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Dear Dutch,

The word “bitch” has its counterparts in all languages. In English, it originally referred to a female dog. It evolved to mean “whore”. Now it has been incorporated into gay slang to designate people like the young men you saw in Telephone Pub. The kind of reaction you described could be attributed to many possible motives. It is hard to believe if the men you describe, asked your friends where you were from, and they understood that you are Eurasian, and not Thai, presumably from Holland, although with an Indonesian background, that they would react to you like you were Thai and therefore a threat to their designs on your colleagues. That said, the environment in any gay bar gets to be very competitive and territorial. There tends to be the belief among the denizens that every farang is fair game. After all, farangs are only in bars like Telephone to pick up Thai men, right? They not only cannot understand farang men not falling head over heels for their practiced charms, they especially have trouble not understanding that not all farang restrict their sexual preferences to Asians. If the young men in question had not only conquest in mind, but also a bit of profit, their reaction to your presence should be understood as the antics of the less

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Dear Ms. Connie,

As a flight attendant I often come to Bangkok because it’s one of my favourite destinations. I also like a night on the town and hang out in the many gay venues that BRK has to offer with my Dutch colleagues. One night when we were having a drink in the Telephone Pub one of my colleagues told me there were a couple of Thai guys asking him questions about me like: “Who is the guy you’re with, where does he come from, what nationality do I have?”

At first I was a bit confused since they easily could have asked me these questions personally. Eventually I learned that these three guys were not too pleased about the fact that I was with my two blond, blue-eyed coworkers. My colleagues said that these guys had set their eyes on them and saw me as some kind of competition in their effort to seduce my colleagues. Now it dawned on me that every time they passed us, they looked angry at me as if I had done something terrible to them. I was just sitting there, enjoying myself and having a good time. Later my colleagues told me that to these local boys I was a piece of arrogant shit because I denied my Thai background. I was completely stunned. My exotic looks tell you I’m not a 100% Dutch, but I am certainly not Thai. I am of Dutch/French and Indonesian origin, which gave me the tallness of the Dutch and Eurasian features like my black hair and brown eyes. Dear Connie, did I offend these guys or is it just a hostile way of the Thai guys to make me feel bad??

Regards,
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intelligent, thinking that they were being locked out of a possible score for the night by someone who looked to them as competition from the region. Above all, the behaviour of these overdressed dragons should not have been a cause for concern on your part. They were the ones at fault and you were with your colleagues. But do not presume that young men hungry for action in a bar, and hungry is the operative word, are typical of all Thai gay men. Their actions should be dismissed as below contempt and not even deserving of notice. Next time you confront such silliness, ignore it completely. That will really get them. A bitch is a bitch, is a bitch is a bitch. And nothing inturates a bitch more, than being ignored.

Sincerely,
Ms Connie

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**Apology**

**Suzie Size has too loose a tongue**

Anybody knowing our writer Suzie Size knows: that girl has an awfully loose tongue. But in Thai Guys number 17 she went far over the hill insinuating in the harshest possible terms - most certainly committing slander punishable under Thai law - that Peter Malhotra and his Pattaya Mail were gay-unfriendly and not supportive of the Pattaya Gay Festival. The contrary is correct, as can be seen in almost every issue of this fine weekly publication where the coverage of the Pattaya Gay Festival is extensive. Also we have to remind forgetful Suzie that Peter Malhotra was the first guest speaker of the launch of PGF and was one of the best friends of the late Louis Fassbind. Many members of the gay community were shocked and saddened by Suzies senseless sentences.

We therefore offer our sincere apologies to the victims of this completely unnecessary and ill judged verbal attack.

www.gaypattaya.com
Dear Miss Connie

I cannot let your column (Thai Guys #18 2002) on freelance money boys go unanswered. The advice you gave stereotyped and often insulted the Thai male and was not helpful to the visitor. Please allow me to give a more considered view.

Newcomers and old-timers in Thailand ask the age-old question: how will we recognize a money boy? Be assured, you won't. Thais can't, farangs (Europeans) can't and even other money boys can't. And so what?

One guy I know meets all your criteria for being a money boy, clothes, tattoos, pierced nipples, but would protest he is not a money boy. He does not accept money for sex. He gives it lovingly, willingly and skillfully. He does very well out of not being a money boy. He receives many expensive gifts, travels overseas and basically leads a good life. He worked in “legitimate” employment until his now permanent partner insisted he give it up. The money did not stop, it was excessive to his needs, many thousands of baht more than he could earn by working 40 hours plus a week. He became “a spouse”.

The more important question is why there are money boys. There are no social security benefits in Thailand and wages are low. Even a university graduate will only be earning between 6,000-10,000 baht (US$1 = 40 baht) a month. The cost of a beer at about 60-80 baht is a fair percentage of an average Thai monthly wage. For him to enjoy an extravagant farang lifestyle a subsidy is always in order.

When you walk into a pub/bar catering for Gay Europeans you will see a bevy of talent, some flamboyant, some quieter and more circumspect, most lovely, most available.

Some travel/gay guides criticise the Thai guys for being aggressive but I say the experienced ones are assertive. These guys know what they want and they don't have the time to sit around waiting for you to make a move. The less experienced guys won't make a move, as they expect the move to come from you. This is because you are older, you have more money, and are thus considered to be of a higher status.

