



FOUR&SONS

Maija Astikainen/Ruth Barry/Libby Borton/Eleonor Boström
Calliope/Julia Christe/Delphine Crepin/Howlpot
Amy Gerstler/Michael Gillette/Neville Jacobs/Ken Kagami
Petalon/Thomas Roma/Jon Ronson/Sun of Wolves

DOGS AND CULTURE COLLIDE

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ONE + ONE = FOUR

Ever wondered what the love child of mathematics and poetry would be like? We did. With a number-crunching mother and a language-adoring father, this kid would count hip-hop rhymes, hear binary forms in pop music, and nail the 17 lines in a haiku without breaking a sweat.

In this issue, we find beauty in patterns and rhythm, in digits and metaphors. Artist Ken Kagami's mash-ups of Snoopy and Charlie Brown are as brilliant and nonsensical as the worlds of Lewis Carroll and Dr. Seuss. Photographer Julia Christie's portraits of dogs in mid-air are as whimsical and evocative as free verse, and poet Amy Gerstler's attempt to interview a dog fascinated by his own poop is as imaginative as Newton's calculus. Meanwhile, Michael Gillette's "breeds from another dimension", born out of a box of cards and a compulsive mind, continue to multiply; Neville Jacobs and his buddy Charlie remind us there is strength in numbers; and playtime becomes a challenging riddle in photographer Delphine Crepin's beautiful images of torn balls.

Life doesn't always add up, and that is the beauty of it.

MARTA ROCA

Quality life with you.

A simple but high quality design. In the beginning, Tokyo-based graphic designers started to create dog items for their own dogs, and owners who were looking for more fashionable and classy products. Depending on your needs, we will aim to carefully create and co-ordinate a quality lifestyle for you and your dog from our wide range of products. Quality of life with you! This is our corporate message. Thank you for your continued support.



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Jon Ronson.

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GIVING BACK—

A percentage of the profits from the sale of this issue of *Four&Sons* will be donated to Dierenhulp Zonder Grenzen, Amsterdam.

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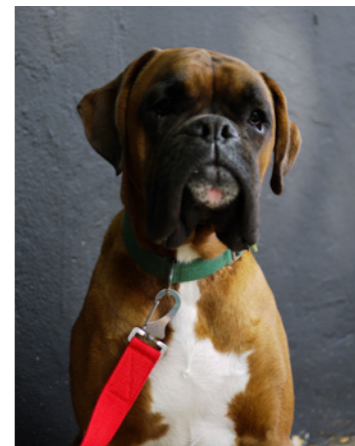
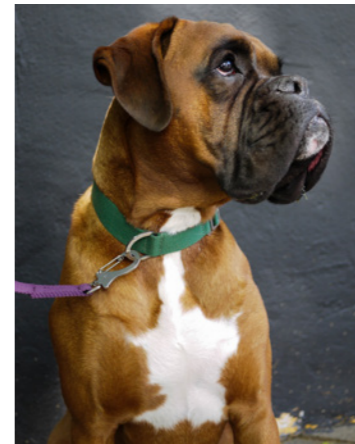
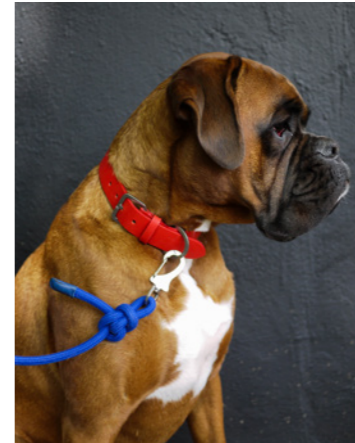
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LOVELY DOG THINGS



HINDQUARTERS.COM

FEATURE

MORE THAN PRETTY PORTRAITS, MAIJA ASTIKAINEN'S ONGOING SERIES STUDIES THE SOCIAL DIMENSIONS OF PET OWNERSHIP.

HOME ALONE

Maija Astikainen's work raises more questions than it provides answers. For the past few years, the Helsinki-based photographer has been digging deep into her photo essay, *One-Dog Policy*. During a six-year span living across Finland, Spain, and the United Kingdom, she has explored anthropomorphism, domestication, social and cultural dimensions, and even art-themed memes. The most buried layer, however, is personal: "I've never had a dog of my own," she admits. "When I first started shooting dogs, I did it because I wanted to spend time with them." Ironically, Astikainen ended up living with a cat.

The initial concept was straightforward: a collection of dual portraits, owners and dogs, shot at home. Then Astikainen decided to throw in a wildcard: the images would play off iconic portraits (*The Death of Marat* by Jacques-Louis David, *Kate Moss* by Juergen Teller, *At Home* by Pieter Hugo). She soon realised the solo portraits sparked her curiosity in a broader sense. "It's actually more interesting if it's just a dog in the picture," she explains. "It started to feel like it was the dog's house, not the human's. The surroundings in the photos also tell their own story; you can start to think about what a dog is supposedly doing at home."

These tableaux quickly became a non-intentional study on anthropomorphism. Astikainen herself isn't a stranger to the phenomenon. "While living with a cat, I had noticed that I was constantly attributing human characteristics to it," she says. "The cat seemed to be ashamed, disapproving, or offended. The different noises it made began to have meanings, and I began to translate them into words. I saw the curious tendency people had to humanise their pets and interpret their gestures and facial expressions. We might, for instance, think that a dog is laughing, when it's actually showing its teeth in agitation."

As the project unfolded, Astikainen became fascinated by how easily we misinterpret a dog's 'facial features' (physical traits) as their emotions. The lines become confused, blurred. In trying to make sense of Fido's raised eyebrow or Rover's gaping mouth, we assign a human meaning in an attempt to connect. Interestingly, recent research shows we are more likely to anthropomorphise our pets when we feel lonely or isolated.

These warped projections became all the more clear to Astikainen during her photo shoots. Many of the featured dogs are close to her heart—work colleagues have proved a great source of four-legged talent!—and Astikainen's familiarity with each dog's personality

intensified her awareness of human perception versus reality. This was particularly evident when she photographed Olga (opposite). "I like this photo because it gives such a wrong impression of Olga, who is a quite lively and happy dog," Astikainen explains. "Here she looks totally depressed. I'm impressed by the fact that our minds make such different associations based purely on different poses."

Astikainen enjoys teasing about said misconceptions: her images study how a dog's body language can alter our perception of what is actually happening. "It's easy to interpret dogs' postures the same way we have learnt to interpret people's bodily messages," she says. "As in human portraits, the objects in the background and the dog's appearance and posture give the viewer clues on its imagined lifestyle, mood, and character." Some of Astikainen's favourite portraits in the series are actually happy accidents: the result of unexpected and fleeting moments created by the models. As most pet owners know, no amount of careful planning, training, or—in this case—staging can overcome a dog's free will, but that is where so many joyful moments come from.

Pet ownership wears as many different hats as there are pet owners. Dogs are seen as companions, comrades, sidekicks, working partners, extended family members, playmates, status symbols... something that greatly interests Astikainen. "A dog can be seen as the ultimate prototype of a pet," she states. "During the time I've spent shooting dogs, my interest has increasingly turned to the social dimension of having a pet, and I've also come to reflect on the different roles we set up for our dogs. A pet represents both wilderness and a family member. It is like us, but also completely different. Pets have turned into kind of special humans, full family members and childlike creatures." In a poll conducted in 2010 by the Associated Press, 50 per cent of interviewed pet owners considered their pet "as much a part of the family as any other person in the household", and 25 per cent of those who were married or cohabitating did view their pet as better listeners than their partners.

Her work over the past six years has had Astikainen reflecting on her own motivations to keep a pet. Her questions ("Do I keep it only for my own fun and pleasure, with no regard for the animal and its needs?") show her desire to provide the best possible care and life for her companion. "It's both wonderful and weird to think that there is an animal living under my roof," she cheerfully concludes.

WORDS BY MARTA ROCA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAIJA ASTIKAINEN
ONE-DOG POLICY IS PUBLISHED BY KHAOS PUBLISHING



THIS PAGE
OLGA
NEXT SPREAD
KERTU (LEFT)
NEKO (RIGHT)







PREVIOUS PAGE
HEKU
OPPOSITE PAGE
LILY
THIS PAGE (ABOVE)
SUPER
THIS PAGE (BELOW)
FANNI



THIS PAGE
KINO
OPPOSITE PAGE
DAVIDOFF VON WELFENHOF





FEATURE

MICHAEL GILLETTE MAKES ART FOR ROCK STARS,
BUT THE IDEA FOR HIS LATEST PROJECT CAME IN A BOX OF DOG CARDS.

OMNIDOGS

Artist Michael Gillette doesn't have a dog, but he does have 30 Omnidogs—a "compulsive" drawing project inspired by a box of dog cards from the '60s. "My wife is animal crazy, though," he says, "and I know, as soon as is feasible, we'll have a German shepherd." Will he, though? Seems he might be a little too busy. For three decades, the British-born, San Francisco-based artist has been hard at it, creating reams of work in his striking artistic style. He's contributed to magazines such as *Mojo*, *Spin*, *Q*, and *The New Yorker*; he's created posters and album art for bands like Saint Etienne, Elastica, MGMT, Beck, the Beastie Boys, and Paul McCartney; he revamped the James Bond 007 book-cover canon for Penguin; and he recently released a massive monograph on the work that has kept him too busy for man's best friend. We chat with Gillette about his work, Noel Gallagher's eyebrows, and these little anthropomorphic pooches he's been turning out.

AT WHAT AGE DID YOU REALISE YOU COULD DRAW?

Around the age of 10 or so, I really started to identify myself as a 'drawer'. My mum was an art teacher and my father taught design and technology, so I had great soil to grow that idea in.

WERE YOU THE KID IN CLASS WHO WAS RENOWNED FOR HIS ARTWORK?

Yeah, the 'artist test' was who could draw the best crushed Coke can. Maybe it still should be that. Anyway, I enjoyed the feeling of making art and the attention it brought.

SO, WAS MAKING A CAREER IN ART A NO-BRAINER, OR WAS THERE SOMETHING ELSE YOU MIGHT'VE BECOME?

In my teens, art and music started holding hands. They're still inseparable. I was really sold on rock'n'roll, and I thought I'd go to art college and join a band and glory would be mine. No need for any further planning, you know? So, art school was something of a front. However, a year or so in, I realised that I just didn't have it musically, and I was at art college, so...

NO-BRAINER.

A career in art is an 'all-brainer'. It's taken every synapse I can marshal.

WHEN AND WHY DID YOU MOVE TO SAN FRANCISCO?

I moved October 9, 2001. It was an intense time to arrive in America; every flag was flying. I got all Tony Bennett for S.F. on a holiday in '97. It just made sense here, like I'd lived here before, so I dared myself to move.

LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR ART. YOU WORK IN A VARIETY OF STYLES. WAS THAT A CONSCIOUS DECISION, OR JUST THE WAY YOU'VE ALWAYS PRODUCED?

It comes from music. I picked it up from the Beatles, Bowie, the Who, whoever... You keep trying different things. I grew up during the high-water mark of youth cults and style tribes. Having said that, the dogs are, stylistically, back to the egg: pencil on paper.

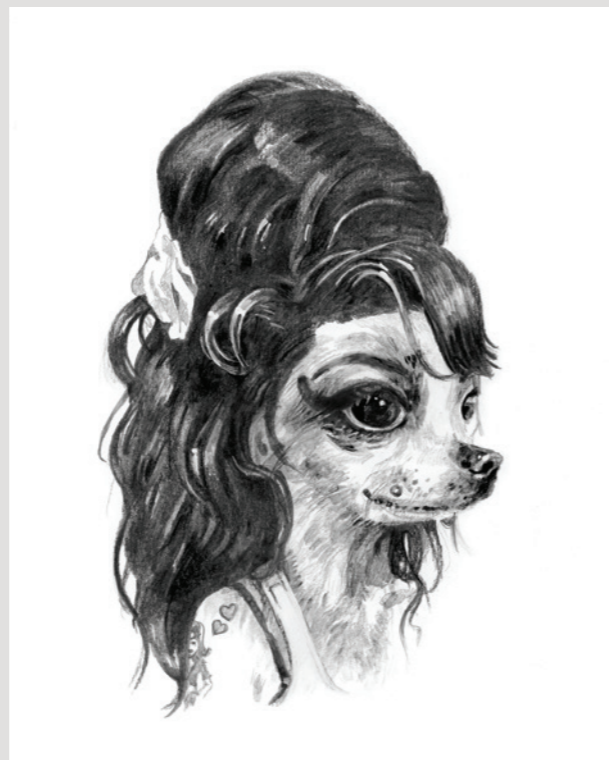
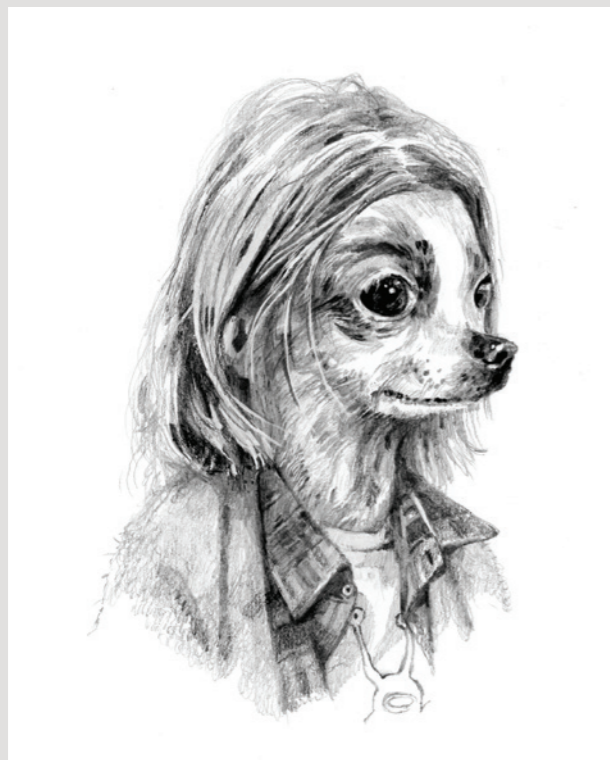
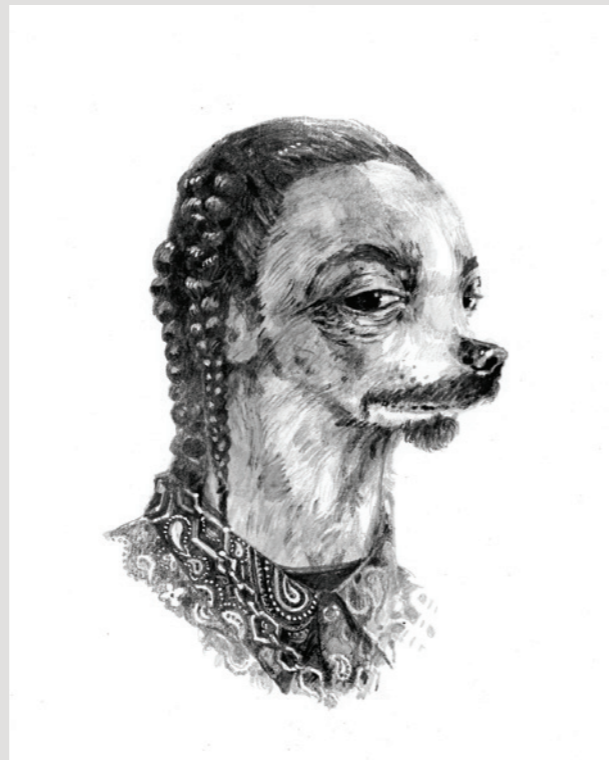
TELL US ABOUT THE OMNIDOG PROJECT.

Last year I asked the universe for an idea for a never-ending project. I put in a request, and it started really unassumingly. Around the corner from the gallery that makes my prints in S.F. is a massive Goodwill. I found a box of dog cards from the '60s in there and started to draw over the top of them, as an act of continuation/vandalism. I gave some away with the advance copies of my book, as gratitude to the faithful who helped it happen. They were tremendously enjoyable to make, but I had no plans for them...

WHY?

