Come feel the warmth of our hospitality and relax in our elegant accommodations.
Dear Ms. Connie,

I have been a frequenter of gay chat and conversation rooms on the Internet for years. I live in a windswept little town in Cornwall, and other than a brisk march through the bones of old battles and ruins of castles with my loyal dog Trollope, I have little else to do. I work in our local post office and have done for years and years, it seems. Life goes on and I have decided long ago to sublimate my sexuality by sticking to my old cottage which has been in our family for generations and taking care of my invalid aunt. The only respite I get from what some people might call a mundane, boring life is the titillation of letters I receive over the Internet and the many gay friendships I have developed over the years. Fortunately my aunt is unable to break into my little sanctum on our second floor so I can download naughty pics and ogle them with impunity.

Two years ago I decided to step out of my routine and take a plunge into the mysterious fabled East. I booked a three week trip to Thailand. Many of my chat buddies had fabulous tales of their time there and I decided to venture out of the foggy reaches of Cornish life to dive right into the humid muck of life in the East.

Well I had a wonderful time. At first I went on a tour that took me up and down that wonderful Land of Smiles then, once I had a basic feel for the place, I booked in to the Tarnawaan Hotel which I have noted from your informative little magazine is a favourite among discerning gay visitors. I had a week in Bangkok but it wasn’t enough. When I came back to the regularity of home life and my Internet buddies, lo and behold, one day I saw an ad which portrayed a young man from Thailand interested in a correspondence with a portly gentleman from England.

With the splendours of Bangkok (and other places I might add) still fresh in my mind, I struck up a chat with this young man named Wichat, which went on for the rest of the year after my return. On occasion I would send him a few pounds, but never at his request. He is a student at Ramkumhong University and studying tourism management so I thought I was contributing to a good cause. Eventually our Internet relationship matured to a point where we exchanged photos. I must admit the one I sent him was taken a few years ago, but it is basically accurate. The one he received from him made me absolutely salivate he looked so delectable. He described himself and his physique, mentioning that he was extremely well-endowed which had been a problem in his youth in an outlying province, a place called Seesuckit or something like that. He said that his school friends called him what he translated for me as “buffalo boy” because of the size of his beef bayonet.

Anyway, I continued showing letters in the right cubby holes for months on end, desperate for the day I could return to Thailand for my winter vacation and investigate further. Wichat was waiting for me at the airport, which surprised me since I was delayed in Abu Dhabi. He must have waited for hours and I just couldn’t believe me eyes. He slightly resembled his photo on the Internet but if he hadn’t been holding a sign up on my arrival I would never have picked him out of the crowd of well-wishers and greeters in the Arrivals Area. We went to various bars that evening and I took him out for a wonderful meal of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding which he ate with delight. Anyway I had again booked into the Tarnawaan and I hope he didn’t sense my pent up Cornish passion when we crawled under the cool sheets. I began to explore his body, noting that he was quite shy to show his enormous hammerhead, keeping it discretely under wraps inside his briefs. When my hands explored down to the sacred awe, imagine my horror to find not the gargantuian lovesick he had advertised but something so ting it felt like a big nipple. Not only that, Wichat had no testicles. When he saw the disappointment in my Cornish features, he explained that he was a pre-op transsexual and the few pounds I had sent him were enough to have himself castrated as the preliminary first step. What did I do wrong Ms. Connie? I was mortified to have to send Wichat on his way, and fortunately found just the man I was seeking in a bar round the corner from the hotel. But I still think about Wichat as I put letters into boxes and look out my window at the mists rolling in over Land’s End.

Gary Labonza
Lostwitiwel, Cornwall

Dear Mr. Labonza,

Ms. Connie sympathizes at your isolation and the fantasy world you have had to concoct for yourself given the long period of abstinence your circumstances demand for your invalid aunt. At the same time, this epidemic of online love affairs is, in Ms. Connie’s more guarded view, license for all kinds of chicanery—where size queens and guys lying about their little cocks (all of whom Ms. Connie avoids) blatantly exaggerate their physical attributes merely because they think they will probably never meet. Ms. Connie always tells the truth when she is describing herself online, but then Ms. Connie is lucky not to have to lie too much because on most days, when she’s not hung-over, she’s absolutely fabulous. But to believe that some stallion actually has the vocabulary to write a letter without making it incomprehensible because of poor grammar is beyond the bounds of possibility and trés naïve to say the least. In Ms. Connie’s much-travelled experience, for every inch downstairs there’s a few ounces less in the attic.

Or as that redoubtable scholar Dr. Samuel Johnson said so aptly, “There is nothing, Sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying the little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.”
On China

How can we make money on the China story?

We know that China's export juggernaut is relentlessly disgorging monstrous streams of stuff, from knick-knacks to sophisticated electronics. China has manipulated its currency to gain a clear advantage as a lowest-cost producer. It is also importing lots of things, not least planeloads of dollars, which are being sent over in exchange for the export avalanche. While China, and the other Asian exporters, are presently more than happy to receive dollars in exchange for goods delivered, there appears to be a cloud on the horizon. What to do with all the surplus dollars? Buy California, or what? Here is an alternative scenario, about which you might possibly not have read in your daily paper yet:

The problem of surplus exports from China and how to pay for them is actually not new. Two hundred years ago the Brits had developed an outsized appetite for Chinese products such as tea, silk and chinaware and didn't have enough gold to pay for it. So they were looking for a product that the Chinese might want from them. That's how the opium trade started from British India to the coast of China. And now, what could there possibly be that the Chinese needs so much?

Let's put this question to the Texan government in its Washington exile and the answer will undoubtedly be: Energy. Should the Chinese become dissatisfied with the mountains of greenbacks wired to them one's would have to relieve them of their problem. And if you control oil and gas supplies which are desperately needed by the Asian hordes, bingo, you've got something to trade (hey, we might not have found the weapons of mass destruction, but there seems to be some oil bubbling underfoot).

That brings us to some recommendations for long-term investors who don't want to fall into the overpriced bond trap. First, buy integrated oil majors which will profit from the coming energy shortage and price squeeze. Chevron-Texaco, Royal Dutch, Exxon Mobil etc. are solid bets on which to sleep well.

Then stock up on raw material suppliers such as BHP Billiton and Rio Tinto.

