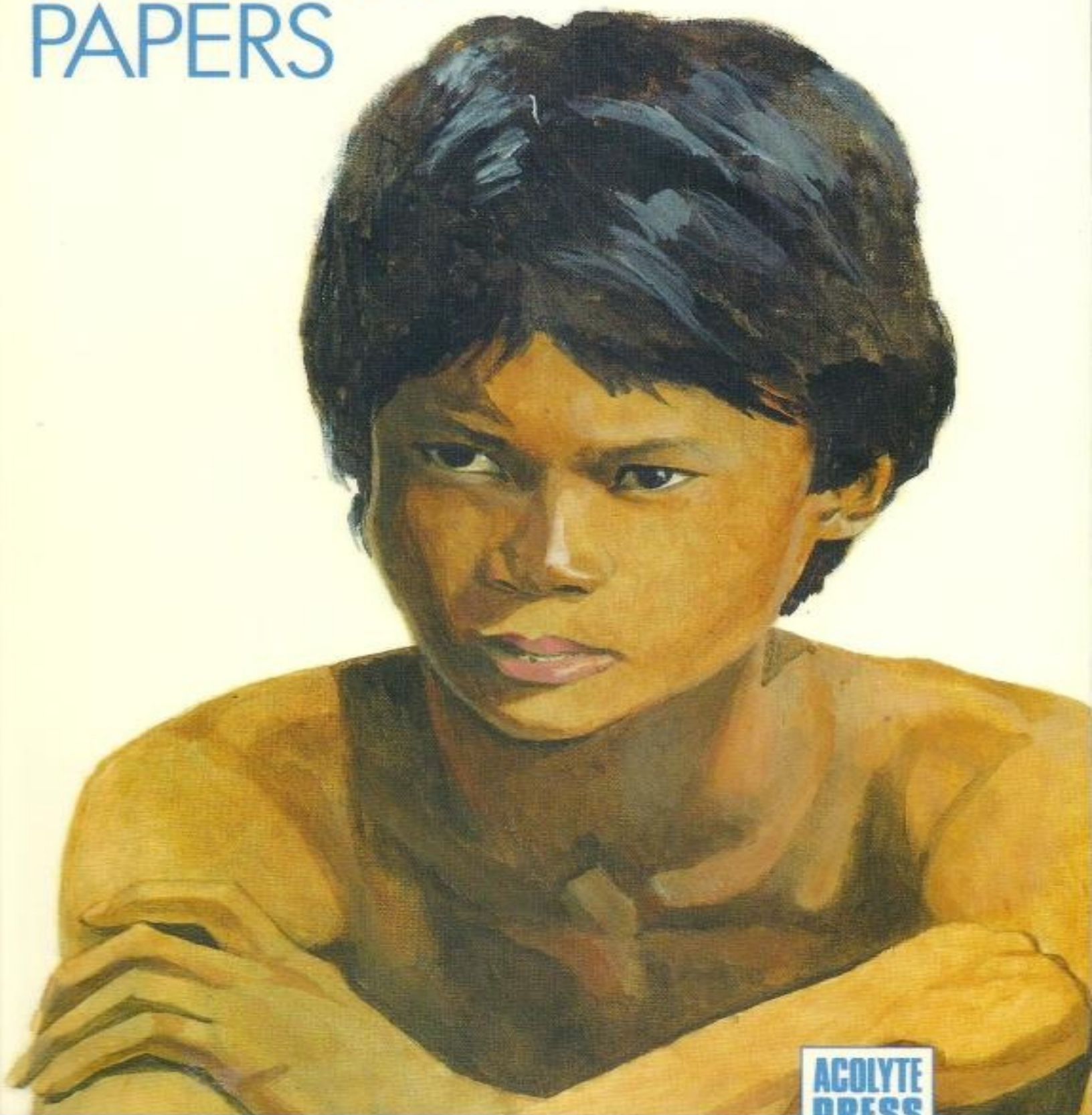


THE richard rawson
PAGGERS
PAPERS



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The Pagers Papers

by Richard Rawson

with an introduction by J. M. Cameron

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Introduction by J. M. Cameron

Reading this delightful reminiscence elicited two quite different responses in me. On the one hand I marveled at how perfectly Richard has managed to capture the essence of life in this earthly paradise; on the other hand, I suspect that had I not been there myself I would probably question his veracity. In fact, as I pen these notes from my bunker it seems impossible that there really did exist, and not that long ago, a place where a lover of lads could indulge his desires so openly, so free from guilt or fear. Now, alas, it's history, and all that remains are the memories of those like Richard who were fortunate enough to have known it in its heyday.

I first heard of Pagers in the mid-sixties, when I was doing some research in the Sodatic Zone. I was told not to miss this jungle village where boys as young as eight practically broke down your door in their eagerness to please you for a modest gratuity. But miss it I did, partly because I only half-believed the tales, but chiefly because by the time I got to that part of the world I was so exhausted from my labors in the fleshpots of Tangier, Colombo, and Bangkok, that the mere thought of further debauchery was as tempting as the prospect of a Lucullan banquet immediately following a seven-course dinner. I was, for the moment at least, sated, so I passed it up.

A decade or so later I began getting first-hand reports about it from reliable friends, among them Richard himself, who pressed me to join him on one of his visits. I resisted, pleading such things as work, commitments, poverty, but when he said, "Don't wait too long, J.M., — *these* are the good old days," a bell rang. Anyone who has ever pursued the elusive faunlet in far-off lands is familiar with the refrain, "You should have been here in the good old days!" I was determined not to miss out on *these* good old days. So I went.

The success of that first trip was due to a large extent to Richard, who from the moment of my groggy arrival orchestrated my initiation into the delights of Pagers. After dumping my bags in Coco Grove No.5 I joined him at the free-form, spring-fed pool, where, like Tiberias with his 'minnows', he was engaged in a game of water-Frisbee with a dozen or so little Speedo-clad boys. He ceased his disporting long enough to introduce me to a couple of youngsters he thought I might find agreeable, and a few minutes later I was back in my room with one of them, who very quickly helped me relieve my pent-up passions. And that night, awakening at what was probably mid-day USA time and finding a warm brown body on either side of me, I thought, "I am dead, and this is how life is meant to be!"

Nothing ever quite matched the feeling of that first night, but from then until my teary departure in Floro's cab three weeks later, I lived in a world I never knew could exist. This was not merely because of the plenitude, sometimes plethora, of potential door-smashers, though this was of course the *sine qua non*. What made the place unique was the atmosphere of acceptance. One didn't have to be furtive. One could walk hand-in-hand with a small friend through the streets of the village and elicit only amused or knowing smiles. Best of all, one could even develop a relationship with a particular favorite, though as Richard warns, and I found out to my sorrow more than once, one fell in love at one's own risk — fidelity was not these boys' strongest suit.

For the boys it was more than just a chance to earn some *baksheesh*, though this was their *sine qua non*. Our rooms provided them with a welcome change from the squalor of their own houses. In addition to offering clean sheets, a hot (often) shower, and a flushing toilet, they were a haven where boys could relax, play cards or other games, socialize, or just catch up on sleep. Two images come to mind. One is of Alex J., (not to be confused with Pretty Alex or Monkey Alex or Awful Alex), naked of course, singing and discoing to "One Way Ticket", a banana for a mike, his loose hips gyrating, his *titi*, his little penis, swinging in circles like stripper's tassel. The other is of 12-year-old Dennis stretched out nude on the bed, one leg flexed, his bottom twitching expressively as he draws vibrant color pictures of his house in Magdapio, or the Falls, or idealized tropical shores he will never visit, singing softly to himself.

It was too good to last, of course. The pendulum had already begun its inexorable swing from the Age of Aquarius back into the dark night of Puritan repression. The Reagan/Meese mentality, abetted by Christian do-gooders, greedy international charities, and self-appointed guardians of the public morals like Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber, would soon make itself felt around the globe. I returned four times, and had many memorable experiences, but with each trip it became increasingly clear that the good old days were numbered. Publicity in a gay guide and a stupid book called *Desert Patrol* caused an influx of rich and indiscreet Europeans who showered the boys with money and fancy clothes, so that they forsook their simple garb of practical shorts and T-shirts for designer jeans and polo shirts with alligators. An Aussie opened a “pub” downtown catering to foreigners. Over our breakfast newspapers we sometimes ran across articles which had unflattering things to say about visitors like us. In town we were sometimes made to feel unwelcome. We learned to keep a low profile. Parents who had not only tolerated but actively supported the “cottage industry” now found themselves ostracized by certain villagers. On my last trip, in 1986, I was greeted, just outside Paggers, by an immense billboard strongly advising pedophiles to go home. At the Lodge there had been nocturnal visitations by immigration authorities. The police were not above supplementing their salaries with a little blackmail. Then, in February, 1988, twenty foreigners were arrested and either deported or jailed. It seemed the end had come.

Can Paradise be regained? If Richard, who knows and loves the place as well as anyone, had the faintest hope that this was possible he never would have permitted *The Paggers Papers* to be published. This is, in fact, in the nature of a “now-it-can-be-told” book, because the party’s over. The fat lady has sung. But the melody lingers on in these pages. Richard sets the tone right off in his three opening vignettes; about a boy named Rolfie who knows where to come to get relief; about a waiter at the Lodge who is annoyed with his son not because he spent the night with Richard but because he didn’t tell his father where he was going; and about a grandmother who thanks Richard profusely and very publicly for being so good to all her grandsons.

You’ll read about a typical dinner at the local restaurant with a dozen or more boys, and an all-day outing via jeepney to a watering spot. You’ll meet Awful Alex, “light of my life and bane of my existence.” You’ll learn how Filipino boys are circumcised, and the author’s own “hands-on” research into pubescent development. Stories about conquests in bed can soon become tiresome, but not as told by Richard. He writes with grace and humor, often ending a piece with a clever little twist. (My favorite is the naughty and hilarious “Cocktails Roman Style”.)

So let Richard be your guide to this fabled place. You’ll be entertained and informed, and along the way you’ll meet many very charming boys. Welcome to Paggers!

The Pagers Papers

Rolfie

Sitting on my porch playing the guitar, I try to shut out the sounds of unmuffled engines pulling the tourist boats up the river below and the children shrilling in the swimming pool a stone's throw away. It's pleasant here, my rattan chair tipped back, the big santol tree and the coconut palms shading me from the tropical sun.

I'm not much of a musician — I can't read music and know only a few chords, but I enjoy plinking away at some of the old folk songs, almost entirely for my own amusement. Hence I'm mildly surprised and gratified to notice that I've been joined by an audience. It's Rolfie, who has abandoned the pool to lean against my shoulder and watch as my fingers try to follow the chords in the song book. A rather taciturn thirteen-year-old, it's surprising that he's so interested in my limited abilities, but I keep on plinking, happy that anyone appreciates my efforts.

Then I become aware of a pressure against my elbow and I glance down to see that it's coming from a firm little bump at the crotch of his shiny blue Speedos. Now it dawns on me why he's being so attentive. Rolfie is horny and wants to be serviced. I look up at his unsmiling brown face with its coal black almond shaped eyes staring solemnly back at me.

"Do you want *bate*?" I ask. There is no reply, just a quick up and down flick of his eyebrows which I've learned is the Filipino equivalent of nodding the head.

"Okay, then. Come on inside." He follows me into my room, comfortably appointed with assorted furnishings I've acquired on previous visits. Rolfie is still a bit damp from his swim, so I stand him in front of me as I sit on the end of the bed and towel him off. He has surprising musculature for a boy of thirteen; he's very sturdy yet hasn't an ounce of fat on him. I can see him in a few years as one of the statuesquely built boatmen that paddle the *bangkas* on the river.

I untie the drawstrings of his skin-tight Speedos and peel them off to let his little circumcised cock pop up at a forty-five degree angle. I turn him around and pull him up to straddle my knees so he's facing the tall mirror on the table in front of us. Since I find a boy's responses to being masturbated very exciting, this is an ideal arrangement as it lets me view almost all of Rolfie's handsome body mounted across the saddle of my lap and leaning back against my torso.

I start to caress him from rock hard chest down washboard belly to smooth lean thighs thinking what a magnificent boy creature he is. I stroke the corrugations of his drawn up scrotum, feeling the twinned bulge of testes that have just recently begun their pubertal growth. Now my fingers take their familiar grip on the ready pricklet, thumb on the back and fore and second fingers on the generous pucker of frenulum the circumciser has left over the pleasure spot. As my right hand starts a gentle but regular jacking, my left roves up and down his torso, caressing satin covered muscle.

Rolfie's bristly crew cut fits against my neck and even though he's just out of the pool I can smell the tangy eau de boy that always seems to linger with him. I watch the mirror as his torso starts to straighten up and his eyes squinch nearly closed. I slow, then stop my fingers to let the boy relax. It's too exciting to have it over so quickly.

Then I start again the firm but measured wanking and my free hand roams around his groin, pinching hairless pubes and digging at his tight clutched testes. The little body tenses as the sweet feelings build. I press my fingers behind his scrotum and speed my moving hand as I watch his legs lift and slowly straighten. Now he quivers as the crisis comes and I feel the throbs of his penile bulb while the orgasm surges through him. His stiffened legs collapse and Rolfie sags back against me. It doesn't take him long to recover and he's quickly off my lap and pulling on his Speedos to wait expectantly for a reward. I'm the one that gave him the orgasm — maybe I'm the one who should be rewarded — but it doesn't work that way. The boys know I love these performances even more than they; that's probably why Rolfie was so eager in the first place. From a bag in the cupboard I pullout a bright orange muscle T-shirt. He's happy

with it and so am I as it frames his sturdy torso stunningly. He scampers off and I settle back to the guitar and “Red River Valley”.

Breakfast at the Hall

Breakfast at the Hall — one of the true delights of Paggers. The Hall is a cavernous open-air room which functions as a front office, souvenir shop, and dining room for the Lodge. It's a big place and sometimes serves a couple of hundred lunches when the tourist buses come.

But most mornings it's pretty quiet with only a few resident guests. I usually come about eight and take a table next to the balcony where I can look out over the river, watching the *bangkas* pass quietly up and down. It's too early for the noisy motor boats that pull the strings of tourist boats but there may be the slap-slap sounds of a laundress on the far shore. That's where the kids water their carabaos and sometimes wash them too.

Though the Lodge is not famous for its cuisine the breakfasts aren't bad. Iced coffee or tea in big beer mugs, eggs to order, small but usually very fresh, and the crispy, curly, rather salty bacon from the local pigs. Bread from the Tastee Bakery supplies undersized toast. I'm sure it has little nutritional value and there's certainly a lot of sugar in it, but it *is* tasty. Sometimes garlic rice can be requested — perhaps a bit too much of a Filipino start to the day for most visitors. An Australian friend tells me that the only thing missing is L.B.D. Or 'little boy's dick,' a crude Aussie term for small link sausages, but I remind him he should have had his fill of that last night.

The best thing about the food is the fruit. The Lodge occasionally offers bananas but prefers to sell you canned orange or pineapple juice. I've always thought they were missing the boat in having no papayas or mangoes. The former are in season the year round and the latter for about five months so I usually buy them at the Santa Cruz market and the Lodge keeps them in the fridge for me. To my mind there is no finer fruit than a sweet, orange-fleshed Carabao mango, and I often eat two or three of them to start my breakfast. A friend who frequently visits here calls the mangoes the second best product of the Philippines. He says the boys are first.

It's always enjoyable to linger over the meal at this still fresh time of the day reading the newly arrived Manila paper and nodding good morning at the other guests. If you have friends visiting it's fun to compare notes about last night's companions. And a good time to plan the day's activities; a shopping trip to Santa Cruz, an after-noon excursion to the Tropical to swim, or even a picnic or sightseeing expedition further afield.

This morning I am eating alone and thinking about the new boy I met yesterday. His name is Michael and he was brought round by my longtime friend Domy who is his school classmate. A handsome youngster of twelve with delicate features and a wiry body, he looks more Chinese than Filipino. Under Domy's tutelage he quickly fit into the genre of my room, lounging happily naked on the bed after their swim, absorbed in my electronic games while I ogled his lovely bare buttocks. When I reached a tentative hand to explore their silken contours Michael was distracted only long enough to give me a quick grin. I decided it was quite the smoothest bottom I'd yet encountered in Paggers.

I had planned to have Domy spend the night and as the afternoon wore on he and Michael hatched the idea that both of them should stay. Michael had already proved himself naughty enough that this seemed an attractive prospect, but I always made a practice of waiting at least a day or two before enlisting a new friend for overnight, so I told him no. The boys kept cajoling me however, and Michael certainly *was* a dishy little thing. Maybe it was that satiny bum, but I finally gave in and said that both could stay, making Michael promise he'd go home and make sure it was all right with his parents.

The sleep-over had been a success. Under Domy's giggling direction Michael proved a willing pupil at my favorite sexual games, and it was an added delight to fondle that smoothest of bare bottoms throughout the night.

Before they left for school I had him write down his full name and birthday for further reference. His last name was De la Torre and he was twelve years and ten months old. "What sort of work does your

father do," I asked, expecting to hear the usual reply that he was a boatman.

But Michael surprised me. "He's a waiter."

"A waiter? Where does he work?"

"Oh, in the Hall," was the reply.

There are half a dozen waiters that work here at various meals and I'm anxious to discover which has fathered my new friend. I call over Donny, who usually takes care of me. He's always obliging and pleasantly chatty and I often bring him a carton of duty free cigarettes when I come from the airport.

"Donny, is one of the waiters here named De la Torre?" "Oh, yes, that's my name!"

"Oh," I pause. "Tell me, Donny, do you have a boy named Michael?"

"Yes! And I'm very angry with him. He didn't come home last night!"

"Well." I pause again. "I think I know why. He stayed in my room last night!"

"Oh," says the father, "That's all right if he was with you. I was just worried because I didn't know where he was."

When Michael returns to my room that evening we have an accounting. I scold him for not telling his parents that he was staying with me. The best thing about it is the excuse for a hardly rigorous but very lengthy spanking of his lovely bottom.

Grandmother

If you want to go to Santa Cruz you ride the jeepney. It costs about ten cents and takes twenty minutes more or less, stopping along the way to pick up passengers. Since I get on where it starts I usually opt for a seat up front next to the driver where there's both leg and head room.

Today, however, that seat is already occupied so I climb in the back and try to fit my Western frame into space designed for more modest Filipino dimensions. Shortly before our departure I notice that the woman sitting on the opposite seat is staring at me. She's a large lady, in her fifties I would guess, wearing a voluminous dress and broad-brimmed straw hat and is surrounded by a number of shopping bags. Her imposing bulk and serious expression are almost regal, and that impression is not dispelled when she speaks.

"You are Richard." It's not a question, or even a statement, but a pronouncement.

"Yes, I'm Richard."

"I want to thank you for helping my grandson Noel," says the grand dame. Noel is a current friend whom I've taken to the dentist for some much needed dental work.

"Ah, well," I reply, figuring that's what she's talking about, "Noel is a very nice boy and I'm glad I can help get his teeth fixed."

There's a slight pause and then she speaks again.

"And I want to thank you for helping my grandson Christoper." He's a nice kid I've known for some time but all I've done for him is give him some clothes and bits of money occasionally.

"Oh, yes," I say, "Christoper is a nice boy too and I'm glad to help him."

In a moment the queen breaks the silence again.

"And thank you for helping my grandson Nelson," she says. Not another grandson, I think, but then I realize all three boys are cousins and Nelson has spent a good deal of time around my room too.

"Well, Yes," I say. "Nelson is a nice boy and I'm certainly glad I can help him."

"And," says the grandmother, "Thank you for helping my grandson Albert."

Oh, no, not another one! But I reply, "Oh, Albert. Yes, of course I'm glad to help him. He's a very nice boy. You certainly have a lot of grandsons. Just how many are there?"

She starts ticking off on her fingers. "There's Noel and Christoper and Nelson and Albert and the other Nelson, and Eduardo and Billy and Merlin and Warren, and there are some older ones too that I don't think you know. You've been very nice to them and I want to thank you."

I can hardly believe this is happening. Yes, I know all the boys she's named. They've spent time in my room and I've been sexually intimate with each and every one. The other passengers listen with smiles of approval as this woman thanks me for seducing nine of her grandsons.

* * *

A few months later when I'm back again, my dentist friend Dr. Gamit, with whom I've arranged to pay for some more work on Noel's teeth, tells me the grandmother came to the office with him.

"I probably shouldn't tell you this," he says, "But Noel's grandmother asked me to charge you more money so she and I could split it up. 'He'll never know the difference,' she said!"

How It Came About

How did this singular place become such a magnet for boy lovers? Perhaps we should first look at the Philippines itself. It is a collection of peoples who were subjected to repressive feudal rule for over three centuries by the Spanish, then nearly another century of so-called benevolent colonial and economic rule by America. The traditional Catholicism (and Islam, the second largest religion, as well) as practiced in these islands, sets great store in the sanctity of a girl's virginity and provides little chance of heterosexual experience before marriage. Though premarital sexuality of any kind is not specifically condoned, there seems to be a tacit understanding that "boys will be boys," and no one seems to worry very much about adolescent or even younger experimentation as long as the precious girls aren't involved.

Knowledge about sex comes early when families live as close together as most of these people, and I have done enough personal research to feel sure the vast majority of boys have learned masturbation from brothers or schoolmates at least by the age of ten. And the youngsters don't seem shy about experimenting with adults, particularly if those adults are exotic foreigners. Western influences, especially American culture, have been thrust upon and eagerly accepted by the Filipinos, so a chance for an adventure with a Westerner, especially if it promises some pesos as well, will usually be snapped up.

Since there's so much poverty, money is a very important lure, but it's not always just poor kids who are available. At a roof-top amusement park in Manila I once picked up a beautifully dressed thirteen-year-old who was hanging around after school. He came along with me quite happily for fun and games and though he did accept some pesos, he snootily dismissed the black and white TV in my hotel room with, "We've got two color sets at my house."

I've not visited the southern Philippines but friends tell me that boys are also available in Cebu, Bacolod, or Zamboanga, so I think it must be more of a national phenomenon than one just local to Manila and Paggers. What makes the latter different is that it's become somewhat institutionalized here. This has been a tourist spot for a long time — I have a 1939 *National Geographic* with a photo of *bangkeros* and their passengers at the Falls — and probably many years ago some gay visitors discovered that the superbly built boatmen were not averse to sex of almost any kind, especially if there were monetary rewards as well. Even now, when gay guides advertise a myriad of places around the world where amenable young men can be found, quite a few visitors still come here for the *bangkeros*.

I would suspect that some gay tourists discovered that if they wanted to try something younger, teen-aged or even preadolescent brothers and sons were ready to service them. Word certainly must have spread among those who liked younger boys that here was a resort town where they were readily available, for by the mid-seventies when I first visited there were boy lovers coming from more than a dozen different countries.

From what I could learn, most of the townspeople supported this situation. They felt the visitors were injecting much-needed money into the economy of the two resorts and several restaurants as well as the *bangkeros* who paddled them on the river. And the families of the boys involved seemed happiest of all that their kids were bringing some cash into the home.

I have met and become friends with the parents of quite a few of my boys and there never seemed to be concern that their sons were being molested or scarred for life by premature or perverse sexual practices. There was, rather, a tacit understanding that one's sex-life, even from age nine or ten, is one's own, to be conducted as one wants, and concern seemed to be more mundane and middle-class — would I be sure to get Junior off to school on time or could I lend them some pesos so he could have a Boy Scout uniform. I suspect the parents of Paggers would agree with Canadian writer Jane Rule who says, "The problem is not to protect children from adult seduction, but to make adults easier to seduce."

One mustn't think that all the boys in Paggers come for dalliance with the tourists. Despite looking like a fairly small town, it's actually pretty spread out and has a population of more than twenty thousand.

Most of the kids who come to the Lodge live in the nearby *barrios* of San Sebastian and Maulawin on one side, Cubao on the other, or Magdapio just across the river. I've had a few boys from other areas, particularly Sampaloc, near the Tropical Resort on the other end of town, but it's of course much more convenient if they live close by.

Certainly in this area around the Lodge nearly all the families are eager to have their youngsters consort with the Western visitors. I once asked one of my boys, "How many kids are there in your class at school?"

"Thirty-four," he said.

"And how many of them come to the Lodge to visit tourists?"

"Eighteen," was the quick reply.

"How do you know it's exactly eighteen?" I asked.

"The other sixteen in my class are girls."

First Night in Paggers

I finally persuaded my friend Rory to make a visit to Paggers. He's an American historian who's been living in London for over twenty years and we go way back before that when we used to holiday on the west coast of Mexico together. He has made pilgrimages to Thailand, Nepal, India, and other places in the Sodatic Zone but it's only after I've urged him for several years to visit the Philippines that he eventually decides to come.

Rather than leave him on his own to get from Manila International Airport out to Paggers I've told him I'll meet his flight which is coming all the way direct from London and arriving in the early evening. Advising my taxi driver Floro to meet me at Harrison Plaza, I enlist a welcoming committee of a couple of boys who are most happy to bus into the big city with me to meet my friend. We do some shopping, connect up with Floro, and are waiting on the observation deck when Rory's plane lands. He can't see us up in the darkness as he walks across the tarmac below but I point him out to the boys, the shy Arnel and the extroverted Sapsi. They're a pair of attractive twelve-year-olds I've decked out in new shorts and mildly risqué T-shirts. The legend on Arnel's reads, 'If I follow you home will you keep me?' and Sapsi's says, 'How much sin can I get away with and still go to Heaven?'

We go downstairs to the crowded welcoming area just outside the customs hall and I buy some sweet-smelling flower garlands which I give to the boys with instructions on how to greet Rory. In a few minutes out he comes, pushing a luggage cart and looking for a friendly face. I duck halfway behind a pillar and tell the boys to do their thing. In a moment Rory is confronted by two handsome youngsters who one after the other encircle his neck with a floral wreath, then their arms, and give him a quick kiss, saying, "Welcome to the Philippines, Rory!"

To say that he's surprised by this unexpected greeting is an understatement. A bit groggy from some twenty hours of flying with its attendant jet lag, he must think he's found a Paradise of friendly boys. They quickly usher him over to Floro and me and we guide him out through the crowd. Floro brings the car and we soon stow Rory's baggage and have him settled in the back seat between Sapsi and Arnel.

On the way to Paggers the kids chatter away for a while then nod off to sleep on either side of Rory. He's obviously most happy to be here and says he's beginning to feel more awake — by his body clock it's now morning. He's a little guarded in his talk as he's not sure just how Floro fits into the scheme of things but we catch up on all sorts of news — we've not seen each other for a year or so, and before too long we're driving under the stone archway that heralds the entrance to Paggers. With a shake or two the boys are awake and rubbing the sleep from their eyes and then we're pulling into the parking lot of the Lodge.

As Floro and the boys carry Rory's baggage down to the reception desk in the Hall he draws me aside and says with wonder, "Do you know what Sapsi told me? He said, 'I sleep to your room tonight!' Is that really all right? Can he sleep there? And does he really mean...?"

"Sure he can sleep there," I reply, "And why don't you let him show you what he means!"

We pick up Rory's key at the desk and tell Arnel he can run along home; we'll see him in the morning. Floro totes the suitcase while Sapsi carries the flight bag; we follow them to Coco No.3. In a couple of minutes Rory is well ensconced with his luggage open and Sapsi pushing the two single beds together. Floro says farewell and I tell Rory I'll see him for breakfast at eight.

At that hour in the morning he's nowhere to be seen, but some twenty minutes later he appears, along with a bright-eyed Sapsi. Rory looks a bit groggy again. I ask him, "How did you sleep?"

Grinning at Sapsi, he replies, "I didn't. But who cares!"

Dura Fe

For the first few years I went to Paggers, most visitors had little compunction about being seen in public places with young friends. In later days this was not the case; visitors generally kept a lower profile, and when they dined out on the town did so only in their own company.

In the good old days, though, if you wanted to feed a group of boys, the *in* place was the Dura Fe. About a mile from the Lodge, it was on the main highway through town near the Rapids Hotel and consisted of one large room with a dozen or so tables. The decor was simple, featuring a couple of local wood carvings on the wall, checkered oilcloth on the tables, and a jukebox in the corner.

When we wanted to dine at the Dura Fe we sent a messenger ahead of time to tell them approximately how many there would be. Engaging several tricycles for transport, we'd pile in and careen down the road in the dark with boys hanging on all over.

Lina the proprietress was always effusive in her welcome, pushing tables together and moving one of the standing fans closer so there would be some breeze. During the main tourist season from December through February she did a very good business with the restaurant often full of international visitors and their young friends. The locals sometimes ate there too, a sign that it was good value for the money.

Lina came from one of the leading families of the town; her father had been a classical musician and her four brothers and sisters all had musical talent of sorts. She was a frustrated opera singer and though her voice was past its prime, it was a treat when business was slow to hear her sing, accompanied by her brother on the guitar. Her husband, a dapper fellow who affected dark glasses even at night, popped by occasionally. He was on the town council and evidently had other business interests besides the Dura Fe, as he drove a spiffy new car.

The first order of business when arriving for dinner is to order some ice and Cokes so you can continue the cocktail hour with the bottle of rum you've brought along, and to make sure all the boys have a soft drink to keep them busy for a few minutes. It wouldn't do to have the troops rebellious before dinner. They're certainly restless enough in anticipation of a meal in a restaurant. There are demands for twenty-five centavo pieces for the jukebox. The Filipinos like a lively beat to their music and disco features like *Saturday Night Fever* are always popular.

Now Lina brings the menu and she and I discuss what's on tonight and how much we'll need to feed this particular mob. There are a number of dishes I nearly always order. A tureen of *hototay*, vegetable soup, takes perhaps a bit of the edge off the boys' appetites, famished as they always seem to be, then comes the *piece de resistance*, *plapla*, a four or five pound fresh water fish in sweet and sour sauce. This has to be doled out by someone responsible as it's very popular. There are always several volunteers to gnaw on the head. Even more desirable is fried chicken, one of the pricier items, cut up into small pieces and carefully meted out. Curried vegetables, *pekawat*, or crispy pork, and more vegetables in sweet and sour sauce now arrive, accompanied by plain steamed rice, a staple of every Filipino meal. The boys can have another soft drink if they want and the adults sometimes switch to San Miguel beer over ice.

Sometimes I'll order a special dish just for the grownups such as shrimp, green peas, and quail eggs. One night while consulting with Lina over the menu I ask about trying a dish whose name I don't recognize. Shaking her head and pursing her lips, she says, "Oh, I don't think you'd like that — many inner organs!"

With all that rum, Coke, and beer, there needs to be a loo. It's a dark narrow room with a trough along the wall. While you relieve yourself you can peer through a window-like opening into the kitchen, a hot dark cavern filled with the hiss of frying oil and greasy smoke and see how your meal is progressing.

On occasion, depending on the company, things can get quite lively at the Dura Fe. Picture a roomful of boys cavorting about as they await their food, sipping at bottles of Coke in their hip pockets through three or four interconnected straws, making cheeky remarks to the teen-aged waitress, doing an excellent

imitation of John Travolta's 'Staying Alive' by the jukebox, or even sometimes atop a table; or perhaps engaged in flipping wet wads of paper napkins at each other with a spoon. The adults too can get caught up in the fun.

I've watched a normally staid Dutch doctor discoing wildly with a twelve-year-old, and a very proper English professor of Zoology flinging spit-balls with great abandon at his favorite young companion.

The evening must come to an end, however. The people out here retire early and the kids have school in the morning. Already some of the boys have drifted off homeward so we send someone to round up a couple of tricycles and call for the bill. It's really surprisingly reasonable; a dozen youngsters and two or three adults can dine quite well for about twenty-five dollars.

As the tricycles head back up the hill towards the Lodge we drop the boys off near their homes, except, of course for a well-chosen sleeping companion or two.

Manila I

In looking back on it I can hardly believe how naive I was when I first went to the Philippines. My initial visit back in the early sixties was for just a few days and my travel agent had booked me in at the Mabuhay, an inexpensive but comfortable old hotel where I crashed for twelve straight hours of sleep after my trans-Pacific flight.

Upon emerging the next morning I found myself in the tourist district of Ermita. After going no more than a few steps I was picked up by a pleasant fellow in his early twenties who announced he would be my guide. I was an easy mark; he was personable with good English and said I could pay him whatever I wished.

And Ricardo was a good guide. He showed me the tranquil American War Cemetery, the walled city of Intramuros, Las Pinas Church with its famous bamboo organ, and when I said I'd like to play some tennis, he took me to Rizal Stadium and arranged a game for the next day with some very good players.

During our sightseeing I kept an eye out for attractive kids and saw a fair number, but I had no thoughts they'd be any more available for dalliance here than any other place in the world so I made no overtures or inquiries to Ricardo about procuring one. Maybe it was in my mind to approach the idea more obliquely; I told Ricardo that my long flight and the tennis had caused me some back pain and perhaps I needed a massage boy to relieve it, making no stipulation as to what age masseur I preferred. Ricardo was quick to say he had just the person for me, "A very fine massage boy. And I can send him to your hotel room in an hour if you like!"

Not really expecting much of interest to result, I told him that should be all right and made a date to meet him for more sightseeing the next day, the last of my stay.

Back at the hotel I had a shower, wrapped a towel around my waist and slipped on a bathrobe, and let my mind fantasize a beautiful thirteen-year-old arriving to do unspeakably perverse things to me. Of course that's not quite the way it was. He was handsome enough if nineteen-year-olds are your thing, but that isn't the case with me, so I resigned myself to no more than some easing of my muscle soreness.

To make a long story short, it was an excellent massage, though not completely businesslike by any means. The masseur must have guessed my susceptibility, for about half way through the proceedings he let his hands wander lasciviously close to my towel-covered cock, and as soon as it began to stiffen in response, he gently seized it in his oiled fist and brought me to a most satisfying climax. When I'd cleaned up with a quick shower Eddie massaged me some more, finishing this time with a more leisurely and perhaps even more pleasurable build-up to orgasm, including some very exciting probings of my anus with an oily finger.

"Massage finished now," said Eddie as he wiped the stickiness from my stomach.

"How much do I owe you?" I asked.

"Whatever you like, sir," was the predictable reply. He knew I'd have to be generous after such double pleasure.

