

LORD OF FULCRUM ROCK

Past Seven Sacred Pools, the road was unpaved around Maui's dry, west end. About fifty miles on that trail, carved through a desolate volcanic desert, would bring one to Makena. Here the sun always shone and miles of crystal beaches rolled in great dunes shaded by "kiawe" trees, the only plant strong enough to survive that barren world. No road to speak of carried the common tourist, no water, or power lines disrupted nature's serenity, and few houses could be found out this far. The hippies owned these Elysian fields, naked in paradise, camped in the shade, unconcerned with the outside world.

Over this exotic nirvana at the end of the long beach, in the only house, with the only water...loomed the aura of Saint George. The moment I met him at my party in Hana, I felt threatened by his presence. Like a snake's, his eyes had penetrated Kela's fragile soul. In that instant, a change came over her as she watched him drift about the gathering with his women in tow. I remember discussing the Tibetan tonkas with him, his invitation to Makena, and his strange eyes. That's as far as I got before something needed tending and I'd wandered off to adjust our environment, leaving him to loot it of its very spirit, so to speak, as far as Kela goes.

There we were, at her urging, setting up our little tent near his house on the point. It was about an hour before sunset, and the acid was working its way around my brain as I laid out our camp in its usual order. I've always been fussy about campsites, and this time I'd even brought a rake to clear "kiawe" thorns from our area. Nasty trees they are, a leftover from the whalers who'd planted them for firewood to boil blubber in great kettles.

I was setting a line of little stones for the boundary of the kitchen, and raking neat paths here and there, when the "lord" came blowing a flute, balls dangling, and a troupe of naked madonnas splendiferously trailing behind him. The man had an exceptional way about him, I muttered to myself, humming with the "Moody Blues" and raking what order I could into my tiny universe. His women welcomed Kela into their ranks, whereupon she disrobed and joined his entourage of angels drifting down the beach. It was all that simple...cleaner than even the stoplight of our first separation had been. Her pied piper came and she just followed.

I stood with my rake and little dog, Limpy, numb in the sunset, absorbed in a distinct feeling that life had just made another one of its radical changes without notifying me. I didn't know what to do. Limpy gave me one of those snide,

presuming smiles of his and wandered off to take a crap. I raked some more, spotting thorns with one eye and the naked women at the water's edge with the other.

It shouldn't take much imagination to guess what the rest of the night was like. I was the only one with clothes on, of course, and also the only one not blissed-out and participating in their nuptial ceremony. It was fucking awful! Kela'd finally found her magic place in life and all I could do was sit in silent observance, catatonic once more, lost in patterns and sounds.

Morning finally came, and Limpy and I broke camp solemnly and headed for Lahaina. I told Ralph about the fractured reality my marriage was in, and he reassured me our way was right...that all these acid gurus were the same--phonies. I wasn't so sure about that, but a few lines of coke with a blast of DMT and I was clear as a bell. Personal power flowed through me and the urge to danger dominated our plans once more. Ralph was going to Bolivia, and I would soon be off to Laos. We spent the night in raucous bravado, coked out of our trees, getting into a fistfight in the street and puffing up each others' lips pretty good.

The next day, Harold and Raymond dragged me out in the Lizard's boat to dive for some big fish in the icy depths of the channel between Maui and Molokai. I couldn't believe the hangover that gripped my head like two metal hands, and wondered how they performed these deadly dives so totally inebriated every morning. Of course, their life expectancy was about a year, and they commonly got the bends or chopped parts of their hands off hacking away with hatchets at the fanning coral as it swayed in the currents 240 feet deep. Giant sharks circled slowly, their unblinking eyes menacingly alert to our every move, as incalculable schools of tuna and jacks sparkled in the slipstream.

