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Dear Ms. Connie,

I am a long time resident of Bangkok. I have been working teaching English here since the early 1970's. Needless to say I have seen a lot of changes in the Big Mango, not to speak of personal changes as well. I have been reading your column for several years, ever since Thai Guys came on the scene. Because I do not earn a fabulous salary from teaching my various private students and the few odd jobs I can muster, I do appreciate the availability of Thai Guys to keep me entertained and up-to-date at a very reasonable price, merely a glass of beer in a local Soi 4 establishment which offers cut rates after midnight. And their waiters don't wear underwear. I cut down on my transportation expenses by riding a bicycle around town and of course the regular buses are still very cheap so I find I can get around and keep my self in som tam and still have money saved to escape for a wild weekend on the beach every so often. But my one problem is my raging libido. I seem to have everything under control except this primal urge to prowl the streets to look for the next delectable delight I can ravish. I particularly like the smells and mystique that washrooms provide and if some of your readers are interested I can provide a very interesting guide to a selection of “comfort rooms” scattered around the city. These assorted venues have produced amazing results for me. Sometimes my urges get the better of me. One of my favorite places to frequent happened to be in one of the schools I teach in. Not that I spend hours in the washroom with drool hanging from my tip, Heaven forbid! But I must admit that many of my students are just too splendiferous to ignore.

Anyway, two months ago, I happened in my favorite too not far from the school I was teaching at near Victory Monument. That monument with its phallic like dimensions pointing to the skies, surrounded by the nation’s finest bottling the French, has always been my favorite monument in Bangkok. And its walkways have produced some of the best trickey poos I have had in the thirty years I’ve swung the ropes in Bang cock. Anyway on the day in question, the walkways were unusually empty of potential. Students were everywhere in the coffee shops below me sucking their frosty coca mochas but nary a nubbin was looking for little me up top and I was reaching a new level of horniness, a roar of the loins I had seldom experienced before. It must have been the humidity. After all it was April, and as T.S. Eliot observed, it is the cruelest month and she’d never been to Bangkok!

I was about to creep into a shady retreat off the elevated footpath when I spied one of my students, Boonler, who had seen me hanging over the railing above. He moved into the bushes of a small triangle of littered greenery near the stairs down. I could see his dusky features in the shadows and he was still looking up at me furiously as I neared him in the bushes. Anyway, I followed Boonler into a washroom that was completely new to. This in itself surprised me since I thought I knew them all, especially those around the Victory Monument area. To make a long story short, did Boonler squint. I almost gagged on the produce of his enormous salty yogurt raiser. Once he did up his shorts he was out of there like a gecko after a fly. On exit from the cubicle, who should I find standing fixing her hair, but Mr. Hiporn, the art teacher and piccolo player from my school, who obviously had come for the same thing, but turned on me as if I was the filthiest thing that ever walked, which is only half right.

Needless to say, Mr. Hiporn had to open her big fat trap and blab on me to the head mistress who did not take to the news kindly and for some reason never inquired why Mr. Hiporn had this information in the first place. But I take a Buddhist attitude to such events and look for the positive. I was only glad to leave that job with her assurance that this “would go no further” as long as I did not make any effort to sue the school for wrongful dismissal. This has really not stopped me in my tracks. It is just the ironic price one has to pay for being creative and loving the allure of sex in dark smelly places. Anyway, Ms. Connie, what I really want to know from you goes perhaps to the very essence of what we are as human beings. Being a old dame of advanced years and wisdom, help me to know Ms. Connie whether any of this will ever change. Am I afflicted permanently with this curse of searching out sex in the bighted bags of Bangkok. Will I ever be able to emerge from this addiction which usually hits around four in the afternoon, the desire to begin the prowl to the darkest lowest scum holes that this enormous city has to offer and have someone, as the actress said to the bishop, nudge, nudge, wink, wink, say no more, whack my still firm glutes maximus with their giant licorice sticks? Please help me Ms. Connie. I am in my late forties now. Will this eternal vigil continue and will I be a permanent fixture of the tea room scene in Bangkok or do the loins cool, does the ardour subside and will I eventually slide into a relaxed less frantic acceptance of myself, able to repress this 4 O'clock demon which often drives me to situations which are fraught...
with danger and...oh I am getting excited again, abuse? Help, help Ms. Connie and let me rest in peace. Will this be the endless cycle of my life—enthroned and de-throned from one cubicle of sin to another or is there hope?

Yours truly,

Savory Poundcake

Bangkapi

Dear Mr. Poundcake:

Ms. Connie is pleased to report some good news. There is light at the end of your very long torturous tunnel—a wheelchair. Many of our kind are afflicted with your malady, a gland that produces testosterone like a Guernsey produces milk. As you may know if your inclinations are at all bovine, the Guernsey would not survive in nature. It has been produced from years of crossbreeding, to fill its enormous udder with enough milk to suckle an entire herd of calf-lings. But most cows, at least the ones Ms. Connie knows and plays bridge with, can only bear one or two at a time (although Bertha at the end of our soi has surprised every one with her self-created drop in center). Back to the Guernsey. The Guernsey has been created by man to produce milk at such a volume that it would not survive without some man to come running out in the morning and attach one of those sucking machines to each of its nipples and drain its enormous udder of the night's production.

As for you Mr. Poundcake, you too would not survive in nature either. You need a constant supply of dirty schoolmen to empty your ever-filling udder. You are very much a sexual Guernsey, a product of long years of human evolution, which Ms. Connie cannot possibly explain in the short amount of time she has available before her nails dry and she is out searching for that washrroom near Victory Monument, you described in your letter. We all need sex. And Ms. Connie is constantly advising her readers of the virtues of moderation with mixed results given certain of her friends who insist on grabbing anything erect which hovers overhead. Not to speak of their ear-splitting screams when they grip the right flesh flute.

Mr. Poundcake, we all need sex. Even Ms. Connie admits to this need although she prefers that close friends don't think about her when she is actually "doing it". Undoubtedly, sex is one of the greatest releasers of stress and life in the Big Mango can be stressful to say the least. especially around the late afternoon when the schools get out. The traffic is such a crush. One has to seek out dark cool places until the rush subsides so that is completely understood. A number of researchers have now determined that there is ample evidence to suggest that sex, at least the human variety has evolved as a way of dealing with stress. Researchers have discovered in species of life similar to you Mr. Poundmaker, algae, slugs and other forms of life that like dark smelly places, that sex seems to repair their DNA which has become damaged by the stress of everyday living.