Next look to buy some assets that will profit from the inevitable revaluation of the Chinese currency, the Renminbi. You could look towards infrastructure plays listed in Shanghai or Shenzhen. A safer and easier way is to put some money into Hong Kong listed companies which have most of their assets in China. By the way, other Asian countries like Taiwan or Thailand are in a similar position as China, albeit less visible in terms of numbers. The global dollar surplus and the various asset bubbles created by it suggest also that you not forget gold. Gold against paper has historically always been a predictable race if you manage to hang around long enough.

E-Mail: Dr.Stocks@thaiguys.org
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The little framed notice was the only odd about the room. Cold smoke and humid dust covered the walls and the dark plywood art nouveau furniture upholstered in turquoise plastic. Thousand dollars per night couldn't have bought me a better room because the dark and cold cave was the Presidential Suite, and it cost only forty-six dollars including taxes. Presidential was the size, an enormous expanse of spit stained brown carpet, the aircraft engine noise of the air condition cooling the room below condensation point, the double doors. You would need a presidential ego to feel comfortable with so much useless space lit by a single tube light on the gypsum squares ceiling.

The bedroom was another room of the same size with an imposing and shabby king-size plus bed and a sitting area for men to smoke while their whores got dressed. A small opening to the bathroom was the only window. Tube lights there were two: A full-size on the wall above the bed and a smaller above the mirror. A fat black telephone signaled that this was a room serving the powerful. Gravish, limp bed sheets hid whatever dirty mattress there was. Cover, I saw none. The whole room seemed designed for the cheapest kind of sin.

The not air conditioned bath room was the size of the communal showers of my boarding school, same yellowing tiles, same piss smell, same well broken-in look, but devoid of the sudden rush of naked boys a ringing bell would bring. Where in my boarding school six basins lined the wall, there was one ungainly big basin. The plastic bucket in the corner was the same I would have got in a room for five dollars, or that I would have had to share in a room for two.

The boy who brought up my luggage was in such a hurry to open and close doors, switch on lights, turn up the air conditioner and fan, run away with and bring back the thermos with drinking water, that his white clothes were like a frieze of fast moving geometric shapes against the dirty tan walls and the windows glazed with greasy tinted glass.

I asked him for tea and biscuits. His eyes signaled that while I might have lived longer and seen many boys like him, he was old enough to know what I was up to. I was old enough to know that his short and slim frame, small hands, feverish eyes, and this job meant one thing: Poverty.
Minutes later, he carried in a large tray with an old silver tea set and a roll of Orange Cream biscuits.

“Good, Sir?”

He poured the tea for me. The smell of sun-dried teabags and the grayish color of the milk gave me the chance to test the waters, “What brand of tea is this? Did you prepare the milk with filtered water?”

“If the Sir insists…”

“Yes, please.”

I gave him a small bill to make him understand that I was the better kind of foreigner.

When a few minutes more he returned with Lipton Red Label labels hanging out of the pot and snow white milk, it was understood that we would be friends. I gave him another small bill. He thanked me with a smile.

“Our name is Peace. Please always ask for us, Sir!”

The dinner Peace brought me still later tasted delicious. Maybe I had forgotten how rich food tastes when you are allowed to touch it. Maybe it was Peace’s presence, his pouring the water from a big steel jug into my steel tumbler, his eager questions, his voice quivering between boyish submission and youthful self-assertion.

“Are the Sir a American?”

I denied it in his language.

“Do you like our country, Sir?”

“The boys are beautiful!”

That he had guessed right my tastes, made him smile again, “From far men are coming to enjoy. Do you want a massage, Sir? We are good!”

Why should I frustrate his salesmanship? Of massage he knew little, but his small strong hands felt good. Seated on my back, he asked whether I wanted more than a massage. I could feel that he was in the mood. I was in the mood for more.

I explained him what I was looking for.

“Such we are not!”

I asked for his help.

“That is an expensive thing, Sir!”

I gave him the money for more than a massage from a big moldy paper bag full of local currency.

“With great difficulty we will find it for you, Sir!”

To find sleep in that vast bedroom was difficult. Without another body to cling to, the too wide bed was as hospitable as a table mountain. The bathroom window lighted the room enough not to let me find comfort in absolute darkness; it was difficult to dream up the imaginary other I needed. I should have asked Peace to stay with me for the night.

Towards the morning, I fell asleep.

The phone woke me up. Peace’s voice said: “Sir, whom you expect, they are here!”

A minute later, he led a middle-aged haggard tribal carrying a carbine into the sitting room - and a tall big-nosed, dark-eyed, fierce youth in a long-shirt reaching to his knees and dirty wide trousers touching his ankles. The youth’s feet were dusty and his clothes looked as if they had been washed in a muddy river.

Should I ask the youth to undress before I decided? The armed tribal didn’t look like he had a sense of humor. Peace said, “They are from...” pronouncing the name of a mountain kingdom, as if it were the brand name of a powerful sports car.

Did he mean the beauty of its youths? Or that not accepting their offer was not an option?

I felt dizzy. Was this what I had come for?

Peace said, “They are asking...” twice what he had told me the day before.

The youth kept his hands crossed on his breast and inclined his body respectfully with each sentence Peace pronounced.

I was still half-asleep. The youths face glowed healthily, he had sensuous lips with a sexy shadow above them, a playful spark in his kajal-lined eyes... and fresh flowers in his unkempt locks. He was too beautiful to sell himself; he didn’t belong into this room.

“What time is it?”

“Eleven o’clock, Sir!”

I counted out the bills to Peace.

“Should we come back, Sir?”

“Yes, and bring breakfast, boy!”

As soon as Peace and the carbine-carrying tribal had left, the youth scolded me in archaic language: “Why did Excellency bestow such largesse? They are one ruffian. We couldn’t covenant for ourselves, could we, Excellency?”

His voice was manly and boyish at the same time: Dark, scratchy, and rebellious.

“Will Excellency present us with one gun?”

No doubt.

“So Excellency hail from England?”

I denied it in his language.

“Does our republic please Excellency?”

“The boys are beautiful!”

“We are one lowly mountain boy, Excellency.”
I remembered how to ask, “What is your honored name?”

“We are Man, Excellency!”

Peace returned with a large, heavy breakfast tray, “Good, Sir?”

“Can you get him clean clothes?”

“Sir, money would have to be employed, Sir!”

I handed it to him.

“You allow, Sir?” Peace picked up yesterday’s roll of cream biscuits.

“He needs sandals too!” They agreed enthusiastically, and rushed out chewing Orange Cream biscuits.

