

TAKE YOUR PAIN PILLS BEFORE YOU GET HURT

Doc Howell was pleased with the way my finger was healing, and complimented me on staying home and out of trouble. He assured me I'd regain full use of it and wrote me another doozie of a prescription. I went home and tinkered with the new additions to my stereo, layed out the complex security system, and drank Scotch with my codeine. That mesmeric copulation with the almond pussy urged me to look further into these drugs. They were more pleasureable and certainly easier than the ego hassles and psychedelic fireworks of my sacraments.

I probably should have experimented with Kela, but some deep and unresolved fear kept me from her. I guessed she'd say it took drugs to let me show my feelings. Odd isn't it that we can show some things only to those who can't see inside us? Instead, I left her with some girlfriends and went to the old whaling capital of the Pacific, Lahaina, to get a better perspective on these new highs. It was surely the place for such research.

The most licentious port anchored in any fleet of islands, it harbored the driftwood and flotsam of humanity's tides. There, cut adrift in a placid calm, the outcasts from life's mainstream had spilled along her docks, bars, and warehouses in unremitting abandon since the white man's arrival in this ocean. Among them, defying death each morning, lived the daredevils who dove for that precious commodity, the treasured black coral from purple corridors at the bottom of the channel.

Ralph had settled here, and amongst these castaways he reigned as czar and overlord of a nefarious drug empire that stretched across the world. This time I was ripe to try his venues of escape and pleasure. Listening to his tales of adventure across South America on the cocaine circuit, I snorted line after line of this stuff, chasing codeine down with Scotch, and feeling just fine about it all.

I related my fruitless escapade to Asia, while he opened a cellophane bag and put some heroin into a pipe of ganja. The euphoria of just being settled over me, without the usual split debate of God and self. Wow, it was so fucking easy! No wonder the Stones had managed their surreal pace. What a fool I'd been! I brought up the unique sex with the almond pussy, and he smirked about the perpetual hard-on one could achieve with enough coke. You just stuck your cock in a jarful, and it was done! The drug world was definitely opening new doors. Actually they were old...it was me who was late!

We babbled all afternoon, lazed in the slanting sunlight on his deck perched on ancient pilings. A few customers came

through the jungled path from Front Street...Fast Eddie and Buddy Boy, testing products before scurrying off to appointed drops, pick-ups, and collections. I was amazed at Ralph's clientele and popularity with the heavyweights who vacationed in his exotic town. Steve Miller wandered in and out, as if I should leave. Finally introduced, he settled into our conversation.

Ralph was excited about synthesizing DMT and we jumped across some missing planks to his closet-like lab, where he stirred up vials of consciousness. He pointed out cocaine purity tests and washes for heroin additives. Then, he turned on an Erlenmeyer flask with a hose attached to it. Dropping some crystals in, the three of us took turns breathing vapors as they swirled into the core of our being.

The sun didn't go down that night. It hovered motionless as islands danced in the channel, and huge patterns within patterns consumed everything. An awesome sound, like the generators that ran the universe, penetrated the evening sky as we nodded together...huddled on planks of time as the ocean murmured secrets to us. Then, blinking in realization that Ralph had created this state of mind, we started howling in manic laughter so uproarious that sailors and surfers offshore took notice. Madmen, they surmised, and went on about their business.

It was during that initiation to sensual drugs that I may have changed a little. Surely I crossed over a line that had kept me safe until that time...something like the one at Tuy Hoa. We binged on an excess of everything in the pharmacopeia, laying extensive plans for smuggling routes, financial backing, and splitting profits. Our influence should not be discounted as mythical...we had hit the big time for real. I ran the ganja, Ralph the heavy stuff, and Crane the Brotherhood's acid and hash routes...an all-star cast of Hawaii boyz doin' good!

The world beat a path to our door. Customers and friends came and went on the meandering planks drenched in a history of excess, and got what they were looking for, if not more! The rich and famous found us, and it seemed the center of world consciousness at that time was Maui. Jimi Hendrix moved in with Ralph, and they began shooting so much heroin I could never get a conversation finished. Still freaked by the needle, I went back to Hana. I must've had a little sense left...

Kela was depressed by the constant rain, and wanted friends living nearby and more contact with the world. So we set out in search. We toured every island, from the north shore of lush Kauai to the lava flows of Kona on the Big Island at the southern end of the chain. We looked at farms and river valleys and isolated coastlines, chartering helicopters and searching thoroughly for our perfect paradise, yet were not taken with any special spot. I sensed we'd know if it was right, but that harmony I

anticipated did not appear. So we bought fancy clothes, went to concerts, and became tourists for a while, instead, trying to make up our minds about each other as well.

We returned to Hana, where life temporarily bloomed. Our organic garden became a village interest, and we sold its produce through the Hasegawa General Store, even though Harry, the owner's son, despised me and thought my "hippie world," motorcycle riders, and crazed fishermen pals would subvert Hana's culture. He was probably right, and to this day their smug committee can be proud his great foresight drove me to other shores...for surely I would not have let them down.

The mad world I associated with outside Hana began to leak in like some contaminant, etching new marks on the grain of tradition there. Straight-pipe Husky dirtbikes raged past Harry's store, wheelstanding for miles through the once-peaceful countryside. Private planes unloading Laguna princesses and dapper young gentry were met by Hana's local population, gawking and murmuring, on an all-too-regular basis. Our parties would buy out his entire liquor inventory, and the comings and goings of creatures heretofore unknown were far more than this staunch vigilante of mediocrity could bear.

It was going too fast and far to keep track of, I'll admit, but the world then was just that way. Change swept on like a great wave and no one could stop it, not even little Hana. We were just part of a much larger movement, maybe its crest, but surely moved by greater forces than appeared on the surface.

We dove off the Sacred Pools bridge, howled at the moon, and even took some dirtbikes through the Koolau gap into Haleakala Crater in an unprecedented feat of cross-country skill, blazing up cinder cones a thousand feet high. With eyes glazed by acid and cocaine, we cut a fearsome swath, like death riders in the sky, past the common man. Tourist, camper, ranger and indigent alike were set spinning in our wake. It couldn't last for long...

Local fishermen couldn't believe the coral divers with their modern equipment. The appearance of this group sent the whole village locking their daughters away 'til the scourge passed. Harold, Raymond, Turtle, Mad Mike, and Danson got what they wanted anyway. Just like at Leary's, girls would slip from the darkness into the glow of our nocturnal revelry.

Hana couldn't hold up to the barrage leveled at its fragile social fabric. The rips and tears were apparent to the blind, but none of my contemporaries could see. We put out feelers through our circle of friends to join us in purchasing a sizeable farm to create our new community. Everyone seemed to be waiting, as if a leader was the key. I didn't mind organizing things if it wouldn't be construed as an ego trip. Just then, Saint George fell into this

precarious vacuum in our evolution, squirting goeey new thoughts into Kela...through that enticing hole between her legs.