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2001 Summer Gathering

" A Time to Remember"

Scott Sharot

It was a long year from the time I picked up the talking stick last summer until the actual gathering I had volunteered to lead on Aug 3, 2001. I spent many hours reading and surfing the net for information about mentorship and parenting. I attended a beneficial workshop on fatherhood offered by the Fathers and Sons Project. There was a very productive retreat with the planning committee at Wray Simmons cabin in Torreon. Probably the most forward thing I did was to invite my father to the gathering. Mind you this is a man that has transformed from a raging violent drunk to an 83 year old gentleman who now greets me with a kiss and a hug and who says "I love you" at the end of every phone conversation.

This was the very same man that threw me to the ground when I leaped into his arms and tried to kiss him when he marched back into my life after the Korean War. "Boys don't do that...(I was 6 years old)

Continued on page 8

NEWS FLASH

**The New Mexico Mens'
Wellness Web Site is now
ONLINE!**

Check it out at

<http://www.nmmenswellness.org>

Man, Alive! is a journal of men sharing from the heart the joys and issues of being male.

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Submission Deadlines

November 25, 2001

February 25, 2002

May 25, 2002

August 25, 2002

Submission Formats and Requirements

Paper is okay, but please send submissions as a text file on a floppy disk or as an e-mail attachment if you can, to save us having to type your words into the computer.

Photographs should be in .jpg format. We'll be happy to help you do this. Please try to keep submissions below 1500 words.

We reserve the right to edit all submissions. No fees are paid and no submissions are returned. Copyright of all published material reverts to the author on publication.

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Notes from the Editor

This issue of *Man, Alive!* marks an end and a new beginning as current Managing Editor Sal Treppeidi says goodbye, and his replacement, Bob McMMain is welcomed aboard.

The entire mens' wellness community owes Sal a heartfelt "thanks and job well done" for his work in shepherding *Man, Alive!* through the past year. He will be working with Bob through this issue to show him the ropes, and will be available to assist in other ways in the future as his schedule permits.

Bob McMMain retired after a career teaching, and after a stint in Silver City, he and his wife moved back to Albuquerque. Along with David Johnson, he co-created the Mens' Wellness Interstate Highway trash pickup project, and will be continuing in that activity as he picks up his new responsibilities as Managing Editor.

In August, Rene Dominguez and his wife Bernadette graciously hosted a *Man, Alive!* organizational meeting in their magical Jemez Springs area home. I was there along with Rene, Sal, Bob, and former *Man, Alive!* editor David Beckly. We of course discussed the transfer of operations from Sal to Bob, as well as a number of other items.

Directly related to *Man, Alive!*, we decided to investigate the feasibility of switching to printing the newsletter on 50% to 100% post-consumer content recycled paper using vegetable-based inks instead of petroleum based. We will have an update on this next issue. We also decided to make some slight adjustments to our deadlines to bring our schedule into better synch with our regular yearly events. The new dates are in the masthead box to the left.

Less directly related to *Man, Alive!*, we discussed two other items of significance. The first was Wiktor Kuc's generous offer to create, fund, and host a New Mexico Mens' Wellness website. Several ideas were discussed including the obvious one of posting *Man, Alive!* on the site, and Rene agreed to follow up with Wiktor. **Great news the NM Mens' Wellness Web Site is online at <http://www.nmmenswellness.org>. Check it out.**

The second was the concept of doing another anthology, like *Talking From the Heart*, only this time making it a compendium of the best prose pieces published in *Man, Alive!* over the years. I have agreed to take on the majority of this task and will have a more detailed description of my plans in the next issue. Critical to the success of the project, however, would be having access to all the back issues ever printed. *Man, Alive!* doesn't have a full back set and I was concerned, but talking with David Johnson it turns out he does have such a set and is willing to allow it to be copied for the community archives. Our hope is that in addition to being able to make use of it for the Anthology, we can digitize the archive and both post it on the proposed website, and put it on CDs which can be made available to anyone interested in having their own set.

And so *Man, Alive!* rolls along. If you have any ideas, comments, or criticisms, please let us hear from you. You are the reason the publication exists.

Gordon Mustain

JED DIAMOND

INTERVIEW - PART II

Sal Treppiedi

(Editor's Note: This is Part II of a three-part series of an interview Sal Treppiedi did with well-known educator and writer Jed Diamond. Part III will appear in our next issue.)