Well, for one, they were violating the copyright of another artist, albeit one who had long since passed. I found more boxes of his cards at other Goodwills in town, and it started to become compulsive. Then it dawned on me that this might be the idea I had asked for, but I needed to do it all myself, so I put the cards away and started to draw my own dogs. Then I got the gallery to print them with archival inks on wonderful paper, and things shifted into a higher gear.

WORDS BY JASON CROMBIE
ARTWORK BY MICHAEL GILLETTE





FEATURE

OMNIDOGS

HOW MANY DOGS ARE THERE SO FAR?

I've done at least 30. The project is very much still unfolding. These dogs are surprising to me and, 25 years into my career, that is fantastic. I absolutely love making them. I'm entertaining myself while making them.

WHAT'S THE PROCESS?

The first hour is a wrestling match. I have to bend the printed dog into a new identity. Sometimes I'll be thinking, This is hopeless, and then the balance tips and the new identity overwhelms the... underdog. I've been working on these late at night, and when I wake up the next day, I can't quite believe what has happened. I'm excited to check it out.

THAT'S SO COOL.

Yeah! I can't wait to have a show of these and see the reactions of a room full of people. Eventually I'd like to have enough for a book.

HOW DO YOU DECIDE WHAT KIND OF DOG SOMEONE IS?

I let each one be revealed. Sometimes I have a specific idea; others I just let evolve out of the ether. I don't force them.

WHAT KIND OF DOG DO YOU THINK GRAHAM COXON WOULD BE?

Hmmm... Graham Coxon... I wouldn't do him. I've avoided putting glasses on them. Maybe it's like statues: they never look right with glasses.

WHAT ABOUT MORRISSEY?

An awesome one! I love Morrissey; I dare say that he will manifest. Hearing aid, quiff, sly smile. Yeah, he'll happen.

HAVE YOU DRAWN A LIAM DOG AND THOUGHT, HANG ON, THAT COULD BE NOEL... OR BOBBY GILLESPIE OR PAUL WELLER OR IAN BROWN?

The celebrity ones have to be unmistakably iconic. Noel's uni-brow would single him out.

THE THEMES INCORPORATED INTO THE OMNIDOG PROJECT ARE "THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE MULTIVERSE, TRANSGENICS, IDENTITY, AND CELEBRITY". PLEASE EXPLAIN.

I call them Omnidogs because they can encompass all. Folks who have seen them have commented that these aren't dogs dressed up—these are portraits of real breeds from another dimension. On the one hand, they are an entertaining meme, but as I do them, I wonder, Do these exist somewhere? Could they exist? By the rules of the multiverse, yes! Living in the centre of tech and biotech here in S.F., we're not far away from these being possible; certainly in terms of VR/AR. San Francisco is currently in the process of altering what is natural in every direction, forever.

WHY CELEBRITIES?

Celebrities are channels of modern-day myth. For better or worse, we project on them and elaborate their stories for our own needs. I suppose the recognisable ones will be the Trojan Horse of this project and some people will see no further than that, but other agendas are at large. I'm happy for people to connect on any level.

YOU HAVE A BOOK THAT CONTAINS A RETROSPECTIVE OF YOUR WORK (AND AN INTERVIEW WITH YOU CONDUCTED BY ELASTICA FRONTWOMAN JUSTINE FRISCHMANN). IS IT ANY GOOD?

I do! Early this year my book *Drawn in Stereo* was published by AMMO. It's a compilation of mostly music-related work from the last quarter of a century. I wanted it to be an entertaining and joyful book, filled with the pieces I poured the most love into. I'm happy with it. I recommend everyone with eyes buys a copy—one for each eye.

LAST QUESTION: WHAT'S THE BEST PIECE OF ADVICE YOU EVER RECEIVED AND WHO DID IT COME FROM AND WHEN?

Shortly after leaving college, I was bemoaning my lack of luck to my flatmate, a Liverpudlian named Stuart Harrison. He said, "What have you done today to show the world you exist?" It's important to take the initiative, over and over and over.

Follow Omnidogs on Instagram
[@michaelgilletart](https://www.instagram.com/michaelgilletart)



FEATURE

IN *I'M MARC'S DOG*, NICOLAS NEWBOLD TAKES A SOCIAL-MEDIA CELEB OFFLINE FOR A GREATER GOOD.

BEST IN SHOW

Nicolas Newbold is the man who made the book about Marc Jacobs's dog. And, yes, he knows how crazy that sentence sounds. "Sometimes I think this whole thing is very *Best in Show*," Newbold says. "Neville's book launch was *Best in Show* in all the horribly right ways. Neville was signing books with his paw! And I was like, What am I doing?"

As a photographer and Jacobs's New York studio manager, Newbold is involved in almost every aspect of the style empire, while also caring for Neville, Jacob's pit bull terrier who has more Instagram followers than most humans get in 10 lifetimes.

Newbold started Neville's Instagram years ago, but never expected 194K people to follow. "The idea of it was obviously a joke," Newbold explains, "but I noticed how happy Neville made people, so we kept it up. There's a real joy in it." On Instagram, an average week might see Neville gear up for sweater weather, snuggle with supermodels, and paint his nose for Pride. The taste and tone is all Newbold, who weaves the posts into his daily schedule and often riffs off human social behaviour: "Sometimes I'll go through and post Neville's puppy photos, because who doesn't go through their phone and be like, I want to show the world that cute picture of me as a kid?"

Over the years, Neville's Instagram has drawn some hard-hitting fans, including the head of publisher Rizzoli, who pitched Jacobs on a book. Newbold had initial ideas of Neville writ large—visiting the White House, going to the opera—but decided to make something more personal. *I'm Marc's Dog* looks at Neville's life from puppyhood till now. On one level, this is the pooch who hangs with Christy Turlington and Karlie Kloss, but that's not ultimately what the book's about. "Both Marc and I were on board to do a book, but only if it would benefit charity," Newbold explains. "That was always the plan: whatever Neville does, it's to give back. I mean, at the end of the day, what else do you do with a dog celebrity?"

All profits from *I'm Marc's Dog* benefit The Sato Project, a Puerto Rico-based charity that works to rescue dogs and encourage systemic change via local partnerships and education initiatives. The project is based near 'Dead Dog Beach', where, as the name suggests, dogs are dumped and left to die. So why Sato? "For a while, once a week on Neville's

Instagram, we'd post a dog who needed a home," Newbold explains. "I think one of the dogs who came through was a Sato dog and then I had the opportunity to meet Sato's founder, Chrissy Beckles, who's incredible—one of the toughest women I've ever met. She runs the organisation with complete transparency. Of course, people ask why we don't support a more local or bull terrier organisation, because there are so many great rescues, but we chose to support somebody putting out the best example of a rescue organisation that we knew of."

The book brings together images of Neville's life, the majority shot by Newbold. While many of them are candid, some are staged, inspired by the works of William Wegman and Steven Klein. Neville, it seems, has a serious work ethic. "If there's a tripod and there's a chair then you can bet Neville's going to be on it," Newbold says. "He's worked with David Sims twice, for two Bookmarc campaigns. The first was three years ago and was about Neville reading a book. We brought him on the set, he jumped up there, and Dave was like, 'This is incredible. He's like a crocodile—he won't move.' Neville will turn and pose for treats or just for play. He's such a willing participant."

In Neville, Newbold has "never met another creature who could give less shit about anything". This is in contrast to Newbold's French bulldog, Charlie, who has a bit of a temper. "Charlie is the boss. He's very dominant. If you give Charlie a dirty look and you're a stranger, he'll come after you." Charlie's hot temper could get him into trouble, but not with his burly partner close by. "If Charlie ever gets intimidated or scared he stands underneath Neville. He fits so perfectly," Newbold explains. "I've had dogs literally want to rip Neville's head off, and he doesn't bat an eye. He's nice to every creature on the street. Nothing fazes him."

Most mornings, Newbold and Charlie pick up Neville from Jacobs's New York apartment and the three make their way to the studio. Once there, Newbold and Jacobs work while the dogs schmooze with staff and socialise with other pups. "I would do anything to have those dogs' lives," Newbold says. "They come to work with people who love animals; they travel a little bit; they do training, which they love. It's funny to look at your tiny dog and be like, 'You have a really good life. I'm going to have a life like that one day.'"

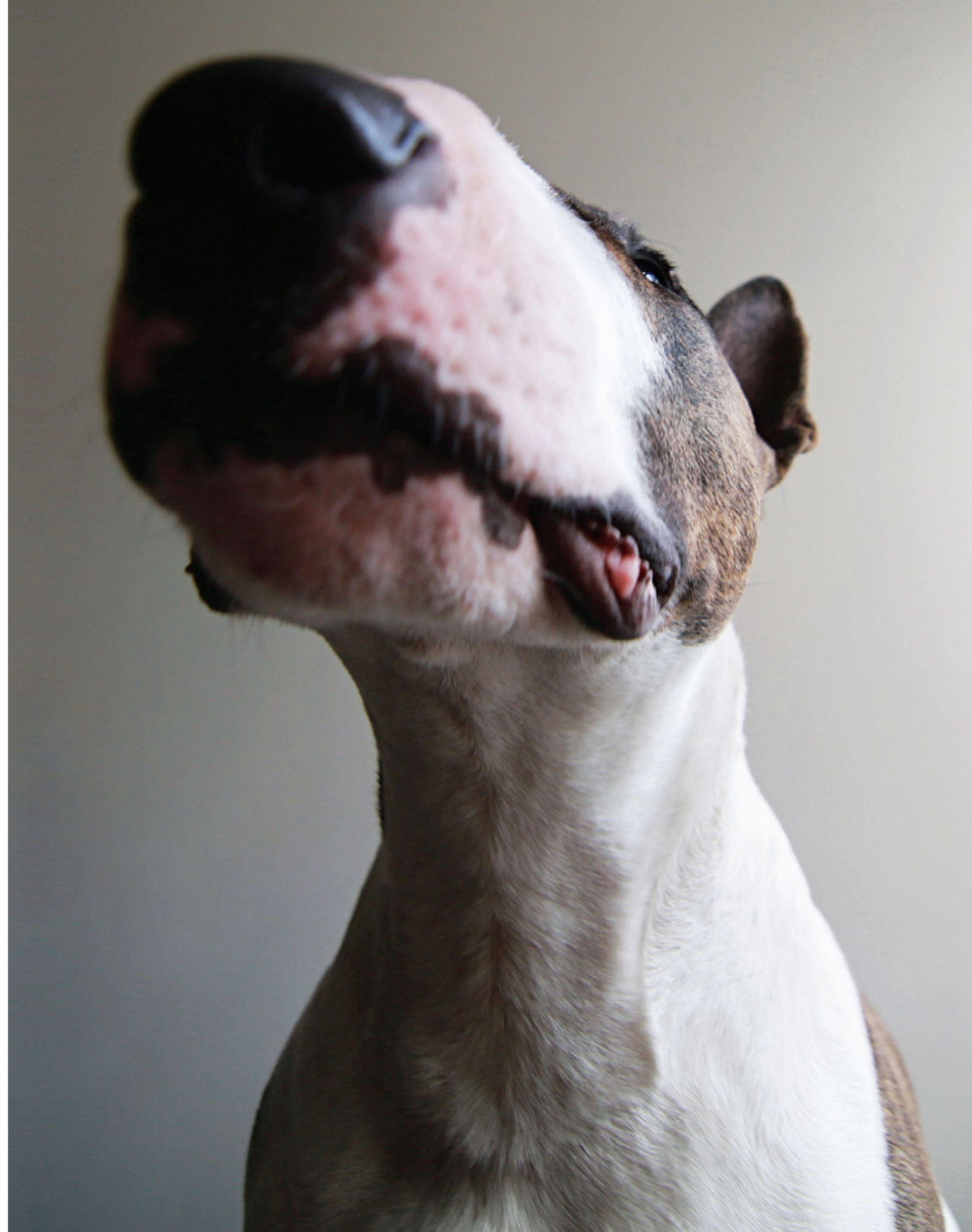
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICOLAS NEWBOLD
PORTRAIT ON OPPOSITE PAGE BY JAHMAD BALUGO
I'M MARC'S DOG IS PUBLISHED BY RIZZOLI











PETAL TO THE METAL FLORENCE AND JAMES KENNEDY AND HUXLEY

WORDS BY RUBY GOSS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE RYAN

When Florence and James Kennedy take to the streets with their great Dane, Huxley, curious passers-by are often mystified to hear that, despite his “extra large” size, he’s a mere four years old. The couple’s gentle giant has become the hard-to-miss mascot for Petalon, their joint floristry company, whose bouquets (think all the botanicals of wild English gardens) are delivered by Kennedy Bicycles, James’s custom-made bike brand. These symbiotic “family businesses” blossomed within weeks of each other, both prompted by solvable observations: the limited range of affordable, quality bikes in London, and the challenge of finding (never mind affording) flowers that bloom with all the sentiment they were sent with. We sit down in the Kennedy’s Hackney workshop to talk petals, pedals, and hounds, and the deep satisfaction of do-it-yourself.





WHY BIKES AND FLOWERS?

Florence: James started his business first. I was working in an office doing sales and it wasn't that inspiring. At the time, we had Huxley, who was a puppy, so James got to follow his dream and play with a puppy all day while I had to go to the office!

James: I need to interject there. Obviously, while there was some playing with the puppy, there was also a lot of very serious admin and very serious training going on during that year. We worked on a lot, me and Huxley; he can do paw now.

F: Around my birthday, James sent a bunch of flowers to my boss at the time as a thank-you for being in cahoots about a surprise for me. But the flowers were just pretty... shit. ["Proper shit," interjects James.] I just felt sorry because it didn't really convey how thankful he was, and for someone with the earnings he or I had, it was quite a lot of money. So, I started looking into how much flowers cost, and obviously James had a bike company at the time, so we had a lot of bicycles everywhere. The idea of combining the two was pretty obvious. I didn't have a car or a van, but we did have plenty of bikes, so it all started from that.

CARTING AROUND LIVING MATERIAL MUST POSE QUITE A CHALLENGE?

J: It's a really idiosyncratic thing to transport; it's not like anything else. There's a verticality issue. We use a big rucksack, sometimes with a sort-of fan of bouquets around the outside. It always looks like it's going to come apart but it never does! It adds an extra element to the mix because just riding from A to B could probably get a little bit rote after a while, but with this there's an added variable, which is pretty entertaining. And also delivering flowers... people are always happy when you arrive.

FLORENCE, YOU'RE NOT A 'TRAINED' FLORIST. WHAT INSPIRES YOU?

Because I'm not formally trained I guess I've had the freedom to create my own style without any constraints of rules or methods. Instagram is a fantastic tool for inspiration; there are so many amazing florists on there and I of course think, That looks really good, or, I love those colours together. But, also, inspiration comes from just walking Hux in the park behind our house. The colours, the dramatic seasonal change with blossoms and berries—it all feeds in. The seasons are a huge factor for me, from changing my immediate environment to what new varieties are available when I go to the flower market. Everything moves with the seasons, which means I am never bored.

DO YOU TEND TO WORK JUST WITHIN THE SEASON?

Yeah, I would never order, you know, peonies from New Zealand, which you can! If a client asked for peonies, I'd have to say no. I try to work as much as I can with the season and what's out there. It's heartbreaking when your favourite flowers go out of season, but it's really nice when they come back in. It's also nice to use different stuff; it would be boring if I used the same flowers all the time.

IS THERE A SORT OF 'GREEN' UNDERTONE TO YOUR BUSINESSES?

F: I think when you start throwing around the word 'green', people pick holes in it. The flowers are delivered by bike, which is great, and all the packaging is biodegradable, which is good. Even the water source is biodegradable, but we don't tell anyone that... Maybe we should! We never set out to be a green company, though. **J:** I guess it's something we just feel should be normal. I would feel terrible in the opposite situation, if we were making things worse. I wouldn't be able to reconcile myself with it. We fly places, like most people do, and we also make decisions in our lifestyle that are not the greenest, but where we have control with our businesses, we try.

SO, TELL ME, WHY A GREAT DANE?

J: Why a great Dane? I don't know, because we're idiots...

F: He fits our lifestyle perfectly. James had never had a dog before so Huxley is James's first. He's got nothing to compare it to.

J: He seems all right.

