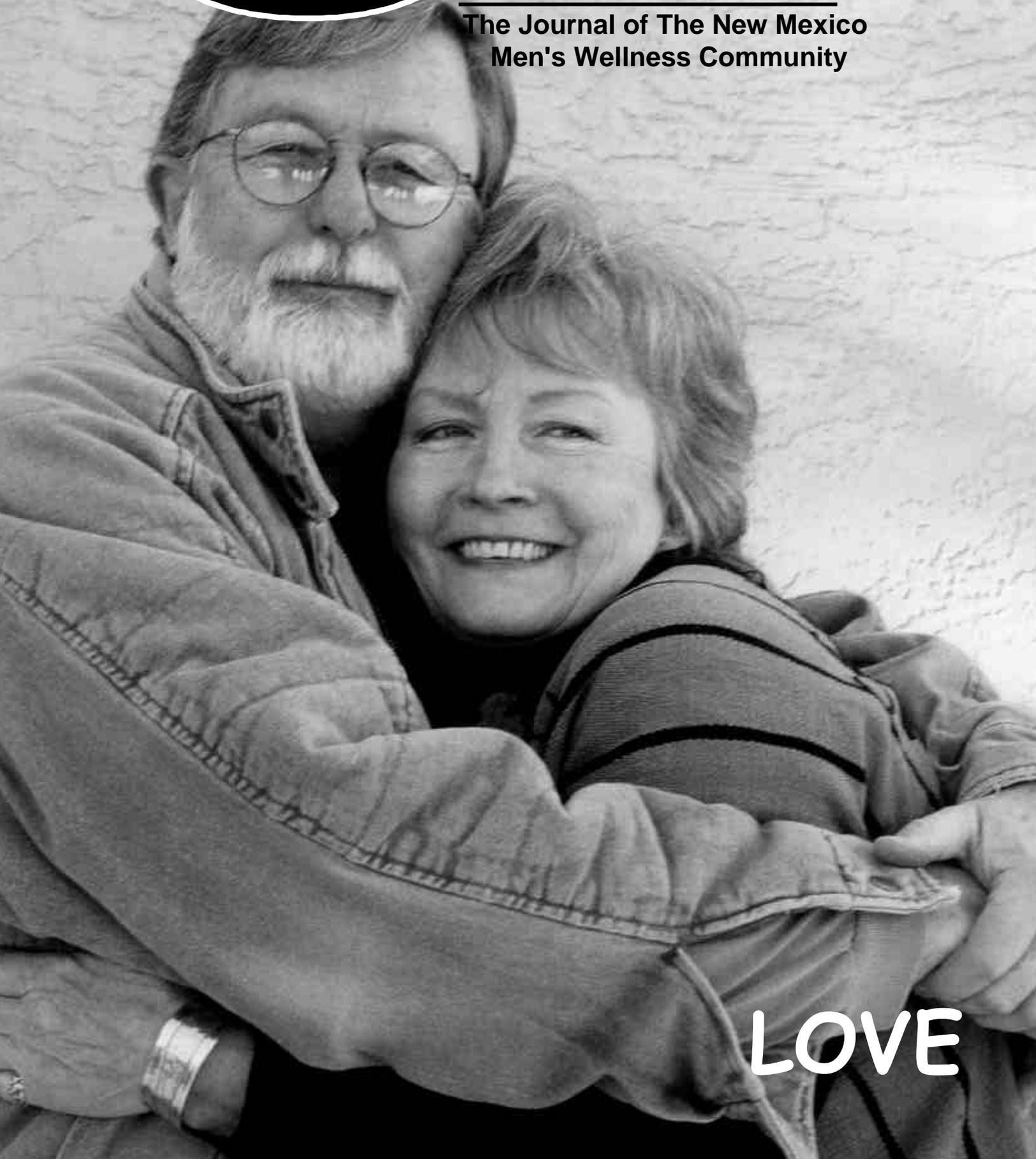


Fall 2004

MAN

ALIVE!

The Journal of The New Mexico
Men's Wellness Community



LOVE

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Notes from the Editor

A confession: this editor has reached the advanced age of 65 and is still clueless about his own chosen topic for this Fall '04 issue of *Man, Alive!*: **Men and Love**. Trust me, this is not a case of false modesty. The evidence is definitely in. I won't indulge my penchant for self-pity here, nor regale you, dear readers, with the sordid details of my relationship history. Suffice it to say that it has been a disaster. Where was I when young male children were learning about love? By the way, how *do* we learn about love? Surely not from stern or even well-meaning lectures on the virtues of love from our elders. Surely we do (or don't, as the case may be) learn about love from our *interactions* and experiences with those closest to us from day one.

A man at last summer's Men's Wellness Gathering shared some information with us strongly suggesting that the amount and quality of physical nurturing, especially breastfeeding, is inversely correlated with a propensity for violence. In turn, violence is likely correlated with problems in loving self and others. One conclusion is that extensive skin to skin contact very early in life is essential to building trust and the ability to give and receive love. (I, for one, am reasonably sure that I was never seen hanging from my mother's breast as she operated her Electrolux.)

OK, I'll admit that I must have learned *something* about love. I'm not an axe-murderer (though I've enjoyed an active fantasy life, at times peppered liberally with violence). I've been "in love" – read "infatuated" – and friends have sometimes called me a "loving man." And, tears well up in my eyes when I see a movie like "The Apartment." I love my son so much it hurts sometimes. On the other hand, I have never been able to sustain an open, accepting heart in relationships with women.

Nonetheless, in an act of tremendous (uncharacteristic) hope and faith, I recently re-married. My wife, Cate, is a wonderful, loving woman. The moment I met her, I felt this strange trust and safety that I couldn't explain. Maybe, just maybe, I thought, I had finally come home.

Since marrying, we have discovered (rude surprise) that my years of wall-build-

Man, Alive!

is a journal of men sharing from the heart the joys and issues of being male.

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NMMensWellness

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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 keep submissions below 1500 words.

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MEN and LOVE

Love By The Ditch

Ray Ortiz

In the middle of the day we would rest from the work of summer. My family would stop hoeing fields, mending fences, repairing buildings, watering orchards from the ditch, tending to the animals. Instead, we would be drawn to the shade of the willows, a shade which was enriched by the soothing flow of water in the ditch that wove itself not only through the trees or shrubs in the yard but through all of our lives. When I was very young and lived with my grandparents, they taught me not only the ways of work but of gratitude and love.

We would lie down on small cots although this break was nothing as simple as a nap. It was being with family, breathing in the coolness of shade, smelling its darkened colors. It was a gentle but intense rest since slowing the day a little allowed us to take it inside our dreams.

After this dreamy interlude, other chores awaited, followed by the night. We would often eat supper after dark since the old wood burning stove inside the small kitchen in which it was anchored would throw off too much heat if we fired it up during the day. "La cocina" as we called it was our summer house, a large one room adobe with dirt floors that was really half kitchen and half bedroom. Because the walls of la cocina were so thick, even the heavy summer sunshine could only slowly find its way through. As night approached, we would open up the two windows and the door so that the evening breeze could carry away the heat which had struggled for so long to come inside.

The invading heat was usually halted by the night. If that wasn't enough we had nurturing heat from our wood stove. The stove was very large in its cast iron blackness. It had two ovens and enough room on top for numerous pots. The fire box had an odd angular shape so that it could fit a small quantity of wood for quick cooking jobs or several very large logs for the longer baking jobs of the autumn or winter.

In the deep summer nights though, we used only kindling and a few pieces of wood to build small fires, the size necessary to cook a light meal, not to bake the room. So short-lived were the flames that they would hardly begin to warm up even the area around the stove. But when we opened up the fire box even these small fires would cast a glow across the dirt floor. After so many days and years of being walked on, swept, spattered with oil or lard and swept again, the area around the stove took on a patina that could reflect light almost as well as a polished wooden floor.

