

Pup Gathering at SWLP

Submitted by Kenneth on Mon, 03/03/2008 - 2:15pm

There seemed to be some confusion about what was expected at the pup gathering at SWLP this last weekend, and I would like to clarify my standpoint. I can't speak for the rest of the group, but I do want to express my feelings.

In my opinion, we had a successful pup gathering. The point was not to DO anything, the point was to BE somewhere, and to that end, we succeeded. There were pups and handlers, I had not yet met, and that was pretty amazing. There were pups that I know and love, and that was pretty cool, and we were all there. We enjoyed the event that was put on, and had fun the whole night long.

That's what I expected, that's what I hoped for, that's what I wanted.

Someone asked me "So when do we crash the party?" My response was that we already had. By virtue of the fact that we were there, and by virtue of the fact that we were having fun. I didn't have anything public planned. I wasn't going to stand up on stage and announce "Hey guess what? The pups are in the house!" I enjoyed what happened, I enjoyed what we did.

I understand that several of the people who were there, would have been there regardless. That's okay. I understand that some one might have come out, expecting something bigger, more extravagant from me. For giving that impression, I am sorry. This group, in my opinion, is not "something bigger, more extravagant" it just is. I like it that way. If you want it to be bigger and more extravagant, by all means, plan bigger and more extravagant meetings and get together. In the mean time, I will continue to post information about low key events and happenings. I will continue to be out there and visible in the community, and I will continue to promote the agenda as I see it.

Hopefully, I will start to see more pups being out AS pups. Hopefully I will see more pup lovers coming out looking for a stray to take home. Hopefully we will some day have a place where all the pups can come together and mosh if they want to.

It was interesting though, I was walking past two people talking, and one turned to the other, pointed at me, and said: "Now that's the person you want to talk to about pup play." Wow. That was pretty cool.

Of course, that means I have something else to add to my "To-do" list. I need elevator speech answers to:

What is pup play?

What is A-PAH?

What does that mean? (while indicating my pocket flap)

Luckily, I already have an answer to: How do I get involved in pup play here in the valley? Thanks to this website and the cards I had printed up. If you haven't seen my business card, ask me for one next time you see me. They have my email address, this website, and the A-PAH logo on them. As well as other contact info for me, and my title. (I'm going to be screwed in May if I win, 'cause I'll have to have another batch printed up that lists the new title! lol.)

In the mean time, best to you and yours.



[confused here...](#)

i was one of the ones confused/disappointed, but that could be more because i was not able to be out with my Sir in full mental pup mode than anything else. Ah well. Did i expect something bigger? No, not at all. i did expect more pup play and mindset. That i didn't see that or get into the head space was probably my biggest disappointment.

This is a new group and, to the best of my understanding, more comfortable with giving pups and Handlers a venue to comfortably fall into role play/persona. It isn't an in your face/take over the world group. We're feeling our oats (chewing our bones? testing our leashes?). i'm excited and looking forward to new events/opportunities and meeting other pups and Handlers with Sir in tow.

Thanks for organizing this, Kenneth.

Submitted by pup peter on Wed, 03/05/2008 - 10:00pm. [Login](#) to post comments



Further Insight

I have reached the conclusion, after serious consideration and more than one aborted idea of having my pup go into space at a bar, that bars are not really conducive to pup space. At least not full pup space. I know that there is that place between pup space and "normal" space, where the inner pup is right there at the surface but hasn't taken over completely, and that could be achieved in the bar, but full pup space doesn't seem practical to me. We have yet to have an event that is conducive to pup space. I wish we could.

Mr. Cellblock Phoenix Leather 2008
A-PAH Owner

Submitted by Kenneth on Tue, 03/18/2008 - 12:29pm. [Login](#) to post comments

Disappointed

Submitted by Kenneth on Mon, 05/05/2008 - 11:08am

They told me when I started that I could expect to do most of the work myself. And in general, I am okay with that, I really really am. But this month has just been well, draining. Between other people's events, my own events, and getting ready for competition, I just haven't had the time to focus on my group as much as I would have liked. I decided to see if my 9 month old baby was ready to start taking steps on it's own.

I know - typically babies don't take their first steps until 12 - 14 months, so I should not be surprised that mine wouldn't take that step. However, I can't help but feel disappointed.

