



Journal of Men's Wellness

Spring 2001

XIV Number 1

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**YES, THAT IS A
NEW MASTHEAD
FOR MAN ALIVE!**

See Page 2

Volunteers from Men's Wellness Community Clean Up Interstate 25

Bob McMain and David Johnson

Men's Wellness Community volunteers from Albuquerque and Santa Fe have now completed two clean up sessions along I-25 between mile markers 238 and 240.

The first clean up happened Saturday, January 13. David Johnson led the clean up and reports: "A small storm the night before seemed to keep some men from participating," but sixteen men showed up and worked two and a half hours filling 67 bags. "We had a challenging section of highway," David said. "Lots of trash in the arroyos...(but) we covered about half our commitment. The weather was perfect: brisk and sunny, snow on the Sandias. It felt wonderful to be outside cleaning the environment along the highway. And it was a chance to catch up with other men who value the natural world."



Jim Sanborn hosted a Dutch Treat lunch at his place in Placitas following the clean up.

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

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Submission Formats and Requirements
Paper is okay, but please send submissions as an e-mail attachment to save us having to retype everything. If sending an e-mail attachment, please send in WordPerfect or RTF (rich text format) file. Otherwise paste it into the body of an e-mail. Photographs should be in .jpg format. We'll be happy to help you do this. Please try to keep submissions below 1500 words.

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

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Notes from the editor

Well, here we go again, our second issue since assembling as a team. We very much appreciate your comments about, and response to, our last issue. We are hoping for more of the same this time, positive and negative. There is no way we can learn how to better serve your needs if we don't know where we are falling short. And the attaboys keep us motivated.

IMPORTANT E-MAIL CHANGE NOTE

My new e-mail address is gmustain@home.com.

If there is anyone out there who submitted something, which did not make it into this issue, please forgive me. After the last issue was out, my ISP provider closed down just as I was preparing a major upgrade on our home network. So in addition to new computers I also had to deal with a new ISP and in the process a lot of email got lost. So, please, if you submitted something, which didn't make it, email me again at the new e-mail address.

A NOTE ABOUT DEADLINES

The deadlines you see in the publisher's box to the left are primarily intended for announcements about upcoming events, meetings, and so forth, and reports about events which have just occurred; in short, anything which must be in the issue being submitted for in order to be timely. In terms of other material, from poetry, to articles or stories or artwork of any kind, please submit at any time. There is such a wealth of wisdom and talent in this community that your publication should have an archive of material from which to draw for each issue, to complement the more timely material.

KUDOS

We especially want to thank Joseph Woods and Todd Tibbals, two of the community's artists, who have volunteered material. Joseph designed and executed the striking new Man, Alive! Masthead, and contributed an illustration for another article. He has also volunteered to be on call for future issues. Todd sent nearly fifty of his distinctive sketches for us to use as we wish; a gift from the heart, which is worthy of acknowledgment and thanks from everyone in the community. Some of his pieces can be found elsewhere in this issue.

PROBLEMS WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS / MAILING

If you have any problem with either your subscription or with receiving issues, or if you have questions about either of these areas, please contact Sal Treppiedi at salteaches@yahoo.com AND Tom Konerth at leekon@quest.net; Tom so he can add to or correct the list, and Sal so he can send out the needed issues.

MENS RESOURCE CENTER

Victor LaCerva reports that Paul Zelizer and Antonio Sanchez have been doing great things with the Men's Resource Center of Northern New Mexico in Taos. They are a source of help for groups in the northern part of the state and have drop-in open group meetings on Mondays at 7:30 p.m. at 212 Kit Carson Road Taos. For more information contact mrc@laplaza.org.

WEBSITES for MEN

In the last issue we put out a call for listing of websites of
Continued on page 13



UNDER WING

Scott Sharot

The Men's Wellness Summer 2001 Gathering will be held August 3 through August 5 at a location to be announced this spring. The theme for this summer's conference is "Under Wing". It came to me in a flash of consciousness while (trying to stay in my body) driving back home after the Summer Gathering. I was reliving the incredible moment during the closing circle when Joseph Woods pointed out two eagles circling directly above our sacred circle. Avi then pointed out that the eagles had a young one under wing and were teaching it to fly. In an instant the theme of next years conference had been gifted.

