

Friday, June 22, 2007

Tagged by Punky Rennie!
Current mood: Playful
Category: Games

Aha! I was tagged by Punky Rennie who is still my best friend here!

Here's how you play: Once you've been tagged, write a blog with 10 weird, random things, facts or habits about yourself. At the end, you choose 10 people to be tagged, listing their names, and why you chose them to be tagged. Don't forget to leave them a comment "You're It" and to read your blog. You can't tag the person who tagged you.....

1. I can perform exotic erotic tricks on command (you will have to imagine exactly what....)
2. I love music and work in areas closely related to it but didn't start to learn to play until too late - or maybe I just basically suck
3. I love Rennie because she must be pumped full of some kind of *sterone because it's very difficult to keep up with her!
4. When I make tea, I leave the bag in the pot until it's gone cold and warm it up in the microwave afterwards because I'm cheap.
5. I like Joan Coffey, Issa and Stephen Fearing (the singer/songwriters who are also in the top 4 of my other profile and who are also personal friends)
6. All my vehicles have had names. My current one is called Quester the Jester (Nissan Quest)
7. I work in an internet bubble at home and have done so most of my life.
8. I have two MySpace pages, this one for the personal me and another for the official me (and a bunch of other ones elsewhere, too).
9. I am distantly related to a whole bunch of damned disreputable religious characters who have an awful lot to answer for and have an online family tree with over 2400 individuals on it.
10. I love Guinness but shouldn't drink as much as I do.

Perceptive readers will note this vaguely follows the entry that prompted this cause I just love Rennie's blogs so much!

Here are the people I tag and the reason is that they probably have already read Rennie's blog:

1. An Inordinate Fondness for Beetles
2. Christine, US Ambassador of Love
3. Venustar
4. JOCK STRAP (Johnny Grant)
5. Mr Kevyn

6. Professor Miles

7. Milly Morbid

8. Haze

9. rose

10. James

2:52 PM9 Comments(Add Comment) |12 Kudos 2 Kudos

1 Kudos

0 Kudos

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Previous Post: Snookered again! or... what we do for friends. Part I. | [Back to Blog List](#)

Venus★! RIP, JOSH.

:D

Righty-o!

I'll get on that in a bit.

BTW-Quester the Jester? (hehehe)

Posted by Venus★! RIP, JOSH. on Friday, June 22, 2007 - 4:08 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

well, just Quester for short - most people don't know her full name heh heh....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 23, 2007 - 12:54 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

bbbbbutttt.... you didn't read my reply!!!! I DON'T make it the same way and that's precisely the point..... lol!!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 28, 2007 - 12:10 AM
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FrakAttack

Hey, where you been at?

Posted by FrakAttack on Sunday, June 24, 2007 - 12:38 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

been all over everywhere but generally stick to chat rooms that are more immediate an experience than this one -- and somewhat wilder!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 28, 2007 - 12:11 AM
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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

Hey, thanks for the taggage, I'll see what I can think up of...

Are you aluding that you have more than 2 MySpace pages? Sounds pretty mysterious! :o)

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Sunday, June 24, 2007 - 10:12 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

ahhhhhhhhhhhh noooooo..... not more than 2 MySpace pages but several on other sites - primarily the Lusty Librarian and SmutVibes these days.... I do get around!! lol xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 28, 2007 - 12:13 AM
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mmm!

WOW!

Now I know where you've been!!

Posted by mmm! on Sunday, June 24, 2007 - 5:47 PM

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Sunday, July 09, 2006

Snookered again! or... what we do for friends. Part I.

Current mood: enthralled

Category: Life

Just to assure you that the adventures are continuing despite the lack of recent blogs, here is the story of our latest foray away from London. Not to say that exciting things haven't been happening here as well! More than a week ago now we headed off via Ryanair to Biarritz, France, to attend the wedding of a Canadian lady, M-, whom we have known since she was a child, to B-. She works in the fashion industry in Paris, and travels extensively, so we were expecting this to be quite an affair. I had heard of Biarritz since the 60s since it was the playground of the rich and famous or at least beautiful, such as Brigitte Bardot, but it wasn't exactly as we had envisioned. It never is, though, is it? We comprised myself, W- and G-, our son who had come to Europe from Vancouver to see old friends and attend two weddings. It's starting to be wedding time for many of his friends....

One of the major focuses of this blog is the cost of the trip, since that is almost always a feature of major interest to us when traveling not only because cost is always a concern, but usually because it is almost a complete unknown until one actually arrives and frequently not until one has returned and received the credit card bills! And this trip was no exception, with costs mounting well before we departed. For me, one of the most bizarre aspects of travel these days is that the actual flight is often one of the cheapest parts of the whole trip in this case, literally only £19 each way between London's Stansted airport and Biarritz, way in the south of France. It actually cost the same to get to Stansted and back via the so-called 'Express' train, which is the furthest thing you can really imagine would be identified as such.

And of course, we were given a list of gifts we could purchase for the bride and groom to start their life together. In this case, it was a wedding gift list sponsored by Galleries Lafayette, the venerable Parisian institution. Of course the bridal shop was only offered in French and the field for our telephone number was typically temperamental, requiring many re-entries of our details before it would allow us to purchase the spiffy digital video camera they had requested. But we felt it would be most appropriate for a wedding which they will obviously want to record. They were indeed notified it had been purchased as soon as the transaction was complete but instead of being able to obtain it right away, they would have to wait until after the wedding and present their marriage certificate as proof the wedding had taken place. This seemed a rather odd technicality since the goods purchased were not being offered at any sort of discount. Naturally, we were then asked if we were bringing a similar camera with us. Of course we couldn't afford such luxuries for ourselves so had to reply in the negative. Fortunately they were in the end able to get E-, a gay niece who had all the current high tech toys and knew how to use them properly since she was the technical rep for Toshiba in Germany (even though she was Spanish) to bring her video camera and act as the official recorder of the function.

The wedding was actually going to take place in St Jean de Luz, a smaller town just south of Biarritz, so we decided to arrive a little early and check out the larger town since we had heard more about it. So we booked a youth hostel there since another friend, B-, who was also attending the wedding was staying there all week to explore the area and we were going to meet up with her. We had been offered a suite in the Grand Hotel in St Jean de Luz by our friend the bride for the bargain price of 360 euro per night or some such figure but we said we would organize our own accommodation. But she then advised us that she could reserve a suite for us in a smaller hotel, the Madison, that was just down the street and was the one that the groom's family had always stayed in as he was growing up. It was only 110 euro per night which seemed to us to be quite reasonable. The deed was done and we felt confident this would be a good arrangement and thus prepared we headed off.

The flight was just under two hours and we arrived in Biarritz with the crowd of surfers who obviously take the summer pilgrimage to the town which is the hot spot on the Cote Atlantique now. But St Jean de Luz was the hot spot of the 19th century, with its more desirable calm, peaceful, warm and protected harbour. Biarritz was exactly the opposite: an open, unprotected, extended beach front with waves pounding the shore direct from the open Atlantic, making it the perfect venue as the surfing capitol of France ever since surfing got big in the 60s. So Biarritz became the playground of the nouveau riche and St Jean de Luz faded into a bygone splendour, with old style, elegant hotels but not new modern ones or youth hostels, especially since youths tended to avoid it. Old money stayed there too, and B-'s parents were old money.

We made a foray into the information centre at the airport and acquired a fine map of Biarritz which showed the location of the youth hostel and it was confirmed that it was only 2 km away, a short walk and easily done, with the exact route drawn on the map by the friendly assistant. W- and I would have normally done this since it would normally take only 20 minutes. But our son begged fatigue and he usually doesn't like to walk too far at the best of times and argued that we could get lost, we didn't really know exactly what the route was, it might rain (it was slightly overcast) and since it was so close, it would be a very quick and cheap taxi ride. I am the type who never likes to take taxis unless I actually know the route they are going to take since my experience has been almost invariably that they almost always tend to extend their trips as much they feel they can get away with to increase the fare. But, I was outvoted plus, I had assumed a new, non-argumentative persona which capitulates at the slightest hint of conflict. So we joined the long queue of people waiting for taxis and watched them arrive and pick up small knots of people now and then. This process took a long time and I was just about to head off on my own since we had been waiting almost as long as the walk would have taken when several cabs pulled up.

We told the driver where we were going and he drove off. In the wrong direction. I looked for the fare meter so I could see what the cost added up to as we went but there was none. The map clearly showed that it was almost a straight run to the hostel except for a turn right at the end. And we would pass straight through two traffic circles. After the taxi had gone most of the way around at least five separate traffic circles I had got completely turned around the sun was behind heavy cloud cover and we could identify no landmarks. Finally, after about 10 minutes of driving around like this, we started to proceed alongside an elevated roadway which signaled we were getting close to

the hostel and about 1km from where we started! As we drew up to the hostel, I shuddered at the thought of what this was going to cost us but was pleasantly surprised to be told it was only 10 euro an amount that paled in comparison with what a London taxi would have cost, although, as it turned out, fairly typical for a 10 minute cab ride in that area. I didn't give him a tip.

Checking into the hostel, W- and I were assigned a private room which is more and more common these days in modern hostels. And this one was huge and very new, looking to be only about 10 years old or so. It was very secure and spacious and had its own large modern kitchen which provided breakfasts and a variety of good dinners, which one could order in the bar after it opened at 6PM. And the bar was also rather unusual, with a nice variety of drinks available and a great assortment of people hanging out all evening. In fact, I think it was probably one of the best places to meet interesting types in Biarritz. Certainly it was the cheapest, as G- confirmed since he later went out with Jerry, a loud New Yorker we met almost as soon as we arrived. They shared a room and went out with a group of surfers and backpackers later that evening and hit a number of clubs and drinking establishments in town and Jerry ended up barfing into the gutter early in the morning. They got in about 6AM after dropping way more than our piddling little taxi ride of course.

We met up with our friend, B-, who had been staying there the previous two days and exploring the area extensively and we had tasty, economical suppers, cooked by the large crew of Aussie volunteers who seemed to be ubiquitous in the hostel. No need to speak French there. The hostel was located right near a beautiful lake, surrounded almost completely by a vast nature conservation area. It was a spectacular setting, really, so we decided to explore a bit. We first headed straight to the nearest shore and found an idyllic setting with a couple of small groups of people a pair of lovers on a bench and a couple of kids in a small rowboat, floating amongst a large mass of water lilies, fishing. The only slightly jarring note was the fancy dirt bike the kids had apparently arrived on, parked on the path. At least it wasn't running. The path didn't go past this point on that side of the lake so we went back and proceeded the other direction. This was more fruitful and it led us along an extensive foreshore, allowing us to look out across the lake at the large attractive houses on the hill across the lake, over looking it.

Besides the wildlife, mostly birds, who were making their typical evening noises and swooping through the trees and over the lake, we could hear the sounds of the highway at the top of the hill far in the background. Also, very occasionally, a train noisily and rapidly transited the high speed TGV segment that intruded into the peacefulness. At that point, we decided we would not want to have one of those houses, located so close to the tracks, no matter how pretty the view was. But another sound which started to become apparent was that of singing a male chorus was heard wafting over the water, drifting in and out with the wind, and it got louder as we walked further. It was deliciously foreign and exotic sounding and seemed to be a large group. We also began to hear applause after each song. Eventually, we could actually see what seemed to be the location of the concert, up on the hill at the other end of the lake, complete with bright lights. We then determined to find out more by following the sound. Fortunately, there were paths and bridges which easily allowed this.

We passed over a small bridge with ornate ironwork railings that crossed a slow moving river which obviously fed the lake and followed the path up the hill. The singing was getting much louder now and the path circled around below what seemed to be a large campground in the woods. It joined a road and doubled back, soon revealing a modern new building with a large balcony facing the opposite side and overlooking the lake. We could just see the back row of the singers, who were all dressed in traditional Basque costumes and singing one beautiful traditional Basque song after another. The way in was further up the road so we proceeded up there to find out what it was. It was very clearly labeled private even though there was no gate and would have been easy to investigate further. The sign also identified the site as the Activity Centre of the Gas and Electricity Workers Union and we could then easily see one of the reasons why the unions in France were so worried about the undermining of their authority and power. Just like everywhere else, but obviously even more so here in the Basque country, being a member most definitely had its privileges.

We went back to the location on the road where we could watch and hear the music more clearly and after listening some time longer and watching the evening close around us, we decided to head back as they faded in the distance. We almost reached the other end of the lake before they faded out completely, wavering in the mists and not really being sure in the end if they had just finally gone out of earshot or were actually finally finished with their long sing song. We made it back to the hostel as darkness fell and cruised back into the bar, where the evening was well underway. Ordering drinks and acknowledging the others nearby, we chatted and watched the big projection screen's presentation of endless loops of surfing, skateboarding, extreme cycling, roller blading, snowboarding and other sports often enjoyed by those hooked on lively outdoor activities. The day's surfing adventures were discussed amongst the gathered masses and compared with other times and places, invariably not measuring up to the great times that had been enjoyed in previous years or locations such as Malibu, Honolulu and Bondi.

After a few Amstel on tap, I was feeling quite jolly and W- and I retired before midnight early for us, which usually means we have even a bit more sexual energy to spare than normal and we sought out our empty room to ourselves. The hostel arranged the two single beds so that one was at normal height and the other quite elevated, like a bunk bed. Presumably for a minimal amount of privacy if the two sharing the room were not good friends. The mattresses were excellent nice dense but soft foam and we put them both on the floor beside each other. This was going to be great! We closed the shutters even though the view was primarily of the woods and hopped to it. I always find it exciting to make love in new locations it's not so much the potential of being interrupted or the strangeness of the unknown. Indeed, it was exactly the opposite in this and in most cases. It was the fact that we had traveled a long way and were in a beautiful new location which we had just explored and became familiar with and enamoured of and where we fantasised about possibly living or at least spending a longer visit or vacation at some time in the future. The potential of such an exotic life and its possibilities are always a great aphrodisiac.

At any rate, without going in the exact details, suffice it to say simply that we were like young lovers again, exploring each other in a new environment, much like we were when we first met, doing some sexual exercises which we had visited recently and spending more than the usual amount of time enjoying, playing, feeling, probing and fondling each other beyond the 'normal' and

more mundane day to day humdrum relations we still enjoy on a daily basis, despite the apparent odds that many younger people here on MySpace often ascribe to older couples these days. It simply proved to us yet again that you are indeed only as old as you feel.....

End of the first day of six....

All rights reserved.

7:56 AM 4 Comments(Add Comment) | 6 Kudos 2 Kudos

1 Kudos

0 Kudos

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Previous Post: A MySpace farewell? | Back to Blog List | Next Post: Tagged by Punky Rennie!

Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

sigh

Oh, to be in Europe....

Especially with my lover... (not that I really have one, but y'know...)

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Sunday, July 09, 2006 - 9:22 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

Can I apply? *s* can't be your hubby though... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, July 09, 2006 - 9:39 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

ahhhh... thanks! it's good to hear you have found yourself *g* all of you! xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, July 09, 2006 - 10:03 AM
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Thursday, July 06, 2006

A MySpace farewell?
Current mood: annoyed
Category: Blogging

Probably not, actually, although only time will tell.... and to let you know that even though I've been away for a week, I've actually been gathering enough juicy material for another several blogs at least! Even though what I have been blogging about here since I started a month ago has been primarily what happened 40 years ago or more, that's mainly because I wanted to provide background for what was yet to come. And this past week has been typical of the kind of silliness of which I am full - with weddings, beach, taxi and musical adventures, lost eyeglasses, enough champagne to swim in and several all nighters, I was looking forward to writing about it now. Just to make sure you understand that I'm not slacking off in the least!

But, coming back here has been even more of a disappointment since this site seems to have gone downhill even in the last week. It was acting up before then but is now extremely slow and, worse, seems to be providing more and more 404 errors and advertising popups - more of which seem to contain viruses than ever before. To top it all off, it seems that 3/4 of the time now, every time a new page loads, there is an oversize ad blocking my view of most of the page's content. It's possible that much of this is because my locale is set to the UK and a while back, both my profiles and blogs got relocated to uk.myspace.com - and that's when most of the BS started, with the majority of the offending oversize ads, popups and viruses seemingly originating with UK specific content.

But now, my profiles and blogs seem to be located back on the non-uk specific site and the same uk-style BS is still happening, with my notebook computer's fan whirring away like mad because some stupid script tried to make it spew all its private information down the pipeline to some spyware server. I will be relocating to Canada soon and was thinking that there might be a possibility that when I change my locale this might somehow go away or at least reduce itself - but now it looks unlikely and that things will only continue to get worse.

So, in the interests of my own sanity - and, in fact, also because of much of the negative publicity being given to MySpace and its owners these days, I think I will back off for a while - at least until I see some improvement, whether because of my relocation or some other reason(s). It has been truly entertaining and extremely useful to learn that my writing exercise has been well received, since I always have intended to write a book (or more...) and now know that it may be a good idea to proceed. So that's what I will spend my [spare] time on - though in Canada, for the next two months, that will be at quite a premium.

I will be checking messages and comments here occasionally but the main purpose of curtailing my blogs is to minimise the amount of time required to maintain the profile, which at the moment I still want to do!

I would also appreciate any comments readers have regarding this decision and perhaps any decisions they have made along the same lines - especially the very controversial moves this site has made recently to try to claim ownership of the original content of members and bands here,

which they seemingly backed down on a while ago.

Anyway, that's it for the time being. I will update this as things progress!!

Yours sincerely,

Brucie

2:07 AM 34 Comments(Add Comment) | 32 Kudos 2 Kudos

1 Kudos

0 Kudos

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Previous Post: Bruce gets "Jacked Off" | Back to Blog List | Next Post: Snookered again! or... what we do for friends. Part I.

Freakosaurus

Hi there, I just want to let you know that although I don't comment very much, I am always reading. It's just really hard to blog and keep up with messages and all the blogs I'm subscribed to as well as trying to maintain a life. But you seem to feel the same, I for one would miss your blogs so am hoping you'll still be putting stuff out there from time to time.

As for Myspace at the moment I'm also slightly frustrated with all the errors etc. And the whole "trying to claim rights" to other peoples hard work, well, it's just wrong.

So here's hoping you stick around my friend.

Posted by Freakosaurus on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 3:01 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thank you very much! truth is, the main problem is time - what else is new?? LOL. but the worst part of it is that with all the freaking weirdness here, it now takes me 4 times as long to do the same shit as before and that just isn't on considering how tough it is to find time right now. And I am also subscribed to tons of blogs and feel the same pinch you do with not being able to keep up with them all! And of course all of that now also takes 4 time longer!!! sheesh... talk about shooting themselves in the foot...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 3:10 AM

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Freakosaurus

I know, I don't know how many times I've posted comments on someone's blog just to be greeted with the error message and then on skipping back, I find my comments just disappeared! A lot of times I've simply given up!

Posted by Freakosaurus on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 4:54 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

there are ways to get around this such as composing offline or copying before clicking but it all takes extra time. I think the reason they are having so much trouble is because it was all started on a system that was not designed for such heavy loads - and that system is Windows NT instead of Linux or Unix, which is a more common OS for such large sites. I wonder if Microsoft is an investor, too? xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, July 07, 2006 - 3:06 AM

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WaNinG SiGNs...Here and what not...

It is always sad to see someone decide to take a break. Sometimes it is for the best... if that is what you choose, don't stay away too long. Errors happen everywhere. They will be fixed. Hope to read your blogs soon! *hugs*

Posted by WaNinG SiGNs...Here and what not... on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 3:10 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

I hope the problems will be fixed! But so far it just seems to be getting worse. Ah, well.... I will keep my eye on things.... xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 3:11 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

thank you.... I may move them somewhere else if this doesn't get rectified - you will know!
cheers....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 3:28 AM
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Bren

I totally hear ya, Brucie mein friend. I spend an inordinate amount of time being frustrated and trying to get around MySpace's propensity to lose stuff in cyberspace. My computer runs on the Linux operating system, so no viruses, and I have the luxury of a desktop with a kind of super-fast zip drive thingie (highly technical term) and cable modem so it's pretty much lightning fast. The MySpace copyright thing is mighty worrying and I understand would be even moreso with your type of blogging. Economics always rules, so that this site is becoming far too commercial; the demographics are just too tempting to not be, especially as it approaches 100 million (!) users. I think it was about 60 mil when I started in October.

While there are similar sites, once you've gotten used to MySpace and are addicted to it and your friends here, it's really hard to contemplate being elsewhere. I don't know what the answer is, but I fully appreciate your decision. Oh yeah, and then there's that part where it's summertime, with its consequent desire to be outside enjoying the real world.

Posted by Bren on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 3:35 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

absolutely right! summer is here along with all the attendant desires to roam! I expect I will be back on much more when autumn comes - but then that does seem like a very long time from now!!
xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 3:44 AM
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Brian

I wouldn't give up yet. You will be missed.
Bri

Posted by Brian on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 4:13 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks.... but even just getting to post this reply brought up 3 popups and 2 oversize ads....
sheesh! gonna stop responding soon *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 4:19 AM
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Lauren

Hope you return soon!

Posted by Lauren on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 5:12 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thank you! I hope I will, too! xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 7:35 AM
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Suzette

Well I suppose that you need to live life to write about it. I too hope that the error messages deminish, but I hope you're not waiting for them to dissappear completely, because I don't have THAT much faith in Tom and his goons. Enjoy your break! :)

Posted by Suzette on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 6:15 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

so true! but obviously you are not seeing all the shit that the uk site is throwing at me, either!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 7:36 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

hmmm.... I'm not planning to go away, babe! and of course I will be even closer to your time zone for the summer so ummm... you know what that means!! xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 7:34 AM
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Karen

I couldnt get on to my page at all last night.Its a big pain in the ass.

Dont leave your stories are great.

Posted by Karen on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 8:10 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

It's true, MySpace is becoming more of a virus bucket every day. I am constantly plagued by multiple popups and hijacks. It's REALLY bad. It won't keep me away, though... and I hope it doesn't keep you away either. I get enough out of this place for the good to outweigh the bad...

Stick around. We'll miss you if you go...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 8:16 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I'm really not going to go willingly! But I am also going to be quite busy as well... so we'll see and I will check in regularly..... thanks! xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 8:26 AM
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Venus★! RIP, JOSH.

I woke up this morning thinking that I hadn't read anything from you in a while, and I get on here and find out that you're thinking of leaving?!? Well, I don't blame you if it's as bad as you say. I haven't really noticed anything like what you are describing, except for the exceptional slowness that I, too attributed to the summer months....

I do hope to keep reading your blogs! You are one of the more entertaining writers on here and now I am curious as to what exactly happened on your little vacation

So, please keep us informed!

Posted by Venus★! RIP, JOSH. on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 9:01 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

blogging about my little vacation is def something I intend to do! it was so wacked it was crazy!! hopefully I will find time soon.... xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 4:27 PM

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I don't comment often, but I thought I would put my two cents in this time.

Myspace is messed up here in the states too. Slow, slow, slow, glitchy, and a pain in the butt. I know how frustrating it can be.

I hope you don't stay gone long, and that the glitches calm down for you. I'll miss your stuff.

Posted by on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 9:03 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

I do really hope they get their ass in gear but I think the UK site must be worse because of the huge ads that cover everything and viruses in the popups. xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, July 07, 2006 - 3:00 AM

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enrique

lotsa media coverage can only mean one thing
it's all hype

sure i've had my share of popups and slow-to-load pages
but for 80 plus million members
i think it's doin ok

hope u sort out ur computer woes

Posted by enrique on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 10:02 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks! I make a habit of keeping my computer very clean and virus and popup resistant. It's just that when every page tries to do something corrupt it takes a lot of extra time for it to be dealt with.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, July 07, 2006 - 3:02 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

OMG!! with a message like that I'll just have to do a blog soon now!!! sheesh... ok, ok.... keep up the encouragement! I'm just too damn busy right now I guess... xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 4:29 PM

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Vee

i will really miss you.....please don't stay away too long..... x x x x love & light,,,,vee

Posted by Vee on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 8:12 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks! xoxo and now they have changed the cookies so I can't log in to my separate profiles using different browser windows!!! it just keeps getting worse....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, July 07, 2006 - 3:03 AM

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mmm!

Yeah myspace has a lot of quirks and glitches. Things break here. I guess we get what we pay for. lol. I still like to use it, but I back off from time to time due to my frustrations. I totally understand yours.

As for the bad stuff...I'm really careful. If I even sniff a freak or an underage kid...I RUN! :) I also

just made my blog private...so i'm not sure what you can see. Feel free to try and let me know.

Hope you stick around...but I understand if you don't

cheerio!

~m

Posted by mmm! on Saturday, July 08, 2006 - 6:13 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

you can see virtually nothing in your profile until you make someone your friend, which you have set to require the knowledge of your last name or your email address (feel free to give them to me *g*) It's not really any of that which concerns me - it's the viruses and extra large adverts that popup and make browsing in myspace difficult, slow and dangerous that upsets me....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, July 09, 2006 - 3:25 AM
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Tuesday, June 27, 2006

Bruce gets "Jacked Off"
Current mood: thirsty
Category: Life

Some requests were made to hear more about my further same sex experiences. OK, well, one request - so one experience! When I worked at American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco in 1970, there were some damn good parties. A few of them were given by Michael Learned, the actress who went on to star in Little House on the Prairie and her husband of the moment, Peter Donat. I gotta tell ya, she was not at all like that prim and proper mother in LHOTP! But that's another story....

Anyway, for some reason, even though I normally rode my motorcycle around the city, mainly just to scare people with the flashing crucifix I had mounted on my helmet, this time I think I hoped to score since there were going to be lots of beautiful people there. Or maybe it was just too damn cold and wet. Anyway, there were a lot of people I worked with and not many I didn't so there wasn't a lot of new meat and it was a bit disappointing. Also, Michael and Peter got into a huge argument so it was a bit of a downer in the end.

One person who was there was Jack, the property master. He was a great guy and we got along famously since my studio shared the 5th floor on Geary Street, right across from the Geary Theatre, and we almost worked side by side. Most of the props people were great, including Charlie the butch girl from Whitefish, Montana, who later went on to own one of the trendiest leather galleries in New York City. She and Jack were great. And Jack was gay, too.

I'm not sure exactly what it was about gay guys in general - or maybe just the ones attracted to San Francisco. They were all slender, tall, dark and hung like horses. Certainly Jack was. He always

wore these tight blue jeans that came up real tight in his crotch. He had a real cute little ass. I can see it right now in my mind's eye. Nice and slim, no bubble butt there! Jack used to be pretty touchy feely too, and was always putting his arm around me. In a very non-threatening way. He knew I was straight.

And in the front, you could clearly see everything else, too. It was rather distracting talking to him since you could not only clearly see his trouser snake, hanging half way down his thigh, by the inseam on his left side. Yep, I can see that in my mind's eye too. It looked extra long partly because the jeans came up so high but also because you could clearly see his balls, too, and they didn't hang down that far. Nice package, really. I could appreciate it and since it was so prominent all the time, I got to know it pretty well. You might say I was completely prepared when the time came, so to speak.

At the party, Jack and I ended up amongst the last people there since it thinned out fast when things got nasty and I offered him a ride home. I didn't really have anyone else to choose from, probably. He accepted and as we walked to my car, he slyly asked me if I was going to take him to my home or his. We were fairly plastered (I hadn't yet understood the meaning of 'don't drive drunk') and I said, "oh what the hell, I'm horny and you look like you are too!"

After acknowledging that he almost always was, he stated he would be interested in going all the way and no less and I agreed to give it a try, thinking of how hot my first experience (see early blog here) was. So we got into my cute little dream mobile, a 1964 Citroen ID19, freshly painted red, and we headed off to my abode of the time in the hills above El Cerrito in the East Bay - in the tiny village of Kensington.

We tooled across the Bay Bridge with no difficulties, exited and approached the intersection with San Pablo Avenue, a major six lane city street. At that time of night, San Pablo was almost completely clear of cars and all the cross streets had flashing red lights with flashing amber for the main thoroughfare. I pulled up to the flashing red, looked both ways, saw nothing and proceeded slowly.

Suddenly Jack yelled "watch out!" and from the left a car full of young guys came screaming along at about 60 miles an hour. San Pablo had a 35 mph speed limit. The front of my car was nosing into their path and the driver took evasive action, swerving to the left. But they were going so fast that their car skidded into the front of mine and the side of theirs just clipped the front bumper. We clearly saw all those guys in the car staring right at us as they hit and they looked mean - and angry. Their car then rebounded and spun around two full times before coming to a halt. Then they accelerated straight toward us.

We freaked. I gunned it across the street and we headed up the road toward the Berkeley Police Department, the only place I figured we'd be safe. I didn't want to tangle with these guys. Jack totally flipped out, pulled out a baggie of grass and asked me what he should do with it. I said "throw it out the window - now!" The other car was going a lot faster than we were and it quickly cut in front of me and cut us off. The guys yanked open our doors and put us in head locks.

Then the cops arrived. They assessed the situation and of course arrested me and Jack. They interviewed the six guys in the other car and let them go. They took us to the El Cerrito Police station. It was situated right at the same intersection where the accident had occurred. I had never noticed that before. They had witnessed the whole thing - except for the grass going out the window - and were right on the case. They made me walk the line. Several times. I had great difficulty doing that. They told me I was going to be charged with hit and run driving. I signed that I understood. Jack was getting extremely pissed off - and he was still very pissed, too!

They let us walk back to my car after going through all the formalities and we continued on up the

hill, slowly. When Jack and I arrived at my placed, needless to say, we were hardly in the fucking mood. We were exhausted, embarrassed and freaked. And a lot less inebriated. We went to bed with no fanfare and slept in. In the morning, little else happened other than I got to see Jack completely naked.

In the cold harsh light of the morning, it did not excite me. Nor I him. I did note his dick was just as long as it looked, although quite skinny - appropriate for a tall skinny guy. And he had a large foreskin. It would have been an interesting exploration since we were rather different types. We would have complemented each other I think, but it also confirmed that I was really only curious and not really attracted to naked guys.

Footnote: I met with the DA about the charges against me and advised him that since I did technically run from the scene of the accident, that I was probably guilty as charged. He said "Oh, that'll be good - if you plead guilty then we don't have bring in any witnesses and it won't take long." So at the hearing, the DA said to the judge, "Your honor, the defendant pleads guilty so we have no other witnesses." But the judge asked him if he had explained to me that this was a criminal offence and that I would have a criminal record after having had no record of any type whatsoever and did I realise the implications of this - to which of course he replied "No." I was starting to sweat.

So the judge asked me to come forward and explain what had happened that night in my own words. He had the police report. He knew I was pissed. He knew I was underage. He knew I had left the scene. He didn't know we had tossed the grass. He didn't know the other car was going super fast or had spun around twice. He didn't know they looked like they were going to come after us and beat the shit out of us. I essentially told the same story as I just did, above, making it sound as reasonable as possible.

After I finished, the judge totally reamed the DA out for not bringing in the other driver, witnesses and cops and making it a proper hearing and fined me \$50 for failing to stop at a flashing red light! Shit, was I fucking relieved since I had no idea what I was really getting into but I can absolutely tell you I swore I would never drive drunk again. And I really tried not to, being successful, um, the vast majority of the time. Jack and I still got along pretty well and we didn't talk about what had happened. Or get together again. Once was enough!

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2:34 PM28 Comments(Add Comment) |30 Kudos 2 Kudos

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Previous Post: Tagged by Wifey!!! | Back to Blog List | Next Post: A MySpace farewell?

JanieJane4

Nice one, Bruce. I love how you got out of it, got a peek at Jack, and lived to tell! This sounds

like it was one night for the books, alright!

Posted by JanieJane4 on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 2:34 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

oh, it was! not what I was expecting natch, and not like the first time for sure!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 2:45 PM
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Venus★! RIP, JOSH.

You might have gotten "jacked off", but at least you didn't get fucked. I mean by the judicial system, of course. Yeah, I crack myself up.

Posted by Venus★! RIP, JOSH. on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 2:39 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

quite right. all in all it worked out for the best - in all respects, really! but in quite an unexpected fashion in all respects too!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 2:47 PM
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The Kevitron XR-138

Whew! That was a close one! Good suspense story, Bruce!

Posted by The Kevitron XR-138 on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 2:59 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

from you, high praise!! thanks.... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 3:21 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

as you get to know me [hmmmmmm...] you will learn that I am nothing if not basically a tease. Sometimes the action gets hot but most of the time it's blue ball city!! oh, well, there's always your imagination! and mine *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 2:45 AM
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Glad to hear you "got off," even if it was only in legal terms.

-k

Posted by on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 6:23 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks. it was a relief! and a lesson - or lessons!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 2:46 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I have not had many court experiences but I have to say this was the fairest one of all.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 2:47 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks! you get mine as often as possible, too!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 2:48 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

wow..that is quite the title you had for this blog! haha..not into the "bubble butts", eh? I love how descriptive you are with things. Definitely sounds like you had a fair, decent knowledgeable judge. I fully agree with Stace..this has tease written all over it

Posted by on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 4:41 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

I'm into bubble butts up to a point - especially on women. It's hard to explain and maybe I will go into detail some day. there is actually a quiz on one of these 'take a quiz for your blog' that actually shows you all sorts of asses and determines exactly the size and specific shape that you go for the most and then gives it a name!! amazing.. I took it and it was quite accurate. I may post the results in my profile...

yeah, tease 'R' me... sorry!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 4:48 AM

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Suzette

Wow what a story! I have to tell you I didn't know what to expect when I started reading but that wasn't it. Great blog! :)

Posted by Suzette on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 6:03 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

I often even surprise myself! thanks... *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 6:27 AM

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Chicadi

Good story! At least you got away with it. Especially since they didn't see the grass. Too bad you missed the oppourtunity with Jack though.

Posted by Chicadi on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 8:40 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

They did find an empty drinks glass in the car, though. But that really wasn't a surprise since we were both pretty drunk. I think in this case something was telling me I really didn't want to get too tangled up with Jack - nor he with me!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 1:35 PM
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Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness

whew sounds as if you had someone looking over you in the legal matter...I often wonder if you keep in touch with some of the people you write about?

Posted by Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 2:05 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I have tried to find many of them and have got in touch with some through classmates.com but not nearly as many as I'd like. there are a few that are still good friends such as my roommate Gene and a mutual friend named Candy plus an old g/f named Marty (now Marti), both of whom I have blogs about which have not been written yet.... ah well... it'll come! I haven't kept in touch with Jack but have with a number of other friends I worked at ACT with.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 3:02 PM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Oh, good Lord... it took me a looooong arse time to get the 'don't drive drunk' thing... long enough to get a couple of convictions..

Good thing you had a good Judge...

And what a bloody tease you are about Jack! hahaha.

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Thursday, June 29, 2006 - 2:04 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

it actually took me a long time too.. so much so that just not driving was the best choice most of the time! LOL Yeah, but Jack was a bloody tease, too!! woo hoo!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, July 04, 2006 - 5:00 PM
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OpheliaDreams

Great story
I would have run to if thay looked like they were gonna beat my ass
Glad it all worked out for ya
Ophelia

Posted by OpheliaDreams on Thursday, June 29, 2006 - 5:54 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

they looked damn mean! the problem was the cop shop was right there and I didn't know it!!
yikes!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, July 04, 2006 - 5:01 PM
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Jane

How suspenseful! You got me hooked Brucie.

Posted by Jane on Saturday, July 01, 2006 - 7:52 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

ohhh, shit! hooked? nothing hard I hope? hmmmmm.... well... maybe just one sort hard bit eh?
g

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, July 04, 2006 - 5:02 PM
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Tuesday, June 27, 2006

Tagged by Wifey!!!
Current mood: grateful

Category: Quiz/Survey

Sheesh! this is getting to be a habit, hun!! but it's fun for sure *g*

Tagged????

The first player of this game starts with the "6 weird/things/habits about yourself." People who get tagged will have to post a blog telling their 6 weird/things habits as well. Make sure to post this rule clearly! At the end of your 6 weird/things/habits, you need to choose 6 people that you would like to be tagged and write their names down. Don't forget to leave a comment that says "You are Tagged!" in their comments and tell them to read yours! Have fun and NO tagbacks!!! :)

1. I scratch my head a lot especially while watching shows and concerts - it bugs the hell out of people who sit behind me.
2. I used to be a total control freak but since I went to counselling I have become completely the opposite and have become extremely complacent. OK, well that's a lie, but I am trying!!
3. I am way more gregarious on the web than in real life. I have a total dread of getting trapped into having to make small talk with people I can't stand and make a horrible salesperson unless I really like the person I'm talking with.
4. I have to sleep with blinders on so I don't get disturbed by the light and have to sleep with earplugs to avoid being disturbed by noises in strange environments - ones I'm used to don't seem to bother me much.
5. I have only shaved off my facial hair once, when it totally freaked out my family and I let it grow back.
6. And something many of you may have suspected: I absolutely have to bust my nuts at least once a day or I totally freak out. Just ask the wifey. I mean MY wifey *g*

And my 6 people are:

1. Vanessa
2. Irish Lass
3. JanieJane4
4. Amanda
5. Librarian
6. Karen

11:28 AM 38 Comments(Add Comment) | 28 Kudos 2 Kudos
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Bruce Bloggie

Interestingly, I have never been tagged before! Note I added no tagbacks *g* Good thing I didn't tag YOU eh? *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 12:28 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

mmmmmm.. I really look forward to yours! how could I resist *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 1:37 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

uhhhh... it itches??? same reason I scratch my balls!!!! LOL

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 1:38 PM

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★[[kam]]★

great ceasars ghost! you are a control freak... going around taggin people and making them spill 6 secrets about themselves!! LOL!!

whew! at least ya didn't get me! when i got tagged, i cheated and tagged at least 8 ppl! tee hee!

Posted by ★[[kam]]★ on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 12:50 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

you bad girl!! xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 1:38 PM
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Joy

I totally understand #3. When I was in school I dreaded those opening night parties where everyone waxed each other's ass with their chapstick one minute, then shafted them when they weren't around.

Posted by Joy on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 12:54 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep. I think the internet has been my total social salvation!!!! I don't do the casual social thing at all and really kinda hate it much of the time although if it's a great group of people it can be quite nice. It's the company party type things, social mixers, rambler groups and business meetings that are the worst! Theatre people are usually pretty neat, though.

Interestingly, many people I know who totally get off on getting together all the time with their r/t buds just don't get myspace or chatrooms at all - completely different types of people!

I love 'waxed with chapstick' !!! great image... xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 1:43 PM
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Karen

Good list .. the facial hair thing is funny. My dad shaved his off once and I wouldn't let him near me till it grew back

Ok I will write my list tonight.....I will not tag anyone .why you ask.. cause that just me but I will add anyone who would like to play again (people new to myspace) just leave me a comment Try to get me

OK.

Posted by Karen on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 1:10 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

that's cool. look forward to your answers and thanks even if you are tired of the tagging thing!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 1:44 PM

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JanieJane4

Oh boy. I dunno, Bruce. If you repost this with me as number 4, I'll do it. Crimeny.