I guess I should look at it this way, most of the people in MY group are also in the groups of people mention above that are having their own events, and everyone's really busy right now. But damn it, it just kinda sucks.

I guess I am worn out, and slightly tired. I am working out a lot, working a lot, and trying to be everywhere in the community at the same time. It's a recipe for burnout. I know that. I keep telling myself that I'll be better after IML. I won't, but I keep wanting to think I will be.

Like the title of this blog implies: I am disappointed. I have been slightly disappointed before, when others seem to expect me to do everything. I want, I have always wanted this group to be an interactive collaborative of people who all contribute. It was pointed out recently that my joke early on about being the A-PAH Supreme God was counterproductive to that idea, but I thought that people were smart enough to see it for what it was. A joke. I don't want to be a supreme god. I just want a place where we can get together and celebrate pup. It's there inside us - I didn't think that it would take this much effort.

I guess, that now I know. And to be honest, completely totally honest - it saddens me a little bit. I know that you are busy, hell, that's my excuse for not putting together an event last month. We're all busy. I know, it's one more event on an already overloaded calendar of events, but I was hoping that people would want this badly enough to make room for it.

May and June are going to be difficult for me as well. I hope to have some time to make things happen. If anyone would like to help, I would be more than grateful.

Tags: [April Event](#)



What happened to a sense of humor?

Hi,

I was shocked to hear that some people were put off by your Supreme God joke. I mean, a person would have to be completely lacking a sense of humor to even consider momentarily that the title, Supreme God, was **not** a joke. Would a true narcissist go around calling himself, Supreme God? Of course not.

Because people would laugh. Someone who **really** thought he was a Supreme God, wouldn't call himself that; he would just **act** like he thought he was a Supreme God.

So, what happened to a sense of humor? Who knows. Maybe it disappeared when gas prices reached \$4 a gallon...

Licks and snuggles,

puppy Peaches (aka slave velvet)

Submitted by puppy Peaches on Tue, 07/08/2008 - [Login to post comments](#)
5:24pm.

IML: The Complete De-Brief

Submitted by Kenneth on Fri, 07/11/2008 - 3:36pm

I am still digesting the weekend, but you all deserve to hear from me, and hear how it went. In case you haven't heard, I was one of the top 20 finalists on Sunday Night, but I'll get to that.

First, I must take a moment to say, that boys are amazing. I would have been lost, or I would have lost it, without mine this weekend. He kept me calm when I was freaking out, he was supportive when I was feeling low, and he made sure that my boots and leather were all competition ready the whole weekend. He even stepped up and blacked one of my classmate's boots in an emergency.

The Weekend:

We arrived on Wednesday, and started to make friends. First was the unofficial Class of 2008 Dinner, where we sat on the outskirts because we hadn't met many of my classmates yet. After that was pre-registration. While I was getting registered, Marcus was sitting on "Widow's Row" with the other "Sash Widows" (Boyfriends and Partners of Contestants, who were not allowed into the Contestant Registration Area) He started talking to a boy that was there, and later when I came out with the boy's partner, we all started talking and hanging out. The four of us ended up going out for drinks in BoysTown, and had a great bonding experience. I would spend much of the weekend making friends and talking with this contestant, Mr. Oklahoma Leather 2008, David.

Thursday, was the Orientation, where we were introduced to the people who would be running the contest, handling the contestants, and judging the contest. There was a little time for socialization as well. We also were introduced to some past IML's, one of whom gave a great and inspirational speech about winning. He said that by virtue of the fact that we were in the room with each other, we were already winners, and that anyone leaving the contest bitter was a stupid queer. I liked him a lot. We got a break, and then had to report back for rehearsal, where we learned how we would enter, when, where, and where we would go during opening ceremonies. Before I knew it, Opening Ceremonies were upon us, and we were paraded across the stage, first by country, or in the case of the US Contestants, by state. Then we were introduced individually, alphabetically by last name. Then we were all brought on in groups, and picked our numbers. I selected number 22. My friend David selected number 2, so we would be separated for a majority of the contest events, but we still set up next to each other in the dressing room, and hung out when we were not doing contestant stuff.

Being number 2, David did not have time to get his boots blacked by the Bootblack Contestants before his interview, so he asked Marcus to do them for him. It took some convincing to get Marcus to agree, because he was worried about messing up someone else's boots. In the end, he gave David "The best shine [he'd] ever seen."

