



Haute École

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Relating to Horses

Beyond Glory

Breeding to See What I'll Get

Two Journeys Begin

An Impulse for Impulsion

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Left Half Empty and Right Half Full: The Neuroscience of Relating to Horses

by Allan Hamilton, MD, FACS

Dr. Allan Hamilton is a Harvard-trained brain surgeon and well-known horse trainer who has worked in equine-assisted experiential learning for fifteen years.

His first book, *The Scalpel and the Soul*, won the 2009 Nautilus Silver award for spiritual non-fiction that changes the world "one book at a time." Previous winners include Eckhart Tolle, Deepak Chopra, and His Holiness the Dalai Lama.

His latest book, *Zen Mind, Zen Horse. The Science and Spirituality of Working with Horses* (Storey Publishing), was just released.

Dr. Hamilton holds professorships at the University of Arizona and also works as a script consultant for the ABC TV series "Grey's Anatomy" and "Private Practice."

This longtime LANA member raises Lipizzan horses on his ranch in Tucson, AZ and can be reached at info@ranchobosque.com.



Homo sapiens has been around for a little more than two hundred thousand years; the *Equus* species for four million. One became the *über* predator of the whole planet and the other was the ultimate prey animal; no horns, no antlers, no special armor plating, just hoofs to kick and flee as fast as its powerful frame could carry it. That strategy, along with the potential for domestication, has worked well for the horse. It learned how to live peacefully in large herds. It used an extensive, eloquent system of reading each other's body language and assiduously sifting through its environment for the least hint of predators. The horse learned to read the environment, to "sense" it at a visceral, intuitive level. Naturally, the more tuned into his environment a horse was, the more likely he was to survive and get his genes into the next generation. Over millions of years, nature selected for an exquisite prey animal, with senses tingling and the ability to surge to dizzying acceleration in fractions of a second.

Human biology, however, was a more recent, restless, and dynamic phenomenon. And one that would carry our primate ancestors in a radically different, almost diametrically opposed direction. Our original forebears were descended from an arboreal primate species that found itself trapped by an environmental shift (literally a change in the inclination of the earth axis) that caused the rich jungles of Africa to turn into arid savannas. They had to make a leap of faith: cling in the treetops of a shrinking, doomed jungle or abandon

the trees altogether and launch themselves into the unknown of the grassland. Facing a world of unfamiliar terrain and dangers, this brave band of primates set off to wander the landscape, foraging and scavenging at first, but, eventually, learning to hunt, to make better killing tools, and, later, to pursue in well coordinated and increasingly lethal family bands and tribes. These unique conditions set the stage for our species evolving to develop a new power. It would prove to be the most potent biological power evolution had ever unleashed on the six billion year-old planet Earth; namely, language.

In a period of several hundred thousand years, the human brain had quadrupled in size from its nearest primate relatives. A massive, convoluted surface on the brain, called the neocortex, was the driving force behind the exponential increase in brain size. An enormous amount of this structure became devoted to the development of language function.

The invention of language was critical to humans being able to learn from preceding generations and continue to improve weapons, dwellings, and methods of agriculture. Language became the tool for learning. All other species could only depend on the achingly slow process of evolution—it took more than thirty thousand years for a single mutation to take place. But humans could continually expand their data base using language. Instead of having to evolve over thousands of generations to its environment, a creature was born that could simply adapt to its environment. The same species could thrive on a tropical island, the expanse of the desert, or the frigid Arctic. Yes, a chimp may use a stick to dig out termites but one hundred thousand years later, it still had not invented the backhoe to dig them out or created termite farms to permit industrial production.



from Lascaux Cave

Language became human's greatest gift but also its curse. We have all become entirely dependent on language. In fact, our neocortex became super-specialized so that even more area could be devoted exclusively to language function. The left side of the brain was taken over by language function and so was our consciousness. Our entire thought processes were translated into language. We began to hear an internal voice—an incessant stream of our brain's cognitive chatter. Humans developed an internalized individuality, what brain scientist Antonio Damasio, has termed "the autobiographical self." The left, dominant hemisphere of our brains developed an ego—a "me" inside that was distinct and separate from everything else.

As humanity began to spread out over the surface of the planet and populate all kinds of environmental niches, there were a few species that primitive humans learned to domesticate. Starting about thirty thousand years ago in the fossil record, we begin to see the bones begin to intermix more frequently with our own. In every human dwelling in the archeological record from five thousand years ago, they are there with us: the horse. As the predatory human species developed more sophisticated dwelling and cultures, the horse fed us and carried us.

There is a folk tale that tells of a time when human beings lived in harmony with all the animals. Gradually, as human language set in, human beings set themselves apart from the other animals and began to hunt them—so far, a pretty accurate summation. As the story goes, the animals went to the Creator to complain about the predatory ways of man and the Creator made a great earthquake come that would split the world in two, forever separating the humans from the rest of the animals. As the split opened up, the human beings were suddenly

afraid to be left all alone and begged some—any—of the animals to forgive them and join with them. At the last moment, the horse jumped across the gap to stand with the humans. Some of the first recorded art in history, the cave drawings in Lascaux, France, believed to be thirty thousand years old, were dedicated to celebrating the horse.