The first thing to do is to get rid of your own shyness. Most of the Thai guys looking for farang company speak English; some better than others. What you will find are a number of young men who like the

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One of the most surprising things to many of us visiting Thailand for the first time, or even after having lived here for years, is that the young actually talk to us. Some are really interested in us, sometimes in our opinions and sometimes in our money. But please show some consideration in your conversation. What I hear so frequently is: "In New York/Sydney/London/Timbuktu we have this and that and we really are wonderful. Why can't you be more like us?"

Then I hear the offer of travel, education abroad etc. How cruel can people be? "If you love me I'll bribe you." These "hard-hearted" guys have heard it all and more! And have been disappointed by a farang promise more times than you've had a hot Thai curry. Relax, let them con you - you won't con them.

Take your meeting just as you would when meeting anyone. He is sizing you up in every way, feel free to do the same - figuratively please! If he does not measure up, politely excuse yourself. If you want to ask "How much?" go ahead. It might be the end of a beautiful friendship but if you are one of those who says "I don't pay for sex" then this might have to be your approach. If he meets your approval then move on to the next step such as buying him a drink, inviting him to the disco or to your accommodation for a quiet little "nightcap". Here I agree with Miss Connie, take all usual "security" arrangements.

Something to address is how you identify a straight guy who will give you all the public relations spiel, "I do anything" and then fails to deliver. In the West there are consumer rights. In Thailand there are not.

Then again some straight guys certainly qualify for the Johan Paulik (I'm Straight) Award for convincing acting, then go back to the wife and children - he's earned a meal, you've been satisfied.

Depending on how the "nightcap" goes, you might offer the guy a gratuity for his time. It might surprise you when this is refused. He might be the one who tells you this is not enough. Tell him it's all you have, then a firm, but pleasant, goodbye!

How much? Oh dear, the hard question but I honestly think 500 baht is a bit mean (unless it was a disastrous evening). In many cases money for sex is a guy's only source of income and like employers everywhere you are paying for time and skill. Let's not go by hard and fast rules but for a freelancer for whom you might have bought a couple of drinks 1000 baht might be a fair price for his services. After all, he has to eat. Then again he may have been fabulous and you wish to offer more - it won't be refused. There is also the question of time - did he stay a fabulous hour, or a spectacular all night and in that time what did he do? The Thais have a wonderful phrase - "up to you". However, do not count the clothes, jewellery, watches, plane tickets in the final summation. The "how much" is cold hard cash for living expenses. Other things are "gifts".

But whatever, money boy or not, may your guy be the one to whom you will say, "May I see you again?"

Miss Connie, keep the advice coming but make it more considered.

Your cousin,

Annie Lingus.
The Return of the Catamites

By Daoud Khyber

With the repressive, draconian Taliban regime gone from Kandahar, Afghanistan, Western journalists have already noted that the traditions of homosexuality are re-emerging in this ancient, medieval city that had long been known as a bastion of man-boy love in Central Asia. Kandahar’s Pashtun men have started to become visible once again with their teenaged catamites, or pleasure boys, called “ashna.”

Before the Taliban took over in 1994, Pashtun men could be seen everywhere showing off their handsome “ashna” upon whom they showered expensive gifts, as a sign of prestige.

As in the Northwest Frontier of Pakistan, once the boy is taken in, the beloved “ashna” becomes a part of the family, as most Pashtun men are married with children, out of a sense of duty.

“In the pre-Taliban days of the Mujahadin (freedom fighters against the Soviet occupation), there were men with their “ashna” everywhere, at every corner, in shops, on the streets, in hotels. It was completely open, a part of life,” explains Torjan, 38, one of the soldiers loyal to Kandahar’s new governor.

“In the later, (post-Soviet) years of the Mujahadin, more and more soldiers would abduct boys by force and keep them as long as they wished. But when the Taliban took over, they were very strict, and banned the practice. Of course, it still went on—the Taleban could not enter every house or bedroom, but one could not see it anymore. It simply was no longer visible.”

The abduction of young boys by the warlords and their men was one of the key factors in Mullah Omar’s mobilising the Taleban. Under the Taleban, men accused of sodomy faced an almost certain death penalty with a sentence of having a mud and brick wall toppled onto them.

“The men and their “ashna” are now just emerging again,” Torjan continued. “The fighters for the new regime also have youths in their barracks. This was brought to the attention of the new governor, Gul Agha, who had the boys expelled, but it continues. The boys live with the soldiers very openly.” In a short time, Torjan predicts, it will be like the pre-Taleban days. They will be everywhere. Ironically, when Hollywood did the last Rambo movie set in Afghanistan, true to the local practices, even Sly Stallone accepted a handsome Afghan youth who acted as his buddy.

The Pashtun tradition is even reflected in Pashtun poetry with odes written to the beauty and complexion of beardless youth, just as in ancient Greece. It is said that when a boy starts growing a beard—the shaving of which was forbidden under the Taleban—it is like a cloud covering the radiance of the moon.

Continued at page 25

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There is a Fifth Dimension...

Along busy Suriwongse Road, choked with cars, taxis, buses, touts plying their trade for the Patpong market clientele - a hive of heterosexual and commercial activity. A market for trinkets of every type but not the trinket you are seeking - not many of those slim hipped beauties to be found there. You have to cross the road, carefully avoid being drawn into the Montien Hotel where you know that you will be safe from all this, slowly being sucked towards a small alley.

