

# eT Totempole

April 2003

*A Newsletter for the Animalwork Community and those interested in The PTPP® and Deep Imagery*



## Dear Friends Welcome to the eTotempole for 2003.

This is the first issue of the eTotempole for 2003. Apologies for the delay in sending it out but submissions were slow in coming. I think we were all shocked by the outbreak of war in Iraq.

This issue contains:

1. Of Micaceous Clay, Pottery and the Alexander Technique by Mary Diggin
2. The Art and The Animals by Jeremy Maher
3. Photos from Festival of The Animals 2002, courtesy of Frank Coughlan
4. A Journey from Munich, Germany, by William Larro
5. Die Suche nach dem Selbst von Sabrina Mašek, Austria
6. eTotempole Information for 2003
7. News from the Animals and Friends

Peace,  
Mary Diggin

## Of Micaceous Clay, Pottery and the Alexander Technique.

by Mary Diggin

I have just completed a weekend with Robyn Avalon and Felipe Ortega, working with micaceous clay and the Alexander technique. Felipe is a potter of Jicarilla Apache descent and Robyn, who many of you may know through her involvement with the animalwork and the IIVR, is an Alexander Teacher, who likes to teach the technique in the context of activity. This weekend she worked with us as we made pots.

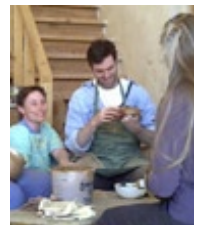
The first encounter with the clay was a sensory experience. The gentle-almost-dank-wet-earth-scent, the softness and warmth of the clay, the light earth colour, so different from the darker red clays I had occasionally worked with before or the natural dark grey clay I dug as a child from the beach on Kilkee strand. It was a clay that invited touching, shaping, emerging.

And so, on Friday, we began. Felipe leads us in ceremony with cornmeal and prayer to the Four Directions. A bean pot is our project. Micaceous clay pots are stove and oven proof once fired, the mica in the clay helping distribute heat evenly throughout, and beans from such a pot taste more delicious than beans cooked in any other way. Felipe had shown us how to work the clay into the shape of a pot, forming first the flat tortilla shape, scraping, adding coils, shaping and scraping until a bean pot formed and emerged beneath his skillful hands. It seemed simple as do all crafts when you watch a master.

Yet, this is part of the beauty of working with this clay. The pots form, beneath your hands, even amateur hands. They dry, they wrinkle, crease, crack perhaps and they can be repaired. This clay is the only clay that can be repaired. This is the only clay that mimics life Felipe says. Felipe appears by my side, 'watch what I do, watch what you do', he repeats, teaching by example. Coils are coiled and placed. Sides are sealed with the rectangular edges of tools. Insides are shaped with the curved. 'All beauty comes from the inside', Felipe adds, as the pots take shape.

The pots are left to dry a little, once the bowl had formed before building the neck and the lip of the pot. The same tools were used again to shape anew, the same hands working in different directions. Robyn moves among us, gently bringing our awareness to our bodies as they work on the pots, the clay traveling with her, on her hands from the pots she is also calling from the clay.

While the pots rest, Robyn moves us to the medicine room where we continue with the Alexander work. I discover that I stand on my heels, essentially leaning back from the world. I recognize that place emotionally but am surprised on its physical echoing in my body. I am also surprised at my habit of not fully sitting, becoming aware as we work at how I hold myself up and later, in bed that night, aware of holding my self up even there.



*Robyn Avalon with  
Russell and Ann*

Saturday becomes a strange day for me. Felipe leads us again in ceremony and prayer. We begin to work. My bean pot has a 'pookie' line crack, at the place where the mold ('pookie') for the base and the clay I had coiled and shaped meet. I hadn't supported the clay enough with my little finger, at that junction, in the shaping process. Felipe tells me it marks the place where we first left home and entered school. I had either not wanted to go to school or I had been eager to learn and had been disappointed in school. I know he is right and am intrigued.

It is time to water scrape the pots I have made, the stage where a certain amount of reshaping can take place. 'This is the process of making the pots human', Felipe tells us. 'just like we are made human.' I smear the red oxide stained wash on the outside of the pots and using the metal semicircle, I scrape away some of the bumps of my beginner's work. The red oxide infuses the air with a strong iron smell, which seems not pleasant. I am aware that I am afraid. I feel I might do damage, scrape too much or maybe too little. I might not get the balance right. I might drop the pots, I feel like hiding. Felipe comes and scrapes the outside of one of my pots with vigor. I feel his confidence, his knowledge of the clay and am aware even more intensely of this part of me that is afraid, that wants to leave, that wants to hide. But she is not all of me and as I work on the pots I talk to her, asking her not to go, telling her it will be ok, asking for her support. I need all my resources today.