Alexander the Great and Bucephalus

So a profound—almost mythological—relationship has arisen between humans and horses. Horses are the

stuff of legend, from Perseus and Pegasus, to Gandalf and Shadowfax. And horses are almost synonymous with their masters out of the pages of history, from Alexander's Bucephalus, who carried the Macedonian king from Greece to the farthest reaches of Pakistan, to Napoleon's legendary Arabian mount Marengo. Napoleon's horse was considered such an integral part of his charismatic image



Napoleon and Marengo

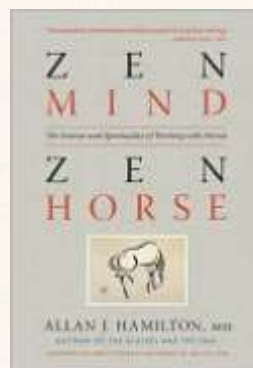
as a military commander that when the Emperor was forced to surrender after the battle of Waterloo and spend the rest of his life exiled on the island of St. Helene, his horse was taken by his English captors to live on British soil till the end of his days. When Marengo died, his skeleton was put on display (and is to this day) in the National War Museum as a reminder of the British victory over Napoleon. In fact, one of his hoofs was made into a snuff box as a memento by an officer of the Grenadier Guards to celebrate their stand at Waterloo against Napoleon's famed and, until then, undefeated French Imperial Guard.

So why is it that humans identify so much with horses? Why do Alexander's and Napoleon's horses seem imbued with the conquering vision of their riders? I think it comes back to language. As a neurosurgeon and a horse trainer, I am always impressed how the non-verbal nature of horses forces us to quiet our inner voice. We cannot use language for encouragement, like we might for a dog. "Here, boy! Here, boy!" will not entice a horse over a jump. We must build up the horse with our intention. We bring our energy to surge into his gait as he collects himself before the jump and then, almost viscerally, we seem to feel a release and then take flight with the horse as he launches himself so adroitly into the air.

The horse seems to simply take a short cut around our language, our inner voice, which is constantly distracting us from connecting with the world around us. When free of language, we can relate directly, viscerally with the horse. We do not need to understand how the horse knows what we want, we need to *feel* it. Horses teach us that what we access by feeling is just as valid as what we know by reasoning.

Consider this: when we wish, as human beings, to reach a state of spiritual connection, what do we do? In a place of worship, we might close our eyes and chant a prayer over and over. It might be a mantra that keeps us focused on the repetition of the sounds as a way of pulling our minds away from our inner voice. Or it could be beating on a drum, handling beads, turning a prayer wheel. Or we might just meditate, focusing our attention on a flame or closing our eyes and concentrating on our breathing. Why go to all this trouble? Because access to a spiritually connected state of mind requires us to take the left hemisphere, with its sense of isolated self and ego, "off line." The trick to developing a sense of spiritual connection is to lose the sense of self. And that is precisely what horses are best at doing.

So the next time you go out to your barn or take your horse out of his stall, remember: this is a master species in its own right. It calls on us to partner with him at an emotional and intuitive level--beyond the reach of our ego and the lies we tell ourselves to feed it. He seeks to guide us to join him in his world, beyond language, and beyond the constraints of our own species' evolution.



Dr. Hamilton's books are available through the LANA Store at www.Lipizzan.org/store.html

LANA Members receive a 10% discount

Odd News Reportedly of the Spanish Riding School

from the Lancashire Telegraph, Great Britain



The 140th Great Harwood Agricultural Show, May 26, will be moving to a new and larger show grounds. Great Harwood is a small town in the Hyndburn district of Lancashire, England, 4 1/2 miles north east of Blackburn. To highlight the last show at the traditional site, special events and exhibitions are scheduled.

These special events include:

- ferret racing,
- a Romany fortune teller,
- archery contests,
- and ...
- a demonstration of show-jumping from the Spanish Riding School, with riders wearing traditional Spanish flamenco costume, on horses of Andalusian origin.



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Beyond Glory

by Colonel James Patton Totten



I love to be around horses. I like the way they look; I like the way they feel; I like the way they smell; I even like the way their nose tickles when they check you out for a carrot or a lump of sugar. To me, being in a stable full of horses is very calming. That's a good thing: growing up Patton, I didn't really have much choice. My Grandmother had all her grandchildren on a pony before they were five and I have vivid memories of being run away with astride an evil beast, aptly named Red Rocket. But, 'all's well that ends well' and I have had a life-long fondness for horses ever since. But, when my cousin, Pat Waters, asked me to represent the family at the Columbus, Ohio performance of the Spanish Riding School, commemorating the 60th anniversary of their rescue, I was completely unprepared for what I would see and feel.

The marriage of horse and rider is truly performance art. Having watched my older sister in the dressage ring growing up, I have a real appreciation for the years of work and dedication that are invested in each stallion. But, sometimes it is best to not over analyze and simply enjoy the show. In Columbus, my wife, Jody, and I and our son and daughter-in-law also received a tour of the stable and an explanation of the Lipizzaner stallion and rider relationship which, in and of itself, was amazing. We were hosted by Dr. Delphi Toth, of the Lipizzan Association of North America, who had arranged for a member of the Patton family to be at each performance of the USA tour. When Jody and I and some friends journeyed to Vienna in October of this year, we were lucky enough to have a private visit to the Spanish Riding School arranged for us by Delphi and by Mrs. Elisabeth Gürtler, its Managing Director.



