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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

ABOUT MEN

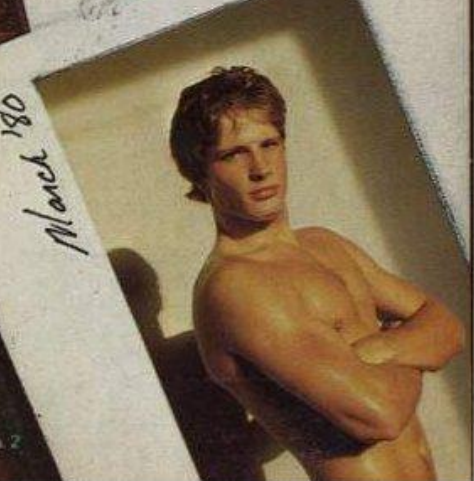
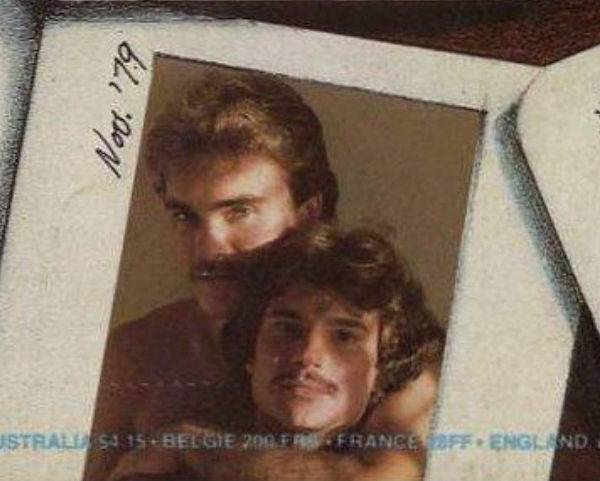
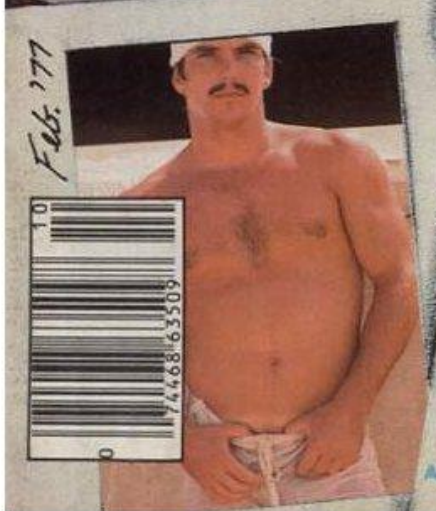
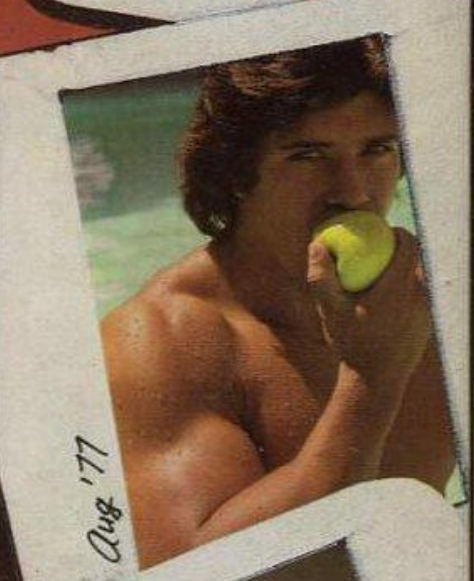
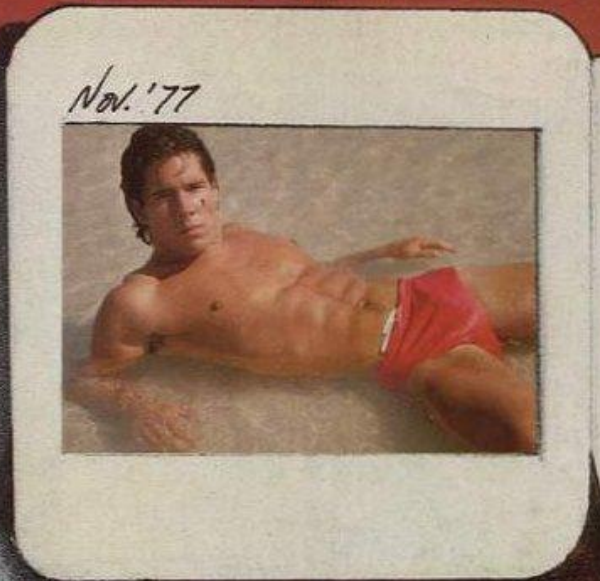
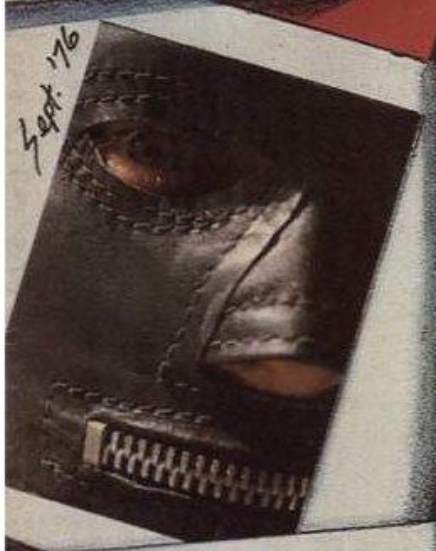
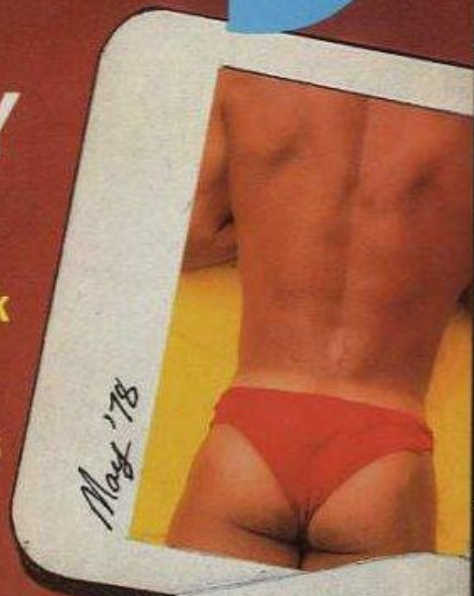
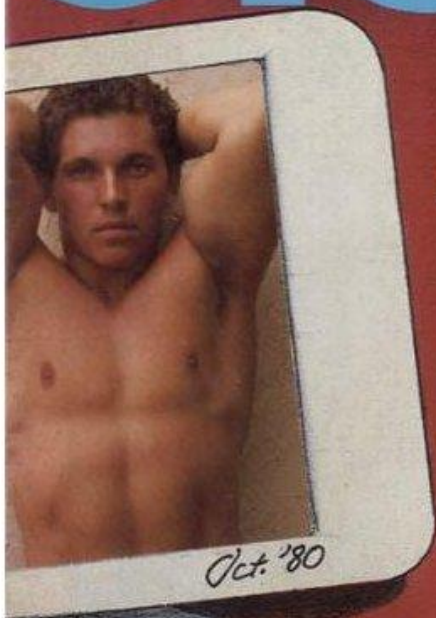
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blueboy

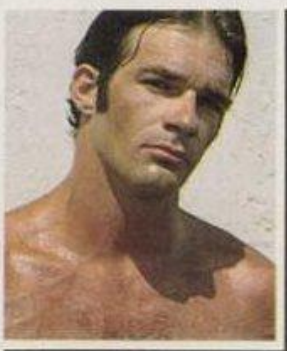
FIFTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Mr. International Leather
Kansas City Trucking Co: The Book
New York/Chicago/Houston/
San Francisco Scenes
Andy Warhol Meets Bill Burroughs

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TEXAS BRIEFS



BRAZOS RIVER BOTTOM

The social prognosticators have decreed what we've known all along: the cowboy is king, and those looking for a different bar scene, and fortunate enough to live in or near Houston, should get on down to the Brazos River Bottom saloon. The Brazos is not your run of the mill gay bar: it

has no flashing colored lights, no mirror ball, no disco fans or even a deejay. What it offers is a country-western atmosphere with live, shit-kicking music seven nights a week. You needn't worry about some drug-crazed Lacoste queen spilling a gin and tonic on your pearl button western shirt at the Brazos — the clientele is definitely levis,

boots and cowboy hats. Although the Brazos has its share of dress-up Saturday night cowboys, most of the men there are ranchers, cattlemen, truckers, roughnecks and those who feel at home in western shirts and jeans.

Music at the Brazos is provided by groups like Mike Hammond & Buckskin or the Brazos River Rats. The ►



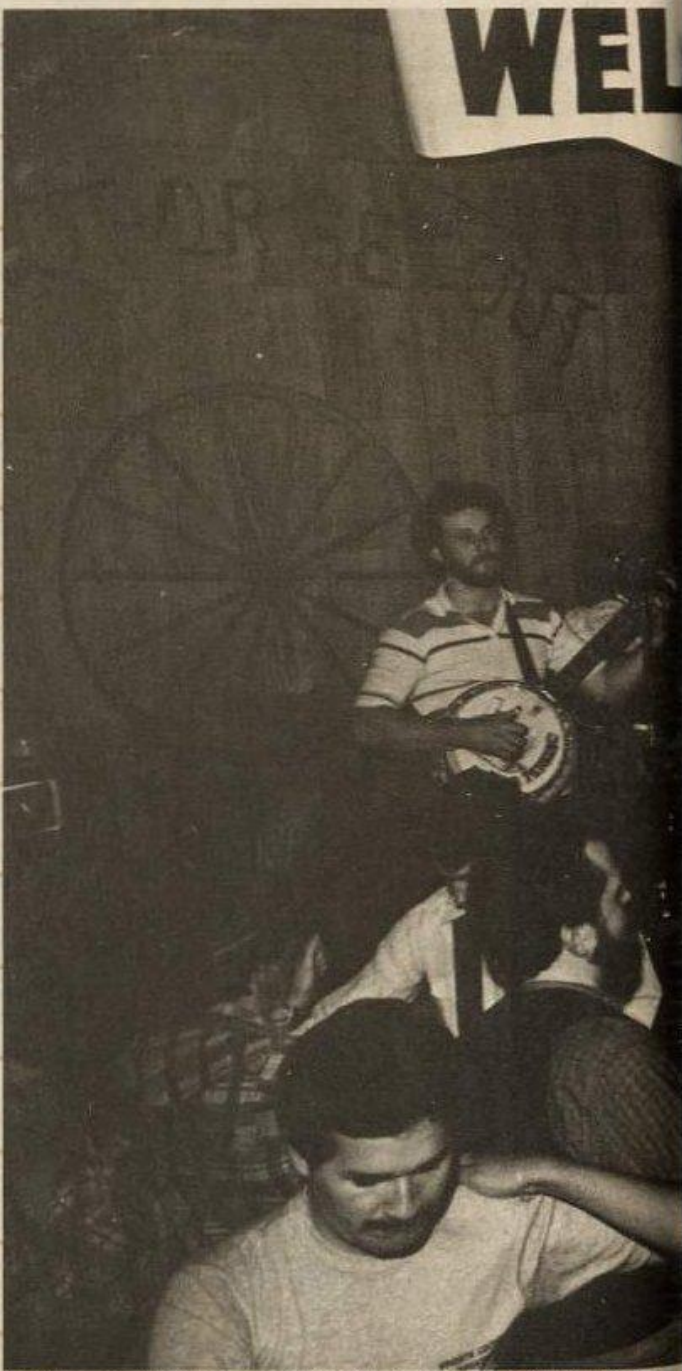
music is definitely danceable, and if you like to touch your partner while you dance, this is the place; occasional slow songs encourage you to hold your man and enjoy some close body contact. How long has it been since you have done that on a dance floor? When the band takes a break it's jukebox time. But don't look for Donna Summers. Because she's not on it. Instead, you'll find "Honky Tonk Blues", "From Barrooms to Bedrooms", "It's A Cowboy Lovin' Night", and your Tammy Wynette favorite, "Stand By Your Man".

If you don't have western gear to wear to the Brazos, don't fret. You can buy it there. Q-1 Western Wear, in the rear of the bar just off the outside back patio, carries a full line of western shirts, jeans, boots and hats. Manager Frank Turing will even show you the correct way to select a hat. (Most people buy a cowboy hat because of how it looks or its color which is the wrong approach.) If you have never watched someone style a western hat, Frank is the man to watch. He carefully creases the hat to fit the shape of your head and body. Shaping is done by placing the hat over a steam valve to loosen the felt and make it pliable. The felt is rubbed and contoured until it begins to dry into shape, when more steam is applied, and it is rubbed and contoured again until just the right look is achieved. Summer hats, usually straw, are worn starting on Easter or the first day of spring and worn until the first day of winter, when winter hats, usually felt, are worn.

Houston has its discos and stand-up cruise bars, but once inside, you may as well be in Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York or Miami. The Brazos is unique. One step and you know you're in Texas. The Brazos men are not body-conscious specimens mass produced in health clubs across the country. However, don't be misled into believing that under those baggy shirts and worn out jeans you won't find a working man's body even the best muscle number wouldn't envy. A lot can be said for the working man, and the Brazos is a good place to say it. To quote the famous Brazos River Bottom t-shirt: "Get Hot Or Get Out."

Brazos River Bottom, 2408 Brazos Street, Houston, Texas. (713) 528-9192. Owners: Ab Abney and Smitty Smith. Open: 2 pm to 2 am daily. Q-1 Western Wear open: 9:30 pm to 12:00 am Monday thru Friday, 9:30 pm to 2:00 am Friday and Saturday, 5:00 pm to 10:30 pm Sunday.

— Mick Hicks



"Get hot or get out" is the motto, and these Brazos boys surely take it to heart.



COME COUNTRY MUSIC LOVERS



PHOTOS BY MICK HICKS

JIM'S GYM

T
E
X
A
S



Jim Densmore (at right, above): "...the greatest thing since sliced bread."

MUSCLE HEAD

"I don't believe in gimmicks" says Jim Densmore. "For instance, we don't tape measure people. I leave the tape measure to the dress designer. Measuring size alone is not all it's cracked up to be. And only a massive computer can give you the information you want, that is, a picture of the human body."

Developing the body's "million muscle striations" requires a program that is balanced, complete and at the same time, flexible. Jim believes.

"Everybody tells me 'I want a bigger chest and bigger arms' and they tell me nothing about their legs. I go back to them and say what we want is balance; we want your neck and arms and calves to be the same size, basically."

Behind the club's high-tech interior, its airplane runway lights over the whirlpool, the industrialized light fixtures in the gang shower and stainless steel walls, is a personal approach to health and physical fitness.

"What we're looking for is to get somebody healthy. Someone who's never worked out is our prime candidate. It doesn't matter if they're young or old because it's exciting to work with someone who's not worked out before." Newcomers experience growth and change and get excited about that change, Jim says. "And we get real excited about change, too."

To work every muscle, the club provides Nautilus machines, which Jim describes as "the best thing since sliced bread" in terms of effectiveness in building muscle tissue. Members' programs include supervised instruction on free weights, too. Workouts are never routine because club instructors vary warmups and exercises from session to session.

Jim's Gym, at 607 Westheimer in the heart of Houston, draws a diverse clientele, from downtown nine-to-fivers to hard-hats to bartenders and barbacks. Jim's Gym, 607 Westheimer, Houston, (713) 528-JIMS — **Nick Cuccia**

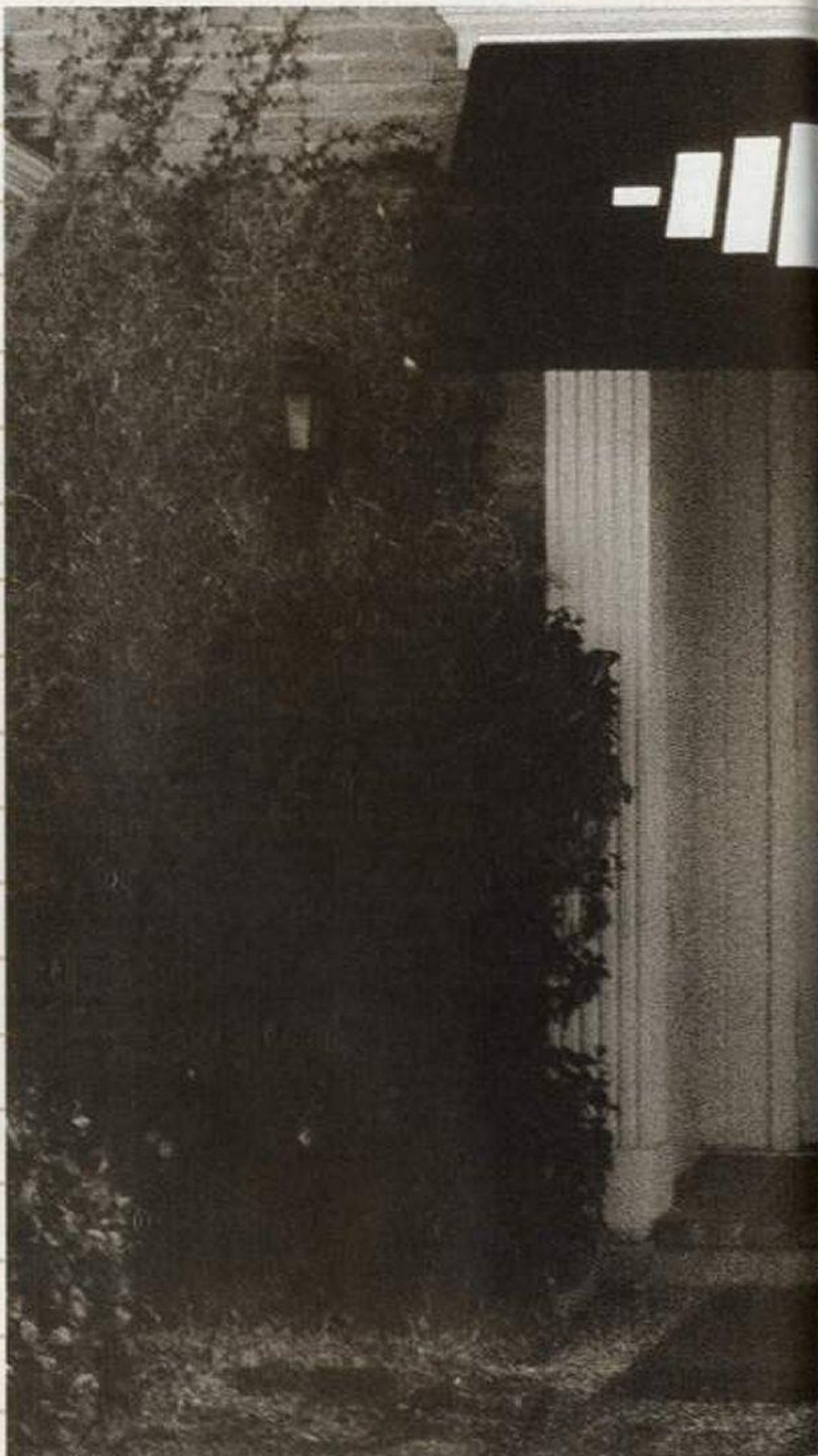


Photo by Alexander Banes



Dinner With Andy and Bill

MEDIA MAVENS DISH IT OUT TO
VICTOR BOCKRIS

INTRODUCTION

William Burroughs and Andy Warhol have several things in common. They both produced major bodies of work that changed the way people saw and lived, while personifying the radical lifestyles their art released. They both became major figures in a cultural revolution, then outgrew that period before it outgrew them and continued producing work that continues to surprise a broad spectrum of the population. They both maintained their sense of humor.

