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**NM MEN'S WELLNESS BEGINS A NEW
DECADE AT COOKS' CABIN**

**11TH ANNUAL CROSS-
COUNTRY SKI WEEKEND
FEB 21 – FEB 25**

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New Mexico Men's Wellness 17th Annual Fall Conference "Every Mother's Son: Nurturing Ourselves, Nurturing Others"

Stephen Feher

It was an early autumn day driving up to Ghost Ranch, the air clear, the sky brilliantly blue, the trees beginning to turn in the valleys, already turned gold up on the mountains, and the excitement was palpable as we arrived at Ghost Ranch. The process of planning the conference -- "Every Mother's Son: Nurturing Ourselves, Nurturing Others" -- was complete. The planning had almost been a conference in itself. Now we were ready for the unfolding of the 17th annual New Mexico Men's Wellness Conference.

There was a buzz as men registered, greeted each other and renewed acquaintances, reconnecting in the unique way men do each year here. Then on to a potluck in the Lower Pavilion. Later, as we gathered into a large circle, 105 men filled the Lower Pavilion and there was the presence of strong male energy, an atmosphere of expectancy, and perhaps apprehension for some of the 25 new men. We had made an effort to make the "first conference" experience easier for new men, pairing them with someone experienced, and the response to that effort by the new men was positive.



After opening remarks and announcements, men introduced themselves using their name and the name of their mother, and then we broke into random small groups determined by a bead each man took from a bowl. After a short small group meeting, and discussion about each man's intention for the conference, we walked up to the amphitheater near the labyrinth. There, a

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

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Submission Deadlines

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Submission Formats and Requirements

Paper is okay, but please send submissions as a text file via e-mail if at all possible, 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.

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Notes from the Editor

Paul Steinkoenig passed this data on to us and given the events of September 11th, it seemed a most appropriate thing to include it in this issue, especially since the mainstream media seems bent on ignoring this issue. Here is a real ray of honest hope, and a place where all those post-9/11 desires to DO SOMETHING could be focused and turned into productive action.

**38 U.S. Congressmen Co-Sponsor Bill to
Create Cabinet-level Department of Peace**

On July 11, 2001, Rep. Dennis J. Kucinich (D-Ohio) introduced legislation in the U.S. House of Representatives to create a Department of Peace - a cabinet-level agency dedicated to peacemaking and the study of conditions conducive to both domestic and international peace.

The Department of Peace would focus on nonmilitary peaceful conflict resolutions, violence prevention, and the promotion of justice and democratic principles to expand human rights. A Peace Academy, similar to the five military service academies, would be created, its graduates dispatched to troubled areas around the globe to promote nonviolent dispute resolutions.

Rep. Kucinich's bill (H.R. 2459), already has 38 congressional cosponsors. As he introduced the bill, Rep. Kucinich commented: "The time for peace is now. Peace is not only the absence of violence, but the presence of a higher evolution of human awareness with respect, trust and integrity toward humankind."

Summary of H.R. 2459

Establishes a Department of Peace, which shall be headed by a Secretary of Peace appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate. Sets forth the mission of the Department, including to: (1) hold peace as an organizing principle; (2) endeavor to promote justice and democratic principles to expand human rights; and (3) develop policies that promote national and international conflict prevention, nonviolent intervention, mediation, peaceful resolution of conflict, and structured mediation of conflict.

Establishes in the Department the Intergovernmental Advisory Council on Peace, which shall provide assistance and make recommendations to the Secretary and the President concerning inter-governmental policies relating to peace and nonviolent conflict resolution.

Transfers to the Department the functions, assets, and personnel of various Federal agencies.

Establishes Peace Day. Urges all citizens to observe and celebrate the blessings of peace and endeavor to create peace on such day.

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Green Room Transformation

by Joseph Woods

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*(The green room is what surfers call the tube, or hollow part of a wave.
To ride inside the tube is the position surfers strive for - a place of perfection)*

He again dreamed about the ocean and perfect waves. How long had it been since he tasted salt water? The sun broke through the old wooden shutters and encouraged him to get up and face the day. The smell of oil paints lingered in the warm tropical air and a painting waited patiently to be finished. How far was the beach? Three hours, five hours, more? He could wait no longer. His board stood against the far wall in his studio, neglected. Paintings were stacked on tables, piled on the floor and out drying in the sun.

His truck had long passed the one hundred thousand mile threshold, but the ocean was calling and he could no longer put brush to canvas. The ocean was calling. He could smell the salt air and feel the waves break over his back as he paddled out. Where was the map and where was his Sex Wax? Really no point in locking the doors. He felt very safe and protected in this little village. Juan would come by in a couple of hours and his simple note would tell the story.

He came to Mexico months earlier with an overwhelming desire to paint. Images filled his head and he knew that a small red tiled roofed house waited for him there. A sanctuary from "plastic world," where he would feel welcomed and understood. A special place where he could transform his



mental images with oil paints onto primed, stretched canvas. A promise of a trip to the beach had yet to be fulfilled until this golden morning.

Part of him was already there. Perfect waves breaking on a isolated beach with no one to marvel at their beauty. For now, the road was slow and the distance to his dream was farther than the horizon. A small boy walked out onto the road followed by two loaded burros and several campesinos slept with their heads on the pavement on either side of the road. He loved these people, but a quiet impatience began to fill him as he realized that the beach was still hours away and he had yet to break fifty miles an hour. The road dropped before him and a hot, thick, wet air blew in the windows and the roadsides turned into a tangle of green growth. Even the fence posts sprouted with new green leaves. Was that the blue Pacific he saw rounding that last curve? With one eye on the road, he fumbled through his glove box looking for Don's map. How many times had he looked at that map and why had it taken so long to follow Don's hastily drawn directions to paradise?

Don had headed south during the war. He felt his writing could support him as he settled into a life of surfing, fishing and writing. He fell in love and married a beautiful Indian woman and life was good. Don learned to surf before the war when he lived under the Huntington Pier and dived for lobsters to support himself. Don drew the map late one night in a small travel trailer after several rum and cokes.

He had surfed the beach many years before and Don assured him that with the right swell, a perfect wave broke there.

The afternoon sun cast dark shadows in the rainforest along the road side. Had he passed the big tree? A huge diesel truck filled with green bananas passed him, air horns blasting.

"This must be the turnoff," he thought to himself. He could hear Don's laughter in his head as he turned off the paved road. A sudden lightheadedness filled him as he drove onto the promised road. Don had told him to follow the river where black, topless women washed their clothes. "The river will turn to the right and you will turn to the left. Look for the road through the banana plantation that leads to the beach." Don's words filled his head as he drove through the plantation. A family of small monkeys crossed in front of him as if to welcome him. Through the trees, just to his right, he

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Jed Diamond Interview - Part III

Sal Treppiedi

(Editor's Note: This is the conclusion of a three-part series covering an interview Sal Treppiedi did with well-known male issues writer and educator Jed Diamond.)

