Dear Dr. Connie:

I was recently in a local venue which will go unnamed. Employing my usual modus operandi, I hovered outside the door to the Dark Room far in the shadows behind a column testing the visual waters flowing in and out. Finally a fish I had seen earlier in the whirlpool, who had allowed a certain appendage to appear miraculously out of the foam, came furtively down the hallway keeping well away from the lights. I knew immediately where he was headed. And if my hunch proved correct, I knew where I was headed too. Sure enough he did a quick pirouette and disappeared into the murk of the inner sanctum. I followed suit quickly, to make sure I did not lose sight of him because I know what evil lurks in the hearts of men, especially in that particular Dark Room.

My friends have all marvelled at my amazing powers of night vision which come in particularly handy in the velvet darkness of a seething cauldron of sexual bliss. I made several moves to position myself alongside my chosen. He was playing hard to get but at one point my hand grazed the crucial point (pun intended) and I realized what the real meaning of hard to get is. Just at the very moment when I was poised for the kill, an interloper came between us. Moved right in without a by your leave or kiss my arse. I was flabbergasted at this effrontery, not to speak of such a blatant disregard for the rules of etiquette operating in dark rooms. As my miraculous vision focused on the features of this interloper, I realized immediately that the violator of my mission was none other than a frequent contributor to Thai Guys.

Now normally I don't like gossip and try to move away when close friends indulge in same, but I would know Suzy Size anywhere. Even without her glasses. And normally I would not report her antics if she had not provoked the outrage of several friends of mine who have been refused permission to have their photos published in Thai Guys merely because their names are Wayne or Douglas. Anyway, I did what any self-respecting dignitary would do in such circumstances and ground a calloused heel into Suzy's foot. She hissed in pain, got the message and made a bee-line for the door. I hate to admit to such viciousness but there are rules and even Suzy must respect them.

Yours truly,
Babs of Babylonia

Dear Babs,

Dr. Connie cannot of course comment on the antics of a fellow contributor, and of course you might have been mistaken in identifying Suzy since she started doing weights. Although Dr. Connie has suggested to her out of professional concern that the steroids she is taking are carrying things too far and affecting her judgement. But all of that aside, Babs, you were a naughty, naughty girl. First of all Dark Rooms are a definite no no and, however enticing and exciting Dr. Connie strongly recommends to her readers to cease and desist from this failure to address the real issue by such behaviour: a basic self-loathing manifested by your desire to seek the safety of darkness to hide from the inner you.

Dr. Connie has on occasion investigated certain Dark Rooms (of course for research purposes only), but she always dons the latex gloves and a double condom and very seldom embarks on her mission if drunk. How you reacted when the person you thought was Suzy had attempted to steal your hunk shows a very disturbing tendency to violence. Not to speak of a sinister hatred of your own oppressed sexual minority. Suzy obviously was going through a rough patch. Dr. Connie knows she has suffered from a class action launched in the Swedish Courts by all the Waynes and Douglas's (Douglae?) she inadvertently libelled by suggesting that they were all chubby and lacking in the necessary photogenic qualities to make it into Thai Guys. Suzy, I am sure, regrets the tiny faux pas she committed in the Dark Room and is of course faced by huge legal bills cuz Swedish lawyers ain't cheap. Nevertheless, Babs, this does not get you off the hook.

Dr. Connie has always believed that we all must be more supportive of each other. The better thing to do would have been to whisper in Suzy's ear that she was trespassing and get the f**k out. Suzy would have probably fled because unsolved murders have been known to happen in such situations and Suzy is known to prefer discretion to valour or, to put it bluntly, to be a bit gutless in tight corners. Alternative the body attached to the appendage that you were both after would probably have fled because no one wants to sacrifice anonymity between two spitting cobras in a Dark Room. No Babs, you did bad, but Dr. Connie is the forgiving sort and understands that you were only acting in the heat of the moment so she'll sentence you lightly to ten Hail Dorothy's and a night off the tiles.

The one bonus of not lifting the ban on gays in the military is that the next time the government mandates a draft we can all declare homosexuality instead of running off to Canada.

~Lorne Bloch~
A Gemini & The Other Gemini by George Montague

A review by Chuck Pringle

Written by a present resident of Thailand approaching his 80's, this is an exhaustive and sometimes exhausting account of George Montague's life from his earliest years. It offers some fascinating details of rural life in the "between-wars" England of the time (are we ever anything else?). His father was a gardener in the employ of a rich family and his indefatigable mother, with the help of all the family, did the laundry for the "big house". Though poor, the family was never short of good healthy food and this could be a contributory factor to his purported good physique, vigour and healthy old age.

His education in a village school was not of the best and ended at the age of 14 (common at that time) and this, unfortunately, shows in his writing. Either that or his self-admitted difficulty with words "a mild Dyslexia" results in a distracting multiplicity of errors throughout, from the "Prologue" at the beginning (properly Preface) to errors such as Suez Cannel, Handle (for Handel), hansom primit. River Kiwi (in Thailand!) plus some amusing ones like virginas for vaginas.

If one had not read the very detailed summary of the book on the back cover, or the Prologue (sic), one could be excused from initially believing that this was simply the prosaic account of an ordinary man's life although there are little hints of strong male friendships throughout his story. It is not until page 92 of this 200 odd page book that we learn that George had been charged with gross indecency in public as a result of an incident in a public toilet-unjustly so by his account.

