



Garage Monkey

the Question of
[Good] Sex

Underestimating
SEX
and all its wonders

Underage
but man enough to tell

Doing It
Like a Rock Star



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Jody Watley: *Don't You Want Her?*

[This Monkey Has One Big Bannana]

Volume 4, Issue 4, August - September 2006

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In this issue:

The Question of [Good] Sex

Ah honesty! If people could just have a bit more of it about their sexual inclinations, things would be a lot less complicated. I swear sometimes I just want to scream in the middle of some of the conversations I have about sex: "Get over it and get down on it! It's *just sex* people!"

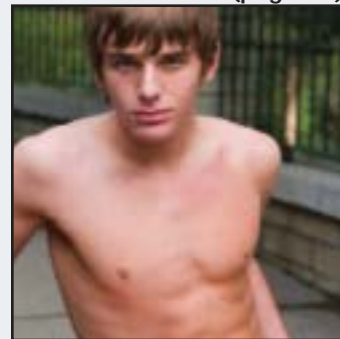
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Underage and man enough to say it

For porn star Brent Corrigan, public appearances aren't safe. In fact, the day before I sat down to chat with Brent over lunch, two men approached the handsome adult film star at a West Hollywood bar event and asked for a picture. While posing, one of the men lifted up a copy of a new gay porn DVD featuring scenes from Brent's last performance for a certain studio. Seems innocent enough, right? But Brent pushed the fan away, words were exchanged, security was called and the men ran off, picture captured. Why?

(page 20)



Underestimating Sex And All Its Wonders

One of the best parts about being homosexual is the sex. Sex is a part of sexuality and they cannot be separated. Mainstream culture likes to neuter the sex right out of homosexuality because they are afraid of it. They find it more accessible, more palatable, to think of gay men as funny, non-threatening, asexual characters on T.V. as opposed to real humans with feelings and desires and passions. But to remove sex from the homosexual is pointless.

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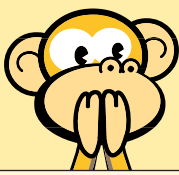
sex.

Featuring!

The *Interactive*
TOP 10 MEN
Celebrity *List*



Status *Quotes*



"When I got into show business, I didn't know I would be the most famous drag queen in the world. I didn't know that would be part of the bargain, but in accepting that and allowing that to come through me, I got to learn so much more about image and the spiritual being of having a human experience."

– **RuPaul** on life lessons learned in showbiz, discussing the album *RuPaul. Reworked*



"My gay audience has expanded threefold just in the last six months since my new songs have been on the Internet. It's crazy. Now I've got to do a song just for my gay audience. Shout out! This one's for my gays!"

– "Promiscuous" girl **Nelly Furtado** on her newfound fame as a gay diva



"I don't hide the fact that I'm gay but I don't wear it on my sleeve, you know. What I do isn't about my sexuality, it's about the music first, always."

– **DJ Tracy Young** on sexuality in the music industry

"What I do on camera is nothing like sex I have in private. It's about making something look right for the camera. On a practical level, I wouldn't fuck in an uncomfortable position during real sex, or fuck without constantly kissing."

– Porn star and author **Aiden Shaw** on his sex life, discussing his new book *My Undoing*



"It's hard for the majority of people to accept what they don't understand. When something comes up that attacks people's beliefs, their first reaction tends to be fear."

– Actor **JD Pardo** on playing murdered transgender teen **Gwen Araujo** in Lifetime's *A Girl Like Me*



"**Ann Wilson** of Heart came out. She was another balls-to-the-wall girl in a band, just as sexy and abrasive and loud as the men. When I saw her, I knew I wanted to rock!"

– Berlin's **Terri Nunn** on the woman who sparked her career as a rocker



BOOKS

Chris Bellamere seems to live a charmed life in the City of Angels. Blonde and handsome, he's a well-paid computer engineer, living in a luxurious home and tricking with a different sexy guy each night. But darkness lurks even in the sunny environs of LA's Silver Lake neighborhood.

LA homicide detective David Eric Laine couldn't be more different. A beefy, hairy bear, deeply closeted, he lives in a crappy house and suffers the homophobic comments of his partner and other officers in silence.

A serial killer brings these two men together—and ultimately into each other's arms. In **P.A. Brown's** debut mystery, *L.A. Heat*, Detective Laine and his partner are chasing a man they've come to call The Carpet Killer, who kidnaps gay men, tortures them, kills them, then wraps them in carpeting for disposal.

This is not the sun-drenched L.A. of the movies. It's a workaday vision of this complicated city, from the side streets of Beverly Hills to the deeply wooded canyons where evil lurks. Against his judgment, David finds himself falling in love with Chris, though all clues seem to point to Chris as the killer.

All David's strength of will must transfer from maintaining his place in the closet to believing that Chris is not the killer himself, but instead the killer's target. Chris brings his considerable computer talents into play as he seeks information on a former trick, now dead. "While the crackers and the decrypters ran against the database he refreshed his coffee one more time... In another ten minutes his zombie machine registered success. He was in."

L.A. Heat is not so much a mystery as a thriller, though the clues don't all come together for our intrepid detectives until the heart-stopping conclusion.

This is a strong new entry in the narrow niche of gay male mystery, and I hope the future brings more adventures for this sexy pair.

www.pabrown.ca

[▲▲▲▲△]



of us, he was teased and taunted as a fag in high school.

How does a man make such a transformation? Tewksbury eloquently sums up his ability to win Olympic gold in the 1992 Olympics this way: "I gazed around the room slowly. The best swimmers from Russia, Cuba, the United States, Spain, Germany and France were in front of me. And I was different. I was the fag. And in that moment I owned my truth completely. I thought, 'If these guys knew how hard it was for me to get here, they wouldn't believe it. They have no bloody clue what I have been through. Or how strong I am.'"

The cover photos on **Mark Tewksbury's** autobiographical *Inside Out: Straight Talk From a Gay Jock* are incredibly masculine. The handsome face on the front, the sexy, virile body on the back, the flexed arm holding a fistful of Olympic medals equals one totally macho package. So it's quite a shock to discover that as a boy, Tewksbury loved to dress up in his grandmother's clothes, and that, like so many

Those sentiments enabled him to succeed. "I went out and swam, dropping more than 1.2 seconds from my personal best... to win the first gold medal for Canada in Barcelona."

The book is an interesting mix of evasiveness and the titular "straight talk." Tewksbury is open about his long-term relationship with a gay couple, as well as his pursuit of a paid escort. There's a lot that remains unsaid, though he's frank about the depression that struck after his Olympic win, closely tied to his own internalized homophobia.

The biggest accomplishment of this book is its ability to present Mark Tewksbury as a real person—not just a sexy hunk or an Olympic idol. Though he's not yet forty, he (and his country) have come a long way since he won that gold medal.

www.marktewksbury.com

[▲▲▲△△]

The first test for me of a mystery featuring a gay detective is to ask, "Would this book be any different if the detective were straight?" If the answer is no, as it is with **Chuck Zito's** *A Habit for Death*, then the book starts out with one strike against it.

Maybe the author's point is to show straight people that when it comes to mystery and murder, we're just like they are. That's certainly valid, and something that many gay activists would support. But maybe because I write a gay detective series myself,

I expect the main character's sexual orientation to matter when it comes to the plot of the book, and how the detective manages to solve the mystery.

Aside from a couple of same-sex kisses and a bit of innuendo, there's nothing in *A Habit for Death* you would be nervous about sharing with your mom. It's got its funny moments; Nicky D'Amico, the first-person narrator, has a clever, witty voice. He's the stage manager for a production of *Convent of Fear*, an

awful play involving nuns, murder and music. He's traveled to St. Gilbert's College in western Pennsylvania during a hot, steamy summer, and corpses begin to fall around him. The mystery is cleverly set up, with clues dropped in appropriate places, and Nicky has one of those 'aha' moments, leading up to the solution. "I think I know what's been happening. I think I know who did it and why."





As a humorous mystery, *A Habit For Death* fulfills its mission, and it's a diverting summer read, especially for those who want a behind-the-scenes look at what goes into staging a play. But Nicky D'Amico hasn't yet hit his stride as a gay detective—at least not one whose sexuality actually matters to the plot.

www.chuckzito-online.com

[▲▲▲▲▲]

Scott and **Scott** have recast the Montagues and Capulets of *Romeo and Juliet* as the Meanies and the Queenies, two rival gangs that control social life in Seaside, a gay beach community a lot like Provincetown. Two lovers, both fleeing romantic failures, come together in *Surf and Turf*, the newest in the Romantics series. Robert has been dumped by his long-time lover and sold the bookstore that's been his



livelihood. He discovers that his rented apartment is right in the heart of Meanies territory, and these leather daddies are intent on recruiting him.

Blakeley caught his boyfriend cheating and fled for a job at Aunt Shirley's Porch, the Queenies' headquarters. Full of the over-the-top romanticism we've come to love in this series, the Scotts have also peppered in comedy and social satire. A fun beach read.

www.romantics.com

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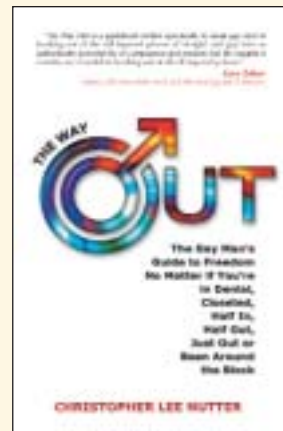
It certainly wasn't **Christopher Lee Nutter** who wrote, "The unexamined life is a lot easier to explain to your parents." Nutter's book *The Way Out: The Gay Man's Guide to Freedom*

No Matter if You're in Denial, Closeted, Half In Half Out, Just Out or Been Around the Block, is all about examination.

A gay **Dr. Phil** with a heavy dose of Dalai Lama, Nutter takes a close look at all the emotional issues around not just coming out, but the path to love, freedom and happiness. His book will appeal to the gay man with a spiritual longing and a yen for understanding. Peppered with

examples from Nutter's own life, *The Way Out* was a bit heavy on the psychobabble for me, but perhaps I've just been around the block a few too many times. www.hclibooks.com

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DVDs

Laguna Beach: The Complete Second Season

If *Laguna Beach* is a realistic reflection of today's high school scene, then America is in a lot of trouble.

It's a pathetic backdrop to what teenagers do outside of school, peppered with rich-bitchy characters—the word characters being used because the show does have a bit of a scripted/"tell-me-what-to-say-Mr.-Director" feel to it. All of the people, from Kristin to Jessica to Jason, are working their way through the Laguna social scene—a scene that deals with alcohol, partying, finding a college, dropping out of college, ex-girlfriends, ex-boyfriends, finding a boyfriend, cheating on that boyfriend, cheating on your boyfriend with your friend's new boyfriend and of course, the infamous, cheating on your girlfriend with your old girlfriend while your new girlfriend, who used to date your best friend, is watching in the wings.

There's a lot of **Kelly Clarkson** music in the



background and enough "likes" and "ums" to make any English teacher drink, especially if said English teacher enjoys drinking games.

The only redeemable character is, sadly, **Lauren**; she's a rich girl with new money who pined for surfer boy Stephen in season 1, but lost him to *US Weekly* cover girl **Kristin Cavalleri**. She still pined for him in Season 2 and he still didn't want her. Perhaps what makes her so redeemable is that she doesn't get what she wants (Stephen) when she wants it, like all of the other girls on show.

She's one of us!

The boys are a bunch of egomaniacs who cheat and flirt and are, maybe by high school standards, popular, and end up creating a lot drama because the girls on the show like them and apparently have no taste.

Aforementioned Cavalleri is the show's lead and plays off her rank on the show (and in Laguna) with cool confidence, only making her come across as someone who thinks

she's all that, when in reality probably no one likes her.

And yet, despite its flaws, it's fun to watch, not because it's a good show, but because you can be a fly on the wall of an environment you don't otherwise want any part of.

[▲▲▲▲▲] – Debra Gorgos, TLAVideo.com

Prison Break: Season One

In the eyes of what makes a compelling and intriguing program for gay characters, *Prison Break* has several strikes against it. What gay characters you'll find are complete and utter slime, from **Robert Knepper** as child molester to one-man welcoming committee T-Bag Bagwell, to the many willing and unwilling men he entertains both in and outside of his cell. It's violent and gritty, and the consumption of alcohol and party drugs, and remixing or club divas is strictly prohibited.

Yet I ask you to toss all that aside and give it a go. Because not only is *Prison Break* one of the smartest shows on TV, it's also one of the most attractive, thanks to its duo of stars, the uber-hot **Wentworth Miller** and **Dominic**



DVDs cont.

Purcell. In fact, I could probably spend an entire review talking about why these two men are the best thing to happen to Mondays since I was dating a med student who got that night off (Miller, my friends, is a sight to behold—and he can act too), but I'll elevate my comments a tad and talk about the show.

A conspiracy thriller of epic proportions, Lincoln Burrows (Purcell) is on death row for the murder of the vice president's brother. Except (big shocker) he didn't do it. But with the folks who run this country burying the evidence, desperate little bro Michael Scofield (Miller) takes matters into his own hands. As the architect who designed the prison, he knows it in and out—so he lands in prison to break his brother out.

The ensemble is fleshed out by a smattering of prisoners Michael recruits to make the break go smoothly—some for their money, some for their smarts, and a couple just because they'll shank him if he doesn't let them in on the plan.

Outside prison walls, Lincoln's ex (an attorney, Veronica Donovan, played by **Robin Tunney**) is desperately trying to come up with any and all evidence she can that proves Lincoln's innocence. Unfortunately, with feds, hit men and government agents threatening her safety at every turn, that might not be so easy.

A lot of *Prison Break* is quite far fetched, and frankly, you have to go into this with your imagination ready to absorb like a sponge. But the concept, and the crafty way show creator **Paul Scheuring** has managed to weave all the clues together (not to mention the studs we see parading around prison, in uniform, in scrubs, in nothing at all) makes this one of the most compelling reasons to watch TV today.

▲▲▲▲▲ — Ross von Metzke



Deadly Skies

Nothing about *Deadly Skies* has the makings of a good movie. Run of the mill sci-fi/thriller plotline about a rogue asteroid headed straight for earth and the Air Force Col. who teams with an astrologer to stop it. The twist? The Air Force Colonel (**Antonio Sabato Jr.**) is gay.

Not that this really has any bearing on the plot, which in a sense is nice (see, gay people can have cool jobs too). In fact, you just sort of get the sense producers use it as an excuse to get Sabato naked and shock the audience that it's with another man, the equally hot **Michael Boisvert** (we get ass and penis). Of course, not that I'm complaining—any excuse to see hot man on man action is worth the price of a rental, in my opinion.

Beyond that, this is pretty much a paint by numbers thriller, with

MOVIES

Quinceañera

To think—the man best equipped to tell the story of a Latina girl who may or may not be pregnant by immaculate conception and the gay, gang banger cousin who stands by her side is a former porn director?

Well, the folks behind *Quinceañera* certainly have their PR blitz down.

Wash Westmoreland, the man who brought us the moderately successful *The Fluffer* (as well as such illustrious fare as *Dr. Jerkoff* and *Mr. Hard* and *The Hole*) is joined behind the camera by directing partner **Richard Glatzer**. Together, they've crafted a film

so moving, so honest and refreshingly raw, it's truly mind boggling that it came from the minds of two men—particularly since one is previously best known for crafting "money" shots.