It was a great pleasure to see them together at a dinner table, for, although they'd met several times in public, they never had the opportunity to converse undisturbed, and I was sure they would both enjoy it. Former Fashion Editor at *Womens Wear Daily*, and current social observer on the New York scene, Andre Leon Talley, was also present as a guest of Andy, who gave the dinner party at 65 Irving Place.

— Victor Brockris.

ANDY: I still never understand why a boy's never had a baby. I mean if people are peculiar and stuff...

VICTOR: Well Allen [Ginsberg] and Peter [Orlofsky] are planning to have a baby together.

ANDY: There must be a way! You know how freaks are around all the time... I mean there has to be a freak who is going to have a baby. There are so many different freaks, you know, genuises. They call a freak a genius, right, because half their brain's gone, so they discover the atomic bomb or something. There's always a freak.

BILL: There was a story that Mohammed was supposed to have been reborn from a man.

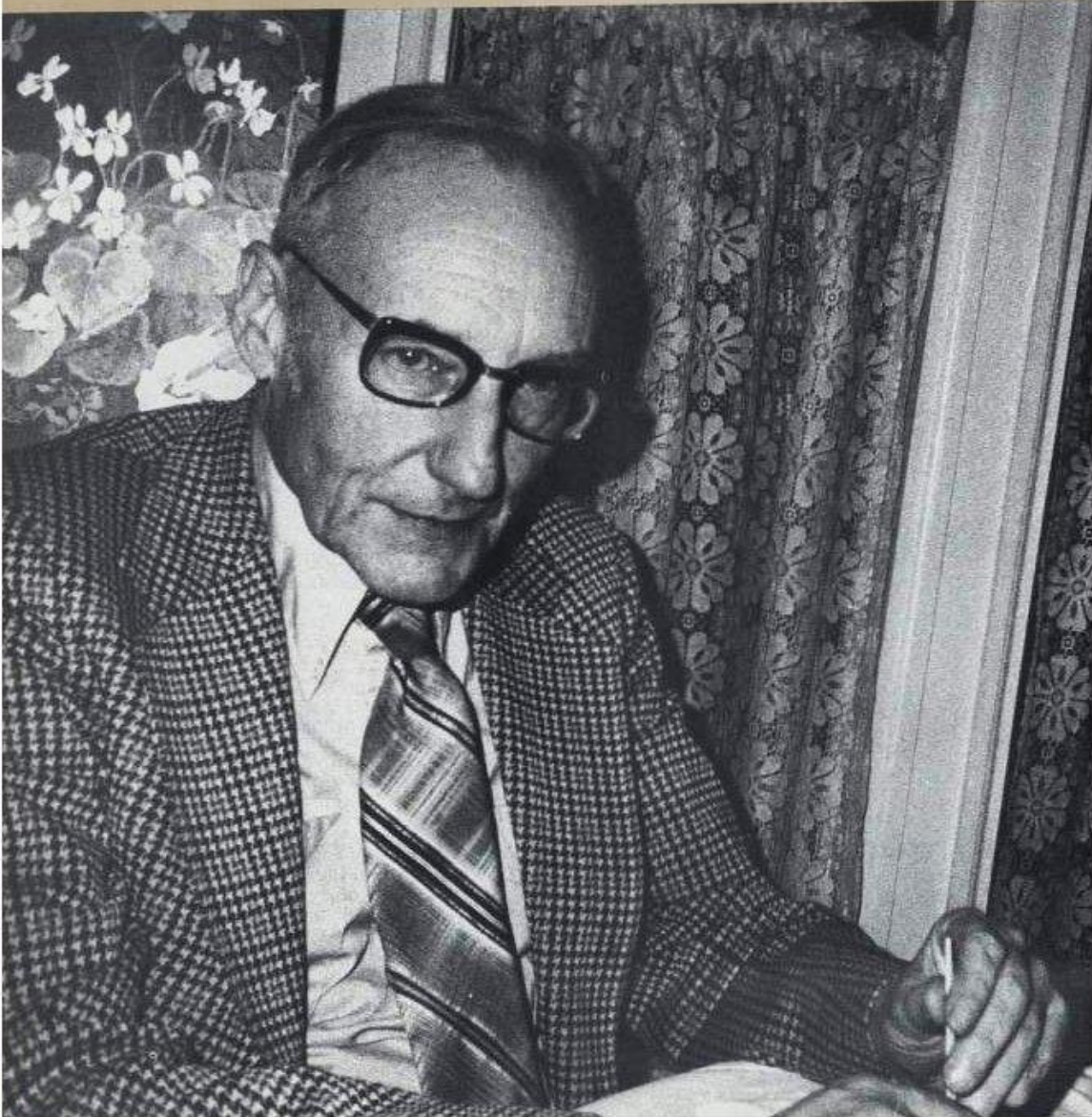
ANDY: Mohammed who?

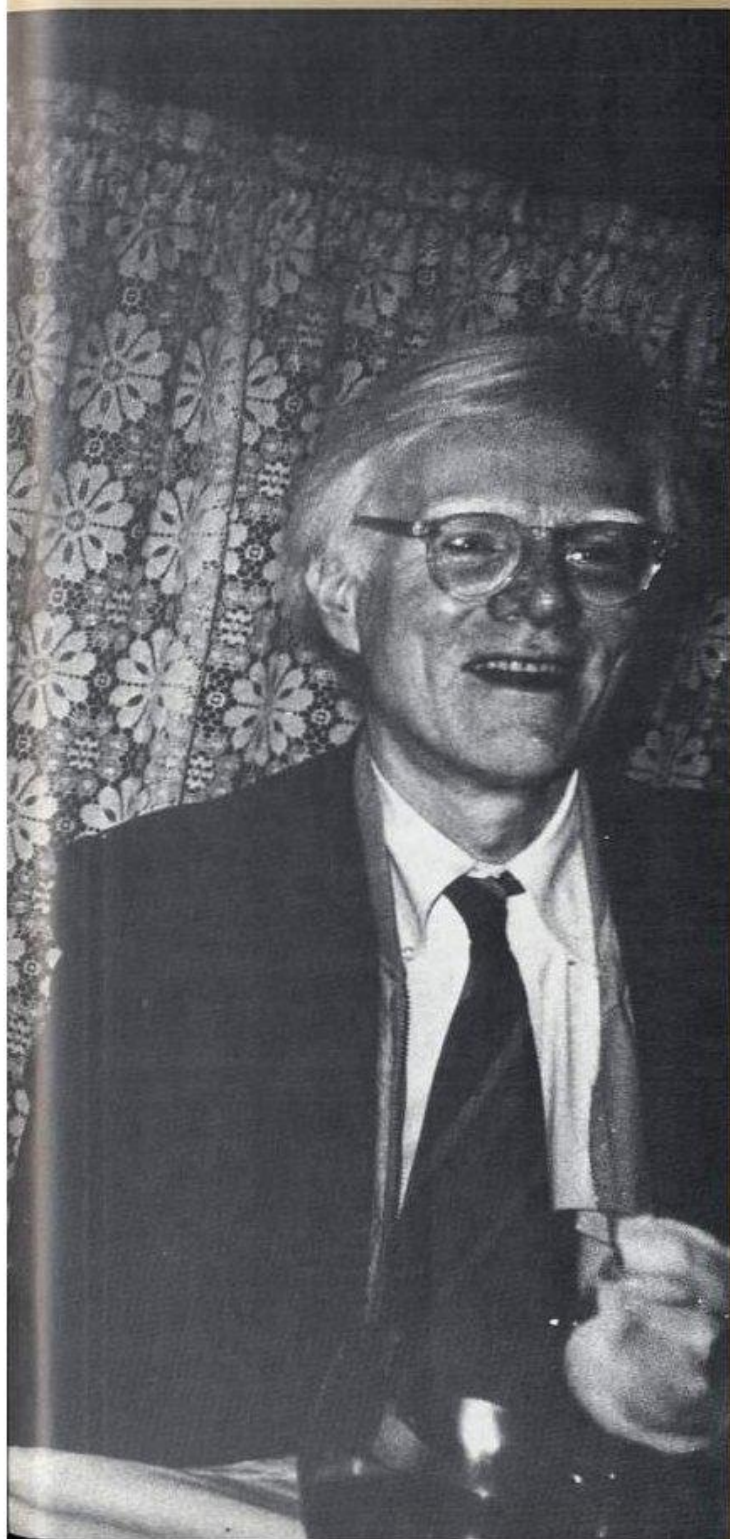
BILL: Mohammed The Prophet! ▶



BILL:

"I was sixteen
when I first had
sex. Just
boarding school
boys.





ANDY:

 "I think I was

 twenty-five the

 first time I had

 sex. I stopped at

 twenty-six."

ANDY:

 "Are you a

 premature

 ejaculator?"

BILL:

 "Uhhmm, pretty

 quick, pretty

 quick."

ANDY: Oh. We know a lot of waiters called Mohammed.

BILL: But why bother when you have cloning.

ANDY: Yeah. Cloning's better. But a man could probably have a baby in a day, or something. How old were you when you first had sex? Thirteen, fourteen?

BILL: Sixteen. Just boarding school boys at Los Alamos ranch school, where they later made the atom bomb.

ANDY: So you had sex when you were sixteen. With who?

BILL: This boy in the next bunk.

ANDY: What did he do?

BILL: Not very much. Mutual masturbation. But during the war this school, which was up on the mesa thirty seven miles north of Santa Fe, was taken over by the army, and that's where they made the atom bomb. And the reason why is that Oppenheimer had gone out there for his health and he was staying at a dude ranch near this place and had seen it and said, "Well this is the ideal place." So it seemed so right and appropriate somehow that I should have gone there.

ANDY: Was the sex really like an explosion?

BILL: No, no.

ANDY: It was pretty boring? Was it fun?

BILL: No, I don't remember, it was so long ago.

ANDY: Oh c'mon.

BILL: I don't!

ANDY: Was it fun?

BILL: Well it was...

ANDY: Just okay? I think I was twenty-five the first time I had sex.

VICTOR: Then what happened?

ANDY: I stopped at twenty-six. But the first time I ever knew about sex was in Northside, Pittsburgh, under the stairs and they made this funny kid suck this boy off. I never understood what it meant. I was just sitting there watching when I was five years old. But how did you get this kid to do it?

BILL: Oh, I don't know, sort of a lot of talking back and forth.

ANDRE: Do you think you should charge for sex?

BILL: Well, it depends on the circumstances. You cannot generalize about these things. Who should pay who?

ANDY: I think the girl who's standing on the street corner should pay the guy who comes up to her, because she's hot, right? The guy's not hot, she's hot, right? She's the prostitute, but she's hot, and she should pay the person that wants it. She should be on easy street and pay the person for doing it to her, don't you think. I think it should be that way. She should just have a lot of money from the city to pay him.

VICTOR: The prostitute should be supported by the city?

ANDY: That's it. They should be hired by the city. It's part of the city and they ▶

should be paid by the city instead of going to jail.

VICTOR: Have you ever found the process of paying for sex heightened the pleasure?

BILL: No.

ANDY: Pleasure of what?

BILL: The only way it could heighten the pleasure would be if you paid in the middle of sex and this is...

ANDY: But you know what I really don't understand is when white guys have these really great dark cocks.

VICTOR: The cock is darker than the rest of the skin?

ANDY: Oh really dark sometimes.

VICTOR: Well, Bill said Arabic boys have wedge-shaped cocks.

ANDY: Wedge-shaped! What do you mean wedge-shaped?

BILL: Well, yeah. There's a sort of wider — wedge shaped, but it isn't at all uniform. My dear it's not all that different. Some of them tend to be a little bit, ah, you know, shaped wide.

ANDRE: The tip? The head?

ANDY: It's hard to get the head in then, isn't it? Here, draw it.

BILL: My dear I can't, it's not so well defined. Victor has misled you to think that there's anything very special about this. Actually it has nothing to do with the nationality. There are a lot of people like that.

ANDY: Bill has a big cock.

ANDRE: How do you know?

ANDY: Well he does. Huh?

BILL: Average, average.

VICTOR: Average.

ANDRE: Average average.

VICTOR: Do you have an average...

ANDY: Yeah.

BILL: Everybody's got an average cock.

ANDY: Andre's got a really big cock.

ANDRE: Andy's so sure that I have a big cock! It's not true.

ANDY: Oh come on.

BILL: He said he had an average average.

ANDRE: It's all right to be average.

ANDY: I only fall in love with kids who have what's-it-called ejaculation.

ANDRE: You mean premature ejaculation.

ANDY: Yeah. That's my favorite trick. Are you one?

BILL: What?

ANDY: Are you a premature ejaculator?

BILL: Uhhmm, pretty quick, pretty quick!

ANDY: Really?

VICTOR: I figure sex should be right away.

BILL: I do too, but see, women have different cycles.

ANDY: Bill is not a premature ejaculator!

BILL: Well certainly I am.

ANDY: Are you really? What do you mean — seconds?



"The best job

I ever had was when

I was an

exterminator. To this

day I know

all about roaches."

BILL: Nnnnnooooo, twenty seconds, twenty seconds...

ANDY: What, just petting?

BILL: Well no no no, you have to get a little beyond that.

VICTOR: Petting and then ah...

ANDY: Oh, no no no, I...

VICTOR: No, but once it's in...

ANDY: No no no *not in*. I mean, it's premature!

VICTOR: Before it gets in?

ANDY: Yeah, you just sort of go like this and...

VICTOR: Don't you find it harder to get sex though?

ANDY: Yes really really hard.

BILL: Harder than when?

VICTOR: Ten years ago when you were a young febrile personality jumping around. Don't you find it harder now?

BILL: Well, I just say harder than when?

VICTOR: It's harder than ten years ago when you were a young febrile personality jumping around, don't you think?

BILL: I suppose presumably it gets

more difficult as you get older. That seems to be what they tell me.

VICTOR: Is it not true? See, actually it's not... it's easier for Bill to get sex now.

ANDY: Oh it is?

VICTOR: He gets more sex now than ever.

ANDY: Yeah, 'cause he's good-looking and adorable.

VICTOR: Yes he is good-looking.

ANDY: He is good-looking. He's adorable.

VICTOR: And very together.

ANDY: He's charming and...

VICTOR:... he travels and...

ANDY: Yeah, he's great. You're the one that should be worried! You like shit and piss. You do!

VICTOR: I like shit and piss?

ANDY: The smell of shit and piss.

[Turning to Bill] He's English.
BILL: Yes, I'd forgotten. That would do it, that would do it...

ANDY: And leather. Leather, shit and piss. I mean, that's synonymous with...

BILL: *Absolutely.*

ANDY: In G.B. you know, *Great Britain*. Shit, Piss and Leather.

VICTOR: It's odd, I have to admit the British are very strange sexually...

ANDY: They're really odd, but they're so sophisticated that's why they...

BILL: Like to be beaten with rulers and hairbrushes.

VICTOR: And pissing and ejaculation on their faces.

ANDY: No! Really? God.

BILL: Absolutely, yes...

VICTOR: But I think the English...

ANDY: Are the sexiest people... Good sex.

VICTOR: Did you ever have any really good sex in England?

ANDY: Oh yeah, the best.

BILL: Yeeesssss...

VICTOR: Well Bill, you had good sex there too? And Andy you had the best sex in England?

ANDY: No, the best one was when this guy bit off this guy's nose. That was the best sex.

BILL: I heard about that.

ANDY: Wasn't that the best sex, Bill?

BILL: Ah yes. I imagine so.

ANDY: The best.

ANDRE: I know somebody who's thirty-seven and still has wet dreams. Does that mean he has a strong sex drive?

ANDY: I don't have any sex dreams.

VICTOR: You mean wet dreams where you come all over your pants and then in the morning you're embarrassed?

ANDY: Are you kidding? Come on! That's stupid.

BILL: These phenomena are generally associated with adolescence, but can occur at any age.

VICTOR: Andy, Bill is a great actor, he's a natural, and if you don't use him in your

next movie you're really crazy. He could be a big star. Look at his face, he is really naturally...

BILL: Yes, I can play doctors and C.I.A. men, and all kinds of things.

VICTOR: You know what it's like for a writer. He writes and writes; he wants to act.

BILL: I do war criminals very well.

ANDRE: War criminals?

ANDY: I think you should be a dress designer.

BILL: A Nazi War Criminal I could play very well.

VICTOR: A what?

ANDY: I think you should be a dress designer. You gotta change your profession and become a dress designer.

BILL: Well ... hmmm, that's not my sort of thing.

ANDY: Well, actually, you're the best-dressed person I've ever known.

