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THAI GUYS

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in Silom branch of Bangkok Bank
Thai Guys is published every five weeks and distributed in most major gay venues in Thailand.
Deadline for submission of ads February 5, 2004
Next issue will appear February 13, 2004
All models featured in Thai Guys are at least 20 years old.
The inclusion of photos of persons or their mentioning in text is not necessarily an indication of sexual preference or orientation.

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Dear Ms. Connie

Having been a regular visitor to Thailand (mainly Phuket) for the past 20 odd years I must congratulate you Ms. Connie on your advice to “Rocky Mountain High” in #33/2003 re falling in love with Thai boys. I know, being a regular reader of Thai Guys both through the magazine and on the Net, that a lot of the time the advice you give is given “tongue in cheek”. Though, through many personal experiences I know you are spot on. Unfortunately, as happened in Bali when the Javanese “invaded” it, Phuket has become inundated with “rent boys” from outlying areas and Laos etc. and the days of making real, lasting romances and friendships are fast diminishing.

Even someone with my experience still falls under the Thai boy spell and manages to get ripped off regularly, whereas 15-20 years ago my first Thai boyfriend, who pioneered a lot of the nitelife in Patong but unfortunately had to leave Phuket in a hurry, introduced me into his family and extended family and I had a great time with them and honesty reigned supreme. Oh how times have changed, I help out many boys, sending money to them from Australia when they ask me, and this is not just

for sexual favors, and no sooner do I get to Phuket and they are robbing me in one way or another.

Thanks again for the article. I wish it would sink into my brain, and thanks for Thai Guys. It allows me to “be” in Thailand even when I’m not physically there.

Regards,

Tooktaa

Dearest Tooktaa,

Thank you for your words of praise regarding Ms. Connie’s efforts to bring Mr. Rocky Mountain High down out of the ozone and try to get the poor thing back to Thai terra firma. Ms. Connie always has an eye to the postcard, er, posterity, and tries to couch her advice in terms as universally a propos as possible to her gentle but gullible readers. Ms. Connie does take issue with one comment in your letter; that her advice is “tongue in cheek”. Ms. Connie may have something in her cheek but it is seldom her longie.

Yes, Mr. Rocky was a bit high on his Lek but count your bottom Euro, there are thousands of the drooling elderly where he came from, thinking this is their grand love for once, that one true lover, when it’s nothing more than another mark on the boy’s sexual holster. And some of these poor things, get so worked up when the inevitable awakening dawns, they overdose on pills, vomit over a roomful of flowers and pay megabucks to have their silk bedspreads cleaned, not to speak of the fee for getting their stomachs pumped at Bumrungrad.

E-mail and Yahoo have added enormously to the communication abilities of so many of us. And some of the most fortunate beneficiaries of e-mail are here in Thailand. Young men who had to wait endless weeks for snail mail letters with money orders and certified cheques that just never seemed to arrive on time to pay off gambling debts or their wives’ bridework, can now communicate instantaneously to expectant lovers in the Outer Hebrides, asking for a bit of a top up by direct transfer to their account, before the much-anticipated visit in December. Some ever-creative darlings can now compose one generic love missive and copy it to waiting gentlemen around the globe with only a touch of that magic Send button. Ms. Connie once surprised one of her chosen as he was hunkered down in an Internet Café, trying to fathom the text that had popped up in reply to his e-mail. Ms. Connie did not immediately indicate her presence, sly old bitch that she is, and boyfriend was so intent on trying to decipher the message, that his peripheral vision did not kick in. Peeking over his muscular shoulder, Ms. Connie had ample opportunity to read the wee letter from “Brad” and take salient mental notes to determine the address of her hunky beauty who, up to that point had never betrayed his prowess with e-mail. With skillful manipulations using her well-honed hacker skills, Ms. Connie found wended her way into his amply filled inbox. The country swain who had declared undying love for her and total fidelity, had about ninety men in his address book, salivating online around the globe. From Iceland to Namibia they were sending him kroner and wooden nickels to keep him “in university”. After getting the goods on her darling, Ms. Connie decided that the best policy was to stay mum, until the knowledge could be put to its best use. When certain money requests were made, Ms. Connie feigned a sudden attack of deafness coupled with the runs, coughing off in her cha cha heels to a quick exit. On nights of romantic bliss, a honey colored moon hovering over the wavelets of Jomtien, as her lacquered nails tweedled the sweet thing’s ear lobe Ms. Connie would ask, battling her enormous violet eyes in total innocence, “Where did the new Armani designer shirt come from “Dinkum boobies?”

But even Ms. Connie has her scruples and anyway, it doesn’t matter how hunky or hung a guy is, after a while even that game loses its allure. Let’s face it, there

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Is a solid livelihood in Thailand for foreigners possible? See page 17.
The Road ahead

It was a good year by all accounts. Equities worldwide went up 30 percent. In Asia they rose even 40 and in Thailand a fantastic 100 percent. After three disastrous years it was a welcome relief. The more conservative you were this year the less you earned. Investors in government bonds, for instance, barely made any money. The dollar lost about 16 percent of its value against the euro, which means that a large part of overseas gains for European-based investors was eaten up by currency losses. So how do we continue from here?

Most pundits expect the good times to roll on a bit longer, well into spring 2009. The reasons: Extremely low interest rates and strong fiscal stimuli in most big countries. Nothing wrong with that. However, rare indeed are the occasions when forecasts and reality match. More often there are unexpected turns and sudden events derailling seemingly well-plotted courses. My suggestions for equities are: Take some accumulated profits off the table during the next few weeks. Sell a large portion of your shares which have risen much higher than the market averages (e.g. semiconductors, internet stocks etc.) and whose current valuations bear no reasonable connection to value gauges such as P/E’s, book values and sales multiples. Rotate some money into resource-based and energy stocks (Royal Dutch, Conoco Phillips, Anadarko, Rio Tinto etc.) and high-quality, dividend paying companies Johnson&Johnson, Procter&Gamble, Kimberly Clark etc.). Keep some money in cash to be ready for unexpected events which will lead to sudden drops in individual shares or whole markets.

I don’t know what those events will be, they could be horrible terrorist attacks, outbreaks of diseases, a sudden collapse in the dollar or any other of a multitude of possible events. Keep investing in emerging markets, especially in Asia, but be very aware of the high volatility and risky nature of those markets. In fact, you can let the volatility work for you by entering some of those markets only after one of their severe and regular setbacks (say, after a drop of 20 percent from recent highs). To play the China card, forget the opaque and overpriced Shanghai and Shenzen markets and buy instead some Hong Kong-listed blue chips with a strong China focus. China is definitely the story of the century and must be taken advantage of, but it carries huge risks. I could very well imagine that the Taiwan problem gets out of hand. The chances for that happening are low but definitely not zero.

With regard to the risks of a further slide in the dollar you can hedge by holding euro denominated assets, borrowing dollars against some of your dollar holdings and investing in asset classes which traditionally rise when the dollar fails, e.g. precious metals. Despite the risk of a further fall in the dollar I like exposure to quality US multinationals, not only energy stocks but also exporters who benefit from a weaker dollar.

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MAN!

When Wasing's hand touched mine, my balls pumped testosterone into my brain, and my cock felt ready for action, but whom I wanted was Man:

"Till God will reckon us Of love, the token is the heart of the slave."

