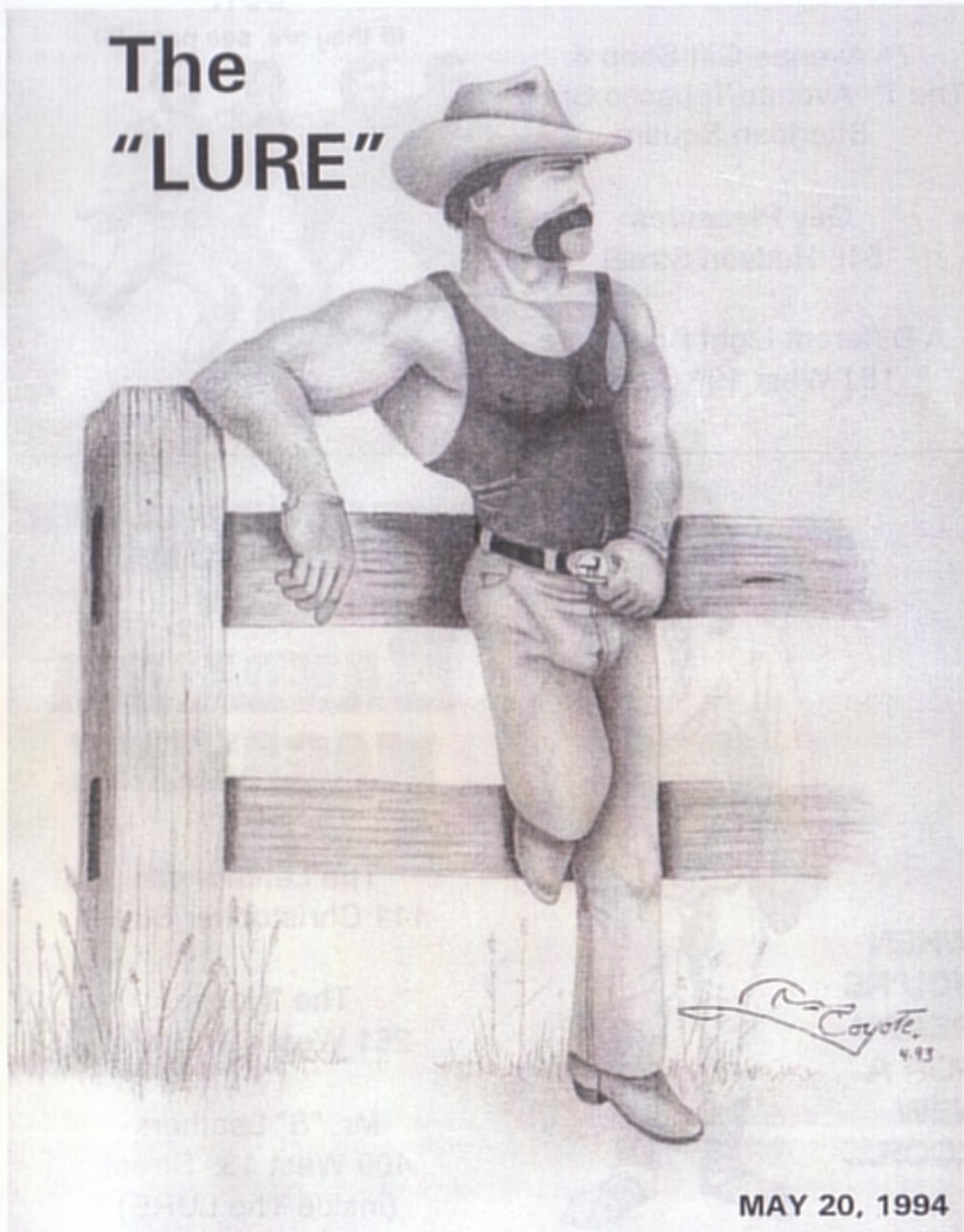


THE GAY EAST COAST LEATHER SCENE

# BANDANNA

MR. NEW YORK COWBOY CONTEST 1994

The  
"LURE"



MAY 20, 1994

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OUT!