F: I grew up with boxers and bull mastiffs, but my dad used to go running with them and neither James nor I go running. I wasn't confident that we would be able to expel enough energy if we got a boxer, but I knew we wanted a big dog. In London, they just need to be good with other dogs and not need too much exercise, so Huxley fit the bill pretty well. They're called gentle giants; he's easy-going.

IN SAYING HE'S A GENTLE GIANT, DO YOU THINK THERE'S A BIT OF A MISCONCEPTION ABOUT GREAT DANES? WHAT'S IT LIKE WHEN YOU'RE OUT ON THE STREET?

F: If great Danes are nervous it can always be a bit of a problem, but I think most we meet are very gentle. It just depends, as with any dog, who you get to train them and how you bring them up.

J: London's quite good for nervy dogs, to be honest, if you have them from a puppy, because they hear everything and they see everything from the get-go. There are so many dogs in Hackney, of every kind; there are people of every size, colour, and shape; there's never going to be anything Hux hasn't experienced, really, from fire engines to slamming doors. The only things that scare him are cats, and they're everywhere so there's nothing we can do.

WHAT'S YOUR SECRET TO WORKING AND LIVING TOGETHER?

J: Same hair-cuts. Looking like you're a bit related...

F: We got called brother and sister...

J: ... in a national magazine that everyone reads.

I GUESS PEOPLE SEE THE WORDS 'FAMILY BUSINESS' AND JUST ASSUME...

J: They think it's a Lannister situation! We're quite different in the way we see things and that's nice, but it works practically from a business perspective as well. I'm very easily distracted and a bit hyperactive, and Florence is probably a little bit more considered and that works quite well. When she can see that I'm perhaps making decisions that I'm not thinking about enough, she tends to tell me, which is useful. Vice versa: when she's procrastinating and being a little perfectionist, I can tell her just to do something and see whether it works.

IT'S PRETTY ENDEARING THAT IT'S A FAMILY BUSINESS, TOO. IS HUXLEY VERY MUCH PART OF THAT FAMILY?

J: Yeah. He's very much part of the business.

F: He's our marketing department. People recognise him on the street and go, "Oh, you're Petalon!"

J: I think it's a point of difference, especially with Floss [Florence], where Instagram's so important. Huxley forms a lot of what gives Petalon personality, I guess. Flowers are beautiful—they're 'instagold' and all that—but the fact that we can include each other's businesses, and we can include Hux as well, makes it a bit more personable... Great Danes engage people!







**BAKED
IN
BERLIN
RUTH
BARRY
AND
SALLY**

WORDS BY ANDIE CUSICK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT RIEGER

Walking up to baker Ruth Barry's fourth-floor apartment, we are greeted by the hot-pawed, scampering-in-circles, and excitable barks of her 18-month-old dachshund, Sally. The vast living room of Barry's Berlin home in the bustling district of Mitte allows her energetic canine to bound up and down at will. On the far wall hangs a single framed print: a brain-cloud with seascape and palm tree by Californian artist John Baldessari. Tucked on a shelf opposite rests a David Shrigley limited edition: "This will not be here tomorrow". Both hint at Barry's former career in the art world. With the dulcet tones of Natasha Khan emanating from a speaker in the kitchen and the warming scent of lavender shortbread wafting from the oven, we sit down to discuss a baker's life in Berlin. As the conversation gets started, Barry absent-mindedly leafs through a well-loved copy of Ottolenghi's cookbook *Plenty*, while Sally nestles into her cosy bed with a view.





TELL ME: HOW DID BAKING COME ABOUT?

I never expected to be a baker. My background is fine art: I studied sculpture in Edinburgh and after that I did various art-world jobs in New York and in London.

I was working with world-renowned artists on incredible projects. But there's something about being a maker, you know? When you're involved in the inner workings of what powers the art world, it kind of destroys the illusion. I was feeling the need to be creative again. I'd actually lost contact with making art, and I wanted to be creative but also know that I could make money from it! I guess there was something about baking that felt somehow cathartic. I love the act of sharing and, if I think about my favourite memories, most of them are of people coming together and sharing food—so I thought, why not baking?

YOU LEFT A MANAGEMENT ROLE IN A LONDON ART GALLERY AND MOVED TO PARIS TO TRAIN AS A PASTRY CHEF. WHAT WAS THAT LIKE?

I went to do an apprenticeship at Du Pain et des Idées; the guy who runs it spent 10 years in the fashion industry before giving it up to become a baker. So I wrote to him and he told me to come over. It was a baptism of fire, I suppose, and it really helped me clarify my vision for what I wanted for my business.

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOUR BERLIN-BASED BAKING COMPANY, BLACK ISLE BAKERY?

Black Isle is a peninsula just north of Inverness where I grew up—a spectacular part of the country. I left London to start my business all over again in Berlin, and found the food scene here is still relatively underdeveloped; I think people are just ready for above-average food! It sounds arrogant but, as yet, I haven't come across many competitors. One thing that I had to get my head around was that I was going to have to make vegan products [Berlin is frequently referred to as the vegan capital of the world]. I was trained in a bakery in Paris, where you'd have five-kilo blocks of butter! For me, vegan baking evokes something kind of worthy: you eat it and think, This feels like it's good for me. I gave myself the challenge to make vegan bakes that didn't taste like they were missing something, and now my banana hazelnut loaves and cookies are actually my best sellers.

TELL ME ABOUT THE TRANSITION TO BERLIN. HOW DOES IT DIFFER FROM LONDON?

One of the things I was concerned about in moving to Berlin was that I wouldn't find enough people who were as serious about what they do as I am. But the clients I work with are all striving for a certain perfection too, whether it's in making coffee or sourcing tea. I've been really lucky to have found some wonderfully like-minded people. I had no network here so it forced me to be assertive, and I didn't expect it to happen quite so quickly, but it's been an amazingly receptive city.

HOW DID YOU MEET SALLY?

One day I got it into my head that I wanted a short-haired chocolate and tan dachshund girl I was going to call Sally. My partner at the time found an ad in a tiny village somewhere between Cologne and Dusseldorf, about 600 kilometres away, and we decided to drive there and back in one day, which was ridiculous! Sally came home with me that day, at eight weeks old. I was fairly naive about how easy it would be to care for a puppy. After six weeks of me being sleep-deprived, she finally started sleeping through the night! Dachshunds have a bit of a bad reputation here for being a bit grumpy and autonomous; Sally's not grumpy—she loves to meet other dogs in the park—but she's very autonomous!

HOW DOES SALLY FIT INTO YOUR DAY-TO-DAY BAKING SCHEDULE?

She's very patient! She gets up with me at 6 A.M. and we head out for a quick walk before I drop her off back home where she naps and I get started with my bake. At around 9-ish, I'm usually going to visit clients so she comes with me. Usually, I've finished the main baking part of my day by early afternoon so we get to go on a long walk. The beauty of having a small dog is that she gets to pretty much come everywhere with me—aside from the work kitchen, where she's not allowed!

IS THERE MUCH CROSSOVER BETWEEN ART AND BAKING?

I think by taking a visual contemporary fine art background and placing it into this very traditional context of the craft of baking, you come away with something quite fresh. And that's difficult to do in the food industry. I always knew I didn't want a traditional bakery; I knew I wanted somewhere people could come and sit down, where I could get to know them and where the design was incredibly important. I guess that's where I was bringing the crossover with fine art. So a standalone shop is what's next. That's where I'll sell my signature bake.

AND WHAT IS THAT SIGNATURE BAKE?

One of my main influences comes from Russian baking. There's a pastry similar to brioche called *pirozhki*, which is an incredibly simple savoury pie that I adore.

I guess they were created for farmers to take out into the field as a self-contained meal. The pastry is similar to brioche, and they're incredibly delicious. I'd never tried anything like that in the U.K. before, so I got to work researching the pastry recipe. Once I got the pastry to a level I was happy with, I started developing the fillings and a form that made them look pretty. Vegetarian savoury pastry is something I also struggled to find, so they're certainly my signature bake. I call my version 'buns'. Everyone loves Ruth's buns! I can see the quote now!







**TRAVEL
LIGHT
CLEO
GOOSSENS,
STEVEN
JANSON
AND
WOLF**

WORDS BY NADIA SACCARDO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUN OF WOLVES

It started as a long-distance love affair. Photographer Cleo Goossens and designer Steven Janson first saw the “wolf with the friendly eyes” on a pet adoption site, and they fell head over heels. The problem? Wolf was in Spain, over 1,000 kilometres from the couple’s home of Eindhoven in the Netherlands. Thankfully, with some help from the adoption agency and two friendly Dutch tourists, Wolf crossed borders and it has been true love ever since. For the past three years he’s been fuelling the duo’s travel addiction and inspiring their small business: Sun of Wolves. Not long after adopting Wolf, Goossens and Janson combined their skills to create a “little world” populated with hand-painted dog bowls, enamel mugs, tote bags, wall flags, and details of their adventures. We spoke with the couple about salad bowls, road trips to the coast, and two much-loved but quite uninspiring cats.





LET'S START WITH YOUR DAY JOBS. CLEO, YOU'RE A FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHER, AND STEVEN, YOU HAVE YOUR OWN DESIGN COMPANY, DETLET. BOTH SOUND PRETTY INTERESTING ALREADY. WHY DID YOU START WORKING TOGETHER?

Cleo: We really like each other's work, but our companies are very different so it felt natural to start a brand that combined things we love: fashion, dogs, travelling, graphic design, photography, illustration... To make our own little world, and have a little place on the internet to share it.

AS SUN OF WOLVES, YOU BLOG, MAKE PRODUCTS, AND RUN AN ONLINE SHOP. HOW DO YOU CHOOSE YOUR PROJECTS?

Steven: Wolf was using a salad bowl as a food bowl and we thought it was perfect for dogs. Then we thought we should make mugs like the bowls so that people could have the same drinking experience as their dog.

C: Steven paints all the mugs by hand and then they go in the big oven to become dishwasher-proof. Everything that we sell so far is all handmade. He's also always been busy making screen-prints on t-shirts and posters. We wanted to do the same with Sun of Wolves, but on a special background, so we decided to make flags. We like the structure and also the wavy or bobbing style they get when they hang.

AT THE MOMENT, WOULD YOU SAY SUN OF WOLVES IS YOUR BUSINESS, A PASSION PROJECT, OR BOTH?

C: We do it because we like it, not for money. We didn't think the mugs and the dog bowls would be such a big hit. For a time we looked to make products that people liked, but now we just do things that we like. It's a chance for us to explore products, photography, and all sorts of things.

INCLUDING TRAVEL! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN OVER THE PAST COUPLE OF YEARS?

C: We went to France, Belgium, Germany, California, New York, Iceland, Lanzarote... Not too many places, but I do make a lot of pictures when I'm in one place and share them. Every destination has its own uniqueness and totally different vibe. It's all in the small things that make a trip so great, like checking out the blood-moon eclipse in Joshua Tree, taking a spontaneous hike with huskies on a glacier in Iceland, watching a sunset while checking out some surfing in Lanzarote, or eating some fish on the beach with Wolf in Zeeland on the Dutch coast.

DO YOU THINK THAT'S A CHALLENGE ON SOCIAL MEDIA AND ONLINE: SHOWING A REAL SNAPSHOT OF YOUR LIFE? DO YOU SPEND A LOT OF TIME THINKING ABOUT WHAT YOU POST?

C: I'm not really thinking about how other people are thinking about our life. I don't share my cappuccino. I share my work and create a little reel that all fits together. There's a great dog and travel ambience on Instagram, too. It's a really good place to share.

LET'S TALK ABOUT WOLF. HOW DID YOU MEET? WAIT, FIRST, IS WOLF A BOY OR GIRL?

S: Wolf is a boy, or maybe more an old man, from a shelter in Spain. In Holland, there are websites that work with shelters in Europe. There are just so many shelters that are overcrowded. We saw Wolf on a site and thought, Wow. He was the dog I'd always dreamed of. He was a wolf with friendly eyes. We called the people up and maybe a week later they called us to say Wolf was arriving at Amsterdam's airport and we had to pick him up. So we went and there was this big bag rolling out of the gate.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT WOLF?

S: We don't know exactly how old he is, but we think six years. We know that he's definitely a German shepherd, and we think also some Akita and Chinook.

C: Akitas are Japanese mountain dogs and Chinooks are American sled dogs, but Wolf's temperament is very soft, like a golden retriever. A family dog. He only wants to cuddle. It took us three weeks before we realised he could even bark. He is an old soul and very good with all people and children. I think he had an owner before because he can shake his paw, but he was not used to being inside. When he came inside the house he didn't want to walk on the carpet.

DO YOU THINK YOUR LIFESTYLE COMPLEMENTS WOLF'S? AND HIS YOURS?

C: Yes. We travel as much as we can, but we also have to work a lot to save the money and then we go away again.

S: We don't always go on long vacations. We might do one night: grab a car and take Wolf with us and drive to the coast. We try to visit as many places as possible with Wolf. We really love America but we don't want Wolf to fly in a plane, and he is happier to stay here at one of our parents' houses and chill in the garden. Our family and friends love Wolf. Even random people on Facebook ask, "Hey, when you go on vacation let me know because I can look after Wolf!"

TELL ME ABOUT HIS NAME.

C: He looked like a wolf, and wolves are amazing animals. Last year we visited a guy in Germany who owns a lot of wolves and it was very cool. There is a little piece about it on the blog.

YOU ALSO HAVE TWO CATS, BUT WOLF SEEMS TO BE YOUR CREATIVE MUSE. ARE YOU INSPIRED BY YOUR CATS AS WELL?

S: Not at all!

C: We love our cats very much and they have character, but Wolf is really a friendly ghost who is always with us. We have a little cat, Muffin, and she is in love with Wolf. She is always sitting on his back while he walks through the house.

WOLF SOUNDS VERY PATIENT. TELL ME A LITTLE ABOUT WHERE YOU GUYS LIVE.

C: We have a house to ourselves. You could say we live in a "bad" neighbourhood in our city, called Woensel-West. It's not popular, so every house that gets empty they try to put some young people in it, and we do volunteering for the neighbourhood with the children. It's not a place we want to get old in, but it's a good place to grow and it's very cheap to live. It gives us the ability to work for ourselves and to grow our companies and brands. There's a lot of space. We try to create our own little world with all different things. We've recently started to work with other people, and made the logo for photography site Dogs Best Man. It's very nice to see that the dog community on Instagram is very supportive of each other. We also have a great relationship with ALLKU Pets, who make blankets and other accessories for dogs.

ANY OTHER PARTNERSHIPS IN THE WORKS?

We have a really cool collaboration coming up with PUHA Studio. One of the owners is a very good friend of ours and has a dog as well. So on a long walk one day, the idea of working together came up. We're still in the process of building it, but we can say the project has something to do with an app, and dogs are involved! It would also be really cool to work with a non-dog brand, especially a skateboard brand.

WOULD WOLF BE A SURFER OR A SKATER?

S: He's a skater! He's really curious, but when the water comes close he runs away.

C: When he's playing with his friend the Labrador, and his friend goes into the water, he'll maybe go into the water a few centimetres but then is like, No. He really prefers the woods. He's a wolf.







FLY HIGH

HOW DO YOU MAKE A DOG FLY?

THERE ARE A NUMBER OF CRITERIA: THE METHOD HAS TO BE SAFE AND REQUIRE MINIMAL (IF ANY) STRAIN ON THE DOG; IT MUST WORK ON THE FIRST TRY, IN ORDER TO CAPTURE THE SURPRISE EFFECT;

IT NEEDS TO WORK FOR DIFFERENT BREEDS AND CONSTITUTIONS; AND IT MUST BE DOABLE FOR ALL DOGS, WITHOUT PREVIOUS TRAINING.

