

## QUESTIONNAIRE FOR THAI GAY MAN

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Location of Interview: Ban Soua Kin Waw

Name: my translator  
Pseudonym: Peter  
Year of birth: age 29 born 1978

### FAMILY BACKGROUND:

My parents are both Isan. My mother is from Si Saket and my father is from Roi Et, but I was born in Bangkok after my parents had moved there to try to make more money than poor farmers make in Isan villages. I lived with my father and my mother and her two children from her previous marriages, a half brother who is six years older than me and a half sister who is two years older than me. I was the only child of my mother and father, who were both 31 years old when I was born. My father was a construction worker in Bangkok, and we were poor because my mother had to stay at home to take care of me. I was a problem for my mother when I was a small child, because I would always wander outside and fall into the canal that was close to the room that we rented. I did that many times, and my mother could not leave me alone.

One day when I was five years old my mother was visiting a neighbor while I took a nap, I woke up and wandered over to a neighbor's house. I have only a vague memory of this, but my mother told me what happened. This man and woman did not have children, and they were jealous of me. They were very bad, and did not like me. They tried to hurt me by playing a joke on me. They had ground up chili powder and asked me to blow it. I did, and the hot chili powder got into my eyes and stung very badly. I remember crying from the pain, but they just laughed at me. I ran back to my house, and in my fright I almost fell into the canal. If my mother was not there, I could have drowned. When my mother came back and heard me crying, she looked into my eyes and washed the chili powder out. It was very hard to get all of it out, and I was screaming in pain. She asked our neighbor, who saw what happened. Then my father came home from work, and my mother told him what happened. My father loved me very much, and he got very angry when he heard this. He had a bad temper when people did something bad. So he took a big piece of wood and went to the house of those bad people. He was so angry that he started hitting them, again and again. He could not stop, he was so angry. He hit them so many times that he killed both of them. I am telling this only because so many years have passed, but our family had to keep this a deep secret for many years. To have my earliest memory of my father being that he killed two people because of me, was a very strange

feeling as I grew up. I loved him for caring for me so much, but I was scared that he could do something so bad as to kill people.

After he killed those two bad people, my father came back and told my mother what he had done in his anger. He was in shock. My mother realized we had to escape. We all left suddenly, and could only take those few things that we could carry. A friendly neighbor covered for my father, and when the police came to investigate he told the police that my father finished his job and that is why he had to move to another location. He said this so the police would not suspect that it was him. We moved to another part of Bangkok.

At this new house, there was also a canal. I would often fall into the canal, and my mother would have to save me. I got sick from the polluted water, and had to go to the hospital. I could not urinate, and had to have an operation to correct that. After the operation the doctor was inspecting me, and I still could not urinate. But then suddenly the pee started coming out, and I peed right in the doctor's face! He was happy that I could pee again, but angry that I peed in his face! (laughs) After that, my parents decided to take me out of Bangkok, because the canals were such a danger for me. So that is when I moved to my mother's parents' house near Si Saket in the country.

From that point on, my brother and sister and I went to school in Si Saket. I always got along well with my brother and sister, and we were happy together then. I was a very good student, but I did not want to go to school. When I was eight years old, my grandfather died. He was very nice to me, and I was very sad when he died. After that, I was raised by my grandmother who was very nice to me. My grandmother, though, did not like my father, because he was so violent. When he would get drunk he would hit people and get in fights. That was true, but he loved me a lot. But he still had that violent personality, and sometimes when I would not listen to him he would hit me quite hard. I love my father very much, but I would also hate him when he would hit me. I learned early on that people are a mixture of good and bad. No one is perfect, and everyone has their faults.

When I was ten years old, my father had to leave Si Saket because he got in fights so much. My mother complained to him all the time, and he finally had enough. He decided to leave my mother and he took me with him, and we moved to his parents' home in a village near Roi Et. I liked both my father and my mother, but my mother came to Roi Et to get me. She was upset that I was gone, and my father agreed that I could go back with her but only on condition that he could visit me. Both my mother and my father loved me a lot, and I loved both of them equally. I understood why they wanted to split up, and I accepted that, but I did not want to take sides when they separated.

