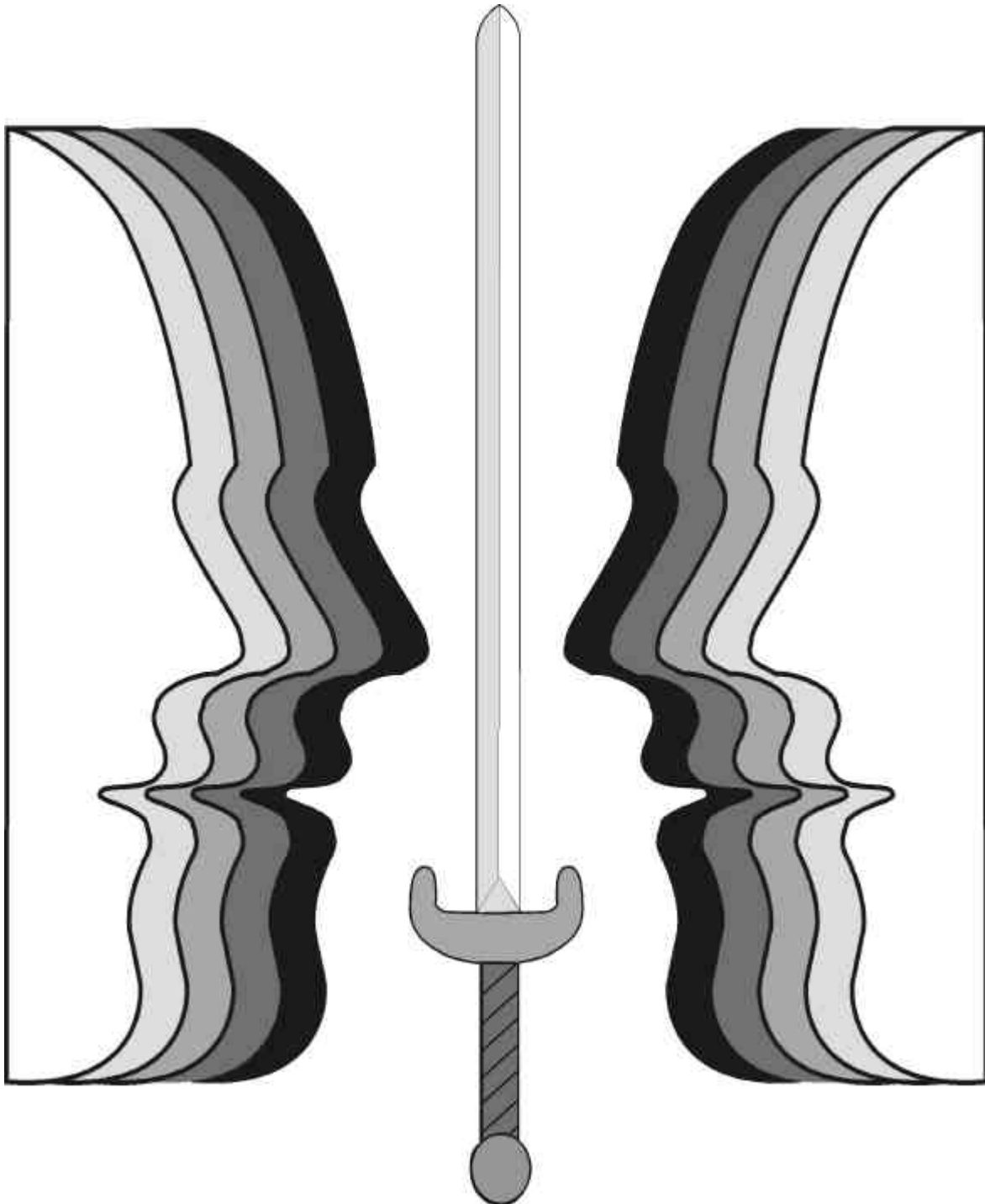


Spring 2004



# ALIVE!

*A Journal of Men's Wellness*



**The Many Faces of Masculinity**

# In this Issue

## Symbols and Ceremonies

Johnny Wilson & Kreig Peterson .....	3
Can We Swallow the Sword?: <i>Path of the Everyday Hero</i>	
David Kuenzli .....	4
A Walk on the Dark Side	
Warren De Smidt .....	5
If You Fuck With mine, I'll Kill You!	
Greg Neutra.....	5
The Secret of Beginning	
Robert Francis Johnson.....	6
The Words Unspoken	
David Johnson.....	6
Finding My Father	
Philip Green.....	7
Flying Down The Mountain	
Jeff Hood.....	8
The Way We Were	
Art Panaro.....	8
Raynette	
Jim Mischke.....	9
The Land Yacht	
Joseph Woods.....	10
Reflections on My 70th Birthday	
Manuel Tafoya.....	11
Yogini Sue	
Doug Booth.....	11
The Completely Unsubstantiated Theories of Male Proclivities	
Steve Smith.....	12
Hanging with J. C.	
Todd Tibbals.....	12
Second Adolescence	
Brett Nelson.....	14
3rd Annual Men's Wellness	
Spring Retreat	
Kenn Holsten.....	14
Calendar of Events .....	15
Other Men's Activities.....	15

This newsletter is printed on 80lb Sierra Opaque Natural White 100% recycled paper.

Man, Alive! is printed by Don Mickey Designs of Albuquerque.



(505) 256-7031

# Notes from the Editor

Who am I? Who are we? From one day to the next, nay, from one moment to the next, this thing I call "myself" bears more resemblance to a kaleidoscope than to a solid self. While others may see a more or less recognizable persona they call "Gary," they do not see the myriad "faces" that churn continually inside me, competing for dominance and expression. Love, hate, aversion, judgment, kindness, compassion, fear and lust all demand their due. Would the "real" Gary please step forward?

Personally, I do not have a single answer to the question of who we are or who I am. We have many faces. Perhaps that is the answer. In this edition of *Man, Alive!* we offer more snapshots of who we are. Of course, historically, one of the most familiar faces of masculinity is that of the Warrior or Sword-bearer. If the archetypal psychologists are right, the Warrior is hard-wired into us men and must be "faced" if we are to come into our "full" manhood. In recent years, the Men's Wellness community has been honestly and courageously "facing" this aspect of ourselves, generating considerable heat and light in the process. The symbol of the sword was introduced into the Men's Wellness community some years ago, and whatever your opinion of this sword may be, it does seem to have powerfully directed our attention to an unavoidable "elephant in the room." It has also divided us. The division, in many of us, may be as internalized as it may be externalized.

Indeed, a recent meeting of conference leaders and past sword-bearers produced a consensus: we need to have regular workshops, discussions, etc. at our various conferences on the topics of aggression, anger, the "dark side" and warriorhood. Moreover, the attendees of the meeting asked the editors to offer *Man, Alive!* as another forum for this discussion. We did just that and received several pieces replete with warmth, wisdom and suggestions.

Lest we focus too fixedly on one of our troubling aspects, readers will find so much more in this *Man, Alive!* There is love, wisdom, kindness, caring, compassion, gratitude and droll humor in both prose and poetry, not to mention the behind the scenes proofing and editing performed by Deanna McMMain and Cate Cardwell. The

Continued on Page 12

# Man, Alive!

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

## Editor

Gary McFarland

## Managing Editor

Bob McMMain

## Design and Production Editor

René Dominguez

## Staff

Bill Jones - Tom Konerth

Jim Sanborn - Wiktor Kuc

## Points of Contact:

Gary McFarland

(505) 875-7357

[garymcfar@aol.com](mailto:garymcfar@aol.com)

## Bob McMMain

(505) 248-1001

[rdrunr@ZiaNet.com](mailto:rdrunr@ZiaNet.com)

## TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:

Tom Konerth

(505) 994-1210

[leekon@swcp.com](mailto:leekon@swcp.com)

## The NM Men's Wellness Web sites:

<http://www.nmmenswellness.org>

<http://communities.msn.com/>

NMMensWellness

## Submission Deadlines

Summer: May 25, 2004

Fall: August 22, 2004

Winter: November 23, 2004

Spring: February 25, 2004

## Submission Formats and Requirements

Paper is okay, but please send submissions as a text file via e-mail if at all possible, to save us having to type your words into the computer. Photographs should be in .jpg format. We'll be happy to help you do this. Please 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. *Man, Alive!* reserves the rights to publish a given piece not only on paper, but also on the web (and possibly any other media, such as CD) which MA chooses to generate under its copyright © 2003 Men's Network Press.