For their cast, Westmoreland and Glatzer have assembled an ensemble hodgepodge of



unknowns and industry veterans. In the lead, newcomer **Emily Rios** breathes heart and soul into 15-year-old Magdalena. Distinctly lower-middle class compared to her spoiled cousins, on the eve of her quinceañera, she's kicked out of the house by mom and dad when they discover she's knocked up. Insisting she's still a virgin, she finds a support system in great-granduncle Tomás (**Chalo Gonzalez**) and cousin Carlos (**Jesse Garcia**, exuding star quality), all rough, tough street thug on the surface; closeted and sleeping with the yuppie gay couple next door on the side.

What makes *Quinceañera* such a rarity in gay filmmaking is its ability to tell deep, tightly woven stories about this rich ensemble of characters without ever seeming forced or faked. This family threesome, all at very different stages in their lives, form an unlikely bond (certainly one we've never seen on film before) and their resulting relationship is nothing short of magical. Carlos is truly a breath of fresh air. In a medium that churns out the same gay stereotype over and over, Westmoreland and Glatzer have created a hero so deeply foreign to gay filmmaking, Garcia is able to run with

the character and practically steal the focus right out from under his talented cast.

Though the explanation for Magdalena's pregnancy is a bit tough to swallow, this is a fitting ode to an underserved community—and a beautiful showcase for two talented directors we'll surely see again.

www.sonyclassics.com/quinceanera

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Reinas (Queens)

A fast-paced comedy of errors set amidst preparations for Spain's first gay weddings, *Reinas* focuses on five of the 20 or so gay and lesbian couples preparing to marry en masse on the first day that same-sex unions become legal in Spain. But before the guys can tie the knot, some of their parents are finding they have to deal with their own prejudices, desires, clashing egos and past lives to cope with the stress of the impending nuptials, with their sons dealing with a few wedding jitters of their own.

This Iberian indie gem brings together a formidable comic ensemble. **Carmen Maura** (*Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*), **Veronica Forque** (*Kika*), **Marisa Paredes** (*All About My Mother*) **Mercedes Sampietro** (*Inconscientes*) and **Betiana Blumdeal** play the five headstrong and larger



[Ross Von Metzke]



adequate work by Sabato, Boisvert and the astronomer, played by **Rae Dawn Chong** (nice to see her working again). **Michael Moriarty** provides able, scenery-chewing support as the villain (he's military—do the gays have any worse enemy?) and for a low budget thriller, the special effects are surprisingly decent (better than half the stuff you'll see on the Sci-Fi network).

And did I mention Antonio gets naked?
[▲▲▲▲△] — Ross von Metzke

An Early Frost

In 1985, two years before President **Ronald Reagan** did the American public the "honor" or addressing the AIDS crisis, *Queer as Folk* team **Rob Cowen** and **Daniel Lipman** penned the heartfelt and truly groundbreaking TV movie *An Early Frost*, attracting a slew of seasoned Hollywood performers and introducing the world to a new star,



the gorgeous (and tremendously moving) **Aidan Quinn**.

As hot shot lawyer Michael Pierson, Quinn attacks the role with all the gusto and charisma of an Oscar worthy performance (that it was made for TV is a sign of the risks Hollywood was willing to take at the time with regard to AIDS, but it doesn't make his turn any less poignant. In a committed relationship, Pierson is out to friends, the everyman for co-workers and family.

But a sudden case of pneumonia reveals boyfriend Peter (**D.W. Moffett**) hasn't been completely faithful and, while he himself does not have AIDS, Michael does. Devastated, he kicks his man to the curb and returns home to face his family.

Gena Rowlands and **Ben Gazzara** are mom and dad, a

testament to the strong script Cowen and Lipman crafted that they could attract such esteemed actors. Mom doesn't understand but loves her son; dad completely shuts down. Grandma (played by the late **Sylvia Sidney**) is kept in the dark, but when she finds out, I challenge you not to bust out the Kleenex.

Surprisingly, *An Early Frost* has aged well. Though we've come so far in our treatment of both AIDS patients and our ability to medicate the disease, *Frost* colors the palate with deeply moving performances and a story that tugs at the heartstrings as well as the mind. Quinn is stunning, Gazzara and Rowlands prove once again why they're two of the industry's most respected actors. And the writing? It is my great pleasure to say that, after 20 years, this little film more than holds its own and is every inch as much a treasure now as it was when the Emmy's showered 14 nominations on it back then.
[▲▲▲▲△] — Ross von Metzke



than life mothers, each coping with the personal conflicts surrounding the impending marriages of their gay sons in their own way. Naturally, it is this clutch of Almodovarian divas who steal the show, but what is more noteworthy, given such an extended cast of featured roles, is that there is not a single weak link in the chain.

Every member of this ensemble succeeds one way or another to create a distinctive and memorable identity for their character. The characters are complex and flawed and all the more charming for those flaws and the dynamics of their evolving relationships are conveyed with total coherence.



Reinas was made before the landmark decision that now allows gays and lesbians to marry in Spain, and so director **Manuel Gomez Pereira** has conjured the over-hyped media circus he imagined would accompany his country's first mass same-sex wedding. It is against this backdrop that we find upscale hotelier Magda (Maura, heading for a

Nervous Breakdown once again), who has agreed to host the event at her five-star establishment, but is now facing a possible labor strike from her kitchen staff. Magda's son Miguel (**Unax Ugalde**) reluctantly agreeing to have future mother-in-law Ofelia (the scene stealing Blumdeal) stay at his posh apartment, which threatens to sabotage his relationship with her son, hunky fitness trainer Oscar (**Daniel Hendler**). Meanwhile, Reyes

(Paredes) a superstar actress, can't bring herself to accept that her son is marrying the son of her gardener.

Her misgivings, however, are nothing compared to the thinly veiled prejudices of respected judge Helena (Sampietro), particularly with

regard to her son's intended, Narciso—a political activist whose nymphomaniac mother Nuria (Forque) is attending the wedding weekend largely to regain her son's respect. Add an Old English sheepdog who turns up in each of the storylines as a catalyst and cipher [Fabrice: I'm not sure if this correct

word use for "cipher."] for the baggage that inevitably tumbles out of the closet when you join two families together, and what you end up with is a clever, funny and touching "make 'em laugh, make 'em cry" rollercoaster ride of the highest order.

www.queens-themovie.com

[▲▲▲▲△]

— Alex McLaughlan

Little Miss Sunshine

Call me a softie, but I'm always a sucker for a flick about an odd girl out (residual emotion from my childhood, perhaps?). The odd duck in question here is little Olive (pitch-perfect cutie **Abigail Breslin**), with her coke-bottle lenses and awkward, baby fat-filled frame, obsessed with the world of beauty pageants. Her chance to compete in the big leagues comes when the winner of the state's *Little Miss Sunshine* pageant has to drop out of nationals because of a sudden bout with bulimia—as runner up, they want Olive to compete in California.

Dysfunctional family in tow, the troupe sets out cross country in a beat up VW Bus. Miserably failing self-help guru Frank (**Greg Kinnear**) at the wheel; shell of a mom Sheryl (**Toni Collette**) riding shotgun; and meth addict grandpa (**Alan Arkin**), mute teenage brother (**Paul Dano**) and suicidal, gay uncle (**Steve Carell**) in the back.



The road trip, predictably, is a bust, but watching this severely messed up family unit try desperately to relate to one another—and miss the mark at every turn—is the stuff of comic genius. Audiences, particularly gay, will instantly bond to Olive—Breslin is an indie **Dakota Fanning**, with 10 times the natural charm and that sort of odd girl out charisma you just want to wrap your arms around. And Carell, in a role you fear might be yet another thankless stereotype of the pathetic, put upon gay man, shows tremendous range here as the unexpected voice of reason in an otherwise hopelessly neurotic family.

By the uproarious third act (**Beth Grant** is a hoot as the pageant coordinator), you know Olive hasn't got a shot in hell of winning this thing, but you'll be standing in the aisles cheering...and watching her turn the pageant world on its ear is priceless.

www.foxsearchlight.com/littlemiss sunshine
[▲▲▲▲▲]

The Night Listener

Writer **Armistead Maupin** is arguably one of the most gifted writers in American literature today. So the adaptation of his eerie and deeply affecting novel *The Night Listener* into a film starring one of the finest actors in cinema today is truly intriguing.

The result manages moments of greatness, and stars **Robin Williams** and **Toni Collette** more than rise to the occasion and own Maupin's words. But while the author's book is so complex—the sort of stuff you sink your teeth, your brain and every pore of your being into figuring out—there's something about **Patrick Settnr**'s film, impressive as it can be, that feels incomplete.

As radio show host Gabriel Noone, Williams channels a loneliness and understated intensity that is even more brilliant when you consider this is the man who can't sit still on a talk show hosts' sofa to save his life. He reads stories to his listeners in the wee hours of the morning. His younger boyfriend (**Bobby Cannavale**) has left after feeling neglected, and Gabriel basically passes his time in mourning for his crumbling life.

That changes when Gabriel's editor hands him a powerful manuscript by a teenage boy chronicling the years of molestation, abuse and neglect he endured as a child. Pete is Gabriel's biggest fan and together, via phone conversations, they bond, their conversations overheard by Pete's foster mother Donna (Collette).

But the closer they get, the more Gabriel wants to know, and the pieces to Pete's sordid tale start to unravel. Nothing he or Donna says really adds up, and Gabriel descends into an obsessive abyss, desperate to put all the pieces of his mysterious puzzle together.



Directed with a film noir sort of gaze **Brian De Palma** might have attempted 20 years ago, *Listener* is gorgeous to watch and it keeps you glued to the edge of your seat. Williams, as per usual, is wonderful and Collette once again makes you question why she isn't at the top of every A-list director's list. But things never quite gel, and as passionate as Settnr obviously is about Maupin's work, the end result leaves you wanting more—and a bit unsure how to process what you have managed to figure out.

www.imdb.com/title/tt0448075
[▲▲▲▲△]

Another Gay Movie

Taking a page from the **John Waters** school of throwing tact and morals out the window and sending a big "fuck you" to the FCC, director **Todd Stephens** (*Edge of Seventeen*) wraps his perverse brain around the world of teen dating movies and crafts a zany romp infinitely better than this spring's deplorable *Date Movie*.

Following the adventures of would be power bottom Andy (**Michael Carbonaro**), hot jock with a small cock complex Jarod (**Jonathon Chase**), glamazon queen with a penchant for daddies Nico (**Jonah Blechman**) and displaced geek who's gaga over his best bud Griff (**Mitch Morris**), *Another Gay Movie* packs every gay stereotype (and some you've possibly never imagined) into a spirited, albeit grotesque, 90 minutes.

The plot is nearly identical to the *American Pie* series—four teens vow to pop their virgin cherries by the end of summer—and occasionally treads too closely to familiar ground. But thanks to Stephens' seemingly endless imagination (and an ability to pull truly insane and obscene bits out of his ass), it takes the genre to a whole new level.

From a stint with a penis enlarger gone terribly wrong to one character's fascination with sticking vegetables up his ass; a run in with one too many Fleet enemas to a gift of "Belgian Chocolate" from a seriously twisted **Graham Norton** as high-school teacher Mr. Puckov, *Another Gay Movie* is endlessly deplorable, but thoroughly enjoyable.

Stephens has assembled a who's who of gay personalities (among them, **Scott Thompson** and **Lipsynka** as young Andy's ma and pa, porn icon **Matthew Rush** as one of Nico's potential suitors, *Boy Meets Boy*'s **James Getzlaff** as the object of Jarod's affections and **Ant**, in a truly hilarious bit as a horny paramedic.

All four boys are deliciously talented—particularly Carbonaro, who takes the role of wide-eyed teen to completely new highs, and Blechman, queening out to the umpteenth degree. But the scene-stealing performance belongs to **Ashlie Atkinson** as die-hard dyke Muffler, whose riotous parties provide a location for pubescent fucking galore. She's utterly mesmerizing, and considering how truly heinous they've made her up to look (memories of **John Candy** in *Spaceballs* come to mind), that's a feat.

Another Gay Movie is not for the faint of heart (several of the bits pass cringe-worthy and border on unwatchable), but Stephens adds another crowning achievement to his already impressive movie, and steps out of his comfort zone and proves he is truly a voice to reckon with. www.anothergaymovie.com
[▲▲▲△△]





[Ross Von Metzke]

MUSIC

Josh Zucherman: *Out From Under*

"Josh Zucherman is not your typical rock star," reads a line from the press release announcing the singer/songwriters sophomore release, *Out From Under*. And without question, he's not.

For one, he's gay, something that's prevalent in the pop world (Elton, George and sometimes Robbie) but usually only after the artist has established a name for himself. Secondly, rock tends to tread on the surface of being poignant without getting too personal, and songs like *Guilt and Shame* and *How Long Am I Supposed to Be Alone* get to the grime and grit of Zucherman's inner most feelings.

An evident country/blues influence flows throughout *Out From Under*, another difference: If rock hasn't opened its arms to openly gay artists, country is certainly the final holdout. And the artist is at his most comfortable when penning tunes. From start to finish, the songs on this CD stand out... they're not only hummable, they're meaningful and spread the message of love and self-acceptance.

Zucherman's only drawback is his voice – it doesn't match the music. Strong when it needs to be tender, unable to really rattle the rafters the way a truly gifted rock singer can. *Out From Under* deserves a spin solely on the merit of the songwriting abilities, and a second listen for the impressive lyrics and arrangements. But for Josh Zucherman to get to the next level, hook up with a vocalist who has the power these tunes command. The result, for certain, will be unstoppable.
www.joshzucherman.com [▲▲▲▲△]

Sylver: *Nighttime Calls*

Nighttime certainly does call, and in one of the most organically fun dance releases I've heard all year, Sylver manages to craft a string of memorable songs – nothing that cuts a deep emotional river, nothing so



poignant it lingers for hours to come, but something that's every inch as essential to the music scene... a good time.

The toast of the dance music scene in Europe and Asia, Sylver (the duo of vocalist **Silvy De Ble** and DJ/Keyboardist **Wout van Dessel**) racked up a couple of hits under their belt overseas (including the international smash *Love is an*

Angel) before making a play for stateside success. Given the current music climate, you likely won't be seeing Sylver doing late night gab fests with **David Letterman** any time soon. But then again, is anybody worth watching ever really on Letterman?

More than likely, Sylver is the sort of CD you'd pop into the sound system at home, download to your iPod or jam with on the way to the club. It's dance music that heightens the senses, a sort of ethereal, touchy feely mix of tracks that get you in the mood to have some fun. The obvious vocal showcase, *Where Did the Love Go*, is a fierce dance floor ode – I challenge you not to throw your hands in the air and say Amen while Silvy screams to her long gone man.

A pleasant throwback to the days of LaBouche and Real McCoy, Sylver is that era evolved for a new generation to embrace.
www.sylversite.com
[▲▲▲▲▲]

Jessica Simpson: *"A Private Affair"*

Christina Aguilera: *"Ain't No Other Man"*

Beyonce: "Déjà vu"

Yes folks, the divas are at it once again, but unlike the early '90s when it was **Mariah**, **Whitney** and **Celine** battling it out for the power ballad of the year, it's more than a decade later, and a new crop of power houses are vying for the song of the summer.