EVENTUALLY, I FOUND A SOLUTION: RATHER THAN HAVING THE DOGS JUMP AFTER A BALL OR A FRISBEE, I HAD THEIR OWNERS OR AN ASSISTANT

HOLD THEM AT A CERTAIN HEIGHT AND RELEASE THEM A SHORT DISTANCE ONTO A WELL-PADDED MATTRESS. A WIND MACHINE AND POST-PRODUCTION CREATE THE REAL ILLUSION OF FLYING. THE FUNNY

EXPRESSIONS ON THE DOGS' FACES COME FROM SURPRISE, BUT ONLY MY OWN DOGS, FLINN AND TURRE, KNOW THE GREATEST PLEASURE OF THIS PROJECT: A WONDERFUL WEEKEND, SPENT IN THE COMPANY

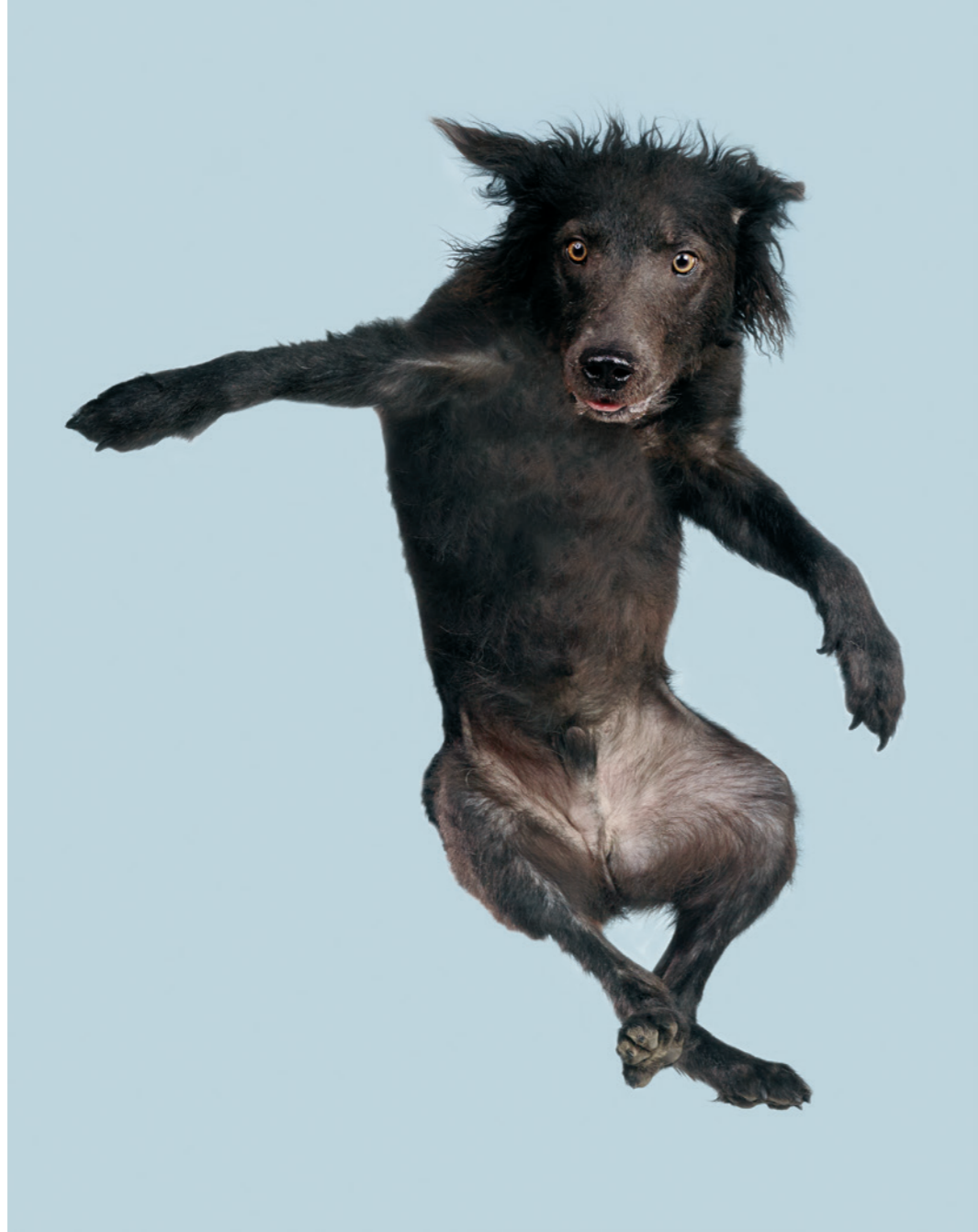
OF MANY LOVELY DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS, WITH A LOT OF ENCOURAGING WORDS AND TREATS, BALLS, AND FRISBEEES.

BY

JULIA CHRISTE

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PREVIOUS PAGE
FREYA
THIS PAGE
MANTAO
OPPOSITE PAGE
ZUBER





THIS PAGE
AMY FARBE
OPPOSITE PAGE
BASKO



THIS PAGE
GIGAN
OPPOSITE PAGE
LINDA



BY THE BALLS

THIS PROJECT WAS BORN WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE PET SHELTER.

THE REASONS THE DOGS WERE ABANDONED STUNNED ME: “EATS EVERYTHING” OR “DESTROYS ALL” LISTED AS LEGITIMATE EXCUSES; THE LARGER DOGS IMPOUNDED, ASSUMED DANGEROUS, BECAUSE OF THEIR SIZE. HUMANS ARE HARDWIRED TO DISCRIMINATE, AND I WANTED TO ADDRESS THIS IN A LESS OBVIOUS WAY.

I GAVE SPORTS BALLS TO ALL SORTS OF BREEDS—YORKSHIRE, BORDER COLLIE, FRENCH BULLDOG, MALTESE—AND THE RESULTS WERE UNEXPECTED. A CHIHUAHUA WILL RIP APART A GIANT LEATHER BALL, WHILE A BORDEAUX MASTIFF LEAVES A PING-PONG BALL NEARLY INTACT.

THE BEAUTY OF THE ‘DESTROYED’ OBJECTS FASCINATED ME; THE LEATHER LIKE TORN TISSUE, ALMOST WORTHY OF A TROPHY. I SEE THESE BALLS AS WORKS OF ART. THE UNEXPECTED, THE ‘EATEN’, ‘DAMAGED’, AND ‘DESTROYED’, CAN BE BEAUTIFUL TOO. RATHER THAN TRYING TO ACCUSE OR CHANGE THE DOGS, WE SHOULD CHANGE THE VIEWS OF THE MASTERS..

BY
DELPHINE CREPIN



FOOTBALL
BREED: AIREDALE TERRIER
AGE: 2 YEARS
PLAYING TIME: 5 DAYS



THIS PAGE
TENNIS BALL
BREED: GALGO
AGE: 2 YEARS
PLAYING TIME: 3 DAYS
OPPOSITE PAGE
VOLLEYBALL
BREED: FRENCH BULLDOG
AGE: 1 YEAR
PLAYING TIME: 2 DAYS



THIS PAGE
PING-PONG BALL
BREED: BORDEAUX MASTIFF
AGE: 4 YEARS
PLAYING TIME: 22 SEC
OPPOSITE PAGE
HANDBALL
BREED: BORDER COLLIE
AGE: 3 YEARS
PLAYING TIME: 42 DAYS





OPPOSITE PAGE
PING-PONG BALL
BRED: PINSCHER
AGE: 5 YEARS
PLAYING TIME: 15 MIN

SHADOW PLAY

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN OVER THREE YEARS IN A DOG PARK IN DYKER HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN. ALTHOUGH IT HAS NONE OF THE WELL-GROOMED, LANDSCAPED BEAUTY OF PROSPECT PARK OR CENTRAL PARK, THIS PARK HAS NO 'LEASH LAWS', SO, FOR CITY DOGS, IT'S A KIND OF PARADISE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE COMBINATION OF THE STARK LIGHT —PERHAPS DUE TO THE PARK'S ELEVATION AND THE LACK OF TALL BUILDINGS AROUND IT—AND THE FLEETING QUALITY OF THE DOGS' SHADOWS, LONG AND WILD AS THEY FLASHED ON THE DUSTY GROUND, TRANSLATED INTO A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC OPPORTUNITY.

ALTHOUGH THE DOGS LOOK LITTLE LIKE THEIR BODILY SELVES IN THESE DISTORTED AND FEATURELESS SILHOUETTES, THEY SOMEHOW APPEAR TRUER TO THEIR PRIMITIVE SUBSTANCE.

WITH ONE SHADOW WILDER THAN THE NEXT, IT'S HARD NOT TO VIEW THE CANINES' SHADE AS THEIR SPIRITS—A LITERAL PROJECTION OF HOW THEY SEE THEMSELVES FOR THOSE PRECIOUS HOURS WHEN THEY'RE LIBERATED FROM THEIR LEASHES, SELF-ACTUALISING. SOME RESEMBLE FEARSOME WOLVES, SOME STOIC WATER BUFFALO, AND SOME A NEW BREED OF CREATURE ALTOGETHER, BUT NEVER A PET, NEVER THE ANIMAL THAT WILL LATER SLEEP AT THE FOOT OF YOUR BED, OR EVEN IN THE BED..

BY
THOMAS ROMA

INTRODUCTION BY GIANCARLO T. ROMA
PLATO'S DOGS BY THOMAS ROMA
IS PUBLISHED BY POWERHOUSE BOOKS









PROFILE

EVER DREAMT OF CATCHING AN ART SHOW WITH YOUR POOCH? SEOUL-BASED HOWLPOT ARE HERE TO HELP.

BY DESIGN HOWLPOT

If you believe dogs bring people together, then you need to know about Howlpot. Few places embody the idea more than this pet lovers' community haven. Since its inception last year in the South Korean capital of Seoul, Howlpot has grown from being simply a pet-product brand to combining an art gallery, a workshop space, an online store, a coffee shop, and the coolest meeting spot for all the local hounds and their human companions.

"Our space is very special to us. It is our office, a café, and a playground for our customers," says brand director Junho Im. "Our customers often visit and peruse our products with their dogs before making a decision, and we're often enlightened with new ideas after talking with them."

A truly unique place, Howlpot is possibly the only pet label whose HQ also functions as a gallery for animal-related artworks. At the time of writing, they are hosting their third exhibition: a solo show called *Moments* by graphic designer and artist Koke. Earlier this year, they kicked things off with *Pupp-Art*, an exhibition that invited local artists to create works relating to the theme of 'companion animals'. A solo exhibition of monochrome paintings by artist Etoffe came next. Titled *Lui et son chien*, the show depicted daily banalities and quiet moments in the life of a man and his dog. Of course, curious and cultured canines are encouraged to come in and check out the Howlpot gallery with their humans.

Like most major cities, Seoul is tight on space. Howlpot started reaching out to talented local artists to help connect their work with a wider audience. "By hosting their valuable works, we could create a unique playground for animal lovers and for their own dogs and cats," says Im. Yep, feline friends are welcome too.

A visit to Howlpot is definitely a step up from your regular walk to the park. The space is decked out with workbenches constructed from recycled pallets, copper vases displaying leafy arrangements, and a glowing pink neon sign that declares 'In Dog We Trust'.

Scrolling through Howlpot's Instagram, you can clearly see that dogs love the space too. There are snaps of pups big and small wrestling on the floor, gazing up at an exhibition piece, or lounging in one of Howlpot's trademark conical Howly dog beds. This was the product that catapulted the brand and won them a Red Dot design award this year. "The friendly dogs you see on our Instagram are mostly from the neighbourhood," says Im. "We get to know a lot of dogs from this area. In fact, the dogs wearing our new products on Instagram aren't models—they're from next door! We really love the natural feeling they bring."

Pet popularity is on a serious rise in South Korea. Recently, the number of pet owners hit 10 million (around one in every five people). "The city is naturally becoming much more pet-friendly compared to the past," explains Im. "Now there are a good number of cafés and restaurants that allow people to bring their dogs inside, pet cafés that have indoor and outdoor pools, and full-time day-care services for dogs whose parents are gone for work."

The star of the show at Howlpot is a retriever cross standard poodle called Doobie, who belongs to one of the team members, Mr. Lim. "She even has a work title: assistant director!" Im exclaims, laughing.

Right now, Howlpot is a tight-knit team of four (human) members but there are plans to expand the family. "We now have audiences from literally all over the continent and we are really honoured for the attention," Im explains.

For Im and the team, it's the personal moments with customers that really make the hard work worth the effort. "An old lady who lives in our neighbourhood came in and visited the space one day. After looking around at our range for quite some time, she said: 'I was not so fond of dogs and cats but seeing these beautiful products makes me want to adopt a dog!' We were very thrilled and that really felt like payback for all that we've invested into Howlpot. We really thought we could make a difference."

WORDS BY JESSA SHIELDS
ALL IMAGES COURTESY OF HOWLPOT





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HOWLPOT.

HOWLPOT.

HOWLPOT.





PROFILE

CAROLINE AND MICHAEL VENTURA'S HUNTING DOG DARRYL IS THE PERFECT REASON TO SPEND TIME OUTSIDE THEIR WEST VILLAGE LIVE/WORK SPACE.

SHOP DOG CALLIOPE

Most New Yorkers wake up only to rush out the door and begin their daily commute, coffee in hand. Caroline and Michael Ventura do things a little differently. Each morning, the couple walk down two flights of stairs to their respective studios, and start work from their mixed-use West Village home. Michael is creative director and founder of the design firm Sub Rosa, while Caroline is the jewellery designer behind the cult-loved label BRVTVS. Together, the industrious husband and wife are the co-owners of Calliope, a cosy shop on the ground floor, filled with offbeat objects that they, quite simply, love (such as a champagne glass shaped like a naked lady). The Venturas, who met over 10 years ago on a photo shoot in Los Angeles, have a lot to be proud of: their hard work has earned them an invitation to the White House holiday party, as well as clients such as Jason Wu for BRVTVS, CNN for Sub Rosa, and Gwyneth Paltrow for Calliope. But if you spend a minute chatting with the couple, you'll know immediately that the real light of their life is their four-year-old hunting dog, Darryl.

When setting out to choose the third member of their family, the Venturas did their research. "We narrowed down what we wanted by temperament, size, and general appearance," says Caroline. They realised they liked griffs, and began meeting with breeders to find a suitable match, Caroline explains. "The breeder we got him from was wonderful and really took the time to learn about our life, and carefully selected the best puppy for us." The result is handsome Darryl, a wirehaired pointing griffon named after Daryl Hall from Hall & Oates. "It sounds fancy, but he's basically a Dutch bird dog," she adds.

A year passed before they were able to bring home their new pup but, as Caroline explains, it was worth the wait. "We instantly fell in love the second we both held him. He slept in my lap for the drive home, and had a round of the cutest puppy hiccups." As cuddly as he was in Caroline's embrace, Darryl soon sprung to action, thoroughly exploring his new surroundings. "As soon as he was outside our front door, he peed. Then when he got inside he peed again," Caroline recalls. "It was really eye-opening to realise how little he knew about the world. That first afternoon we took him for a walk. He didn't know what a leash was. He didn't know how to jump off the curb to cross the street. He knew nothing about living in a city but, even as the littlest puppy, he caught on pretty quickly."

Darryl is now more than comfortable both in the Venturas' third-floor apartment, where he "hogs

the bed," and in their studios and shop below, which act as his playground. "He's mainly in the store during the day, which is really nice because he gets to meet so many people," says Caroline. The pair like when people spend time in Calliope. They consider it more a community space than a shop, and welcome anyone to kick back on one of the chairs or the front couch, where Darryl is often found lounging. "Recently someone came into the store, picked up a few of the vintage magazines we sell and sat in a chair to read them. Darryl went over and laid down right at his feet and stayed there the entire time. He was so sad when that guy left; I think he really wanted to be friends."

"He also loves to just follow people around the shop. He's working on becoming a good salesman," Caroline says. "It actually provides him with a lot of mental stimulation, so even if he hasn't exercised much, his brain is still getting a workout." But Caroline and Michael do enjoy taking Darryl for walks around the West Village, and his daily needs serve as an opportunity to get to know their neighbours and connect with other griff owners around town. Even if his charms overshadow his humans' own... "We like to joke that no one knows our names—that we're Darryl's mum and dad."

That kind of perspective is why the Venturas actually have a strong circle of friends, whom they often tap to host one of Calliope's Field Trips—or, as Caroline explains, "experiences run by friends of ours who are really, really good at what they do". These activities range from woodworking to indigo-dyeing to astrology sessions. "This winter we are planning a cooking class with chef and author Colu Henry to celebrate the launch of her first cookbook. It will be an evening of learning the basics of pasta-making and how to throw together a delicious red sauce, and plenty of wine drinking."