Dazed by jetlag, I sat in front of my breakfast. I felt deliciously confused: Had I seen enough to know whether I liked Man? I imagined him slim and sinewy below his rags. Would he let me kiss him? He didn’t look shy. His eyes, his voice, the way he moved, his big nose that corresponded promisingly to his big hands, to his big feet... Soon I would know. I would have to buy him a walkman, a G-shock watch, a cell phone... Love is an expensive thing!

I ate half a toast, drank a cup of tea. I felt sleepy and fell asleep the moment I touched the bed.

A few confused dreams later, they let themselves in again, already friends in their shopping excitement. Peace had bought a shirt for himself too, “There is a hope that this is ok, Sir!” adding quickly, “They are a good boy, Sir!”

I let Peace pocket the change, “Make him have a shower!”

Pulling and pushing each other laughingly, they vanished into the bedroom.

When they reappeared, they were still wrestling; Peace’s head was under Man’s arm. Man’s black hair was wet and glinting; the new clothes were cut of thin cloth and elegantly embroidered. He hadn’t cared to button his long shirt over his impressive pectorals.

The fire of his eyes, the ferocity of his glances, the dark red velvet of his lips, his sparkling teeth. I wanted him so much to love me that I gave up all hope of ever possessing him. Lifting my hands towards him in admiration, I said in mock poetical language, “What splendor! We are all beggars!”

“Among the devotees of love we shine; Excellency will notice!”

“With your kind permission, Sir!” Smiling without malice, Peace left.

I asked Man, “Are you hungry?”

“Not at all, Excellency!”

His hand hovered over the breakfast tray.

“In the name of God!”

If Man made sex with the same urgency he shoveled food with his large hand into his equally large mouth, and with the same relish. I had a handful to look forward to. He finished his food, washed his hand pouring water with his left from the tumbler over his right hand onto the plate, chewed some anis seeds, poured more water from the jug into his wide-open mouth without touching the vessel with his lips, and asked, “Shall we go inside, Sir?”

Getting up my eyes fell once more on the small rosewood frame with the wise adage:

GREAT EXPECTATIONS LEAD TO GREAT DISAPPOINTMENTS.
Singapore’s officials may now come out of the closet
Doom, decay, decadence, where will it end? The Singaporean government is now officially employing gays, even in sensitive jobs. Prime Minister Goh Chok Tong is quoted as saying, 'In the past, if we knew you were gay, we would not employ you. But we just changed this quietly.' He said, though, that there were certain things homosexuals wanted which were not yet feasible in conservative Singapore, such as holding gay parades.

It’s better to be gay in Thailand
Muslim homosexuals in Thailand face greater persecution than their Buddhist counterparts, but still fare better than homosexuals in neighbouring Malaysia, recent research has revealed.

A gay man in Malaysia reports, 'Many are treated as if they are not human, as if they’re some kind of freak. They have to be selective about who they reveal their true identity to. Mothers and sisters are especially lenient but they have to act like heterosexual men in front of their fathers and male relatives.'

Phallic Flower Blooms in Pattaya
In an amazing country where the stinky, spiky durian fruit is considered a delicacy, now we have news of a putrid, phallic-shaped flower attracting hundreds of curious visitors, despite the fact that it is said to smell like a rotting corpse—believe it or not! In June, the Bangkok newspapers carried the story of one of the rare attractions of Pattaya’s Nong Nuch Tropical Gardens, a metre-long flower called Titan Arum, although its Latin name (Amorphophallus Titanum) is more revealing due to its resemblance to an erect elephantine phallus-or dick, for those that don’t know Latin. Like a gargantuan Venus fly-trap, the flower’s odor no doubt attracts flies and other insects.

For those attracted to flies, orchids and other exotic flowers, the (partly indoor) Nong Nuch Gardens might be worth a visit during Pattaya’s rainy season when the beaches have fewer flowers on view.

Kaoey Waitresses for Pattaya?
New York boasts Lucky Cheng’s a chain of Asian restaurants whose trade-mark is Asian tranny “waitresses”.

Now US-Thai franchising expert Kasem Phipatseritham is reported to have recommended a similar strategy for another US restaurant chain called Hooters that features buxom waitresses in American 1950s uniforms. Khun Kasem believes that Hooters franchises would do well in Thailand—adding if the theme were adjusted to cater to ladies of the “second category” (transvestites) and located in Pattaya.

Looking for a job?
Try selling Men’s Cosmetics
The Nation reports that Betterway Thailand is recruiting male Thai distributors (presumably young and attractive salesmen), for its “Noom Mistine” brand. The company’s Noom Mistine TV campaign encourages men to buy its products even though the brand had been previously associated with more feminine qualities. Mistine’s managing director Danai Deerojanawong said that the advertising campaign will “encourage men to be more open about themselves.” One wonders if that means more out-of-the-closet, since gays are primarily more self-conscious about their grooming and looks—are those whom Mistine is trying to target.
Siam Thani Under New Management

By Durian Gray

As one of Pattaya's exclusively gay resorts, Siam Thani has recently come under new management-by American expat Art Groesbeck-and is opening new additions to its 10-suite complex. The new additions are a French-Thai Restaurant called Jay-Thani, and a health spa with sauna, massage and steam-bath on the premises. Both these are scheduled to open by August 1st.

We visited during the rains of June when it was off-season and were happy to find one week-ending Thai man from Bangkok. As one of my neighbors in the cozy complex surrounding a small dipping pool, we made friends and he told me that he used to work on a cruise ship in North America, and later managed one of Bangkok's popular gay cafés. The Siam Thani is in a secluded area off Tappraya Soi 11, up the road from Jomtien, on the way to Jomtien. It is blissfully quiet, except for the occasional squeal from its campy roomboy staff who mince around carrying breakfast trays to your room or to your table beside the pool.

The rooms, or rather mini suites, are all wood, tastefully decorated in Thai-style with wicker furniture, overhead fans, AC and TVs. There is also a mini kitchenette and an upstairs sleeping alcove. The generous bathroom amenities thoughtfully include condoms and KY.

The resort is within walking distance of the main road where baih buses can be hailed, and the hotel also puts a car and driver at guests' disposal without extra charge. The helpful and friendly concierge/driver Suchart has a hand-phone and can be summoned anytime-although there are no phones in the rooms. Suchart informed me that he could also arrange massages and special services. So when I expressed interest in the former he introduced me to a friend from nearby the resort who was eager to give me a special massage. I was pleasantly surprised when he entered my bedroom in his birthday suit, well-hung and ready for instructions. I'd never been massaged by a nude masseur before so it was a new experience for me-but hey, this is Thailand, or more specifically, Pattaya-so it was certainly a special massage to remember. For curious readers, the masseur is one of the models in the Siam Thani advert holding the dark drink.