*Man, Alive!* is published quarterly by the Men's Network Press. Free to NMMW conference/gathering/retreat attendees.

Others send inquiry to:

Managing Editor

**Man, Alive!**

P.O. Box 4732

Santa Fe, NM 87502

Cover Art by Cliff Taber and Joseph Woods © 2004

# The Many Faces of Masculinity

## SYMBOLS and CEREMONIES

Johnny Wilson & Kreig Peterson

*This article is intended as a beginning. We are asking for comments, insights and the vociferous opinions of members of this community (if you are reading this, you are a member). Our motivation is to engage the responses we get and continue to elaborate on these, and related points in future issues of Man, Alive! Please send your comments to the two email addresses listed at the end of this article.*

The Men's Wellness Conference, and the community it is a part of, has provided a foundation for "men's work" in New Mexico and has traveled well beyond the borders of our state. New men come to the conference and feel a profound sense of safety. Many come back year after year and learn a great deal about what they can do within this safety.

We, the authors of this humble prodding, have two unique perspectives on the community and the recent wonderful fall conference. As a newcomer (read outsider) attending a conference for the first time, one of us had a fresh view of the group and its values. The other came with his expectations, formed by previous conferences, and his biases. The new guy saw some holes in the dynamics and has some ideas that might be illuminating. The veteran (of sorts) came across some strengths and frustrations that were placed in solid relief for him. Perhaps sharing these might be helpful to the group.

Our intention is not to challenge the community, its purpose, its mission or its processes. Nor do we wish to put the community values, ceremonies, and symbolic articles in a box, as it were, or to limit the beauty and diversity currently present in Men's Wellness. You will see that we build a framework around the stuff of Men's Wellness. This is done because we have limited tools for expression and need these constructs to focus our writing. Sorry. Our approach is intended to enhance the current activities being practiced by Men's Wellness.

We are seeking out healing and deeper meanings to our lives. Ceremony and symbols provide us with the mystery, discovery, and exploration of our inner beings and how we relate to the world. Men's Wellness is creating ceremonies by pulling ideas from a variety of cultures. These ceremonies, values and symbols are not defined.

This is an issue. It is not necessarily a negative, although we might suggest that symbols, symbolic articles, and ceremony can be meaninglessly vague, or even dangerously misleading, if not given some definition and qualification. Once this is accomplished, it becomes the responsibility of the community to educate, enhance upon, and maintain the integrity of what these things mean to the people.

We found very interesting the near panic reactions from individuals when discussions of symbols, symbolic articles, and ceremonies came up. Specifically, of course, the sword.

This community, over many years, has created or adopted symbols and basic ceremonies to establish continuity in the group. They appear to us to be used as a means of growth, transition, and healing. Furthermore it is expressed, within the community, that it is an individual's duty to adhere to basic principles, values, and teachings represented by the symbols, symbolic articles, and ceremonies currently in place.

When the community appears to agree, these can be explored for their inherent qualities and what they offer the individual and the group.

In the case of the sword, a portion of the community has entered into this type of an agreement. The symbol works for this portion of the group, as the grief ceremony works for the portion that knows and has experienced it (neither of the authors have). We would submit for consideration that both groups bring things back to the whole community. Notice, the previous statement was intentionally vague and not qualitative.

The new guy, with the full understanding that he is new, quickly determined that the majority of the symbols, articles and ceremonies have their roots in Indian culture. This seems fitting since we are indeed walking on original Indian land. If we begin exploring some basic ideals and principles of the Indian way, perhaps some definitions for Men's Wellness will emerge.

During the conference 'new guy' posed a question to some of the Men's Wellness elders, "What is the definition of a well man?" No answers. In the Indian way it is the balance of the Heart, Mind, Body and Spirit. Certainly this can be cross-referenced with other cultures or archetypes. The King, Lover, Warrior, Priest maybe? Could this fine group embrace the concept of a well man as one who is balanced in the heart, mind, body and spirit? Almost a no brainer, eh?

In our minds the symbolic articles Men's Wellness currently uses are as follows. The Bowl (Spirit or Priest) with its beautiful tones and clearly chalice-like nature, spirit definitely comes to mind. The Drum (Heart or Lover) making its heartbeats, representative of those drums that get us dancing, ready to party. The Talking Stick (Mind or King) regulating the discussion, inviting the wisdom of the people to come forward. Body and Warrior? Here is where it gets sticky and controversial. Or not. Indeed, one could argue the above delineations include body liberally... but, warrior... is that simply an obsolete symbolic framework? Saying so is a heavy assertion. We know a great many Indian people who would not be interested in abandoning the warrior archetype. Of course, these people have a vastly different concept of what "Warrior" is than what it typically insinuates amongst most folk. Perhaps.

So, we have begun the discussion. We have so much more to say! But, for now, we feel it is your turn. We are in it for the learning and we are not assuming we can teach ya'll anything other than what our perspectives are.

*Please, send your thoughts our way at:  
johnnywilson\_69@yahoo.com or  
kreig@beakappetit.com \$*

# The Many Faces of Masculinity

## CAN WE SWALLOW THE SWORD?:

### The Path of the Everyday Hero

David Kuenzli

I've been to many New Mexico Men's Wellness gatherings over the years. Few topics have galvanized (perhaps "polarized" would be more accurate) our men's community more than the topic of the sword and its rightful place, if any, at the Fall Conference. Like most of my men friends, I am strongly ambivalent about the sword and all it conjures up in my male psyche.

At the "Sword Workshop" at Ghost Ranch last fall, one of the facilitators presented us with a forced choice: Go to one side of the room if you think we should keep the sword as one of the symbols of Men's Wellness. Go to the other side of the room if you think we should eliminate the sword altogether. Walking slowly to one side, I found myself feeling more and more conflicted as I listened to the "warrior" inside me battling with the "lover" for my allegiance.

I looked around the room, curious to see where my long-time friends had taken their stands on the issue. I chuckled to myself. Almost half my friends were standing beside me, while a similar number stood across the room. And a third group of buddies (those rebellious "free thinkers" typical of the Men's Wellness experience) had defied the instructions and refused to choose either position. As I looked at the three groups, I remember saying to myself, "Yes! That is just about how conflicted I feel inside about this whole sword business!"

Whenever a topic is so "hot" it creates this much churning in my gut, I know I need to go deeper, into the cracks and crevices of my own unexplored shadow. Likewise, a topic that creates this much heat and controversy in our men's community demands that we take it seriously and *go deeper*.

Over the years the one word for me that captures what the men's wellness experience is all about is the word *transformation*. (Webster: to change the form without changing the value; to change in condition, nature or character). By virtue of our gender, we all come to Men's Wellness as males. If the experience does what we hope it will do, it enables us in some meaningful way to leave the conference transformed into somewhat wiser, more mature men. And, in fact, time and again, I have come away from Men's Wellness with a deeper understanding of myself—a wounded part of my heart healed, a fragmented part of my spirit made whole.

The sword, of course, is a powerful symbol from the world outside our community. To many it represents violence, death and destruction. Throughout history it has been the means by which the powerful have dominated the weak, the ruthless have killed the naive. But whether we accept or reject it, the sword and all it represents will always be with us.