At lunch Felipe, sitting opposite me, asks have I not any children yet? And there it is, the pain. So close to the surface it is as if Saoirse only died yesterday, sharp, intense, wanting to spill out. I feel the sympathy of the group as I tell of his death but also the need to pour out this grief, still here, still hot and sharp after four years, the grief for his death and the grief that no one else has chosen to come into our lives. It feels too hard, too much for this place, this table and I am shocked at the intensity, glad when the conversation moves on, yet filled with pain.

Returning to the pots, I feel the anger, the tears brimming behind my eyes, the sense of imminent collapse. Please not now, I plead with she-who-is-Saoirse's-mother, trying to find that balance between remaining and collapsing, without rejecting the grief and without being over whelmed. What is happening today I wonder. The fear and the grief. Was I always so afraid? Or is it Saoirse's death that has literally set me back on my heels, away from the world, in retreat, hiding at River Spirit for the last four years? I see myself like a clay pot wall, stretched too thin, about to collapse. I remember the person I was before I came here to New Mexico. What happened to the woman who used to dance, teach, helped found a Rape Crisis Center, was involved in her community, her women's group, who was out there in the world, somewhat adventurous? But then I see I was always afraid and this outgoing person was really a veneer, like a pot that is essentially flawed but covered with a nice outer coating, that eventually cracks in the firing or when used. My bean pot was later to echo this image back to me.

My phrase for the day was "Felipe, what about this crack?", as if all I could see were the faults, the prospect of failure. This pot won't make it. Felipe would shrug. It can be repaired. This is the only clay that can be repaired. This is the only clay that mimics life. My lesson to learn. A mantra to remember.

The tears escaped occasionally as Robyn worked on my jaw or as I sat outside sanding. Eventually the clay and the rhythm of the sanding process opened a space, enough for me to feel ok, to breathe again. Felipe was hosting a sweat lodge that night and I'm not sure about staying for it. Lynette, with whom I was traveling, does not want to stay. I check with my Old Woman who reminds me that there will be other opportunities if I chose to go home and so I leave, still feeling like running, crying, hiding.

I make space for the tears at home and for the first time I truly don't collapse in to that space of fury and rage and grief for even the shortest length of time. I cry and support myself and don't get lost. I know it is time to let go.

On Sunday, I return to the studio, feeling good, eager and ready to work again. The pots are waiting for the finishing to begin. I coat the outside with a slurry of clay and water, smoothing over the sandstone scratches, first outside, letting it dry, then inside. I sand it once more with sandpaper, evening out the surface.

Felipe shows us how to apply the slip coat. The slip is infused with Mica which give the characteristic sparkle to these pots. Three layers, then buff. Another layer, buff, use a stone to adhere the slip. A coating of oil, more buffing and polishing with a stone. Then drying and a shorter process of applying slip to the inside.



*Felipe Ortega Places the pots in his Adobe kiln*

My pots are finished, all drying out on the range but the bean pot keeps calling me back. I take it up again. I know it needs something, something more from me but I don't know what. I polish it again with the stone, running my hands over it, feeling that something is wrong, that it needs more but more what? I replace it on the stove and a while later, take it again running my hands over and over it. It needs something but I am puzzled as to what, unable to say 'I know this pot needs something. Please help,' out loud. I replace it on the stove. Afterwards I realize that I never even asked the pot itself what is needed.

The fire is built outside in Felipe's kiln. The pots are placed on the rack and in stages Felipe heats them, adding wood carefully and incrementally. The pots turn black. The base from my corn bowl explodes, removing a layer of clay. I am surprised that it is not the bean pot. Felipe removes it from the fire. We see the signs of an air bubble. It can be repaired he says and he spreads more clay over it and returns it to the fire. The lesson again echoes through my mind. It can be repaired, healed, fixed. This is the only clay that mimics life.



The fire heats the pots and when he judges them to have reached the correct temperature, Felipe, with help from Russell, Mark and Robyn, covers the pots with wood and the firing truly begins. Flames rise. Another 2 explosions! The base of one of Russell's bean pots has also exploded but it is still fine for cooking with, he discovers with relief. The pots glow red with heat. The kiln top is opened and the flames dance around the pots. They vitrify. Their own color turns to a darkened version of the slip. Felipe leads us again in prayer, sprinkling cornmeal to the fire.

