

# MAN, ALIVE!

## A Journal of Men's Wellness

Spring 1999

Volume XI Number 4

### Also in this Issue

- Poetry  
by R.F. Johnson...2, 4
- Morning at Heron Lake  
by Howard Kaplan...3
- Turning fifty  
Victor La Cerva...4
- HMS Penance  
by Pat Sauer...5
- Academy Fall  
by Hank Blackwell...5
- Life is a Gift  
by Bruce Barton...6
- Man2Man  
by Michael Hopp...10
- Spring Planning Meeting  
by Jerry Richardson...11

## Westbound

by Todd Tibbals

June, 1960. Later in the month Artie and I would turn 21 within two days of each other. We'd been pals since '48 when my family moved in down the street from his in a suburb of Columbus, Ohio. We two were ringleaders in many neighborhood shenanigans, shared a newspaper route and cut our adolescent teeth during seemingly endless weeks at summer camp in West Virginia. Now we were seniors-to-be in college and fancied our 21<sup>st</sup> summer as warranting something special.

As kids we'd devoured many a box of Milk Duds at the downtown Majestic Theater (double feature 15 cents) while coaxing our mounted celluloid western heroes, such as Bob Steele, across the Rio Grande. We vowed that someday we'd conquer the Rio Grande, too, though thus far we'd never been west of Indianapolis.

Our first tasks that momentous June were to finagle Artie's parents' 1955 red and white Mercury station wagon and to cram it with army surplus camping gear. We decided it would be only proper to keep a journal of this epic enterprise, so we fashioned a wooden platform that extended from the open glove compartment. Our little portable typewriter was placed on it, so that one of us could type while the other drove. Artie having first turn in the driver's seat, I began our great adventure by desperately trying to think of something to type about the Indiana countryside.

*(continued on page 9)*

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

**Editor**

David Beckley

**Staff**

Steve Smith

Jake Tausch

**Points of Contact**

David Beckley

4905 General Bradley NE  
Albuquerque, NM 87111-2151  
dbeckley@sprynet.com  
Phone: (505) 291-9664

**The *Man, Alive!* Web site:**

<http://home.sprynet.com/~dbeckley>

*Man, Alive!*

P.O. Box 23346 Santa Fe, NM 87502

**Submission Deadlines**

May 5, 1999

August 5, 1999

November 5, 1999

February 5, 2000

**Submission Formats and Requirements**

Paper is okay, but please send submissions as a text file on a floppy disk or as an e-mail attachment if you can, to save us having to type your words into the computer. We'll be happy to help you do this. Please try to keep submissions below 1200 words.

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

*Man, Alive!* is published quarterly by the Men's Network Press  
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

For a year's subscription send a check for \$10 to one of the addresses above.

Men and the Earth  
(she calls can you hear  
her?)

by Robert Francis Johnson

We've been off taming  
dragons  
and building grand (look at me)  
monuments  
dedicated to our absence  
from our families  
and from the Earth.

The Earth calls us back  
to serve and protect  
the sovereignty  
of the feminine.

Our father's father knew  
this wisdom  
and tended the fires,  
enlisting the services  
of our ancestors and the  
spirits who shape  
the beauty of our lives.

The angry taste in the morning  
in many men's lives  
reflects this hunger  
for the sacred  
and for the Earth.

Our lovers and our wives  
do not withhold  
the secret of happiness from us.

Our happiness is contained in  
the connection between  
our heart and our soul,  
and held in trust by the  
magic of the Earth.

The Earth she calls us  
can you hear her?

---

---

# Morning at Heron Lake

by Howard Kaplan

My eyes open and I awake to the clear azure sky newly lit by the morning sun and made ever more dreamy through the fine mesh netting of the tent. I arise and my glance slowly moves downward toward the forested shoreline, coming to rest on the still waters of the early morning lake.

The sun is just cresting above the tall pine trees, casting tentative rays against the walls of the tent. The air is still. Only the softest whisper of a breeze moves through the quiet dawn. I move outside, not yet fully shed of sleep, and I am immediately struck by the ethereal quality of the earth, water and sky in this early morning light. There are no sounds to break my reverie other than the occasional grasshopper moving from leaf to leaf.

