

# DHM

Desert Heat Magazine



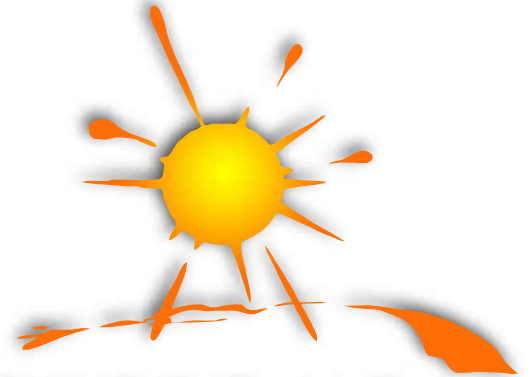
All Men Are Beautiful!  
July 2023 | Issue 55

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# DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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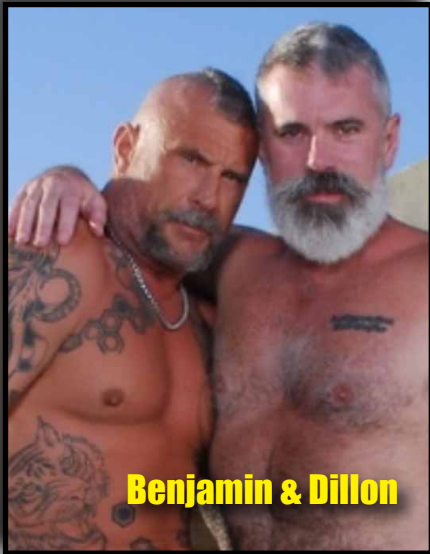
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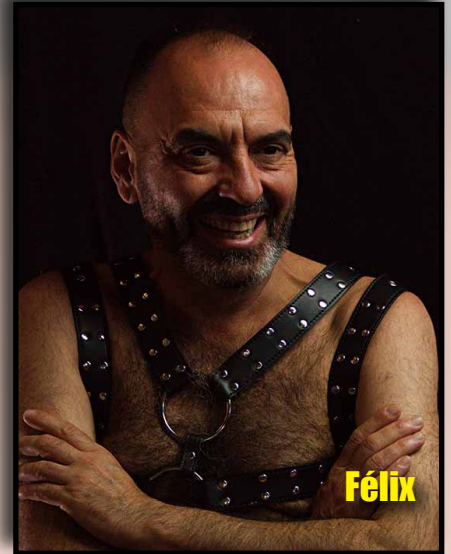
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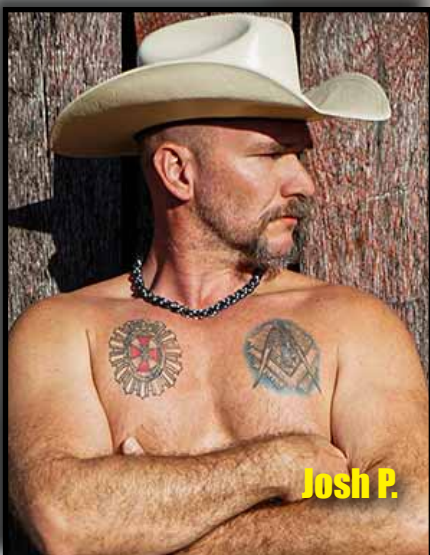


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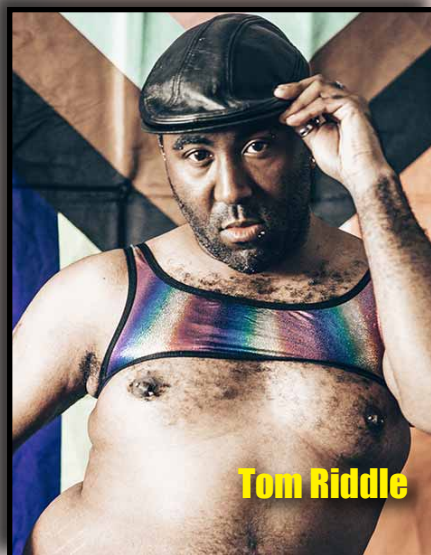
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**DHMM**

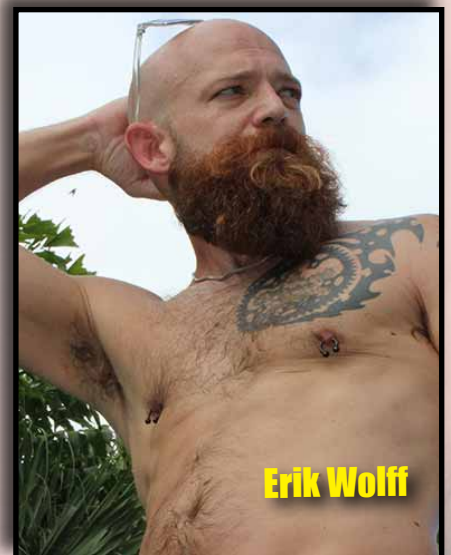
**Desert Heat Magazine**



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**Tom Riddle**



**Erik Wolff**

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# Ramblings from the Editor

Let freedom ring! This time of the year inspires us all to get out, enjoy our freedoms, enjoy the weather, barbeque until the stench of cooking meat permeates everything and everywhere and then we celebrate our freedom by blowing things up in the sky. And damn right, we should be able to do that because we are Americans, right? And that means ALL Americans. Not just those in power, or think they are in power.

Camila Alves said "People in power are trying to convince us that the villain in our American story is each other. But that is not our story. That is not who we are. That's not our America. Our United States of America is not about us versus them. It's about we the people!" She was damn right!

The people in power would have the average American citizen afraid of Trans people simply because they are different, not because they are a threat. But if you hear the "right" tell it to you, those Trans people want to harm your children. All the while it is those in power and those running the churches who are actually abusing the children. But damn it, it is their God given right to push their beliefs on you, to make you follow those beliefs even if they do not follow those beliefs themselves!

Get in line or the "right" will try to cancel you all while crying they are being persecuted against. What the fuck is wrong with us? When was it wrong to have differing opinions and when did we stop communicating about those and start canceling each other? The sad part is, it is a normal part of existence now. Right?

The NEW American way.

I don't know how many of you remember when you were a kid during this time of year. Remember being out on summer break from school. Your town had a celebration planned where everyone went to the local park, BBQed and socialized with the community. It all culminated in big fireworks show in the end.

Now how many of you are fearful to go to those fireworks shows these days? Especially if you are different. You might end up on the wrong end of some bully's fist or worse yet, bleeding out in some E.R. because some "right" person decided you shouldn't breathe the same air as him. Although nowadays it is not only men causing problems like this. Women have joined the masses in harassing people and it sure didn't take them much time to become experts at it. So much for American values.

Or the big question I want to put forth, did we ever really have any American values or were they just an illusion, or a mask, to cover up the hatred and bigotry that has permeated our society since it's inception? Just a thought to contemplate.

On a better note, DHM hopes you have a safe and fun holiday this month. Try to share great times, and show some kindness to your neighbors, and let's rekindle that feeling from our childhood!!

