



# FOUR&SONS

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Nacho Alegre/Pia Arrobio/Roger Ballen/Carrie Brownstein  
John Darwell/Sam Edmonds/Lucian Freud/Matt Furie  
Sophie Gamand/Amy Hempel/Daniel Johnston/Anna Kleberg  
Wes Lang/Robin Schwartz/Romance Was Born  
Thakoon Panichgul/Bruce Weber/William Wegman/Eric Yahnker

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**DOGS AND CULTURE COLLIDE**

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## **RAISED BY WOLVES**

In *The Jungle Book*, Rudyard Kipling spun whimsical characters out of the wild creatures that reared a feral boy. It's a tale that's been told myriad times, a picture that's been painted in myriad strokes. But what makes the *raised by wolves* trope still so enchanting is how it interweaves reality with fantasy, blurring the line between man and beast. It symbolises a primordial relationship—one that is artistic kindling, and as such, one we explore in this issue.

Wanderlust takes us on a visual trip to Bangladesh, where photographer Sam Edmonds happened upon a wide-eyed tribe of runaways and strays—each others' only creature comforts—who have turned an urban park into an unidealised Neverland. In South Africa, Roger Ballen's band of outsiders found asylum in the artist's Kafkaesque dream world, in which dogs are not quite domesticated and men have gone a bit wild. And Anna Kleberg's pictures are set in a pet cemetery in Sweden—an otherworldly place where people ponder the ephemeral spell that is a dog's life.

There are bizarre portraits that capture the humanised miens of hairless dogs, and psychedelic illustrations that render characters as cartoonish mongrels. We ask the director of Cannes award-winning film *White God* about its allegorical (and literal) underdog. And author Amy Hempel shares her short story *The Dog of the Marriage*, whose narrator likens the human-dog relationship to a love affair, one that "begins with a fantasy".

We look at intimate photographs taken of Lucian Freud, in a world of his own with his whippet Pluto. The artist is but one of the icons we pay homage to in this issue. We chat to William Wegman about how his conceptual work crystallised when his first Weimaraner walked into the frame; and glean dog-centric cultural tips from Bruce Weber, whose images of his golden retrievers are no less cinematic than those of his silver-screen subjects. A surreal thread is woven throughout this issue. Unravel it and you'll find the real stories that inspired us to tell them.

MARTA ROCA AND SAMANTHA GURRIE





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Thanks to all the artists featured in this issue for trusting us with their work. And to all the dogs for being such a source of inspiration and friendship. A very special thanks to all the contributors for their invaluable support and passion.

**GIVING BACK**—Five per cent of the profits from the sale of this issue of *Four&Sons* will be donated to Tierschutzverein für Berlin.



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ANNA KLEBERG’S HAUNTING PHOTOGRAPHS OF A PET CEMETERY  
IN A HIDDEN SWEDISH FOREST RAISE SOME EXISTENTIAL QUESTIONS.

# BEYOND THE PINES

Puck. Bonnie. Reddie. The names of old friends, engraved into sloping tombstones and splintered crucifixes that jut out from a carpet of moss, ferns, and wilting flowers. The graveyard on the outskirts of Stockholm, on the Swedish island of Djurgården, is steeped in a tranquility and dignity that’s not uncommon in such spaces, but the bodies beneath the earth here are different. A final resting place for animals of all walks, the Djurkyrkogården (pet cemetery) sits in a sleepy patch of forest a stone’s throw from national museums and grand memorials. Swedish artist Anna Kleberg has visited the graveyard since she was a child, and its emotional timbre inspired her to shoot a photo series and a short film that unearths stories as much about life as loss.

Pet cemeteries have existed for centuries. The ancient Egyptians mummified not only cats and dogs, but also monkeys, gazelles, and lizards. The gatekeeper’s garden in London’s Hyde Park was the site of hundreds of miniature headstones until 1903; and Peggy Guggenheim was buried alongside her dogs at Palazzo Venier dei Leoni in 1979. But the most famous, perhaps, is Cimetière des Chiens in Paris, where Hollywood’s silent film star, Rin Tin Tin, is entombed. Djurkyrkogården is the final resting place for a few famed animals, but Kleberg’s work of the same name focuses on the living who haunt this place. Some tales are curious and detached, others deep and painful, but all touch on the companionship and codependence that connects one species to the next.

Tell us about your connection to the Djurkyrkogården.  
The pet cemetery has existed since the mid-19th century, and I’ve been aware of it since I was a child. My family had a dog, Jill, a black Cairn terrier who died when I was 17. I was completely devastated. She was not buried at the pet cemetery, but it is still possible to bury your pets there.

How would you describe the place?  
It’s in a hidden location on an island, Djurgården, in Stockholm. The atmosphere is very special, calm, and peaceful. Once you’re there you feel very safe, surrounded by greenery and somehow humbled by the graves. It’s not hard to start thinking about existential questions involving the death, loss, and even regret of loved ones who are not around anymore.

What types of animals are buried there?  
It is the final resting place for over 2,000 domestic animals—with graves for dogs, cats, turtles, birds, rabbits, guinea pigs, horses, and probably more.

One horse, Don Juan, was part of director Ingmar Bergman’s film *The Seventh Seal*. And the oldest grave is supposed to be that of the Swedish author August Blanche’s dog, Nero, buried around 1850.

What inspired the film and photo series?  
I have always been intrigued by the pet cemetery and knew I wanted to do a project with it as a starting point. The film is built around conversations with people who have experienced a close human–animal relationship, in an environment that helped remind the participants of those no longer present, which encouraged sincere and personal stories.

What were you trying to convey through the series?  
Apart from my fascination with the pet cemetery, I’m very interested in our relationships to domestic animals, a relationship that is often very emotional and deep. In relation to animals, unconditional love can become simple and is often always returned. I find it fascinating that people are often less constrained with their emotions with animals, than with close human relations.

Was this psychological aspect a driving force?  
It was. During my research, I read developmental psychology texts about attachment theory, developed by John Bowlby and Mary Ainsworth in the mid-1900s. The theory examines the vital relationship between infants and their relatives, and could be described as a safety net that humans develop to relate to other individuals and the surrounding world. I find the topic of current importance, as we spend a lot of time in front of computers and many of us probably have more physical contact with our keyboard than with a being, and I wonder how it affects us with animals. They also seemed vulnerable and without a voice.

What person, or story, in the film resonates most personally with you?  
I appreciate them equally, but I’m thrilled about the young boy who’s not yet aware of his own mortality. He adds a necessary straightforward and unsentimental angle.

One of the people you interview is a man who worries about his dog dying, even though his dog is alive and healthy. Why did you include this story?  
I suppose that’s the very characteristic of a pet cemetery. In life, we’re moving at different timescales: a dog’s life cycle is so much faster than ours. The man in the film expresses a grief that is already present in the life of his dog. The dog, the horse, or the cat is the one who will leave and it infuses us with sadness. But even though our pets rest in the earth, in a way they are always present and speak to us.



DETAIL ONLY





**MAJA AND ATLAS**

I WAS TO KEEP HIM FOR THREE MONTHS.  
THAT WAS ABOUT SIX MONTHS AFTER MY MUM DIED.  
I NOTICED THAT I WAS DOING MUCH BETTER WITH HIM —  
THE NECESSARY ROUTINES, THE WALKS.  
MY MUM WAS VERY FOND OF DOGS.  
WHEN THE THREE MONTHS WERE UP I CRIED LIKE A MANIAC.  
I NEEDED HIM BACK.

PREVIOUS PAGE  
BIG BEN  
THIS PAGE  
MAJA, ATLAS  
OPPOSITE PAGE  
DAVID



**DAVID**

ON THE VERY DAY MY FATHER PASSED AWAY,  
A GREAT TIT HAD FLOWN INTO MY MUM'S HOUSE.  
WHILE I WAS TRYING TO CATCH AND RELEASE IT,  
I KEPT THINKING THAT THE WHOLE THING WAS SO SYMBOLIC.  
BUT AT THE SAME TIME, I ALSO FELT VERY STRONGLY:  
IT IS NOT MY DAD. HE'S ALREADY GONE.





#### STEFAN AND FIGO

IT'S REALLY JUST A PAIN TO OWN A DOG,  
AS YOU'LL BE MOURNING IT SOON.  
I'M ALREADY WORRIED ABOUT HIM DYING BEFORE ME.  
IT'S SORT OF STRESSFUL.—  
YOU KNOW THAT A DOG'S LIFE IS SO CLEARLY MARKED.  
I'LL BE 50 SOON, SO I SHOULD HAVE 10 PLUS YEARS LEFT.  
BUT FIGO...

THIS PAGE  
STEFAN, FIGO  
OPPOSITE PAGE  
JOEN, KROKO  
NEXT PAGE  
DJURKYRKOGÅRDEN I







FEATURE

WILLIAM WEGMAN PIONEERED CONCEPTUAL ART IN THE '70S, BUT IS FAMOUS FOR DISGUIISING HIS DOGS AS FASHION MODELS, FAIRY-TALE CHARACTERS, AND SURREAL SCULPTURES.

SMOKE AND MIRRORS

There’s something Lydia Davis–like about the way William Wegman talks about dogs. The level of attention that the 70-year-old artist has paid to Weimaraners over the span of his more than four-decades-long career has made him an expert of microscopic proportions—there is not a velvety curve, nimble movement, or steely expression that he hasn’t taken note of. The fruit of his observations—photographs comprising dozens of books, fashion collaborations, experimental videos, captioned drawings, and panoramic paintings—have permeated culture more thoroughly than almost any other artist of his generation. And from *Sesame Street* shorts to Acne Studios campaigns to artwork that’s held in the permanent collections of museums including MoMA, the Whitney, and the Smithsonian, no matter how high- or lowbrow Wegman goes, the work is always unmistakably his.

Do the dogs typically travel with you?  
They do! I have an SUV that they all fit in. I pile suitcases filled with my projects underneath them and they ride close to the window so they can peek out. Until we got Topper, it was a really smooth trip, but he gets carsick.

So you do most of your shoots in New York City now?  
There are two buildings where we live and work that are connected, and the ground floor of one of them is a professional photographer’s studio. I use that quite a bit, maybe every other day, especially if it’s not rented. I’m painting there, too.

When did you switch to digital?  
In 2007. Polaroid went bankrupt and the camera changed quite a bit. Instead of being three dollars a shot, now it’s \$300 because there’s a limited supply of film. I used to shoot it as though it was 35mm, just banging away. But then digital cameras became pretty interesting and better, so I’m using that.

However it did impact how I work with the dogs, since now I think Photoshop is always implied. I liked it when you could tell that the dogs were really there and have that theatrical presence.

You’re best known for your photography, but have been working with video since the ’70s and have lots of fans of that work. What do you think that medium captures about Weimaraners especially well?  
Their movement, certainly. And the riveting eye situation. Their eyes almost act like another being in the room that tells you what’s around. There’s a video called “Dog Duet” (1975) in which I’m running around behind things, and Fay’s eyes are following me, like on a string. I recently did a piece with Flo where I set her up point-blank and I doubled the image and it looks like she’s looking at herself occasionally. That was a projection up at Syracuse outdoors with a high-intensity projector. So I’m still working with the way their eyes modulate space.

Was Man Ray—your first Weimaraner and The Village Voice’s “Man of the Year” 1982—the first dog that you put on film?  
Yes. I had started shooting video about a year before I got him, so it was still new to me. They had something called a Portapak in the late ’60s that became important with documentary work or practising your golfswing or doctors practising their bedside manner. It became something that really extended the way that we could see ourselves—a sort of narcissistic feature of looking at yourself or whatever was around. Since Man Ray was always around, he became really interesting to work with. And he was a hunting dog—they like to be around guns and things—so I think he liked the fact that “the hunter” was involved with equipment.

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WORDS BY MALLORY RICE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM WEGMAN







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RAY, 2006  
THIS PAGE  
FINLAND, 2006  
NEXT PAGE  
BLIZZARD, 2000

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That’s interesting. Have you ever had a dog who you’d describe as camera shy?  
I have one right now who’s camera shy. She loves to be called upon, but as soon as you put her into position, she’ll look away and make a really unattractive face. When Fay [Wegman’s second dog] didn’t want to work, she’d make herself weigh 2,000 pounds. I couldn’t pick her up to put her in position. But most of the others are open to anything. Right now I have two—Flo and Topper, they’re half-brother and sister—and when I pose Topper up high he really likes that. Flo puts her ears back and looks uncomfortable, but when I balance things on top of her head, she gets very focused.

In terms of your many fashion collaborations—how concerned are you with how the clothing actually looks?  
With the exception of the Trussardi greyhounds, I’m not so concerned with selling clothes [laughs]. In fact, I like finding new, unusual ways to make the fabric lie so that it becomes something else. The easiest thing is to make a dog look like a girl. But to turn a dog into an elephant or a rhinoceros or a polar bear or other things is interesting. Issey Miyake clothing is very sculptural and it always looked like art when it would interact with the dogs. It looked like art from Futurism or early Cubism! It’s always fun to discover that.

When it comes to the humour in your work—were there any artists that you looked to early on as examples of a good balance between lightness and substance?  
I was always very serious and never tried to do anything funny. And then when it happened, it was a little bit surprising. Especially with the videos—those were pretty funny, and I wouldn’t lose my audience if there was a payoff. For me, since I was working alone, it was just a way to get in and out of the frame. Somehow that’s almost the definition of a joke—when you enter and exit in a certain revolving way, it’s like the punchline.

As somebody who’s been such a close collaborator with your dogs, how have you dealt with loss?  
Well, when Man Ray was ill in the last couple years of his life, I was always rehearsing. A lot of it had to do with, What would be a great last picture?

Would it be this close-up, loving portrait or would it be commemorative, and appear as if he was the head of a Roman coin? When I did lose him, I didn’t expect to work with another dog again. It was quite devastating and I didn’t really prepare for it. You can’t, really. But five years later, I got and worked with Fay. She got sick at 10 years old and died within two weeks; she had leukemia. Somehow, since I had Batty, her daughter, that overlapping situation helped. Batty pretty much became Fay. She went into all of the places that Fay used to inhabit—even to my wife’s side of the bed.

I lost one two years ago to lymphoma who was the daughter of the two that I have now, Aubin and Candy, who are 15 and 13. That was really upsetting to my daughter, who’s now 16 but had known her all her life. She died in front of us, at home. I had to cover the body and watch it being zipped up. It was really quite spooky.

It’s nice that there’s the connection with them being related. Was connecting the names—from Man Ray to Fay Ray—a comfort too?  
Yeah, I think so. It must have been. In one of the first Polaroids I took of May-Ray, when he was eight or nine years old, I had painted his nails red and titled it “Fay Ray”. So when I did get my second dog, Fay Ray seemed to have a nice symmetry to it.

I remember one of the first things I ever read about Weimaraners was that they were capable of doing special tricks, like climbing ladders, and that was supposed to be a selling point. Have you taught your dogs to do anything unique?  
You know, I haven’t. All of my training is just on the set: Sitting and staying is pretty much the only thing they need to do. Now that this group doesn’t retrieve, it really limits a lot of the things that I used to do. If I hold up a ball, they’re not too interested, whereas Fay and her puppies were obsessed. Flo likes to do really complicated things. Topper likes to be posed and looked at. In fact, when I’m watching TV at home he gets up on something and stands right in front of me so I’m looking at him rather than the TV. With four dogs, they’re always looking at me. And it isn’t about food; it’s about direction: What are we doing?









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CONSTRUCTIVISM, 2014  
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SCREEN SAVER, 2006

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FEATURE

AUSTRALIAN DOCUMENTARY PHOTOGRAPHER SAM EDMONDS DISCOVERED  
A TIGHT-KNIT BAND OF STREET KIDS AND STRAY DOGS IN BANGLADESH.

# THE LOST BOYS

On a small, gravelly patch of land in Dhaka, Bangladesh, street urchins nestle in for the night with stray dogs. The orphans and mutts call Robindra Park home, and have formed a family of sorts. Joined at the hip, they live hand-to-mouth—scavenging for recyclable plastic to trade for morsels of food, and sharing everything. It’s a touching relationship that documentary photographer Sam Edmonds witnessed while shooting the good work of animal welfare organisation, Obhoyaronno, who spay, neuter, and vaccinate the country’s strays. Edmonds’ moral compass has pointed his lens to worldly injustices from dog culling in South-East Asia to pig-dogging in Australia to whaling in Antarctica—with Sea Shepherd, no less. But in his series *Robindra Boys*, the photographer has captured the most unlikely, and yes, adorable, of animal ambassadors.

What inspired you to take up photography?  
I took up photography as a way of communicating what I thought was wrong or unjust. I first picked up a camera at age 12 after watching a *National Geographic* documentary on a wildlife photographer, which really had an impact on me. My grandpa worked for Canon so he had great cameras around the house; I used to take his old T70 and telephoto lens and photograph birds in the backyard. It wasn’t until my tertiary education that I learned the power of bearing witness.

Of your four documentary series, three feature dogs. What draws you to dogs as subjects?  
At university I studied art, politics, and philosophy. Greek philosopher Diogenes admired the honesty of dogs: their shamelessness, their will for survival, and, most of all, their simple contentment. He recognised in dogs qualities that we, as hominids acting in “civilised” society, seem to have lost. I’m drawn to photographing dogs as a way of visually articulating these qualities.

How did you learn of the culling of stray dogs in Bangladesh?  
I was in Bangladesh for the Chobi Mela International Festival of Photography in 2013. I noticed the number of street dogs in Dhaka and heard about Obhoyaronno. It was incredible to see—in this hugely populated, massive city where there are thousands of street dogs—the amount of care that the volunteers gave to every dog.

How does Obhoyaronno’s operation work?  
The Bangladesh government implements ruthless culling programs because of the sheer number

of street dogs. Obhoyaronno combats the suffering by spaying, neutering, and vaccinating dogs. Each year, around 55,000 people die from rabies, but there is a lack of data concerning the number of canine-related deaths. Obhoyaronno is working on a grassroots level to make the community safer for both people and dogs. Their MO is to intrude as little as possible into the dog’s life. So at dawn, a team catches and sedates dogs, operates on them at their facility, and then returns them to the exact place they were found to regain consciousness.

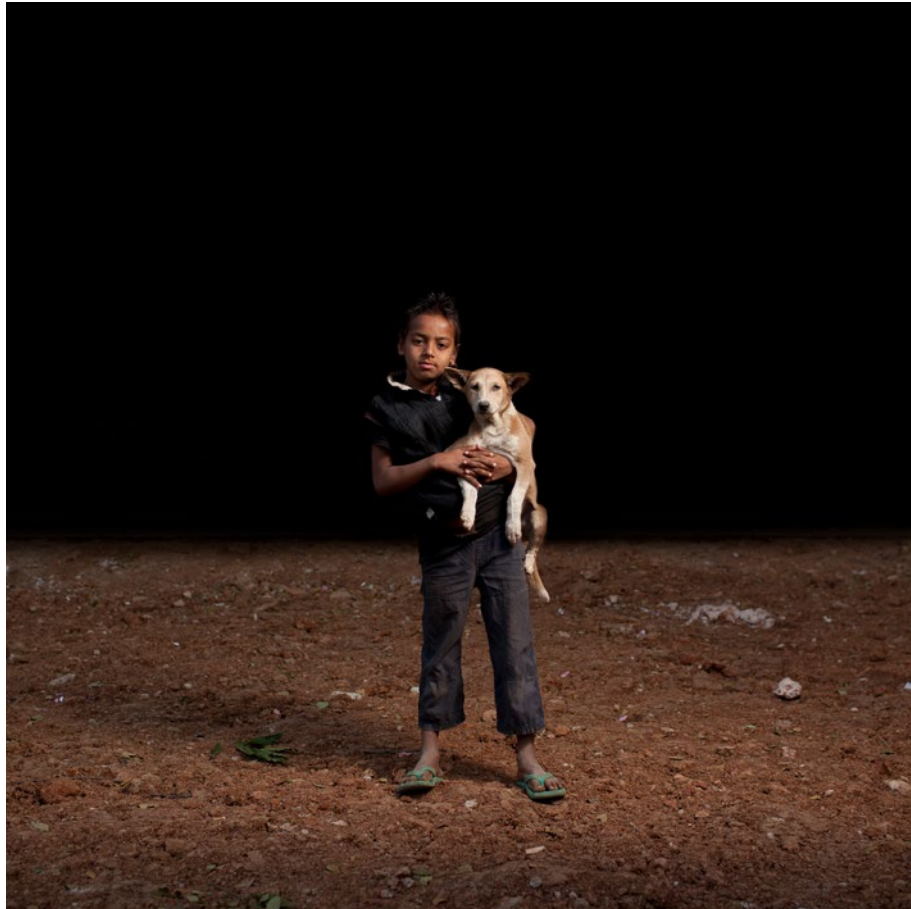
While in Bangladesh, did you stumble upon the Robindra Boys?  
I found out about them from the president of Obhoyaronno, who mentioned that the organisation had treated the boys’ dog companions. You can actually see in some of the portraits that the dogs’ ears are notched, meaning they are rabies-free.

