



FOUR&SONS

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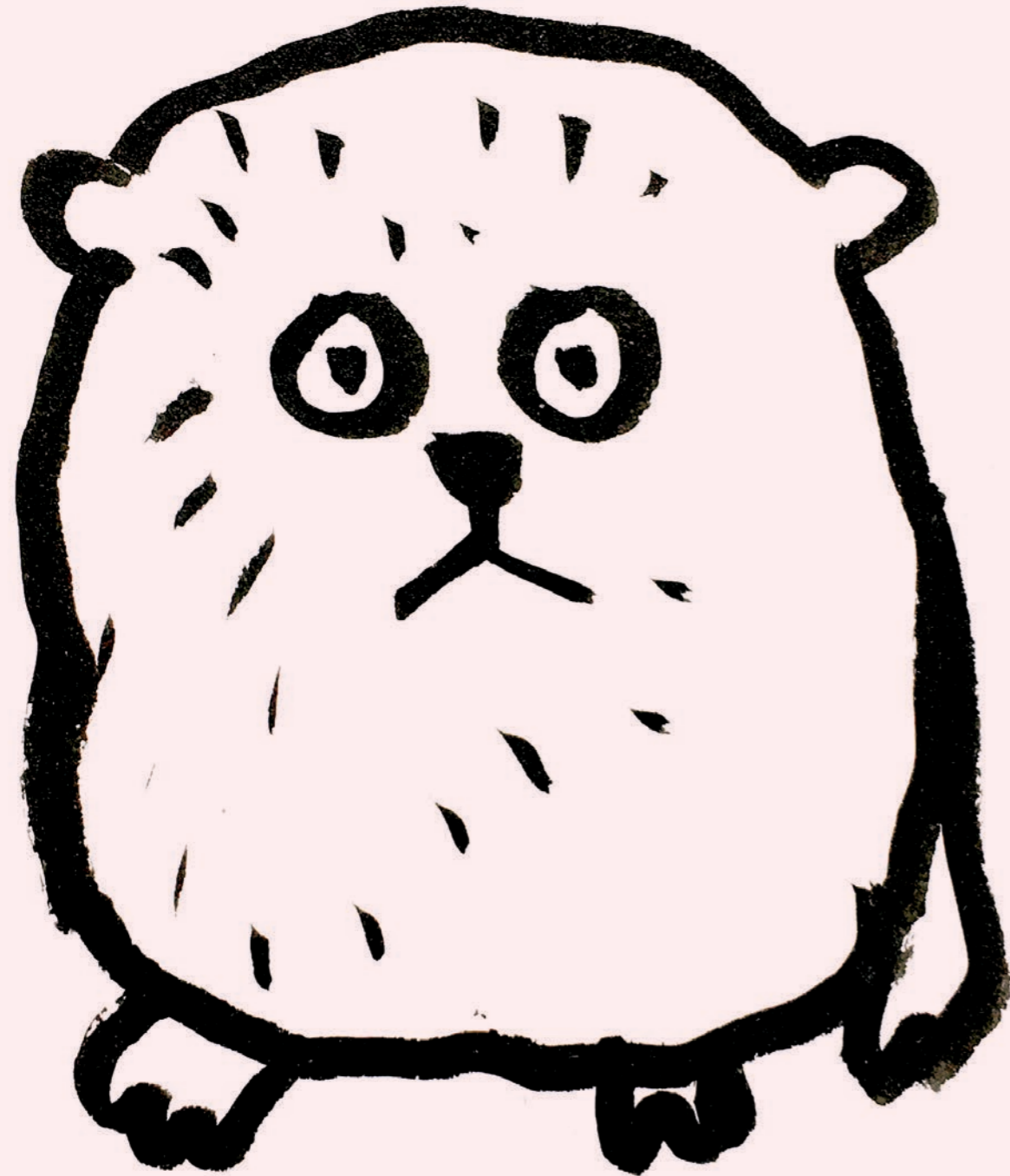
DOGS AND CULTURE COLLIDE

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LESS LIKELY TO SUCCEED

The good, the bad, the ugly. Pop culture is riddled with simple, cautionary tales in which beautiful gets praised and ugly is tossed aside. Ask Quasimodo. Ask Creature in *Frankenstein*. Ask every dorky character in every overused TV trope. Ask that frog too eager for a kiss.

In this issue, we challenge so-called canons of beauty, big and small. Klaus Dyba's appreciation of hairless dogs runs skin deep. "Bald dogs are ugly for most people," he says. "You need to see behind it. The real beauty is only to be seen in their personality and character." His portraits capture often-rebuffed breeds with dignity and a certain pop-star allure. Winnie Au's fashion-inspired images take the shame out of the Elizabethan collar, weaving glitter-coated paper, fake flowers, and raffia (is that a sigh of relief we can hear in vet practices across the globe?). And the stellar line-up in the newly released book *Really Good Dog Photography* leads us well away from the obvious pretty-pretty fluff.

We marvel at artists who can breathe life into forsaken hounds on paper, screen, and space, over and over again, and we fall in love with the ultimate four-legged badasses (we are looking at you, Brian Griffin).

To every ugly duckling who doesn't dream of becoming a swan, to every underdog who doesn't need the upper hand—we salute you.

MARTA ROCA



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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. winnieau.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

SAM EDMONDS—

Edmonds is a photographer, writer, and conservationist based between Sydney, Australia, and British Columbia, Canada. Having focused largely on stories in the Antarctic for several years, his work has appeared in *Canadian Geographic*, *Australian Geographic*, and *The Huffington Post*. samedmondsphoto.com

TOBY FEHILY—

Fehily is a Melbourne-based freelance writer whose work has appeared in *Guardian Australia*, *The Lifted Brow*, and *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

MARK KAYLER-THOMSON—

Mark Kayler-Thomson is one of the founders of creative studio Urchin and retail store Doomsday. As a child he saw his dog Rocky get run over by a truck. He never got over it. urchin.com.au

BRODIE LANCASTER—

Brodie Lancaster is an editor, an author and a critic. Her debut book, a pop culture memoir titled *No Way! Okay, Fine*, was published by Hachette in 2017. She has written for *Rolling Stone*, *Pitchfork*, *Rookie*, *Elle*, *The Guardian*, *MTV News*, *Vulture*, and others. She lives in Melbourne, Australia.

FAYE MOORHOUSE—

Faye Moorhouse is a British illustrator. She enjoys painting beast attacks, orgies, and dogs doing poos. She's had two books published this year, which she has both written and illustrated: *How to Draw Animals for the Artistically Anxious* and *Playful Painting: Pets*. Faye has an extremely naughty dog called Bear. fayemoorhouse.co.uk

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.

ALICE NEWELL-HANSON—

Alice Newell-Hanson is a writer and editor based in Brooklyn. She is currently the US managing editor at *i-D* and has previously held positions at Condé Nast *Traveler* and Opening Ceremony. Her writing has also appeared in *T: The New York Times Style Magazine* and *Vice*, where she contributes a regular column about fashion. This is the first time she has written about canine style.

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

STEVE RYAN—

Irish-born, London-based photographer Ryan has shot for *The Financial Times*, *The Irish Times*, *Vice*, and *Totally Dublin*. He is co-founder of food magazine *Root+Bone*. He had a springer spaniel as a child, and, when he moves to the country, would love a basset hound or a border collie. steveryanphotography.com

NADIA SACCARDO—

Saccardo is a New York–based writer, editor and sometimes-producer who has a thing for underdogs. She co-published *Pallet* magazine, edited *Smith Journal*, worked at *Vice*, and currently moonlights in advertising. edatrg.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.

KIMBERLY WANG—

Capitvated by creative inspiration and processes, Wang is currently shooting a series of photo essays featuring a diverse collection of world-renowned artists. Her editorial work has appeared in features for *Vogue*, *Le Monde*, and *Telva*. Between shoots, her two adopted mutts offer the reminder that meditative walks create resilience and clarity during turbulent times. cardog.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. benwood.com

SPECIAL THANKS—

João Bento
Christine Burgin
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GIVING BACK—

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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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HOWLPOT.



A NEW BOOK CALLS BULLSHIT ON PUPPY PORTRAITS AND CELEBRATES THE STRANGER SIDE OF DOG PHOTOGRAPHY.

NO FLUFF AND SLOBBER

Susan Sontag—photography’s most loved/hated writer and critical examiner—wrote extensively about the medium’s ability to usurp memory. Through the trust that we so heavily place on photographs and the mechanical nature of both their production and storage, we’ve grown to rely on images as our primary means of preserving memories. But in the age of social media, one could argue a shift has taken place; with the migration from film to digital cameras, and with the ephemeral nature of Instagram feeds, photographs are short-lived, temporary, or even elusive.

For Lucy Davies, author of *Really Good Dog Photography*, “photography has become less about preserving, more about conveying”. In her eclectic, heartfelt introduction to the astounding book, she lays out the premise quite concisely: the appetite for cute/happy/hilarious and gorgeous dog images online represents photography’s ongoing non-commitment to man’s best friend. While almost the entire history of painting has embraced canines and revered them on the same level as members of our own species, photography has long exhibited a deficit in taking dogs seriously, peaking with the advent of social media. It’s difficult to argue with her. The 150,940,356 posts on Instagram currently tagged with ‘dog’ serve as evidence.

By essentially cutting out the “fluff and slobber” of most modern dog photographs, *Really Good Dog Photography* focuses on an array of photographic practitioners and their incredible diversity of dog-centric photo essays and explorations. Along with curator Martin Osborne, Davies briefly takes the reader on a whirlwind tour through dog-art photographic history before dedicating an impressive number of pages to each photographer’s works. As Davies explains, the works have been chosen for their ability to “approach the dog as a sentient, intelligent, and mortal being and because they consider the relationship that has formed between dogs and humans for the extraordinary and intriguing thing it really is”. On top of this, the featured series address several issues facing the human–dog relationship, and Davies doesn’t balk at peppering her text with some startling statistics: “The British rehoming charity Dogs Trust handles around 45,000 calls each year from people trying to give up their pets and the RSPCA picked up 102,363 strays last year, of which only about half were reunited with their owners.”

In a way, this issue seems to reflect so much of what *Really Good Dog Photography* seeks to address:

just as dogs are now so often treated as reproducible or expendable commodities, the online cloud of photographs of them can be just as self-centred and uncharitable. As Davies explains: “The way people photograph their dogs is likely a poor representation of true experience—only happy, clean, energetic, cute, well-housed, for instance. It’s skewing our understanding of how a dog ‘should’ behave, or look.” In *Really Good Dog Photography*, Davies and Osborne seem to have set out to undermine this—to collect and display photo essays that do dogs the justice they deserve, to free them of anthropocentrism and, through the varying lenses of the featured practitioners, to celebrate them entirely for their own traits and abilities.

Just as Davies’s introduction to both the text and each featured artist has brilliantly contextualised the themes and ideas informing the works, Osborne’s curation astutely encompasses a spectrum of methodologies and photographic voices, from the witty and comical observations of Elliott Er Witt to the precision of Jo Longhurst’s revealing typological study. Opening the collection of imagery is Charlotte Dumas’s portraits of rescue dogs from the aftermath of 9/11, which Osborne admits is his favourite series in the publication: “My eye often rests on the work of Charlotte Dumas. Her images are particularly quiet—they don’t scream concept or statement—and, as such, the animals’ own voices seem to shine through. And ultimately that’s the most powerful thing I feel a picture of an animal can do.”

Further into the book, Magnum photographer Alec Soth’s *Dog Days, Bogotá* explores the limbo of impending fatherhood: the photographer finds solace in the lives of Colombian street dogs while he and his wife wait to meet their adopted daughter. Tony Mendoza’s extended portrait of a pint-sized egomaniac named Bob brings a Gilden-esque use of unflattering light to the canine world. And, somewhere in the middle, Mark Ruwedel’s neutral palettes of abandoned dog houses in the California desert at once echo the “colossal economic and political” basis of the American frontier and hint at the ephemerality of bonds, care, and life itself.

While photography may have some strides to make before it catches up with painting’s reverence for dogs, the bodies of work on display in *Really Good Dog Photography* certainly are a step in the right direction. Much like the canines surrounding Diogenes and his tattered clothes and upturned bathtub, this book will provide a great companion, and is sure to charm the pants off any reader—two-legged or four.

WORDS BY SAM EDMONDS

REALLY GOOD DOG PHOTOGRAPHY IS PUBLISHED BY HOXTON MINI PRESS X PENGUIN BOOKS





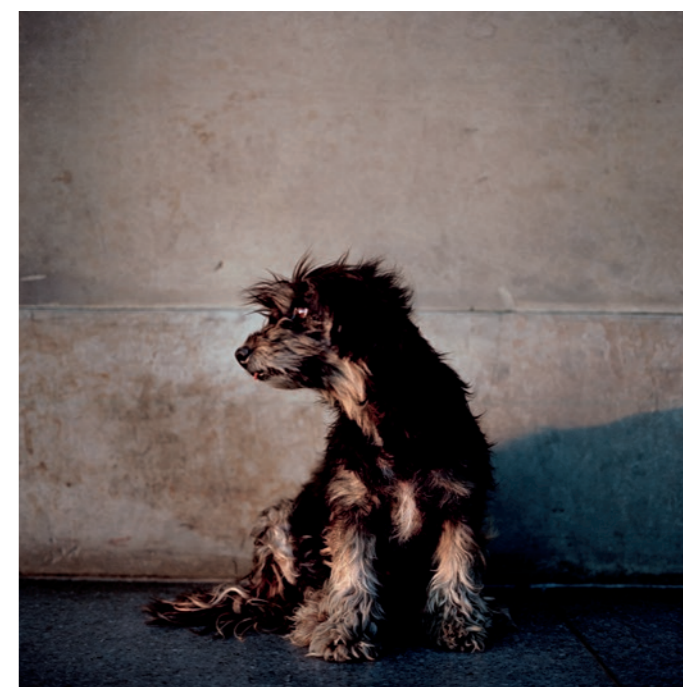
PREVIOUS PAGE
EAMES LOW, 2015, WILLIAM WEGMAN
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DOGS GODS, 2010, TIM FLACH



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BLACK DOG, 2010, ERIK KESSELS

THIS PAGE
ANIMAL FARM, 2008, DANIEL NAUDÉ





OPPOSITE PAGE
SENIOR DOGS ACROSS AMERICA, 2015, NANCY LEVINE
THIS PAGE
DOG DAYS, BOGOTÁ, 2003, ALEC SOTH



THIS PAGE
MARRERO, 2014, RAYMOND MEEKS & ADRIANNA AULT
OPPOSITE PAGE
DOGS GODS, 2010, TIM FLACH



FEATURE

NO LONGER LAUGHING STOCKS,
THESE COLLARS ARE WORKS OF ART.

CONES OF SHAME

The canine neck cone was patented by Frank L. Johnson of Cincinnati in 1962. It has kept inquisitive dogs away from infection-prone wounds ever since. This tricky task is honoured by the device's regal official name: the Elizabethan collar. The title conjures an air of aristocratic dignity—a princely greyhound wearing a ruff in an oil painting. Yet no one seems to use it. Instead, adding insult to injury, we've adopted 'cone of shame' as the cultural norm. It's a phrase immortalised in the 2009 Pixar classic *Up*, in which an animated golden retriever called Dug is forced to wear a medical collar as a punishment and says sadly: "I do not like the cone of shame." The scene spawned a wave of memes and the cone has been a laughing stock ever since.

