



FOUR&SONS

Lou Bailly-Kermène / Benji+Moon / John Bond
Anson Cameron / Nils Ericson / Hideaki Hamada / Manu Kumar
Helen Levi / Lino / The McCartneys / Juliette Mills
Al Taylor / Tom+Captain / Cecilie Takle / Wilfrid Wood

DOGS AND CULTURE COLLIDE

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DOG-LESS-NESS

There's a certain thrill in looking from the outside in. It can give you a fresh perspective, spur your need for rebellion, or pique your curiosity. Most importantly, it allows you to shape things as you see fit. At times, my imaginary four-legged friend takes the appearance of my alter ego, a Dalmatian. Other times, it's a picture-perfect Labrador or a scrunched-up French bulldog who actually speaks French. He can also be a sleek Weimaraner, a goofy Samoyed, a pug called Charlie, or a beagle called Lemmy. The point: not having a dog allows me to claim them all.

To photographer Hideaki Hamada, being dog-less gives a certain edge. "I think it enables me to have a different point of view from the owners," he says. "I never get tired of photographing their dogs." After 26 encounters of the dog kind, his portraits of human-dog relationships around Tokyo capture a heart-felt understanding of lives lived alongside dogs. Sculptor Wilfrid Wood shapes make-believe canines into hilarious characters, mocking every human trait along the way. Illustrator John Bond draws mutts compulsively to fill the void left by the working dogs he grew up with; meanwhile, photographer Lou Bailly-Kermène turns to riding horses to get closer to the animal kingdom.

As we travel through these pages we learn about loyalty, beauty, commitment, resilience, and ancestry. We also step in dog poop. Through our dog-less-ness, we live vicariously and we hope you will too, no matter which way you look at it.

MARTA ROCA



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Wilfrid Wood.

CONTRIBUTORS

WINNIE AU—

Au is a New York–based photographer of people, food, dogs, and spaces. She recently published her first dog-portrait book, *Canine Chronicles*. Her work has appeared in *Harper’s Bazaar Japan*, *Twin*, *Modern Farmer*, *The Bark*, *Refinery 29*, and *Teen Vogue*. Au loves corgis and bassets and hopes to have an army of long dogs someday. She currently lives with her basset hound, Clementine. winniewow.com

RICK BANNISTER—

Rick Bannister is a publisher, editor, and writer. He co-published *Pallet* magazine and co-founded *Smith Journal*. Ironically, Bannister hates writing (especially bios about himself), which is why he became a qualified brewer and worked in the Australian craft-beer industry for years. He parks his ride-on lawnmower near Byron Bay.

ANDIE CUSICK—

Cusick is a writer and editor who has lived and worked in New York, London, and Berlin. She is currently the editorial director at *Freunde von Freunden* and relishes the chance to discover, interview, and propel emerging talent in the fields of art, design, travel, and food. After a recent trip to northern Italy, she met her new longed-for pup: a brown lagotto. andiecusick.com

KAREN DAY—

Day is a Brooklyn-based editor who writes about art and design while dreaming of becoming a cheesemonger. Formerly the features editor of *Cool Hunting*, she has also contributed to *Frame*, *The World’s Best Ever*, and London’s top burger blog, *Burgerac*.

IMOGEN DEWEY—

Dewey is a writer and editor who lives in Brooklyn, works in Manhattan, and spends a lot of time reading on the subway. For someone who doesn’t own a dog, she seems to spend a lot of time with them. And if she were a dog she’d be a ridgeback. imogendewey.com

TOBY FEHILY—

Fehily is a Melbourne-based freelance writer whose work has appeared in *Guardian Australia*, *The Lifted Brow*, *Smith Journal*, and on ABC Radio National. He is the former editor of *Art Guide Australia*. tobyfehily.tumblr.com

ANN MARIE GARDNER—

Hudson Valley–based Gardner is a serial dog rescuer. She’s a former *Monocle* bureau chief and founder of *Modern Farmer*, and her next publishing start-up, *Tempest*, will rebrand weather. In her spare time, you can find her trail-running in the Adirondacks with her spoiled but very fit dogs, Thurber and Ciccia. annmariegardner.com

SAMUEL JURCIC—

Jurcic is a Croatia-born, Germany-based sculptor and illustrator currently working as a designer. A pacifist and pizzafist, he’s been obsessed with dogs since he can remember. He believes in the good in people and the search for beauty, and the power of humour to keep him going.

GABRIELLE LAMONTAGNE—

Gabrielle Lamontagne is a designer and illustrator based in New York. She’s worked with clients such as The Met, RoAndCo, Anna Sheffield, and Alldayeveryday. She co-founded the Montreal-based atelier Charmant & Courtois. She’s contributed as a designer for *Talk Magazine* and *Wilder Quarterly*. gabriellelamontagne.com

SALVA LÓPEZ—

Born in Barcelona, López studied graphic design but is now devoted to photography. His work focuses on publishing, shooting for magazines like *Monocle*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The New York Times*, and *Bloomberg Business Week*. López combines commercial photography with personal projects, and has exhibited as part of Descubrimientos Photoespaña and Talent Talent.

HAYLEY MORGAN—

Morgan is a writer, an editor, a thinker, a photoshopper, and an occasional stylist currently setting up a life in Berlin, while trying hard to earn a patch of land to plonk a dog, cat, and bunny, who’ll be named Barrel, Spunky, and Gregg. Morgan is also a huge appreciator of clever wi-fi titles.

ROBERT RIEGER—

Rieger is a Berlin-based photographer specialising in portrait photography. When he’s not driving down to Italy to capture the light of Christo’s temporary *Floating Piers*, he’s responsible for the visual storytelling at *Freunde von Freunden*. Rieger dreams of one day having a dog to accompany him on long walks around Lago Maggiore. In the meantime, he loves nothing better than capturing the candid moments with creatives in Berlin. robrie.com

LUKE RYAN—

Ryan is a Melbourne-based writer, comedian, and lover of fine dog Instagrams. He is the editor of the Best Australian Comedy Writing series and author of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Chemo*. lukeayresryan.com

NADIA SACCARDO—

Saccardo is a New York–based writer, an editor, and a sometimes-producer who has a thing for underdogs. She co-published *Pallet* magazine, edited *Smith Journal*, helped start *Good Sport*, and currently moonlights at *Vice*. edatlr.com

JESSA SHIELDS—

Shields is a freelance writer based in Melbourne. Most of her writing is devoted to film, but she also writes about television, music, fashion, design, and—now—dogs. When she’s not in a cinema, Shields is at the park with her kelpie pup, Hartigan, whose name is a film reference, naturally.

LUKE STEPHENSON—

Life in Britain and the British psyche are at the core of Stephenson’s work and, to many, his photographs epitomise Britain’s eccentricity. Stephenson has published two photo books to date: a series of show birds in 2012 and, in 2014, a tome exploring the wonderful world of the 99 ice-cream. lukestephenson.com

BENN WOOD—

When he grows up, Wood wants to be a dog. In the meantime, he is a fashion, portrait, and dog-ographer living in Melbourne. Wood can be seen around the Fitzroy area on adventures with his sidekick, Cash the Wonder Dog. “What do you get when you cross a dog with a calculator?” Wood asks. A friend you can count on. bennwood.com

SPECIAL THANKS—

João Bento
Aida Camprubí
Gus Fraser
Iggy Fraser
Kate Fraser
Travis Garone
Tamzen Hayes
Petra Jungebluth
Regina Kokoszka
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Perri Ella Palmieri
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A very special thanks to all the contributors for their invaluable support and passion for dogs and culture.

GIVING BACK—

A percentage of the profits from the sale of this issue of *Four&Sons* will be donated to Save Our Scruff, Toronto.

FOUR&SONS

Editorial Director—

MARTA ROCA
marta@fourandsons.com

Creative Direction and Design—
MARTA ROCA

Editor-at-Large—
NADIA SACCARDO

Research—
JOÃO BENTO

Proofreader—
MEREDITH FORRESTER

Advertising and Partnerships—
MARTA ROCA

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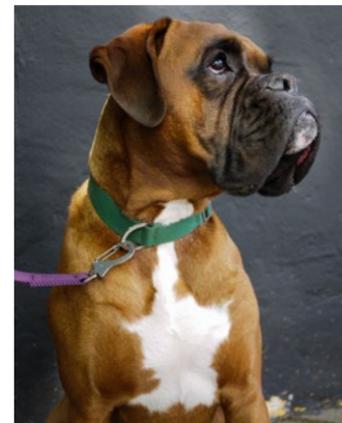
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LOVELY DOG THINGS



HINDQUARTERS.COM

FEATURE

ONE DAY CAPTURES THE CALM, IMPERFECT BEAUTY OF THE HOMES, NEIGHBOURHOODS, AND SHARED ROUTINES OF DOGS AND HUMANS.

SIDE BY SIDE

The closest match to *One Day—Life with a Dog* isn't animal photography of any kind. It's more like those stories you see about very old couples, the ones who've moved beyond romance and perfected the art of living together, listening to each other, seeing the world through each other's eyes. "I'm happy just having my dog by my side," the *One Day* website reads. "I hold his lead like I hold the hand of my lover."

One Day is simple in theory: an online magazine that "documents the daily life of people who live with dogs". But the phrasing of the understated English translation reveals something important: It's "people who live with dogs". Not "people who have dogs". Not "dog owners".

Osamu Kawata, the guy behind dog-focused lifestyle brand Free Stitch (and human to Kun-chan, a Chihuahua), started the project in 2014 as an ode to this distinction. "Through the dog's life," the site reads, "we search for how to enrich our own."

This idea is brought to life by photographer Hideaki Hamada, whose images for *One Day* show something that's not often articulated: Being a "dog person" doesn't mean owning a dog. It means mapping your world in tandem with another creature—waking up, going for a walk, designing a home. Dividing your day into meals and backrubs, and quiet moments on the couch. Planning two meals instead of one.

"We think people featured on *One Day* cherish their dog as a member of their family," says Hamada—who also shoots for magazines such as *Kinfolk* and *Frame*—but these aren't just family portraits.

In each of the 26 (and counting) stories on the site, Hamada captures the lives of dogs and humans existing side by side in and around Tokyo. His photos—interspersed with brief, quiet videos—have a distinct aesthetic. They are bleached and crisp, and the stillness and light running through them highlights the improbable beauty of ordinary spaces.

The homes and neighbourhoods featured in *One Day* are lovely, but they aren't perfect. A stack of magazines in a window, a tea towel by the sink, or a forgotten dog toy on the floor remind you that these are places where people live. And dogs, obviously. But nothing is messy or careless.

Everything is in its right place—especially the dogs, who look very comfortable exactly where they are. Mindful, even.

"There are no special rules for choosing subjects," Hamada says. "Sometimes we are friends, and sometimes we meet for the first time at the shooting. The most important thing is whether the people live happily with their dogs." This might be the defining quality of the profiles on *One Day*. Everyone, dogs and humans alike, looks incredibly happy.

The project brings together an unlikely community: chefs, CEOs, graphic designers, shop owners, artists, and more. Illustrator Mariko Hirasawa and her dog Pekka walk through the leaves in a Sugunami park. Gaze the Dalmatian pads happily beside the two kids of Horide Jun and Misa Horita (an art director and food specialist) like a third parent.

Hamada's photos create an extraordinary sense of both scale and intimacy. Many are taken from above, weaving his subjects into the subtle geometry of the city. Others are taken at foot level, dog height, where spaces that could be boring—steps, sidewalks, hills, lawns, storefronts, kitchens—aren't.

The *One Day* team, which includes editors Kohei Nishihara and Eater's Shibata Takahiro, say that Hamada is intrepid when it comes to getting the images right. "He hustles while shooting. He moves around so much. He'll climb up a wall and jump into the river for better shots."

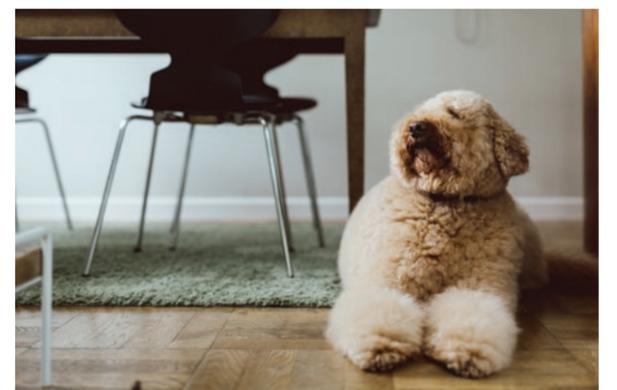
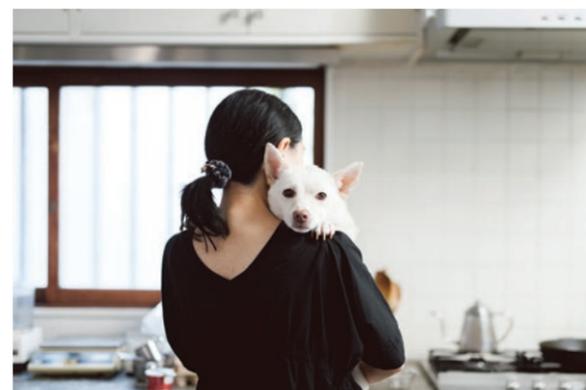
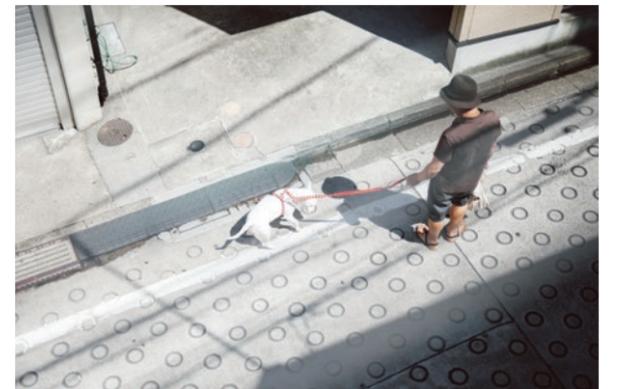
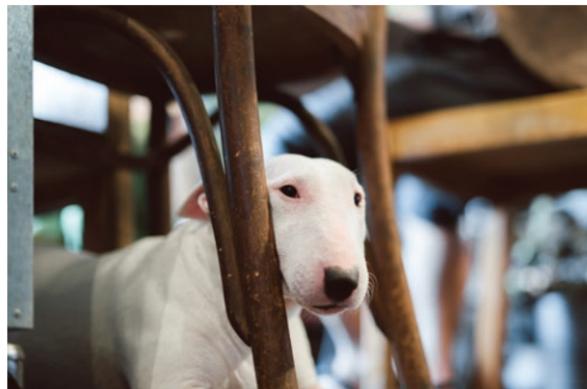
Hamada doesn't have a dog himself, if you're wondering. "I think it enables me to have a different point of view from the owners," he says. "I never get tired of photographing their dogs." This generally takes around half a day, getting to know the subjects and deciding where to shoot them, and Hamada says the distinct personality of each dog alters every shoot.

Moving from pixels to paper, *One Day* is now a book. To put it together, the team chose nine sets of photos from the site and re-interviewed the families in them—new material available only in the printed edition.

"We hope the people who read it will think about the charm and importance of a life with dogs," Hamada says. It sounds like a pretty safe bet.

WORDS BY IMOGEN DEWEY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HIDEAKI HAMADA
ONE DAY—LIFE WITH A DOG IS PRODUCED
AND PUBLISHED BY FREE STITCH









FEATURED
MAKI YANAGIDA WITH RIBBON
KOJI YOSHIDA WITH KOYUKI
NATSUKO KUWAHARA WITH KIPPLE
KIYOE YAMASAKI WITH DRILL
MASAHICO NOZAKI WITH TORO
TOMOKI SATO WITH QOMOLANGMA, HOLLYWOOD, AND STEVIE
ORIDE HAYATO, MISA, UTA, AND RIN WITH GAZE
ATSUSHI YAMAGUCHI AND MOTOKO WAKI WITH FOND





FEATURE

EVER SEEN A PUPPY PRETZEL? HOW ABOUT A POOCH PHONE?
JOHN BOND HAS SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.