With this in mind, it seems to me that the more critical question about the sword for us to grapple with is this: Can we

as the Men's Wellness community take the sword, plumb the depths of its meaning for us as individuals and as a community, then transform it in the service of some higher purpose? That purpose for our community, as I understand it, is to promote the wellness of all men.

In archetypal psychology, the "warrior" without a just, compassionate and worthy "king" to follow is nothing more than a dangerous bully. And there is much reason for us to be cautious and deeply thoughtful as we grapple with the symbolism of the sword. By the same token, the king without a warrior is impotent and toothless. I believe we can take the sword—as one symbol of our community—and, by applying our collective wisdom, transform it from a symbol of self-serving domination to a powerful means for cutting through to the core of truth and justice.

From the first year it was introduced to the Fall Men's Wellness Conference, I have had two major problems with the sword ceremony. First was the lack of discussion and consensus arrived at within the community before such a controversial symbol became a permanent part of the conference.

Second was the absence of a larger, clearly articulated context into which the sword could be placed. As a result, it has had little significance or value to more than just the few men who have carried the sword. What did they learn about themselves, I wondered. How did it change them and their view of the world? Of the violence committed by one man against another? What can they bring back from their journey with the sword to our men's community to help us become wiser warriors in the service of a better world?

To me this raises a bigger issue about the men's wellness experience. As much as I have loved and valued our community and the powerful conferences we have created over the years, there is one thing I think the men's wellness experience has been missing—

*a systematic process or method for helping us grow from open-hearted but often naive males to seasoned, wise men.*

True, for years, often with great fanfare, we have acknowledged the elders among us (defined as "men with at least 50 years of life experience"). But does being an elder mean only that a man has survived for half a century? What valuable lessons have the elders learned that have enriched their own lives? What can they pass on to enrich the lives of those around them?

I would like to see us offer a pathway down which men of all ages can journey—a pathway that challenges and supports them in becoming sagacious men of substance, courage and heart.

Clearly, "men's wellness" is not, nor should it be, a set philosophy or religion, with fixed beliefs and doctrines. Instead, we are a gathering of free-spirited men with inquiring minds and open hearts. We come together to share our personal experiences as men and to learn from each other. We recognize no elitist or divinely ordained leadership among us. But instead, we are all ordinary men who inspire each other to be more than we have been. Having said that, I believe we could offer our community a thoughtful, somewhat structured pathway to help each man deepen his understanding of the world

Continued on Page 13

# The Many Faces of Masculinity

## A WALK ON THE DARK SIDE

**Warren De Smidt**

I had not known how to think of my dark side, and I had read recently that one view of the "dark side" of our natures are those things about ourselves that go unacknowledged and not dealt with.

In the course of my earlier life, being 58 now, I was very invested and hopeful of changing patterns of behavior that I disliked and also felt were improper. These patterns were within the context of the dreams and pressures that were on many of us on the West Coast, from the late 60's to the 80's. During those years, I became quite frustrated that change was not as vast or sweeping, both in the world around me and the world inside me, as I had hoped. And being of, and feeling burdened with, a serious and introspective nature, I also felt I had to consider and act upon the frustrating emotions and behaviors.

After years of trying to alter these beliefs, emotions and behaviors, and feeling that I was banging my head against a wall uselessly, it started to occur to me that I may need to accept these emotions, as they were seeming like companions that I would have to learn to deal and live with.

An example that comes to mind is an anger that I have that can come up at the drop of a hat and completely take over my mood and dominate it. It especially involves people I am close with, who usually would be my sweetie/partner, my son, men in my 12 year old men's group, and old friends. Thankfully, it is not something that burns and eats away at me, but the completeness of the disgust, disdain, dislike, etc. that rises to the surface so quickly can be disconcerting, to say the least. Especially as I have had such high romantic hopes of becoming a more complete, well rounded, spontaneous (in a different way) and fun individual to be around. A crushing blow!

It occurred to me, around the age of 50, that there were many things that I would not do and accomplish before the end of my life; a very relaxing feeling, as it turned out. And the changing of this sudden, sometimes explosive and instantaneous anger seems to be one of them. As time went on, I felt that possibly I could change my response to these behaviors. I could take them less seriously, take a deep, calming breath and live with them lightly when they came to visit. They are a part of my legacy, and I don't feel that I am out of control with them, even though they are a continuing presence that can be and are stimulated, more often than I like.

In trying to accept who I am I have come to value these legacies I have been given which are the wholeness of my upbringing and the adult parts of my past that constitute who I am, positive and negative. And I say this, feeling that I can be more stiff or shy or serious than, I think, a fun-loving, laid-back, easy going, expansive fellow should or could be.

Some of what has become significant to me is that, because an emotion comes up, it doesn't have to mean that it is important or must be acted upon. That I can note it, in my awareness, decide if I need to act on it, and move on with my day if that seems the better choice, one that is not hurtful or destructive to me or those around me.

*Warren De Smidt can be reached @warlene@mcn.org §*

## If You Fuck With Mine, I'll Kill You!

**Greg Neutra**

I would love to know the first time a man said that to another man. I fear that it was many many moons ago. And how far have we come, in our respect for life, since then? Since I'm still hearing that threat being made, not very far. What is it that keeps us killing each other?

Before we go any further, let me tell you that I'm optimistic that we can change. I worked for an organization called the Pecos River Learning Centers, here in New Mexico, for 6 years. The company was founded by Larry Wilson and we did corporate training—team-building to be exact. We had groups come to our facility in the beautiful Pecos wilderness, usually for a four-day program. People were being sent by their companies, and consequently a fair number were skeptical at first. Part of the program involves an experiential piece partly taking place on a ropes course. There are events that force people to work together, depending on and supporting one another. My faith in our future comes from witnessing the groups at this point in the program. Without exception, when people realized that it was safe to work together, they embraced each other and became happy and much more at ease. They loved to be supported and to support others in return and by the end of the program everybody was hugging and loving each other in complete bliss. I'd like to think that this is our basic nature: to want to be intimate and share with each other. I base my approach to life on this belief because this is the only way we will survive.

So where did we go astray? One could argue that it is our governments that are declaring war on each other and that on a one-on-one level we don't feel that way. Did we give our power away? How do we get it back? Aren't our elected officials supposed to be doing our bidding? A lot of it has to do with "stuff." Whether it be money, land or natural resources, there is a lot of fighting about what is "mine." Greed and ego at work, which happen to be the exact two things that need to be put in check in order to live together.

It's a huge issue and one that will not be solved in our lifetimes. So all I can do is be the best person I can be. I try and live my life in an open compassionate way, listening to others and maintaining a healthy level of humility. I also try and chip away at the system that we have representing us to the rest of the world.

In our heart of hearts, do we really want to kill each other? Thank God the answer is no.

*Greg Neutra can be reached @ neutra@mac.com §*

### **New Mexico Men's Wellness**

### **2004 Spring Retreat:**

**April 23-24, 2004**

Registration on Back Cover or Contact:

**Herb Cherry** (505) 955-0498 or

**Kenn Holsten** (505) 992-0270

---

# The Many Faces of Masculinity

---

## The Secret of Beginning

**Robert Francis Johnson**

The trees dipped and bowed  
in agreement  
as She who birthed  
us all [the Earth]  
beckoned for me to  
come close.  
She whispered  
to me playfully...  
"A mans heart  
is his sword,  
and his womb."  
I winked back  
to let her know  
her secret was  
safe with me. §

---

## THE WORDS UNSPOKEN

**David Johnson**

Has anyone else heard it? Taken notice? I'm sure you have, but did it get your attention like a splash of fresh lemon on a hot day?