Photographer Winnie Au's new project is an attempt to reclaim the cone. "I've always loved how sad and ridiculous dogs look when they're wearing a cone," she says. "I wanted to take that moment and twist it so that something beautiful and majestic comes out instead." Working with prop stylist Marie-Yan Morvan, Au has photographed over a dozen dogs in cones that look more like runway accessories than medical prescriptions. Morvan has fashioned DIY cones from glitter-coated paper, fake flowers, and raffia. "The series is meant to take some of the shame out of the cone of shame," says Au, a veteran animal photographer and dog owner.

In one image, a pleased-looking husky wears a cone made from white drinking straws that could be part of a Björk stage outfit. (The design was inspired by a sea urchin, explains Au.) In another, a terrier models a ruff of flamingo-pink feathers that wouldn't look amiss in a Prada collection. And a pug gets a soft profusion of grey fun fur with a faintly punk crimped effect.

Au's photographs read like fashion editorials rather than pet portraits. She's more interested in composition and colour than capturing straightforward likenesses of her subjects. For each shoot, she and Morvan create a mood board factoring in fur colour and personality. Inspiration for the cones, though, might come from anywhere. "Sometimes it could even be something random like someone's breakfast that I see on Instagram," says Au.

"The inspiration for one of our first few cones was a picture of fluffy cotton candy." In the future, she hopes to play around with more surreal effects; she's looking for ways to create a cone with a pearlescent seashell sheen and one with a texture like the frilled underside of a mushroom.

Dressing animals always runs the risk of looking twee. But Morvan's creations are more like abstract sculptures than costumes. "Each one is like a little work of art," Au enthuses. "We were very careful through the shoots to make sure things didn't end up looking cheesy, which can happen really easily when you're putting anything on a cute dog!" She notes too that dressing dogs is difficult for practical reasons, and requires both empathy and patience.

Au and Morvan bring a selection of different cones to each shoot and then see which one the dog prefers. The models all have different techniques in front of the camera. Kyrie the Weimaraner was very co-operative and calm, so much so that she fell asleep in her cone. "It was my first time photographing a Weimaraner, and I can see why [William] Wegman chose them as his subjects," Au says, referencing the world's most famous dog photographer. Lux the pit bull was more high-energy. (Au: "She did not want to sit still. This is a common issue on dog photo shoots.") The photographer ran around in circles with Lux for most of the shoot and only got the shot she wanted after Lux was tired out. In the final image, she looks deceptively still and pensive.

Au's goal is to turn the series into a calendar, which she would then sell, donating the proceeds to a charity that provides funding for dog surgeries. "As pet owners and dog lovers, we've all had medical emergencies happen or unexpected medical costs arise for our dogs, and it's terrible to have to make that decision based on finances," she says. "I want to help other dog owners or animal rescues find that cash if they need it, and have the choice."

Turning the cone into a tool for helping not just one but many dogs is a project to be proud of. So if there's ever been a moment to rename the cone of shame, this is it. The options? The device is also sometimes called a 'pet lampshade', which is just as funny and slightly less tragic. But my vote would go to another lesser-used name: the 'dog-saver'.



WORDS BY ALICE NEWELL-HANSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WINNIE AU
PROPS BY MARIE-YAN YORVAN







FEATURED
AGNES, BITS, DARCY, JOLIE, LUX,
MILO, PENNY, AND RYDER



D O G T O W N

CAPTAIN BARKS PLAYFULLY WHENEVER SCOTTY SKATES.
HE LOVES TO RUN AFTER THE BOARD, ESPECIALLY WHEN SCOTTY HAS
A BALL IN HIS HAND. WE DIDN'T EVEN BRING A BALL WITH US THIS TIME.
CAPTAIN FOUND ONE.

BY
BENN WOOD





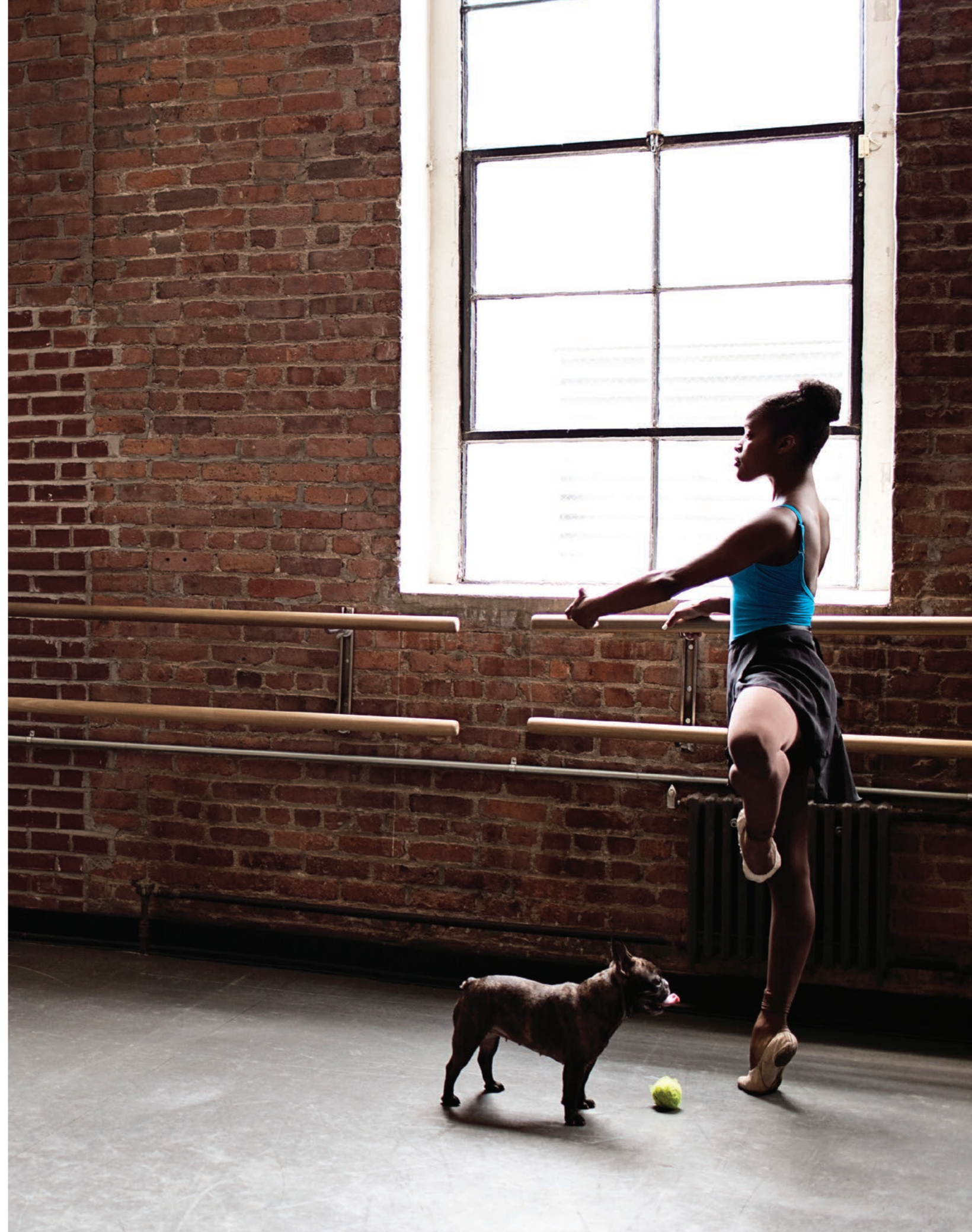




**BEST
FOOT
FORWARD
INGRID
SILVA
AND
FRIDA
KAHLO**

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS
BY KIMBERLY WANG

The memory is sketchy. Ingrid Silva was only 11 when it happened, but her first encounter with a canine involved barking, chasing, and the flashing of teeth (the dog's)—and it resulted in a painful tumble (hers) down a flight of stairs. Surprisingly, the fracas did nothing to dampen Silva's curiosity about dogs, nor the desire to have one of her own. Born and raised in a favela of Rio de Janeiro, the 28-year-old rising star of ballet began her career at age eight through a ground-breaking social program that seeks out students in disadvantaged neighbourhoods. The odds were against her, but Silva flourished under rigorous training. By 18, she had earned the chance to study at the prestigious Dance Theatre of Harlem, and she was elevated to a company member in 2013. Soon after, the ballerina transformed yet another dream into reality when she brought home a spirited French bulldog as eccentric as its namesake: Frida Kahlo. The two are now inseparable.





FRIDA RARELY LEAVES YOUR SIDE AND FINDS A WAY TO BE PHYSICALLY CONNECTED TO YOU WHENEVER POSSIBLE. HOW DO YOU DESCRIBE YOUR BOND?

I always wanted a dog. It was just a matter of finding a way for her to fit into my journey and schedule. Ever since we got her, I've taken her to work. The first few days were interesting, because my director would correct me and Frida would think I was being yelled at and she would bark. And I used to say: "Frida! Shhhh! She's not going to let me bring you!" And I think in this way she was educated about my job. She learned to become a part of my world.

When Frida was one, I brought her to one of our performances at the Lincoln Center. She was in my lap and I was doing my makeup. When I had to go on stage, I said, "Can you guys watch her?" And when I brought her to rehearsal after that she was comfortable... like, "I know these people and I know what to do."

THERE'S THIS IDEA THAT DANCERS LIVE ACCORDING TO A STRICT STRUCTURE, AND TO SUCCEED THEY MUST ADHERE TO THAT STRUCTURE. CAN YOU EXPLAIN HOW FRIDA IS AS ESSENTIAL TO YOUR CREATIVE PROCESS AS REHEARSALS AND ATTENDING CLASS?

To be in ballet, you have to have discipline. You have to come back to the technique of ballet. You have to be gifted. Not everyone can do it... But what people don't understand is that ballerinas can also be themselves. You can go to the park. You can go to your friend's party. And you can sleep late and eat a hamburger if you want. You don't have to starve yourself. You have to be able to be a dancer and live. And be a human. Many people haven't found that balance. And I think I have found it for myself. I don't think I would ever be able to exist in that little crazy ballet world every day. I need more. I need to go to the dog park and meet different people who don't even know what 'pointing the foot' is.

YOU MENTOR YOUNG DANCERS THROUGH THE ORGANISATION 'BROWN GIRLS DO BALLET', YOU TRAVEL AS A CULTURAL AMBASSADOR FOR THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF STATE, AND YOU FREQUENTLY TAKE ON UNFAMILIAR AND CHALLENGING CHOREOGRAPHY WHILE DANCING PRINCIPAL ROLES—BUT YOU ALWAYS MAKE ROOM FOR FRIDA. WHY IS YOUR TIME WITH HER SO IMPORTANT?

She's always there for me, and she expanded my circle in ways that I never thought would be possible. We have a French bulldog group, and it is like my second family. I had a birthday party for Frida with Hello Kitty gift bags for the dogs and drinks for the people. I don't think I could have had so much fun with so many different kinds of people. Usually when you tell non-dog people "I want to do a birthday party for my dog!", they say: "Oh, you're crazy. What are you doing?" But it expands you. This year all the dog parents came to see me dance. And they said, "We wish we could have brought the dogs!" Do you know how awesome that would be?

WHAT INSPIRED YOU TO NAME FRIDA AFTER THE FAMOUS PAINTER?

I have always loved the artist. She was a strong, powerful person who had her own opinions. My Frida, she is not mellow at all. She does what she wants and she's feisty. If she doesn't like someone, she's going to tell them she doesn't like them! When we go to a Frenchie meet-up, she is the only dog running anywhere and everywhere, and on top of people... and playing with the big dogs and the guy dogs. She's not scared of any of that!

DURING A BUSY SEASON WITH THE COMPANY, YOU MIGHT GO THROUGH 10 PAIRS OF POINTE SHOES PER MONTH, SPEND SEVEN HOURS A DAY IN CLASS OR REHEARSAL, PERFORM ABOUT 300 TIMES, AND EVEN MAKE TIME TO TEACH YOUNG DANCERS. WHAT IS THE MOST CHALLENGING ASPECT OF THIS LIFE YOU'VE CHOSEN?

Dancers learn how to not feel pain. We always want to push it. The challenge is to always be consistent. I became more driven and more focused after I moved here, because I saw how passionate and crazy New York City is. If you want to achieve and get better and have your space, then you have to fight for it. But I never thought of being competitive or stepping on people. The only person I wanted to compete with was myself.

THE DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM (DTH) WAS FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MITCHELL AND KAROL SHOOK IN 1969... TURBULENT TIMES. WHAT MAKES DTH IMPORTANT AND ESSENTIAL TODAY?

DTH represents history in the dance world. It was one of the first African American ballet companies and, back in the day, it was the most diverse company. It had dancers of every colour, every type of body. It's also the company of the future. Of opportunity. Of equality. Of empowerment. Arthur Mitchell used to say you don't represent yourself. You represent something larger than yourself. My goal was never to be famous, but to be an inspiration. I never imagined where the journey would take me.

Black ballerinas are very rare to see. When I first built my social media on Instagram, I wanted to share my journey: What we do as dancers. What we eat. Where we travel. How it is to be a pro, in my experience. I love that my natural hair is my identity. People want you to fit in, which is something I never want to do. With natural hair, in America, it can be very hard. People want you to have your hair straight, which is something I never wished for myself. How about just be me? Be original. I usually talk to my students and say: "Don't ever doubt yourself. Don't say: 'I feel so bad because I don't have the right body. I always feel rejected at my dance school.' Or, 'I can't do this.' Or, 'I don't have the money.'" You have to be positive about it. Someone will find you or someone will help you. And if they don't, you have to create the chance to make it happen yourself.





LIVING IN A BUBBLE SANDIA CHANG, JAMES KNAPPETT, AND PAXO

WORDS BY KAREN DAY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE RYAN

Sommelier Sandia Chang and her Michelin-starred chef husband, James Knappett, have a taste for unusual combinations. They are the humans of two mixed-breeds: Noodle—a half dachshund, half toy poodle who sadly passed away last year—and Paxo, a half Jack Russell, half Yorkshire terrier they adopted shortly thereafter to help mend their broken hearts. They're also the owners of a hot-dog-and-champagne restaurant called Bubbledogs. If a meal of sausages and sparkling wine sounds a little strange at first blush, let it be known that it comes with famed chef Thomas Keller's stamp of approval. We spent time chatting with Chang to learn more about the London couple's curious culinary expertise. Turns out, the secret ingredient to a successful hot dog empire is a real-life mutt.





HOW DID YOU AND JAMES MEET?

We met in New York. We worked together at Per Se back in 2006. I started there in 2004 as a kitchen server running food, and I worked my way up to captain and then maitre'd. James was there for a year and a half on a training visa.

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN GOOD PREPARATION FOR, WELL, ANYTHING ELSE IN LIFE.

Everything in life! Thomas Keller is one of the best role models / bosses / leaders I've ever worked with.

AND WERE YOU ALWAYS INTERESTED IN CHAMPAGNE, OR WHAT INSPIRED BUBBLEDOGS?

Well, it's mostly because I'm a bit American and rebellious. But, yes, I've always been interested in wine and always wanted to open a wine bar. I felt what was missing in the U.K. was a champagne bar that did grower champagnes—in general, it was a missing market, nobody knew about it, nobody wanted to know about it. I had just come back from [working as a sommelier at] Noma, which was really big in not only grower champagnes, but also artisanal producers of wine from all over the world. So the focus for me was always to advocate the smaller people, the real people who are on the farm, farming on their knees. And I love champagne with french fries and popcorn and charcuterie and cheese so I thought, "Well, why not hot dogs? I love hot dogs!"

IT'S A GENIUS COMBINATION, IT SEEMS.

And it's because of Thomas Keller's training, as well. My husband and I always knew that whatever kind of restaurant we opened—whether we're serving a bowl of peanuts or a Michelin-starred dish [like at their other restaurant, Kitchen Table]—everything needs to be perfect. Everything needs to be the best. So we knew that if we were going to make hot dogs, we were going to make the best hot dogs—the best quality ingredients, the freshest toppings.