* * * * *

SAL: ARE THERE RULES TO RECOVERY?

JED: There are, but the context needs to be much larger than just recovery. Most of what we think of when we talk about recovery comes from very limited models...For instance, the whole notion of food addiction needs to be seen in a broader context.

When you say food addiction, you're obviously not talking about your compulsive desire to eat carrots, broccoli, or apples. Without even knowing you, I can tell you that you've probably become addicted to fats in all their various forms, sugars in all their various forms, high concentrated energy kinds of foods that fats and sugars are part of. Correct?

SAL: YES.

JED: If you look at the evolutionary model (which is where our bodies, desires, taste buds were built) all those things I mentioned were in short supply, AND were things that were necessary to us. So, when we found these things, we pursued them because we might not get another chance. That's how our bodies are designed.

Now we live in a world where you've got sugars and sweets everywhere. Carbohydrates everywhere. And they're being advertised. You don't have to go out and look for them. They're right in your face. And you're genetically built to go get and eat what you can of anything out there

that looks like a sweet, carbohydrate or fat. That's why so many people in our society get addicted.

There are a lot of other reasons, such as emotional, but I think if we do not understand this evolutionary process, it's hard to develop an effective recovery program. One of the rules I have about recovery is, you gotta look big. You gotta look at a lot of different levels. You have to recognize that we are up against formidable opposition. It isn't by chance that all the things that corporate America tries to push on us are the very things that we would crave from our evolutionary past. Why doesn't corporate America get behind broccoli? Because selling broccoli would be so much harder. We are not programmed to "get and eat as much broccoli as possible."

SAL: TALK ABOUT FATHERHOOD AND THE LOSS OF FATHERS IN OUR SOCIETY. I'M CURRENTLY WRITING A NEW BOOK ABOUT THE RETURN OF THE LOST FATHERS.

JED: Men have been disconnected from the roots of maleness for 10,000 years. If you're disconnected from your roots, you are unable to pass on your male energy to your children, particularly your sons. I think this has accelerated over time to where men are as cut off from themselves as they've ever been. Our ability to pass on our vital selves to our sons and daughters is at the lowest it's ever been.

What's happening for many men is a feeling that "I don't count very much. I don't have much to give." For men like that, they have children out of wedlock and those children grow up without fathers. They get divorced easily and don't stay in touch because they feel they don't have much to offer. The other side of that is that

Continued on page 4

**Jed Diamond Interview , continued
from page 3**

as this whole notion starts to spread, women start to wonder, "If he's going to leave and I can't count on him, maybe I should prepare for that possibility." She then, consciously or unconsciously, draws closer to the children and them closer to her. The result is a real loss of father energy.

I think, right now as a society, we're also at a low ebb in terms of valuing men and fathers. But at the same time, we're also starting the swing back. More fathers want to be involved with their children. They may not be sure what they have to offer, but they're going to be there and offer what they can. This is an important shift.

SAL: WHY IS OUR LEGAL SYSTEM PERCEIVED TO BE ANTI-MALE WHEN IT COMES TO DIVORCE? AND HOW DOES THAT RELATE TO THIS LOSS OF FATHER CONCEPT?

JED: The legal system follows a value system. If we have a value system that says that men are not important, the legal system follows. Given that, if there is going to be a divorce involving custody of children, mothers are default setting. If a father wants to be involved or wants custody, he's got to fight for it.

SAL: HOW DO WE CHANGE THAT NOTION?

JED: I think that's happening. There are a number of organizations involved in changing father's right. They're bringing lawsuits. They're doing a lot to keep men involved. There is a change in the climate of how men are seen. Finally, there are more individual men saying that they will not give up being with their kids. The best resource on this has been Warren Farrell. He's been writing some tremendous books

on men's issues for 25 years. His newest is called "Father & Child Reunion."

SAL: YOU INTERJECT GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS INTO MENS' WELLNESS AND MENS' MOVEMENTS. WHAT IS THEIR ROLE IN ALL OF THIS?

