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THAI GUYS
the gay newsletter

OPQRS Co., Ltd.
Fortune Condo Tower 2,
318/253 Sathupradit 19 Road
Yannawa, Bangkok 10120
Tel: 02-674 2741, 01-844 1396, Fax: 02-674 2751
E-mail: thauguy số loxfio.co.th
Website: www.thauguy.org
Contact in Phuket: 09-5962296
E-mail: nagerberto@hotmail.com
Account: 1015755265
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Dear Ms. Connie,

This letter I hope will be a bit of a catharsis for me. I have read your column for several years and often wondered how so many of your readers who write to you for advice could be so gullible. Naturally we never believe that we, ourselves, would fall into the trap into which so many of the men who write to you seem to find themselves. I have spent a considerable time in Thailand. I speak the language in a rudimentary way, but enough to carry on a conversation. I think I am well-read in the cultural do's and don'ts and feel that over the years of hard knocks I have learned to keep my expectations in check regarding love and relationships with Thai men.

With that as my introduction, I will get to the meat of the matter. The meat in this case is a man by the name of Bunlert. I met him five years ago when I was living in Thailand and working on an Australian technical assistance program in the Northeast of Thailand. I would get opportunities to go to Bangkok on rest and recuperation trips throughout the two years of the project. After about three months of starting the project, I met Bunlert in a hotel coffee shop in Bangkok. The hotel was known to attract freelancers and I had no expectations from Bunlert other than the sexual weekend we spent together before I had to return to the Northeast. Funny enough, Bunlert came from a village in the very province where my project was located. At first I was reluctant to give him details of my “official” life even though there seemed a possibility that if it was worth more than a weekend, I could have my cake and eat it too, in other words, have a boyfriend whom I could see on weekends in the province and not depend only on my monthly forays in Bangkok. I arranged to meet Bunlert the next time I was in Bangkok where he was studying at Ramkhamhaeng, with assistance from his family which has land in the province. When we next saw each other, I took him to Hua Hin for five days. We had a wonderful time together. Bunlert proved to be an ideal companion in every sense. He was intelligent, interested in people, respectful of me and others and extremely polite. He suffered a bit of the country boy shyness when I took him to hotel restaurants or in better class establishments but he seemed to relax as he grew more familiar with table etiquette and dressing the part. Above all he was a gentleman in all senses of the expression.

Anyway, that was five years ago. For a year we saw each other when I was in Bangkok or he came back to the village. Over the years after the project finished and I had returned to Australia, we phoned or communicated by e-mail. It was always in the back of my mind that when I re-established myself in Adelaide, I would sponsor him to come to Australia as my partner. Our immigration laws allow same sex sponsorship upon proof that the relationship is stable and over a year in duration. I was able to show that we had had a conjugal relationship that had lasted over four years so there would have been no problem. I arranged for Bunlert to get his passport and asked him to send me copies of the pages to start the application process. When I phoned him to find out why his pages had not arrived, he seemed reticent on the phone. When I asked him if his passport had been used yet, he confessed that he had gone on a trip to Europe. But he said that he was afraid that his failure to complete his two years of military service would be held against him and he might not be able to exit to join me in Australia so he had accepted an invitation from someone who lived in Germany, but that was all over now and I was his only one. With that news, I decided to come to Thailand and arrange to get him a visitor’s visa and to touch base again, to see if things were still as they were. I must admit that I had reservations about the whole exercise and wondered if I could settle down with one partner even though I am now sixty. But when I arrived in Don Muang and Bunlert’s smiling face greeted me, my doubts evaporated regarding myself and him. We spent a week travelling to the islands during which I tried to impress Bunlert who is now in his early thirties, that he had to be true to me because I was opening up my life to him, and my family had accepted that I would be sponsoring a younger man from Thailand, so this was no empty promise on my part. They were only concerned that I knew what I was doing.

Anyway, I had another week in Thailand and planned to finalize the visa before I returned to work in Adelaide. Bunlert was just finishing his final exams at university so I decided to spend some quiet time out of Bangkok and keep myself away from temptation. Bunlert saw me to the bus and waved goodbye. I had arranged to meet with him at my hotel on my return to Bangkok and we would go to the Embassy to complete the visa formalities. That was the last I saw him. I have called his mobile phone and only get his voice mail. I have never met his family so I have no way to contact him otherwise and I do not want to go to the university to check to see if he really is a student. That would be no problem because I do have copies of his passport. But it all seems so strange to me, an old hand I think, when trying to fathom Thai men. At the same time, I feel rejected after focusing for so long on bringing Bunlert to Australia. I know I am perhaps too old for him and maybe he has found someone younger. He is definitely much more desirable physically than I am. As one old hand to another, what do you think lies behind all of the above Ms. Connie. I would appreciate your take on all this.

Bushed by not beaten in Adelaide

www.thaiguyso.org

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Dear Bushed,

Eleanor Roosevelt was recently quoted in the Bangkok Post as saying, “No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.” And if old Eleanor could come up with that after the years she endured the philandering of old FDR during their marriage, then we all should benefit from her stoicism. Your saga with Bunlert is indeed instructive. Not only for yourself but for all my gentle readers and even for Ms. Connie herself although she has erected such impenetrable walls around herself that some have dubbed her impervious to pain. This, incidentally, is totally untrue. Ms. Connie is still open to being abused and suffering the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, even though her tear ducts now only flow in the dark shadows of cavernous movie theatres, well away from the bitchy gossips of Soi 4 and other viper pits. What lies behind the unattractive behaviour of Bunlert? There are of course, numerous possibilities. In the most extreme and Ms. Connie hates to broach the most tragic, Bunlert may be in a hospital somewhere after suffering a mishap on the pillion of a motorcycle. But in the scheme of things that is unlikely. More probable is that your week’s sojourn in the islands with Bunlert got through to him. Funny enough, and this is the most positive take on your anecdote that Ms. Connie can come up with, Bunlert has had a recognition that he may not be as true to you as he should be. He’s had an epiphany, so to speak. It does happen in this jaded world, and he probably doesn’t even know it. He may also be uncertain of his own commitment to you after all. You did say that you impressed him with your commitment and what you were doing on his behalf. I presume the subtext to your discussion was that you were not wanting someone who merely wanted a passport to a future in Australia. If this is indeed the reason behind Bunlert’s disappearance, then you should leave well enough alone. It is better that you let time heal the wounds and look forward to whatever riches life gives you in the future. To dwell on this loss, and try and search out Bunlert would probably be pointless. He knew where you were emotionally and physically when you were here in Bangkok trying to arrange his visa. His behaviour is very Thai as I presume you are aware. We Westerners love the maudlin hair-pulling scenes which have resulted in the sacrifice of more bone china dinner sets than Wedgwood ever imagined producing. It is beyond us to believe that someone would just slink away without an expression of remorse or at least gratitude for what you have given already. But avoiding confrontation at all costs is the Thai way. It may seem gutless to us Westerners especially when it gets translated into someone leaving the scene of an accident, but the damage done in this instance is only an emotional one and you said yourself you have moments of doubt or you would have sprung for sponsorship without ever coming back to take the pulse of your relationship with Bunlert. You said a mouthful when you signed off, “Bushed but not Beaten”. Stiff upper lip my friend and thank your lucky stars you found out that Bunlert was not just a visa grabbing suck head before you got him putting the angel on your family’s Christmas tree back in Adelaide.
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Quicksand Ahead

Although purple-hearted J.F.Kerry has made a lot of headway recently I still think the odds are pretty good for Bush romping home when it counts. First of all the economy looks O.K. to good. Presently it matters little that this look is largely achieved by using smoke, mirrors and the amazing corpse-buffing skills of an army of seasoned undertakers. Secondly, by playing the anti-gay-marriage card, Bush makes sure that every God-fearing citizen votes for him instead of his liberal Antichrist opponent. Moreover, hundreds of millions of lobbying dollars will be deployed to steamroller the challenger. And lastly, he’s the beast we know. Another Bush victory, deplorable as it may be, will prolong and extend the conservatives’ attack on all social security-related spending in favor of cutting taxes and feeding the security forces. This will gradually be achieved by starving the governmental machine of sufficient funding, leaving only sharp and shocking cuts as last resort before bankruptcy. It helps enormously that Greenspan keeps interest rates artificially low, thus making sure that the march towards the deficit abyss can continue for a while longer. In the meantime equities continue to look good (remember, it’s all relative) and should still have a few sunny months ahead. This is especially true for the energy sector and consumer non-durables which have underperformed previously. I repeat my strong buy recommendation for oil stocks which I have highlighted previously.