In case I would change my mind. Wasing wrote his name and address on clean, careful capitals on half a torn-out notebook page, and his e-mail address:

DESSERTSTUD87@HOTMAIL.COM

At night, I sat in what you could call the 'lobby' of the Udaip Guest House. A space the size of a bazaar shop, open to the alley, furnished with the manager's desk, two wire chairs, a TV fixed to the wall, a shelf weighed down with dusty phone directories. Above the manager's head hung a picture of, I guess, the owner's late father, decorated with a string of withering champak flowers. Everything was cheap, dirty, ugly. The wire chairs were too small to be comfortable for a man of my size. The TV showed a young actress bubbling over with excitement that despite her father and his five brothers all being movie moguls and studio bosses, and her mother's father owning the country's biggest private TV station, she had found her niche in Bollywood. Playing the beautiful, spoilt princess, who out of love and respect for the Maharajah, her grandfather, rather than giving in to her egoist, wayward, illicit love for a sexy, young, successful architect of Indian origin living in a Malibu beach house, marries the billionaire politician's son her generous grandaddy selected for her.

Every word the actress said made me hate her more. If at least her latest film were a flop, but no. It was a blockbuster. I tried to read the Illustrated Weekly but couldn't focus. It was ten p.m. and still hot. The air was laced with countless cooking curries, the smoke of landooi stoves, the fumes of two-stroke and diesel engines, and the fragrance of burning incense and open drains.

Whether with luck, Man and One Ruffian had escaped the 'mother-pimping, sister-fucking' BSF, or without had got shot; Man had not made it to Khwaja Sharif's Holy Tomb. I had come for exotic sex and had had little sex and more than my fill of dangerous adventures. Now I would go home to tell my tale, lick my wounds, dream of Man, and masturbate.

While my heart tried to come to terms with having lost Man, my eyes scanned the young men passing in the alley: Blackmaned, dark-eyed, slim young men like Wasing, but none had Man's spark Man's eyes were live coals, his nose the beak of a hawk, his lips went from lascivious smile to knife-edge thin disgust in one tenth of a second, his hands... I missed his hands
more than himself. Why had our destiny to be so cruel? To keep from crying, I stared at the rising noon over the alley.

The manager told me, "Sir, your feet, please!" I pulled my legs under my wire chair and let a couple enter the 'lobby'. The husband wore brownish too tight pants, an equally tight yellowish polycotton shirt, cheap dirty shoes. His coarse, greasy brown head crowned coarse, greasy black hair, he looked like One Ruffian spruced up as a hardware wholesales rep. Whatever was his business with the manager, the husband didn't care much for it. Instead, he questioned the manager about the White, i.e. me. The husband's affected nasal voice and the high thin voice of the manager I don't remember which one disgusted me more.

The wife wore a burqa, which covered her from head to large dusty feet and toes. Her husband didn't ask her a thing, and she didn't say a word. He let her stand where she was, and sat down next to me on the second wire chair.

"Hailing from?"

I felt like saying 'Galactica', but what if he turned out to work for the CBP? I named my country.

"Married?"

"No."

"Male progeny?"

"None."

After an exposition of the economic benefits of marital intercourse, and marriage at puberty - "the course of nature" - the husband forced me to listen to what family planning system he recommended for the subcontinent: Pulling out in time. In my heart, I wished his father had pulled out in time!

"Need a woman?"

I needed Man, 'No!'

"A number one beauty?"

What woman could compare to Man? 'No!'

"Beer?"

I hate the taste of beer, its piss color and vomit smell, 'No!'

He ordered two bottles of beer, charging them to my account. The realization that I would never see Man again, had robbed me of the willpower to contradict a pimp.

"Oral, did you?"

From the back holding gesture of his left hand and the roll of air his right gripped in front of his crotch, I conjectured that he had perused the popular paperback 'Sexual Perversion Explained'.

"Anal, did you?"

During my second bottle, I began to consider the fellow's insolence a benevolent joke. He used my half-drunk forbearance to oblige me with a full account of his infertile sexual life, as repetitive as the travel log of a metropolitan bus driver...

"Animal, did you?"

After the third bottle...

"Boy, did you?"

... rather than follow my new friend unbelievable - but who cares? - twelve inches deep into all the holes he had come into, the numerous brothels he had visited, sparing me disgusting detail... I agreed to buy his whatever for...

"Eight hundred, special price!"

"Hundred and fifty!"

"Five hundred, seasonal discount!"

"Two hundred!"

"Three hundred, last offer!"

... thirty dollars, take her up to the room and enjoy with her.

I was drunk.

My room was a small double room and as soon as I closed the door, her patchouli smell caused me nausea. I expected her to remove her burqa, but she told me rudely, "Wash!"

To escape her perfume, I retired willingly into the two square meter shower-cum-toilet. I knew that she would use my absence to go through my belongings, but what was there to steal? I owned the clothes I wore. Imagining maliciously her dismay at finding nothing worth stealing, I showered leisurely. When five minutes later, I emerged from the bathroom with a bathing towel around my hips, looking forward to and ready for a blowjob, she was still wearing the burqa.

"Should we take bath too?" Her high, whining voice betrayed the mountain girl.

"Yes please!"

She vanished into the shower I lay down and began hands-on to think about sex. I guessed her to be a bony country maid. The burqa wasn't there to protect her beauty and innocence; it was a wrapper to hide the hideous whore until the money had changed hands. Why had I got myself lured into this stupid deal? I could have fucked Wasin!

When after fifteen minutes she hadn't finished her ablutions, I suspected foul play.

I knocked at the thin plywood bathroom door, "All ok?"

No answer. I knocked more forcefully. No answer. I tried the door. It wasn't locked. Though she was a whore and I paid for her, I felt shy to enter. I opened the door an inch. The light was switched off and her burqa was hanging from a nail.

Should I call the pimp? Was it right to check myself what had happened to her? What if she had swooned? Or given birth, or died? Like a man who after a sumptuous dinner sits in front of his empty plate, while he cleans his teeth with a toothpick, abruptly understands that the black dots on his last dish were not sesame seeds but mouse shit, the repulsive nature of what I was about to do hit me: Fuck a hairy, slimy, smelly cunt!

I opened the door another inch. Suddenly, strong hands pulled me into the dark, damp space. Wet fleshy lips kissed mine frantically; a large lascivious tongue wedged itself into my mouth. Had I fallen into the hands of a man-eating nympho? Disgusted, I kept my hands away from the horrible being. Couldn't she suck me without touching me?

Against my lower belly, I felt the thrust of a massive rod. I grabbed it and knew MAN!
Seven levels of pure vice

By Suzy Size

Ever heard of X2 Sauna? I hadn’t either. I was just coming out that Soi where Tawan Bar in Bangkok is located - yeah the one with all those muscle men. No comments please and turning right into Suriwong Road. My thoughts where about my mother who had just called me on my Mobile announcing that she was to visit me in my house in Bangkok for a full six months! I love mother-don’t we all girls? and I like her coming for a short visit once a year or so, but oh boy! I also like to wave her goodbye, if you know what I mean! Especially after 180 days. And 180 nights, I might add. Mother is a bit over-protective and I have so far failed to explain to her why I am still single at 55 years of age.

I walked on, but not for long. Looked over my shoulder as he was looking back and then he turned into that same Soi Tawan. Normally at 3 pm I am busy with things other than the satisfaction pure lust, with which I was now consumed, but the vision of Mummy dearest arriving next morning (I had to pick her up at the airport at 6 am) made me change my usual pattern. I turned around and followed this Mona Lisa male but, when I reached Tawan, he had vanished. Must have turned into the next right, I thought, and hastened in that direction. Hurrah, I guessed right-he was close to that relatively new building on the left, just after Golden Cock which is still here after all those years of devotion to “special” services of all kinds.