**STAY SAFE!**

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

*John*



# DH



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# Come And Get It

Featuring  
**MASON DIXXON**

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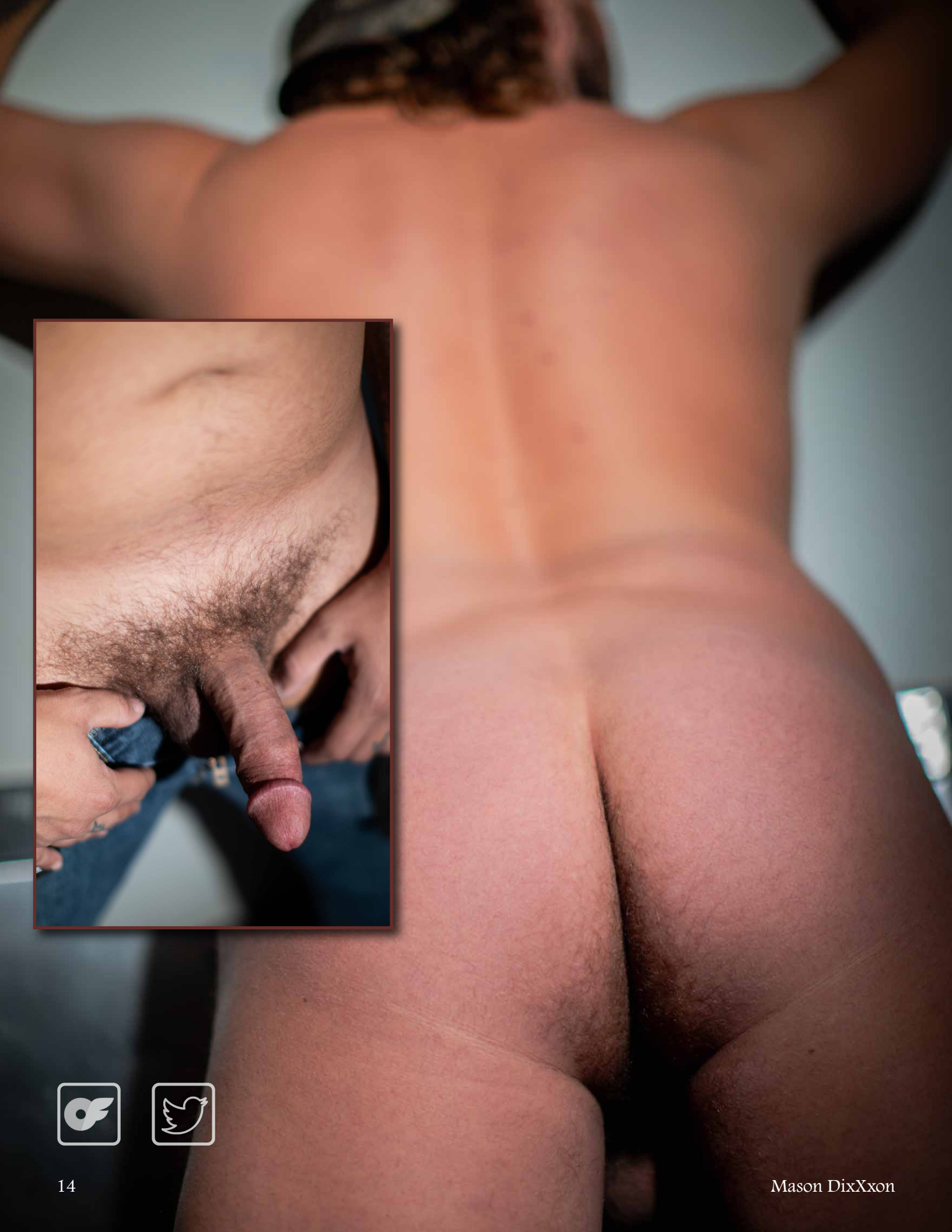














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# SARGE'S QUARTERS

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Insights into the world of leather by **Sarge**

It's July! Everyone in the United States likes to celebrate our freedom and independence, it is a holiday that defies any need to be liberal, religious, gay, straight, male, female, non-binary, trans, or to be a part of any specific minority, all you need to be is American or have the desire to be American. This year isn't very different than recent years with the country being polarized politically and with the many conservatives still attacking the LGBT with hundreds of Bills across the country trying to restrict us it does make us question if we are really free to be ourselves.

Sometimes when I am sitting at home watching the news, (which believe it or not I mostly avoid) there are these moments that I try to see what exactly are these vast differences that put fear into people. I concentrate on our similarities to see where this great disconnect comes from. At the end of the day when we are all snug in our homes there truly isn't anything sexually that one orientation can accomplish that the others cannot. I won't go into the naughty details since most of us are quite familiar with the many types of sex acts there are, but the bare truth is the only thing that makes our sex acts different is who we are playing with.

LGBT people deal with the cultural stigma and

Sarge's Quarters

shame in many instances that are exactly the same as subcultures of straight folks. We are labeled as promiscuous in a very stereotypical way and despite monogamy still being a popular approach to the majority of relationships around us, it is mainly a social construct that was not available to us prior to the 1970's. When anyone that wanted a same-sex encounter would have to lurk in the shadows of parks, bookstores and tea rooms to find the attention they needed it was virtually impossible to get to know someone on a deeper level than carnal attractions. When it was over there was not any exchange and sometimes you never bothered to get their name or give yours. Meanwhile, during the same time period, our heterosexual counterparts from as early as the 50's and 60's were hosting swinger parties also on the down low. We have all heard the stories and some of us may have witnessed the older folks having big barbecues where all the house keys were put into a bowl and whoever's key you picked was your partner for that evening. So, monogamy has always been considered normal, but multiple sex partners has also always had its place in society regardless of orientation. Gay and bisexual men had hankies and keys while straights had upside down pineapples and let's face it, not all of those swingers were 100%

straight either. There was a lot of “free love” going on in those days where piles of naked bodies were doing anything they wanted without fear or shame and that very hippie culture drove conservatives crazy too.

What was your first memory of seeing someone in leather or acting in a way that led you to believe it was fetishized or sexual? Was it a gay magazine, in a bar, straight people on television or in a movie? I have very clear memories Batman swooning over Catwoman in her Lurex catsuit and always carrying a whip. A cat o’ nine tails which squirted a deadly gas from its handle was used long before the 1992 movie where Michelle Pfeiffer wore her latex catsuit and bullwhip. Very mainstream fetish stuff happening in front of our eyes that the general public had no issue with because it was sexy when it was a woman teasing a man. However, what I want you to really think about here is where are the straight folks that love leather, latex, hoods, kinks? Would you consider them to be as marginalized as gay/bi/trans folks since still to this day the world has not accepted the BDSM lifestyle as normal? I do not, but it is pretty darn close. There are not countless conservatives slamming people of their own orientation as perverts or threats to children because they like to get kinky now and then, but for the most part they do still live in the shadows and not proudly in the streets. I have never seen a BDSM/Fetish group march in a 4th of July parade, but I have been to FantasyFest in Key West and Mardis Gras in New Orleans, and these are the events I love to share with my straight family and people that think there are no “straight pride” parades.

Nowadays in the polarized present, believe it or not, we are better off than just a few short decades ago, but life is still very hard for anyone that does not fit the conservative ideal of the Cleavers. While we can celebrate our victories, our lives were not meant to be mainstream but our pride in being part of an active subculture is not only limited to same-sex participants. Learning to accept that there are kinky straight

folks isn’t something only conservatives should embrace, but we should too. In fact, if anyone is going to be the “perfect” allies it would be the straight people in open relationships exploring all the same kinks and fetishes we do. When engaging in community activities we tend to limit our experiences by only putting ourselves in situations and spaces where we know we are safe, and frankly, that’s a bubble. Now, I am not saying that all play parties should be open to all people by any means, which is another conversation to have someday. What I am saying is there is no reason why we cannot learn from each other and be open to having all types of people in sexual/intimate situations. My mind goes to a Shibari bondage seminar I went to many years ago that was not in an LGBT space. In a small straight swingers club outside of New York City most of the people there for the demo were straight couples interested in ropes. The instructor was a woman and so was her subject, but they were not intimate partners and identified as heterosexuals. Yet, their bonding and emotional connection was clear throughout the exercise. It was beautiful to watch the interaction and intimacy being shared by people that were not otherwise sexually attracted to each other. I learned a lot that night, but the biggest takeaway was the safety of being in a group of people that understood me even if we didn’t share the same orientation.

I should mention here that I have struggled with my own orientation for decades and only recently in the last 10 years or so have felt comfortable admitting my bisexuality, which still may shock a few people to read. My connections are stronger with men, but sex with a woman is never out of the question, so going to straight swingers clubs for BDSM demos may be easier for me than some, but the experience opens doors to discussions and creates relationships outside of the bubble we exist in. Making connections with straight people should not ever be against the rules for anyone in the gay community if we truly want to be a part of the entire community at large.