(If they are, see page 13)



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MAGAZINE**

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(inside The LURE)

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Sunday, May 22nd 8 PM

Proceeds to Benefit Gay Games IV & Team NY

Master of Ceremonies Orlando Diaz, Mister Leather NY 1994  
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Mustard	Has 8" or more	Wants 8" or more
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Lime Green	Meal Ticket	Hungry Man
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Brown Lace	Has Uncut Cock	Loves Uncut Meat
Brown Satin	Circumcised	Likes 'em that way
Black	Heavy S&M Top	Heavy S&M Bottom
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Charcoal	Latex Top	Latex Bottom
Gray Flannel	Owens a Suit	Likes men in Suits
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Cream	Cums into Scumbags	Sucks Scumbags
Gold Lame'	Likes Muscled Bottoms	Muscular Bottom
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Vacuum Cleaner Bag	Cock Pumper	Wants Cock Pumpers

# **BANDANNA** ..... the guide



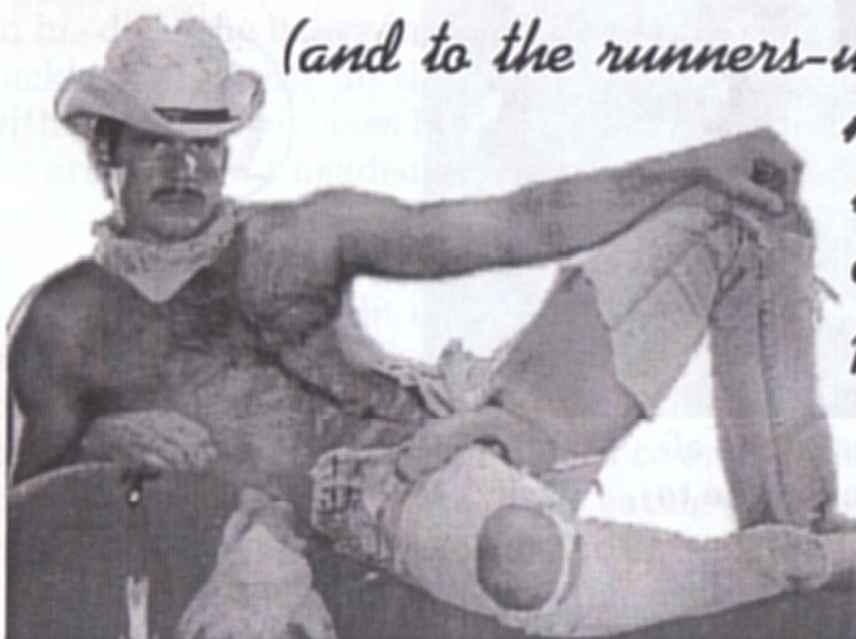
## WHAT'S IN STORE (for you)...

BANDANNA ..... the guide:

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## Best Wishes to all Contestants...