JED: Government and business have a fair amount of influence in what happens with men's movements. This Men's Health bill could bring more money into the health movement, put more attention on men's health and could create the kind of equality between men and women that, in many areas, is not there. It doesn't make sense to have an "Office of Women's Health" and not one for men. There is documentation of how many illnesses there are for men compared to women. For each disease, the number of men that are afflicted and die outnumber women tremendously. Government is one group of people we'd like to get to. But business is also a big part of the world. We don't live in a hunter-gatherer society; we all live in a business world where business executives control how people are treated in the workplace and how money is spent. Education and change is needed here, too.

CONTINUED in next Issue.



Ghost Ranch Fall Conference Planning Update

Phil Davis

Planning for the 17th Annual New Mexico Men's Wellness Fall Conference at Ghost Ranch is underway. At the first planning meeting, held at Gaylon Duke's home in late July, nearly twenty men engaged in a robust discussion of the theme of this year's conference, "Every Mother's Son: Nurturing Ourselves, Nurturing Others." Men focused variously on the main theme of the conference, mothers, and the sub-theme, nurturing, as sources for blocks and workshops to be offered during the 3½ day gathering in early October 2001. With plenty of juice around each of these, the conference will be an exciting opportunity for exploration and growth for the approximately 105 men who attend.

Other ceremonies, honoring elder men and to grieve our losses, both individually and as a men's community, will also take place. Attention will be directed to young men attending the conference as well, in terms of mentoring and the establishment of longer term relationships between young men and other attendees. As men who have attended past conferences are clearly aware, we "old farts" can learn as much, if not more, from the young men we meet at the conference as they do from us. There will also be, as in the past, sweat lodges, drumming, dancing and other less structured activities.

As in past years, registrations will not be accepted unless postmarked after a certain date. This year its August 27. A registration form for this year's conference can be found on page 15. Letters of acceptance will go out as soon after the conference is filled as possible. Partial scholarships are available and a sincere effort is underway to bring to

this year's gathering, as much as possible, young men, men of diverse backgrounds and men who have never before attended a Men's Wellness event. We look forward to your help in or achieving these goals by identifying and encouraging such men to register as early as possible for the conference.

Rain or shine, Ghost Ranch is a truly magical place in the fall. It is an awesome venue in which to open our hearts to one another, and to ourselves. We hope to see you there!

Questions?

Contact the Conference Leaders:

Phil Davis

242-1904 (day)/ 343- 0113 (eve) or
davis@swcp.com

Stephen Feher

255-4331 (day)/771-2924 (eve) or
sfeher@bestcoaching.com

"I believe that the most important activity to save the world, or at least to move toward hope in that direction, is to recreate for some larger portion of humanity the lost thread of our connection to the sacred"

**- Ralph Abraham
from Trilogues at
the Edge of the West**

When I Was Twelve

Part III

Ray Ortiz

Death at Christmas

When I was twelve, my world changed with death at Christmas.

That year the family gathered, as always, at my grandparent's home. Cousins and uncles, aunts and friends came in from all over New Mexico, down from Colorado and over from other states. Since I was the oldest grandchild and had lived with my grandparents for almost half my life, it was natural that I just lived there again for the entire Christmas vacation. My mother would come and go along with most of the other family, but I would stay and receive visitors like a king or a baron holding court. Christmas that year was almost an endless flow of happiness walking through the kitchen door. There were cousins I had not seen for a year or more. There were other cousins who lived closer and who were almost like my second sisters and brothers. And there was Philly Joe who was the only true brother I ever had.

My presents that year were the most memorable of my entire childhood. First, a red bike. I had been constantly asking for a bike but my mother just said she didn't have the money because my dad was gone and she was earning for two. Then I stopped asking but whenever I would see a kid on a bike I would look over towards her with a quiet wish in my eyes to which she responded with a glimpse of helplessness. We had entire conversations in a matter of glances. It all came to a glorious end with that bike. It was my liberation and joy. No matter that there was way too much snow that year which would keep me off the streets for a long time. I would just hop on that bike in any room, with the kick stand down, and ride imaginary roads.

The second present--two pairs of blue jeans from my grandparents--just about doubled my wardrobe. My pants had been worn through and repaired in so many places that I was almost a patchwork maze walking down the hallways at school. Even though my mother tried to carefully match the patch colors, this was no match for the kids at school who always had something to say about my pants. Now, with my new jeans, I could fit in.