Regarding the hot topic of global outsourcing I wouldn’t get too agitated about it. It is a done deal and we’d better get ourselves adjusted to the consequences. Even if some gormless twit of politician cries out for trade barriers and gathers a following of dunces it would only harm the protectionist countries themselves in the end. China and India can’t be dictated to about how to behave and will of course follow their own road to development, with all implied consequences. Instead of trying to handicap the inevitable march of history it will pay better dividends if we think about how to tap into developments as they are bound to occur. Asian consumers are for instance the best customers for luxury products such as expensive German limousines, French cosmetics, Swiss watches and Italian fashion. There is big demand for US banking skills, Japanese machinery and Australian resources. In fact most emerging economies run quite often trade deficits because their demand for practically everything is so high. Tap into the opportunities created instead of wailing about the exaggerated sucking sound of disappearing manufacturing jobs and enjoy the fruits of progress. What is needed here is flexibility to adapt. The times where ten percent of the planet’s population in the West could lord it over the rest are coming to an end. It really doesn’t help to have bad demographics.
The Erotic South

By Pierre Tourneau

Yes, there is the Phuket gay festival with its great parade. Yes there are the Phuket bars and hotels and restaurants.

Yes, there is the Rainbow Bar in Ao Nang, the beach town in Krabi province. Ao Nang is an outpost of Phuket, with its own quota of German tourists. The Rainbow is the only gay bar in the South outside of Phuket. Perhaps it is too new to realize it must advertise in Thai Guys in order to become world famous.

And yes, there is Hin Ta Hin Yai, the rock formations on Koh Samui island. To put it politely, as the tourist magazines do, they resemble male and female genitalia. Thai people are even more polite, calling them grandfather and grandmother rocks. They are probably the most photographed natural phenomenon in Samui.

But I was determined to seek out other manifestations of eroticism in the South of Thailand.

Well the Lonely Planet guide refers to an amusing coconut grating device in the National Museum in Nakhon Si Thammarat. Very discretely put.

We would not dare to print a photograph of it in Thai Guys for fear of wrathful moralists. Yet a copy of this item is on display in the Folklore Museum of the Institute for Southern Thai Studies, part of Thaksin University. The Folklore museum is on Koy Island, close to Songkhla. And the museum shamelessly sells postcards of the item and shows it in the museum leaflet and in their magazine.

The coconut grater is in the form of a naked young boy, maybe 3 years old, chest down on the floor, face to the side, looking innocent. The boy's posterior is in the air, and from the anal passage emerges the iron grater. Below the iron rod dangles the immature male genitalia.

The copy in the Folklore Museum was made by prisoners in the Nakhon Si Thammarat detention center. We wonder what crime led them to serve time.

Two other coconut graters in the Folklore Museum have the iron part sticking out of the end of a penis. One kris, or traditional small sword, had a phallic handle. It appears in the museum leaflet in a rather fuzzy photograph.

Let us move on to yet another startling museum discovery. This time no mention of the item in the Lonely Planet guide, no mention of it in the museum guidebook and no postcards.

The National Museum in Songkhla is a gay interior decorators dream palace. It is the finest Sino-Portuguese mansion open to the public in Southeast Asia. It was constructed around 1884, during the reign of King Rama V, by Phraya Sundranuralsa, Deputy Governor of Songkhla. Four two-story buildings are linked by courtyards and staircases. The extensive grounds are bounded by a protective wall. My dear, it is elegant!

In the back courtyard is a small stage, designed for showing the traditional southern Thai leather shadow puppets. Beside the stage three puppets are shown in a display case. One, a black figure, has a penis the size of a fire hose. It is casually draped over one shoulder. Oh my God! Size Queens of the world unite. We have found our mascot.

The Director of the Museum could supply only a bit of information. The black color meant that the figure was a "joker." No, he said, he had never seen another leather puppet like this one. It came from Nakhon Si Thammarat, the center for southern shadow puppets.

The Folklore Museum was helpful on the subject of jokers. It identified one of a number of joker figures as Theng. Theng has a phallus for a finger. Some depictions of him show the other fingers clutched to look like testicles.

Theng is no hot bar boy. He is old and balding, with a caved-in chest, a distended stomach and sagging breasts. His belly button and tids are often highlighted in red. He is a soldier. He delights in teasing and mocking other people. "When scolded by others he shows no anger but skillfully reflects the same words back on his opponent." For all his years, he is clearly adept at bitchy gay banter.

On to Nakhon Si Thammarat, the center for leather shadow puppets, in pursuit of Theng. And there he was at the two puppet workshops that welcome tourists. Mesa Cholphian, said to be the leading craftsman, has a museum and a theatre. Shadow puppet performances are presented whenever at least two customers appear.

A final startling discovery. I found another version of Theng. There he was in a magic drawing positioned to lure customers into a shop on the grounds of Wat Pra Mahathat, the great southern shrine in Nakhon Si Thammarat. The image had the signature curly hair, collapsed chest and penis-finger. But now his left hand grasped his huge male member. This Theng had discarded his traditional checkered sarong for magic nakedness.

I felt it my duty to purchase the drawing to remove this Theng from public exposure. His magic is now mine. He has left the erotic south for private display in Bangkok.
General interest

Bedwarmers
by Durian Gray

Lessons I Learned In The Mountains This Winter
Or, Twelve Reasons Why a Hot-Water Bottle is Better Than a Boy—For Bed-Warming.

After packing away my trusty hot-water bottle for the change of seasons, and substituting it for a two-legged bedwarmer (a boy), I began to realize the benefits of a hot-water bottle, these are:

1. You only have to pay for a hot-water bottle once, no matter how many times you use it. A boy has to be paid every time he warms your bed.

2. The hot-water bottle only has to be fed—water—which is free. A boy has to be maintained, clothed, and dined, which can get expensive.

3. A hot-water bottle never gets jealous.

4. You don’t have to teach a hot-water bottle how to speak English.

5. Although it has a big mouth, the hot-water bottle never talks back, and always does what you want it to do—simply warm your bed.

6. A hot-water bottle doesn’t lose its looks with age, and it doesn’t get too fat as boys do when they grow older. In fact, after usage it gets slimmer.

7. A hot-water bottle doesn’t require condoms or H1V and doesn’t mess up your bed with bodily fluids—although occasionally it could leak.

8. You can’t catch any Sexually Transmitted Diseases (STDs) from a hot-water bottle.

9. A hot-water bottle doesn’t have any relatives or family members that also need to be maintained.

10. A hot-water bottle never goes back to its village and is always there for your service.

11. A hot-water bottle can be put away without complaint or expense when you don’t need it.

12. A good, well-made hot water bottle could stay with you and serve you for the rest of your life.

13. You don’t get overly attached to your hot-water bottle and it will never break your heart.
Gluteus Maximus

By “Pooh”

Previously in Thai Guys we were introduced to our hero, the famous Roman, Gluteus Maximus. If you have not read Part 1 and a spare copy of the last edition of Thai guys is not lying around then log on to www.thaiguy.org and read what went before. Gluteus was with Julius Caesar when he died. We take up the story as the battle for the leadership of the soon to be Roman Empire takes place.