After supper on a few nights, instead of wheeling out the fold-up bed from the corner into the middle of the room, we would instead guide it into the middle of the yard. In bed,

between my grandparents, with nothing between us and the universe except a blanket, I was as comforted as any child could be. As the stars began to appear each night, my grandfather's stories would find their way home, would give way to starlight.

It was time to try and keep up with those stars which my grandparents asked me to do by counting them off, sometimes in English, sometimes in Spanish. First a few that were easy to keep track of, then a few more, dim on the horizon, which edged my numbers ever higher. Then others brightening in the deep sky overhead, slowly merging into the band of light that was the Milky Way. Eventually, there were so many, I did not know the numbers to keep up. My grandparents would either nudge me along or let me begin counting again. So I learned to count, not with a pencil and paper or with pebbles, but by stars. I began to sense the depth of abundance by stars and by the love of my grandparents.

During these nights outside, my dream journeys through the stars were sometimes interrupted by a quick rain. An old canvass tarp was always by the foot of our bed, its stiff, musty thickness protecting us from the deluge. Each droplet of rain would create a slight echo on impact so that in a heavy storm, with the tarp only an inch from our faces, we would have to raise our voices well above common nighttime whispers in order to be heard at all. In the end though, the sound of rain gave way to the sound of water flowing in the ditch and we were lulled back to sleep.

In the early mornings, I would often wake up to the sounds of fire in the nearby horno which was being heated up baking bread. In summer

it would have been too hot to bake inside so we moved this task outside as well. There had to be enough bread for our days. With all of us tending to orchards and fields, tending to summer, we still had to make our bread. But outside baking would have to do.

My morning alarm was crackling wood and sweet pinon smoke. Once up, I would run across the yard and jump the ditch for my morning visit to the outhouse. It was a two-seater with a nice view of the orchards below but only in the busiest of times would I have any company. The necessity of two seats was from an earlier time when there were far more people in the house. Back then, there was not much time to dawdle with even such basic things as using the bathroom. By the time I came around, many of my uncles had left for the service, my aunts to find a job or place to stay in the city. So I had my little solitude in the outhouse every morning. My only diversion in there was looking at the pictures in the catalog nailed to the wall since I had not yet learned to read.

While my daily morning jaunt to the outhouse was usually



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MEN and LOVE

Celebrate!

Victor LaCerva

I come to you with my wounded heart, my imperfect body and a spirit scarred from past explorations of intimacy. And what do you do? You open your arms wide in acceptance and offer me a deep trust I am not sure I can bear... (Edgewalker)

Love, lust, commitment! The elusive triad I have sought most of my adult life. I am in a jungle and the way is unclear. I have no evidence that such a union is possible, though I don't question its desirability. Monogamy is not my natural tendency. I believe it is a socially imposed prison, based on fear, in an attempt to control the wild ecstasy of unbridled passion. I do, however, check myself in voluntarily to this insane asylum perspective. I self-commit, more or less willingly, at different times. But I always come back to questioning if it is my path. If I am truly in the moment, if that is where I want to reside, then how can I accept such a sentence to permanently dishonor spontaneity and the throbbing essential power of the lower chakra?

I sometimes choose monogamy because I want to be liked, be considered good, or because a woman I care deeply for requests - or more simply and accurately said - demands it for the dance of intimacy to continue. I berate myself when I then struggle to stay imprisoned. I lecture myself that I should just get better at asking for what I want from my partner, dispense with any "unexplored fantasies" as a lack of maturity, or channel my desires for other women into my chakras and just bring that energy home. So do I settle for quasi-masturbation some of the time with a partner whom I love and with whom there are otherwise wonderful connections, yet who is not my ideal sexual partner, and will always be closed to some forms of exploration? So far I have not chosen to do so. More suffering.

I want to take a moment to honor those days when I, in all my complexity, seem to simply be nothing more than a life support system for my penis. Oh, to be sure, such times are rarer now than in my younger years, but they still appear with the constancy of butterflies in spring, nighthawks in summer, and purple asters in autumn. All the world is seen through the eyes of a lustful gaze, an endless stream of stimulus-response where, like some pollen-drunken bee, my energy flows from flower to flower.

Fanciful journeys unfold as rampant random acts of undressing everyone from a cleaning lady at work to the clerk in the convenience store. Everywhere there are body parts to savor: lips, thighs, derriers, eyes, hair, necks. I pity those who have not yet moved beyond the realm of T and A. Like beggars at a smorgasbord they are only sampling the appetizers. My whole body vibrates with sensuality, my aura steaming with pheromones, my mental status summarized by my website for

the day: justtakeme.com, linking to domewithpassion.org. At times like this I send the inner priest off to take a nap, and I resolutely reject all the patriarchal baggage that denies that such sweet lust is anything but life-affirming. So what if fishermen do it early in the morning, electricians really turn your lights on, steel workers have iron rods, pool players have more balls, librarians and English professors are novel lovers. I am here in this moment full of vitality, and why can't you see that? Let's just surrender and go to the hills and lie naked in the earth and celebrate, celebrate, celebrate!

And now of course the gift of Pfizer: Vitamin V. It is strange at first to have a penis that works like that of a twenty-something-year-old, yet is married to a body and skills and sensitivity of a certified men's wellness elder. I got Viagra samples for my whole men's group, and it has become my recreational substance of choice for these special moments when more than a hallmark card is called for.

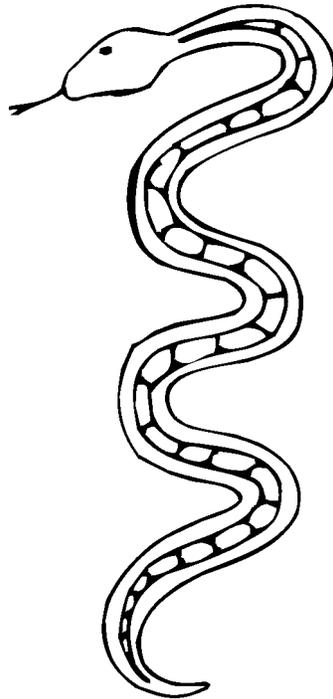
I used to fight these horned times of loving lust with sensitive male good boy shields of immersing myself in work, or allowing just a little peek into this shadow world of desire. Like so many afflicted in our modern world, the bottom line sound byte summary of my own early learnings around sexuality could be summarized like this: "Sex is dirty. Save it for the one you love." So much suffering there. How many committed monogamous couples are unable to ask for what they'd like to be different, to share their innermost secrets, wishes, wants, desires? To cut themselves off from the bliss of rediscovering each other again and again because of fabricated fears and sense-

less shame?

Celibacy is another matter. I find that useful too. Instead of whining that I'm not getting enough, I choose to go with the flow of what is happening anyway, and enjoy the peace that settles in, after a bit of struggle for a couple of weeks....and it doesn't last that long and I'm not really recommending it, but it is really good for a while. The conscious choice to simply observe the ebb and flow of my desires and hold the energy within and then be awake enough to channel it into something else...that becomes another element of personal power, breaks through a different sort of self-imposed prison wall.

We are all men. Some of us sleep with women, some with men, some both men and women. In some ways I envy those who are capable of dancing between worlds, whose open sense of sexual expression is more welcoming than my own. So how does one move from the secular penis to the sacred phallus, from "wow what an ass" or "mygodlookatthosetits" to seeing the true spiritual splendor of the human form?