Friday, I had an opportunity to head to the Leather Mart where the Bootblacks were and get mine shined up before my pictures and interview. I figured that Marcus had done enough shining the night before, plus I needed to vote for my favorite contestant anyway. I won't complain about the blacking I got, but I will say that Marcus has always done a better job on my boots - then again, Marcus always takes a lot more time as well. Then it was off to my "Official IML Photo Shoot." Marcus went with me, and I took pictures in a couple different outfits (Including "boots and a smile") and the photographer took a couple of Marcus and Me together. After my photo shoot, I had to eat and get ready for my interview. Getting ready was one of my near crisis moments.

cut and get ready for my interview. Getting ready was one of my near crisis moments, because I thought that I was going to be late. I managed to make it on time. One of the members of my interview group, however, had not shown up by the time it was time for us to leave, and we were all worried that he was going to miss out on 60% of his score. As we were leaving the room to head to the interviews, he was running up, and got in line and went with us. When we got to the holding room, there was so much tension, because Juan almost missed the interview and we were all worried. Someone said something, and the tension broke. Before long, contestants were making out with each other, flashing their dicks around, and laughing it up. We hardly noticed the time passing, except when the next person left the room.

When I left the holding room, Juan was in the hall, and I waited down the hall until he went into the interview room. Then Juan came out, and I was moved to outside the interview room, and Jake moved into my spot down the hall. Then I was in the room with the Judges. Each Judge asked me a question, and it was after the first 3 questions that I realized I was answering to the judge that asked, and not making eye contact with the other judges! Oops. I started to do that, and they were tough on me. "How did you get so involved so young?" "What do things like 'Puppy Play', 'cages', and 'chain bondage' have to do with leather?" "What can you do about the generation gap in our community?" They also asked me a light-hearted one: "If they added the category 'Dancing with the Stars' to the competition, which Judge would you want to dance with, and why?" They asked me about my association with the Phoenix Boys of Leather, and if I knew who some of the important people in my Community (Stephen Bloom and Bootpig) were, they also asked about my knowledge of MAsT ("Who is Alex Keppler?") which was the only question that I couldn't answer. When it was over, I walked out, breathed a sigh of relief, and thought to myself: "I need to work on my speech, I'm making Top 20." After the four behind me went into their interviews, the 9 of us went back in at the same time for one more question: "What leather person, living or not, would you most like to meet, and why." Before the question was fully asked, I knew my answer. Robert DaVolt - as for why, he's one of the first leather authors I read, and I admire him and his work, and I am in love with the fact that he wrote his own obituary.

With my interview over, I had nothing to do until Saturday Night, so Friday was party night. First stop - PUP PARTY! AKA Woof Camp. This was, by far, the best de-stressing event I have ever been to. My pup was playing for almost a full three hours non-stop. I was playing with him, but I was also volunteering as a "ringer" in the active play area (as was my pup.) It was our job to encourage others to play and to play with others who had no one to play with. There was another volunteer handler in the area, standing back and keeping an eye on things as well, but I was right in the thick of things. I can't count the number of fetch items I threw, toys I tugged on, pups I kicked off the furniture, and scratches I gave. IT WAS AWESOME! The most fun was the Piñata. There were ribbons hanging off it, and the pups were supposed to grab the ribbons in their mouths and pull, and break open the bottom, which they tried to do. When that didn't work fast enough for them, they leapt into the air, knocked the piñata to the ground, and about 20 pups pounced on it. When they were done, there was nothing but scraps of cardboard and tissue paper left of what used to be a Scooby Doo shaped piñata. My pup was smart, he waited until the piñata hit the floor, and then crawled under the mass of puppy bodies to snag a toy, and wiggle out. There were puppy toys and fruit snacks in the piñata. We played, and played, and played and played. After a while I started to get tired, as were most of the puppies. Finally my pup settled down at my feet, where he stayed for a while. Then my boy looked up and said "I think I'm done." I helped him transition out of Pup, and we went back to the room to drop off our toys, and get some Vodka/Energy Drink. No, not Red Bull, or any of those other weak Energy Drinks, we went for the "Workout Aid" Energy Drinks - yeah, it's pretty much awesome. Which is why we only do it about once a year. We stopped by the silent auction, and I got myself an awesome lithograph print commissioned by Chuck Renslow and Etienne, of one of Etienne's pieces. Yeah, that was pretty much awesome. (and my big purchase for the weekend) We ended up going back to a room with hot guys I had been chatting with online.