When one thinks about it, and fortunately very few of us think, sex makes no sense at all. Really, why would anyone like you Mr. Poundcake, go to a stinky hole where people fart and puke and shit, in order to

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have sex. Some might even go so far as to call it madness. Or that other activity which really escapes Ms. Connie's understanding, totally going to a gay sauna and showing your pionkere pole through a glory hole. It just doesn't make any sense. But still some of us do it, now don't we Mr. Poundmaker?

Wouldn't it be easier, (if the end result of sex is to be recreation), to be able to reproduce without having sex at all. Let's face it. Sex is a pain in the butt. We all do ridiculous things because of it, especially when we get so go ga, we dye our hair, inject our cheeks with Botox, not to speak of our buttocks with implants. Look at Discovery Channel sometime and watch those silly mountain sheep pounding their horns into each other all for some big-assed ewes that look like they would rather be somewhere else having their hair done. And the time we spend!!! How much time do we waste crawling around dark theaters when we could be sampling a chilled Chablis and eating peeled grapes fed to us from the long fingers of a dewy-eyed novice in the quiet of a temple garden.

No we are all victims, Mr. Poundmaker and you above all. Because let's face it, we are just an aberrant offshoot from that weird species-specific urge to evolve. Not that too many of us getting blow jobs in washrooms are interested in passing our genes on to the next generation as efficiently as possible. We are sort of like the amoebas and other creatures that just divide and get it over with and therefore in a way we are the kings of evolution. A recent study of algae sex discovered the common Volvox algae can reproduce either way, sexually or asexually. Which reminds Ms. Connie of a few of her friends from Japan. When conditions are good, multicelled algae just divide and make new cell clusters every couple of days. But when conditions are bad, for example when the tearoom is overheated or the parents are stressed out, algae rush off to mate with the other sex. It seems that algae research has shown that stress provokes sexual sex between the sexes, male to female but when conditions are good, and when stress is low, the algae revert back to merely dividing asexually since they do not have to bother replenishing damaged DNA stress produces. Apparently this has shown that stress such as sudden rises in heat, produces oxidants in the algae, chemicals which can damage DNA. This causes normally asexual algae to seek out the opposite sex to replace the damaged DNA. The oxidants seem to activate a "sex inducer" gene which makes algae produce pheromones which are chemicals that attract a mate. Therefore Ms. Connie feels Mr. Poundmaker that your problem is too many oxidants. You are what we would call a homosexual with too many pheromones, or what biologists have now dubbed a "Pherohomo". Ms. Connie would advise going to a good bookstore, finding a book which can outline for you the foods with low oxidant content in order to reduce your desire to search out those forbidden toilets of sin. And never forget, there will be a day when you are no longer cycling around Bangkok but will be in a wheelchair and very few tearooms are accessible. So if nothing else there is hope even in an intravenous drip.

All my best,

Ms. Connie
Gold by the Inch
A Novel by Lawrence Chua
Reviewed by Martin Frank

"The story of a young New Yorker of Asian descent who has returned to the country of his birth following a disastrous relationship and his father's death. In a Bangkok drunk on the nation's financial miracle - and high on an assortment of other things - the narrator meets Thong, a young beautiful male hustler who works at a nightclub. As his romantic obsession with Thong grows, the narrator tries to convince himself that it transcends its commercial nature, but he is quickly forced into a hard look at the connections between desire and exploitation, personal and national identity. Lawrence Chua vividly combines Southeast Asia's troubled history with evocations of its modern face - its polyglot culture, its colonial past, the cool futurism of its skyscrapers and its sex industry." (Amazon.com)

Lawrence Chua writes in an aggressive, graphic style. In the Penang part, Lawrence Chua's colors, smells, tastes, the language and the family scenes convinced - me at least, who doesn't know Penang. Unfortunately, the whole Penang part - the best part of the book - is glued so clumsily into the novel, that if you shake Lawrence Chua's "Gold by the Inch", it will drop out.

*-Martin Frank (Author of "ter togi ische soulang" and other books in Swiss German, German and English. The film "togi is a bastard" is available at amazon.com.)

I never felt that Mr. Chua knows Bangkok: Why does he call the existing gay bar Les Beaux a "brothel"? Establishments akin to gay brothels can be found in Bangkok, but Les Beaus isn't one. What need was there to call Muk of the real life Milk Bar a "decaying queen" and to allege that he is a cocaine pusher?

Petty vengeance of the irked ego of a conceited gay New Yorker watching some of the planet's best-looking and best-dressed gay young men, many with university degrees, cash to spend, and a driver waiting outside, having lots of fun in Bangkok's gay bars, clubs and discos without taking notice of him? New York's gay scene simply can't compare.

Lawrence Chua repeatedly ridicules "queens". Finally, the hero confesses, "When he gets inside, it's unbelievable. Not just that it feels so good, but you can't believe that he's actually managed to fit it inside." If it feels so good, why sneer at others who like it as much as you do?

Ever the alter ego of the author, the hero of "Gold by the Inch" is such an attractive gay that the hottest hustler on the block immediately falls in love with him and begs to be his friend for free and invites him to have sex with him in his [the barboy's] father's home. "The cab slides by the guard at the entrance to his muban [gated community], a side street in suburban Ladprao. This is it, he says. We look out the window at an electronic gate and, behind it, a long driveway that leads up to an impressive garden, and then the house itself, smooth white walls and a red-tiled roof." Ask a barboy to show you the room he shares! From old Dane in Penang to young taxi driver in Bangkok, all want our hero, and money is never the issue. (Banana Yoshimoto suffers from the same "hard core fairy tale" syndrome.)

In the novel, Thailand is vindicated only by the beauty of its male hustlers (and their price, I guess, though in the story the magic prince freeloads in bed too) and soured by brothels, child abuse, drugs, corruption, and military coups. Does the word "cliche" ring a temple bell?

Mr. Chua deigns only Thai-Chinese characters and the hero's Chinese relatives worthy of full characterization. Thais get a short nickname, or are just "the taxi driver", "the maid", "the go-go dancer", "a pool attendant". Thong, his Isan lover, has "a nose that looks as if it's been poked flat between the eyes". Why does racism always begin at the nose? Of the four Caucasians in the story, the hero sticks a beer bottle up one and denounces another to the American embassy as a drug trader. The third is a "marine" on the other side of a glory hole. Number four is "Miss Military Adviser". Malaya and Laos fare no better. If it doesn't speak Chinese, it's no human being! Racist, moi? You [the hero tells himself] have enough plastic to buy his [Thong's] whole fucking muban [gated community]." The price tag for a whole fucking muban in Ladprao would be in the millions of dollars. Show me that plastic, Mr. Chua?