First out of the gate: **Christina Aguilera's** heavily jazz influenced *Ain't No Other Man*. With a blast of horns and strings, Christina roars from verse to chorus with the expected agility and chutzpa we've come to expect from the vocal dynamo. And while the song is catchy and Christina is without question a gifted singer, once again, it's too much – the singer comes off angry rather than impressive, and the song is so loud, so in your face, what's meant to be a musical history lesson is more like a big friggin' headache.

The same can be said of **Beyonce's** latest offering, *Déjà vu*. In a likely attempt to compete with the vocal power Christina and **Kelly Clarkson** (who truly is a forth diva in this competition but is sitting this inning out), the song finds the starlet singing outside her comfort zone, screaming at the top of her range a rattle of words and sounds that hit the ear drums at a dizzying pace. By the time you finally figure out she's singing about dating the same damn dud over and over, you're wondering if you've heard this same tired dud of a track before yourself.

Which is why it floors me to suggest that **Jessica Simpson**, ever the underdog in the race to be the pop princess, has knocked one out of the park with *A Private Affair*. Done with trying to scream her head off in an attempt to out Christina Christina, or take her clothes off to compete with **Brit**, she's finally settled comfortably into her skin, as a girl next door who knows how to turn on the

charm and sell a party jam. It's light, it's fluffy, and Jess has never sounded better. And isn't that what the music should really be about?

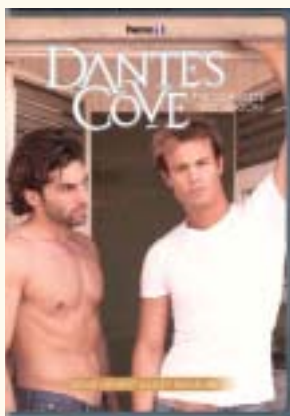
www.christinaaguilera.com,
www.jessicasimpson.com,
www.beyonceonline.com



Dante's Cove: Season One

on DVD – The dark, supernatural thriller that took TV by storm last fall is finally on DVD with its buffed and bronzed cast, and a slew of sexy new surprises. Look for season two on the here! television network in September.

– Visit www.GayWired.com in September for a chance to win one of ten copies of *Dante's Cove: Season One* on DVD!



win



Third Man Out: A Donald Strachey Mystery

on DVD – **Chad Allen** stars as gay detective Donald Strachey, trying to balance life with his partner while investigating the murder of a much maligned investigative reporter. Look for the second Donald Strachey Thriller Shock to the System on here! in August.

– Visit www.GayMonkey.com in August for a chance to win one of ten copies of *Third Man Out: A Donald Strachey Mystery* on DVD!



win



Christina Aguilera: *Back to Basics*

on CD – She's baaaaack. To basics, that is. Christina has reinvented herself yet again, and on *Back to Basics*, she offers an updated take on the jazz of the '30s and '40s.

– Visit www.GayWired.com in August for a chance to win one of five copies of *Christina Aguilera: Back to Basics* on CD!

win



V for Vendetta

on DVD – Easily the most moving film of last year, **Natalie Portman** leads a revolution against a Bush-like government, with a tearjerker of a gay subplot as the motivating factor, in *V for Vendetta*, the latest from those wise brothers who brought us *The Matrix*.

– Visit www.GayMonkey.com in August for a chance to win one of five copies of *V for Vendetta* on DVD!



win



Prison Break: The Complete First Season

on DVD – Even if cat and mouse shows aren't your cup of tea; if you're not down with conspiracy theories; if men in uniform don't turn you on; you cannot look at Wentworth Miller and tell me he's not worth the investment of your time.

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Gay Film Packs from Regent Releasing and the here! television network

on DVD – If gay films are your cup of tea, then have we got a treat for you. From the German rowing dramedy *Summer Storm* to the soccer comedy *Guys & Balls*; the gay slasher flick *Hellbent* to **Antonio Sabato Jr.** showing his ass in *Deadly Skies*, there's something for everyone here.



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[Make sure to check www.GayWired.com each week for new givaways!]



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The Question of [Good] Sex

Duane Wells

*Sex is natural - sex is good
Not everybody does it
But everybody should
Sex is natural - sex is fun...*

- George Michael, "I Want Your Sex"



Model: Dylan Vox

Ah honesty! If people could just have a bit more of it about their sexual inclinations, things would be a lot less complicated. I swear sometimes I just want to scream in the middle of some of the conversations I have about sex: "Get over it and get down on it! It's *just sex* people!"

It seems to me that so many people, gay people in particular, make sex much more difficult than it needs to be because of an inability to come to terms with enjoying it. Oh don't get me wrong. I know they're having it. Indeed, people are having sex everywhere—at pool parties, in alleys, in sex clubs, at orgies and in the back seats of cars, to name just a few places. Further, many think they're enjoying it. But the real question is: Are they having good sex? And more to the point, what is "good" sex?

By my definition, *good* sex is *honest* sex. And by that I mean blameless sex that is wholly satisfying on all levels, not just a physical one. In truth, both sexual attraction and sexual gratification are part chemical and part psychological. In order to have genuinely "great" sex, it stands to reason that you must find fulfillment on both planes. Otherwise you're only getting half the fun (which sometimes ain't half bad if you don't know any better). But why settle for half the fun when you can have the whole shebang?

I often see people limiting their potential for good sex as a result of two factors: Fear and guilt. First, there is the fear that in revealing our true sexual selves, we might be labeled as freaks by others. Then there is the guilt we feel when we cross the lines of "conventional sex" and engage in activities seen as sexually deviant or taboo. So what do we do to avoid the fear and guilt? We build walls around our sexual domains, create arbitrary rules about sex, draft game plans and store our secret desires in airtight containers buried deep down in our psyches. The result is acceptable sex, but not mind-blowing sex.

Think of it like this. When an adolescent takes his first drink, he has no appreciation for good liquor, so he drinks whatever he can get his hands on for the sheer high of getting drunk. But as he grows older, and gets a taste of the endless variety of cocktails that exist, he develops a more discerning palate. Through experimentation, taste testing all the outrageous concoctions he has access to, he eventually acquires a finer sense for libations. He learns that hangovers come easier with Popov vodka than Belvedere. And that Gin and Juice isn't as classy as a Gin martini.

To me, this is the essence of good sex – the evolutionary process by which we learn to dispense with all the crutches... all the things that inhibit the natural flavor of the sex that appeals most to us... and strip it down to its rawest form and learn to enjoy the full spectrum of the sexual experience in its purest form.

Okay, so I know that's all big talk. The greater question now is: "So how do we get to the 'Martini' level in the sack?"

Here are my five keys to the kingdom for doing just that.

Just Do It!

You, like me, have probably been in that situation with a friend who needs your validation in order to have sex with a handsome stranger with whom he has been flirting all night. The look in his eyes tells you that he wants nothing more than to go home and get vertical with said handsome stranger, but he comes to you with that coy look in his eyes and asks, "Should I go home with him?" In essence, he wants you to tell him that it's okay and that no one is going to call him a whore for having a little dalliance.

The funny thing is that this question so often comes from people whom no one would think of as vestal virgins to begin with, which is why I say: "Just do it." Stop pretending you don't want what you want. Now I'm not advocating anything that is unsafe or destructive. What I am suggesting is that you not mistake the question you are asking in this scenario with what your desired objective is by doing so. Ask yourself the next time you put your lips together to form the question, "Should I go home with him?" if what you're not really asking is, "Do you approve or think he's cute?" or "Will you judge me if I do go home with him?" Because, you see, if these are the questions you are asking, then you are impeding your own sexual enjoyment by not being honest with yourself from the start. You want to have a shag with someone you obviously find hot enough to... well... shag... so get to shaggin'.

Now some might say this is not honest



I never said sex had to be meaningful to be good

guy three times a week and end up in his dimly lit bedroom each of those nights for a month before deciding you don't want to see each other anymore, you're any less of a slut than me.

The truth of the matter is that neither of us is a slut. It's just that one of us needs the pretense of a budding relationship in order to have sex

and the other (moi) can see the situation for what it is and devote all that faux dating time to more productive pursuits.

The point is that the fantasy relationship is yet another dishonest ingredient that flavors a sexual relationship to make it more palatable, because those in them haven't figured out how to enjoy the experience for what it is and let it evolve from there. Instead they try to mix it up and then distill it back down to its purest form. Do you know how impossible it is to strain grapefruit juice from a Greyhound? Bottom line: Don't lie to yourself people!

Be True To Who and What You Are

Versatile Bottom? Yeah right. Who are you trying to convince with that



one? Me or you? Ditto for so-called versatile tops who think that French kissing is enough to qualify them to check the "versatile" box. Hmmmppph!

I just don't understand why so many gay men are afraid of admitting that they are just not all that versatile. In many cases, we simply like what we like until we get a hankering for something different and perhaps discover that a change of pace is in order. This doesn't mean you're inflexible, it just means that you truthfully know what works for you and what pushes your buttons... for now (or at least until someone you're open to comes along and shows you an alternative).

Denial is, I think, especially rampant among bottoms. Let's face it, I don't hear many guys running around getting defensive about being called "tops." Nobody claims to be a pure bottom, yet how many times have you watched a new "versatile" partner race to the foot of the bed so that he can be the one to fall backwards first?

I rest my case.

I'm no psychologist, but I'm certain that this all has to do with one's perceived masculinity, or should I rather say one's perceived lack thereof. However irrespective of one's perceptions, when the lights go down, I believe that bodies slide into their natural positions when they are well suited and somebody's going to wind up on top and someone's going to be on the bottom (in most positions anyway). There is nothing wrong with being a bottom...

When the lights go down, bodies slide into their natural positions and somebody's going to wind up on top and someone's going to be on the bottom.

especially not if you're the best damn bottom in town! Only by embracing your deepest sexual desires fully can you achieve good sex, so I say do what you love and the rest will follow. What's that line from the movie *Field of Dreams*? "If you build it, they will come." Exactly. Build your sexual relationships on honest ground and trust me you will succeed beyond your wildest dreams.

How to Have Sex like a Rock Star

By Dylan Vox

Forget anything you've ever been taught about the birds and the bees: Fast food sex is over. As the star of more than a dozen high profile adult films and the winner of three GayVN awards and 14 Grabby awards (including performer of the year), **Dylan Vox**, better known in the adult world as **Brad Benton**, knows a thing or two about having great sex—which is why the folks at here! TV called on him to spice things up in the second season of their gay gothic series *Dante's Cove* as the mysterious Colin, a sex shop manager.

If your sex life is far from a rock star's and you're desperate to get that spark back in the sack, Dylan's put together a few simple tips sure to catapult you from going through the motions to doing it like a pro.

Sometimes More is not Merrier

Three-way sex has a great ring to it, but sometimes, three's just a crowd. Someone always gets left out, and there is nothing worse than an argument that starts simply because you weren't getting enough attention. If you absolutely have to have sex with more than one person at a time, try making it another couple so at least everyone's getting gratification. As for groups, they may look great on film, but most of the time the camera focuses on a select few players and the rest of the crowd is just milling around. Unfortunately, this is a case of life imitates art. If you don't have anything better to do during sex than to roll over and smoke a cigarette, you aren't having good sex. Keep the numbers down, get everyone involved and prepare for a hot time to remember.

Timing is Everything

I'm never particularly impressed when people tell me stories about how they screwed all night, because it usually means the sex was not very intense. Great sex should feel fantastic the entire time – every move should have an excitement to it. If you want sex to last longer, a great trick is to stop in the middle and lay just inches away from each other. Look into the other person's eyes until you can't stand the separation. When you finally feel each other's bodies again, the intensity will reach scorching proportions. Keep the energy up and don't go for record time. Go for a sexy quality romp.

Drugs are Bad, Ummkay

If you can find no better reason to stop doing drugs, make bad sex your catalyst. You may think you're having crazy mad sex, but I guarantee if you looked at a play back, you'd see it looks like a very long round of manic golf with **Bobby** and **Whitney**. No one wants to doodle with a dead noodle, and most drugs kill a hard on. Profuse sweating, grinding of teeth and having to stop the action for another hit of whatever you're taking completely destroys the sexual encounter. It's like taking a Picasso and smearing a big turd across it. Not good!

Change Your Position

The Kama Sutra lists a billion positions, yet most people end up in two. BORING! Missionary is ok if you're just going for a fast fuck, and doggie style kills the connection with your partner cause you can't see what each other is doing. If you have to go this route, stand in front a mirror so both partners can watch. Change it up. Find something that feels good and just when you're getting comfortable, change it around. If you happen to be a full-on bottom, nothing is as impressive as flipping a top over and doing him for a while. I guarantee you'll both be rewarded by the role reversal.

Can we talk?

OK, I'm not Dr. Phil, but when the man finds time to pull his nose out of Oprah's ass, he says the key to any relationship is communication. And when it comes to having great sex, I

Bye-Bye Shame... Hello Fetish!

I once had a friend who, after months of dating a guy and having what he described as “some of the most amazing sex of his life,” discovered his new boyfriend’s private stash of porn and was shocked by the character of the material that dominated the collection. He was not shocked because he found the material offensive, but because it clearly indicated that his boyfriend was turned on by certain fetishes they had never explored. And he was even more shocked by the fact that he was turned on by the exact same fetishes as his boyfriend but had been for whatever reason (fear or guilt perhaps?) reticent to acknowledge those fetishes to his loving partner. All of which said to me that their sex life still had a little more room for amazement. Here again, a little frankness in the bedroom would have led to the best sex



possible between two well-suited partners from the start. This is a great example of how honesty takes sex to the next level; by taking away stigma and social convention and allowing it to be what it is. Giving voice to your fetishes allows you the freedom to enjoy them, and in so doing have a fuller sexual experience. OK! So you may meet someone who doesn’t share your particular fetish and that’s fine. Either you choose to live without the fetish or you choose to live without that person. But I’ll tell you something I know for sure; the one thing that will make someone take a peak outside of a relationship faster than a drag queen will snatch up a free Chanel gown is the satisfaction of that one urge that’s not being satisfied at home. I’m not saying it’s right and I’m certainly not saying it’s okay, but I am saying it happens.

cont. page 18

couldn’t agree more. A lot of people say they wish their partner could have sex differently, and my response is, you have to tell him, dude! Using noises is an effective way to show when something feels good. If you like what they are doing, let them know by groaning or tensing your muscles. Eventually, it’s like Pavlov’s dogs – your partner will figure out this is something you like. Another hot way to communicate is on the computer...totally lame, but true. A lot of dudes like cyber sex, or at least they like talking about sex online. Try it with your partner. It can be totally hot to work someone up online and when they get home, just go at it. It’s also a good way to say stuff that you may wanna try but are too afraid to ask.

Music Makes the People Come Together

Music is a great way to change up the intensity of sex. A lot of people play long remixes and endless techno tracks when they are screwing—unfortunately, that can be a huge distraction rather than an erotic contributor. Try to find music that has a natural build to it. Classical music like Bolero (no, not the shitty **Bo Derek** movie) or Puccini can help both partners create a heightened sense of enjoyment at the same time, building with the music. Or if you like it a little grittier, something like **Nine Inch Nails’ I Wanna Fuck You Like an Animal** or **Lil’ Kim’s How Many Licks?** have a great crescendo and create a hard rhythm to sex. This way, all of the participants can tune their bodies together instead of just having the music aimlessly playing in the background.