Later that night I fantasized about Eddie bringing along a twelve-year-old to assist him. I had no idea that if only I had asked, that could probably have been quite easily arranged. But, as I say, for a long time I was very naive about the fleshly delights to be found in the Friendly Islands.

Manila II

It was nearly ten years after my massage at the Mabuhay that I returned to Manila. This time it was a series of business trips of several days stay a few months apart, and as my company was footing the bill, I stayed at the deluxe Hilton hotel on the edge of Ermita.

A few blocks away was the waterfront of Manila Bay, and most afternoons

I would walk down to Dewey Boulevard (later renamed Roxas) where there was a narrow park and *malecon* or promenade along the sea wall. The water was fairly shallow with big rocks against the shore; here it was, abutting on the back yard of the American Embassy property, that the kids came to swim.

They were all ages, from eight or ten-year-olds who mostly paddled in the shallows to late teenagers who ventured out in water over their heads. These were boys from the shanty towns not far away and few owned such a thing as a real bathing suit. Some of them wore their shorts; most stripped down to their *breeps* — and perhaps twenty percent of them wore nothing at all. The latter were the younger kids; the oldest nude swimmer I encountered was a still prepubescent thirteen.

I had a camera with me on these trips and found the youngsters happy, even eager, to have their pictures taken, breepless or not. Nudity didn't seem to be all that big a thing and I pretended to treat it as casually as the occasional Filipino adults walking by, but you can rest assured my telephoto lens stayed busy snapping glistening bodies cavorting on inner tubes, makeshift rafts, or in the shallows. And many of the kids came over to pose close to where I was perched on the rocks below the sea wall. Like most Filipinos they were eager to talk with an American and I didn't at all mind the company of a dripping twelve-year-old squatting beside me for a chat.

By this time, the early seventies, I had discovered boys could be had for dalliance in places like Mexico, Thailand, India, and Morocco, but I'd never heard the same to be true of the Philippines. These kids were so approachable with their understanding of English and their pleasant manner that I couldn't help but wonder if, in just the right circumstances, one or two of them might not be seducible.

But then I thought, even if such were the case, where could I take a young friend? Certainly not back to the Hilton or even the Mabuhay — so I banished such ideas from my mind, figuring most of the kids wouldn't be receptive anyway.

Ah — but how unaware I was! Little did I know that the vast majority of these boys would have jumped at the chance to go off with an American and earn some pesos for doing the same things they enjoyed doing with each other.

Manila III

Manila — several years later, the mid-70s. An Australian friend has put me in touch with a couple of people who live here, Wilbur, an American business manager of a private college, and Dirk, a young Englishman “into import/export.” They have finally enlightened yours truly about the Philippines — how the males from around ten on up are not only often available for dalliance but most are more than eager for it with a foreign visitor.

Wilbur tells me tales of the Venus Theater in Tondo, a hangout for boys where you can walk in and be importuned a dozen times in five minutes. He says the first time he went there, before he could sit down, he was approached by a boy of about sixteen. When he declined the invitation, saying he preferred younger boys around twelve or so, a buzz seemed to flash around the theater, “He only likes twelve-year-olds, he only likes twelve-year-olds!” And in but a moment he was surrounded by four eager twelve-year-olds. A chosen boy could be taken home or dalliance performed before the silver screen; Wilbur told of a visiting German slouched in the front row with a boy kneeling between his thighs, his hands inside the pants of a boy on either side, and murmuring, “*Dies ist Himmel!*” over and over. If one preferred more privacy, the Ladies Room could be rented for ten minutes for a couple of pesos — no lady had set foot inside the Venus in years.

And Dirk, whose interest is fourteen-year-olds, says his biggest problem is all the boys who, after a first visit to his apartment, keep coming back, knocking on the door, and like Oliver, asking for more. He says the only way he copes after several months is to have a moving van come in the middle of the night, gather up all his belongings, and move to a new place in another part of town.

Wilbur and Dirk have told me that nearly every boy I see is available, from the swimmers along the *malecon* to the newspaper vendors in Ermita or Luneta Park, and even the school-uniformed middle-class kids whose lessons are over for the day. As my company now puts me up in the posh Manila Hotel, Wilbur has been kind enough on the past couple of trips to loan me his hotel room in Ermita when I need it for a few hours.

That’s the arrangement this time. It’s early afternoon and I have a couple of hours free. I wander the touristy streets of Ermita with my eyes peeled for a likely boy and am soon rewarded.

Before I can plan my approach, the waif-like figure approaches me, stretches out a hand, and looks up with huge entreating eyes. “Give me one peso!”

As I dig in my pocket for a coin I take in the grubby young beggar, clothed in tattered shorts and filthy T-shirt. I’d guess he’s about eight or nine and beneath all the grime he could be rather nice looking.

As I hand him a peso I ask, “Would you like to come to my hotel?”

He shakes his head and murmurs, “No.” “I’ll give you ten pesos.”

There’s a quick change of mind with the prospect of such riches. His eyebrows flick up and down in sign of assent as he answers, “Yes!”

It’s just around the corner and down an alley to the back entry of the small hotel. I brandish Wilbur’s key at the desk clerk, getting a smile in return as I usher the child up the narrow stairs.

With the door to Wilbur’s room bolted behind us, I give my full attention to my little guest. Telling him I want to take some pictures, I produce my camera, perch him on the edge of the bed, and shoot off a couple of flashes. Then I put the camera aside, sit on the bed myself, and stand him in front of me.

A bit of questioning in English and Tagalog elicits his name as Freddie, his age as ten — much older than he looks, and that he lives in a shanty town near the highway. I tell him he needs a bath before I take more pictures; he stands submissively as I strip off the ragged shirt and undo the shorts and drop them to the floor. When he’s stepped out of them I pause to inspect the naked little figure. He’s almost as dirty where the clothes have covered him as not, but he’s rather handsome too, sturdy shoulders and chest

tapering into boyishly protruding tummy. Freddie's little penis with its pointy foreskin dangles on a wrinkled bag of skin with just a hint of tiny testes.

In the bathroom I pull up a chair in front of the shower alcove and go to work to clean him up. And it's quite a job. His shaggy head needs three or four doses of shampoo; his feet and legs take minutes of scrubbing with a washcloth. The rest of him's more fun; my hands linger lovingly as they wash his slippery limbs and torso. Freddie stands obediently immobile throughout the process, even while I soap his shriveled boy parts until the cocklet stiffens momentarily into an up-jutting two-inch spike.

After ten minutes of scrubblings and sluicings I dry him off, and miracle to see, no longer do we have a grubby young urchin but a lovely little cherub, clean and shiny. With a last rub of damp tousled hair I scoop him up, inhaling the soapy scent of freshly washed boy before I spread him out on the bed. Freddie lies there solemnly while I snap some photos; half a dozen slightly different shots are fine for now, then I set aside the camera and sink down on the edge of the bed.

I place his arms along his sides, then slide my hands across the childish torso, stroking fingers on his smooth plump pubis. Freddie stares down wordlessly as I tickle his cocklet up to a rigid angle, still capped with its now-stretched prepuce. I don't believe he's ever experienced this; his eyes seem to mirror confusion and wonderment — it must be his first time. I slip a couple of fingers up behind his shriveled scrotum while I start to gently jack his penis, rubbing tightened skin over the covered knob. The response is quick. Within seconds his body stiffens, his eyes squinch shut, and he shivers with the new and unknown pleasure as his pricklet throbs to its first orgasm.

Freddie sags back into the bed and I see his eyes slowly open, glazed at first, then wide with wonder at this new sensation, a rapture that he's never known before.

"Did you like that?" I ask.

The eyebrows flick up and down. Oh, yes he does, and how!

I'm wildly excited by the scene. Seduction of the innocent, a pretty child's purity plucked forever — some would say it shouldn't happen; but then it's got to happen sometime, usually sooner than later here in the Philippines, and it might as well be me who gets to watch it. I tear off my clothes and slide down beside the boy; his eyes grow round — I doubt he's ever seen an adult hard before. I draw his hand to my erection. It's too small to close around my modest shaft but Freddie's not reluctant; dutifully he moves his fist up and down within my guiding grasp. I'd like to spin out the pleasure but it's just too exciting. As the untutored little hand jerks firmly I strain my loins upward and explode my pleasure over the both of us.

When we're dressed once more I press two ten peso notes into Freddie's still slightly sticky hand and watch his eyes brighten in pleasant surprise. I take him down the stairs and say goodbye and as I watch the ragged little figure scurry off I think of how his innocence has been defiled, violated, and ravished; but in exchange he's wiser, richer, and most definitely cleaner.

Reluctant Arnel

Over the years I made a number of good friends amongst the visitors to Paggers. One of these was Graeme, an Australian overseas businessman who worked mainly in the Singapore/Malaysia area. A quietly pleasant fellow in his early forties, I found him very good company, and on one occasion we'd even rented a car together and, with a couple of young companions, made an interesting trip up to Baguio, The Hundred Islands, and the Lingayan Gulf area. We kept in touch by mail or phone and often managed to coordinate our schedules to be in Paggers at the same time.

On this morning I dropped by Coco Grove No.6, the room Graeme usually favored, to find him sitting on his large enclosed porch overlooking the river with a boy I'd not seen before. This wasn't all that surprising, since despite sharing basically the same interests, our age preferences were slightly different though sometimes overlapping. About the time a boy was maturing to the point of losing my attention he was often gaining Graeme's.

This lad looked to be perhaps a young thirteen, sturdily put together and wearing the usual T-shirt and shorts. He was introduced as Arnel Dalig, from across the river in the *barrio* of Magdapio. Perhaps that was why I'd not seen this comely boy before; the kids from Magdapio tended to stay on their own side of the river most of the time.

In any case, I found him quite attractive, certainly nowhere near over the hill for me, so I began to chat him up, learning that indeed he was thirteen, his father was a boatman, and he had three sisters and an older brother. Arnel was evidently not a current *inamorato* of Graeme's as the latter said to him, "Maybe you'd like to go and visit with Richard. He has some electronic games I know you'd like. And he's got some Speedos, too!"

Surprisingly, since such a prospect was the dream of most any Paggers boy, Arnel seemed unmoved, giving me a cool glance before extracting a lethal looking slingshot from his hip pocket and starting to fiddle with it. I was amused by his seeming disinterest; perhaps he was acting hard to get and hoping his market value might increase with apparent reluctance. Deciding to play his game, I made no such offer myself but instead let my gaze roam deliberately over his attractive figure, staring heatedly into his eyes as I ran the tip of my tongue around my lips.

I still made no spoken invitation but turned my attention now to Graeme, talking about plans for the afternoon and evening. Out of the corner of my eye I could see young Arnel still toying pointlessly with his slingshot. After some minutes we'd organized our plans and I got up to leave.

Offhandedly, I said to Arnel, "Do you want to come to my room and see my play-toys?"

The reply was a grudging, "Yes." Still seemingly disinterested, he slowly got up and followed me outside.

In a few moments we were on my porch; I unlocked the door and ushered the sulky boy within. As is customary in Filipino households he kicked his sandals off by the entrance, then turned and looked up at me. His frown was now replaced by a wide grin, and suddenly he launched himself upwards, threw his arms around my neck, wrapped his legs around my waist, and thrust his lips against mine.

To say I was surprised would be an understatement, but it didn't keep me from parting my lips to let the boy's tongue stab inwards or cupping my hands on the tight bottom straining hard against my middle. In a trice we'd found the bed and shucked our clothes, and Arnel proved the boys of Magdapio might act cool and detached but nevertheless knew the way to a visitor's heart.

Picnic

“Yay-hey! Picnic tomorrow!” That should get the kids excited. Most of them haven’t been further from home than the three mile trip to Santa Cruz so a more distant excursion is really something to look forward to.

I enjoy picnics more when another tourist friend or two goes along to share the experience as well as the cost, which is really pretty negligible. I’m lucky that my Aussie friend Graeme is in residence as we’ve done a half dozen picnics together. He’s always fun to have along and he takes from my shoulders some of the work of keeping a mob of boisterous boys in line.

Over a sandwich on the Hall terrace we sort out the guest list. Graeme’s coterie is more modest than mine — he wants to bring only two boys — so that leaves me with space for about nine or ten. Where to go? During my stays at Pagers I’ve visited about a dozen different swimming ‘resorts’ so we talk over their various merits and drawbacks.

We could head up the slopes of Mt. Banihaw to Majayjay or to a couple of places near Nagcarlan. ‘Mayjay’ is about ten degrees cooler than Pagers because it’s some two thousand feet higher and even though school vacation is on we’d probably have it all to ourselves. The drawbacks are a long rough road and icy water in the pools. The water at Nagcarlan is just as cold so we rule that out too for now.

Lake Lumot Resort would be ideal — only half an hour away, with two pools and no other visitors on our previous trips. With it exclusively ours the kids had been persuaded to strip off their trunks and swim *bomba*, a pleasant sight for both eye and camera. But the last time we’d gone there the pools were empty and the caretaker said it was ‘temporarily closed.’ Somewhat off the beaten path, it evidently wasn’t getting enough custom and the shabby and unkempt look it now had seemed a harbinger that it would become just another failed plan of hopeful enterprise one sees so often in the Philippines.

How about one of the resorts near Los Banos, a town named for the hot springs that surround it? It’s about an hour’s drive from here, back towards Manila, and there are half a dozen swimming places we’ve visited over the past couple of years. We decide to try Country Air which we’ve had mostly to ourselves before. If it’s crowded with an extended family of picnickers or a high school outing from Manila, there’s always Agua Caliente, Mountain View, or Pansolito to fall back on.

I send one of the boys to find Peter the jeepney driver and tell him his services will be needed, then make sure I have ample supplies of Cheese Whiz and peanut butter, which we always refer to as peanut *bate*. The kids get a giggle out of it as *bate* (pronounced bah-tay) is slang for masturbate.

In the morning when I return from breakfast there are six or eight kids noisily waiting on my porch. They tell me Peter and the jeepney are already in the parking lot so I shoo them off to wait there while I run through a check-list of picnic necessities.

Camera bag with extra film, half a dozen towels, paper napkins, a couple of table knives to spread the Cheese Whiz and peanut *bate*, Frisbees, and beach balls. I always take two or three extra pairs of Speedos along as sometimes a boy will be without his or there’ll be an unexpected guest who needs to borrow one.

At nine o’clock I join Peter in the jeepney. It already contains eight or nine chattering boys, squabbling over who gets to sit where. Graeme climbs in the back to sort them out and I sit up front with Peter and my latest favorite, Todeng. His real name is Gary, but like quite a few of the kids he has a strange sounding Filipino nickname.

Ah, those Filipino nicknames. Oji, Ayee, Nog Nog, and Otec. Some of them actually mean something, but I have a hard enough time just remembering them. Nog Nog tells me that the name means black and his skin was dark when he was a baby. It still is but I don’t point that out; it seems light skin is more fashionable nowadays. I can see where Oji could come from Rogelio and Otec from Antonio, but it seems

to be stretching it to get Aye from Joey. Rollie's nickname is Olding, Richard's Jeffrox, Erwin's Boboy, and Orlando's Bobot. And then there are the two Willies, one named Pong and the other Weng- Weng.

And some of the Filipino given names are pretty unusual to Western ears. There are lots of Juns, short for Junior, and Boy and Baby are not uncommon. One holiday season we had Gaspar and Melchor among the troops but couldn't find a Baltahazar to round out the triumvirate on Christmas Eve. Ramir, Ramil, and Rommell were all friends at one time as were the twins Bing and Bong who lived just down the road and sometimes stopped by my room for a romp after swimming. Then there were Reyvel and Rodel, Sonny, Sani, and Sagani, Merlin, Olan, Celso, and Arnel. And some of my boys were true classics such as Nestor, Cesar, Ariel, and of course Apollo.

I think my two favorite names had to be Marvex and Quipie. The former wasn't quite as marvelous as his smaller brother Noli but for originality his parents deserved high marks. Quipie was pronounced like Kewpie doll and he was a most attractive little doll with a surprisingly hefty uncut club for an eleven-year-old.

We stop in town at the bakery for loaves of fresh baked Tastee bread and again near the Tropical to pick up several boys who live on that side of town. Now we roll along at about thirty miles an hour on the two lane road dodging cars, trucks, buses, jeepneys, and tricycles. The route is scenic, through coconut groves, village *barrios*, and rice paddies. Looming up to the left are the bulk of Mt. Banihaw and then a couple of other smaller mountains while to the right is the green ridge on the other side of Laguna Lake. The kids are in high spirits at the prospect of the picnic and Graeme has his hands full keeping them from making rude gestures and shouting at people in other vehicles and beside the road.

We check the roadside stands for watermelon but they're not quite yet in season so I bargain for a stalk of 50 or 60 of the sweet finger bananas instead. Our last stop is in the town of Los Banos, known for its campus of the University of the Philippines and as the *buko* pie capital of the world. There are signs on half the houses along the highway promising that Nola, Letty, or Concepcion makes the finest original special *buko* pie, and at the busy corner in the center of town there are several vendors with stacks of flat cardboard pie boxes.

For me *buko* pie is a little bland — it's a coconut concoction baked in a pastry shell — but the boys like it so I bargain for three or four boxes. The vendor is a very handsome boy of twelve who says his name is Alex. I think fleetingly of inviting him along on the picnic. I'm sure he'd accept if I bought the rest of his pies but then I think that he'd probably not be too warmly welcomed by the Pagers mob and might feel out of place.

In another few minutes we're at the Country Air Resort and I'm very pleased to find we have it practically to ourselves with only a half dozen other picnickers in attendance. Set on the hillside immediately overlooking the highway, the resort consists of a stucco building and a nicely kept garden with two swimming pools. There are several cabanas which are no more than small shelters with a table for setting out one's picnic. Above one of the pools there's a large covered area with some tables that's evidently a dance floor but looks suitable for our sizable group, so we claim it while the kids quickly shuck down to their Speedos and charge off to the pool.

As usual there's a boy who has no Speedos. Quipie has forgotten his and wants to borrow a pair. That's fine with me as I've got some very revealing ones I'd love to see him in. He looks dubiously at the flimsy little scrap of cloth but when I say it's the only one I have he ducks behind some chairs and pulls it on. Reappearing, he's obviously embarrassed at the way the shiny white cloth barely covers and boldly outlines his young privates. Quipie's in a hurry to hide in the pool but I get a delightful glimpse of half-covered little buttock cheeks bouncing away as he rushes off.

Graeme and I relax for a bit, watching the kids scampering around the pool as they burn off some of their pent up energy. They are a handsome lot — when you have a whole town to chose from why not pick

the best looking ones — and it's a treat to watch their sleek wet bodies as they cavort on the diving board and play frenzied games of tag.

After a while I wander over to the office near the entrance where I've noticed a sign saying 'Massage and Health Center.' I've also noticed three or four very attractive uniformed young ladies in their early twenties so I ask one of them what sort of health services they offer.

"Oh, sir," she replies, "We give very good massages. They're very relaxing. Then afterwards you can relax some more in the warm water swimming pool. Would you like one, sir?"

"Well, I don't know. How much does a massage cost?" "Two hundred pesos only," she smiles invitingly, "and that includes the price of the room. I know you'd like it, sir!"

I decline gracefully. Ten dollars is pretty reasonable for a massage which no doubt would achieve the promised relaxation by a hand job, but I already have my own masseurs, and if not as accomplished, they're plenty enthusiastic and a great deal cheaper.

Graeme and I decide to try out the smaller pool. The water is about three feet deep and quite warm, nearly ninety degrees, I'd guess. Most of the boys join us and we play a game of keeping a beach ball in the air as long as possible. This palls after a while so we hit the other pool which is larger with both deep and shallow ends and has a tepid temperature in the seventies.

It's nice to laze in the shallow water with only one's head protruding. At my beckoning the boys come over one after another to perch on my knee for a minute or two and let me caress their lean musculature. And they're obligingly amenable as I stroke the little bulge of nylon between their thighs. Sometimes I let a finger probe inside over tight scrotum, then tickle and try to bring to life a cold shriveled worm.

At one point I have the M & M twins, Munchy and Marlon, together, one on each knee. They were given that name by an American visitor, supposedly because they won't melt in your hand, only your mouth. Though unrelated, they are a very attractive pair, much the same size and both just turned thirteen, and are greatly in demand by visiting tourists. Munchy was a favorite member of my entourage until taken off the market by a wealthy Frenchman who set his family up in business with a jeepney. Marlon also had his admirers, both for his china-doll face and for the fact that he was genitally quite well endowed. (His older brother was reputed to have the biggest whang in town.) He was given a bicycle by an obnoxious German named Gunther, earning jealous gibes from less fortunate friends who said the Kraut only gave such gifts to those he could bugger.

By now the boys are rather bored with swimming, diving, tag, and Frisbee and are clamoring for lunch. Peter joins us from the jeepney where he's been napping and we three adults prepare the repast, spreading sandwiches and trying to keep the hungry kids from snatching a crust before it's time. A couple of the boys ask what kind of soft drinks everyone wants and fetch them from the cooler in the office. Finally all is ready and each youngster in the jostling lineup gets a Cheese Whiz and a peanut *bate* sandwich, a couple of bananas, and a coke.

The sandwiches are small so the boys are soon back for more. There are seconds and thirds and more bananas for everyone, then I slice up the *buko* pies for a finale. Everybody's stuffed, but there's always one boy with a bottomless stomach — this time it's Arlie — and he cleans up the Cheese Whiz with the crusts.

Now's the time to rest and relax for a while but the boys go exploring. Peter shoos some of them down from a tree where they are busily purloining the resort's exotic fruit and others discover a very abbreviated mini-zoo with a tired looking snake in a box and a lively monkey on a long chain. I unlimber my camera for pictures of big monkeys with small, then line up four boys on the railing of the big pool to pose as the Four Wise Monkeys, one with hands over eyes, another over ears, the third over mouth, and the last over crotch.

It's into the water again for Graeme and me to battle with boys mounted on our shoulders, then we play Frisbee keep-away for a while. The kids are fairly tired and their attention spans are pretty well

played out by now so I go down to the desk to settle our bill. It's quite reasonable, less than \$20 for entrance, cabana, and soft drinks.

As I'm paying, the girl says smilingly, "You have a big family, sir!" and I reply, "Oh, they're not my family. They're my bodyguards."

I tell her we enjoyed our stay and hope to come back again sometime soon.

"Maybe you'll try a massage then, sir," but I think by now she's pretty well aware that I won't need one of hers.

We stop once more on the way back in Los Banos where I shop in the supermarket for wine and cashew nuts, then bring out ice cream cups for all the troops. These kids take everything in stride so readily that it's easy to forget how seldom some of them ever get a treat.

The rest of the trip home is quiet with about half of the boys asleep on a neighbor's shoulder or lap. In the outskirts of Paggars we let off most of the gang with a couple of pesos transportation money as there are only a select few I want to take to my room. When I payoff Peter in the parking lot I figure the whole day's outing cost us about \$35, a modest price for some different fun.

Massage

While I'm cuddling them in the pool, several boys have suggested, "I come your room after picnic?" and of course I'm eager for some more substantial fun after a day of handling and ogling a dozen handsome youngsters. Back in my room I tell the five I've selected, "Okay, everybody *bomba* and you can give me a massage."

In a moment clothes are strewn on the floor and I'm climbing onto the bed with five naked boys. I tell them that first I'll have a back massage and then we'll play a game where they can all win some pesos. All but Tody, my newest friend of eleven, are veterans of a number of massage sessions so they know what to do. My back is doused with clouds of talcum powder, then they kneel or squat on both sides to squeeze and pummel me from neck to heels. While the others work mostly on my calves, thighs, and buttocks, I tell Albert, at thirteen the biggest, to massage my upper back. He has strong hands and leans his weight into it so that some of the tension is worked out of the muscles. While the kids giggle and chatter and pound, I let my hands wander on the smooth bodies around me, exploring a lean hip, a pliant bottom, or a dangling cocklet. When I sense that little hands are tiring of their task I turn over and explain the next game.

"I'm going to cover my eyes then each boy will put his *titi* in my hand. If I can tell from feeling it who he is, then he doesn't get anything, but if I guess wrong then he gets five pesos."

There's excited chatter as I put on my sleep-mask; they're always eager where pesos are involved. Lying back, I hold out a palm and tell them I'm ready for a *titi*. I hear more giggles and whispered Tagalog then I feel a soft little lump of flesh nudging against my fingers. I curl them around it and begin to fondle and manipulate until there's a slim warm spike in my grasp.

I'm quite certain it belongs to twelve-year-old Mandy — I've become familiar with his fine little circumcised cock over the past year but as I want to be wrong with all my guesses so everybody wins pesos, I say, "Hmm, it's pretty hard to tell. It might be Jose or Otec or Tody. I think I'll have to check it out more carefully. Bring it closer over here."

I draw the boy forward and raise my head until I feel the firm pricklet against my lips. Sucking it in, my tongue explores the contours of the glans, the rigid urethral tube, and flutters against the frenulum for a moment. Then I reluctantly release it, saying, "Well, that must be Jose."

There's much rejoicing at my wrong guess as I pull up the sleep-mask to confirm that it really is Mandy. He must have enjoyed my attentions as he's kneeling back on his haunches jacking away at his wet boner.

Replacing the mask, I call for another boy and this time the penis pushed into my hand is already stiff. It's slightly slimmer than the last and when I size the immature little testes attached below I know this must be Tody. Of course I want to taste it so I pull him forward and engulf the whole genitalia, my lips a tight circle around their base while I tongue the yummy mouthful.

"That's definitely Jose," I say as I come up for air and pull up the mask, but the kids gleefully point out that I'm wrong again; it's really Tody.

"Now you last three boys, have your *titis galet*; for me.

I want them nice and angry and I want you to kneel across here so I can taste them easier." I show them how I want their knees to straddle my chest, then prop up the pillows behind my neck and pull the mask on again. As one of the boys climbs into position I say, "We'll do all of you with the mask on then I'll make my guesses afterwards."

The next 2 1/2 inches of warm stiffness that slides between my lips is very familiar; it's been there before many times over the past few years. When I first knew Jose he was a tiny tyke of nine who hung around occasionally as a kind of mascot. He has been a much more frequent visitor recently however, and though he is now nearly fifteen he's still quite sexually immature for his age. Still short in stature, he has a

slender but beautifully muscled little body. His testes are just barely starting their pubertal growth and his nicely circumcised cocklet is still that of a small boy.

One of the nice things about Filipino boys is that their puberty comes later than the Western kids of today, probably due to poorer nutrition. Orientals are also less hirsute than most other races and the arrival of pubic hair with these kids usually comes well after some genital enlargement and the ability to produce a bit of ejaculate. Bradbury-Robinson's "brief golden days" between the first drop of juice and the arrival of the first hair are the norm rather than the exception here.

After savoring Jose for a moment, I call for a replacement and soon have another sweetmeat poking at my lips. This one curves slightly upward and has an extra collar of skin drawn back upon its neck; it's just a bit larger than the previous three and that extra bit of skin is because Albert is still uncircumcised. Thirteen is a bit late to still have a prepuce as most Filipinos are cut between ten and twelve, but Albert's, despite covering the glans completely when he's limp, rolls effortlessly back upon erection to bare the little acorn. I cup my hands around his widespread thighs to start a rocking motion of his loins but he needs little urging and the randy young stalk fucks enthusiastically into my mouth.

I enjoy this treat unashamedly for several moments, but there's still one more pricklet to investigate. I already know it belongs to Munchy and it's one of my favorites. Like Albert, he's thirteen and his cock is nearly identical to his friend's, just starting its pubic growth and uncut, with a long but easily peeled foreskin. But his weapon, instead of curving up, bends conveniently downward, so when it's being sucked and accidentally slips out, it's positioned to thrust right in again.

I feel Munchy climb into position, then he nuzzles his urgent staff against my lips. Since it's the last of today's collection I give it a long and leisurely sucking to the tune of whispers and giggles. Munchy's not bothered by an audience, I learn, as suddenly his thrusts become fiercer and I feel his urethra pulse upon my tongue as the ecstasy surges through him. After a moment the sated invader withdraws, leaving a faint tang of salty sweetness — Munchy has just proven that at least one of the M & M twins can melt in your mouth!

Now I remove my mask and announce my deliberately faulty guesses about the last three boys to everyone's delight; they've all won five pesos.

"And you can each earn five pesos more now if you give me a really good massage," I say as I slip a towel-covered cushion under my hips and direct the boys to their stations. Jose and Tody settle at either side of my waist while Albert sits between my parted and bent up knees. I have Mandy and Munchy up on their knees not far from my face so I can slip a hand from behind between parted thighs to fondle their dangling ball bags and drooping pricklets.

I tell Jose to show Tody just how I like my *bate* and he jabbars in Tagalog as he demonstrates the finer points on my achingly ready cock. I'm so excited that I have to caution them to go very slowly lest I erupt prematurely. Now I can feel Albert's clever fingers tickling and teasing my perineum as I turn my attention back to the lovely pair of cocklets, cut and uncut, that I hold in my grasp. I tweak them both to half-erection, then raise my head and pull Mandy forward to draw his delicate little testes into my mouth for a moment before I lick up the underside of his stiffening wienie. But the situation down below is becoming acute; I'm nearly ready to go off.

"Jose! Tody! Albert! Stop! Wait a minute!" I cry. When my excitement has subsided to a safer level I take the baby oil and pour a generous portion into the palms of the three who are clustered around my groin. Their hands are soon slipping voluptuously over my genitals and I feel Albert's oily finger investigating my anal entrance. Jose is gently squeezing my testes with one hand while the other is flat on my pubis, holding my pole in a vertical position where Tody's hands are sliding up and down. Pulling Mandy forward again, I engulf his boy parts and reach down with my other hand to guide the grip on my cock. Then I feel Albert's finger penetrate my anus, impaling my center of pleasure as it jabs in and out.

Beyond the point of no return, I clutch Tody's little fists tight around my shaft and strain myself upward in their exquisite slipping grasp until my semen spurts in arcs of shuddering joy.

A few moments later my stomach is being carefully toweled dry and my corps of masseurs are pulling on their shorts and T-shirts. With ten pesos burning holes in their pockets they head of for the *sari-sari* store. They've performed so well I may have to ask them all back for another massage tomorrow.

Speedos

If there's one thing the Pagers boys are crazy about, it's Speedos. I suppose they learned about them when some tourist, probably American or Aussie, brought a pair as a gift for a favorite, and now they're a byword throughout the town. The only place I've ever seen these trim, racing-style swim suits for sale in the Philippines was in a fancy boutique in Manila's Harrison Plaza; there was just one pair and the price was about twenty-five dollars — in the U.S. at that time it would have cost six or seven, so obviously the boys have expensive tastes.

Speedo was originally an Australian company and produced colorful nylon swim suits for years. Well known in international competition, their popularity in America coincided with the boom in age-group swimming that started in the 70s; now the headquarters and main factory is in the northwestern U.S.

There was a design difference in the Aussie and American models of the men's and boys' suits up until the late 60s. I remember going to an age-group meet in Brisbane at that time, my first swim meet in Australia, and noticing at once that many of the kids' trunks looked strange. It was because they were constructed with an extra piece of material, a sort of flap or skirt that came down over the groin, obviously a concession to modesty to conceal the delineation of the genitals by the closely clinging nylon.

This Victorian hangover, along with all I'd read about and observed of the Australian macho image with its aversion to 'poofers,' led me to believe that continent must be such a bastion of morality that boys there seldom had sex with men. How wrong I was! Through gentlemen I met at Pagers and subsequent trips to Oz over the next fifteen years I learned of many Aussie boys happily on the game for fun and/or profit.

But to go back to the Speedos, once they saw them, the Pagers kids were quickly enamored. Swim trunks brought by visitors from other countries were reluctantly accepted and even expensive U.S. competitors such as Arena, Hind, and The Finals were considered a poor substitute. And of course a swim suit made in the Philippines was looked upon as being definitely second rate. If the label said, 'Made in P.I.' the boy was sure to sniff disdainfully and say, "Lo-cal!", scorning anything-made in his country as grossly inferior.

As soon as I realized how prized Speedos really were, I tried to make sure I had enough with me each trip to supply one to each of my young friends. This entailed quite a bit of expense plus trips to swim shops and swim meet sales. I bought some through a local sales rep of Speedo, and then made a connection directly with the factory, buying several dozen at a time. They were still expensive, running six or seven bucks a pop, but eventually I worked out a deal to buy slightly damaged seconds or production overruns by the dozen at about three and a half dollars each. The seconds had only small imperfections, perhaps a tiny hole that had been stitched up, or the Speedo logo put on upside down. I could choose the sizes, always lots of 24s and 26s, but the factory determined the colors and patterns they sent. Sometimes I'd end up with a dozen of one size of a discontinued pattern but there was usually a hodgepodge of solids, panels of two or more colors, and several different prints. I avoided getting the state-of-the-art racing suits of Lycra as they were not only more expensive but I think they tend to squeeze the buttocks slightly out of shape as well as flattening the more interesting bumps of the crotch.

Now on each visit, at my first session with a favored youngster, I'll spread a couple of dozen colorful wisps of nylon across the bed and invite him to make his choice. Like a he-duck at a poultry show, he'll be torn by the plethora of goodies, and after he's finally made a selection will almost always ask for another, but one's all he gets for now. Perhaps later in the trip, I tell him, if he performs especially well, he'll earn himself a second pair of Speedos.

Awful Alex I

Awful Alex — for more than two years the light of my life and the bane of my existence.

In all my time at Pagers no other boy captivated me the way he did and no other boy caused me such vexation and annoyance. Unlike many besotted by love, lust, or just plain attraction, I could very rationally withdraw myself long enough to examine all his many flaws, but quite irrationally I couldn't prevent myself from going back for more punishment.

Alex and I first met the day before I was to leave Pagers after a brief week's visit. I'd just come back from a couple of hours in Lumban buying antique china and found on my porch a half dozen kids, several of whom were new to me, all of course wanting to come in and trade a little dalliance for Speedos or other largess. Feeling hot and weary, I wasn't all that anxious for sex, but then I saw that a couple of the new boys were quite attractive, and knowing a bird in the hand at present is better than an empty porch a little later on, I let the two newcomers in. They were happy to settle down with the electronic games I thrust upon them while I revived myself somewhat with a shower. I slipped on some shorts and sat down to inspect my new visitors.