Now the Mona Lisa male (as I was now thinking of him) enters that building, not without turning his head to check if I was following. Boy, did I rush down that soi. The elevator was busy and my angel had vanished into it, probably heading for heaven. Aha! It stopped at the sixth floor I could not fail to notice. When it finally came back which seemed like an eternity to me and my palpitating heart-I got in and pushed the button for the sixth floor. Slowly, slowly we crept from floor to floor... I opened the door and, lo and behold, I found myself in the foyer of X2 Sauna.

Suddenly near Patpong I saw an angel in a red T-shirt and rather shiny black pants coming in my direction, he passed me with one of those mysterious smiles. I

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Continued from page 12.

a treasure island to be found here? For two and a half months I had passed the place almost daily with not the slightest clue that heaven was that close and easily accessible via a comfortable elevator (my knees trouble me once in a while). No sight of the angel yet though, he’d probably taken one of the lockers for 150 Baht and was, if not undressed, undressing I surmised. I asked for a locker from the friendly and obviously gay staff who were all eyeing me invitingly. Had a quick look at the massage boys with their well trained bodies. Looked for a trace of my angel at the bar where they offered me free drinks (whisky) and free food—yes, all inclusive in that small locker fee, but no luck.

I threw my clothes in the locker in short order and rushed upstairs where a well planted, spacious terrace is located, but still no trace of my Amorn, Lek, Gay, Aek, Adul, Moo or whatever name my still nameless angel might bear. Where could he have gone? Had I missed him for ever? Did he really enter that building? Had he definitely got out on sixth floor? Nagging doubts were troubling me as I retraced my steps to the reception area. Then I noticed that there was not only a stairway up to the Terrace, there was another one leading down to? I followed my instincts and gave it a try. After all, I had nothing to lose since I had lost the most divine of all Thai men already. I checked the sauna, the steam room or rooms rather, the dark area, the video room, the lower level Gym. In vain, alas, all in vain. Seven levels of pure, unadulterated vice, lurely.

Suddenly I noticed (but don’t ask me on which of those seven floors) two spacious rooms with Jacuzzis. The first one empty, to add to my chagrin but the second one had-like an oyster that sometimes conceals a pearl—the ultimate male waiting for me, for me alone! He was waving me in with that unforgettable smile.

I nearly forgot to pick up mummy dearest at the airport next day but remembered in time and did so, to her slight puzzlement, accompanied by my wonderful Gop (who had really taught me swimming in that Jacuzzi the previous afternoon and all night). I have parked her in the Sukhothai Hotel where at first she was not so happy but now that she has a little arrangement with one of those sports instructors at that fine hotel, she looks as rejuvenated as I feel.

Is a solid livelihood in Thailand for foreigners possible? See page 17.
Wysiwyg

a review by Chuck Pringle

Dissatisfied with my current carry-around Thai dictionary and having always been interested in dictionaries of all types and in all languages I know (I have about 30 or so different ones) I was browsing the shelves of Floating Lotus bookstore and came across a palm sized one with the interesting name of WhatYouSeeIsWhatYouSay English - Thai dictionary.

Compulsively I picked it up and started browsing the pages. Naturally I looked for words that interest me or those I'd like to be able to say in Thai and found that a young man is called noom. Interestingly that was found amongst the Ms, which illustrates well the logic of the compilers of which I approve. Page turning naturally (well wouldn't you?) came across masturbate and found that in Thai that is ra bai kwan or kral as well as the good old chak wao (fly a kite) with which I am familiar because of my name.

Appetite wetted I looked for oral sex and found that it is euphemistically called chai bak ... have I got you going yet? Of course I did, and found that sodomy or buggery is not included ... but anal intercourse is: ruan payt tang ta wan-nak, obviously a subject needing a lengthy description.

By this time the attendant was giving me sideways looks and, being a poon-soong a yoo uan or kon gae uan fat, older person; Gay Thailand’s Leading Website www.dragoncastle.net

If we later got to that stage I would have been able to wat kwan yao or measure the length of it and even, after a gan-nuat (massage) and perhaps even ruam payt (have sex) in one of the interesting ways above described, be able to say "su-jai!" or: "great!, even if his penis (on-ka chat) was, by this time, gom-dham, drooping.

Of course the dictionary is not solely devoted to this subject, it is only my perverse mind that led me down that particular path-and it has definitely become my new carry-around one as it has proved useful in numerous ways in and diverse situations. The "funny marks", as they describe them, in the Thai translocation are well illustrated and allow you to pronounce the Thai words and tones correctly-well, nearly so- and usefully, pronunciation guides are repeated in little boxes every few pages, so you do not have to scrawble around looking for the correct section. (Please buy the book to be able to pronounce the Thai transcriptions I have used correctly as I have not attempted to add the "funny marks" that will permit you to do so.)

Often puzzling to those learning Thai or trying to do so are the NDPs (Numerical Designatory Particles) as the Thai way of counting nouns is very different-and this is the only book where I have found them clearly described.

This very useful little dictionary is written and compiled by E.G. Allyn with Samorn Chaiyana as the Thai language editor and Produced by Bua Luang Books and is available at all major book shops. A quick peak at Google revealed that, amongst other accomplishments, Allyn has authored seven editions of The Men of Thailand. A native Buddhist, Eric Allyn has lived in Thailand for over a decade and a half. He co-founded the Thai HIV-prevention organization, Fraternity for AIDS Cessation in Thailand [FACT]. I also learned that Allyn and Samorn Chaiyana have also collaborated on The Bua Lang WhatYouSeeIsWhatYouSay Thai Phrase handbook and, after my experience with the dictionary, I can't wait to go back and buy that (and to see my roop law noon attendant of course). The rawy-im I got on leaving the shop last time was definitely inviting . . . or am I just a silly old dho? (and you guess what that means). If we're lucky, I may even get to review it in the next Thai Guys.
I love Chiang Mai

I had always taken my holidays in Thailand in Pattaya or Bangkok, or both—having limited time for simply site-seeing and wanting to take full and camal advantage of the gorgeous youths available in both those places. However, I was persuaded by a friend to visit him at his home in the mountains north of Chiang Mai and, before spending a day or two with him, I decided to stay in town and "test the water" as it were.

How glad I am that I did. I left the steamy heat and polluted air of Bangkok and not much more than an hour later I was driving in uncongested traffic and comparatively cool, dry air to my hotel not far from the city wall in Chiang Mai. Lotus Hotel is unpretentiously gay and nicely decorated and you're made welcome there, and also given advice on the scene.

The scene starts just opposite with Adams Apple Club, one of the first gay bars in Chiang Mai and one which rivals the attractions of any in Bangkok or Pattaya. The show is amusing and the boys are fresh and sweet and very, very friendly. It did not take me long to make my choice and retire across the road to my hotel to enjoy a night of unbridled and quite innovative pleasure.

A long morning lie-in rewarded my exertions of the previous night and I decided that a little walk in the town followed by a lazy afternoon by a pool was in order. I was fascinated by the atmosphere of the town, which seemed to retain some of its old world charm and architecture, even apart from the ruins of its magnificent wall and moat, and this was reflected in the graciousness of the almost invariably good-looking people. One could not help but smile at the beauty of the boys and the smiles were returned seemingly sincerely, though I didn't dare to test this. I repaired to the House of Male where at least I knew that the lads around the pool would know what to expect from me, and found them present in equal number, beauty and friendliness. After a very satisfying massage from a husky number who definitely knew what he was about, I was ready for a nap and meal before another night on the town.