The room rate (heavily discounted during off-season) includes complimentary Continental breakfast (generous portions), transfers, use of the car for town pick-ups and drop-offs, and use of the business centre, which includes free internet service.

Once the French restaurant opens there will be more food options, fresh coffee and pastries etc, there's also a convenience store and a decent Italian restaurant a short walk away on the main road. And once the Spa is up and running there will be more company on hand other than the mincing roomboys.

Siam Thani Resort & Spa
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Large Center Condo Corner Unit
Not a seeview but with city views of bustling South Pattaya and Jomtien. A rarely seen on the market large corner unit in Center Condo of 143 sqm that has had a high quality renovation less than 1.5 years ago. This building has one of the best locations in the city close to shopping, restaurants and entertainment. It comes with high quality furnishings including large screen TV and digital surround sound system. New low energy quiet Daikin aircons throughout. It has two balconies. A very good value for all that quality living space. It won't last long at 3.7 million.

Jomtien View Units Under Construction
Great location near Asia Pattaya Hotel. Has pool, sauna, steam room and gym. All hotel amenities. Currently there is a nice selection of units being renovated into 1 bedroom view units. Feel the breeze while sitting on your sea-view balconies and enjoy the beautiful sunsets. Brand new high quality construction and ready shortly. You can select the finishing touches to your unit yourself. Contact us for more details. Prices starting at 2.4 Mil. Baht.

Corner Condo on the Hill
This high floor 2 bedroom, 2 bathroom apartment with two balconies is situated at the corner of the building and offers stunning panoramic sea views. The unit is tastefully renovated to a very high quality. The condo building is very safe, well managed and maintained in a quiet but convenient location. Specially priced at 3,700,000 Baht.

Jomtien Beachfront Condominium
In a low rise building at Jomtien Beach is this 3 bedroom, 3 bathroom apartment with 190 sqm living area and large balcony available. Located near the Jomtien Complex of shops & entertainment venues. The oceanfront estate offers a broad range of facilities and right next to the Gay beach. For Sale at 5.6 Mil. Baht.

Bring your boat
Magnificent Apartment (132 sqm) with wonderful sea view. Fully furnished to high standard. 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 terraces, large living/dining area, fully fitted kitchen, telephone, swimming pool, security and free parking for one boat. Located near Ambassador Jomtien hotel. For Sale at 3.9 Mil. Baht.

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Tel: 038-308618, 306067, 301714 Fax: +66(0)38 308761
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Splash and Throb artists were chosen to perform at the Hard Rock Hotel Pattaya
“Good show now on Sir, special show for you, many boys.” The spiel of the handsome doorman is insistent, as he takes your hand and escorts you to the door the tender trap is set. In the gloom of the room the strains of ‘Hey Big Spender’ blast from the sound system, a reminder that a punter and his money are soon parted.

A mamman shows you to a seat, here you can feast your eyes on the ever-changing tableaux of ‘boys’ while you sip a 200 baht Singha. Soon the mamman rejoins you to make small talk, be prepared for the next question: ‘You take a boy? Which one do you like?’ Resist his sales talk, there are plenty of ‘boys’ to choose from, bide your time and relax, and take in the beauty before you. The last thing you want is to ‘off’ someone who is only interested in your money not your pleasure. And of course there are the ‘shows’ to see.

Every go go bar has someone for everyone, the ‘boys’ come in all shapes, sizes and ages - although no one is under eighteen. There will be muscle Mary’s, the boy-next-door, the handsome and the cute; you will be spoilt for choice, and each one has a number pinned to his costume. Don’t be too eager to ‘off’ a boy, stop and contemplate. The dancer before you may be a hunk with a six-pack to die for and the cutest face. But what is he doing? Picking his nose. Do you want to spend a few precious hours with someone who

picks his nose and carefully examines the extracted contents? Forget him sisier. The dancer who now comes into the limelight, he’s OK. His blue-black lustrous hair shines in the stage lights, but where is his gaze? Not at you. For this café-au-lait coloured beauty is admiring himself in the ubiquitous wrap-around mirrors. Flexing his pecs, re-arranging his assets to best effect and posing for his own benefit. Leave him behind, you won’t find satisfaction between his thighs. Fear not the ever-shifting tableaux moves on, displaying its wares in a continually evolving demonstration of Thai beauty.

Your eye is caught by a nicely packed crotch. Could this be your man for the night? Observe closely. Does he return your glances? No. Does he respond to your smile? No. Are his thoughts on a few hours of ecstatic sexual pleasure? No. Is he just thinking of the 1000 baht? Yes. Reject him, he’ll be in and out of your wallet and room before you have time to shower.

And the next one please. Now this guy looks more the business. Yes he returns your gaze, he even smiles showing perfect white teeth. He mouths a silent ‘Hello’ and even waits for your reply, he even dances just for your attention. If this is your man ask the mamman or captain to call him over, he will be happy to sit and talk. Some of the boys speak good English, some even French or German. Use your full range of small talk, taking
the opportunity to practice your limited Thai. If he is not your type’ offer him a couple of hundred baht and simply say ‘Khop khun krap’ and move on. He may be disappointed but by offering him money you have paid him for his time and allowed him to save face.

But if you do want to take him off there will be a ‘bar fine’ of 300 baht, then the drinks to be paid for. If you offer him food or other gifts and presents then that is not within the ‘contract’. Extras are not just that extras.

Some bars have rooms on the premises, these are not luxury accommodation, better to take him back to your hotel, or use one of the short time rooms in the Surawongse, Niagara, or Malaysia hotels. Or try the new BBB Inn, on Rama V, just a short walk from the main go go area and much nicer rooms. Most short time rooms are between 300 to 500 baht for three hours.

You have enjoyed the company of a handsome Thai guy, now comes the dirty business of the fee. In Bangkok a 1000 baht will be acceptable, but if you really enjoyed a few hours of bacchanalian ecstasy then 1,500 or even 2000 baht will be gratefully accepted. But tourist, don’t be too generous think of the resident farang community.

Smitten by the boy? You may want to have the pleasure of his company for longer than just a few hours. You can off him for the day or the week, but the bar may ask for a larger off fee. Nothing is free in this world and price for your enjoyment may add up to a tidy sum. But you are in Thailand for some R & R and to wonder at the beauty of amazing Thailand.

How much does living in Pattaya really cost?