Posted by JanieJane4 on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 1:37 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

the numbers are in no specific order, babe... xoox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 1:45 PM

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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Bloody hell! Half my things are the same as yours! What am I to do? Make it my own...

I made the last one a big song and dance... this will be... not so much... I'm saving the big stuff for the interview....

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 3:02 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

ummm..... you shaved your facial hair off and have to bust your nuts??? babe, you are some exceptional woman!!! LOL

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 3:20 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

don't worry about it unless you are dragged into it kicking and screaming!! in the meantime just

remember I am creaming in your lacy underpants!!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 3:25 PM
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Irish Creme

Oh yay! You know how I *love* these games!!

Posted by Irish Creme on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 5:23 PM
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Irish Creme

Oh wait...I can't only say 6 things?? Oh this is gonna be a toughy....

Forgot kudos sorry....

Posted by Irish Creme on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 5:24 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

say as much as you want!! we're all ears *g* um, and other protruberances as well...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 2:36 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

that's easy! just check out my primary profile, which I will send you privately.. *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 2:37 AM
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JanieJane4

You are a bearded dragon! Love the one about the small talk. So tedious, our society. Hmmm...Tag game. I will repay you for the wonderful places you have taken me in your blogs. Just this once. Vanity is the dragon's favorite sin, after all.

Posted by JanieJane4 on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 5:55 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

oooohhhh!!! you are going to repay me???? how much could that possibly be worth..
hhhhmmmmmmmm... Paypal doesn't have that kinda currency yet *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 2:40 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep, yep, yep! 4 - LOL! 5 - it is soooo much easier and I generally go for the easy way *g* 6.
yes, I suspect so but I keep hearing about guys my age who only do it once a month and their ladies
are so frustrated I always think "hey, send em my way!!!" *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 2:43 AM
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haha..that is funny that it freaked out your fame when you shaved..opposite here..when hubby
grew facial hair, everyone was begging him to shave. I wish I could use blinders when awake
sometimes, so many things I don't wanna see, heh.

Posted by on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 4:30 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I think it has to do with whether you look better with it or not. I'm a ugly mother without the
mask! blinders are good but you have trouble not tripping over shit....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 4:45 AM
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Suzette

I definitely understand how annoying small talk can be. I have actually used the phrase "That's all
I got." Several times to end some conversations.

Posted by Suzette on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 5:55 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I always end up being very polite and carrying on much further than I usually want to. it's the protestant upbringing ...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 6:25 AM

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Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness

I find it funny that you think there are 6 weird or strange things about ME ...since I am about as dull as paste.

Posted by Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 8:15 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

well there you go now!!! I think paste is extremely interesting and easily the solution for many sticky situations! xoxo try it anyway... you don't have to worry about being graded this time *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 1:32 PM

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Iorddonen (Jordan)

Hey ya wank...bored would like to play this...but I truly would fuck it up somehow..haha...oh well ...fuck it Ya Cunt!

Posted by Iorddonen (Jordan) on Thursday, June 29, 2006 - 9:52 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

shit, man! you would fuck it up for sure!!! no way, jose! outta here!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, July 04, 2006 - 4:58 PM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

Weirdos unite!!!! xoox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, July 26, 2006 - 6:55 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Monday, June 26, 2006

Interviewed by the Wifey!
Current mood: refreshed
Category: Life

Otherwise known as jimmerz Stace, for reasons obscure to my brain but which I'm sure I will find out soon enough! Make that "The Future Ex Mrs. Paul Robinson" to you, or

<http://www.myspace.com/iamkewlcuziamafakeceleb>

to be totally specific!

Sheesh, how complicated can all this identity stuff be, anyway? Well, pretty, I guess cause I sure ain't telling who I really am right now!

Anyhoo.... here are Stacey's questions, followed by my answers!

1. In a previous blog, you wrote about a sexual experience with a man you hardly knew ...Have there been other encounters with men? if so how many and what happened exactly?

Yes there have been. I was going to write a blog about it and may well do that real soon now! But rather than making you wait for that, I WILL give you a quick synopsis, with all the gory details to follow when that blog appears. First of all, this guy was one I did know fairly well and we worked together in the theatre, sort of - different departments cause he was in props. Props, oh yeah!

He had been after my ass for some time in a real friendly sort of way and one night when neither of us got lucky at a party we decided "what the fuck" and I took him home. Ummm.. well it wasn't quite as simple as that and we did spend the night together - in my bed. But as for what 'exactly' happened you will have to stay tuned till that blog rolls around - and it will def be a good one! The rest of these questions also bring to mind more blogs so I really can't say exactly in which order things will happen. That's both the mystery and the wonder of these great interviews!!

2. You've said that Nan was like a mother you didn't really have, but your mother seemed to be ontop of things regarding Nan and others. How was she not really a mother to you?

Well, the obvious answer is that she didn't tell me what to do or even what I should do. I talked with her about all sorts of stuff that I wanted her input on without feeling that what she said I was obligated in any way to follow through on. We talked a lot about boy-girl and man-woman relationships and she told me how hers had gone, according to her experience. This was for the most part quite different from my mother's relationships so I got to hear a rather different approach to these things than what I had been told up till then.

I 'd have to say also that she simply provided me with a very different view of the world than I had been exposed to before. It was closer to the bone, more raw and basic and she'd been through tougher times. It gave me a view on running my own business, making decisions that were tough

compromises rather than the lofty theoretically and politically 'correct' options that my family usually chose between. Through her eyes, I saw how life was far less than perfect than I had previously been aware and that others had it far worse than I did.

It was a true eye opener. Not entirely different from my other adult friends, but with Nan my friendship peeled back many further layers and went far deeper than with anyone else. I frequently look back on my time with her as some of the best of my life.

3. You know of my anal fixation, please tell me of your experiences with thatgiving and/or receiving, how it felt, etc...

Oh boy... what you do here! Some have asked how I could possibly have made it to the age of 18 without having discovered how to masturbate. And the answer is simply: anal fixation. Yep, I did more than you could imagine - well, maybe not *g* - with my little immature bung hole and damn did it feel good! It never actually got me spurting but shit, literally, was I into my asshole. I didn't really understand what the fuck was going on there and always felt that I was totally fucked up until I discovered how common all that sort of thing was.

But I didn't really find out how common it was till long after I had settled into a very stable relationship and had basically eschewed most of those sexual perversions for more 'normal' ones. We certainly have done lots of assplay in our relationship so that's not completely unknown or out of bounds by any means. But for a very long time we have not really focused on it much for our own gratification. I am not sure if your comments or anyone else's will change things that much since we really know what turns us on in great detail by now. And we love focusing on that so much it pretty well takes general precedence, as you can imagine - but we will definitely find out! *g*.

Ass far as my specific experience with the one time I was with someone who really wanted to focus on anal - that's the same guy I talked about above and again I will go in graphic detail in the blog that covers that experience. It will be a long one.... I mean, thick. I mean, um detailed. Oh never mind.

4. You have also blogged about the 'Orgy as a final exam' when you were in school ...I know you weren't part of it, but have you ever been and if so, how many and what happened exactly?

Well, I was involved with more threesomes and foursomes than legit orgies actually. Most orgies I had the potential opportunity of joining I actually seemed to just miss. Either that, or the fuckers stopped when I arrived! Still not really sure to this day but I'd like to think I didn't put the damper on them all!! The one that I actually did catch the tail end of was in a house I shared with a bunch of other freaks in San Francisco in 1970. I was pretty pissed off about this because all I had been doing that evening was hanging out in the Curtain Call bar with some friends, drinking Black Russians, which is what I was into at that time.

I got a ride home with Liz, my friend who drove like a maniac, especially when she was drunk, and was the daughter of a famous guy who wrote the Vocational Interest Blank test, which intrigued me because I had studied psychology in university. She dropped me off at something like 1:30AM and I walked into what had apparently been a pretty whippy orgy. Everyone was sort of just wiping themselves off, cleaning up the dayglo paints, putting away the acid and smoking a last joint when I arrived.

As soon as I scoped it out, I immediately stripped off, looking rather pale and washed and I hopped onto the bed with who was left. Everyone just sort of said "hey man, cool, you are pretty groovy too" and the girls kinds giggled and stuff about me being 'cute' but everyone at that point was pretty wasted and I began to just kind of feel stupid cause I was the only one who wasn't all painted up in

fluorescent paints. So I'm sorry I don't have any real juicy stories in this department but I've sort of come to the conclusion that orgies tend not to be all they are cracked up to be. Mainly just a lot of 'cracks up' *g*

But I do have a few good multiway stories involving partners of varying persuasions and fascinating discoveries about members of same sex relationships, mostly women. Which will obviously be reported at some time in the future...

5. Lastly, this is a question I have to ask anyone I am close to, because it's something I hold very close and need to know where people stand on this issue and I know you'll have a good responseDo you believe in the death penalty? Please explain why

I'm totally unequivocal on the death penalty as well and am utterly opposed to it. I don't think there is any situation whatsoever that warrants it. I have seriously reconsidered my opinion many times when people were unquestionably guilty. The main problem then is that those people are so frequently mentally incompetent they are automatically not truly responsible for their actions. So that pretty much means those who are eligible for the death penalty are also those who most strongly claim they are innocent.

And the number of times in history in which we know that innocent people have been unjustly executed is so great that I can't imagine putting anyone to death who might be even the slightest bit likely to be the victim of a miscarriage of justice. I have personally seen how the media, authorities, police and the 'justice' system can be so easily perverted that I just basically can't feel there is any way any conviction can be assured of being completely reliable.

I could go on and on with this one and I admire you for bringing in what might actually be the most controversial topic in the whole set of questions. Amazing to think the world has become like this now! And I sure as hell hope you agree with me because I'm really really getting to like you and wouldn't want anything to come between us! *g*

OK! so here are the guidelines again:

THE GUIDELINES:

1. Leave me a comment saying, "Interview me."
2. I will respond by asking you five questions. I get to pick the questions.
3. You will update your blog with the answers to the questions.
4. You will include this explanation and an offer to interview someone else in the same post.
5. When others comment asking to be interviewed, you will ask them five questions.

And like Stace said in her interview:

If anyone else wants to be interviewed this time around, even if its for a second time, holla at me!

0 Kudos
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Previous Post: Bruce the Fixer | Back to Blog List | Next Post: Tagged by Wifey!!!

Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

God, you guys rock like really hard stuff! haha! I loved this one... Stace is one of my favouritest people in the world and I can't wait to get her questions ... and you, my good man provided answers in only the way you can. So freakin' cool.

Speaking of the anal fixation....I had a boyfriend once, who pulled me aside with a really worried expression "I really need to talk to you"... shut the door and everything.. then proceeded to tell me he'd been in the bathroom and stuck a corn cob up his arse which made him cum everywhere. It totally freaked him out. I laffed and laffed and told him he was really perfectly okay... except I had to wonder how he had come upon the idea of the corn cob in the first place.... like... did he open the fridge and thing 'cor blimey... that head of corn look like it'll fit just nicely up my arsehole?'... lol.. .the mind boggles...

GREAT JOB YOU TWO

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 6:44 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

You rock like GRANITE, baby.... that's how hard...

Yah, yah... probably some in audio... We'll have to see what Brucey comes up with..

Those rooms were hilarious....It was so fun when groups of us went on follow and wreaked havoc... Ahh.. the good ol' days of Yahoo...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 10:27 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

wooo hooooo!!! more information for the grist mill! I'll def have to hit you up with that shady background just at a very sensitive time - like when we are chatting and your gran is listening in!! But I am really really disappointed you aren't really into that stuff cause that's the only reason I thought you were kewl! xoxo

and if you believe that..... etc. etc.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 9:55 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah, it took me a really long time to get over freaking myself out with that [literal] shit - but you should have seen the look on my dad's face when he walked in on me in the bathroom once! ohhh... I can't even tell you what I was doing without stammering, which is very out of character for me!! ha hahahaahhahahahha. never tried it was a corn cob though! hmmmmmm *thinks* is that what the indian corn stuff is all about?????? yeesh!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 8:52 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Oh, by the way... Interview me

I'll be getting questions from Stace, too.. so I might post them a week apart... but I'd love it if you would...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 6:46 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

you got it! now to put together some totally perverse questions!!! ohhhhh...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 8:49 AM
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Venus★! RIP, JOSH.

Bruce, I've always enjoyed reading about your past. I really enjoyed this

Oh, what the heck...Interview me. I may not be a "blogger" per-se, but I do enjoy writing, so hit me with your best shot.

Posted by Venus★! RIP, JOSH. on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 6:49 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

ok! but you have to promise to do it! I have interviewed three people so far and only one has replied so far (I think...) I know, my questions can be really tough and, um, probing but you have to at least make a, uh, stab at it! so... questions are on their way!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 8:55 AM
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Venus★! RIP, JOSH.

I'm always up for a little probing

Posted by Venus★! RIP, JOSH. on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 3:04 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I just sent you one!! xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 3:26 PM
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Venus★! RIP, JOSH.

Done!!

Posted by Venus★! RIP, JOSH. on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 4:14 PM
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Karen

Posted by Karen on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 6:58 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

that's it??? that's all you got for me? well at least it's smiling!!! *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 8:56 AM

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Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness

My what an interesting life you have...

Posted by Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 7:28 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

hmmm... yes indeed!!! and what an interesting life I had back then, too! *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 8:56 AM
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This was an interesting read. I have alot of subscriptions so I typically shy away from lengthy blogs.

I went to school in San Francisco and it kinda sounds like you hung around people form the More House.

Again, very interesting - thanks for sharing the details of your life.

Posted by on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 8:36 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

The More House doesn't ring a bell but shared places like ours were rampant back then! glad you had a good time too! uh... you did, right? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 8:58 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

ah, threats eh?? well, ok, I'll do that as soon as I do the two sets of questions (so far!) but I don't want to give them short shrift *s* Your questions are up now so I'll tell you what he saw privately!

LOL

So glad we agree on the important shit!! xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 9:40 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

they will all come in good time... I'm going away on Thursday to a wedding in St Jean de Luz and won't be back till Tuesday so nothing during that period but don't despair! xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 3:29 PM

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Those body paints..that is what popped a light on in my brain. Have always wanted to try those! I see a blog theme here...Anal Adventures, hmm..that sounds like one of those late nite Cinemax soft porn shows. I think You, Stace and Nessa's corn cob guy could be the main stars, hell...I would watch and join in from time to time! Lookin forward to learning more about ya, Bruce man! Great questions Jimmerz Stace (awww memories) and most excellent, explanatory answers, Sir Bruce!

Posted by on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 3:12 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks! I love to explain shit... I mean anal... I mean.. um... hey! Cinemax soft porn??? where was that?? Anal Adventures sounds a little harder than that - or at least should be!! I was watching bootlegged copies of The Devil in Miss Jones and Deep Throat in the early 70s on pro video cassette decks I borrowed from the local production house so that's how desperate I was!!!

and indian corn could look very good with body paints as highlights...

and now it's Sir Bruce.. hmmm... kinda kinky...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 3:33 PM

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Samurai Love God

that was a great interview, I can't wait to read the blog about question #1.

Posted by Samurai Love God on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 4:28 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I MAY have time to do this today... no promises!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 2:49 AM
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Alison

As requested - Interview me.

I look forward to reading your questions. I will endeavour to give good, solid, honest answers not matter how tempted I am to answer in the silly mode. But then again I may not.

As you seem to like them ('cos I'm that sort of mood)

Posted by Alison on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 2:49 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

great! I sent you the questions and look forward to the answers but won't be able to read them for a week since I'm going away, so please remind me privately so I will check it when I get back! xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 2:33 AM
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Irish Creme

Just becuase I like the questions you ask....do me, do me...

I meant interview me! Get your mind out of the gutter!

Posted by Irish Creme on Tuesday, June 27, 2006 - 4:43 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

mmmmmmmm... my alter ego profile just did!!! do you want me to ask you even more, um, probing ones from this one?? maybe I will do that later since I'm getting short on time now... xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 28, 2006 - 2:34 AM

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Sunday, June 25, 2006

Bruce the Fixer

Current mood: sympathetic

Category: Life

When I was 15, I got a job repairing electronic equipment because Jim stole me from ABC Music down the street. I had applied for a job at Jim's when I was 14 but he didn't really think I was quite up to the responsibility yet. But he started losing business to ABC after I became their repariman and he realised the folly of his ways. Fortunately Mike of ABC understood that Jim could also offer me longer hours, which I wanted, so all worked out well in the end. Jim expected me to fix all kinds of things, not just guitar amplifiers. From tape machines and high end stereo equipment to televisions.

My hours at Jim's were from after school till mid evening, depending on how much school work I had. Initially though, it was summer so I worked long hours. Jim was a night owl and I liked to work with him because he was my mentor and he didn't like to work during office hours since there were too many interruptions. He also did most of his recordings in the studio at night because it was quieter and musicians generally liked that better. Jim also provided and operated the sound systems for various concerts and festivals in the area, including the Monterey Jazz and Pop Festivals and Big Sur Folk Festival.

I was helping run the sound for Crosby, Stills and Nash when they announced that Neil Young had joined them. I heard Gerry Mulligan in a drunken stupor very late one night after the performance, exiting the performers' lounge far below me and - not realising anyone was listening - spew a vitriolic diatribe of self hate.

The first time Janis Joplin performed in Monterey with Big Brother and the holding company was at the Monterey Jazz Festival, not the Pop Festival, which happened the following year. Jim wasn't used to such a powerful voice and when she sang into the open mike the first time, she blew out a loudspeaker diaphragm which I had to replace as quickly as possible. I took it to her dressing room to show her what she had done and she autographed the sucker! Jim had that screwed to his wall for many years.

Those were fun times but I also did more mundane jobs as well. In January 1966, when I turned 16 and got my driver's license, I started to do home repair calls. I ranged all over the peninsula, from Seaside, where Nan used to live to Pebble Beach, where I repaired a lowly Dynakit that had been very poorly assembled in the Firestone mansion. I encountered more than my share of lonely housewives, some of whom flashed me or simply wore flimsy nightgowns but none of whom decided that seducing a 16 year old kid with no stubble was worth the hassle. I guess. Then there were the horny dogs that were being kept indoors for obvious reasons. My leg got humped more than a few times.

But the one recollection that always makes me laugh was the call to repair a jukebox. It was in a poor section of Seaside and when I arrived, I knocked on the door. A face appeared at a slot high up and looked down at me suspiciously. "Yeah?" it asked. He looked at the tube caddy I had with me. Back then, most repairs just involved testing and replacing vacuum tubes and I had to carry this enormous orange box - almost as big as I was - with a single handle. It looked pretty awkward most of the time but it was very light since it was not just mostly air, but vacuum.

I replied that I was there to repair the jukebox. He grunted and opened the door. The place appeared to be a fairly normal residence but there were a number of shifty looking guys sitting around in chairs and sofas in the living room. When they saw a 16 year old kid walk in - with this huge caddy - their eyes almost popped out of their heads. The guy led me into the kitchen where I was introduced to a rather rough looking woman who expressed slight surprise that I was the repair person. This was not at all unusual, however, since I was by then quite used to people seriously questioning my ability to repair their 'baby.'

She showed me the jukebox and I said I would have to move it around to get into the back. The doorman gave me a hand and I blew out the cobwebs. I had a flashlight for emergencies and looking into deep crevices but this kitchen was just plain dark since all the windows seemed to be blacked out. I scoped the situation and decided there was one simple thing that would help. I asked if it would be possible to replace the red light bulb with a white one, preferably of higher wattage. This was done forthwith with only a little grumbling and I could even see what was going on in the front room a bit better now.

As I worked on the jukebox, I saw a fairly steady stream of guys coming in the front door. A little while after they sat down and executed a small financial transaction with my lady friend who wanted the repair done, some woman with a skimpy outfit would enter from the hallway, where the bedrooms were, presumably, and take them to the back. Not at all very much later, they would emerge from the back and walk out the front door.

Repairing the jukebox was pretty straightforward but it needed a fair number of new tubes. It was old and had been used pretty steadily most of its life. Madam had been pretty faithful about replacing the stylies so she assured me that wasn't the problem. I replaced everything questionable so they wouldn't have to go through this unsettling process again. Replacing the back and sliding it into its appointed position once again, I prepared the bill and presented it. \$22 - a true bargain for a repair job done efficiently and without complaint or comment. I almost said I would say nothing about what I had seen but decided that just silence was probably better.

She paid me all in ones.

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2:24 PM37 Comments(Add Comment) |26 Kudos 2 Kudos

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Bruce Bloggie

uhhhhhh... yeppers! right over here - and I even have a spare!!

actually, hmmm... make that TWO spares *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 2:38 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

which one do you want? *g* only two stay stiff when they are disconnected from my body...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 3:24 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

aw hell, I'll just deliver all three and let you demo them for a while...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 3:29 PM

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kirkin

You met Janis Joplin?! I am so jealous of you!

As always, I love reading your blogs!!

Posted by kirkin on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 3:11 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

very briefly, yes - and as a super low peg on the pole of important people. I will do a blog in the future about a great concert I went to in San Francisco where she was absolutely at the top of her

form....

thanks again...!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 3:14 PM

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kirkin

I'm impressed even if was just long enough for her to spit on you! Way to go!

Posted by kirkin on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 6:07 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

oh she did some spitting, too *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 11:47 PM

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~M~...

Janis Joplin....Were you a fan of hers at the time when you met her?

Good blog man...

Posted by ~M~... on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 3:41 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

I was 17 at the time! even the pope was a fan! and most bears as well.... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 3:53 PM

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You had quite the eventful teen years! We lived in Monterey briefly when hubby was stationed there back in '90. Beautiful area, to say the least. uhhh yeah, that sounded like quite the shady place ya went to, yikes! haha..it does not surprise me that out of that entire blog, Stace picked up on the \$1 bills and the humping, go figure, HA

Posted by on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 3:43 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

and you didn't??? sheesh.... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 3:55 PM

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ha..just that I love ya, babe! Thanks for the great blog, Mr. Bruce!

Posted by on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 3:58 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks! it's part of a series - collect them all *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 3:59 PM

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mmm!

Enjoyed the memories! I have some catching up to do...sorry I've been lax. Summertime, you know.

"...spew a vitriolic diatribe of self hate." just sounds sooo pretty...

Posted by mmm! on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 4:56 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

no worries! just do it when you can....

and it wasn't really very pretty at all... "... fucking Gerry Mulligan, fucking so great, so fucking what - what does it fucking mean? it's all such fucking bullshit... etc etc." ... something to think about anyway, when analysing the tortured lives of famous people.....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 5:08 PM
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Joy

Its a shame they didn't offer you a tip...

Posted by Joy on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 5:10 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I think they were scared to death of me wanting anything they had to offer other than ones... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 5:30 PM
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~Jean~

It's amazing how you remember the details of a past event. It sounds like it wasn't too long ago. How old did you say you were? ..Just kidding! Thanks for the story, Bruce!

Posted by ~Jean~ on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 6:29 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I always say "old enough but never too old!" *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 9:32 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

sheesh! I musta dropped them.... so many.... *s*

thanks!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 11:46 PM
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Karen

I love your stories

Posted by Karen on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 8:04 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks! you have nice ones too! stories, I mean.... *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 11:49 PM
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Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness

What an amazing time that must have been for you seeing Crosby,Stills,Nash and Young..Meeting Janice. And for a 16 year old boy to get to hang out in a cat house..lol
I will always remember you on my birthday now.. which just happens to be January 16, 1966

Posted by Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 8:33 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

OMG! that was the date I fixed the jukebox! and where did you say you were born? Seaside?
hmmmmmm....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 9:33 PM
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Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness

sadly no... I was born in Pratt Kansas

Posted by Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 10:02 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

bbbbbbbut.... I thought you said you were Irish!! *wink*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 11:45 PM

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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Hah. When I was 15 I was working at a fast food chicken outlet.

Studios and brothels would have been way more fun... although probably just as greasy

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 2:00 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

interestingly (or not, as the case may be...) both have something else besides grease in common now: condoms. Those are used all the time now to protect microphone wireless transmitter units from sweaty actors - but don't use lubricated ones because that fucks up the electronics!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 2:37 AM

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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Hah! How funny.... I'm a voice over artist, but I've not come across any condom covered microphones... Mind you, do tend to be a bit behind the times here...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 4:11 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

the only time they would actually give you a mic in a condom is if it was planted on you, usually in your hair or on your head somewhere and you had a propensity for sweating buckets. Normally this is only for stage performers with wireless mics, which doesn't sound like what you do... but

maybe you should give it a try - especially if you like to sweat *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 26, 2006 - 4:59 AM
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Saturday, June 24, 2006

Me and Nan-io, down by the boatyard
Current mood: uncomfortable
Category: Life

Nan was probably in her early 40s when I knew her. It was kind of tricky at a tender age to estimate the age of 'older people' but I did know she was certainly of an age where she would have made the decision to have kids - or not. And there seemed to be no prospect of that. So I was probably more a surrogate kid than a potential 'close friend' and she was like the mother I never had. She was not an authority figure, obviously, and that made a lot of difference to me - and her, too, I guess. Ours was an interesting relationship involving a lot of mutual respect.

She and her husband lived in a poorer area, called Seaside. She didn't talk about it much but I looked them up in the phone book and rode my bike all the way out there one day. I knew they were at work so there was no chance of them seeing me. It was a very small, somewhat rundown place. I could see they were struggling much more than I had realised when I first met them and, like most small business owners, obviously invested everything they had in their operation. This taught me my first lesson about having one's own business. It was a lesson I remembered and is one of the main reasons I resisted going into business later on.

Nan and I used to enjoy each other's company and talk about all sorts of things. When the summer finished, Nan didn't move elsewhere because theirs was a year-round business and continued after the tourist season. So I went to visit after school as well. My mother became slightly more alarmed and talked with Nan about our 'relationship' - I don't know exactly what was said but Nan told me that she had tried to allay Sally's fears that it might become unhealthy. We both laughed about it because we knew that our friendship was probably the healthiest one we could both have at that time.

Nan originally came from California's Central Valley, near Madera and was a tomboy at heart, probably, since she grew up in the country. That obviously changed at some point, once she became a business owner and settled down. But she always wore pants and the fanciest she ever got was a sort of pantsuit kind of thing - checked/striped polyester in those typical 60s sorts of styles, not very fashionable and certainly not expensive.

She was slender and I felt she was pretty classy no matter what she wore, though she could hardly be called pretty. I doubt that she had a skirt or dress to her name. She talked a lot about those earlier days and we made plans for her to show it to me some day, probably the next summer. She liked camping and I said I was game for it, even though I had never camped before.

In the meantime, we spent more and more time together and she eventually invited me to dinner at a pretty fancy restaurant in Carmel called The Pine Inn. She chose it because the community theatre was right near there and she wanted to make me feel special about having performed there. It was to be our special evening. When we arrived, though, the small minded people of that status-seeking establishment refused her entry because she was wearing pants.

We were both naturally mortified by this and realised it was a completely arbitrary decision based

on class and money. After all, if Elizabeth Taylor or Kim Novak had made a reservation and shown up in pants they would never be turned away. And I know they used to eat there. It was so typical of those times in the early 60s and a similar thing happened to me at the "Top of the Mark" in San Francisco after I had an argument with my father about not wearing a tie (which I hated and still do).

Anyway, we went somewhere else and it was just fine but she never invited me to supper again and I felt very sorry for her because of it. I was not in a position to invite her out. My allowance was almost nothing - perhaps a couple of dollars a week and I couldn't afford taxis. I suspect I didn't even realise cabs were an option. Shit, what was I thinking! Taking out a 40 year old woman to dinner when I was 11? Insanity, really.

That year, my father broke down and bought an open 12 foot boat and a used 9 horsepower Mercury outboard - and a trailer - from Nan. This was essentially a small fishing boat but I knew it could pull me on double skis since I was pretty light and two skis were easier to get up on than a single. We put a hitch on the Dauphine and it did a right smart job of towing it.

I got a wet suit made, complete with my nickname (Rick) on it in yellow letters. Rick was my nickname because I was born soon after Casablanca had become such a hugely popular film and my mother had a thing about Humph. I was never called Bruce, which was a family name - I was the fourth one in a long line of fake Bruces. When my father got mad at me, he called my "Junior!" Ugh. I hated that with a passion.

So we used to go out on Monterey Bay, dad in the little fishing boat, sitting at the rear and operating the little fishing boat motor with the twist grip tiller arm and straining to see over the bow. He would jam that sucker on full blast and it would slowly tug me up onto the skis, gradually pulling me through the water and finally up onto a plane and we would slam along at, oh, 12 knots or so. But it satisfied my need for speed at that point and I didn't complain. We also went to more exotic locations where the water was smoother and warmer such as Moss Landing Slough. Wild we were!

I continued to see Nan after school and during working hours - and on Saturdays - but I was starting to get to know more kids at my new school and began to spend more time with them. In fact, I had now some pretty good new friends in Nelson and Peter and spent time with them doing things like building a small rowboat for Lake El Estero. We also liked to take our toy boats sailing there and lost at least one in the reeds, which prompted the rowboat with which to rescue the them!

We also played typical games like Monopoly and on January 1, 1962, I started a diary which chronicled my 12th year - and did it again in 1963. I also tried to stay faithful to Nan but I was beginning to get very interested in Margaret, a friend of the two kids who lived across the street. But she lived in Carmel, which was quite a distance away, and over the top of a major hill so she was difficult to get to know. Besides, it was still school and the summer promised more opportunities.

When summer came, Nan and I went camping out by her old homestead in the central valley. It was the first time I had done that and I was amazed at the beauty and clarity of night skies in the country. We went to a camp site in the foothills of the Sierras on the east side of Madera and slept out in the open with no tent. There was absolutely no ambient light in the area and the stars were crystal clear. I lay there watching them as I went to sleep.

But my little, old cub scout sleeping bag which was left over from Carmel Valley days was way too thin and light to keep me warm so I woke when it got colder, later in the night. Nan's '59 Fairlane (they were Ford people and her husband had a cool matching Ranchero) wasn't too far away, so she let me bed down in the back seat to keep warm. It didn't really put much of a damper on the scene for me since I had few expectations, but I don't think she thought I was much of a camper as a

result.

At least I discovered I would need a better sleeping bag before going camping again. And that would happen fairly soon since my cousin Austin invited me to go with him, his sister Marian and his buddy Stan and Stan's girl friend of the time camping for a week up in Kings Canyon National Park. But I never went camping with Nan again. I tried to see her as frequently as possible but I was getting distracted by Margaret too often.

Before long, Nan and I lost touch. I felt really badly about it but my parents encouraged me to stick to kids my own age and I figured that might be a better idea even though they were extremely pale imitations of the various, extremely interesting and thoughtful adult friends I had made over the past two years.

My father finally admitted the folly of the first boat when I moved to a single ski and was not actually able to get up on it unless he did a running start, which was very tricky, sometimes painful and admittedly dangerous. So he traded it in on a 16 foot Glasspar Balboa runabout with a used Merc 700, 6 cylinder 70 horsepower engine.

This was a pretty skookum rig and there was no holding me back now. The old 700 was pretty thirsty though, so he traded that in on a new, 4 cylinder 55 horsepower model which was almost its equal. I think Nan gave him a pretty good deal but my father also never bargained - plus I suspect he figured he owed her something for babysitting - no, make that comfort, companionship and counselling fees.

After some time without contact with Nan, I heard that she and her husband had split up, sold the business and she had moved back to the central valley. I felt bad but also knew that I was just another one of many factors in her complicated life and silently wished her the best for the future.

It was most likely inevitable from what she had told me about their relatively loveless life together. At least they didn't have kids to deal with. And this even more firmly cemented a decision I had made when I was eight and felt I was the unhappiest child in the world - and would only make my own kids equally unhappy: never to have children!

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1:42 AM 18 Comments(Add Comment) | 20 Kudos 2 Kudos

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Bruce Bloggie

oohhhhh.... nice hug! mmmm

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 1:43 PM
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My Nan also lived on the poor seaside -- Kingsway street in Teignmouth, Devon. Oh, how I miss her. It's uncanny how much alike they sound.

Posted by on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 1:47 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

very interesting coincidence! was her real name Nan? mine was...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 1:56 PM
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JanieJane4

Barren wombs, unite, Bruce! Oh indeed I really really like this. Yes, keep going. The locales are intriguing and it is fun to watch our lifepaths criss cross through Northern California and on up to the PNW and into Canada. I love all the nautical stuff and a guy who can say "a used Merc 700, 6 cylinder 70 horsepower engine" and know just what that is about. In fact, I shuddered a little think of Rick skiing behind a 37 ft cabin cruiser. Looking forward to more installments. Yes.

Posted by JanieJane4 on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 1:54 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah, I think that particular cabin cruiser would have been a real drag - and I don't mean 'drag boat' LOL I guess the installments will continue at least sporadically. I'll have to take a break for a holiday/wedding in Biarritz and might start putting more time into putting this together into a proper ms. I'm being encouraged by the family to do that.... thanks for your encouragement too!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 1:59 PM
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~M~...

It's sad that we can be so close to someone and eventually lose touch in the manner that you and Nan did. Good blog man!

Posted by ~M~... on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 2:58 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks... it's true and life is full of these half meetings....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 4:03 PM
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Karen

That is so sad . I can not imagine living a loveless life .

Posted by Karen on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 3:11 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

neither can I now... but I hope Nan was able to find love somewhere....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 4:52 PM
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Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness

What a very touching story...it is amazing how people can make such indelible impressions on our lives.

I will be singing Me and Julio the rest of the day and thinking of you

Posted by Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 3:40 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

nice... it's one of my faves and means a lot...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 4:53 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

thank you for your comments, as well!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 4:51 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

I guess people move in and out of your life.... I had adult friends as a child, too. The 'only child' thing strikes again, hehe.

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 10:14 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

yes, absolutely an 'only child' thing!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 4:48 AM
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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

Interesting story about the connection / friendship you and Nan had. Funny how age doesn't make a difference sometimes when it comes to friendship.

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 4:13 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

one thing that was totally special about Nan was how our difference in ages really meant nothing -

we didn't dwell on it at all, as far as I recall, anyway.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 4:50 AM
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Friday, June 23, 2006

Nan's Boat Shop
Current mood: satisfied
Category: Life

The next summer, I started exploring Monterey again in the search for new friends. I avoided Cannery Row because of concern that I would bump into Llord or his partner and focused on the areas where most public outdoor activities happened - the wharves. I was also completely enamoured of boats and desperately wanted my father to get a boat so I could go water skiing. On Fisherman's Wharf there was a boat sales office. It was really just a broker who sold boats on commission. Just like a real estate sales office, and probably just as manipulative.

I met a woman there who was extremely nice and friendly. Especially since she figured I might get my dad to buy one of their boats. They had a lot of very big old boats and she recommended a 37 foot cabin cruiser that was in our price range - under \$2000. She assured me it needed 'very little work' and could go fast enough to pull me on water skis. I presented this proposition to my father and he gently informed me of my extreme folly and I never went back there again. Some adults can be such users. I'm dealing with one right now, in fact.

But I did have some pull with my dad. In 1959, he bought a brand new Renault Dauphine because imported cars were all the rage back then and he thought it was better than the VW Beetle - and I think he was right. In fact, the three of us took a car trip all the way to Vancouver Island in 1960 and had a great time - no problems at all. The trip was a bit of a nightmare for me since we stopped at a motel in Redding in the blistering heat and I spent the entire evening getting a sinus condition in the pool and then suffered with it the rest of the trip. But we enjoyed the Pacific Northwest and I got a passion for British Columbia which was only sated when I moved there permanently in 1970. A bit like "Five Easy Pieces" I guess - a film which had its premiere in Vancouver and for which I supplied and operated the sound system.

But in 1961, his mother who was in her 90s came from Bradford to live with us since her big old house was getting to be too much for her to handle. We still have the trunk she came with, complete with the newspaper lining the bottom - the front page of which announced the Spanish-American war. I had met Nettie when we traveled back east in 1959, partly to see how she was doing. I was a total shit on that trip and was so pissed off that my parents left me alone with her while they went to a party that I headed off to explore Bradford on my own. I didn't arrive till the sun was setting - around 10PM and discovered she had called the cops hours before, reporting me missing.

But Grandma Nettie was a bit too big and too stiff to get in and out of the Dauphine easily, since it was truly tiny - so a new vehicle was sought. I was a car freak by then and felt the new Corvair was the cat's ass - mainly because it was such a radical departure for GM and had all sorts of nifty innovative features such as aluminum air cooled engine in the rear (with serpentine fan belt that broke every 20,000 miles) and the first two model years had single-jointed swing axles that made it fling itself off the road at the slightest provocation as detailed in Nader's "Unsafe at any Speed". So we got a used 1960 model with all these features instead of the new and improved version and kept it for a year whether we needed to or not.

Most summers back then a caricaturist named Gall used to set up his easel in front of the boat brokers to enveigle the tourists into having him create a charcoal of themselves, looking silly with a fish, fishing rod, life preserver or something typical of the wharf scene. He was quite a character and lived in a mobile home he brought to town for the summer, spending the rest of the year elsewhere in the world, just like Llord.

He was a friendly, easy going sort with a few personal agonies which he would share with me - and we talked about mine, and my weird family. He used to give me encouragement and I drew on my limited experience to give encouragement as well. He was having marital problems and obviously I had little to say on that but became a bit of a sounding board for him, I hoped. When he had no customers, which was the norm, he occasionally would have me model for him and I still have a few of his caricatures. It was always a bit of a dilemma though, since having a subject drew a crowd but it also meant those who wanted a picture of themselves had to wait a while.

I got to know some of the other characters on Fisherman's Wharf such as the touts who tried to get people to go on their cruises of the bay or sport fishing and the snack stand people. I became as much a fixture as they in many ways - a curious figure of 11, chatting with everyone and imagining everyone was my friend.

On the other wharf, known only as "Wharf Number Two" there was much less to see but in some ways was more the business end of the boating community since that's where Curly's Boat Hoist was. Curly had a little coffee shop attached to his facility, which lifted boats off trailers and placed them in the water. There was no boat ramp in Monterey so this was the only easy way to get your boat launched. It was at Curly's that I discovered the source of most of the small pleasure boats there: Nan's Boat Shop, which was on the busy street near the entrance to Wharf Number Two.

That wasn't actually the name of the shop, though. It carried her husband's name, but she was the one who really ran it. She had a little office in the showroom and was the person people met if they didn't want repairs done. Nan knew all about the new boats and motors they sold and had all the literature neatly organized. I didn't have a boat, obviously, so I didn't need to talk to her husband, who stayed mainly in the shop, unless he was curious about what his wife was up to, which happened fairly often - especially when I was around.

Nan also did the bookkeeping, of course and ordered stuff they needed. It was plain to see that she made the place go and we quickly struck up a fast friendship. I started going to visit her almost every day toward the end of the summer and we chatted most of the day till quitting time. I told my mother about it and she called Nan to make sure I wasn't bothering her - and she said I wasn't, that it was a pleasure. At least I wasn't going to be told not to hang with my new friend this time!

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Tammynize | Writer & Photographer

I have to agree. It's like you watching one of those old movies you know where the kid remember all his summer adventures.