I'd never been this deep before, and much preferred looking for barnacle-encrusted bottles and artifacts tossed overboard a hundred years ago by whalers in the roadstead. Harold had even found one of their giant blubber pots, which now sat outside the museum. Riding the anchor flukes, skimming along a few feet above the sandy bottom as the boat drifted a hundred feet above us, was my kind of dive.

Clouded by a drugged and fatalistic indifference, I slipped overboard with two steel cylinders on my back, and sank like a slippery stone through layers of color and coolness to the 180 foot level and the "ulua" hole. In a gaping cavern, we were going to corner some monstrous denizen and kill him in his dark lair. The Lizards carried bang sticks with shotgun charges at their threatening tips, while I gripped a handful of thin spears to poke the red squirrelfish called "mempachi."

Once I became accustomed to the cold, violet hues, a surreal vista absorbed me. Forgetting the Lizards in their

coordinated attack on the beast, I explored a vast milieu of life I'd never seen. Huge starfish crawled across mammoth shells, breaking them apart and eating their occupants. Threatening eels of a color and size I'd never imagined hissed at me, while giant lobsters waved their antennae, directing a symphony of liquid sound through the depths.

The cavern beckoned, and shuddering like a wet cat, I slithered into its eerie chamber with the sweet taste of nitrous building in my mouth and my tanks clanking as they scraped the cold walls of Neptune's inviolate sanctuary. My presence created a flurry of finny forms, and I unsheathed my quiver of arrows and began firing away. Consumed in my killing frenzy, I didn't notice time passing, setting the stage for a close call with death and converting my catch to an abandoned heap of sharkbait on the ocean floor.

I had no experience or instruction. In fact when I looked for the Lizards they were gone. They forgot me entirely! The sensation of running out of air came on me like a sudden swoon. In flailing panic, I struggled to turn, but was blocked by bent spears, and scraped in agony against fingers of fire coral. Like a torpedo, I burst into currents so purple it seemed up was down! Sucking vainly at my air supply, I crawled like some hysterical animal toward beams of light...shining guides from the surface so far away it looked like space speckled with stars.

My life flashed before me on an incandescent screen, while my consciousness, in no panic at all, observed the tiny creature struggling through silver bubbles and clawing at the shroud encasing him. I thought this calm and deliberate vision odd. The light, though brighter by the moment, was always further away, like in a nightmare where you can't run.

Shedding the tanks in a cathartic nakedness, I became a fish, transferring my view from without to within. There seemed no need to breathe then. I exploded onto the surface to see the boat swerve and almost run me over. Good, they'd come back for me! Uncle Raymond and I sat on the anchor flukes for an hour after that, buddy-breathing sweet life stuff at 150 feet while the narcosis trickled out of my blood. All I remember is his reassuring smile and bubbles of laughter as we dangled at the end of the line.

Once ashore, the first thing we did was consume a blistering concoction of every drug in Ralph's arsenal, getting so fucked up I crawled around that night, bar to bar, on all fours, asking others who'd had the bends if their joints ached. Luck was with me and I was taken in by a young lass who made me forget my close call with death, and even the hollow agony in my heart.

Somewhat recovered by noon the next day, I headed for home the back way past Saint George's. Kela was naked, still swooning over her lord like some concubine in a Kamasutra extravaganza. I tried to get her alone, but she said I could

speak in front of her family, as they were all one. Boy, this had really gone too far. How do you ask your wife if she's coming home or wants a divorce under such circumstances?

I beckoned her master to parlay in private, and was encouraged when he came with me out to the point. Limpy followed us, trying discreetly to keep his shit-eating grin disguised by looking in crab holes. There we got to know each other briefly, and I was amazed at his story. His name really was Saint George, he was forty-five, independantly wealthy, from an old East Coast family, and tight buddies with another nemesis of mine, good 'ol Timmy Leary. He was totally upfront about the girls. Leaning against a rock, he stroked his half-hard penis and told me shit I couldn't believe!

