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THAI GUYS
the gay newsletter

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Dear Ms. Connie:

I recently had a letter from a friend of mine who lives in Bangkok and keeps me informed of the ups and downs of gay life in the Big Mango. We have grown to know each other after years sipping Sangthip in the Surawong Hotel Coffee Shop together. He has sent me the following letter which I am sure your international readership will be interested in. I was wondering if the “thought police” are still at work?

Dear Stretch,

I have sad news to report from our formerly joyous gay-with-abandon city. First the Surawong Coffee Shop threw out the smokers. Now they have thrown out the aging “boys” - every last one of them, no exceptions.

As you know, I indulge in neither “vice”, but most of the people I know do. And since all my friends and acquaintances have now left, there’s no point in my going there any more. The waiters have been replaced by waitresses. The regular annual long-term stayers have moved to that other Hotel near Babylon - or decamped to Pattaya. The new rules allow Thais in if accompanied by farangs paying for meals and drinks. But once the food is consumed they have to leave. Approaching strangers is absolutely forbidden, as is “gathering in groups.” The decades-old club-like atmosphere of the place (which had

because the friend who wrote this letter is getting a bit gah gah, I am wondering whether I should instead seek greener pastures in Libya or East Timor?

Signed, Stretch Marx

I do feel your friend is indeed a bit gah-gah. Ms. Connie was on the Soi on the very evening in question and saw no undercover police nor was she forced to pee in a cup. Your friend is obviously creating news to pass around to his worldwide circle. Anyway, His Majesty’s finest do not force elderly farangs to pee. Heaven forbid. What would be the point of testing geriatric gentlemen for speed consumption when they are hardly able to negotiate the soi at a slow walk? The finest are not normally recruited based on their proficiency in skills other than finger dexterity when counting small bills under the table.

No, Stretch. I would say the letter you have received is indicative of something more salient than another manifestation of “crackdown”. Your friend is definitely a victim of terminal boredom coupled with a fascination over being strip searched in a very public place. Signs of this are sprinkled liberally through your friend’s letter. His playful use of Thai with the young strapping corporal at the bar door, his taunting of “the general” as he exited the soi. All of these gestures demonstrate a personality that could easily be hoisted on its own petard.

As for the Surawong Hotel, Ms. Connie was predicting the collapse of that establishment years ago, usually when she was solitary at 3 AM and had just driven off the corpulent herd of ESL teachers from their regular perch after words were exchanged over split infinitives or dangling particles

or whatever. The Surawong’s decline has paralleled the decline of us all. It had its place. It gave us a good couple of decades of decadence - but all good things come to an end. After all, what more withering designation can one endure than to be known as “an old money boy”. Or as someone observed, (was it our ubiquitous Oscar) “Today’s trade is tomorrow’s competition”. There is going to be a day when the gay scene in Bangkok will be ground into dust. After all the two main sois are in the heart of the “business district”.

Long before the wrecking ball wrecks havoc sending wigs and ball-gowns screaming for Lumpini Park. So Ms. Connie’s advice to all her lovers and sycophants out there is, enjoy it while ya got it, cuz it will be a greater force than a police general who’ll bring it all crashing down. Filthy capitalism, rising property values. Those will be its death knell.

All of this reminds Ms. Connie of the much-predicted demise of Tangiers as a gay Mecca. Some old wags Ms. Connie met on la Terrasse of Panorama in Pattaya said the scene is still burning. But they seemed to be pushing it a bit. And since they winter in Pattaya, it would appear that the lustre is off the gem on the tip of North Africa. Paul Bowles died only a year ago or so. “We put her to rest just last March” said one of the elderly Tangerines. But they still believed in the place, in spite of police crackdowns on the bars and the stars. Life will go on wherever we hang our sequined hats. It just has to have that magic brew of easy sex, a plant culture dark available men and fabulous views. East Timor anyone?
A Bull Crosses The Valley

An agile young bull has been romping around Bear Valley for the last three months. Will he be lingering or is he about to disappear into the woods? Let's see. The Iraq war was definitely the catalyst for a nice move up. Other than that not much has changed in the broader picture. The 'wall of money' argument, which had been widely cited in order to explain the insane puff/bubble which burst three years ago has had its second coming, rising straight out of the dustbin of discarded props. Record-low interest rates have been around for a while but are just now being credited for higher equity prices. 

Anyway, those and most other arguments and facts are pretty well known, and at the end it probably comes down to a psychological tug-of-war between the optimists and the pessimists. The ongoing rally might still have some legs, but the old adage applies: the early profit is always the easiest. Considering that people nowadays are evidently satisfied with two, three or four percent interest rates on their bonds a twenty or thirty percent windfall profit on some stocks over a period of just a few months becomes very tempting and attractive.

And here comes another nugget of timeless investment advice: avoid all extremes. It rarely pays to sell everything when times seem bad and it also isn't wise to chase the market when the sky is endlessly blue. We don't know what will happen tomorrow but we can position our chips to gain in good times and to minimize our losses in times of trouble. Thus I would now advise to take some profit here and there, especially when one's cash position is low. Even if the bull stays around, there will be pullbacks and opportunities to re-enter. Investors who have fled stocks completely and put all their money into credit instruments should stay put for the time being, but cease directing new money into investments with ins凭借ingly low returns. Ten-year government bonds for instance are clearly in the that category. Regardless whether the broader markets rise or fall, there are always some companies worth investing in. Some oil companies qualify now. Don't get carried away by promises of high dividend payments. There is usually a reason why the dividend is abnormally high. Just for starters: Altria (formerly Philip Morris) and GM are among the highest dividend payers. But GM is struggling under a relentless onslaught of competition and carries more pension liabilities than its total value on Wall Street. And Altria could be ravaged any moment by out-of-control judicial assaults.

As to currency developments: the dollar should see lower levels over time. It suits practically everyone, even the mildly protesting Europeans. They can use the threats posed by a strong Euro and deflation to wrestle concessions from obstinate unions. So prepare for that. The biggest losses from the depreciating dollar will be borne by holders of US government bonds, mainly Asian central banks. They don't have a realistic investment alternative to the deep liquidity of the US bond market.

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A place you can even take mother - part two at the Tarntawan

By Willie Peterout

You may recall about two years ago, I wrote a piece for Thai Guys, on my adventures with mother when I took her to the Tarntawan Hotel on Surawong Road. In the course of the week we spent there, mother met all my friends, had her hair done by a transperson around the corner and talked up one of my tricks over breakfast while I caught up on my beauty rest upstairs. At the end of our stay, I was certain my mother left the Tarntawan unaware of the meaning of the rainbow flag out front, or the true nature of my sexuality. But that week long episode seemed to have provoked a sea change in me. As I often heard her say to her bridge group, “I have never forgotten that fabulous week we spent at the Tarntawan.” And neither had I.

