

Ko Samui & Ko Phangan
Home of the Infamous Full Moon Party
(and that damned camera really
acted up again....)
February 2017



The last time I was on Thailand's Ko Samui in 1982 I stayed in a \$3 a night bamboo hut on the beach. My, how lifestyles change over time. Marilyn, one of the gang on this adventure, asked, "Wouldn't you like to be 21 again?" "Only if you gave me a million bucks."



Not a bad view for retired Brit investment banker Clive and Caran to awaken to.



Sitting room next to bedroom. The pond has giant goldfish. They berth their 44-foot yacht in Victoria, BC.



Why the hell aren't I as photogenic?



We were guests at their 11,000-square-foot villa. That's Caran's cousin Jake sitting. He and Bev the "Flasher" invited us to join them and friends Chris and Marilyn, the four touring SE Asia together.



Flasher had been among the 12 friends joining us on that great Turkish *gulet* we chartered for \$36,000 and sailed the southern Turquoise Coast (see Jason and the Ugurnauts in 2013's blog). She was with us on the Missouri too.



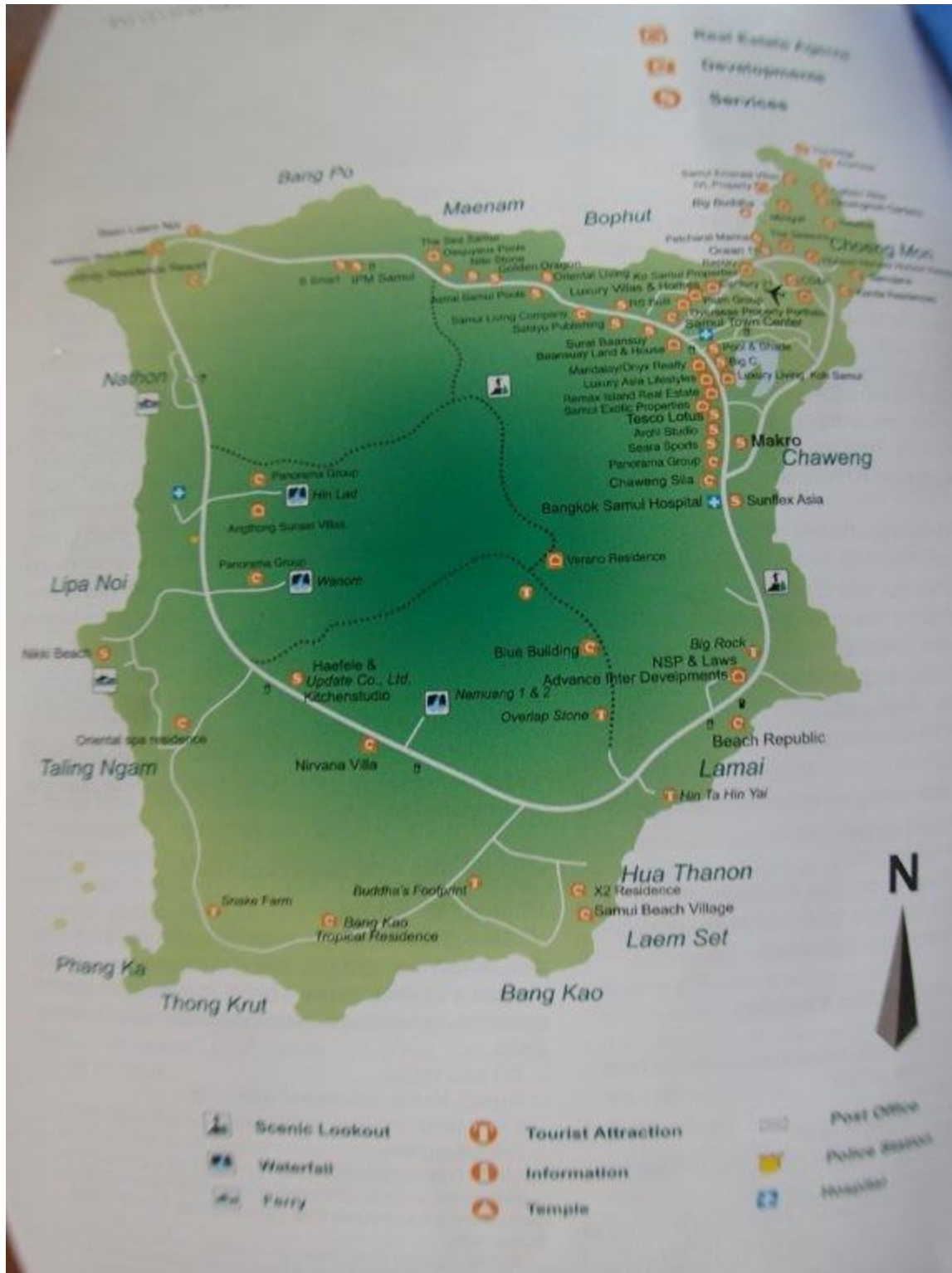
Let's get the boring people pictures out of the way. Flasher with her boy toy Jake and Clive on the left.