How did the children feel about being photographed?  
The boys (and girls) were so welcoming, and just really fun and energetic to be around. I spent a couple of days getting to know them and photographing them. They all loved being in front of the camera and always brought their dogs into frame. I ended up printing out and giving them all their portraits. I don’t think any of the kids understood what their story meant to me and what it might mean in a larger context of animal rights, but they were nonetheless enthusiastic about being a part of the project.

Did they interact with their dogs the way people in the West might with their pets?  
In the West, canines—the species we call “man’s best friend”—are often treated like commodities in a world of breeding designer dogs and discarding them when they aren’t wanted anymore. [Philosopher] Peter Singer argues: “Altruism began as a genetically based drive to protect one’s kin and community members, but has developed into a consciously chosen ethic with an expanding circle of moral concern.” To me, this story was a living, breathing exploration of Singer’s concept. It is tempting to surmise the companionship between boys and dogs as a function of survival, but at the same time they demonstrate such an advanced version of the way people treat animals. I hope that my work can be a catalyst for people to realise alternative perspectives on the way we interact with other species, especially dogs.

WORDS BY CHRIS HARRIGAN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM EDMONDS

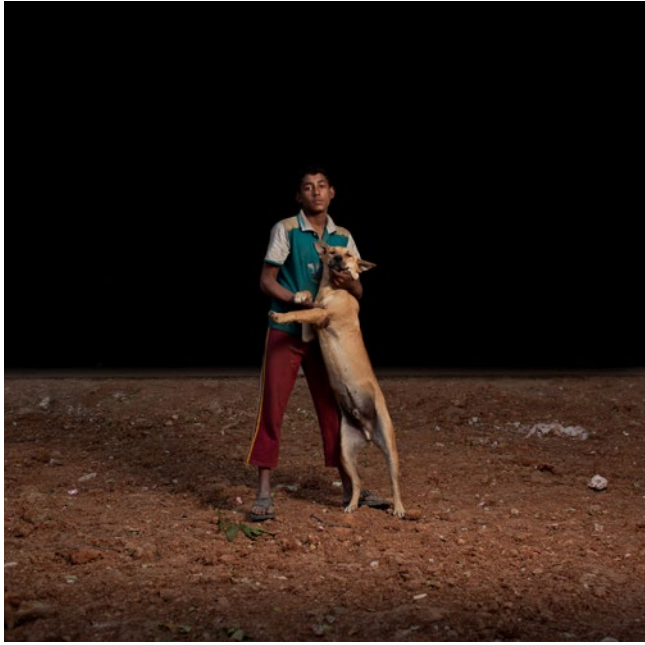




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OSMAN AND TIGER  
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NOYON AND BULLET  
OPPOSITE PAGE  
RABI AND KALU







THIS PAGE, LEFT  
LADIN AND MICHAEL  
THIS PAGE, RIGHT  
RUBEL AND ROMEO  
OPPOSITE PAGE  
SUMAIA AND TIGER



FEATURE

JOHANNESBURG-BASED GEOLOGIST AND ARTIST  
ROGER BALLEEN DUG FOR TREASURE FOR DECADES,  
BUT HE HAS FOUND IT IN HIS OWN PHOTOGRAPHS.

TRUE GRIT

Roger Ballen has a dark side. That much is manifest in the photographer’s visceral images, which piece together shards of a nightmare: hieroglyphic scrawls, gnawed bones, live wires, and greased fowl. But the chaos is couched in coherence, surrealism in formalism. The son of a Magnum Photos editor, Ballen’s formative years were spent absorbing the aesthetics of André Kertész and Henri Cartier-Bresson. In 1972, the Berkeley graduate hitchhiked the South African continent before putting down roots in Johannesburg. He began photographing unhinged South African outcasts for the series *Dorps* (1986) and *Platteland* (1995)—the sociopolitical reverberations of which would make him a beleaguered man.

But the expat’s images have always been less about photojournalism than a journey into the psyche. For the last decade, Ballen has returned time and again to a monastic shanty he found his way into while shooting *Shadow Chamber* (2005). And it’s there that, through his lens, haphazard objects and feral animals are alchemised into totems and metaphors for humanity.

You have a PhD in Mineral Economics. I find it interesting that you worked in mines to earn a living, but also “mine” the world for metaphors that appear in your photography. Is the connection significant to you?

In both geology and in photography I am trying to peer into an ambiguous dark interior. In geology it has been my goal to try to find an orebody, the treasure underneath the surface, whilst in photography I try to come into contact with my own interior and manifest its being through the photographic image.

Your early work had a huge impact. Why do you think your images of white people on the fringes were so incendiary?

It was the first time that anybody had documented the marginal whites the way I did. My pictures aren’t about cultural aesthetics; they’re about psychological aesthetics.

People can go around photographing subjects on the fringe anywhere in the world, but it doesn’t mean they can create powerful imagery. I transformed the subjects in such a way that the imagery was intense and piercing. And this is one of the reasons why the work became so controversial: because the images stayed in people’s heads and made a psychological impact on them. In South Africa at the time, people thought that the whites were in control—authoritarian and confident—but I showed something else, so it became a talking matter in the international media. I always say: the picture should get in people’s heads before they can open their mouths.

Was there a particular impetus that drove you from documentary work to turning the lens inward or was it a subconscious evolution?

If you go back to the ’60s and ’70s, I was always more than just a documentary photographer. The images always had aspects of surrealism, as well as formalism. You can’t expect someone aged 19 to take complex photos, but there is definitely a line through my imagery that didn’t happen overnight. I feel that, from the earliest time I engaged in photography, my images expressed a psychological mirror of myself. In some ways, I have always felt that I have been the same person even though I continue to age. This so-called core seems to find its way into my images no matter how old I am.

Is it a big-picture exploration of the psyche or a personal study?

If they’re going to have impact, pictures need to go beyond the personal and into the archetypal—into other people’s heads and minds and personalities, find shared concepts, and link back to what I’m doing. That’s what I would hope, but I can’t predict what other people feel and think. It’s always the hope the pictures will have impact, but you can’t necessarily explain what type of impact.

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WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER BALLEEN







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CULMINATION, 2007  
THIS PAGE  
UNEATEN, 2003  
NEXT PAGE  
DOG BOX, 2003

## FEATURE

ROGER BALLENG

Can you please explain your process—  
Do you plan or orchestrate photographs?

I never plan anything. I like to arrive at a place with a quiet, relaxed mind. Then I try to find relationships. Sometimes I do a drawing on the wall. Sometimes somebody else does a drawing. The pictures are made up of thousands of different decisions, but everything is linked to everything else—like in the human body, thousands of cells working together for a common unity. There’s no point thinking: I’m going to make a funny picture or depressing picture or interesting picture. The picture says what it says.

People have described your work  
as “disturbing”. What do you say to that?

People who say that can’t deal with their own reality; they can’t cope with their own identities. They are trying to find a way out of the circumstance that I brought them to. Western culture is so alienating. Anything that people are too scared to confront—the human condition or their own condition—they create a defence mechanism to run away from it. A substantial part of human behaviour is based on escapism in one form or another.

If at all, how have your relationships  
with your subjects evolved over the years?

My work has become more abstract, more like paintings and installations. There are more animals and drawings, so people have become less important; they’re more like props. Drawing a person is, in some ways, a more concrete way of dealing with humanity because you don’t have all the layers of interpretation. My pictures can’t define the culture, but they say something about people and they say something about being in the world, about consciousness.

What do animals bring to an image  
that humans don’t?

I’ve worked with animals since I started taking pictures—50 years now. The thing about animals is you can’t know what they think or feel. An animal doesn’t bring with it the baggage that a person brings; when you look at a person, you can see if they’re beautiful or sick or poor. There’s an ambiguity to animals—their meanings are much more archetypal. If you look at my work over the years—at the relationship of the animal to the human and to the environment—there is an important message to decipher: there is not very much harmony.

Can you elaborate on this—how you feel  
about man’s relationship to animals and  
the environment?

I believe the relationship between animals and humans is essentially adversarial and exploitative. In the years I spent photographing *Asylum of the Birds* (2014) I became more and more convinced that human nature is the ultimate culprit responsible for the worst of all holocausts. The links that bind us to the planet are tangled and broken. The bird’s view downwards from the sky is ominous.

Have you found a common archetype  
among dogs? What is the meaning/message  
in “Puppy Between Feet”?

Dogs are one of the few animals that people can truly identify with—they seem to be able to understand human emotions and vice versa. I think this is what makes them so special.

There are multiple archetypes in “Puppy Between Feet”. One is that it looks like a newborn baby coming out of the womb, so it has to do with the old and new, the worn and unworn. But it’s also formally quite a brilliant photograph. Everybody is going to interpret a picture differently, but it should still grab you and take you to a certain place. I think a puppy between a pair of worn feet leads people to pick up on the metaphor, either consciously or subconsciously.

The wry expression of the dog in “Uneaten”  
reminds me of Elliott Erwitt’s tongue-in-cheek  
canine subjects.

Elliott played a large role in my development because he taught me about humour in a photograph. Humour has always been a part of my photography...maybe absurdity more than humour. Recently, I have noticed how many of my photographs reflect human absurdity; a visual reality where human beings and animals are trapped in an incomprehensible and illogical world. Confusion and loneliness dominate our lives. It is hard to find one’s identity when there is no order to things.

You’ve talked about your existential orientation  
in the past. How has photography been a personal  
journey for you? And have you had any epiphanies  
along the way?

It is an epiphany when I have a retrospective show and contemplate on how the images have evolved. More importantly, I see these photographs as fossils/fragments that symbolise my passage through time.













PREVIOUS PAGE, LEFT  
APPEARANCES, 2003  
PREVIOUS PAGE, RIGHT  
BOARDING HOUSE, 2008  
THIS PAGE  
PUPPY BETWEEN FEET, 1999

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The “Dog People” we visited this issue are all free spirits, but whether they are at work or play, their canine cohorts are never far from their sides. Carrie Brownstein’s pointer mix, Toby, and border collie-dachshund, Cricket, may not have been on the Sleater-Kinney tour rider, but they make cameos on her TV show, *Portlandia*. Thakoon Panichgul’s New York showroom is a crowded house of samples, supermodels, and a cosseted Chorkie named Stevie; Reformation’s bicoastal style director, Pia Arrobio, prefers the big love of a pair of rescued pit bulls, Nina and Bruno; as do the designers behind Sydney label Romance was Born, whose Staffy Monaro has a line of his own in the works. At Wes Lang’s Los Angeles studio, the artist works with paintbrush in one hand, Chihuahua Spider in the other. And for Barcelona’s *Apartamento* creative director, Nacho Alegre, home is where his miniature greyhound, Lola, is.



# FREE STYLE PIA ARROBIO, NINA AND BRUNO

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURTIS BUCHANAN

Pia Arrobio has worn many hats in her still nascent career: Art Director. Street Photographer. Fashion Designer. In the early naughts, the now 28-year-old decamped from Catholic school in Pasadena, California, to art school in New York City. She became a familiar face at Lower East Side haunt Max Fish, a hub for artists and skateboarders. The nostalgic snapshots on her blog, “Fighting the War Against Blowing It”, captured the rebellious, youthful spirit of the time. But what began as amateur photography evolved into producing editorials for *Oyster* and campaigns for The Hundreds. After a stint at People’s Revolution, Arrobio currently serves as Style Director at The Reformation’s L.A. HQ. We met at the label’s SoHo outpost to talk about everything from pit bulls (she has two: Nina and Bruno) and tattoos (she has a few) to ’70s style and ’80s icons.

I HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR BIG DOGS. HAVE YOU ALWAYS HAD THEM?

I grew up with a golden retriever named Cinny Bear. When he died, that was the first time I saw my dad cry. Then I picked out an Akita, Jake, from a shelter. In eighth grade, I saw a punk-rock band play and bought a puppy for \$30. That’s Parker. He looks like a giant polar bear. My parents still have him and Freeman, a pit bull. We also had cats and canaries, but there was always a dog in the house. Oh! We had a Rottweiler, Gunnar, too.

YOU NOW HAVE TWO PIT BULLS, BRUNO AND NINA. Bruno’s 12 so my boyfriend and I knew we needed a buffer dog. There was a video of Nina on this shelter’s website and it made me cry. I was like, “We have to go get her!” She is deaf, and her ears had been clipped in the most brutal way. She had been used to breed so she didn’t even know how to play with toys! She is so sweet and cuddly, but has separation anxiety because she’s never been loved before.

PEOPLE CROSSED THE STREET WHEN I WALKED MY ROITWEILER. DOES THAT HAPPEN TO YOU? Downtown New York is more progressive than... anywhere. I think having pit bulls is kind of trendy. But it’s different in L.A. If I bring them to lunch, people are like, “Is that a pit bull? Can you not sit by me?” My neighbours are assholes. Nina got out once and someone pepper-sprayed her face. She was bright red and I had to pour milk in her eyes. I can’t wait to run into that guy!

HAS NINA BEING DEAF BEEN A CHALLENGE?

She follows Bruno’s lead: whatever he does, she does. But she knows me. If I just make a face, she knows what I’m thinking. My old neighbour had a deaf Dalmatian and would say “I love you” to it in sign language. I have to learn that. When I bring her to work, it’s funny because everyone has little, yippy dogs and then there’s Nina, who’s so big and strong, but she’ll just quietly kick it at my desk all day.

REFORMATION ONLY USES ECO-FRIENDLY, DEADSTOCK, AND VINTAGE FABRICS, CORRECT?

With deadstock fabrics, it’s really hit or miss, and unfortunately we fall in love with fabrics that come in small quantities. But that’s what makes each item special. I was researching dyes and came across a photograph of kids in India swimming in a river of bright pink toxic foam. It was stunning but, of course, shocking. We just made beautiful wool sweaters from the cutest alpacas in Peru. They spend their lives grazing.

THE REFORMATION AESTHETIC IS VERY ’70S. WHAT DO YOU LOVE ABOUT THAT ERA?

My heart goes wild for the ’70s! When I got into vintage as a teenager, it was always ’70s silhouettes that complimented my body. Anything with an open neck, cinched waist, and side slit is going to make you look like sex.

You know, the feminist in me doesn’t want to equate sex appeal with power, but it’s undeniable that a person’s attitude can drastically change when they feel good in what they’re wearing. I kind of have a dream job because, really, I’m the target market. I design what my friends and I want to wear. I’ll see a photo of Jane Birkin in a suede trench coat and say, “We should make a suede trench coat!” This season, there’s a major ’60s and ’70s situation going on—wrap tops, white suits, billowing sleeves...

DO YOU FIND REAL GIRLS OR FASHION ICONS MORE INSPIRING?

I want to be Elvira Hancock [Michelle Pfeiffer in *Scarface*]. But I’m very inspired by girls in New York. There’s a real YOLO [You Only Live Once] vibe going on when it comes to getting dressed in the city.

DO YOU EVER MISS PHOTOGRAPHING SUCH GIRLS?

I wish I’d kept with it. I used to spend all my money on film; the place that developed it bought me wine one Christmas! I loved the moment—out at night, dancing, drinking—the flash hit and you just knew *this is going to be a good photo*. Some people are like, “Max Fish tattoos are embarrassing.” But they welcomed me with open arms, and when I made bad decisions, they checked me. My dad bought art from Jamal Williams and Neckface at the Fish.

YOU HAVE A TATTOO OF YOUR LAST DOG, MILLER.

Back when I lived on 7th Street, this kid on the block’s pit bulls had puppies. Miller fell asleep on my chest and I melted. I loved cruising the streets with my dog. Unfortunately, he was hit by a car. I tattooed his name on my arm the same day. I was a mess. Insanely enough, I talked to a medium last year and she asked me, “Did you have a dog pass? There’s a dog trying to come through.” That was just weird.









# AGENT PROVOCATEUR WES LANG AND SPIDER

WORDS BY NISHA GOPALAN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENNETH CAPPELLO

In the vast landscape of pop-culture iconography, Wes Lang is the rare creative whose appeal has coolly transitioned from Haight to hip-hop. A professional artist since the '90s, Lang—imposing in stature, shyly amiable in disposition—made his name two years ago with his stunning illustration, as commissioned by the Grateful Dead, of a stoic human skull donning a technicolour Native American headpiece. After that, he won over a completely different scene by designing merch (featuring yet more palpitating skulls) for Kanye West's *Yeezus* tour.

To the art cognoscenti, however, he is a provocateur who mines a high-minded middle ground between earthy Americana and more stylised tattoo culture. To that end, some of his work can be found comfortably ensconced in MoMA's permanent collection, while others travel the world for his solo shows. And in 2016, his work will hang in London—at the new, breathlessly anticipated museum curated by Damien Hirst, who also collects Lang's work. Though skeletons appear in many of Lang's creations high and low, one of his greatest inspirations is, in fact, a dog. Spider, his teacup Chihuahua, can be spotted in bird and buffalo incarnations throughout his work. We chatted with Lang about his unusual beginnings and unconventional muse.

WHY A CHIHUAHUA? AND, YES, I AM ASKING YOU THIS BECAUSE YOU'RE SUCH A TALL GUY. Spider is my second one. I just love their personalities and love how tiny they are. They're absurdly cute. He's my best friend. I love him so much. I think big dogs are beautiful, and I've lived with a couple of big dogs before. But it's like having another person in a house. I'm, like, 6' 3" and over 200 pounds—Spider is five pounds. It's a funny pairing, for sure. But it works.

DO YOU BRING HIM TO YOUR ART OPENINGS? No, he would get too freaked out by that many people. He doesn't love doing anything other than just sitting on my lap. Everything else just seems like he's waiting for that to happen. My life's pretty simple. I'm either at home or at work, so he just suits my lifestyle.

WHY DID YOU NAME HIM SPIDER? There was a painting I had done of this spider web. My girlfriend and I were trying to decide what to call him, and that painting just kind of did it. I bought him from someone in Northern California who breeds Chihuahuas and rescues cats with the profits. I'm definitely not a cat person. But I liked purchasing a dog to help another animal get surgery and stuff like that.

YOU RELOCATED FROM BROOKLYN TO LOS ANGELES IN 2012. HOW DID SPIDER TAKE THE MOVE? We live up in the hills, so he's got a yard and big house to cruise around in. He definitely likes it better here. We got him as a puppy and had him in New York for almost a year. In New York, he didn't like going outside. [Laughs] He was afraid of trash cans!