The account is severely sectionalised and disjointed. It is only in the section "The Other Gemini" that a progression of integrated events (and lovers) is apparent. A section related to his work and
the development of his business hardly mentions the fact that he was a devoted and prominent scout, reaching the rank of commissioner. His scouting activities are in another self-contained section and neither mentions anything, except in passing and at the end of the section, of his family life, or even the fact that he was married—or that he had and was enjoying a homosexual lifestyle all along. His conviction (undefended—for reasons of discretion) on the gross indecency charge resulted in the curtailment of his scouting career and the adoption of a new activity for this capable and energetic man, sailing.

Having assembled his own yacht, he devotes as much energy to this new hobby as he did to scouting and, although he does not say as much, a gradual separation (eventually amicable) from his previously compliant wife and an increasing engagement in homosexual activities.

Finally, in “The Other Gemini” he reveals the details of his love life and we learn that until he “came out” he had been a practising homosexual before and during his marriage and scouting activities (not with the scouts, we hasten to add).

This section is much more coherent and literate than the ones preceding it and, whilst this reviewer does not believe it was intended to be titillating, is naturally so because of the subject matter. We learn that the author is not only the extraordinarily accomplished craftsman, singer, devoted employer and family man portrayed in the earlier sections, but human like ourselves with similar drives and failings. On pick-ups (including rent boys): “the second time is never the same as the first.” Nevertheless, despite running through a selection of successive lovers,

seldom living alone, he appears to have had the ability to remain friends and even to live together affectionately with some

Continued in page 18.

In the middle of the gay area in Phuket

AQUARIUS SAUNA POOL GYM

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New Board for the BPC

After some minor changes of the bylaws and some criticism about the handling of the media partnerships in 2002, the annual general meeting of the Bangkok Pride Coalition (BPC) came to the main point on the agenda: Election of a new board of directors, comprising two co-chairmen, a secretary and a treasurer. Both 2002 chairmen were asked if they would serve in that honorable position again this year, but Anan (Andy) Anpruang and Douglas Thompson declined to do so, citing personal and business reasons. It has to be acknowledged that serving on that board means a lot of work for all parties involved. Even though there were many attempts made to persuade the two to serve another term, they stood firm on their earlier decision and were not persuaded by the many sweet words addressed to them.

According to the bylaws, at least one co-chairman has to be Thai. It turned out to be quite difficult to find a suitable person who was willing to fill that important position. Pride events obviously are still a cultural import to the land of smiles and have, so far only developed very small roots in local society. After talk of possibly even dissolving the PBC, crisis telephone calls were made and crisis person-to-person talks were held. Finally Khun Oh (Nikorn Arthit) gave in to the considerable pressure to become the Thai co-chairman for 2003. Paul Causey accepted the nomination as his farang counterpart. Since outgoing treasurer Lukas Habersaat agreed to serve another year, only the nomination for secretary was open. Lee Harris finally accepted that workload.

Needless to say that those few good men were elected almost unanimously, reminiscent of voting results that were common in the former Soviet Union, contemporary Cuba or Sadam's Iraq (but that's where the analogy ends). We are looking forward hopefully to an interesting BP 2003.

*Lee Harris, Paul Causey, Nikorn Arthit and Lukas Habersaat*

*Outgoing co-chairmen: Douglas Thompson and Anan (Andy) Anpruang*
Hot at “The Sunny”

By Troy North

Twenty-one storeys above the Chao Phraya River, as the sun set over Chomthuri, Bangkok looked like the majestic and celestial city of its Thai name: Krung Thep, The City of the Angels. The rays of the rapidly setting sun struck against Wat Arun. A distant mosque improbably wailed out the call to prayer to the few pious believers living in this city of infidels. Jeremy turned to his hosts, quipping as they listened to the faraway moan that it was the “call to happy hour.” They were, in fact, already well into their second “gin and it,” and heeding the call with something that resembled relish.

He joined his hosts in watching the barges below lumbering their way to the Bight of Bangkok. They looked like so many dark and somewhat sinister water-beetles propelled by an indecent slowness. River taxis, overloaded and more or less unsafe, scurried from side to side, noisily punctuating the conversation. The late rush-hour traffic on Rama IX Bridge droned away toward fast fadeout. A pleasing indolence was settling over the city, the days heat oozing away, just as Jeremy was yet again awakening to its rough-and-tumble charms.

He felt suddenly and intensely horny, and knew that during the salad, that he would make up his mind to go to Soi Tarawat after he took leave of his hosts.

The first show got underway at eleven, more or less, and these days it was worth seeing. It featured an arrest-and-capture routine that made vague references, in a highly original way, to certain goings-on during the American War in Vietnam. A few guys in fatigues ran down and then roughly trussed up a couple of their compères. They proceeded to strip them quickly and violently, and then got into fake fucking and bj routines, one guy working on a prisoner’s butt, the other pretending to fill his mouth.

By the time Jeremy and his friends had worked their way through a drop of Madeira, m'dear, the eleven o’clock show would be finished. He would arrive just before the second show, which began around midnight.

It was the more serious of the two because the more desperate: the guys who hadn’t been taken off by the witching hour were aware that theirs would be a one-customer evening at best, their gently caressed hopes of two dollops of cash definitely dashed. They would aggressively stuff their stuff to attract custom. The flashy good lookers, who almost invariably offered poor service, would—good riddance—have departed, and a slightly older, more experienced crowd would dominate the choice, and, for that matter, the choosers.