SAL: LET'S TALK ABOUT MALE MENOPAUSE. GIVE US THE LAYMEN'S DEFINITION AND EXPLAIN HOW IT DIFFERS FROM WHAT WOMEN GO THROUGH?

JED: Let me give you two. The catchy definition is puberty in reverse. The hormones start to drop in significant ways. The more technical view is that male menopause is the change of life that involves what I call the seven levels of change: hormonal, sexual, interpersonal, physical, emotional, social, spiritual. How it differs from women is that women cease having their menstrual cycle, and can no longer have children. Obviously, men don't have a menstrual cycle and they can keep having children later in life. Other than that, the changes that we think of as associated with menopause, including hot flashes, emotional ups and downs, weight gain, difficulties with sexuality, feelings of depression, and questioning our role are things that men go through as well.

SAL: WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MALE MENOPAUSE AND MIDLIFE CRISIS?

JED: Midlife crisis is the psychological aspect of male menopause.

SAL: BESIDES VIAGRA AND HORMONE REPLACEMENT THERAPY, WHAT IS SCIENCE DOING IN TAKING A LOOK AT MALE MENOPAUSE?

JED: I have found that the United States was way behind the rest of the world in looking at men's issues. Most of the literature is not from the United States. As I started interviewing people, I found that there was a better understanding of this in other parts of the world. Then I had the good fortune of presenting a paper at the World Society on the Aging Male in Geneva, Switzerland in February of 2000. Many of the issues discussed had to do with this transition time called male menopause and andropause. Question started with the basics: is real and can it be treated? The overwhelming session was that it is real and it is treatable. There are many options available, from hormone replacement therapy to changes in diet, to exercise, to herbal remedies, to viagra, to different kinds of interpersonal counseling and therapies to help get people through this. Everyone will go through it. It's like puberty in that nobody goes around it. You can't skip this stage. The question is how do you go through it and how difficult is it. Obviously, different people have different degrees

of difficulty and different ranges of symptoms and problems going through puberty and the same is true for male menopause.

SAL: WHAT ARE THE MOST COMMON SIGNS?

JED: The most common sign is irritability, the image of the crotchety old man that we have come to accept. I've seen this in myself and just about every other man I've talked to. There comes a time in life when we are irritable, everything in life bothers us, our wife is out to get us, or people at work just don't understand. The second common sign has to do with fatigue. Often we seem to lose energy. That manifests itself in different ways; the loss of sexual energy, loss of drive, loss of enjoyment in life. The third, probably most common symptom, is sexual changes. They could include the loss of desire, especially with the partner we're with, or the loss of erections. The next most common are anxieties and worries. Depression is common, as are memory loss and/or memory lapses. Hot flashes are also common. Men do have hot flashes. I've received hundreds of letters from men thanking me for acknowledging that this is real. Hot flashes are caused in men and women by the same phenomenon: a change in hormones. We know that the degree of some of the symptoms is connected to how rapidly the hormones are dropping. In women, if the hormones drop slowly, they have fewer symptoms. It's true for men also. Based on our interviews it seems that 25 to 50 percent of the men go through this.

SAL: TO FINISH UP, TELL US ABOUT YOUR UPCOMING PROJECTS.

JED: The most recent book is called "Surviving Male Menopause: A Guide For Men and Women." It really looks at the relationship side of things. It helps women understand how to deal with men that are going through this. The next book, coming out next year, will be a book on men's health for men over forty. It starts where male menopause left off and asks what men need to do to have a good life into their forties, fifties, sixties, seventies, eighties, nineties and beyond.

SAL: HOW CAN MEN CONTACT YOU IF THEY WOULD LIKE TO WRITE OR CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING FOR YOUR UPCOMING BOOK?

JED: They can email me at jed@menalive.com or contact me through my website at www.menalive.com.

17th Annual Fall Conference cont'd from Page 1

short play written by the conference leader Phil Davis was presented. A huge stuffed bear named Stanley, who would figure throughout the conference, was introduced as a nurturing figure. The play focused on the powerful and tangled relationship between boys and mothers, and was another step in setting the tone for the conference.

For some men, Friday morning began early with a sweat lodge ably led by Robert Beck and Harold Littlebird, who also conducted other lodges throughout the weekend. For many, the morning began with Sociometric exercises led by Robert Younger, subtle yet powerful movement exercises done largely in silence and requiring introspection about each man's relationship with mother. These activities were followed by nurturing activities in small groups, including men reading children's stories to each other, which was a powerful experience for a number of men.

Describing events at the conference in no way captures the feelings that emerged as men opened themselves and were vulnerable to their own and others' emotions and memories.

and individual process laid the rose at the foot of an altar on which photos of mothers had been placed. One word capturing the essence of each man's experience was spoken as the rose was laid down. This was a moving and powerful experience for many.

Behind the scenes there was a lot of activity, in part the culmination of a lot of planning by Robert Spitz, Allen Arsenault, and Max August, leading up to a welcoming ceremony for young men, and the opportunity for men over 50 who had not been 'initiated' as elders to go through that experience. In contrast to the past, much of this work was done behind the scenes, with both young men and new elders being paired with other men, who helped them prepare inwardly for their welcome. There was an opportunity for both young men and elders to listen to and learn from each other.

Saturday morning began with a grief ceremony facilitated by Ray Ortiz and Tony Harris. A flock of western bluebirds flew over, calling out to each other, calling our attention beyond ourselves, and passing by without



Photo by Rick Heptig

This conference differed from other conferences, in that instead of going into the darkness first and then moving toward resolution, redemption, and the light, it began by going to the light first, and carrying that light into the darkness. We did that by beginning with memories of nurturing. Since we were dealing with a potentially very difficult topic, this approach appeared to work well. There were powerful feelings experienced by many, and a system for support in the event of crises was in place, so men could allow feelings to emerge with the knowledge that there was support available.

Friday afternoon brought the opportunity to look more deeply into our history with our mothers, writing, drawing and then sharing in small groups, and participating in a ceremony meant to promote healing. Each man had a long-stemmed rose, and after a large group

leaving a mark in the sky where they flew. This was a powerful time, and a time of healing for men who were so strongly supportive of Benjamin Miller, whose daughter's Caitlin's death so shook the men's community. Benjamin's presence was missed. Death is making its presence known in the community, and will continue to be something to be dealt with, as we look around and see the graying of a significant number in the community.

Saturday afternoon there was an impressive array of workshops for men to choose among and participate in. There was a strong effort to have workshops be relevant to the theme of the conference, and from the feedback received in evaluations, it was clear that the

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Elmo Room

Todd Tibbals

August. Eighth grade looms for Elmo. He's never been backpacking. Wants to try it. I've been mentoring Elmo for a couple of years. His father has been absent since forever. We decide on a one-nighter hard by the Rio Medio in the Pecos. Liz, the mother, is skittish, thinking of her "little Elmo" facing the elements.