Recently I've been hearing something new at the Men's Conference. I suspect it has been there for some time, like seeds in a compost pile, but now it is emerging. A powerful, four-letter word, previously muffled, is becoming audible, coming out of the closet. I hear men saying to other men, "I love you." At previous conferences, one could hear it spoken as if the man were carrying hot rocks in his mouth and wished to communicate something that his hearer could not clearly understand and therefore misinterpret. Love, after all, can be a murky doorway into a room filled with cobwebs and sweaty bodies. There are Finnish men who must take their wives to dance halls in order to work up the courage to whisper some incoherent feeling to their partners in the heat of the Nordic two-step. But at the last Conference I heard a number of men use the word "love" in broad daylight. I don't think anything has much changed in the surrounding society to promote such outbursts; in fact, if anything, since 9/11 there is more anger and violence throughout the society.

I don't believe that there has been a massive conversion to some new religious sect coming out of Sedona or Santa Fe preaching peace and love. I doubt whether something has been added to the water or that libidinous spices have been added to the food at Ghost Ranch. In fact, the rather dreary, leaden menu at the Ranch should actually counterbalance any amorous feelings one might otherwise have, leading to soporific, solitary idylls under the cottonwoods. So it must be something else, and I have a theory.

You know the ol' saying that familiarity breeds contempt;

men's wellness has bred the opposite, and a miracle is happening, beyond anything we might have dreamt nineteen years ago. Of course, we wanted healing from childhood abuse or neglect, we wanted better communication with our parents and partners, we yearned for self-esteem and meaningful work. But who would have predicted that as we endlessly processed our issues, approached our dysfunctions from every conceivable angle, faithfully participated in one facilitation after another, opened our hearts in dozens if not hundreds of small-group confessionals that we would grow to love the very men who assisted us in our journey to health and wholeness? And then to use the word out loud.

In part we have been crippled by our own language: the rather surly, often repressed, Anglo-Saxon ancestors of English dumped all of their feelings of longing and connectedness into a single word, "love," which might be used for choosing between two wines or for entering into the most intimate union with another. The Greeks had at least two different words for love, *eros* and *agape*. The former was linked to sexual love and the desire for physical union with another person. *Agape* was associated with loving one's neighbor, feelings of charity and benevolence. The Greeks also had another word, *philia*, which means both "love" and "friendship." When we add the word *adelphos*, "brother," to *philia* we get *philadelphus* or "brotherly love," as in Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love.

In ancient China, the word for brotherly love was *jen*, and the ideogram for *jen* was the sign for "person" combined with the sign for "two"—that is, a close relationship. The great Confucian philosopher Mencius (c. 300 B.C.E.) suggested that *jen* is known by the compassion one immediately feels when witnessing a child who is on the verge of falling into a well. According to Mencius, most humans would instinctively act, without concern for self, to save the child. The Latin roots of the English word "compassion" mean "together in suffering." Thus this compassion is a recognition that we are not fundamentally separate from each other, but at some deep level share in the very existence of each other. In other words, to save the child is to save a piece of ourselves, not as selfish calculation, but as essential connectedness. Rumi puts it this way:

**When one is united to the core of another, to speak of that is to breathe the name Hu, empty of self and filled with love. As the saying goes, The pot drips what is in it.**

Think again of the ideogram for *jen*. If Mencius is correct, to be human is to be endowed with compassion, with brotherly (sisterly) love, especially in situations of pain or suffering. How else, for example, can we explain the heroism of ordinary men and women on September 11, 2001, who risked, and even forfeited, their lives to save others in New York City?

Watch out! A rare and exotic intoxication is brewing in Men's Wellness. Is it possible that Men's Wellness has created a container for deep emotions, that we can speak our truths, even go overboard with topics like the "damned sword" and still be loved by other men? May we, in the heat of the moment, say hurtful things and yet be accepted in our community? I have overheard men using the word "love" with each other. What is going on? This couldn't have been planned! §

# The Many Faces of Masculinity

## Finding My Father

Philip Green

Whenever I spontaneously think of my dad, it is with fondness. Memories of his kindness and care drift into my consciousness reminding me of why I enjoyed being a little boy. Dad spent so much time with me, time that mother did not set aside for nurture. I can so easily recall how much he helped me with any adventure I set out on. He was so gentle and patient and loving to me.

But these memories paint a partial picture. We were a dysfunctional family long before the phrase was fashionable. Mother was not available because she had to become the breadwinner. Dad had time for me after he suffered a breakdown and was no longer able to go to the workplace. I have always been on a spiritual quest, but with a fervor that waxes and wanes. I have gone to self-help workshops, inspirational gatherings, and men's movement activities for years. I have read the spectrum of manuals, commentaries, advisories on making the most of your life, on receiving whatever you've gotten from your dad, on healing the memories, on grieving over the loss of your dad as a role model, on totally accepting your dad knowing he did the best he could. I have been given permission to be angry with my dad, to pity my dad, to write letters to him and burn them, to role-play whatever is left unsaid, and to divorce my dad declaring myself a self-empowered orphan.

Now, here I sit, just past sixty realizing that my death could be as near in the future as his was in the past. He died in 1984 at age 70 with a broken spirit and no statement to make. I also find that I sit quietly and punish myself by asking the question, "What should I be thinking of dad? Why didn't he show me how to be a man?" I am trying to sort out love, admiration, pity, anger, and whatever else might brew a soothing balm. But I ask this question as if there is a right answer. I finally am getting the picture. I am too adept at being a victim, of appointing blame, of finding an excuse. I really don't want to take responsibility for myself. I am afraid that when I die, people will respond with the verbal pat on the head, "He did the best he could." My time for making a mark on this world is shortening, my sense of self-importance is waning, and I want a way out. Surely I can blame it on dad. It's okay for people to say, "Wow, considering all he had to overcome from his dysfunctional family, he did remarkably well."

But what are the facts? Dad was gentle and kind. Dad was

intelligent and fair. Dad was passive in his relationship with mother. Dad was never violent. Dad had unpredictable behavior during his bipolar swings and they usually cost the family money. Dad was generous. Dad never regained his ability to manage money or provide for his family after his breakdown.

So here we have it. I can accept role models and I can reject role models. I can even adopt alternate role models. I can accept responsibility for my actions and behavior and learn from my mistakes or I can use the rich fodder of my family baggage to justify abdication. And so I choose to move on, letting my father be my father and I will be me. I will take the blame, the criticism, the cries of disappointment, and simply cherish my memories of my father. They are rich and wonder-

ful and reflect the classic story of a boy growing up in wholesome rural America.

When I was approaching twelve, I got into the soapbox racer craze and discovered that a man in our little rural town of Cordova, Tennessee, had built an official streamlined racer for one of his boys many years before. The sleek torpedo body was old and decayed but it inspired me to start a project. Dad helped me round up old 2x4s, boards, and some wagon wheels. My racer was going to be anything but sleek, but would have a seat and steering wheel. I ended up with something straight out of "Our Gang." The steering wheel with ropes and pulleys worked pretty well. I put an orange crate on the front as a hood. I was in cruising heaven. Dad managed to talk our friend out of the set of soap box wheels from the official racer he had built so many years ago. These wheels were nearly twelve inches in diameter with thin hard rims and excellent bearings. I was finally a real racer. I tried every hill around and even had a friend pull the racer behind his horse. We graduated to car towing. Dad would tow me behind the old '41 Chevy at about fifteen mph. The thrills were wonderful. However, this fine racer had an oversteering problem. Dad would sometimes look back and find me swerving back and forth out of control. A slow down was the fix. One time Dad had a lot on his mind. I waved and screamed, but he was in his own world and speeding up. It was terrifying but thrilling. Dad got up to about thirty mph before glancing in the rear view mirror and seeing two eyes as big as Betty Boop's. We did learn something, though. At about 22 mph, the oversteering problem goes away.