Posted by Tammynize | Writer & Photographer on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 10:59 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I actually remember even more details than the ones I've written about in here so far. It could get really boring but I want to keep it as interesting as possible... that's the current dilemma I'm facing between writing an entertainment blog style or book style... argggghh...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 11:29 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I'm weird that way. My kids heard so many of these stories over and over they got tired of them - but at the same time you only remember them if completely if you are actually the one it happened to! I guess if you were me, you'd remember vividly, too - but then you wouldn't be you and that just wouldn't work at all!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 7:15 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

I'm also jealous with your ability in regards to recollections...

I was lucky when I was really young, my Dad was boat crazy... we always had boats... but I've still never been waterskiing, which is kind of ridiculous, considering where I live...

I'm glad you made a new friend...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 8:04 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks as always! my dad was never boat crazy - he was fishing crazy so I parlayed that into a boat but we had to get the second one before I could solo ski. blog to come... I do have to give him total credit for really trying hard to accommodate all my weird desires, but there was one time where I drove him absolutely crazy. OK, well, many times...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 8:42 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

yes, she and I had many adventures which are coming up... and I still love chatting to everyone - as you can see clearly here!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 9:27 AM

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enrique

something strange occurred to me as i was reading ur post
i felt like u were talking about my own childhood
as if these things were part of a distant memory of mine
tho i've never been to the pacific nw

it's like ur description and detail
somehow triggered and alternate plane of experience for me

wonderful work bruce

thanx for sharin

Posted by enrique on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 10:08 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

thank you! I have been thinking about writing a book for a long time and this is a bit of an experiment to see how it goes and if people will find it interesting enough. so far so good - especially since I'm really only putting about an hour a day in on these and a 'final' version would be far more carefully crafted...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 2:47 PM

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Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness

I too must chime in on being jealous of your recollections...I remember so little of my childhood

and much of what I do, I wish I could forget!

You have a wonderful flare for writing and I truly enjoy and look forward to reading your post.

Posted by Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 10:37 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks again! I guess you could say I was cursed with a very good memory! and so many more are flooding back as I write these, it's truly amazing. I just hope it continues to be interesting....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 2:48 PM
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Tammynize | Writer & Photographer

did you ever get that boat you ever wanted?

Posted by Tammynize | Writer & Photographer on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 11:01 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

The answer is coming in the next blog - if I get to it before I get totally distracted in rewriting all this in book form.... ahhh... decisions, decisions...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 24, 2006 - 11:30 AM
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~Jean~

You're a great story writer!

Posted by ~Jean~ on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 7:48 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thank you very much! I always looked forward to this opportunity after having spent so much time doing mainly technical writing...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 10:19 AM
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Thursday, June 22, 2006

The Puppet Master
Current mood: jubilant
Category: Life

When I was 10, we moved from Carmel Valley to Monterey where I discovered a whole new world full of interesting new people and a far greater variety of public access to businesses, events and activities. John Steinbeck wrote about Monterey and Pacific Grove in his novels such as Cannery Row and Sweet Thursday, and many of the types of characters he wrote about still populated the area. There was a large waterfront, with two wharves - one focused on the tourists and a working one, plus a railway that brought in hobos and workers.

And there were lots of businesses that addressed the unique needs of this diverse community. I already knew a bit about this since one of my neighbours in Carmel Valley, the Siino family, owned Monterey Boat Works, which had a very large boat building and repair facility just east of Cannery Row. I used to go roller skating with their kids and was given a tour of the place on one of those trips. It hooked me on boats so I used to hang out along the seashore and on the wharves and Cannery Row.

I used to ride my bicycle all over the Peninsula and explored just about everything. I had a cool new Schwinn with front suspension (yep, they did that back then but with swing arms not telescopic forks) and it could really get around. The only time I had a problem was when I was careening down this really steep hill near my house and a car that didn't see me coming turned right in front of me.

I couldn't stop fast enough so I skidded and then slid along the pavement just in front of the car, crashing into the curb on the other side. The driver was very apologetic and I was not seriously hurt but it was a major case of road rash. The worst one was the result of a bike collision with Dale the dim on a newly gravelled road in Carmel Valley and the huge scar is still quite visible on my left elbow. But I digress.

The first year I explored Monterey was the summer of 1960, when I was 10. One of the first people I met on Cannery Row when I started these adventures was a marionetteer (note: NOT a puppeteer, which is a whole different thing) named Daniel Llord. He had a workshop in which he made marionettes and a small presentation space set up as a small marionette theatre. He was extremely talented and put on some very good shows using extremely complex and clever techniques.

The shows were generally presented in the evenings and during the day the workshop was open to the public to see how they were made. Llord had an assistant name Jones who did the show announcements and narration - Llord operated all the marionettes himself. Jones also answered the public's questions as they toured the workshops and conducted the tours. They seemed to be the only people associated with the operation and they were only there during the summer tourist season, neatly coinciding with my school holidays. They were based in Los Angeles.

I had lots of spare time that summer, as usual, and these two guys were very interesting. They had traveled extensively and had toured their marionettes wherever they could get bookings. The southern hemisphere and more temperate climes provided a tourist season they could take advantage of during the winter and spent lots of time in Australia, New Zealand and central and

South America. They were amazing to me, and I provided them with a good audience for what were perhaps rather mundane stories for more worldly listeners. It was great fun and I got to see all their shows, of course.

When they left at the end of the season, they invited me to visit them in Los Angeles, since I explained that my family usually went there for Christmas to be with relatives. So when that time came and we went to Claremont and stayed with my infamous uncle, Doctor Joe, I said I would enjoy going to meet my friends Llord and Jones and introducing them to whomever might be interested in meeting them. I thought everyone would find them as interesting as I did.

The good Doctor was extremely interested in my story about how I had spent the summer in the company of these two partners and, being naturally extremely homophobic, he immediately became suspicious of their motives. I, of course, being only 10 and not really fully conversant in these alternate lifestyles, didn't really understand what the concern might be. I only knew them to be extremely open and friendly people who were also talented and very interesting. Plus they always made me feel very welcome - and never threatened.

My mother, who always looked up to her big brother Joe, hadn't really thought about the possibility that they might have been homosexual pedophiles was convinced by Joe that this was very probably why they were so friendly to me. And to prove it, he offered to take me to their house and find out for sure. So we drove to north LA, near Hollywood - home of the pervs. We parked in front of their house and we both walked to the door and rang the bell.

Jones answered the door with Llord just behind him. They greeted me and I introduced them to my uncle. It all happened in a flash. Joe made an immediate assessment that they were dangerous criminals and not to be trusted, especially by a 10 year old boy and told them that they would never be seeing me again. Then he told me to come with him and we left, leaving them standing agape in the doorway. I sat in the car, stunned. I had no idea what to say. He had suddenly alienated me from the only two people who I really considered to be my friends at that time, even though I hadn't seen them since the summer.

When we got back to Claremont, my mother asked Joe "are they?" and he said "definitely" and then he reiterated that I should never see them again, without going into any detail why. I was horribly confused and upset but too young to question such a complex decision made by a couple of adults I had to respect. Obviously, I never had any evidence that they were actually gay nor did I care in the least. I also suspect my mother never really wondered or worried about it since I used to tell her all about my experiences with them but she had always, her entire life, done what Doctor Joe said to do. After all, she had fed me exclusively raw hamburger meat and egg yolk on his orders up till then. This was fairly trivial, I guess.

Anyway, it was winter, I was trying to deal with moving to a new town and make new friends, which was quite difficult. I missed my old friends desperately and was trying to focus on a new school experience also. This was a minor setback. Next summer I could find new adult friends. But I had a taste of what being an adult would be like and I was determined to find more people to talk to and hang with and that would happen. Next summer.

But before then, I would play the role of Sonny Flood at the Community Theatre and have another great time, this time even working with adults and gaining their respect. In another environment that openly included gays. And this time it was largely because my mother had encouraged me to do that. I guess she just didn't understand the concerns that Doctor Joe seemed to have. It's very good thing she didn't tell him about this till after the fact because I'm sure he would have again warned us against such activities!

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Bruce Bloggie

no, I didn't. I never took him to task for any of this shit and I should have really, especially because of all the other shenanigans I found out he was up to since then. But time wounds all heels they say and he is now 96 years old and totally non-compus-mentus in a rest home and probably living hell on earth right now in his own mind so who really cares. justice has probably been done... and I get to tell all sorts of shitty stories about it - all long in the past!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 3:08 PM

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Samurai Love God

I guess back then it was a lot more taboo. Although ignorant and completely ridiculous by today's standards, he probably thought he was doing what was best for you.

Posted by Samurai Love God on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 12:21 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

obviously he was - in all respects. rather incorrect by todays standards but then this was a very long time ago. the world itself has changed in weird and wonderful ways now, too! but I think one of his phobias had to do with a brother having homosexual flirtations earlier on - and my mother ended up wondering about me 10 years later - only because I really didn't divulge much at all about my private life to her...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 3:11 PM

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Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness

How sad for you, and how sad for your Uncle Joe...being so narrow minded leads to a very narrow existance

Posted by Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 3:48 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I survived though, of course. And it was a true life experience. The times were different and in some ways he was actually more enlightened than most. He figures in many stories of mine and was in many ways my favourite uncle. It's complicated, as most family histories are. He also had affairs and jealousies but tended to bottle them up more than I did.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 2:34 AM
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cheerful in reston

joe = jackass

Posted by cheerful in reston on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 6:13 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

but a true product of his time, family and education. Remember his parents were christian missionaries...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 2:35 AM
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JanieJane4

Awwwww. This has sad film in it. I think your mother did right by you in the end.

Posted by JanieJane4 on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 7:08 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

yes, in many respects she was my best friend till I left home - we used to talk very frankly as you can imagine. my father always got incredibly jealous though. he had to get up very early for his work and usually went to bed well before the two of us, and we used to continue talking until the wee hours. when he couldn't sleep and got fed up, he would come downstairs and yell at us to shut up and for me to go to bed. I thought it was very unfair.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 2:39 AM
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Bren

I am SOooo jealous you got to live in Monterey! On the way back from our California adventure near Fresno, we spent a week recuperating with my cousin and his family in San Jose. They took us on a day trip to Monterey, where we got to see the Cannery Row I'd read about years previously, as well as the awesome aquarium there. What a unique and lovely area that is!

As for Mom and Uncle Joe, well, back in the day the modus operandi was to immediately and studiously avoid contact with anyone even remotely suspect of 'illicit activities' or things that didn't mesh with the previous generation's mores. When I've attempted to discuss the fact that all of us children ended up rather seriously screwed up as a consequence, my mom asserts she wouldn't have done anything differently.

Parenting message (and I believe it myself): "Ya do the best ya can with what you've got." But my own style is to always provide information at every opportunity and to present choices (within the safety of my available wisdom, love and support), rather than dictate, so that my child will not end up confused and incapable of making her own wise decisions . . . like I was.

Posted by Bren on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 10:01 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

Monterey was a pretty cool place all right. It had lots of intrigue as well - a military spy school (the Defense Language Institute), naval engineering school (the Naval Postgraduate School), army basic training facility (Fort Ord), one of the largest gated communities and golf course (Pebble Beach) and a spectacular nature preserve (Point Lobos) were there, along with the smattering of celebrities who lived there part time, filmed there or were passing through.

One of the films I remember quite well was "The Parent Trap" with Hayley Mills which spent the whole summer there. I used to hang out around the production trailers hoping to get a glimpse of her but it was only fleeting of course. I had a serious major crush on her at the age of 11 and it was one of the very few films I actually went to see at the cinema. I went three times, I think, because I was in lust with the scene where the back of her dress is cut away by her 'twin' and there was this great booty action shot of her in her panties for a minute or so. These days I'd definitely buy the DVD right away....

I even supplied equipment to the aquarium many years later, which was a nice 'return on the

investment' *g*

Your experience is quite correct for the times. The 50s were a period of serious denial and the 60s hadn't really begun - but were a distinct backlash to the 50s and I do think mother and Joe would have reacted differently later on. In fact, I was provided with relatively complete information with which to make my own decisions later on. I think they just felt that 10 was perhaps too young at that time. But kids always grow up faster than anyone realises. I was certainly released to the theatre world very shortly after that.....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 2:57 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

That story really touched me...

Um... I'm not entirely sure why... tied up somewhere with my own childhood, I guess...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 11:24 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I suspect we have all experienced at least something similar...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 2:52 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

it does generally get happier though!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 2:45 PM
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Wednesday, June 21, 2006

Juvenile scientific experiments
Current mood: refreshed
Category: Life

When I entered kindergarten I learned very quickly that, to have real fun, you had to learn to be a prankster. Before I got there, I had subscribed to Donald Duck comics and got a new comic book every month. This is essentially how I learned to read at the age of three. I was so desperate to find

out the adventures of Donald and his friends that I couldn't wait to have it read to me. Donald himself was a prat but his weirdo friends were somewhat more instructive. Much later, when I got to know a lot of people who worked at Disney, I discovered that I was the real expert on the Disney characters and knew all sorts of trivia that they hadn't a clue about.

For example, did you know Donald's license number is 1313? Do you know why? It's because the address of Disneyland is 1313 Harbor Blvd. Put that in your pipe, suckers! Anyway, my favourite character was Gyro Gearloose. This guy was actually incredibly dangerous and that's why they dumped him later on. He doesn't seem to appear in any reissues because they would brand him a terrorist now. He was my hero and I learned all sorts of amazing shit from Gyro - like how to build robots and make stuff that spies on people and how to get machines to do your homework for you. This was not what America wanted their kids to be taught.

So I had an incredible Gearloose complex. It was like a really evil Rube Goldberg - complicated ideas that actually worked and did nasty stuff. But I didn't have a lot of resources out there in Carmel Valley. Hell, even the blacksmith had to come to town to put shoes on the horses. No hardware store. Definitely no electronics store. The electronics store in the medium city got to know who I was as soon as I moved there at the age of 10 though! When I used to call them up on the phone, they would say stuff like, "no we don't have any call for black powder, maam". But I digress.

So I tried to be a junior Gyro and was moderately successful. Only somewhat dangerous but a pretty good study. My first prank was, as I say, in kindergarten. The teacher, a pretty hot babe actually - which is partly why I wanted to do this, had a very cute ass and sat in this beat up old leather seated chair when she read stories to us. The seat had a few cracks and splits in it where you could place something without it being seen too easily. While she was out of the classroom for a moment I decided I would demonstrate to the class how you could put a pin in there pointing up and she would sit on it and get pricked in the bum by it. I was obviously quite advanced in this direction. Freud would be proud.

So the whole class watched me carefully place the pin so it was sticking right up at whatever sat in the chair. Teach came in and sat down. The whole class was holding its breath and couldn't concentrate on the story because they were waiting for the cry of pain. A few kids giggled. The teacher wondered what was happening. Nothing. She finished the story and when she stood up and moved away a few of us cruised over to the chair surreptitiously to check out the pin. It was lying down. OK, so my first experiment was a failure. Back to the drawing board!

Somewhat later, I decided to try something that wasn't exactly a prank. In fact, I really figured I would change my ways and do someone a great big favour. Walt, who lived across the street from us, had this pretty cool little old tractor that he ploughed his field with. There's a picture in the profile pics of him with me sitting in front of him on this machine. I was really into machines. Still am, actually. So my neighbour friend Dale, who was nice but a bit dim was over visiting and we were bored so we decided to cross over to Walt's and check out his tractor.

We played 'drive the tractor' and shit for a while and then we decided it was getting low on fuel because we had been 'driving' it for such a long time and doing lots of ploughing. I spied some bottles with some liquid in them sitting on the ground nearby and figured that's where he kept his gasoline. I was going to show Dale what a smart guy I was and would refuel the tractor. There were a few of these gallon jugs there and I figured I'd demonstrate how you filled the tank till it was at the top of the pipe and you had to be very careful not to overfill it.

Well, damn if that old tractor didn't take every single drop of fuel in all those gallon jugs. And to top it off, the filler pipe never even got close to being full. But after a while, the gasoline started leaking out of the engine slowly. Shit! I didn't really get it. Maybe his tractor was actually broken

and we shouldn't have filled it up after all.

After we pondered this situation, I climbed down from the bonnet of the tractor where I had poured the fuel into the open pipe that was sticking straight up into the air and strangely had no cap on it. I made a note to tell Walt he should really get a cap for that or someone might come along and pour stuff into it that shouldn't go in there, but I never did get around to that before noticing that was where the exhaust came out.

In fourth grade, I had a good friend named Scott who was really good in math and science. His dad was a professor at the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey and I figured he was just as smart. Except his intelligence was all theoretical and he didn't have all the practical experience that I did. I was so much more worldly. For example, the teacher was out of the classroom for a little while - funny how these things always seem to happen at those times - and the whole class seemed to be discussing electricity. Of course I was the absolute expert on that.

I explained to them how electricity needed two connections to work and unless you connected to both of them, nothing would happen. This sort of went against what most of the kids had been taught since they figured you just needed to stay clear period. And Scott was particularly curious about this 'two pronged' phenomenon. So I said to him that he could try it himself. Just get a big paperclip and try it. So he did.

First, I said, you stick the paperclip in one hole of the wall socket and nothing will happen. Then you pull it out and stick it in the other hole all by itself and nothing will happen. Then you bend it so each end goes into a separate hole and the paperclip will heat up like an electric heater, proving what I am saying. Oh yeah, if you don't want to get a shock, hold the paperclip with a folded over piece of paper.

So he followed instructions perfectly. The whole class was gathered round to watch this amazing phenomenon. When he stuck both ends of the paperclip into the socket this gigantic almighty explosion happened that blew poor old Scott right into the front row of viewers. His piece of paper was charred and smoking. His paperclip no longer existed and the wall socket was completely black and partly melted. The lights went out.

The teacher reappeared very soon after that. The main fuse to the whole school blew and we were admonished that we should never ever do that again. Surprisingly, I was not really punished since it was actually Scott that had done the deed. Yet another lesson learned, obviously, and since then I've always tried to get others to do my dirty work for me. Obviously the bad dirty work, not the good dirty work!

But I wasn't really that evil because there was just one more dirty deed I did during that Carmel Valley era. My intense interest in steam engines (I used to love watching the steam engines get turned around on the turntable in Pacific Grove) meant that when I was eight my main Christmas present was a model stationary steam engine. This was a pretty cool unit that actually worked using solid fuel pellets that you put in a tray and set alight. I had this concept that I could make it run on solar power.

So I ordered a large plastic fresnel lens from the Edmunds Scientific catalog and glued it to a wood frame which I attached to the engine's base so that it focused right down onto a mirror that reflected the heat and light back up into the inside of the boiler chamber, directing it right on the underside of the boiler. It was a neat concept that didn't work. In fact it really didn't get very hot at all. But I entered it into the county science fair and exhibited it there, in Salinas. The judges were very clever and asked me lots of good questions.

But one question I hadn't actually thought through and it took me by surprise. They asked me if it

worked. I stammered and punted. Coughing slightly I said that I didn't think the sun was hot enough around there but if I brought it to where it was really hot enough, I was sure it would work. I knew the jig was up. I didn't even get a mention, nor did I deserve one for fudging that so badly. Oh, well! I'm sure it would work now, what with global warming and all!

For the really good pranks though, I had to wait till I was an adult and outside the supervision of those who knew I could be serious trouble. Oh yeah, I got my fingers caught in closing car doors cause I liked to fiddle with those little push button switches that made the interior lights go on and off and figure out how the catches worked but I eventually learned not to do that any more....

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5:37 AM30 Comments(Add Comment) |32 Kudos 2 Kudos

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks... I am just the medium.... the force is inside making the stories flow onto the page *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 5:38 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

damn straight! and I'm still way too brilliant for my time. I think my time is coming in about 300 years or so. Or else it was 300 years ago. Not sure, really.... but it sure isn't now! I've always been cautious about getting myself hurt and have never broken a major bone *knock knock*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 8:37 AM

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FrakAttack

I always wished that I had a 'Little Helper' like Gyro did. Then he could get blown up instead of me! They renamed him 'Little Bulb' for some reason on the TV series.

It's a wonder that most boys even survive their childhood experiments. Guess that's where the expression, "Live and learn" comes from!

Posted by FrakAttack on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 10:02 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep. and they renamed Gyro on tv too - to something I can't really remember. the original gyro's helper was much less benign and a more evil, self thinking robot whose name I can't remember right now either. jeez. my mother kept all my damn idiotic school work and none of my comic books!! they would have been great to have now...

childhood experiments were what I sometimes called "learn and die" like what happened to my eagle scout friend Clyde when he went for a walk in the woods on his own during a scout outing, fell off a cliff and drowned. That's what the buddy system is supposed to teach you....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 3:56 PM
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Suzette

Man I want to stick a paper clip in an electrical socket now... not one in my house or anywhere near my house tho.....

Posted by Suzette on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 10:28 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

do it!! it's a total blast! *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 3:57 PM
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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

I'm kinda glad that the pin in the chair trick didn't work. Can you imagine the pain of a pin in your

ass?

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 12:06 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I was working on imagining it, yes! *s* in fact I think I did there for a while.. *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 3:58 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

gee thanks! expository expression has always been a strong point, verbally or written...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 3:59 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

in California in the 50s it was dirt cheap - like under 20 cents a gallon. but in fact if you calculate the inflation rate it's about the same now, I think...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 4:01 PM
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~M~...

Love the pin portion of the story; it hits home...I had a thing back in school for placing objects on the chairs of the unsuspecting...One that I particularly enjoyed involved a tack and a piece of bubblegum. If you put a tack on the seat portion of a chair and a chewed up wad of gum on the portion of the chair that rested on your back, you were in for a good laugh. The person would sit on the tack and immediately jerk back, while the pain in their ass from the tack would mask the fact that they had just stuck their back on a piece of gum. If you were lucky, they would walk out of the room to alleviate the pain from the tack with the gum still attached to their backside.

Man, I should blog about this sometime.....

Posted by ~M~... on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 3:57 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

you should, Mike! obviously you have refined the procedure well beyond my feeble efforts. but then I can assure you I did mine first *g*

hmmmm sounds like you got to be a pro at this .. I better watch out for the blog...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 4:03 PM
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enrique

something tells me that carmel was never the same after u left

great story

Posted by enrique on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 4:53 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

true, but around that time Clint Eastwood moved in, became the mayor, tarred and feathered me and drove me out of town on a rail to the tune of Fistful of Dollars so they are safe now...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 1:34 AM
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cheerful in reston

lol! i wonder how u would do on those blog quizzes that determine how evil u r?

Posted by cheerful in reston on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 5:15 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I have tried those and broke the computer so I avoid them now....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 1:31 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

that's a typical human head. what about inhuman ones? like mine??

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 1:33 AM
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Stephanie

The pin in the chair incident is how all my pranks turn out. That's why I don't even try!

Posted by Stephanie on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 6:52 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

I don't do pranks any more for that very reason. OK, well, I try not to do pranks any more....

I just remembered that there was another prank which I talked about in another blog though - I put nails under the tires of a neighbour's Packard when they told me off about playing doctor in the field with Diane, their daughter. Purely vindictive and the work of a small minded prankster. If it had worked it would have been the work of a brilliant prankster but instead it served to teach another lesson....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 7:37 AM
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Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness

Gyro was always one of my favorite characters (but then again I am some what of a geek) I always wished I had a Gizmo Duck suit like he made for Fenton Crackshell. My son and I used to watch Ducktails together all the time we would run to the sofa and sing the theme song together. Your query on the name of the inventor duck on the TV series drove me to do some research here is what I found

Posted by Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 8:02 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

that's great! I didn't realise he had actually made it to Ducktails and thought he had been renamed! glad you set me straight there... *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 8:22 AM
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Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness

I couldn't remember either...so I made it my quest for the morning

Posted by Warning Irish Temper and German Stubbornness on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 9:26 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thank you!!! xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 9:34 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Chicadi

Great story! You are an excellent writer!

Posted by Chicadi on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 6:26 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thank you for continuing to encourage me - this is taking a fair amount of time in my day and I am worrying about not putting enough effort into writing it well enough to warrant reading. it's a tradeoff between producing a blog each day and having enough time to do my work as well...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 23, 2006 - 6:58 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Tuesday, June 20, 2006

Sal Bug meets the Godfather
Current mood: thankful
Category: Life

I've been looking forward to writing this one, because it's one of my very favourite stories... My mother Sally met the wonderful Pierre in Paris in 1937 or so. He was living on the rive gauche in a

the area populated by so many of those famous artists of the past, in a small flat. He wasn't really anything special except he had a pretty fancy name: Pierre Lajugie de la Renaudie.

His family was a very old one that traced its history back several centuries and had the kind of name that was despised by the Revolution. It wasn't that he didn't support the concept of deposing the king and creating a democracy but he was very proud that his family was noble and managed to survive with their name intact. That, in fact, was a pretty amazing thing in itself. But it didn't buy any real extra respect in the 20th century - it was primarily a novelty.

Yep, it was certainly interesting and a nice talking point. As was the fact that his family had been protestants for many years as well. And this made him even more attractive to Sally, whose family were not only protestants but missionaries to boot. Not that she was really that religious, being the Black Sheep. He was a dark and handsome fellow, although short.

But he walked fast - incredibly fast - and few could keep up with him as he rushed around the narrow streets with Sally in tow, showing her all his favourite places and hideouts. She moved into his small garret with him not too long after they met and they had a cosy little love nest there. She soon forgot about Ben. After all, he was a rare breed. A true romantic French lover, full of passion, with a real beret and mustache with ends that curled up.

They lived a carefree bohemian lifestyle oblivious to the dangers growing around them as Hitler's power increased. And of course her family were fairly happy she was out of sight if not exactly out of mind. But his family was none too pleased about his being shackled up with an American hussy, either. And as war became inevitable, Sally & Pierre realised it would be necessary for them to part but hoped it would be temporary and that the war would soon be over. They parted in tears when the war began since Pierre felt an obligation to join the French army and fight for what he believed in. They promised to write each other constantly.

And they did write but none of Pierre's letters remain. Nor Sally's. For quite a long time they wrote each other religiously and the relationship flourished. But after a few months into the ill fated defense of the French border, Pierre was captured and sent to a prisoner of war camp in Bavaria. As a prisoner, Pierre was only allowed to communicate with his immediate family and of course Sally did not qualify. Pierre continued to write letters to Sally which he enclosed with those he wrote to his family.

But when he got no response from Sally, he then started to write his messages to her parenthetically within his letters to his family. But he still received no answers from Sally. He suspected her letters were being censored or removed so he asked his parents if they were passing them along and they said she had not written anything. He despaired and became extremely depressed.

Meanwhile, Sally stopped receiving Pierre's letters suddenly. There was no explanation at all. The last one was from the front by the German border and then there was nothing. No explanation, no obituary and nothing from his family. She wrote to his family and got no response - but that wasn't completely unexpected since she knew they strongly disapproved of their relationship on several levels.

But what was really happening was that every letter she wrote to them was simply discarded and they never told Pierre she had written. And of course they never passed along anything he wrote to her. They had engaged in a very successful and concerted effort to get Pierre to believe Sally had lost interest and that Pierre had simply disappeared. I have no idea if the family ever felt guilty about this but certainly hope they did.

After the war, when Pierre was released and returned home, his family continued with the charade and never let on what had actually happened so Pierre didn't go through the agony of writing yet

another letter and attempted to put his destroyed life back together again. And of course Sally hadn't heard anything for about five years and really had assumed Pierre was long gone.

Then, in 1947, a couple of women who were partners in a drugstore in Claremont and good friends of Sally's introduced her to a really nice guy who rented a room from them, at the back of the store. This guy was a US army Colonel and had been in Europe during the war, in the Ordnance department, supplying the troops. Bruce had been married before the war also and his wife had divorced him while he was over there. Her maiden name was Louise Schorman and I wouldn't mind having someone find this name in a google search, either, since I know just as little about him as I do about Ben right now. They were married in Bradford, Pennsylvania, their home town.

He had an affair with a Swiss woman when he was told his wife had divorced him - or at least I think that was afterward. Maybe that's what partly caused the divorce but I'm really not too sure. It probably was but it's not the official story, of course. At any rate, here he was in Claremont, single, divorced and in his 40s. And he met Sally, who was 38. Two of the innumerable people whose lives had been completely ripped apart by the war. Wars have a lot to account for, but they never will.

They were both on the rebound and their clocks were ticking like mad. They fell in love within a month of meeting. They told each other of their previous lives and Sally explained that there was a remote possibility that Pierre was still around. My father (because that is who this man was) asked her to marry him but he was not going to be happy unless he knew Pierre was truly out of the way. So the two of them wrote a registered letter to Pierre, ensuring it could only get delivered to him and no one else.

This registered letter informed Pierre that Bruce was asking for her hand in marriage and wanted to let him know that if he had any intentions in that direction that he'd better speak up fast. The letter headed off to post war France - a country in huge disarray and with thousands if not millions of people still trying to find lost relatives and friends. The process of sending letters that were intended for very specific recipients was a well established one at that time and proof of identity before handing them over was taken very seriously.

After numerous false turns and attempts to get the letter returned and refused, it finally found its way to Pierre. Many months later, in fact. And when Pierre received it, he was shocked. It explained that she had stopped receiving his letters suddenly and never got any response from his family. She assumed he was dead and if she got no response to this letter would take it as a confirmation of the worst and she would marry Bruce.

After Pierre recovered, he immediately sent a telegram to Claremont. In it he explained he had just received Sally's letter and would be coming there as soon as possible. He booked the trip the moment he heard. He was going to claim her as his own. The telegram arrived in Claremont in the middle of wedding preparations and Sally sent another by return. But Pierre came anyway. He sailed across the Atlantic and took the train to Claremont, arriving just in time for the wedding.

Pierre met Bruce and they became friends with a most intimate commonality - a woman they both loved. They realised the situation was really out of their control at that point. Sally and Pierre had not seen each other for eight years and a lot of things had happened. It was going to take time to get back in touch, regardless.

It was both a sad and a very happy time for everyone. Most of all, Bruce and Sally were extremely happy to have found each other and fallen in love - and get married. Everyone was happy Pierre was alive and accounted for, even if things had worked so horribly against him - and of course everyone acknowledged that it was Pierre's old fashioned, stuck in the past family that had really caused the worst problem aside from the war itself.

And if Pierre had actually managed to bring Sally back with him his family would probably disown him. If he stayed in California, they would definitely do that. So the overall decisions were all somewhat logical if not exactly optimum. Pierre stayed there for a couple of weeks and returned to France, saying little to his disinterested family about his sudden departure. There was little he would have been able to say that they were interested in.

When I was born, Pierre was asked by both my parents if he would agree to be my godfather and he readily agreed. My mother was almost 41 when I was born and she was extremely lucky to have an uneventful pregnancy and a normal child. Well, one out of two, anyway. She had a caesarian section. My father was 45 and we were of very different eras and generations. Our relationship was not the smoothest but at least it provided the stuff of many interesting blogs.

Pierre eventually married a wonderful lady named Odette and he went into the bicycle business. He sent me a cute little French bike for my second birthday which I loved to scream around on and there are a couple of profile pics here of me with it. I eventually caught up with Pierre and Odette when I was 17 and am still in touch with Odette who is in a rest home there. Pierre died 20 years ago. But that's the subject of future blogs....

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11:19 AM 28 Comments(Add Comment) | 25 Kudos 2 Kudos

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Bruce Bloggie

very true! it always makes me tear up to talk about it.... and I frequently wonder what things would have been like if she had married Pierre instead!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 11:07 AM

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Fabrice

Hello,

My name is Lajugie de la Renaudie Fabrice... How amazing life is !!! thank you internet !!!..

Your story seems to be right according my family...

Pierre was a cousin of my father whose first name is Pierre. Even if I was too young to know Pierre (1937 not my father) Odette and Pierre (Dead in 1977) when I was 7 years old, I found your story so lovely

In certain sense you could have become one of my cousins if war was not ...

BR

Fabrice

Posted by Fabrice on Thursday, August 09, 2007 - 6:55 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I fully agree that the internet is a wonderful thing also and hope we can correspond further on this.... Actually, Pierre did not die till 1985 or 86 and as far as I know Odette is still living in a nursing home in Paris. Thank you!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, August 09, 2007 - 9:00 AM
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Debo

How wonderful that Pierre and your father became friends. I think this provides an excellent example of how fate exists in our lives. After all, if not for the meddling parents of Pierre - there would not have emerged "Bruce Bloggie" and we would not be privileged to share in these memories.

Posted by Debo on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 10:55 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

hmmmm... true... but what strange stories would have come out of that hypothetical union? and what about Pierre's undoubtedly weird family?!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 11:08 AM
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Suzette

Wow what a beautiful story. It shows the true beauty of love: friendship and romantic. I can see why you wanted to tell it so much, and I'm glad you have.

Posted by Suzette on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 12:18 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks. yes, this is one of the gems that I have - if not THE gem. it alone would make a good film, done well...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 2:56 PM
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enrique

ever seen the notebook?
u'll flip

great story

Posted by enrique on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 1:20 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

very interesting similarities! sounds good. this sort of story of course is somewhat typical of mushy love stories and not unique - I just think it's cool that it really happened in my background... thanks!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 3:01 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

it's an amazing story all right! I always tear up when I tell it - and did when I wrote it.

and did again when I read your comment! glad it touched you...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 3:34 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

thank you very much.. I agree completely!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 3:35 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

that's amazing! the only problem is this Louise Schorman died in 1919, some 20 years before mine divorced my father. hmmm.. more reading required perhaps... *looking*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 3:45 PM
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Dee-Rogatory™

this left me weeping and without words.

Posted by Dee-Rogatory™ on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 5:11 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep, it's a pretty sad story all right...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 3:18 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I'm very pleased that you did.... xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 3:19 AM
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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

Oh wow....this is one of the most romantic true stories I've read in a long time. It's really beautiful that they still loved each other. And also that Pierre and your dad were friends, that he could also somehow be involved in your lives. Amazing. True love never dies.

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 12:47 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yes, that's very true! and meeting Pierre and Odette later on was a truly rewarding experience, even though, being young and somewhat innocent, it really didn't strike me exactly how emotional it would eventually make me.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 3:21 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks! working on the next in a minute...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 3:54 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Great story, as always...

Very cinematic...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 8:52 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks!! wanna make a film with me? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 21, 2006 - 9:13 AM
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Monday, June 19, 2006

My mother, the Sal Bug - by request!
Current mood: pensive
Category: Life

OK! this is something I hoped would happen. Requests. I've got such a friggin jumble of memories to choose from it's always nice to know what people might be interested in. And in this case, something I said in the previous blog made The Future Ex Mrs. Paul Robinson ask for a blog about my mother and my godfather and I'm only too pleased to oblige!

But their entanglement is long and involved and originates with the nature of my bizarre mother -

otherwise known as "The Black Sheep of the Family." So, by necessity I have to start the whole story with her and it may actually take a while to get to the point where she meets my godfather. But, we can only begin and see where it takes us. Fortunately, she used to tell me stories from her childhood - and her illustrious past - constantly so I have them embedded in my brain. Isn't that special? Yes, well, you'll see.

Her name was Alice and the sibling she was closest to was her brother, Joe, the doctor who prescribed raw meat for me. He was one year older and I think he was a perv. I don't mean he tried to molest me or anything - he was into women. He was one year older than my mother. My mother was a bit of a wild one in high school, as was he. Hmmm.... I have her diary from those years - and her high school yearbook. Her name was Sally from a very young age because Joe couldn't pronounce Alice and the nickname stuck. When the family was being really cute, she was "Sal Bug" - dunno if it was because she rolled herself into a little ball though...

She graduated in 1925 which was prime for wild times. She was a flapper - sort of. I have a lot of pix of her and her friends, looking, um, about as racy as you could back then and still be 'respectable.' Of course the diary wasn't private and people didn't say much incriminating in yearbooks either, but you can certainly get the idea of what might have been 'up' with her. If you read a previous blog, you might remember this is the lady who told me when I was a kid that big dicks were where it was really at. OK, then!

Armed with this knowledge - possibly gained from her brother Joe (who I have it on good authority was well endowed, even though short in stature - obviously a result of well engineered genetics) - she left the confines of parochial Tacoma and went to the University of Washington in Seattle. This was just far enough that she was able to release herself from the daily observance of family and their friends and she used it to her best advantage. Some kids go wild when they leave home but my mother went kinda crazy. This was not unknown for the 20s really, even though the straight laced 50s tried to do a full blown coverup.

She met a guy there named Ben Sanders (I give his full name here partly because I have found very little information about him and would like to know more, if someone googles this and knows anything) and soon shacked up with him in a little love nest. She was planning to be a teacher and wanted to learn as much as possible I guess. Now this guy Ben was a pretty hot number. I've seen some pics that managed to escape the shredder and he was tall dark and handsome with a smarmy little smile on his moosh. I think I might have liked him. He probably did the mind fuck quite well. He had a big dick. My mother was short and stacked. They made a nice looking couple.

They lived together for over three years and were getting ready to graduate so they started thinking about the future. I'm pretty sure the family had cottoned on to what was going on now and there was probably some pressure to get married. I'm not sure what Ben thought of this but suspect he wasn't actually that thrilled. I suspect Sally probably thought it was ok but, being the official Black Sheep of the Family might have been a bit concerned about losing her status and becoming a goody-goody.

I have a pic or two of their wedding. My mother kept them because it was a good shot of her bridesmaids, sisters, family and others she still liked. She wrote all over the back of them what a shit old Ben was though. She just wanted to make sure everyone understood that. We do now. Anyway, her family was a pretty prominent one in Tacoma and they definitely did this wedding up right! It was a very big affair. Major effort. Big punch bowls and lots of guests. Writeup in the social columns. I even grew up with the monogrammed silverware and what had survived of the dishes after she threw at the cad. "S" it said on all of them - for Sanders of course. She said it was for the Shit that he was.

Anyway, they settled down to a life of wedded bliss while she planned where to go for her masters

and teaching certificate. While she planned this out, he figured out who he was going to screw next, apparently. Some guys just don't take to the married life very easily and it seems he felt kind of hemmed in. I bet he actually did it before they got married and she just hadn't caught him yet.

Or maybe they had an agreement like my wife and I do and he had just kept it all sort of separate. But I don't think so. She probably didn't take being a Black Sheep quite that far - but one can't make that assumption entirely. After all, when I brought my first serious girl friend, Marty, home Sally wanted to know if we were sleeping together and if it was ok. Damn! Those were the kinds of questions I really didn't want to have to answer and the main reason I had avoided bringing girl friends home before then...

So anyway, Ben did something really serious that violated the agreement they had - if they had one. Or maybe, as so often happens, once they got married they just forgot to agree on what's supposed to happen next. I just can't really imagine that, after over three years of living together, Sally didn't actually know what kind of guy he was. I fully suspect she, like so many other women do, expected him to change his ways now that he was married. He, I suspect, may not have known those expectations - possibly because they didn't discuss it. I really can't imagine my mother not telling him though since she tended to talk first and reflect later most of the time.