We're off at mid-week with two bulging packs, including enough victuals for a prolonged bivouac. Elmo, reared a Catholic, wants to pull over at the Santuario de Chimayo to score some holy dirt from the special spot in the chapel floor. Others are taking the customary spoonful. Elmo pulls out half a dozen plastic baggies and exhausts the supply of dirt. "for my friends and relatives", he assures me. On to Borrego trail head via a carnival ride of a rutted road, which has my 13-year-old passenger shrieking with delight. He's been at me for months to give him driving lessons on the mesa.

Elmo's pack dwarfs him despite my carrying the lion's share, and the complaining commences on cue. It's a mile downhill to the Rio Medio. Elmo has his point n' shoot at the ready, hoping for exotic animal encounters. He clicks avidly at distant squirrels, which are mere rumors in the final prints. His legs are giving out he insists. I show scant sympathy. Sight of the stream melts his contrariness. We push up river to my favorite meadow.

Elmo wants to pitch his tent first thing. I put mine up nearby. Like a kid with a new hideout he crawls in and out feathering the nest. Time for a swim I announce. "The water's freezing" he informs me. But he ends up waist deep splashing like a Golden Retriever. I give him one match to start our campfire. He succeeds. We eat well.

I tell stories of other wilderness trips. Age-wise I'm more grandfather than father for Elmo. I regret not getting to know my grandparents very well. They just seemed to grow old and die. I didn't realize until recently that it's a process.

Elmo squawks at K.P. duty then proudly displays his scoured pots. Night creeps into the valley. The fire is mesmerizing. How many bands of Anasazi have chanced to camp here, or fur trappers, I wonder out loud. Despite being a bit scared Elmo wants us to tell ghost stories. His sound effects are memorable. The moon escorts us to our tents. "I can't sleep" he allows. I spin some more tales.

Next we know the sun is spilling over the hills. "Did you hear the wolves last night?", Elmo asks. "Coyotes" I insist. "Whatever—they practically came into my tent". Over breakfast I get him talking about his late grandfather, the barber. The ol' guy would



have winced of late at Elmo's various hairstyles du jour. I reminisce about my local barbershop at 13 where I parked my Schwinn for my fortnightly trims and lessons on becoming a man. Elmo who thinks Ike was a cartoon and the 1950's ancient history, can't fathom life before T.V. He tells me how he helped his flustered mom explain the birds n' bees. Then I take him back to the summer of '52 when on an overnight train from Columbus to Wash. D.C, dad, at mom's instructions, awkwardly detailed the facts of life to brother Terry and me.

Meanwhile, we day-hike on up the Medio. Today Elmo is more in his element. His innocent enjoyment takes me back to Boy Scout camp, snipe hunts and skinny dipping. Nostalgia aside, I wouldn't

swap places with Elmo; and he can't conceive that he'll ever be 61.

We finally strap on our backpacks and face the climb out of the valley. Elmo is sure he won't make it. I can hear his mother's voice. I encourage but don't coddle. At the rim we do high-fives. Elmo belts out: "I made it. I made it!!!!"

Months later Elmo is still passing around dog-eared photos of our big adventure to all comers.

Talk turns to next year. Yes, we will do it again!

My Journey with the Sword

Larry Donohue, Seeking Eagle

"And now I pass the sword to the next man – Larry Donohue." I sat at the banquet table in mild disbelief. Was this an honor or a curse? I must have sat there contemplating this question for too long, because Benjamin Miller, a former sword bearer, leaned over to me and told me to stand up and receive the sword. I stood up and walked to the front of the banquet hall. All of the men clapped and wished me well. I suddenly felt this gift of honor and blessing bestowed on me by David when he offered me the invitation to become a sword bearer. After the banquet, David and I walked back to my room; I asked him what this ceremony meant and exactly what had I just agreed to do? "That is for you to find out!" he replied.

I took the sword home and put it on my fireplace trying to make it an alter of sorts in my life so that I could derive a powerful experience like the men who came before me. Every so often, I would pick up the sword and hold it, or draw it into a fighting position to feel its power and strength as well as to see if the sword itself had some energy or magical trance to share with me. It did not – thus, lesson number one presented itself to me. The sword is simply a symbol and whatever qualities I assign to it are the qualities it will represent. My perception is my reality.

Over the rest of the year, I contemplated the perceptions of my masculinity and what it meant to be a man. I became aware that peace is a trait I aspire to demonstrate, yet when I look at myself and other men in general, our role has been provider and protector. What would I do if someone wanted to harm my family or a dear friend? I believe I would use any force necessary to protect them, up to and including death. People tell me peace is the solution, but I cannot look at history and see men living in harmony. I also cannot look upon my own actions and see that I have always chosen peace. Perhaps peace is an ideal that I will never obtain. I don't really know. I have been battling with this for the entire year. What if I stopped working for a major defense contractor? Would this action make me a more peaceful human, who could properly wield the powers of the sword? Would I be less of a man if I could not provide for a family? These are the questions I attempted to answer.

Earlier this year, while working for a defense contractor an email came to me, which announced an internship in a wilderness therapy program. The program was set in a lovely, progressive thought, location known as Bend Oregon. The internal struggle I faced was very difficult. Should I give up the "security" of working for a major corporation and risk the

ability to be able to provide for a future family compared with the choice to fly and see what another more peaceful, people oriented career would bring to my life. I decided to make the change and go for it. I felt compelled and used the power of my spirit to turn in my official notice and leave the stable corporate job. In some ways, this power to choose gave me freedom because my spirit soared, not so much with the identity of being a therapist and having the ability to help people, but with the ability to control my own fate and not feel psychologically bound by the material world.

I am positive the symbolic power of the sword helped me sever the ties, which had me bound. While I was still afraid of how I would support a future family and live out my destiny, I had stepped into a new place with the power of action. Was I giving up on the dreams of a financial plan, a comfortable retirement, and health benefits? I hope not. I hope these items will return to me full force in another fashion. My own internal demons were being questioned. Another powerful lesson, the battle was with myself. I guess that is why I didn't know if the sword was a curse or a blessing. It has increased the amperage for me to confront the double-sided issue – provider vs. significant contributor.

I went to an unfamiliar field, in an unfamiliar place, searching for my "proper" place in society as a man. I found that action, any action takes courage and I strengthened my resolve to live a meaningful life as a significant contributor. Unfortunately, in the end, being a wilderness therapist was not the perfect prize for me. I reached for the prize, captured it, and it was just an illusion. How many dreams, goals, desires of the good life in some other place are just that – illusions? Is the grass really greener on the other side? In this case, the answer was no, but I still have gained tremendous courage by being willing to follow my dreams, even though the prize was illusory.

After a long journey, which is not done, I ended up back in "Corporate America" and ironically feel pretty content here now. Partially because I don't feel bound here because I know I am able to take my internal resolve, symbolically my sword, and cut the ties anytime I desire now. So, I honor my choice on a daily basis and if it stops working for me, I know that I will move to another phase of my growth.

Additionally, an event outside my own life has affected me and our entire country deeply. We have been attacked on our own soil by terrorists.

