

Men Speak Out

Our New Name: MaleSurvivor

by *Richard Gartner*
Board President

AT ITS SEMIANNUAL RETREAT IN JUNE, 2002, NOMSV's Board of Directors decided that the time has come to change our name. After much discussion then and again at our recent retreat in October, 2002, we have decided — subject to approval at our next membership meeting — to rename ourselves MaleSurvivor, with the full name (when appropriate) “MaleSurvivor: National Organization against Male Sexual Victimization.” We have also decided to keep our current motto but to revise our mission statement.

We know that many of our members have grown to like NOMSV as a name, but most people felt at first that the name was too long and the acronym too obscure. “NOMSV” has often been a difficult name for us: hard to remember, hard to pronounce, and giving us a web site address that people often can't recall. As our organization has come more into

prominence in the media — especially during the coverage of the Church scandals in 2002 — it has become clear to the Board of Directors that we need to have a more memorable name.

In 1994, I was present at the constitutional convention in Columbus, Ohio, that chose NOMSV's name. While we all realized that the NOMSV acronym would be a problem, we felt that “National Organization on Male Sexual Victimization” made it clear who we are, and who we are not. At that time, we wanted to be clear that we do not see men solely as abusers. Rather, men are victims and survivors of abuse, as well as in some cases victimizers who

need treatment to prevent cycles of victimization from continuing. Being organized “on” male sexual victimization seemed to communicate that we are interested in all aspects of male sexual victimization. We also wanted at that time to create a group that, as much as possible, was non-hierarchical in nature, especially since our membership is made up of male survivors, their families and loved ones, and professionals of all kinds who work with survivors and abusers.

We believe that our new name reflects most of the concerns people voiced in 1994, in addition to solving the problems mentioned above. We also decided to be clear in our name that we are AGAINST male sexual victimization in all forms.

As at the 1994 constitutional convention, the 2002 Board struggled to find a name that is succinct and yet encompasses all (Continued on page 13)

Fight or Flight? It's My Choice!

By *Steve Arthur*

JUST OVER THREE YEARS AGO, WHILE living in Northern California, I was an active member of an unfacilitated men's group that had nothing to do with sexual abuse issues and focused on subjects like Robert Bly books, men's retreats, and drumming circles. After six months the group had started to stagnate. At this point I got the guts up to speak about what had been increasingly troubling me all year long: that I had been sexually abused as a pre-teen by another family member and at least four other of my childhood friends were victims of the same perpetrator. I was shocked by the immediate response that day by the other group members, when four men, one by

one openly spoke about their own sexual victimization. This was the first time I had ever told anyone about my “benign” experiences, and I had expected that I would be rejected or quickly quieted down, but instead I had found I unintentionally permanently changed the group dynamic and created a safe place where members could talk freely and express feelings about their sexual victimization.

Shortly after talking to a therapist about my incest, I had the courage to confront the family member I feel closest to over the phone, 3000 miles away, about my incest, again fully expecting to be rejected and told something like I was “making this all up (Continued on page 8)

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EDITOR

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DON'T FORGET TO VOTE — BOARD ELECTION: SEE ENCLOSED INFO AND BALLOT

SURVIVOR RETREAT: 3 DAYS OF HEALING: 34 T-SHIRTS



Survivor Retreat Report

by Howard Fradkin

THE WEEKEND OF SEPTEMBER 13-15 brought together 34 brave, self-identified male survivors of sexual abuse. The men came from all parts of the country to this country location in the Catskill Mountains of NY. Retreat participants drove in from New York and neighboring states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine and Rhode Island, but also flew in from Michigan, California, Toronto, Chicago, Oregon, Florida, New Mexico, Wisconsin, Arizona, Washington, D.C., and Georgia. The men were of all ages, from early 20's to their 60's, and diverse racial and ethnic backgrounds were also represented. Twenty percent of the men had attended one other retreat; 80% were first timers. Seven of the men received partial scholarships. The retreat costs and fees were established with a goal of at least breaking even.

The retreat was skillfully facilitated by 11 volunteer therapists, with licenses/certifications in Psychology, Social Work,

Counseling, Pastoral Counseling, and Chemical Dependency. All the facilitators have significant experience working with male survivors and trauma survivors. Many of the facilitators have presented at past MaleSurvivor conferences as well. This extraordinary gift of time, talent, and money allows MaleSurvivor to offer these retreats with a 1:3 ratio of staff: participant. This is extraordinarily rare in any type of retreat and/or treatment center, and allows us to provide for great safety while challenging participants to keep taking what risks they can. Nine of the facilitators are men, and two are females. Ten of the 11 facilitators had facilitated at least one previous MaleSurvivor retreat, and several had facilitated at two of the previous intensive weekend workshops. This retreat we added an 11th facilitator, Dr. David Lisak, who is a Psychologist and recognized expert in the field of male survivor treatment. Rev. Tom Barth returned to this retreat to provide Pastoral Counseling as requested by the retreat participants. The retreat team is chaired by Dr. Howard Fradkin, a Counseling Psychologist with over 20 years of experience in working with male survivors in psychotherapy, and also a veteran of organizing weekend retreats for male survivors and people living with HIV and AIDS.

The retreat facilitators make a commit-

ment to arrive at the site a day early, and stay overnight after the retreat, to assist in preparing for and then processing the intensive weekend experience. In this particular retreat, the facilitators worked very hard to bond with each other as we worked to understand each other well enough to work together as a team. Because of the different backgrounds and histories each therapist/facilitator brings to the retreat, we often differ in approach, but continued on this retreat to find lots of common ground.

The retreat was structured similar to the first two retreats held at Pilgrim Park and Pema Osel Ling. Participants arrive on Friday afternoon, and we go through orientation and general rules of the site. After dinner, we determine the rules of safety for the retreat, based on participant input of what each man needs to feel safe. Then participants have an opportunity to introduce themselves to the team and fellow retreatants. Participants meet in small groups of 6-7 participants, facilitated by 2 psychotherapists, five different times during the weekend. The first time is Friday night. Saturday morning we start with a large group exercise to warm people up and prepare them for telling their story of their own abuse history to their small groups, which happens immediately after.

Time is left after- (Continued on page 4)

I THINK I FIRST HEARD OF THIS RETREAT on the MaleSurvivor Website. I wanted to go to the retreat in California this past April. The high cost factor and logistical problems kept me away. I thought perhaps I wasn't yet ready to fully participate as I knew I would want to. I like to extract the maximum benefit from whatever I'm doing at the time even if it's just relaxing in the most comfortable way possible. Speaking of which, as I write this piece, I'm periodically pausing and absorbing the spectacular sunrise that is alive and developing before my eyes as I ride into the city for another day of work. I'm soaking up the colors with all their intensity. I'm thinking to myself, "this is so absolutely beautiful, I don't see how it could get any better." As the train rumbles around the next bend, the interior lights flicker and go out as they regularly do. What lies before me takes my breath away. There is a very still body of water, there is no breeze, so the surface is about as absolutely flat as open water gets in nature. My glorious sunrise just got infinitely better! Not only is the luminous spectacle more than doubled, but with the window glare gone from the reflected ceiling lights, the radiant reds, oranges, magentas, violets, and blues pour into my heart and soul and fill me with love and a sense of wonder. I take a mental movie of what lies before me so I can

draw on the infinite strength it fills me with. I can't help but mention that I just asked myself if I would have written this way before the retreat. I don't think so! It's funny that before I've even started to describe the retreat, I may have illustrated an important side effect of the state of mind that is possible to take with you when it comes time to leave. Make no mistake, I'm not like this all the time — far from it. The fact that I can be like this at all is a major transformation from a few years back when I was Mr. Road Rage Von Pissed Off. Anyway, now that I've begun with the conclusion, I'll tell you all about the retreat.