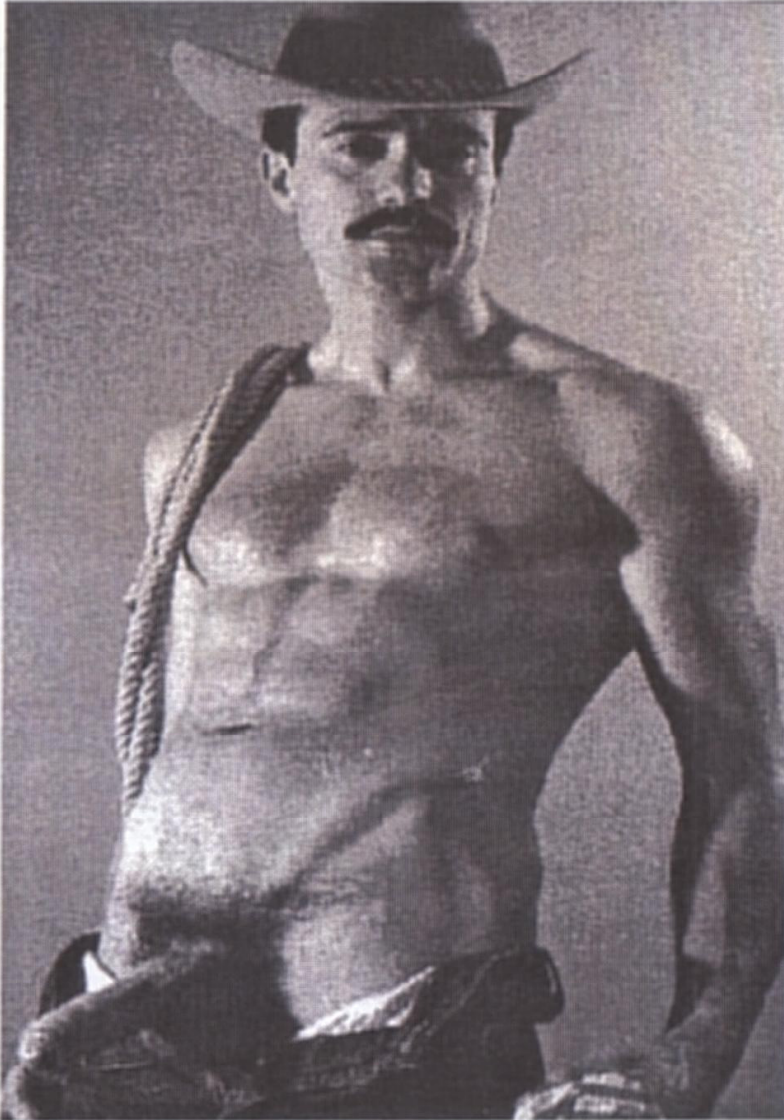
*(and to the runners-up with mustaches, have we got a consolation prize for you, that flags red & yellow on either side!)*



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# REST STOP



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Last fall I had to make one of my many trips from Seattle to California and intended to drive all night. Traveling the interstate highway system can be long and tedious. It was late in the evening when I pulled into a rest area south of Portland. Rain had been coming down without letup since I left Seattle. I was tired, bored, and needed to stretch a few muscles (one thick uncut

muscle in particular). Driving always makes me horny and rest areas seem to be placed to fit the tight stretch in the jock. I pulled into the back parking lot but didn't see another car. Nobody around and because of the rain the entire place looked deserted. I didn't even see any wet footprints as I pushed open the door of the mens room. I was all the way back to the stalls before I noticed one of



them was occupied. A quick glance revealed blue eyes looking back at me. He just smiled and pushed his Levi's down over his cowboy boots. I stood there momentarily, checking him out before I headed into the other stall. A tall dude, he had to be over six feet. I guessed that from the way he sprawled and the brown hair that poked out from under a white cowboy hat. The open flannel shirt revealed some chest hair, but I could easily spot lots of hair on his arms and legs. He looked right back at me and as he reached to pull on his dick, the heavy metal buckle of his pants hit the floor with a clank. The noise brought me around and I headed for the empty stall.

I dropped my Levi's, lit up a smoke, and leaned back. Hot looking man and I'm ready, I thought, but this place is not exactly the dark woods or a private beach. Stroking my dick to a full hard-on I was anxious to see what was happening on the other side. It was obvious that at one time this place had some man-sized glory holes but the state had sealed them up. But that didn't stop some enterprising tinker from carving eye-sized holes around the metal plates. I leaned over

and peered through. What I saw was enough to knock my socks off! He had stretched out and pushed his legs forward until the dark brown cowboy boots were resting on their heels. His Levi's were around his calves, and leaning back his chin was almost resting on his chest, his head slightly turned to watch the eye hole. One hand was squeezing a nipple and the other was wrapped around a full sized piece of man meat that was very long and impressive, just like him.