With Julius Caesar dead Gluteus Maximus our Roman hero fights at the rear of Octavian (or Octavius) in the ensuing leadership race between Marc Antony and Octavian/ius (later known as Augustus) just to make a student’s life even more confusing). When Marc Antony is finally defeated it is said that Cleopatra committed suicide by being bitten by an asp (a type of snake) to escape being paraded in a Triumph through Rome. (I am surprised at the use of the word Triumph in Rome – I thought a Vespa or a Fiat would be more appropriate, but I won’t quibble.) But in actuality, as the film will show, rather than being bitten by an asp (a deliberately poor translation to disguise the tastelessness of the real cause of death, I think) Cleopatra died after being sat upon by an ass (and I don’t mean a bloody great mule!). Gluteus protests it was all a mistake. Cleopatra was trying to rim her way into his favour when she fell smothering her. (What a wonderful death!) Augustus rewards him handsomely and sends him into retirement.

It was a good time for him to get out of town as Augustus was a morals campaigner. He enforced family values vigorously on all except himself. (Do you recognise the precursor of today’s true politicians?) Gluteus might not have survived if his attributes had been exposed publicly.

Like all great heroes, Don Quixote and Batman for example, Gluteus has a side-kick. This is the time we are introduced to him in more detail although we got a glimpse of him in the wrestling and lick of him in Cleopatra’s death scene. His name, as I told you earlier, is Coriol. He is a character who remains hidden most of the time but he peeks out now and then. During the reign of Augustus Gluteus is out of public life so the story of his private life, playing with Coriol, is expanded at this point. It is quite a physical part of the film where Gluteus is able to show his magnificent proportions while Coriol is stretched to his limits – well at times to rather amazing limits! And he is so cute when he winks – this becomes a little running joke through the film.

Like all bad times that of Augustus ends. As did the reign of Peter O’Toole (who has promised to reprise his role as Tiberius if he lives long enough). It is a little known fact that Tiberius bequeathed his castle in Capri and The Blue Grotto (a Neapolitan restaurant, I think) to Gracie Fields on the understanding she never scruch Sally again! As he died Tiberius asked everyone to wish him luck as they waved him goodbye – sorry old man – you’re dead!
prat-falls through a couple of scenes to be replaced by Nero who is introduced by a musical interlude, maybe an ode from *Fiddler on the Roof* might be appropriate.

While Nero is burning Rome Gluteus clenches in hysterical excitement. Coriol is there, his farts fanning the flames (a scene to rival the burning of Atlanta in *Gone With the Wind*). Nero is very amused. He not only laughs wildly but he also fiddles with Gluteus in a way not many Romans appreciated. (The word ‘fiddles’ is always mistranslated to imply the playing of a musical instrument.) This led to his deposition in the normal upper-class cowardly Roman way – suicide to escape being killed. Never saw a lot of sense in that myself. Gluteus is thus left in a rather hairy situation but he is able to sneak away, with his tail between his legs, to meet up with his brother.

The brother is Circus Maximus. So many people enjoyed their time with him that he came down in history as though he was a place rather than a person. Gladiators fought over him. They cried: “We who are about to die, salute you,” as they stood erect before him. Christians threw themselves to the lions just to get to him. Charioteers raced through him sometimes coming to a sticky end. He really was great fun, thoroughly enjoyed by the population. He was the inspiration for the phrase ‘bread and circuses’ – the people needed him just to survive.

But the movie has to end and so it is to the Roman baths. Romans bathed publicly in the nude, being washed, oiled and then scraped with a strigil, before the days of waxing. Gluteus is on view being admired. Coriol tries to get a look in from time to time but keeps getting oil in his eye, wink wink.

There were some memorable baths in Rome. One of the best was ArenA but it was a fight to get in. For a while Gluteus liked the famous Babylon but those hanging gardens gave him hay fever and although he searched high and low he had no success, like many after him, in finding any weapons of mass destruction.

Gluteus became a regular at the Baths of Caracalla. These baths had live entertainment like some American Gay bathhouses where performers like Bette Midler and Barry Manilow were said to have got their start – and they boast about it!

In this scene he is there to see the first performance of Johnny Green’s opera *Aida* (as opposed to that later version by Elton John). It is advertised as an Egyptian musical spectacular compete with animals on stage (a change from on *Circus*) including an elephant. The music reaches its climax as the hit tune is played – the *Baby Elephant Walk*. Everyone awakes the entrance of the elephant. But stop. This is not an elephant. It is Hanni! Gluteus cannot believe what he saw. His heart began to soar and he knew that his ass (no, not a bloody great mule) would be sure when he re-unites with this, the one man who can satisfy him.

He is finally in the arms of Hanni. Coriol, oil in his eye, allows Hanni to slip it to Gluteus. The love theme is played – their love will go on and on and on and on, just like the bloody song! The last words of the film will be remembered in film history longer than those of *Gone With the Wind* or *Casablanca*. Gluteus screams, “Fiddle-de-dee, harder, harder, faster, faster, harder, please, please, harder, harder, please, frankly, my dear, I don’t give a damn, just harder, faster.” – a beautiful scene, to bring tears to the eyes of many.

I will not have this end as a tragedy like most Gay films and plays. No, this ending has our two heroes, arm-in-arm strolling down the Appian Way, the sky diffuse with a fiery, eerie, decidedly Gay pink glow, a cone-shaped mountain with a wisp of smoke curling romantically, blissfully upwards. They look at each other and then, as if to say “Coming”, Gluteus points at the signpost: POMPEII LXIX. What a climax!

As the credits roll, Uncle Remus is seen in full moon. The words ‘The End’ appear from an appropriate place as Coriol winks – here’s looking at you, kid!

And, of course, very appropriately, the screenplay, producing and directing is credited to Pooh! Won’t that look good on the Oscar?

**Further Reading**

How can you, the general public, as opposed to a scholar like me, learn more

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about Gluteus today? It is not easy. It needs a lot of research and dedicated interpretation. The first source is the chronicler Shakespeare who wrote of him—well, he made fun of him. Because of this we now remember Gluteus as an amusement rather than by his magnificence. But Shakespeare was so circumspect about Gluteus you really have to look very carefully to find him in the bawds’ (sorry, typing, bard’s) works.

William Shakespeare was said to be homosexual and a couple of his plays would suggest this, for instance he wrote an alliterative one on penis envy called Measure for Measure.

The Shakespeare we know today can blame on a Thomas Bowdler who in the early 1800s published an edition of Shakespeare’s works called The Family Shakespeare. In this he omitted words and expressions he found improper for family reading. A lot of this censorship has been passed down to us. When Bowdler read Loves Labours Lost, in which Shakespeare had, again alliteratively, written a satire on the sexual mores of the Church against non-procreative sex, he was appalled. He is said to have snarled, “The old bugger’s done it again, the wanker,” and then promptly rewrote the tome!

He also changed that classic Hamlet. Originally Hamlet, at his absolutely most romantic, said to either Rosencrantz or Guildenstern, “Nay I kiss your hand, or feel ya?” Bowdler changed it to, “May I kiss your hand, Ophelia?” introducing a completely new character for whom he had to invent a death scene. Now I ask you why? What did it add to the play?