Another category of guys always offered a bad deal: straight men, with one eye on the clock and the other on the cock. As often as not, they were strung out on

Escorted Gay Nightlife Tours
www.dragoncastle.net
dope or steroids to lull them through something they really didn’t take to. The former made them sluggish; the latter made them moody.

Jeremy arrived at almost the precise minute he had predicted. The drags of the between-show shows were being served up: the boys, not energetically moving to regulation disco, were completely nude except for ruthlessly polished cowboy boots. The gesture nodded in the direction of the large Western metropolises that controlled gay fashions, and Jeremy liked the incongruity of Isaan farmboys hoisting to Gloria Gaynor in updated John Wayne footwear. He was already glad he had decided to come.

As the “in-between-show” went on-meaning that the main one would be late as usual—he began to focus on a guy who was a much better than average dancer. His looks weren’t special, but he had the kind of shaggy, unmanageably thick hair that looked like an appallingly unkempt lawn. Sprouts went this way and that way. The guy had also packed on to a nice basic frame a formidable set of pecs and goodish biceps, hard earned through regular and evidently severely disciplined routines at the gym. By the standards of the place, he was slightly above the norm, if not excessively so.

The paler features and sharper cheekbones of the guy Jeremy was beginning to dote on suggested mixed blood that in the bad old days before political correctness would have been categorized as “half-caste.” Jeremy sometimes teased himself that he had a thing about minorities. In a world where preferences tended to the distinct and defining, there was no gay slang for this preference. “Rice queen,” “potato queen,” “sticky rice” were standard lingo, but racial minorities had yet to make it onto the list of fetishes or exclusivities. Perhaps they were too rare or mostly blended in.

Jeremy had been crazy to the howling point about a willowy Burmese hilltribe youth with glowing almond-shaped eyes for some months. This guy didn’t in the least resemble him, but like any perfume of the same brand name the vaguest family resemblance was there for the learned to smoke out and analyze. Jeremy thought it would be interesting to sniff up the guy’s ammals, as a preliminary to a session of persistent licking.

The guy turned out to be superb value. The boots were for real and his own, and Jeremy played with them rather a lot, and even to the guy’s embarrassment. Jeremy knew when he got the parting wai by way of a thank you, a broader than usual Thai smile, and a nuzzle on the mouth that he had been cool for him, too.

When they finally let go, whores don’t keep much back, and Jeremy was pleased with his evening’s catch. It was the perfect post-dinner, post-workday relief. The sex, more than recreational, had been heavy, professional, and prolonged. It wouldn’t be so long before he made his way down to Soi Tartawan again. In Bangkok, the sun it shined everyday, and “The Sunny” would manage for the next few months, he reflected contentedly, to bring the midnight sun shining brightly into his bedroom.
The Patient Gardener

One could saturate the soil with fertilizer or talk to the trees but in general orchards hear their fruit in their own time. It really doesn’t help much either pacing up and down and rattling the branches. The harvest, and sooner or later there will be a harvest, will appear one fine day. And that brings me, of course, to the financial markets. You may stomp and swear, you may linger or you may have left it, it doesn’t matter. ‘Cause we could be anywhere, but we definitely ain’t close to a harvest. Trading for transitory gains and ephemeral advantages is appropriate for men with free time on their hands or those with an irrepressible gambling instincts but it won’t make them a lot of money. There are simply too many circles to square.

Let’s look at stocks first. Prices have come down a lot and pessimism is widespread. That’s the bullish news. But the political and economic framework is badly out of kilter and the US growth engine is running out of fuel. Not the viscous, black type it will get replenished shortly when a horde of weapons-bristling Visigoths pays a visit to the lands of Babylon. It’s the other, more difficult to grasp, type ‘c’ in credit and currency. Two things can’t go on much further, the first being the relentless increase in the US trade deficit and second the repetitive decrease in Fed interest rates. And if something can’t go on for longer it will stop. That’s a law of physics which we would have learnt years ago if we had paid attention in class instead of reading comic books (no gameboy then). When major stress factors and sudden dislocations intersect, buildings might tumble. I’m still very worried about the health of the international financial system, the big banks and insurance companies. The ever increasing and difficult control usage of derivatives in ever more exotic costumes is a big danger. Risks have been transferred and dispersed to a point where nobody knows any longer where they are resting or may suddenly appear. Here the proverbial shit has hit the fan some time ago. Where have all the billions and trillions in financial losses over the last few years gone? The banks claim they are not much affected. So where is the poop? If there were to be more radical truth in accounting it could be an ugly picture. In bonds investors are chasing yields by loading up on corporate bonds... each bonds. So much said for that. And
The seemingly safe haven of real estate is being severely distorted by extremely low interest rates, which give a mild shine to even the dogs on the block. When rates turn, and they will as they always do, it will wash away some flimsy structures that have been erected by short-horizon types. Where does that leave us? The patient gardener does not rush things. He keeps the garden in good order and the tools ready in the shed. He is prepared for droughts and unusual weather. He looks at pests and vermin as part of the environment and he is confident that his garden will bear fruit when it is ready to do so. When will the next harvest come? We don’t know yet, but keep reading this column and you might be among the first to hear about it.