You could argue that the author is writing about a flawed character, and that we shouldn't blame the author for his character's flaws. Shakespeare can't be blamed if the Jew in "The Merchant of Venice" is less than lovable character, but we could blame Shakespeare for calling Jews "blaspheming" and "stubborn" - but Shakespeare atoned for it with Shylock's grand olely human "I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands... if you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

Lawrence Chua is free to make his characters more or less likable, but his deep-rooted, unreflected racism in both, his character's actions and his characterization, nullifies the literary merit of his writing. That "Gold by the Inch" got good reviews in the United States just proves how far from most of the rest of the world that country has drifted.

One, probably Malaysian, reviewer called it "pretentious racist trash". I found it easy to put down, when Joe knocked at my door.

Book available through amazon.
Fifty years of Ajan Vorakit
Happy birthday, kuhn Vorakit!
Weather Report

Uncle Greenspan has dropped a small amount of fish oil into the punchbowl and everyone is crying. Small cause and big effect on a party crowd that had gotten used to its pampered stage. The problem is not this first modest interest rate adjustment but the feeling that the tide is turning. Not only are interest rates going up from here on, but the fiscal stimulus of the Bush government is also being leveled off. It has to, because at the unsustainable level the twin deficits have reached by now and with the costly mess in the Middle East still far from solved, brakes have to be applied somewhere. Considering this situation plus the fact that shares are actually not that cheap it’s hardly surprising to see the markets flaccid. In fact, from the present intermediate plateau, reached after the depths of the earlier slump, it could well be all downhill again. Especially tech shares should come in for a haircut. Wide-eyed optimism and naivety have again led to overcapacities on one hand and fairytale stock prices on the other. So my advice is: avoid tech and hold on to safer stocks such as diversified telecoms, energy and consumer staples. Regarding bonds and cash there has been a strong negative consensus towards those asset classes. Naturally, I don’t fully agree with that. Medium term bond rates have gone up about one and a half percentage points already and, considering that the economy is not exactly bursting at the seams, that’s not unfair to bond buyers right now. Cash is also an unloved asset of which you might hold some in case anything unforeseeable happens, like for example a real bad terrorist attack. Banks and financials in general should be avoided like the plague. Credit standards have gone down relentlessly and undefensibly for years now and zillions of easy loans have been flowing to unproductive and grossly overpriced assets like real estate. This is true for all English-speaking countries, from Ireland to New Zealand and from California to Australia. Overborrowed consumers will not be in a strong position to buy the next generation of SUVs and sundry gadgets and gadgets. Consider that in your investments. If you are into long-term investing for retirement you have to hold some oil and oil-related stocks, because that’s where the demand/supply equation favors producers. Likewise you’d better be aware of the fact that the share of world wealth owned and consumed by Western countries is in decline. China and India are the big gorillas approaching our lunch table and others like Brazil and Russia are also hungry. The problem of extreme volatility in emerging market investments can be overcome by buying shares of Western companies benefiting from the growth there or by being patient and waiting for a good entry point. Occasionally it’s advisable to swallow one’s fear and jump in with a starter investment.

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I knew at once that I had fully deserved this silent reprimand and my mortification grew as I mulled over the incident in the hours ahead. How casually and routinely we make it our business to be hurtful to one another. I couldn’t say then, or now, what had prompted me to behave as I did. I knew that I had to make amends and resolved to seek the guy out and tip him handsomely the next evening (ah, money, the great cure-all). When I got to the beer bar, early, he was crouched down at ringside rinsing out a cloth in a bucket of water. He looked up without recognition as I approached and showed signs of puzzlement in response to my respectful war, my apology for my behaviour of the evening before and my proffering of a large-denomination banknote. He took the money anyway and resumed what he had been doing. I hovered uneasily for a few seconds, then went and ordered myself a drink. The experience had felt less cleansing than I had hoped.

Several times during the evening’s entertainment I caught him looking in my direction, still trying to figure out what was going on. Clearly our encounter of the evening before had seared itself less deeply into his consciousness than mine. Towards the end of the session he came and sat next to me and made occasional, slurred comments on the action in the ring in his broken English. A leer or two made me wonder if he was under the impression that I wanted to pick him up, a suspicion that grew stronger when he invited me to his room for a drink after the last match. I could think of few things that I less wished to do, but reluctance to slight him a second time prompted a game nod. Belatedly we introduced ourselves. His name was Kop.

We walked in silence for a few minutes, then he led me along a narrow, pot-holed soi to an apartment block which amply fulfilled my worst fears of where a punchy old Thai boxer might live. Grimy and forlorn, with rusty metal rods protruding like torn sinews from the cracked concrete facade, the building looked as if it had lost innumerable battles of its own. I didn’t actually see rats on the litter-strewn stairwell, but they were probably just hiding. His small room was a hymn to squalor: damp-walled, smelly and full of assorted junk. He made space on an almost-black straw mat and invited me to sit. With a tense smile I declined to share his whisky bottle and accepted water in a smudgy glass instead. A long silence ensued, which finally produced signs of

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discomfiture even in my host. He delved into a pile of odds and ends on the floor and came up with a framed photograph which he passed to me without comment. When I had wiped away the dust, I could see that it was an expensive silver frame and the picture showed a serious-faced, very handsome Thai youth standing somewhat rigidly next to a paunchy farang with blond bouffant and dazzling, celebrity smile, who looked about thirty-five going on fifty. The young man was wearing designer jeans and a tee shirt, over which a gold necklace hung, while the farang sported light slacks, floral beach shirt and a rather larger assortment of jewellery. There were palm trees, blue sea and a speedboat in the background. The way the farang was inclined towards the young man, with a flaccid arm protectively round the broad shoulders, suggested a decidedly one-sided affection.

I stared at the photograph for some time, as much for something to do as any other reason. When Kop failed to detect much of a reaction, he smiled, as at a private joke. I looked from him to the picture and back again and saw enough of a faint resemblance to justify a hesitant, “What you?”

He smiled more broadly and nodded proudly. Remembering my manners just in time, I fought back gasps of utter amazement and nodded myself, someone aware of the obvious similarities now that the fact had been pointed out. I made a couple of polite enquiries, hoping that an interesting topic of conversation might open up, but it became clear that Kop didn’t really want to talk about it. “Long time ago, long time ago” was his concluding remark.

