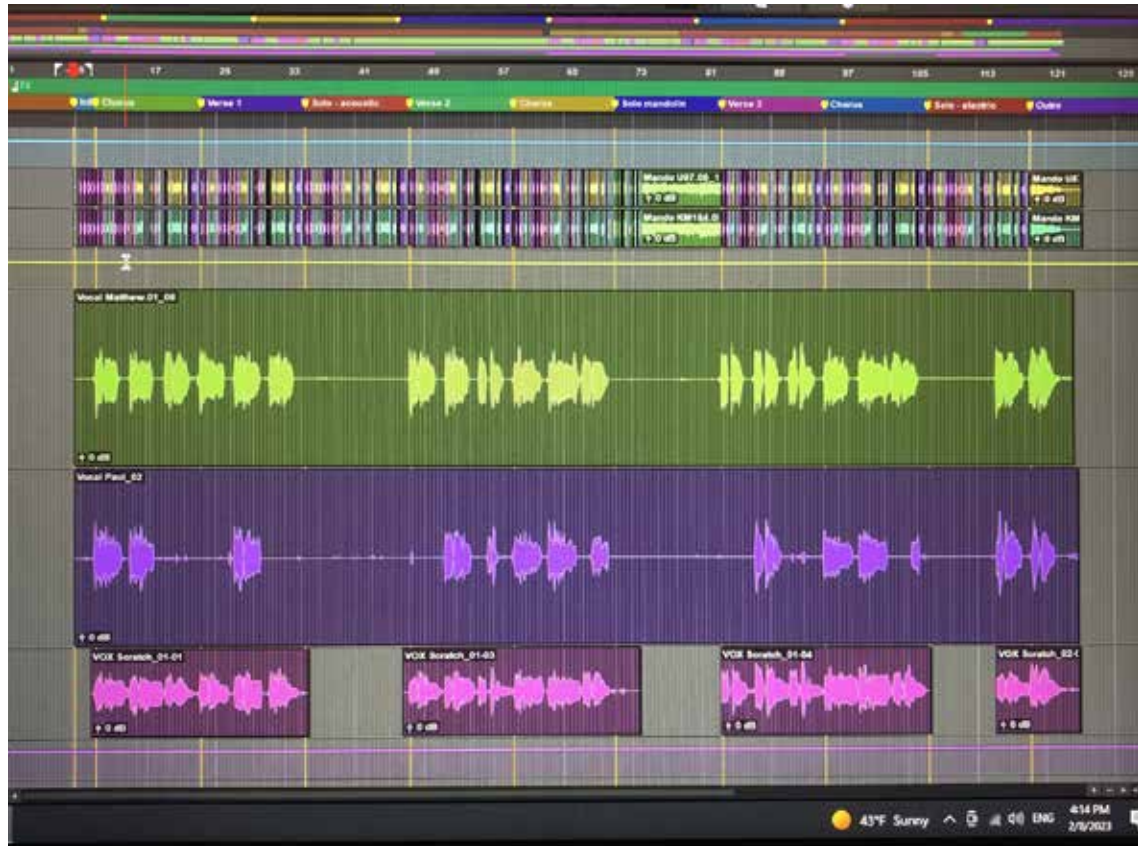




trouble

t r o u b l e

volume three • number one • summer 2023



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contents

Raining Cats & Dogs : Letter From The Editor ... 9

PORTFOLIOS & WRITING

My Cats and Dogs : Désirée Campbell ... 14

In the Company of Cats & Dogs : The Blanton Museum of Art ... 18

Five Poems : Erin Block ... 54

Washington Park, a Portfolio : Ricardo Bloch ... 63

Doggone it - A lament and a confession : Christopher Mooney ... 74

Chiens et Chats, a Portfolio : introduced by Ilyana Cléret ... 90

Henry Blue - The incomplete oeuvre : Henry Blue (w/ Jamie Newton) ... 172

Comme Chien et Chat : Jean-Louis Cléret ... 186

The Sexual History of Fritz The Cat : Dr. Oregon Hunter & GPT-4 ... 222

Contentment : Joan Harrison ... 225

Decoding The Catsuit : Nancy Jones ... 228

Innocence and Menace in a Goya Portrait : Ruben Cordova ... 236

Haiku, Cats & Dogs : Eiichi Matsuhashi ... 244

A Life Of Pets In Turbulent Places : Matthew Campbell ... 252

More Trouble / Zoé Duchesne's Aesthetics of Failure : Matthew Rose ... 260

Au Revoir ... 269

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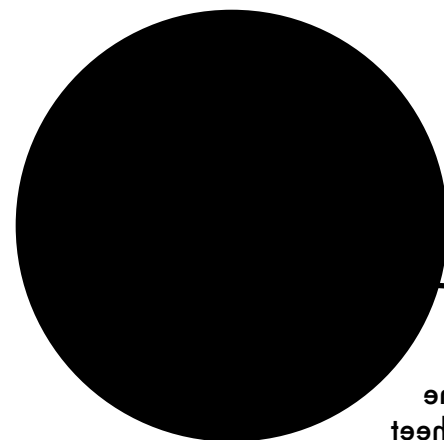
軽井沢ニューアートミュージアムとは

軽井沢が陽光に輝く4月、JR軽井沢駅から目抜き通りを真っ直ぐに8分あまりそぞろ歩いた通り沿いに、軽井沢ニューアートミュージアムがオープンしました。この「軽井沢ニューアートミュージアム」は、主に日本の戦後から現在までの優れたアートを、新しい視点から日本の現代アートとして再領域化し、国際的な評価にたえうる諸作品を、広く国内外に普及してゆくことを目的として誕生しました。企画展では、世界の第一線で活躍中の日本の現代アートの作家やそのグループ展だけでなく、海外作家も含めて、日本国内のみならず海外からの美術ファンの期待にも応えられるような斬新な切り口の展示を展開していきます。また近年顕著に国際的な評価が高まっている「具体美術協会」に所属した前衛作家たちの作品など、日本の前衛作家の作品を積極的にコレクションしていく方針です。美術館の設計は建築家・西森隆雄によるもので、総ガラス張りをベースにカラマツ林をイメージした白い柱をデザイン的に林立させた構造は、さわやかな高原リゾート地・軽井沢に心地よく溶け込んでいます。この美術館は、2007年に商業施設として建てられたものを新たに美術館として内装のリニューアル工事を行い2012年にオープンいたしました。軽井沢には美術館をはじめとして数多の文化施設がありますが、そうした既存の文化施設、団体の方々も協働し、軽井沢町を国際的な芸術文化の拠点としてさらなる繁栄へと導くことを目指します。また、「軽井沢ニューアートミュージアム」は、上記の目的実現のために「軽井沢国際芸術文化都市推進協議会」(略称 KIAC)の後援を受け、地域と連携した様々な活動を展開していきます。

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Raining Cats & Dogs

We had a treehouse in our backyard, used mostly as a place to get high and smooch with girlfriends out of eyesight from parents, police and neighbors. It was a triangular plywood structure built on a platform six-feet high nestled between three trees. It had an old carpet and a broken chair. Windowless; its only access was a rectangular entrance – we never finished the door. We called it “The Pit” and even scribbled its name and logo on an inside wall. The Pit was a home away from home.

One night a real life hobo stumbled upon it and set up camp in our back yard – inside The Pit. Pebbles, our German short-haired pointer, was not happy about the uninvited guest, and growled and then began to bark enough to get my father to take a look. Pebbles could smell the stranger. “Come on,” my father said, putting a leash on Pebbles and, armed with a flashlight, we trekked out into the yard to take a look. Pebbles was anxious and clearly angry that someone she didn’t know was camped out in her yard. My father called out, “Who’s there?” Pebbles put an exclamation point on his query with a bark. I can imagine the fright our hobo had. He was essentially trapped in The Pit. Violent dog! The hobo came out. My father looked him over. Judging that this stranger was just a runaway with no ill intent, my father gave him \$10 and told him to be gone in the morning. Pebbles continued to snarl and that was that. We went inside. Next morning, he was gone. We had a dog, not a gun.