Dr. Stockmayr lives and has worked in Asia since 1982, mainly in Tokyo, Singapore, Hong Kong und Bangkok. In 1999 he founded XAM Capital Ltd. and is today its Chairman and Chief Investment Officer. He will write regularly about economics in Thai Guys.

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Continued from page 9.

ex-lovers whilst taking new ones—a practice he attributes to “the 7-year itch”.

In the latter part of the book, the account becomes less of an autobiography than a gay guide, some possibly useful particularly to older men (the Quebec Bar in London for example) and some, we fear, gleaned straight from the pages of Thai Guys—particularly the sections on Pakistan and Afghanistan (sic), which is, for the most part directly quoted without attribution from the article by Durian Gray in the 19th Issue (shame George!). Your reviewer was tipped off by the quote from that article

referred to in the first growth of a young man’s beard: “like a cloud covering the radiance of the moon.”

That aside, George does provide insights into the motivation and behaviour of sauna haunters (saunters?), the number of young men who like (or are only attracted to) older ones or “still like older men even though they are now old themselves”, and other aspects of the gay life. George now lives with his latest lover and partner in Pattaya.

Determined, apparently to “have his say”, he includes a chapter on and a tirade against smoking, one on “People and things that annoy me”, including “Americans who cut up all their meat then eat it with a fork” (How many of us would like to publish our lists?) and finally and unusually in an autobiography, several personal letters to his family and friends.

This book will be of interest mainly to older readers, who may be able to relate to George Montague’s experience

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The Poseidon Adventure

by Suzy Sise-Queen

There I was, sitting in a comfortable chair on a cozy, unspoiled island beach 45 minutes off the shores of Pattaya, the tent above me providing shadow and the cool breeze would stir my dyed blonde hair if it had not been gelled into spikes in the latest style, a very well equipped mouth watering buffet erected on the tables in front of me with white tablecloths—of course—a bottle of Champagne in an ice bucket just at the right temperature and within reach, surrounded by about half a dozen good looking Isan men, all smiling intriguingly at me and at me only.... But, would you believe me, it was (hard) work all the way! Just another day at the office... well, if you work for Thai Guys, that is to say, and, if the truth were to be told, not every day, unfortunately.

My Poseidon adventure started with a surprise call by Helmut, whom I had met once at a party given by another German retiree to Pattaya last year. So far they had greeted each other with a sisterly smile whenever we met at Panorama or one of the bars. Now Helmut just needed to see me as quickly as possible he could on a very professional matter—you know how insistent those German girls can be! We made an instant appointment and that’s how things got started and that’s why I finally landed on that gorgeous treasure island.

Helmut arrived with his German partner Helga, partner meaning business partner...
for the ones of you who are interested all the little details). They needed a Website, a service provided by Thai Guys at a remarkably low cost, (inquire at design@thaiguys.org right away if you don't believe me). We take cash or cheques or whatever smells like money. The two Germans plan a new gay hotel in Pattaya in Jomtien Complex. It will have 11 high standard rooms/suites altogether, 2 with 2 bedrooms and a living room, 4 with 1 bedroom and living and 5 standard rooms. It is due to open in October, but the website with the reservation system must be ready by the end of March so you can book your next holidays there. No name was decided on for the boutique hotel at the first meeting but it was clear from the start, the name should have something to do with beach (being located near Jomtien), sea or boats. The last as Helko owns a high-speed boat for waterskiing or other maritime sport you may like (me-strictly no sport) and a 13 metre luxury boat with bedroom, showers- you name it. Hotel guests and outsiders can book those boats for an accompanied private island trip with their friends. If they wish, a service that will also be advertised on that famous website to be.

But no money, no honey. No name, no www.adresse.com. No name, no logo. No logo, no webdesign start. In the beginning is the name. God himself experienced that deep dilemma while composing the Bible some years back. Brainstorming over and over. Ideas discussed. Ideas rejected. Good ideas. Bad ideas. No ideas. How about Thaitanica? Sand? Strand? Nava? Pearl Harbour? Atlantic? Pacific? Beach? Neptune? Nai, since the two owners are German, they want to appeal with their German management style and language skills to German clients as well and Neptune is spelled Neptun in German. Neptunus, being Latin (too old fashioned). How about Poseidon?, one of the girls suddenly suggested. And that is now (and ever more) the name-spelled the same in English and German by the way. What a happy ending!

Now, dammit, new problems arose! While our Art Director is commissioned to design the logo, where can we get pictures for the Website that will have the desired optical impact? We should and want to show the boats. But empty boats are rather boring. We should show nature. We should show the buffet that can be booked on the islands. We should show this, we should show that. We should show the services. We should show the many temptations of Pattaya lest bains. We decide to engage Thai Guys photographer Maximiliane to accompany
a bunch of hand-picked male models on an island trip where the shooting would take place. Madame Charlie of Dream Boys was very helpful in selecting some of the models, but unfortunately became slightly seasick during the trip. Get well soon, Charlie! I was invited and graced the event as femme d'honneur. And that is how I got into the picture. And now I know where those guys work so, if you bribe me with the right enticement, I may tell you, too. But let me warn you, whilst I might look cheap, I am not, not really. Not at all.

Visit their great Site: www.poseidon-pattaya.com
Nepal’s Blue Diamonds

by Neil Heera c.

