pour lots of sugar in mine.

"So what about these jobs?" I ask.

"1st I'll tell you about what I do. I work for a casting agency and help cast TV shows and movies. I represent talent and get them work. I think you have a certain charisma and maybe after a quick class or 2 I'll have you audition for a few sit-coms. Nothing is definite, but if you come with me to Los Angeles and let me show you the ropes, your chances are better than 50/50 with me in your corner."

I wanna ask if I get to fuck her too but don't want to blow it, "That is interesting. I don't wanna just walk out on my band though."

"If they can't come to LA you can come back here after audition season ends."

She asks where I stay and I tell her about the cave. She asks if I want to come sleep at her hotel room. I say ok.

We go to her hotel right on the beach. I'm pretty much undead. Angie left nothing inside of me. Probably I had nothing to begin with. I'm more gone now than ever though. I fake it. Teri doesn't have the tenderness or juiciness of any of my former lovers but she has a nice smile, pretty eyes, a cute body, I guess, kinda dry though compared to what I'm used to, she smells good and probably she's classier than anybody. Making it with her feels pointless though except it might get me on TV. I function by faking it. I pretend she's Elizabeth Taylor in Cleopatra.

After we rock I make believe that I adore and worship her but try to not lay it on too thick. I let her hold me instead of holding her so that she can choose her comfort zone before we go to sleep.

We rise on Sunday and shower. Teri has a new toothbrush still in a package that she lets me have. We screw again but I eat her pussy a lot before so she likes me and makes me a star. I do it just to be a nice guy, really.

She wants to have lunch so she we go to the Hard Rock Café. She eats a salad and water and I eat a cheeseburger and coke.

"Listen, I should go and take care of some things. I'll see you at the meeting tonight, ok?" I ask her.

"What do you need to take care of?"

"I need to do a wash."

"I'll buy you some clothes."

"I need to have clean clothes for all week."

"I'll buy you clothes for all week."

"I like my old clothes," I say politely.

"How long do you think it'll take?"

"With travel time?...3 and a ½ hours."

"Meet me back at the hotel at 4," Teri instructs putting a \$5 in my palm.

I hold onto her hand and give her a peck on the lips, "Ok, Girl. I'll see you soon."

I go get my 'ped and take care of my laundry. I return about when I said I would.

When she opens her door after I knock we share a perfunctory kiss. She feels me up so we do it again. I don't really want to but don't not want to.

After we finish I watch Lucy on cable TV while she talks on the phone. Then we take a long walk to the Lyon café and have a double espresso. Finally we make the AA meeting. After it's over we walk back to the hotel.

We eat at the Chinese restaurant in the hotel and go back up to her room. I feel bored out of my skull and want a drink, bad, or at least a bong hit. Instead I say the serenity prayer silently in my head over and over.

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof' shows on cable so we watch it for a while. I still want a drink and figure maybe I should just take a long walk alone or go for a run.

Instead I make another suggestion, "Let's go to the Cave."

She thinks about it, "Sure."

We leave her room and the building and hike slowly to the nightclub. Nobody waits at the entrance to get in but we have to pay cover. The Cave feels only ½ full tonight, which happens on Sundays.

Japanese Baby by The Cure plays, an old song, and I ask Teri to dance. We dance but I restrain myself so that I don't intimidate her. As we dance I see Angie and Tim walk in. Angie wears her pink mini dress under her gray coat and Tim wears black jeans, steel toed leather boots, his leather with a TSOL t shirt underneath. I feel like passing out but keep dancing.

They look good together. Teri tells me she'll be back and heads for the Women's room. I make for the bar quick and ask the bartender for a double shot of whiskey, which I can barely cover. With or Without You by The Police plays. I see a short lemon knife on a small plastic cutting board with a sliced lime behind the bar.

The short thin dark haired swisher pours my drink and snorts when I don't tip him. I see Angie hang on Tim and melt against him, unaware of me. My ears start to ring loud and my field of vision goes red. I know I'm stepping over a line which I can't cross back and leave the drink. I don't want to need the booze for this. I snatch the short blade up quickly. My body acts of its own volition. I race across the club a puppet of my own rage toward Angie and the man who took her from me. They notice me too late because I rush them with no warning, silent. I hold the knife out of the bottom pinky end of my fist and stab at Tim's neck quick and hard. He sees me and tries to raise his arm to defend but too late. I stab him again and again.