By Brian, Boxer Travels

Naturally it depends on how you live. Are you a spender on gifts and artefacts or are you one of the last big spenders on many boys, or have get caught up in the chase for love, spending all your hard earned cash on the chosen one and his family-buying favours?

As much as you afford, is often the answer, but to a newcomer to Pattaya, the decision on whether to stay is fraught with unanswered questions, as I remember from three years ago when I made that decision. It is not until you have passed the “kid in the sweet shop” phase that you settle down to a regular spending pattern and see the cost in real terms.

I had visited Pattaya for many years as a tourist so the place was known to me, as a tourist. Nevertheless the first three months staying long-term was marvellous and all that had dreamed. I felt safe to go about my life as I wished; the sun shone daily; the water was warm and welcoming and so were the people. So friendly and always smiling, seemingly without cares, making you feel like a million dollars every time you came into contact with them. Then the boys! Oh the boys-so handsome, so loving and so good to have around an old guy like me used to the ageist life style in the UK. There, if over 30 and without a body beautiful, younger guys are rare acquaintances. Here in Thailand the boys respect us and love our pocket books, which must never be forgotten in your dealing with boys. Occasionally you may find one who really likes you and becomes a friend, or even a lover. Most are out to strip a wallet bare and then discard the owner. Don’t condemn them. What would you do if you were young and beautiful from a third world country with no support, little education but with lots of visitors looking for a good time?

I settled down in a beach side condo in North Pattaya-one big bedroom apartment, clean and comfortable in a quiet area of town only 10 minutes from Boyztown, centre of gay life. I love my days at the beachside pool in peace and quiet and with nightlife just a short drive away.

When I arrived I had no real idea of a budget or expenses and transferred 1,020,000 baht for the first year, mainly aimed at the 80000 baht requirement for a Retirement Visa-which went through quiet well after a three month wait in those days. Now the procedure has been cut and is handled in Pattaya, making life all that bit easier. That cost level has proved a good marker in the last three years of enjoyment.

My spending budget has now settled, after three years, at an average 730,000 baht a year for the 10 months stay (I still go home for holidays) and, having kept
details of the outflow. I can tell you where I spent the money.

Rent at 9,000 baht pm payable for 12 mths 108,000; utilities, cleaning and laundry approx. 1,400 pm = 17,000. Capital items and side-trips average 5,500 pm = 55,000. So fixed items total 180,000 baht. This leaves me with about 55,000 a month x 10 in personal spending = 550,000. Total per year 730,000.

Some of these items might need an explanation to new expats. Rent is the biggest living cost so it depends on your life style and what you want. Do you really need three bedrooms for the occasional guest from home when a room at the local hotel might be far better for you and the guest and cheaper even if you bear the cost? Do you really want all your possessions around you like back home? Life here is outdoor and minimalist living. Leave your past behind or visit it occasionally. Water, cleaning and other essentials are so cheap it is not worth thinking about "doing for yourself", your time is best spent just relaxing. Capital items and side trips are budgeted because they come up as you live here or anywhere. Whether it is a new motorbike (one stolen without insurance) or the loss of a camera (foolishly dropped in salt water) some spending does come up from time to time whether you like it or not. Trips are another item to budget for, living in such a wonderful country you don't want to stay only in Pattaya and if you get out and about you will be amazed in Amazing Thailand!

Health is another issue only you can budget for. I am lucky, with only a couple of trips to the hospital for minor problems. The service is wonderful and cheap.

I have a full medical check-up every year at a fraction of the cost back in UK.

So we come to the fun side of budgeting the SPENDS! Socially this is a great town - just be friendly and the barriers come down and Pattaya is a great leveler. A recent dinner party illustrates this. There at the same table were friends and strangers from all walks of life; an ex-Banker with the World Bank, an entertainment agent who could roll off top world-star names as friends, an estate agent (there always has to be one) and a bus driver on a pension who could tell a funny tale or two and a bar owner with a few Thai boyfriends listening and enjoying the conversation as best they could - including the jokes which they were very quick to pick up on. Many of the boys here, if included, can and do speak good English with our help. It is sad that I and many others do not speak Thai, hopefully that might change soon.

How much you spend on a boy really depends on you and your involvement. Much has been said and written on this so "it is up to you" as they say here - just watch out for the bills at the ATM. One man's spending is another man's road to poverty. I stay in very little, going out socially or to the bars to meet friends and acquaintances most nights. I have an interest in photography and the Internet, which is good occupational therapy for me. I don't think I miss much but don't have to "off" boys very often - having a good few friends in the fun club now to keep me busy. Giving to charity comes in many forms here be it FGF and the Heartt 2000

Continued in page 47
The Monk Who Performs Cartwheels

By Rob Astbury

Recently a good friend, Khun Voy, one of the ICON dancers (now known as the Pharaohs), invited me to Korat to witness him become a monk. I had previously experienced a Thai wedding and also a Thai funeral, hopefully the last until mine!

Although I was warned prior to attending, I was certainly not prepared for the sheer emotion of the next two days.

Two cars containing three Farang and seven Thai’s left Pattaya Saturday morning. The comfortable four and a half hour trip to Korat turned into a seven and a half hour trek when our Thai navigators (have to blame someone) were responsible for getting us lost in Bangkok.

It was dusk when we arrive at the bustling city of Nakhon Ratchasima. From there we travelled a further 18 kilometres into the jungle where Khun Voy’s father’s house nestled in a village of about 20 homes.

It was here that I experienced the first of many shocks. A massive stage featuring elaborate lighting and a sound system that had the potential to be deafening had been set up next to Voy’s home. It was akin to arriving at Hollywood Disco in the country. I estimate 400 people were partying as if there was no tomorrow and they were all there for Khun Voy. Truthfully, I had to struggle to contain my emotions. For me it was such a remarkable expression of friendship, goodwill and faith. Apparently the format of these ceremonies varies but earlier in the day Voy’s hair had been cut and his head shaved in a private family ceremony. Now it was time to celebrate. In front of the stage forty round tables were laden with food and beverages, mainly large bottles of Singha beer and whiskey, and soft drinks. The food was prepared and cooked in two make-shift kitchens by volunteers from the village. This was a banquet in anyone’s language.

The size of the stage and the cost is based on the number of entertainers. Voy’s father had arranged for 12 dancers and four singers. During the proceedings guests may place money in an envelope and present it to the ordinaire. These contributions are not compulsory but certainly assist towards the cost of staging the event. The same charming custom prevails at weddings, funerals and house warmings.
Around 3 AM and with the celebrations still in full swing, the two Davids and I set off to find accommodation for the night or what was left of it. First stop was the area's newest hotel, the 267-room Siam Thani.