As silence descended again, it occurred to me that his motive for showing me the photograph was probably to goad me into expressing the lust for him that I was controlling with difficulty up to now. A gnarled hand coming to rest on my thigh confirmed the thought. I removed the hand gently and shook my head with virginal prinnness. There was a brief scowl of annoyance, then Kop sank into a familiar apathy. I made my excuses as cheerily as possible soon after and got up to leave. My last view of Kop was of him taking a long swig from the whisky bottle.

The evening’s events put the seal on my disillusion with Thai boxing. I didn’t go again. But a chance conversation at Jomtien Beach some time later revealed the bizarre and tragic story behind the photograph. I was talking sport with a burlry Australian in the next deckchair and we had got round to Thai boxing. As soon as I described Kop, his eyes lit up in recognition and he asked me if I knew the tale of what had happened to him in his youth. When I said that I had seen only the photograph, he smiled and leant forward with the air of someone about to impart something of proven entertainment value. He had gotten the story, he said, from another Thai boxer picked up at the same venue.

Kop had not been much of a boxer, even in his youth, but he certainly looked the part with his masculine, clean-cut features and powerful torso. It was while he was working out at a training camp...
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near Pattaya one day that a middle-aged American, a successful hairdresser to the rich and famous, had arrived to watch and take a fancy to him. No expense was spared on the courtship: luxury hotels, swanky restaurants, expensive gifts. Kop was ill-at-ease and uncommunicative in the strange new world he had been thrust into, but the American didn’t mind. He fancied he had found his long-desired Strong Silent Hero, whose coarse, animal urges and enormous cock were very much to his liking. There were a couple of trips to Thailand in rapid succession and then, unable any longer to bear the thought of being apart from his beloved brute, the American set in motion the lengthy bureaucratic process necessary to instal Kop in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Unbeknown to the American, Kop had a longstanding girlfriend called Daeng. He was much more gay than he was straight, as plenty of other Thai boxers could have attested, but she was besotted with him and, unlike the American, was a strong character who realised that Kop was essentially weak. Simply put, he was under her thumb. She knew about his gay side and the American boyfriend and was prepared to turn a blind eye to such peccadillos. But woe betide him if he ever went with another woman: then he would feel the full fury that lurked in her jealous heart. Kop had no intention of doing anything that would expose him to it.

The day neared when the American was due to arrive to complete the final formalities of Kop’s relocation. Kop had mollified Daeng by telling her that it was only to be a holiday and that he would bring her back lots of nice gifts. In fact, he couldn’t wait to be rid of her and her domineering ways. He was possibly thinking such thoughts one afternoon in the room he shared with Daeng in the American’s absence, when At arrived. She was Daeng’s best friend, a sex worker in one of Pattaya’s beer bars. She grinned and held up a bag of oysters she had brought round to share. Daeng, who had popped out, would be back soon, but it wouldn’t hurt to sample a few in the meantime. She tipped the moreish molluscs onto a plate, added a pile of salt and the two of them helped themselves. They tasted as delicious as usual, but it wasn’t long before they realised that something was seriously wrong. They were getting awful stomach cramps. The oysters were obviously contaminated. With the sweat pouring off them in the already-hot room, they stripped to their underwear and lay down on the bed, groaning loudly at intervals.

It was this moment that Fate chose for Daeng’s return. Even as she turned the key in the door, she could hear the suspicious-foaming groans. There is some vacuousness as to what she actually beheld: possibly two suffering human beings entwined for mutual comfort in their underwear or possibly just two heavily-sweating bodies heaving deep breaths alongside one another. What appears not to be in any doubt is that Kop’s enormous member, responding to a well-known effect of oyster-eating, was bulging right out of his underwear in a most suggestive way. Daeng didn’t hesitate. She grabbed a
convenient kitchen knife and, with one deft stroke, removed the offending article from its owner.

Well, there was quite a scene after that, in which gushing blood and loud screaming from three different people figured prominently. Kop was rushed to hospital and re-attached to his lost possession in an emergency operation: Thai doctors were reassuringly well-versed in how to deal with such cases of domestic unrest. The presence of Daeng at Kop's bedside afterwards, abjectly apologising for her mistake, was a dubious aid to his recovery. Of more lasting benefit was the arrival of the distraught American, who instantly agreed to foot all the bills necessary to return Kop to full working order. Despite the efforts of several leading specialists, only a limited success was possible. Not to beat about the bush, hard-ons were a thing of the past.

At first the American deluded himself that it didn't matter, but life without certain familiar sensations was not enjoyable and soon he found himself being bothered by character faults that he hadn't even noticed before. In particular, Kop's duplicity over the girlfriend bugged him the more he thought about it. Abruptly one day, he packed and went back to Atlantic City alone, a sadder man. Daeng went to prison for her amateur surgery, though she served only eighteen months and gained the status of a minor celebrity. Kop, worst off of all, lost all his dreams of American riches and instead embarked on a career for which he was singularly unsuited by any approximation to skill. In addition, he had to settle for much less pleasure in his private life than he might otherwise have had.

At the end of the tale, which I felt may have been embellished a little since originally told to the Australian, I let out a low whistle. How often have we all wondered about the element of chance in our lives? What would have happened if we had taken this job instead of that one, gone to a friend's party one evening instead of alone to the cinema, even turned left out of our home instead of right one day? It can drive us mad if we get too preoccupied with such questions. Perhaps Kop no longer thinks about the plate of oysters and its effect on his life. I hope he doesn't. I am quite prepared to believe that a plate of oysters has often transformed the fortunes of an imbiber, but rarely, I suspect, so dramatically and unkindly as in the case of poor Kop.

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Five years of Dick's Café Bangkok
Happy birthday Cowboys and Indians!
The Art of Kissing
By Victor Valentino

Some 1,500 years ago the Indian sage Vatsyayana composed the definitive manual on erotica, The Kamasutra. In describing the pleasures of the senses, the text also reveals an exhaustive catalogue of sexual poses, foreplay, genitalia and kisses. Although most of the text is devoted to hetero, coital sex-play, there are also sections on anal and oral sex which the author describes as a primary model of sex between men. While Vatsyayana elaborates over a dozen different types of kisses with lengthy descriptions, we will give only ten simple ones that can be practiced at home, including some modern variations.

Vatsyayana defines the kiss as a technique in which the lips, curved in the shape of a bud, touch or suck any appropriate part of the body of the partner.

