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THAI GUYS
the gay newsletter

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All models featured in Thai Guys are at least 20 years old.
The inclusion of photos of persons or their mention in text is not necessarily an indication of sexual preference or orientation.
Title model courtesy of Lek’s Pattaya.
Dear Ms. Connie,

My boyfriend and I have been living together for three years. We run our own restaurant and I teach at a language school outside of Bangkok. We live a pretty regular life considering. Our small town seems to accept us as a Thai and Farang living together. They don't seem to question our gender and we are often invited to family gatherings. Life has gone on for three years and we are very settled. My boyfriend's business is good. My school seems happy with my work and sometimes I think that life could have been better. When I think back to my life in a small town in Iowa where I was the only gay man, or at least the only gay man I knew about in town, my life has changed to such an extent that I can't believe I existed for so long isolating my sexuality and hiding away from the world living a completely unfilled life.

But something we must all accept in life is never being able to predict what will come careening around the next corner. Not that anything momentous has radically altered the perfect and tranquility I have described in my opening paragraph. It is just that when one finds what one has been searching for, for so many years and making the difficult choices I made to achieve this peace of mind and heart, anything that threatens the idyllic retreat I have found makes me insecure. I know that philosophers counsel the inherent wisdom of insecurity, not becoming so imbedded in the status quo that one can not remain open to change. But when change is thrust upon you and there seems no where to turn for advice on how to cope, perhaps you can understand how I want that wisdom but I still remain anxious of any change that threatens all that I have worked so long to create.

What has caused my tiny contained world to come undone is really not that dramatic. I came home one evening after a long day of teaching, tired and looking forward to a quiet drink on my veranda overlooking the river in front of our house. The house was dark and I thought that my partner, Somsak was still at the restaurant. Settling into my hammock with a glass of beer next to me, I watched the water hyacinth float by following the river's current to the sea. From this reverie I was startled to hear a deep sigh coming from the open window of our bedroom. Entering the house I turned on the light and found my partner of five years in a deep sleep enclosed the muscular arms of Lek, our gardener. Lek has worked for us for two years. We had an empty house at the end of the garden and one day Lek came by selling coconuts. I got into a conversation with him since I love big green nuts filled with milk, and during our talk he asked who took care of our garden. When I told him we did the work ourselves, he asked if he could work for us. At first I was hesitant and Somsak who comes from a Shok-Thai family of some influence in our province, obviously did not approve of Lek's dark Isan muscles. Not to speak of his upcountry manners and low level education. Lek disappeared for awhile and then reappeared with a loverly bunch of coconuts one day and renewed his request for employment. For some reason Somsak seemed to have tired of gardening claiming that the restaurant was getting too busy for him, and so after we talked it over, we agreed to hire Lek. Well the inevitable happened. Lek's wife moved in one day and soon we had gardener, babies and a flock of chickens. But this is Thailand right? That's what happens. Lek did not have much to do because our garden is small. So he filled his free time drinking and playing cards. Wife soon tired of life with a gardener who wasn't driven to move further in life and one day she evaporated with babies and chickens. So Lek stayed on and seemed to settle into single life with little outward effect. Even his drinking and card-playing diminished and we became one happy family, with Lek only occasionally seeking out a local girl to warm his bed. While I must admit that Lek's dark sinewy back boding over our bean patch, did tantalize, I never even dreamed he would stray from the straight and narrow. So imagine my amazement when I found him nestled in the humid sheets with Somsak obviously sleeping off the effects of a heavy bout of same sex. I must admit that my entry into the boudoir perfumed with the must of passion, was not made noiselessly. Unfortunately I knocked over a ceramic frog on our bed table and both of them awoke. Without a bat of an eyelash, Somsak grabbed my arm and within moments I was being pummeled by the body I had grown to know for five years and the brawn of our tattoo gardener. And Lek was not lek. I am still gasping with the memory. So to bring this missive to a close, I must ask your advice Ms. Connie, what are my options? Is this the death knell to the idyll I have wallowed in for some of the richest years of my life? Is there anything I can do to regain the certainty I had before the dark interloper from the back of the garden wended his way into our monogamy? Please be gentle Ms. Connie. I am aching for an answer almost as much as I am for Lek's arrival this evening. Oh that's another thing. He always creeps in after dark afraid the neighbors might think he is not a man. By the time the cock crows, Lek is back in his bungalow and we go on almost as if nothing has changed at all.

Sincerely,

Walter in Samut Songkhran

Dear Walter,

Ms. Connie is still wet from the visions your letter provoked. She hopes the print is not smudged by the droplets which poured from her brow as she congeared up the lust of your nights in the garden of good and evil. Ms. Connie views the

Continued in page 61.

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Bush Again

I have very few doubts that President Bush will be reelected this coming November. Most importantly, he can claim that the economy is doing well and that he’s tough on terrorists. As much as this scorecard will be laughed at or disputed by most Europeans and US liberals, what counts is that voters in middle America are going to buy it hook, line and sinker. Bush’s most important election prop is Fed chairman Greenspan who has opened the monetary floodgates and kept interest rates extremely low, thus stoking rolling bubbles in the stock and real estate markets as well as enabling the government and consumers to live with ever expanding debts. The maestro shall be rewarded this summer when the president reappoints him as Fed chairman. I bet that shortly after the election Greenspan will resign and leave the stage before the boulders come crashing down from the roof. What does this likely scenario mean for us as investors? The Americans, led by Bush and his bunch of neocons will continue to mess around in the Middle East, probably by taking a more confrontational approach to Saudi Arabia. In the name of spreading democracy to Arabs they’ll lay their hands more tightly on the world’s biggest oil reserves. Presently we all consume about 75 million barrels per day and that figure is officially supposed to grow by 1-2 percent per year. But China alone has increased its imports by 30 percent last year and this year it will be another 25 percent or thereabouts. I repeat my call to go long and hold on to oil stocks. I prefer US companies because they can be bought with cheap dollars and will have privileged access to new or rearranged concessions.

