



# FOUR&SONS

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Dave Eggers/Elliott Erwitt/Sophie Gamand/Kathy Grayson  
Albert Hammond Jr./Peter Hugar/Johanna Jackson/Chris Johanson  
Alexis Krauss/Mike Mills/Will Robson-Scott/Nathaniel Russell  
Deanne Sarita Smart/David Shrigley/Hillary Taymour/Martin Usborne  
Hellen van Meene/Justin Lee Williams/Nicolas Wilmouth

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**DOGS AND CULTURE COLLIDE**

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## DOGS AND CULTURE COLLIDE

It looks like a toy—bouncy, bulbous shapes twisted into limbs: shiny, prismatic colours inviting dirty fingerprints. But Jeff Koons' "Balloon Dog", a heroically outsize homage to the clownish childhood totem (and materialism and monumentalism, among other things), fetched the artist 58.4 million dollars at Christie's last year—the highest sum in history paid to a living artist.

Koons wasn't the first to behold a dog as a source of inspiration or subject at the ready. The lithe, leathery shape in many of Picasso's paintings was his dachshund, Lump. When Georgia O'Keeffe rendered the desert wilds so kaleidoscopically, it was those wilds she wandered with her chow chows Bo and Chia, quipping once, "It seems my mission in life is to wait on a dog." Charles M. Schulz would cock his head if he saw Brian Donnelly's (aka KAWS) reincarnation of Snoopy: a graphic cutout with X's for eyes, entitled "Should I Be Attacking". And before Givenchy garb was emblazoned with snarling Rottweilers, there was always Valentino's entourage of pugs, of whom he once declared: "I don't care about the collection. My dogs are more important."

Snoop Dogg (or Lion, rather) crossed over to the other side, but a great many musicians have chosen dogs to illustrate, if figuratively, their records. Take Bowie on the cover of his dystopian fantasy, *Diamond Dogs*; that is, Bowie's torso atop wolfish haunches. Or the Spike Jonze-directed video for Daft Punk's "Da Funk"—in which an anthropomorphic 'underdog' blasts the track from his boombox. And the bond between man and beast has been captured time and again on film. *Amores Perros* (*Loves Dogs*) tells three intertwining stories, from a doting owner to dog fighter; in *The Artist*, Jean Dujardin is the face of silent film, but his sidekick, a Jack Russell terrier, is plainly the star.

Somewhere in the course of their storied history, dogs became the only creatures to look people in the eye—as we do one another—creating an enigmatic connection. It is this connection that we set out to explore. *Four & Sons* is mad about man's best friend, but so too of what he inspires: an unbridled spirit for living in the moment, an ingenuous curiosity and sense of adventure. Because only by trotting off the beaten path can one stumble upon something new. And so, to comrade in the field and companion at the heel, add muse. We hope you share our fascination for the four-legged, and the company he keeps.

Woof!

MARTA ROCA AND SAMANTHA GURRIE





# WALKING THE DOG IS A GREAT WAY TO MEET GIRLS.

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## CONTENTS

### FEATURES

Page 06 —

#### GIMME SHELTER

Photographer Mark Ruwedel explores beautifully decaying doghouses in the wild West.

Page 16 —

#### MASTER OF DISGUISE

Martin Osborne faces his fears in haunting photographs of unhinged animals.

Page 24 —

#### GIRL, INTERRUPTED

Hellen van Meene's nostalgic portraits of girls and dogs capture the elegance and awkwardness of youth.

Page 30 —

#### MAN ABOUT TOWN

Iconic photographer Elliott Erwitt's most beloved subjects have never been human.

Page 38 —

#### LATHER, RINSE, REPEAT

Sophie Gamand infiltrates the bizarre world of dog grooming.

### DOG PEOPLE

Page 48 —

#### SHOW BUSINESS

Curator Kathy Grayson (and Bert) on showing art and picking up poop.

Page 52 —

#### OFF THE WALL

Artists Chris Johanson and Johanna Jackson (and Raisin) on living *in* your art, not *off* it.

Page 58 —

#### TOUR DE FORCE

Sleigh Bells' frontwoman Alexis Krauss (and Rizla) on a dog's life on the road.

Page 62 —

#### DARK ROMANCE

Painter Justin Lee Williams and potter Deanne Sarita Smart (and Mack) on mystical arts and mischievous dogs.

Page 68 —

#### PRINTED MATTER

Designer Hillary Taymour (and Powwow) on kaleidoscopic landscapes and miniature wolves.

### SHOWCASE

Page 72 —

#### LOST AND FOUND

Nathaniel Russell parodies missing-pet posters in *Fliers and Fake Books*.

Page 78 —

#### EVERYTHING IS ILLUMINATED

Nicolas Wilmouth juxtaposes stoic dogs with wilting flowers in *Fauna/Flora*.

Page 86 —

#### OPEN HEART

An homage to intrepid photographer Peter Hujar and his singular series, *Animals and Nudes*.

Page 92 —

#### BACKSTAGE PASS

Behind the curtain at Crufts.

### LIFESTYLE

Page 98 —

#### SOUND BITE

Albert Hammond Jr.'s new solo album is a scrappy—but also sentimental—listen.

Page 100 —

#### THE SCIENCE OF SLEEP

The Berlin brand creates minimalist, handcrafted homewares—for dogs.

Page 102 —

#### THE SOCIETY CLUB

This London bookstore encourages London's literati to read, drink, and be merry.

Page 108 —

#### BEST IN PARK

Christina Teresinski takes us behind the scenes of her Melbourne HQ.

Page 112 —

#### FACE PLANT

Brooklyn flower shop The Sill has the dirt on dog-friendly plants.

Page 114 —

#### CITY GUIDE: BROOKLYN

Where to eat, drink, play, and more in New York's dog-friendliest borough.

### CULTURE

Page 116 —

#### FICTION

*After I was thrown in the river and before I drowned* by Dave Eggers.

Page 120 —

#### ANIMAL HOUSE

Dane Reynolds and Courtney Jaedtke dress up dogs, train dolphins, and taxidermy birds.

Page 122 —

#### PET SOUNDS

*McSweeney's* columnist Robb Fritz waxes nostalgic about Nipper, the HMV dog.

Page 124 —

#### ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

Photographer Sophie Gamand discovers a dirty secret behind Puerto Rico's beautiful beaches.

Page 126 —

#### LIVE IN DETROIT

Photographer Lisa Cervone finds dogs don't have it easy in Motor City.

### FINDINGS

Page 128 —

#### HIDE AND SEEK

Andrew Knapp's dog has thousands of Instagram followers and a book deal.

Page 132 —

#### INFINITE JEST

Visual humorist David Shrigley always has the last laugh.

Page 134 —

#### ON THE FRINGE

Will Robson-Scott films street artist John Dolan and his dog as they hang tough in Shoreditch.

Page 136 —

#### SMALL BITES

A selection of our favourite dog-centric diversions.

Page 142 —

#### LAST WORD

Mike Mills.



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FEATURE

IN A WORLD WHERE ARCHITECTURE HAS GONE TO THE DOGS, PHOTOGRAPHER MARK RUWEDEL EXPLORES BEAUTIFULLY DECAYING DOGHOUSES IN THE WILD WEST.

# GIMME SHELTER

Few people can boast a bespoke home designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. Fewer dogs, still. In 1956, the architect—whose oeuvre includes such icons of organic modernism as the Guggenheim and Fallingwater—drafted the blueprints for a doghouse. Eddie's House was conceived as a pocket facsimile of his Robert Berger House in San Anselmo, California, at the behest of the owner's son; as such, the hexagonal hut was made of Philippine mahogany and featured Wright's signature design elements, like a covert side exit and a low-pitched roof. Alas, the Labrador was unimpressed and took to sleeping on the doorstep of the original house.

A half-century later, photographer Mark Ruwedel stumbled upon another marooned doghouse in the Mojave Desert. "I was photographing abandoned homes for my series *Dusk*, and in doing so one day, saw a doghouse out back," he recalls. "It was kind of funny because it looked like a miniature version of the house. But it was also somewhat disturbing. I'm not big on the idea of keeping a dog in a doghouse, but in this 90-degree arch around Los Angeles, I was finding one, two, three... It's almost as though there are doghouse zones. I can't draw any conclusions but it's curious."

Where the *Dusk* houses are shot in stark black and white, the *Dog Houses* are suffused with subtle colour that fans out to the surrounding dust bowl. An affecting, if aesthetic, difference. "There is a forensic quality to the [human] houses that I softened in the doghouses," says Ruwedel. Weather-beaten by the elements, the ramshackle shelters are of myriad shapes and sizes, and in various states of decay. But there is beauty and meaning in these houses of disorder. "There's an improvisational quality to some of the structures. They remind me of *Three Little Pigs*. You imagine the one made of bricks being there forever, while the one made from the plastic liner for a pickup truck, with a hole cut out and some rocks on top, is going to blow away eventually."

Ruwedel is no stranger to sprawling, inhospitable landscapes. Since receiving his MFA in Photography in the '80s, the Pennsylvania-born, Los Angeles-based photographer has travelled the American and Canadian West, armed with a large-format camera. *The Italian Navigator* (1999) is a study on nuclear bomb testing sites in Nevada and Utah during the Second World War; *Records* (2009–2011) is a pictorial collection of broken LPs littering Joshua Tree National Park, relics unlike the glossy vinyl captured in Ed Ruscha's *Records*.

All the while, Ruwedel was working on an epically scaled project, retracing the steps of the 19th-century photographers who documented the expansion of the First Transcontinental Railroad. The archival-style gelatin prints of sculptural tracks in *Westward the Course of Empire* call to mind New Topographics, Walker Evans' turn of phrase for nature altered by human industry. "I wasn't trying to emulate their work; I think I was unconsciously doing similar work—somewhat naively so," says Ruwedel, whose photographs are now featured in the permanent collections at the Tate Modern, the Getty Center, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, et al; and who received a Guggenheim Fellowship this year. "Because my landscape work has always been socially and culturally based, it was never what we call 'pure landscape'. It was never Ansel Adams; it was always Robert Adams."

These days, when conceptual doghouses are exhibited at design fairs around the globe (*Architecture for Dogs*), it has become clear that *Dog Houses* isn't really about dogs. "It's about people's ideas of dogs; just like my landscapes are about people's ideas of the land," says Ruwedel. "And people have really different ideas of what dogs are. I think these dogs were pets because what would a working animal be doing alone in the desert? I like the idea that there is some mysterious reason why they left. You never really know why the house is empty or where the dog went."

WORDS BY JOÃO BENTO  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK RUWEDEL  
IMAGES COURTESY OF YOSHI MILO GALLERY  
AND GALLERY LUISOTTI



DETAIL ONLY



















FEATURE

MARTIN USBORNE PLAYS HIS CARDS CLOSE TO HIS CHEST, BUT THE EVOCATIVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS SILENT SUBJECTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

# MASTER OF DISGUISE

Melancholia need not always be inky scrawls in a journal and drawn blinds gathering dust. It may be a cold, wet nose pressed up against a window, or coal-black eyes fixed in a paralysing gaze, that personify woe without saying a word. British photographer Martin Usborne first explored the enigmatic connection between man and dog in *Mute: The Silence of Dogs in Cars*, a cinematic series featuring dogs in cars. It conjured feelings of fear and longing—feelings that the photographer shares with his silent subjects. His newer project, *Nice to meet you*, digs a little deeper. In hauntingly beautiful portraits of unhinged shelter animals, Usborne captures their varied neuroses through varied facades. “I’m fine” finds a hound dog charily eyeing the camera from behind a mantle of smoke. “I love you” exposes an abashed greyhound, engulfed in bleeding light. And in “it’s OK”, the shadowy silhouette of a dog appears in a reflecting pool. We asked Usborne to shed some light on his dark materials.

You’ve studied philosophy, psychology, and animation. How did you get into photography?

It was after seeing a show of Bill Brandt’s work in New York, and then some William Eggleston prints in London, that I fell in love with the still image. I thought, This photography craps all over paintings! I started off taking portraits but now concentrate on dogs.

Why did you start photographing dogs? Are they more difficult to direct than human subjects?

Ah, that’s easy. I’ve always loved dogs. My two dogs are sitting at my feet as we speak. I’m fascinated by our relationship with animals; there is something broken about the way we connect (or don’t connect) with them. I actually think [photographing dogs] is easier because there’s no self-consciousness, no barriers to break down. The wilder the dog the better, actually. I love capturing the unexpected.

You received a great deal of acclaim for *The Silence of Dogs in Cars*. Why dogs in cars?

Dogs are emotionally honest. The dog in the car is a metaphor for those raw and, dare I say, animal parts of ourselves that we keep locked away. I’ve suffered from depression for much of my life.

But strangely enough, I found peering into those cars and seeing the dogs inside somewhat beautiful—as if I was looking into the darkest places inside myself and seeing a face there. A silent face, but one that I recognised.

Did you find that viewers connected less with the dogs, and more with the feeling of being left alone?

Possibly, but there was also a bit of dark humour in it too. And as you know, everyone loves a dog picture. You have to be careful about the attention you get online—you can never be sure if it’s for the reason you might think. It could be some drunk person cracking up at the idea of a dog in a car, which is of course a valid reaction.

What inspired your series, *Nice to meet you*?

It’s a sort of riff on *Dogs in Cars*. Canines are used here to reflect that unspoken, instinctive side of our nature. In my experience, dogs have the ability to communicate certain feelings most directly, even though they have no words. But the series is also about animals’ hidden pains and silent needs that, to many people, are not so apparent. Many [of the dogs] were nervous or aggressive, so I didn’t need to do much to get something raw out of them.

Did your experience with depression play a part in this series as well?

My experience of depression is key to almost all my work, and is certainly key to my connection with animals. It comes from a deep feeling of voicelessness or powerlessness that I think I picked up at a young age, and around the same time I really connected with animals. They also seemed vulnerable and without a voice.

What have you discovered about our relationship to (other) animals?

I’ve discovered that we are very similar... and we act as though we are not. Our relationship is amazingly screwed up, and it’s one of the greatest tragedies of our time. The way we dominate, control, silence, and abuse animals is utterly horrendous. I am working on a series about “galgos”, Spanish hunting greyhounds. The galgo is a supremely elegant dog with a very ugly story. They were traditionally favoured by royalty, but are now used as tools by hunters, who discard them at the end of the season. I hope the images will show the dogs’ broken, yet beautiful, spirit.

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN USBORNE





PREVIOUS PAGE  
I AGREE  
THIS PAGE  
I ALSO WORK AT THE BANK  
OPPOSITE PAGE  
WELL DONE

---







OPPOSITE PAGE  
YOU LOOK GREAT





THIS PAGE  
NICE TO MEET YOU  
OPPOSITE PAGE  
IT'S OK

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FEATURE

DUTCH PHOTOGRAPHER HELLEN VAN MEENE'S NOSTALGIC PORTRAITS OF GIRLS AND DOGS CAPTURE THE ELEGANCE AND AWKWARDNESS OF YOUTH.

## GIRL, INTERRUPTED

“The years shall run like rabbits,” recites the quixotic Ethan Hawke to Julie Delpy in cult favourite *Before Sunrise*. It sounds romantic, sure, in spite of the fact that W.H. Auden’s wistful ballad is a cautionary tale. Witnessing young lovers on a bridge at twilight, invincible for a moment, the clocks begin to chime and the poet bemoans, “In headaches and in worry / Vaguely life leaks away / And Time will have his fancy / To-morrow or to-day.”

Such is the inspiration for Dutch photographer Hellen van Meene, whose series *The years shall run like rabbits* is less about anticlimactic affairs than the ephemerality of youth and the urgency of time. “Adults already know what they want from life, having experienced things positive and negative, so it’s difficult to pry them open and get into their souls,” she says. “Young people are so open and new and fresh; I can guide them much more. They are so inspiring, and I love to be inspired by them.”

It comes as no surprise that van Meene’s favourite subjects are her own daughters, 11-year-old Veda and nine-year-old Noa, but adolescent girls and androgynous boys have featured all but exclusively in her work since the ’90s. She is not romanticising the age of innocence, but rather, encapsulating the mercurial time between, she says, “self-abandonment and reinvention.” Albeit, from the photographer’s perspective. All wide eyes and willowy limbs, the ingénues are props transposed into van Meene’s mise-en-scènes, their posture and wardrobe manipulated until everything is *just so*. “This is not you, now,” she coaxes them. “This is a sense of you, created by me.”

In *The years shall run like rabbits*, they’re not alone. “I was looking for animals with human qualities,” says van Meene, who, apropos to the series’ title, first experimented with a rabbit, a rooster, and a goat with “devilish eyes” in 2010.

It wasn’t until the photographer—who harboured a fear of dogs after being bitten as a child—came across a vintage snapshot of a Belgian Malinois that she felt a glint of inspiration. “In the 1920s, people took one portrait a year in their best dress, so it was special that this family included their dog,” she says. “He had a fierce look in his eyes, almost as if he wanted to connect with you. I realised, I need to take pictures of dogs! But not just any dogs—dogs with character.”

Juxtaposing girls and dogs, van Meene took the images for this series with the same quiet formality found in early 20th-century portraiture. Set against the understated backdrop of a vacant home in Heiloo, Netherlands, the photographer’s carefully orchestrated compositions are haunted by a dreamy, melancholy languor. Her two- and four-legged subjects share not only deadpan expressions and stylised poses, but also a tenuous naiveté. They are by turns fragile and strong—the dogs tempering the girls’ natural awkwardness, the girls disrupting the dynamic between man and dog. “I picked the dogs like I pick my models—the special faces I find on the street that give me goose bumps—and matched them together not based on looks, but chemistry,” she says. “There was an English setter with these droopy eyes, like the world was leaning on his shoulders, and an Afghan hound with beautiful features and long hair, who turned and gave me a very arrogant look. I was in love!”

“If you had told me a few years ago I would be photographing dogs, I would have laughed,” continues van Meene, whose small-scale portraits are held in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, and the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. “Taking photos of teenagers is second nature to me, but for the first time in my career, I have a new subject. The girls will always be with me, but the dogs have just introduced themselves.”

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HELLEN VAN MEENE  
IMAGES COURTESY OF  
YANCEY RICHARDSON GALLERY











FEATURE

ELLIOTT ERWITT IS KNOWN FOR HIS CANDID IMAGES OF FAMOUS FIGURES, FROM MARILYN MONROE TO FIDEL CASTRO, BUT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S MOST BELOVED SUBJECTS HAVE NEVER BEEN HUMAN.

## MAN ABOUT TOWN

There are few artists, no matter what their chosen medium, who can claim a more than six-decade-strong career. Photographer Elliott Erwit is among them. Erwit—who was born in Paris in 1928 and spent his formative years in France and Italy before his family emigrated to the United States in 1939—studied filmmaking at New York's New School for Social Research and, after serving in the military (his Rolleiflex camera always by his side), would return to the city and hone his craft (Robert Capa and Edward Steichen were mentors), eventually joining Magnum Photos in 1953. In the years since, he has photographed countless legendary faces, had his images exhibited around the world (at the Museum of Modern Art, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Art Institute of Chicago, among others), made a slew of documentary films (a favourite, 1971's *Beauty Knows No Pain*, follows a group of Texas majorettes), produced an impressive stack of books, and, in 2011, earned a lifetime achievement award from the Institute of Contemporary Photography. And now, at 84, Erwit shows no signs of letting up: he was featured in last year's Cole Haan campaign, and his most recent, and first, colour photography book, *Elliott Erwit's Kolor*—a tribute to Kodak's iconic George Eastman—was published by teNeues this winter.

What has remained Erwit's visual calling card, and what sets him apart from his chronicling counterparts, is the levity—and, often, humour—that he brings to his work. It's apparent in his images of famous figures like Marilyn Monroe, who he snapped reading in a white terrycloth robe minus any of her usual sex-kitten posturing, or Fidel Castro, relaxed, smoking a cigar, his lips curled into a smile looking approachable, friendly even. It's apparent in his street snaps—a statue of Jesus on the cross alongside a garish Pepsi advertisement elicits a knowing smirk, so too does an image of a group of women gathered on a city bench in 1960s Pasadena beneath a sign emblazoned with the words "Lost Person Area". But Erwit's signature lightheartedness is perhaps most apparent in his images of dogs, of which there have been a great many over the years.

It was comedian W.C. Fields who once famously cautioned: "Never work with children or animals." Erwit has always happily ignored that advice. "I like working with children and animals," he says. "They are more obedient than most grown-ups...and they don't ask for prints."

Of course, 'dogs as artist subject' is nothing new, but in many of the Old Masters' works they are often pictured lounging alongside their owners (see Fragonard's "A Woman with a Dog" or Renoir's "Madame Renoir with a Dog") or posed stiffly (see Manet's "A King Charles Spaniel"). Erwit, who claims he was a dog person long before he even picked up a camera, instead aims to capture them in their most natural (often, mischievous) state. As with much of his work, that is achieved by pure happenstance and, sometimes, with the help of a little call and response. "It is true, I bark at dogs to get their attention," Erwit laughs. "But mine is a friendly bark! And unlike some people, dogs do not mind being photographed, even in compromising circumstances." In fact, most of the time they seem blissfully unaware of his camera snapping them mid-leap, -nap, -snuggle, or -pee. And Erwit's comedic lens is never more apparent than with his dog subjects; the viewer, always in on the joke. In one image from 1974, the pocket size of a Chihuahua, outfitted in a jaunty knit cap and sweater, is humorously emphasised by way of juxtaposition alongside its owners' and a great Dane's formidable legs. In another image, a woman's exposed, thong-ed bikini bottom is pictured beachfront with a pair of dogs sniffing each other's rear ends nearby. The people, when they do appear in the frame, seem to be nothing more than accessories; mere props in Erwit's visual ode to the dog.

It's no surprise then, given his affection for photographing them, that Erwit has a deep, personal love for dogs too and has owned many over the course of his life. "My last one, Sammy, a Cairn terrier, was my good friend for 17 years," Erwit shares. "Now his ashes are at the base of the Central Park tree that he peed on for most of his life and I am still in mourning. It will be a while until my next dog." Until then, Erwit will continue to derive pleasure from shooting the many dogs that cross his path, particularly in the uptown New York neighbourhood he calls home. "There are more dogs in big cities because I think owners here depend more on the companionship they provide," he says. "I'm quite familiar with the dogs on the Upper West Side of New York. I like to think these are the dogs that, given the chance, would vote democratic. I am not so sure about the East Side..."