"Paul, NO! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!?!?" Angie screams.

Tim falls to the ground as blood oozes from 2 wounds and a stream spurts from the other. I try to run for the door but 2 huge Polynesian bouncers close in on me quick. I drop the knife because I really don't want to cut anybody else. The bouncers grab me and slam me to the floor. I see a couple of bartenders pick Tim up and hold bar rags to his neck. He looks dazed.

After a few minutes they pick me up in a chokehold and carry me off. I'm aware of all the clubsters looking at me and see Teri stare in disbelief too.

"Paul, What...?" she asks.

I look back at her as if to say that I don't know.

The bouncers take me to the nightclub office and sit me in a metal chair. 1 of the bouncers stands above me with his arms crossed as he glares down at me.

The club manager sits behind the desk on the phone with the pigs, I figure. Soon he hangs up.

The cops arrive in no time. 1 starts to get statements from the bouncers as a couple others cuff me, drag me outside past the ambulance parked on the sidewalk and throw me into the backseat of the police cruiser.

As they drive me towards the police station and jail they talk to each other about me like I'm not there, like I'm beneath them, not worthy of noticing.

"We got us a real funny 1 here," the Japanese pig driving says.

"The Judge will put him away for a long time, for sure," the Local pig says.

I figure that I'm kinda fucked, hard. They take me into the processing area where I'm booked again.

The Local guards treat me kinda rough compared to the other times I've visited jail. They heave me to a small cell, throw me in and slam the iron bars shut. A cool draft flows thru the cell, 2 walls made of just bars. On the other 2 cement walls concrete benches rise from the floor. I know I might be behind bars for a long time. I feel like throwing myself against the door over and over again but what will that solve? I just breathe over and over again as deep as I can and empty my little brain as much as possible. I can't even see a clock anywhere.

I'm too amped to sleep but at least I calm myself down. Maybe after a couple few hours they bring a tall black man to the cell, open the bars and throw him in with me. We nod at each other and he walks like he's king of the jungle though his legs bough and sits on the bench across from me. He wears pressed navy blue slacks, shiny dress shoes and a silky black dress shirt with 3 or 4 Miami Vice gold chokers around his neck. He wears gold rimmed glasses over big brown eyes and a goofy sneer and sports a way short hair cut. I figure he's gotta be a pimp.

I lay back and consider what I've done. It doesn't seem real to me. I remember it like a movie I watched from somebody else's point of view. I remember though that I became a robot programmed to kill. I became possessed by the devil, though I don't believe in him.

After a while the pimp says, "Hi, I'm Dino Martinez."

"Paul Cruz. Howzit, Dino?"

"Not real good. They got us in the cell for the most violent offenders. I just whooped 1 of my hos. I gotta good lawyer though and there was mitigating circumstances."

"Mitigating circumstances?"

"Yeah, she held out on me."

"You hurt her bad?"

Dino shrugs, "The ambulance came."

"I pretty much traumatized somebody myself."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. My girl's new boyfriend," I tell him.

"Anybody see?"

"I did it in a nightclub."

Dino whistles. We both look up at the ceiling.

"Damn I want a smoke," I say.

"It ain't easy for a pimp," Dino points out.

I lay most of the night on the bench and look at the ceiling. If the next years go by like this I might go nuts or something, like for real. Finally I go to sleep though.

A folded paper sits by my head when I come back to life. Unfold it and read it. It informs me that I've been charged with manslaughter in the 1st degree and am to be held at Oahu County Correctional Center to await my Disposition Hearing to be scheduled within 17 days. I know I didn't kill Tim. This has got to be some pimpery by the pigs to get me to confess. If they want to play like this I'm not saying nothing to nobody till I talk to my Public Defender.