We had a marvelous time. We were met by Alena Skrabanek and Bereiter (Rider) Herwig Radnetter when we arrived and allowed to watch a schooling session from the Emperor's Box at the head of the arena. I'm sure the other observers were curious about who we were and it was kind of fun to imagine for a moment that we were some sort of visiting head of state and not just a bunch of American tourists with a historical connection. Later, we were given a full tour of the stable and it was a real pleasure to be greeted by a group of gentle, friendly, and *curious* horses. I came away with a renewed appreciation of the work of the school and the professionalism of the riders and supporting staff.

I am embarrassed to admit that, until I met the stallions and their riders in 2005, I had only a vague understanding of the role my Grandfather had played in their preservation and even less appreciation for the love and respect with which he is regarded in Lipizzaner circles. The story of the preservation of the breed in the last days of World War II is so amazing that it could not have been written by an author of even the most imaginative war time thriller; and, while Granpa played a major part in preserving the Lipizzaners, the real credit should go to the men of the Second US Cavalry and the German cavalry officers who conspired to winkle the mares and foals out from under the nose of, and off the dinner table, of the approaching Soviet Army, literally days and hours before the end of the war.



In March of 1945, the Director of the Spanish Riding School, Austrian Colonel of Cavalry Alois Podhajsky, removed the stallions from Vienna to an estate at St. Martins, Austria to avoid allied bombing and the approaching Russian army. However, the Lipizzaner mares and foals had already been seized by the German army and were being kept at a German army remount station in Hostau, in what is now the Czech Republic. In the last days of the war, with fuel in very short supply, the German army, which had always relied on horse drawn transport, was even more dependent on it, and the Lipizzaner mares were at risk to be pressed into service hauling supplies, or worse, slaughtered to feed the starving populace, or the approaching Soviets.

What followed is one of those war stories that is so improbable it could never have been made up. In April 1945, Colonel Hancock Reed, Commander of the 2nd Armored Cavalry Group, was shown a photo of a Lipizzaner mare by a captured German General, and told that a herd of valuable purebreds was being held at Hostau, cared for by allied POWs. Colonel Reed, a cavalryman from the "old army" and an accomplished equestrian in his own right, asked permission of Patton's 3rd Army Headquarters to be allowed to stage a mission to rescue the horses. He received the requested permission from Patton himself and the story gets even more interesting.

Reed dispatched a German prisoner by bicycle to contact the commander of the remount station and ask for their cooperation. The Germans responded by sending their veterinarian riding a Lipizzaner and leading another to rendezvous with the Americans and return to Hostau, on horseback, with an American who would negotiate the surrender.

With a negotiated settlement in hand, upon arrival of the "attacking" Americans, the Germans greeted them with an honor guard and surrendered to the 42nd Squadron of the 2nd Armored Cavalry Group which then occupied Hostau. A German SS unit realizing the Americans were in Hostau, attacked and were repulsed by a defending force made up of American troops, Polish and Russian Cossack former POWs, and even some of the former German guards.

The war ended a week later. But there was more drama to come. Captain Stewart, the commander of the 2nd Cavalry task force occupying Hostau became aware that the Czechoslovakian Communist party and the Soviet Army were planning to relocate the herd further inside what was to become the Iron Curtain. Again, with Patton's permission, he organized a covert operation in which the remada of purebreds was moved into Austria by wranglers made up of the Cossack POWs, some Germans, and a few American cowboys accompanied by trucks transporting German and Czechoslovakian refugees fleeing the Russians and mares too pregnant to travel with the herd. That must have been quite an operation, reminiscent of the Special Operations riding into action in Afghanistan against the Taliban.

Sometimes it is instructive to try to look at history through the eyes of its participants. We all know how it turned out. It's a great yarn, full of daring acts and courage. But try to imagine what it must have been like for those American cavalrymen working to save the Lipizzaner mares in the days leading up to the end of the war. At the outset, they had no assurance that the troops at the remount station would surrender; they also knew there were SS troops in the area, who could, and did, attack. Later, they, or at least their commanders, knew they were risking an international incident in an already fragile relationship with their Russian allies by removing the herd from Hostau. Patton himself had already been severely criticized for mounting another unorthodox raid to liberate a German POW camp at Hammelberg. What might have happened if the operation to save the mares had gone wrong? What about the German cavalrymen who helped deliver the mares? Their country and civilization was about to be eradicated and their own lives were at risk. But they were willing to take the risks required to save the horses. True to the ethos of the cavalry to "plan and execute from the saddle," my Grandfather, Colonel Reed, and the other American cavalrymen, would rather ask forgiveness than permission and assembled a joint operation involving former enemies which was dedicated to preserving an important and integral part of cultural history for the ages. We have them to thank for what is, today, a thriving institution.