When I joined the 4-H club, I needed a project, but we were renters and had no livestock, no land, and no money. Dad helped me put up a chicken wire fence beside the decrepit old

**Continued on Page 13**



# The Many Faces of Masculinity

---

## Flying Down The Mountain

Jeff Hood

He was a Boy Scout first,  
Dad second.

They got his passion,  
we got what was left,  
according to Mom.

More than an eight year old  
needed to know  
of what lurked under  
the calm water of their marriage.

But one time,  
attempting to hide the glow  
a few days after a trip with the boys:  
"We did a foolish thing son,  
we ran down the mountain."

And I've been flying  
down mountains  
ever since. §

Jackson. 4) Thick skin as lived by Bill Clinton. 5) Penetrating gaze: Spike Lee. 6) Cockiness: none other than Jack Nicholson. 7) Entitlement: who else but...that's right...George W. Bush. 8) Stoicism: Cal Ripkin, Jr. and Lance Armstrong.

I like character typology, and these traits are really a heady brew that I would never have imagined women wanting to admiringly conjure up again, let alone wanting to drink themselves. Are not these traits the somewhat "shadowy" behaviors men have been chastised for?

I am an initiated brother of the Mankind Project, and my on-going personal work is to be appropriately fierce. It would be healthy for me to behave in any or all of these ways in proper proportion. But like any medicine, these male traits work best if taken as prescribed by integrity and accountability — two of the major values to which I subscribe.

*This article appeared in the Spring 2003 e-zine issue of "Heart Storm: The Mankind Project Pulse of New Mexico." For information about MKP training in New Mexico, call Art Panaro, Enrollment Coordinator, 505-989-8914 §*

---

## The Way We Were ???

Art Panaro

Amy Finnerty wrote "What Women Can Learn From Men: Believe It Or Not, There Are a Few Manly Virtues Worth Swiping" in the 2001 April issue of the Oprah magazine. This article puts forth eight male characteristics with the Alan Jay Lerner lyric from My Fair Lady "Why can't a woman be more like a man?"

Speaking for women, Finnerty writes "men have had a hard time shaking off a few stubborn stereotypes of their own. They refuse to ask for directions...They won't talk about their feelings. They swagger and boast and take up too much oxygen in the conference room. But do they know something we [women] don't? Their manly virtues get them pretty far in the world, so maybe we should be taking notes. Admittedly, characterizing some traits as classically male means generalizing shamelessly, but a number of interesting women think we can learn a thing or two from the hairier sex."

I wonder if Finnerty would see these classic male traits somewhat less drastically played out in the well-meaning Mankind Project (MKP) man among men?

Here are the traditional male qualities with examples: 1) Strong, silent type embodied by Gary Cooper and Denzel Washington. 2) Will to win. 3) Poker face embodied by Samuel L.



---

# The Many Faces of Masculinity

---

## Raynette

**Jim Mischke**

"Get in, I'm your daughter," she said, leaning over and swinging the pickup door open.

"I know," he said, eyes downward and asking no questions.

"I've passed you on the road before, never even thinking about picking you up. I knew who you were, but never met you." He said nothing, eyes down.

"I saw you just now. I did it on impulse, I guess - pick you up."

Raynette's eyes shifted from that past encounter and into the present to meet mine. A lot of silence. Finally she opened: "Something strange had been happening back then. All of a sudden everyone at once - even strangers - were telling me: 'See your father. You'd better make contact with your father.'"

"I felt something about the strange urgency. The forces that were moving," she reflected, fixing her dark eyes again from the then to the now and onto me. "Before either of us got to our destinations, I had asked my father to come and stay with us for thirty days. I drove him to his mom's. He picked up some clothes and came to live with me and my brothers and sisters and my mom, too, after all those years apart. He fixed the roof of the hogan. It was old and leaking. He fixed the roof on the storage shed. He repaired the shade house. My father was a carpenter.

"It was strange how things happened that month. I kept meeting my father on the road. He'd leave our place - to go out partying with his buddies. Who knows why it happened that way? Each and every time I'd run into him I'd say, 'Where are you going? Get in. I'm on my way home right now. I'll give you a ride.' He'd get in silently, never a word. I'd take him home. My father was an alcoholic, Mischke.

"Come here, Raynette," my father said to me on one occasion. "I want you to see something. This is the title to my car. I want you to see it. Your name is on it. If anything happens to me, the car is yours."

Raynette's eyes darted as someone behind me moved in the restaurant. "My father asked what bank I had my account at. Later, I discovered he had put money into my account. He gave all of his carpenter's tools to my little brother. They were like my father's toys, the things his hands used in order to play." She turned her head. It was clear she did not want me to see her tears which silently fell to her lap. I lowered my eyes in respect for my friend. As long as I had known her, she had made sure to keep me emotionally at arm's length. Now it was clear why. I had been an older male figure in her life. The mold of suffering had been cast. A teacher gets closer than most.

"They misspelled your name," she observed, clearing the tears.

"I know," I smiled. I had just come from one of those meaningless academic workshops. The "Hello, my name is——" sticker was still on my shirt. "That's the first time you ever noticed," I sort of wondered aloud. "All the years as my student you spelled my name wrong on all the exams, the research papers."

"I couldn't take the hurt of being close to another father." As she tossed her head, her raven hair shifted and the stunning beauty of a suffering femininity looking for completion appeared, unguarded. Her high, sharp cheekbones reflected nobility, the resignation of a silent endurance she had known in bearing a suffering she had carried since childhood.

Staring a long distance away, speaking out loud in reviewing for herself: "I went off to ASU in the fall. One night my mother called from a pay phone at a convenience store in Shiprock. 'You better come home,' she said. 'Your father's been killed.'" Raynette turned and looked directly into me. "I'm glad you asked me about this, Mischke. I don't think I could have carried the story alone like this much longer without going under. My father and his buddy had been out drinking."

Raynette got up and walked through the dining room, never looking back and was gone. The last words she ever spoke to me were echoing on and on in me: "My father had been struck by lightning. His buddy wasn't even touched. They were walking side by side. The only thing left was a small white pile of ash on the black asphalt."

*Jim Mischke may be contacted at: [jmischke@sisna.com](mailto:jmischke@sisna.com) §*

---



---

# The Many Faces of Masculinity

---

## The Land Yacht

Joseph Woods

Bob returned from Korea and married his childhood sweetheart, Ruth. After almost five years in a tiny apartment they were able to afford a small house in a nice neighborhood where their kids could grow up with a modest sense of security. Bob and Ruth worked hard all their lives. The years passed quickly and the kids moved out, one by one. Bev was the first to go to college. After thirty years at the same company, Bob retired and encouraged Ruth to do the same. They had planned their retirement for many years and they both knew what they wanted. On a warm Saturday afternoon they bought a Land Yacht, a beautiful aluminum RV. It represented freedom to them. Now they could travel and take their little home with them. For the first few years of retirement the Land Yacht was on the road most of the year, but as time passed, it sat more beside the garage.

Bob and Ruth spent as much time as they could with the grandchildren that they dearly loved before Bob began to spend more time just dealing with his health problems. Ruth was totally supportive, but she, too, was slowing down. Bob returned from the doctor's appointment a little more serious than usual. He suggested that they load up the Land Yacht and drive out to the lake. Ruth sensed the concern in his suggestion and happily agreed to go. The traffic out of town that Friday was worse than usual, and it took them much longer to reach their campsite by the little lake.

They enjoyed a light dinner with a bit of wine and decided to go to bed early. They woke up early the next morning to a beautiful, warm fall day. Most of the campsites were empty. Bob and Ruth had the lake to themselves. They reflected on their lives and the wonder of it all. Bob finally admitted that he had cancer and they cried quietly together. Ten days passed in the Land Yacht by the little lake. All was well. Life was full and they were together.

Bob lit the gas heater that night as an early storm moved in with a light cold rain. They wrapped up together in an old quilt and Ruth made a wish that they could always be warm and cozy by the little lake in their Land Yacht.