My father probably realized that I was a somewhat feminine boy, and he wanted a man for a son. He was very masculine himself, and he had been a professional boxer when he was young. He told me "You are a man, and you have to be like a boy, not like a lady." That made me think that he is anti-gay. He said that he does not like kathoey. When he would see me acting feminine, he would hit me. I started crying, and he said angrily, "Stop crying! You have to be strong like a man." I enjoyed cooking and when he would

see me in the kitchen, he would spank me and tell me “Don’t do this. Work like this is only for women. Not for a man to do.” This made me want to leave him, but I still cared a lot for him. I had mixed feelings about him. His mother died when I was young, and her two sisters became like substitute grandmothers for me. One of them was just like my father, and when I would cry she would say, “Why are you crying like a lady? Don’t do that!” But the other sister was so sweet to me, and she would criticize my father when he hit me. She is the one who I am closest to, and I consider her to be my real grandmother.

When I was thirteen years old, my father came back to my mother and they stayed together for over two years. But the same problems happened, with my father drinking and getting into fights. My mother’s mother did not like him at all, and she and my mother complained about him every day. So when I was fifteen my father left again, and he told me “If you miss me come and visit.” That was the last time I saw him, until I saw him last week. I was very nervous when I met him, because I did not know what his attitude would be toward me.

After my father left I stayed at my mother’s parents house with my mother, in Si Saket, and went to school. I still did not want to go to school, I do not like to study. I have attention deficit disorder, and I cannot pay attention to one thing for a long time. I have to stop and take a break. But still I tested number one in my class, and I was smart.

When I was ten years old I met a friend in my class at school. He confided to me that he was attracted to men, and I told him that I felt the same way. I did not know about sex then, but I realized that I was very strongly attracted to men. The first time I remember having erotic thoughts about sex was when I was thirteen years old. I was attracted to the movie star Brad Pitt. I thought he was very sexy. I started masturbating and thinking about him. This went on for five years, and I collected every photo of him I could find, as well as watching all of his movies several times.

I was a typical masculine boy, and not feminine. About the only feminine thing I liked was cooking, and I taught myself to cook when I was twelve years old. My parents were very supportive of me, and I regularly did the cooking for my whole family. My friends included both boys and girls. I was very good at playing volleyball, which I first started playing when I was seven years old. When I was twelve years old I won first prize as a volleyball player, and I played on the volleyball team at my school until I graduated. I also enjoyed writing poems, and I won second place prize for a poetry contest in my school. I wrote poems from age 13 to 16, but after that I did not do it any more.

I stayed in school for seven more years, until I graduated from high school. I was really good with computers, and I liked business classes and history class. I was interested in learning about the past times, in Thailand and around the world. I especially liked learning about ancient Egypt, and the magic that they practiced, and the Roman Empire. I did not like math, which gave me a headache, or other subjects. When I was eighteen I graduated from high school. I know it is good that I stayed in school until I finished, but I was glad to be out of school at last.

When I was in school I never had sex with anyone else, but shortly after I turned 18 I met a 25 year old Isan man from another village when I went swimming at a lake near my grandmother's house. There was nobody else there swimming, so he looked at me and he swam close to me and started talking to me. He hugged me in the water and then he kissed me. He said he wanted to have sex with me, and I said how can I have sex with a man? I did not know how to do anything in sex, since I had never had any sexual experience with either a female or a male. He said that he would teach me how to do it. He touched my dick and I touched his, and I liked it. He had a really hard dick. Then he touched my bottom and it felt good. He said "Can I put my dick inside here?" I had never done anything, so I said we can try. Then he pushed it in, as we hugged right there in the lake, and I felt really good. It did not hurt at all. I felt that I fell in love with him, very much.