The author with ‘Red’
Craig, Colorado, 1978



* * *

I have buried snakes, baby chicks, hamsters, gerbils, goldfish, turtles, birds (including Tweetie Bird), dogs and yes, cats. My early life was consumed with animals, beginning with Ginger, the hush puppy we acquired from a family friend. Ginger got sick and vomited all over the kitchen floor and it was determined she had to go; and we sent her off somewhere. Ginger was replaced by Sam, the Siamese cat who always loved a game of fetch. Sam was replaced by Pebbles, purebred German short-haired pointer who cowered in the presence of my father, bit the fingers of my friends who

tried to push her out of her perch on a particular sofa, ran away for hours to play with her German shepherd friend (and lover?) Skippy and hated the postman so much she jumped through the glass door to chase him and scare the piss out of him. Pebbles was our protector. And sometimes when she slept you could watch her legs move as if she were sprinting through the neighborhood. A dreamer. But Pebbles was also a bit flighty. She also jumped out of a two-story window and survived. When



she was unbearably arthritic her final winter and peeing in the snow became too painful, my father took her to the vet and put her to sleep. My father called me at college to let me know. We both cried. Her storied life was now embossed in our own lives as a beacon from another world. She was asleep; perchance Pebbles got her chance to dream.

* * *

Giacomo Balla's most well known painting heralds the dawn of Futurism: *Dynamism of a Dog on a Leash* (*Dinamismo*

di un Cane al Guinzaglio) from 1912. It's one of the artworks that nudged me into the world of looking – at art, at painting, at time and at the nature of reality. Balla's oil on canvas, (89.8 x 109.8 cm) at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in New York, helped define the 20th century in hundreds of ways with its studied look at the rapid motion of a Dachshund's feet (and its owner's) as they are out on a walk. The painting is not a simple portrait of domestic pets and their masters, but like Duchamp's 1912 *Nu descendant un escalier No. 2* (*Nude Descending a Staircase*), it's the compression of time and space into a single plane, or a "static representation of movement." While Duchamp nods to both Cubism and Futurism, Balla's work anticipates speed and, in effect, the movie camera. Eadweard Muybridge's photographic studies of nudes and movement is key to all this action. The Englishman's late 19th century work paved the way for where Modern Art would head and towards some of the piles of dog shit it would both step in and make art about.

* * *

When was the last time you saw a fireman rescue a kitten from a tree? Probably never is my guess. Unless it was in a book you read as a four-year-old.



I have never personally seen a dog catcher. Do they still exist? Did they ever? If they do, I think they are part of the local sheriff's department. Pest and Animal Control. Imagine that job: You drive around in a van marked "DOG CATCHER" and chase all sorts of dogs through the streets, people's yards, and then what? Wrestle them to the ground? Drop a net around them? Risk getting mauled by stray, angry, rabid dogs? Sure, that's the job for me. Nah. The big guy with the truck and the net probably don't exist...outside of cartoons. Then there's ... the dog who is actually a Deputy!

* * *

I'm assuming you've never heard of Deputy Dawg, the 1959 cartoon character who functioned as a police officer working at first in Florida, then Mississippi then, finally Tennessee. A Southerner who chased a range of "varmits" like Muskie Muskrat, Ty Coon, Vincent van Gopher and Pig Newton. It was all a ploy to teach children like me in the early 1960s all about Money, Art and Physics. Deputy Dawg, dopey but rarely violent, he was part of a path of dozens of cartoon dogs that carved out a world for children who loved dogs of all flavors. Snoopy, the Charles Schulz beagle is probably the most well known and most reproduced of all cartoon dogs. But there are others who have made their mark on the cultural zeitgeist: Odie, Scooby-Doo, Goofy, Pluto, Underdog (superhero), Krypto (Superman's sidekick), Milou (or Snowy, Tin Tin's pooch), Huckleberry Hound and Astro (Jetson boy Elroy's space dog). There are hundreds more... even before Officer Pup, the love sick third wheel in Geroge Herriman's *Krazy Kat*.



* * *

There is a lot of cat and dog art out there. Paintings of bulldogs and poodles playing poker, a clowder of alley cats hitting up the pool table. Endless waving gold kitty statues at Chinese restaurants, and the attractive pink and blue packagings for things like Purina's Tidy Cats Kitty Litter, Ken-L-Ration dog food, Friskies cat pellets; dog bones (real and plastic); cat nip mice, plus all sorts of rhinestone collars and knitted sweaters, fancy leashes and climbing carpet trees. I have an ex-friend who has four cats. He spends most of his money on their care. His house (when I last visited) smelled of urine and cat crap (even with the litter box) and cat hair was just about everywhere (me, too, when I left). Thank goodness his cats sensed I was not interested in petting them. Anyway, he was always posting dreamy pictures of his cats on social media. He had become a cat photographer. Is this a good thing? But really, who am I to criticize others? I have plants.