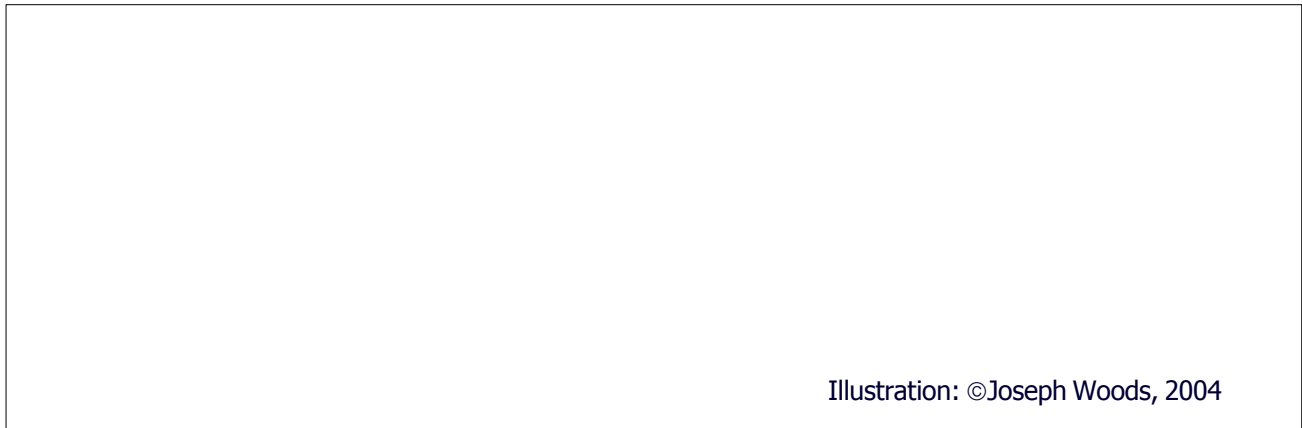


Illustration: ©Joseph Woods, 2004

I was working on a custom camper for my truck and I needed some windows. I was told about an RV junkyard on the outskirts of a large town about two hours away. The work with the welder on the frame of the camper was going well, and windows of the correct size were worth a two-hour drive.

The RV junkyard was huge. The owner was helpful and pointed out some of the best places to look for windows. He suggested I look for an RV called a Land Yacht, which I would find parked near the back. I was surprised at how many of the campers were a total loss. Most of the RV's were built on truck frames using just two by two's of lumber for the camper frame. I was told that when they rolled over in an accident they were always crushed. I was glad I had decided to frame my camper with steel.

I found the Land Yacht parked near the back. From a distance it did not look too bad. It seemed to be just parked for the night and by tomorrow it would be gone. As I got closer I realized that most of the windows were black and the interior had been burned out. I walked around the aluminum shell checking out the windows. What happened next I cannot fully explain. I have thought about this incident for years.

As I walked around the front of the Land Yacht and approached the side door I walked up on an elderly couple sitting at a small picnic table under a canvas awning, enjoying their breakfast beside the Land Yacht. My mind had a difficult time adjusting to what I was seeing, as I had just walked by this area a couple of seconds before. They completely ignored me, as if they could not see me. Just as I took a breath to say hello, they shimmered away.

I entered the camper and was immediately overwhelmed by the smell of burnt wood and plastic. I did like the porthole in the door and I considered removing it. As I turned to walk back outside the old man approached the Land Yacht. He walked right through me! He certainly had no idea I was there. I spent another hour at the burnt-out wreck removing the porthole, and even though I did not see the couple again, I could feel them.

I returned to the front desk of the junkyard with my windows. I asked the owner what had happened to the Land Yacht. He explained to me that an elderly couple had perished in a fire while camped at a small lake nearby. He said by the time the fire was discovered in the morning the couple had burned to death.

**Continued on Page 13**

---

# The Many Faces of Masculinity

---

## Reflections on My 70<sup>th</sup> Birthday

**Manuel Tafoya**

On February 3rd I celebrated my 70<sup>th</sup> birthday. Up until a few years ago, like most men, or women, I would vainly hope that people would think I was younger than my actual years. It was almost as if I were ashamed of being as old as I was. Well, I am not ashamed any more. I don't know why. Maybe I have lost some of my previously held vanity, or maybe it is that my vanity has changed polarity, and now I am shouting with pride, "Hey World, I am 70 years old". But actually the most probable reason is that now that I have gotten to be as old as I am, I have become wiser, realizing that I should be grateful, not ashamed, of having gotten to be as old as I am.

Seriously, I have come to realize that I am lucky to have reached my age in my state of health. I am reminded of this almost daily in one way or another, when I hear or see younger men who have not been as lucky and are sick or have even died. Because of this, I thank God that He has given me 70 good years of life. I honestly think that if I should die tomorrow, I would die thanking God for having granted me the privilege of having lived as long as I have.

Naturally, with this vast amount of life experience behind me, I have learned many things. Some of them are things we all know and use in our daily coping with life as we get older, things such as realizing that regardless of how many years we've lived, if we are to remain young at heart, we must be open to learning new things, of how if we are to be truly happy, we have to try to be as positive as we can, of how we have to try and live as stress-free lives as possible, and of how if we want to remain healthy we have to continue to live physically active lives.

It is this last item that I would like to talk about. This was brought to mind the other day when, while reading the monthly newspaper "Prime Time," I came upon an article titled, "Deposit Good Health Into Your Life Bank Account." The article said how 36 hours after having undergone eight hours of surgery to remove a benign tumor on the right lobe of his brain, Martial Arts Master, Charles Lin, was found by his doctor doing one leg kicks, practicing Chi Kung and meditating to control his fever. When asked how he was able to do so, so soon after his operation, he in effect said, and here I am paraphrasing, before you go under the knife, you have to create a health bank account, just as you would a monetary savings account. You do so by depositing a routine amount of exercise while you are still healthy. He went on to say that everybody should build up a life bank account through physical training and personal discipline to protect them against the day when they might get sick.

This philosophy and advice became of great interest to me for I recently had an intestinal operation and had to stay in the hospital for six days. During that time I never felt sick and except for the pain where they had cut on me, I felt just fine. At

this time I hadn't heard of Charles Lin's philosophy, of course, but I believe that unconsciously and unknowingly I had been putting a disciplined routine of exercises in my health savings account. Fourteen hours after my operation I was already walking the hallways of the surgery recovery ward, doing the exercises which I had done before I went into the hospital. I was also trying to see just how long I could go without having to take a jolt of pain killer into my system.

During my brief stay in the hospital, later on, and to this very day, I continue to try to stay spiritually, mentally, psychologically, and physically active. I continue to put all four of these items into my health savings account, for at my age, there is no telling when I might need to make a withdrawal. §

---

## YOGINI SUE

**Doug Booth**

*(sung to the tune of "Runaround Sue" by Dion and the Belmonts)*

(Intro)

Here's my story it's sad but true,  
About a yogi I once knew,  
She took my heart then ran around,  
With every dharma bum in town.  
Hey, hey, bum-de-hey-da-hey-da...etc.

(Verses)

I shoulda known it from the very start,  
This yogi'd leave me with a broken heart,  
Ask any fool that she ever knew,  
I'd keep away from Yogini Sue.  
Sits on her cush' a half smile on her face,  
Sits so well her conditioning's erased,  
Is she smiling at me, no, she's found heaven's grace,  
I'd keep away from Yogini Sue.

(Bridge)

Ohhhhhhh... Sue likes to astral travel,  
From Katmandu in Samadi,  
Someday the great mystery she'll unravel,  
Yogini....get back into your body.  
The moral of the story from a guy who knows,  
I fell in love now my hindrances grow,  
Ask any fool that she ever knew,  
I'd keep away from Yogini Sue.  
Hey, hey, bun-de-hey-de-hey, she's a stream-entry skinny-  
dipper,  
A Dakini jack the ripper, whoooa....