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New Mexico Men's Wellness Founder Organizes 41-Day Meditation Vigil at State Capitol

Victor LaCerva, founder of the New Mexico Men's Wellness community, organized and led a 41-day candlelight meditation vigil at the state capitol in Santa Fe, from Wednesday, September 26 through Monday, November 5 to mark the state's first execution in 41 years.

Each day from 7am to 7pm, a different New Mexican sat in a circle of candles to meditate, pray, contemplate, reflect and fast. The community at large was invited to participate, and to write comments on the wall of grief and hope that was erected at the site.

Urging reflection during this time of national crisis, LaCerva said the vigil was being held to nurture the service of life, instead of enhancing a culture of violence. "We want to participate in a prolonged period of self-reflection in order to discover a deeper truth and sense of clarity. This is an opportunity for public grieving, and standing in witness for making good choices about what we as a country do at this time."

While at one level the vigil was focused on New Mexico's decision to resume state executions after a 41 year hiatus, at a deeper level there were many more fundamental considerations involved, according to LaCerva.

"We sit to honor the diverse traditions of self-reflection which brought deeper understanding to many spiritual leaders in the past.

"We sit for peace, hope, love and harmony, so all the world's children may inherit a more peaceful planet, and share in its abundance.

"We sit to slow down to the speed of life, at a time

when many try to cover their feelings and confusion by being busy and trying to return to normal. We do what many do not take time to do: to feel our sadness, face our fears and examine our own anger and hatred.

"We sit to honor the fact that NM has chosen not to meet violence with violence and has not executed anyone in 41 years, and to grieve that that may end on Nov. 6, with the resumption of death penalty executions.

"We seek to touch the suffering at the heart of humanity.

"We sit in solidarity with our fellow peace loving Americans of Arabic descent, or those who appear to be of such ethnic background, who fear and face acts of violence against them at this time.

"We sit to discover/uncover a greater clarity about what the most skillful and appropriate actions are for us as a nation at this time, and pray that our leaders may be inspired to help end the cycle of violence through the development and use of non violent strategies. We seek to win hearts, not to destroy more lives.

"We sit to celebrate the power of listening, the bounty of our collective wisdom, and intelligence of the heart."

(In the next issue of Man, Alive! we will have an article by Victor giving a firsthand account of the final day of the vigil, along with some excerpts from the book which was provided for watchers to write in during their time at the site.)

New Web Site for Men's Wellness Communications

Max August

A new internet web site has been set up for Men's Wellness electronic communications:

communities.msn.com/NMMensWellness

When you visit the Men's Wellness community's web site please click on the JOIN link on the Welcome screen. By "joining" this electronic community you will be included in emailings announcing events, activities, and meetings.

In addition to sending email this site also features links for: Announcements of interest to our community; a Message Board for ongoing discussions on a wide range of subjects; Documents like "Man, Alive!", a

contact list for men's groups, and others; and a Calendar of Upcoming Events, Activities, and Meetings.

Several men have worked on the development and testing of this site. Many thanks to Sal Treppiedi for bringing the first eGroup email server into our community. Thanks also to David Beckley for setting up the "Man, Alive!" web site. Max August and René Dominguez are also appreciated for their efforts, as well as several men that were enlisted in the testing process.

Thank you all for your future contributions to this site.

The NM Men's Wellness Site Facilitator

EDITOR'S NOTE: This website is in addition to our New Mexico Men's Wellness website set up and operated by Wiktor Kuc at: www.nmmenswellness.org

Readers Pick up the Pen

*EDITOR'S NOTE: "Readers Pick up the Pen" is a new column in Man, Alive! In it we ask our readers to address subjects on which they are the only authorities -- their personal experiences, emotions and heart responses to selected topics. Each issue we will select a specific topic and ask readers to write a couple of paragraphs about it. Topics will be intentionally broad in order to give room for expression. Writing style isn't as important as thoughtfulness and sincerity. Just two or three paragraphs will suffice. We will edit the submissions for clarity, but you will have the chance to approve any major changes made. The manuscript requirements and deadlines listed in the Publication Box on page 2 will apply to submissions for this column. **The TOPIC for the SPRING ISSUE will be: GRATITUDE.** Let us hear from you.*

ANGER

Part of Being Human

We all know, or have known anger. It is a part of being human. The problem with anger is when it begins to take over our lives. Anger is always attached to something, an event, a person, a concept, or belief. An emotion always underlies the anger. So what are you really feeling? Are you sad, hurt? Going within to the very core of the anger is where the healing resides.

I returned from Viet Nam with a lot of anger which I was able to heal in great part by joining the nonviolent peace movement. At times, I found myself surrounded by half a million like minded people who gave me the opportunity to look at myself, which led me on an inner journey. After beginning to meditate, I realized the true source of my anger was much older and deeper than I realized. At fifty-five, I am still working out my issues around anger. Now it is easier to see where it comes from and I can usually let it go more quickly these days. I realize that anger takes away my power and clouds the joy in life.

Joseph Woods

What? Me Angry?

As I sat down to write something on this issue, I asked myself, "When was the last time I felt really angry?" What was it about? What or who was I mad at? What touched it off?"

I drew a blank. Well, no kidding. A part of me hates to see myself as, or to be seen as, an angry man. I've much preferred the image of cool, calm, unruffled and "spiritual." Peaceful, loving, and compassionate are also nice. Which may explain why anger was not among my first emotional responses to the terrorist attacks in NYC and Washington, DC.

But all the desires in the world don't appear to eliminate what I believe is our hard wiring for anger. And, certainly, no amount of suppression does. It's in our evolutionary bones. As time passed after the attacks of last month, my personal rage began to erupt periodically in sudden fantasies of beating hijackers to a bloody pulp.

My anger training and conditioning began early. My dad slapped me silly whenever I displayed any anger toward him. I will never forget those blows and stirrings of anger can still trigger primitive fears of retaliation.

I'm not as full of suppressed anger as I used to be. The deep down place is actually happier. Still, there is no denying the beast still lives within me. Recently, a woman I loved very much said goodbye. I carried a deep anger toward her for a year. But, I didn't try to pretend otherwise this time. I acknowledged that I wanted revenge. And I came to understand my anger stemmed from a much deeper place of grief, pain and fear.

Given the fact of our hard wiring for anger, I look now to be more compassionate and accepting toward the beast. Millions of years of evolution can't be all wrong. Used with care, anger may protect me from imminent danger. It can also signal loud and clear that I have been hurt or fear being hurt. I can chose to acknowledge my pain to myself and even share it with people I trust before I launch the beast at my real or imaginary attacker.

Gary McFarland

Coyote Coaxing

Once more the coyote pads across my path. The request: to write a few paragraphs about anger -- the one emotion from which I am most estranged, and so presumably the one I most need to examine.

It is possible my father, half of whose stomach was eventually eaten away by ulcers, lived his life at some constant level of anger: from annoyance through exasperation to quiet fury. But his was a cold cholera. His eyes might flash, his voice rise a notch or two. But no explosive rage. Never a hand raised.