At first we could not believe they were booked out, as was another similar standard hotel. With tourist numbers dramatically down in Pattaya I could not help but think maybe we should be targeting the Thai market rather than farangs!

Next morning we arrived back at Khun Voy's house to find the stage, tables and chairs all vanished. Stacked on the right hand side of the house were 23 cartons of beer bottles. I assume they were empty but with a head hazy from last evening's celebrations I was not interested in the answer.

During the next hour many of the guests remerged in time for the main procession from Khun Voy's house to the village temple.

Led by a local Thai band relatives, friends and village residents dance their way about half a kilometre along the road to the temple. And Mother Nature was certainly on the side of the revelers. Remarkable as it sounds, earlier, as we drove to Voy's home, the heavens opened and released torrential rain. What a disaster, exclaimed David Shrubsole only to be reassured by his friend Khun Eak, 'Buddha will make sure it is not raining at Khun Voy's home.' Just three minutes after driving out of the storm and heavy rain we arrived to find not one drop of rain had fallen. I simply could not believe it.

About 100 metres from the entrance to the temple Khun Voy was lifted onto his father's shoulders. This alone seemed an incredible feat because Voy is considerably bigger and heavier than his father. I can only believe that this was a very proud man inspired by his son and what is one of the most important occasions in their lives.

Unlike the previous evening, I did not try to contain my emotions and like many others I openly cried tears of happiness and fulfilment.

The grounds of the temple were not unlike a farmyard. Animals, trees, huts that housed the monks next to a beautiful lake. But the actual temple was nothing like I've seen before. Just inside the gate was what appeared to be a large old shed but immediately one recognised there was something very special about the building.

About thirty monks were waiting inside the temple for the arrival of Khun Voy.

During the final ceremony I spoke to several of the older local citizens who waited outside. One grey haired lady with time and a hard life etched on across her face quietly explained that here grandfather, father, sons and grandchildren had all become monks in this modest, to say the least, temple.

Besides replacing the cast iron roof nothing about the building had changed for hundreds of years. If only these walls could talk.

As the ceremony progressed inside I let my mind wander. The degree of tranquility is something I cannot try to describe, but my mind was wandering.

I thought about the trip there and getting lost along the way. My amazement on arriving to find this big party happening in the jungle. The thunderstorm, which I was certain would dampen proceedings. The parade to the temple and then the temple itself. And above all the joy and camaraderie of the people. There were more thoughts. Just ten days before, Khun Voy had been rushed to the Bangkok Pattaya Hospital at 3 AM in the morning.
Artsy Ubud and Upcountry Bali. Pt. II

by Durian Gray

After a few days lolling on the beach, my colleague and I hire a taxi upcountry to Ubud, the cultural centre of Bali, known for its art galleries, wood-carvings, dance and music performances. Comparing it to Thailand, Ubud is more like Chiang Mai and the beach areas of Kuta/Legian/Seminyak and Petitenget more like Phuket. Bali (pop. 3 million) is said to be the home of more than a quarter million expatriates (one tenth of the population), and most live either in Ubud or the Legian area north of Kuta. With the decline in tourists since 10-12-02, the expats support a large number of fine restaurants, bars, cafes, boutiques and galleries. However, the lack of tourists is discernible and one lady who sold t-shirts in Ubud thanked me, informing me that I was her first customer in three days.

Ubud has also long been a home of gay artists, and still attracts gay arty types. Although we were warned that there is no nightlife in Ubud, I got a pleasant surprise one evening at a designer cocktail party inaugurating a new boutique. Guests were served cocktails and “finger food” by hunky body-builders, topless but for a skimpy revealing vest.

Ubud is also less commercially developed than the beach resort areas and visitors still flock there to have a glimpse of the natural scenery such as the terraced rice fields, although at certain spots shutterbugging tourists are accosted by sarongs and souvenir peddlers. Aside from Ubud’s natural beauty, for art-lovers and queer connoisseurs, a visit to one of the gay galleries such as Symon’s is a must. Celebrating the “Colours of Youth”, Symon is well-known to Thai Guys readers, as the artist has frequently exhibited his over-sized canvases of male nudes in Bangkok’s Dick’s Café and been written up on these very pages. Reeking of hothouse decadence, the gallery is more like a studio with works in progress and reminded me of Andy Warhol’s factory with some of the handsome models hanging around or helping with the silk-screening. Like Andy’s, some of the artwork seems formulaic and mass-produced, but stunning in brilliant colours and forms nonetheless and everything is for sale.

During the early 20th century, Ubud became a haunt of a small community of Western artists who “discovered” Balinese

Continued in page 41
Pattaya... the safe, secure & fun place to be

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love thy neighbour
but don't get caught
get high on milk...
cos the cows are on grass!
poor spellers of
the world untie

I would love to beat
you up. But, I have
a problem with
cruelty to animals!!

Hard work never kills...
But why take the risk?

Boldly going nowhere
hypochondria is the only
disease I haven't got

Virginity is curable

Sex is like a bank account
when you withdraw you
lose interest

658, the neighbour of the beast

My philosophy is if you
can't kiss it suck it or blow it
then you shouldn't be with it.

I just got lost in
thought. It was
unfamiliar territory

Roses are red, leaves are green,
kiss my ass. CO2 I'm a queen

you're just jealous because
the voices talk to me

I just got lost in
thought. It was
unfamiliar territory

Help Wanted - Psychic -
you know where to apply.

Money talks but all
mine ever says is
"goodbye."

It's a small world
- unless you
gotta walk home

The chickens have come home to roast!

never go to a
doctor whose
office parents
gave death

If your parents didn't have
any kids, there's a good
chance you won't

Forecast for tonight: Dark
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 constantly disturbed by pushy money boys. Pick up your free copy of Thai Guys here.

Tarnawat Place Hotel (31)
Tarnawat 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.

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 Tarnawat 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 & Beautye HairSalon (46)
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 only 1000 baht per hour or 600 baht per hour when done at the same time as a facial. What do you wait for?

X-treme Bar (23)
This is the newest dance show bar and go-go. Located in Soi Duangtawee (yes, were Boys of Bangkok, Blue Star and Dick's Café are), formerly New Man Bar. Completely renovated, superb Shows daily at 10.00 and 11.00 and 12.30 pm.