The young man at the next urinal seemed to be taking an inordinately long time pissing, and when I noticed a whole lot of shaking goin’ on, I took a furtive gander at his goose which, strange to say, was doing what a goose does when provoked! Then he looked up and smiled at me as I nudged his elbow. I zipped up but loitered a moment longer to see him pirouette around and give me a free show. If this were Thailand, we probably would have gone straight into one of the stalls, but this never happened to me before in Nepal, and as I wasn’t there to cruise toilets, we politely exchanged phone numbers and emails outside and made a date for a later rendezvous.

Later, over coffee, the young man named Ramesh, a twentyish university student, told me he worked for the recently formed Blue Diamond Society, a men’s health NGO which works with MSWs (male sex workers) and MSMs (males who have sex with males) promoting safe sex. In conservative South Asia these sterile acronyms are preferred to the more luggage-charged term “gay” commonly used in the West as an identity or movement with its own agenda. In South Asia, MSWs are often married men with families. In Nepal, while homosexual behavior is nothing new, it is a taboo subject and the g-word is never discussed publicly and queerness is rarely, if ever, in-your-face.

Despite this, recently The Kathmandu Post carried a story “Valley Gays Face Harassment”, the article was about police harassment of transvestites who traipse around after hours in their glittery saris. Ramesh tells me that he and his outreach colleagues work “in the field”, that is the cruising areas common to most other urban areas where men congregate—such as the parks, bus terminals, toilets etc. They distribute condoms, and small leaflets on safe sex practices, and the EDS operates a drop-in center for MSWs who are mostly effeminate. These long-haired, feminised sex workers, similar to Thai “katoey’s”, are known as “metis”, and some even wear saris and makeup. When I asked...
about the “Blue Diamond” moniker, I was informed, “that’s because we’re rare, and precious”. A few months later I met Ramesh at the Blue Diamond’s First Annual National Conference with participants from all over Nepal and with representatives from HIV/AIDS organizations, and the UK-based Naz Foundation, an international charitable men’s health organization that works with South Asian males and the transgendered.

The assembly had broken up into workshops and Ramesh was leading one group on community building. While they were meeting I had tea with Sunil Pant, the Nepalese founder of the Blue Diamond Society and several other foreign observers. One was eyeing a handsome waiter at the Orchid Hotel where the conference was being held. He asked of the waiter, in sotto voce, “Is he available?” The reply came from one expatriate living a long time in Kathmandu. “If you have to ask that question, then you haven’t been in Nepal long enough. Nearly anyone could be available here, under the right circumstances.” However, except with the commercial MSWs who are few and far between, there can be no overt display of sexual preference, although sometimes raised eyebrows, a prolonged handshake or scratch of the other person’s palm can discreetly indicate ones intentions.

Ironically, compared to India which still has colonial-era anti-sodomy laws on the books but where gays are more “out”, there are no sodomy laws in more closeted Nepal, and to-date, no age of consent restrictions, although there has been pressure from NGOs for the government to put one in place. I was told by one professor that up to the 1960s, there used to be laws prohibiting intimate relations, including same-sex transgressions.
between members of higher and lower castes, and the predominantly Hindu kingdom is still somewhat bound by rigid caste taboos.

A few days after the Blue Diamond meeting, someone from Nepal posted an ad on the internet advertising himself as a gay trekking guide available for hire. Perhaps astutely so, the young man sensed a niche market in Nepal's otherwise declining travel industry, famous for trekking and other outdoors activities. Worldwide, I was informed by one hotelier, that there are only two growth areas in the post 9/11 world: one is cruises and the other is cruising, i.e., the burgeoning gay/lesbian market. I contacted Ganes, the man who advertised himself as the gay guide, but when a rendezvous was arranged at a popular café, he never showed up. Later, he apologized that he was “too shy” to meet me as I was seated with two other men and didn’t want to talk in front of them. So, that’s an indication that conservative Nepalese are still reluctant to come out in public.

Later, Ganes confessed that he wished he had known about the gay scene earlier before he got married. Most young men in Nepal, as in other tradition-bound South Asian societies, have to abide by family-arranged marriages. When I first wrote about Nepal about five years ago, I was told by one “out” Nepalese restaurateur that “Nepal will never be on the gay map!” But now, as reported in the local media, the once hemetic Himalayan kingdom is undergoing a quiet sexual revolution and it seems that he may have to eat his words along with his quiche.

### Readers desiring more information on the Blue Diamond Society may e-mail them at Blueds@ccsl.com.np or bluediamsociety@yahoo.com or have a look at their Website http://geocities.com/bluediamondsocietynepal, or for more information on Nepal in general, e-mail the author at lonesomelingans@rediffmail.com.
Boat Bar Comments

Boat Bar (14)

Nightly shows that are very popular and regularly draw large crowds. Owner Khun Daeng is probably the best known gay man of Phuket, a pioneer of our kind of entertainment.

Aquarius (20)

Aquarius is basically a sauna - on the other hand it is more, much more like a one-stop center for all your needs during your stay in the South. On the ground floor they have a pool, a bar, the gym and the showers, on first floor locker room, steam, sauna, Jacuzzi and the dark room. Third and fourth floor contain total 9 rooms. Luxury rooms/apartments incl. 1 Master Suite with 2 bedrooms and a Jacuzzi. On the roof you find a sundeck with showers.

Lionchai Guesthouse (32)

Lionchai Guesthouse has not many rooms, but they are spacious and well equipped. All come with private computer and ADSL Internet access free of charge. Reservation recommended. Good Internet cafe downstairs.