And it is certain my mother never expressed anger, if she ever felt it. Did it fester, sulking in frustration for a life imagined but subordinated to serve others? Does it fester still while she shuffles her nursing home, rendered incommunicado by Alzheimer's?

Continued on Page 16

Events of Sept. 11, 2001:



Courtesy of Joseph Woods

Loss of Innocence

In deepest puddle of night,
Chris comes from sleep's embrace
searching for us.

In familiar bed, he finds strange forms
in his parents' place.

A trick of light on his mother's hair
or clutches of his terrifying dream
turn it from sunny gold to raven's black,
and send him wandering through
dark rooms to find comfort and safety.

Enough reminders of HOME bring him awake
and he returns, this time seeing us truly.
His trembling words sear my heart:
"I'm on a plane headed for New York.
We've been hijacked.

The pilot runs from the cabin and,
as he opens his mouth to tell us something,
a man comes from behind,
pulls him back and cuts him with a knife."

The dream is over, but the nightmare
flows into questions
dwarfing the small answers I possess:
"If you were on that plane
would you fight back and kill them?
I could have been on one of those planes.
We've been to New York City.
It could have happened to us, couldn't it?"

The biggest question
hangs unspoken:
"Can you keep me safe?"

There is only one honest answer.
"No, I can't.
The world is not safe.
It is beautiful, challenging,
and wondrous -
but it is not safe."

Mark Bennett

The Community Responds

It Ends With Me

Leaving the Men's Wellness Conference I turned on the radio to learn we were bombing Afghanistan. What a shift! Driving home I saw clearly my responsibility and my course of action. After my experiences with the gentle men at the conference, I knew what must happen. Every man must become loved, nurtured, and healed so he can be healing, nurturing, and loving. If there are to be no bombs, every man must first forgive himself, and then others. It begins with me.

I listened at the conference while men told their stories -- stories of terrible physical, emotional, and sexual abuse perpetrated against these men by their mothers and fathers. Their mothers! And Fathers! The very people they turned to for love and protection. And as they told their stories, these men were saying: "This ends with me. I am not abusing my children. I am healing myself. I am not passing on the wounds I received as a child."

It occurred to me that the response to bombs cannot be more bombs. That's like abusing your children because you were abused. The response to bombs must be healing; first ourselves, and then others. As we bring more and more people into the circle there is no more "us and them". There is just a circle of men and women healing themselves and making a safe place for others to heal.

So I invite you to respond by healing. I invite you to say, "It ends with me." I invite you to say, right now: "I love myself. I heal myself. I nurture myself. I forgive myself." Again. And again. Each time we say it, now - in the present moment - the anger and hurt and fear subside. What can be more important than this? If each one of us does this one thing each day, and passes it on to one other person, then we can heal the world, one heart at a time.

I invite you, finally, to make a stand, to say "***It ends with me. Right now.***" Today. After all -- what are the alternatives?

Bill Guse

Bin There

Osama's bin Rotten
And George has bin Dubbed
The lamp of the Genie
Of War has bin rubbed

My country right
Or my country wrong
Will the rest of the planet
March to our song?

We're telling the world
That their choices are two
There are no shades of gray
In the red, white, and blue

The myriad faiths
Tell us all men are brothers
But some human beings
Are more human than others

The tumult surrounding
The deeds of the few
Has confounded the many
In what they should do

In awe of our power
In fear of our lives
In rage from the terror
Of Arabs with knives...

We take to the comfort
Of candles and flags
And of heroes in jets
After people in rags...

Of Taliban-bashing
(So what's all the fuss?
They have nothing to lose
And they don't look like us.)

We grieve as a nation
That 'innocence' died
While fresh blood is hastened
To cover the dried

With eloquent platitudes
Filling our ears
The treasury's open
To cover our fears

How much have we paid
For the confidence game
Of 'intelligence services'
Only in name?

Continued on Page 12

The Community Responds cont'd from Page 11

For air travel industries
 Saving a dime
 On security gestures
 That weren't worth the time

We sing of a culture
 Where freedom to live
 Is a gift to the world
 But what else do we give?

Weapons and violence
 Movies and views
 From a media knowing
 The side it must choose

While government plots
 To read everyone's mail
 We'll hear of the model
 Who's broken a nail

We've called for a choice
 Between evil and good
 As if we've been doing
 The things that we could

We puncture the earth
 For the fuel it can yield
 And vie for the sky
 As a nuclear shield

Can America's best days
 Be truly ahead
 As we grieve for the recent
 And soon to be dead?

Perhaps, if the voices
 Of all can be heard
 Including the hated
 Discouraging word

The passionate fire
 Of America's might
 Fuels a mission
 Not only of heat, but of light
Pat Sauer

Become a Warrior

There is a new psychological phenomenon griping our nation. Despite all of our "patriotic" fervor, we are succumbing to the desired result of this terrible act: we are being a fearful people. I see it more and more everyday – people taking their money and putting it into "secure" commodities such as the Swiss franc or gold; people staying home; people not flying. Instead of flag waving, we need to take immediate action to become warriors – not in the traditional sense, which is related to war, but in the spiritual sense. With warrior energy we will become courageous, and as a courageous people we will be able to surmount our collective fears.

I hear this all the time now – "What can I do"? You can do so much. Fight back the intentions of the people who perpetrated these horrible acts. Feed the economy. Spend your money and then spend more of your money if you have it. Take a trip. Take a trip to New York. Feel your fear, feed your fear and then act - become a true warrior.

I will be traveling to New Jersey in a week or two. Despite my own family's pain, I will also travel to New York. I will take pictures. I will talk to the people there. I will try to ease their fears. I will spend my money there. I will see the disaster. I will become a New Yorker. You are really stronger than you think. Become a warrior. Think outside the box. Buy books. Read all you can about this country's history and foreign policies especially those related to the Middle East. Be able to make definite, powerful and unwavering opinions about our country's future decisions. Become a warrior for peace and remain courageous in your attitude. They want us to fear. I personally will fight back with all of my strength.

Elliot Madriss

Listen Up, Hijackers!!!

A message from Perry Lovelace

You will not succeed!

We are everywhere,
 on every flight,
 in every check in line,
 at every baggage carousel...
 We are vigilant
 We will attack back
 For we are more than you.

We are the able-bodied men and women
 who travel as part of our living...

If we're going to die anyway, we will not let you
 scumbags rob others of life and dreams...
 Stab us, shoot us, blow us up we will keep rising.

For we are more than you...
 We are everywhere...
 And we are watching.
 Eternal vigilance is the duty of free people.

And we are everywhere!
 We are ready...
 We will act...

You will not succeed!

©2001 Perry Lovelace

Continued on Page 13

The Community Responds cont'd from Page 12

Imitate the Actions of a Tiger

I fear for this country even as I cry, even as I ache for the relief of some retaliatory action, even as I am tempted again by revenge's seductive beckoning. I fear because I know any satisfaction is fleeting at best and soul deadening in all cases. I fear because I see a future from which this event is talked about as the first battle of World War III. I fear not conspiracy but bad habits and deafness to history. I fear a war against terrorism becoming a war against Muslims. I fear us becoming, in the throes of our grief and rage, our own shadow side.