Every day after that, I went back to the lake, hoping to see him again. I did not see him for three days after that, but then on the third day he came to the lake. He was very nice to me, and hugged me and kissed me so much. We had sex, and he pushed his dick inside my bottom again in the water, just like before. It was wonderful. I told him I missed him very much. Then after we finished he looked deeply into my eyes and told me some surprising news. He said that he wanted to marry a girl he had met. He said he liked her very much. I felt so sad. I asked him why he wanted to marry her, if he had me. He said that he loved me too, but he had to marry a woman because he is a man and men should marry a woman, and his family was pressuring him to get married. He told me that he would continue to meet me at the lake every three days. That became our love lake. I felt upset that he was going to marry, but I loved him so much that I said OK. I told him that I would wait for him every time, in the love lake of Si Saket.

For the next two months, he came to see me at the lake every three days. He fucked me and masturbated me with his hand. We never did any sucking or anything else, but I liked it very much. He told me he loved me, and he was sorry he had to marry but his family expected that. We talked a lot, for hours each time we were together. I felt as if I had found my true love for my life.

Then after this had been going on for two months, I waited at the lake on the third day but he did not show up. I went to the lake every day after that and did not see him for a week. I did not know what happened to him. So I went to his parents' home and his mother told me that he moved to Bangkok with his wife to get a job. I felt upset very much. So I decided to go to Bangkok to try to find him. I went there, and I looked and looked, but I never could find him. I looked for him for three months. Even now I do not know what happened to him. I have had many good things in my life, but also bad things that make me so sad.

After that I decided not to try to have a boyfriend, but just to enjoy myself. I discovered that I was most attracted to men from Europe and America. I like big men, who are smart and handsome, good looking with white skin. Since I have dark tan skin, I like someone who is different from me, with white skin. I especially like Americans. I chose an American nickname for myself because America is very popular and famous. In my dreams of high fashion worlds, America has high society. Americans are rich but they

also have a good heart; I can feel this even with the men I met on the internet. I have never been there, but I admire America because it is a big country, with big money, big power, and American men have big dicks! (laugh)

I liked farang so much that I got a job at a gay tourist bar as a massage boy, and worked there for a year when I was eighteen. I enjoyed doing that work, because I could get paid for doing something that I enjoyed so much. I enjoyed the sex and enjoyed learning about how gay men lived. They would talk to me and tell me about their life, and I learned a lot. I have only good memories of that work, nothing bad happened to me there. I always used a condom, so I did not get any sexual infections. I shared an apartment with two other workers at that bar, and we got along well together. One day a 45 year old Swedish man named Lennart came to the bar. He liked me and took me to his hotel room. I liked him right away, because I could tell he was a good person. After we had great sex together he asked me to move in with him and I did. Just like that, right after we met. And it was the best decision I ever made. He had come to Thailand only for a short vacation, but he liked me so much he decided to stay in Bangkok. He got money from his parents so he could stay with me. His parents were very nice to me. I never met them, but I talked to them on the telephone. Mostly we stayed at his apartment every day, but he and I went around to tourist places in Bangkok. I enjoyed being with him, everything. It was a happy time for me. I did not have to work, but could watch TV all I wanted, and I kept the house clean and did the cooking and laundry. He liked to read a lot, and he was writing a book. He wrote a screenplay for a movie, titled "The Past Way of the White Elephant," about the Buddha. It was a very nice film, and I was so happy when I saw the completed movie screenplay. I was so proud of him for making a good movie about the Buddha. But unfortunately it never found a producer/distributor so nothing came of it. Lennart wanted me to play the young prince Siddharta, and I liked that very much. I would have been very famous if that movie had been distributed. I wanted to be a superstar, but nothing happened.