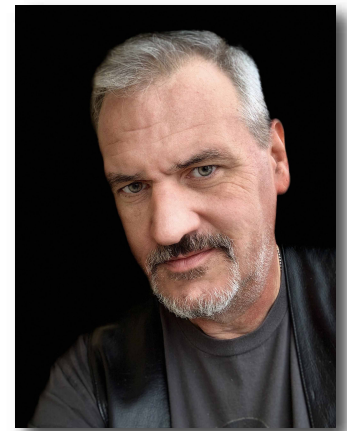


To wrap this up, as Americans we have many freedoms that we take for granted in 2023 that were not available to us just a few decades ago. But the truth is that we have people living the same lifestyles as us that prefer opposite sex partners. There are straight people that are just as much into inflicting or receiving pain, that love to be flogged on a Saturday night in a basement while 20 people watch. They do not have legislators trying to pass laws banning their existence from literature or telling them they are not worthy of the institution of marriage, but they are nonetheless marginalized in their own way.

These are the people we need to connect with on intellectual levels that get us and will join us in keeping the freedoms we have and expanding them to where LGBT people are less stigmatized and looked down upon. Creating these relationships, learning from each other, sharing spaces and still maintaining spaces for ourselves makes the world more accepting and harmonious. If we cannot admire and appreciate all people involved in kinks, then how can we expect to be appreciated and less marginalized when we too have a closed mind? Let freedom ring.

Sarge is best known as a contributor in DHM for his incredible eye in capturing the beauty of the men he photographs. His unique vision and passion for male erotic photography has made him one of the most viewed photographers in the Magazine.

He is the Executive Project Manager of International Mr. Leather held over Memorial Day weekend in Chicago. He works diligently to ensure that the competition is a great success each year. This insight, along with his longevity within the leather community, give a unique insight into the world of leather. I am excited to have him not only photographing for the Magazine but now writing for it too!



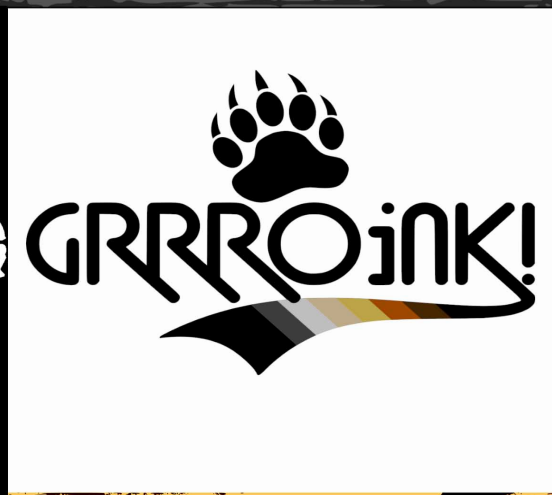
A promotional poster for an event. The background is a mix of orange and yellow. On the left, a man with a beard and a black cap is shown from the chest up, wearing a leather harness. He has extensive tattoos on his arms. In the top left corner is a circular logo for '3 RIVERS BEAR RUD' with '2023' and 'FPA' below it. The main text in the center is '3 RIVERS BLOWOUT PARTY' in large, white, distressed, block letters. Below that, it says 'WITH SPECIAL GUEST JACK DIXON' and 'AND 3 RIVERS BEAR CONTEST'. At the bottom, there is a 'Hard Rock CAFE' logo and 'S5 COVER'. The website 'FORTPITTBARS.COM' and the date 'AUGUST 5TH - 9PM TO 2AM' are at the bottom left. The address '230 W STATION SQUARE DR PITTSBURGH PA 15219' is at the bottom right.



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# Félix

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# The Barber

Story by *Craig McManus*

Tim was hot. And not in a good way. He'd just climbed an impossibly high hill to get the perfect shot of Istanbul, and although the view was worth the effort, he was sure the price he'd have to pay was a heart attack.

Puffing and panting, he tried to catch his breath, all the while marvelling at the sight of this amazing city. At least if he really did expire, his final vision would be glorious: the minarets and domes of the magnificent mosques, the elegant towers of the Topkapi Palace, and the mighty River Bosphorus, flowing serenely through this city of mosques and museums, boutiques and buskers and cafes and con artists.

He zoomed his phone's camera into the heart of the city, and got a great shot of the Grand Bazaar. Steve was somewhere down there, revelling in the sounds and sights and smells of the

food market, and filling his basket with ingredients for their dinner tonight.

Tim had been secretly delighted when Steve suggested they split up for the afternoon. Istanbul was a beautiful place, and in many ways the perfect location to celebrate twenty years together. But a city of 16 million people was a little overwhelming for a country boy from Montana. It was good to find some space.

Jesus, thought Tim. Twenty years, how did that happen? Time really did fly when you were having fun. And he loved Steve dearly, they'd grown closer with every year. Only... Well, the sex was still good, but Tim sometimes – no, more than sometimes – wished they could spice things up a little.

His breathing returned to normal, but rivers of sweat were still running down Tim's back. He

slugged from his water bottle and took in his immediate surroundings. It was a quiet neighbourhood, with a web of alleyways, every one of which seemed to be inviting exploration. Most of the buildings were apartments. On the corner, was just one shop, selling second-hand junk that Tim couldn't imagine anyone wanting: cartwheels, a pair of stone lions, a stringless guitar. All carefully arranged, as if fashioned for the Instagram generation.

Tim really needed to sit down. The afternoon heat was getting to him, and the walk up that hill had made him feel his full 300 pounds. But there was nowhere to sit. Even the stone lions were too tall for him to rest his sizeable butt.

All around Tim, the sounds of the muezzins were calling the faithful to prayer. But then, another sound caught his attention. It was coming from one of the alleyways. He headed in the direction of the sound, and as he moved further up the alley, he noticed an open doorway. At first, he thought it was the entrance to an apartment building, but as he reached the entrance, he saw that it was a small shop. To Tim, the sound of the Beatles singing *All You Need Is Love* seemed literally out of place.

Curious, he entered through the doorway. The shop was in darkness, and Tim had to wait until his eyes adjusted to the dim light. Eventually, he made out a large chair positioned on a wooden block at the centre of sparsely furnished room. He dearly wanted to collapse into it, but he quickly realised that this was no easy chair. He was about to return to the street when a man appeared from the back of the shop and turned on a light.

The first thing Tim noticed was that the man was big, as in muscular. He was tall too, well over 6 foot. His expression was hard to read, but Tim knew how easy it would be to drown in this man's dark eyes. For a long moment, the two men looked at each other, as if neither had expected this encounter. And then, with a single gesture of his hand, the man beckoned Tim into the shop and towards the chair.

Tim hesitated. He didn't need a haircut. He didn't want to waste the man's time. But at the same time, Tim really was in need of a seat. Any port in a storm, he thought, as he approached the chair.

He was about to mount the wooden block and squeeze into the chair when the barber

pointed to him. At first, Tim wasn't sure what he meant. Then the barber tugged on Tim's shirtsleeve, and he understood. He'd never had a haircut semi-naked, but Tim had to admit his sweaty shirt felt gross. He undid the buttons and peeled it off, instantly feeling so much better. He noticed the barber studying him. Tim's hairy belly was spilling over his jeans, and his fleshy, fat tits looked a million miles away from the toned pecs of the muscular barber. He felt very self-conscious as he manoeuvred himself into the chair.

The barber used his phone to switch off the music, and was now engaged in conversation with someone. Tim's Turkish started and ended with the word for hello, so he had no idea what the barber was saying. All he knew was there was an urgency in his voice.

Tim looked at himself in the large mirror. He considered himself not bad looking for 46, although his face showed the inevitable signs of ageing. He'd been trying to diet, but Steve's incredible cooking made it hard not to keep piling on the pounds.

The barber ended the phone conversation and removed his shirt. Underneath, he was wearing an undershirt, but his impressive biceps were now on full show. Tim couldn't help but stare at the mass of hair escaping from the top of the white shirt. In contrast to his shaven head, even the barber's shoulders were covered in hair.