The retreat began with an opening ceremony where all present got up, one at a time, lit a candle, took a flower, stated their name and their hopes for the weekend, led the group in a group breath, and at their own pace, placed the flower in a vase. I can't remember my exact words, but I know I chose a sunflower and said something to the effect that I wanted to bring light to the dark places of my past. Everyone took their turn and then we all enjoyed a nice stew for dinner, complete with biscuits, corn muffins, and salad. After dinner, we met again in what came to be known as Large Group, and defined what each of us needed in order to feel safe for the weekend. That portion went well

Survivor Retreat Experience

by Paul Lango

until we started to get into legalese, which began to undermine the sense of safety we had so carefully crafted. After this, we had a brief break and met in our Small Groups for the first time. It was clear that the range of comfort levels varied greatly. My feeling was that we settled into groups easily and built a solid foundation during that first encounter that enabled us to stretch and grow from that point on.

I was tempted to look at the schedule to review what went on when, but the fact is, it was modified as needed over the course of the weekend. More importantly, since I'm writing this a month after the event, I want to focus on what I took away from the retreat and also what I was able to leave behind. So, let's fast forward to the closing ceremony where we all talked about exactly that. I remember a large room filled with about 35.8 people and a lot of love. The 0.2 is an allowance for the total group's disassociation at that point in time. (Please take (Continued on page 4)



Survivor Retreat Report *continued from page 2*

wards for individual processing, and then we have lunch. After lunch, we took a break, and then for the first time we participated in a T-shirt project on raising the awareness of the general public about male survivor issues. Participants and some facilitators painted t-shirts to demonstrate their spirits, their struggles, and their victories in facing their abuse. Each retreat features some form of movement therapy, which is facilitated by Dale English. After dinner, we divided into three groups for "sculpting". Sculpting is a gestalt experience where participants have an opportunity to explore their abuse further, and to work on ways to leave the effects of the abuse behind. It, along with the morning and afternoon sessions, make for a very powerful day. The day ends with another small group experience. On Sunday morning, we have breakfast, and then a meditation to help people gather their resources for healing. This is followed by the last small group. This retreat we broke up the closing into 2 parts: one is a very intense experience where participants are given the opportunity to practice boundary setting as they say goodbye to each person at the retreat. After lunch, we say goodbye in a much more structured, safe way, and give each man the opportunity to state what he is

taking away and what he is choosing to leave behind. Participants are given a goodie bag from the facilitators with different healing elements in each bag.

Retreat plans continue for 2003. To date, we have signed contracts for 2 additional facilities and dates: Pilgrim Park south of Chicago (where we had the 1st retreat), scheduled for April 4-6; and May 23-25 overall Memorial Day at the Day Spring Retreat Center outside of Sarasota, Florida. We plan to keep the numbers of participants at 34 or 35 tops, and plan to keep the retreat team at a 1:3 ratio. We are still looking for additional facilitators who will be able to join us. Our hope is to schedule 3 or 4 retreats each year. We are also looking at some retreat sites in Seattle for the end of the year, and possibly also Col-umbus, OH. In addition, if we get the financial support of the Catholic diocese, we may plan a special retreat for survivors of priest abuse in the NE. Lastly, we are also looking at planning an advanced retreat for those survivors who have already attended one

or more survivor retreats. This advanced retreat would have a different structure and would likely be more topic focused on specific aspects of healing.

For anyone interested in registering for the first two retreats in 2003, please visit the MaleSurvivor website in mid-November, when registration will begin.

To all the men who have already attended any of the first retreats, the facilitators want to express our gratitude for the courage and strength and vulnerability and humanness you have shared with us! Just as you have been changed, so have each of us and we are honored to have been trusted and included in your healing



which I can't tell you about, except that you had to be there, because it was awesome. We created our own T-shirts for the clothesline project, which I'm proud to say was based in Hackensack, NJ, home of my new Small Group which started shortly after this retreat. I feel very fortunate to be a part of my new group, or any of my groups for that matter. It seems to me that I connect best to myself when I'm doing group work. To me, it's nothing less than magic. So, I made two T-shirts for the clothesline project. The first simply states "I DID NOT WANT TO BE SEXUALLY ABUSED!" The second had no words at all. There are three circles across the chest. In the first circle is a smiley face, the second circle is blank, and the third circle has a frowning face that is clearly, deeply grief

closed. When a segment was over, we would review how we felt and what part of the music we strongly related to. It was a powerful and healing activity and no words can do it justice. Afterwards, I felt as though I had stretched my limits and grown as an individual, and because of that, I was pleased with myself, which is something rather foreign to me. I felt lighter, and newly liberated.

The last highlight was for me the best of the best. Sculpting — I thought we were going to work with modeling clay or something on that order. But it was more, much more. Sculpting at this retreat was modeling a feeling you had at the time of your abuse. Not an abusive act, but a feeling associated with it. I did not know what feeling I would model if I had the chance.

element by element, until what happened was transformed into what would never be, but would still come alive for you: you, the person whose feeling was brought back to life, or even you, the new witness of the moment, right then and there.

This was for me the defining moment of the weekend. I did not do my own sculpt that night, but seeds were planted for future work. Time after time, sculpture after sculpture, the bad feelings would manifest themselves, front and center for all to see. Then, time after time, the hurt would be corrected, and that correction brought alive, there and then for everyone present to experience. To say that it was intense doesn't even come close. It was more powerful than any theater or movie you ever have or ever will see. It was life

Survivor Retreat Experience *continued from page 3*

note that I'm manufacturing data out of my head to illustrate the feeling of the event.) In other words, the numbers are bullshit, but their relationship to what took place is very real. For what it's worth, the disassociation rate was 33% lower than in the opening ceremony. Anyway, let's get back to the event. The drill was to go up, extinguish your candle's flame (I want you to know that I worked extra hard just to avoid using the word blow) and select a flower. I symbolically chose a red carnation, because I was speaking from the heart. With a dramatic pause, I bowed my head for a moment and when I raised it, I announced that I was going to perform

open heart surgery on myself right then and there. I proceeded to do just that. Standing near an open window, I opened my chest and removed all my past pain and heartache directly from my heart and, being careful not to spill any on anyone, I returned it to the earth, via the open window. While my heart was open, I made dramatic, but tastefully understated sweeping motions with my arms and explained that I was replacing the space opened up by the discarding of old pain with all the warmth, comfort, joy, compassion, and love in the room. I took the time needed and reached every corner of the room. I gently, lovingly, neatly packed and folded

this new, precious cargo into my now open heart, closed my chest, and placed my hands purposefully over my heart and pressed them there, healing my virtual incision and adjusting to my new perspective. I took a long, slow, breath in, as did everyone in the room. We held it for a moment, then exhaled long and slowly. It felt good to be done, and I wanted to be back with my wife, children, and new kitten. That, and the optional group pictures were the end for me and I was anxious to leave and be home already.

Now, as promised, I'll back up a bit and tell you about what were for me the three big highlights other than Small Group,

stricken. It represents happiness before, blank nothingness and invisibility during, and the extreme depression as the aftermath of abuse. Each of these shirts represents a deep part of my inner self that I've been hiding from myself and the world. Now it has been released and is out there in the most positive way possible.