HOW DOES SPIDER FIT INTO YOUR STUDIO LIFE? My studio is downtown. He comes down there and sits in his cage and watches me—or I just hold him. He's so small that I can hold him with my left hand and tuck him in, and paint. He goes up and down the ladder with me. He's so small that it's easy. He just hates the car. That's his thing—he cries the whole time.

YOU'VE AMASSED MORE FANS THANKS TO YOUR RECENT KANYE WEST COLLABORATION. HOW DID THAT COME ABOUT? He just hit me up and asked me if I'd work with him on his stuff for his show. He felt that my visuals would be a nice counterpart for what he was trying to say. I listened to *Yeezus* a whole bunch when it came out and thought how cool it would be to work with him. And all of a sudden, I was. I wasn't seeking it out. I just love that record. I almost feel like I willed it to happen by listening to it so much. The first thing I ever got involved with was the Dead, which was something I was into since I was in high school. So that also came to be in a very strange, organic kind of way. But I'm not actively trying to work with musicians.

DID YOU WORRY ABOUT KANYE MESSING WITH THE INTEGRITY OF YOUR WORK? It was a pretty organic thing. And it was a pretty quick process. We met and started picking some stuff out, and then all of a sudden it was on people's backs. I show art in galleries and museums, but this just puts it in a different context. It was out in every major city in the country, and now he's going around the world. My work is being seen by people who wouldn't have necessarily seen it before. That's a cool thing.

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DOES YOUR FREQUENT USE OF SKULLS AND SKELETONS REPRESENT A FASCINATION WITH MORTALITY?

I mean, yes. But over the last five to six years, my work has definitely been driven by reading and practising Taoism—making the most out of your life while you have the opportunity to do so. So the skulls are not morbid. It's the opposite: a celebration of being alive. That's what my work is about.

AND NATIVE AMERICANS?

You know, I use them as strong, powerful figures taking charge. An Indian or a skull or a flower or a bird or a grim reaper—they're not literal depictions of those things. It's much deeper than that. And all the subjects in my work have been in what I've done since I was a little kid. Now I'm almost 42 and finding new and interesting ways to use the framework I've set up, and keep pushing myself.

HOW DID YOU GET YOUR START MAKING ART PROFESSIONALLY?

I always knew it's what I wanted to do. I got out of high school and was an apprentice in a tattoo shop, and was a club kid at the Limelight in New York. I got a job at Tony Shafrazi Gallery in New York in the late '90s just being an installation guy, hanging the shows. I kind of found my way through the back door doing that: learning about art and the people involved in it, how the business works. The first thing happened because my boss there always wanted to open a gallery, saw my stuff, and gave me the first show. It's snowballed from there. I'm lucky.

HOW DOES YOUR ART IMPACT YOUR TATTOOS?

A lot of my tattoos are very traditional American stuff. And I have things I've drawn, things that my friends have drawn. There are a lot of words written on me—lots of names of musicians, bands, or individuals that I like, and positive text. And lots of skulls and crossbones. I've also been seeing a lot of my stuff getting tattooed on people, which is pretty cool.

HAVE YOU EVER INKED YOURSELF?

Just text and stuff. Nothing crazy. Writing and dots and crosses and stars. One of the tattoos I like on my hand just says "ODB", which I did when Old Dirty Bastard died. *[Laughs]* Most of the real strong pieces I got done by Scott Campbell, back when I was a practice canvas for him. Thank God he was really good at it!

WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN HONOUR OF SPIDER?

I have a little spider web on my hand. But I don't have his name or portrait on me.

BUT IS SPIDER ACTUALLY EVER IN YOUR ARTWORK?

I keep thinking about painting Spider. A lot of my paintings are very autobiographical. These paintings that have, like, an Indian chief or an Indian princess and then a thunderbird or buffalo or something—those are paintings of me and my girlfriend and Spider, represented by the birds or what have you. He's there, but it's not a literal representation of him. *[Pauses]* He's sitting at the door now, staring at me.





# SPACE INVADER

## NACHO ALEGRE AND LOLA

WORDS BY DIEGO HADIS  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WAI LIN TSE

Over coffee and cigarettes in 2008, Nacho Alegre and Omar Sosa co-founded *Apartamento*, “an everyday life interiors magazine”, promising, “we will not show tidy interiors because they do not exist outside of your mother’s imagination.” Sure enough, its pages reveal the unembellished, even unkempt, quotidian truths—unmade beds, dirty dishes, dusty tomes—behind the closed doors of creatives including Michael Stipe, Chloë Sevigny, and Juergen Teller. There are also love letters to floorboards and houseplants, and still-life series that transform cups of tea and loaves of bread into objets d’art. Alegre himself—the creative director of the cult publication—lives with Lola, a rescued greyhound, in a former fencing club in Barcelona; however, he spends much of his time crashing on friends’ couches around the world, photographing not only for *Apartamento*, but also *GQ* and *L’Uomo Vogue*. Alegre spoke to us about wandering through people’s heads and homes.

WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO START APARTAMENTO? I wanted a home of my own, and at the time there was no publication showing the type of living space I wanted. I was also shooting a lot of homes of friends all around Europe, so at some point Omar and I met and decided to do a zine with that material. The idea of the zine got us excited, and the concept evolved into something bigger; Marco [Velardi, *Apartamento*’s editor] joined, magic happened, and here we are.

WHAT IS IT ABOUT INTERIORS THAT YOU FIND INTERESTING? Interiors reveal the personality of the person better than anything else can. At the same time—the same way the uniform makes the man—the way you arrange and live in your home determines the person you are. So it works both ways.

And also, it’s so easy to imagine yourself living a different life in a different place. Just like fashion, interiors make you dream.

WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED ABOUT PEOPLE FROM PHOTOGRAPHING THEIR HOMES? Many people have insecurity issues about their bodies, but are pretty happy about their homes.

APARTAMENTO HAS A LOYAL FOLLOWING. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY SETS IT APART FROM OTHER MAGAZINES? We found a language that speaks to many people, who relate to our way of seeing things. There are lots of magazines and blogs now speaking the same way about architecture, food, or football. It has become a new standard. We also brought about a small change in the world of interiors—in how we approach interiors. But I don’t think we are an interiors magazine at all. Interiors are obviously our theme, an excuse to talk about everything else. As I said before, interiors give a very true image of one’s personality, and that’s the game we play. Our magazine is shaped by the people we profile, and the real subjects are the life lessons and anecdotes we learn from them.

WHAT HAVE BEEN YOUR FAVOURITE FEATURES THUS FAR? Carl Johan De Geer. That piece—which is great—made us rethink the idea we had of our own magazine. And probably the house of Ricardo Bofill, the architect. But, well, every day I dream of living in a different kind of place, so there are many that made me fall in love.

DID YOU HAVE EXPERIENCE IN PUBLISHING PRIOR TO APARTAMENTO? I made a zine called *Fucklet*—it was quite punk and fun, designed by hand by me. I was doing it with Pablo Cruz, who’s now a film producer in L.A.

I wanted *Apartamento* to be much more punk and raw, but Omar had an almost Germanic taste, so it came out quite balanced.

WHEN DID YOUR DOG, LOLA, ENTER THE PICTURE? My friend Janna found her on the motorway near Barcelona. We’re not sure if somebody abandoned her or if she was running away. She was malnourished and all roughed up, only about three or four months old, wounds all over. I visited my friend the night she found her, and fell completely in love. She’s very nervous, but also extremely loving. She’s a stray dog, and behaves like one.

WHAT ARE YOUR FAVOURITE PLACES TO TAKE HER IN BARCELONA? We go to this amazing park, Parc del Turó del Putget, by my house. To get her tired, I need to make her run for more than an hour. She’s a sporty dog and is extremely fast. Sometimes she hunts pigeons or rabbits. She tries with cats, but they climb trees too quickly. Whenever we go walking, she walks 50 metres in front of me, checking me out all the time. It’s a pain in the ass with the leash—I could never teach her. She comes with me to bars, and sometimes late at night I let her run free in Gracia or El Raval. She likes going out with the guys. That’s when she behaves the best.

YOU APPEARED WITH LOLA IN A CAMPAIGN FOR THE FASHION LABEL COS. HOW DID THAT COME ABOUT, AND WAS SHE A GOOD SUBJECT? She’s a pretty good model and understands when she’s having her picture taken. My friend Jem Goulding directed her in a cool music video for the song “Sea” by Roosevelt. [For COS] we had to bring something we loved to the shoot so I brought her. I thought it would be very sad to bring an object. I mean, how can you love an object?









# LOVE PARADE ANNA PLUNKETT, LUKE SALES AND MONARO

WORDS BY ANDIE CUSICK  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAX DOYLE

A decade ago, John Galliano offered Anna Plunkett and Luke Sales jobs, which the spirited designers were so bold as to turn down. Instead, they launched Romance was Born, creating enchantingly eccentric garb that Karen O, Cyndi Lauper, Debbie Harry, and M.I.A. have since worn onstage. The Sydney-based label is not for the faint of heart: Plunkett and Sales cite everyone and -thing from Captain Planet to Freddy Krueger, Australiana to the Garden of Eden, as inspiration. As such, designs comprise dresses appliquéd with pom-poms, singlets with sand-dollar breast patches, blazers emblazoned with silvery barbs, and one octopus beanie with no less than eight knitted tentacles. The designers often collaborate with local artists, but their biggest muse is a Staffordshire terrier, Monaro, who has a line of his own written in the stars. We had a chat to Plunkett about shiny objects, spiritual trips, and puppy love.

2015 WILL MARK THE LABEL'S 10-YEAR ANNIVERSARY. WHAT ARE SOME OF YOUR MOST MEMORABLE DESIGNS?

Wow, we can't believe we have been working together for that long. At the moment we are putting the final touches on an exhibition at the National Gallery of Victoria, so we have been feeling quite nostalgic. We really love the showpieces from our Summer 2009 collection "Doilies and Pearls, Oysters and Shells". The Iced Vo Vo dress is quite iconic; the Powerhouse Museum purchased it for their collection. The Crochet Blanket dress that Cate Blanchett wore is also a favourite.

THE ANNIVERSARY COLLECTION, "REFLECTED GLORY" (A COLLABORATION WITH REBECCA BAUMANN), HAS A CELEBRATORY FEEL.

Rebecca's work has a really uplifting, joyful feeling to it, and we like to think that is how people see what we make. We have a mutual love

of colour and shiny things. Celebrations inspired the outfits, from house parties to Mardi Gras. The first time Luke and I hung out was at a house party; he was wearing a Madonna tee. I have always loved making things and Luke has always loved the dressing-up factor in fashion—when women used to dress from head to toe, each piece from gloves to shoes considered. Our similar interests brought us together.

HOW DID YOU COME UP WITH THE NAME ROMANCE WAS BORN?

The phrase was on a badge from Chinatown. It had holographic hearts and stars all over it. At the time, we thought it was really funny that it said Romance was Born, rather than is—like a weird translation. We always try to have our sense of humour about our work.

WHERE DO YOU DRAW INSPIRATION FROM?

Art is our biggest inspiration, but also music and emotions like nostalgia and love. We hope that people respond to our pieces on an emotional level, and not in a fashion-trend sense. We do a lot of research on historical fashion, but never use it as a direct influence. We usually juxtapose a lot of ideas and influences.

A TRIP TO INDIA INSPIRED FALL'S "TRIPSY GYPSY" COLLECTION. HOW DID YOU TRANSFORM YOUR SPIRITUAL FINDS INTO WEARABLE ART?

A friend we met in Delhi showed us Pakistani truck painter Haider Ali's work and we immediately fell in love with it. We chose elements we thought were really powerful, like his eyes and animals. We combined them with other elements we found on the trip, and then warped them into a kind of psychedelic wave-motion [pattern]. We found these tinsel flowers that drivers use to decorate their trucks during Diwali [Hindu "Festival of Lights"]. We had to pull over on the freeway to get them—it was scary but worth it!

WOULD YOU EVER CREATE A PRINT IN MONARO'S LIKENESS?

Yes! We have talked about designing a whole range dedicated to him. He has the most amazing brindle coat, and his little face would be so cute on everything!

WHAT ENERGY DOES HE BRING TO THE STUDIO?

We call him our company supervisor. He makes sure everyone who walks in the door knows he's there—everyone is a potential pat. We have heaps of stupid things we say to him; Luke likes to say, "Today's the day we throw you out the window!" [*Laughs*] You know, when something is just so cute you want to squeeze it really hard?

WHERE DID MONARO COME FROM, AND WHAT IS HE NAMED AFTER?

Heaven! [*Laughs*] We got him from Staffy Rescue in Sydney when he was six. He was already named Monaro so we kept it—how can you change a six-year-old dog's name? A Monaro is a type of Holden car. My partner loves Fords, but said he's always had a soft spot for Monaros—that's how I knew he was our dog.

DOES HE HAVE ANY QUIRKY HABITS?

He can shake and sit... sometimes. He loves chewing on our cardboard fabric rolls (so cute!) but he makes such a mess (not cute!). And he makes the funniest, softest barks when he's dreaming, like he's chasing something, and at the end does a little shake.

WHAT'S NEXT FOR ROMANCE WAS BORN?

Whatever Mony tells us to do!









# ABOUT A GIRL CARRIE BROWNSTEIN, CRICKET AND TOBY

WORDS BY NISHA GOPALAN  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL DACOSTA  
HAIR BY BRANDIE TAYLOR  
MAKEUP BY JESSICA NEEDHAM

For a dozen years of her life, Carrie Brownstein was a member of the critically adored indie-grrrl band Sleater-Kinney. After its members amicably pulled the plug on that project, Brownstein didn’t know what to do with herself. So the singer-guitarist, then the owner of a German wirehaired pointer mix named Toby, volunteered at the Humane Society and became an assistant dog trainer. (She wouldn’t find her second professional life as a sketch artist-writer-star of *Portlandia* until five years later.) “I transferred all that energy into something I just needed, something I could dedicate myself to that was very different than music,” she recalls. “It was a distraction from this huge life change that I was going through.” That’s because comfort, to paraphrase *Snoopy* creator Charles Schulz, is a warm puppy.

We spoke with Brownstein about how her two dogs (she would later adopt Cricket, a border collie–dachshund mix) are a key part of her creative writing process. She also elaborated on the importance of a canine’s name, curious owner behaviour, and why the craft service table can be bad thing when bringing your dog to work.

HOW DO THE NAMES “CRICKET” AND “TOBY” CAPTURE YOUR DOGS’ PERSONALITIES? Some dogs have a certain air of dignity about them; they require a human name. But Cricket, I knew she would never have that air of dignity about her. [*Laughs*] Her legs seemed long, and she was bouncy. I wanted to give her an active, kinetic name that immediately implied spunkiness and a kind of effervescence that she has. I named him Toby because he had a kind of youthful, casual, boyish way of being. He looks like a classic hunting dog—he has a regality to him and an aloofness. I realised later that Toby was one of the top dog names. I should’ve named him Henry or George, but I didn’t want to give him an old-man name.

MUCH LIKE THERE ARE CAT PEOPLE AND DOG PEOPLE, THERE ARE LITTLE-DOG PEOPLE AND BIG-DOG PEOPLE. WOULD YOU SAY YOU’RE THE LATTER? Yes! I like that sturdiness. I know there are some small dogs that are sturdy, like a French bulldog. But there’s just a solidity to a larger dog and a presence that they have that I really like. I have friends with small dogs that I appreciate from afar. But, you know, I don’t like how people infantilise small dogs.

TO WHAT EXTENT WERE YOU ACTUALLY A DOG TRAINER? I was an assistant dog trainer. I never got my CCPDT, which you need to be an official dog trainer. I did two classes: one was at a private facility, the other was through the Humane Society. I was an assistant trainer for this Reactive Rover Class, which is a very popular class for people whose dogs had on-leash aggression and reactivity.

WAS THIS A SERIOUS PROFESSIONAL PURSUIT? [*Laughs*] No. There’s an interesting psychological profile, I think, of people who volunteer with animals. And I’m not surprised I did my most ardent volunteering during a time when I stopped doing something I had been doing for years. A lot of volunteers are recent retirees: You can kind of transfer all these emotions and stresses and curiosities onto animals. And you really learn about compassion. It’s very humbling. I didn’t consider training a career, but I did enjoy it. I’ve always been a keen observer of humans and found that the owners in our classes were more interesting than the dogs. They’re fascinating! That really was a nice segue into *Portlandia*, because I was constantly witnessing a lot of anthropomorphising and a lot of people channelling their marriage dynamics into their dog.

DID YOU EVER TAKE TOBY WITH YOU WHEN YOU WERE ON TOUR WITH SLEATER-KINNEY? Toby came along on some West Coast tours, but not really. I had a really amazing dog sitter, so he would stay home. And I would miss him. With my dogs, I’m either writing from home and we have exorbitant amounts of time together—or I’m gone. My dogs are very spoilt. I’ve set up a system and community of people that take care of them. There’s one main dog sitter who lives in my house when I’m gone. One of them goes to dog daycare, and they go on a lot of off-leash adventures. They live a good life. If I sound like a guilty absentee parent, maybe I am when I’m gone. But for the most part, I spend a lot of time with my dogs. And actually, they’re, like, part of my methodology for writing. The walks I take with them, the hikes—all that stuff is part of my day of work.

CONTINUES ON PAGE 64









HOW SO?

I grew up in the Pacific Northwest, near Seattle. As a kid, I was outdoors a lot. When you get to college, it's more about indoor activities and friends, especially if you're into music. Nature becomes a thing you're not really a part of. Getting dogs in my adulthood just brought me outdoors again. I don't do yoga. I don't meditate. But I find that the walks have that quality of clearing my head, of making room for ideas and thinking and solving problems in my work. When we wrote *Portlandia* this year, we wrote in L.A. instead of Portland. I brought the dogs with me, because I knew having them down there would keep me in a routine. I could wake up in the morning and go on a hike, and then go to the office and work. And that was really helpful.

WERE THEY PSYCHED?

I don't think they really cared [*laughs*]. They prefer the West Coast. One thing that's great about these two dogs is that they're both very adaptable: They've been in hotels and on tour buses. Toby really loves being in New York, too. He loves the smells. I think as long as they're with me, or someone they like, they're pretty happy.

WHAT INSPIRED *PORTLANDIA*'S "DOG PARK" SKETCH, ABOUT OWNERS WHO CODDLE THEIR DOGS?

That's just a fraction of what I've seen. I think anyone with a dog has witnessed outlandish behaviour at dog parks. People get very sensitive in a lot of these situations. Rightly so, but it can definitely get crazy.

WAS THAT YOUR DOG IN THE SKIT?

Actually, both dogs were in the dog park sketch. Toby's also been in the "Dream of the '90s" and the "Dream of the 1890s" sketches. They both definitely show up a couple of times in the show.

DO YOU EVER BRING YOUR DOG TO THE SET?

I don't love bringing the dogs to work. Like, Toby, he's a real food hound. He'll spend his time searching out an empty bag of chips or stealing a sandwich off the craft service table. There's always that distraction of wanting to know they're okay, and that other people are okay with dogs. I have brought them on set to work, which is really the only time.

YOU MENTIONED CURIOUS DOG-OWNER DYNAMICS. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY YOUR DYNAMIC IS WITH TOBY AND CRICKET?

I think that after working and volunteering at the Humane Society, I have a pretty healthy relationship with the dogs. I am a very responsible owner and very loving, very compassionate. At the same time, I put the animal-human relationship in perspective. I try to be sensitive to the fact that there are people in the world who don't love dogs—like, my dogs don't rule my life, but they are very integrated in my life. And I think there is a difference. I'm a pretty practical dog owner; I'm not a crazy dog owner. And I am very appreciative of what they've given me.





# BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY THAKOON PANICHGUL AND STEVIE

WORDS BY RAJNI LUCIENNE JACQUES  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUNG KIM

If art imitates life, then fashion imitates art. Or so Thakoon Panichgul would have it. The Thai-American designer—whose collections have called to mind the abstract patterns of painters Cy Twombly and Henri Matisse—has a penchant for creating whimsical, yet wearable, clothing. It’s no wonder the one-time *Harper’s Bazaar* writer has been a red carpet and FLOTUS favourite for the past decade; not to mention, was tapped by Target and the Gap to design capsule collections for the rest of us. Inspired by the 1959 film *Black Orpheus*, Panichgul’s new collection is an escape into the exotic—one clothed in dresses dripping with beads and tunics printed with palm fronds. We caught up with the designer on the eve of his spring show—which marks the label’s 10-year anniversary—to talk about his bohemian sensibility and his Chorkie Stevie’s split personality.

WHAT SPARKED YOUR INTEREST IN FASHION? When I lived in Omaha, I was forever reading magazines. I think it was my way of escaping; there was nothing to do there, so I would escape into beautiful Steven Meisel and Bruce Weber photographs. It was more about the images than the designers at the time. I always wanted to design, but I tap-danced around it. I went to business school and became everything but a designer. I worked in production, merchandising, even fashion writing. While interviewing certain designers, I realised that I could do what they did. They were talented but didn’t have the business sense I had. So I decided to try my hand at it. I’ve always been more artistic than not. My heart is in the arts.

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR AESTHETIC? It’s a mix of East and West. I was born in Thailand but grew up in Omaha. I love the idea of sportswear, of American basics. But I also love injecting colour and ethnic elements into the mix. I always gravitate towards an unexpected element of surprise. There’s a bohemian sensibility to everything that I do.

FLORAL PRINTS, IN PARTICULAR, HAVE ALWAYS BEEN YOUR SIGNATURE. HOW DO YOU MAKE SUCH AN OLD-FASHIONED ELEMENT SO THOROUGHLY MODERN? Prints are key for me. I love having flowers in my collections. They are part of the DNA of the label. The funny thing is I never really think about how I’m going to use them or transform them—manipulating them is innate. One season I pixelated flowers so that they looked distorted, another I cut the flowers in half, and yet another I recoloured them in a tonal palette to look like leopard spots. There is a sense of fantasy about it all. First you see one thing, but on second glance you discover another aspect. Like, Wow, there are legs on those roses!

WHAT INSPIRED THE SPRING 2015 COLLECTION? Exoticism—as seen through the eyes of a tourist. There is always a bit of undone-ness in the Thakoon girl’s look, innate in her approach to dressing. This collection is evocative of a languid, nuanced, bohemian-tropical vibe. Everything has to have an easy appeal, but this sense of ease is balanced by beautiful textiles and sensual silhouettes.

HAVE YOU EVER DESIGNED CLOTHES FOR STEVIE? Not personally, but my designers made her a fur vest once and Lutz & Patmos have gifted her with cashmere sweaters.

LUCKY DOG! DID YOU HAVE DOGS GROWING UP? Stevie is my first dog ever! My mother’s father was the governor of a village in Thailand, where the townspeople bring your family gifts—mostly animals. My mother got bitten by a dog and had to get a rabies shot, so she was traumatised and never wanted a pet again. I’ve always wanted one, but couldn’t because of her fear. Funnily enough, she now has a dog.

SO HOW DID YOU END UP WITH STEVIE? I wanted a dog that I could put in a bag and take to work with me—one that would fit my lifestyle—so I found a Yorkie breeder in New Jersey. But his dog slept with a Chihuahua and they had a mixed litter. It was a happy accident! Now she’s mine and she’s perfect. She loves attention and hates other dogs. I think it’s because other dogs take the attention away from her. She also goes ballistic at the sound of skateboards on the street; I’m so aware of that sound now. Stevie is really spoilt by my partner Russ [Spina]. He always picks her up in the rain, so now she expects it. Sometimes it’s cute; sometimes it’s annoying. She also loves to lick people’s feet.

WHAT SORT OF ENERGY DOES STEVIE BRING? Stevie adds a nice energy to a hectic environment. She is happy at the studio, but I’m not sure if I always am because she becomes the centre of attention. When I’m there, she wants to protect me and barks at everyone who comes in. But the moment I leave for an appointment, she is sweet and sits on everyone’s laps. It’s like she has a dual personality.

IS SHE A HIT WITH THE MODELS? Of course. The models go crazy for her. I have tons of pictures of her posing with models. My favourite is one of her and Karlie Kloss, from back when Karlie was just starting out. I could probably publish a book called *Fittings With Stevie!*











**SHOWCASE**  
LUCIAN FREUD

# THE ARTIST'S WAY

“Dogs love their friends and bite their enemies, quite unlike people, who are incapable of pure love and always have to mix love and hate in their object relations.” So decreed Sigmund Freud, father of psychoanalysis and grandfather of painter Lucian. A love of dogs runs deep in the Freud family—the elder Freud was so certain of their intuitive abilities that he kept his chow chow, Jo-Fi, close at hand for all therapy sessions to help him assess patients, while for Lucian they figured large in a wide swath of his iconic paintings. There was 1951’s “Girl with a White Dog”, his first painting *avec* canine, and one of his most famous images, which captures his first wife whilst pregnant lounging languidly, breast exposed, a bull terrier resting in the crook of her leg; the animal seems coolly disinterested by the artist, the woman, on the other hand, is mesmerised. Or 1985’s “Double Portrait”, a sweet tangle of human (his daughter Bella) and animal (his beloved whippet Pluto) limbs, rendered in Freud’s signature lush and layered strokes. Or the emotionally charged series of human and dog portraits, which paired Freud’s assistant David Dawson, nude, as many of his human subjects often were, with whippets Pluto or Eli—“Sunday Morning-Eight Legs” (1997), “David and Eli” (2003), “Eli and David” (2004), and “Portrait of the Hound”, the painting he was working on at the time of his death in 2012 at age 89, and which remains unfinished. Much like his grandfather, the younger Freud was inspired by dogs’ spontaneity and ardour. “I’m really interested in people as animals,” he once said to William Feaver. “Part of my liking to work from them naked is for that reason... I like people to look as natural and as physically at ease as animals, as Pluto my whippet.” In dogs, it seems, Freud saw a human ideal.

WORDS BY FIORELLA VALDESOLO  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID DAWSON  
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# THE NAKED TRUTH

Since the '70s dogs with bulging eye sockets, protruding tongues, and snaggle-teeth—dogs with faces only a mother could love—have gathered in Petaluma, California, to compete for the title of “World’s Ugliest Dog”. But it wasn’t until 2009 that a boxer with an underbite unseated a Chinese crested, the breed that reigned for seven years over the hunchbacks and the hairless. Beauty is only skin deep for Chinese crested, Mexican Xoloitzcuintles, and Peruvian Inca orchids—dogs with similarly leathery complexions but very different lineages. To wit: Xolos are a primordial breed, whose original indigenous owners believed their fevered bodies had healing powers, while crested dogs are an American invention, by accounts introduced to China as a curiosity in the 1980s. “Dogs were engineered by man,” says photographer Sophie Gamand, whose *Wet Dogs* we featured last issue. “For the past millennia, they have been genetically manipulated—created, shaped, and trained—to fulfill our needs. In a way, dogs are the first example of man acting as God.” In her new series, *Prophecy*, Gamand has focused her lens on (mostly) hairless dogs, likening them to old wise men—all beady, incredulous eyes and wiry, hallowed whiskers. “They are looking right at us. They are trying to say something; to warn us about toying with nature,” she says. “They remind me of Philippulus the Prophet in *The Adventures of Tintin*, who howls: ‘Judgement is upon you! Repent!’” It’s a, well, hair-raising thought.

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE







PREVIOUS PAGE  
LILY  
THIS PAGE  
SCHUESTER  
OPPOSITE PAGE  
TACO

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OPPOSITE PAGE  
DARLA  
THIS PAGE  
DOTTIE  
NEXT PAGE  
ZUKO

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## WILD THINGS

Matt Furie’s fantasy world is inhabited by chain-smoking aliens, BMX-riding monsters, and what could very well be Falkor’s—the lovable luck dragon from *The NeverEnding Story*—evil twin. “I call it ‘children’s book illustration for adults,’” he says of his cartoonish art. “I want to keep that degree of childlike wonder, but fuse it with creepy shit. A lot of kids’ rides at Disneyland have dark, disturbing themes. Like Mr. Toad’s Wild Ride: I could be a little off but he’s this toad that drinks and drives, gets killed in a car accident, and goes to hell. It’s awesome.”

The Ohio-born artist—whose inspirations run the gamut from David Lynch to David Attenborough, Sally Cruikshank’s surrealistic animations to Gary Larson’s comic gags—moved to San Francisco in the early ’00s and worked in the children’s department of a Mission District thrift store. By day, he sorted stuffed toys and action figures; by night, incorporated the likes of the Terminator, He-Man, and Big Bird into his work. “Then I went through a dragon phase that I haven’t been able to shake,” says Furie, who uses coloured pencils and watercolour paints to render creatures with engorged features and sharp fangs, dripping dubious fluids from open wounds. “There’s a degree of chaos in watercolour. I’m working on a new series of bigger works—meditative faces that swirl into a big spiral—the first of which will be anthropomorphic chicken nuggets called ‘scumnuggets.’”

Furie now lives in Los Angeles with his long-time girlfriend and three “mini-dogs”—rats Rainbowbaby, Tina, and Pepe—but admits, “I love a dog with goofy eyes and a big tongue.”

WORDS BY CAROLINE CLEMENTS

















PROFILE

AT ATELIER ACE, EVERY DAY IS  
“BRING YOUR DOG TO WORK DAY”.

OFFICE  
SPACE

“We never planned on having ‘office dogs’,” says Ryan Bukstein. “It just kind of happened naturally, and that’s the magic of it.” It’s the sort of lighthearted, good-spirited thing you’d expect to hear from someone with such a covetable job title as Chief Cultural Engineer of Atelier Ace—the Ace Hotel’s creative nerve centre. From offices in Portland and New York City, Atelier oversees everything from public relations and marketing to interior design and brand collaborations. The team has recently curated the capsule collection Atelier Ace x No. 6, which stars the label’s signature clogs. (Previous collaborations include limited-edition Vans sneakers, Pendleton blankets, Moscot sunglasses, and an Apolis scarf.)

Since opening in Seattle in 1999, the Ace has thought outside the box: Loft rooms are kitted out with guitars, turntables, and street art; library-style tables cater to MacBook-toting creatives in the New York location’s lobby; and a restored 1920s theatre screens cult classics such as skate doc *Dogtown and Z-Boys* in Los Angeles. All thanks to the award-winning Atelier, where the hotel’s equally open-minded dog-friendly policy is in full swing. “One of the original founders of the Ace Hotel was a dog owner, so excluding dogs seemed silly,” says Bukstein. “You could easily charge a clean-up fee if you needed to!”

Fifteen years later, the philosophy has found its way backstage. Atelier Ace is among a number of companies around the world—from the Amazons to the upstarts—that allow, even encourage, staff members’ pets to potter around the office.

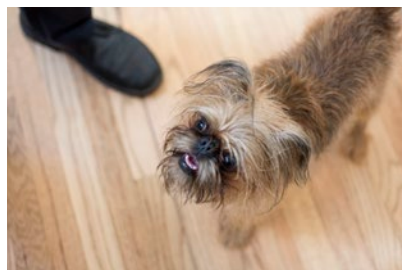
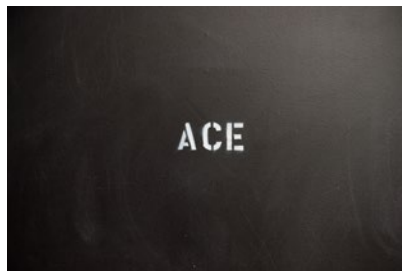
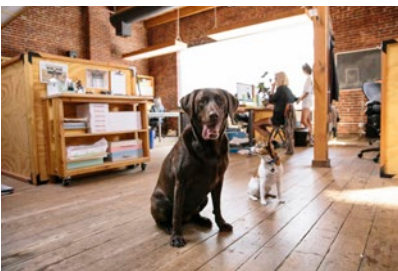
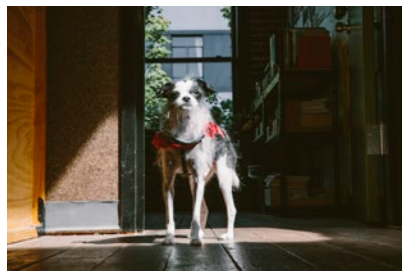
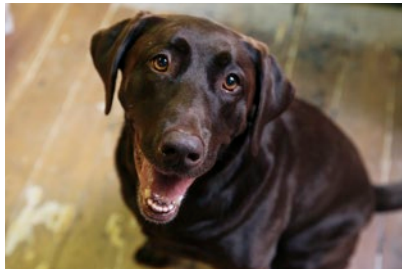
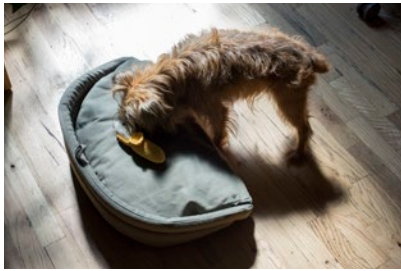
“We are all about people bringing themselves to work. So if it’s a part of you and it can exist at work, that’s a good thing. We don’t want the work version of people...we want it all.” Of course, there’s a flip side, as Bukstein points out: “Me, I can’t take my dog Leonard into work every day because there is an energy that your dog pulls from you. When I know I need one of those days to focus, I take him to doggy daycare. If you care about your dog, you’re not going to ignore him all day!”

At Atelier Portland, there’s a dog-human ratio of one to four. It was Molly, a chocolate Lab puppy, who started the trend when the agency launched in 2006. She’s mellowed, but can still be seen lounging around the space. “It’s an amazing social experiment for the dogs,” explains Bukstein. “One of our regular dogs, Scoot, is a great example: he was a shelter dog, so very scared of and aggressive towards other dogs at first, but through exposure to the other dogs in the office he underwent an amazing transformation.”

There are benefits to reap for people, too: studies have shown canine co-workers alleviate stress, boost morale, and precipitate communication. “It’s cool because dogs are self-sufficient, and will just chill unless you engage them. I can see why people say dogs help at work—they get you out of a rut sometimes. Seeing their wagging tails reminds you to have fun at work, too.” Indeed, sometimes it pays not to run with the pack.

WORDS BY SALLY MOUSSAWI  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL DACOSTA AND DINA AVILA (PORTLAND)  
AND LAUREN COLEMAN (NEW YORK)









## PROFILE

FORMER COMME DES GARÇONS DESIGNER JACKIE ROSENTHAL  
NOW CREATES GRAPHIC ACCESSORIES AND LUXURY KNITS  
FOR FASHION’S FOUR-LEGGED CROWD.

# BY DESIGN WARE OF THE DOG

For Ware of the Dog founder Jackie Rosenthal, creating clothing and accessories for dogs is not so dissimilar to producing womenswear. “I often interpret what is happening in the fashion world into my designs,” she says. “I try to make sweaters for dogs that I would want to wear myself.” With a résumé that reads like a hotlist of luxury labels (Comme des Garçons, Lanvin, and Nina Ricci, to name a few), Rosenthal turned her attention towards establishing a line dedicated to well-dressed dogs in 2012. “I was walking with a friend in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, and started talking about how much fun it would be to design a line of pet accessories,” she remembers. “We walked past a Beware Of The Dog sign on a fence and the brand was born.”

From colourful collars and leashes crafted from supple European leather to waterproof coats, hoodies, and fine-knit sweaters, Rosenthal is intent on introducing fashion-forward designs to the pet-accessory market. And it’s not without demand.

“When we first launched the online store, we sold only sweaters, but I would get so many orders for heavy hand-knits from consumers in Los Angeles,” she says. “It doesn’t get very cold in L.A., so they must just want to dress their dogs in clothes they like regardless of the weather!”

Ware of the Dog’s fall/winter 2014 collection includes hand-knit bobble sweaters, cable turtlenecks in striking graphic monochrome, and a more traditional argyle knit. “I like to play around with new ideas of construction, often juxtaposing contrasting colours, stitches, or materials into the pieces,” Rosenthal continues. Adding to the mix are two-tone neon collars, leashes, and bright vinyl raincoats. “I think people enjoy receiving compliments on their dog’s collar or clothing. The accessories they buy for their dogs often match closely with their own taste for fashion.”

Rosenthal currently runs Ware of the Dog by herself but continues to consult with former partner Tom Scott, who cut his teeth at Ralph Lauren before launching his own, Ecco Domani Award-winning knitwear label, as well as guest designing for TSE, Inhabit, and John Malkovich’s menswear range. Not to mention, whose late beagle, Linus, modelled Ware of the Dog’s debut collection. “I really want to continue collaborating with artists and designers,” says Rosenthal. “I’m currently working with Nicholas Newcomb on a treat jar and dog bowls.” The designer is also keen to expand the line to include toys, blankets, dog beds, and travel bags—all of which are trialled on Rosenthal’s muse, her six-year-old Coton de Tuléar, Hugo. “I would love to make Ware of the Dog a lifestyle brand,” she says. “I hand-knit toys in Nepal this year... Hugo is a fan.”

WORDS BY ANDIE CUSICK  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JASON ROTHENBERG







INTERVIEW

AT HIS PARISIAN PÂTISSERIE, SÉBASTIEN GAUDARD’S  
JACK RUSSELL TERRIER, HOT DOG,  
IS THE UNOFFICIAL TASTE TESTER.

SHOP DOG  
PÂTISSERIE DES MARTYRS

Bombe glacées sculpted with raspberry sorbet into a frozen dome and dressed in crème Chantilly. Neapolitan mousse wrapped in layers of vanilla meringue and stippled with chocolate crumbs. Drooling yet? Then imagine how Hot Dog, pastry chef Sébastien Gaudard’s Jack Russell terrier, must feel accompanying his master to work at Paris’ cult Pâtisserie des Martyrs. Gaudard was born into a family of pâtissiers and cut his teeth at Fauchon and Déricabar, where he was dubbed “The Little Prince of Pastry”, before opening up his own shop. His *raison d’être* is revamping traditional French confections, which he has elevated to an art form. But where Martin Parr’s photographs of pillowy doughnuts look good enough to eat, Gaudard’s most certainly are.

HOW DID YOUR PARENTS INFLUENCE YOU TO KEEP IT IN THE FAMILY, CAREER-WISE?

I was born in eastern France—in Lorraine—like the quiche! I had a traditional family culinary education in that I grew up in my parents’ upscale country pastry shop in Pont-à-Mousson, making *beignets aux pommes* with my father and grandmother. While my friends were playing with Play-Doh, I amused myself with marzipan. Their passion inspired me to follow in their footsteps. My wish is to revamp traditional French pastries.

WHAT IS YOUR GO-TO HOME-COOKED MEAL? Three-minute boiled eggs with a buttered baguette!

YOU HAVE SERVED AS A FOOD CONSULTANT AROUND THE WORLD. HOW DO YOUR TRAVELS INSPIRE YOUR CREATIONS?

I have spent time in Tokyo, Seoul, Beijing, Reykjavik, London, and Madrid. Every trip inspires me, and it’s interesting to learn about the differences between pastries in France and that of the rest of the world, thus helping me concentrate better on my country’s traditions.