Tim was so caught up in the vision before him, that he forgot to say he didn't need much of a haircut. But before he could say anything, the barber was snipping assuredly at his hair with a pair of scissors. One of the things Tim was proud of in middle age was that he'd managed to keep a full head of hair. And it was only now that he noticed how long it had gotten. The barber moved around him with an almost balletic delicacy that belied his burly frame.

As he moved closer to snip away the hairs above his ears, Tim could smell the barber, a deep, rich mix of body odour and tobacco that instantly set Tim's nostrils tingling, and awakened his dick. The barber moved closer still, and Tim could feel the man's stomach muscles pressing against his arm. Anywhere else, Tim would have moved his arm away, but he remained quite still, enjoying the

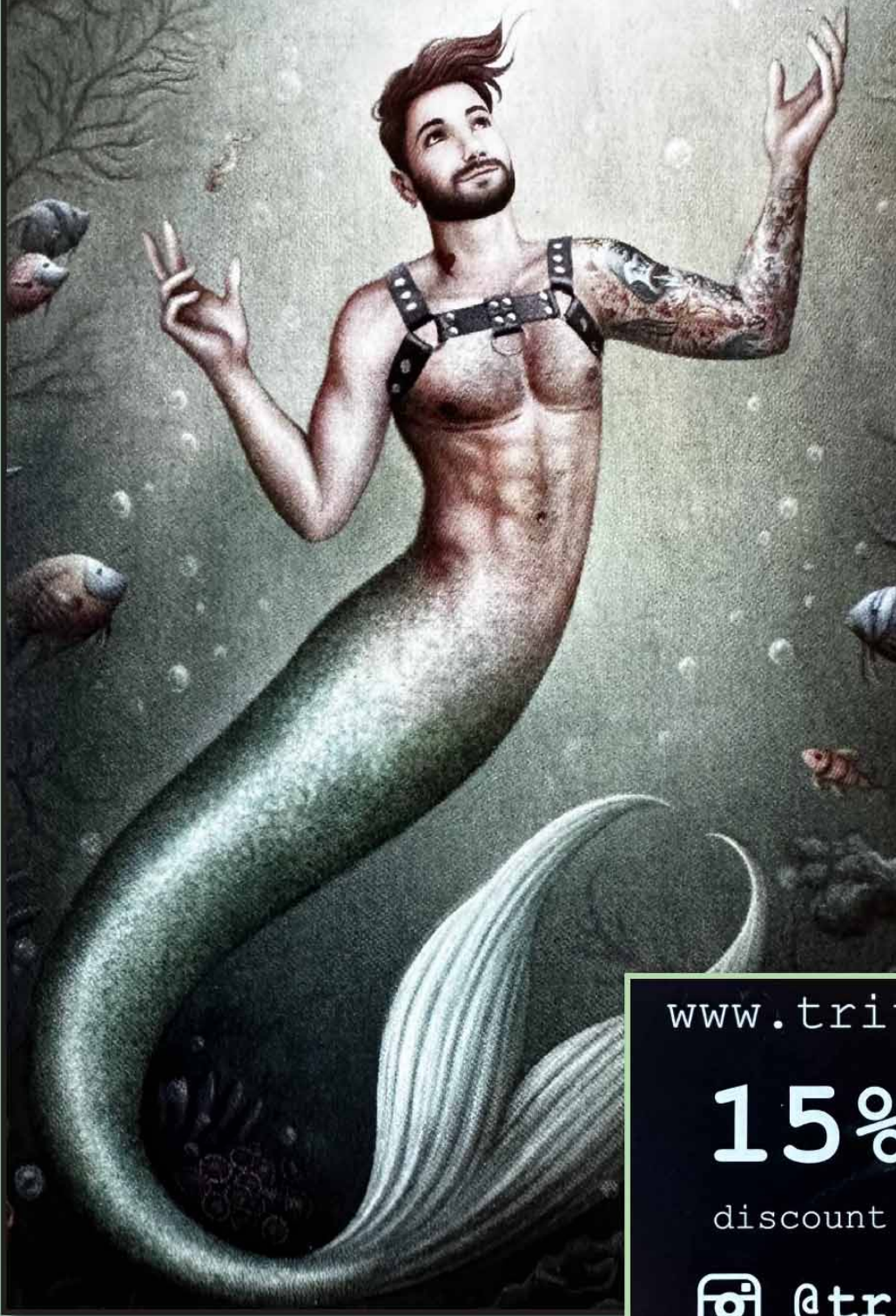
*Continued on pg 46*

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# Dillon Hess Benjamin Grey











# The **Bear** Essentials

Thoughts and Insights by  
**Todd Rumsey**



Hey Guys -

Its that time of year. Summer is here and the house parties are abounding! Everyone wants to have friends over for good food, some yard games, a dip in the pool and more.

How do you know what's appropriate attire - if you should bring lube - or if a towel will be provided for the pool?

This is not pretending to be advice or what to do for you or for those you are partying with, more an idea of what to expect at different types of house parties.

A first time house party attendee - or some one never to this particular party - or not sure of the hosts - should remember 2 things. Most important, its a party, meant to allow the guests to have fun and relax.

Secondly, if you're not sure of what to expect , ask the hosts! Shoot them a quick email or text, maybe even a phone call, to get a little more comfortable with what to expect.

BBQ parties are typically held outdoors and offer easy summer foods such as burgers, hot dogs, pasta salads, watermelon, and cold drinks. These can be combined with a pool party and that ups the level of what to expect. More on pool parties in a minute.

These parties may involve bringing some dish to share or a favorite drink, perhaps outdoor chairs, and sun protection. These parties are often fully dressed- may even be coed and generally do not involve sex.

Pool parties - are an added level of the above BBQ. Pool parties often include food as above with the added inclusion of swimming, clothes changing, towels, nudity, and personal space expectations. If these things are not clearly defined in the invitation, it may not hurt to ask another guest that has been before, or even the host. If you're completely ok and prepared to roll with the flow - go fo it! If you need a little more clarification - go for it!

House parties are a third level of party that can include any of the above mentioned activities - and

usually include private / play space for more intimate moments. This will generally place much less focus on the food or the pool - as most men will be aware of the sexual component and be more inspired by that. These often can mean the swimming may be naked - a hot tub may be involved - and clothes are generally optional indoors. (Please note - if clothes are not needed - please continue to carry a towel for sitting on the hosts furniture) These parties are generally held in secluded areas or closely controlled indoor spaces where play spaces will be clearly defined. Please respect all rules of sex parties and the hosts request of usage of space.

None of these parties are set in stone as food / no food, pool / no pool, sex / no sex. Human beings (men) are fluid in the issues that arise when more than 1 is in a room. Will there be a closeness unexpected with the men invited, will a discussion erupt that causes the party to remain very casual, will the food eclipse the pool and make everyone

gather around the grill? These are all things that can not be predicted until after the event. Remember the important things are to relax and have fun, go with the flow and respect self, hosts, and others!

Understanding what type of party you have been invited too, and the expectations, and other guests that will be present, can go a long way to allowing everyone to have fun and relax. The hosts do an immeasurable amount of work to invite people into their home and private space, please respect that and yourself. In the middle of Pride month at the time you read this, the meaning behind PRIDE is respect of self and others! Having a fun time at house parties over the summer is no exception - its the expectation!

Essentially yours -

Todd

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DHM Fan ~ naturallygray



proximity of this man's amazing body.

The barber placed the scissors on the shelf in front of the mirror, and reached for an electric clipper. Skilfully, carefully, the barber began to shave away the pesky hairs that seemed to have colonised Tim's ears and nose after he'd hit 40.

The barber paused and looked directly at Tim in the mirror. His expression was hard to read, it was as if he was studying Tim for an exam. After what seemed like an age, the barber reached for a small bottle of cream. He unscrewed the top and poured a generous portion onto his hands. He began to rub the cream into Richard's face, massaging it into his clean-shaven cheeks and neck and chin. The cream had a strong, fresh smell of eucalyptus. But it was the barber's own musky smell that was sparking a reaction in Tim's pants.