The older boy of twelve, with the popular name of Rommell, was pleasant enough looking, but I found my attention drawn to the smaller one, Alex by name, who had a pretty face framed on top by a pageboy fringe and featuring enormous eyes, constantly shifting from chaste innocence to wanton devilry. When I suggested taking some *bomba* pictures both lads were quick to shuck off their clothes.

Rommell had a nice boy's body and was very well hung for a preadolescent. Some months later I was to learn that his circumcised cock was driving two gentlemen, one French and the other Australian, nearly to distraction. It seems that each had fallen in love with the child when visiting separately but their next trips to Pagers had unfortunately coincided. Rommell and his family were subjected to a tug of war which featured offers of adoption and French citizenship and trips to Australia, not to mention various sums of money. I'm sure that some of the money was extracted from both suitors though Rommell evidently didn't care a great deal for either of them and ended up going nowhere.

But it wasn't Rommell I had eyes for. It was slender pale-skinned little Alex. The willowy eleven-year-old boasted trim genitalia, tiny testes half hidden behind the symmetrical dangle of uncut pricklet. And he knew he was attractive; as the pair posed for a roll of pictures it was the younger lad who took the most provocative attitudes. With the camera set aside I joined the boys on the bed so my hands could explore what my eyes had been ogling.

They seemed not inexperienced, and I enjoyed a very pleasant half hour of dalliance with both in tandem. Afterwards the boys lay naked beside me as they resumed the electronic games and I was able to lazily caress Alex's smooth bottom and the line of his lean hip while I quizzed the handsome child about himself. I learned there was a brother Craig a year older and they lived with his mother Katie and stepfather Toling in Sampaloc, a *barrío* at the other end of town, which may have explained why I'd never seen him before. When I asked him what his stepfather did for a living, the boy grinned over his shoulder and said, "He's a policeman!"

Conditioned as I'd been by my Western background, I felt a jolt of apprehension, but then I realized, this is Pagers, there's nothing to worry about. And in fact it was quite so. On my next trip to the friendly village, even before I could send an emissary to seek out the captivating Alex, his mother and stepfather, with the boy in tow, were on my porch to negotiate an arrangement.

They said they'd heard all sorts of nice things about me and hoped that I could help both Alex and them. They left happy with several hundred pesos I'd contributed 'to help them start a small restaurant, and promises to take special care of their paragon of a child. How I tried to cope with him is another story.

Aussie Kevin

There's an Australian chap named Kevin whom I occasionally see here. He's in his late fifties, I'd guess, and works in the movie industry as a director, quite successfully, I'm told by one of his compatriots. He's an outgoing chap, always engaging to chat with, but I have to decry the way he's treated some of the boys.

It has to do with promises and expectations. Since the Philippines are an economically depressed area and pretty much a dead end for most of those seeking a better life than their parents, nearly everyone will jump at the chance to go overseas, especially to a western country. The United States is the first choice due to the fact that its culture, deservedly or not, is widely admired and copied in the islands, and it has a reputation as a land of opportunity. Many of my older Filipino acquaintances have importuned me to sponsor them in the U.S.; they say they'll do any kind of work, however menial.

What I'd like, of course, as would my fellow visitors, is to bring home a younger friend who'd continue to provide the divertissement for which Paggers is famous. I've never actually heard of this being done by an American. I've fantasized a bit about it but it would seem very impractical as one would have to more or less adopt the boy, changing one's lifestyle and bringing forth all sorts of questions from authorities, friends, and neighbors. And there's always the suspicion that strait-laced American attitudes might rub off on a child and cause him to eschew the practices that made him so attractive in the first place.

The only fair way I can see would be to undertake a commitment for the long term, adopting the youngster and raising him to adulthood. Just moving him to the West for a year or so, letting him become acclimated to the advantages available, then when the bloom is off the rose shipping him back home, I think would be most unfair. My own best fantasy, never indulged, I'm sad to say, would be to take a couple of my favorite boys to the U.S. for two or three weeks, show them Disneyland, take them on a camping trip, and generally give them a super vacation before sending them back with a bagful of souvenirs.

Parents nearly always seem happy to have their kids go off overseas with expectations of a better life and there have been a number of Paggers boys taken home by various visitors. Reyvel, at thirteen, went off to France for a year, and Ricky-Boy spent a couple of teen-age years in Germany, and both came home with a small nest-egg of cash, the former for working as a candy vendor for his patron and the latter from his benefactor for services rendered. Australia seems to be the favorite place, however; Bambi, Robbie, Donald, Jovy, and Rodolfo have all been sponsored there with some success and several have stayed on as permanent residents.

Now Aussie Kevin has told Rollie, Arnel, and Eugene that boy actors will be needed for a TV show in Australia; he's taken some video shots of them as a screen test, and has more or less promised they'll be taken Down Under to become stars. Despite the fact he's in the movie business this sounds a little farfetched to me, and so it turns out eventually; none of the kids ever goes to Australia. I don't know just why he's raised their expectations this way; he doesn't seem malicious to me. And certainly it wasn't necessary just to have his wicked way with them — they'd all happily agree to that for a few pesos.

On a later occasion I'm most surprised to encounter a slightly chubby blonde lad of eleven or twelve in the swimming pool. He's obviously a visiting Westerner and a pleasant contrast to the usual fare of dark-haired locals. Before I can make any advances I'm greeted by Kevin who tells me he's just arrived and brought along this fair-haired Cupid from Sydneyside. That's a switch, I think, for someone who not long ago was talking about taking boys in the other direction.

When I say I admire his taste, Kevin replies, "Oh, yeah, Jason is a bit of a smasher, quite worth perving over, and he was on the game from the first day I met him!"

He goes on to tell how the boy is from a broken home and he has volunteered through some Big-Brother type scheme run by the local city government to look after the child from time to time and be a

good influence on him.

“It’s a bloody marvelous lurk,” he says, “The city is even paying Jason’s expenses for this trip!”

“That’s great,” I say, “But I don’t understand your bringing him here. Isn’t that rather like taking coals to Newcastle?”

“Maybe so,” he replies, “But it makes for a nice variety.

Whenever I’m tired of chocolate on one side of the bed I can just turn over and have vanilla!”

In the Philippines virtually all males are circumcised. Among the Muslim population of the south it's a religious thing, usually done to boys around the age of five or six. Religion doesn't enter into it in the rest of this predominantly Catholic country; it's just the custom, perhaps fostered by the fact that it has been the style among Americans for nearly a century and the United States has influenced the Philippines by occupation or social and economic domination during that time. American fashion, entertainment, and sports are all closely emulated, so why not follow in this even more personal way.

The usual age for a Filipino boy to lose his foreskin is somewhere between ten and fourteen, almost always before the enlargement of puberty. It's definitely considered a rite of passage, and I've been told that no self-respecting Filipina girl would marry or have sex with a man who was not *tulay*, the Tagalog word for circumcised. And I've watched two twelve-year-olds squabbling until one of them uses the ultimate putdown, sneering that the other is *supot*, or still uncut.

Some boys put it off as long as possible for fear of the pain — it's nearly always done without anesthetic — and this means that visiting Western gentlemen have a nice variety of choice. The English and Europeans who were brought up among foreskinned boys will find enough with it still intact, while the Americans and Aussies, used to seeing bare knoblets, will also feel quite at home. I remember when I was growing up everyone I knew was circumcised, and it wasn't until I was ten, when a visiting Swedish boy in the locker room of the local swimming pool displayed an intriguing extra piece of flesh, that I knew such a thing existed. A couple of years later in boarding school there were several French and English boys who were refugees from the European war and I had a chance to do more than just look at an uncut pricklet. Years of traveling overseas accustomed me to preputial pleasures, though I did find my share of nicely cut Muslims as well. I count it one of the special delights of Paggers that in the age group I prefer there are plenty of both cut and uncut.

There is one disadvantage to the circumcisions here. They're not done with the skill or the precision instruments of American doctors and often turn out less than aesthetically pleasing. The vast majority of boys are circumcised by the town barber, using a simple knife or just a razor blade, and some are less skillful than others. Sometimes just a slit is made in the top of the prepuce, leaving excess skin drooping behind the frenulum, though there's usually some attempt to make things a bit neater by trimming.

The barbers really can't be blamed for their lack of artistry; they're not paid much, the customary fee being a pack of cigarettes, and do it more as a public service than for profit. There's also the problem of time to do a good job. For some reason Sabado de Gloria, the day before Easter, has become traditional for circumcisions and on this day a barber might have to do forty or fifty, one right after the other. Though I've never been present on Sabado de Gloria, I imagine it's drop your pants, into the chair, a quick slice or two, a fast wrap with a bandage, and "Next please!"

Sometimes the barber does a fine job. Three brothers of 14, 13, and 11 that I know quite well all have especially nice circumcisions. When I ask the oldest, Lito, about them he says they were all done at the same time about three years ago and not by a doctor. One day I ask his father who performed such artistic operations. He's a good friend of mine, with seven handsome sons under fourteen. He tells me that it was a barber who was visiting one day from another town and they just decided on the spur of the moment to take advantage of his specialty.

None of the boys I've asked claim to have been cut by a doctor, but I figure they would certainly be able to do better than some of the ragged jobs I've seen. With this in mind I have a standing offer with all my uncircumcised boys, telling them that when they decide they want to be *tulay* I'll pay for a doctor to do it properly. The offer has gone unclaimed as I'm only here a few weeks out of the year and a boy will often get caught up in the enthusiasm of getting cut when some schoolmates or a brother are going to be done. The sad result may be a former thing of beauty now disfigured and ugly. And there may be another

annoyance. On occasion I've arrived at Pagers looking forward to dalliance with a particular favorite only to find that he's just been under the knife and will be out of service for a week or two.

But now my friends Arlie and Sapsi, both thirteen, say they're ready to take me up on my offer of a doctor. I go downtown to consult with my friend Ludwig Digbayan, a doctor who has ministered to my complaints as well as those of many of my young companions over the years. He tells me he doesn't do circumcisions anymore but says he'll ask his son Jerry, who is a surgeon at the Provincial Hospital in Santa Cruz. A couple of days later he reports that Jerry has agreed to do it for the price of a hundred pesos each, including aftercare and medicines. At the present rate of exchange this seems a bargain at two for less than twenty-five dollars, so we set up an appointment for the day before I plan to leave.

The two boys spend the night before in my room and after a thorough round of farewells to their foreskins, with thanks for much loyal service, we head for Dr. Digbayan's. Since I've flipped a coin determining that Arlie goes first, we leave Sapsi in the waiting room and go in to meet Jerry. He's a well-spoken young man who is accompanied by a very pretty nurse he introduces as his wife. As I've always been secretly titillated by the thought of watching a boy being circumcised, I explain that I'd like to stay to lend moral support.

Ludwig's office is hardly a modern surgery. The only light comes from a modest bulb and the open door to an overgrown garden in the back, near which an old table with a leather top is situated. At Jerry's request Arlie takes off his trousers and lies back on the table, shirt tucked up around his chest and legs dangling over the end. I'm mildly surprised that his pricklet has not sprung to erection in the presence of the beautiful Mrs. Jerry, but apparently anxiety about the impending operation keeps it limp.

The surgeon's first task is to paint the boy's penis and surrounding skin with a red antiseptic not unlike Mercurchrome. Seated beside Arlie, I hold his hand reassuringly while Jerry injects the foreskin and the area around the glans with several shots of Novocain, explaining in Tagalog that these little jabs are all the pain there will be. Now my young friend lies there stoically while the doctor stretches the unwanted prepuce with forceps and starts to slice and snip away.

It's much messier and there's more blood than I'd expected, and I'm feeling a bit squeamish as the operation goes on. Perhaps holding Arlie's hand is a reassurance to me, as he doesn't seem to be bothered by the procedure, and to further distract myself I keep busy waving away one or two flies that are lazily circling the goings on. Finally after perhaps half an hour, though it seems much longer, Jerry has sewn in the sutures, his wife has mopped away the blood, and a bulky bandage has been secured around the lacerated organ. Arlie is allowed to pull on his pants, given some pills, and told when to return for a change of dressing, seemingly in no way the worse for wear. I wish I could say the same for myself. It's been a much queasier experience than I'd reckoned on and when Sapsi comes in to be done I beg off attending the second feature. He's a very self-confident child and I'm sure he won't miss me if I'm not here to hold his hand.

When I'm back in Pagers several months later one of the first things I do is summon Arlie and Sapsi for an inspection of Jerry's handiwork. I'm dashed to discover that he's achieved an artistic triumph with neither. Both members are lumpy and a bit ragged looking, but then I reflect that it's really no great worry. The boys will be moving out of my orbit soon and I'm sure it won't matter to their future girlfriends and wives who will value size and performance more than neatness and beauty. Just the same, I decide that in the future I'll leave my boys to the barber instead of Dr. Jerry.

Awful Alex II

This has been another pleasant day in Paradise, marred only by the fact that Alex was around most of the time and has been even more tiresome, willful, whining, and disruptive than usual. Tonight I've been invited to dinner at his family's, the first time I've been there, though I've had several visits here at Coco Grove from Lettie and her husband Toling.

Around six I gather up Alex, along with a bag of mangoes, a bottle of Tanduay rum, and a couple of large Cokes, and catch a tricycle to Sampaloc on the other side of town. After a ten minute ride we turn down a dimly lit and bumpy street and pull up beside a dilapidated wooden structure. It's a shack mounted on six-foot pilings, a modest dwelling no worse than several others nearby. Telling the driver to return in a couple of hours, we climb a ladder to be greeted on the narrow front porch by our hosts.

I'm given the wooden chair of honor while Toling fetches some glasses and older brother Craig, whom I've not seen before, is sent to a nearby *sari sari* store for a pitcher of ice. Over rum and Coke I draw out the taciturn Toling, asking him about his job as a policeman. It seems he's been out of work lately; he was on the force in nearby Lumban but hasn't been able to work there for six months due to internecine strife, not his fault of course, involving some ambushes, hand grenadings, and corruption. This sounds like the Wild West to me but Toling says it's not all that dangerous and it shouldn't be long until he's back on the job.

Lettie joins us to chatter on about her favorite subject, Alex. She tells me what a clever, intelligent boy he is, a paragon of virtue whose only failing is that he's once in a while led astray by other boys less angelic than he. Of course this is so much bullshit to anyone who has known Alex for more than a few minutes but I politely nod as she goes on and on, finally bringing out some photos taken of him a year or so back by a Swiss whom she describes as a very nice man. When she speaks of a French gentleman, obviously another former lover, I want to say, "Hey, I may not believe all the stuff about how wonderful Alex is, but I *do* know he's good in bed; after all, he's been sleeping with me most every night!"

After a couple of drinks Lettie serves us some food. It's a concoction of baked beans and cut-up hot dogs — not very Filipino, but there's rice and some tasty pickled green mango as a relish, and a really delicious coconut flan for dessert.

I've been watching brother Craig all this time. At thirteen he's a little taller than Alex, and still looks preadolescent. Whereas Alex is slender, he's thinner, almost skinny, and while he's nice looking, lacks the spark of beauty that makes his brother special. Looks aside, young Craig might be a better choice of companion than Alex, I think. He's quiet, polite, and pleasant and seems quite willing to let his little brother have the spotlight. I muse how easy it would be to trade self-centered Alex in for Craig but then I think, "He may be nicer but he's sure not as sexy!"

I've said to Alex earlier that it would be better if he sleeps at home tonight; I have an early tennis date in Santa Cruz tomorrow and need a good night's rest. He has not treated this news kindly; he wants to spend every night in my bed, not because he's fond of me, but for the money and gifts I always give as well as the prestige of being my number one companion. Now he's perched on the arm of my chair pestering me to change my mind.

"I'll give you 'spayshul' tonight!" he whispers in my ear, promising me some vague but fabulous consummation, presumably anal, that he brings up whenever I need particular coaxing.

"Okay," I tell him, "But no staying up late. I need my rest, so after the 'special' it's off to sleep."

After a final glass of Tanduay and Coke, Lettie and Toling bring up the subject that's been on their minds the whole evening. It seems that the rent on this house is very expensive but if they could just make a 1000 peso down payment towards buying it, their financial worries would be over for quite some months. Naturally, since I am such a good friend of Alex's, they hope I might be able to advance them the money, which of course will be paid back in full in the near future.

Quite aware that there are no prospects or even intentions of reimbursing me, I hem and haw a bit, pleading temporary poverty, but after appropriate signs of reluctance, finally agree to send the money via Alex on the morrow. Fifty dollars is little enough to pay, I think, to assure *carte blanche* with their twelve-year-old son.

I can see that the tricycle is now waiting below so I thank my hosts, clamber down the ladder, and Alex and I depart.

As soon as we're back in my room I pull the boy down onto the bed with me, grab his face between my hands, and give him a long deep kiss. He struggles a bit at first, then relaxes and lets his hot little tongue dance against mine; he's really very good at this. As I pause for breath I slip a hand up inside Alex's shorts to squeeze a Speedo-covered cheek, saying with a leer, "And now I'm finally gonna have some 'special'!"

"No, No!" cries the boy, "I'm too tired. I'll give you 'spayshul' tomorrow, I promise!"

Though I know he's not a virgin — an English friend of mine depucilated him more than a year ago — he's obviously not anxious to have his little bottom penetrated now; hence his version of "Not tonight, I have a head-ache!"

I don't really mind; I'd just as soon do other things, so I say, "Okay, no 'special' tonight, but someday I'm gonna have your *puwet*! Right now I want a shower before bed, so come on."

He's reluctant, as usual, to do anything I ask but I soon have him stripped and dragged protesting to the Comfort Room. With the shower adjusted to pour a modest stream of lukewarm water on us, I push the balky child ahead of me into the tiny shower area. I start to wash him, leaning over to look down the front of his lean torso to where his pubis swells out to dangling little playthings. My soapy fingers soon have the tummy banana peeled back so the sensitive head can be washed, making its owner shiver to the intimate friction. When it's squeaky clean I give the rest of him a quick going over, then edge further under the shower. While I sluice myself I hand Alex the soap and say, "Now you can wash my *talong* for me, and do it nice and slowly!"

The boy knows his business all right, gently kneading my testes then sliding his soapy fist slowly up and down the naked shaft of my cock. His strokes begin to get a bit too enthusiastic, however — like a horse smelling the barn, he's anxious to get this trip finished, and I pull his hands away just in time.

Now I swing Alex up to stand on the toilet seat so I don't have far to lean down to find his genitals with my mouth. With the water still coursing down on us, I clutch his buttocks in my hands while my tongue worries his ball bag then laps its way up the stiff cocklet. I plant a kiss on the bared knob, then bob my head to slide it sweetly in and out.

Then I straighten to pull the boy's warm wet body against mine. My lips are once more against his and my tongue probes far into his mouth as my breath comes in gasps and my passion rises. The long deep kiss is so exciting I must tear my lips away and bend once more to the child's groin. I open wide my mouth to engulf the seedless little grapes, suck them in, and tighten my lips around his scrotum's base. As I gently chew and tongue the delicate boy parts, the warm water courses down my face. I grasp my ready cock; four or five quick strokes are all it takes, and I'm quaking my rapture out across the bathroom floor.

A little later I'm back in my bed, feeling pleasantly drained as I read and play some music. Glancing down at the sleeping Alex who now looks a ravished young angel, I muse that fifty dollars seems like almost nothing to pay for all the aggravation and ecstasy he brings me.

Boathouse

It's called "The Boathouse" but it's really a houseboat. I've never stayed on it or even wanted to, but it's very popular with visitors and often booked months in advance.

Tethered to the shore by ropes below the path between the Hall and Coco Grove, the Boathouse is a floating accommodation on the river, a sort of raft with three bedrooms and a bath. The rooms are rather small and low-ceilinged; they tend to be hot, with only rotating fans on bedside tables. Perhaps the most attractive thing about the place is the roofed-over area down the middle of the raft, open at both ends between the rooms. It is furnished with a small bar and several comfortable chairs, a nice place for cocktails or an evening party, though a drawback is the lack of privacy from anyone using the walkway above.

Another nice feature is a small platform on the river side of the lounge area. It's very convenient for swimming or docking a visiting *bangka*. This is undoubtedly one reason why the Boathouse is so popular with gay visitors whose interest lies in the *bangkeros*, the boatmen who ply the river. I've attended a couple of soirees put on by three chaps from Adelaide who used to come twice a year, "For the boatmen, Mate." A barbecue had been set up for real steaks from back home, and the local rum and San Miguel were supplemented, much to my delight, by a couple of flagons of good Aussie red wine. There were more than a dozen boatmen in attendance with faces constantly changing as up to three *bangkas* were sometimes tied to the dock.

On another occasion Alistair and Tommy, two English friends of mine, rented the place for a week. Alistair was a successful young businessman in his late twenties and Tommy, a dozen years older, was a boarding school master. They'd first met when Alistair was twelve, and evidently the naughty pleasures he'd learned at that time from his mentor had been so delightful that the two of them were now, some fifteen years later, practicing them with the willing Paggery youngsters. Alistair had a way about him that was very attractive to the boys and when I'd visit in the afternoon there were always some new faces I'd not seen. Along with some of my own coterie who had deserted the swimming pool, the Boathouse became a favored place for bathers. I must admit, I found it most pleasant to relax next to the busy dock and watch the play of sunlight on lean, glistening, Speedo-clad bodies.

Brothers

Friends of mine who have dallied with boys in the Western world tell me that it's not a good idea to do so with youngsters who know each other very well, and even less so with brothers. They reason that it's dangerous to have two kids comparing notes; jealousy can occur, or the boys might even be overheard discussing liaisons by unsympathetic adults. Happily this is not a problem at Paggery.

Younger brothers always seem to want to emulate their elders and get in on the fun. When I discover (often he won't volunteer it) that one of my kids has a suitably aged younger brother and ask to meet him, usually he'll be brought around quite happily, especially if big brother is promised a modest reward for doing so. Over the years at Paggery I've had some twenty different pairs of brothers. With seven of those families three boys have graced my team, and the splendid Campanos family provided four; their mother was kind enough to produce a boy every year and a half for a while.

I considered it a compliment that so many boys followed in their brothers' footsteps; obviously I was found kind (and generous) enough that they — and their parents — were pleased with what Coco 8 had to offer. And it was fun to have brothers and compare their traits. Some were physically much alike; sturdy Christopher and Don-Don, the beautiful Olanzas Norberto and Dennis, lean *cafe-au-lait* skinned Cesar and Cedeno, the three Flores boys who could have been clones when each was thirteen, and of course Bing and Bong, the roly-poly identical twins. Others were very different. Rarnil was muscular and aggressive, Joey graceful and retiring. Noel was stolid and almost chubby but little brother Edgardo bubbling and had a muscular frame. Jose, Ating, Jonathan, and Danno had quite different faces but shared slender builds and perfectly proportioned cocklets.

For those who fantasize about having sex with two brothers at the same time, it wasn't hard to arrange. I've dallied with half a dozen pairs, the best remembered perhaps being Bing and Bong, laughing mirror images to be embraced on left and right. Jose and Sandy, at thirteen and twelve, were accomplished fellators who could not only alternate their work but manage to both perform at the same time, watching which made the physical sensations doubly delightful. My favorites may have been Cesar and Cedeno, who were quietly attentive and skillful with their hands and owned long slender pricklets that begged to be fondled. Many times I slowly jacked Cedeno to a straining dry orgasm while Cesar's clever fingers were bringing me to a wetter one.

The House on Hardboard Avenue

Like the town of Paggers, the house on Hardboard Avenue was a unique place that could only be found in a country such as the Philippines. I was lucky enough, through some fortunate connections, to be a guest there and sample its special pleasures.

My English friend Sean, who'd shared a number of holidays with me, including one at Paggers, wrote that he was planning to visit the islands again and suggested I try to join him. Not only could we go to Paggers, but a German friend of his had offered him (and me as his companion) some special hospitality in Manila that he felt we should try out. It happened that I, due to business commitments, was to be in the Philippines several days ahead of Sean, but he told me that was no problem; he'd arrange for his friend to meet me at my hotel for lunch and we could work things out from there.

With my current business all wrapped up, I waited for Lothar in the stately lobby of the Manila Hotel. He arrived promptly at twelve-thirty, accompanied by a friend Sean had also mentioned. The German was a vigorous looking chap in his early fifties, fluent in English, his obvious intelligence matched by a large dose of charm. He introduced his companion, a willowy young man of about twenty, as his Danish friend Erik. As we awaited our lunch in the restaurant I learned a good deal more.

Lothar was in the pharmaceutical business, he said, and owned a large company that specialized in developing new products. He had offices in various cities around the world and enjoyed the travel involved in overseeing them though it gave him less time than he'd like for relaxation.

"I have a home in Frankfurt where Erik and I spend some time, but I thought it would be nice to have a *pied-a-terre* on this side of the world as well, so when my agent found a suitable place I took a year's lease on it. Of course it would be pointless to have it without Matt and Timothy, the two fellows who live there and take care of it for me. I'm sure you'll enjoy them.

"Sean has told me about Paggers," he went on, "And I understand it's quite interesting. I expect our place is much quieter and of course we have the advantage of privacy. The main attraction is the swimming pool. We usually have enough visitors from the neighborhood to keep everyone happy."

As we talked further over lunch I learned that Lothar and Erik would be flying back to Germany the next day but hoped I would be their guest at Hardboard Avenue, along with Sean, for as much of my holiday as I'd like. They suggested that after lunch I accompany them back to meet Matt and Timothy and sort out the details. This sounded a good idea to me but meanwhile I got out an envelope of my photos that I thought they'd enjoy seeing. Portrait snapshots of mostly ten to fourteen-year-olds, they were well received; Erik practically drooled over many of them.

He and I certainly share the same tastes, I thought, as I promised to send him some copies, but I had the feeling that Lothar, though he was lavish in his praise, wasn't really all that much interested in this age group. Perhaps, I thought, Lothar really likes young men like Erik and has established this *garconierre* for him rather than himself. Later on Matt confirmed this was the case.

With lunch over, we taxied off to the old suburb of Little Baguio, so called because it is set amongst some low hills. Following several winding streets, we eventually found Hardboard Avenue — where it got its name I never learned — and pulled up at the entrance of Lothar's house. Like most of the other places in the neighborhood, it was surrounded by a wall of some fifteen feet with shards of broken glass imbedded in the top, insuring not only privacy but security as well. Lothar rang a bell in a large sheet metal gate and shortly it was rolled back to let us in.

The grounds encompassed perhaps half an acre and were landscaped with a dozen or so coconut palms, clumps of bamboo, and various flowering tropical bushes. In the center stood a splendid old home, dating back some fifty years, I guessed — a bit run down perhaps, but like a somewhat raddled dowager, still putting on a brave face. We climbed wide steps to the raised veranda that surrounded most of the building, then entered the main foyer and living room. The whole house was built of wood, with parquet

floors and fine mahogany mouldings; the ceilings were high and set with several circular fans — there would have been no air conditioning when it was built.

“It must have belonged to one of the leading families,” Lothar said, “but back in those days materials and labor were very cheap, so I expect it only cost a fraction of what it would to build it now. But here are Matt and Timothy. They’ll be your hosts while you and Sean are here.”

Matt was a tall American of thirty-five, an extrovert, I quickly ascertained, voluble in his opinions and interesting to listen to. Timothy was quite different. He was quiet, English, in his early twenties, and was a stunningly handsome young man. Huge blue eyes, long dark lashes, chiseled lips parted in a slight smile, his face was classic beauty, all crowned with a tumble of dusky curls. Trim body casually clothed, he moved with lissome grace, and I thought to myself, Wow, I wish I’d known him at twelve!

It was the loquacious Matt who told me that the two of them were both students and teachers of music, taking courses at the University of the Philippines while at the same time giving piano lessons.

“Come on through the dining room,” he said, “And see what we have in the back,” leading me out onto a veranda overlooking the back yard. Taking up most of the space between the house and the wall concealing us from the adjoining property was a brightly tiled swimming pool some twenty yards long and perhaps ten in width. Surrounded by a cement walkway with a small grassy area on one side, it also had a little pool house at one end, containing a changing room and the filtering machinery.

“According to Manuel, it was put in just a couple of years ago,” said Matt. “Manuel’s our major-domo who takes care of the pool and the grounds and anything that needs fixing. His wife Letty keeps the place clean and does the laundry and some of the cooking. They live in a couple of rooms under one end of the house and they have five daughters. The youngest is three and the oldest nine, but you’ll almost never see them. What you *will* see is boys!

“And there should be some along to swim in a little while. I know the area you came through has mostly big expensive homes, but the neighborhood a couple of blocks down the hill is quite different and there are all sorts of youngsters who’d like to use the pool. Manuel is very good at sorting the undesirable ones out and keeping the others in line. He doesn’t let any in until around three- thirty, after school’s out.”

Sure enough, a few minutes later half a dozen boys appeared from around the corner of the house and ran chattering over to a patch of lawn where they kicked off their sandals, shed their clothes, and charged naked into the pool.

“Oh, yes,” said Matt, “We don’t allow any bathing suits here; neither the kids nor the adults. It’s kind of like the Y.M.C.A. used to be back home and it means there’s always something nice to look at. The pool’s not heated, by the way, and sometimes it feels pretty cold at first, but you’ll get used to it after the initial shock!”

It didn’t seem to bother the boys who were cavorting about in and out of the water. They ranged in age from perhaps fourteen to sixteen, I noted, and were in fact a bit on the elderly side for me.

“Do you have younger ones come as well?” I asked.

“Oh, sure,” was the reply. “Personally, I don’t find a boy very interesting until he’s fourteen or fifteen and his penis is fully sensitized, so I suppose that’s what we have the most of, but there are some younger brothers too. Erik likes the little ones so I think you’ll find several will be coming round.”

His prediction was shortly confirmed with the arrival of half a dozen more boys. Several of them were younger; the smallest, a pretty little fellow of eleven or twelve, was evidently a favorite of Erik’s as he made a bee-line for him and they quickly disappeared together into the house.

“Usually we’ll get about a dozen or so kids of an afternoon,” said Matt, “and on the weekends even more. I have to tell Manuel to keep the numbers under twenty or it’s just too busy. The boys here, by the way, are much less sophisticated than the professionals you’ll find down in the Ermita district or out at Paggers, and I definitely want to keep it that way. Mind you, that doesn’t mean they’re averse to sex; all Filipino boys seem to be into that by the time they’re ten, but I’ve tried to keep these ones from getting

mercenary. So if you take a boy to your room and have sex with him, don't pay him anything for it. Later on, maybe the next day, you can give him a small gift from the market like a ball-point pen, a toothbrush, or maybe even a T-shirt, but hopefully, separating the sex and the present will keep things on a less commercial basis."

While the soft-spoken Timothy excused himself to do some work at the piano and Lothar went off to make a phone call, Matt and I pulled up a couple of rattan chairs on the veranda. He shouted for Letty, and a pretty Filipina of about thirty poked her head out the door to be asked to make us a pitcher of iced tea. In some moments it was delivered, not by Letty but by a rather striking lad of twelve or thirteen. His stolid face was not particularly notable, but he appeared, in his somewhat threadbare T-shirt and shorts, to have an exceptional body. What really struck me, however, was his magnificent posture; back straight, shoulders back, and chest out, he walked with a regal grace. I couldn't keep my eyes off him as he set the tray down on a table beside us, then strode off back into the house.

"And who is *that* boy?!" I breathlessly inquired.

"Oh," replied Matt, "That's Gaspar. He's not one of the neighborhood kids; he's some cousin or nephew of Letty from her town out in the provinces and he's staying here. He sleeps down in Manuel and Letty's place and helps with the gardening and other chores. Do you like him? If so, I expect you'll soon discover he's the only boy in Manila with a two-toned cock!"

I wanted to ask more, but about that time Lothar returned and we talked of one or two mutual friends we had on the Sri Lanka scene of several years back. He went on to say that I shouldn't wait for Sean's arrival a few days hence but should move in tomorrow if I liked. This suited me nicely as I had a social obligation to fulfill that evening, so after chatting for a while longer I said goodbye to Lothar and Erik, who by now had returned from his tryst with the cherub, and told them I'd pass on their regards to Sean when he arrived. Manuel went off to find me a cruising taxi and I soon departed, looking forward to my return on the morrow.

The next day I was settled into a large but sparsely furnished bedroom. Like the other sleeping quarters, it was air-conditioned, not always an advantage, I found in ensuing days, as Manila was experiencing periodic brownouts of up to several hours at a time and when the air-con stopped, all the windows and doors needed to be thrown open so a breeze could circulate. Attached was a large bathroom with white tiled floor and only cold water in the basin. That was no problem as I was used to shaving in tepid water, and the shower had a hot water machine attached which worked even better than the one in my Comfort Room at Paggers.

My first evening I made the intimate acquaintance of the impassive Gaspar whose body was even more beautifully muscled than I'd hoped, and he did have a two-toned cock. The upper half of that circumcised three-inch weapon was the light tan of his tummy; the rest, including the neck and glans, was a pale pink, a rather striking color combination even in the dim illumination of my flashlight during a somewhat inconvenient brownout. Gaspar was barely edging on puberty, and, I judged, quite some months away from producing any semen, so I was pleasantly surprised to find he was one of those special few whom the proper stimulation so excites that they spurt a few drops of urine at their orgasm. The next day a Hong Kong T-shirt was gratefully accepted; with sleeves turned up to show his muscled shoulders, he seemed to march about his tasks even more majestically.

My friend Sean soon flew in and joined our little group- It was fine to see him again and have his always amusing company, especially as I found Matt and Timothy were away much of the time with their musical study and teaching obligations. We made some shopping excursions to the local market as well as downtown Manila, worked on our all-over suntans by the pool, and caught up on each other's recent news.

Another pastime we shared was photographing Gaspar. Sean was even more taken with his regal bearing and sculptured body than I, and we spent several mornings snapping pictures of him in very brief

outfits or *au naturel* on the veranda or in the garden. Sean was very good at posing his muscularity to best advantage, trussing him with clothesline to railings and palm trees, then smoothing baby oil over him to highlight the glistening torso straining at its bonds.

There were other fish in the sea, or in our case the swimming pool, so I tried out some new friends and found several that suited me quite nicely. When there were kids in the pool I sometimes joined them to swim and toss around a Frisbee; going from the humid tropical air into the cold water was quite a jolt, but a minute or so of immersion acclimated one pretty well. While in the pool I soon found that most of the boys were more sophisticated about sex and its potential rewards than Matt had perhaps hoped; I was often groped by a smiling lad who obviously wanted me to choose him for some sex and its concomitant reward.