Our bed and bath were half the size of our main floor at home. Cool digs. Major cool. One of the most beautiful homes I've seen.



There's four levels, six bedrooms and the villa is also for rent. www.chuddanip.com



When I was here in primitive times, the island's town was in the bottom left. It's now in the upper right, where the villa is. On a prominent hill at the top tip.



It was hard getting me away from the pool. While the gang were newbie tourists, I've been a travel writer since 1973 and living in Thailand full and part time since '82. But they managed to load me into the back of the truck a couple of times.

Fisherman's
Village

**BOPHUT
WALKING
STREET**

KOH SAMUI










Up yours too. Buddy.







We et out that evening.

The image features a motivational quote centered on a dark, textured background. The text is rendered in a bold, white, distressed font that resembles weathered metal or concrete. The quote is arranged in four lines, with each line containing a single word or a short phrase. The background is dark and slightly out of focus, showing some blurred lights and structures, possibly from an industrial or urban setting. The overall mood is gritty and inspiring.

DREAMS
DON'T WORK
UNLESS
YOU DO

Saw this plaque at a shop. I'm sure Clive and Caran agree. Marilyn again: "You wouldn't want to be 21 again even if you knew what you know now?" "Uh-uh. The path wouldn't be much different and I'd still have to go through all that work."

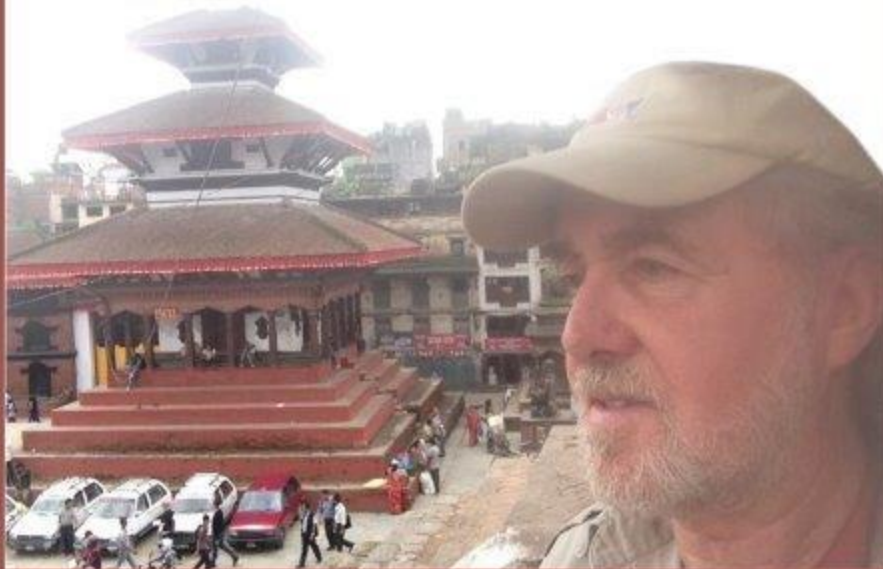
AN ADVENTURER'S SEVEN POINT GUIDE TO LIVING AN INTERESTING LIFE

JASON SCHOONOVER

Jason Schoonover knows very well that I am a man after his own adventurous heart. Learn from his methods and words of wisdom now before you lay on your deathbed with regrets—LES STROUD, Survivorman

Prepare to be inspired—GEORGE KOUROUNIS, Angry Planet

Jason Schoonover is incredible. He lives the most varied, fascinating life of anyone I know—DANIEL BENNETT, President Emeritus, The Explorers Club



But I certainly believe in following dreams having, literally, written the books on the rewards.