As he continued, the barber pressed his body even closer to Tim's. In the mirror, Tim noticed the barber's jeans were tight-fitting. His ass was as muscular as the rest of him, and Tim was sure he could see a bulge forming at the crotch. The barber replaced the bottle of cream and lit a match. Tim watched nervously, as the barber slid the burning matchstick up and down a cut-throat razor. His life was now literally in the barber's hands. But he sure as hell wasn't going anywhere. This had become too enjoyable to miss.

The barber took a firm grip of Tim's chin with his left hand. With his right, he began to slide the razor downwards, forming a smooth path across Tim's cheek. He changed position, this time forming his left hand as a crescent around Tim's eye. His face was now inches from the barber's body, and Tim closed his eyes to get the full sensation of the strong stink coming from those hairy pits. The barber placed one of his feet on the wooden block supporting the chair and leaned in, his knee resting on Tim's naked belly. Tim knew his dick would be leaking by now.

Suddenly, the barber disappeared into the back room, but within seconds he was back, this time with a white towel. When he placed it on Tim's face, Tim had to gasp. It was scorching hot, but at the same time hugely exhilarating. Tim relaxed as the barber rubbed the towel into his skin, massaging and kneading.

And then, the barber mounted the wooden block and was straddling Tim. His butt was resting on Tim's lap, and Tim could feel his cock rubbing against the barber's peachy ass. The barber leaned into massage Tim's neck and shoulders, then used the towel to dry the sweat on Tim's chest. When he rubbed the towel on Tim's nipples, Tim gave out an involuntary moan, and for the first time he saw a grin on the barber's face. He continued massaging Tim's hairy belly, somehow maintaining his balance crouching on the wooden block while cleaning every inch of Tim's upper body with the towel.

Tim sensed his time in the chair was coming to an end. He didn't want to leave, but he'd gotten so much more from his visit than a short back and sides. He sighed, as the barber dismounted from the chair as gracefully as a gymnast. He stood behind the chair and studied Tim in the mirror. Tim was about to say thank you, when a figure appeared in the shop's doorway.

He was short, but stocky, with a bit of a belly. He had short dark hair and sharp, chestnut coloured eyes. He was wearing a rugby shirt and shorts that showed off his strong, hairy legs. Like the barber, he was bearded, with a four day stubble that Tim guessed was actually just a morning old. Tim had seen so many handsome Turkish guys like this during his time in Istanbul. It was as if this whole city was populated by attractive men.

The newcomer nodded at the barber, who returned the wordless greeting. After that, everything seemed to happen with lightning speed. The new arrival swung the door shut and used a mechanism to lock it. The barber threw a rope around Tim's chest, constraining him with multiple loops. Tim opened his mouth to protest, but his cry was stifled by a cloth gag produced from nowhere by the new guy. Within seconds, Tim was trapped.

The two men stood silently behind Tim and surveyed the scene. Tim closed his eyes and thought of Steve breaking down in tears when the police found Tim's body, in a dump, or washed up on the riverside.

After what seemed like an age, the rugby guy peeled off his shirt. He had a furry chest, with a long, dark trail leading into his shorts. Tim braced himself for... he didn't know what.

The rugby guy walked slowly, placing himself in front of Tim. The barber remained behind

the chair, his big arms crossed. Then, the rugby guy was on his knees, and took Tim's left foot in his hand. Gently, he removed Tim's shoe, and held it to his face. Tim had been walking for hours, and knew exactly how smelly that shoe was going to be. The man jammed his nose inside the shoe and gave out long, slow moans of appreciation. He licked the inside of the shoe, and then let his long, pink tongue slide around the rim. Tim was so astounded, he momentarily forgot he'd been tied to a chair by two strangers.

The rugby guy performed the same manoeuvre with Tim's right shoe, caressing his face with the rough side of the sole, breathing the days of sweat embedded in the material. He turned his attention to Tim's feet, and began to massage them with his hands. And then, with his lips. He took Tim's sock-covered foot into his mouth, giving off little yelps of pleasure as he devoured it.

He removed Tim's black sock and held it up to show the barber. In the mirror, Tim saw the barber, still standing upright, give a slight nod. With that, the rugby guy jammed the sock into his own face, almost wild with ecstasy from the stinking material. He shoved the sock into his mouth and gave off low growls of pleasure. As he moved to perform the same procedure on Tim's right foot, Tim noticed the barber removing his undershirt, and for the first time saw that magnificent chest in its full glory. But instead of discarding the shirt, he drew it under Tim's nose, letting him breathe in all the smells the barber had discharged onto it. Tim was still unsure what the fuck was going on, but if he on his way to die, he was sure as hell going to enjoy the trip. He breathed in the strong, musky odours, and felt his cock release a spurt of precum.

Tim's feet were now naked. The rugby guy started to massage Tim's toes with his strong hands. It felt amazing, and Tim was now ready to abandon himself to whatever this pair of hot men had in store for him. Even trussed up and gagged, Tim hadn't felt so horny in years.

Behind him, Tim noticed the barber's expression had changed, from impassive to hungry. He was staring at the man who now had Tim's entire right foot inside his mouth. A thin string of spit dribbled from the barber's mouth. He was literally drooling. Tim desperately wished he could release his surging dick from his pants.

As if reading his mind, the barber stepped

forward and unzipped Tim's jeans, wrenching at his underwear to dig out Tim's now fully erect cock. But instead of giving him a blow job, as Tim had expected, the barber now joined the rugby guy and took Tim's other foot in his mouth. Together, the two men moaned and gasped as they slid their tongues over and around Tim's feet, giving special attention to each of his toes. At the same time, they were tugging on their own dicks. Their excitement was evident, both by the size of their throbbing cocks, and the glistening precum leaking from them.

Tim knew he couldn't contain his load for much longer. He'd never imagined such a scenario, but now he'd never be able to jack off without recalling the vision before him. Two hot, hairy men were going into raptures because of a part of Tim's body he'd rarely considered as anything other than a means of getting from A to B.

At last, the barber, and then the rugby guy shot their loads, in a double explosion of creamy spunk that landed on Tim's feet. Without hesitation, both men fell upon Tim's feet and greedily consumed every last drop of the salty semen.

This was too much for Tim, who immediately released a rope of spunk that arced into the air and landed on his fat belly. The two men quickly got to their feet and hungrily gobbled up Tim's cream, making big, satisfied slurping sounds. Once they were done, they silently started the process of releasing Tim from his heavenly captivity.

Later, moving from the darkness of the shop, back into the bright sunlight of Istanbul, Tim felt as if he was waking from some amazing dream. But before walking back down the hill to meet Steve, he revisited the junk shop. Bypassing the battered old radios, the chipped jugs and random ornaments, Tim searched through the shop until he found what he wanted.

Steve was waiting at the tram stop, surrounded by bags of food from the market. His eyebrows shot up in surprise at Tim's haircut. He was about to ask Tim how his afternoon had gone when he noticed the section of rope in Tim's hand. He looked at his husband, clearly unsure of what was going on. Tim said nothing. He could only imagine the fun they were going to have tonight.