There are different varieties of kisses, all depending on the particular part of the body touched by the lips.

1. The Straight Kiss: When the couple confront each other and the dominant partner takes the lower lip of the passive partner between his lips.
2. Clasping Kiss: Taking both lips of partner between one's own teeth and sucking them gently.
3. Vacuum Kiss: Both partners should closely contact their lips and pull the inhaled air gently in.
4. The Deep Kiss (also known as “French Kiss”): Normal kissing during which the mouths of both partners are open and their tongues touch.
5. Gentle Exploration Kiss: Placing the lips over the partner's upper and lower lips and running the tip of the tongue over their entire length.
6. The Kamasutra Competition Kiss: In this seductive game, the idea is to kiss competitively. The winner is whoever first seizes the partner's lower lip gently between the teeth.
7. The Yogic Kiss: Pressing one's lips together against partner's and holding the position for as long as both desire to continue. Tantric experts recommend keeping the connection going for at least seven seconds and repeating.
8. Tongue Fighting Kiss: Rubbing the tongue over the palate (roof of the mouth), which requires some dedication to the art of French Kissing, or a long flexible tongue.
9. Electric Kiss: Before kissing each other, one of the partners should rub the soles of the feet on a woolen carpet as this gives an electric sensation to the other partner.
10. The Butterfly Kiss: Gently kissing, with pursed closed lips over the body of partner with quick, tender kisses. Best over closed eyelids, temples, forehead, cheeks (facial or backside) and other sensitive skin parts such as genitalia.
Those were the days, my friend!

By Suzi Sze

Remember, when you first came to Thailand? How enchanting everything seemed then! How wonderful and strange and unbelievable. Everybody seemed to smile at you. The odours in the streets were rich and every detail of daily life was so fantastic, so exotic, so interesting. Those were the days, my friend, we thought they’d never end, but of course they did end—after five days—we had to go on to Pattaya (but that’s another story), the Philippines and Burma as well and could only be away for three weeks altogether. We had no time then because we came from a very busy land where every minute had to be spent in a useful way and accounted for.

We only moved by Tuk-Tuk, of course. We only ate Thai food, of course, if possible in the street with all those fumes and that pollution around us. We were wearing the rose-tinted spectacles of the first-timer. We stayed at the old Royal Hotel, far, far away from the temptations of infamous Silom Soi 4, but even there, at the hotel coffee shop, we were served by a fat Kathoey with tons of make up on his face. Nobody seemed to mind and we did not mind at all, of course. We just were amazed how open they were over here.

We came from a cold climate and always wanted to sit outside. We did not mind walking around Bangkok for hours, sweating copiously in this eternal summer. Just great, just what we wanted after the fog and snow at home. Every side street was of the greatest possible interest. We once even boarded a local train for just one hour and admired the endless rice fields around Bangkok. We even saw a cow believe it or not—several grazing water buffalo and were more than thrilled. And the Grand Palace! Wat Arun! (the floating market was already a disappointment then). The National Museum! All exotic, tress kulturm! We even went to see a play! They used to have a small theatre at the Montien Hotel where they were showing—more than twenty years ago—an early British gay play, “Under the Stairs”, I think it was called... or something similar.

One of the two gay characters (a constantly quarrelling couple) was a bald hairdresser who suffered a lot due to his baldness (I honestly did not write that play!). His partner was going to serve another jail sentence because he had had sex somewhere, possibly a public toilet or in a park and was caught in the act... something like that. Of course we had seen that play or read it before since we were political tarts who never missed a single Christopher Street Day, so we did not need to understand any Thai to understand the rather simple plot. But since Thailand never really been homophobic, this jail sentence had to be explained differently here. According to the programme, the one character had—in the local version—raped a boy in Lumpini Park. Since raping boys in Lumpini Park is not included in the Bill of Rights, the whole meaning of the play got lost in translation. But we did not mind it so much, it was just so good to be here.

We were also sex tourists, of course and we despised all other sex tourists, of course. Those ugly, ugly guys, but we were pure and good looking and nice and so on. We were very much afraid in those days to exploit anybody. Everybody in the West seemed to be afraid to exploit anybody in those days. We were tourists interested (mainly) in culture and in occasional sex (really, we constantly assured ourselves, only on the side). The very first night in Bangkok we did not go out (remember: we came for the culture) but the second one we took a peak into Rome Club. You can imagine what happened there? I was indeed picked up by a good looking twenty year old guy (me being five years his senior which was so much older then) and invited to his home! How adventurous! I was not sure if I should go, after all I did not know what to expect? He could possibly rob me and murder me? Or sell me to a brothel? I was a stranger to this land and could hardly communicate with my seducer at all. Risks on all sides. What was I to do?

We sat in the Tuk-Tuk holding hands and were driving out to some suburbs (so it seemed). We passed a huge Red Cross sign (must have been in Henri Dunant Road as I know now), I had long lost my sense of direction. We went on and on and on, endlessly it seemed in that pitch dark Bangkok night with me getting more nervous all the way. We stopped in front of a row of wooden houses and went in. Here we met the older sister of my new friend who spoke some English and was offering Thai whisky, obviously herself already well under the influence. Did they want to make me drunk? To my innocent eyes that woman really looked like a prostitute. Horrors! Now I was sure to be robbed and maybe even murdered, my body dumped into one of those dirty klongs. That must be an awful experience, I imagined, and such terrible news for mother, too!

Up we went to his room. An old man was coughing constantly next door—clearly heard through the paper-thin wooden walls. Tuberculosis or lung cancer, I diagnosed even though I am not a medical doctor. We had sex together (the memory of that has completely faded away, as usual), I tipped him (was 300 Baht the usual amount there?) and he led me out to the street. It took ages for a Tuk-Tuk to come and even longer to get back to the so-are Royal Hotel. I had survived the perils of a Thai seduction and had a story to tell at home as well.

But the following nights in Bangkok we did not take any further risks. We went to that Go-Go place where nowadays Sphinx is located. Conveniently they had some sort of rooms (cubicles rather) upstairs. I remember, one of the guys I took upstairs had a wild tattoo. That’s about all I remember... what a shame to forget the excitement of those occasions.

**Why can’t they have gay people in the army?**

*Personally, I think they are just afraid of a thousand guys with M16s going, “Who’d you call a faggot?”*

~ John Stewart~
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Our modern Thai restaurants offer a first class menu, a good selection of fine wines, and a full bar service, including a wide choice of cocktails.