BILL: Really?

ANDY: Isn't he the best? He's always worn a tie since I've known him.

VICTOR: But seriously, I think Bill's career is in acting, because he's written so much and now he needs a change. Do you know he didn't start writing until he was thirty-five?

ANDY: What were you doing before?

BILL: I was just fooling around. Very marginal.

ANDY: Just bumming around? Working at an office?

ANDRE: You were killing roaches! He was killing roaches in Chicago! He was an exterminator!

ANDY: No! You owned the company?

BILL: No, no.

ANDRE: He *killed the roaches*.

BILL: It was the best job I ever had. It was so easy, I enjoyed it. To this day I know all about roaches.

ANDRE: Can you tell me the sex life of a roach?

BILL: I don't know about that, but I do know how to get rid of them. I know where they live.

ANDRE: Where do they live in apartments?

BILL: Well, I'd have to look around and analyze the case, see. They get, of course, into sinks. If there's linoleum they'll get under that. They'll get in the kitchen cabinets, woodwork.

ANDRE: So how do you keep them out of the kitchen cabinets where you have your best china and silverware and all that?

ANDY: Well, they can be with the best china. It's the best food you don't want them to be with.

BILL: Take it out and spray it.

ANDY: No. Spray it and serve the people food with the spray on it. That's what you do!

BILL: Well you spy out where they are and then you spray there, and pretty soon you're rid of them.



"I used to

come home and be so glad

to find

a little roach to talk to.

I couldn't

step on them."

ANDRE: But if you're a lay person...

ANDY: A lay person! A person who lays?

ANDRE: How do you go about finding them in dark corners in your kitchen cabinet?

BILL: Well, you have to have a feel [rubbing hands] for where they are.

ANDRE: And you had a feel for it?

BILL: Well, yes, because I did it for nine months, man.

ANDY: But I used to come home and I used to be so glad to find a little roach there to talk to, I just ... it was so great to have ... at least somebody was there to greet you at home, right? And then they just go away. They're great! I couldn't step on them.

BILL: Oh God, no man! I either have a sprayer ... Occasionally I get a water bug in my place. There's something called TAT with a thin tube coming out from the nozzle and it makes this fine spray. If you see a water bug you can just ...

VICTOR: A roach who shows its face in Bill's presence is definitely a dead roach.

Bill is very quick. In the middle of a conversation he will leap up and rush across the room grabbing a can of TAT on the way and he will sssshhhhh. But you had a slight bed bug problem. That was a problem.

ANDY: Oh well, that's the worst. You have to get a bomb...

BILL: I did, I did.

ANDY: You get a bomb and then you run out of the room.

BILL: I got a bomb and put it under the mattress and under where the springs are. That's where they get to, and I got rid of them.

ANDY: God, I had bedbugs. I ... only last year...

ANDRE: Andy please!

ANDY: [To Bill] What's your last novel about?

VICTOR: Cities of the Red Night. It's about brain transplants. It's a very very interesting book, it's a fascinating, fascinating book.

BILL: It's very complicated and tricky.

VICTOR: It's a detective story but it's fabulously complicated, but it's a story ... and it ends up in South America with some very rich people who are developing the possibility of brain transplants.

ANDY: You mean they transplant their brain to a younger person?

VICTOR: Well, the thing is, you can transplant the "I" from a younger person into another person, correct?

BILL: Yes, presuming you knew where it was located, just as you can transplant a liver. Dr. Stargill is working on the idea of brain transplants now.

ANDY: A lot of people don't want to be transferred though.

BILL: Well, that's true. It isn't compulsory.

ANDY: Oh well, that's fascinating. Would you want to be Victor?

VICTOR: Transplanted?

BILL: Transplanted into what?

VICTOR: Well, what do you want to do?

ANDY: No, I don't want to be transplanted.

VICTOR: What do you want to do when you die?

ANDY: Oh er ... nothing.

VICTOR: What was the biggest change in sex in the seventies so we can see what it's going to be like in the eighties?

ANDY: You're talking about entertainment sex. Entertainment sex is different, see.

ANDRE: What is entertainment sex?

ANDY: Entertainment sex is the S&M thing when you go down to those S&M bars.

BILL: It entertains *some* people.

ANDY: Yeah, well, a lot of people, and then, you know, where sex spends a whole evening and it's like entertainment. It's like going to a Broadway show. It's entertainment sex and that's what the eighties are.

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

ABOUT MEN

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20 page

sneak preview

our COWBOY

CALENDAR

for 1981

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RODEO

K.C. Trucking
continues

A HARVEST OF
HOT FICTION

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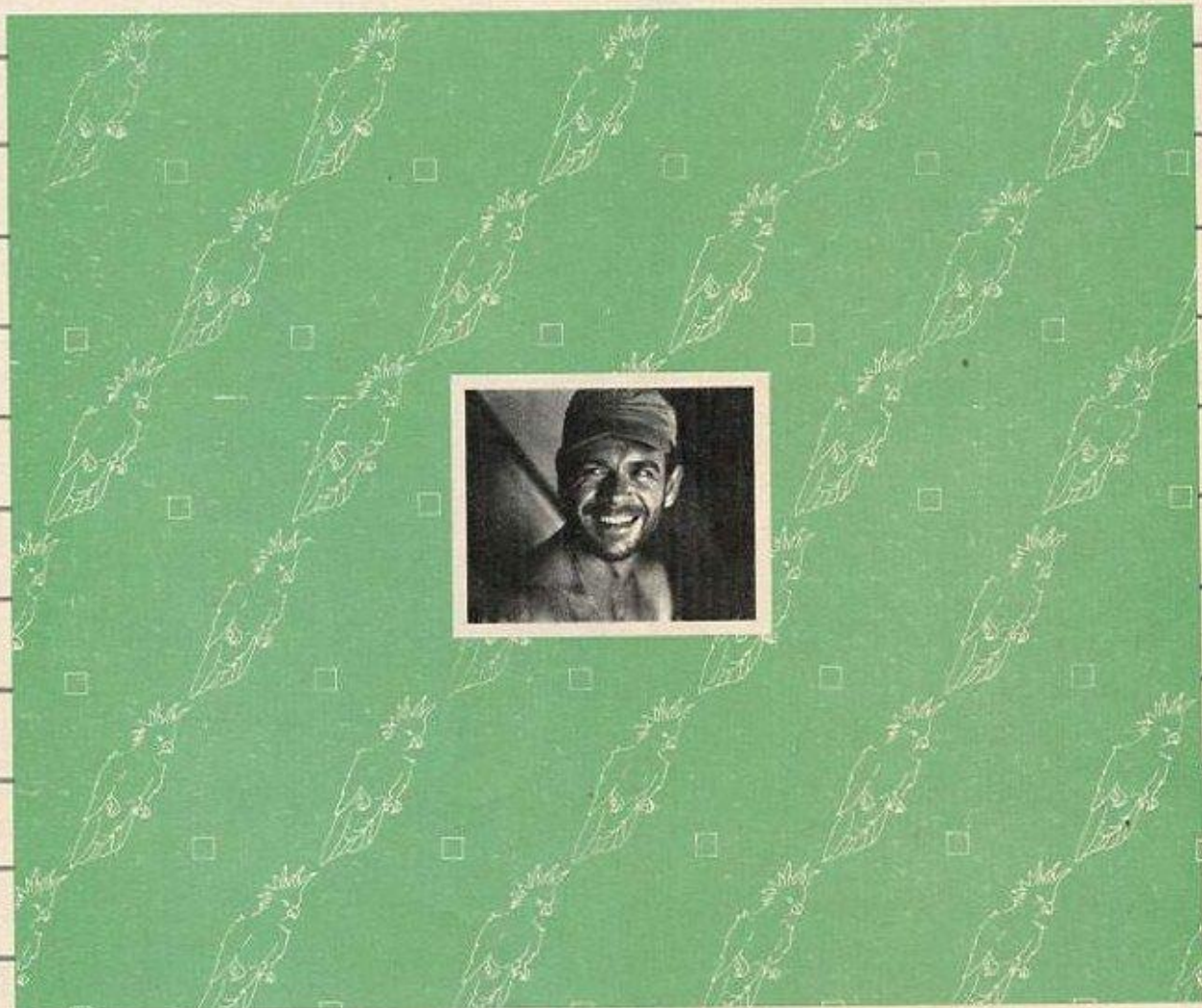
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TEXAS BRIEFS



COCKATOO

Texas is BIG. We always hear that. For some reason the popular logic is that we're obliged, therefore, to come up with equally big ideas, so Houston's Cary Chelette has engineered a pliable concept that has no boundaries: "Cockatoo."

It's as suggestive as its first syllable, or as innocent and elusive as the bird itself. It's disco, rock, sweaty dancing, theatre — a sunrise service to the imagination. And it's

Saturday nights only. As Cockatoo, that is (the club can be rented for private functions at other times). Houston's first, gay, private, after hours club provides the visuals and the sounds for an experience conducted by your senses and imagination. "The stars are the limit" becomes a cliché realized.

The Cockatoo concept is expressed by the combined efforts of ideas and technology. Actualizing the fantasy is expensive and on going. Chelette even took a multi-

city tour of clubs nationwide to observe the dreams of others and returned to Houston with a trunkload of his own. "I did my homework," he said. Plans include music, video, lasers, rotating slide shows — the gamut of nightlife wizardry to undo your mind.

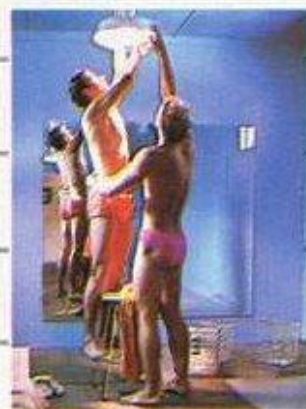
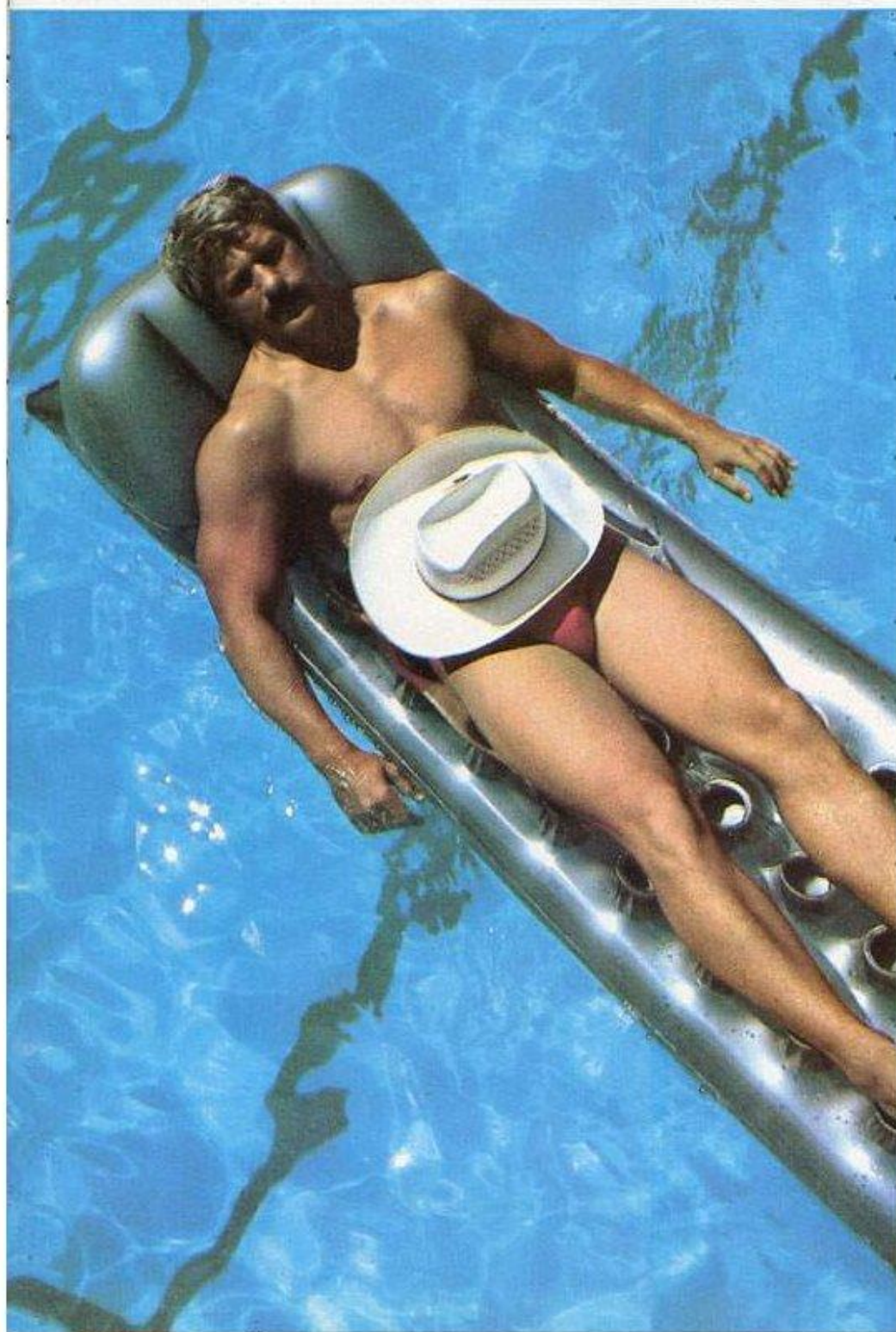
A look around the former adult bookstore, and one wants to call the place "un-completed," but after talking to Chelette, the inaccuracy of such a description is easily recognized. Cockatoo should

never be completed. When and if it is it will cease to be Cockatoo: it's an alive idea that grows and changes. It's a place for those who find it.

Yet it is still a building, of course, made with saws and sighs. We can put our feet on a solid floor, find a place to hang a coat, or buy something to drink. It takes care of Saturday night worlds here and there.

Perhaps it is, after all, bigger than Texas.

—C.P.R.



WATER SPORTS STUDS

At last, Houstonians don't have to fight 45 miles of traffic just to get to Galveston for a beach so oil-slicked one can safely forget the Coppertone. Where you simply roll off your towel and get thoroughly coated. And where the tepid water is murky and busy with things to avoid. For now, Swim Club has arrived to rescue us.

Located in the inner city, this private social club, which opened in June, has attracted men seeking relief from the steamy summer that settles quite definitely in Houston. During its five-month season, members and guests arrive and pass through the