I couldn't help but notice he was cut, simply because an easy fist sized length of skinless cock grew out of the top of his clenched hand. He knew I was looking at him and he was getting off on being watched. The hand pinching the tit moved up and pushed the cowboy hat away from his face and he shot me a shit eating grin and waved his cock in my direction. I must have groaned and said something about a hot looking cock. I could see his face clearly. His tongue moved over his mustache, an action that only punctuated the deep dimple in his chin, and he smiled and said, "you want it don't ya?" Of course I wanted IT after a show like that, but not to be outdone



I stood up, opened my shirt, shoved my Levi's down and stroked the hair on my chest with my left hand and with my right I pointed my dick in his direction, slowly applied pressure and moved the slick foreskin all the way down the hard shaft until the naked dickhead was exposed. I just held it there applying pressure until a bubble of clear pre-cum oozed out and started dripping to the floor. A lot of sound came from his side of the partition as his feet became flat on the floor and his eye was glued to the peephole. "Oh man," he groaned, "that's just what I'm looking for...a big fat uncut piece of meat!" His eye vanished and I could hear clothes rustling and the buckle clanking as he pulled up his pants.

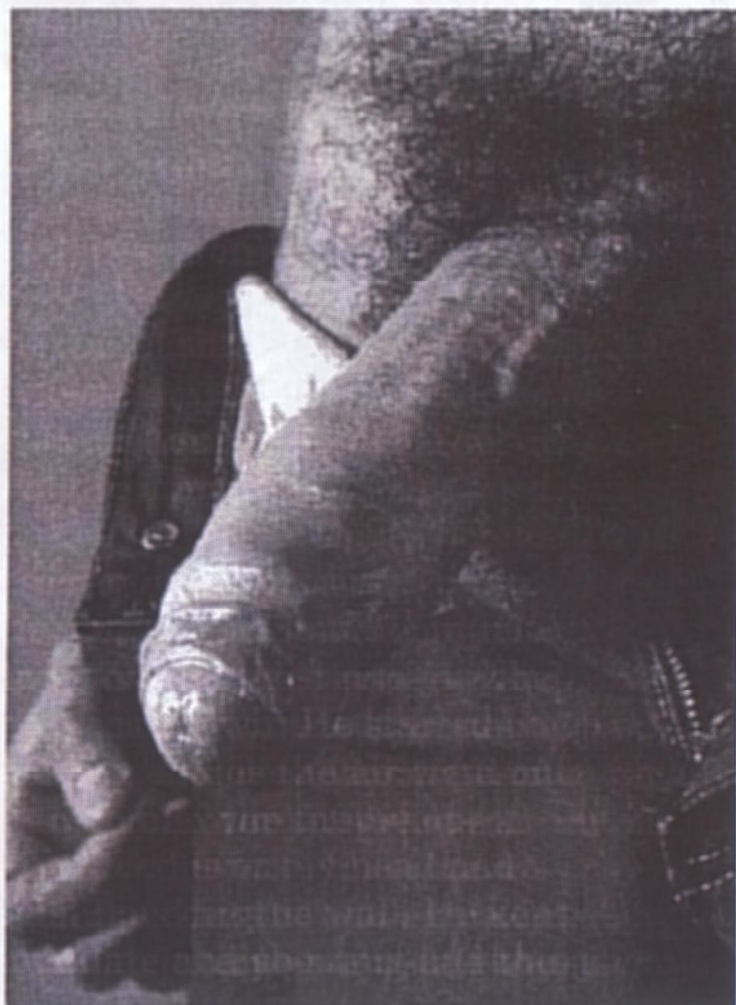
The intensity of his movement was matched only by the grin on his face as he moved over to my side. I had a full view of his brown hair, thin face with the full mustache, and intense eyes. "You like what you see!? I said quietly, still holding onto my dick. "Something I have that you want?! He just looked me up and down, but his eyes centered on my dick. "Well, I'll tell ya," he said, pushing his hair out of his eyes. "I've been

parked in here for over an hour jerking my dick and nothing happened and then you walk in with just what I like." He reached out, fisted my cock and pulled me against him. Easily a full six inches taller than I am he was every fantasy I have ever had about a blond. Tall, butch, hairy, and a big dick, and five minutes ago I was riding in the rain. He likes uncut cock, I like big dicks. I started to tell him where I was coming from, where my side of the action was, but I was interrupted by his tongue pushing against my lips. That was good, too. No need for talking. I pulled back to come up for air and before I could react, his lips were working again, only this time they were wrapped around my dick.