A short time after we returned to England, mother decided that she’d worked long enough, had amassed enough money in her pension plan, and decided to retire. She started to talk about my father in less than salutatory terms, saying things like, “After the old fart croaked, it took me ages to find myself.” And for some reason, which she never really adequately explained, she phoned me at work in Manchester to say one morning, she was moving. “That’s nice mother,” I said, thinking she was taking off for her cherished retirement in Brighton where she could while away her golden years strolling along the pier as a southwestener drove the waves into the wind. Ah, the image recalled my years at school reciting Masefield’s “I want to go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the tide.”

“So when will you be moving to Brighton?” I asked, already planning my beach outfit for the coming summer now that I had a free place to crash for a week.

“Brighton? Who said anything about Brighton, you silly Willie. I’m moving to Victoria. My friend Ursula just wrote me and invited me to share her cottage overlooking the straits.” Overlooking the “straits” brought a furrow to my brow. I could see it deepening in the wall mirror above the phone.

“But mother you have always talked about Brighton whenever you mentioned retiring.” I began unpacking my summer outfit mentally as I asked where the devil Victoria was. My first thought was Zimbabwe where the men are apparently hung like wildebeest. But even my mother has heard what Robert Mugabe thinks about white ladies with freckled forearms. Then I thought Australia, that’s it, some cottage overlooking straits in southern Australia, not far from a long stretch of pink sand where Aussie boys hump behind tufted hummocks. I could feel the ring in my right nipple tingling in anticipation. And flights weren’t that expensive down under.
"Victoria, British Columbia, Canada. Don’t you remember me telling you about Ursula who moved there last year?"

Ursula, Ursula, Ursula? Oh my god, not that bull dikkie who lived in the flat in Ealing Broadway and ate nothing but avocados and tofu? My heart began to miss a beat as I visualised my poor innocent mother being importuned by that leather-halled finger artist into giving up her home, land and hearth for parts very very unknown.

“When are you leaving mother? I asked, trying to keep the dread inaudible.

“Tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow? Why the hell didn’t you call me a month or so ago, before you made your decision?”

“Because I knew you’d try to talk me out of it. I know you’ve never taken to Ursula. Ever since the Tamtawan Hotel in Bangkok, when you were such a control freak, I decided that you should know as little as possible about my inner workings. After all, you’ve been hiding a lot in your own little closet all these years.”

I almost dropped the almond croissant I was eating on my Tibetan hall rug. “Control freak?” “Hiding in the closet?” I knew these were not my mother’s words. But I also knew I was vanquished and had no recourse but to let her ride off into the Canadian sunset into the waiting arms of Top Sergeant Ursula unopposed. After all she is over sixty. I knew I just had to let go.

Over the next year I got cards and a couple of phone calls saying that life on the west coast of Canada was glorious. All the azaelas. I had to come for a visit. But the image of Ursula’s enormous gazungas welcoming me in the morning before my first coffee, just didn’t sit right. It was not that I ever even entertained the idea that my mother who is as “straight” and feminine a woman as you could ever imagine was doing anything untoward with Lezlie Saphos. Heaven forbid. My own mother? Now please.

Then out of the blue, literally, since I was deep in Donnie’s damp crevice, the phone rang. ‘Mommie dearest’ I cried as I watched Donnie’s butt scampers out of bed and head for the loo.

“Guess what darling, Ursula and I pooled $200 and bought a bunch of 649 lottery tickets. And can you believe it. We won $2 million.”

I sat up against the satin headboard and tried on the title "heiress" for a few seconds.

“You are kidding me. That’s wonderful.” I could hear heavy breathing and it did not sound like it was coming from my mother. “Is there someone else there on the line?"

“Oh Ursula wanted to hear your voice. She’s on the hall phone. She’s got a bad case of flu. Say hello to Willie, Ursula.”

“Hello Willie, got to go now and plan how we’ll spend the loot. Ha, ha.” At that moment I knew why I hated her.

“So anyway darling, as soon as we got the news, for some reason I immediately thought of the Tamtawan Hotel in Bangkok. We had such a lovely time there and so I’ve booked a flight to Bangkok from Vancouver next week and you must fly in by this weekend. Ursula doesn’t seem to relish a trip right now so we’ll go together, just you and me, mother and son, just like old times.”

Anyway, to make a long story short enough to fit the meagre space Thai Guys has allotted me, we met up in Vancouver and then boarded EVA Air for Bangkok. I was amazed at my mother’s transformation. She seemed to have grown younger. She had a short haircut which suited her much better than the matronly perm curls she affected in London. Her clothes too were very plain and functional, “sort of West Coast” she termed them. She really had become a totally new person.

“When we arrived in Bangkok and got to the Tamtawan, I winked at the reception clerk who remembered us from our last visit. He was already making sure that our keys were for rooms on separate floors. ‘Oh no, they’ve put us on separate floors again mother.’ I whined plaintively.

“Well that’s no problem, is it Khun Wichit? We want adjoining rooms on the third floor so we can open up the doors and really boogie.’ Wichit looked somewhat startled. Maybe it was the word, ‘boogie’ that threw him off. But he complied immediately, giving her the keys, and we headed up to our rooms. As I ogled the rounded Khayber Pass of our luggage carrier and pondered Mother’s new assertiveness, I glanced over at her and noticed her smiling brilliantly at a comely maid making up a room.

‘Mother you shouldn’t be smiling like that at the help. This is Thailand. She might get the wrong idea.’

“And what idea might that be Willie. You really are such a snob. I would have thought Manchester would have beaten that out of you by now. Or as they say, ‘Queer As Folk’. Anyway, I will meet you downstairs in the lobby for an afternoon drink. Shall we say five o’clock?”

I stood there dumbfounded outside her closed bedroom door. What was going on with my mother, I asked myself. I began to stare daggers at Ursula across the waters, sure that she was performing some strange black magic on the mother who had once been so easy to manipulate. I longed for the old days.

A knock on the door caused me to snap the eyeshades I was wearing and give me a nasty wack. I had been deep into Donnie’s crevice and it was a bit blinding to find my mother at my door wearing a sequined halter top over black pants. “Get up, get up’ she said sailing into my room and heading straight to the mini-bar. To the sound of tiny bottles clinking, I showered quickly.

We had a wonderful evening of drinks and I took her to Zanotti’s for a fabulous real scaloppini. Since the lottery winnings were paying. After a tactful stroll down Silom I hovered at the end of Soi 4 and asked if she could make her way back to the Tamtawan by herself.
“Of course darling, but I think a nightcap down this soi is just what the doctor ordered.”