WORDS BY FIORELLA VALDESOLO  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT ERWITT  
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ATHER  
Cleaning  
Dry Service  
By Before 11PM  
Sun 19  
Laundry  
Wash & Fold  
8 Pounds  
Est. 1911

NO WASH  
& DROMAT  
OFF AND SELF SERVICE  
PLEASE USE STAIRS  
ENTER

PREVIOUS PAGE  
LONDON, ENGLAND, 2002  
THIS PAGE  
NEW YORK CITY, USA, 2000





TOP  
NEWYORK CITY, USA, 1974  
BOTTOM  
ENGLAND, 1974

TOP  
BÚZIOS, BRAZIL, 1990  
BOTTOM  
SAINTES-MARIES-DE-LA-MER, FRANCE, 1977





OPPOSITE PAGE  
CALIFORNIA, USA, 1990  
THIS PAGE  
BALLYCOTTON, IRELAND, 1968





OSCAR BOOBEAR  
2 YEARS OLD  
MALTIPOO

## FEATURE

FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHER SOPHIE GAMAND INFILTRATED THE BIZARRE WORLD OF DOG GROOMING AND EMERGED WITH SOAPY, SCOWLING, SOPPING-WET MODELS.

# LATHER, RINSE, REPEAT

Sophie Gamand has just won the portrait category at the 2014 Sony World Photography Awards, distinguishing her work from 139,554 entries from 166 countries. Over the years, Gamand's creative output has run the gamut from poetry writing to opera singing. Since relocating from Lyon, France, to Brooklyn, New York, three years ago, she has found her niche in a sort of self-reflective, political photography practice with a focus on the four-legged. Gamand's body of work, *The Engineered Companion*, explores the modern dynamics between man and dog, from Chihuahuas in couture to Puerto Rican strays. But the photographer's claim to fame is *Wet Dogs*, a simple, albeit affecting, series that captures pups during their least favourite activity—bath time. Here, we chat about how *Wet Dogs* is about so much more than, well, wet dogs.

When you started shooting dogs, did you draw inspiration from other photographers who work with animals?

I had two big inspirations going into photographing animals: Jill Greenberg for her aesthetic (her monkey and bear portraits, in particular) and William Wegman, who built an entire career photographing one breed of dog. I always heard that artists get the most creative when they set limitations for themselves. I thought if I limited myself to the subject of dogs, I'd be forced to be creative in a way that I couldn't if I was photographing everything. And that has been really interesting. I find a lot of people photograph dogs as if they were animals. In my mind, they ceased to be animals decades ago and I wanted to catch up with that. I wanted to photograph them as they are now.

How much of that do you think is projected? I often wonder what the reality of my dog's life is—what she thinks of me.

With *Wet Dogs*, I feel the dogs are mimicking human expressions to try to communicate with us. When they're in the tub and they're struggling, they look at my camera as though they're telling me, "Get me out of here!" or "What are you doing to me?" They're communicating all of these emotions with their eyes.

Do you think that dogs don't enjoy being photographed?

There's a lot that goes into the grooming routine.

It's not necessarily that they don't like to be washed, but I think that it's an overwhelming experience to be tied in a tub, having somebody who is not your owner, who you don't trust, pouring water on you. It's got to be a bit scary.

What was it like when *Wet Dogs* went viral?

I pushed *Wet Dogs* on my website, submitted it to a couple of blogs, and within a week everything went nuts. It just snowballed. It was shared on Facebook 100,000 times. I met an agent who told me, "Whatever [publishers] are offering you, I can probably get you ten times the amount." So I signed with him. There was an auction on the book and seven publishers in the U.S. fought for it. It was nerve-racking because everybody was throwing themselves at me and I didn't want to screw it up because, you know, this was my one chance! But now I'm in a very good place and I'm very excited. Making the book is now my full-time job.

It's great that *Wet Dogs* spawned from a spontaneous, rather than calculated, place.

In hindsight, I think this kind of stuff only happens when you are in a dark place. I was desperate most of my artistic life. I tried many, many things before this, and now I can see it came from a place of letting go because I was fucked! Excuse my French, but it happened at the moment I decided to fight for myself, fight for my art.

Do you think the desperate expressions on the dogs' faces embody your own feelings at the time?

I never thought of that. Maybe you're right! It's an awesome way to look at it. I was in a dark place and now I feel so... I hate the word "blessed" but I feel so grateful for how things turned out. I understand these photos are not going to change the world, but I still feel they have something. They were fun to make in the moment.

And now people's eyes and ears are open to whatever you do next.

[Winning] the portrait category of the Sony World Photography Awards is a big, big thing. I love their selection every year and the jury is audacious. I was worried that submitting dog portraits would offend the judges, but they understood what I was trying to do. I photograph dogs as I would humans, and I look for the human element in the dog.

WORDS BY MAX OLIJNYK  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SOPHIE GAMAND





MAY  
12 YEARS OLD  
POODLE

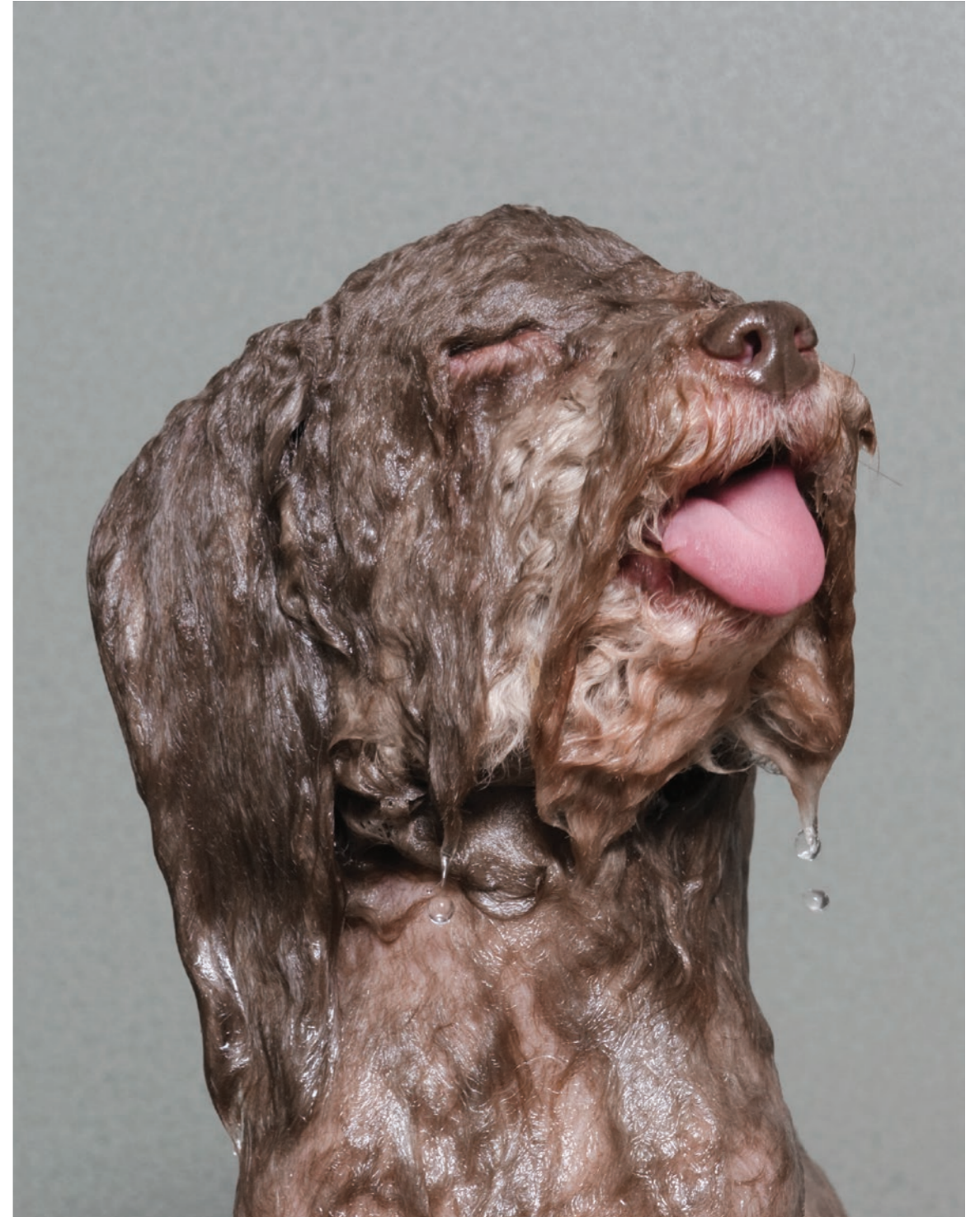


DIAMOND  
4 YEARS OLD  
YORKIE





**MARSHMALLOW**  
2 YEARS OLD  
MALTESE



**BRITNEY**  
7 YEARS OLD  
POODLE





COCO CHANEL  
3 YEARS OLD  
SHIH-TZU



CHIVI  
6 YEARS OLD  
POODLE



## SIT, STAY, SMILE.

Four paws and furrowed jowls only scratch the surface. Dig deeper, and you'll find that a dog is as much a muse behind the scenes as in front of the camera. In our first issue, we shepherd you through the studios of dog-loving creatives. Chris Johanson and Johanna Jackson's affenpinscher, Raisin, has witnessed the couple's meteoric rise from San Francisco street artists to contemporary art icons. Curator Kathy Grayson sneaks her Pomeranian, Bert, into gallery openings, where he promptly poops if underwhelmed. And Alexis Krauss' bull terrier, Rizla, keeps the Sleigh Bells frontwoman company on tour and even barked a cameo on the band's last record. There are tales about dogs real (Nipper, the HMV terrier) and imagined (Dave Eggers' star-crossed mutt). We catch illustrator Nathaniel Russell in the act, tacking faux lost-dog posters to telephone poles. And we unearthed a provocative collection by photographer Peter Hujar—he of the infamous “Candy Darling on her Deathbed” portrait—starring animals and nudes. Follow our lead...



# SHOW BUSINESS KATHY GRAYSON AND BERT

WORDS BY MALLORY RICE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BETH GARRABRANT

It's fitting that Kathy Grayson named her gallery The Hole, since it filled the one created by Jeffrey Deitch when he shuttered New York art phenomenon Deitch Projects in 2010. Street artist Steve Powers told *The New York Times*, "Kathy is mother to all the wayward children of Deitch," and indeed, the curator extraordinaire didn't wait for the paint to dry before featuring Deitch progeny—Terence Koh, Aurel Schmidt, Nate Lowman, to name a few—at her new haunt on the Bowery. With Matthew Stone's exhibition coming to a close, we dropped by The Hole to chat to Grayson and her cuddlesome guard dog, Bert, about showing art and picking up poop.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST ABOUT RUNNING YOUR OWN SPACE?

I can't pretend that at Deitch Projects I didn't get a huge amount of freedom and latitude, so it's not like "getting to do what I want" is the best part, because Jeffrey let me do all kinds of great things. Besides, I like working collaboratively so much more than as a lone curator or as the center of anyone's attention. The best part about having The Hole instead of Deitch is that I can explore my own diverse art interests and look at things with my own eyes instead of looking at things through the joint Kathy-Jeffrey eye. During the Deitch years, I would look at art in terms of what I thought would be good for Jeffrey's legacy as well as what I liked, and now I have a non-schizo art brain.

WHAT WAS THE MOST SIGNIFICANT LEARNING CURVE?

I had to learn how to sell art. I had a sheltered, almost academic post at Deitch, where I got to talent-scout and curate and write, while Jeffrey and the other directors did most of the selling. Sometimes at Deitch, I would sell a piece by accident, but I didn't have the hunger for the "art of the deal" or whatever. Still working on that one.

HOW IS THE DOWNTOWN ART SCENE DIFFERENT NOW THAN WHEN YOU WERE AT DEITCH?

Deitch was radical because, from 1996 to 2010, Jeffrey was taking chances others wouldn't, and always did his own thing without giving a fuck about the haters. Now, there are 200 galleries on the L.E.S. and they're all pushing boundaries. There is no longer this "boring establishment" to push back on; everyone is pushing for the new and the weird and the groundbreaking. So my gallery is not distinguished by "risk-taking" the way Deitch was. The art market is growing like crazy now, and I think the most important thing about nurturing artists today is to sift through the copycats and the hangers-on to find the true, lifetime artists that you connect with and believe in.

WHEN DID BERT ENTER THE PICTURE?

I adopted Bert when my best friend went to Europe for a while, so I was home alone. I thought about my past relationships, how I tried to take care of and "mom" these much younger guys, and how destructive and lame that was. I decided that if I have these nurturing instincts of wanting to feed something and clean up after it, why not get a fucking dog and have a healthy relationship with it instead of a fucked-up relationship with a needy dude?

IS BERT NAMED AFTER ANYONE IN PARTICULAR?

I'm a collector of P.G. Wodehouse books and his greatest character creation is Bertram (Bertie) Wooster, a rich and lovable dumb-dumb who is always haplessly trying to help his friends out of scrapes.

WHAT ROLE DOES BERT PLAY AT THE HOLE?

Bert's here every day. Currently, our show has a squid sculpture, and he keeps trying to grab a squid to chew and I have to stop him. He's so friendly, so he compensates for my standoffishness by wagging his tail at everyone who comes in. Bert came to Toronto with me for the JIM JOE show, tucked in a bag with a bunch of turtle necks; to L.A. for Ben Jones' wedding, wearing a wee tuxedo; and to Miami for NADA, where he guarded the booth and sold some art with us.

DO YOU SNEAK HIM INTO PLACES DOGS AREN'T ALLOWED?

Duh, I have taken him to gallery dinners and fundraisers and after-parties. I took him with me when Sue Hancock and I went to BAM to see the Anna Nicole Smith opera. He hides in my purse. One time I took him to a gallery and there was a thunderstorm, so he stress-pooped all over their floor.









# OFF THE WALL JOHANNA JACKSON, CHRIS JOHANSON AND RAISIN

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURTIS BUCHANAN

In the early '90s, an art movement known as the Mission School manifested itself on San Francisco's rough-and-tumble streets. At the heart of it all were Chris Johanson and Johanna Jackson, who now not only collaborate on projects, but also, quite literally, finish each other's sentences. Where Johanson's once-chaotic, confrontational paintings and drawings have mellowed into meditative takes on the quotidian condition, Jackson swapped paintbrushes for knitting needles—still drawing on folk-art motifs, only with patchworked sculptures instead of graphic canvases. Despite the artists' international acclaim, they eschew the commercial art world, content to share their Silver Lake cottage with their handcrafted furniture and their affenpinscher, Raisin. When we spoke, the conversation rolled more like a profound stream of consciousness than an interview. Here, Johanson and Jackson on why living *in* your art is more fulfilling than living *off* it.

YOU RECENTLY MOVED BACK TO CALIFORNIA FROM PORTLAND. HAVE YOU FOUND L.A. MORE OR LESS INSPIRING?

Chris: The Pacific Northwest is really beautiful, but the weather is no joke. If you're emotional, if you're prone to existing, you can't live up there!

Johanna: L.A. is very inspiring. Not to say that Portland isn't inspiring; it's inspiring in a different way. Portland inspires you to slow down and grow something.

Chris: Portland inspires you to go so inward that you become like Syd Barrett and spin off your orbit and land on a different planet and let the mould spores get into your brain.

Johanna: We actually do think there might be psychologically malevolent fungi in the air up there! I think L.A. is inspiring because people are living their dreams; everybody is clearly living in a made-up world. In Portland, there is more of a consensus about what's real, but in L.A., there is an awareness that a lot of it is invented.

Chris: Like that bumper sticker: "Don't believe everything you think". (We talk about this all the time!) Down there, it's like a giant metropolis of working-class people, with pockets of wealth, and even smaller pockets of super-wealth. That's what's so inspiring about the city; it's this unruly cultural organism that moves around and around and around. There's space for people to be freaks—to live cheaply and do their thing. That's what I miss about San Francisco; it's really hard to be a free spirit there now. That's why we left, pretty much.

THOUGH YOU WERE FEATURED IN *BEAUTIFUL LOSERS*—AARON ROSE'S FILM ABOUT NEW YORK'S ALLEGED GALLERY CREW IN THE '90S—YOU WERE MORE CONNECTED WITH SAN FRANCISCO'S ADOBE BOOKS CROWD, RIGHT?

Chris: That was our daily scene, for sure. Adobe Books was everybody's bookstore. Truly anybody could go there...

Johanna: And sleep there.

Chris: And leave their babies there. It was a place for both schizophrenics and lawyers. But we met a lot of people through the experience of filming *Beautiful Losers* that we never would have met. The movie is about how anybody can make art, so in a way, there is a common ground. Although, we've never made commercials.

Johanna: We've been lucky. Sometimes we get really, really broke and are like, Uh-oh, time to make something! But we are having a good time doing what we want.

Chris: No judgement; people do whatever they need to do to get by. Whether it's me painting houses or you [Johanna] working at that wheat-grass place, you don't need that much to get by. Money is a trap.

HOW DID YOU TWO MEET?

Johanna: We made art together before we felt comfortable talking to each other. Actually, when we first met, we went on a date but it didn't work out so we didn't speak for like three years. But we still shared a studio space.

Chris: Our friend [Barry McGee's wife, Margaret Kilgallen] passed away and there was an art auction to raise money for her baby. I asked Johanna if she would do a couple of pieces with me, and that was the start of us dating; well, the start of the idea of us dating.

Johanna: I think one piece had horses? I remember them being very good [laughs].

Chris: I remember them as being abstract and gentle and shy. The whole idea was to create a beautiful energy. The situation required love, and I think there was a lot of love in the pieces.

WHAT'S YOUR COLLABORATIVE PROCESS LIKE?

Johanna: Sometimes we really know what we want to do from the beginning, and other times Chris and I will do our own parts that are totally separate except for the measurements—like when we made furniture.



Chris: What? I think [making] furniture was a fantastic way to come together after having collaborated for years and years. Johanna had gotten into textiles and industrial sewing and learning how to do everything perfectly...

Johanna: Well, *my* sense of perfect...

Chris: [Laughs, to Johanna] That's something I would say because I don't know anything about making furniture. I had been working with wood forever so you could see how naturally it came together: wood and fabric, fabric and wood.

Johanna: When we moved to L.A., we made everything in our house—all the textiles and all the furniture. So now we're living *in* what we make instead of living *off* what we make.

Chris: It was making art not for the commercial art world, but for ourselves.

Johanna: It was so fun because our house is really modest and rickety and up a high set of steps...

Chris: 126.

Johanna: But Chris made the prettiest pan rack with these amazing red hooks. It's better than anything money can buy. It's perfectly perfect.

Chris: I remember seeing a picture of refugee housing in Eastern Europe like 10 years ago. It was generic housing, built only for survival, but this one woman used beet juice from her garden to dye her curtains. I remember that inspiring us so much. We got to this point where we were like: What are we even doing as professional artists? We moved to Portland and planted a garden. We have like 12 blueberry bushes, pear trees, apple trees, chestnuts, currants, persimmon, magnolia, and all those other kinds of berries...

Johanna: Sorry, we're bragging! I feel like it was hard to care about art after planting a garden. But now we care!

HOW DO YOU INSPIRE EACH OTHER'S ART?

Chris: [To Johanna] I'm gonna say something, but please don't feel like you have to say something in response. I don't even feel like I make my own art anymore; I feel like we've grown into each other. I'm a completely different person now. I wouldn't be doing anything that I'm doing now if *this* hadn't happened. People that have been together a long time start to look alike, you know? I mean, my hands are smaller now!

Johanna: No they're not [laughs]!

Chris: I get horrible critiques too. Just kidding!

DO YOU DRAW INSPIRATION FROM THE SAME PLACES AS WELL?

Johanna: A lot of the same things in life pop for both of us, but I think we get our inspiration differently.

Chris: We're just really compatible, and the differences bring it to a new place. The way people who have opposite energies complement each other.

YOU HAVE OPPOSITE ENERGIES?

Chris: I have a black aura.

Johanna: No, he doesn't. But he's a Leo and I'm a Sagittarius, and we are really opposite in a lot of ways. Chris has lots of warm energy that is pouring out everywhere, and I feel like I have... not-that-much. I like what I've got, but it's different.

Chris: [To Johanna] But you're nice!

DOES THAT AFFECT YOUR PRODUCTIVITY?

Johanna: We wake up, I walk the dog, and Chris makes breakfast. Then we spend all day at the studio. We have a lot of leisure or thinking time. It looks weird but I feel like it's actually 'working'.

Chris: We eat in the backyard, under trees and surrounded by succulents, and we read *The New York Times*, and make our way slowly through the day. There was a time when working like a maniac seemed like the normal thing to do, and then I realised that was not a good lifestyle. I work hard in a different way now, but my spirit animal is a sloth.

Johanna: [To Chris] You might be sitting in a café, but you're drawing and working the whole time.

Chris: But in terms of productivity and technicality and all that bullshit, there are artists out there with 20 assistants in a giant factory. That's the polar opposite of where I'm at.

Johanna: I do feel anxious about it. Like people who are into 'only having juice' or being super austere, I feel like being really busy is part of the contemporary 'perfect'. It makes me feel like a fuck-up, but I guess I am [laughs].

Chris: You're a professional fuck-up! You know, people go to school to be a barista now. I remember working in cafés when I was a teenager. Working in cafés was for people who did too much acid, who just wanted to skate by and make their \$200 rent and read books and just be tripped-out. There's nowhere for the fried people anymore. And now they want to take away SSI [Supplemental Security Income]. Can we talk about that?









OF COURSE.

Johanna: No, no, you're going to go on a rant. It's delicate territory. I don't want to say anything fucked-up. Sometimes you'd have a friend who got on SSI, and got a barely-life-sustaining amount of money because they were just too weird to work.

Chris: But it turns out that most of my friends, who were scamming SSI in their early twenties, weren't actually scamming!

Johanna: It's *true*, but it could be that existing on that tiny amount of money and always having to see shrinks made them crazy.

Chris: That is kind of "chicken or the egg". Good question. I mean, good thought. All I'm saying is everything is so professional that it makes me wanna be less professional.

LET'S RANT ABOUT RAISIN. WHEN DID THE TWO OF YOU BECOME THREE?