I have come to believe that without continuing passion, one's love becomes stale. So in the changing puzzle of human relationships, sexual compatibility must exist as a key element. A willingness to explore and rediscover, the ability to pleasure



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MEN and LOVE

Simonita

Manuel Tafoya

It was a beautiful autumn day in northern New Mexico. There was just enough chill in the air to hint that autumn was coming to an end and cold would soon rule the land. I had gone to pick up two of my favorite people, Simonita, my pretty, vivacious 15-year-old niece and Macario, her cool 12-year-old brother. Our goal was to go pick apples.

As we were starting out, Simonita said, "Oh Uncle, it is such a nice day, why don't we walk down to the orchard? The buckets and boxes are already there."

"It would be a nice walk," I said, and when Macario agreed, the three of us walked the half-mile to La Arbolera de Abajo.

When we got there my niece and nephew climbed an apple tree with their buckets and long ropes. Every time they filled their buckets they would lower them and I would empty the apples into the boxes. It was such a beautiful day that we could not help but joke and laugh and feel good as we worked. Then Simonita told us that she felt sick. I told her to climb down. She did so. Then she began throwing up. This was not the gagging kind of throwing up, but the violent kind, as when someone has drunk way too much.

Alarmed I said, "Quick, Macario, run as fast as you can and get your uncle. We have to take Simonita to the Emergency Room."

When Simonita stopped throwing up I put her head on my lap and began wiping her hot, perspiring face with my wet handkerchief. "Just lie still," I said, "Your Uncle will be here any moment."

Simonita began to cry. Then with great sobs welling from her chest, she said, "I am so sorry for what has happened. Last night, while my parents were away taking care of my sick aunt, I went to a dance. Later I went to Lovers Lane with Lonnie. The police came by and took us in. They said they were going to charge Lonnie with statutory rape. He is 25 years old. My Uncle Santiago had to come pick me up. He wanted to call my parents and tell them what had happened, but I begged him not to, that I wanted to be the one to tell them when they got home."

Simonita was crying hard now. "My dad is going to be so mad at me. But what hurts the most is that everyone is going to be so disappointed with me. I have let my mom, my dad, my

catechism sisters, my teachers, and everybody in the whole world down. I feel so bad. Oh, I wish I was dead," she wailed. Because of the way she was carrying on and because her physical state seemed to be deteriorating, I said sharply, "Stop talking like that. Things happen."

This quieted her some, then with a catch in her voice she said, "Have you ever wished you were dead?" Then without waiting for an answer she continued, "I have. I have wished that I was dead many, many times. I had this wish even when I was in elementary school. In fact, sometimes I have gotten angry at myself for not having killed myself when I had the chance."

I was shocked. "Simonita, I've never heard you talk like that. You're beautiful, intelligent and popular. You have everything to live for..."

In an almost inaudible whisper she said, "There are very few people who have heard me talk like that, except maybe my doctors, who say I'm bipolar or manic-depressive. You know, sometimes the pain becomes so unbearable that I just want to die right then and there."

Terrified, I watched as Simonita seemed to be getting weaker and weaker. To bolster her spirits I said "Simonita, you have to hold on. You don't know what would occur if anything happened to you."

Weakly, she said, "What would happen?"

In a trembling voice I said, "First of all, everybody that knows you would be heartbroken.

This would be especially true of your mom and dad. For days and days they would not believe you were not here. Daily they would go into your bedroom expecting you to be there, but when they went in, you would not be there. And every time they would see a pretty girl with long black hair and smiling eyes, they would think it was you, only to discover it was not you. And then at night, they would dream that all that has happened was really just a bad dream, only to wake up and realize that everything was true."

Simonita started crying hysterically. In a panic, I said, "I've got to go get help."

"No, No, Uncle, don't go. I don't want to die out here all alone."

"You're not going to die," I reassured her.

"Yes I am," she said, "I swallowed some poison."

When the truck roared up to a screeching halt besides us, they found me holding Simonita's lifeless body in my arms, tears streaking down my cheeks. §



MEN and LOVE

Ancient Beloved Land

Gary McFarland

Ancient Beloved Land
Owned by none, save Yourself
What multitudes rested here, coaxing life
From Your red earth?
Then cradled by You in death

What secrets of ancient seas You hold?
Of the finned, scaled and sabertoothed.
Of deluge and violence,
and serene sandy beaches
Glistening like diamonds



What stories could You tell
Of countless generations
Hunters and farmers and women
Birthing life upon Your bosom?
Of grief and joy and bones left in Your care

We make paltry imitations of Your beauty
Caressing You into holy vessels to hold
Your gifts, given as a Lover to the beloved,
Asking only to be loved in return

And all this I say is now mine?
Recorded on some bureaucrat's foolishness?
Surely You laugh at my folly
For dust, by You, shall soon my own bones be. §

Love Is Under

Ray Johnson

Love is under every autumn leaf.
Skimming skyscrapers, love heaves
A luminous day up to clouds' bellies
Drops it with a formidable weight
When day ends and asleep we are.
Love never sleeps. Waits for us
To leap from sleep to embrace
Its heart probing,
Takes us past shadowed cliffs
To bury desperate promises.
Deep the graves of surface days
Voluminous the future
Where whispering the leaves of Spring
Entice the four leaf clover. §

Is Love Worth the Price?

David Kuenzli

Is love worth the price?
For a thousand years now, poets have been asking,
"Is it worth the tears?"

Is love worth the price?
It depends on what you're after.
If you want an easy life, then run the other way!
But if you want to fill your heart with joy beyond compare,
then I suggest you risk it all—like a gambler on a roll—
for love is worth it all.

Is love worth the price?
I have often wondered, what's this spell I'm under
that can make me feel this way?

Is love worth the price, with lots of rain and thunder?
If you want smooth sailing, then love is not for you.
But if you want to laugh and cry
'til the moment of your last goodbye,
then I suggest you risk it all—like a gambler on a roll—
for love is worth it all! §

A Better Me

David Kuenzli

You are the path of my least resistance.
You take my rough and you make it smooth.
You add the spice to my bland existence.
I'm a better me with you!

You are the path of my least resistance.
You take my weak and you make it strong.
I know that I'm going to go the distance
As long as you come along.
Don't you know that I'm a better me with you.
A better me with you.

You are the path of my least resistance.
You take my loud and you make it soothe.
With you life's much more than I imagined.
I'm a better me with you.
A better me with you! §

MEN and LOVE

For Love of Country

Robert Francis Johnson

This is a letter about my love of my country and my fear that we are headed for some dark times unless we act to change the destructive consumer, sociopathic values we are living.

Would someone tell John Kerry to answer Swift Boat accusations? This is a golden opportunity to look at the shadow side of our country. War is Hell, and some react to the horrors of war in less than noble ways. We had My Lai in Vietnam and have had similar horrors to this day with our war crimes in Iraq and in Cuba. Only a president with no war and very little military experience would lead us into an unpopular and frivolous war. The training of our military has become increasingly brutal and abusive in order to break our warriors spirit. This creates a post-traumatic-stress-disordered person even before the battles of war. PTSD warriors are numb to their feelings allowing them to do horrific things without much feeling at the time.

The consequences of war trauma in our culture such as absent fathers, domestic violence, anger problems, and drug and alcohol difficulties are tragically under reported and incredibly destructive to our social structure. We claim to be a peace-loving country and yet military, industrial, and corporate interests lead us into never-ending wars. We need to start talking about this shadow side of America or we will perish as other war-and empire-loving countries have before us. The choice in this election is between a corporate oligarchy with some democratic possibilities, or fascism. It is time to stand up, speak out and most of all to act towards taking back our country, and instituting the values of democracy, perhaps for the first time.