Anyhoo... Ben screwed up big time and she dumped him. I have the marriage certificate and the divorce decree. I think they're both signed by the same guy. It didn't last very long - a few months. Sheesh. So now Sally not only needed to decide where to go to grad school, she wanted it to be far away from the scene of the crime(s). She decided it would be Pomona College, a long way away down near Los Angeles.

So she went down there and got a degree that allowed her to teach French, Spanish and English primarily. She was linguistically inclined and a pretty damn good teacher as well. But her accent was terrible! So bad, in fact that she always used to readily acknowledge that she would never speak the foreign languages she taught since she didn't want the kids to emulate her at all. She had someone else do that - or pronunciation records and, later, tape recordings. Good thing, too, since I've heard her speak French and Spanish and it wasn't pretty. She did speak English, however, and not too badly.

After she finished she got a few different jobs, some temporary, some permanent, but never got tenure that I know of till many years later. She met Bette, the mother of Sally her goddaughter, the subject of a previous blog here, when she was teaching at Marlborough School for Girls and they became super fast friends. In more ways than one. The two of them were magnets and attracted guys, especially ones who liked to ride horses, which became one of Sally's greatest pasttime passion and sailing, which didn't. But I have tons of pix of the two of them riding with dozens of different guys and sailing with a few as well.

But none of those guys were good enough for Sally. Hennessey was the one with the big, um, sailboat. And he was a fantastic guy. But he came up short in other departments, mainly health, and that other thing you might have guessed about, too. Plus he was a mother's boy and lived with his, looking after her in her poor health as well. I think he may actually have had a little problem in the passion department since Sally always used to go on about how they never really got it on too well. He definitely did have poor health and died relatively young. But he was definitely a very nice guy. A nice guy who didn't finish last though.

In the meantime, Bette found the love of her live, Lew, and eventually had a couple of kids - many years after they got married. I know they had their problems too, since they didn't last too long. But my mother just didn't really have much luck and wasn't doing all that well in the job department either, having to go to some very small towns to find work. She did seem to be popular with the kids. Perhaps it was some of the stuff she had them learn to become really familiar with the

language. I dunno though.

But after a while, in the mid 30s, she wanted to take a break and go on a long trip to try to forget all of the hard times she was having, change the scene entirely and experience some new adventures. She taught French so she thought it would be cool to go to France. So she traveled across the country and sailed to Le Havre, arriving in Europe during some very tumultuous times. Once she arrived in Paris, she fell in love with it, as many do. And before long, she met my godfather Pierre. Of course he wasn't my godfather at that point.

And here I will leave the story until tomorrow, probably, unless someone gets me sidetracked with another urgent request to fill in some blank or other that I created in an earlier blog...

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Christine, US Ambassador of Love *** ReLoAdEd ***

FIRST!!! Dang nabbitt!!

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love *** ReLoAdEd *** on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 5:02 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

and very possibly the first first for the first twin sister!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 5:09 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

oh shit.... this may have already been the most intriguing part of it! no.... probably not, actually
g

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 5:25 AM

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JIM KROW

You know they didn't have but eleven grades then. When she finished college in Seattle, she was probably 21 or less. Pomona must attract that type of person, because I met a girl a couple of weeks ago that attends school there. She's a free spirit to say the least. Great blog, can't wait for the sequel.

Posted by JIM KROW on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 6:23 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

Yes, I think you are correct. Practically the whole family ended up in Claremont at some point, partly because of Pomona but also because of Pilgrim Place

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 6:39 AM

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Karen

great story ..as always!

Posted by Karen on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 6:36 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks! nice new pic there! *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 7:31 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

cool! you are my protector... but will you be faithful? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 7:30 AM

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Suzette

Isn't it great when you have interesting family members and you get to hear those stories? And thank you for sharing it with all of us! :)

Posted by Suzette on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 8:07 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I love doing it! I can't tell you how many times over the years I have told people these stories verbally. Over and over. The kids are sick and tired of them. Now I can just say things like "see my blog of June 19th - isn't that amazing??" *g* Once I get finished with all this here, I can finally get on with my life! Shouldn't take much more than about 20 years ... yikes!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 8:28 AM
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Dude...I gotta wait till tomorrow for more of this?

That kinda sucks.

This was good.

Steve~

Posted by on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 8:17 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep. sorry! being treated to a father's day dinner by my son right now so gotta run! he actually flew all the way over just for that! hmmm don't believe me eh?

and thanks very much for your praise. it's high praise indeed coming from you. I really really enjoy yours even though I don't always comment... *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 8:30 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

hmmm... thanks! well I doubt he's a web designer or 3D animator - he'd be about 100 years old or more by now! and I don't know where he was born.... no worries on that... it'll take someone doing a search for a Ben they know enough about to put him at UW Seattle in 1930...

I did actually have someone google the comment I have on a picture in my 4000+ online picture gallery by entering the phrase that was on the back of an identical photo he had in his collection. You can imagine the surprise he had when the exact same photo appeared on the web of his long lost grandfather from the other side of the family. Each branch thought the other was the Black Sheep branch. It's still complicated. Future blog....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 12:23 PM
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enrique

u da black sheep?
i'm da black sheep too

nice to meet u

Posted by enrique on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 11:16 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

hey man!! *secret handshake* cool!! [secret password]

actually I'm the black, white and grey sheep all in one.cause I'm an only child. But because my mother was the black sheep I'm much darker than average. but as you say, that's cool!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 12:29 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

don't know about anyone else but for me, this place was unbelievably slow most of yesterday and then ended up just completely dying - for both of my profiles. So I'm a little behind right now...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 1:49 AM
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Sunday, June 18, 2006

Cooking disorders
Current mood: sad
Category: Life

Not eating disorders. Never really had a problem with that. Well, other than not really being too fussy about stuff. The only things I can think of that I really don't like are uncooked red and green peppers and Marmite. And I'm finally sort of getting a taste for the peppers because they seem to be put into everything these days. I now eat anything and everything and lots of it. Less than when I was younger but I still have a great appetite. But I inherited my mother's total disinterest in cooking.

My mother taught me how to make one thing from scratch: cakes. The one thing you really don't need to know how to do these days. I used to bake cakes when I was a kid and my mother frequently encouraged me to do it. That's because she had an interminable sweet tooth. These days, I'm into chocolate big time so I kinda know what that's like. It must be something that happens later in life. But she never liked to cook.

Her main cookbook was called "The Way to a Man's Heart" and she got it in the 30s when she realised that was the only way to really catch the guys. Or, rather, keep them. Except for Pierre and Hennessey, I suspect. My father was easy to please in that department, though. Sear a slab of meat, throw a few frozen veggies together. Or not. Maybe just a baked potato. That was supper for him. Every night. I never heard him complain. I quickly learned that all her cookbooks and the recipes she religiously collected were for one purpose only: entertaining house guests in the manner to which they were accustomed.

The quality and variety of foodstuffs around our place instantly expanded by 1000% whenever we had friends over or guests staying. It was amazing, really. There were a whole host of great dishes my mother knew how to prepare in loving and perfect fashion. And her fave casserole was always the same: baked sweet potato covered with a thick layer of marshmallows - melted and with a brown crust finished by the broiler. Mmmmm tasty! And really sweet of course! Not everything she cooked was sweet but most of it was. And most of the ingredients she used other than steaks were frozen.

She had to keep a large variety of frozen foods on hand for emergencies - and my father's meals, other than his steaks. Or, actually, even his steaks. My father died of heart failure. The doctor kept telling him to avoid salty foods but he thought he was. The stuff he ate was just about the saltiest stuff I've ever tasted - especially the soup at his fave lunch hour greasy spoon. My mother entered a competition held by Safeway to promote their frozen foods. She wrote a poem that sang the praises of frozen food so eloquently and so thoroughly that she won the main prize hands down. Or, it may not have been the main prize but it sure was what she wanted. She won a huge, upright, full size freezer that was just perfect for her frozen food addiction.

Most of the time, though, the fridge - and the house - was devoid of fresh foods. Except bananas. Bananas have a lot of sugar, actually, even though they aren't that sweet. As my mother prepared the meals of my father and myself (we were the only other ones) she ate her 'dinner' which always consisted of bananas and cottage cheese. Large curd, eating straight out of the container. A whole container for dinner. Every night. She ended up with Alzheimers and I've sort of avoided cottage cheese ever since. But I do eat my bananas regularly. Oops.

Now the story of what I used to have for dinner back then is a slightly complicated one. I used to enjoy lunch more since I usually ate it in the school cafeteria or out somewhere since I never hung around the house during the day. Those provided balanced meals. Dinner was, well, weird. And

what I had varied slightly over the years but was always weird.

Except when we had guests and I ate what everyone else did. This apparent contradiction never seemed to register on my mother. I just didn't care any more. It was less of a hassle not to care - or get into anything with these weirdos that were my parents.

See, when I was really young, like up to three but after I started eating solid 'regular' food my mother got used to get all flipped out about the fact that my guts didn't seem to handle it all that well. I won't go into detail here because it's a really messy story but my mother consulted her brother, the junior Doctor Joe I wrote about in a previous blog - the one who got married on Mount Rainier and believed in genetic design even though he was a Quaker and conscientious objector during WWII. He was 500 miles away from us and didn't have the option of actually seeing or talking to me or checking me over but that didn't prevent him from offering a diagnosis long distance.

And his diagnosis was that I had coeliac disease. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Coeliac_disease
Check it out if you can

stomach it, so to speak. And he prescribed a diet for me of nothing but raw egg yolk (yep, separated from the white, or albumen) and lean, raw, hamburger meat. And that's what I ate morning, noon and night for years. Except when I managed to get myself invited to eat at a friend's house. Eating Italian at Adrienne's (see previous blog) was heaven, obviously, and I really wasn't fazed by any difference in response to that food. It was my mother who was bothered by the whole thing. I couldn't figure out why she didn't just leave me in peace to do my thing but then that would have required way too much discussion and I would have lost, as usual.

Later on, when Doctor Joe came to visit, or we visited him one time, he discovered that I was still being given this diet and that it seemed to be working. But he figured I could move up now to cooked food since I was older. So I started eating cooked egg yolks for breakfast and cooked hamburger patties for dinner. I was fortunately still on my own for lunch whenever possible. Now this doesn't mean cooked eggs - only the yolks. And it doesn't mean I graduated to hamburgers. Nope. Every night I had three cooked hamburger patties on a plate. No buns, no ketchup, no relish, no mustard. Nothing else. It was easier to just do it. But this diet sure didn't engender a great culinary appreciation of the finer things in life.

Obviously, when I left home - and I'm convinced that I skipped second grade just to make sure I could do that one year earlier - I ate quite normally and have not suffered from doing so. Well, there is the occasional time when my stomach gets upset with rich or spicy food but I love it way too much to avoid it. And I never get a pang for the old days. In fact, those old days may have a lot to account for. It always seems amazing to me that I could have possibly grown up normal with such a weird diet and not been hopelessly stunted. Hmmmm.. well, I guess this is proof I'm not normal though. And, well, I am stunted but not hopelessly.

One final addendum to this whole experience occurred in Paris, when I was staying with my godfather, Pierre, who was my mother's lover before WWII (but that's another story). I had this mad crush on Martine, a lovely and beautiful Parisienne and I took her on a date when we were both 18. It was one of the very few proper dates I ever had. I took her to a fancy restaurant on the Isle de la Cite and then to the Comedie Francaise to see *La Malade Imaginaire* - very appropriate in retrospect!

We ordered our meals and I attempted to be as sophisticated as possible, eschewing assistance in understanding French food, which was reasonably foreign to me at that point. After I ordered Steak Tartare and the waiter left, Martine leaned over and asked me quietly if I knew what that was. I said I really didn't. She explained it was lean, raw ground round with a raw egg yolk plonked in the middle. I laughed uncontrollably and she got extremely concerned. Then I explained how I had grown up living on just that. She was impressed. I didn't score, though. She was an only child who

lived with older, extremely protective parents whom I had to firmly convince I was a really nice guy before they let her out with me.

Unfortunately, she died in an automobile accident a year later and I wrote an extremely sincere and heartfelt letter of sympathy to her parents. Her death was the greatest loss to them of course, and it was to me as well, since I still had a huge place in my heart for her - she was just lovely.

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Brian

Bravo! Great story!

Posted by Brian on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 2:55 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thank you.... *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 3:08 AM
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Heywood Jablomi

Nice read. Turns out you were eating gourmet food from a young age.

My condolences for your loss of Martine.

Posted by Heywood Jablomi on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 3:46 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks... little did I realise I was eating gourmet. at least I didn't complain! perhaps my mother was trying to increase my attractiveness to the Parisien elite. Martine was a great loss but mainly to her parents, who really never got over it.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 3:51 AM
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mmm!

Oh the stories you can tell! Yours make my parents appear normal...lol. You could blog for ages about your family and I would read every one and marvel!!

Posted by mmm! on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 5:16 AM
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mmm!

Did I forget kudos? Sorry...

Posted by mmm! on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 12:49 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah! what's with that eh? I'm looking for the blog option that forces you to leave kudos in order to post *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 12:34 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thank you very much! I hope my stories will never end because life never ends either. and of course I hope you continue to be entertained.... xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 8:38 AM
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~Jean~

Thanks for sharing this story! Happy Happy Father's Day!

(Btw, I've never heard of that disease until I read this blog.)

Posted by ~Jean~ on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 7:02 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

Thanks! I got a couple of great father's day presents from my kids - delivered personally by our son who flew in from Vancouver Friday - and has been partying virtually continuously since he got here *g*

And we think the disease is basically hereditary since my father seemed to having something similar and so did his father - and so does our son. But, really, it's probably just irritable bowel syndrome...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 8:42 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

cheers!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 8:40 AM
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enrique

of all the things on that menu u could've ordered
what are the chances?

that must've been terrible for her parents
and for u

Posted by enrique on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 9:17 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah, that's what I thought, too! but of all the things on the menu it was probably the one I was most familiar with!

it was the worst thing in their lives of course and they were devastated. I was pretty broken up too...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 2:30 PM
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WaNinG SiGNs...Here and what not...

You tell a great story! I loved it!

You seriously had to eat raw hamburger? I don't know what to say LOL

Happy Father's day though! Hope you have a wonderful day!

Posted by WaNinG SiGNs...Here and what not... on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 9:34 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yes, quite seriously! but it was LEAN man! LOL! Had a great father's day, thanks! Our son is here - jet lagged and partied out so he slept almost all day, after coming home from the all nighter *g* ah, boomerang kids!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 2:32 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I currently have a banana a day. organic and/or fair trade if at all possible! they are good, aren't they? I never got ecoli thank god - and I don't know how they deal with that in France since steak tartare is def still popular there! I think young bodies are incredibly resilient but often wonder what kind of superman I might have turned into with a good diet!!! LOL

thanks....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 2:35 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks! I love requests and that'll come up real soon because you asked. it will be the subject of a fair number of blogs I think. it's a pretty lengthy story and very intertwined with my life...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 2:36 PM

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Samurai Love God

great story. My mom used to make me bake with her too. At the time I hated it, but now I appreciate it.

Posted by Samurai Love God on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 12:21 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

I sure wish I had learned to cook better. when I went to high school they didn't make guys take 'home economics' even though I wanted too. we took electronics instead and by that time I knew way more than the teacher did! I wanted to learn to cook and my mother was not even in the slightest way inclined to teach me more than cakes! LOL

Fortunately our kids are the products of a more enlightened time and are good cooks. Our son and son in law are professional cooks by trade but are pursuing other more erudite studies. At least they can cook to put themselves through school and travel in between semesters if desired - and fall back on it in fallow times!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 2:41 PM

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cheerful in reston

when i was little, my dad grilled lots of food. he loved his steak rare, but i'd cry when he offered it to me. i wanted nothing more than hotdogs. weird how parents want you to eat what's best for you...

Posted by cheerful in reston on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 12:48 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

I used to have a taste for raw hot dogs - or 'tube steaks' as the say in Canada. Don't do that any more. I tend to avoid the rare stuff nowadays.. *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 2:43 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

FrakAttack

Thinking of the Mr. Bean episode when he ordered the steak tartare at the fancy restaurant. And you ate that stuff for years? Some courage!

Maybe the French are the ones to blame for mad cow.

Posted by FrakAttack on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 8:25 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

actually the French are pretty much on top of mad cow and hoof and mouth - very likely precisely because of steak tartare! I started eating it so early in life that I really didn't know any better. but it has been beneficial in later life since one really needs to know how to eat the exotic foods offered in exotic locales and I do that really well *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 12:43 AM
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Bren

Amazing. You know I have that very cookbook: "50 Ways to a Man's Heart"! Hmmm perhaps the reason I'm still single is that it's languishing in a cupboard?!

I kinda picked up cooking from living with high-quality cooks for so many years, but man I HATE cooking! Fortunately, I'm blessed with a child who doesn't eat much at all, and I could care less as long as it's carbs. Sad thing, though, I'm an excellent baker. Eeek! I had it so good for so many years living with Mel, who adored cooking. Even after a hard day of very physical work, he'd tell me to go lie down and he'd make supper. I was happy to contribute just the cleaning-up part. Noelle, at 9, is following in her father's footsteps and already knows how to both cook and bake well.

Fascinating reading, Mr. Bloggie. One learns so much . . . one of the things learned being how good I had it growing up!

Posted by Bren on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 9:30 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

maybe. I used a recipe in that cookbook to bake a cheesecake when I entered my one and only cooking contest. it was half saturated fat and won the consolation prize for the "least sweet cheesecake" - they gave prizes to every single entry, otherwise it would probaby have been at the bottom of the list. so I don't think using it is going to help much....

Guys who are great cooks are amazing finds for sure and that's why we have great hopes for our son... Me, I do washing up really well *g* I'm very glad to hear you had it good!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 12:51 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Hah, you can't stand Marmite. Ever tried Vegemite? You hate that even more.. haha.

mmmmm..... Marmite.... *drool*

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 10:39 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I know vegemite quite well also and have a nice little blog coming up some time about scraping it off the ceiling *g* My son used to hate Marmite but developed quite a taste for it whilst living in London. Will has always loved it and frequently makes Marmite toast and sandwiches....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 12:53 AM
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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

Wow, that sure was one crazy diet! I guess eating wasn't really pleasurable for a long time?

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 12:51 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

it was pleasurable whenever I ate elsewhere. that was the main reason I wanted to marry Adrienne at the age of eight. I didn't care if we couldn't consummate it for four years - at least I could eat Italian!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 12:55 AM
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Lauren

A youth filled with raw hamburger and egg yolk. The challenges we manage to overcome! Nice story!

Posted by Lauren on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 4:28 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

yep. and every word of it true! you can't make this kind of thing up.... thanks...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 5:02 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

thank you! *s* so you like Steak Tartare, also?

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 3:25 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

I don't eat steak much any more and, like I said in the story, tend to order it medium well done since rare brings back too many bad memories!! and I have not had steak tartare or a raw egg yolk since that fateful day in Paris 40 years ago....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 3:32 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

followup on July 6: we just got back from a week in St Jean de Luz where I discovered that one of our son's fave meals is steak tartare - but then he is a gourmet chef so that's not unexpected.... and he says they don't concern themselves with ecoli, they just use the highest quality, best inspected meat they can....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, July 06, 2006 - 6:49 AM
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Saturday, June 17, 2006

Hitchhiking through Hell - addendum
Current mood: uncomfortable
Category: Life

This is the story that probably never ends. But here's just a quickie because we were telling it to a friend today at lunch in Greenwich and remembered a few more events. We took a train out of NYC to at least get near an actual highway leading north and got off in New Haven, figuring that would give us a good head start. Little did we realise hitching was totally illegal in Connecticut. But we gave it the old college try anyway, simply because Yale is there, I guess. We stood for a long time watching all sorts of people do that "there's no way I can do that mate" gesture as they sped by and finally a couple with their daughter picked us up.

They explained that they don't normally do this but their daughter had hitched all over Europe and had such a great time that she talked them into doing it this one time. Well, ok! We chatted and they were excited that we had been hitching all over the continent and had also hitched all over Euroope. Then they dropped us off at a turnpike rest stop. I think they thought it would make it easier for us to get a ride. But they were wrong. Dead wrong.

We stood at the entrance to the turnpike for several more hours with everyone giving us that "hitching is illegal, man" look until the sun started to disappear. Then the cops arrived. They informed us that they closed and cleared that rest stop at dusk because it was a well known gay pickup area. And they told us hitching was illegal - and most definitely totally illegal on the turnpike. And they told us we weren't going to get a ride out of there from them. They pointed the direction toward Boston and said 'start walking'. So naturally we did. The next exit was about a mile down the road.

By then the sun had really gone down and we were on a small residential road with fields on both sides. Suddenly a cute little kitty appeared on the other side of the road and started meowing. We both looked and the kitty said something like "hello kitty" whereupon the cat ran across the road toward us. Right at that moment, a car came speeding along and ran over the cat. But it was only stunned, not squashed, so I picked it up and took it into the field to assess the damage. Will, in her best nursing style checked its eyes for signs of - something. It twitched. It was very badly hurt and couldn't move and it moved around in a very disturbing fashion.

So we left it there and went to the nearest house. We rang the doorbell and explained that a cat had been hurt and we wanted to use the phone to call the nearest pet hospital. They didn't believe us. We pleaded. They let us come into their garage and look at their phone book. We tried calling a few of the places listed. No answer. We thanked them and went back to the cat who was looking a bit worse for wear. We apologised to the cat and headed off down the road where we found the field where we decided to camp, per the previous blog, Hitchhiking through Hell - concluded. We managed to get a maximum of 10 miles down the road that first day....

Later, while we were travelling with a couple who were giving us a ride to North Bay, Ontario, we ate with them in a few restaurant. These people were a bit strange we thought because they used to order a lot of food and not eat much of it. But to make sure that the restaurant didn't serve any of it again to anyone else they carefully stuck their fingers in everything they left. Muffings, bread rolls, buns, butter, french fries, jojo potatoes, hash browns, carrots, peas, creamos, salt packets, ketchup

packets - literally everything they brought to their table ended up with a finger poked through it. These people were weird. This basically came to mind because some people here think I'm a weirdo and I wanted to explain what a real weirdo is like.

I can't promise this will be the final instalment of this hitchhiking trip...

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9:20 AM 12 Comments(Add Comment) | 10 Kudos 2 Kudos

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kirkin

some people here think I'm a weirdo and I wanted to explain what a real weirdo is like.

I think we have a little weirdo in us...

Posted by kirkin on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 10:22 AM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

my readers certainly do! xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 10:43 AM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

The Kevitron XR-138

The cops usually would let me hitchhike anyway, just cos they knew that if I got a ride that they'd never have to look at me again. As for the cat, that's a tough call, but I would've put it out of its' misery. If you wanna read one of my blogs on that subject, click here. Doing what's right

Posted by The Kevitron XR-138 on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 10:24 AM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

good stuff! i just read that and commented. I really wish we could have done the right thing too but it wasn't super cut and dried we thought. It had only just happened and weren't sure whether it was a concussion the cat was going to come out of after we had gone on down the road. It didn't look good but at the same time we were htiching and absolutely no objects of destruction with us. And the field was devoid of rocks. I know - I could have gone and found something somewhere but I just didn't have the heart to make that decision. I'm sure I'm more of a hippie than you - after all, I had a pony tail and didn't wear underwear when I met Will.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 10:54 AM
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The Kevitron XR-138

I wasn't trying to mess with you or criticize you, really. I know what it's like. You feel like you're doing something cruel by killing an innocent creature, but then you walk away and realize that it may have been more cruel to have left a maimed animal to its' own devices, and by then it's too late.

Posted by The Kevitron XR-138 on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 11:11 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

absolutely! you have described it perfectly.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 11:18 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Poor pussy

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 10:38 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

yep. well, it"s dead now for sure.... xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 10:54 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

we certainly considered that but being on foot and needing to camp somewhere, not know exactly wher, compounded the effort. this blogs are all out of order unfortunately, since I write them in a stream-of-consciousness style, so what happened next has already been related in a previous one, here: <http://blog.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=blog.view&friendID=81644230&blogID=132854070&Mytoken=090BEBCB-B454-4C9B-AD3614E2AEF5F513689994093>

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 12:46 AM
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FrakAttack

Speaking as someone who walks often, stray animals are a constant problem. If they're not injured it's best just to shoo them away. If they are injured it's a choice between: a) Quick and painless death, or b) Hours of time and effort spent getting help, usually to no avail. Either way you're in for heartbreak. But try to look at it this way. At least you have a heart to break. A lot of people don't.

Posted by FrakAttack on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 9:58 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I agree. and it's worth it, even if it does cause a little extra effort sometimes. thanks..

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 12:43 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Saturday, June 17, 2006

A True MySpace Story....
Current mood:freaked out
Category: Life

This is a true story about what has happened to me in the last day as a result of MySpace randomness. About a month ago, my primary profile received a bulletin from one of those million frickin emo bands that ask you to add them - and I did because I figured "Why Not?" This bulletin said something stupid like "If you don't do this in the next 5 minutes, your whole life will suck" and of course I knew it was BS but figured "Why Not?" And what it asked me to do was add the email addies below into your MSN Messenger contact list, then add yours to it and send it on. So I

figured "Why Not?"

And I added them to my MSN but didn't send it on because I never have forwarded those kinds of bulletins and never saw any reason to do so - especially if it meant having millions of frickin emo losers continuing to send MSN adds to me for the next 100 years. Well, you can sort of guess that nothing much happened after that. Some people asked who I was and I just gave them my primary profile url and some people asked why I added them so I explained there was this bulletin that came through that said I should add them.

So I left them in place since I thought maybe there was some kind of round robin thing that might happen at some point with all the addresses that ended up being on the list. Of course I never added mine so even if it did, I wouldn't have received anything. But I figured "Why Not?" Then a few days ago, one of the people I added messaged me and said they were looking at my profile and wondered if I were really 56 years old and if I wanted to see them do anything I wanted them to do on their phone cam.

This sort of thing is not unknown in the world of instant messengers of course but I certainly want to know exactly who I am talking with before I start communicating with them. So I asked them who they were and how old they were. And she said "Natalie" and she said she was 18. Right. I said I wasn't interested. In fact I am not interested in anybody who is suspicious - especially ones who are questionably underage. She continued to pester me, and kept offering to do anything I wanted her to do. So I said, ok, wave at me and let's leave it at that. So she went away for a little while and then sent me a file. I figured "Why Not?"

This file was a picture of some girl playing with her pussy. I told her she had just sent me a file of some girl playing with herself. and she said she figured I'd like that. I said I was not interested in that and had just asked her to wave at me. She went away for a while then sent me 3 files, each one of her waving at me. In her bra only. That was the end of the 'conversation' and I deleted her from my contacts. But I hung on to the files just in case this was some kind of weird way that someone was trying to trap me into something. It has been known. I figured "Why Not?"

Then yesterday, Natalie messaged me again and started talking dirty which is something I occasionally know how to respond to and let her keep it up for a few minutes. I figured "Why Not?" Then, in her window appeared a message saying "You'd better be careful what you say because you are talking to my 37 year old policeman father also." to which I replied "Yep, that's exactly what I figured." and then this exact exchange occurred:

Bruce says:

btw, I'm sure your 37 year old policeman father would love to see the video you sent me...

[Natalie!] says:

we never sent you one

Bruce says:

oh yes you did

[Natalie!] says:

send it back then

Bruce sends:

Transfer of "SV_A0150.mp4" is complete.

Bruce says:

I have no idea who it is but you sent it to me

[Natalie!] says:

if its anything it shouldnt be il be taking it to the aiuthorities

Bruce says:

I have no idea who is sitting at the keyboard there but if it's Natalie's father I can tell you a whole story about what this young lady has been up to

[Natalie!] says:

do it

Bruce says:

I have a profile on myspace: [http://www.myspace.com/\[my primary profile\]](http://www.myspace.com/[my primary profile])

Bruce says:

and a bulletin came through asking me to add a bunch of email addresses to my msn messenger

Bruce says:

Natalie's was one of them

Bruce says:

I added them some time ago

[Natalie!] says:

yes and?

Bruce says:

then a couple of days ago she asked me to tell me who I was

Bruce says:

and I asked her how old she was and to send me a picture of herself to prove that she was who she claimed to be

Bruce says:

she offered to send me a video of her doing whatever I asked her to do

Bruce says:

so I said send one of her waving at me

Bruce says:

and the one I just sent to you was what she sent instead

Bruce says:

she then sent the one waving at me 3 times

Bruce says:

I can send that one to you also

The following message could not be delivered to all recipients:

I can send that one to you also

So at that point I said to myself "Why Not just never ever reply to Natalie ever again?" And I can't think of why not....

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Il Lupo Cattivo

So many weirdos on the net... But you know that you can always pull out the message archive or history? That's real proof of your conversations. Still...that little bitch or whoever she was!

Posted by Il Lupo Cattivo on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 1:45 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep. well the archive is there and will back me up of course. but I sure hope it doesn't come to that!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 2:04 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I must remember to always listen carefully to your sage advice - and only watch church approved por.. er religious videos.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 2:31 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Dez

I always thought they were called "training videos" Man, he lied to me...

Posted by Dez on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 3:32 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

the church never lies! it's divine truth... *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 8:53 AM
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Kerry

careful now bruce, you dont want to BE one of those weirdos on the internet....or do you?

why not!

Posted by Kerry on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 2:28 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

oh I'm a weirdo all right! but not one of THOSE weirdos - certainly not one who is interested in anyone underage!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 2:30 AM
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FrakAttack

If I get anything from anybody that even remotely resembles jail bait, I send them a preachy message about the dangers of the Internet and then block them. Automatically. There's too much MySpace pedophile panic going on here in the states.

Posted by FrakAttack on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 3:26 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I've sure learned my lesson! No more "Why Not?" thanks for that...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 8:55 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

you'd better not!!! I'm putting together an exam to establish the true age of all people who message me. I'm going to model it after the great test that Leisure Suit Larry had to determine if you were old enough to play the game!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 8:56 AM
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Karen

i've gotten similar requests also. freakin myspace

Posted by Karen on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 5:00 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

now you tell me!!! *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 8:57 AM
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WOW Loss of words here ... lol

Posted by on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 5:57 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

as you can see I've had no loss of words but serious loss of ease...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 8:58 AM
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kirkin

whoa.... I never respond to these things and I never open files from people I don't know. I'm too afraid of viruses.

Posted by kirkin on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 6:14 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

my system very kindly informed me there was no virus in the attachment *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 8:59 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

actually I'm pretty sure it was since someone pretending to be her boyfriend messaged me from another account today accusing me of screwing her over and implying that she had got shit because

her policeman father had looked at the video I sent back and found another copy of it on the computer.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 9:03 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

so do I normally. this time I got sucked in because the myspace message implied that I would be hearing from the people it asked me to add so I started chatting... it went too far too fast.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 9:05 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

it's not for you to get angry. It's for me to learn my lesson!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 9:05 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Joy

Curiosity is a bitch.

Every once in a while they get me with one of the little scams they post on here. But most of the time I'm uber paranoid.

Posted by Joy on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 7:33 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

I now completely ignore the scams. This was one that came along right after I joined and I didn't realise how stupid they all were. It lurked in the background and bit me in the ass.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 9:07 AM
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COLUMBIA

I dont understand why you would put that much energy into any of it. Add a band you never heard of (did you like their music). Hassle with all the rest. it seems like a lot of wasted time.

Posted by *COLUMBIA* on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 8:09 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I don't do that any more. I did it right at the beginning when I first joined. And I did listen to the music and kinda liked it. I'm basically an emo type of person who cries at the least provocation. But it was one of the first bands I added and now I pay no attention to the ones other than what I specifically like. I have absolutely no excuse whatsoever for getting into all of this. It's totally wasted time and energy and a horrible mistake.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 9:10 AM
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COLUMBIA

you know, that is one of the most honest answers I've ever seen on this site. kudos to you bruce!

Posted by *COLUMBIA* on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 5:27 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

JIM KROW

Bruce runs with scissors.

Posted by JIM KROW on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 8:45 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

yeah, you know I just read that book recently and have had it in my mind all day long.... and there's an account here called that too!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 9:11 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

enrique

ummm...because u've already got enough stuff to worry about
that u should have to put up w/ threats from someone of questionable identity?

Posted by enrique on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 8:48 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

but it can be avoided with some common sense. so I'm looking for that right now...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 9:11 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

'if its anything it shouldnt be il be taking it to the aiuthorities'

Umm... Didn't he just say he WAS the authorities?

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 8:53 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

the other thing that person said that didn't make a lot of sense was "send it back" WTF? you can't
'return' a file, you send a copy.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 11:35 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

who really knows in this crazy system?? I hope I don't find out...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 9:12 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

The Kevitron XR-138

That story gives me the fuckin creeps. I had some chick that accosted me on the internet and
started talking dirty. I was bored and alone, so I figured what the hell? I wasn't being extremely
forward or lewd, but I was playing along, when she told me that she was 15. I told her to fuck off,
whoever she was. It seems like some kind of entrapment. I wasn't prowling the internet for 15 year

old girls, I was just writing blogs and screwing around. Imagine going to prison for some kind of child pornography charges or something like that, when you were minding your own business and had a cop posing as an underage girl hitting on you and you decided to respond. Fuck that.

Posted by The Kevitron XR-138 on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 10:06 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah, that's exactly how I feel.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 10:14 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep. one of my fave current imaginary images is the look on her face while I was sending the vid back - especially if her boyfriend, father and/or mother were sitting there also...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 18, 2006 - 12:39 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Thursday, June 15, 2006

Interviewed by V for Vanessa!
Current mood: peaceful
Category: Life

OK! I volunteered to be interviewed by V for Vanessa and she finally got back to me with her questions - no problem really since I've been very busy pimping my blog *g*. Anyway, they are good ones and here's the first:

1. Who has been the single most important/influential person in your life.. and for what reason?
(Other than children.)

I guess I'd have to say my mother was, simply because she was so completely fucking manic that she had me running around and doing all sorts of shit I would never have done other wise. And her fanaticism was also responsible for me NOT doing a whole bunch of shit that 'normal' kids do.

Some of the stuff she was sort of responsible for me NOT doing included hanging around the house like a typical kid/teenager. She made me feel so uncomfortable and like I didn't want to be there that I used to find other places to hang out and I had to be careful in my choice since I didn't want to make myself unwelcome from over indulgence. This included hanging at most of my kid friends places since their parents pretty well started on the "don't you have a home where you can be instead of here" routine pretty quickly.

Because of this, I got to know a huge number of very interesting (at least I thought they were) people once I moved to where such people were reasonably accessible. Many blogs will feature these people in the future - and things I did with them. This certainly wasn't exactly the result my mother was looking for when she caused me to look elsewhere for companionship, but it definitely happened. While I lived in Carmel Valley, I was just mainly confused and frustrated since I really didn't know who to hang out with.

And one of the main things I didn't do because of her was date. Women, men or anything. When I tried this experiment at the age of 12, I quickly discovered she wanted to find out all the frickin details and meet the girl, give me advice and basically run the whole operation. She didn't really say that but I could tell, based on her questions. And I absolutely didn't have the heart to bring any girl home to 'meet the parents' cause I knew that would immediately be the end of any potential relationship. Nope, I just kept all that stuff to the other places I hung out and that made the process quite limiting.

Some of the things that I DID do as a result of her was go become really interested in science, mechanics and electronics since she encouraged me greatly in that direction. And the main thing that she encouraged me to do was try out for a part in a play called 'Dark at the Top of the Stairs' at the Community Theatre in Carmel when I was 11. I got the part of Sonny Flood which was a really major character in this play and I did quite well with it, getting fairly good reviews. That experience demonstrated to me that acting was not really what I was cut out for but it did definitely hook me on theatre for the rest of my life. And I parlayed my interest in music and sound into the position of Sound Designer at that same theatre when I was 15, which I kept for the next 2-1/2 years until I left for Europe and then to university.

She also encouraged me to use my self-learned knowledge of electronics to start my own little operation repairing radios, record players and TVs out of our house when I was 12. She was the town busybody and seemed to know absolutely everyone who had a broken set of some sort - and many who had just stuck them in their garages when they broke, not really intending to get them fixed right away. These were definitely the days when you fixed things and didn't just throw them away. She convinced many people to let me try fixing these devices and accept payment on a completely voluntary basis. She advised me that if I were to actually 'charge' for doing so, I'd have to set up a proper business and that would be a hassle. So she was responsible for my basic business acumen as well! *g*

Finally, she got me initially interested in music because she loved music herself. Her taste was eclectic at best, ranging from the Pomona College glee club to Sammy Kaye's Swing and Sway in Hawaii with not much in between but she was damned passionate about it and I figured there had to be something there. My uncle, the one who got married on Mt Rainier was also a passionate music buff and I remember hearing The Moldau for the first time on his really neat old Magnavox 78rpm record player, which I later fixed for him. When I was 8, my parents bought a brand new RCA Victor console 'hi-fi' and it came with some Percy Faith records and the complete Nutcracker Suite on 45s, both of which I ate up. Interestingly, my son used to sit and watch the Nutcracker ballet on RCA Selectavision discs for hours on end when he first discovered music and dance.

I bet Vanessa didn't expect this long an answer... or anyone else for that matter.

2. Write your own eulogy.

Bruce always tried to do the right thing. He tried to make everyone happy. He always tried to do everything - all by himself. He could never say No. He wanted to make the world a better place

and felt he did that to some extent. He was creative with a little artistry thrown in for good measure and invented all sorts of cool shit with extremely limited commercial viability, rationalising that it kept the competition at bay. He got to know all his clients personally and did his own customer support. He answered the phones personally and tried to provide a good answer immediately. He had a good ear but was not a musician. He knew what was really needed but didn't have the resources to do as fast as he wanted. He wanted to make love to every person he fancied and was moderately successful, depending entirely on your definition of 'making love'. He got married after living with the same woman for 32 years and their kids were the witnesses, much to everyone's amusement. He was an alcoholic at the age of 32, partly because of the stresses of business but mainly because he had an addictive personality. He didn't take a drink for 18 years after that and only started again because he finally sold that fucking company. He had two fantastic kids and stopped traveling the world the year that he realised they needed him to be around more than 2/3 of the year or he would become a stranger to them. Being there for his kids was the most important thing there was. And they were and continued to be his best friends. He fulfilled a lifelong ambition and finally moved to Europe to enjoy the culture and the people and was able to do so because the technology finally allowed him to run the business from wherever a mobile phone could roam.

There's more but the space on the tombstone has just run out *g*

3. You have an extensive background in the music industry. How did you get started and what sparked that passion?

Well, I covered that a little bit in the first answer but more specifically, my interest in music was prompted by the fact that many people I knew when I was young were music aficionados. I fell in love with music even more when I subscribed to the Columbia Record Club under my grandmother's name since I knew there had to be some sort of catch to their fine print but just couldn't anticipate what it would be. When I discovered the catch was that they always sent out the Record of the Month whether you told them you wanted it or not and then you had to send it back at your cost or pay list price for it, I informed them that my Grandmother had died and they should cancel the contract. But other than that, things were a bit more positive.

