



FOUR&SONS

André Alexis/Meriel Armitage/Bad Marlon/Yumi Choi
Ane Crabtree/Dominique Crenn/Ho Hai Tran/Mina Holland
Isle of Dogs/Susumu Kamijo/Christopher Kane
Jo Longhurst/Sam Mason/Apolline Muet/Perfumer H/Sulek
Antoine Reymond/Jason Roskey/Karen Walker/wandaMAN

DOGS AND CULTURE COLLIDE

ISSUE NINE SPRING/SUMMER 2018
FOURANDSONS.COM

ISSN 2203-5796



9 772203 579003



CHEMICAL BALANCE

This spring we are chasing rainbows. We feel euphoric. Our bodies are tingling. Handfuls of nifty neurochemicals in charge of spiking happiness are working in overdrive. In this issue, there's much to be in high spirits about.

We go behind the scenes of Wes Anderson's *Isle of Dogs*, a movie fuelled by dopamine, alpha dogs, and a vast crew of artisans and animators. We hang with a pack of trippy-looking poodles created by artist Susumu Kamijo. We find five mutts who changed history by injecting their human counterparts with a good dose of serotonin. How else would JFK have kept his cool during the 1962 Cuban stand-off without his loyal Welsh terrier, Charlie, by his side?

There is plenty of oxytocin going around too. We celebrate Sulek's portraits of rescued Spanish *galgos* standing tall. We travel to Berlin, Toronto, London, and upstate New York to meet creative types whose bonds with their four-legged mates are as heartfelt as they are intoxicating. We ask five foodies to fess up about dog snacks and guilty pleasures that feed body and soul, and we embrace illustrator Apolline Muet's bear hugs between humans and animals.

Once again, dogs' loyalty, trust, and unconditional love lift us higher.

MARTA ROCA



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Fox Searchlight
Fraser Communications
Travis Garone
Roy Hurst
Petra Jungebluth
Warren Littlefield
Anthony Miller
Bruce Miller
Courtney Mitchell
Elisabeth Moss
Phoebe Phillips
Alex Reinoso
Sara Rudd
Caroline Russell
Felix Santos
Todd Schulz
Tommy Tannock
Christina Teresinski
Sarah Ward
Jiali Yang

Thanks to all the artists featured in this issue for trusting us with their work. And to all the dogs for being such a source of inspiration and friendship.

A very special thanks to all the contributors for their invaluable support and passion for dogs and culture.

GIVING BACK—

A percentage of the profits from the sale of this issue of *Four&Sons* will be donated to SPA, Paris.

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Four&Sons is published
by Four Publishing—

**PO BOX 137
FITZROY 3065
VICTORIA
AUSTRALIA**

Subscriptions—

FOURANDSONS.COM

For general enquiries,
distribution, and advertising
please contact—
FOUR@FOURANDSONS.COM

Distribution—

**AUSTRALIA/NZ
PERIMETER DISTRIBUTION**

**ASIA PACIFIC
EIGHT POINT MEDIA**

**EUROPE/UK
ANTENNE BOOKS**

**USA/CANADA
ANTENNE BOOKS**

Four&Sons is a biannual publication
where dogs and culture collide.

The articles published reflect the views
of the respective authors and do not
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ISSN 2203-5796
Printed in Barcelona by Agpograf.



FEATURE

THE DEVIL IS IN THE DETAIL (AND THEN SOME)
IN WES ANDERSON'S LATEST FILM, *ISLE OF DOGS*.

PUPPET MASTERS

Wes Anderson's latest film, the dystopian, Japan-set *Isle of Dogs*, whistles along on-screen in a hair over 100 minutes. It bears all the visual marks of Anderson's stylish and beloved oeuvre, including symmetrical framing, meticulous styling, and droll quips enhanced by minute facial tics.

Though Anderson's DNA may be embedded deep in the film, the actual fingerprints belong to highly experienced artists who toiled for years, using 1,000 puppets across hundreds of sets on three different scales.

Like 2009's *Fantastic Mr. Fox*, *Isle of Dogs* is a stop-motion animation that harnesses nostalgic craftiness and pushes it thematically into an adult world. This time, the result includes political exploitation, attempted extinction, teen hackers, organ donation, and, well, dogs.

Behind the scenes, *Isle of Dogs* is brought to life by a vast network of animators and technicians. Beyond camera, lighting, VFX, editorial, and motion control, director of photography Tristan Oliver lists art department teams who splinter off into extraordinarily specific tasks, such as Japanese graphics and micro-props, to ensure each detail is treated like a tiny jewel.

Oliver, well known for his work on Aardman Animation features *Wallace & Gromit: The Curse of the Were-Rabbit* and *Chicken Run*, describes the puppet count as "stratospherically beyond any other movie I've ever worked on." As DP, Oliver describes himself as a "conduit" for Anderson's detailed plans. The goal: to keep a top-down view of the look of the movie, as if one handmade it. "What you have with the Wes Anderson interface, if you will, is you are there to bring that singular vision to the screen," he says.

That vision included Oliver satisfying Anderson's desire for a "shadowless, wrapped, super-overcast look to everything". Flatness in a live-action film is one thing, but transferring that to scenes involving minuscule dog puppets is another—their tiny, individual hairs caused the light to refract, which,

in turn, meant tricky chromatic aberration for Oliver. "Of course, physics was entirely defeating us here, because it was just doing what it does," he explains. "You can't bend the laws of the universe."

The actual building of the dogs was a multi-layered process too—an elaborate unfolding of character resolution, resin, clay and silicone rubber casts, sophisticated skull design, and hand-punched fur. "You'll notice that there's a lot of wind blowing the fur around," says experienced co-production designer Paul Harrod. "We definitely wanted to suggest this sort of windswept environment, but it's also very practical, because the fact is, if you're using real fur and animators are touching it and moving the dogs around, the fur is going to move around whether you want it to or not."

Much of the action takes place on the desolate 'Trash Island', a vast stretch of land that's become home to exiled 'snout fever'-ridden dogs of nearby Megasaki City. Harrod says it was always clear that the island would stray from a standard "city dump" look. "We never wanted to create anything that was just a mirage of trash," he confirms. Instead, his team opted for visually diverging styles for each region. "It was always important to make every single environment very different so that you had a journey."

Following one all-white set made entirely of paper—a crucial scene involving a plane crash—Anderson wanted the camera to move on to a much darker look. "We decided that this landscape would be made entirely of cathode ray tubes and old car batteries," Harrod explains. "That way we'd have a distinct nature to it. If you look closely, you can see it's just giant piles of old TV sets and TV tubes."

Looking closely is key to stop-motion animation, an art form that is almost made for home cinema freeze-framing. In discussions about favourite sets, both the DP and co-production designer highlight the Animal Testing Facility on Trash Island as memorable, though it only lasts a minute and a half on screen. "It's vast," says Oliver. "You don't really get any idea of how big it is on film because the camera tracks past it very quickly and it's gone."

WORDS BY KATE JINX
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HEMS, THE STORE X, 2018





FEATURE

PUPPET MASTERS

Harrod finds “a huge amount of delight” in many blink-and-you’ll-miss-them scenes, such as the noodle bar or the street corner where the baseball team has gathered in Megasaki City. “When you have a film that has 240 sets, hopefully there’s something that you love in each one of them,” he says, “but I think some of those sets that just appear for moments are among some of my favourites.”

The aesthetic of Megasaki City is the antithesis of the largely monochromatic world of *Trash Island*: Harrod and his co-designer, Andrew Stockhausen, took inspiration from such disparate sources as the Metabolism architecture school of early ’60s Japan, the films of Yasujiro Ozu, and Ukiyo-e woodblock prints. “Even though the narrator says 20 years in the future, it’s really 20 years in the future from the early to mid-1960s,” says Harrod, who’s been working in stop-motion animation for three decades and describes the influences as very much in his personal wheelhouse.

The intricate, urban-interior sets also gave Oliver more scope to work with in terms of light: “There was a lot of signage, street lights, and paper lanterns, which motivated the lighting of those environments.” In contrast to the flat exterior shots of *Trash Island*, scenes set in the city could engage different skills and ideas. A particular favourite of Oliver’s was the sake bar, a short but memorable scene inhabited by a puppet voiced by iconic Japanese ex-pat Yoko Ono. Lining the narrow space—about 45 centimetres wide and about four metres long—is a wall of hand-stained, coloured sake bottles, which light shines through. “All those little bottles were hand blown by a scientific glass blower, and they’re only a couple of centimetres high,” Oliver tells us. “It was just that and the paper lanterns overhead, which is sort of a very simple but very nice way of making something work.”

Each set has its own “very finely drafted” architectural plan, according to Oliver. After the team progresses from plan to build, photographs taken at every stage of the process are sent to Anderson for comment. “When the set eventually lands on the stage in the studio and is lit and dressed and the cameras put up, there’s a whole other layer of feedback, because he sees it as it will look in the finished film.” As Oliver puts it: “The devil is in the detail.”

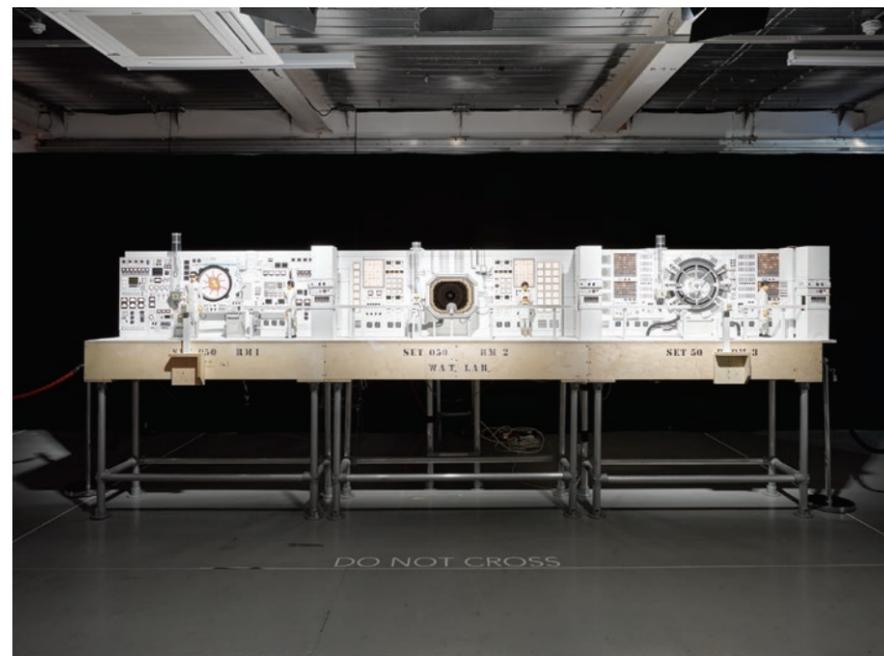
“Within a single set, there could be combined scales,” adds Harrod. “We had three different scales we were working with, using large puppets for most of the close-ups. In medium-long shots and slightly wider shots, we would have a medium-scale puppet that was about 57 per cent of the large puppets. And then we had a small-scale, which was half of the medium-scale.” At their smallest, some of the featured dogs measured just three inches long.

Sets used for establishing shots didn’t require scaling, and some were outsourced to Simon Weisse and his team in Berlin, who had previously made miniatures for Anderson’s 2014 film *Grand Budapest Hotel*. Seventeen of the original *Isle of Dogs* sets were exhibited recently at The Store X on the Strand in London, alongside life-size recreations of the noodle bar featured in the film.

The more traditional handmade approach reinvigorated Harrod’s love for stop-motion animation. “We consistently challenged us to try to make everything,” he says. “Everything that you see in the frame had to be built rather than digital set extension or digital practical effects like water and fire, which is what most films nowadays would do. He wanted to go really old-school on it and challenge us to make a film the way we would [have made it] before all those tools were at our disposal.”

“Everything you see is made,” Oliver reminds us. “It’s not like a live-action movie, where you go to a prop store; it all has to be made. And not only does it have to be made, but because it’s so tiny, it has to be made to bear scrutiny when it’s projected. So, you might have a mobile phone that is the size of the top joint of your little finger, but when that’s projected, that will be 10 metres high.”

The absurdity of that kind of scaling is referenced in the film too, Harrod tells us, with a joke only Japanese speakers will follow. It comes during a particularly mesmerising hospital scene between a grown man and a small boy, who, miraculously, both have the same-size organ for transplant. “If you’re listening very carefully and you speak Japanese, you can hear [the surgeon] say, ‘Wow, he has a really small kidney.’”









THESE BEST-IN-SHOW POODLES BREAK ALL THE RULES.

OVER THE RAINBOW

The stuffy and exacting international United Kennel Club standards stipulate that poodles must be made of solid colours. “Coat colour is solid and even,” they demand. This rules out Brooklyn-based artist Susumu Kamijo’s borderline abstract poodle drawings, with their uneven patterns and textures. Besides, the club’s list of allowable colours, while extensive—apricot, black, blue, cream, grey, silver, white, red, silver, beige, and all shades of brown—still doesn’t cover all of Kamijo’s bright and lively palette, uncommon in the natural world, let alone the poodle world. Even if a generous judge was willing to turn a blind eye on that point, the club’s call for a “harsh, dense, curly coat” probably wouldn’t extend to a coat of pastel, pencil, and oil pastel on paper.

That’s not to say that Kamijo’s poodles weren’t best in show upon debuting at New York’s Marvin Gardens in 2016. While the exhibition also featured other, non-poodle subjects, a handful of small, 14 x 7 inch poodle drawings in the back room struck a chord. “I think I hit something,” Kamijo recalls saying to himself at the time. Artist Jonas Wood adopted two drawings from the litter, and eventually, *Broad City*’s Abbi Jacobson bought a couple, too. More recently, they became the subject of a book, aptly titled *Poodles*, published by Pacific.

Oddly enough, Kamijo isn’t the first, let alone the only, person in his house putting a creative spin on the poodle. His girlfriend, Marta, is a dog groomer who specialises in fox terriers but has dabbled in poodle topiary before. When they first met, she had two poodles, whom Kamijo would walk every day. Every now and then, Marta would take Kamijo to the dog-grooming competitions she participated in—the art fairs of the dog-grooming world—where they would gawk at all kinds of dog breeds. Slowly, through this exposure, Kamijo found himself becoming more and more drawn to just one dog breed in particular.

Kamijo doesn’t intend on letting the poodle motif off the leash any time soon. “I think the more and more I do it, I discover something new about it,” he says. “I still feel like there’s room to explore at this point. So I’m trying to push it as much as I can to see how far I can take it. And when I completely exhaust it, then maybe I’ll take a break and move on to another subject. But for now, it seems like I just want to keep making more and see what happens.”

The artist’s dedication to the poodle is matched only by the dedication of *his* poodle, a black, four-year-old toy poodle named Kuro. She has a small kennel in Kamijo’s studio, keeping him company while he works, following him everywhere when he isn’t. At night, she sleeps in the bed with Kamijo and Marta, chasing away their other dog, Trevor, if he dares encroach on her territory. Sometimes she takes more proactive measures to protect her owner. “Every time I have guests in my apartment, I have to hold her because she always goes and tries to nibble somebody’s legs or something,” Kamijo says.

While Kuro has modelled for a drawing once or twice—a challenge, as she’s always running around—Kamijo is quick to point out that Kuro isn’t the reason he draws poodles. “I like her as my companion,” he explains. “She’s just my friend. For me, it’s more about shapes and colours and composition. I don’t want people to be like, ‘Oh, there’s a cute dog just hanging on the wall,’ but I want people to keep looking at it for as long as they can. The image of the poodle for me is a gateway to something deeper.”