It is time to realize that we have the most censored news system in the free world. In Santa Fe, New Mexico, our local newspaper, *The New Mexican*, even censors letters to the editor. You can imagine what they do to the news. As Derrick Jensen states in a brilliant article in the May/June Hope Magazine [www.hopemag.org or www.derrickjensen.org]: "If we won't fight back when our loved ones are dying and our own bodies are being poisoned, when will we take a stand?" §

Gifts

© Ray Ortiz

Your eyes reflect hope,
that friend who wandered
away from home one day
and who has written
only occasional letters since.

Inside your basket of flowers
are colors of passion and longing,
intensified by shades of mystery
and the graceful light of truth
which you offer without hesitation. §

Burnishing

Robert Francis Johnson

So perfect the
Time we met.
Years spent burnishing
and sanding
the rough edges
of our hearts.

Now
our hearts
meet
in this inlay
of gold.
Love
has its own
time
of coming,
love and happiness
is apt to
fall in our laps
when we are
grateful for
being alive.

You are so beautiful
and we are so very
very lucky
to have lived
our lives
with love
close to our
hearts. §



**ATTEND The FALL CONFERENCE
20 Years of Men's Wellness
RIGHT here in NEW MEXICO
See Page 11**

Readers Pick Up the Pen

The Bridge

Deanna Goodrich McMMain

The bridge that links us has fallen into
cold dark waters
I am drowning in its icy clutches
I breathe in darkness and old dust
Fifty year old feelings flood over me
 I am ten again
 a desolate island in a deep sea
 Where are the bridges?
 The waters that wash over me are cold and rough
 There is nowhere to go to find the sun's warmth

Tonight I want to run away but
 there is nowhere to go
I want to close my eyes
 to fall asleep
 to find this better when I awaken
But my stomach churns and my eyes are wide with
 disbelief and fear
 the end of us
 never again to hear his soft voice in my ear
 never again to feel the warmth of his hugs

I want to cry but
 there are no tears
 and I cannot sob
I pour my thoughts and my life-drained heart
 into my blue notebook
 to know what I feel

Then I write to him
 in the tall notebook
 with the marbled cover
 where we share our deepest thoughts
He reads - twice through
 to be sure he gets it all
He is shaken
 has not known the depth of my feelings
 the chill of the waters or
 the broken bridge
He regrets his earlier words and
 I regret mine
His head in my lap
 mine on his broad back
I cry now
I see again
The bridge was not broken
 only wrapped in fog §



The event of July 25, 1981

Jeff Hood

Arriving on schedule
golden round face
summer fruit silk soft.
Following a calendar
far beyond Rome
and a miracle more precious
than my science even wants.
*My son, my bounteous
apricot boy §*

**Man who drives like hell
bound to get there**

- Chinese Proverb

Readers Pick Up the Pen

the 300 block of lomas

Linda Charlton

coming
1 by 1
from all directions
standing
as 1
in black
60 minutes of every week
slender pillars
fencing this hulk of stone,
the federal courthouse of the united states.
mourning those who've died by violence
a silent plea for the cultivation of peace
(while) wind grits our face
cold numbs our feet
sun warms our back
(and) our thoughts wander:
make me an instrument...
with our blessings may we bless...
may they wonder
think
and act.....
my knee's starting to hurt...
how can she sit there at the red light and not even LOOK at us?...
make me an instrument...
that feels like an ant in my bra....
can he drive with a phone in one hand and that drink in the other?....
it's probably just sweat trickling...
with our blessings may we bless....
may they wonder
think
and act.....
what a cute kid...
oh, it's good to be standing here...
that IS something crawling....how do I do this?
make me an instrument...
people just rolling by while the news gets worse and worse each day...
please, please, please, peaceful means whenever possible....
may they wonder
think
and act.....
and we know some do:
because cars pull over
people at the light roll windows down
some walking by stop
just what're you ladies doin'?"
"can I have a flyer?"
"what's with the black?"
"you all protesting something?"
(we are SO grateful for those who ask)

Continued on Page 10

Readers Pick Up the Pen

the 300 block of lomas

Continued from Page 9

many just look (may they wonder, think, act)
some briefly join us on that city block:
heads bow
"thank you for doing this"
horns toot,
smiles,
waves,
and peace signs
"it is so moving to come around the corner and see you all standing here"
"thank you, ladies!"
"bless you"
for 60 minutes
of every week
standing as 1
this block on lomas
becomes holy ground.

***PEACE IS POSSIBLE!** Linda Charlton is a participant in Women in Black, an international movement of women who stand in silent vigil as a plea for the cultivation of peace and an end to violence. Black attire symbolizes the tragedy of victims of violence and without chanting, marching or banners, the silent presence in black conveys the message that peace and justice are possible. In Albuquerque, women gather every Thursday from noon to 1:00 p.m. at 300 Lomas between 3rd and 4th Streets in front of the Federal Courthouse. All are welcome. §*

Seeking Work, Finding Me

Tim Wolfe

I read the question carefully: "If the total sale comes to \$23.45, and the customer gives you two twenty-dollar bills, what will his change look like?" Hmm, let me do the math. I will owe the customer \$16.55. That will be one ten-dollar bill, one five, a one, two quarters and a nickel. Now, which answer matches mine? I carefully fill in the circle beside "C" with my number two pencil. I have 82 questions completed, and sixteen to go. The man who was taking his test when I arrived a half hour ago is getting up to turn in his test booklet and answer sheet.

This is my afternoon. I'm taking a cashier placement test for a natural foods market so I can show I'm smart enough to do the job. I'm only looking for part-time work at this store. I haven't even asked how much the job pays. If they offer me work, this will be one of three or four jobs I plan to get while still searching for full-time work that will better match my work experience, skills and abilities. I have to bring home some money because we are using up our savings at an alarming pace.

I never anticipated this day. Seven months ago, I approached my layoff with calm enthusiasm. I was sure I could land another good job in short order. I sat down at my computer, logged on to the Internet, and began a daily routine of searching about two dozen sites that listed jobs. Four months ago, I was surprised to still be looking for work. Nobody had called me to come in for an interview. Yet, I felt sure I could keep doing what I was doing and something would come along soon.

One month ago my unemployment insurance ran out. The weekly check that helped keep us ahead of the bills stopped arriving. I felt hopeful that work was just around the corner.

Last week my wife sat me down to tell me that the way I was handling my job search was not working. She was completely stressed out, being the sole provider by working a job she could hardly bear to do. I needed help, and I hadn't realized it. I needed to do whatever it would take to bring in income. With my wife's help, I started applying for jobs posted in the newspaper. I walked into grocery stores and coffee shops and asked for applications to complete. That was when something that a friend had asked me finally caught up with me: "Have you taken time to react emotionally to losing your job?"