Photographs courtesy of
the Spanish Riding School in Vienna



Movies with Lipizzans: Buffalo Bill and the Indians

This issue's featured movie is Buffalo Bill and the Indians (or Sitting Bull's History Lesson) starring Paul Newman, Joel Grey, Harvey Keitel, Geraldine Chaplin, Denver Pyle, Kevin McCarthy, Will Sampson, Pat McCormack, Shelley Duvall, Burt Lancaster and a cast of 500 including American Lipizzan stallion **Pluto Calcedona**. This film was directed by Robert Altman with Dino De-Laurentis as Executive Producer. It won the Golden Bear award for the best film at the 1976 Berlin Film Festival.

Buffalo Bill and the Indians features Pluto Calcedona in the role of Buffalo Bill's own horse. Pluto Calcedona, who was born in 1961 at Raflyn Farm, is a significant stallion in the pedigrees of many American Lipizzans.

In this satirical historical western comedy, Buffalo Bill (Paul Newman) plans to expand on his own successful Wild West show by hiring legendary Chief Sitting Bull to appear in the show. However, Sitting Bull has his own hidden agenda, involving the President of the United States and General Custer. Throughout the film, what is real, what is show business, and what is publicity/myth blend, then go out of focus, then create multiple realities, distortions and occasional truths.

Watch for the not so subtle humor: the smallest man speaks through the biggest megaphones, Buffalo Bill's famous long hair is actually a wig, Annie Oakley's props are held by a very shaky Frank Butler who does get shot occasionally, and Buffalo Bill's simple solution to his excessive drinking is to have only one drink a day, but his "glass" is a huge loving-cup that holds a quart or two or three of whiskey.

Burt Lancaster's character, the writer who helped create the myth around Buffalo Bill, functions as a Greek chorus, narrator and commentator. But above all, watch for Pluto Calcedona who will steal your attention whenever he is on the screen.



Available as a DVD through LANA's online (www.lipizzan.org/store.html)

Breeding to ... See What I'll Get

by Judy Berkley

At a horse and carriage auction in Ohio Amish country, the PA system gave a metallic squawk as the auctioneer announced the next consignment. Coming through, he said, was a pair of driving horses that were full siblings, three and four years old, and matched in color. Though smallish, the brown youngsters calmly pulled a farm wagon around the arena. Then, the announcer said they were Standardbred and Haflinger crossbreds.

I gave my companion, Larry Smith, a puzzled look and said, "Uh, what?" Larry, who is the proprietor of Antes & Smith, Inc., buys, sells, transports, and consults on carriages. He also helps beginners (that's why I was there) to learn the basics of horse-drawn vehicles. Larry shrugged at the, shall we say, haphazard mating of two disparate breeds.

The problem with the pair of *Standlingers*, as expressed by Larry, was their size; too big to fit pony-sized vehicles and too small to fit horse-sized carriages. The *Standlingers* looked to be between 14 and 15 hands. Even as a pair, Larry said, they might not have the strength to manage a carriage built for 15-16 hand horses. If a non-Amish client purchased the off-sized pair and asked Larry to shop for a carriage, he'd have quite a challenge.

What about the *Standlingers*? Were they sold? Yes, to an Amish fellow. But, something about their size kept nagging my mind. Isn't there a term for a 14-15 hand horse? Yes, there is. It's a "galloway."

The term is all that's left of a breed once native to Scotland and northern England. The Galloway was a nice, hardy, small horse that became extinct due to outcrossing. It was used to create the Highland, Fell, and Newfoundland ponies and the now extinct Narragansett Pacer. But, somehow the Galloway, whose unique attributes breeders must have admired, just ceased to exist.

Standlingers and *Galloways* came to mind recently when I was talking to Dr. Delphi Toth, a Lipizzan breeder. She received an inquiry about stud service and asked the caller, "What breed is the mare?" The answer: Bashkir Curly. Delphi declined to have her stallion service the mare, but privately chuckled, "I just didn't want to be responsible for a Curly Lip."

The idea of Curly Lips set off a round of speculation in my mind. What other hodgepodge Lipizzan combinations could there be? Appaloosa/Lipizzan cross resulting in a "Loosa Lips?" (In World War II, it was said that Loosa Lips Sink Ships.) Lipizzan/Andalusian cross resulting in "Lipilusan?" (OK, those two breeds qualify as kissing cousins.) How about crossing a Tennessee Walking Horse with a Lipizzan to get a "Walkizzan?" (That sounds like a race for people who are too slow to run.) If there were Painted Lips, would they wear lip gloss?

Yes, you're right. I did get carried away. However, I think too many horse-owners have gotten carried away with producing horses simply because they can and without giving it much thought. I'm growing weary of indiscriminate breeding and the consequences it can have for horses.

In fact, I've developed a standard response whenever I hear people say:

"I'd like to breed my [insert grade stallion of no particular merit] to my [mare of equally unimpressive quality]...TO SEE WHAT I'LL GET."

Or: *"I'd like to breed my black and white paint stud to my Palomino mare...TO SEE WHAT I'LL GET."*

At that point, I jump in and say, "I can tell you exactly what you'll get. Exactly! To the tee!" In wonderment, they stare at me and await the prophecy. I waft my hands in the air, in the manner of a proper soothsayer, and then I say, "What you'll get is...ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED."