At the risk of inflaming Kuro’s jealousy, Kamijo scours hundreds of poodle photos to find subjects for his drawings, pouring through everything from dog magazines to dog shows to the Facebook pages of Marta’s dog-groomer friends. “When I see the right one, I just can tell it’s the right one,” he says. Once he has found the right one, Kamijo follows an intuitive process. “It’s an interesting surprise, what I come up with at the end. It’s not like I plan everything out and make it from a sample or something. I just go one by one and just see what happens.”

The result may not be a pedigree per se, but this natural and non-prescriptive approach enables Kamijo to better pursue his artistic considerations. Sticking to rules would remove the flexibility needed every step of the way to create a drawing that works as a drawing. Every minor detail must be tweaked and refined and sometimes completely overhauled, occasionally multiple times, to make a whole that coheres. While they may not meet the United Kennel Club requirements for colour and coat, Kamijo’s poodles, as drawings, end up echoing the club standards for a poodle’s trotting gait: “effortless, smooth, powerful, and well-coordinated”.

WORDS BY TOBY FEHILY
ARTWORK BY SUSUMU KAMIJO









B O W

W O W

W O W

MAKING A BESPOKE PORTRAIT OF A DOG, WITH INPUT FROM THEIR OWNER, IS QUITE DIFFERENT TO MAKING AN ARTWORK WHERE I ANSWER ONLY TO MYSELF. WHEN I LOOK AT MY IMAGES, I KNOW IMMEDIATELY WHICH ONES SPEAK TO ME, BUT NOT ALWAYS WHY. AT THE MOMENT, I AM DRAWN TO THE ABSTRACT WORKS, THOUGH THESE TEND TO POLARISE OPINION. FOR ME, THERE IS AN INTIMACY IN THE DETAIL DEPICTED; A PERCEPTION OF MOVEMENT, AN AWARENESS OF A LIVING, SENTIENT CREATURE.

BY
JO LONGHURST









THE NOMADS ANE CRABTREE AND GEORGE

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS
BY KIMBERLY M. WANG

George Crabtree sounds like the name of a cowboy, straight out of a Sam Peckinpah film: all boots, spurs, and 10-gallon hat. But this George, a Catahoula-coonhound mix, is a fire-cracker of a girl who spends her days tearing around the cavernous hallways of film studios, attending wardrobe fittings with legendary actors, and studiously observing every move of her favourite human, Ane Crabtree, one of Hollywood's top costume designers. A nomad by nature, Crabtree goes where the business takes her, with George by her side. We visited the pair in Toronto this winter, during the filming of the second season of Hulu's acclaimed dystopian drama *The Handmaid's Tale*, which debuted this spring. The hit series garnered multiple Emmy and Golden Globe awards for its first season, and Crabtree earned the prestigious Costume Designers Guild Award for her work. It has also become a cultural phenomenon, galvanising feminist activists worldwide.





THE HANDMAID'S TALE IS BASED ON THE 1985 NOVEL BY MARGARET ATWOOD; IT DEPICTS A MODERN AMERICAN KINGDOM CALLED GILEAD, WHICH IS RULED BY A BRUTAL THEOCRACY THAT FORCES FERTILE WOMEN, AKA 'HANDMAIDS', TO BEAR CHILDREN FOR THE RULING CLASS. PROTESTERS FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS HAVE GATHERED EN MASSE IN FACSIMILES OF YOUR COSTUMES—RED CAPES AND WHITE WINGED BONNETS—FROM QUEENSLAND TO COSTA RICA TO ALABAMA. HOW ARE THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT AND THE SHOW RELATED?

It is both a true mirror to what's happening in society by virtue of its story, and yet, probably not by accident, it's quite personal and individual. Each thought process for each costume is embodied with what is happening in the world—all the terror and the empathy and the sorrow. That is how I can speak to it, through my clothing. I am a very quiet person who is shouting through the designs of the costumes.

BEYOND THE RESPECT YOU HAVE FOR THE SHOW'S CREATOR AND EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, BRUCE MILLER, AND EXECUTIVE PRODUCER WARREN LITTLEFIELD, WHY DID YOU CHOOSE *HANDMAID'S* WHEN THEY APPROACHED YOU?

I loved the book, is the easy answer. But these guys knew my work—what they wanted in a creative person is actually who I am. Some people want someone who makes pretty things but won't bother them with complicated conversations. But I always want to be a true collaborator. The greatest hope is that I maintain my integrity through the project. My worst is being the 'shirt girl' [as in]: "Girl, go get me a shirt!" My greatest let-down is disrespect for what I do, which is 100 per cent as important as the cinematographer or the production designer. There used to be a time when I was embarrassed to say those things, but you have to embrace what we bring to a project, or we will always be the 'shirt girl'.

THE VAST MAJORITY OF *HANDMAID'S* COSTUMES ARE HANDCRAFTED, BASED ON YOUR ORIGINAL DESIGNS. HOW DO YOU BUILD INTENTION AND MEANING INTO EACH COSTUME?

What happened last year [in season one] was that as the commanders lost power, the wives' necklines got super high and rigid and 'bulletproof'. The silhouettes became harder—to enforce them against what was happening in the script to tear them down. This season is about the mother. So what I am doing is going towards the softer side, which reveals the true shape of the body—a kind of unveiling of the self.

THE SUITS YOU MAKE FOR THE COMMANDER, PLAYED BY JOSEPH FIENNES, ARE CONSTRUCTED OF UPHOLSTERY FABRIC. WHY?

People laughed at me for using such industrial fabric. But I said, "No, you have to trust me." And it became one of Joseph's favourite things. The suits are very thick. They are like buildings. The Commander is a walking wall that he has built around himself. In Gilead, people don't have a lot of fabric. You need to make a suit that will last until the end of the world.

YOUR TYPICAL 20-HOUR DAY BEGINS WITH A 3 A.M. WORKOUT, ARRIVAL AT THE STUDIOS BEFORE DAWN, AND THEN A QUIET MEDITATION TO SET THE TONE FOR THE GRUELLING DAY AHEAD. HOW DOES GEORGE'S PRESENCE AFFECT YOUR QUALITY OF LIFE?

The creative process and my brain are on fire seven days a week. I'm solving problems every day, all day. The idea is balance. So bringing George is a means to say: That's my life. I'm bringing my life with me.

WE'VE HEARD THAT SIR ANTHONY HOPKINS AND ED HARRIS (CURRENTLY STARRING ON HBO'S *WESTWORLD*) DEVELOPED MUTUAL CRUSHES ON GEORGE WHEN YOU WERE DESIGNING FOR THE SHOW. CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE CONNECTION SHE SHARES WITH THE ACTORS YOU CLOTHE?

Actually, Anthony is more of a cat person, though he was sweet to George! It was Ed Harris who said, "That girl's got a sense of humour!" She would make him laugh and wait outside the costume trailer to see him pass.

On a pilot called *The Passage*, there were background actors coming in as wounded people of the future. With each photo, I had the person lie on the ground, as if dead or wounded, and George insisted on lying down next to each person, spooning them, as if to comfort each one. She is a 'method dog'!

And on *Handmaid's*... Yvonne Strahovski has two rescue dogs and George sits by her side—she thinks Yvonne is the queen—and, well, let's face it: Serena Joy [Strahovski's character] kinda is. George's most recent hard crush is on Bradley Whitford [Commander Lawrence], whose lap she crawled into while he was taking fitting photos, and she wouldn't leave.

IN 2013, WHILE SHOOTING A MOVIE IN GEORGIA, YOU ADOPTED GEORGE AS A PUPPY AFTER LEARNING THAT A RESCUE—LIKELY A FAILED HUNTING DOG—AND HER LITTER WERE ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED. WHAT DREW YOU TO HER?

She was the quietest and the smallest. A big mush. She was also a wild thing. I literally took her from the place where I adopted her and straight to work. She spent 12 hours the first day working. She looked at me as if to say, "What else you got?"

YOU'VE SAID THAT "IN RELATIONSHIPS WE FIND WHATEVER IT IS THAT WE NEED TO WORK ON AT THAT MOMENT". HOW IS GEORGE AN EMBODIMENT OF THAT BELIEF?

We're lucky. Dogs are like spirit caretakers. I think I need more feminine energy in my life, so I have a girl dog. She is really feminine; she is really Southern. And she is really quiet when I meditate. My sweetheart, Roy, taught her that. The energy of a dog can dissipate what you don't need and explosively celebrate what you do need. Humans can shift your focus. What my dogs have always done is be with me on a most primal level of creating.

THERE IS ANOTHER CONNECTION THAT YOU AND GEORGE SHARE: A SENSE OF NOT BELONGING WHERE YOU WERE BORN AND RAISED. CAN YOU EXPLAIN?

I was born in South Dakota and raised in Kentucky, and those were formative years. And yet I was an anomaly by virtue of how I looked and my mother's roots.

I am 49 per cent or less Okinawan, but I am also part Chinese, part African American, part American Indian, and a whole host of European mixes on my dad's side. Where I grew up, I am still an oddball. I left Kentucky because I was too unusual or strange for Kentucky, and George had to leave Georgia because her mother wasn't right for the part of a hunting dog. All of that discord and disharmony as a child that made me leave Kentucky at 13 contributed to who I am in my work. And that role would be, yes, still a bit of an outsider, but making the outside energy work.

When you come from a multi-racial background, there is a certain kind of mistrust. And a kind of putting-you-into-a-box that people do, because they assume you must not be educated. You must not have a lot of money. You probably haven't travelled. All these things we assume from the exterior package of a person. What I am trying to do is make it so that those questions don't come up anymore. That people just Are. And Be. And just Do.

WHAT ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE TO AN ASPIRING COSTUME DESIGNER?

If you want to do great work, you have to be ready to marry that career, and you have to use your intellectual side as much as your creative side, therapist side, and United Nations side. You have to utilise what you have from your own upbringing or environment to bring something new to the table. You have to find new ways of seeing. Find the new and find your own voice.



Crabtree with actress Yvonne Strahovski



FIVE IN FIVE

ON TOP DOGS IN FILM
The Wizard of Oz.

ON DIGITAL RESCUES
RememberMePetRescue.com (Georgia),
Territorio_de_Zaguates on Instagram
(Costa Rica), MaeDayRescue.com
(Los Angeles).

**ON CANINE ROAD-TRIP
ANXIETY REMEDIES**
CBD oil treats and Zylkene nutritional
supplement work wonders.

**ON FAVOURITE ESCAPES
WITH GEORGE**
Sedona, Arizona, and Big Sur, California.

ON NUMBER-ONE DOG TRAINERS
My sweetheart, Roy.





Crabtree with actress Amanda Brugel



LIFE AMONG THE TREES JASON ROSKEY AND HANK

WORDS BY ANN MARIE GARDNER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WINNIE AU

Behind door number 15 in a blue-and-white metal-clad warehouse in Hudson, north of New York City, is Jason Roskey's workshop—an organised mess of power tools, fabrication machines, half-built furniture, and clear plastic bags filled with wood pulp. Roskey's elegant brown dog, Hank, slides through the shavings on the grey cement floor as Roskey concentrates on attaching a leg to a walnut coffee table. The 10-month-old pointing griffon drops a squishy purple ball at his master's feet and barks repeatedly until it's thrown. Roskey and his wife, Maggie Goudsmit, launched Fern Handcrafted Furniture in Brooklyn in 2009, but moved to Hudson in 2011. Since then, Roskey's locally milled pieces have elevated the design aesthetic in Hudson from clunky Adirondack to contemporary architecture. We spoke to him about working with walnut, the beauty of an "imperfect" chair, and the unstoppable ball of energy that is Hank.





YOU HAVE DESCRIBED YOUR DESIGN AS “STRONGLY AMERICAN” AND INSPIRED BY NATURE. LET’S TALK ABOUT THAT.

I am inspired by objects, nature, and architecture. I love designers like Borge Mogensen, Jean Royère, Carl Malmsten, Finn Juhl, and George Nakashima. Along with Shaker and Japanese design, the Brazilians have been an inspiration. I love Sergio Rodrigues. His work has a commanding quality, and I gravitate towards substantial pieces.

YOU HAVE AN EYE FOR BEAUTIFUL SHAPES, WHICH EXTENDS TO HANK. TELL US MORE ABOUT HIM.

Hank is a wire-haired pointing griffon, which are also called ‘Korthals’. The breed is active, a good family dog, and they don’t shed; I sought the breed out. I wanted a big dog after having small dogs my whole life. Korthals are developed to hunt. I don’t hunt, but I might start.

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

I’ve always loved interiors and furniture and have specifically been drawn to wood furniture my whole life. I was living in Brooklyn with my wife, Maggie, mostly making sculpture and collages, but I had been drifting towards pursuing making more practical things for a while. When the gallery that represented me closed in 2009, I decided to pursue furniture full-time.

WHAT WAS THE FIRST PIECE OF FURNITURE YOU EVER MADE?

It was a maple and leather desk with a little flip-top hidden pencil drawer. I still have it. I think designing pieces is probably 70 per cent instinctual and 30 per cent learned.

WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO MAKE ART?

I was always making things my whole life. I excelled at art in high school. I grew up in a rural Texas town where most folks didn’t go to college, and if you did, you studied business or agriculture sciences. I’ve never been much of a student, but generally did well enough to get by.

YOU ARE A GREAT COOK, TOO! WHERE DID YOU LEARN?

Ha! Thanks. Cooking is kind of my therapy but, also, it’s not that far off from woodworking. I don’t know many woodworkers who don’t like to cook. I like the process, and you get much more instant gratification than when you are making a chair or a dining table.

TELL ME ABOUT HANK AT HOME. DOES HE EVER CALM DOWN? WHERE DOES HE SLEEP? AND DO YOU EVER FEED HIM PEOPLE FOOD?

Hank would rather be at home with my girls, Beatrice and Mae. He spends a lot of time running in our fields and on the floor next to the girls when they are around. They spend a lot of time in our sunroom, too, and it’s where he sleeps at night. When the girls are outside he has to be out there with them. Snow or sunshine, he’s right there playing until he passes out. Hank is a pretty picky eater and not food motivated. He’s play motivated. He will not eat any raw meat but likes leftover steak, for sure.

DO YOU THINK HUDSON IS A GOOD PLACE TO BE—IN TERMS OF ATTRACTING AN INTERNATIONAL CLIENTELE THAT YOU MIGHT NOT MEET IN NEW YORK?

Hudson continues to grow and draw a diverse crowd. On weekends in the summer, at least 25 per cent of the visitors are international visitors to New York who have come to Hudson for the day. We have probably had more international press in the last two years than domestic. We sell a few pieces each year that go to mostly Europe, Japan, and Australia. You never know who you will meet in Hudson.

WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON RIGHT NOW?

We usually have eight pieces in production at a time. I delivered 12 stools last week to a residence in Aspen. I did all the seating recently for a restaurant in St. Louis, Missouri, called Vicia. I made stools for the Anvil hotel at Jackson, Wyoming. I made the benches at Scribner’s Lodge in the Catskills. Last week, I sent four massive tables to Nantucket. We launch round tables in summer and are introducing a new upholstered club chair, an upholstered sofa, and a bed. I use a frame builder in Connecticut and a master upholsterer in the nearby Berkshires area.