* * *

There was an old woman who lived at the end of my street. She had cats. Maybe 100 of them. Her windows were left open and the stink of cat piss wafted through the neighborhood. The woman was sometimes seen outside her house wearing a dirty bathrobe trying to herd her cats (who literally ignored her – except when it was feeding time). A scene from a movie or what the future holds for many of us. Once we stuck our heads inside the open window. Inside the place was wall-to-wall cats. And the smell! And the noise, too: television was blaring Top Cat. Did she leave it on for her cats to watch? Most were fixated on Top Cat’s latest stunt.

* * *

Clearly cats are magical. There’s a history: Cheshire, Krazy, Felix and Fritz to name a handful.

Felix had superior powers thanks to his bag of tricks which various contained escalators, boats, cars and all manners of escape. Felix was created by Pat Sullivan and Otter Messmer in 1919. He’s mischievous, playful and, oddly enough, can also change his shape and size. His bag, the source of his power and charm, was the envoy of all sorts of evil-doers who wanted it and all its secrets held within. Felix was held in high regard by many children of course, but also by World War II Navy bomber pilots. Felix appears on the sides of planes and various insignia celebrating the “bomber cat.” Felix was the mascot for the Fighting 31 and was featured on a range of planes with a lit bomb.



* * *

Wouldn’t I be remiss not to mention America’s former president, that the twice-impeached, twice indicted and convicted sexual assaulter Donald J. Trump, has a thing for cats and dogs? He has often called all sorts of women “dogs,” and of course, there’s the famous hot mic “Access Hollywood” tape where Trump claimed he can grab women by the “pussy” because “when you’re a star, they let you.” Do they? How great for him. Trump’s aggression in a dressing room in a New York department store rewarded him with a \$5 million slap in the face in the defamation suit filed by E. Jean Carroll. Trump has called many women “dog,” from Kristen Stewart to Ariana Huffington to Gail Collins, among others. Has this hot dog serial sexual abuser finally caught a case of vagina dentata? One could only hope, but I have my doubts. You have to wonder if Fido is still guarding the house.

Matthew Rose

12 trouble



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'my cats and dogs'
Désirée
Campbell

Désirée Campbell was born in Paris in 2010. She attended the Montessori school before embarking on her career as a ceramic artist at the age of 3. She has held regular exhibits since then on the avenue Trudaine, Rue Rodier in Paris, and at her private studio in Hampshire, England. Her interests include ice-cream, film making, the novels of Stephen King and chocolate.





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(A partial list. Not all collections are on view at any given time.)

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- chopstick papers
- water journals
- sweeper tines
- walk boxes
- not robert rauschenberg's erasers
- soils, sands and stones
- bones
- wishbones
- snakeskins
- paint books/journals
- travel journals
- 3D postcards, old & new
- globes
- lists of skipped stones
- mosses, seeds and cones
- ricers
- braces (hand drills)
- map boxes
- recordings
- tin tubes
- tin/steel boxes & cans
- church keys
- toy postal vans / various countries
- how to cut out a nori bunny kit
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In the Company of Cats & Dogs

Throughout history, artists such as Albrecht Dürer, Francisco Goya, and William Wegman have created works that explore the relationship between people, cats, and dogs. Today amateur videographers post videos to the Internet that receive thousands of views daily. What is the reason for our enduring fascination with these animals and what do our relationships with them say about us?

The featured works in the pages that follow, capture our attitudes and behavior towards these trusted companions, highlighting their inherent personalities and temperaments as well as those imposed or projected by us: we see them as family members, as hunters of prey, as characters in books, poems, and films, and as mythological, religious, and social symbols.