Is the See-What-I'll-Get approach to breeding exclusive to the United States? Americans are imbued with the build-a-better-mousetrap mentality and even people of moderate means can own enough land to support horses. So, I rather suspect, we might be the worst offenders. And, if the preceding examples give off a whiff of snobbery or a suggestion that See-What-I'll-Get breeding is conducted solely by people who keep their horses next to trailer parks, then let me correct that impression. Because, isn't fancy schmancy, high dollar horse breeding, when you get right down to it, just a gussied up version of See-What-I'll-Get?

Here's what that sounds like:

- Choose a stallion whose strong points compensate for your mare's shortcomings...and see what you'll get. Could be a foal with the weak points of both parents, then you have ... another mouth to feed.

- Choose a stallion that is this show season's hot shot glam our boy for your mare...and see what you'll get. Could be the next big thing or ... another mouth to feed.

- Choose a paint horse stallion for your paint stock mare and see what you'll get. Could be color galore or ... another solid color) mouth to feed.

Well, you may argue, hasn't horse breeding always been an exercise in See-What-I'll-Get? Haven't most modern breeds resulted from out crosses and experimentation? Of course. But the aim was to achieve something beyond Another Mouth To Feed. At the royal or state run studs, the goal was to establish a standard of quality that could be consistently replicated, not to produce a one-of-a-kind See-What-I'll-Getter.

Consider the Orlov Trotter, a breed that was originated and supervised for decades by one man, Count Alexei Orlov (1737-1808) who sought to develop riding and carriage horses that had the speed and endurance to cover long distances across the vast Russian landscape. The Orlov Trotter was known for its hereditary fast trot and stamina, combined with beauty and elegance from its origins in Arabian, Friesian and English breeds. Count Orlov not only succeeded in creating a carriage horse breed that was and still is darned good, but he also created or refined other unique breeds, including the Orloff chicken and the Borzoi (Russian wolfhound).

Then, there is the magnificent Lipizzan breed that was developed during Hapsburg reign, beginning in the 16th Century, not as Another Mouth To Feed, but specifically as a noble and elegant horse to be used for ceremonial duties in the capital city of Vienna. But, it was a horse whose outstanding intelligence and athletic abilities allowed it to perform superbly in carriage driving, dressage riding, and military activities. Thanks to the careful preservation of Lipizzan bloodlines and the responsible conservancy of the breed, the Lipizzan today is one of, if not the greatest, performance horse breeds.

What do the origins of Orlov and Lipizzan breeding programs have in common? Vision. Knowledge. Planning. Patience. Consistency. Long term specific goals. And, guess what? Despite minor differences from one breed to another, well-conformed horses have a certain balanced look.

Thus, if a well-conformed horse that is the product of a sensible breeding program needs to change jobs or to change owners, it can do so. But, what do we see these days in See-What-I'll-Get America? We see Quarter Horses bred to be reining horses whose necks are below the withers so the heads hang near the ground. We see Arabians bred for the show industry with necks so long, it's hard for them to remain on the bit. We see purebred halter horses in a number of breeds that are post-legged, or cow-hocked, or out behind, or pencil-necked, seemingly made of spare parts, the result of any number of unnatural fashion statements aimed at pleasing the fickle horse show industry.

What thought has been given to the aftermarket use of horses that have been bred for a particular niche? After its career, will a reining horse that was bred to stare at the ground be able to have another life as a trail horse or a driving horse or any use that involves being able to look where it's going? Sadly, some of these questions are being answered now.

Owing to the economic downturn that shows no signs of turning around, thousands of horses are going to auction where they

Classical Breeding



are sold for a pittance if they are sold at all. Others are being turned loose to fend for themselves by cash-strapped owners who can't feed those extra mouths. Many of the no longer affordable horses are the result of See-What-I'll-Get breeding, both low end and high quality. It's a

bonanza for meat buyers but a heart-rending situation for true horse lovers. And, one that begs the question, how can we prevent this from happening again?

In the soul-searching that should follow such a catastrophe, many factors will have to be considered. But, part of the answer may reside with antique breeds like Orlov Trotters and Lipizzans. Both breeds have been decimated by war, civil unrest, changing fashions, shifting borders, and the propensity by breeders (in the case of Orlovs) for outcrossing, yet they still exist.

The Lipizzan breed seems to be the most successful survivor of history's vicissitudes. For the past 400+ years, the fate of Lipizzans was enmeshed with European history. During the Napoleonic Wars, the Lipizzans were frequently moved out of harm's way. Later, the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the reconfiguration of new states jeopardized the breed. And, the two World Wars that engulfed and ravaged Europe could have exterminated the Lipizzans.

But, even in conditions of utmost hardship, the breed's custodians have always struggled valiantly to preserve the peerless equine treasure. The most celebrated intervention on behalf of the Lipizzans was the 1945 evacuation of the "White Stallions" of the Spanish Riding School by the school's director, Colonel Alois Podhajsky. Less well known to the general public is the fate of the Lipizzan mares and foals that had been confiscated by the German High Command and held at the German Remount Depot at Hostau, Czechoslovakia.

The recovery of the precious breeding stock from Hostau came about through a happenstance meeting and unlikely friendship between U.S. Army Colonel Charles Reed and a German general. War time enemies, both fearing the advancing Russian army would destroy the horses, struck a deal. German officers who admired the Lipizzans, cooperated with the Americans in the horses' rescue. Commanding General George S. Patton gave his approval and as part of "Operation Cowboy" the mares and foals were returned to Austrian soil.