EARLY ADOPTER

According to his mum, John Bond took to drawing pictures from a very early age. “Pretty much from the time I could hold a pen, so she tells me,” he says. “I clearly remember drawing a tractor when I was three years old.” The illustrator and designer grew up in the picturesque Cotswolds of south-central England, and became practised at drawing objects from his surroundings: tractors, trucks, cars, and castles. Eventually, his repertoire came to include portraits of the many pets and working dogs who lived on the family farm. As he grew older, dogs began to dominate Bond’s work. “I even wrote my dissertation about dogs in art,” he says. “My tutors thought I was a bit mad.” We chatted with Bond about making a career out of drawing funny, cheeky, bold, and poignant pictures of dogs.

WHEN YOU DRAW DOGS, WHAT ARE YOU TELLING US ABOUT THEM?

The humour, the loyalty, the pride. I like to create work that engages people on a very emotive level. There’s obviously a universally strong bond between people and dogs, so portraying them acting like humans or placing them in a rather uncompromising situation helps create a real sense of empathy towards the character. They become relatable to (most) people’s experiences with dogs and the things they do, or the way they look at you.

IT’S NOT ALL SILLY DOGS, THOUGH, RIGHT? SOME OF YOUR PIECES LATELY HAVE EXPLORED POLITICAL THEMES.

I actually try to steer clear of politics in my daily work. It would all become rather depressing! That said, the EU referendum and Trump’s election have been two of the biggest political turning points in my lifetime, so I felt compelled to air my opinion. It’s much easier for me to express myself or capture an emotion through a drawing rather than a written status update.

ANY PERSONAL FAVOURITES?

I like the simple ideas. The pieces that just happen off the cuff. No brief, no planning. Something like the ‘Bananabutt’ doodle. It doesn’t really mean anything but it was fun to do and it made people chuckle.

AT WHAT POINT DID YOU START THINKING YOU COULD MAKE A LIVING FROM ILLUSTRATING?

Art and design were always my core focus throughout school, so progressing through art college to study a degree in illustration seemed totally natural. However, I still didn’t know what I’d do at the end of it. Turns out, I’d become a gardener, a courier, and a marquee erector for a few years before finding my place.

YOU WORK ACROSS A WHOLE RANGE OF MEDIUMS. WHAT’S THE MOST CHALLENGING?

Animation and games involve so much work but the output is always so engaging. I’d love to be a better animator but it’s not a fast process and you need a lot of patience—which I don’t have! Seeing a character brought to life, even as a simple walk cycle, is hugely satisfying.

WHAT TOOLS DO YOU USE TO CREATE?

I produce work both digitally and with a variety of traditional methods. If I’m working on the computer I still like to retain that same sense of spontaneity that can come from working in a sketch-book, so I’ll try to avoid the temptation of constant editing. Don’t get me wrong: being able to make changes at the click of a button has its benefits, but this can easily zap time and the image can often feel overworked. Away from the computer, I use anything from brush pens to inks, Posca markers, fineliners, pencils, et cetera. This side of my workflow becomes more like ‘playtime’. I try to be a bit more experimental and hope for some happy mistakes. It’s good to take a break from staring at a monitor, and it’s far less distracting.

WHAT’S KEEPING YOU BUSY AT THE MOMENT?

Earlier this year, I held my debut exhibition, *Best in Show*, at Unlimited Gallery in Brighton. The positive reaction to the show has definitely spurred me on to want to exhibit more of my work in galleries or shop spaces. For now, I’m about to embark on a series of picture books, which is something I’ve always dreamed of doing. I can’t say much more about that just yet...

SAY NO MORE. ANY OTHER DREAM PROJECTS THAT YOU’D LOVE TO DO?

I’d love to produce artwork for a project that gets printed or projected onto something huge, like a building, or a bus, or those big billboards. I tend to work quite small so it would be a satisfying contrast to the norm.

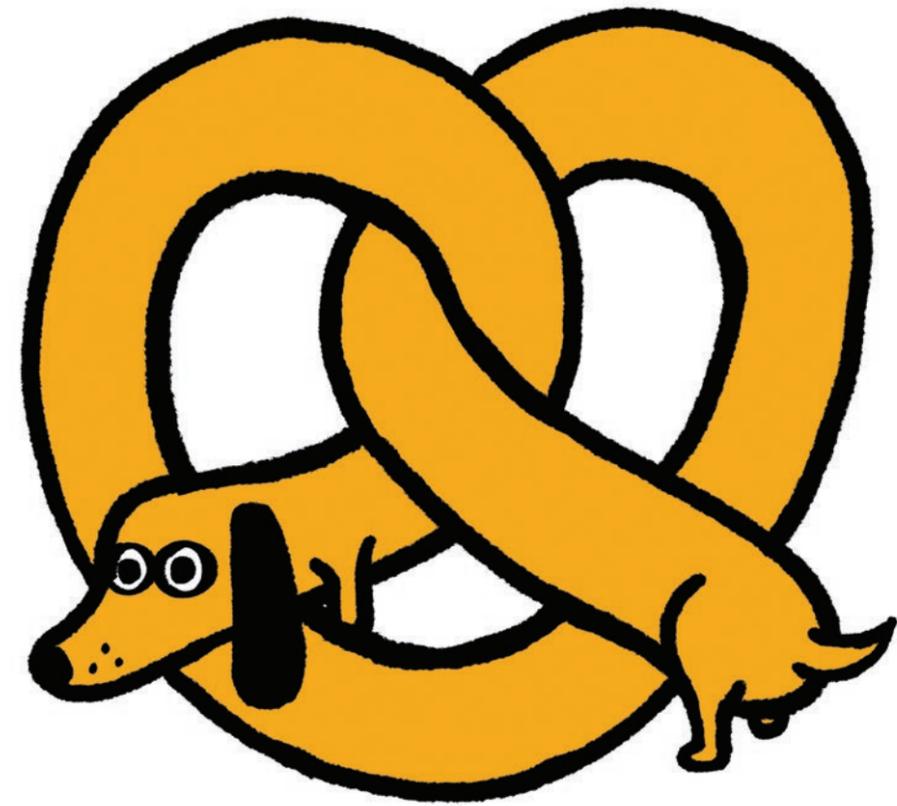
WHERE DO YOU LOOK FOR INSPIRATION?

I’d say pretty much anywhere, depending on my frame of mind. Nature, dogs, people-watching—they’re all high up on my list. I really like to observe the mundane, day-to-day things people do and try to put a witty slant on it, or take something completely out of context.

OKAY, LAST QUESTION. IF YOU WERE A DOG, WHAT BREED WOULD YOU BE, AND WHY?

I’d be a fast runner with a good appetite and medium-size, floppy ears. I’d like the character of a beagle and the stature of a Dalmatian.

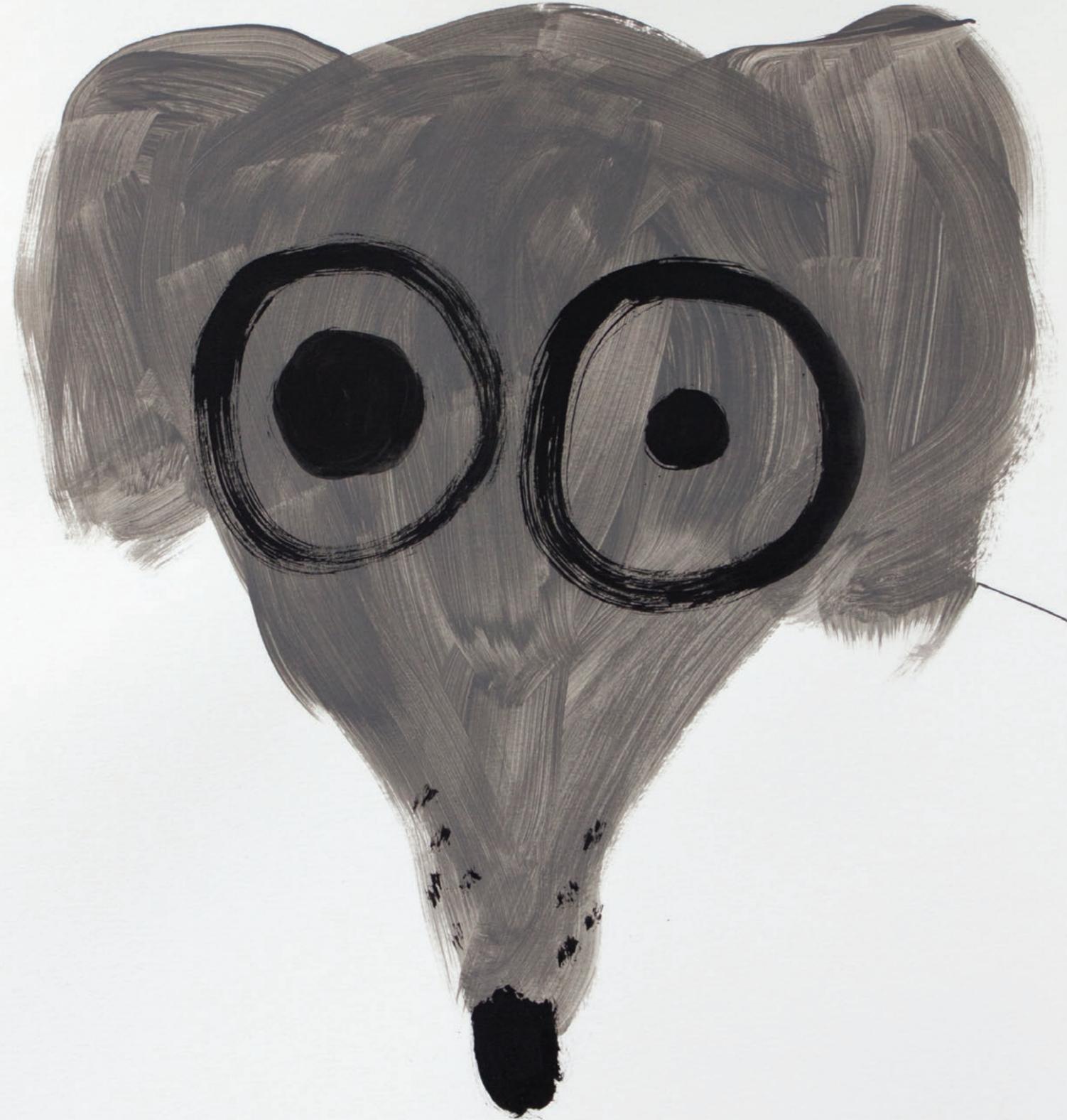
WORDS BY JESSA SHIELDS
ARTWORK BY JOHN BOND



PETZEL

JB 2016



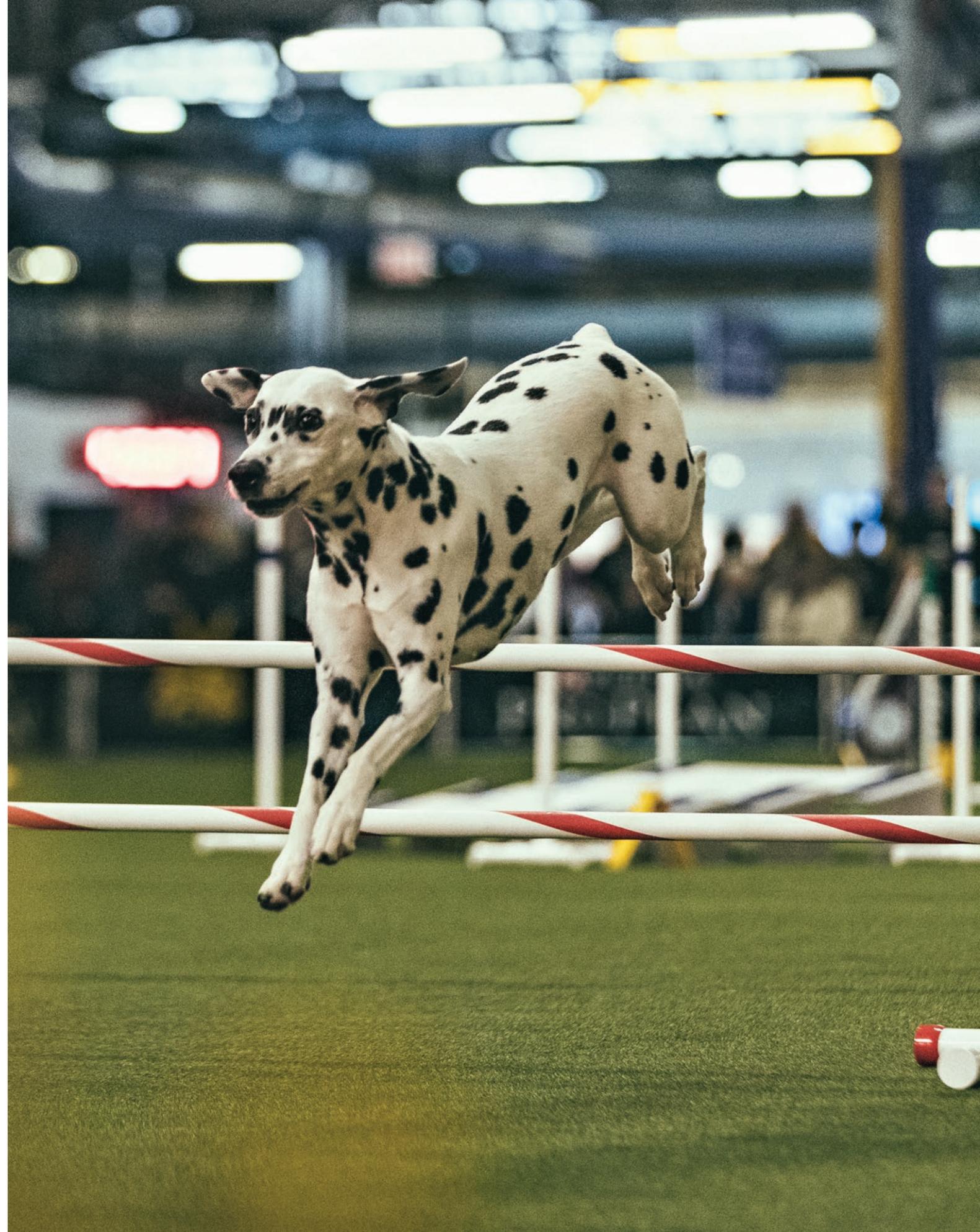


'LOOK INTO MY EYES'

H O O P S A N D L O O P S

BEFORE PHOTOGRAPHING THE WESTMINSTER DOG SHOW, I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT OWNERS AS COACHES, BUT NOW I DON'T THINK THAT'S FAR FROM THE TRUTH. IT TAKES TIME, SKILL, DEDICATION, AND A LOVE FOR THE GAME AND THE PLAYER/DOG—ALL THINGS THAT MAKE A COACH GREAT. THE DOGS ARE ATHLETES, 100 PER CENT.

BY
NILS ERICSON











ALL TOGETHER NOW CECILIE TAKLE AND ANTI

WORDS BY HAYLEY MORGAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TRULS BAKKEN

For Cecilie Takle, not much beats connecting with her community. Lucky, then, that her job at Kaibosh—a Bergen-based eyewear company with top-notch design—makes space for her to help the whole city thrive. She calls it a “Norwegian thing”, working together for the better of all, but we reckon it’s a practice akin to good people. Takle clearly loves her hometown, and her work–life has a local edge that lots of us can learn from. Hoping a bit of this low-key philanthropism would wear off on us, we sat down with Takle to talk about the work she does with art schools, where young creatives are given big chances to work on real projects; about thinking locally without thinking narrowly, and adopting positive habits from faraway cities; about who’s inspiring her to crank up the accomplishments; and about another very important thing—her pup Anti, a strong-willed Samoyed who’s rather fond of travelling by boat.





FIRST, LET'S TALK ABOUT WHAT YOU DO AND WHERE YOU LIVE.

I work for the Bergen-based eyewear company Kaibosh, which designs beautiful eyewear. The company has won several design awards, and it is an exciting place to be right now. We love working locally while maintaining an international cut and focus in everything we do. Bergen is a west-coast city surrounded by seven mountains, and the North Sea is right outside our doorstep. We are known for all the rain this brings, and for being home to UNESCO-listed Bryggen and beautiful fjords. Bergen is also the culture capital of Norway, with a strong creative scene in all fields.