*Following is a small representation of the 2014 exhibition *In the Company of Cats and Dogs*, offering a broad look at the diverse cultures and periods and the objects that demonstrated anthropomorphism, the desire to give human form and characteristics to cats and dogs. They also reveal a tendency to associate cats with women and dogs with men, and the inclination to connect these animals with the beginning and the end of life. The exhibition at the Blanton Museum at the University of Texas at Austin, drew on research and scholarship from several disciplines in the humanities and sciences at The University of Texas.*

Myth and Religion

European art from the 15th through the 18th centuries, often depicted cats and dogs in religious and mythological scenes. While cats and dogs were prominent in ancient Egypt and in Greco-Roman culture as hunters and pets, the rise of Christianity ushered in an era of unusual suspicion and maltreatment of these two animals, especially cats.

The Old and New Testaments ignore cats completely while referencing dogs some 40 times and only once kindly. By the 14th century, due to new Christian teachings and the revival of classical texts, dogs began to appear more frequently and favorably in art. They are seen as loyal companions, healers, innocents, and signifiers of a person's high moral and social status. In representations of ancient myths about goddesses and mortal hunters, dogs also appear. They accompany the goddess Diana, the virgin huntress, whose ancient cult protected women, the young, and animals. Such visual narratives gave women a certain due in the male world of the hunt. Cats, on the other hand, remained mostly symbols of evil, cruelty, and sin in European art well into the 18th century.

Hunting: Before 1700

Artificial selection and elite sporting rituals established an animal hierarchy in Europe before 1700. Greyhounds were considered the most aristocratic of dogs, followed by the other hunting dogs, which in turn ranked higher than most other domestic or wild animals. Humans practiced artificial selection for the first time with gray wolves between 20,000 and 15,000 years ago. Since just a handful of gene regions determine a vast array of dog shapes and sizes, humans easily developed



Marco Benefial
Portrait of a Lady with a Dog, 1730s



David Alfaro Siqueiros
Guardian of the Peace, 1947

different types of hunting dogs: scent hounds for the chase, sight hounds for the course, and mastiff dogs for the final attack.

Yet hunting wild animals has played an extremely minor role in Europe's food supply since Roman times. The chase was a sport for kings and noblemen. Their property rights incorporated privileges that allowed them to hunt without competition on their lands. By the 12th century, European landowners with hunting parks had wood wards, gamekeepers, huntsmen, and masters of different



John Sargent Noble
Otter Hunting ("On the Scent"), 1881

breeds of dogs. Hunting dogs were considered valuable assets, and anyone who stole one was levied a heavy fine and sometimes a death sentence. These laws and ideas, in various forms, remained prevalent for centuries.

Hunting: After 1700

Both genetics and training play a strong role in building hunting skills in dogs. Political and legal reforms made hunting with dogs accessible to more people in Europe and the United States after



Charles William Sherborn
Cat's Head, 1874



Abraham Bosse
The Foolish Virgins Sleeping

1700. As more social classes enjoyed hunting for sport, so grew the development of new breeds and the rise and popularity of dog clubs, trials, and shows. These, in turn, fueled the market for works of art depicting hunting dogs out in the field.

Dog Hunting Ethics

Since the end of the 19th century, the ethics of hunting with dogs has increasingly come into question. The three American works included here illustrate hunting with scent hounds. These dogs have a keen sense of smell and the ability to track, chase, and corner animals across a wide expanse of land, independent of human commands. Once the prey is treed or cornered, the hounds will bay or bark until hunters arrive.

Today, legislation on dog hunting is in place in most of the United States and many other countries. Such laws regulate, or in some cases prohibit, the use of dogs to hunt or flush wild animals. Opponents of these laws believe that being hunted by other animals is a natural part of a wild animal's life and think that hunting is necessary to protect agriculture and the environment from overpopulation. Backers, on the other hand, regard this type of hunting as cruel and unfair to the hunted animal and potentially dangerous to the dogs.

Many hunters regard their hounds as workers rather than pets. If a hunting dog cannot do its job well, it may be killed, sold, or traded. Hunters commonly keep their hounds outside and show them



William T. Ranney
Wild Duck Shooting/On the Wing, circa 1850



Stefano Della Bella
Study of a Wolf Hunt, circa 1654

little affection, while they allow pet dogs indoors, where they are coddled and treated like family members. A hunter's household may well perceive the hunting dog and pet dog almost as if they were two different species. Such hierarchies encourage us to think about our own relationships with non-human animals.