Okay, the second big highlight — improvisational movement guided by Dale English. I wasn't sure how this was going to go, but I knew I was going to try it. I did each exercise, and as they came up, I would check in with myself to see if it was right for me to continue at that point in time. Each time it was okay to continue, so I did. There were restrictions as to what limbs you could and could not move. For one segment, we were motionless from the waist down. For the next, it was from the waist up. Music was played and we responded to the music in our own ways. For most of these exercises, our eyes were

Since this was new to almost everyone except the Facilitators, they modeled an example of the feeling of shame set in a very specific context. All I can tell you is that shame came alive and overpowered the entire room. That was a portrayal of actual feelings from the past. As if that wasn't enough, now it got even better — the individual whose feeling was being sculpted had the opportunity to change things. What I mean is that the scene that was sculpted of the past event was flipped around and adjusted into whatever the person wanted instead of what actually happened so long ago. The wonderful thing was that no one played himself. This allowed you to be your own enlightened witness from a new vantage point - close by, but removed just enough to really see everything that was happening as it happened. When the time came to fix and rearrange the dynamics, you could easily do so with your Advisor/Facilitator, bit by bit,

gone wrong, and then put right. And more than anything else, it was so exhaustingly healing, it was worth the pain and torture it took to finally get there. Of course, that's just my opinion.

So there you have it, my weekend as it was, as it will be in my mind, until further clarity may crystallize the raw materials into some final form. All that was left for me really was to take a group picture if I chose to and to go home. If you happen to be a fan of Arlo Guthrie's "Alice's Restaurant," you can appreciate my next statement remuddled into something that fits here at least for me. Although there were group pictures, one for publication and one just for the group, it was much to my relief that there were no 8x10 color glossies, with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one, showing exactly, in excruciating detail where I had dumped my garbage.

Effects on Boys of Priest Abuse

By Richard Gartner, Ph.D.

Sexual abuse victims are often not noticed as having had out-of-the-ordinary experiences. Symptoms they suffer are often encoded by observers as signs that a child is difficult, moody, or a behavior problem. Many children never tell anyone about their abuse till long after they are adults, if ever. Their abuser may have warned them of dire consequences should they talk about what happened to them, or they may be so filled with shame that they cannot find words to express themselves or a trusted ally in whom to confide. By and large, their experience is a lonely one, especially since abusers often choose victims they know to be already isolated for one reason or another.

Sexual abuse victims are often traumatized by people they believe to be friends, guardians, trusted caretakers of one sort or another. Often predators are from their own families, or are in such close relationships with the child that the abuse feels like incest. While incest literally refers to sexual behavior between family members, it can be construed in a larger sense as any "violation of a position of power, trust, and protection" (Lew, 1988, p. 16). By this broad definition, any older caretaker who sexually betrays a child is committing a kind of incest. For the child, the result may be nearly the same as betrayal by a parent: a shattering of the natural trust he has in the adults who care for him.

Now consider the effect on children of abuse by priests. Priests certainly have no monopoly on being sexual predators. In addition to family members of all kinds, I have known sexual victims who were abused by teachers, coaches, scoutmasters, babysitters, neighbors, and doctors, not to mention non-Catholic clergy.

Yet there are some specific meanings for victims in having been abused by priests. There is a concerted effort, usually a benign one, to make Catholic clergy part of a parishioner's "family." Catholic children are told to call clergy Father, Mother, Sister, Brother. Children, of course, are often quite literal in their understanding of adult instructions. How are they to understand it when their Father, Mother, Sister, or Brother makes sexual overtures to them?

Psychologically, then, victims of priests



deal with incest. With this in mind, consider two cases of men who were sexually abused as boys by priests whom I have discussed in another context (Gartner, 1999). The circumstances of their abuse were quite different: Julian was abused by a priest/mentor from ages twelve till fifteen. Lorenzo had been abused by a number of men before a sexual encounter with a priest at age fifteen. I will describe what priest abuse meant to them, and then relate how they have reacted to the deepening Church scandals.

Julian and Lorenzo grew up more similar to than different from other men with boyhood sexual abuse histories. They both became sexually compulsive, and had vast reserves of rage and problems with older authorities. Like many sexually abused men, they had problematic intimate relationships. Lorenzo, a gay man, had never had a relationship of any depth. Julian, a straight man, was married, but found ongoing intimacy with his wife nearly impossible to achieve.

But, poignantly, both Julian and Lorenzo had crises of faith superimposed on the more usual damaging sequelae of childhood sexual abuse. Witness Lorenzo:

By the time he was fifteen, Lorenzo had had numerous exploitative sexual encounters in which he sexually serviced older boys and men, all of whom were publicly identified as heterosexual, and many of whom were married. Confused about the meaning of his own behavior, and only vaguely knowledgeable about sexual orientation, he did nevertheless begin to wonder if he were gay. He had no idea who to talk to about this in the working-class mill town in which he grew up. One of ten

children in a lower middle class Catholic home where physical abuse was rampant, he knew better than to discuss gay sex at home, but he began to feel desperate about his sexual feelings. Then he remembered a priest who had once served in his town for two years before being transferred to a large city three hundred miles away. He'd always thought this priest was "cool," and so he called him and said he needed to talk to him. The priest came to Lorenzo's town for a visit, and Lorenzo first told him about his abuse experiences and then said he thought he was gay.

"He looked at me and said, 'I knew you were gay the minute I laid eyes on you!' I said, 'Why didn't you tell me?' and he said, 'Some things are better to discover on your own.' So, at first he was good about it — he invited me to visit him, and when I did he took me around the city and showed me gay neighborhoods, gay bars, gay shops. That part was good, but then we went back to the house he lived in with other priests, and I wanted to get high — I was a crazy kid in those days, and I asked him where to get grass. He said, 'No problem, just go upstairs and ask Father Donald.' So I went upstairs, and there was nice Father Donald, and we got high together, and then he made a pass at me." Lorenzo laughed. "It was the first time anyone serviced me, and I really liked it. When I went downstairs and told the first priest about it, he said, 'Oh, sure, Father Donald does that with everyone.' Can you believe this? He knew what was going to happen when he sent me up there! Later, I found out he was gay too, and had sex with other boys, though never with me."

Lorenzo was talking faster and faster, and I asked him to slow down and tell me what he felt about all this. "I thought it was funny. And exciting." Then he paused. "But, you know, I'm thirty-five now, about the age Father Donald was then. I have no interest in fifteen-year-olds! My nephews are that age! I'd never go near them for sex." I asked again how he felt about what happened with the two priests. For the first time, he seemed reflective. "It was a terrible thing to do. They knew how fucked up I was about sex with all those men, and how unsure I was about being gay. I went to them for sanctuary! And they just helped me party

with them." Lorenzo began to look sad. "In those days I really believed in the Catholic Church. No more."

If a child is abused by a priest, he may not only have a crisis of faith. He may literally feel that he is betraying God. He knows that his abuser has taken a vow of chastity, and even though he may know he never desired the priest sexually, he may still feel that he somehow instigated things and tempted the priest to break those vows. This is particularly likely if his abuser tells him that they are engaging in sexual behavior because the boy is so special or beautiful. Whatever the adult's intent in saying such a thing, the boy may well conclude that the abuse was his own fault.

As a man discerns that he was exploited by someone he considered a direct link to God, his whole spiritual world may begin to crumble. Boys who are most easily preyed upon by priests are likely to come from families with deep religious convictions. They may be altar boys or choir boys, and in any case they are likely to feel engaged in their religious lives and to have idealized views of their spiritual mentors. In addition, they may come from troubled families and be looking for parental figures in the Church to act as role models and provide the structure that they lack:

Julian was deeply ambivalent about the man who simultaneously mentored, loved, and abused him. He was abused for three years by Father Scott, a parish priest who when Julian was twelve required that he come for special counseling sessions in order to get confirmed. Father Scott made Julian his special altar boy, invited him to visit him in his rooms, and undertook to educate him in classical texts, languages, and music. Julian came from a psychologically and physically invasive large family in which emotions and boundaries were ignored. Although he flunked out of school after Father Scott began to abuse him, once the abuse stopped he became an A student, largely, he believes, because of the earlier influence of the priest. He entered seminary himself, but fell apart after two years and dropped out. He eventually went on to get an advanced degree in another field.