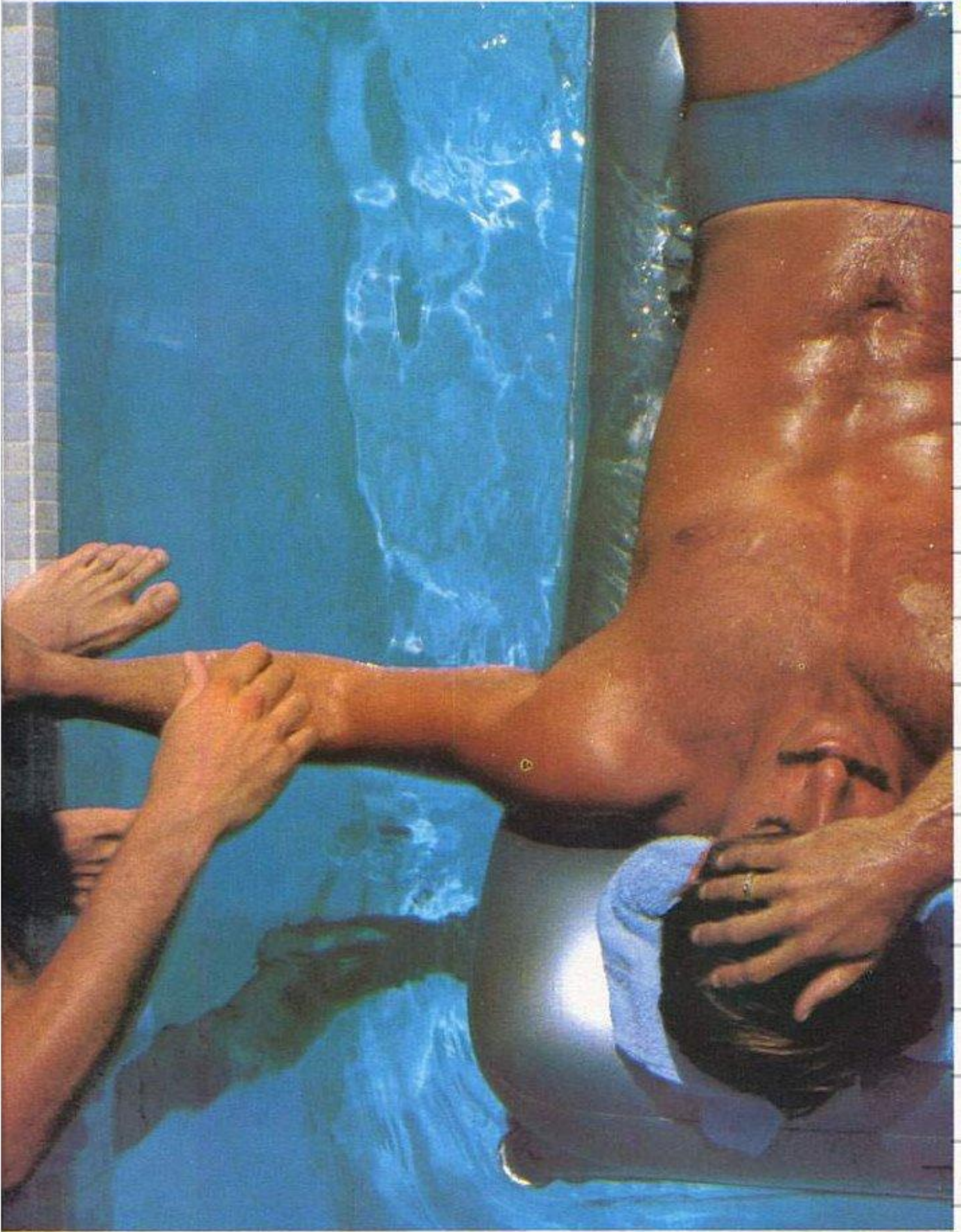


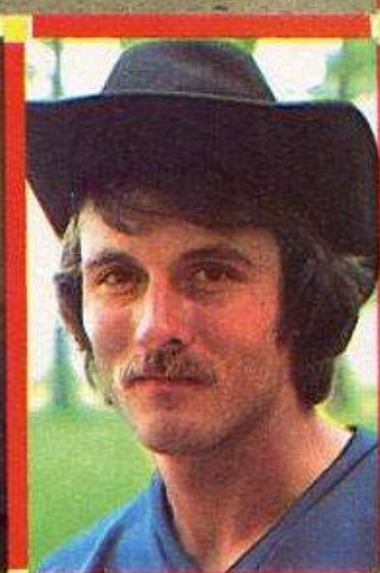
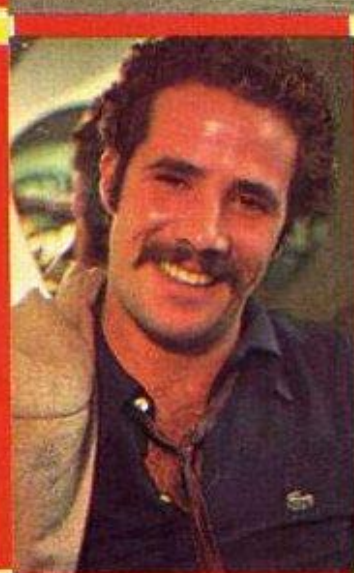
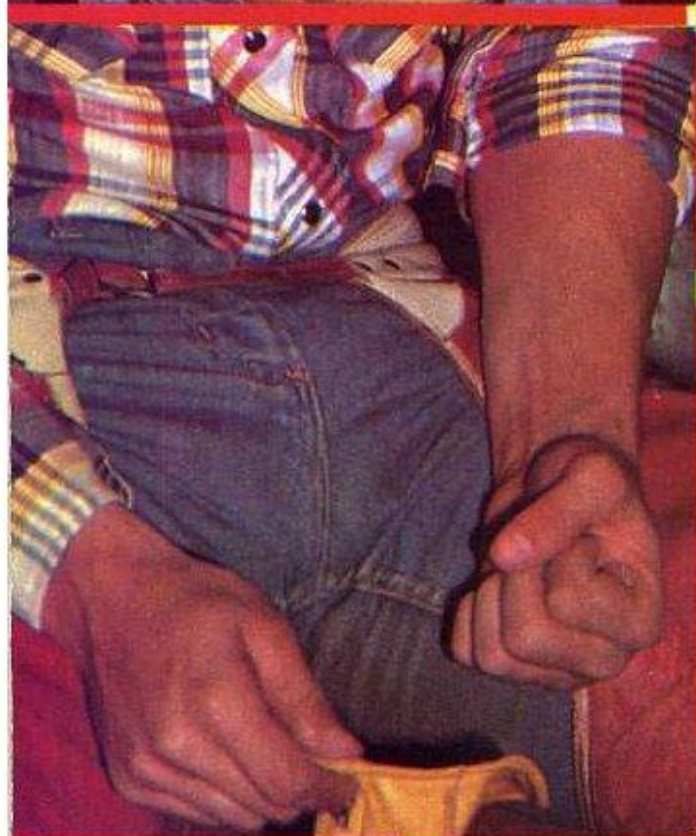
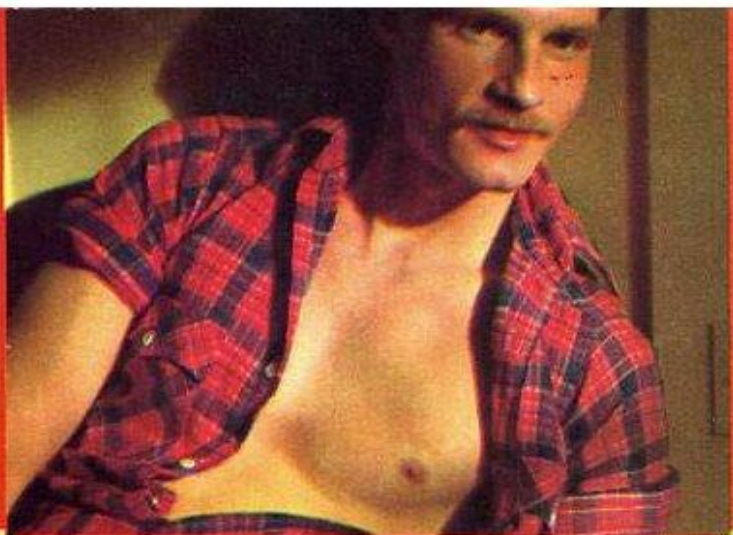
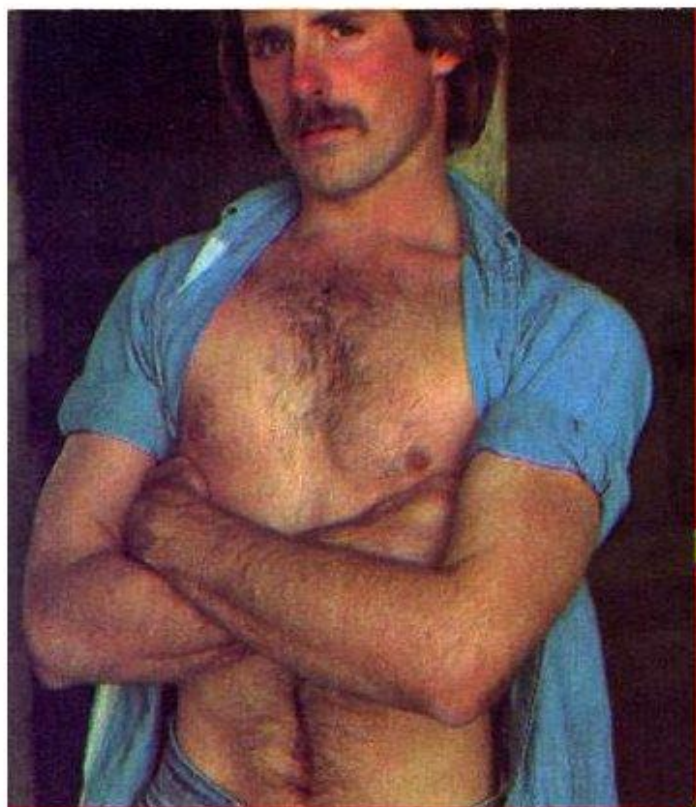
fuscia-dyed, canvas covered entrance way, into the fenced-in oasis. Clothes come off, and the sun and water soothe the sexy men who sprawl across the grass, play bridge on the white patio furniture, and laze on rubber rafts with names written in magic marker that suggest moods and movies: *Broken Dreams*, *George Raft*, *Wet Dreams*, or *Floatilla the Hun*. Local businessman, Bill Ramsey, has plunged into a successful social idea built around the '50s styled structure with olympic sized pool. A restaurant/bar complete the reasons to stay forever.

Fantasy is invited. In conjunction with Gay Pride Week Swim Club hosted 36 consecutive hours of events and parties titled successively: "Splash-In," "Rock-On," "Munch-Down," "Step-High," "Cool-Down," "Come-Together," and "Crash."

Swim Club: it's fun, it's light, it's addictive. And it reflects the magic of Houston. ■

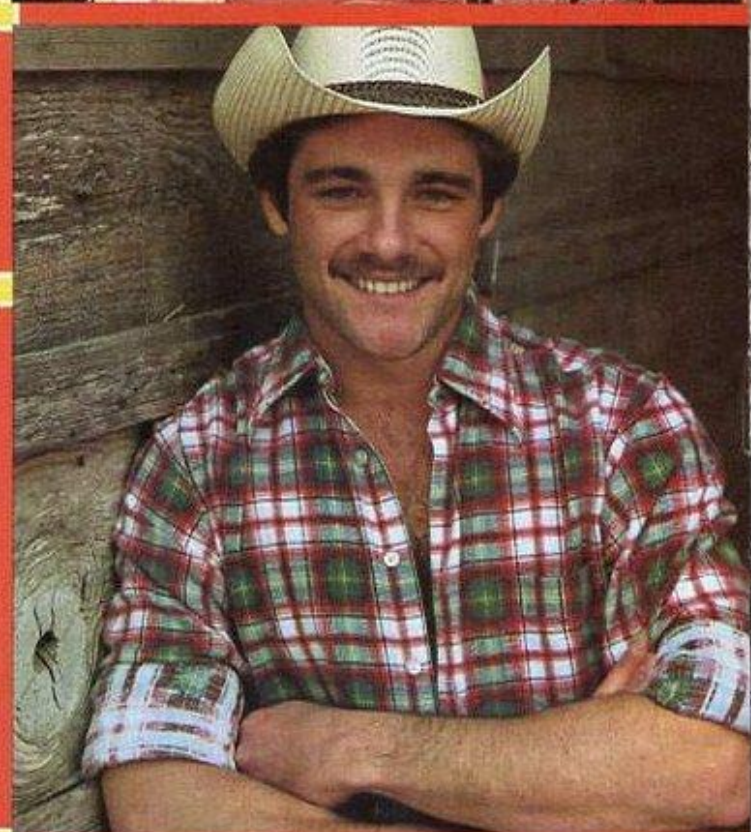
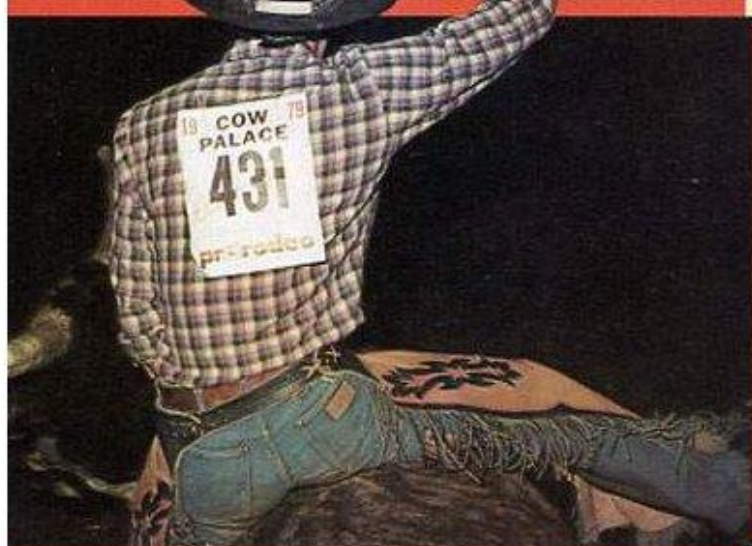
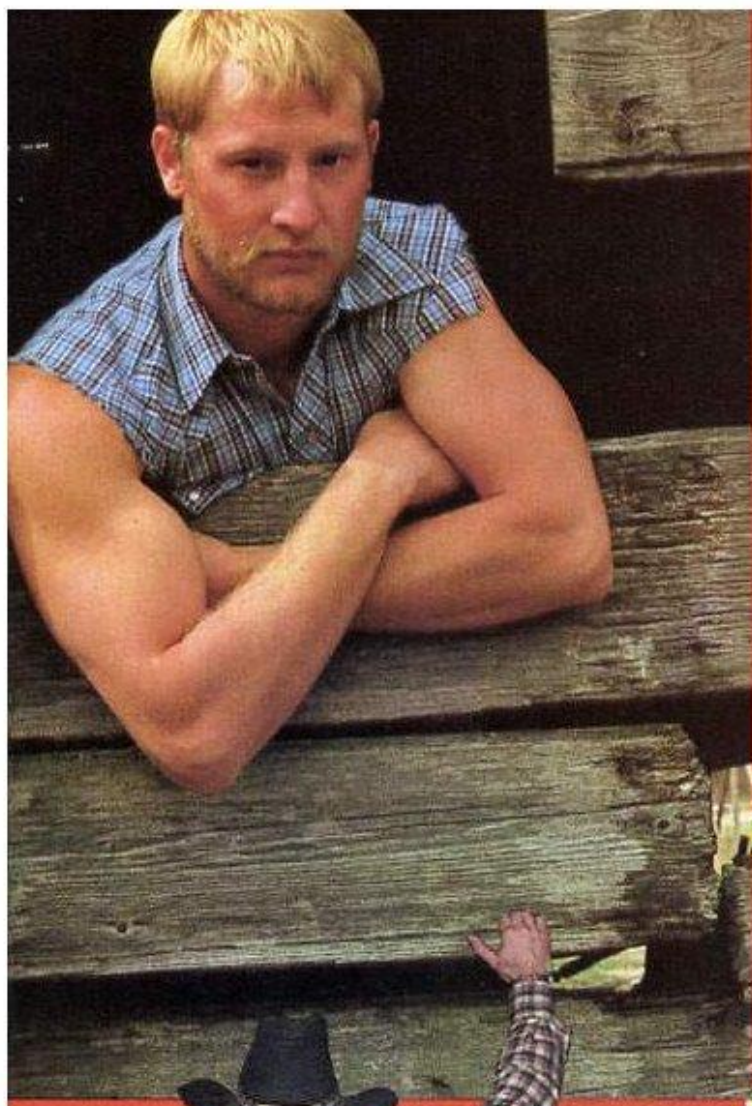






Our men for November are aptly named. They're as wild and as tough as the stallions they tame. REAL men, working hard in the wilderness, and building up

mansized appetites for everything. The studs in this special preview are just a few of the roughneck, bareass cowboys you'll find in BRONC, the Cowboy Yearbook for 1981.



BRONC

FDC 63509

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

ABOUT MEN

FEB 81/\$2.95

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CENTERFOLD
HEAT FOR
THOSE COLD
WINTER NIGHTS

Show us
what you've got
A NEW CONTEST
FOR READERS

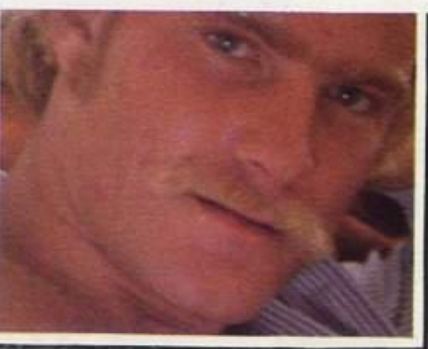
On-site
uncoverage
of **HOUSTON**
CONSTRUCTION
WORKERS

HOT SHOTS
blazing action
on Fire Island

Remember dating?
IT'S BACK!



AUSTRALIA \$4.15 • BELGIE 200 FRF • FRANCE 28FF • ENGLAND £ 2.5



7 **BLUEBOYS AT LARGE** /introducing a new contest

10 **TEXAS BRIEFS** /craig p. rowland

15 **NEW YORK BRIEFS** /rick leed

23 **NEW YORK PIECES** /true happenings by patrick franklin

27 **D.C. BRIEFS** /joe n. leon

31 **SAN FRANCISCO DIARY** /erotic memoirs by luke s. hallahan

40 **HOT MEN FOR COLD NIGHTS** /centerfold men for february

61 **GAY FABLES** /george whitmore

64 **COCKRINGS AND LOVERS** /charles silverstein

72 **BLUEBOY BAZAAR** /classified advertising section

76 **HAPPY VALENTINE** /fiction by david p. porter

84 **HEAT ON FIRE ISLAND** /wild life photography

90 **YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN LOVE WHEN...** /advice

IN THE BUSHES AGAIN

"Party City" outdid itself recently with *The Bushes*, benefit sponsored by Houston's celebrated Tea For Two Thousand fund-raising group. The midnight-till-well-through-dawn event drew 1000 guests from all over the country. A local estate was decorated with a portion of internationally known artist, Christo's, fence project which once graced 24 miles of California's horizon. Hundreds joined on a dance floor installed around a huge elm tree while hundreds more cavorted in the nearby woods which were flickering with light from lanterns (which made it easier to locate the cans of Crisco placed for smoother cruising). More than a few pair of 501's were seen wandering the grounds with wet knees and rears.

The Bushes was the fifth in a continuing series of benefits for the Montrose Activity Center preceded by the original "Tea For Two Thousand," and later, "Supertea," "Sweatea," and "Spring Sleaze." These parties are becoming the most successful and entertaining ways to have fun, get down, and raise money, too.