As the flames begin to die down, Felipe begins to remove the pots. We have the opportunity of decorating the pots with horsehair or leaving them in traditional style. My drinking bowl and my corn bowl both want horsehair. My bean pot and my rain drop bowl do not. In the minute they are removed from the fire, still glowing from the heat, the horsehair is dropped on the surfaces and it sizzles and forms patterns. We leave the pots to cool and Felipe has promised to read a pot for each of us later.

The final meal is a celebration. We are joined by friends of Felipe. Spanish and English words mingle and later a few words of Russian. Felipe is a wonderful cook. We had not only learnt to make pots this weekend but also home made corn tortillas! (Those of you who think I am a good cook, well, Felipe is even better! )



When the time comes to read the pots, I am not sure which one to offer. I ask the pots. The bean pot and raindrop bowl both say no. The corn bowl says a tentative yes and the drinking bowl a strong yes. I sit with both 'yeses' for a while. The Old Woman shrugs when I ask her and I realize that either will tell what I need to hear. The drinking bowl is read. A difficult birth, yes, protection from the ancestors, a roadrunner to tell of my power. I have worked through stuff this weekend and find a clarity in the moment. It is true. I feel clear, present, at ease. Felipe picks up the corn bowl too. The base exploded because of your birth and early life but see, it has been healed, he says. The words roll inside me. I know it is true.

We gather, hug, say goodbye. I carry my pots home happy.

I wake in the morning, longing to touch the clay again. I cry tears of relief. Something has shifted. I feel the blessings of the weekend, the people, the pots, the laughter, Robyn's teachings, the gift of Felipe's outrageous humor peppered with wisdom and above all the clay.



It seems to me that the clay has taught me about forgiveness. This is the clay that mimics life. If so, life can also be repaired, healed. This has been the most difficult lesson for me to learn, this reality the most difficult to trust, imbibe, allow inside. The Animals have shown me this place many times but I have been stubborn!. The clay has allowed me to experience it, to bring it home.

I place my bean pot on the stove to cook with and discover it has a crack. The 'pookie' line repair has not held. I apologize to the pot. I didn't ask for help for it. 'I am as I am' it says. It is ok. The lessons continue. It will remind me that there is more to learn and heal ... and other pots to make. I place the bean pot on my altar.

I am grateful for all I received, for the company of Ann, Mark, Russell, Lynette, for the opportunity of learning from Felipe and Robyn. Thank you, Robyn, for the gift. Gracias!

*Robyn Avalon gives trainings and workshops in the Alexander Method in Europe, Japan and USA with the Alexander Alliance. She can be contacted at AASW, PO Box 124, Coyote, NM 87012, Telephone: 505-670-2596; alexandersw@earthlink.net. This summer, in Santa Fe, she offers a workshop on weaving and Alexander work combined.*

*Felipe Ortega gives workshops in Switzerland, Mexico and the USA. The contact for his Swiss workshops is Heidi Richener, 13 Schmitten Straße, Rogwil, CH 4914; Telephone: 41-62-929-1948. Felipe can be reached at po Box 682, La Madera, NM 87539; japacheraven@netscape.net.*

*Thank you, Mark and Russell, for the photographs!*

## The Art and the Animals

by Jeremy Maher



Frank asked me if I would like to submit an image for the 2002 Festival. This is a little story about how that picture came to be and how the animals came into my art.

I created the image that was used for the festival during 2000. This image came to be as dog dog, (only because that's what I named the file, and this is what I say to our dog when another dog passes by). At the time I was working towards completing a sizeable commission, and the first where I had an open brief to create a work. The process of completing this commission was a long one and during the process the animals first came into my work.

I had been creating the spaces of our suburbs and towns, with a strong emphasis on their geometry, forms and order. Without realizing I found myself creating more organic spaces and freer forms. These were mountains and horizons. Specials places, places to journey to.

Alongside this was a slow emerging of animal forms from a particular rectangle I had been working with, which was solid black and seemed to glow. From this rigid geometry emerged a shimmering black animal form that vibrated with a luminous black energy. To me this animal form is a boar [which I found during the festival to be the same as my shadow animal that refers to himself as Salvador]. I usually date stamp and number stamp my work, but when I went to do this something stopped me. It is a very powerful picture.