I thought I had been a brave and upbeat person during this entire time. In fact, I had denied myself the feelings I had about the experience of being laid off with such short notice. I started to feel the hurt that I had over being let go from work I knew I was doing well. I felt the betrayal from an employer that painted a rosy picture every day, even when they knew they would have to cut staff and they even knew which ones they would cut although they weren't going to share this information with their

Continued on Page 12

New Mexico Men's Wellness

Living the Life You Choose

20th New Mexico Men's Wellness Conference of Fall 2004

Howard Kaplan

In thinking about a theme for this 20th Anniversary Men's Wellness Conference I was particularly struck by a quote that was put forth during last year's conference. At the beginning of the Saturday morning block dealing with the "Sword," we were given a handout about Conflict Resolution to help guide us through the ensuing discussion. On this handout was a quote from Eleanor Roosevelt that read as follows:

*One's philosophy is not best expressed in words; it is expressed in the choices one makes.
In the long run, we shape our lives and we shape ourselves. The process never ends until we die.
And the choices we make are ultimately our responsibility.*

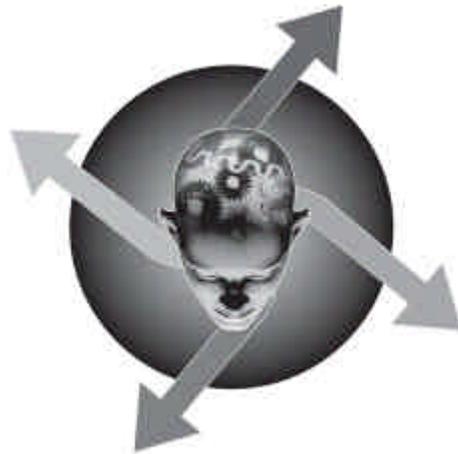
We were about to be asked to make a choice about what role the sword might play in the scheme of Men's Wellness. I had pondered this question for quite some time as the divisiveness of the sword issue grew ever more present in the conference. I felt confident that I understood my choice as I had made my mind up several years ago. However, as the minutes grew close to picking a side of the room that signified my decision, I began to reconsider. An old feeling swept over me that I thought I had dealt with a long time ago. I began to question my choice. Other parameters that had nothing to do with my heart filled my head with doubts. Was I making the "right" decision? How would I be viewed by other men based upon this choice? Had I considered all of the options? Perhaps this is a reflection of my Gemini nature, chronic indecisiveness or the fear that I would end up alone on the side of my choice. In any event, I knew right then and there that I had found the theme for this year's conference: **Living the Life You Choose!**

Eleanor Roosevelt is right that the sum total of our lives is the result of the choices we make. Regardless of the circumstances we are born into, we still have choices, and we made choices in our early lives that affect us to this day. In many instances it is not so much *what* choice was made, but *how* the choice was made. That has certainly been the case for me.

Every day of our lives we are faced with many choices. Most of them contribute to our day-to-day lives and in the end define how we live our lives. Other choices are considered more major and involve the direction our lives will take at any given point: a choice of work, relationships, marriage, divorce, etc. How we make these choices and how we live with them are as important as the choices themselves. Do we cognitively rationalize our decisions, do we reach conclusions from the heart (does it feel right) or is there some combination of both? And is there a "right" choice? How do we know if a choice is right until we know the outcome? How can we know the outcome in advance? Understanding our choice process is key to understanding how and why we make the decisions we do.

For me this has not been an easy journey. As a young man in my early twenties, full of the vibrancy of youth, I was faced with a couple of eventful choices: whom I would marry and spend the rest of my life with and what career I would choose. In reflection, I realize that I made those eventful decisions almost entirely from the heart. And they turned out to be "right" choices as I am still married to, and in love with, that same

woman after 41 years and I am still constructively engaged in the same career. Yet when I applied this model to other choices in my life later on, the results were dismal and somewhat catastrophic. What went wrong? Why did those choices not work out "right"? What do I do with the regret of having made those choices? And how will that influence how I make choices in the future?



When Barry McIntosh asked me if I would be his co-leader for last year's conference, my response was clear and instantaneous – yes! I made that decision again from the heart. The thought of leading the conference had not been on my mind and when asked, a rush of excitement and anticipation swept over me that I could not deny. The time was right and I was ready. This was a "right" decision that I feel to this day. But I have been wounded by some of my past choices and that stays with me as I will be preparing to move into the next phase of my life - what some still call

retirement. I will be faced with a dizzying array of choices that I feel totally unprepared to address at this time. There is the possibility of basically living my life much as I do now or radically changing almost everything.

I look around at other men who have faced this choice and I find I admire those who have struck out on new paths. But will I have the courage to do that and will that be a "right" choice? The prospect is somewhat frightening to me at this point. Perhaps the conference will give me some of the clarity I need to make those choices. §

Readers Pick Up the Pen

Reflections on Diversity

The Gila Monsters

(Christopher King, John Gregory, Justin Price,
Richard Overgaard, Al Enciso, David Robertson)

This is a collective letter stimulated by an enthusiastic discussion four members of The Gila Monsters had over desserts and coffee (mostly decaf) at the Range on the way back to Albuquerque after the 2004 Men's Wellness Summer Gathering. We continued the discussion at our next meeting and what follows is a summary of our thoughts and reflections. Our views were somewhat divergent and no effort is made here for internal consistency. We simply present them for the consideration of others in the hope that our organization will remain vital and valuable.

One doesn't have to look long at the men at this year's gathering to see that we are reasonably affluent, middle-aged white guys, mostly over 50. We all appreciated Caleb's thoughts for their fresh perspective. But that said, diversity is not the word that springs to mind in describing us. We probably look like something half-way between a club and a support group.

And perhaps it is enough if individuals leave the Gathering motivated to move forward in some aspect of their lives. Perhaps it is enough that the men's movement, which started from a sense of social need in the 70's and 80's continues to provide nurturing, connection, and stimulation to men who have been involved in it for years. We are not questioning the value of these things. It was the opinion of one of our number that men's groups have died out in many parts of the country and that New Mexico is doing well in that our organization is still going.

But some of us are troubled by a seeming disparity between the way we present ourselves and what we seem to be: **New Mexico Men's Wellness**. It's a name that implies something larger and broader than what appeared to be happening in July. What about the number of men in New Mexico who are in prison for violent crimes, the number of men who are homeless, the number of men who die violent deaths before the age of 25? Are these numbers the result of choice? Or destiny? Or social conditions? Or the way that our society fails to fulfill the needs of young men? Have we forgotten about these questions? (Apologies to Dave Breault and his Young Father's Groups. Obviously, he hasn't. But could Dave have presented about the problems with violence among the young men he works with?)

Perhaps because The Gila Monsters could not necessarily agree on answers or directions we close with a set of what may be key questions: Is there a mission statement for New Mexico Men's Wellness? If not, should there be? If there is, is it still a conscious part of our planning processes? Do we need to reevaluate it?

Many thanks for your attention. §

Seeking Work, Finding Me

Continued from Page 10

trusted and dedicated employees. And I began to feel the sting of loss of this work that made me so happy to get up every weekday.

The sting got sharper with every grocery store application I requested. I tried to fill out employment history forms that provided two thin lines to describe my duties for recent positions I had. What do I say? "I managed a statewide program charged with making sure every possible method was employed to prevent people from becoming infected with HIV." No, this wouldn't fit. They will never know where I have been in my work world. If they did, I knew they would ask the inevitable question, "So, why the hell do you want to deliver newspapers to stands around town every Wednesday morning?" My answer wasn't going to necessarily endear me to the potential employer: "I need to bring home some kind of income until I am able to find work in a professional endeavor that pays what I need to make a living in Santa Fe."

It has taken me seven months to realize that nothing was ever going to be the same for me. It was time I gave my old job a send off, a burial, a funeral. It was time I let go of my fantasy in the status quo and began to live the reality of my new situation. Maybe I would grow with this. All I knew was that holding on to my past was not getting me to the future.

My wife helped me with her concern and her patience and her love. Now, finally, I could cry about it. As the tears fell, the phone started to ring. I found two decent job prospects, both for full-time work. Both are right here in Santa Fe. I had a screening interview for one job by telephone today. I interview in person for the other job in a week. These jobs won't be like my past work in many ways. They likely will involve many new challenges. So, perhaps I will land one of these jobs, or something better. I feel like I'm finally ready to sail again, in a new direction.