The Art of Kissing

Jesus Christ! I cannot believe how many people still don’t know how to kiss! There is nothing worse than hanging out with a hottie, leaning in for that first kiss and realizing he has absolutely no idea what the hell he’s doing. A kiss requires a gentle force, soft lip action, a probing tongue, and good breath. Make sure if you are meeting up with someone that you always, always have gum or mints handy. They should be like



condoms—always ready to use. I love making out, so I actually chew gum during sex because it keeps my mouth wet and tasty so my partner will wanna lock lips with me the entire time. Just be careful not to drop it on them. Make sure you are not using your tongue like a crazy dart or a slobbering dog when you kiss. Save that for other body parts. Instead, find a rhythm and a comfort in sharing your mouth with someone else. The kiss is arguably the most intimate act, that’s why **Julia Roberts** says in *Pretty Woman* that hookers don’t do it. So make it good.

Bareback, Way off Track

No one likes condoms ... we get it. No one likes going to the dentist either, but it’s something that you just have to do. So make the condom part of the act hot instead of a nuisance. Normal sized condoms fit snugly, so that there is more friction and more feeling. Wearing a huge condom is not that impressive if it’s like getting probed by a plastic bag and you can’t keep it up. Let your partner put it on. Putting a condom on can be erotic if you know how to do it properly. Put a tiny bit of lube in the condom before you slide it on, stretch it out over the dick so as not to hurt it and keep jacking. If you are really creative put it in your mouth and slide it on your partner while you are giving them head—when they don’t see it coming it can be totally hot. If you wanna keep screwing for many years to come, you must keep using protection.

Most importantly...have fun.

Talk dirty, wear outfits, laugh, groan, smile, and make sure the sex is enjoyable. Don’t create rules, be open to new things. After all, a rock star has to take chances, right?

Learn The Art of Discretion

As far as I'm concerned, sex is like Vegas... "What happens between the sheets stays between the sheets!" Acknowledging and accepting your sexual proclivities do not mean you have to proclaim them to the world. Everybody does not need to know or want to know your business. Trust me, if I wasn't there, it's not that interesting and I don't need to know the gory details - the broad strokes will be fine, thank you very much.

Discretion does not equal shame, just as having multiple sexual partners does not make you loose and lascivious (though some might enjoy that description). The art of discretion simply means respecting the private bond that two people make during the act of sex. I think if more people practiced respect for that private bond, we'd all find it a might bit easier to have a more open and genuine discourse about our sexual needs and desires with prospective partners which would again lead to...you guessed it... better sex. Besides, I find that most people talk about their sexual acts and partners out of bravado or as some sort of pre-emptive strike to allow them to control the story or the message that comes out of an encounter. To wit I respond... "Oh grow up!"

So how do you have good sex? It's simple. Just do it discreetly being true to who and what you are, acknowledging and accepting your fetishes and knowing that sometimes it ain't got nothin' to do with love. That's all...



Super Sexy Links to Good Sex:

The Gay Sex Guide
www.gaylifeuk.com/support/sexguide

Kama Sutra
www.kamasutra-sex.org

Gay Sexual Positions
www.gaysexualpositions.com/index.html

The Gay Love Coach
www.thegaylovecoach.com

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underage

but man enough to tell

Jody Wheeler

For porn star **Brent Corrigan**, public appearances aren't safe.

In fact, the day before I sat down to chat with Brent over lunch, two men approached the handsome adult film star at a West Hollywood bar event and asked for a picture. While posing, one of the men lifted up a copy of a new gay porn DVD featuring scenes from Brent's last performance for a certain studio. Seems innocent enough, right? But Brent pushed the fan away, words were exchanged, security was called and the men ran off, picture captured. Why?

It's just the tip of one of the biggest icebergs to rock the gay porn world in recent years.

Brent has a post rife with the common experiences of many gay youth, growing up with neglectful parents, raising his siblings alone, with a quite uncommon twist – filming a series of bareback porn films when he was only 17. Yes. 17. Officially underage.

Now 19, Brent's journey into porn started in 2004 – his cute smile, impressive manhood and professional 'riding' skills were featured prominently in four gay porn films. All were popular titles, bringing significant revenue for the producing studio. But in September, 2005, Brent stunned the adult community by announcing he was underage when he shot the four films.

Lacking family support, on his own in San Diego at 16 years old, with little money and no prospects, Brent turned to an older, faster,



more knowledgeable boyfriend who gave him a kind of acceptance lacking in his life. He also showed Brent a fast, furious, out of control side to the gay scene.

"[He] introduced me to a lifestyle that wasn't very fitting of a 16-year-old. He was nothing but the worst influence on me. But I thought this is what gay people did. I didn't know that most of the gay community isn't into drugs and being evil to each other; that there is a side of the gay community that actually takes care of each other."

Shortly before his 17th birthday, Brent says his boyfriend of the time got him audition with a gay porn producer and adult video director – an audition he didn't even have to leave his bedroom to perform for.

"[My boyfriend was] online with [the producer]. He whips around the Web cam, points it at the bed, and rips my clothes off," he remembers. "I'm instantly hard because I'm a 16 year-old boy and this means sex. I'm pointing at the ceiling and he's like 'you're on Webcam.'"

According to Brent, the porn producer was told that he was 18 and was interested in doing porn. The producer was interested in turn – very interested, according to Brent, and signed him up for a shoot.

"I was 16, 17 and I thought I knew everything," Brent says. "I needed to support myself and I thought with [my boyfriend] there it couldn't be that bad. And [my boyfriend] assured me that underage boys worked in porn all the time. He said that producers also forged IDs so we wouldn't be doing anything wrong."

In the course of making the videos, Brent says he found in the producer a father figure, someone he could look up to even more than his boyfriend. A sexual and emotional relationship developed – which, Brent explains, he felt was "expected". "I thought his help and support would end if I didn't do it," he says.

Brent says he tried to tell the producer the truth about his age, but he was constantly shut down. "He hinted very strongly that if I was underage now or when filming the videos, I'd be the one in trouble, not him," Brent says. The age issue finally came to a head in 2005, the summer before Brent's 18th birthday when

Brent's ex-boyfriend instant messaged the producer and spilled the beans. But according to Brent, rather than publicly disclosing the information, the producer wanted to hush it up.

"He just wanted to make more movies," Brent says. "He didn't want me to tell anyone the truth. He had too much to lose if he did. I trusted him about a lot of things, including when he told me that I was the one who was going to go to jail over all the lies, not him."

By the time Brent turned 18, Brent had broken up with the producer, but continued to film (now legal) scenes for the video production company. The producer continued, Brent says, to caution him against ever discussing that he was underage when he started.

Finally, in 2005, Brent decided that he had to come clean and publicly revealed that he was underage during the making of his first videos. According to Brent, the producer was less than thrilled about the disclosure.

"Traitors need to be dealt with accordingly," the producer wrote in a September 3, 2005 email to him, Brent says, that also included promises of retribution, lawsuits and financial ruin. According to Adult Video News (AVN) the video production company followed through on the producer's alleged threats, filing a February 7, 2006 lawsuit for "trademark infringement, breach of contract, violation of California statutes, and other injustices... seeking unspecified damages and injunctive relief."

In a February 27 article published by Adult Video News about Brent's case, the attorney for the video production company addressed the case by saying: "It is remarkably easy to throw baseless accusations around. Since last September, [Brent's former attorney] has



claimed [he] was underage when he made four movies. If this is true, why has he failed to provide a certified copy of his birth certificate. If there is a reason not to provide it to [the production company], why not provide it to the FBI or AVN?"

In response, during a March 14th interview with Jasoncurious.com columnist **Jason Sechrest**, Brent provided a driver's license to the journalist. "...I had in my hands the evidence that [the video production company] has been requesting for months," Sechrest explained in his column. "I was holding Brent

Corrigan's authentic driver's license. And he was born in 1986. Brent Corrigan was indeed underage in all videos shot with the company."

The suit is still pending.

Since making his announcement, Brent hasn't looked back. In fact, he has started his own adult film company.

"Did you know I'm the youngest producer in the history of gay porn?" he says with a devilish smile. "Porn can be a bad business; but not my company. Since I know what it's like, I treat models right. I treat my models with the utmost respect from beginning to end." And just for the record, he's only making condom films.

Brent also has a blog on his web site where he posts his own takes on life and recently appeared in the big budget Falcon video *The Velvet Mafia*, directed by **Chi Chi LaRue**. And like so many other young men in and around Hollywood, what Brent really wants to do is direct legit films.

"I'm a porn star, and my life is deeply rooted in that. But I'd like to eventually put something out that pushes the envelope – a full length feature, but when it comes down to sex between the characters, it's all there."

www.BrentCorriganOnline.com
www.brentcorriganxxx.com
www.JasonCurious.com



Skin Care Guide

Anyone in the business of hooking up will tell you that while size most definitely matters, the most beautiful member in the world means nothing if it belongs to an ashy, acne prone, none-too-attractive face.

Photo: MatthewMitchellPhoto.com
Model: Daniel Miagany

Now I'm sure some of you are wondering how we could stoop so low as to connect our sex issue with skin care. It's simple, really! Never underestimate the power of putting your best face forward.

After all, when the clothes go back on, the lights go up and a week later you run into your trick-du-jour at some friend's birthday party, you want him to proudly proclaim: "That's the guy I went home with," not, "She looked better after four cocktails."

And if you aren't going to do it for the guy who has to wake up next to you, do it for yourself. Believe me, we know that nothing is more daunting than stepping up to a cosmetics counter and deciding which of the thousands of products are going to work best on your face. So, we decided to help you out and narrow down the possibilities.

Sit back, relax, and embark on the journey to gorgeous looking skin.

Shaving Cream

Aromapharmacy 3-Step Shave Kit – Nothing messes my face up more than shaving. Some creams burn, some leave me with ingrown hairs, some give me a rash—it's murder. But of course, one has to shave. Otherwise, the scrape marks we leave on that other man's face will keep him from coming back for seconds.

After trying the shave kit just once, I was sold. The **Pre-Op Shave Cream** glides on and melts into your skin like a fine, smooth moisturizer, leaving just the right amount of lather to get rid of the unwanted hair. Directly after your shave, apply the **Post-Op Astringent**, which is swimming in witch hazel, tea tree oil and aloe vera to immediately calm down inflamed skin. The final touch: **Post-Op Shave Balm**, which serves as both an anti-inflammatory and a moisturizer. In a pinch, you could get through an entire weekend with just this kit alone.

www.aromapharmacy.com

Face Wash

Gay men put a lot of shit on their faces. Some wear makeup, some wear glitter, some wind up with stuff there we can't discuss in print. So

when washing the day away, you want to make sure you're getting everything. **Anthony Algae Facial Wash** bears the tag line "remove the grime," and boy do they mean it. This stuff works deep into your pores to get everything, a truly soothing and surprisingly thorough product. For fans of a more traditional face wash, the **Alphamale Daily Face Wash** lathers up like something you might find at a drug store, tones and gently exfoliates your skin like no over-the-counter product can. It's especially good for folks with sensitive skin.

www.anthony.com

www.alphamaleskincare.com





Exfoliant

Sometimes, standard face wash just isn't enough to get everything your face has come into contact with throughout the day out of your pores. That's where exfoliating comes in. And while I know these two products advertise themselves to be daily face washes, I'm telling you that for most skin types, any exfoliant is not meant to be used more than two or three times a week. For some people, the **Metro Daily Essential Cleanser** can probably be used more, because the tiny granules used to strip away your skin's dead cells are very finely ground. As an occasional exfoliant though, it's mild so you won't break out, with just enough kick so you get down to business. **Zia Face Scrub** takes things up a notch, a skin-clearing regimen designed to rid your skin of breakouts and razor bumps.

www.metrogrooming.com
www.zianatural.com

Moisturizer

Any time you plan to be outdoors, may not have a steady intake of water, plan to be drinking, or engaging in some underwater activity with a special someone... the power of your moisturizer is put to the test. Which is why these two products soar above the competition. **Anthony Oil Free Face Lotion** manages the unthinkable. This deep, nourishing moisture treatment rubs into your skin with a mat finish. No shine, no oil. You look camera ready. And the **Jack Black Double Duty Face Moisturizer** acts as a facial treatment, with blue algae and sea parsley

feeding vitamins into your skin, and SPF 20 sunscreen (most moisturizers are SPF 15) offering extra protection from the sun.

www.anthony.com
www.getjackblack.com

Eye Cream

Traditionally, eye creams are expensive, easily wasted if you aren't careful, and frankly, don't do much for anyone under 40. Not so with the **Metro Anti-Aging Eye Cream**, a preventative which deeply moisturizes the thin and sensitive skin around the eye while taking care of problems that may yet be 15, 20 years down the road. Add to that impressive packaging—it's a scoop, so you take what you need and not a drop more.

www.metrogrooming.com

Scrub

At the end of a long day (and an even longer night) nothing feels better than a soothing mask to calm your skin down and prepare you for a restful night sleep. You aren't going to get that with **Bullie Refinement Scrub**, and that's a good thing. Many calming masks actually imbed the day's toxins in your skin. You don't want that. You want them out. This product actually pulls crap out of your skin, with a healthy blend of anti-oxidants and vitamin C to repair any damage the day has done.

www.bulliecare.com

Extras:

Wanna go the extra mile? Try a few of these suggestions on for size!

Don't tan! Mystic! We've all seen those orange Hollywood celebrities walk the red carpet, seemingly oblivious to the fact that they look like a carrot. And frequently, people blame Mystic. Well things have come a long way. Mystic Tan has come out with a series of products tailor made to your skin. They have tanning foams, creams, sprays, beds, and they even have two products (**Mystic Glo Facial Cream** and **Body Bronzer**) that wash off at the end of the day. Not to mention a bronze glow makes you look thinner, more toned and extra appealing when getting down to business. Now that you're assured no permanent damage, what have you got to lose?

www.shopmystictan.com

Try a humidifier: So many people complain that their skin dries out at night. Not only will a humidifier, like the **Sunbeam Ultrasonic**, keep your skin damp and hydrated overnight, it's also good with allergies and sore throats. See. Now what could be better than a three in one?

www.sunbeam.com

Water, Water, Water: We can't stress this enough. Hydration is the key to flawless looking skin. It doesn't have to be trucked down from an alp or served in a gorgeous glass container. It just needs to be water, alternated in between that other liquid you're likely to be downing in your quest to find that man of the hour.



Digital Therapy

Underestimating SEX and all its wonders

One of the best parts about being homosexual is the sex. Sex is a part of sexuality and they cannot be separated. Mainstream culture likes to neuter the sex right out of homosexuality because they are afraid of it. They find it more accessible, more palatable, to think of gay men as funny, non-threatening, asexual characters on T.V. as opposed to real humans with feelings and desires and passions. But to remove sex from the homosexual is pointless. It is part of who we are and what makes us different. Man-on-man love should be celebrated, not sacrificed, to the ever-growing epidemic of homosexual culture trying to "fit in."

Sex is a beautiful, important part of who we are and how we identify ourselves. But what happens when sex becomes easy? Or when the sexual act contains no love—for others or for yourself? What happens when sex is taken for granted?

In gay culture, sex is everywhere. It's spoon-fed to us in every magazine, every nightclub, every advertisement. We are inundated everyday. The constant flood of sexual



propaganda is so prevalent, it's damn near ubiquitous. Sex is devalued and commercialized and crammed into our collective conscious. And we end up evaluating our self-worth by how much we get laid and judging our own community members by their desirability without a second thought.