One side of the street is brightly lit, crowded with sellers, fruit, food, whatever takes your fancy, but you are now on the other side.

The alley appears, you enter assailed by the noise, the lights, the "come inside, sir, no cover charge, first drink 200 baht, very cheap, fucking show, come in. Fucking show now on, handsome boys many handsome boys", clawing at your clothes as you peruse the front of house. You back track. You are drawn to a bar which is not so overwhelming in its effort to attract.

Up a steep and narrow stairway, heart beating like a metronome - it isn't paradise but it is:

"...a fifth dimension beyond that which is known to man... It is a dimension as vast as space and as timeless as infinity... It is the middle ground between light and shadow, between science and superstition, and it lies between the pit of man's fears, and the summit of his knowledge... This is the dimension of imagination. It is an area we call... The Twilight Zone."

Greeting you is a Dickensian figure, short, plain, hands rubbing together heaping praise on the unsuspecting visitor to his world: "You like boy? Come to bar. Sit at bar. Good seat, good looking. You are so handsome mister, where you come from? You like boy? You sit. You want boy sit with you?" - the incessant monkey-like chatter obsequiously drawing your attention and you further away from reality, closer to the edge of your best dream or your worst nightmare.

You look furtively around this filthy room. It might be clean but it has the appearance of decadence and uncleanness, far away from the inviting lights of the alley, dull, dark dingy - a Fellini film set and a Fellini cast of characters.

You look to the stage behind the bar where a nubile young acolyte dances naked for your pleasure. Trying to cover his nakedness while trying to erect the organ he does not want to show but he knows others want to see.

Why the fascination of this organ, a piece of erectile tissue between the legs of every man, framed, at that certain age, by wavy hair? Each one different, each the same. An object of envy, pity, lust, perversity - a man's own personal playing from the cradle to the grave. This organ and the accompanying sac are the only thing most men would require on a desert island. Wasn't nature clever in making our arms just long enough and with such useful gripping implements at the end! Something to be displayed like a peacock's feather or a monkey's arse; something to be hidden like a treasure for only those to whom you wish to show. But fascinated we are over the sameness, the difference, the size, the shape - and we would not swap those marbles with anyone!

We sit in unashamed discussion on the assets of each of these alien creatures forced to endure our stares while Uriah heeps his separate praises in short staccato sentences: "He do anything. Good for fucking. He fuck you with that big thing. He good smoking cigarette. You got cigarette he smoke." Distractions as you look and look and look as one after another they appear, these economic refugees from the country, doing what their fathers and mothers may have done before, working in a restaurant! For shame, for money, being drawn into this world, caught by the Artful Dodger at the bus stations and trained by Fagin to pick a pocket or pluck a heart string or two. But the main training is hardening - not the erectile tissue but the heart. Emotion is not part of this business. Whatever the boy feels, the customer is always a fool to be exploited - wheedle your way into his affection, ply him with the stories of your woes, your tenth grandmother has died, your water buffalo is ill - whatever woe he hears he will react to - that is the training.

And Gay? Probably not. Statistically maybe less than 10% of the World's population is Gay. In this bar the percentage may be lower. Is this your greatest fascination? Sex with a straight boy or your worst nightmare - unrequited love which will certainly redistribute your wealth. Your task is to make sure you get your money's worth; his task is to make sure he gets your money.

But in this tale these are the extras, the devil is still to appear and he appears as an innocent, not a naked little devil but as a tall, smiling, slim, dark figure in a white sports coat sans pink carnation.

"What you drink?" are the first honeyed words from his mouth. "Gives the drink for you as you watch. The naked show goes on but it cannot compete with this creature. Naked masturbations are a background as this one dances his magic around his bar. Smiling, busy, watching his chance.

The show offers a little distraction as the lights are dimmed further. Some delays as the erections are readied by a drag queen behind a curtain, flash-light in hand, so as not to affect the effect! Then the big cock show commences. Boy after organ prancing across the stage, delay - another erectile problem - stimulation noises from behind the curtain, cock squeezed and held at erection by a rubber band best used for detailing lambs. A boy finally... "

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emerges bouncing across the stage to the applause of the audience. Are they applauding his getting it up or God’s handiwork in making such an impressive piece of tissue or just out of habit for a poor performer?

Big cocks on small bodies, big cocks on big bodies, big cocks everywhere. Insignificantly we sit and watch.

A spotlight highlights a boy on a stool stroking his tool of trade. Kenny Gee waits gently through the speakers accompanying, with syrupy shit, the sighs of this lad as he tries to climax in time with the music. It ends, he doesn’t. It starts again. We wait in anticipation for the climax we could achieve in a moment - he is taking hours! Perhaps the music is a distraction. His eyes shut, concentrating, stiffening his body, his toes curling, he climaxes a dribble of cum on the stage.

The white sports coated innocent calmly tears off a piece of tissue from a toilet roll and wipes the jism from the stage. We can’t have our seed stepped upon by others - a nasty accident might occur.

Another drink is produced, personality shining, smiling, flirting, names exchanged.

The background jerks into life again. An interlude between the shows!

He and I have the conversation: where you from? what hotel you stay? you like me? All calculated to position you on the economic scale. You are being scanned and compared!

The next show. No pretty shows here - this is pure unadulterated SEX!