I, of course, groped right back, even though many of them were beyond my age preferences and I had to regretfully tell them they were a year or so too late. One whose blandishments I did succumb to a couple of times was fifteen-year-old Miguel, a rangy *mestizo-looking* youngster whom I found attractive for the long but still quite narrow cock sprouting from his hairless loins. When excited, in the privacy of my room, it resembled a firm straight sausage, even to the pucker of extra skin at the tip.

Two more boys who successfully importuned me were Jerry and Noel. The former, just twelve he told me, was the pretty lad I'd watched go off with Erik a few days earlier. Making me an offer I couldn't refuse, he said, "We *chupa* you!"

His companion was a fourteen-year-old whose long torso and legs belied his otherwise strongly Oriental appearance; his facial features announced he could likely be the grandson of some wartime Japanese occupier. On this occasion, instead of my bedroom, I led the way to a lair Matt had showed me the day before. It was under the house and its two principal features were a large double bed and a full length mirror at its foot, tipped forward on gimbals so occupants of the bed could watch themselves in action.

The boys were as good as their word. I reclined with a naked acolyte kneeling on either side, leaning down to worship at my altar one after the other. It was nearly as stimulating to watch in the mirror as to feel the eager though somewhat unskilled mouths performing *chupa* on me, and in due course I had to stop them before a conclusion occurred too soon. Reciprocation was only fair, I decided, and proceeded to explore both their circumcised parts with my own lips and tongue. Jerry's was still a small boy's pricklet but Noel boasted some four inches of burgeoning hot dog; I wondered if this kosher meal would combine milk with the meat.

Telling Jerry to resume his vacuuming of my cock, I had Noel kneel beside my face, grasping the headboard with one hand while leaning slightly forward. I clutched his taut bag of growing balls, pulling his stiffness down to my waiting lips, and let the eager glans slide within- I was now occupied on several fronts, watching Jerry's head bobbing on my cock and Noel's hips jabbing his shaft between my lips, all the time savoring the sensations in my loins and mouth. The fourteen-year-old, it turned out, was even more excited than I. His thrusts became harder, then his taut body shuddered, hairless pubes against my face, as I felt his shaft throbbing on my tongue. There must have been a few drops of boy-milk as I savored a salty sweetness on my taste buds.

In a moment he sagged down onto the bed, none too soon, it seemed, as my most urgent attention was now elsewhere. I watched in the mirror where Jerry's avid little face was rising up and down above my loins, then grabbed his head in my hands to move it a little faster. Then my eyes lost their focus on the mirrored scene and I spasmed wildly as Jerry siphoned out my liquid joy.

A different kind of pleasure was getting to know Timothy. Besides being outrageously good looking, he had a very sweet nature. Whereas his friend Matt was extroverted, vociferous, and seemed to seek the center of the stage, Timothy was quietly easygoing. And his talents were several; we were often treated to

the strains of Chopin or Schumann echoing through the house as he practiced the piano, and occasionally he'd relieve Letty in the kitchen to whip up a moussaka or some other exotic dish.

The origins of his upper middle class accent were borne out when he told me a little about his early life. Well-to-do family, off to boarding school at age eight, then his parents were killed in a car crash when he was eleven and he went to live with his uncle. It turned out that Uncle John was a lover of boys who soon introduced his ward to the pleasures of sex which the child took up avidly. Who could blame his uncle, I thought; what a stunner he must have been at eleven!

As he grew older, Timothy began to frequent 'tea-rooms,' or public conveniences as they're called in Britain, meeting men for brief sexual encounters. It was in one of these, when he was in his mid-teens, I gathered, that he met visiting American Matt and the two became lovers. I didn't learn the details of how or when he'd left school or Uncle John, but eventually he went off with Matt and now the two had been living together for some years. Though he himself was only attracted to men, Timothy was evidently not unhappy with Matt's interest in teenagers and seemed to find it quite natural that Sean and I liked younger boys. Uncle John had taught him well!

In the middle of our stay at Hardboard Avenue Sean and I took a hiatus and spent a long weekend at Paggers. It was a bit more frenetic than Manila and we entertained a goodly number of old and new friends. There were several favorite boys I'd have loved to take back to Hardboard for a few days but I knew Matt would be most unhappy at his more innocent troops being corrupted by what he considered the Paggers professionals, so it was only a pipe dream.

Back at the old house we resumed our sybaritic life. In the mornings I'd go off to play tennis or shop; in the afternoons it would be swimming, ogling the boys, and dalliance. Our evenings were usually early. I'd mix up some lethal drinks with local rum and whatever juices I could find in the market — papaya, guava, mango, and guayabano were the usual, and we'd sip them on the veranda while we slapped at the mosquitoes which always turned up about then. After dinner, often by candlelight courtesy of a brownout, it would be off to bed. Sometimes I'd have Gaspar for a bed mate but generally my afternoon exertions had been such that I welcomed a respite from boys.

One of the smaller youngsters who became a favorite during my stay was Orlando, a slender eleven-year-old with a nice little uncut tassel. The first afternoon I saw him we played in the swimming pool. The kids always enjoyed riding my shoulders and being tossed up to crash into the water and Orlando was no exception. He seemed to love my attention and clung to me jealously when I'd reach for another lad. There'd been no objection, only a shy smile, when I'd gently explored his shriveled little boy parts beneath the water, so I murmured in his ear, "You like to come to my room and make some *bate*?"

"Yes," he whispered diffidently, but his eyebrows flicked eagerly up and down in the Filipino sign of assent.

With arms around my neck and legs around my waist, the little figure clung to me as I climbed the ladder from the pool. Pausing to pick up my towel, I slung the naked child over my shoulder and strode off toward my room like some ancient warrior with the spoils of war.

Once the door was closed, I gave us both a quick toweling, then sat back on the bed, dandling seventy pounds of small boy in my lap. I stroked his still cool flesh, then laid him across my thighs to diddle his little dangle. His scrotum was a shriveled patch of skin, the tiny testes withdrawn to warmer climes, but his pricklet responded to my fingers' play, an upthrust two-inch spike. I wanked him for a bit with no apparent crisis, then pulled him up beside me.

"Now you give me *bate*," I directed, pointing to my ready stiffness. With no reluctance he complied; his hands were awkward and unschooled — I'm sure he'd never done this with an adult, and I found it most erotic to teach him new and pleasant naughtiness.

Then it was time for another lesson. Lying between my widespread legs, arms propped upon my thighs, Orlando held my rigid organ upright and began to tongue and suck the glans. With just the knob

within his warm lips, I jacked my shaft until I felt my time was near. Grabbing his head, I gave a few quick thrusts upward, then my loins spasmed in delight as my juice squirted forth. I held the child's head still until the throbbing joy was over, his mouth stretched halfway down my shaft, eyes big with wonder at his first taste of sperm.

Finally I pulled his head away to let my sated cock emerge. Lips clamped tight and cheeks puffed out with the unexpected mouthful, the boy looked wildly around for some place to put it. I held a hand over his mouth and pointed to my throat as I went through the motions of swallowing.

Dutifully he acquiesced, gulping a couple of times, then I pulled him up onto me to hug and tell him what a good boy he'd been. For completing his very first blow job so manfully I thought Orlando deserved more than just a delayed reward, so I broke out a bag of greasy corn chips; they were devoured with dispatch and the boy padded happily off to the pool wiping traces of grease and spunk from his mouth with the back of his hand.

When I'd recounted the tale of my tryst with Orlando to Sean, he took him quickly in hand; he was very fond of boys who'd not only *chupa*, but also swallow the result. A day or so later the child showed up trailing an even smaller version of himself, a nine-year-old brother named Nanno. I learned that this wasn't really a proper name but meant 'small boy' in Tagalog, quite appropriate in this case. Sean immediately took charge of his education and reported after one session that he performed as admirably as his brother. Though he was really a bit young for me, I tried him out at Sean's behest and found he'd learned his lessons well. Swallowing happily, he even licked his lips with a roguish grin — a credit to his tutor.

Sean told me later, "You must start them out properly the first time, you know. Don't let them spit it out but tell them it's very nutritious and will make them big and strong. And reward them well, of course. They'll be happy swallowers from then on!"

Our holiday at Hardboard Avenue finally drew to a close. Both Sean and I had some extra gifts, mostly clothes, for our favorites like Gaspar, Jerry, Orlando, and little Nanno when we said our farewells. Matt and Timothy told us to come again before too long, but alas, it was not to be.

As Lothar felt he and Erik were really getting too little use of the place, he gave up the lease, and that was the last we saw of the fine old house. We lost touch with Matt and Timothy who at last report had moved to a place in some far suburb where they were raising chickens and mushrooms.

On my next trip to the islands, Paggers was my only destination. I thought fleetingly of driving through the Hardboard neighborhood in Manila to find a favorite friend — a Jerry or Orlando — to take along for a few days, but then I thought, with dozens of boys already vying for attention, why bring more?

Some six months later Sean was with me again at Paggers. He'd not forgotten the pleasures of Hardboard Avenue and made a special trip back to the house to try and track down the sturdy Gaspar. Though the place was empty, Manuel and Letty were still there as caretakers and he prevailed on her to trek back to her provincial hometown to try to find the boy. Happily, she was successful, and a few days later Gaspar appeared, now thirteen and just on the verge of adolescence, handsomer than ever.

Quickly installed in Coco No.3, he became Sean's number one, no doubt helping his patron teach the boys of Paggers the finer points of *chupa*. He was certainly a welcome addition, and whenever I saw Gaspar's sculptured torso at the pool or watched him marching down a pathway like a youthful princeling, it brought back pleasant memories of the house on Hardboard Avenue.

Martin in the Morning

It's 6:45 in the morning and the first shafts of sunlight are poking through the window louvers as I sit on the edge of the bed looking down at the naked figure beside me. They're all so innocent looking when they're asleep, and this one's pretty as well, his impossibly long eyelashes resting softly on rosy cheeks. He's skipping school today so I can take him this morning to Dr. Gamit in Santa Cruz for some much needed fillings.

"Hey, Martin, time to wake up," I say, sliding a hand over his lean hip then giving his bottom a friendly smack. The boy groans sleepily, rolls on his back, stretches, and rubs his eyes. At the base of his smoothly tapered belly I see his cock is jutting up fiercely with a piss hard-on.

"Come on, we're gonna have a swim to get waked up."

I haul the sleepy twelve-year-old off the bed and onto his feet, then propel him before me towards the bathroom, his stiffened penis jiggling slightly as it leads the way.

"We've got to get this thing drained before you go swimming," I say, positioning him in front of the loo. As I squat behind him to grasp his little boner and pull it downwards, he bends over a bit at the waist until the rigid tube is pointing more or less in the right direction. Martin strains for some moments, then at last, a drop leaks out, then a couple more, followed by a quick spurt or two of *jingle*. Finally the sphincter relaxes and I feel the pulsing of the water as it streams through the boy's urethra and gushes into the bowl. In a minute his bladder is empty and Martin straightens in relief as the pricklet softens between my fingers.

We soon have on our swim suits and are out the door and down the stairs to the pool. We ease ourselves slowly down the iron ladder; the water's not very cold, perhaps ten degrees below the air temperature, but refreshing nevertheless. Martin ducks down to swim underwater while I float lazily in the near silence. At this early hour there's no one around to disturb us though I can hear the sound of a roomboy sweeping leaves from the walk beyond the far end of the pool. My young friend drifts over to where I'm reclining back against the sloping wall of boulders and concrete and I pull him close, cradling his back against my front. As I let my hands rove idly on his torso.

Martin is a nice kid as well as a pretty one and he's already had a number of gentlemen suitors. I've visited the little hillside shack where he lives with his widowed mother, younger sister, and big brother of sixteen. In her late thirties, Lucinda works long hours as a housekeeper at the nearby Tropical Hotel to support her little family. She's quite attractive and one can see where the kids get their looks. Brother Charlie is much in demand among those who like teenagers; along with his handsome features he's reputed to have an extra large cock. Perhaps this feature runs in the family too; Martin is well-endowed with close to three inches already and his testes have only barely started their growth and production of testosterone.

Coincidentally that's where my fingers have been exploring for some moments. The soft lump in his Speedos is now a hard rod flat up against his tummy.

"Come on," I say, "Let's get back to the room. We have to have breakfast (I know he's been looking forward to eating at the Hall) and then get to Dr. Gamit. And it looks as if this needs another draining!"

In less than a minute we're back in the room, stripped, half-dried, and on the bed. Martin's weapon is still angry and he settles back happily with arms behind his head as I bend forward to engulf the naked knob. It's almost too quick; a few moments of tasty work and the cocklet pulses its pleasure. Martin's second draining of the morning is nearly dry; there's just the faintest tang of salty smoke as an appetizer for my breakfast.

They're Not All Handsome

Nearly all the boys who spend much time at my room are good looking. Since there are plenty to choose from I've always tried to pick out the best.

A pretty face is what first gets my attention so there are a host of those. A handsome body is also important. Just about all the kids have these as you can easily see when my troops are at the pool, though occasionally their most attractive parts are hidden by their Speedos. The few that fail to qualify in face or form as Ganymedes will have other particular attributes. They'll either be amusingly entertaining or winsomely agreeable or have such special talents bed-wise that one could never turn them away.

Two who would certainly qualify as faunlets out of Nabokov were huge-eyed Gilbert, glowing with a rosy blush of beauty, and the curly-headed, paleskinned Anthony, surely a misplaced Italian princeling. Little Dennis O. knew how pretty he was, batting his girlish lashes and snuggling his graceful body closer when he wanted something. Reyvel, from the shabbiest bamboo shack in town, when dressed in a new outfit and taken into the grand lobby of the Manila Hotel, finest in the Orient, gazed around with such a regal pout that I'm sure onlookers thought him the handsome scion of some wealthy socialite.

So many gorgeous bodies — not surprising when most come from lean and muscular combinations of Malay or Oriental stock and no one is being overfed. Among the finest were Edwin of the magnificent chest and taut torso, Jimmy L., with flesh so spare that every wiry muscle could be seen, and Arnel C., whose natural grace and proportions were a reminder of how beautifully a body can be put together. Bernard, Arnel P., and Arsie; all had splendid boyish builds that promised sturdy strength with the coming of puberty.

And did I mention the assets beneath the Speedos? Michael's smooth pert bottom, surely the finest in town, and Ronnie L.'s frontal equipment, four inches of circumcised perfection. Merlin, Mandy, and Johnny G., all with mushrooms that begged to be nibbled upon. Long foreskins that roll back easily I find most fascinating, and Dennis O., Albert, Awful Alex, and Melchor were so appointed, in size from mini to medium.

Some people are naturally clever and amusing. Sapsi, Jimmy C., and Nog Nog all loved the limelight and earned more than their share of notice with attention-getting pranks during the Cocktail Hour at Coco 8. And some people are naturally sweet and personable. Among those were thin and ungainly Ronnie B., my chief attendant for practical chores for several years, and chubby Christopher, who spent half his time straightening up the toys and belongings other boys had just strewn about the room.

Once in Tangier I was offered a swarthy twelve-year-old who epitomized the title 'street Arab.' He was sullen and surly looking, a shifty-eyed little brigand I knew would steal me blind at the first chance. As he was the right age and shape my libido overrode my good judgment and I grudgingly took Abdul home for the night. He was not only exciting in bed but proved to be one of the nicest boys I've ever known. His gangsterish visage concealed a sweetness one would never imagine and he became a very special favorite that I sought out whenever I returned to Morocco.

There have been several boys like Abdul at Pagers, a lot nicer than they look. My favorite was Jerome, a wild looking ten-year-old who turned up on the porch one day amongst my regulars. His skin was a shade darker than most, shaggy hair hung below his ears, and fiercely slanted eyes peered from a scowling Oriental face. A miniature Genghis Khan, I thought, so savage looking he almost scares me.

He lurked shyly around the edges of the porch for much of the afternoon; I finally enticed him closer with a Pac-Man toy. By the next evening the wild child was tamed, sitting on my knee or nestling against my shoulder during the Cocktail Hour, warm and affectionate with whispered words about 'sleep to you tonight.' I hope I've finally learned that even if they don't always look that way, little boys are sweet the world over.

A few members of my team were selected not for a pretty face but some special talent in the lists of love. Armando gave erotic massages that raised one's excitement to nearly intolerable levels with feather-light touches of his fingernails. Barney loved fellatio, and when I'd pause and ask, "Shall I do it some more?" he'd happily wriggle his hips and grin, "A thousand times more!"

Twelve-year-old Raymond was a rather sour and ungracious child whom I'd not have pursued but for his nicely put-together form. Then I discovered that being masturbated drove him to a frenzied excitement with gasps and groans as the crisis approached. Watching his straining body twist and thrash to gain completion as I'd pause in deliberate denial was a perverse delight. Only when I'd brought him close several times, restraining his eager hands from finishing the job, would I jack him to a squealing orgasm as he bucked and pitched up off the bed.

Yes, almost all were handsome but even the few who weren't gave good reason to love them anyway.

Awful Alex III

It wasn't I who gave Awful Alex his name. That was done by other visiting tourists who often asked how I could stand to have him around. I replied that admittedly he could sometimes be annoying but he also had certain charms that I'd grown to cherish.

In fact, Alex was lazy, mean, destructive, greedy, spiteful and disruptive; quarrelsome, abusive, and bullying with the other kids, and impudent, argumentative, and disobedient with me. On the other hand I also found him stunningly attractive and bewitchingly seductive. In bed he could make me forget the most annoying transgressions with his wanton ways. And I must confess I sometimes found it even more exciting to take my pleasure with him slightly against his will, while he struggled fiercely, loudly voicing indignation. It was a delicious way to pay him back for his aggravation.

One afternoon when Alex was thirteen — I'd known him then for a couple of years — I was visiting with my Aussie friend Graeme on his inside porch, a quiet place for a chat if one discounted the occasional racket of a motor boat passing on the river below. From the room inside we could also hear the voices of Alex and Danilo, an adolescent of fourteen who was Graeme's current flame, as they squabbled over a card game. Graeme mentioned that he'd been taking some movies with a small 8mm camera he'd brought along this trip and wondered if I'd like him to shoot a roll of Alex for me. I agreed with alacrity and excused myself to fetch my own still camera from my room.

When I returned I handed Alex a pair of pale-blue satin shorts I'd found in an Australian department store and told him to take off his Speedos and put these on. While he was thus occupied I snapped a few portraits of Danilo, not because I found him especially attractive, but because I didn't want him to feel left out. When Alex was ready I suggested to Graeme that the boy might perform a dance for the camera on top of the wooden table against the porch wall.

Alex was more than ready and climbed up right away; one of the boy's few saving graces was his willingness to pose for pictures whenever asked — he was vain about his appearance and always loved being the center of attention. While Graeme's cine camera whirred away and I clicked off some shots as well, our young subject began to dance in imitation of some go-go girl he must have seen on television. With a lascivious grin, he slowly wriggled his lissom body, gyrating his pelvis in sensual movements as he stroked his hands up over lean brown thighs and across the shimmering cloth covering his loins. Slowly revolving, he switched his narrow but still voluptuous bottom at us for a seductive moment before completing the circle to face the cameras once more. Now the wanton child slid the shiny shorts down a few inches until they nearly bared his pubis and then began to bump and grind his hips. The deliberate movements drew my eyes inexorably to the satin-covered bulge of his genitals thrusting forward and back with every stroke.

Then the camera's whirring stopped and so did Alex; my salacious thoughts were put on hold while he climbed down from the table and Graeme extracted the film cassette and handed it to me, saying, "This should be fun to watch on some cold winter night at home!"

Agreeing with him, I added, "And as long as we're out here on your porch, this is a good place to take some special pictures I've been wanting to get of Alex. Here," I said, as I produced a length of clothesline from my camera bag, "I want you to look like a captured slave boy, so let's tie this around your wrists."

Alex looked a bit dubious, but the chance to remain the focus of attention overcame his suspicions and he held out his hands. I tied his wrists together, then tossed the other end of the rope up over the door that opened out onto the porch. I asked Danilo to hold the loose end down behind the door.

"Pull on it a little bit so his arms are stretched up," I instructed, "And now, Alex, see if you can look like an unhappy slave!"

This was no problem for a boy whose favorite expression was a petulant pout, and I snapped three or four pictures before pausing again.

“He looks just a little too comfortable that way. I think we should make things a little more realistic. Danilo, pull the rope down tighter and wrap the end around the doorknob.”

He responded with a couple of enthusiastic yanks that stretched Alex up until only the balls of his feet still touched the floor. Danilo obviously was enjoying his job; he grinned as the younger boy squealed with indignation at his discomfort.

“That looks more like the real thing,” I said, as I took several more photos.

Alex did look very sexy, his nearly naked body stretched out with muscles straining taut and a venomous glower on his face.

Now I yanked the satin shorts down to his ankles and slid my left hand slowly down Alex’s smooth, hard- muscled torso onto the softness of his dangling genitals. I caught the base of his penis and scrotum in the firm circle of my thumb and forefinger. With the warm boyparts held tight in my fist, I proceeded to give Alex’s vulnerable buttocks half a dozen good smacks. Though they really weren’t very hard, the boy writhed and squealed as if his bottom were on fire. I paused again and now my left hand could feel a hardening in its palm; Alex’s pricklet was starting to stiffen. I relaxed my fingers’ grip; instead of squeezing they began to tease, manipulate, and caress. Now I turned the child once again, leaned back so Graeme and Danilo also had a view, and gestured at the randy cock, its head half-bared, jutting up acutely from the lovely stretched- out body.

“You see,” I said, “Our little slave boy really likes being spanked. Or anyway, his *titi* does! Now Alex, don’t forget to remind me when you sleep my room tonight to give you lots more nice spanking!”

I gave his springy pricklet a loving tweak, then reached around to let the rope go loose. Alex cast his bonds away, grabbed his Speedos, spat out the imprecation “*Tang ina mol*” and stalked off inside.

Despite his wounded vanity and angry words, I knew the boy would be in my bed tonight and I thought what fun it would be to tame the little hoodlum once again.

Favorites

There are gentlemen who come to Paggers for the first time and fall madly in love over a special boy. It's often the case of a good looking youngster's eager acceptance of sexual advances; to a man who's had to repress his urges all his life this is certainly a momentous happening.

Usually the man will shower his young friend with gifts and often agree to send him money for school or family expenses, and of course will try to return for more of this wonderful new loving as soon as possible. There can be problems in Paradise, however. These kids are by no means monogamous, and an attractive one may have been with quite a number of visitors, several of whom feel a proprietary interest. Things are fine for the boy until two of his lovers turn up in town at the same time — that's when the problems start.

It's pretty hard to pop from one room to another without the awareness of one's Western gentleman, but occasionally a boy will manage it when the visitors only overlap by a day or so. Sometimes a youngster will be taken off on a trip to Baguio or Manila for a few days by a lover. If another one shows up unexpectedly, he's usually told his young friend is visiting with grandparents out in the provinces somewhere. Sometimes a boy has to cut his losses and choose between two lovers, and generally it will be the one with the deepest pockets who gets the nod.

While most visitors find some degree of emotional involvement with their kids, there are others who only seem to care about the carnal aspect. An English prep school master friend of mine just has them in and out for quick sex. He says he spends too much of his life surrounded by beastly little boys (whom he daren't touch) to want the kids here in his room for longer than a ten minute wank.

I feel quite differently. Within reason, I enjoy having youngsters around. Perhaps it's partly that I've never had any of my own and their presence satisfies certain paternal longings or that I enjoy the role of providing them with goodies they wouldn't otherwise have, but the constant viewing of handsome scantily-clad boys that I know are available for my pleasure at any time has to be the biggest reason' of all.

On most of my visits I've generally had ten or twelve kids that habituate my room and are occasionally taken to dinner and included on picnics or other outings. There are usually one or two special favorites that are my current lust objects; the rest will get a bit less attention and fewer favors. The personnel shifts from visit to visit; advanced puberty renders them less attractive to me and they often phase themselves out quite happily as their own interests change from boyish things to the world of adolescence. It's almost always a mutually amicable parting and my graduates will continue to stop by in later years to ask for a pair of Speedos or 'borrow' ten pesos. The group seems to replenish itself quite easily. There are always new faces to be seen around the Lodge each visit, younger brothers will be brought for inspection, and the hardest problem is turning would-be recruits away.

I'm quite aware that even my favorite kids most probably will not be true to me in my absence, and I don't ask them to be. I am jealous enough, though, not to want my boys running off to the arms of some other tourist while I'm around. So I tell them they can do whatever they want while I'm away, but when I'm in town they're not to go with other tourists unless they want to be banished from the fun and largess of Coco No.8. Once in a while I'll relax this dictum if a visiting friend of mine has an eye for one of my troops, but on the whole it works pretty well; my kids are happy with the goodies they're getting and I'm happy to have the most luscious boys in town at my exclusive beck and call.

Wild Alvin

If you want to maintain an establishment which caters to the needs of some dozen boys between the ages of ten and fifteen it's necessary to keep a supply of various items. With this in mind I usually visit Santa Cruz, or Stakkers as it's known to many of us, five or six times a week. It's the Provincial Capital and has a number of small stores and a fine market. If you can't find it in Stakkers, the next stop is Manila, two hours away.

Today my first visit has been to the tailor shop where the black market money-changer operates quite openly. If I changed travelers cheques or cash at the bank it would mean a lot of paper work and I'd get about five percent less. You get the best rate for U.S. hundred dollar bills, and my money-changing friend always knows the latest Manila exchange and gives nearly as much as the big city. I've found him scrupulously honest, never trying to short change me, and he's even taken my personal cheque on a couple of occasions.

Since he doesn't deal in small bills I next go to the bank to change several hundred pesos into twenties, tens, fives, and twos. They make up a couple of large rolls which I stuff deep down in the pockets of my shorts. There are undoubtedly pickpockets around, and though I've never been victimized, any Westerner is fair game.

My next stop is the pharmacy to stock up on toiletries like soap, shampoo, and toothpaste. They're often the same brands I use at home but less expensive as they're made in the Philippines. And I find I can get a couple of prescription drugs I use much cheaper here so I lay in some for the future. I buy half a dozen toothbrushes at a time as I always keep a good supply in the room for the boys, who are far more easily persuaded to brush than their American counterparts. As I seem to operate the only first-aid station around the Lodge, I stock up on hydrogen peroxide, Mercurochrome, gauze, cotton, adhesive tape, and Band- aids.

Along the row of stores opposite the market I buy Tondena rum, a bargain at seventy cents a fifth, peanut butter and Cheese Whiz for the next picnic, some comic books for the kids, and a new supply of pen-light batteries for my electronic games they love so much. I cross the street to the market itself, a two block square roofed-over area where you can buy everything from clothes to fresh produce to a meal. As I thread my way down a crowded aisle between stalls I look up to see a pair of dark flashing eyes staring at me from some twenty feet away.

It's a boy of thirteen or fourteen, tall and dark, and some would call him handsome. He's dressed in fairly shabby T-shirt and shorts but there's something almost regal about the beautiful way he carries himself, like a proud young prince. I smile briefly at him but his only response is that mirthless stare, so intense that I drop my eyes and turn away. I seem to feel that smoldering gaze still on me as I move on toward the produce section and glance back to see that he's followed me, still keeping his distance.

Though he wouldn't be my choice as a bed partner, he's really quite fascinating, so on impulse I step over to him and say, "Would you like to carry my bags?"

"Okay," he says without hesitation as he takes the well-laden string bags from my hands. He doesn't look the type to run off with them, I think, and will be glad of a couple of pesos tip for a few minutes work. To my questions he says his name is Alvin and he's fourteen, but volunteers no more as I pick out some mangoes and a few sweet-smelling strands of night-blooming *sampaguita*.

Then he stares me in the eyes again and asks, "Do you stay at the Lodge?" It's a pretty clever guess and I tell him, "Yes."

The boy makes a statement. "I will bring your bags to the Lodge." He says it so seriously that there's no arguing and I quickly agree.

We're soon seated in a jeepney on our way to Paggers. During the twenty minute trip I ponder what will happen when we get there. He's probably available for sex, I think, but he seems a bit more mature

than my usual preference so I expect he'll take my half-dozen pesos and disappear without too much reluctance.

When I pay him off at my door he gives me a smoldering look and asks, "Can I come in?" Against my better judgment I agree, and as the door closes behind us Alvin drops the bags and launches himself up against me.

He wraps his arms around my neck and pulls my face to his. His mouth on mine, I taste a hint of garlic as his tongue probes inward. The boy's hard body presses against mine and then we tumble onto the bed as I respond to this unexpected youthful passion.

Alvin is so demanding that there's hardly a chance to tear off our clothes before I'm devouring the half-grown penis curving from his taut belly. He pants and moans, hands fiercely clutching my head as he thrusts hard against my throat. Then the boy stiffens and shudders, groaning in pleasure as I taste his still sparse offering.

I let the spent weapon slide from my lips as the young prince lies back, limb-flung and chest heaving. When his heavy-lidded eyes have refocused, he comes to life again and eagerly starts to reciprocate. Preferring a different course, I gently pull his head away, splash some baby oil on his thighs, and start to thrust between them. His arms locked around my back and hard torso tight against me, I find his ready mouth again, then drive my bursting cock within the sweet clasping thighs. Too soon my moment comes and I collapse against the warmly welcoming boy.

Now our passion's done, I find that unlike most youngsters, Alvin is happy to cuddle a while, so we lazily caress and fondle and chat until I feel it's time to clean up. Alvin speaks surprisingly good English and though he no longer goes to school I can sense he's a very clever boy. He's pleased when I give him twenty pesos along with a colorful T-shirt and shorts, and says, "I'll come back tomorrow and you can fuck me." He does come back as promised, but that's not so much my thing and he is a bit old for me, so I send him around to an English friend who'll value his talents more than I. Within a few days my friends and I are all calling him Wild Alvin — his willingness to do anything and his passionate enjoyment of it make him wildly unique amongst his peers.

The Cocktail Hour

Whenever I'm at Pagers I make a point of enjoying pre-dinner cocktails on my porch. Generally I invite other friends or acquaintances staying at the Lodge to join me, but even on rare occasions when I'm alone, like the proverbial Englishman who dresses for dinner in the jungle, I adhere to the custom. Once in a while there'll be rain; then we move over to the nearby covered dance floor.

Along about quarter to six I'm usually relaxing on my bed with a book in hand, the cassette player emitting sweet treble sounds, and surrounded by several scantily clad boys, when suddenly I realize it's nearly time for guests to arrive and I'd better get organized.

I rouse myself from amongst my youthful companions, give some money to a couple of boys — one of them usually Domy, who has more or less assumed the job of major-domo now that he's fourteen and half grown up — with instructions to buy some large Cokes and bring back a couple of pitchers of ice from the Hall. After a quick shower to clean up the residue of any recent dalliance, I slip into some clothes, then frantically wash glasses and the tart little lime-like fruits called *calamansis*. A couple of remaining boys are delegated to carry them out to the porch along with chairs, cushions, napkins, a colorful woven fan or two, some crackers or other munchies, and at least one bottle of Tanduay or Tondena rum.

By now Domy and Co. will be back with ice and Cokes and there will be boys on the porch clamoring for some of the latter. For years now I've been trying to explain to the kids that the Coke and *calamansi* are for the adults, but they won't take no for an answer and I soon find myself out on the porch, ensconced in my big rattan chair, doling out Coke one glass at a time.

The length of days and nights stays pretty much the same the year round this close to the Equator, and about six the sun is setting and dusk is quickly falling. With the tourist boats now gone from the river, it would be peacefully quiet were it not for the chattering of all the kids on the porch.

Invited guests should be along about now; two or three are the average though there have been times during the popular December/January period when I've had as many as ten. As guests arrive, boys are shoed off the few chairs and drinks are poured. My usual offering is rum and Coke, the sweetness somewhat tempered by a squeeze of *calamansi*. Tanduay is sixty cents a bottle, the smoother Tondena slightly more; I save my duty free Scotch and cognac for later in the evening.

Whether the guests are old friends or new acquaintances, it's fun to chat with them; if the former, hearing all about their latest conquests or the vagaries of their plumbing, and with the latter, what reactions they have to this paradise of boys. And of course there are also the boys themselves. Perhaps instead of the Cocktail hour this would be better described as the Children's hour. There are always half a dozen of my own troops plus the occasional current favorites brought along by guests, as well as a few hanging about in hopes of Coke or just because the action's here.

It's a lively scene, the kids jabbering away, slapping at mosquitoes, playing games at one end of the porch, begging for more Coke, trying to swipe a *calamansi* or two, or demonstrating the moves of Lito Lapid in his latest Kung-fu flick. This is also the time the boys make their moves toward spending the night or being taken to dinner. They know that if the adults are going to the D & C a few kids may be invited along as well. I usually take two or three, trying to include all of my current coterie over several days, occasionally adding a new and interesting face.

In my early days at Pagers when the Dura Fe was considered the place to go, we'd regularly take eight or ten kids to dinner and on one occasion had six adults and about thirty youngsters. I'd send messages to Lina the owner how many were coming and have someone scare up a tricycle or two to be festooned with boys for the trip down the hill. In later years a more discreet presence seems to be indicated so the Dura Fe loses out and we generally patronize the D & C, a quieter spot conveniently just across from the Lodge entrance.

By now the more extroverted kids are clowning to get attention with hopes of dinner or an overnight stay as a reward while others are nestling up to my chair to whisper wistfully, “I come to eat?” or, “I sleep to you tonight?” They know that after several drinks I’m more easily manipulated and they’ll earnestly tell me, “You promised!” even though I did no such thing. I find that keeping a list of invitees in my pocket notebook is the only way to make sure I’m reasonably fair to my troops. Of course a current favorite will often get an unfair share of invitations but the boys seem to recognize this as a fact of life and aren’t resentful. And if a youngster is spending the night he’ll always be taken to dinner, or should we feel a mealtime respite from boys is needed, I’ll give him some money to go dine on his own with instructions to meet me later back at the room.

Victor, proprietor of the D & C, is a pretty good cook but takes a long time to prepare things. Hence, half an hour before we’re ready to wrap up our cocktails I send a message over to him saying when we’re coming and what we want to order.