My first 'real' job was being the only electronic repair person at ABC Music in Monterey, where I repaired numerous electric guitars and amplifiers (mostly Fender) and set up a few music systems. After six months, I was 'stolen' by the local recording studio which was also the main stereo repair shop in town and got better pay and working hours (for a high school student) and the opportunity to work on some really nice equipment ranging from tape recorders to juke boxes (in brothels sometimes, when I went on outside service calls - but that's the subject of a separate blog) plus also help out in the recording studio.

The owner of this operation, Jim Meagher, was my music business mentor and I learned a huge amount from him during the times I worked for him, covering about 4 years off and on. He told me a lot about the music business, the record business and the concert sound business, mostly when we took our coffee break at Denny's at 3AM. He also had a small record label, more or less discovered Joan Baez, recorded the most successful Jazz recording of all time, "Concert by the Sea" by Errol Garner in 1956 on a portable Ampex tape recorder and was a totally genuine eccentric and the subject of future blogs. I had a crush on his daughter and got to know his sons and wife very well.

He also had a live sound operation and provided the sound systems for many years for the Bach Festival in Carmel, the Monterey Jazz Festival, the Big Sur Folk Festival, the Monterey Pop Festival and many other live concerts that were performed in the central California area. And I got to work many of these shows, meeting more people in the music business as a result, including John

Meyer who was with Harry McCune Sound in San Francisco at the time and Wally Heider from Los Angeles who had a remote recording truck and recorded the Jazz and Pop Festivals. Also Eric Benton who became a mastering engineer at Mercury Records worked for Jim originally and so did Jim Gamble who built Gamble consoles.

In San Francisco, I got to know more music and film business people including Walter Murch as a result of working in the theatre with Francis Ford Coppola and his father, Carmine. And in Vancouver, I went into a sort of partnership with a record label and recording studio called Mushroom Records, the studio of which I ended up buying later. That sort of covers the passion building. The loss of passion came after I bought the studio!

4. You are also quite well travelled. Where in the world is your favourite place to be? (not your house).

I get asked this often and the answer is not clear since there are so many places I love, the favourite one at the time almost always being the one I am now. Vancouver is a wonderful city - often rated the best city in the world - but it's not the greatest in terms of culture. It has fabulous recreational capabilities, literally allowing you to canoe on English Bay in the morning and ski on Grouse Mountain at night, bicycling between the two in the afternoon.

London is my fave for culture, with literally over 100 things to choose from at any moment, as well as lots of outdoor activities too. Where we are right now is great since we can walk, scoot or bicycle up and down the river and/or the canals at a moment's notice without a single car in sight. And I have promised myself I will live in Vienna again since I loved it so much many years ago. But more than anything, I still have so many places I want to see and often feel I have not yet even scratched the surface of the range of the best there is!

5. What do you consider cheating on your partner? Is there such thing as 'borderline cheating'?

Good question! I suspect you may have noticed in a previous blog that I played around with another woman after I was with my current partner. "Playing around" wasn't really having sex, though according to the commenters of another previous blog because it didn't involved penetration. So far so confusing. So this simply points out graphically that 'cheating' is completely relative to the rules one is cheating. The word 'cheating' implies that such rules exist and yet there are no universal rules for what constitutes 'fidelity' even though most people have their own set of rules fairly firmly entrenched in their own mind. I think the fact that many people don't understand their partner's own rules is the primary cause of the breakdown of relationships.

I knew my lady for about 7 months before we shacked up together. We each had our own place before that. We were together for another 4 months or so before we started to share our living accommodation. It took another several months before she fully accepted that I was the 'one'. I fell in love with her the moment I met her, 15 months before, so this wasn't exactly the most evenly matched affair. After that, we jointly had condos, property, houses, businesses, cars, boats, kayaks, trailers, pets, kids, mortgages, bank accounts, agreements, warehouses, factories, employees, living wills, powers of attorney, contracts - you name it After 32 years we got married to help me immigrate to the UK more easily.

But none of these, including the marriage, ever even got close to requiring that we really, carefully and thoroughly define exactly what we expected of each other in terms of fidelity. When we started living together, the closest we got to a really nitty gritty agreement was that I wanted to make sure she didn't require that I be home for supper every night. That was ok with her as long as I let her

know. Conflicts occurred subsequently when we realised we hadn't defined what sort of advance notice was reasonable and this flagged the fact that we'd better make sure we had all our other bases covered or we could easily get in trouble.

So I broached the subject of what 'fidelity' to the other partner constituted in our partnership. I really really loved this woman more than anything in the whole world and would never jeopardise that relationship for anything in that world and was fully prepared to abide by her rules. She explained that she understood I was a very highly sexed kinda guy and needed to get it regular so it was ok with her if I even went 'all the way' with someone when she was unavailable - that situation usually happening when we were not in the same place, which happened a lot. She also expected me to be careful and not get anyone pregnant or to form attachments that could jeopardise our permanent relationship - or, of course, give her any diseases. I could get one if I wanted but she really preferred that I didn't.

These rules were pretty lenient and it was very satisfying that they were extremely close to what I had in mind as well. In fact, she had formulated a more precise set of rules than I had. We agreed on these and happily continued on. They were pretty damn easy rules to follow and whenever I had sexual relations or even just good snogging sessions with other people, I tried to make sure they understood that I had this kind of relationship with my partner and I was doing this with them because I fancied them at the moment and was not looking for a lifelong partner. This sometimes killed the moment but it was far better to be honest than misleading. No one night stand was worth the agony of misunderstanding and I always had a reputation of being brutally honest.

But this same honesty caused us to learn how our agreement had a gap in it. Once, when I had just come back from designing the sound for 'King John' at Stratford, we were talking about how it had gone and what had happened there. I told her all about what a small town it was and how everyone seemed to know everything that was going on with everyone else and how much sexual intrigue there was, with a tightly knit group of performers and artists spending the summer together and then splitting in the autumn, perhaps never seeing or working with each other ever again.

I explained how the mores of these transient folks didn't really fit in too well with those of small town, extremely stable and staid, rural Ontario. She asked 'give me an example' and I said, "well when I brought Anne back to my room one night and we left together in the morning, the guy who owned the house gave me a lecture about how he didn't like me doing that kind of thing." Will's eyes kind of open up wide and she said to me "That's more information than I want to know. I should have told you that if you do the sort of things we'd agreed you could do, I really don't want you to tell me about it. I don't mind you doing it but I don't want to know."

Whew. Close call. I could see we had very closely averted disaster there - but at the same time we had gone into it with our eyes wide open and both knew the potential pitfalls. I never said anything again of course. But there is in fact a really critical area in our agreement which relates to the second part of your question: about borderline cheating. And the fact is that we have not thoroughly, clearly and exactly defined what 'being available' is. The assumption is that it means clearly unavailable but it's really left up to me how to determine availability. And I have probably taken some liberties with that definition over the years. No, I KNOW I have taken some liberties with it.

For example, if I was at a party on my own and W- was looking after the kids because the baby sitter couldn't stay past midnight or she was doing a night shift at the hospital. She wasn't available. Well... she certainly wasn't available right then and there because she wasn't there. But she wasn't far away. But it wouldn't be acceptable for her to abandon her job or the kids just to come and have a good time at the party. Was it acceptable for me to play around at the party under those circumstances or was that a case of 'borderline cheating'? I'd definitely have to say those situations were the closest I could come up with for borderline cheating in our relationship. But since she

doesn't want to know what happened, I will probably never know.

I've sometimes wondered if we will ever get to the point where I will ever tell her some of the things that have happened but suspect she will never want to know. She knows I'm writing this and that no holds are barred - it is completely open and honest and includes everything that I can ever remember happening in my life. And she knows there's stuff here that she doesn't want to know about. That's why she only reads the parts that I tell her don't have anything that she can't read. Thank goodness we have the kind of trust that we do. I obviously hope we will have the kiind of trust and faithfulness forever that we have always had and still have no interest at all in jeopardising it.

After all, there are many parts of her past life, mainly stuff that happened before I knew her that she has told me she never wants me to know - stuff about her previous boy friends and things that happened to her that she doesn't want to relive or relate. My mother was the same way about her first marriage, even though she did talk about it somewhat. And my father about his. People are allowed their privacy and everyone needs to respect that.

You can obviously see that I'm not very paranoid about my privacy or I wouldn't be writing this very frank and open blog about myself. But even though some people know who I really am, and I even provide enough clues now and then to allow those who really want to to figure it out, there is nothing in here that says exactly who I am and it might well be awkward to have it be known. Who knows what may happen down the road, though. The world is getting more and more raw and reality TV is changing the way we accept misbehaviour nowadays so that my perceived misdemeanors will probably look like so much child's play eventually. And of course time heals most wounds. Hopefully I'm not a heel and time won't wound me!

Thanks again to Vanessa for her great questions!

Now, here are the guidelines for this game. Play along if you like.

THE GUIDELINES:

1. Leave me a comment saying, "Interview me."
2. I will respond by asking you five questions. I get to pick the questions.
3. You will update your blog with the answers to the questions.
4. You will include this explanation and an offer to interview someone else in the same post.
5. When others comment asking to be interviewed, you will ask them five questions.

I'll try not to take too long with the questions, but I can't make any promises

7:30 PM23 Comments(Add Comment) |30 Kudos 2 Kudos

1 Kudos

0 Kudos

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Bruce Bloggie

LOL!! you're the first one to yell First!!!! in any of my blogs. What does that mean? Do I get an award or something? Or should I be giving you one? Oh yeah, I'm supposed to interview you! Or not... hmmm... well, which is it then? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 7:52 AM
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enrique

it's u who gets the prize bruce
u know u've arrived when people start fighting
over who was first to comment on ur blog

Posted by enrique on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 8:01 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

cool! yikes, what a responsibility to shoulder eh? whew.... *sweating*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 8:06 AM
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Suzette

Ha well actually no one has fought over the first spot so I guess.... FIRST! Damn too slow! Seriously tho, I love how open you are! (Ha, altho you did get just a tad bit windy on a couple questions...). And my first blog I only had one guy subscribe, and his first comment was a 1st comment, although like I mentioned there wasn't anyone fighting over it. Don't know how to end this comment.....

Posted by Suzette on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 9:01 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

a tad windy??? sheesh, I should have answered all of them with one word but windy is my style. also, it took so long to write I just didn't have the time to go back and do any editing at all! sorry... every other blog so far has been re-edited at least once and this would have been pruned if I'd had time. but it's sort of 'answer the questions interview style' so I figured "aw what the hell!"

thanks for your support though! and don't worry about ending your comment cause I always have to have the last word! LOL

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 9:05 AM
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Samurai Love God

thanks for letting us dive into your psyche

Posted by Samurai Love God on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 12:59 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

no problem.... it's a pleasure!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 1:59 PM
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Sassafrass

oh! oh! oh! do me! do me!.....i mean.....interview me!

Posted by Sassafrass on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 1:37 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

ok! I will go through your, um... profile *g* and see what comes to.... hmmm... mind *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 2:00 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

you are now officially my best friend! I will have her call you if necessary *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 3:30 PM
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wendy

O.K., go ahead, do me too.

Posted by wendy on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 5:49 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

ummmm... ok! doing it now...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 12:01 AM
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FrakAttack

EIGHTH!!! Suck on that, bitches!!!!

Posted by FrakAttack on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 6:21 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

Well.... I'm glad you aren't judging me - because in fact the rules are not the ones I made! They are the ones I am following as prescribed by my wife. True, there are some imprecisions in them, which I have honestly described but then.... I haven't [yet] said exactly what I have done or not done that might possibly constitute even 'borderline cheating'!

And I certainly haven't cheated! Of course it would be sort of difficult to cheat such open rules, I guess... the only ways to really, definitely cheat them would be to pass along an STD or set up another permanent romantic attachment or leave my marital relationship and that just hasn't happened nor is it going to.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 12:07 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Phew!!

They must have been some good questions I asked to inspire such lengthy answers. I had to take a few breaks there... hah!

Seriously, you answered them with aplomb, I couldn't have asked for more.

I loved your answer on the cheating one. That's a special relationship you have with your wife... not many people could pull that one off (no pun intended)...

London is my favourite place to play, too ... and I always fancied living in Vancouver...

Your mother is an intriguing woman....

Thanks for playing, Bruce. I loved every word!

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 2:18 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

and I've interviewed the three who have asked me to so far! I hope they find my questions intriguing.... thank you again *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 2:20 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thank you... I am most pleased I chose to do that and that it remains true today...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 17, 2006 - 8:52 AM
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RobFal

Ok Bruce, interesting. I would be a bit more concerned about your lady friend reading these posts, but that could be the result of ... well, lets just say when honestly is laid out in public like this it sometimes bites you in the ass, hard.

Anyway, I'd be happy to play along. Interview me please.

Posted by RobFal on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 1:05 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I understand what you are saying and will be cautious. I will probably remove some from the archives now but she only reads those that I show her since that fits in with the 'need to know' basis of the whole relationship, really.

I will put together some questions for you, then, Rob!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 1:47 AM
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Thursday, June 15, 2006

Another interesting bug
Current mood: amused
Category: Blogging

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Bruce

Today Week Total
Posts 20 20 18
Comments 393 393 391
Views 2272 2272 2272
Kudos 181 181 181

beat that suckers!

7:30 AM34 Comments([Add Comment](#)) |23 Kudos 2 Kudos
1 Kudos
0 Kudos
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mmm!

lol!

Posted by mmm! on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:34 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Wow, man... That's spooky.. like amazing synchronicity!

Except one of these things is not like the other...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:35 AM
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Lauren

you might want to play lotto with those numbers.

Posted by Lauren on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:36 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I haven't altered those numbers at all but they are def screwy!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:50 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

not really - I have absolutely no idea what the real ones are

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:05 AM
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enrique

sweet

Posted by enrique on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:17 AM
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Tammynize | Writer & Photographer

all you need is some breast implants, lip suction and wig and some sexy pictures...and any maybe sing some kareokee.

Posted by Tammynize | Writer & Photographer on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:43 PM
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Venus★! RIP, JOSH.

Mine is doing the same thing...and has since I set up shop. Hmm...

Posted by Venus★! RIP, JOSH. on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:37 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

really? have you tried resetting it??

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:40 AM
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It's happening when I'm logged in here...and no, I haven't reset it...because I have no idea how to do that...lol

Posted by on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:59 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

just proud or SUPER PROUD!!!! ohhhhhh yeah! *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 2:42 PM

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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

heh??? you did not post 20 blogs today!

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:57 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

exxxxxxxactly!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 9:11 AM

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Joy

20 today, 20 for the week, and 18 total. This must be what they call "the new math."

Posted by Joy on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 9:16 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

I obviously did very well in math... *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 2:42 PM

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Suzette

What's really spooky is that according to those links you have the same readers and subscriptions that I do! Wow! haha.

Posted by Suzette on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 10:06 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

amazing when you clone someone eh? just kidding...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 2:43 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

it's beyond hope now... xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 3:49 PM
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Karen

Gotta love myspace!

Posted by Karen on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:42 PM
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Tammynize | Writer & Photographer

Hehe...man, I wish I could beat that...someday.

Posted by Tammynize | Writer & Photographer on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:43 PM
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FrakAttack

Actually, you can beat those numbers easily. Just say the wrong thing in the wrong place at the wrong time like I did. Of course, most of the comments will be negative, you will get a flood of threatening emails, and very few kudos. On second thought, you really don't want that kind of attention.

Posted by FrakAttack on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 1:53 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

no, you sure don't want that kind of attention! but what attracts good ratings? average number of comments per number of readers? average number of kudos per number of readers? average number of kudos per view, average number of kudos per comment or average number of comments per view? or some kind of mixture of these? personally I'd make it a mixture of the last two. does

anyone know of an explanation of how they determine it? I suspect it must be fundamentally based on the stats in the chart.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 2:21 AM
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FrakAttack

There has been so much speculation as to how rankings are determined I've just given up trying to figure it out. I think one of Tom's defective clones just picks blogs out of a hat. A defective hat.

Posted by FrakAttack on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 3:10 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

this place is so much more defective than so many other well established and nicely run blog sites, it's very sad. The characteristics of this place are so very much still like the amateur frickin site that it was when it first started. It's almost as though it was put together so sloppily that it's obvious they never expected it to get very popular. And the history is that it was specifically designed as a music promotion site - little did they realise how much music is part of peoples' lives and psyche.

On another note, it's all run using Windows servers which I think is one of the biggest technical problems. If they had used Linux it would have been far better.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 3:15 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

you may very well be doing it now - who knows how accurate these things are when shit like that is displayed! also a lot of people complain about how the rankings are obtained since they seem to make no sense and there is no explanation.... ah well - good thing I don't care!! NOT! *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 1:45 AM
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✱[[kam]]✱

when i grow up i wanna be just like you!

Posted by ✱[[kam]]✱ on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 9:18 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks!! and when I get reincarnated I want to be just like YOU!! *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 10:50 AM
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Thursday, June 15, 2006

Touching me there....
Current mood: hot
Category: Life

Renee just posted a great blog about how she hates to get naked in the doctor's office and it reminded me of when I had both crabs AND genital warts. I know. Ewwwww!!! That was all the result of a period of a particularly prolific period of profligacy which I ceased fairly quickly after learning some of the drawbacks of sticking my dickie in everything that moved. Yes, you didn't need to know that but it was a long time ago - and of course that's no excuse. It was a lot of fun though.

I was in San Francisco in 1970 when this needed to be attended to and I was there on contract so didn't have any sort of medical plan going. Shit, I was only 20 - nothing was going to happen to me! So I decided I should deal with it and went to the main, huge public medical clinic way the hell out toward Candlestick Park. Did I mention this place was big? There were all sorts of frickin derelicts hanging around the waiting room there. I knew I was in the right place.

I waited a loooong time - but time wasn't really money back then so I just sort of entertained myself by imagining that I would make it with each cute nurse that walked by - and there were quite a few of them, seemingly. Eventually, I was called into this really big room with a bunch of examining areas behind those white drapes you draw around in a semicircle. The doctor asked me what the problem was and then told me to drop everything to the floor and wait for him to come back.

So there I was, standing there in the altogether, hangin loose and free, behind the curtain. This should be a breeze cause he didn't seem too bothered. But when he opened the curtain there was a whole class of young nurses standing there looking at me. About 20 of them. The ones I had just been eyeing up a few minutes before.

The doctor was teaching them about STDs and I was the perfect subject since I could exhibit two at once. I could even show them all how the little buggers just loved to hang out with the warts. He instructed them all to lean in real close while he showed them all the wee (no pun intended) details of the patient's affliction and he gingerly manipulated my appendage with latex gloved hands, lifting it up, rotating, pushing and moving it around for maximum exposure to all areas.

After about 5 minutes of this he then continued to teach the class about the appropriate treatment, which included zapping the warts with an electric stylus and of course they all had to see exactly how that was done. At least he didn't shampoo me with the Kwell stuff that was prescribed and given to me but he did describe how to do it for all of our benefit. I can assure you my dick did not get hard at all during this procedure nor was there any chance of it.

After about 15-20 minutes of the whole thing, class was dismissed and the doc gratuitously drew the curtain and told me I could get dressed. I could have sworn he gave me a little wink. Just like Santa does. What a gift! Christmas was coming up too....

It was the last time I went to a free clinic though.

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6:35 AM41 Comments(Add Comment) |39 Kudos 2 Kudos

1 Kudos

0 Kudos

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Previous Post: Aha!!!! Posting times for blogs bug!! | Back to Blog List | Next Post: Another interesting bug

~TARA~

Hyterical!!!!

Posted by ~TARA~ on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:10 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

glad you liked it. glad I survived...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:26 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

I'm glad I'm looking back on virtually everything I've written about so far!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:26 AM

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Stephanie

Women have to go through this every year. We get naked, lie on a table, and stick our feet in these stirrups while some medical person sticks pointy metal objects inside us. Men only go through this sort of thing when something is wrong!

Posted by Stephanie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:13 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

with a class of 20 nurses watching you get probed? I don't mind the normal stuff, and I positively enjoy having my prostate checked! *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:01 AM
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Venus★! RIP, JOSH.

Yeah...try having a baby. You lose all sense of humility then....especially if you end up pooping on the doctor!

I bet that was mortifying though...*snicker, snicker*

Posted by Venus★! RIP, JOSH. on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:32 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

been there for sure - not me of course, but I dig ya. I have tremendous respect for what women go through and am not trying to put it down at all!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:38 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Venus★! RIP, JOSH.

lol. Don't worry, I'm not one of those psycho, super-sensitive pregnant women who thinks every pain and misery is paled in comparison to what I'm going through...

But pooping on the doctor is my number one fear. I managed to avoid that the first time...hope I can this time as well...

Posted by Venus★! RIP, JOSH. on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:42 AM

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Lauren

That's just too funny. I'm guessing you didn't get any luvin' from those nurses.

Posted by Lauren on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:17 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

I got the hell out as fast as I could. and changed my name LOL!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:28 AM

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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

That's horrible...I feel bad for you!

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:34 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

don't fret - it was 36 years ago! I was way over it real fast anyway... worse things have happened and you will hear about them...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:43 AM

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Suzette

Hey, there's a cure for STDs! Make sure you're never capable of having sex again!

Posted by Suzette on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:49 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

and I'll bet you could arrange that, eh?

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:56 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Ooooooooooh...

That's just 'ouch' on so many levels....

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:02 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

only psychologically - well, the zapper stung a bit *g* I have very thick skin down there and have developed it over my brain since then!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:03 AM
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mmm!

I don't know weather to laugh or cry! I think I'm in shock!

Posted by mmm! on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:32 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

laugh! the crying is long over *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:36 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah, well. I couldn't see as well as they could so can't actually be a first hand witnees to this. You'll have to ask them.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:38 AM
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Chicadi

Damn that sucks-especially being a subject for the class!

Posted by Chicadi on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:34 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

being the class subject was really the only thing that sucked, actually

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:39 AM
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kirkin

That was so funny that I just snorted crystal light out of my nose!!

Posted by kirkin on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:59 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

at least it wasn't crystal meth!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:04 AM
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JanieJane4

Hahaahahaa! A Santa wink? This is a great story!

Posted by JanieJane4 on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:44 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

pass it around... xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:50 AM
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Karen

Posted by Karen on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 8:50 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 2:39 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

surely between the two of us we could figure out how to manage anyway?

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 2:39 PM
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BriGuy

Such an erotic blog. Thanks for sharing, I fantasize about that moment every day in the shower.

I never knew you had a nurse fetish!

Posted by BriGuy on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 9:02 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

my wife is a nurse and most of our friends are nurses - and our son in law is a student nurse as well - nurses totally rock!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 9:10 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

uhhhhhh.. I've learned lots of lessons! which one did you have in mind? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 2:40 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

it itched all right but then the little sucker always had an itch I needed to scratch!!! LOL while I was being inspected though, the last thing I had on my, uh, mind was touching the lil fella .. *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 3:49 PM

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FrakAttack

The crabs and the warts by the penis were hung,
As Bruce hoped the spectacle soon would be done,
Said the doc with a wink as he bid his 'good night,'
Merry Christmas ya' bum, now get out of my sight!

Posted by FrakAttack on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 2:04 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

oh yeah! that's great and perfectly appropriate for this escapade.. thanks!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 2:13 AM

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Don Juan di Dennis

Whoa man that takes balls *no pun intended* but I guess it was thrust upon you so to speak :) 1970 Frisco that was a wild time remember it well!! Had my own seat at the Haigh-Ashbury Free

Clinic! :) 20 nurses! daaang

Posted by Don Juan di Dennis on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 10:45 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

hey! were you that freak who checked me out?? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 11:59 PM

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Thursday, June 15, 2006

Aha!!!! Posting times for blogs bug!!

Current mood: accomplished

Category: Blogging

I just figured out why the posting times on blogs are so fucking random! I just went to write a blog and up in the right corner it says: Posted Time: 2 5 !! WTF!! they use a 24 hour clock here (at least in my editor they do) and it should read 14 5 since it's 2PM not 2AM!

So that's at least part of what's wrong with the blog posting times....

5:13 AM 8 Comments([Add Comment](#)) | 6 Kudos 2 Kudos

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P!nk

I SEE!! THANKS!!

Posted by P!nk on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 5:36 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

no prob. I suspect even the times it posts are wrong in the other half of the 12 hour cycle but will have to check that later...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:53 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Great! I'd say that's maybe half of the problem... I still wonder if time zones play a part. I mean, you post when you post... People who are behind me, timewise still show up when they post... so there's no real reason for me to be ahead...

Now, I wonder if you can work out why none of my blogs have shown up anywhere in the rankings for the last few weeks... It's become inversely proportional to the number of views/comments, which has grown.

I think I may have been banned or something. I'm not upset, just curious. It's not why I'm here...

Ahh... the joys of MySpace...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:45 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

time zones most def are involved but since all the posting times are just basically wrong anyway, it's really hard to figure out. another thing that's happening is whenever a blog shows a time that's earlier than your own computer's clock it always seems to reset to being New! even if you've read it before that's the most frustrating bug!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:55 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Oh, yeah... the 'New' thing annoys the hell outta me.

Call me obsessive compulsive, but I want a nice clean page with no random 'New's' dotted down the list.

That also happens when someone has set their blog to 'blog reader only'.

Bah.

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:04 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah, isn't that stupid? it just continues to say new since it can never be read! amazing... there are so many broken things here

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 7:07 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

sometimes??? all the time here....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 3:47 PM
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Wednesday, June 14, 2006

Hitchhiking through Hell - concluded
Current mood: relieved
Category: Life

My wife, W-, and the woman who accompanied me on this trip - has reminded me of some things I forgot to include in this story. Plus some of your comments are prompting me to highlight a few of the special things that happened later on as well...

The first day out of Vancouver was a spectacular, hot summer's day and we weren't too bothered about getting a slow start. We have a great picture of me holding a home made sign with EAST with an arrow going through it pointing to the right. The van that finally picked us up dropped us in the centre of Kamloops toward evening and we had to walk to the outskirts to get onto the highway.

This took a while and we found that a high bank ran next to the highway on the south with the railway and the river close to it on the north, seemingly forever, so we found a spot where we could pitch the tent that was on none of those. Of course it was very close to all four! Anyway, we settled down, breathed the *ahem* fresh country air, made love as befitted such a spectacular beginning and fell asleep before midnight, which is always very unusual.

Around 3AM, we were woken by the brightest light we'd ever seen and a piercingly loud horn, both aimed straight through the opening of our tent. We lay there transfixed as this enormous train engine bore down on us at high speed and seemed as though it was going to squash us like bugs. It seemed to just miss us by millimetres and this incredibly long freight train thundered past us for, oh, about 20 minutes or so. Shit, was that ever an experience! Straight from the tranquility of perfectly silent, pitch dark wonderful sleep to like being in the bowels of hell with the earth literally bouncing us around endlessly.

When it was all over we prayed it wouldn't happen to us again and went back to sleep. Indeed all was peaceful till the morning when the rush hour traffic began. We packed up and started hitching. The pickup truck that stopped for us initially had us sit in the cab so we chatted with the driver and he told him we had been camping right there by the tracks and this huge long train came thundering by our tent in the night whereupon he just about collapsed in paroxysms of laughter. When he collected himself he said "Oh my god - that was you in the tent! I was driving that train and I saw your eyes and faces staring right at me in the headlight - I figured that must have given you the fright of your lives!"

A similar situation also happened when we disembarked from the ferry from Prince Edward Island (I had also done a sales call to the Charlottetown Festival) to Nova Scotia when the ferry captain picked us up. At one point we found ourselves camping in a field in Connecticut with police cars driving by continuously all night with their searchlights scanning the field. We knew they were paranoid of hitchers up there but that was nuts so we just slept outdoors in the bush and didn't set up the tent. In the morning after a rather disturbed sleep, we got a ride with someone who explained that there was a penitentiary right there which had a prison break the previous evening. All I can say is none of those cop cars ever saw us and we were right by the road so I doubt any of them caught the escapees. Thanks to Jen Ska for reminding me of this!

In September, the Stratford Festival had finished with the mixing desk we had built for them and I put it on a bus with myself and hauled it to New York City to demonstrate it at the Audio Engineering Society Convention. Needless to say the customs agents at Niagara Falls were speechless when I open up this huge case and said it was personal effects. It ended up getting rented to the Canadian Electronic Ensemble for their concert presentations after that.

W- had headed off to Vancouver to continue her round the world trip. But the night before she headed off, I had managed to hitch up through Timmins in northern Ontario, where I stood in a sleet storm for a whole day waiting for a ride west. As many people know, this is often a hopeless endeavour even in the summer, much less in October.

Finally, some sympathetic soul gave me a ride just as far as Longlac, where the trans Canada passenger train had a stop. So I phoned W- and asked her to wire me the \$50 necessary to take the train and then slept in the terminal overnight. She wired it but the telegraph lines went down overnight so I had to sit there and watch the train arrive then leave without me. Damn! Well, back to the highway and another pickup truck back to good old Thunder Bay! Hit the Greyhound bus depot (I had enough cash already for the bus, which was only about \$25) and meet the local freaks on the way so they invite me to their place for a couple of joints. Sweet!

Finally, on the bus heading across the prairies it starts to blizzard really heavily and I strike up a conversation with the woman sitting next to me who is heading to Calgary to meet up with her boyfriend after being away for a year. She is incredibly horny and of course I always am. As darkness falls and the bus continues to blast on down the snow laden highway, slithering to and fro, seemingly not slowing down at all and slewing wildly back and forth as the driver dodges slow cars and trucks going in both directions the two of us feel our mortality take a paradigm shift toward each other.

Finally, late at night, just after a stop in Swift Current, Saskatchewan and the last one till Calgary we know that everyone will be pretty settled in and trying to sleep. But not us. We find a lovely cozy blanket and proceed to unzip, unsnap, unhook and fondle, pinch, rub, stroke, finger, fist, lick, suck and handle virtually every place on each other's bodies that we can and still make it look like we are "___ just ___ peacefully ___ lying ___ there" [in Bill Cosby voice] to all the other passengers who happen to stumble by to the toilet occasionally. It's a reasonably successful venture and this bird's incredibly husky, sexy voice just does the trick by turning me on in the most

unbelievable fashion. Believe me, a couple of bus seats are not the greatest for sexual gratification but they are way better than the puny little toilets they have, whereas airline toilets arguably are much better.

When we get out in Calgary, I give her a hug just before her boyfriend comes and grabs her away and I slip her a business card, saying "when you're in Vancouver, please look me up" - I know, lame. Oh well, it was the end of a most amazing trip and couldn't really have ended much better. OK, it could have. But that's a story for Literary Sex, really.

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3:50 PM34 Comments(Add Comment) |32 Kudos 2 Kudos
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Previous Post: Hitchhiking through hell | Back to Blog List | Next Post: Aha!!!! Posting times for blogs bug!!

wendy

When it comes to mass transportation toilets and boinking around, I agree, airplanes are always far better than buses.

I so enjoy your stories, thank you.

Posted by wendy on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 3:31 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah! well I really wanted to take the train and it would have been easier too... plus more room and all that but it was a conspiracy and not to be! Oh well, I always try to make do with what I have. It comes from being short I think....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 3:41 PM
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wendy

Hmmm train toilets, never tried those.

Posted by wendy on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 4:06 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

the new ones are huge to accommodate wheelchairs and provide almost perfect, if not exactly sanitary, isolation and privacy for two travelers....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:38 PM

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JIM KROW

Great story, enjoyed every minute of the read.

Posted by JIM KROW on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 3:36 PM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

thank you!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 3:41 PM

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Samurai Love God

Great travel blog. I ahve to go back and read the others.

Posted by Samurai Love God on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 3:37 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

yeah! read them all. the complete set becomes a rather bizarre life.... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 3:42 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks! good thing the wife and I have an 'open' relationship - well... with conditions! more on that in the future *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:39 PM
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enrique

i once visited p.e.i. years ago
beautifulplace
those red cliffs are still burned in my memory

"movin right along
hey l.a. where have u gone?
send someone to fetch u
we're in saskatchewan"

Posted by enrique on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 4:46 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

it still is but the Confederation Bridge has made it so much more accessible to day trippers that it has lost some of its charm. It was really lovely to walk through Charlottetown on a warm day with everyone sitting out on their porch and have the traffic be so light that they all waved and said hello...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:41 PM
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OpheliaDreams

Whoo hoo
Choo choo
Great read
Ophelia

Posted by OpheliaDreams on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 4:56 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

awwww... Ophelia, you're breakin my heart ~~~~ *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:42 PM
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Karen

you have so many great stories. You really need to write a book

Posted by Karen on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 5:13 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I think this is the rough draft for it, actually *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:42 PM
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kirkin

what are the odds that the train driver would pick you up??? great story!

Posted by kirkin on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 5:39 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

nil to none! I'm amazed I forgot that part the first time - but in fact that trip still had lots of amazing parts to it that didn't really fit in here since this is the travel section. The other stories have to do with when we were semi settled in the various places we visited. Wait till the NYC episode!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:44 PM
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Wayno

I only wish my bus rides were as fruitful. Very entertaining blog!

Posted by Wayno on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 6:00 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

ah, well - it wasn't necessarily as fruitful as you might imagine. the guy sitting in the seat in front of us was intensely interested in what was going on with us and kept peeking at us between the seats. It was slightly inhibiting. And no clothes were actually shed, only loosened! LOL

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:46 PM
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P!nk

STORY TELLER OF THE YEAR! CAN I LEAVE YOUR LAP NOW???

Posted by P!nk on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 6:03 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

YOU GET BACK ON THERE! I'll let you know when I'm finished... *g* and it'll be a while...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:47 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

the silence arrived as quickly as it left and things were again very peaceful. we did discuss moving the tent but we were tired and there really wasn't anywhere to go so just left it to fate... you can read the other blogs to catch up now *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:49 PM
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COLUMBIA

Great Story!

Posted by *COLUMBIA* on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 8:50 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks... pass it along to your readers if you want... *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:49 PM

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FrakAttack

Got me thinking of that movie 'Planes, Trains and Automobiles' just now. The guy peeking between the seats wasn't Steve Martin, was it? Busted!

Posted by FrakAttack on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 4:03 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

all I could see was his eyeball so hard to say!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 4:19 AM

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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

Sounds like you made the most of your Greyhound bus experience there

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:30 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

nahhhh... if I had done that, it would be another three blogs worth!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:42 AM

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You are a fine blogger and you paint a vivid picture. I am reading tons of good blogs today and I don't know if it is because I feel "refreshed" after a day off or if everyone has just been doing their best work all of a sudden. Either way keep up the good work.

Posted by on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 9:17 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

thank you very much! I look forward to more praise *g* glad you had a nice break...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 2:38 PM
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What an amazing adventure. I came in at the end, but it was still a good read. Thanks.

Posted by on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 5:47 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

the first part was just a couple of blogs ago plus there are some other good stories before that if you want some more fun!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 16, 2006 - 7:40 AM
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Wednesday, June 14, 2006

Hitchhiking through hell
Current mood: satisfied
Category: Life

Around this time of day way too many profiles are down for 'maintenance' (what does that mean? they remove anything they don't approve of??) so it's a good time to write a quicky about hitch hiking. This was prompted by Kevitron's great blog I just pimped (oohhh my first pimp!)

In June 1972, we had just produced some sound equipment for the Stratford Festival in Ontario and they invited me to come and see the shows and meet with them any time that summer. The problem was they were 2500 miles away and I had a Jaguar which I knew wouldn't make it to the end of the Fraser Valley. So my lady and I decided to hitch there and then perhaps continue on as long as the impulse took us. This proved to be an excellent choice since we ended up traveling with our little tent all over that summer, making it to Nova Scotia and New York City at the extremes and staying with friends in between camping, finally returning in October.

It didn't start off too badly except it took most of the day just to get out of Vancouver and the first ride we got was in a van with no seats, no windows and a whole bunch of other hitchhikers falling all over each other. Then it was a pickup truck. At least it was warm that day but they did take a 3 hours side trip to a lake. Oh well, you take what you can get. Then, as the sun was setting in Revelstoke, a United Van Lines semi pulled over for us. We hopped into the cab and it slowly headed off up into the Rockies. The driver was a pretty chatty guy and started to tell us his life story as a truck driver, which seemed like a fairly interesting one. He was also drinking something out of a bottle.

When he finished his bottle, he pulled over in the next rest stop and invited us to check out his rig.

He opened up the trailer and there, quite handy, was a proper little drinks cabinet all strapped in and ready for action. He opened it up and offered us a drink. My lady didn't take him up on it and gave me quite the look. I looked at how dark it was outside and how deserted the road was and figured that if he had made it to this point in this condition and had still been driving professionally all his life we were probably fairly safe. But I also figured it would be easier to experience if I were drunk too. So I accepted his offer of some Gordon's and soda.

As we drove and drank, he regaled us with more of his truck driving stories and the night wore on. I was getting nicely drunk now but was certainly staying fully alert! He drove a mean semi - right up and over the Rockies on the two lane road that masqueraded as the Trans-Canada highway. It didn't start getting real scary until we stopped for a refill right at the top and started down the long eastern slope. I noticed that he made his drinks stronger than mine and had much more of it than I did but also knew how pissed I was and that there was no frickin way I would be able to drive in that condition. But he assured us all was ok and he was very familiar with the road.

Then he started to tell us the story of when he used to drive tanker. And when a full one went out of control on a very hot day going down a very steep hill because the brakes failed and the trailer fishtailed right off the road and exploded in a mass of flames. I did a quick checklist. We were going fast - check. Going down a long steep hill - check. It was night and cool - no check. We were deadheading - no check. No problem! Then he started to go faster. So fast in fact that he didn't really bother trying to stay on the right side of the road. After all, it was really curvy and it was kind of hard to follow all those bends precisely and there was almost no other traffic on the road. Right. I just concentrated hard on the white line and told him if it seemed like he was moving to one side of it or the other. We basically roared down the Rockies all the way to Calgary in the middle of the road. My partner's eyes were frozen wide open.

He slowed down a bit when we got on the level because the truck just didn't have the poop in it, thank god, and he took us to the other side of town and dropped us as the sun was coming up. We were exhausted and I was sloshed so we pitched the tent and slept by the side of the road for a while. We didn't have sex as I recall - it was all just a bit too distracting. Later in the morning we packed up and started hitching again. We were on the prairies now and got picked up by a bible thumper who got upset that we weren't married but traveled nervously with him for several hours.

The next guy who picked us up was driving a nice Volvo and seemed like a really great guy. This was going to be much better! He drove like a bat out of hell which was fine with me and started talking. It turned out he was from Edmonton and was heading back to his parents in Toronto. He said we could go all the way with him which was great. Then he started telling what had just happened to him. He was happily shacked up with his girlfriend and came home one day unexpectedly and found her with another guy, in bed. He grabbed the guy and threw him through the third story window. He didn't stick around to find out what condition the guy was in. He was pretty disturbed about it all and had been driving for most of a day already.