The play we know as Romeo and Juliet was a Gay paedophilic romp known as Romeo and Julio. It was the story of two gorgeous adolescents sowing their wild oats in a pretty Italian town. We know this quite definitely as have you ever seen a Gay play that ends happily? I rest my case. In Romeo and Julio (et) Gluteus was portrayed as Mercuro, a mercurial character who gets stabbled a lot.

While Bowdler has a lot to answer for so does that bloody old bugger Wilhelmina Shakespeare in a different context but just as heinous. He really did not like Gluteus. I suspect that to the fawning, closeted Shakespeare Gluteus may have been politically incorrect. He used him abominably, as he did many historical figures (he was a Tudor toady sucking up to Elizabeth I, England’s greatest king).

Ignoring Gluteus, he wrote a whole play about Coriol, who really was a minor historical figure. As the title he used his full name – Coriolanus.

He used Coriol again and introduced Gluteus in A Midsummer Night’s Dream a story about fairies. But he used them as figures of fun and ridicule. He anglicised the names. Coriol became Puck and the magnificent Gluteus Maximus? Shakespeare made a complete ass (yes, a bloody great mule) of him by transforming him into a simple Bottom.

Glossary For The Uninitiated

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Definition</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gluteus Maximus (Latin)</td>
<td>buttocks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hinterbecher (German)</td>
<td>buttocks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arsch (German)</td>
<td>arse (US ass)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fesse (French)</td>
<td>buttocks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Derriere (French)</td>
<td>buttocks (behind)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Encule (French)</td>
<td>anus (well, arsenhole)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chatte (French)</td>
<td>pussy!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pathicus (Latin)</td>
<td>a sodomite</td>
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The Lobby Of The Tarntawan Place III

(For Thai eyes only)

Central Department Store Silom

In the afternoon, the third floor becomes so quiet; you’ve to go to the toilet and masturbate, just to hear the street noise for a while. You’ve sold nothing since noon...

When you come back, you notice a guy hovering round the % SALE % underwear rack. He looks about forty-five, a real bear with a sexy clipped beard and strong, hairy arms. From his barbecued suntan, you guess that he is Australian. He’s fingering thongs size S. He must be gay.

"Can I help you, Sir?"

Lesson # 1: Smile...

“What would be my size?” Should you fetch him an Elephant Village flier from the rack near the cash register? You hand him your own size. He smiles, you say, “Would you like to try, Sir?”

“Too small, sorry!”

He smiles, you smile. He looks at a pair of see-through briefs. You notice his gold Rolex, a fat gold ring with initials on his right index... You pull out all the gay stuff for him...

“I’m too old...”

You decide to do some hard selling.

Lesson # 2: Smile...

Handing him camouflage briefs, by chance, you touch the hairy back of his hand, “You look sexy, Sir!”

You like slightly chubby men over forty. Your favorite sex fantasy is a threesome in a millennium silver Mercedes Benz limousine with a businessman in dark three-piece suit, white shirt, vest and underwear, powerful tie, black oxfords plus calf-length socks and his young bodyguard-driver who wears a dark navy uniform, tight shirt, very tight pants, black boots, and no underwear. Sad enough, the Australian on offer has no dark glasses to take off and give you that killer look which would transport you into his suite in the Bayoke Tower and onto a bed the size of Sanam Luang, and where is the sexy driver, whom you’ll suck while the boss fucks you?

Lesson # 3: Smile...

Your co-worker brothers and sisters are giggling...

“Long time in Bangkok, Sir?”

“Today is my second day!”

“Do you want me to show you Bangkok, Sir?”

Suddenly his ink jetted Tarntawan Place business card is in your hand...

“Call you at seven o’clock, ok Sir?”

Underwear, swimwear, socks, Nike Airs... He is buying... He pays with a VISA Gold Card: He must be rich. You carry his bags for him to the down elevator.

*Martin Frank (Author of “Ter fügi ische souhung” and other books in Swiss German, German and English. The film “fogi is a bastard” is available at amazon.com.)
You call tonight, promise?
Seven o'clock, Sir!

Lesson #4: Smile...

Your co-worker friend brothers and sisters are giggling. Almost four thousand baht! Today, you are number one. Should you call him? Pretending to put back into their box the Reeboks he tried, you look at his card, "Richard J. Neuhaus." "Richard" sounds like rich! The Tantawan Place is an expensive gay hotel... You'd like to see his room, but what if a co-worker brother should see you entering? I, I, I, I, I... If really, he is rich... "He must be thinking all Thai boys are prostitutes!

You are not going to call, never. "I'm not a prostitute!"

Lesson #5: In the Mango Tree...

By mid dinner, you know the blood pressure of his mother and what medication she takes... He loves a cook, called Jamie, he says. How big is his dick? Jamie is a bit fat, he says, but good-looking... Rich says his life is very empty and lonely... Why doesn't he tell his cook to have a shower and then fuck him? Thinking of Rich and Jamie having sex turns you on. You'd like Rich to fuck you.

He talks about cars he says "he drives"; are they his cars? You would sit in the left seat, he would joke about stick shifting and grab your little brother... He says, he owns a condominium, is he living alone? His own company? Does he wear suits to work? He is a chartered accountant, he says, he studied economy, he says... You'd like him to pay quickly and take you to a short-term hotel. You just want to know how big his dick is. He must be thinking...

He starts talking about sex right in the restaurant. You're about to tell him, "I'm not a prostitute," but what if somebody should hear you, they'll make fun of you. You've got a hard-on. You tell yourself: "I'm not a prostitute!"

Because tomorrow is your free day, you say, "Tomorrow, I'll show you Bangkok, ok Sir?"

While the waiter is clearing the table, he [Rich] says, "Would you like to come to my hotel?"

You'd like to but how can he be so rude to ask you in front of the waiter? You answer for the waiter to hear, "I'm not a prostitute!"

Rich apologizes so sincerely, he nearly begins to cry. Maybe, Australia is just different. You check the bill for him. At least, he tips the waiter generously.

You give Rich your mobile number. When you get into the taxi, he hands you a thousand baht bill for the fare.

Too much, Sir?

"See you tomorrow, Ken!"

At night, you think about how ugly he looks, how stupid he is, how he embarrassed you in front of the waiter, but he has a nice, sexy, deep voice and hairy arms, you'd like to snuggle up in the security of his embrace... His own company, cars, a condo... You're really fed up to share a room with three other Isan guys - your friend brothers - who think farting is as funny as it gets.

Lesson #6: Waiting for the bus...

You feel your balls churning... If only he would behave smarter... In the Central Silom toilets, every day some guy tries to pick you up, but rumors spread fast; you don't want anybody to know. Many guys said you're cute, but of course, if he has money...

There must be callboys looking much better than you do... expensive ones...

There are five stars gay clubs for men like him...

Lesson #7: In the Grand Palace...

Instead of looking at things worth looking at, he shoots pictures of you with his fancy digital camera. You feel uneasy; but at least compared to other tourists, he's dressed decently in tan chinos and a white linen short-arm shirt that shows off his gold Rolex (and his strong, hairy arms). Everybody, Thai and Farang, must be thinking you're his lover.

When you pay the taxi to the Chinese restaurant, he wants to force money on you. You say, "I still have money from yesterday, thank you!"

Lesson #8: In Chinatown...

In the restaurant, he questions you about what school you finished, your family, your salary... Since you came to Bangkok two years ago, your life has been so difficult that at night you dream of a man, any man, to hold you in his arms and take care of your life. Your elder brother tells you to send home half your salary. How is it possible? You'd like to save some money and finish your school.

You want Rich to fuck you, but don't want him to think that he can buy you...

Lesson #9: Shopping...

He invites you to go shopping with him at Siam Plaza. Inside, he asks you, "What should we buy for you?" You say nothing. Whatever you say, he'll think that is the price of having sex with you. Why does he think that just because you have no money, you're for sale? You say, "Thanks, I need nothing."