My gaze becomes transfixed on a singular fisherman sitting in his rowboat, low above the glass-like smoothness of the lake. Hardly a movement, hardly a ripple is cast as he sits motionless with his fishing line glistening in the sunlight. Time is transformed, fixed, as I find myself drawn into this mesmerizing scene. He and I are bound together in that instant in the space between time. I know not how long I remain in this trance.

I begin to sense lazy ripples moving across the surface of the lake, seemingly arising from nowhere and ending with a gentle touch upon the shore. Within these ripples the boat is gliding effortlessly toward my campsite. The movement of his oars does little to break the stillness. First one oar, then the other, silently slicing the surface of the water as if cutting through fine silk. He continues his journey, gliding past my campsite with slow, deliberate strokes. My eyes follow him, being careful not to let him know of my presence.

He lands upon the shore at the neighboring campsite, not more than 50 yards from where I sit. With the same measured continence as he rowed, he departs the boat. I wonder if I should go over and speak with him to share my experience and let him know I was there. But no, in the end I decide not to. I am afraid of losing that moment we shared when we were the observer and the observed, not knowing one another, not speaking, and yet bound together in a magical trance locked in time.

---

## A Christmas Story for Every Day of the Year

by Robert Francis Johnson

You see that same face  
in the mirror  
every morning  
for a long, long time,  
and one morning  
you look a  
little closer.  
You realize your soul's purpose  
and what makes you happy  
are the same,  
and a child in you

is reborn,  
like in December,  
mirth lines  
sprout  
like daffodils  
and the world will  
not go back in  
the toothpaste tube  
no matter how  
hard you try;  
and so you don't.

---

---

# Reflections on Turning Fifty

by Victor La Cerva

I turn fifty this year and am looking for other men who will encounter that magical age in 1999 to form a 50's group. When I turned forty, I and three other men met with a 50's group who gave us advice about living in their forties, what they had learned and what they'd do differently. It was very insightful and illuminating. I've been musing on the notion of what it means to be an elder, and would love to interact with others facing a similar transition.

This piece is from my book *Worldwords: Global Reflections to Awaken Spirit*, due out in March 1999.

***Patamou* (pah-tah-MO-uu) Yanomami.  
Elder harangue to create change.**

An old person in a fairy tale often provides a needed magical talisman, some unlikely, unexpected and mysterious power to help others overcome a difficulty. The aged sage urges people to "sleep on it" when dealing with a dilemma, as a way to begin self reflection. In this way they serve as a visionary guide to what needs to be done. The wisdom of such an approach is embodied by the Yanomami tribe of Brazil, where community decisions are made by an informal council which includes older tribal members. The elderly, imbued with respect, manifest diplomatic and leadership qualities in their moral authority. Engaging in a *patamou* is a dramatic example of their responsibility. This public passionate speech attempts to convince others of the necessity of a decision involving support for those in need, or suggests rules of behavior for the younger people. Sometimes it is a way to just state an opinion to cause thought in community members. Without any real power of coercion, elders lead by word and by example.

I listen closely to the wisdom of elders and act on their advice.

Please contact Victor if you'd like to be part of a 50's group. Call 505-983-4233 or 505-827-2320, or E mail to: victorL@doh.state.nm.us

---

---

# HMS Penance

## by Pat Sauer

(Sing to the tune, "The Major General" from Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*).

Said they, the members of the U.S. House of Representatives  
Republican by party, and with undeleted expletives,  
"We'll disregard the wishes of two-thirds of our democracy  
We're answering the higher call of partisan hypocrisy.

"We had a long debate about the rule of law and perjury  
And then we got the chance to do some Oral Office surgery.  
The independent counsel told us what the testimony meant  
So off we went to vote on one more climax for the president.

"I know that all Americans appreciate the sacrifice  
That we elected leaders make to save the world from sin and vice.  
Remember that the sex you take is equal to the sex you give  
But sin is just the same as crime when you are chief executive."