“But mother it looks very crowded and the music seems a bit loud for you,” I protested to no avail. We headed down. I was dreading that at any moment, one of the many tricks I had entertained during bygone tours of Bangkok, would come gushing up and completely blow my cover, performing some prancing rendition of “Oh Willie, we so glad you back. How long you stay. No tourists now. Business very bad.”

But we had no sooner reached sidewalk cruisebar heaven than a throaty female voice (at least I thought it was female) yelled out “Mildred, you made it girl.”

“Oh my god it’s Carlotta. She does the show in The Lounge in Victoria every Friday.”

“Come over here girl. Whose this?” Carlotta asked as I surveyed her skin tight leopard skin leotards. Drag queens are never my forte at the best of times. Especially a Western drag queen on Soi 4 looking like Lucille Ball in a red wig and white knee-high cowgirl boots. But we settled right in with Carlotta, and a number of young men who I could have taken home in a flash, skirted our table for a sniff, took one look at Carlotta and fled terrified. And there was my mother, sitting next to this caricature of femininity gossiping about Victoria. My Bangkok reputation was in tatters.

Anyway that was just the beginning of what turned into a very busy week. One day the door to our adjoining bedrooms flew open and my mother came in my room just as I was sucking the erect nipple of Bicha. She had a young woman in tow and introduced her as Malinee. My mother never batted an eye at Bicha who was stricken by stage fright and disappeared under the sheets. “Okay we’ll leave you two to continue where you left off and Malinee and I will be downstairs having the fabulous Tamtawan breakfast.”

When I finally put my face on, got Bicha showered and powdered and dressed in a Ralph Lauren polo shirt he particularly fancied, we headed down for brunch. What confronted me made me almost drop my teeth. Mother and Malinee were sipping their coffees while gazing into each others eyes, their noses an inch apart, and giggling.

“So where did you ladies meet?” I asked, trying to disguise my extreme discomfort and glancing around at the other guests at adjoining tables.

“Boys of Bangkok.” Mother replied. I unfortunately exhaled my coffee which landed all over my French toast. “After I left you last night I thought that soil looked interesting. I got in the door just as they were finishing the trapeze act. Malinee was there to see her brother perform his candle routine and we just hit it off.”

So in conclusion. First I wish to tell all of you categorically that the Tamtawan Hotel did not turn my mother into a lipstick lesbian. She confessed to me on the flight back to Canada that she had been heading in that direction ever since my father had had a heart attack on top of her in their last act of passion. Secondly, I do believe still to this day, that the Tamtawan Hotel is a perfect place to take even your mother. Just make sure you keep your eye on her.
News

Dick’s Café goes to Jomtien
Popular Dick’s Café Bangkok gets a cute little brother in Pattaya. Mike and Lakas, the two owners, have secured a location in Jomtien Complex (on the left side of Derby’s Men Club or opposite Essexi). It will be cozy and look very similar to the prospering big boy in Bangkok, also being designed by well known Swiss architect Erik. The new venue is supposed to open in September. We will keep you posted about this newest attraction to Jomtien.

SARS hysteria on the case?
The last few weeks Thai Guys has sent out with its weekly e-mail shot to 15,000 dedicated addresses the following message: “Now is the best time to visit Thailand. Thailand is SARS free. Visit the kingdom now. All the bars are open and gay nightlife takes place as usual. But due to the fall of arrivals (SARS hysteria) you are more welcome than ever.”

A little survey by TG has shown the influence of the SARS hysteria on Thai tourism in general has been substantial. Probably hardest hit was Phuket where the meltdown of new arrivals was up to 70% compared with the same months last year. Also gay arrivals took quite a nosedive in Thailand, but the slump was nowhere near that of straight travellers. The reason might be the long experience of the international gay community with so called or really deadly viruses. SARS can in no way be compared with Aids, it rather could be described like a heavy flu—which is also deadly to a certain degree. In the US alone 36,000 people succumb to the flu annually, but there are no frequent travel warnings issued by the WHO.

Most gay or gay-friendly hotels asked by TG had a minus between 10 and 15% compared with the April and May figures of last year. Going to Jomtien Beach in Pattaya, this slump had an obvious effect. Fewer Farangs were sitting there and the ones still holding the rainbow flag up were approached more frequently by love-sick (or rather money-hungry?) beach boys. In the mean time the problems for gay tourism has lessened a little. At least in Bangkok the gay shoppers from Hong Kong and Singapore are slowly returning and they do no longer seem to be afraid of visiting the bars and discos. Now is still the best time to visit Thailand.

More straight men and women go for money-boys
Now it is proven: More and more married men and women hire male sex workers, at least in Bangkok. These are the results reached in a scientific study made by Dr. Suporn of Siriraj hospital published in the Bangkok Post. Dr. Suporn is worried that married men with families who bought sex could endanger the family unit. So our advice to those men (and all others): JUST MAKE SURE YOU USE A CONDOM.

Tootsie goes Hollywood
The film rights for the Thai movie “Saving Private Tootsie” were sold to Distant Horizon, a film company in the US. The movie-inspired by Spielberg’s “Saving Private Ryan” is about a Special Forces team dispatched to save a band of transvestites held hostage by a minority force near the Thai border. The plot of the movie will be transferred to South Africa.

Kisses stolen in Manila
The Philippine capital Manila, notorious for murder, theft and abductions of all kind, has had to experience a totally new form of heinous crimes. Taxi driver Rolando Estacio taking on a bunch of “sweet and effeminate acting” male passengers, was held up by them with knives in a dimly lit side corner. After taking Mr. Estacio’s money, the robbers took turns in “torridly kissing” the poor (or lucky) victim on his lips. The bedazzled man might have to get professional help.
Rejuvenating again at rejuvenated His

by Suzy Size

You must know the feeling— you are empty, no energy, burned out, just feel like a worn out old shoe. I had had a series of very unfortunate events hitting me, all as usual—at the same time. My sweet little Somchai from Buriram had finished his studies of communications at Ramkhamhaeng University, the good thing being that I had a strenuous financial burden off my back, or so I thought. Naturally he decided it was time for a visit up country to reward himself for his unrelenting diligence. Of course he asked for a little financial support and I granted him his usual 20,000 Baht for just one more month before he could finally stand on his own feet, some hopes huh?

During his home stay of three months (planned to be ten days) a chain of very unfortunate events happened in Buriram. The three family water buffalos succumbed to a rare endemic disease called WARS (Water buffalo Acquired Respiratory Syndrome). Of course I helped as much as I could, and there are now five family water buffalos feeding on the green pastures of Buriram. But sensitive Somchai had loved the three animals that had passed on so untimely so much that, to console himself he got really drunk after the disaster struck. Well, he knows now, too late, that he should not have driven his motorcycle under the influence. Not only had I to buy a new vehicle but also bribe the police who had taken poor, sweet innocent Somchai into custody for rowdy behaviour in the aftermath of the unfortunate incident. A lad as sensitive as Somchai would probably rather take his life than stay two nights in prison.