We tried to talk to him more about what his actions might lead to and how best to deal with it was but he was determined to get to Toronto and of course, selfishly, we were prepared to help him get there. But he wanted to do it without stopping. After another day of driving he had no sleep for almost 36 hours and we were talking to him continuously and occasionally shouting and punching him to wake him up. He wouldn't let me drive and we finally talked him into pulling over in Thunder Bay in a remote dead end road and sleeping for a while. He slept in the car then suddenly woke up and made us break camp in a rush, throwing it all in the car.

When we got to Toronto, he dropped us in the park in Etobicoke in the middle of the night and we set up the tent and fell fast asleep again. We were woken up by children playing around us in the playground. We had overslept and the parents tried to ignore us as we packed up and headed off. We finally made it to Stratford and set up the tent down at the far end of the lake, away from the

Festival, next to the cadets' boathouse, which seemed not to be in use at that time. We stayed there a week while we saw all the shows and met with the people who had ordered the equipment and, fortunately, were quite happy with it. Some sales followup trip this had been so far!

Thank god the rest of the trip was more uneventful than the first leg had been....

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4:35 AM 37 Comments(Add Comment) | 38 Kudos 2 Kudos

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wendy

The rest of the trip must have been rather boring after that.

Oh, and by the by, its "special" maintenance....sounds rather ominous that way doesn't it, puts me in mind of pod people.

Posted by wendy on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 4:56 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

oh yeah, "special" maintenance - ain't that special!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 1:51 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

there were a few highlights but nothing quite as dramatic as these - mainly to do with weirdos who picked us up and strange places we ended up camping, like the middle of a traffic circle in Niagara Falls, NY. Perhaps one or two more blogs worth. Certainly nothing earthshaking *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 5:16 AM

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Stephanie

I'd be terrified to try hitchhiking. Back then everyone did it, though, didn't they?

Posted by Stephanie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 6:58 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

I suspect more hitchhikers were killed by drunk drivers than serial killers - I can testify that possibility existed!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 1:40 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

certainly not everyone - it was a distinct minority in fact, especially where women were concerned. Ah this reminds me of a lovely lady hitch hiker I picked up in Portland, OR once who flirted with me really hard until I told her I already had a wonderful lady.... these days as you know it hardly ever happens but then it was a great way to get around if you were willing to put up with the weirdos.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 7:52 AM

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COLUMBIA

Great story!

Posted by *COLUMBIA* on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 7:49 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks.... I was looking forward to telling this one and trying to figure out how to make it funnier but it has little in it that was funny ..

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 7:53 AM

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enrique

different time that was
when all things seemed easier
gentler

we know better now
kind of

great story
thanx for sharing

Posted by enrique on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 8:56 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

the world is a meaner and more dangerous place now - it has grown up I guess - in a way but with the extra responsibility we shoulder we must also be harder....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 9:03 AM
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P!nk

LET HELL BE! HEY BRUCEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!

Posted by P!nk on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 9:10 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I thinks this genuinely makes me BRUCE FROM HELL!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 9:22 AM
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Joy

Hee hee I'm sure more businesses wish they could send their salesmen on the road like that...No frills. At all..

Posted by Joy on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:32 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah I'll bet they do - Not! Actually I was and still am the owner of the company - and have always been the chief bottle washer and bog cleaner (I don't do cooking). And have sent many salesmen on the road since then - not hitch but damned close sometimes... def no frills *G*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 1:39 PM
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Miss Polly Prissy Pants

So, after reading all about this wonderfully witty story about your experience, I can't help to shake the fact that a guy was thrown out a three-story window. I am about to google and see if he lived...:-)

Posted by Miss Polly Prissy Pants on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:52 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah that's something I always wondered about that too. It would have been around the beginning to middle of June, 1972 in a small town near Edmonton, Alberta. Let us know...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 1:43 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

and that actually happened later on this trip! update on its way.... thanks for reminding me

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 1:32 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

ahhhhhh... "you don't know what you're missing!" but stick around and I'll tell you more so you can experience it vicariously... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 1:34 PM
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~Jean~

Great story! I remember my first and last hitchhiking experience. This was when I was in Lancaster. My friend and I got stranded in the city centre (we didn't read the bus schedule well) and tried to hitchhike! Of course, nobody wanted to pick us up. Heavily wrapped with thick winter clothes, we probably didn't look 2 harmless little Asian women almost dying in the cold! They were more scared of us than we were of the idea of hitchhiking! Fortunately, a kind soul in a nearby convenient store (I mean, shop, lol!) offered to give us a ride back to the university after checking our student ID's!!! After that experience, I promised myself that, unless I had a sure ride, I'd never ever venture out in the winter!

To this day, snow and winter still scare me (although hitchhiking is far more scary!)! And, now I live in Nebraska!

Posted by ~Jean~ on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 1:14 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

we hitched from Edinburgh to London in November and it was damn cold! decided never to do that again, for sure! and the above trip to the East ended its hitch hiking portion in northern ontario in freezing weather. There was a bit more excitement even after I gave up hitching after waiting all day for a ride and finally switching to the bus. all this now needs another blog to fill in the gaps... thanks to everyone for their great prompts here...!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 1:50 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

ahhh.. you know it?? you know the river? the swans? the boat shed? you can see where our tent pegs went?? sweet....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 3:25 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

ahhhh.. Good!! we tried to fill those divots back in *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:35 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

thank YOU! pass it along if you like it...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 10:36 PM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

I used to hitch a lot when I was a young woman... It's funny how the people who pick you up almost always seem to be of a similar breed.... Something is just not.. quite right...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 2:48 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

hmmmm... that's true... but I used to pick people up all the time so what does that say about me???

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 3:30 AM
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FrakAttack

Funny you should get picked up by a drunken truck driver. Most of the long-haul truckers I've known were speed addicts. Maybe it's a Canadian thing. Good story, eh!

Posted by FrakAttack on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 3:51 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

that's kind of what I was expecting - speed, I mean! thanks...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 4:18 AM
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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

Wow...what an adventure! Sounds really tiring but exciting too.

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:25 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

it was unique - that's for certain

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 6:29 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

I'd say neither brave nor silly - try 'stupid' Hmmm.. "ex" father-in-law eh?could his cheekiness have any relation to the exness? can you get him to do a blog? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 19, 2006 - 5:07 AM

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Wednesday, June 14, 2006

A good hitchhiking blog

Current mood: mellow

Category: Blogging

Here's a great blog about hitch hiking by the Kevitron: <http://blog.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=blog.view&friendID=62359707&blogID=132532276&Mytoken=CA403B7D-5935-400E-9E0B636AB2942DC4520616812>

I've got a bunch of those coming up too, when I manage to make it into the 70s and I write about hitching across North America - and back!

2:45 AM 4 Comments(Add Comment) | 4 Kudos 2 Kudos

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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

I'm on a memory tangent now... but having trouble with the triggers...

It all comes back when I have one...

I hitchhiked a lot when I was younger, but it was always surprisingly drama free...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 3:01 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

drama free? oh, wait till you read what I'm writing now LOL!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 3:13 AM
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P!nk

FUNNNNNYYYYYYYYY! Thanks, Brucey!

Posted by P!nk on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 4:42 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah, hitch hiking is such a totally random experience! now check out my shit...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 4:48 AM
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Tuesday, June 13, 2006

Validating the missionary position
Current mood: weird
Category: Life

Those of you who read one of my earliest blogs know what a fucked up family I come from, pre 1900. Well here's some of what happened subsequent to that. My maternal grandfather graduated as a medical doctor in his late 20s from the University of Pittsburgh, late in the 1800s. He was getting prepared to go to China as a christian medical missionary, so he figured he should get married before he went. Probably a good move in case he met some enticing Chinese woman he couldn't resist. He was practicing in Pittsburgh at the time and knew a few nice ladies - some of them were even his patients.

Specifically, he knew a lovely young girl who was 16 that he fancied a fair amount. Her parents were a bit skeptical about this guy who was almost twice her age, though, and he really had to prove he was serious and not just a perv. That took a while. But they were finally married when she was 17 or so and they prepared to head off to China on the great quest. They went with all the blessings

of the community, apparently. His pictures show them as a lovely couple. He only looked slightly supercilious.

When they arrived in that big bad backward land where impressionist painting had been popular for years already, the shock obviously hit home fairly quickly. Well, that or just the fact that it was absolutely de rigueur that 'white people' must always keep a small band of servants employed in their relatively palatial residence to help out the local economy. Doctor and Mrs certainly believed that was the case and the wifey discovered the joys of being waited on hand and foot, quickly becoming ever such the delicate little thing.

So delicate in fact that she rarely left her bed and never ventured outdoors. That was probably just a bit too scary for her, no matter how you sliced it. But that was ok because the good doctor used to spend lots of time in the bedroom with her. So much in fact that over the next number of years, they had whole bunch of kids. And then their 'tour of duty' was over and they moved to Tacoma, where the missus suddenly discovered that coming back didn't magically make her want to get out of bed.

So the good doctor employed live in housekeepers and nursemaids to take care of things for them there - cooking, bathing the kids, cleaning, shopping and all those wonderful things most people do for themselves. But that didn't stop the kids arriving - oh, no. One of them was my mother who, as I mentioned already, will be the subject of several future blogs.

Others included an uncle who is still alive and writing the second volume of his memoirs - I'm helping him assemble it for self publication. This uncle was quite a remarkable guy, being a professor of several subjects and Appalachian trail guide until he was in his mid 80s. He also married two different women who ended up being committed permanently to mental hospitals and he flirted with homosexuality - obviously nothing wrong with that!

Another uncle was a pretty remarkable guy, too, but perhaps even a bit quirkier. He believed that genetic selection could produce superior children and he chose his wife almost exclusively on that basis alone. Then to make sure she couldn't refuse, he had a large hiking party climb Mount Rainier ostensibly for a 'day outing' but when they got to the top, he produced a ring, a minister and a large bell to seal the union. Lord help her if she refused at that point! Their kids were nice enough but not remarkable and the marriage didn't last in the end. In fact, he was a medical doctor and had an affair with a patient in the 50s (sound familiar?) and she had his kid. It was the worst kept secret in the whole town of Claremont since the kid was the spitting image of the Doc. Later, she ended up leaving her husband and living with the Doc's oldest son and, illogically, the Doc got quite pissed off about this.

The youngest child became a swami in the Vedanta religion after his youthful days of sexual indiscretion. All the kids were pretty religious, with many of them becoming missionaries like their parents. One aunt went so far as to marry another missionary in China and only discovered he was an opium addict and completely useless afterward but she stuck with him through thick and thin. She also looked after her mother, the 'invalid' for 30 years after the head of the family, my illustrious grandfather, died falling down the cellar stairs. An autopsy actually determined, however that he was about to croak from massive failure of internal organs anyway. Hmmmmmm.

Well, that's a sort of a quick snapshot of a very complicated family, most the descendants of which are still alive so I won't go into more detail at this point! All of the things I've talked about above are public knowledge and the people involved have also talked about them in their own memoirs. My parents are not living any more so I will talk more about them since they were the 'black sheep' of their families. Stand by....

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12:47 PM33 Comments(Add Comment) |32 Kudos 2 Kudos

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Bruce Bloggie

no you're not!! oh, I give up keeping track...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 1:49 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

sheesh! you must have! that was fast.... and you're back to your regular name...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 1:48 PM

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Joy

Your family sounds a lot like mine...we could be long-lost relations!

Posted by Joy on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 2:25 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

we could be but you're not the first to make that kind of comment over the years! I do have an online family tree with over 2600 individuals in it, dating back to 500 BCE so if you do yours, we may well intersect somewhere! in fact we probably will. better not get married to me, eh? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 2:33 PM

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°♥°Flirty°♥°

Are you from Arkanas? Just joking!!!

Posted by °♥°Flirty°♥° on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 2:38 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I'm from all over the fucking place! so many I can't really keep track... must be trying to escape all those women trying to track me down!! xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:19 PM
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Joy

LOL Like Screamin' Jay Hawkins?

Posted by Joy on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 10:52 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

hmmm... almost! LOL

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 11:54 PM
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cheerful in reston

I was thinking Colorado I think its the water there.

Posted by cheerful in reston on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:03 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

read the earlier blogs... I'm actually pretty specific about geographical locations of all the usual

suspects - but that still doesn't really help much. Or at least it didn't help me.... xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:21 PM

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wendy

What a fascinating (sp?) family; brings back memories of my own, just ever so slightly dysfunctional (but beautiful one) one. Thanks for the memories.

Posted by wendy on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:46 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

yep, fascinating is only the beginning! dysfunctional is not even close to the end! weird is what it is....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 4:11 PM

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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

I'm impressed you have such detailed knowledge of your forefathers, so to speak...

Really, I am. I've been meaning to get stories like this out of mine on record for some time. I was even thinking of starting a business out of it....

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 4:01 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

history is a bit of a passion with my family. my father tried to investigate his genealogy and travelled across the continent to do so to his total dismay (read the earlier blog..) and my maternal side had a book written about its history, going back almost to the Mayflower and into its English history. Very useful. Plus all the memories of the the uncles, aunts and seemingly hundreds of cousins.... good luck though when you start your business! there's lot of info out there on the web...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 4:09 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

I think all families are basically fucked - and if they don't seem to be, then you will find all sorts of skeletons in the closet!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 11:58 PM

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The Kevitron XR-138

It's cool that you know so much about your freaked out family. The stories of my ancestors got lost in the shuffle.

Posted by The Kevitron XR-138 on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 6:57 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

well, that happened to the whole paternal side of my family too - check out the first episode I wrote last week...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 11:52 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

well, if you look like that and your name is Lisa, they've probably disowned you by now... just joking...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 12:00 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

you are very lucky then!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 1:25 AM

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Lauren

I love your family. What a great bunch of lunatics! Wonderful tales. You are so fortunate to

have such a wealth of information available to you. Thanks for sharing them; I look forward to the next installment.

Posted by Lauren on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 4:37 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks! writing about my experiences is something I've been planning to do for a very long time. and it's nice to have started properly now. I find myself constantly going over in my mind all the wonderful tales I have to tell and trying to decide what to talk about next.... argghhh.. the agony of it all!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 4:42 AM
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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

Your grandmother was a professional baby maker it seems

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 5:15 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep, I think she was. I did get to know her and she survived to her mid 80s so she obviously suffered no ill effects from being an "invalid" and she was the most demanding person in a very gentle and ever-so-pleasant way that you could imagine. She lived her last 30 years or so in a rest home, being waited on hand and foot, as per usual... her kids had very little respect for her but still felt compelled to kowtow to her and look after her and one aunt basically devoted much of her later life in looking after her needs. sheesh....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 5:21 AM
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Bren

Made me think of this favorite quotation:

Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.
~ Leo Tolstoy, Anna Karenina, Chapter 1, first line, Russian mystic & novelist (1828 - 1910)

Posted by Bren on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 6:23 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

hmmmm... not sure if I really subscribe to the first part but sure do the second!!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 6:32 AM

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I wish I knew half the things baout my family as you do about yours. Your writing style is amazing, also.

Sorry it took me so long to make it here. I can't wait for more.

Posted by on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 8:34 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

thank you so much! I have been wanting to do this for a long time and have so much to say... I hope I continue to entertain...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 9:01 AM

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mmm!

Wow! I'm speachless-except to say I'm speachless, of course!

Posted by mmm! on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 11:27 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

I hope it doesn't make you that way for long! I really like your blogs *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 14, 2006 - 1:31 PM

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Monday, June 12, 2006

Backstage virgin sex - or - "I did not have sexual relations with that woman"

Current mood: pensive

Category: Life

OK, so now we've firmly determined that penetration is required for loss of virginity. That definitely means that I was still a virgin in 1965 when I did something rather racy with a girl backstage at the Circle Theatre in Carmel. But you, the audience are now going to have to tell me what exactly that would be called. It wasn't sex. It wasn't dry humping. It wasn't cunnilingus. It wasn't groping or fingering. But was it an impeachable offense? Got your curiosity?

I volunteered at this community theatre along with a whole bunch of other people, young and old and everything in between because we all loved to perform. Right. Perform in more ways than one most of the time. Backstage could be pretty racy, especially in the costume 'vault' where the lights were usually out and the rows of clothes provided some camouflage as well. But this story didn't even depend on that environment.

There was a lovely girl who seemed to fancy me who worked as a costume assistant most of the time - so that meant I, as a sound designer, was with her a lot in the green room which adjoined the booth and the vault. I thought she was cute - certainly her body type was very much what I liked, being slender and small featured. Now that last phrase in this case meant not only tiny tits but those kind of legs that sort of bow outward as they join the hips. Her personality was not exactly my optimum taste but she was always a treat to look at and work with.

In fact I'm going to go into a little swoon here now as I describe what defines the sexiest look in the whole world - in my own unique personal opinion, of course. There is absolutely nothing sexier than a woman whose legs don't actually close the gap between them right where her crotch is defined - even when her feet are together. Oh boy, that little gap is just so sensational. And she had it. Whew, I was at that point in my life determined not to get involved with anyone because it was just too damned complicated dealing with my mother's questions, my father criticisms and any potential amour's home life as well. So I didn't really take any cues she was sending.

Except this one night I was really tired. I had been working hard during the week at an after school job (I was 15 and she was probably 17) and doing technical rehearsals late into the night at the theatre so was getting a maximum of about four hours sleep a night. And this show did not require a lot of work on the part of either of us. There were only armless chairs in the green room and no sofa to lie down on so she suggested that I could lie down fairly comfortably by putting a couple of chairs together side by side and lying across them. And she wanted to sit in the third chair so I could put my head on her lap as a cushion.

Oh my god. My head went down in her lap. Not face down of course - that would have been a bit much. But she opened her legs slightly and I lay the back of my head right in that delicious triangular gap and she made sure it nestled right down in a very comfortable fashion. Yep, the top of my head was now pressing nice and firmly against her pussy and I could easily feel her adjusting things so it pressed in right at the best points. And then she opened her legs a bit more and leaned back a bit more and let my head settle down just a bit more for extra measure.

I lay there adjusting my head for maximum 'comfort' for a few moments and then I felt her start to move against me. Very gently and very slowly, almost imperceptably to anyone else in the room, but I sure felt it. And then I started to move my head against her movements, also very slowly and imperceptably but most definitely and with considerable pressure against her pussy lips - or rather, against the crotch of her pants. We both knew how much time we had before either of us had to do

anything related to the show and it was about 15 minutes or so. That was probably enough time to do the job so we proceeded to do just that. People passed through the room and smiled at us. We smiled back.

She most definitely got off and of course I had a very pleasurable experience but not too much happened for me really other than blue balls, an incredible stiffy held in by my pants (which I'm sure she noticed) and a whole bunch of precum. It was ok as far as I was concerned. I was still a virgin, right? A few days later she invited me to come over to her house to teach her how to drive a stick shift. I had just got a new car and she figured she needed to know how to handle one of those knobbly thingies - on the car that is.

So I arrived at the appointed time and discovered I was being set up, which was ok I guess - after all, I always kept a single condom hidden inside the spring held horn button right in the middle of the steering wheel - just in case! Her parents had gone out for the evening and she was alone. Yep, all by herself. So I got right to work! We went out in the car for the first lesson. I drove and showed her how to do it then she got in the driver's seat and ground the gears a few times. We figured that was all that was necessary for the first time and went back to the house.

She turned down the lights and put on some music. The sofa was comfy. We settled in and had some pop I think. I certainly was drinking alcohol at theatre parties then but her parents didn't give her the run of the liquor cabinet - or at least that's how it seemed. We started to chat. It was not that easy. She was, as I said before, not really my type other than physically. I put my arm around her. The earth moved.

No literally! There was right at that moment an enormous earthquake. The glasses in the cupboards clanked, the house rumbled, we felt quite uneasy and the chandelier, still dimmed, rocked back and forth. This seemed to be either a remarkable portent for an extremely rockin time to be had or else it could have been an omen. We discussed the significance of this event for a few minutes and regrouped after making sure nothing in the house was damaged. She showed me her extremely well turned out bedroom, all ready for action in the process.

Then just as we were about to restart the proceedings, she heard her parents driving in the driveway and totally freaked. She grabbed me, pushed me down so they couldn't see me and made me crawl to the front door and escape as fast as I could. I think I actually peeled out of there. On the way home, I reviewed how this was a classic violation of my rules at the time: no getting involved while I was living with my parents and not my own boss. No getting involved with girls in the same position. It was just way too weird, too much of a hassle and just plain not worth it. It's also why I never went to school functions of any type. We never tried it again and she never said anything about it. She had a boyfriend a little while later and they got married and were quite happy last I heard.

There were some older women who worked at the theatre who would have qualified but of course I didn't. Well, all that completely sucked. I felt very sorry for myself but figured that the earthquake just proved itself to be the omen I had suspected. Besides, there was enough action on the part of others there at the theatre that I could sort of live vicariously through them, though my parents always kind of wondered if I was gay - till I brought my first serious girl friend home from university. But then that's another blog....!

So now back to the question at hand. Was that back-of-head dry-pussy-grinding action an indictable offense? Did it qualify as sex? Or maybe a sexual act? What name would you give it? Does it sound hot? Do you recommend it to others? thanks in advance....

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11:59 AM57 Comments(Add Comment) |53 Kudos 2 Kudos

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I wouldn't consider it sex.. but it definitely sounds hot... from my end anyway.

~2

Posted by on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 1:21 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

well it was certainly hot all right...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 1:32 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

well at least I was normal in some respect then!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 1:33 PM

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Joy

Its called frottage. I used to do it a lot when I was a kid and was just figuring out stuff felt good.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frottage>

Posted by Joy on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 1:29 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

cool! thanks...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 1:34 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

oh, yes. it took over 2 years to fix that, very imperfectly...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 1:35 PM
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Kristen

Holy shit - I can't believe I've been missing out on your blogs for so long! I'm going to have to try "that back-of-head dry-pussy-grinding action" next time I find a willing boy (or girl...heh).

Can we go all the way next time? Heh.

Posted by Kristen on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 2:07 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I'd love to go "all the way" with you but it sounds like you'll need a new pair of pants afterward!
g

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 2:21 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

ah, I know that's your church and your religion! praise the lord of small mercies! but I know people are going to be unmerciful over why i was unable to see what was literally staring me in the face!! do you have a penance I can do that will redeem me in the eyes of the lord?? will it secure me a place in heaven (or hell, whatever...)??? tell me more, oh one!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 2:37 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

ahhhhh.... but this was all very long ago! I have no irrational fears and no predicaments now! although I suspect you might And I sure get plenty nowadays....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 2:47 AM
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The Kevitron XR-138

I don't think you're gonna get impeached for letting some chick hump the back of your head. She, on the other hand, had an orgasm by skullfucking you. And for that, sir, she will certainly feel mildly uncomfortable in Heck. I would've gotten into it when I was 15. Hell, I'd let her do it right now.

Posted by The Kevitron XR-138 on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 2:43 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep. sounds pretty good eh? but I still think she got the sweeter deal! so why will she feel uncomfortable in Heck? I think she was basically a nice horny lady who just wasn't for me but took what opportunities she could and taught me a bit at the same time. And that's really what it's all about - learning *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 2:48 PM
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Thumb

I would say it puts an interesting twist on giving head

Posted by Thumb on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 3:00 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

certainly one way to put it!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 3:01 PM
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Reminds me of when I was in 7th grade and used to cross my legs in class and move one up and down. I had many an orgasm in 2nd period choir, with my unsuspecting classmates sitting all around me.....never thought to invite one of them to nestle thier head there though...maybe I should have.

So, when are you going to submit a story to me, Mr. Bruce? It seems you have enough experience to draw from...and I'm sure your imagination isn't lacking.

Posted by on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 3:02 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

hmmmm.... nice invite... I will work on that when I dry here LOL. I'm enjoying yours - isn't there a next episode overdue now? I did soooo enjoy the first one... A fine lady friend who will be the subject of many future blogs of mine now tells me how she is able to bring herself to orgasm within 2 minutes anytime anywhere these days. And when I knew her she was frigid! sheesh... will wonders never cease! but self love can also go too far and she still has had no luck in love..... ah well....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 3:06 PM
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Sassafrass

WoW...that's.....ummm.....interesting.....

Posted by Sassafrass on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 3:10 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

only 'interesting' ahhhhhhh!!! I have failed....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:17 AM
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I would call it "good luck" punctuated by an earth quake.

Posted by on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 4:13 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

oh, not at all! it would have been good luck if there had been no earthquake... the earthquake cancelled any luck to be had - or rather, turned it from potentially good to bad. I often wonder what might have happened if the earthquake had not happened and am convinced things would have been very different! perhaps even a major life change, although there was still the fact that she was not basically my type and we had the whole parental thing to deal with plus the first one is never the last but it might possibly have allowed us to get beyond the virgin thing a lot sooner! oh well.. we'll never know....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 2:53 AM

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kirkin

I would say not sex but definitely a sexual act... and I have no clue whatsoever to call it..... It does sound hot though!!

Posted by kirkin on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 4:19 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

I guess we'll just call it hot then! xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 5:36 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

sorry... was it too long? I do tend to be wordy sometimes... things will probably be a bit shorter from now on.. I recommend not holding your breath during the entire read next time!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:19 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

ummmm.... "light" petting? it was pretty intense and focused according to the feelings on the top of my head! I didn't realise my skull had such sensor capabilities! LOL ohhhh... you mean the petting you did while reading it??? I'm very disappointed that you only got warm and tingly in that case then! *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:14 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I try to use my brain effectively all the time - this was the first time its container came in just as handy *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 5:38 AM
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Hezzy4.

My, oh my, my, my...

Posted by Hezzy4. on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 5:45 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

your what????? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:16 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

hmmmmm... don't know what an SME is... can you enlighten me? but comments don't require knowledge - in fact it's usually the exact opposite and I use the ability to comment to ask more questions when I need clarification... my blogs make you blush, eh? well that's a start for sure!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:22 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

thanks very much... and everything I write about here is absolutely true and almost slavishly so

since I'm trying not to embellish at all. It's tough sometimes to remember every single detail correctly from 40 years ago but that's what's happening.. Blushing is fine too though - I still do it!
xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 5:40 AM
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enrique

hot?
mos def

sexual act?
probably not
maybe not even foreplay
tho definitely worth trying out

the best part is that u did it in public
whatever "it" was

extra kudos to the baby seal killer
for pimping u

Posted by enrique on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 6:06 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

oh yes, doing it public was probably the most definitive part of this whole thing. obviously if it had been in private, things would have (hopefully) been quite different! many of the more adventurous at the theatre retreated into the vault to pursue their interests and some of them actually had an audience in there who could hear but not see since the lights were usually out...

and it's great to have people pimp me - thanks for that! knowing people are reading and enjoying is always nice!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:26 AM
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IT WAS FOREPLAY! WHICH IS part of sex! you had partial sex!

Posted by on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 7:16 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

mmmm.... which part would that be then? if she came, was it just foreplay? curious minds always want to know...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:27 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

hmmm. interesting that there are some these days who work themselves up to sex slowly - it probably has a lot to do with STDs and HIV and all that stuff that makes sex so complicated now. I'm afraid that by the time I met my partner, four years after this event, I was frequently fucking on the first meeting (not 'date'). I know... how shallow - but it worked for us better than you might imagine but, yes it all feels very good no matter how you slice it!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:32 AM

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This is my first blog I've read by you and you definately got my attention. I look forward to reading much more. I have despensed with the stars but will comment when I can and recommend you when you do particularly strong work.

Posted by on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 7:42 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks very much! I've been blogging for just over a week and probably some of the strongest ones have already been posted so you might want to backtrack a bit. After all, there is a limit to the range of real life experiences, which is what this is all based on...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:34 AM

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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Frottage.. yes... how lovely...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 12:12 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

yes, that's an interesting definition on Wikipedia - I currently have over a hundred pages on my watchlist there and am considering whether to add that one!! *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:35 AM

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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

I think you should add anything you feel the need to add...

It's not a term I'm unfamiliar with...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 2:59 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

then you should add anything you feel it needs! we'll work on it together ok? mmm... I mean, well, either one really *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:14 PM

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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

I've never heard of this form of sex before, but if it made you happy then all is good

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 6:07 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

well, I'd never heard of before either! and that's why I figured it might be interesting to blog about... *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 6:15 AM

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Alice In Blunderland

hmm, its not really a sex actr, nor is an offense. chalk it up to just one of those things?? But youve given me an idea.....

Posted by Alice In Blunderland on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 6:26 AM
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You've led a very....unique....life Bruce.
Steve~

Posted by on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 8:57 AM
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Not sex. Definately a sexual act though. It does sounds hot though. Thanks for inviting me to your blog. Great read!

~Angela

Posted by on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 12:24 PM
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FrakAttack

The "incredible stiffy" !?! He's my favorite comic book superhero!

Posted by FrakAttack on Thursday, June 15, 2006 - 3:29 AM
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Sunday, June 11, 2006

Did I lose my virginity or not?
Current mood: naughty
Category: Life

So is it possible to partially lose one's virginity? I think maybe so, depending. Bear with me on this one, please. In September 1968, I had the lease on a two bedroom apartment in Berkeley and had to

get some roommates so started interviewing them. The way we were going to work this was the way we did it the year before: two would share the big bedroom and one would have the small one to themselves, each for one of the three regular quarters of the school year. I quickly found my first roommate, Gene, a nuclear physicist and now medical research doctor who is still a friend I stay in fairly regular touch with.

But the next person was harder to find. It's possible that the problem may have been Gene, who was a bit weirder than I was. I know, hard to believe but true! He wasn't as weird as my professional gambler civil engineer or drug dealer roommates I had previously and subsequently but he was kind of scary, with a rather piercing look and a tendency to ask personal questions. Anyway, we ended up finally having Margaret from Illinois move in with us and she got the room by herself to start with.

Margaret was also a student of course, but she was a freshman and wasn't really too focused yet. Also she was in therapy and went to San Francisco for regular sessions with her shrink, Denny Zeitlin. Yes, the jazz musician was also a shrink. He also ended up giving me some advice later on about how to avoid the draft because I believed I was psychologically unfit for the army.

Anyway, Margaret was fairly open to me about why she was undergoing therapy - after I bugged her for a while. It turned out that she was frigid. She was other things too, but that part was the most interesting. After discussing the pros and cons of frigidity one evening over a bottle of wine, she and I decided that maybe we needed to really see if she was. Now at this point, I was 18 and still technically a virgin. Technically because I had neither got my dick near another person nor had I actually consciously stimulated myself to climax yet.

This may require a little explanation. I had certainly had extremely graphic wet dreams since puberty (I was a late bloomer so that was around 12-13 according to my diaries which had code words on the subject in them) and many times woke up bathed in a sticky mess and my dreams had no lack of graphic sex with women in them. But... I was extremely poorly educated on the subject of the actual physics of the act and way back then there was absolutely no information given out about masturbation. School taught all about normal sex between men and women but of course anything further was never mentioned. So I actually didn't realize it was possible to get oneself off without dreaming about it or really doing it. You could also say I was pretty unimaginative in that area. Others called me a dork.

So here I was with Margaret, who had a rather classic frigidity problem and me who had never done anything like this before and didn't really have the first clue as to how to do it. The subject of funny blogs I guess! To top it off, we really didn't fancy each other that much and it was kind of reciprocal pity sex in a way. I mean we were both young and horny and were basically attracted to each other but neither of us had ever cum while awake before. This was acknowledged by each of us before we actually tried to do anything, which was actually somewhat beneficial I think.

"You know I've never done this before" I said

"You mean you're a virgin?" she asks?

"Yep - I don't actually know how to do it"

Now at this point she kind of gets a gleam in her eye and starts to think that this might be quite an interesting conquest for her. And I'm seeing it as an opportunity to find out what the fuck it's all about. Stuff of a perfect relationship for sure. So we go into her room and remove our clothes. She gets into bed and I squeeze in next to her. At least I have a raging hard on - never had a problem with that! So I ask what to do first. She says, start to finger me and get me wet. So I start to finger her. She doesn't get wet. After quite a while she still isn't wet. She's familiar with this problem so

she now inserts her diaphragm and spreads some spermicidal jelly around the opening.

OK! So now we're ready for action! I ask what to do now. She says get on top of her and stick it in. I move around and note the bed is a better size for two people on top of each other than two people next to each other. Bonus! I sort of maneuver around and without her assistance except for spreading her legs I try to slide it in. It's not very easy to do. I ask how exacty to do this. She sighs. She says just push harder. So push harder. A lot harder. I ask if I can put some of that lube stuff on my dick. She gives it to me and I slather it up pretty completely. That should do it. Now my hands are goopy. I go get some toilet paper and wipe them off.

Back to it! So I get down again and this time I manage to push that sucker home. Then we are lying there. I ask what to do now. She says start moving. I start wiggling. Then I apply some knowledged of physics and realize that the only real direction of movement that seems logical is the old in and out. So I move in and out. She lies there. I do this for, oh, about 45 minutes. Finally I ask what's supposed to happen now. She says she doesn't really know - that it's always sort of been like this for her previously and never got much further.

So I say I don't think anything is happening and we decide that's enough for now and I get off. Afterward, while I'm on my own I ponder the situation and figure it's good to have had the first lesson with someone who at least knows basically what the moves are but that we may need a bit more information the next time. I soon move into the room with Margaret and we repeat this process several more times before we give up and I go back to my shared room with Gene. Sometimes we try it in the car down in Big Sur for the stimulation of being out in the woods and sometimes she tries it in the front room on the table or the chair or the sofa, usually with the aid of a bottle of vodka.

Dr. Zeitlin ends up convincing her that living with two horny guys (Gene ends up moving in with her and having a go also) is not really helping her situation so she gives her notice in to us and moves out at the end of the month. In total retrospect from the vantage point of it being 38 years later I now know that what was going on with Margaret was that there was absolutely no sexual attraction between the two of us. I suspect that I was just as unsensual, unsexy and unattractive to her as she was to me and we just had no idea how to make love.

I could be unfair and say she was a lousy kisser because I thought I was doing a pretty good job and kissing always got off totally on nice kissing in the past, but never had the opportunity of getting any further than that before. That and hugging and snuggling were good too. But she didn't kiss much and certainly didn't hug much and she didn't move at all while I was boning her. I'd say it was quite a turn off except that I was such a horny young bugger that I had a frigging boner that just stayed up as long as it was near the naked Margaret.

But I didn't really get beyond - what would it be? - third base I guess you'd say. Certainly no home run. Yep, a home run for me would have to wait till Ralph sneaked into my bed in the middle of the night and seduced me right properly. As far as Margaret goes, I have no idea if or when she got her home run but she deseved it for sure because she was certainly willing to try!

Now, back to the original premise of this story. I don't think this was a totally unqualified loss of my virginity. Definitely qualified. I mean fucking someone steadily for over two weeks and never getting off has to be some kind of frigidity record for a guy, doesn't it? Or maybe the world just counts dipping your wick whether the end result is successful or not as a total loss just like a broken hymen is sufficient for stoning to death in some parts of the world. Sheesh. I'm sure glad I didn't get stoned at that point! Oh, well, I did of course but that's another story!!

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Bruce Bloggie

thanks Rennie!!! and welcome to "the force" *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 4:18 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

nope, never read the good Farmer - where would that be?? sounds good....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 4:19 PM

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cheerful in reston

I think penetration means virginity lost. If youre sexually molested as a child, that shouldnt count. If youre raped, that shouldnt count, either. But I, personally, dont count it until youre with someone youre really into. Therefore, I AM a born-again virgin until next time

Posted by cheerful in reston on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 4:18 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

my partner refers to it as having a plastic hymen - but whatever it is my sincere congratulations on the regrowth of virginity! Personally I'm glad to see it gone for good....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 4:24 PM

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The Infamous El Guapo

Penetration, not orgasm is the determinant.

Posted by The Infamous El Guapo on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 4:28 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

oh the agony!!! ahhhhh the ecstasy!!!!!! which is it?????? will we ever know...????

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 4:42 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

Elvis sure was the man! at least early on he was... when did he say this? When I finally came was with Ralph which is the subject of another blog which I guess should cum along fairly soon, eh? That'll be a good one for sure... Margeret was quite sensitive to both our needs actually and never really pushed me off because she was trying pretty hard too. Things were basically not happening with us because neither one really had any experience at it and we were prime candidates for instruction.

I'm being slightly kind here because I don't really think she was a lesbian but just basically very non-sexual and was certainly a turn off for me since she didn't seem to respond to any of my 'normal' affectionate approaches such as kissing or hugging. I think that was also stuff she was getting therapy for and it could have been very deep rooted, including possibly having been molested or abused as a child. She was really quite cold and I was certainly not going to be able to warm her up with the limited experience I had. Gene also reported after his attempts that she was a pretty cold fish and was not able to make any headway in getting her going, even though he was certainly able to get off since he was more experienced. But the fact that he came fairly quickly and didn't have the stamina that I had (however artificial it was - although the experience taught me well how to hold back until the woman was fully satisfied, and I sort of have to thank Margaret for that, wherever she is!) surely didn't help her at this point.

I guess it would be indeed quite interesting to know if she were now gay. But I certainly know that a number of my subsequent girl friends are - including Ralph.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 4:57 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

ok! I will look her up... maybe Gene still is in touch *g* but I don't think so.... So when I find her, shall I just put her onto you or what? LOL! I mean how do you ask "hey Margaret, it's Bruce! remember me???" I'm the guy who fucked you for 3 weeks in 1968 and I want to know if you are gay now or some sort of respected community leader with a family and kids that are college graduates. Well, what is it eh? *g*

and the Elvis thing sort of sounds like Bill Clinton eh? maybe that's where he got that "I didn't have sexual relations with that woman" thing *g* At least Priscilla is cool. Elvis never really turned my crank. Priscilla was kinda neat. But Bill's sax playing rocks! Sheesh.. the world is so complicated eh? So did Elvis get his ladies off even though he didn't??? I'd be interested in how that sorta worked - if it did....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 5:17 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

yes, of course. I will be most judicious about the past, as I always am.... I mean can you imagine ME blurting things out??? sheesh... never... LOL! but we'll see... we'll see... the big problem of course is that most women from those days change their names and come up on the net not under their maiden names but only under their married ones. This has complicated things for me many times now. Not that I'm keeping track!!! *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 5:45 PM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Stace, you nut...

I think that you did lose it. Whether you enjoyed it or came is another thing altogether. I think most people don't really enjoy their first experience of intercourse....

neither of us had ever cum while awake before... hahaha. Classic line...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 9:45 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

certainly not only was I completely prepared for the first time to be a total loser for all the well known reasons but I didn't expect it to continue to be such a weird situation for weeks of trying! and naturally the only time I had ever had sex before was in my dreams - but that was just about

every friggin night since I was about 13!

just dreaming about girls I knew who I really thought were hot was enough to do it. I didn't focus on actresses, celebrities or women I didn't actually know personally because I needed to have all the details of what they were really like in order to put together complete scenarios while dreaming. And the fact that I had a fairly good 'virtual' sex life with physical releases while sleeping may have well been one of the reasons I was not too terribly frustrated.... ahhh.... such a complicated world it was - now is so much simpler and out front!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 2:37 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Christ.. don't talk to me about virtual sex lives...