For tomorrow, I will start the day taking a friend's dog on a four-mile walk out near her home. As she can't do this herself, she is happy to pay me something every time I can walk her dog. And on Saturday I start a weekend delivery job for a bakery. I will meet the current delivery driver at 4:00 AM and he will show me the ropes. These jobs will help until the winds of change pick up again and I set sail on my next employment journey. While waiting for that wind, I'll pick up the oars and row. §

**Like the Out Of Doors?
Check out the
NMMW
Winter Cross Country Ski Weekend
See Page 15**

Readers Pick Up the Pen

Men's Wellness History Project Coming Down to the Wire

Dear Readers of *Man, Alive!*

Most of you are probably aware that 2004 marks the 20th anniversary of Men's Wellness in New Mexico. From the original circle, called by Victor LaCerva at the first fall conference in 1984, a powerful energy has rippled out, touching thousands of men, their loved ones, and the wider community.

Several months ago I was invited, by the informal council of former fall conference leaders, to coordinate production of a publication marking this anniversary, to capture from varied sources a history of Men's Wellness in New Mexico. Among the documentary sources at my disposal are archival issues of *Man, Alive!* and transcripts of interviews with several conference leaders conducted by Michael Hopp in 1998. But there is much more in the history of this movement that lives in the feelings, insights, and memories of participants.

I have sent questionnaires to former fall conference leaders, and to leaders of the summer weekend and other wellness events, and will be preparing individual profiles from the responses. As the time grows short (the Fall Conference is scheduled for October 21-24), I am extending an invitation to the wider men's wellness community to participate in making this anniversary publication worthy of the event and the movement it celebrates. At the first planning meeting for the fall conference, it was decided to include coverage of the 2004 event in the publication, and send out the finished product to attendees in early December.

There are many potential themes and topics of which you may have special knowledge, perhaps photos or other artifacts, such as newspaper clippings about the men's movement, the perspectives of younger men, insights into wellness rituals, stories of the conference drum, bowl, talking stick, or sword. Perhaps you can contribute a profile of a former conference participant who has died. If you are a former (or current) editor of *Man, Alive!*, please share something of that unique experience. I have a list of about 30 topics which I would like to turn into opportunities, for those interested, to prepare short articles for inclusion in the publication. (You will be acknowledged by name, unless you request otherwise.) I will be happy to share that list, and other information, via traditional mail or email. If you are interested in contributing an idea or information, writing an article, doing a bit of research, or participating in any other way, please contact me at pasacom1@yahoo.com or call me at 299-6749 in Albuquerque. I look forward to hearing from you (soon would be good), and to seeing you at the 20th anniversary Fall Conference.

Love and Blessings,
Pat Sauer

~ PLEASE PARTICIPATE with PAT ~

Nearer to Death Experience

Neal Apple

This is the second installment of an article by Neal who shares with us the transformative power of his experience with prostate cancer. The first installment appeared in the Summer '04 Man, Alive!

The altered state I experienced is one I have always yearned for, and have achieved, to varying degrees, for shorter periods of time. It was as if I gave myself permission to be in my body, open my heart, open my eyes, live with gratitude and live in the present moment. I felt as if I had reached some level of enlightenment, but then after three weeks or so that altered state started slipping away. I could feel my "old self" returning and was not pleased with its reappearance. I really loved that altered state and wanted it to stay forever. Change is, however, the nature of the Universe, so naturally my altered state was bound to change.

My wife, Vicki, introduced me to the Enneagram, which is an ancient system of looking at human beings' personality types. There are nine basic personality types and she and I agree I am a 4 – The Tragic – Romantic. We long for what's missing: the unavailable or hard to get. What is easily available is less attractive to us. I think some of what I experienced was related to this part of my personality. When it seemed possible my future as an embodied being was in jeopardy, life became a lot more precious. I recall that old phrase "You don't miss your water 'til the well runs dry." I had taken a long life for granted and I now see there certainly are no guarantees in the Long Life Department.

Another possible explanation or contributing factor to my altered state was all the love and support I received from my family, friends and community. Lots of people started praying for me, many whom I do not even know. I received lots of Reiki treatments from my wife and friends. Reiki is a healing art, which involves drawing *chi* or life energy through the practitioner for the purpose of healing. I received prayer flags from my friends and hung them in our living room. I felt tremendously loved by so many people. I think that all that energy focused onto one person could possibly contribute to an altered state.

I actually felt pretty high and sometimes giddy. I felt I was in a state of grace. This state was interrupted only one time when a well meaning friend, after hearing I was leaning towards having surgery, told me he thought it was the wrong decision. He knew of someone who had had the surgery I was contemplating and the cancer came back and he was dying a horrible death. After that conversation, I felt that I was in a much different energy space and really felt unsure as to why. After a lot of encouragement from my wife, I went into my feelings and realized what was going on. I had let in the possibility of all this not going well for me and the possibility of dying a terrible, painful death. I wasn't afraid of death, but I

Continued on Page 14

Readers Pick Up the Pen

Nearer to Death Experience Continued from Page 13

was afraid of an agonizing end of life period. Once again, I moved closer to death in my mind. It was good to really look at what I was fearing and by the next day I felt securely back in my altered state.

Despite my initial objection to surgery, after hours on the phone talking to other men with prostate cancer, hours of reading books and articles on prostate cancer, and two different visits with urologic cancer specialists, my wife and I decided the radical prostatectomy was the best option for me. The surgery was performed by a wonderful surgeon in Tucson, and everything has gone quite well. As far as I know, all the cancerous tissue was removed and I'm making an excellent recovery. It was great for Vicki and me to get such a definite positive experience just meeting my surgeon and knowing in our guts he was the surgeon for me. Sometimes patients have that experience with me – they just "know" I'm the person to do their surgery even if I'm not sure I'm the best person to do it. Now I know what those patients are experiencing, and I will honor their wisdom.

Something interesting happened as I was recovering. I became aware that part of me was a little disappointed that things were not turning out worse, i.e., that my cancer was not worse, that it had not spread beyond what was curable and that I was not dying. This surprised me. Why would even a small part of me want to die?

I did some work on this in my men's group that has been meeting every two weeks for the last 8 years or so, and what I found is that part of me is o.k. with dying. This is not coming from depression or a lack of enjoyment in life as far as I can tell. I think it has to do with my Soul returning to God. Ram Dass states in *Still Here*: "The clear light of awareness is what the Soul yearns to return to. Ripening into God is the Soul's journey." I don't believe one has to die to experience this, though I do believe that when we die our souls do return home automatically. I have no proof of this. It just makes sense to me. I think as I had this "nearer to death" experience my soul somehow sensed this closer to home possibility and started moving in that direction, and I think I had some disappointment it was not yet time for that next adventure.

I also think there was something attractive about giving up "the struggle." I have a great life – wonderful wife, daughter, family, dog, friends, profession, home – all of which I'm very grateful for. I still have struggles in my life like everyone else. I see that as being part of life. There was something attractive about death, however, as many of my present struggles would just go away. I also see how the elderly struggle, particularly with health issues. There was something attractive about dying relatively young and avoiding the future struggles of an aging body.

I also think I got attached to the drama of the whole thing as well – this relatively young, well-loved doctor getting cancer in the prime of his life. Having things turn out well meant an end to the dramatic story and back to regular life. Related to my attachment to the drama was an attachment to all the attention I was getting. I feel I normally get all the attention I

need or want, but the quality of attention I was getting after people heard I had cancer was different, however, and maybe more addictive. I think I may have felt getting cancer at an early age somehow made me special, and all the attention reinforced some need to feel special. This need to feel special also happens to be a characteristic of a number four on the enneagram.

I think I also missed the single-focusedness of getting cancer. Life seemed simpler. I mostly focused on myself. Prior to my surgery, I felt I was in training for some marathon-like event. I ate better than I normally do and worked out a lot more often. I wanted to go to surgery in the best possible physical shape I could so that I would heal and recover faster. I got lots of Reiki treatments to fully charge up my "life batteries." My focus before surgery was getting as healthy and strong as I possibly could, then after surgery my focus was on recovering well. Most of my other obligations and responsibilities were put on hold. As I recovered and started picking up the other pieces of my life such as work, life became a lot more complicated and I missed the way things had been, even though I was very happy to be returning to work and other things that I had put "on hold."