But there must be hope, as well, and I can just make it out through the tears, which keep coming in waves. (America is a country with many flaws, capable of much evil along with its good, but it is the only country I have, it is my land and the land of my fathers, and I love it and am consumed by the horror of its losses) And the hope lies in this: it is possible, when a community or country is confronted by devastating evil in the actions of a group, for that community or country to respond by taking the appropriate actions appropriately

forcefully to protect the community or country from that evil, and to do so without seeking revenge or taking on the identity or values of the enemy. That is the task we face. We can not do it without the fuel of the emotion of aroused patriotism, but we must never let that emotion become the source of what we are doing, nor to take control of our actions.

I have never heard it said better than by William Shakespeare, who wrote in Richard the Third:

**"In peace, nothing so becomes a man
as modest stillness and humility.
But when the blasts of war
blow in your ears,
then imitate the actions of a tiger."**

Consider: a tiger is stealthy, effective, ferocious, focused, merciless, and unhesitatingly violent when the occasion demands. But it knows nothing of revenge or retribution.

Gordon Mustain

The Welling up of Wellness – 2001

Phil Green

(This little ditty was performed in the style of a rap song at Saturday Night Live at this year's Fall Conference)

Traveled up north to a ranch called Ghost,
Met a bunch of men who were weird and gross.

The topic they chose: Every Mother's Son.
Can you really do that and still have fun?

Wearin' funky clothes and huggin' each other.
All they want to do is talk about their mother.

Cogitatin' things that mess up your mind,
Sharin' lots a' words, the healin' kind.

Men aged 13 to 71,
Three generations, still havin' fun.

5000 years of life experience,
Banding together to make a difference.

Takin' a stand for all mankind
Right where they live. It blows my mind.

Cryin' like babies n' barin' their soul.
Sharin' what's real, becoming whole.

Playin' with mud, doing psycho-drama,
Meditatin', findin' Messages from Mama.

Drummin' like warriors, incitin' the crowd.
Gettin' blessed out for bein' too damn loud.

Hummin' like bees and doing a dance,
Talkin' with a stick and dropping their pants.

A couple of things I just can't condone.
Wasn't there a group called sex alone?

Now Men's Wellness may sound weird to you,
But I'm comin' back in 2002.

Notes from the Editor cont'd from Page 2

Action Steps

If this is something you would like to see come to fruition, there are some concrete steps you can take which are outlined below.

First, please contact your Representative immediately and strongly encourage him or her to support H.R. 2459. You can just call the national Capitol switchboard at 1-202-225-3121 and ask to speak to your Representative. You can also email your Representative directly from <http://www.house.gov/writerep>.

You can also contact your reps through this site: <http://www.visi.com/juan/congress>

If your Representative is a cosponsor of H.R. 2459 (see list below), please contact him or her to offer your thanks and support for this decision. We also urge you to send your congratulations and support to Rep. Kucinich at <http://www.house.gov/kucinich/action/peace.htm> You can also find out more about the Department of Peace at this site.

Although the Senate version of H.R. 2459 has not yet been introduced, you may also contact your Senators and urge them to become familiar with and support this legislation. To obtain email addresses, mailing addresses, and phone numbers for your Senators, and to link to your Senator's website go to http://www.senate.gov/senators/senator_by_state.cfm

For the full text of the bill, please visit: <http://thomas.loc.gov/home/c107query.html#billno> and type in H.R. 2459 under Search Bill Text #2, Bill Number.

Gordon Mustain

11th Annual Cross-Country Ski Weekend

Lawrence Cook

You "ought2" make plans now to be part of this delightful gathering. A core group of 12-15 men come together "same time each year" for skiing, snowshoeing and camaraderie. Next year NM Men's Wellness begins a New Decade at Cooks' Cabin located in the Blanco Basin of Southwest Colorado. The weekend begins Thursday Feb 21 through Monday Feb 25, 2002. We can accommodate an additional 10 or so men. Cost is \$20 per night per person payable at the weekend. For more information contact Lawrence Cook at (505) 898-2206, email at rlcook@rt66.com or snail mail at 1503 Lucyle PI NW; Albuquerque, NM 87114-8819.

Green Room Transformation cont'd from Page 3

could see blue sky for the first time. He stopped to check his truck and he could hear the waves! The banana palms gave way to larger coconut palms that grew out of fine crushed crystal white sand. His truck could go no further and he ran the last few hundred feet. As he climbed the last small sand dune, he confronted an impossibly blue ocean. He could look in both directions and see the green of the palms, the white of the sand and the blue of the ocean meet at one point, miles down the beach.

And before him a large swell approached the beach. The swell had been created by a storm thousands of miles to the south of where he stood. It had traveled all those miles over open ocean, healing big ships and carrying frigate birds with the updraft off its face. The wave now grew in power, strength and size as it rolled over a hidden sand bar. The wave approached in silence, as if in a dream. Clear, turquoise water began to cascade from the lip of the wave to the glassy surface below, peeling endlessly from left to right. He could picture himself in that hollow green room and he found himself spinning around to retrieve his board. His hands trembled with anticipation as he untied his surfboard. He swung around and retraced his footsteps over the sand. As he approached the waterline he wondered if it was a dolphin he had seen earlier. That familiar shape just beyond the last wave. All time stood still as he paddled out. The shore break was huge but well timed. The water was warm and welcoming as a familiar lover. Pumping hard now, the first wave threatened to break before him. He felt himself go vertical as spray surrounded him and his momentum carried him through space where he landed safely to face the next swell. The dream began to overtake him now. All was silent in his watery world. He could paddle outside now and simply wait for that perfect wave.

Turning towards the beach for the first time he was struck by the beauty before him. Giant green palms stood silently on a untouched white sand beach. The water beneath him was warm and clear as a large gray shape passed directly under him. He allowed the first swell to pass by. How wonderful to be lifted and then dropped by liquid life. He was in the perfect position for the next wave. A few powerful strokes, and he was on his feet, twisting his body around to face a wave twice his height. Water spraying off wet fiberglass was the only sound in the Universe as he dropped into the wave of his life. Every fiber of his body strained ahead as a clear, churning lip fought gravity and began to descend over and beyond his space. All was silent as he was mesmerized by water all around him.

Continued on Page 15

Green Room Transformation cont'd from Page 14

He found himself back at his home in the desert of the Southwest several months before. Oh yes, he had seen this perfect moment then. It came to him as he as he was washing dishes. One of those time and space situations, where he found himself in a perfect tube ride one moment and his hands in soapy water the next. He wanted very much to be in the moment now as he planed along in a world of suspended clear water. What happened next may never be completely understood. That familiar gray, hydrodynamic shape was along side him and he heard simply, "Do not be afraid." His heart pounded as the world around him began to transform.