Sticking his tongue down inside my foreskin I could feel the vibrations of humming like he was purring. He sat back on the heels of his boots and pulled my stiff rod slowly out of his mouth until a string of spit webbed and hung down. He looked up with a confidence that suggested sucking cock could be a perfect occupation and said, "Oh man, that is the best lookin' uncut piece of meat I have seen in months, yes sir!" I pulled him up and circled my



hand around his more than hefty oozing cock. I had been watching him stroke that long Johnson while he had been getting off on chewing on my foreskin. Now I wanted to give him some of the same action. He pulled me close until our hairy chests were rubbing together and he lowered his head down until his mustache was caught in my beard. On top of everything else this guy was an expert kisser, one of those rare ones. "My turn," I said and eased down until his balls were resting on my chin. I looked up as he leaned back and that big dick flopped against my face.



He stuck out that dimpled chin, flashed me a smile and said "go for it!" I licked the rosy knob giving it a spit lube, and channeled that big dick down until it couldn't go any further. His dick was hotter than a furnace, and sure it filled me up, but I had about three more inches to go, so I reached around and slapped his ass with both hands, then squeezed his buns forward until that long dick slid past the tight spot and down my deep throat. "Woah cowboy," he snorted, holding my head with both hands, "where are you putting that thing?" Just to show him

this was a specialty act of the house, I pulled all the way off his donkey dick and did it again. And then two more times just to make sure.

He let out a groan that reverberated off the cement walls and pulled me up and said, "enough of that, buddy, you can get that stuff anytime." "I want something I don't get everyday." He was on his knees now, his eyes dancing, and a grin that spread all over his face. He stuck his chin out again, making his lips punctuate every



word, he whispered, "Come on daddy, give your boy that skin, give him that uncut daddy meat, give him that...oomph!" He couldn't finish the sentence because my dick was down his throat, deep, just like his had been just moments before, only I didn't give him any slow opportunity. It was a power slam and I gave it to him and he liked it. "You like it don't you?" I said, holding his head with both hands and driving my dick down. He just looked up, eyes wide, and moaned an unintelligible "uh, huh," and I gave it to him again. He had both hands on my butt pulling me in, waiting for the next thrust. Five, six, seven, eight, it was his picnic. I was getting charged up and I wanted the scene to last so I pulled off that mustache ride and let him have a full view of what he wanted, that dick with the natural skin. "Oh man is that a pretty sight," he said in a low tone, "I could look at that all night." He reached out and pulled the loose foreskin forward stretching it until it formed a hood his tongue found and slid into. I was on now, shifting gears, and I didn't want to stop. He was lapping that skin, slipping the entire covered head in and out of his

mouth. "OK cocksucker," I said, maneuvering my hands behind his head. "You wanted it, you got it, so let me feel that power suck." "You want that cock skin, let me feel it slide down your throat." "You want that load? Earn it!" My hot talk just excited him more and he spread his legs and bent forward to get a straight shot from his mouth to my dick. His hands were all over me, cupping my balls, trailing up the furrow of my hairy ass, holding my dick with one thrust and then guiding it down with the next. "Come on," I said, "feel those balls." "You





know what's in those big balls and you want it don't you?" "So dig for it, that's your job, make me feel good."