For me "Under Wing" encompasses the very fertile areas of Mentorship, Parenting and Self-Nurturing with lots of opportunity for celebration, gratitude and support. Plan to bring your father, son, mentor or a younger man that you've chosen to mentor. Here is a chance to make a conscious effort to reach out to others and share this powerful experience.

I would like to invite you to join in the planning process for the conference, or if you would like to volunteer for a specific task (such as teaching a workshop, sharing a talent, or just sharing your thoughts and ideas) please let me know by calling 242-

4930, by mail at 2115 Aspen NW ABQ 87104 or e-mail at scottanddale@earthlink.net

The planning process was a very valuable part of the Wellness experience for me last year. It was kind of like starting the weekend five months early.

There will be an overnight retreat for the planning committee on June 1 at Wray Simmons' cabin near Capilla Peak.

Many thanks to Joseph Woods for his design for the T-shirt and logo as seen above. It seems that his spotting of the eagles last summer has come full circle in this powerful and beautiful design that embodies the medicine of Eagle.

I look forward to the process that leads to the event and am grateful for the chance to be involved with such a conscious community of men supporting other men.

Clean up, continued from page 1

We have not yet received a report on the second clean up, scheduled for March 24. But twenty men from Santa Fe and 23 from Albuquerque had signed up for the project, so its a good bet that a lot of trash was cleaned up, and a lot of men enjoyed themselves and each other.

For more information on future clean up sessions, call Bob McMain at (505) 248-1001 or David Johnson at (505) 266-9960. To be added to the project email list, send a request to rdrunr@zianet.com.

BTW, for those who may not have heard (I was doing a lot of yelling and moaning), I passed my kidney stone on Thurs the 18th and I'm getting back into my regular routines. It feels so good not to hurt!

*Best regards,
Bob*

Todd Tibbals to face Airport Security Problems

Long time men's wellness community member and Man, Alive! artist Todd Tibbals will never again be able to get through an airport security check point without either a note from his doctor or copies of his x-rays.

The following arrived from Gary Carlson via the Men's Wellness Newsgroup at [egroups menswellness@egroups.com](mailto:menswellness@egroups.com):

Dec. 31, 2000 - "Sorry to have to report that Todd Tibbals to a bad spill yesterday at the Los Alamos Ski Area (on cross country skis) and broke his upper leg bone in two places. He was medivaced by helicopter to UNM Hospital. He had a rather lengthy surgery...to install lots of permanent titanium support pieces in his leg. He'll probably be in the hospital 3-4 days then recovering at home for quite a while..."

We are happy to report Todd is now recovering well, getting around a bit without a cane, but still not ready to run any 10k races for a while.



**WOW Look
at Todd T.
COOL!!**

"They rebuilt the femur from the inside out with a titanium rod and supports," Todd said in a recent phone conversation. "I'm going through a pretty normal recovery. I can't do my yoga again, yet, but it will come."

Todd says he's doing ok and doesn't need any special support at this time, but in our community prayers and best wishes for a continued speedy discovery don't constitute "special support" so let's send some his way.

Benjamin Miller's Open Letter to Men's Wellness Community

My dear friends and brothers:

Life these last four months since the tragic death of my daughter, Caitlin, has been far worse than any hell that I could have imagined. The constancy, longevity and depth of lows continue to challenge every belief and unresolved relationship in my life. I have yet to return to work. My life is full of counseling and other modalities to help keeping the trauma and horror of his devastating event from locking up in my body, mind and spirit.

What keeps me afloat in this dark time are my strong relationship with the Source of Love, and the concern of many friends like you. Your phone calls and willingness to check on me via phone, e-mail and notes have given me reason to continue on. I will never be able to thank you enough. I pray that should you ever have need in your life, the love of the Creator will shine on you at least as brightly and constantly as it has shone on Sharon and myself.

Please, if you want to know how I'm doing drop me a note or give me a call. I do still get overwhelmed with what life has put on my plate so sometimes it's hard to talk. Yet, it is my connection to you that keeps me going. Thank you for keeping Sharon and me in your prayers.