This was the first [and to date the most powerful] of the animal pictures.

It was not long before these animals found their way to these newly created spaces.

In the end I was able to provide my client [who was a very good friend] a special place to go to and a spirit guide that lives there. I would come to refer to these pictures as the Tunguska series.

One day not long before the picture was introduced to its new owner it caught my eye as I left the room. I stood transfixed as I was transported to this place. For me the guide was a bison, and the place was a cold flat before a mountain ridge and covered in snow. It feels very northern and Siberian.

Above the hilltop was a flock of birds signaling a meeting of all the residents of this place. As I walked across the snow covered plain I could see all around my world. I started climbing up the hill towards the council meeting. I could feel the snow on my hoofs, and see the vapor as my warm breath meets the cold air which filled my huge lungs. I felt powerful and strong. The cold was not oppressive but wonderfully clean and alive.

It is a very successful picture, and it gave me a wonderful sense of pride and achievement. To have the animals come so fully into my art was very wonderful, and to be able to create places and guides and protectors was quite magical for me. And I have faith that it is good art. With the exception of the piece commissioned and one other, I have kept all of these pictures and cannot bring myself to part with them.

Dog dog was a small sketch I did on my way to completing the commission. The original is charcoal on tracing film and quite small. It is a picture of a dog looking at his reflection in a pool of water. The picture just came together without me thinking about it. I have never been able to successfully reproduce this picture, as it never seems to work, so it only lives in hardcopy in the form of the original sketch. It lives taped to a window in my study.

When Frank asked me if I would like to create an image for the festival, I was in two minds. Currently my day work is very intensive and I find it hard to find the energy [and time] to immerse myself in personal creativity, and wasn't sure that I could do the task justice, as the animals are important to me and it was a privilege to be asked to supply the artwork for the first Australian festival. At the same time I felt that I already had a perfect image that quite eloquently and accurately stood for the animal work.

During 2002 I had scanned a lot of my smaller pieces. I did some digital enhancing of the original and quickly I had an image that I happy with.

dog dog

...a wild dog is walking through his landscape... he comes across a small pool and instinctively goes towards it to take a drink... as he is drinking at the pool, he notices an animal staring back at him... he has not met this animal before but somehow he is familiar... they enter into a stare, and energy begins to flow between them... they meet and know each other... the dog learns things about the world and about himself... he does this without thinking or remembering.... eventually his time at the pool comes to a close... he finds himself drinking once more... he leaves to pool, no longer thirsty... filled with a great sense of peace, he continues on his way...

I sent a range of images to Frank with a dog dog as the suggested image. When I turned up to the festival I saw dog dog and was excited and a bit moved.

During the opening ceremony as one of the participants talked of their dear friend that could not be at the festival, I felt a German shepherd come and stand to my right. This dog was to be my companion throughout the festival, and would also feature as my guide animal when seeking my wild and tame child. I feel that he will be my guide on future journeys, as if he is still with me.

This year I have committed to making the time and saving the energy necessary to create pictures, and places and guides. I also hope to have the opportunity to work with the animals at least once [I am 2000 kilometers from Frank], and enjoy the meeting of the art and the animals once again. [I am also working towards bringing my artwork to the internet].

I hope that the picture was appropriate and enjoyed by all who attended.

Please feel free to contact me.

Be well.

Jeremy Maher  
Melbourne Australia  
mahjer@hotmail.com  
10 March 2003



# Festival of the Animals 2003



*Tara Coughlan, Frank Coughlan, Steve Gallegos & Mary Diggin*



**Robyn Brady and Frank Coughlan,  
Organizers Festival of the Animals  
2002**



**Steve Gallegos & Frank Coughlan**



**James Baird & Phillip Newton, The Chefs**

## Festival of the Animals 2003

Sept. 25-28 At the Angela Center, Santa Rosa, Ca  
'Waging Peace'. \$300.00 per person  
Contact Debra at [Debvickroy@aol.com](mailto:Debvickroy@aol.com)

## MUNICH, GERMANY

from William Larro

From April 4 through the 8<sup>th</sup>, we organized an Intro workshop for Steve Gallegos here in Munich, and a second two days under the title "Into Wholeness". It was a great success, and roughly half of the attendees of the Into Wholeness session were old friends, i.e. graduates of the PTPP training which helped add to the high energy level.

During the Intro workshop, Steve asked us to journey to the animals of our present polarities. Here is a condensed version of what I experienced.

