



ASK AILO

Goodbye to a Warrior

State of the MW Union

Don't miss your bliss

More great stuff



Are you suffering from ADD?

Adventure Dificit Disorder

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Please send submissions in Microsoft Word Document format if at all possible. If you don't have Word, you can send your submission in the body of your email. Please limit your submission to 1500 words or less. Poetry, prose, stories, rants and songs are all welcome. We reserve the right to print or not print submissions. Also, we reserve the right to edit submissions, and to publish them in Man Alive!, as well as on the web, on CD, or on other media. All Copyright reverts to the author on publication. No fees are paid to authors, and submissions will not be returned. We also welcome photos and artwork. Please send these submissions as jpg. or tiff. file attachments to your email.

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Dear Editors,

Just got the Fall edition of M.A. Wow! What a great issue. Hard to believe that NMMW is just a bunch of old geezers with a publication so full of vim and vigor. Keep up the good work.

Robby

Just got the latest edition of Man Alive! Wow!
Quite the transformation.

Because I was the first person to put the rag on to the computer, I want to say that the first thing I noticed was the VERY welcome change in all of the typography, Masthead, etc. But what got me to write was the subject matter.

I have been lurking at the edges of the mens wellness movement for a few years now. I haven't attended an event for about 5 years, and don't even get MA! anymore, it's just passed out at my men's group by Leo. When I heard that it was again in the "passing" phase, a place it goes to practically every year, I thought, "I wonder if it will die this time?" But, you have definitely decided to not let it die and to infuse it with some new and "juicy" ideas!

Someone once said that the mark of all great movements is that they end someday. The ideas that needed to be pushed so hard became so mainstream that they didn't need to be pushed anymore. I don't know if this is the case in our case, but for me personally I think that the movement is over.

The reason I started in the movement, was because I was raised to believe that being a man meant to be disconnected, distracted, addicted, angry, distant, conceited, violent, misogynistic, a sexual predator and a force of nature, which once I got old enough, wasn't getting me laid! I was just over 30 when I came in and was a puppy compared to most of the other men.

What I have learned from the movement is that who I am as a man, I am allowed to define. I don't have to be driven by what other men or women think masculinity should be, but by what feels right to me. I choose to be "touchy feely" because that feels like the best place for my own personal form of manhood. I totally accept that how I define manhood has become mine, and that each man has the right to define their own masculinity. I am proud of who I am as a man, and how I demonstrate my manhood in the world.

If the mens wellness movement still has a place in the world, then maybe you are moving it into the realm it needs to go. I am certainly happy to see some energy in the writing! I personally don't need to "roll in the dirt, pee in it and roll some more" to feel like a man or a dog,(-) but I loved reading it!

Thanks for your work and controversy! I hope that you piss a lot of people off and get some good stuff to publish!
douge(-)

From the Editor

Now that you've had some time to get your jaw lifted back into place and your eyes shoved back into their sockets from the now infamous "Testosterone" issue of *Man Alive!*, you've learned that "T" is not all bad, and that it's true, you really do still have a pair of "T" factories. It's time to give you some more thoughts to kick around in that big noggin of yours. As you can see from the letters to the editor you guys really liked the last issue. I received only positive reviews from you the readers of *Man Alive!* No shit, I would have been happy to print just about anything you had to say, but NOTHING opposing it came in. I know a lot of you had some issues with the content of the "T" issue, but no one, not ONE of you had the voice, or should I say, *the balls*, to say so. Oh, wait there was one man, fully intact, who didn't feel right in putting the "T" issue out in the public eye because of the use of four letter words. So, my question to you is: WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR VOICE?

I was at the fall conference for a short time to see what the reaction would be, and there wasn't any, at least not to me. I wish I could say this surprised me, but it didn't. I even created a place in *Man Alive!* where you could say in any language you wanted what you feel, you didn't even have to sign it. That's what RANT was for. (You'll notice the blank page in this issue) I received no rants, no opposing letters to the editor, nothing. We purposely created the "T" issue to push you into some kind of response. I was hoping to create a dialog in *Man Alive!* about where we've been and where we're going, along with becoming too soft and "T"-less. Do it with humor, have some fun, be a little rude (ok, a lot rude), break the rules and break out of where we are, but nothing came in.

I've had my ear to the ground, listening for some response from the back room discussions going on out there. I've heard things like "I don't think I'd be heard if I wrote what I think. It wouldn't be printed." Or "I don't like that kind of language." Excuse me for a minute while I clean up the puke I just hurled. One guy came up to me at the conference and said: "My wife read *Man Alive!* and she said: "That Taber, he's a loose canon." Canon, yes! Loose, no way. It's aimed directly at you!

I'm wondering, as many of you are, if this thing we call Men's Wellness, in its present form, is coming to its end. Back in the 90's I brought up the issue of a conflict between men in Santa Fe and Albuquerque. The response was huge! We even had a special meeting where many of you got in my face, told me I was all screwed up, etc. But out of that meeting the real issue came into view and some walls were broken down bringing us all closer together. I'm not telling you this to blow my own horn; it's an example of where we are. No response. I guess that is a response in itself.

I think it's ok for Men's Wellness to die in its present form; in fact maybe it needs to. A couple of years ago Wayne Mathias and I put together a mythological experience we called the "Mythic Walk" where we took you guys up a canyon lined with farolitos and mythical characters telling stories, etc. It turned out to be a great experience for everyone and the next year we were asked by a few: "Are we going to have to walk that far again?" Excuse me while I puke my guts out...again! You see where I'm going here?

Continued on Page 18

Goodbye to a Warrior

Jim Mischke



I had already heard about it through the office grapevine by the time Della closed the office door carefully behind her and announced: “My brother’s dead. He’s been murdered.”

“I will be there to support you”, I quietly reassured.

Murder on the rez is not like elsewhere. It is sometimes met with anger, but frequently it appears merely accepted, much as auto accidents are accepted elsewhere: unfortunate, but unavoidable. The brother had been an honored member of the American Indian Movement (AIM). It was no secret that he drank far too much and ran with others who were similarly inclined. An unfortunate karma appeared to have caught up with him. A barroom brawl perhaps. I wanted to support Della. I would be at the funeral.

I quietly eased into the empty back pew, stretched out my arms as unobtrusively as possible across the back of the seat and settled in to wait. The poor box caught my eye. I had long ago left instructions that at the time of my death, all of my gold teeth were to be pulled out, sold at market value, and the proceeds to be deposited in the poor box in the Catholic



mission at Shiprock, a sort of genuflection to my father’s religious heritage, perhaps, or maybe a bid for immortality on the other side. I noted the sort of dark smoothness of the wood, presumably hewn from generations of hands reaching out in both charity and hope, slowly smoothing and oiling the surface, darkening it with a sort of erosion of dermal transaction of human spiritual and physical need. Extreme unction! There’s nothing poorer than Shiprock, homicide capital of the U. S. I thought of my son’s hand carrying on the tradition of rendering up the last of it. Death came nearer and I contemplated it.

Out of my deliberation of mortality, I noticed speech and observed that some sort of ceremony was already under way. A Native American guy with long braids was speaking. It became clear that he was a Lakota pipe carrier and an AIM leader. This man was surprisingly easygoing, putting across his cultural ideas of life and death and their meanings in a matter of fact

sort of way, as if based on an assumption that everyone sitting in this tiny mission church was a devout and studied member of the remnants of a group of big mammal hunters off the Great Plains, the gift of life having been given to us as a sacrament by the Great Mystery. Slowly, the deceased was carefully fitted into the context of it all and it was rendered acceptable that it was his time, that he had lived his life well within the comings and goings of us humans, at once so dependent upon, so similar to and so different from the other “people,” the game animals who had no need of us. I had learned a little bit about the Lakota previously but this was something different. It all seemed quite personal and to the point, at the same time, so other worldly, yet earthy.