Blessings for eternity,

Benjamin

BOOK REVIEW FOR MAN ALIVE

Victor LaCerva

Cidermaster of Rio Oscuro by Harvey Frauenglass

In the tradition of Barry Lopez, Gary Snyder, and Edward Abbey, *Cidermaster of Rio Oscuro* takes us deep into one man's love of the land. Many of us in the men's wellness community have had the pleasure of going to Harvey's farm in Dixon, and helping to pick apples, prune trees, or make cider. This book is full of rich flavors and intense images of the hard-working but simple life that many of us yearn for in the deepest recesses of our hearts. It will take you on a journey into the life of the man himself, his struggles with his partner, his daughter and the land which owns him. Throughout it all stretches the poetic lyricism of a person who feels deeply, and shares his wisdom freely.

"I know I cannot keep in mind all the trees we have, which varieties they are, which have fruit ready to be picked, which must wait, which I have picked. So far I have tried to inventory the big orchard twice and reached only tree number 125. Then my mapping skills failed... In terms the aborigines might use, I was separated from the band, and I forgot the song of the orchard. I could say the gods and goddesses of the groves didn't want me there counting, so they sent winter crows and croaking magpies and canyon wrens, especially the canyon wrens, to distract me, but it wouldn't be true. I just never finished."

Cidermaster of Rio Oscuro gives life to that word so many of us seek to understand, and attempt to create in our own lives: *community*. The orchard is the lifeblood of connections, a space where people come together to work for a common

purpose, and to enjoy each other. This book deftly weaves passages of time and intimate stories around a simple piece of land. It will enchant you, and force you to ask hard questions about what you are creating for yourself in your own orchard of living. Enjoy!

University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 2000
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A.M.E.N. Group to Change Names and Meeting Locations

**John Bishop via the Mens' Wellness
Newsgroup at Yahoo.com**

Participants at an April 3, 2001 A.M.E.N. open forum discussed and decided the following organizational issues:

"We have decided to change the name from A.M.E.N. because we felt the name might suggest that this group has a Christian theme. This has never been the case. The group is intended to extend, throughout the year, the fellowship of the summer and fall Men's Wellness events. As such, no particular spiritual view is endorsed, and men with all spiritual views are welcome. We have not chosen a new name yet.

"We have decided in the future to meet at members' houses rather than at St. Lukes Lutheran church for the reason expressed above.

"We will shorten meeting time from three hours to two hours, start most meetings at 10:00 a.m., and advertise meeting times well in advance, to accommodate our busy schedules.

"Please come and help us make this forum a dynamic extension of the summer and fall events. Thanks."

John Bishop (John.Bishop@ssa.gov)

“We are Devouring Our Young”

Gordon Mustain

“We’ve gone mad and we are devouring our young.” This thought ran through my head as I listened to a news report about the decision to prosecute the 15-year old boy in the Santee, Ca. school shootings as an adult on murder charges. There have been so many similar instances recently, from the 11-year old in Chicago whom prosecutors indicted as an adult on murder charges in the death of a playmate, to the 12 year old in Florida tried and convicted as an adult in a similar case and sentenced to life in an adult prison without possibility of parole, to a 15-year old girl here in Tucson being tried as an adult for murder after a botched attempt at late term self-abortion. There have been others in the past five years, too numerous to detail here.

Why would I consider these cases and others like them to be symptoms of cultural psychosis? Because numerous studies and experiments in psychology and ethology (the study of animal behavior) have

repeatedly shown that when stress levels in any social grouping of animals reach very high levels and remain there, after a period of time which varies between species, a mass psychosis sets in. In one of its primary manifestations, the dominant adults of the group begin attacking, killing, and in some cases devouring the adolescent and young of the group; the very group members they had been primarily responsible for, in terms of nurturing and protection from harm, in the absence of stress.

“We’re just being tough on crime and demanding some personal responsibility and accountability,” say advocates of the practice. “We’re sending a message.”

And what, precisely, is the message we are sending? Can a 15-year old vote? Get a driver’s license? Join the military? Hold a full-time job? Open a checking account? Drink alcohol? Get married? Buy a firearm? Live alone?