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Grand Living at Jomtien Beach
This 94 sqm two bedroom, one bathroom, high floor unit is well located in a very desirable building adjacent to the gat beach with 2 pools and tennis courts. Units in this building do not stay on the market long. All for 7.5 Million Baht.

Panoramic sea view from the hill
This 100 sqm two bed, two bath condominium is on a high floor on Pratumnak hill between Pattaya & Jomtien. It comes fully furnished with parquet and tiled floors including two balconies. The building has 24-hour security, underground parking and a swimming pool. All for 4.2 Million Baht.

An Exclusive Villa home in quiet
Village on the water
A new style residence project located on the waterways in South Jomtien. This high-end Thai-Bali home has been luxuriously designed with many custom-crafted features. The project has four types of one and two story houses with high ceilings, pavilions and customised pools and jacuzzis within its walls. The homes feel spacious and have many varieties of trees and plants. Quality homes that must be seen to be appreciated. Now being built and have special early purchase prices. Starting at 12 Million Baht.

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E-mail: realstate@farang-services.com; Website: www.farang-services.com
For an appointment or more information please call: Pattaya at 038-300516 (native English speaker),
Kut at 01-7613430 (English and Thai) or Ninn at 01-814316 (speaks German and English)
A straight friendly (gay) Bar

By Suzy Size

“Tabu” is the newest, fashionable Bar that has opened up in Convent road, just walking distance from Silom Soi 4 (right hand side, just before you reach Sathon). The location has been carefully chosen; they did not want to be in Soi 4, but close to it. Also this is obviously a gay Bar, but they claim (with some irony) to be straight friendly. Is Tabu a Bar or a restaurant? The French owner, Christophe, explains his concept as a Bar, where you can also eat. The menu is quite large and can be described as modern Mediterranean with numerous snacks available as well as a really wide variety of pasta dishes.

Tabu has four levels. A large downstairs bar with tables to sit at, then an interesting and comfortable Mezzanine and two more levels (discover them for yourself), the top floor leading out to a garden terrace. The innovative modern design alone (by Intenti) is worth a visit. They have thrown out all unnecessary stuff and opened the place up, you can see and feel the concrete structure of the whole building. Have a close look at the “lamps”, such a simple idea that looks so good. I think this is called minimalist, and certainly has my approval.

The well known (hunky) artist Neung has painted mysterious figures directly on the walls of the place and left traces of his work throughout on every level. He is the sole artist exhibiting here his newest paintings are displayed all over Tabu. And, yes, those intriguing pictures are for sale. If one goes, Neung just hangs up a new one, after all he is very productive.

Latest Gay Asia News & Gossip
www.dragoncastle.net
instead of waiting for a never-appearing Godot who supposedly could bring the desired combination of safety and high returns.

Isn’t it frightening to consider that most people are working hard their whole life in a field where they have accumulated a load of expertise and then they are entrusting the fruits of their labor, their hard-saved money, to people they hardly know? People who are mostly fresh recruits at private banks and investment companies who blabber about what they think when it is in fact totally irrelevant what they think because it’s mostly devoid of real hard experience and critical intellectual capacity. The results are accordingly. The alternative, to hand over money to governments who promise to provide for decent retirement and healthcare is a sad imbecility. Few fraudsters have achieved the level of reckless scheming, short-term egoism and gross squandering that our politicians are so apt at. Your investment decisions should not be an afterthought or the result of chance and circumstance but moved squarely to the center of your life. After all, you’ve got only one.

E-Mail: Dr.Stocks@thaiGuys.org

XAM Capital Ltd. is an Investment company with core competence in Asia.

http://www.xamcapital.com
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.

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

Cutty & Beauty Hair salon (46)
Thanira 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 Cutty and Beauty will be
renovated and is therefore closed. Pay them a visit
before or afterwards, but visit them.

Xtreme Bar (23)
Would you believe it? This unique bar with its
famous shows (and go-go) has been here for two
years already! Located in Soi Dhuangtavee (yes,
where Boys of Bangkok, Blue Star and Dick’s
Café are). Shows daily at 10.00, 11.00 and 12.00.
Just reopened.

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.

Dream Boy (29)
New Dream Boy, the erstwhile Dream Boy Barber,
one of the oldest and best Go-Go bars, has moved
to a large new location across the street where
Blue Star used to be. They have space for 300
visitors. Great sexy shows.

Tabu (25)
Right on Convent Road (opposite the church)
next to the Sathorn end is a new restaurant
catering to the discerning client. It is called Tabu
and is certainly worth a visit. They are definitely
gay but claim to be a bit straight friendly too.
TAWAN (THE SUN)

The exclusive club for men only
- Muscle show
- Special show: 10:30 pm, 12:00 am

Sat, 21 August
Queen of TAWAN
2004 Contest

Open: 8 pm to 2 am
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Tel: 02.634.5833

Thai Guys Gallery
Books

"O"-new Title to Whisper for at Bookazine

Just as you worked out that "O" was the name of a new biography of Jackie Onassis, the late widow of JFK, it turns out to be the title of a hot new best-seller in a hot pink jacket called "O: The Intimate History of the Orgasm" by Jonathan Margolis. While most of the anecdotal text of this historically anthropological odyssey is devoted to straight orgasms, there are lots of queer tidbits as well, ranging from the bedding habits of Bedouins to the circle-jerk shenanigans of an 18th century male Scottish masturbation club named "The Beggar's Benson".

For those (like you, dear reader) of the Greek Love persuasion, there is also an interesting quote attributed to the ancient Greek comic dramatist Aristophanes who chides one character thus: "Well, this is a fine state of affairs, you villain. You meet my son fresh from the bath and you don't kiss him. You don't even feel his testicles. And you're supposed to be a friend of ours!"

And speaking of testicles (one of our favorite topics-after cocks, of course), the book offers a wealth of etymological background information for the verbally licentious. I bet you didn't know that the word "testify" actually comes from the habit of placing one's hand on the testicles when taking a vow. Hence, it takes a lot of balls to tell a lie!

There are also aphrodisiac tips, such as the one from the Hindu Kama Sutra which advises: 'Eating many eggs fried in butter then immersed in honey will make the member hard for the whole night.' Of course, that was before they discovered Yohimbe and Viagra.

Margolis argues that testosterone, the primary generator of sexual desire, is "the single most influential chemical in human history." He could just be right. As Dorothy (Parker, that is) quipped, 'A little coitus never hurt us.' Friends of Dorothy can only agree and this is a book that will make you want to come and come again.