THOSE CLEAR PLASTIC BAGS FILLED WITH WOOD SHAVINGS ARE SO NEATLY PILED. WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THEM?

The farms pick it up for the chickens. Letterbox farms use it as chicken bedding and mix it with chicken poop for compost. I use a lot of walnut, so it’s mostly walnut pulp, which is toxic for hooved animals, so it can only be bedding for chickens.

CLEARLY YOU HAVE A RELATIONSHIP WITH WOOD AND TREES...

It’s one reason I moved here. There’s a lot of local wood upstate—walnut, especially. People hate it in their yard because it makes a mess. But I love it. I have to be very adamant about the quality of lumber. The best logs are now put on ships and sent to China. Here, I’m closer to better wood, and everything I use is locally milled, lots from felled trees and locally managed forests. I love trees. But I don’t talk to trees.

IN THE FERN SHOPFRONT, YOU HAVE SO MANY BEAUTIFUL PIECES FROM LOCAL ARTISTS.

The weaver is a local woman: Margo Becker. I found this textile in the industrial antique centre—it looks like an Agnes Martin. The Amish in Pennsylvania do all my leatherwork on the baskets and the bags. I use Appalachian hickory weavers for the woven stools; it’s such a difficult process and the weave lasts forever.

I FEEL THERE IS SOMETHING ESSENTIAL TO THE NATURE OF YOUR WORK IN THE SIMPLICITY OF YOUR SWELL STOOL. DO YOU AGREE?

I think finding that balance of simplicity and “design” is what I’m striving for, so it makes me happy to hear you say that. There are way too many chairs out in the world, and designing one is this unobtainable thing. It will never be perfect. It will never sit perfect. It will never look perfect. The Swell stool is one of the first pieces I made, and it has gone through many forms to get where it is at now. I saw a seed-counting stool at a Shaker village in Kentucky and loved how the swells on the legs were turned where the rungs intersect. I wanted to make a contemporary version with contemporary proportions. Later, we dressed it up with a brass rung. That version took a while to sell, but now it’s the most popular. I like to let the nature of the material speak for itself.





CREATING MORE JOY CHRISTOPHER KANE AND BRUCE TITO

WORDS BY ANDIE CUSICK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DUNJA OPALKO

It's Friday the 13th, Mercury is still retrograde, and Christopher Kane can't get his computer to work. Stepping away from technology for the time being, he dashes out to fetch a handful of balloons. When 18-month-old Bruce Tito hears the sound of a balloon being inflated, he energetically scampers to Kane's feet, just in time to watch it floating to the ground. It's been 12 years since the Scottish designer graduated from Central Saint Martins with an award-winning MA collection and began the globally revered Christopher Kane label in partnership with his elder sister Tammy. His collections, while varied, often pivot around biology, elements of nature, and the human condition. As Bruce happily chases several balloons past racks of samples, we sit down to chat about Kane's passion for Outsider art, a lifelong love of boxers, and his intense dedication to powerful, provocative clothes.





We're on the first floor of the fashion designer's studio in Dalston, East London, in a space he shares with Tammy. Beside their adjoining desks are several Royal Doulton figurines, some of which came from their late-mum Christine's treasured collection. Gremlins Gizmo and Stripe lie entangled beside Bruce's daybed—a place he's rarely to be found for fear of missing out on all the comings and goings in the studio.

LET'S START BY TALKING ABOUT ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT MEMBERS OF YOUR TEAM: BRUCE, YOUR BOSTON TERRIER.

Yes! Bruce has become such a part of the program, part of everything we do in here. He attends all the fittings and comes to work every day, Monday to Friday. He now knows the schedule—when it's Saturday and Sunday he doesn't get out of bed! He's part of the studio household and he's brought a new dynamic. Dogs just lighten the mood, don't they? He's so mischievous and a little bugger at times, but we love him for his mischief!

WHY A BOSTON TERRIER?

I used to always have boxers—that's my dog Murphy there. [Kane points to a picture of Tammy wrapped in a Versace blanket in a field behind the house they grew up in, with Murphy, their white boxer, by her side.] My auntie Edwina used to breed show dogs, so we always used to get the pick of the litter. We always seemed to get the so-called runts. White boxers weren't deemed valuable because they were all white and didn't have the markings. Obviously, having a big dog in London is not really ideal—I mean, I'm lucky enough to have a garden and stuff, but Murphy was such a big dog and boxers can be hyperactive, they need outdoor space. I wanted a dog that resembled a boxer, had similar markings, but was a much smaller version. I will forever love boxers, but Bostons are like little miniatures and they're so cute, like shrunken versions of boxers!

WHAT'S BRUCE'S TEMPERAMENT LIKE, AND DOES HE PICK UP ON YOUR MOOD?

When me and Tammy are working, he can tell if we're having a really important meeting—he starts to do all this [glances over as Bruce runs back and forth after his noisy, squeaky ball]. He starts to play, and you're like, "Bruce!" I don't know whether he feels like there's a tension in the air or something going on, but I think dogs are really special in that they can pick up on that. Obviously, when you're sitting doing nothing, he's snoring his head off—when you need him to snore his head off, he's playing with balloons! But he's such an easy-going dog. One thing I will say is that they are very stubborn, as a breed. He knows his own mind and he's very smart and remembers things.

On the way round to the studio today we saw some cats, but Bruce doesn't want to fight the cats—he just wants to play with them! The cats don't understand. He's very submissive in the sense that he's not an aggressive dog; he likes to play, but he's really not a dog dog. That was always the same with our dogs growing up, because we mollycoddled them and spoiled them so much—we treated them like babies—even big Murphy there, he was my baby until the day he died. It's just the reality of things.

YOU HAVE SEVERAL PAINTINGS IN THE STUDIO BY OUTSIDER ARTISTS. WHEN DID YOU DISCOVER THEM?

I've always loved Outsider art, because me and Tammy have always been outsiders. I discovered Outsider art when I was at CSM, and it was a Scottish guy called Scottie Wilson. I think he had schizophrenia and he used to paint really beautiful artworks, which Picasso and Paul Klee bought. People always argue: "Did Picasso get Cubism from Scottie Wilson?" [Laughs] Seriously, Scottie Wilson's work—it's very feral and raw—so from that I became really intrigued.

WHERE DO YOU TAKE BRUCE FOR WALKS AND PLAYTIME?

I walk him around a few of the blocks here in Dalston, just because I like him to get new smells, and then he goes to London Fields and to Primrose Hill, where his mummy Tammy lives with my niece, Bonnie. Bonnie is the ultimate puppy stalker—she'd never had a dog until now, and her mummy always talked about her dogs in Scotland. I think it's really good that kids are around dogs and other animals. I see it all the time in the park when people let their dogs off the leash and kids are just terrified.

WHAT ARE SOME OF THE CHALLENGES YOU ENCOUNTER FROM HAVING A DOG?

Getting him out of bed in the morning—he loves his bed. He really takes it to a new level! He has his own bed at home but he sleeps in bed with me. Me and Tammy used to sleep in the same bed for so long and the dogs would come in. We'd be two boxers and two teenagers together. Me and my sister were very close, and you'd tell people that and they'd think it was weird, but we just liked hanging together and being with the dogs. It'd be me and Tammy and two massive dogs and you'd literally be hanging out of the bed! Bruce is a quarter of the size and he takes up the whole bed!

FOR YOUR LATEST COLLECTIONS, YOU REFERENCED *THE JOY OF SEX* AND *MORE JOY OF SEX*. SO, LET'S TALK ABOUT SEX.

Yes, let's talk about sex. I'm so happy because I've never shunned human behaviour or sexual behaviour. It's not because I'm a raving lunatic or a sex fiend, it's just because I'm very interested in human biology—stuff that always intrigued me as a child and in high school. So, yeah, this season was no different. I've done collections before based on sex education. I was brought up Catholic so we never actually got sex education in school, but we were a very liberal family and my mum was always very open with us. But then, that was a good mother for you, looking out for her sons, and her daughters.

I TAKE IT YOU WON'T BE CENSURING YOUR DESIGNS ANYTIME SOON, THEN?

No. I mean, there was nothing in this collection that was distasteful or disrespectful. People have said my clothes are obscene—there's nothing obscene about them! They're actually really intelligent and really powerful and really provocative and they really empower women. And that's what I always set out to do. I've never had a collection that demeans any woman or any man.

When I was growing up in Scotland, things were quite laid-back, nothing was really hidden, everything was out in the open—and I think that's a good thing. It seems that, nowadays, things are being censored again and that's when it can really go dramatically wrong. Now, if I put a dress out, people find it controversial: "Are you serious? Do you think that's disrespectful towards women or sex? What?"

YOU'VE BEEN DESIGNING YOUR OWN LABEL SINCE 2006. DO YOU EVER TIRE OF IT AND DOES IT STILL EXCITE YOU?

Yes, both. It's very tiring but very exciting at the same time. It's really hard to be creative every day, and I think, in this game and the world we're living in right now, where everything is so fast-paced, people want more and more, and people are getting bored much more quickly. The world of instant is there and they want to know what's tomorrow already. And it's literally, like, take a breath and breathe, you know?

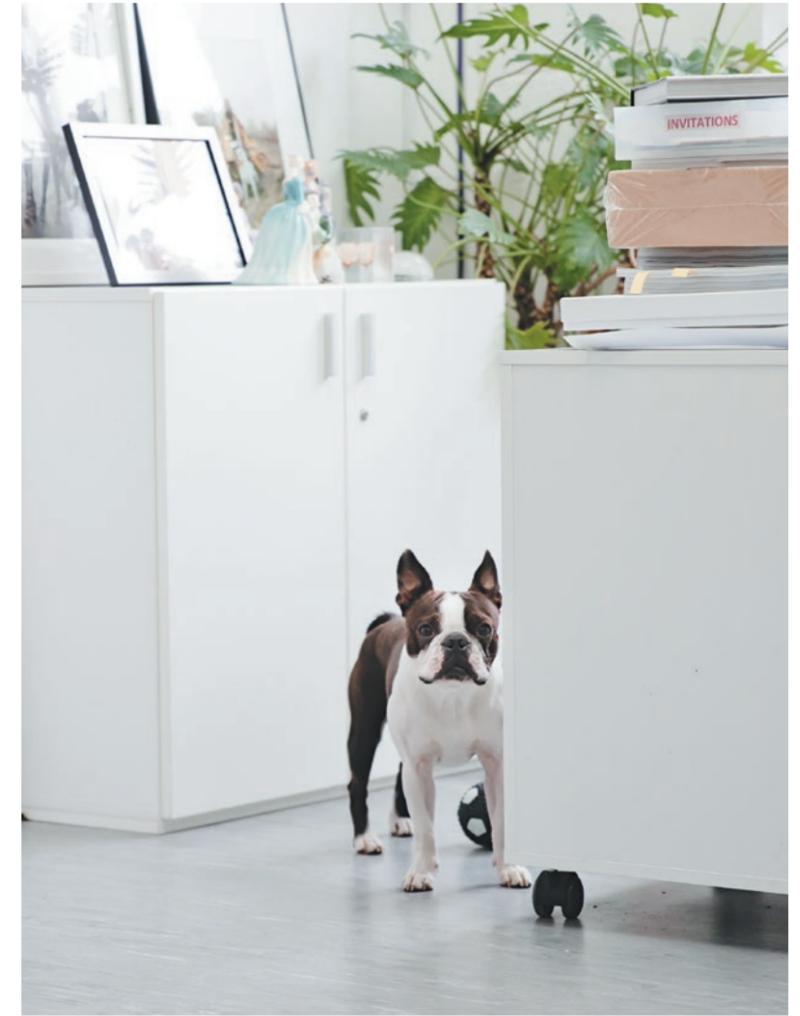
WHAT'S YOUR ADVICE, THEN, TO ASPIRING FASHION DESIGNERS?

Well, don't think that because you've got 10,000 Instagram followers you can do anything you want. Have respect for yourself and respect for others, and it takes a lot—a lot—of hard work. It all comes down to product. And let's not forget, you're meant to be a fashion designer so let's actually design and be creative and don't just photocopy and copy and mass-produce; do something that's really heartfelt.

I went to college for six years and I really respect people who work their arses off, and don't gain fame by association, but get to where they get to by working really hard. I come from a working-class background, and my mum would always say, "If you want it, you have to work really hard for it," and that's where I came from. If it's all built on smoke and mirrors, it's not real. And that's one of the downfalls of the industry—people are miseducated or told differently and, before you know it, you're being treated like yesterday's news. This industry's tough.

AND WHAT NEXT FOR CHRISTOPHER KANE?

We're working on resort and then the Met Ball, which is coming up next month. It's going to be fun because it's all about being Catholic, and I know a lot about that! We have pieces that will be shown in the exhibition: *Heavenly Bodies: Fashion and the Catholic Imagination*. It's possibly the biggest I've done, and it's such a great cause—what Anna and Andrew do is really quite amazing; they really support the arts and the fashion industry. It'll be fun. Chaotic, but fun!





FULL OF BEANS YUMI CHOI AND CHOTI

WORDS BY ANDIE CUSICK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT RIEGER

Bonanza Coffee Roasters were the first of their kind in Berlin. In 2006, long before there was a 'third wave coffee' scene, founders Yumi Choi and her business partner, Kiduk Reus, established their roastery and café, pioneering a movement focused on new brewing and transparency in the chain from farmer to flat white drinker. Harnessing 'retro innovation' roasting methods, Choi and her team experiment with old and new techniques to produce the finest flavours from their beans. Twelve years on, 'Bonanza' is arguably a bi-word for the best beans in town. After a decade of satiating the caffeine-hungry entrepreneurs, artists, and creatives of Prenzlauer Berg, the duo opened a second café at the same site as their roastery in the neighbourhood of Kreuzberg. Here you'll find Choi most days, more often than not, flanked by her five-year-old dog, Choti.





LET'S START WITH COFFEE.
TELL US HOW BONANZA STARTED?

Every time I'm asked this I think I should just invent a really cool story! The reality is that my business partner wanted to do something in fashion but we had just missed all the shows, so, naive as we were, we thought, Let's do a café until next season. We started researching, met my friend who worked at Monmouth in London, and, after we had our first coffee there, we knew we were onto something. We went travelling to do some more research and experienced some amazing coffee. We then saw Duane Sorenson, the owner of Stumptown, opening his first coffee shop at the new Ace Hotel in Portland. Once we had experienced the excitement and special energy this company brought to coffee, we were sold.

WHAT MAKES BONANZA STAND OUT?

I think you can feel our design and art background. We studied art and design but also philosophy, so we talk a lot about context, visual representation, people, Zeitgeist, the roast philosophy, and the culture of coffee. Our team is very international—a true representation of Berlin's expat community. Kiduk is Dutch in a Korean-Dutch-American family situation, and I am German with a Korean background. All of this combined makes us a little more multifaceted, I guess.

WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO MAKE THE LEAP FROM ART TO COFFEE?

I was all set to work as an artist, preparing my first show for a fair, but Kiduk needed a business partner and convinced me that my art sucked! At this time, it did, so I'm not too sad about it. I was busy with Beuys and the concept of relational aesthetics, so starting a business seemed somehow logical.

We put much thought into the design and branding of our stores and our packaging. It is always an intense, chaotic, and organic process. We brought our designers to despair, especially Kiduk, pushing them to do things again, better, or different last-minute. I think they did some of their finest work because of it.