NO. Society has laws prohibiting all of those things. Why? Because we know, and all our scientific research confirms, that by the age of 15 a child’s brain is not yet finished developing and their education and socialization is incomplete. Thus, here is no way a fifteen year old could be considered fully adult and responsible enough to be entrusted with those rights.

So what is the message we are sending? No matter what words we use, by our actions we are telling our youth that we -- all us adults who are supposedly running things and defining the culture -- are nuts. Crazy. Psychotic.

We say one thing and do another. We tell them they are kids who can’t be trusted with the freedoms of adults, and then tell them when they screw up that they are adults and will just have to face the consequences of their actions.

Continued on page 7

Death and Life

Ray Ortiz

They say that when death comes,
those you have loved
gently hold your hand and
life passes before your eyes.

I say that when you came to me,
all of those I have loved
came together in your eyes and
life laid itself out before me.

-RZO

Deepest Fear

From Donald B. Jeffries via the Men's
Wellness Newsgroup

"Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate; our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure.

"It is our light, not our darkness, that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented and fabulous? Actually, who are we not to be?

"You are a child of God. Your playing small doesn't serve the world. There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you.

"We were born to manifest the glory of God that is within us. It's not only in some of us; it's in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others."

Marianne Williamson, quoted by Nelson Mandela in his 1994 Inaugural Speech

Devouring our Young, Continued from page 6

And this is only one example of how we send this message. Look around you in the culture. Kids today have not grown up with the same constant threat of nuclear annihilation cold war kids had to deal with. Instead, they hear us say on the one hand that global warming is almost certainly going to create global environmental catastrophe if it continues at its present pace, and on the other hand that it is not "prudent" or "in our national interest" to try to do anything about it. How would that make you feel as a 15-year old with your life

in front of you?

Or we trumpet the principles of freedom and democracy and citizen participation upon which this country was founded, and exhort the youth to care about politics and government, to get involved. And then we show them the last presidential election fiasco.

We tell them sex is something private and special and that it should be kept between married couples, and then we use it to try to sell them everything from candy to clothes to cosmetics to cars. We tell them good nutrition is important then do everything possible and spend millions on advertising to make them want junk instead. We tell them we love them and then buy them their own TV so they won't bother us during our non-working hours. We tell them the purpose of going to school is to get educated and prepared for life as an adult, and then spend our time teaching them to pass tests.

There are too many examples to detail here. In each case the core of the message is the same. We are nuts and we can't be trusted. We say one thing and do another. We make two diametrically opposing statements and claim both of them are the truth. We demand they remain children while insisting they are adult and vice versa.

In the 1960's, in a book called "The Politics of Experience", British psychiatrist Dr. R.D. Laing explored in detail the psychosis which originally manifests as the simultaneous holding of two or more diametrically opposing ethical and/or moral imperatives, and which often progresses from there to something approaching full blown schizophrenia. I believe we are sending our kids the message that we are nuts because, in fact, as a society we are in the early stages of cultural psychosis. (And if you don't think that is the message our kids are getting from us, you aren't listening to them very carefully.)

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When I Was Twelve

Part I

Ray Ortiz

When I was twelve my dad was dragged away to a mental hospital in a straight jacket. The orderlies from the Veterans Administration facility in Albuquerque came dressed in white, trying to impose structure on the darkness of mental illness that would not be contained. They were treating my dad like he was crazy. He was just sick of death and the horrors of World War II he kept living every day. Serving in a bomber squadron, he had helped to rain death across entire cities, leaving them burning with the fires of loss. But he also saw his close friends shot out of the sky or scraped across runways in fiery crash landings, multiplying death yet again. He saw men loose arms, legs, hearts to the brutality of war. He remembered everything, every detail of death. It all came back to him, time and again, each echo of memory amplifying the next.

By the time the orderlies got to him, he had already died a thousand deaths. As if to intensify his pain, there were hints of sanity in the months before which told that he knew what was happening to him. He wasn't like the lunatics I had seen in horror movies, all crazed and completely possessed. He would sometimes glance in a certain way when some members of the family would try and talk with him. Sometimes his fearful brow would soften into wonder or disbelief, as if he were asking why this was happening to him.