The molecules of the water changed into stars and the space between the molecules transformed into deep space. He found himself drifting between worlds, not alone. The vastness around him filled his being and he understood a bigger part of himself. He slowly rotated on his center axis and was pleased to discover two aquamarine dolphins floating beside him. "We are you, and you are us," they whispered. A rush of images and memories began to fill his head. Time and space converged at a single point of light.

As one of the magnificent dolphins drifted closer he caught a reflection in his eye. "My god, they are right," he heard himself say aloud as he left his body. He looked back on himself and the dolphins and what he saw connected him to his past. Below him three beautiful aquamarine dolphins silently floated in space.

"Every life form on your small water planet is connected to life on other worlds in the Universe. You are not alone," they silently said.

He found himself tumbling and tumbling and burning for a breath of air. His head broke through the surface to a churning, foaming ocean. Air filled his lungs and his feet touched soft sand. In three steps he collapsed on an isolated beach. Pelicans flew over as a huge sun began to drop into a living, multicolored ocean on a small water planet.

My Journey with the Sword cont'd from Page 7

We now have an enemy who is willing to die for his own truth and cause. Should we attack this enemy? Should we accept the slight and turn the other cheek, choosing the peaceful approach? What would happen if the USA laid down its weapons? This two edged sword is beyond my ability to know at this time. Although, I do feel a great sense of gratitude and respect for the men who have fought for my personal liberty and peace. At the same time I don't know if attacking the enemy is a good thing or not, but I am glad I have people who are willing to fight for our freedom and, ironically, I see how I do contribute by working for a defense contractor to meaningful work.

And if my original premise was true – that I would use any force necessary to protect myself, my friends, or my family then I suppose I support the attack solution by my actions and beliefs or at least the belief that we should be able to defend ourselves. Can you defend yourself without weapons? I don't think so since our world clearly has people, who are willing to die for what they believe, even if it also means killing others. Since people are trying to kill me, I support being able to defend myself.



**KURT FAUST
Receives the
Sword from
Larry Dono-
hue at this
Year's Fall
Conference**

I am proud of the work I have done this year. I could not have predicted the results. As I get ready to pass the sword on to the next man, I realize we are all faced with the duality of very difficult situations. I seek to carry on the spirit of the warrior by choosing the appropriate response to the events in my life based on my beliefs at the time. And when I look back, I hope to accept my poor choices and praise my better choices, so that in the end, I will not be at war with myself. I will never forget the lessons of the sword.

SAVE THE DATES!
APRIL 26, 27, 28

DON'T MISS

**NEW MEXICO MEN'S
WELLNESS
2002 SPRING RETREAT**

***Hummingbird Music Camp
In the Jemez Mountains***

See Calendar of Events on Page 19

Readers Pick up the Pen cont'd from page 9

And I? Sometime, long ago, I first envisioned and then fashioned myself somewhat self-consciously as a humanist. Perhaps it had to do with wearing glasses. Perhaps being overweight. Either way, I knew I was not destined to be a street fighter.

And then, courtesy of coyote again, I fell in love with a woman with a short fuse. She considers anger integral to her passionate nature. To her, it is a constructive, crucible emotion: anger with self – change your ways; anger with others -- drive away the unworthy, or force the redeemable to reflect. To me, her anger is as fascinating as it is fearsome. To her, my general absence of anger is a balance.

Absence of anger? Who am I kidding? My children know better. My anger may be so rarely seen that it resembles a tiger slipping through the undergrowth. But, to them, its rare sightings enhance its frightening power. Most often it manifests in a ridiculous outburst directed at myself when, for example, a moment's clumsiness causes a glass to fall and shatter. Loud, foul-mouthed cursing, belaboring blows on inanimate surfaces. And much more rarely, cruel words flung viciously at loved ones. So rare, so hurtful, so scary. And scariest of all to me, so unfamiliar am I with the convulsion, so fearful of a volcano straining to burst through a fissure in my outward calm to overwhelm even me.

I can't help thinking that my anger is yet another emotion buried by my Britishness, celebrating sang froid and the stiff upper lip in aid of diplomacy and deviousness. But beware. Life in the States, the embrace of a passionate woman, and contact with men getting in touch with their emotions, is causing me to mutate. You may yet see me very - and very righteously - cross.

Charles Fisher

A Procedure, Not an Event

My scarlet letter is also an "A," but mine stands for anger. I earned it while enduring years of abuse at the hands of rageaholic parents. Fear drove me into the "good son" role, which I played very well for many years. But little by little my passive-aggressive behavior eroded into full-fledged episodes of rage. I had in fact, become what I had despised and my anger got me high.

Years of therapy didn't seem to help, until a marathon group encounter session finally brought this festering baggage into the light. The wrenching unburdening of 27 years of fear and self loathing made it clear that I was an integral part of the problem and that in fact, anger had turned into bitter resentment.

Identifying and expressing my anger early and cleanly before it turns to resentment is very helpful. I

also try (operative word here is "try") not to erupt into the adrenaline filled outbursts that have become second nature. Finally I have come to realize that dealing with something this powerful is a procedure not an event.

Scott Sharot

Adopt-A-Highway Project Update

The New Mexico Men's Wellness Adopt-A-Highway Project team went into action again on Saturday, September 15, 2001. I want to publicly say "Thank You" to, and to honor, ten good men: Phil Davis, Scott Dow, Greg Gardner, Steve Herrerra, David Johnson, Gary McFarland, Jerry Richardson, David Robinson, Pat Sauer, and Joseph Woods, who joined with me for the highway clean-up. It was great to be out there with them.

I also found it very therapeutic to collectively share some of our grief, fears and hopes, and to be able to work constructively with our hands after the horrors and losses of September 11. Their presence helped to make that possible.



Our band of eleven collected approximately 50 bags of trash, plus numerous other large items from the I-25 right-of-way. That's a load! Our stretch of highway on I-25 between mile markers 238 and 240 looks much better because of their efforts. We received lots of encouragement from passing motorists who waved and honked their horns in appreciation of our labors. Hopefully they will remember New Mexico Men's Wellness favorably when they see our Adopt-A-Highway signs at the northbound mile marker 238 and southbound mile marker 240.

Mark your calendar for clean-up dates in 2002: March 23rd and September 14th. We'd like to have at least 25-30 men working together to clean our whole highway section. Please consider joining us.

Warmest regards,

Uncle Bob

rdrunr@zianet.com (505) 248-1001

17th Annual Fall Conference cont'd from Page 5

workshops were a highly valued experience for many.

In the evening the banquet took place, with a birthday theme, so men had on birthday party hats, had noisemakers to use, and the tables were set with appropriate regalia. We were celebrating the birth of this conference, such a gift for us all. As has become the custom, Barry Cooney coordinated the banquet, with a number of men preparing the meal.

During the banquet, the men's group drum was passed to another group, and they will be the keepers of the drum until next year, when it is passed on to another men's group.

Barry McIntosh was named conference leader for 2003. Along with mentoring from the 2002 leader, Stephen Feher, there will be a new role for elders being mentors to leaders as well, and Max August will be the first elder to do so in this experiment.

Saturday Night Live followed the banquet, and was coordinated by Charles Fisher, with musical talent, humor, satire, and general fun had by all attending.