Cats Hunting

The several works of art here by Japanese and European artists showcase some of the cat's most distinctive characteristics: Solitary hunting, high developed balance and spatial awareness, flexible bodies, and mesmerizing eyes. Cats, like dogs and many other animals that are active at night, possess an optical layer called the tapetum lucidum. It reflects light back through the retina, causing the distinctive cat's eye glow and giving them superlative vision in dim light. This allows them to hunt prey successfully at dusk and dawn. throughout history, cats have been valued for reducing

rodent populations. Yet, new research about their role in the decline of songbird and other wildlife populations has alarmed many environmentalists.



Takahashi (Sh tei) Hiroaki
Cat Prowling Around a Staked Tomato Plant, 1931



Jacques-Raymond Brascassat
Spaniel with a Still Life of Dead Game, 1837

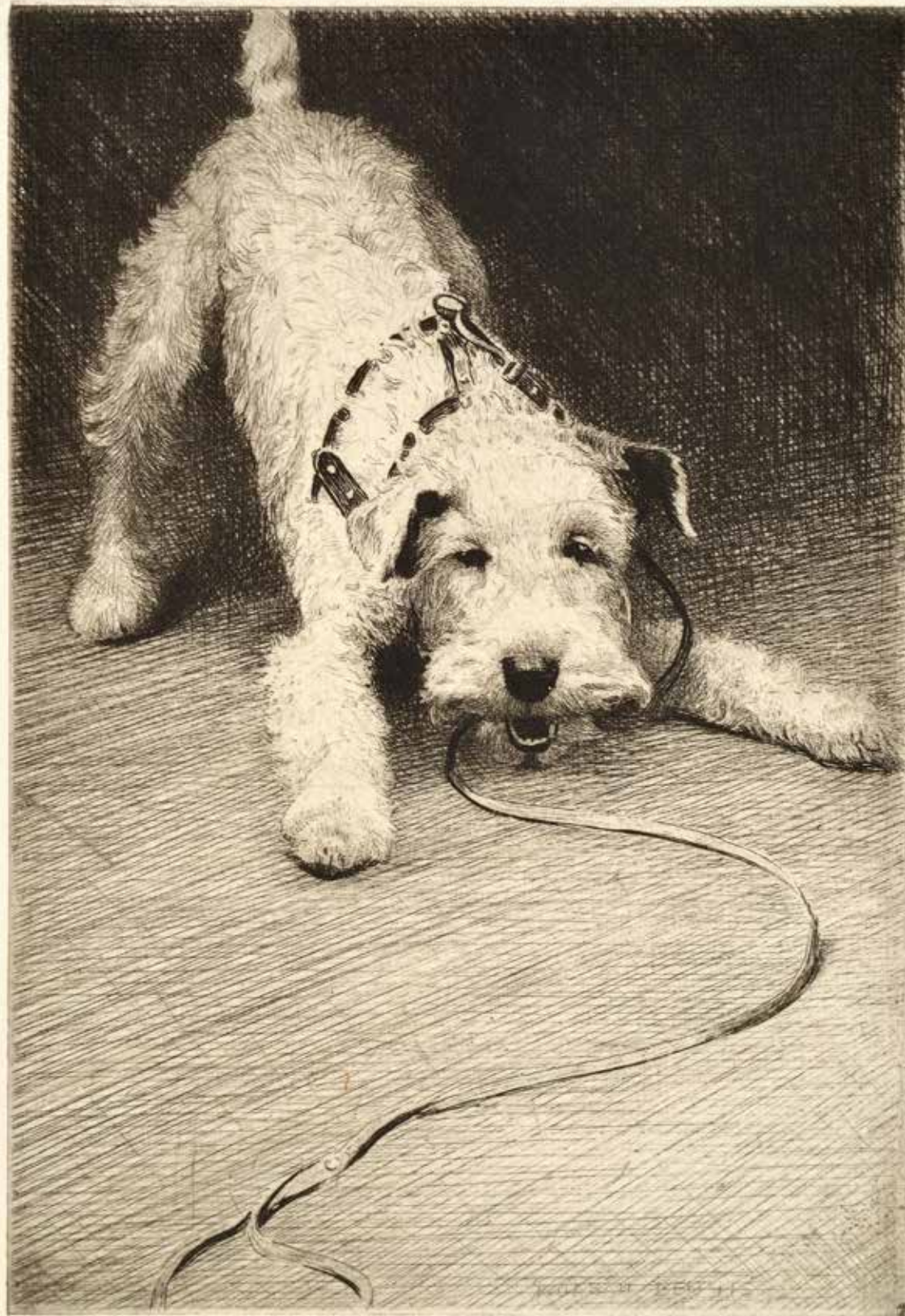
Literature

Cats are well illustrated in various genres of literature from the 17th through 19th centuries. During this period, the cat begins to lose its medieval status as the devilish, diseased, and deceitful creature and starts to reclaim its ancient status as the imaginative, intelligent, and soothing friend.

This rise in status evolved partially because pet keeping became increasingly common in European households during the Enlightenment, a cultural movement that emphasized reason and individualism over tradition. People made room for pets in households, allowing them to connect with nature and to teach children about kindness and responsibility. Pet keeping raised awareness that an animal could have a unique personality. This intimate knowledge helped create the psychological foundation for greater anthropomorphism and characterization of cats and dogs in literature.