Finally, just before the orderlies got to the house to make complete disorder out of his life, my dad took off his wedding ring and placed it by a cross on his dresser. He must have known right then that his marriage was over, although it would take fifteen more years before my mother could

find the courage to stop the physical abuse and the emotional battering by making the divorce go through.

When he was taken out of the house, I was at once sad, confused and relieved. My father was gone, taken out of the house he had helped to build, crying as when his own father had died. I didn't know if he was going to be gone a month, a year or for the rest of my life. I was relieved to see my mother's tears slowly replaced by sighs of acceptance, to know that I wouldn't have to protect her anymore and to think that maybe I could stop memorizing for a while.

My dad had been a teacher. In the years before and on the recent days that he could hold himself together, he would be in class teaching his history lessons. Those were good times. He had a passion for history, almost a vision of truth in a historical sense and was articulate in expressing it. This was completely different from the scary days where he would mumble through violent memories of the War, which would only send him spinning deeper into a place so mysterious even he could not understand it.

In the year or two as my dad had gotten progressively worse, my biggest fear was that I was going to act just like him in his crazed self. Whenever I could, I would sneak into his room and memorize the names, dates, events and places of American History from his lesson plans and tests. I thought if I could recite these back to myself, it was proof I could not be exactly like my dad when he had this far-off, panicked look in his eyes.

My greatest fantasy was to become one of his students, sit in his class and learn about the world of history in the community of his students. His students seemed to get the best part of him. In those last couple of years, I saw some good days but mostly I was forced to live through, or to see him living through, his own devastating history of war.

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***When I Was Twelve,
Continued from page 8***

History became my shield, my shelter from the storm. I became my own teacher and student, not only of ninth grade history, but of peace and sanity. I learned how to be healthy kid in a world around me that seemed to be going insane.

My heart learned a few good lessons when I was twelve but I didn't fully appreciate them until a few years ago when I was forty. I learned that my father, in what everybody called an illness, was being more true to his soul and to his experiences than many people around him. At my dad's funeral, Zachary, his only living brother, told me that my dad was always deeply sensitive, that he had the heart of a poet like their father Zacharias. My father would take stories and experiences far inside him and ruminate for hours or days but even his brothers had trouble figuring out what he was really thinking.

With the deaths he lived through in Italy and Germany during World War II, the periods of rumination turned into years. He would swing between sorrow and joy, feeling both in ways few of us are capable.

In flying between these worlds, or sometimes as he dangled between the two, he was simply being who he was, allowing his soul to take him where it would. His pursuit of truth was more elemental than many people in his life who could not overcome their own misunderstanding, which in a sense was as profound as his illness.

The lack of understanding seemingly extended to the student doctors at the Veterans Hospital who heaped more violence into his brain with each surge of electricity from countless experimental shock therapy treatments. When these were ineffective, the doctors would simply try to mask his condition by pumping him full of thiorazine. When he was occasionally

brought home after his treatments, he was always a totally different person. After a short while, he would be taken away again.

When I was twelve, I learned that everybody loses their father sooner or later, sometimes more than once. Much more importantly, I learned from my father to seek truth as the poet seeks truth, embracing both sorrow and joy, which are contained by the same vase of the soul.

(Parts II, III and IV will
appear in future issues. Ed.)

***Devouring our Young,
Continued from page 7***

I believe this is a cultural psychosis brought on by the high and constantly increasing levels of social stress created and sustained over the past fifty-plus years by the constantly increasing rate of social change stemming from our ever-expanding body of knowledge about the universe and how it works, and our creation of ever-more efficient means for communication and dissemination of that knowledge throughout the culture.

A study out of MIT predicted that, by today, the sum total of human knowledge would be doubling every year. Paradigm shifts in our understanding of the universe and ourselves which used to take generations to spread through the culture, now spread around the globe literally at the speed of light, constantly accelerating the rate of social change and setting up two diametrically opposing imperatives in the cultural unconscious.

As our technology becomes more powerful, its accidental and intentional misuse creates ever bigger and more widespread and dangerous threats to our

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The Paradox of Our Time

George Carlin

(From the Men's Wellness Newsgroup at Yahoo)

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers; wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints. We spend more, but have less; we buy more but enjoy less.

We have bigger houses and smaller families, more conveniences, but less time; we have more degrees, but less sense; more knowledge, but less judgment; more experts, yet more problems, more medicine, but less wellness.