Caroline and Michael regularly venture out on buying trips for Calliope and they take Darryl with them, giving new meaning to the term 'hunting dog'. He's yet to travel by aeroplane, but he's very happy looking out the window from the back of their old Land Cruiser. It's times like these where he reminds the motivated couple to slow down and enjoy life's basic pleasures. "His needs are simple, and having a dog is a great reminder to stay present and not sweat the small stuff," says Caroline. "He doesn't care that my day was shitty; he just cares that we're together and having fun in that particular moment, and I love him so much for that."

WORDS BY KAREN DAY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WINNIE AU

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AMSTERDAM

WITH ITS WINDING WATERWAYS, PAVED STREETS, AND QUAIN CANAL HOUSES, AMSTERDAM IS EASILY ONE OF EUROPE'S PRETTIEST CITIES. IT'S ALSO ONE OF THE COOLEST RECORD SHOPS, JUICE BARS, BOOKS, BIKES, GALLERIES... THE CITY IS CRAMMED WITH THE BEST SORT OF DISTRACTIONS. AMSTERDAM'S FAMOUS OPEN ATTITUDE EXTENDS TO DOGS, WHO ARE WELCOME ON PUBLIC TRANSPORT AND OFTEN IN STORES, CAFÉS, AND, IMPORTANTLY, PARKS! IT'S NOT ALWAYS SIGNED, BUT IT'S COMMON FOR DOGS TO WANDER OFF-LEASH IN PARKS, AND THERE ARE MANY GREEN SPACES TO EXPLORE. AMSTERDAM ISN'T SMALL, BUT MOST MAIN SITES ARE EASILY ACCESSED BY PUBLIC TRANSPORT, WHICH MEANS FOUR-LEGGED FRIENDS GET THE SAME CULTURE HIT AS THEIR HUMANS.

WORDS AND GUIDE BY SUN OF WOLVES
MAP BY SUN OF WOLVES

MENEER NIEGES

Right by the IJ waterfront and fringed with a giant terrace, Meneer Nieges is a perfect place for a cold beer—just don't leave without trying the menu. The roasted cauliflower is a good place to start. [facebook.com/MeneerNiegus](https://www.facebook.com/MeneerNiegus)

THE FAT DOG

Hot-dogs aren't too common in Amsterdam, but if you're craving one, head here. The awesome branding (dogs, dogs, and more dogs!) is only bettered by the menu. Stay for dinner. [thefatdog.nl](https://www.thefatdog.nl)

'T NIEUWE DIEP

A small distillery inside the old Flevopark pump station. Although the building dates back to 1880, the distillery has been producing around 100 types of small-batch gin, bitters, and liqueurs since 2010. A must-visit once you've walked the park. [nwediep.nl](https://www.nwediep.nl)

LOOK/PLAY

RED LIGHT RECORDS

A mini record store that's part of the Red Light Complex: a former brothel turned into offices and run by the team behind online radio station Red Light Radio. Stop by to dig through second-hand vinyl and a small selection of new stuff. [redlightrecordsamsterdam.com](https://www.redlightrecordsamsterdam.com/)

RUSTY GOLD MOTORSHOP

Amsterdam's first vintage and custom motorcycle lifestyle spot combines exclusive 'moto culture' clothing and accessories with a coffee shop and hang-out space. Here you can touch everything, try on whatever you like, and even enjoy a strong-arse espresso while you're at it. Last but not least: there's always a big bowl of water for your dog outside. [rustygold.nl](https://www.rustygold.nl)

ULTRA DE LA RUE

A shop, café, bar, and exhibition centre with a rotating line-up of art shows and installations. Founded by creative agency Afari, the multi-purpose space brings together creatives of all walks to do what they do best: create strange and interesting stuff. [ultradelarue.com](https://www.ultradelarue.com)

SLEEP

HOTEL TOON

A small family-owned hotel in the centre of Amsterdam that mixes the old with the new: the exterior is a row of traditional houses, but the interior has been tastefully refreshed. There are only five rooms, but the whole place is very hospitable and warm, and dogs are always welcome. [hoteltoon.nl](https://www.hoteltoon.nl)

PULITZER AMSTERDAM

One hotel built from 25 connecting canal houses. If you want some fancy digs to chill in with your dog, this is the place. Pets are welcome to stay for a fee, and it's worth forking out for the stylish surrounds: big windows with lots of light and minimal design. [pulitzeramsterdam.com](https://www.pulitzeramsterdam.com)

READ

ATHENAEUM BOEKHANDLE

An independent, well-stocked, and friendly bookstore with a wide range of categories, such as literature, philosophy, anthropology, and, of course, dogs! They also have a magazine shop where you can find mag favourites, from *The Gentlewoman* to *The New Yorker* and *Four&Sons*. [athenaeum.nl](https://www.athenaeum.nl)

IDEA BOOKS

Head here to browse some of the best local publishers. Idea Books specialises in art, design, and photography heavyweights, and also stocks mags and zines. [ideabooks.nl](https://www.ideabooks.nl)

WALK

AMSTERDAMSE BOS

A forested park in south-west Amsterdam that's made for long walks with your dog. Take time to wander the wide paths and small tracks, cross the beautiful little bridges, and spend time lazing by the water. [amsterdamsebos.nl](https://www.amsterdamsebos.nl)

FLEVOPARK

It might not have the reputation of the city's best-known Vondelpark, but this humble space in Amsterdam's east is still lots of fun. Bordered by a big lake, with a special dog beach in summer—what's not to like? Nearby Javastraat is also full of new bars, coffee corners, and places to eat, which makes it a perfect pit stop before or after a stroll. [flevopark.nl](https://www.flevopark.nl)

HET STENEN HOOFD

Just a few minutes' walk from Amsterdam's Central Station lies a special piece of urban nature. This big green pier at the edge of the water is home to protected grasses, ferns, and lichen, and has a cultural program that runs throughout the year. (Check the website before you go.) There's even a small manmade sand beach at the water, where dogs are allowed to jump in together with the boss. [stenenhoofd.nl](https://www.stenenhoofd.nl)

RESCUE

DIERENHULP ZONDER GRENZEN

A Dutch organisation with volunteers all over Holland that has connections in Spain, Portugal, and Greece. Dierenhulp Zonder Grenzen translates to 'Animal Rescue Without Borders', and the online hub brings together information about dogs and cats in shelters across different countries. You can apply to adopt different animals via the site (all prospective owners first receive an at-home visit from one of the centre's volunteers) and, if approved, help give a needy animal a second life. [dierenhulpzondergrenzen.com](https://www.dierenhulpzondergrenzen.com)

DOA

The Animal Shelter Amsterdam (DOA) is one of the largest and oldest shelters in the Netherlands. Its aim is to both house and rehome homeless dogs and cats—a mix of strays and pets who have been given up by their owners. [doamsterdam.nl](https://www.doamsterdam.nl)

SHOP

GATHERSHOP

A nice place packed with beautiful and affordable design items. They also provide a platform for new and emerging designers, and sell handmade and fair-trade products from small design studios and publishers. [gathershop.nl](https://www.gathershop.nl)

HUTSPOT

This one's for humans who favour a mix of international and local labels (check out terrarium makers Spruitje Amsterdam, publishers Das Magazijn, and clothing brand Outour). You can even pay a visit to the photo booth or friendly barber. The top floor is the ideal place to grab a coffee with a friend, glance at the great art, or do some freelance work on your dog's Instagram. [hutspotamsterdam.com](https://www.hutspotamsterdam.com)

INDEPENDENT SKATE SHOP

This place has it all: a wide range of skateboard supplies, Vans, clothing, books, and vinyl. The best thing about it? They always welcome your dog. [skateboardsamsterdam.nl](https://www.skateboardsamsterdam.nl)

SIX&SONS

A small concept store with a special mix of interior accessories, vintage furniture, and clothing. Their beautiful blankets are perfect for a day in a park with your four-legged buddy. [sixandsons.com](https://www.sixandsons.com)

TREATS

BELLO DIERENSPECIAALZAAK

A pet store so local it doesn't even have a website. The owner, Peter, has run the place for over 14 years, selling food and toys. The store doesn't look trendy but the staff know their stuff. [haarlemmerdijk1251013ke](https://www.haarlemmerdijk1251013ke.nl)

DIERENWINKEL OUD SUYT

'Your pet is our customer' is the motto here, and this pet store caters to all types (including rabbits, rodents, reptiles, and fish). For dogs, there is a wide range of bio food and great advice to be had. They also deliver. [dierenwinkeloudsuyt.nl](https://www.dierenwinkeloudsuyt.nl)

FOOD/DRINK

BAR HUTSPOT

Hutspot started as a pop-up shop but has expanded into concept stores, a café, a barbershop, and a watering hole. The bar itself is modern but comfy, and the basement hosts live music and club nights. [hutspotamsterdam.com](https://www.hutspotamsterdam.com)

BRANDEND ZAND

A nice little cabin at Het Stenen Hoofd with a beachy terrace and organic juices. Once you've walked the pier and visited the dog beach, stop by for a vitamin boost in the sun. [brandendzand.amsterdam](https://www.brandendzand.amsterdam)

HET RIJK VAN DE KEIZER

This one's a little further out but well worth the journey. Set in a meadow, Het Rijk van de Keizer cooks with the seasons, so each dish is always a surprise. A great spot to spend an entire day. [hetrijkvandekeizer.nl](https://www.hetrijkvandekeizer.nl)



THE NEW PARENT

Having a child is scary. The lack of sleep, the never-ending obligation, the severe dent in your weekly beer budget. Your friends who have kids say it's the best thing they've ever done, but in their eyes you can see the exhausted horror underneath. Against that sort of life-destroying proposition, a dog seems like the perfect first step on your long path towards maturity. You get the same amount of unquestioning love, but after 12 weeks of training they can look after themselves and they only need, like, 30 minutes of active attention a day. Even better, they're the kind of burden that people actively volunteer to take up when you head off on holiday. Yes, dog ownership is a bold but not particularly onerous new adventure for you and your partner to embark on, and if people object to you dressing Junior in a miniature sailor outfit and pushing him around in a pram, well, that's just because they're jealous.

THE COLLAR WEARER

Do you own your dogs, or do your dogs own you? Sometimes it's hard to tell as your ill-disciplined pooch rips apart yet another designer pillow while you watch on with a beatific smile. Fifi is just doing what millions of years of evolution have taught her to do and who are you to tell her otherwise? Domestication has stripped dogs of their essential dogginess and you're here to let them run wild and free, even if that means your soft furnishings look like they've been sourced from the aftermath of the Dresden bombing. Admittedly, you can't leave the house for more than three hours at a time and haven't had a holiday in six years, but you're equals in this relationship and that's all that really matters.

THE PACK LEADER

You're the envy of all at the dog park as you stride confidently across the grass, a trio of hunting dogs loping behind in perfect formation. One bounds towards a nearby tree, but you stop it cold with a single glance. You're the leader of this pack and everyone knows it. You asserted control on day one and haven't let up since. Sure, your relationship with your pets isn't as 'nice' or 'affectionate' or 'brimming with love' as it could be, but it's a dog-eat-dog world out there, and the only hope your dogs have of not being eaten is the you-shaped terror in their lives. Now HEEL.

OPINION

WHAT BREED OF DOG OWNER ARE YOU?

ALL CANINE BREEDS HAVE THEIR OWN DISTINCT PERSONALITY, AND THE SAME IS TRUE OF THEIR OWNERS. I MEAN, OBVIOUSLY WE ALL LOVE OUR DOGS, BUT THE 'WHY' IS A THORNIER QUESTION. ARE YOU IN IT FOR THE UNCONDITIONAL LOVE, OR THE SOCIAL STATUS? THE SENSELESS FUN, OR THE INSTAGRAM LIKES? WE BURROW TO THE HEART OF THE DOG-HUMAN RELATIONSHIP AND ASK THE REAL QUESTION: WHAT BAGGAGE ARE YOU BRINGING TO THE TABLE?

WORDS BY LUKE RYAN
ILLUSTRATION BY JULIA LASKOWSKI

THE JILTED LOVER

Whoever said that love isn't a tap you can turn on and off had evidently never replaced their last long-term relationship with a brand new PUPPY! That's right, *Darren*, I have a dog now and I've never been happier. What's that? Another Facebook post about how much I love my dog? Don't mind if I do, *Darren*. Yes siree, this is the best relationship I've ever had. It's easy-going, it's fun, and my new dog loves me more than *Darren* ever did. Time for walkies, Mrs. Wooples. Let's head over to the park near *Darren's* house, so that he can see how well we're doing without him.

THE WANNABE GIANT

Sure, you live in an inner-city duplex and haven't seen a backyard since you were 12, but that hasn't diminished your love of unnecessarily huge dogs. You've had a Bernese mountain dog, a Newfoundland, and a great Dane, and now you're the proud owner of something that appears to be a chow chow crossed with a bear. A big dog is a big statement, especially up against your tiny five-foot-four frame, and that statement is: "I've conquered an animal that's literally twice my size. Just think of how easily I'll conquer you." And you'd have said it to their faces, too, if *Gladiator* hadn't pulled you head-first into a bush.

THE ASPIRING HIPSTER

You like them small, cute, and inbred to within a literal inch of their lives. Some call them monstrosities, but you call Chester your best friend, or *@chesterthebullpug* on Instagram. When you're riding down the street on your fixed-gear bike, Chester sitting placidly in the front basket, you know you're turning heads and melting hearts. With Chester in your arms at the local café, you're ordering a double-shot soy latte and the phone number of your barista. Life was so empty before you got a dog, but now you're more popular than ever. Hell, you're so busy you barely even have time to hang out with... Charles? Champ? Whatever his name is. Now, let's go buy your dog an adorable micro-sombrero.

TRAVEL

MOVE OVER, PIGS. IN NORTHERN ITALY, TRUFFLES ARE
SNIFFED-OUT BY A PACK OF FRIENDLY POINTERS.
ANDIE CUSICK HEADS TO PIEDMONT AND JOINS THE HUNT.

NOSE TO THE GROUND

It's early in the morning—5 A.M. to be precise. There's a cool mist over the hills of Calosso in the Piedmont region of Italy. With time for just a quick espresso, we head to Mombaruzzo where we'll meet our *trifulau* (truffle-hunter). Mario, our 80-year-old professional guide, is announced by a quartet of barks—each eager hound ready to be chosen for this morning's hunt. They're a handsome pack of mixed pointers, well versed in the damp, fertile ground and what lurks beneath. Today, Rex will lead the way, and, at his master's call, he bounds through the long grass with his velvety brown ears flapping and his tail whipping the air in delight.

Piedmont is known for its truffles, particularly the white truffle, or “trifola d'Alba Madonna” (*Tuber magnatum*). In the area close to the cities of Alba and Asti, the hills are plentiful with oak and hazelnut trees, and the truffles thrive at their damp, dark roots. We've arrived in late summer, a couple of months before the true truffle season begins. Nonetheless, Mario inspires us with confidence that Rex will find something: if not a rare white truffle then the slightly easier-to-come-by black truffle—which, while still delicious, is half the price of its famed sister and a little less complex in flavour. Twenty minutes into our search and Rex has his nose to the ground. He paws the earth at a frenzied speed while intermittently pressing his chin into the soil to snuffle around before pulling himself up and digging some more. Mario, forever in tune with this dance, comes to his aid. Together they discover the first black truffle of the day.

With a highly developed nose, a fast pace, and a gentle manner, the obedient pointer (along with the lagotto and English setter) is the ideal breed for truffle hunting. Pigs were commonly used in the past, but their snuffling abilities were outweighed by their tendency to eat the truffles once found. Since 1985, the Italian law on truffles has only allowed the use of trained dogs. Mario has a long line of pointers who all started out their training with strong gorgonzola cheese. His job is to keenly observe Rex and ensure he doesn't dig too deep and damage the truffle, or mistake it for his own treat. My one reservation before meeting Mario was that his dogs would be hard at work, hunting for long days in the heat and with no sense of enjoyment. But these concerns were immediately abated: Mario has several dogs and they only go out early in the morning, when it's cooler. Rex was so thoroughly enthused and happy that he clearly wanted to continue the fun escapade long after we were ready for breakfast.