2 other new giant Moke guards come, open the cell, cuff me and drag me out of the cell. I wanna tell Dino 'later' but he still sleeps. I'm shuffled to a small cop office upstairs and sat in chair across from a desk from a Hoale cop with a crew cut about 35 years old. They leave the cuffs on. 1 of the guard waits till a Filipino pig enters the office and sits. They both dress like they work manager jobs at Sears.

Both cops drink coffee from Styrofoam cups. I haven't gotten much sleep and jones for a cup.

"Can I get a cup of coffee?" I request.

The Haole cop looks at me from across the desk and over some paperwork regarding my crime, I guess. He reminds me of Captain Kirk with shorter hair.

"We can't uncuff you, Mr. Cruz," he informs me like he's Jack Webb or something.

I want to go back to sleep. This has gotta be some pig game, I figure. I guess now I gotta start to face the music.

Joe Friday reads me my rights and then tells me, "Mr. Cruz, my name is Detective Gardner. You've been charged with Manslaughter in the 1st degree. You've been brought here to give a statement. What happened last night at the Cave, sir?"

I feel like thrashing about wildly, kicking the door open and running down the hall but what can you do handcuffed in a cop station? I breathe deep instead. I also think that I should tell them that Tim looked very much alive when last I saw him and that the bartenders worked hard to stop the bleeding and that an ambulance had arrived too. But then I figure I'd better play it as calm and cool as I can.

"I ain't saying anything till I talk to a lawyer," I say just above a whisper.

"And that is your right sir. But if you give me a statement I'll work with you. The judge will go easier on you the more cooperative you are."

"I ain't buying it, sir. I know he's alive. I'll cooperate but I ain't talking now."

"Ok. Well keep you here till OCCC has a bunk. After your sentencing your looking at some time, 10 years at least."

They try to get me to talk some more but I don't.

I wanna say that I know I didn't kill him but I also know that this pig just gives me the business as part of the square dance they do. But he's right. I'm facing some time.

"Ramirez, call the guards and have them escort this Punk back to lock up," Gardner instructs finally.

"Sure, boss."

And that's what they do. From here they take me to the main big holding cell. I get a breakfast, late, coffee, cold oatmeal and toast plus a ripe banana. The same main holding cell as the times before holds less than ½ of the losers it can, like 11 or 12. I can see the clock thru a grill of thick iron wires up high in the hallway out of the holding cell. I watch it click off minutes till lunch, 2 baloney sandwiches, a bag of chips and an orange, and dinner, some kinda slop, mashed potatoes, peas and a small piece of cold dry cake with no frosting.

When I line up and the servers push my cardboard tray thru the slit in the bars at me I say, "I wanna talk to the manager."

They ignore me.

"There's a fly in my soup!" I say loud as I walk back to my spot on the bench.

Nobody laughs. Am I the only motherfucker in the whole wide world with a sense of humor?

A few more suspects get locked up in the afternoon, and 4 or 5 at night. I watch the clock tick by the minutes and say the serenity prayer. Maybe it helps but I don't think so. I've fucked up way bad this time and I know that I've gotta deal with the consequences though my flesh can't accept the reality of being behind bars for a long long time.

I think it over that night as I lay there trying to sleep. My Mom or Dad would pay a lawyer to defend me but I know that neither of them can afford it. I know that the Public Defender that I'm appointed pretty much plays on the same team as the judge and DA. They play with a stacked deck. But then again I'm guilty as sin.

But then again I lost control. Tim deserved it. Anybody who went around the world with Angie would do what I did if another guy took her away. Tell it to the judge, Junior.

"I'm not guilty. Your Honor. I was possessed. By the Devil."

The night drags and I watch the roaches crawl on the ceiling. The lights go dim at 11. Later I look from my spot on the bench to see a big fat bald Local thug in jeans and a dirty t shirt looking at me, smiling with a few teeth missing. He curls his finger at me. I roll over and try to sleep.

After another almost sleepless night on a concrete bench the lights come on in the morning and the food service workers

serve us the same breakfast as yesterday, except the bananas look a day more brown.

After an hour the guards come and call my name. I stand and say "that's me" and they open the door. I figure I'm going to talk to Detective Gardner again but they don't cuff me.