So now we've suffered through a year of legal esoterica  
Resulting in a spectacle that paralyzed America.  
It cost us 40 million bucks to lower the impeachment bar.  
I hope we learned a lesson that it never should have gone this far.

---

# Academy Fall

## by Hank Blackwell

Geese sing to the moon  
and fly to their wheat.  
Sidewalks are cluttered  
with wet leaves.

The stream runs by abandoned cabins.  
Men move about stiffened by a cold wind.  
The trees do not beckon to be climbed.

I notice the songs, the rustle, the gurgle,  
all of fall's refrain.  
I am able to walk amidst the migratory chorus,  
through the cold, blue light of the moon,  
within the leaves decorating usually unnoticeable sidewalks  
as the geese slowly bring down the moon  
for another morning.

---

---

# Life is a Gift

by Bruce C. Barton

A hard lump somewhere in my intestines awakened me before dawn on August 25, 1997. It took me no more than a millisecond to recognize it as my dread about the biopsy for prostate cancer that was scheduled three hours later. The biopsy was the most recent in a series of unwelcome medical events that had begun three months earlier, with the discovery that my PSA (Prostatic Specific Antigen) blood test had jumped from 2.5 the year before to 5.2, a definite “early warning” sign that all was not well in Prostate Land. The normal range for men of my age is 0.0 to 4.0. On the recommendation of my primary physician I consulted a urologist, who gave me a digital rectal exam (DRE, the procedure so feared by Dave Barry and several million other men) and found a hard lump on my prostate that was not part of its normal tissue. He subsequently recommended a biopsy to learn more about what was going on.

The DRE almost seemed like fun next to the biopsy, in which an ultrasound probe is inserted rectally to guide the biopsy needle to the suspicious-looking areas on the prostate gland. When the doctor has one of these in the crosshairs, the patient hears a loud “click!” not unlike an unloaded Smith and Wesson firing, and feels a sharp sting as the needle penetrates the rectal wall and inspires a small amount of prostate tissue. In my case, this was done a total of six times, in various areas of the prostate. Although it is performed without anesthetic, the procedure is not much more uncomfortable than a thorough dental cleaning, and after a day at ease, I returned to my normal activities.

When I received a call from the doctor a few days later invit-

ing me and my wife, Deborah, to go over the results of the biopsy in his office, I knew the news must not be good. The urologist confirmed that one of the six samples revealed a group of cancerous cells about 2 mm in diameter. Although he said they were in an early stage of development, they had been assigned a Gleason Aggressiveness Score of 7, which meant moderately aggressive. He then reviewed the standard options for treating prostate cancer: prostatectomy, or surgical removal of the gland, which he described as the “gold standard” of prostate cancer treatment (I didn’t ask him whether the gold standard was for the patient or the doctor); beam radiation of the prostate and surrounding area; a relatively new procedure called radioactive seed implant, and a short-term series of shots that

would block the production of testosterone and slow down the cancer’s development until I was ready to pursue one of the options above. He told me that at my relatively “young” age (59), he did not recommend “watchful waiting” to see what developed. The one piece of good news was that prostate cancer is relatively slow-growing, which meant that I had some time to arrive at a decision.

Not only was I discouraged by the news that cancerous cells were nibbling at my prostate, but the remedies the doctor had described sounded like a choice between the electric chair, the gas chamber, and the gallows. Not only were they painful and disruptive in their own right, they sometimes carried side effects including delightful experiences such as infection, impotence and inconti-

---

---

nence! After recovering from my initial shock and dismay, I quickly arrived at some decisions that have affected my life to this day.

Almost immediately, I saw that I could choose to identify myself as a “cancer patient” and mope around feeling sorry for myself; take the doctor’s advice and have surgery or radiation with the hope that I would avoid the nastier side effects; or embark on my own program of self-healing and information before I made any long-range decision impacting my health and lifestyle. This last alternative looked distinctly preferable to the other two, so I began my journey.