AS THE PIONEERS OF BERLIN'S 'THIRD WAVE COFFEE' MOVEMENT, COULD YOU EXPLAIN WHAT THIS MEANS AND WHY IT'S IMPORTANT?

Third wave coffee is an international movement that is developing new barista and brewing techniques, machines, agricultural practices, competitions, education, sensory skills, and transparency between the farmer, roaster, barista, and consumer to establish coffee as a culinary experience instead of a commodity. It is so important because one half of the world is consuming coffee and the other half is producing it.

When we travel to the origin of our product, we begin to understand where things are coming from and who is contributing to the lifestyle we are so fortunate to live. We meet people and we start to realise that we are connected. We see that our immediate choices have direct consequences for the farmers and environment. To drink great coffee is an appreciation for all this hard work. Everybody in the third-wave chain is giving their very best for the purest experience of the complexity nature has to offer. It is mind-boggling how much work, effort, processes, people, machines, distances, and so on are necessary to bring us something we can so easily take for granted.

TELL US ABOUT THE BERLIN COFFEE SCENE.

I am thrilled about how many more cafés and roasteries have opened in Berlin. The scene is somehow at an 'in between' phase after what was a rapid growth. The coffee community is in general very friendly and supportive, but there is competition, of course. New, young roasteries are trying hard to make their mark, and while we were the only one 12 years ago, now we are one of 20-plus specialty roasteries. While this is daunting, it is absolutely necessary to improve and push us forward.

HOW DO YOU TAKE YOUR COFFEE?

Single origin as filter, that's it.

HOW DID YOU AND CHOTI FIND EACH OTHER?

It was love at first sight on eBay Kleinanzeigen. An animal rescue organisation put her up on there. The ad also said: "Suitable for beginners." I saw her and it just clicked.

DO YOU THINK YOUR LIFESTYLE COMPLEMENTS HAVING A DOG?

This is one of the great luxuries, being an entrepreneur and making your own rules. I am quite free, so I just take Choti everywhere with me—it couldn't be more perfect. She is a real people dog, she loves being petted, so she uses our coffee shops to walk from person to person to do exactly that. She attends all the important meetings, the signing of contracts, and is there to comfort anybody who needs it. She is an important member of the Bonanza crew. Berlin is very dog friendly, and she can be a great ice-breaker with new customers, too.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CHOTI'S BACKGROUND?

Choti comes from a Spanish island where she was found and brought to an animal shelter. She was already 10 months old when I adopted her. I don't know much except that her name was Princepsa, she was super skinny, and, still, she always freaks out with fireworks—I suspect the black, hairless part of her tail has something to do with it.

WHERE DID THE NAME COME FROM?

Hindi—it means 'the little one'. My brother-in-law is Indian, and he came up with the name. He was also the one who picked her up.

HAVE YOU ALWAYS LOVED DOGS?

No, not at all. I got bitten as a child by a German shepherd and was terribly afraid for a long time.

WHERE IN BERLIN DO YOU AND CHOTI LIKE TO GO FOR WALKS/RUNS/PLAY?

Choti's favourite spot is the beautiful park along the Havel in Kladow, and you can find us often at Humboldthain Park and Nordbahnhof.

FIVE IN FIVE

ON DOG-FRIENDLY BERLIN

A big highlight for Choti is every visit to the popular burger place The Bird. The owner has a huge dog who feasts on the excellent meat leftovers, and I suspect the hiring policy is that you must love dogs. The staff are so sweet to dogs, and dogs love it there too, obviously.

ON DOG-RELATED FILMS

It's cheesy, but I cried watching *Hachi: A Dog's Tale*, with Richard Gere. I never liked *Lassie*.

ON CHOTI'S FAVOURITE THINGS

Choti loves organic calf mini sausages; sometimes she loves cucumbers and carrots.

ON RUNNING WILD IN BERLIN

Berlin is very dog friendly and green, so you can find, in any district, a beautiful park. My favourites would be Volkspark Friedrichshain, Tempelhofer Feld, Hasenheide, and Tiergarten, all within the city centre. Go to Grunewaldsee for more nature.

ON NEW PUPS

Get a dog trainer, really. And watch out for veterinarians who are just out for your money—it's a whole industry here in Berlin, and it took me a while to find one who is just doing what is necessary and only has the well-being of your friend in mind.







SHOWCASE

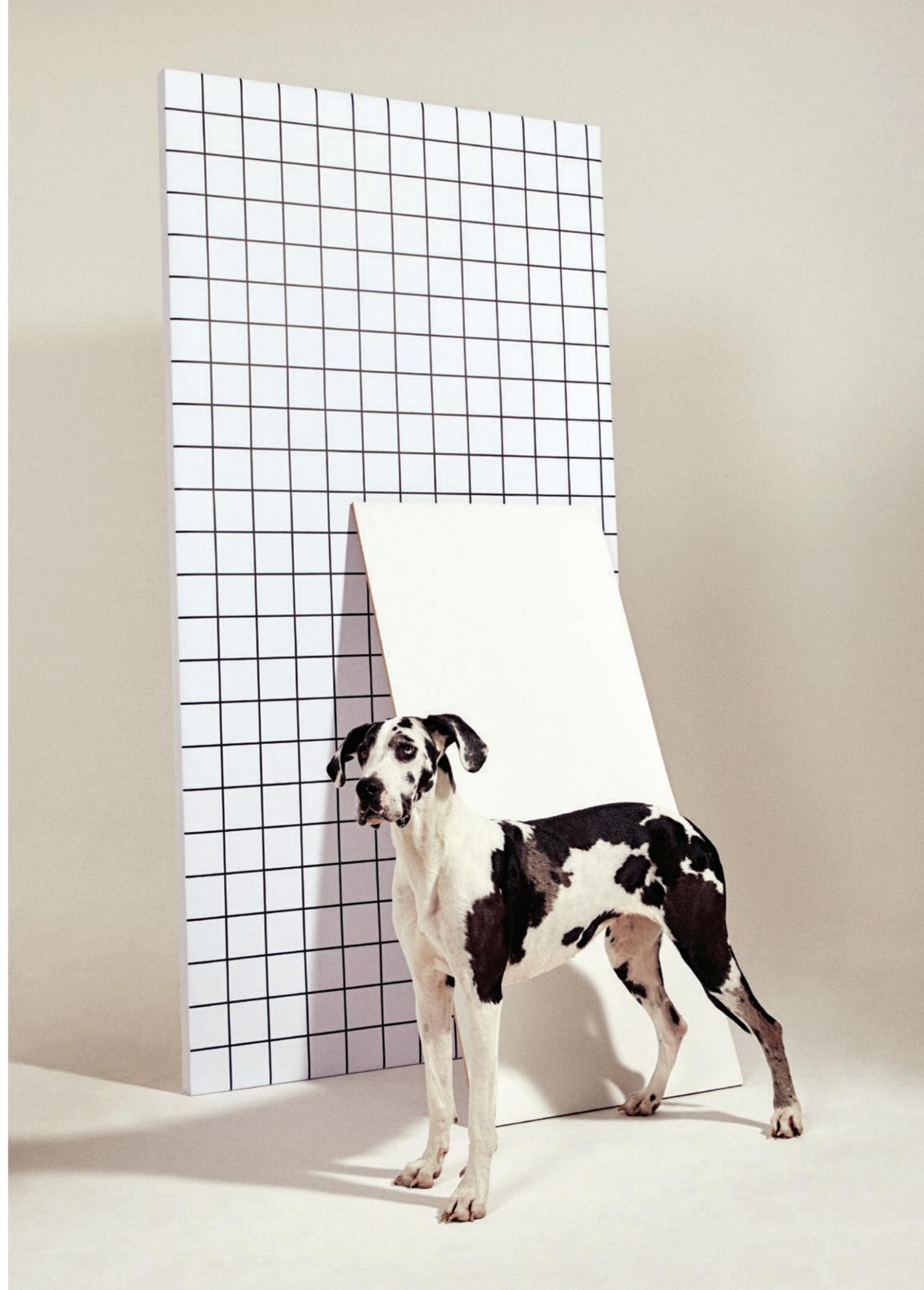
C H E C K

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN THE JUXTAPOSITION OF NATURALLY OCCURRING GEOMETRIC SHAPES AND THOSE MADE BY HUMANS. IN THIS CONTEXT, MIXING BLACK AND WHITE WITH SPOTTED BREEDS HAS A STRIKING EFFECT. MOST PATTERNS ON LIVING CREATURES SERVE A FUNCTION, SUCH AS CAMOUFLAGE. ON DALMATIANS, HOWEVER, SPOTS DO NOT HAVE A PURPOSE, BUT THEY ARE EQUALLY AS CAPTIVATING. SIMPLE SHAPES WITHOUT COLOUR HAVE A CERTAIN INTENSITY THAT INDUCES A VISCERAL HUMAN REACTION. IT'S ESSENTIALLY ABOUT LIGHT, AND HOW IT SHAPES OUR SURROUNDINGS.

BY
HO HAI TRAN

M A T E

SET STYLING BY KAT GARLICK







BRIGHT EYES

MOST OF THE DOGS IN THESE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE RESCUED *GALGOS*, TRADITIONAL SPANISH HUNTING DOGS. WE VOLUNTEER AT A SHELTER WHERE MANY OF THE ANIMALS ARE SO SCARED OF HUMANS THEY DON'T EVEN LOOK AT US. THEY KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN. THEIR EYES ARE SAD. THEY TREMBLE WITH FEAR.

FOUR YEARS AGO WE ADOPTED A RESCUED *GALGO*, RAY. HE HASN'T YET LOST HIS FEAR OF PEOPLE, BUT THE CHANGE IN HIS CHARACTER HAS BEEN ENORMOUS. WHEN HE'S WITH US, HE SEEMS TO BE THE HAPPIEST DOG ON THE PLANET. IN THE SERIES, WE WANTED TO SHOW ANOTHER SIDE OF *GALGOS*—TO HIGHLIGHT THEIR ELEGANT, BEAUTIFUL SOULS, AND CAPTURE THEM LOOKING PROUDLY INTO THE CAMERA. AS BEAUTIFUL AND NOBLE AS THEY ARE.

BY
ANNA THOMAS AND JORGE HERMOSO DE MENDOZA
(SULEK FOTOGRAFIA)

Both Anna Thomas and Jorge Hermoso de Mendoza volunteer at the Benjamin Mehnert Foundation, which rescues galgos and other abandoned breeds.
fundacionbm.com







DOG'S BREAKFAST

WORDS BY RUBY GOSS
ARTWORK BY MIJU LEE

We've been feeding delicacies to dogs for as long as canines have been our companions, which is anything between 6,000 and 40,000 years—depending on which evolutionary report you favour.

These millennia alongside omnivores have given dogs a real tasting menu. In 37 BCE, the Roman author Virgil set the standards by writing: "Do not let the care of dogs be last... Feed the whey." During the Middle Ages, the hounds of European nobles nibbled on stews of grains and offal concocted by kennel cooks. In the 1800s, Empress Tzu Hsi's Pekingese dined on quail breast and antelope milk. These days, we've compacted our best friend's meat-and-veg dinner into a tin can. But what do the luminaries of the culinary world feed their hounds? Food as idiosyncratic as our own: tempeh, pumpkin puree, salmon, or an ear of croissant. Five chefs invite us into their home kitchens to lift the lids on their dog bowls.

SAM MASON AND BANJO AND BENJAMIN
ODDFELLOWS ICE CREAM CO.
BROOKLYN

If the strains of Willy Wonka's 'Pure Imagination' don't begin to tinker in your head when you enter OddFellows ice-cream parlour—just know this place is the golden ticket. It's not only the nostalgic candy-striped walls and peaked server hats, but also the ingenious confections, which are up there with Wonka's lickable wallpaper and edible buttercups. Don't believe us? Try the 'ants on a log' celery sorbet with smoked raisins and peanut butter. As owner Sam Mason puts it, "It's a wacky science lab where I try to translate flavour concepts and childhood food memories into hopefully delicious desserts." The question remains: do his two dachshunds, Banjo (two years old) and Benjamin (eight), eat equally fabled meals? "When it comes to feeding the boys, I feel like I just try to keep it new and different," Mason says. "I have always had a problem with palate fatigue, so I go out of my way to keep their meals as exciting as my free time will allow."

RISE AND SHINE

For breakfast, my fiancé and I eat scrambled eggs and cheese quite often, so I set an unseasoned portion away and mix that with the boys' kibble. Things like rice and oatmeal are always around, too.

SALMON SCRAPS

I try to integrate Banjo and Benjamin's meals with our meals for ease and schedule. If I'm preparing salmon for us, I can set aside the smaller pieces and use all the scraps for them. They really love salmon, and it's always added to kibble for the most part.

TABLE MANNERS

My fiancé doesn't share my love for dog dining and gets quite a different reaction when she feeds the boys dry food. I think they hold a grudge. I will admit that when the lady is away I eat with the boys on the floor and I let them get away with a lot. Don't tell her that...

STRANGEST SNACK

I should preface this by letting you know that I have a dachshund with four-inch legs who can jump up on the kitchen island. I've come home to an entire box of coffee pods completely scattered.

GUILTY PLEASURES

We all really love foie gras and black truffles...





MINA HOLLAND AND ERNIE
FOOD WRITER AND EDITOR
LONDON

After publishing *Mamma*, her second cookbook, Mina Holland of *The Guardian's* Saturday 'Feast' section rewarded herself with a whippet—the now two-year-old Ernie. "My dog is integral to my life," she says. "When I work from home, having him is quite literally a breath of fresh air. I really value the time I have walking with him to gather thoughts and let ideas germinate. Also, he's just so silly and he makes me laugh. I think when you're a 'writer' and you spend so much time on your own, it can all get a bit serious." But Holland's and Ernie's paths diverge at one sore point: food. Where Holland calls her own cooking 'plainly good' (a lot of pasta, largely meat-free, informed by the British seasons, and generally quite improvised), Ernie's intolerances call for another kind of plain cooking. Still, he's in the right place: "I think everybody, humans included, should feed themselves according to their own needs," Holland says. "Why should it be any different for a dog?"

THE DAILY BREAD

I've got a gluten-free dog! We've settled on a brand of basic kibble, which is the only thing that makes his stomach okay. He's understandably—poor guy—really bored of it, so I've started getting Ernie a wet food. We'll quite often do a whole chicken at weekends and we'll give him skins and gristle. And apple cores and cooked broccoli, which he'll take to his bed and gnaw tentatively.

HOME REMEDIES

Quite a lot of the cooking we've done for Ernie has been because of his stomach problems. When he's sick, we will boil a chicken and give it to him with rice and the cooking liquid. He loves that. Also, there's the tins of pureed pumpkin that they use in America for pumpkin pie—this is really good for dogs' digestive systems. I mix it with potato. It's all very bland. I'll sometimes give him psyllium husk, too, which is fibre, and good for his stomach.

LOOKALIKE DINING

I love yoghurt. I eat it every day and I use it in so much of my cooking or as a condiment, so I think I project onto Ernie a bit. His food always looks so boring and so dry that I want to give it some kind of sauce or gravy-esque element. Quite often I mix in natural yoghurt, because he can tolerate that.

BEST EVER

Ernie loves pigs' ears. Nothing else gives him that much joy.

STRANGEST SNACK

Ernie ate a rug, actually—a lamb's-wool runner in our hallway that smelled really sheepy. He tore that up and ate quite a lot of it. You can also get bulls' penises, and I got him one and he loved it.