He buys you T-shirts, shorts and sexy underwear from Domon, very expensive black jeans and a shirt, both genuine CK, and is about to buy you the new CK perfume "Crave," when your phone rings. It's a co-worker sister from the shop. While you talk, he looks at your battered phone, which you repaired with sticky tape from the store. When you're finished, he says, "You need a new phone!" and drags you into the Sony shop. You say, "It is too expensive, I don't want it," but he buys you the very smart new Z600. You select the coral cover. The phone looks and feels so great, you can't believe it is yours, but he turns your joy into shame by talking so loud that the whole shop - staff and clients - must know how you pay for this phone. You force yourself to smile and say, "Thank you!"

In the taxi, you swear to yourself in your heart, "Never again!" Tomorrow, you'll go back to the Sony store and exchange it for a cheaper model. What will your friend brothers and co-worker brothers and sisters think if they catch you with a 15'900 baht phone? They know you have no money. Where can you hide the expensive clothes he bought for you?

In the lobby of the hotel, you feel like a person about to get shot - or fucked! When you hand the security man your ID, you read in his eyes, "What's wrong with you, younger brother? Can't you find another job?"

Lesson #10: Suite 999...

Now, you'll have to let Rich do whatever he wants. You are so stupid! He orders drinks from room service. When the waiter knocks, you hide in the toilet. Why, why? You expect Rich to close the door, kiss you and open your fly, but he just pushes a gay porn DVD into the player; and then asks you, "Do you mind if I have a quick shower?"

The film is more than explicit. If you go on watching, you'll come by yourself and
mess up your pants. You have to switch to MTV, get up, open a window and look down into Thanon Surawong. Idiot! Idiot! Idiot! Your drink is so sweet, you don’t know whether it is alcoholic or not. The suite looks expensive: He must be rich. You’ll like him to fuck you. You want to leave, but guess that the security will stop you. You are trapped with a painful hard-on.

When he comes back, he’s wearing a thick terry robe, which lets you see his sexy, hairy, strong pectorals. He smells of a luxury men’s body shampoo, is it Aramis? You say, “Can I have a shower too?”

**Lesson #11: Have a shower!**

He leads you through his bedroom into his large bathroom with tub and shower cabin, hands you a towel and leaves you alone.

You’re the biggest idiot in the world! You’re having a shower in a gay hotel! You’ve become a regular prostitute. A gay Farang buys you a few gifts and next you’re in his bathroom soaping your ass for him, what a shame! That he’s waiting to fuck you gives you a hard-on. Just let him have a big dick and not stop until you’ve come twice!

After the shower, you tie a towel around your hips. What sex you had, were hurried affairs. He is waiting for you on the bed in the bedroom. You’re glad he’s still wearing the robe. You sit down on the edge of the bed and shake the water out of your ears.

He says, “You look very beautiful, I’d like to touch you.”

You want to say, “I’m not a prostitute!” but he has spent more than twenty thousand baht for you, and also, you want him to switch off the light and fuck you. You have to push down your little brother or it would lift the towel and show.

He says, “...but I don’t want you to do anything you don’t feel comfortable with. I’d rather have you as a friend for a long time than have sex with you and never see you again.”

“Should I switch off the light?”

**Lesson #12: In the dark...**

You get on the bed, anticipating that he’ll fuck you, anticipating that he’ll kiss you with his bearded mouth, anticipating to touch his sexy, hairy body, anticipating to suck his [you hope, big dick]. Your hard-on is dripping pre-cum, but because Rich is older, you wait for him to him make the first move.

“I’d like to kiss you, do you mind?”

While he is kissing you, your hands are in his fur. You have to touch his little brother too, which is much bigger than you expected: He is a real man.

He is kissing you, and not just your mouth, your nipples too, your navel, and then licks your balls and the base of your cock...

“May I suck you?”

His short beard is too rough...

“Careful, I’m about to come”

**Lesson #13: Sex is fun!**

You want him to fuck you, but his mouth feels so good...

When he’s back to French kissing, he pulls off to say with his sexy deep mature man voice, “I’d like to fuck you, do you like it?”

You turn onto your stomach and spread your legs.

He says, “Sorry, I’ve to switch the light on to get a condom...”

You hide under the bed sheet.

*Continued in page 27.*
When he switches the light off, you’re suddenly afraid. His little brother is so big! When he enters you, your ass is hurting, but once inside, he feels so good, better than anything you’ve tried yourself.

Lesson #14: After you’ve come the second time...

You have a quick shower. When you return, he says, “Can you stay for the night?”

What will your friend brothers say? But you feel tired and want to sleep in his hairy arms, close to his bear body...

“Do you have an alarm clock?”

Lesson #15: In the morning...

Just after waking up, you always feel painfully hard. You need to have sex once more but you are afraid to be late for work... to go back to your room and change and get to the store with the bus will take two hours... You’d like him to suck you quickly...

“Take a taxi!”

... and put his hand where you hurt...

“It’s not faster; I could take the Sky train...”

... while you swing around to be closer to his little brother...

“Can I leave these things here? We can meet again...”

... and start sucking him too...

“Tonight?”

His mouth feels so good...

“What time?”

... you hate to let his cock slip out of your mouth...

“Seven o’clock?”

You’re about to come...

“Where?”

Stop talking please!

“In the lobby?”

Yes, wherever, just... ah!...

“Oh!”

Lesson #16: When he kisses you goodbye...

He wants to hand you several thousand-baht bills “for the taxi.”

You don’t take them. “I’m not a prostitute!”

“That’s not what I mean... Could we be friends?”

Gifts don’t hurt. “See you tonight, sawadee khap!”

Lesson #17: At night, in the lobby of the Tarntawan Place...

You get stared at by his competition — Where did he pick you up? — and your competition — What club are you working in? — Why did you come here again? Idiot! You want him to fuck you once more and then you’ll forget him. Let him go back to Australia and fuck his fat cook!

He invites you to the Bussaracam. You’re first time in a high-class restaurant and feel shy, but he makes you order for him. He is spending too much. When the waiter has gone, you ask him, “What do you want from me?”

“I want you to be my friend.”

“I’m not a prostitute.”

The waiter brings the drinks. You want Rich to care for you, buy you shirts and pants and undress you, to be your daddy and kiss and suck you with his scratchy beard, to listen and tell you that you’re beautiful, to help if you have problems and let you sleep in his hairy, muscular arms, your nose against his strong, hairy pectorals... How can you explain him that you are too poor to accept his gifts? Where can you hide the box of the phone? “I got it for two hundred baht in the night...”
All you worry about is your job... What if after a few weeks, he is fed up with you?

Lesson # 19: Cry!
When he leaves, he hands you enough money to live three months, and promises you to send more. He tells you to finish your school, but what if you give up your job, and he doesn't send you money?

"Thank you!"

Lesson # 20: When you send him the "I NEED ONE BILLION" SMS...
He replies, "ONE BILLION NOT HAVE" and calls you. "Why didn't you tell me on the phone? I thought we're friends? How much do you need?"

You need him to fuck you...

"One billion!"

... every night...

"Are one thousand dollars ok?"

... to touch his hairy body...

"It's too much, two hundred dollars is enough!"

... kiss his scratchy face...

"I'll send it tomorrow?"

You want him to push his tongue inside your mouth...

"When are you coming?"

... lick and bite your nipples...

"I want you to come first!"

... suck you...

"Too late, I've already finished!"

When will he come back?

"I miss you!"

While Jamie is cooking!

"I miss you too..."

Every morning, just after waking up...