Then, when he was about to board the bus to Bangkok, his mobile phone and expensive digital camera were stolen. Fortunately

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Anniversary at The Boys Bangkok
Happy birthday, boys!
he still had his ATM card so I could send him the necessary amount to replace those vital tools for a communicator-with-a-degree at once. Finally, when he arrived in Bangkok he confessed that he had fallen deeply in love and left me for an older Kathoie from Udon Thani. You might have seen that bitch performing in one of the fucking shows on an infamous Bangkok soi. Yes, the really ugly one is Somchai’s princess.

During my four years with Somchai I have seen other lads, of course. But banking on their discretion (Somchai could be quite jealous) most of the time I went to HIS in Silom Plaza which has been around for about five years already. I always liked their professionalism in all respects but had been unable to go there for different reasons for the last six months and, boy, that was a huge mistake! Not only are there many new faces amongst the forty

able and well trained mas- surers, they have renovated and beautified the whole premises. All the rooms have their own showers for utmost privacy and, if you take my advice and pay a visit, just look at the fabulous VIP rooms, tastefully designed in every detail. The place is more inviting than ever.

But the most spectacular experience is what happens to you if you succumb to those talented hands or lips or whatever. I have no plans to replace the empty space in my heart that was left by Somchai’s sudden and unexpected departure. He can keep that ugly Kathoie for the rest of his life and good fucking luck to him. But I will find consolation whenever I want it and the overall costs are considerably lower. His opens up in the afternoon and stays open late. His, yes, yes, His.

My Own Private Jungleboy

by Troy North

Their legs will be so yummy. All that bending down at this season, the muscles get so ...” Bruno pronounced “so,” as he stretched his hands wide to complete his sentence.

“Yeah, and so dark,” Joel quipped. “Not exactly my cuppa, dear.”

Bruno’s proffered drink in Soi Twilight brimmed with good intentions that couldn’t be rebuffed, but with the show now in full swing Joel began to wish he had made up a plausible excuse. These displays were predictable, and he had never much liked seeing overly skinny guys from Isaan making a jab at looking alluring.

“Your Boy” enjoyed a reputation for more inventive and “artistic” shows than the run-of-the-mill sleaze bars. It had lately even splurged on a choreographer. As it turned out, the cockshow didn’t offer much novelty: the usual parade of hung to well-hung men strutted about to sad hard rock on a sound system nearing its death rattles. The new recruits were shy about flashing their goodies.

The fuckshow managed to surpass his admittedly low expectations. It had a tongue-in-cheek humor that came out of left field. Most of these things were got with the intention of getting the audience passably randy so that they would settle on their choice, pay up, and head out into the waiting night. This one came close to being high art of a very particular kind.

Two pros were giving it high energy: “The Lady,” wearing an outrageously orange wig that accentuated his high cheekbones and overly flat nose, warmed up with splits and

leaps that suggested the choreographer’s passing knowledge of Swan Lake. The warm-up was sufficiently camp to suggest that a deconstructed, even subversive, fuckshow was on the menu. But she shrieked loudly and predictably as “The Man,” totally nude and sporting an immense hard-on, swaggered on stage. “Her” eyes oozed and aah-ed as he circled and then approached.

He pretended indifference at first, but quickly began to fumble at her boobs. These plopped to the floor, whether by accident or design, and were vigorously kicked into the grinning audience. Her smirk followed quickly after. The serious fun was about to begin, and only slightly delayed by more fumbling.

“The Man,” till then second fiddle to “The Lady,” now took charge, leading his “intended” to a high stool, which she vampied great fear of. He quickly bent her over it while she screeched like an owl in full flight. He then rapidly and repeatedly inserted his violently throbbing and extraordinarily large, condom-wrapped penis into her widespread ass. He faked moans to the music as she faked groans of total ecstasy. Her wig fell off, revealing fashionably short-cropped hair. “She” was, in fact, not a bad looking guy.

Joel briefly wondered whose need was greater: that of the audience or of the two nude Thai boys now vigorously reproducing a scene that was supposed to happen soon in the hotel rooms where the farang guys would be taking their boys.

“The Man” displayed an agility that Joel thought only the lower primates capable
of Not gleeful, his energy nonetheless had a galvanic quality; he quaked, jumped up and down, and managed—his star turn—a half-handstand—all the while remaining deeply and firmly inside the other guy’s butt. Perfunctory bows followed the apocalyptic “orgasm,” and he and “The Lady” unselfconsciously left the stage to a round of undeservedly lukewarm applause.

Joel found the endgame to have an endearing and unexpected cheekiness, and was more titillated by the duo’s antics than he cared to confess. Certainly he would not have confessed this to Bruno, now heavily petting a winsome and leggy boy.

The grand finale featured five dazzling guys in a much updated, clever version of “The Village People.” There was a Greek god, an astronaut, a sailor boy, a lederhosen, and a Tarzan. The line-up was alluring, but Joel’s eyes were for Tarzan only. Not tall, Tarzan was dancing with a grace and energy, a sparseness of movement and deftness of gesture that indicated a set of natural gifts topped up by training. The other guys simply gyrated, more or less hopelessly.

He sported a stuffed monkey, which might have been a comic or simply ridiculous touch. He handled it with superlative aplomb and a complex set of maneuvers that, surely, Joel thought, had fixed everyone’s attention. He was quite wrong about that: most of the customers were now eagerly pawing their choices, getting ready to take them “off,” and being milked for yet one more drink.

Tarzan inhabited a space not defined by the stage, nor constrained by the boring music. Even the little thumps on his chest were more than practiced rhythmic gestures: they were transmuted into a complex dance to another music than that ground out by the dying sound system. The monkey moved in frenzy, and then the boy rejoined the others as the crescendo hovered.

Bruno giggled as Joel called over the “captain,” the fully clothed boy in a lounge suit whose function was to arrange for the meeting between customer and “boy” and tot up the bill, including the bar’s “off fee.” The captain led over Tarzan, who wai-ed politely to Bruno and Joel and then shot a grin that was much shyer than Joel expected. In two months, Tarzan would indeed know more tricks than a monkey, have harder eyes, and begin to take on a yellowish-orangeish hue from too many steroids. This was, then, a moment that would not return, and Joel wanted it desperately. Tarzan went to change into a white-clingy T-shirt and tight jeans.