Regarding the fate of the US dollar, I have some surprising news for you: the twin deficits matter much less than you’re made to believe by the purveyors of conventional wisdom. First of all: forget the budget deficit for now. Its rather recent and still easily manageable. Countries like Japan have muddled through with much higher deficits for much longer periods and the big countries in Europe have just admitted that they don’t give a rat’s ass about budget deficit limits imposed on them by the Maastricht agreement.

And the trade deficit? This deficit is mostly with Asian countries who are desperate to continue exporting to the USA. China’s growth rate is about 10 percent p.a., which means its money supply should grow at least as much. Since the US dollar is still the dominating reserve currency it doesn’t do the Chinese any harm to accumulate more dollars and monetize some of them to generate new renminbi. The Japanese don’t grow that much any more but they need to pump a lot of money into their sclerotic economy to prevent deflation. In short: when the world economy is growing well it can accommodate lots of

Continued in page 58.
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**Phuket Gay Festival 2004**

- Various images of people in costumes at a festival event.
- Some people pose for a photo.

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A very fine boat trip, indeed!

By Suzy Size

Ulf of Connect in Phuket had suggested that Thai Guys writes about their boat trip to Koh Kai for quite some time. So during the Phuket Gay Festival Suzy finally jumped on board. And I must say, it was great fun.

They started this gay day tour in 1999 and it has been running since then on a regular weekly basis with only a few cancellations - mainly due to bad weather. On our trip we counted more than 80 gay attendants, during the low season there are between 15 and 30. It started conveniently at 11 am on a Saturday and we were back around 7 pm. The mini buses took us over to the speed boats and we reached the small and beautiful Kai island after an airy trip of about 20 minutes.

Barbecue, swimming, snorkeling, relaxing in the shade, volleyball, just the usual things such kind of boat tours offer, one might think at first glance. But the trip organized by Connect for 1500 Baht per person is much more, it is a gay forum of some sorts. The small and beautiful island becomes a meeting place - with this unique island experience as added value. You suddenly start chatting with the guy sitting next to you or cueing in front of you to get some food. I, for instance, offered this sweet guy from mainland China to get another beer for him and was later rewarded for my kindness in a very special way (no details revealed here, except that he was not after my money).

The crowd is really international. As a notorious rice queen I was mainly interested - not in the Swedes, the Canadians or the Swiss - but in the Chinese (coming from Singapore, Malaysia, Hong Kong, Taiwan and mainland China). Above mentioned sweet Chinese came from a city with 7 millions inhabitants of which I have never heard the name, nor could I place it on a map. I met many interesting and nice people on that trip and we greeted each other when we met again during the next few days in the streets of Paradise Complex.
Gluteus Maximus

By “Pooh”

I said to our beloved publisher that this magazine needed some class. There was not a lot of intellectual content and also I needed a new source of income not just the pitance he threw to me.

He didn’t necessarily agree with the first part quoting Connie Lingus as a source of wisdom [I rest my case!] and coughed nervously at the second (he’s a gnome of Zurich you know – very interested in collecting money but rather less interested in redistributing it). I put his mind at ease and told him I thought I’d write a screenplay and would like to try it out on his audience. But, I hoped he and the readers would understand, it would not be about Thailand as this really was not my field of expertise.

He said, “Never mind” a phrase he obviously learnt in Thailand, in fact it’s about all the Thai he actually speaks. I told him it would be a Roman epic. “A Roman epic?” he echoed. “It’s been done before.” I assured him never like this. I then gave him this synopsis to read. He was so excited at the prospects of gaining the publishing rights to the story (a good little earner for him here) he agreed that even though there are not many Thai Guys in this story, in fact there are none, he would publish it. Isn’t he wonderful? Now he’s my literary agent so film studios please write to him. I really don’t want to be bothered by mundane things like money! Hans, 10% is 9.99% too much!

And so to my screenplay. The epic film is back with Russell’s commanding presence now Crowning from the crow’s nest. The other current epic that has certainly stolen my thunder just a little is Lord of the Rings. I wanted that title for my film as it seemed very appropriate, as you will see, but it had already been Tolkien. But I will persevere. Ready when you are Mr de Mille.

Introduction

Thai ignorance of world history and famous figures (except pop stars!) approaches mine in ignorance of Thai history and famous figures (except pop stars!) but it is my stated intention to educate.

I have a great interest in history particularly ancient history. Possibly because I had my first sexual experience after seeing the film Spartacus (on video, not on its first release. Heavens, do I look that old? Yes! I hear you ungraciously cry). From that first viewing I was hooked on ancient history. I researched wideley leaving no crack or crevasse unexplored.

When I saw the film Gladiator I was disappointed (but not surprised) by its blatant heterosexuality. Russell Crowe’s Maximus Decimus Meridius was just too butch, but with a heart, yuk. In my research I discovered a homosexual Roman hero, Gluteus Maximus. Although he was behind every great historical figure he never personally achieved anything of great note but the stories he could tell were those myths and films are made of!

Gluteus knew Commodus, the emperor played by Joaquin Phoenix in the film
Gladiator. Commodus was the Roman word for commode and Gluteus often sat upon him. Commodus was said to be a bit extravagant. He drank, gambled, wasted public funds, kept a harem of women and boys and liked to vary his sex, sometimes by dressing as a woman (and what's so strange about that?). Russell Crowe did not kill him. His mistress poisoned him as that was not quick enough she got a male athlete he kept to wrestle to strangling him in his bath. Gluteus was that wrestler, but it was never acknowledged in that film. It's really too bad we had to leave Commodus for Russell Crowe to take care of. Anyway here I set the record straight (if I might be so bold to use that word) and as Gladiator has already spoiled that death scene I won't mention it again!

In this story, I will try to correct history. Much of what you have been taught is incorrect either in detail or in translation. As you know Hollywood spends a fortune on authenticity and should it be interested in this story I will be the producer, director as well as scriptwriter to ensure credibility is maintained. I will leave no stone unturned to help you get to the bottom of all of histories' mysteries. So where Surfing, Gladiator or any other bloody endless boring epic ends let Gluteus Maximus begin!

Cast Of Characters
And now the cast of characters so you can follow the plot as it skillfully weaves all the elements of a spectacular epic of unimaginable proportions. To fulfill your personal fantasy cast the actor of your choice for each role and let me know:

- Gluteus: a great bottom.
- Hanni: a great top.
- Coriol: has a cute little ring to it.