Father Scott taught Julian to idealize the male relationships described in ancient Greek texts. These included intellectual men-

toring, deep commitment and interpersonal intimacy, and also physical sexuality, which began a few months after Father Scott started counseling Julian. Father Scott led up to the initial seduction by encouraging Julian to talk about the pain he felt about his physically abusive but otherwise unresponsive family. After these sessions, Father Scott would hug Julian. These hugs were precious to the boy, who was starved for physical affection, or, indeed, any kind of positive regard from an adult.

With time, the hugs got longer, and then one day Father Scott kissed Julian, putting his tongue in the boy's mouth and making the kiss last for minutes. Julian was startled and confused, unsure of what was happening and what it meant. After the kiss, Father Scott said, "I know you want more, but that's all for now." Julian was bewildered at the time, but as an adult he said, "So right from the beginning he made it that the abuse was my idea, so I felt guilty that it was happening even though I had no concept of men kissing at the time, and certainly no interest in it." Shortly thereafter, Father Scott introduced Julian to anal sex, and for two years they had regular sexual encounters that included anal sex and mutual masturbation.

Father Scott said their relationship existed on the highest plane possible for two human beings, that they had attained the ideal glorified by the greatest poets of the ancient world. He reiterated that they experienced all forms of love together: love of beauty, love of thought, love of logic, love of art, and love of one another that was intellectual, sensual, and emotional. Julian did love Father Scott, and he craved the companionship and deep interest the priest offered him. Nevertheless, he was confused and conflicted about the sex that accompanied it. "He did so much for me! Anyone would think he was the best mentor a boy could ever have, and, except for the sex, he was."

Julian put a stop to the sex at age fifteen. After he left for college, his family moved away from the diocese where Father Scott served, and Julian rarely returned to his old neighborhood. He excelled in school and married, but remained ashamed, conflicted, and secretive about his relationship with the priest. He remained grateful for the intellectual and emotional expansion the relationship with Father Scott afforded him.

Simultaneously, however, he was covertly furious about the exploitation and mystification involved in their sexual activity. As an adult, he was a compulsive masturbator driven to furtively view peep shows and consumed by female pornography when he was anxious. He felt out of control, in the grip of the sexual impulses that flooded him at these times.

In their treatments, both Julian and Lorenzo became increasingly aware of the extent of their rage at their priest-abusers. But they also became sadly aware of how much they still hoped for from these inadequate men:

Lorenzo called the priest who sent him to be abused and found him receptive to the call until he realized that Lorenzo wanted to talk to him about how much he had been hurt by his boyhood abuse. The priest then abruptly got off the phone. He never returned further phone calls. Nor did he respond to a letter telling him that Lorenzo was not interested in hurting him, just in coming to some understanding of what had happened.

At age thirty, Julian attended a funeral in his old neighborhood, and there saw Father Scott, who came over and introduced himself to Julian's wife. Julian felt furious but paralyzed, wanting to shame and hurt Father Scott but barely able to speak to him. The priest drew him into a corner and whispered, "You may feel better than the rest of us now that you've left town, but you and I know that all I have to do is rub your belly and you'll squeal like a puppy!" Feeling helpless and shamed once again, Julian finally got in touch with the full extent of his rage at his former mentor. Yet he was never able to confront him, and maintained a fantasy of reconciling with Father Scott. When the priest died suddenly a few years later, Julian attended his funeral. There, a number of people offered their condolences to him as Father Scott's former protege. He was told that Father Scott had often praised Julian and had been very proud of him. While in some ways it was gratifying to hear this, Julian also experienced inchoate rage. When he found out that he had been left a small sum of money in Father Scott's will, he experienced the bequest as a way of buying him off, even making him a prostitute. At that point he talked to another priest who he knew had been also abused by (Continued on page 11)

Fight or Flight? It's My Choice!

(Continued from page 1) or exaggerating to get back at my family and not taking responsibility for my own life," instead, I heard the terse statements "I believe you. You are not the only one." I was torn, simultaneously rejoicing that I was validated, but also saddened that I found another victim in the family.

My men's group continued for another four months, and during that time I shared and heard some of the most powerful and certainly the most disturbing stories in my life: an older neighborhood boy having sex with the younger ones, a father repeatedly forcing fellatio on his sons. The anger expressed in the poetry of one survivor was so powerful and real it brought me bursting into tears. The experience of seeing older men in their 40's and 50's with their masks ripped off breaking down and crying like seven year old kids will stay with me for the rest of my life. Other members in the group actually started to look to me for answers, as if I was a therapist and could heal them. Heck, to me, I was just a kid!

One and a half years later I moved back to New York City. Feeling good, having come off some really positive growth experiences in California, I thought I was set to make good in New York despite the slowing economy. Unfortunately, I was also the victim of domestic violence as a youth, and this behavior resurfaced between me and another family member. My "host" mistreated me and had the opportunity to terrorize me again, but I was smart and fortunate enough to land a job and find a place to live without major disruption to my life.

New York is now like home for me, but my support system was pretty weak at the time and I could not find a suitable sexual abuse support group in the area. While in California, I had come across the National Organization on Male Sexual Victimization (NOMSV) web site, but at that time I had my local support group (which I was extremely lucky to have when I was first coming out with my stuff). I had contacted Richard Gartner of NOMSV regarding my living situation with my relative, knowing that I had a history of being abused by different family members. But it

wasn't until October 2001 when NOMSV, coincidentally, was having its bi-annual national conference in New York City that connections were made. I thought a lot about attending the conference and hesitated because the topic would put me and my issues in front center stage of hundreds of strangers with a "Hello" label right on my chest.

What a great decision I made. I attended two days, instead of just one. I was triggered and overwhelmed more than once, but I picked up pretty quickly that the other attendees, including the professionals, were real and safe and compassionate. I could feel the safety at the event, but seeing it was more powerful than feeling it because I was used to my group. The conference and professionals were not exploitative of our misfortune, but really understood the pain and isolation that most male survivors endure. I was shocked, even though I might have expected, that some of the most respected professionals, including those whose books I read during the beginning of my recovery, spoke publicly to large audiences about their own sexual victimization.

After the conference I contacted Richard Gartner and Fred Tolson through the NOMSV web site. I wrote, "I want to volunteer to help NOMSV, what can I do to help?" Fred was impressed and we decided that it would be best if I started off being a moderator in the chat room. I wanted to create a safe environment for the chat room like the one I had for my group in California. It is essential for men recovering from incest and sexual abuse to break the isolation and connect with other survivors.

For six months, two nights a week, for at least two hours a session I moderated the NOMSV chat room. The project started with just me, basically, and no regular schedule but quickly grew to be a regular hang out three nights a week on the web. Occasionally, up to 12 people (male survivors and their supporters) were in the chat room at once. When I asked other male survivors to take over the responsibility after I moved on, they did. I recently chatted with one of the new moderators

and he said that they still peak at 12 people on a given night, and the dialogues are so rewarding and intense that survivors now need to be invited into the chat rooms during scheduled hours. The moderator also commented that they needed more chat rooms to accommodate all of the traffic and to channel noisy conversations.

