

Feature By: JAMAICA JOE

Photos by JAMAICA JOE
and
BIG DRAWERS



Pigeon Island, Ja.



Jamaica no problem



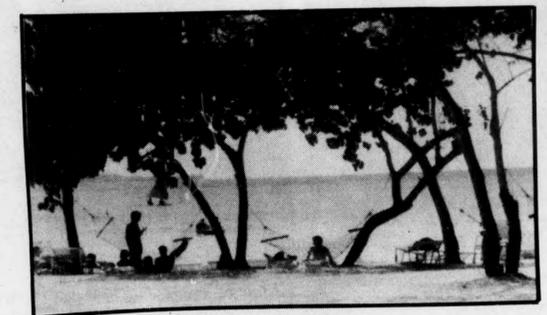
A small party at a friend's house.



Big Drawers and Co. in the sea.



Life at Hedonism II



Beach Bums



amaical. . . . Ah, the mere mention of its name sends a warm feeling through my body and a wild anticipation of what the next vacation will be like. . . but, that'll be in next year's edition when I write about how I spent my summer vacation. For now, sit back and relax, 'cause I got a story to tell! . . .

IT ALL BEGAN IN MID OCTOBER, when I started scrambling for reservations to get any flight I could down to Jamaica. I was informed that there was one with several stops leaving the 19th of December, or a direct flight on the 21st. Not wanting to miss any of the Christmas festivities, I decided to take my chances with losing my luggage and travel on the 19th. All was fine with the exception that my hand luggage weighed more than my checked luggage, which resulted in a sore shoulder for me. Anyway, after leaving Montreal at 11:00 a.m. and arriving in Kingston, Jamaica at 12:30 a.m., I was relieved to find that all my bags had arrived intact and un-battered, which is always a good sign.

At this point, I was expecting one of two parties to meet me at the airport: (a) my parents, with hugs and kisses, or (b) my friends with a cold Red Stripe (Jamaican beer).

To my shock and dismay, there was no one there to meet me. All at once, about six taxi drivers started fighting for my bags (this I suspect

was from the bewilderment on my face). This irritated me, because I was being treated as a tourist. I guess that is why I shouted out "EEEasy!!" in a thick Jamaican accent. This settled them down as I told them I did not need their services and proceeded to phone home and ask about my drive.

To make a long story short, I got to bed at about two o'clock that morning.

The next morning, at about eight o'clock, I was rudely awoken by my good friend Gordon Clarke, A.K.A. Big Drawers (B.D.) (note: being pushed out of bed is not the nicest way to wake up!). My ears tuned in to hear B.D. telling me to put on shorts and a T-shirt and to get a towel and get in his car! I numbly complied with his orders, seeing as I was obviously not going to be allowed to sleep in.

After a two hour drive and one flat tire, we arrived at Salt River, a river that leads out to open sea. There, waiting for us, was a fifty foot swan racing yacht. We boarded this and sailed through crystal clear water for 3/4s hour before we reached our final destination - Pigeon Island. There was a disco on the beach, free drinks and food, as well as about four hundred people.

Did you know that alcohol can be beneficial in obtaining a tan at the beach? When you consume sufficient amounts you may either pass out and fry in the sun or end up telling beautiful girls things you shouldn't. The latter tends to be more physically painful than the first, especially if they are sober at the time.



Jamaica Jill

The final result of that party was that over thirty cases (flats) of beer, twelve cases of rum, four cases of vodka, five cases of miscellaneous (Gin, Scotch, etc.) and seventy cases of soft drinks were consumed, as well as 700 pounds of meat that was bar-b-queed. All in all, it was a great party.

The rest of the holiday was pretty routine; either going to the beach or to a friend's house for the day, and going out to parties or the local night club at night.

Then New Year's Eve came around. This was a truly wild New Year's Eve. There were bottles of champagne everywhere, a couple of which I used for champagne fights with P.S. (Jean-Pierre) the local mouse who cannot play dominos to save his life.

People were everywhere, and everyone was having a great time, due to the great music, high spirits, and free drinks. Time flies when you're having fun and before we knew it, it was 8:00 a.m. and time for me and Big Drawers to go to the air port for the flight to Hedonism II.

Hedonism II is one of four Super Clubs in Jamaica. Once you are a guest there, all food, drinks, watersports, and entertainment are free. B.D. and I arrived at about 9:30 a.m. and planted our tushes on the bar stools where we had several coconut rum and pineapple drinks before accepting a tour from my sister who is the sales executive for the hotel.

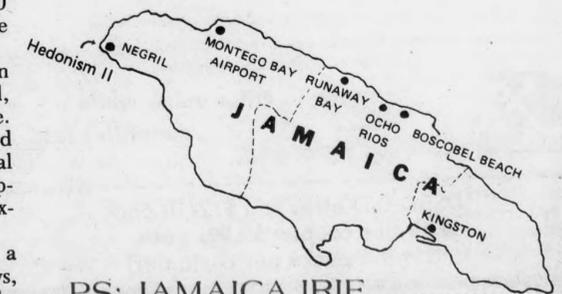
Hedonism is exactly what its name says it is, a way of life based on pleasure, and as its logo says, the pleasure comes in many forms. For B.D. the

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Swatabee for comic relief
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Jamaica for a wicked and wild Christmas.

pleasure came in trying to figure what material the bikinis were made of. I enjoyed the famous toga night immensely. If you thought there were some fancy togas during Orientation Week, you should have seen the french wrapped bed sheets we observed. The entertainment was different to say the least (that night was guest entertainment night, which had some dancing, singing, acting, etc.)

All on all, Big Drawers and I had the wildest time you could imagine. We won't soon forget the woman at the bar who said, "Isn't this place great? Where else can you get all the blowjobs and screaming orgasms you can possibly manage, for free??" (P.S. These are drinks, folks.)

Now I can feel blood slowly trying to enter my alcohol system, so I shall retreat to my private stock to postpone the withdrawal symptoms! Hic! - Catch ya later.



PS: JAMAICA IRIE . . .