I could not believe my good fortune and yelled out that this was the best Christmas of my life. My aunt Betty sitting just next to me said something about each Christmas being the best Christmas for kids. But she could not know how important these gifts were to me. My bike and jeans were freedom and conformity, my greatest desires fulfilled.

The gift I had been expecting was the arrival of Philly Joe. The last I had heard, he was a lumberjack up in Oregon. He had told my mother he was heading up that way but we never got any cards or letters. Only a few bills for pants or shoes on my mother's credit card, which she had given him, would let us know where he had been. There were also a few phone calls late at night to let us know he was all right. No conversations, really. He would just call, listen briefly to the voice of the person who would answer and then hang up. We all knew it was him though. In his lonely wandering around he had made these silent calls before and always come back home to tell us about it.

He was the star, the hero, the burdened prince of the family; a great student and athlete, superior friend, favorite brother and uncle. He was at the top of his class in high school but near the bottom in self esteem. He wore many identities, searching deeply with each change of clothes. In his short life, besides having been a lumberjack, he had been an all-star basketball player; a

paratrooper with the 82nd Airborne, the roughest, toughest unit in that part of the military; a Trappist monk in a lonely monastery in northern Utah where hardly a word passed anybody's lips except for Gregorian chants six times a day. More than anyone else in the family, he had always asked the important questions.

We all knew in our hearts that Philly Joe would be home for Christmas if there was any way he could make it. His soul was a compass with home and family the only true bearing.

Concealed inside my joy that Christmas was always the quiet question: where's Philly Joe? But I could never ask it out loud.

I finally got my answer in January, from a rancher riding his fence lines who came upon Philly Joe's frozen body under a lonely pine tree. The few slightly charred logs from the fire that did not quite burn and his military issue sleeping bag were not enough to keep the deep cold from penetrating into his bones. He was buried the next week.

Except for the day my grandfather was buried, Philly Joe's funeral day was the saddest of my life. In less than a month, I had swung through an arc from the ecstasy of Christmas to the abject sorrow of Philly Joe's funeral. In the years of my father's quick decline, and even more since my father had been hauled away in a straight jacket, Philly Joe had become more than just my favorite uncle -- he had become my best friend, brother and father all in one. And now he was gone.

That last Christmas I had been waiting for him to come home to tell me more stories about his journey. He never made it but the stories did, and they have emerged for me over the years. Philly Joe taught me that spiritual seeking takes great courage and involves great risk. He inhaled the mysteries of life and tried to find meaning with every breath. He had an unwavering

intent to find answers, or at the very least new questions. In his pursuit of spiritual truth, he was not driven off course by the misgivings of those around him. Although most of us in the family understood on some level what he was trying to do, some family, many friends and most of the surrounding community did not.

In the end, from Philly Joe I learned I had to let my heart be my guide on my spiritual journey, and had to have the courage to follow where it led. I was graced by his presence in my life.



Photo courtesy of Ray Ortiz
Taken Easter Sunday at Ray's grandparent's home, the year before Philly Joe died. At the time Philly Joe was on his last leave home shortly before finishing his duty with the 82nd Airborne. Back row (L to R) Ray's cousin John, Ray, Philly Joe (holding cousin Reuben), and Ray's sister Mary. Front row (L to R) some of Ray's 18 cousins, Karen, Kathleen, Harold, Marguerite, and Regina.

2001 Summer Gathering , *continued* ***from page 1***

you're too old for that,"

Many thousands of dollars in therapy bills, gallons of tears and an Ancient Mariner like retelling of my stories has caused them to loose their power over me. I no longer have to rewrite the past to be comfortable with it. There are still some black holes in that history, but they just don't seem to matter any more. There was still a deep fear that some unresolved issue might rear its' ugly head but I never got the chance to find out since my Dads' health had deteriorated and he was unable to attend the gathering.

Even without his presence the intention for expansion of the circle was realized. This year there were a record number of fathers, sons, step-sons, brothers and mentees. When these men were invited to go into the center of the circle to be honored there was an impressive group of smiling open faces and a special warmth and depth of relationship that was palpable. I was very moved by the expression of love that several of these fathers and sons made to each other in front of the group. It was also heartening to hear some of them share that their relationships were not always as they are now.