Sunday morning included a talking circle, and then we walked up to Box Canyon. The conference bowl was passed to the 2002 leader after each of the former leaders in attendance spoke briefly about their experience. It was impressive to hear the wisdom in their comments.

As we stood in a circle in Box Canyon participating in the closing activities for the Conference, the weather

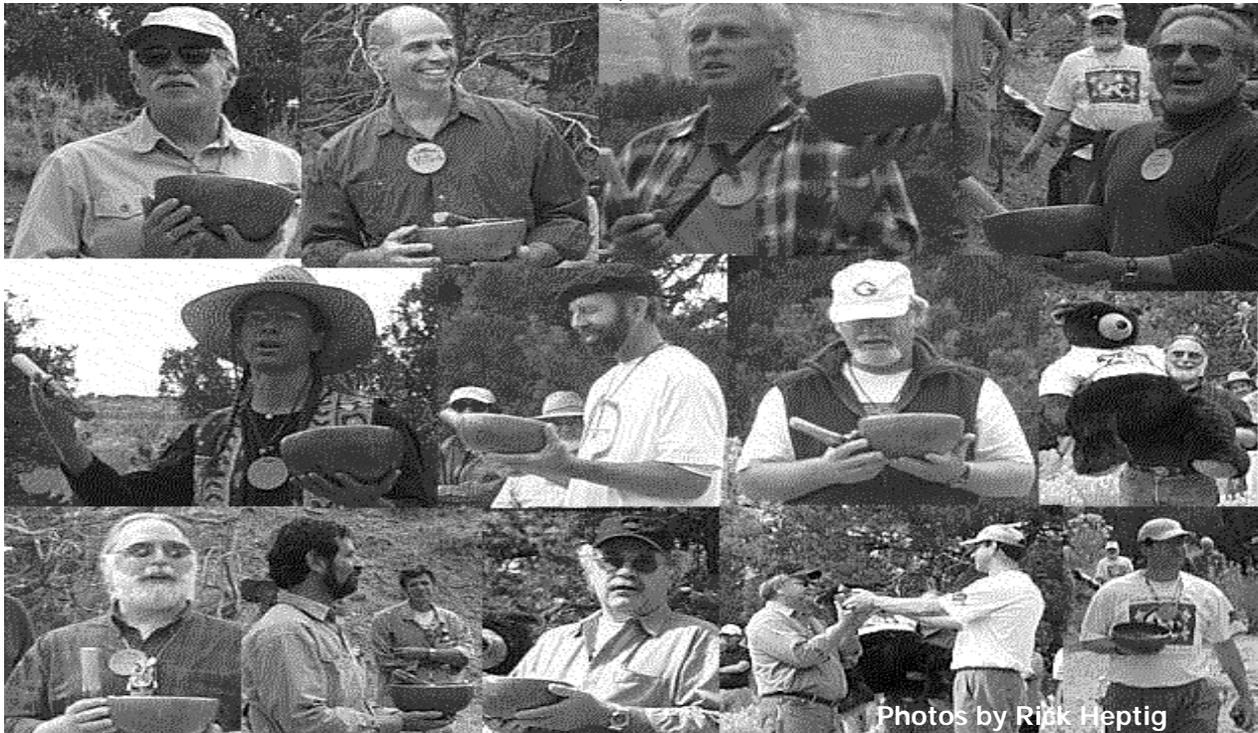
was perfect, as it had been the whole weekend, and a raven circled overhead, calling out, making us aware of forces of Nature present in this wonderful, beautiful place. It was as if the raven was sending us on our way, its call a blessing to all, or maybe the raven was simply doing what ravens do, and our attribution of meaning to its actions was simply a reflection of our need for meaning. In either case it was wonderful having the presence of such a creature.

Feeling full, with a tinge of sadness, people wandered off to return to where they had come from, changed by their experiences in ways they might not yet fully grasp.

Our conference is unique, and it is as precious as we let it be, and as we make it. 105 men in a circle, gathered together, connecting with each other in ways uncommon to men in the culture at large. What a precious opportunity to open emotionally to the extent men would like, with an atmosphere of safety created by them each year anew, yet connected with the history of these conferences.

This conference is truly a collaborative event. It could not take place without the input of the many men who participate in the planning and execution of the events, workshops, and activities. There are many men who give a great deal of themselves to help make this conference happen, and a number of them work in the background, and are the foundation for the event. To those men go our appreciation; without them the conference would not be.

2001 Fall Conference Past, Present & Future Leaders



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 among 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

Tim Murphy -- Mountainair -- 847-1850

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

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

Central Region (cont'd)

AL Treppiedi -- 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

www.menalive.com

www.nmmenswellness.org

communities.msn.com/nmmenswellness

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 March 23, 2002 and Saturday September 14, 2002. 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 McMMain 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 11th Annual Cross-Country Ski Weekend Thursday February 21 through Monday February 25, 2002. Contact Lawrence Cook at (505) 898-2206; rlcook@rt66.com; or at 1503 Lucyle PI NW; Albuquerque, NM 87114-8819.

New Mexico Men's Wellness Spring Retreat Hummingbird Music Camp, Jemez Mountains, NM, Starting on Friday April 26 ending Sunday, April 28 2002. Contact Max August (505) 577-4065; maxaugust@earthlink.com OR Robert Spitz (505) 988-3541; robtspitz@aol.com

A Village of 100

Gordon Mustain

As we continue to struggle, individually and collectively, with the issues of shaping an appropriate response to, and understanding the source of, the events of September 11th, the following, which arrived via email, offers an interesting perspective to consider:

If we could shrink the earth's population to a village of precisely 100 people, with all the existing human ratios remaining the same, it would look something like the following. There would be:

57 Asians;
21 Europeans;
14 from the Western Hemisphere
(north and south);
8 Africans.

52 would be female;
48 would be male.

89 would be heterosexual;
11 would be homosexual.

70 would be non-white;
30 would be white.

70 would be non-Christian;
30 would be Christian.

6 people would possess 59%
of the entire world's wealth and all
6 would be from the United States.

80 would live in substandard housing.

70 would be unable to read.

50 would suffer from malnutrition.

1 would be near death;
1 would be near birth.

1 would own a computer,
and 1 (yes, only 1) would have
a college education.

The following is also something to ponder...

If you woke up this morning with more health than illness...**you** are more blessed than the million who will not survive this week.

If you have never experienced the danger of battle, the loneliness of imprisonment, the agony of torture, or the pangs of starvation ... **you** are ahead of 500 million people in the world.

If you have food in the refrigerator, clothes on your back, a roof overhead and a place to sleep...**you** are richer than 75% of this world.

If you have money in the bank, in your wallet, and spare change in a dish someplace ... **you** are among the top 8% of the world's wealthy.

If you can read this message ... **you** are more blessed than over two billion people in the world that cannot read at all.

2001 Fall Conference Pictures

Rick Heptig



Men's Network Press
Man, Alive!
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Santa Fe, NM 87502

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