Deciding to be a bit more adventurous and being already quite relaxed from my two exhausting encounters in the last 18 hours, I took a tuk tuk to the centre of town, the famed Tapae Gate in a restored section of the old wall, and walked from there. My first stop was at what turned out to be a delightfully authentic Italian restaurant in a side street of Tapae Road and, with a full stomach I strolled down Tapae Road and soon found myself in the famous night market. A fascinating experience . . . and made more so by a little open bar I found there. Cruise Bar yielded another happy lad keen to minister to my every need and I gave him every opportunity to do so over the next 6 or 7 hours and once again when we woke. Chiang Mai was turning out to be full of new experiences without the usual little hassles one gets used to elsewhere but a bit fatiguing, I must admit.

I explored some of the craft centres and shops the next day, full of wonderful and...
tempting artefacts, steering well clear of other temptations in order to build up my strength. Another thing that pleased me about Chiang Mai was the no hassle tuk tuk tuk tuk. Having carefully enquired of the price of the fare to various places of the hotels and clubs I visited, I was amazed to find that, invariably the drivers asked just that. No anguish, no haggling, on the pavement and surly acceptance of an inflated fare as one gets from the baht buses in Pattaya and tuk tuk in Bangkok.

The days of my visit were growing shorter so I decided to try a little bar hopping, and found that was quite possible in the area near my hotel and in succession I visited Circle, Fan club, Doi Boy and Simon Cabaret and others, having fun and attention in each with no too large outlay of cash. In fact I took a boy from one of them, I forget which now, with me on my tour, partly for protection against too much attention (who am I to complain?) and partly to snuggle up to as in the chill evening air of Chiang Mai I needed a warm little body to keep me cozy. What a pleasant difference from the steamy nights in Pattaya and Bangkok. In spite of his “protection”, I still ended up with another one and the three of us squeezed into a tuk tuk and made our, slightly tipsy way to the hotel where the two boys and I made patterns in time that will remain with me for ever. How affectionate and accommodating these northern boys are, and so pretty!

It was difficult to drag myself away to drive up to the mountain eyrie of my friend, but I’m glad I did as it gave me another perspective on Thailand, the beautiful verdant mountains and the gracious country people of the North. So pleasant too, not to need an air-conditioner to make it fun to snuggle with the two boys in the large bed my friend provided (yes, I took the last two acrobats with me), and to wake to chill temperatures and watch the mist roll off the mountains guarding the valley we overlooked.

Sorry Pattaya and Bangkok or the lads thereof, I fear I will not be seeing so much of you in the future, there’s too much here I haven’t yet seen or tried and . . .

I just love Chiang Mai.

I hate Chiang Mai

Why all this glowing praise for Chiang Mai? It is just a dull provincial town in the north of Thailand full of brash young, co-ed, hetero back-packer and too few places for a respectable gay cruirse to go. Not only is it dull it is far from the sea! Holidays, from my youth (a long time ago I’ll admit) have always meant the seaside and without the sound of the surf, however mild, and the smell of sea home ozone, a holiday is just not a holiday. More importantly, where, without a beach, can you see the display of bronze and tan bodies with well defined pecs, washboard stomachs and tight buns that offer themselves for the visual (and more) delectation of the licker lipsing elderly gentlemen (like myself) who throng to Pattaya’s beach, for example.

And the clubs! What few there are should really send a delegation to Pattaya or Bangkok to find out how to run them and make them interesting. There is a display of sorts at Adam, but it is a bit old hat and the boys (if you can call them that) are unexciting and limited in numbers. As for the karaoke bar, avoid it all costs, filled with out-of-tune has-beens who think that they can emulate Bird. Some might admire the soft rounded bodies and white-skinned northern look but give me the plough-share cheek bones, broad shouldered, slim-hipped north-easterners, or at least the chiseled features and developed bodies of the canny city boys of Bangkok or Pattaya. Other once-famous spots seem to be filled with the same people I met there when I first visited 15 years ago . . . still believing that their new lined faces and pot bellies will be exciting to one.

Everywhere you walk you are faced with girls bars filled with young and old haridans vying for your interest (I usually ask, “Have you got a younger brother?” to put them off and it sometimes works—but not always. Why do women always think they can change your orientation if they try?). You are jostled by British and Continental back-packers, some of younger ones are quite attractive I’ll admit, but all with their sweaty heifer in tow. There is nowhere at all that you can sit and watch a conglomeration of mostly gay or at least willing-to-play young males walk casually by and exchange a smile or a come-hither wink with one of them as there are in Bangkok and Pattaya. If you do try it they sometimes smile back hesitantly but the look on their face says, “What is that funny old man grinning at me for?” Clueless is the word. The one exception is the Cruise Bar in the over-rated and nick-nackery night market (if you can find it) that is quite a pleasant place to have a jar or two and meet an interesting youth—but even there most of the passers-by are straight.

To get to the gay venues you have to take a tuk tuk from your hotel (unless you have chosen to stay in the Lotus hotel (which is actually not bad I have to admit) and few of them are in easy walking distance. Once in one you are more or less stuck, as it is not easy to bar hop in Chiang Mai, or even to find bars to hop to. If you can find something other than a milk faced loon who attracts you, you then have to drag him, seemingly reluctantly, back to your hotel and pay the higher bar-fines to do so, not to mention over-paying him for the usually untutored reaction to your amorous approaches. The places which offer massage (other than House of Male) are so sleazy as to put you off before you even get to a room, if you can find a boy you would like handling your body, which is unlikely.

Whilst you can usually get a reasonable Thai meal if you like Northern food (I don’t), to find a reasonable restaurant with good French, Italian or Indian food at reasonable prices is difficult. Those few that do exist are, due to Lonely Planet, usually crowded with the same ubiquitous, hetero back-packers. Three are many that advertise their ethnic origin, but the food is barely edible.

No, for good holiday with sunny beaches in easy reach and a plenitude of attractive youths and bars and restaurants to see them in, give me Pattaya or even Bangkok (not far from the beach after all). At least you are not skinned just to look if you can find something worth looking at and you do not have to wrap up in a wooly jumper at night!

I hate Chiang Mai
Macho Maze In Manila

Pierre Tourneuf, November 30, 2003

Maybe the Philippines invented ‘macho dancing.’ Macho dancers rotate their hips sensuously, the stomach undulating. You never see the equivalent in Thai bars.

Director Lino Brocka filmed “Macho Dancer” in 1989, only to have the film banned in the Philippines. Six years later Mol Chionglo filmed “Midnight Dancers.” Macho dancing continues in a number of bars in Manila.

Gay bars pay the police. Two bars said the police came every night to collect money. There are periodic raids and closures. Big Papas reopened in 2003 after a closure for over a year.

Bars typically charge an entry fee after “happy hour,” which is usually 8 until 10. They close at 4 a.m. and are not open on Sundays. Usually there is no full nudity. Sometimes there is a cabaret show. The dancers are usually not “buff” by western standards. A bit of healthy fat is apparently valued by locals, though some dancers are plain skinny. Heavy-duty tall black leather boots, with buckles and studs, are the fashion accessory of choice used by all macho dancers.

Manila is huge. The Philippines is the most urbanized country in Southeast Asia. Metro Manila includes a dozen cities. In November, 2003, two of us non-Pinoys went on a journey through the maze of Metro Manila to five bars, with a local dancer acting as guide.

WHITE BIRD DISCO THEATRE AND KTV [KTV means karaoke], 715 Boulevard Galleria, just off the main waterfront free-way called Roxas Boulevard in Parañaque City, close to the popular Baclaran market, south of Malate.