Johanna: When I was little I had a Bouvier [des Flandres], and Raisin [an affenpinscher] looks just like that, but she's tiny. We were travelling all the time, so we had to get a dog that could go on planes and bicycles, so it had to be Raisin.

Chris: I didn't want a dog at all. But Johanna went online...

Johanna: It was kind of crazy. It was like a birth of... I think it's what my maternal energy made. I had to go all the way to Toronto to get her, but she's totally perfect!

Chris: No, wait, this is what's funny: She went on a website that listed all the dog breeds alphabetically, and affenpinscher is the first dog that she saw! She looked at this weird little dog and fell in love instantly. Then she researched affenpinschers and Raisin's picture came up, and she *had* to have this particular dog.

Johanna: I sent her my shirt before I came to get her so she would know my smell, and it totally worked! She loved me instantly.

DOES RAISIN APPRECIATE THE ART ALL AROUND HER?

Johanna: I make sweaters, and she likes to lie on them while I'm knitting. And Chris makes her these beds that are like amazing sculptures.

Chris: Yeah I make her drones; they're everywhere. We had a show at Baronian Francey in Brussels with [artist] Christopher Garrett; the band the Enablers played. We turned it into this big party. The gallery had this outdoor area where they were roasting a boar. And at the end of the party, we looked over and Raisin was on top of the boar's head, eating it! She was only as big as two squirrels back then, and she looked like this little monster. So she's a performance artist. It was pretty disturbing, really.

Johanna: And she was in *Beautiful Losers*. They were actually going to call it *Raisin's Movie*. [Laughs] No, not really.

WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON NOW?

[This past fall, Johanson had an exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles.]

Chris: We made furniture for Jeffrey [Deitch] and just did a collaborative show at South Willard [in L.A.]. And Sun Foot [Johanson's band with Brian Mumford and Ron Burns] is working on music for some of Johanna's animated films and videos, so we're talking to art spaces about doing a tour. *That's exciting!*

Johanna: We just started making ceramics, which is really fun. We made the fountain at The Standard hotel in New York.

Chris: Art is not necessarily in a gallery or on a record. It's more fun, conceptually, to think about it all over the place. It's liberating. Art is life.





# TOUR DE FORCE

## ALEXIS KRAUSS AND RIZLA

WORDS BY NISHA GOPALAN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL STEPANOSKI

As frontwoman for the noise-pop duo Sleigh Bells, Alexis Krauss spends a good chunk of time on the road. And if we've learned anything from "Home Sweet Home" (Mötley Crüe's slo-mo lament about the bummers of touring), it's that being away from home can make you super emo. Or in their words, "Sometimes nothing / Keeps me together / At the seams" et cetera, et cetera. And that's why the perennially blithe Krauss brings her three-year-old English bull terrier, Rizla, wherever she goes. We caught up with the doting puppy-mama to talk about her dog's claims to fame, which include everything from *The Real Housewives of Atlanta* to the Sleigh Bells title song "Bitter Rivals".

SO, RIZLA, AS IN THE ROLLING PAPERS?

[Laughs] She is named after the rolling papers, yes. My fiancé is a total stoner. I'm not. One day he said, "If we have a female dog, I really wanna name her Rizla." And I was like, "Okay... why?" "I just think that's a really great name." I told him, "Listen, I'll make a deal with you: You can name the dog Rizla. And one day, when we have a child, I get to name the kid—so the kid doesn't end up with a name like Rizla."

WHEN DID YOU BECOME A DOG PERSON?

I've been an animal lover from the time I can remember. I was out with nature at age four or five, getting my hands dirty. I always had frogs, a snake, hamsters, gerbils...so many pets! But I didn't really bond with a dog until high school. Our toy poodle, Tucker, and I were really close. Our cats and dogs got along so I never felt like I had to choose sides. But at this point in my life, I definitely feel like more of a dog person. And Rizla is the first dog that my fiancé and I have raised.

WAS IT DIFFICULT RAISING RIZLA?

It was trying, but incredibly rewarding. Because I'm a touring musician and my time can be erratically structured, I wanted a dog that would be flexible and wasn't going to have anxiety issues, that could travel with me and be my companion. Since she was a puppy, I was able to have more of an influence on her disposition.

WHY AN ENGLISH BULL TERRIER?

She's the Spuds MacKenzie dog! I've loved bull terriers for a long time. When Sleigh Bells was wrapping up the tour for our first record, *Treats*, my fiancé Tyler and I were obsessively looking at photos of puppies. I found Rizla at this small breeder in Iowa. At the time, she was being referred to as NeNe, from *The Real Housewives of Atlanta*. I saw her photo and totally fell in love. We picked her up in the cargo hold of the LaGuardia airport. She was so well behaved; she wasn't frantic. It's kind of been a testament to her personality to this day: she requires love and stimulation, but she is very chill.

HOW MANY TOURS HAS SHE BEEN ON?

She's been on quite a few tours now. From a selfish perspective, it's great for me because it really helps structure my days. We tour on a bus and pull into a city early in the morning. She's already up, and I get to take her on a new adventure every day. By the afternoon, she's pretty wiped out. So I soundcheck and play the show, and then spend time with her at night. It's a very stimulating lifestyle for her because she's surrounded by 10 people who care about her.

WHAT ROLE DOES SHE PLAY, LIKE PSYCHOLOGICALLY?

People get lonely on tour. They miss touch and connections and interactions in that intimate way—so having a dog around is really powerful. It sounds a little crazy, but being able to cuddle up with a dog every night really helps a lot of people through what can be a trying experience. She also acts as a peacemaker and a conversation starter. She fills a really special space on tour.

SO NOW THAT WE KNOW ALL ABOUT HER, PLEASE BRAG ABOUT YOUR DOG.

The best thing about her is that she's phenomenal off leash. She loves playing fetch! She can just run and run and run, and she'll always come back. We go hiking in the Hudson Valley and she just explodes with energy, smelling every little thing. Her instincts are really activated. I love seeing her in that element. That's really been the hallmark of our relationship: letting her do her thing, but seeing her constantly look back at me. Being my protector.

HOW DID SHE COME TO "SING" ON THE SLEIGH BELLS SONG "BITTER RIVALS"?

She was in the studio with us when we made *Reign of Terror*. When we were making *Bitter Rivals*, Derek [Miller, her bandmate] and I were like, "It'd be really funny if we could get Rizla involved in this track." It's really easy to get her to bark: I just start jumping up and down and she gets all riled up. So we played the intro and recorded her barking through the room mic. We didn't even edit it. It was a random happy accident that she barked in exactly the places you hear her [in the song], including this bark that ends right as the intro ends, and the song comes blasting in. Now when I can't bring her on tour, I get to hear her bark every night.









**DARK  
ROMANCE**  
**JUSTIN LEE  
WILLIAMS,  
DEANNE  
SARITA  
SMART  
AND  
MACK**

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEANNE SARITA SMART







Justin Lee Williams, Deanne Sarita Smart, and Mack met in high school. For a spell, the artist, ceramist, and dog were cloistered in a log cabin in Sassafras, a sylvan town in Australia's Dandenong Ranges. It was there—all Thoreau-like, at one with wildlife and fern gullies and folksy people—that they created the beguiling work that would draw them back to the city for shows. In their new studio on the outskirts of Melbourne, Smart hand-forges figurative pottery inspired by the mystical arts; Williams creates dreamy, mixed-media paintings and amorphous, shrunken-head sculptures from memory. Then Mack socks Smart in the eye and walks all over Williams' work.

HAVE YOU ALWAYS BEEN ANIMAL LOVERS?

Deanne: Yes, definitely. I grew up with heaps of pets. My mum bred boxers and French lop rabbits. I think we had at least 10 rabbits and their babies at one stage. Over the years, we also owned a pony, a cat, a rat, a goat, chickens, ducks, budgies, fish...

Justin: I had family dogs, a goat, a turtle, and mice.

WOW! HOW DID YOU END UP WITH A PUG?

Deanne: Mack is 12 years old. Justin finds it funny to call him Brenda after his nanna's sister, who he thinks shares a slight resemblance. He does it so often that Mack now responds to it. I got him for my 18th birthday from a horrible pet shop that has gladly closed down. When I saw him, I loved him straight away. At 12 weeks, he was already his own little man.

When he wanted to wake me up in the morning, he would sit on my chest and punch me in the eye with his paw. He doesn't sleep in our bed anymore because he snores so loud that Justin can't sleep. We have a rabbit, Arnold, whom he likes to use as a fluffy headrest. And what I love most is his attitude. If I'm telling Justin about something that annoyed me, Mack will make a frustrated moan like, "I know, tell me about it."

WHAT ARE SOME OF YOUR SOURCES OF INSPIRATION?

Justin: Music is a big one for me. I love to listen to Neil Young or Smashing Pumpkins—music that feels real and has a strong lyrical journey that I can take me on. It fuels my memory in an odd way. I love a lot of other artists—too many to mention—but I find myself always being drawn back to early works by Picasso, Edvard Munch, Peter Doig, Leon Golub, and Kiki Smith.

Deanne: At the moment, I am inspired by early utilitarian pottery from France and England. I love the idea of country farmhouses, where people cook on a wood-fired stove or over an open flame in the hearth. I am really into clay-pot cooking, and plan on including earthen and stoneware pots in my new collection.

JUSTIN—PLEASE DESCRIBE YOUR PROCESS. DO YOU SKETCH A PIECE AHEAD OF TIME OR DOES IT HAPPEN ORGANICALLY?

It's kind of a mix. The idea of a painting or sculpture magically happening in the artist studio is not true, for me anyway. I have a lot of photo references and other junk in my sketchbook—loose ideas of where I want the work to go. But after messing up thousands of paintings, I just let the work take its own path.

WRITERS HAVE USED WORDS LIKE "SPOOKY" TO DESCRIBE YOUR ART. DO YOU HAVE A DARK SIDE?

I think so, but I don't find that the work is all that dark. I feel like there is a kind of melancholiness to it, but I think that it has a lot of stronger, more interesting undertones that I can't take credit for; they are accidents I just edit. But I guess I'm drawn to darker, more isolated people and places. I often find they are way more warm and giving and interesting than those who clump together in groups.

YOU HAVE SAID YOU WORK OFTEN FROM MEMORY. HOW DID THIS INTUITIVE APPROACH COME ABOUT? DO YOU THINK IT COMES DOWN TO A FEELING ABOUT THE SUBJECT MORE THAN THE DETAILS OF ITS APPEARANCE?

In some ways, yes I think you're right. I mean, we all meet someone for a second or two, but right away project different aspects of emotion onto them. It can probably tell us more about ourselves than the other person. In most of the paintings, it's used as a vehicle to access different memories about people or places that I had forgotten...until the painting reveals them.





YOU WORK IN A VARIETY OF MEDIUMS. HOW DO YOU DECIDE WHAT WORKS BEST FOR A NEW IDEA?

For what I'm trying to achieve in my work, I think it's important that I experiment as much as I can with different mediums. I have a few that I love—oil, watercolour, clay—but I've never been interested in being the kind of artist who takes a factory approach to work. If I get to a point where creating the work feels methodic, it is time to move on to something different. That said, I am far from a master of anything. But that, to me, is as interesting as the work itself. For example, a child who has never used an oil stick before will do some of the most amazing work you will ever see, as opposed to a master of oils. I try to use each medium as a restriction on perfection... if that makes any sense.

INDEED! DEANNE—YOUR BACKGROUND IS IN PHOTOGRAPHY AND GRAPHIC DESIGN, BUT YOU NOW MAKE POTTERY. DO THESE CRAFTS FALL UNDER ONE CREATIVE UMBRELLA OR ARE THEY DIFFERENT MEANS OF EXPRESSION?

My background in commercial and editorial photography could be compared to making utilitarian pottery. My approach to both mediums is product based: the photography is of a product, and the pottery is making the product to be photographed. I have found the two skills work well together for me. I was unhappy with photography as a career because I didn't like being a part of marketing rubbish to the world. But my love of making things wouldn't go away, and without sounding too idealistic, I concluded to only make things that were worthy of taking up precious space on the earth. Things made with consideration and craftsmanship.

ARE THERE OTHER CRAFTS YOU WOULD STILL LIKE TO EXPLORE?

I have been drawn to glass blowing. I find it so mesmerising to watch how a lump of molten glass turns—by gliding, rolling movements—into a hard, fragile object. But I get a similar fix through pottery, turning a lump of soft clay on a spinning wheel into a permanent, solid object. There really is something magical about it.

YOU'VE SAID YOUR OBJETS D'ART ARE INSPIRED BY THE MYSTICAL ARTS. HOW SO?

I love researching objects relating to ancient myths. People placed so much more value on making things beautiful, including whimsical morals and meticulously hand-forged objects. They made sure their creation was something to behold. In my last series, I was working on shapes inspired by water-scrying divination, where a bowl of water is peered into to put the seer in a state conducive to divining. I am also influenced by the use of symbolism in Chinese and Japanese arts and crafts. They have a way of bringing deeper meaning to everyday objects, which gives them a quiet importance and poetic beauty.

HAS A MISTAKE ON THE POTTERY WHEEL EVER TURNED INTO AN INTERESTING NEW PIECE?

Not so far. I am a very controlled potter, and usually make things exactly to plan. It can be limiting, and I have to work hard to keep my work from becoming stale. Justin is more of an uninhibited artist, creating freely, whereas I am more of a perfectionist. But I think we help each other with our opposite styles.

WHAT'S IT LIKE HAVING MACK IN THE STUDIO?

Deanne: My studio is upstairs and he doesn't climb open staircases, so when he is fed up, he pretends he needs to go out and scratches at the door. I stop halfway through making something, clean the clay off my hands, come downstairs, and open the door. Then he will just walk away.

Justin: I have a love/hate thing going on with Mack. In the studio, he waits for me to place an artwork on the ground and then, without fail, comes over and stands on it. If you look closely at my work, there is often a paw print on it somewhere.





# PRINTED MATTER HILLARY TAYMOUR AND POWWOW

WORDS BY JINNIE LEE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUNG KIM

You can take the girl out of California, but not the California out of the girl. Los Angeles native Hillary Taymour launched her label, Collina Strada, in 2008 before decamping to New York. She started with bags, oversized satchels, and motorcycle duffels in dusty dyes, and this spring introduced Ready to Wear—psychedelic-printed jumpsuits and leather-pleated harnesses that conjure painted deserts and Spaghetti Westerns. Taymour shares her home studio with a beautiful blue merle Pomeranian named Powwow, who—with one blue eye, one brown, and a multicolored coat—is like a living, breathing mood board. In the midst of driftwood and dreamcatchers, the designer with her own shock of silver hair talks to us about kaleidoscopic landscapes and miniature wolves.

WHO IS COLLINA STRADA?

Collina means hill in Italian. Hill being my life-long nickname, I thought Collina was really beautiful. Strada translates to road in Italian. Together they mean absolutely nothing, but it sounded like a nice name.

HAS YOUR CALIFORNIA CHILDHOOD STUCK WITH YOU AS AN INSPIRATION?

Because of growing up in California, I have a profound love for nature. You have the ocean, the mountains, and the desert two hours in each direction. I was fortunate to spend my entire childhood outdoors. I am a total adventure freak!

SO WHY DID YOU MOVE FROM LOS ANGELES TO NEW YORK?

I love the fast-paced lifestyle. The saying, “If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere” is so true. Moving to New York was a challenge and goal of mine for the collection. I knew I wanted to design Ready to Wear, and understood that it would only be truly embraced coming from New York.

WHY IS KEEPING COLLINA STRADA ECO-CONSCIOUS IMPORTANT TO YOU?

The world is so over-materialised. Being a producer of goods, I think it is my duty to be aware and conscious of this. I pay fair wages, buy local fabrics, produce everything in the United States, and am happy to do it.

YOUR PRINTS AND PATTERNS ARE SO TRIPPY. HOW DO YOU DREAM THEM UP?

Despite loving Joshua Tree, I have been using a lot of mirror imagery with photographic prints. This automatically creates a psychedelic illusion. I like to create nature-inspired collections, so most of the prints are landscapes or florals. [This season] I was influenced by kaleidoscopic landscapes and I think the prints really reflect that.

POWWOW'S COAT IS PSYCHEDELIC! HOW DO YOU STAY PRODUCTIVE WITH A CUTE DOG IN THE STUDIO?

He is the best companion I could ever ask for. It's beyond words. His energy creates this amazing calm atmosphere in the space. He loves to help me choose colorways and pick fabrics, too. If it looks good on him, it stays in the line.

WHAT'S POWWOW'S STORY?

Powwow is from Georgia. He came to me in a van filled with miscellaneous animals: a cat, a guinea pig... I grew up with Jack Russell terriers so I have always been partial to them. However, I wanted a miniature wolf. I saw the coloring of a blue merle Pomeranian and instantly fell in love. He is the perfect travel-size pup without looking like a handbag dog.

WILLIAMSBURG IS VERY DOG FRIENDLY. DO YOU HAVE ANY DAILY RITUALS?

Powwow and I go to McCarren Park almost every day. He has a boyfriend named Sam, a King Charles spaniel. In the summertime we eat outside together. His favorite restaurant is Marlow & Sons.

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR SUMMER?

Waterfalls and tan lines.











**SHOWCASE**

FLIERS AND FAKE BOOKS  
NATHANIEL RUSSELL

# LOST AND FOUND

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Nathaniel Russell is an Indianapolis-based artist whose easy-going style is at odds with his hyper-prodigious output. His inspiration stems from the bold, fluid design work of illustrators from the '60s and '70s—artists who took pop art mainstream such as Milton Glaser and Heinz Edelman. Working in a variety of mediums, from zines to fabric prints to fake books (blocks of wood painted to look like hefty tomes), Russell imbues all with his mellow sense of humour. That theme also carries through to his commercial work—album art and sleeves for folk-rock bands such as Iron and Wine, Vetiver, and his own Americana-tinged music under the guise Birds Of America. But it's his take on the DIY flyer that people are drawn to most. At first glance, the posters look like genuine community announcements for missing pets, but are actually absurdist plays on the familiar kind of xeroxed notes seen pinned to neighbourhood telegraph poles. Highlights include Susan, a lost cat whose owners advise she will appear as “an infinite ball of light”, and Pierre, a revolutionary poodle calling for dogs to rise up against their owners.

---

WORDS BY WILL MORLEY



# THE OPPOSITE OF LOST



DON'T TRY TO FIND ME. I HAVE FINALLY  
ESCAPED MY "MASTER'S" WICKED CLUTCHES. TO  
THE OTHERS I SAY: JOIN ME.


BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU

VIVE LA LIBERTÉ

- PIERRE




**RIDESHARE OFFERED**



ANYWHERE REALLY  
I JUST WANT TO CRUISE AROUND  
WHATEVER  
CALL RHONDA

**TALKING PARTNER FOR HIRE**



**SERVICES INCLUDE:**

- LISTENING
- CONSERVATIVE CRITICISM
- JIBBER JABBER
- ADVICE
- LIFE COACHING
- ROLE-PLAYING
- SMALL TALK ABOUT TV, ETC
- DRAMATIC REINACTMENTS

**VIBRATIONS WORKSHOP**




ALL ARE WELCOME  
MEET HERE AT NOON  
PACK A LUNCH

**TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT**




LEAVE A MESSAGE  
317-608-1988

**FREE SNAKE POEMS**



ABOUT SNAKES




LET'S DO THIS  
MEET ME BACK HERE IN A HALF HOUR

**INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE:**




KEEP TRYING THAT THING

**NOW AVAILABLE REAL LIFE PERSON**



WITH IMPORTANT THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS  
I OFFER MYSELF TO YOU AND THE UNIVERSE IN GENERAL

**NOW ON VIEW THE VOID**



**EMANCIPATE YOURSELF FROM THE EGO'S TWISTED GRIPS**



WITH POWER THOUGHT AND BRAIN HARNESS  
A MESSAGE FROM THE MIND YOGA INSTITUTE

**GROW YOUR HAIR LONG AND SEND OUT THE VIBES**



**FLASH MOB**



IT IS TIME TO FREAK & BURN THIS PLACE TO THE GROUND I AM SERIOUS THIS TIME


**NEW DANCE CRAZE "THE MARVELOUS GOBLIN"**



DANCE

LET ME TEACH YOU  
ANCIENT JEREMY DANCE STUDIOS

**DARKNESS AT LUNCH**



TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MIND PICNIC  
MEET AT THE GAZED

**SO BUMMED RIGHT NOW**



SING A SONG GET ME OUT OF IT  
510-246-3338

**FOUND DOG**




NOW WE ARE BROS SO HE'S STAYING  
DON'T CALL DON'T MAKE IT WEIRD

**HELP TRYING TO FIND THIS DOG**




I'D JUST LIKE TO INTRODUCE MYSELF BECAUSE I THINK WE WOULD HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT.

