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Hedo II Trip Report—April 28-May 10, 2023

Being at Hedo is like wearing an old comfy pair of shoes for me. They fit so nicely. Yet I'm always surprised about something.

Imagine seeing the resort's general manager taking two first-timers' luggage to their room as the guests followed him. Yup! Luis Fitch played bellman! I just grinned.

My first week I saw the departure of the Biff's Bunch (longtime Hedo group) and the arrival of the Sexy Silvers (older Lifestylers). I guesstimate the resort was at 80% capacity. After the Sexy Silvers left, the average guest age plummeted, with lots of newbies, as did occupancy—maybe 40%? Dang it, none of the virgins wanted to be sacrificed.

I sang in the piano bar a lot...all dirty ditties so the quality of my voice didn't matter. One guy accurately guessed I was an English teacher because I enunciated so clearly. Just call me Frank Sinatra.

Michael, the new piano player since Deon died at the beginning of the year, uses an electronic keyboard but plays at a non-painful noise level and has a nice patter with the guests, making them feel welcome to participate.

Jada, an E.C., often joined Michael with her glorious voice and even did a hootchy-coo-mama dance on the piano one night. One night, I dusted off my silly old Yogi Bear song with its naked finale for the top of the piano. I didn't see any one else on the piano.

Singing too much caused me to get the Hedo crud (dripping throat) but I felt just fine. I tested myself—negative for Covid. Some people did catch Covid at Hedo, but the resort seems to have a don't ask, don't tell, hands-off protocol.

Paulette Abbott, the prude beach bartender, wore a mask for about 5 days because she had the sniffles. I think she's the second longest-lasting staff member at Hedo. Jeffrey Johnson has the most years in as food and beverage manager (I think 33+ years)...and he's retiring in a couple years. Eldon Wilson, the piano bar bartender who knew everyone's drinks, left Hedo for other opportunities a few weeks after I returned home.

MoBay Airport Arrival

Although I had used enterjamaica.com to login my immigration arrival information, I still had to use the airport kiosk to print it out and *also* hand the immigration officer a hand-written form. So now the supposedly better system requires two, not one, pieces of paper.

In addition, the tourists are all jammed into a tight area to use the computerized kiosks with no logical egress before going to the immigration agents, where they didn't stamp my passport. How the heck am I going to track my trips anymore?

The customs agent told me I couldn't take extra immigration forms (in case my future flights didn't have them) because they are government documents.



The wood railings outside the guest rooms are no longer black, but more of a tired gray. Yes, that's an editorial comment.



An ATM is in the lobby next to a big QR code on the wall that takes the place of a printed activity schedule. Unfortunately, the QR code info isn't always accurate, and E.C.s sometimes started events on variable schedules.

My time from stepping off the plane (I was the first one off) to completing customs with my luggage was 40 minutes. I did not use Club MoBay, and some people who did use it moved only as fast as me.

Tip: When picking up luggage at Sangster's, remember that the luggage carts are free to use until just before you want to leave the building after going through customs. And notice that there's a hook on the back end to hang carry-on luggage besides putting it in the tiny basket (that was new to me...doh!)

Tale from the Naked City

Many guests play *Guess the Heddo Guest* in Sangster's. One Heddo gal saw a gorgeous woman at the luggage carousel in April. Being bi, the Heddo gal hoped the other woman was going to Heddo. Her hopes escalated when she saw pineapples all over the woman's luggage. (Upside-down pineapples are a signal for folks in the Lifestyle.)

The Heddo gal approached her and asked if this trip was her first to Jamaica. She replied, "Oh, no, I've been here many times!"

The Heddo gal's libido spun into high gear at the thought that she could line up the babe, and she asked, "Which resort are you going to?"

The babe replied, "Oh, I'm not going to a resort; I'm here to do work with disabled and orphan children at the mission."

Then the babe's group approached, and the babe asked the now-crestfallen Heddo gal which resort she was going to. The answer made them all back away as though the Heddo gal was radioactive.

Don't get caught with vibrating luggage: <https://www.travelandleisure.com/airlines-airports/tips-sex-toys-airport-security>

The Drive to Heddo

Good news! Jamaica is going to be working on two bypasses to speed the drive from MoBay to Negril, according to my driver Linley Grant (a.k.a. Mr. Reasonable). Apparently, a road/bridge will run from the Palladium to Lucia to bypass the huge traffic jam in Lucia. And sooner than that addition, a reroute around Sangster's will be constructed so tourist buses can leave MoBay faster. All soon come, of course.