On weeknights around 40 boys are dancers at White Bird. Around 50 are there on Friday and Saturday. This is the top bar in the city, and the dancers have good bodies. Dancers are rated A, B and C, and White Bird has only A boys. Each, in turn, does a solo macho dance. The bar pays the dancer 500 Pesos per dance. Dancers can expect to dance three times in an evening.

Customers pay 85 pesos for a drink. But when they buy a drink for a dancer, the price is 360 pesos. From that, the dancer gets 100 pesos. Bars make their money on entrance fees and drinks and food, and dancers will ask for drinks and snacks.

White Bird is not an ‘off’ bar. There is no ‘bar fine.’ Dancers said that if the management sees dancers going with customers, they will lose their jobs. There are VIP rooms that cost 2,500 or 3,500, but they are for karaoke, not sex. The VIP rooms get little business - used about every second night. Any arrangements for sex involves a deal with the dancer to meet the customer after 4 a.m. at his hotel, or perhaps the next afternoon. Some dancers are not interested in meeting customers outside the bar. Perhaps they are only interested in the female customers, who were there enjoying the show.

Continued in page 29.
Father Richard R. Mickley was quietly in the background at the November International Lesbian and Gay Association world conference in Manila. When he introduced himself he mentioned that his group had performed hundreds of same-sex weddings in the Philippines over the years. That prompted a round of applause, though non-Philippines would not have known who he was.

Father Mickley was ordained as a Catholic priest in the United States. He came out as gay and joined the largely gay and lesbian Metropolitan Community Church. This must have had its problems for him, for MCC has evangelical origins. Father Mickley became a missionary for MCC, stationed in New Zealand and later in the Philippines.

In 1994, the first pride parade was held in the Philippines, marking the 25th anniversary of the Stonewall riots. The idea came from Father Mickley and the event was sponsored by MCC and ProGay, the early leftist gay organization established in 1993. Father Mickley held a pride worship service, as part of the parade events. The second march was held two years later, now sponsored by fifteen local organizations including MCC. Oscar de ProGay gives Father Mickley 10% of the credit for GLBT developments in the country.

Mickley retired from MCC and established the Order of St. Aelred as a “catholic ecumenical” body that remains faithful to the historic Christian teachings and the seven traditional sacraments. But it is “ecumenical,” welcoming men and women from various backgrounds and differing Christian beliefs.

The Order maintains a Gay Men’s Support Group and a Same-Sex Couple’s Growth Group. It has a gay and lesbian counseling hotline. It has a Center for the Study of Spirituality and Sexuality, which is working to develop the most comprehensive research library in Asia. The Order provides seminary studies leading to ordination into the priesthood for both men and women.

Father Mickley performs ceremonies of “Holy Union.” The Order does not call the ceremonies “Holy Matrimony” because they are not recognized under Philippine law. Nevertheless, Holy Union is described as “a sacrament like Holy Baptism or Holy Communion.”

The Order of St. Aelred is named in honor of a Catholic Saint, who, Father Mickley says, was gay. It seems to be involved in everything that is going on publicly in the Philippines. Father Mickley was actively involved in the now-defunct publication ManilaOut, contributing articles and promoting the magazine. The Order is a member of LACABLAB, the coalition of GLBT organizations formed to lobby the Philippine Congress. It was a member of the organizing group for the ILGA world conference. He has often been on television in a country where very few activists are that “out.” In the Catholic Catholic Christian Philippines, he is wonderfully legitimate and illegitimate at the same time.

For more information, see the website www.geocities.com/staelredmonasterymanila.
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Grand opening of X2 Sauna Bangkok
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Pattaya is blooming and property booming!

Prices are going up!

An article in the Bangkok Post states properties are expected to appreciate 20% this year!

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Top Condo in Jomtien Beach
This top condo is located in the best building located on Jomtien beach with stunning view from the balconies and has 3 tennis courts and 2 pools in the complex. This unique corner unit has been tastefully renovated to the highest standards. While in the Jacuzzi you have a bit of a seaview. A rare opportunity for someone who can make up their minds when they see something special. All this for 10,780,000 Baht.

Jomtien Studio with Seaview
This beautifully furnished studio has everything you need including a nice view over Jomtien beach. It can be combined with the studio next door and you can make a 1 bedroom unit if you desire more space. The building has 24 hour security, a large swimming pool, mini bars, restaurants and laundry services. Just 200 meters from Jomtien gay beach and a few minutes with a bath bus to Pattaya City. Ready to move in. All this for 999,000 Baht.

Beautiful home between Pattaya & Jomtien
This home has been recently renovated with a new European kitchen with Italian marble from Kitchen Studio and sliding doors & metal canopy over patio. This is in a small village with 24 hour security and nice pool. It also has a nice front garden, 2 phone lines and cable TV. The price includes all the furniture except some personal items, a computer and a painting. All this for 4.5 Million Baht.

Nice condo with Seaview
This 64 sqm high floor fully furnished designer unit is in a great location in Jomtien Beach. There are fabulous views of the sea, coastline and out to the islands in front of you. The complex has a laundry, mini supermarket and is close to many restaurants, shops, entertainment venues and the beach. Bus stop is at your front gate. Lots of parking and a new large swimming pool with 24 hour security throughout the complex. A great location in the heart of the Jomtien Beach area. All this for 2,750,000 Baht.

Corner Unit at Jomtien Beach
This condo is in a desirable location in Jomtien Beach. It has a high percentage of gay residents located right on the gay beach with 24 hour security. It has a snack bar, mini supermarket and 3 tennis courts. The unit has just renovated large swimming pool and clubhouse area. The unit comes fully furnished and has two balconies and 3 air conditioners and one extra room for storage. All this for 3.5 Million Baht.

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Exciting Bedroom Design and Exotic Thai Silk Bed Covers

Excite your overnight guest!
“From The Balcony Chalkboard”

Is that a toothpick in your pocket or are you just pleased to see me - Mae West

I tried phone sex once and needed a surgical operation to remove my Nokia

Ignorant - Someone who is stupid and an arsehole.

The last time he had sex, he sprained his wrist

I’m more tongue-in-cheek than a lesbian orgy.

If it weren’t for you I’d enjoy our sex life

The Venus de Milo gives better hand jobs than you

Anyone seen my copy of ‘Bestiality Today’

The Samaritans told me to piss off

my friend thinks your hot, but I have no idea why

He’s like flu in winter - easy to pick up

Dress on credit and undresses for cash

They’ll send you to the grave in a V-shaped coffin.

A penny for your thoughts, and $20 to get it out

It’s a French 3:24, or is your mouth full of sperm?

Your idea of safe sex is a padded headboard

A penny for your thoughts, and $20 to get it out

Cement that gets hard faster than you

Kissed more times than the Blarney Stone

I don’t cheat - unless it’s my right hand with my left.

You’re quite cute. What can I borrow $20

His last boyfriend got a panacea

I’d love to fuck your brains out, but apparently someone already has.

Your idea of fidelity is not having more than one man in bed at the same time

Wow! That looks like a penis - only smaller

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Show starts 11:00 pm

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European equities are up 20 percent for the year, in Germany even 26 percent. I doubt whether they can go up like that next year. Nevertheless there are some promising picks: laggards like the big telecoms and well-run, competent organizations in the chemical and pharmaceutical sector.

Finally, on bonds: I still don't see much value in them as I expect interest rates to go up in the latter part of next year and beyond. Keep exposure to the short end of the spectrum.

Wishing you all a successful 2004 and, most importantly, good health.

E-Mail: Dr.Stocks@thai Boys.org

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**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 5:00 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 2 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 or in their newly opened venue in Pattaya.