I don't remember much of Saturday, except that I think there were a nap, and a mad rush to get things ready for Pecs and Personality. Once again, my boy was amazing, and got everything ready and got me to the contestant holding area on time, adverting yet another near crisis. Everyone knows how comfortable I am naked, or almost naked, so I was not worried about that part of it. The part I was worried about was the question. I trusted that I would be okay. I also knew that they took the pecs and personality question off the contestant applications, and I had put bait in my application form. Then it was time, I had noticed that some of the guys before me had worked the stage too

slowly, making everyone wait for them to get to the mike for the question. I erred on the other side. I know I should have slowed it down and strutted a bit more, but I was okay. I had to wait at the mike for the emcee to finish my bio, and ask the question.

"We see here that you are a pup trainer, and that you collect Tigger Memorabilia. If Tigger was your pup, how would you train him, and why?" Score one for me, they took the bait! I was so relieved that they asked a Tigger Question. "I would never try to train a Tigger, they are too bouncy bouncy fun fun fun fun fun. All I would do was my best to keep up, and have as much fun as he was having." Oh my gods, did I just say bouncy bouncy fun fun fun fun fun on the stage at IML. Yes, yes I did. Well, they wanted my personality, and they got it. All of it. In their face. It's all good, the guy after me called the owner of the contest a fairy. More parading around the stage mostly naked, and then we were done. Afterwards, the boy and I had a couple drinks, and called it a (relatively) early night. The next day was the big day.

There was more running around, more last minute hoopla, and I found out that my Sam Browne was broken! I was missing a piece, and couldn't wear it! Off to the leather market I go, where I ask Carlos at CJ's Leather if there is anything he can do. He said he could jerry rig something. I hesitated, and told him that it was for the contest, and I wanted it to be perfect. He scolded me for doubting him, informed me in no uncertain terms that he had costumed no less than four IML Winners, and that the judges would never be able to tell that my piece was broken once he was done with it. I was very apologetic, and he was very right. Back to the contestant holding area, and then they took us to a different part of the hotel. Here, Dean, one of our main handlers had some words to say, Joey, our Den Daddy made us all cry, and then Chuck, the owner of the contest, said a few words. After that we were addressed by Guy Baldwin. He told us that regardless of the outcome, we were all leaders. He told us that we didn't need a title to lead in our communities. He told us that what we did probably wouldn't impact the people who were attending the event that night. He told us that what we did with our lives would not impact the leaders, groups, and clubs in our areas - they were already leading. He said that through our leadership, we would impact the lives of people who would never even know our names, and who would never even thank us for our efforts. He spoke of temples and monasteries that use a gong or bell, or other sound to call people to meditation. He said that the brothers often spoke to the novices, and encouraged them to let their fear, apprehension, and all the "noise" in their head go when they heard the sound of the bell, they encouraged the novices to let that sound carry away everything but their peace. Guy didn't have a bell, or a gong, or a drum. Guy had a whip. As he twirled it around his head, I let it all go. I was where I was, and the universe had brought me to this place. The title would come to me, or go to someone else, and I was okay with that, because my work doesn't need to be as International Mister Leather in order to be valid. I left that place very calm, and we went to rehearsal where there was more hurry up and wait, and then some rehearsal: This is the way it's going to go for those of you who make the cut, this is the way it goes for those who don't.

We had dinner together that night, with our handlers. There were speeches, and thank you's and love and brotherhood. These men, who were strangers just a few days before, were now a family to me. It broke my heart knowing that our family was about to be torn apart by this competition. Part of me wanted it to end right there. A last dinner, and we all go home, and there is no one International Mister Leather, but instead we 51 take it back to our communities, and we all share it. But alas, it had come time for us to play Highlander ... and in the end, there could be only one.

As we prepared, some men were ready for the ride to be over. I wasn't. I was ready for one more looptie loop. This night would change my life in ways I couldn't even imagine at that moment. We were introduced on stage one by one, for the last time. We left the stage, and reassembled. We filed on and Mr. Marcus, Judge Emeritus of IML was finally ready to announce the top twenty finalists, in random order.