Photos by J. Hardy Williams

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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A Centerfold Cruise:

MEN OF THE TROPICS

*Hot, Wet
and Ready
for Action
on the Beach*

A Private
Orgy Club in New York?
**GET THE
JUICY DETAILS!**

Jocking off in
San Francisco
**JOCKSTRAP
CONTESTS
MAKE A
COMEBACK**

Great Fiction to
Stroke your...
IMAGINATION



AUSTRALIA \$4.15 • BELGIE 200 FRF • FRANCE 28 FF • ENGLAND £2.5

9 *NEW YORK BRIEFS* /rick leed

17 *SAN FRANCISCO BRIEFS* /mick hicks

24 *SAN FRANCISCO DIARY* /confessions by luke s. hallahan

28 *TEXAS BRIEFS* /craig p. rowland

35 *CHICAGO BRIEFS* /jerry cohen

38 *CRUISING THE CARIBBEAN* /centerfold photoerotica

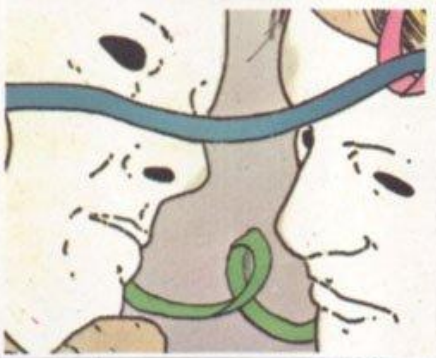
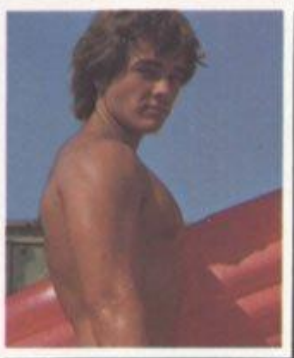
58 *GETTING RID OF ROBERT* /fiction by george whitmore

69 *GAY FABLES* /thomas reynolds

72 *BLUEBOY BAZAAR* /classified advertising

77 *HOT, WET AND READY* /great nudes on the high seas

84 *RELATIVE TIME* /fiction by allen jaye

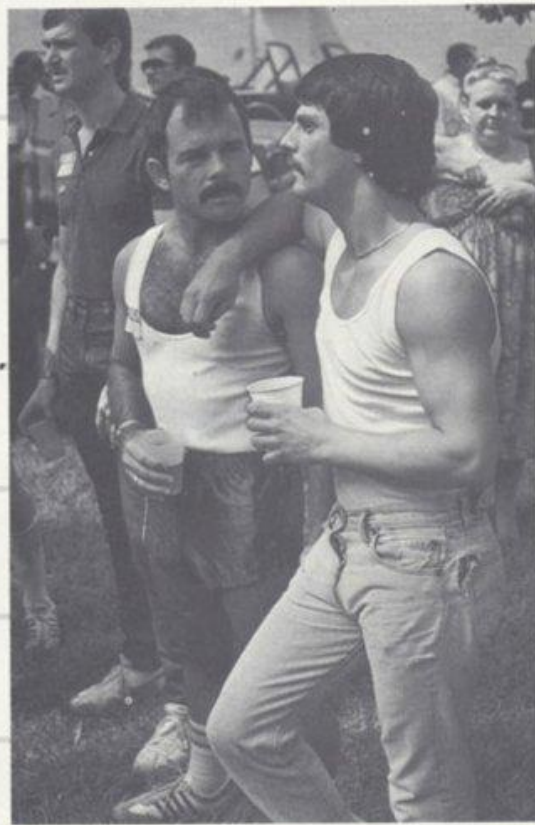
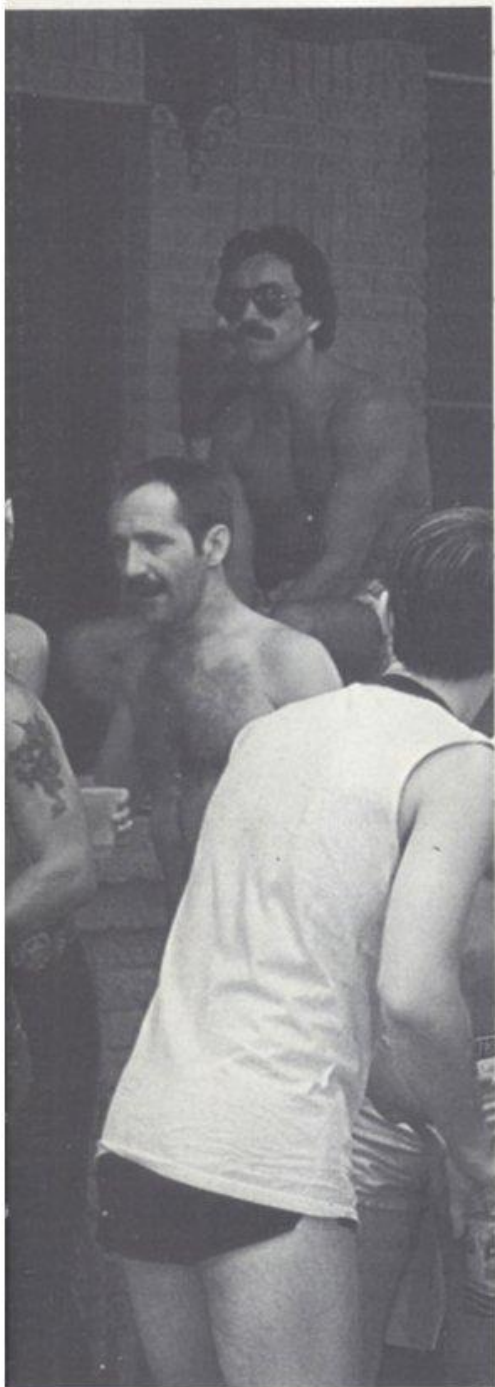


TEXAS BRIEFS

TEXT BY CRAIG P. ROWLAND



At half-time in the festivities, these Houstonians relax with a brew and a buddy.

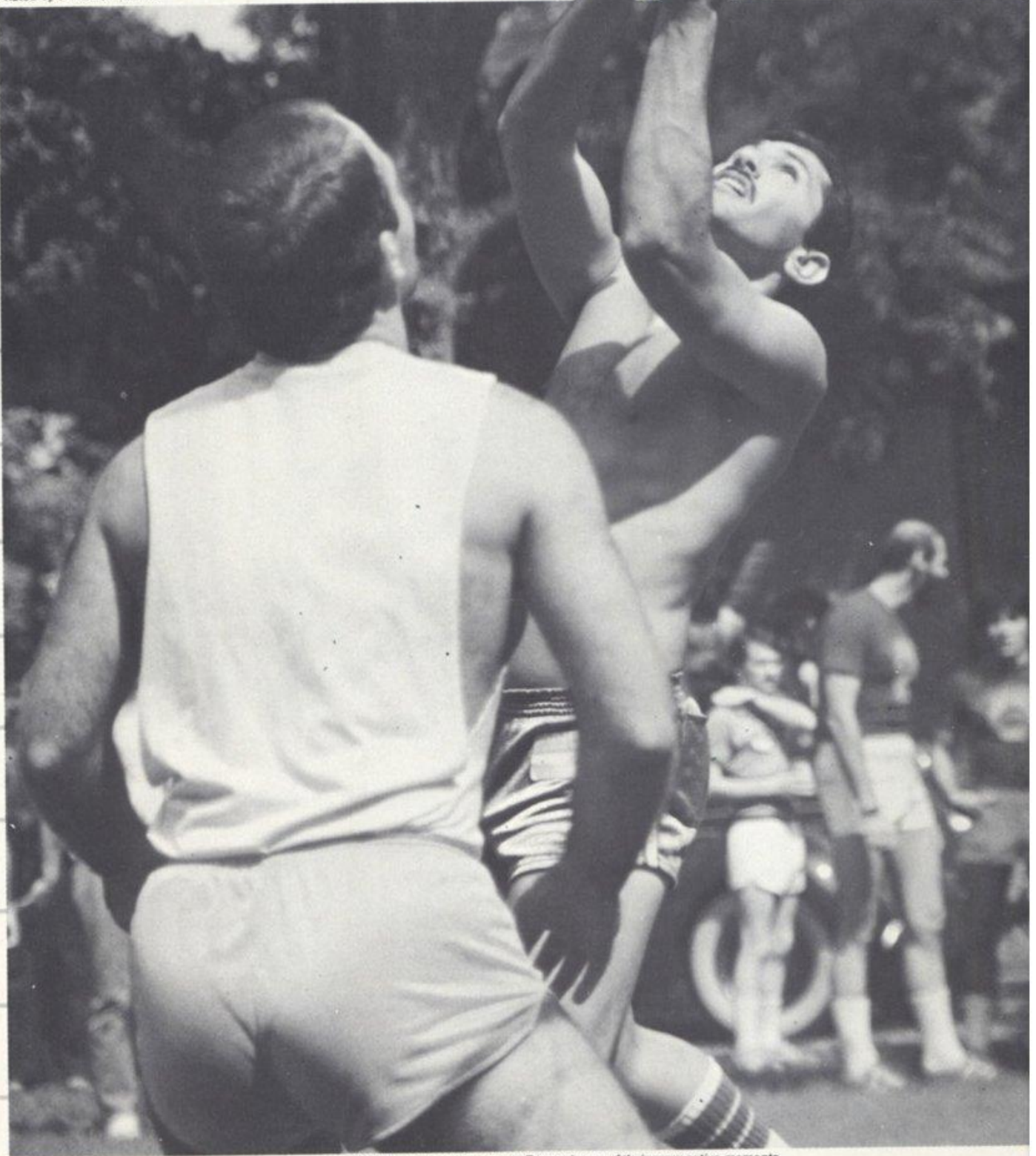


FOLLEYBALL FEST

The Astros and the Oilers may spellbind most of Texas with the intensity of stiff competition each year, but in Montrose, Houston's gay oasis, summer's end was celebrated with "Folleyball Fest," which made its 14th annual appearance last September. Players engaged in the excitement of sport were eagerly watched by the 1200 spectators who surrounded the game field located on the grounds of a home owned by one of the 13 hosts.

The nearly-overpowering anxiety was lifted at half-time when what may be Houston's first gay marching band took to the field, filling the air with musical magic while cheerleaders with legs to rival the Rockettes strutted onto the field catching the eyes of many handsome observers. Then, a homecoming queen and "her" runners-up were voted into royalty, proving again that Gay can certainly be just that.

Photos by J. Hardy Williams



Two of the many hot, sweaty Texans in one of their more active moments.

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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

ABOUT MEN

APRIL 81/\$2.95

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A WET AND WILD

CENTERFOLD
Stuffed with slick,
soapy bodies

*Down
in Dirty
MUD
WRESTLING
in D.C.*

*Exclusive
photos of
A DYNAMITE
DALLAS BASH*

*Doing it
standing up:
HOT SHOTS
IN THE SHOWER*

*plus 6 stories —
more FICTION
than you can shake
your stick at!*



AUSTRALIA \$4.15 • BELGIE 200 FRF • FRANCE 28 FF • ENGLAND £2.5



6 *MAILMAN*/telling it like you want it to be

9 *TEXAS BRIEFS*/craig p. rowland

12 *NEW YORK BRIEFS*/rick leed

14 *SAN FRANCISCO BRIEFS*/mick hicks

18 *D.C. BRIEFS*/tom donia

21 *TO THE VICTOR*/fiction by richard michaelis

24 *ANOTHER TIME*/hot stuff by brian daniels

36 *EXPERTISE*/fiction by felice picano

38 *WET AND WILD*/centerfold sizzlers for April

58 *STRAWBERRIES ARE FOR OTHER PEOPLE*/mike o'brien

63 *GAY FABLES*/thomas reynolds

72 *BLUEBOY BAZAAR*/classified advertising section

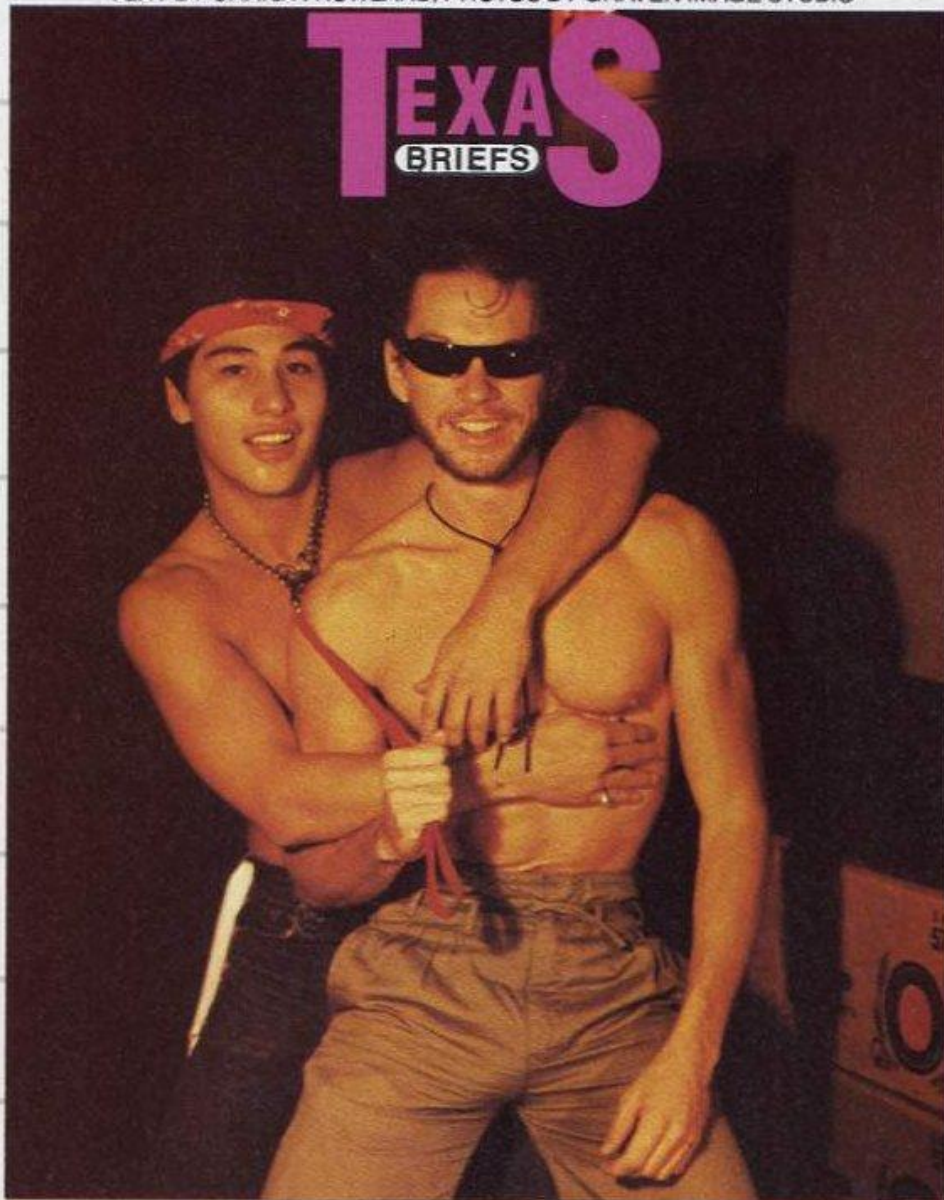
77 *HOT SHOTS IN THE SHOWER*/clean dirty pix by sodoma

82 *PREVIEW*/a look at next month's man of the year issue.