The Gavilan Ranch far surpassed my expectations as a great location for the event. The sheer physical beauty and optional conveniences including the swimming pool (that I was too busy to enjoy) made it an ideal spot for the gathering. Marks for the site on the evaluation forms ran very high. The only negative comment was " a little too spread out".

Many of us got to experience a nighttime rainbow evident in the light of the full moon.

There were also lots of wildlife sightings and I was very pleased to be surrounded by lots of hummingbirds, an important totem for me.

The opening ceremony went through numerous incarnations before the event. Several people backed out and the whole concept changed countless times. By the time the actual ceremony took place in the geodesic dome, I was very grateful to have the last minute help of Christopher King who learned to walk on stilts with a day and a half of practice. He did a great job and the ceremonial mask by John Davidson was very effective.

I felt the first talking circle had a depth and openness not usually seen so early in the weekend. It was noted that a good number of the men who shared were also new to the circle.

Saturday morning began with Benjamin Miller leading a sweat lodge. Later in the morning we broke up into groups of four and delved deeper into four questions related to mentorship and nurturing. There was enough time to go quite deeply into the topic. After a long lunch break there were several outstanding workshops. Paul Steinkonig and Dave Brault offered an interactive workshop on mentoring and parenting. Jesse Thomas taught a workshop on Tai Chi in the dome and Jim Sanborn offered some of us a chance to learn and practice empathic listening. Gary Mc Farland and David Johnson headed up the preparation for Sunday's Elder Initiation. There were lots of opportunities for recreation. The pool and hot tub were very popular and I heard great reports about the many hiking trails. Thanks to the help of many rogue chefs we put together the group meal in record time and enjoyed a very varied menu.

After the evening talking circle was disbursed by a thunderstorm, a spontaneous musical performance sprang up in the dome as "Fisher, Sanborn and Sauer" regaled us with a their talents. It was hard to believe

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**2001 Summer Gathering , continued
from page 8**

they hadn't rehearsed any of their material.

Sunday morning began with a very moving Honoring and Grieving Ceremony that was facilitated by Christopher King. A sacred space was set up in the Yurt to be used at any time during the weekend for meditation, reflection and grieving. About 20 of us honored and grieved mentors and loved ones. Rick Weiner enriched the ceremony with his beautiful recorder music.

Four men were initiated in a short and sweet Elder Initiation. The final talking circle as usual proved to be the most lively of the weekend with lots of expressive, explosive sharing, including a thought provoking thread about self-pleasuring.

The talking stick was picked up by Leo Klinker, who brought the crowd to it's feet cheering when he divulged that the topic for next years gathering will be somehow related to Sex. Oh the possibilities.

My sincerest thanks goes out to the small but mighty group of men that helped pull together this years' event. Thank you especially to Christopher King, Gary Mc Farland and Greg Gardner. Remember there is a deadline for application for the fall conference.

I hope to see you there.

**LITTER CONTROL
RESUMES SEPT 15**

Bob McMain



Come one, come all to the next **Men's Wellness Adopt-A-Highway** clean-up Saturday, September 15, 2001! Meet at 9:15 a.m. in the Park-And-Ride lot, next to the cemetery on the southwest corner of I-25 and Hwy 550 (previously NM 44). Join this men's work group for fun, invigorating activity, and camaraderie. No application, initiation or dues required, just your good humor and honest labor. We'll take a walk, pick up debris as we go, and be finished by noon. Bring work gloves, hat, long pants & shirt, sturdy boots/shoes, & water (plus a few good jokes). Safety vests will be provided. Call Uncle Bob for further info @248-1001 or email him at rdrunr@zianet.com.

**NOT ABLE TO JOIN US AT
THE SUMMER GATHERING?**

DON'T MISS

**NEW MEXICO MEN'S
WELLNESS**

2001 FALL CONFERENCE

***October 4, 2001 Thursday evening
through October 7 Sunday***

See Page 15 to Register

ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

"If the people do not fear death, why threaten them with it. Only the Supreme Executor kills. To take his place is to set an unskilled man to wield the hatchet of a master carpenter: He rarely escapes chopping off his hand!"

- Book of Tao

Sayonara, Sam
(For Sam Stinson, 1924-1998)
Gordon Mustain

Sayonara, Sam, good friend,
and off again
with that gleam in your eye
you used to get
when you talked of doing
what you'd never done before --

Off once more
on chivalric quest
(duty and honor rampant
on ever-burnished shield)
into the final forest of mystery
which ultimately beckons us all.