A Javier A Lara Selfi Project

# Merovech

From  
Paris



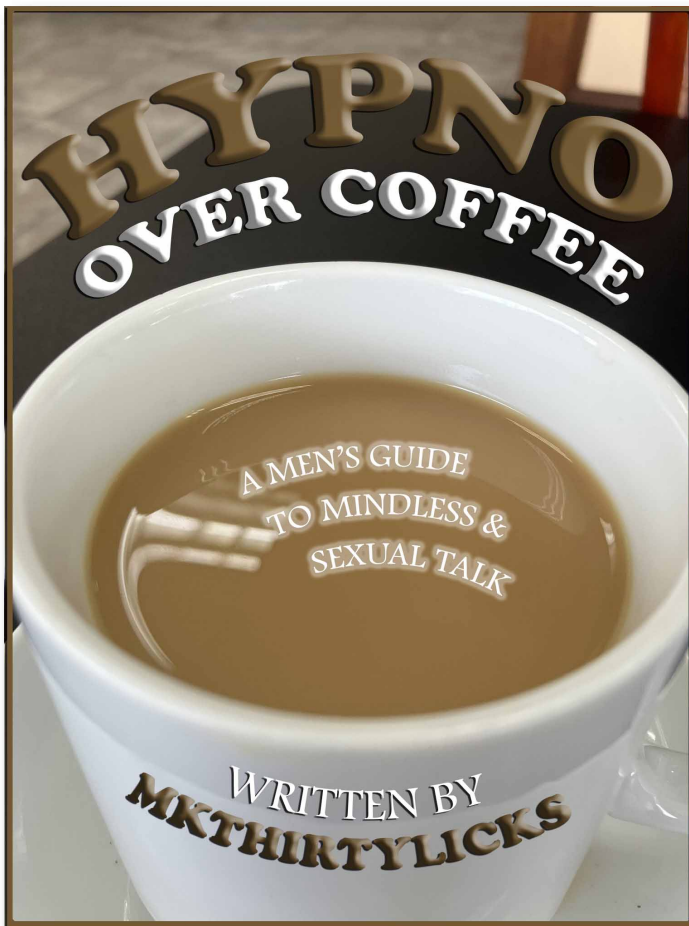








This selfie- project was developed in 2020 during the Pandemic days, and men from all over the world contributed to me. I remotely direct the project and give them instructions in terms of light, composition, and angle of the selfies. If you are interested in being part of the project contact me @ [jlhotman@gmail.com](mailto:jlhotman@gmail.com). Help me create some art work."

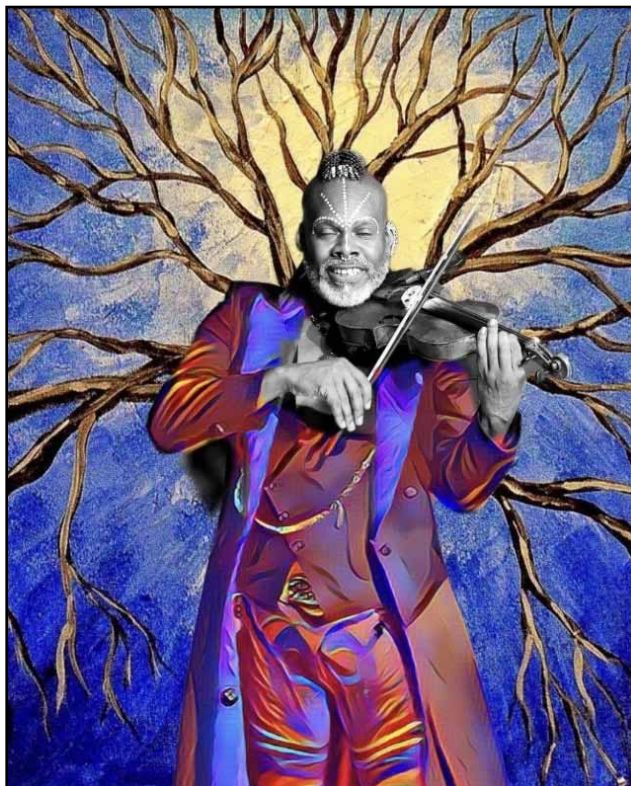


Greetings to you all! Last month, talked a bit about my explorations as a sub in the hypno world. These explorations have also taught me about spirituality and ways to bring peace to mind in stressful and sometimes painful situations. Music is definitely one of my favorite ways to let go of the world. And fly. ;)

Recently, I was visiting in San Francisco. And, caught up with my music friend, SIR KIPPY MARKS. As part of the BEAR CHEST CALENDAR community and a GRAND DUKE title holder; KIPPY MARKS is also known to be quite musical in town. I first got to see him perform at PALM SPRINGS PRIDE in 2019. Something about the way he dances and dazzles on the stage with the dance beats in the background while performing with his 1822 Violin named, Izabella.



**“WHEN I HEAR THE MUSIC...”**



As my friend and I were passing through at Pride, I stopped and said, “Wow, who is that?” He had this smile on stage. So passionate and could see someone through his eyes in a magical place in his mind while delivering a flawless performance.

In 2020, I ended up moving to San Francisco from my hometown of Ventura for two and a half years. I met a leather guy that was also fun and playful in the Hypno world. We got to go see Kippy perform on the 4th of July in 2021. We had so much fun. Even the dog we brought on the patio seemed to enjoy the music.

The more, that I've been lucky to call him friend and get to know him. The more, I'm always

(Photo Credit courtesy of Kippy Marks / KIMA EXCLUSIVE ENTERTAINMENT)

intrigued by his story and spirit. He's known and highly regarded throughout San Francisco and areas beyond. He writes his own music with Izabella and sometimes creates fun cover tunes. You can find a YouTube video of him performing, "Break My Heart" by DUA LIPA. He also recently performed, "Chandelier by SIA at a PRIDE event in RICHMOND, CA. He has also covered Billy Joel and Etta James. He's performed with many orchestras and all across the western United States.

Recently, Kippy Marks went through a very scary medical ordeal that landed him in the hospital with an urgent needed liver transplant. After the surgery and recovery; Kippy even performed at the hospital for his staff and nurses. It was very moving to see him happy and healthy again. There really is a magic light about him.

Anyways, fast forward to today. KIPPY MARKS has a brand new album out, "YESTERDAY'S TOMORROW." With a newfound survival outlook on life. If you need new music for the summer, I

Kippy Marks and Izabella's music is full of a chill groovy world music sound mixed in with the beautiful sounds of Izabella while blended in with dance beats. STEP INSIDE 2GETHR WE THRIVE is a great tune for PRIDE this summer. He even has a frisky dance song, FLOCK THE WALK. There's a lot of great songs that are great for a dinner gathering or even a gay bear pool party. If you put his album on in the background. You might get some ears listening and people asking who the artist is.

Other favorite tunes on the new album include, "FRAGRANCE JOY", "EVEN WHEN YOU'RE GONE", "BEATING THE ODDS" (Which he wrote about surviving his recent medical scare! And fighting it without giving up hope.). Lately, I've been especially intrigued by his song, "TEEKIE GEMS," which is a dazzling uppity yet beautiful song. His music is filled with so many harmonies and music sounds. Some may find the music very healing. And, you may also find yourself wanting to grab someone and dance.



highly suggest giving his music a lesson. He also recently embarked on a music tour in Dubai. Which also reflects his current album cover.

Recently, I got to grab coffee with KIPPY MARKS at a Greek coffee and deserts shop called, AEGEAN DELIGHTS. Located on Castro, a few doors down from The Sausage Factory. The deserts were so yummy. And we had a really nice lovely time talking about life and music.

During our interview; He told me a story of how he met Izabella. "This family used to come see me play in Balboa Park in San Diego on the weekends. And, they would bring a picnic basket. And, they had two little girls. They would come every Sunday and listen to me play. Back then, there was another girl that used to play in the park too. She'd be on one end of the park, and I'd be on the other. This family used to see me play, and I didn't see them for five or six months. When they came back, they had this blue navy duffel bag. And, I told them, 'I haven't seen you in a long time.' And they said, 'We're doing really good. Getting ready to leave