- Julius Caesar: an impressive empress.
- Cleopatra: a token queen.
- Hinterbecke Arsch: rather gigantically cheeky.
- Fesse Derriere: a lovely piece of arse.
- Enculé Chatte: something the cat dragged in.
- Pathicus: a pathetic bugger.
- Caligula: a good root.
- Nero: an Arthur Fleckler.
- Circus: someone to clown with.

The Synopsis

We begin with Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome. They got their thrills by suckling on the tits of a wolf! What is not well known is that Remus, known by the honorific Uncle, was one of the great storytellers of ancient times. He went on to gain great fame, and a Disney contract, with his fables, particularly those of Sicily which he called Song of the South which introduced the immortal characters Brer Rabbit, Brer Bear and Brer Fox. Zippitydooda! He recounts the story of the great Roman hero Gluteus Maximus to a group of very interested young men.

Like all good storytellers he sets the scene....

First a little history on the founding of Rome and the so-called rape of the Sabine women. This does not really concern our hero. It is used to get in a gratuitous sex scene and introduce a few women who are seldom to be seen in the rest of the film.

These women are picking grapes for making wine. Why feminists will persist in calling it rape is beyond me. It was the grape of the Sabine women the Romans were after, not the cherry. They loved their wine. Anyway grapes (in the form of wine) and women and a little song do allow a bacchanalian romp to get the audience interested.

Historically it is known that the men of Sabine got a bit cross at the Romans for all this carry on and thus renamed the area Wrath. And obviously the vintage from that area became known as the Grapes of Wrath. The Romans, in revenge for the nasty things said about them, turned the whole area into a dust bowl. Later John Steinbeck immortalized the tale but set it in a more modern time but that's another story.

We first meet Gluteus, in his youth (and on his youth), in Greece competing in the Olympic Games. Like all athletes at Olympia he competes nude. He is a true champion in his chosen sport, wrestling - Greco-Roman, of course. Nude wrestling has all the elements of the sport with a lot more aesthetics - I mean athleticism. Some of those twists and turns show the adolescent Gluteus at his best (we also get a glimpse of his friend Coriol, but more about him later) and magnificent he is - Gluteus: the glory that is Rome. (Can you hear the background music swell?)

We cut then to his adult years. At first he's a bit of a bum. He really went downhill after losing the wrestling gold olive-leaf crown; by default actually - how was he to know that the perfectly legal Roman move known as The Athenian Butt Thrust was an illegal move at Olympia?

He becomes a soldier, slowly rising through the ranks to play a subtle but important role the Punic Wars.

I should interrupt here with a bit of little known Latin knowledge (this is the language not the South American boys so loved today). The Romans always pronounced the letter 'n' as a 'b', like in Thai where an 't' at the end of a word is pronounced 'n'. So what are known as the Punic Wars are actually, of course, the Punic Wars

The Punic Wars pitted Hanni, the great Carthagian ruler, known to history as Hannibal as lie only had one, against Rome. Hanni was said to have led elephants over the Alps in his attempt to conquer Rome. This is not quite true. The original translation was wrong. He was known as Hannibal the Elephant for what he missed by having only one ball he made up for in other ways!

This is Gluteus' first love scene in the film. Gluteus becomes a spy, meets Hanni and for a while enjoys his company. He loves his work, he jokes about riding the elephant and Hanni affectionately calls him "Sabu, my Jungle Boy". Hanni is eventually defeated - Gluteus never is. He can take on anything and anyone! Hanni, however, is his one true love, the only man to ever satisfy him. But when conquered he disappears. Gluteus is devastated and starts his quest to find another with Hanni's attributes.

Enter Julius Caesar about whom Suetonius wrote: "He was every queen's king and every king's queen." Gluteus is there to help him and receives many of the greatest rulers of the age (well he gets the measure of the men anyway). He plays a major part in Roman foreign policy, allowing many

[Image 0x0 to 838x600]
great objects to be inserted into treaties between Rome and those it conquers.

When Caesar marches on the Germanic tribes he comes into conflict with the great German leader the fabulous Hinterbacke Arsch - what a wonderful Germanic name. He was a character of such gigantic proportions Wagner was going to write an opera about him as part of the Ring Cycle [or him Caesar used to scream - "that's a tight fit even for my ring!"] but he proved too big for Wagner, that master of race, so Hinterbacke never achieved the fame he should have. But the descriptions of him in and out of lederhosen are unforgettable.

Caesar finally conquers Hinterbacke and has him in his power, screwing him for everything he can. He utters those famous words: 'Veni, vidi, vici' (I came, I saw, I conquered). [Actually Caesar said "Vidi, vici, veni"] as he stabs Hinterbacke with his blunt, well-used but powerful weapon. Hinterbacke, a German to the hilt, rather enjoys that. He does the same to Caesar, who just lies back and thinks of England - well Britain actually. Caesar liked to lie back and relax when planning his future campaigns.

He lay humming a tune and fantasizing about being one of the bastards of the harem of the Court of King Caractacus, a Celtic king of the time. But his mind kept wandering to the boys who put the powder on the noses ... How did we know this? Well the famous Australian performer, Rolf Harris, on an archeological draw, found some Roman stelae (Stelae, Stelae,) he was said to have cried doing his best Marlon Brando Streetcar Named Desire imitation) while tying down his kangaroo sport. They contained the words (in Latin) and music (in Latin) to Caesar's song. After translating both Rolf, known for his temper - he often threw a wobbly - made a hit record of it. Wonders will never cease to amaze me - said, for best affect, with a Godfather mock-Italian Brando accent.

As in all great stories a little jealousy creeps in. Gluteus becomes jealous of Hinterbacke. So jealous that at times he feels suicidal wanting to fall on his own sword but someone else's always stabs him first, which lifts his depression.

Caesar moves on to Gaul and this is where the jealousy reaches its peak. We are introduced to the famous drag queens of the Moulin Rose (later renamed La Cage aux Folles Berger to commemorate the paint company which provided the pink paint). They were Encule Chatte (a lovely piece of pussy) and Fesse Derriere (a great bit of arse). Aren't French names just so romantic? They have the sound of the bells of Notre Dame as they roll off the tongue. Truly the language of love don't you think? Fesse had some Gaelic connections the most famous of whom was a cousin, London Derriere. I can't find any record of Gluteus meeting her but there are many recordings of her.