By now the crowd is beginning to thin out as boys realize tonight’s not their night and head on home for a less exciting meal of rice and *ulam*. When it’s time for us to go, a couple of kids help me carry in the gear and rinse the glasses. Then I lade them down with a cushion or two; my umbrella, and a bottle of rum. The last thing I do before leaving is spray the room with a noxious insect repellent so it will be mosquito free on my return. Then it’s off to the splendors of the D & C, an establishment that rates one fish head in our Paggers Michelin Guide.

Tag Along in Tagalog

If you spend much time in Manila or central Luzon, you'll probably pick up some Tagalog words. Tagalog, or more officially Pilipino, is the national language of the Philippines and the native tongue in a large part of the islands. English is also taught in the schools and is certainly the most important second language; a tourist or visiting businessman would get along with it most anywhere.

The older generation's fluency in English was based partly on its emphasis in school, but now there's a new nationalism which tends to promote Tagalog as being more important. Along with some classes in school the younger generation probably gets much of its familiarity with English from television.

Most of the kids one comes in contact with at Paggers understand a good deal of English and some speak it very well. It does help, however, with some of the younger ones, to have a small Tagalog vocabulary of useful phrases, such as "What's your name?," "How old are you?," and "Come back tomorrow at three o'clock."

It's also nice to know some Tagalog for use in the marketplace where prices are always higher for foreigners. Enough native words to haggle a little will bring down costs considerably.

Tagalog grammar is quite difficult, but pronunciation is fortunately simple, and learning some operative words and phrases comes easy after a few visits. It's even easier if you also speak Spanish as the Spaniards introduced many new words into the language during their 400 year occupation, especially for the new things they brought with them such as *pantalones* for trousers and *caballo* for horse. Actually the latter in Tagalog is spelled phonetically *kabayo*, but pronounced just the same.

Some of the basic words one picks up are *o-o*, yes, *hindi*, no; *mabuti*, good, *masama*, bad; *malaki*, big, *maliit*, small; *gutom*, hungry, and *sarap*, delicious. *Pangit* is ugly and *maganda*, beautiful; *pogi* is pretty, as applied to a child of either sex. One boy I knew was so pretty that even at thirteen his childhood nickname lingered on and he was called *Pogi* instead of Gilbert.

From the troops that hang out in my room I've learned necessary words like *mamaya*, later; *bakha*, maybe; and *nayon*, now. Also useful are phrases such as *Walang pera*, I have no money; *Eh wanko*, I don't know; *Halika*, Come here; *Tangga, eh?*, You must be crazy; and the popular *tang ina mo*, son of a bitch.

The kids, like their American counterparts with Pig Latin, sometimes use a kind of a code. This consists of pronouncing words backwards so *pangit* would become *tignap*, and thirty pesos, *trenta piso*, would become *atnert osip*. I occasionally managed to decode a few words of this and sometimes actually figured out a little of what the boys were chattering about though I'm sure fluency in Tagalog could never be a reality for me.

And then of course there are those most useful words you're unlikely to find in the dictionaries. *A titi* is a boy's penis; *talong*, the word for Chinese eggplant, describes an adult's. *Supot* means it's uncut; *tulay* is circumcised. And if you're *malibog* or horny, it gets *galet* or angry. Testes are descriptively called *itlog*, the word for eggs.

Moving to the rear, the word *puwet* describes the buttocks or the anus. For natural functions a couple of English words are incorporated, *jingle* and *bowel*, the latter always pronounced in two distinct syllables. Oral pleasures such as fellation use the Spanish *chupa*. And self abuse, or self pleasure, as I prefer to think of it, is known as *sal-sal* or *bate*, the latter evidently derived from the word masturbate. Should you want to know if someone's close to orgasm, just say, "*Lala basana?*" which literally means, "Is the wetness coming?" though it can be used for a dry spending as well.

My favorite Tagalog phrase, which can be used to break the ice with a strange boy and has never failed to bring a grin from one, is "*Meron titi maganda?*" which means, "Do you have a beautiful penis?"

Laciport Olympics

In all practicality there are three resort hotels at Paggers that cater to foreigners. The grandest of these is the Rapids, a four-story, more or less legitimate hotel; that is to say it doesn't permit guests to have young visitors. Its biggest business is serving lunch to the busloads of tourists that come every day to make the boat trip up to the Falls. The Lodge too dispatches boats and serves lunches but also caters to foreign guests who come here for young companions. The Tropical permits the same sort of goings-on but is considerably quieter as it's away from the river.

Sometimes during school vacation for a change of pace I take some of my little friends to the Tropical for an afternoon swim. We have what is known as the Laciport (Tropical spelled backwards) Olympics with various swimming competitions and prizes for the winners. It's best when another foreign friend joins me as then we can fit about a dozen kids into two tricycle taxis for the trip.

Since the boys generally don't get much of a midday meal, if any at all, during the school holidays, and they're naturally ravenous all the time, we often stop for lunch downtown at Nena's. A hole in the wall cafe with three tables, it's cheap, very Filipino, and the food's pretty good. The matronly Nena has three attractive daughters who share the work, and they're always welcoming, without any surprise that a foreigner would be entertaining so many local boys.

A pimento cheese sandwich and a Seven-Up is my customary fare and the kids of course have rice with *ulam*, something to spice it up like a sausage, a piece of cold pork, or even some spaghetti with tomato sauce. If I'm feeling expansive I let them have *halo-halo*, a sickly sweet iced dessert every Filipino loves. They're surprisingly well behaved for a mob of twelve-year-olds and I finally learn why one day when Domy tells me Nena's prettiest daughter is the home room teacher for himself and half a dozen of the others. Some time later she proves very helpful when a couple of my youngsters have been suspended from school for playing hooky. After I talk with her at some length she's able to intercede with the principal and have them reinstated.

I pay the bill which is never more than a few dollars, then we're off to Laciport. It's on the edge of town adjacent to some rice paddies, set amidst rock gardens and a thinned-out grove of palm trees. There's a main building with a seldom patronized restaurant, some guest rooms, and a row of cabins with adjacent car ports which are convenient for a visitor from Manila to spend a dirty weekend with his mistress. Some of the foreign sojourners prefer them as well for their air-conditioning and television, but most of my acquaintances choose the activity and more attractive location of the Lodge. When it was built the resort must have had rather grand pretensions as there's even a *jai alai* court, now in disrepair, though still serviceable enough that I sometimes use it as a tennis backboard. I suspect that the Tropical now makes a modest return mostly from catering to parties and organizational functions, as well as picnickers and swimmers on the weekends.

The pool is large, has a diving board, and is well suited for the Olympics. Today we have it to ourselves and my friend and I put the kids through all sorts of swimming races and other aquatic contests. Having spent their lives on a river where most of their fathers make a living, they all swim like fish. Some of the newer members of my coterie, perhaps younger brothers of ten or eleven, aren't as accomplished as the near graduates of thirteen or so, but we make up an elaborate scoring system, fixing it so sometimes even the littler ones win the best prizes. Probably the most popular event is Crazy Diving where those who do the most inventive belly flops win the fanciest T-shirt or even the grand prize of twenty pesos, almost a dollar.

After perhaps an hour today's events are completed and the kids are playing water tag or tossing a Frisbee when I notice a couple of strange faces peering through the grillwork fence which surrounds the pool area. The bigger is about fifteen and smiling winningly to get my attention but it's his smaller

companion who rivets my look. My first impression is two huge dark eyes in a face of ethereal beauty. He's about thirteen, I guess, ogling his slender form clad in well-worn shorts and tattered shirt.

I quickly invite the pair to climb the railing and come in. I'll pay the five peso fee for each to swim. The older says he's Danny Resurrection and his younger brother's name is Rafa. The little one is very shy, and in contrast to his voluble brother, says nothing as he shucks his clothes to reveal a gracile body that would make Ganymede envious. As he disappears into the pool I can't really tell just how much is hidden in his shapeless grey woolen bathing suit. Is he still a little boy or has puberty reared its ugly head?

While my gaze follows the stunning child's every move, Danny does a selling job, telling me that he and thirteen-year-old Rafa, who live across the rice paddy, would love to visit my room at the Lodge. Easily sold, I hastily tell the troops to gather up our gear and go find a couple of tricycles.

Back at the Lodge I shoo off the other kids and introduce the Resurrections to a couple of the electronic games. Though he's obviously fascinated by the toy, the younger boy seems still bashful; he's not yet uttered a word. I think perhaps he speaks no English so I try my sparse Tagalog. Timidly he murmurs a reply and I get another glimpse of the long-lashed eyes of a frightened fawn.

Danny says something in Tagalog to little brother and grins back lasciviously at me as I usher him and his beeping game out to wait on the porch. I turn back to where Rafa perches on the edge of the bed. He looks away nervously — or is it with embarrassment — as I strip the T-shirt up over his shaggy head and pull his shorts down *cafe au lait* thighs. I push him gently back onto the bed, arms above his head, naked but for the woolen swim suit, my eyes drinking in his slender stretched out beauty.

He looks the picture of innocent purity about to be defiled for the first time. Of course I know that no Filipino boy of thirteen is sexually innocent, and if he's never been with a foreign tourist before, he's already had plenty of fun with brothers and schoolmates, but my pulses pound as I think how he's now all mine to debauch. Eager to learn what's inside those trunks, my trembling hands grip the still damp cloth, and urging his bottom up for a moment, draw it down and off.

I pause and sit back to inspect the lovely vision, and learn with mixed emotions that he's definitely no longer a little boy. Now that it's been bared to sight, an oversized tummy banana is lurching up to a very rigid stand. Its uncut shaft curves up with the knob still partly covered, and his young testicles, pulled up close below, are no more than half grown.

It's not that his penis is so huge — I'd guess it at about five inches — but its rampant urgency seems quite improbable to be jutting up so lustily from the tender body of this angelic child. I reach forward to stroke the satiny warmth of tautly stretched torso down onto lean hairless belly, then I glance up to see those enormous solemn eyes watching almost fearfully as my hand closes on the sturdy scepter. Like a hot little animal with a mind of its own, it jumps responsively to my testing squeeze.

Now I slide the silken skin slowly up and down its rigid core. The glans peeps livid from its narrow prepuce and I feel the urethral tube pulse with pleasure.

I pause and ask, "*Mabuti?*" but he won't say yes, it feels good. I jack his cock a little harder and scratch my fingernails up the tightened ball sac. Then his torso stiffens, lifting loins up off the bed.

You're almost ready, little one, I think, as I pause once more.

"*Lala basana?*" I ask, 'Is the wetness coming?' but he's mute as ever.

Clutching at his scrotum, I firmly jerk the angry staff until his childish body writhes up shamelessly and he gasps in rapture as his knob wells forth a single liquid pearl.

When the joyful spasms in my clutching fist have throbbled their last the boy sinks back drained, his chiseled lips now slack and heavy-lidded eyes unseeing. He looks a ravished angel, but at thirteen even ravished angels recover quickly and he's soon alertly watching as I bring out some Speedos. Rafa is as animated as I've seen him as he tries to choose between a dozen brightly colored wisps of cloth. Of course I assist the fitting, pulling them up over narrow bottom and tucking in his newly sated boy part. The

final selection is a happy one, a green and gold affair that sets off slender hips and lean brown tummy to perfection.

I let in Danny to choose a pair, then cross their palms with pesos as well. Big brother offers to earn his payoff too but he's a bit over the hill for me so I send them off with promises to return on the morrow.

Actually the Resurrections are not always as available as I'd like. The boys are busy much of the time helping their father in the rice fields and one day when I see the primitive bamboo hut where they live I realize how hard their life really is. When Rafa does come round he's quite willing to perform all sorts of delightfully perverted acts and apparently likes the payoff of money and clothes, but still seems shy and anything but forward. I think what arouses me even more than his exquisite beauty is the illusion that each time is the first he's ever done these depraved things — always I find him excitingly virginal.

I see Rafa several times on my next couple of visits to Paggers and one day even take him to Manila International Airport. A friend I've shown his picture to has flown 8,000 miles to meet the beautiful child. After sixteen hours in flight, to have a wreath of *sampaguita* placed around your neck by Rafa and be told he's yours for the night must be a truly welcoming experience. My friend later told me that limp and exhausted as he was, he found Rafa effected a full resurrection.

Potpourri

I like the kids to have sweet-smelling breath whenever possible so I buy eight or ten cheap toothbrushes at a time in Santa Cruz, doling them out to the visitors in my room. The boys are only too happy to brush their teeth any time it's suggested; I'm touched by the tiny amount of toothpaste they squeeze out onto the brush — obviously it's not a priority item in poverty level homes. I urge them to take the brushes home but the kids like to leave them in the room, stashed in drawers or odd places such as behind pictures or on top of curtain rods. They're irate when they can't find their own but borrow each other's shamelessly, and I always have more to replace the lost ones.

Every now and then there will be an epidemic of conjunctivitis going around, most probably transmitted in swimming pool water. This is called "the sore eyes" by the locals, who, when they encounter an obvious victim, like to say, "For your eyes only," giggling as if they've just invented a hilarious saying. It's usually a matter of only a few days itching and redness but sometimes it's not so funny as I found on one occasion when I caught it just as I was returning home. My eyes were swollen nearly shut for over ten days until a very expensive ophthalmologist found the right medication to get it under control.

"Scrabble" is a game I enjoy, probably because I'm pretty good at it. I keep a set in my room and occasionally inveigle some other Western guest to play a game. The boys often pester me to play with them but I just don't have the patience to put up with an unlettered twelve-year-old who hasn't a clue about it. Imagine my surprise when sixteen-year-old Philip, who sometimes shared my bed a few years back, turns out to be quite a good player. English is, of course, not his native language, but he obviously has a special talent for visualizing interlocking combinations of words and gives me a very close game many afternoons on my outside porch. He beats me about a third of the time and of course the younger kids love it when that happens.

The month of May is the Festival of The Holy Cross in the Philippines and most towns have a number of processions of people from the various barrios to the church in the central area. These *Santacruzanas* usually occur in the early evening and consist of a young girl, dressed in a frilly white dress to represent the Virgin, followed by from thirty to more than a hundred towns-people in everyday garb carrying lighted candles. They are a pretty sight as they walk slowly down the road past the D&C and I'm always glad to see one or two boys who were naked on my bed a couple of hours ago looking angelically pious in the glow of candlelight.

Given half a chance, the kids here can be as impertinent and cheeky as those most anywhere; I expect it's partly a question of familiarity breeding contempt. A favorite word of ridicule is 'airport,' said with a snicker about someone who is balding; the bare area evidently represents the wide open spaces of a runway. *Capre* is another mild epithet, applied to anyone smoking a cigar. The *capre* is a cadaverous and somewhat fearsome figure from Filipino mythology who perches in a tree smoking his tabaco on a dark night. Another impertinent expression, applied to older people, is *matandan kabayo* which means old horse. Perhaps the commonest expression used by the kids about Western tourists is *barat*. It means cheap and its frequent use is meant to encourage vast amounts of largesse the boys would like to think they have coming.

Merienda is a Filipino custom of having some sort of snack several times a day between meals. It's less common out in the provinces than in Manila, probably due to economics, but the *Siopao* Lady is perhaps the best example of it here. Wearing a conical straw hat tied by a bandana under her chin, she comes by most every afternoon with her big woven grass tray of goodies, sometimes steamed ears of corn, but usually the Chinese buns called *siopao*. These are a warm, rather bland, doughy mass about the size of one's fist. Before handing one to you, she'll insert the nozzle of a plastic ketchup dispenser and fill the hollow center with a squirt of unidentified ground meat flavored with a sugary tomato sauce. It's pretty

good and of course the boys love it. At a couple of pesos each it always seems to cost me twenty or thirty pesos when she comes; I suspect she calculates her arrival to times when there will be lots of my kids around.

My Comfort Room

My bathroom, or Comfort Room, as the Filipinos euphemistically call it, is very small. It seems that all the bathrooms in Coco Grove are either much larger than needed or painfully cramped. Since mine takes up less space it makes my bedroom that much larger and I've learned to live with the restrictions it imposes.

It's only about four feet square — not much bigger than your average phone booth, but boasts all the modern conveniences such as toilet, shower, washbasin, medicine cabinet, and plastic bucket. The floor is tile with a drain in the center, and the walls a functional cement which is eroded away at the door lintel to reveal a dark hole, affording access for assorted creatures from the nether regions of the foundations. Actually the only such residents I've ever seen are a few cockroaches. There are sometimes scratchings in the wall which advertise the occasional mouse and we once had to have the floorboards of an adjacent room pried up to remove a very smelly dead one, but I've yet to actually view a live one.

The toilet works pretty well, though the handle must be jiggled so the tank fills properly. Of course there's sometimes the problem of no water at all. This is not the fault of my Comfort Room or the Lodge, which luckily has a spring producing large quantities of Artesian water, probably making our supply the purest around. The water pump, however, is electric, and when there's a brownout in the area it sends no water through the pipes.

Brownouts are quite frequent as the country's power grid is often stretched to the limit or beyond, and it's common to have them several times a week, usually for only a few hours, but sometimes as long as twelve or more. One learns to cope. If you're used to air conditioning or a ceiling fan you go outside, find some shade, hope for a breeze, and use an old-fashioned fan. Fortunately I've a collection of handsome woven fiber ones from markets nearby. If it's nighttime you keep a flashlight handy and the Lodge provides candles in the dresser drawer.

I keep a pitcher of water for drinking and try to make sure that the bucket in the bathroom is always full. One bucketful is enough to flush the toilet in emergency or have a careful but adequate bath with the help of the plastic dipper. More than once I've sent a boy down to fill the bucket at the swimming pool, and if it should perchance be empty for cleaning, a bit further to where an overflow pipe from the spring pours down the hillside into the river. When the power is out and the water is off, the pool becomes even more popular than usual — in this warm and humid climate one needs a bath four or five times a day.

My Comfort Room gets its fair share of use from the boys that frequent my premises both to *jingle* and to *bowel*. If it's the latter I sometimes find dirty footprints on the white plastic seat. In these parts *boweling* is done squatting, in the Asian style.

The medicine cabinet is pretty old and rusty but its mirror is still functional for shaving, and the small basin nestled in the corner below has a faucet with cold water only. There is another faucet a couple of feet off the floor mainly for filling the bucket. Most days one of my current crop of boys has the task of rinsing out a few shirts here, along with one of my designer sheets and matching pillowcases. They get hung on the inner porch to dry as I try to keep up a supply of fresh things to wear. Most of my laundry is carted off by Jesse for his mother to do, probably slapping it against a board down at the river. I pay her several times the going rate as she has little source of income, but it's still a tenth of what it would be at home. It always comes back beautifully done — I've seen the primitive charcoal-filled iron she uses — and often smells sweetly of coconut-husk smoke from hanging inside her kitchen to dry on a rainy day.

Regular linens are changed every day by Hector the roomboy, a smiling young man in his twenties. He's very good about supplying me with lots of extra towels. The boys go through stacks of them as they come and go from the pool.

The crowning glory of my Comfort Room is the shower. Not only does it usually yield cool to tepid water when the tap is turned on, but there's a clever device attached to the pipe which on occasion

produces a somewhat reluctant flow that is almost hot. This machine is called a *Bhagwan*, and from its name one would deduce its origin to be India. There's a metal cylinder and a green plastic box with a switch that can be turned from OFF through I, II, and III.

The Bhagwan is very temperamental and it takes cunning and experience to keep adjusting the tap and the switch settings to produce a reasonably steady dribble of warmish water instead of a brief gush of scalding followed up by cold. When shaving in the morning I've learned to summon up enough hot water for the job and when taking a shower I manage to keep it fluctuating between tepid and warm. To make it just that much more interesting, if you should inadvertently leave the switch at III after turning off the water, the heating element in the cylinder may burn out, necessitating a visit from Hector who seems to be able to repair it with a few minutes of mysterious fiddling. Of course the size of my Comfort Room means that you can shower at the same time that you're shaving, brushing your teeth, jingling, or enjoying a bowel as the water reaches most everywhere. The only place safe to keep the comfort paper is high up on top of the medicine cabinet, well out of harm's way.

When I'm planning to have dalliance with a boy I prefer that he be clean. This is often taken care of by a recent swim but in other cases my Comfort Room's shower is the ideal instrument. I'll strip the usually sweaty lad and usher him under the stream of water so he can perform preliminary ablutions while I shuck my own clothes. Then I can join him in the cosy confines, standing him on the convenient height of the toilet seat for further attentions.

What a joy it is to thoroughly and lovingly wash a boy. Unlike American kids of this age, these youngsters relish bathing. A shower, especially one with warm water, is unaccustomed luxury, something to be enjoyed rather than endured, and for my part, the role of washer is bliss, a leisurely kind of foreplay to the act to be concluded in the bedroom.

Today let's give a bath to Reynaldo, a rather sweetly submissive twelve-year-old, a bit small for his age, but with a beautifully sculptured body. For an occasion like this I'll even use some of my jealously hoarded shampoo from home. The local products are okay, but this leaves the hair smelling especially sweet and fresh. I knead it into his wet locks as the boy squinches his eyes tightly closed. Then he leans forward directly under the fount for a thorough rinsing before I start at the other end, having him balance with a hand on my shoulder while he lifts a foot for a rigorous scrubbing with Palmolive.

I wash the slightly grubby knees and taut round thighs, then leave the temptation at their junction for later as I go to his sturdy shoulders. Reynaldo has a magnificent chest and I let my soapy fingers slide voluptuously over it, down his rib cage, hard belly, and lean hips. Then I glide the lather over bony shoulder blades, down the small of his back to the swell of firm buttocks. He parts his legs while I work a soapy finger within the crevice to unseen private areas. Then around the front to the little testes in their shriveled bag and his well circumcised cocklet. The ministrations of my slippery fingers quickly have it jutting stiffly up.

Now I turn his glistening body back and forth so my eyes can enjoy what my hands caress and fondle, then I give him the soap and say I'd like my *titi* washed as well.

"It's a *talong*, not a *titi*," he says as he starts to soap it, and of course he's right. A *titi* is a small boy's penis, but *talong* (Chinese eggplant) much better describes my weapon which has been at full stand for some time. It doesn't take much washing to have it close to going off, so I push his hands away and turn him around on the platform.

My cock slides between his thighs, pushing up against the tight-clenched testes as it pokes out the front. Now I luxuriate in the warm little body clasped hard against me as my hands roam from shoulders to knees. It's so exciting that I can thrust my hips only a couple of times before I have to stop and cool my passion.

Reynaldo is patiently uncomplaining as I fondle lovingly for several minutes, but I don't want to overdo a good thing, so I disengage and rinse us off. As we depart my Comfort Room for toweling,

talcuming, and the main event ahead, I mustn't forget to turn off the *Bhagwan*.

Dangers in Paradise

The trouble with a paradise in a Third World country is that there are always problems and dangers. Utility breakdowns, lack of concern about health and sanitation, and a general *manana* attitude about many things Westerners find important are to be expected, but there can be other worries as well.

Thievery is one. I have known of several tourists who have lost their money, travelers cheques, passports and airline tickets in jeepneys on the way to Santa Cruz, and more than one guest at the Lodge has had money, a radio, or a camera burgled or pilfered. There are warning signs saying the management is not responsible for valuables not left at the office, and there's a night watchman who probably discourages worse thievery, but several of my friends have suffered nevertheless.

I usually keep most of my valuables in the office safe, maintaining a supply of pesos in the smaller denominations locked in my briefcase inside the closet in my room. In the years that I've been visiting the Lodge I've only once lost anything of significance, a one-hundred dollar bill that young Bernard stole when I'd gone off and inadvertently left the closet and briefcase open with him in the room. I later recovered some of the stolen money and Bernie received a chastisement which I felt almost made up for my loss, but that is another story.

Illness can be a real concern. Besides exotic tropical diseases such as malaria and dengue fever, conjunctivitis, scabies, or other skin problems can leave one with dangerous souvenirs. At Paggers I've contracted all but the first and have decided they're a price you sometimes have to pay.

I can remember in my childhood reading stories about people in the Philippines running amok, killing everyone in their way until they themselves are killed. Perhaps I expected there'd be the occasional such happening here, but it seems that it's endemic only to the Moros in the Muslim south.

Still it's quite common to see people with a machete or *bolo* at their belt and the papers are full of people chopping each other up. I've heard it said that the Filipinos are a generally happy race but subject to occasional fits of murderous rage, and the sight of those *bolos* does remind one of it. One of my favorite mind pictures is of a dark-skinned lad of about twelve I saw leaning against a shack at a rural crossroads. Savage but handsome Malay features were set off by a red bandana holding back his shoulder-length hair, and a tattered T-shirt and tiny Levi shorts half-covered his lean wiry body. From his belt hung a wicked looking *bolo*, probably to be used for nothing more lethal than chopping weeds and splitting coconuts, but its presence brought the titillating thought — would he use it to protect his virtue?

There is also an N.P.A. or New People's Army presence in the area. They are mainly Communist oriented in opposition to the Government and most active in the southern provinces, but they raided a Police Station a few miles up the road during one of my stays, and when I was having Christmas dinner with my dentist friend Fred Gamit and his family in nearby Magdalena, a couple of N.P.A. members he knew dropped by to say Merry Christmas, complete with Kalashnikovs. Fred is a leading liberal, involved in local politics, and he says he has Army and Constabulary friends who come by as well, but I worry that he's in a dangerous situation. His younger brother, who was evidently suspected of being an N.P.A. sympathizer, was taken off for questioning by the Army, and despite months of frenzied efforts by Fred to find his whereabouts, he's been unable to track him down. He's now pretty much convinced that the worst has happened; his brother has been "salvaged," tortured, killed, and secretly buried.

I spoke before of Alex's stepfather, the policeman Toling, telling me about the dangerous feuds that went on in Lumban, just down the river, with frequent murders and hand grenades being tossed in windows. It's evidently local to that town but even here in Paggers violent death may not be far away. I remember when I checked in for my second visit to the Lodge I asked the girl at the desk if Jun Custodio, the personable young manager, were around.

"No," she replied with a frown, "He's dead already." A little later I heard the story of his utterly senseless demise. It seems that a couple of half-drunk policemen had come to the Lodge in pursuit of more

late evening beer and were sitting in one of the picnic cabanas outside of Coco Grove. They were obstreperous and noisy enough that one of the guests lobbed several rocks onto the tin roof in an effort to drive them away. The two constables were most unhappy with this, and when Jun turned up to quiet them and persuade them to leave they accused him of throwing the rocks. An argument ensued and the policemen told him he was obstructing them in their duty and must come down to the station. One of them grabbed Jun from behind and marched him to where their jeep was parked while the other drew his forty-five to keep the prisoner covered. While Jun was being bundled into the jeep, the pistol went off, blowing a large hole through him and his captor.

Life is cheaper here than some places, but then in some ways, the quality of life is higher, too!

Overnights

“Can I sleep to you tonight?” These are words you’ll hear more than once if you visit Pagers. It’s a flattering thought that so many boys want to spend the night with you, but it doesn’t take long to figure out they’re not lusting after your fair white body.

There are several reasons why most of the boys you meet will ask to sleep with you. The first is monetary. There’s an expectation that spending the night is worth more than a brief sex session of half an hour or so. For a short encounter I’d usually give some clothing like a T-shirt, a pair of shorts or even Speedos, but for an overnight I’d add 20 to 50 pesos and I know that other visiting boy lovers were even more generous with sleepover guests.

The boys always beg for more. They’ll say the money is not for themselves; they give it to their mothers, which is true enough with the younger ones. At 13 or 14 they usually spend it on themselves instead of contributing to the family coffers. Whether or not you reward their pleas with something more, they’ll always ask for ‘Transportation!’

It’s no good pointing out that they got themselves here all right and they can undoubtedly get home the same way — ‘Transportation!’ is always the last try to wheedle a few extra pesos. I once told an American friend that when Reagan and Marcos concluded their monetary agreement on the military bases, Marcos’ last word was undoubtedly ‘Transportation!’

Secondly, an overnight stay means dinner and probably breakfast as well, not a small consideration with these active growing kids who always claim to be hungry. It’s probably true with some of them. I know many of the boys are from very poor families and sometimes the plaintive, “No rice in my house,” is not just a scam for snacks or sweets. Occasionally I’ll take an overnight guest to dinner at the D&C where he can fill up on noodles and vegetables, or maybe fried chicken as a special treat, or more often give him twenty pesos to go out and buy himself a meal on his own while I dine elsewhere *sans* boys. When I first visited the Lodge I’d usually treat my bedmates to breakfast in the Hall but in later years this became less fashionable and it was easier to give them money to buy their own.

Thirdly there’s the novelty and fun of spending the night away from home in a hotel room. Most rural and small town Filipino families sleep all together under a couple of communal covers on the floor, so the luxury of a bed with real pillows and sheets plus an overhead fan is a welcome adventure. Very often, when I’m having a boy for the night, especially with a first-timer, I’ll also invite a friend of his so he’ll feel more at home. It’s more fun for both and relieves me of having to entertain them except when I want to.

My first few years of visiting Pagers I almost always had overnight guests, but later on I began to see advantages in sleeping alone. Certainly one could get enough sex in the daytime that no more was really needed at night. And instead of feeling one must go in after dinner and minister to tonight’s partner, it was nice to relax on the porch over post-prandial drinks with a friend.

There certainly are delights in having a sleeping partner. Though I don’t recall who said it, I tend to agree with the sentiment, “There is nothing to compare with two warm bodies in a bed. It is wealth, freedom, happiness. It is the object of all human endeavor.”

It surely is nice to cuddle with a warm boy. Many of the kids will throw a leg across yours or nestle possessively against you in their sleep, habits acquired from their family sleeping arrangements, but the real treat for me is feasting my eyes and hands and lips on that most innocent-looking and beautiful being, a sleeping boy. I prefer them naked, but a T-shirt is okay — it leaves the most interesting parts accessible when the coverlet is drawn back. And tired youngsters will sleep through careful caresses and manipulations which you can continue all night if you like.

The kids are used to going to sleep around nine so I can sit propped up beside them and perhaps listen to some boy choir tapes and catch up on my reading, pausing occasionally to glance over at the youthful

body beside me or smooth a hand over a warm haunch. I love to gently explore quiescent boy parts, fingers toying with a soft pricklet and elusive little testicles. I'll experiment with a number of techniques to see just what will bring them erect, from tickling a foreskin or fingering a frenulum to stroking and squeezing the flaccid tube of flesh.

Like adult males, little boys each night experience half a dozen periods of REM sleep, so called for the rapid eye movements that are accompanied by dreams. One can always tell when these are happening as the penis jumps to erection. I keep an eye out for the phenomenon since a stiff young cock is an invitation not to be ignored. I find that the sleeping boy can usually be maneuvered into a position where, without waking him, I can bring my mouth into play. As it's often hard to tell when a preadolescent reaches orgasm, a fingertip on the perineal bulb can feel the throbbing confirmation of completion brought on by loving lips.

If a boy is better developed there may be more evidence. I remember Dennis Barrentos, just twelve, but a head taller than his classmates, who, after being invited to stay the night, had arrived with a note from his mother. "I give permission for my son Dennis to sleep to you tonight. Take care."

Though still hairless, the lad's genitalia were beginning to burgeon, and when I fitted my lips around his half-grown knob I was pleasantly surprised to be rewarded within seconds by a drop of smoky sweetness. I wonder what his dream was like!

When I visit Pagers I bring along a boxful of photos of boys from other parts of the world. They're mostly portraits and of beautiful lads I'd never think of approaching for sex because of their cultural backgrounds. But in my heart I've lusted after all of them, so now I can stare at a picture of a handsome twelve-year-old California surfer and imagine his is the stiff little circumcised prick I'm caressing. There's room for all sorts of fantasies — how about a sailor-suited Wiener Sangerknaben while I'm exploring a delicate foreskin and listening to a soloist from that choir on cassette?

After I've turned out the light and drifted off to sleep, I seem to still be aware that I have a youngster in my bed whether he's nestling against me or not. I come awake a number of times and always use a hand to assure myself those little boy parts are still there. Once in a long while I'll feel really horny in the middle of the night and fumble in the dark for the baby oil, adjust the two of us into a comfortable position, and thrust until I pour my pleasure twixt the sleeping child's thighs.

Just about my favorite time for sex is in the early morning. When it's cool and quiet with the first light stealing in the windows I love to have my wicked way with a sleepy boy. Often they'll say, "Wait, I have to *jingle!*" and I watch the naked youngster scurry around the bed on his way to the Comfort Room, unrelieved pricklet jutting up at a 45 degree angle. Sometimes things are a bit hurried when the boy has to get off to school at six-thirty. It's best on weekends or school holidays when afterwards we can doze off again for a while, at least until the other kids start knocking on the door. Some of them are already rehearsing the words, "Can I sleep to you tonight?"

Frigging, Fruity Frogs and Cruel and Crafty Krauts

The majority of my friends and acquaintances among the visitors to Paggers are Anglo-Saxons — American, English, and Aussie, and if there are nationalities most of us don't like, they're the Frogs and the Krauts. For me this is something of a paradox as it was a Frenchman, my old friend Pierre from Bangkok, who first told me about the place. On the whole, however, we generally dislike these two groups, mainly because they seem rather successful in poaching on our preserves and spirited away desirable boys.

There was a French *menage a trois* which evidently discovered Paggers about the same time I did and spent a lot of time there. They were Marcel, a robust fellow in his early fifties who owned several camera stores in Paris; Pierre, a slender man in his mid-twenties who usually had a frown on his face and worked at peddling candy; and the latter's sister, a weedy and sour looking girl a few years younger. Unlike the other two, who were there for the boys, this lady was after the young boatmen; one supposes she didn't have many *beaux* in France. In Paggers, however, screwing a tourist girl, no matter how unappealing, was considered quite a status symbol, and Celine went through a great many young men.

The three Frogs rented a house in Cubao, quite close to the Lodge, and used to come round to the swimming pool most afternoons in search of new blood. I suppose I should have felt complimented on my taste; both Marcel and Pierre would zero in on all my favorite boys — their interests were obviously just the same as mine — and I'd have to keep a watchful eye on my flock to see that there were no defections.