Sayonara, Sam,
and domo arrigato, too, my friend
for seeing me behind
the eighteen year old facade
of bravado and pretentiousness
with which I held
a threatening world at bay,
for seeing me
and with a mentor's caring touch
showing me the path I walk today.

No path of politics,
this path of which I speak,
nor path of spirit seeking,
lifestyle, literary tastes, or law.
A path of constant learning, rather,
and curiosity about the world,
of story telling and reporting,
and in the narrow places,
of what one does with fear.
A path of personal honor
and of the price one pays
for taking life
when duty so demands,
a path of tolerance
and understanding --
in short, the path one walks
to be a man.

So sayonara, Sam.
I pray you fair seas
and full sails,
and in your honor
raise that ancient Irish toast
you taught me in that
tiny Okinawan bar

thirty-seven long and
treasured years ago:
May you be an hour in heaven,
dear friend,
before the Devil
knows you're dead!

I will miss you.

Where the Stars Aren't
Gordon Mustain

Mother mesquite
holds me tight
against night-damp palpitations
of a slow breathing Earth.

Stars wink between leaves,
dance quicksilver pinpoint
through my body
stripped naked
by supple tongues
of dark silence.

Bloodsongs
of ancestral heritage
pulse muffled
in ears filled
with spun-glass echoes
of compu-talk,
and my mouth
spits glittering
chrome syllables
of science
into the dread
where they dance
to the moon's delight
like eccentric satellites of meaning
hovering in elliptical orbits
about the nucleus
of what is.

My leaves are more blue
in shadow,
while the moon dances
yellow-on-green
in the light
she shares with the stars.

I am where the stars aren't
and the moon never was
except to my blind eyes.

Materialism and the Mother from The Rebirth of Nature: The Greening of Science and God

Rupert Sheldrake, Ph.D.

Materialism in its philosophical sense asserts that only matter is real and that everything, including human consciousness, can be explained in terms of matter. As a political doctrine, it places the highest value on material well-being and material progress. In its everyday sense, it refers to a preoccupation with material needs and desires rather than spiritual values. In all these senses, the material world is the sole reality, or at least the only reality of importance.

Behind materialism in all its forms lies the figure of the Great Mother, as material reality, as Mother Nature, as the economy, as the welfare state. She is also the environment -- enclosing and containing us, the source of nourishment, warmth, and protection, but we are also utterly at her mercy, for the environment is uncaring and merciless; it devours and destroys.

Although many materialists have a romantic side and implicitly acknowledge the life of nature in their private lives, most of them explicitly deny it, adopting the conventional view of mankind as the only truly conscious, purposeful species in an otherwise inanimate world. From their point of view, the maternal metaphors...may tell us something about the way our minds work but have no relevance to nature itself because nature is inanimate and mechanical.

The mechanistic theory of nature has acquired such prestige through the

successes of science and technology that it now seems less like a theory than a proven fact. But as science itself develops, the mechanistic worldview is being progressively transcended. Nature is coming to life again within scientific theory. And as this gathers momentum, it becomes increasingly difficult to justify the denial of life in nature. For if the cosmos is more like a developing organism than a machine running down, if organisms themselves are more like organisms than machines, if nature is organic, spontaneous, creative, then why go on believing everything is mechanical and inanimate?

One powerful reason for sticking to the mechanistic view is that it is easier; it is still the orthodoxy of industrial civilization. But it may not be easier for long. Public attitudes are greening, old political and economic certainties melting away. Doubts about the mechanistic approach to agriculture and medicine are growing; the vision of conquering nature is losing its glamour; and the climate is changing, both literally and metaphorically.

Perhaps the strongest reason for denying the life of nature is that admitting it has such overwhelming consequences. Personal intuitive experiences of nature can no longer be kept in the sealed compartment of private life, dismissed as merely subjective, for they may indeed be revelations of living nature herself, just as they seem to be at the time. Mythic, animistic, and religious ways of thinking can no longer be kept at bay. Nothing less than a revolution is at hand.

* * * * *

Rupert Sheldrake received his Ph.D. in biochemistry at Cambridge and was a research fellow of the Royal Society, a Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge, and director of studies in cell biology and biochemistry. He studied philosophy at Harvard where he was a Frank Knox Fellow.