---

**Gay Blow-jobs Still Banned In Sing**

While it was reported in the media that squeaky-clean Singapore may soon decriminalize oral sex between men and women, homosexual oral sex looks set to stay illegal.

The move follows a highly publicised case of a 27-year-old policeman jailed for two years in November for receiving consensual oral sex from a 15-year-old girl.

The case provoked rare public criticism of Singapore's government. In an earlier case detailed in the Straits Times, a housewife tried to punish her unfaithful husband by performing oral sex on him and then reporting him to the police!

Comment: With the puritanical prime minister threatening to close Thai nightspots even an hour earlier from 2AM to 1AM, there has been some talk that Singapore, crying the pink dollar, might try to woo gays away from Thailand. But who would flock down to the Lion City if they thought they could be arrested for a blow-job?!

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**Gay Prostitution Ring Busted In China**

A bar owner in Nanjing city has been fined 60,000 yuan (US$7,300) and sentenced to jail for eight years for organising a gay prostitution ring, still a rarity in China, Xinhua the Chinese state media reported.

The People's Court found 33-year-old Li Ning, who ran the Zengzi Bar in downtown Nanjing, guilty of hiring young men to work as prostitutes at his bar and pocketing some 100,000 yuan (US$12,050) in profits during the eight month period. He was so bold as to run advertisements in local newspapers seeking "male public relations staff"—a local euphemism for prostitutes.

As in Thailand, many of the men were heterosexual, but were lured by the chance to earn moer money—in this case 200 yuan (US$25) per day, although part of it was kept by the bar-owner. In a society where many gays remain closeted—and like Li Ning are married and lead straight lives to avoid social ridicule—the demand for male prostitutes is high.
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Pattaya Second Road, in front of Ruen Thai, opposite Royal Garden Marriott Hotel / www.restaurant-pattaya.com
"From The Balcony Chalkboard"

I used to have a handle on life, but it broke.

It has been discovered that research causes cancer in laboratory rats.

Money can't buy happiness. But it sure makes misery easier to live with.

Good judgment comes from experience; experience comes from bad judgment.

If at first you do succeed, try not to look astonished.

Life is sexually transmitted and terminal.

Booze is the answer. I don't remember the question.

The only substitute for good manners is fast reflexes.

If it ain't broke, it ain't Microsoft.

My brain has a mind of its own.

I slit my throat on the cutting edge of technology.

I like cats, too. Let's exchange recipes.

Half the people in the world are below average.

If you want to know about paranoids, follow them around.

The only poultry in motion is a running chicken.

I wish Noah had scooped those two flies.

I slit my throat on the cutting edge of technology.

Everyone hates me because I'm paranoid.

The more I write, the more I have to cut.

I didn't write my song to the top of the food chain to be a vegetarian.

If we aren't supposed to eat animals, why are they made of meat?

Time is what keeps things from happening all at once.

I don't suffer from insanity, I enjoy every minute of it.

Love: two vowels, two consonants, two fools.

It's lonely at the top, but you eat better.

He who laughs last thinks slowest.

Make it idiot proof, and someone will make a better idiot.

Always remember you're unique, just like everyone else.

Lottery: a tax on people who are bad at math.

A new show at the Art Café
Read the story on page 50.
with dominating layers of old people on top who are mostly anxious to preserve the status quo of their own privileged existence. I think the Bush-led assault on social cushions, while seen by Europeans as the second coming of Attila the Hun, will probably prepare the US better for the coming upheavals than the European talking shop does. Survival at the top of the heap is not mandatory, even though some people seem to take that as their birthright.

Back to the perennial investment challenge: Japan and HongKong look good at present. Thailand is in the middle of a correction and is probably offering a nice entry point during the next few weeks. Gold and gold mining stocks suffered a brief but noteworthy setback: a good opportunity to add some Newmont Mining right now as a counterweight in case of renewed dollar weakness and other assorted troubles. Consumer finance stocks, house builders, chip producers etc. are at rather high price points and should be reduced. I would also not be too heavy on Microsoft; the master exhibit of a fat and lazy corporate monster which feeds itself through a fragile, legally-assisted monopoly. I think the Chinese and other upcoming powers will find ways to weaken or kill that obnoxious dragon sooner or later.

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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 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.

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

Utopia Tours (42)
Asa’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 Tarawian Place Hotel. 02-238-3227 and chat about their
travel plans.

www.thaiguys.org

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

Cutey & Beautey Hairalon (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 is 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 Duanthwee (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 Sphinxs.
DK-SIAM — Jomtien’s Answer
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David Kaminsky has recently brought a
breath of fresh air into the furnishings
business in Jomtien. As a successful
businessman from the USA, and obviously
someone with an eye to providing the
best at the most reasonable price, he
has brought his expertise to bear on the
all-too-necessary business of furnishing
one’s home.

A self-confessed open-air guy he prefers
the sight and feel of natural materials
hence his choosing to promote wooden
toys and natural leather sofas and seating
units.

The two outlets of DK-SIAM, in Building A
of the View Talay Jomtien Condo 2 and on
Thappraya Road on the approach to Beach
Road opposite the Jomtien Complex, after
the Haruman statue, are treasure houses
of items that would grace any home.

With so many new housing developments
around the Jomtien area there is a constant
demand for innovative ideas for décor in
large villas or small studio pads in the
condos. For anyone choosing to move into
the area DK-SIAM should certainly be on
the list of places to visit before finalising
ones fashion statement.

In the View Talay showrooms one can
get a feel for the furniture in situ, with
room displays of bedroom furniture, dining
suites and two- and three-seater sofas.
Display cabinets, cocktail cabinets and
other items of graceful wooden cupboards
and occasional tables are all there for
immediate delivery or special orders taken
can usually be honoured within a period
of three to four weeks.

DK-SIAM staff at both outlets will be happy
to show you other items of teak hangings,
mango wood vases, fabric hangings and
other exotic ornaments to add that
touch of colour to the décor of your
home.

www.thaiguys.org
Art again at the Art Café

By Suzy Sze

What? You have never been to the Art Café in North Pattaya? Shame on you! You are a real philistine and probably came to this sophisticated city only for cheap and seedy sex and certainly not for fine dining, the arts or - in one word - kultura. Suzy, of course, only moved to Pattaya several years ago because of the famous Opera House, the renowned Film Festival, the numerous internationally famous art galleries and the grand Theatres with their unforgettable and unique shows. The Jomtien Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art is, as you might have heard, expected to open in 2015. Before that event I strongly suggest you visit the Art Café, if you have any interest in beauty at all.

I recently went to the Opening Night of Chaichivit Sappaso art exhibit “Silent Storms” at the Art Café. Chaichivit, who is a native son Sakhon Nakhon, is a young man of only 23 years and is a thing of beauty himself. His looks, admittedly, helped me to turn up on time for the generous free cocktails – as many as could be drunk without turning into a fool – that were consumed on the well manicured lawn of that villa-style al fresco restaurant in Naklua Road, Soi 16. If you are afraid of primordial, straight horses, your phobia will not be aroused at the opening parties at the Art Café. All the friends of Dorothy attend (including the arguably best-known closet queen from Jomtien Beach) accounting for about 80 percent of the guests.

The usual (but, thank God, short) speeches were given before the water colour works of Chaichivit Sappaso were finally revealed to the public. He studied art at Khon Kaen University but then had to work as a badly-paid copy artist in one of those shops in South Pattaya before finally some Farangs discovered his talents. And here, just a little later, he is exhibiting at the Art Café. One of the speeches slightly horrified good old Suzy and caused an internal silent storm (do you still remember the title of the show at this stage?): Chaichivit moved to Pattaya together with his girlfriend. In other words that good looking Chaichivit Sappaso has no real attraction to male beauty?!!!