**Tarrawan Place Hotel (31)**
Tarrawan 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 Tarrawan Place Hotel 02-238-3227 ) and chat about their travel plans.

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

**Cutey & Beauty HairSalon (46)**
Thaniya Plaza 3rd Floor (between Silom Soi 2 and 4). Extremely friendly and able. We have just introduced a new LOYALTY program, for every 200 bath spent you will have a stamp put on your card. The more stamps you have the more freebies you get. And now we offer Body waxing in the salon, Eyelash and Eye brows color. And every Monday to Friday REFRESHERS packages are available at a 10% discount. This packages are perfect for any one just arrived and need to relax for a couple of hours.

**XTreme Bar (23)**
Would you believe it? This unique bar with its famous shows (and go-go) has been here for two years already! Located in Soi Duangtawe (yes, where Boys of Bangkok, Blue Star and Dick's Café are), Shows daily at 10:00, 11:00 and 12:00. Just reopened.

**Starry (51)**
This beauty salon has been greatly enlarged and improved. Upstairs they opened a body and foot massage. Facials are available as well. And the new opening hours range from 9 am till midnight.

**Sphinx Restaurant and Pub (3)**
An elegant and charming restaurant decorated in a unique Egyptian motif. Award-winning Thai and western food and full bar service including a vast array of cocktails. Sphinx is a long-time favourite for visitors and residents alike, famous for its great food and friendly, professional service.

**Pharaoh's Music Bar Karaoke (38)**
Pharaoh's Karaoke is classy and comfortable and features dual karaoke lounges. Great sound and up to date song lists. Food available from Sphinx.
Travel with my lady-boy

by David from “La Cage”

A balmy Thursday evening and the North Eastern bus station in Bangkok is teeming with thousands of people. A 2 hour bus ride from Pattaya (97 baht) has brought us here on our journey to Roi-Ét, eight hours further and another 293 baht.

At 5:30 we arrive at the provincial town of Roi-Ét, thirty kilometres from Tum’s home village. Roi-Ét has the tallest Buddha statue in Thailand (benignly overseeing the whole town ignoring Buddhist practices). We have travelled approximately 600 miles in comfort for a cost of 390 baht each. (Just over 6 Uk Pounds)

Welcome by the Manager and staff we breakfast before going to our room to sleep. The manager informs us that they will not be charging us for the room for that night and if we stay 2 more nights he will give us a further night free. All for 400 baht per night.

Our hotel is a relatively modern building whose dining room is decorated in the style of Louis Farouk. As we breakfast alone 10 staff surround us and the elegant headwaiter wears a shiny black tail suit, obviously made for a much larger person. Each time he turns around quickly I flinch; afraid the sweeping tails will clear the table. The kitchen staff all come out to stare at ladyboy Tum. It never ceases to amaze me that it takes so many staff to totally destroy an American Breakfast.

On arrival at Tum’s home village after a short bus journey, I am greeted in the traditional Thai way by being pinned to the ground while the children go through my pockets. We are here for the annual village festival and rain making ceremony and all around are signs that more farangs (foreigners) with money are expected to arrive. People are carefully removing the new roofs from their houses and hiding them in the jungle with the cattle and designer clothes are being stored away to be replaced by old clothes full of holes.

A chicken is slaughtered for dinner but, ignoring all the wonderful fresh produce and fruit growing in abundance around us, we are all herded into a pick up truck and driven the 10 kilometres to the local Tesco Lotus to stock up on such Thai delicacies as Pringles potato chips, ready prepared foods and an abundance of bottled beer and whisky.

After feasting we head back to the hotel in the village taxi and the driver (Tum’s brother) attempts to overcharge us and short change us.

We decide to dine again there-so once again enter the state banqueting hall. The tall coated head waiter is unexplainably absent but we are given a warm welcome by the dozens of staff who affectionately answer, ‘Ham,’ in response to my greeting. ‘Ah, a new word,’ I think, but then we are in Issan which has a language of its own.

On a stage is a very grand piano at which sits a pianist dressed in the Headwaiter’s black tail suit. My question is answered, they obviously have a suit-sharing arrangement, something not uncommon in a country where I have known someone rent their

Continued in page 51.
Gay Pride parade there might be a Bangladesh contingent. Cury, anyone?

**Title To Ask For At Bookazine:**
“Saltiers Sex: A Cultural History of Masturbation” By Thomas Laqueur. Espoused by both feminists and gay rights activists, masturbation has been called “a model of self-sufficiency, moral autonomy and freedom from the overweening power of patriarchy and heterosexuality.” It’s no wonder then, like one of Woody Allen’s characters, masturbation has always been one of our favorite hobbies.

**Leslie Cheung Spooked By Chiang Mai?**
When gay Cantonese pop-star Leslie Cheung took his own life plunging from Hong Kong’s Mandarin Oriental last April the world was shocked. It was a great loss not only for his Asian fans but also Western gay audiences who knew him for his roles in “Farewell My Concubine” (1993) and “Happy Together” (1997) in which Cheung played one of the gay lovers traveling together in Buenos Aires, a role which brought him to the attention of a wider audience around the world.

In its October 2003 obituary feature on Cheung, US gay magazine OUT reveals that Cheung had a Thailand connection that may have figured as a possible cause for his tragic suicide. While a number of speculative cause theories were circulated, including a possible love triangle involving Cheung’s long-time partner Dafy Tong, OUT suggests “other theories” that “centered on the supernatural,” “One story had it,” reports OUT, “that Cheung had been cursed after buying a house in Thailand’s Chiang Mai; he had returned from a recent holiday there supposedly saying he had encountered something ‘evil’.”

Ghost stories, the magazine continued, loom large for superstitious Chinese, and pointed out that in Cheung’s last film, “Inner Senses”, Cheung’s character is pursued by a childhood ghost that urges him to jump from the roof of a building.

**News**

**Gay Asylum Seekers Welcomed Down Under**
An Australian High Court has recently ruled in favor of two men from Bangladesh who claimed that they were persecuted due to being gay, and that they could not live openly as homosexuals in their own country.

Comment: Being a frequent visitor to Bangladesh and its “Happy Services”, one could dispute that claim, as there are large numbers of Bangladeshi men who practice MSM, although, as is the custom in most South Asian societies, the MSM behavior is generally not openly displayed or flaunted in-your-face as in the West. Australia’s granting of asylum to these men who claim to be persecuted as gays may open up a floodgate of Bengali refugees down under. Perhaps next year at Sydney’s shoes for an evening to allow a friend to cut a dash.

A young girl is on the stage flattening every note the pianist throws at her. There are four other people in the restaurant and soon we realise they are all singers and indeed we are the only customers.

One by one the girls mount the stage and sing until eventually the last one, a large gal with a face like a bulldog takes her place. She addresses us in Thai to tumultuous applause from her friends and Tum explains to me that she is going to sing a famous Thai love song of an abandoned girl. ‘Perhaps he has gone off to work in a go go bar in Pattaya,’ I suggest, to looks of disapproval from Tum.

She puts every part of her body and soul into the performance. The pianist weeps, the waiters and waitresses weep. Tum weeps and even the kitchen staff leave the kitchen to weep. Still no sign of the head waiter but perhaps he is too embarrassed to come out in his underwear. She reaches the highlight of the song when she raises her hand in the air to thrust an imaginary knife into her ample bosom. She is clenching her teeth and her face is full of emotion, the room is hushed as we all prepare for the finale. Not a sound can be heard, no one is breathing as she holds her hand high. Suddenly the sounds of a musical ‘I’m A Yankee Doodle Dandy’ fill the room and the pianist stops playing and answers his mobile phone. ‘Hurro,’ he says in a loud voice and then carries on a 5 minute conversation. ‘His wife ring him,’ Tum explains. ‘She want him take a bottle of gas home when he finish.’