In May, my next project to help NOMSV survivors network was to suggest developing a site on the Discussion Forum, where survivors and their supporters could post "NOMSV Classifieds" which include news about support groups, conferences, and other resources for male survivors that NOMSV might not directly endorse. As of this writing, there are over 45 different topics and over 145 different posts to this forum topic, from all different regions in the nation: New York, Indiana, North Carolina, St. Louis, Seattle, Kentucky, Los Angeles, Massachusetts, Florida, you name it! I hope this new resource will grow and help survivors connect. One can easily see that men need more support services across the nation.

My personal desire is that men more easily find the healing resources that work for them and that I was lucky enough to find for myself. I think my recent projects for NOMSV are two positive steps in that direction. Men need the opportunity to heal their wounds and break their silence. I would like to find other ways with NOMSV to get the word out, network, and bring more people into the organization either as paying or non-paying members.

Just last week I was accepted into an intensive 40 hour training program to volunteer at least once a month to advocate for rape and domestic violence victims who have entered local hospital emergency rooms. This is a major step which may trigger me at times, so as I contemplate my decision to accept this honor I look back and see two motives: I remember the suffering I unmasked in my men's group, and I am starting to appreciate that in my own way I just might have something valuable to offer other victims.

Film Review: Tadpole

by John A. Byrne



Here lies the very seriously flawed message of "Tadpole": No one is responsible or accountable for any legal, psychological and sexual crime. Just because the kid has a sophisticated intellect and can recite philosophy in French, are we expected to give him and his perpetrators carte blanc pardons in what is truly a redoing of "Oedipus Rex," "Catcher in the Rye," "The Graduate," "Summer of '42" and a petty theft from "Saturday Night Fever?" The protagonists of these prior renditions are shamed, scared and penitent from their ordeals and, having attained some truth at whatever the cost, they grow to accept the responsibility for their knowledge and discovery. "Tadpole" is flagrant with its superficial and pseudo-comedic treatment of a very confused young man whose lust and passions are solely "partialism." He has a hand fetish, a mind fetish, a perfumed scarf fetish; yet, he has no real concept of love in any capacity other than a narcissistic notion of himself and Voltaire, whom he uses much like Woody Allen uses Bogart in "Play it Again, Sam." And while I'm on the subject of fetishes, he is seduced by actress Bebe Neuwirth, playing a licensed chiropractor, dressed in a long fur coat, leather pants and spandex tank top with the stepmother's scarf (the boys love object) draped around her neck: So now add a count of grand theft from von Sacher-Masoch's *Venus in Furs* and you can begin to see why this movie is insulting, damaging and degrading all at the same time. Is it "funny" to have a licensed, hands-on, health care practitioner violating the body and human rights of a minor? No! In fact, it is a

criminal offence.

But fear not, since all is made right by Hollywood: The boy gets on the train back to school and returns some flirtatious overtures from a more appropriate love interest attending the same private school.

And then comes the final curtain and ultimate blow against the slightest notion that maybe something is really unhealthy and damaging about a 15 year-old boy being used and molested by an older woman. This movie has the audacity to end with David Bowie's anthem of teen angst, sexual complexity and coming of age: "Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes."

This is like pouring vintage port on a tootsie pop: No one has changed! To further quote David Bowie:

*And these children that you spit on
As they try to change their worlds
Are immune to your consultations
They're quite aware of what they're
going through...*

A) There is no "consultation" in this movie aside from Sigorney Weaver making her stepson a "June Cleaver" sandwich after hitting him in the head with cruel sarcasms and a tennis ball. We are left to believe that no character's action or lack of action is of any consequence or warrants resolution.

B) The kid and the adults have zero "awareness" of what they're going through; neither in the beginning nor the end of this pathetically disturbing film.

Under Greek law, Oedipus was not innocent; "there is no guilty act without a guilty mind." The shame and harm in this movie is that no one believes they are guilty or responsible to respond or resolve directly, their participation in a sexual crime with a 15 year-old boy. Sadly, this film ultimately attains Oedipus' blindness without his introspective vision. And more sadly, were this movie to speak up about a 15 year-old girl being molested by a close family friend we would view it from a court room, not a bedroom.

Stop Prison Rape!

by Peter J. Reilly

With one moment of your time YOU can help to end one of the most horrific and neglected human rights abuses in the U.S. today: sexual violence against men and women in prison. Please take part in Stop Prisoner Rape's quick and simple campaign. Letters to President Bush are urgently needed RIGHT NOW to garner his support for the Prison Rape Reduction Act of 2002. Congressional leaders from both parties have united in this historic effort, but support from the White House remains critical!

Please send the following sample letter (or one of your own) in an email to president@whitehouse.gov and Cc it to bush-letters@spr.org — SPR will send printed copies of the letters to the White House via postal mail as well. Together, we can insist that this widespread abuse no longer be trivialized and ignored. You can learn more about the legislation and read the bill at www.spr.org.

Dear President Bush:

I am writing to urge you to support the Prison Rape Reduction Act of 2002 (S. 2619, H.R. 4943). The bill authorizes a definitive study of the problem of prisoner rape and creates standards and incentives for corrections officials to help end this serious human rights abuse.

Men and women are routinely raped and sexually brutalized in jails, prisons, and INS detention centers throughout the country. Victims have been left beaten and bloodied, they have suffered long-term psychological harm, and they have contracted HIV. Upon release, victims may bring with them emotional scars and learned violent behavior that continue the cycle of harm. The United States urgently needs to take steps toward ending this horrific and widespread abuse that derails justice and destroys human dignity.

Democratic and Republican members of the House and Senate have come together to introduce the first-ever federal legislation to address this problem. Sen. Ted Kennedy, Sen. Jeff Sessions, Rep. Bobby Scott, and Rep. Frank Wolf are all cosponsors of the bill. President Bush, please join this bipartisan effort to stop a problem that perpetuates violence both inside and outside of prison walls by supporting the Prison Rape Reduction Act of 2002.

Healing Dissociation and Sexual Trauma with Yoga by Patricia Burke

Trauma so deeply permeates the boundaries of physical, emotional, and mental realms that the need to embrace complementary healing approaches is overwhelming apparent. The mind-body connection is the domain of the Eastern contemplative spiritual traditions.

In the East, before learning a martial art or energy practice, the student had to master the ability to become fully present. The techniques utilized to harmonize brain function included chanting, meditation, breathing practices and an introspective lifestyle reinforced spiritual code.

This ensured that the practitioner would approach the body under the command of the parasympathetic nervous system, rather than the alarmed sympathetic nervous system. The tools which the yogis utilized to create this shift are of great value to the trauma victim who desires to restore calm to an energetic system which is hypervigilant and overcharged, or frozen in terror.

When a human organism is in a state of calm, both hemispheres of the brain are “switched on” and communication occurs between the two hemispheres through the corpus callosum. The right brain, which processes from whole to part in a spontaneous, flowing, non-linear intuitive style, communicates readily with the left brain, which is logical, sequential, part-to-whole, and systematic. In a low arousal state, both sides of the brain learn and reason together in a coordinated fashion.

Under stress, the brain chooses one hemisphere or the other. The right-brained individual loses the capacity to reason. The left-brained person tries harder but without comprehension, joy, or understanding.

In addition to the disconnect between the right and left hemisphere, if the emotional component of the fight or flight response is also triggered, the relationship between the brain hemispheres and the

forebrain is diminished. The brain, in an effort to save the life of the organism, shuts down the parts which are related to reason. The nervous system is wired to react rather than to respond.

In trauma survivors, these mechanisms may be hardwired together. A woman may be riding on the elevator with someone who has the same aftershave as her perpetrator, and experience instantaneous dissociation. She



before she has a chance to think. Her energetic immune system sounds the alarm, and she is immediately out of her mind, and out of parts of her body as well. This coping mechanism helped her endure her attack, but is now a dysfunctional pattern held in her cellular memory.