I was pretty successful in keeping my boys from being purloined when I was in residence, but when I was away it was a different story. Two of my favorite youngsters whom I'd known for a couple of trips were Arnel Rosario and the very munchable Munchy. The former was an amiable, rather moonfaced twelve-year-old with a perfectly proportioned body that seemed to fall naturally into attitudes most pleasing to the eye. Munchy was equally good-natured, and I found him especially attractive for his pink-prepued cocklet which eagerly bared its bullet head upon stiffening.

On one of my returns to Paggers I found Arnel in the swimming pool. Paddling over to him, I said, "Arnel! *Kamustika?* When you're finished swimming, come up to my room. I have a Speedo for you and we can have some fun!"

Imagine my surprise when he smiled sweetly and replied, "Oh, I'm sorry. I cannot come to you. I'm not call-boy any more!"

I was more than chagrined; it was almost unbelievable for a Paggers boy to turn down such an invitation, but soon after I discovered the reason. The Frog Marcel had approached his parents and offered to buy them a taxi-tricycle in exchange for Arnel's exclusive services, whether he was in town or not. A tricycle was not to be turned down; it was worth thousands of pesos and could be used to earn a good income for the family.

And that, I learned, was only the half of it. Marcel had also wooed Munchy's family the same way, and never again did I have access to the delectable pair. Needless to say, I was not happy with that Frenchman.

The younger Frog was even more active though not quite as successful. Whenever they were in town I could expect Pierre to try to inveigle some of my boys to his place, but he evidently was not as open-handed as Marcel and they all claimed he was *barat* and not *galante* like me. One boy that had been with him said he seldom bathed — I fostered that idea by saying it wasn't customary amongst the French — and his *kilikilis* were *mabaho*.

Pierre was successful, though, in taking the elegant looking Reyvel off to France with him at the age of fourteen. The story went that he was put to work selling candy from Pierre's truck and after more than a year had earned enough for a ticket home plus a nice little sum of several hundred dollars with which to start a business in Paggers. Imagine Reyvel's disappointment when he was almost ready to return to have

Pierre appropriate much of his nest-egg to repay him for his flight to France. After that tale got around Pierre had a much harder time luring boys to his bed.

I also had my problems with the Krauts. One offender was Fritz, a corpulent pediatrician who was too cheap to stay at the Lodge, renting a room on the other end of town instead, but he wasn't the least hesitant to hang around the Lodge pool looking for recruits. One day a handsome youngster with mestizo-European features appeared. It seemed he was from Manila and had been brought on a day trip by a tourist who'd found someone new and had now abandoned him. I elicited this information with a quick approach, discovered that his name was Matthew, he was thirteen, and would be delighted to spend the night with me. Imagine my distress that evening when the boy was not to be found. The next morning he turned up at the pool again and I indignantly demanded where he'd been. Contritely he explained that he'd met a man named Fritz who'd offered him large sums and said he was sure I wouldn't mind his coming to his place for an hour. Matthew related that when he was ready to return, Fritz wouldn't give him any money and it was too far to walk, so he was forced to spend the night.

I half believed the boy's story; the Kraut was certainly the main villain in any case, and I repeated my invitation for the ensuing night. This time I took no chances with Matthew's faithfulness, but gave him a pair of Speedos to wear and locked away all the rest of his clothes in my cupboard. That night proved to be worth the trouble; in bed the boy was as talented as he was beautiful, and unlike most of the locals, let me stretch the portals of his plump bottom.

One can imagine how dashed I was the next morning to learn that he had to return to Manila — no financial blandishments could stay him — so I reluctantly said farewell, cursing Fritz for the perfidy that had deprived me of another night with Matthew.

The other Kraut that raised my ire was Gunther, a school principal who visited a couple of times a year. He liked to plumb the depths, and offered to buy a bicycle for boys who'd let him do so. There were several proud possessors of bikes around town courtesy of Gunther; the other kids knew exactly how they'd earned them and they were sometimes teased about it.

One of Gunther's bike boys was my friend Martin, a nice kid I'd made a member of my coterie by arranging to pay his school fees for the year. Then the German showed up one day; he was to be in town for but one night and was most anxious to spend it with Martin. I wasn't crazy about breaking my exclusivity rule, especially considering my investment in Martin, but I did have plenty of other bed partners and Gunther pleaded with me so soulfully, saying it was only for one night and he'd be forever in my debt, etc, etc, that I finally gave the boy my okay.

The next day, when I looked for Martin, he was nowhere to be found, nor was Gunther. When I went round to see Martin's mother Lucinda, she told me Gunther had come and asked to take her son to Manila, saying I'd released him from his vows. She was sure a school principal wouldn't lie about a thing like that so she had given her blessing. When I left Paggers a week later Martin had still not returned. Is it any wonder I distrust the Frogs and the Krauts?

Pleasant Research

Even before I experienced it myself, I was most fascinated by a boy's sexual development at puberty. I have perused much of the classic literature on the subject, and over the years have also been able to observe the genitalia of a number of nine to fifteen-year-olds in the flesh. The best studies of adolescent development are those where the subject is seen on a number of occasions over an extended length of time. Until recent years most of my own observations have instead been short term efforts where the boy has been seen only once, or perhaps on several occasions over a limited time span. Fortunately, since I started visiting Pagers, this has changed.

The happy reason is that I've been able to have continuing relationships with quite a number of boys over periods of up to several years. While I've not done anything resembling a definitive longitudinal study of genital size, development, and ability to perform, I have been able to record a good many observations on those subjects.

Many of the published studies rely on one-time measurements and observations of a boy, but the ongoing ones give a better all around picture.

As noted previously, Filipino boys, mostly a Malay-Chinese mixture, seem to start puberty six months to a year later than their American counterparts, a phenomenon attributable mainly, I suspect, to the less nutritious diet they receive. To most casual observers the Pagers youngsters would appear to begin puberty even later because pubic hair is so much slower to show up. Probably this is a racial characteristic as Filipinos tend to be less hirsute than Westerners, but it means that most of them stay hairless until past their fourteenth birthday, even though enlargement of the genitalia in some may have been going on for a good while. This, of course, is a happy state of affairs for connoisseurs of smooth, undecorated pubes.

Though the ability to ejaculate is usually associated with growth of the gonads, I've found that some of the Pagers boys can get a drop or two with little visible enlargement of the testes. And unlike their Western counterparts, these youngsters can nearly always ejaculate before pubic hair is apparent.

I was interested and amused by one of the more extensive studies I read. It examined several hundred subjects every six months, for up to five years in some cases, using specialized apparatus for measuring the growth of the genitals. The boys visited a New York hospital out-patient clinic where the researcher palpated their testicles, sizing them between his fingers while comparing them with a graduated set of wooden models, already labeled as to dimension. The length of the boy's penis was also measured with a ruler from the pubis to the tip of the glans, either stretched, if flaccid, by the grip of thumb and forefinger on the frenulum pulling it straight out from the body as far as possible, or more easily, right along the upper surface if erect. It has been established that the length of the stretched and erect penis are virtually the same. As measurements of the circumference of a soft penis are meaningless, it was necessary for the organ to be erect for this assessment. A piece of cardboard with a number of graduated round holes cut in it was used, the researcher slipping the holes down over the stiff member until he found one that would barely pass over the thickest part of the organ, usually the swell of the shaft shortly behind the neck.

As this was purported to be a strictly scientific study without the slightest thought of any prurient interest on the part of the researcher, it was stated that when spontaneous erections occurred, this measurement was made in the clinical setting, but otherwise the subject was given a measuring card and told to do the sizing himself when he had a morning erection upon awakening. Somehow, one suspects these words were only lip-service for propriety, and very seldom was it necessary for a boy to take home such a card. It would be most surprising if the crafty doctor were unable to coax a young penis to rigid stiffness; in late preadolescence and early puberty a boy's organ is at its most excitable and will jump to quick attention with the lightest of touches. My own research would recall only two or three boys out of

several hundred who failed to respond immediately to manipulation and these also subsequently came to erection with a bit more attention.

Although in Paggers I had no graduated set of wooden testes and hence made no gonadal measurements, I was still able to get a visually accurate idea of their dimensions. I had no problems using a ruler to measure penis length; erections were always happily achieved, so stretching of a flaccid organ was unnecessary. I had also prepared a piece of poster board with a dozen round holes ranging from less than the size of a dime up to that of a napkin ring. Each new acquaintance would be sized by the ruler and card; new measurements would be made and recorded on each of my visits to Paggers until the boy was either well into the throes of adolescence or other interests phased him out of my coterie. As these visits were seldom more than six months apart and often less, I was able to record quite a few ongoing figures for a number of boys.

The boys themselves seemed to enjoy being measured. Sometimes when there were several in my bedroom someone would urge me to get out the poster board gauge and check to see if they'd grown any. Naturally they would compare their measurements with those of their friends, proud if they proved to be bigger. If one boy's organ measured shorter than his schoolmate's I'd console him by saying, "Yes, but I think your *itlogs* are bigger," and I did my best not only to make them feel their genital development was normal but that I found it quite attractive as well.

Another phenomenon associated with sexual development that I find most interesting is the ability to reach orgasm. When an adolescent or adult male comes to a climax it's quite obvious since he ejaculates visible amounts of semen. Although some of the public is ignorant of it, physiologists have long known that many preadolescent boys are also capable of orgasm years before they are able to squirt any spunk.

To the inexperienced observer a dry orgasm may be anything but obvious. Each individual, whether adult or child, varies in the manifestations of his climax and its buildup; with some the signs are nearly nonexistent. The only two really reliable ones are the pulling up of the testes and the pulsing of the ejaculatory apparatus. The latter in some subjects is so mild as to be almost unnoticeable, and if nothing comes out of the meatus one might miss the crisis altogether. When checking to see if a boy can achieve an orgasm I always keep a finger pressed up behind the testes against the penile root during his masturbation; not until the series of half a dozen or more rhythmic throbs occur can I be certain he's reached the point of ultimate pleasure.

Some preadolescents seem to be unable to attain orgasm even after lengthy excitation. I remember one subject who had experienced a good deal of quite expert manipulation from the age of ten; he always had pleasant feelings but never reached a climax until fourteen-and-a-half when both penis and testes showed considerable growth and he'd had some pubic hair for over six months. When his initial and most welcome crisis finally came it was a strong one — he spurted his first drops of semen more than two feet, but he'd never had a dry orgasm.

Some boys don't have orgasms because they've had no experience of masturbation, though this seems less common in the Philippines than some Western societies where sexual repression of the young is more usual. Most Filipino youngsters, or at least the ones at Paggers, would seem to have learned some jack-off techniques from schoolmates, friends, cousins, or brothers by the age of nine or ten and would soon be aware of a climax to be striven for, even though they might not yet be able to reach one themselves.

Most of the time the sexual activity in my room was considerably more casual than clinical and involved no hands-on checking of penile throbs on my part. Sometimes more than one boy would be jerking himself at the same time, on the bed, on the floor in the corner, or if he wanted some seclusion, even under the bed. It could stem from a number of scenarios; unfinished excitation by me interrupted for some reason or other, perusal of one of the soft-porn magazines occasionally at hand, emulating one's peers because they were doing it, or just because there was little privacy for a wank at home where the

extended family slept together, whereas they knew their sexual experimentation was always welcome in my room.

As Kinsey points out, there is great variation in the length of time it takes both adults and preadolescent boys to reach orgasm; some just need longer stimulation than others. Some youngsters' shafts would be throbbing in happy satisfaction after no more than fifteen or twenty seconds of attention while others took as long as five minutes of assiduous work. With a boy slow in the build-up I'd try varying techniques of excitation, shifting my grip and altering its speed and pressure, using my free hand to stroke and caress up and down the naked torso from chest to mid-thigh, or perhaps to lightly pinch his pubis, squeeze his testes, or rake my fingernails up his ball bag.

Having the boy stretched out face up atop the researcher is very advantageous. About the only reactions not readily observed are the subject's facial expressions. It is easy to feel the boy's bodily movements, both voluntary and otherwise, and one has a good field of view down the trunk as well. When one sees the legs stiffening and feels the torso begin to contract it's time to slip that finger up under the testes in anticipation of the orgasmic spasms. Sometimes there will be many of the signs of excitement but no concluding crisis; sometimes there will be little reaction no matter how hard one tries to bring the boy to a climax of pleasure. After six or seven minutes of diligent work I generally admit defeat and conclude the boy's development is as yet too immature for orgasm. Fortunately only about ten per-cent of those examined at Pagers seemed to be at this stage.

Another interesting aspect is that of multiple orgasm. A male in his teens or early twenties is usually capable of a couple of climaxes in half an hour, perhaps three in an hour if the situation is exciting enough, but he can't hold a candle to younger counterparts. Kinsey detailed this phenomenon and my own research has borne it out; I found that nearly every preadolescent boy who could climax could do it again within minutes and if I kept on with additional stimulation could come several times more. Though I didn't carry the research past a couple of crises in most cases, I did pursue the project quite thoroughly with one boy.

At thirteen, Rodex had some enlargement of both penis and testes though neither appeared to be very far along the way to maturity and his pubes was quite hairless. After forty-five seconds or so of masturbation he would bubble out a couple of drops of semen; within two or three minutes he could be brought back to erection and was soon climaxing again, this time with only a bit of froth. The third and fourth times around produced no moisture but there were still strong penile throbs and obvious enjoyment. Now he needed more recovery time between bouts and somewhat longer stimulation to reach orgasm. Rodex was anxious to continue, no doubt partly because I'd promised to reward him with pesos, the sum graduated upwards on the number of crises he had. Eventually the boy achieved seven orgasms in about forty-five minutes, at which point he smiled ruefully and said, "*Kaput!*" evidently echoing the words of some visitor from Germany. There was certainly no permanent damage done as about an hour later he let me jack him to another apparently quite pleasurable orgasm with body tension and some hip thrusts though his spasms were still dry; evidently his young testicles had not yet had enough time to manufacture more semen.

Though my research at Pagers pretty much bore out the results of other studies and I knew about what to expect developmentally and performance-wise of each subject, every new boy was a welcome mystery who might turn out to be different from the others in all sorts of delightful ways. They often proved that variety is the spice of life.

Wildlife in Your Room

Along with the guests who come to stay in the rooms of Coco Grove, there are other inhabitants. They are not advertised by the Lodge but you're usually pretty much aware of their presence. I'm talking about unwanted visitors — rodents, reptiles, and insects.

The rodents aren't much of a problem. I've never encountered any mice nor have I ever seen a rat though you know they're around by occasional scrabbling and rustling on the roof; there's a sometimes used garbage tip at the far end of the building which obviously attracts them. Friends staying in other rooms have told tales of seeing nocturnal rodents but I wonder if it could often be a case of exotic new surroundings along with too much early evening San Miguel, Tondena, or Tanduay.

As to reptiles, I've never heard of any snakes being seen at the Lodge, but there are certainly geckos, or 'lee-zards' as the boys call them. These are of course quite beneficial in helping keep down the insect population and if you are exhausted from other exertions on the bed you can lie back and watch them on the walls and ceilings. Besides catching insects with patient waits and quick darts, they chase each other around defending their territory. Like their larger neighbors below, they too like sex, and sometimes mount one another so enthusiastically they forget to hang on tight, the result being a very brief flying fuck before they hit the floor or occasionally land on the bed and its occupant.

The insects with the highest profile are the mosquitoes. They're a real pest at the cocktail hour out on the front porch but can be pretty well controlled indoors by spraying the room with repellent once or twice a day and lighting a mosquito coil at bedtime. You'll still be bitten some but I always take my anti-malarial tablets when I'm there and I've yet to hear of anyone coming down with malaria from a visit. However, I did once get a nasty case of dengue fever from a Paggers mosquito. The symptoms, malaise and vomiting, started just after arriving home from the Friendly Isles. My doctor couldn't diagnose my illness, never having seen a case of dengue before, and it was several days until I remembered my friend Doctor Digbayan in Paggers mentioning there were sometimes mosquitoes carrying it in the vicinity. I ended up spending a couple of nights in the hospital with IVs and anti-nausea drugs before I recovered.

Twice while at Paggers I've experienced an invasion of large flying ants or termites. Occasionally you might see one or two, but on these occurrences conditions must have been perfect for them because about eight o'clock at night they began to swarm in great numbers around the porch lights, quickly driving us inside. Large insects with two pairs of inch-long wings mounted flat along their backs, they don't bite or sting, but lurch around like drunken helicopters, fluttering annoyingly into one's face and everywhere else. Even after we retreated to my room, they followed us inside, attracted to the light and finding holes in the screens. My young companion and I tried for a while to kill them by flailing about with a couple of towels but there were dozens everywhere and more sneaking in all the time so we admitted defeat, turned off the light, and retired to bed with a sheet over our heads somewhat earlier than planned. The flying ants were fortunately an ephemeral phenomenon. In the morning the floor was covered with their dead bodies and outside the roomboys were sweeping them up in large piles.

There are some fairly sizable spiders that spin their webs amidst the trees outside but I've never seen one in my room. My longtime friend from home, Gordo, so called not for being overweight, but because he favors boys with plump bottoms, recounted a somewhat harrowing experience, however. He told of waking one night to visit his Comfort Room, turning on the light, and finding on the wall above his bed a huge black and yellow spider, "big as a dinner plate!" he said. Startled and frightened by its fierce appearance, he battered it to death with his trusty tennis racquet. In the morning he showed it to his young companion of the night and asked the local expert if it was dangerous. The boy clutched his throat, rolled his eyes, and flopped his head onto his chest, saying, "He bite you, you die!" Despite later assurances by others that these spiders aren't nearly that venomous, I don't think Gordo has had a really good night's sleep at the Lodge since.

Some of the visitors to the Lodge have various foodstuffs in their rooms. This is appreciated by the always hungry kids, but I try to keep it to a minimum, just buying for picnics and giving away any leftovers, thus avoiding cracker crumbs in the bed, peanut butter on the doorknobs, and ants or cockroaches traipsing about everywhere.

I must admit that I broke this rule for a while during one trip. One of the Campanos clan, Rovy, had decided at age twelve that he really had no future in school. His father, Rovy Sr., a boatman friend of mine, agreed with him, feeling it was a waste of time if he really didn't want to study and he'd be better off helping around the house or doing any odd jobs he could find. Since all my other kids were off to school on weekday mornings I told Rovy to come round every day about 6:45 and I'd pay him a few pesos for some simple job like washing out my shirts.

Of course rinsing out a shirt or two isn't the real reason I have Rovy come around; I'm usually pretty horny in the mornings and he not only has a handsome young body, but a beautifully circumcised little prick, with no unsightly lumps or flaps of ragged skin.

I have Rovy strip off and shower while he's washing my shirts and then call him to the bed. If there's one thing besides the money he's going to get that Rovy likes best it's peanut butter and honey, so I open a jar I've mixed up, slather a thick coat on my rampantly ready cock and cover the boy's genitals as well. With a box of crackers close at hand we lie on our sides in a 69 mode and enjoy breakfast. Interspersing crackers with laps and slurps at one another's sticky hot dogs we actually have a pretty good meal, and unlike some boys who are reluctant to *chupa*, Rovy seems to get a special perverse pleasure from it, giggling and saying how *sarap* it tastes.

Though we're each licked clean before it's over, some crumbs and sticky spread are bound to be left in the environs. But if a few ants or *cucarachas* should come, it's a pretty small price to pay for our more than sumptuous feast.

The Family Alindos

My first knowing contact with the Alindos family came early one afternoon when I arrived at the Lodge after an absence of some months. I had checked in at the Hall and my taxi driver Floro carried my suitcase to my usual room in the riverside building, Coco Grove. Things seemed pretty quiet. It was not the most popular time of year for guests, and there were no kids splashing in the pool, perhaps because it was a weekday and school in session.

After putting the baggage inside the door we came out on the porch. I was getting ready to pay Floro and listen to many reasons why I should give him a big tip when I noticed a boy of twelve or thirteen sitting on the bench of a nearby picnic shelter. He was a handsome lad I'd never seen before and my glances of interest seemed to be reciprocated as he smiled and moved over to lean on the railing of my porch. I was more than willing to make his acquaintance so I quickly paid Floro our agreed upon fare and added a generous tip. My driver seemed in no hurry to go however. He kept on chatting until I realized he was only doing it to tease me.

I know you're anxious for me to leave," said Floro, "I can tell that you're *malibog* for that boy. Don't worry, I'll go now and let you have your fun!"

As he headed down the path to the Hall I ushered the youngster into my room. He seemed very much at ease as if he'd been in more than a few tourists' rooms before. I soon learned he was thirteen and his name was Jun Alindos. This closer view of him showed a pair of rather calculating eyes set in regular features and a sturdy body clad in jeans and a slightly grubby T-shirt. Since I had some unpacking to do I suggested Jun might like to have a shower, and when he readily agreed, gave him a towel and showed him how to work the controls in the Comfort Room. I managed to get a few things stowed away, slip on a pair of shorts, and push together two single beds by the time I heard the shower stop. In a moment my young visitor appeared with a smile on his lips and the towel clutched round his waist.

Beckoning him over to where I sat on the edge of the bed, I pulled the towel away. Jun stood proudly revealed, letting me admire what a handsome youngster he was, his muscled torso tapering down to a smooth groin and newly developing equipment. In no time he was limb-flung on the bed with my cheek on his still slightly damp tummy, proving that his fine young cock could give up a sweet drop.

Later on, after I'd relieved my own demands between his clenched thighs, I gave him a pair of Speedos and a Hong Kong T-shirt. We talked while I finished unpacking and I learned that his father was a boatman, he lived across the river, and he was free at this time of day because he'd left school for good at the end of the last semester. Jun became something of a regular around my room from then on, but he did have some drawbacks. Stronger and more aggressive than my other troops, he bullied them sometimes and was cordially disliked by several who confided to me that he was light-fingered and not to be trusted. I felt rather the same way but put up with his sometimes disruptive behavior because he was good sex and very nice to look at.

On one occasion Jun's younger brother Clint tagged along and afterwards came round by himself. A slender sad-eyed ten-year-old, he was the antithesis of the older boy, quiet and undemanding, happiest when he could curl up by himself in the corner with a puzzle or a boxful of Lego pieces. Though I didn't see him as an object for dalliance I enjoyed having him around as a pleasant little pet.

Another day Jun asked to 'borrow' forty pesos so he could buy a fighting cock. At about two dollars the price was right and I gave him the money with the stipulation that he was to name the bird for me and bring it around for my inspection. Sure enough, he appeared on the porch that afternoon with a handsome white rooster clutched in his arms. I took a couple of snapshots of "the chicken named Richard" before it was carried away, never to be seen or mentioned again. I figured at that price it wasn't a fighting cock but a clever way to put some meat in the Alindos family pot.

I always brought with me to Paggers a packet of photos I'd taken on previous trips. The kids liked seeing their pictures and some were carried home to be tacked on the family wall. One day I was showing a stack of photos when I came to a snapshot of a boy I'd seen only once, a couple of years before. He was an imp of about ten with an appealing smile who was at the local clinic with relatives while I was accompanying one of my kids who needed some sort of treatment. I'd taken a couple of quick pictures of him and would have liked more but his family called him away as their tricycle was waiting.

Although I kept an eye out for the pretty youngster whose name I didn't even know, and showed his picture to plenty of different boys, no one could identify him. The consensus of opinion was that he must be a visitor from Manila sojourning with relatives in town, until just now when Jun gave a shout of recognition, "That's my cousin!"

He quickly solved the mystery. His cousin Tani lived in the nearby town of Paete, a few miles down the river. Jun said he could easily bring him around to me, an offer quickly accepted, anxious as I was to meet this boy whose picture I'd admired for two years.

As good as his word, Jun appeared the next day with the twelve-year-old Tani. He'd evidently told the newcomer of the good times and material goodies that were to be had at Coco 8 as well as some of the salacious practices. Young Tani fitted himself into the scene- immediately, happy with the swimming pool, "play toys," and snacks, and also showed an interest in the sexual games, proving himself a keenly addicted masturbator. He was back again early the next day without Jun and it was soon obvious that he considered himself one of the troops.

This wasn't really quite so. My regulars, already steeped in the insularity of small town life, were a little suspicious of someone from as far away as Paete and quickly jealous of any goodies I gave anyone else. I had to tell them they risked displeasure if they didn't treat Tani better, and despite the occasional grumble or sullen look, the local boys let him enter into their games without too much reluctance.

Tani was now almost thirteen, he told me, but he was small for his age with a rather frail and rickety looking body that I attributed to malnutrition. I expected he was like most of the kids I knew, from a poor family with many mouths to feed and sometimes lucky to have a full belly, much less a nourishing diet and niceties like vitamins. He told me his father was an unemployed laborer, having been laid off the recently completed hydro-electric project at nearby Lake Caliraya. There were four other children in the family, an older sister and three younger brothers. My ears perked up at the latter, especially when he said eleven-year-old Quipie would love to come and meet me.

Who could resist the prospect of meeting a boy whose name sounded like a Kewpie doll? When the Alindos arrived the next day I was more than pleased to add him to my coterie. A very attractive child whose features were tinged with more than a bit of wild Malay blood, Quipie was as big as Tani despite being two years younger. His body was sturdy and graceful, and with his clothes shucked off to be fitted for a pair of Speedos, I could see that he was hung surprisingly well for an eleven-year-old. In front of his grape-sized testes dangled an imposing cocklet with a short wide foreskin that did little to conceal an oversized bullet-shaped knob.

Quipie enjoyed the toys and other goodies available as much as his brother though at times seemed less inclined to throw himself into the sexual games. Without too much urging, however, he did allow me to suck for blissful minutes on his improbable mushroom.

Within a day or two the boys arrived with a note from their mother Sandy who thanked me for several pieces of clothing I'd given them. She also told me there was a family crisis and 60 pesos was needed to pay for their school registration for the upcoming semester and could I possibly help. I figured a few dollars was a small price to pay to keep these two in attendance upon me as well as in school so I sent the requested money home with Tani. The next day another note was brought with thanks for the pesos and a plea for help in another family crisis. This time 75 pesos was needed to buy some special vitamin supplements and a packet of worming pills. I decided it might be a good idea to meet the family.

That afternoon I joined Tani and Quipie in a tricycle and we headed off the few miles to Paete. The Alindos lived in the near outskirts of town almost on the shoulder of the highway, on the ground floor of a dilapidated wooden shack. It was a ground floor all right, packed earth, and the one room was only about a dozen feet square. I'd been in some other very modest dwellings in the Philippines but this was really basic.

Sandy, who looked much older than her late thirties, greeted me enthusiastically and offered a rough stool, about the only piece of furniture other than a sort of bamboo sleeping shelf that took up most of one wall. She spoke English quite well and introduced me to her wizened mother who gave me a one-toothed grin, a pretty fifteen-year-old daughter, and Ariel, a smiling gamin of nine. The youngest boy, a toddler of about three, was deposited in my lap, and when father Edmundo, obviously the source of the kids' good looks, ducked in the low doorway to shake my hand, the scene was complete.

Edmundo really didn't have much English, I found, but just smiled and nodded while Sandy, who was obviously the brains of the family, told how glad everyone was to see me and how happy they were I'd been so nice to her sons. She also spoke at length about how hard it was for her husband to find work and how it was nearly impossible to cope with the needs of the family.

"Tani and Quipie like to visit you at the Lodge so much. Maybe they can bring Ariel with them the next time," she said, urging the grinning lad in front of me for inspection.

What a boy-lover's fantasy, I marveled. To have a family not only giving their approval that I was having sex with their handsome eleven and thirteen-year-olds, but to be urging the nine-year-old on me as well, was almost mind boggling — until I remembered where I was. Only in the Friendly Isles!

Since my room was already busy enough these days and Ariel was a bit small yet, I decided to keep him in reserve and declined gracefully, saying perhaps when he was a little older.

There was no question the Alindos were hoping I was going to solve some of their financial difficulties. I wasn't about to try to solve them all but I felt a modest investment was only fair considering the dividends I'd already reaped. Saying I'd like to help Tani and Quipie with their school expenses, I slipped a couple of hundred pesos, the equivalent of ten dollars, from my money clip, and tried to pass them unobtrusively to Edmundo, despite the zeroing in of every eye in the room. This was really intended as a help for food and other expenses — I was pretty sure there would be further appeals for school help in the future.

I wasn't wrong. Every time the boys arrived at my room they bore a letter from Sandy with a tale of woe, the upshot of which was always that fifty or eighty or a hundred pesos was needed. Though I felt the money was going to an excellent cause, I always sent only about three-quarters of what was requested — I didn't want Sandy to think I was too easy a mark.

The boys kept turning up every day and I felt I was getting too much of a good thing, especially since I had a menagerie of about eight or ten regulars anyway, so I tried to limit their visits to a couple of times a week. This wasn't too successful as they tended to come anyway and I found it hard to turn them away. This was especially so after they started bringing their cousin, twelve-year-old Gilbert, a tall stunning boy with impossibly long-lashed eyes and silken skin of *cafe au lait* tinged with a rosy blush. Besides his beautiful looks, this latest Alindos had a rather quiet detached charm very much unlike his two cousins who sometimes tended to be rascals of the first degree. In contrast to them, he seemed from an almost middle class background, and I ascertained that his widowed mother was a good bit better off than her sister Sandy.

Gilbert had apparently had surprisingly little sexual experience for a Filipino boy of his age but didn't seem unduly shocked by or reluctant to enter into the games of Coco 8. What I enjoyed most was to have him lie quietly reading beside me while I lazily caressed the satiny warmth of his upthrust bottom.

Ariel eventually got into the act as well. When he turned ten I let him join us on a couple of picnics and he showed up in my room on other occasions, proving himself to be a rather younger edition of Tani,

a bit stunted in build, enterprising, aggressive, and randy.

Along with school expenses, doctor visits, medicines, clothes and just plain donations to the family coffers, I spent a fair amount of money on the Alindos over several years. I arranged for all the boys to go to my friend the excellent dentist, Fred Gamit. The only one not needing extensive work was Gilbert who had perfect teeth in his perfect smile.

Though I'd sometimes get cross at Sandy's nearly daily letters I couldn't fault her for doing anything she could for her family's survival. As the Philippine economy worsened Edmundo was never able to get more than occasional brief work but the Alindos managed somehow,

One day Sandy came to my porch herself and made a special request for 150 pesos. "I can't tell you what it's for," she said, "but please trust me. You'll find out about it in a couple of weeks."

Sure enough, two weeks later, the boys handed me a paper-wrapped package. "It's a *regalo* my mother made for you," said Tani.

And a fine present it was. Inside was a piece of pineapple-fiber cloth with a panel of intricate embroidery, my initials in a graceful script. I had it made into a barong-Tagalog shirt and every time I wear it I think of the Alindos and all the delightful boy flesh they so generously thrust upon me.

Pong

There's a unique experience to be had for those who come to Pagers a number of times. I'm referring not just to being able to enjoy the same youngsters over a span of several years, but both before and after circumcision. Most Western gentlemen have a preference about the boy's most important appendage; I find that those from European countries, where foreskins are usually left intact, generally prefer them uncut, whereas Americans and Aussies, who grew up with mostly circumcised compatriots, like them with nicely trimmed cocklets. I'm pretty much of the latter persuasion, though there are some very unsightly results of barbaric barbering, and I do particularly like the uncut penis whose prepuce slips back easily when erect — it's perhaps the best of both worlds.

Since most Filipino boys are circumcised between the ages of nine and fourteen, there's a variety of both *supot*, uncut, and *tulay*, cut, types around, and should you visit several times you may well be treated to the before and after. I've been able to enjoy this phenomenon with about a dozen youngsters. I think the one I remember best was Bernardo, or Pong as he liked to be called.

I found him on my porch one quiet morning when no other boys were around. A wistful little figure in tattered shorts and grimy T-shirt, I guessed him to be no more than nine or ten. Very shy, with almost no English, in Tagalog he told me he was twelve and his name was Pong. When I invited him into my lair he came with no hesitation, kicking off his sandals by the door, then perching gingerly on the edge of the bed. I gave him an electronic game to play with for a moment while I got out my camera and shot a few pictures. He looked startled by the flash; I doubt he'd seen one before. Now I took away the game and set aside the camera. Sitting down beside him I gently pushed him back onto the bed, tucking his hands up under his head. Pulling up his T-shirt, I stroked his warm boyish tummy for a moment, then cupped my other hand onto a smooth tanned thigh.

Pong's soft dark eyes stared up into mine, but he didn't shift away as my hand slipped up into his shorts. There were no breeps to interfere as my fingers interfered with his limp little playthings. One important part became quickly stiff so I undid the shorts and drew them down, revealing the pointy uncut pintle jutting up at a 45 degree angle.

After a quick shower *a deux*, Pong showed himself to be a willing, if somewhat inexperienced, participant in the rites of Cupid; when we'd finished he seemed more than happy with the Speedos, T-shirt, and twenty pesos I produced, along with an invitation to come back again the next day.

He didn't show, however, though I kept a hopeful eye out for the rest of my stay; I asked the other kids about him but only one or two knew him and said he lived down near the main street of town about a mile away.

Four or five months later on my next visit to Pagers I was riding a tricycle on my way back from a shopping trip when I spotted little Pong sitting on the bridge next to the police station. His eyes widened as he recognized me and I gave him a quick wave. The next morning I heard a knock on my door, and there he was again. Though rather plain in features, Pong had a nice boy's body and I was quite happy to welcome him for more divertissement. The session was most pleasant and he seemed to like the pay-off so I figured my invitation to return again would be accepted. But alas, it wasn't. The boy didn't show himself again that trip.

This peculiar pattern was repeated on every trip over the next few years. I'd see the solemn child somewhere in the town, soon after he'd show up for a session, and that would be that. Maybe he knew that absence makes the heart grow fonder and it did serve to make him perhaps more desirable than if I'd seen a lot of him. And happily, over several years he didn't seem to be maturing much. At fourteen and a half and then at fifteen his baby carrot and little grapes were still those of a small boy. And he was not only a late developer but was still uncircumcised.

And then one trip when he was sixteen, suddenly the prepuce was gone and the childish genitals were starting to pubesce and become more functional. Whereas in the past he'd seemed to get a mild pleasure from my wankings, now there were obviously much more heightened sensations.

A few months later we met again and now his half-grown cock spit out a pearly drop or two; the time he'd be too old for me was nearly here and I marveled that I'd had such a long run. After all, Pong was nearly seventeen. Then the boy confessed; he was really only fourteen but had been fibbing about his age for all this time — at ten he'd thought I'd reject him as too young.