A solo act where a lad sways splay-footed onto the stage. Sits on a stool and strokes - more masturbation? - no. He shines the flash-light he carries in the eyes of the customers, blinking it on and off. Then proceeds to insert it, battery end first into his arse. Not much of a grimace from this one. Then he grabs hold of some ropes suspended above his head and swings. Lighthouse like the flash-light beams from his rear end bouncing across the room as he swings in bliss above the crowd - a circus act of such cheek as to be next to spectacular!

Down to earth again the flash-light is withdrawn with some aplomb. He does not leave the stage - his time has not finished. The barman hands him a cucumber - not a gherkin this one - large. It is greased and gobbled by his nether mouth in place of the flash-light - in out, in out stimulating the prostate as his eyes glaze in an Oscar winning performance of pleasure. Stroking his cock as he penetrates his entrails. He cum, the vegetable is withdrawn. He takes a bite - the light go out. Spectacular finish to turn a vegetarian to meat! (Although the vegetarians in this bar all like some meat!)

The extras stroking their passions again take the stage as I arrange to “off” the barman but there is one more show.

The fucking show is always a climax but what is this sort of sex unless you are participating or at least able to have your own organ in hand to stroke in stimulation. This was not my main passion. It was the barman. But he had to clean the mess after this less than spectacular performance.

Money paid, we all leave out that door, into the real world or is it into a worse nightmare.... Oh yes, there are more lasting
The Lifesaving Doctor

Ignorance can be a shameful and embarrassing thing and for me it was a case of being guilty on both counts. I always thought being diagnosed HIV positive meant a life span of a few months. Only recently I learnt first hand that people with HIV in fact continue to live and lead close to normal lives for twenty or more years.

My daily siesta on the beach was abruptly interrupted early in the afternoon when I received a disturbing call from my boy friend who was recovering after suddenly collapsing at work.

He had been unconscious for several minutes and I could tell by his voice he was very weak and deeply distressed. Within half an hour he had been admitted to hospital where various tests were conducted including a comprehensive blood test.

At seven o clock a doctor telephoned and ask me to go straight to the hospital. The doctor's face left no doubt something was seriously wrong. "We have tested your friends blood several times and there is no doubt he is HIV positive. But we are very concerned about his CD4 count which is only 43."

The combination of shock and confusion rendered me speechless. "Doctor, how long can he expect to live?" His answer multiplied the confusing swirling through my brain. "If we can raise his CD4 count to a safe level he could live for twenty years or more."

I had no option but to admit I was completely ignorant as regards HIV. As for CD4, for all I knew the terminology could be referring to a pop record in the top 40. This was where my education began.

The doctor patiently explained that CD4 was in fact a blood count that reveals the blood strength to fight against and overcome infection. When a HIV patient has a CD4 blood count below 200-250 medicine is prescribed. Commonly referred to as a cocktail it is not unusual to have a daily intake of 21 tablets.

After consoling my friend I left the hospital at 9.30pm. It had been an horrific afternoon and I needed a drink.

As fate would have it I decided to confide in a close friend. "The first thing you must do is get the best medical advice available."

He continued, "and we are fortunate to have such a person in Pattaya. His name is Doctor Philippe Seur and I suggest you call him right now."

Looking at my watch I exclaimed, "It's almost ten o clock. Does this doctor work 24 hours a day?" "Not quite," came the reply, "but he is available 24 hours a day for emergencies."

I didn't need further convincing to make the call. One hour later at 11pm I met Doctor Philippe at the hospital. After examining my friend Doctor Philippe explained the urgency. A CD4 count of 43 is dangerously low and in simply terms the body has very little immunity to fight off the simplest infection. If the patient caught a common flu virus or was scratched by an animal and infected the result could be fatal.

The next few days were a blur as I grappled with my emotions and grief as I witnessed my companion deteriorate. I also had to come to grips with the stark reality that my friend was fighting for his life and may die. This was something I had never contemplated. But with each day my love and admiration for him grew immeasurably. One can only imagine the confusion and fear he experienced as he struggled for his life.

Although his body was frail his spirit was strong and soon he recovered enough to go home.

Like me he had a lot to learn about HIV and doctor Philippe was the ideal teacher. For what seemed like hours this French born doctor would squat on the floor with his legs crossed in typical Thai fashion. With his warm quite nature and speaking fluent Thai he is quick to win one's confidence.

"My task" he said, "is firstly to inform the patient so they are reassured. But my main goal is to encourage them to take responsibility. Empower them to take the medication as prescribed and to continue to take it."

The doctor is adamant that HIV is not something to be embarrassed about. "It should be taught that in most cases if one is careful and with the right medication HIV can be controlled and one may live virtually a normal life."

Prior to coming to Thailand Doctor Philippe worked for 12 years in Saudi Arabia. He came to Pattaya for some recreation but in December 1998 his career and life took a dramatic turn when he was asked to assist a Thai who was suffering the first stages of HIV. The patient could not afford hospital treatment so Doctor Philippe treated him free of charge.

Today he has more than 400 patients, he is helping from all over Thailand both Thai and foreigners. All have heard of this man by word of mouth and they have formed their own informal support groups so that they can help each other.

Doctor Philippe has dedicated himself to treating AIDS patients and today he relies solely on sponsors to keep going. His patients are able to help by paying what they can afford towards the drugs which they must have on an ongoing basis to survive.
He consults from his modest home in Central Pattaya, but in close liaison with other doctors and the chief doctor of the Chonburi public hospital to whom he refers patients needing hospitalisation.