His eyes were open wide watching me as I talked to him, his eyebrows lifting and frowning with the intensity. I pulled my cock back until just the skin covered head was in his mouth and I held it there and he tried to say something but all I could make out were garbled words. Our eyes locked as I positioned his head with both hands, talking low, making every word count, pulling my cock all the way out and then jammed it down hard and deep. He sputtered, but held on, nodding his head up and down and I could tell from the look on his face that's just what he wanted. "Going to fuck that face deep and hard," I told him. "I'll fill up your throat until it feels like my dick is all the way to China." I found a stride and hit bottom every time and he was right there with me, coaxing me on. "So good," I said, letting the pleasure bend my spine back, arching into him. I couldn't stop now even if I wanted to. "Hold on," I barked "You



wanted that daddy dick, well you got it and now you're going to get that cum load so open up and take it." He was still watching me and I could see he had one hand on his slick dick pounding it like crazy. "Oh yea," I said, "beat that meat while you suck my cock." "Open wide and deep, NOW!" I couldn't hold back any longer and it was like every ion in my body had collected in my dick and then shot into space. He took the first salvo without a hitch and I could feel his throat muscles milking my dick to five, six more shots and then I lost count. I shouted and groaned and finally drifted back to reality and his hands were still on my ass, pulling me downward, savoring every drop of cum from my dick like honey from the horn.

The next thing I knew he was on his feet, pulling me up and



close. Our eyes met and he bent and brushed his lips against mine and holding me at arms length, dropped his chin, (with the dimple so deep I wanted to fuck it) opened his mouth and spit out his cock suck earning right onto his rock hard dick. My cum never looked so good as it did stringing out of his mouth, and it had to be the hottest kind of lube to wet up a ready cock. He was smiling now as he started pounding his tube steak for gravy. "Just watch," he said, and watch I did. His dick was so long that he could have used two fists on it, but one hand was squeezing my right bicep. His entire body was moving with the rhythm of his hacking arm. I could even hear his balls slapping against his thighs. He pulled me closer to him and when I finally looked up into his eyes I saw a pleading intensity. His lips formed an O and he pounded that dick even harder. "You want to cum boy?" I demanded and he was nodding yes before I could finish. I reached up to his hairy chest, found a nipple and gave it a twist and growled out "Do it now!" He started shaking and as the air went out of his lungs, the first shots of cum sliced over my head and must have hit the wall. He kept pounding and shooting and the

next barrage got me right in the face. He was moaning "Yea, yea, yea!" and the cum kept spitting out of his big dick like a firehose until my face, chest and arms were covered, and some even dripped off onto the floor. I had given him a load but nothing like the thick white shower he had just gifted on me. He was laughing now and leaned down and licked some of his cum off my face and said, "It's been a while since I drained those balls, guess you could tell."

He pulled up his Levi's and started stuffing his still hard dick inside. "Live around here?" I said. "Salem" he replied. "What's it like?" I asked. "Kinda quiet" he answered, "that's why I appreciated this action." "Mmm, uncut dick!" Just before he opened the door to leave he turned back, flashed me that whitehawk smile and said, "Maybe see you around and take care of that daddy dick." and he was gone in the rain. Sonofabitch I said to myself, was that hot or what. I didn't bother wiping his cum off. Just left it there, put my shirt back on and it didn't dry out until I made it to Medford.