Journey to my present polarities

Giraffe, my animal of imagery, appeared and lead me to the place of *truth* and *untruth*. An Owl appeared as the truth. But it really couldn't show me anything, other than that what I presently feel and see right now are examples of the truth. Untruth was everywhere. But I was also not able to grasp it. In this struggle, figures and objects kept appearing and disappearing.

Suddenly *hide* and *seek* were the polarities!!

*Seek* kept looking for the hidden. But it was a never ending story. They even sat back to back in chairs and couldn't find each other. *Hide* always found new things and places for *seek* to search for. *Seek* finally realized that they both were part of the Wholeness. When they merged, a white lilly appeared being held by a dark cloaked figure. The figure was sad about the merging of hide and seek, because it meant to it the end of all things, or the ultimate wholeness, that immeasurable moment before the Big Bang.

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## Die Suche nach dem Selbst

von Sabrina Mašek, Austria

**Der Vogel setzte Corinna\* auf einer Insel ab und sagte: „Ich hab dich hier versteckt und du musst dich finden. Aber pass auf! Es lauern viele Gefahren – ich werde in deiner Nähe bleiben.“ Corinna machte sich auf den Weg, um „sich“ zu finden. Sie suchte ihren Weg entlang steiler Klippen, kämpfte sich durch dorniges Gestrüpp und erreichte schließlich einem Bergkamm. Der Vogel landete neben ihr und sagte: „Du musst jetzt sehr stark sein. Erschrick nicht bei dem, was du gleich sehen wirst. Ich bin bei dir.“ Corinna überquerte den Kamm und blickte in ein kleines Tal. Dort sah sie ihren Körper stehen, übersät von blutenden Wunden. Der Vogel sagte: „Es ist Zeit, dass du deine alten Wunden heilst. Ich werde dir dabei helfen.“**

Als „Reisebegleiterin“ zu den inneren Bildern habe ich unzählige berührende, fröhliche, traurige, kraftvolle Begegnungen mit Tieren erlebt. In meinem eigenen Prozess wuchs ich an und mit meinen Chakratieren. Ich konnte mit ihrer Unterstützung Seiten von mir kennenlernen und entwickeln, die mir bis dahin fremd waren oder Angst einjagten. Zum ersten Mal in meinem Leben hatte ich das Gefühl, nicht allein zu sein. In den Reisen lernte ich, meine Kraft zu entwickeln und meiner Intuition zu vertrauen. Meistens wurden mir auch im „wirklichen“ Leben (als ob diese andere Realität nicht wirklich wäre...) Situationen auf dem Silbertablett präsentiert, in denen ich mein neu erworbenes Wissen gleich anwenden konnte.

Wachstum und Transformation

In meinem Kehlchakra begegnete mir in meiner ersten Reise ein Igel. Er war sehr schüchtern und stellte all seine



Stacheln auf, als ich mich ihm näherte. Als sich alle Tiere zum Konzil versammelten, stellte er sich vor und sagte: Ich sollte eigentlich Eure Wünsche und Meinungen nach außen hin vertreten. Das fällt mir noch sehr schwer, deshalb bitte ich Euch, mich zu unterstützen und zu motivieren.“ Er setzte sich in den Heilkreis, und alle Tiere ließen Licht und Kraft aus ihrem Herzen zu ihm strömen. Der Igel wuchs und wurde sichtlich selbstbewusster. Er verließ den Kreis mit erhobenem Kopf. Einige Wochen später war der Igel plötzlich verschwunden und statt ihm trieb sich ein Löwe herum. Ich hatte ziemliche Angst vor ihm und sagte ihm das auch. Er unterrichtete mich streng, aber liebevoll im Brüllen. Ich lernte, meinen Schmerz und meine Wut zu zeigen - zumindest „auf Reisen“. Ich sagte ihm, dass ich es wohl nie schaffen würde, das auch im Außen zu tun. Er antwortete schmunzelnd: „Na klar kannst du das! Du wirst schon sehen!“ Zwei Stunden später besuchte ich meine Mutter, die immer wieder ein breites Spektrum an Gefühlen hervorgekitzelt hatte. Und staunend beobachtete ich mich, wie ich ihr alles, was mich verletzte, lautstark an den Kopf warf. Was für ein tolles Gefühl! Ich spürte die Kraft des Löwens – nicht Vernichtung, Unterdrückung oder Gewalt, sondern eine Herzensqualität, die Wahrheit auszudrücken und mich ganz so zu zeigen, wie es in meinem Inneren aussieht. Als ich türschlagend die Wohnung verließ, klopfte mir der Löwe anerkennend auf die Schulter.