Even though this medium continued to remain standing on the altar, in an unaffected enough way, another man appeared next to him and a natural sort of shift took place. It soon became apparent that this actor was a Roman Catholic priest, yet he didn’t engage in any sort of “Catholic talk.” No cultural terms, blessings, prayers, incense or incantations. This man, too, spoke simply about the gyrations of life and death and the

natural swing of things back and forth. No mention of sin or transgression, forgiveness, or supplication. He just talked about being human. I found myself being moved by the genuineness of it all. No agendas, no set-ups, just a casual, unguarded, spontaneous sort of openness. At the end of it all, I found that I was searching for words to describe how these two had managed to coordinate so well in what seemed such an extemporaneous act of immediacy. They showed each other the highest degree of respect and exhibited a quiet, unspoken, sort of friendliness.

Before could I really shift gears again, both were instructing the pall bearers to elevate the coffin out of the church and on to the next stage of a process which promised to continue instilling new senses of wonder. A bunch of AIM guys quietly got up and whipped the box up on their shoulders, unceremoniously conveying it out the front door of the church, followed by the

Song For Russell

Russell died tonight
 Just before I last touched
 His living hand,
 Eyes opened mouth opened,
 Cold and lifeless.
 Blessing toast of scotch with
 Randy and Jaimie
 For his departure into
 The righteous sphere of remembering
 Why we were born one year apart
 Into this big circle.

You my loyal older brother
 Exposed persistent smiles
 To my heart.
 Your vibrancy maintains belief
 In catalytic goodness.
 I measure my breath with yours and am proud
 To be your blood. I must
 Convince myself that now you're gone
 As I wear your fedora, feel liberation
 Now born to the outer reaches
 Of this our time.

And I will tell stories of how
 You defended me
 When the wrath of asshole punks
 Came down on us fearless foes
 Of spineless fools.
 I am and always will be
 Your eternal brother.

Your memory graces this earth now
 Your soft clear eyes clouded by death's cold stare
 Have been my wake up call
 To early sunrises,
 Gestures toward your healing.
 It was that last evening

Grieving Ceremony

Candles cover the altar
 each flame life experience
 lost to consciousness
 A heart-shaped rock
 heavy with homage
 melancholy storyteller
 waiting porous

Men come forward
 moved by spirit
 moved by necessity
 moved by the urge to share their grief

A father succumbing to disease
 A wife tragically killed in an automobile accident
 A son experiencing the pain of divorce
 A relationship terminated without explanation

Each man clenching the rock
 smoothing rough surfaces
 assuaging pain, guilt
 before returning to sacred space
 understanding the opposite of
 death is birth

Written October 27, 2007, at Ghost Ranch in Abiquiu, NM,
 during the New Mexico Men's Wellness Fall Conference.

Regret

Regret for the things we did can be tempered by time; it is
 regret for the things we did not do that is inconsolable.
 Sidney J. Harris

FAMILY: Comrads- In-Arms

Jim Mischke



News travels fast in the military. Apparently, the Joint Chiefs of Staff had redesigned its strategy, shifted troops, and left an entire hotel downtown standing empty. I went immediately to the first sergeant:

“Mischke, I’m afraid that if you left the barracks, you would end up missing the other men and the military life too much. “ I couldn’t believe my ears. “What does the world do to turn out thought processes like these?” I promised Sgt. House that if I became morose and distorted from the absence of mindless and wanton oppression I would come scurrying back to the safety of familiarity. With a little extra coaxing, it was a done deal. I moved into an apartment with a big bed, television, and kitchen for cooking. Most of all: quiet, privacy and room to think. A return to humanity.

Sue moved in, too. A beautiful, young Asian woman, a teacher of little children who devoted her personal time to helping disabled little ones. Still, the military powers that be saw her as just another “gook”. The first home cooking I had tasted in aeons. Even though a wonderful lover, culture held its sway. After her bath, all the lights had to be turned out for her to come to bed. No nudity. The first woman I had ever lived with. The first woman I had ever fallen in love with. My life had changed forever, here in the middle of a war.

When the other guys in my shop heard of my good fortune, they came to visit. Sue didn’t come to our place every night. She had culturally expected appearances to make elsewhere, still living officially with her mother and sister. On those nights, camaraderie prevailed and bloomed. Comrades brought in stereo systems that were set up in the tv room. After a few rounds of ceremonial substances having been passed, the sound of the tv was turned completely down and, upon intent concentration, the images came to be magnificently synchronized with the stereophonic audio delivery. All studied the message intently.

One guy from my outfit who frequently showed up was an Italian lad from “the projects” of northern New Jersey. His mom had done her best to keep the family together, until, fortunately, the family had been delivered from poverty by *la familia*; a wealthy restaurant owner had discovered the pretty lady and the family had been swept off its feet with the wonders of luxury and leisure. So, Maltese had grown up in a mafia family. He often explained, laughingly, that the restaurant was just a front. When I would protest the existence of *la familia*, on the basis of culturally formed structures of constitutional law, he merely laughed, shook his head, and dismissed me as a “boy scout”. Prison, as Maltese perceived, was an

“occupational hazard”. He’d, with gleeful jocularly, overtly imagine the first day of incarceration with the rest of his “family”: “Hey, Fast Frankie’s cell is right next to mine!” Democracy made little sense to the man who had had to scramble in order to survive. The great question is: “To whom does one owe loyalty and why?” From the man for whom society had failed, no loyalty was to be demanded. The invisible man had built his own society. Poverty’s wounds sustained, remain, however abstract. For its inequities and iniquities, society pays in one fashion or another: “family”. But, Maltese and I loved each other. Family—we were comrades-in-arms.

Maltese loved to fight for the sheer joy of it. Street fighting, martial arts, it was all the same; fighting was a sport. To arise to black belt status was, indeed, a long suppressed aspiration. So, when Maltese met Tillman, it was a natural match. Tillman was a black belt who, Like Bruce Lee, had been seriously injured in the “sport” of karate and could no longer fight. Yet, he loved the fight. He took Maltese under his wing and six nights a week they worked out. I was at the airmen’s club when Maltese broke the boards and smashed the bricks. We all drank to the prince. Not only was he recognized as the champ, he had fulfilled his mentorship requirements in relationship to a revered older man. He had his black belt of courage and would wear it all his life. The night Maltese was presented his black belt was quite possibly the most glorious night of my brother’s life.

I recall the night that we were all at the apartment, ceremoniously watching television, wisecracking, letting it all hang out in the characteristic way military men do. It seemed a night just like all the rest. The telephone rang. We all looked at each other quizzically. It had never rung before. No one had ever tried to contact me there. It was for Maltese. He just listened, handed me back the receiver and stared. “What?” “Tillman has just been notified of a death in the family. He’s pulling out tonight on a 141 at base ops. I’m short. By the time he gets back, I’ll be gone.”

At the last goodbye, comrades in arms, the Italian punk from the New York City slums, aspiring to be the Godfather, and the Black lifer, born and raised in the inner city of the Midwest, now having met and accepted his limits, both fighters in their time, yet knowing that they would never see each other again, fell into each others arms – and wept.

NEW MEXICO MEN'S WELLNESS GOES FROM ORGAN-IC TO ORGAN-IZED:

Report on the "Extraordinary" General Meeting of NMMW January 12, 2008

On Saturday, January 12, 2008, over 20 of the men of New Mexico Men's Wellness (NMMW) convened in Albuquerque in response to an e-mail invitation to members from the 2007 Fall Conference Leaders, Lon Rankin and Mark Bennett. In addition to conducting the usual "post mortem" of the Fall Conference (considering what worked and what didn't, etc.), the meeting discussed several important issues that have arisen over the past few years. These issues affect not only the planning and presenting of specific NMMW conferences, but also the future of NMMW generally. This article attempts to summarize the main subjects of discussion and the various agreed actions.

No matter how elevated the concept, and how fluid the structure, of NMMW, recent "real-world" developments still have an impact. Here are a few of the most striking examples. The Fall Conference is the flagship event in the NMMW year. It is the biggest and most expensive of NMMW's annual gatherings. Over the last few years, Ghost Ranch has been raising its rates. Meanwhile, in its dedication to making its conferences accessible to all, NMMW's registration fees have remained virtually unchanged. As a result, NMMW's financial resources have been seriously depleted. Ghost Ranch, after many years of allowing NMMW to give approximate numbers of Fall Conference attendees, and allowing NMMW to adjust those numbers (and its final payments) at or after the Conference, feels compelled to adopt a more business-like approach. Indeed, Ghost Ranch says that, of all the many organizations that use its facilities each year, NMMW is the only one that has not been able to give Ghost Ranch solid numbers for attendance 30 days in advance. Ghost Ranch has its own planning requirements that it understandably needs to meet. If it wants to continue its partnership with Ghost Ranch, NMMW cannot expose Ghost Ranch to the uncertainty and loss of 2007, when attendance was estimated at 100, and ended up at 64. Nor can NMMW afford to incur the upfront expense of preparations for the Conference only to confront a shortfall in attendance and registration fees on that scale.