We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom.

We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often. We've learned how to make a living, but not a life, we've added years to life not life to years.

We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbor. We conquered outer space but not inner space. We've done larger things, but not better things.

We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul. We've conquered the atom, but not our prejudice. We write more, but learn less. We plan more, but accomplish less. We've learned to rush, but not to wait.

We build more computers to hold more information to produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less.

These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion; big men and small character; steep profits and shallow relationships.

These are the days of two incomes but more divorce, fancier houses but broken homes. These are days of quick trips,

disposable diapers, throwaway morality, one-night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer to quiet, to kill.

It is a time when there is much in the show window and nothing in the stockroom. A time when technology can bring this letter to you, and a time when you can choose either to share this insight, or to just hit delete.

Remember; spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever. Remember, say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side.

Remember, to give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.

Remember, to say "I love you" to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you.

Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment for someday that person will not be there again. Give time to love, give time to speak, give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.

To all my friends in my life, thanks for being there.

Devouring our Young, Continued from page 9

survival which, in turn, demand we continuously learn more, faster in search of the solutions which might let us survive as a species.

At the same time, that constantly increasing pace of learning creates a similarly constantly increasing rate of social change, and the faster things change, the higher the rates of social stress and anxiety and the more imperative the need becomes,

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***Devouring our Young,
Continued from page 10***

individually and collectively, to find something stable and predictable to hold onto, something enduring to which we can anchor our personal reality to shelter us from the constant flux of social change which surrounds us.

In short, our cultural collective unconscious is telling us that we must continue to change faster in order to survive, and simultaneously that we must slow down or stop the constant change in order to survive.

Too often as a culture in the last few years we have instinctively reached out for anything which offered hope of stability, certainty, predictable outcome: zero tolerance policies, mandatory sentences, more executions, more prisons, more police, more control, religions and philosophies which proclaim a monopoly on the truth. Unfortunately, these choices by their very nature fail to deliver the stability and certainty promised, because they are essentially separative, isolating, and set up Us vs. Them opposition and thus contribute to further "Balkanization" of the culture. Thus isolated, we feel more powerless yet and our anxiety levels increase even further.

Some may say this is all a bit theoretical and quite removed from concerns of the Men's Wellness community, but I would respectfully disagree. I would argue that, in fact, it is the very genesis of men's wellness as social phenomena.

For what else has brought us together if not the discovery, individually and collectively, that the old social truths about being male no longer hold? The old rules and roles no longer suffice? The old foundations for our understanding are no longer stable? And what lies at the core of each of our individual participations in men's wellness activities if not a search for certainty? For the understanding necessary

for a certainty of self, and confidence in the way we live out our life roles as men?

I would even go so far as to speculate that if there is a "cure" to be found for the cultural psychosis besetting the society of which we are all, individually and collectively, a part, it will be found in the participation of enough individuals, men and women of all ages, in the kinds of activities embraced and promoted by men's wellness.

Why? I've been involved with men's wellness for well over a decade now, and I have watched five principles emerge to serve as foundation stones for all men's wellness activities: inclusion, tolerance, trust, self-honesty, and most recently emergent (and underlying all the others), a recognition of and respect for the interconnectedness of all life.

As foundation stones upon which to build individual and community realities, these principles are far more dependable and stable than the societal "quick fixes" described earlier, and rather than contributing to isolation and resultant higher anxiety levels, they actually serve as antidotes to community "Balkanization".

Thus, as we participate in the men's wellness community and further our personal self-transformations and healings, as we become personally more certain of who we are and how we want to live our lives, we also become more tolerant of constant social change which lowers our stress and anxiety levels, and thus quite literally contributes to healing the larger society around us in the process.

As to whether or not the principles upon which we have founded our community are enduring, whether or not they will last, I offer you a couple quotations from a marvelous book called "The Cosmic Serpent: DNA and the Origins of Knowledge" by anthropologist Jeremy Narby and published by Tarcher/Putnam:

"DNA and its duplication mechanisms are
Continued on page 12

Update on Regularly Scheduled Santa Fe Men's Activities

Max August via the Men's Wellness newsgroup at egroups.com

Just a reminder...of what's happening in Santa Fe on a regular basis. These are all open meetings. The meetings are held at 54 1/2 E. San Francisco, second floor (just off the plaza; enter the door to the right of the Hagen-Daaz store).