COMMUNITY BUILDING IS SOMETHING CLOSE TO YOUR HEART. DID YOU FEEL NURTURED BY YOUR CITY WHEN YOU WERE GROWING UP?

In Norway it is common to do something called *dugnad*, which could be explained as a small co-operative. A few times a year the small local communities come together and clean up their local area, and make improvements. After all is done, the community sits down together for a barbecue, drinking coffee and eating buns. This is something typically Norwegian, and is strongly a part of the Norwegian spirit. Working together for the better of all is a special thing. I think this leaves a mark on most Norwegians. For me, personally, community building became extra important in my mid-20s after travelling to other parts of the world. That's when I really understood what I appreciated the most about my hometown, and what things I wished we could improve.

YOU MAKE A POINT TO WORK WITH SCHOOLS. WHY IS THIS IMPORTANT TO YOU?

Working with business, architects, and art schools is important because there is so much fresh creativity and new thinking there. It is a great way to evolve for a forward-thinking company. We have the chance to give the students real-life tasks, and let them use our space to show off their work. Working with schools benefits everyone, which makes it a perfect collaboration.

WHICH PEOPLE OR COLLECTIVES IN YOUR CITY DO YOU FEEL ARE THE MOST INTERESTING AND INSPIRING RIGHT NOW?

Bergen has really stepped up its game. We have had a boom in great music, and right now it is the most important music city in Norway. Bergen-born musicians Kygo and Aurora are doing really well internationally. Aurora is under Made Management, who have released some of the best music from Norway in recent years. They are also behind a new festival called Vill Vill Vest [Wild Wild West], which showcases new music from the western part of Norway. The festival has been extremely popular. Chef Christopher Haatuft left his job in one of New York's best restaurants to return home to Bergen and start the best restaurant in our city: Lysverket. Designer T-Michael teamed up with Alexander Helle to create some of the most beautiful rainwear you can get, called Norwegian Rain. They also work in the spirit of *dugnad* with local creatives, like the award-winning design studio Anti, and photographer Bent René Synnevåg. Renowned architect Todd Saunders has his base in Bergen, and he keeps on designing beautiful architecture from Bergen and in Bergen, including his private Villa S.

YOU ALSO LOVE TO TRAVEL. ARE THERE CERTAIN COMMUNITIES YOU'VE MET THAT YOU'VE BORROWED VALUES FROM?

Coming from Norway, I felt a huge shock when I moved to Sydney some years ago. Everyone was so much more relaxed, and they did not stress in the same way people tend to do back home. They got just as much done, but in a way I considered to be much healthier. I try to remember this, but I might need to go back soon and get a refill of the mentality. Also, on a trip to Oman I experienced hospitality unlike anything else. This is something I try to bring with me in all situations of life.

LET'S TALK DOGS NOW. HOW DID YOU MEET YOURS?

When I first met my fiancé we were out walking and talking. Our conversation got onto dogs, and what breed we would want if we were to get a dog one day. When he said he wanted a Samoyed, my heart rate instantly went up. It was the exact same breed I wanted! I was so fascinated by their personality, and their qualities. From there it went fast. We found Anti on Instagram by coincidence, and not long after we rented a car and started on the 12-hour drive to go and get her. She lived on a beautiful farm way up in the northern parts of Norway. When we got there we were greeted by five small fluffy snowballs running towards us. It was a little piece of heaven in that moment.

HOW HAS YOUR CONNECTION TO YOUR CITY, AND THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN IT, CHANGED SINCE YOU'VE BEEN HANGING OUT WITH YOUR PUP, ANTI?

I have noticed how many dogs actually live in the city centre, and how strong people's love for dogs is. Anti is a very social dog with both people and other dogs, so I definitely talk to strangers a lot more than before. The immediate closeness to nature and nearby parks is even more appreciated.

WHERE DOES THE NAME ANTI COME FROM?

Anti was a part of the first litter, so we wanted her name to start with an A. I figured it was a good idea to make it short, as it would be something we would say quite often. After a bit of googling I found the Finnish unisex name 'Anti' and it was perfect for her. Two years later it is still perfect for her, because she is a stubborn young lady who knows what she wants and does not want. Samoyeds have strong personalities.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE LOCAL ADVENTURE TO GO ON TOGETHER?

Going to my family's summer house just outside Bergen. Anti loves travelling by boat, and when we arrive she can run freely around the property. She can explore the green forest, which has lots of new smells, and the exciting water up close. Travelling is essential to me, and including Anti in more trips for the future is something we want to do. We might live in a different country for a couple of years. All I know is that there is a huge world to discover, and lots of adventures waiting for us around every corner.





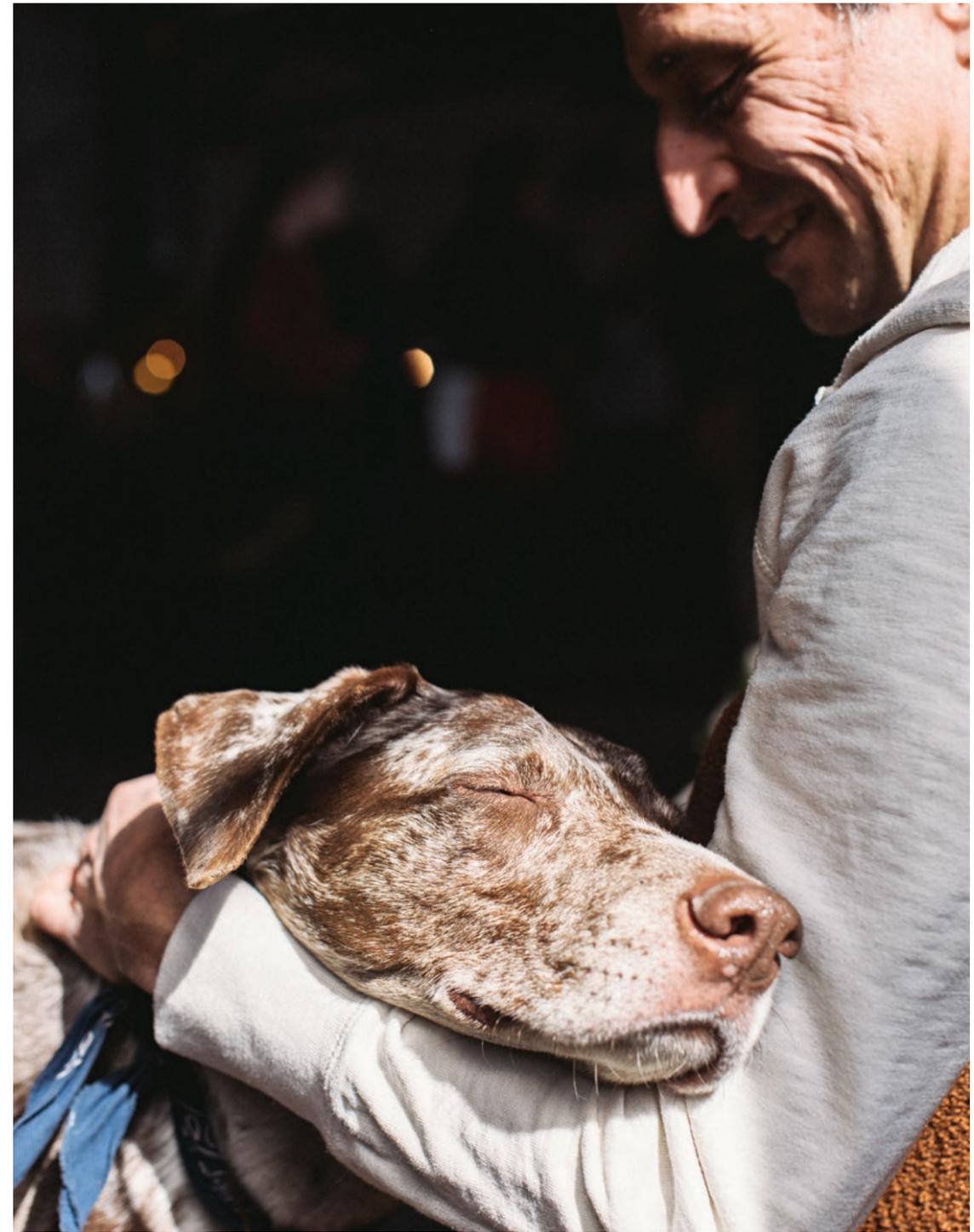
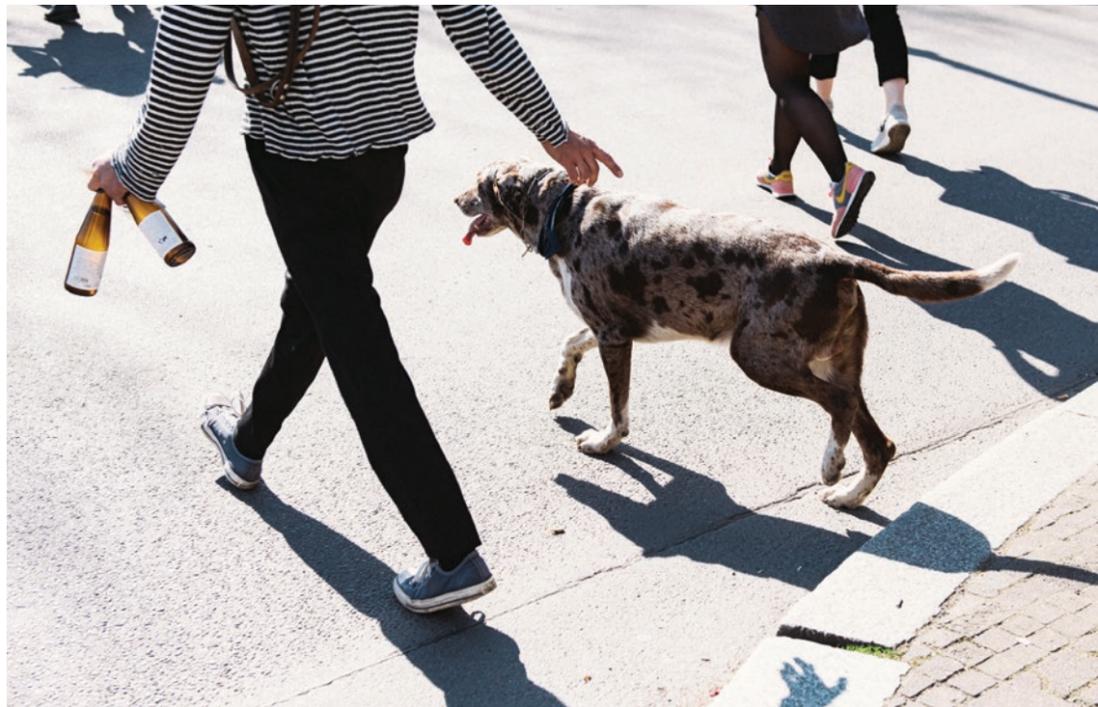
STEEPED IN CULTURE

MANU KUMAR AND ANKO

WORDS BY ANDIE CUSICK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT RIEGER

The Berlin neighbourhood of Kreuzberg is known for its start-up scene—particularly in tech. For architect and entrepreneur Manu Kumar it was the perfect place to launch a co-working space at a time when no such venture existed. This shared workspace symbiotically led to his latest creative endeavour, ManuTeeFaktur. Kumar has long brewed tea and nurtured kombucha, and he would welcome co-workers with one of his ancient tea blends as a morning ritual. Soon, neighbours were asking for cups of his carefully steeped brews, or for bottles of homemade kombucha; then the local cafés stirred. Down an alleyway close to one of Kreuzberg's most popular ramen restaurants is the ManuTeeFaktur studio. Out front in the sunshine sits Anko, the alert half German pointer, half Australian shepherd and best friend to Kumar. Together they deliver tea all over Berlin, and beyond.







YOUR FAMILY HAS AN INTERESTING HISTORY. CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT IT BRIEFLY?

My father came to Germany in the '50s from the foot of the Himalayas in India to study medicine. My mother is German but had to flee in World War II to West Germany from her home that is today a part of Russia. I was raised in the '70s in a tiny village in Bavaria where my father was the doctor of this little world next to the forest. We lived with my sister and brothers, my grandmother, and our pets.

DID YOU GROW UP SURROUNDED BY ANIMALS?

We had cats, rabbits, guinea-pigs, birds, fish, frogs, and, of course, my first dog: Carlo, a huge Rottweiler! He was my brother, best mate, and guard. When I became a teenager I swapped this free-living culture for a monastery boarding school in the Black Forest. Again, it was far out in the countryside, but I was surrounded by international students and this is where I started to find my passion for travel. I would visit my friends from all over the world. I continued to travel until I finished university (in Tokyo) and then I had to decide where to live.

WAS THAT WHEN YOU HEADED TO BERLIN?

The wall had just come down and the biggest and most thrilling playground for grown-ups was opened: Berlin. Berlin became, and still is, my big love!

HOW DID MANUTEFAKTUR COME ABOUT?

Tea was always there in my life. It definitely comes from my paternal side. I remember that I was sitting together with my father, watching the colour of a good cup of tea. But it is also important to understand that my father was a doctor. Health was always a natural part of our daily life. My mother is crazy for plants and herbs—our house looked like a jungle! And we always had exotic teas from all over the planet! I know kombucha from my mother. We always had that weird kombucha scoby in our kitchen—scary but also fascinating and super healthy!

SOUNDS LIKE A VERY ORGANIC (EXCUSE THE PUN) EVOLUTION.

The moment I decided I wanted to do special and old tea recipes and kombucha, I was far out in Asia in the middle of nowhere. Locals were producing tea for the world market, made little money, but instead of making me a cup of fresh tea they invited me to drink an American soda. It was exactly what I had travelled to get away from! I also realised that people were losing the knowledge of how to brew teas or how to make kombucha; this was the moment I realised I wanted to carry this knowledge into the now and tomorrow.

TELL US ABOUT YOUR DOG, ANKO.

Anko is my best dog! He is now eight years old but he seems to be more like four years! I got him when he was 12 weeks old. The sad thing was that we were his third family. The first was a nice family from the countryside. The mother was a vet and she had three kids and they loved the little puppies. Anko had 10 siblings and he was the last one. He was given to a young couple who had never had a dog before. They picked Anko up a week after their first child was born and after three days they gave him back. So he came back to his family, but by then all the other puppies were gone and that's when I came to pick him up. He was not happy to leave again but he came with us and he hasn't regretted it!

WHAT BREED IS HE?

Anko is a mix, just like everything in my life. He has the body and agility of a German pointer mixed with the brain, temper, and sociability of an Australian shepherd. He is very relaxed, especially if he runs enough in nature; his favourite activities are running in the forest and swimming in the lakes. He is very friendly—a kid-loving alpha.

WHERE DO YOU TAKE HIM WHEN YOU ARE IN BERLIN?