§

---

# The Many Faces of Masculinity

---

## The Completely Unsubstantiated Theories of Masculine Proclivities

**Steve Smith**

*Nocturnal Vocalizations of the Human Male as an Evolutionary Defense Mechanism.*

It is slowly coming to light that nocturnal vocalizations, elsewhere known as snoring, may well be an effective evolutionary defense mechanism. Given that humans are slow, weak and relatively defenseless, nature seems to have used them to try out some uncommon defensive strategies. Intellect, sophisticated vocal capabilities and the opposable thumb are some well-known examples of these strategies. There are, however, some not so well publicized examples. In this brief I will lay out one of these lesser-known evolutionary phenomena.

While it is no longer of much value defensively, a number of health care professionals have kept in new Porsches by "treating" the common snorer for the sake of their spouses. In fact a social stigma has become associated with snoring that belies its true noble origins. It is entirely possible that the human race owes its very existence to the loud and prolific snorer. While it is true that snoring is not completely relegated to the male of the species and that snoring among women may also have been important to humanity's survival, it will be shown that the snoring of the male is by far the most important of the two.

Imagine a clearing in the forest. In the clearing is a group of small grass huts housing a small hunter-gatherer tribe of 10-20 individuals. By day a group of tribesmen with spears and women with slings and stones can make a pretty good show against most predators. In quantity, the human's color eyesight and hand-eye coordination is generally sufficient to ward off the saber tooth, wolves and cave bears that are the top predators of the day.

What about night? Mankind's eyesight becomes a severely limiting factor and hence projectile defense is limited. Yes, fire is a deterrent; most animals will avoid it. The trouble is that the tribal fire is not in a ring around the village. This would be impractical for the amount of fuel used and the danger of burning the forest down. What is to keep, say, a cave bear, who smells the slow defenseless humans in their meager grass huts from ripping open the side nearest the forest and grabbing a quick meal? After all, the fire is ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HUT! This is where the genius that is evolution comes in. The sound of snoring is sufficiently like the growling or roaring of larger predators to convince our cave bear or saber tooth that he has arrived late and is in danger of having to tangle with a dangerous foe! The bear may choose to try a different hut or even to leave the scene and try elsewhere. The bottom line is the family of the snorer survives, his genes propagate and the rest is history.

Ah yes! But what about the male/female question? Evolution has given males larger throats than females. This allows a deeper voice, which is used to intimidate other males. This phenomenon is well known in species besides humans. This feature also allows a deeper and louder snore, which produces more of the deterrence effect mentioned earlier. While snoring women may have been very important while the male was away on a hunt, the added protection to the family and community afforded by the larger male cannot be discounted. At this time not enough study has been done to determine whether or not snoring males are selected through maternal genetic lines (like baldness).

So ladies, the next time you supply your snoring partner with a ninja like kidney punch, don't forget to thank him for saving humanity. §

---

## Hanging with J.C.

**Todd Tibbals**

Andrea and I hang out with Juan Carlos (J.C.). He's mostly grey haired with greenish eyes, and has aged well, moving gracefully for an old timer. I admire how comfortable he is in his own skin, seeming to know who he is and where he belongs. The eyesight ain't what it used to be, however he's keenly aware of what's going on around him. He could be the poster child for circumspection, guarding his reactions, yet with a spark of playfulness, too. We have an understanding that he can attend our men's group when he wishes. At heart he's a Buddhist accepting most things as they are. He teaches me to live in the moment. The past and future don't seem of much concern. J.C. can be stubbornly independent or prefer having others around. He watches his waistline and doesn't overindulge in much of anything. The simple joys of Nature he appreciates. His quiet wisdom inspires us. Viva Juan Carlos!!!  
*p.s. Did I mention that he's our 15 yr old Tabby?§*

---

## Notes from the Editor

(continued from Page 2)

cover for this edition of Man, Alive! stems from a discussion amongst the editors who then asked for help from our local graphic gurus, Cliff Taber and Joseph Woods. The readers can judge for themselves how well or how appropriately the image sums up (albeit abstractly) the complexity of our condition as men in the world.

We invite you now, dear readers, to peer into the kaleidoscope and give it a turn or two.

Love and Hugs,

Gary McFarland

---

# The Many Faces of Masculinity

---

## CAN WE SWALLOW THE SWORD?

(continued from Page 4)

and how he as a man can make it a better place. In that vein, I would like to put the following proposal on the table for our thoughtful consideration and discussion.

*The Basic Idea:* The Men's Wellness community would develop a process by which men could journey toward personal wholeness and meaningful leadership in the world. Borrowing from archetypal psychology, I suggest that we use the archetypes of the Warrior, King, Server, Lover and Magician as the basic framework for deepening our understanding of what it means from the men's wellness perspective to be a "real man."

Imagine being part of a powerful men's group that spends a year exploring what it means in your own life to become a powerful (and peaceful) Warrior. How would your life change if you applied mindful attention to develop the qualities of a compassionate King? Or a playful and transformative Magician? Or a passionate Lover of the world around you? Or a conscious Server who discovers how to make a difference in the lives of others?

I envision that each year, as a regular part of the Ghost Ranch Conference, participants would attend a half-day workshop called "The Path of the Everyday Hero." Workshop leaders would present an overview of the hero's journey idea, along with a brief description of each hero archetype. Participants would then select one mini-workshop in which to explore how that archetype speaks to their current life situation.

At the end of the mini-workshop, participants would have the opportunity to sign up for a year-long "everyday hero" exploration group that would meet once a month to explore their chosen archetype in depth. *The goal of the group would be to support the understanding and practical application of this archetype in your everyday life.*

Over a period of years, some men may choose to use this process to explore and apply all of the male archetypes to their life. Those who do would be honored by the Community as members of "The Order of the Everyday Hero" (or something like that).

What practical benefit would this framework offer our men's community? In addition to the great opportunity to spend time with other quality men, I believe it would give us an exciting and meaningful pathway for the personal growth and leadership development of the men who participate in the men's wellness experience. Let me know what you think. *David Kuenzli can be reached at (505) 821-1733 or papadavid@zianet.com §*

---

## Finding My Father

(continued from Page 7)

garage so I could raise chickens. We chopped, nailed, wired and stapled together incubators, feeders, and laying nests. We had lots of fried chicken and plenty of eggs for years. The grandest of my White Rock cocks was entered into the Mid South Fair. He won the grand champion purple ribbon. I even got a silver engraved cup and a \$30 prize! I was extremely proud of

this fine gentleman. I brought him home and the next day found him stiff as a board in the pen. He seemed to have caught something at the fair and died overnight! We would never know. We didn't have the money to check anything out like that. There wasn't a veterinarian in the town anyway.

And then there was the fishing. Dad and I loved to fish the small lakes out in the country. Dad decided to build a boat. He didn't have any plan. He just started with the image of an old john boat and a stack of second-hand 1x4 tongue and groove siding. Heavy? By the time we added the necessary tar to seal the leaks, it was a monster. At least it didn't get pushed around capriciously by the wind. Dad loved to be on the water fishing when the sun rose. I would be so excited that I couldn't sleep at all the night before.

One beautiful morning when I was 12, we were drifting toward the shallow water near the bank for largemouth bass. We heard one "working" ahead of us. We finally got close enough, and I cast a dark green Jitterbug into the spot. With when he jumped a "wham" I found myself fighting a lunker. Dad always coached me to be patient. "Let him run! Let him run!" This was obviously the largest bass I had ever had on a line. It jumped and the orange morning sun flickered off its silvery green striped side. Another jump and the light caught the rigid line that ran from the water to its mouth. The Jitterbug clattered wildly to shake this tricky lure from his mouth. Several more jumps later I finally got it into dad's net. It was only 19" long but fat and boldly colored. It weighed 6 ¼ pounds which, to this day, is my record for largemouth bass!