Lennart came from a rich family, and he was very generous to me. He gave me 30,000 baht each month, and I had plenty of money. I saved the money and used most of it to build a nice new house for my mother and my sister and her husband and their three children, plus my other sister and her husband. Then my oldest sister broke up with her husband and got a new husband. After some time she got very sick and found out that she had been infected with HIV. She did not know if it was her old husband or her new husband who gave HIV to her, but it had to have been one of them because she did not have sex with anybody else. My mother was very angry that one of those men had infected her, and my sister got sicker and sicker. After three months, she died. My mother and I were distraught. My mother took care of her children until they grew up. They eventually got married and left. So now my mother lives in the house with my second sister and her husband. My second sister cannot have children because of medical reasons, so there are no children there now. They are in that nice house because of Lennart, and I realize how lucky I was to have such a nice and generous lover.

#### THAI ARMY SERVICE

Lennart and I were together for three years, and they were the happiest years of my life. But when I turned 21 I had to go into the Thai Army. I did not tell Lennart beforehand

because I knew he would be sad. I did not know this but Lennart knew some very big people in the Thai government, and he could have gotten me out of this duty. But I did not want to get out of it. I was ready to do my term of service, because I wanted to help my country. I love Thailand, and I want to protect it. I like that I am fortunate enough to live in a nice country. I especially like that Thailand's government follows policies to make this a big tourist destination, and so many farang come here. I love my country for bringing so many nice farang here. Farang have been so nice to me.

But Lennart got very angry at me for going into the army, even though I still wanted to be with him. He decided to leave Thailand and go back to Sweden. He had stayed in Thailand for three years, only because of me, and when I went into the army he felt that he had no reason to stay in Thailand. He left without even saying goodbye, and when I came back to his apartment I was surprised to find all his things gone and there was a letter for me. He said I did not listen to him, and he is very sad and could not stay without me. I still loved him, and I was very sad to lose him. I realize I was wrong not to tell him ahead of time about the army. I cried a lot and missed him so much. For the next four years every day I thought about him. I called him so many times, but every time his mother told me he was not at home. I never heard from him again. It was so sad.

I served in the army for two years. I liked everything about the military and I was a good soldier. I think the army in Thailand is very good, and serves an important function to protect our democracy. I support what the army did last year, when they forced Taksin out. He was a corrupt politician, and only the army could get rid of him. If the army had not acted, Thailand would have been thrown into turmoil because people were so divided about Taksin. I enjoyed my time in the army. When I was on duty I sometimes found other gay soldiers and had sex with them. I knew if they looked at me a certain way, that they were interested in sex. They would come to my bed at night and they would fuck me right in the middle of the big barracks. I think the other soldiers in nearby beds knew what was going on, but nobody said anything. One time the bed made so much noise as the soldier fucked me that it woke up the drill instructor. He came in and did not know who was making the noise but he said in a loud voice, "Oh you are so noisy!" He did not complain about sex, but about somebody making so much noise that it woke him up. So he made everybody in the barracks wake up, and he said, "If you are not going to sleep then everybody has to go outside to the lake." He made everybody strip naked and get into the lake.

While we were in the lake, the soldier who was fucking me came to me again, and started fucking me again right there in the water. The drill instructor saw this and told us to come out of the water. As we stood there naked in front of him, he asked if we were the ones who were making the noise. I said yes. The instructor took us to a military prison, and we stayed there for fifteen days. He said it was against the rules to make love in the army. But then they put us both into the same prison cell, even sharing the same bed, so we had sex a lot. One time a military policeman discovered us having sex in the cell. He asked me if I loved him, and I said yes. Then he asked him if he loved me, and he also said yes. Then the policeman asked us if we wanted to marry each other, and we said yes. He told his supervisor, and they arranged for us to get married!

I did not know that the Thai army allows gays in the military to get married to each other, but this really happened to me in the year 2001. They do not want random sex among the soldiers, but if two soldiers love each other then it is accepted for them to get married and be treated as a married couple.