And now his sexuality was burgeoning, once was not enough; he wanted it every day, and several times a day. I tried to accommodate him with frequent milkings, but truth to tell, I was finding him over the hill and my interest was in other younger boys. Pong took it philosophically when I pensioned him off; I had to feel thankful our association had lasted so long and I'd been able to enjoy his boy part from a little uncut spike to a sturdy circumcised spunking machine.

Sports, Games, and Toys

The only really popular sport in the Philippines is basketball. It's obviously the result of the American colonial years, and is so entrenched that there are two professional leagues whose games are televised nightly the year round.

The Filipinos aren't really very good at it. Their small stature is no doubt the main reason, but their national team has never finished in the top dozen in the Olympics or World Championships. Despite this, the enthusiasm is huge, Magic, Jordan, and Bird are household names, and at almost any open place a bit of concrete has been poured you'll find a couple of hoops and kids shooting baskets.

Most barrios in Paggers have their own courts and all have teams at several levels. Flashy uniforms whipped up on local sewing machines are *de rigueur* for even some of the twelve-year-olds. When one of my youngsters has a birthday and I ask what sort of expensive gift he wants most, basketball shoes or a real Mikasa basketball always top the list.

The only other sports that Paggers residents seem to do are a bit of pole- and-line fishing in the river (as opposed to the more serious laying of nets and thrashing the water with sticks to drive in the fish.) canoeing, and swimming. The canoeing is a business for the *bangkeros* who take tourists on the trip to the Falls, but their kids sometimes get to use the boats, and I'm always fascinated by the grace and balance of a lean preadolescent figure delicately maneuvering an eighteen foot *bangka* in the river below my porch. Swimming is not an organized sport; the only pool suitable for races is at the Tropical where the entrance fee keeps out most kids, but living near the river and often coming from a boatman's family, they're accustomed to the water from infancy and become good swimmers by the age of eight or nine.

There are no tennis courts in town and only a few ping-pong tables about; the only real games available are at the bowling alley-pool hall, but again, those cost pesos, so the kids don't get there very often. Where money's short, youngsters will make their own games, and Paggers is no exception. Younger kids make boats from coconut shells and their older brothers fashion slingshots deadly enough to keep the bird population down to nearly zero. One toy that always fascinated me was the equivalent of the 'hackey-sack.' With a flip-flop sandal stuck sideways on the foot, a twist of rag with a few pebbles in it could be kept in the air for several minutes by a cleverly hopping boy.

Over the years I brought all sorts of games and toys I thought the kids would enjoy. The most popular were undoubtedly the electronic games, otherwise quite unavailable here. I'd usually bring one or two new ones from Hong Kong on every trip and they were eagerly pounced upon and played until the batteries ran down. We went through so many batteries that I had to ration them and lock away the most desirable Pac-Man and Space Invaders from time to time. There were other electronic toys they especially liked; the pistol that shot a laser-like beam at a reflecting target with loud sound effects for hits and misses, and a box with colored panels to be pressed in remembered sequences of musical tones; both proved very popular. I brought a pair of toy walkie-talkie radios on one trip. With a range of several hundred feet they were a great hit for calling between the rooms and porches of Coco Grove for the few days before they got broken. Another well-used toy was the Armitron, an electronic derrick operated by levers to make it cleverly pick up and move small objects.

Simpler things like playing cards were popular, and games for small sums of money were frequent despite my trying to ban them from my room. Filipinos love to gamble and the boys are no exception. The clink of the old silver dollarsized pesos on the sidewalk as they played odd or even was a very familiar sound.

One of my English friends used to bring lots of little mechanical puzzles and games like 'A Barrel of Monkeys' or 'Pick up Sticks' which he felt were great for occupying the boys. The best thing I found for peace and quiet in Coco 8 was a large Lego set, bought very cheaply in Manila, which kept the troops silent for hours at a time as they built fanciful houses, vehicles, and aircraft.

A couple of the most popular things I introduced were water pistols and Frisbees. Sneaking the former out of a hiding place to squirt some unsuspecting boys was amusing, but I didn't do it too often as it usually turned into a free-for-all water fight with many of my furnishings dampened. Water pistols had a mercifully short life but they were bit of wild fun while they lasted.

Frisbees were even better. I always had three or four on hand to use at the swimming pool, in and out of the water. As well as fun for the kids, I found them a great help in breaking the ice with a new boy at the pool who might at first be somewhat shy. After I'd tossed him a Frisbee a few dozen times he'd be easy to approach and perhaps invite to my room.

Over the years I began to learn which games and toys were more liable to be successful than others and tried to have some of them around at all times. Of course, like kids anywhere, the boys sometimes became bored with the toys at hand and asked if I had any new ones hidden away in the cupboard. My usual reply was to tell them not to forget about the best toy of all — the wonderful one they had between their legs.

Twins

When he drove me out from Manila on one particular trip, my perennial taxi driver Floro waxed most poetic about his home town of Majayjay. He told me it wasn't all that far from Paggers but had a much pleasanter climate since it was several thousand feet up the slopes of Mt. Banihaw. After considerable cajoling to let him take me up there and show me its beauties, with the added inducement that it would be practically cost free as he was planning a visit there later in the week anyway, I finally capitulated and told him that he could come and fetch me and my Australian friend Graeme.

Floro duly showed up about ten one morning a few days hence. Graeme and I had decided to take a day off from the younger set and not bring any companions so we hopped into the taxi and set off. The road to Majayjay was in a state of some disrepair once we left the main Manila highway; the journey of less than twenty miles took over an hour due to pot holes, corrugations, and stretches where occasional road work was being done.

Other than a bit of jouncing this was no great hardship as the countryside was attractive. We first passed rice fields with some coconut palms down on the lakeside plains, then fewer open fields and more trees as the road started up the mountainside. There was a constant grade as we wound our way upward and some very pretty views of the massive green mountain looming up over small rice terraces wherever the forests of coconuts opened up. Finally the long upward climb came to an end and the road turned along the mountainside to cross a tumbling river with women washing clothes below and then enter the outskirts of the hillside town.

It didn't look to be very big, though there was a grid of several streets running in two directions; surprisingly. Floro told us that the population was over five thousand. Most of the buildings were in traditional Filipino style with latticed windows, a touch of modernity supplied by many corrugated iron roofs; I saw only a handful of stucco or stone buildings. One of the latter was the town's pride and joy, the imposing four-hundred-year-old colonial church.

After giving us a brief tour of its interior and belfry with a panoramic view of Laguna Province, Floro also showed us a picnic and swimming resort consisting of a couple of dilapidated hillside pools with some nice landscaping around them. There was no one swimming or using the cabanas; Floro said there were occasional visitors on weekends, but I thought it would be a pleasant place to bring the kids for a picnic some day.

As it was past noon by now, Graeme and I were interested in something to eat. There didn't seem to be any restaurants about — evidently everybody in this town ate at home — but there was a store where we found some ice cream cups, soft drinks, and bananas, enough to satisfy our inner growlings. Since it was vacation time and school was out, I asked Floro if there wasn't some place where the youngsters went to swim. "Why sure," he replied, "I'll take you over there."

We drove back to the canyon stream we'd crossed before and parked by the narrow bridge, built of stone and mortar.

"It's much older than it looks," said Floro, pointing to a weathered coat of arms carved into the stone. "It was built around the same time as the church and is called 'The Bridge of Buttocks' because when some of the townspeople were lazy about working on it, the priests made them bend over the sides and beat them on their bottoms! But come on now, I'll take you up to where I used to swim when I was a kid!"

Graeme and I followed him up the streambed past several women doing their washing, clothes drying on the rocks around them. Floro had a word for each of them; they smiled at the sight of tourists crazy enough to come to this out-of-the-way spot. After a couple of hundred yards we came past the shoulder of the hillside that sheltered a small pool in the stream, no more than ten feet wide. In and around it were seven or eight boys.

Several of the younger ones, of nine or ten I guessed, were splashing around *au naturel*; the others wore tattered shorts or underwear. They greeted our arrival with grins and most of them seemed to know Floro.

“This is my nephew and that’s my cousin’s boy,” he pointed out as he chatted with them in Tagalog. “Do you want to take some pictures of them?”

The kids stood in a grinning group while I took a shot or two, then singled out several of them for individual photos. There were two I was particularly interested in, a pair of older boys who were quite obviously twins.

They were about thirteen or fourteen, I guessed, with pleasant features on their unexceptional faces, and with handsome rangy bodies and fine posture. They were alike enough that I knew they must be identical twins and I took half a dozen shots of them both individually and together in their shapeless briefs.

Seeing my interest, Floro said, “Do you like Nickie and Dickie? Their father was my classmate all through school. Do you want to take some pictures of them without their *breeps*?”

At my eager assent he jabbered some Tagalog to the boys and without a moment’s hesitation they grinningly shucked off their damp underwear. As they stood proudly for the camera I could see that their loins were as identical as the rest of their bodies. Below their hairless pubes were well-cut young cocks showing a bit of pubertal development and shriveled ball bags hugging the swell of half-grown testes.

When I’d five or six more photos I asked the twins, “*Ilan taon kana?*”

“*Trece!*” was the reply; they were thirteen.

I turned to Floro to voice approval of this interesting duo. “It’s really nice to be able to get pictures of a pair of twins.” I winked at Graeme and said, “They’d make a really tasty sandwich, wouldn’t they?”

Floro’s ears perked up at this. Always thinking of opportunities to make some pesos, he said, “We could take Nickie and Dickie back to Paggers if you’d like and I could bring them back here tomorrow. If you could help me out with the gasoline... And what do you mean,” he asked quizzically, “‘They’d make a nice sandwich.’?”

I’d only had access to one pair of twins before — the nine-year-old cherubs Bing and Bong; the thought of having sex with these two was very exciting.

“Would it really be all right to take them away for the night? Do they want to come, and how about their parents?”

Floro grinned and traded a few words with the boys, then announced, “No problem. They’ll be glad to come and be your companions tonight. I’ll send them along to tell their mother.”

The two boys quickly pulled on shorts and shirts and went running off. Graeme, Floro, and I followed more slowly, waving goodbye to the remaining kids. We drove a short way to a house on the near side of town; Floro disappeared inside and a few minutes later came out accompanied by a smiling woman in her thirties and with the twins in tow. “Everything’s all set,” he said, “I told their mother you really liked taking their pictures and would probably pay them something for it!”

As we headed back down the mountain, I looked into the back seat where the twins were crowded in beside Graeme, chattering away as they watched the countryside go by. The two boys were remarkably alike, almost mirror images of each other; the only distinguishing mark I could see was a small mole on Dickie’s (or was it Nickle’s) forehead. It was Nickie, I discovered, though communication was a bit limited as they spoke very little English. That was no problem, I figured, with my bits and pieces of Tagalog, as I’d always been able to make most of my important needs known to rustic Filipino boys in the past. Floro did tell us, “You know, these boys have never been with a tourist before. But don’t worry, I’ve told them to do whatever you want them to and you’ll be nice to them and give them some *regalos* and maybe some money too!”

When Floro dropped us at the Lodge we took the boys right to the inner porch of Graeme's room. I brought in a couple of pairs of matching Speedos and we both photographed the youngsters in and out of the swim suits. I asked Graeme if he'd like to have a more intimate session with one or both of them and if he'd like one for the night.

"No," he replied, I've got Freddie coming to spend the night so I think I'll wait until tomorrow morning. By then you should have them well trained."

I led the twins down to the pool amidst looks of jealousy from some of the local boys who obviously felt their turf was being invaded.

"Don't worry," I told a couple of my pouting young friends. "They're only here for one night. Tomorrow they go home and then you'll have me all to yourselves again!"

With the swim over and alone in my room with the twins, I peeled off my trunks, had them do the same, and gestured for them to join me for a shower in my tiny Comfort Room. It was a bit crowded with both boys standing on the toilet seat and me beside them, but lukewarm water splashing down and plenty of soapsuds quickly brought about a giggling togetherness. It was a delight to slide my hands over their lithe bodies and caress hard young muscles, none harder than the four-inch boy cocks waiting rampantly for attention.

The twins were happy too, to attend my own erection, smiling, "*Malaki!*" as they stroked it with soapy fingers, though it wasn't really a great deal bigger than the slippery shafts I had in each hand. But at the moment I had other plans in mind, so before our pleasant explorations could become more climactic, I got us rinsed off, dried with some fresh towels, and back in the bedroom. I was anxious to take some erotic pictures of the perfectly matched youngsters so I had them hop up on the bed while I attached the flash to my camera.

Their virility had wilted since the shower but a few quick caresses had them stiff once more for photos side by side. The twins giggled and grinned as I directed them into a number of salacious poses, then I placed them sitting crosslegged and closely facing in the center of the bed and showed them how I wanted them to masturbate each other. It seemed to be quite a matter-of-fact proceeding, probably something they'd done many times before, but it made a pretty picture, the naked mirror-imaged boys, each with head bent forward to watch as his hand worked on his brother's staff. After perhaps half a minute of mutual wanking, Dickie murmured something to his twin, let go of his weapon, and leaned back on his elbows. Nickie kept right on jacking away at his brother's lusty cock as Dickie's body began to stiffen; he threw his head back, and pushed his loins forward. Then he was shuddering his pleasure as I watched a couple of drops of juice throb from the swollen knob.

Dickie recovered quickly and dutifully resumed the interrupted manipulation of his brother. Young Nickie had leaned back to thrust his groin upward and it was not long before his shoulders were straining forward and his chin was pressed down on his chest. He gave a gasping groan and his rigid torso jerked as his sturdy cock spat two or three blobs over Dickie's slowing fingers.

I congratulated the two on their prompt production of *leche* and said I'd like to *lala basana* myself. There was a bit of giggling and chatter between the boys but when I plopped myself down on the bed they made no objections to my having them kneel on either side in a hands-on position.

Obviously neophytes at doing this with an adult, they were a bit clumsy but very agreeable, and I soon had four willing hands following instructions on my excited genitals. My own hands were also busy, filled with identical boy cocks, somewhat wilted by now, and two fine sets of youthful testes. With this cornucopia of delights, it was not long before I was straining my hips upward and releasing strings of pleasure to splash up on my chest and stomach. Dickie and Nickie were most impressed; clearly they'd never seen anything approaching such distance and quantity from schoolmates and friends. After we'd mopped up with a damp towel, I pulled their warm young bodies against me on either side where they seemed happy to cuddle while I savored the pleasant empty feeling in my loins, the afterglow of orgasm.

A little later I gave the boys some rewards, breaking out a colorful T-shirt and a pair of shiny satin shorts for each. They were fascinated when I showed them how to play some of the electronic games, keeping happily occupied while Graeme and I had our cocktails on the porch. We took the twins, along with Graeme's friend Freddie, to the D & C for dinner and they seemed to thoroughly enjoy the experience, demolishing their orders of fried chicken, obviously a luxury they didn't get very often.

Back in my room we had another shower before bed, then I decided to treat the pair to a bit of fellation. Though they may have tried some *chupa* with each other before, the twins greeted it with salacious smirks and whispers when I knelt between their supine figures to lick some of the red from their lollipops. I tried to give each identical boy part the same amount of attention, bobbing my head up and down a dozen times before switching to the other. They were obviously highly excited; I had to pull their fingers away from finishing themselves off while my lips were occupied with their brother's equipment. My work was soon rewarded; Nickie was the first, with a gasping little moan as he shuddered in orgasm, bestowing a faint tang of boy juice on my tongue. Dickie took somewhat longer but I was eventually rewarded as his cock throbbed lustily between my lips, leaving behind its own tasty drop.

The new adventures of the day had evidently been exciting enough that the twins were tired out by now; they were sleepily acquiescent when I told them it was bedtime and tucked them under a sheet on one side of the pushed-together beds. They were asleep in no time; when I drew back the cover to have another eyeful of their nakedness the boys were nestled together with limbs intertwined — I expect they'd never slept apart.

I read and listened to some music for a while, occasionally pausing for several minutes delightful exploration of my young guests with a wayward hand. Before I finally turned off the light I maneuvered them into a pretty side-by-side tableau — a matched pair of handsome lads lying supine with identical penises arcing lewdly up from their smooth loins. Using both hands, I wanked away on twin cocks until both had throbbed to a climax, dry this time with the recent depletion of their seminal reservoirs. Neither boy awoke, but from the straining shudders of their bodies I'm sure their dreams were pleasant.

I was first awake as the room lightened in the morning. After making my ablutions I returned to pull the covers off my bedmates; both sleeping boys sported matinal erections, so I gently shook them awake and sent them to the Comfort Room to relieve their piss hard-ons. Now I had them back on the bed, Dickie nestled against my left side and Nickie on my right. The cool of the morning is one of the pleasantest times to cuddle and caress a warm boy body and I was blessed with two. My fingers inevitably found their welcome way to ready cocklets which soon saluted the new day with a drop or two of freshly brewed spunk.

With my own spermararies aboil, I now splashed some baby oil on my own weapon and turned the boys face down on either side of me, pulling their lower bodies together so. That each was straddling one of my opened thighs, spent cocks pressing just below my hip-bones. I ran my hands across their firm but pliant bottoms sticking up saucily side by side, caressing their silken surfaces and then pressing them together to trap my willing staff in the midst of their smooth warmth. Now I rocked my hips to let my excited intruder slide slowly up between the outsides of the twins' buttocks, squeezing my hands to regulate the pressure. Half a dozen thrusts were all I could stand until the excitement reached an exquisite peak and my pleasure splattered up onto my chest and the boys' backs. I held them tight until my spasms passed, then reluctantly relinquished my delicious sandwich of twins.

After breakfast Graeme took the boys off to his room for an hour. I don't know just what went on but all three appeared later, the youngsters happy with a couple of more T-shirts and Graeme smiling as if he'd enjoyed a sandwich of his own. We each gave both boys a fair number of folding pesos, enough that their eyes grew big and they chattered excitedly in Tagalog. All parties seemed pleased when we sent them off with Floro — he'd received considerably more than gas money for his trouble. In their new

finery the twins were no longer so indistinguishable, but I knew they were still delightfully identical where it counted.

Water Sports

On one of my trips the boys are all talking about the very *galante* tourist who is staying down in Greenhouse I. They say his name is Roberto and he's so generous that he gives one hundred pesos when a boy visits his room. This seems a bit far-fetched to me; the going rate is twenty to thirty pesos, perhaps forty at the most for very special services, and I suspect the boys are playing their game of trying to inflate their prices.

It's a slow time of year for visitors and Roberto and I are the only Western gentlemen staying at the Lodge, so when I see him at breakfast I introduce myself and ask him to come by my room for a chat later on. He turns up when I'm reading on my outer porch in mid-afternoon and we have a chance to talk.

An American, he seems a pleasant chap, in his forties I'd judge, and it turns out he lives only a couple of hours drive from me back home. This is his first visit to Paggers, he tells me, though he has been in the Philippines before, both as a serviceman a few years back and last year when he spent ten days in Manila.

What another tourist pays his boys for services rendered really isn't any of my business, but I'm curious if it's true that he's been passing out such large sums, and if so, does he realize it's unnecessary and he's driving up what others will have to pay. I approach the subject gingerly, saying I've heard the rumor that he gave young Gerald a hundred pesos. Yes, he did, was the reply. Well then, that was very generous of him, I opine, but doesn't he realize he's inflating the market and could just as well pay less than half as much?

"Ah, well," says Roberto, "Maybe so, but then, I ask them to do something rather special."

Visions of the diminutive Gerald impaled on his cock flash through my mind; I'm aware that Paggers boys are reluctant to have their *puwets* penetrated and I realize if that's what Roberto likes, he'll have to pay for it.

But it seems I've jumped to that conclusion a bit too fast.

"Yes," says Roberto, "I like water sports and I like to take pictures. Once the boys try it there's no problem at all. "

Now I realize what he means — these water sports are a penetration of a different kind — enemas.

Roberto goes on to say that most boys have little objection to their insides being flushed out once their initial reluctance is overcome, and some even seem to relish it. Eleven-year-old Gerald, whom I call "the house mouse" for his habit of lurking under tables or playing quietly in the corner on the floor of my room, is one who's become addicted, he says, often asking for an enema even when no pictures or money are involved.

Back home again, some months later, he proves his point, showing me snapshots of the boy, naked on the bed, thighs drawn up and rubber nozzle deeply imbedded in his bottom, with his eyes closed in contentment and a smile on his lips.

One friend I introduced to the pleasures of a Paggers vacation was Walt, a very fit fellow in his late thirties who taught High School chemistry and physical education. He'd never traveled overseas before so it was an adventure to fly out and meet me in Tokyo's Narita Airport where we boarded a flight continuing on to Manila. Our arrival was late in the day so we spent the night at the posh Manila Hotel where in the morning I introduced Walt to some exotic new foods at the breakfast buffet in the form of mangoes, spicy sausage, and garlic rice. A bit later my longtime driver Floro picked us up for the trip to Paggers.

I expected that the initial cultural shock of the Paggers boys' behavior would not be as great on Walt as on some of my other western friends; he lived in a southern town close enough to Baltimore that he'd made numerous visits there to take advantage of the sex for money tradition among much of that city's younger male population.

Walt's interests were, I knew, mainly in an age group slightly older than my own; boys of thirteen to fifteen suited him best, so I figured there would be several of my graduates he'd enjoy. That was quite true, but by the time he'd been in residence a few days Walt had found a number of new ones as well. For about a week he kept very busy, entertaining at a fast pace, with boys trooping from his room at all hours, then he finally slowed down a bit and limited himself to perhaps four or five favorites.

"For quantity it sure beats Baltimore all hollow!" he said. "You could really wear yourself out if you didn't turn most of them away."

One boy in particular seemed to interest Walt the most, a pleasant if unexceptional looking thirteen-year-old named Jordy Palacio. He'd been in and out of my room a few times on previous trips, but only to play the electronic games and use my towels after swimming; his penile precocity was such that I already found him over the hill: Probably that early developing member was one reason Walt liked him; in any case Jordy became his undisputed favorite. Walt also became friendly with Jordy's family, visiting their home for a couple of meals and of course contributing some pesos to help out with the boy's schooling and other expenses.

On subsequent trips — once Walt found Paggers he managed to visit during nearly every school vacation — he became even friendlier with the Palacios, and while plenty of other boys visited his bed, Jordy was certainly his main squeeze. He phoned me on his return from one trip to tell me what a wonderful time he'd had and raving about how nice the Palacios had been to him. Of course it's not surprising for a Paggers family to welcome the attentions of a western tourist to their son. The Filipinos are a naturally hospitable and outgoing people and will also hope that the visitor may be generous in helping the boy and perhaps his family as well.

Walt also mentioned that Jordy had a younger brother named JoJo who was now eleven but had not yet been to visit any tourists. "He's a nice kid, a little too young for me, of course, but I thought you might be interested. Maybe you'd like to meet him when you go out to Paggers in a couple of months."

I was a bit lukewarm about the idea, having far more young friends than I could really take care of adequately already, but I said, "Oh, sure, that would be nice. Tell Jordy to bring him round some time."

I'd forgotten completely about that conversation by my next stay in the village so I was surprised one afternoon while reading on my porch to be visited by Jordy, an attractive lady in her late thirties, and a small boy with a large pair of horn-rimmed glasses whom I judged to be nine or ten. The older boy introduced them to me as his mother and brother JoJo.

At that point Mrs. Palacio took over. She spoke at length about what a nice man Walt was and how he'd helped Jordy with school fees and expenses. She went on to say that both Walt and Jordy had said nice things about me, that she knew I'd been coming to Paggers for some time and had a reputation for

being both kind and *galante* to the boys. Then she glanced at young JoJo, standing quietly in tan shorts and a clean white T-shirt a couple of sizes too large for him.

“JoJo does not come to the Lodge or go with tourists before,” she said, “I think some of the tourists are bad for the boys and JoJo is still only eleven. But I can’t keep him at home all the time and Walt said to me that maybe you would like him to come to you and you would take good care of him because you were a very good man.”

I gathered from this that Mrs. Palacio figured she couldn’t protect her youngest from the realities of Paggers life much longer and was now jumping at what seemed a chance to bestow the boy on someone who would not only be kind to him but perhaps generous as well. It was a titillating thought; I felt almost like an Arabian sheik who was being offered a virgin boy for sale.

I hemmed and hawed a bit while I looked at the goods in question. The child stared seriously back at me from huge dark eyes, perhaps magnified by the glasses, below a schoolboy fringe of black hair. He certainly was small for his eleven years, I thought, but seemed to have a sturdy little body, and was really quite nice looking. Despite the plethora of boys I had available to me, a new one was always interesting, especially if he were as sheltered as his mother said. There was really no way I could gracefully turn down the offer, and I found that anyway, I didn’t want to.

“Well, yes,” I said, “Walt did tell me JoJo was a nice boy. I’d be happy to have him come to my room to play with the toys and maybe even sometime to spend the night.”

“He’s a good boy,” said Mrs. Palacio, “But he’s still young, so please take very good care of him. I’ve told him he’s not to go with any other tourist but you.”

She spoke a few words of Tagalog to him then said to me, “We must go home now so I’ll leave JoJo with you. Send him straight home when you’re finished with him.”

With this admonition the mother and brother headed off, leaving me with my new acquisition.

“Would you like to go for a swim?” I asked the solemn child. He quickly nodded so I unlocked the door and ushered him into my room. When he’d kicked off his sandals in the corner I led him over to the bed where I sat on its edge and drew him in front of me. To put the boy at ease I chatted with him a bit, asking him just how old he was, when was his birthday, what was his class in school and did he get good grades. Obviously intelligent, he answered in quite good English and I wasn’t all that surprised when he said he got almost all A’s on his report card.

By now the solemn child seemed quite comfortable and as I kept turning on the charm he even smiled a bit. Meanwhile I let my hands wander on his muscular little shoulders and sturdy back as I said, “You’ve got nice muscles, JoJo, but if you’re going to swim you’ll need a pair of Speedos, won’t you?”

He gave a quick grin and flicked his eyebrows up and down in assent so I fetched from the closet a plastic bag full of swim suits, dumping them onto the bed in a jumble of colorful nylon. My little friend’s eyes grew even bigger at this cornucopia of the coveted Speedos; the choice was so large he hardly knew where to start. I helped him out by picking half a dozen appropriately small ones and told him to choose one we could try on for size. Finally, with a bit of help from me he picked a handsome red one with white panels. I put his choice along with the other suits on the shelf at the end of the bed, then drew the boy down to sit beside me.

I had JoJo hold up his arms while I pulled the T-shirt over his head and off, then pushed him gently back down against the bed to lie there with arms above his head and legs dangling over the edge. His face looked gravely up at mine as I smoothed my hand across his muscular chest and sturdy torso. I smiled as I said, “Very nice muscles, JoJo, but let’s see all of them!”

Reaching down, I unbuttoned the waist of his shorts, then pulled the zipper open. The boy wore no underpants; initially there appeared a wedge of pale tan skin, then a very stiff little pricklet, proof that he was finding this first unveiling of his hidden parts most exciting.

How delightful, I thought. Most Paggers boys would need more than just a viewing of their privates to stimulate such a response. Perhaps young JoJo was as fresh and innocent as I'd been told. I urged up his hips and pulled the shorts down and off, then leaned back to inspect his nakedness.

Despite being no bigger than an American child of eight or nine, JoJo was very nicely put together, with a body already hinting at strength and muscularity in the future. And the apex of that handsome form was just as delightful, small but beautifully proportioned genitals jutting out from the smooth swell of his pubis. JoJo's testes were tiny, no more than peanut-sized bumps in the tight clutch of their pink sac, and his penis was proportional, about two inches in length and no thicker than my little finger, trimly circumcised to reveal a delicately sculptured knob.

If the impression they gave was one of immaturity and daintiness, with adult dimensions to come only far in the future, the tightly drawn-up scrotum and the curving rigidity of the shaft proclaimed a present readiness for salacious contact. My hands quickly took up the invitation, stroking and caressing for several moments before getting down to the serious business of masturbation. As my fingers hewed to their pleasant task I thought to myself that this was the first time I'd ever jacked off a small boy wearing nothing but horn-rimmed glasses, but then it was probably the first time he'd ever been wanked by a foreign tourist. In any case, results were quick to come; JoJo's eyes squinched closed, his body stiffened, and the bulb and shaft of his penis throbbed against my fingers.

When his eyes were open again I asked the boy, "*Mabuti?*" and he flicked his eyebrows to say, Yes, it was good. Despite his obvious enjoyment, he was rather matter of fact about his orgasm, which made me quite sure it wasn't his first — he'd pretty certainly done it with his brother or schoolmates before.

I stroked JoJo's torso until his breathing slowed back to normal, then seeing that his organ was still standing urgently at attention I put my fingers to work again; I wondered if he could come twice in a row. The answer was an emphatic yes; in less than thirty seconds the cocklet was pulsing its pleasure again. This time the flushed red staff began to wilt when it was over but by now I was addicted to the pretty boy part and rubbed it back to stiffness. Thirty seconds more and the randy child was throbbing out another orgasm, seemingly none the worse for wear. Perhaps he could have gone on to several more, but rather than use up too much of a good thing, I released the pricklet and watched it shrink to an insignificant little nub of flesh above his drooping peanuts, now perceptible in the loosened scrotal skin.

JoJo had certainly earned his Speedo; I helped him pull it on and it was a perfect fit, nicely setting off his handsome body. We headed for the pool to christen it with a swim and Frisbee session with some of my other little friends who had now arrived. Later I took him to the room again, temporarily shutting out several disappointed boys who wanted to join us, with the euphemism that I'd "be busy" for a while.

This time JoJo was sans even glasses when I'd stripped off his wet Speedos and laid him face up across my lap. His skin was cool and damp and his sex parts shriveled to practically nothing but I soon had him rampant again. After two more quick shuddering climaxes I felt the boy's genitalia had had enough of a workout for the day so I swung him to his feet and let him pull on his clothes.

"I sleep to you tonight?" my new friend asked.

"No, JoJo," I replied, "I have another friend coming, but sometime soon, maybe tomorrow night."

To forestall any disappointment I gave him a colorful new T-shirt and forty pesos which I told him to stuff down inside his Speedos so no one would steal it.

"Now hurry straight on home," I told him, "You know what your mother said. And come back tomorrow morning, okay?"

"Yes!" he smiled in anticipation of more largesse. As I shooed him off home I thought happily ahead to many more sessions with my new charge, JoJo the mini-stud, small in size but mighty in orgasmic ability.

Mandy and Jesse

A special favorite amongst my many young friends at Paggers was Mandy. One of a large number of cousins, he was brought round by one of them or perhaps his older brother Joel — I don't quite remember which.

If, as they say, personal beauty is the world's greatest introduction, Mandy was not favored by fortune. The first thing one noticed about this eleven-year-old was the cleft palate which left an unsightly gap in his upper lip. Other than that he had reasonable looks, and closer inspection revealed a quite nicely put together little body.

Facial deformities tend to repel me, but with a child I usually tell myself that's unfair and I soon find I'm feeling sorry for him. This was the case with Mandy — that odd name was a diminutive of Armando — and I began to build fantasies of having him operated on by a plastic surgeon in Manila, but as I became more familiar with him I realized that in no way did he seem to find his ugly lip a drawback. Unlike many others with the same affliction, his speech was not at all affected; he spoke distinctly both in Tagalog and in his fairly good English. And there seemed to be no problem with self-image as he was at ease with the other kids, interacting easily and often taking a leader's role. I wondered if his acceptance in a boy's world would change when adolescence reared its ugly head, but decided that he had enough self-confidence to weather any storms and would probably do well with the girls. I quickly became accustomed to Mandy and rather than noticing his cleft palate I began to find him quite attractive.

Jesse was another favorite. I first became aware of him when he was a bronze little cherub of nine splashing in the swimming pool. He lived very close to the Lodge, I learned, and was being brought up in a fatherless home by a mother and older sister.

One day a tearful Jesse appeared on my porch clutching a bleeding leg. He'd been bitten by a dog, and since I'd gained a reputation for first aid repairs, had come to me. After I'd cleaned and bandaged the rather nasty wound, I walked him back home to talk with his mother about finding the dog and seeing if it was rabid. Mother didn't have much English but fourteen-year-old sister Ana was very helpful as an interpreter. Unfortunately the dog had disappeared so I inquired about the possibility of rabies treatments. The family seemed fairly unconcerned and obviously had little money for doctors, but readily agreed that I might take the boy to seek some medical opinion and attention if needed. My usual standby, Dr. Digbayan, was away in Manila so I was directed to the town medical clinic where they said, "Yes, we have no rabies vaccine or treatment here but you will find it in Santa Cruz, sir."

I spent the next 24 hours taking buses, jeepneys, and tricycles around the province of Laguna with Jesse in tow, being sent from one town clinic to another without getting any real information about rabies treatment. Eventually the missing dog was found and tied up long enough to be pretty sure it wasn't rabid, so we could cease our quest with a sigh of relief.

Despite no great encouragement on my part, Jesse now began to spend a lot of time around my room, and before I knew it was more or less a junior member of the regulars. He prevailed upon me to let his mother do my laundry, supplying some much needed income, and she also stored the several bags of belongings I left behind between happy holidays at Coco Grove. The youngster had a dazzling smile and I grew quite fond of him, but I found his build a little chubby for my tastes and did hardly more than a bit of perfunctory exploration. Several visiting friends of mine felt quite differently than I and fell madly in lust with Jesse at one time or another. As well as finding him attractive they confided to me that he was very talented orally. One enthusiastic Texan even vowed the boy "could suck the chrome off a trailer-hitch!"

Though I generally prefer other techniques, I was anxious to check out the reports and asked Jesse for a demonstration. His reaction was more or less, 'I thought you'd never ask!' and he proceeded to give me a delightfully thorough fellation.

I've always thought that little boys look very elegant in velvet shorts. On a trip to Hong Kong I found a children's boutique that had such an item, imported from Italy to clothe the scions of the colony's upscale parents. While most of the sizes were pretty small, I managed to buy a couple of pairs of short shorts, one dark red and the other Royal blue, big enough to fit a slender Filipino twelve-year-old.

I photographed several youngsters in them but the one who looked most stunning was Mandy, his wiry body bare but for slim hips clad in red velvet. One of my happiest pastimes was to banish the other troops from the room and recline on the bed lazily caressing his lower regions through the smooth cloth.