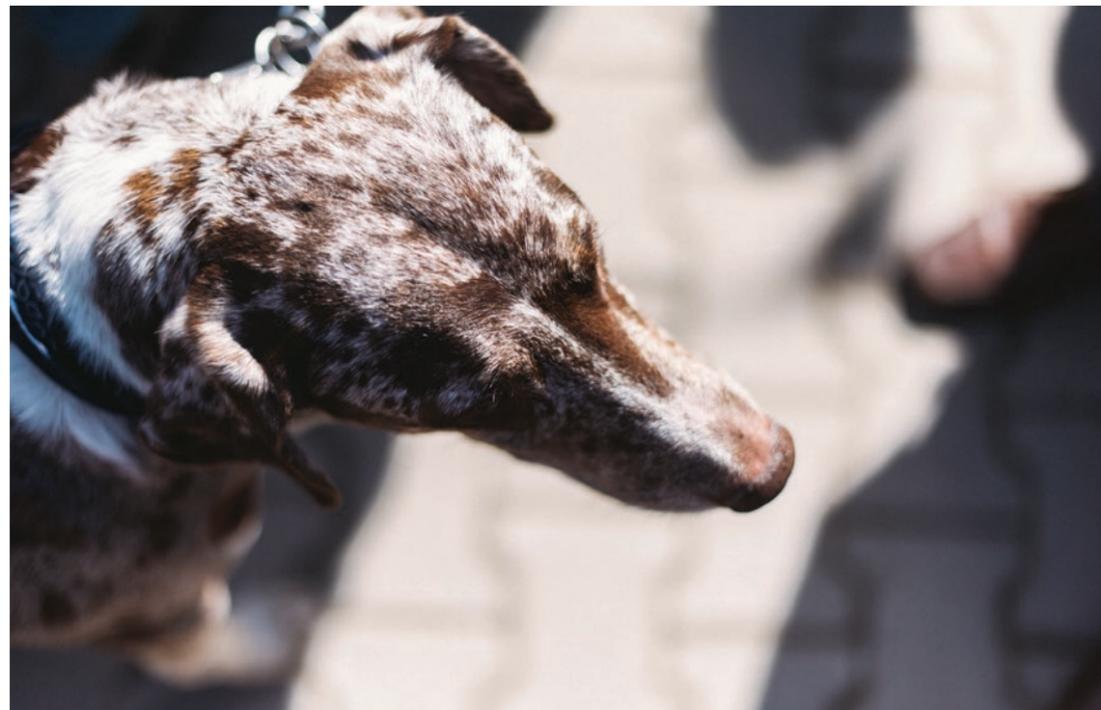
Everywhere! Anko ist ein Berliner! It is his home. Most days we take a tour between the teahouse and the car repair guys, our neighbours. That is his second home; he hangs out with the boys and there's always something happening. There is also a very famous record store above us called Hard Wax, which has customers coming all day. Most of them are young music-lovers who are very happy to play with a dog. But he also stays in the backyard if I go out for an hour without him. Neighbours tell me that he sits on the steps in front of ManuTeeFaktur and does not let anyone get close.

DO YOU FIND BERLIN A DOG-FRIENDLY CITY?

Yes, very. My partner, she is Australian, and she always says that Berliners are much nicer to dogs than to people. She is quite right about that—but just in the first moment. Later you see that Berliners can be nice to people as well! Berlin used to be a great city for dogs but, sadly, lately it has become a bit less free. In the past it was the only city in Germany where you did not have to use a leash, so I never used one, and Anko knows the traffic and the city much better than most tourists. I used to take Anko out to bars at night and he would go out and meet other dogs; it was much more about living together. Today, it becomes more about living next to each other—and I don't just mean the dogs. The freedom was and still is what makes Berlin special.

DOES ANKO JOIN YOU WHEN YOU TRAVEL FOR WORK?

Whenever I travel in Germany he is with me, but if I am going abroad my family and my friends love to take Anko, and Anko loves to go to them. They are very close to me and he has known them since he was a puppy. He even goes out to the countryside with friends from our backyard. I have the feeling that Berlin is his home just like our house was when I was a kid.





AT YOUR FEET

MOST OF THE PORTRAITS WERE TAKEN ON THE ROAD AT DOG SHOWS. WE DUG THROUGH OUR CLOSETS AND WENT TO THRIFT STORES LOOKING FOR INTERESTING SHOES. WE BROUGHT ALONG OUR SUPPLY AND, WHEN PEOPLE WOULD COME TO US FOR A PHOTO SESSION, WE'D ASK IF THEY'D PARTICIPATE IN OUR PROJECT. WE WOULD PAIR THE SHOES TO A DOG'S APPROPRIATE GENDER, BUT ALSO TRY TO FIT THEIR BREED OR BE COMPLETELY OPPOSITE FOR COMEDIC EFFECT. IN GENERAL, YOU NEED A LOT OF PATIENCE WHEN PHOTOGRAPHING DOGS. WEARING SHOES IS VERY UNNATURAL FOR THEM, SO IT'S RARE WHEN THE SESSION GOES SMOOTHLY. IT'S PRETTY COMMON TO MOVE ON TO ANOTHER IDEA—THE LAST THING WE WANT IS FOR THE DOG TO BECOME STRESSED.

STRANGE, FUNNY, AND AMUSING SUM UP THE REACTIONS WE GET FROM MOST PEOPLE. I LOVE HOW EXCITED OUR CLIENTS BECOME WHEN THEY SEE THEIR DOGS WEARING SHOES. IT'S JUST FOR FUN AND IT MAKES PEOPLE SMILE.

BY

BUTCH AND KELSY McCARTNEY









BRO DOWN

I BEGAN *BROTHERS* IN 2010 WHEN MY SONS WERE TWO AND FIVE YEARS OLD. OUR NEW ENVIRONMENT, LIVING IN A REMOTE PART OF DARTMOOR NATIONAL PARK, WAS INSPIRING FOR US ALL.

NATURE SHOWS CHILDREN THAT THERE IS ANOTHER WAY. PLAYING OUTDOORS WITH MUD, STICKS, TREES, SHELLS, AND STONES GIVES A BALANCE TO THEIR DAILY LIVES.

THERE IS AN INCREDIBLE BOND BETWEEN THE BOYS AND THE DOGS, AND IT'S GROWING STRONGER YEAR BY YEAR. THE DOGS ARE A MAJOR

PART OF OUR FAMILY. THE BOYS CURL UP WITH THEM DAILY ON THE SOFA ... AND THEY INVITE THEM INTO THEIR BEDS WHEN I'M UNAWARE. THE DOGS ALSO GIVE THE BOYS A SENSE OF DUTY.

THEY NEED TO HELP LOOK AFTER THEM, WALK THEM, AND MAKE SURE THEY'RE HAPPY.

MY SONS ARE NINE AND 12 NOW, AND THINGS ARE CHANGING, BUT I HOPE TO CONTINUE THIS PROJECT UNTIL THEY'RE GROWN MEN.

BY
JULIETTE MILLS













**D O G &
P O N Y
S H O W**

DOGS AND HORSES ARE BOUND THROUGH THE AGES.
THEY FOLLOWED MANKIND ALL ALONG.
IT'S IN THEIR EYES—THE SAME MYSTERIOUS LOOK.
THE ONE THAT I TRY TO CATCH IN THE MOST SIMPLE WAY.
I WANT YOU TO FOCUS ON THE ESSENTIAL, THE ANIMAL.

BY
LOU BAILLY-KERMÈNE









ADVENTURE

DOG WALKING WILL NEVER BE THE SAME
IF THESE TWO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

In parklands not far from the tumult of Melbourne city, river red gums stretch out their branches over a trickling creek. Close to the water's edge, the soil is cool and muddy underfoot. It smells fresh, damp from an overnight rain. All around, the bellbirds' song rings out. It makes a reverberating hum, like someone running their finger around a wine glass rim, punctuated with the occasional chime like a spoon tapping a tea-cup.

Suddenly, the peaceful scene is thrown into chaos. A leggy grey Weimaraner gallops clumsily through nearby shrubbery and straight into the water, followed quickly by a couple of Labs, a huge great Dane, some GSPs, a St. Bernard, and even a plucky dachshund, bringing up the rear. The Weimaraner's name is Captain, and he's the fearless leader of this motley crew of mutts alongside his first mate, Tom Lillecrapp, the only bipedal creature in the group.

In most cases, starting a company with a dog would be a completely irresponsible and ridiculous idea. However, for this duo, business is booming. Under the moniker Tom + Captain, their line of work is dog adventuring, not just dog walking.

"Our business is all about dog adventures," says Lillecrapp. "That means off-lead, multi-terrain jaunts in locations the owners may not have time to get to during the working week. While people are tied up at work, they know their dogs are out in a safe environment where they can just be dogs—running free, getting dirty, socialising, and having fun."

How do I get this kind of dream job, you might ask? Lillecrapp took a huge risk a few years back by quitting a corporate gig at a commercial property company. He was planning to get a Weimaraner and wanted to free up some hours in the day to devote time to an active dog. "I knew I wasn't suited to the corporate world," he says. "I remember being jealous of people who got to work outside, even when it was raining or freezing cold. Within a few months I knew I would have Captain in my life, and that meant I would be walking him a few times a day. I thought I may as well walk other people's dogs at the same time and try to earn a little extra money that way."

The idea for Tom + Captain was born, but it officially started almost four years ago with the pair's first customer, Chewbacca. "That walk certainly wasn't the same level of adventure as it is today, but people

quite quickly saw the passion and love for what we did," Lillecrapp says. After the first year, business picked up and Lillecrapp quit his additional job as a bartender to dedicate all his time to the dogs. These days, spending every day out in the fresh air with his best mate comes with its own set of challenges. "We go to some amazing locations near water and bushland," Lillecrapp explains. "However, in summer, snakes also like these areas. So, to be safe, we only go to these spots six months of the year. We've come to an agreement whereby the snakes can have them in summer, and we use them in winter."

"Taking dogs on adventures also means you have to be prepared to get muddy or dirty, if necessary," he continues. "There have been a few occasions when I've had to jump into the river to assist a dog. Sometimes they'll jump in for a swim but get stressed when they can't get out, so jumping in the freezing water is all part of the job."

The company has now grown to consist of 10 human adventurers—almost all with their own dogs. Big ideas are in the works, too: Lillecrapp is ready to take the adventure indoors by opening a Tom + Captain Adventure Supply Store in Melbourne. "Lately, I've been spending a lot of my time researching and testing out products for the store," he says. "This time, we wanted to include humans in what we offer because they are such a huge part of a dog's life."

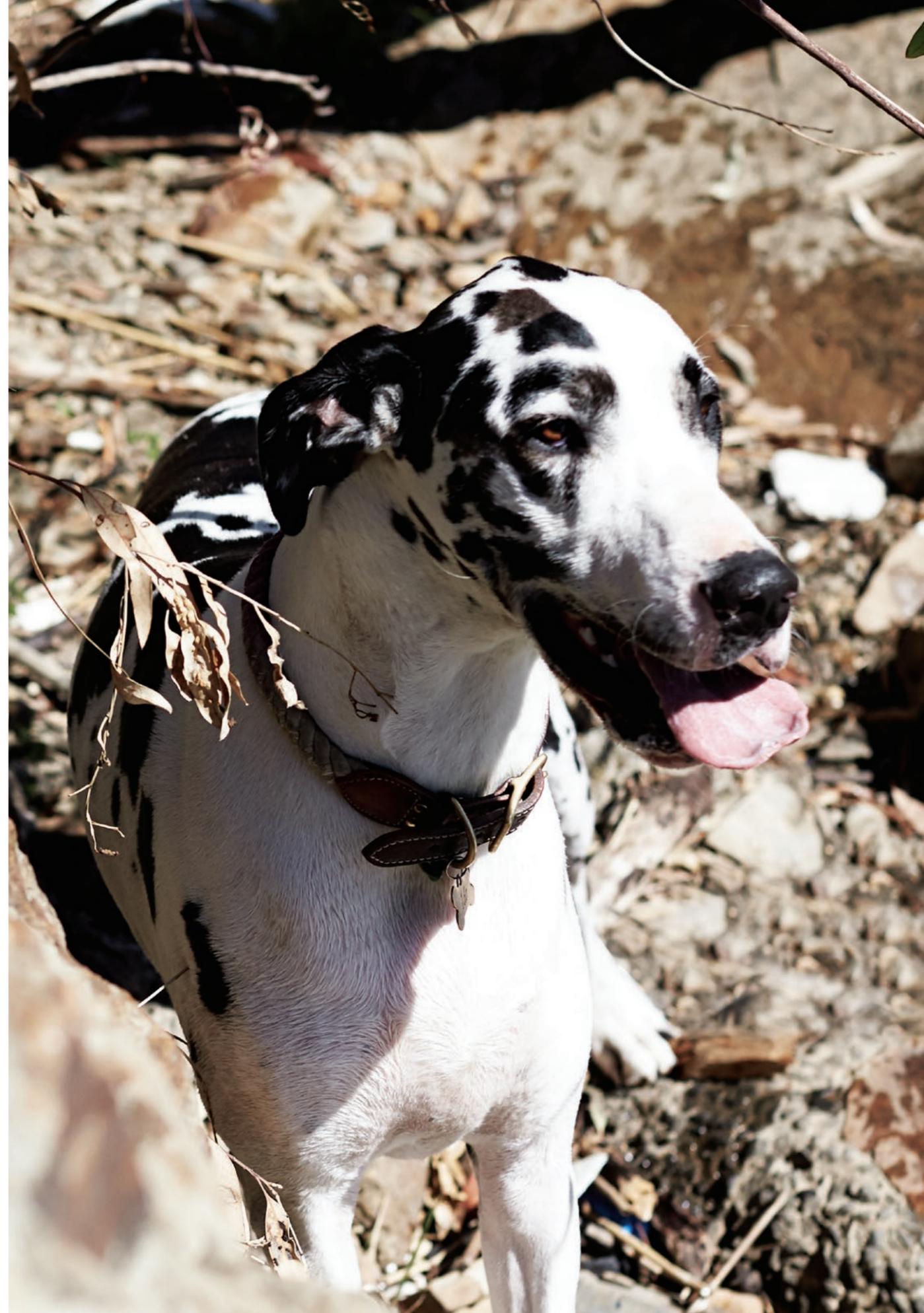
One scroll through the Tom + Captain Instagram and the powerful bond between Lillecrapp and his bud is clear. Naturally, there are lots of great photos out and about with adventure groups. But the personal moments—Lillecrapp cradling Captain in his arms like a big baby, Captain riding shotgun in the van and wearing one of Lillecrapp's jackets, the two of them striking silly poses on the couch at home—are the kind that any dog owner who's absolutely head-over-heels with their own pooch can relate to.

"Captain has a great deal of presence about him," says Lillecrapp. "He constantly looks for reassurance and direction from me and reacts to the mood around him. He leads a pretty awesome life, being able to adventure with his mates every day, but I'm lucky to be out with him too. We really love what we do. Captain has had such a major impact on my life. I honestly couldn't imagine going to work without him."



WORDS BY JESSA SHIELDS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BENN WOOD









PROFILE

LOCAL AND PROUD: THIS SOUTH AFRICAN LABEL IS A MIXED BREED OF PETS, PRODUCTS, PEOPLE, AND PHILANTHROPY.

BY DESIGN BENJI+MOON

Let's not mince words. The problem with a lot of pet products is that they're straight-up ugly. Of all the things in your home, they're also the most constantly in view: leads by the door, food and water bowls by the sink, toys... everywhere. At Benji+Moon in South Africa, Karen Carr and Hanneke Schutte draw on the skill and style of local makers to produce dog gear you're happy to leave around the house.

"We know we could import everything from China and make double the profit, but it's important to us to find local craftspeople and to start a partnership," says Schutte. "There's a story behind almost every product and they're made with love."

These partnerships often become friendships. Take Edson Mahlangu, a Zimbabwean potter who works part-time at a local ceramics school. Mahlangu wants to open his own studio, and Carr and Schutte want to help him. His ceramic bowls—from the earthenware dishes glazed in simple monochrome shades to the uniquely shaped, paint-splattered "long-ear" dog bowls—are some of Benji+Moon's most popular items. And the photos of Mahlangu with his sleeves rolled up, arms covered in clay, remind you that everything is made by real people, by hand.

Benji+Moon's more imposing concrete pet bowls are co-made with Laura Jamieson of Solid Concrete, a design studio in Plettenberg Bay. Their beautiful fabric pet beds are designed in collaboration with Jennifer Bradley, "owner, designer, printer, driver, and IT guy" of Johannesburg's Damn Good Looking Textiles. The list goes on.

Though Carr and Schutte collaborate with many different artisans, there's a clear through-line to all their products: minimal, clean, and organic. It's partly an environmental choice. Everything is made to last for a while, from the vegetable-tanned leather on the popular leads and collars to the stuffing in the dog beds that's made from recycled plastic. But it's also clearly driven by design. The soft greys, creams,

and neutral tans are a conscious, quiet step away from the "brash colours" of standard pet goods.

Benji+Moon is riding a wave of change in attitude to dogs more generally, not just their accessories. South Africa's history with dogs, like a lot of its history, isn't straightforward. Traditionally, dogs have played a functional (and sometimes problematically status-driven) role as guard dogs for homes and livestock—not as companions. Schutte says this is changing, but slowly, and largely in affluent areas like Capetown "where people are absolutely besotted with their dogs".