The precious fungus appeared three times for us that day, including a delectable and incredibly pungent white tuber. Truffle still remains the world's most expensive cooking ingredient, at roughly US\$3,000 to US\$5,000 per pound (closely followed by saffron). Over a simple yet exquisite breakfast of eggs over-easy complete with shaved white truffle, we discuss Mario's secret to a healthy, happy, and long life. At this, he and his wife laugh, for it's all here: fresh air, seasonal produce, his own wine, and, of course, long walks with his pack. Put simply, a *trifulau's* life is not to be sniffed at.

WORDS BY ANDIE CUSICK
ILLUSTRATION BY JULIA LASKOWSKI



THE DOGHOUSE

BY
LIBBY BORTON



Rivulets of water trembled along the edges of the roof, which peaked like fingers making a steeple. Outside, the clouds passed low through the trees on the hill, and the vast swathes of green grass shuddered. Inside, it smelled strongly of pine, the red-stained wood steadily encroached upon by green mildew. On the road, perhaps someone in their car would look and see it and think it was a tiny house with only one door, without windows; a long way away.

The more he thought about it, the more it seemed logical to sit in the doghouse. He was a small child again, with his back to the damp wooden wall. It had not taken much. Only a year or two; maybe, he thought, it had actually been a long time coming. Maybe as far back as being popped out in a pair of sterilised hands he had wanted to wriggle out of them and sit in the doghouse.

He had grown sick of the civilised world, because he thought that it had grown sick of him. Even now, as he thought in the little box, he saw a plane glide past. It wasn't fooling anyone. Not one bird would ever think to fly with it—the bird that didn't live in the trees.

It should seem like a bad thing to oust one's self from the home into the dog's home. But the dog didn't mind sharing, and had given him a sideways glance as he crawled in. The wind went around them.

—

The steady rush of air through the firs was like a wave gushing over rocks. The sound was puckered with the dog nuzzling through the earth, in the cracks in the roots, sneezing out dirt. The lead swung in Jack's hand, the clip a weight to the pendulum. He stayed the course, one-two his feet trudged. The dog bolted further ahead and flushed out a bird from the bracken.

He had the house, the wife; the kids had grown and gone. But that mountain, flanked with aching trees, made him feel smaller than a bloodless tick. The dog never seemed to care. She could run up and down that thing without even panting. Nothing scared her, only a car door slamming.

What a gift, he thought, to know that something is there to chase. Every noise or scent is a spark ready to ignite the engine in pursuit. All pistons moving, every sense flaring, alert, agile, feverish in the hunt. Sometimes on bidding websites he got a whiff of it, when the clock was ticking down and he knew he could be pennies away from triumph and a brand-new sweater.

The dog wandered from the usual route on a trail. Jack sighed and waited, folding his arms with difficulty, trying to get his cold hands under his armpits. The air grew from his mouth. A squawking, chirruping, and cracking of sticks. He counted seven birds flying overhead, but couldn't tell what they were. Maybe a sparrow, a blue tit. When he looked back down, he saw the dog sitting and looking at him.

He was about to whistle and say "come on", but the words collapsed and disappeared, leaving only the half-hearted gesture. The dog's eyes were alight with earnest, the same kind of earnest he noticed when they were about to walk. There was more adventure to be had, and it wasn't on the path. Jack realised he didn't know where to go from here, apart from home; he had never strayed. The dog discovered a different world in every walk. As Jack might feel that tingle of sinking into the familiar, when returning home from a week away, plunging into his bed or dozing in front of the screen or drinking coffee from his favourite mug, so the dog returned to her wild space over and over again with the same certainty of home. This outdoor space was hers.

"Okay," Jack said, and followed.

The wild garlic crunched underfoot. He envied the dog; its tidy paws fluttered through the leaves, where his boots mulched the undergrowth. Maybe he should stop and sniff the ground, decide what was so special about it. What kind of a view did it have that could be more interesting than the forest and the mountain and the grey, dank sky? He crouched down and began to look.

The leaves were broad, and curled like the ears of a rabbit, tiny buds waiting to bloom. Beneath, the veins of the earth were spiked with little lumps and stones, and a few disintegrating sticks. It smelled of earth, chlorophyll, and rain. A black beetle crawled along a chewed leaf, and then unpacked its wings with one flex and was off. Not much of a view, he thought, sitting up onto his toes.

Jack followed the dog further down, until he was slipping along the wet mud and clinging to flimsy trees, clattering through tangles of bindweed and dead ivy.

The dog sat by the lake, waiting for him patiently.

Jack flopped onto the slope and watched the dog gaze out over the serene surface and onto the other side.

"Don't you dare jump in," he said, and the dog glanced at him.

The dog was a sturdy mongrel, with a soft muzzle and floppy ears, but otherwise nondescript. She had the deepest, golden eyes. It was the glow of gold ore when cut from the dark earth; the light the sun sends out when the sky is flecked with cloud; the rings of a tree trunk thick as a thousand years. She licked her nose and looked back at him, as if it was now his turn to make a decision.

Jack got to thinking on the way home why he had not waded in. The dog had sat so close to the edge maybe she had wanted to. He was not scared of drowning, and he could bear the cold. Maybe it said something about him and his inability to cross water. Going over high bridges made him feel uneasy; looking out over the ocean on a plane made him feel seasick. He was not thirsty and nor had the dog drunk; had she expected him to? Maybe he had a drinking problem.

From that evening on, Jack let his dog take him for a walk.

As soon as she gave him the eye, he would drop what he was doing and they would go. He let her lead the way. They often did the same route as they always had, but sometimes off the beaten path. Once he tried to keep up with her as she chased a fox but gave up after fifty yards, cramping in his side. It was he who made the decision to go home. After all, it was a walk for him, not for her. She just supervised.

"Jack, what are you doing?" Darla said, crouching at the doghouse.

"I was just keeping the dog company."

Darla bore a pained expression, one mingled with exasperation.

"It's been two weeks. You have to get a grip. Come on. Out."

The dog heeded the command, and Jack followed her out.

"Oh, well, I'm glad you're not crawling around on all fours," Darla sighed, snatching his hand and taking them all up to the house.

Her partner, Mark, had helped himself to one of Jack's beers, and had the game on. He really suited the living room. The floorboards were just the right tones of his hair, the way he sunk into the sofa was as if he were a heavy cushion. Perfectly in place. He was very good-looking; his cheekbones were as chiselled as the original stone fireplace.

"Darla's told me you've been having a rough time," he said, passing him a beer.

"I guess so."

"Ruth'll be back soon, Jack; there's no need to fall to pieces," Darla said, wrenching open the fridge. "You'll have to get used to this. Do you have any almond milk?"

"What's she doing?"

"She's going around the country, giving presentations for work."

Jack looked downheartedly at the floor. It was easier this way to make them think Ruth was really the problem. As soon as she had gone out the door, he had felt like someone had opened up a window. Ruth had the habit of sucking the life out of a place; she was so charged up, bolting from room to room and pumping her arms. She took the dog for runs. He really enjoyed the time alone. If he could play the piano, he would play a smooth, tender sonata to appreciate the silence. He never ran.

The dog groaned into her bed.

"Why don't you give her a call? It'll make you feel better," Darla said.

"It's not that I miss her," Jack said.

"Stop being such a man-child."

Mark glanced at her.

It was not that he didn't love Ruth anymore. Marriage brought them into an inseparable force, like plants growing into one another. There was a wedge slowly crunching through their entwined connections, the axe as natural and unstoppable as a heartbeat, driving down, until finally they would be beside one another but not together. Secretly, he knew, but would never tell, that it wasn't enough for him to live his life through her successes. While she embraced the world, which shifted and bent to her will and whim, Jack had experienced something much more gravitationally heavy, hard and tall, unshifting and unwilling to let him leave a fraction of an imprint.

Darla sighed and folded her arms as the kettle began to bubble.

"We're staying here for the next few days. Let's get you back on track."

The house contracted around him. At no point could he be left alone. Darla, his younger sister, was insistent that he talk to her about his feelings. Mark only talked during the adverts. Even outside with the dog, Darla attended him. He tried to let the dog walk him, but Darla called her back and asked her questions.

What are you doing? Where are you going? What have you got there? How did you get that? That's disgusting, spit it out.

The dog bolted again into the undergrowth, the speed of which made Jack realise she had caught some distant scent and would not reply to calls anymore.

"Where's she going?" Darla asked.

"I'll follow," Jack replied.

He jogged after her, cumbersome and loping like a bear out of hibernation. The earth slipped and spattered over him.

He watched the whipping flag of her tail dart in and out of the trees, springing over rotting logs and trampling leafy detritus. The tang of undisturbed greenery rose with the breeze, the fresh oils bursting a steadily deeper green. The earth was ruptured with holes, and twice he nearly fell, veering into a tree to push himself back on course. The river moved ahead of them, as wide as a house, as slow as a mule with a great bundle on its back.

The dog leapt and splashed into the water. Jack gasped at the freezing cold and cursed loudly as he waded through behind her, smooth rocks and silt slipping underfoot. Midway through, the current was so persistent it made him think to lie back and release himself downstream just for the ease of it, but he decided not to, afraid of the freezing sting of the depths rising over the last of his dry skin. They both made it out to the other side, and the dog drew a smile. It looked up once at him, before diving nose-first into a dog burrow, where the sticks and twigs and dead crawling plants twisted around into a dog-sized funnel. He was breathless in his following, sweat coaxing out the muddy toxins of television show hosts and the cleansing scrub in his shower.

On the other side, he was half convinced that Darla would think he had gone to take his own life. He decided he had. Taken it in his hands, washed it in the river, and wrung it out. She always seemed to be on the verge of slapping him, either to bring him to his senses or scold him. Somebody else's hands had always been moulding his life for him, to choose the right job, the right wife, the right name for the children. Life had seemed to run between his fingers, when the requirements had been fulfilled, and he had been made redundant and the children no longer needed support, but space; and the bank wouldn't communicate with him anymore, apart from about his pension or the mortgage. There seemed no role or function left for him to perform, and the feeling made him think he was fading out of existence.

The dog waited patiently. She had been born and would die having no purpose in life whatsoever, no duty to perform, only the duty he projected onto her. Something to care for, which didn't make him feel completely useless as he felt he was, now that he was sixty. But did she ever complain?

As the dark began to descend and the sun turned amber, he realised that, in this wilderness and wide space, no eyes were on him. Away from the sweep of the radar, it did not seem so bad to be off the map. He thought more of the dog, as he stroked her head and pulled his palms over her ears. He could choose not to take part, rather than dwell on the rejection, and allow himself a piece of freedom. What that freedom meant he did not know, but the idea comforted him, and he began to feel his chest untighten. It was just his breath, in the cool breeze and the soft tremor of the trees; he still existed. It was all right for things to be purposeless for now.

As he gazed at the dog's eyes, he imagined himself bracing his head at the sting of cold water, letting his limbs float out beside him and drift, serene as a leaf, downstream to wherever it took him. Or homeward he could go, make dinner, smile, in spite of it all. The dog's calm protected him.

Any longer than this, and he might just do it. Any longer than this.



POETRY

WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON IN A DOG'S HEAD?
POET AND AUTHOR AMY GERSTLER LEARNS SOME HARD TRUTHS.

INTERVIEW WITH A DOG

BY
AMY GERSTLER

**Q: WHY ON EARTH DID YOU EAT THAT TEN DOLLAR BILL?
IT CAN'T HAVE TASTED NICE.**

A: DON'T BE GRUFF. ANYTHING THAT FALLS ON THE FLOOR IS MINE.
CAN I HAVE A COOKIE NOW TO CHANGE MY MOUTH LINING FLAVOR?
CAN I? CAN I?

Q: WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE RUNT OF THE LITTER?

A: STOMPED ON LOWEST RUNG. EVERYDAY FEAR-BATH, NONSTOP BOW-DOWN.
WREATHED IN TERROR-REEK THAT BROADCASTS YOU ARE LAST OF THE LAST.
I DON'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THIS STUFF...

Q: OK. I JUST GAVE YOU A BATH. THEN YOU WENT AND ROLLED IN MANURE.

A: WILL YOU BARBEQUE SOON?
WILL YOU LET ME LICK THE GRILL WHEN IT COOLS?

**Q: NO, REALLY. HOW COME I GET YOU ALL NICE AND CLEAN
AND YOU IMMEDIATELY ROLL IN SOMETHING STINKY?**

A: HUMANS DON'T GET TRUE GROOMING, WHICH ONLY TAKES PLACE USING
THE TONGUE. TOOTHPASTE, MOUTHWASH, AND DEODORANT ARE WHAT'S
"STINKY". SOAP'S REVOLTING. TERRIBLE INVENTION. WHY HAVE IT IN
YOUR LAMPLIT, CARPETED, DOORLOCKED LAIR? DUNG IS INFORMATIVE,
COMPLEX—FULL OF NEWS FLASHES FROM THE BODY'S INTERIOR.
SHIT'S AN ENCYCLOPEDIA, VOLUMES OF URGENT CORRESPONDENCE YOUR
ORGANS WROTE IF ONLY YOU KNEW HOW TO READ. WHAT'S LEARNT FROM
SMELLING SHAMPOO? IT JUST CAUSES SNEEZING, ERASES ARTICULATE FUMES.
BULLDOZES OLFACTORY SIGNPOSTS. WASHING IS BOOK BURNING.

Q: HOW COME YOU CHEW WINDOW BLINDS DURING THUNDERSTORMS?

A: MUST BREAK HARD THINGS WITH TEETH—BITE/ CRUNCH/ TEAR WHEN
SCARED. NEED ESCAPE HATCH FAST. EAT MY WAY OUT.

**Q: WELL, THAT MAKES A CERTAIN SORT OF SENSE. BUT WHY DID YOU ROLL
IN THE CARCASS OF THAT DEAD SEAL WHEN WE TOOK YOU TO THE BEACH
AT MORRO BAY?**

A: TO TRANSFER GHOST-CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY, SILLY. DEATH-SMELL LENDS
PROTECTION. WINNER OF RIPEST WARM DAY DECAY CONTEST IS NOT
CHALLENGED BY PACK PEERS—BILLOWING PUTREFACTION BLASTS INSPIRE
RESPECT AND GREAT KILL-PRIDE! MEAT ROT BOUQUET IS PREY-SMELL'S BEST
MEDAL. WHAT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND IN THAT?

**Q: HMMM. AND WHAT MOTIVATED YOU TO EAT THAT POSTCARD FROM
ALEX AND CHEW UP SEVERAL OF MY CATHOLIC SAINT STATUETTES?**

A: DOESN'T MAKE A LICK OF SENSE TO ME.
THERE'S THE CAT! GET HIM! (RACES OUT OF ROOM.)

FROM *DEAREST CREATURE* BY AMY GERSTLER,
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ILLUSTRATION BY JULIA LASKOWSKI

E.T., BART SIMPSON, CHARLIE BROWN, SNOOPY...
KEN KAGAMI'S POP-CULTURE MASH-UPS WILL MAKE YOU
LOOK TWICE—AND, HE HOPES, LAUGH OUT LOUD.

THE ENTERTAINER

When you ask an artist what response their work might elicit, it's a safe bet the answer won't be "I could make this myself!", but that's how Ken Kagami sees the world.

A Tokyo-based artist who operates across multiple formats, Kagami melds the highs and lows of pop culture, and often pushes familiar characters into curious, unfamiliar territories. In the recently published *Freaky Dog and Freaky Boy*, Charlie Brown and Snoopy are joined at the hip, literally. They're also joined from the nose, the feet, and the head; each character's lines eventually become so entwined that it's impossible to tell where one starts and the other begins. It's similar to how Kagami approaches art, working with installations, drawings, and sculptures. He even runs his own boutique in Daikanyama called, fittingly, Strange Store.