The first Finalist: Contestant Number 22, Kenneth Anthony, Mr. Cellblock Phoenix Leather 2008. He went on from there. I listened to him announce Mr. Texas, Mr. Bolt, Mr. Calgary Eagle, and Mr. Dixie Belle, it was with shock that I realized that 4 of the 19 people in the finals with me, were from my interview group. I wanted to laugh, I wanted to cry. I couldn't believe it. I had doubted myself, my abilities, my capabilities, and suddenly, I was being told by nine judges what everyone at home had already said, and I hadn't heard. I had earned this. This was where I belonged. It was a magical moment to be seen on par with the wonderful men I had come to respect and admire.

And then - disaster. There's a reason that I work better behind the scenes than on the boards. It was a 90 second speech, a 1.5 minute monologue. An audition piece for the judges. This is why you should cast me as International Mister Leather. I came out strong, and I was going through strong, and suddenly ... it was gone. I had finished a thought, and was about to transition into the second half of my speech, and I couldn't remember it. It just wasn't there. I said thank you, and stumbled off the stage. I fought back tears on my way to the dressing room. I hugged my brothers, and they comforted me, but I knew that there was nothing I could do. I had been given this wonderful opportunity to touch the lives of others, to say something wonderful and profound ... and I fucking blew it like a cheep hooker. I got dressed for Physique, but it was gone. The zest and spark that would have been there, that would have given me those extra needed points, was just gone. I went out there like it was a bad night at the bar, I put on a show for the people who were there, but my heart just wasn't in it at that moment. I couldn't dance. Still, a part of me hoped. It was not to be. Three of my brothers stood on the podium, and I was proud of them. I packed my things, and headed back to my boy, and back to my room. There was a certain amount of relief. The ride was over, and I could have my life back. I looked at the bright side. I came, I did my best, and I made the top 20. To the people who mattered, to the people back home, I would be a hero. I smiled, and I thought of my people back here in Phoenix, I thought of everything that everyone had done for me, I thought of all the people who believed in me, and I thought that I had done them proud, I had proved them right. I didn't win the contest, but I hadn't lost anything, and I had gained so much.

My boy and I headed for the bus to go to the victory party, when trouble started. I was approaching the bus, and the IML staff was screening the bus passengers: "Have your ID, Have your ticket! You won't get in without a ticket." I was a contestant. I was supposed to get in without a ticket. This was my victory party. This was my chance to let my hair down after my contest. It was not to be. The screeners at the bus knew what they were talking about. It took me about 1/2 an hour of various bullshit to get into the party. I was told that my contestant badge, and contestant medal meant nothing - because I didn't have a ticket. It took two kind venders to get me into the party that was thrown in honor of me and my brothers. It wasn't right, and by the time I got in, I knew I wouldn't have any fun if I stayed. Buying one drink proved that. I thought drinks were expensive at the hotel, but the victory party put the hotel to shame. I stayed for one drink, and left. When I got off the bus at the hotel, my mentor was waiting for me, with a great big hug, and an offer to buy me a drink. All of the emotional ups and downs of the past few hours hit me like a ton of bricks, and I bawled. Stephen and Marcus, and Shannon and Joe and Alan dragged me in, and I drank. They called it a "Blue Hawaiian" ... apparently it's the same recipe as an "Adios Motherfucker." Then we wandered around the hotel lobby a bit, and ran into two hot boys, who had been puppies at Woof Camp, and their friend. We all ended up back in our room, and I felt so much better after that. We wandered around some more before Marcus decided to pour me into bed. Oh, it turns out that the pups we picked up were boyfriends. One lives about 3 blocks from Nicole, and one used to live in Phoenix, and knew Shannon!

I don't really remember making it back to my room on Sunday night, and I guess I said some things that made Marcus feel like I didn't appreciate him at all. Or maybe it was that I didn't appreciate him enough. When I woke up Monday morning, he was sharing a bed with Shannon.