ANTOINE REYMOND AND WENDY
L'HÔTEL GITAN AND BISTRO GITAN
MELBOURNE

He might be the director of L'Hôtel Gitan and Bistro Gitan, but Antoine Raymond is decidedly humble about his own cooking chops. (We've got an inkling, though, that dad Jacques Raymond's 80-odd Hats might have left their mark.) "I'm only a home cook, but my favourite cuisine is European," he says. "My wife and I tend to lash out on weekends and that's when things get fun for us: butter, cheese, cream—you know, all the good stuff." This mix doesn't quite make it onto the menu for Antoine's boxer, Wendy. "I didn't give Wendy much 'human food' when she was younger because of her stomach problems and, as a result, her table manners are better than mine!" Raymond exclaims. No owner-hound lookalikes here, then? "Well, I did overhear a guy the other day say, 'See, he looks like his dog.' I really hope I don't resemble my boxer, but if that is the case, I'll wear that badge like a proud dad!"

THE DAILY BREAD

Wendy gets her biscuits in the morning, then chicken and rice for dinner or maybe tuna and some more biscuits. If she hangs out at my mum and dad's, though, the sky is the limit. I don't even bother asking what she's eaten at theirs anymore—I think they just lie to me!

HOMESTYLE

We cook batches of rice, chicken, and carrots. They're Wendy's favourites and good for her, too.

GUILTY PLEASURES

Personally, I go crazy for cheese but, then again, I allow myself to indulge in cheese all the time... I have a suspicion Wendy really wants to have a go at chocolate. She's always intrigued by it when I eat it. But as the Oreo kid used to say, "Chocolate isn't good for dogs," so she'll never get to try it!

STRANGEST SNACK

When Wendy was a puppy, she made a meal of our couch.



DOMINIQUE CRENN AND MAXIUMS
ATELIER CRENN
SAN FRANCISCO

Chef Dominique Crenn's cuisine is often penned as 'poetic' by those fortunate enough to have tasted it. Even the menu at her Michelin-starred Atelier Crenn is styled in atmospheric stanzas; "I touch the earth and play, in its cool milky light" might arrive at your table as, say, a Jerusalem artichoke pudding with trout roe. "Cooking is a language; it's a tool for me to have a conversation with my guests," says Crenn. "It's also a tool for me to express my feelings, my emotions, to tell a story about where I come from, where I want to go, and where I've been." At home, Crenn's nine-year-old rescue Chihuahua, Maximus, is a key protagonist in her tales. "I think it's important to make sure that you apply your philosophy in all that you do, especially when I feed my little dog Maximus," Crenn says. "Animals, for me, are a part of humanity... It's important for me to be able to connect with them; they have a different language."

FOOD PHILOSOPHY

In general, Maximus eats raw meat. It's organic meat that is not a by-product. It's chopped very finely and with a bit of vegetable around to balance his diet, but it's very simple. As a human, I want to make sure I make my own decisions when I buy food and when I eat food, and I want to know where my food comes from. My dog doesn't have a voice, so I am his voice.

GETTING PHYSICAL

I think it's important to understand what their physical make-up is. When you think about it, dogs can live a long, long time. I think it's the food that we're giving them—canned food and all—that creates a lot of physical health problems. At the end of the day, they need a lot of raw protein.

BEST EVER

Maximus really loves lamb!

STRANGEST SNACK

Maximus loves to eat my butter croissant—he's very French that way. He looks at me like, "Well, I know it's not good for me, but it smells so good—give a me a piece of it, please!"



MERIEL ARMITAGE AND RUBY
CLUB MEXICANA
LONDON

When Meriel Armitage isn't running Club Mexicana (or, as of this year, the Spread Eagle, London's first vegan pub), she's meal-prepping for her five-month-old Jack Russell cross border terrier, Ruby. And, just like for patrons of her Mexican-inspired street-food venture, variety is the order of the day. "We're not about clean eating; we're not about fads; we're about really good, indulgent, tasty food that's really colourful, fun, and big," Armitage says. "That sort of translates into how we feed Ruby. We try to make sure that nothing she eats is boring, and she gets the same variety of flavour and texture that we do." For Ruby, the tasting menu's only beginning. "I haven't tried her on the Mexican pickles and salsa and hot sauces yet," Armitage admits, "but we'll get there."

POWER OF THREE (AND A QUARTER)

Ruby's having three meals a day at the moment. She'd love to have more. I'm a really messy cook, despite doing it for a living, so everything I drop on the floor she's straight over, eating it!

VEGGIE DOG

Ruby's really young so she still needs loads of nutrients. I'm a vegan chef so I'm quite well-versed at providing all the bits and pieces that you need for a balanced diet—things like grains, wholegrain rice, pasta, and oats. She absolutely loves carrot and beetroot and protein like tofu and tempeh. I add a handful of kibble to give some crunch to it. She's teething at the moment, so anything that she can chew on is amazing—she loves the stalks of vegetables.

BEST EVER

Peanut butter—that's Ruby's absolute favourite.

STRANGEST SNACK

We took Ruby on a walk in the forest the other day and she was really into horse shit. It was the first time she'd seen it. Apparently, dogs love it—and she does love eating grass—so I think grass in another animal's stuff is really the pièce de résistance.





PROFILE

THIS EXPERT NOSE HAS A SECRET WEAPON:
A CALM BORDER TERRIER CALLED POP.

SHOP DOG PERFUMER H

For British perfumer Lyn Harris, the pursuit to create refined, beautiful scents is a relentless passion. So all-consuming is her pursuit that even family members get a bespoke fragrance—including her border terrier Pop H.

Tucked away on a corner plot in Marylebone, London, is the discreet shop, office, and laboratory of Perfumer H. Conceived by the celebrated, classically trained nose of Harris, the bespoke and seasonal collection of fragrances and candles is the powerfully transportive result of her highly honed craft. After running global perfume brand Miller Harris for over 15 years, Harris knew she wanted to try something new, something that sparked her creative voice again. “What I wanted to do was share my craft in all its entirety,” she says, as we sit down in the Perfumer H shopfront, where Pop is eagerly eyeing us to throw his ball. “Homegrown perfumers just don’t really exist, in the true sense, here in Britain. There are self-taught people, which is amazing, but because I’ve been taught in a traditional way by the French and I’m still with my fragrance house after 20-odd years—I guess I just felt it was my duty.”

Creating fragrances is a deeply complex process that takes years of skilful lab work and, as Harris points out, an intense passion for the craft that borders on obsession. “I never tire of scents; I challenge myself all the time, in the middle of the night I challenge myself, I’m always thinking about it!” To break it down into its simplest terms: there are five main fragrance families (floral, oriental, woody, fougère, and fresh) and notes that exist within each. Notes are then divided into top, heart, and base, adding to the complexity of each fragrance we smell. As the only female classically trained nose in the U.K., Harris is a rarified expert in her field. Not only does she produce five fragrances per season, but she also works on a range of Laboratory Editions, which are created for those who want to go beyond the seasonal and explore further scents from the lab. Rain Cloud, Atlas,

Drift Wood, and Tonka are just a few of Harris’s creations in this series.

Both in the streetfront shop and downstairs in the laboratory, Harris finds Pop a calming influence. He’s in the store with her every day. “A really good friend of mine said: ‘A dog in a perfume shop! You’re the only person that could get away with that!’ But he’s part of it. We got Pop when my son was seven years old, and he’s been amazing for his development and confidence,” explains Harris. “Pop is good for me, too, because he helped me through a change and dogs are very sensitive to you. I find him my lucky jewel; he helps me create, he de-frustrates me when I’m frustrated with an aspect of my work. As my son always says, ‘Pop just makes everything all right.’”

At the heart of Perfumer H is a connection with nature, from the formulas and eventual scents, the intrinsic environmental awareness—Harris ensures everything is 100 per cent recyclable—to the bespoke glass perfume bottles and candle holders produced in small batches using traditional methods by expert British glassmaker Michael Ruh. “An important element for me is to try and preserve this world we live in. In our industry there’s so much waste—think of the cellophane wrapping alone; I just think it’s a crime. So the idea of the hand-blown bottle is that you never throw it away, it’s for life, and when it’s finished you get it refilled.”

As British summertime approaches, Harris has constructed a seasonal offering of sweet pea, lemon tree, angelica, rain wood, and mist. And yes, even Pop has his own light citrus cologne. “He used to flinch and didn’t like it at first, but he seems to be used to it now,” says Harris, watching Pop curl up in his favourite window seat. “Their smell is more highly developed than ours, but we still have an acute sense of smell—we just don’t develop it,” she goes on to explain. “I mean, I have, as it’s what I do, so I’d say I’m probably like Pop in the way he smells everything!”

WORDS BY ANDIE CUSICK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE RYAN



FIVE IN FIVE

ON GROOMING

A few years ago I created the fragrance for Mungo & Maud, so I use their shampoo on Pop.

ON FRESH BREATH

I do give Pop a chew stick that's good for his teeth, which he loves every night. But I highly recommend brushing his teeth every day.

ON FRAGRANCE

I love to scent around his neck and collar with a fresh, citrus cologne, and he seems to like it too.

ON MAINTENANCE

Brushing teeth regularly, washing his coat regularly without soap and then once a month with soap.

ON THE POWER OF THE SENSES

A dog's sense of smell is more highly developed. Like, at night, because we live by the park, Pop gets up and I can hear him prowling around because he's smelling the foxes—and the windows are all shut! I mean, how amazing is that?





PROFILE

MEET A CREATIVE COMMUNITY
ON A PRECARIOUS BORDER.

BY DESIGN BAD MARLON

The South Korean town of Heyri is a paradoxical place. The dedicated art village is populated by galleries, cafés, boutiques, bookstores, green spaces, and pet-product designers Bad Marlon. Six kilometres down the road, however, are the armed checkpoints and barbed wire-lined Han River that form the border to North Korea. Despite Heyri's proximity to the totalitarian state, it remains a peaceful refuge—established in the mid-'90s for artists to create, exhibit, and sell their work.

The natural beauty of the village energises the Bad Marlon team each morning. "We often start our day outside, designing work while enjoying the sunshine with a morning coffee," says visual designer Hye-jeong Chun. The team is rounded out by two other humans—product designers Yong-sik Kim and Ji-yeon Yu—plus canine shop manager and model Malang Kim, a charismatic red toy poodle whose name roughly translates to 'squishy'. Together, the group functions more like a family than a company. "Taking Malang for a walk after lunch is an important part of the day's work too," explains Chun. "We gain a lot from allowing ourselves time to walk and talk freely with our dog around the village. That's often when we find inspiration for our designs."

Surprisingly, Malang was a late addition to the team. Chun, Kim, and another designer, Min-kyung Lee, established the brand after working together on furniture and homeware projects. They decided to create pet products to complement modern interiors, and bought a stuffed French bulldog toy for design inspiration. They dubbed their silent mascot Marlon, and the brand name was born.

Of course, it wasn't long before the trio realised the necessity of having a living, breathing, four-legged member of staff. Since Malang has joined the team, morale has never been higher. "When you come to the shop, Malang will welcome you and show you how to play with toys. Sometimes she also models for us in product photo shoots," Chun says. "But the most important role Malang plays is the happiness

she gives to all the studio staff. She's a lot of fun and totally charming. Living with a dog is key when you design dog-related products. It's important to observe how they behave," she adds.

Malang might be hogging all the attention in the studio, but when it comes to Bad Marlon's design work, the team's focus is split equally between the needs of pets and their people. "Some designers consider the design of companion animals and the design of products for people separately," Chun says. "Bad Marlon starts a design based on the space where the companion animal and the person are together. We will not be shifted to either side," she asserts.

One quick scroll through @badmarlonstudio on Instagram shows how clear-eyed the brand's aesthetic vision is, and how much the designers prioritise form, design, and space. At the time of writing, zero of their posts include dogs. Or people, for that matter. The photos are artful and minimal; they focus on light and shade, lines and angles, and textures and materials—both natural and inorganic. Bad Marlon doghouses built with plywood, eco board, and powder-coated steel perch in interior and exterior spaces, absorbing sunlight and forming long shadows. Each piece is a mini architectural quiet achiever, provoking renewed appreciation when seen from every angle.

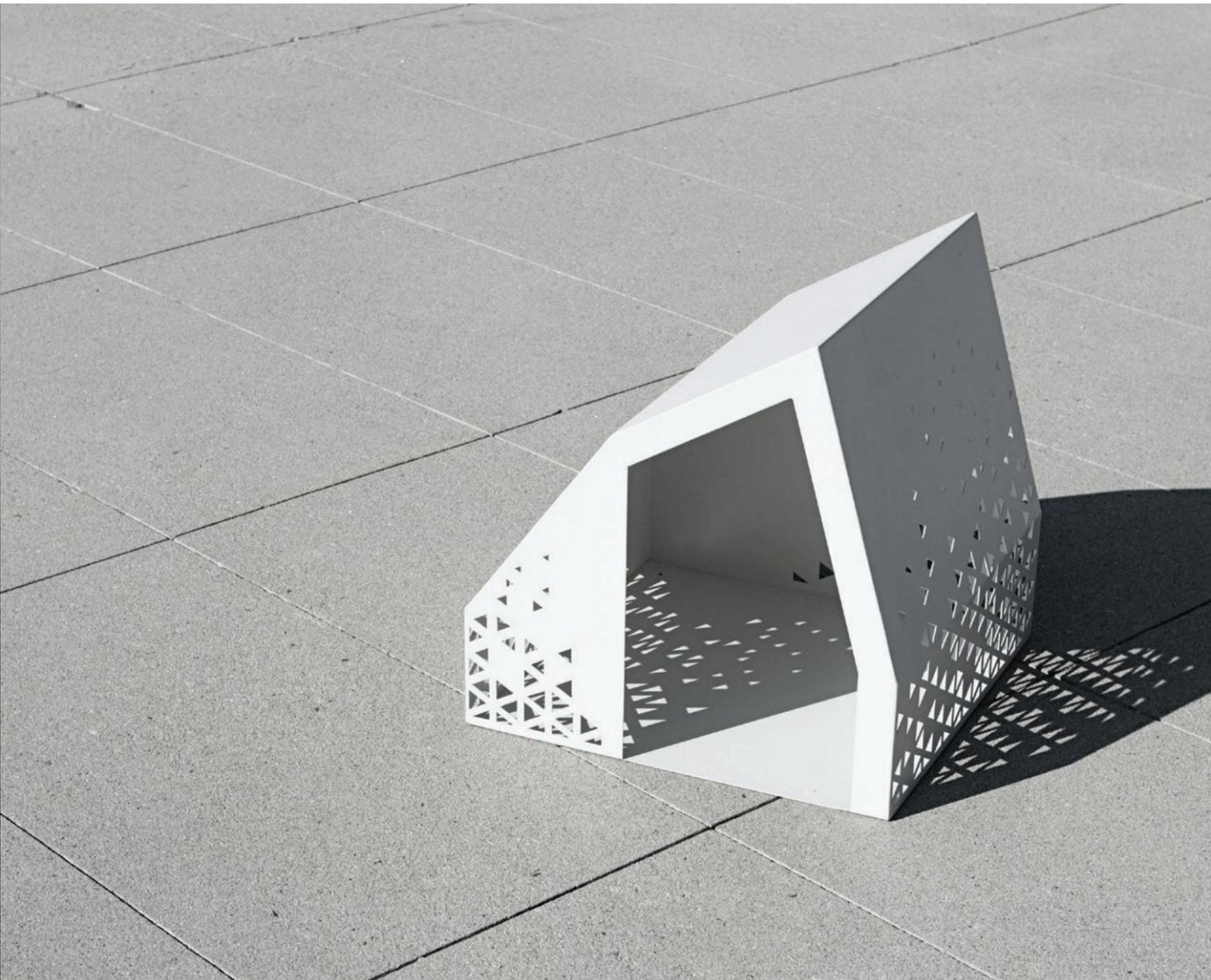
The functionality of the Bad Marlon range is equally as impressive. This is modern architecture we're talking about, after all. Bad Marlon doghouses snap together with industrial-strength magnets, allowing for easy assembly and the ability to flat-pack for international shipping. It's handy, as the brand now ships its products to 16 countries around the world.