Consequently, the previous informal model for NMMW – relying exclusively upon the leaders of the individual conferences and their ad hoc planning committees – no longer meets the needs of the NMMW community. The group at the meeting believes that NMMW continues to benefit from the annual rotation of conference leaders and from allowing the leaders to conceive their conferences according to their individual interests and imagination. However, facilitation of the 4 annual conferences involves only half a dozen leaders in any given year, meeting on just a handful of occasions with a limited number of volunteers, who are expected to concentrate on the needs of the particular event. For NMMW as a whole to flourish will require more cohesion, consistency and coordination, to effect long term planning and decision making. Without diminishing the role of the rotating leaders, there is also a pressing need for a more stable governing body to guide NMMW. NMMW needs to evolve from organic to organized.

So the group resolved that NMMW should constitute itself as a New Mexico non profit corporation. Articles of Incorporation have been submitted to the New Mexico Public Regulation Commission by David Breault as incorporator and initial registered agent. The expressed purposes of NMMW include:

"to promote wellness and welfare in body, mind and spirit of men and their families; to generate, exchange and disseminate ideas about men's wellness and welfare; to present educational programs regarding men's wellness and welfare; to formulate, propose and advocate methods, models and modalities for the enhancement of men's wellness and welfare; to liaise with and foster cooperation and collaboration among organizations and individuals interested in the same or similar purposes for which the Corporation is organized; [and] to facilitate and assist the work of organizations and individuals involved in the enhancement of men's wellness and welfare"

NMMW will then apply for tax exempt status as a non profit corporation under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code.

In accordance with New Mexico law, the Articles must designate an initial board of directors. The initial Board consists of: Dave Breault, Victor LaCerva, Barry Cooney, David Kuenzli, Colin Baugh, Gaylon Duke, Charles Fisher, David Pease, David Johnson, Phil Davis and Mark Bennett. The Deputy Leader of the Fall Conference, and the leaders of the Spring Retreat, Father-Daughter Conference, and Summer Gathering will be ex officio members of the Board during their leadership term.

This Board will develop By-Laws for the new corporation, which will include rules for amending the By-Laws to deal with changing circumstances. This Board will also develop rules to be included in the By-Laws that provide for the initial Board's staggered dissolution and the election of future directors.

The first issues to be addressed by the Board will include: appointing a Ghost Ranch liaison person; addressing budgetary and timing issues regarding the several NMMW conferences and events; developing mechanisms to help people find, join or establish men's groups; examining ways to make Man, Alive! self supporting and more effective as a voice for the NMMW community; maintaining a dynamic NMMW website; and fundraising to stabilize NMMW's finances.

The group also agreed to establish a committee to develop a youth outreach plan, which will be chaired by Christopher King. Finally, to help reduce and defray the cost of publishing Man, Alive!, the group approved the inclusion in Man Alive! of paid advertising by NMMW members and their businesses, and that Man, Alive! should be principally distributed in a PDF format via email to all NMMW members with a current email address. A limited number of hard copies will still be printed for distribution to NMMW members who do not have a current email address and to the general public.

You are encouraged to comment on these developments and to participate in the process of getting New Mexico Men's Wellness, Inc. up and running. Whatever you think and feel about "corporations" it's still your Men's Wellness.

Mom's Passing

Joseph Woods



Kris walked into the living room and handed me the phone. "I think it's your sister," she said seriously. She knew what it was.

After waiting months, oh yes years, my sister said, "Joe, Mom's dead." My first feeling was that of relief. So Mom's gone. She went quietly in here sleep just after her ninety-fourth birthday. I felt my guides all around me and I knew everything would be all right. The visions I had of her passing were coming true. I felt very connected and guided.

Mom was mentally ill and she was always two people to me, good Mom and crazy Mom. As a child I listened very carefully to what adults said to me. I wanted to be sure they wouldn't turn it around on me later. I learned to be a good listener and observer because of Mom. It has served me well over the years.

So Mom is gone. Is that possible, I asked myself many times? I felt the need to drive back to Houston rather than fly. I knew the miles of country roads would help with my healing. We drove east as if in a dream. Not as much sadness as you would think, but memories of my childhood filled the windshield. As a boy I learned to stay away from Mom as much as possible, which meant that I spent a lot of time outdoors in nature.

I would say I had a happy childhood as I connected to the animals and spirits of the forest at a young age. I learned how to take care of myself. If it is true that we choose our parents I took on a difficult lesson early in order to grow more quickly. I have always felt loved by Nature. Those connections I made all those years ago remain today.

My childhood imaginary friend, Johnny Highschool is still with me as a guide who introduced himself to me as Jonah. He has been with me from the start. Sure, Jonah could simply be an aspect of me, but I have learned to trust his guidance completely.

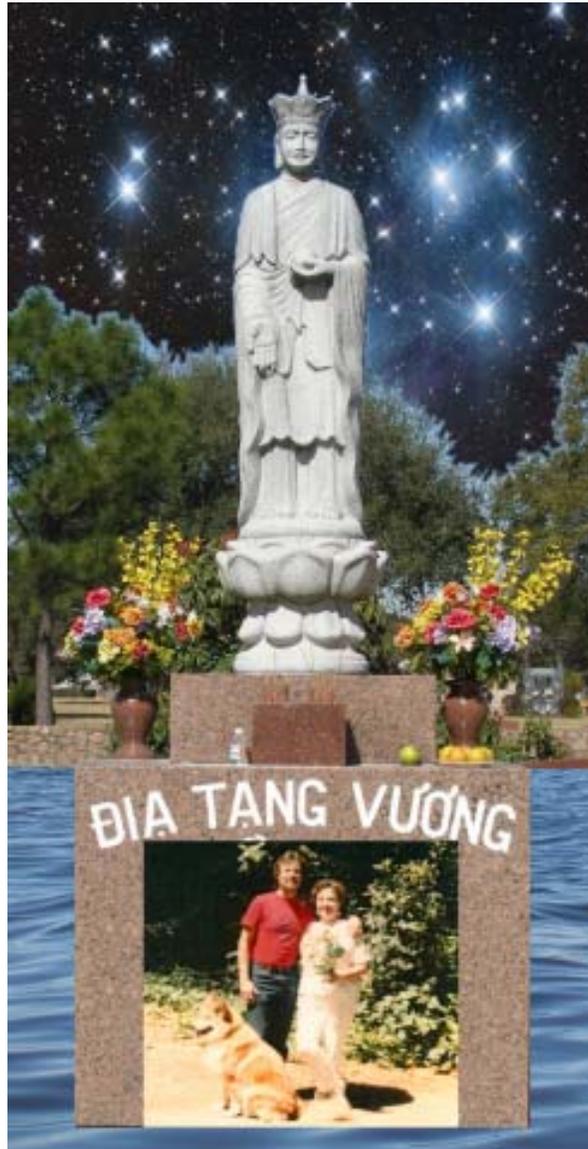


Photo Illustration by © Joseph Woods 2008

Driving into Houston was difficult. It was even bigger than I remembered and of course there was road construction on the freeway where we needed to exit. We pulled into the cemetery parking lot, which was the size of a football field. We were the only car. I stepped out to collect my thoughts and the first thing I saw was a fifteen-foot tall statue of Kuan Yin. I felt compelled to walk up to her, as she has often been there for me in the difficult moments of my life. I looked around and noticed several Kuan Yins carved on marble memorials. I was standing in a Vietnamese cemetery. As a Viet Nam vet, I experienced a great healing in that moment.

I chose to honor "good Mom" at the funeral. Standing before my family in the little chapel was surreal. I had thought of that moment so many times over the years and there I was looking into their eyes. I spoke from my heart and I saw the tears and felt the healing. Mom was gone and the family was calm and we enjoyed each other's company.