We finally got up, and went to brunch at Nicole's restaurant. GREAT Food! (cute waiters and waitresses too.) While we were there, the one of the cute pups from the night before stalked us and found us. Either that or he happened to be walking by and saw me standing there in my coat. (Which in and of itself was a celebrity at IML) We went back to the hotel, and David and I went to get our scores. I was pleased with my scores. Then it was off to the Leather Mart to find Joey, my Den Daddy, to tell him about the victory party. Then we were wandering around and the boy had to use the restroom. He went, and saw a guy smoking crystal in the bathroom. He tried to shake it off, and we went shopping for a piece of gear he wanted, but the guy who was helping him try it on was unable to focus, and was shaking, and sweating, and made a comment about "It's been a long weekend." We left in disgust, without buying the gear, and went back to our room. After laying together for a little while, and a romp in the hay, we went back down to the Leather Mart to get last minute deals on some new DVDs. We were just finishing up our shopping when Nicole called, to tell us she was off early, and meeting her boy at a restaurant near the El. So we went to meet the bf, who's young and cute, and yeah ... he'll do.

We hung out with Nicole, did Broccoli and Cheddar, and Coffee Shakes. Yum! They came back to the hotel, and we all hung out, until they had to leave. We made arrangements to hang out with the hot puppy boys again. I managed to score some extra tickets to the black and blue ball, so they could go with us, and then Mark (the hot puppy boy) managed to score some more, so that Shannon's friends could go with us. We all got dressed and went out. OH MY GODS - the black and blue ball was everything that the Victory Party was not. When I was getting on the bus, the boy in charge told me that I wouldn't have trouble getting in. When I reached for my ID at the door, the door man said "Put it away, I'll just shake your hand" and let me in. I got two steps in the door, when - I shit you not - a perfect stranger walked up to me, thanked me for my speech, told me how much it had effected him and his life, and disappeared without ever telling me his name. I stood there for a moment, stunned and almost in tears. I ordered my drink, waited while my boys got their drinks, and as I walked away from the bar, fulfilled a lifelong fantasy. I said "Let's go" and five young, hot boys fell in behind me and followed me. I danced, I did an isolation scene on a crowded balcony with a hooded man in latex (Peter) had a conversation with Guy Baldwin, was complimented by Mike Gerle, was molested by my Den Daddy, who I had been teasing all weekend, I played Strip Air Hockey, and I drank and laughed, and stayed out way too late.

At the end of it all, I got to watch a Sir give his puppy (who had just discovered puppy play) his very first puppy hankie.

All in all, it was a perfect end to a wonderful weekend. The trip home was accomplished rather rapidly, since we slept in, weren't fully packed, and ended up leaving for the airport later than my schedule called for, but before my "extra time" buffer expired. The train was slow to the airport, and we arrived in time to check in, check bags, get through security, briefly rest before they started boarding our flight.

When we got home, I had to take an extra day off work to recover some. While checking my email I discovered that I had an email waiting in my box, from someone who had attended the contest. He told me that he felt like I was speaking to him when I delivered my speech, and that it had touched him, and changed his life. This was now two random strangers who had been touched by my words. I can't imagine how many people were touched, but did not speak up and let me know. It goes to show that things may not always go according to our plans, but they go the way they are supposed to. These two people touched me as well, by sharing their stories with me, and letting me know that my speech was not the failure I had first thought it was, but something I could be proud of.

I have also had people specifically seek me out to congratulate me on a job well done; people from all over the community that I haven't had a chance to meet yet. It's been amazing how much impact I had, just by being myself, and honest about it.

Before I left, they said it would change me forever, and here I sit, typing this, forever a changed man.

IML: Speech

Eventually I will get hold of a recording of my speech on stage at IML. At that point I will be able to transcribe the speech I actually gave, to share with everyone. Until then, this is what I wrote before leaving for IML, as a basis for my speech.

On September 9, 2004 I tested positive for HIV. To this day, I don't know which man passed the virus on to me, but I've always known who was responsible for my infection. You see, I chose to have bareback sex, so in that way, I chose to get HIV. I could have prevented it. I knew how to prevent myself from getting infected and I chose not to. I know that there are other people out there having unprotected sex, but when they get HIV, many of them will try to blame the person who gave it to them. I think that blaming others is a major problem in our community, and it's one we need to work on. We need to stop blaming others for the things we do. We need to admit to our mistakes, learn from them, and move on. We also need to take credit for the achievements in our lives. Today, my status and positive attitude help me counsel newly infected men, and let me be a positive influence in their lives. I've made some mistakes in my life but I've also done some good things too. I am happy to take full responsibility for both. I hope that each of you can learn to do the same in your own life, if you don't already. Thank you.