#### Tierischer Humor

Die Tiere sind nicht nur weise und liebevoll, sie haben auch eine gehörige Portion Frechheit und schaffen es immer wieder, abgehobene Situationen durch eine treffende Bemerkung wieder auf die Erde zu bringen: Mein Stirntier hatte sich verwandelt. Zuerst war es ein Fuchs, dann ein Uhu, der „Fuhu“ hieß und plötzlich war da dieser weiße, etwas hochnäsige (oder –schnabelige) Vogel. Er stellte sich dem Raben (meinem Tier des Denkens) mit den Worten vor: „Ich bin der reine Geist!“ Der Rabe musterte ihn kurz von der Schnabelspitze bis zur Krallen und antwortete dann trocken: „Den reinen Geist kenne ich nur aus der Flasche – als Slibowitz.“ Das räumte dem weißen Vogel einiges von seiner Spiritualität ab, als er mit Spiritus verglichen wurde...

#### Starke Heilkraft

Lisa\* litt unter wiederkehrenden Blasenentzündungen und hatte Bekanntschaft mit allen Urologen der Umgebung gemacht, die ihr Antibiotika verschrieben und etwa im Monatsabstand Blasenspiegelungen anordneten. Bei einer der letzten Untersuchungen wurde ein Geschwür entdeckt, das – wie der aktuelle Urologe unkte – eine Vorstufe zu Krebs sein könnte und daher operativ entfernt werden müsse.

Lisas Wurzeltier war eine Königskobra, die sich in einem Heilkreis um sie legte und schützend ihren Schild über sie breitete. In der nächsten Reise verwandelte sich die Königskobra in einen Wasserdrachen, der in ihren Bauch tauchte und in ihre Blase schwamm. Dort leckte er mit seiner rauhen Zunge über das Geschwür.

Der Urologe war sehr erstaunt, als bei der nächsten Blasenspiegelung das Geschwür verschwunden war.

#### Alles nur eingebildet?

Jürgen\* hatte bei seiner ersten Reise alle Tiere getroffen, sie hatten einander in einer Versammlung kennengelernt und einige von ihnen hatten sich in den anschließenden Heilkreis gestellt, um Kraft zu tanken. Es war eine wirklich starke Reise gewesen. Als ich Jürgen wieder in das „Hier und Jetzt“ begleitet hatte, setzte er sich auf, rieb sich die Augen und fragte: „Hab ich mir das jetzt alles nur eingebildet? Hat sich mein Kopf das zusammengereimt?“ Ich hieß ihn willkommen im Kreis der Zweifler. Fast jede/r fragt sich, ob diese Bilder aus der eigenen Fantasie kommen. Und nach und nach merkt man, dass es eine reale Welt ist, in die man durch das Reisen eintaucht. Mehr noch – es ist eine Welt, die mit unserer Welt eng verwoben ist – Ereignisse in der einen Realität beeinflussen die andere.

#### Verwobene Welten

Manuela\* hatte in den Begnungen mit ihren Tieren viel Liebe erfahren. „Sie brauchen nichts von mir, nichts muss geschehen zwischen uns – wir können einfach miteinander Zeit verbringen und schweigen – das ist wunderschön! Sie sind bei mir und für mich da, ohne dass ich irgendwas dafür tun muss!“ Als Manuela später ihr Bauchtier traf, eine Schnecke, sagte diese: „Ich finde das gut, dass du jetzt Qigong machst, das macht mich ruhig. Aber das Schütteln gefällt mir nicht so gut – da werde ich ganz schwindlig!“ Manuela war total erstaunt, dass die Tiere immer da sind und auch Vorgänge in ihrem „normalen“ Leben wahrnehmen und kommentieren.

#### Ein Herzensweg

Für mich hat die dreijährige Ausbildung bei Steve Gallegos, der 2002 wieder eine Ausbildungsgruppe in

Österreich beginnen wird, eine Tür geöffnet: Zu mehr Lebendigkeit und Wahrhaftigkeit, zu Weisheit und Humor und zu meiner inneren Heilkraft, die viele alten Wunden geheilt hat. Meine Tiere haben mich sanft, aber unbestechlich die Stufen hinauf gelotst, die zu meinem Herzensweg führen: Als „Reisebegleiterin“ Menschen in Einzelreisen und Workshops an den Ort zu führen, an dem ihre Tiere sie endlich treffen können...