I've been living virtually through the rest of the world for the last 5 years.

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 2:55 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

me too! plus r/t... but if you can't do that, what the fuck can you do? sometimes it's better than getting into all the hassles of ... well, maybe not! LOL

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:11 PM
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Sassafrass

I'm with them. I think penetration is what matters. I have never gotten off during the act of intercourse (maybe I'm messing with the wrong guys!)....and I am definately NOT a virgin....except unless that whole 'born-again' virgin thing is really true....in that case then I guess I am 'cuz it's been WAY too long!

Posted by Sassafrass on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 5:04 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

believe me penetration is only one, fairly insignificant, part of THIS story! If I had got off - shit, if Margaret had got off! - it would have been a whole different thing!! Denny could probably take a hike if I managed to get her off and my life would certainly have changed.....

But.. let's address the matter of you NEVER getting off during the act of intercourse.... I have to say after considerable (but not totally definitive) experience that you prolly have been messing with the wrong guys. I mean, knowing what I do now (knowing what I did even a couple of years after Margaret even..) I'd have to say that a good guy should be able to help you out or he isn't worth shit. But then that may just be my hetero-ness talking. As others have said here before, you might be a lesbian.... I'm sure there's an answer though and we shall find it!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 5:24 PM
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Stephanie

They always say the first moment of penetration is when virginity is lost. Some say it is when the hymen is ruptured but a lot of girls rupture it with tampons or doing gymnastics or whatever. Poor Margaret. You have to feel sorry for someone like that.

Posted by Stephanie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 5:09 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep. I really do feel sorry for her - she tried like hell to get us going and she technically had more experience than I did. She helped me more than I helped her. Her shrink certainly confirmed that! I feel like I owe her something but obviously if she's still gay now, I doubt I can do anything about that! I think about her often and wonder how she's doing... *s*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 5:29 PM
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Joy

Wow. I can't relate to her at all. I get off if the wind blows across my neck the right way. Damn. Maybe she is the balance in the Universe for my ability to get off so easily.

Posted by Joy on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 5:26 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

you would probably like to chat with my first 'serious' girl friend who was frigid when I met her but is now able to do what you can - or in her own words, able to get off anytime, anywhere in two

minutes or less without any external aids whatever. Ohhh for this ability to be available to a guy! at any rate, she had a tough slog for a while for which I was most sympathetic but not able to wait long enough. and she is the subject of another blog of the future. or two or three.... and maybe more because I still IM her on a regular basis...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 5:41 PM
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Justice

I would have to say that penetration is the standard for judging virginity. If a person's cumming was the judging factor, than I would have had three kids BEFORE I lost my virginity.

Posted by Justice on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 5:48 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

woaahhhh!!! how the hell would that work?? curious minds definitely want to know!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 5:50 PM
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Justice

LMAO! Blog on, right? Short and sweet. I had a sheltered life. Innocent, maybe and blissfully ignorant. I ended up in an abusive relationship and never even knew women HAD orgasms. Men are sweaty pigs. Let's just say that a higher power has been sexually generous to me this last year.

Posted by Justice on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 6:19 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

would it that we were all blissfully ignorant! but it ain't so... I hate it when I hear about abusive relationships!! that just is so wrong and should never happen.... I just don't understand it... but to not know that you can have pleasure yourself or to think that all men are sweaty pigs?? well.... let's just say it's a very good thing that that things are progressing as they should - generous as you say..
xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 6:29 PM
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Karen

I second that! and I'm almost as important as Penelope

Posted by Karen on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 8:06 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

but does your opinion count as much as a librarian's? remember they can count in the Dewey Decimal System and as Penelope says, that REALLY counts!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 1:15 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

thank you very much.... it obviously meant a lot to me at the time. hell! it still means a lot to me! that's why i still talk about it.... xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 6:25 PM

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P!nk

SHOWING LOVE!!!

Posted by P!nk on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 9:49 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

mmmm! thanks for that! I really need it with my soul bared along with everything else... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 1:11 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

now that's a very interesting theory! I didn't notice anything change when I went down under though... hmmm...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 9:36 AM
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Penetration = Loss of virginity....unless it's with fingers and or a broom stick....but that's a whole other gray area.
Steve~

Posted by on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 11:37 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

ok! and now that the authority has spoken, I will start on the next story about steamy sex.... or.... whatever you can figure out to call it!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 11:48 AM
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Lauren

What a depressing experience that sounds like. Losing your virginity should definately have some element of fun and pleasure. But then again, after an experience like that, all your subsequent experiences were hopefully more positive and pleasurable!

Posted by Lauren on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 11:56 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

ooooohhhh.. well not exactly.... it will all eventually emerge.... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 11:57 AM
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Lauren

yikes.

Posted by Lauren on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 1:12 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

yep. It ain't pretty but it's really quite funny so just remember that I look back on it with great fondness now...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 1:18 PM

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The Kevitron XR-138

I'd say that what you accomplished was an inside-the-park home run. You did it, but it wasn't all that spectacular. Nothing to write home to Mom about. How the hell did you not figure out some type of masturbation? That absolutely baffles me! I mean, you'd think that you'd try using IcyHot on your dick or something.

Posted by The Kevitron XR-138 on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 12:26 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

I have no explanation for that at all other than the fact that I had no real information about what the process was. I was an only child whose friends were mostly adult and with whom I never really discussed these things. I was weird. I was a horny nerd who spent most of his time being really really busy and distracting myself from the business that most teenagers kept very close to hand. Look on it as providing some entertainment for a few people in the here and now...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 1:22 PM

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Saturday, June 10, 2006

When potential crushes are crushed by parental promotion

Current mood: sleepy

Category: Life

My mother's best friend, Bette, had a daughter who was a year older than me and they used to think it would be cute if she and I were really good friends. To top it off, my mother was her godmother and namesake. Word had it that Bette and Sally were pretty wild things in the 30s and 40s, riding horses in the Cucamonga hills and sailing the seas off Catalina with their beaus - and they continued on with those fond memories even after they were well settled down - in a surrogate fashion, through their kids.

'Young' Sally lived in LA and the family used to come up and visit us in Carmel Valley at least every summer and we went down there every winter so I did see her pretty frequently. She was attractive but a bit older so not exactly prime romantic potential (she is the girl in the pool with me in a profile pic) but that didn't seem to mean much to our mothers so they constantly put us in potentially intimate situations. It often got to be just a bit too much.

For example, you can't really see it in that picture, but we each had fairly skimpy bathing suits, chosen by our mothers, of course. They were tiny, form fitting and rather pointless for sub-teens. As well, Sally was pretty damn serious all the time so it kind of kept me at a distance even if I were to get interested. And I doubt she noticed anything significant about me despite bulges in wee trunks.

But one day when I was about nine, our mothers thought it would also be cute to have us take a bath together. Sally sort of complained but knew her mother was going to win if she really wanted to - later she became much feistier. I was pretty into it, as you might imagine. So they ran the bath, we stripped off and got into the decidedly unsudsy water and carefully assessed the situation.

As always, we were curious about our differences, and Sally asked me to demonstrate my equipment for her, which I did most obligingly. She inspected me for a little while and I was pondering what exactly I could ask to see when there didn't actually seem to be that much. But she suddenly volunteered "I've got one of those too!" and quickly whipped out the biggest frigging clit in the world. Initially I was totally freaked out, never expecting a freak of nature to be in my very own bath tub, sitting within striking distance. I was in shock while she tugged it and compared it directly with mine in size and characteristics.

While we were carefully doing this examination, Bette came back in the bathroom and had her own little freakout, telling us to hop out, dry ourselves off and get dressed. It was very obvious that some sort of line had been crossed but whether it was that she had no idea her own daughter had such a huge clit or that Sally had violated some sort of rule that she was never to talk about it, much less show it, I have no idea. Or maybe it was that she had no idea someone could even have one that big - I dunno.

At any rate, we were both more than adequately impressed by the urgency of covering up now, after everything having been so cool and calm before. And, naturally, despite the fact that I knew my mother was a fount of information, I just didn't have the heart (or the time and patience perhaps) to ask her about all this. So the next time Sally and I had a chance to explore this sort of thing was several years later.

When I was 12, Bette invited me to come skiing with them up at Big Bear and I thought that would be cool. We all rented a cabin and were there for a whole week. Neat! Being an only child, I always relished any opportunity to experience 'normal' families. Of course, the concept that no family is 'normal' was only beginning to occur to me. At any rate, we had a good time and during our evenings in the cabin Sally made sure she lounged around in a pretty loose fitting nightie.

The nightie seemed to be custom made specifically for the purpose of bending over in front of me so I could get a very clear view of her rather well developed 13 year old tits. They were not large but were probably of the type that benefitted somewhat from a bra since the only time I ever saw them was while they were hanging straight down, which they did in a most decided and droopy fashion. And Bette must have seen my eyes pop out a number of times when this exhibition occurred in front of me - but if she did, she never did anything about it because Sally carefully performed the procedure several times each evening. It was a very pleasant experience for me and I began to figure Sally was trying to tell me something.

So I managed to get her aside one evening, in a fairly private area. We chatted a bit, catching up on

old times, me trying to make a few jokes, soften her up a bit and draw out what little sense of humour she had. This proved to be tough. She was still a pretty serious person so I decided to go straight for the jugular.

"Say, Sally, do you remember when we were in the bath together when you were 10?"

"Yeah"

"Well you showed me something on your body that looked a lot like what I have on mine"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you have a vagina and I have a penis, right?"

"Yeah" she said, shifting uncomfortably at this point.

"Well you showed me something on you that looked a lot like a penis"

"I did?"

"Yeah" I said, starting to shift uncomfortably myself now, "you did - and I, um, well, it's kind of interesting and, uh, you know, um unusual I think for a girl to have. Uh, isn't it?"

"I don't know what you're talking about and I don't think we should talk about this any more" she says, closing the one and only conversation we would have in private on that trip. And at that point it was obvious that there would forever be an unspoken barrier between us which would prevent honest conversation until or unless she was willing to acknowledge this invisible barrier again. But I would never bring it up again.

In fact, it was never discussed again. She moved to Iowa to go to school and we communicated intermittantly until her mother died and she moved into Bette's house in Monterey, just around the corner from my parents' house. Then she became a good family friend, sending our kids extravagant presents every year and hosting our travels to California a number of times.

She had a few unsuccessful relationships over the years but nothing that lasted and never had kids or was terribly happy and died at 50 of cervical cancer, partly because she became a Christian Scientist and refused all medical attention. She was a friend to us and our kids but also a stranger to herself, I think, and a lot of it goes right back to those early days of denial and refusing to confront reality. I think it's very sad.

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Bruce Bloggie

don't apologise to us - sing a lullaby to the poor doggy... LOL!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 4:48 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

well that's good news I guess - and I hope you last a lot longer!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 9:39 AM
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The Infamous El Guapo

Sad but with funny bits too

Posted by The Infamous El Guapo on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 4:42 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

hmmmm... all the sad bits are in the past so you can just focus on the funny ones! I'm past it now anyway....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 4:49 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

certainly not unknown, but, yes, definitely unusual....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 5:17 PM
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Karen

wow, thats sad. and funny at the same time .Great story

Posted by Karen on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 5:39 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

and it's not just a story... all this stuff really happened!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 1:40 AM

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Joy

Well they both develop from the same material, it is simply the introduction of the right hormones and a chromosome that means a clit grows into a penis and the labia and ovaries become testicles.

I took too many sex classes in college. But none of the finals were memorable.

Posted by Joy on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 5:51 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

the similarities between hers and mine were striking - it was immediately obvious to both of us that they were derived from the same genetic source.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 1:42 AM

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The Kevitron XR-138

Well, I had something funny all ready to type somewhere in the middle of this story, but then you brought out the hammer of cervical cancer and smashed it all to pieces. Good story though. Kudos.

Posted by The Kevitron XR-138 on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 6:01 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

sorry to spoil your thunder - but of course this is real life and damn it all, you can't change reality

after the fact - yet!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 1:43 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

she was and she wasn't - just like everyone, her life was far from perfect but she had a job in the caring industry which she enjoyed and she had friends with kids through which she relived her childhood vicariously. In many ways she was still a child who never really grew up completely but was also intelligent and a good friend. Her biggest problem was that she let religion take over much of her thinking for her...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 1:46 AM
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Samurai Love God

Great story. I had a little too much saki, was she a hermaphrodite?

Posted by Samurai Love God on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 7:38 PM
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Justice

That's what I was thinking.....and that her mommy allowed her to act like a little bit of a tease at the tender age of 13...

Posted by Justice on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 8:39 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

she only had boyfriends that I know of so she did basically have hetero tendencies - but that didn't mean other things weren't at play. Her mommy was an incredible tease herself, though, and will be the subject of more blogs since I got to know her very well (and her husband and lovers...)

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 1:49 AM
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P!nk

Apparently Sally was a hermaphrodite, right??? I wonder if she ever got a surgery to claim a sex! Interesting story, but bittersweet because of her not ever being truly happy!

Posted by P!nk on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 11:01 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

as described, I tried to discuss it - at much too young an age of course and never broached the subject again. But I suspect her mother would have mentioned if she did have such an operation since she used to talk to us about just about anything under the sun regarding Sally and her life and loves. Although that may have been just a bit too personal for her too. At this point we will probably never know. I am in touch with Sally's brother but he is pretty uptight so I doubt he will ever divulge anything.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 1:52 AM
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Sassafrass

<~~ Ex-nurse major. When a girl has too much testosterone, or not enough estrogen, in her body, her clit will elongate and resemble a penis. I've seen picture of this shit...it aint' cute. Sorry u hadda see it too. ;)

Thanks for the invited, Manda

Posted by Sassafrass on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 6:12 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

well, it was more of a surprise than a put-off, really, since she normally kept it tucked up inside her pussy. Nothing but normal looking genitalia was visible until she actually reached in and pulled it out, although it did come out quite easily. This is why I actually didn't think she was a true hermaphrodite and just had an extra large clit, although she was only 10 at the time and obviously had a lot more growing to do. And that's another reason I was extra curious about what had evolved in the intervening years when I questioned her later - not that I seriously expected to be given a further tour!! LOL. But it certainly wasn't ugly in my mind since I'd seen lots of naked guys and very few naked girls at that point. It just seemed as though it was probably more convenient for her to keep in inside, where it usually goes, than to try to keep it outside for some reason. Of course I wanted to discuss all of this in great detail with her when I was 12 cause I was a truly horny little devil but it was not to be!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 9:58 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

glad to be able to share - but wait tilll you read about my first serious g/f after leaving home - or the girl I lost my virginity with....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 1:53 AM

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Jane

That must have been awkward when she showed you her penis. But I wonder, when she took you skiing at the age of 13 and showed off her breasts to you, was she desperate to get you since you knew the truth. It's better than meeting a new guy and having to let him find out the harder way...

Posted by Jane on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 5:47 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

of course I have absolutely no way of knowing what sort of effect this had on any of her subsequent relationships, of which there were several but none that lasted as long as the one she had with a blind guy. It certainly did make me wonder if that blind guy stuck around somewhat longer partly because he may not have known what he was missing - or rather what she had extra - not that it should really make any difference to an enlightened relationship! But it's quite possible because he was not able to experience what a 'normal' girl looks like in the traditional visual ways, he may actually have been even more open minded than most men. I think I would have been just as open minded of course, but this sort of thing is obviously not the primary reason people normally get together - it's based on personality and overall attractiveness most. But good sex is something I believe a relationship has to have to last and this could have a lot to do with that if the guy gets put off by it.

This whole thing could get quite complicated!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 10:06 AM

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kirkin

Your mums were both a little hot for the hook up weren't they? Baths together at 9? what were they thinking??

This was sad and funny and strange all at once. Thanks for the invite!

Posted by kirkin on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 12:04 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

I will be writing more about those rather unusual women later on. My mother was indeed an extraordinary person - who also ended up in a sad situation... glad you enjoyed it!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 12:21 PM

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The Underblog

I sang for 3 months as a soloist at the Christian Science Church in Hartford... wierd 3 months of Mary Baker Eddy (by the way I got here through your new link on the anti-Tila blog)

Posted by The Underblog on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 3:30 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

were you a CSer or just a hired singer? Welcome - I hope you enjoy it here.... I just discovered your blog as well - good stuff!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 3:50 PM

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Lauren

You had one hell of a childhood, my friend. And poor Sally, sounds like she just couldn't catch a break anywhere. What a sad way to live and die.

Posted by Lauren on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 11:48 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

but like many with a firm belief system, she actually felt that she was fairly happy I think - and that might be one advantage to that sort of thing....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 11:54 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

thank you.... it's probably all downhill from here though!! we'll see *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 2:12 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

yep, she was pretty fucked up by my standards but of course she was not that far off the norm. Certainly she felt that her life was reasonably normal - and definitely behaved that way right to the end. She was kind, generous and had lots of friends but had difficulties getting really close to people. Not that unusual really...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 4:47 AM

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Friday, June 09, 2006

Orgy as a final exam

Current mood: pensive

Category: Life

OK, folks.... some of you knew this was coming - after all, I managed to entice a bunch of you subscribe because I mentioned it in the initial 'flyer'. Bear with me though because it's probably not exactly what you imagined. Oh, it happened all right, but it was a sociology class in Berkeley in 1969 so it was a bit more complicated than it sounds. There was this teacher who had a bit of a reputation so he got a lot of students to attend his classes - and attendance was definitely something he insisted upon, especially for the final exam! This meant that absolutely everyone who wanted to pass had to show up - even the ones who may not have wanted to participate in an orgy. Of course, there was certainly no mention that this was going to be on the final when the course was advertised, even though it was something like 'Sexual Relations 203' or whatever. A lot of people are quite content to just learn from the book and never actually get down to the nitty gritty. And the 200 or so people in this class had a very good balance of all types, I'd say.

So here's how it all worked. To be completely fair, the instructor naturally told all the students what was planned for the final so they could be prepared. He also said that everyone had to attend and had to participate in whatever way they felt they could or should and no one was allowed to just sit on the sidelines. Of course, word of this spread around campus like wildfire and to top it off, the class was held in a room in an older building that had windows on at least two sides and was on the ground floor. I fully suspect that this was all completely intentional. So when the final began, there were at least another couple hundred horny students outside, mostly male, jockeying for position, peering through the windows - and, naturally, this was in full daylight in the middle of the day. Not exactly the most conducive environment for an orgy!

Nevertheless, it all started out pretty much as expected. The room had no chairs in it, only an open area, wall to wall, and the exam was in two parts: action and then, after a short break to bring back in the desks, a written response. The action part was to last about half an hour or maybe a bit more if anyone needed to 'finish'. It was going to be completely freeform and anyone could do anything they felt like as long as they had willing partners. Everyone stood politely as the rules were read to

the assembled crowd and as it began, initially there was little movement, except that the instructor left the students to their own devices.

There were just a few couples who had obviously decided they were going to 'participate' with each other and started kissing and hugging, but weren't initially prone to bringing others in with them. A few more students, mostly guys, decided to try to join in the action and started hugging the couples who were snogging, sometimes being accepted willingly and sometimes begrudgingly. Of course these guys were really mostly interested in the girl and not the guy and, where this happened, tended to slow down the progress of these groups, if they were actually planning to get further into it at all.

Some couples did start engaging in heavy petting which proceeded into removal of some clothes and lying on the floor. It was a big room and could easily accommodate everyone lying down, if somewhat like sardines - but then that obviously made it more interesting! As people started to get naked, some guys who obviously hadn't made any liaisons also started to strip off, hoping to attract some of the unattached women, who didn't generally strip off quite as quickly. A lot of them didn't remove anything but their shirts - at least initially. Fairly soon everyone was lying down on the floor and touching and stroking at least one other person, even if it wasn't someone who was paying that much attention to them.

The couples who were obviously really interested in each other tended to focus heavily on themselves exclusively and any guy who tried to attach themselves to them fairly quickly lost interest and shifted over to a girl who seemed to be pretty much on their own. Women who had no partner or were being shown any particular interest by a guy didn't remove many clothes, and generally just lay on the floor, moving around amongst the crowd, eyeing up potential partners. Guys who had no partner or were being shown any particular interest by a girl tended to remove a bit, but didn't strip beyond their underpants and none of those guys seemed to be aroused at all, trying to hide the fact that they were not in the slightest way erect.

As people who were not occupied with others looked around the room to see what was going on and whether there might be partners they could match up with, they judged what the general tendencies were and realised that not much was actually going on. They then tended to slow down their search and just watch what was happening. So the room sort of divided into two groups - those with partners who were proceeding apace and those without, who were basically observing. It began to be evident to the observers both in and outside the room that the only people who were getting any real action were the few couples who had already seemingly decided to mate with each other to the exclusion of others.

And those couples who were hugging and kissing seemed not to be that interested in proceeding much further, staying in their underwear - and virtually all women had bras on, regardless of the fact that this was a time made famous for its 'bra burnings'. Students even in Berkeley tended to be a bit more conservative, obviously, although I suspect many wore them that day when they might not normally. Presumably many of these couples were already familiar with each other enough to know they enjoyed being together and weren't going to pursue each other any further at this point. Or were just friends with an understanding - but really, generalizations are only presumptions. At any rate, we couldn't really see any real action anywhere and because the people who were coupled were facing each other, it was not even clear if the guy was even aroused, although some were bucking fairly nicely and presumably were.

In the end, after many outside observers left for lack of interest, there were a few naked bums humping mostly unseen females but it was not really clear if it was dry humping or not - but it looked that way. There seemed to be nothing beyond that - no hand jobs, no eating, no blow jobs and everyone was quite protective of how much others could see, preferring to keep their privates private, probably because of the extreme exhibitionist nature of the situation. It pretty much

reinforced the concept that most 'orgies' depend on things being rather artificially organised (usually associated with filming or the taking of drugs, both of which I will write about in future blogs) and that most intimate sexual relations depend on a fair amount of privacy and lack of distraction from others.

It all lasted just about as long as expected with no one requesting further time to finish and most looking quite relieved that it was over. I wasn't actually taking the class, just an outside observer, so wasn't sure exactly what the exam was trying to show or, more to the point, what the class was really teaching - and the final exam testing. I'm sure the written exam papers were very interesting and that even those reading this blog at this late date will see some of the fascinating results of trying this experiment. So much for the 'free love' of the 60s!!

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3:49 PM32 Comments(Add Comment) |24 Kudos 2 Kudos

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The Kevitron XR-138

I guess everybody learned a thing or two about sexual relations, huh? Namely, that nobody wants to fuck in front of everybody, that it's pretty much a private deal. Invite only. This sounds like a warped version of going to a junior high school dance.

Posted by The Kevitron XR-138 on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 5:59 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

yep, that sounds about right! LOL

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 7:03 AM

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Jane

For some reason when I was reading this, I kept thinking you were part of the orgy. Goodness, I can't believe you went to Berkeley in the 60's! Drugs and sex everywhere, eh?

Posted by Jane on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 6:06 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

hmmm... yeah I guess I didn't make it clear from the start but in retrospect I'm kind of glad I wasn't because of what ended up happening. In fact most observers obviously initially wished they had taken the class then ended up being pretty glad they hadn't! And it was much easier to study what was happening (and see any action there might actually have been) from the looking-through-the-window position.

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 7:05 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

you mean when you are nothing but a fly on the wall?? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 2:04 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

quite right, I think... I doubt it was thought many if any would go "all the way" and my impression was that it was to teach the above lesson that sexual relations are inherently and essentially quite private. The fact that is done so clinically probably made sure that lesson was what came out of it! I think you need to describe your orgy experience now *g* Oh, and also I meant to comment that there was absolutely no same sex action....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 7:09 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

my apologies! I don't want to ask anyone to do anything that violates their principles..

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 9:41 AM
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Karen

Posted by Karen on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 7:52 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

uhhhh... does that mean you liked it??? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 4:46 PM
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Hmmm... perhaps if sex ed could be taught to teens in the same manner, there would be less teen sex, because it would be such a turn off....

-k

Posted by on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 12:34 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

you say this as though it might be a good thing.....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 1:58 PM
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Well... it might solve the teen pregnancy problem. Think of it as a backlash against the "abstinence only" sex-ed some are trying to promote.

-k

Posted by on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 6:58 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

anything would certainly be better than that!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 9:42 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

How interesting... and although I kind of wished it went further, it didn't surprise me that it didn't... It takes a certain lack of biological inhibition for that kind of experiment to work...

I also strongly suspect that most of the real 'free love' stuff happened well under the influence of... whatever...

How fucking great that they tried.

Bruce, you are never going to disappoint... (those questions are coming...)

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 12:41 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

inhibitions were still very strong in the early heady years of free love. Only a small percentage of the population were real free lovers and even fewer university students, although it was growing very quickly. Of course the age of rampant promiscuity was well under way *g* At one point there, I shared my apartment with an acid dealer and his girl friend who moonlighted as a hooker....

and in many respects the experiment worked exactly as it was intended, I think....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 2:03 PM
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Morrighan

ohhhhhh can you just *imagine* the lawsuits if that happened today! lol

Posted by Morrighan on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 4:43 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep. Parents are so unforgiving! But maybe they would do signed, notarized waivers now *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 4:47 PM
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Joy

I can see it now - our university had issues with funding a "sex fair" that had a "tent of consent" that people could go into and do whatever as long as both parties were in agreement. The state government had a FIT about money being used for that.

Posted by Joy on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 5:43 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

boy I'll bet they did! What was that in aid of?

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 1:33 AM
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LilyintheShadows

Can we jet back to the 60's please? My minor is Human Sexuality, that class sounds awesome. It must have had a pretty eclectic and entertaining teacher if he could pull off that sort of final exam. I would of liked to hear that people got into it and started having sex, but it makes for an interesting study none the less. Wow, that's what school is all about, trial and testing. Learning through hands on experience. It's cool that he could get away with that sort of exam on campus even.

-Lily

Posted by LilyintheShadows on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 7:40 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

definitely! But I think you would prefer to stay here now - the 60s were extremely backward in many respects - especially in the areas in which women had freedoms to be independent and flexibility. They called it women's lib and it hadn't really happened yet so you'd be very frustrated knowing what you do now. Not that things don't still have a long way to go now.....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 1:38 AM
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Joy

You know I was looking at my subscription list and realized the date 696. Perfect for an orgy story...lol

Posted by Joy on Saturday, June 10, 2006 - 10:53 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

ok! your blog or mine? I've got more in the works but not just yet - or.. well, maybe!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 1:39 AM

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Tammynize | Writer & Photographer

If that were to happen into today's modern world, I can hear the screams of sexual harrassment.

In UCLA this week after finals they are doing an underwear run. So I guess, same concept.

Posted by Tammynize | Writer & Photographer on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 1:46 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

hmmmm... are you participating? have you done it before?? sounds tricky these days...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 2:27 PM

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Christine, US Ambassador of Love *** ReLoAdEd ***

It seems to me that the orgy experiment / final just didn't work because there were too many people, it was too exposed, and everyone had different ideas about what they wanted.

I took Human Sexuality at the university and the only highlights were the weekly sex films...

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love *** ReLoAdEd *** on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 1:29 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

I actually think it DID work! the point was well made to those who participated: orgies only work under extremely artificial conditions and not when the participants are 'undirected'

Basically a film school concept.... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 2:55 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I wasn't enrolled in the class so really don't know exactly what the terms of the final exam were. I fully expect no one was forced to participate, although the ones who weren't I think were standing on the sidelines watching since they still had to write a report. They were strange days for sure and I doubt it ever happened again!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 4:44 AM
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Thursday, June 08, 2006

First Love to the power of Adrienne
Current mood: mellow
Category: Life

Can a couple of 9-year-olds be in love? I certainly thought I was in love with Adrienne. Can 8-year-olds be in lust? That's more than likely what my infatuation with Cherry was. And while Cherry and I sort of sneaked around and did things on the sly, that was mainly because her parents didn't approve of her hanging with a guy at all. They were very old fashioned and I actually never got to meet them - plus trysts were very hard to arrange and usually required lots of chance. This did not really make for a steady relationship so when I started to see Adrienne, it wasn't really a matter of dumping Cherry, it was more like virtual online lovers just not pinging each other very much any more. And it wasn't like I was too timing since it really hadn't got that serious - at least as far as I was concerned.

At any rate, Adrienne's parents were quite different about the whole thing and invited me to their place many times to hang and usually served up a dynamite supper of good old fashioned Italian spaghetti. They were first generation Italian and loved to show me the right way to eat it (you twirl it onto the fork with the aid of a large spoon) and teach me Italian phrases with great gales of laughter. They were old country through and through and there was a liveliness that I had never felt anywhere else before, except perhaps at Conrad's place since his parents were Danish. Adrienne's father was the valley jeweler and I swear he was setting me up to buy her a nice expensive ring - nahhhh, not really - but it would have been a neat family to be part of.

I think Adrienne came to my house once but the reaction of my mother was so bizarre that it never happened again. She wanted to know ALL about what was going on with us and of course it was early on and I didn't really have a clue what to say. This was a serious problem which would raise its head again over the years. I can't say she didn't learn to hold her tongue but I could see her mind cranking over so rapidly that I decided right there and then it was a much better idea just to isolate my parents from all my potentially romantic endeavours. Adrienne was a great sport over all this and I think she understood pretty well what was going on - I'm sure her parents did.

The 'Valley' was seriously challenged as a good activity place for kids except for hiking in the hills and bicycling, which we did a lot of. We hung out by the airport and watched the private planes take off when we heard the engines fire up and swam in the swimming holes that I had found with Cherry. We would have ridden horses more often if it hadn't meant that I'd have to negotiate my mother's inquiries. My profile pics that show me riding with other kids were generally 'set up' by my mother who wanted to show all the relatives what a great time we were all having "in the country."

One thing that we did like to do was go roller skating, which required getting a ride with some other kids who were going the 20 miles to the rink. This was fun and we managed to sit next to each other in the back seat and snuggle close coming and going. Aside from that the most notable thing that happened in the Valley was the opening of the new Mobil gas station (when their logo was a winged, flying red horse) where they gave out helium balloons to all the kids and they all fairly quickly made their way to the heavens. This was also the first time I became aware that almost every oil company was actually owned by Standard Oil and the names were just different to avoid anti-trust actions and create a false impression of competition.

But the Valley did also have some traditional activities for kids which we enjoyed. They had films at the community centre every Saturday, though they tended to be Three Stooges, Spanky and the Gang, and others of generally more interest to boys than girls. Of course that sort of made sense since it's the boys who needed to be kept out of trouble. Adrienne and I also hung out at the town cafe (there was no "soda stand") where we could sit on the bar stools that had the spring metal hat clips on the back, marvel at the sparkling waterfall in the animated Olympia Beer sign and sucked down super big milkshakes made in one of those classic Oster shake makers.

I hadn't actually intended on writing a blog about Adrienne since my relationship with her was actually quite mature and not very racy. Not even as racy as the lingering eroticism behind Cherry's forbidden fruit, even though that was earlier. But Adrienne truly was my first love and I suspect she felt much the same. Of course, fate always intervenes and again our promising, satisfying and relatively sophisticated (considering our age) relationship was cut short because my family moved to the medium size town nearby, Monterey. It's not a matter of forgiving my parents for this because they are both long gone, but it is a constant matter of wonder exactly what might have happened had we not made that move.

But that's obviously a blog for a parallel universe. I've been told by Conrad that Adrienne got married, had a family and is now divorced. Ah well, maybe the parallel universe will provide me with more dreams.....

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Exiled2Colorado

I love childhood love.. it's the most innocent and pure kind of love I loved a boy when I was about that age because he the same rollerskates as me

Posted by Exiled2Colorado on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 3:40 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

you're so right there! ahhh "I've got a brand new pair of rollerskates and you have got the key~~~~" or in other other words "I've got a brand new combine harvester~~~~" *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 10:44 PM
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Jane

I hear about the parallel universe a lot. What is it?

I'm surprised 9-year olds can have such a mature relationship! You two sound simply adorable. And Italian food sounds sooo good right now!

Posted by Jane on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 3:43 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

The "parallel universe" is founded on the concept that in an infinite universe there is the potential for an infinite number of situations where life could exist exactly as we know it here - and if that is true there is the statistical possibility that people identical to ourselves live in other galaxies on earths like ours. And if that's true, those people may have taken different live decisions than ourselves - in this case, I may have stayed in the Valley and married Adrienne.....

It certainly seemed mature to me at the time - and in my mind in the recollection of it now but that doesn't mean it necessarily was!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 10:50 PM
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Karen

I had my first kiss at a roller rink! sweet

Posted by Karen on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 4:10 PM
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Joy

I had my first kiss after we left the roller rink...

Posted by Joy on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 8:08 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

Roller (and ice) skating creates an environment that levels the playing field for many by making them more vulnerable when they are newbies and breaks down pretension barriers, allowing people to hug each other and hold each other's hands while they are learning. It can let people demonstrate that they don't have to be afraid of new things and are open to helping and guiding. Of course it also allows people to demonstrate their skills and be pretentious once they have mastered things!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 10:56 PM
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Samurai Love God

ah, the joys of first love.

Posted by Samurai Love God on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 4:10 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

It's coming... stay tuned!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 10:58 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

You take the prize for early development!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 10:59 PM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Sweet...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Friday, June 09, 2006 - 12:46 AM
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The Kevitron XR-138

My first love wasn't announced, but it was felt by both of us. I wind up wondering about the parrallel universe, too, sometimes. I wonder if Adrienne winds up thinking of you whenever you think of her. Good blog. Glad I subscribed.

Posted by The Kevitron XR-138 on Friday, June 09, 2006 - 6:02 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yeah - well I certainly wonder if she thinks about me.... I do know how to find her these days and probably will do so at some point in the near future... then there will be a new blog!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 09, 2006 - 3:45 PM
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Christine, US Ambassador of Love *** ReLoAdEd ***

Really nice blog. Sounds like you and Adrienne had a definat connection there.

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love *** ReLoAdEd *** on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 1:22 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

we did! and I will look her up one day, fully expecting we will have a lot to catch up on and will enjoy seeing each other again - and Introducing my wife to her....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 2:53 PM
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Wednesday, June 07, 2006

First crushing crush...
Current mood: loved
Category: Life

"1. Who was your first crush / first love? Tell me a bit about this."

So Christine interviewed me (*blush* - my first interview!!) and I gave a short reply and promised more - well, there's no time like the present!! I lived in an area which in the 50s was a very sparsely populated place and gave an only child like me very little opportunity to experiment anonymously so the whole community probably knew what was going on every time I experimented....

'Only' children are exceedingly curious about the opposite sex (I won't attempt to explain the psychology - you can read all about it in any Psych 101 textbook) and my mother tried to inform me but I felt her pain and usually got her to stop before she went too frickin far - man that stuff was embarrassing when the adult was totally flustered! But my mother tended to say all sorts of weird shit to me all the time that I never really figured out till later so she wasn't always at a loss for words! (example when she made sure I washed 'down there': "Oh I'm so glad your penis is big - your father's is tiny and it just isn't like being with my first husband" WTF!!!??? how's a little tyke supposed to figure that one out??? At least she did explain the basic mechanics of sex for which I am eternally grateful. My father was a total loss on the subject and didn't try to say anything till I was 12 or so, whereupon I just LOL!

So really, a crush for mini-Brucie at that time was really more like curiosity about the mysterious. There were a bunch of cute girls I had crushes on actually, and many of them before Cherry (yes, that was her real name and was also very much part of the mystique...) became the closest I had to a girl friend at the age of eight. There was Christy, the tomboy who was really neat but not very snuggly, there was Helen, the older and wiser next door neighbour who obviously hadn't a clue I was interested, there was Claire, the daughter of a family friend who gave me my first 'serious' kiss at 7 when she was visiting the gorgeous blonde next door who never even noticed I existed. There was a photograph of that kiss around for a while...

There was another neighbour named Diane who was just as curious about guys as I was about girls so we went into the field at the end of the lane and, not entirely out of view of the neighbourhood, made a pact to check each other out in a completely mutual, non-threatening way and without obligation of any sort. She checked out my penis, balls, asshole and that funny little seam which connect everything up and looks like it's where you're 'sewn together' - which seemed to be 'the works' at that time. I checked her out while she peed, which I guess was something she needed to do because I don't remember asking her to. It was quite honestly absolutely fascinating and we wondered what all the differences were about, pulled up our pants and cheered each other off quite

matter of factly. We both got a huge amount of shit from her older brother, though, because somehow he found out. So I put nails under the tires of their Packard. Kids are so vindictive...

There was Vicky who was a cute redhead and even more unattainable because she had scarlet fever for almost the whole school year once and I sent her lots of get well cards. And of course there was Adrienne who came after Cherry and was..... oh.... well, she was a major episode and probably worth a whole blog in herself since we went to each other's houses many times and got to know each other's parents quite well. Ahhh.. Adrienne.... and all at 9 years old too.... And there was Patty, the daughter of more friends from the other side of the valley who was an 'older woman' by plain definition. But I digress - back to Cherry:

We were both 8 and in school together - she was a spectacular dark skinned beauty that I just fell for completely - and she liked me a bunch too! She didn't live too close so I had to ride my bike across Carmel Valley and over the bridge by Rosie's Cracker Barrel to get to her and we used to go swimming together in the 'Bucket of Blood' swimming hole near her place. And sort of make out like 'big' people - but of course we were somewhat young to really consummate anything serious. I had read the graffiti on the walls of the boys bathroom and sort of knew what was going on plus my mother definitely made sure I understood what that foreign word starting with 'f' meant cause it was one of her favourite activities.

OK, so you read that before. We knew we really liked each other but just couldn't figure out what we were supposed to do if we were boyfriend/girlfriend so we just sort of hung out together a lot and held hands and things. More than that at 8 was kind of yucky I guess so we tried things but they just didn't really feel right. I now know of course that they were the right things to do but our bodies just weren't quite there yet, obviously. But she was so darkly gorgeous I just couldn't keep away from her - she always was a really girly girl and wore pink dresses a lot, had little barrettes in her hair all the time and always trained a fancy little curl across her forehead. She was to die for!

And my best friend, Conrad, who I've been told by his ex wife is now a hopeless alcoholic (justice may actually exist) was so unbelievably jealous that he used to tell her things about me behind my back and do horrible things to her picture when I was over at his house. Stuff like draw mustaches and pee on it and stuff. Boy he had it bad!! But the true revenge of life occurred naturally when she moved far, far away.... *sigh*

Anyway, in hindsight, I know for sure she would not have been 'the one' for me - not because she was a bit too cutesy since she wasn't irreparably so (she had very down to earth qualities and was just a whole bunch of fun to be with) - but just because the first one is never, ever the last! Well... sure, and these days with the web and open marriages and all the playing around that goes on, obviously you never really have to think you are totally restricted any more.

So the end of this episode neatly ties itself up (except for Adrienne, who wasn't the first of this period but was definitely the best) when I moved out of the valley at the age of 10 and into the 'big' (well, medium) city.... And that opened up a whole new world of sophistication for sure!

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Freakosaurus

"The first one is never, ever the last".... so true! Wow you got up to a lot for a young boy!!