Having random sex so easily available dilutes the experience. It places sex on the same level as an expectation—not a gift—and that's why many of us are so emotionally unavailable. If

you don't have to work, at least a little, to get sex, you take it for granted and you miss the lessons it's there to teach. If you can have an intimate sexual encounter with a stranger the same as you can with a committed partner, where is the sanctity, the special-ness, that sex is supposed to represent?

Sex is a defining characteristic for us, but it shouldn't be our definition. Sex is a powerful, intense act that requires a lot of emotional energy. You should be present and excited and motivated. You should care about the person you're having sex with. You should be giving your partner a part of you.

If you feel vacant or unfulfilled or empty or alone when you're done, then you are missing the whole point of doing it in the first place. If sex isn't making you happy, stop doing it: You're either doing it wrong or for the wrong reasons. Sex is designed to make you feel good, happy, light and alive, and if you're not getting that feeling, there's no point in continuing.

Sex is private, sacred and personal. Whether it's a quick fuck or long night of making love, it's still a powerful thing that should not be marginalized. Sex requires you to give of yourself, and you can't give to everyone equally. Easy, available sex is damaging to our psyches. It makes us all ADD. We don't have to work for anything or wait for anything or really even think about anything so ultimately, our creativity suffers, our patience is eroded and our appreciation is diminished. Easy sex keeps us trapped in a world where nothing is required of us, nothing is needed of



us, and nothing is expected of us, except the load that we shoot.

Being underestimated sucks.

Many of us use sex as a form of validation. We measure our self-worth on whether or not someone wants to have sex with us. But the problem with that is no matter how much sex or how many partners you have, you will never receive total validation until you get it first from yourself. Looking for someone outside to complete you or to make you feel worthy or to legitimize you as a person will never work. The only person who can make you complete is you.

So all these sex partners you think are building you up are really chipping away at your self-esteem. Sex does not equal love. Using sex as a replacement for true intimacy — letting someone inside your soul — will only use you up and hollow you out. Just because someone has sex with you doesn't mean they love you, or like you, or even respect you. If you don't respect yourself, how can you expect your partner to?

What we as a community need to face is our attitude and appreciation for the power of sex. We think it should be easy and free and on-tap, but that is not healthy or reality. Though it may be fun, sex is not a toy. It is incredibly important to one's own personal growth. Sex involves intimacy and vulnerability and acceptance. Seeing how you react to a sexual situation says a lot for your personality and your place in the world. Sex is an immediate and emotional way to learn more about who you are as a person.

Abusing sex is like abusing any other mind-altering device; it can be dangerous. Forget for a moment all the physical dangers of multiple sex partners. It's the emotional drain that is the real killer. If you are having sex with many different people, you are either a) completely shutting down your emotions, disconnecting in order not to feel, or b) sharing every emotion and feeling that you have and leaving nothing for yourself. Neither one is a pleasant scenario

and both require a lot of effort. You should have to work a little for sex, but it shouldn't be an exhausting endeavor.

Many gay men use sex to alleviate their boredom. Sex is not a pacifier. Your life's purpose, guaranteed, is not to find the quickest, easiest, most superficial sexual experience. Sex is not a device to keep you from finding out who you are. Quite the opposite, sex is there to help you discover

from truly loving all that you are far outweighs the brief thrill you get from sex without consequences.

Sex should be a liberating, exciting learning experience and if it's not, you should look at why you're doing it. Think before you go home with that guy from the bar whether or not your insufficient self-esteem is sacrificing your body for a false and fleeting ego boost. Think before you make that Internet hookup whether or not stifling your temporary boredom is worth prostituting yourself. Think when you are with your partner whether or not you actually care about him and care what happens to him.

Don't live an unconscious life. Going through the motions is not enough.

*Greg can be reached at GregsGoodyBag.net. Read his column *Digital Therapy* bi-weekly on GayWired.com.*



yourself. Look at how and why you are having sex and you will learn who you are and what you have to offer the world. Lots of us use sex as a distraction from the things that are really important. Self-exploration and self-examination are the main goals here and distracting yourself with easy meaningless sex will only delay your progress. It will keep you weak and at the mercy of another person to prove your worth. The satisfaction you get

When asked the question, "So what is your type?" so many people give the politically correct response, "I don't really have a type. I'm open to all types." To wit, my response is generally, "That's a load of crap!"

A Question of Personality

How Your Personality Type May Be Affecting Your Love Life

Duane Wells

The reason for my unforgiving reaction to these people is that we all have a type. We are all genetically programmed by our experiences and our life stories to have a type of person who sets our internal engines revving and there is nothing wrong with

smothered pork chops and cornbread are a Sunday afternoon delight, I might not today gravitate toward men with a healthy appetite and a penchant for indulgence. Conversely, had I not grown up around men who thought malt liquor was a treat that should be enjoyed in copious amounts irrespective of the consequences associated therewith, malt liquor might hold some sordid appeal for me (because I'm gay it probably wouldn't, but go with me for the moment if you will). My point is that good or bad, where we've come from and what we've gone through is certain to affect where we're going. So the first step to understanding what types of people fit our profile is understanding who we really are at the core of it all.

taken an Enneagram test. Hence, human resources directors, therapists and spiritual counselors around the globe have all lauded this test. What you will find after having taken this test isn't always pretty or even remotely akin to your view of yourself, but it will always be enlightening.

Are you an Individualist, an Enthusiast, a Reformer or a Peacemaker? Who knows? The only way to find out is to submit yourself to examination. Only then will you know when you see that super buff, shirtless hottie who makes your carburetor scream 'Vroom... Vroom' at this summer's Pride celebrations, whether he is indeed Mr. Right, or more likely, Mr. So Wrong!

Are you game?

Take the free 36-question sampler test here:
www.enneagraminstitute.com/dis_sample_36.asp
<http://similarminds.com/test.html>

Or the advanced 131-question test here:
<http://similarminds.com/advtest.html>

The Peacemaker
The Reformer
The Helper
The Achiever
The Individualist
The Investigator
The Loyalist
The Enthusiast
The Challenger

The Achiever:

The Success-Oriented, Pragmatic Type:
Adaptable, Excelling, Driven, and Image-Conscious
Basic Fear: Of being worthless
Basic Desire: To feel valuable and worthwhile
Enneagram Three with a Two-Wing: "The Charmer"
Enneagram Three with a Four-Wing: "The Professional"

Therapy with a psychoanalyst is, of course, a wonderful way to begin this journey toward self-awareness, but there are also a few alternative ways to start this process and some of them even exist online. One such starting point is an Enneagram test.

The Enneagram test, which is available online at sites like www.enneagraminstitute.com, allows regular Joes like you and me to discern which of nine distinct personality types define us by answering a set of questions that are beguilingly indicative of who we really are.

Not only does the test provide a key to why we do the things we do, but it can help many of us understand how we relate to the world at large. Questions like - "Why is it that I always see the cup as half empty rather than half full?" and "Why is it that I keep inviting the same situations into my life over and over again?" - become less obtuse after having

acknowledging that. If you accept the premise that we are shaped by our life experiences, then you don't need a degree in psychology to conclude that the people we choose to have in our lives in an intimate fashion are selected based upon criteria that was set in stone long before we even understood the trembling effect of an orgasm.

Case in point: Had I not been raised in the South where homemade creamed corn,



Monkey Scene

Your Keys to a Good Cyber Chat

Ever been chatting online with someone and wondered what the hell he was talking about? Sometimes they speak in tongues, other times, it's just cryptic. The key to any successful cyber chat is reading between the lines, and there are a few key phrases gay men drop into casual banter that can shine a huge floodlight on what they're really after. And for those of you new to cyber chatting, we brought back the basics too, just in case you need them.

Into? – Nine times out of 10, this little word has nothing to do with your hobbies—they want to know what gets you off in bed!

PNP? – Party and play? As in do you smoke crack and fuck? For safety's sake, no is the best response, but if you must, always use protection.

Vers – Or versatile, which means you pitch and catch. Helpful hint: Vers bottoms are usually bottoms and vers tops are usually bottoms. People who just say vers are frequently telling the truth.

ROFL – Way to go. You made someone laugh. Not just laugh. Rolling on the floor, laughing. The only time this is a bad sign is if it comes right after you send the dick pic.

Anything Goes – You know that condom you want him to bag it with? Chances are he's going to put up a fight.

BRB – Be right back. As in, "be right back, my trick just got here." Or, "I really won't be right back, but it sounds more polite than, you ain't my type."

Just Looking – That's what I say every time I go to the mall, yet I always come home with a bag. With some careful persuading, looking could turn to touching really soon.

Into masc, no fems – That means if you hum **Judy Garland** in the shower or cry when your Prada bag gets dirty, you ain't his type. Of course, I also have this theory that guys like that are self hating fags that deserve a life of eternal disappointment. But that's just me.

Sup? Hey dude or **Yo!** – Really lame ways

of trying to get up the guts to say, "You're hot, wanna screw?"

WTF: What the fuck, which I frequently use when I get a pic in my email that chronicles some heinous sexual adventure I have no desire to take part in.

From: Suckittillirundry

To: TooHot2Handle69

BRB

NOW IN THEATERS, FROM here! Films

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A TERRIFICALLY CONCEIVED POLITICAL/SEXUAL MELODRAMA WITH A GREAT CAST. MATT NEWTON IS SENSATIONAL, KAREN ALLEN IS SHARP AND SAUCY, AND JACK NOSEWORTHY IS SUBLIMELY CRAFTY."

- David Lumble, BAY AREA REPORTER

JACK NOSEWORTHY VALERIE GEFFNER MATT NEWTON AUSTIN LYSY
TIGHE SWANSON KAREN ALLEN AND MICHAEL LERNER

POSTER BOY

The Conservative Agenda now has a Gay Son



posterboy-themovie.com



TRANSASIA

Bangkok: Where Men are Men and Some Women Used to Be



Nicholas Snow

Medical tourism has become all the rage with the popularity of plastic surgery among the affluent jet set crowd, who often globetrot for face lifts, nose jobs, tummy tucks lip enhancement, and oh yes, they may as well get their eyes done while they're at it. Others, however, make the trip of a lifetime for which they may have scrimped and saved for decades, to depart as men and return as women.

Born **Richard Foster** in New Castle, Delaware, she is now **Barbara Elizabeth Foster**, with a birth certificate to prove it. Barbara is a post-op transsexual patient of Preecha Aesthetics Institute (PAI) in Bangkok where we sat down for this exclusive interview.

The founder and medical director of PAI is Dr. **Preecha Tiewtranon**, known simply as Dr. Preecha. Yes, PAI serves 80 percent of its patients with a basic menu of plastic surgery options, but others from all over the world seek out Dr. Preecha and his colleagues to fulfill a lifelong yearning for Sexual Reassignment Surgery, commonly referred to as SRS. Dr. Preecha—with more than 30 years of surgical experience—has personally performed nearly 4,000 SRS and facial feminization procedures and has “earned the admiration of transsexuals all over the world.”

Ninety percent of Dr. Preecha's SRS patients are from overseas. Like Barbara, 30–40 percent are from the United States, with 20 percent from Europe and 30 percent from Asian countries such as Japan, China, Taiwan, Indonesia, Singapore, Hong Kong and Malaysia.

Barbara's Story

“I grew up in a Catholic family,” Barbara explains. “I was the oldest of three children

and my sister—18 months younger than me—was my playmate throughout childhood and we always played like two sisters. I always felt like I was a girl. I had an aunt who used to make dresses for my sister and my cousin and I used to look at the material and wish that she would make something for me, and I was only like three or four years-old.”

“Richard” would continue to struggle with gender identity throughout school, and experienced a glimmer of hope when media began reporting the high profile sex change operations of Renee Richards and Christine Jorgenson.



“I had no idea how it would work or whether I could get it, but I had hope,” Barbara says. “It gave me hope to live, and I sort of went through a period of time where I denied who I was.”

Decades later, after a story worthy of a movie, a friend of Barbara's found Dr. Preecha on a Web site.

“So, I made all the contacts I needed to and arranged to come over here and have surgery. And I had the surgeries. I had Abdominoplasty (tummy tuck), breast augmentation—even though I had good sized breasts—and sex reassignment surgery.”

Barbara's first stay in Thailand was four weeks. She returned the following year for seven weeks for additional surgeries, and again the next year for three months. She is now in the

process of getting a retirement visa and plans on living permanently in Thailand. Having recently left Thailand for the U.S. on what she describes as "my last trip home," Barbara will sell her automobile to finance a surgery to give her a more feminine nose. When all is said and done, Barbara will have spent less than \$30,000 for a total of nine surgeries.

Why Thailand? According to both Barbara and PAI officials, and in keeping with everything you hear about medical tourism, procedures and treatments of all kinds are dramatically less expensive in Thailand when compared to the United States and Canada—even when factoring in business class air travel (for those who can afford it) and deluxe accommodations.

Spotlight on Transformation

Barbara is pleased with the evolving media attention paid to issues that transsexuals face, and counts among her friends the high profile MTF guests on *Oprah* who have told their stories to an international audience. While she acknowledges that being a transsexual has nothing to do with sexual orientation, she is happy to be included as the "T" in the GLBT (Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgender) movement.

"Someone said that we're like a family of children in a car going on a trip," said Barbara. "We're all in the same car and we're fighting each other, but we do love each other and we depend upon each other. And what happens is, as a whole, the GLBT community is stronger, and we need that strength to work together.

"I've been on television," Barbara continued. "I've been interviewed by the Associated Press. I've been written up in newspapers. I don't particularly look to do this, but what I do realize is that every time someone picks up

some piece of information about this, I've helped somebody and sent him or her in the right direction. And that's what I used to look for, and it was never out there."

Courage to Change

"Those of us who had surgery after 40 years old, we're the strong ones," Barbara said triumphantly. "We're the ones that fought this disease off and arrived. You will find all those older transsexuals to be very strong people. You'll be amazed to know how many of them are pilots or race car drivers, how many of them have jumped out of airplanes, how many of them have done so many things because that's who they are. They're strong. They're just driven to do things, to achieve things."

What I didn't tell you is that I first met Barbara at a coffee house where I was using a laptop to upload a review of *Transamerica* to a Web site that I publish. At the very next table, Barbara and a young woman on her own journey toward becoming a man were having a peer to peer discussion. I introduced myself and told them how I was proud of them and their commitment to honoring and living their truth. I wasn't really surprised to learn that, after contacting PAI in a completely separate process, Barbara was selected by PAI to meet me.

"You are one more reason why I am at home here, and am comfortable in Thailand, because we can do that," said Barbara about our coffee house exchange. "We can talk to each other. We can introduce ourselves."

Barbara confided that, in the neighborhood where we met, there are several transsexuals working in stores and restaurants. "It's a transsexual that's making your sandwich for you. They're everywhere and I love that and that's what makes me happy."

In the country in which one of the most famous Thai kick boxers also transitioned on the job—as depicted in the movie *Beautiful Boxer* about

the real life **Nong Toom**—one could say that there is widespread tolerance for all sorts of gender identifications, and thus, a higher percentage of genetic men living as *lady boys* or even transitioning to women. In fact, a recent full-page story in the *Bangkok Post* profiled a 24-year-old beauty queen, born male, now completely female, with a dream of becoming a senator.



In Dr. Preecha's final statement for this interview, he said, "I am inspired by the courage of the patients. Some fly in the airplane for the first time in life, but fly half of the world to come for operation. I am very impressed and you could see how determined and desperate the patients are suffering. It made me try to do the best for the patients to make them have the dream come true."

Barbara's dream came true.

For more information, visit www.pai.co.th.