YOU MUST EAT A LOT OF HOT DOGS. DOES WALKING PAXO HELP KEEP YOU TWO IN SHAPE?

Sadly, I don't get to eat all the hot dogs here or else I'd go bankrupt, but having a dog really almost saved our marriage, and our careers, because we both work 16 hours a day, five days a week. Especially when we first opened the restaurant, it was really bad. Having a dog was the only way we could get out of the restaurant during the day, to walk him. If we never had a dog and we had an extra 10 minutes, we would just naturally find more work to do. The dog was the best excuse we ever had for the two of us to get out for a walk, for even five minutes, just to get away from the restaurant. And on weekends it was an excuse to go to the park and do something instead of staying at home doing more work or watching TV.

DO YOU EVER TAKE PAXO WITH YOU TO MEET THE GROWERS?

No, he doesn't have his passport yet! But he's always here; I bring him to work every day. He sits in the office with our reservationist, and the staff takes turns to walk him, too. They love him. So anybody who ever comes to Bubbledogs can always meet Paxo.

IS HE ALSO THE MODEL FOR THE ILLUSTRATIONS FOUND ON THE BUBBLEDOGS BASKET LINERS AND WALL ART?

For that we commissioned an artist, José Reis de Matos. He's Portuguese but from Paris, and he illustrated one of our friend's cookbooks, called *Pork & Sons*. I told him we wanted the same vibe in the restaurant, so I asked him, "Can you do the same thing for dogs and hot dogs and champagne?" But it's a random dog that he drew, a dog that he said didn't look like any breed of dog, it just looked like a 'typical' dog. But somehow Noodle looked exactly like the dog he sketched.

YOU ALSO TRANSLATED YOUR AFFECTION FOR DOGS INTO A POP-UP RESTAURANT JUST FOR CANINES. HOW DID THAT TRANSPIRE?

When the U.K. passed a law that every dog needed to be microchipped, we helped Dog Trust get the message out by setting up a diner for dogs, so they could bring in their owners. I made little hot dogs for dogs to eat; the sausage was made of sweet potatoes and the bun was wholemeal, and they were served with little tater tots made from apple and peanut butter. Every dog got something, and then we had human food so owners could eat too.

DOES PAXO EVER EAT THE REAL HOT DOGS?

Yeah, sometimes. It's too rich for him because it's just pure meat and fat, but sometimes he gets a sneaky one.

HOW DID YOU DECIDE ON HIS NAME?

With the last dog, Noodle, I picked the name (because I love noodles). This time around, my husband said he was going to name the dog, but because we all work in food it had to be a food name. Paxo is the name of pre-packaged instant stuffing in the U.K. The alternative was going to be Branston, which is a brand of pickles here. James wanted something very English, for sure, so we actually put it up on Instagram and had people vote between Branston or Paxo, and people voted for Paxo.

IS LONDON A DOG-FRIENDLY CITY?

I think London is very, very dog-friendly, actually. We live really close to Hampstead Heath in North London, which is beautiful, and there are so many dogs there. A lot of pubs allow dogs, and we've found a lot of restaurants also allow them. Our restaurant is dog-friendly.

WHAT'S BEEN THE BEST MOMENT SO FAR IN OWNING BUBBLEDOGS?

When Thomas Keller came to eat, that was hands-down the proudest moment of my life. He's always been super supportive of us; every time he's in town he comes in or invites us for coffee, asks us if everything is okay or if there's anything we need help with.

YOUR FAVOURITE CHAMPAGNE?

Oh no, that's a tough question. It depends on the mood and my phase. At the moment, it's a producer called Emmanuel Brochet. His 2008 Chardonnay is by far my favourite right now.





**PART OF THE
FURNITURE
TOKUHIKO
KISE,
HIROMI
KARATSU,
DINGO, JACK,
AND JUNIOR**

WORDS BY NADIA SACCARDO
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TRUCK FURNITURE

Tokuhiko (Tok) Kise has built a world by hand. It started with a small coffee table, and grew slowly into a furniture workshop, and then a café, and now a home and studio under the open sky on the outskirts of Osaka. TRUCK is only distributed in Japan, but its aesthetic resonates further. The worn-in velvet sofas and steel-frame dining chairs invoke familiar spaces: a high school classroom, a childhood home. Hiromi Karatsu, Kise's wife and creative partner in all ventures, repurposes the 'furrowed' leather cutoffs from TRUCK's larger pieces in her studio, Shirokuma-sha, which sits next door to their two-storey house. Here, the small family (daughter Hina is 11 years old) is joined by a much larger cast of animals. Three dogs and seven cats currently roam the grounds. We spoke to Kise about creating a world that orbits around furniture, food, family, and animal friends.







WHEN DID YOU FIRST THINK ABOUT BUILDING FURNITURE AND STARTING TRUCK?

It was when I was 17 or 18 years old. I read an article about a shop class for furniture making in an outdoor magazine, and imagined making and selling furniture myself. I thought it would be great.

WHAT WAS THE FIRST PIECE OF FURNITURE YOU MADE?

I made a *chabu-dai*, which is a small, round coffee table with folding legs. It is an old Japanese-style one. I liked it very much, and I brought and showed it to my friends and my English teachers. (I took 10 days of English school right before I left to go to Canada to learn how to build log cabins.)

WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO LEARN TO BUILD LOG CABINS IN CANADA?

When I was 17 years old I watched a TV drama every Thursday called *Rice Curry*. In it, two young Japanese guys go to Canada with a dream to open a curry shop in Vancouver, but when they get to Vancouver their boss runs away with *his* boss's wife. The two young guys (who can't speak English) start to search for their boss, and they drive around Lac Le Jeune park, in B.C. Their car breaks down, but they happen to meet a Japanese guy who lives around there as a log builder. So the two young guys start to live and help at his log-building site.

I thought strongly that I wanted to do the same thing. I didn't think I wanted to be a log builder, but I wanted to experience it. I told my future boss at the chair-making company—where I would work after I graduated my shop class—about my dream to build log cabins, and I asked for three months' leave to go to Canada. He said okay. (I started working there in April, but left for Canada in June for three months!) I had a lot of great experiences doing it. I was 19 years old at the time.

YOU MOVED TRUCK (AND YOUR HOME) FROM CHU WARD, IN OSAKA'S INNER CITY, TO ASAHI WARD, WHICH IS FURTHER OUT. WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO MOVE TO THIS AREA?

Chu Ward was more expensive than Asahi Ward, so that was part of the reason, but the main reasons were the wide, open sky and that it was surrounded by three schools to the north, east, and west.

HOW LONG AFTER TRUCK DID YOU START BIRD? WAS BIRD A CLEVER BUSINESS IDEA, OR DID YOU START IT BECAUSE YOU LIKE GOOD COFFEE? (AND DOUGHNUTS!)

I started Bird after 13 years of TRUCK, when we moved to the location we are now. There are no cafés around here, and I wanted our customers to be able to relax and rest and, of course, I wanted it for myself, too!

WHERE DOES BIRD'S FOOD INFLUENCE COME FROM?

From my travels.

TELL US ABOUT A COUPLE OF DISHES.

Doughnuts: We longed to have these ever since we went to Noosa, Australia, for the first time in 2003. There was a doughnut shop beside the supermarket and we liked to watch the machine's cute actions (you can see these in the video on Bird's website).

Scotch steak: Whenever Hiromi and I go to Australia we make sure to have this steak. It's so delicious that it makes us shout out with glee.

WHAT OTHER PROJECTS DO YOU AND HIROMI WORK ON?

We are building a new studio for ourselves right in front of our house. Hiromi works as an illustrator, so she needs space to spread her equipment out and not have to clean everything up for dinner! I also want space to paint more and more.

HOW MANY PEOPLE WORK AT TRUCK AND BIRD, AND HOW MANY PEOPLE AND PETS NOW LIVE IN YOUR HOUSE?

Seventeen for TRUCK. Five for Bird. Only three dogs and seven cats now, but about 10 stray cats come to ask for dinner in the evening!

LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR DOGS. CAN YOU TELL ME THE NAMES, BREEDS, AND PERSONALITIES OF YOUR DOGS, IN A FEW WORDS?

Dingo: Mix, Jack's mother, funny, wild, and feminine.

Jack: Mix, Dingo's son, clever, curious, clingy, and always tries to follow Hiromi around, even into the bathroom.

Junior: Labrador retriever, Buddy's son (Buddy was our old dog who passed away seven years ago). Baby, greedy.

WHERE DID YOUR DOGS COME FROM? ARE THEY RESCUE DOGS?

Hiromi found Dingo at the park. Dingo was afraid being out in the park and lay down still. Hiromi took Dingo home and we tried to find the real owners, but couldn't. Meanwhile, we noticed Dingo's stomach was getting bigger. We took her to the vet and found six puppies! We decided to keep Dingo with us and thought it would be easier to find new owners for the puppies than it would be for an adult dog. After a few weeks, she gave birth at our house. We gave away four of the puppies and kept two with us. We named them John and Jack. John passed away of cancer when he was 10 years old.

THE TRUCK SHOWROOM IS LIKE GOING INTO SOMEONE'S HOUSE, INCLUDING THE DOGS LOUNGING ON FURNITURE. WAS THAT ALWAYS THE PLAN?

We never planned that; it happened naturally. In the old space, we lived upstairs from the showroom and the workshop, and now we live right next door on the same site. In my catalogues, my dogs and cats are often in the pages because when we take the photos in our house and sometimes the showroom, they are there as usual. This isn't part of the design plan or TRUCK's strategy.

DO YOUR DOGS COME TO THE TRUCK WORKSHOP? WHAT IS A NORMAL DAY LIKE FOR THEM?

Buddy was always in the old showroom but now Dingo, Jack, and Junior rarely go to the showroom or the workshop. First thing in the morning, I take them to the park on my bike, like Santa Claus (I used to take five dogs!). Afterwards, they have their breakfast and relax at home. Then they move to Hiromi's studio, Shirokuma-sha (*shirokuma* means polar bear), when Hiromi's sister Yasuko comes to work. Shirokuma-sha and TRUCK are on the same plot of land.

The dogs can walk around the yard any time they want. Around 5pm they get noisy and ask for their dinner, so Yasuko takes them back to our house and feeds them. After dinner, they go back to Shirokuma-sha and relax again with satisfied bellies. They come back home at around 7pm and relax on the TRUCK sofas until around 10pm. Then I announce that it's time for bed and they crawl to their bedroom.

YOU BUILT YOUR OWN HOUSE, WHICH IS AN AMAZING FEAT. DID YOUR PETS INFLUENCE THE DESIGN OF THE SPACE?

I designed the stairs with a gentle slope for Buddy, because he was 13 years old then. We lived with five dogs and eight cats in the same room before we built a house. I made an inside/outside doggie room next to our living room, and I set a window on the bottom of the door so that we could see the animals and they could see us. I also made the special cat toilets, added a ventilating fan, and put a sink nearby to change the water easily.

WHAT ASPECT OF BEING SURROUNDED BY ANIMALS DO YOU LIKE THE MOST?

Animals are precious and lovely, and dogs are simple, smart, honest, and happy.



HUNDRED

THE DOG IN THESE SKETCHES IS REAL AND HIS NAME IS MARSHALL. I GOT HIM FROM A DOG SHELTER FIVE YEARS AGO AND HE'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PET I'VE EVER SEEN, A REAL INSPIRATION, AND THE IDEAL MODEL FOR A GRAPHIC ARTIST.

I STUDIED ILLUSTRATION AT THE BRITISH HIGHER SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN IN MOSCOW, AND ONE OF THE COURSE BRIEFS WAS CALLED '100'. EVERY STUDENT HAD TO CHOOSE AN ANIMAL AND MAKE 100 IMAGES USING DIFFERENT TECHNIQUES AND MATERIALS.

FOR THE PROJECT, I TRIED PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING. I HAD TO MIX TECHNIQUES IN THE MOST BIZARRE WAYS SO I DIDN'T REPEAT THE SAME THING TWICE. I MADE SCULPTURES, COLLAGES, PAINTINGS, AND EVEN MURALS. CURRENTLY, I'M MOST INTERESTED IN PAINTING. OIL PAINT IS FULL OF REVELATIONS.

BY
MASHA SHISHOVA











SHOWCASE

BALD

I LOVE THE UNDERDOGS AND THE OUTLAWS THE MOST. WHEN PEOPLE TELL ME THEY CHOSE A CERTAIN DOG FROM A SHELTER BECAUSE HE WAS OLD OR UGLY AND NO ONE WANTED HIM, THEN MY HEART MELTS AND I KNOW WHY I DO THIS.

THIS SERIES IS ABOUT TWO OF THE BEST KNOWN HAIRLESS BREEDS: THE XOLOITZCUINTLI AND THE CHINESE CRESTED.

BALD DOGS ARE UGLY FOR MOST PEOPLE. YOU NEED TO SEE BEHIND IT. THE REAL BEAUTY IS ONLY TO BE SEEN IN THEIR PERSONALITY AND CHARACTER.

WHAT IS BEAUTY, ANYWAYS? EVERYONE SEES IT DIFFERENTLY. THERE IS A LOT OF COMPETITION IN THE DOG OWNER WORLD: "MY DOG IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN YOURS", AND SO ON. IT'S A LIVING CREATURE WE DECIDED TO TAKE CARE OF AND WELCOME IN OUR FAMILY. THIS IS WHAT IT SHOULD BE ABOUT.

BY
KLAUS DYBA









FEATURED
DEVITO, FLYNN, GRACE, JUAN,
MADONNA, AND NEO

DOWN ON THE FARM

WORDS BY ANN MARIE GARDNER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WINNIE AU

The farm is a metaphor seared into our consciousness: red barns, green fields, white picket fences, and sheep grazing under blue skies reach deep, instinctual parts of us. We are the first generation cut off from farming, nature, and food production due to our digitally interfacing lives. As a result, our generation has grown nostalgic for farm life—and often seeks it out.

There is the same nostalgia and fascination for farm dogs. Dogs have more than 10,000 years of agriculture experience. They too must recognise their ancestral wiring. Working farm dogs are hired hands on a farm. Raised from a very young age to stay in the fields, they live with the livestock and protect them at all costs. For dog lovers and pet owners, farm dogs inspire curiosity and awe, mixed with a sense of guilt that maybe our city dogs aren't living their fullest lives. To investigate more, we visited three different farms in New York's Hudson Valley, a two-hour drive from New York City and a hub for a new kind of farm, farmer, and farm dog.





**KINDERHOOK FARM,
VALATIE, NEW YORK**

Off County Route 21, a short drive from the still gritty but curated small city of Hudson—with its collection of antique stores, hip hotels, and farm-to-table restaurants—is the utterly tranquil Kinderhook Farm.

Stones crunch under the car tyres as we pull into the driveway and stop at a freshly painted white picket fence and cottage. Green hillsides dotted with grazing sheep stretch as far as we can see. A quintessential red barn displays a hand-painted sign, 'Farm Store', and a retired golden yellow Minneapolis Moline tractor sits off to one side.

Everything is immaculate at this former dairy farm, almost like a movie set. Even the ramshackle outbuildings with metal roofs are symmetrical. Georgia Ranney, who runs the farm with her husband, Lee, explains: "It's because we keep it clean! The owners, Steve and Renee Clearman, are specific about the colour paint and that everything is uniform." That effort and attention to detail is everywhere, from the weed-free flower gardens to the historically accurate shade of paint on the red barn.