Vividly written

Sir Kenneth,

You wrote the debrief so well that I could actually imagine going through the days with you as I read. My stomach dropped when you came to the part where you forgot the second half of your speech. Some may think that what I'm about to say is just rationalizing, but it's not. I've gone through times when I worked extremely hard to reach a goal: qualify for the Nationals in swimming; win an eventing weekend with my horse; get a book published; get major recognition in an art show, etc, etc. And each time, I threw my heart and soul into the mission; my entire focus in life became successfully reaching my goal. Each time, when I went as far as I could go, sometimes reaching the goal; often not reaching it; I would get a sinking feeling - some type of drop. But the times when I found something meaningful in the journey were the times that I most cherished. Maybe forgetting the second half of your speech was the Universe's way of telling you that you needed to stop focusing on the goal at that point and see some of the wonderful things that were happening on the journey and rediscover all the wonderful things and people you already have around you. I think that, sometimes, staunchly pursuing a goal may sometimes be detrimental to one's self and one's loved ones, and, in the end, not be worth in gain what one has lost.

Just this puppy's opinion,

Licks and snuggles, puppy Peaches.

Submitted by puppy Peaches on Tue, 07/22/2008 - [Login](#) to post comments
10:46pm.



That's how I feel

I don't think that it's rationalizing at all, or if it is, I have been rationalizing all along, because for me it was more about the journey then the destination. I honestly didn't think that I would make it as far on the journey as I did. My major disappointment was that I had a message that I wanted to deliver in my speech, and it never came to be. I didn't get to deliver that message: So I thought at the time. Come to find out that what I said was what I needed to say.

I didn't win the contest. I came in 20th place out of the 20 men in the finals. I am okay with that. I admire the strong men, who all deserved to be on that stage. I admire the strong men who didn't make the finals. We all did well, and we were all winners. It doesn't matter where we "placed" in the end.

Submitted by Kenneth on Wed, 07/23/2008 - 11:14am. [Login](#) to post comments

I'm still driving

Submitted by Kenneth on Tue, 07/22/2008 - 2:42pm

I would like to thank some of the pups for coming up with some good ideas for events and stuff, and the presentation at APEX was good for some outreach, as immediately afterward we had several people sign up to become users on the site.

One thing that I've noticed though, people don't log into the site. I've started to eliminate people who's user profiles are merely taking up room on the server. I have a setting that allows me to see how long it's been since the last time you logged on. If it's been longer than 6 months, I'll send you an email asking you to log back in, if you haven't done so within a week, I'll delete your account.

I updated the group rules to reflect this new policy, and sent out an email letting people know that the rules have been changed. The final rule of the rules is: *"Remaining a registered user on this site and participating in events implies your consent to follow the rules of A-PAH as outlined above."* I opted to disregard user opt outs of mass emailings. Meaning that it was sent to every user, whether they elected to receive mailings or not. Usually, if it's just something random like "I posted a new fun event" I honor the user opt outs, so that people aren't getting their email boxes full of a lot of those notes from me.

I am surprised about the number of people who signed on the read the update. If it were me, and someone told me that the rules had changed, and by staying a registered user I was agreeing to the new rule, I sure as hell would want to know what that rule was. Apparently some people don't. Those people also haven't logged in for a couple months,

so a couple more months, and I won't have to worry about them anyway.

What does this prove, and what does it have to do with the topic of this blog? Just goes to prove that I am still driving this thing. In spite of the fact that my pup took the initiative to schedule a get together, he did it at my urging.

Really, I don't mind, I am just worried about what will happen when I start to over extend myself again. There are some great people in this group, and in combination with the Boys of Leather, we are making and building some great friendships, I just want the group to go on and become ...

And become the home I was looking for when I started putting it together.

Love and scratches.

IPTC 2008

Submitted by pup mohawk on Fri, 10/03/2008 - 11:13am

My Sir and I visited Dallas, TX this last weekend for the International Pups and Trainers Conference. It was lots of fun. We shared a room with pup Cosmo, who was the one who worked on putting the conference together. He also is the one who runs www.pupout.com; he's a really fun guy to hang out and play with.