The drugs are bought from the cheapest possible sources, although some organizations are so impressed they privately donate medicine.

Doctor Philippe has become an expert on the treatment of HIV and AIDS and has pioneered some forms of treatment.

As regards HIV/AIDS research it’s encouraging to know that mountains are being climbed. During our last visit Philippe explained that a short treatment with Anti-Retro-Viral drugs could be a lifesaver. If a condom is broken during sex or a person is raped, providing they take this medication within 48 hours there is an 80% chance of prevention against being infected with the HIV virus. I found this news enormously encouraging and felt like I wanted to alert all my friends, both gay and straight.

HEARTT 2000 (“Help Ensure Aids Rescue Together in Thailand”) is a charity run by a committee who allocate funds to assist Doctor Philippe. The majority of funds raised by the Pattaya Gay Festival activities are donated to HEARTT 2000.

By supporting functions organized by the Pattaya Gay Festival you are not only contributing to a very worthy cause, you are helping a doctor who has devoted his life to saving lives.

Kandahar. Continued from page 14

“When a man sees a youth he admires, he will approach him on the street and start talking to him, offering him tea,” said one shopkeeper named Mohamad. “Sometimes men go to the football stadium or cinema to search for the right one. After some courtship, they then start to give presents such as hashish, a watch or ring—or if they are rich, even a motorbike. One of the most valuable presents is a fighting pigeon. With such rampant poverty in Afghanistan, the boys are eager to accept the attention—and support—of an older man.” And even for a poor man, keeping an “ashna” can raise their social status.

Even though Kandahar and Krungteph may seem far away, and cities of two vastly different cultures, some things (human nature) are the same. Who doesn’t like to show off their handsome boys? And don’t forget that before the advent of Islam, Afghanistan was part of the Gandhara civilization, one of the most active centres of Buddhism for all of Asia—a point that was not missed by the Taliban as they destroyed the world’s largest statues of the Buddha in Bamiyan last year.
Blue Heaven In Singapore

By Durian Gray

If you thought, as I did, that there couldn't be any gay venues in squeaky-clean Singapore where even the sale of chewing gum is prohibited, then think again, you're in for a pleasant surprise. Suppose you have to fly down to the Lion City for business, where do you go for a quickie? No need to fret, as I discovered, there are a half dozen gay saunas, and a friend introduced me to one called Blue Heaven run by a French frere (or should we say soeur?) named Jacques.

"It is easy to find," I was told by my Singapore friend, "off Arab Street near a big mosque on either Jalan Penang or Jalan Pisang." "Pisang" in Malay means banana, so that was easy to remember. However, I still got lost and was about to ask directions from a dimly lit Chinese undertaker's shop full of coffins in the back, but finding nobody (alive) inside, I proceeded up Jalan Penang. Suddenly without a warning snarl, I was attacked by the undertaker's dog who bit me in the derrière. No skin was broken, but I wondered if that wasn't an inauspicious omen, as Hindus believe that dogs are the messengers of Yama, the demigod of the underworld and lord of the dead.

But rather than hell, I found Blue Heaven, or at least the gates of it being stencilled in with the logo and two cherubic Chinese boys who were the gatekeeper/painters. They summoned Monsieur Jacques who told me that it was closed for renovations and could I come back on the weekend, which I duly did. Jacques explained to me that Singaporeans, like their cousins in Shanghai, crave novelty. So every so often he has to renovate to satisfy that craving, and others.

When I returned on a Saturday evening around 8pm during peak time, the three-story house was packed and, as I was checking in, Jacques was at the door collecting the fees, explaining to one Singaporean that he had to first become a member for S$20, and then pay the S$14 entrance fee which included one soft drink. (Non-Singaporean visitors don't need to become members, but are charged S$20 on their first visit, and S$14 on subsequent ones.) Then one of the staff hunks, a former Mr. Singapore, showed me around the premises. Tonight's theme was darkness, so there was little light, and as I hadn't brought my X-ray specs, I needed Mr. S to take me by the hand.

Aside from the sauna, there were lots of darkrooms, a large one and a maze of small booths and curtained cubicles, some stand-up. Some lie-down, a TV lounge showing normal television (no porn as in Singapore), a Jacuzzi, gym with equipment, and one unusual feature that I haven't seen elsewhere—several computer terminals off the locker rooms. This, I was told by Jacques, was in case anyone was feeling bored, so they could still have something to do to amuse themselves. If they couldn't drop their loads, at least they...
could download porn sites, chat, or send emails. There was no extra charge, and you could always strike up a conversation with someone at the next terminal. But it was so dark I could hardly see the keyboard and my email spelling must have looked like Second Grade gibberish.

Most of the members are Chinese Singaporeans whom I was told prefer anonymous sex in the dark and, to save face, don't want to be seen. Hence, the pitch-black darkness, except for the lights from the computer screens and occasional candle. Most of the clients seemed to be “sticky rice” and few, if anyone, struck up a conversation with a visiting farang. Two Chinese men were, in fact, chatting away in Spanish, just so that others couldn’t understand what they were saying, or so it seemed. But as I understood “en p oc o Espanol” they were practicing the Latin lovers’ lingua as they had been invited to some body-building competitions in Latin America.