[In that *beau geste*, I seem to hear the words of a toast that was always offered up at gatherings of horse-lovers by Dr. Leslie Kozsely, a great aficionado of Lipizzans who competed his pairs and four-in-hand teams of Lipizzans in Combined Driving competitions in North America and Europe. Dr. Kozsely would raise his glass and say, "Whenever we are together, we are brothers and sisters because of THE HORSE. We toast THE HORSE!"]

What accounts for the devotion the Lipizzan has inspired? Whenever the need was great, a cadre of admirers could see in Lipizzans the confluence of tradition, romance, artistry, and the dedication of breeders long dead, and were willing to do whatever it took to pass that living legacy--unchanged, unsullied, and intact--to the next generation. How fortunate other breeds would be to have even a small portion of that passionate commitment.

If and when, the American horse industry recovers, we need to take lessons from the Lipizzan folks. First of all, haphazard amateurish See-What-I'll-Get breeding has got to go. We need to breed fewer horses and better horses. We need to reaffirm and adhere to breed standards. We need to respect and breed for functional conformation. We need to preserve quality and purity where we find it. And even within the Lipizzan breed, we need to remember to respect always the classical breeding legacy.

And, that probably means saying "No" to Standlingers and Curly Lips.

See-What-I'll-Get Breeding



Judy Berkley, a new Member of LANA, is the author of a forthcoming book entitled, *Justice for Speedy. A True Horse Story*. To preview the book and read excerpts, visit www.justiceforspeedy.com

Two Journeys Begin

by Sylvia Harmon

Supple, relaxed, balanced and harmonious are the words I would use to describe the relationship between my daughter, Samantha Friedenberg, and our first Lipizzan, Pluto Melodina (Pluto 3 Fantasca X Melodina). However, this was not always the case.

My daughter, Samantha, is a 31-year-old Veterinarian from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Our family moved from Bethlehem to Wellington, Florida when she was a young girl. As a young rider, she was involved in a variety of riding disciplines, however dressage became her passion at 15-years-old when she began to take dressage lessons on our Grand Prix Schoolmaster, Magnum. Since then she has trained with many accomplished dressage instructors and riders, and she has shown through 4th level on multiple horses. While acquiring her veterinary degree at the University of Florida, Samantha successfully competed and also instructed her students to multiple year end awards. As a result of this, she was presented with Canterbury Showplace's Trainer of the Year award in 2006. Currently she works as the Program Director for Northampton Community and Lehigh Carbon Community College Veterinary Technician Program. She also has been the coach of the Lehigh Valley Dressage Association's Adult Team for two consecutive years.

Ten years ago, our lives took a dramatic turn in events. Samantha was riding our 17 hand thoroughbred and I decided to purchase a dressage horse that was more my size. One of the breeds I researched was the Lipizzan. I inquired about a 4-year-old gelding and was sent a video tape of Pluto Melodina. At this point he was unbroken. He danced to Celtic tunes, showing off his incredible and natural piaffe, passage and flying changes. The other videos of schooled horses were all returned after my daughter watched the video and said, "I want that baby!" He was "mail ordered" after his successful pre-purchase exam and shipped to our farm a month later.

The eighteen-wheeler delivered him to our farm one month later. I was so excited at his arrival! All I wanted to do was give him a huge hug. I put him in his newly bedded stall, he walked quietly into his run out, pinned his ears back and put his rear end to me, clearly stating, "Don't touch me, lady." My dreams of having an affectionate relationship with my newly acquired young horse were put on the side burner. "Mel" was Mr. No. He did not enjoy being groomed, would not allow me to pick his feet, give him a bath, or put on fly spray. I was lucky if he allowed me to clean his stall when he was present.

All of these negative things were about to change. Samantha was graduating from col-



lege and coming back to south Florida. She began his work under saddle and I started trailering him to natural horsemanship classes to teach him basic ground manners. Mel seemed to enjoy the challenges of learning new things and he flourished under saddle. Although difficult at times, the bond and respect that he and my daughter created through the training seemed destined to be life-long.

In 2002, I trailered Mel and Samantha to Venice, Florida for their first recognized competition together at Introductory Level. They won both of their classes, including one score of 71%. That year they also competed at a schooling show in Wellington, Florida, scoring in the top three in both classes of twelve competitors.

In 2003, Sam was accepted into the University of Florida's College of Veterinary Medicine. I rode Mel while Sam was at school. During her breaks, she would come home to visit.



Samantha & Mel



When Mel heard Sam call his name he would buck for joy! This was the only time I have ever seen a horse express their emotions toward a person in that way. While Sam was

Training Level in 2009. Their Training Level Test 3 average was 67% and they were recognized as show Training Level champions. In 2010, they were the Lehigh Valley Dressage Association's First Level Test 3 Champions.

This year Sam decided to focus on training and Mel has excelled with more challenging work. She participates in regular lessons with Sahar and periodic clinics with Jessica Jo Tate.