Encule and Fesse, according to the ever romantic Caesar, can be both his king and his queen! They were, in fact, a couple of vulgar Tartar émigrés like those sometimes found in Bangkok today. They came from a town on the River Vulgar (now Volga). The men were known as Volvos (they had a reputation for safety and pretentiousness) and the women as...
Vulvas (we won't mention their reputation). Enculé, eunuch that s/he was, did not quite know what to call herself but did laughingly refer to himself as a Vulgar Vulva. She really got his coarse little tongue into Caesar ("Oh, it tickles," he is reported to have said).

They had legions of fans; in fact between them they had taken on almost half the legions of Rome. They were legends of the legions and every Roman legionnaire's dream was to enjoy their delights, by that I mean the cabaret show (voulez vous coucher... etc). The audience would pay anything for them even diamonds bought at Tiffany's. Fesse and Enculé had to build an alcasar to keep them in. They became so addictive that Roman soldiers would fall ill in their presence. Doctors called it Legionnaires Disease - it was in the air they breathed - as sweet as a Roman sewer.

It makes Gluteus really angry. He can only take so much, he is furious. He has his pride, to be replaced by bloody drag queens! This jealousy leads to the ultimate betrayal. Caesar is heard to utter these famous words as he dies on the Ides of March, "Et tu, Gluteus?" Gluteus is behind him ready to break his fall for what that was worth - the man is dead!

See the next edition of Thai Guys for the climax of this butch-clenching scholarly work. Make sure you get your copy or log onto www.thaigays.org.
A journey to new treasure islands

By Suzy Size-Queen

OK, Suzy was invited to join Pattaya's first Gay Cruise for free. But with her notoriously loose tongue, you can be assured she would tell you if the trip was not worth the very small price of 1500 Baht per person and 1000 Baht each for your Thai guest(s).

Meeting point of this weekly event (check out their Website created by the able design team of www.thaigays.org: www.pattayagaycruise.com) is the new Bali Hai pier in South Pattaya. It is 9 am, not exactly the time when Suzy is as alert as usual. We proceed to the cruise ship and are almost immediately served coffee.

abundance of food is first freshly prepared by remarkably good looking helpers and then eaten from a buffet by them and the guests. "Ghin gay may?" "Do you eat chicken?", asks one of the boys another one, understandably, in those grim times of bird flu all over.

Who is who? This game takes several hours. Do not rock the boat by looking to closely in the eyes of one of the boys that is committed already. The one with the sensual lips and the sexy ass is obviously together with that extremely ugly Scotsman. The sleeping beauty which is photographed by his really nice American boyfriend should also not be molested, Suzy, behave and be gentleman like at least once in your life!

How about that fishing hunk with a tattoo all over his back? Free? Available?

He is one of the boatmen, it turns out, probably has fathered 11 children or more. Not available. I can assure you, no indecent acts were committed on that notoriously gay cruise, but you could hold hands with your companion or embrace him, nobody cared, we were family. And on the other hand, you certainly would not want to have sex with that hairy (but friendly) Italian in g-strings or the old British couple, both resembling each other remarkably, a strange resemblance that can often be observed between master and dog as well.

What a nice day trip this was! We could swim in the sea, fish some fish, lay in some beaches, enjoy the sun, relax and have fun. We were spoilt with food and drinks by the attentive hosts. I met an old friend, that I had not seen for at least six years, both of us, admiringly, having gained some weight.

And I was indirectly reminded that Roger is - and always will be - a size-queen.

As you might know, Roger is presently building another big - very big since size matters - house in Central Park 69 whereas Suzy still remains in Central Park II. Now I was talking to (and flirting with) one of the cute hosts on that Gay Cruise who is from Konkan and works normally in Lek's Bar. Asking him, weather he knows Central Park II? Yes, was his answer, he frequently used to visit my old friend Roger at his present Central Park Mansion, he confessed. So even without taking a close look at his swimming trunks - which I did anyhow, just do be certain - I could tell what kind of mighty palm tree was planted on that treasure island.

cakes and donuts by our charming hosts - which definitely helps to jump start the day. Suzy takes a strategic position in one of the beach chairs overlooking eagerly what will happen in that scenario.

And now we are on the sea already. Pattaya has suddenly gained a new dimension, has opened up with new horizons. Mentally we are far away from the noisy and congested town, we are somewhere between Thailand, the Philippines, China and America where we could sail now easily if we had not scheduled that crucial meeting for Monday morning and should feed the cat in the evening. But we do not want to think about such profane things now. Let's cruise the cruise ship a little bit.

There are two levels: The covered rest deck and the level underneath where later an
Darjeeling: Tea for Two
by Earl D. Gray

With various government travel advisories advising against Bali and Nepal, many travellers are now looking for other, new destinations such as India, and the home of the Taj Mahal is rolling out the welcome mat. For those who flock to beaches, India has Goa and Kerala. And for lovers of mountains and hard rocks, there are the Himalayas.

Trekkers and backpackers concerned about the Maoist insurgency in Nepal are now starting to veer towards Darjeeling—which at one time used to be part of greater Nepal till the Brits wrested and annexed it to British India.

It has arguably the best views of the snowy Himalayas (Mt Kanchenjunga, the world's third highest peak and rising), trekking, clean mountain air, no pollution or Maoists, white-water rafting, endless emerald valleys of tea gardens, quaint British colonial architecture, friendly natives (mostly ethnic Nepalese) all of whom speak English—and lest I forget, lots of handsome talent. Darjeeling is also the home of some of the finest schools in South Asia which means thousands of students can be found loitering here. One can even find Thai monks studying English.

There is no nightlife to speak of but there are some bars such as Joey's (which Lonely Planet once called perhaps the best in all of India), and Glenary's has a “late night” club called The Buzz where some of Darjeeling's well-heeled locals and domestic tourists congregate in the evening. The Chowrasta Mall with benches facing a large pedestrian-only piazza with ponies for hire is like a large public lounge, and is also a good place to hang out and meet local talent. For those who like to be pampered,

Continued in page 38.
Sunsets for sale!