I have used a number of exotic, foreign fruits—cupuaçu, acai, acerola, spices, et cetera—but they are difficult to procure in Paris. I have plans to open a pâtisserie in Japan, and I would love to have a place in New York and London, but first I’m focusing on my new tearoom near the Louvre.

YOU ARE A SELF-DESCRIBED AESTHETE. WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE FOOD MOMENT IN ART?

By nature, I love beautiful things. And I love Irving Penn’s food photography.

AND YOUR FAVOURITE SECRET INGREDIENT?

Chocolate. It works with savouries and sweets. The raw material is malleable and the texture versatile: liquid, solid, creamy, crunchy, fudge, moose, ganache...

HOT DOG CANNOT EAT CHOCOLATE, BUT DOES HE TASTE TEST YOUR OTHER PASTRIES?

Hot Dog is a greedy scoundrel! He can bribe food from you with his cocker spaniel eyes. He is cunning, mischievous, playful, possessive... I am sure that he was an actor or comedian in a past life. He has the spirit of a puppy in the body of an eight-year-old. That seems to be a Jack Russell specialty.

IS PARIS A DOG-FRIENDLY CITY? WHAT DO YOU AND HOT DOG DO ON YOUR DAYS OFF?

Yes, Paris loves dogs! It looks to me as though more and more people have dogs, and I have friends who take their dogs to work. Hot Dog loves to ride on my scooter. He forces me to drive slowly because he has his nose to the wind. He has accompanied me to art openings and cocktail parties, but these days he (like myself) is less fond of such things. What really makes us happy are our walks in the woods—the Bois de Boulogne, the Buttes Chaumont...

IF YOU WEREN’T A PASTRY CHEF, WHAT WOULD YOU BE?

I would love to be a conductor at Opéra Garnier in Paris!

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KIMBERLY M. WANG











REACH FOR THE 'SHROOM

A delicacy dating back to Greco-Roman times, truffles are notoriously hard to find. So harvesters rely on four-legged foragers to unearth the buried treasure, which can fetch per pound \$400 in Oregon, \$1,600 in Périgord, France, and \$4,000 in Alba, Italy. It wasn't until 1977, when James Beard deemed Oregon white truffles as toothsome as their Italian counterparts, that the Beaver State was put on the mycological map. But for centuries, the task of hunting these 'shrooms has been passed from father to son among Italian woodlanders, known as *trifolau*, and their Lagotto Romagnolos—the former's competitive nature of which has incited the kidnapping and ransoming of well-trained truffle dogs.

AN INCONVENIENT TRUTH

The Beat Generation coined the term "headspace" to signify psychological privacy, as in, "Give me some headspace, man." More recently—in addition to being a Velvet Revolver song—it refers to the area surrounding a person in which their odour can be analysed, scientifically speaking. This, as by now you've surmised, is not news to bomb- and drug-sniffing dog handlers. But what may come as a surprise is that K-9s aren't only searching for hard evidence. There's truth behind the theory that dogs can smell fear. When a person tells a lie—or rather, when a person feels guilty about telling a lie—his or her body perspires more uric acid than usual. It's unlikely that is how inquisitors in the 1500s justified their dogs barking at accused "witches", but that Germany has established a scent bank sampled from political activists is no less disturbing. In a Norwegian liquor store, a springer spaniel named Tutta has been trained to ferret out underage kids buying booze, which serves as a reminder to steer clear of dogs when in an altered headspace.

LIST

WORK LIKE A DOG

IT'S A TURN OF PHRASE FOR GOOD REASON. FROM THE EARLY DAYS OF DOMESTICATION, CANINES HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO PERFORM FEATS BEYOND THE WHEREWITHAL OF US BIPEDALS—THE VAST MAJORITY OF WHICH EMPLOY THEIR EXTRAORDINARY SENSE OF SMELL (220 MILLION OLFACTORY RECEPTORS TO OUR 50 MILLION). THE MOST WELL KNOWN INVOLVE SEARCH AND RESCUE, NARCOTICS TRAFFICKING, AND YES, BEDBUGS. BUT DOGS HAVE HELD DOWN MOTLEY JOBS: IN THE 19TH CENTURY, PIT BULLS WERE NICKNAMED NANNY DOGS FOR BABYSITTING TOTS; AND IN WORLD WAR I, A BOSTON TERRIER MIX DUBBED SERGEANT STUBBY CAPTURED A GERMAN SPY BY THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS—LITERALLY—AND WAS AWARDED THE PURPLE HEART. HERE, A FEW INCREDIBLE (ONE EDIBLE) THINGS A DOG'S SCHNOZ CAN SNIFF OUT.

WORDS BY KENDALL MEADE  
RESEARCH BY JOÃO BENTO  
PHOTOGRAPH BY ELKE VOGELSANG

A WHALE OF A JOB

*Blackfish*, the award-winning documentary about the plight of orcas at Sea World, has sparked a conservation effort to rival Greenpeace's iconic "Save the Whales" crusade of 1986. And one of the campaign's key players is a Labrador named Tucker. A shelter dog, it was soon discovered that Tucker had a penchant for poop, so a marine biologist adopted him and trained him to pick up on the scent of killer whale scat off the coast of San Juan Island, Washington—where the orca population is endangered. The seafaring dog takes his position on, yes, the poop deck, and alerts the scientists to floating ordure, which contains vital information about the health of the pod. Whales aren't the only mammals on a dog's radar. Sharpy, a Groenendael in Oregon, has a nose for turtle eggs and draws his conservationist owner's attention to newly laid nests that need shielding from predators. And in Victoria, Australia, a Maremma sheepdog, Oddball, is the official bodyguard to a band of bandicoots, an all-but-extinct marsupial preyed upon by wild foxes.

DR. DOG

When Claire Guest's dog, Daisy, copped a feel, pawing at her breast, the U.K. resident got a second opinion and learned she had breast cancer. Caught early, she survived. Daisy is not the only dog who preternaturally pointed out cancer in her owner, and scientists are training many more for this calling. They believe the dogs are pinpointing "volatile organic compounds", chemicals emitted by malignant tumours. While research is still in a preliminary stage, canine tests for a variety of cancers have shown a high success rate of detection. Case in point: dogs sniffed out ovarian and prostate cancers—forms that are often diagnosed by stage three or four—with 90 and 98 per cent accuracy, respectively.





## WALK

### HASENHEIDE PARK

The Kreuzberg/Neukölln district is famous for its fringe groups and alternative nightlife. But the politics melt away at this spacious park, where mutts outnumber purebreds. If you encounter men in overalls emblazoned with “Ordnungsamt” (they ticket off-leash dogs) you better do a runner. *Columbiadamm / Hasenheide, Neukölln*

### TEMPELHOF AIRPORT

What was once the site of the historic airlift during the Berlin Blockade of 1948–49 is now a vast, grassy meadow that draws both history buffs and dog owners. *Columbiadamm, Neukölln*

### GRUNEWALD FOREST

German for “Greenwood”, Grunewald has been called “the lungs of Berlin”. While some areas are blocked off to protect the local flora and fauna, other parts are packed at rush hour with dogs who have free run of the hiking paths and great lake. *Hüttenweg, Grunewald*

### TREPTOWER PARK PLÄNTERWALD

Plänterwald, aka Spreepark, is an iconic abandoned amusement park, still inhabited by dilapidated dinosaur busts and rusting merry-go-rounds. (The owner was arrested for smuggling drugs inside rides’ machinery.) Your dog may never get another chance to sniff the rear end of a T-Rex. *Bulgarische Strasse / Neue Krugallee, Treptow*

## RESCUE

### TIERHEIM BERLIN

The rescued animals of Tierschutzverein für Berlin (Berlin SPCA) have fancier digs than you do: The avant-garde architecture of Europe’s largest rescue centre pays homage to architect Mies van der Rohe. But that doesn’t mean the people who drop off unwanted pets here still don’t deserve a bite in the arse. *Hausvaterweg 39, Hohenschönhausen. tierschutz-berlin.de*

## SHOP

### FEINSPITZ

Paws down, the best dog shop in the city. Located in the vibrant Mitte district, Feinspitz is surrounded by galleries, restaurants, and boutiques. Owner Anahita Nejad’s two pugs, Edda and Luise, help curate the inventory of leather leads, knitted sweaters, and organic grooming products. *Auguststrasse 62, Mitte. feinspitzderhundeladen.com*

### SECOND HOUND

As its name suggests, Second Hound specialises in second-hand, sustainable, or handmade wares for dogs. Who knew a pair of jeans could be reborn as a denim dog bone? So if your dog drags you to every demo against world resources exploitation, this is his place. *Lehmbruckstrasse 6, Friedrichshain. second-hound.com*

### CLOUD7

Todd Schulz (unrelated to *Snoopy* creator, Charles) and I love simple and straightforward design, craftsmanship and acute attention to detail. Friends of *Four&Sons* are welcome to tour the workshop. *169 Reichenberger Strasse 124. Kreuzberg, cloud7.de*

## READ

### DO YOU READ ME?!

Aptly situated along Auguststrasse, Berlin’s “art mile”, this magazine and bookshop stocks both popular and obscure printed matter from around the world. Make yourself comfortable on an Eames chair and flip through an issue of *Four&Sons*. Your dog can look at the pictures. *Auguststrasse 28, Mitte. doyoureadme.de*

## EAT

### PETS DELI

Pets Deli is quite literally a gourmet delicatessen that caters to cats and dogs. They serve biologically sustainable, preservative-free meals comprised of fresh meat, fruits, and veggies that may tempt even two-legged foodies. But be warned: your dog will no longer stand for kibble. *Teplitzer Strasse 38, Wilmersdorf. petsdeli.de*

### BARFER’S CHOICE

The BARF Diet (Biologically Appropriate Raw Food) aims to mimic what dogs’ wild ancestors consumed, and has proved to have many health benefits. Berlin-based brand Barfer’s Choice produces its own raw dog food, and the deli counter at their Kreuzberg shop dishes up frozen dinners. *Heimstrasse 2, Kreuzberg. barfers-wellfood.de*

### CITY GUIDE

# BERLIN

THE BERLIN WALL CRUMBLLED IN 1989, BUT IT WASN’T UNTIL THE EARLY ’00S THAT BERLIN’S HEART BEGAN TO BEAT TO A NEW TUNE: ART GALLERIES WERE CARVED OUT OF PRE-WAR RUINS. PERFORMANCE SPACES SPRUNG FROM BAUHAUS ARCHITECTURE. AND UNDERGROUND ELECTRONICA TRIGGERED AN ALL-HOURS CLUB SCENE. THE BOHEMIA THAT IS BERLIN HAS WHAT PHOTOGRAPHER/DESIGNER HEDI SLIMANE ONCE DESCRIBED AS AN “URBAN INTIMACY”. WHICH IS WHY CONTINENTAL EUROPE’S LARGEST CITY IS NOT ONLY A HAVEN FOR CREATIVE INDIVIDUALS, BUT SO TOO FOR THEIR DOGS. TAKE CLOUD7, A LOCAL BRAND THAT APPROACHES DOG DESIGN AS THEY WOULD HOME DÉCOR—CREATING MINIMALIST, MODERN WARES LIKE CERAMIC BOWLS, ORGANIC-COTTON BLANKETS, AND BRASS-ACCENTED ACCESSORIES. HERE, BERLIN-BASED DESIGNER PETRA JUNGEBLUTH WALKS US BEYOND THE CAFÉS AND COBBLESTONES TO HER DOG’S STOMPING GROUNDS.

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
GUIDE BY PETRA JUNGEBLUTH  
MAP BY TOBIAS RÖTTGER

### BORCHARDT

Opened more than a century and a half ago, this upscale brasserie was frequented by German film and political personalities, but has since become a favourite of everyone from Madonna to Obama. Of course, your dog will only have eyes for the infamous Wiener schnitzel, which is wrapped in crispy batter and drizzled with bacon gravy. *Französische Strasse 47, Mitte. borchardt-restaurant.de*

### HERR ROSSI

Italian farm-to-table joint Herr Rossi’s owners love dogs so much that they may purposely drop some salami on the floor on the way to your courtyard table. *Winsstrasse 11, Prenzlauer Berg*

## LOOK

### EAST SIDE GALLERY

The kilometre of the Berlin Wall that still stands is now the largest open-air gallery in the world. The symbol of freedom and friendship, which runs along the bank of the river Spree, was painted by 118 artists from 21 countries in 1990, and restored in 2009. So don’t let your dog leave *his* historical mark. *Mühlenstrasse, Kreuzberg. eastsidegallery.com*

## SLEEP

### ALTE SCHULE

Thorsten Lojewski transformed this redbrick schoolhouse into a rustic restaurant and hotel on the outskirts of Berlin. Surely you (and your dog) deserve an escape from the city where you can stroll through sunflower fields and swim in a crystal lake. *Kolpiner Strasse 2, Reichenwalde. restaurant-alteschule.de*

### HOTEL ADLON

At this legendary hotel overlooking Berlin’s Brandenburg Gate, your dog will receive five-star treatment to rival your own, from his own bed and bowl to an on-call veterinarian. Good luck getting him in the car home. *Unter den Linden 77, Mitte. kempinski.com/en/berlin/hotel-adlon*



FICTION

## THE DOG OF THE MARRIAGE

BY  
AMY HEMPEL

01.

On the last night of the marriage, my husband and I went to the ballet.

We sat behind a blind man; his guide dog, in harness, lay beside him in the aisle of the theater. I could not keep my attention on the performance; instead, I watched the guide dog watch the performance.

Throughout the evening, the dog's head moved, following the dancers across the stage. Every so often the dog would whimper slightly. "Because he can hear high notes we can't?" my husband said. "No," I said, "because he was disappointed in the choreography."

EXCERPTED FROM *THE DOG OF THE MARRIAGE: STORIES BY AMY HEMPEL*.  
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ARTWORK BY DEBORAH WILLIAMS





I work with these dogs every day, and their capability, their decency, shames me.

I am trying not to take things personally. This on advice from the evaluator at the school for the blind where I train dogs. She had overheard me ask a Labrador retriever, “Are you *trying* to ruin my day?”

I suppose there are many things one should try not to take personally. An absence of convenient parking, inclement weather, a husband who finds that he loves someone else.

When I get low, I take a retired guide dog to the local hospital. Any time is good, but around the holidays is best. I will dress a handsome shepherd in a Santa suit and visit the Catholic hospital and bust in on the morning spiritual counseling. Once I heard a nun ask a patient if he was nervous about the test that was scheduled for him that afternoon, and the patient, a young man, told the nun he hadn’t known there *was* a test scheduled, but now that he did, he could truthfully say that, yes, he was nervous. Then he saw “Santa” in the hallway outside his door and called, “My God! Get that dog in here!” And so we perform a service.

At work, what I technically do is *pre*-train. I do basic obedience and then some. If I am successful, and the dog has the desired temperament, a more skilled trainer will work for months to turn the dog into a guide for a blind partner. I don’t know any blind people. I’m in it for the dogs. Although I remember the job interview I had before this job. I thought I might like to work in the music business, but my husband urged me in the direction of my first love: dogs. The man who would have been my employer at the record company asked me why I wanted to work there. I said, “Because I love music,” and he said, “Maybe the love affair is best carried on outside the office.”

“Are guide dogs happy?” my husband asked at the start. I considered this, and cited the expert who believes that an animal’s happiness derives from doing his job. So in that respect, yes, I said, I would think that guide dogs are happy. “Then why do they all look like Eleanor Roosevelt?” he said.

I told him about the way they get to know you. Not the way people do, the way people flatter you by wanting to know every last thing about you, only it isn’t a compliment, it is just efficient, a person getting more quickly to the end of you. Correction—dogs *do* want to know every last thing about you. They take in the smell of you, they know from the next room, asleep, when a mood settles over you. The difference is there’s not an end to it.

I could tell my husband now about Goodman in the garden. I raised Goodman myself—solid black Lab—and, after a year, I gave him up, the way you do, for further training and a life with Alice Banks. Alice was a gardener. She and her husband relaxed on weekends tending beds of annuals and several kinds of tomatoes. When Alice and Goodman graduated from the program, Alice said I was welcome to stay in touch. It is always the blind person’s call. We exchanged letters for several months, and in the spring, I sent her a package of things for the yard. Then I got a letter from Alice’s husband, Paul. He said they had been weeding in the garden, Goodman off-duty and retrieving a tossed ball.

When Goodman found himself in the tomato patch, Paul wrote, he picked something up in his mouth and began yipping with excitement, tossing the thing into the air and running in circles to retrieve it. Paul told me that Goodman had found one of the sachets I had made to keep away deer; it was a packet of cheesecloth stuffed with my hair.

*That* is how I like to be known.

It was something I learned from my husband, who trusted natural ways to keep predators away.

Today I am known as the Unusual Person. This is a test wherein I pull my windbreaker up over my head from behind and stagger around the corner and lurch menacingly down the walkway toward the dog-in-training. A volunteer will have the dog on a lead and attempt to walk the dog past me. We will see if the dog startles or balks or demonstrates curiosity; if the dog does startle, we’ll see if he recovers quickly and continues on his way.

Before lunch I test half a dozen dogs. The first one walks by without more than a glance—he is being raised in New York City. The suburban dogs are skittish when they pass, but only one barks, and on the second approach, she, too, is quiet and passes. I am not a threat.

I eat quickly and head over across the quad to the best part of this place, the Whelping Center. The broods are brought here a couple of days before their due dates and are settled in quiet kennels where there will be a quilt on the floor and a handful of biscuits waiting. Chicken soup for dinner. The women who work here are unflappable and funny and intuitive and have substantial personalities, though they are, some of them, elfin—if only I had been raised here, is what I’m saying.

I contrive excuses to bring myself often to the Whelping Center. Sometimes I scoot into a kennel and warm my hands under the heat lamp trained over the newborns sleeping inside a plastic kiddie pool lined with towels, their eyes not yet open, their ears leathery tabs. I feel, here, optimistic, yet hopeful. Jubilant, yet happy. This is the way I thought and spoke for an irritating year as a girl, annoying the teachers at the girls’ school I attended. In school I was diligent, yet hardworking. The headmistress, I felt, was impartial, yet fair.

Jeanette will find me like this—sitting in the pen, eyes closed, puppies “nursing” on my fingertips—and say, “Don’t just sit there, get busy.” Ha ha, Jeanette. It’s the command—“get busy” is—for a guide dog to eliminate.

I often time my visits to when the older puppies are fed. A Labrador eating looks like time-lapse photography. After the pups have been weaned and are on to softened kibble, their food is set down for them in bowls like Bundt cake pans, a kind of circular trough. They crowd in around it and the pan begins to turn. It spins faster as they eat and push, until the pups are like propeller blades. Then they’ll move in the opposite direction, and the bowl spins the other way, as though they are in the southern hemisphere. One of the staff put a cartoon on the wall: “Why dogs never survive shipwrecks.” It’s the captain dog standing up in a lifeboat addressing the other dogs: “Those in favor of eating all the food now, say ‘Aye.’”

A beauty came in yesterday—Stella, out of Barnstormer Billy and one-eyed Tara. Stella will have an A litter (we name the litters alphabetically), so in the time I have left I write down the names in a tiny three-ring binder: Avalon, Ardor, Able, Axel. Jeanette looks over my shoulder and says, “Like Axl Rose? You don’t look like a headbanger.”

Acre. I was looking in the dictionary, and after “acre” it said, From the Latin *agere*: to lead.

In the afternoon: stairs—closed and open, up and down, on a short lead.