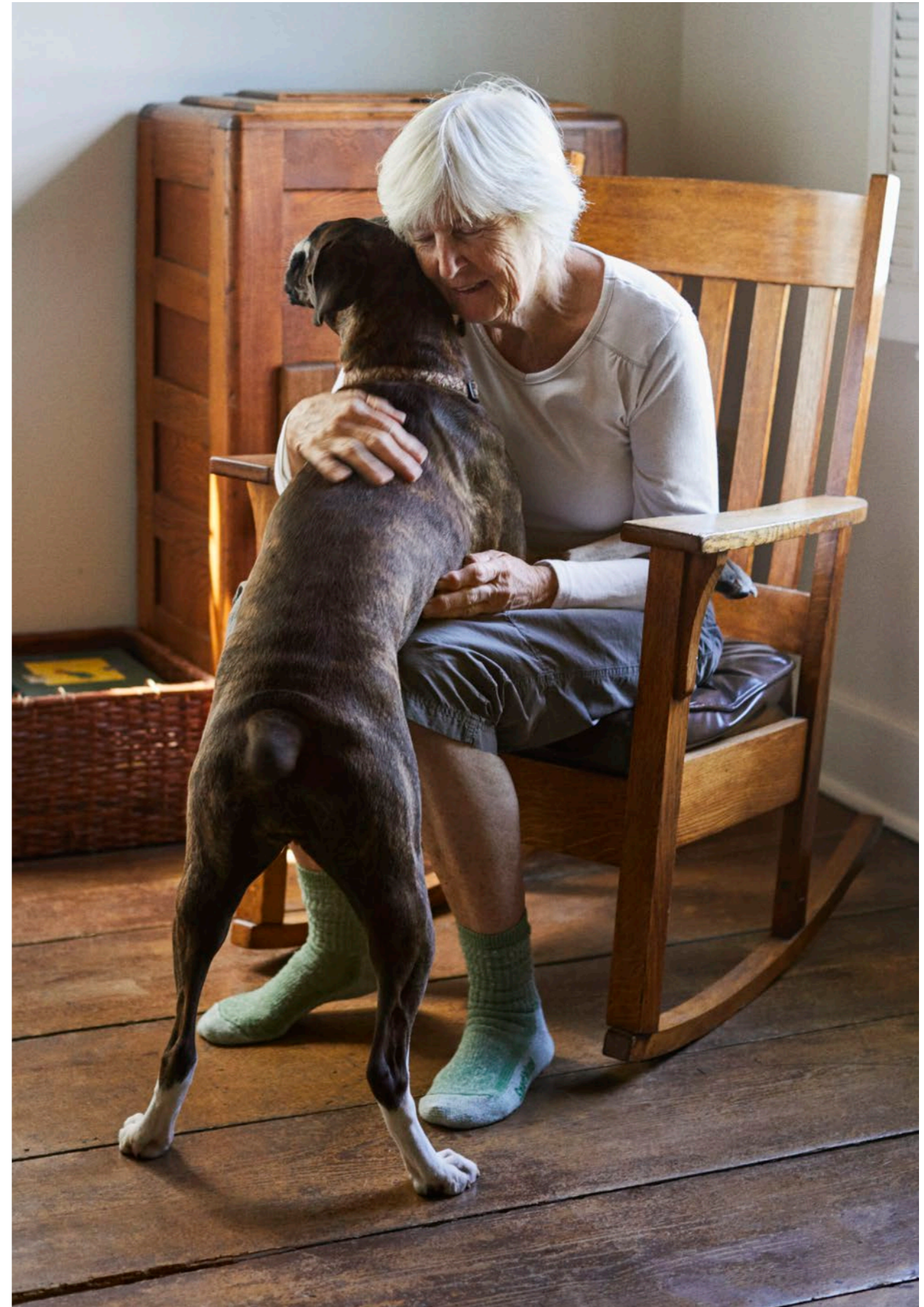
The Clearmans hired the Ranneys 15 years ago, when the economics of a dairy farm became unviable. So the Ranneys came to Kinderhook and farmed what they knew: cattle. "We had no idea that grass-fed beef would become a thing, and it did," says Georgia. "We got connected to Brooklyn restaurants like Marlow & Sons and The Meat Hook, and that's how it began."

We walk past the metal barns and meet two adorable lambs cuddling their mum while Ranney explains further: "The farm is on 1,000 acres, and is one of the few animal welfare-approved farms in New York State." This means they raise cattle, sheep, laying hens, and heritage chickens on pasture, and are held to rigorous standards—leaving mothers with babies longer, and allowing the animals to live as naturally as possible with no cages or hormones. This humane treatment extends to slaughter practices, too.

Georgia and cattle manager Laura Cline moonlight as the social media gurus of the farm. Their Instagram feed shows photos of animals, and their followers clearly appreciate the transparency. It's the pastoral version of reality TV. You can follow Percy the Appaloosa horse and his two sheep friends, watch newborn calves eating grass, and meet Wanda's piglets. But the stars of the show are the four white livestock dogs—Luna, Ollie, Sarge, and Wink—who spend their time hanging out with a flock of sheep. It's addictive to watch, and their individual personalities shine through.

The reality stars have a serious job, though: watching more than 400 Dorper ewes. Dorpers are a friendly breed of sheep that are ideal for meat production and can take the cold winters and thrive on a grass diet. In 2011, Sarge and Ollie, both Maremmas, replaced a wayward donkey who was more interested in playing with sheep than guarding them. Then came Luna, an akbash and the only female dog, and Wink, another akbash, who Laura describes as "serious but sweet" and who likes to stop for pats. Wink and Luna are often paired together in the fields. The classic combo is male and female, or male and male (Sarge and Ollie), although they are sometimes switched up.

We walk out to the pasture where Ollie and Sarge are 'working'—but it looks like they are lounging in the grass. Most of their job happens at night, when they fend off coyotes and even neighbourhood dogs. There is something profoundly calming and beautiful about the current scene. The two dogs slowly rise and saunter over to us, not in any hurry to eat their breakfast. Even after all this time on farms, Georgia says she's struck by how intrinsically connected we are to animals. "They teach you so much, and you can feel the dog and sheep are one unit," she says. "It's a very natural experience, and you begin to see how we have evolved together."





AUDREY'S FARMHOUSE, WALLKILL, NEW YORK

Audrey's Farmhouse is the Brooklyn version of farm life. It's less typical farm than curated communal experience for urbanites and dogs in a rustic country house.

Sally Watkinson and Doug Posey, who lived in Portland and then Brooklyn before moving to Wallkill, fell in love with the Dutch house on a former farm that had been a bed-and-breakfast for 30 years. They bought it and soon after moved in full-time with their two dogs: Dutch, a four-year-old Italian mastiff, and Bella, a 10-year-old Akita.

The 300-year-old building is an unassuming, rambling, shingled house off a bend in the road past apple orchards and dairy farms. The Shawangunk Mountains—popular with climbers and hikers—loom large in the distance. It's a stunning spot, quiet and languid.

Everything here focuses on relaxation (not farm chores!). There are hammocks, and a suite in a former chicken coop. There are birch trees, milkweed, high grass, old trees, and a natural swimming pool. The place doesn't have the urgency of a working farm and the dogs relax on the lawn, chilling out. It's peaceful, even sleepy. "The house has a sense of permanence," Doug says. "People comment that it is slower here. It is."

Sally and Doug are not farmers, but they are not hippies. They've created exactly the right combination of intimate and comfortable; chic and easy. The vibe is more Portland Oregon hipster than Woodstock tie-dye grungy. "When we bought the house, we wanted to expose its beauty," Sally explains. "We stripped it back—it has great bones and we wanted the house to be the hero. And that way we can be relaxed about dogs running through it!"

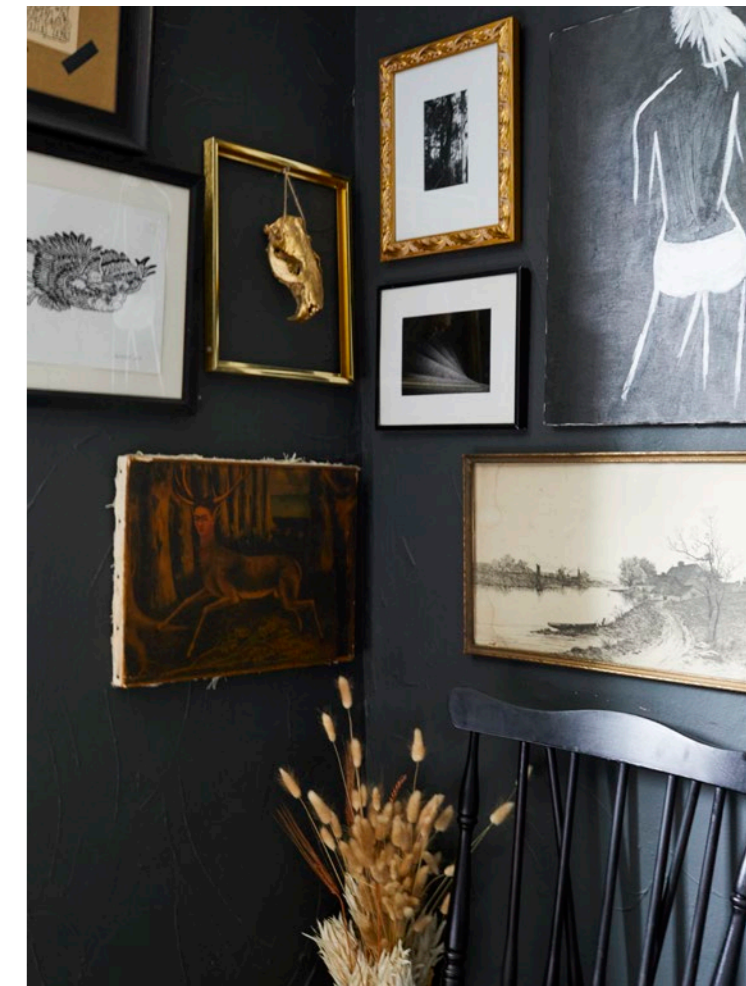
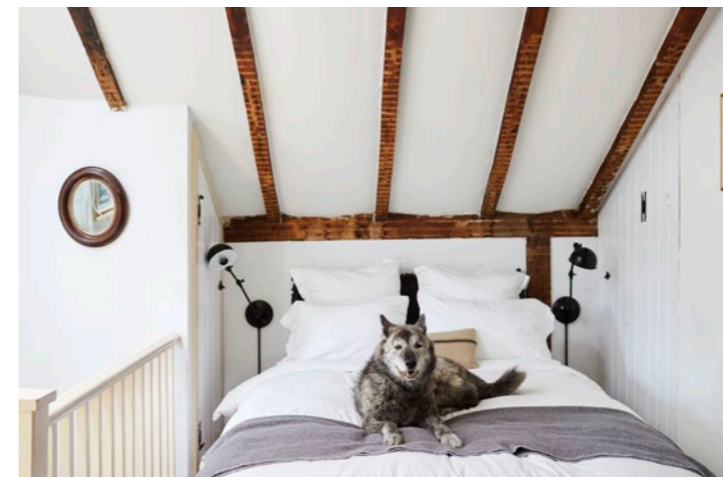
Since they renovated the five guest rooms and opened in 2016, they have been booked every weekend—even during January and February, when it's typically slow and everyone closes. "It's because we're dog-friendly," Watkinson says, "and lax about dog rules!"

For hipster city dogs and their people, Audrey's Farmhouse offers a brilliant weekend getaway with delicious local food, fresh air, green grass, and like-minded folks. The hounds get a taste of life as a country dog or, at least, a taste of being off lead for a weekend. Sally and Doug allow up to two dogs per room for no extra charge. They lay out extra blankets for each dog and tuck more blankets over sofas. Dogs are free to play with the other guests in the house, and they have free reign to roam off lead throughout the five acres and out back on the trails.

The only rules at Audrey's Farmhouse are those familiar to anyone who has a dog in the city: pick up after your pet. "We like for our guests to be able to roam the lawn without fear of 'land mines'. Baggies are available in the front porch if you run out."

"It's a great community here," Doug says. "We can spread out; there is so much land, so much space, everyone is supportive and open. It's nice because this movement is lifestyle-based, and we get to share our little window into living. Guests leave exchanging numbers and meet up with their dogs when they are back in the city. It's more like a culture club—people meet, have dogs who meet, and they send us pictures when they go out together!"





**MADE IN GHENT,
VALATIE, NEW YORK**

Just a few miles down the road from Kinderhook is a small working farm that feels miles away from its rural neighbour. Reimagined by first-time farmers and former weekenders, Made in Ghent is a modern acreage with an old-fashioned work ethic. Together, Mimi and Richard Beaven straddle two worlds: they raise chickens, laying hens, pigs, and bees on their 75-acre animal welfare-approved farm. They built the property from scratch after having to demolish the former run-down farm buildings. But by merging former advertising lives with their new farming passion, they have created a replicable model for a 21st-century farm.

It makes sense, then, that farm dog Bumble—a very good-looking four-year-old fox red Labrador—is also a hybrid of these two worlds.

“Bumble is the first dog either of us has had,” Mimi says. “We got her at eight weeks, but we didn’t intend her to be a full working dog. Her parents are both highly trained gun dogs, so we knew we wanted her to have a very active life here on the farm... a dog that would be happiest outside, running around with us as we work.”

Bumble’s hunting genes meant there were some early challenges with the farm animals—the rapidly moving chicks were especially tempting. “We exposed her, on the leash, to chickens when she first arrived,” Mimi says. “She learned quickly, though, and we have never had an issue with her, but she does not have a formal role with the animals. She likes to chase the occasional deer or rabbit, but just for fun.”

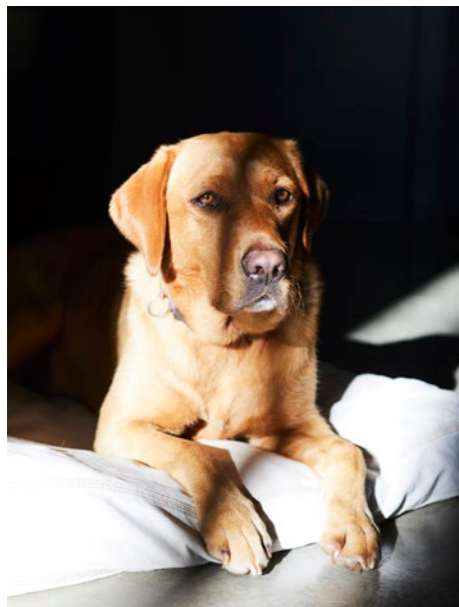
The Beavens’ commercial sense is what gives Made in Ghent a cutting edge. They have found novel ways to create alternative revenue streams—all the things that the older farms in the area must learn and get better at—through social media, photography, and farm stays. Mimi has a commercial kitchen, where she bakes bread and organises community farm dinners. Richard (a documentary photographer for *The Wall Street Journal* and others) documents life on the family farm at @madeinghent. The farm store sells meat, eggs, and chickens alongside Mimi’s famous sourdough bread, freshly baked dog treats, her cookbook, and sustainable farm bags. Their offerings appeal as much to local farmers as they do to urban tourists.

They might seem worlds apart, but Mimi and Richard have become close friends with the Kinderhook Farm folks down the road. Mimi pitches in on lambing emergencies and the support is reciprocal. “When we go over, we often take Bumble, too,” Mimi says.

Bumble’s job on the farm has morphed into the role of official greeter and photogenic social media star. Instagram fans follow Bumble’s adventures around the farm: roaming near the racks of bread, posing in front of pink sunsets, racing across the snow, and wandering among the pigs and chickens. Her free-range life is better than the average farm dog. She wanders the fields without having to protect, and sleeps either in the living room or a mudroom built specially to fit her dog bed.