Herding

Scenes of herding dogs with shepherds in the countryside belong to the genre of art and literature known as the pastoral. This genre, which speaks to the ideal harmony of humans and nature, first appeared in Greco-Roman culture. It resurged in fourteenth-century Europe and remained popular



James Morgan Dennis
Let's Go (Scottie Dog), n.d.



Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait
Huntsman with Deer, Horse and Rifle, 1854

with the urban elite through the nineteenth century.

Pastoral landscapes present the close social bonds between dogs and shepherds. Herding dogs, among the most responsive animals to human commands, have skills that depend on both innate and learned behavior. Over 9,000 years ago, humans harnessed the wolf's killer instincts to herd livestock. The dog, like the wolf, eyes the 'prey,' stalks it, and when the moment is right, it chases. Unlike the wolf, however, the dog does not go in for the kill. Instead, it heeds the shepherd's commands and moves the livestock, usually to better pasture. This is effective because the herd reads the dog's movements as predatory, so it gathers together and moves away in unison.

Morality

Artists sometimes use cats and dogs in order to present human behavior that either conforms to or deviates from accepted moral standards. Such images of domesticated animals help artists represent the person at the border between the civilized and the wild. They help personify transitions between different spheres: public and private, kindness and cruelty, chastity and promiscuity, and folly and reason.



Antonie Waterloo

Venus and Adonis, from Large Upright Landscapes with Scenes from Ovid's Metamorphosis, n.d.