Our weekend started with an introduction to some of the bars in Dallas beginning with the Eagle where some of the pups from the conference were in there gear and on stage doing a mini dog show. It was fun to watch them all up there and almost knocking over the MC. They all went back to the hotel for the puppy mosh pit while my Sir and I went around to other bars with Mr. Texas Leather. I heard from some of the other pups that it was a fun night in the mosh.

Saturday consisted of a couple workshops, one on vet scenes and the other about what is beyond the barks and paws. There was also a discussion board where my Sir and the other workshop presenters were available to answer any questions people had about... anything. Pupout.com offered a great service to stray pups by allowing them to be posted on a "Adopt-A-Pup" board where handlers can adopt a pup for the weekend. We got to have a cute little puppy for the weekend who was attending his first leather event; what a bundle of energy that pup had. That night my Sir and I went to the weekend's second mosh pit with at least 10 other pups. Wow, it's interesting how three hours can go by so fast. There were tons of toys and treats for all the pups. There seemed to be a bunch of onlookers watching the whole ordeal. It was a fun night.

Sunday morning began with the aches and pains of running around on the floor from the night before. You know, it's hard to find a good pair of feet coverings to be worn when pupping out, for I, again, got another rug burn on my foot. Oh well. There were a few more workshops that we attended that morning; one where my Sir presented at, which was titled "Why pup play? Demistifying pup play.". There was a good turnout with even a few who were from the Beyond Vanilla conference. They didn't know about pup play and walked away with a better understanding and acceptance, which is what the purpose of the workshop was. Two woofs for Sir Kenneth! That afternoon was the weekend's third and last mosh pit. It was only for about an hour and a half but just enough time since everyone was getting pretty tired from the long weekend. I was pooped from the mosh pit on Saturday and the others had an extra mosh pit on me, so I could understand that they were pretty tired. There were pictures taken which I will be posting on this site once we get some permission from some of the others that are in them, so be on the lookout.

The mosh pit signified the end of the conference and so we helped Cosmo pack up all his floor mats and everyone headed home. I overheard him and another pup talking about their next pupout-get-together which they seem to have once a month at someone's home in the Dallas area. I believe that is why my Sir is wanting to do something monthly like the bar social.

Well that was our weekend.

Woof!

Tags: [conference](#)



Monthly Events

Pupout has both a monthly Social, which usually has a mosh pit, at someone's house. They also have a monthly bar night. I do not know what activities are included in their bar night.

Our Regularly scheduled Bar Night will have more of a social feel. Gear, pups pupping out if they want, and just hanging out with pups and friends.

When we get the once Monthly Socials started (They will likely start at our house, once we get the Dungeon set up) we will have regular moshes.

Perhaps this will also make the tops of your feet less susceptible to rug burn, if you practice more.

Later on, if there seems to be a need for funds, or anything of that nature, we can consider holding fund raisers at our bar nights, but I prefer them to remain informal and fun at this point.

Submitted by Kenneth on Fri, 10/03/2008 - 12:41pm. [Login](#) to post comments

Pup Demo at Kink Karnival

Submitted by pup mohawk on Mon, 12/01/2008 - 10:40am

At this Kink Karnival this year, my Sir and i did a pup demo to everyone was able to watch. I was very nervous at first, as i get when i'm by myself with no one else playing with me, but Sir Kenneth calmed me down and told kept telling me that it was just the two of us and no one was paying attention anyways. We were standing on the stage and he took my boots off, took off all my clothes and put me into my pup gear (for that day is was biker shorts, knee pads and mitts). Then, when i was on the ground he grabbed a bag full of toys and dumped them all across the stage. That was when i realized i was ready to go and in the headspace. I grabbed them all up and started playing with them and some got thrown out to the audience where i was able to chase them and get pets and all that good stuff that comes with being a pup. Got to see some friends that i've met before as a pup and some made some new ones. We were the last demo for the day so i don't know how long i was romping around with everyone.

Anyways, it was a lot of fun and i enjoyed it. I'm still learning on getting rid of fear but with the help of someone who is looking out for you, it can happen. Thank you, Sir, for helping me and letting me play that day. Though it would have been fun if there were other pups to play with.

Tags: [Demonstrations](#) [Public Play](#)