**HAVE YOU SEEN HER?**



LOCAL CAT, SUSAN, APPEARS AS INFINITE BALL OF LIGHT HURLING THROUGH TIME AND SPACE.  
CALL FOR INFO

**INSTANT BEACH OF THE MIND**



ASK ME HOW FREE PAMPHLET THIS CAN ALL BE YOURS

**FEELING TIRED?**



LET THE WORLD BE YOUR FUTON

**DEAR BABY COME HOME**



ALL IS FORGIVEN

**I LOST MY SNAKE**



ANSWERS TO "CHRIS" YOU CAN KEEP IT

**Rendall's MAGICAL POTION & LOTION FACTORY**



OPENING CEREMONY EVENT  
NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC  
EBT OK

**CALL ME:**



(1-900-NITE-SAX)  
MOMENT AFTER MOMENT OF SMOOTH & SENSUAL FULLY IMPROVISED SAXOPHONE MUSIC  
TOTALLY LIVE  
3 DOLLARS PER MINUTE  
DISCOVER CARD ACCEPTED/NO SIMING

**DIAL-A-QUIET**




1-800-SILENCE I PROMISE NOT TO SAY ANYTHING

**INFINITY FUND RAISER & BAKE SALE**



4 PM  
ARBY'S PARKING LOT (BEHIND THE OLD BLOCKBUSTER)

**GRAMPA'S WATERFALL SKATE JAM**



FEATURING:  
- SILENT MESSIAH OF THE CLUB AT THE TOP OF THE QUARTERBACK FROM THE GOOD LUCKY HANDS  
- ANIMAL KING FROM CONTACT  
- BANGLED THROUGH THE ALLEY (SUSAN)  
- NO TANKS  
- GUEST SPINNER: A GUY WHO KNOWS B.S.  
- BEST WARRIOR  
- MASSAGE THERAPIST  
FIND US ON AYSFACE

**GRAND OPENING CONCEPTUAL TACO**



PEOPLE'S RESTAURANT  
OPEN 24 HOURS  
MONDAY SPECIAL: FREE COCONUT  
WORKER OWNED

**SAY IT WITH BLIMP**



GARY'S BLIMP MESSAGE SERVICE

**CALM DOWN PARTY**



WE'RE JUST GONNA EAT SOME SANDWICHES BY THE CREEK  
ALL SUMMER LONG

**PET FOR SALE**



THIS GUY  
FIVE DOLLARS


**HELP WANTED:**



FREE

**FREEDOM CRUISE**  
WE SHIP OUT AT DAWN  
NO HASSLES

**HARDCORE BABY BAND**



SAX DOG NITE CHILD  
LIVE AT RUSTY'S  
9PM SHARP \$5 COVER  
SUPPORT YOUR SCENE

**FOUND FLIER**



FOUND FLIER  
FOUND LOST FLIER  
LOST FLIER  
FEELING LOST?  
I CAN HELP  
NO REWARD  
ASK FOR STEVE  
CALL FOR PICK UP  
REWARD ACCEPTED

**WE'RE NEVER GETTING OUT OF THIS PLACE**



GROUP COUNSELING SESSIONS  
OPEN TO THE PUBLIC  
EVERY THURSDAY AT 6PM  
IN THE COMMUNITY ROOM  
FREE DONUTS

**BURN YOUR HOUSE DOWN**



START OVER TOMORROW WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME.  
THIS IS WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.



**SHOWCASE**

FAUNA/FLORA  
NICOLAS WILMOUTH

# EVERYTHING IS ILLUMINATED

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Caravaggio, Courbet, Manet. A few 17th-century artists whose *chiaroscuro*—the contrast of light and dark to theatrical effect—brushstrokes inspire the work of Nicolas Wilmouth. “Photography, to me, is a way of showing things the way I imagine them rather than the way they are,” says the Les Gobelins-trained photographer, whose shadowy portraits pay homage to the Old Masters’ oil paintings. “Black backgrounds not only highlight the subject, but pull it away from an obvious reality.” Indeed, the taxidermied fowl in *Cabinet de Curiosités* appear stylised, but very much alive. For *Flora/Fauna*, Wilmouth combines the stoic poise of dogs with the delicate decay of earthy roots in a collection of diptychs. The canine portrait-sitters are humanised as downcast light draws attention to their eyes—maelstroms of emotion—revealing grief or fear, love or longing. Still and all, they hold their heads high, in stark contrast to the bruised blooms wilting in vessels of murky water. Says Wilmouth, “This series is at once about life and death, fragility and strength, but most of all, beauty.”

---

WORDS BY ANDIE CUSICK







PREVIOUS PAGE  
ENZO  
THIS PAGE  
FALCO  
OPPOSITE PAGE  
FLEURS

---







THIS PAGE  
RACINE  
OPPOSITE PAGE  
COLERETTE

---







OPPOSITE PAGE  
IRIS  
THIS PAGE  
BUBULLE

---



SHOWCASE

ANIMALS AND NUDES  
PETER HUJAR

# OPEN HEART

In one of photographer Peter Hujar's most famous images (one that would decades later grace the cover of Antony and the Johnsons' hauntingly beautiful album *I Am a Bird Now*) one-time Warhol superstar Candy Darling is sprawled languidly across her hospital bed, shrouded in white sheets, surrounded by wilting bouquets, a single rose at her side. Her steady, unwavering gaze, her serene expression, they are ones of quiet knowing. She is straddling life and death, and for the viewer that suspension is palpable. Therein lies Hujar's gift.

Though all of his photographic portraits, with their rich, velvety black-and-white tonalities and carefully choreographed framing that nods to Italian Renaissance masters, were technically adept, often it seems like the camera was simply an accessory in a private conversation between Hujar and his subject. Even, that is, when the subject wasn't human.

In the posthumous collection of his work, *Animals and Nudes*, released in 2002, naked images of friends and casual sexual partners are juxtaposed with portraits of animals of every creed. The juxtaposition is often cleverly calculated: an image of hands petting a dog's matted fur is followed by one of hands gripping a penis mid-ejaculation, a man sitting naked with his body contorted into a pretzel-twist, big toe in his mouth, precedes one of a boa slithering and curling around a chair.

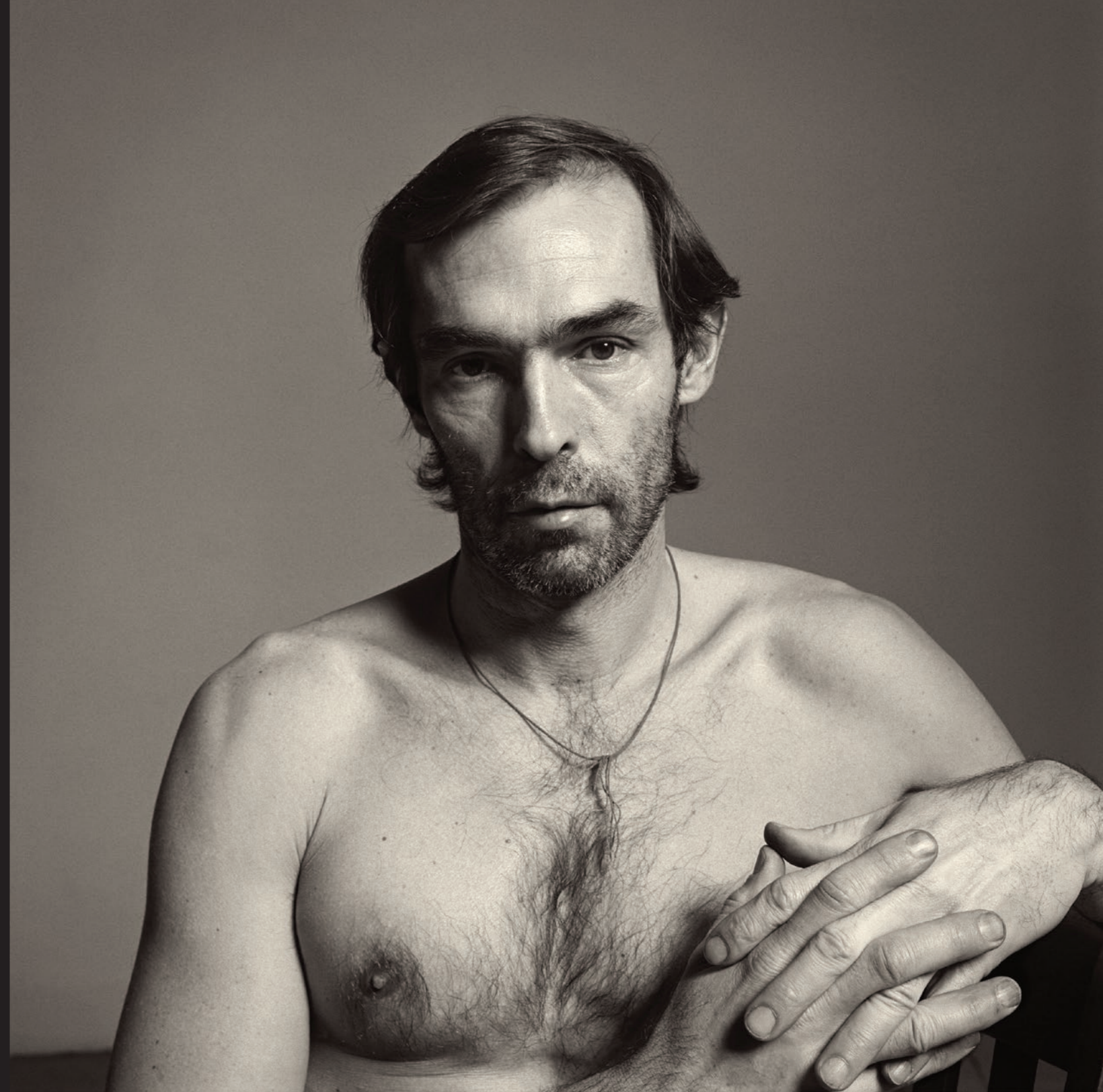
Animals were, in fact, Hujar's first subject matter; he spent much of his childhood living with his grandparents on their New Jersey farm and it was there, at 13, after receiving a camera as a gift, that he began photographing animals. In the years that followed he would cast cows, horses, goats, sheep, and dogs in a particularly soulful light—these weren't quickly captured moments; that Hujar spent time with his animal subjects, connecting and developing an inherent trust, is clear in the resulting images. The dog portraits in *Animals and Nudes*—among them "Bouche Walker" (1981), "Franny" (1978), and "Will" (1985), all posed in stately fashion—have a quiet majesty to them.

And the same tender openness—vulnerability even—of the nudes that accompany them. Perhaps Hujar's profound empathy for his subjects came from the fact that he was keenly aware of his own mortality (he would die from AIDS in 1987 at age 53) and that figured largely in his work; he himself always as willfully open as whomever found themselves on the other side of his magnificent lens.

WORDS BY FIORELLA VALDESOLO

IMAGES COURTESY OF PACE/MACGILL GALLERY,  
NEW YORK AND FRAENKEL GALLERY, SAN FRANCISCO

©1987 THE PETER HUJAR ARCHIVE LLC

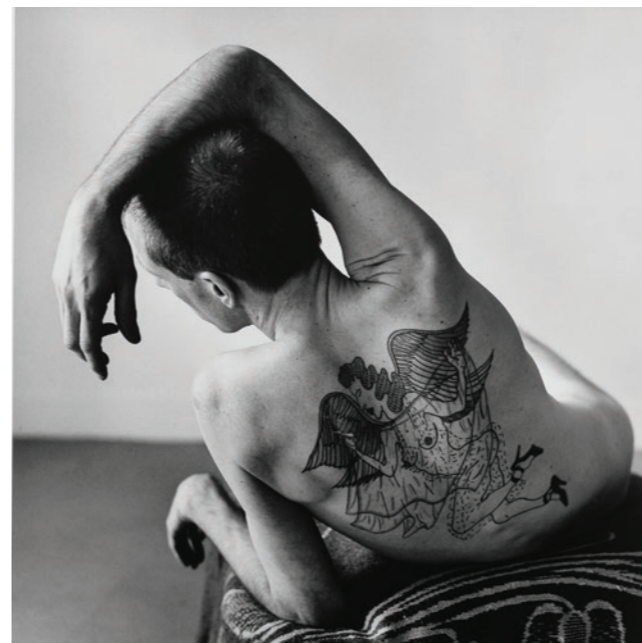


SELF PORTRAIT, 1980

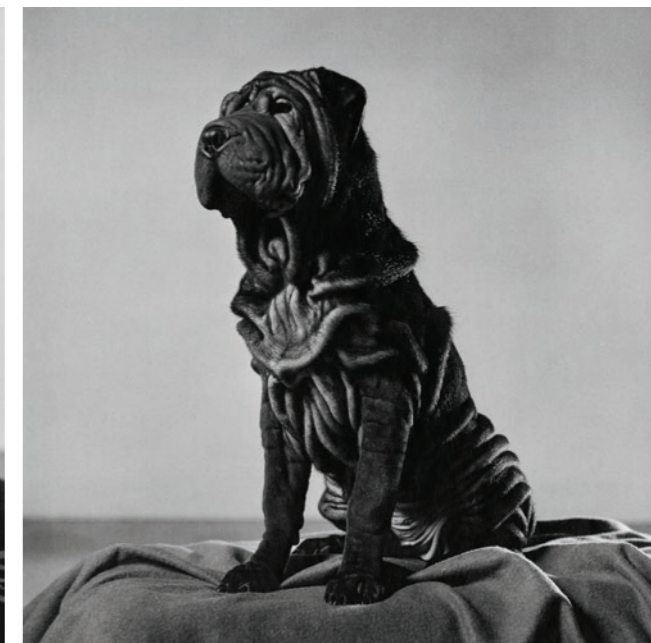




DANIEL SCHOOK LEANING AGAINST CHAIR, 1981



LEFT  
ETHYL EICHELBERGER LEANING ON ELBOW, 1978  
RIGHT  
WILL: CHAR-PEI II, 1985







SELF PORTRAIT SEATED, 1980



BEAUREGARD'S DOG, PILAR, 1983





## BACKSTAGE PASS

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*Best in Show*—Christopher Guest’s farcical mockumentary about the world of canine championship—lampoons middle-class eccentrics and their manicured dogs. There’s Meg (Parker Posey), who fears her Weimaraner, Beatrice, is traumatised from watching her have sex; and Cookie (Catherine O’Hara), who records ditties about her Norwich terrier, Winky, aka “Champion Thank You Neil Sedaka”. We went behind the scenes at Crufts and discovered that dog shows really are more about the owners than the dogs. Sad to report we didn’t witness any dominatrix trainers or dogs avenging judges, but we did find something darkly humorous about the whole affair.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOÃO BENTO













## INTERVIEW

DON'T JUDGE A STROKE BY HIS COVER. ALBERT HAMMOND JR.'S NEW SOLO ALBUM IS A SCRAPPY—BUT ALSO SENTIMENTAL—LISTEN.

# SOUND BITE

Albert Hammond Jr. was burning the candle at both ends. In the five years between solo efforts, the Strokes' rhythm guitarist checked in and out of rehab, recorded not one but two albums, broke up with a supermodel, gave his dog to his folks, launched a line of natty suits, and then got married. His recent EP is less weighty an affair than one would expect. Out on Cult Records—bandmate Julian Casablancas' label—*AHJ* is 15 effervescent minutes of jaunty riffs and howling vocals. In the throngs of music-festival season, Hammond—he who once described his band as “a big bag of puppies, really dirty puppies”—took a moment to talk to us about suspicious-looking dogs and weird-sounding drumbeats.

IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE YOU WERE SEEN AROUND TOWN—AND ON THE PAGES OF *VOGUE*—WITH A DAPPLED DACHSHUND NAMED VIOLET.

Violet is an old lady now. I got her when she was a puppy, but gave her to my parents when I went to rehab in 2009. It's hard to have a dog when you travel so much; dogs can't go where bands go. And Violet practically had a passport. She spent a lot of time in New York, Los Angeles, Argentina, Spain. She could not be happier right now than at home with my parents.

SO WHAT'S WITH CUJO ON THE COVER OF YOUR NEW ALBUM?

[Laughs] It was an aesthetic choice. It was inspired by a Japanese poster for a German movie from the '70s. There was this suspicious-looking dog with crazy fangs. It was striking. I think it was a make-believe breed—Doberman eyes and ears, Rottweiler snout. Warren Fu's *AHJ* graphic made it all come together and gave the album new meaning. The dog looks aggressive but inviting; it spawns curiosity. And it's going to look good in your apartment!

MOST PEOPLE DOWNLOAD MUSIC AND BUY VINYL. I LIKE THAT YOU RELEASED AN EP INSTEAD OF HOLDING OUT ON AN LP. WAS THAT THE IDEA?

Yeah, the timing worked out and I had these five songs that felt like a mini record. They call it an EP but it doesn't feel like I threw together, you know, two B-sides and a couple of covers. A few more songs and it would have been a full-length! A lot of critics pass on EPs, which is a shame, but I was super excited to get it out. Everyone thought my first album was melodic and the second one droney. I don't see it that way, but I guess this new album is the best of both.

YOU RELEASED A SOLO RECORD AND A STROKES RECORD IN THE SAME YEAR. HOW DO YOU DISCONNECT FROM THE BAND AND WRITE YOUR OWN MATERIAL?

It's not really that different. It's not like going from writing musicals to writing rock music. I never sit down and write specifically for me or for the band. It's about compiling stuff and eventually it may or may not fit a category. Like, I'm not going to play this for anyone! Or, it would be cool to play this with the band.

WHAT IS IT LIKE BEING ON JULIAN'S LABEL—DO YOU COLLABORATE AS WELL AS YOU DO IN THE STROKES OR IS IT A DIFFERENT DYNAMIC?

We used to live together, so when it's the two of us, it's not all business. Cult is his new project, so it's exciting to both be doing something new, and doing it together. I would bring him a song that was 95 per cent done and he would throw out ideas like, “Sing it higher!” When we were working on “Rude Customer” Julian said the chorus should be weirder, so we tweaked the drumbeat and were like, Oh my God, this is amazing! In our circle, it doesn't feel like work. It just feels like us.

[AT PRESS TIME] THE STROKES HAVE YET TO ANNOUNCE TOUR DATES FOR *COMEDOWN MACHINE*, BUT YOU'VE BEEN ON THE ROAD FOR THE BETTER HALF OF A YEAR FOR *AHJ*.

I love being on stage and seeing the crowd's reaction to a song. When you think about it, the song has to be good to want to do that. So getting excited about a song motivates me through all the hoops of recording and releasing music. But, with anything in life, there has to be a balance. It takes me a week to get over the highs and lows of touring; to get back to the reality of living a normal life.

WILL A NEW DOG FACTOR INTO YOUR NEW NORMAL?

When I was a kid I had a big, black German shepherd. He was my best friend. He was so strong but would never hurt me... just push me around a bit [laughs]. In my elder years, I would love to get another big dog. But my parents want me to have kids first!

DIDN'T ALBERT HAMMOND SR. FRONT A BAND CALLED 'THE FAMILY DOG' IN THE '60S?

Oh yeah! They were pretty badass. But I don't know if they were named after a real dog. I'm going to call him and ask him...

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
ARTWORK BY WARREN FU



PROFILE

THE BERLIN-BASED DESIGNERS OF CLOUD7, PETRA JUNGEBLUTH AND TODD SCHULZ, CREATE MINIMALIST, HANDCRAFTED HOMEWARES—FOR DOGS.

# THE SCIENCE OF SLEEP

To say that Cloud7 is not your average brand is an understatement. Take, for instance, the products—organic linen dog beds, handmade stoneware bowls, jewel-toned leather leads, and whistles hand-carved from Scottish birch branches—so elegant they are shown at the Maison&Objet design fair in Paris. (Not to mention, the recent collaboration with travel line TUMI on a collection of luxury pet carriers.) Then there are the lookbooks—vérité-style portraits and modernist still lifes shot by interiors photographer Janne Peters—the images of which were exhibited at Danish concept boutique Normann Copenhagen. Berlin-based designers Petra Jungebluth (whose background is in high fashion) and Todd Schulz (former creative director of M&C Saatchi) would accept nothing less.

WE ARE FAMILIAR WITH BEING ON CLOUD 9, BUT WHAT DOES CLOUD7 MEAN?

Todd: We were looking for a name that expressed how a dog should feel when living with our products, something light and non-rational. In Germany, we have a similar saying to yours in English: being on 'Wolke 7' is the same as your 'Cloud 9'. The mix of letters looked nice next to each other. Finding the right name was a lot simpler than finding the right typeface!

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR AESTHETIC?

Petra: We can't ignore being German. We like simple, straightforward design. Judging by most pet products on the market, it would seem people see their dogs as funny clowns or spoilt divas. We personally haven't met any of these people.

HOW IMPORTANT IS SUSTAINABLE DESIGN TO CLOUD7?

Petra: We only use high-quality textiles from organic farms, and work with production houses within reach. This complicates the design process, but we would never use textiles that have been treated with pesticides. It just feels wrong to support [means of] production that would harm a dog's health.

SPEAKING OF, HOW ARE YOUR PRODUCTS PRODUCED?

Todd: As we are not serving the mass market, we are in the luxurious position to choose people

who share our [ideals]. We visited many companies before finding a family-owned business who sew our dog beds and toys, and stuff our mattresses, by hand.

HOW WAS THE COUPLES CAMPAIGN—WHICH WAS ULTIMATELY EXHIBITED IN COPENHAGEN—CONCEIVED?

Janne: We were all pretty clear that this shouldn't be a classic ad campaign. We wanted something that didn't look staged, but rather, had an editorial approach. So I imagined double features—a portrait of a dog and owner, then a dog and Cloud7 product—shot in the subjects' home interiors. We are doing this for the third year in a row, and it still feels fresh and new.

WHO ARE THE SUBJECTS?

Todd: Apart from a few people from our personal community, most 'couples' were street-cast while we were walking our own dog. It's a coincidental mix of characters: a boutique owner, chef, illustrator, homeopath, flight attendant...

WAS PHOTOGRAPHING DOGS MORE OR LESS CHALLENGING THAN OTHER SUBJECTS?

Janne: It has all been very much of a blind date for me, not knowing the people beforehand. And, also, dogs don't keep up their concentration for very long. But it all worked out thanks to Petra, who seems to be a real dog whisperer. The humans were more nervous than their dogs, but it always seemed like the two creatures were made for each other.

DID YOU EVER IMAGINE CLOUD7 WOULD BE SO WELL RECEIVED?

Todd: We remember the day we went to an international design fair in Frankfurt to showcase our first collection. For the first few hours, people walked by without giving us any notice. We began to worry if our idea—a designer label for pets in the interiors market—was a complete misunderstanding. Now, years later, there can't be a nicer compliment for a designer than seeing our original idea accepted by exactly the kind of people we wanted to reach.

WORDS BY MARTA ROCA  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANNE PETERS





PROFILE

AT BOOKSTORE EXTRAORDINAIRE THE SOCIETY CLUB, OWNERS BABETTE KULIK AND CARRIE KANIA ENCOURAGE LONDON'S LITERATI TO READ, DRINK, AND BE MERRY.

## SHOP DOG THE SOCIETY CLUB

The world's eminent writers had a way with words and a taste for spirits. But authors Charles Bukowski, Truman Capote, and Tennessee Williams—who respectively washed down satire with boilermakers, hyperbole with screwdrivers, and pathos with a Ramos gin fizz—had more in common than inspiring libations; namely, a love of dogs.