On one occasion Jesse too was there. We'd all three had a shower and both boys were reading comic books, Jesse off on one corner of the bed and Mandy stretched out on his stomach beside me. He was the only one of us wearing anything as I'd had him slip on the dark red shorts. For a while I caressed his pert little bottom through the close-fitting *pantalones* then stroked the warmth of his inner thighs before rolling him over to smooth my hands down the trim velvet-covered hips. Then they were investigating the intriguing little bulge of his crotch, fingering the soft boy parts through the soft cloth. The hidden cocklet quickly stiffened.

Mandy lay unconcerned, absorbed in his comic while I toyed with his velvet-covered playthings, reveling in slow leisurely dalliance. Finally I drew back the close-fitting cuff to fish out his genitalia. The upcurving shaft throbbed responsively to my squeezing fingers as I gave it a moment's jacking, then I moved down on my side to savor its taste as well as its touch and sight. With my head resting on the boy's warm tummy and my cheek against smooth velvet, I engulfed the exposed parts with ready gusto, mouthing and sucking until I had to pause for air.

"Jesse, give me some help!" I said, pointing at my own very ready staff.

The boy had evidently been oblivious to the goings-on next to him but quickly grinned as he saw what I wanted. He scooted down on the bed so his face was at my crotch, pulled my swollen cock out straight, and took it into his warm mouth. His head began to bob, and in but a moment I was close to crisis and had to still him with my hand.

"Don't move your head, Jesse, let me do the work!"

I now inhaled Mandy's little bone once more, happily tonguing and sucking the shaft and crown. With my own knob just inside Jesse's lips, I jacked my staff until the pleasure threatened to explode. Unable to hold back longer, I sucked wildly on Mandy's pricklet and jabbed my frenzied cock until it jetted its joy into Jesse's throat.

Disengaged and lying back in the afterglow of satiation I marveled at what a specially delightful erotic experience this had been. And since this was Paggery why not enjoy it again soon? Some of my other boys grumbled a bit over the next few days that I seemed to be spending so much time alone with Mandy and Jesse.

Benny

I have a boy-loving friend who once showed me some photos he'd taken of an extremely pretty Spanish Gypsy eleven-year-old. When I raved about his innocent looking beauty, my friend said, "Yes, he had a face like an angel and a mind like a sewer." It appeared that the child's favorite pastime was sitting astride my friend, impaled on his erection, bouncing up and down and singing flamenco at the top of his voice.

I'm sitting on the wall beside the Lodge pool. It's a Sunday afternoon and the place is busy with visiting picnickers as well as the local kids. I've had a couple of swims and am now admiring the glistening bodies of several of my youngsters as they toss a Frisbee or flash by in a game of tag.

Suddenly I notice, leaning against a wall down at the end of the pool, three boys I've never seen before. Two of them are rather unattractive early adolescents but the third — Wow! He looks about nine or ten, with a slim body clad in a tiny flowered bathing slip designed for a five-year-old. And what a face! Cupid lips and huge dark eyes with long, long lashes — it would look utterly girlish were it not for his close crew cut.

I'm riveted by this vision — if he's a local boy why have I never seen him before? Grabbing one of my kids as he careens past, I nod toward the newcomer and ask if he knows him.

"I don't know. Maybe from across the river in Magdapio," is the reply.

The three strangers seem diffident about joining the rest in the pool, but before too long they slip in though they keep to themselves and don't seem to mingle with the other kids. I certainly want to get to know the slender beauty so I grab a Frisbee and start tossing it with some of my troops. Then I craftily begin to throw it occasionally to the new boys. Like most people using a Frisbee for the first time, they fumble a bit but seem to enjoy it, though the little one is much shyer than I'd hoped and answers my grins with timid glances from beneath those maidenly lashes.

Suddenly, to my huge dismay, the three boys confer, climb out of the pool, and without a glance in my direction, disappear behind the bushes toward the Hall. By the time I can get over to the sidewalk: they're gone, and I'm cursing my luck that I've missed out on such a beautiful child. I just have to hope he'll turn up again sometime. Retiring to my room, I shower, don shirt and shorts, and take *Asiaweek* out to my big wicker chair on the porch.

Immersed in the crossword puzzle, I suddenly feel a presence nearby and look up. *Mirabile dictu* — the boy is standing beside a palm tree twenty feet away, regarding me with a shy smile.

"*Halika!*" I say, waving him towards me, and he climbs the steps and moves along the porch railing until he's directly in front of my chair. Close up the child is even more angelic looking. Along with that lovely face is a slender, gracile body, so nearly naked as to be even more arresting.

"*Ano ang pangalan mo?*" I ask, and he answers, "Benny."

I quickly find that he speaks pretty good English so I drop my Tagalog efforts and ask him about himself. He's eleven, much older than I'd have thought, and lives across the river. He and his friends hadn't paid the 'entrance' to swim and that's why they left so abruptly; they thought the lifeguard was about to throw them out. Benny still seems a bit bashful but I surmise the reason he's come back is that he's heard about the toys and games to be found in Coco 8, a powerful attraction for a village kid. My guess is right and he quickly accepts my invitation to come inside and try them.

Three of my gang are already here, relaxing after their swims with some of the electronic games. I show him how to play a couple of the unused ones and he's soon sitting raptly on the end of the bed working the controls of the game in his lap. If the other boys are surprised at a possible new recruit they don't show it; after a brief glance they're back at their own toys. I put a boy choir tape in the cassette player and lie back against the headboard with the crossword. I'll bide my time with Benny, I think. He's

a shy little thing and I'll let him come around a couple of times and get used to me before I try any intimate moves.

In the next half hour or so several more of my menagerie come in from the pool and dry off and dress, and several depart. A couple of the games players are curled upon the far side of the bed and I see that Benny is now lying on his side next to my leg as he beeps the electronic toy. Then he sets it down, smiles winningly, and rolls over onto my leg. The boy crawls up a little, then lies prone, straddling my bare leg with his chin on the pocket of my shorts. I search his guileless face. Can those artless eyes belie his fleshly presence? Doesn't he feel me stiffening under the casual pressure of his elbow?

I slide my hand down the silken back to stroke his little bottom, less than half-covered by the tiny bikini. With a grin he squirms deliciously, and I decide he's no more innocent than any other Paggers boy. As I smooth my palm onto his warm thigh and hip Benny lifts his body, an invitation I can't refuse. My fingers delve between us onto the soft little lump of his bathing slip; he leans to the side to give me access as the softness begins to harden.

Now I pause. Though the other two remaining kids are still wrapped up in their games, I want more privacy, so I say, "Okay, guys, it's time to go."

I fish twenty pesos from my pocket for Domy to buy some cokes for the cocktail hour and say, "I'll see you about six o'clock."

He and Mandy don't really want to leave, but when I tell them to hurry up they slip on their flip-flops and grin cheekily at me, "Richard is *malibog* and wants to be busy!"

As *malibog* means horny and busy is a euphemism for having sex, they're quite right, but thankfully they finally depart, leaving me alone with the beautiful gamin. By now his hand has found my crotch and is squeezing gently through my shorts. I stay his investigations and move back to sit against the headboard, laying the child face up across my lap. Benny folds his arms above his head and smiles as if to say, "I'm yours. Do with me what you will!"

And I do. Peeling down the swim slip reveals a strip of pale flesh crowned with perfect boyish genitalia. A shriveled pink sac holds the little testes over which the now-soft cocklet curls like an albino elver. It is still *supot*, the nicely gathered prepuce unmarred by barber or surgeon's knife. My exploring fingers find the diminutive plaything is very expandable; it lengthens smartly to a stiff three inches. Benny is really hung for a small boy.

Even with the slim shaft curving up from his smooth pubis there's still enough foreskin to cover almost all the glans, and to my delight the bright red knoblet slides out effortlessly. In every way I find young Benny's equipment a masterpiece, and to have it all attached to such a pretty boy is almost too good to be true.

I press my finger under his scrotum and start to wank the lad, my clutching grip rubbing firm against the pleasure spot. Now the slender boy stiffens, his eyes squinch nearly shut, and I feel his bulb throb against my finger as the sweet tickle washes through his limbs. His body goes limp and I watch his face relax to sated prettiness.

I lift him from my lap and speedily shed my clothes. Benny sits attentive at my side as I show him just how to use his hands. He's certainly no neophyte but gently teases my testes as his fist works a slow delicious pace up and down my cock. Nearing my peak, I look up at the boy's face, pure and innocent, as he stares intently at his work. Then I'm seeing stars as my loins erupt in ecstasy, spurting joyously out over my torso.

I slow his hand as my spasms pulse to a halt. Now Benny does something quite touching. Instead of leaping up as the task is finished to run and wash, the lovely boy nestles down beside me, head on my shoulder, and sticky hand gently caressing my softening organ.

What a marvelous child, I think, as I hug his little body close to mine. I wonder if he could learn to sing flamenco?

Cocktails Roman Style

Sean is an English friend of mine who's made a couple of visits to Paggery. He's a clever and literate type and works in the advertising business where he could undoubtedly make a great deal of money if he didn't prefer to spend so much time away from the grindstone in places where there are boys of easy morals. We've known each other for years, been guests in each others' homes, and holidayed together in Morocco and Sri Lanka as well as the Philippines.

One Christmas season in the 70s we had a pleasant sojourn in a rented house on the beach in a suburb of Colombo, arranged by the estimable Alonzo, well known for catering discreetly to the needs of a number of visiting Western gentlemen. As well as arranging our meals, chef, gardener, and house boys, Alonzo also introduced three live-in bed boys whom Sean and I shared for several delightful weeks.

Though these boys were ethnically diverse, they got along together beautifully, something that various factions have since failed to do on that island of supposed serendipity. Sunil was a sturdy fun-loving twelve-year-old Sinhalese; the other boys were thirteen — Rajan, a pretty Tamil lad with a shy smile, and my favorite, Nuradin, a lean circumcised Muslim with a wistful air and loving nature. It worked quite well having the three of them; each night either Sean or I had a solo partner, then the next would have two in the bed, changing the combinations to add variety.

This excellent arrangement did raise one problem; Sean's particular interest is boys who will actively fellate right to the crisis and beyond. For me, having a blow job is not something I care all that much about, preferring my pleasure between the thighs or from a firmly gripping little hand. Hence it was something of a surprise, the first couple of times I was just on the point of orgasm to have one of my bedmates suddenly dive down to finish me off in his mouth. Sean had certainly trained them well — sometimes they'd even squabble over who got the privilege of applying the *coup de grace* — and I must admit that on occasion I found it very sexy, though I did manage to convince them that there were other methods I liked just as well.

But here at Paggery things were a bit different. Sean found a lot fewer fellators than in Lanka, especially ones who were eager to continue to the conclusion. There were certainly plenty of boys who would do a bit of perfunctory *chupa* when coaxed, but their collective mores evidently dictated it was less than macho to be there when the *leche* came.

One afternoon on my porch Sean and I were discussing two of our favorite subjects, boys and sex, when I remembered something I'd read in Suetonius about the depravity of certain Roman emperors. It seemed that on some occasions when guests were seated at a dinner table small children were kept beneath it to fellate them while they ate. Though we never dined in our rooms I suggested that it might be fun to emulate the Romans with an early cocktail hour that evening. Sean thought this a splendid idea and, since it was his area of special expertise, promised to recruit a couple of boys to fill the bill.

I cleared my room of kids about four o'clock, telling them to stay away until six, took a shower, fetched a pitcher of ice, and arranged the cocktail table. This was a wooden affair a bit larger and higher than a card table, with chairs on two adjacent sides and a green tablecloth draped to hang over the edges.

Sean arrived at five with two twelve-year-olds, Poly and Joseph. The former was a long-time favorite of mine I'd occasionally had sex with in the past but valued more for his loyalty and sunny disposition. He was now also one of Sean's pets, as was Joseph, a chunky lad with an impish smile with whom I'd diddled a bit only a couple of times.

Obviously well-briefed, they scuttled grinning under the table while Sean said, "Remember, if you do a really good job like I told you, you'll get a new pair of Speedos *and* twenty pesos!"

We took our seats, pulling the chairs up close. I slouched forward on mine with the edge of the tablecloth draped across my lap, spread my legs, and pulled back the cuff of my loose shorts to free my

already half-excited genitals which were quickly grasped by a couple of little hands. Then I felt a warm wetness as a tongue began to wander on my cock.

While this was going on below I glanced at Sean to see that he too seemed to be well connected, then poured us a couple of Tanduay and Cokes. Part of the fun of this game was to try and appear aloof from what was happening beneath the table so Sean and I chatted over our drinks in as detached a manner as possible. There were occasional pauses in the action below — which was just as well as I was finding it wildly stimulating — while the two boys giggled a few words to each other in Tagalog, and at a couple of points I think they changed off so I had no idea which of them was actually working on me.

Sean was being terribly English in his attempts at *sangfroid* but after some moments his composure began to crack, his drink forgotten as his breathing quickened and his upper body seemed to straighten. His neck muscles went rigid and his eyes squeezed shut for about ten seconds, then he let out a long sigh and relaxed.

Then I had no eyes for Sean; my own arousal was peaking as a small hand cupped my testes, another squeezed the base of my penis, and tight wet lips slid insistently up and down its neck. The friction of the boy's fluttering tongue against my knob was suddenly more than I could bear, and I thrust my hips forward as I exploded into his throat. The child was quite expert, I found, staying glued around my shaft as I throbbed out my semen, and only when my spasms stopped was I gently released.

Then the two small boys emerged from beneath the table, lips tight and cheeks puffed out as they scurried off to the Comfort Room. Sean's tutelage had evidently not yet progressed to the point where they'd swallow their mouthfuls. Adjusting my clothes, I straightened up in my chair, took a sip of my drink, and said to Sean, "Not a bad way to have cocktails. And I'm glad to see your training has these two almost as accomplished as our little friends back in Sri Lanka!"

Excursions

Mrs. Mary Sherwood, an English lady who lived in Calcutta in the late 18th Century, spoke of the life there as being one of “splendid sloth and languid debauchery.” One could easily say the same for Paggers in more modern times.

Now I don't believe there's anything wrong with languid debauchery; after all that's why nearly all visitors, except for the Falls day-trippers, come here, but splendid sloth can get pretty boring after a while. Besides the boys, a trip to the Falls, and a bit of swimming, there's really not much to do. So, for a change of scenery, a brief recess from the young male animal, a few hours away from it all, one needs to bestir oneself.

Getting away is of course easiest if you have wheels, such as a rental car or a taxi driver from Manila, but a private jeepney and driver can be engaged very reasonably and there are a number of destinations quite reachable by public jeepney. ‘Resorts’ in the Filipino sense are often no more than a swimming pool with a few picnic tables scattered around. Some are more elaborate, perhaps with hot springs and better manicured grounds. There are about a dozen of these within striking distance of Paggers, but they're not really much fun visiting unless you're accompanied by boys.

But a couple of these ‘resort’ towns have something else of interest — old churches. There are, in fact, within about thirty miles of here, ten or twelve magnificent ones built nearly 400 years ago. Paggers itself has such a church but my favorite is in the town of Majayjay, fifteen hundred feet up the slopes of Mt. Banahaw (and home of those delightful identical twins Dickie and Nickie!). It's a slightly dilapidated but still imposing building of stone and mortar, built in a simple Spanish Colonial style. One can usually find a brown-robed Franciscan Father who will point out the surprisingly austere features of the interior — these are not rich parishes — and unlock the stairs up to the bell tower and a superb view of Laguna Province, its namesake lake stretching off to the northwest in the direction of Manila, glistening rice paddies and darker green coconut plantations marching eastward to the escarpment that borders on the Pacific Ocean.

I always give the Father some pesos for the poor box and if I have some of my troops with me he'll smile knowingly and say, “It's good of you to give your companions an outing.”

Nagcarlan, a few miles around the mountainside, has an almost equally imposing church, but its main attraction for me is its *lambanoag*. This is a clear liquor distilled from the new shoots at the top of a palm tree. It's similar to the *arrack* of India and Sri Lanka, is fiery but reasonably smooth going down, and packs a wallop considerably stronger than the local rums. I always pick up a few bottles at Nagcarlan as it seems to have a special nutty flavor and the price is right — less than fifty cents a litre.

Another place worth visiting for the view is the Japanese Garden, a landscaped area of several acres established by the Japanese in memory of their soldiers who died here in World War II. This is on the escarpment a few miles northeast of Paggers and gives a fine vista across Laguna, all the way to the spiky ridge of Tagaytay Crater.

There aren't any noted restaurants one would drive to for lunch, the nearest of any repute being more than half way to Manila, except for the small but busy Embassy Gardens in Santa Cruz which one would normally visit after an hour or so of shopping in the market. Everybody in Santa Cruz seems to go there which is not surprising as it's clean, fairly cheap, and the food is excellent. The menu has Chinese and Filipino dishes and it's hard not to choose too many. I usually manage to settle for special fried rice, curried vegetables, shrimp with green peas and quail eggs, lemon chicken, and sizzling squid in black bean sauce. After a luncheon like that, one needs a couple of hours siesta back at the Lodge, even without company.

One thing worth shopping for in Laguna is antique Chinese porcelains. Along the main road from Manila there are half a dozen houses with the sign ‘Antiques’, and they have everything from a few pieces

to large collections of ceramics dug up from surrounding fields, a reminder that the Chinese have been trading with these islands since before the 10th Century. Though I've never seen another customer in them, the shops along the highway seem a bit pricey and their owners disinclined to be haggled down very far, so I poke around a couple of places I've discovered in the nearby town of Lumban. You won't find any pieces from the recent Ching Dynasty and very little Ming — anything good from that period will end up in an expensive place in Manila — but there's plenty from the Soong Dynasty, dating from the 10th to 14th Centuries. Many of the plates, bowls, and vases are chipped or cracked, but with hard bargaining I've been able to pick up a number of museum quality celadon pieces for less than \$35. I expect I could sell them at home for a lot more than I paid, but I like having a handsome 900 year old bowl from which to drink an occasional cup of tea.

A final product of interest is wood carvings from the town of Paete, about ten miles from Paggers. I was there one day with my Manila taxi driver Floro, whose home town of Majayjay was not far away, to have a look at the old church. He afterwards took me to the showroom of the local carving factory, saying he could get me a discount on anything I fancied as he knew the owner. The carvings weren't especially to my taste; the subjects were of little interest, and the workmanship seemed amateurish compared to carvings I'd seen in Bali.

I did notice some rather novel items which I'd seen sold to Japanese day-trippers at the Lodge. These were ashtrays made from black-stained wood which featured a winged five-inch cock curving up from the edge. They were anatomically detailed, with foreskin drawn back and balls bunched at the base. I doubt many Western visitors would want one but evidently the Japanese see these things differently and Floro said they sold very well.

I remarked idly to him that it was too bad there weren't some in small sizes as I might be interested.

"That's no problem," said my driver, "Let's go back into the factory and we can talk to the owner."

Feeling always in good hands with Floro, I followed him into a huge room with hundreds of carvings on tables and shelves in various stages of completion. Today was evidently a holiday for the workers as the only people we saw were a boy of about twelve sweeping the aisles and a man with a clipboard of papers under his arm.

He was introduced as the owner and Floro asked if he could make me some carvings like the winged cock ashtrays but scaled down to boy size. He grinned and said sure, he could carve anything I wanted. I didn't really want wings or an ashtray so I asked him if he could just put a simple *titi*, 'not angry,' on a small plaque suitable for hanging.

"No problem," was the answer, but how many did I want and just what size?

Four seemed about right, with a quoted price of less than a dollar each, and I settled the size question by pointing to the young sweeper and saying, "Just make it the same size as him!"

A couple of days later when he picked me up for the drive to the airport, Floro delivered the four carvings. Except for the darkness of the wood, they were very lifelike, with sculptured balls below nicely detailed prick-lets of three inches. And I was glad to see that the young sweeper had been very artistically circumcised.

Slippery Business

For several years in the early 70s, before I discovered the delights of the Isle of Serendip, the Land of the Thighs, or Padders Jungle Paradise, I used to sojourn for diversion in the wicked city of Tangier. It wasn't all that wicked by then; the days of international intrigue and wholesale smuggling were over. Also gone were what former visitors referred to as 'the good old days' when boys could not only be picked up quite openly on the streets but were also to be found in brothels that catered to customers of varied tastes.

In my day in Tangier there were still willing lads on the streets and beaches; sometimes one thought that every male from ten to thirty was ready, willing, and able. The only problem was a place to take them, usually solved in my case by a week's rental of a flat with a discreet entrance. This worked quite well, especially after I'd made the acquaintance of an expatriate Swiss who repaired televisions for a living and always seemed to have several boys staying with him. He was generous in lending them to me; actually I think he was quite glad to have them out of his place so he could try out some new ones, but it meant that I had a supply of very nice friends whenever I visited, without the possible hassles and problems of picking up street kids. One of Hans' boys, Hassan, was so delightful that he became the only one I wanted to see for half a dozen visits over a couple of years.

One thing I always regretted missing out on in Tangier was the old Turkish Bath. It was a legendary place run by a German and anybody stopping in town had to give it a visit. A wide range of boys was provided for either the usual pastimes or sometimes, it was said, for more exotic pleasures including bondage and spanking. One of the regular attractions several nights a week was wrestling matches, naked of course, where the spectators could afterwards bid for the services of the participants. The biggest appeal of the place, however, was tiled cubicles filled with steam where one could wallow in a half inch of warm soapy water with a slippery boy of one's choice. Sadly, I was too late to enjoy the German's; about the closest I came to it was bathing a *deux* with a soapy Hassan in the too-small tub in my flat.

On most of my visits to Padders I've been able to have my favorite room, Coco No.8, by booking well ahead. Sometimes it's not available and on one occasion I had to spend several days in Coco No.6. This was really no great hardship; while the room itself was smaller, there was a spacious private porch overlooking the river and a huge bathroom, much larger than the one in Number 8.

The latter gave me a bright idea. As it was nine feet square with the toilet and washbowl out of the way against one wall, I figured the tiled floor might be used as a reincarnation of the German's old place in Tangier. To try it out I enlisted the help of two youngsters from the nearby barrio of Cubao. At thirteen, Arnel was a sturdy late preadolescent; Denny was a willowy little beauty of eleven — both were eager to undertake my new proposal.

We had no way of producing steam, but after stuffing a washcloth against the drain, the electric *Bhagwan* on the showerhead gave us a thin layer of hot water across the tiles. I shook a cupful of Tide detergent over it and added the contents of several bubble bath packets I'd swiped from a couple of fancy hotels. The boys and I kicked the arena into a bubbly froth, then flopped down naked into the result. Just to be sure everyone was slick enough, I began to ply my young companions with a coat of Palmolive.

I don't know if you've had the experience of soaping the naked body of a boy, but to me there are few pleasures to match it. Sliding one's hands over the already smooth surfaces of a hairless youngster, delving into hidden crevices, and toying with soft little slippery appendages must be one of life's supreme delights.

We wrestled a bit on the tiles then I put each boy atop me in turn and slid his torso up and down against mine. Then to utilize both at once, I lay back and had them kneel across my loins facing each other, Denny straddling my hips and Arnel my thighs so that my upright cock was sandwiched between its smaller counterparts. Urging the boys closer together, I had each boy wrap a hand behind the other's cocklet, catching my happy organ in the middle. A slight thrusting of my hips gave my rampant penis an

exquisite slippery friction from Denny's uncut little spike at the back and Arnel's slightly larger circumcised member against the front. The boys got the picture right away and entered into the action gleefully, bouncing up and down like young cowboys in their saddles as they gave my cock a most delightful handshake between their own.

A few short moments of this had my excitement rising dangerously so I pulled them back on the floor for another bout of slippery tussling. Despite the novel pleasures to be had in this exotic arena, the tiles were a bit unyielding so I decided to try a slightly different venue for the culmination.

There was a low wooden stool, evidently for the convenience of those doing laundry, which I had Arnel climb upon. Standing behind him with feet apart and knees slightly bent let me slip my ready cock between his thighs to nestle up beneath his tightened ball-bag. I hugged him close and slid my hands luxuriously over his muscular body then began to wank the upthrust pricklet. With my chin on his shoulder I looked down the glistening torso to where my fingers were rubbing busily. Then Arnel's breath was panting in my ear and his hips thrust jerkily forward until the slippery friction on his naked shaft and glans triggered the spasms of delight, the bulb of his penis throbbing against my own captive knob.

When he'd shuddered out his pleasure the child's body sagged a bit in my arms but I wasn't yet ready to let it go. Though young Denny had been neglected for a bit, he was not forgotten; I told him, "Now you can give me some help. Stand behind me and hold my *itlogs* in your hand. And use your finger in my puwet, too!"

Grinning with naughty complicity, he slipped his hand forward to grasp my soapy scrotum and I felt his finger probing for my anus. It slipped inside the sphincter and my hips began to thrust, sliding my cock between Arnel's tight slick thighs and perineum.

As Denny's little hand clutched my testes and his finger wiggled within my rectum it took but a few feverish jabs of my loins until I was spurting my pleasure onto the frothy floor. When the quaking spasms ceased, I straightened up on wobbly knees and disengaged from my young friends, thinking the German's bath could have been no better than this.

Peek-a-Boo

According to the author Bradbury-Robinson, boys are innocently indecent, and I certainly must agree with him. I don't know if mothers tell their little daughters from an early age to keep their legs together, but it would seem there's seldom such a caution to small boys, and when they're wearing shorts this can result in a delightful spectacle. One of the first times I was privy to such a scene was as a teenager, and I shall never forget it.

He was a lithe, crewcut twelve-year-old tennis champion who tucked a knee up on the couch at the tennis club, pulling wide the leg opening of his white shorts. From across the room I could see that his briefs were also gaping, revealing a slender cock lolling onto his thigh, its underside detailed from hairless pubes to delicately fluted glans. No one else was positioned to see it but I, and I stared hungrily but surreptitiously for perhaps two or three minutes until he changed position.

There have been lots of other pleasant surprises, though of course never enough, over the years since then. The blond thirteen-year-old sitting with one leg up on the diving board at the Arizona guest ranch where I worked one summer never moved as I kept glancing up the leg of his trunks. I wonder if he knew I was admiring the circle of newly sprouted hair around his pert young cock. There was the ten-year-old South African, who every time he squatted down to stir the barbecue fire, let his limp little business all hang out. And the shoeshine boy in the park in tropical Asuncion; the fly of his threadbare shorts gaped open so I could watch his uncut penis jiggle back and forth as he buffed my shoes.

Of course there have been times when the peek-a-boo didn't just happen; I helped it along, usually when posing a boy for pictures. The twelver width Central Asian cheekbones unknowingly showed off his circumcised Muslim dangle when I had him pull one knee up on the edge of the wading pool in Samarkand. Then there was Jean-Baptiste, a thirteen-year-old swimmer at the *Vieux Port* in Marseille who eagerly accompanied me to a secluded rocky slope outside of town to take some photos. His skimpy blue *maillot de bain* was conveniently loose, affording glimpses of enticing playthings. Where eyes and camera intruded, my fingers soon followed; he knew what it was all about as his own friendly hand proved a little later. And I shall always remember Hafif in Jerusalem. An Arab boy of thirteen with golden skin and tight blonde curls, he spoke good English and was very pleased to pose for pictures on a picnic table at the swimming pool park. His pink balls and trim pricklet dangled out the loose woolen bathing suit when he drew up one knee. He smiled knowingly as I clicked away; maybe he wanted to show off what he had. I'm sure he'd have come back to my hotel but there was no way to take him in.

Now I'm sitting on Graeme's porch chatting with him and occasionally snapping a picture or two of the brothers Palagan as they play a game of pickup-sticks while draped across the table and rattan couch. They're nice kids, orphans living with their grandparents who are evidently pretty poor as the boys are always very shabbily dressed except for the clothes I've given them. Cedeno is twelve and very lean, almost skinny, and rather shy. What I love most about him is the way his whole body tenses into rigid musculature as he nears his dry orgasm and how I can bring him ever so close several times before taking him to a writhing conclusion. Two years older, Cesar is clever but rather quiet, and never demanding like so many of his friends. He's not as slender as his brother; his *cafe au lait* skin and aquiline features make him look more Indian than Filipino.

As he lies across the couch with legs splayed out I suddenly have a fine view of his brown trouser snake up the cuff of his well-worn shorts. I snap a picture and then he notices just what's exposed and primly closes his legs.

I'm amused at his prudishness; an hour ago I was photographing him naked on my bed. Perhaps Cesar suddenly remembers it too, as well as the several orgasms that followed; he gives me a sheepish little smile and shifts his thighs to let me look again.

No Problem!

On one of my earlier trips to Paggers my flight arrived at Manila International in the early evening. As this was to be a short stay and I didn't want to waste any of it overnighing in the big city, I'd written my taxi-driving friend Floro to meet me. We set right off on the two hour drive to the tropical spa and, after chatting a bit with Floro, I shifted my thoughts to pleasant anticipation of friends I'd see on the morrow.

One in particular kept pushing others aside, a thirteen-year-old named Edwardo I'd met on my last trip. He was an exotic looking child with slightly darker skin than most, hair reaching nearly to his shoulders, and a face of Mongolian ancestry with high cheekbones and strongly slanted eyes. The really remarkable thing about the boy was his stunning body. Edwardo's chest was superb, a scaled-down version of one an adult body builder would kill for, and it tapered into a ripply-muscled stomach and lean boyish hips. I'd met him fairly late in my last visit and found him a pleasant and uncomplicated kid, both in and out of bed. When I'd left I'd thought of him as number one in my coterie of favorites.

It was about 9:30 when we drove through Paggers' silent streets — in rural towns there's little night life and few have TV sets — and checked into the Lodge. Things were quiet there too, with only the night clerk and watchman still on duty. The night clerk Bert, a personable young man who sometimes waited tables in the Hall, said my room was ready, then asked, "But, Richard, don't you have a companion for the night?"

"No," I said, "I knew it would be late when I got here so I didn't make any particular plans."

Bert smiled ruefully and said, "That's too bad, but isn't there anyone special you'd like as a companion tonight?"

"Well," I replied, "There is a boy named Edwardo I'd certainly like to see, but I'd sort of expected to wait until tomorrow."

"Oh, yes," said Bert, "I know the one, Jovie Salonga's boy. No problem! If you like we can go and find him right now."

Well, I thought, it would be a welcome, if unexpected, pleasure to have a 'companion' for tonight, so I said, "It would be very nice, but isn't it kind of late to be disturbing someone?"

"No problem!" reiterated Bert, "Come on, we'll go in Floro's taxi. They live in Maulawin."

It was only a couple of minutes drive before we pulled up in front of a shabby but reasonably sized wooden house on a side street. I followed Bert up a short path of broken flagstones and stood in the pale light of a distant street lamp as he knocked on the door. It was several minutes before it was answered, then the door opened and Edwardo's father Jovie peered out. I was surprised to recognize him as a boatman that I'd been saying hello to a couple of times a day during each of my stays. I'd not realized Edwardo was his son, though when I thought about it there was a certain family resemblance.

He and Bert conferred for a moment in Tagalog, then Jovie turned back inside. Through the half-open door I could see by the light of a very dim bulb four or five figures sleeping in a row on the bamboo floor. In a moment Jovie half-led and half-carried out a very sleepy young Edwardo. I lifted the boy into my arms while Jovie mumbled something about making sure he wasn't late for school and stumbled back inside. Back in the Lodge parking lot I cradled the slumbering child in my arms again, carried him to my room, and deposited him gently on the bed.

I moved his limbs like a rag doll's as I pulled the T-shirt off over his head and slipped off his shorts, then stood back to admire Edwardo's magnificent body. In moments I was naked too, with lights out and nestled against his youthful form.

After a night of ravishings interspersed with sleep, I woke, the child in time for school. He was surprised to find himself in my room; he'd remembered nothing of the night before, though his responses to my carnal attentions had certainly been anything but negative. With promises to be back after school, he hurried off happily, clutching a new pair of Speedos and a fistful of pesos.

Bert was doubling as a waiter when I breakfasted in the Hall and I thanked him again for his help in my night of fleshly joy.

“No problem!” he replied, “We like to make sure our good customers are happy!”

Glossary of Tagalog Words and Phrases

Accent marks on the Tagalog words below indicate the syllable which is stressed.

<i>Ano ang pangalan mo?</i>	What's your name?
<i>Bangka</i>	Long, slender river canoe
<i>bangkero</i>	boatman
<i>barat</i>	cheap
<i>barong-Tagalog</i>	traditional Filipino formal man's shirt
<i>barrío</i>	neighborhood
<i>baté</i>	masturbation
<i>bomba</i>	naked
<i>bowel</i>	defecate or feces
<i>breeps</i>	briefs
<i>calamansi</i>	small tart citrus fruit
<i>chupa</i>	fellate or fellation
<i>Comfort Room</i>	toilet
<i>galante</i>	generous
<i>gale</i>	literally angry, erect
<i>Halika</i>	Come here
<i>Ilan taon kana</i>	How old are you?
<i>itlog</i>	Eggs — slang for testes
<i>jeepney</i>	small bus or truck with a jeep-like body
<i>jingle</i>	urine or urinate
<i>Kamustiká?</i>	How are you?
<i>Kilikili</i>	armpit
<i>Lata basaná?</i>	Are you coming?
<i>Lambanoag</i>	Palm liquor
<i>leche</i>	milk — slang for semen
<i>mabaho</i>	bad smelling thing
<i>mabuti</i>	good
<i>malecón</i>	waterfront promenade

<i>malibog</i>	horny
<i>matandan kabayo</i>	old horse
<i>mestizo</i>	person with some non-Filipino blood, usually Chinese or American
<i>puwet</i>	buttocks or anus
<i>regalo</i>	gift
<i>salsal</i>	masturbation
<i>sampaguita</i>	the national flower, small, white, and sweetly scented
<i>saráp</i>	delicious
<i>sari-sari store</i>	small neighborhood store
<i>supót</i>	uncircumcised
<i>talóng</i>	Chinese eggplant or man's penis
<i>Tang ina mo!</i>	Son of a bitch!
<i>Titi</i>	boy's penis
<i>tricycle</i>	motorbike and sidecar taxi
<i>tuláy</i>	circumcised
<i>ulam</i>	meat, fish or vegetables for rice