First he assured me that he had not, "cast his seed in my woman's womb," and then proceeded to explain a new religion emerging in which women were free spirits and sex bound us all as one. This made me nervous, but it was my own fear, not any particular advance he made towards me. I was sure this guy was a total believer in his philosophy, and therefore it worked for him.

Tantric sex was his basic text, and control of kundalini stimuli up the spinal chakras or nerve centers was his yoga or way of life. These new-age women were his medium to reach Nirvana. The whole idea in a nutshell was to make them cum without doing so yourself. It was all a matter of balance...one needed to use the male shaft as a fulcrum for them to rock on. It was easy. He couldn't help it if they idolized him while he was at it, now could he? He then winked at me knowingly.

"You see," he said, "the penis is the most powerful tool and cosmic key given man to reach heaven. All the swords and pens in his hands cannot touch the power of mindfully applied sex."

Good grief! I'd heard it all now! I thought of the many saints and gurus I'd met across the world. True, some had beat around this bush, but none had ever been so blatant about it. Here's this guy smiling serenely at me, cock in hand, having just fucked my wife, and I'm enthralled with the simplicity of his theory! I'm just naive, I guess.

My mind reeled, and I sought to escape the whole mess. Saint suggested I practice with Diana, and a breathtakingly beautiful Negress sauntered up and sat on the rock opposite me, spreading her legs to expose the pinkest cunt I'd ever seen! She turned out to be Huey Newton's girlfriend, and I sat there wondering whether a woman scorned or the Black Panthers' wrath should be my fate. I excused myself to wrap us some loose ends and drove to Wailuku, got my lawyer to draw up an uncontested divorce, and raced back out to Makena with some borrowed tools and a load of lumber.

Mixed emotions of rage and lust crossed my ragged mind

while I fixed up the little boat shed for Kela. I was so stupid, I thought she'd live in it by herself if I made it nice enough. I was wrapping up her kitchen when she calmly came over and signed the papers as the sun sank into the ocean. The moment will live with me forever...Dylan's voice crying softly right then in the background, "Stay lady, stay. Stay with your man a while..." Limpy and I stood in it, an agony unlike any other, watching her golden hair flutter in the wind as she strolled naked down the sand and out of my life.

Diana came to me then and led the way to a couch, where we caressed each other and I cried like a lost child sucking at her breast. Later that night, she initiated me in the ways of her master. I came too soon the first time, but the second was better. The lessons going well, it seemed with practice, one actually could rock them on their fulcrum.

I watched, with Diana on my lap, as Saint's sexual seance unfolded beyond laced veils in candlelight and perfumed incense. The women came one by one, rocking on his shaft to orgiastic heights, lifting themselves off their phallic altar, brushing the next devotee's hair, and anointing her breasts with oil...whence it would continue on through his entire harem. Boy, I could barely believe what I was seeing! This fellah really had something going here.

Then Kela was prepared ever so gently by two attending maidens, and she slid onto the still-hard tool, arching in ecstasy like the rest. All the while old Georgie Boy sat entranced in the full lotus position, eyes rolled back in his head, and his women auming softly in unison. OK, I muttered to myself, I've seen it all now...

In the morning, I tried to take her out for a farewell breakfast, but we started arguing about why I locked my car and was so concerned with material possessions...like my friend's tools, for instance, and other hippie-oriented crap like that. I got so pissed off I strangled her against the car window, telling her she could go rock her twat on his divine cock 'til hell froze over.

Then I departed heaven's half-acre, saying I was gonna skin her cat, leaving her in tears. Women only seemed in their place when they were crying or spread out on some sheets. I raged outta there, passing up Saint's kind offer of more free lessons.

I drove like a madman, bouncing over boulders and stream crossings, screaming sideways across wooden bridges, laughing at the destruction of my faithful car...my whole world, more like it. I watched Limpy try to keep his balance as we careened through the universe. He'd look at me, at the fleeting surroundings, then lick his lips and give me one of those grins. We were on our own now...