Mondays

11 a.m. - 12 p.m. - Men's Circle radio program production meeting. This is the Men's Wellness community radio program. It came about as a result of the 1999 Fall conference. The meeting focuses on topics to be discussed on the air, scheduling, review/critique of past shows, processing of hot issues, and technical issues. We are currently looking for men that are interested in being co-producers and/or being on the air with us. We have produced 53 shows and most of them are available on tape. You can e-mail menscircle@hotmail.com for a complete listing of programs. Call Max August (505-577-4065), Carl Diamond (505-983-1450), David Pazdernik (505-983-1644), or Al Moore (505-988-4988) for more info.

12:00 p.m. - 1:00 p.m. (approximate) - Men's Activity Network (MAN) of Santa Fe. This is a group that's been meeting for the past couple years to further men's work in Santa Fe. This group supports men in furthering their visions, ideas and dreams. This meeting focuses on practical nuts and bolts issues from a non-type-A perspective. We encourage commitment to purpose, responsibility to self and others, non-attachment to outcome, and connection to spirit. We support the Wednesday Brown Bag Lunch, Community Days on the Plaza

the Men's Circle radio program, as well as projects and activities individual men are involved in. Call Max August (505-577-065) for more info.

Wednesdays

12:00 p.m. - 1:30 p.m. - Wednesday Brown Bag Lunch. This is a drop-in, open group that has been meeting the past eleven years. Several hundred men from all over the world have dropped in on the group during that time. There are men attending this group for many years on a regular basis. There may be from four to twenty-four men at a meeting. Every meeting is different yet the same. A place to share from the heart and be listened to from the heart. No man is a stranger in this group. A talking stick is used in this circle. If you can't come for a full meeting, just drop in to say hello. The meeting room at 54 1/2 San Francisco is available for other meetings and events, either on-going or one-time. Call Max August or Robert Spitz (505-988-3541) to schedule use of the room.



Devouring our Young, Continued from page 11

the same for all living creatures. The only thing that changes from one species to another is the order of the letters. This constancy goes back to the very origins of life on earth. According to biologist Robert Pollack: 'The planet's surface has changed

Continued on page 13

Notes from the Editor, continued from page 2

interest and value to men. We've got two to pass along in this issue. As we get more we will make it a stand alone listing.

www.menshealthnetwork.org

This site, forwarded to us by Norman Roscoe of MenAlive, it has a lot of good information, especially about a bill in Washington to establish an Office of Men's Health, similar to the Office of Women's Health already in existence. A quick, easy and effective way for you to communicate your feelings to your representatives and senators.

www.malemenopause.com

According to Access magazine, "one of the better sites for information on men's midlife changes."

In closing for this month, we hope you enjoy the issue and we'd love to hear from you. Thanks for all the support.

Gordon Mustain

**Devouring our Young,
Continued from page 12**

many times over, but DNA and the cellular machinery for its replication have remained constant...no stone, no mountain, no ocean, not even the sky above us, have been stable and constant for this long; nothing inanimate, no matter how complicated, has survived unchanged for a fraction of the time that DNA and its machinery of replication have existed'...DNA is a master of transformation. The cell-based life (which) DNA informs made the air we breath, the landscape we see, and the mind-boggling diversity of living beings of which we are a part. In four billion years, it has multiplied itself into an incalculable number of species, while remaining exactly the same." Pgs. 90 & 92.

"If one stretches out the DNA contained in the nucleus of a human cell (equivalent in volume to 2-millionths of a pinhead), one obtains a two-yard long thread only ten atoms wide...there are approximately 125 billion miles of DNA in a human body -- corresponding to 70 round trips between Saturn and the Sun...Your personal DNA is long enough to wrap around the earth 5 million times." Pgs 87- 88.