S Paragon (40)
Not long ago S Paragon has opened just in front of the entrance of the Malaysia Hotel. S Paragon is a Pub and Karaoke and a massage place. The massage opens a 3 pm and stays open all night. The Pub stays open as long as there are any guests which might be very late as well. When you visit this watering hole be sure to take your swimming gear with you. As a customer of the Pub you can use the pool of the Malaysia. Yes, all night as well.

Under the same management are two new places just a little bit up the road, opposite the Pinnacle Hotel. "Size X" is a disco and "Stud" is a sauna. Should both be up and running when you read this.

Samsara (50)
The newest venue in Silom Soi 4 closed down shortly after opening. Another victim of the SARS hysteria? Samsara is supposed to reopen in November. We will keep you posted.
art and helped lay the foundations for its renaissance-and commercialization. Up until then, art had been produced for the temple deities, and sometimes for aristocratic patrons. Among the first Western artists in Bali was German homosexual, Walter Spies, who had previously worked for the Sultan of Yogakarta, the centre of refined arts and culture in Java. As Spies and his defender anthropologist Margaret Mead-discovered, homosexual activity is accepted in Bali amongst young men before marriage. However, much to the dismay of visiting foreign gays these days, conservative Balinese culture is still very strong and all men are expected to marry and sire offspring in order to take part in the “Banjar” or community of elders. Hence, although there is homosexual behaviour (in private), there is no obvious gay alternative lifestyle as in the West or Thailand.

As informed by one expat hotelier who himself has an Indonesian boyfriend, “If you are looking for a long-term Balinese romance, forget it, it is just a dream. The only partners you’ll find here in Bali are those from the other islands, although some will play up to the illusion that they are Balinese.”

In our two weeks on the island, I hardly met any Balinese in an informal encounter, i.e., other than interaction as a tourist and service provider. One exception was during a visit to Kintamani, a scenic temple town about a forty minute drive from Ubud, in the north. Overlooking a volcano and lake below, Kintamani enjoys a cool climate—requiring a light jacket or sweater at night—and boasts the second largest temple in Bali. We were there for the final night of a week-long temple festival and in order to be allowed entrance we had to dress as natives, donning sarongs and ceremonial head scarves.

The first thing that caught our attention, aside from the attractive young men in their festive attire, was the hypnotic percussion sounds of a gamelan orchestra playing in the temple courtyard. The first one consisted of angelic pre-adolescents—boy-lovers would have thought they had died and gone to heaven. Amidst the rhythmic simultaneous beating of hammers on the various xylophones and gongs, the boys smiled mischievously at a foreigner, and after they suddenly ceased playing, one said in English, “My darling, I love you!”

no doubt from some naughty English video (or some other source!).

During the festival, there were a series of gamelan orchestras, many from various hotels which were no less professional than the others. The basis for Balinese music, the gamelan instruments are usually owned corporately, and the highly structured

Continued in page 30

Continued in page 50
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New luxury Apartment with Seaview

This new 74 sqm apartment offers a nice bedroom unit and a beautiful living room with a seaview, just minutes from the Jomtien beach. The apartment is just finished and it looks at the Pataya side of Jomtien area. The condominium has 24 hour security, a large swimming pool, a mini market and a laundry. For Sale at 2,7 Mn. Bah. P571

Attractive townhouse at Jomtien Beach

A nice large 3 story townhouse, with the Gay beach outside the compound in a very secure beach village. It has a large communal swimming pool and beautiful landscaped grounds. The house has a carport and rooftop terrace with special beach & ocean views. Priced at 5,900,000 Baht.

New Home minutes to Jomtien Complex & Beach

Close to beach, shops, and the hotel bus, but away from traffic and noise. A new lovely fully furnished home has a front garden and a carport. It has a satellite dish too. New large screen TV and new European kitchen. Owners want to move abroad. Priced for quick sale. Priced at 1,950,000 Baht.

Nice Home in Bangsaray Beach

Now construction near the quiet Bangsaray beach area. It is located past the Ambassador Hotel at Jomtien. A nice non-commercial area "fish village" feels like a Pattaya used to be about 18 minutes past Jomtien Beach. All 25 units are sold, and mostly to farangs, with several Gay owners there. Owner just installed 2 air con units. Right down the road is a quiet private beach. Priced at 1,500,000 Baht.

Impressive View Bachelor Pad

This centrally located 1/3 sqm 1 bed room open-styled condo is a dream come true for the bachelor. The high floor condo occupies the highly sought corner position with spectacular sunsets overlooking pattaya bay. The large living area flows into an open plan, spacious king-size bedroom with unique bathroom and the balconies enjoy spectacular ocean views. This is a very special condo designed to impress that very special friend. For Sale at 4,900,000 Baht.

One of the best located Condos in Pattaya

This is an open floor plan studio unit. This condo is located on South Pattaya road down from 2nd road in the heart of the action. You have it all, shopping, restaurants, entertainment. This condo is on a high floor with City view. In need of renovation many other units have been nicely done and some have been converted into separate one bedrooms with enclosed balconies to increase the living space and look great. The amenities include pool gym, parking, 24 hour security, mini mart, laundry, and restaurants. For Sale at 1,450,000 Baht.

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AIDS Charity or the local boyfriend who has hospital bills to pay is all included. At 55,000 pm on spends I live very well and want for little in my life style—but I am happy with my own company or in a crowd—each to his own. Having said that, I must also say that it is possible to live on less—but perhaps not life to the full as I do.

In the end it is really up to you. When balancing your income and expenditure do not leave your brain at the airport and do not get quickly sucked into the boyfriend race until you are sure of the cost. Most of all do enjoy yourself—that is what you are here for—Leave all the stress and tension behind. Life goes at a slow pace here and it is an art form to enjoy it to the full—remember you are a long time dead!

**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](http://www.thaiguys.org)
Map of Phuket Legend

Aquarius 20
Anaconda 43
Angel 28
Birdo 7
Blue Dolphin 38
Boat Bar 14
Climax 15
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Connect 9
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Spacelux 3
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Tangmo 4
Tiger Bar 13
Time Bistro 11
Twilight 21
Uncle Charlie 35
Wood Gems 30
Young Shok 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 9 rooms. Luxury rooms/apartments incl. 1 Master Suite with 2 bedrooms and a Jacuzzi. On the roof you find a sundeck with showers.

Liontchai Guesthouse (32)
Liontchai Guesthouse has not many rooms, but they are spacious and well equipped. All come with private computer and ADS Internet access free of charge. Reservation recommended. Good Internet café 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.
gamelan orchestra is a microcosm of Balinese society which has little regard for individualism.