It is astonishing to find out how quickly the wrong things come into your head. I don’t mean the vain thoughts that are unseemly and irrelevant in surroundings such as these. I mean that I can pause outside a kennel to dip my shoes in bleach and be visited by the memory of shattering glass, the way the etched glass of the heirloom globe exploded. I had lit a candle in the old lamp but had not fitted it carefully; as it burned, it tilted until it touched the handblown glass, handily prefiguring the news, over dessert, that my husband was going to get on with it because how long was a person supposed to give the other person to come back?

Last night, Stella delivered early. Nine healthy puppies, and one—the smallest, a female—with a cleft palate. She died within minutes. Fran, the staffer present at the whelp, entered it in her log, her notation including the name she gave this pup: Angel. There are those of us who seek Fran out in the hope that something of her rubs off. Fran helped Stella deliver over a period of seven hours. At midnight, when there had been three quiet hours, Fran helped Stella to her feet and ran the ultrasound scanner over the dog’s belly. Nothing showed on the monitor, so Fran left the kennel to get some sleep. Yet in the morning when she checked in on the mother, there were ten healthy puppies nursing. During the night, Stella had given birth to one more, a female, as though to replace the one who had died. I said why didn’t we name her “After,” or put a little French on it—“Après”—but Fran said no, she wanted to name her for Angel. Sentimental? I am not the one to say; before I gave up Goodman, I made a tape recording of his snores.

Maybe it was fatigue, or the sadness of losing the runt, but Fran snapped at me when I showed up for work. She asked a perfunctory question. I should have said I was fine. But instead I observed that this was the day my husband left for Paris with his new girlfriend.

“Like you have a right to complain,” Fran said, incredulous. “Let’s think back one short year.”

I was stung, and flushed, and fumbled at the sink. Did I expect sympathy? Browbeaten, yet subdued. Subdued, yet humbled. I left the room before she could say I didn’t have a leg to stand on, or the shoe was on the other foot.

Back in the lounge, I wiped at the antibacterial wash I had splashed on my jeans. What gets on my clothes here—if it came from a person I’d be sick. Last week I was in the infirmary when a Lab was brought in with the tip of his tail cut off by a car door. Yet he was so happy to see the veterinarian that he wagged his tail madly and sprayed us all with blood, back and forth, in wide arcs. The walls and cabinets too.

There is much to learn from these dogs. And we must learn these things over and over!

In the way that we know things before we know them, I dreamed that I swam across Lake Michigan, then pulled myself up on a raft near shore; just then the light changed in such a way that everything underwater was visible in silhouette, and giant hammerheads shadowed by. This was the night before my husband told me about Paris, and even in the dream I remember thinking, If I had known what was in the lake, I never would have gone in.

It’s a warmish day for December, so I take one of the broods for a walk on the grounds. It’s a lovely old neighborhood. Down the road from the school is one of those classic mansions you admire until you notice it’s a funeral home. Every day I drive past it to get here, and an image undoes me, though I can’t say quite why: a pair of white gloves folded over the wheel of an old Ford Fairlane outside a funeral home in Georgia in June.

The sight of geese has this effect on me too. The dogs scare them up from the pond. When my best friend and I were in the first grade, her father acquired a dozen German Emdbdens. He let them roam freely about the yard. Every evening when he came home from work, he would turn a hose on the droppings they left in the drive; the grass along both sides of blacktop was a stripe of vivid green. He was a little eccentric, and the first of my friends’ parents to die.

Buddha, Baxter, Bailey, Baywatch. I throw in that last for Jeanette. Working a litter ahead. We don’t name the pups until they are four weeks old and get their ears tattooed, but still, it’s good to be ready.

Back in the lounge there are letters from a sister school in Canada that has taken several of our dogs who failed the qualifying exam—except we don’t say “failed,” we say the dog was *reassigned*, or *released* for adoption as a pet. Canada will take a “soft” dog, one who maybe startles or is a bit less independent. Maybe it is like William Faulkner not getting into the U.S. Army Air Force and then going to fly for Canada. What’s *with* Canada?

Trying to smooth things over, I guess, Fran asks for a hand in putting together the invitation for the Christmas party. I make James Thurber look like da Vinci, but I stay late—it’s the night of the six-months-and-under class, the babies—and work up a festive border. The party is a high point for the volunteers who raise the puppies. They bring them to the high school gymnasium we borrow, and dress them up in Santa hats or felt reindeer antlers held on with chin straps, and there are cookies for everyone, and in the center of the gym floor there is a large cardboard box filled with wrapped gifts. On the command, the volunteers walk their dogs, one at a time, up to the box, where the dog is allowed to reach in and select a present, then return in a mannerly way to his spot. They get excited, of course, and invariably there will be a dog, like Ivan last year, who will get to the box and jump in.

Everyone wants to know how you do it, how you raise a puppy and train it for a year and a half and then give it up. Because you don’t just love the dogs, you *fall* in love with them. A love affair begins with a fantasy.

For instance, that the beloved will always be there. But *these* love affairs begin with yearning, for a future that won’t be shared. Good training. There is a Zen-like quality to this work, if you can find reward in staying in the moment and in giving up what you love because someone else’s need is greater. Sounds good in theory, but I counseled a volunteer who was coming up on the separation and she was crying and angry, and she said, “Just because I’m not blind!” She said, “What if he never swims again? Swimming’s his favorite thing.” I said, “You know how dogs’ paws paddle in their sleep?” Dreams: the place most of us get what we need.

There is another side to this; it makes a pretty picture. The folks who raise the pups and then have to give them up? When the dogs get old and retire, the raisers can get them back. They can take them back in their well-earned rest. Raise enough puppies over the years—a steady stream of dear ones returning home.

Fran doesn’t hold a grudge. She says she liked the invitation, and we walk together to the office to have it copied.

There are people whose goodness brings them to do this work, and there are those of us who come here *for* it. Both ways work.

Although, metaphorically, I am still in the lake, priding myself on a strong Australian crawl while nearby a hammerhead waits. Never mind the fact that this ravenous shark, in real life, is found in warm seas. It is with me in the lake where I mourn my lost status as someone who doesn’t cause problems, and prove again that life is one long medley of prayers that we are not exposed, and try to convince myself that people who seem to suffer are not, in fact, unhappy, and want to be persuaded by the Japanese poem: “The barn burned down. / Now I can see the moon.”

Did I invite this? It is like sitting in prayers at school when the headmistress says, “Who dropped lunch bags on the hockey field?” and although you went home for lunch, you think, *I did, I did*.

## 02.

I picked up coffee in town, but skipped the doughnuts and scones; after fifty-two years, my body owes me nothing. I ran into a former neighbor at the deli. We were still dressed the same in barn jackets and jeans; we both worked at horse farms. Standing in line for coffee, she picked crumbs of rust off an old bulb digger that looked pornographic in her hand. My own rusted one was plunged to the hilt in a circle of tulips where I left it when I heard about Lynne.

Claire, the former neighbor, told me she hadn’t known Lynne Markson was divorced. I said she wasn’t, they weren’t, who told her they were? She said, “I thought *she* did.” She said they had run into each other in line at the Film Forum, and Lynne told her she only came into the city once a week now. Lynne told her the rest of the time she lived upstate near her husband. Claire said she thought that was an interesting slip: “near” instead of “with.”

I told her it wasn’t a slip, and the reason she was upstate started the week the dog showed up in my yard, the same week my husband moved out. I would find the dog curled under the forsythia in the morning, in a shallow dirt bed he had dug the night before.

When I let my own dogs out in the yard, he would stand and stretch, then stay still while they sniffed at him. He was a beagle wearing a faded too-tight collar he would not let me close enough to remove.

He was terrified of people, so I was certain he had been abused. But he liked the company of the dogs; he made himself part of the pack. Each morning he followed my dogs from the front yard with its hill, where their tennis balls rolled away, down into the backyard, where the three of them pawed at holes in the garden rows, probably after the moles that ate the centers out of the melons.

My dogs are female, so of course I indulged the notion that he had selected my house to fill the male post just vacated by my husband, who had moved back to the city. I stayed at the beach with the dogs and filled out my share of paperwork to make the separation final.

The beagle was small enough to shimmy in under the cedar fence gate where rain had eroded a patch of dirt into a small trough. He had rolled in, shook himself off, and kept a bucket filled with water in the shade from the wisteria. The only time I knew he left the yard was when I took my own dogs across the street to walk through the fields that end at Round Pond. He would trail us, letting their bodies brush his when they all chased rabbits and squirrels. He had the look of a harried executive; he carried himself, chest first, like a little mogul. So I called him Beagleman. “Get me Beagleman!” I would order my dogs. “I’ll take a meeting in five minutes—*front* yard.” And they would race off to get him and herd him into the front and we would file across the street, every day a parade.

I didn’t bother to fill in the dirt beds that Beagleman dug, and that my own dogs copied. The yard was a yard—it had never been an even “carpet” of green. Mowing had always been my job, one I liked, but I did not go beyond that to what more was required: grading, fertilizing, sprinklers.

Starting early in the summer, I put Beagleman’s bowl closer to the house. Then I sat on the outdoor steps without moving or looking at him while he ate. When he finished, I tossed a handful of crumbled cheese in his direction. He would follow the spray of cheese, eating a trail that led to my open hand where more cheese was offered. He would start toward me, then stop and pulsate and whimper. At that point I would toss him the cheese and try again later in the day.

In the evenings around six—this was in July when the sand at the beach is so hot—I would load my two dogs into the back of the station wagon and drive to the ocean for a swim. Beagleman would wiggle under the closed gate and stand at the top of the driveway as I backed the car into the street. He would be there when we returned at dusk, and fit himself under the gate when the three of us had passed inside.



After an early spring of taking the marriage apart, I was glad to have every day the same. I did not ask much of myself; it was enough to keep a cutting garden watered and shop at a farm stand for tomatoes and basil, and baby eggplant to grill, and that white corn that needs just three minutes in hot water with milk. It was enough to conduct classes for young beginning and intermediate riders at the farm, to keep my dogs and sometimes myself reasonably groomed, and try to win over the beagle. I was mindful of the symmetry—trying to establish this creature’s trust, having dispatched that of my husband.

This took us up through August.

Then, just before Labor Day, I kept the cheese in my hand. And Beagleman ate it, his eyes on mine. I told him he was a very good boy. He ate from my hand several times that day. I got him to follow me inside and into the kitchen, source of the cheese. I introduced him to a wall of cheese in the refrigerator. He ate from my hand while I gently touched his chin with a finger. I rubbed under his chin while he ate, and it was only another day before he let me rub his muzzle. From there it was his ears, scratching them while he sat beside me. I cut off the collar that left a dent in the skin of his neck.

At the end of the summer, he let me brush him while he rested his head on my leg. Within the week I had him upstairs, and we celebrated by having a slumber party—the three dogs up on my bed in the dark, eating popcorn and watching a movie.

Beagleman seemed to be proud of himself. He walked with confidence, he no longer hung back. He was in the front seat of the car on every errand. At night he raced ahead of me up the stairs; I would find him on my pillow on his back, waiting for me to rub his stomach.

This lasted until the lawyers said we would have to sell the house. I would be moving, I would be renting, and no one would rent to a person with three dogs. That was when I heard that Lynne Markson wanted a dog.

Back then, they had the place on the North Fork as well as the apartment on Riverside Drive. I arranged for Lynne and her husband, Whit, to visit.

Beagleman liked Lynney right away. He showed no fear, and I was proud of how far he had come. He was less comfortable around Whit. I had predicted this; he was still skittish around men, probably because a man or men had hurt him. Whit was gentle and welcoming, so we said: sleepover, trial visit. Beagleman sat in Lynney’s lap in the car on the way to the city.

A few weeks later, Whit takes Beagleman out for an evening walk. As they are about to cross Riverside Drive, Beagleman slips his leash and bolts into the street. Reflexively, Whit runs after him.

Lynne is at home when the confused doorman phones up to say her dog came back by himself. He tells her the dog walked right through the lobby and into the elevator, so he—the doorman—pressed the button for their floor and sent him up.

Lynne gets the dog inside, then runs out to find Whit. She follows the sound of a siren, and finds him just as the ambulance pulls up.

Claire looked at me as though she had been watching a performance. Which she had. I could not tell the story enough times. An observant friend had remarked that “Those who can’t repeat the past are condemned to remember it.”

I realized I had left out the part about Christmas Eve when Beagleman got lost in Noyac. So I did not get to say, “If I had not driven back that third time—if I had gone to midnight mass instead.” I did not tell Claire that Lynne does not blame the dog, or that the dog follows her from room to room and sleeps with his head on the pillow, in her bed, in the house where she lives near her husband, who lives in rehab.

Claire, my former neighbor, said she would write to Lynne if I would give her the new address. She said, “How’s Lynney doing?” And I said, “It’s *her* story now.”

03.

I was the one who did the back and forth; he was the one who did the every which way. He would stop in the course of the walk and talk with a friend, or a not-even friend, someone he hadn’t seen in a while, invite the person to breakfast or lunch, even if the person was more my friend than his. His invitation would be so open-faced that it would seem mean not to take it. Then he would want me to come along.

The people I stopped for when I walked the dog were strangers who wanted to pay the dog a compliment, or pay me one for having such a dog. An unusual mix that was hard to place, the dog was a maverick; she had attitude, she was willful and people responded to that. If she liked you, then you were worth liking. With the dog present, I could talk to people I could not have talked to without her.

The dog had been our second choice. My husband wanted the pretty one, and I had wanted to keep the runt. But we each picked the same runner-up.

I counted the blocks when I walked the dog, or the equivalent of blocks in the park. I liked to return the same way we had come. I walked the dog on the other side of the street, or the path, so she could have variety. But I liked things to be the same, to be where they were the last time I saw them, when I saw them for the last time.

04.

For sixty dollars charged to my MasterCard in advance, the psychic described a wooded area near a body of water—a pond? a stream? she couldn’t be sure—with a view across an open field to a “civic-type building”—a post office? a school? she couldn’t be sure—where, according to her vision as relayed to me over the phone, the lost dog had looked for food in the last twenty-four hours.

This was less useful than the woman down the turnpike who saw the leaflet left on her windshield. She phoned to say she had seen the dog drag a deer across the tracks a hundred yards away the day before. I found the dead deer beside the tracks where the woman said, part of its flank gnawed to the bone. The dog could not have felled the deer; it must have been hit by a train. Had an approaching train scared the dog from its food?

The leaflet is all over town.

The ex-husband made it.

He advertised a reward beside a picture of the dog. But he did not consult with me first. The reward would not buy you an ordinary dinner in this town. Whenever I come across any of his posters, I add a “1” before the amount.

Despite the reward, calls come in. I chase down all sightings, even when the caller says the collar is red, not blue. But there is never any dog of any kind with any color of collar in the spot reported by the time I am able to get there.

I check construction sites. Workmen eat lunch outdoors, and a hungry dog might try them for a handout, wouldn’t she? Half a dozen calls come from builders on the beachfront. Once, when I got there, there was a deer swimming in the ocean. It appeared to be caught in the tide, and as I moved toward it—toward the deer—it managed to pull itself ahead of the surf, where it found its footing and limped ashore on a hurt front leg, to leap away when I moved closer. So I, who only wanted to help, was made to stand there watching the deer head for the dunes.

I went out again at night to lay down scent trails in the woods near my house, wearing the same shoes and socks I had been wearing for days. The moon was nearly full above a snowy field. When I had made my way into the woods, I turned and saw deer standing side by side, watching. I thought, Saints, guardian angels, my saviors, my friends.

We watched each other for a while, and then I went home, checking over my shoulder all the way for the deer. They never moved once—not that I saw.

There were three animal psychics.

I phoned them all.

The famous one you can’t get to work with you anymore unless you’re the president of something and your dog is, too. Still, this woman phoned me from the airport, she said, between flights. She gave me the names and numbers of the other psychics who found missing dogs. Where’s the one who finds missing husbands?

I called the most psychic-sounding one first, who turned out not to be available until after the holidays. What holidays? Were there holidays?

I left a message for the next one, and the third psychic answered her phone and insisted we could go to work with no delay so long as I could describe my dog to her and recite the numerals of my credit card number.

The worst thought I had was, What if the dog was just here? Right where I was standing?

Every morning and every night there is a videotape I watch. The ex-husband made it when he was my husband. It was made when the dog had first come to us and seemed to be everywhere, shared everything, offering, offering.

I see the viewfinder swing wide across the lawn, one of those panning shots you always find in movies, where the idea is to get everybody in the audience ready for what will presently be revealed—but only if everybody will just be very very good, and very very patient, and will wait, with perfect hope, for the make-believe story to unfold.







ESSAY

FIGURE VALDESOLLO LOOKS AT THE AGE-OLD  
HANGOVER CREDO: ‘THE HAIR OF THE DOG’.

# DRUNK HISTORY

Drinking to excess may famously impede one’s capacity for eloquent expression, but its after-effects have still inspired a myriad of lyrical descriptors the world over. What we call being hung over is, in France, dubbed as having a “wooden mouth”, in Denmark as “carpenters in the forehead”, in Central America as being “made of rubber”, in Sweden as being “whacked in the ass”, and in Poland as a “howling of kittens”. And as many flowery ways as there are to elucidate the horrific sensation of over-imbibing, there are methods of expressing how one must combat its painful effects. Because for many, a hangover is a complicated equation with a seemingly simple solution: the cure for too much alcohol is more alcohol. Or, as Hippocrates put it, like cures like. It’s a belief—not necessarily a truth; we’ll get to that—widely held and diversely described. In Turkey and Italy, “a nail dislodges a nail”, in Denmark, “one must rise at the tree where one fell” (remember those aforementioned carpenters), and, for most English speakers, it’s simply “the hair of the dog that bit you”.

The origins of that canine-inspired saying can be traced back to the 16th century, when it was believed that should you be bitten by a rabid dog, the best course of action to avoid infection yourself would be to remove some of its fur (and, sometimes, mix it into a salve with honey and herbs), then rub it on your wound. A potentially dangerous (after all, a rabid creature is not the most approachable) piece of advice; but, the idea was that the dog, much like a venomous snake, would carry its own panacea. And when said bite happens to be the wicked headache, extreme nausea, and general discomfort resulting from a night of rampant boozing, the hair to cure the wound would therefore lie in the same bottle that imparted the pain. Or as Ebenezer Cobham Brewer writes in his 1898 tome, the *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*: “If overnight you have indulged too freely, take a glass of the same wine next morning to soothe the nerves.”

Many a well-seasoned drinker has followed that credo. Zelda Fitzgerald would reportedly combat her frequent hangovers with a morning swim, to be quickly followed by a vodka lemonade. Ernest Hemingway favoured an absinthe-and-champagne concoction, ominously dubbed “Death in the Afternoon”. And Keith Moon’s post-revelry ritual supposedly involved a breakfast of bangers and eggs, plus a bottle of Dom Perignon, a half bottle of brandy, and a few downers.

But does the dogged old hangover advice actually work? Well, not exactly. The marked dehydration and spiked blood-sugar levels symptomatic of a hangover will never really dissipate by hitting the bottle. Nor by throwing back aspirin or shovelling down a greasy, artery-clogging meal, for that matter—these all serve only to numb the pain, not eliminate it. It’s true that diligently drinking plenty of water over the course of an evening-out and again before hitting the sack would be wise, but in the midst of alcohol’s signature blur, who can remember to do that?