# TOM RIDDLE

Photography by Tom Riddle

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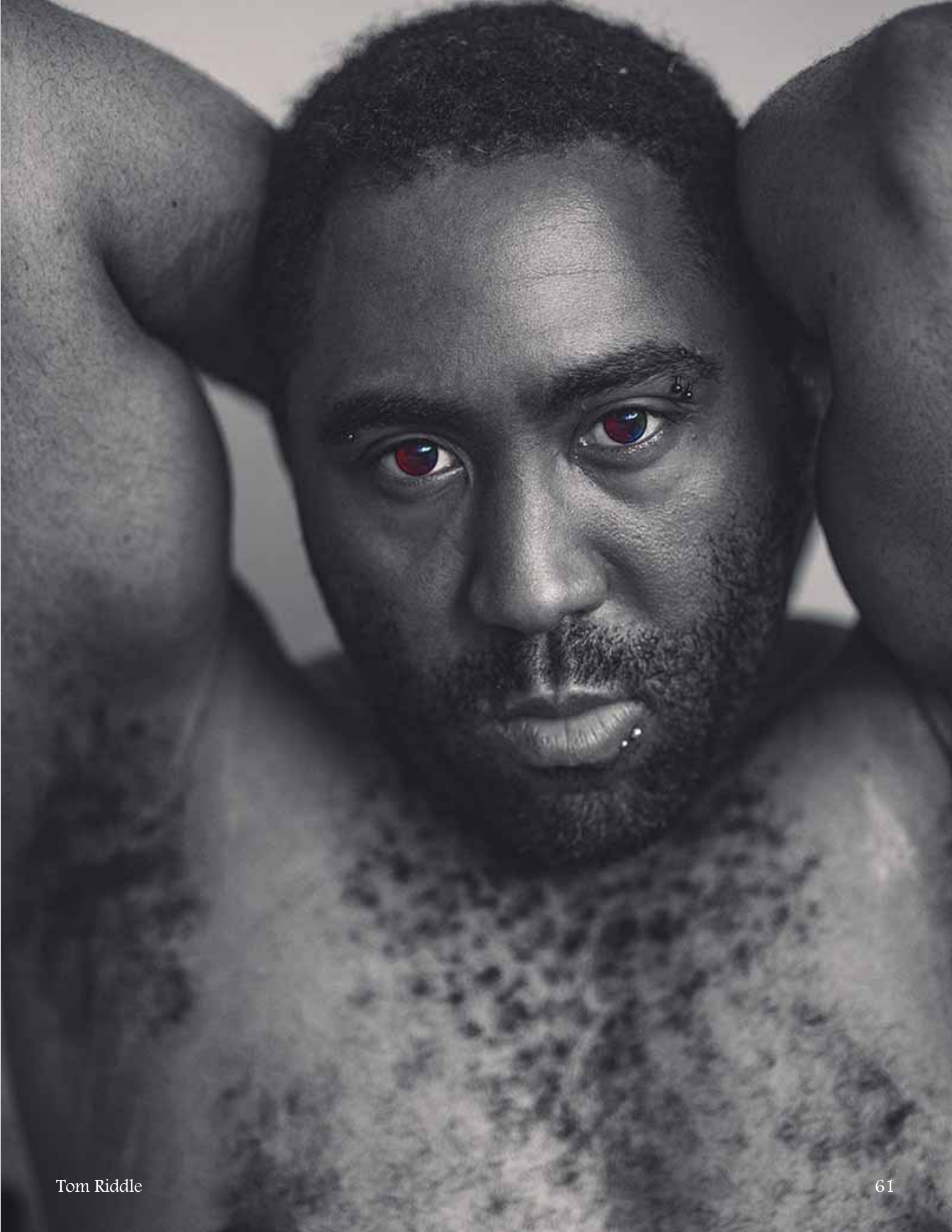






Tom Riddle





*Continued from pg 54*

the country. We're going to Guam to do Missionary work. We have this violin that's been in our family forever, but we can't take it with us. We would love to hear you play it!' And, I said, 'Really?'

So, they pull this out from its original wooden case. And, it was wrapped in bungee cords. So, I opened it up and there she was! And, fully ready to go. I plucked the strings and it went, 'Ding, Ding, Ding!' And, it just echoed all over the park. Tears came to my eyes and I'm like, oh my god. And, I looked at the markings inside. It was all in German, 1822.

She told me, 'It's been in our family. Our kid used to play it, but the little girl sat on it. And, we fixed it and put it away. Then I asked, 'Who fixed it?' They said, 'Raymond Wise!' Who was this famous violin maker. Then they said, 'We love the way you play.' So, then I played it and had my eyes closed. And, went into this trance and I was gone.

What seemed like 15 minutes was almost an hour. I opened my eyes and there were all these people around. And, I had this case full of money. The most I ever made in my life. Then, they told me, "Her name is Izabella. With a Z. Because, she's German.' And, I'm like, 'how much would you want for it?' I don't know if I could afford it.' And, they told me how much. And, I said, 'I think I could do that. Tell you what!' I counted my tips, and I made \$120. 'Why don't I give you the tips. And, we write a little contract. Then, I'll see you in two weeks with the rest.'

In front of everybody, I took a piece of paper and wrote a little contract. And, they packed her up and took her away. Then, they took it to the other girl that was playing on the other end. Then, I heard her playing Izabella. After all the stuff that went in my head. They came back and said, 'You're really smart. She was going to have her mom come and buy it. But, because of your contract, we're going to honor it. It's sold. It's yours!'

And that's where the story of Kippy Marks and Izabella begins. When you hear the music or see them perform live; you feel this bond. Very magical

and inspirational. The music is soothing, moving, and so many different emotions and different music formulas come together so beautifully.

Check out Kippy Marks everywhere online. Performances and music videos on YouTube.

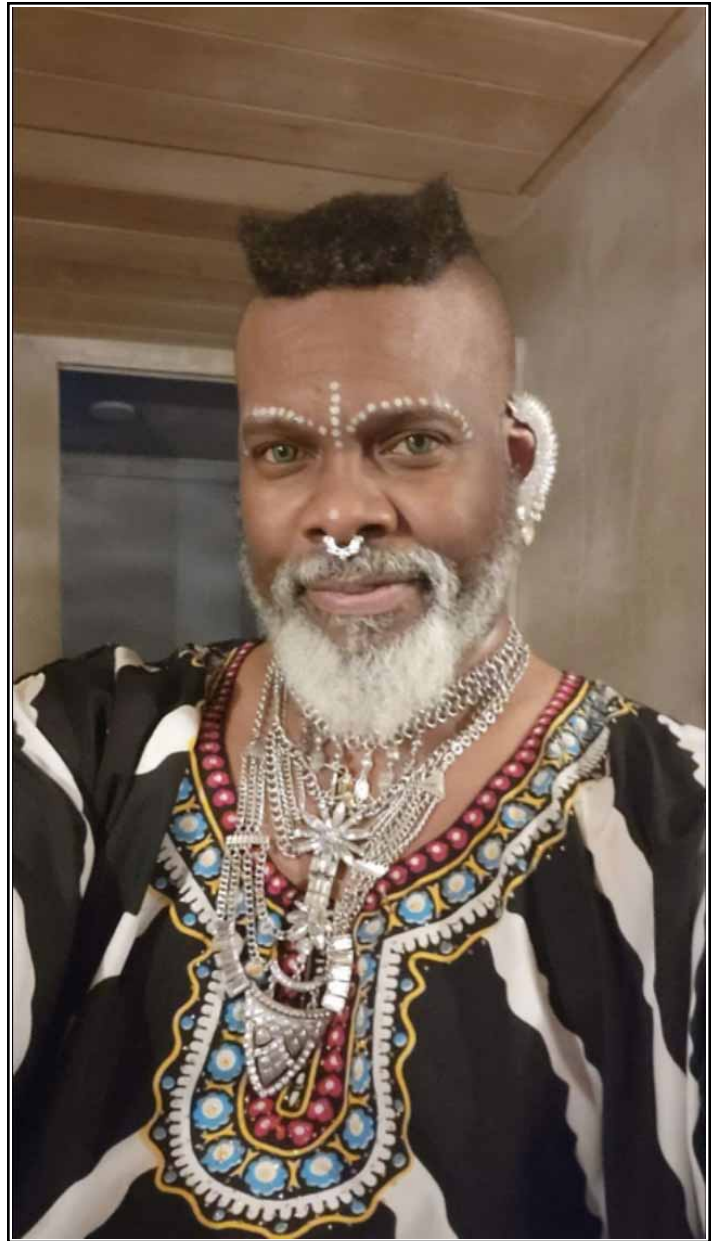
Thank you so much, Kippy Marks & Izabella!