When our fifteen day prison sentence was finished, the army arranged for us to have a wedding party. About fifty people attended, including our soldier friends and the drill instructor. They brought a cake and coca-cola to drink. We had a great time. When I first went into the army I kept my gayness a secret, but now everybody knew I was a gay. Everybody was very nice to me, and I only had one negative reaction. I love the army.

The one person in the army who I encountered who was anti-gay was the general in charge of my unit. He was the officer who ordered me into prison, and he told me that he did not like me because I am gay, and gays should not be in the army. One time when I was crossing a river on a flimsy rope float, with a heavy pack on my back, this general shook the ropes trying to make me fall off. If I had fallen into the river I could have drowned with the heavy weight. Another time he threw a training hand grenade at me, and it exploded, burning my shirt and my skin. A third time in training he threw another bomb at me, and it hit my food tray so I could not eat that day. I don't know if he did this because I was in training, or if he threw the hand grenade at me because he did not like gays. What I did know for sure is that he did not like me.

I decided that I wanted to do something to make him change his mind about me and about gay people. That opportunity came when Thailand and Cambodia got into a conflict over the border near Kau Phra Wihan, which is an ancient temple nearly 2,000 years old. The temple itself is in Cambodia, but it is on top of a very steep mountain and the easiest way to get to it is by going through the part of the mountain that is in Thailand. There are a lot of tourists that go to this temple, and Cambodia wanted to control the path to the temple. So the Cambodian army moved into that area and occupied it. When our unit arrived, with orders to retake the part of the mountain that is in Thailand, we were deployed at 3:00am. Our unit settled in and the soldiers quickly fell asleep. But I had a spirit call in my ear and told me that I should not go to sleep. I was very scared because that was the first time in my life I felt the presence of a spirit. I had a very strong feeling that I should stay awake. As I scanned the horizon, looking in the light of the full moon I was shocked to see some figures walking toward us in the dark. I watched in alarm as one of them brought his rifle to aim it right at the general who was about fifty meters behind me. This was obviously a Cambodian soldier who was trying to kill our general. I took careful aim with my rifle, and pulled the trigger. Before I went into the army, I had never even held a gun in my entire life. But in the army basic training, I had become an excellent marksman and the other soldiers admired my accurate firing. So I was not surprised when I saw the soldier fall. Everybody woke up and massive firing started between our unit and the Cambodian army. This went on for about an hour, and then the Cambodians retreated. We moved forward and found the dead Cambodian soldier that I had shot. There were no other Cambodians killed by our soldiers, so everybody knew that I was the one who killed the enemy.

The general came up to me, because he had seen me shooting the Cambodian. He asked me what happened and I told him that the Cambodian was trying to kill him. There was a

television cameraman right with him, and the TV caught his face as he realized in shock that he could have been killed except for me. The general smiled broadly and thanked me. I said that was my job, and I wanted to be a good soldier. He said, "You are a good soldier!" I said I wanted to protect my country, and I knew he was an important general for Thailand. He said "Good answer!" All this was caught by the television cameras. My boyfriend was right there, and he smiled broadly.

About a year later the general wrote a letter to me. He admitted that he did not like gays, and that he did not think they were good for Thailand. He knew I was gay because of my prison experience, and he admitted he did not like me. But then he saw that I was the one who saved his life. He said he knew that I was a very good soldier, from my record, and he had to confront his anti-gay prejudices. He said that he changed his mind about gays, and now he realized that gay people can be a good help to Thailand just like everyone else.

When I was ready to leave the army after my two years of service, I was surprised one day to receive a visit from this general. He came to me, and he presented me with a medal for outstanding service. This medal is only given to a very few soldiers by the Thai Army High Command. He had arranged for me to receive this. He told me that I am a good soldier. He said on behalf of Thailand that the country is grateful for my service. He said he had been thinking a lot about gay people, and he was very sorry that he had such a prejudicial attitude toward gay people before that. And he was sorry that he had put me into prison. But now he knew that he owed his life to a gay person. He brought his family with him, and his wife, his daughter, and his son all thanked me profusely. He then presented me with a check for two million baht.