“Splitting” is the term used to describe dissociation. The mother who is enraged at her child is operating from a very different foundation than the mother who sits in righteous anger, in full command of her intellect. The angry mother is fully present and has an appropriate sense of proportion. She can reason and comprehend.

The enraged mother is without access to perspective or wisdom. She cannot exercise restraint because the forebrain is not communicating with the brain hemispheres. Splitting takes place in our most intimate relationships, where we work out the patterns we chose to explore in this lifetime.

When split, we become a contraction of our full potential. Chronic rebelliousness, caretaking, or disappearing are examples of learned responses expressed by a personality.

Fully embodied consciousness is not acted to these polarities. In a functional family a child can try on all roles, and express the full range of human motions. In a dysfunctional family and a dysfunctional planetary configuration a “child” adopts a false persona as a strategy for survival. Many individuals attempt to control their lives by avoiding circumstances which would be triggering, including intimate relationship. Many parents who were abused as children have not become abusers themselves, but they are unable to bond with their own children due to dissociation.

Yoga and other Eastern practices make use of the knowledge that communication between the extremities, senses and brain is a two way street. In the same way that playing a musical instrument with both hands affects the brain, using the arms, legs and torso in particular patterns “switches on” parts of the brain. Kundalini yoga and Breath Walk are examples of integration practices which recruit the corpus callosum and calm the hypothalamus. Svaroopa yoga’s shavasana creates the shift from the sympathetic to the parasympathetic nervous system. Breathing practices, meditation, chanting, and physical movements which harmonize the energetic system of the body balance the brain.

The most appropriate energy practice for a traumatized individual is the practice which embodies his or her dominance

profile. A left brain individual may be more supported in an intellectual approach such as Iyengar Yoga. The right brain individual who is visually blocked might gravitate to a less structured form such as Kripalu Yoga as practiced by Amrit Desai, which was taught from whole to part. Amrit Desai is an artist who is sometimes photographed in a posture flow with his eyes closed. He offered a verbal right brained whole-to-part approach, which was characterized by timelessness and flow.

The healing modality that serves as the best match starts in alignment with the energetic pattern presented under stress, but eventually restores the individual to bilateral brain function and full sensory awareness in a skillful way that does not overload the system. In psychotherapy, this is known as “Pace, pace, lead.” Eventually, the verbal right-brained student should practice dristis or gaze points to incorporate the eyes, and balance flow and timelessness with routine and structure, but initially this expectation would trigger homolateral learning and the fight-or-flight response.

Eventually, the student will seek to be embodied in vision, hearing, hand and feet, but the learning curve must honor the body’s capacity to adapt. Because the left brain intellectual orientation serves as the comfort zone in the American culture, healing from trauma often involves a deep immersion into the affect and emotion of the right brain. The overcharged driven student who wants to place high demands on the body sometimes uses adrenaline and

endorphins to mask many emotions that would be too painful to embody.

In order to heal he will eventually shift to whole brain consciousness. When switched on, he “can process information simultaneously, move and think at the same time, read with the writer’s hand, speak with the listener’s ear, and thrive on new, spontaneous, and creative self expression,” according to Paul Dennison, PhD.

Our bodies are designed to “embody” our sensory input, emotions and intellect. Human potential can become buried under layers of psychic numbing. If emotions are not allowed to be expressed in the workplace, as a culture we are requiring ourselves to disassociate. Listening to sexual innuendo during the rush hour commute requires disassociation.

In order to heal from abuse, especially in the form of repressed memories, survivors need to be able to re-access the energetic experience of trauma and integrate it at a different level. With brain integration tools and energy practices which release, discharge or neutralize volatility and intensity, the survivor can have a sense of control over their experience. The capacity to regulate mood, state of mind, and energy level is critical in order to plumb the depths of sorrow, unremitting grief, anger, anxiety and fear that present in the healing journey. When the repressed energy of trauma is released, the person can then begin to live their life in accordance with their destiny.

Effects on Boys of Priest Abuse

(Continued from page 7) Father Scott, and who was the executor of the priest’s estate. He did get some corroboration from this man of Father Scott’s predatory nature, but he remained deeply conflicted about Father Scott and the effect of their relationship on him.

When the Church scandal broke in 2002, both Julian and Lorenzo experienced a liberating sense of having their experience validated. They were very glad that the Church was

being forced to acknowledge the extent of priest abuse. At the same time, though, they felt a recurrence of shame about their own experiences. They were constantly triggered by news reports about the Church. Lorenzo said that to keep from being overwhelmed by anxiety he had to tightly monitor what he allowed himself to read in the media. And Julian noted sadly that he is a religious man without a church: “I went to seminary because Catholicism means something to me.

Lost and Searching

Will E. is tortured, and silent
the isle’s erected vision.
The right I was presented
falls at these designs.

Where is the handle I grasped
with glee when a youth? Who had
dared smash its pulsing rhythm?
Give back what did stir time’s lake.
Return what I feel is gone.

Embrace the branch covered in sap
while in recovery.
Release the flow of blood
never giving in.
My wisdom grants temporary peace.

Endless tears gripped by the
paralysis of Fate.
A perplexed idol hides alone,
as I ascend jagged trails.

As is custom among others
along the journey,
emotion changes course.
Locked away for a select few.

Clouds swimming within
leading my inner being...

John C. Ireland

But now I can’t go into a church without feeling I will vomit. My wife says, ‘Let’s go to an Episcopalian Church — it’s almost the same!’ But it’s not the same. I’m not an Episcopalian, I’m a Catholic. And there’s no where I can go to be one.”

Gartner, R.B. (1999). Betrayed as Boys: Psychodynamic Treatment of Sexually Abused Men. New York: Guilford Press.

Lew, M. (1988). Victims No Longer. New York: Harper and Row.

Partners of Adults Sexually Abused as Children

The Husband Speaks

John Glenn Smith

These are some of the questions that I have been asking myself since I was eight years old. It took me 26 years to answer these questions. I have just now come to realize that I have been living a life of lies and deceptions to maintain a life of non-conflict and taking a back seat to life.

Am I normal; well is there anyone who is normal? I have had to live with fear, anger, shame, distrusting everyone and every thing, and being a misfit all my life.

Am I different? Yes, I believe I am. I have been hiding in and out of darkness for 26 years. I have been running away from people, jobs, and myself, hoping that no one finds out my dirty secret and abandon me. Or worse yet, to be treated as though I have the plague.

I have heard from some, especially from the media and talk shows, that they don't feel that men are affected by childhood sexual abuse. As a young teenager I was effected tremendously. I felt out of place and alone with my abuse. It did not allow me the freedom to be who I was or who I wanted to be. I was always intensely aware of my surroundings, always looking over my shoulder for someone to try again to take advantage of my innocence. I was not able to enjoy being a child because in my mind I had already experienced feelings that should only be felt by adults, not by an eight year old boy: the shameful act of sex.

I had many thoughts and feelings that made my life very difficult. Embarrassment from enjoying this act, if only for a short time. I was not aware that it was normal to have a short-lived enjoyment. I had fear that I would be found out and people would think it's my fault. Shame that a family member touched me in such a revolting manner.

I played with friends but that was only

a disguise, deep inside I was hurting and crying for someone to take these thoughts from me. Waiting in vain for someone to love me and tell me that I was a wonderful little boy, because as I look back now, I was a sweet little boy, pure, wholesome and so very lovable.

As a teenager I found it very difficult to have a relationship with a girl because I didn't know how to relate to a girl, all I knew was hurt and shame. I was fearful about a friendship with a boy, thinking maybe he would do the same thing to me that had happened when I was so young.