Over the next three months, I pursued the following options:

1. Acupuncture.
2. Herbal and natural remedies taken orally.
3. Reiki and other energetic bodywork.
4. Consultation with radiologists, oncologists, and holistic medical practitioners.
5. Discussion with men who had tried various prostate cancer treatment options.
6. Reading several thousand pages of documentation on medical, holistic and alternative approaches to prostate cancer from medical journals, texts on healing cancer and natural healing, information on the internet, and program descriptions of innovative and experimental approaches.

The results of this process were twofold. First, I learned that there were many questions about the best approach to prostate cancer, and there were many new ap-

proaches in addition to the medically approved “standard” treatments. Each of these, of course, carries its own risks and uncertainties.

I became aware of the following facts, among others:

1. 40% of American men over the age of 50 have cancerous cells in their prostate glands, at least at microscopic levels. By the age of 70, the percentage rises to 65%.
2. Prostate cancer can be in the body for as long as 20 years before it manifests as active disease.
3. Less than 10% of Japanese men over 50, whose diet contains little meat or dairy products, show evidence of prostate cancer.
4. Not infrequently, men who have had prostatectomies or radiation therapy have prostate cancer reappear 6-10 years later; only men who have no recurrence of symptoms for at least 15 years are considered “cured.”

The second effect of my learning was a growing trust in myself to make the choices that would best serve my health and lifestyle; while I might obtain advice or suggestions from medical personnel and others, I was the one who ultimately called the shots. Now that I knew I carried a potentially lethal disease, my awareness and appreciation of life seemed to be enhanced, and things that I had told myself I would “look into someday” took on a closer focus. I spent a lot more time in my connection with Spirit, meditating, praying, and asking for guidance not only toward a “cure” of my condition, but for healing of whatever underlying conditions might have led to its appearance.

Given these personal gains, the results of a PSA test I had done in late November felt like a bowl full of cold water in my face. The figure had risen from 5.7 at the time of the biopsy to 9.3 three months later, and the urologist urged me to make a choice of treatment soon. Discouraged that in spite of all my efforts, my condition seemed to be rapidly worsening, I was unsure where to turn, and once again asked Spirit for guidance. It arrived on swift, merciful wings.

A week after I received the PSA results, Max, a member of my Monday night men’s group, suggested that I call Marty, a friend of his in Los Angeles, who had prostate cancer and was undergoing a relatively new but promising approach called “triple androgen blockade.” When I did, Marty told me about the pioneering work of his oncologist, Bob Leibowitz, M.D. The treatment, which was given in the form of a monthly injection and two daily oral medications, continued for 13 months. Its purpose was to block the production of testosterone, on which the prostate cancer cells feed, until those cells literally died of starvation. Marty told me the temporary side effects of the blockade included diminished sexual desire and performance, hot flashes, some mild intestinal upset, and a few changes such as loss of body hair and slight weight gain. To me, these sounded like minor annoyances compared to permanent impotence or incontinence!

*(Continued on next page)*

---

---

(Gift, continued from page 7)

The next day, I called Dr. Leibowitz and spoke with one of his assistants, who sent me copies of the doctor's papers on the treatment. They arrived the day before my appointment with the urologist. I spent that night devouring the information on Dr. Leibowitz' approach, and before I was halfway through, the hair standing up on the back of my neck told me I was witness to a major breakthrough in the treatment of prostate cancer. Leibowitz began treating prostate cancer patients with his approach in 1990 or 1991, and had numerous patients who had been off the treatment for several years with normal PSA's and no evidence of cancer. Some of these men had come to Leibowitz initially with PSA's of over 1,000 and metastatic bone cancer, prepared to die within a few months. The doctor claims he has never had to re-treat any of the several hundred patients he has treated, and claims that because the blockade is systemic rather than localized such as surgery or radiation, cancer cells anywhere in the body, even at microscopic levels, are destroyed.

By the time I went to bed late that night, my path was clear. The next morning, after offering heartfelt thanks to the Spirit that is always part of me, I took copies of Dr. Leibowitz' articles to the urologist's office. Handing the copies to him for homework, I declared unequivocally, "This is the treatment approach I want to pursue." My urologist told me he had heard of the treatment but would read the articles to get more information. He also, to my great re-

lief, said he was willing to pursue the triple androgen blockade on an experimental basis, provided regular PSA tests indicated it was warranted. A week later, I began the treatment, which for me consisted of a shot that lasted three months, requiring only quarterly visits to the doctor, and the two daily oral drugs.