**Continued in page 58.**
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Jungle Boyz
The Bar ...where things hang, and swing free
5/16 Had Patong Rd., Aroonsom Square, Patong Beach,
☎ 076 342927
## Chiang Mai Map Legend

- Lemongrass Boutique Guesthouse 3
- Adam's Apple Club 16
- Amazing Sunduitch 7
- Anupop/Absolute Hair Design 5
- Bo Rai Thai 4
- Bubbles Disco 20
- Circle (The) 8
- Coffee Boy [TIE] 5
- Cruise Bar 21
- Classic House 6
- Darling Wine Pub 1
- Doi Boy PUB 10
- Fan Club 9
- Gemini 17
- House of Male 2
- Lenna Paradise 26
- Lotus Hotel 15
- Man Thai massage 13
- My Way: Two of Us 11
- Relay 14
- Spa Roma 18
- Simon 23
- The Best Club 12

## Chiang Mai Comments

### Classic House (6)
A good place to relax. Have a coffee only at the nice Café. Or go for a coffee and a massage by one of those young professional men, you will not be disappointed.

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

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

### Spa Roma (18)
Luxurious sauna popular with young professionals. The ambiance and tasteful decor of Bangkoks famed Babylon sauna.

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

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Phuket Patong Beach

Map of Phuket Legend

Aquarius 1
Angel 2
Bingo 3
Blue Dolphin Sauna 4
Joan Bar 5
Boom Boom 6
Chicken Bar 7
Club Bamboo 8
Club One Seven B&B Phuket 50
Connect Guesthouse 9
C.J. Tonight 10
Doorman/Unde Charles Boys 11
Fire Island Disco 12
Flying Handbag 13
Fong Kaeo Mansion 14
Golden Boys 15
Heaven 16
ICON Hotel 17
James Bean 18
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Tavern on the Hill 45
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Time Bistro 47
Twilight 48
World Gems 49

Sphinx Restaurant and Pub (34)
The new Sphinx Restaurant and Theatre in Patong is just minutes from the beach and Paradise Complex. The restaurant is elegant and comfortable and features a lovely and lush garden. A well rounded menu offers Thai and western food, full bar service and a wide selection of wines. The theatre features the "Pharaohs, performing their unique mix of Broadway style musical numbers and medleys of popular favorites and oldies.

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.

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.
Conversation over to thunder back to the keys and the maiden one too soon plunges her hand to her breast. As she sinks to the floor to a great ovation, Tum tunes to me and said, 'She kill herself.' 'Pity she didn't do it 5 minutes before the song!' I reply.

After tipping the diva we leave to discover the further delights of the hotel.

Situated 100 metres from the main entrance is an open air karaoke bar. As we leave the hotel, the doorman, knowing of our destination insists on carrying Tum's handbag for him.

We arrive to find that in true Thai tradition the decor is “Art Carlsberg” with thousands of vinyl Carlsberg flags and the many staff wearing Carlsberg T shirts. There is sitting for about 100 people but only 6 customers, a Thai couple with a young, hyperactive child sporting a pink wedding cake party frock and a group of 3 very drunken Japanese men, no doubt on a pre-invasion tour of Thailand sponsored by Carlsberg. The waiter asks me what I would like to drink and I ask for a Carlsberg. ‘I am sorry,’ he says ‘We have none left; the Japanese have drank them all.’

One of the drunken Japanese then decides he is going to sing karaoke and manages to bow to us 26 times as he walks the 5 metres from his table to the stage. After a great discussion with the person in charge he announces that in tribute to me he is going to render for me one of his favourite songs from the musicals. And so we are treated to that wonderful old musical number “Hello Dolly”. He carries on with many more of his favourites and his rendition of Presley’s “Look Around The Crock” was a triumph. Tum and I “crap” enthusiastically at the end of each number. Professing ourselves not worthy of any more of such talent, we say goodnight to everyone and head off to bed to cries of ‘Ham,’ from the boys and girls.

Tomorrow is the parade and the rocket launching to attract the rains.

The rain making festival is only practiced in Issan. Large rockets are made, of bamboo packed with dynamite and launched at the rain clouds to encourage the rain. The Thai Government are attempting to stop this practice due to several near misses on aircraft and the over zealousness of some of the participants in previous years who have blown themselves up in the process.

I awoke early on the day of the parade and Tum went off to the beauty shop to have his make up and wig fixed as he was walking in the parade as a Thai Lady in full traditional costume. Noteworthy, in this small rural town in Issan there is a shop specialising in making up “Lady Boys”. Two hours later he returned and all the Hotel staff left their places of work to closely inspect the finished article. About 26 of them then came up to our room to help complete the transformation, all Hotel services came to a halt. Hopefully no one requested a room service sandwich. Once satisfied, the staff escorted us through the foyer where outside we discovered the Hotel Manager sitting in his car waiting to take us to Tum’s village. He was now their adopted ladyboy.

We arrived at the village to find hundreds of people at Tum’s house awaiting his arrival. Never before had a proper ladyboy graced their parade. ‘Hello Mr David,’ they all called out to me. ‘Ham,’ I called back with my new Issan word to amazed looks on their faces.

At 2pm the parade started. There were very few onlookers as everyone except the too old, the too young, the infirm and the too sensible were walking. A marching band

Continued in page 61.
and large elaborately decorated floats led the way. The floats represented temples and dragons with water and fire spewing from their mouths. These effects were obtained by an army of boys sitting deep within the belly of the beast controlling an assortment of strings and pulleys. Aged matriarchs in red skirts and sagging bosoms filling white blouses attempted to march in military precision led by the mayor's wife at 72 the oldest lady in the region. Children wore frilly party dresses and everyone danced. Fuelled by Thai whisky we progressed.

The route of the parade was through every street in the village, thus bringing good luck and prosperity. Unfortunately the builders of the floats had not taken into account the narrowness of some lanes and, as the leading float turned the corner, the head of the dragon caught in the electric and telephone cables. In an effort to dislodge it, an attempt was made to reverse, thus bringing about the total reversal of the parade and the partial demolition of the nearest house. Boys were despatched into the nearby fields and returned with large bamboo poles with which they attempted to hold up the cables to allow the floats to pass under. Everywhere onlookers waved and called out greetings. I waved in return calling out, 'Ham.'

To walk round every street in Tum's village would normally take about 20 minutes. Four hours later with a trail of destruction behind it, the parade approached the village square in front of the temple. Houses had been demolished, cattle scattered, and the mayor's wife was on her way to hospital in the back of a pick up truck. Tum, due to the careless sweep of the dragon's tail had seen his wig disappear into a nearby field and his high healed ladies shoes had been lost on the way. Fuelled by alcohol, the village men lit the fuses of the rockets and they soared into the sky. To cheers, the heavens opened and the rain poured down. People danced as past disasters were forgotten now that Buddha had signified with the rain that it was to be a good rice season.

We return to Tum's house where he informs me that I am expected to stay and sleep in the village that night and host a party. 'Time to leave,' I think and demand he find transport to the hotel for me.