While Benji+Moon is "for people who love their pets to the moon and back", it's not just for dogs who are in loving homes already. Carr and Schutte donate five per cent of all their profits to CLAW (Community Led Animal Welfare), a local NGO. "They provide desperately needed veterinary services to impoverished communities where conventional vet care is often unavailable," Schutte explains. The organisation also manages animal care education in the poorest areas of the Johannesburg township and, as part of this, Benji+Moon has created a picture book to teach kids about dog rescue. The team also run Date-a-Dog Day, which is exactly what it sounds like: a regular event that aims to find homes for CLAW foundlings.

Carr and Schutte's own dogs—seven of them—are mostly rescues. Two of Schutte's three cocker spaniels come from Spaniel Rescue South Africa, and Maggie, Carr's three-legged pit bull, is recovering from life as a bait dog in a dog-fighting ring. "She's been through months of rehabilitation," Schutte says. "She's the most gentle and loving dog you've ever met."

Carr and Schutte's dogs have the final say on all the Benji+Moon goods, which are put to the test on daily walks in Johannesburg's Emmarentia and Delta parks. "It's by far the best part of our day," Schutte says. "If they don't like it, we don't go beyond prototype."

WORDS BY IMOGEN DEWEY
ALL IMAGES COURTESY OF BENJI+MOON







PROFILE

STEP INTO LINO.
A BOOKSTORE FOR PEOPLE, INSPIRED BY DOGS.

SHOP DOG LINO AT CASA BONAY

Blackie Books is an independent publisher that would slide perfectly into a Wes Anderson universe.

Its bookstore, Lino, is inside a concierge booth in the foyer of a Barcelona hotel. Its in-house books are designed down to the tiniest detail, from the words on the pages to the ribbon that wraps each order. Its stocked tomes mix new releases with rare finds collected on travels around Europe. Its editor-in-chief is a puppy.

Yes. The editor-in-chief of Blackie Books is a puppy.

Jan Martí might be the founder, owner, and director of both Blackie Books and Lino, but his publishing company has two top dogs: Blackie (RIP), a cocker and teckel mix, and Lino, an energetic poodle.

Martí started the publishing house in 2009—the name inspired by his girlfriend’s endearing “half-blind, half-deaf, stinky” dog. “To go down the stairs, Blackie used to close her eyes and think, Let’s hope for the best, and she would send herself rolling down,” Martí explains. “Our collection is very eclectic: fiction, essays, classic literature, kids’ books, humour, memoirs... What they all have in common is the same thing that made Blackie plunge down the stairs: attitude. It’s a way to actively position yourself in life.” Werner Herzog, Pippi Longstocking, James Rhodes, Babar, Richard Brautigan... Blackie’s list of authors is brassy and bold. “Nobody can deny their attitude,” says Martí.

Blackie is immortalised in the publishing house’s logo, hand-drawn by Martí. Lino remains as editor-in-chief. How does a poodle get such a coveted position? “We got fond of taking pictures of Lino with every new book we publish, and started to say he was the editor-in-chief,” Martí explains. The label stuck and Lino went viral. During Sant Jordi’s Day—Catalonia’s annual celebration of books—people flock to take pictures with him. Recently, on an early morning stroll, Lino was stopped in the street “like a celebrity!”, Martí exclaims. “The funniest thing is that people spoke to him, not me. I was just his companion.”

Lino’s namesake bookstore might be small, but its footprint—or perhaps more accurately, paw print—is large for many reasons. It’s tucked inside Casa Bonay, a restored and remodelled hotel in Barcelona’s Eixample district. Designed in 1869, the neoclassical

apartment was painstakingly devised by a master builder for the Bonay family, who still own the property today. A recent restoration pooled the talents of Barcelona native Inés Miró-Sans (formerly of Ace Hotel), Brooklyn-based Studio Tack, Catalan baristas Satan’s Coffee Corner, textile house baTabasTa, local woodworker Marc Morrow, and signmakers Max Rippon and Ausias Perez, among others. A grand marble staircase, a humble herb garden, 67 bright rooms, and two casual/cool food spaces make Casa Bonay a place where locals and travellers connect.

Like the hotel, each part of Lino has been highly considered. “To open a bookstore in this tiny space is a beautiful idea, but also a challenge,” explains Aïda Camprubí, Lino’s shopkeeper. “We built shelves in the wall of the booth; we chose a small cash register; and we brought the absolute minimum material needed to manage the store. We also added two kiosks, where we expose most of the books, and timber furniture on wheels that we can move around the hall of the hotel.”

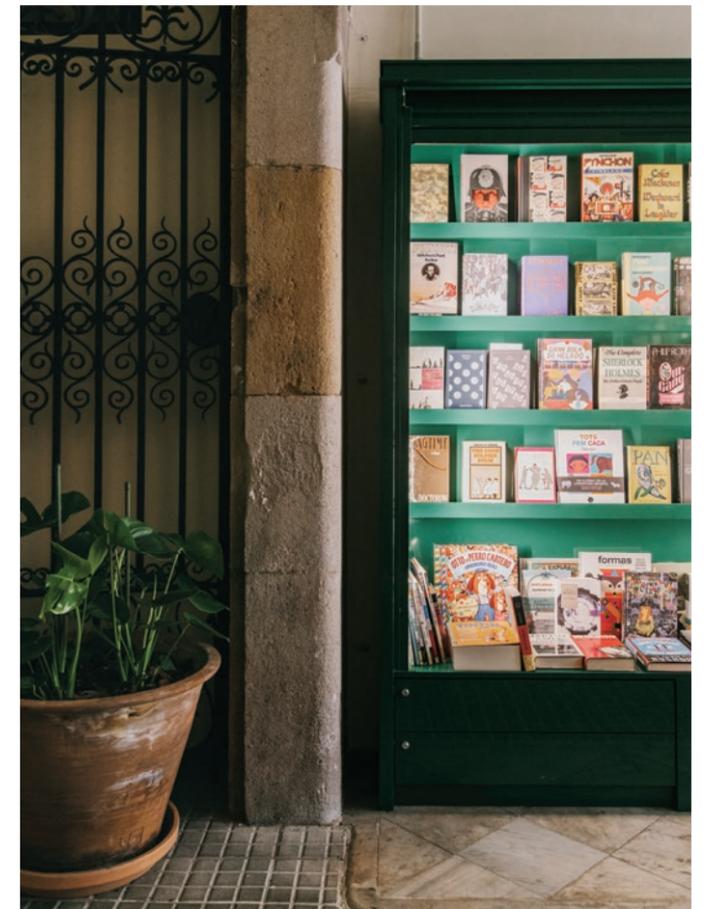
Limited space means Lino only stock books they love. “There’s fiction, essays, stories, compilations, comics, and poetry that we can recommend wholeheartedly, and that we would fill our personal library with,” Camprubí says. “Aside from the latest releases, and the whole Blackie Books collection, we sell first editions and rarities with much history.”

An anthology by Spanish poet and children’s author Gloria Fuertes, a giant reprint of Babar, an old edition of *Ariel* by Sylvia Plath, and a copy of cult novel *Groupie* by Jenny Fabian and Johnny Byrne are some of the current gems. Titles shift each week, and are stocked in multiple tongues: Catalan, Spanish, English, and French.

Each day, a mix of hotel visitors, locals, and passers-by perch at lobby tables, reading quietly. This, to the Lino and Blackie Books team, is just how it should be. “I especially love when people from the neighbourhood visit, because it creates a special vibe and we have become friends with many of them,” says Camprubí. Calm, joyful, and considered—Lino is a special place for people, inspired by dogs. “Blackie’s passion to live forever is exactly what we want for our books and shop,” Martí adds. “We want the content and experience to be immortal.”

WORDS BY NADIA SACCARDO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SALVA LÓPEZ









TORONTO

MOST MAJOR CITIES HAVE A CERTAIN KIND OF STEREOTYPE: IT MIGHT BE THE PEOPLE, THE ATTITUDE, THE CLOTHING, OR THE WEATHER. NOT TORONTO. THIS POLY CULTURAL PLACE DOESN'T SCREAM ONE THING. NICHE PURSUITS ARE PLENTIFUL, AND THE CITY ITSELF IS HUGE. GRID-LIKE AND FLAT, IT SITS ON THE WEST SIDE OF LAKE ONTARIO AND THIS NATURAL BEAUTY EXTENDS TO PARKS, WOODLANDS, AND RAVINES. FREEZING WINTERS AND SCORCHING SUMMERS MIGHT KEEP THE PLACE ON LOCK, BUT FROM APRIL TO AUGUST, WHEN THE SUN IS OUT, THE PATIOS COME ALIVE WITH LOCALS AND THEIR DOGS.

WORDS BY NADIA SACCARDO. GUIDE BY ALLAN GLANFIELD
MAP BY GABRIELLE LAMONTAGNE

CAFE NOVO

Smack bang across from High Park with a patio area to boot. Sit down, order coffee, and watch people and their pooches stroll by. cafenovo.ca

FANCY FRANKS

Inspired by the historic Coney Island 'dawg', Franks take a classic and top it with kimchi, or squeaky curds, or two fried eggs and bacon. They also make 10+ versions of poutine. Leave your belt at home. fancyfranks.com

JIMMY'S COFFEE

The patio water bowl and container of treats suggest a dog-friendly vibe and—while this local chain can't welcome pets inside—they do everything possible to make dogs feel at home. The coffee's real good, too. jimmyscoffee.ca

THOR ESPRESSO BAR

A small, indie, Dane-influenced place that combines punchy espresso with warm *hygge*—a cosy, chilled, and relaxed environment. It's a stone's throw from a dog park, too. thorespressobar.com

LOOK/PLAY

GET LEASHED EVENTS

Downward dog with your dachshund? Wine tours with your Weimaraner? Beach parties, supper clubs, brewery nights, whisky tastings... Get Leashed runs a bunch of fun, friendly events where humans are welcome, with dog. getleashedmag.com/events

PURINA PAWSWAY

A pet-theme park of sorts that offers training and agility, plus a range of events. There's even a Hall of Fame, which pays homage to Canada's animal heroes. Everything here is pet-friendly, including the in-centre Williams Café. pawsway.ca

SLEEP

FAIRMONT ROYAL YORK

This historic joint is packed with amenities (pool, health club, restaurants, a library bar) and welcomes pets both in-rooms and throughout the building. fairmont.com/royal-york-toronto

THE HAZELTON HOTEL

A luxury hotel in upmarket Yorkville. For a fee, the staff will set out a comfy bed, dishes, treats, and poop bags. You get all this stuff too, minus the bags. Dog-walking maps are also part of the package, and ample parks are an easy stroll away. thehazeltontel.com

SPAS

SPA BOUTIQUE

A day spa for dogs with dedicated spaces for bathing, grooming, and drying. Locally made raw food and a doggy daycare are also offered, as is a pick-up and drop-off service. Your move, fancy pants. spawboutique.com

SIT STAY DOG EMPORIUM

Not many Toronto cafés are dog-friendly, but this place makes up for it. In-house grooming, naturopathy, holistic consultants, and salon services (paw-di-cure) are all on hand—for your dog. For you, there is coffee. sitstaydogemporium.com

READ

TYPE BOOKS

The best bookshops are also community hubs, and this spot near Bellwoods Park is just that. It has mags. It has poetry. It has kids' books. It has fiction (duh). It also has a heap of events and a curated window that rotates each month, celebrating everything from gardening tomes to indie authors. typebooks.ca

WALK

BRICK WORKS

Nestled in a wooded valley, this former brick factory has been repurposed into a farmers market, food spots, and an outdoorsy destination for events and summertime fun. Trails, a ravine, and a lake are all close by. [550 Bayview Avenue](http://550BayviewAvenue)

CHERRY BEACH

Toronto looks out onto the massive Lake Ontario, which means boardwalks, waterfront trails, and swim spots abound. Cherry Beach probably won't top any 'best beach' lists, but as a dog-friendly place where humans can catch some sun, this is the one. [1 Cherry Street](http://1CherryStreet)

HIGH PARK

Wood areas. Rock formations. This giant park is packed with wilds, including a huge forested trail system where dogs can roam off-lead. Thanks to a large perimeter fence, this might be one of the world's most elaborate (if unofficial) dog parks. highparktoronto.com

TRINITY BELLWOODS PARK

The ravine known as "the dog bowl" is a favourite off-lead spot in this sizeable park where, when the weather warms up, a sea of picnic blankets, people, and animals cover the grassy areas to partake in a popular Sunday tradition: chilling. [790 Queen Street West](http://790QueenStreetWest)

RESCUE

SAVE OUR SCRUFF

A non-profit devoted to rescuing and re-housing dogs all over Toronto. Finding 'forever homes' is the end goal here, and SOS works hard to match human lifestyles with each animal. saveourscruff.org

TORONTO HUMANE SOCIETY

Since 1887 THS has worked to develop a "humane spirit in all affairs of life". These days, this means providing pet adoption services, taking in strays, operating spay and vaccination services, and running dog-training classes. torontohumanesociety.com

SHOP

LOYAL CANINE CO.

Allan Glanfield couldn't find the right product to help his bulldog Frankie's sensitive schnoz, so he created his own healing balms and grooming products to keep dogs comfy—and humans who appreciate handsome products happy. loyalcanineco.com

OLD FAITHFUL SHOP

An expertly sourced selection of local and international bits, from Chemex coffee makers and Faribault blankets to "Mississippi Medicine Cologne" and beaut books and mags. Old Faithful has long championed indie makers and classic companies. The sort of store every great city should have. oldfaithfulshop.com

THAT DOG NEXT DOOR

A smart selection of Canadian and North American food, grooming, and wellness products. Unlike a lot of pet stores, TDND is not one bit chaotic. It's calm, curated, and totally together—just like your dog, right? thatdognextdoor.com

TUCK SHOP TRADING CO.

This human shop balances Canadian cabin vibes with city polish in its selection of soft, wearable things (hooded capes, cashmere scarves) and utilitarian outerwear and accessories (coats 'n' totes). They also stock a winning line of Canadian Football League beanies. Score. tuckshopco.com

UNLEASHED IN THE CITY

A clever biz that takes adventurous pups into nature, and cares for less-adventurous types at a city daycare spot. Also outfitted with a tuck-shop that's packed with treats and swag. unleashedinthecity.com

TREATS

TOM & SAWYER

When her Yorkie started to get sick from kibble, Kristin Matthews spoke to vets, pet nutritionists, and food scientists to find an alternative. Now, her Toronto-based biz works with chefs to create fresh, nutritionally balanced meals that dogs want to eat. They deliver all over Canada, too. tomandsawyer.com

WHOLE SOME CANINE

A grocery-type store for dogs that mixes products with raw food and treats like 'Hound Pops'—cold and meaty ice blocks with edible sticks. Mmm. Nutrition and behaviour consultants are also on hand to provide advice. wholesomecanine.ca

FOOD/DRINK

BAR WELLINGTON

It first opened in 1891, but the 'Welly' has moved with the times. When the sun hits Toronto and patio season is in full swing, the local pub welcomes two- and four-legged beings on its deck. Shout out to the \$5 mimosa Saturdays! Oof. barwellington.ca



SPAIN

Recently, the Spanish authorities have been waging a fierce war against the country's faecal forces. Last year, the capital, Madrid, announced a "shock plan" to fine people €1,500 if they don't clean up after their dogs—or commit them to spend three days cleaning the streets so they can come face to face with the turd tsunami themselves. Not to be outdone, the city of Tarragona announced it was instituting DNA technology to track down the canine culprits CSI-style, while in 2013 the town of Brunete employed undercover agents to catch people in the act and then deposit the shit back into their letterboxes with a label that read 'Lost Property'. According to the mayor, the tactic reduced the problem by 70 per cent.