Nowadays, Bad Marlon has expanded its online store to stock products from up-and-coming artists such as Found My Animal, Up Dog Toys, and Mungo & Maud. "It is our pleasure to actively contact young designers with a similar style to us," Chun says. "We think it's important to have good brands in the market, and to do what we can to help them grow."

WORDS BY JESSA SHIELDS
ALL IMAGES COURTESY OF BAD MARLON









PARIS

AH, PARIS. THE STORYBOOK SKYLINE! THE LOCAL SOPHISTICATES! THE MIGHTY SEINE! THE MORE WE EXPLORE THE CITY OF LIGHT, THE HARDER WE FALL FOR ITS CHARMS. THIS ROMANCE MIGHT BE SOILED, SLIGHTLY, BY THE DOG-POOP-SMATTERED SIDEWALKS, BUT NO RELATIONSHIP IS PERFECT. PARIS WELCOMES DOGS WITH OPEN ARMS, BIKE BASKETS, AND DESIGNER HANDBAGS. GOOD GROOMING IS VITAL, BUT THE NUMEROUS DOG-CENTRIC SHOPS AND SPAS MAKE IT EASIER TO KEEP UP. WE'VE PULLED TOGETHER SOME OF OUR PARIS FAVOURITES. ENJOY. AND PLEASE TRY TO PICK UP.

WORDS BY NADIA SACCARDO. GUIDE BY LOU BAILLY-KERMÈNE
MAP BY WALTER GLASSOF

MERCI

A stylish concept store that deals in streetwear, design objects, homeware, and high fashion, and with two pooch-friendly restaurants to boot. The garden-lined La Cantine whips up healthy lunches and "fruit cocktails", while the terrace at La Ciné Café concocts charcuterie platters. merci-merci.com

LOOK/PLAY

DOGGIES & COMPAGNIE

Behold! A business straight out of every dog owner's dreams. "We will come and pick up your dog at your home for walks in the forest," says Doggies & Compagnie. Oui! They also offer dog sitting, boarding, and training services. doggiesetcompagnie.com

GALERIE PERROTIN

This international gallery represents some of our favourite artists (Kaws! Murakami!). Soak up some contemporary genius over the multi-building space. perrotin.com

SLEEP

HOTEL MAMA SHELTER

The City of Light is dotted with enviable rooftops, but *Vogue* reckons Mama's is best. There's a bunch of other reasons to love this hotel: the Philippe Starck-designed rooms, the Mama Skin products in the bathrooms, and the pet-friendly policy. mamashelter.com

HOTEL BASSS

A Saul Bass-inspired space that's utilitarian and comfy, but not without personality. The small, Montmartre hotel welcomes small, well-behaved pets, too. hotel-basss.com

SPAS

DOG IN THE CITY

A shop and day spa for pets of humans who love luxury. Services include aromatherapy massage, aromatic bubble baths, and pad care, which sound lush but we reckon the "thalassotherapy" (aka mud bath) will really get tails wagging. doginthecity.fr

BELLA SPA

This fancy "spa and toilettage" offers all the services you'd expect from a human spa. Dogs will be manicured, coifed, massaged, jacuzzied, pouffed, fluffed, and a few other things we can't quite translate, but they sound wonderful. bellaspa.fr

READ

SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY

This English-language bookshop has been trading in tomes for over 60 years, and it's dog-friendly to boot. Visit for the books and stay for the author talks, and then grab a coffee in the café, which does a delish latte. shakespeareandcompany.com

SMITH LIBRAIRIE

In the U.K. and other parts of Europe, W.H. Smith is an English bookshop popular at airports and on high streets. In Paris, it's a quaint tea room next to the Tuileries that's stocked with books and magazines from all over the world. whsmith.fr

YVON LAMBERT

Attention art nerds, hipsters, and design geeks. Run by a former art dealer, this bookshop specialises in art tomes, exhibition catalogues, rare books, and posters. yvon-lambert.com

WALK

BOIS DE BOULOGNE

When Napoleon III commissioned this English-style park, he likely didn't envisage canines roaming off-leash. The huge forest, lovely lakes, and leash-free mentality make this a grand spot to explore for hours. [16th arrondissement, 75016](http://16tharrondissement.com)

BOIS DE VINCENNES

With its tranquil lake and wooded areas, this park is colloquially known as "the paradise for dogs". Sunday mornings are peppered with humans and canines wandering the paths or sitting (gasp!) on the grass. Don't worry: it's allowed. [12E arrondissement, 75012](http://12Earrondissement.com)

LA COULÉE VERTE

Paris's answer to New York's High Line is the five-kilometre-long Promenade Plantée. Admire the city from a different angle (and peek into Parisian apartments) as you stroll the walkway, which is very dog friendly—as long as they stay on-leash. [12E arrondissement, 75012](http://12Earrondissement.com)

RESCUE

LES NÉRÉIDES LOVES ANIMALS

Parisian family jewellers Les Néréides channel their love of costume jewels and animals into this annual collection, which donates 15 per cent of profits to shelters. lesnereideslovesanimals.org

SPA

One of France's largest animal adoption agencies cares not only for dogs, but also for cats, cattle, and goats. SPA's actions include lobbying government to improve conditions for animals, combatting animal trafficking, and controlling stray populations. Adoptions and donations welcome. la-spa.fr

SHOP

BHV LA NICHE

The 'La Niche' arm of department store BHV has everything Parisian pets could dream of. Pick up some sneakers for yourself and some fancy shampoo for your friend. bhv.fr/en/magasins/bhv-la-niche

FLAIR IN THE CITY

This lovely little concept shop is where arty animals come to play. Stop in for wool-lined dog carriers, vegan candies, hand-lettered storage boxes, and expressive chew toys. flairinthecity.com

FUL(L) ANIMAUX URBAINS

Charming and contemporary design bits for dogs that will please human aesthetes. Our picks? The Litchy wood and Milo marble bowls lined with pastel yellow, soft pink, or a classy grey. ful-l.com

MAISON MILLY

A Parisian cloakroom filled with stylish dog jumpers handknitted from pure merino wool. Tres chic. maisonmilly.fr/la-maison

MÂTIN DOGS

Lou Bailly-Kermène's new project is a web store full of handmade brands, earthy fabrics, and all-natural food for dogs. The vision, according to the photographer, is "very simple, with no artifices". Just like her images. Launches September 2018.

MOUSTACHES

These two sassy stores sell all sorts of practical and slightly offbeat items for dogs—from chewable flea tablets and anti-bark collars to fluffy hamburgers and beef sticks. moustaches.fr

TREATS

EDGARD & COOPER

"Fresh meat kibble" sounds like an oxymoron, but Edgard & Cooper have made it real. These "mutts on a mission" never freeze, process, or reconstitute their meat, but they do combine it with fruit, veg, and herbs. It's good-quality stuff and good looking, too. edgardcooper.fr

HAPPY CRACKERS

Gourmet biscuits from a French farm in the north-western town of Le Perche. Made from 100 per cent plant products whipped into a bite-size snack for your dog, horse, or family. True. happycrackers.bio

FOOD/DRINK

BOTTLE SHOP

Paris was slow to adopt brunch but, for better or worse, it's now a city staple. Bottle Shop caters to all tastes: avocado for Aussies, bagels for Americans, a fry-up for the English, and—if he or she is lucky—a slither of bacon for your dog. facebook.com/bottleshop

DOSE

Friendly coffee spots with plenty of outdoor space. Sit and sip the best latte in Paris with your pal by your side. doseddealerdecafe.fr





DOGS WHO CHANGED HISTORY

ANY DOG CAN BE GOOD, BUT WHAT ABOUT THOSE WHO CLIMB THE LADDER TO ACTUAL GREATNESS? THESE ARE THE CANINES WHOSE EFFORT, INGENUITY, AND DOGGED DETERMINATION NOT ONLY SAVED LIVES AND BROUGHT DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILIES TOGETHER (I’LL NEVER FORGET YOU, BEETHOVEN), BUT ALSO CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY ITSELF. WE TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF THE VILLAINS, HEROES, AND MARTYRS OF 15,000 YEARS OF DOG–HUMAN ADVENTURES.

WORDS BY LUKE RYAN
ARTWORK BY APOLLINE MUET

CHARLIE

If you ever want to come face to face with the fragility of human existence on this planet, you could do worse than reading a history of the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis. It started when Soviet statesman Nikita Khrushchev decided to plant a few nuclear weapons in Cuba, just so the Americans didn’t get any fancy ideas, and evolved into a 12-day stand-off in which both America and Russia had their finger hovering over the button marked ‘mutually assured destruction’ and were looking for an excuse to shoot first, *dammit*. So, why are you reading this in a luxury magazine about dogs rather than scurrying across a barren fallout zone while hunting for protein-rich cockroaches? It’s partly thanks to a Welsh terrier named Charlie. Charlie was the Kennedys’ beloved family dog who, when the crisis was at its peak, was brought to the room. According to observers, JFK held the dog on his lap for a number of minutes and then, newly calmed, announced that he was “ready to make some decisions”. None of which involved the phrase “bomb those Commie rats into the Stone Age”. Charlie, we salute you.

PERITAS

Peritas belonged to Alexander the Great and was, from all reports, a total badass. Believed to be a now-extinct breed of war dog called a Molossus (think a St. Bernard but with a thirst for blood), Peritas was reported to have fought and beaten both a lion and an elephant in one-on-one combat. This is the sort of achievement that gelled with AtG’s own expansionist world-view, and when he set off to conquer Asia Minor, Major, and a whole lot more besides, he took Peritas along for the ride. But Alexander’s campaign could have come to a screeching halt when, during an early battle against the Persians, he found himself isolated from his troops and staring down a charging war elephant. Enter Peritas, who leapt into the path of the elephant, bit it on the lip, and brought Alexander time to make his escape, win the day, and then establish one of the largest, bloodiest empires in human history. Peritas didn’t make it, but so honoured was Alexander by his sacrifice that he named one of his newly conquered cities after the dog. What a swell guy.

LAIKA

The Soviets may not have made it to the moon before the U.S., but they absolutely starred when it came to sending defenceless animals into orbit. The year was 1957 and the Soviets, keen to capitalise on the successful launch of the Sputnik satellite the month before, decided that the obvious next step in their space program was to shoot an animal into Earth’s exosphere and see what happened. Their choice: Laika, a Skg Moscow street dog, part-husky, part-terrier, chosen because they figured she’d already be used to conditions of extreme cold and starvation. After weeks spent whizzing around a centrifuge, being bombarded with high-volume machine noise and trained to eat a special nutrient gel, Laika was blasted into outer space on the morning of November 3, 1957. While documents declassified in 2002 show that Laika only survived for six hours, that was still enough time for her to circle the globe four times, becoming the first creature to look down upon this delicate blue marble we call home and think to themselves, What the fuck is happening?

JOFI

Love him or hate him, Sigmund Freud irrevocably shaped how humans thought about thinking. Over the course of thousands of meticulously documented patient interactions, Freud became the first person to posit a scientific theory of why humans think and behave the way they do. Whether this was advice we should have been taking from a cocaine-addled, chain-smoking mummy’s boy who may or may not have been having an affair with his wife’s sister is open to question. But what most people don’t know is that Freud had an offside in many of his sessions: a loveable red chow chow named Jofi.

Jofi would lie beside patients as they spoke, providing an emotional barometer for Freud himself by channelling the calmness or anxiety of the person on the couch, and then helping to moderate it, just by being there. While it was never Freud’s intention, Jofi can almost certainly claim to be the world’s first therapy dog. And doesn’t that make you feel better?

BUDDY

While we’re in the mood for pooches with healing powers, we need to give some credit to a dog named Buddy. Buddy belonged to an American called Morris Frank, who, in 1927, heard of a clinic in Germany that was training dogs to help soldiers blinded by mustard gas during World War I. Having himself been blinded in a boxing match, Frank travelled to Germany and trained with a female German shepherd he eventually named Buddy. Once he felt confident in their bond, Frank brought Buddy back to New York City, called the press down to a busy Manhattan street corner, and then let Buddy lead him into oncoming traffic. Reader: they survived. After successfully negotiating a New York street, Frank and Buddy were ready for the big time. Frank founded the world’s first dedicated school for seeing-eye dogs in Nashville and then spent decades campaigning for the rights of the blind to take their dogs in public places. Buddy died in 1938 and was replaced with another dog, also called Buddy.



FIFTEEN DOGS

BY
ANDRÉ ALEXIS

One evening in Toronto, the gods Apollo and Hermes were at the Wheat Sheaf Tavern. Apollo had allowed his beard to grow until it reached his clavicle. Hermes, more fastidious, was clean-shaven, but his clothes were distinctly terrestrial: black jeans, a black leather jacket, a blue shirt.

They had been drinking, but it wasn't the alcohol that intoxicated them. It was the worship their presence elicited. The Wheat Sheaf felt like a temple, and the gods were gratified. In the men's washroom, Apollo allowed parts of himself to be touched by an older man in a business suit. This pleasure, more intense than any he had known or would ever know again, cost the man eight years of his life.

While at the tavern, the gods began a desultory conversation about the nature of humanity. For amusement, they spoke ancient Greek, and Apollo argued that, as creatures go, humans were neither better nor worse than any other, neither better nor worse than fleas or elephants, say. Humans, said Apollo, have no special merit, though they think themselves superior. Hermes took the opposing view, arguing that, for one thing, the human way of creating and using symbols, is more interesting than, say, the complex dancing done by bees.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TWO GODS GRANT ONE GROUP OF DOGS
THE POWER OF HUMAN INTELLIGENCE? DELVE INTO A BEAUTIFUL AND PERILOUS
WORLD OF CONSCIOUSNESS THAT MIXES FANTASY WITH PHILOSOPHY.

