

**From Beggar**  
to **Butterfly**

by **Peter Jaggs**



# FROM BEGGAR TO BUTTERFLY

1st edition 2010

extended ebook version 2010

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ISBN 974-94985-4-2

eISBN 978-616-7270-39-5



Published by

B B B House

Internet: [www.bangkokbooks.com](http://www.bangkokbooks.com)

E-mail: [info@bangkokbooks.com](mailto:info@bangkokbooks.com)

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## *Glossary*

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- Ban Nok* — Up-country, rural Thailand  
*Big Tiger* — Bangkok Prison  
*Bar-Fine* — Money paid to a bar to take a girl out  
*Butterfly* — Unfaithful or promiscuous person  
*Chai dam* — Black-Hearted  
*Chai dee* — Good-Hearted  
*Chai reng* — Strong Hearted  
*Chai yen* — Cool heart, calm  
*Chai rorn* — Hot tempered  
*Chalat* — Clever, smart  
*Chocolate man* — Black/Coloured guy  
*Chok Dee* — Good luck, (often a toast)  
*Dakadan* — Cricket/Grasshopper  
*Farang* — Western/White Foreigner  
*Isaan* — North East Thailand  
*Jamook* — Nose  
*Kao Pad Kai* — Fried rice with chicken  
*Katoey* — Lady-man, transvestite  
*Kaya* — Rubbish, trash  
*Keeniaw* — Miserly, tight-fisted  
*Kha* — Polite suffix used by females

- Khor thot* — To ask forgiveness  
*Krung-Thep* — Thai name for Bangkok  
*Lao Kao* — Strong rice wine/alcohol  
*Loi Kratong* — Thai full moon festival  
*Look Chi* — Son  
*Maeh!* — (Mother!) Exclamation of surprise  
*Mak* — A lot, too much  
*Mai Dee* — No good  
*Mai Ow* — Don't want / like  
*Mai Suparb* — Not polite  
*Mai Pen Rai* — No problem, never mind  
*Mamasan* — Woman in charge of bar-girls  
*Mia noy* — Second or small wife  
*Monkey House* — Prison, jail  
*Muay Thai* — Thai boxing  
*Nam Khaeng* — Ice  
*Na Rak* — Lovely  
*Nong chai* — Younger brother  
*Pee Chai* — Older brother  
*Phakamaa* — Wrap-around cloth worn by men  
*Phikan* — Cripple  
*Phooyai ban* — Village headman  
*Phu dee* — Well bred/ born  
*Poompoy* — Large / fat stomach  
*Rai* — Thai unit of land  
*Ram Muay* — Thai boxing dance  
*Sabay* — Well / good  
*Sami* — Husband

*Sanuk* — Fun, good times  
*Sawang Boriboon* — Thai rescue workers  
*Short-Time* — Half hour sex session  
*Soi* — Street or road  
*Somtam* — Spicy papaya salad  
*Songthaew* — Pick-up truck used as a taxi  
*Sopanee* — Prostitute  
*Supaab* — Polite / well-spoken  
*Suway* — Beautiful  
*Takaw* — Woven wicker ball game  
*Tao* — Turtle  
*Teelac* — Darling, sweetheart  
*Thammada* — Ordinary  
*Toot* — Bum, buttocks  
*Tuk-tuk* — Motorcycle taxi vehicle  
*Wai* — Hands together Thai greeting  
*Wai Run* — Teenager, youths

## *Author's Note*

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I would not like to think that the potential tourist to Pattaya might be put off by any of the stories in this book. Pattaya is a wonderful holiday destination that is suitable for men, women and families. The city offers something for everyone and nearly all who come to the resort make a return visit.

Pattaya is safe and exciting and offers a whole range of activities; the weather is superb and the Thai people are friendly and welcoming.

However, like any big city in the world Pattaya does have its darker side and it just happens that this is the aspect of the city that I have written about in this book.