Neither Richard nor Mimi grew up with dogs, but Bumble very quickly became part of the family. Richard admits they all hit the jackpot. “She is definitely a pet and some would say she has the most pampered life. A lot of people say that when they come back in another life they want Bumble’s life!”

“What’s not to like?” Mimi adds. “She gets to hang out in this beautiful place, spending her time between napping and free-ranging the farm, exploring all the delights, smells, and wildlife that it offers. She is living the dog dream.”





PROFILE

THERE'S A NEW GOLDEN RULE FOR DOG DESIGN:
WOULD YOU WEAR IT?

BY DESIGN FETCH & FOLLOW

Genesta Gunn and Taneale Hrymaskowski do fashion for dogs. They started Fetch & Follow—an East London-based lifestyle brand making dog necessities, from healthy treats to performance-grade jackets—back in 2014.

It's been a learning process. They originally launched the standard winter coat in a single size and style, but they've now extended it (literally) for both wider-chested and longer dogs. Across all sizes, the focus is on the fabric. The outer layer's waxed cotton is made using traditional Scottish techniques (think 15th-century sailors waterproofing their sails), producing more or less the doggy equivalent of a Barbour jacket.

Practicalities aside, there's something quite glam about Fetch & Follow. Maybe it's their beautifully lit catalogue models (including the team's own hounds, rescue dog and whippet-staffy cross Lacy, minischnauzer Frank and border terrier George). Maybe it's the fact that they make things like Breton-stripe jerseys for dogs. But this kind of sophistication makes sense when you realise Gunn and Hrymaskowski hail from the human fashion industry.

Gunn trained in fashion design, and then moved into interior design and homewares, buying for brands such as Cath Kidston, Arcadia, and Designers Guild. Hrymaskowski trained as a graphic designer and has worked as a print designer for both surf and high-end fashion labels. They became friends while walking their dogs. "We both wanted to do something we love, but for ourselves rather than a big company," says Gunn. "Plus, we now get to spend the day with our dogs."

Both have taken lessons from their time on the human side of the tracks: the ins and outs of design as well as things like costing and sourcing. "But I think the biggest is treating people how you would like to be treated," says Gunn. "You never want anyone to feel undervalued."

Hrymaskowski agrees: "Be yourself, and just be nice."

The human-canine fashion link goes deeper than the couple's professional histories. As Hrymaskowski points out, the way dogs and dog owners present themselves when they're out and about can—for better or worse—shape how they're received in the community. "If I'm taking Lacy out, I'm smart casual and always with lipstick," she says. "I'm laughed at

for this, but because staffies have such a bad name, I always want to look like a respectable and responsible dog owner."

More simply, Fetch & Follow designs are grounded in a basic instinct for human street style. Gunn and Hrymaskowski may take inspiration from their environment (the recent autumn collection riffs on winter seaside walks), but there's an overriding rule at play: if the designers wouldn't actually wear it (in a human version), it doesn't go in the range. Take the new sherpa fleece dog jacket: From one angle, it looks like your dog is dressing up as a sheep. From another, it's more like something Tilda Swinton would wear hiking. (Author's note: Both are good.)

The designs aim to be timeless; they age with the wearer for environmental reasons (durable materials reduce waste) as well as stylish ones (stuff looks lovely when it's a bit worn in). "I'm all about quality over quantity," says Hrymaskowski, "interesting yet simple pieces that will last for years."

"We don't follow fads," Gunn agrees.

Their classic leather leads and collars prove the point (currently popular in green, but always reliable in tan, if you're wondering).

Enter another human fashion tradition: the collaboration. Recently, Fetch & Follow worked with East London silk-screen printers Draw in Light to make a limited-edition line (featuring Draw in Light's dog, Bruce) from just 12 metres of fabric. Last year, there was a camouflage range with canine Net-a-Porter: Lead the Walk. "It gave us a chance to be slightly more brave in our fabric/colour/print choice and pushed us out of our comfort zones," says Gunn. "You can't be good at everything."

More collaborations are on the way in 2018, along with two more Fetch & Follow collections. Gunn and Hrymaskowski have just moved into a new studio, and they're planning a series of pop-up locations in addition to their shipping-container store in London Fields.

Although Fetch & Follow's goods are now stocked everywhere from Reykjavik to Seattle, the label is local at heart. "The proudest moment has to be when you go to London Fields Park or a local café and a dog struts in wearing our products," Gunn says. "You can't help but smile, and of course say hello."

WORDS BY IMOGEN DEWEY
ALL IMAGES COURTESY OF FETCH&FOLLOW









PROFILE

THIS MELBOURNE STORE AND COFFEE HANGOUT
JUST GOT A NEW TOP DOG.

SHOP DOG DOOMSDAY

Some people get china, but when Liam Hogarth's grandma passed away, Liam inherited a nine-year-old whippet called Rodger. "It means a lot to me, as he was her everything," says Hogarth. Rodger had a home lined up but, as Hogarth puts it, the outdoor life didn't suit a "prince like Rodger". The family agreed the whippet's elder years would be spent with Hogarth in the city, which means he's now a regular at Doomsday. Most days, every morning, Rodger greets visitors and chills on the mat at the store and coffee window in Melbourne that Hogarth manages. Here, a mix of streetwear, caffeine, and art creates a space that's laid-back and layered with tees, outerwear, incense, and other cool things. We spoke to Hogarth and store founders Travis Garone and Mark Kayler-Thomson about Doomsday's evolution and its latest chapter, starring Rodger.

DOOMSDAY IS DESCRIBED MORE LIKE A HANGOUT THAN A STORE. TELL US MORE ABOUT THIS.

Kayler-Thomson: We realise that most stores calculate floor space by 'how much product per square foot'. We like people and dogs per square foot.

Garone: This was never about money and business. We have other ventures for that, and the majority of our work ends up in retail environments all over the place. Doomsday was the Antichrist. We wanted to create a place where we could hang, where we felt comfortable shopping and drinking coffee with like-minded crew. Simple, really.

DO DOGS PLAY A PART IN THIS?

Hogarth: Sure, there are always a lot of dogs passing through and hanging out. Rodger fits in great. He's very friendly to the guests who pass by.

HOW DO PEOPLE RESPOND TO RODGER?

H: He gets a lot of love from the customers, and loves to say hi to everyone when he's not busy soaking up some sun rays on the mat out the front.

TELL US ABOUT RODGER'S PERSONALITY.

H: He is very chilled out, just wants to be around people, and loves to kick it on the couch and enjoy some pats and cuddles.

AT WHAT POINT DID YOU REALISE YOU WANTED TO OPEN DOOMSDAY?

K-T: 1993: Screen-printing tees on the living room floor. "Be nice to have a store." 2000: Figured how to write a business plan and wrote "Be nice to have a store". 2013: Realised business plan was wrong. But, "Be nice to have a store" still sounded good. Next day: 'Lease for rent' sign went up. 'Be nice to have a store' is real. 2017: "Still nice having a store."

BEING FROM THE 'ISLAND AT THE END OF THE WORLD' HAS ITS PROS (AND SOME CONS). LET'S CHAT ABOUT THAT.

K-T: We love the independence of existence that distance brings. In contrast, some of the crew are sad that they are not closer to other, bigger islands where Rihanna lives, but we have the internet installed, so any downtime from satisfying people per square foot is absorbed watching that.

SPEAKING OF ISLANDS, WHICH THREE ITEMS FROM THE STORE WOULD YOU TAKE TO A DESERT ISLAND?

G: Ceramic banana incense holder. Burka Boys cassette tape. P.A.M. \$1,200 anorak. Or maybe the new fancy blender, now that we are making smoothies.

H: Doomsday bikini towel, Doomsday Sherrin, and a Doomsday bugging-out t-shirt.

TELL US ABOUT SOME OF THE REGULAR DOGS WHO DROP BY.

H: There's a few usual suspects, most of them from our regulars. We have two Italian greyhounds who live across the road, and then there's Captain [from *Four&Sons*-featured Tom + Captain dog-walking adventures], who lives just down the street and around the corner. They are my favourite visitors.

HOW DO YOU MANAGE THE INTERSECTION BETWEEN ART AND COMMERCE WITHOUT SELLING OUT?

G: We don't manage it.

K-T: It's a very slippery slope. Luckily, we have the essential business referral tool (not mentioned in the small-business booklet we received, but very real to us): the 'younger than us' skaters, surfers, pissheads, painters, and punks who have no problem telling us we're kooking it.

G: The idea, the tone, personality, environment, and products are what we care about. Not hitting targets. Remember, this is an escape from the everyday for us.

SINCE OPENING DOOMSDAY, HAS YOUR OUTLOOK ABOUT RETAIL CHANGED AT ALL?

G: Not really. We opened the doors in the absolute height of the 'retail is fucking dead' era. We knew what worked and what was archaic.

H: Still have the same love for it as when I started.

MOST PROUD OF...

G: Saying no.

K-T: Yep. Saying yes to no.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE...

G: We have seen the future and it looks kinda nice.

WORDS BY *FOUR&SONS*
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TRAVIS GARONE









SEOUL

SEOUL IS A CITY THAT KNOWS HOW TO MULTITASK. ITS PET SHOPS ARE ALSO GALLERIES. ITS BOOKSTORES ARE ALSO LIVE MUSIC VENUES. THERE IS EVEN A DOG SPA INSIDE A PET STORE NAMED AFTER A DENTIST.

THE CITY IS HOME TO A GROWING NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO LOVE DOGS AND ADVOCATE FOR THEM, FROM THE NUMEROUS RESCUE ORGANISATIONS TO THE MANY BRANDS AND COMPANIES THAT SUPPORT ANIMAL RIGHTS. LOCAL HOTELS INCLUDE 'BOW WOW' AND 'BARK ROOM' PACKAGES, AND DOGS ARE WELCOME IN MANY RESTAURANTS, BARS, AND STORES. THERE'S EVEN A PUB NAMED AFTER A CHAMPION BICHON FRISE...

WORDS BY NADIA SACCARDO. GUIDE BY HOWLPOT
MAP BY FOUR&SONS

LOOK/PLAY

SEVIT FLOATING ISLAND PARK IN HANGANG PARK

One of Seoul's most famous river landmarks. These three glowing islands are connected to the dog-friendly Hangang Park, and worth a wander. Stop by the tasty Italian restaurant, duck into a café, and end the adventure at a dedicated dessert spot. somesevit.com

STUDIO CONCRETE

This shop and café and gallery and atelier is a multi-purpose mecca of taste. Grab a coffee and wander the art show and store with your pet in tow. studio-crrt.com

SLEEP

FOUR SEASONS SEOUL

We love it when a world-famous hotel chain includes a pet package. The Four Seasons welcomes mutts with an anti-slip food mat, cushy sleeping digs, door tags with their name on it, and toys. fourseasons.com/seoul

FRASER PLACE CENTRAL SEOUL

Fancy a bowl of organic dog food with your hotel room? Yes? Then book a stay and the 'Bow Wow Package' at these serviced apartments. fraserplace.co.kr

SHERATON SEOUL PALACE GANGNAM

In Seoul, the global hotel's 'Love That Dog' package includes everything a glam pooch needs in the big city: bedding set, pick-up bags, healthy dog food, and fancy hair products. sheratonseoulpalace.com

HOTEL CAPPUCCINO

Even if they didn't have a 'Bark Room' and 'Doggy Drinks & Snacks', we'd still recommend this boutique spot.

The rooms are modern and comfy—featuring locally made beds, eco bath products, soft robes—and the hotel has the indie perks we seek out in every city: a shop, a reading nook, a cool café. But back to the Bark Room: picture a custom-made dog bed, dog pyjamas, toys, and treats in your room and you've got it. hotelcappuccino.co.kr/en

SPAS

NOUSTETE

There are two important things to know here. First, you'll find this salon inside a place called DA (Dentist Appointments). Second, DA is actually a famous pet shop. The team here do top trims and also offer high-tech spa treatments, such as an O-zone pet shower with nano bubbles or a hydro coating massage. We're not 100 per cent sure what these are, but they sound amazing and we want one. instagram.com/noustete

TRIMMING 807

It might be known for Bichon Frise cuts, but this tidy salon welcomes dogs of all styles. Know a Bichon Frise? Send them straight here. They'll thank you later. instagram.com/newtrimming807

READ

BLUE SQUARE BOOK PARK

A department store for book lovers with bonus bits that paper people love: a café, an art gallery, and a restaurant. The interior design, with floor-to-ceiling shelves, looks almost like a skyscraper made from paper. bookpark.com

CAFÉ PASTEL

What goes great with books? Music. This collab space merges books with a bar and live sound, so you can read and drink beer or coffee and listen to live bands in the background. frente.kr

WALK

SEOUL FOREST PARK

The park is described as "the lung of Seoul" for good reason. The vast grasslands, water features, trees, and animals (deer and rabbits abound) welcome owners and dogs into a special wilderness. Seongsu-dong

SEONYUDO PARK

In the middle of the Han River, on a little island, sits this scenic park. Full of seasonal flowers and plants, it's an unexpectedly lovely place to walk your pup. Yanghwa-dong

RESCUE

CARE

A subsidiary of the CARE International with locations in the U.S. and South Korea, these guys are a powerful voice in the fight for local animal rights. Their public campaign work goes far and wide, and they work tirelessly to rescue, rehabilitate, and rehouse abandoned animals. fromcare.org

KOREA ANIMAL RIGHTS ADVOCATES

This non-profit is fantastic for many reasons, but here are two: they host adoption drives for street animals and abandoned pets, and they help educate humans about animal rights and care. animalrescuekorea.org

KOREAN ANIMAL WELFARE ASSOCIATION

The largest care organisation in Seoul that look out for animals in a wide range of ways—from rescue to education to lobbying lawmakers about pro-animal law. These guys fight hard for animal rights not only for pets, but also for all creatures. animals.or.kr

SHOP

BETTERS

A pet shop packed with cool Seoul-based and international brands (from tiny dog backpacks to Aesop's animal shampoo). Cream of the crop is in-house label Woof by Better, which is much loved by locals. woof.co.kr

BIEN BIEN

Popping homeware for pets that's so fun and unique you'll wish everything came in people size. There's a lot of different pet products in store, but everything seems to connect. In terms of aesthetics, it's Sweden meets Seoul. bienbien.kr

BLACK MAYONNAISE

Important information: Black Mayonnaise is a pet label, but their aim is to "focus on colours and printing illustration and designs that make

grown-ups a bit envious". And they nail it. If the cotton jumpsuits or crew tops came in human sizes, we'd go in. Until then, there's always the hand-knitted blanket. blackmayonnaise.com

HOWLPOT

We don't like to play favourites... but just this once. Howlpot's "cool products for companion animals" are a big reason we're so fixated on Seoul. The label (founded by three ex-Samsung designers) channels "form follows function" in all the right ways—especially into the award-winning Howly bed. If you're in town, make sure to stop by their store/gallery/café in Yongsan-gu. en.howlpot.com

OH BOY!