The general also brought me to my native village in an official military car. When my mother came out of her house and saw the general she was afraid that I had died. Then the general told her that I was not dead, but he was here to honor me. Then she saw me and she was very happy. The general paid for a big party in my honor, and my mother was very proud that I had done such a good job in the army, and had helped my country.

I took that check and gave 40,000 baht to the Buddhist temple in my village, and they used the money to build a new temple. I used the rest of it, plus some money I had saved from Lennart's payments to me, to build a very nice large 8-room new house for my mother and sister. My mother and sister were so grateful to me for this.

When my two years of service was finished, I told my soldier boyfriend that I had to go and look for Lennart. He understood that I still loved Lennart, and accepted that I was leaving. When I got out of the army I returned to Bangkok to look for Lennart. To support myself I got a job working in an internet café, which I enjoyed because when the shop was not busy I could use the webcam. I was amazed when I found so many gay websites and I started chatting with other gay men all around the world.

Three years after getting out of the army, I was still looking for Lennart. Then when I was twenty six years old, one day I was walking on the street in Silom in Bangkok, and I was shocked to see Lennart again. He saw me and was very happy. He hugged me and



kissed me, and told me he missed me very much. I could not believe it. I felt like we were back to our old times together. We went to a coffee shop together, and he asked if he could help me financially. I wondered why he said that. I did not want his money, I wanted to be together with him again. Then he told me he had come back to Thailand to look for me and he tried but he could not find me. So after he gave up on finding me he met a new boyfriend, age 21. By the time I saw him they had been together for three years. He told me the boy was very poor, and Lennart wanted to take care of him because he got sick. They had not lived together, and the boy caught HIV from someone else. Lennart wanted to take care of him and asked me to come back and live with them and help him. He said he still loved me and wanted me to come back and live with him. I asked him why he wanted to take care of him, because the boy had sex with someone else and was not safe, and it was not Lennart's responsibility to do that. He told me, if I left him he will die. I said why is that important to him, and the boy would die soon anyway, so I got angry at him. I told him if he could take care of someone who would get well, that would be a good thing, but this boy was not going to get well. He should be able to die. He said he cared about the boy very much and he could not abandon him. He wanted to take him to Sweden so he could have complete medical care. I said I cannot do that. So I realized I had to finish with Lennart, and let him take care of that boy. That was the last time I saw Lennart, and he moved to the boy's hometown of Lopburi so the boy could be with his family. After that I lost contact with him, and I do not know what happened to him. All that made me very sad, but I had to go on with my life.

After that I got a job working at an internet café. I had a lot less money than when I was with Lennart. I liked the job but it only paid 7,000 baht [less than \$200 US dollars] per month. That is an average salary in Bangkok, but my rent that I have to pay to share a room with others is 4,000 baht per month. I only have 3,000 baht left after paying rent. But it costs me about 200 baht per day to eat, so that is another 6,000 baht per month. So I could not survive except for the kindness of farang men that I meet to have sex. They are kind enough to give me some money, or take me out to eat with them or buy some clothes for me. That is how I get by each month. I guess others would think I am a money boy, and think that prostitution is bad. But I cannot survive otherwise. I do not think any of this is bad, but these men are just being kind to me. What is the difference in what I do, and when married women expect their husband to bring them money from their paycheck each week? I give them sex and happiness, and they give me money. And I get to enjoy with them as well. It is good. I would rather get money by giving people happiness and enjoyment, rather than doing some kind of job that brings unhappiness to people. I think I am doing a good thing to make the world a better place, by giving happiness to those men I am with.

I like to work at the internet café, especially because any time it is not busy I can enjoy going to a gay webcam, and watch naked men masturbating while they look at me. I cannot get naked in the internet shop of course, but I am not shy at all about looking at them. If someone sees me looking at naked men, I figure if they do not like it they should not be looking at my computer!