It's this wining trifecta that makes The Society Club so special. Tucked away in Soho, London, the independent bookstore—or, as owners Babette Kulik and Carrie Kania describe it, “a Bohemian sitting room”—stocks pulp-fiction paperbacks and first-edition novels alongside vintage curiosities, homemade cakes, and dirty martinis (yes, the store has a liquor licence). The neighbourhood haunt also hosts book launches, poetry readings, art exhibitions, storytelling sessions, and music shows. (The most recent: a conversation with Warholian photographer Lee Black Childers, who passed soon thereafter, in April.)

The Society Club is watched over by the beady eyes of Molly (a Cavalier King Charles spaniel), Modesty (an English bulldog), and Monty (a Chihuahua). “Monty has a Napoleon complex,” says Kulik. “He is a bit of a bully, and insists on sitting on customers' laps. Pathetic!” Though Monty is more likely interested in treats than titles, Kulik adds, “If he were to read, it would be books such as *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*...and maybe a little Cocteau.”

For the most part, patrons don't mind the canine shopkeepers, but there are exceptions: “On one particular occasion, two of the dogs were high on summer love and two girls left in disgust! But live and let live, I say.”

We asked Kulik to share a few of her favourite dogs in literature.

### FICTIONAL DOG

Snowy in *The Adventures of Tintin*. Snowy is the brains [of this story] and his eye-rolling cynicism is hysterical. He occasionally gets distracted by the odd bone, but he always saves Tintin's bacon.

### DOG-LOVING AUTHOR

Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas had a white poodle named Basket. Stein started Shakespeare and Co. and Toklas wrote *Murder in the Kitchen*—not only a great cookbook, but also a memoir of their lives in Paris, littered with names of the literati and glitterati of the time.

### DOG-INSPIRED BOOK

*Flush: A Biography* by Virginia Woolf. Flush was a real dog belonging to Elizabeth Barrett. When reading the love letters between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, Woolf saw the starring role that Flush had in the correspondence, and set about writing his biography.

WORDS BY MARTA ROCA  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE RYAN













**PROFILE**

BEST IN PARK'S CHRISTINA TERESINSKI TAKES US BEHIND THE SCENES OF HER MELBOURNE HQ, WHERE SHE DESIGNS THREADS FOR DAPPER DOGS.

## **BY DESIGN BEST IN PARK**

"Dogs have a certain old-school look about them," says Christina Teresinski. "It might sound strange but their unruly eyebrows, wiry beards, and wise eyes give them an air of nobility and gentility." Inspired by her well-groomed grandfather—who wore a tweed cap and waistcoat every day—the Melbourne-based designer's dog-wares label, Best in Park, harks back to a time when dressing smart was the norm.

In 2009, after struggling to find a well-made collar and lead for her poodle, Walter, and wondering if other discerning dogs were looking for the same thing, Teresinski took matters into her own hands: Best in Park was born, and with it, hand-woven leather leads, bespoke engraved collars, tweed bow-ties and Herringbone coats featuring antique brass hardware. "I am drawn to tactile, honest materials," says the designer. "I wanted to create something that would have an enduring quality." To wit, she sources leather from J&E Sedgwick & Co., a British saddlery that has been equipping the equestrian world since 1900. "If it's good enough for horse bridles, it is going to go the distance and wear beautifully."

"Best in Park is not a mass-produced brand. We take pride in each and every product that comes out of our workshop," continues Teresinski, who splits her time between her home office and her warehouse studio.

"Home is where I do my designing and strategic thinking; the studio is my 'doing zone'—product development and prototyping, preparing and fulfilling orders, hands-on stuff." This "hub of craftsmanship" houses the designer's tools, machinery and packing materials; its tables are littered with fabric swatches and boxes are brimming over with sample leashes. With Walter by her side, Teresinski regularly drops in on her suppliers, whose spaces she describes as "candy stores for product designers and craftspeople".

"Dog accessories need to be durable, but still cut it in the street-style stakes," Teresinski believes. And so she has collaborated with local artisans including Note to Self designer Max Olijnyk, with whom she created a Japanese-denim jacket. Just as Walter inspires her, so too does she think her customers' dogs inspire them. "They make decisions based on their own aesthetics, but I do believe they also take into account the personalities of their dogs," she says. "I like to imagine who is going to be wearing the goods, especially the engraved collars, with names like Edweiner, Robocop, Puddles, Frankfurt, Foot Foot... It makes me smile every time."

WORDS BY MEREDITH FORRESTER  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATE BALLIS











LIST

## FACE PLANT

“PLANTS MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY!” DECLARES ELIZA BLANK, FOUNDER OF BROOKLYN FLOWER SHOP, THE SILL. “THEY DO THINGS LIKE BOOST YOUR MOOD AND INCREASE CREATIVITY.” AS, WE KNOW, DO DOGS. BUT BEFORE YOU SCATTER AZALEA SEEDS FOR INSPIRATION, NOT ALL DOGS AND PLANTS GET ALONG. (AZALEAS, AS IT HAPPENS, ARE TOXIC.) WHICH IS WHY WE ASKED BLANK FOR THE DIRT ON DOG-FRIENDLY PLANTS. WHETHER, IN YOUR HEMISPHERE, A BLISTERING SUMMER SPENT GROWING A LUSH GARDEN, OR A BITTER WINTER SWADDLING A HOUSEPLANT, IS UPON YOU, AT LEAST YOUR DOG WILL BE BARKING UP THE RIGHT TREE.

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN EICHHORN

### AFRICAN VIOLET

*Saintpaulia*

This easy-to-grow perennial flowers readily, even for beginners.

### BABY RUBBER PLANT

*Peperomia obtusifolia*

With thick glossy leaves, this plant is a perfect pick for those with brown thumbs.

### BLUE ECHEVERIA

*Echeveria*

A stunning succulent, perfect for a spot with bright light, like a windowsill.

### BOSTON FERN

*Nephrolepis exaltata*

This fern likes indirect light and moist soil. Its drooping leaves make it perfect for a pedestal.

### BROMELIAD

*Tillandsia*

An exotic-looking plant that adds a punch of colour to any space. It just looks hard to take care of.

### BURRO'S TAIL

*Sedum morganianum*

A quirky, quick-growing succulent that's perfect for a hanging planter.

### CHRISTMAS CACTUS

*Schlumbergera*

Not just for the holidays, this houseplant comes equipped with beautiful, bright-pink blooms and lacks the prickly thorns that its desert-dwelling relatives have.

### HAWORTHIA

*Haworthia*

A small and structural-looking succulent that is a favourite for smaller planters.

### HENS AND CHICKENS

*Sempervivum tectorum*

Another drought-tolerant, bright-light loving succulent that propagates all on its own.

### HOYA

*Hoya*

A climbing plant with thick and waxy heart-shaped leaves.

### MONEY TREE

*Pachira aquatica*

As its name suggests, it is known to bring good fortune to its owners.

### PONYTAIL PALM

*Beaucarnea recurvata*

Better than the real thing.

### REX BEGONIA

*Begonia*

A stunning begonia with showy leaf colouration that looks like it has been painted on.

### SPIDER PLANT

*Chlorophytum comosum*

Tolerant of neglect, this is an ideal houseplant known to reduce indoor-air pollution (and did we mention it blooms?).

### WATERMELON PEPEROMIA

*Peperomia argyreia*

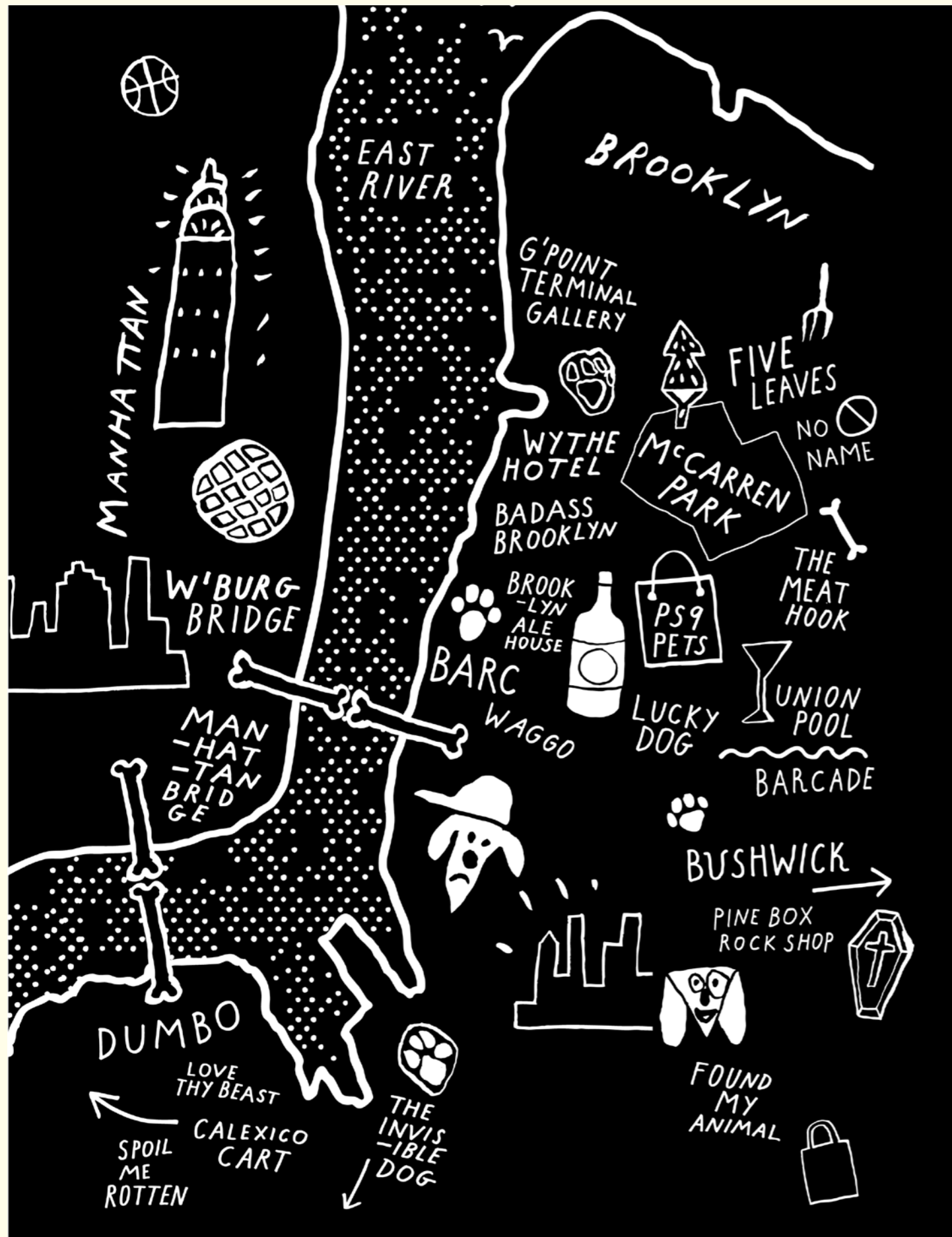
Another Sill favourite for its round, fleshy leaves with silver and dark green stripes that resemble the outside of a watermelon.

### STAGHORN FERN

*Platycerium bifurcatum*

Mount this baby on your wall. Prepare for oohs and aahs.





# BROOKLYN

IN THE FOREWORD TO *THE BIG NEW YORKER BOOK OF DOGS*, WRITER MALCOLM GLADWELL WRITES, "LIKE ALL EMOTIONALLY FRAUGHT RELATIONSHIPS IN NEW YORK CITY, THE INTERACTIONS BETWEEN NEW YORKERS AND THEIR DOGS ARE MARKED BY GUILT," GOING ON TO RECALL A NEIGHBOUR WHO SMUGGLED HER DOG ABOUT TOWN "IN THE BOWELS OF HER HERMÉS BAG." BUT WHERE, IN MANHATTAN, AN APARTMENT'S SQUARE-FOOTAGE IS ANALOGOUS TO A DOG'S SIZE, BROOKLYN KNOWS NO BOUNDS. AT ONCE A SUBWAY STOP AND A WORLD AWAY FROM THE CITY, NEW YORK'S DOG-FRIENDLIEST BOROUGH IS PEPPERED WITH SPRAWLING PARKS FOR LOUNGING IN THE SUN OR CHASING SKATEBOARDS, SIDEWALK CAFÉS WITH WATER BOWLS AND A SIDE OF BACON AT THE READY, AND BARS WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS YOUR (DOG'S) NAME.

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
MAP BY JOSH GURRIE

## LOOK

### GREENPOINT TERMINAL GALLERY

Greenpoint Gallery Night is Brooklyn's unceremonious answer to the Chelsea Art Gallery Crawl (read: cocktail party that takes place in front of art). This new space recently showed the abstract paintings of Eddie Martinez, who shares his studio with a Frenchie named Franny. *67 West Street. greenpointterminalgallery.com*

### THE INVISIBLE DOG

Before Paris transplant Lucien Zayan transformed this vast factory into an internationally acclaimed art centre, it was a warehouse that produced "invisible dog" leashes in the '70s—a trend in which people toted around a stiff leash, sans dog. So to mark opening night in 2009, a flash mob walked invisible dogs around Boerum Hill. *51 Bergen Street. theinvisibledog.org*

## PLAY

### BARCADE

Classic games (Frogger) and bizarre brews (Flying Dog Raging Bitch). Our canine sidekicks couldn't ask for anything more...except maybe opposable thumbs. *388 Union Avenue. barcadebrooklyn.com*

### MCCARREN PARK

The annual Howl-O-Ween Contest is judged by local band the Antlers, but the jury is out as to whether McCarren Park is more fun for people or pups. There's no better hair of the dog than a Bloody Mary from Enid's and a romp in the dog run, respectively. *North 12th Street and Nassau Avenue*

### UNION POOL

This music venue has neither pool table nor swimming pool, but it does have free shows and cheap tacos for when you and your mutt get the munchies. *484 Union Avenue. union-pool.com*

## SLEEP

### WYTHE HOTEL

Lofts designed for touring bands? Check. Menu created by Marlow & Sons' Andrew Tarlow? Check. Street art by Steve Powers, aka ESPO? Check. Dogs? Check, with a \$50 fee. It's saying something when Brooklyn denizens spend more time at this renovated factory on the Williamsburg waterfront than at home. *80 Wythe Avenue. wythehotel.com*

## DRINK

### BROOKLYN ALE HOUSE

You'd be hard-pressed to find a dog-friendlier dive in Brooklyn. In fact, good luck finding a seat that's not saved for a regular boozehound. *103 Berry Street. brooklynalehouse.com*

### NO NAME BAR

A bar with no name. Genius. Your dog should have no problem sniffing out the nondescript door, behind which you'll be greeted by owner Jessica Wertz's gold tooth and German shepherd. *597 Manhattan Avenue.*

### PINE BOX ROCK SHOP

This cavernous coffin-factory-cum-rock-venue in Bushwick loves animals more than you do. Not only do they permit dogs free run of the space, furnished with salvage-yard pallets and rusted oil drums, they are also 100% vegan. Think: craft microbrews and pickled-brine cocktails. *12 Grattan Street. pineboxrockshop.com*

### THE LUCKYDOG

Live bluegrass, a bartender named Moonshine, hillbilly wash tubs, and a gumball machine that doles out dog treats are what a country cur's dreams are made of. *303 Bedford Avenue. facebook.com/luckydogbrooklyn*

## RESCUE

### BARC

A stray haven since 1987, the Brooklyn Animal Rescue Coalition enjoyed 15 minutes of fame last year when *GIRLS* creator/star Lena Dunham adopted a scruffy mutt named Lamby. *253 Wythe Avenue. barcshelter.org*

### BADASS BROOKLYN ANIMAL RESCUE

The slogan says it all: "Saving Badass Dogs from Idiot Humans." This grassroots network of fosters and volunteers has sprung some 1,000 dogs from shelters in the rural South. *52 North 11th Street. badassbrooklynanimalrescue.com*

## SHOP

### FOUND MY ANIMAL

Design-school graduates Bethany Obrecht and Anna Conway bumped into each other while walking their dogs—both named Walter—in Bed-Stuy. A shared passion for animal welfare led to Found My Animal, a line of accessories crafted from nautical rope and hardware, with 25% of the profits going to shelters. *630 Flushing Avenue. foundmyanimal.com*

## LOVE THY BEAST

Tiziana Angello and her pug Orzo design quirky pet accessories like colour-blocked raincoats and geometric-printed tipis in their Dumbo studio. *10 Jay Street. lovethybeast.com*

## PS9 PETS

Inspired by avant-garde art space MoMA PS1, this inspired pet store stocks waxed-canvas carriers and buffalo-plaid jackets for the discerning dog. On Christmas, bring your pampered pooch in to sit on Santa's lap. *169 North 9th Street. ps9pets.com*

## WAGGO

Designer Regine Raab worked for Marc Jacobs and Adam Lippes before turning her attention to fashion's four-legged lot. Her schnoodle Benny is in charge of product inspection for the line of hand-dipped ceramic bowls and chevron-striped leads. *109 South 5th Street. waggo.com*

## EAT

### CALEXICO CART

Mosey up to the curb of this Mexican food truck, parked under the Brooklyn Bridge, and split a carne asada burrito, stuffed with grilled hanger steak and chipotle "crack" sauce, with your drooling date. *334 Furman Street. calexico.net*

### FIVE LEAVES

It used to be that when Australians arrived on American soil, they rendezvoused on Mulberry Street. And so it went until the late Heath Ledger invested in this homey restaurant on Greenpoint's doorstep. You'll need a helping hand, er, paw to finish that behemoth of a burger, heaped with pickled beets, a pineapple ring, and a sunny-side-up egg. *18 Bedford Avenue. fiveleavesny.com*

### SPOIL ME ROTTEN

The scene in which *Mad Max* spoons Dinki-Di dog food out of a can tested your gag reflex, but treat yourself to Spoil Me Rotten's artisanal dog biscuits. Flavours include the human-grade Duck Confit, Salmon Tartare, and Carrot Cake. Available at *Wag Club, 362 Furman Street. smrdogbiscuits.com*

### THE MEAT HOOK

Ever since hosting the cooking class 'DIY Meals and Treats for Dogs', gourmards visit this kitchenware store/butcher shop for prime cuts for their pooches. Says co-owner Taylor Erkinen: "Dogs are people too." *100 Frost Street. the-meathook.com*

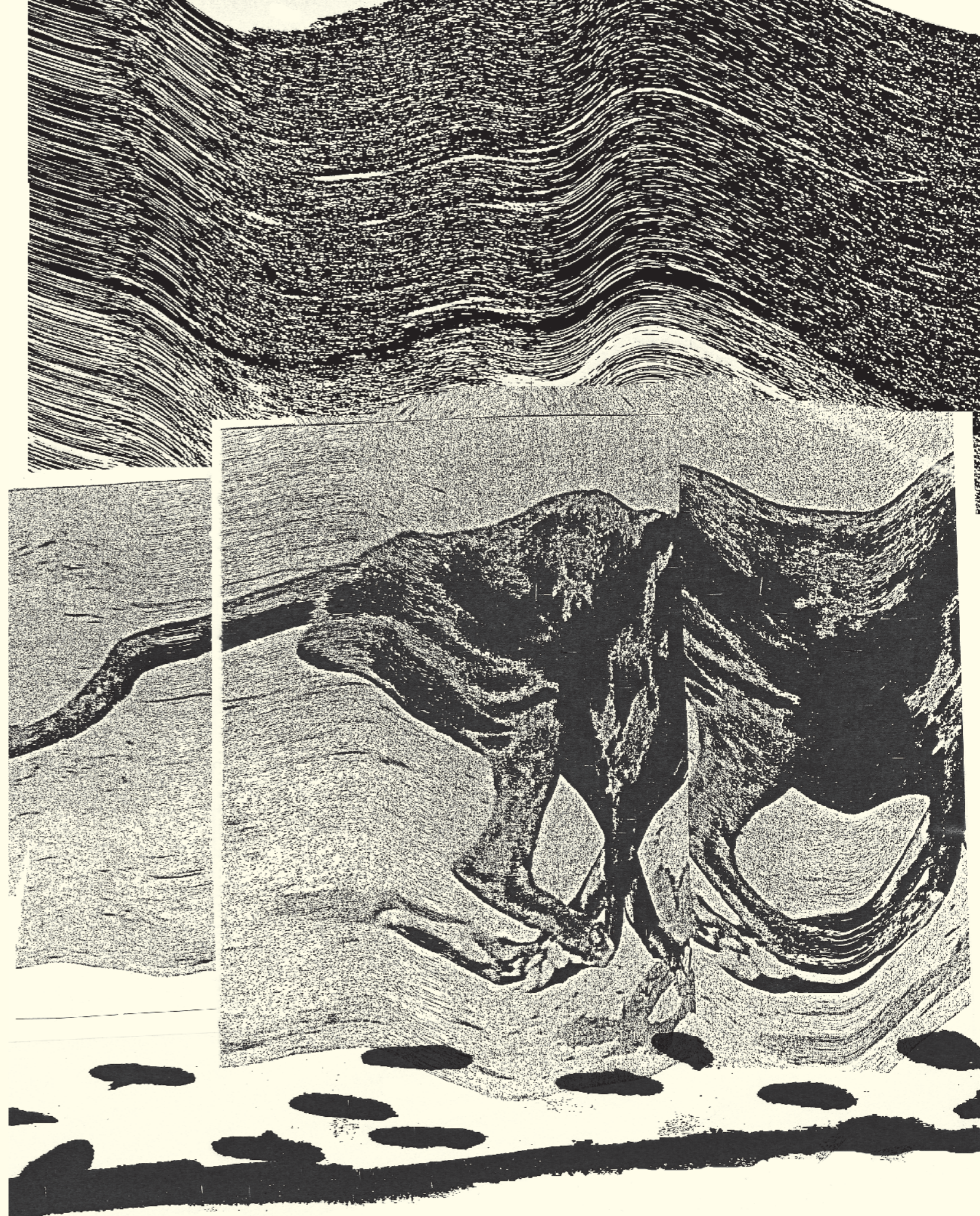


# AFTER I WAS THROWN IN THE RIVER AND BEFORE I DROWNED

BY  
DAVE EGGERS

Oh I'm a fast dog. I'm fast-fast. It's true and I love being fast I admit it I love it. You know fast dogs. Dogs that just run by and you say, Damn! That's a fast dog! Well that's me. A fast dog. I'm a fast—fast dog. *Hoooooooooooo!* *Hoooooooooooooooooooo!* You should watch me sometime. Just watch how fast I go when I'm going my fastest, when I've really got to move for something, when I'm really on my way—man do I get going sometimes, weaving like a missile, weaving like a missile between trees and around bushes and then *pop!* I can go over a fence or a baby or a rock or anything because I'm a fast fast dog and I can jump like a fucking gazelle. *Hoooooooooooo!* Man, oh man. I love it, I love it. I run to feel the cool air cool through my fur. I run to feel the cold water come from my eyes. I run to feel my jaw slacken and my tongue come loose and flap from the side of my mouth and I go and go and go my name is Steven.