Although nowadays due to Western influence, one sees young men strumming guitars, the notion of “jamming” is a foreign concept. As in other traditional (particularly Hindu) societies, the gamelan musicians learn their parts and the aim of the orchestra is to produce a perfectly harmonious rendition of traditional music. There are no coloratura performances and the brilliance of Balinese music is as a perfectly co-ordinated unit, the whole being greater than its constituent parts.

The festival-goers were unusually friendly and as we pecked behind the scenes at the kitchens where the offerings (including caged swine) were being prepared for meals, two young men who were temple volunteers, invited us to join their communal buffet meal. As it turned out, they were up-country farmers and proud of it. Unlike some other Asian societies, the Balinese are firmly rooted to their land, and few make the exodus to urban centres nor wish to go out of their country. There have been cases where some farmers were tempted to sell their land for the promise of more lucrative tourism jobs, but once they lost their land, they felt so uprooted and alienated that a number of them committed suicide. Even now as the whole island’s economy is tied to tourism and suffering from its decline, those farmers that we met seemed content to remain on their land.

In contrast to the flashy neon of Kuta, the rice-fields, temples and natural scenery still predominate the Ubud landscape, and the royal family with dozens of petty princes—still owns close to 80 percent of the land. We were introduced to one Ubud prince, a friend of Dorothy named Tjok Abi, by one of the O-bar partners. Tjok Abi is a fashion designer with his own boutiques in Ubud and Denpasar and also runs a small Ubud boutique hotel named Pradha. Pradha sits at the crossroads of Ubud surrounded by temples, classical ballet theatres and gamelan orchestras which perform for the diminishing numbers of tourists at night.

As darkness descends in Ubud, the “wayang kulit” or traditional shadow puppets spring to life. The mythological heroes of the Hindu epic the Mahabharata play out the perennial battle between good and evil, darkness and light. The pious warrior Arjuna, one of the Kaurava heroes who represents refinement, enlightenment and civilized behaviour and who had been cursed to spend a year in exile condemned to live as cross-dressing eunuch is pitted against the forces of greed, evil and destruction in an on-going drama that is still being played out not only on stage but in Balinese society.

Ubud Bali
Angrek Villas, jbatterbee@yahoo.com.au
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degaluhbuitik@hotmail.com
Pradha Guesthouse & Restaurant,
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Another artist exhibits at Dick’s Café, Bangkok
Ambiance (53)
The first gay hotel in Pattaya. Well decorated rooms with all necessary amenities. Conveniently located in the heart of Boyz Town.

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

Bruno's (8)

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

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

Le Café Royale (3)
Piano Bar and Restaurant opens 7.30 pm daily at Le Café Royale with full range of drinks and food. Live entertainment with pianist from 8 pm and famous singer Toi appearing from 11 pm to 2 am (or later). On Sundays, entertainment starts at 11 pm. Certainly the best in Pattaya.

Amigo Tailor (12)
Your reliable custom tailor and friend. Where tradition meets innovation.

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 fantasy. 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 I (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.

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.

Exit (6)
This is the ideal place for your sundowner after another hard day at Jomtien beach. Sit outside on the terrace or inside and enjoy the company of the friendly guys there. Or just watch them play snooker.
A Happy Ending

The final “Farewell Pattaya - Hello Phuket” show and party that took place on Sunday 29th June at the ICON showbar brought to an end a period of the ICONS history that started in Pattaya's Thappraya Road and then across the road to the present Showbar.

The format, content, staff and artistes have always been flexible, thus the move to Phuket is really “nothing new”, just the next stage in the evolution of the ICON.

David Shrubsol, flamboyant as always, invited a number of people to share the stage for a few brief moments with him as bouquets were presented by the ICON ladies. First Ray Cornell, who shared the inspiration behind much of the latest choreography; then it was long-time friend and supporter Darrell's turn. David Martin who has worked alongside David S in establishing the “Dine and Show packages” was also thanked for his support and contribution to the success of the venture.

Khun Ekkatchai, one of the ICONS who grew from dancer into a manager but retained his love for dancing, was presented as one of those who represent the rewards of loyalty and support and how a young person can develop into a mature, trusted and responsible adult and keep the good looks and sexy body to go with it!

Lucas, from Dicks' Café in Bangkok a long-term supporter of the ICONS, was brought and Rob, Astbury from Pattaya Properties and View Talay Villas, another supporter, were both on stage and thanked.

Jim, from The Ambiance Hotel acting on behalf of Pattaya Gay Festival, received 25,500 baht from the evening’s event. ICON has hosted The Mr. Pattaya Gay Festival in the past and was due to do so again this year. The ICON management have promised that something will be worked out for them to host the event “somewhere” again this year.

Brian, Boxer Travels, was thanked in absentia for all that he has done to promote the ICONS through his website. Allan was also thanked as a freelance writer and contributor to various publications and supporter of the Showbar concept.

The show continued into the finale and then the ICONS performed one more number, this time as the PHAROAHS, which is to be their new persona as they move to Phuket. After such a long and successful development with the ICON group it is sad that Khun New will not be moving down with the group.

Aquarian Developments wish to develop a dining and show concept and, as this is the direction the ICON Showbar is going, the Davids explained that it seemed reasonable to join forces with them in their Sphinx complex and change the name of the group to the PHAROAHS. Unhappily it leaves Pattaya devoid of a certain style of entertainment that many, young, old, male and female, had come to enjoy.

The final show was, thankfully, a happy event and neither a morbid nor torrid affair. One hopes that it is because the people there represented, in the main, ICON supporters and those who wish the group well no matter where they are or what they call themselves. They are a great group of guys and gals doing what they like doing for the enjoyment of those watching them. We hope this will continue to be the case in Phuket and I for one will try and be there on opening night, which we will publicise as soon as we know it.
The Tarntawan Place Hotel is the gay-friendly hotel in Bangkok. The rooms are comfortable, nicely furnished and bright. Our friendly staff pay attention to every detail to make your stay a real experience.

A Moana Hotels & Resorts Property
119/5-10 Surawong Road, Bangrak, Bangkok 10500
Tel: 66-2-238 26 20; Fax: 66-2-238 32 28
tarntawan@tarntawan.com www.tarntawan.com

Duangthaweew Plaza, 894/7-8, Soi Pratoochai, Surawong Road, Bangkok 10500, Tel: 66-2-637 00 78
E-Mail: dickscafe@dickscafe.com, Website: http://www.dickscafe.com
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