The truth is that a hangover is an ailment with no proven antidote. Even those who see—or, well, barely see—the error in the hair of the dog mantra, ascribe to it nevertheless. Take legendary partier Tallulah Bankhead, who once said, “Don’t be swindled into believing there’s any cure for a hangover. I’ve tried them all: iced tomatoes, hot clam juice, brandy, peaches. Like the common cold, it defies solution; time alone can say it. The hair of the dog? That way lies folly. It’s as logical as trying to put out a fire with applications of kerosene.” Wise words, but Bankhead still regularly defied that logic and reached for a Black Velvet (a blend of champagne and stout) on her many, many mornings-after. So, perhaps, much of the hair of the dog’s purported effectiveness lies in nothing else but an ailing person’s belief in its efficacy—call it blind faith. In Bloody Mary we trust.

WORDS BY FIGURE VALDESOLLO  
ILLUSTRATION BY 8LB POOCH—KLEE VAN SCHOONHOVEN



JASON CROMBIE REMINISCES ABOUT  
ALL THE DOGS HE HAS KNOWN.

# ANIMAL COLLECTIVE

In my life I have known many dogs, and by known, I mean I’ve put my foot on their bellies and rubbed till their little lipsticks appeared. Some were big, some were small, some were old, and some were really, really stupid. For the most part, though, they were all lovely pups and I’m glad to have met them. Here is an easily digestible, attention-suspending list of dogs I’ve known.

TRIXIE

Trixie was my grandma’s dog. She (the dog) was an old Labrador with a sun-rusted coat and unclipped nails that scratched the concrete when she walked. Trixie was a kindly old girl and the first dog I actually loved because, unlike fucking Shultz (who you’ll meet next), she was sweet and she happily let me inspect her up close. I vividly remember being a toddler and peeling back her lips to look at her teeth and flipping up her ears to see what was inside them. She was a great dog. Rest in peace, Trix.

SHULTZ

Shultz was a dick. He was my other grandma’s dog—a corgi—and he and I had nothing in common. He was groundlessly aloof and he would snarl and scurry off if I ever tried to pat him. Shultz’s only friend on my grandma’s farm was Tuppence the cat. Tuppence was an asshole, too. They were a pair of snobs and needed reminding they were not only small, domesticated animals, but also uncultured hillbilly animals in the middle of nowhere; they did not live at Buckingham Palace. Wankers. Another crappy thing about Shultz was he’d growl at empty corners of the farmhouse and creep us all out.

ZEUS

Poor old Zeus. Zeus was our epileptic German shepherd. When I was a kid, I had a bungalow, and Zeus would sleep at its door. When I’d wake for my midnight slash, he’d follow me into the bathroom at the back of the house and stand guard while I peed. Then he’d follow me back to my room and fall back asleep again at my door. One night, when I flipped on the bathroom light, he had a seizure. It was awful. No one told me he was epileptic so I thought he was dying. I screamed and cried and my dad came running out in his pyjamas and told me what was up. When the seizure was over, he (Zeus) went and lay down under the lemon tree; he was dazed and exhausted.

Christ, that broke my heart. He didn’t know what was happening. I couldn’t tell him, “It’s okay, Zeus, you’re epileptic,” because he didn’t speak English—just German. Very sad. We ended up putting him down.

TROY

Troy is my sister’s Labrador, and when he wags his tail he wags his whole body so it seems like the tail is wagging him. Troy is a good dog. He licks the hell out of you, which can be gross if you’re not on your guard, but he’s great with my nieces and nephew who adore him. Also, his name is Troy. My sister calls him Troy Boy. She also had a cat named Nigel. Nigel got bit by a tiger snake and died.

CILANTRO

Cilantro is a miniature greyhound and seems to be in a permanent state of shock. Every time I see her she looks like she just narrowly escaped death. She belongs to my friends Alex and Romi. She’s grey and shivery and makes shy glances at you with her girlish eyes. When I first met Cilantro, I thought, This dog needs to harden the hell up, but now I when I see her, I want to protect her from the world.

CHARLIE

The guy I share an office with has this tiny Yorkie named Charlie. Charlie is hilarious because she thinks she’s way bigger than she really is. You could easily stuff her inside an empty ice-cream pint, and yet she patrols the office like a Doberman. Visitors cop it from Charlie; she barks like crazy and holds them at bay until we call her off. When I come in, though, she scampers over and flops onto her back, the little tart. I have a bit of a dog crush on Charlie and my officemate knows it. I think he gets jealous.

FUGAZI

Fugazi is my old roommate’s dog and she’s more of a cat than a dog. In fact, she is a cat. But she possesses a number of dog-like qualities, so I’m adding her to the list. When I lived with her, Fugazi would fetch. I’d throw a pen across the room and she’d scamper after it and bring it back. How many cats do that? She was also a bit dumb like a dog. One time I watched her walk into a futon bed frame three times in a row before she figured out she should probably duck to get under it. Duh. I love her, though.



WORDS BY JASON CROMBIE  
ILLUSTRATION BY GEMMA O'BRIEN





LYRICS

QUEENIE THE DOGGIE

BY  
DANIEL JOHNSTON

Queenie the doggie was a friend of mine  
If only the money could save her now  
Queenie the dog!

Queenie the doggie, the special one  
She always had the most fun most all of the time  
Queenie the dog!

She was all the laughing heard that sailed the ocean sea  
He would talk the birds that walked that cursed reality  
Queenie the dog!

Queenie was funny, she'd laugh at every joke  
But we sure were surprised when she finally did spoke  
Queenie the dog!

Queenie the doggie, sent down from heaven above  
An angel in disguise, filled with such love  
Queenie the dog!

Now and then I find myself listening to Queenie bark  
At the twilight of the night as if I was a werewolf in the dark  
Queenie the dog!

She was the funny, the dog with only kind mind  
The peace and the quiet I hope she will find  
Queenie the dog!

Queenie the doggie, howling at the sun  
Queenie the doggie, just to watch her puppies run  
Queenie the dog!

Somewhere I know she's laughing in the clouds  
Just to see what it's all about  
Queenie the dog!

Queenie the doggy there's only you and me  
Queenie the doggy, will live eternity  
Queenie the dog!

Love is an illusion, it plays with your brain  
It's plain and it's simple, it's hard to explain  
Queenie the dog!  
Queenie the dog!

Queenie the doggy was a friend of mine  
If only the money could save her now  
Queenie the dog!  
Queenie the dog!

If only the money could save her now!

THIS SONG ORIGINALLY APPEARED ON THE ALBUM *IS AND ALWAYS WAS*  
PHOTOGRAPH BY JUNG KIM FROM THE BOOK *DANIEL JOHNSTON: HERE*



INTERVIEW

JOHN DARWELL GIVES NEW MEANING  
TO BROWN-BAGGIN’ IT.

SHIT HAPPENS

Armed with a medium-format camera, an open mind, and the will to do good, John Darwell devotes his time to capturing the wonders (often ridiculousness) of human nature. The professor at the University of Cumbria in Northern England views photography as a means for commenting on social and environmental issue. As such, his own work ranges from capturing the effects of post-industrialisation to depicting the state of mental health. His documentary images of neglected landscapes—including radioactive site Chernobyl—are included in collections at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. Not surprisingly, Darwell’s series *DDSBs* (Discarded Dog Shit Bags) is about so much more than bags of dog poo.

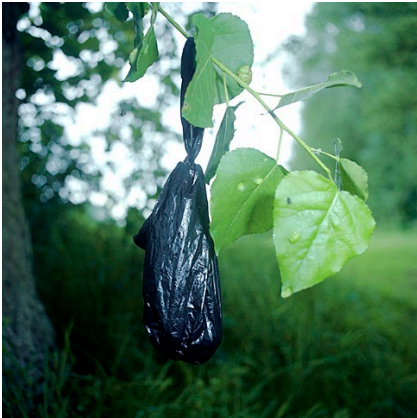
What triggered the DDSBs series—anything to do with the infamous Northern England humour?  
I can’t deny there is an element of humour in my work, but the humour is there to highlight the ridiculousness of the situation: Why go to the trouble of bagging the poop—which let’s face it, isn’t the most joyous part of walking the dog—to then throw it into the nearest bush or river? It leaves me incredulous. Also, there are “dog poo police” in my local park who hide behind bushes, whilst wearing hi-vis jackets, and spy on dog walkers with binoculars to see if they pick their pooches’ poo. This sense of the ridiculous was what inspired me.

What is going through your mind while photographing bags of poo—do you think about the dog or the owner?  
[Laughs] I’m usually trying to be careful of where I’m kneeling! Regarding the owner—the dog’s just doing what comes naturally—I often sense a degree of frustration in that *the road to hell is paved with good intentions* sensibility. I think many people do the bagging, then realise there is no bin in which to get rid of the offending article, so whoosh it into the bushes and walk on under a cloud of guilt.  
Have you ever stepped on one of the bags?  
Yes, but frankly it’s better to stand on one of the bags than to stand on the contents un-bagged!

What do you look for in a bag of poo?  
I’m looking for bags with character; some have a strong sense of being. I respond to certain juxtapositions, like bags hanging in trees or sitting on playing fields. I can’t resist photographing them when I see them. My dog-poo-bag radar can spot a bag at 300 paces on a dark night!  
Have you noticed any poo bag colour coding in different parts of the world?  
Yes, which is interesting in itself. In the UK, poo bags are invariably black and biodegradable, which raises questions about what happens to the contents after a biodegradable bag has been hanging in a tree for six months. In Germany, the bags are red and are available in dispensers in most public parks. But I was thrilled (only slightly kidding) on a visit to Western Australia last year to find dozens of bags left behind on the most beautiful beaches. In this case, the bags were bright yellow... to complement the sand?

What were you trying to achieve with this series?  
In essence, the discarded bags are metaphors for many things: unenforceable laws, disregard for the environment, and the sense that it’s not really my problem. So if this series can make people think twice about their actions, that’s great. For decades, I’ve photographed amazing places—including Chernobyl and nuclear sites across the world—yet I’ve received the biggest response to this series. You wouldn’t believe how many messages I get that say, “I saw a great dog poo bag and thought of you!”  
What do you find interesting about documenting human behaviour?  
People are endlessly fascinating, and that is why I am a photographer. Plus, I am very nosey and like nothing better than nosing around the world. I try to drum into my students that photographs shouldn’t simply be *of* something, but rather, *about* something. Are the dog poo bags simply images of dog poo bags? I hope not.

WORDS BY TRAVIS GARONE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DARWELL







INTERVIEW

HUNGARIAN FILMMAKER KORNÉL MUNDRUCZÓ  
RELEASES THE HOUNDS IN HIS CANNES FILM FESTIVAL  
AWARD-WINNING TOTALITARIAN THRILLER, *WHITE GOD*.

REALITY BITES

Hungarian filmmaker Kornél Mundruczó’s new film, *White God*, explores what happens when a young girl and her beloved dog are separated by a cruel and intolerant society. The film features not one or two, but 150 dogs, almost all of them found in pounds and trained for months before filming. *White God* is a fine example of the recent Eastern European neorealist cinema trend, snatching the “Un Certain Regard Award” at this year’s Cannes Film Festival (as well as a special “Palm Dog” award). But *White God* is also an action movie, a thriller, a horror flick, and a generally harrowing descent into a disturbing underworld, where stray dogs are traded on the black market and transformed by brutal men into bloodthirsty killers. If *White God* were a dog, it would be a shape-shifting mongrel much like its star, Hagen—soulful and kind but capable of bearing a frightening set of fangs if backed into a corner.

Can you explain the thinking behind the legislation recently proposed in your country to levy a tax on dogs that weren’t purebreds?

When we heard that such a proposition could be taken seriously, we were simply flabbergasted. It sounded grotesque, crazy, and surreal. It made us wonder if there were any limits to the logic of discrimination in this part of the world. Though the bill has not passed into law, the idea was the starting point of our development of the film. Dog pounds in Hungary are full, as our government is embarrassed by the mere existence of stray dogs. Hungarian people don’t want to see them in public, yet at the same time they can’t repress their pangs of conscience. Hungary doesn’t have the strength of solidarity of the West nor the indifference of the East to “man’s best friend”.

What do dogs reveal about us?  
*White God* obviously sets a mirror before the audience. After a while, the dogs arouse sympathy and transform into people in your mind. Dogs have been socialised to mankind for so long that they are closer to us than any other living being.

How does *White God* expand on your ideas about societies? About innocence and guilt?  
I visited a dog pound and unexpectedly caught the glances of the innocent prisoners. This made me realise my personal responsibility for these crimes against life. Then and there, I learned my lesson that if we do not want to be guilty, we must not lose our inherent ability for making moral decisions. You should never be scared to lose your ethos. This is especially true for those threatened by tyranny and oppression.

What did you learn from working with dogs?  
Cooperation with them helped me understand some of the basic principles of the world, so it could be called a kind of therapy. It gave me much more energy than I had expected, and made me feel closer to a more natural state. I learned to appreciate the unexpected merits and abilities of another species. Since then, I have been participating in adoption and rehabilitation projects that prove what an unexpectedly big problem the fate of mongrels is in this country.

*White God* has echoes of many films, genres, and tropes, and transforms itself more than once—going from European neorealism to action movie to horror. In developing the film, did you have a list of what you wanted to echo?

The rapidly changing reality of our world cannot be described by clear-cut genres anymore. Layers, genres, and tropes filter through each other; they are true in their fusions, transitions, and mergers. My world is as spacious as the dimensions of my soul, full of cross-dissolved past experiences.

All of your films express a concern with the institution. What is it that bothers you?  
The relationship between individuals and the establishment is more complicated in Eastern Europe than in other parts of the world. Here the authority works carefully to destroy the individual. I consider human rights—by which I mean the rights of any individual—the most important principle of mankind. If I didn’t believe that the world could change, I would stop making films.

WORDS BY MIKE HARVKEY  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SÁNDOR FEGYVERNEKY  
FILM STILLS COURTESY OF PROTON CINEMA





INTERVIEW

FORMER *SEINFELD* AND *SOUTH PARK* ANIMATOR ERIC YAHNKER  
TURNS POP-CULTURE ICONS INTO COLOURED-PENCIL ONE-LINERS.

POETIC LICENCE

Los Angeles native Eric Yahnker creates work like no other modern artist. Often complex, but always jarring, his paintings and illustrations are less an accusatory middle finger than a subversive reflection of contemporary life—works that are more often than not laugh-out-loud funny. Accessible without being condescending, and avoiding the trap of bludgeoning *wake-up-sheeple*-style proselytising, Yahnker succeeds in making deeply personal statements about culture and politics by grounding them in satirical humour.

Your work is a melding of style and subjects: sex, entertainment, politics, and religion among them. Is there any topic you wouldn't touch?  
It's not so much that there are topics I wouldn't touch; I'm not looking to provoke for no good reason. If anything, I'm trying to make the truth even more truthful. If I'm purposely avoiding something, it may be because it's too absurd or insensitive to locate its truth.

Your output is so unique, but I see touches of Norman Rockwell and even Terry Gilliam's animation for *Monty Python*. Who are your influences?  
Rockwell and Gilliam are definitely heroes in my book. I've also taken cues from comedic filmmakers such as Mel Brooks and Woody Allen, as well as 1970s/1980s political cartoonists—namely *Los Angeles Times* legend, Paul Conrad. I've also found an affinity with some concrete poets and visual artists who've used language as a source material, such as Ed Ruscha, Allen Ruppersberg, and Alighiero Boetti.

Art is subjective and can be interpreted in different ways, but has anyone ever completely missed what you tried to say?  
I'm as universally understood as misunderstood, because there truly are two sides to my work, and me. I've often hinted there's a shallow end and a deep end contained within, and I'm equally happy to splash around in the piss-soaked kiddie pool as tread where my feet can't touch the bottom.

Do you think being based in Los Angeles affects the type of work you produce?  
It's far too simplistic to say being in such close proximity to Hollywood is why I often use celebrities in my work. Yet, I'm self-reflective enough to know that in others' eyes I'm a quintessentially L.A. artist. I guess I'm blind to what being “quintessentially L.A.” is but it's a designation I'm totally cool with.

I find it fascinating how an artist like David Hockney came to L.A. from Yorkshire and truly captured the L.A. spirit in a way no Angeleno could. I often see parts of my own city through the end of his paintbrush. Sometimes it requires a foreigner to truly spot another's nativity. In any case, no matter where I end up, I think my compass would always point back to L.A.

The wordplay in the titles of your works is hilarious. What is your process?  
My exhibitions are long-form, comedic, visual poems in which the title of the poem is the name of the exhibition, and the individual works are its verses. I see the English language as Play-Doh. Sometimes I'll massage it, sometimes I'll marbleize the colours, sometimes I'll shove it up my nose, and sometimes I'll send it through a fucking meat grinder. Outside of English-speaking countries, I'm doomed. It's my kryptonite. Either that, or it makes me extra sexy and exotic.

I've read that you studied journalism. Would you ever go back to that, and if so, what would you write about?  
To some degree, I still use some journalistic chops in my work. I investigate socio-politics and semiotics to discover links between current and historic events, laced with references to pop culture, literature, philosophy, religion, and all manners of hifalutin bullshit to create informed satire. I have no qualms calling myself a glorified political cartoonist. After all, with the death of print journalism, so too went the staff political cartoonist—a profession I would have truly relished. Nevertheless, I've actually found a way to take on this pursuit without the daily 4 P.M. deadline, squeamish editor, and miles of red tape.

Do you have a dog in your life at the moment?  
I love dogs but my schedule will only allow for the company of felines. Gin and Juice are my twin Siamese sisters. Juice is a bit dog-like in that she loves to lick (and occasionally give a skin-piercing lovebite to) anyone who enters her domain. If I had the time for a dog, I feel like I'd be an Italian greyhound man. Every time I see one of those suckers, I melt.

In a terrible attempt to come up with an Eric Yahnker-style title for an imaginary dog-themed work, which one of these sucks the least: “Mango Lassie” or “Benji's Up Hoes Down”.  
Cujo repeat the question?

WORDS BY WILL MORLEY  
ART BY ERIC YAHNKER









PROFILE

IN *AMELIA AND THE ANIMALS*, PHOTOGRAPHER ROBIN SCHWARTZ HAS CREATED A REAL-LIFE FAIRY TALE AROUND HER DAUGHTER.

GLASS MENAGERIE

Sally Mann once said: “The things that are close to you are the things you can photograph the best. And unless you photograph what you love, you are not going to make good art.” During the ’80s and ’90s, she infamously chronicled the coming of age of her three children in their birthday suits—with tangled hair, grass-stained knees, and distended bellies like puppies.

Such logic resonated with Robin Schwartz, who found that photographing her daughter, Amelia, was not only a way to collaborate, but also a way to connect. “My mother died when Amelia was three, and I suddenly had this profound sense of mortality—I was no longer a daughter; I was only a mother,” she says. “I wanted to leave something behind for Amelia so she would remember our time together.” As the title of the monograph suggests, *Amelia and the Animals* (Aperture) captures the photographer’s daughter posing with exotic critters (and a few cats and dogs). The stuff of fairy tales, Schwartz’s images brim with *Alice in Wonderland*-like whimsy and naiveté. There’s Amelia swinging from a jungle gym alongside a capuchin monkey; Amelia cradling a Sphynx cat in a snarl of sheets; and Amelia standing before a Gothic cathedral, flanked by a pair of regal greyhounds, her Rapunzel-like hair seemingly siphoned up into a vortex. “The idea is for her *not* to be a model who uses animals as props,” says Schwartz of her daughter. “I ask her not to smile because I want the photograph to look more like a painting—to have a certain formality—and not like a snapshot taken by a mother.”

“I’ve been a photographer longer than I’ve been a mother,” continues Schwartz, whose works are part of over a dozen permanent collections, including at MoMA, the Met, and the Smithsonian.