THIS SHORT STORY ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN  
*HOW WE ARE HUNGRY*, A COLLECTION OF SHORT STORIES  
BY DAVE EGGERS  
ILLUSTRATION BY JOSH GURRIE





**AFTER I WAS THROWN IN THE RIVER  
AND BEFORE I DROWNED**

I can eat pizza. I can eat chicken. I can eat yogurt and rye bread with caraway seeds. It really doesn't matter. They say No, no, don't eat that stuff, you, that stuff isn't for you, it's for us, for people! And I eat it anyway, I eat it with gusto, I eat the food and I feel good and I live on and run and run and look at the people and hear their stupid conversations coming from their slits for mouths and terrible eyes.

I see in the windows. I see what happens. I see the calm held-together moments and also the treachery and I run and run. You tell me it matters, what they all say. I have listened and long ago I stopped. Just tell me it matters and I will listen to you and I will want to be convinced. You tell me that what is said is making a difference that those words are worthwhile words and mean something. I see what happens. I live with people who are German. They collect steins. They are good people. Their son is dead. I see what happens.

When I run I can turn like I'm magic or something. I can turn like there wasn't even a turn. I turn and I'm going so fast it's like I was still going straight. Through the trees like a missile, through the trees I love to run with my claws reaching and grabbing so quickly like I'm taking everything. Damn, I'm so in love with all of this.

I was once in a river. I was thrown in a river when I was small. You just cannot know. I was swimming, trying to know why I had been thrown in the river. I was six months old, and my eyes were burning, the water was bad. I paddled and it was like begging. The land on either side was a black stripe, indifferent. I saw the gray water and then the darker water below and then my legs wouldn't work, were stuck in some kind of seaweed or spider web and then I was in the air.

I opened my burning eyes and saw him in yellow. The fisherman. I was lifted from the water, the boat was below me. Then shivering on their white plastic boat bottom and they looked at me with their mustaches.

I dried in the sun. They brought me to the place with the cages and I yelled for days. Others were yelling too. Everyone was crazy. Then people and a car and I was new at home. Ate and slept and it was dry, walls of wood. Two people and two girls, thin twins who sleep in the next room, with a dollhouse between them.

When I go outside I run. I run from the cement past the places and then to where the places end and then to the woods. In the woods are the other dogs.

I am the fastest. Since Thomas left I am the fastest. I jump the farthest too. I don't have to yell anymore. I can go past the buildings where the people complain and then to the woods where I can't hear them and just run with these dogs. *Hooooooooooooooooo!* I feel good here, feel strong. Sometimes I am a machine, moving so fast, a machine with everything working perfectly, my claws grabbing at the earth like I'm the one making it turn. Damn, yeah.

Every day on the street I pass the same people. There are the men, two of them, selling burritos from the steel van. They are happy men; their music is loud and jangles like a bracelet. There are the women from the drugstore outside on their break, smoking and laughing, shoulders shaking. There is the man who sleeps on the ground with the hole in his pants where his ass shows raw and barnacled and brown-blue. One arm extended, reaching toward the door of the building. He sleeps so much.

Every night I walk from the neighborhood and head to the woods and meet the others. It's shadowy out, the clouds low. I see the blues jumping inside the windows. I want all these people gone from the buildings and moved to the desert so we can fill the buildings with water. It's an idea I have. The buildings would be good if filled with water, or under water.

Something to clean them, anything. How long would it take to clean those buildings? Lord, no one knows any of this. So many of the sounds I hear I just can't stand. These people.

The only ones I like are the kids. I come to the kids and lick the kids. I run to them and push my nose into their stomachs. I don't want them to work. I want them to stay as they are and run with me, even though they're slow, so so slow. I run around them and around again as they run forward. They're slow but they are perfect things, almost perfect.

I pass the buildings. Inside, the women are putting strands of hair behind their ears, and their older children are standing before the mirror for hours, moving tentatively to their music. Their fathers are playing chess with their uncles who are staying with them for a month or so. They are happy that they are with each other, and I pass, my claws ticking on the sandpaper cement, past the man laying down with his arm reaching, and past the steel van with the music, and I see the light behind the rooftops.

I haven't been on a rooftop but was once in a plane and wondered why no one had told me. That clouds were more ravishing from above.

Where the buildings clear I sometimes see the train slip through the sharp black trees, all the green windows and the people inside in white shirts. I watch from the woods, the dirt in my nails so soft. I just cannot tell you how much I love all this, this train, these woods, the dirt, and the smell of dogs nearby waiting to run.



In the woods we have races and we jump. We run from the entrance to the woods, where the trail starts, through the black-dark interior and out to the meadow and across the meadow and into the next woods, over the creek and then along the creek until the highway.

Tonight is cool, almost cold. There are no stars or clouds. We're all-impotent but there is running. I jog down the trail and see the others. Six of them tonight—Edward, Franklin, Susan, Mary, Robert, and Victoria. When I see them I want to be in love with all of them at once. I want us all to be together; I feel so good to be near them. Some sort of marriage. We talk about it getting cooler. We talk about it being warm in these woods when we're close together. I know all these dogs but a few.

Tonight I race Edward. Edward is a bull terrier and he is fast and strong but his eyes want to win too much; he scares us. We don't know him well and he laughs too loud and only at his own jokes. He doesn't listen; he waits.

The course is a simple one. We run from the entrance through the black-dark interior and out to the meadow and across the meadow and into the next woods, along the creek, then the over the gap over the drainpipe and then along the creek until the highway.

The jump over the drainpipe is the hard part. We run along the creek and then the riverbank above it rises so we're ten, fifteen feet above the creek and then almost twenty. Then the bank is interrupted by a drainpipe, about four feet high, so the bank at eighteen feet has a twelve-foot gap and we have to run and jump to clear it. We have to feel strong to make it.

On the banks of the creek, near the drainpipe, on the dirt and in the weeds and on the branches of the rough gray trees are the squirrels. The squirrels have things to say; they talk before and after we jump. Sometimes while we're jumping they talk.

"He is running funny."

"She will not make it across."

When we land they say things.

"He did not land as well as I wanted him to."

"She made a bad landing. Because her landing was bad I am angry."

When we do not make it across the gap, and instead fall into the sandy bank, the squirrels say other things, their eyes full of glee.

"It makes me laugh that she did not make it across the gap."

"I am very happy that he fell and seems to be in pain."

I don't know why the squirrels watch us, or why they talk to us. They do not try to jump the gap. The running and jumping feels so good even when we don't win or fall into the gap it feels so good when we run and jump—and when we are done the squirrels are talking to us, to each other in their small jittery voices.

We look at the squirrels and we wonder why they are there. We want them to run and jump with us but they do not. They sit and talk about the things we do. Sometimes one of the dogs, annoyed past tolerance, catches a squirrel in his mouth and crushes him. But then the next night they are back, all the squirrels, more of them. Always more. Tonight I am to race Edward and I feel good. My eyes feel good, like I will see everything before I have to. I see colors like you hear jet planes.

When we run on the side of the creek I feel strong and feel fast. There is room for both of us to run and I want to run along the creek, want to run alongside Edward and then jump. That's all I can see, the jump, the distance below us, the momentum taking me over the gap. Goddamn sometimes I only want this feeling to stay and last.

Tonight I run and Edward runs, and I see him pushing hard, and his claws grabbing, and it seems like we're both grabbing at the same thing, that we're both grabbing for the same thing. But we keep grabbing and grabbing and there is enough for both of us to grab, and after us there will be others who grab from this dirt on the creek bed and it will always be here.

Edward is nudging me as I run. Edward is pushing me, bumping into me. All I want is to run but he is yelling and bumping me, trying to bite me. All I want is to run and then jump. I am telling him that if we both just run and jump without bumping or biting we will run faster and jump farther. We will be stronger and do more beautiful things. He bites me and bumps me and yells things at me as we run. When we come to the bend he tries to bump me into the tree. I skid and then find my footing and keep running. I catch up to him quickly and because I am faster I catch him and overtake him and we are on the straightaway and I gain my speed, I muster it from everywhere, I attract the energy of everything living around me, it conducts through the soil through my claws while I grab and grab and I gain all the speed and then I see the gap. Two more strides and I jump.

You should do this sometime. I am a rocket. My time over the gap is a life. I am a cloud, so slow, for an instant I am a slow-moving cloud whose movement is elegant, cavalier, like sleep.

Then it speeds up and the leaves and black dirt come to me and I land and skid, my claws filling with soil and sand. I clear the gap by two feet and turn to see Edward jumping, and Edward's face looking across the gap, looking at my side of the gap, and his eyes still on the grass, exploding for it, and then he is falling, the gap, looking at my side of the gap, and his eyes still on the grass, exploding for it, and then he is falling, and only his front paws, claws, land above the bank. He yells something as he grabs, his eyes trying to pull the rest of him up, but he slides down the bank.

He is fine but in the past others have been hurt. One dog, Wolfgang, died here, years ago. The other dogs and I jump down to help Edward up. He is moaning but he is happy that we were running together and that he jumped.

The squirrels say things.

"That wasn't such a good jump."

"That was a terrible jump."

"He wasn't trying hard enough when he jumped."

"Bad landing."

"Awful landing."

"His bad landing makes me very angry."

I run the rest of the race alone. I finish and come back and watch the other races. I watch and like to watch them run and jump. We are lucky to have these legs and this ground, and that our muscles work with speed and the blood surges and that we can see everything.



After we all run we go home. A few of the dogs live on the other side of the highway, where there is more land. A few live my way, and we jog together back, through the woods and out of the entranceway and back to the streets and the buildings with the blue lights jumping inside. They know as I know. They see the men and women talking through the glass and saying nothing. They know that inside the children are pushing their toys across the wooden floors. And in their beds people are reaching for the covers, pulling, their feet kicking.

I scratch at the door and soon the door opens. Bare white legs under a red robe. Black hairs ooze from the white skin. I eat the food and go to the bedroom and wait for them to sleep. I sleep at the foot of the bed, over their feet, feeling the air from the just-open window roll in cool and familiar. In the next room the thin twins sleep alongside their dollhouse.

The next night I walk alone to the woods, my claws clicking on the sandpaper cement. The sleeping man sleeps near the door, his hands praying between his knees. I see a group of men singing on the corner drunkenly but they are perfect. Their voices join and burnish the air between them, freed and perfect from their old and drunken mouths. I sit and watch until they notice me.

"Get out of here, fuck-dog."

I see the buildings end and wait for the train through the branches. I wait and can almost hear the singing still. I wait and don't want to wait anymore but the longer I wait the more I expect the train to come. I see a crow bounce in front of me, his head pivoting, paranoid. Then the train sounds from the black thick part of the forest where it can't be seen, then comes into view, passing through the lighter woods, and it shoots through, the green squares glowing and inside the bodies with their white shirts. I try to soak myself in this. This I can't believe I deserve. I want to close my eyes to feel this more but then realize I shouldn't close my eyes. I keep my eyes open and watch and then the train is gone.

Tonight I race Susan. Susan is a retriever, a small one, fast and pretty with black eyes. We take off, through the entrance through the black-dark interior and out to the meadow. In the meadow we breathe the air and feel the light of the partial moon. We have sharp black shadows that spider through the long gray-green grass. We run and smile at each other because we both know how good this is. Maybe Susan is my sister.

Then the second forest approaches and we plunge like sex into the woods and take the turns, past the bend where Edward pushed me, and then along the creek.

**AFTER I WAS THROWN IN THE RIVER  
AND BEFORE I DROWNED**

We are running together and are not really racing. We are wanting the other to run faster, better. We are watching each other in love with our movements and strength. Susan is maybe my mother.

Then the straightaway before the gap. Now we have to think about our own legs and muscles and timing before the jump. Susan looks at me and smiles again but looks tired. Two more strides and I jump and then am the slow cloud seeing the faces of my friends, the other strong dogs, then the hard ground rushes toward me and I land and hear her scream. I turn to see her face failing down the gap and run back to the gap. Robert and Victoria are down with her already. Her leg is broken and bleeding from the joint. She screams then wails, knowing everything already.

The squirrels are above and talking.

"Well, looks like she got what she deserved."

"That's what you get when you jump."

"If she were a better jumper this would not have happened."

Some of them laugh. Franklin is angry. He walks slowly to where they're sitting; they do not move. He grabs one in his jaws and crushes all its bones. Their voices are always talking but we forget they are so small, their head and bones so tiny. The rest run away. He tosses the squirrel's broken form into the slow water.

We go home. I jog to the buildings with Susan on my back. We pass the windows flickering blue and the men in the silver van with the jangly music. I take her home and scratch at her door until she is let in. I go home and see the thin twins with their dollhouse and I go to the room with the bed and fall asleep before they come. The next night I don't want to go to the woods. I can't see someone fall, and can't hear the squirrels, and don't want Franklin to crush them in his jaws. I stay at home and I play with the twins in their pajamas. They put me on a pillowcase and pull me through the halls. I like the speed and they giggle. We make turns where I run into doorframes and they laugh. I run from them and then toward them and through their legs. They shriek, they love it. I want deeply for these twins and want them to leave and run with me. I stay with them tonight and then stay home for days. I stay away from the windows. It's warm in the house and I eat more and sit with them as they watch television. It rains for a week.

When I come to the woods again, after ten days away, Susan has lost her leg. The dogs are all there. Susan has three legs, a bandage around her front shoulder. Her smile is a new and more fragile thing. It's colder out and the wind is mean and searching. Mary says that the rain has made the creek swell and the current too fast. The gap over the drainpipe is wider now so we decide that we will not jump.

I race Franklin. Franklin is still angry about Susan's leg; neither of us can believe that things like that happen, that she has lost a leg and now when she smiles she looks like she's asking to die.

When we get to the straightaway I feel so strong that I know I will go. I'm not sure I can make it but I know I can go far, farther than I've jumped before, and I know how long it will be that I will be floating cloudlike. I want this. I want this so much, the floating. I run and see the squirrels and their mouths are already forming the words they will say if I don't make it across. On the straightaway Franklin stops and yells to me that I should stop but it's just a few more strides and I've never felt so strong so I jump yes jump. I float for a long time and see it all. I see my bed and the faces of my friends and it seems like already they know.

When I hit my head it was obvious. I hit my head and had a moment when I could still see—I saw Susan's face, her eyes open huge, I saw some criss-crossing branches above me and then the current took me out and then I fell under the surface.

After I fell and was out of view the squirrels spoke.

"He should not have jumped that jump."

"He sure did look silly when he hit his head and slid into the water."

"He was a fool."

"Everything he ever did was worthless."

Franklin was angry and took five or six of them in his mouth, crushing them, tossing them one after the other. The other dogs watched; none of them knew if squirrel killing made them happy or not.



After I died, so many things happened that I did not expect. The first was that I was there, inside my body, for a long time. I was at the bottom of the river, stuck in a thicket of sticks and logs, for six days. I was dead, but was still there, and I could see out of my eyes. I could move around inside my body like it was a warm loose bag. I would sleep in the warm loose bag, turn around in it like it was a small home of skin and fur. Every so often I could look through the bag's eyes to see what was outside, in the river. Through the dirty water I never saw much.

I had been thrown into the river, a different river, when I was young by a man because I would not fight. I was supposed to fight and he kicked me and slapped my head and tried to make me mean. I didn't know why he was kicking me, slapping. I wanted him to be happy. I wanted the squirrels to jump and be happy as we dogs were. But they were different than we were, and the man who threw me to the river was also different. I thought we were all the same but as I was inside my dead body and looking into the murky river bottom I knew that some are wanting to run and some are afraid to run and maybe they are broken and are angry for it.

I slept in my broken sack of a body at the bottom of the river, and wondered what would happen. It was dark inside, and musty, and the air was hard to draw. I sang to myself.

After the sixth day I woke up and it was bright. I knew I was back. I was no longer inside a loose sack but was now inhabiting a body like my own, from before; I was the same. I stood and was in a wide field of buttercups. I could smell their smell and walked through them, my eyes at the level of the yellow, a wide blur of a line of yellow. I was heavy-headed from the gorgeousness of the yellow all blurry. I loved breathing this way again, and seeing everything.

I should say that it's very much the same here as there. There are more hills, and more waterfalls, and things are cleaner. I like it. Each day I walk for a long time, and I don't have to walk back. I can walk and walk, and when I am tired I can sleep. When I wake up, I can keep walking and I never miss where I started and have no home.

I haven't seen anyone yet. I don't miss the cement like sandpaper on my feet, or the buildings with the sleeping men reaching. I sometimes miss the other dogs and the running.

The one big surprise is that as it turns out, God is the sun. It makes sense, if you think about it. Why we didn't see it sooner I cannot say. Every day the sun was right there burning, our and other planets hovering around it, always apologizing, and we didn't think it was God. Why would there be a God and also a sun? Of course God is the sun. Everyone in the life before was cranky, I think, because they just wanted to know.



## INTERVIEW

BEHIND EVERY SUCCESSFUL MAN IS A DOG-WHISPERING,  
DOLPHIN-TRAINING, CROP TOP-DESIGNING WOMAN. CASE IN POINT:  
DANE REYNOLDS AND COURTNEY JAEDTKE.

# ANIMAL HOUSE

“FUCK THE WORLD COLONEL animals rule” is spelled out across Courtney Jaedtke’s (aka Napkin Apocalypse) Instagram page, which chronicles the adventures of life with pro-surfer beau Dane Reynolds. For those of you who imagine it’s all fun in the sun, you’re mostly right. But when the couple aren’t travelling, they call Carpinteria, California, home—where Jaedtke stitches together animal-emblazoned onesies for her Etsy shop, rescues birds of prey and taxidermies others, dresses up and photographs her dogs Pam, Boogie, and Truffle. (Dane helps.) We present to you the many pursuits of Courtney Jaedtke.

### EXOTIC-ANIMAL TRAINER

I always wanted to work with dolphins. At the Exotic Animal Training Program [in Moorpark, CA], there is a zoo on campus and you learn everything it takes to run it: animal husbandry and training, veterinary skills, conservation, and the Kingdom-Phylum-Class-Order-Family-Genus-Species hierarchy (which I’ve now mostly forgotten).

### DOG WHISPERER

I got Truffle, our lab, in high school. I was raising her to be a seeing-eye dog for the blind, but she got dropped from the program because she’s allergic to dust mites. She is my greatest blessing and best friend. Boogie is our English bulldog. He’s like a giant wad of gum. I like that he has his own agenda, and sometimes doesn’t have time for me. He skateboards, too; I’m pretty sure bulldogs are born with that trait. Boogie and Dane really get each other. Pam is our French bulldog, and she’s super rotten. We love her and hate her at the same time. She reminds me of Naomi Campbell.

### ANTHROPOMORPHIST

I’m a diehard anthropomorphist. I like envisioning animals as if they were people. Dane and I will watch the birds at our bird feeder, and talk about the errands they had to run that day, if their spouse is being an ass, and how their kids are probably driving them nuts. When I dress up the dogs, I envision the type of person each one would be.

They surprisingly don’t mind. I’ve watched Dane grow increasingly fond of animals and I think it’s because of this fantasy world we’ve created around them. We also have a crested gecko, Rumpelstiltskin, and eight pigeons: Dimitri, Tessa, Kaitlin, Dante, Bobbi, Christian, Jimmi, and Pearl.

### FALCONER

I never thought too much about birds until I was assigned to train a bald eagle in school. He hated me at first, and would make threatening calls when I’d come near. But by the time I left, he was making baby peeps at me. He melted my heart. Falconry was a way for me to work with my own bird at home. Since Dane and I travel quite a bit, I haven’t been able to get a bird this season; but when I do, I take it hunting everyday. I’m a sucker for a tawny frogmouth.

### TAXIDERMIST

When I’m out with my bird, if I find a dead animal in a field or one hit by a car on the road, I’ll taxidermy it. I’m self-taught but am going to take a formal course in a few weeks. It’s not as messy as you’d think.

### DESIGNER

I got into sewing six years ago, when I took a class as a hobby. I was never too into clothes, but became enthralled when I learned I could sew anything I dreamt up and it could fit me properly! My personal style is frantic and spontaneous, and I’m inspired by colours, animals, and tiny plastic babies. Dog clothes kind of aggravate me, but I have thought about designing dog beds. I’m baffled by the fabric choices. Who honestly lives in a Renaissance castle with dog beds to match?

### PHOTOGRAPHER

Pam rules the photo shoots. She falls asleep in half the things I put her in. Dane likes it, and helps out sometimes. There was this one video where the dogs were wrapped in Christmas lights and I wanted to pan past them to Pam sitting in her La-Z-Boy with a strobe light to Die Antwoord [South African rap-rave band]. Dane cued the music while I was filming. We don’t often collaborate outright, but pretty much every day we bounce ideas off each other. (Just now, I turned to him and asked him for a less lame way to say “bounce ideas off each other”.)