*Peter Jaggs, Pattaya*

## *Mickey Dylan, The Old-Timer*

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People will try to tell you that the first *farangs* to arrive in Pattaya were a group of American servicemen who came from Bangkok in a jeep on route to the war in Vietnam on the twenty-ninth of April, 1961. Wrong. Bill Burns and me had already been getting stoned on the beach under the palm-trees where Walking Street is now for three years before they turned up. If you have the time, I'd like to tell you it has all changed here throughout the years. Back when we first arrived, Pattaya was still known as Thap Phraya, and Christ, it was beautiful. Your typical, wooden-housed little fishing village surrounded by coconut palms with a golden beach that ran into an impossibly blue ocean. Just look at it now. *Sois* and *sois* of bars, girls and drunken tourists. A Family Mart or a Seven Eleven store on every corner. Pizza huts, KFC's and McDonalds. Cafes and restaurants selling everything from a full English breakfast to Turkish kebabs. We made do with barbecuing the fish that we caught off the old jetty over fires on the beach and *kao pad kai* or a bowl

of noodles from the little shack along the dust-track where *Soi Buakhoa* is now.

If you've got nothing to do one day, climb up the hill where the small temple is right opposite The Big Buddha just past the turning to Jomtien. I can't make it any more with my old legs. What used to be a wonderful view of a small strip of wooden fisherman's houses along the sandy bay with nothing but trees and grassland behind them is now a metropolis of multi-storied hotels, concrete streets, shopping malls, bars, restaurants and housing estates that stretches for as far as the eye can see. That's progress for you, I suppose. And the original foundations that this huge city were built upon were nothing but a bunch of Thai bar-girls. You'd better believe it.

That first group of American GI's went off to 'Nam and told their buddies what they had found, and before long, more and more servicemen on leave from the Vietnam war together with some of those from the airbase down the road at U-Tapao started coming to Pattaya for their R&R looking for sun, sea and sand and hopefully, a bit of sex. The first big hotel was built — the Nipa Lodge — together with a bunch of bungalows on the beach to accommodate the American servicemen, and more and more bars went up and the girls started coming down from Isaan. The ball had begun to roll.

The locals put their brightly-coloured wooden fishing boats away in the old boatyard where Soi Seven is now, and only bothered to get them out when the GI's gave them big baht to run out to the nearby islands of Koh Larn or Koh Sak. They concentrated on renting the servicemen deck-chairs on the beach and selling them beer, food and souvenirs — and of course, with them being young men who might very probably die soon — sex. By the early seventies the GI's were arriving in droves and the tiny fishing village had become a bustling town that largely consisted of small bar-type knocking shops catering to the desires of the American servicemen. The Marine Bar disco was built in the street containing most of the nightlife that back then was then known as The Village. Later this street was dubbed The Strip — and finally — Walking Street, as it is known today. The first disco built in Pattaya was not named for its proximity to the ocean as many people think, but because the owner hoped that he could fill it up with American Marines — and of course, the girls that were going to wait for them there every night. In the first five years of the seventies everyone in Pattaya was making fortunes. Except me and Burnsie, of course. We were more intent on spending ours. We'll never tell anyone how we got it, though.

On the 30th of April 1975, at 11.30 am, North Vietnamese Army tanks smashed through the gates of

the American Embassy in Saigon effectively ending the involvement of the Americans in the Vietnam war. The local business people in Pattaya told Burnsie and me that they thought this was pretty much going to be game over. They prepared to count the profits that they had accumulated and dig out the nets and the fishing boats again, and the bar-girls got ready to disappear back to their *ban nok* villages. Hadn't we all fun and made some money, though!

Hey, hey, what was this though? Ex- GI's started coming back for another taste of those sweet Thai bar-girls. Don't close the bars just yet, boys. And cancel those tickets to Korat and Khon Khaen, girls. Maybe it's not all finished after all.

Then came the first German tourists. Then came some more. And some more. And some more. Hang on! These guys spend up big! Forget the GI's! Chuck up some German bars quick! The Hasenstall. The Wunderbar. Ich Liebe Dich Bar. The Germans started opening bars themselves now with their Thai girlfriends and Bratwurst mit Brot and Wiener Schnitzel started going on the menus and all the bar-girls started to learn how to speak German.

By the end of the seventies and the beginning of the eighties portly, middle-aged German male tourists were arriving in Pattaya in veritable divisions. More and more hotels went up to cater for all types of budgets and some of them even offered a girl thrown