“Ach, the legs, Joel. The legs! Didn’t I warn you so, my friend?”

Bruno and his dreamboat got up and took their leave, as Joel settled with the captain. He waited eagerly for Tarzan to change into his street clothes.

---

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*Old Maps and Prints*

A new exhibit opens at Dick’s
Review: “The Dove Coos II”  
by Chuck Pringle.

Who has not daydreamed about the handsome young man who joins you at the river’s edge while you’re admiring the romantic moon and ends up doing a bit more than admiring or being forced by circumstances to share a bed with someone who turns out to be not only good looking and well formed, but is the possessor of a fantastic piece of equipment and insists on using it on you, or getting a little drunk and is assisted home by someone who does with you what you always wanted but could never get around to asking for; or a swap party with a friend’s sweet lover; or... fill in the dots yourself my fingers are tired.

Well it all happens and more in The Dove Coos II transcribed by David Jonathon and interpreted by E.G Allyn (author of WYSIWYS Thai Phrase Book, assisted by Samorn Chaïyana and with a charming and informative introduction by Somboon Inpradith, executive co-editor and founder of Midway, one of Thailand’s best selling gay magazines.

Whilst these first person accounts are from the “true experience” columns of various Thai gay magazines and some might actually be true experiences, they are the raw stuff of the most thrilling of gay sex fantasies, and some obviously are-and no less loin tingling for that.

I quote a previous reader: “more than just a one-hand read”; the thirty-four stories in this collection offer not only the hot stuff of gay sexuality but also a fascinating insight into Thai gay men’s behaviour and attitudes towards their sexuality. Not, in fact, so different from ours, but with charming euphemisms for the various most interesting parts of the body and what we do with them-from one of which is taken the title The Dove Coos (Noke Kao Kan or getting an erection). So useful to impress our latest realised fantasy with!

Definitely a book to read in bed, preferably with one or more such as the desirables so colourfully described in The Dove Coos II, and not on the plane trip home, or you may accost the macho young man beside you-and will certainly strain your jeans.

But where is The Dove Coos I? I can’t find it anywhere and, if it is half as good as the sequel, I want it!
The many sides of Two faces

When Two Faces first came on the Jomtien Scene comments were passed that “yet again another business has got itself in the wrong location”. The fact that it is still operating and has many satisfied customers would seem to speak for itself and prove the critics wrong.

As time goes on and a place becomes part of the scene then regular and passing custom look for the occasional “different” feature though others would say that the beauty of many places is in fact the stability and continuity of the “known” - we know we will not be hassled, we know that they have a pleasant level of music, we know they have fun videos, we know the air-con is not too fierce, we know the prices are right!

Two Faces worked hard on getting all these things right. It took time, but now with the very low, low season they are reaping the benefit of having a reasonable regular repeat customer base.

Set, as it is, behind the many potted palms on the Thapraya Road just before the Hanuman comer on the way to Jomtien Beach, Two Faces has on offer much, much more than a cozy drinking den.

Those who already know the place will drop by on their way home from the beach and take advantage of a cool place to have a cheap beer (Chang only 35 baht in happy hour, the same as Maekhong and Sangthip!) or a G&T (45 baht). Happy Hour runs from 3 - 6 pm. Placed as it is next to the Belgian Bakery one can order in and enjoy an excellent Afternoon Tea with pleasant company before moving on to the more energetic activities of the evening. There is a late happy hour from 10 - 1 pm. The boys, in many and varied costumes, begin to appear from 3 pm and comprise a wonderful cross-section of Thai delights. Service is usually effective and not too aggressive, “What you want to drink” as soon as you arrive is not the norm. Being attacked by all and sundry to sit with you during this low season is also still not one of the features of Two Faces. They will make themselves known and it is “up to you” to encourage or reject.

Continued in page 47
Happy hours at the ART Café

by Suzy Szee

When they opened ART Café about a year ago, Joe and Johanna Sietten, the German owners of the relatively new venue in North Pattaya (just drive into Nuklua Soi 16 and you cannot miss it) invited me (or Thai Guys) for an introductory dinner, thus signalling what I already knew, that they warmly welcome gay clients. I had met the friendly and hospitable couple several years before that when they were working at the Amari Orchid Hotel, liked them instantly and they appeared to like me. (This always seems to work reciprocally. So I was looking forward to visiting them at their own, new restaurant soon after. But, alas! Even though I returned the e-mail confirming that I would come by as soon as possible, many months went by and I never had the opportunity. Shame on me, shame on me.

Finally I did go to the ART Café and the result did not come as a complete surprise to me. I like it, I like it, I like it! And I know now (too) that I am, I should have gone there earlier. The restaurant occupies the ground floor of a tastefully renovated two storey house, the owners living above the restaurant and thus being present all the time. There are seats on the terrace outside overlooking the well manicured garden or inside the cool restaurant. The colours used are warm; the style of the restaurant could be described as colonial, cultivated, and relaxed. There are no surprise with that name—many paintings gracing the walls.

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Remember those cute Thai boys after you go home.

We had our aperitifs in the back part of the restaurant on comfortable heavy armchairs in an ambience reminiscent of the library of a private house. There we talked of old times and recent events, of this and that . . . . and time goes by so quickly when you relax in good company.

For the dinner we moved to a table half inside, half outside. The electric fans doing the job that would have been performed by oiled bodied, muscled Nubian slaves in the good old days (good old days for us, if we had been the masters, of course).

The menu is basically French with some additional Mediterranean specialties or elements. Do not expect to see here the proper names of the dishes I tried in French but my current language skills in this idiom being in tatters, failed. Anyway, you do not have to like the French or speak their language in order to adore their culinary skills. I ordered a plate of several mixed Mediterranean starters. Salmon in a dish treated in-house by the chef of the ART Café, mussels and some sort of couscous, just to mention some of the mouth-watering tastes presented to me. As the main course I choose the duck accompanied with a garden salad and some fried potatoes.

And then I dived-no surprises can be expected from a tart like moi-into the delicious apple tart with vanilla sauce. Finally I left the ART Café close to midnight, happy and replete and read-my lips-I will be back before long. After all: a promise is a promise and this one will be easy to keep.

asianguys.com

gayasianshop.com

www.thaiguys.org
SENSUAL BALI: Paradise Enou’
Pt I: Kuta, Legian, Seminyak Beach
by Durian Gray

The young man’s hands were as soft and smooth as a baby’s but his touch was firm and hard as a professional masseur—in fact, he was a professional masseur. He rolled down the band on my disposable undies and slipped his silky hand down my nether regions, lubricating it with vetiver scented oil. The rushing sound of running water combined with the relaxing rub down, the balmy Balinese breezes, the tinkling of unseen temple bells all combined to put me into a dreamlike trance.