OhBoy! is a dope magazine for people who love fashion, the environment, and animals, and this shop is an extension of the latter. Their goal? "To live in harmony with animals." On the outside, this looks like a human boutique, but inside it's 90 per cent pet products. ohboy.co.kr

TREATS

BITE ME

"Please adopt, don't shop" is the mantra of this organic snack store, which supports pet shelters by donating both products and food: jerky, chicken pops, bones, and other delights. We're particularly fascinated by the powders (salmon, anchovy, soybean, veg), which help add nutrients to your dog's diet. biteme.co.kr

FOOD/DRINK

ANTHRACITE COFFEE ROASTERS

The aroma of fresh beans wafts onto the terrace of this pour-over palace. The hip concrete warehouse is as friendly to wi-fi workers as it is to dogs and their owners. anthracitecoffee.com

BICHON POCHA

In Korean, 'pocha' means 'pub', and the owner of this particular pub happens to live with an award-winning Bichon Frise who also has the naming rights to the establishment. The food here is traditional and delicious (order the topokki or fresh seafood), and dogs are as welcome as diners. instagram.com/bichonpocha

MACHOS HUT

A pet-friendly barbecue and grill on a rooftop. Famed dishes here include roasted pork, lamb, and shrimp. Sound idyllic? Yup. Especially as they serve booze, too. facebook.com/machobbq

SHOP3239

This café and restaurant trades in excellent world beer and wood-fired pizza. Say no more. (Except dogs are welcome.) instagram.com/3239cafe_seoul/



POP CULTURE DOG PUNKS

SO, YOU THINK YOUR DOG IS SOME DOCILE, LOVING PURVEYOR OF FUN, BALL GAMES, AND UNBRIDLED AFFECTION? WRONG! OUR HOUNDS ARE WILD BEASTS, COMPLEX, AND INDOMITABLE. THE BLOOD OF WOLVES RUNS THROUGH THEIR VEINS. AND EVEN IF SAID WOLF NOW TAKES THE SHAPE OF A TREMBLING FOUR-POUND CHIHUAHUA WITH GASTRIC ISSUES WHOSE SOLE PREDATOR IS THE HOUSEHOLD VACUUM CLEANER, THERE REMAINS AN IRREPROACHABLE DIGNITY, A POWER, A STRAIGHT-UP NO-ARGUING BAD-ASSED-NESS UNDERNEATH IT ALL. WE TAKE A LOOK AT THE DOGS WHO LEAVE NOTHING ON THE TABLE.

WORDS BY LUKE RYAN
ARTWORK BY FAYE MOORHOUSE

SNUFFLES (*RICK AND MORTY*)

The moral of the Snuffles story is 'Be careful what you wish for'. A dog who is smart enough to understand what you are saying would also be smart enough to understand the gross inequities of the power dynamic between the two of you. They'd probably also be smart enough to understand puppy mills, vanity breeding, and the idea of forced castration. Hell, maybe they'd be smart enough to communicate, to express their displeasure at the current state of affairs, to band together, and to make humans pay for what they've done to the dogs' once-proud species. Yes, perhaps canine intelligence is an idea better left alone. We have too much blood on our hands.

WILLOW, VULCAN, AND CANDY (*THE QUEEN'S CORGIS*)

I mean, come on. Just look at those smug little faces. These glorified slippers might look all fluffy and genteel, but underneath that smiling exterior you know they're the canine equivalent of Joffrey from *Game of Thrones*. "You've displeased Her Majesty, and Mummy's sweeties haven't been fed for quite a few days. Don't Mummy's sweeties deserve a snack? Yes, they do. Fetch my crossbow, Phillip."

BRIAN GRIFFIN (*FAMILY GUY*)

Brian Griffin is essentially what happened to Snoopy after his youthful illusions fell away, leaving a frustrated, alcoholic, womanising middle-aged wreck in their place. Hell, he even looks like an older, fatter, sadder version of Snoopy. As Brian tends to the Great American Novel that he knows he'll never finish, he can only look in despair at the family he's been saddled with, a collection of bland suburban tropes that would surely fire his artistic imagination if he had the talent to back it up. So he does what any self-respecting artiste does in such situations: invokes his greater Hemingway, replaces diligence with midday martinis, and commits himself to a life of affectless debauchery that was out of date even before it killed Hemingway himself.

CUJO (*CUJO*)

Cujo, a.k.a. Stephen King's Cujo, never stood a chance. He was conjured during a multi-year cocaine binge so intense that King claims he can't even remember writing the novel, let alone winning multiple awards for it (he did). The result was the movie *Beethoven* for the sadistic set, featuring a loveable St. Bernard named Cujo who gets bitten by a rabid bat and then proceeds to tear apart, in order, his neighbour, his owner Joe, and the local sheriff, while also terrorising his other two owners: Donna and four-year-old Tad. Tad dies from dehydration after being trapped in the family car for a few days, but I reckon Cujo's only, like, 75 per cent responsible for that one. Donna eventually bests him in one-on-one combat, but you'd have to call it a pyrrhic victory by that point. Basically, this book is the reason we spent the '80s terrified of rabies and really into cocaine. And for that public service, we thank Cujo.

FRANK THE PUG (*MEN IN BLACK*)

Well, of course pugs are aliens. They look like something you'd create if you'd only ever heard a dog described over crackly radio. "Did they say snout? Probably not. Leave it out." Frank the Pug was more than just a pug, though. He was a Remoolian, a species of wise-cracking, hard-drinking aliens with jarring New Yorker accents whose sole mission on this planet was to kill it with sarcasm. Well, at least that's what I gleaned from Frank's role in *Men in Black* and, to a lesser extent, *Men in Black II*.

Frank's the kind of dog who'd seem great at first, but after the third day of non-stop zingers and mid-range sass, you might seriously consider drowning him in a bucket. Sometimes owners just need a bit of respect.

PUFFY (*THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARY*)

Dogs are a great judge of character. They can smell evil and/or poor hygiene a mile away. Few had quite so potent a douche radar as Puffy from *There's Something About Mary*. An adorable border terrier with the gentlest whiff of 'clinical psychopath', Puffy (real name, I shit you not, Slammer) was Cameron Diaz's personal bodyguard: 4.5 kilograms of cunning, malice, and cute, with protection on her mind. Puffy's the only thing standing between Cameron Diaz and her congenital inability to recognise sleaze. But Puffy's also a card-carrying speed freak, and when she consumes enough amphetamine to take down a rhino, you have the recipe for the best human-canine brawl in the history of cinema. Go on. Watch it right now. It's worth it.

SNOOPY (*PEANUTS*)

The original Dog with Feelings™, Snoopy is the James Dean of the canine universe, a creature of hidden depths and wild imagination trapped in a blank suburban hellscape whose myriad sadnesses 1950s America was only beginning to understand. Owned by a gormless, balding eight-year-old with the personality of asphalt, Snoopy has only one friend in this world: an irritating bird who he may or may not be able to understand. Faced with such Nietzschean tragedy, Snoopy retreats into a fantasy of wartime mayhem, murdering an endless parade of German fighter pilots in his mindless quest to take down the Red Baron. He never succeeds, of course, but the rush he feels as his finger jams down upon the trigger, bringing to an end another human life, is the only thing that gets him through the day. All those humans who take him for granted just better watch out.

HOUSE OF LOAF

BY
LIBBY BORTON



Ruby lay on the floor with Loaf-Tin on her chest, while Wolf Alice howled through the speakers. Dave was talking to the landlord, his voice muffled and laughter strained, sucking in air as if it might sap the life from the conversation. The road rumbled outside, the trees softly rustled. Loaf-Tin's low growl reverberated through her ribcage, his ears down and his eyes wide, sending a sideways glance to the closed door. They lay in the dark, with the paisley curtains closed despite daylight clawing through the cracks.

A good tenant would have a good dog, if allowed one.

Ruby knew she was a good tenant, and Loaf-Tin was a good dog. He was a middle-aged corgi cross and the perfect rectangular shape of his namesake, a heat-seeking missile full of clumsy energy. When exhausted, he would lie in his basket with head draped upside-down and paws outstretched, inches from the radiator’s feeble warmth. He smelled like a musty baby and his dark eyes devoured everything with distrustful alertness, despite his pleasant attitude.

He made the house home.

“We need to do something about the dog,” David said.

He stood in the doorway, his arms folded.

Ruby didn’t take to the graveness of his tone, pulling up Loaf-Tin’s front paws in mock surrender.

“Don’t shoot,” she said.

Dave sighed and turned on his heel, holding his hands on his head, before spinning around and wagging a pair of finger guns at them.

Slow to react from the worry crowding her head, Ruby fell back with Loaf-Tin and pretended to be dead. She breathed easier and fingered the rough pads of his paws as he stared pensively away. She made them stroke her forehead.

“I know,” she murmured.

—

Ruby’s mother had tried to be kind to her about her grandmother’s death, which had happened when she was six. She told her Nanny had been digging potatoes in the garden with her bare hands, like she always did, foraging wolf-like beset by her besotted setter. More and more it became harder to pull her fingers out of the dirt, until, one day, they plunged into the earth and became sprawling roots. Flipped, her head became the base of the trunk, her mouth the rotted knot where hedgehogs took shelter behind a spider’s curtain. Her torso was the trunk and her legs split into a thousand branches and all the thorny hairs into twigs. That was what happened. You were minding your own business one day, only to fall, arse over tit, and the next thing you knew your fanny was the crook in which birds made nests.

When her grandad died nearly twenty years later, he was put in a hole next to her, under the maple’s russet leaves.

Death left debris. Porcelain figurines, cracked tea sets, burned oven gloves, doilies, and Loaf-Tin.

Her dad pulled up outside Ruby and Dave’s flat on an autumnal Friday afternoon, when the light was at its magic moment. The sky burned above them, and Ruby beamed, clasping Loaf-Tin’s lead. Her job at a dog-friendly shop selling knickknacks set her up for greatness, not to mention the park close by. Fully fledged independence. The presence of a dog only solidified their seriousness and adulthood.

“I can take him whenever you want,” her dad said, passing the dog basket to her, filled with food, blankets, and toys. “You just give me a call.”

“I got this.”

“I know. Let me know when you need a break.”

His hair was thinning, grey, with touches of blond at the ends and his eyes were wrinkled like the stone of a nectarine.

“I’ll be fine,” she said firmly.

“And Brian’s happy?”

Dave glanced at her, and stepped inside.

“More than happy. Blissful.”

In the sense ignorance was bliss.

Brian was their stodgy landlord, who wore sensible shoes and shirts from the seventies. He used his two flats he rented as DIY projects, with reasonable success. He was traditional, sniffed a lot, and pinched his nose, snuffling underneath the sink or tutting as he pawed the walls for damp.

Ruby breezed through the first week. She held her ear against the door when Loaf-Tin was left alone for an hour or so to see if he howled, which he did not. They cuddled on the sofa, and she lovingly watched the way he ate biscuits in the side of his mouth like an old man with a soft-boiled sweet stuck in his dentures.

Fear fell abruptly as Brian stepped into the house, gave a deep inhale and stated, “It smells of must. And dog.”

Dave gave her arm a squeeze as her face reddened and she scuttled off to shut herself in the living room, where Loaf-Tin greeted her with thudding tail. His honey-coloured coat was clean and shining with health. She knelt and buried her face into his fur. It was odd Brian should say that, because to her the dog still smelled like a mixture of buttered toast and sweaty baby.

Dave blamed the descending fustiness on their elderly upstairs neighbour’s English bulldog, Beefcake, who had a penchant for farting and whose owner was loath to open the windows in case of wasting energy.

Brian was not easily convinced, wrinkling his nose and going about his work, retouching the skirting board.

Loaf-Tin’s arrival had mysteriously coincided with a rise in nightly visits from foxes and cats, who left deposits over their tidy green lawn and dug holes where flowers once were.

Brian surveyed the mess, which they had tried to cover up with a scattering of garden ornaments.

“It must be the season,” Ruby excused blithely.

Brian rested his small hands on his hips, sniffed, gave her a frown, and asked, “For what?”

Ruby’s smile faltered, and she mumbled, fumbling for an excuse.

“For... pooping...”

Brian’s eyes narrowed like a hunter’s searching for its quarry. Ruby half expected him to pick up a deposit to examine more closely.

Ruby could not ask Loaf-Tin to be quiet when Brian poked around the garden outside, and her friends already had to call her instead of ringing the doorbell, in case of sending him into hysterics.

On more than one occasion, Loaf-Tin had found something deliciously stinky to roll in and she had had to stop herself crying in disgust as she carried him at arm’s length through the door and into the bathtub. She had frozen at the doorbell, clamping her hand over Loaf-Tin’s expectant mouth and staring down at his shivering frame. He gave a sloppy shake and splattered mud everywhere, as Dave blamed the stench on Ruby’s overzealous run.

The final straw for Dave was on a Thursday.

Brian had gone about his usual tinkering and incessant whistling, to which Dave had to practically pin down the obedient Loaf-Tin. When he had finally left, Dave relinquished his grip and let him snuffle about the door, when it unexpectedly opened again.

The first thing that came to hand was a blanket, which Dave threw over Loaf-Tin before Brian could catch sight of him.

“Forgot my tape measure!” he called, as Loaf-Tin bumbled blindly like a less than elegant ghost after him.

Dave stifled a cry of dismay, and launched himself in front of the dog as it gently bumped into the doorframe and sneezed.

A few times Brian had looked straight through Loaf-Tin, whose fleecy dinosaur outfits and regular swaddling in blankets had disguised him into a soft-seeming cushion. He was not convinced he would be so lucky this time.

“Terrible thing—about—the weather,” he said loudly, leaning on his arm.

He could feel Loaf-Tin behind him, still knocking at the doorframe.

Brian glanced out the window to the blisteringly sunny day. At that moment, Loaf-Tin let out a soft squealing sound from his backside.

Dave went vibrant red and apologised. He wished Brian would say something, rather than inhaling unusually deeply and huffing.

“Is that—roast chicken?”

“Yes,” Dave choked, flashing back to Ruby last night feeding Loaf-Tin scraps and speaking to him in the designated baby voice.

“Got any leftovers?”

Dave nodded slowly and went to the kitchen to wrap some cold meat in foil. He felt as if he’d stopped breathing, partially from fear and partially from the smell.

As he handed the package to Brian, he noticed Loaf-Tin waiting patiently beside him, still thankfully covered.

“That’s a hazard,” Brian said, nodding at Loaf-Tin.

Dave’s heart dropped and he opened his mouth to confess when Brian continued.

“A footstool should be stowed neatly to the side after use.”

Dave was aghast that his wide-eyed shock did not alarm Brian, who waited patiently, and then nodded to the bare wall.

Dave bent down and hoisted Loaf-Tin up, moving him to the side of the room.

“Stay,” he said to the footstool.

No matter how much support and conspiring they gleaned from their friends and neighbours, Ruby and Dave could not shake the trepidation and guilt. The squeaky toy could not always be excused as a handy stress-ball, the weaved circles of vomited grass could not be blamed on creative children using egg white and dead grass to make fairy wreaths, and Loaf-Tin’s little dog coats and jumpers were not outfits for Dave’s teddy bear collection. It would crush them to be thrown out of their first flat, after it had taken so long to get there in the first place, but every time Loaf-Tin barked, her heart leapt and her eyes darted to the window, terrified Brian would be standing there, wide-eyed like an owl and hooting over her betrayal.

“Ruby,” Dave said quietly, sitting on the bed next to her.

She was spooning Loaf-Tin, twiddling her fingers around his ears. For once, the dog was quiet.

“I shouldn’t have to feel guilty for letting him live here. He’s just like a hairy baby.”

Dave sighed, and didn’t say anything for a while.

“It’s a nice flat,” he said.

“It’s a nice dog,” she said flatly, narrowing her eyes at him.

Dave paused, and then responded with another sigh.

“I don’t like your parents’ kitchen,” he mumbled. “I like our space.”

Ruby conceded, watching Loaf-Tin pull a paw over his ear, snort, and shake his head. When he hopped from the bed, the fluff around his backside bounced like a cloud.

While it was easy to imagine Loaf-Tin frolicking through fields of green, rolling in muck, and eating poo to his heart’s delight, the city gave him a regal quality and Ruby believed he held himself better. He had a new life, an opportunity, and he had responded well. It would feel like a failure to hand him over to her dad, as if he had been some new-fangled toy that had lost its appeal.

Loaf-Tin luxuriantly licked his nose and huffed.