*Ruf mich an, wenn du Lust hast, deine Tiere kennenzulernen oder dich für einen Workshop oder die Ausbildung interessierst: 0699-10 41 42 92 oder schick mir ein mail: [sabrina.masek@utanet.at](mailto:sabrina.masek@utanet.at)!*

\* Namen geändert

# eT Totempole 2003

## Distribution

Dear Friends

The current 'system' is rather haphazard. especially for the US distribution as I have no central mailing list or "distribution" Center!.

### USA

If you are already receiving it regularly, great! There is no need for you to sent me any information. If you wish to receive the eTotempole directly from me please email me : [animalwork@espanola.com](mailto:animalwork@espanola.com). Only do this if you do not receive the eTotempole from someone else.

### Germany

If you are on Kiki and William Larro's eMail list, then you do already receive the eTotempole via Kiki and William. There is no need for you to sent me any information. Thank you Kiki and William for this service.

### Austria

Horst Lenes sends the eTotempole to all on his email list. Thank you Horst!

### Switzerland

I have not got a central distribution center here. If you are on Kiki and William's list then you do receive the eTotempole from them. If you need to receive the eTotempole directly from me please email me.

### Denmark

Kaare Claudewitz sends it to interested people in Denmark. Thank you Kaare.

### Australia

Frank Coughlan distributes it in Australia.

### Ireland

Audrey Dickson distributes it in Ireland.

## Publishing Schedule 2003

The proposed publishing schedule for the eTotempole for 2003 is as follows:

March 2003: contributions by March 10th

June 2003: Contributions by June 10th

September 2003: Contributions by September 10th

December 2003: Contributions by December 10th

Expected distribution date is the 24th of each month. However, as this is an entirely single-handed voluntary effort, there may be changes to this.

## Contributions:

Contributions will be accepted from all member of the Community. They can be sent to Mary Diggin directly at [animalwork@espanola.com](mailto:animalwork@espanola.com).

### Community Pages:

These serve as a notice board for the community. PTPP practitioners can list workshops and events there.

### General Pages:

The eTotempole accepts articles, accounts of journeys, poetry, letters, photographs etc from members of the community.

### Languages

The main languages are German and English. However, given the International nature of our community, Danish, Irish (Gaelic), French, Spanish and Portuguese are also acceptable. Translations into English or German would be appreciated but not essential. I apologise that my German is not fluent enough to provide translations of editorials/instructions etc.

### Formatting:

Please send all materials in DIGITAL format ie on cd-rom or by email.

**Text:** Either Microsoft word .doc or any Mac format.

**Graphics:** Any conventional digital format (jpg, jpeg, gif tif etc).

**Graphic Resolution must be at 300dpi. This is extremely important!** The image quality will be reduced for email but needs to start at the highest quality if it is to be clear when emailed!! Please make sure any graphics sent are at 300dpi. The image should be sized at around 2in (10 cm) wide. I do not need very large images. If it needs to be bigger, than 2in or 10com, please try to compress it before emailing it. (zip)  
Artwork and photos are all acceptable.

### Print and screen Versions:

It is possible to create a high quality version of the eTotempole for printing out. However, it would be too large a file for email. I can create it and print it out or burn it to disc. There would be a minimum cost for doing this and for mailing it. Contact Mary Diggin if you ever need a high quality version.

The version usually sent out is a reduced quality pdf, images at 72 or 96 dpi i.e. suitable for online or computer screen viewing.

# News from Animals & Friends

## ... in Austria

### Talk:

Contacts: Horst Lenes : [horstlenes@chello.at](mailto:horstlenes@chello.at)  
Sabrina Masek: [sabrinamasek@utanet.at](mailto:sabrinamasek@utanet.at)



*This is the group who finished their training with Steve in Austria in 2002 and who form the committee for the Festival 2004*

## ... in Portugal

### Talk:

May 12 Steve Gallegos will give an Evening Talk at 9 PM in Beja, Portugal, contact person Amelia Sarmiento [emsarmiento@clix.pt](mailto:emsarmiento@clix.pt)

## ... in Denmark

### Workshop Information:

Contacts Please contact Kaare Claudewitz for information on Trainings and Workshops with Steve Gallegos in Denmark. The 2004 training is currently being organized. It will be an English language training, geared for Therapists. [kchypno@image.dk](mailto:kchypno@image.dk)

## ... in Germany

### Workshop Information:

Contacts The following people all organize workshops in Germany for either Steve Gallegos or Margaret Vasington or both..