As we drove home through West Texas I felt lighter. The sky was deep blue and red-tailed hawks filled the air. New Mexico never felt better or looked more beautiful.

These days I am feeling a deep joy in just being alive. Most everything I hear from friends sounds profound and I feel very positive about our collective future.

A crucial governing factor in determining how much of the masculine shadow will be expressed and how much will remain unconscious is to be found in the quality of the father-son relationship...In the strong father-son relationship the son readily accepts psychological fusion with the father, the deflation of his childhood divinity and his own identity as an ordinary instinctual man...DONALD SANDNER, M. D., JUNGIAN ANALYST SPECIALIZING IN MASCULINE RELATIONSHIPS

The guy had on boots spray painted silver and a crucifix two feet long hanging from his neck. “He was throwing rocks at semis. When we tackled him in the middle of the interstate, he was shrieking: ‘Go ahead, go ahead and kill me, I’m already in heaven’”. The state cop stared at me for a brief moment as he took off the cuffs and merely sauntered away, saying: “Good luck, doc.”

When the opportunity for a change came, I was prone to jump. A change of scene appeared indicated. I’d done a year in Michigan already. Retrospectively, that year in the armed forces was a lot easier than those two in grad school. The sky and the sun were so scarce that I still recall the day on the quad when they showed themselves for what seemed like only seconds. I put my briefcase down and just stared. Not only did the weather suck, the culture was worse. I was completely surrounded by auto assembly plants. If you couldn’t talk consistently about sports and sex, you wasn’t a man no mo! So, the guy I hung around with most was a fellow Viet Nam veteran. We’d get stoned and go and see movies like Sam Peckinpah’s *The Wild Bunch*.

The first day on the new assignment, my ride picked me up long before dawn. On the interstate, we watched the sun rise for about ten seconds from the horizon to enter the typical diurnal blackness of the midwestern winter heavens. When we got to the gate, a voice asked us our business. It took us a long time to find the speaker. Barbed wire fences, machine gun towers, and one steel wall after another slamming shut behind us, and we were behind the door.

There was a guy in there for bank robbery. One day I decided to spring the big question: “Are you really a bank robber?” He just stared at me for a time and said, “Am I a bank robber? Fuck, yeah, I’m a bank robber. We went in there, all of us with shotguns. We blew the cameras off all the walls and made everybody lay face down on the floor. Then we started filling up sacks with money and then the police came and we shot it out with them; they was chasin’ us and we blew out their tires, squeelin’ around corners. Oh, my God, oh, God, there’s nothin’ like it. Am I a bank robber? Fuck, yes, I’m a bank robber.” He was panting with the elation of purgation, like a hound after a long hunt. We stood looking at each other, eye-to-eye, sort of waiting for something to happen. I figured I’d just met a real

bank robber.

The warden, upon hearing of the response to my inquiry, just shook his head and observed: “That’s why these guys need to stay on ice for a while, just cool off.” On second reflection: “Maybe it’ll save some lives, maybe even theirs!” But, I used to walk those dark halls between cells. As I look back, I don’t ever remember being afraid. Each guy, like me, had his own story. Walt had been a college kid and had committed the misjudgment of selling coke to a federal agent. I remembered the line from the album: “It’s officer O’Mally of the F. B. I. You’re busted!”

I’d just finished Solzhenitsyn’s *One day in the life of Ivan Denisovich*. It spoke to the fact that freedom has a lot more to do with what lies inside the heart than where the physical heart lies. The main character came to find true happiness in a forced labor camp in Siberia, regardless of his innocence. I passed the book around inside.

Regardless, at the end of the workday, I breathed a sigh of relief to be able to get beyond the big steel door and go home.

I went up to D block one day to check on a client who had come to therapy once or twice. He was without his shirt, and then I

understood. There was nothing but scar tissue from the neck down to the waist. He introduced me to his cell-mate. I found out his story, too. Two women had been riding horses on Ramey Air Force Base in Puerto Rico. He had torn them off the horses and raped them both, then ceremoniously decapitated the horses. I thought about *Equus* the archetype of the dark father.

There was one strange guy I’d seen around a lot. It was chilling how much he looked like the comic book character, Yosemite Sam: Short legs, long red hair, long Fu Man Chu mustache coming down, squinty little eyes. Archetypes. Wow! He’d show me photos from home: his wife weighing out coke on a portable beam balance. I’d observe that he didn’t want to find himself in here again. His response was: “You don’t have to tell me that, Mr. Mischke. I’m a changed man.” Funny, how many guys were in there on a “bum rap”. They’d all been framed. Guilt is hard to cop to, especially if one never had the father figure to help him through to autonomous and independent manhood. All your energy gets poured into defenses like fronting: one response to castration. He told me as to how he got into the joint. He and his brother and brother-in-law and cousin all had been casing a bank, only to find that the big vault lay in the basement of the building. They had gone down there with welding torches. As they prepared to leave, one of the cops who were laying for them yelled out: “Run now, mother fucker.” They had shot it out and Buddy had been blown through a plate glass window into the street, severely crippling both his legs. Peering through those red eyebrows, studying me through squinted eyes, he recalled: “I learned to walk again with braces on my legs in prison, Mr. Mischke.” He was a tough little bastard.

I got assigned to do group therapy with a group of heroine addicts off

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the streets of D. C. The big bull goose was a guy named Gaspar Herrera. When he came, everybody gave him space. I waited. He addressed me: “You see that flag out on that pole? That’s my flag. It’s my country right wrong.” I waited. Gave him lots of room, too. He went on: “My country, right or wrong, it can do anything it wants to.” The cognitive dissonance was too much as I clarified: “Like lock you up in the federal pen?” He fell backward off his chair onto the floor. Patriarchal ambivalence!

The odd thing about the big house that finally got me thinking was the phenomenon of filial piety. On mother’s day, all these guys were busily running around cutting out sweet cards. How often do you see convicted criminals cutting out

construction paper and gluing on crepe paper? There was even a friendliness and brotherhood about the whole affair.

Fathers Day: nothing! These were the fatherless boys in the world of men, the sons for

whom the paternal bond had never cohered and coalesced. They had had fathers similar to who they themselves had become, and to cooperate with such ilk would have meant destruction. To internalize a man so harsh would have implied disaster. Better to disguise one’s wounds and go on. The double bind had done its work: If your law breaks the law, the only way you can have law is to be an outlaw. As Billy Jack had once sneered: “If policemen break the law, there is no law”. Their “law” had been too much to bear. These were the bastards of the patriarchy. I once read a book that described the psychological Jesus that way. It was just that with these guys, no one prayed: “Our Father...”. The rebellion had all been generalized out onto other older men: cops, judges, correctional counselors, shrinks. The men before me were the sons of no father, they were the sons of the uninternalizable patriarch; no dad to teach them, these boys didn’t play by the rules.

Of them all, though, the guy I remember most was a kid who had lived in twenty-seven different foster homes, then reformatories, and finally prisons. Pocket book snatcher off the streets of D. C., he had no idea who he was; because of his lack of relationships with a caretaker, because of his lack of object relations, he had no restraining structures, no impulse control, whatsoever. He was fair game for the law abider. Like a lot of guys in there who were struggling with developing some semblance of superego, the process had become formalized through forms of fundamentalism. He’d gotten religion and found The Lord. His job was not to say “The F word.” “I just don’t say F.”, he’d insist. This sort of religion, based so heavily upon taboo, where convicts get saved, was a little like the scene in *Oh, Brother, Where Art Thou?* where Delmar explained his subjective experience to his pals after the big baptismal dunkin’: “He said my sins was all forgiven”.