CBLUEBOYCITY BRIEFS

TEXT BY CRAIG P. ROWLAND/PHOTOS BY GRAVEN IMAGE STUDIO

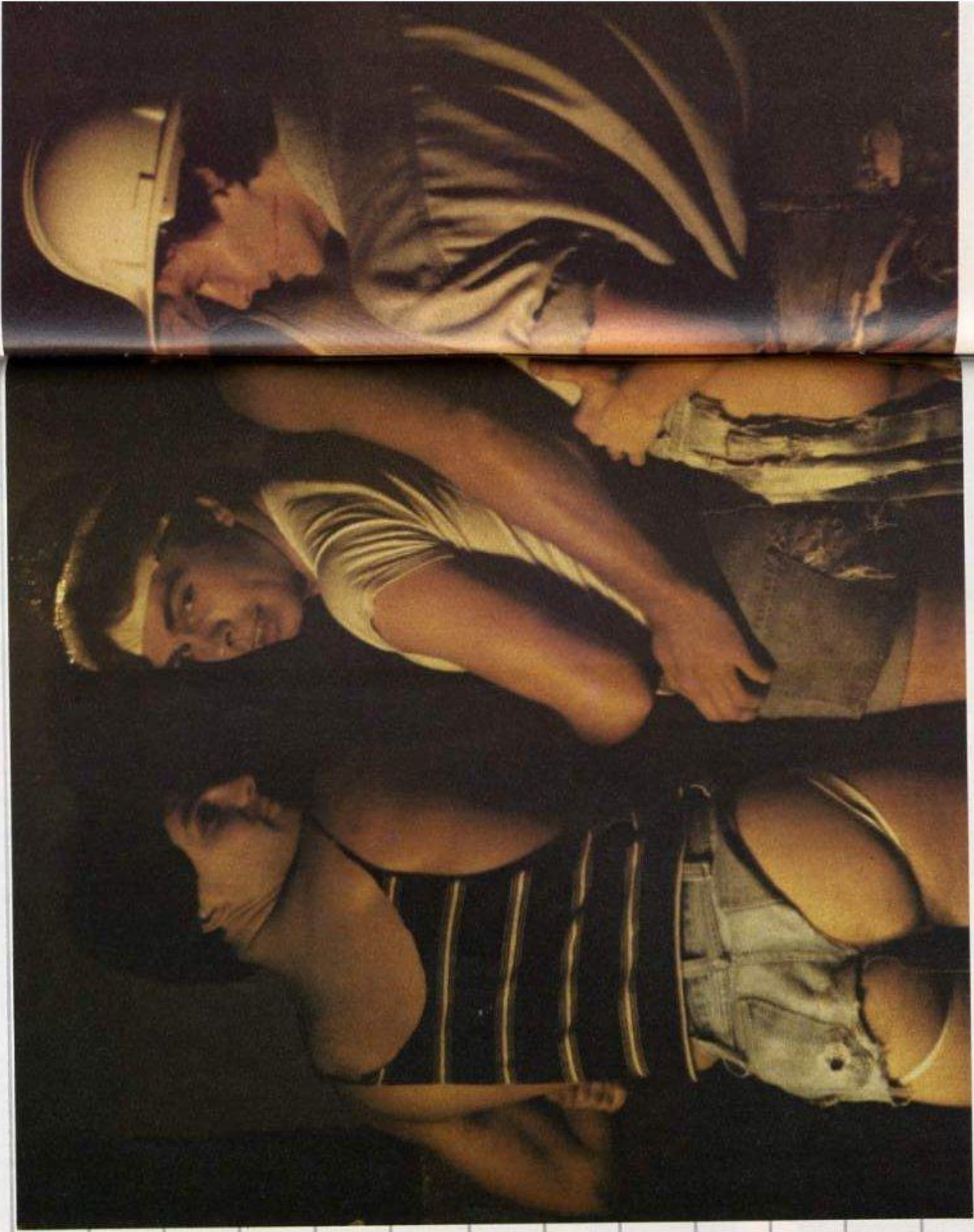


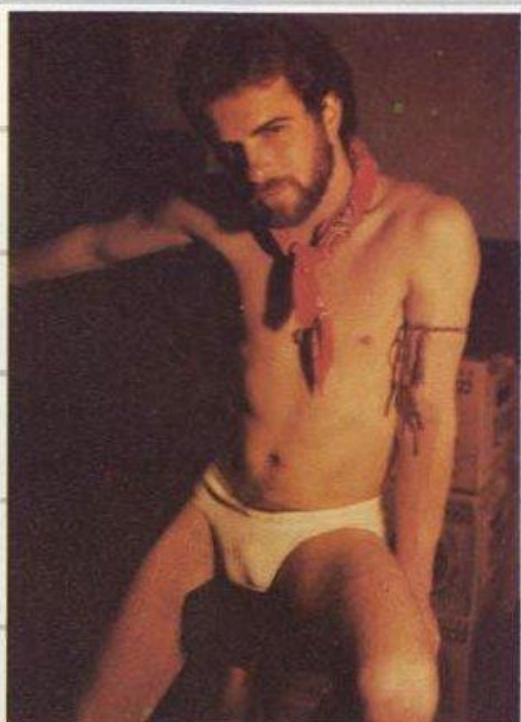
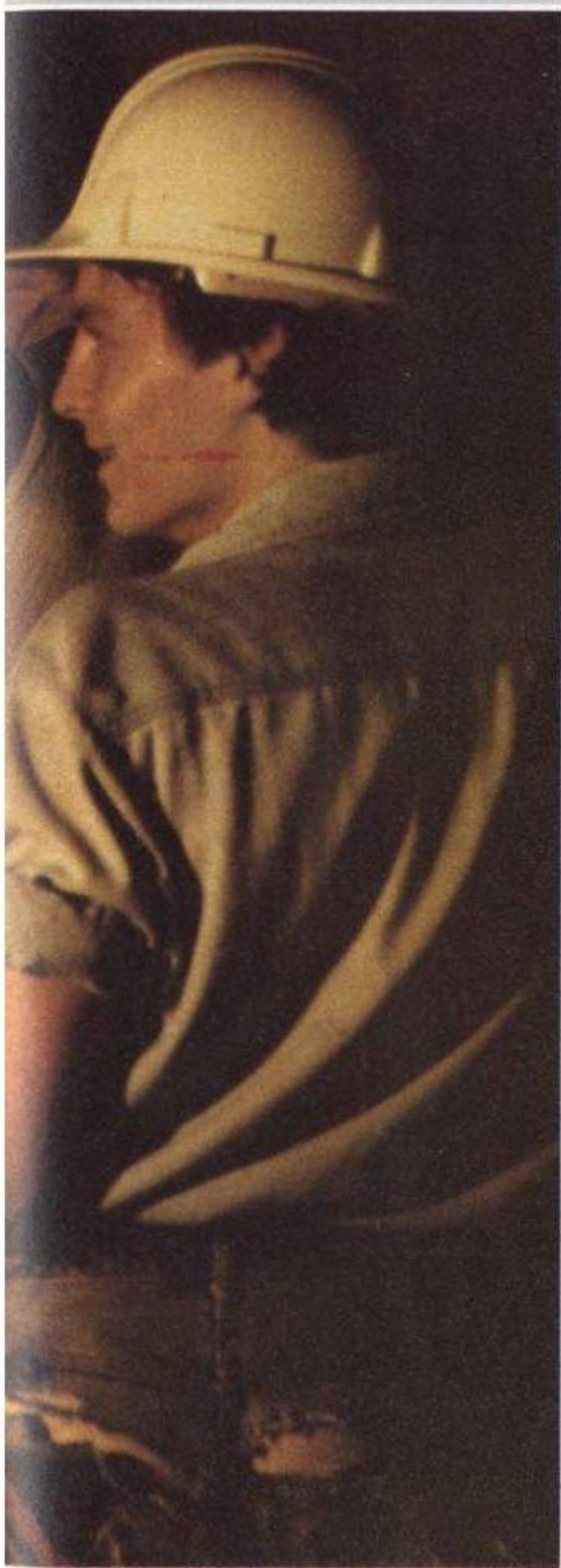
SKIN AND BARE IT

It's no surprise that promotion in Texas — like everything else here — is done on a big scale. Just as it's no sur-

prise that "Promotion" translates into "Party" when the men behind it are gay, urbane, and unconventional. Dallas' hairstylist turned pro photographer Woody Keas

launched his new photo studio, Graven Image, with an invitation-only for 750 held at "Big D's" new disco, Alcatraz. Keas and three others hung
(Continued on page 11)

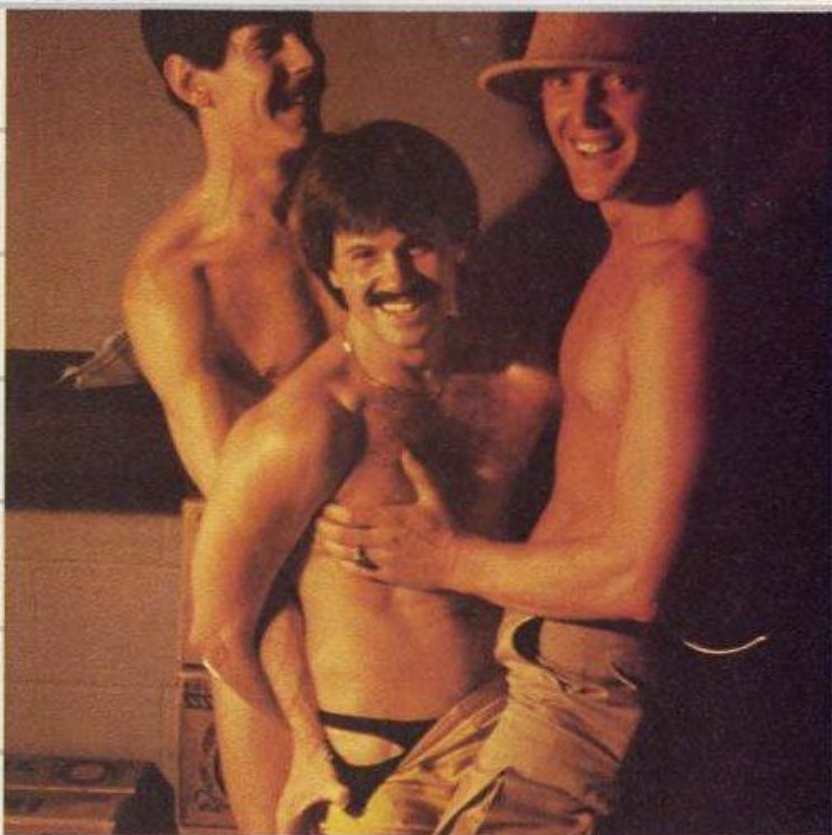




his show, "The Idols of '80" over and around the dance floor, printed 300 t-shirts with the party's theme and logo, "Skin and Bare It," and welcomed a crowd for an event that reminded many of celebrations in that professional party town, San Francisco.

The response was so positive that Keas intends to make it an annual. True to Texas style he wants it to be bigger and better: the next event, scheduled for spring, 1981, will handle up to 3000 in an as-yet-unnamed warehouse. In the spirit of unity, and because of Texas' perfect location, it's fitting that he plans to host a West coast meets East coast all-nighter. And "Skin" proved to be so popular a theme it is likely to be featured again. How considerate for long distance travelers — with skin as the preferred attire you can all pack lightly!

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FDC 63509

THE INTERNATIONAL

MAGAZINE ABOUT MEN

MARCH '82 \$3.50

blueboy

TWICE AS NICE...
The Confessions of
a Bisexual Man.

GAY MOVIES

PROFILE:
RICHARD FRIEDEL

**WHEN YOUR LOVER
HAS GONE or:**
An Unmarried Man

**LOOKIN' GOOD
FASHIONS**



John Chiasson

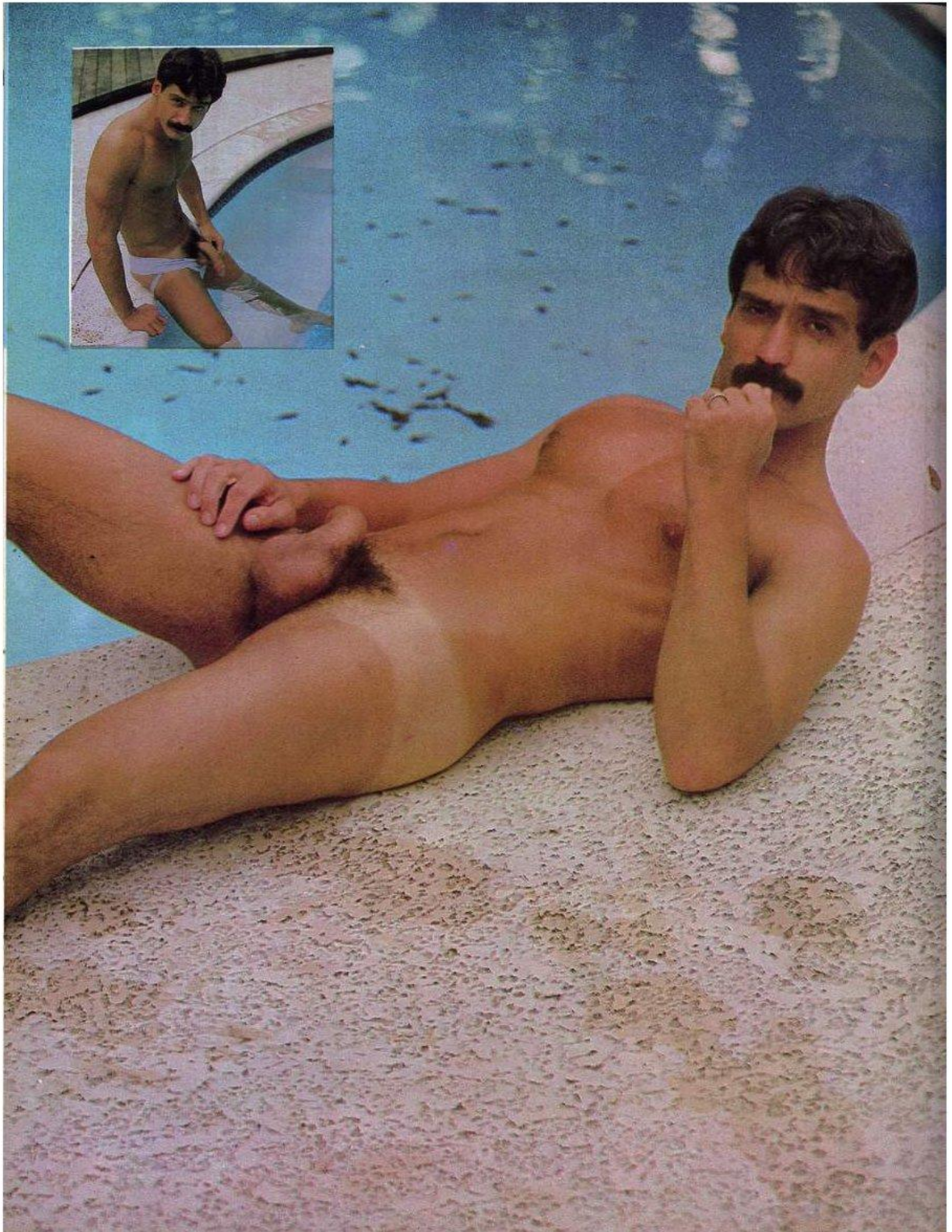
AUSTRALIA: \$4.10, BELGIUM: 150 FR. FRANCE: 20FF. ENGLAND: £2.5

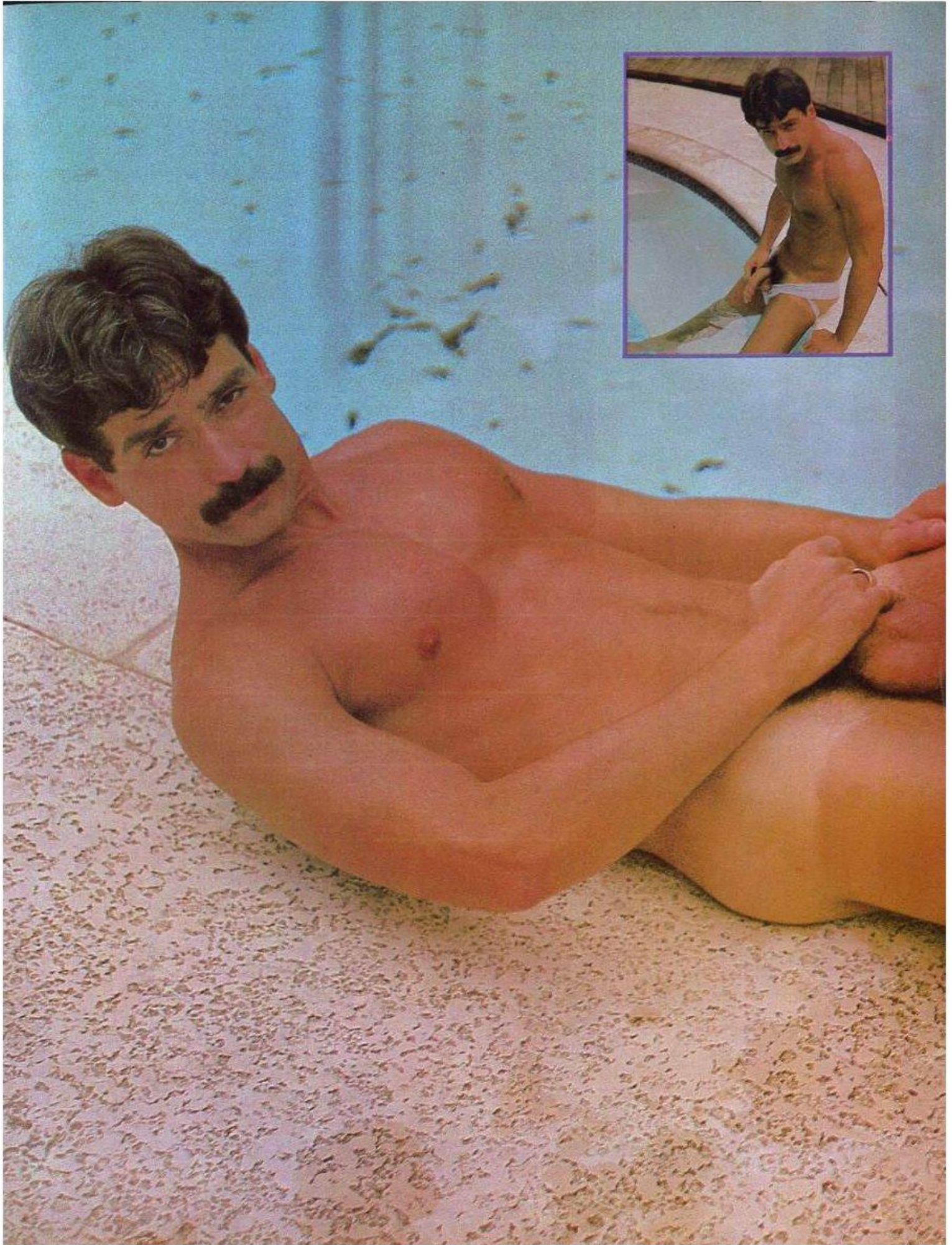
JOHN

is a worker, a heavy duty on the line manager. He can manage things well because he's such a good worker. Diligent, determined, dexterous, dauntless and daring, he will rise to any occasion and will take the initiative when it is called for.

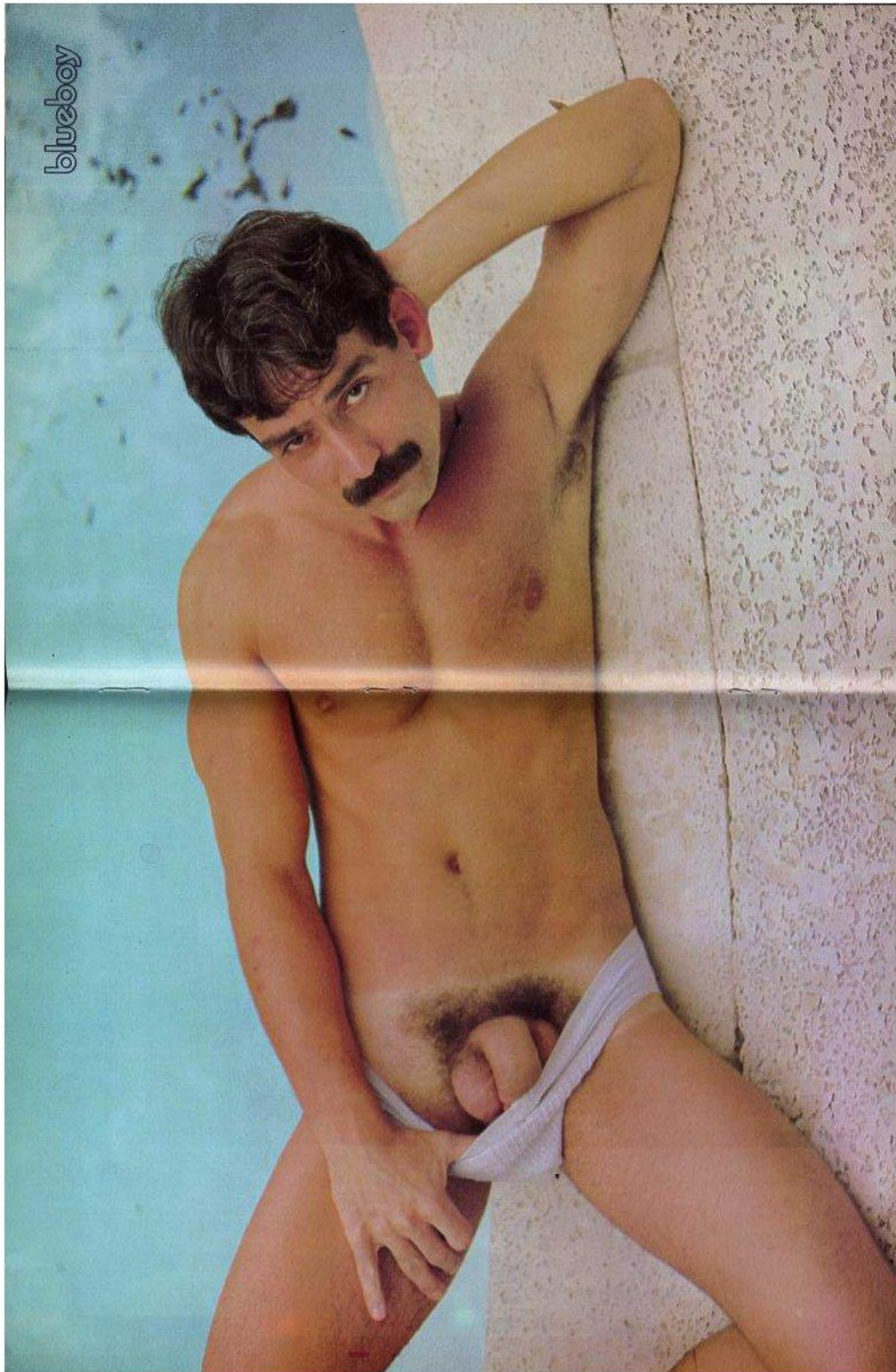
But don't call on John; he'll call on you.