(Photo Credit courtesy of KIMA EXCLUSIVE ENTERTAINMENT)



(photo credit: Kohli Rocks Media. 4th of July 2021)



(Photo Credit courtesy of KIMA EXCLUSIVE ENTERTAINMENT)

MK has been part of the bear scene in Ventura and Los Angeles for a batch of years. And, has taken part in leather events. Competed in a Mr. Cub LA back in 2018. And, on the music side, is known as DJ KOHLI ROCKS. Band promoter and entertainment booking for LGBT events in Ventura. Loves music,, bears, and submissive in the hypno & leather community. Currently, residing in So. Cal after living in San Francisco for a couple of years.





**PERREO**  
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**SPEAK  
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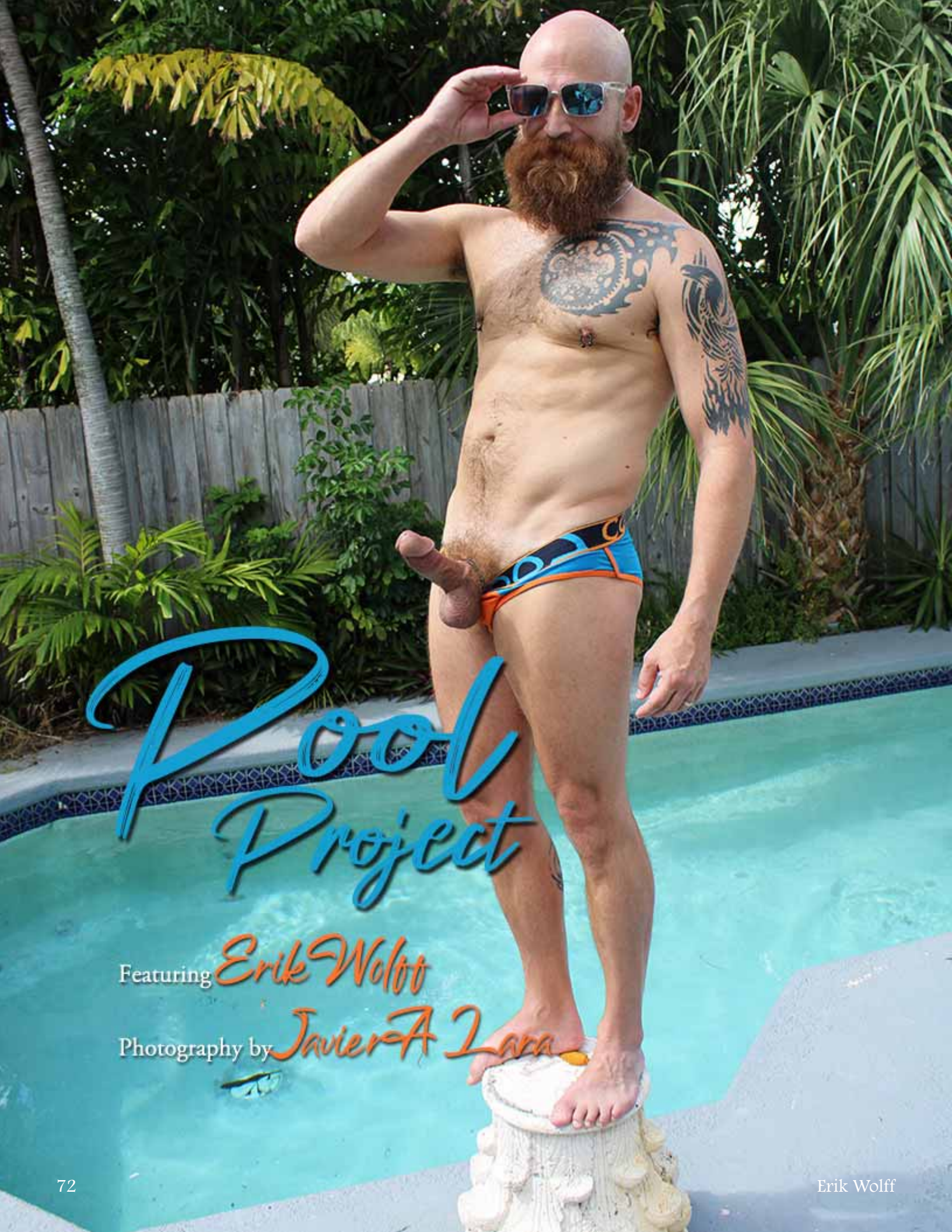


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# Pool Project

Featuring *Erik Wolff*

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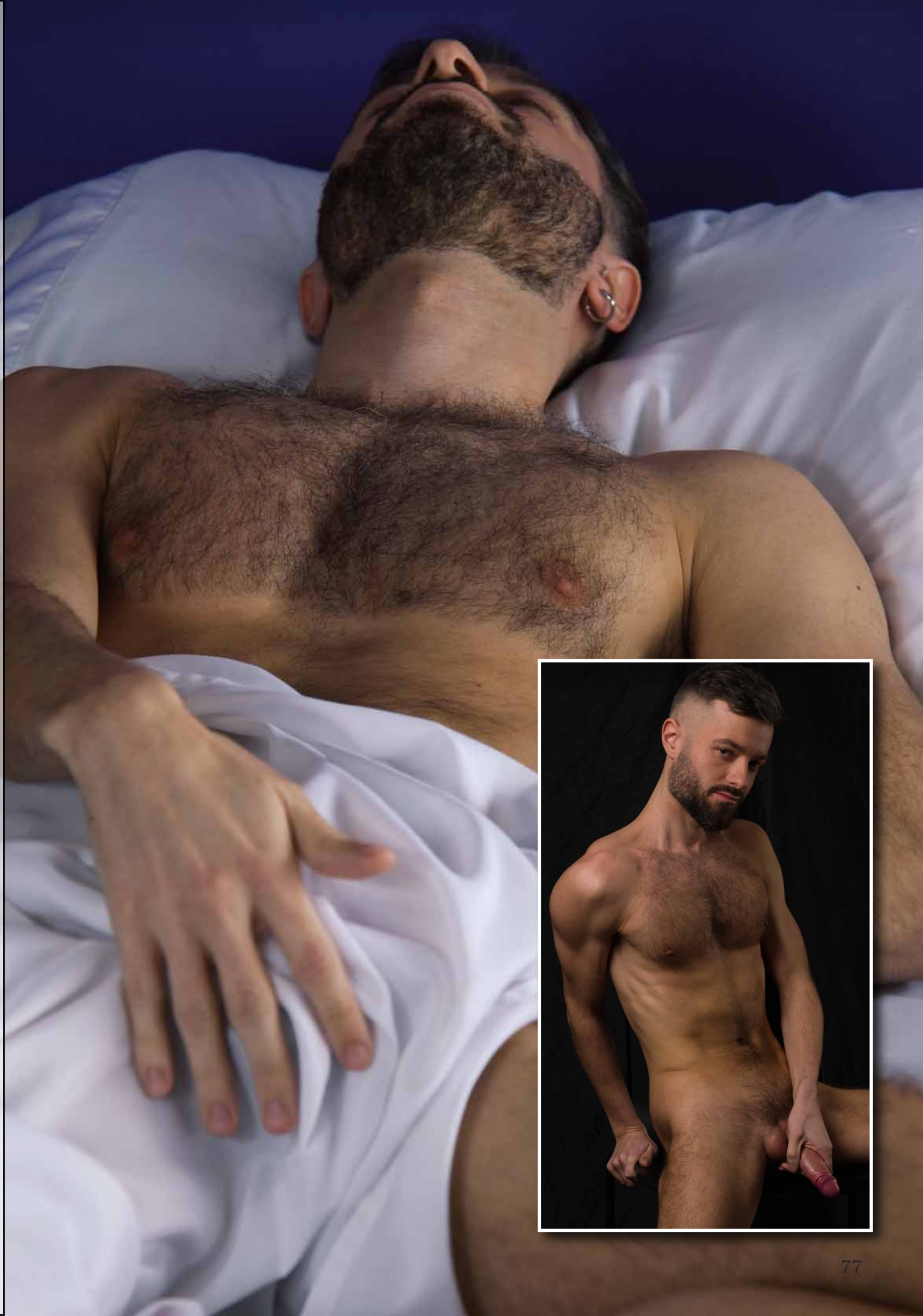








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