Billy’s vocabulary was limited, but he was a cartoonist. As we’d do therapy, he’d sketch away, and he was damn good. It was all about a character named Barabbas. As time went on, I’d notice that I began to have a strange sort of feeling about the whole thing. I began to research scapegoats and I began to comprehend. I was attempting to

do psychotherapy with the projected darkness of my entire society, of a whole civilization. Barabbas was the man who had been released in favor of the universal scapegoat, the Nazarene carpenter. I began to realize that before me, however handicapped for the use of words he may have been, somebody inside there wanted me to know his true identity. The cartoons spoke of projected self-identity, obviously. Billy was unconsciously projecting his identity onto this strange character, telling me of his own theme. Using what he could of himself, he began to develop plots. But more than just an ego being projected, it felt to me like something more. The research clarified

the identity of the surrogate prince from the ancient city-states who died in the stead of his father, the king, thus sparing the sovereign and his entire court the fate of ceremonial death as the Saturn cycle completed itself once more through the

ongoing march of the “heavens”. Once again, vicariously, a jump had been made from the prince to the condemned criminal, but the essence of the role had been retained in the title. Barabbas (from the Hebrew: *Bar Abba*, Son of the Father) was not a person’s name at all, but a ceremonial title rendered to the condemned criminal doomed to die on the assigned feast day devoted to ridding the community of its sins and stresses, the festival to which Pilate had been obliged to render nominal nod of acknowledgement during the trial of Christ.

Having dared cross that line, having traversed the threshold of that steel door, I had wandered into uncharted territory. I had been encountered by the archetypal scapegoat—I had come face to face with the Barabbas. I had been accosted by a universal force in a federal prison in Michigan and somehow I caught the identity of a lonely, undeveloped soul. One whom now I find I equate somehow with Tolkien’s Gollum, who out of long years of isolation, addressed himself in inner dialogue as “My Precious”. This strange prisoner carried within himself a force of universal psychic identity from beyond time and space. An identity which had seemingly chosen me to speak to, who had wanted me to know that he was society’s sacrificial animal, and that without his eternal suffering, the collective could have never have been lain in place—all delivered through the person of an illiterate pocket book snatcher languishing forever behind bars. Like Barabbas and his Lord, Billy carried the sins of society, of mass man, of the world, on his shoulders. Were it not for him and his alienation and isolation in a forgotten cell of a federal prison, prisons everywhere, society would have had no one to point to, no one to punish for its own sins of lovelessness, no ceremonial object for the crucifixion at the annual ceremonial Saturnalia, no way to define its boundaries, no way to rid itself of its own projected evil; without the eternal sacrifice, social life would have been rendered impossible. The price for human social congregation is heavily paid for by an unconscious few. Billy’s Barabbas was in chains “for the sins of the world” and I had been destined to testify, as I so do here and now.

That basis for testimony has continued to develop. For many years thereafter, I had long, vivid dreams of doing time at Milan.

Def. Secret: Keeping to oneself what one knows, keeping from the knowledge of others.

(Psy: Kept hidden from oneself?)

Def. Lie: Statement known to be false by the one who makes it, a false impression, to mislead.

(Both: If one lies, the truth must be kept secret.)

Secrets and lies appear to be essential for us to live successfully in our complex society. We are “Thinkers” who value the safety of our minds.

We love our secrets and keep them hidden from everyone except perhaps God. (oops)

Here are some examples:

- A. What one thinks is a secret held by the thinker.
- B. When asked, the thinker can:
 - 1. Not reply (secret)
 - 2. Say, “I do not remember”. (maybe a lie)
 - 3. Say “I don’t want to say”. (secret”
 - 4. Say something other than what he/she was actually thinking. (lie)
- C. The actual truth about the subject of the thinker’s thoughts is irrelevant to the subject of secrets and lies. A mistake or a misconception is always the “truth” to the thinker. It is truly what is being thought.
- D. One’s thoughts come from the first (and last) secret place one possesses. It maybe said that our identities are formed around our secrets.

Why should one wish to keep his/her thoughts secret, private, guarded, protected? Why lie? Some reasons may be.

- A. So as not to be judged, evaluated and controlled.
- B. So as not to be punished, to avoid pain.
- C. So as to maintain a favorable opinion from others.
- D. So as to continue to belong to a group, a society.
- E. So as to hide thoughts and/or actions considered wrong.

- F. So as not to bore others to extinction.
- G. So as to maintain a private world of our own making.
- H. So as not to hurt other’s feelings.
- I. So as not to be rude, coarse, insensitive.
- J. So as not to stir up conflict.
- K. S as to cherish a personal memory.
- L. So as to follow a line of thought free from “better ideas” offered by others.
- M. So as to protect a line of thought that would lead to a successful product or process that might bring riches and fame. (not loose credit)
- N. So as to safeguard the secrets of one’s family, one’s community, one’s government. (given trust)
- O. So as to keep hidden all those thoughts and actions that one is most ashamed of, for whatever reason. (These are perhaps our deepest secrets.)

Notes:

- 1. It seems, as one matures, gains confidence and personal power, the need to lie and keep secrets diminishes.
- 2. It seems if one leads an honest, ethical life the need to lie and keep secrets diminishes.
- 3. It seems as one makes peace with one’s own idiosyncrasies and becomes comfortable with one’s behavior the need to lie and keep secrets diminishes.

It is interesting to note that the truth seems easier to remember than the lie.

Lies are difficult to keep track of, as they are based on a fantasy that floats and so are not grounded by fact.

Theory: One may need to consult a different part of the brain in order to call up the lie.

When one goes to find the truth, the truth is one’s actual history. The lie is something else, existing with many possible variations.

Do not confuse “duty” with what other people expect of you; they are utterly different. Duty is a debt you owe to yourself to fulfill obligations you have assumed voluntarily. Paying that debt can entail anything from years of patient work to instant willingness to die. Difficult it may be, but the reward is self-respect.

But there is no reward at all for doing what other people expect of you, and to do so is not merely difficult, but impossible. It is easier to deal with a footpad [a thief] than it is to deal with a leech who wants “just a few minutes of your time, please - this won’t take long.” Time is your total capital, and the minutes of your life are painfully few. If you allow yourself to fall into the vice of agreeing to such requests, they quickly snowball to the point where these parasites will use up 100 percent of your time - and squawk formore!

So learn to say no - and to be rude about it when necessary.

Otherwise you will not have time to carry out your duty, or to do your own work, and certainly no time for love and happiness. The termites will nibble away your life and leave none of it for you.

This rule does not mean that you must not do a favor for a friend, or even a stranger. But let the choice be yours. Don’t do it because it is “expected” of you.

Robert A. Heinlein

David Kuenzli

During the year my wife Donna was under hospice care for terminal breast cancer, we had many special conversations about the incredible life we had shared. As difficult as it was to watch her life force slowly drain from her body, I feel blessed to have had this time together to reminisce, laugh, cry and hold each other close.

It may seem ironic, but as part of my grief process, I decided to write a book about happiness. Called *Don't Miss Your Bliss!*, the book is about what mystics, gurus and positive psychologists have to say about what really makes people happy. The heart of the book, however, is a series of essays by friends and acquaintances describing the passionate activities that make their lives rich and meaningful. What a joyful experience it has been for me to get to know my friends in this way! And wherever Donna's spirit now is, I know she is happy for me.

BLISS IS CROSSING THE BORDER

David Johnson

We're going south into the land of fiesta. I feel a deep excitement, as if something marvelous might happen. Sometimes I envy those who spend each day asleep, caught up in routine and prejudice, impervious to the rainbows of light that fill the sky. But I need a baptism: the old must be shaken loose so that new forces might gather within and form a fresh coalition.

The border itself is a test and crossing it is rebirth, another chance to be you.

The Mexican border is unlike any other border I have crossed in Europe. Two thousand miles separating affluence and third-world. The border itself is an artificial line running across a map, drawn by politicians. It's a crust of bread thrown on the ground, a bit of fantasy. Before 1848, it was further north, before we squeezed Mexico for roughly half its territory. Now it's a fence and wire and intimidation, officials in uniforms, with guns and dogs. Borders are created by the powerful, not by God. For me and many others, it is the *la frontera*. Everyone making the crossing feels the difference, the bright colors, the traffic sounds, the mixture of food and exhaust.

Obviously, I am not talking about flying to the white sand beaches of Cancun or the tourist shops of Puerto Vallarta. We are crossing from Nogales, Arizona to Nogales, Sonora by car. We're crossing the border of consciousness. A foreign country with its own folkways, a foreign language with its own accents. And much more.

On a recent trip, we saw hordes of cars and vans going north as we headed south. It was Three Kings Day or Epiphany, marking the official end of Christmas. We can thank the Christians for twelve days of winter celebration during the darkest time of the year. Mexicans and other tourists were heading for the border where the line waiting to cross into the USA was several miles long when we crossed at 8 a.m. going in the opposite direction.