ADVENTUROUS DREAMS, ADVENTUROUS LIVES

Collected and Edited by

JASON SCHOONOVER

Foreword by

MEAVE LEAKEY

I had no idea when I had my first youthful dream of flight that it would take me all the way to the moon—but that's the power unleashed in following one's dreams. Jason Schoonover's book should be required reading in every school. —BUZZ ALDRIN



I have an author's page on Amazon. <https://www.amazon.com/Jason-Schoonover/e/B005PO6CKI> And that's the message from our sponsors.





Another time they threw me back in the truck box and shipped me to the pier.



It's a 45 minute ferry across to Ko (means "island" BTW) Phangnan.



It's the home of the infamous Full Moon Party, a Bacchanalia of sex, drugs (mainly ecstasy I gather) and rock 'n' roll. Or whatever in hell they call their brand of "music" these days. And I sound like an old foggy when I was a kid and rock 'n' roll

was breaking out in the early '50s, leaving Mitch Miller behind. Well, I am a geezer, and an old radio music director, and the music *is* garbage these days. It's no wonder the recording biz is in as much trouble as newspapers.



We arrived two days after the most recent one and this refugee was still recovering. The last of 10,000-30,000.



This is how geezers attend the beach, Haad Rin, where the bash is held: in the daytime. Helluva nice beach.



There was even a great Buddh-...oh, shit. That damned camera is doing it again....



Oh, Jeez. I even changed the batteries....





This is getting completely out of hand. I'm going to try one last time.



Now, just a minute. This is a bloody poster! I passed this on Walking Street!



Manikins? What the hell is going on?



Oh, thank gawd. Finally.



While I tried to fix the damned Nikon by bashing it on a rock, we stopped for a drink.



We rented a herd of bikes, 125cc.



And with Clive leading, we roared (well, putted) from the bottom peninsula tip up the middle of the island to the top, then back around by the left coastal route.



Heck's Angel Jason Schoonover and his beer swilling and belching moll, The Dragon Lady.



The surface was excellent but the route was pretty boring, frankly. The only real attraction on the island is the Full Moon Party.



Some nice beaches, of course, this being Thailand.



And one helluva neat bar.





Clive knew every watering ho-...oh jesus...here it goes again. And a manikin again!
This camera is sick! SICK I say!



I turned it off and we loaded back onto the 5:30pm ferry.



...For what I hoped would be an uneventful ride home. How the hell did it turn itself on?



Once back at the villa I got to use my Royal Life Saving Bronze Medallion lifeguard training to dive into the pool and heroically save the life of this beautiful moth floundering in the deep end (which, actually, was even the shallow end for it).



After all that we had two masseuses come to the villa to give us \$16 massages. Hearing familiar sighs, I thought she must be having a happy ending and I glanced over but she was just enjoying the massage.