TRANSforming Your DVD Player

Without a doubt, the "triple M" applies to flicks dealing with transgendered themes in recent years: Most Moving Movies! Say that three times fast, and while



you're at it, get your butt to your favorite online or real world DVD outlet, stock up on microwave popcorn, grab that remote control, and TRANSform yourself!

Beautiful Boxer

www.beautifulboxer.com

Imagine a country where one of the most famous

male athletes in the nation's most macho and revered sports transitions to a woman, practically on the job. The country is Thailand, the story is true and the movie is *Beautiful Boxer*—I first saw the film and met both its director and star at the 2004 Bangkok International Film Festival.

"Based on the true story of Thailand's famed transvestite kick boxer," explains the official synopsis, "*Beautiful Boxer* is a



poignant action drama that punches straight into the heart and mind of a boy who fights like a man so he can become a woman." This film will satisfy fans of both action and drama genres, and is not to be missed. I give it two heels up.

Transamerica

www.transamerica-movie.com

Well, sad to say, the transsexuals I've spoken to about this film were disappointed with the casting of the much revered **Felicity Huffman** in the role of Bree, "a perfectly adjusted conservative transsexual woman."

The flip side of the coin is that Felicity's stardom brought more people to this subject matter than any other film to date.

Felicity's co-star is a fan, as he shared with me in an exclusive interview. Yep, I was up close and personal with **Kevin Zegers**, who said of Felicity about all of their time filming in a car, "...you smell the other person and you lose all the silly banter crap that people do when they're first meeting each other and you kind of get to spend time with them and to talk to them. Two months of every single day spending with somebody in a confined space, you get to know them fairly well... I couldn't be more pleased that all of this stuff is happening for her, and I'm just proud to be a part of it," he added about all of Huffman's accolades.

Soldier's Girl

www.calpernia.com/soldiersgirl



In a profound reminder that this just isn't a movie, Calpernia appeals to visitors of her web site, "If you ever chance to meet me in person, please do not make me talk about Barry's murder. Countless people I've just met immediately bring up his murder as a light conversational topic, either directly or through mentioning the movie and then asking me questions about the real-life experience. I don't think these people realize that this was not just a movie, it was a real, personal, painful event and not something I like to discuss over dinner, in a shopping

mall or at a party..."

But don't be deterred by the seemingly dark subject. *Soldier's Girl* is first and foremost a love story, a beautiful and tender love story. It's also a great analysis of so called straight men's attraction to other men, whether admitted or not, and the length they might go to, to repress such desire. This is a movie you should own,. Sorry Netflix!



Soldier's Girl is a true story with tragic consequences of the real life characters portrayed in the Peabody Award-d winning film. One of those people, transsexual **Calpernia Addams**, writes on her Wweb site that *Soldier's Girl* is about "my relationship with **Barry Winchell**, an Army PFC later murdered in his sleep by fellow soldiers on the 4th of July, 1999. These men obscured their motives by falsely labeling Barry "gay" to turn the other soldiers against him and used this as a cover to explain their horrible crime."

Calpernia continues, "The story is heartbreaking, and it is told in a beautifully made film. *Soldier's Girl* has touched the lives of millions of viewers. Working with the director, writer, producers and actors on this film was a way for me to honor Barry's memory and lend strength to his parents' fight against the Army and the politics that made the possibility of this tragedy all too easy."

Normal

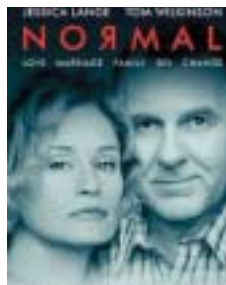
www.hbo.com/films/normal

"An official selection at the 2003 Sundance Film Festival, this HBO Films production adapted by **Jane Anderson** from her acclaimed play mixes humor, drama, and tenderness in telling the story of a seemingly 'normal' Midwestern factory worker

who stuns his family and community by revealing he wants a sex change operation. That's after 20 years of marriage, a couple of kids and a minister who finds himself way over his head when he tries to counsel **Tom Wilkinson** and **Jessica Lange**, in a pair of performances sure to amaze you.

The moral of normal will touch you in the most unexpected way.," explains the HBO web site.

The creative forces behind this movie (actors Jessica Lange and Tom Wilkinson, director Jane Anderson, and the production team have on their resumes hits such as *Tootsie*, *Blue Sky*, *In The Bedroom*, *The Player*, *Wit*,



Angels in America, and *The Cradle Will Rock*, to name a few. On an aside, Jane Anderson is great friends with Carrie Fisher of *Star Wars* fame.

Boys Don't Cry

www2.foxsearchlight.com/boysdontcry

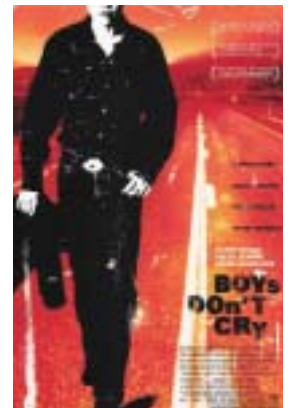
See the movie that made **Hillary Swank** a star. I saw *Boys Don't Cry* early in its theatrical release with two of my best friends. We walked from the theater stunned by what we had seen. After getting to the solitude of my car as quickly as I could, I burst into tears, sobbing at the gripping, tragic reality of this story. It plays like a documentary— like you're watching real people have real experiences.



The official *Boys Don't Cry* Wweb site explains, "From the middle of America emerged an extraordinary double life, a complicated love story and a crime that would shatter the heartland. In Falls City, Nebraska, **Brandon Teena** (**Hilary Swank**) was a newcomer with a future who had the small rural community enchanted. Women adored him and almost everyone who met this charismatic stranger was drawn to his charming innocence. But, Falls City's hottest date and truest friend had one secret: he wasn't the person people thought he was. Back home in Lincoln just seventy-five miles away, Brandon

Teena was a different person caught up in a personal crisis that had haunted him his entire life..."

OK, so I haven't recommended the lightest of film fare, but in viewing these flicks (or viewing them once again, if you've already seen them), you'll be reminded that it's important for us to express the truth of our lives to the people we can influence— whatever that truth may be. To recite a battle cry from the 80's, *Silence = Death* and *Action = Life*.



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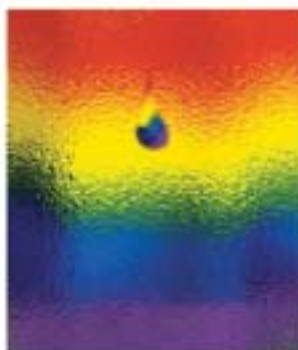


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Gratuitous Monkey

Carlo Masi

Films: *Minute Man 23* and *Big N'Plenty*

Studio: COLT

Photos courtesy of *COLTstudio.com*

Gay Web Monkey: What's the first thing you do to prepare yourself for a day of shooting?

Carlo Masi: Oh God, I do so much. I take a long shower, I scrub, I put on my iPod and do some abs (all of this in my hotel room). Then I go downstairs where there is the person who will take me to the location. There, I try to relax and if he is not my friend yet, I talk with my scene partner to see what he enjoys sexually.

GWM: Is there anything you do on camera that does nothing for you in your personal life?

CM: No, I always get to do things that I like on camera. If there is something I don't fully enjoy, I tell him (director **John Rutherford**). They want me to have real fun so the scene will be better.

GWM: What is your favorite thing about what you do?

CM: There are far too many good things about what I do. Being Italian and living in Rome, it allows me to travel a lot and see the world, I get to have sex with all the gorgeous COLT Men. I get to become friends with many interesting people.

GWM: Do you frequently get super turned on while filming?

CM: Man, I could tell you so many times. I remember fucking **Gage Weston**'s bubble butt for *Man Country*. We didn't start to roll yet—we were just getting in the position, but I couldn't wait so I just got inside him and started going. He is hot, hot, hot!

GWM: What's the stupidest thing a co-star's ever done during a scene?

CM: It is usually me doing the silly/stupid things! Once a co-star told me he didn't like me, that wasn't very nice; but, after a while, I liked the thought that he had to fuck with me, even though he didn't like me. It was sort of like dominating him and it got me hot!



Stupid Questions for Hot Guys

OK, some say there's no such thing as a stupid question—and in honor of our sex issue, we'd have to agree. Especially since most of the one's we're asking are sexual in nature, and the guys answering ought to be experts.

Guys don't come much hotter than Jet Set's **Derek Cruz**, COLT Exclusive **Carlo Masi** and Buckshot Exclusive **Brian Hansen**. Undoubtedly, these boys know a thing or two about sex. We put the boys in the hot seat and got down to business.





Brian Hansen

Films: *HARD Studies* and the forthcoming *House Boat*

Studio: Buckshot

Photos courtesy of *BuckshotDVD.com*

Gay Web Monkey: What made you get into porn?

Brian Hansen: I don't think the adult industry is something anyone plans to get into. You fall into it. I had never thought about doing work in the adult industry, therefore when I first was approached by an agent I just laughed, but as time went past, my curiosity grew stronger, I jumped into it, and the rest is history.

GWM: How do you know when a scene is going well?

BH: Making an adult production is teamwork. It's collaboration! You might think the scene is going great because you enjoy working with your partner, and because you in general have a good feeling, but if the director and the camera crew are unable to capture this for whatever reason, the scene will not come out well on film.

GWM: Finish this question: If the cameras weren't rolling and I could do whatever I want in the sack, I'd...

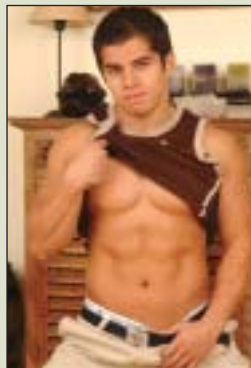
BH: What I do in the sack really depends on the mood, and the guy with me. I believe there is a time for everything, there is a time for making love, and there is a time for a quick fuck. Less is often more. You do not need to hang from the chandelier in order to have great sex.

GWM: Any sage advice you'd offer to a newcomer before filming his first scene?

BH: That the sex he is about to experience will be very different from the sex he has in his real life. There are similarities in the physical action taking place, but the similarities stop there. This is work. You will be surrounded with crew getting to know your private "bits" better than you actually do yourself.

GWM: What's the worst pick up line a fan has ever used on you?

BH: I was training at a gym in San Francisco, when a guy came up and started talking to me. He was explaining that it was his first time in San Francisco, and he didn't know how to get around. Toward the end of our session a second guy came up to us. He asked my "new friend" whether he still lived in the apartment around the corner. The poor guy got caught red handed, but God love him for trying.



Derek Cruz

Films: *Going Under* and the forthcoming *Doggie Style*

Studio: Jet Set

Photos courtesy of *JetSetMen.com*

Gay Web Monkey: What made you want to get into porn?

DC: I have been into body building, and all my buddies told me I had a great body. A few of them had done some fitness magazines, and I got into that as well. I was approached during those photo shoots about possibly doing a scene in a gay movie. I connected with Jet Set and it was really comfortable. I even surprised myself.

GWM: What's the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened while filming?

DC: Getting over how no one really notices that anyone is naked walking around with a hard-on in between takes. In a way, it's like any other job that way.

GWM: What turns you on most?

DC: I never knew this before, but it's when I know there are people watching me. I know the crew does this all the time, so when they were watching, I knew I was doing a great job—that totally got me hard.

GWM: Finish this sentence. The most sure fire way to get me in the sack is...

DC: ...when a guy gently fingers my hole through my jeans in a public place where no one else knows he's doing it.

GWM: What's the number one thing people want to know when they meet you?

DC: Everyone thinks I'm this really nice guy. Yeah, I am – to the point where I'm about to punch the next person who asks – just kidding.

TV or Not TV

The YouTube Video Virus Takes Down Even the
Toughest of TV Haters

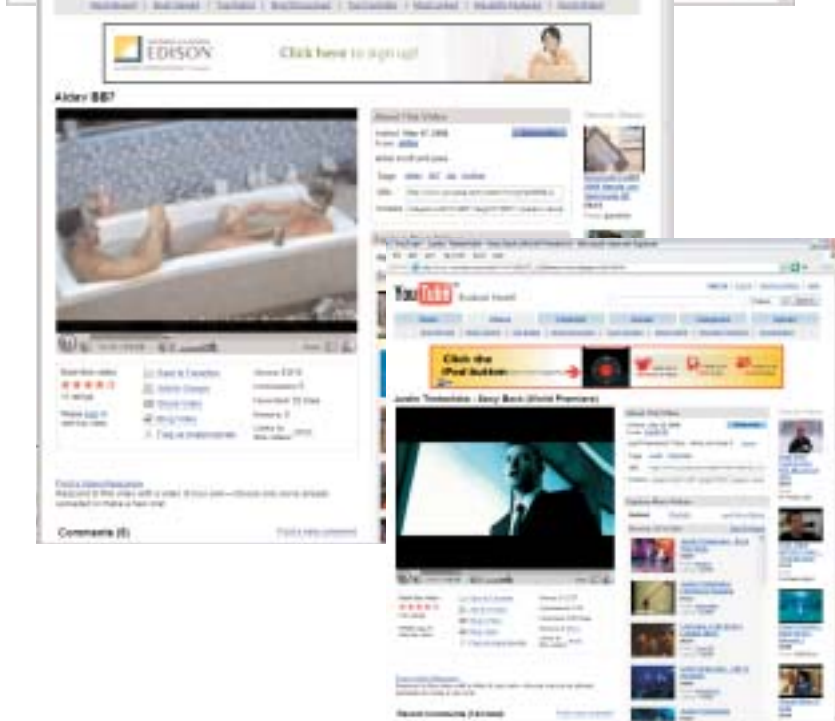


Dan Allen

I have this friend—let's call him Ed—who's an anti-TV elitist. You know the type: art school-educated and culture-forward on all other fronts, Ed's the kind of guy who often (and often rather smugly) halts the normal flow of gay conversation by professing total ignorance about the myriad intricacies of this season's *Project Runway*. It's not as if Ed doesn't own a TV—no, that wouldn't make enough of a 'statement.' Ed's TV, you see, sits in storage. "I don't need to have a steady stream of mindless nonsense blasted into my house," Ed likes to say. Oh brother. Which of course begs the question, "Why own a TV then?" To which Ed always replies, "Just in case." Just in case *what* is never really clear. The implication is that nothing short of Armageddon could force Ed to have inane video feeds invading his precious living area.

Of course, that was before YouTube (www.YouTube.com). I've always been pretty sure that Ed's television-badmouthing was more about posturing than any modicum of real taste. Thanks, YouTube, for finally proving it. Suddenly Ed is not only welcoming a nonstop river of video clips into his own home, he's flooding the email boxes of his unwitting friends with links to the most ridiculous of blurbs, with deeply moving invitations like, "I know you'll love this one!! :)))" Trouble is, Ed never learned normal TV etiquette, and now we're all paying for it. You don't mass-call all of your friends every time you change the channel on your regular TV, and likewise YouTube clip-sharing simply must be done in moderation. This does not, FYI Ed, include clips where hamsters chase cats, grandmothers dance, or bored Missouri teens karaoke to "*Maniac*."