PARIS

"*Je t'aime*" you will certainly not be saying as your shoe slides through yet another of the steaming loads littering the City of Love. Talk to anyone who has spent time in the French capital and the conversation will be about 1) the Eiffel Tower and 2) the truly astounding amounts of *merde de chien*. A 2015 survey found that the French were the least likely of all dog owners to pick up after their pets, apparently because they assumed the municipal street cleaners would pick up after them instead. Having spent some time in France, I can say that this attitude towards the idea of good citizenship is about as French as croissants. A few years back, the mayor of Paris attempted to institute a €3,000 fine for people who left behind their beloved pet's mess, but this has never been enforced. Meanwhile, literally hundreds of people every year are hospitalised from dog poo-related falls. What a magical place.

ENGLAND

As a whole, the English are pretty good with dog poo, inasmuch as a terminal need to avoid a fuss means they'd gladly take a turd in their hands if required. Of course, there will always be outliers, which is why, in 2013, Bristol's city council erected a gigantic billboard featuring a toddler whose face and hands had been smeared with what I dearly hope was chocolate along with the tagline: "Children will put anything in their mouths." Jesus. Then you have the London borough of Barking, which was the first place in Britain to use DNA testing to track down poo

DISPATCH

THE GLOBAL BATTLE AGAINST DOG SHIT

AS JERRY SEINFELD ONCE OBSERVED: "DOGS ARE THE LEADERS OF THE PLANET. IF YOU SEE TWO LIFE FORMS, ONE OF THEM'S MAKING A POOP, THE OTHER ONE'S CARRYING IT FOR HIM, WHO WOULD YOU ASSUME IS IN CHARGE?" BUT THIS PRESUPPOSES THAT HUMANS ARE ACTUALLY PICKING UP THE POOP IN THE FIRST PLACE, AND IN MANY CORNERS OF THE WORLD THIS MOST BASIC ACT OF CANINE COURTESY IS THE SUBJECT OF AN EVER-INCREASING ARMS RACE.

WORDS BY LUKE RYAN
ARTWORK BY SAMUEL JURCIC

offenders. The punishment: £80. And if worse comes to worst, perhaps you can call on 'The Turdinator', a vigilante and father-of-four from Suffolk who hides in bushes and secretly films dog owners in the act. He has stated that he is willing to go to jail for his beliefs.

NEW YORK

New York is a big place filled to the brim with unnecessarily big dogs—600,000 of them, to be precise. The result: an estimated 100,000 tonnes of dog shit to deal with each and every year. (Be the hit of your next dinner party with this fun fact: dogs produce twice the faecal matter of your average human. Yum.) Beyond costing US\$10 million a year for the city to deal with it, dog poo also releases huge amounts of methane into the atmosphere. Enter 'Sparky Power', a plan to install digesters in the city's parks that would harness the methane released by all this crap and use it to power streetlights and the like. The project is still in the proposal stage, but if a similar failed effort in Arizona is anything to go by—entitled, I shit you not, 'Energy Transformation Using Reactive Digestion' aka 'E-TURD'—the primary impediment to success is once again the willingness of humans to actually pick up the prospective biofuel in the first place.

SOUTH KOREA

For a highly strung, regimented people, Koreans are super chill about defecation. In keeping with their unisex, partly exposed public bathrooms, poop-themed cafés, and occasional shit-based cuisine—the now-defunct Jeju Island Shit Pig was made from a family of pork-producing pigs fed on human waste—they're also pretty *laissez-faire* about the question of picking up after their pets. But there's a method to this seeming madness: Korean culture has long placed an importance on the waste cycle in agriculture. No faeces, no food. Witness the award-winning 2004 animated movie *Doggy Poo*, in which a piece of dog shit with a face has an existential crisis for 25 minutes before realising that it can find purpose in helping a flower to grow. And that, Your Honour, is why I did not pick up my dog's crap.

TRAVEL

ROLLING HILLS, DEEP LAKES, DOG-FRIENDLY CAFÉS—
ZURICH IS A DOG'S PARADISE. UNLESS YOUR MUTT IS AN AMERICAN-BORN
GREAT PYRENEES WITH REDNECK TENDENCIES.

OLD DOGS. NEW TRICKS.

“Thurber, we’re moving to Switzerland,” I told my droopy-eyed, 100-pound Great Pyrenees. After losing two of three dogs in six months, Thurber and I were adrift. We had lost our pack and spent the winter curled up on the sofa watching too much TV. It was time to change the channel. Switzerland would be a fresh start. The Dolomites are a three-hour drive away, the Swiss love dogs, I love nature, and it’s close to everywhere and everyone in Europe.

Plans were coming together pretty well; a friend introduced me via email to a popular dog-walking service in Zurich. I travelled there to look for apartments and set up work. Dogs were everywhere: on the trams, in cafés, swimming in Lake Zurich. On the green, sun-dappled hillside of Zurichberg, the dogs were happy and well-behaved, but the more I walked around the city and saw the polite, quiet, and downright orderly dogs of Zurich, the more I began to panic. Zurich was Pleasantville for dogs.

Reality check: In Zurich, owners of large dogs must take compulsory training. Twenty hours of lessons to “promote a peaceful coexistence between man, dog, and society, and a harmonious human–dog relationship”. I would be required to do this once Thurber and I arrived, and then I would have to carry my card, like a drivers licence, to prove we were trained. I understand how rule-oriented the Swiss are, but when I saw their perfect dogs, I knew that—just like some people clean their homes before the cleaner arrives—I would have to train my dog for the training. Thurber’s redneck tendencies would have us kicked out of Switzerland in a matter of weeks, if not days.

When I returned to the States, I downloaded the forms: the *Heimtierpässe* (pet passport), the Federal Food Safety and Veterinary Office forms, and the health certificate documentation for the transit papers. Thurber would be fitted with a microchip to show proof of relevant vaccines. Within 10 days of arriving, a local vet would approve his health and issue his pet passport so we could travel freely around Europe.

Determined to train Thurber to Swiss standards, I called Larie Pidgeon, a local dog trainer with impressive credentials. She had met my dogs and was not impressed with my laissez-faire approach to training. My dogs had always run as they pleased, through the dog door in my kitchen and out to three grassy acres to roll, chase squirrels, and chew deer bones to their heart’s delight. This was only ever a problem when I took Thurber to nearby Hudson. If he saw a dog walking on the pavement—and we were in the car—he would throw himself against the window, barking maniacally. When I walked him on a lead, he’d violently lunge at every dog we’d pass. I learned to criss-cross the road to avoid other dogs.

Our training session started at Olana State Park. As if on cue, a dog came around the corner as soon as we started walking. Thurber lunged and barked while Larie quickly clipped his lead around her waist, grounded herself, and pulled his collar high around his larynx. He dropped the aggression immediately (probably because he couldn’t breathe enough to bark) and sat down. “He’s very protective and he’s not socialised,” she said after the other dog had passed. “I would classify him as aggressive with other dogs.”

“Is it even possible to train him?” I asked out of frustration. “Should I not move to Zurich?” “You can move to Switzerland,” she said. “He is absolutely rehabilitatable. A dog adapts to its environment. It’s the human you have to train. The real question is, can the human put enough work into getting him ready to move to Switzerland?” Boom. She didn’t stop there. “Thurber doesn’t respect you. You allow him to do whatever he wants, no consequences.” Her words hit me like a brick, albeit an illuminating one. I never believed I was capable of training my dogs. But if it’s about putting in the time and not reflective of some deep character flaw... I could do that. A light bulb of hope and possibility switched on in my head. She kept walking and showing me. “We have to desensitise him from that behaviour. In Switzerland, he should walk this close to you. It’s about connection. Silent communication. Touch. Don’t look at them. Don’t talk to them. You have to be their grounding fork.”

By the time a third dog passed, Thurber didn’t react. It was astonishing. Larie explained, “The more we do this, the more he feels that my human has this. See, he’s not pulling anymore.” We arrived at the car park and a final, giant bulldog. Thurber could have cared less. He was ready to get in the car.

In less than one hour, Larie had upended my entire belief system. Freedom had been the guiding principle in my own life. I had avoided rules and routine for most of it. More than freedom, dogs need rules and regimen. Switzerland made even more sense now. I imagined an orderly, rules-based, regimented Swiss approach to life. It would be a fresh start, a new way forward. Look at us, two old dogs about to learn a new trick.

WORDS BY ANN MARIE GARDNER
ARTWORK BY FOUR&SONS





FICTION

SNAKE DOG

BY
ANSON CAMERON

The old man called me into his office and told me we were buying a horse. Something I could learn to ride on. He'd found a mare in *Stock & Land* and rung the owner and arranged to go for a test ride on the thing, he said. Come on, a lunchtime excursion.

Dad was wearing his aubergine business suit. He pulled on his R.M.s and we got into his H.D. ute and drove out past the north edge of town to the 10-acre hobby farms of Bathurst burr, car bodies and lone sheep with Christian names.

We pulled up at a yellow brick veneer with a weed yard. The horse was right alongside the house in a treeless paddock. A lean chestnut mare. She looked sparky, alert. We whistled her up with a handful of lucerne and I fed her through the fence as Dad got the saddle from the ute.

He cinched it tight and began to ride her around the paddock.

EXTRACT FROM *MAN & BEAST*
EDITED BY ANDREW RULE, MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING
ARTWORK BY SAMUEL JURCIC

I stood whacking the fence wires with a stick, Jimi Hendrix on a colossal five-string. I stopped when I saw the horse’s owner peeking from behind his blinds, watching Dad kick her to a canter and test her flightiness by throwing his hand in front of her eyes. A lot of people were wary of talking to lawyers, broad daylight, face-to-face. They thought it might cost them—money or dignity, they knew not which—

but somehow it would cost. So I understood why the guy didn’t come outside. His horse was being ridden by a legal eagle in an aubergine suit. No need to get involved in that. Dad rode the chestnut mare clockwise and counter-clockwise round her small paddock, taking her through all the gaits. She moved like she was auditioning for a life of wide spaces, hills, the bush, dawn journeys. He unsaddled her and I gave her an apple and we drove away with me wiping her slobber off my palm onto my bare thigh. He was impressed with the horse, though the owner was shifty. The horse was at least two years older than advertised. “I could see the guy watching us from inside his house,” I said.

“Did he look shifty?” Dad asked. “Furtive,” I said.

“Furtive.” Dad rolled the word round his mouth. The furtive are a favourite hors d’oeuvre of lawyers.

When we got back to his office, Dad phoned the owner and told him his horse was okay, she might do the trick, she was older than he’d said, of course, but she had a light mouth and wasn’t skittish. “How... like... how would you know that?” the guy asked. “We came out just now and rode her,” Dad said. “You must have been out.” He winked at me.

“Not my horse, you didn’t,” the guy said. “I been with my horse all day.”

Dad had got the wrong address and saddled up some stranger’s horse. Had ridden some citizen’s pet... put the steed of some housebound innocent through its paces.

These years later I still see that guy peeking out from behind his blinds. What did he think we were? Joyriders? People who stole horses a quarter-hour at a time? How did he explain us to his missus? “A guy in a purple suit saddled up Joybelle and rode her round the paddock today.”

“Bullshit.”

“True. Canter, trot, gallop, like... I don’t know... maybe he’s driving past and wondering how she rides, so he pulls over and he rides her to see if his speculations is on the money. Just curious.”

“And you didn’t stop him?”

“I told you... he was wearing a purple suit.”

Next day we drove north again and Dad rode the advertised horse. It was thick-coated, thickset, and looked like it should be pulling a bucket, working underground. The sort of horse to make a prospective buyer umm and ahh and grimace. Given the umms and ahhs and grimaces, the woman there said she’d throw in a puppy. Her Australian terrier bitch had just had a litter of puppies. Terriers of tangled genealogy, Dad called them. Which she winced at, but he said was most Australian. He got me to choose one while he bought the horse. We gave the pup to my sister Vicki as a birthday present. She cooed over it, named it Bindi, bathed it once or twice, and then left home.

I never had a dog of my own. Legally bound to me—naming rights and feeding duties. Bindi was an absent sister’s dog. She probably didn’t know that, but she was. And a bitch. We didn’t care for each other early on. Who, with any male dignity, with any plans to hunt mega-fauna and track Navajo, would want a puny, female dog as sidekick? She smelled my disapproval, but began to tag along on my expeditions when she learned there would be blood, speedy getaways, warm things falling from the sky.

We lived out of town on the Goulburn River, in snake country. The first serpent she engaged was a large eastern brown on our doorstep at night. Enough poison there to kill a congregation or a Samoan. By the time I answered her squeals they were joined.

I was to learn that if you could catch her in the early phase, while she was circling the serpent wailing, being drawn closer by the vortex of her bloodlust, you could snatch her up and stop the fight, save the snake... or dog. But there’s no way to unlock a snake and canine once they’re fully involved. It’s personal by then, and you’ll be bitten by either or both for interfering. Bindi soon got a lock on it behind its head and shook it lifeless. And was thereafter hooked

on battle. Tiger snakes, brown snakes, black snakes... and one blue snake.

Wolves don’t attack bears front on. Jackals don’t latch onto lions. A cougar avoids a rattler. Snakes flee from all things. Nature is circumspect. You think a leopard swaggers and hums the ‘Eroica’ on its rounds? It proceeds like Stalin’s proctologist—gently, gently, any slip death. Each wild beast throbs with the knowledge of its own fragility.

Not a terrier. They are impervious to prudence. We have bred prudence from a terrier’s brain. The sensible were spayed. The peaceniks were neutered. We have crossed kamikazes with crazies and enticed the foolhardy to fornicate with the hotheaded. We have made a canine Scotsman. These small dogs are a type of homicidal lemming. One does not expect to see a country terrier with a trim of whitened fur around its muzzle. Geriatricism is as rare, to them, as honesty to a cat.

She was bred to play a charging Capulet to slithering Montagues, a snarling Hatfield to hissing McCoys. No other role and no chance of peace. A snake is a peaceable creature. It doesn’t want to fight a dog. But she couldn’t not. She was a duellist. Everything on the line every time. You only ever lose one duel.

She fought many snakes. The rebel yells calling up her courage, before the silence of battle. Each time, afterwards, Dad would scratch her neck and say, “You won’t make old bones.” He was saying it for me to hear.

One summer day I jumped onto the front seat of a car that had been years abandoned in the bush near our place. Alongside me was a massive tiger snake, curled, head raised, leaning back ready to punch forward. Its back was iridescent blue, sparking sun like a badass Harley. I was a skinny boy wearing footy shorts. Bindi came in through the driver’s door across my lap. No circling, no overtures; blue chrome scales and black and tan fur and screech and hiss. I was out in the dry leaves swearing when that war finished.

She came to me and lay at my feet. Was she sedating as the adrenaline ebbed from her? Or being put out by neurotoxins? I was still on a combat high, my voice loud and my sentences full of “fuck”. Fuck this and fuck that and Jesus Fucking

Christ a tiger big as a fucking Harley. When I came down I lay beside her and scratched her belly. She was just tired. By now I realised that the snake that got her got us, so I told her, “We won’t make old bones.”

In the afterglow of adrenaline there was always a brief season of serenity. I came to expect it, to wait for it and relish it. A surprising fifteen minutes where we lay zonked in the dry leaves and stared at the sky, her tucked under my arm and the sun hot on us. Hideous Death had taken its shot and fallen short, and I felt dreamily immortal, as if all big battles would be won. Lying there I’d even feel a tinge of sorrow for the dead thing, and this sorrow was the sapphire set in the crown of survival. We pitied the fallen. There but for the grace of God... These were our closest moments. These little pools of serenity after the adrenal high of battle. We had waged soldierly campaigns and our cause was just. I’d fallen in love with a thing that had a terminal addiction.

Dad and I walked miles of bush calling her name, longingly, angrily, half-heartedly. You only ever lose one duel. She’d lost hers. I forked my fingers and whistled whistles as artful as prayer out through the box forest, hoping to reincarnate her. Knowing the whole time if she could come she would have come by now. Hack her kennel to kindling. Chuck her collar to the back of the outside cupboard among the junk. Hard to kill a missing dog, though. For long weeks the bush around our place held her live presence. And I whistled her when there was no one else around to hear.

Until, two summer months later while riding my bike, I glimpsed a swatch of jerked hide wearing telltale tufts of black and tan in the table drain by the wooden bridge over the Sevens Creek. I turned away so it never got to be more than that. A glimpse. A question. Not an answer. I told no one.