It's easy to see why I would want to cherish these memories. Of course, there are sad memories also. I stood with my mother and sister in a court of law to have dad committed to the local mental hospital. That memory was accented by discovering the bed at the hospital had not yet been available leaving dad to spend his first night in a jail cell. But these are memories I can simply accept as reality. I will not cherish them. I am a big enough boy to handle that now. My dad gave me some rich, juicy, wonderful parts of himself. I thank him for it. I wish he had had an easier time, but I don't have to repeat his saga. I give myself permission to pick and choose, and I choose to love my father and to quit using him as justification for my feelings of inadequacy and mediocrity. I own them and will deal with them. I'm amazed at how freeing that decision is.

© Philip Green 2002 §

---

## The Land Yacht

(Continued From Page 10)

He just shook his head and said at least they got to pass on together.

I believe that the morning of the fire, the couple woke up to a beautiful day at the lake. In their world, everything was just fine. They knew nothing of a fire. They got up, put on the coffee and moved out to their little table under the awning. In another time frame or reality I removed a porthole from their door, but they never saw me because in their world I did not exist. I like to think that they are still camped out by that little lake enjoying themselves. §

# The Many Faces of Masculinity

## Second Adolescence

Brett Nelson

My heart has no language  
to say what it holds,  
not because my love has broken  
the old bounds of human passion,  
but because I'm emotionally illiterate.  
My words dribble out,  
the conversation lags,  
and I am struck... dumb!

Thirteen years old again -  
but there are no dances, no make-out parties,  
no drive-in double dates.  
Just you and me, one-on-one in the  
terrifying hand-to-hand, face-to-face single combat  
of the adult - yes, middle aged

DATE!

I can't ask your best friend to ask you if you like me,  
can't scan the dim-lit room to see  
if couples are kissing yet,  
can't look around the dance to see how much pressure,  
part to matched part, embraces are sustaining.

Just you and me in our armor,  
in the No-Man's Land of... INTIMACY!

Stark bare ground, vegetation shelled out, trees bare  
of leaves,  
mud holes deeper than legs can pull you out of.  
Along the trenches each side crouches in the rain,  
frozen in loneliness behind its own lines.  
We know how to salute, spit-shine our shoes,  
and march in formation,  
but the parade's over, and the generals have gone home.

So I offer you what I have -  
sighs and awkward silences,  
sheepish grins and dewey stares,  
words that stumble helplessly around the temple,  
not finding the door.

If the noise I make is salve  
for your own smarting wound,  
then open a door and stumble out yourself,  
if only out of curiosity.  
If you stumble along at the same pace,  
could we then stumble together?  
Perhaps even stumble into grace.  
Honey, Cary Grant don't make movies no more.

§

## 3RD ANNUAL MEN'S WELLNESS SPRING RETREAT

HUMMINGBIRD MUSIC CAMP

JEMEZ SPRINGS APRIL 23-25, 2004

Kenn Holsten

This is your invitation to join other men in a 48-hour spring retreat of reflection and rejuvenation in the beautiful Jemez Mountains. The theme of the retreat is "THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE: CONTACTING THE SACRED WITHIN." Carl Jung said that true healing comes from making contact with the Sacred. All great spiritual teachings agree that the Sacred is to be found within us. Our intention is to create a safe and conducive environment which will allow us to explore our inner Selves through sitting and walking meditation, periods of silence, yoga, writing, ritual and through our connection to the natural world.

The retreat will begin and end with a large sharing circle. Our open space concept will allow each man to decide how much or how little contact he wants with others in our 48-hour community. Some men, and you may be one of them, will mentor others in their practices of meditation, inner writing, focusing, yoga, etc. You may choose to participate in any or none of these optional activities. There will also be plenty of time for sharing, hiking and bathing in the hot springs.

Registration will be from 4:00 - 6:00 p.m. Friday afternoon, and the retreat will end at 4:00 p.m. on Sunday. All meals will be provided, and fasting for all or part of the weekend is an option. Observing silence for the entire weekend is another option. The cost of the retreat is \$120.00 and a few partial scholarships are available.

*For further information please contact Herb Cherry at 955-0498 (hscherry@comcast.net) or Kenn Holsten at 992-0270 (kenn.holsten@att.net).*

## PLEASE REGISTER EARLY!

( See Back Cover for Registration)

§

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

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

**Men's Wellness Adopt-A-Highway Project:** Saturday, March 27, 2004. Meet at Exit 234, I-25 and Tramway, at 9:15 a.m.. Park on the southeast corner of the intersection in the open area next to the freeway. Contact: **Bob McMMain** at 248-1001 OR **David Johnson** at 266-9960, or to be added to the project email list, email [rdrunr@zianet.com](mailto:rdrunr@zianet.com).

**New Mexico Men's Wellness 2004 Spring Retreat:** April 23 - 25, 2004; "THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE: CONTACTING THE SACRED WITHIN." Contact: **Herb Cherry** (505) 955-0498 OR **Kenn Holsten** (505) 992-1385, email [kenn.holsten@att.net](mailto:kenn.holsten@att.net).

**New Mexico Men's Wellness 2004 Summer Gathering:** July 30 - August 1, 2004. For more information and/or to take part in the gathering's planning sessions, Contact **Sal Treppiedi** email him at [salteaches@yahoo.com](mailto:salteaches@yahoo.com).

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

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

**LOOKING for PARTICIPANTS** in two potential book projects: 1) **REAL MEN in the KITCHEN** (willingness to be in a photo, provide a brief bio and three of your favorite recipes) and 2) **CONVERSATIONS with MY FATHER** (a bit more complicated; you need a dad who is alive and willing to talk with you on tape, and answer 12 "essential questions" about his life and relationship to you). PLEASE contact **Victor LaCerva** at **(505) 983-4233** if you have an interest in either of these projects. §

**Scott Sharot** will be signing his new book "**New Mexico Chow: Restaurants for the Rest of Us**" (published by Intrepid Press) at the Albuquerque Press Club on Saturday, April 10th at 2PM; refreshments will be served. For more information, go to [www.chowbooks.com](http://www.chowbooks.com) or call **Scott at 242-4930**. §

**Looking for a Men's Group - Mike Nelson** is looking for a men's group in Santa Fe. If you know of a group that is looking for members, or if you want to help start or join a men's group, please call **Mike Nelson at 474-6690**. At this point, he is open to whatever the possibilities could be. §



***New Mexico Men's Wellness  
Adopt-A-Highway Project***  
**Saturday, March 27, 2004, 9:15 AM**  
 (See details under Calendar of Events)

# THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE: CONTACTING THE SACRED WITHIN

New Mexico Men's Wellness 3rd Annual Spring Retreat

April 23-25, 2004

Hummingbird Music Camp; Jemez Springs, NM

## REGISTER

### REGISTRATION FORM

## NOW!

(Please Print Legibly)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Day Phone (\_\_\_\_)\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Evening Phone (\_\_\_\_)\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

City/ST/Zip \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ email \_\_\_\_\_

Dietary Restrictions: \_\_\_\_\_

Please reserve my space(s) @\$120.00 each = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Will you be fasting? Y/N if yes deduct \$30 \$(\_\_\_\_)

Will you be observing silence Y/N

Circle type of space Camping or Indoors If camping, deduct \$30 \$(\_\_\_\_)

TOTAL ENCLOSED \$ \_\_\_\_\_

*Send registration and check to  
We will send you a confirmation with further information  
and directions.*

**NM Men's Wellness  
P. O. Box 4732  
Santa Fe, NM 87502**

Men's Network Press  
*Man, Alive!*  
P.O. Box 4732  
Santa Fe, NM 87502

**PRSRT STD  
US POSTAGE  
PAID  
ALBUQUERQUE,  
NM  
PERMIT 1720**