EXTRACT FROM *FIFTEEN DOGS*
PUBLISHED BY SERPENT'S TAIL, AN IMPRINT OF PROFILE BOOKS LTD
ARTWORK BY APOLLINE MUET

- Human languages are too vague, said Apollo.
- That may be, said Hermes, but it makes humans more amusing. Just listen to these people. You’d swear they understood each other, though not one of them has any idea what their words actually mean to another. How can you resist such farce?
- I didn’t say they weren’t amusing, answered Apollo. But frogs and flies are amusing, too.
- If you’re going to compare humans to flies, we’ll get nowhere. And you know it.
- In perfect though divinely accented English—that is, in an English that every patron at the tavern heard in his or her own accent—Apollo said
- Who’ll pay for our drinks?
- I will, said a poor student. Please, let me.
- Apollo put a hand on the young man’s shoulder.
- My brother and I are grateful, he said. We’ve had five Sleemans each, so you’ll not know hunger or want for ten years.
- The student knelt to kiss Apollo’s hand and, when the gods had gone, discovered hundreds of dollars in his pockets. In fact, for as long as he had the pants he was wearing that evening, he had more money in his pockets than he could spend, and it was ten years to the instant before their corduroy rotted to irrecoverable shreds.
- Outside the tavern, the gods walked west along King Street.
- I wonder, said Hermes, what it would be like if animals had human intelligence.
- I wonder if they’d be as unhappy as humans, Apollo answered.
- Some humans are unhappy; others aren’t. Their intelligence is a difficult gift.
- I’ll wager a year’s servitude, said Apollo, that animals—any animal you choose—would be even more unhappy than humans are, if they had human intelligence.
- An earth year? I’ll take that bet, said Hermes, but on condition that if, at the end of its life, even one of the creatures is happy, I win.
- But that’s a matter of chance, said Apollo. The best lives sometimes end badly and the worst sometimes end well.
- True, said Hermes, but you can’t know what a life has been until it is over.
- Are we speaking of happy beings or happy lives? No, never mind. Either way, I accept your terms. Human intelligence is not a gift. It’s an occasionally useful plague. What animals do you choose?
- As it happened, the gods were not far from the veterinary clinic at Shaw. Entering the place unseen and imperceptible, they found dogs, mostly: pets left overnight by their owners for one reason or another. So, dogs it was.
- Shall I leave them their memories? asked Apollo.
- Yes, said Hermes.

With that, the god of light granted ‘human intelligence’ to the fifteen dogs who were in the kennel at the back of the clinic.

Somewhere around midnight, Rosie, a German shepherd, stopped as she was licking her vagina and wondered how long she would be in the place she found herself. She then wondered what had happened to the last litter she’d whelped. It suddenly seemed grossly unfair that one should go through the trouble of having pups only to lose track of them.

She got up to have a drink of water and to sniff at the hard pellets that had been left for her to eat. Nosing the food around in its shallow bowl, she was perplexed to discover that the bowl was not dark in the usual way but had, rather, a strange hue. The bowl was astonishing. It was only a kind of bubble-gum pink, but as Rosie had never seen the colour before, it looked beautiful. To her dying day, no colour ever surpassed it.

In the cell beside Rosie’s, a grey Neapolitan mastiff named Atticus was dreaming of a wide field, which, to his delight, was overrun by small, furry animals, thousands of them—rats, cats, rabbits and squirrels—moving across the grass like the hem of a dress being pulled away, just out of his reach. This was Atticus’s favourite dream, a recurring joy that always ended with him happily bringing a struggling creature back to his beloved master. His master would take the thing, strike it against a rock, then move his hand along Atticus’s back and speak his name. Always, the dream always ended this way. But not this night. This night, as Atticus bit down at the neck of one of the creatures, it occurred to him that the creature must feel pain. That thought—vivid and unprecedented—woke him from sleep.

All around the kennel, dogs woke from sleep, startled by strange dreams or suddenly aware of some indefinable change in their environment. Those who had not been sleeping—it is always difficult to sleep away from home—got up and moved to the doors of their cells to see who had entered, so human did this silence feel. At first, each of them assumed that his or her newfound vision was unique. Only gradually did it become clear that all of them shared the strange world they were now living in.

A black poodle named Majnoun barked softly. He stood still, as if contemplating Rosie, who was in the cage facing his. As it happened, however, Majnoun was thinking about the lock on Rosie’s cage: an elongated loop fixed to a sliding bolt. The long loop lay between two pieces of metal, effectively keeping the bolt in place and locking the cage door. It was simple, elegant and effective. And yet, to unlock the cage, all one had to do was lift the loop and push the bolt back. Standing on his hind legs and pushing a paw out of his cage, Majnoun did just that. It took him a number of attempts and it was awkward, but after a little while his cage was unlocked and he pushed the door open.

Though most of the dogs understood how Majnoun had opened his cell, not all of them were capable of doing the same. There were various reasons for this. Frick and Frack, two Labrador yearlings who had been left overnight for neutering, were too young and impatient for the doors. The smaller dogs—a chocolate teacup poodle named Athena, a schnauzer named Dougie, a beagle named Benjy—knew they were physically incapable of reaching the bolt and whined their frustration until their cells were opened for them. The older dogs, in particular a Labradoodle named Agatha, were too tired and confused to think clearly and hesitated to choose liberty, even after their doors had been opened for them.

The dogs, of course, already possessed a common language. It was language stripped to its essence, a language in which what mattered was social standing and physical need. All of them understood its crucial phrases and thoughts: ‘forgive me,’ ‘I will bite you,’ ‘I am hungry.’ Naturally, the imposition of primate thinking on the dogs changed how the dogs spoke to each other and to themselves. For instance: whereas previously there had been no word for ‘door,’ it was now understood that ‘door’ was a thing distinct from one’s need for liberty, that ‘door’ existed independently of dogs. Curiously, the word for ‘door’ in the dogs’ new language was not derived from the doors to their cells but came, rather, from the back door to the clinic itself. This back door, large and green, was opened by pushing a metal bar that almost bisected it. The sound of the metal bar, when pushed, was a thick, reverberant thwack. From that night on, the dogs agreed that the word for door should be a click (tongue on upper palate) followed by a sigh.

To say that the dogs were bewildered is to understate it. If they were ‘bewildered’ when the change in consciousness came over them, what were they when, all having left the clinic by the back door, they looked out on Shaw Street and suddenly understood that they were helplessly free, the door to the clinic having closed behind them, the world before them a chaos of noise and odour whose meaning now mattered to them as it had never mattered before?

Where were they? Who was to lead them?

For three of the dogs, the strange episode ended here. Agatha, who was in constant and terrible pain and had been left at the clinic to be put down, could find no point in going on with the others. She had lived a good life, had had three litters and, so, had had all the respect she needed from the bitches she sometimes met while out with her mistress. She wanted no part of a world in which her mistress did not figure. She lay down by the clinic’s door and let the others know she would not leave. She did not know that this decision meant her death. It did not occur to her—it *could* not—that her mistress had left her to face death on her own. The worst of it was, the following morning, when those working at the clinic discovered her—along with the mutts,

Ronaldinho and Lydia—they were not kind. They took their frustration out on Agatha, hurting her as she was brought to the silver table where she was to be put down. One of the workers slapped her as she raised her head in an effort to bite him. She knew as soon as she saw the table that the end had come, and her final moments were spent in a useless effort to communicate her desire to see her mistress. In her confusion, Agatha hoarsely barked the word for ‘hunger’ over and over until her spirit was released from her body.

Though Ronaldinho and Lydia lived longer than Agatha, their ends were almost as unhappy. Both had been left at the clinic for minor ailments. Both were sent home to grateful owners. And in both cases their new ways of thinking poisoned what had been (or what they remembered as being) idyllic and relatively long lives. Ronaldinho lived with a family that loved him, but at his return from the clinic he began to notice how condescending they were. Despite the palpable evidence that Ronaldinho had changed, the family treated him as no more than a plaything. He learned their language. He would sit, stand, play dead, roll over or beg before the commands were entirely spoken. He learned to turn off the stove when the kettle’s whistle sounded. And once, when it was asserted in his presence that dogs could not count to twenty, he stared at the person who’d said so and barked—ironically, bitterly—twenty times. No one noticed or cared. Worse: perhaps because they suspected Ronaldinho was ‘not his old self,’ the family shunned him somewhat, perfunctorily petting his back or head as if in memory of the dog he had once been. He died bitter and disillusioned.

Lydia fared worse. A cross between a whippet (her mother) and a Weimaraner, she had always been something of a nervous creature. The advent of human intelligence made her more nervous still. She, too, learned the language of her masters, scrupulously doing or anticipating whatever was wanted of her. She did not mind their condescension. She minded that they were inattentive and neglectful, because along with ‘primate mind’ there came an acute awareness of time. The passage of time, each moment like a scabies mite crawling under her skin, was an unbearable scourge. The scourge was assuaged only by the presence of her masters, by their company. As her masters, a professional couple who smelled of lilacs and citrus, were often away for eight hours at a stretch, however, Lydia’s suffering was terrible. She would bark, howl and plead for hours on end. Finally, when her mind could no longer bear the repeated agony, it chanced on a typically human haven from suffering: catatonia. One day, her masters discovered her in the living room, her legs rigid, her eyes unclosed. They took her to the clinic on Shaw, and when the vet told them there was nothing he could do, they had her put down. They had not been considerate masters but they were sentimental. They buried Lydia in their back garden, planting—in her honour—a carpet of yellow flowers (*Genista lydia*) on the mound that marked her resting place.

THIS FRENCH ILLUSTRATOR DRAWS TENDER, STRANGE, AND WONDERFUL CREATURES.

CHARM OFFENSIVE

Apolline Muet is an illustrator and object designer who specialises in conjuring nice feelings. These are tugs of nostalgia, childhood jubilation, loving innocence, and a friendly warmth. In technical terms: she draws animal hugs.

Muet began sketching as a child, and she has treasured memories of drawing with every pencil she could get her hands on. Eventually, she found her way to art school, where drawing was required for every project; by her third year she had started to master illustration.

The first subjects Muet obsessed over were animals: foxes, wolves, bears, and her favourite figure, the long-haired Monsieur Poil—an upright creature with his head in the clouds, who often appears cycling through Japan, heading to masked balls, nursing spoiled children, and simply enjoying peaceful thoughts.

"In the beginning, I drew animals and Monsieur Poil with human attitudes to create interactions between them," she tells me. "But now my animals have a natural attitude, but they can still do things like humans can."

These human-like animals make up her current buoyant body of work. There's a happy tenderness to it, something that wiggles in the same rhythm as *Adventure Time*—though it's a cartoon Muet hasn't seen.

"I keep a big affection for Claude Ponti's books," she tells me, naming the French children's illustrator as a major inspiration, along with "collages of Matisse and all of the movies by Hayao Miyazaki. I discovered later, with my studies, Italian artists Enzo Mari and Bruno Munari. And the French artist Paul Cox, who I admire a lot."

That explains the quick charm and visual appeal, but what of the taste of salad days that permeates her work? Muet absolutely pulls from her childhood, which was put together by her two architect parents, who concentrated on feeding her books and taking her on hikes that spanned days through "beautiful places, full of human and animal encounters".

"Childhood is such a wonderful period," Muet reflects. "You have everything to learn, everything to discover, and you are open to everything. You spent your day inventing games, forms, and stories—it's a very rich and free period... For me, some objects or books are able to make us become children again. They are able to make our imagination and

creativity work free again. I hope to make objects and images that precede that."

If you'd pondered "Why animals?", it's because those architect parents were also very bad at saying no, or very good at saying yes, to adopting pets. At one time, 13 animals lived in the family apartment. Muet lists: "A parakeet, a canary, chinchillas, a guinea pig, gerbils, turtles, and a cat, of course."

"For the moment I have only one cat, Zadig. We dream to have a dog but it would be not cool for him for the moment because we live in a small apartment."

"It's indispensable for me to be surrounded by animals," she continues. "Zadig is like a member of my family—he's very fearful but so friendly. The poor thing had a sad birth because a fat male cat ate part of his tail... But he's adorable... His favourite activity is to sleep in strange positions... and eat biscuits."

I ask Muet what inspires her to draw, in particular, humans hugging animals. "My everyday life and my dreams," she replies. "Wouldn't it be nice to hug a giant wolf? Or freely hug a tiger? Yes, definitely, to me it would feel so good."

"We all need love and animals make us feel good," she states. I ask why it isn't the other way around: animals giving humans the hug? "It's a very good question," she replies. "Animals already hug humans, in their own way. Wouldn't it be great if animals had hands? Maybe they would create even more nonsense!"

Muet tells me about sitting at her new String System desk, and how it's her favourite place to be at the moment. She tells me how practical it is, because it can fall back, like magic, when she's not using it. And that just feels very appropriate. There's a lot of shelving, she says, where she can pop her objects, favourite books, animal figurines, and pencils. "It's like a little museum of inspiration."

When she's not at that nice-sounding desk, she's in the Vincennes' woods, just three steps from her home, smelling uncut vegetation and listening to birds sing and sharing paths with many dogs.

Inevitably, we talk about purpose. We can agree that art can simply exist, and needs not do anything more, but I press Muet for her motivations.

"If my work had a purpose it would be to awaken the imagination and creativity of the readers," she says diligently. "And give them a nice time, simply."

"It's no big deal, but it's very important in everyday life. Believe me!"



WORDS BY HAYLEY MORGAN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY APOLLINE MUET







PROFILE

THERE'S A LOT OF PERSONALITY BEHIND THIS MONOCHROMATIC FEED.

MAGIC WAND

Stroll through Prenzlauer Berg in Berlin and you may just hear the dainty pad of paws from a captivating pair of hounds. Meet Yōji and Viktor, two sleek white whippets who shine on Instagram as [@_wand_wand](#) thanks to their owner: designer and amateur photographer wandaMAN.

The feed's minimalist aesthetic, combined with Yōji's and Viktor's highly photogenic sensibilities, creates a perfect balance between pet and muse—an attention that has earned nearly 70,000 followers.

This popularity isn't just thanks to wandaMAN's whippets. She happens to be a killer graphic designer. Born in Poland, she cut her teeth on posters for underground techno parties. Working with her brother, she used "distorted digital photos from [an] old and damaged Sony camera". She created stickers. She made graffiti. She collected "defective laser prints from copy machines".

These days, wandaMAN finds inspiration as if by accident in simple things such as textures or plants, but music is always present. "Artists like the Prodigy, Orbital, and Biosphere had a strong influence on shaping my creativity," she says. "Recently, Donato Dozzy and Trettmann are my 'creativity pills'."

Concerning whippets, wandaMAN was enthralled at first sight. "When Yōji came to us, I literally bombarded my family with photos of him until my sister told me about Instagram," she says. "Whippets became more than just a dog to me; they're addictive. They can change from lazy couch potato to a super speed machine... The classic 's' shape of their sleek bodies reminds me of Japanese hiragana alphabet."

Although near identical at a glance, Yōji and Viktor could not be more different. The older of the two, golden-eyed Yōji, came to wandaMAN half-wild. "Working with him was fascinating, considering he was treating us as equals and not as his masters," she explains. "I had very little knowledge about dogs' behaviour in those days, and Yōji taught me everything about doggy universe." Viktor, on the other hand, was her first puppy. A pedigree 'Kinder Surprise' mixture of different whippets, he has both show lines and racing in his blood, plus a striking grey gaze.

Speaking from experience, wandaMAN asserts that whippets are not for everyone, describing them as "very peculiar and mesmerising creatures, with a dualistic nature... On one hand, they have a very fragile physique, and on the other hand, they are mad killers when it comes to hunting," she says. "Their behaviour often reminds me of cats: very proud (even arrogant!), frequently moody and stubborn. Yōji, for example, is a total diva." Despite her dogs' changeable natures, wandaMAN luxuriates in the splendour of seeing them run in fields. "Seeing a fit sighthound in full gallop is really amazing," she confirms. "There's such elegance and power; it's what I love the most." (Although, she is careful to add that they do not like going out in rain, wind, or cold.)

Yōji and Viktor's favourite pastime is sleeping—specifically, under a blanket, on a pillow, or wrapped in a duvet in wandaMAN's apartment. Their monochromatic home environment, with a touch of Japanese aesthetic, is another big influence on the [@_wand_wand](#) feed. "I like to have everything one colour, so nothing distracts my mind," wandaMAN says. "I also wear one colour—it used to be white, but since I have white dogs, I'm inclined to wear black for contrast."