Siam Palm Hotel/Rim Suan Restaurant/Jungle Boyz (36)

The 15-room Siam Palm is a gay-owned, “gay-friendly” Patong establishment in the middle of the action, but still quiet. Its Rim Suan Restaurant offers fine Thai cuisine and European dishes. Next door the Jungle Boyz is also worth a try. All three places are under the same ownership and management.
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"From The Balcony Chalkboard"

Never trust a dog to watch your food

Alzheimer's center prepares for An Affair to Remember

AAAAA - An organization for drunks who drive

And which dwarf are you?

One tequila, two tequila, three tequila, floor

End racism... kill everyone

If I throw a stick, will you leave?

Nice shoes. Wanna fuck?

I never forget a face, but in your case I'll make an exception.

Sex is a killer... want to die happy?

No matter how good he looks, some other guy is sick and tired of putting up with it.

You're so hot you melt the plastic in my underwear

If you've lost your virginity, can I have the box it came in?

CONCIOUS SPA: Brady who goes to Mary's apartment for smaller, gets right

Why do pychics have to ask you for your name?

Assassins do it from behind.

Why is the word abbreviation so long?

Why isn't there mouse-flavored cat food?

How do I set my laser printer on stun?

Do cemetery workers prefer the graveyard shift?

Male zebras have white stripes, but female zebras have black stripes

I will always love the false image I had of you

Support Cannibalism - EAT ME

Don't hate yourself in the morning.

Sleep until noon.
Silom comments

Balcony Pub & Restaurant (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 6:00 pm to 2:00 am. 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)
A very popular and stylish bar and café with a wide range of food and snacks. Comfortable seating and always exhibiting artworks of local and international artists. They open at 11 am and close at 5 am. Very pleasant for a long or short coffee break during the day, an evening or late night snack or a night out. The music is kept at an agreeable level so that you can talk to your neighbor and if he is not deaf, he will certainly understand each and every precious gem that drops from your lips. Guests are not constantly disturbed by pushy money boys. Pick up your free copy of Thai Guys here.

Silom City Fitness (33)
Popular with the gay community. This well equipped Gym, right in the city centre, is the chosen workout place for many locals and visitors. Celebrating their 3rd anniversary already and still getting ever stronger and more popular. Bring this issue of Thai Guys and get a free workout.

Tartawan Place Hotel (31)
Tartawan means sunflower in Thai. The stylish, comfortable hotel is right in the heart of the action, but still not a bit noisy. The friendly and able staff have been there for years and so has the excellent management who really takes care of their guests—which is why they return year after year. The rooms are constantly upgraded, some wonderful suites are also available. Book early since this sunflower of Bangkok is becoming ever more popular.

Telephone Pub and Restaurant (1)
Where friends have been meeting since 1987, enjoying the friendly atmosphere. Use the table telephones to contact someone you fancy. Just dial up the table number. They offer casual dinner from Western and Thai menu. New drink menu with lower prices. Now open earlier from 6 pm to 2 am.

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 Tartawan 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 & Beaty Hair salon (46)
Thaniya Plaza 3rd Floor (between Silom Soi 2 and 4). Extremely friendly and able. They now offer their unique Refresh Package for the people just arriving. Included is CUTEY & BEAUTY'S Facial/Cleansing, Moisturizing, Exfoliating, Mask and Toning, Manicure, Pedicure, Hair wash & Styling, Shave or Ear cleaning for only 1000 Baht. Or 1250 Baht: includes Hair cut. Or 1500 Baht: includes Hair cut & Foot Massage.

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.

Xtreme 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 11.00 and 12:30 pm.
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Phuket

Connected at Patong Beach

Slavery has become rampant again. This phenomenon can be observed on a worldwide scale. And, of course, it is no stranger to Thailands number one holiday destination in the South, Phuket. More and more Westerners (and Thais equally) have become slaves of the Internet. They hardly find time anymore to go to the beaches. Patong beach seems sometimes to be almost deserted while the many Internet Cafes are thriving every day of the week, day after day and late into the night, night after night. Some individuals hardly find time for sex any longer... (except vicariously on the net!)

The problem is aggravated by the slow Internet connections in Thailand. People are glued to the screens for hours and hours-what an incredible waste of time, it must amount to billions of hours. Well, as long as those individuals go to useful or interesting sites such as www.thai4u.org such behaviour will be less problematic. Or, by staying in Patongs Paradise Complex, the damage is lessen if they go to the right Internet Cafe—for instance the Lighthouse, which has introduced the fast ADSL connections.

The totally incurable addicts will opt to stay at the Lionthai Guest House from the start, as it is conveniently located above the Internet Cafe. Not only are the rooms spacious and well equipped with all the usual amenities such as shower, air conditioning, hot and cold water and King Size beds (sheets and towels are changed everyday). They also have a safe, a mini bar, cable TV, DVD and VCD as well as a computer with 17 inch screen and unlimited Internet access. Yes, they have ADSL connections in the rooms as well. So now you know what to do in the formerly dull times, between 2 am and 9 am, when the Internet Cafe downstairs is closed and you feel lonely, so incredibly lonely. Be totally connected with the rest of the world at Patong Beach.