The masseur, a handsome twenty-something lad from sultry Sumatra, appeared to have had Indian or Arab ancestry and his chiselled looks stood out from the broader featured Balinese. He began the massage by gently bathing my feet in a flower-petal scented basin of warm water, telling me his name was Arif and apologizing for his English—which wasn’t bad at all. I asked him what he had done before working at the Antique Spa (which he pronounced like “antic”), and I had to laugh when he told me that he used to take care of elephants at a safari park in Bali. I wondered how he handled the switch from rubbing down pachyderms to giving mud packs to the less than pulchritudinous bodies of flabby middle-aged “bule” or albinos as farangs are called in Bali.

Although it was called “antic”, with male masseurs for the male clients and female masseuses for the ladies, the services at the gay-owned Antique Spa and Gallery are all very professional and there was no “special massage” on the menu although it is rumoured that one could discreetly request the masseur for one. I also noticed later that the street signboard for Antique Spa was sprayed over with the letters S-E-X! After the two-hour Balinese exfoliating Luitur scrub, I emerged a new person and explored the surrounding area on foot—lush rice fields, exclusive private villas with rooms for rent, the Umalas riding stables and the setting sun burnishing the dreamy landscape. Half-naked men in pointy conical hats working the fields call me over for a friendly chat—“De mana?—where are you from? After a refreshing iced-tea, I take a short taxi ride back to my hotel, the boutique Courtyard Hotel in Legian.

For those, like moi, who have never been to Bali before, although it is certainly gay-friendly, the gay scene is very much less commercially developed or “out” than Thailand. Although there are plenty of money-boys (called “bar-boys”) there are no go-go bars and even the one major gay watering hole, Q-bar, eschews the g-word and calls itself “alternative”. Ditto most of the gay-owned, gay-friendly establishments—except for Randelli’s Villa Sansekerta.

Continued in page 41
Faces of Pattaya ... and a tribute to Bruno, Syd and K. Jon

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"From The Balcony Chalkboard"

Kleptomania, when it gets bad, I take something for it

Gravity... It's Not Just a Good Idea
It's the Law

Why are there Jetsons' vacations in Hawaii?

How come wrong numbers are never busy?

A fine is a tax for doing wrong.
A tax is a fine for doing well

If They Don't Have Chocolate in Heaven, I'm not going

Why do psychics have to ask you for your name?

Why do they call it "chilli" if it's not?

If a turtle doesn't have a shell, is he homeless or naked?

If space is a vacuum, who changes the bags?

If blind people wear dark glasses, why don't deaf people wear ear muffs?

Do Kamiike pilots take crash courses?

Why is the third hand on the watch called a second hand?

How many weeks are there in a light year?

If you jog backwards, will you gain weight?

Do one-legged ducks swim in circles?

Everyone's entitled to act stupid, but you're abusing the privilege.

I get skidmarks and I don't even have a driver's license

I wanna be just like Barbie cause the bitch got everything

Can vegetarians eat animal crackers?

Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines.

Polynesia - Memory loss in parrots
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 2.00am. 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)
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 cap. 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
costantly 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 center, 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.

Tarntawan Place Hotel (31)
Tarntawan 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
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 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.

Cutie & Beautey Hairsalon (16)
Thaniya Plaza 3rd Floor between Silom Soi 2 and
4. Extremely friendly and able. They now offer
a new body toning unit. The unit is perfect
for firming stomach, chest and buttocks muscles.
The cost is 1000 baht per hour or 600 baht
d per hour when done at the same time as a facial.

What do you want for?

Samsara (50)
The newest venue in Soi 4. Samsara is located
where famous old Rome Club used to be and
and can be said to have two faces. From 6 till
10.30 it tends to be a dining, chill-out restaurant
and bar with the accent on good food, cool
music with pleasant vibes. From 11 to closing
time it becomes a night club bar with club
and house music.

Xtreme Bar (23)
This is the newest dance show bar and go-go.
Located in Soi Duangtavee (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.
Continued from page 30

Most of the tourist activity centres around Kuta Beach in the south of the Island which is also the home of most of Bali’s quarter million expatriates. The greater Kuta area stretches some eight kilometres up the coast, and the northern fringes of Legian, Seminyak and Kerobokan are the trendier (and gay) areas of chi-chi boutiques, die-for-a-table at see-and-be-seen restaurants and cafes where pleasure-loving fashionistas escape their private villas to cruise out on forays.

The other expat/tourist (and gay) locus is upcountry, Ubud, the cultural centre of Bali-only about an hour and a half’s drive north of Kuta. For the benefit of Thai Guys readers, this article is divided into two parts: Pt I, Kuta, and Pt II. Ubud. Down the road from Antique Spa another 200 metres, is the gay hideaway, Villa Sansekerta, recently taken over by the owners of the Losman Randelli which had relocated there after the tragic incidents of 10/12/02. As I soon learned, everything is Bali is now dais as AB and B.B. (After the Bombing and Before the Bombing.) As written up in Thai Guys, B.B. (#4: “Bali a Warm Smile for Guys and Lesbians”), we ended up staying five days at the new Randelli, lulled by the carefree ambience and the impeccable hospitality that made us feel like personal house guests. In fact, there are only four double-bedded villas, and being losman-style (‘losman’ means pension or bed-and-breakfast) the guests and hosts have breakfast together and we enjoyed the company of the other guests—a gay couple from Amsterdam. One of the guests, announced, ‘after the Balinese massage, I don’t need sex anymore!’

The hosts, two amiable retired Aussies, Robert and Frank, recently joined by German Klaus who also runs the newly-opened East-West restaurant near the Oberoi Hotel.

For first-timers to Bali, one of the main attractions is that the hosts take personal care of the guests and as Robert explains, we meet-and-greet at the airport, hold their hands, take them to the clubs, tell them where to find the boys, point out which ones are safe—but please inform Thai Guys readers that we are not a “rumah cinta”-which in Bahasa Indonesian literally means “love house” or brothel. We don’t provide boys and one of the house rules is that no one under 18 is allowed’. Robert and Frank are lodestones of information and tips and help to quickly dispel the feeling of being strangers in paradise.

Unlike other gay-owned establishments on the island paradise, Randelli’s clientele are exclusively gay or lesbian and mostly middle-aged couples-no slants allowed. The beach is a 15 minute walk-through cow patches, creek and jungle. One can walk or take a motorbike to Ganesha Beach which can be crusty late afternoons. Those who like to be a closer to the gay-friendly restaurants, nightlife and clubs of which Q-bar on Jalan Dhyana Pura is the epicentre, the more conveniently located Courtyard boutique hotel may be preferred.