But still, it was not enough money for me to survive, so I continued to look for another job. I went to a tourist company, and they liked that I can speak Thai, Lao, and English.

They hired me and I got good money from that. I made more than twice as much money as I did at the internet shop. I would take a group of tourists from Europe and America, and take them to see Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam, and Burma. I had never been to those countries before, and it was very interesting to see those new places. Because I am Isan and can speak Lao, I was able to communicate with people in those countries who also speak Lao. I like Vietnamese best. Vietnam is a clean country and the people are very nice. They served good French cooking, and everything was so inexpensive. The Vietnamese, Lao, and Cambodians were all very friendly toward gay people and ladyboys. . The attitudes of Lao and Cambodians are the same as in Thailand. I don't think people in Southeast Asia have any problem about gay, though I know that some people do not like gays or ladyboys.

In Ho Chi Ming City I met a gay man who was half Vietnamese and half Italian, age 35, and for one week we had a wonderful love affair. I enjoyed him a lot. Some of the tourists were gay, and I enjoyed being with them also. It was a fun job, and I did that for six months, but it was very tiring to me. I wanted a job that was not so exhausting. I looked for other jobs and could not find them, so as a last resort I went back to the internet café. They were happy to have me come back there, and I enjoyed working there in spite of the low salary.

#### GENERAL SOCIAL ATTITUDES TOWARD GENDER VARIANCE

Kathoey is a man who wants to be a lady.

I am gay but not kathoey. Sometimes I feel like I might want to be kathoey, but I am not sure. Sometimes I enjoy dressing in women's clothing, maybe three times a week. I look in the mirror and think I am beautiful. and a year ago I entered a cabaret contest in Bangkok and I won the contest. Everybody told me I looked great. I put a tattoo on my eyebrows to make them look like a woman's. When I showed my mother the photo she joked with me, "I have a son, not a lady." But I knew she was not serious. I have some feminine aspects to my personality, but I see myself as a man.

Kathoey are very beautiful, more than real women. But I am not.

When do you remember first seeing or meeting a KATHOEY?

I saw a kathoey when I was five years old, and I did not like that. I thought that was no good.

What are the reactions of other people in your community to a person who is KATHOEY?

People accept kathoey and think they are good, that they are beautiful and do beautiful things.

What are the reactions of non-Isan Thai to KATHOEY? All the same reactions all over Thailand.

Describe your ideal lover:

I like white man with a good heart, good looking ,sexy body big dick. I like him to fuck me.

I am flexible on age, from my age up to 40s and 50s.

Would you like to marry one person permanently, I would prefer one man.

Do you think you can accomplish this ideal? I think I can and hope I can.

Would you like to change your body or personality in any way? No no

What does KATHOEY mean to you?

A male who feels like a lady and wants to make himself beautiful and soft like a lady.

Does your Mother accept you for the way you are, yes but she never talks about it.

How does she feel about your erotic interests/activities? She met my boyfriend Lennart and she liked him. She referred to him as “your boyfriend” but she does not talk with me much specifically about me being gay beyond that. He provided the money to build a new house for her, and she appreciates that greatly. She said thank you so much and she is so happy to have a nice large house. In her life she never saw that much money. But she and my sister are afraid to sleep there at night because it is so big, so they go next door and sleep in their old house every night. But they spend the daytime at the new house.

When I was 20 years old, I attended an English academy for 8 months. I wanted to speak English, because I wanted to go to America or England in the future. I also thought that I could meet a farang boyfriend who was rich. I wanted a rich man to take care of me.

That was my dream.

Does your Father accept you for the way you are,

My father does not realize I am gay, and when I saw him recently he asked me if I have a girlfriend. I said “not yet.” I introduced him to my boyfriend who came with me, but I told my father that he had hired me as a translator and I said that he had a wife who had a business in Bangkok and she was so busy she did not have time to take care of him. She told me to take care of him,