At kilometer 21 are the customs buildings, the *aduana*. Despite the

sign that describes the necessary steps for entry, much of it is mystery, as if a whole world of shadow props up the usual and expected procedures: why doesn't he check my passport number? Just what is going on behind the cashier's windows? Where are they taking my credit card? What are they saying to each other?

The *aduanero* nods to someone. It looks vaguely familiar, but the uniforms are different, the stacks of paper. Everything gets an official stamp. At an earlier time, I knew when to show a few dollars, who was the real jefe, but times have changed. "No more tipping," a sign says. May I go now? My forehead, does it need to be stamped also?

We slip below the layers of dross, accumulated through habit and detour. We have left all the old northern claptrap behind, all the success or failure games. How easy to lose sight of the important matters. To cross the border is to slowly strip away the old faces, the tired gestures of materialism. Just getting where we're going is success.

Mexico provides the extra sandpaper for rubbing away the excess: the minor inconveniences, the glut of bicycles and burros and vendors in *el centro*. That shift away from the rush and tumble of life north of the border. With each crossing the tempo changes, the familiar falls away. New rituals emerge, a new reality.

I talk to other tourists: Where are you going? How long? There was a Canadian who had been raised in a Mennonite community north of Chihuahua and was returning for a family reunion. Each American in Mexico has an agenda, a hidden paradise or hell. Of course there are also the seasoned *aficionados*, who know all the best routes and sights, who have discovered all the off-road treasures, who pity us for our own bumbling blindness.

Our destination this time is a *casita* in San Carlos, a charming village stretched along several rocky bays. For much of the trip there are cactus and *palo verde* close by, alternating with mountains and hills on both sides of the highway. Then after the lovely city of Hermosillo, we could see the mesquite-covered sierras in the distance running down to the Sea of Cortez.

Daughter Sarah and Jeff were waiting for us and we had a lovely walk on the beach down to an estuary with egrets, herons, ibis, gulls. The dogs ran and ran. The next day Fritz, the Scottish Terrier sleeps like the dead.

Can you imagine the feeling? Yes, we arrive, we are there, wholly there. It is wonderful and we walk around in ecstasy. Each moment is here. There are so few borders in Mexico itself, just large areas of open country, so much latitude where gringos can slide into oblivion. So much is possible, much can be dangerous.

By the time you are my age, the psyche is layered like an old piece of parchment, words and experiences piled on top of one another. Graffiti on an antique storefront. Touch one side and a dozen pieces of history light up around the map. So it takes a considerable process

Great Ideas for Ways to Not Miss your Bliss



of eradication to stand naked in front of the seagulls. Unveiled, exposed; to vibrate with excitement about seeing a dozen red-headed Turkey Vultures, zopilotes, lift off from carrion strewn along the beach, and float serenely on sea breezes. Their massive wing-span, next only to the condor and two eagles.

The next week we found treasures on the sand. A big, Humbolt squid, about four feet long, with tentacles about two feet long. They get large enough, about seven feet long, to pull a fisherman into the sea. It was lying in the surf and as I approached I noticed that it was breathing, still alive. Its sides moving in and out. It was close to dead however and the gulls were already eating the tender parts. I could not save it, I thought about pulling it into the surf, but it was too late. An osprey flew by with a fish in its claws. An osprey nest is wedged on top of the local radio tower; mother osprey sits atop her eggs.

We walk and read books and play Scrabble in the evenings. It is so beautiful here: the water, the bays, the mountains touching the sea, boats, pelicans, gulls, grebes. I stop pressing my case before the universe. No agenda, no grasping for the present. My inner reflexes relax, I see what is in front of me. And hear it.

Yesterday, we sat in the restaurant Charley's Rock, overlooking the sea and threw pieces of tostados in the air while sea gulls circled past, diving and gliding, grabbing the treats in mid-air—such spectacular fliers. Feathered acrobats. And did you ask about the food? Fish tacos, from fresh flounder, and shrimp tacos, washed down by Negro Modelo. Enough said, eh?

DRIVING MY OWN KARMA **Bob McMain**

Even before getting a license and owning my first car, I had begun a deep love affair with the automobile.

Cars can make my mind race and my heart beat faster just by day-dreaming about their variety, individual differences, and capacity to take me away to new and different places. Even seeing a 'For Sale' sign in a car can get my curiosity-motor running. I love to check out cars on the highway or in parking lots, picking through the assortment of brands and models, imagining which ones would be fun to own and drive.

To be fully satisfied, I'd have to own a stable of cars. Perhaps a red Toyota 4X4, extended-cab pickup; a silver VW Westy Syncro Camper; a sunset orange pearl Honda Element, and a white Chrysler 300. May this someday be my reality! Then I could choose the car that suits my mood each day.

When I was nine, I discovered an abandoned, 1930's vintage car in a vacant lot near our home in Nashville. Needing to escape the fear and fury of my family's dramas, I would sit for hours in this old car with no windows or doors, and pretend that I was the best driver on the road, traveling to wonderful, happy places, making 'rrrrrrrrr' sounds like a four-banger engine revving up and down and shifting back and forth between first, second, and third gears. I was in my element and in love with cars from then on.

Later, our neighbor in Montgomery, Mr. Colquit, would take his kids and sometimes me and my brother Jim for Sunday drives in his gray 1948 Chevy. That's where at age 12, I learned to actually drive a real car...sitting on old man Colquit's lap, steering and following orders while he pushed in the clutch and gave me the signal to shift gears.

At fifteen I stole out in my parents' 1939 Cadillac for joy rides. This big, black, four-door sedan with dual spare tires in the front fenders was a cool ride in the fifty's. One day I took the police chief's son and my brother Jim, and went out cruisin.' We stopped to spend our last twenty-five cents on a gallon of gas, just as a police car pulled in beside us at the pumps. The officer said a casual hello. We waved and waited with stoic fear, sure that guilt was written all over our faces and that we would be arrested and hauled off to jail. But he pulled away, never suspecting that we were juvenile delinquent auto thieves!

Unbeknownst to my dad, I raced the family cars on country roads outside Detroit, long before I ever owned my own car. I also learned to trust my ability to diagnose the quirky squeaks, clunks, and rumbles of the horseless carriage, and to repair routine mechanical failures of ailing cars.

When I was twenty, newly married, and without wheels of my own, my older brother Bert gave me my first car, a black, 1939 Chevy, two-door. What a gift! But alas, the Chevy went to the auto cemetery several months later when I trashed the tranny trying to push start it on a cold winter's day in Illinois. Dumber than dirt on that frigid day, I had the car in reverse when I popped the clutch. Unfortunately, the car was going forward and the tranny breathed its last.

Since that first one, I have more stories than I can tell here about the cars I've owned, loved, and cared for over the years. Here are a few: a '62 tan Volvo (the first new car I ever bought); a brown '65 Buick Vista Cruiser station wagon that Deanna and I drove down the Baja in 1973 with three teenagers onboard; a '70 blue and white VW bus we took to Toroweep at the west end of the Grand Canyon in 1975; a brown '81 Ford F-150 that we eventually sold to a Japanese-American family who had endured three years in a WWII internment camp; an '85 white VW Camper we sold (at 206,000 miles) to a young physician couple who were going to drive it down to Tierra del Fuego; a maroon '87, VW Camper we sold to a man from Alaska; a white, '88 VW Camper that had originally been driven across the deserts of Africa. I've owned many more while always longing for the next model that excited my fancy as the ideal vehicle.

I suppose you could say that I exhibit the classic symptoms of serial auto-monogamy. Nevertheless, when old age really gets here and I can't drive any more, you can humor this old man by driving up to my place in an interesting car with a 'For Sale' sign in the window, and I'll sure be excited to see you.

In the meantime, I'm in my Element—driving my own karma.

The Room is Full of Voices

Mark Dyke



The room is full of voices. The tables are placed at a comfortable distance from each other. Jack is sitting in front of me. He is handsome in a Robert Redford sort of way. His blue-grey eyes stare out of a tanned face. His smile glows—his teeth white soldiers standing at attention. I think he must know how great his smile is. He smiles a lot.

“Have you ever been in love?” I ask.

“Yes, when I was 22 and I married her.”