I thought that if I could do for others then they would like me and they would never have to get to know me, only that I was such a "nice" person. I would make people laugh so that I could be liked, but then when someone would get to close I would run, run away as fast as I could. The fear of them finding out my secret and then hurting me was too great to allow anyone to get close. The fact was that I was not worthy of anyone's friendship or love, I was guilty of a terrible sin, I was "tainted."

I married at the age of 21. I thought that perhaps I could have a wife and family as everybody does. Not long into the marriage the fear of being hurt and abandoned was more then I could bare and I started "shutting down," building the "wall" around my heart. I did not realize that the "shutting down" and building the "wall" was related to my abuse, it was not until later did I realize why I had these feelings. My life again was just me, aloneness, just me and my thoughts and feelings. I had two children, who were a blessing. However, for me it just meant that I had to get close to them too. This is something that repulsed me. I could not endure being touched by my wife and hugged, and at times I could not endure the "pain" of having to hug my children. The "pain" I felt was as though the abuse was happening all over again. But still I did not relate these feelings to the abuse. I just knew that I did not like it. The realization would not happen until 14 years later.

My marriage ended 13 years later and, with this event in my life and the abuse, I

could no longer see any hope or reason to live. I felt as though there would never be acceptance of me as I am, or any peace of mind for me. In August of 1999 I placed a 30/30 rifle to my forehead and tried to kill myself, but the gun moved off its target by some unforeseen reason and I was instead placed in a mental hospital for a week. This was a turning point for me, I realized that there must be some reason that I am here on earth, besides being tormented by my memories of the sexual abuse.

It was not until late last year that I realized I could no longer keep running, that I was only escaping and running from myself and that I was very tired of this cycle. I was tired of "masking" myself from friends, from relationships, from work, but most of all I realized I was escaping from the one thing I desired most, love. The only love I have ever known is the hurtful kind, but somehow I knew there must be more to love then what I had experienced. As a young boy I trusted family members and knew that they are our first experience of what love feels like.

I have felt alone, unwanted, unworthy, unlovable, and a reject of society. When I reluctantly decided to deal with my abuse it was the most painful event of my life. Having to relive the terrorizing despicable act that was done to me. I started to feel the emotions that I have carried for so long, this was a very frightening thing for me to do. I had never learned how to deal with anger, fear, hurt, all the time I suppressed my emotions so as to look "normal" to my family and friends. I mastered this deception extremely well, so much so that no one was suspicious of my terror that I lived with for so long.

Last year I was in a relationship with a woman who now is my wife, she showed me that I needed to stop and face this terrible demon that I had as my "friend" for so long.

At this time I know that there is hope from the terrible darkness that I have lived with for so long. I have seen the light at the end of the tunnel, it's not easy but it is well worth the struggle. I also have felt what it is like to love someone and be loved, and this

feeling is more beautiful, warm, and wonderful then I ever could have imagined. But before this could happen I had to let myself be vulnerable and dare to open and let someone in. It's extremely frightening but I must allow this before I can be free and happy as God intended me to be. Though the struggles ahead of me will be difficult, I KNOW that there is no turning back for me now. I don't want to go back, I know that life can be good, it can be warm, happy, and rewarding.

I would hope that those who read this and who have not yet started down "the road less traveled" would seek out books, therapists, and a friend that will help you get started on the road to freedom.

My sincerest love to all of you, who, like me have had only a partial life. My friends its time to lift your heads and see the light, feel the freedom, feel the love.

The Wife Speaks

Karin Smith

Hi, my name is Karin Smith and I am the creator of PASAC,

I started this web site for partners in February of 2002. I was in a relationship with a man who was sexually abused as a child. I did not understand some of his actions and his shutting down. I looked for groups for "partners" in my area of Southern California, but I did not find

any. I checked the Internet and I did not find a group there either.

I was desperately seeking support for myself, someone I could talk to about the difficult/crazy feelings that arise from being in a relationship with a "survivor." Finding nothing in my area, I decided to start a group of my own. I first started the Web Site with a "Chat Room" available. I have since moved to Oregon and have married my "survivor." I have started a group in my town, the meetings are every Thursday night at 7:00p.m. However, I still maintain the Web Site for those seeking to meet online at PASAC in the private Chat Room for PASAC visitors only.

My desired goal is to let people know that there is hope and there is "light at the end of the tunnel" from being in a relationship with a "survivor". There are numerous books written on the subject that will be of great help. I have read many of these books since I started the Web Site, all of which are listed on www.PASAC.net and I highly recommend that the partners read them. The books will clarify what the survivors have to struggle with all their lives.

It's important for people to realize that the survivors are good people who need and desire love. They not only need to receive love but need to learn how to give love, to trust again, to feel safe expressing their emotions, something they could not do growing up; ultimately to become a whole person, happy and loving as God intended for all his children.

I wish the "partners" and "survivors" love. And please don't give up.

Our New Name

(Continued from page 1) the work we do: serving boys and men who have been abused; assisting their families and loved ones; training and supporting professionals who work with male sexual victims as well as those who work with offenders; sustaining professionals who are themselves survivors; and encouraging those who advocate, educate, and conduct research about male sexual victimization.

We had some concerns that "MaleSurvivor" would give the impression that we only care about victims. Of course, we do care deeply about victimized boys and men, but we also care about all our other constituencies as well. We believe that our full name reflects this vision, which is further emphasized by our motto, "Overcoming sexual victimization of boys and men."

In addition, we have revised our mission statement to make it more pointed and clear. Our new mission statement is, "We are committed to preventing, healing, and eliminating all forms of sexual victimization of boys and men through treatment, research, education, advocacy, and activism."

While we will still maintain our www.nomsv.org website address, our main Internet address will be www.malesurvivor.org.

We believe that our new name, coupled with our motto and our mission statement, communicates who we are and what we stand for. In addition, of course, our actions now and in the future will make this clear. Meanwhile, "MaleSurvivor" makes us memorable to those who are not yet acquainted with us and our mission.

Personal Stories For New Book Needed

Mic Hunter, author of *Abused Boys: The Neglected Victims Of Sexual Abuse*, is seeking the true stories of men and women who were sexually assaulted while in the military, either in combat or from comrades. He also seeks stories of sexual harassment of military personnel by other military personnel.

These will be included in a book on sexual abuse in the military. Authors may remain anonymous or use their actual names. Contributors will be required to sign a release granting publication rights. Those who are interested can contact Dr. Hunter at 357 Kellogg Blvd., East, St. Paul, MN 55101, USA,

MaleSurvivor Conference 2003

The next international MaleSurvivor Conference will be held September 18-21, 2003 at the Radisson Hotel in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and will be sponsored by University of Minnesota. The theme of this 10th conference will be: Recognizing Strength and Resilience.

Several events are planned to help bring awareness of male victimization to local citizens. On Friday evening a public address on the topic of male sexual victimization will be presented. In conjunction with this event a silent auction will be held with items collected by the conference committee. Local talent will also perform at this event, including the group "City Songs", a chorus of adolescents from various cultures who use music and song to build relationships among people.

On Saturday morning there will be a 5k race and a 2k walk with survivors

planned. The committee is working on obtaining commitments from several celebrities who have acknowledged their victimization and would be willing to lead the walk with survivors.

On Saturday evening a reception is planned for artists who have contributed works for display. The most likely location for this event is the Weisman Art Museum located near the conference hotel.

Survivor art is also being solicited for the conference. Several survivors have already submitted art and both survivors and local artists have donated art for the auction. Survivor art will be displayed in the hotel throughout the conference.