There seemed to be an interesting mix of young and old, fat ones and skinny ones, long ones and short ones, nerds and hunks. And while everyone else spoke, or rather understood, English, I only got into one conversation as I was packing up to go home. Most of the younger talent was also leaving around 10pm, to hit the discos. And yes, Virginia, to my further surprise, I was told that Singapore does have gay discos! Well, of course not exactly like Bangkok, but the discos do have several gay nights a week and Saturday is, of course, one of them. We’ll report on the discos in our next instalment on gay Lion City, so pack those ruby red slippers!

While there are no go-go bars in Singapore, nor even any cross-dressing entertainers anymore, there was one serious gay-themed drama playing at the prestigious DBS Arts Centre called “Autumn Tomyam” by Singaporean Desmond Sim. Directed by Thai, Ekachai Uekrongtham, who is also the creative force behind the forthcoming “Beautiful Boxer”, a film in progress about the cross-dressing kickboxer who fought like a man to become a woman. The acclaimed “Autumn Tomyam” is about a retired American diplomat who takes a

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Thai massage boy as his boyfriend back to live with him to in conservative Orange County, California and the problems that ensue, including a divorce from an Asian wife. Not surprisingly, the man is more than old enough to be the boy's father and were so popular is that the censors have banned the film for commercial screenings in Singapore. However, I'm told that sales of the film on video and DVD are going like hotcakes, or should we say as beehives in a gay bar? So in that sense, Singapore is a bit of a strange pair of mandarin ducks.

The drama raises a number of questions that aging gay men who take 20ish lovers have to face in a straight and sometimes homophobic world. Ironically, this is an issue that is never discussed openly in Thailand, but is in closeted Singapore.

When we visited in April, the Singapore Film Festival also showed several gay-themed Asian movies including "Lan Yu" a film from Hong Kong about a relationship between a handsome Beijing University student from the boonies who falls in love with an older businessman who initiates him. Needless to add, all of Singapore's queens flocked in droves to the two sold-out performances. Perhaps one of the reasons that the Film Festival screenings...
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Er - on second thought, let's turn off the lights.

You are so bald, that when you wear a turtleneck, you look like a broken condom.

If a man is telling and there is no woman around to hear him, is he still.

Got any penicillin?

Words can't describe you, so I'll just throw up.

Smile, you're on Candid Camera.

Maybe you should call Dr. Ruth... Have you ever thought of working in a sideshow?

I don't care WHAT they did in the porn video you saw.

Why is 77 better than 69? 'Cause you get 8 more.

The Pillsbury doughboy is way too happy considering he has no dick.

My ears are NOT handles.

Q. What do you get with a condom you call?
A. Aphrodisiac of love.

Q. How do you make a ketchup tos curl?
A. Shag her with her pantyhose on.

Confucius say, "Man who run behind car get exhausted."

Q. What do a nearsighted gynecologist and a dog have in common?
A. Wet noses.

Reporter to Clinton: "Was Monica lying?"
"No, she was on her knees."

If you and I were squirrels, I could bust a nut in your hole.
Silom comments

Balcony Club (4)
The Balcony Pub and Restaurant has the longest terrace and the least expensive drinks in world famous Silom Soi 4. A large bar and busy terraces downstairs and an open-fronted upstairs karaoke, games and internet area. Open from 7.00pm to 2.00am. The Balcony offers nightly happy hours and a wide selection of Thai, British, Indian and Vegetarian food. Famous for its friendliness and informality, one of Bangkok’s most popular venues for locals and tourists alike.

Boys of Bangkok (24)
One of the boldest shows in town.

Dick’s Café (20)
Stylish bar and café with European style sandwiches and Thai snacks. Very pleasant for an afternoon coffee or a late night snack and nightclub. The same good old management since the start.

Sphinx (3)
A Soi Four favourite since 1993, featuring a unique Egyptian themed décor and serving award-winning Thai and International food. The restaurant and bar are classy and comfortable and the professional and friendly staff help create a relaxing and enjoyable dining and drinking experience. Monday through Friday sees “Sundowners at Sphinx”: reduced drink prices and complimentary hot snacks from 5:00-7:30 pm. Metro Magazine Top Three Award Winner - “Best Independent Thai Restaurants for 2001”

Pharaoh’s (38)
An upscale and cozy place to relax and sing your favourite songs. Features unique dual karaoke lounges with all the latest music available. Not expensive, especially considering the unusual and beautiful interiors. Very helpful and friendly staff and great food available from the Sphinx menu.

Tarntawan Place Hotel (31)
The stylish, comfortable, gay friendly hotel not noisy although right in the heart of the action.

Telephone Pub and Restaurant (1)
Since 1987. Casual dinner from the Western and Thai menu. Telephone Pub’s tradition continues with newly installed telephones to contact someone you fancy; just dial up the table number.

Utopia Tours (42)
Asia’s gay and lesbian travel pioneers. Personalized private holidays, local gay guides, famous for their short side-trips all over Thailand or to Laos, Vietnam and Bali. They encourage visitors to drop by their office (in the lobby of the Tarntawan Place Hotel 02-238-3227) and chat about their travel plans.

Blue Star (25)
Funny sexy shows. Totally renovated.

Aqua Spa (41)
Young at heart and age. But a real icon of Bangkok’s gay life already. Who never gave it a try has nobody to blame but himself.

Tower Inn Hotel (39)

Cutey & Beautuy Hair salon (46)
Thaniya Plaza 3rd Floor (between Silom Soi 2 and 4). Extremely friendly and able.