Mel's eyes light up when given the chance to perform in front of an audience. Mel, the collection machine, must always be worked with quiet intensity. He responds

negatively to forceful aids and he may never be told what to do. He responds to Samantha's quiet aids as if he were already trained to Grand Prix and has been waiting for her to ask him to perform. He has an innate ability and knowledge of classical dressage and does not necessarily need to be trained but merely shown what is expected. We saw this potential in his 4-year-old sales

in school, I took lessons and rode Mel to the best of my ability but our connection would never be quite the same as his was with my daughter.

In honor of my 50th birthday he bucked me off at the arena entrance and took a tour of the property. At this point, it was very clear to me that he had decided I was not his "person."

Sam graduated in 2007 and moved to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. I shipped Mel to a facility close to her home and she started riding him again in her spare time. Sam and Mel resumed where they left off and they began to train and show under the supervision of Sahar Hirosh. With Sahar's attention to detail and encouragement toward the Lipizzan's natural talent, Sam and Mel were Lehigh Valley Dressage Association Year End Champions for multiple awards at



video, but for Mel, it took a strong emotional bond to bring it to fruition. Currently, they are



schooling all 4th level movements, and also piaffe and passage.

In the end, the most rewarding thing for me is to see my daughter and this horse, who was once a difficult and rebellious youth, grow and learn together as one joyous and incredible unit. The best is yet to come.

← P.S. I now do have my OWN Lipizzan, "Neo" (Neapolitano Primabona II). So my daughter can enjoy her Lipizzan and I now have my long-awaited affectionate relationship with my very own lovely Lipizzan.



Sylvia & her Neo

An Impulse for Impulsion

by Susanne Desai

Pluto Fantasia arrived at my door just over a year and a half ago and he is inspiring me to learn what it takes to train a young horse correctly in classical dressage. I am merely an amateur who has ridden for years but my love for the art of dressage and the principles behind it compel me to stay true to my aspiration to ride Pluto kindly and correctly. This is a note on my progress.

The first time Pluto had a rider on his back he looked back at her and seemed to think, "Oh ok, finally you are on top where you are supposed to be." His rider got down promptly and was thankful not to have been introduced to the levades and courbettes Pluto had shown us previously while on the lunge line. We were thankful that Pluto has a grand desire to be a partner and seems to carry a rider with an innate knowledge of what he is supposed to do. I just wish we had a manual to guide us to the knowledge that he seems to possess from the hundreds of years his ancestors have been trained and ridden correctly.

During the first ten months of Pluto's riding under saddle, he has never given us a huge display of his airs above the ground abilities. Maybe a buck or two and a mild spook but nothing compared to what some horses with only a few months of saddle training might do. Most days I start Pluto on the lunge line, making sure he can stretch through his back into the side reins, just as I hope he will stretch into my hands as I ride. I use the lunge whip as an representation of my leg, urging him forward, and once I can see him stretch at all three gaits in both directions, then it is time for some in hand training. While working in hand it is easy to teach him that the whip represents my leg and we work on his leg yield across the arena. He does not like any force but obeys when he understands what I intend him to do. When I am teaching him, he gets a very serious, business-like expression, and once he un-

derstands what I am doing with the whip, he quickly and easily moves over in the leg yield.

It has now become Fall so the air is cool and the breezes rustle leaves. Our lunging has been full of many extra rebellions and jumps of joy as the freshness of the air makes him look extra long into the neighbor's bushes for the deer we saw another day. He is my noble steed and I am his rider but this is a new partnership as the trainer who started his education has now returned to college and no longer has time to ride him much. So after some thought, I decide to ride him myself and work through the excitement and apprehension from the cool air and rustling leaves. While focusing on the task at hand

we were able to forget about the weather. Right now we are working at stretching into the hand and using his back at the walk and the trot. Pluto has simply to be shown something a few times until he understands what he is to do and he then tries very hard to succeed each time. This is a partnership and the rider and the horse must be in unison to make the right connection. The connection allows the energy to make his walk purposeful and yields his correct movement. Unfortunately my body is no longer a nimble tool and it takes great practice as a returning rider to gain the strength to balance myself on this young horse.

My current goal is simply for him to lift and carry me along with impulsion even at the walk. To me, impulsion is the energy of his walk being channeled correctly into a frame where he is walking with cadence, rhythm and stretching down while lifting his back. It may seem easy but it is not. I have done it with other horses who have already been trained so I know what it feels like but I have never taught a young horse to do this under saddle. We may walk well for half of the arena then the connection is lost and then we have to reestablish it. If he does not use his back and round himself