Because... because great warriors die in combat. Great beings wander off to an elephants’ graveyard and sink slowly to the earth, their tasks fulfilled. They don’t lie in ditches with their backs broken by Monaros. Bindi wasn’t knocked over by a car. Bindi lies coiled in the infinitely ribbed helix skeleton of her enemy. Its throat is in her jaws, its fangs in her hide, and the fur-raising frisson of battle sings in her young bones.

KIDS AND DOGS: THE CHEMISTRY BETWEEN THEM IS REAL.

PUPPY LOVE

Ask any kid to draw a dog and you get instant access to how they see the animals within the context of their little world. No two toddlers ever sketch them the same way, but beyond the different styles and colours there are always a few common elements, including a general jolliness and a love of shenanigans, like dressing up and riding skateboards.

While grown-ups understand the value of pet ownership, children see a fluffy toy that sparks their imagination, which is perfect, because it camouflages the fact that dogs also deliver a tonne of unexpected health benefits, like stopping kids from getting asthma.

Everyone loves to quote how owning a puppy helps kids learn responsibility, but what's way more impressive is how the same mutt who loves chewing on your Chuck Taylors can also help reduce the risk of developing a lung condition. A study from Sweden that followed 650,000 children showed that babies who had a dog around in their first year of life were 13 per cent less likely to develop asthma. Not only that, but the same babies got fewer snotty noses and ear infections. To be fair, the dogs didn't have any super powers; they just tracked dirt into the house that in turn stimulated the babies' immune systems.

Then there's emotional intelligence, which a lot of eggheads are saying is more important to early academic success than classic intelligence. The cool thing about emotional intelligence, though, is that kids can get better at it—unlike I.Q., which is static—and nothing helps speed up that process more than a spoodle or Bergamasco. Dogs help develop complex feelings such as compassion, and move through difficult ones like grief—and some shrinks have shown that dogs can even enhance social skills at the same time. “It made the children more co-operative and sharing,” explains Dr. Sue Doescher, who studied the close relationship between kids and pets at Oregon State University in the U.S. “Having a pet improves children's role-taking skills because they have to put themselves in the pet's position and try to feel how the pet feels. And that transfers to how other kids feel.”

Not to start a rumble, but while online cat videos have added countless hours of screen time to our

lives—and therefore countless kilos, too—dogs possess the unique ability to make kids put the devices down and play outside. Dr. Carri Westgarth from the University of Liverpool explains: “Generally speaking, when looking at the population as a whole, if you own a dog you are more physically active, and this goes for children as well, in terms of increased physical activity levels.” Incredibly, it's thought that the British have lost an estimated 25 million kilos in weight thanks directly to English dogs encouraging them to get off their arses.

Of course, to the animal-lover, this is all yesterday's news. Study after study has proven that dogs make kids feel better. Adults too. Dog owners are less likely to have a heart attack, and just patting a dog boosts our immune system. The stats are everywhere, but what's the mechanics behind it all? Well, turns out, dogs actually change the biochemistry in our brains.

Writing in her book *Made for Each Other: The Biology of the Human-Animal Bond*, which is based on 20 years of study, Meg Olmert states that “this is science that supports a truth the heart has always known”, before breaking down how the hormone oxytocin plays a huge role between dogs and people. Known to promote maternal care in mammals, this magical chemical changes the body in a crazy number of ways, including slowing the heart rate, stopping the production of stress hormones, and creating a Zen-like calm. Combined, this helps to form intense relationships, usually between a mother and her baby, but also between different species.

Research shows that just by stroking and speaking with their dogs, humans can double the levels of oxytocin in their blood. Not only that, but just hanging out with your pooch boosts beta endorphins—the natural painkillers associated with ‘runner's high’—and dopamine, the stuff that controls the pleasure and reward parts of our brains.

Best of all, the feelings are mutual. Whenever a child pats a dog, the dog gets to enjoy the same physiological changes. Which makes total sense, because if dogs are getting high off playtime, it's no wonder they're out enjoying themselves, getting dressed up, and riding skateboards.



WORDS BY RICK BANNISTER
ARTWORK BY HARRIET, GINGER, GUS, IGGY,
LENI, LUCIEN, MILO, AND PEARL





PROFILE

HELEN LEVI'S LONGEST COLLABORATOR
IS A PIT-CATTLE MIX CALLED BILLY.

POT LUCK

Helen Levi is apologising. She's two weeks in to a studio reshuffle and she's feeling frazzled. For most of us, a similar task would mean moving an inspiration wall and shifting some feature planters. Levi, however, deals in 50-pound slabs of clay, towers of plaster moulds, gritty pottery wheels, and kilns—two thermally insulated chambers that look more like spacecraft than 1,000-degree ovens.

We're in Red Hook, on Brooklyn's eastern fringe, a former fishing village and busy port dotted with cottages and warehouses. These days, semi-industrial businesses and makers have replaced the turn-of-the-century dockworkers, but the cobbled streets, wood houses, and lobster rolls signpost a seafaring past—even with Ikea on the horizon.

Red Hook was named partly for its red clay, which dovetails neatly to Levi. She first tried her potter's hand in elementary school but made ceramics her full-time business just two years ago. In her recently rearranged studio there's a shelf packed with glaze-splattered dinner plates, marbled tumblers, wheel-thrown terracotta planters, 'pebbled' carafes, and—the newest addition to Levi's line—a stack of handsomely glazed dog bowls. "I don't know why it took me so long to finally release them," Levi remarks. "I love dogs, and I made them ages ago for Billy."

Levi's tone lifts when mentioning Billy: a pit-cattle mix who's snoozing quietly in the corner. She picked him up from a hotel car park in Jersey six years ago; he'd come from a shelter in Tennessee, driven through the night with 92 other pups. "They handed him to me with a little string around his neck and were like: 'Here you go! If it doesn't work out bring him back here next week,'" Levi remembers. "It was very surreal. I always wanted a dog my whole life. I grew up in the East Village in an apartment so it made no sense to have a dog, but as soon as I graduated college I had to fulfil my obsession."

These days, Levi and Billy have their rhythm. Each morning, no matter the weather, they head out: sometimes to a park in their home-neighbourhood of Clinton Hill, and sometimes to the beach. Once done, they drive to Levi's studio, where Billy becomes "the perfect gentleman. I make sure he gets his time, and I think he knows that I expect him to give me my time," Levi explains. "I would never ask him to sit quietly all day if he hadn't been running around all morning. I like to think we both know how it goes at this point."

There's a certain creative kick to their routine, too. "Because of Billy I'm in the outdoors every day, rain or shine," Levi says. "It has made me appreciate certain trends and colours, like being at the beach in the winter, and how that's different to the summer. It's a nice gift, and I think it bleeds into my work a bit, even though I might not realise it at the time."

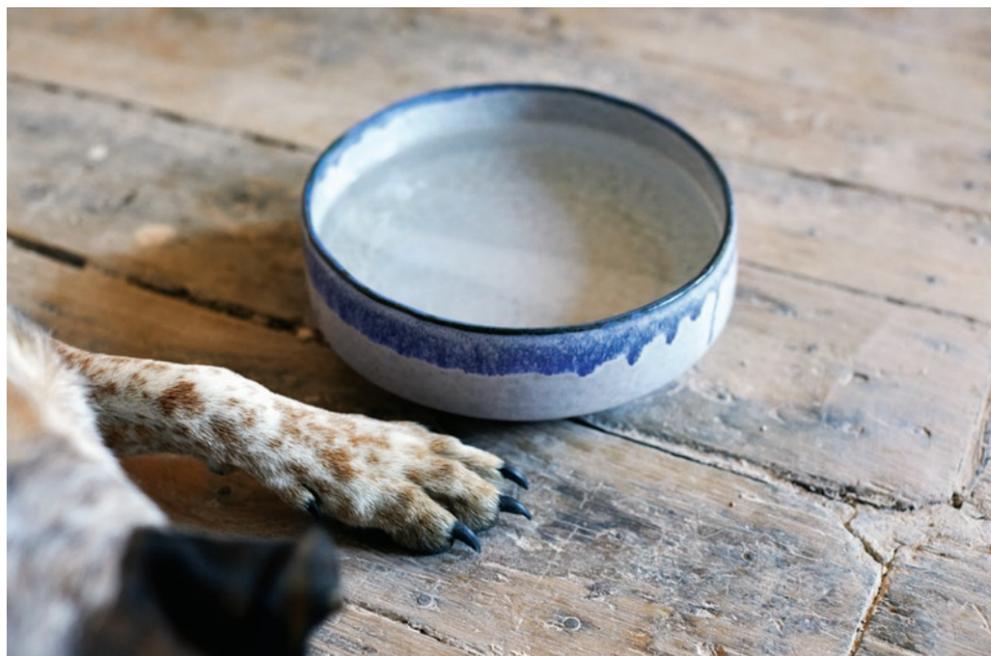
Levi's dog bowls are a more obvious creative collaboration, and Billy has expertly tested the prototypes. At 70 pounds he's on the larger side, which means the final bowls take two sizes. "I like to have a bigger one for water and a smaller one for food, 'cause it's annoying to have to constantly refill the water bowl," Levi says. The dishwasher-safe glazes are made to hold up over time, and the colourways complement Levi's personable and tactile taste. "Personally, I really love antique ceramics," she admits. "Aside from my own stuff, I like collecting other people's pottery, so everything in our cupboards at home is handmade. I also like antique dishes: enamelware, metal things. It's not all ceramics. I have a big collection of printed and patterned drinking glasses. I don't have that much cabin space!"

Business is good for Levi. She's busy bouncing between commissions for restaurants, shops, and interior designers while making pieces for her website. She runs her own studio. She gets to bring Billy to work, but she's also quick to quash the often-idealised (and Instagrammed) myth of a Brooklyn maker. "I feel incredibly fortunate that this is what I do for my job, and I know that a lot of people don't have that opportunity so I certainly appreciate it, but that isn't to say that it's perfect and easy," she says. "I make ceramics but I also run a business, which means I have to be responsible for everything, whether or not I'm skilled at it. It's a lot of pressure, and it's not like I ever get to the end of my workday and go home and don't think about it. It bleeds into your whole life and it can be hard to get any kind of break from it."

But then there is Billy. Spending time with him in nature before work has become one of Levi's lifelines. "It's harder to be stressed out when you're at the beach in winter and nobody's there, like nobody, in a city of nine million people—to go to a place and be totally alone. You look out at the ocean, and whatever problem you're dealing with, it feels so tiny. Every time I go there with Billy it gives me that clarity."

WORDS BY NADIA SACCARDO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WINNIE AU









AL TAYLOR'S SERIES IS INSPIRED BY THE PERSONAL WORK OF SOME HIGHLY ORIGINAL ARTISTS.

TAKING THE PISS

Wrecks was an old dog with a singular artistic vision. Neither the canvas nor attempts at house-training could contain him. Working solely within the medium of wee, he used the home of his owner, the late New York artist Al Taylor, as the backdrop for a prolific output of smelly, yellow tours de force. Taylor, in turn, was inspired.

That's just one version of the story, though. Another has Taylor in Montmartre, Paris, admiring the work of the other canine artists who'd traipse along Avenue Junot cocking their legs and making masterpieces that trickled down the sidewalk. No one knows for sure which version to believe, but there's one thing we know for certain: it all started with dog urine.

Between 1989 and 1992, Taylor captured the piddles on paper across a body of work aptly titled *Pet Stains*. Eschewing Andres Serrano's messier, more direct approach to the material—his *Piss Christ*, for example, which featured a plastic crucifix submerged in the artist's own urine—Taylor turned to the more manageable pencil, crayon, gouache, ink, and correction fluid to make the marks.

The result is a crime scene: a series of splatters, with the assailants' names scrawled next to their misdeeds. The whole thing stinks of action painting, the gestural, spontaneous approach to the canvas where the process, rather than the product, is the focus. Taking the piss out of Pollock, Taylor enlisted dogs and their wee in place of self-serious abstract expressionists and their paint.

There is also a whiff of other art historical references. One of the works is titled *Puddle Descending a Staircase* as a nod to Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase*. Despite Taylor's familiarity with the famous French artist, the dogs evidently didn't avail themselves of Duchamp's most famous artwork—a porcelain urinal titled *Fountain*.

The Duchamp connection doesn't end there. *Fountain* was just one in a series of ready-mades: ordinary found objects that Duchamp elevated to art by taking them and exhibiting them. In addition to the porcelain urinal, there was the bottle rack, the coat rack, the snow shovel, the chimney ventilator, the typewriter cover, and, most appropriately, the steel dog-grooming comb.

The *Pet Stains* works are even more prosaic. Forget mass-produced objects—you can't get more ordinary than dog wee. There's no human hand in an animal's actions; there's no artistic impulse in a biological act.

Taylor's interest in the everyday wasn't restricted to bodily fluids. For eight years, he worked as a studio assistant to Robert Rauschenberg, whose artistic aim, wrote Walter Hopps, was to "drag ordinary materials into the art world for a direct confrontation". One of Rauschenberg's most famous confrontations, titled *Bed*, saw the traditional materials of oil and pencil snuggling up to a pillow, quilt, and bed sheet.

Taylor stuck to painting. But upon returning from a trip to Africa in 1980, he found himself unable to afford a canvas to paint on. Recalling the way African children made do with the materials on hand, fashioning toys out of trash, Taylor began scavenging whatever materials he could find, ripping broomsticks, wood, and wire straight from the bin. It was simply a matter of time before he alighted on the free and perhaps too readily available dog urine.

Though Taylor died at the age of 51 in 1999, dogs continue to leave their mark on the art world. Take Gabriel Orozco's 1993 photograph *Meada de Perro sobre la Nieve (Dog Urine in Snow)*, which does what it says on the box. Or Richard Jackson's *Bad Dog*: an 8.5-metre-tall sculpture of a puppy that lurked outside the Orange County Museum of Art during the artist's 2013 retrospective, one leg lifted. Every now and then, the sculpture released a spray of yellow paint onto the hallowed museum wall.

An eight-year-old pug named Freddi even went so far as to reclaim this artistic heritage for dogs. In 2013, the determined dog strode up to Banksy's Twin Towers tribute stencil in Tribeca and tinkled all over it. "Terrorist Dog Pees on Banksy 9/11 Tribute," screamed a *New York Magazine* article.

Freddi's caretaker, in an interview with Gawker, made the inadvertent, possibly incorrect yet utterly irresistible argument that weeing dogs not only inspired Taylor and countless others, but also gave rise to an entire generation of street artists. "Dogs are the original taggers," she said. "He's a male, he marks his territory. That's what they do."

WORDS BY TOBY FEHILY
ARTWORK BY AL TAYLOR

PET STAINS (HANK, HENRY, DICKEL, ETC), 1991
IMAGE COURTESY OF NIELS BORCH JENSEN



Collab—

NICE DIGS + MERCI PERCI

You can't put Nice Digs in a corner. These colour-splashed dog beds command attention and the digitally printed fabrics refuse to fade away. The Melbourne-based label proudly designs, sources, and makes the beds in its home city, prioritising stain-repellant and antibacterial fabrics that can be thrown in the wash.