17th Annual
New Mexico Men's Wellness Conference
October 4-7, 2001



Every Mother's Son

Nurturing Ourselves, Nurturing Others

These are a few of the questions we'll be exploring at this conference:

- How would you describe your relationship with your mother?
Has it changed over time? How did it change?
- How does your relationship with your mother affect who you are now?
What life lessons did you learn from your mother?
About yourself? About others?
- About your relationships with women? With other men?
What did you learn from your mother about
nurturing yourself and others?
- What did you **not** learn from your mother that you
would have wanted to know?

Questions about the conference? Call the conference leaders:

Phil Davis (505) 242-1904 (day) 343-0113 (eve) or
davis@swcp.com

Stephen Feher (505) 255-4331 (day) 771-2924 (eve) or
sfeher@bestcoaching.com

REGISTRATION ON PAGE 15

BOOK REVIEW FOR MAN ALIVE

Victor LaCerva

AFTERIMAGES

Gordon Mustain

We are blessed with so much talent within our community of men! Here is another gem to put next to your bed, and allow to trickle into your soul each night. "Time remains collapsed around me like an accordion, and while my eyes and arms and feet take care of the mundane tasks of the road, my mind dances a melancholy and mildly drunken polka through a memory house of mirrors."

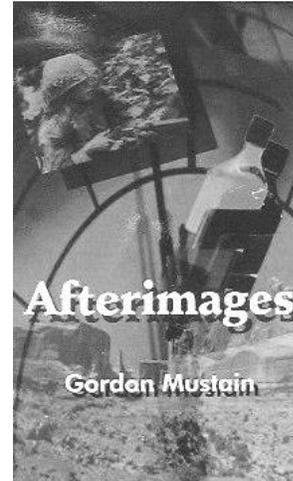
This book is a journey through one man's exploration of the world, and his place within it. It will make you laugh, cry, and wrestle with your own sense of anger, fairness, and the nature of reality.

Gordon spins a complex web, as he embarks on a telling of his youth, and development into a man worth admiring. The clear choices mix with the times of confusion, simmering into a stew worth tasting. It is a glimpse into the magic of the seventies, the struggles and disappointments of the eighties, and beyond.

There is a healthy dose of relationship angst, a stimulating brew of the dilemmas in finding right livelihood, and a clear, concise, dissection of the horrors of war. Again and again, Gordon reveals how he loses his center, but manages to find his way back. His healing relationship with nature permeates the tale, and counterbalances some of his experiences with the rest of mankind. "I wanted a truth bigger than myself, more fundamental, a truth and meaning which did not depend upon me for existence. I hoped that in the elemental

experience of war I might find a truth to measure myself against."

More than anything, this book is about courage. The courage to face the demons spawned in an abusive childhood. The courage to heal the wounds of combat. The courage to keep asking the essential questions, and to listen deeply for the answers.



Available through 1st Books Library at www.1stbooks.com, by special order through most bookstores, or directly from the author at gmustain@home.com.

Being in a Storm

Ray Ortiz

Snow is blowing again,
cold from the mountaintops
or from the clouds
swirling all around --
like with feeling or insight,
it is hard to see or know
the true source.

And then stars like wand magic --
a million embers of white light
warming my heart.

The pleasure of being in a storm,
or a flurry, or even loose among the stars,
seems my fate this evening,
and perhaps for some time to come.

DIRECTORY OF CONTACTS FOR MEN'S GROUPS IN NEW MEXICO

(This directory is a work in progress. Please send corrections, additions and subtractions to GaryMcFar@aol.com. Let's get every men's group in New Mexico represented on this list. It will provide a rapid means of disseminating information pertinent to Men's Wellness to and between groups. Also, if you are interested in joining a group, you can use this list to find a group in your area and then contact the representative to find out if the group is open or not, it's exact meeting place and if it meets your needs. Gary McFarland.)