O: The Intimate History Of The Orgasm
By Jonathan Margolis (Century, 395 pages, UK pounds 15) Durian Gray
Chieng Mai Map Legend

- Adam's Apple Club: 16
- Amazing Sandwich: 7
- Anupap/Absolute Hair Design: 5
- Ba Rai Thai: 4
- Bubbles Disco: 20
- Coffee Boy (Thel): 5
- Cruise Bar: 21
- Classic House: 6
- Darling Wine Pub: 1
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- Lanna Paradise: 26
- Lotus Hotel: 15
- My Way: Two of Us: 11
- M2M: 8
- Paradise: 13
- Relax: 14
- Seven Suns: 3
- Simon: 23
- Spa Rama: 18
- The Best Club: 12

Chieng 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 girlie 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.

**Lotus Hotel (15)**
The comfortable and inexpensive Boutique hotel of the Rose of the North. Near to Adam's Apple. In the middle of gay Chieng Mai.

**Paradise (13)**
Paradise offers a discreet garden setting with candlelit tables to enjoy drinks, food and conversation. You can sit at the bar or play a game of pool while listening to some great music and perchance, meet someone new. Located next to the Peak Climbing Wall near the Night Bazaar, Tha Pha Soi 1.

Penthouse Hotel: Pattaya Land Soi 2 (adjacent to Boyz Town), 20260 Pattaya Beach
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Your fantasy fulfills here...

Your Fantasy in the Heart of Pattaya's Nightlife
Map of Phuket Legend

Aquarius 1
Angel 2
Bingo 3
Blue Dolphin Sauna 4
Boat Bar 5
Room Boom 6
Chicken Bar 7
Club Bamboo 8
Club One Seven B&B Phuket 9
Connect Guesthouse 10
C.U. Tonight 11
Fire Island Disco 12
Flying Handbag 13
Fong Kaeo Mansion 14
Golden Boys 15
Heaven 16
ICOF Hotel 17
James Dean 18
James Dean and Friend 19
Joew John 20
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Joche's 22
Jungle Boyz 23
Kenya's 24
Koh Joy Restaurant 25
Lionichai Guesthouse 26
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Tavern on the Hill 45
Tiger Bar 46
Time Bistro 47
Twilight 48
Uncle Charlie's Boys 49
World Gems 50

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.
Dear guests,
Bruno’s Restaurant has moved from its old location in North Pattaya.
We are now ready to serve you for lunch and dinner in our new Jomtien location.
We hope to welcome you soon at our new restaurant.

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Fax: 038-364-602
Email: brunos@ixinfo.co.th
Website: www.brunos-pattaya.com
For taxi: ชัยวัน ทะเลชัยวัน ถนนพัทยา บางละมุง

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Home pages: www.cafeceroyale-pattaya.com
Brazilian tan lines

Martin Frank

To get away from the stress of test driving for you [ie. Thai Guys Magazine readers] the new Dream Boys - writing for Thai Guys is much, much more than just freeloading in Dick's Cafe, I went to Brazil to relax (and get relaxed). It was to be my first holiday in Brazil; I wanted to see Recife, Belem, Manaus and the Amazon. Afraid of getting robbed, I had arranged for a gay Brazilian guide to take care of travel arrangements. I hoped he would, before we boarded a steamer, pick up two hustlers for us, to play dominoes or backgammon with and make leisurely love in bunk beds while the ship chugged up the mighty river.

In Recife airport, the guide, a short, very slim, dark young man with long, jet-black hair, picked me up. White teeth and clear open eyes in a light-brown face flashed a sexy smile. His black see-through nylon shirt let me window-shop. On a lower level, his tight jeans, bulging crotch and soccer ass left no doubt about his credentials as a gay guide. (I’ve yet to see another guy his size his size.)

I expected to get mugged the moment I passed customs, but happily my guide took my hand and lead me through the clean and modern airport to the waiting hotel cab. Outside the car, the streets gliding by looked like big city streets anywhere in the world, the only danger I perceived was my guide’s caressing hand working its way up from my right knee while he questioned the driver about gay bars in Olinda, the old town next to Recife where we were to stay the first night.

In the luxurious, antique Pousada del Amparo, he asked the receptionist whether our room had a “casal” (married) bed. He got it: A king size four-poster bed from the time of Princess Isabel. I admired his in-your-face courage... Most Brazilian hotels are gay-friendly.

In the room, he kissed me passionately, pushed me backwards onto the large bed and, unbuttoning my cargos, assured me with his young, manly voice in a charming north-eastern lilt, “Your pleasure is my happiness!”

In bed... (You don’t want to know all the exhausting details, don’t you?) he confessed to like sex. Mildly put: He did every single thing he had ever seen in a Brazilian gay video. He was ready again and wanting more before I could tell him, “Sleep well!” His loins were on fire.

At breakfast, he fed me guarana to increase my staying power, because, as he said, “My ass is hungry.” As our first sightseeing stop, he suggested a sex shop...

He was still hard when I checked in for my flight back. All I remember of Brazil are my guide’s tan lines. What a sexy country!

*Martin Frank (Author of "ier fagi ische souhun" and other books in Swiss German, German and English. The film “fogi is a bastard” is available at amazon.com.)
### Map of Pattaya

#### Pattaya Beach
- Wong Amat
- Jomtien Beach
- Pattaya Park Resort

#### South Road
- Walking Street
- Jomtien Complex
- Royal Cliff Resort

#### Central Road
- North Road
- Second Road
- Third Road
- Soi Pattaya Beach
- Soi Pattaya North

#### Soi Patong
- Soi Karon
- Soi Thalang

#### Pattaya
- Day-Night Plaza
- Royal Garden Plaza

#### Sukhumvit Highway
- Thepprasit Road
- Nong Nooch Road

### Map of Pattaya Legend

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### Amor Restaurant

**International and Thai Cuisine**

**DAILY SPECIALS**
- Sunday: Roast Loin of Pork
- Monday: American Meatloaf
- Tuesday: Baked Ham
- Wednesday: Roast Fillet of Beef
- Thursday: Roast Chicken
- Friday: Country Beef Stew
- Saturday: Roast Leg of Lamb

**Now you just need to remember what day of the week it is**

*PattayaLand Soi 3, in the heart of Boyz Town*
*Phone: (038) 710-688*
*E-Mail: richard@amorrestaurant.com*
*Web Page: http://www.amorrestaurant.com*
**Pattaya Comments**

**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 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.

**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)**
Bangkos successful Cafe 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.
THAI GUYS TALES

This special publication of Thai Guys Magazine contains 60 stories by 10 authors. Their timeless pieces stand for gay experience - and fantasy - in Asia. The book has over 200 pages and more than 130 pictures.