Aquarius Guest House (49)
This is the only gay Guest House in Bangkok. If you like a cozy atmosphere at very reasonable price, this is definitely the place to go. Hosts available.

X-treme Bar (23)
This is the newest dance show bar and go-go. Located in Soi Duangtawee (yes, were Boys of Bangkok, Blue Star and Dick’s Café are), formerly New Man Bar. Completely renovated, superb Shows daily at 10.00 and 11.30 pm.
Chiang Mai Comments

Adam's Apple Club (16)
Biggest bar in town with karaoke, pub, restaurant and somewhat raunchy shows.

Night Bazaar Bars (21-24)
Great central location. A row of drinks bars frequented by freelancers and a very young clientele. A favorite with out-of-towners and resident farangs.

House of Male (2)
Popular, very friendly sauna. Centrally located in a renovated Thai mansion. Pool, garden, gym and other amenities.

Spa Roma (18)
Luxurious sauna popular with young professionals. The ambiance and tasteful décor of Bangkok's famed Babylon sauna. Recently opened at a new location at beyond the airport.

Fan Club (9)
Serenading host boys and "special" show.

The Circle (8)
Congenial "off" bar with imaginative nightly non-ladyboy shows and a friendly ambiance.

Lotus Hotel (15)
The comfortable and inexpensive Boutique hotel of the Rose of the North. Near to Adam's Apple.
**Phuket Comments**

**Boat Bar (14)**
The only disco in town. The place to meet friends.

**Rendez Vous Hotel (27)**
Right in the heart Royal Paradise Complex, which is Phuket's gay area. Boutique hotel with very moderate prices. Not far from the beach.

**ICON Hotel (40)**
The new Icon Boutique Hotel in Phuket has finally come into existence. Conveniently located in Nanai Road. Have a look for yourself.

**Club Bamboo (33)**
Club Bamboo is a unique Boutique resort with all amenities. Conveniently located in Nanai Road. Very far from the noise, yet close to the fun. Give it a try.

**Siam Palm Hotel/Rim Suan Restaurant/Tarzan Bar (36)**
The newly opened 15-room Siam Palm is the latest gay-owned, "gay-friendly” Patong establishment to open. Its Rim Suan Restaurant offers fine Thai cuisine and European dishes. Next door the new Tarzan Bar is also worth a try. All three places are under the same ownership and management.

**Blue Dolphin (38)**
The first and only massage place and sauna in Phuket. Beautiful indoor pool. Not only on rainy days is this the place to relax.

---

**Map of Phuket Legend**

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**The Phuket Gay Festival News is at www.gayphuket.com**
Amblance (53)
The first gay hotel in Pattaya. Well decorated rooms with all necessary amenities. Conveniently located in the heart of Boyz Town.

Boyz Boyz Boyz (1)
One of the first go-go bars in 'Boyztown'. Still in same location and thriving. Very popular as a night cruising venue for beachboys.

Bruno's (8)

Funny Boys 2 (14)
The newest Go-Go in Boyztown has opened. Have a look yourself.

Royal House (31)
Stylish massage parlour with a wide variety of masseurs. Try the VIP rooms with video and music.

Le Café Royale (3)
A popular gay hotel located in the heart of BoyzTown. Rooms recently renovated and all fully equipped. Open 24 hours. Coffee shop, restaurant and Terrace bar-restaurant open 24 hours for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Wide range of European and Thai dishes available.

Piano Bar & Restaurant (3)
Piano Bar open 7.30 pm daily at Le Café Royale, with full range of drinks and food. Live entertainment with pianist to midnight, a singer and group till late (exclude Sundays).

Duilio's (11)
Gay-friendly restaurant conveniently located beside Foodland on Pattaya Central Road. Pleasant ambience for outdoor (and indoor) dining. Italian food "as mama used to make". Reasonable prices.

ICON Showbar
Stylish club with popular singer and fabulous show. Has moved to a new location nearby.

Amor Restaurant (10)
Richards well known restaurant is located right in the heart of Boyz Town. The only 100% gay restaurant in Town. But you can also bring your mother since they are hetero-friendly or at least hetero-tolerant (they pretend). Even if you are overweight already, try the desserts!

Jim's Tailor (68)
Certainly the best looking tailor in town with an absolutely intriguing smile but probably married... and an excellent tailor for suits and dresses. Whatever you want, girls, they can do it, clotheswise, strictly!

Top Man (36)
Fabulous Shows with lots of phantasy. Wide range of handsome hosts.

Panorama Pub (9)
Open air pub with a panoramic view of all that goes on in BoyzTown. Before or after dinner sit with friends and watch the world go by. Games room upstairs.

Image Limousine Service (48)
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Sometime
Troy North

“Hey, khun farang, how you tonight?” Amused at the ladyboys’ playful advance, Jason felt again that Bangkok was Sanuk Central, a place where wild dreams could, with some luck and a bit of manipulation, come true—at least sometimes.

He had just settled into a stool with a useful vantage point, a spot where a hunter could hunt or just as easily be hunted. He swigged at his Singha, its overly sweet, unsubtle taste as typically Thai as the scene he was into on this steamy evening.

Tonight he was not hunting from need. He had scored well the previous night, waking up next to a doe-eyed beauty with to-die-for pecs and butt, one Aek by name and, inevitably, from Isaan. He had hoped to see him again sometime, and languorous affection and good conversation suggested that in this case “sometime” might be sooner rather than later.