Brand founder Georgia Havekotte has a background in textile design, and it shows. Nice Digs's beds and quilted throws mix happy prints with sturdy cotton and denim lining to help four-legged mates snooze on the floor or couch surf in style. Their vegetable-tanned leads and collars are painted and studded to suit a spectrum of human tastes. Havekotte regularly refreshes her line, and the most recent instalment might be the brightest. She's teamed up with fellow local Claire Falkiner at Merci Perci—a rainbow-shot label that makes signature prints, one-off artworks, soft furnishings, homewares, and jewellery. To cement the friendship, Nice Digs has stamped Merci Perci abstract prints onto beds, collars, and leads. The collaboration also brings together two unexpected species: bulldogs Coco Pops and Sumo and Falkiner's own rabbit, Perci. None of them would provide comment on the situation, but we understand the pairing is surprisingly amicable. They all agreed to star in the Nice Digs photo shoot, on the condition they got their own beds. NS nicedigs.com.au



SMALL BITES



Farewell—

BIG SKY URNS

No one ever wants to think about a pet's farewell. Luckily, the clever minds at Big Sky Urns in Montana have come up with a really beautiful way to commemorate your furry family member's life when they pass on to the big dog park in the sky. Their pet cremation urns function as vases as well, with two separate waterproof compartments—one to safely house the ashes and another that can be filled with water to hold flowers or plants, or even to store keepsakes. After being successfully backed on Kickstarter, they're now selling products on their website. JS bigskyurn.com

Illustration—

DRAWINGS OF DOGS

We all know the old adage "Laughter is the best medicine". For Bristol artist Henry Garrett, drawing funny cartoons of dogs to make others laugh is the cure. Struggles with anxiety forced him to suspend a PhD in philosophy, but the extra time on his hands allowed Garrett to focus on his other passion—drawing dogs—which simultaneously functions as a form of therapy. Of course, the loyal company of his cheeky muse, Billie, doesn't hurt either. JS

drawingsofdogs.co.uk

Scent—

WOODY LAND

Standing for "the design rights of companion animals", Howlpot takes a serious approach to creating dog accessories. There is no facet of canine living that the Korean label hasn't considered, and each handmade item is as covetable as the next—like their minimalist fur-lined carryalls or tranquilly hued leads made from German rope and Italian leather. Their latest addition, a dog-inspired scent, fully illustrates their mission statement. Created in collaboration with Seoul-based fragrance brand Lydia, Woody Land is a mild aroma comprised of pine, cedar, and vetiver oil that recalls morning walks along the trail with your dog at your side. The luxurious sylvan blend is undoubtedly pleasing to human muzzles, but the candle and room spray are designed to calm the nerves of anxious pups. KD howlpot.com



Accessories—

PIPOLLI

When Brazilian entrepreneur Carla Schwabe set out to create Pipolli—a dog accessories brand that has reached cult status on Instagram—she looked to combine the playfulness of her home turf with the simplicity, functionality, and affordability of Scandinavian design. The upshot is an elegantly spirited collection that spans cheeky bow-tie collars made from natural vegetable-tanned leather to charming tepee retreats in understated graphics, with cuddly blankets and chic canine attire mixed in.

The heart of Pipolli lies in more than a love for minimalist puppy goods; Schwabe's efforts stem from the affection she has for her own two furballs: Piggy and Polly. The pair of French bulldogs pack a serious punch of personality, which has led them to appear in photo shoots for the likes of Volvo, W Hotels, and Movado. When they're not modelling for luxury brands, they're the focus of Schwabe's lens back home. "Photography is my hobby and I really enjoy capturing little moments in their lives and sharing their daily cuteness and adventures on Instagram," she says. "The intention is to simply put a smile on people's faces."

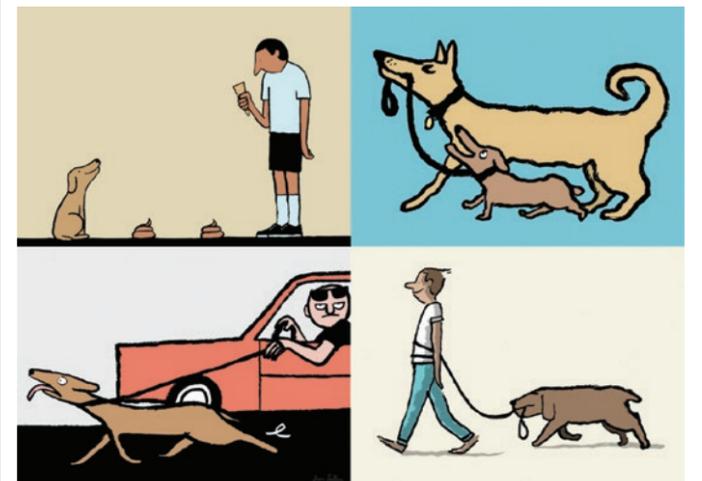
The duo are more than capable of that. Adorable enough when in the buff, they're downright irresistible strutting in Pipolli's nautical striped shirts or lounging in a matching canvas tepee. Schwabe designed the latter early on, and it riffs on play tents for kids. And since the tepee comes complete with a machine-washable, cushioned mat... case, it's easy to see how the tepee—and Pipolli—has become so beloved. KD

pipolli.com

Book—

UNDER DOGS BY JEAN JULLIEN

Jean Jullien doesn't stop drawing. Whether it's skateboards for Almost or fashion-week survival cards for Opening Ceremony or stories for *The New Yorker*, his heavy line work and perky faces are unmistakable. Jullien draws books, too. His most recent, *Under Dogs*, is a collection of dog drawings, many done while living in New York. "There's a pretty intense dog culture there, it seems to me," he explains. "There were a lot of social situations involving dogs: brunch, parks, jogging, grooming... I just loved how the dog seemed like an extension of their owner, following them in most situations." Dogs are the humorous heroes in the hardbound book; they lead their owners, they walk each other, and they proudly poop across the pages. Jullien doesn't have a dog of his own (he grew up in a cat family), but he believes his dog drawings could be an outlet for that frustration. Also, he just likes a dog's vibe. "I find them to be great narrative vehicles," he says. "They convey a lot of emotions, even though they often seem to be somewhere in the background more than the foreground. They are like silent-ish companions of most episodes of their owner's life." *Under Dogs* is Jullien's second tome of dog-based drawings. The first, *Ralf*, followed the adventures of a slinky sausage dog. Up next? We hope it's a series dedicated to Jullien's spirit dog, the shiba inu. "I love the way they look extremely determined and intelligent, but still do dog things like sniffing more than they should..." *Under Dogs* is published by Hato Press. NS jeanjullien.com





Accessories—
SIR DOGWOOD

Some dogs are just discerning with their dinner. Night after night, they'll stare at their bowl with a mixture of shock and offence, as though they've just been served a heap of unseasoned rocks. Those dogs are tricky. Others, however, have a keen and refined nose not for food but for fashion. Those ones are, somewhat surprisingly, easier to manage because of Sir Dogwood.

The online store stocks only the swankiest and most sophisticated designer dog clothes, from Dog Threads's button-down shirts and cardigan sweaters to Happy Staffy's trench coats, technical sweaters, and bomber jackets—and even African-print Dutch wax bow-ties, courtesy of designer Peter Gaona of Reformed School. There are onesies, too, albeit fancy onesies, from Dentists Appointment, complete with a distinguished turtleneck.

It all started when Chaz Olajide couldn't find any dog wear worthy of her miniature schnauzer, Winston Churchill. So she founded Sir Dogwood in 2016 to fill that niche—and keep Winston happy. "I put just as much (actually, probably much more!) care into curating the pieces I select for Sir Dogwood as I do into my own wardrobe," Olajide admits.

The store isn't all clothes, though, with Notyers's Mood Stone collar charms, Furr Ever Ever collar lockets, and handmade cotton leads on the shelves too. It might just be enough motivation for the dog to finish the damn kibble. TF sirdogwood.com

Collaboration—
DOG TOWEL BY DAVID SHRIGLEY

Turner Prize-nominated British artist David Shrigley and his wife, Kim, share their bed with their miniature schnauzer, Inka. Shrigley's parents, the artist said in an interview with Will Self for *The Guardian*, aren't too chuffed about that. Mr. and Mrs. Shrigley, however, should be happy to know that while the bed might not be negotiable, David and Kim won't be sharing their beach towels with Inka. For the latest in his decade-long collaboration with Melbourne design studio and store Third Drawer Down, Shrigley has created the Dog Towel. Let us be clear: this is a human-sized towel designed for human-sized use on beaches and by pools, but it looks pretty cute wrapped around a dog. The 100 per cent cotton towel features the words 'Dog towel', writ large in Shrigley's distinctive handwriting, with a harried hyphen for when he ran out of line space. "Happiness for me," Shrigley once told *Four&Sons*, "is walking on the beach with my wife and Inka." Utter delight, one assumes, is that same walk but with everyone bringing their own towels. TF thirddrawerdown.com



Tags—
GROWLEES

Admit it. You talk to your dog. It's okay, we all love a little chit-chat with our pals, even though we know they can't talk back. London-based Australian designer and blogger Caroline Denyer (aka Growlmama) wished there was a way to help her four-legged friend Frida to speak her mind. Denyer came up with Growlees, a playful range of dog tags with 30 different statements to suit a whole spectrum of moods and personalities. In green, yellow, grey, and white, Growlees attach just as attractively to a wallet or keyring as they do to your pet's collar, so you can grab one for yourself and complement each other nicely. You'll want to keep the packaging they come in, too, as they're adorned with one of four different adorable doggy cartoon designs by French artist Walter Glassof. Just because humans and hounds don't speak the same language, doesn't mean they can't come to a mutual understanding. Growlees are available exclusively online and ship internationally. JS growlees.com

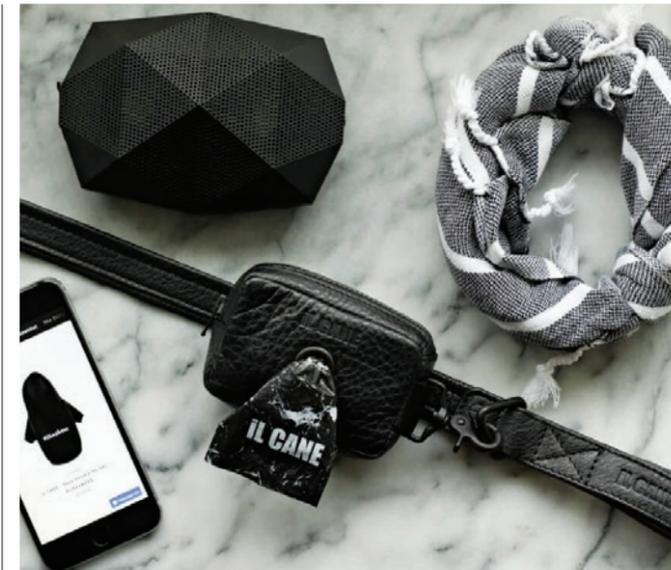


Design—
BARKITECTURE

The team at Barkitecture wrestled with a simple question: "What's up with doghouses?" Their solution: a stylish, quadrilateral construction that's portable, easily assembled, waterproof, and produced in pretty pastel coloursways. The Auckland-based brand's Kickstarter is Kiwi-stamped with self-effacing humour. Industrial designer Oscar and his greyhound, Momo, have almost too much fun demonstrating the doghouse in the clip. It's no wonder the start-up has enough support to officially launch soon. All you need to do now is register your interest and your dog's breed, of course. JS barkitecture.dog

Accessories—
IL CANE

There's a lot to like about Vancouver-based il Cane—its brassy aesthetic, its swank materials, and its marble-print poop bags—but the clincher is its attitude. Designer Sylvia Pezzente's label is ballsy and fun. Her #likeaboss hoodie and 'collar steez' bow-ties give dogs sartorial sass, while the 'breezy' pickup-bag holder makes life easier for humans. For the best of both worlds, check the Turkish handloomed Twofer towel. "It's a towel, a blanket, a seat cover, and a scarf all in one," Pezzente explains. "You can wrap a ball in the scarf, tie it around your dog's neck, and have them carry their own ball to the park." Practical and punk. Let's do this. NS ilcanecollection.com



Book—
UNDER-DOGS

Lithuania-based photographer Andrius Burba has a keen eye for photography but not necessarily puns. Under the banner of Underlook, he started photographing animals from underneath, with the help of sturdy glass and some exceptionally patient subjects. But it wasn't until he'd first done his Under-cats and Under-rabbits and Under-horse projects that he alighted on the perfectly named Under-dogs series, featuring our noble best friends looking goofy from the unusual angle. He has since compiled the photographs for a book called *Unter-Hunden*—non-German speakers can safely hazard a guess as to the translation. "I learned two main things from these photo shoots," Burba wrote. "First, cats think they are gods, since people feed, love, and give them homes. Secondly, dogs see human as a god as they feed, love, and give them homes." This may very well be the last Underlook project Burba lives to complete, as the next subject he plans to tackle is tigers. TF underlook.org



Accessories—
DOG SNOODS

No, a 'snood' isn't a hybrid dog breed à la the euphemistic Irish doodle (Irish setter X poodle), the business-minded Sharp Asset (Shar-Pei X basset hound), or the outright ridiculous cockapoo (cocker spaniel X poodle). Consider it a hybrid breed of dog garment: a scarf X hood. Bedfordshire-based family business Woolly Wag cranks out these hand-knitted woollen thingummies for dogs of all sizes in a variety of colours. In addition to offering your dog some warmth and style, the dog snood is especially helpful for holding back the ears of the more floppy-eared breeds, lest they become dears (dirty X ears). TF woollywag.com



Accessories—
ALLKU PETS

To the ancient Incas, dogs were more than furry friends: they believed canine companions guided the deceased along the path to reincarnation. Taking that notion to contemporary times is Allku Pets, an Ecuadorian accessories label that works with craftspeople from the Otavalo tribe to create high-quality products for pups. Derived from historical patterns, the colourful collars and leads are sure head-turners, but the hand-cut alpaca blankets serve double-duty as snug coverings for humans and dogs alike. Plus, 15 per cent of sales benefit Chicago's Anti-Cruelty Society. KD Image by Barbara Decré allkupets.com



LAST WORD

WILFRID WOOD

Wilfrid Wood started with the eyeballs first. The London-born, Sussex-raised guy was bored of publishing and, through a connection, joined the staff of the British satirical puppet show *Spitting Image* as an “apprentice headbuilder”. From eyeballs, he made his way to noses and mouths and eventually the whole kit and caboodle, managing to get his head around the art of making heads.

He has been a sculptor ever since, churning out wonky 3D renderings of all kinds of heads, tiptoeing along the border of funny caricature and disturbing grotesquerie. He has stuck mostly to famous types, typically human, before turning recently to our canine pals. “My stuff is all about characters,” he has said, “and what could be more characterful than dogs? Big, small, aggressive, pathetic, funny, and frightening, every human type has a doggy equivalent.”

In the spirit of his creations, we asked Wood to share 10 musings on offbeat canine characters.

1.

I have ecstatic dreams where I am totally in love. It's usually with a person but sometimes it's a dog.

2.

Occasionally, I look after a Jack Russell called Eddie. He's the most fantastic animal. One of the reasons I don't get my own dog is that it would be impossible to get another as good as him. When I take Eddie for a walk in Victoria Park, people treat me completely differently to when I am alone. A solitary man is a bit of a worry, but a man with a dog is a magnet for friendly questions and camaraderie.

3.

There's a bit in one of the *Adrian Mole* books where he complains how fickle dogs are with their affections. Yes, they are. When Eddie goes back to his owner after staying with me for a week he doesn't even look back.

4.

I love William Eggleston's photos. Most of his pictures are so sinister, but his dogs aren't.

5.

This quote by the writer J.R. Ackerley worries me: “Unable to love each other, the English turn naturally to dogs.”

6.

Jeff Koons made some terrific dogs, or got other people to sculpt terrific dogs, which he then graciously approved.

7.

When I was a child there were dogs I was terrified of in every direction, snarling behind gates, scrabbling under chicken wire, snapping at my ankles as I cycled past. One tearful night I abandoned my bike so as not to have to pass a livid dog, tried to find a way home through the fields, and got lost in the woods, sleeping under a yew tree.

8.

I knew a painter called Richard Beer who painted lots of landscapes and architecture in France and Italy. He liked to put a single, very scruffy looking dog into every picture “for scale”.

9.

I used to visit an eccentric old lady artist called Betty Swanwick. She had a knackered pug called Louis who would shit itself going from one side of the carpet to the other while her parrot did an imitation of the dog's bark.

10.

How did they breed a pug from a wolf?

INTRODUCTION BY TOBY FEHILY
PHOTOGRAPH BY LUKE STEPHENSON

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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Howlpot
Il Cane
Link AKC
Loyal Canine Co.
Max-Bone
MiaCara
Mr.Paw
Nice Digs
Pantofola
Pipolli
See Scout Sleep
Sir Dogwood
Sun of Wolves
The Pet Grocer
Vackertass Supply Co.

[FOURANDSONS.COM/DIRECTORY](https://fourandsons.com/directory)



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