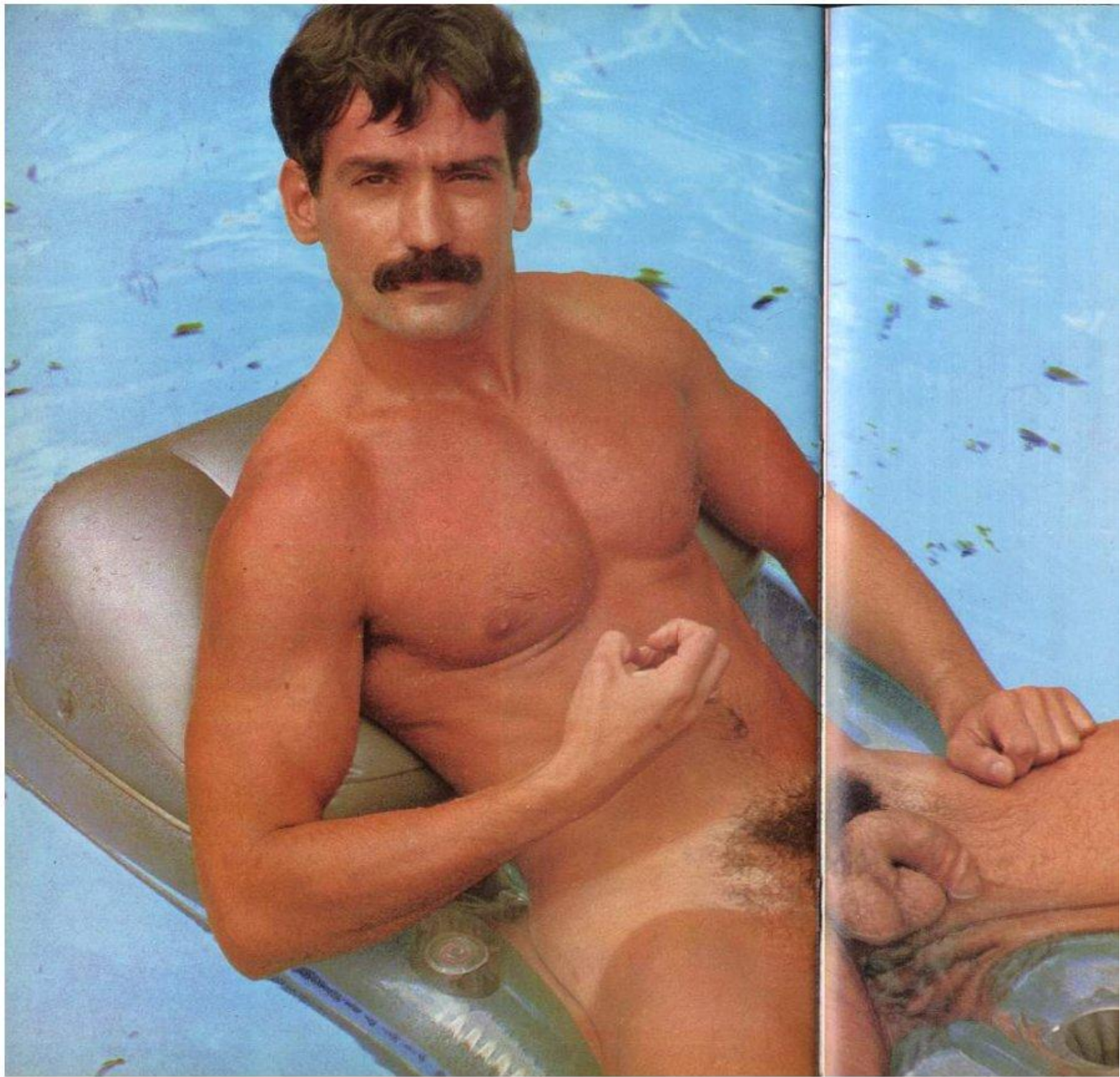


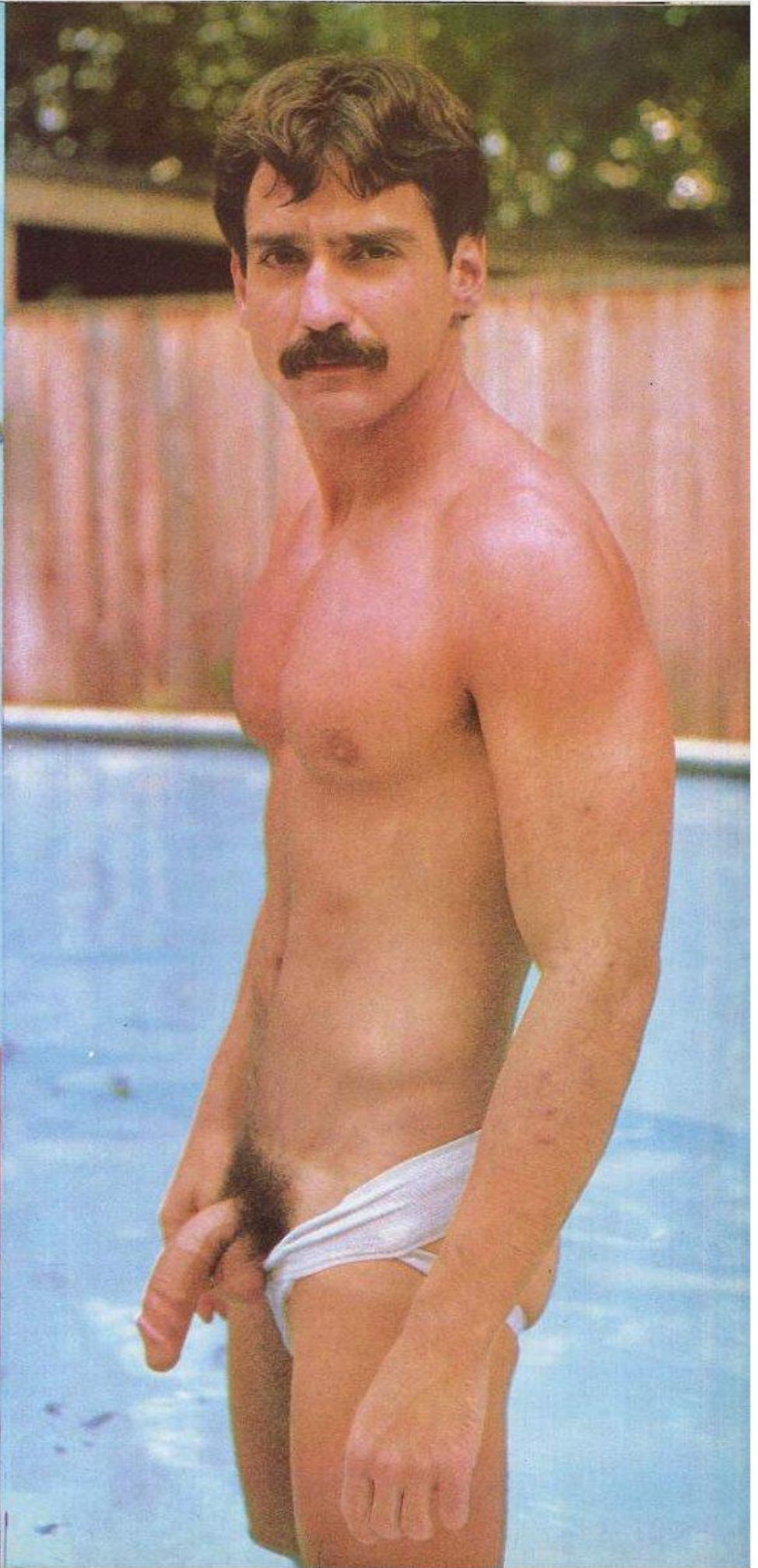
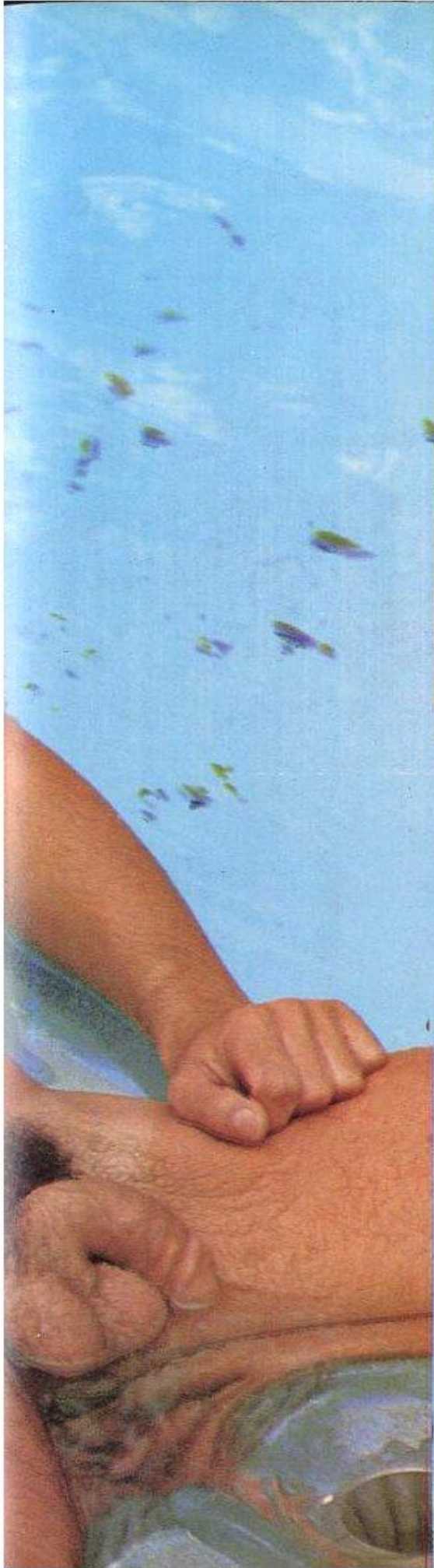




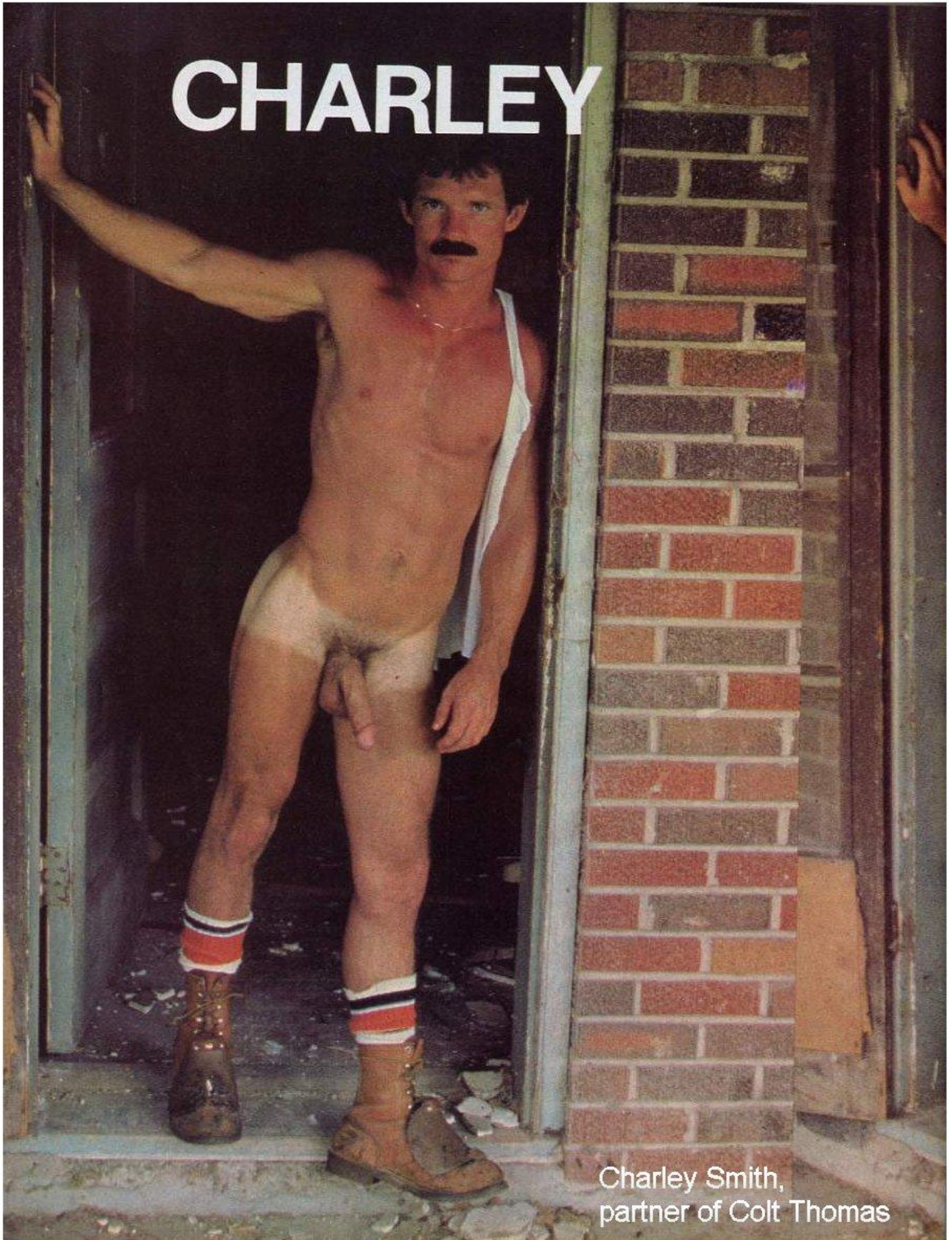
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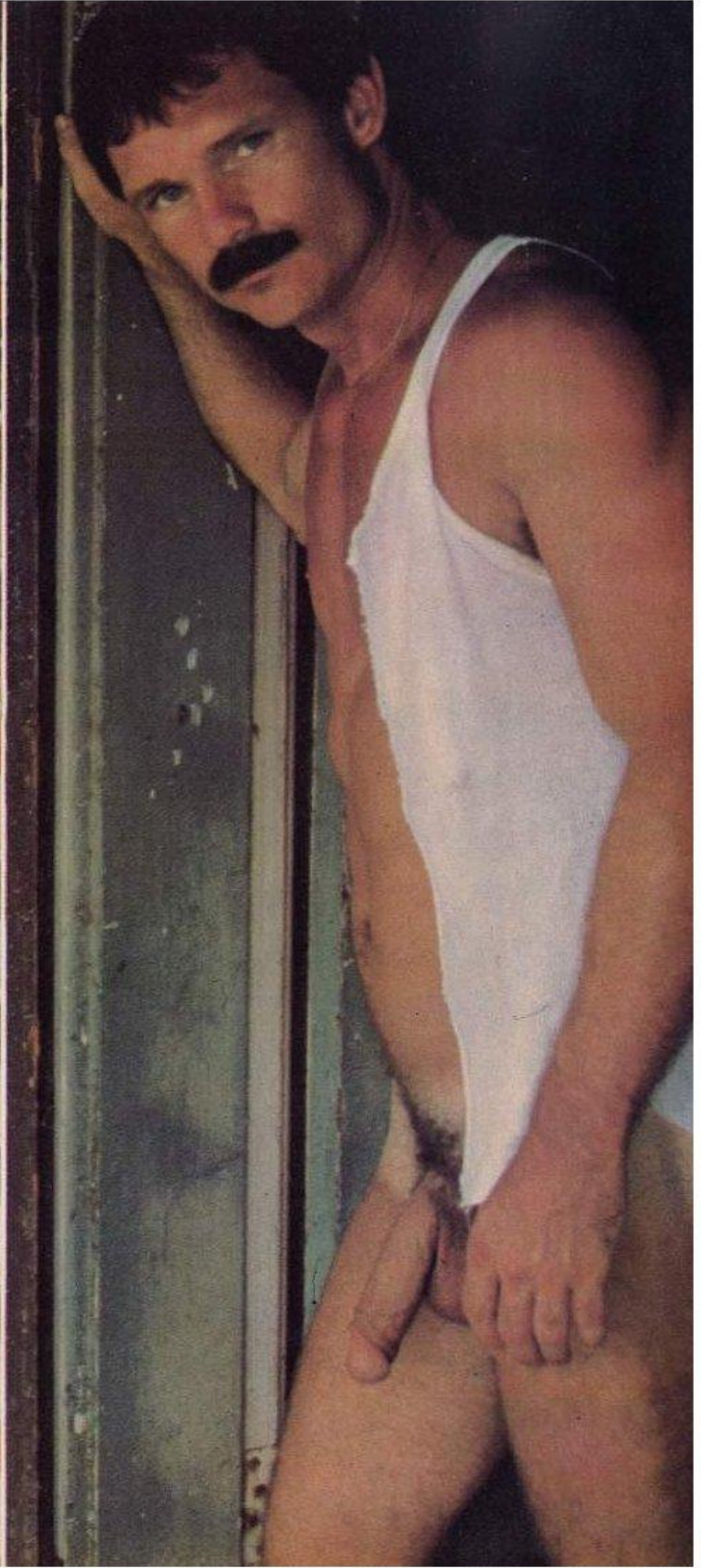
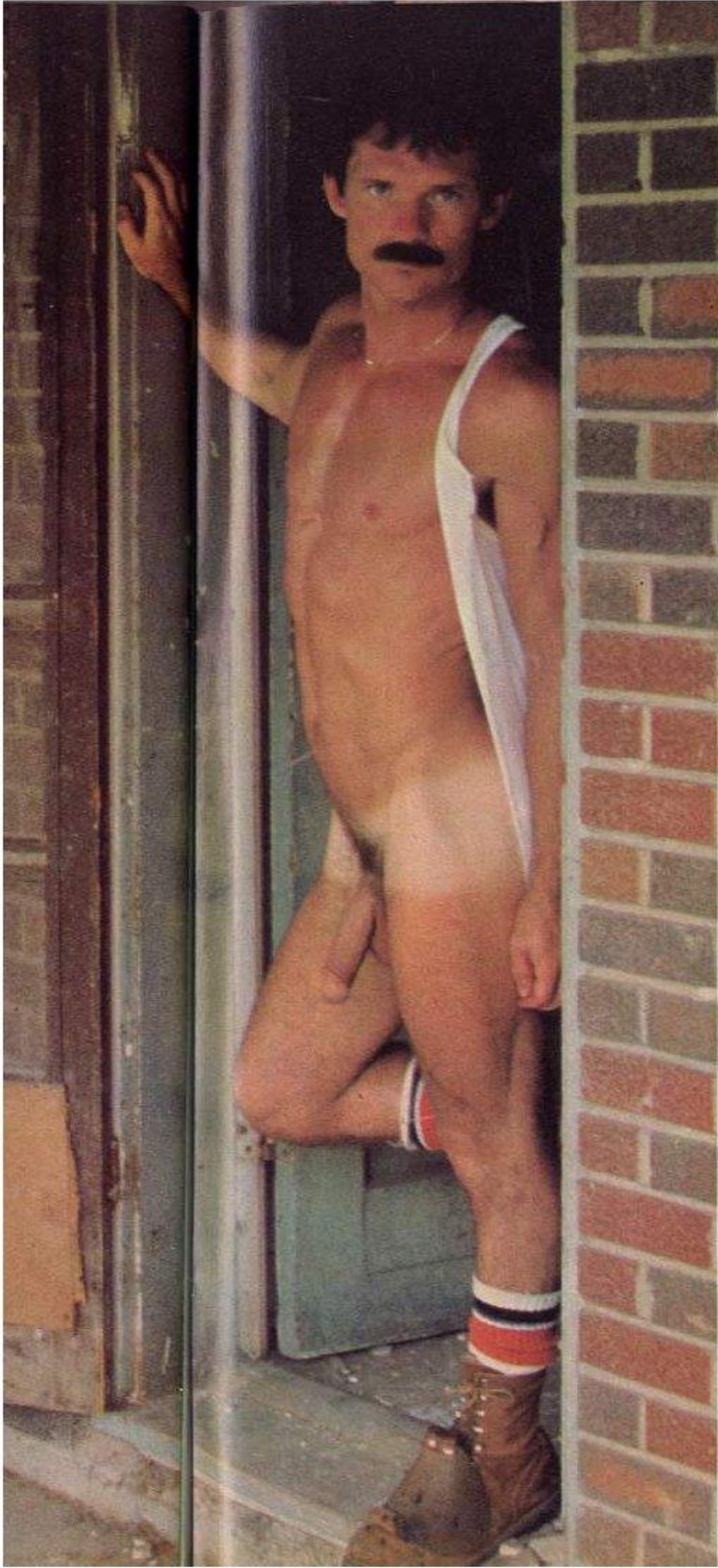