The impulse that had pushed him down Soi 4 tonight was merely the need for conquest not to establish status or vent his hormones. A hunter by nature, he savored the moment of “wrestling his prey to the ground,” which meant planting his firm lips on the hot guy of his choice, feeling his gradual surrender, and watching wide-eyed as desire rose slowly and then insistently between the object of his desire.

And, oh what choices were on offer: tall, well formed guys from Khorat with pouty, inviting lips; paler, willowy numbers from Chiang Mai and the north; “black sweets” from Suratthani and Hat Yai that looked just a tad like rancid milk chocolate. Thailand’s varied flowers bloomed before his bemused eyes: lithe and graceful katos, muscled studs fresh from afternoon workouts in Lumphini Park, freelancers with hopeful, overly eager eyes, and middle-aged as desire rose slowly and then insistently between the object of his desire.

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class guys who studied at Thammasat and Chula and spoke good English.

Jason moved through this tropical version of Brueghel’s The Garden of Earthly Delights, his senses roused, gradually revving up to pounce. No painting though, even by a master craftsman, could have done justice to the interest and complexity and wonder of what he saw.

His muscles flexed, and his nostrils flared as the musky scent of Thai guy rose in the air. He sniffed energetically. The utterly delicious, unmistakable aroma held him for a moment, and then the sweetness of sweat went straight to his groin. Smiles flickered in the smoky half-light. Sure on his turf and aware of his value on it, with a killer smile he fended off glances that lunged and darted, protecting himself further with the armor of well-toned muscles and a well-practiced don’t-fuck-with-me stare that was always effective.

He heard his time, thrusting and perving in turn almost to the beat of the slow music. He was in no rush to bring down a man and was yet uncertain in what direction his taste lay, whether in the beey oh-so-kewl hunk self-consciously dawdling at the main bar or in the seemingly shy guy in the corner clinging self-protectively to his beer and looking needy.

As keen eyes met his own, he began to look around the crowded room with some purpose. Ah, Bangkok, Ah, Thai guys, he thought, relieved to be far away from the Nowhereville where he had grown up.

Three hours later and a kilometre to the south, he playfully nuzzled an earlobe. A more determined nibble in the sexy lower neck zone elicited squeals that segued into moans and panting as Jason focused on the love-bite he had forced to bloom twenty-four hours ago.

“Jason, you big farang who?” Aek teased as he pinched Jason’s butt.

“Aek, you roop law Thai guy!”

Happy at the compliment paid to his obvious good looks, Aek looked with longing into the aquamarine eyes that gently smiled at him.

Now uncertain who was the hunter and who the prey, Jason dived to kiss Aek’s nose, luxuriating in their mingled smells and aching again to possess Aek’s light brown beauty.

“Sometime” had arrived rather quickly, he reflected as he ruffled Aek’s thick ebony hair. He allowed the hope to form that his hunting days might be coming to a close for a while. It might, after all, be a nice change to have a boyfriend. If he was lucky, if he played his cards right, if Aek could settle into the frenzied passion and tenderness that had come out of nowhere and surprised them both, this hope might just come to pass. Aek’s liquid, deep eyes looking back at him with curiosity, desire, and trust encouraged it.

When Jason woke the next day Aek was there. He was there the day after, and the month after. And years later, when he was still there, Jason knew that he had been lucky, had played his cards right, and, as sometimes happens, had found magic.
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Exhibition at Dick’s Café Bangkok

Artist: Khun Somchai Rattanasopon (Khun Peach)

Born on 04 October 1964, Khun Peach has been working as an art teacher in a Catholic School, educating children in kindergarten, primary and high school level.

His paintings have been exhibited both locally and internationally:  
1997 St. Andrew, Cambridge, England  
1999 Daimaru, Melbourne, Australia  
2001 Fukuoka, Japan  
2001 Mercury Art Gallery, Bangkok  
2001 Rendez-vous, French Café & Restaurant, Bangkok  
2001 Tony Gallery, Bangkok  
2002 Rendez-vous, French Café & Restaurant, Bangkok  
2002 Baan Nam Ploy Café & Restaurant, Bangkok

About me & my art

I am an artist. I have been sitting and drawing on the road for years, in Covent Garden, London, sometimes in Paris, Victoria Market in Australia and in Nepal as well. My parents do not want me to be an artist, because they say that many artists have no future and cannot make money. (Maybe I should have listened to them more carefully?)

I am a painter and drawer. When I teach my kids in school, I give them some pens, pencils and brushes and then I re-create their universe full of friendly angels. I keep telling them: ‘I am not your teacher, but we are friends. Please try to imagine in your mind a picture of your re-

birth as a star and put it on paper.’ I do the same. When I die, I will be proud, because my star will brighten the sky. My life is so short. Now I am sitting on Silom road, trying to create friendship with people passing by through my art. I am painting with my heart and my soul.

“And now the rainy season is here and I walk alone and I am lonely. But I am content. It is not bad. When it is raining, I sing and paint. I am missing someone, but I do not know where he is. And then the rain is coming again and again… Raining in my Mind…”

Khun Peach exhibits his paintings “Raining in my Mind” till 26 June 2002.

Dick’s Café Bangkok is located in Duangrawee Plaza, Surawong Road (opposite Thanon) and open from 11am till 05 am every day. Tel: 0-2637 0078

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