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Out in Asia

A chronology of gay activism: part two
by Pierre Tourneau

1994 OCCUR won a court case against the Tokyo municipal government for discrimination in denying the organization the use of a residential conference center. A gay/MSM conference was held in a suburb of Bombay. That year two organizations were formed by individuals who had attended the conference - Humsafar Trust in India and Companions on a Journey in Sri Lanka.

Two organizations were formed in the Philippines - CLIC (Can't Live in the Closet), a lesbian group, and ProGay (the Progressive Organization of Gays in the Philippines).

The first pride parade in Asia was held in June in Manila, commemorating the 25th anniversary of the Stonewall riot. The event was co-sponsored by ProGay and the Metropolitan Community Church. The parade became an annual event starting in 1996. The first pride parade in Japan (and the second in Asia) was held August 28th in Tokyo, organized by JILGA. There were 1,124 participants.

JILGA began the annual gay and lesbian film festival and a theatre group.

1995 Lesbians from CLIC and some gay men testified before a congressional committee in the Philippines on gay and lesbian rights legislation, the first such event in Asia.

During the 1995 United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing, the activist Wu Chunsheng organized a lesbian dance party for both Chinese and foreign women at the Nightman Disco. Two busloads of women from the conference joined with over a dozen Beijing women. Plain clothes and military police came to the disco and afterwards Wu was detained.

Gay Front Kansai in Japan succeeded in having the Osaka prefectural government change its prohibition on the sale of homosexual 'pornography', which had blocked the sale of gay magazines.

The first university gay student groups were established in Seoul. Lambda was formed at National Taiwan University.

1996 The first Tongzi Conference for ethnic Chinese was held in Hong Kong. Subsequent conferences were held in Hong Kong (1998, 1999 and 2004) and Taipei (2001).

The government of Singapore issued guidelines for internet servers stating that contents that "depict or propagate sexual perversion such as homosexuality, lesbianism and paedophilia" were not allowed.

Ten individuals signed an application for the legal registration of the Singapore group People Like Us. The group had been meeting weekly since 1993. The application was refused, and refused again on an appeal. Membership in an unregistered organization is unlawful. The group officially disbanded. It reapplied for registration in 2004 and was again refused.

1996-2002 In this period gay publishing developed.

- Some magazines were published, but patterns were often unstable. Small-format Japanese gay magazines continued to be published, filled with personal ads. Small format Thai magazines were available, filled with advertisements for host bars and saunas. In 1996 the glossy magazine G&L began publication in Taiwan. A second magazine, Together, began in Taipei in 1998. In 1998 the gay magazine Buddy began in Seoul, Korea in a mainstream format, selling openly in stores. Later in the same year the Japanese-style gay magazine Borizaru began, also in Korea. In 1999 a serious gay and lesbian magazine/newspaper, ManilaOut, began publication in the Philippines. The editor hoped it could evolve into something like the United States magazine Advocate, but it did not last. His magazine, from Taipei, founded in 2000 or 2001 by the publishers of Chinese language G&L, seems the first magazine to aim for a regional market, publishing stories and news in English, advertising gay accommodation in Thailand and featuring discrete nude photographs. Neither G&L nor HIS survived. The only regional magazine to survive is the on-line fridae magazine from Singapore.

- Regular format beefcake magazines began open publication and sale in Hong Kong, Taiwan, the Philippines and Thailand. Some gradually became bolder, with full nudity and a few began to depict ejaculations and anal intercourse. This development was unstable, with the disappearance of the magazines from public circulation in both the Philippines and Thailand.

- A very small number of gay stores opened in Hong Kong, Bangkok, Taipei, Manila.

- Selling western gay items, clothing and regionally published magazines.

- In 1996 the gay novel "A Story from Beijing" began circulation on the internet in China. Later filmed as "Lanyu" by Hong Kong director Stanley Kwan. It is the best known Chinese gay novel, and its wide circulation showed the new importance of the internet for gay individuals in China. The Chinese homosexual novel "Scarlet Lips" by Cui Zhen of Beijing was published in Hong Kong in 1997 (just before the
reversion to China. The book was not allowed to circulate in China.


- Gay Sunshine, a tongzhi publishing house in Taipei, published two collections of short stories.

1997: President Kim Dae Jung of South Korea stated: "I do not agree to same sex love, but I think we should not unconditionally perceive it as heathenism... We need a vision through which we can approach activities of lesbians and gays as a part of security of human rights."

The Rajabat Institute, the national system of 36 teacher training colleges in Thailand, announced that it would ban homosexuals (meaning effeminate 'lady boys' or kathoey). The lesbian organization Anjaree was active in the campaign against the ban. After public controversy the ban was rescinded.

The attempt to hold a gay film festival at Yonsei University in Seoul was blocked when the administration cut off the electricity. The first gay film festival in Korea was held the following year after the Film Censorship Board ended its complete ban on the depiction of homosexuality on film.

The first gay pride festival was held in Taiwan.

1998: Huge controversies occurred in India over the showing of the lesbian-themed English-language film "Fire," produced in India by an overseas Indian.

IGLHRC, the International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Commission, based in San Francisco, hired a Program Officer for Asia and the Pacific, Daniel Lee, an American of Korean descent. He traveled widely in the region.

Anwar Ibrahim, Deputy Prime Minister of Malaysia, was arrested and eventually convicted on charges of corruption and sodomy. While sodomy had been a criminal offence since colonial times, the provision had not been enforced in practice. The arrest and trials gave extensive publicity to gay sex, something normally not discussed in the public media in Malaysia. Anwar Ibrahim denied the accusations of sodomy, and never criticized the existence of the criminal prohibition. There was no call from within Malaysia to repeal the prohibition.

Police raided the AG Club, a well-known gay gymnasion and sauna in downtown Taipei, arresting two men for obscenity in public. The case was highly publicized and led to acquittals and criticism of the police actions by the judge.

A gay film festival was held on the campus of Chulalongkon University in Bangkok, Thailand. Police paid a brief visit, checked the films and allowed the festival to continue.

The first National Women Tongzhi Conference, involving about thirty women, was held in October, 1998, in Beijing. A five person board was established and an internal magazine, Sky.
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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Website: http://www.dickscafe.com
Open 11 am - 2 am

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Open 10 am - 1am