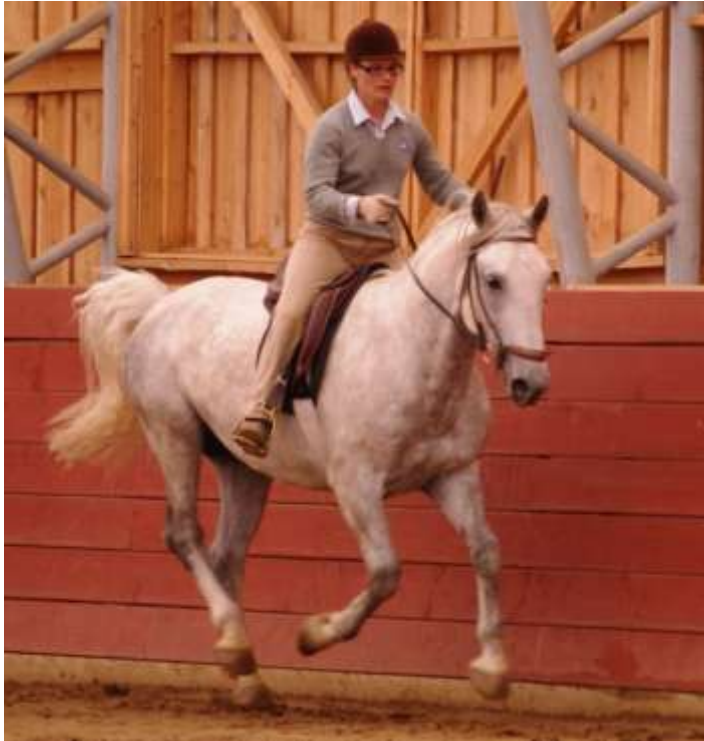
he will simply be pulling me along with his shoulders and this would not let him walk with the freedom of his natural gaits. In the moments when we magically connect and the energy is channeled, his walk has purpose and feels like it floats. These moments of connection and thoroughness give me hope that one day we may be able to show everyone that watches that my Lipizzan and I really do know how to do Haute Ecole.



Légèreté & Philippe Karl, III

by Sherry Leväaho

The second session of the Instructor's Course of Philippe Karl's École de Légèreté once again drew dozens of people from all over North America to the Adderson Family's equestrian centre, 'For the Horse,' in Chase, BC. The atmosphere was cordial, with auditors returning as well as some attending for the first time.



The first instruction day, the eight participants' lessons were a full hour. The students described how they had been practicing since the last session, and Monsieur Karl observed them working their horses before proceeding to build upon the previous work. After the lessons, all attended a detailed, yet entertaining, lecture, complete with anecdotes and diagrams drawn by M. Karl himself.

The sessions of the second day were followed by a potluck supper and party, the sessions of the third day were followed by another lecture. During the lectures, M. Karl showed his extensive knowledge of theory, anatomy, biomechanics, ethology, and riding culture.

The fourth day consisted of two sets of two group lessons: before lunch, lessons of four riders each, practicing the material covered in the course so far; and after lunch, lessons of four riders each, practicing jumping gymnastics. Afterward, students attended a lecture and 'wrap-up session' to answer any questions and to discuss homework to be studied before the third session to come in October.

It was fascinating to see how the horse/rider pairs had progressed since the last session, and how M. Karl's approach varied according to each horse's strengths and weaknesses. The jumping lessons were naturally entertaining and M. Karl's

expertise and eye were again made plain as he designed the gymnastic and guided the riders to their optimal effort.

Caspar (Favory Fantasia III-1) handled the clinic situation much better than the previous April, although there is still room for improvement. Unfortunately, we suffered some extremely bad luck: Caspar unloaded from the trailer with a nasal mucus discharge and a cough. He still showed normal appetite and energy, so we carried on with the clinic, although we tried to keep everything at a low intensity.

The first day, M. Karl noted approvingly that Caspar showed clear improvement in his contact and obedience; we moved on to some more advanced exercises combining shoulder-in and counter shoulder-in on curves and straight lines, with high neck and extended neck, collecting and lengthening.

The second day was slightly frustrating for me because Caspar was very distracted and tense, and we were unable to do very much, compared with the day before. Also, I was not feeling well, so I skipped the party that evening.

On the third day, I made an extra effort to help Caspar stay relaxed and focussed: early in the morning before the lesson began, I walked Caspar around the property, and played circus games with him. Then during the lunch break I took extra time to play longeing and circus games in the indoor arena with him before our lesson began. The games paid off, and Caspar gave a really good effort during the lesson, and we made more progress. We continued the exercises from the first day, and added trot-reinback transitions to our repertoire. These will be used later during piaffe training, but at this stage this is valuable for maintaining obedience and balance.

On the fourth day, Caspar and I participated in the first group lesson, which consisted of two stallions and two mares. I was again pleased with Caspar's effort and we received many compliments. I was disappointed to have to skip the jumping lesson- it was a lot of fun- but it was unfortunately necessary since Caspar was not completely healthy.

Our homework, building upon the work from the first session was: continue work in hand and flexion exercises; continue practicing the neck extension at halt/walk/trot/canter, but alternate this with high neck position with an open poll; practice changing the balance from true bend to counter-bend; frequently test Caspar's balance and attention with the transitions and by changing between high and long neck positions; and exercises should include shoulder-in, counter shoulder-in, travers and weekly gymnastic jumping.

In this session, one message emphasised by M. Karl is that a thinking trainer must ride the horse as he is on that day; it is of no use to be dogmatic in one's approach. During the warm-up period of every lesson, the rider evaluates the horse's suppleness, obedience, and mood, and adjusts accordingly. The rider is always training the mind of the horse first, his body second; a characteristic of horses trained in M. Karl's method is that the horses learn very quickly, so that the riders must wait for the horses' bodies to catch up with strength and fitness.



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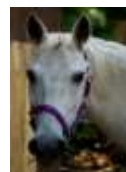


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