She could either turn tail and give him up, or make her bed and lie in it. She inhaled deeply, taking Dave’s bow-tie from the drawer and affixing it to Loaf-Tin’s collar. She sat back and looked at him.

“You’re a dapper chap,” she said. “Who could say no to you?”

TRAVEL

THIS IS A PLACE OF STORY, LANDSCAPE, DOG SPIRITS,
AND VERY LARGE CROCODILES. THERE'S A SAYING IN THESE PARTS:
"COASTAL DOGS ARE BRED TWO WAYS UP HERE: SMART, OR LUNCH."

SALTWATER DOG DREAMING

'The place where the Dreaming changed shape' is one of the remotest Indigenous communities within the Arnhem Land region of Australia's Northern Territory. Tucked into the coast of the Arafura Sea, on the estuary of the Liverpool River—in these extremes, everything's built bush-tough. The dogs (and their people) who co-exist with the coastline, estuaries, and billabongs know that you never turn your back on the water.

It's my sixth journey to this magical place. This is frontier land. It's the end of the wet season, and the flood-plain run-off into the sea is where a lucky few seek adventure and the fish of legend. Our base, Maningrida, originally became a trading post in 1949. Today, it's hard to believe that was the first white contact with the Aboriginal tribes of the area since a hostile encounter with Matthew Flinders on his circumnavigation of Australia in 1802. For many living here today, English is still a third, fourth, or even fifth language.

By most standards, there are a lot of dogs in this community. Perhaps too many. Some of the locals believe that dogs possess a spiritual power to chase away evil magic. Others are warier, and watch out for the more territorial animals that can roam in packs. Walking the dusty red and empty streets, you also realise that, much like the loose concept of 'owning things' in these parts, the countless dogs are shared guests of the shelters, streets, town, land, and country. One thing I can absolutely guarantee. You will never ever see someone walking a dog—on a lead.

The community's improvised and always-in-repair boat ramp is the set-off point to complete wilderness for man (and dog). If you let yourself 'be' you'll witness things that can enrich your soul, ease your stress, or remind you of what it means to be humble, gracious, and open. Early one morning as I assembled equipment, I had a line of sight to an Indigenous pro-fisherman (he'd prefer 'Countryman'). He quietly tended to his handmade lures and kept eyes on the water. He reached into his bag without looking and pulled out some meat, passing it down from the back of the boat to one of the stray camp dogs. He never looked down, the dog never begged for more.

Over the years, I've seen a feisty, tough-as-nails bush dog wandering past a big cane toad only to stop mid-pace, go back, snarl and bare his teeth into the ugly toad's face, and then continue with his run. Extraordinarily, I have witnessed a pack of at least 10 dogs, all shapes and sizes, come running towards the boat ramp and then turn the corner at speed like kids running from trouble. The extraordinary part of that visual was the wild pig that was running deep with them. None of the dogs seemed fussed—neither did the locals, nor the wild pig.

If you watch the water and the dogs (who are watching the water), you also get reality checks. There is only one ruler out here. It is the oldest and largest in the world. And for good reason. The Australian saltwater crocodile is ridiculously tough and incredibly smart. Amazingly, a lot of dogs seem to sense this and never drink at the same place twice. The less in tune with their spirit senses, and those who like routine, rarely get a second chance. If only dogs could read the painted sign next to the boat ramp that says 'Watch dogs'.

'Out there', a three-hour trek along the coast in challenging swell sees us begin to navigate a snake-like estuary for another hour as it forces its way so far up into the boiling hot country that salt water turns to fresh water and fish turn silver to bronze. Stopping for shade and an afternoon smoko, we sit in the silence and watch everything. Most likely, no white man has stepped off onto this part of the country, at least not without permission. Then, maybe 30 metres away, a dog walks out from behind the palms and twisted vines in the sand. It looks back towards the boat and then hunches down to drink. He is perhaps our most infamous, unknown, and mythical dog of all—the dingo. One thing's for sure. If we are the first white men old mate has seen, he sure isn't excited, and disappears back into the blazing hot interior. There's probably a lesson in there.

As late afternoon approaches, we prepare to make our way out of freshwater country as the temperature remains fixed on 48. Racing back along a stretch of never-ending coast, we pull up alongside a small, silver dingy full of a handful of Indigenous kids barely 13. Each is only wearing shorts and some are holding traditional spears, and their smiles are huge and go straight to your soul. Sitting up like a pirate captain among his band of young sailors is a dark brown kelpie. His eyes squint and his pointed ears stand high as swell hits the vessel. Clearly, he is never left out of adventure. Back at the boat ramp, we unpack as the camp dogs assemble for offerings or loose scraps. Burnt, tired, and stoked, we watch the last-light sunburst saturate everything within reach. In this quiet and calm, I think about how everything that survives 'out there' is born and bred to improvise, adapt, and overcome what this incredibly challenging yet ridiculously beautiful outback existence demands. As I wait for tomorrow in this untamed sanctuary, tonight I'll dream on the spirit of wandering dingoes, our deeper connection to country—and those saltwater dogs.

The writer and Four&Sons acknowledge the traditional custodians of this land, Australia's First Peoples, and pay respect to their histories, connections to land, and continuous living cultures.

WORDS BY MARK KAYLER-THOMSON
ARTWORK BY FAYE MOORHOUSE



NICOLAS VERDEAU IS ALSO WALTER GLASSOF,
A COMPULSIVE ILLUSTRATOR WHO CAN'T STOP DRAWING DOGS.

DOGS ON INK

When Nicolas Verdeau hit his mid-life crisis a few years ago, he skipped the fancy new car and the fancy new house and instead grabbed a paintbrush and a bottle of ink—and drew a dog. The next day, he drew another dog, and then another one the day after that. In fact, he hasn't stopped since.

The Paris-based ad-man-turned-illustrator funnelled this compulsion into an Instagram project, @walter_dogs, which, without fail, has him sharing a dog drawing every day. Even more impressive than the adherence to the demanding time schedule is the variety Verdeau manages day in and day out. With nothing more than some thick, inky strokes, he conjures up an almost endless parade of different dogs with different expressions and different personalities, no two even remotely alike.

Before the mid-life crisis and the dogs, though, Verdeau was never too far away from a pen. Over the course of some 30 years in the world of advertising, jetting around the world working on big ad campaigns for big ad agencies, he often found himself drawing, but not necessarily illustrating—Verdeau draws a thick, inky line between those two words. “I used drawing as a tool, for work,” he explains, “whether it was storyboards or sketches to brief set designers or photographers or just to explain a concept. It was neither fun nor artistic. It was practical.”

And yet he remained enraptured by the process of illustration, which, after all these years, he still describes as being like magic. “It's such a simple process of creation that requires so little,” he explains. “A finger and wet sand are enough, or a piece of paper and a pencil. In just seconds, you can make something appear, create something out of nothing. It's a sort of superpower, really. And the magic is even more powerful when you create character, draw an expression, give life, in a way. You can then make that character talk, give it a name, and that life suddenly exists on its own, separate from its creator.”

In that magical way, Verdeau's dog drawings took on their own life, too. The occasional canine sketch started popping up on his infrequently updated personal Instagram account, which at the time he mostly used to post photos of his travels so his mother

would know where he was. The dog-drawing posts were different. Whenever he uploaded one, people other than his mother would like and comment and follow.

So he opened a separate account just for the dogs under the name Walter Glassof, a cheeky play on his surname, which is pronounced ‘verre d'eau’—French for ‘glass of water’. It's a pseudonym he uses for his budding illustration practice, which sees him covering a wide range of non-dog subjects, too. For each dog, the drawing process itself is simple enough: “I can be inspired by a dog I see in the street, or a photo in a book, a magazine, Instagram, other social media,” Verdeau says. “Or just my imagination. But a dog's expression and what it conveys is what I'm after.”

“What I like is when the drawing starts existing ‘beyond me’, taking on a life of its own,” he continues, “which is one of the reasons I enjoy drawing in ink with a paintbrush—there's something that feels a bit wild about it. When I draw, I discover the drawing as it occurs. If I get the feeling it's created itself and it makes me smile, I post it.”

While actually drawing the dogs might seem easy enough, the journey hasn't been entirely smooth sailing. For starters, there was the shift to freelance work, which Verdeau describes as both “exhilarating and completely terrifying”. And, of course, there's the inevitable self-doubt. “People had been telling me they liked my drawings, but I never particularly liked them myself. There are so many amazing artists out there, how could I possibly fit into that category? To this day, the most difficult thing for me is to admit that I like the way I draw. But I'm getting better.”

Strangely, Verdeau is kind of a cat person. In fact, he's never even owned a dog. Everyone tells him it's only a matter of time before he gets one, though. And in the meantime, he has no shortage of drawn dogs to keep him company, a new one every day.

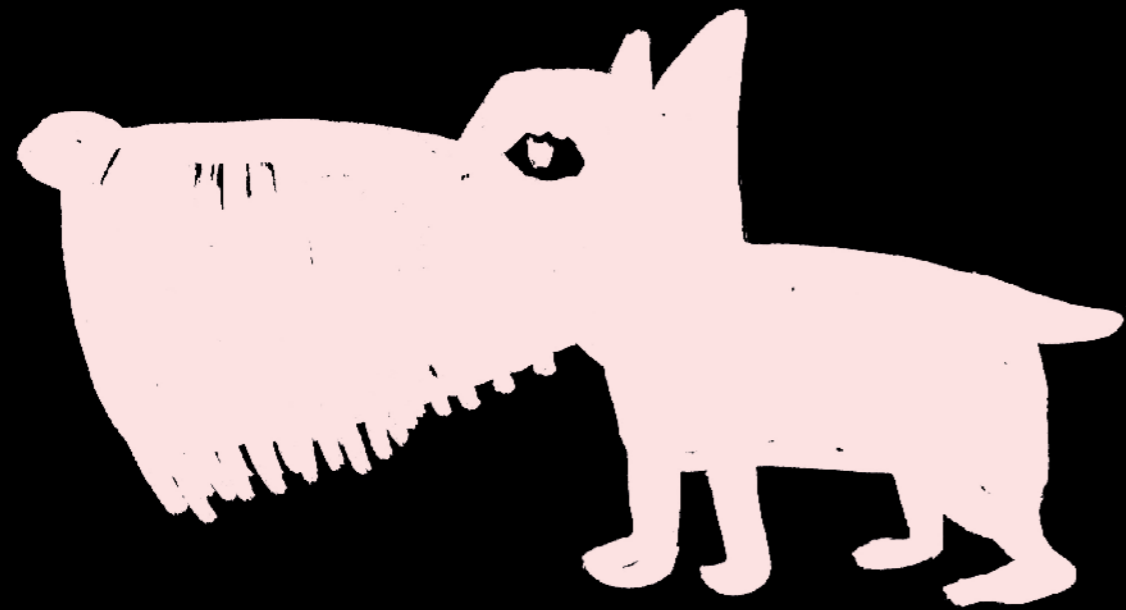
“There is infinite variety in dogs and, to me, they are instantly expressive. Whether funny or touching, there is something about dogs that speaks to me and which I find incredibly enjoyable to draw.”



WORDS BY TOBY FEHILY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER GLASSOF







PROFILE

ARCHITECTURE PHOTOGRAPHER NICOLE ENGLAND
HAS HER EYE ON A NEW SUBJECT.

RESIDENT DOG

Nicole England is a sharp photographer. While her professional focus is on noble interiors and precise architecture, she's also just like us and can't resist snapping good boys with panting tongues and wagging tails.

Her photo career started in fashion and advertising, "which didn't sit well with me at all", she tells us. "In fact, I kind of gave up photography because of it. I went back to it when I realised it was architecture and interiors that I loved to photograph." We're glad she made that return, because it is triumphant.

There's a particular sense of calm when you first admire the Melbourne-based photographer's work. It's not the beautiful couches; the beds strewn with thick, warm throws; the benchtops impossibly crumb-free; the artworks collected over the years that somehow (seriously, how?) work perfectly together in their narrative with design objects and books and that lamp that shines just where it needs to. What creates this gentle—it's safe in here—pull is England's incredible eye for lines. She must know how to draw.

"I love to draw," she confirms. "I don't do it very often, but you can sometimes find me doodling away in a life-drawing class in Melbourne."

Just recently, England has found a new subject. Not nearly as still as a building, and not nearly as predictable as a line—it's pups. Usually the ones that wander through the shots and stand right in the centre, just as her finger hits the button. A true friend of those with four legs, England celebrates their behaviour.

"It's what I love!" she says. "I could be shooting the most amazing house you've ever seen—a serious shoot with a serious client—yet a dog will always bring it down a notch, make it feel real, and warm, and friendly... wagging their tail with a big smile on their face, wanting to play or be chased, throw the ball for them, rub their belly." And so an Instagram account was born: @resident.dog.

First, England returned to homes where she'd previously been interrupted while shooting. From there, the tenants recommended friends who also had posh digs and cute dogs. With each new family came a new set of, ahem, leads. Each home and hound is subject to three photographs, which then go on Instagram to be furiously double-tapped.

To give some more permanence to the project, England has decided to produce a book. The approach

will be slightly different, she tells us. "The reader will wander through the house as if the dog is showing you around, taking you from room to room, showing you their home." For England, this point of view means "bringing life to static spaces", which just so happens to be an intrinsic amplification of her trade.

The book is set to feature some 20 homes and their furry inhabitants. According to the maths, England has met and pet a lot of dogs over the project. Her favourite? A mutt named Jed. She goes on to describe a photo of him, which can't be seen on Instagram but will definitely feature in the book.

"He lives in an incredible home that sits up high looking out over the trees and down to the river below. There are massive floor-to-ceiling windows along the side of the house, and Jed just stands there all day every day, looking down at the river and watching the ducks mucking around." Oh, to be Jed.

Curious about whether the dogs know how posh their homes are? England says yes. She explains that some of the dogs have been rescued from bad homes, a contrast that they must be aware of. Interestingly, she also gets messaged from dogs on Instagram. "They say, 'Wow, I wish my house was as beautiful as that,'" she says with a smirk, "or, 'Wow, I wish I could run around that house,' so, yeah, I reckon they know."

We can barely believe it, but she's not yet witnessed a cushion lose its life or anything like that while on a shoot. The dogs are very well behaved, but they do require direction. Setting up the shot where the interior looks good comes quickly and naturally to England, but to get the dogs where she wants them to be—running through the space, getting on (or off) furniture, poking out from behind doors—involves more work. Nicole says it's fairly easy, "because they like the attention and love to be involved".

"However," she adds, "they are also very random, so I've had to try to be as loose and as spontaneous as possible... which doesn't come naturally for an architectural photographer."

England's tendency to attribute the challenges to her own skills, rather than the dogs' behaviour, is a real testament to her love of animals. She's unfazed even by a bulldog who liked her leg a little too much, or a mummy's boy who wouldn't stay still long enough for his owner to get out of the shot. Their digs might be posh, but dogs will be dogs.