Over the next several months, I continued to feel very well. I did begin to notice some subtle changes in my body, understood for the first time what women often referred to as "hot flashes," and invested heavily in anti-gas pills when my wife accused me of becoming more of an "old fart" than ever! My most exciting moment came in March, three months after the treatment had begun, when my urologist called to give me the results of my PSA. It was so low, it was *not measureable!!!!* Not sure whether to cry or release whoops of victory, I did both, sharing the news with everyone I could get my hands on. While I knew that this result didn't necessarily mean that the fight was over, it was unmistakable evidence that the treatment was working exactly as it was supposed to.

Similar PSA results in June and September reassured me that I hadn't just been dreaming. Side effects continued to be mild for the most part, and I felt healthy throughout the 13-month period, which drew to a close in January, 1999. I have continued to read the latest writings by "Dr. Bob" Leibowitz as he makes steady progress toward the goal of showing 100% success with the treatment over a 15-year period (his first

patient treated with TAB has been off the treatment between 7 and 8 years and is still doing well). He is also working on re-treatment approaches and approaches for hormone refractory patients in case these are needed in the future. I had the pleasure of meeting and rooming with Marty, the man who had guided me to Dr. Leibowitz, at Men's Wellness in October.

For my part, I will keep a close watch on my PSA and testosterone levels during the next year as they slowly begin to rise and, hopefully, level off somewhere in the normal range. I continue to stay as close to a low-fat diet as I can, including various prostate cancer fighters such as selenium and lycopene as well as Vitamin E, Co-Enzyme Q10 and other anti-oxidants. My biggest battle at this point is managing the stress in my life; there's been too much of that over the last few months, and I know that's not healthy for living things. I'm determined to do whatever I need to do to change that, and to keep expressing gratitude on a daily basis for the many gifts in my life, not the least of which is being guided to the right treatment at the right time.

If this article is helpful to even one reader facing a similar situation, it has been worthwhile. Anyone who wishes more information on triple androgen blockade or prevention and treatment of prostate cancer in general, please feel free to contact me at [bcbart01@earthlink.net](mailto:bcbart01@earthlink.net) or by telephone at (505) 466-2909. Good health and long life to all!

---

---

*(Westbound, continued from page 1)*

Most highways were still two-lane, and crossing state lines was cause for a photo opportunity with the Brownie—on par with an international border crossing in years to come. The fruited plain stretched on and on, and for hour after dreary hour the purple mountains remained a rumor. Ah, but finally the Rockies announced themselves, and the pace of the ol' Smith-Corona quickened there in our modern-day covered wagon. Glorious new sights for us, but on the other hand the only Indians we saw were peering at us from billboards proclaiming “Last Chance for Moccasins!”

Our shakedown night of camping was in Rocky Mountain National Park, where we tried to resurrect our supposed Boy Scout know-how with WWII hand-me-downs. On one of those early days we bushwhacked with packs up a rugged mountain face. We spent a memorable night huddled near the summit as a fierce western wind tried to blow us back to Buckeye land.

The evening before my birthday found us in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, at the Silver Dollar Saloon, counting the minutes until midnight when I'd be 21 and legal. The clock had scarcely recorded its pivotal passage before I had my wallet out, springing for drinks up and down the bar. Two nights later when Artie came of age, we “took the fifth” (Jim Beam) into our tent at Yellowstone and zipped ourselves in.

Over the next several weeks we tenderfeet conquered Bryce Canyon, Zion and the Grand Canyon. We never laid eyes on the likes of Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid, or even Tex Ritter, and weren't sure if we'd crossed so much as the headwaters of the Rio Grande. StSill, we learned our way around a camp stove, a wet tent, a trail guide and an after-hours party at a lodge. Suburbia and frat houses seemed light years behind. We rolled eventually into Las Vegas, hoping our shared virginity was not too obvious. Though Artie was semi-engaged to Nancy back in Columbus, we were both considerably untutored in the ways of the other gender. Alas, though we managed to prove ourselves easy marks for casino glitz and girly shows, we departed Vegas in a few days as pure as when we arrived.