The conference itself will consist of three or four pre-conference institutes on Thursday. From Friday to Sunday workshops and plenary session on a wide variety of topic will be offered. The con-

ference theme (Recognizing Strength and Resilience) will be an underlying element throughout the conference.

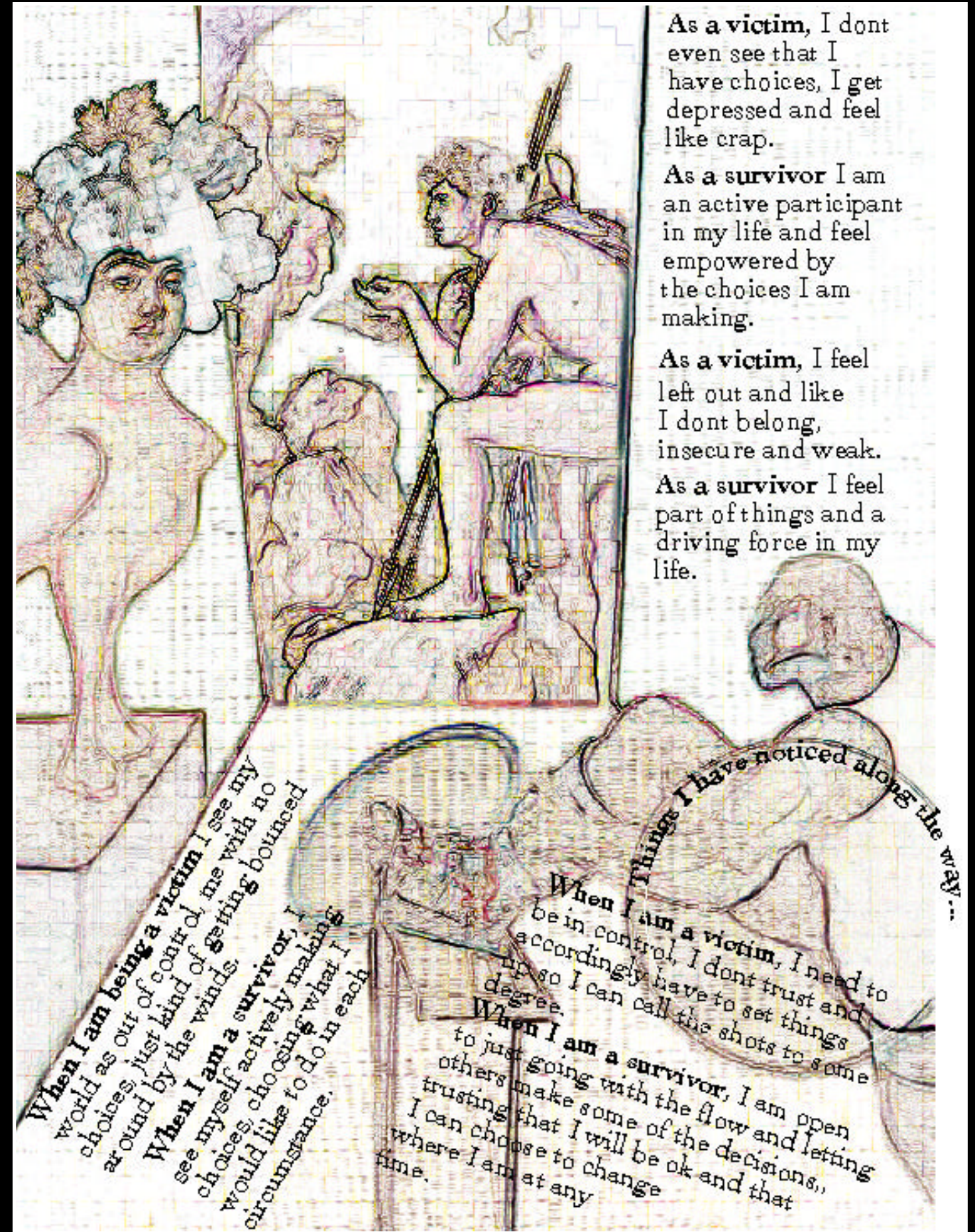
There are many ways MaleSurvivor members can help with the conference. Since companies are more likely to donate items when approached by someone who works for the company, encourage your company to be a sponsor. If you have a connection with anyone who could help encourage those men in positions of public exposure and who are themselves survivors to be part of the conference this would also help. If you are attending the conference and could distribute the call for proposals brochure this would be another way to assist.

If you would like brochures, or have questions, please contact Peter Dimock, conference chair at pdimock@che.umn.edu or call at 612-624-3227.

Dawn Manor Retreat Participants - September 15, 2002 - see stories on pages 2 and 3



Things I Have Noticed Along the Way



text by "John" - collage by Murray Schane

Our Amazing Website

by Fred Tolson

Here are statistics on the MaleSurvivor website activity for the month of September 2002:

Total Visitors 5,627

A visitor is defined as a series of hits, with no idle time of 30 minutes or more between any two hits, from the same IP address. Explanation: when a web surfer arrives at your site, he/she requests the files, such as GIFs and JPEGs, that make up that particular page. Each request is a hit, and they are delivered in quick succession, with no more than few seconds between them (from the server's perspective). When Urchin detects a gap of more than 30 minutes between any two hits from the same IP address, it is assumed that it is a new visitor. This is usually true, since most large ISPs, such as EarthLink, recycle idle IP addresses.

Total Pageviews 56,764

A page is defined as any file dished out by a web server that would generally be considered a web document. This includes HTML pages (.html, .htm, .shtml), script-generated pages (.cgi, .asp, .cfm, etc.), and plain-text pages. Image files (.jpeg, .gif, .png, etc.), sound files (.wav, .aiff, etc.), video files (.mov, etc.), and other non-document files do not count as pages. Each time a file defined as a page is served, a pageview is registered by Urchin.

Total Hits 109,131

A hit is simply any request to the web server for any type of file. This can be an HTML page, an image (jpeg, gif, png, etc.), a sound clip, a cgi script, and many other file types. An HTML page can account for several hits: the page itself, each image on the page, and any embedded sound or video clips. Therefore, the number of hits a website receives is not a valid popularity gauge, but rather is an indication of server use and loading.

Total Bytes Transferred 497.8MB

A byte is a unit of information transferred over a network (or stored on a hard drive or memory). Every web page, image, or other type of file is composed of some number of bytes. Large files, such as video clips, may be composed of millions of bytes ("megabytes"). Since website and server performance is heavily affected by the amount of bytes transferred, and web hosting providers often charge according to this measure, it is very important for site owners to be aware of and understand.

Average Visitors Per Day 803.85

Average Pageviews Per Day 8,109.14

Average Hits Per Day 15,590.14

Average Bytes Transferred Per Day 71.12MB

Average Pageviews Per Visitor 10.08

Average Hits Per Visitor 19.39

Average Bytes Per Visitor 90.59KB

Average Length of Visit (H:M:S) 00:04:36

Volunteers Needed!

The Membership Committee is looking for volunteers to help increase MaleSurvivor's visibility in the community at large and specifically with clinicians who work with male survivors. For those interested in volunteering, you'll be asked to locate clinicians in your town or locality that work with male survivors, but may not be aware of MaleSurvivor. This can be done by contacting Rape hotlines, local crisis clinics, Sexual assault centers, local hospitals, marriage and family therapist associations, state psychological associations, Medical doctors who specialize in Urology, or Infectious diseases, talking to known clinicians who work with survivors and asking to be referred to their colleagues who work with male survivors, etc. Once these people are identified, the volunteer will mail out a MaleSurvivor brochure and letter inviting them to join our organization.

Marc Gilmartin MaleSurvivor Membership Chair
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About the Authors

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