# # #



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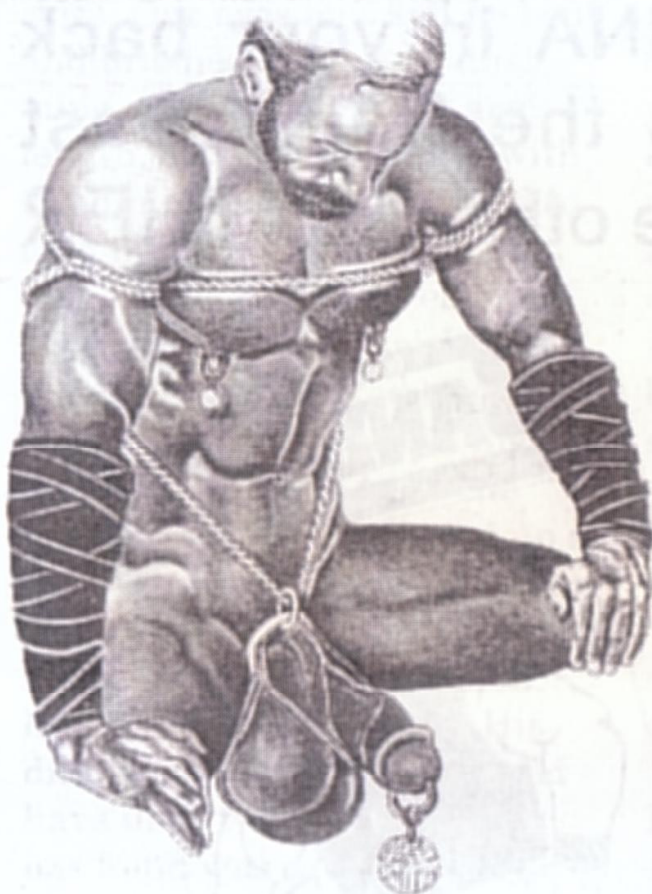
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# Bandanna's Up Front & Intimate Personals

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2. Write the box number where the stamp will go.
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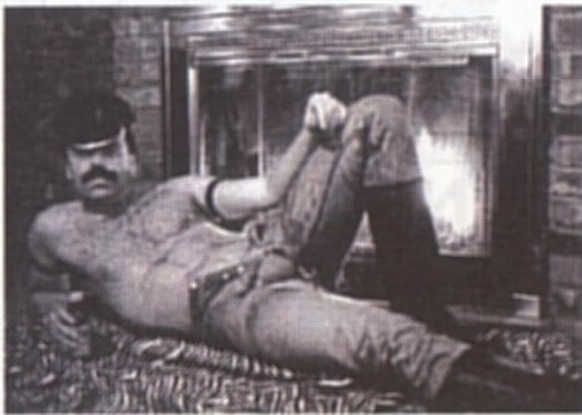
Fantasy language is often used in the Leather community. At no time should this suggest that illegal activity is intended, nor condoned by this magazine. Should such activity come to the attention of the publishers, the proper authorities will be notified. It is our opinion that the Leather community is one of honor & mutual respect.

We reserve the right to reject advertising for any reason.

Be assured that information about our readers is held in confidence.



## The Intimate Personals



**NJ/NYC - GIVE IT TO ME !!!!!**  
GWM, 39, 6'1", 187lbs., Brown Hair, Hazel Eyes, Sicilian/German, Mustache. Looking for hot MEN, tops, bottoms, or middles, Mustache or Beard required! Into a "MAN WITH A SLOW HAND". Red/Yellow left or right. All correspondence answered, w/photo gets quick response. Reply Box 1.

**NJ/NYC** - If seeing me tied spread-eagled and naked across your bed would get you hot, get in touch. GWM, 6', Uncut 6", auburn hair, beard, stache, red below, safe sex only. Also like threesomes, cuddling with bears. All replies answered. Reply Box 3.

**PA - MATTHIAS** - GWM, 145lbs., 6'1", Dark Pink/Left, Purple/Right. Love, Sex & Cream! Send Pics, w/SASE. Reply Box 2.

**NJ/NYC - TOP BOY WANTED** - GWM Leather DADDY, 39YO, 6'1", 189#, 'stached, top/bottom pig

looking for Leather Boy w/facial hair to work over Daddy's hole. Can be younger or older than Daddy, FF, WS, possible 3-somes. Photo required. Reply Box 5.

**NJ/NYC - GWM** - 36YO, 5'10", 225#, looking for play partners. Into TT, CBT, Shaving & heavy FF. Very versatile. Facial hair a +. Live in NJ near NYC. Reply Box 4.

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## The Intimate Personals

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**LODI, NJ - THE CRISCO KID -** 22YO, Red/Left, wants to meet bottom that can take it DEEP!. You must like to have your ass **Punch-Fucked**. Also into cock-pumping, and sucking on humongous cock. Reply Box 11.