Ken Hutchinson, one of the guys in my men's group who is a Gestalt psychotherapist, had me "play out" the scenario of the cancer being incurable. I spoke to the men's group as if that were true, telling them I was dying and would be gone within a few years. I felt terrible sadness as I spoke. I felt sad about all the things I would miss, such as watching my daughter, Abbey, grow up and being with my wife and all the things we would like to do in the future. I was sad about all the enjoyment I would miss. That work led me to reaffirming why I did want to continue living, detailing what was currently unfinished and what future plans I look forward to. That work in the men's group seemed pivotal and since then I am not really in touch with that part of me that wants to die.

I struggle with how much I should be trying to hang on to my past experiences. Some days I think I should just be happy knowing these experiences and altered states have changed me in some way and just leave it at that. Mostly, I wonder how I can bring that "nearer to death" experience and clarity back without getting cancer again, with all its attendant drama and upset. How can I more fully be present in my body and live with gratitude, with open eyes and open heart?

There is one thing I do every day now without fail. Every morning, at the end of my shower, I hang out for at least ten breaths. I feel my feet on the floor, my legs supporting me, my breath going in and out and the hot delicious water hitting my back. I'm "in the moment" for ten breaths at the beginning of my day. I think it helps set my intention to be "in the moment" and in my body with gratitude as much as I can while I'm alive. §

New Mexico Men's Wellness

A Day of Nurturing Yourself

With Michael Hopp and Victor LaCerva

When October 19th, 2004 from 9 to 4pm

Where? Santa Fe Rape Crisis Center

Who? Anyone working for a non-profit in Northern NM

Why? Many health care and social workers, because of the nature of their service work, do not take care of themselves appropriately. They often work long hours, forget to take breaks, interact poorly with coworkers, and spread their stress around the living room when they get home. In this workshop, through an interactive format, we will explore the following:

- * **Tools for balancing our mental, physical, emotional and spiritual aspects.**
- * **Twenty ways to reduce stress in the moment.**
- * **The anatomy of anger and how to become more emotionally fluent.**
- * **Techniques to avoid burnout and still contribute to making a difference.**

Come relax, laugh, and learn some new tools to dance with stress! These principles are important for you to be able to continue giving, and can also be taught to clients or patients with whom you work, to help alleviate some of their stress.

The workshop is FREE but PLEASE PRE-REGISTER YOUR GROUP,

so we can have the right amount of snacks and handouts. Please call or E mail Victor 476-8904 VictorL@doh.state.nm.us §

DUE TO A CONFLICT WITH THE FALL CONFERENCE PLANNING COMMITTEE MEETING, WE HAVE CHANGED THE DATE OF THE NMMW HIGHWAY CLEAN-UP TO: Saturday, SEPTEMBER 25, 2004.

Calling all highway men! Your help is welcomed on September 25th, for about two and a-half hours to join us for the semi-annual NM Men's Wellness Highway clean-up. Men's wellness is committed to cleaning up trash off the east and west shoulders of I-25, between mile markers 233 and 234. When you're southbound on I-25, you'll see our sign in the median just after passing over Tramway Blvd. When you're northbound on I-25, you'll see our sign on the right shoulder of the interstate just after passing over Paseo Del Norte. Please plan to join us — many hands make light work for all. (more next column)

MEN'S CROSS-COUNTRY SKI WEEKEND

FEBRUARY 24-28, 2005

Natural beauty, camaraderie, sharing, solitude, cross-country skiing, snow shoeing, merry making, reflection, companionship in a safe, supportive men's environment

Join us at **COOKS' CABIN** in the Blanco Basin in Southwest Colorado for the 16th Annual Gathering

Our 3500 sq. ft. log home with spa can accommodate twenty or so. **The cost is \$20 per person per night.** Please pay at the weekend. The essence of the weekend is in the spirit of camaraderie. We continually enjoy proffering to others the opportunities to be at peace in the blanketed Blanco Basin. Please bring what you wish to share via poetry, songs, stories, queries, games, talking sticks, drums and other musical instruments. **The time can be as laid back or structured as you wish to make it.**

For further information, contact **Lawrence Cook** at **1503 Lucyle Pl. N.W., Albuquerque, N.M. 87114-8819** or **(505) 898-2206** or rlcook@rt66.com.§

NMMW Adopt-A-Highway Project 9:15 a.m., Saturday, September 25, 2004

Meet at I-25 and Tramway. Park on the southeast corner of the intersection in the open area next to the freeway. The NM Men's Wellness stretch of highway is between mile markers 233 and 234. We'll take a walk, picking up trash as we go, and be finished by about noon. Dutch treat for lunch. Wear work gloves, hat, long pants, long sleeve shirt, sturdy boots/shoes, and bring water. Safety vests, trash bags, and instructions will be provided. RSVP and for further info: contact David Johnson @ 266-9960 or email @ DMarcusJohnson@aol.com§



Notes from the Editor

continued from Page 2

ing intrude into the present and make intimacy a challenge. I'm getting a lot of help from a 12-step program, and Cate is working to use my struggles as an opportunity to explore further her own practice of love. Inch by inch, we are approaching unconditional surrender – and what it means to fully embrace the beloved. Decades of therapy and meditation were just the prelims for this adventure. Cate's incredible patience and love are bedrock for my "recovery." And, all of you, my dear men friends, have been an invaluable support all these many years. I'm so grateful and can now truly say: we have to do our own work, but we *can't* (my word) do it alone.

Moving right along, some of you astute readers of *Man, Alive!* may have noticed the name changes for the editors. Following a customary method used by other celebrated personages, we have fabricated new names by using our middle names and the name of the street we grew up on. No reason, just being silly and to see if you are paying attention. We also want to welcome our old friend Ivan Manchester back to *Man, Alive!*, this time as Art Editor. See if you can guess who it is.

Finally, thanks to the many contributors to this issue. Please note the fine poems in this issue from two female readers. They grace our pages with their presence.

Love and Hugs,
William Norton (aka Gary)
Editor §

Celebrate!

Continued from Page 4

each other well, and move through difficult dialogue are essential. Sex without love feels meaningless after a time. But love without passion and ongoing sexual expression is also a painful fallow field. I do believe that human love in its many forms is simply a participation in the greater Universal Eros. As such, when we are capable of combining the sweetness of sex, the openness of love and the tenacity of commitment, then we embrace a deep spiritual path.

I have two teenage daughters who are bright and beautiful. I hope they choose partners who are worthy of them, and settle for nothing less than fabulous sexual expression in their relationships.