Fixing the Road from Hell leading to Negril in the 1990s took 7+ years. My airport-to-Heddo drive took 2.5 hours because Fridays are a traffic nightmare (1.5 hours is normal).

Jamaica license plates colors have meaning: Blue = new car; white = personal car; green = commercial vehicle; yellow = government vehicle; red = people transport.

You can flag down a route taxi from the side of the road and possibly share a ride. For example, going from Lucea (pronounced *Lucy*) to Negril is \$250 JA (\$1.61 USD). The clock in the tower in Lucea still doesn't work.

Check-in & Heddo Services

Next time you want to have fun at check-in, just complete the resort form question "What are you celebrating?" with the word "Parole."

The resort is still giving each guest a plastic water bottle at check-in. Now they tape your first name on it. Yet again I never used it and left it for the



Barbie theme night offered a photographic backdrop for guests to step into the doll boxes behind the stage. Lots of ladies wore pink.



Heddo placed educational placards around the resort to label some plants and their details. For Monday's mid-day trivia contest, remember that the Lignum Vitae is the national flower of Jamaica. People exported it to Europe in the 16th century to cure syphilis (with mercury).

room attendant. The opening is small (difficult for bartenders to add ice) and it's not insulated.

If you want to see who is checking in that day, meander over to the side table in the lobby with all the plastic water bottles atop the pre-filled check-in forms. Staff may shoo you away, but you can see if friends have checked in yet.

The legal limit for possession of marijuana (also called *ganga* or *weed*) is 5 oz. Jamaicans do *not* call it *pot*. A *spliff* is a joint. Hedo Weedo (the resort head shop) was open, but the Espresso Bar was closed (no espresso martinis!). The rack for free books next to the Espresso Bar was full of donated paperbacks.

Overheard: Jeff, a 67-year-old Hedo newbie, said he liked falling asleep each night in Room 2278 to the sound of women giggling (he was close to the nude pool). Another guest, Wendy, chimed in to say, "That's because all the men are under the water."

The Nurse's Station was being rebuilt so the nurse's office was one of the guest rooms near the spa. One guest ended up paying \$200 for the nurse to come to them at Hedo instead of the free service of seeing the nurse in her office.

Both repeater parties during my trip took place in the courtyard. While the evil art auction is not back, some sexy original paintings donated by a guest artist (who was not there) were auctioned off on behalf of the Hedonism Foundation Fund that supports education costs for Jamaican children.

Overheard: One guest said: "Some people like to sleep under the stars...I like to sleep in a 5-star."

The resort no longer uses printed guest cards for your evaluations and suggestions. The resort emails one of the room's guests after you return home for your online feedback.

Tale from the Naked City

A guest going by the name Y-NOT was using his cell on the nude beach to catch up on news when a guard said he needed to use the sticker he handed him. Y-NOT didn't know what to do with the sticker, so he stuck it on the end of his penis. It was for the cell phone camera lens.

Kama Sutra

The Kama Sutra Palace (KSP) opened again by May 2023. They held free yoga on the prude beach for an hour at 9am, and free hour-long tantra workshops at 2:30pm Monday through Friday. Each workshop covers a different topic. Guests mostly lounge around naked on the mattresses practicing techniques, such as gazing into each other's eyes with hand on chest (without laughing, which is why I won't do it again).

They also have additional sexy massage services available for a fee, but they wear a g-string and do *not* touch your privates. KSP will close for about three months this summer after June, but starts up again in October.



One day a sun dog appeared: The halo around the sun is often caused by ice crystals in the atmosphere. When Iceland's volcano Eyjafjallajökull erupted in April 2010, the same halo occurred at Hedo.



A new backdrop to the front desk (looking like basement paneling) replaced the cheesy blue and white bubble motif. I still miss the original gorgeous painted tiles with the colorful Caribbean motif and Hedo nymph.



Hedo installed updated room direction signs. I found no overall property map though.

Things that Bothered Me

I was surprised at the huge amount of politics being discussed by so many guests, even the non-U.S. ones. I just backed away and did not engage though I do follow the news closely. People even offered sympathy (on 3 occasions!) when I told them where I lived. I was shocked. I just don't want to talk about politics at Hedo.

A nude beach female guard kept harassing me to remove my tiny hanky waist wrap even though all my naughty bits are visible. I even tucked it up so my naked nudity was even more evident. Not only had I bought that tiny wrap on the Hedo nude beach 30 years ago, but I've worn it as ornamentation there for years.

Apparently she also made a guy with a half t-shirt on (for his burnt shoulders) take it off, though his manhood was hanging free. (She said he could wear a towel. What?) Another gal had a faux diamond string wrapped around her body as a swimsuit that left *everything* open, and the guard also told her to remove it.