Nevertheless, after the tragic bombing of SC (Sari Club), the after-hours nightlife scene shifted to Jalan Dhyana Pura, which is Bali’s equivalent of Bangkok’s Soi 4, and the home of Q-bar. Q-bar is managed by Mr. Paul an expat Bostonian whom
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Chiang Mai Map Legend

Lemongrass Boutique Guesthouse 3
Adam's Apple Club 16
Amazing Sandwich 7
Bo Rai Thai 4
Bubbles Disco 20
Circle (The) 8
Coffee Bean (The) 5
Cruise Bar 21
Darling Wine Pub 1
Dai Baik Pub 10
Fan Club 9
Germaine 17
House of Male 2
Lanna Paradise 25
Lotus Hotel 15
Man Thai Massage 13
My Way: Two of Us 11
Spa Roma 18
Simon 23

Continued from page 27

The facilities make it an ideal place to have a small (or large) Birthday Bash, drinks party and the boys are certain to keep everyone happy with no wallflowers hovering in the side lines.

For those who enjoy a spot of decadence and luxury could do far worse than look at the exotic oriental and colonial-style suite rooms that are available. Large sitting area and Emperor size beds with bath/shower room. All for normally 600 baht, with special low season price of 450 baht - a real bargain! With fresh bread and breakfast available from 08.00 next door, in house service available and the Beach less than 200 meters away what more could one ask?

315/174 Thappraya Road. Tel: 038-251-618

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 girly 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.thaiguys.org
Map of Phuket Legend

Aquarius 20
Anatomia 43
Angel 28
Bingo 7
Blue Dolphin 38
Boat Bar 14
Climax 15
Club Bamboo 33
Connect 9
C.U. Tonight 39
Flying Horseshoe 18
Formula One 1
Heaven 19
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James Dean 10
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Lionchali Guesthouse 32
Mam Ya Karaoke 42
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Sea Hat 31
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Spartacus 3
Super Boy 34
Tavern on the Hill 25
Tongino 4
Tiger Bar 13
Town Bistro 11
Twilight 21
Unle Charles 35
World Gems 30
Young Shark 5

Phuket 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 8 rooms. Luxury rooms/apartments incl. 1 Master Suite with 2 bedrooms and a Jacuzzi. On the roof you find a sundeck with showers.

Lionchali Guesthouse (32)
Lionchali 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.
Beware of moneyboys!

by Martin Frank

BEWARE OF MONEYBOYS!

Check your bank statements! Banks do overcharge.

Innocent Farang salary men falling into the fermented fish sauce stained claws of greedy Isan boys! Elderly gay men’s straight nephews’ future inheritances plundered to send younger brothers and sisters to school in Korat!

Before you enter a gay bar in Thailand, please remember that in Thailand gay bars are Non Governmental Organizations but not charities. Don’t confuse bar boys with Salvation Army officers: Bar boys too get paid for telling people they don’t love that they love them, but unlike Salvation Arm officers singing a song to fill their buckets with your spare change, bar boys are out to make a buck pretending love and delivering sex. If a bar boy tells you he loves you, he is just acting professionally. His calls are telemarketing, his love letters are direct mail. If MasterCard writes to you that you are one of their most esteemed customers, do you believe that they are going to help you when you run out of money? Why expect it from a bar boy?

If you were looking for a bride in your hometown, would you ask your Mummy to let you chose from among the naked ladies dancing on the bar in your local Pussy Galore club? Why look for a groom among bar boys? Check whether the boy wears regular Salvation Army underwear before you fork out your cash!

1. Don’t bring the Men of Thailand guide with you.
2. Don’t book a hotel room where visitors are allowed.
3. When you enter a bar, look for the boy who most needs your help (the one squatting in the corner who looks like he is about to vomit a bucket of cum).
4. Once the boy sits on your lap, teach him a useful, profitable craft like Origami.
5. In the taxi to your hotel, tell him all he doesn’t know about rural poverty (avoid poly-syllabic words).
6. In your room, show him a Terre des Hommes video denouncing boy prostitution in Manila.
7. In bed, save him (you) the money for a non-A/C bus ticket to Angkor Wat. If he wants to see ruins, he can look at you.

[Just your luck that you bought some dollars with you, because at night he has to run away to find a doctor for his eldest sister’s (never mind he told you he is an only child) youngest son who got pneumonia, and the doctor insists to get paid in dollars.]
While you wait for his return, draft for him a letter to that faithless old swine who promised his mother to pay for her cabbage patch and now doesn't want to cough up the dough (avoid polysyllabic words), but...

**BEWARE OF MONEYBOYS!**

If you, like most of us, were born in a public hospital, most probably in your very first fifteen minutes you got ripped off worse than you'll ever get in Thailand (except in the Italian restaurant of a certain "Royal" French resort in Phuket - a once in a lifetime experience).

Don't listen to the dead honest, slimy, gay fools spending their retirement on a bar stool who caution you against boys as loud as successfully divorced wives, as cunning as over-the-counter brokers, as greedy as bonus-mad investment bankers. Ask for five examples! Let them show you the Mercedes Benz convertibles! In fact, most bar boys are astonishingly honest, shy, polite, and get easily cheated by dead honest, slimy, gay fools spending their retirement on a bar stool who... though most bar boys probably would prefer your new VISA card with the flashy hologram (which you left in the hotel safe) to your private parts (which you brought along). If you follow my advice, you will not fall prey to those dreadful bar boys!

In an ideal world, gay white men would stay true to their gay white lovers, and Thai boys would drive black water buffaloes through Isan rice fields, but alas! the world is not perfect, and the bars swarm with white gay men hungry for sex and straight brown boys hungry for money. It's a fucking industry, but it pays for school fees, food and a lot of bricks and mortar in a lot of places money never would reach otherwise. The guy who spends thousand dollars on a ticket to Bangkok, hundred dollars per night for a hotel room, and as little as possible on the young men he came for because prostitution should not be encouraged, is the guy, I guess, who whines...

**BEWARE OF MONEYBOYS!**

How many hours will a plumber who arrives at a quarter to ten, spends two hours for lunch, and talks on his mobile phone with his wife all day, let you sign for when he leaves at half past three?

If you want true love without jeopardizing your bank account, your best bet is your local gay senior citizens group (bring your own non-alcoholic beverage). If you want to share your bed and credit card with a boy who will take you to paradise for less than a tank of petrol and leaves no marks, rush to Pattaya, but...

**BEWARE OF MONEYBOYS!**

Exactly how much would your stockbroker owe you (how much would you owe your stockbroker) if today before nine, you bought one share at hundred dollars and sold the same at two hundred before four-o'clock this afternoon?

Continued in page 59
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.