Victor LaCerva has been active in Men's Wellness for many years. He is the author of:

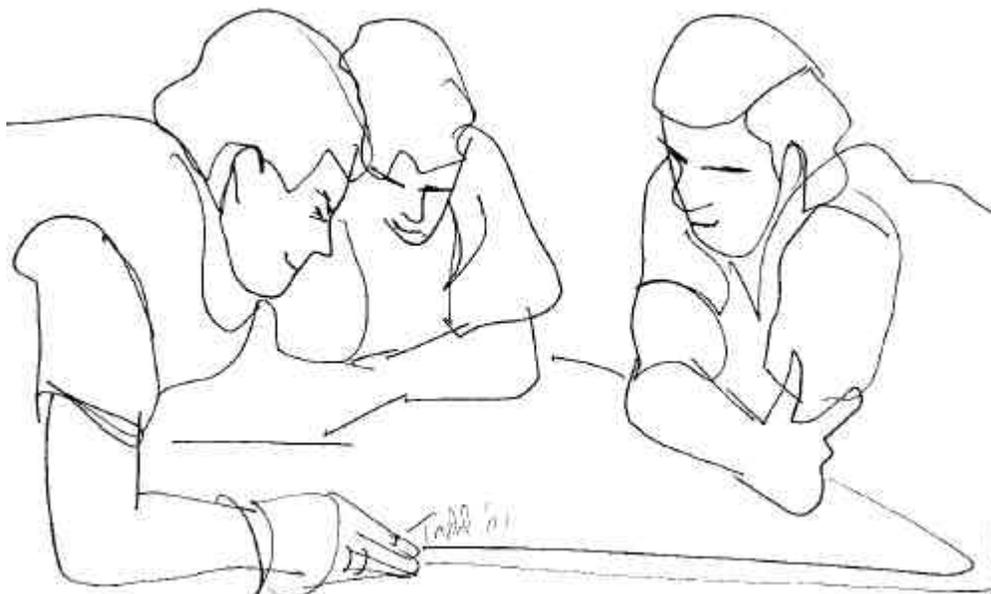
Pathways to Peace and Worldwords: Global Reflections to Awaken Spirit. §

WHAT?

You Haven't Been to a
New Mexico Men's Wellness
EVENT!

Check Out Page 19
BE There, YOU
Make the Experience

**Religion is for those who are afraid of going to hell
Spirituality is for those who have been there
- Alcoholics Anonymous**





Love by the Ditch

Continued from Page 3

fast and purposeful, the way back was leisurely. There were all kinds of good things to do: skip a few flat rocks across the rippling surface of the ditch, pitch a grasshopper into the water to see if it could find a bank-side refuge and crawl out before the fish got to it. In a few minutes though, I would find my way back to bed since the coolness of the early morning, even as it dissipated, was too much for me to take in only my underwear.

The work of the day was not quite at hand though since breakfast was still to come. On the days that my grandfather could convince my grandmother that he was not spoiling me, I got breakfast in bed. The first course was coffee with enough milk and sugar that it hardly seemed like coffee at all. It was warm, beige sweetness. Then came a cup of atole, blue corn meal cooked to pudding-like consistency, also served in my cup, also with plenty of milk and a good dollop of sugar. Then to complete my three course breakfast it was a tortilla, sometimes with butter, sometimes honey, most often plain and rich. So I sat up in bed thinking about another summer day out in front of me, grateful for my grandparents and the life they were giving me. §

**War does not determine who is right;
war determines who is left.**

- Chinese Proverb

**Plan to Attend the NMMW Fall Conference
October 21-24, 2004
(Details on Page 11 & Registration Form on Back Cover)**



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, its exact meeting place and if it meets your needs. Gary McFarland.) §

Northern Region

Max August — Santa Fe — 820-1248

maxaugust@earthlink.net

Intergenerational group "Wounded and Clueless"

Michael Hamilton — Santa Fe — 699-3936

eagle_call@msn.com

Rob Hawley — Taos — 758-8176 rob@taosherb.com

— New Warriors group

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

Bob Hollingsworth — Albuquerque — 294-4908

Writer's group and a regular group

Gary McFarland — Tijeras — 875-7357

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Websites of interest to Men:

www.nmmenswellness.org

www.menshealthnetwork.org

www.malemenopause.com

www.vix.com/menmag

www.menstuff.org

www.themenscenter.com

www.menalive.com

communities.msn.com/nmmenswellness

PLAN on Attending the NMMW Winter Cross Country Ski Weekend

February 24 - 28, 2005

See Page 15 for more information.

Brown Bag Lunch – Santa Fe: Wednesdays noon – 1:30 p.m. at the Men's Center (54 1/2 E. San Francisco 2nd floor (just off the plaza, enter the door to the right of the Hagen-Daz store). The "**BROWN BAG LUNCH**" is a "come one, come all" men's lunch group that has been meeting in Santa Fe for the past twelve years. A place to share from the heart and be listened to from the heart. Contact (505) 690-6619 for more information.

Men's Lunch Group - Albuquerque: Fridays 11:45 -12:45 p.m., at the Father and Family Center, 3214 Purdue Pl., N.E. (one block north of Central, west off Wellesley). A drop-in men's support group for men to talk about concerns and issues in their lives. Contact **Dave Breault** (505) 266-9233.

Men's Wellness Adopt-A-Highway Project: Saturday, September 25, 2004. Meet at Exit 234, I-25 and Tramway, at 9:15 a.m.. Park on the southeast corner of the intersection in the open area next to the freeway. Contact: **Bob McMMain** at 248-1001 OR **David Johnson** at 266-9960, or to be added to the project email list, email rdrunr@zianet.com.

New Mexico Men's Wellness 2004 Fall Conference: Starting @ 7 PM Thursday, October 21 ending @ 12 noon to 1 PM Sunday, October 24, 2004. - Ghost Ranch; Abiquiu, NM; Theme: **Living the Life You Choose**. Contact: **Howard Kaplan** (505) 348-4011 (day) (505) 856-7185 (eve) email: howard.kaplan@wilsonco.com OR **Tony Harris** (505) 526-2398 (day) (505) 647-9670 (eve) email: abharris@zianet.com.

New Mexico Men's Wellness Winter Cross Country Ski Weekend: February, 24-28, 2005; Contact: **Lawrence Cook** (505) 898-2206 email rlcook@rt66.com.

New Mexico Men's Wellness 2005 Spring Retreat: April, 2005, (specific dates TBA), Theme: **TBA**. Jay Zeiger and Doug Booth are the co-conveners. For further information contact: **Jay Zeiger** (505) 455-1158 email: zeig-fisk3@juno.com OR **Doug Booth** (505) 757-2697.

OTHER MEN'S ACTIVITIES *in and out of New Mexico*

A Day of Nurturing Yourself, for Health Care and Social Workers, October 19, 2004, at the Santa Fe Rape Crisis Center. Facilitators: Michael Hopp and Victor LaCerva. For more information, see page 15 in this issue, or contact Victor at 505/476-8904, or via email VictorL@doh.state.nm.us. §

Congratulations to Barry Cooney on the publication of his book *Conquering Dysfunction In The Workplace*: for more information contact Barry at BCooney779@aol.com. §

Congratulations to Phil Green on his new status as Editor of *The Slip Trail*, newsletter for the New Mexico Potters & Clay Artists www.nmpotters.org Phil can be reached at pjgreen1@comcast.net. §

Thank you Victor Kuc for designing and maintaining the NMMW website at www.nmmenswellness.org. Check out current events, the bulletin board, archived issues of *Man, Alive!*, etc. Victor can be reached at wiktor@mmciweb.com. §

Plan on Joining with other HIGHWAYMEN
For the NMMW Adopt-A-Highway Project, Fall Clean-up
September 25, 2004
(see details above in Calendar of Events)

Living the Life You Choose
20th New Mexico Men's Wellness Conference of Fall 2004
October 21-24, 2004
Ghost Ranch Conference Center, Abiquiu, NM

REGISTER REGISTRATION FORM BY Oct 1, 2004

(Please Print Legibly)

Name _____ Day Phone (____) _____ - _____

Address _____ Evening Phone (____) _____ - _____

City/ST/Zip _____, _____ email _____



Registration Fee*(includes room & Meals) \$225.00

Scholarship Requested (Max \$125) ()

(Please include written Request)

We encourage you to include a
Scholarship Fund donation _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED: \$ _____

Send registration and check to: NM Men's Wellness

P.O. Box 4732

Santa Fe, NM 87502

*Note * Includes a subscription to Man, Alive!*

We will send you a confirmation with further information.

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