For years now there's been talk of the Internet's pending revolutionizing of the television industry, and we were long led to believe by the powers-that-be by the mid-00s, computers would completely replace TVs as the content providers of public choice. Then in 2005, after repeated Internet and broadcast-TV giants had stumbled in their lackluster efforts to maneuver to the forefront of the newly video-ized Web, along comes upstart YouTube to do what the others couldn't. Founded by three former PayPal employees, YouTube.com debuted in February 2005, but it took until December for the site's visibility to explode on the heels of the popularity of "*Lazy Sunday*," the now-infamous *Saturday Night Live* clip featuring **Chris Parnell** and **Andy Samberg**. Suddenly everyone realized the power of the clip-based (a.k.a. 'viral video') format. Suddenly everything became a potential clip. And unfortunately, suddenly anyone became a potential clip-maker.



Hence the phenomenon that is and is still becoming YouTube. According to *MediaWeek*, YouTube's traffic blasted from under five million unique hits in January of this year to just fewer than 20 million by June. In one July week alone, the site's traffic spiked 75 percent to almost 13 million users, probably, insiders say, due to the mega-watchability of French footballer **Zinedine Zidane's** amazing head butt of Italian **Marco Materazzi** during the 2006 World Cup finals. Whatever the reason—and there are now potentially millions of them—YouTube now daily hovers near the Top 10 traffic-generators among *all* Web sites. So powerful has the site become that NBC, who only months ago demanded that YouTube remove the "*Lazy Sunday*" clip from its repertoire, has now cut a content deal it calls a "strategic partnership" with the video-sharing megalith. Meanwhile, the old TV-based networks are falling over themselves to find ways to capitalize on the Web-based viral video phenomenon, which has spawned such cross-bred shows as Bravo's *Outrageous & Contagious Viral Videos* and VH1's *Web Junk 20*. As for gay-centric vidstuff, here! TV recently positioned itself at the queer net forefront by offering a huge array of free snippets, all readily accessible via its home page.

While it's clearly the current mainstream clip king, YouTube isn't the only viral video game in cyberspace. Scores of other sites have sprung up to emulate YouTube's success, including Bolt, Metacafe, Dailymotion, Clipshack and iFilm. Even Google's gotten into the burgeoning clip market with its recently-added "Google Video" feature. And of course now there's PornoTube, where you can see and share all the hard core stuff (gay and straight) deemed too indecent by the other sites. Not that I've been there, but a friend told me about it. Actually, it was Ed. Seriously. Seems a certain someone really does need a steady stream of mindless nonsense blasted into his house after all. I always suspected as much.

Viva la viral video revolution.

www.bolt.com
www.clipshack.com
www.dailymotion.com
www.heretv.com
www.ifilm.com
www.metacafe.com
www.pornotube.com
www.youtube.com



To Love Toulouse



Duane Wells



I have always subscribed to the belief that life's greatest treasures are quite often found off the well-trod path. For me, these treasures have encompassed mouthwatering treats like the best Pastrami sandwich found on a sketchy corner in a questionable part of town during the wee hours of the morning; the perfect Croque Monsieur, served at a cute neighborhood café stumbled upon while lost in Paris; unique, one-of-a-kind booty unearthed in a quaint jewelry store that just happens to be located in the middle of a non-descript strip mall; or those special spots with the spectacular views that you just happen upon one day while aimlessly driving through the city.

What makes these treasures special to me is not that they are difficult to find, but instead the fact that they are most often hidden in plain sight. Things or places that are generally well-known, but exist solely for those who are both adventurous enough to try something different and willing to seek them out. To discover these treasures one need only examine the world with a slightly more critical eye.

What my critical eye discovered on a recent trip to Toulouse and the Midi-Pyrenees region of France was the magnificent rolling green hills of the French countryside, complete with centuries-old chateaus, the magic of Gascony, unspoiled villages where the fresh aroma of the boulangerie filled the air at dawn. Most

importantly, I discovered a side of France I had never seen before.

In previous trips to France, I'd explored Champagne, Strasbourg, Nice, Cannes and, of course, Paris. But this trip to Toulouse and the Midi-Pyrenees region of France represented a new path for me into the world of the French – one that, by the end of my trip, revealed itself to be another true treasure.

Strolling through the airport in Toulouse – smallish and slightly dated compared to the gleaming, modern air command center that is Charles DeGaulle Airport – provides a slightly underwhelming welcome to the city. But the airport services, the ease of getting through customs and getting on with your trip, are top notch. In fact, having arrived on a flight that had been delayed, I missed my shuttle. But

thanks to a brief consultation with the information desk, where a pair of women kindly tolerated my broken French and spoke perfect English while directing me to board a shuttle bus into Toulouse, I never got flustered.

Riding along the highway into the city from the airport, there was a liveliness and friendliness to the city which I felt almost immediately, first at that information desk in the airport, then onboard the shuttle bus where a French-speaking elderly couple overhearing me give my destination to the driver, turned to me, smiled and waved to let me know that the stop for my hotel was coming up next. Off the bus, I found the same spirit in the engaging and accommodating staff at the chic **Hotel Sofitel Centre** (www.sofitel.com), where I spent my first night in the area. Within hours of

landing, I had decided Toulouse was an inviting place indeed with a powerfully welcoming charm reminiscent of the American South and its folksy ways, hearty food and honey dipped accents. And though its busiest streets had the look and feel of a smaller scale Paris, the congenial, dare I say, laissez-faire vibe of Toulouse could not have been more different.

Once I got out to explore the city in the days ahead, I was pleasantly surprised to find more of what I had discovered on that first night at nearly every turn, largely thanks, I'm certain, to Toulouse's large student population. Next to Paris, Toulouse has more students than any other city in France, a result of the three universities housed within the city center. During the day, the streets are teeming with attractive, hip-attired college students riding bikes or strolling through town, enjoying the freedom of youth. By night, there's even more joy in the air as students hang out along the famous canals of the city before pouring themselves into Toulouse's many bars, cafes and nightclubs, which are filled to the brim with youthful crowds blowing off steam after a hard day spent hitting the books.

La Couleur de la Coulotte, a smoky, two-story bar near city center featuring an attractive mixed crowd, great music and sufficiently strong cocktails, is one of the favorites. Seemingly very popular with the local crowd, this is the kind of place you could easily make a regular watering hole during your stay.

For the more adventurous, or should I say randy types, there's a bit more opportunity to whoop it up a bit at spots like Toulouse's most popular cruising bar, **Le Grand Cirque** (www.legrandcirque.com) where the aroma of sex hangs thick in the air from the moment you enter the brightly lit entry area where the eager eyes of a multi-ethnic band of youthful, horned up patrons give newcomers the once over. In Le Grand Cirque you'll find a maze of rooms on multiple levels in which to engage in some purely adult (and purely unadulterated entertainment) with your handsome stranger of

Don't be alarmed
that you'll have to get
buzzed into this place
and any other
hotspots of this ilk if
they are marked
'privé' – that is just
the French way.

choice, in addition to lots of dark nooks and crannies and a cavernous downstairs dark area fit for all sorts of shenanigans. (I could have sworn I saw a sling, but you know...it was dark).

At the wildly popular **Le Shanghai**, a tri-level bar with a mixed crowd tops two floors and a men-only bar at the bottom, complete with video room and, you guessed it, more of those dark corner alcoves. Don't be alarmed that you'll have to get buzzed into this place and any other hotspots of this ilk if they are marked 'privé' – that is just the French way.

Surprisingly, I had the best time at **Le Gin Fizz**, a primarily lesbian bar, where the bartenders not only sling drinks, but entertain as well. When they weren't singing the latest tunes at the top of their lungs, doing shots or performing dance numbers behind the bar, these crazy fun bartenders were up dancing on the bar or shooting confetti over it. It felt like New Year's Eve, but alas, just a typical Thursday night in this packed, sweaty nightspot. Then over at **Lolita Café** (www.lolita-cafe.com), some of the best **Edith Piaf** karaoke I've ever had the pleasure of hearing serenaded the guests in this charming neighborhood bar whose karaoke performances are lorded over by an eccentric gal who sings classic French songs with a voice as rich as **Barry White's** (and almost as deep). All of which only further proves that in Toulouse, you rule out no experience; off that tried and true path, all manner of discoveries are just waiting to be savored.

Speaking of savoring, the food in Toulouse and in the Midi-Pyrenees region in general is an eye-opening treat that will challenge anything you've previously thought of French food, if you've never visited this region before. Be prepared to eat Foie Gras in every way





imaginable, and remember that ducks are not an endangered species, because here, you will find duck (or "Magrette du Canard" - breast of duck) on nearly every menu you encounter. Also be prepared for slightly heavier, heartier fare and larger portions than we are accustomed to in French restaurants in America. And by all means, dine at **Le Colombier** (14 rue Bayard), cited as one of the very best restaurants in Toulouse, which I can personally vouch for after sampling the "out of this world" Cassoulet there, from which I shall forever be changed.

And then, in between all that wonderful dining and nightlife, make time to take in all sorts of memorable and cultural day trips in and around the greater Midi-Pyrenees region. Visit medieval villages perched high upon mountain tops like **Cordes-sur-Ciel** (whose charter dates back to 1222) and **Lectoure**, where a local bar called **Cigale é Fourmi**, boasts a quirky little second hand shop and hosts some of Paris' best known DJ's at night for special events. A jaunt to **Castres** to visit the **Goya Museum** is enriching, or pop over to Albi to view the medieval **Saint Cécile Cathedral** and all the can-can girls at the **Toulouse-Lautrec Museum**

before dining al fresco at **Le Papillon**, a quaint little restaurant run by the most charming gay American couple from California.

For a real taste of decadence, treat yourself to a day at a spa in world famous **Biarritz** or a day of duty-free shopping in **Andorra**, both of which are only about an hour from Toulouse. Many of these trips can be arranged through a local tour company in Toulouse called **Ophorus** (www.ophorus.com), which can put together half-day or full-day tours all over the region designed to your own personal specifications and needs (and be sure to ask for Christophe as he is the absolute best!).

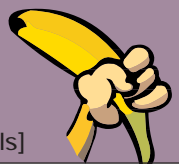
Before visiting the Midi-Pyrenees region of France, I had always thought of southern France in terms of cities with bold faced names. Cannes! St. Tropez! Spots where we annually see celebrities with equally bold faced names skulking about in designer swimwear. Those cities are seductively charming to say the least, but after exploring the much less traveled roads of Toulouse and the surrounding areas in the region, I learned that their comely, more mysterious neighbor to the west is no retiring flower either.

To visit Toulouse is to love Toulouse.

LINKS

www.sofitel.com
www.legrandcirque.com
www.lolita-cafe.com
www.ophorus.com





How MySpace Won The Online War



All of a sudden, MySpace is on the tip of everyone's tongues. Right around the same time people ask for your mobile number these days, they ask for your MySpace address. And sometimes they ask for your MySpace address before they ask for anything else, if they even ask for anything else at all. Without doubt, MySpace has become the preeminent social networking site on the Web. But the big question is how the late-comer to the online networking scene became the titan that now dominates it? And the answer lies in both timing and functionality.

It All Started With Friendster

Not so long ago, Friendster (www.friendster.com) was all the buzz. And,



just as with MySpace, hipsters and techies lapped it up like a kitten laps up milk from a saucer. For a brief shining moment, Friendster was *the* online destination for people to hook up, meet up and make new friends. Everybody *in the know* was on it. In the final analysis though, Friendster became little more than a dating platform and a glorified email system that allowed groups of friends to connect. Moreover, in the early days, Friendster was plagued by serious technical difficulties that prevented it from rising to the occasion and dealing with the huge demand it had created. There were entire days when you couldn't even log on to Friendster because they were adding servers or fixing system problems. Subscribers subsequently became frustrated and lost interest as a bevy of similar sites started popping up that offered similar functionality without all the hassle. In short, Friendster became a victim of its own success. While Friendster retooled, they lost significant ground in the marketplace—so much so that by the time they were ready to handle the demand for online networking that they had almost single-handedly created, that demand had been dispersed over a range of new websites.

A Brief Connexion

One website that gained popularity thanks to Friendster's technical headaches was Connexion (www.connexion.org). Decidedly "gayer" with a more dating-oriented feel, Connexion had its own, even more brief shining moment in the sun as people rushed to



sign up and add their friends to the site. Functionality was better at Connexion, but here again, the problem was that Connexion did not really offer much more than traditional email, instant messaging and features that any other standard dating site might offer. Though they marketed themselves as a way to connect a "community of friends," they offered no particularly compelling means of doing so. After an initial surge in membership, interest waned and before long so did the number of daily visits subscribers made to the site.

MySpace Picks Up the Torch

Then along came MySpace (www.myspace.com), particularly popular initially among teens, it did not immediately catch on in the gay community. I believe this



was primarily because so many of us had grown weary of our experiences with Friendster and Connexion and other similar sites. In fact when I was first invited to join MySpace, I looked at the site and thought "Why?" However, after being asked one too many times for my MySpace address and having to explain why I didn't have one, I broke down and registered. Before long, I learned why some people had dubbed it "crack space." MySpace is especially attractive (and addictive) because it is both so interactive and so creative.

Unlike Friendster or Connexion, MySpace became the first to give members the opportunity to design and personalize the look of their home pages and to add signature flourishes like music and photos. MySpace also allows user to arrange their friends in the order they want them to be seen, and to share videos and photos in the comments sections. Further, MySpace gave members the opportunity to post bulletins, blog their daily thoughts, send invitations and even correspond with their favorite musical artists in some cases. It's really no wonder, considering all of this, that MySpace has become such a phenomenon in the gay community as well. It's like pop culture central! Meet a guy; share videos of your favorite divas with friends; send messages to your favorite diva; download the new **Janet Jackson** to your home page; and then send out invitations for cocktails in the sunshine over the weekend all in one fell swoop. What is there about MySpace for a gay man not to love?

Even more importantly, MySpace has succeeded because they have built significant cache in the entertainment community by demonstrating that they are by far one of the most far-reaching and easy to use resources for the grassroots marketing of everything from film to independent music. When new bands debut at the top of the charts because of good MySpace buzz, record labels stand up and take notice—and this may truly be the hallmark of MySpace's success and dominance of the market. It sort of reminds me of another pop culture revolution from the '80s involving that little network that started out with the tagline: "I want my MTV." Who woulda' thought over 20 years later it would be the powerhouse it is today? Something tells me that we may well be saying the same thing about MySpace two decades from now.

LINKS

www.Friendster.com
www.connexion.org
www.myspace.com





Ask just about anyone, and they will have a different, colorful story to share about the day they came out.

I think I first came out at 2, when I paraded down the hall wearing a purse and a yellow blanket for hair, and told my mom I was off to the store to meet my husband.

She got further confirmation seven years later when I was invited to a birthday party for my friend Andy, the summer after third grade. She asked me what he wanted. Most boys would say a video game or a baseball bat, maybe trading cards.

I said, "Jody Watley."

And so, the Saturday of the big party, Andy unwrapped Jody and promptly handed the cassette to his mom, who squealed in excitement and put "Looking for a New Love" on heavy rotation. In that moment, my mom knew I was not like the other boys.

And apparently, I'm not the only one Jody's outed to the parental unit.

"One of my closest friends told me, and this was before he knew me, he was at this house party and the kids were dancing and the girls were trying to do this choreography, you know, they were doing me," the 47-year old mother of two, looking radiant, her hair lush and full as a lioness' mane, remembers. "And he said, 'They were doing it all wrong. I just couldn't take it anymore.' So he got up and said, 'No, this is how you do it.' And that was the first time his parents knew, 'Well, he's a unique person.' He said he'll never forget the look on his dad's face."