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This 66 m² one bedroom condo (including a nice comfortable jacuzzi bathtub) is in a great location in the heart of everything. Walk to shopping, the beach and entertainment close by. Secure complex has restaurants, laundry, mini-mart, large pool with clubhouse and 24 hour security. The one bedroom unit comes completely furnished and ready for you to move in or rent out. All for 2.5 Million Baht.

Studio in South Pattaya Condominium

This popular complex is close to the beach, markets and all the entertainment zones too. This fully furnished 34 m² Condominium includes a direct phone line and cable TV. It has a large swimming pool and great 24 hour security. All for 1,500,000 Baht.

Premium Jomtien Condominium

This is a nice spacious high floor 136m² unit with many built-in closets, marble floors and two baths and all the quality furniture (some Chinese style) and Wacob car are included. Also additional 66 m² studio next door for 2.5 million available. New items include bedroom set and robe bath with granite. Unit has safe, 2 TVs, DVD, direct & house phone lines, air concealed, washing machine. All for 5,500,000 Baht.

One Bedroom Unit at its best

Spacious 68m² 1 bedroom Condo. This luxury unit offers two balconies with view to the ocean. The modern kitchen with black granite countertop creates a nice contrast to the beige colored high quality tiles of the floor. The bathroom has a nice design with jacuzzi tub, ample shower and toilet hidden behind glass doors. Included are two quiet. The building is well maintained and provides Hotel - Standard facilities, including 24 hour security. A rare opportunity to acquire a unique condo at only 2.75 Million Baht.

Premium Jomtien Condominium

This Garden Suite is in a new high end low rise Condominium project with natural materials, waterfalls and many deluxe amenities. Located close to the water and Princess Royal Residences, there are only 5 units of this type out of the 15 in the two buildings. Since this is pre-construction, you can customize your unit to suit your needs. Please contact us if you wish more information. All for 10,286,000 Baht.

New Home Near Lotus So.

New 90m² detached house direct from the builder, in an established village. This lovely house has high ceilings, 3 air cons, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, a dining area and roomy living room, nice marble or tile floors and European style kitchen. It has a large carport and included are screens on the windows and curtains rods in place. It is a walled village with 24 hour security. You can walk to Tesco Lotus South from there. This is an outstanding value for the price. All for 1,799,000 Baht.
HAPPY CHINESE NEW YEAR
from PATTAYA PROPERTIES

MY LIFE PARTY FOR HEART 2000

THROB DANCERS

DIVAS & DUDES

TOPMAN GO GO & CABARET

photos by BOXER

PINK PARTY BBB

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The latest release of extra beachfront land means house and land packages are now available from only 5,3 million Baht complete to the highest European standards.

This prime beachside property, close to the Royal Cliff Resort and next to the Royal Veruna Yacht Club, is located on the headland now acknowledged as the regions preferred residential address. There are simply no comparable sites.

All homes will feature individual private swimming pools with emphasis on privacy and security.

Designed and built to the highest international standards the project is being developed by the creators of View Talay Villas now renowned as Pattaya’s premier residential estate.

To arrange a no obligation inspection of the site, display homes or for a colour brochure contact Rob Astbury 018 519 718.

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- Muscle show
- Special show: 10:30 pm, 12.00 am

Muscle men contest and special show
Saturday, March 13, 10:30

Open: 8 pm to 2 am
Meet you at TAWN Surinong Rd.,
Soi Tartawan, Silom Rd., Soi 6
Tel. 02.634.5833

From The Balcony Chalkboard

Can I borrow your lace for a few days? My butt's going on holiday.
Don't let your mind wander - it's far too small to be left on its own.

You remind me of the ocean - you make me sick

Your teeth are like a hazard warning sign - yellow and black.

I worship the ground that awaits your corpse.

I like your hair - all three of them

Hard work never killed anybody - but why take the risk!

What do you call a pig that does Karate?
A pork chop

93.4% of statistics are wrong...

If you can't laugh at yourself, I'll do it for you

Broken guitar for sale - no strings attached.

I can't remember the last time I forgot something

The family that sticks together should lattice more often

I'll remember the last time I forgot something

Rehabilitation is for quitters

Monday is an awful way to spend 1/7th of your life.

Hard work pays off in the future.
Laziness pays off now.

How can you love nature when it did that to you?

I bet your mother has a loud bark

There is a fine line between "hobby" and "mental illness"

I intend to live forever - so far, so good.

Oh, I'm sorry, were the voices in my head bothering you?

Borrow money from politicians - they don't expect it back.

Illiterate? Write for FREE HELP!

No one has ever complained of a parachute not opening

If the shoe fits, buy it.

--- Imelda Marcos

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with design@thaiguyys

creator of www.thaiguyys.org

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Silom comments

Balcony Pub & Restaurant (4)
The Balcony Pub and Restaurant has the longest terrace and the least expensive drinks in world famous Silom Soi 4. A large bar and busy terraces downstairs and an open-fronted upstairs karaoke, games and internet area. Open from 6.00 pm to 2.00am. 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 neighbors if you are 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.

Tarntawan Place Hotel (31)
Tarntawan means sunflower in Thai. The stylish, comfortable hotel is right in the heart of the action, but still not a bit noisy. The friendly and able staff have been there for years and so has the excellent management who really takes care of their guests—which is why they return year after year. The rooms are constantly upgraded, some wonderful suites are also available. Book early, since the 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 Tarntawan Place Hotel, 02-228-3227) and chat about their travel plans.

www.thaiguy.org

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

Cutey & Beauty Hair salon (46)
Thaniya Plaza 3rd Floor between Silom Soi 2 and 4. Extremely friendly and able. The foremost place for beautification in Bangkok is itself undergoing a complete beautification. Between February 16 and 18 Cutey and Beauty will be renovated and therefore closed. Pay them a visit before or afterwards, but visit them.

X-treme 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.