On, like the '49ers before us, to the Coast! Specifically, to new lodestones called Disneyland and Venice Beach (the latter then, as now, the last stand of beatniks/hippies/eccentrics, seemingly in a sort of doomsday exhibitionism, awaiting a nudge by the Mainstream into the Pacific Ocean. L.A., sprawling loutishly even forty years ago across the landscape like an awkward teenager, was in truth quite a spectacle for this pair of really rather staid Midwesterners. Not until “Chinatown” came along years later did we get an inkling of how it got that way.

Time to head north, where the somehow more genuine joys of San Francisco awaited. Hard by the fabled Bay we latched onto a booklet, “Guide to Non-Tourist San Francisco,” which led us to sample the beer in each of the North Beach establishments listed. What little I remember of that was memorable. Soon, we became caught up in the aura of an event that we didn't know we'd stumbled onto, the National Democratic convention of 1960. Perhaps it was my weakened state, but its promise of JFK certainly poked into my Republican airspace, and Artie was at least tweaked a bit.

And so back to Ohio. Even endless summers must give way to September school bells. We might now be called seasoned wanderers, but when we returned to the so-called real world, no one could say we were yet able to digest our rite of passage. One thing was affirmed: best buddies for twelve years before the trip, Artie and I, while often quite awkward in our encounters with the world around us, maintained and even strengthened our friendship. There was an ease of making joint decisions with Artie which has ever been hard to replicate in subsequent friendships and relationships.

Almost four decades later we chide each other about how differently our life styles have evolved. I followed the Kennedy Peace Corps wave to four years in South America, and haven't played much by the rules since. Artie and Nancy have migrated but a few blocks from where we grew up as followers of Ozzie and Harriet. Yet for one delicious summer when time stood still, somewhere between I Like Ike and Woodstock, we had the world on a string and anything was possible.

---

---

# MAN 2 MAN

## Gay/Straight Dialogue

By Michael Hopp

For the fourth year in a row, as this article goes to print, men are gathering in a nearby hot tub to discuss this year's Gay/Straight dialogue. What will we talk about? What topics continue to be of interest and what form will they take? How can men engage more fully with other men who have lived their lives on another side of the fence? Perhaps these men, whom I would call my brothers, have chosen a not-so-mainstream path or have investigated their sexuality in a unique and differing way than my own.

We've all been affected. "Faggot," "Queer" and "Fairy"—how many of these words were used in your junior high school locker room? How many times did you use them to avoid feelings which perhaps you didn't understand? "Femme," "Prick," "Pussy," "Wimp"—how many feelings do you still have that you still don't understand? How can sharing your feelings with other men help ease the pain of living in a divided, confused and fragmented world?

I admit, this article is aimed at capturing the "straight" man's attention. Why? Although we began four years ago with almost a 50/50 ratio, in recent years it seems that the gay men have made a stronger showing and influenced the direction of the gathering. Eighteen men came to last year's overnight experience, and possibly twelve were either gay or bisexual. To insure relevance, the issues and discussions are directly shaped by those who attend. What are straight men's issues? What do you long for in your sexuality? In your friendships? In your life?

It's funny that, as I get older and struggle with this unruly, untimely and uncontrollable *thing* called emotion, I appreciate men who have invested their lives and their hearts into understanding what really makes them tick, how they feel. Gay or straight, I find men who attend this Spring event to be incredibly sincere in finding ways to express something as complex as emotion and sexual/spiritual orientation.

I had a wonderful opportunity two years ago, driving home from the Men's Wellness Fall Conference, to discuss this topic with my dad, who came to the conference for the first time. He turned to me and said, "It really doesn't matter to me one way or the other, but a guy at the conference leaned over and asked me, 'How is it to have a gay son?' Are you gay?"

We looked at each other, both with a questioning grin on our face. He was concerned for my well-being as well as the woman I'd been living with for the past seven years. We talked and shared openly (as openly as two John Wayne kind of guys could!) and I felt really blessed to have had that discussion. Without the gay/straight dialogue which took place at the conference, I don't think my dad and I could have ever bridged such a topic.