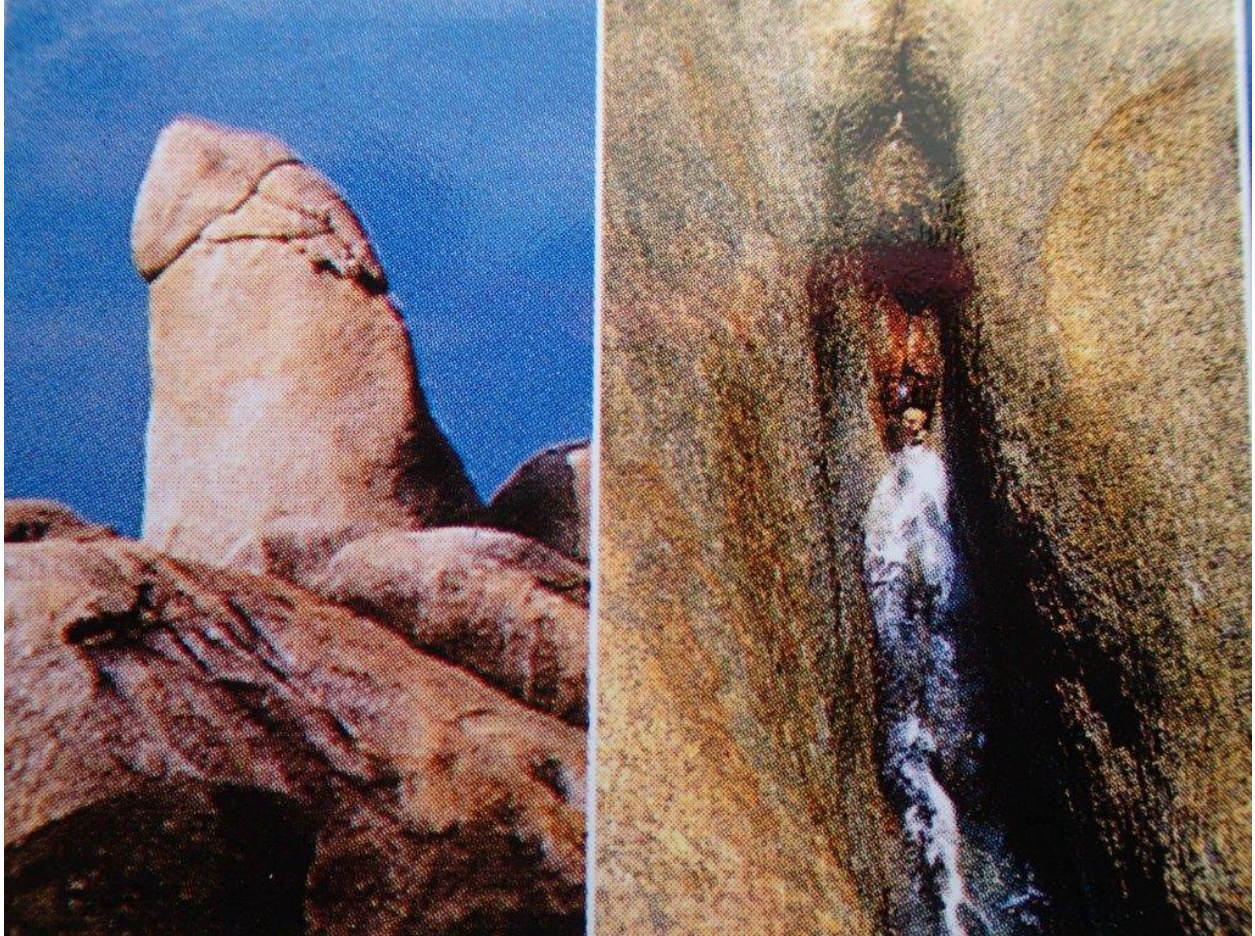
Chris went fishing one day. That's Marilyn looking adoringly up at her man provider.



We did a tour of the island which took in the infamous grandfather and grandmother rocks. Only in Thailand....



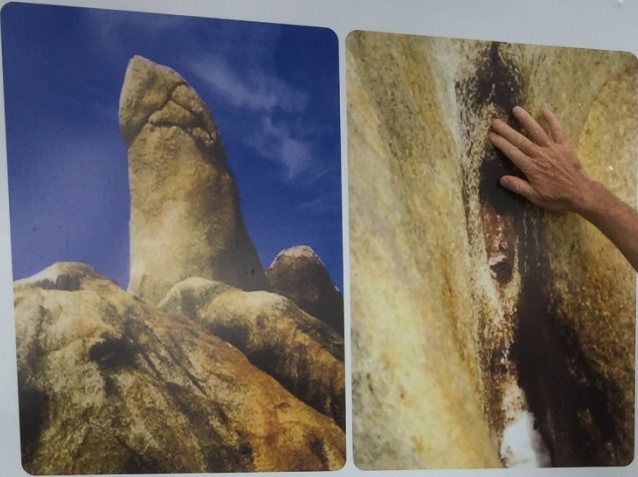
In 1982 I had my beach hut adjoining but now it's wall-to-wall touristo shops and crowds. Still fun, and beautiful boulders.



Incredibly, the formations are only 100 feet apart, and they'd fit.

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ความ



Hin Ta – HinYai ● KohSamui ● Thailand



I'm told that somewhere around here is some kind of magic button...? I'm not sure what happens if one finds and pushes it. Bubbles, balloons or banners pop out?



Trust Su. She's as sick and sex obsessed as my camera.



That's Jake moaning in ecstasy.



It was here he ran up to me. “Jason! Now my camera is infected!” Oh, gawd, I felt just terrible. First Tony’s camera on the Red Deer River. Now another. I just don’t know what to do....



And his camera is really infected. It's even shooting blurry. And ample bottoms.



While I try to solve the problem once and for all, it's back to the pool in the rain.



Love this water- and drop-proof Olympic Tough with its fisheye. Peter Rowe had one on the Turkish cruise and I had to have it when I saw the pictures it took. Course he had nothing to do with it, being a film maker (and *Angry Planet* producer). So far it's resisted infection.



Time to call it a night. Man, I'll always feel at home at this place....



But let's wrap with this shot of she who paddles bow in my life. When we're on the road, we become one person. Christ, in April we'll have been happily unmarried 29 years....