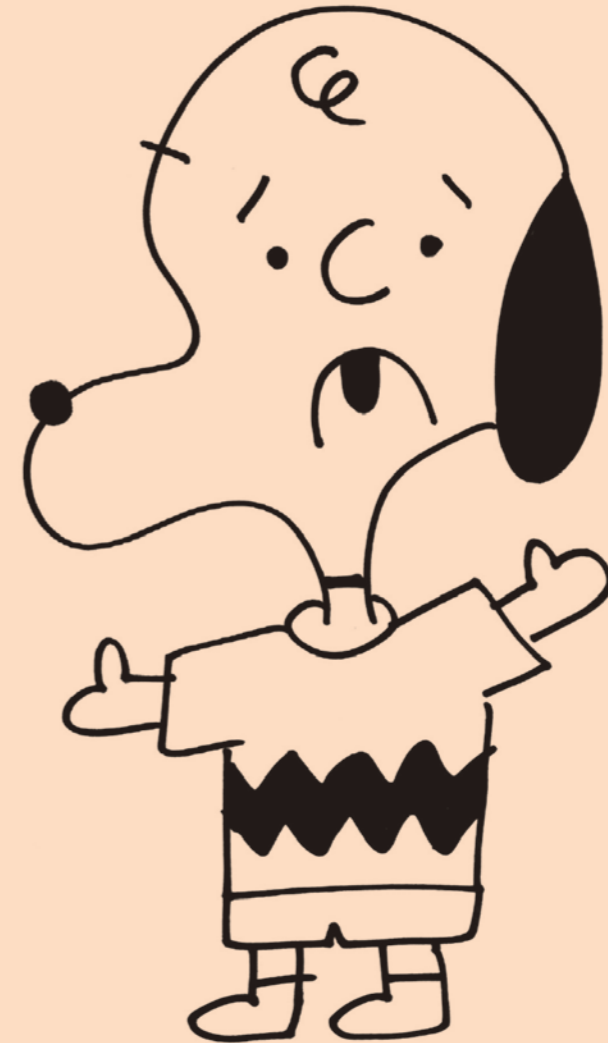
A Japanese native born in 1974, Kagami left behind his work as an assistant fashion stylist and moved to San Francisco in 2000 (you might remember his artwork for S.F. band Deerhoof's *Milk Man* album), before returning to Tokyo to get serious about art. Since then, his work has travelled all over the world and his gallery CV reads like a high-fashion shopping bag: New York, Tokyo, London, Brussels. The mischievous exhibition titles betray any sense of self-importance, though, with one-liners such as *Toys Ass*, *Snoopee*, *Hellowien*, and *Penis*. Kagami's work is always open to interpretation, and he cites "self-entertaining" as his first priority. "I primarily focus on what strikes me as interesting, but when I learn of interpretations by viewers I am also happy at the sense of discovery that this prompts."

There's an overwhelming sense of familiarity when viewing Kagami's work. His use of ephemeral everyday objects and recognisable cartoon characters evokes nostalgic warmth, which the artist playfully turns on its ear: an E.T. doll with a painted foot lies next to a piece of wood covered in muddy prints, a plush Homer Simpson head has a clear plastic dildo in his mouth, and a dog toy happily holds a wooden sign emblazoned with the word "asshole". Kagami's world is at once warm 'n' fuzzy and a little bit perverted. Bart Simpson makes recurring appearances, as do Charlie Brown and Snoopy—who are sometimes referred to collectively as "Charpee". In *Freaky Dog and Freaky Boy*, these conjoined childhood pals loop into each other, meeting in uncomfortable places. Kagami is careful not to place too much importance on any lofty subtext underpinning the experimental illustrations, however, claiming that they are simply chosen "for the ease with which they can be drawn".

His most recent solo show at Misako & Rosen in Tokyo was simply called *Dog*. It featured all the hallmarks of owning a pet—without it actually being there. Kagami explains that it "began with the idea to have a dog exhibition with no dog present in the space". Instead, he cast everyday items like food pellets, droppings, and a bone in bronze; he made films of small movements like a wagging tail. "I also installed a dog collar outside the gallery but the dog collar was open and empty and it looked like a dog had run away." It's an evocative image of both freedom and sadness, represented by a solitary object.

Kagami chooses his materials "for the way they look, their shape and colour", rather than being too concerned with how they might endure. He regularly uses second-hand materials, citing a liking of their "imperfect human quality—they carry with them the remains of being handled by people. This touch is interesting and, at the same time, base." He likes to enhance that "baseness", combining it with other recycled or pre-loved items, "for example, the juxtaposition of plastic shit and a plastic doll, which together equal an artwork". There's an emphasis on thoughtful curation, though, which cuts through the chaos. "I very carefully consider what doll in particular and what size and shape of plastic poo make sense together, and sometimes a found object is perfect without any addition." Faeces appear a lot in Kagami's work, and, amusingly, in conversation. When asked about his ties to California, he mentions the cultural and social juxtapositions of the streets of San Francisco, the rich and the poor in such close proximity. "The streets are full of interesting things to see—unique homeless people, human or dog defecation on the street... This is the source of my inspiration."

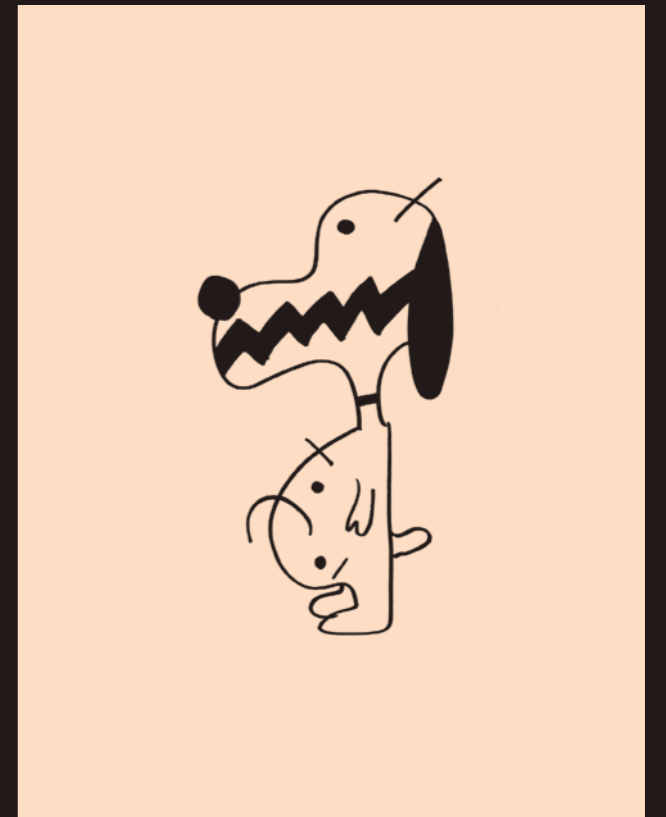
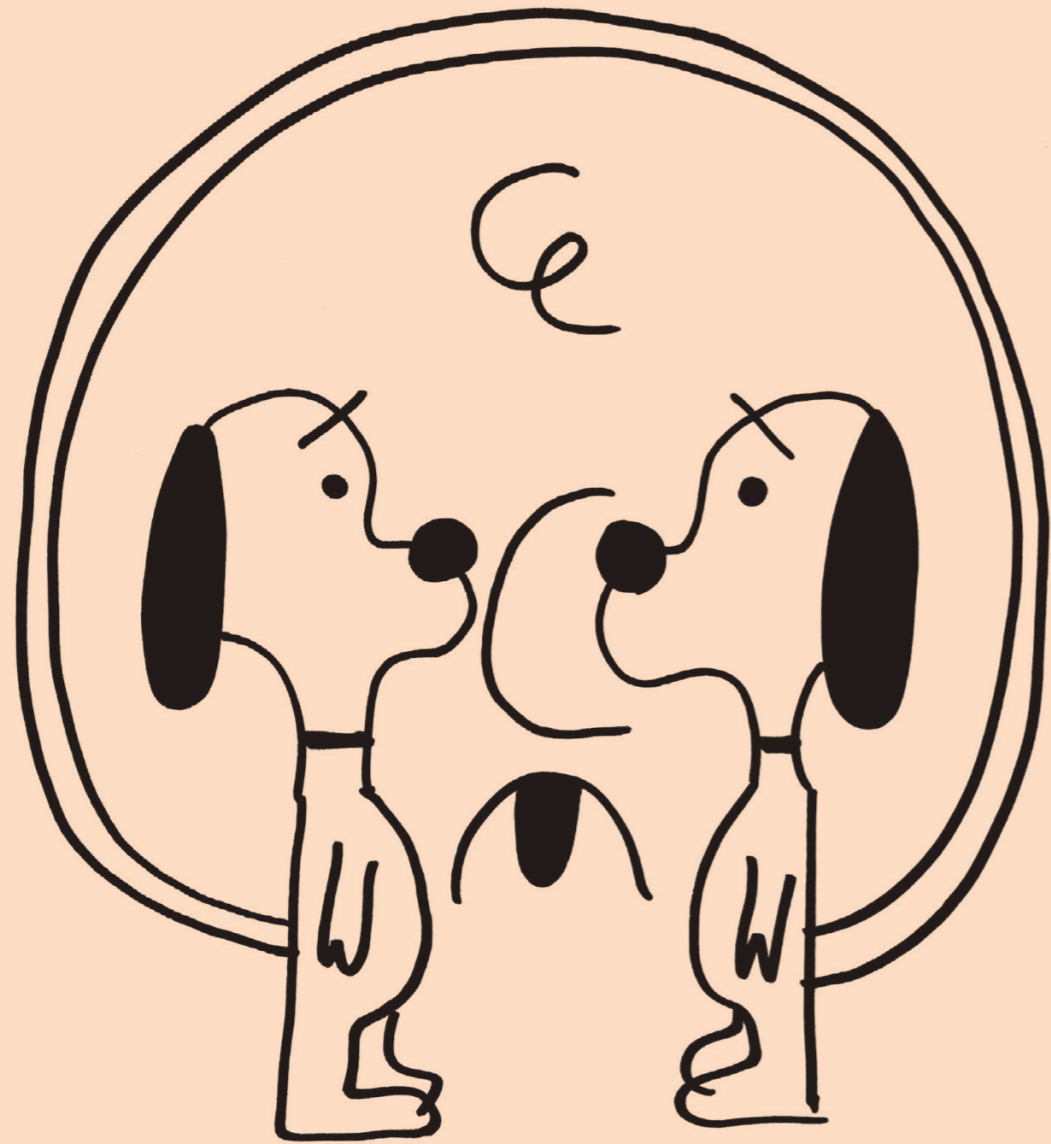
In 2015, Kagami appeared at Frieze London, where he set up a small desk at his Japanese gallerist Misako & Rosen's booth. Wearing a blue baseball cap adorned with soft sculptures of a penis and a single breast, he sat and offered free portraits of passers-by. In typical Kagami fashion, he eschewed capturing their faces and instead drew their genitals, envisioning them through their clothes. Later, people happily posed with their likenesses on social media—some with hirsute boobs, others sans nipples, an occasional tri-pronged penis popping up—all smiles in an environment more known for furrowed brows and chin-stroking. For the next Frieze London, Kagami has made "snot" out of 18-karat gold, silver, and bronze, working with his interest in "making otherwise invaluable things out of expensive materials". When asked what makes him laugh, Kagami replies, "I make myself laugh!" Clearly, he's not the only one.

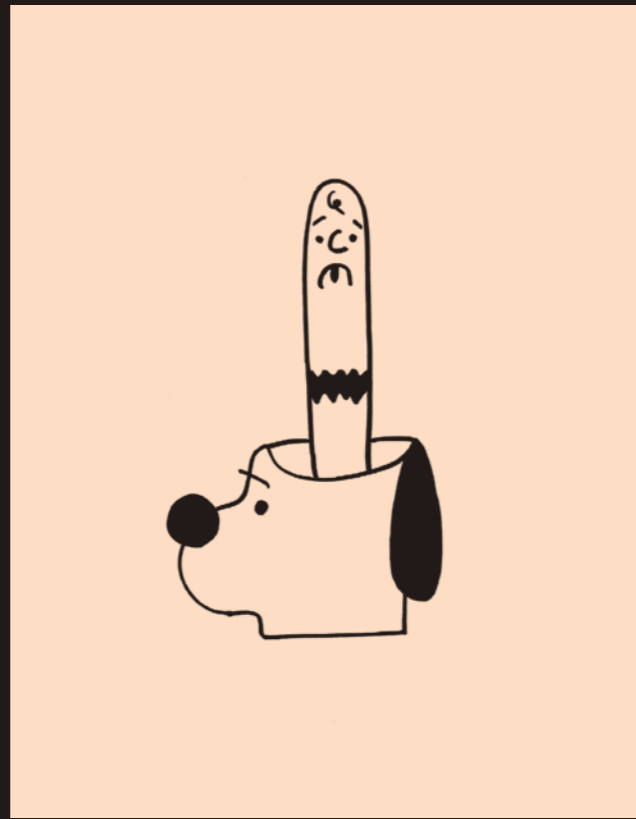


WORDS BY KATE JINX

ARTWORK BY KEN KAGAMI

FREAKY DOG AND FREAKY BOY BY KEN KAGAMI
IS PUBLISHED BY NEW DOCUMENTS





PROFILE

POTTER ELEONOR BOSTRÖM CREATES
A GARDEN-VARIETY BREED OF DOG.

MATERIAL GIRL

Dogs are our best mates and there are very few things they can't do. They keep the ends of our beds warm, they protect our homes, and they love us unconditionally even when we trick them over and over again by pretending to throw the ball and then hiding it behind our backs. Thanks to Eleonor Boström's careful hands, dogs can also hold our sewing needles on their heads, shape themselves into teapots, and cup enough soil for a tiny succulent to grow in.

Boström's ceramic work is the charming result of a childhood spent visiting a family friend's workshop. "After high school I started working for her and learnt that working with clay was something I really liked," she tells us. "Clay, as a material, attracted me because it's so versatile and accessible. It wasn't until later, when I studied a one-year program of different crafts and arts, that I decided that clay, and ceramics, was something I wanted to do professionally."

Boström's style could easily be linked to her Scandinavian roots and current home in the artistic city of San Francisco. Even in a very minimal, mostly white design, her modelled dogs are incredibly animated. One pup sits in a bath of your tea, just chilling out with eyes closed. Another carries pins on her head and thread on her tail, and the poise of her front paw says it's an outfit she's confident in. Another is getting a match lit on his back and you can tell by his face that it feels mighty good.

The beloved family dog, Tess—an adorable petit basset griffon Vendéen—was Boström's first muse. "Now it has become a sort of fable dog representing any and all dogs," she explains. "Although most of them still have the characteristics of a basset with short legs and a long body."

So why dogs? Because Boström straight-up loves them. "Some people are baby-crazy; I'm dog-crazy," she says. Creating these pups is a way for her to ease out of the longing for one of her own. "It's an ongoing discussion between me and my husband, who's a cat

person. Sometimes I think if I had a dog I might not need to have them as inspiration." Selfishly, we hope her husband holds out a few more years just so we can see where her work goes next.

Right now Boström's working on her first solo show, which doesn't have a date but will definitely be in her hometown of Stockholm. "I'm doing a lot of prototyping right now—exploring new colours and textures," she explains. "There will be new dogs in different sizes, forms, and colours."

Her creations are already rich in usability, so the prospect of new forms is exciting. Her motives lie in utility: things that are useful in her own home translate to things that are very useful for the rest of us. "Recently I made a dog sculpture that holds your keys," she tells us. "The idea came out of me having to look for my lost keys around the apartment." We have all done this.

Boström shares a studio in San Francisco with her ceramicist friend Christine. They've named it the British Grocery because it was once, literally, a British grocery store, and that's a detail they really like. Boström's studio is important. She admits to being a messy worker because she's always got multiple projects going on—she likes to draw and she's also a hobby seamstress. But, for the most part, she reserves painting and sketching for the calm environment of her home, and uses the studio as a space to hang out in with fellow ceramicists, to share notes and learn. Wherever she is, three main rules apply: "Sweat the details. It should be possible to repeat. The piece must have a unique personality."

When Boström isn't at work, you'll find her exploring San Francisco's hoods by foot, and with a coffee in hand. Chinatown has her eye at the moment, because inspiration leaks from the architecture and the small shops are full of curiosities new to her. You'll also find her adoring pups because, "without dogs, the world would be less enjoyable". Too right.