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Panorama Pub

LUCKY DRAW EVERY SATURDAY MIDNIGHT

Ten prizes each week include bottles of spirits, platters of beer, free drinks, T-shirts and various others
History

Remembering Sabu, “The Elephant Boy”

by Durian Gray

The first Asian boy that I fell in love with was the Indian-born, film-star Sabu who romped across exotic Hollywood adventure pix mostly half-naked or in a revealing loin cloth. He was the cheeky urchin of “Thief of Baghdad”, the original Mowgli of “The Jungle Book” screen adaptation, and later when he came of age, the charming Indian prince of “Black Narcissus”. Although I didn’t realize it at the time, growing up in the closeted American suburbs during the 1950s and 60s, Sabu had secret admirers who, like myself, were attracted to the romantic image of the youthful Asian male. Like other gay icons, Sabu died young, while still in his thirties, and most people remembered him simply as “the elephant boy”. Though less remembered than JFK, 2003 was the 40th anniversary of his death.

In the depths of the Depression years, Hollywood audiences were charmed by a number of precocious child stars. Of course, America’s favourite juvenile sweetheart was Shirley Temple, known for her trademark dimples and curls and her song-and-dance routines. In 1937, she starred in an adaptation of Kipling’s “Wee Willie Winkie” set in colonial-era British India. Released in the same year, but filmed thousands of miles away from the back lots of Hollywood in a real Indian jungle, Robert Flaherty’s adaptation of another Kipling story, “Elephant Boy” also boasted another child star, the then unknown Sabu Dastagir (later to be known simply as “Sabu”).

Unlike Shirley Temple, whose pushy stage-door mother had her conveniently discovered in a Hollywood theatre at an early age, Sabu, the orphaned son of a mahout, was accidentally discovered by
and became, of all things, a furniture salesman.

By the time he succumbed of a heart attack in 1963 (the death of a salesman) Sabu was still remembered as his first role, the colonial Elephant Boy, as the New York Times obituary of 12/3/63 attests:

"Sabu the Elephant Boy Is Dead; Star of Jungle Movies Was 39"

As if describing some species of wild animal the Times obituary recalls: "His white teeth gleaming against a background of smooth coffee brown skin and flowing black hair, Sabu captivated everyone who met him and managed to remain unspoiled."

Because his "native" roles often required him to wear long hair, Sabu sometimes used to complain of being mistaken for a girl, despite his well-built physique. The treatment of "natives", like females as objects of visual pleasure, is also revealing of Hollywood’s racist/sexist attitudes of the period. The majority of Sabu’s roles were that of a dominated native, usually a sidekick to the white hero adventurer such as played by hunky Jon Hall. With his male-bonding roles, there was always a hidden homoerotic subtext which made the half-naked, well-built Sabu appealing to gay audiences. On the screen, Sabu would usually be scantily clad, his bare skin glistening with sweat on his muscular body, or else fashionably dressed to overkill (as in "Black Narcissus", driving the repressed English nuns to distraction).

Saban also seemed to have had an effect on director Robert Flaherty who was said to have been strongly possessive towards the boy, and who frequently shot the seminude youth being caressed by the dangling proboscis of the elephant Kala Nag (whose name means "black snake"). Flaherty had a Romantic notion of youth and the so-called primitive culture as an alternative to Western civilization that was heading towards chaos in the 1930s. As his biographer Paul Rotha notes, “After Nanook, all his films . . . are haunted by the image of a youth or boy . . .”

Except for Sabu, all of Flaherty’s other boy heroes returned to their respective previous occupations after the filming. Sabu, however, never went back to the elephant stables of his childhood again. After his brief career as a juvenile jungle actor, Sabu awoke to the fact that he could neither return to the India of his youth, nor find work in the Hollywood dream factory which had no place for grown-up elephant boys.
Kim Suan Restaurant

Thai style restaurant serving local and western cuisine. Relax in the comfort of our indoor restaurant or our palm-shaded garden.

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Siam Palm Hotel

Patong Beach, Phuket
5/13 Had Patong Rd., Aroonsom Square, Patong Beach, 076 345679

Jungle Boyz

The Bar ... where things hang, and swing free

5/16 Had Patong Rd., Aroonsom Square, Patong Beach, 076 342927
Pattaya's Favourite Boutique Party Hotel
with indoor swimming/Spa/Pool

Chiang Mai Map Legend

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Chiang Mai Comments

Classic House (6)
A good place to relax. Have a drink 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 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.

Seven Suns (3)
The former Lemongrass Boutique Guesthouse has again been upgraded. It was reopened under new management and new name. It is now called Seven Suns. Give it a try.

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

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Your Fantasy in the Heart of Pattaya's Nightlife
**Phuket Comments**

**Sphinx Restaurant and Theatre (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.
there are some luxury properties left over from the days of the erstwhile Raj with evocative English names such as the Elgin, Mayfair and Windamere. Of course, Darjeeling, the champagne of tea, putting to test Boy George’s outrageous claim that “a good cup of tea is better than sex?” Some hotels, such as the Mayfair, also grant guests temporary membership to the all-male Gymkhana Club which has seen better days. With the tea industry facing a down-turn, some of the tea gardens are now trying to attract tourists to generate income. That also means a lot of unemployed tea-factory workers with time on their hands – and one lonesome dude was spotted on Chowrasta sporting a t-shirt that read “Born to be Plucked.”

Best time to visit is March-May and September-November. It’s too rainy during the summer monsoon season and too cold in the winter. November hosts the 10-day Darjeeling Carnival, undoubtedly the best time to visit if you want to have fun and meet Darjeeling’s darling hill-boys. During the months of scorching heat on India’s plains (May-June) and Puja festival time (October) Darjeeling can get too crowded with boisterous Bengali, domestic tourists.

E-Mail: Dr.Stocks@thaigays.org
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Consequence: the dollar might be pushed lower by speculative forces in the short to medium term but it won’t lose its long term value. Fears about the dollar shouldn’t prevent anybody from investing in safe US assets. One can hedge by holding some gold or gold stocks and by borrowing dollars at bargain interest rates.

Finally, I want to point out a good investment opportunity; the outbreak of chicken flu in Asia has led to a correction in some markets. Thailand’s SET is down about six percent from its recent high. I see a nice entry opportunity for those who missed the boat earlier. Get out of long-term bonds and excessive cash holdings and buy some Asian stocks now. You’ll be glad you did.