"What's going on? Where are you taking me?" I ask.

"Somebody must love you. You made bail."

I wonder who in the hell would post my bond. It can't be no chump change on a 1st degree Manslaughter. The only person I can figure who did it has gotta be Teri.

They take me to the processing area. An ambivalent local cop shoves an order to appear at the disposition hearing in 3 days thru the slot under the window grille. Teri waits on a wooden bench. They let us hug and kiss.

"You didn't have to do this, Teri." I tell her.

"I know. I look at it as an investment. Now you have to land a role to pay me back after you get thru this."

"Yup." I can't understand how anything can work or why she burns money on a lost cause like me.

After they do the paperwork they give me my wallet and moped key. Detective Gardner let's me know that if I jump bail when I'm apprehended again my sentence will come down a lot worse. I tell him that I understand. Then they let me and Teri walk out into the electric Honolulu morning. I feel free.

We get into Teri's rented gray Honda and she takes me to breakfast at the Hard Rock. Then we go to the hotel and she lets me crash. When I get up I shower and then we boink. I make like I'm enamored of her and try to do a good job and make it last. I mean, I am grateful. We have dinner at the Chinese restaurant in the hotel again and go walk to AA and then take a long walk along Waikiki beach.

We make it again after watching cable TV and I try to make sure that she gets her satisfaction. What the hell a woman like her sees in a dude like me I just can't figure but who am I to look a gift horse in the mouth?

She falls asleep earlier than I do. I turn it over in my head. I really don't want to be a doink on some sit com. Probably I can't be a Punk singer for a while. However good a lawyer I get, I stabbed Tim. I'm gonna do some time. When I hear Teri snore lightly hours later I make my move.

I slide out of bed silently and like a ghost I get dressed in my thrashed jeans, Exploited T and boots. I take Teri's purse and take a chance to search thru the top drawers of the dresser. I find a silver necklace, gold chocker with a diamond pendant and a silver bracelet and a gold bracelet with 7 diamonds, I think, set in it. I take my backpack too.

I exit the room and the hotel and when I'm on the street I open the purse and take out the cash, almost 400 bucks, the traveler's checks, a few hundred more bucks and a small camera. I leave the credit cards alone. Then I walk back to the lobby and leave the purse on the front desk.

Next I take a slow walk thru the metropolitan night back up to the cave and actually fall asleep.

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In the morning I get up and take the bus to the mall. I buy a set of electric clippers, scissors and for some reason, a pack of smokes. In the mall restroom I cut my dreads off, buzz my head quick as I can and exit.

Next I eat at McDonald's and try to figure my next move. I feel like a pint but know it's a bad idea. I want to go to me and Angie's old place. That would be stupid. Maybe Kevin's but that's dumb too. Maybe UH or Ron's, I think. I can't go anywhere. I can only go 1 place, I figure.

Walking out of the underground parking lot I see Sid sitting at the bus stop. She looks up at me when I stop and look at her. I think how cool she looks with her mohawk. I get dizzy and swallow back emptiness as I wipeout in a wave of realization.

The Damned covered a 60s psychedelic song that said you could fall in love with anyone. Maybe I guess. Everyone I know exists as a reference point, no, like a twisted funhouse mirror that I see myself in. I love Sid most of all right now. I want to ask her to come with me now, but I can't.

"Hi Sid."

"Pigrock."

"Wanna 'grette?"

"Awright." Sid lights us up and we smoke.

"You stabbed that guy from TRO who stole your stripper girl, huh?"

"Yup."

"That's rad."

"It's not. I'm fucked now."

"What're you gonna do?"

"Get the fuck outta Dodge."

She blows a cloud of gray smoke. I want to tell her that I wish it'd gone different that night. I want to hang with her and spend all my scratch but I gotta run.

"Here, take these. I just wanted one." I give her the pack.

"Shoot." she grabs them.

“Just so you know Sid, you’re the most Punk chick I never made it with.”

She looks at me and smiles. “You ain’t so bad yourself, dude.”

I smile back, get up and walk away.

1st I take the camera to the pawn shop and get \$20 bucks for it from the old Chinese thief proprietor who looks at me sideways but takes it anyway.