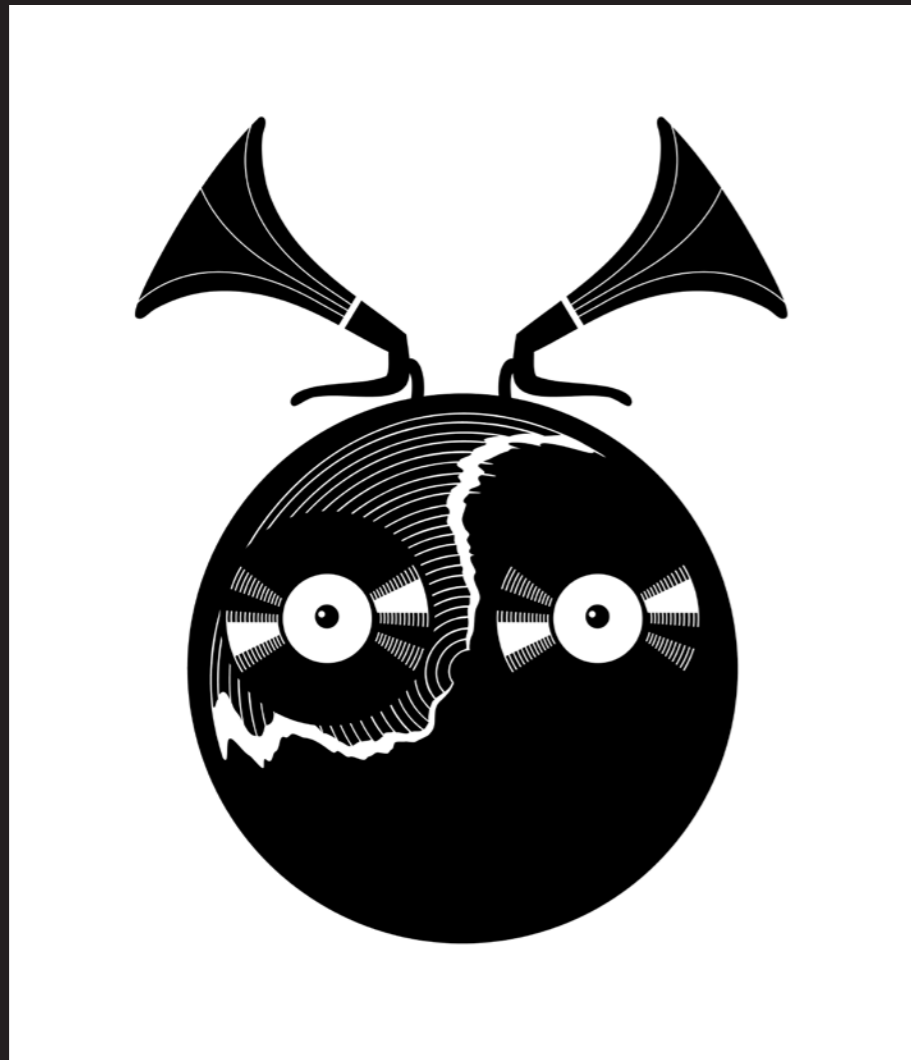
WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTNEY JAEDTKE



ESSAY

HIS MASTER'S VOICE IS AS ICONIC AN EMBLEM AS NIKE'S SWOOSH AND APPLE'S APPLE. MCSWEENEY'S COLUMNIST ROBB FRITZ WAXES NOSTALGIC ABOUT NIPPER, THE HMV DOG.

## PET SOUNDS



As a kid, I listened to anything and everything on the family record player, plowing indiscriminately through one brother's Bowie, another's Barbra Streisand, my dad's strange '50s experimental jazz. I put on headphones and left Minnesota behind, escaping into the exotic, pristine, or bizarre mental landscapes brought to life by everyone from Pink Floyd to Rimsky-Korsakov, Cat Stevens to the Clash. Beyond simple escape, I was in pursuit of that ineffable distillation of pure bliss, a mysteriously heightened moment of harmonic tension in certain pieces of music that would trip an ecstatic tremble down my spine.

It was while making my way through my parents' classical collection that I got to know Nipper, the RCA Victor dog. He was a peaceable companion, lazily spinning around the spindle as I listened, enraptured, to *Nocturnes* and *Arabesques*. Cast against the black or red of the record's label, Nipper was both sophisticated and homey, a lovable white terrier, his head quizzically cocked as he stared into the shiny brass horn of a gramophone, forever listening to, as the caption specified, "His Master's Voice".

I'd always assumed Nipper was a fictional creation. (Our family collies paid no attention to the sounds emanating from our boxy living-room speakers.) So I was surprised to learn that he had been a real dog. Originally owned by Mark Barraud, a scenic painter living in Bristol's Prince's Theatre, Nipper was inherited by his brother Francis upon Mark's death in 1887. A fellow artist, Francis had a knack for painting animals and a reputation for idleness, which earned him the nickname "Bumblebee". Although Nipper's pedigree was an enigma—a mix between Jack Russell, fox, and bull terrier—he was unmistakably named for his habit of nipping at strangers' ankles.

The story behind the painting of Nipper is more elusive. Francis originally painted an Edison phonograph, which—unlike a gramophone—could record one's voice. Whether "his master's voice" was that of Mark's, ghostly echoing from the trumpet, or Francis', played to the mystification of Nipper and the amusement of his new owner, will never be certain. But in 1898, three years after Nipper's death, the latter Barraud captured the scene on canvas. In hindsight, the artist said: "It occurred to me that to have my dog listening to the phonograph, with an intelligent and rather puzzled expression, would make an excellent subject. It certainly was the happiest thought I ever had."

Barraud registered the painting as "Dog Looking at and Listening to a Phonograph". (The phrase "His Master's Voice" was coined by Ralph Mountain in a caption contest later.) But when he tried to contract it to the Edison Bell Company, he was told in no uncertain terms, "Dogs don't listen to phonographs." Francis himself disliked the phonograph's dull black horn, and during a visit to the fledgling Gramophone Company in 1899, in search of "something more pictorial" in brass, manager William Barry Owen offered to buy the painting if Barraud replaced the phonograph with a gramophone. And so Barraud simply painted over the original and was paid the sum of 100 pounds—50 for the painting and 50 for the copyright.

A year later, Emile Berliner—the German-American inventor of the gramophone and disc record, and founder of the Gramophone Company—noticed the painting hanging in Owen's office. He commissioned a copy from Barraud and brought it to America, where Nipper became the official trademark for the Victor Talking Machine Company (by another name, RCA Victor). Nipper travelled the globe, the posthumous mascot for HMV in Great Britain and JVC in Japan. And Barraud made a cottage industry of painting variations of the original "His Master's Voice".

In the early 20th century, Nipper's image became ubiquitous on everything from record labels to home appliances. Larger-than-life statues of the diminutive dog still sit atop erstwhile RCA buildings in Albany, New York, and Baltimore, Maryland; RCA retired Nipper in the '60s, then revived him in the '90s in TV ads, unleashed from his gramophone and with a sidekick, a puppy named Chipper. In 1994, HMV forced the band Beautiful South to change an album cover that featured an audience of Nippers gazing at a gramophone onstage. And in the '00s, street artist Banksy added him to his stable of graffiti icons, armed with a bazooka that the dog placidly aimed right back at the oppressive void of the gramophone horn.

I thought of Nipper not long ago, while listening to an old favourite, Queen's *A Night at the Opera*. The gramophone felt like a quaint throwback even when I was a kid, mastering the drop of a record player's needle onto a spinning vinyl disc. Technology has since upended the model of how music is recorded and sold. HMV remains a singular holdout, thanks to last year's buyout by Hilco UK. But while digital music dominates, vinyl is back in vogue. And Nipper, the canine companion of my musically obsessed youth, carries on as a cultural icon.

WORDS BY ROBB FRITZ  
ILLUSTRATION BY JOSH GURRIE



ESSAY

WHEN FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHER SOPHIE GAMAND TRAVELLED TO PUERTO RICO, SHE DISCOVERED A DIRTY SECRET BEHIND THE ARCHIPELAGO'S BEAUTIFUL BEACHES.

# ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

There are 250,000 stray dogs in Puerto Rico, a US Commonwealth the size of Connecticut, and counting. Dubbed “satos”, slang for mongrel, they are seen as vermin. As such, their ephemeral lives are a shot in the dark—camouflaged by flotsam and jetsam by day, scavenging for scraps by night.

The first time I stepped onto Playa Lucia, aka Dead Dog Beach, a dumping ground on the island's south-eastern shore, I had no experience in photographing vagrant dogs. I mainly work in the studio, shooting glossy, polished dog portraits; dog haute couture, if you will. Here, I was out of my league. Here, former pets find themselves the casualties of gang rituals and target practice. In 2007, hired “exterminators” culled dozens of dogs and flung them from a bridge.

Wearing working boots and dirty clothes, I ventured under the harsh sun with Chrissy Beckles, a New Yorker who founded rescue group the Sato Project in 2011. From a distance, we spotted a shape on the ground. Chrissy tensed up. Even after years of rescuing dogs from this isolated beach, seeing horribly abused animals—dead or alive—is something you can't get used to. We approached and discovered a small, rusty-coloured dog so emaciated and weak it refused to eat; every breath was wearisome. Pointing my camera at his face, my hand trembling on the flash, I felt disgusted with myself for photographing this horror. He looked straight into my lens, exhaled, and passed in Chrissy's arms. She was hysterical; I filmed until there was nothing left of the moment.

That was two years ago. I have returned to Puerto Rico and Dead Dog Beach many times, and captured many stories—one of which was a defining moment for me as a photographer. On a Friday night at nearby Guayanés Beach, Chrissy and I were feeding a few strays. A group of locals were carousing at the beach bodega and a woman waved me over. “There's one over here!” she yelled insouciantly. “I think there's something wrong with it.” One of the puppy's eyes was out of its socket, and it had been whimpering for days to deaf ears. Usually, on a rescue mission, we rush a dog to safety while I hastily capture its story on film, forgivingly cropping out the faces of indifferent onlookers. But that night, I stepped back and looked at what was in front of me. This devil-may-care group was part of the puppy's story. I realised I could not photograph the dogs of Puerto Rico without photographing the humans around them.

This puppy's story has a happy ending—a second chance at life, sans one eye—that's all too few and far between. My computer is full of ghosts: shadows of dogs I fed, pet, photographed. Family dogs, waiting for whoever deserted them to return. Feral dogs, loping along in packs to survive. I, too, pushed myself to the limit on Dead Dog Beach. I came away stronger as a person and a photographer, but the dogs aren't so lucky. Which makes me wonder, has our bond with dogs made us so codependent that we feel the need to rescue them, and in turn, has it made dogs unfit for life in the wild?



WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY SOPHIE GAMAND  
THE DEAD DOG BEACH SERIES WAS SHOT IN COLOUR





## RESCUE

MOTOWN. MOTOR CITY. MURDER CAPITAL. ANY WAY YOU SPIN IT, DETROIT IS NOT FOR THE FAINT OF HEART. PHOTOGRAPHER LISA CERVONE FINDS THAT DOGS DON'T HAVE IT EASY, EITHER.

# LIVE IN DETROIT

“Once a great place, now a prison...” So sang Sufjan Stevens in his earnest paean, “Oh Detroit, Lift Up Your Weary Head!” His titular city has been struggling since the '80s. To the stagnant economy and rampant unemployment, add tens of thousands of strays to the statistics. Fifty-four dogs per square mile, to be exact, call the city's deserted warehouses home.

“The city looks post-apocalyptic,” says photographer Lisa Cervone, who grew up in East Detroit and works out of a studio downtown. “The murder rate is higher than it was when Detroit was known as the ‘Murder Capital’. It's a wasteland, a shell of a former booming auto industry. With so many problems and not enough money, people leave their belongings behind in search of a better life, and sadly, the dogs are forgotten.”

The Motor City is rife with material for the self-taught photographer, who cites Brigitte Lacombe and Robert Maxwell as influences, but last year she focused her lens on Detroit's four-legged denizens. A collaboration with Detroit Dog Rescue—the city's first no-kill shelter—*Rescue Dogs* is a series of portraits of former street dogs.

Mostly pit-bull mixes, “[they had been] shot, stabbed, starved, used as fighting dogs,” Cervone remembers. “But regardless of their past lives, each one greeted me the same way—flat on his back, stomach up, gentle and submissive.”

The results are powerful. Save for a few props, Cervone captured the spirit of each dog in a bare room—from one gregarious boy brandishing a chain to another shying away from the camera—all of whom have since found forever homes. “A dog christened by the crew at D.D.R. as Porkchop, because of the samurai sword-inflicted injury to his head, has a place in my heart,” she says. “I remember him staring at me with this horrific story behind his eyes and sutures still in his scalp.”

The photographer recently traded the city for the country. Her new series is set at the bucolic Sasha Farm, a nonprofit sanctuary in Manchester, Michigan. Her subjects, dappled steers and paunchy pigs, are escapees from factory farms and research labs. “I prefer the company of animals,” confesses Cervone, who named her own dog, an English mastiff, Moose. “I can't relate to people who do not like dogs... I just don't get it.”

WORDS BY KENDALL MEADE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LISA CERVONE



INTERVIEW

AMID PUMPKIN PATCHES, SNOW BANKS, AND RAILROAD TRACKS, ANDREW KNAPP'S DOG IS HIDING. CAN YOU FIND MOMO?

# HIDE AND SEEK

Photographer Andrew Knapp (his dog, rather) has 166,354 followers on Instagram. The *Where's Waldo* of the dog world, *Find Momo* features a black-and-white border collie lying in wait for his owner to throw a stick, camouflaged by his bucolic surroundings in Sudbury, Ontario. Momo retrieved more than a stick. These games of fetch brought Knapp digital fame and a book deal. The former graphic designer called in from his bright yellow campervan—currently traversing North America for his promotional tour—to talk about how Momo is handling his fame with aplomb.

How did the *Finding Momo* series come about?  
The iPhone camera made it easy to take photos, and Instagram made it easy to share. While these stars were aligning, Momo started showing his border-collie characteristics. They're very neurotic, and very repetitive. Every time I threw a stick for him, he would run off to where he estimated I'd throw it to. He did this so well he looked like he was hiding!

How easy or hard is it to get Momo to hold a pose?  
Very easy. Momo makes "sit, stay" look like a lifelong-honed skill.

Did you ever expect the attention the series would get?  
I definitely didn't expect the reaction I got. It has been a ride. It's great to know that people cherish photos of my best buddy hiding. And I'm stoked to have one more reason to hang out with my dog.

And now you've got a book deal!  
I want to inspire people to explore the beautiful and even the mundane, and this book seemed like a great way to extend my reach. I was getting book offers by email, but I wanted to find a publisher who I really saw eye to eye with. So I got in touch with Quirk Books in Philadelphia, and in a few weeks it was a set deal. It happened very organically.

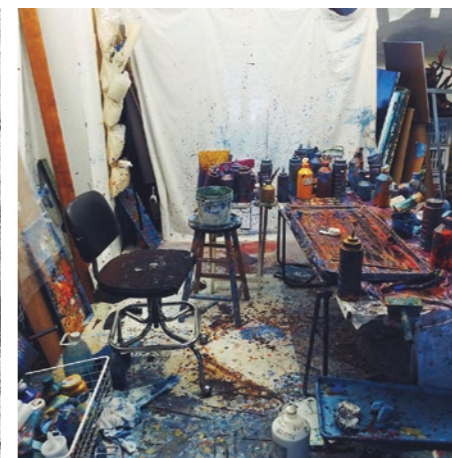
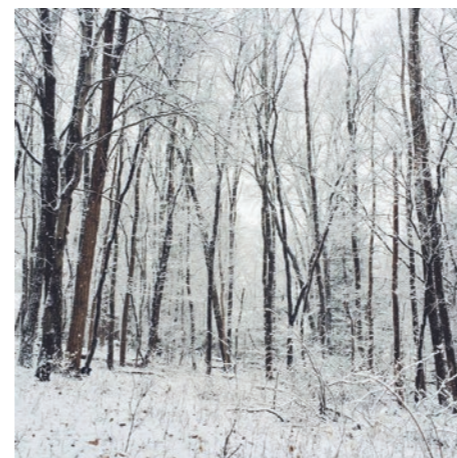
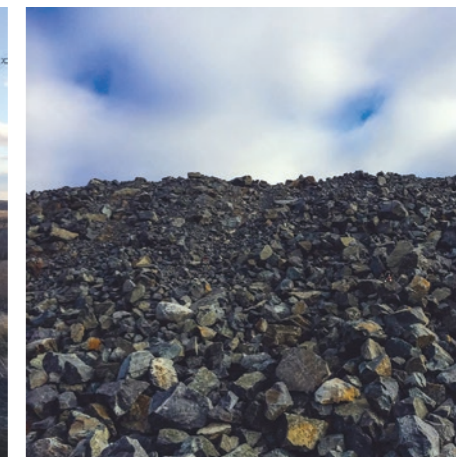
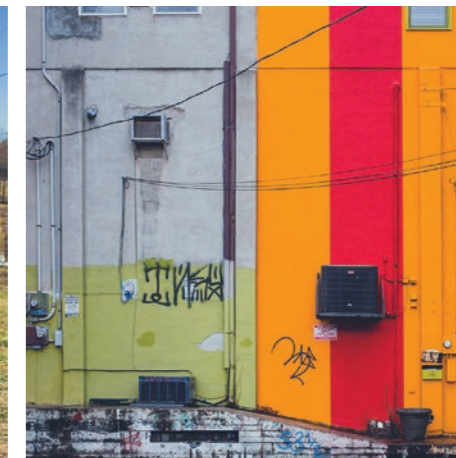
What are some highlights from your cross-country book tour?  
I've been travelling in a 1977 VW Westfalia so it's been a challenge as much as a gift. I'm travelling with a friend and our conversations while driving are just absurd. If you've taken a long road trip with someone, you've probably freestyled horrible rap for a good two hours straight. From [exploring] abandoned water parks to meeting people off the beaten path, the whole trip has been a highlight. I got to shake hands with one of my favourite musicians, Loudon Wainwright III, and gave him a book, since he was playing where I was passing through. We talked about dogs all night.

Maddie the coonhound and Norm the pug have lots of internet "friends", too. Why do you think dogs are so popular on social media?  
It's something about animals in particular, I think. Their innocent disposition, their humility, their honesty. If you have a person doing all these things, you attach their ego to the photo. You don't get that with dogs; their facial expressions are as honest as the day is long.

Does Momo know he's famous?  
All he knows is that he gets a lot of love from a lot of strangers! At the first event, he was scared of the projector so he ran off and hid, which was kind of apropos. But he's a working dog so he's learned how to work a crowd quite well, and by the end of an event, he's exhausted and smiling and snoring.

Is *Finding Momo* your full-time job now?  
I sold my house in December so I'm able to coast for a little bit. I've been shooting a lot of photos on the road, so when I get home I'll hit the ground running. Momo lovers will be happy to hear I'm working on a second book. In the spirit of exploration, Momo has been hiding in some really cool places, and I love sharing his antics. I'll always feed the Momo craze.

WORDS BY AMY FREEBORN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW KNAPP











ARTIST

EATEN BY

A WOLF

## INTERVIEW

GLASGOW VISUAL HUMORIST DAVID SHRIGLEY DRAWS MACABRE MEN AND BEHEADED BEASTS...AND THEN HAS A LAUGH ABOUT IT.

# INFINITE JEST

David Shrigley's got jokes. But there's a mastery to his scratchy drawings and cerebral musings—the visual equivalents of perfectly timed punchlines—and the Glaswegian absurdist artist always has the last laugh. He has stalwart fans (some go as far as to turn his doodles into tattoos) and even the art world takes him seriously (a Turner Prize nomination, Hayward Gallery retrospective, and works held in the Tate Modern and Museum of Modern Art collections will attest). In addition to his myriad exhibitions and publications, Shrigley directed music videos for Blur and Bonnie "Prince" Billy; designed 12 covers for Deerhoof's record, *Friend Opportunity*; and collaborated on an album, *Worried Noodles*, for which 39 artists including David Byrne, Dirty Projectors, and Hot Chip interpreted his scrawls as lyrics. On the heels of the announcement that his tongue-in-cheek thumbs-up sculpture Really Good will give the finger to London's Trafalgar Square in 2016, the artist amuses us with one-liners about his taxidermied dog, "I'm Dead", and his real-life dog, a mini schnauzer named Inka.

You went to art school but your style of drawing is anything but formulaic. When did you start drawing in that distinct David Shrigley way?

To be honest, I'm not really aware of having a style. I have an attitude to drawing, I guess, but I think it's the same attitude as I had when I was a young child—I just want to amuse myself.

A lot of elements in your work are crossed out and covered up. Are they honest mistakes?

They are real mistakes. I never draw things twice. It would be bad luck to do that.

Humour obviously plays a big part in your work. Are all of your works tongue-in-cheek or do they ever have a deeper message?

Humour is something that I seem to be unable to avoid. I never intended to be a humorous artist; that's just the way I turned out. It has taken a long time for me to embrace the comedy of what I do. I used to think it was just a facet of a bigger entity, but I've realised it's very much at the centre of what I do.

When you do a funny drawing, do you laugh to yourself?

Of course!

You certainly don't censor your work, but do you edit?

I throw away 75% of all my drawings.

And your animated videos?

Animation is a far less intuitive process than drawing. It has to be since I can't really afford to discard an animation once I've finished it in the same way I discard so many drawings. I think my optimum creative time is in the evening, for whatever I'm doing. That is when the good stuff happens most frequently.

Wolves feature often in your work. Why is that?

I guess wolves can be seen as metaphors. I like metaphors. Especially ambiguous metaphors.

You address a number of afflictions in your self-help book, *How Are You Feeling*. Do you suffer from any, and if so, do you take your own advice?

At the moment I'm suffering from a prolapsed disc in my lower back. I don't think I've ever given out any advice about that.

What inspired the "I'm Dead" dog sculpture at your Hayward Gallery retrospective, *Brain Activity*?

I guess it's a piece about how weird taxidermy is. Amongst other things.

Please tell us about your dog!

My wife and I have a black miniature schnauzer called Inka. We don't have kids so I guess she fills a gap for us, and of course is somewhat spoiled. I never liked or wanted a dog, but as soon as Inka arrived I did a total 180. Now I love all dogs. Inka is a pretty amiable dog, all things considered. She has a few bad habits, but then so do I... Happiness for me is walking on the beach with my wife and Inka.

What are you working on now?

I'm doing a commission for a restaurant in London called Sketch; I've designed a set of tableware and made 256 drawings to go on the wall. I am also making a collaborative spoken-word record with Malcolm Middleton, to be released in the autumn. In November, I have a new book coming out titled *Weak Messages Create Bad Situations* (Canongate) and a big exhibition at the National Gallery of Victoria in Melbourne.

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID SHRIGLEY





**IN CONVERSATION**

WILL ROBSON-SCOTT IS A PHOTOGRAPHER AND FILMMAKER WHO SPOTLIGHTS SOCIETY'S UNDERDOGS—FROM CHICAGO GANGS TO LONDON GRAFFITI ARTISTS. HIS SHORT FILM, *JOHN AND GEORGE*, FOLLOWS ARTIST JOHN DOLAN AND HIS SIDEKICK GEORGE AS THEY HANG TOUGH ON THE STREETS OF SHOREDITCH.