**William and Kiki Larro:** [totempole@onlinehome.de](mailto:totempole@onlinehome.de) (München)  
[www.totempole.de](http://www.totempole.de)

**Corinna Veit:** [CorinnaVeit@begegnungs-reisen.de](mailto:CorinnaVeit@begegnungs-reisen.de) (Lindau)

**Mona Gimbel-Goepfert,** at telephone (Frankfurt) 0049(0)69 - 751 997.

## ... in Australia

### Contact:

Frank Coughlan is the contact for the PTPP® in Australia. Please check with him for forthcoming workshops etc.

**email** frankacoughlan@bigpond.com

**home page** <http://www.deepimagery.com>

**Address** 10 Hampson St.  
Kelvin Grove  
QLD 4059  
Australia

### Second Australian Festival:

Following the great success of last year's International Festival of the Animals, many attenders suggested the setting up of an annual Australian festival. Thus, the Second Annual Australian Festival of the Animals will be held in early December, 2003.

The venue will be the same: Camp Bornhoffen, 1.5 hours easy driving south of Brisbane. At this stage, it is envisaged that the Festival will run over a weekend with a choice of two workshops on Saturday morning, Saturday afternoon, Sunday morning and Sunday afternoon.

Frank Coughlan

## ... in Ireland

### Workshop Information:

**Contact** Audrey Dickson for general information on the animalwork in Ireland and workshops, trainings etc. with Margaret Vasington. [audic@esatclear](mailto:audic@esatclear).

**Sept 8-10** **Exploring our Tribal Heritage**, with Mary Diggin.  
Bayfield House, New Quay, The Burren.  
Send applications and queries to Mary at [animalwork@espanola.com](mailto:animalwork@espanola.com) or PO Box 468, Velarde NM 87582. We need to get a feel for numbers asap.

The workshop will explore the Celtic and pre-Celtic Tribal heritage of Europe. The Island Celts of Ireland and Wales are probably the best self documented people in the world. Their stories and traditions have been well preserved and provide a rich starting point for our exploration of our own tribalism. The workshop will explore the relationship between the sexes, the outlook, values and traditions of the people and the spiritual practices of the Celts through story, Imagery, ritual and the Brehon Laws. The workshop will include at least 2 afternoon excursions.

You are welcome to stay at Bayfield House before and after the workshop, between Sept 6-13 2003.

## ... in the USA

### Forth Coming Workshops

July 12-17     **Dream Workshop**, River Spirit, NM USA  
Apply to Steve at [eligios@espanola.com](mailto:eligios@espanola.com)

Accommodation at River Spirit is in geodesic Domes and Tents. Camping is free.  
If you prefer, we can send you a list of B&Bs in the area.

July 19        **One Day Introductory Workshop to the PTPP.**  
River Spirit NM USA  
Contact [animalwork@espanola.com](mailto:animalwork@espanola.com) for details.

Aug 16-24    **The Maker and The Making**- Alexander technique for Fiber Artists.  
Contact Robyn Avalon, [alexandersw@earthlink.net](mailto:alexandersw@earthlink.net)

### Trainings

Ongoing     **Jeannette Samanen** continues her training in the Philadelphia area. You can contact her at [jsamanen@worldlynx.net](mailto:jsamanen@worldlynx.net) .

**Richard Allen** and **Margaret Vasington** continue their ongoing training/workshops.  
You can contact Richard at [chonyi@shore.net](mailto:chonyi@shore.net) for details.

New         **Steve Gallegos** may offer a new training in the NE USA again shortly. Phyllis Brooks is the organizer. Contact her at [heartspirit@hotmail.com](mailto:heartspirit@hotmail.com)

### Festival of the Animals 2003

Sept. 25-28    At the Angela Center, Santa Rosa, Ca (about an hour north of San Francisco). The theme will be Waging Peace. The cost will be \$300.00 per person and include meals from Thursday dinner to Sunday lunch. We welcome workshops and volunteers. People can contact Debra at [Debvickroy@aol.com](mailto:Debvickroy@aol.com) with workshop proposals. The Festival Flyer will be going out soon via the IIVR mailing list. Email Rhonda at [iivr@hotmail.com](mailto:iivr@hotmail.com), if you do not receive one.