I start walking downtown to Kakaako. When I get to Floyd’s past noon I ring his buzzer. He answers on the 2nd buzz.

“Floyd, it’s Paul,” I say.

“Paul, I thought you were in jail,” Floyd’s electric voice comes thru the box.

“I got bailed out.”

He waits before he says anything, “I’ll buzz you in.”

The buzzer sounds and I push the door open. I enter his living area and try to relax.

“Sit down, Paul. Was’up?”

I sit down and tell him that I need a fake ID. He asks me what happened with Tim and how I got popped so I tell him.

“I gotta get off this rock, Floyd,” I say.

He asks what they charged me with and I tell him attempted manslaughter. He says she got me a \$25,000 bond, at least, most likely.

“If this agent gets you a lawyer you might get probation cause they’ll want you to plea down to a heavy assault charge,” he says.

“A lot of people saw me stab Tim, 3 times.”

“You practically paralyzed his arm and shoulder, Angie told me.”

“Oh shit. I’m going down no matter what.”

“You’re probably right.”

“If Teri doesn’t get me a real lawyer, I’m way fucked.”

“Yeah. But when they catch you you’re super way fucked.”

“I’ll go to Mexico.”

“You know Spanish?” Floyd asks.

“Poquito.”

“I have a Hawaii driver’s license I could let you have cheap, a \$100.”

“Sure.”

I pay him cash. He gives me the license. The picture might be me if I had lost some weight since I took the picture and had a darker tan. It’s probably a Filipino. I’m an inch taller than the sucker on the ID. Now I’m officially Ignacio Balangatang.

I thank Floyd and when we stand he gives me a hug and

tells me "Good luck."

"Thanks again, Floyd. Tell Angie I love her."

"Ok."

And I walk out the door and walk to Ala Moana Boulevard to wait for the bus to Honolulu International Airport. I only have to wait 10 minutes and I'm on my way. I'm pretty numb and feel like a ghost.

I look at the ocean as the bus trucks towards the airport. I should maybe go home but that would be stupid. I'll write my Mom and Dad a letter, maybe give them a call.

The bus drives right up to the long causeway in front of the ticket counters of the various airlines. I get off and see the jets flying in and out low over the airport to and from the runway, their jet engines whistling in and out in Doppler sound effect into the too blue sky to an irregular silent rhythm.

I walk into the building and find the Aloha Airline ticket counter, the cheapest.

I walk up to the counter and the agent, a thin dark haired cheeselag with a neatly trimmed goatee and car salesman smile sells me a ticket to San Diego for 180 bones. His nametag says "Adam". He looks over my new ID and looks me over before he lays the ticket on me. It works.

"Thank you, sir," he says.

"No, thank you, Adam."

If I'm gonna be inconspicuous I gotta stop being a smartass.

So now I have a little over \$100 cash, some jewelry and some traveler's checks. I'd better wait till I get to Mexico to use them.

I have to wait a couple of hours for my flight to depart. I wanna buy a drink but know that I can't. I look at the paperbacks at a newsstand but they ain't cheap either. My McDonald's breakfast should hold me till they feed us on the plane but maybe I could use a bag of chips or a candybar. I buy the newspaper and a bag of Frito's finally.

We board flight 52 to San Diego like 20 minutes after I finish reading the classified ads. I walk on the plane, not even full, stoked to get a window seat. The pilot makes the preflight announcements and soon we zip down the runway and slide up into the sky.

I want Angie but I know she's gone. God Dog's over too. I gotta go now, let it go. I sure had fun while it lasted. Someday, sooner than later I hope, I'll sing songs that don't exist yet.

I look down into the blue ocean way far below. I guess I'm going to Mexico. I wonder if they extradite. Maybe from there I can make it to Nepal.

Raoul Vehill graduated from Hawaii Loa College in 1984 with a major in communication arts. He was well known in Hawaii not only as a punk rock singer but as an accomplished artist and television personality. In 1988 he moved to Chicago where he pursued a successful career as an underground film director and producer. Recently he has been keeping closer to his native Denver.