# ON THE FRINGE

**WILL ROBSON-SCOTT**

ON JOHN AND GEORGE

John and George are a tag team; they are East London to the core. Their relationship is almost paternal; they spend almost every minute of the day together and are inseparable. John provides for George, and their relationship is that of a pretty normal dog and owner. George forms stability in John's life and also gives him purpose. They are codependent; whether George is waiting for his meal or John is looking for companionship.

ON THE FILM, JOHN AND GEORGE

I've wanted to do a piece in which a dog is the integral part of the story, and this worked out perfectly. John has his ups and downs, but he's become relatively successful with his art. He was about to put on a show of his work at [Howard Griffin Gallery], and I was approached by the curator, Griff. I usually approach the subject of my films through a chance meet; this was less organic and I was dubious at first. But when I met John, I knew there was a story to tell. His battles are universal, but he's managed to get over a lot of hurdles. He still has demons in his life, but don't we all.

ON GETTING JOHN TO OPEN UP ABOUT BUSKING AND ADDICTION

At first there was a barrier. John is protective about certain elements of his life and didn't want everything on camera. I had to respect that. It's very easy to make a bad decision in life that can alter your future and have massive repercussions on how your life turns out. It can happen to anyone. John has found a way to channel his energy and is on the right path. It's just hard for him to kick some of his bad vices.

ON THE FILM'S BOTTOMLINE

I try not to have an agenda while filming. I just find certain characters interesting. I have always been interested in people on the fringes, but now a lot of those fringes are mainstream. I won't spend time with a person unless I like them, either. This film is about growing up, getting older, and just trying to get on. Friendship, redemption, and so forth are all intertwined.

**JOHN DOLAN**

ON GEORGE

George is friendly, cute, lovable, adorable, and intelligent. He was given to me by some homeless people who exchanged him for the price of a can of beer (I know, very sad). Sadly, sometimes I trust George above humans. There have been times when I've wanted to give up on the human race completely, but we all have our bad days. George takes care of me because I am there for him and him only. He is the constant in my life, and stops me from losing it completely.

ON TRUSTING WILL

Will has a similar background to me. He comes from the same part of London, and lives in a house that a friend of mine grew up in. So, through those small connections, he automatically got my trust. I was baring my soul to the world. Knowing what a big following his films get on the internet, I handled it like a pro...if I can be so modest [laughs].

ON BEING AN ARTIST

I don't really give the art world too much in-depth thought, or it would worry the life out of me. To break into the art world is no easy feat by any means. But it is great to be getting positive attention for my artwork. The show was sold out. The queue on the night of the opening went around the block. The gallery was so full of people at one point that it was one-out, one-in. I still draw on the street; that is what I am about. And now I'm being approached by people who saw the film, and I get positive feedback from that.

ON LIVING AND WORKING ON THE STREET

I will never stop drawing on the streets of Shoreditch. Shoreditch is constantly changing. There are loads of things that I need to draw. But to people living on the street, I say: Get off them. The streets are too mean a place to be spending your life, unless you can take away something positive from your experience (then fine). To people busking, I say: Carry on. Do what you love, and if you have got talent, you never know who is walking past.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILL ROBSON-SCOTT







Book—

## ARCHITECTURE FOR DOGS

In 2012, architecture went to the dogs—literally. With Kenya Hara (the creative director of MUJI) at the helm, a collective of 13 architects were challenged to design a piece of furniture that would “make dogs and their people happy”. The resulting creations were not only exhibited around the world, but their blueprints were made available for download online. Konstantin Grcic designed a vanity, complete with dressing-room lights and a mirror, for a poodle—apparently the only dog that can recognise its own reflection. Shigeru Ban constructed a maze out of cardboard tubes for his Papilion. And Atelier Bow-Wow created a ramp so that a dachshund, despite its short legs, could make eye contact with its owner. It only took two years, but Hara has finally published a catalogue. In both English and Japanese text, *Architecture for Dogs* (the book) includes the architects’ original designs and sketches, details on the design process, beautiful photography from the exhibitions, and an exclusive interview with Hara himself, who laments, “The world is scaled to the human body, not to dogs.” Not for long. EG [architecturefordogs.com](http://architecturefordogs.com)



© H1roshi Yoda

Film—

## MY DOG TULIP

We all fret and fuss over our pets, but J.R. Ackerley takes his consternation to the next level. In *My Dog Tulip*, an animated short film adapted from the British writer’s 1956 memoir, Ackerley wonders if his German shepherd has a headache and worries that her clock is ticking to have puppies. It’s a bittersweet tale about a man and the four-legged love of his life. Voices by Christopher Plummer, Lynn Redgrave, and Isabella Rossellini. SG



# SMALL BITES

Book—

## DOGCRIME

A tale of conspiracy starring low-life characters, scantily clad bodyguards, and one missing dog, *Dogcrime* (Nobrow) takes our antihero into a downward spiral of deception and betrayal. Illustrated by multi-award winning French artist Blexbolex and beautifully printed in three spot colours, this graphic adventure will leave you yearning for more. MR [nobrow.net](http://nobrow.net)



Design—

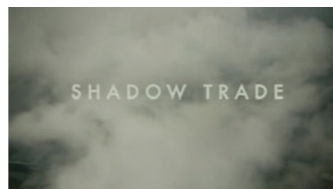
## VANS X ASPCA

Sneakers are a respectable form of expression. (Remember Run-D.M.C.’s 1986 jam “My Adidas”?) So dog lovers—OK, and cat people—will take delight in this spring’s Vans x ASPCA collaboration. Designed to raise awareness for animal abuse, the new Vans Authentic, Slip-On, and Sk8-Hi styles are printed on with a collage of cats and dogs, and were launched at the brand’s Brooklyn location in conjunction with an adoption event. The collection also includes a hat, t-shirt, and backpack—all of which beat being put on a charity mailing list. Off the Wall, indeed. SG [vans.com](http://vans.com)

Film—

## SHADOW TRADE

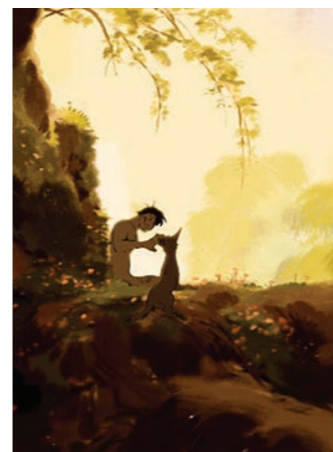
Dogs are loyal companions... perhaps to a fault. Because in Thailand an unconscionable betrayal is playing out under the cover of darkness: family pets stolen from their homes and smuggled into the illegal dog-meat trade. *Shadow Trade*, a documentary by Environment Films and the Soi Dog Foundation, will blow the whistle on this inhumane heist when it hits select theatres this summer. As journalist John Keeble shepherds the audience from the marshlands of the Mekong to squalid backstreets in Vietnam, breathtaking cinematography of the country is spliced with harrowing undercover footage. Says director Richard Eaton: “I think you prepare yourself for the images, and they are horrific, but for me it was the sound of the dogs screaming that affected me the most. It’s not a sound dogs should ever be making.” SG [shadowtradefilm.com](http://shadowtradefilm.com)



Art—

## AZUMA MAKOTO

Azuma Makoto turns flowers into art, but don’t call him simply a florist. The flower artist and owner of Tokyo haute couture flower shop JARDINS des FLUERS creates stunning arrangements for a selection of luxury brands, but his 3-D living sculptures—painstakingly textured tapestries and collages of plants, flowers, roots, and moss—are more impressive still. His *Collapsible Leaves* project is an installation of geometric shapes composed of layers upon layers of leaves, folded into an origami-like patterns; his Shiki series features bonsai suspended in air in a cube created by metal frames, soil spilling from their roots, to magnify their fragility. In “Leaf Man”, Azuma experiments with aquatic plantscapes and LED lights, touches upon the notion of metamorphosis in a half-man, half-plant installation, and collaborates with interior brands on unique works. Naturally, though, our favourite piece is the “Green Doghouse”. The traditional structure is enveloped in 32 different varieties of tropical foliage—including ficus, euphorbia, kalanchoe, and, fittingly, carnivorous plants (some of which, as it happens, are dog-friendly)—appearing as though the natural world has taken over. A beautifully scary thought. EG [azumamakoto.com](http://azumamakoto.com)



Film—

## ADAM AND DOG

The Oscar-nominated animated short by Minkyu Lee tells the whimsical story of man’s first best friend. A spin on the biblical story of Adam and Eve, this beautiful parody begins with a scruffy Dog exploring primordial paradise—chasing squirrels and such—before coming upon Adam. But when Adam absconds with Eve, and the blasphemous bipeds are exiled from the Garden of Eden, Dog is still at their heels. It’s a testament (no pun intended) to a dog’s undying loyalty to man, rendered in spellbinding watercolour brushstrokes. SG

Design—

## HACHI SUPPLY

If we can appreciate street art, our dogs should, too. Such is the inspiration behind HACHI Supply, Shane Jessup’s line of dog products, for which he collaborated with graffiti artists James Marshall (aka Dalek), Dustin Hostettler (UPSO), Tristan Eaton, SEEN, and TADO on the designs. Their brightly coloured graphics are featured on collars, leashes, and beds. Named for Hachiko—the famously loyal Akita who waited for his master at Shibuya Station even after his passing—HACHI will supply your dog with as much swagger. SG [hachisupply.com](http://hachisupply.com)



Design—

## HUND

German engineering does not often come up when discussing dog beds, but that’s about to change. Hund’s distressed canvas dog beds are made from reclaimed military-spec fabrics (think: tank covers, armoured personnel carrier canopies, naval tarps) but feature updated design elements like diamond stitching, indigo dyes, and vintage postal graphics. But the best part? They’re tough enough to withstand a teething puppy. MC [houndworthy.com](http://houndworthy.com)



Design—

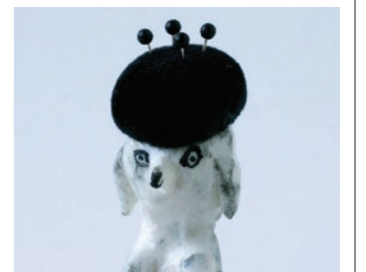
## PESETA X PELUDOS

Peludos—Karolina Arija’s t-shirt line—means “hairy” in Spanish. Which is fitting since proceeds of her quirky, screen-printed designs benefit Madrid’s ANAA animal shelter. And now that Peludos has collaborated with cut-and-sew label Peseta on a collection of scarves and bandanas for people and pets, your good sense of style will not only help feed rescue dogs, but dress them, too. MR [aaapeludos.com](http://aaapeludos.com)

Art—

## ELEONOR BOSTRÖM

Ceramist Eleonor Boström doesn’t make your mother’s porcelain: polished dolls and pampered poodles. She sculpts tabletop tchotchkes of winsome mutts with heart-shaped noses. There’s a bud vase, where blooms will sprout from a hound’s head; a coffee mug, with a tiny dog hiding in your cup of joe, and a pincushion, a pup whose tail serves as a spindle. “There is something about a dog’s expression that catches my eye,” says Boström, who is inspired by flea-market figurines and mixes her own paper-based clay. “I want every piece to be playful.” SG [eleonorbostrom.se](http://eleonorbostrom.se)







Design—

### FREE STITCH

Japan's birthrate may be taking a nosedive, but its pet population is on an upswing. The pampered dogs and cats wear designer clothes, take yoga classes, get aromatherapy massages, and dine out at fancy restaurants. "It may seem like Japanese people are too crazy about their pets, but we are just enjoying our lives with them," says Tomofumi Komori, who runs Tokyo pet-accessories brand Free Stitch. The smart, even *kawaii*, products—Buffalo-plaid toggle coats, pom-pom beanies, braided-leather collars, and more—are created by graphic designers and shot by fashion photographers. And when it comes to the models, like Chihuahua Papiko and Australian shepherd Senbei, Free Stitch makes a point to feature at least one shelter dog each season, Tomofumi says, "to encourage people to change their lives for the better". EG [freestitch.jp](http://freestitch.jp)



Design—

### HEADS OR TAILS

Hot on the heels of Kenya Hara's *Architecture for Dogs* is Oki Sato's *Heads or Tails*. The designer cut his teeth at Issey Miyake, but now runs design and architecture firm Nendo. Originally commissioned by Japanese magazine *Pen*, *Heads or Tails*

is a geometric collection that starts out as a leather doghouse, ceramic food bowl, and rubber ball. But with the flip of a wrist, the house is compressed into a bed, the bowl upturned into a shallow water dish, and the ball reshaped into a bone—Transformers style. EG [nendo.jp](http://nendo.jp)



Art—

### JOCK MOONEY

The BBC once described Jock Mooney as "equal spoonfuls of hilarity and horror". Indeed, the London-based multidisciplinary artist is a funny guy with a dark side. Inspired by Japanese prints, 1960s comics, religious iconography, nursery rhymes, and all subversive material in-between, he infuses his creations—from colourful collages and glossy sculptures to musical compositions and animated videos—with irreverence. "Fat Wanker's Wife" is a manly, albeit heavily bosomed, bust, doused in enamel; in "Hello Boys" a mutt with pronounced teats awaits a feeding frenzy. Mooney says he invites viewers "to seek out the familiar and question the unfamiliar." *Vom Shit Dogs* falls somewhere in between. As the series title suggests, these are hand-moulded, fluorescent-painted figurines of dogs spewing from head and tail, eyes bulging in the process. Oh, what fun for your mantelpiece. EG Image courtesy of the artist and Vane. [jockmooney.com](http://jockmooney.com)

Community—

### DEMENTIA DOG

Dementia Dog is a project that proves the power of companionship can mean oh-so-much. A collaboration between Alzheimer Scotland, The Glasgow School of Art, Dogs for the Disabled, and Guide Dogs UK, Dementia Dog pairs pups with people in various stages of the debilitating disease. Some assist with support and reminders, some bring fun to Care Homes, and soon, some will assist with therapists and care workers. All provide love. MR [dementiadog.org](http://dementiadog.org)



Film—

### FEBRERO

The documentary *Febrero, el miedo de los galgos* exposes the horrific treatment that 50,000 Spanish galgos (greyhounds) are submitted to by hare hunters, who abuse the animals for months during the hunting season and abandon them when it's over in February. We spoke with director Irene Blázquez. EG

#### WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO MAKE A FILM ABOUT THE PLIGHT OF THE GALGOS?

My partner and I had just adopted a dog from a shelter. Xuqui is super special, and the experience was so powerful, that I knew I wanted to help dogs—especially exploited dogs. Galgos become objects, and many are abandoned or killed when their hunting lives are over—at around three years old. This is my first documentary, and I learned a lot while filming and interviewing hunters and protectionists. I wanted to show both sides of the coin.

#### THE HUNTERS PROFIT LITTLE FROM THE SALES OF THE HARES. IS THE PRACTICE OF COURSING SIMPLY FOR SPORT?

It takes place in rural areas, where the perception of animals is different. The hunters, "galgueros", feel proud when their galgo wins a competition, but their dog is not a companion, and there is no emotional bond. They don't give them a dignified retirement.



Book—

### PET SHOTS

Back in 2007, for no apparent reason, *VICE Italy's* head of content Lorenzo Mapelli started collecting vintage school and studio portraits. You know, the ones that bear witness to such cringeworthy cosmetic and sartorial decisions as soul patches and paisley boleros.

"At one point, I realised I had a lot of them, so I started *Sexy People* as a shy attempt at an archive and as a way to start a discussion about aesthetics," says Mapelli, whose blog indexes the abashed by decade (read: '60s 'staches), lifestyle (jocks, geeks), and even pets (who uncannily resemble their owners).

But when combing through faded snapshots at Porta Portese, Rome's oldest flea market, Mapelli came across a collection of Polaroids of 50 different dogs standing before the same rusty picket fence, taken in the early '90s.

"Whoever took these pictures must have run a pet shop, but I still don't know for sure where they come from," he says. "The amazing thing about this find was not only the pictures themselves—which I found incredibly beautiful—but also the fact that each one was stapled to a paper file cataloguing the basic info of the dog: name, sex, breed, owner..."

Knowing he had stumbled upon something special, Mapelli published the Polaroids in a zine, *Pet Shots*. "We decided to focus in on the dogs with some weird results...weird but good," he says. "What I find fascinating about dogs is how they're so close, and at the same time, so distant from us. It's a very weird presence if you think about it, but also the most normal thing ever. I think this ambivalence is what makes dogs so interesting on a cultural level." SG [rawraw.it/petshots.html](http://rawraw.it/petshots.html)



I can't say that to see a galgo running is not beautiful, because it's really amazing. But I can see my *galga* running in the countryside for fun. Maybe it's tradition, but I believe that if tradition makes an animal suffer, it has to end sooner or later.

#### DOCUMENTARY FILMMAKERS MUST BE OBJECTIVE. WAS IT A CHALLENGE NOT TO SPEAK UP TO THE HUNTERS ABOUT THE OBVIOUS INJUSTICE?

The afternoon after filming the galgos train, I felt really down. The dogs are tied to a car, and it's really hard for them to follow the rhythm because they are inherently sprinters, not long-distance runners. Plus, of course, it is completely unfair because they have to keep running no matter what—even if injured. It shocked me that the hunters couldn't see that they were mistreating their own dogs; they couldn't feel the stress and suffering of their dogs. That scene was the hardest one, but maybe the most important one in the documentary.

#### WHAT DOES IT MEAN WHEN HUNTERS REFER TO GALGOS AS "DIRTY"?

If galgos don't run after the hare in a straight line, they are not following the rules of the game. They are clever, and have learned that by taking a shortcut, they will reach the hare quicker. Hunters call these dogs "dirty". This behaviour is seen as cheating and the hunter's pride is hurt. Some "dirty" galgos are abandoned, hung from trees, or thrown down wells. There are organisations, like SOS Galgos, that rescue and rehome the dogs, but they are the lucky ones.

#### FEBRERO HAS SCREENED IN SCHOOLS AROUND SPAIN. DOES THIS GIVE YOU HOPE THAT FUTURE GENERATIONS WON'T PARTAKE IN HARE COURSING, AND THE PRACTICE WILL END?

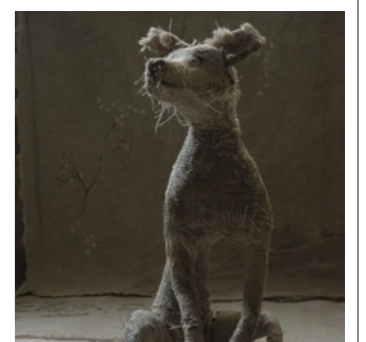
Kids love galgos! I believe one of the keys to defending animal rights is education. I know of one girl who watched the film in class, and then had a discussion with her own father (a hunter) about it. That made me very proud. [Hare coursing] is already banned in some countries, so I don't see why it shouldn't be [eliminated altogether]. The question is when?

[febreroeldocumental.es](http://febreroeldocumental.es)

Design—

### WARE OF THE DOG

In 2012, dog-loving designers Tom Scott and Jackie Rosenthal had a light-bulb moment. "We were walking the dogs one summer afternoon in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, and started talking about how fun it would be to design a line of pet accessories," says Rosenthal. "We walked by a 'Beware of the Dog' sign on a fence and the name was born." The designers' own dogs—Coton de Tulear Hugo and beagle Linus—became both muses and models for the line of luxury knits comprising "dogstooth" pullovers, cable-knit turtle-necks, and neon vinyl raincoats. Cue to 2014 and Ware of the Dog is stocked at Barneys and Harvey Nichols. Adds Rosenthal, "We are constantly trying to make things in a way that is different from what you currently find in the pet accessory market." EG [wareofthedog.com](http://wareofthedog.com)



Art—

### HOLY SMOKE

Inspired by the photograph of an embalmed dog, UK artist Helen Thompson created Holy Smoke, a collection of whimsical sculptures of dogs handcrafted from wire and vintage linen. Each stylised mutt, from stitched muzzle to threadbare tail, is one of a kind. "I have always enjoyed the purity of drawing, but seem to naturally work three-dimensionally. The neutral quality of linen works like a blank page, with the stitching being a drawing line," says Thompson. "Dogs are wonderful subject matter; they have such differing characters and expressive faces." SG [holy-smoke.co.uk](http://holy-smoke.co.uk)





## LAST WORD

# MIKE MILLS

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Mike Mills is a Renaissance man. The artist has designed record covers (Sonic Youth, Beastie Boys, Ol' Dirty Bastard) and graphic prints (Supreme, Marc Jacobs); he has shot music videos (Air, Yoko Ono, Blonde Redhead) and commercials (Adidas, Nike). His own ongoing body of work, *Humans*, takes motley forms, from posters to photographs to installations, and has been exhibited around the world. Mills was featured in the documentary *Beautiful Losers*, but is perhaps best known for directing films like *Thumbsucker* (2005) and *Beginners* (2010)—the latter of which stars Ewan McGregor and Christopher Plummer, and is inspired by the artist's relationship with his father (and father's dog). "My dad said a beautiful thing when he came out to me," Mills recalls. "His Jack Russell terrier was with us on the couch, and we were both petting him, and he said, 'See? This is all I want. If humans treated each other like dogs, we'd all be in such a better place.' We should all just go around petting each other like we pet dogs."

What's so great about dogs?  
Mike Mills counts the ways.

1. Walking with my dog in the forest—the kind of forest where bears/deer leave tracks/scat—and watching her become sort of professional about it all.
2. In the old days, before I was married, sleeping with dog.
3. Watching movies with dog lying across legs.
4. *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*. A great dog character and understanding of the human/dog dynamic.
5. Anything by Jane Goodall. She speaks very knowingly of feeling our connection to all animals through the ones we live with.
6. Allen Iverson, the scrappy basketball player. I always thought my border collie moved like him.
7. Donna Haraway's *When Species Meet*.
8. The Four Seasons. They take dogs at all their hotels. Doing fancy jobs in S.F., Zoe and I spend some fancy nights there together.
9. I don't know. The great thing about dog/human relationships is that they take me out of the world of things—books and places and human concerns and shareable things, really.
10. It's so simple it's a bit beyond words or lists. You can make the lists, but they don't get at what's subversive and magical about taking dogs seriously.

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