“I was one of those latchkey kids—my father was a machinist and my mother worked at a factory. I was home alone a lot so they got me a cat, and I would take portraits of her with my Kodak Instamatic camera.” Years later, following a Master of Fine Arts at Pratt University in Brooklyn, Schwartz embarked on a nearly decade-long project photographing the stray dog packs that would roam the borough in the ’80s. That is, when she could catch up to them. “Those stray dogs were the most pitiful things. People would try to run them down in cars, or throw beer bottles at them from their windows, so they were traumatised and terrified of humans,” she says. “My father died when I was 19 and my mother wasn’t well, leaving me sort of homeless, so I identified with them on some psychological level. But it was heartbreaking, and it eventually broke me.”

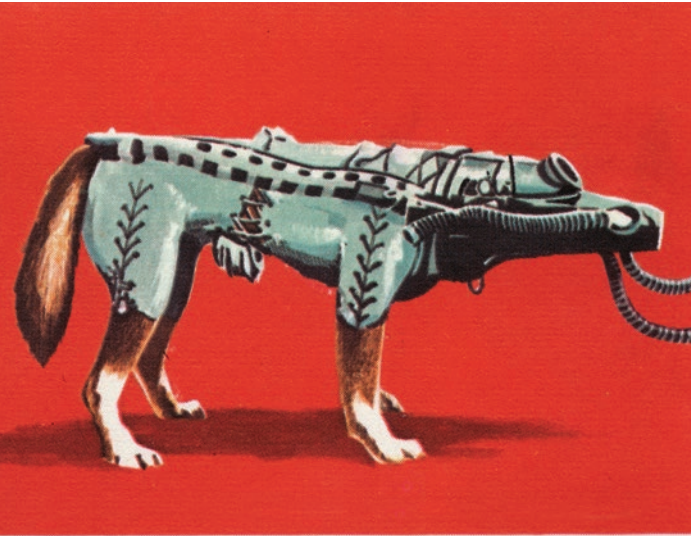
In stark black and white, Schwartz would document horse-drawn cart merchants in Baltimore, Maryland, and indigenous peoples in Huicholes, Mexico, before Amelia entered the picture in 1999. But the series that the photographer has dedicated the last 12 years to—whilst teaching photography at William Paterson University; curating exhibitions for *National Geographic*; shooting editorials for *TIME*, *The New Yorker*, and *The New York Times*; and raising, par for the course, an aspiring scientist—began with a little monkey business: It was on a photo shoot for her book *Primate Portraits* that Schwartz captured a stolen kiss between chimpanzee and child. “It was magic!” she says nostalgically. “Amelia has a real rapport with animals. She communicates a *sameness* that exists between humans and animals—perhaps that’s the humanity people recognise in my pictures. But I have no interest in photographing humans. My interest is in Amelia...and the animals.”

WORDS BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBIN SCHWARTZ



Book—  
**SOVIET SPACE DOGS**

When Laika was launched into space on November 3, 1957, aboard Sputnik II—becoming the first living creature to orbit the Earth—the Soviet Union prepared no provisions for her return. The husky-terrier mix, who had been plucked off the streets of Moscow, died within hours of takeoff. In 1960, a couple more mutts, Belka and Strelka, fared better, returning from their missions to adoring fans. All three canine cosmonauts were hailed as national heroes, their likenesses reproduced on everything from toys and candy wrappers to stamps and cigar bands. To mark the anniversary of Laika’s journey, Fuel Design has published *Soviet Space Dogs*, a book comprising 350 illustrations immortalising these icons of the Space Race. “I saw some Soviet space dog ephemera in auction a few years ago, and was struck not only by the design, but also the fact that I knew so little about dogs’ involvement in the Soviet space programme,” says editor Damon Murray. “We started to collect pieces we liked the look of, with the vague idea that they could work as an alternative way of telling the dogs’ stories. They were the direct ancestors of the first man in space. In fact, Yuri Gagarin is said to have joked, ‘Am I the first human in space, or the last dog?’ Even if this story is fictitious, it is a reflection of the myth of the space dogs.” SALLY MOUSSAWI  
*fuel-design.com*



# SMALL BITES



Accessories—  
**FLEET ILYA DOG MASK**

Although “Restraint” has quickly become their signature line, to think of Fleet Ilya solely as a bondage label would be missing the point. The designers artfully walk the line between fashion and bondage, blurring any distinction between the disciplines. The result isn’t your average erotica, but rather, beautifully handcrafted leather accessories, from bags and belts to corsets and cuffs. The London-based husband-and-wife team strikes a perfect balance of skill sets: Ilya Fleet brings the craft, thanks to training in traditional saddle-making, while Resha Sharma focuses on the art direction of the brand. “The masks were initially designed to fulfil a friend’s fantasy,” says Sharma of the dog masks. “The features are inspired by the Dobermans Ilya had growing up.” MARTA ROCA  
*fleetilya.com*

Illustration—  
**A DOG’S LIFE**

Ever wonder what your dog thinks of you? British cartoonist Gemma Correll did, and so she created *A Dog’s Life* (teNeues), an illustrated guide about “canine shenanigans” which promises “startling insights”. (Previous publications include *A Pug’s Guide to Etiquette* and *A Pug’s Guide to Dating*.) With drawings that are at once whimsical and comical (think: a Chihuahua size chart), this book is a must-read for those who want to see eye-to-eye with their tongue-in-cheek dogs. SM  
*teneues.com*



Home—  
**GROWLER LONDON FIGURINES**

In London, “growlers” are most commonly flagons of draught. Growler London, however, is a well-curated shop with a dog-centric collection of limited-edition art, vintage collectables, and refurbished bric-à-brac. A few of owner Tess Gomm’s finds are cast-iron bookends circa 1930, antique figurines of sporting breeds, as well as whimsical prints and Indian rag paper sketches. SM  
*growler-london.co.uk*

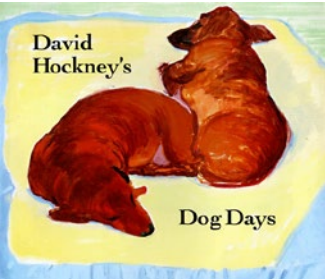


Design—  
**BRUCE WEBER X SHINOLA PET**

“We want to celebrate American ingenuity with every product we make, revitalising the idea of the local craftsman and the spirit of friendship we share in our community,” says Shinola creative director Daniel Caudill. And the visionary brand does just that. Since launching in 2011, Shinola has designed everything from jackets and watches to bicycles and baseball gloves, all manufactured in their Detroit factory and flagship—where the doors are always open to locals. Bruce Weber is no stranger to Detroit. On assignment for *W* magazine in 2006, the photographer shot an editorial with Kate Moss that captured the spirit of the Motor City. Weber returned in 2013 to shoot a campaign for Shinola—the images of which are hanging in the Detroit Institute of the Arts—and again in 2014 to film model Carolyn Murphy on a bike ride with locals. A collaboration between an all-American brand and an all-American photographer may seem inevitable, but a collection of dog products is a rare treat. “When working with Bruce on our advertising campaign, we quickly connected on our love for pets, and wanted to create quality products for our furry friends,” say Caudill of Shinola Pet. “Between Bruce and the Shinola design team, a lot of thought and passion goes into every product.” Weber photographed the products—vegetable-tanned leather leashes and collars, plush canvas beds, nautical rope tugs, and eco-friendly linen footballs—on his own dogs, and limited-edition prints and postcards are for sale. Shinola’s community-minded credo has also gone to the dogs—the company recently sponsored Midtown Detroit’s first dog park. And that’s just the beginning. “It’s important that we champion organisations that are close to our hearts and to our home, Detroit,” says Caudill. “We hope to raise awareness of the work of animal advocate groups such as the Michigan Humane Society, who make sure that our beautiful pals have a chance at a great life.” SM  
*shinola.com*

Book—  
**DOG DAYS**

As dachshunds go, Picasso’s Lump occupied the position of top dog until David Hockney’s Stanley and Boogie entered the picture. The multimedia artist—who is known for his vast array of work, from photographic collages to opera stagings to fax drawings—introduced his dogs to the world in *Dog Days* (Thames & Hudson), a collection of paintings of a pair of small dogs with big personalities. Says Hockney in the foreword: “I make no apologies for the apparent subject matter. These two dear little creatures are my friends. They are intelligent, loving, comical, and often bored. They watch me work; I notice the warm shapes they make together, their sadness and their delights. And, being Hollywood dogs, they somehow seem to know that a picture is being made.” SM  
*thamesandhudson.com*



Home—  
**WALTER BOSSE ASHTRAY**

Viennese artist Walter Bosse claimed that his brass animal figures never made any money in his homeland from the 1920s to the 1960s. So he set up shop in West Germany in 1953, where he made some of his seminal works, including a series of modernist bronze animal figurines—the Black Golden Line. His designs soon became popular and his career flipped on its head. Recent interest has led to re-issues, handmade in Vienna following Bosse’s original designs. Even if you don’t smoke, this dog-shaped ashtray functions perfectly as a mini planter. CAROLINE CLEMENTS  
*Available at openingceremony.us*

Accessories—  
**BEST IN PARK WALKING POUCH**

Perhaps the only thing less attractive than a dog-poo bag is a dog-poo-bag holder. Enter the Woodlands Walking Pouch by Best in Park. Inspired by her dapper grandfather, Melbourne-based Christina Teresinski designs old-school, sophisticated garb for dogs. And among the braided leads, nautical coats, and tweed bow ties is this handy compartment for your dog’s valuables. SM  
*bestinpark.com*



Design—  
**TANNER GOODS**

Tanner Goods is a team of craftsmen in Portland, Oregon, who create heritage leather and heavyweight canvas goods. (The brand’s tailor was a saddle maker for 45 years.) Handmade wares from belts and wallets to lanyards and guitar straps suit both outdoorsmen and city slickers. As for design-conscious dogs, there are vegetable-tanned collars with burnished edges and brass buckles, as well as collapsible, waxed canvas bowls in rustic hues. SM  
*tannergoods.com*





Book—  
**IN DOGS WE TRUST**

“I like the idea of doing surveys with photo series,” says Will Robson-Scott, who, with Ollie Grove, photographed people with their dogs over the last few years for *In Dogs We Trust* (release date TBD by *Victory Journal*), a raw, intimate monograph that captures the affinity between pets and their people. “I think the traits of the owner are passed down to the dog—not necessarily physical appearance, but definitely character.” Indeed, while a pixie musician appears to weigh the same as her Great Dane, and an outdoorsman enjoys the company of scruffy mutts, the connection between these portrait sitters is palpable. “The most nerve-racking shoot was that of Martin Parr, but he ended up being very friendly and giving me a load of film that he didn’t want,” remembers Robson-Scott. “But I think the image that has the most resonance is that of Dietrich and his prize-winning mastiffs—his hand tattoos, their slobber on his knees, and the powerful-looking dogs all work together to make it a strong image.” SM  
[victoryjournal.com](#)

Accessories—  
**DRAKE’S “HUNT OF THE UNICORN” POCKET SQUARE**

The Brits at Drake’s London have long been admired for their sharp dress and fine stitching. They are known especially for their exquisitely detailed silk ties and pocket squares, such as this one, which references *The Hunt of the Unicorn* tapestries. Woven in the Netherlands in the early 16th century, the original seven works depict frame-by-frame (or tapestry-by-tapestry) the pursuit, by noblemen in court dress and their hunting dogs, of the mythical creature. Drake’s reimaged the scene “The Unicorn Defends Itself” in 100% silk. Still magical, even more elegant. CC  
[drakes.com](#)



Accessories—  
**DOG LTD.**

Like getting behind your favourite football team, wearing DOG LTD.’s dog-inspired streetwear shows your support in more ways than one. A portion of each sale of the line’s colourful caps and tees emblazoned



Design—  
**HOUNDSTOOTH LEASH CO.**

When a 100lb German shepherd bolts, the person at the other end of the leash is looking at a couple of chafed knees, at the least rope burn. Inspired by such accidents with adopted dog Cooper, the founders of California’s Houndstooth Leash Co. crafted leashes out of repurposed equine rope and stainless steel shackles. They are capable of handling a half-tonne workload, and thus, most dogs. Heel, boy. SM  
[houndstoothleash.com](#)



with different dog breeds is donated to New York’s North Shore Animal League—the world’s largest no-kill animal rescue and adoption organisation. So while you’re teaching your bulldog how to skateboard, you can do so in style. CC  
[doglimited.com](#)

Home—  
**BEN MEDANSKY**

In the movie *Paris is Burning*, there is a scene dedicated to Banjee Girls. These women are the realest of the real, the street corner lurker who speaks her mind and doesn’t hold back when it comes to defending herself. These girls simply don’t give a fuck: they cannot be bothered by petty nonsense.

To ceramicist Ben Medansky, Banjee Girl is a dog. She is a little Basenji with a beak-like muzzle and ellipsoidal ears that twitch up and down at any sound. She lies in a homemade bed underneath racks of pots in Medansky’s downtown Los Angeles studio, unfazed by the constant activity around her. She’s the kind of pup who is content keeping herself company or stirring some shit, demanding attention from those around her. After all, she is a Banjee Girl.

“She’s definitely a bitch,” says Medansky. “I mean, she’s technically a bitch, but she’s also a brat. She can be a little thuggish.” He attributes Banjee’s personality to her breed. The Basenji—which Banjee is part, in addition to dachshund—is an ancient Egyptian breed that has become so intelligent to the point of obstinacy. “Being an old dog breed, they are difficult to train,” he says.



Design—  
**NINA OTTOSSON  
DOG SMART GAME**

A border collie named Chaser knows more than 1,000 words, can differentiate between nouns and verbs, and can categorise her toys into groups such as balls and Frisbees. So if your dog’s vocabulary has hit a ceiling at “sit” and “stay”, perhaps it’s time to try some brain games. Swede Nina Ottosson’s line of dog puzzles are designed for mental and physical stimulation, and rated by their degree of difficulty. For starters, there is the Dog Brick Game, which challenges your dog to paw aside rubber bricks to reach the treat compartment. Think he can handle that? SG

Available at [shopdogandco.com](#)



“They’ve evolved so much that they want something in return when we ask them to do something. I’ve had to deal with that by carrying food with me all the time and training her.”

The canine and ceramist are an unlikely pair, too, because he didn’t set out to get a dog. Medansky and his sister had a dog growing up before moving from Arizona to California. There she started sending him listings of pound puppies, and one thing led to another. “She was the only puppy we saw,” he remembers. “Basenji puppies are very rare and very expensive and very special. This dog had a deep, weird energy that we felt immediately—and we couldn’t pass her up.”

It was only a matter of time before Medansky made a bowl for Banjee. His signature speckled clay takes the form of everything from hanging planters to sculptural pitchers to colourful peace pipes—all of which are hand-thrown, and as functional as they are beautiful. “If a dog is hungry, he’ll flip over the bowl,” he says, from personal experience. “With a metal bowl, that’s fine, but with a ceramic bowl, it’ll break. I created a bowl with walls at an angle so a dog can’t get a grasp on it.” And now, he is trying his hand at spoons for scooping kibble. KYLE FITZPATRICK  
[benmedansky.com](#)



Accessories—  
**CLOUD7 DOG WHISTLE**

Take a walk on the wild side with Cloud7’s dog-training whistle, hand-carved from sustainable, Scottish birch branches. A portion of the proceeds benefits Supply Chain Support, an initiative for the protection and preservation of national forests. SM  
[cloud7.de](#)

Grooming—  
**MALIN+GOETZ  
DOG SHAMPOO**

Matthew Malin and Andrew Goetz changed the face of grooming a decade ago with all-natural products and apothecary-inspired packaging. The original skincare range soon expanded to haircare and home goods, but something was still missing. “The cobbler’s children always go barefoot,” acknowledge the founders, who finally created a dog shampoo—their “children” being French bulldog Junior, English bulldog Bob, and rescued pug Mr. Goodman. The sulfate-free, neroli-scented, amino acid-infused cleanser will leave a pampered pup’s coat shiny and new, but more importantly, will wipe out whatever suspect scents he rolled around in at the park. SAMANTHA GURRIE  
[malinandgoetz.com](#)







BRUCE WEBER AND HIS STURDY TRIPOD, BLUE,  
UP IN THE CRAZY MOUNTAINS, MONTANA.

# BRUCE WEBER

Bruce Weber has a thing for blondes. Blonde, brown-eyed golden retrievers, that is. As one of the most iconic photographers and filmmakers of our time, he has captured the world's most beautiful people for the world's leading publications. His images—at once encapsulated by a cinematic exuberance and poetic languor—have been published in more than 15 books and are part of the permanent collections of London's Victoria and Albert Museum and Paris' Museum of Modern Art. But an ever-evolving canine coterie has never been far from the photographer's lens. In his quixotic short film *Gentle Giants* (1995), Newfoundlands and 1950s pin-ups are juxtaposed as, Weber has said, “tough guys with hearts of gold”, while *A Letter to True* (2004) is a moving homage to this man's best friend (interwoven with a tribute to war photographer Larry Burrows). The photographer's golden entourage presently includes Hud, Tao, Kodiak, River, and Dream.

Here, Weber's dog-centric recommendations in art and life.

1.  
A photograph of Lassie by Clarence Sinclair Bull.
2.  
A book called *True Stories* by Guy Thomas Buswell. I love this book because I once had a golden retriever named True and I made a movie about him called *A Letter to True*. It was an anti-war film, starring my dog. After we made it, he was really depressed that it was over, so I made another film about him called *True, The Dog of A Million Kisses*. That made him happy.
3.  
The Lange Foundation in Los Angeles—an animal rescue where donations are thanked by a card showing one of the rescue dogs, with their story inside written by Gillian Lange (Hope Lange's sister). Elizabeth Taylor once donated enough money to save many dogs in my name for my birthday.
4.  
A collection of Rin Tin Tin DVDs, and a collection of the hit TV show, *Lassie*.
5.  
A week-long stay at the Best Friends Society, which rescues not only dogs but also all kinds of animals. It's a preserve where animals are given a second chance in life, and all dogs are treated like kings. And you can pitch in and help. It's located on many acres nestled near the Four Corners—not far from Monument Valley where John Ford shot a lot of his Westerns.
6.  
A weekend stay at Doris Day's hotel in Carmel, California, called the Carmel Inn. Dogs are allowed anywhere in the hotel, except the bar. The lobby is filled with people drinking martinis and sharing them with their dogs, and watching Doris Day movies that play on monitors throughout the hotel.
7.  
One of the great dog books of all time is *Thor*, by the *Life* photographer David Douglas Duncan. Thor had lived in the south of France.
8.  
The dog shampoo we sell at Shinola, gentle but healthy, developed in honour of Dr. Elinor McGrath. Dr. McGrath was one of the first female veterinarians in America.
9.  
Dr. Cindy Bressler's fancy dog treats from the Hamptons in Long Island. They're the crème de la crème of dog treats.
10.  
Dr. Tom Sessa of the Hollywood Animal Hospital in Florida, a veterinarian with an old-school spirit, but with new-school methods to healing animals. He has saved so many of my dogs' lives, and you can find him shaking hands with pet owners and giving them a helping hand with their high-cost vet bills. He's my hero.

INTRODUCTION BY SAMANTHA GURRIE  
PHOTOGRAPH BY KURT MARCUS





A LIFE WITH DOG  
**ONE DAY**

**A LIFE WITH DOG**

Having another member of the family.  
Seeing your neighborhood in a new light.  
Waking up to the voice of your dog  
and sleeping together with warmth.  
Bridging the gap between families and friends.  
Creating more smiles.  
And teaching you the meaning of  
a wonderful life and death.

I'm happy just having my dog by my side.  
I hold his lead  
like I hold the hand of my lover.

ONE DAY is a documentary magazine.  
We document the daily life of people  
who live with dogs.  
Through the dog's life,  
we search for how to enrich our own.





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B E R L I N

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