Well, so be it. Suzy was instantly amazed by the beauty of his pictures that show the quality of photorealism that is normally achieved only by using oils. Chaichivit Sappaso, however, uses water colours and is able to achieve an incredible, unseen depth. He shows great attention to detail and his inspiration comes from in and around Pattaya. Some of his pictures were sold right on the spot and most will have gone when you read this splendid review. (So will this show)

What should I add? I stayed on for the five course dinner usually served on an opening night, being modestly priced at 950 Baht (including the unlimited pre-dinner drinks). It was great food, great fun and great art. The art of living. Yes, in Pattaya!

Next time they hold an exhibition, you should go in order to remove the stigma of philistinism.

E-mail: jo@artcafe-thailand.com

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Your Fantasy in the Heart of Pattaya's Nightlife

Chiang Mai Map Legend

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Code</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>House of Male</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lanna Paradise</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lotus Hotel</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man Thai Massage</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Way: Two of Us</td>
<td>11</td>
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<tr>
<td>M2M</td>
<td>0</td>
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<tr>
<td>Relax</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seven Suns</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simon</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spa Roma</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Best Club</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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 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.

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.

M2M (8)
The place to meet friends, friendly and relaxing atmosphere.
**Map of Phuket Legend**

- Aquarius 1
- Angel 2
- Bingo 3
- Blue Dolphin Sauna 4
- Boot Bar 5
- Boom Boom 6
- Chicken Bar 7
- Club Bamboo 8
- Club One Seven B&B Phuket 50
- Connect Guesthouse 9
- C.U. Tonight 10
- Fire Island Disco 12
- Flying Handbag 13
- Fong Kiew Mansion 14
- Golden Boys 15
- Heaven 16
- ICON Hotel 17
- James Dean 18
- James Dean and Friends 19
- Law John 20
- J.B. Bar 21
- Jackers 22
- Jungle Boys 23
- Kenya's 24
- Koh Jai Restaurant 25
- Montana Guesthouse 26
- Ma Prang 27
- Main Va Karaoke 28
- Monte Carlo 29
- My Way 30
- Newspaper Restaurant and Bar 31
- Paradise Inn 32
- Passport 33
- Rendez Vous Guesthouse 35
- Rim Suan Restaurant 36
- Ruby Slipper 37
- Sea Hag 38
- Siam Palm Hotel 39
- Simon Cabaret 40
- Sportacus 41
- Sphinx Restaurant and Theatre 34
- Star Bar 42
- Superb 43
- Tangram Club 44
- Tawen on the Hill 45
- Tiger Bar 46
- Time Bistro 47
- Twilight 48
- Unde Charlie's Boys 11
- World Gems 49

**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 a 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 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 Boys (36)*

The 15-room Siam Palm is 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.
Love In A Mongolian Yurt

by Durian Gray

As a travel writer, I wanted to be in Ulaan Bator (UB) for the annual Mongolian Naadam festival in July which features horse-racing, archery and wrestling. Ever since I was a kid, I was dying to flee my native suburban New York to go to the most exotic, far-away places and, after reading about Genghis Khan and his galloping hordes, always had my heart set on Mongolia.

However, when I finally got to Beijing, I found out that the Mongolian embassy would be closed all week for the Naadam holiday, so no visas available, and no train tickets, for love Nor money for the whole month of July. Benny, the hotel concierge suggested, What about Inner Mongolia? No visas required, and you can come with us on the train to Hohhot.

Hohhot? I'd never heard of Hohhot before, the capital of China's Autonomous Region of Inner Mongolia. Nevertheless, the Clefs d'Or, the Chinese chapter of the international society of hotel concierges, was having a training session for some of its concierges in Hohhot, Inner Mongolia of all places, and I was invited to accompany them on the train.

Well, why not Inner Mongolia? While it wasn't exactly the Trans-Mongolian Express to UB, the 12 hour night train to Hohhot was still an adventure. Rumbling through the darkness, we pass through a gap in the crumbling Great Wall. The architectural wonder constructed to keep those muscular Mongol hordes out of the Middle Kingdom. Of course, for me those hunky hairless hordes were the attraction of Mongolia! A couple of hours before arrival, the copper sun rises over the semi-arid landscape that later transforms into vast grasslands. The train hostess has already passed out tour itineraries with the heading: Welcome to Inner Mongolia. On the platform, we are greeted by a cute beaming bellboy from the Jinsui Hotel. But by the time we check in, have breakfast and are ready to go out sight-seeing, we find out what was hot in Hohhot-the sun.

In Mongolian (a strange-looking script which is read vertically), the name Hohhot means Blue City and I suppose that must have referred to the sky before the city became industrialized. With one of the smallest amounts of annual precipitation, it is one of the sunniest cities in China - and also one of the dustiest. The guidebook's description as "not jam packed with sights" is an understatement. Although Hohhot is basically a Chinese city with Mongolians a minority, its raison d'être for tourists is as a base for excursions to the grasslands, and most of the hotels have travel desks to lure the occasional tourist. Of course, being an incurable romantic, I naturally harboured delusions that I'd be staying in the yurt (ger in Mongolian) of some burly, homy nomads. After a two hour drive out of town on a velvet-smooth asphalt road, I found myself in Xil Amuren, a yurt tourist park with scores of semi-permanent yurts with concrete and tiled floors set up for tourists in several clusters of what I dubbed yurts.

Continued in page 61.
Continued from page 38

Having plunked down 580 Yuan (about $75) for the one day/one night package tour, I still would have had to pay another 50 Yuan ($6.00) per hour to rent a horse. But at nearly 40°C (105°F) degrees, it was far too hot for horseback riding, so I opted to cool off in the local communal bath house with a cool shower as there are no bathrooms in the yurts. So there, in this one large shower room without cubicles I could have an eyeful of the Mongolian manhood except without my glasses I was blind as a bat and luckily so as I would have had a tell-tale hard-on for sure!

However, later, with the help of a look-up and point Mandarin-English dictionary, I was able to communicate with one of the handsome Mongolian teenaged cowboys gallering on the shady side of the street out of the blistering mid-day sun. He wanted to know if where I came from they had sheep and horses like here (his family, he boasted, had 400 sheep and 100 horses). However, when he invited me to come to his ranch, and I asked where was his horse - he pointed to what looked like a Harley, only it was a Chinese wanna be branded Zongshen motorcycle on which we zoomed off together. After making formal friendship drinking fermented mare’s milk – a cross between yogurt and champagne – he agreed to spend the night with me in his yurt. The only problem was that when it finally came time for beddy-bye under the stars, he was so drunk that he could hardly get it up – but a little hard coercion helped. Most of the other tourists came in groups, and most were young Asian backpackers from Hong Kong, Japan and Korea. One group was headed out to the desert for a double-humped camel safari the next day when I, alas, had to return to oh-so-hot, Hohhot.

When I got back to Hohhot that evening I searched the hotel for some entertainment (other than the friendly room boys). Roaming the corridors, I discovered bowling, karaoke and a nightclub. As I passed the door that said “Sauna and Massages”, a man with a seedy smile beckoned. Inside the labyrinthine inner chambers, I was led into what seemed like a short-term hotel room, and as the scantily clad masseuse approached, no prizes for guessing what kind of massage was on offer. Only, being of the queer persuasion, I wasn’t in the least attracted and wanted to get out. I knew I wasn’t in Kansas anymore, and by some strange divine sense of humour – someone had left the television on, although nobody but I was watching, this black and white movie with a strangely familiar twister approaching, and the farm animals flying. It wasn’t an old newsreel as I’d first thought, but then I recognized Auntie Em, despite her squawking in Mandarin, calling frantically for Dorothy to come home.