The Night Reception Manager at the Hotel stares at me with a bemused look on his face and says, 'I am sorry I do not understand.' Looking straight at him and with words sponsored by Carlsberg I repeated the question. 'Do you have a boy I can sleep with tonight?' After careful consideration he apologetically replies 'No.' Neither, he informs me, is there an escort agency in Roi-Elf who can send me a boy but, after a short pause he says, 'You like me?' No I said, you are too old, do you not have a younger brother? His face lights up, 'Yes I have young brother.' Where is young brother? I ask in anticipation. 'He work in Laundry in Bangkok,' he replies, and with that I head back to the bar.

One of the waiters approaches me, 'Where is your lady tonight?' he asks. 'She stay family,' I reply. 'You sleep alone?' he asks. 'Yes,' I reply. 'Not good for falang to sleep alone,' he says. 'Cheers, I totally agree,' I replied.

Tum arrives at the hotel next morning looking as if he has been dragged from one end of the village to the other, which he most likely has. Rain which they had been seeking had forced the cancellation of the open air concert they had planned.

Continued in page 70.
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 beachgoers.

Bruno's (8)

Le Café Royale (3)
Piano Bar and Restaurant opens 7.30 pm daily at Le Café Royal 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.

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, clothewise, strictly!

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. Visit their newly opened Spa where clothing is optional.

Exotix (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.

Dicks Café Jomtien (25)
Bangkok's successful Café has now got a cute little brother in Pattaya, Jomtien area. Just besides Derby's Men Club and opposite Exotix this new venue opened just now. Be the first ones to pay a visit.

Horizon (45)
The former Star Restaurant with the great view on bay and ocean has been taken over by a Swiss chef. New menu and management.

Two Faces (41)
Do not worry, there are many more than only two faces at Two Faces. Nice atmosphere, friendly hosts, fun to go there. Try it on your way to or from Jomtien.

Howards (18)
This new Boutique guest house was just recently opened by a young Thai lad with a lot of charms and good looks. Just try it, you will like it. Located right where the action is, stylish and inexpensive.

The Silk Room (49)
This new venue is specialized in exotic bedroom design and exquisite Thai silk bed covers. The owner, Greg Taylor, is very creative. Located in Jomtien complex, in the soi right behind Dick's Café Jomtien on the right hand side.
JANUARY 29 TO FEBRUARY 1

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- Art exhibition
- Bowling tournament
- Street Party in Paradise complex every night

Friday 30 January 2004
- Fifth Annual Gay Festival Volleyball Tournament
- Gay Phuket Island round trip
- Boat tour to Raya Island

Saturday 31 January 2004
- Gay Day tour to Koh Island
- Beach volleyball tournament
- Sports awards ceremony & street party
- Swim wear contest

Sunday 1 February 2004
- Phuket Gay Parade

Sophon Boys Club Five-in-one Complex

For the aficionados of the Sophon world there will be no need to explain about the recent party held to herald the opening of the enlarged premises in Jomtien Complex. However, for those who missed it, despite the daily visits to the beach by the boys in green, here is a brief comment.

The new premises now have on offer the gym, steam and sauna, massage, and the Night Club Boys a-go-go replacing the Tarzan Bar. Whilst most of the rest of the building remains the same the Night Club is now twice the size and the Snooker table will eventually find another location from where it is on the terrace at the moment.

There is, obviously, still the terrace and bar which was also the venue, along with the Night Club, for the very successful New Year Party. This brought together those who are regular frequenters of the Club and others who have only recently found their way round the corner from the Beach. With food, beautifully and deliciously catered by Dicks Café just around the corner and some very interesting shows brought all the way from Bangkok, the night seemed to flash by.

Prizes kept being given away throughout the night and everyone saw the New Year in the best of spirits. With the new Night Club twice the size of the Tarzan Bar, opening for business at 6pm and with special shows every night on a stage which gives everyone an equally open view of the activity, boys and customers can all benefit.

With the opening of the Night Club Boys a-go-go Jomtien Complex has now entered the Sunee Plaza/Boyztown challenge stakes and with the co-operation that has already been seen it can only be for the betterment of the whole Jomtien Gay Populace.

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Mumbai's Money Boys

by Durian Gray

Earlier this year, in a special issue devoted to partying, the weekly news magazine India Today, did an expose on a new addition to India's nightlife scene — money boys! Mumbai (formerly known as Bombay) it was reported, now has a new breed of "middle-class males who trade sex for money to maintain their hip lifestyles."

According to the report, one could meet up with these jeans-clad, torso-hugging t-shirted guys at any pub, private party or 5-star hotel. They are young (as young as 15) to their mid-20s. They could be the boy next door, except that by their shady activities, they are better known by various names such as teen-age prostitute, toy boy or hustler. But in Mumbai they are generally called "call-boys".

The Indian media calls them "cyber-studs" as they usually go on-line to advertise themselves in chat rooms as, for example, "a hunk of the first order with great virility," with "satisfaction guaranteed for your wildest fantasies". While most of these cyber-studs are straight, their clients could be male or female. One such cyber-stud, a 22 year-old, college drop-out who describes himself as "normal" with "a healthy sex drive" says he trolls the chats looking for "Sugar Aunties" (women with money). "Uncle Joes" (gay men) or just about "anyone looking for kinky sex".

In its study on male sexual behaviour in Mumbai, the Humasfar Trust, a male sexual health agency (which also champions gay rights and has put out a cruising guide to suburban train stations), corroborates this new trend of young males indulging in commercial sexual activities in order to maintain their materialistic lifestyles.

In a random sampling survey, 6,000 Indian males were interviewed of which 20 percent of youths (aged 14-30) admitted they hawked sex to make money, and 57 percent of them admitted bisexual behaviour. These were mostly middle-class youth, still studying or fresh out of college who don't look at the sex-trade as a career, but as a way of making easy money.

While no sociologists have come forward to explain the whys and wherefores of this recent phenomenon, one can only speculate that since the burgeoning middle-class with its neo-consumerist values is a relative new aspekt of tradition-bound Indian society, there seems now to be a big push to make money and adopt a rich consumer lifestyle, as advertised in the popular media, particularly television.

For middle-class youth, the lure of earning Rs.15,000 (about US$325) a month in return for sex is irresistible. Those with good looks, well-formed bodies, and skills to make clients happy can do quite well for themselves. For 19 year-old Kirtiraj P., commercial sex not only earns him a good income, but also gives him entrée into high society. Rizwan, 21, another college student, likes to accompany foreign businessmen to evening soirees in plush places, and says he would "do anything to buy myself a red sports Mercedes."
The Princess And Mr Bean

Sitting in the Mr Bean coffee shop in front of the Patumwan Princess at Mah Boon Krung one can't help noticing a lot of Chinese gays that seem to be in town visiting (and cruising) from Hong Kong and Singapore. A friend tipped me off that they are all staying at the Patumwan Princess which we're told has gay porn on its pay-per-view inhouse television. Someone else also mentioned that the gym in the Patumwan Princess is quite cruisy and after working out the muscled customers spill over to Mr Bean's.

Home Of The Big Whopper

Have you noticed the new McDonalds campaign in Thailand? Our gaydar picked up on the new slogan "I'm lovin' it," which shows a handsome guy leaning back with a broad grin on his face that could (if you have a dirty mind like us) look like he's enjoying a blow job!

www.thaiguys.org

Continued from page 61.

Some "bad" boys had arrived from a nearby village and started a fight and cattle were still missing.

We pack our bags and, after saying goodbye to the hotel staff we head for the bus station. As we alight on the bus the driver says, "Sawadee ka." (Hello). "Hai," I reply eager to impress. "Why you say that word all time, it not good?" Tum asks. "I reply this is Issan word people say to me when I say hello."

"Not good? Tum repeats. "It is Issan word for Borrocks."

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