What are you waiting for? It's only two days out of your life. It means hanging out with a bunch of guys, cooking together, laughing, crying, joking and doing what guys do best: fart and lie about it. Hope to see you there!

Tentative date and location are May 1-2 at Deva Foundation, Glorieta, NM. Call Michael Hopp (820-9363) or David Edington (984-1007) for further details.

---

---

## Spring Planning Meeting Attendees Reach Agreement

by Jerry Richardson, Fall Conference Leader

Nineteen men gathered on the first full day of Spring, March 21st, at Michael Hopp's Santa Fe Community Yoga Center, to share their hopes and desires for the future of Men's Wellness and to address a number of "business" issues. The meeting was open to all, and I led the discussions. This was the second such spring gathering to provide a forum for matters which would detract from the Summer and Fall Conferences. Perhaps we should call it our Spring Cleaning Meeting!

We first addressed the use of the Men's Wellness mailing list. Although there has been a blanket policy that the list could not be used, this has also made it difficult for our "members" to let us know of things which might be of interest to us. We agreed to experiment with a change, deciding that attendees may use the conference roster mailing list to publicize men's events. Attendees who specify at registration time that their name is not to be used for any purpose will be marked as such on the roster.

We discussed how to expand outreach to men's groups outside of Albuquerque and Santa Fe. Gary McFarland (garymcfar@aol.com) will create an e-mail directory to include contacts with all men's groups in New Mexico as a way to network and share information. We also discussed going to outlying towns around the state and conducting mini Men's Wellness meetings. Victor LaCerva agreed to help anyone interested in organizing such meetings.

We discussed the need to strengthen and revitalize existing men's groups, some of which experience member fall-off and disinterest over time. Brett Nelson agreed to write an article for *Man Alive!* on exercises and techniques which can address this. The Fall Conference Planning Committee will consider doing a workshop on the subject, and Dave Breault and Paul Steinkoenig are also willing to create a workshop in Albuquerque on this topic.

The sometimes conflicting missions of *Man Alive!* were also discussed. The magazine has failed to be a venue for timely notification of men's events because publication deadlines have slipped due to a lack of submitted articles. It was agreed that the primary mission of *Man Alive!* should be to provide a timely and dependable means of informing men of upcoming events. Its secondary purpose will be as a forum for men's literary efforts. In the future, *Man Alive!* will contain a calendar of events, and the content will vary depending upon what other articles are available at publishing deadline. Tom Connerth also volunteered to work with Steve Smith to update and maintain the *Man Alive!* mailing list. We will continue to study whether we should do away with subscriptions and simply mail *Man Alive!* to anyone who attended a conference within the past three years. We agreed to give as many copies as desired to anyone who requests them.

We discussed the issue raised last year concerning the tension between Albuquerque and Santa Fe with respect to conference leadership, Summer and Fall Conference attendance, etc. It was agreed that airing this issue had brought more awareness to these concerns and that there had been great healing around these issues. We agreed to continue our efforts to be sensitive to these concerns.

Finally, we agreed that it was great to have a Spring forum to get together with our comrades and to address these kinds of matters that don't get dealt with at our conferences. We'll do it again next year. Cliff Taber, the Fall Conference 2000 leader, announced that next year it will be held in Albuquerque!

---

---

# The Summer Gathering Campout will be held in the Jemez Friday afternoon, July 30 through Sunday noon, August 1, 1999.

More details in the next issue of *Man, Alive!*

## Subscribe to *Man, Alive!*

Can you think of a friend who would enjoy reading *Man, Alive!*?  
Need to renew your subscription? Here's the form.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Send cash, check or money order for \$10 payable to:

Men's Network Press, P.O. Box 23346, Santa Fe, NM 87502

Men's Network Press  
*Man, Alive!*  
P.O. Box 23346  
Santa Fe, NM 87502

BULK RATE  
US POSTAGE  
PAID  
ALBUQUERQUE,  
NM  
PERMIT NO. 1720