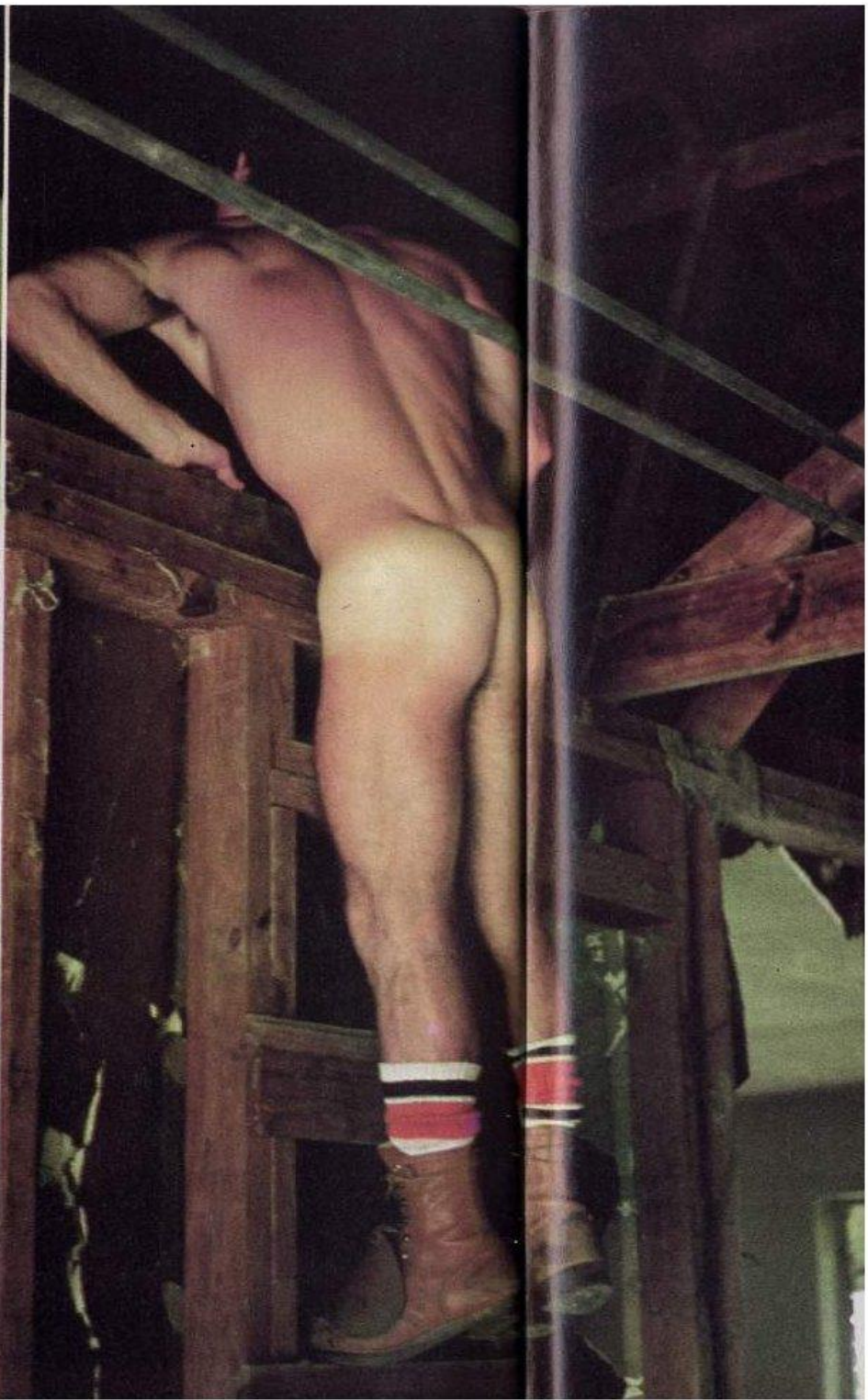
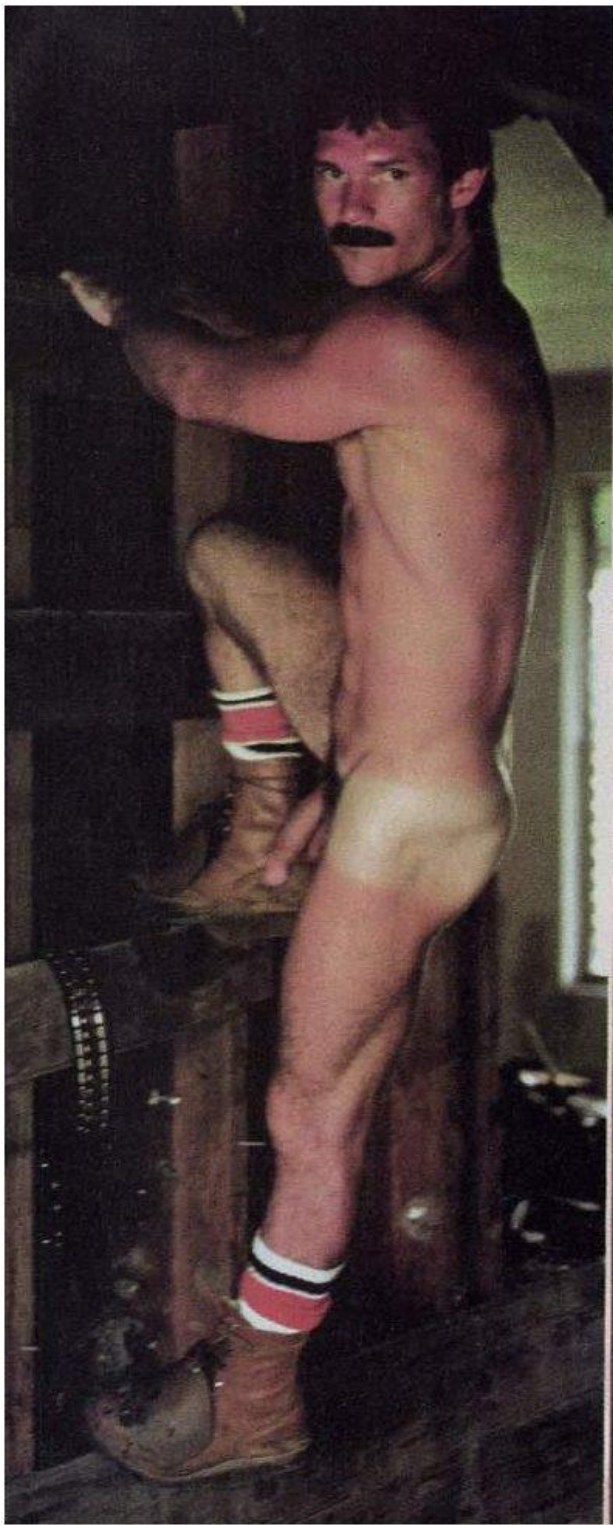


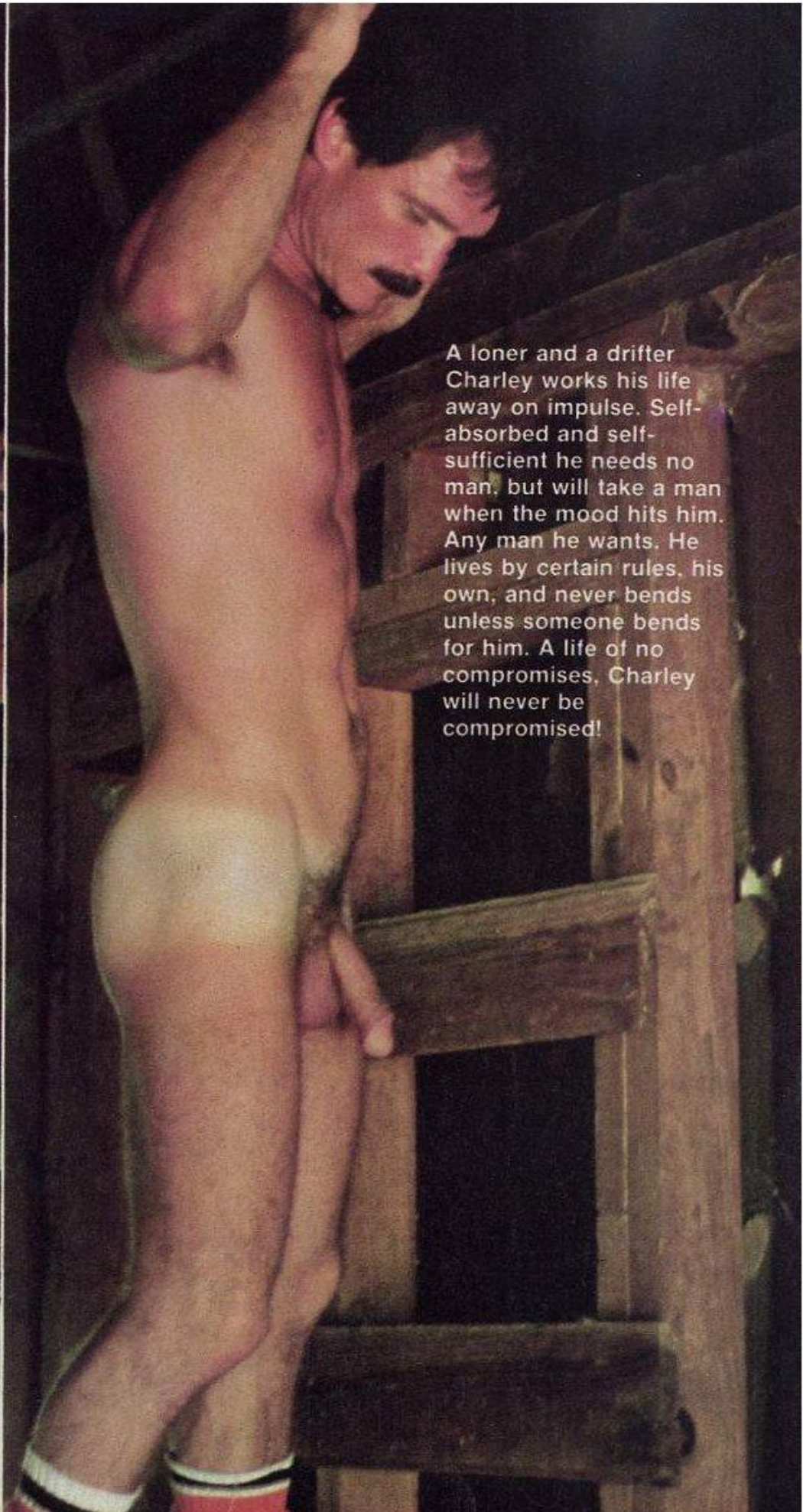
CHARLEY



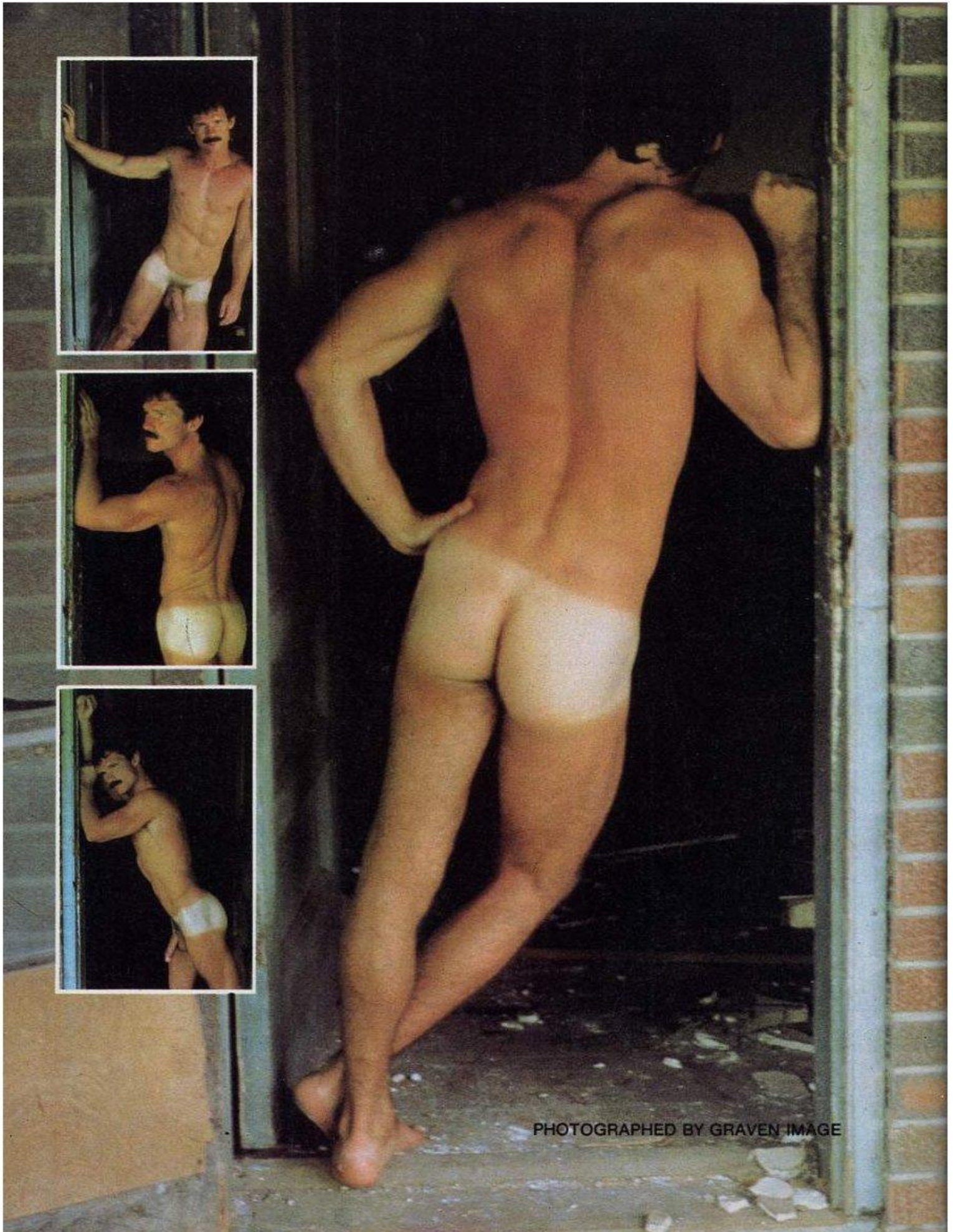
Charley Smith,
partner of Colt Thomas







A loner and a drifter Charley works his life away on impulse. Self-absorbed and self-sufficient he needs no man, but will take a man when the mood hits him. Any man he wants. He lives by certain rules, his own, and never bends unless someone bends for him. A life of no compromises, Charley will never be compromised!



PHOTOGRAPHED BY GRAVEN IMAGE