Northern Region

Max August -- Santa Fe -- 820-1248 --
maxaugust@earthlink.net Intergenerational
group and the "Wounded and Clueless" group

Scott Dow -- Santa Fe -- 450-4650 --
scottjdow@earthlink.net

Rob Hawley -- Taos -- 758-8176 --
rob@taosherb.com -- New Warriors group

Bill Kaul -- Farmington -- 327-6396 --
fb&gclub@acrnet.com

Victor LaCerva -- Santa Fe -- 983-4233 --
victorl@doh.state.nm.us

Robert Spitz -- Santa Fe -- 988-3541 --
robtspitz@aol.com -- Wednesday Lunch Group

Paul Zelizer -- Taos -- 758-9066 --
mrc@laplaza.org -- Men's Resource Center of
Northern New Mexico

Central Region

Dave Breault -- Albuquerque -- 266-9233 --
dbreault@lobo.net

David Cain -- Albuquerque -- 346-8157 --
wcain@email.usps.gov

Michael Hamilton -- Sandia Park --
eagle_call@msn.com

Bob Hollingsworth -- Albuquerque -- 294-4908 --
- hollingsbooks@thuntek.net
Writer's group and a regular group

Gary McFarland -- Sandia Park -- 281-9477 --
garymcfar@aol.com

Central Region (cont.)

Tim Murphy -- Mountainair -- 847-1850

David Robertson -- Albuquerque -- 344-5489 --
dkr5489@aol.com

Pat Sauer -- Albuquerque -- 299-6749 --
psauer@accessinn.com

Sal Treppeidi -- Albuquerque -- 275-7258 --
salteaches@yahoo.com

Hartley Wess -- Albuquerque -- 243-6888 --
hartwess@excite.com

Southern Region

Neal Apple -- Silver City --
apple-allen@gilanet.com

Tony Harris -- Las Cruces -- 524-1899 --
antix@zianet.com



Websites of interest to Men:

www.menshealthnetwork.org

www.malemenopause.com

www.vix.com/menmag

www.menstuff.org

www.themenscenter.com

NM Men's Wellness

Calendar of Events

Wednesday Brown Bag Lunch Wednesdays noon – 1:30 p.m. at the Men's Center (541/2 E. San Francisco 2nd floor (just off the plaza, enter the door to the right of Hagen-Daz store). The "Brown Bag Lunch" is a "come one, come all" men's lunch group what has been meeting in Santa Fe for the past eleven years. A place to share from the heart and be listened to from the heart.

Men's Wellness Adopt-A-Highway Project Saturday, September 15. **Meet at 9:15 a.m. in the Park-And-Ride lot, next to the cemetery on the southwest corner of I-25 and Hwy 550 (previously NM 44).** For more information call Bob McMain at (505) 248-1001 OR David Johnson at (505) 266-9960. To be added to the project email list, send a request to rdrunr@zianet.com.

New Mexico Men's Wellness Fall Conference, Ghost Ranch; Abiquiu, NM, Starting on Thursday, October 4, @ 7 pm ending Sunday, October 7, @ 12 noon to 1 pm. Contact Phil Davis 242-1904 (day) / 343-0113 (eve) / email davisp@swcp.com OR Stephen Feher 255-4331 (day) / 771-2924 (eve) / email sfeher@bestcoaching.co.

Register Today!

17th Annual New Mexico Men's Wellness Fall Conference October 4-7, 2001 Ghost Ranch; Abiquiu, NM – REGISTRATION FORM

Please print legibly

Registrations postmarked before Aug. 27 will not be accepted.

Name _____ Day Phone (____) _____

Address _____ Evening Phone (____) _____

City/ST/Zip _____ e-mail address _____

Age at Time of Conference: ____

T-Shirt Size: ____ M ____ L ____ XL ____ XXL

Please Print e-mail Carefully & Legibly

FALL

Registration: \$ 225

Scholarship Requested \$125 (please include written request) _____

Scholarship Donation (please be generous!) _____

CONF

Total Enclosed = \$ _____

[] Check here if this is your first time at this conference

Registration fee of \$225 includes room and board, T-shirt and a subscription to Man, Alive!

Please sign up early! Space for this conference is limited and it fills up quickly.

Cancellations before September 14th receive a full refund. Before September 21, \$125, no refunds after that.

Send registration and check to New Mexico Men's Wellness, P.O. Box 23346, Santa Fe, NM 87502.

[] Check here if you do not wish to allow your name to be used for other mailings related to Men's Wellness

Register

17th
Annual
New Mexico
Men's Wellness
Conference

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SON**



*Nurturing Ourselves
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4-7, 2001
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