WORDS BY HAYLEY MORGAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICOLE ENGLAND











Design—
ARVIN GREX

You don't have to be a minimalist to appreciate the lofted look of Arvin Grex's Angus dog bed. Streamlined as it is, the cot-like design—which features a cowhide attached to a sleek metal frame—actually creates an opportunity for air to flow below the area where your canine spends most of their days dreaming away. This means that less moisture-related mould and mildew are able to build up and penetrate your home (and your dog), which makes everyone a happy camper. The natural hide is also rugged and easy to clean: just give it a light vacuum or wipe it down with a damp cloth. Aesthetically, Angus beds are an elegant take on what's often a living-room eyesore. It makes sense, then, that they're the upshot of a frustrated designer's creative thinking. Sydney-based furniture and interior designer Ingrid Morgan says the concept was sparked by her own dog: a German shorthaired pointer aptly called Angus. Wanting a bed that didn't dominate a room, Morgan eschewed the padded variety for a raised design that seems to float within a space. Morgan uses local upholsterers, metal workers, and powder-coaters to create each bed, and she sources all the hides from an Australian dealer. "I personally go in and hand-sort through the hides they have in the warehouse, because I'm looking for certain sizes and colours," she says. "I usually drag my trusty driving buddy, my dog, along with me." KD arvingrex.com

SMALL BITES

Toys—
NOTE 'SCRAP TO TOYS' WORKSHOP

Dote has a 'waste not, want not' approach to their work. "Our intention was always to make toys from our scrap material, giving it life before further recycling," say the brand's co-founders, Nic Wallenberg and Helena Hedenstedt. During the London Design Festival in September, Dote held a sneak preview event in their studio and asked visitors to tinker with scraps, repurposing them into pet toys. "The offcuts already had an exciting visual language, and the results were—for the most part—free from typical forms, focused instead on how the material moves and exploring different methods of interacting," say Wallenberg and Hedenstedt. Now the designers are putting their favourite toy into production, with the proceeds going to charity. But the workshop was such a success that they're already planning the next one. "We intend to host more such workshops over Christmas, this time allowing people to make things selfishly, taking them home for their own loved ones—consciously hand-crafted." JS dote.co



Accessories—
EYE CANDLE STUDIO

Are you looking for a canine companion to—literally—light up your life? Eye Candle Studio makes candles that look exactly like the heads of pugs, shiba inus, bulldogs, and other non-dog members of the animal kingdom. They're so realistic, you'll find yourself more mesmerised by their intricate details than by the flicker of the flame burning on their noggins. Taiwanese brothers Kevin and Yuan are the brain-children behind these creations, which they sketch, mould, blend, pour, and paint entirely by hand with the help of a small team. We won't judge you if you can't bring yourself to light your candle-pup after staring into its soulful, lifelike black eyes. JS eyecandlestudio.com.au

Book—
DOG HOUSES BY MARK RUWEDEL

Culled from his larger *Desert House* series, Mark Ruwedel's new book, *Dog Houses*, is a photographic journey into Southern California's barren landscape and the dilapidated homes that dot the area. The Los Angeles-based photographer has spent a serious amount of time driving across America's western frontier to document an array of subjects that speak to him—from the random surplus of broken records stuck in the sands of Joshua Tree National Park to the nuclear-bomb test sites sprinkled around Nevada and Utah. His visual studies are as researched as they are serendipitous, and can include several years of dutiful investigation. *Dog Houses* collects 30 colour images shot by Ruwedel while working on various desert projects over 10 years. The focus is as much to report on the history of the area as it is to explore the relationship between owner and animal. Their houses are often constructed from the same materials, and both have failed to beat the desert's demanding environment. Ruwedel became interested in photography while studying painting, and his cinematic, large-format photographs have garnered him space in museums like Tate Modern, LACMA, and the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. *Dog Houses*, published by Rizzoli, promises a haunting and at times humorous look at dog versus desert. KD rizzolibookstore.com/mark-ruwedel-dog-houses



Ceramics—
ELEONOR BÖSTROM'S FURRY CERAMICS

Crafting every single piece with her own two hands, Swedish ceramicist Eleonor Böstrom channels her fondness for dogs into porcelain sculptures that blur the line between functional object and collectible artwork. San Francisco-based Böstrom typically creates her playful canines in classic black-and-white, but her latest pieces see her add a pop of colour with a fur-like material, which she says pays tribute to surrealist artist Méret Oppenheim and the beloved animal itself. The experiment also added a new challenge to her creative process: "There are a lot of small steps that go into making a dog; it's not just hand-forming the clay. And that's what I really like with the craft: it never gets dull." Each of Böstrom's sculptures is a labour of love that can take two months to make, uniquely formed and boasting its own personality. Böstrom's a keen observer of animal behaviour, but don't expect her to stray. As she explains, "Dogs are always number one with me." KD eleonorbostrom.se

Accessories—
FREESTITCH CARRY ON

The minimal trappings and streamlined shape of the FreeStitch Balcordy carry bag bring to mind a peaceful fishing trip. It's utilitarian, it's quietly efficient—satchel strap, decent pockets, roll-up mesh windows—and nothing about it screams 'pet accessory'. The nylon bag comes in black and khaki. The Tokyo-based designers have paid attention to making a handle grip that goes easy on human carriers—useful, for a bag that accommodates dogs of up to 12kg. And all it takes to clean is a quick wipe down. If you're not sure how your dog will go on the road, take FreeStitch director Komori's advice: lead by example. "Enjoying your travel is the best teaching for your dog." ID freestitch.jp



Book—

DOG HOUSE BY KEN KAGAMI

Remember Ken Kagami, who sketched everyone's genitals at Frieze London in 2015? The Japanese artist messes with all kinds of fragments of art and pop culture, but he is mainly in it to make himself laugh. If he makes you a bit uncomfortable on the way, even better. His new illustrated zine, *Dog House*, revisits a playful obsession with Snoopy and Charlie Brown, who he literally joined together over the course of 96 pages in *Freaky Dog and Freaky Boy*. But this time, it's just Snoopy, alone, as the title suggests, beside his house. And beneath it. And melting over different permutations of it, like some kind of Dali dog. And so on. Art tome distributor Antenne Books cryptically suggests "healing will occur" within the simple line drawings on these 24 pages. Maybe they're right. But Kagami is more level-headed: "Simple things stimulate imagination." ID kenkagamiart.blogspot.com



Design—

PANTOFOLA

The word 'luxury' gets thrown around a lot, but a real white-glove experience is always a pleasant shock. Pantofola dog accessories arrive in specially made gift boxes, with numbered letterpress certificates wrapped in soft pouches. The exquisite collars and leads are made from Italian brass and leather in a factory near Varese, north of Milan. It's a long way from the company's American HQ, in more ways than one.

"They take their time and do things on their schedule," says founder Erica Preo. "But once you accept it, there's no problem. It's what we love about Italy: their quality of life—in addition to their excellence in leatherwork. It's a good lesson: to slow down."

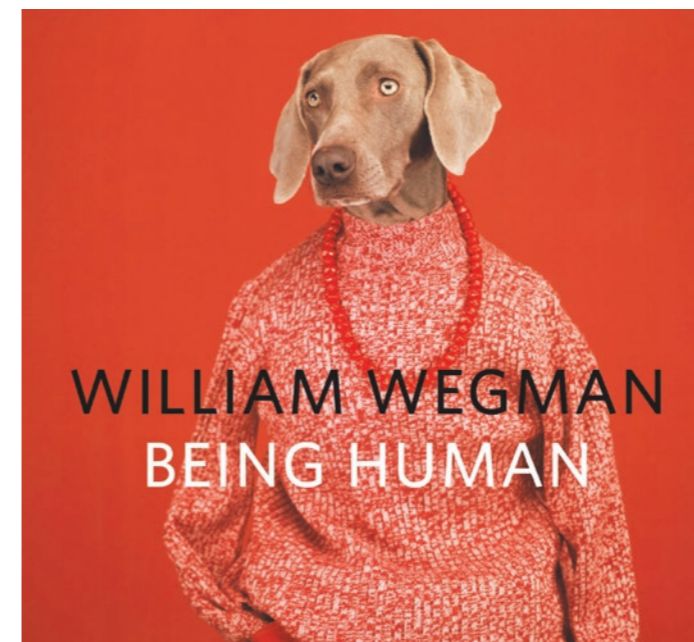
She launched in 2015 knowing that 'luxury dog accessories' generally conjures up visions of heiresses clutching bedazzled Chihuahuas. But as Preo points out, if you're someone who goes to painstaking lengths to perfect every detail of your home, including your wardrobe, it feels shabby to accept anything less for your dog. Even so, Pantofola is for serious connoisseurs. The soft, buttery leather of the new *Passeggiata* dog bag makes you wonder why you'd bother with a Birkin, honestly. But the brand's not just for posh dogs. Preo donates 20 per cent of profits to rescue charities. And the company itself—Italian for 'slipper'—is named for a beloved stray. ID pantofola-mia.com

Book—

WILLIAM WEGMAN: BEING HUMAN

Looking back over his decades-long artistic career, William Wegman isn't most proud of his numerous awards, grants, and fellowships, or of his participation in hundreds of exhibitions in galleries all over the world, or even of his screen time on *Sesame Street*. In fact, Wegman is proudest about the quality of life that he gave to his dogs. "I think that I've treated all of my dogs with special attention. I haven't seen them as just one more Weimaraner. Each one is very unique, and I've been able to discover that," he says. *William Wegman: Being Human* is a comprehensive compendium of the pioneering photographer's images of his anthropomorphic dogs, assembled from the archives by a fellow William and an expert curator: William A. Ewing. Inside its pages are over 300 works—many of them taken with a Polaroid 20x24 camera—which Wegman took from 1979 to 2007. "It's interesting," Wegman notes, "[that] for seven of the dogs, their entire lives were documented with that single lens." *Being Human* is striking, surreal, and a coffee table staple for those who feel most human in the company of dogs. JS

chroniclebooks.com/titles/william-wegman-being-human.html



Book—

A DOG A DAY BY SALLY MUIR

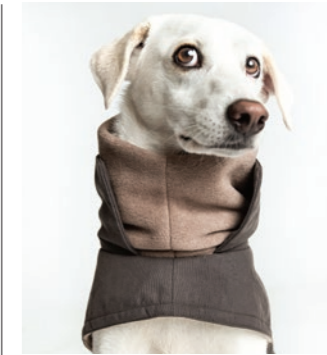
Sally Muir started out as a knitting expert, running a knitwear business and publishing manuals for fellow enthusiasts. Then she returned to school to study fine art as a mature-age student. In 2013, she started a project on Facebook. 'A Dog a Day' did just what it said on the box: over a year, Muir made daily portraits of all kinds. Now there's a book: 365 sketches, prints, lithographs, and oil paintings from both the original project and later works. Three hundred and sixty-five hounds in all their glory: squat, gangly, wistful, and—in the best way—slightly mad. Just like ours. ID sallymuir.co.uk



Apparel—

CLOUD7 COAT

"But dogs already have coats," says your annoying neighbour. Not true. Or rather, not the point. For the many breeds that really feel the cold, a coat makes all the difference. "It can also be a useful accessory for older, even very furry dogs who are having problems with arthrosis" says Petra Jungebluth, founder and head of design at Berlin's Cloud7, a brand that sees dogs "as a family partner, and not so much as a fun object", so a natural, muted-colour range stops it all being too novelty, and waterproof fabric with soft inner fleece keeps out the chill. "The coat is also designed to feel as natural as possible, and be taken on and off in seconds." Function over form, in other words (though the form is still pretty spot on). The best bit is that it comes in 11 sizes (including a special Greyhound variation). "Our eight office dogs have been very patient and helpful models." Braver Hunde. ID cloud7.de



Wellbeing—

THE PET GROCER'S APOTHECARY

The Pet Grocer's new apothecary range has therapeutic benefits for humans, too, with essential oils that relax (lavender and chamomile), ground (sandalwood and vetiver), and do good skin things (geranium, frankincense, and sea buckthorn extract) for everyone involved. Cleanse, Calm, Heal, and Soothe are all made from natural ingredients. But the stand-out hit? Probably Calm (think Rescue Remedy for dogs). "We hear so often from people with pets suffering from anxiety and stress that are looking for ways to help them relax," says Teagan Short, who helped design the line. "And from people who have unwell animals—a natural calming remedy can be of great value during those hard times." Creams and ointments aren't going to solve your dog's skin problems on their own: the golden rule is diet above everything. But these thoughtfully made potions go a long way. ID thepetgrocer.com



Film—

ISLE OF DOGS

It's been eight years since auteur filmmaker Wes Anderson introduced us to a family of fantastic foxes. But in March 2018, his latest foray into stop-motion animation, *Isle of Dogs*, will light up cinema screens. It's set in Japan 20 years into the future, in a world where dogs over-populate the country and have been exiled to a waste disposal island. The film's roll-call of voice actors features a bunch of Anderson regulars (Bill Murray, Jason Schwartzman, Edward Norton, Tilda Swinton, Jeff Goldblum, Frances McDormand, and Harvey Keitel) along with newcomers Greta Gerwig, Bryan Cranston, and Yoko Ono. A Wes Anderson film about dogs that's set in Japan? This is our idea of cinematic heaven. JS Stills courtesy of Fox Searchlight Pictures. isleofdogsmovie.com

EILEEN MYLES

No longer is the work of Eileen Myles a secret to be locked up tight by academics and blazer-wearing poets. Myles's work has earned cult status in recent years, thanks in large part to the recent anniversary of Myles's 1994 novel, *Chelsea Girls*.

Over a 30-year-long career writing poetry, fiction, non-fiction, and performance pieces, Myles has been celebrated for fusing feminist politics with memoir so intimate it should require a personal invitation.

But now the curtain has been pulled back. The secret behind Myles's celebrated works? Rosie, a pit bull described in the writer's new memoir, *Afterglow*, as "a masculine girl, British like an old upper-class dyke".

"I wrote virtually every poem by Eileen Myles from 1990 to 2006," Rosie 'writes' in *Afterglow*, a book that's as much about grief, queerness, celebrity, and alcoholism as it is about a pet.

And while Rosie may be gone—Myles cared for her loyally until her death in 2006—she lives on in the work that was created at tables while she sat patiently underfoot.

Here, Myles pulls together a list of notable dogs across culture, from living legends to language.

1.

Favourite dog book:
Fifteen Dogs by André Alexis.

2.

Dog graphic novel:
Fetch: How a Bad Dog Brought Me Home by Nicole J. Georges.

3.

Living dog:
Honey Terrence Myles, almost five years old, currently living in Marfa, Texas, and sometimes New York City.

4.

Dogs in food:
Hebrew National beef franks hot dogs.

5.

Best dog beaches:
San Diego. Ocean Beach, Coronado.

6.

Dog language in literature:
All of Shakespeare's references to "dogsboddy"—it means gopher, lackey. But to hear someone called "dogsboddy" is always a great pleasure, possibly the best part of a play.

7.

Most shameful and unjust contemporary public incident of the use of the word 'dog':
A defendant in Louisiana says, "I want a lawyer, dog," and is denied a lawyer by a state supreme court, feigning that they didn't know what he meant.

8.

Best songs with 'dog' in the title:
It's a tie between...

1. '(How Much Is) That Doggie in the Window', by Patti Page (1953)
2. 'Atomic Dog', by George Clinton (1982)

9.

Most romantic Disney movie involving a dog:
Lady and the Tramp (1955)

INTRODUCTION BY BRODIE LANCASTER
PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS FELVER



WE'RE IN MY BACKYARD IN NEW YORK, WHICH BORDERS THE N.Y. MARBLE CEMETERY, ONE OF THE TWO OLDEST CEMETERIES IN NEW YORK. ROSIE WAS PRETTY YOUNG AND, AS USUAL, WAS A LITTLE TOO BUSY TO HAVE HER PICTURE TAKEN. SHE LIKED A GOOD BRANCH, WAS A WOOD-LOVING DOG.

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.

Cloud7
Fetch&Follow
Frank and Arlo
FreeStitch
Hindquarters
Howlpot
Il Cane
Loyal Canine Co.
MiaCara
Mr.Paw
Pantofola
Pipolli
Sir Dogwood
Sun of Wolves
The Pet Grocer
Vackertass Supply Co.
Wolfpack

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



Cloud7

FINEST FOR DOGS & DOG LOVERS

Sophisticated dog accessories from sustainable and high-quality materials.
Dog coats, beds, carriers, travel beds, collars and leashes, bowls, training and play, grooming and more at:

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