Posted by Freakosaurus on Wednesday, June 07, 2006 - 4:10 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I got up to a lot but it tapered off in my teen years because of my mother's unnatural interest in my affairs. I sensed she wanted me to potentially fulfil some of her unrealized ambitions and withdrew from romance (but not friendship) - but those are stories for future blogs...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 1:40 AM
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Joy

Wow. I really feel like a late bloomer now. I didn't even get kissed until I was 17.

Posted by Joy on Wednesday, June 07, 2006 - 4:24 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I was always a horny little devil but it was very unfocused for quite a long time... I always loved kissing, touching and snuggling but I never actually managed to get truly intimate with someone till I was 18. I went into an emotional shell in my teens because of a very awkward relationship with my parents. But stay tuned and it will be revealed.... xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 12:14 AM
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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Hah! You are so right about only children. I should know.. hehe. I was 'playing around' from about the age of 5 or so. Hmm... might think about blogging that one myself...

That bit about your mother cracked me up. What a character!

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 2:34 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

Ohhhh... my mother will be the subject of many blogs xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 2:45 AM
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Lauren

and here I was thinking my mom was something special! sounds like quite a wonderful childhood. good to see Karma worked on Conrad.

Posted by Lauren on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 5:09 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

In hindsight it was pretty good but at the time I felt very frustrated and unhappy since I really thought I was an adult in a child's body.... Conrad is actually a pretty good guy and I've stayed in touch all these years, but we really prefer the various ladies he's been with over the years.... oh well, there are always ways to make friends I guess!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 5:30 AM
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Jane

You're definitely a character. You started pimping at the age of eight!

Posted by Jane on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 8:30 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

yep.... but then it all started to go horribly wrong when we moved to the medium city and I no longer had my good [girl]friends around *sobs*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 8:35 AM
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cheerful in reston

cherry = awesome

conrad = jackass

mom = priceless?

Posted by cheerful in reston on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 7:49 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

that's pretty much it!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 11, 2006 - 9:49 AM
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Christine, US Ambassador of Love *** ReLoAdEd ***

Your young antics make me think of the blog about your "player" grandfather (or was that great-grandfather?).

I didn't do anything with a guy until I was 18!

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love *** ReLoAdEd *** on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 1:14 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

there is no comparison! he married women, gave them children, ditched them and disappeared leaving them with no support in a time when there was no government assistance at all. I never did this.... hmmm. And I didn't lose my virginity till 18 either! or maybe you mean you didn't do ANYTHING *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 20, 2006 - 2:50 PM
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Wednesday, June 07, 2006

Interview by Christine!
Current mood: enthralled
Category: Life

Christine has interviewed me and asked me five questions. Below are her questions along with my answers in italics. If you think this would be fun and want to have me interview you like this, read the guidelines below and send me a message back.

1. Who was your first crush / first love? Tell me a bit about this.

Oh boy.... that goes back a long way. My very first one was the girl I'm kissing in one of my profile pix, named Peggy - but I was only 2 then so it really doesn't count. I am going to write an entire blog about my 'real' first crush quite soon though - so here's a preview:

We were both 8 and in school together - she was a spectacular dark skinned beauty that I just fell for completely - and she liked me a bunch too! She didn't live too close so I had to ride my bike across Carmel Valley and over the bridge by Rosie's Cracker Barrel to get to her and we used to go swimming together in the 'Bucket of Blood' swimming hole near her place. And sort of make out like 'big' people - but of course we were somewhat young to really consummate anything serious. I had read the graffiti on the walls of the boys bathroom and sort of knew what was going on plus my mother definitely made sure I understood what that foreign word starting with 'f' meant cause it was one of her favourite activities.

But to find out more about what happened with my budding relationship and what my best friend Conrad thought of the whole thing, you will have to stay tuned and read the full blog when it comes 'up' so to speak.... so I think I'll do that real soon.... *g*

2. If I were to visit you for a day, what would we do and what would you make me for dinner?

Hey! Is that a real invitation??? Damn, I guess I'll finally have to learn to cook something serious, eh? The first part is tough because there is so much to choose from here, I'd ask what you are mainly interested in but I'd probably choose from amongst the following: art, music, ballet, museums, theatre, boating, getting out to the country and rambling, bicycling along the canals, push scootering along the Thames Path, going to the pub, visiting formal gardens, shopping, looking at antiques we can't afford, checking out the markets and getting some great organic produce, going to Petticoat Lane and looking for bargains, taking the tour of Shakespeare's Globe, looking at stained glass in churches and cathedrals, trainspotting, river cruises, the Greenwich Observatory (where you can be in two hemispheres at once), The London Eye, Covent Garden, narrow boating, watching the swans, investigating Roman ruins, exploring historic houses and the private collections inside them, going up to the top of Big Ben and seeing the Houses of Parliament, riding the Underground, smelling th roses.....

Just one day, eh? Well, I'm sure we could figure something out - but afterward we'd definitely snuggle up together in front of the roaring microwave while reheating the Tandoori takeaway (but it

really is good and much better than I can cook!!) *g*

3. Do you have a dream that has not been fulfilled yet and what is it?

This is just about the toughest question here since not only have most of my fondest personal dreams been fulfilled but my life has exceeded all expectations so far and I truly think I'm the happiest guy in the world! But of course one could always hope for world peace and, on a slightly less ambitious and completely selfish level, dream that one day we will be able to control disease to a level such that we can have casual sex without those damn condoms...

4. What characteristics do you see developing in yourself that are similar to your parents (which you never expected to happen)?

Good question. When I was 8, I totally rejected the idea of having kids because I thought my life was hell and I would naturally turn out like my father and make any kids I had equally unhappy. But that was certainly not what happened! Fortunately, I have proactively tried to make sure that the good traits of my parents were the only ones I adopted.

But I was a control freak for a long time and everything had to be just right and exactly like I wanted them to be or I was never fully satisfied. This was certainly something I inherited from my father which was not ideal (he was considered a 'perfectionist' by all who knew him and of course I was one of the least perfect people he knew, seeing as how he had been a US Army Colonel during the war... But I'm getting over it since having a bit of therapy (only a bit though!!! LOL) about 10 years ago and I'm happy to say those traits are being left behind!

5. You are chosen as a contestant on the next season of "Survivor (reality based t.v. show in the US, you're stuck on an island for 40 days)", however, one twist is that you can have a permanent alliance with one other person that would last the duration of your time there. Which MySpace friend (that you've never met) would you chose and why?

Hmmmm... this sort of depends on what you'd call a 'permanent alliance' - especially since it's only for the duration of being on the island. I know that I would be extremely compatible with Shasa in all respects and we'd make a great Survivor team - but I'm really not a very competitive type so in the end she would definitely win in the end! And since I'm more of a lover than a fighter, I actually think more about the composition of my harem than battling such things to the bitter end!!

OKAY SO HERE ARE THE GUIDELINES:

1. Send me a comment saying, "Interview me."
2. I will respond by asking you five questions. I get to pick the questions. And think very seriously about doing this because I WILL ask very personal questions!
3. You will update your blog with the answers to the questions.
4. You will include this explanation and an offer to interview someone else in the same post.
5. When others ask to be interviewed, you will ask them five questions.

Bruce :o)

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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

I enjoyed reading your answers! Really looking forward to the blog about your first crush...sounds very interesting My day would have to be extended by a few hours I think to experience all those cool activities!

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Wednesday, June 07, 2006 - 1:47 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

ayuuuppp! my visit has been further extended for several years in order to try to do all these things!!! thanks for doing this... xoox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 07, 2006 - 2:03 AM

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Lauren

great questions and great answers. your day plans sound fabulous, and since time is relative...

Posted by Lauren on Wednesday, June 07, 2006 - 10:07 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

so much to do... so little time.... xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 1:41 AM

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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Holy crap that's a lot of stuff to fit into one day... hah!

I know you know that...

Great answers to great questions...

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Wednesday, June 07, 2006 - 10:27 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

ahhhh.... but she only gets to choose from that list and there are soooooooo many more!!! LOL!!!
looking forward to your interview now...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, June 07, 2006 - 12:14 PM

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Samurai Love God

Great interview.

Posted by Samurai Love God on Wednesday, June 07, 2006 - 12:54 PM

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Karen

Good interview!

Posted by Karen on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 5:31 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

glad you like it!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 9:44 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

yep. and who says I'm not a beauty queen? conversely, why shouldn't beauty queens be clued into the important things in life as well as the trivial ones? hmmmm?

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 2:10 AM

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Bruce Bloggie

shit, I don't do any of that stuff! maybe that's why I have a 'natural advantage'!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 13, 2006 - 3:09 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

OK! well now I know what I'm doing today! *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 4:42 AM

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Saturday, June 03, 2006

The girl with no legs...
Current mood: melancholy
Category: Life

When I was a student in Berkeley, of course there were lots of great parties - after all it was the endless summer (no winters there..) of love in the 60s and at one party I went to there was a girl about my age who was prominently perched in the corner of the room on a cushion and she didn't circulate. This was because she was a double amputee and had not really mastered her prosthetic legs sufficiently to feel comfortable just hanging about. Either that or she had too much to drink.

Either way, I was very sympathetic to her situation, which had happened quite recently in a vehicle accident and spent quite a long time chatting with her. She was not yet really well adjusted to her condition and was rather depressed, thinking that no one would find her attractive any more, even though she was still a very attractive person overall, with a pretty face and well proportioned torso. As it happened we both ended up staying there in the house that night even though neither of us lived there. Chalk it up to the power of conversation I guess...

As the lights went out and the others left or went to bed, we found ourselves still chatting in the front room, lounging lower and lower on the cushions on the floor. It was obvious her ride had gone and I was still trying to convince her she was still attractive in my own inimitable way - by trying to seduce her of course! She was quite receptive up to a point but made it clear nothing was going to happen there in that most unprivate of locations and besides she was a virgin anyway.

Now I'd been in similar situations before and knew well that there were many ways to have sex

without compromising the woman's "integrity" and of course I was able to convince her that there were ways to accomplish what we both really wanted without me mounting her. And.... without legs, mounting her did actually seem like it might be both very interesting but also probably rather tricky and needing somewhat more practice than we had at that point. So, I swung into action and amply demonstrated my ardour for her under the covers in various ways and I think only one or two people wandered through the room during the action - hard to tell from that perspective though.

I think she was fairly convinced that she was still able to arouse the interest of a fairly normal male so I was quite happy to have been of service. Of course, she was also rather typical of many women who allow themselves to be pleased to their total satisfaction before entering into a reciprocal arrangement with the guy - and I'd certainly been in those situations too! So she couldn't bring herself to accommodate my needs because, well, I guess she just didn't do those kinds of things at that stage in her life.

So.... I popped into the bathroom and, as I had many times before, pleased myself while thinking about the events that had just occurred. Then I came back to her, we cuddled and slept in each others arms till the sun woke me up early and irreparably and I bid her adieu after getting her phone number and departed on my motorcycle. Of course the phone number was fake but I kind of expected that. It didn't really matter...

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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

A night to remember, to be sure...

It sounds like you gave that girl just the boost she needed... It's hard imagine the effect being a double-amputee would have on your self esteem....

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Saturday, June 03, 2006 - 8:45 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I certainly hoped it would - and I hope she recovered her self esteem and had as wonderful a life

as possible. But I suspect she did... xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 1:44 AM
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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

That's a bittersweet story, thanks for sharing.

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Saturday, June 03, 2006 - 8:48 AM
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this was sweet and tantalizing.. loved it..

Posted by on Saturday, June 03, 2006 - 3:53 PM
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Bruce Bloggie

I am so glad you did... xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 1:49 AM
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P!nk

WOW! All I can say is WOW!

Posted by P!nk on Monday, June 05, 2006 - 5:32 AM
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Lauren

I'm torn here, between making the easy jokes and acknowledging both an act of kindness and sexual intrigue. Interesting read.

Posted by Lauren on Monday, June 05, 2006 - 5:56 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

You are right of course.... this was a tricky situation in which there were many emotions at work, and not completely altruistic either, of course. It could have looked so much like sympathy sex alone which would have made the whole thing worse than if it hadn't happened at all. Damn these things are complicated!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 1:49 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I wasn't really surprised she didn't want to go all the way - there are a few other stories similar to this cumming up, where I was persuasive enough to convince the woman to let me pleasure her but not enough to convince her to pleasure me. It did result in some rather odd experiences. But of course that's what these are all about for the most part...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 4:41 AM
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Saturday, June 03, 2006

My first same sex experience....
Current mood:aroused
Category: Life

I'm going to bounce around the timeline with these stories, writing things as they strike me as being of interest or on request - often prompted by other blogs I've read recently. And each one should be relatively self-contained, creating a tidy little tale which doesn't really rely upon reading anything specific before or after.....

That said, I wanted to provide something with a little more 'meat' to it than the first one before I leave for the weekend just so you could see there's some action to this blog and not just talk. And of course, it's all brutally true cause there's enough raw reality in my past to carry on for quite a while - and then there's the present!

This first experience happened back when I was just barely 20 in the early 70s and working in the theatre in San Francisco. Of course I'd been in theatre since I was 11 and certainly knew all about gay sex - after all, my mother was worried for a while that the amount of time I spent there might mean I had such predilections while I was in high school, but in fact, even though I witnessed (and got very close to) substantial backstage activities, I was quite a confirmed hetero.

But I was a frustrated one who didn't get his cherry popped till 18 and definitely not interested in guys in the touchy-feely sense... Nahh... by the time this story begins, I'd had a few sexual experiences but none with a guy - shit, I was still practically a virgin!! So I found myself at the epicentre of the gay community working in an industry full of gays and was, well, prepared for anything. What came though, was rather a surprise.

Across the street from my office and studio was a greasy spoon where I used to eat occasionally and

I became sort of friendly with this chicano guy a few years older than me who was a waiter there. He was slim and a bit taller than me, dark of course and quite handsome - no extra bits other than... well... I'm getting ahead of myself. So one day I bumped into him right in front of my building and we started chatting and I quickly sensed the slight smell of alcohol on his breath. He was also quite loose and asked me if he could see my studio since he'd never seen one before. Well, of course he could!!

So we bounced down the hall to the elevator and stepped inside. As soon as the door closed, he immediately planted his mouth on mine and started kissing. Mmm oh boy! He was a really good kisser and his tongue immediately found its target. I was pretty surprised but aroused easily and I did find the guy quite nice plus it was obvious he was pretty interested in me. The first thing I thought was "Oh My God! this is what it feels like to a woman to be jumped on without having any choice in the matter! woaahhh.. this is pretty heavy because what do you do if you don't like the guy?"

Right at that point I immediately got totally new respect for women and what they obviously have to deal with all the frickin time, especially if they are attractive. I was a good looking guy but nothing special really and obviously this guy was not wanting a long term relationship - necessarily - so I suspect all the thought processes that happen to any woman in that situation went quickly through my mind while he was kissing me on the way to the 5th floor. But I figured I could handle the situation - besides it was the middle of the day, lots of people were around the building and jeez, if I couldn't deal with this I was a fucking wimp! Besides, it felt pretty good...

As he kissed me, his hand also went around to my ass and pulled me against him so I could feel his hardness, which was certainly a new experience for me. And to reinforce his position, he reached in front with his other hand and felt for me to get stiff, which I did almost immediately. The elevator seemed to take forever to reach the top floor and he released me as the door opened but there was no one there. My studio shared the floor with a massage parlour (this was downtown San Francisco after all) and I unlocked the studio door and we walked in together.

As the door closed, it was fairly obvious that he wasn't really that interested in the studio as he started kissing me again, putting his arms around me and hugging me tight as well as feeling my muscles and backside with his hands. I responded by hugging him as well, although not quite so desperately. It still felt good and I sure was operating on the philosophy of the age of doing it if it felt right. But kissing wasn't all he was interested in and he soon released me and dropped to his knees.

He then undid my belt, opened my trousers - revealing bulging underpants - and dropped them to the floor. I was simply amazed as I watched him assist my straining cock through the front opening and the underpants snapped back against my balls. He immediately slipped his lips over the head and started working it slowly as his fingers slipped back into my underpants and worked my balls out through the opening as well. His mouth slowly worked its wonders down my shaft and his tongue ran all around it inside his mouth while his hands massaged my balls.

At that point I discovered an obvious sexual truth - that guys really do know exactly how to give the greatest blow jobs because they know exactly how it feels and what works the best. It didn't exactly make me gay but it sure did introduce me to the pleasures of a superb bj and I dreamt of that many times later when looking for inspiration. After about 5 minutes (it was unbelievably difficult not to just rocket up the scale and come immediately with him doing what he knew best) I violently shot my wad into his mouth and it gave us both real pleasure.

But I wasn't quite ready at that point to return the favour and he knew that pretty obviously so he finished himself off very quickly, catching the cum in his cupped hand and slurping it down as well - a technique I also adopted since my own tastes delicious - a fact I will freely tell anyone who wants to know. His dick was a beauty - dark, long, straight and cut and I was tempted to touch it

but wasn't really sure of the protocol at that stage and he was more intent on just getting himself off.

We then expressed pleasantries and he left almost immediately after he tucked himself back in. And in fact, I never saw him again. I asked at the restaurant but he no longer worked there so I chalked it up to experience - one which was rather incomplete because, as I thought in the days ensuing about this, the more curious I was to explore further. But it was not to happen with him.....

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Jane

It's amazing what random things can happen to you, eh? => That must have been...a great experience. Really hot.

Posted by Jane on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 4:41 PM

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Bruce Bloggie

uh, yep... and that was just the beginning... or, actually, somewhere in the middle *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 4:46 PM

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Candace

wow...honestly that is all i can say...wow

Posted by Candace on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 6:07 PM

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Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

Hah! Great... loved it...

You're the only heterosexual man who I've ever heard admit they like the taste of their own cum... Interesting.

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Saturday, June 03, 2006 - 7:41 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

there are others of course - you just have to look around.... I suspect you will find them in some of the groups I belong to here... xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 03, 2006 - 3:54 PM
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Christine, US Ambassador of Love

Sounds like a pretty wild time!

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Saturday, June 03, 2006 - 8:35 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Iorddonen (Jordan)

Hey ya Ass Jockey!:P....these are great stories....Ya wank!

Posted by Iorddonen (Jordan) on Saturday, June 03, 2006 - 9:48 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

are you allowed to read these kinds of stories? do your parents know where you are? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 08, 2006 - 1:51 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Thanks for the orgasm, this was hott!
I love that you are free to tell it one should always
enjoy there passions and desires and themselves I loved this

it was arousing and I got off reading it, thanks babe!

Posted by on Saturday, June 03, 2006 - 3:55 PM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

mmmmm.... it is always a joy to give pleasure and there will be many more stories cumming....
xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Saturday, June 03, 2006 - 4:03 PM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

I cunt wait!

Posted by on Saturday, June 03, 2006 - 4:17 PM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Magicflute

lol I feel like a Peeping Tom here

Posted by Magicflute on Tuesday, June 06, 2006 - 12:39 AM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

are you a closet guy? or maybe a peeping Thomasina???

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 06, 2006 - 2:21 PM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Magicflute

I found 'peeping tom' in my dictionary for 'voyeur' did not know that there is a feminin version of this? Peeping Tomasina? No I'm really NOT a closet guy, I am very much female and happy to. I just feel not very comfy actually reading all this and I guess I'll have to move back to safer shores, call me old fashioned, uptight whatever lmao there are things I'd rather do than read about...and I would never tell either

Posted by Magicflute on Friday, June 09, 2006 - 1:56 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

ok.... sorry you couldn't stick around.... xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Monday, June 12, 2006 - 9:46 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

thank you very much! xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 22, 2006 - 3:05 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

sheesh! and now I'm touching myself!! but that's rather normal for any time of the day! LOL

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 4:37 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Friday, June 02, 2006

weird....
Category: Blogging

so I'm still trying to figure out why some people's blogs always stay at the top of the list and get shown as New! for days on end even though I read them several times yet the re-edited and now publicly released blog by Bruce doesn't even come in on the correct date or flagged as New!. Oh well, I won't do it that way again! So here it is: A little backgrounder on my fucked up family.... pre 1900

2:59 AM16 Comments(Add Comment) |6 Kudos 2 Kudos
1 Kudos
0 Kudos
Print Edit Remove

Previous Post: Dear Friends.... | Back to Blog List | Next Post: A little backgrounder on my fucked up family.... pre 1900

Magicflute

You are weird, you know that? Putting up a blog that sits right beside your other blog and doing a link for one to the other? That's either discordian or just plain freaky

Posted by Magicflute on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 8:40 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

yeah, well... weird it is then.... this was just a post that I stuck in a few places just as it is and here just happens to be next to the blog - except that the notification for this blog should have come up as a New! one in people's lists - except even this one does not seem to have done so. And that is what is really weird!!!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 9:06 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Magicflute

you know 'weird' is not a bad word when it comes from me, I love weird people

Posted by Magicflute on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 9:44 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Justice

I've discovered this and it really pisses me off. This happens when people put a date and/or time on the blog that is in the future. A lot of top bloggers do this. I think the idea behind it is that you will get at least two views out of everyone. The first for actually reading the blog and the consecutive ones where your viewers try and get RID of your blog that is still showing as NEW. Of course your commenters come back time and time again and refresh constantly if there is an active comment discussion going on.

Posted by Justice on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 9:10 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

I think I'm beginning to understand how some blogs only show up as New! after they have been out there for some time and have collected a whole bunch of comments before I actually see them though - it seems to be a bug here that puts them way down the list and doesn't flag it for a long time then finally updates it... Tom did it on purpose I'm sure....

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 9:25 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

yeah it pisses me off too - and my usual reaction is to unsubscribe... xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 9:19 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Magicflute

I guess I'm lucky, I don't have subscribed to as many blogs as you must have, this has not happened to me before? Why do they change the date in their blog? This is weird...if people like their blogs they will subscribe and if they feel they are being tricked into reading something boring just because it shows on top they will unsubscribe and the blogger loses a reader. It's such a no-win situation for the blogger that it really boggles the mind why he would DO such a moronic thing? lol

Posted by Magicflute on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 9:43 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

I have discovered the reason is the blogs get posted with a west coast US time stamp but your blog list knows that it's your local time and puts it down the list because it's old and often doesn't even flag it as new... therefore one has to change the time of your blog when posted and to make it accurate it needs to be set to west coast us time but most people are too lazy for that.... xoxox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 10:42 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Magicflute

I notice that each time a new comment is added to blogs they pop back up on top too. So it might be normal

Posted by Magicflute on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 10:38 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Christine, US Ambassador of Love

That annoys the fricking frack out of me! It really is a tactic to try and get more clicks. I only

update the time on a blog is if I actually made a legitimate update, and then I write ***
UPDATE*** in the blog title.

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 10:48 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

I'd comment... but I'm blogged out... I did reply to your comment regarding this on my blog,
though.

NOT MY FUCKING FAULT, OK??

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 1:23 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

yes, I see that now that I understand how it sort of works. but I think Tom really needs to fix this
fucking thing because it's broken!!! sorry for the aggro xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 4:38 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Joy

I don't change the date on mine, I simply live ahead of other people. I wonder if updating the blog
in any way, so you are hitting the post button again would flag it too? hmm...curiouser and
curiouser...

Posted by Joy on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 1:54 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Lauren

I've been trying to figure out the rhyme and reason (or lack thereof) with the listings, and finally
realized the listings are all on the whim of a chimpanzee named Emma.

Posted by Lauren on Monday, June 05, 2006 - 5:30 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Magicflute

hahahaha loved that comment Lauren J! (And the implications, I mean, really, who cares about who's blogs are on top or what? lol)

Posted by Magicflute on Tuesday, June 06, 2006 - 12:28 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

I prefer the woman on top, not the blog.... xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Tuesday, June 06, 2006 - 2:18 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Friday, June 02, 2006

A little backgrounder on my fucked up family.... pre 1900
Current mood: productive
Category: Life

Of course there are two main branches of my ancestry: maternal and paternal....

The maternal side ostensibly comes from a very proper, highly educated and extremely respectable heritage. I've been able to trace it practically back to the Mayflower (which incidentally berthed just down the river from where I am now in London...) and even a bit further back within England. And these days, that side of my family is huge, still ostensibly respectable but with some really dark skeletons in the closet, which will be revealed as I get into the 20th century in later blogs....

But that doesn't mean they aren't fucked up. There were a bunch of preachers that did and/or preached all the weird things that those people do - mainly in New England, but eventually settling in Pittsburgh, PA, with one of them becoming the mayor of that grand city after founding the University of Pittsburgh. And you know how fucked up politicians are. The mind boggles....

But the most interesting guy was the 'black sheep' of the family who, when he heard about the California Gold Rush immediately ditched his respectable surroundings and ran off to Sacramento, where he proceeded to establish an extremely profitable dry goods operation and made a small fortune. Of course he never contacted our respectable family again, or vice versa because that sort of thing was frowned upon by the preachers and by the close of the 19th century they were largely off in China being christian medical missionaries, and several of my uncles were born there....

The paternal side is somewhat different though. My father knew relatively little about his genealogy since his grandfather was a bit of a mystery, having abandoned his family fairly soon after his father was born.

And that guy was a travelling women's underwear salesman so he wasn't exactly the most reputable person in (or out of) town either. Actually, the mind boggles again when you think about the possibilities of being a travelling women's underwear salesman. It always amazed me that my family used to describe him as such and still keep a straight face. Lord knows how many half-relatives I might have running around! And that's not even counting what his father got up to!

So my dad decided he would try to track down his illustrious but absent grandfather to see if he

could trace the origins of the family any further and he embarked on an odyssey that took him all over the country, finding mostly bad news... What he basically found was that the guy had been in the American civil war (on the union side) and joined up under a completely different name than the one we knew him as. But he used the same military service number his whole life so all sorts of information got put into his service records back in Washington DC - and that's where the fun begins... and ends.

It turns out he changed his name whenever it was convenient to do so, which was usually when he abandoned a wife and family and sometimes the abandoned wife would write the army to find out if they knew where he was. Of course, he certainly didn't advise them of his whereabouts for fairly obvious reasons so they just stuck her letter into the file - and there were a whole lot of letters in that file so you can imagine how many wives there might have been who didn't write...

When he retired, he started drawing a pension from the army but most of the letters from previous wives were pretty old so they figured the matter was put to bed, so to speak, and didn't contact anyone. Besides, they had probably moved on since then, though my father did find many of them listed in the census records at the addresses and just prior to the dates their letters indicated - along with some husband of a random name who listed himself as being a civil war veteran. And when he died, he was buried under a completely different name yet again.

We have a tintype photograph of this guy, in his uniform, holding my grandfather on his lap, along with my great grandmother - his wife of the moment. What's sort of funny about this is that this respectable family has kept essentially the same name for all the male descendants of this rogue, naming them all (I'm the fourth and my son is the fifth, although his middle name is the same as all the rest's first names) the same in honour of the major shit.

And of course, we have never ever figured out what his 'real' name was so can't trace any genealogy beyond him - nor do we know what ethnicity he really is since he variously used Irish, Polish, Jewish, German, Dutch, English, Spanish, Scots and a variety of other names as they suited him. It's a true mystery and may one day be solved once the mormons finally piece together their massive world family tree project. I'll sure let you know if it gets solved.

But in the meantime, I always love to tell this story and how my own rather questionable behaviour has a fine and understandable history behind it. Of course there's even more to explain it in the 20th century, which will come next week after we return from our rambling in the west country.

All rights reserved.

5:05 PM 12 Comments(Add Comment) | 14 Kudos 2 Kudos

1 Kudos

0 Kudos

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Previous Post: weird.... | [Back to Blog List](#) | Next Post: My first same sex experience....

Lmfao I love the Grand-Dad-was-a-Rogue tale, especially the bit where people religiously keep his name in HONOR of granddad when it was probably not even his real name hahahaha. Good fun, do tell more...

Posted by Magicflute on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 7:48 AM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

awww.. you're just saying that because I liked your flute story! xoxo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 7:56 AM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Magicflute

Nope I'm not nice and polite that way, when I say I like it it's because I do like it lol. If your writing sucked I would not have commented...

Posted by Magicflute on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 8:35 AM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

but I'm not used to this yet so if you don't like it, let me know privately please! xox

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 9:03 AM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Magicflute

Ok will do, sorry! (huggle, no hard feelings, k?)

Posted by Magicflute on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 9:44 AM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Jane

You're going to have such great stories to tell your grandkids. I find the grandpa with the multiple wives and various names the most entertaining character so far. =)

Posted by Jane on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 9:28 AM

[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom

How fascinating is genealogy?

That's some crazy story....

Posted by Vanessa the Vanishing Blossom on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 10:38 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Christine, US Ambassador of Love

Wow...your great-grandpa was a big playa!!

Posted by Christine, US Ambassador of Love on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 10:51 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Joy

Ah the life of a travelling salesman...

You know Screaming Jay Hawkins ("I Put A Spell On You") had more than 57 children...probably more like 75. And he didn't even have to change his name! Part of me thinks of "Dancing at Lughnasa."

Posted by Joy on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 1:08 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Lauren

Bizarre ancestors with odd traits. Some of my favorite people! Traveling Ladies Underwear Seller - that's one hell of an occupation. Contrasting with the name-changing, Civil War Soldier - quite an illustrious background. Can't wait to hear more!

Posted by Lauren on Monday, June 05, 2006 - 5:33 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

yep - I'm thinking it was a potentially GREAT job! And I had almost as good a job when I did home tv repair calls, blog about which is coming up next...

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 25, 2006 - 4:36 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Tuesday, May 30, 2006

Dear Friends....
Current mood: accomplished
Category: Life

This is my "other" profile. My primary one will forever remain nameless here for completely obvious reasons (at least for now....). Here's the bulletin I just posted in that profile so you can see where we are going here:

----- Bulletin Message -----

From: "me"
Date: May 30, 2006 12:26 PM

I have noted that the theme of most blogs here (and everywhere else in general) tends toward either a grindingly boring retelling of mundane everyday events at one end of the scale to wildly optimistic, adventurous, sexy and often fantastical stories at the opposite end....

I have made no attempt to disguise who I really am in this profile and have referred many r/t friends and associates to it when explaining "who I am these days." So I have deliberately avoided both very personal and extremely revealing stories in my blog. I also am a very public person with a professional reputation to maintain (at least for a few more years) and don't want any connection with anything particularly risqué from any of my past lives.

I have however lived a long and rather interesting life, growing up in the San Francisco Bay area in the 60s and attending the University of California at Berkeley during some of its wildest times - for example when orgies were final exams, at the peak of the 'free love' era. This means I've had some rather interesting experiences and friends have encouraged me to put in my blogs. But I can't do that on this profile, though I will soon post them for everyone to read - and I promise they will all be absolutely true! Well... maybe with only a very small amount of embellishment - but all entirely from the reality of my own imagination!

So.... I've set up another MySpace profile with the express objective of providing a venue for these, um, generally racier stories and they will all be public. But there will be no express public connection between the two sites so this won't be posted as a blog here. But it is Bruce Emba so if you think you might be interested, please subscribe to the blog there. I won't be starting till there are a few subscribers so don't get upset if I don't rock your world right away, but I think you will not be disappointed - especially if you are looking forward to finding out how things used to be in the "good old days" - and I will also include current events when they are, um, interesting too *g*

Anyway.... there you go! now jump in and subscribe (and add me too if you want) and we will have lotsa fun!

12:01 AM13 Comments(Add Comment) |9 Kudos 2 Kudos
1 Kudos
0 Kudos
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Magicflute

I have found you... wicked hahahaha

Posted by Magicflute on Tuesday, May 30, 2006 - 11:58 PM
[\[Reply to this\]](#) [\[Remove\]](#) [\[Block User\]](#)

Bruce Bloggie

mmmm.... finding this was indeed the objective so you have passed with flying colours! now to get a few more subscribers and delete the blog on my 'primary' profile and away we go!!! xo

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, May 31, 2006 - 2:57 AM
[\[Reply to this\]](#) [\[Remove\]](#) [\[Block User\]](#)

Let the Tom Fuckery begin!

I have subscribed, and will be waiting patiently...

Posted by on Wednesday, May 31, 2006 - 6:45 AM
[\[Reply to this\]](#) [\[Remove\]](#) [\[Block User\]](#)

Shasa

Found you too but it wasn't difficult...

Posted by Shasa on Wednesday, May 31, 2006 - 11:42 AM
[\[Reply to this\]](#) [\[Remove\]](#) [\[Block User\]](#)

Bruce Bloggie

uhhhhhh.... yup! just follow your nose, eh? *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Wednesday, May 31, 2006 - 4:16 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Morrighan

okay, i'm subscribed
now where's the porn?? lol

;-)

Posted by Morrighan on Thursday, June 01, 2006 - 5:35 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

"cumming" -- so to speak... be patient!!! all good things cum to those who wait!!! and good guys always finish last... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Thursday, June 01, 2006 - 5:37 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Magicflute

I suppose that your new blog being set to private so that NOBODY can read it was intentional...?

Posted by Magicflute on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 12:54 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Bruce Bloggie

Yes, it was.... I have noticed that the way people here seem to build interest in upcoming blogs is to post them in their own private journal and work on them till they are ready to publish. I wondered what was going on for a quite while till I figured it out and thought that most people here understood that process, but I've now had enough comments about this private blog in which some confusion is evident that I may delete it or change its name to 'under construction' or something to help clarify things.

As I intimated in the original post above, this is not going to be an everyday ongoing thing documenting my every move and thought - nor would you want to read that. Blogs like those I usually unsubscribe from or just skim and don't really like to subscribe to unless they are written extremely well! Plus, I am an extremely busy person and the amount of spare time I have varies

wildly from day to day so there's no way I can guarantee you will be entertained on a regular basis - or at all, of course!

Finally.... we are heading out of town for the weekend and won't return till Wednesday so very likely will get no opportunity to update things till then earliest so this whole endeavour seems to be grinding to a halt before it's even begun!! But give it a chance please and I will try to figure out the best way to let people know what is coming up. If you have a preference (posting private blog subjects like so many do or just posting completed blogs when they are ready is basically the question of the moment I guess...) please let me know here. I don't want to do things that waste your time and really don't like reading blogs that do that to me, either!!

I will be checking the comments and doing what is necessary.... sorry about the delay but it will be entertaining as it unfolds, as my stories are when told in person!

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 2:30 AM
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Magicflute

and I tend to unsubscribe from blogs when the blog owner is TOO MUCH A BIG ATTENTION WHORE (hint hint. Look what subtle hints I do lol)
hahaha come on... you're good enough without that...

Posted by Magicflute on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 8:45 AM
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Bruce Bloggie

I hate that too and it's the last thing I want to be so I trust you to let me know if it is starting to happen!! thanks for all the good advice, from an obvious pro *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Friday, June 02, 2006 - 9:02 AM
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My Dearest
I await your ventures
with bated breath...

Posted by on Sunday, June 04, 2006 - 7:17 AM
[\[Reply to this\]](#) [\[Remove\]](#) [\[Block User\]](#)

Bruce Bloggie

I'm beginning to fear that I have perhaps promised too much..... xox

nahhhhh..... *g*

Posted by Bruce Bloggie on Sunday, June 04, 2006 - 12:16 PM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]

Some of the stories I know best are really my mother's. I'm not sure if it's because she had such an interesting life, told good stories or simply told them to me over and over again. Many of her stories involved things that happened to me before I was ready to remember them myself. Of course this means that I can now never be sure it's a latent memory of my own or simply her vividly related story taking on a life in my own mind. Certainly the stories that have the most life are ones to which she so kindly provided photographic accompaniment such as 'the first kiss.' This was certainly not my idea nor do I think my friend, Peggy, had much to do with it. It seems to be for the benefit of the camera, actually, since every move and angle was duly recorded on film - something that both endeared me to photographic records and kissing, although I only perfected them both later in life.

Alas, my kissing prowess was not enough to keep Peggy around permanently and we went our separate ways after milking it for all it was worth. Whether the photos were submitted as a screen test, I don't know. But we lived close to Hollywood and there's just as much likelihood as not. Neither of us became famous although I got my start in the theatre as an 11 year old performer in a superb play for a child actor: "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs" But that was far from Hollywood. After moving from Southern California, things picked up but the road was rocky, partly because I was an only child and had no helpful older sibling to guide me nor could I feign bravado with the encouragement of a younger one. Much later, I would decide not to inflict the privilege of being an only child on our first and insist on having a second one. But that was certainly enough!

When I was three, my French Godfather, Pierre, sent me a cute little French bicycle which was great for a little tyke on which to scream around the quiet country streets. It was certainly not the macho American style that the big boys were on but it gave me a real head start in the bicycle olympics. Little did I realise that Pierre was in fact much more than just a friend and it emerged in one of my mother's subsequent entertaining stories that he was her Parisian lover before World War II and would have been her husband had not events intervened. No matter: that bike was more manoeuvrable and clearly allowed me to be the sportster of the neighbourhood, much as import cars were starting to run circles around Detroit iron in the 50s and 60s. It was close to the ground, stable without training wheels and gave me tremendous confidence for future cycling adventures that continue today.

In nursery school, I ate graham crackers with Conrad, my current friend of longest standing. There was something vaguely theatrical about that school, which started the chequered careers of so many people in those privileged times in the 1950s. Children of professors and cowboys, future pyromaniacs and eccentrics - all differentiated by their parents' choice to live in an idyllic country setting near one of the most desirable areas in California. And the times certainly strove to be idyllic, probably in denial of the horrors previously visited on the world. Now the two of us still work in theatrical 'industry' - a term much more appropriate than 'business' since it keeps people busy with no particular promise of wealth generation.

The proliferation of television had also begun and our tranquil country setting was not without its influence. We didn't have a TV until I was eight, but that didn't mean I wasn't prepared. I had regular visits to my friend Dale to watch evening shows, of which "Have Gun, Will Travel" was a prime and memorable example. There were specials, too, such as Disney's "The Swamp Fox" - and when I was later introduced to Leslie Nielsen, the last thing he wanted to hear from my lips was that I enjoyed his performance "when I was a kid." Saturday afternoons were enjoyed at Trent's house watching the Mickey Mouse Club. Radio had lots of appeal, too, with Gunsmoke on every week and a standing appointment with my father to listen to it.

But I was primarily a reader, having taught myself how to read comic books by watching my mother's finger as she traced the fascinating words in the bubbles coming from the mouths of Mickey, Donald and their families and friends. In fact, I subscribed to the Donald Duck comic book series for years and knew practically everything about the Duck family and their adventures. In fact, the Ducks featured heavily in a large number of stories closely based on mythology and historical events such as Jason and the Argonauts and the Klondike Gold Rush and much was available to be learned through them. I knew Disney trivia, too. For example, did you know Donald's license plate number is 1313? Did you know that Disneyland's address is 1313 Harbor Boulevard? No? You should because this is all essential information for a true Disneyphile and it greatly impressed a planeload of Disney executives on the way to Miami in 1991. But you won't necessarily get an order from them just on that basis. Nevertheless, Disney participates in such fun when it can such as when they named the three computers that ran Epcot Center when it first opened "Huey, Dewey & Louie."