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Chiang Mai Map Legend

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lemongrass Boutique Guesthouse</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adam's Apple Club</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amazing Sanduith</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ba Rai Thai</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bubbles Disco</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circle (The)</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee Boy (The)</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cruise Bar</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Darling Wine Pub</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dol Boy Pub</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fan Club</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gemini</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>House of Male</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lanna Paradise</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lotus Hotel</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thai Thai massage</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Way: Tune of Us</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spa Roma</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simon</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Chiang Mai Comments

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

Cruise Bar (21)
This popular open air bar is located behind Night Bazaar like all the others in this area. First you have to pass some gily bars. Hidden in the background are some obviously gay bars as your restless eyes will soon discover. The most popular seems to be Cruise.

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 decor of Bangkok's famed Babylon sauna.

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. In the middle of gay Chiang Mai.

www.thaiguy.org
Making His Mark

Over the last few months regular, and irregular, visitors to the Boyztown area in Pattaya have noticed changes taking place outside on the Throb/Splash terraces and also inside as the show changes and develops.

It was noticeable at the Mr Muscle competition that was held on the 13th March at the Throb/Splash showbars in aid of PGF charities. The timing, which when once the competition got underway, was kept to remarkably well. This was due in no small measure to Mark keeping a careful eye on detail.

During the course of the evening the audience were reminded that Mark is not just directing/producing the shows but as of November 2002 has been a full 50% owner of the Throb/Splash/Body Club complex.

It was noticeable when Mark took on the task of changing the show that he got rid of the original Throb experience and brought in the New Throb Celebrities which fitted the new image of the Showbar.

Originally from Bournemouth Mark still has a Disco “Men, Men, Men” in Torremolinos and has set high sights here on creating a more relaxed and comfortable atmosphere for people to enjoy the “different” shows.

With innovative and improved choreography, use of carefully created costumes the show can be fast and furious, slow and sexy, serious or just pure “sanuk”. Mark has already set himself a high standard, and also for the lads to live up to. With two Splash shows and two shows at Throb - essentially different each night with new numbers being added every week this is a heavy schedule and it is hoped that he will not burn himself out.

April 24th sees a joint Birthday Bash for himself and Kevin with special shows and surprises.

Billy “no mates” and Orphan Annie welcome everyone to the Throb/Splash Showbars to join in the Celebrations.
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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 Show 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.

Funny Boys 1 (39)
Now newly decorated in Thai style, very beautiful. Have a look for yourself.

Siam Thani (19)
The only exclusively gay resort in Thailand. The cozy, colonial style boutique Hotel in Pattaya. The traditionally worked timber structures and the private swimming pool in the common area help to make this place the stylish hideaway where your tranquility and privacy is guaranteed.

Sophons (43)
This new Boys Club and Massage Place with Sauna is conveniently located in Jomtien Complex, close to the Gay Beach. Wide variety of guys. Worth a try.
Khun Andy: A man of many talents

Anan Anpruang (or Andy) was the Thai co-chairman of the Bangkok Pride 2002. But he is much more than a restless social activist. He is also a successful businessman and a dedicated openly gay member of the Bangkok community—thus setting an example for Thais who are still more in the closet than outgoing Andy is. To him friendship is more important than money. Meet Khun Andy: A man of many talents.

Andy is extremely busy these days, even more than in "normal" times when his workload is already heavy. He has just started his own skin care product line under the label "Andy Freeman" and is dashing over to Thonburi to oversee the production process. (He holds a bachelor degree in pharmacy and a masters in marketing—which are certainly useful for his newest venture.) Needless to say, all the recipes are created by him, after all, he majored in cosmetics. But the traffic is bad again this Friday. We had made a date at Albury's which was his first private business venture but he will be late, he calls in. Why don't you take a free massage in the meantime? I am asked. Can you guess my answer to such an unforeseen invitation?

Memories are made of this I lay down and am treated well by a hand picked young man called Run, who will get a nice tip for his diligent endeavours after we reach the desired results. Then, dreamily enjoying the treatment, I wonder when I was last here? The thoughts wander and suddenly I know. I had to have my knee operated on at a nearby hospital and checked in there the night before operations, like bad dreams, always take place awfully early in mornings. But there was nothing to do at the hospital except watch TV that night, so I told them I would go for a walk. I did not walk far. I went to Albury's and had a massage. The plastic arm tag from the hospital looked a bit odd, I must say, during activities of that kind, but, on the other hand, it was not a real obstacle and the massage took my mind off the impending operation.

Andy has arrived and he tells me how Albury's was started five years ago. He had been working for very well known...
international pharmaceutical companies for a number of years and now wanted
to accomplish something of his own with
high quality standards. Location, location,
location, he knew, was the key. Since
he wanted to serve Thai and Farang
customers, emphasis was laid on a location
easily accessible to both. Andy walked the
preferred streets of Sukhumvit and Silom
on Sundays up and down and sideways
until he finally found the present ideal
location, a villa with ample parking, a
nice garden, close to Sukhumvit and yet
somewhat secluded, offering much desired
privacy to his customers. The colonial style
building used to be the residence of the
French Ambassador at one time.

There is a large Restaurant at Albury’s.
If you just want to relax there, fine, no
entrance fee is charged for that. You can
eat something and glance through the
gay Magazines or even make sly eye
contact with one of the men if you are
the shy type. And if you are not so shy
... at least 50 masseurs report to work
every day, even more during the popular
weekends. They come here through word
of mouths, one recommends a friend
etc. No-shows are not fined. They are
absolutely free to come or stay home, but
if they come they get a free dinner. The 12
massege rooms serve as a base to catapult
you up to paradise or slowly luf your there
on a cloud of pleasure-up to you.