“Oh good, how nice, I’m happy for you. Have you ever been in love outside of your marriage?”

“Sure, there were two women who had crushes on me. One was a baroness and one was a doctor. I could talk about anything with these women—God, Buber, school. We would take long walks and meet at the restaurant. I never touched either of them sexually, but the town thought I was having affairs with them.”

I noticed he hadn’t answered my question, so again, “Yes, but were you in love with either of them?”

He smiled. It was a smile that puzzled me. “Of course,” he said, but didn’t elaborate.

I shared some of my own history. I thought if he knew I was no angel, he might open up. I noticed that he was thinking about something as I talked. He looked shy, almost embarrassed.

“You keep talking about women, what about men?” he asked. “I was in love with one of them. I think my wife knew. He was an English professor and so much fun. We toured museums and he would tell stories about the paintings. It was wonderful to be with him—but he

was always trying to sleep with me. Finally, I gave in. It shattered my life for a while. I felt very confused.”

“What did you feel confused about?”

“I guess I was trying to figure out what I was. Was I gay or bisexual...or I don’t know.”

I told Jack that I thought it had made him real. “Yes,” he said. “Once you have been bounced around a bit, you become more human. It’s not all outside of your experience.”

“Was that the only time?” I asked.

“No, there were a few others.”

As Jack told me about his affairs with men, a queasy sense of distrust began to take shape in my chest. “Is this why Jack likes me?” I wanted to be cool and accepting, but the thought that he liked me because of a desire for sex unnerved me. “Oh my god,” I thought, “This must be how women feel when a man shows interest in them.” It felt strange to experience this. I thought that he liked me for me, but the sex part kept whispering. It was as though a dangerous cat-like animal was now slinking around our relationship. I was not sure how to handle it. He clearly felt vulnerable and so did I.

Jack left and a very beautiful woman walked by. Her curves startled me. She sat down a few tables away. I looked in her direction and found she was looking at me. She held my gaze and smiled a very sweet smile. Her eyes were dark brown. I managed a bit of a smile then looked away. I felt embarrassed. What sort of man is embarrassed by a beautiful woman’s smile?

Goodbye to a Warrior

Continued from pg. 4



rest of the group which appeared to have no distinct role. But there was no hearse, no vehicles at all. I looked around in surprise. The box carriers just kept proceeding at a loose, unorganized sort of pace, marching up the highway. Out of somewhere the Navajo Tribal Police appeared and closed off the right lane of U. S. Highway 666 (now redesignated Highway 491 due to pressure from the fundamentalist Christians that further accidents should be detoured from the maw of this intrepid highway of the “mark of the beast”). The silent pedestrian parade continued northward, gathering a force of numbers from seemingly nowhere, rounding some bends to the right, and terminating on a high hillside overlooking the plain that extends out toward the Shiprock, and beyond, across Arizona.

A recently created opening in the sand stood before us. All stood silently. No word, no breath, no shifting of weight. Just being. I expected a clergyman or family member to eulogize or otherwise bid some sort of farewell to the body in the box which now had been silently lowered with plain ropes to the bottom of the hole. Nothing. Nobody moved. Finally a White guy in a suit began to move, opening up the

back of a dark colored Chevy van and pulling out a whole bunch of shovels, throwing them down onto the pile of soil created by the aperture and casually but officially announcing: “Every able-bodied man, grab a shovel.” With that, everything swung into action. All these young AIM guys picked up a tool and began filling in the hole. I noticed a sort of routine. If a shoveler stopped for breath, someone else quietly took hold of the handle and without even glancing at each other, a replacement was had. No one stopped to rest without being relieved. Only in doing “longshoreman work” with my father had I ever experienced anything like that before, yet this was all conducted in silence. I gave myself to operate by the newly found principle, taking a shovel from a resting warrior and proceeding. As soon as I stopped to get my breath, I felt a hand on mine and I stepped back.

A wind came up out of Arizona. The long black hair of the AIM warriors began to dance in this manifestation of spirit known to the ancient ones as N’lchi. The feathers in the hair of these dancers wove a pattern at a slow, steady pace, and watching the rhythm, I began to move into another place, and there was no more thought.



ASK AILO

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Is life getting you down? No answers coming to mind? It's time to get down to basics, it's time to Ask Ailo!

**Ailo what do you think of Uno (a beagle of all things) winning the Westminster Show?
Thanks, Alex Lukens and keep up the good work.**

Dear Alex

Yea, I hear this a lot, a “Beagle” being top dog in the country! I’ve meet him a couple of times out on the circuit. Just between you and me, I hear he’s had a little nip and tuck if you get my drift, a big no no in the dog world. I guess we’re not too different from you humans when it comes to winning. It’s not so much how you wag your tail but who you wag it in front of.

Look at your own political process, spin is the name of the game. It takes a lot of bones to get to Westminster just like it takes a lot of dollars to be president, *top dog in the human world*. This doesn’t always mean the real “top dog” is at the top. The word out there on the circuit was that they wanted change, you know, not another poodle being top dog. So Uno may seem to symbolize big change and challenged the status quo, but between you and me nothing’s going to change, next year there will be another poodle there wagging his/her way to the top. But hey, no sour bones here, it’s the world we all live in so you might as well have some fun, sniff some butts and wag your tail to the top of what ever you point your nose to.

Ailo

**Dear Ailo,
I’m wondering if you are offended when someone calls you a big fuzzy butt sniffer or is that a compliment to you?
Woody**

Dear Woody

I’m wondering why you’re asking the question. I mean you’re right that I am a big fuzzy butt sniffer, that’s what we dogs do. We don’t worry too much about what you don’t understand, we just communicate differently. We have a lot of fun grossing you humans out by eating turds, licking our balls or humping each other in clear view when you’re having a dinner party. We get to pee and shit anywhere we want and you have to pick it up (*if you’re politically correct*). We even have sex out in plain view! That’s the best for us, you should see the looks on your faces. Think about it, we have you guys nailed. So no, I’m not offended at all. But that brings me back to why you’re asking the question. My guess is that you have a deep need to be as free to be yourself as we dogs are. You guys go to great trouble going

to this guru or that one looking for someone to give you permission to just be yourself. You find every way possible to shame yourselves for being human. Maybe you need to go piss on a tree and not worry about anyone seeing you or have sex outside, that would probably take you closer to enlightenment than any of your so called holy people ever could. Now go out and do something human and enjoy who you are. If one of us sees you in the act? Here’s a big paws up for you.

Oh yea, as for being big and fuzzy? Well, that’s just cool.

Ailo

**Dear Ailo,
I’m in the doghouse again!!!
In fact, I can’t seem to stay out for very long.
What should I do?
Signed,
Puppy in Love**

Dear Pup-n-love

Being in the doghouse is a state of mind, one you need to let go of.

Here’s how I look at it. You’re the only one that can put you in the ole DH. My guess is that you’re out doing your thing being a cool dude and someone else has expectations of you that don’t match what you’re doing. Am I right so far? This other person in your life is probably someone you don’t want to disappoint, this “other” lays a guilt trip on you for being a cool dude doing what you love. Probably because that person isn’t happy with what their doing with their life and ZAP! You put yourself in the Doghouse. Look man, sooner or later you have to kick your mother out of your head. If you think about it, you most likely learned how to do the DH routine from her. That’s the only way she knew how to control you and guess what, she still is. So my furless friend you have to find a way to unlock the door and free yourself.

All it takes is your awareness of what’s happening. Once you’re tuned into it, it won’t hook you anymore and you can make it work for you.

You need to turn your self imposed doghouse into Pup-n-love’s house of passionate love, get my drift here? It may take some retraining but I guarantee it will be worth it. If retraining doesn’t work then I’d suggest sniffing around for someone more compatible. Remember only YOU can let yourself out of the doghouse.

Good luck!

Ailo

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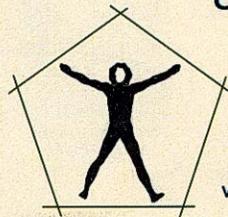
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NM Men's Wellness Calendar of Events

Brown Bag Lunch—Santa Fe: Wednesdays, noon-1:30, at the Men's Center, 54 ½ E. San Francisco, 2nd floor (just off the plaza...enter the door to the right of Haagen-Dazs). The lunch group is a "come one, come all" men's group that has been meeting in Santa Fe for the past 13 years. It is a place to share from the heart and be listened to from the heart. Contact Max August at (505) 690-6619.