And Harry, the resort owner, was on the nude beach (albeit briefly to get a drink at the bar) with shorts and shirt on when the rabid guard told *me* to remove my hanky wrap—as I was standing *next* him. He just walked away toward the nude pool.

I think the nude rule has gone overboard. I thought the purpose of the rule was to keep clothed gawkers off the nude beach. Has that changed? I found the absolutism painful and not in the carefree Hedo spirit.

Tip: When a woman (or a man) says, "Thanks, but I don't play," in response to your invitation, avoid asking why or saying "Why are you here then?"

Two day-pass gals passed out at the nude hot tub (overserved with drugs or alcohol or both), and the staff and nurse came down with two wheelchairs to take their catatonic bodies away. On the pathway across from the rooms, the staff milled about the two occupied wheelchairs that were lined up side by side. I almost yelled: "Wheelchair Races!" as I approached, but thought better of it upon seeing puke on the ground and one gal's face and chest covered with a towel. Was she dead or had she just fouled herself?

A working girl was, well, working the beach. She probably paid for a day pass, but her presence certainly changes the vibe of the resort as she asked women about their husbands' availability. Staff knew of her.

Tale from the Naked City

The killer blowjob: While sitting on the side of the nude pool being serviced with the lips of a gal who was not his fiancée, a guest plopped over. Yup, he coded (a.k.a. died). His erection was gone almost as fast as the gal who disappeared into the crowd.

But two police officers and two nurses (all guests) came to the rescue with CPR and brought him back. But 30 seconds later, he coded again. And, again, they brought him back and he stayed alive. About 20 minutes later, the resort nurse arrived, but the four guests had the situation well in hand.

The guest who died twice didn't go to the hospital, had a sore chest, and stayed at the resort for another half week to celebrate his 50th birthday. He did stop drinking for a day or so afterward.



Tissue paper toes: One newbie found the tops of his toes got ripped up from kneeling in the hot tub and prude pool for so long.



Above and below: Local vendors have tables set up near the prude beach pool to sell their wares. They do not approach guests unless they draw near. The giraffes of Jamaica are, no doubt, pleased to be represented.



Silly Games!

Fruit Rollup Game: A guest invented a new game at the nude pool: Girls sit on the edge of the pool with legs spread. Each gal has a partner in the water between her legs who unrolls a Fruit Rollup onto her pudenda. The mission? The partners must try to lick the biggest hole in the Fruit Rollup without breaking its edge. Quite a championship!

An E.C. ran a water balloon toss contest on the prude beach. The balloon was so heavy I couldn't hold it unless against my chest. And throwing it more than a foot or two was impossible. But my ultra wimpy hands became a competitive advantage since the balloon never broke and we won!

Ray from Canada was pleased when a woman doing the carwash game tried to rub off his fake tattoo of a maple leaf on his purple-headed soldier of love for a whole minute—a reminder to use high-quality fake tats.

Double-ended dildo games ran amok. First there was the Tractor-Pull Game. Each girl had to pull it from another girl using just her kegel muscles. (If you are a woman reading this, I betcha you are clenching right now.) Another guest told of a special double-ended dildo that two gals had to stroke (at each end). Whoever did it wrong was squirted with booze from the dildo as though it was orgasming.

When doing trivia contests, often the E.C.s are super exacting, but one did permit a guest to use *stone* instead of *pebble*, the answer on her paper. But *gecko* was not acceptable for *lizard* as an animal that can regrow its tail. Just go with it, Hedo bucks will be forthcoming anyway for participating. I earned more than \$80 Hedo bucks in my 12-night trip!

Cheap thrills: One guest who had gained many pounds in her dotage realized an advantage besides fluffy boobies: While naked and wiggling her hips, her outer labia slapped her clitoris. Whoo hoo!

Hedo renewed their passion. Two long-time Hedo guests with dozens of trips and decades of marriage rediscovered the spark of love and passion for each other, which surprised and delighted them. This trip, they proclaimed, was their best trip ever!

Will I go back? Already booked!



A huge wooden board for the Jamaican game Ludie (online called Ludo) was always present at both the prude pool and the nude beach. The game works much like Sorry: for up to 4 players with 4 playing pieces that need to move around the board to home with dice rolls before the others. Much attacking and sending back to start occurs. Not sexy, but it involves much excited yelling.



An outdoor TV room with three screens has replaced the slot machines in the courtyard. I didn't see anyone use it. But guests were playing Ping-Pong in the outdoor room next door.

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