So, with Albury’s all set up and running
smoothly, Andy’s life was getting a bit
boring, he needed a new challenge. Thus
was born Freeman in Silom area in June
1999. One major attraction of that place
is still the first and only dark room of all
such venues. Not good for the financial
success of Freeman was the misguided
social order campaign that was launched
only one and a half years after the opening
of the place—but it survived. Not least
because Andy himself likes good, profes-
sional cabaret shows and so put a lot of
energy into the one at Freeman. And it
shows. One of his stars, Khun Dae, is now
a quite famous TV performer.

In the same soil as Freeman Andy provided
the concept for two additional ventures:
The Mix, a bar and restaurant that opened
in January 2002, and Voicemail, a Karaoke
bar, that opened in October 2002. Then
in November 2002 Andy himself opened
another business there called “Andy’s
Man”. This is a massage place, like
Albury’s, open daily from 3 to 3. All the
rooms have a private shower, by the way,
and it is tastefully decorated.

So that’s Andy. If it makes you feel old
hearing about such an energetic man, buy
his “Andy Freeman” Anti-Aging Crème,
limp to the dark room of Freeman for some
youthful body contact or treat yourself
to a massage in order to rejuvenate just
a little.

Boyz Boyz Boyz in Pattaya’s Boyztown
celebrated Khun Lek’s 40th Birthday last
month.

Lek, from Samut Sakon, was born on
10th March 1963. His family own and
operate factories in Bangkok, designing
and producing Royal Thai Benjarong
Ceramics. They are the suppliers for many
local small retailers here in Pattaya and
until recently Lek had an outlet for the
Benjarong at the Ambience Hotel.

Most people, even those who had had only
the fleeting association with The
Ambience Hotel or Boyz Boyz Boyz, will
have come into contact with Lek at some
time or other. He was involved right from
the beginning in the set up and construction
of Boyz Boyz Boyz and The Ambience
Hotel.

He first began working with Jim and
Gordon when they owned the Gentleman’s
Club in early 1988, then Boyz Boyz Boyz
was finally opened in December 1988
with Lek working as Bar Cleaner in the
Daytime and Captain in the evening. In
1992 he was promoted to Manager when
Roy, the then manager, left. From then on
his role in the running of BBB developed
so that he is now an integral and important
part of all that is Boyz Boyz Boyz.

Those who know him well speak of his
generosity and caring attitude towards
the staff, indeed many staff at BBB have
worked there right from the opening
day. Cashiers, bartenders, waiters and DJ’s
came to work at BBB through Lek
encouraging them and employing them.

Lek’s personality has also made him many
friends and a favourite with many people
in the social and business scene, this
includes Khun Jai the show manager from
Alcazar. This association is very fortunate
as Jai is always ready to help in any way
possible when it comes to staging the
special shows or events at BBB.

Everyone enjoys members of staff and
management taking that little bit of extra
care when we visit and in the case of
BBB Lek was instrumental in setting
the example of making sure that the customers
were happy and keen to pay many repeat
visits over the years. It is rare to see him
without a beaming smile and nothing ever
seems to be too much trouble for him to
help wherever possible.

Surprisingly or not, it was only recently
that Jim was able to persuade him to take a
regular day off. Because of this Lek has
now more time to devote to his hobby
which takes up most of his spare time.
He is well known in doggy circles as a top breeder and supplier of many champion dogs in Thailand. Apart from sending his own champions to many shows around the country his pups are in great demand by other breeders because of there long pedigrees. At the present time he has 50 Shitz Zues with the parents being imported from Canada and America, 10 Chiuawas and 5 Yorkshire Terriers.

BBB customers, management and staff have all been fortunate to have had Leks almost undivided attention over those last 14 years and now as he reaches that big “four oh” it may be time for him to take a step back and enjoy a little more leisure himself. True as that may be it will not come easily and he will need to be persuaded first!

Pattaya

**Picasso Club House**

As more and more areas become built-up and new shophouses and businesses become established in new parts of Pattaya so the discerning customer has to be prepared to look further afield from the previously established venues.

Still using the slogan as being the “Latest Boys Pub in Pattaya” Picasso has now become a part of the scene away from the mainstream Boystown and Sunee Plaza areas.

After twelve months in operation Mr. Jack and Khun Ui, the manager, have established a small haven in Soi Chaiyapoon. Facilities are available for body, Thai and oil massages. The Club House staff are on hand to ensure enjoyment of the time spent at the Club.

As with most bars and Clubs an 8pm/8.30pm opening time does not see too much action but it does ensure personal interaction with the staff who all seem to be of the “boy-next-door” type wanting to be friendly without being pushy which is a welcome change.

The show, posted as a fantasy cabaret show, lasts between 30 and 45 minutes, is varied in content, with serious, comedy and sexy numbers. The members creating this part of the evening have obviously worked hard on the routines and the creation of a different item that seems to go down well with customers and staff alike.

With a variety of places to go in Pattaya and Jomtien Picasso is well worth adding to your list and going a little out of the way to drop in on for a visit. It could almost be described as a “one stop venue; unwind with a massage then relax and watch the show with a friend and progress from there. Picasso has potential.

**Boyz Boyz Boyz**

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