A step away to the perfect stay...

Koh Chang Cliff Beach Resort
Luxurious property of 33 units, laid out in a wide lush tropical rainforest. Hanging from a cliff, overlooking the western coastlines and commanding a majestic view of the sunset are the Cliff View Rooms and the Thai Houses. The resort offers the highest standard of privacy and comfort and a secret hideaway beach enclaved by the rainforest and backed by the cliff.

Unique Thai experience for those seeking luxury and seclusion!

Classifieds

Internet Portal for sale. Pattaya’s most visited Website www.pattayaviewcam.com with 44,000 registered members is for sale. Price: 2.5 million Baht. Guaranteed income: 100,000 Baht monthly. Serious applicants inquire info@pattayaviewcam.com

Condo for sale in Bangkok. My condo in Bangkok is for sale. It is conveniently located near Silom. 84 square meters. 3.8 million Baht. Inquire: 01 8441396, Fritschi@luxinfo.co.th
Continued from page 4.

...a task of advice giver in your case with some trepidation. She’s damned if she does and won’t earn a balt if she doesn’t so here goes. Ms. Connie must admit that she has, to use the vernacular, indulged in three ways. In fact three has long been Ms. Connie’s lucky number. While you have described a life which many of my gentle readers would relish if they could pry their eyes away from the delights swinging from brass poles night after night, life as your letter amply demonstrates can never be rid of surprises. On the bleak side, unplanned for developments can drive one to the brink. They provoke reactions which render the inevitable change negative when it merely requires a good sit down and analysis from all the angles. I think you should value your feelings enough to find a moment to talk over this new facet of your lives with Somsak. What are his expectations? Is this just a momentary fad, a spur of the moment which will run its course when Lek does what most Leks do and eventually return to his village in Isan? Or is this to become a regular feature of your lives. When Lek goes will Somsak having realized that variety IS the spice of life, want a surrogate Lek to fill in the space that Lek has provided to you both. I say both because you do protest the change in your life, but you don’t seem to be protesting too much. And a lady mustn’t ever. Ms. Connie knows that only too well. Three can be a cumbersome number in bed. Especially when two of the partners have a lot of baggage under the mattress. With this in mind. Ms. Connie advises you to be more of a blushing bride than a femme fatale. In other words, if you know what’s good for you and you want your life to continue with Somsak...
Art Café (72)
The Art Café is located in Naklua (slightly North of Pattaya, see map), about 30 meters away from Wong Amat beach. It is open every day from 11 till late. Good for a cozy dinner or a quiet lunch. Enjoy excellent food in a fine atmosphere inside the restaurant or on their terrace overlooking a well kept garden. A real escape from noisy Jomtien. They regularly exhibit Thai artists. Not gay, but definitely gay-friendly.

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)

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.

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 over weight 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, clothes wise, 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.

Siam Thani (28)
The only exclusively gay resort in Thailand. The cozy, colonial style boutique hotel in Pattaya. Visit their newly opened Spa where clothing is optional.

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.

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 Exit this new venue opened just now. Be the first ones to pay a visit.

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.

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.

Poseidon (77)
Poseidon is the very stylish gay guest house in Jomtien Complex. If they should be fully booked, at least try their good and inexpensive restaurant or go with them on a luxury one day cruise to the islands.

Lek’s (67)
Lek’s Boys is the newest Go-Go in town. The place, located just in front of Day/Night hotel, is huge and has a wide range of hosts. Have a look.


**‘Do You Like Sodomy?’**

*Troy North*

“I say, would you care for a spot of tea? And, by the way, do you like sodomy?”

Having left Bangkok behind for a quiet, long-contemplated week at Angkor, Julian up to this point had been enjoying a solitary walk among the ruins he had so conscientiously boned up on.

Fluency had, for once, abandoned him. He was tempted simply to blurt out “Yes,” and let the chips fall where they may in this deserted, unlikely spot. He couldn’t even manage that much, but simply glared, open-mouthed and stock-still, at the twenties-something hunk who had materialized from a stand of tall kapok trees from which monkeys had just been raining down dead leaves. For the briefest instant he thought that he might have fever. He felt weak at the knees.

“Cat got your tongue? Or have I stuck my foot in it, so to speak?”

“Ahhh...” Julian managed, still reeling under the assault of suspect fluency and intrigued by the highly defined musculature under the white T-shirt.

Having wandered into language teaching in Chiang Mai with the enthusiasm of someone wandering into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Julian sized up his persecutor with a professional ear. As he took his rapid inventory, the man casually tossed him a broad smile.

“Diversion will get you nowhere. Does that mean what I think is called a ‘rain cheque’?”

“That would be telling, wouldn’t it?” shot back Julian as he hopped on to the back of the guy’s motorcycle.

Julian placed his arms round the steely tummy rather than on the bike’s back handles, but moved them to the handles as they reached the crowded moat near Angkor Wat. A tsunami of Japanese tourists wearing those laughable floppy hats that resembled rotting mushrooms, were de-busing Julian suddenly felt shy. Improbably, an elephant trumpeted loudly in the distance. As it did so, Pranh reached back, took Julian’s hands, and returned them to where they had been resting, forcing them lower down.

---

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Contact Mr. Lim at 07 8303318 or Nancy at 01 8629121, 050 427991
A Japanese lady of a certain age fainted as he did so. Whether from the shock of witnessing East-West man-to-man contact on a speeding motorcycle or from the effects of the noonday sun at "Angkor Wat-tto," which even mad dogs and Englishmen had deserted at this hour, remains unknown.

The "spot of tea" turned out to be a thirst-quenching Angkor beer, followed by a surprisingly delicious "fusion" lunch in a discreet and well-decorated restaurant near the Central Market.

The main course was a decided commitment. Pranh plonged a thick, juicy, chilli-laden shrimp from Julian's plate. Julian vengefully scooped up some succulent-looking curry from Pranh's.

"More rice?" Pranh taunted as an especially dishe-erated waiter approached to top up Julian's glass of water and bring a dessert of fresh mango sprinkled with shaved ice.