WORDS BY HAYLEY MORGAN
CERAMICS BY ELEONOR BOSTRÖM









Accessories—

VACKERTASS

Gone are the days of eyesore, fluorescent dog toys disrupting scenes of domestic bliss. Vackertass Supply Co. in Walthamstow, East London, create hand-crafted accessories for sleeping, walking, wearing, and playing. Founded by former concert photographer Annelie Rosencrantz, the label designs adjustable collars, two-tone leads, tartan bow-ties, 'donut beds', and even the odd tote bag for humans—made from waxed cotton with neat leather straps. It all began in 2013 when four-legged Bobi joined the family. "Although there are a lot of dog products out there, very few felt like something that would blend in well in my home and still be comfortable for my dog," Rosencrantz says. "I wanted to create clean and simple dog products for people who care about design." After rounds of Rosencrantz trialling prototypes at home, one creation gave way to another and a whole range soon materialised. Best of all, you can try on the designs for yourself—their matchy-matchy patterned neckerchiefs for hounds and their humans are super fun. Like any good tailor, Vackertass take bespoke orders and alterations. And, there are no synthetics in sight, darling. vackertass.co



Book—

THE LEVITATORS

A professional collector of clippings, photographs, and discarded images, Dutch artist Ruth van Beek makes the old new again by cutting and folding pictures into completely new life forms. In her latest series, *The Levitators*, van Beek takes past photos of domestic dogs and folds them at just the right spot, obscuring the dogs' legs and making them appear as flying balls of fluff. "I try to bring these dogs back to life, but instead of releasing them, I restrain them again in a new shape by changing their form, scale, and colour," she explains. You'll be wrapping your head around these creatures for a while. JS

rvb-books.com

Accessories—

EDITION 12

A mere two weeks after launching, small label Edition 12 had already secured its first big order. It's no surprise, given the distinctive look of the colourful pet collars and leads created by Harriet Goodings, a Norfolk-based fashion designer. "The powder-coated metalware is something I haven't found anywhere else on dog products," Goodings says. Three-year-old dachshund Frankie is her inspiration: "I'm constantly thinking of how I can make coats or harnesses in the future that are better suited to his 'curves'." JS

editiontwelve.com

SMALL BITES

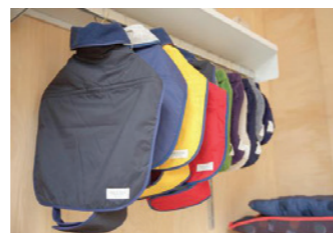


Retail—

FETCH & FOLLOW

Fetch & Follow, a North London-based lifestyle brand for dogs, has a new home and it isn't hard to spot. It's a deep blue, plywood-clad old shipping container at Netil Market in London Fields. In addition to an online store (and retail stalwarts Liberty and Selfridges & Co., among others), you can now browse their full range in real life at the market space. Inside, shelves are lined neatly with stacks of leather collars and pet grooming products, and hanging from the racks are brightly coloured dog raincoats and cosy knitwear. JS

fetchandfollow.co.uk



Community—

ARTISTS WITH ANIMALS NOTECARDS

What's better than sending someone a handwritten note? Mailing your sentiments on the back of an Artists with Animals mini-print postcard. The 10 intimate portraits, shot by some of the world's most legendary rock photographers, feature iconic musicians posing with their pal, and the sale of each set benefits the American non-profit Rational Animal, an organisation that creates advocacy campaigns and community events in support of at-risk animals. When Rational Animal founder Susan Brandt joined the Morrison Hotel Gallery team, she met director Peter Blachley and the two decided to use the gallery's extensive photo archive to create the series.

In November 2016, the altruistic twosome launched a second edition, which kicked off with an 18-piece exhibition at Ron Robinson in Los Angeles, featuring images of David Bowie, Billie Holiday, Robert Plant, Bob Dylan, and more, captured by photographers such as Herman Leonard, Robert Whitaker, and Henry Diltz, and the Kills frontman Jamie Hince (whose image *L.A. Room* is available as a printed scarf). Notecard sales go to No Kill Los Angeles as well as Rational Animal's Mother Comfort Project, a sewing initiative that creates beds and toys for animals awaiting adoption. KD

Photography credits: *Ice-T with Spartacus* by Timothy White (top) and *Alison Mosshart and Archie* by Jamie Hince (below).

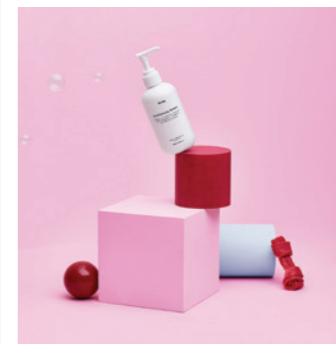
rational-animal.org

Technology—

LINK AKC SMART COLLAR

We know not all who wander are lost, but sometimes reality gets in the way (especially on off-lead excursions!). Embedded in a handsome leather collar, Link AKC is not your average tech accessory. It's a smart collar that gives you better insight into your dog's day-to-day thanks to GPS location tracking, activity monitoring, vet record logs, ambient temperature alerts, and—go go gadget—a light with remote turn-on to help your dog see and be seen in the dark. Everything's connected via a smartphone app, where you also receive customised activity recommendations for you and your dog. Battery life is a cool five days and convenience continues at the base station, which includes a charging port for lesser-able human phones. Nifty, eh? It's all the creation of a 30-person-strong independent company based in Connecticut who are supported by the American Kennel Club and draw from their 132 years of experience in canine health and wellbeing. All the quirks of Inspector Gadget with the finesse of 007. RG

linkakc.com



Grooming—

MR.PAW

"Two years ago I brought home Stassi, my little black whippet, and turned into a crazy dog lady." These are the words of interior designer and bath-time entrepreneur Danni Dias, who, after scouring the internet for pooch products, was left decidedly uninspired. Though a series of doggy DIYs ensued, she was stumped by bathing options. Pet toiletries tended to contain hidden nasties beneath their 'natural' labels, and let's not get started on the less-than-savoury product design. To remedy the situation, Dias teamed up with a local chemist in Melbourne to formulate Mr.Paw's gentle, all-natural formula. The end result is a time-saving two-in-one shampoo and conditioner to help minimise bath-time tempers, packaged in a bottle you'll be proud to keep out of the cupboard. Next up? Dias plans to partner with a rescue shelter to give back to less-pampered pups. RG

mrpaw.co

Film—

WIENER-DOG

Master filmmaker of all things bleak and depraved, Todd Solondz (*Welcome to the Dollhouse, Happiness*) turns his lens towards human futility once again in his latest work, *Wiener-Dog*. With a cast that includes Danny DeVito, Ellen Burstyn, Zosia Mamet, Kieran Culkin, Julie Delpy, and Greta Gerwig (as the adult version of Solondz's *Welcome to the Dollhouse*), *Wiener-Dog* follows several characters whose lives are affected by one adorable dachshund. JS wienerdogmovie.com



Design—

LE CREUSET DOG BOWL

Peek inside the kitchen of many top chefs and you'll find the vibrantly hued cast-iron cookware from Le Creuset. Since launching its signature *cocotte* in 1925, the revered French brand has gone on to create a range of culinary tools, from silicone spatulas to stainless steel roasting racks. Our favourite addition to their expanding collection is a stoneware dog bowl, produced in the same bold colours Le Creuset is known for. Let your pup dine like it's a night out at Noma. KD

lecreuset.com

Sculpture—

JACK MEARS

"My favourite kinds of jokes are the ones when you're not sure if it's a joke or if there's anything to 'get'," says Jack Mears, which instantly explains so much about his work. Mears has a thing for silly dogs, and so he sculpts them into ceramic figures or draws their likeness. Despite completing an illustration course, Mears found himself increasingly pulled towards sculpture. "I started making ceramics to take a break from drawing. I find it therapeutic to spend time using my hands. I would recommend it to anyone." Surreal and very tongue-in-cheek, Mears's sculptures have tiny dog heads on human-like bodies with breasts and bums. They sometimes take typical dog positions—cocking a leg, for example—and other times sit upright and cross-legged, or perform a difficult backwards bridge yoga pose. Mears blurs the line between human and animal, encouraging you to look closer. Bonus points if you have a giggle: "It's always nice to see people laughing at my dogs," he says. JS

jack-mears.com



Accessories—

MAISON LE LOU

"I wanted a name that represented the feeling of how a dog makes a house a home," says Claire Alexander, founder of British luxury brand Maison Le Lou. The name pays tribute to Alexander's two French bulldogs from the past and present—Louie and Leonard—and it's an out-and-proud lifestyle brand. "It's all about making the owner and the dog feel like they're buying into something special—a stylish hound and human lifestyle," Alexander says. Drawing on skills and inspiration from her background as a menswear accessory designer for brands like Ted Baker and Tommy Hilfiger, Alexander launched Maison Le Lou as a collection of luxury Italian leather leads and collars. Now, the brand incorporates a curated selection of gifts, pet artwork, grooming products, and adorable teddy bears and chew toys handmade in Britain with irresistibly refined names like Cedric, Lionel, and Melvin. JS

maisonlelou.com

Wellbeing—

FILSON K-9 FIRST-AID KIT

One of the joys of having a dog is being able to have your canine companion with you wherever you roam, whether it's to throw a frisbee in the park or to take on an adventurous trek through the mountains. While most low-key fun is usually uneventful, some outdoor activities can unknowingly put your pup in dangerous conditions. (Their paws aren't quite as advanced as modern hiking boots, suffice to say.) The last thing any compassionate dog owner wants is to see their pet get hurt, but it'd be worse to be unable to provide help. Enter ReadyDog, a company committed to saving lives through functional first-aid kits designed specifically with canines in mind, and Filson, who've created a durable bag with convenient, see-through pouches for easy access. Their collaborative kit includes a simple first-aid handbook, medications like hydrogen peroxide, povidone-iodine swabs, aspirin, and antihistamine, and necessary tools like stainless steel EMT shears, forceps, and a skin stapler. We hope you never have to use it, but as the old adage goes, it's better to be safe than sorry. KD

filson.com



Illustration—

FAYE MOORHOUSE

Faye Moorhouse works fast. Too fast, she thinks. "I produce work really quickly, which is sometimes frustrating. That seems like a weird thing to be frustrated by, but I wish I could explore and develop ideas and work for longer." To combat this, the UK-based freelance illustrator set herself the project of putting together a zine called *An A-Z of Dogs*. "It forced me to work on an idea for longer than five minutes. Plus it gave me an excuse to paint some dog breeds I'd never painted before." Moorhouse also paints pet portraits, her own versions of film posters, and illustrations for children's books and clients like *The New York Times*. A dog-lover since childhood, the artist often finds herself going back to dogs in her work. "I love animals but dogs just seem amazing to me. They're incredible animals, so sensitive, perceptive, and intelligent. And also hilarious! I particularly enjoy painting the ugly-looking dogs, or the ones in jumpers." JS

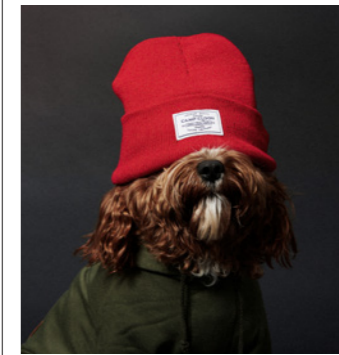
fayemoorhouse.co.uk

Accessories—

CAMP CLOON

Hailing from the rugged wilderness of New Zealand, Camp Cloon knows just what gear a dog needs for adventuring. As well as collars, chew toys, and prints, they stock a wide range of outdoor apparel—tees, hoodies, neckerchiefs, and beanies—all marked with a recognisable 'Field Mate' patch. The brand has just released Northern Expedition, a new collection that nods to mountaineering nostalgia. "We wanted to create a really strong, fresh vibe for this range—combining colours and textures of the wilderness with a dash of urban flavour," says director Ryan MacPherson. That's the kind of pack we want to run with. JS

campcloon.com



Wellbeing—

WONDERBOO

Let's be frank: we've all been hoodwinked by please-can-I-have-some-more puppy eyes at mealtimes. Enter Wonderboo, natural fresh feed made in Sweden (cod and ox are the mainstays, and there are no additives), which does the nutrition maths for you thanks to a sophisticated size guide. Once you know your dog's required daily intake, calculated by their weight and the calorie content of the various Wonderboo feed, you can play with their combos. The small, medium, and large options come in ooh-la-la packaging: bold primary colours for adults, dreamy pastels for pups. Oh, and they're embossed in gold. Your dog probably won't care about this but, damn, it looks fine. RG

wonderboo.co.uk



Prints—

DOGS BEST MAN

Truls Bakken was raised by a bearded collie. It wasn't the Mowgli and Akela situation you might be imagining, but the 29-year-old freelance photographer describes his family dog, Robin, as being like an older brother to him as he grew up in Norway. Ever since, dogs have captivated Bakken—particularly larger breeds like Irish wolfhounds. In Bakken's photography series *Dogs Best Man*, these gentle giants stand in forests, on piers, and in rain-soaked city streets, each dog conveying their own intriguing binaries. Prints are now available at Society6 (framing optional). JS

society6.com

Accessories—

OWEN & EDWIN

Life with your pup is probably pretty magical, right? (Except for those few unintentional accidents on the living room floor.) But Owen & Edwin want to make it more enchanting, more beautiful, more tailored, more classy. Their blazers help dogs look proper no matter what they do (and help you look better by association). Each one is handmade in Australia from ethically sourced leather and finished with brass fittings from New Zealand, the U.S., and the U.K. It's luxury stuff that will lift your sartorial rating wherever you roam. Just as important: AUD\$20 from every purchase goes to support Weimaraner, vizsla, setter, and pointer associations and rescues within Australia. Win win win. NS

owenandedwin.com





LAST WORD

JON RONSON

It was winter in 2013, and Jon Ronson was miserable. While researching his book *So You've Been Publicly Shamed*, the writer, journalist, and filmmaker was tapping into the saddest sort of human behaviour. His response? Take some of the horror and turn it into a short play.

In *The Dog Thrower*, actor Matthew Perry heaves dogs into the air while people watch, and judge. The whole thing is fascinating and ridiculous and uncomfortable and moving, which typifies Ronson's work. Over the years, his ever-curious brain has created books (and, subsequently, films) such as *The Psychopath Test*, *The Men Who Stare at Goats*, and *Frank*. Ronson is enquiring, empathetic, and darn funny. He's also the companion of two dogs, Josie and Floppy, whom he does not throw in the air.

Here, Ronson offers up 10 dog-related vignettes, from moments spent with his pups to dog-laced art shows, music, and films.

1.

I literally spend most evenings having long conversations with Floppy and Josie in which I play all three parts. Josie is effusive and Floppy is monosyllabic. We talk about how much they love me.

2.

Michal Rovner's eerie, beautiful night-vision films of jackals—an exhibition at the Pace Gallery in New York called *In the Company of Jackals*.

3.

Dug, the dog in *Up*. "Squirrel!" "I do ever so want the ball!"

4.

Greyfriars Bobby, the dog in Edinburgh who spent 14 years guarding the grave of his owner. Josie will do that to my grave, because she will want to, and because I'll have it in my will that she'll need to be glued there.

5.

In New York, in the Upper West Side, everyone walks their dogs and talks to each other. I tend to wear my massive noise-cancelling headphones and give off a 'don't talk to me' vibe, but if I didn't it's nice to know that people would talk to me.

6.

Not long ago I saw a woman on my street scream at her dog, "Do a shit so I can fucking go home!"

7.

When I've been away for a while, Josie is so happy to have me home that she sleeps on my shoulder in bed and licks me while she's half asleep. Floppy, less so.

8.

The dogs barking crazily at the beginning of 'Been Caught Stealing' by Jane's Addiction.

9.

'Martha My Dear'. Paul McCartney used to walk Martha in Regent's Park. It's at the boating lake in Regent's Park where the Dalmatians fall in love in *101 Dalmatians*.

10.

Josie wants me to get her ball from under the sofa so I need to go now.

INTRODUCTION BY FOUR&SONS
PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLENDERX2

TOP DOGS

FOUR&SONS

Introducing the Four&Sons directory:
our favourite dog-centric brands and stores
in one digital space.

Designed for dogs. Hand-picked by humans.

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Hindquarters
Howlpot
Link AKC
Max-Bone
MiaCara
Mr.Paw
Nice Digs
Pantofola
See Scout Sleep
Sun of Wolves
The Pet Grocer

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