Jody laughs while retelling the story, then promptly leans into the tape recorder to say hey to mama von Metzke (see mom, full circle). After all, she's been surrounded by gay fans nearly her entire career, which spans *Soul Train* to Shalamar to the pinnacle of her success, as the toast of MTV in the late '80s and early '90s with hits like "Looking...", "Don't You Want Me" and "Real Love." From her high-fashion spreads in magazines like *Vogue* and *Harpers Bazaar* to the location shoots she insisted on in London and Paris for early videos, Watley built a reputation for being a pop/dance/R&B class act, and the gays flocked!

These days, she's still calling the shots – she just wears more hats. On some days, Watley plays writer, producer, agent, street team, publicist, manager and artist. It's a tough job, but somebody's got to do it. And as the head of her own indie label for more than a decade, the singer says she got the inspiration to strike out on her own when she saw Prince do the same thing in the mid '90s. He released *The Beautiful Ones* independently, to date one of his most successful ventures, and Jody's entrepreneurial ears perked up.

"A new regime of executives had come in at that point, and they wanted me



[Ross von Metzke]

to work with other artists, they wanted me to be more ghetto, because the hip-hop movement was starting up," she says. "And I remember one particular meeting, and they asked me, 'How do you see yourself fitting into this new landscape.' And I said, 'I don't want to fit in. I want to stand out like I've been doing.'"

So Jody left MCA to start Avitone, drawing on a business savvy she says has been with her since childhood ("I would write romance novels and I would rent them out," she laughs. "They were hot items."). Of course, people told her she'd never make it.

"I'm used to that," she laughs. "That goes back to elementary school and junior high. Someone once said, 'While other people are running their mouths, run your business,' and I always loved that."

So she did, and in 1995, Watley put out her first CD as an independent artist, *Affection*, and Avitone landed on Billboard's list of the top ten indie labels for that year. Of course, charting the course alone didn't come without its share of uphill battles.

"One of the things that pissed me off the most was that even though *Affection* did well R&B, a lot of stations wouldn't play the song because I said the word gay in it," she remembers. "The lyric was, *Doesn't matter if you're young or old / Doesn't matter if you're straight or gay / Everybody needs to feel loved*. And I was like, 'Damnit, I'm putting this record out whether they play it or not.' So even if things don't go the way that you want them, you can't really feel bad because you did them for the right reason."

A mantra she's applied to every project she's ever taken on.

When she first signed with MCA, Watley was one of the few artists to successfully demand artistic control of what she sang, how she looked and how she was marketed. Her schedule had to be organized around her now 23-year-old daughter's life and schooling ("I don't want her writing a book on me," she cracks). And side projects, both lucrative (her 1990 aerobic dance video moved one million copies) and risky (she took part in the late '80s *Red, Hot & Blue* AIDS music project in an attempt to raise awareness among black women and children) were her call.

"My record company didn't want me to participate in it," she says of *Red, Hot & Blue*. "They thought, 'You know, if you do this, people are going to think you have AIDS.' It

was so ridiculous. But again, being who I am and who I've always strived to be, I figured, 'I don't care what you think, I'm doing it. I think it's fantastic. And if people think I have it, that's their problem.'"

One of the main reasons why Watley's gay fan base has remained loyal. She's the real deal – always supportive, never wavering, and clever enough to know big hair and a taste for fashion go a long way in our eyes.



"It's been consistent. I've always done the gay events. I love them. I think we're kindred souls, probably going back to those junior high school outcast days. So it's a genuine thing."

Without a doubt, because only a true diva could predict how gay fans would react to a re-imagining of one of the greatest pop anthems of all time – **Madonna's** "Borderline."

Bringing down the saccharin, poppy beat to a slow burn, Watley's take on the tune reveals a tender, thoughtful lyric. Fittingly, she first tried it out in San Francisco to an ecstatic response.

"I knew I wanted it to be a version that would really draw you into the lyrics," she says. "I think if you're going to take on a song that is known, for me it doesn't do any good to do it like it was. It would be easy to do a dance version of 'Borderline.' It wouldn't really take much thought, but it wouldn't stand out."

"Borderline" is the centerpiece of Jody's latest album, *The Makeover*, which finds the singer putting her spin on a variety of songs she's felt passionately about throughout her career – and delivering a handful of new ones as well. And with the album comes a handful of tour dates – she headlined Gay Games, did a stint at New York's famed Joe's Pub, even a series of dates in Tokyo, where her star continues to shine bright.

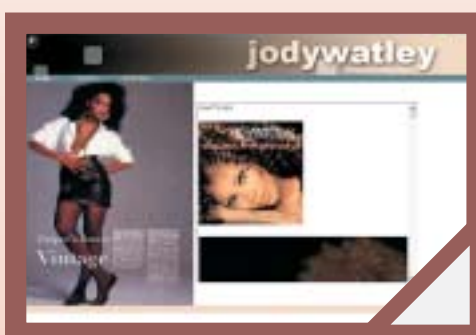
But regardless of where *The Makeover* takes her, at the end of the day, Watley insists it's about one thing – the music. As long as its quality, as long as she's singing songs she believes in, she'll be happy.

"I just always want to make records that I can walk away and be proud of," she says. "Because your music, it's going to be here after you go. And as a performer doing these things live, I want to be proud of what I bring to it. If it's 'Shaking Your Thang' or something like that, I might not feel good singing that in 10 years."

Whatever Miss Jody decides, gays everywhere are sure to be dancing right at her side.

LINKS

www.jodywatley.net
www.myspace.com/jodywatley



Monkey'Scopes



Aries (March 21–April 19)

There needs to be a law prohibiting Britney Spears from breeding again. Music albums by Paris Hilton should be banned during pre-production. And legislation definitely needs to be enacted so that divas can't suddenly decide to come out of retirement for yet another "Farewell" tour, if they've already promised never to sing for the masses again. (Barbra, Cher—we're talking about you.) A spunky sun is inspiring you to speak up about certain injustices.



Taurus (April 20–May 20)

Angelina and Brad may be doing the happy family thing now, but a voice from the past swears that Angie will tire of her hunky dude before long. Angelina's former flame, Jenny Shimizu, says there's no way that Brad could keep his lady satisfied in the bedroom. We hope that Jenny's wrong and the two have a chance, especially since Brad is co-parenting Angelina's brood. He legally adopted Maddox and Zahara months before Shiloh was born. The moon is encouraging you to silence those negative voices in your head just for once.



Gemini (May 21–June 21)

A new biography about James Stewart reports that the actor was forced to prove he wasn't gay by bedding two hookers. Louis B. Mayer told Stewart he needed to show that he liked the ladies before he'd sign him to do films. Stewart followed instructions and Mayer let him star in a bunch of movies. Of course, nothing like this happens in Hollywood anymore. Stars like Tom Cruise never feel pressured to engage in melodramatic displays of heterosexuality. Ahem. Schizophrenic Saturn could have you leading a secret life. Stop it, already.



Cancer (June 22–July 22)

Thomas Haden Church had to put on 100 pounds of muscle to play the Sandman in *Spiderman 3*. The actor diligently got to work and turned himself into a lean, mean, super villain machine. And Janet Jackson was told she had to drop the extra 60 pounds she'd been carrying before her studio would release her new album. Now she's back in fighting form. A lunar eclipse has you contemplating a similarly dramatic transformation. You're determined to lose those thunder thighs. You've had it with the man-breasts. As God is your witness, you'll never be called "Chubbo" again.



Stargazing



Leo (July 23–August 22)

On Madonna's Confessions tour she refused to allow air conditioning, sentencing her concert-goers to heatstroke and general annoyance. Keep in mind that these people paid some \$300 to watch the Material Girl perform. Shouldn't that ticket price have included some free bottles of cold water? The sun in your sign is reminding you to be kind to your fans. If your friends want to hang out with you a bit more, indulge them. If your relatives want more face time with you, schedule a visit or two. Store up some good karma.



Best Day to Sign Autographs: August 23

Best Day to Chill Out with Your Favorite Cocktail: September 8



Virgo (August 23–September 22)

Natalie Portman is all set to get her historic groove on. She'll star in *The Other Boleyn Girl*, playing Anne Boleyn. The story focuses on how Anne competed with her sister for the affections of King Henry VIII, played by the yummy Eric Bana. Maybe Portman will get a chance to actually act without having to deal with distractions like Jar-Jar Binks or crazy Kabuki makeup. Mars in your sign is boosting your career vibes. You could land a hot gig of your own. Maybe you'll be promoted to head fryer at Burger King.



Best Day for an Oprah Moment: August 23

Best Day for a Pedicure (You know you're overdue): September 7



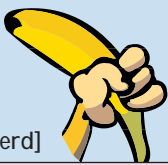
Libra (September 23–October 23)

Lusty Venus has you in a tizzy. You're so hot for someone, you're ready to do something crazy. A gentle word of advice: Don't elope to Vegas and pay an Elvis impersonator to perform a commitment ceremony. When it comes to making a bold gesture that shows your devotion, don't imitate Britney Spears' first marriage. That one lasted 52 hours before Brit's mom got an annulment. Aim for a classy demonstration of love, a la Nicole Kidman and Keith Urban's stylish wedding *Down Under*.



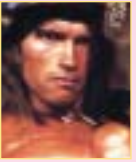
August September 2006

[Jennifer Shepherd]



Scorpio (October 24–November 21)

After months in retrograde, Jupiter is finally racing ahead again in your sign. You won't shy away from complicated projects. Director Boaz Yakin is going to write and direct a film based on *Conan the Barbarian*, the muscled hero made famous by now-governor Arnold Schwarzenegger. Warner Brothers is hoping audiences are ready for a new take on this old hero. As Jupiter helps you regain your own sense of adventure, you'll accomplish impossible feats, too.



Sagittarius (November 22–December 21)

Which side are you on? Are you with Lindsay Lohan or Paris Hilton? Madonna or rival Mariah Carey? Jessica or Ashlee Simpson? Competitive Pluto has you sizing up your foes and figuring out how to come out on top. You'll take up with one of Paris Hilton's Greek ex-boyfriends just to piss her off. You'll place a blind item about Madonna's alleged B.O. in a gossip rag. Or you'll leak news about your sibling's latest plastic surgery to the *National Enquirer*. Who's a bitch? Gee, that would be you.



Capricorn (December 22–January 19)

Keanu Reeves says he'd love to act in Shakespeare's *Macbeth* one day, complete with a Scottish accent. You liked his dramatic turn as Sandra Bullock's time-challenged lover in *The Lake House*, but you think he should stick to playing modern heroes. As Mars makes you antsy, you'll be tempted to bite off more than you can chew, too. But does your apartment really need a piranha tank? Should a mullet be the centerpiece of your personal image makeover? Think before you leap.



Aquarius (January 20–February 18)

George Harrison's son says that the other kids brutally teased him when he was growing up by singing *Yellow Submarine* at him. Oh, the terror! Who knew that life could be so cruel? Saturn has you going through a stressful period of your own. That last visit to the eyebrow groomer turned into a complete nightmare. Now you look like a deer caught in headlights. And adopting a designer dog in an attempt to be chic like Nicole Richie completely backfired. You're stuck with a tiny, freaky, fuzzy roommate.



Pisces (February 19–March 20)

The full moon is making you nervous. J.K. Rowling has announced that two characters will die at the end of the final *Harry Potter* book. And you're worried about Anna Nicole Smith. Can she handle having a second kid? Don't fret. There's reason to be optimistic. The *Weekly World News* has reported that a leading physicist has determined that extra weight isn't just good for you, it's good for the planet. He says that fat people counterbalance the rapidly fading gravitational field that is tearing the planet apart. So bring on the Cheetos.



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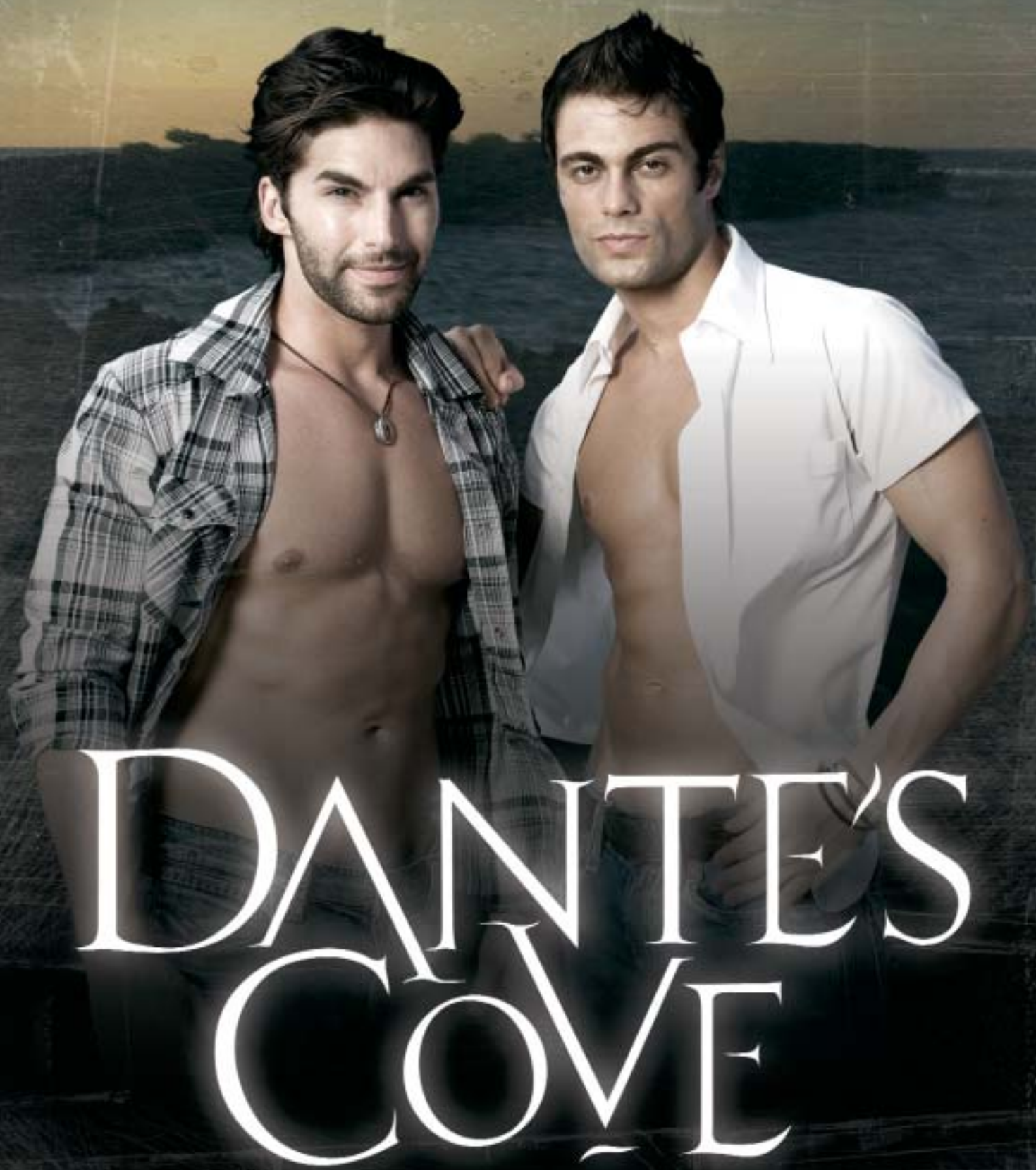
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