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**NYC - YELLOW BANDANNA**  
**LEFT -** I like mine cold, you prefer yours warm and right from the source. BEER season is here, don't let me waste it! Really thirsty sucker? Send photo and phone (returned on request). Reply Box 15. *(see photo below)*



**NYC - PIG SLAVE -** Looking for good MASTER for caging, hooding and shaving, permanent location. This is no BULLSHIT! Thank-you SIR... Reply Box 14.

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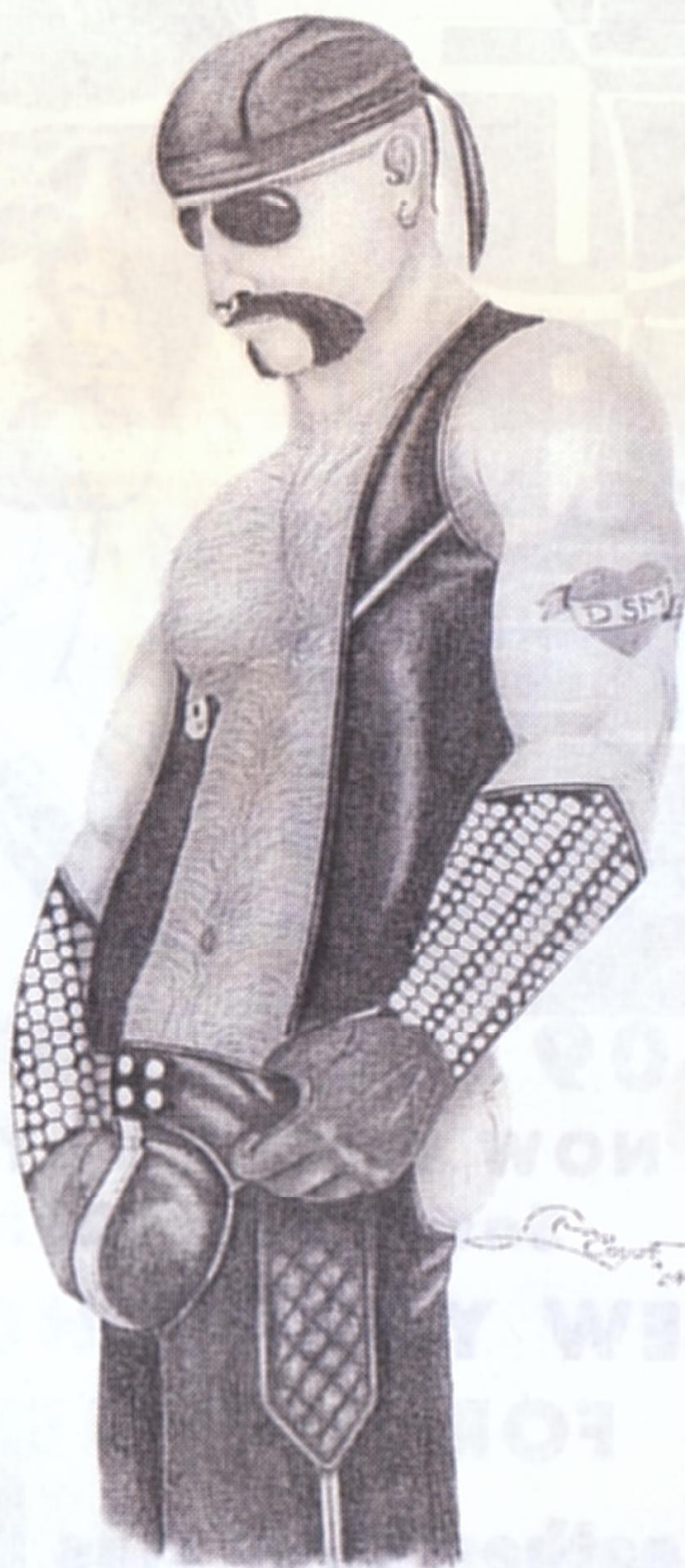
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