New Mexico Men's Wellness 2008 Summer Gathering: Jack's Creek Campground in the Pecos Wilderness (two hours from Albuquerque, one hour from Santa Fe). Begins Friday, August 1st, and ends on Sunday, August 3rd. Theme: "Dementions" of the Male Sprit. Contact Charlie Lawrence at (505) 385-8024, or email cl-kayak@hotmail.com

Men's Art Support Group—Albuquerque: Wednesdays, 6-8PM, at the OFFCenter community studio, 808 Park SW (near 8th and Central, downtown). Ongoing six-week session groups meet in an open studio. Contact the OFFCenter at (505) 247-1172.

New Mexico Men's Wellness Fall Adopt-A-Highway Project: Saturday, September 22nd, 2007. Meet at exit 233, I-25 and Alameda, at 9:15 AM. Park on the northwest corner of the intersection, in the Ramada Inn parking lot. For more information, contact Bob McMain at (505) 248-1001, or David Johnson at (505) 266-9960. To be added to the project email list, send an email to Bob at RoadRunner36@comcast.net

Your Rant Here!

One day the first grade teacher was reading the story of Chicken Little to her class. She came to the part where Chicken Little warns the farmer. She read, “and Chicken Little went up to the farmer and said, “The sky is falling!” The teacher then asked the class, “And what do you think that farmer said?” One little boy raised his hand and said, “I think he said:”Holy Shit! A talking chicken!”
The teacher was unable to teach for the next 10 minutes.

I think we're suffering from ADD, Adventure Deficit Disorder. Where's the danger, the adventure in what we're doing? Maybe instead of having the conference at Ghost Ranch, which has become very restrictive and expensive, we rent house boats at Lake Powell and have an adventure. No more planning psycho-experiences, just experiencing the time together and letting it happen. The cost probably wouldn't be much different and the potential for some real good stuff to happen would be huge. We have to push the envelope and break out of the same old format we've been using. Changing the venue would help. We're always talking about bringing younger men into MW. Why would they want to spend much time with a bunch of guys in their rocking chairs saying, this is what we've always done? What a crappy example of what manhood is all about. I'd be running as far away from us as I could get. And many are. So when I talk about testosterone etc. this is what I'm talking about. It's that vital ingredient that's missing. It's the juice that connects us. And please, don't give me that crap about being old and shriveled up. I don't buy it



ahh.....adventure!

This issue is much more like the old issues of *Man Alive!*—not nearly as juicy as the last. Why, you ask? Because YOU didn't participate! "Are we going to have to walk that far again?" I'm still puking!

Are you really that beaten down? Choked by political correctness? Lost your sense of humor?

More and more I hear men saying that Men's Wellness is a great thing, but that they just don't have the energy for it anymore. Gee I wonder why? It's boring as hell! This is where the younger men come in. They can pick it up and carry it, make it dangerous again. If we don't create a space we can all touch on and feel that juice of being a man, they (and we) won't be there. That's what I was addressing in my editorial in the last "T" issue. Of course you can always say that this is all my shit, my issues etc. Or you can lift up the covers and take a peek at what's going on.

So, "T" men of Men's Wellness! The next issue of *Man Alive!* will be my last as editor, so you have one more chance to kick out your jams and reach into that masculine mind of yours and write something—something you wouldn't usually write. Push your own

envelope and say something profound, funny, sad, whatever. You don't even have to put your name on it. I'm a firm believer in freedom of speech, so take advantage of that freedom and write something. I'll print it. Don't take it so serious!

My last issue will have a theme; the relationships formed from being in war, fighting a fire, climbing a mountain or any highly stressful situation. I listen to the stories my father tells about those guys he shared a deadly experience with in WW2 and how it bonded them together. He comes to life when he talks about them. Give it a try, write something and even swear a little if you can.

I signed on for one year, three issues, so you have some decisions to make; who will be the next editor of *Man Alive!*, and what will happen with Men's Wellness? Will they slip beneath the surface of consciousness like Excalibur going back to the lady of the lake, waiting for another time when men will pursue the adventure of what it is to be a man? It's up to you.

Cliff Taber
Editor

p.s. "Are we going to have to walk that far again?" Gag....here it comes!

A human being should be able to change a diaper, plan an invasion, butcher a hog, conn a ship, design a building, write a sonnet, balance accounts, build a wall, set a bone, comfort the dying, take orders, give orders, cooperate, act alone, solve equations, analyze a new problem, pitch manure, program a computer, cook a tasty meal, fight efficiently, die gallantly.

Specialization is for insects.'

Robert A. Heinlein

DIRECTORY OF CONTACTS FOR MEN'S GROUPS IN NEW MEXICO

This directory is a work in progress. Please send corrections and updates to the editor at cliffaber@aol.com. If you are interested in being part of a men's group, feel free to use this list as a starting point for finding a group in your area. Also, see the Calendar of Events for weekly groups in both Santa Fe and Albuquerque that are open-format.

Northern Region

Max August—Santa Fe
(505) 690-6619
j.maxaugust@gmail.com

Michael Hamilton—Santa Fe
(505) 699-3936
eagle_call@msn.com

Jeff Hood—Santa Fe
(505) 983-8420
jeffhood@adventuresinspirit.com

Victor LaCerva—Santa Fe
(505) 983-4233
heartsongs3@msn.com

Robert Spitz—Santa Fe
(505) 988-3541
robtspitz@aol.com
Wednesday Lunch Group

Rob Hawley—Taos
(505) 758-8176
rob@taosherb.com
New Warriors Group

Paul Zelizer—Taos
(505) 758-9066
mrc@laplaza.org
Men's Resource Center
of Northern New Mexico

Central Region

David Robertson—Albuquerque
(505) 344-5489
Robertson_d@aps.edu

Pat Sauer—Albuquerque
(505) 299-6749
pasacoml@yahoo.com

Sal Treppiedi—Albuquerque
(505) 298-1132
salteaches@yahoo.com

Gary McFarland—Tijeras
(505) 286-4502
garymcfar@aol.com

Steve Smith—Rio Rancho
(505) 892-6142
steve-kendra@newmexico.com

Southern Region

Tony Harris—Las Cruces
(505) 649-7959
abharris@zianet.com

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

Websites of Interest to Men:

www.nmmw.net
www.menshealthnetwork.org
www.malemenopause.com
www.menstuff.org
www.themenscenter.com
www.menalive.com
www.testosteroneration.com

Invite your daughter or dad to join you this year at the:
2008 Fathers and Daughters Gathering
June 6-8th at
Ghost Ranch, Abiquiu, New Mexico

The Story of Us

Accept this rare opportunity to join fathers and daughters in the majestic beauty of Ghost Ranch in June. Enjoy a time of undivided attention in a safe and nurturing environment, exploring the rewards and challenges of that most delicate relationship we call Father-Daughter.

Come share the stories we tell about ourselves and each other. Examine the common themes and intricate threads of the Father-Daughter relationship. As Fathers, how did the experiences of our own generation affect our expectations for our daughters? As Daughters, what challenges have we faced in an effort to create our own identity, and how did our breakout change our expectations of our selves? The story of Us is one that in truth reflects the past, but guides us into a new understanding of the future.

Don't miss this chance to spend a weekend solely devoted to exploring, healing, and strengthening your relationship with your father and your daughter.

Complete the registration form below today and reserve your space at the third annual Father and Daughter Gathering at Ghost Ranch.

Registration Form

(Mail to the address listed below; please include a separate registration form for each person. Daughters 18 or over at time of Gathering)

Registration fee of \$180 includes room and board, and T-shirt. Space for this gathering is limited, so register now. Partial scholarships may be available; contact Bob Hollingsworth for details at

Registration Deadline: Forms with checks must be received by Friday, May 9, 2008. Mail Registration Form and Check made payable to: NM Men's Wellness, c/o Bob Hollingsworth, 9631 Morrow NE, Albuquerque, NM 87112

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Questions? Contact: Bob Hollingsworth 505-294-4908, or John Gervers 505-466-2662,

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