Come home, I thought. Yes, I too wanted to get out of here and go home. On the train back to Beijing, I realized that although I hadn’t reached as far as Outer Mongolia, it had been an interesting journey to Inner Mongolia, or should I say “inner” Mongolia?
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 "Boyz Town". 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 overweight already, try the desserts!

Jim’s Tailor (68)
Certainly the best looking tailor in town with an absolutely intriguing smile—but probably married… and an excellent tailor for suits and dresses. Whatever you want, girls, they can do it. Clotheswise: strictly!

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.

Exsitt (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 snooiker.

Dicks Café Jomtien (25)
Bangkok’s successful Café has now got a cute little brother in Pattaya, Jomtien area. Just beside Detty’s Men Club and opposite Exsit 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.
**Pattaya**

**UBC Focus On Poseidon**

During their time in Jomtien Mrs. Balbir and the Discovery Thailand TV crew found themselves directed to the Poseidon Hotel.

Helmut and his staff soon arranged for Mrs. Balbir to discover for herself what a wonderful venue this would be visually for the TV and also as a recommended place to stay. But more of that on their return visit! On this occasion Mrs. Balbir’s attention was focused on food and as the various menu items appeared and were filmed so Helmut was able to give some indication of the provenance and method of preparation for the benefit of the budding gourmets and gourmands in TV land.

The only thing that will not be seen on the show when it is released will be Mrs. Balbir, the crew and special guests tucking into the fabulous fayre. It was truly delicious. Well done to Chef Papas and his assistant for the impromptu meal and to the Poseidon waiters and staff for taking care of everyone in such a friendly and professional way.

The restaurant is open every day and the “weekly” specials obviously change regularly. Everything is priced very reasonably and for more details and reservations telephone direct to 038.303.698

*Continued in next issue*
Interview With Phil Graham

‘Maybe I am the motherly type’

Why are you in Pattaya?
Sex. of course, lots of sex. By the way, why are you here?
Sex. of course. But that cannot be the only reason, can it?

I may only be joking... certainly there are so many reasons for someone moving somewhere else. For instance: the quality of life in Pattaya is so incredibly high compared to Europe or America. Just think of the miserable weather back home; and where in the world can you find so many fine restaurants concentrated in a relatively small area. If you like sports, the outdoors, there is the beach and natural areas - so Pattaya is the place to be. And prices! You really get good value for money here. And, and, and. Now take the nightlife here. If you want to make use of it, just do it! The level of freedom is so high in this fair country.

Look, I used to live in Costa Rica for several years but the place has absolutely gone down the drain. It has become dangerous, expensive and they cause a lo of problems with visas nowadays. I know exactly why I left. If I compare the two countries, Thailand is far, far better in every respect.

Why do you still work at your tender age?
I stopped for several years, but I guess I am an addict, a hopeless workaholic. I got so bored going to the beach or mall every day; and going out every night. So I decided I'd do what I like best. I am a real estate broker and business consultant through and through. I have fifteen years experience in that field in America alone, heading my own firm the last ten years. I connect people with things. That is what

American born Phil Graham, is the Director of Sales at Farang Services, the leading gay owned and managed real estate company of Pattaya. He has been living in Pattaya for five years. Out of unsatisfied energy he came out of retirement and bought a share in Farang Services and took over the post of Director of Sales and has enjoyed his more active pace of life ever since.

I like to do. Look at me, maybe I am the motherly type... I like looking after clients, listening to their needs and requirements and then trying to find them exactly what they want whether it is a home or a business. I like to take care of all their needs, even if it is not in the real estate field; how do form a Thai company if I need one, where to find a good account or attorney, I open a bank account here, where can I have silk furniture made, etc. I find this process interesting, fulfilling and when I succeed, it gives me a lot of satisfaction. Often a client becomes a friend after the deal is finally done.

What is the difference between your company and the other real estate companies in Pattaya?
When I bought into Farang Services I looked at different points. An important one was: How long has this company been around? Most businesses, about 70 percent of them – fall in the first five years, even in America. But Farang Services has been around for eight years now and that means a lot - especially in 'short time' Pattaya. Over the years the company has built up a great reputation and an outstanding base of new and repeat clients and has gained the trust of a wide public. Trust is maybe the most important factor in our business. For instance: When you buy a property in Thailand you have to sign so many papers that you cannot read. So you'd better go to a trustworthy company. Otherwise you have to hire an expensive lawyer to give advice or look into all those details. We do that for free (as the seller pays our fee), it is part of our service, after all the company is called 'Farang Services'.

Is this a gay or a gay-friendly company?
Another important reason why I was attracted to this company was exactly the gay angle. Many active males in the company are gay. So we can really serve our gay clientele well as we have a lot in common with them. We can advise them on the many aspects of a move to Thailand. We laugh about the same jokes and images. Communicating is much easier. Ownership and management of Farang Services and Thai Guys Magazine is mostly the same. That is another source of trust and that is why we are officially 'Thai Guys Property and Business Partner'.

How important is the Gay market in Pattaya?
As you know, size matters. It is huge, huge! Just go any night to any of the really good restaurants here and do your private head count. Most of the time sixty percent of the customers or more will be gay. Do you know any place in the world were the gay population is denser? I don't.

Why do you advise your clients to buy now and not later?
The whole real estate market of Thailand is on an upswing, prices are appreciating... it's a boom. It will probably be much cheaper to buy now than later. How many folks look back in hindsight and say they missed the best part of the appreciation when it was happening all around them. Better buy safe than sorry. But Pattaya is in an even better position than the rest of the country. The new International airport of Bangkok will open quite soon. You will then be able to reach Pattaya in under forty minutes. One thing is probably certain, this will not have a negative effect on prices.
Discovery Thailand Visits Rabbit Resort

In the course of their travels the Discovery Thailand Team came to rest at the Rabbit Resort on Dongtan Beach to be welcomed by the Hotel's genial owner, Deborah. After an evening of conviviality on the Friday the early morning peace on Saturday was slightly disturbed by the camera crew getting shots of the beautiful resort and the Thai house residences in the morning light.

As unsuspecting tourists arrived on the beach later in the morning they were surprised to see the same crew coming out to film the Rabbit Resort chef and his assistant making Som Tam on the beach. As Mrs. Balbir arrived to taste the Thai delicacy and give it the thumbs up the ladies and gentlemen took courage to come closer and make a more thorough investigation of this seemingly new food outlet! Mrs. Balbir is the roving Gourmand investigating the many and varied restaurants that are of interest to the visitor to Thailand. She, herself, is a well-known restaurateur being the owner of Mrs. Balbir's Indian restaurant on Sukhumvit Soi 11/1 Next to the Swiss park hotel in Bangkok.

Disappointed the Dongtan Beach sun-worshippers may have been, but when directed to the Rabbit Restaurant just across the walkway some may find that they have made the best discovery in Thailand yet. The Restaurant at the Rabbit Resort is open all day with breakfasts available in the morning and a la carte items all day until late.

As the Mrs. Balbir and the TV crew found out on the Saturday evening the privacy of the Thai houses beside the walkway are ideal places to hold a special meal for friends and reservations and discussion of menus can be made direct with Deborah on 038 303.303.
The Tarntawan Place is THE gay-friendly hotel in Bangkok. The rooms are comfortable, nicely furnished and bright. Our friendly staff pay attention to every detail to make your stay a real experience.

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E-Mail: tarntawan@tarntawan.com
Website: http://www.tarntawan.com

Duangthaweew Plaza, 894/7-8 Soi Pratoochai
Surawong Road, Bangkok
Tel: 02-637 00 78
413/129 Jomtien Complex
Thappraya Road, Pattaya
Tel: 038-252 417
E-Mail: dickscafe@dickscafe.com,
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