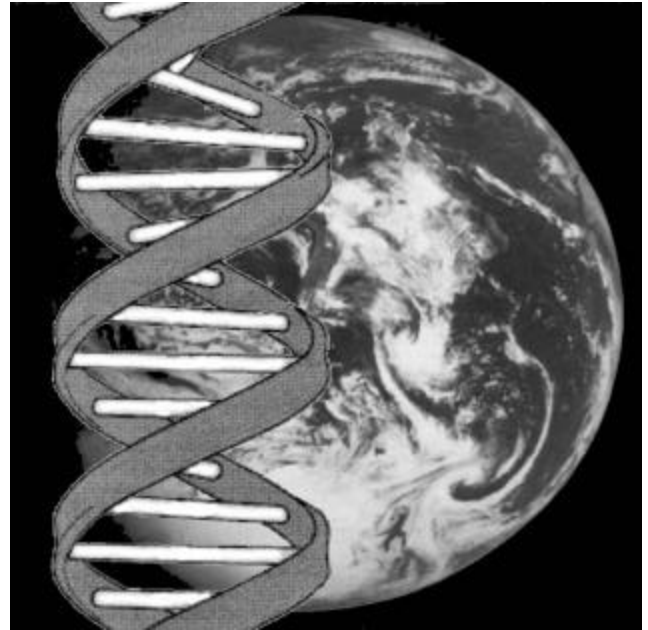


Illustration by Joseph Woods

Think about that the next time you are feeling isolated, alone and powerless. And in the meantime, give yourself a pat on the back for having managed to find an island of sanity in the sea of our cultural psychosis, and for doing the hard personal work which is the culture's only hope for a cure.

**NEW MEXICO MEN'S WELLNESS
2001 SUMMER CONFERENCE**

Friday August 3 through Sunday August 5

To Register See Page 15

DIRECTORY OF CONTACTS FOR MEN'S GROUPS IN NEW MEXICO

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

Northern Region

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Central Region

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

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

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

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

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

Central Region (cont.)

Tim Murphy -- Mountainair -- 847-1850

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

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

Stephen Smith -- Rio Rancho -- 892-6142 --
stephen@spinn.net

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

Southern Region

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

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



NM Men's Wellness

Calendar of Events

Wednesday Brown Bag Lunch

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

New Mexico Men's Wellness 2001 Summer Conference, in the Jemez the summer gathering will be August 3rd-5th. The theme of this years event is " Under Wing" Mentorship, Parenting and Self nurturing. We are encouraging the men to plan to bring their sons, dads or men they mentor. MARK YOUR CALENDAR. Contact Scott Sharot at 242-4930, by mail at 2115 Aspen NW ABQ 87104 or e-mail at scottanddale@earthlink.net

Men's Wellness Adopt-A-Highway Project

Saturday, TBD Meet at McDonald's on NM 44 (US 550) in Bernalillo (just west of I25) at 9: 15 am. For more information on future clean up sessions, call Bob McMain at (505) 248-1001 or David Johnson at (505) 266-9960. To be added to the project email list, send a request to rdrunr@zianet.com.

New Mexico Men's Wellness Fall Conference, Ghost Ranch starting on October 4, 2001 Thursday evening @ 7 pm ending October 7 Sunday @ 12 noon to 1 pm. MARK YOUR CALENDAR.



**NEW MEXICO MEN'S WELLNESS
2001 SUMMER CONFERENCE**
Friday August 3 through Sunday August 5



**Because early registration is most helpful for planning purposes,
Please submit your registration by the end of June.**

.....
Name(s) _____
Address _____
City/ST/Zip _____
Phone _____ email _____
I'd like to volunteer to _____

If you prefer a vegetarian meal, please check here: Do not use my name for any Men's Wellness Mailings
Note: your registration includes a free subscription to Man Alive!, the New Mexico Men's Wellness Journal.

Please reserve my space(s)..... @ \$35 each = \$ _____
T-Shirts @ \$15 each = \$ _____
Shirt Sizes: ___ M ___ L ___ XL ___ XXL
Total Enclosed =\$ _____

**Send registration and check to NM Men's Wellness 2001 Summer Conference, P.O. Box 884,
Sandia Park, NM 87047. We'll send you an instruction letter upon receipt of your form and check.**

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The Men's Wellness Summer 2001 Gathering will be held
August 3 through August 5

Men's Wellness
2001
SUMMER GATHERING



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