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

Siam Thani (28)
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.

Sophans (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.
If you want to reach clients...

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If you spend half of your holiday budget on the bar boys, they’ll make you come again and again. Those dreadful bar boys will repay your generosity with velvet skin, teeth-flashing smiles, and butts like two melons in a wet paper bag! They’ll drive you nuts, give you a heart attack, and have you shout for encores! But...

BEWARE OF MONEYBOYS!
How much quicker will your teeth decay if the interest rate of the mortgage on your dentist’s mansion goes up 50 base points?

If true love is what you’re looking for, and you’re ready to risk heart and credit card, head upcountry. In Isan, intergenerational sexual relationships are considered fun as long as you dress smart, behave decently and pick up the tab. You’ll pay for younger brother’s bike, elder brother’s car, auntie’s marriage and grandmother’s funeral, but you won’t sleep alone, and whatever your age, there will be always a stupidly content grin on your face - and a head-splitting racket in your house because Lek (your friend) is watching TV while Jet (Lek’s younger cousin) listens to Loso on the stereo and Noo (Jet’s friend) has the radio on! Did you try the fried noodles? Zing-zing very taste! But...

BEWARE OF MONEYBOYS!
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some Bangkokians (and TG readers) may remember from Soi 4 when he briefly partnered management of Divine, above The Sphinx. In fact, I had met Paul in Bangkok only days before my arrival in Bali. For my first few days on the island, with his mobile glued to his ear, Paul took time out of his frantic schedule to show me around taking me to dinner at Antique Restaurant down the block. However, it wasn’t until I stayed at Randelli’s that I got the complete gay nightlife tour.

Like Bangkok’s Soi 4, Kuta nightlife doesn’t really get going till after 10pm. For those who like drag shows, the night could begin at Hulu Bar, now a Bali institution in its umpteenth year and at 11 there’s a mass exodus to Q-bar, a throbbing heavy cruising and money-boy-on-the-make scene which spills out into the shadowy street. To observe the scene it’s wise to get there by 1030 to get a ringside seat. If you move to the toilet you’ll get jugged and approached by bar-boys with name-cards ready to make a move. If you buy them a drink, negotiations will start and a typical ploy would be to tell that their mother is ill or their motorbike needs repair and instead of coarsely asking for a fee, the negotiations would be over mom’s hospital bills or bike mechanic fees. Bar-boys are generally opportunistic non-Balinese who come from other islands to make money.

Although after this scribe’s bedtime, post 1am, the action is said to shift to the beachside 66 (Double Six) Club, which one popular guide book described as an open-air dance floor with “a trendy, affluent crowd of tourists, expats and Indonesians with quite a few gays and the occasional expensive bar girl.” Although Thailand has more to offer in terms of nightlife, there is no forced closure of bars at 2am, and the partying could go on till dawn.

As for early-to-bed-early-to-rise moi, I got up at dawn being awoken by the gentle tinkles of wooden cow bells from the pasture outside the Villa Sansekerta. After a dip in the pool, I await on the verandah for the arrival of the cute twenty-something, towel-bearing room-boy Putu, whose smile makes my day and whose uncle, I was told, is a famous drag queen. This is Bali, paradise enouit.

Contacts for gay-owned/gay-friendly establishments in Kuta area, Bali:

- Antique Restaurant/bar/spa/gallery, Seminyak. Kuta. &gt; Antiquebali@dps.centirin.net.id
- Chic boutique hotel, condo aps. also available.
- Hulu Café, Seminyak-Kuta. Bali’s first gay bar. www.hulucafe.com
- The Oriental Cabaret, Legian-Kuta. A Tiffany’s wannabe, not up to Thai standards, but the only drag show in town, not counting Hulu.
- Q Bar & Café, Seminyak-Kuta. www.qbali.com, @info@qbali.com.
- “The” gay bar in Bali, so you knew what the “Q” stands for.
- Pratila gay villa hideaway.

**A last letter for the late Bruno Forrer**

**Dear Bruno,**

We have learned the sad news about your death you left us shortly after midnight on 7 May 2003—we learned so later by the typically quick communication means of these days, by hastily sent e-mails and constantly ringing mobile phones. Even though we had been expecting such bad news for quite a while, when we finally heard it had happened, our hearts cried out in surprise and shocked grief.

If you had waited a month-7 June— you could have celebrated your 70th birthday. We can tell you now that your two best Swiss friends, Ruedi and Walter, wanted to surprise you for your birthday with an unannounced visit. Instead, sadly, they flew in now to pay you their last respects at your funeral which took place on 10 May at Pattaya’s St. Nicolaus Church.

It is sad that we will never again be able to talk, eat, drink and last but not least-bitch together. We will miss your fine and biting sense of humour, your sharp tongue and your quick and witty responses. We always had a good time when with you.

Just about ten days before your death we talked on the telephone-not knowing then, of course, that this would be the very last personal and direct contact we were going to have in this world. I had sent you the video documentary about the Thomas Mann family that I had borrowed from Hans S. and you called immediately-very
typically to say thank you. I hope you had a chance to watch it because I am sure you would have liked it and its gay topic.

I am sure Fassbind was there at the entrance of your new home, offering a warm welcome, a cold glass of white wine and, probably, a Swiss cheese quiche. Together you might have watched the burial, noticed the many that were there and made a hilarious joke about one of the absentees. Your body was (as planned) laid to rest besides Fassbind’s, carried there by the sad employees of the restaurant.

In the thirty years of your life that you spent in Thailand, you and Fassbind were a legendary couple in all circles. He was the giant, always at centre stage, you were the small but diligent and witty guy behind the scenes making things work smoothly. You worked together perfectly and have both left your indelible marks on Pattaya. Although best of friends all your lives, you never failed to berate him or correct him when he had committed another grand folly. I remember what you said when he took the Swiss president out on his yacht, “Hanuman”, and got back as pissed as a real sailor. Fassbind bitched back at you, but valued the truth of the criticisms in your artful and funny quarrels.

What would the Royal Cliff (or Pattaya!) be without the two of you? You left one great memorial, your last professional success, Bruno’s, the top-class restaurant that bears your name. You were the soul of this elegant venue with its fine atmosphere and delicious food. You were the generous and charming host, very present, welcoming the guests and overseeing your able staff.

Though for the last few months you were confined to a wheelchair, that did not keep you to your room. Whenever your weak heart or the constant pains from your arthritis allowed, you were at the natural place to be for you, Bruno’s. And now that your last journey has been made, your nagging pains and your worries about your weak health are finally over; we who are left behind will gather there often and think of you.

Bruno, you were a real gentleman. We remember you with love and, yes, we miss you.

Hans Fritschi
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