"I have as much as I want-or can handle, thank you," Julian bitched back playfully.

"That so? In Cambodia, we say that a man who is tired of rice is tired of life." Julian's head quite literally swam. He had been so dutifully elsewhere the past few days, sitting up history, boning up Hindu architecture, skimming eleventh-century political economy, getting straight the construction methods of Jayavarman VII's monuments from the earlier fragments that foretold later glory.

"Will you wear a sampil pot for me?"

"Sampil? You don't like my jeans, Calvins, no less? I can drop the T-shirt, and you can pretend my jeans are a sampil."

"Nope. I want, I absolutely insist on the sampil, and you've gotta play Suryavarman the Great," Julian teased.

"OK, if that's what it takes, I can pretend just for you, for one crazy, history-besotted Canadian-that I am Suryavarman the Great in an authentic, in a Khmer sampil."

"Great!" And since I'm giving you a private sound-and-light show of 'The Glories of the Khmer Empire,' you don't happen to fancy a few mango-breaded apsaras flying around?"

"You kidding! Dangly bits and mushy buns. I decline celestial nymphs."

"Well, I did want you all to myself any-\nway..."

...and what, young man-charming, ruthlessly charming, young man, for that matter-do you have in mind?"

"Since you're so demanding and don't like surprises, I thought that after the Suryavaranan bit we'd run through a couple of scenes on the Angkor Wat bas-reliefs: The Conquest of Thailand-I'll play the victor-The Triumphant Procession, and, ha-ha-ha-ha, 'The Churning of the Ocean of Milk' for the grand and inevitable climax, just like on Angkor Wat itself."

"Mmmm. Beginning to sound good...

"And now that that's settled, let me 'pick up the tab'. The most lamentably short but glorious reign of King Pranh the First, Only, and Magnificent will date from this moment forward."

"Your Serene Majesty, your slightest wish...

"Lumbering! How dare you?"

"Oh, Julian, let's just 'hit the road'. My Garuda must be tired, and the sun is-is it n-o-t-quite blazing."

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**Story**

**TAVO**

by **Martin Frank**

Smooth warm skin and the smell of it, of Tavo's hair, or my shampoo. The birds trill and staccato. For a moment, I'm full of joy. Tavo's body against mine, his slim elegance, his buttocks against my lower belly, his back against my breast, my nose touching his neck and nape, his tender beauty in my arms is all I want, all I need. I open my eyes: The rain wet Bougainvillea leaves glisten in the early morning sun. On a chair are Tavo's short trousers and his polo shirt, on the dresser my white underwear, white shirt, black socks, freshly pressed black suitcoat for the day, arranged by Tavo with the same love he is giving me even in his sleep. Below the dresser, the black shoes he polishes daily for me. I kiss him softly, thankfully.

Downstairs, Concepcion bangs the main door shut. Soon breakfast will be ready. Tavo will hurry over to the church to ring the bells while I shave, shower and dress. Two cups of strong coffee achieve my matutal mutation changes into whome I'm supposed to be: The priest.

Mass is a ballet I perform with Tavo, meaning nothing to nobody. Few people in the church: no coins drop into the box. Confessions while the confessional is not yet too hot. I try not to hear what I'm told against my will, absorbing all and every sin. If there is a God and He wants it, then the poor sinners will be absolved through a process wholly beyond my control. If there is no God, or if He doesn't want it, my absolution is not more than a polite formula.

Marriages, baptisms, masses for the dead, and burials. There are days, I believe that there is a miraculous synchronization of my litany with The Force. Other days, like today, only Tavo matters to me. His eyes, his hair, his voice, his silent, steady affection keep me from walking away from..."
it all while there might still be a chance to live another life, to escape from this miserable senseless drudgery. If tomorrow Tavo would ask me to see the capital or to fly in a plane, it could be enough to make me leave this pitiful parish to its unfortunate fate.

After confessions reality: While Tavo is at school, I cycle to the orphanage that is undoing me. Of the seventy boys, at least ten are sick. The doctor asks when I will pay him; the pharmacist wants to see cash. Soon I'll have spent what is left of my mother's black money. I tell myself how wrong I am, how stupid, to stick to an ex-guerrilla teacher, to take an interest in the well-being of orphans who will grow up to be enemies of the class I represent. Represent, what a joke!

I do not dupe myself into believing that I love the poor. I like Tavo. I care for the boys in the orphanage because they are boys; but beyond that, I'm staying with the poor because I hate the rich. The sound of heavy silver cutlery on too large porcelain plates makes me sick.

I promise money to the doctor, hand ten dollars to the pharmacist. The teacher offers to leave, but with him would go also my pride, my youth, my ambition to be more than another third world upper class graduate Rolex-wearing parasite. I don't answer: One of these days, he will get shot.

In the afternoon Tavo brings the mail with a bank statement showing that I have less money than I thought, not enough to pay the bills already in my drawer, much less those to come. I write to my elder brother, begging him to help me get donations for the orphanage. The imminent elections will make me few friends and many enemies. The bishop sides openly with my family's opponents; he doesn't answer my letters, will not answer them as long as I keep that teacher.

Tavo does his homework to my left on a corner of the desk. The lines of the smooth light brown skin of his neck and the open collar of his white shirt run together like in an Art Deco mural. Desire almost overpowers me, but while at night Tavo offers himself most naturally to my lips, he doesn't like getting kissed in broad daylight.

I try to convince myself that I feel more for Tavo than a sexual urge inspired by his dark eyes, sensual lips and boyish voice. Don't I know that the day will come when he'll be at best good enough to help domesticate the boys who'll succeed him?

Tavo loves me because I'm good to him without any to him apparent reason, and listens quietly to my complaints about our lack of funds. To him my poverty looks like wealth - and to me too. The old parish house, the open windows behind the wooden blinds, the sound of the birds nesting in the bougainvillalas, and, as if the poverty of it healed, justified, sanctified our embraces inside the mosquito net: Our creaking old teak bed.

At night, I kiss the stored up kisses of the day on Tavo's lips, holding his wonderful slender body, breathing his fresh breath. What wealth could outweigh the sweet cool night hours when I hate time for passing, because the morning, the future promises less than the present offers me in my arms: TAVO

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