The simplicity of the photography and the gentle nature of Yōji and Viktor have propelled them all to Insta-fame, on a platform where dog-lovers unite to fawn over these, well, fawn-like dogs. "A definite plus of Instagram is people can take better care of their pets and exchange advice," wandaMAN says. "One of the cons is fashion, cute, or funny pictures of dogs, which drives people to buy them more as a trendy gadget than a companion, especially when they don't think about whether or not the breed is suitable for them."

The depth of her bond with both Yōji and Viktor only emphasises wandaMAN's dislike of fad breeds, relishing instead the quiet and trusted friendship we all desire to have with our dogs. "The more time you spend and properly work with your dog, the stronger the bond will be," wandaMAN confirms.

WORDS BY LIBBY BORTON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WANDAMAN









Design—

SEBASTIAN SAYS

Beachy chic pieces made from natural materials are now strolling the shorelines thanks to Sebastian Says. The label's latest collection, 'A New Bohemian', is made up of 100 per cent cotton macramé collars, leads in earthy hues, and warm merino-wool jumpers.

Founded by Suz Strampic in Elwood, Australia, and inspired by the Aussie beaches, Sebastian Says specialises in fringed-wool jumpers and vegetable-tanned leather collars that are made for blustery beach days. The label's tanning process uses vegetable dyes on Italian leather, leaving products naturally distressed (a smart contrast to the brass detailing). They also incorporate Pinatex—a vegan-friendly leather alternative made from fibres extracted from pineapple leaves—into collars and coats, which have the soft feel of real worn leather and remain both environmentally friendly and sustainable.

For a seamless finish to all outfits, get your dog's name monogrammed on a collar of your choice. Looks like it's time to drop the dog tag. LB sebastiansays.com.au



Apparel—

CLUB DIMANCHE

The French take Sundays seriously. "I grew up kind of hating Sundays in France, where everything closes," graphic artist Jean Jullien says. "That ghost-town vibe mortified me." After living in England for 11 years, however, Jullien found himself nostalgic for those days of communal rest. He pays tribute to lazy Sundays in his capsule collaboration with French brand OLOW, *Club Dimanche*. Jullien's illustrations appear on shirts, jumpers, mugs, totes, notebooks, and other accessories, showing people and dogs spending their time in blissful Sunday idleness. JS olow.fr

Book—

DOG'S BEST FRIEND

In 1948, Lee Friedlander embarked on a lifelong career photographing the social landscapes of America with a hand-held 35mm Leica and black-and-white film. His latest book, *Dog's Best Friend*, captures the subtle-yet-intimate beauty of a cross-species friendship via 100 portraits of people and poodles. From companions and loyal pets to objects of style and adoration, these domesticated dogs reflect their owners just as much as they reflect American culture. Their presence is often understated, as if a shadow—something that has always been there and always follows. Published by SPQR Editions. LB Images: SPQR. spqreditions.com

SMALL BITES

Accessories—

UNLEASH

Coco Chanel had a rule. Before she left the house, she would look in the mirror and take off one accessory. That's not really possible for dogs, but Montreal-based brand Unleash helps pups simplify their accessories game without lifting a paw. The Unleash mantra: every walk is an occasion worth dressing for. The label's collars, leads, and bag dispensers are simple, understated, and handcrafted in Spain from Italian full-grain leather. They come in three stylish colours—coal, nude, and midnight—so you can dress your pup down to match the occasion. LB

unleash.dog



Art—

AURUKUN SCULPTORS' CANINE CARVINGS

On the northern tip of Queensland, in the Wik and Kugu Art Centre in Aurukun, a strange pack of dogs bursts into existence. They're carved mid-bark or baring their teeth, their ears alert and eyes sharp. All are adorned in blocks of colour, stripes, and dots. They are sculptures, crafted by the Aboriginal artists of Aurukun from the milkwood tree, but they are also totems, imbued with highly spiritual potency and their own Dreaming (a specific design devoted to a specific tribe).

To look upon these dogs is to see into the beating heart of Aurukun culture; the prevalence of dingoes in the region has informed stories that still circulate in the community. Painted with earth pigments and polymer inks, the dogs prowl exhibition rooms in streaks of black, rich crimson, white, and sandy yellow. In the centre, the sculptures are seen by hundreds of people, but the artists prefer them to find new homes where they can be fully appreciated. As your own dog belongs solely to you, so do these dogs possess a similar kind of energy—one that communicates and connects without speech. LB Images: Aurukun Sculptors.

aurukun.qld.gov.au

Ceramics—

ASTIER DE VILLATE

Why was Charlie Brown so sad when he had Snoopy for a sidekick? The smart, loyal, and witty beagle has been a poster-dog for human's best friend since he first appeared in comics in the '50s. If you're nuts about Peanuts or dog-happy in general, we're pleased to point you towards the Snoopy collection by Parisian potters Astier de Villatte. Ivan Pericoli and Benoit Astier de Villatte, once artists experimenting with clay, are famous for their boutiques filled with 18th- and 19th-century inspired ceramics, perfumes, and homewares. Stylishly stifle that wet-dog smell with the Santa Rosa scented candle, named for Charlie and Snoopy's hometown. Once the notes of male syrup, brown sugar, ylang ylang, and warm wood have been snuffed, you can cover the candle with an ornate ceramic Snoopy lid. For kids at heart, there's the handmade Snoopy figurine (as white as *A Charlie Brown Christmas* winter snow). For practical fans, there are Woodstock, Snoopy, and Charlie Brown character mugs. For fancy cooks, there's a Woodstock platter or a tureen serving bowl. Whatever your character, these objets d'art are forever. SVS

astierdevillatte.com



Accessories—

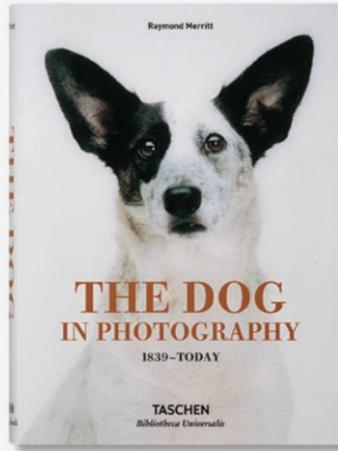
LEGENDARY CANINE

Dry those bathtime tears. *Legendary Canine* is here. Founder Nancy McMillan began her pursuit for pooch pampering when she discovered that her beloved German shepherd, Jax, had environmental allergies—and traditional dog shampoo was making it worse. *Legendary Canine* is a saviour for dogs hounded by hot spots, irritated skin, sores, and wounds. From fur freshener to snout butter, shampoo bars, and paw balm, there's no need for dogs to suffer in silence any longer. The natural and organic ingredients are biodegradable, eco-friendly, and lick-safe, and the label's infallible honesty means there are never any nasty surprises. Each product strictly excludes GMO, parabens, and SLS. This is hero-worthy hygiene for your super dog. LB legendarycanine.com

Accessories—

ANIMALS IN CHARGE

Who runs the world? Dogs, of course. And in the case of *Animals in Charge*, it's a particular pooch named Pixel, who demands only the best for his kind. The label was founded in 2015 by Alex and Mel Barnett, and their passion, married with Pixel's discernment, has allowed them to create products at the highest level, with outstanding integrity and genuine care. From leads and collars to bowls and ID tags, *Animals in Charge* wares are respectful of tradition: organic cotton leads can be paired with wood-block-patterned collars hand-printed in India or bespoke dyed and weaved cotton collars made in Guatemala on a hand-operated loom. Alex and Mel also foster, rescue, and rehome dogs from inhumane puppy farms, and they donate 5 per cent of profits to rescue and rehabilitation charities. The world definitely is a rosier place from a pooch's point of view. LB animalsincharge.com.au



Book—

THE DOG IN PHOTOGRAPHY

The prevalence of dogs in art is no surprise: from working animals to status symbols, the canine subject has been with us since humans first picked up a pencil or brush. And this relationship has only grown with the advent of the camera.

The Dog in Photography features 400 portraits of four-legged friends for you to feast your eyes on, compiled by seasoned photography enthusiast Raymond Merritt. As it illuminates dog history from 1849 until today and documents the evolution of breeds and their roles in our lives, the book also uncovers humankind's increasing admiration. In one image, a Victorian child rests drowsily on the silky sprawl of a spaniel's ear; in another, a pink poodle perches beside Joan Collins in a sumptuous room. The portraits range from commercial to intimate, flitting, as dogs do, from domestic to wild, adored to ignored. In every case, they inhabit the unspoken and perpetual role of muse. Featured photographers include William Wegman, Man Ray, Wolfgang Tilmans, and Elliott Erwitt. A cast of notable faces, including JFK, also graces the pages. Relish this high-quality compilation of our most loyal of companions. Published by Taschen. LB taschen.com

Accessories—

BABA TREE

A good dog shouldn't weave and thread through your legs while you're walking, but it should have a place to curl up after a long stroll. The Baba Tree basket company has woven that perfect place. Their dog beds expand on a range of African market baskets that includes options for laundry, storage, and bikes.

Founded by Gregory 'Ayinedollah' MacCarthy, the fair-trade company directly contributes to the development and sustainability of a community based in the town of Bolgatanga, located in Ghana's Upper East Region. Each of the hundreds of artisans who hand-weave the baskets are pictured on the web store with their work, and they earn extra commission whenever one of their artful baskets is sold. This transparent chain means owners can feel as good about their purchase as pooch pals do about sleeping for 14 hours a day. SVS babatree.com



Accessories—

VELVET HIPPO

Velvet Hippo applies their experience in the furniture and fashion industry to design-refined dog beds and chew toys without garish colours or messy patterns. A particularly luxurious addition is the ethically sourced Asher Icelandic sheepskin throw. It's naturally repellent to water and enticingly warm, so your favourite friend will be hard to shift once they sink their paws into it. Velvet Hippo truly celebrates the interconnectivity of dog and human and cross-species cohabitation. Comfort for them, aesthetic for you: it's the best of both worlds. LB velvethippo.com



Apparel—

PETHAUS

The debate about who the 'good dog' is can finally be settled: those who earn the title shall wear the badge(s). Based in Melbourne, PetHaus founders Matt and Mel Westwood craft denim jackets, hoodies, and t-shirts for bad-to-the-bone dogs—and modelled by their infinitely stylish English toy terrier, Willie.

Their badges and patches are addictively collectable thanks to a backlog of doggy-directed metal bands (Muttalica, Judas Pooch, Bark Sabbath). Their latest additions are Scout's Honour Badges, specifically designed to showcase your dog's best talents. Are they a 'Serial Sock Thief', a 'Nature Enthusiast', or an 'Over-Sized Lap Dog'? Whatever the accolade, you can stitch it onto your friend's denim jacket or bandana with pride. LB pethaus.com.au



Zine—

WOMEN AND THEIR DOGS

Illustrator Faye Moorhouse, creator of giclée print *One Hundred Hideous Hounds* and zines *An A-Z of Dogs* and *Pooing Dogs*, turns her nimble brush and observational eye to another less-covered subject. *Women and Their Dogs* consists of nine paintings that portray the everyday life of the ordinary woman and her faithful friend.

Trips to the supermarket, picnics in the park, and bedtime all come to life in this handmade zine. Moorhouse's whimsical style warps puddles of colour into endearing studies of people and their pets, highlighting the humorous and intimate relationship we share. Perhaps we see a little of ourselves in each picture—especially the cover, which features a woman on a bed laden with sleepy dogs. LB fayemoorhouse.co.uk

Design—

FUL[L] ANIMAUX URBAINS

If a dog bowl were ever to suit the elegant taste of Marie Antoinette and her royal Pyreneans, we've found it: presenting the FUL[L] Animaux Urbains. Lucky for modern petit pet royals, these sleek food vessels can now be bought online. French designers Frannie and Ulysse originally adapted their architectural prowess for a company that sells "furniture and accessories for Kings of the World", aka cats, but damn straight your dog is dainty enough to eat from these fancy culinary carriers. Whether you have a pure-bred French bulldog, or a melange of a mutt, or a king or queen, these dog bowls with interchangeable tops will help keep dinner classy for the canine rulers of your castle. SVS

ful-l.com



LAST WORD

KAREN WALKER

If you're in the northern hemisphere, Karen Walker is the best character on *Will & Grace*. If you're south of the equator, she's someone else: one of this century's important designers. Walker hit the big-time in 2000 as the first New Zealander to show at New York Fashion Week, but she'd launched her eponymous label 11 years earlier with just a hundred bucks.

Madonna wore her to the 1998 MTV Awards. Kate Winslet wore her in *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*. Björk, Rihanna, St. Vincent, Beyoncé, and Nicki Minaj have also draped themselves in her offbeat-luxe designs. But the most important celeb adorned in Walker's instantly recognisable style? The impeccably named Instagram heavyweight Toast the Dog, who Walker chose to star in her iconic S/S 2015 shades campaign. Because Walker knows cool when she sees it.

Here, she picks out a list of 10 other well-named dogs she's known.

1. LAIKA

Laika's my current dog, a seven-month-old Australian labradoodle. She's named after the first animal in space. My daughter's named after the first woman in space, and I couldn't resist the symmetry. Also, the week we got Laika marked 60 years since the original's flight. Poor Laika had a gruelling life—starting out as a street dog and then going through immeasurable pain and suffering enslaved to the Space Race, and, ultimately, cooking to death inside Sputnik 2. Our Laika will have a charmed life in comparison.

2. TURKEY

My previous dog was a red chow chow who, in typical chow fashion, would only come when she felt like it. She was, nevertheless, a loyal pal. In another act of symmetry, she was named in response to my cat, who was called Chicken.

3. VITA

My friend Deborah's Italian greyhound is named after Vita Sackville-West and shares her extraordinary and aristocratic profile.

4. BUNNY

My brother-in-law's shaggy and cute little mix was named on Good Friday by my daughter, who thought that an Easter theme suited her fluffy coat and cute eyes.

5. MADADH ALLAIDH

My brother's long-haired German shepherd lived in Scotland and was, therefore, named in Gaelic. Madadh Allaidh means 'wolf', and he did look somewhat lupine.

6. DALMA

Another of my brother's dogs, her name was archaic Gaelic, this time meaning 'bold', which was apt: Dalma was a Patterdale terrier and was one of the boldest dogs I've known.

7. TOAST

Dear wee Toast—the toothless rescue Cavalier King Charles spaniel who pioneered tirelessly against puppy-milling. When she died last year, she was mourned by her 370K+ Insta fans and also by me. I had the pleasure of knowing and working with Toast, and she was one of the most professional and beautiful models I've ever been on set with.

8. JOCK

Jock was a beloved companion to my friends Dominic and Cindy. He was a West Highland white terrier. I love the unwritten rule that Westies and Scotties should be called only Jock, Gus, or Mac.

9. K-9

In the '70s, Doctor Who had a robot dog called K9. He looked like a Scottish terrier made by a 13-year-old in metalwork class. He spoke with a robotic voice, had a powerful laser weapon concealed in his nose, and had vast computer intelligence. He was completely ridiculous.

10. SERGE

My friends Karen and Delphine's mini fox terrier — mini pinscher cross. Delphine is French and Serge is named, obviously, after Gainsbourg. They share many characteristics: both are compact, wiry, energetic, swarthy, and crazy about the girls.

INTRODUCTION BY IMOGEN DEWEY
PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF KAREN WALKER

TOP DOGS

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Introducing the Four&Sons directory:
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