Albert Bierstadt

Sioux Village near Fort Laramie, 1859

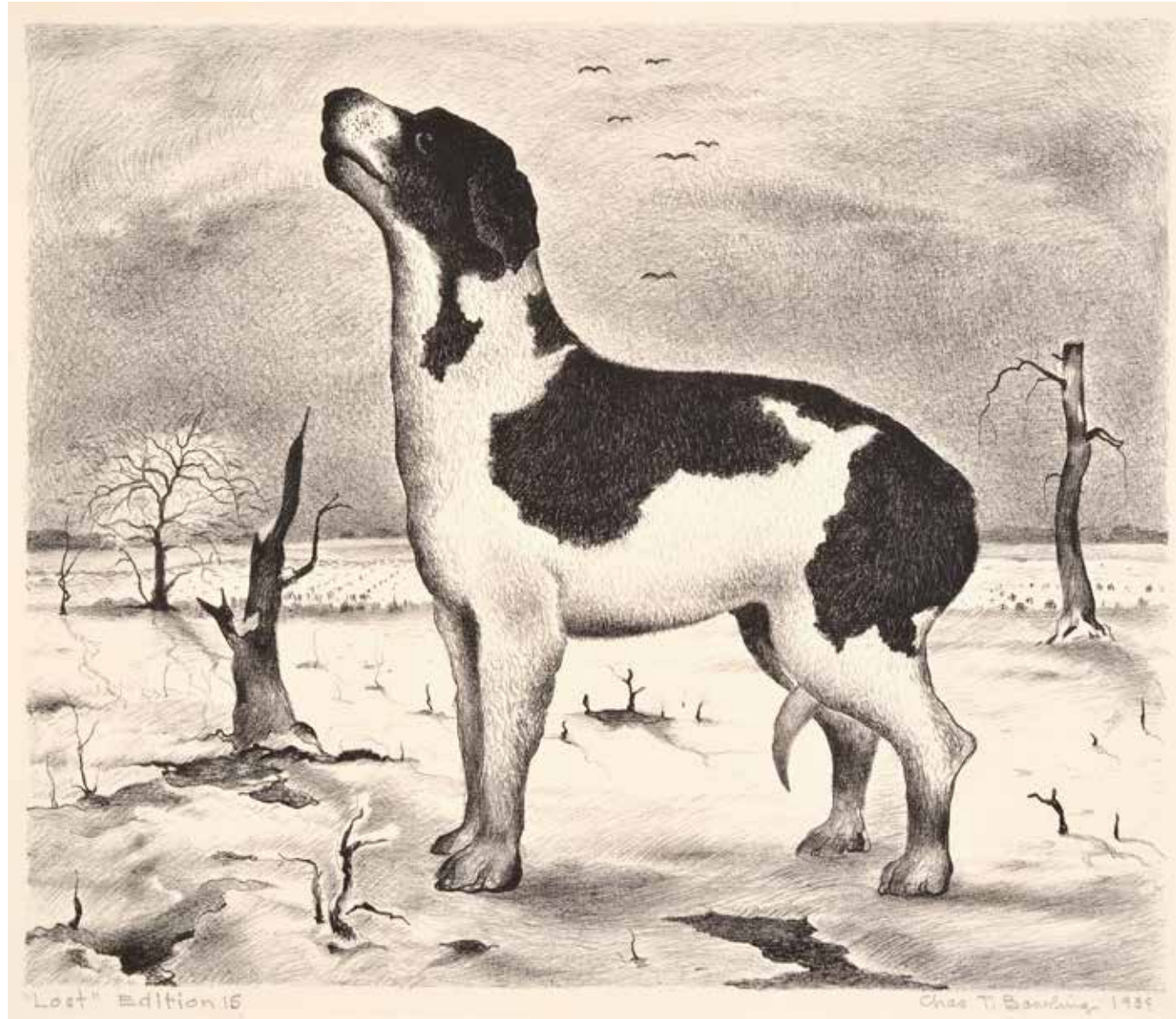
The cats and dogs in these pages here often act as representations of abstract concepts and offer comparisons between animal and human behaviors. They also invite complex questions surrounding animal consciousness. There are those who think it impossible to determine if animals are conscious beings capable of empathy and self-awareness. Meanwhile, others think that science and philosophy have not moved fast enough or far enough to recognize animal consciousness, pain, and emotions.

Abandonment

Dogs are often painted and drawn serving as beggars' companions, and fending for themselves as strays and 'village dogs.' Spanning the previous two centuries in Europe and the Americas, these works point to periods of public health concern and economic upheaval. These events resulted in increased populations of dogs forced to live on the streets, or to wander the countryside in order to survive. Today, spaying, neutering, and adoption campaigns have led to an eighty-eight percent decrease in the number of abandoned animals in the United States since the 1970s.

Aggression

Representations of dogs acting as agents of psychological warfare or as staunch defenders of people and territory. Canine behaviors like barking, snarling, and biting are often classified as 'distance increasing,' which means they are intended to scare away humans. Yet, situations escalate and over 4.5 million dog bites are reported annually in the United States.



Charles T. Bowling
Lost, 1939



Francesco Londonio
Reclining Shepherd with a Satchel, 1763-64

One of the most contentious issues regarding dogs today relates to canine aggression and breed bans. Do you ban the breed or the deed? Is dog aggression due to breeding or other human interactions and environments? Research supports both sides of this heated debate. Without taking sides, the artists here sought to arouse in their viewers just one aspect of the human-canine relationship: fear.

Domesticity

In nuclear families, extended communities, and countless other arrangements, cats and dogs have played various roles. They have been household workers, playmates, companions, comforters, and protectors. This relationship also has a painful side. With shorter lives than humans, cats and dogs are also a source of loss and grieving.

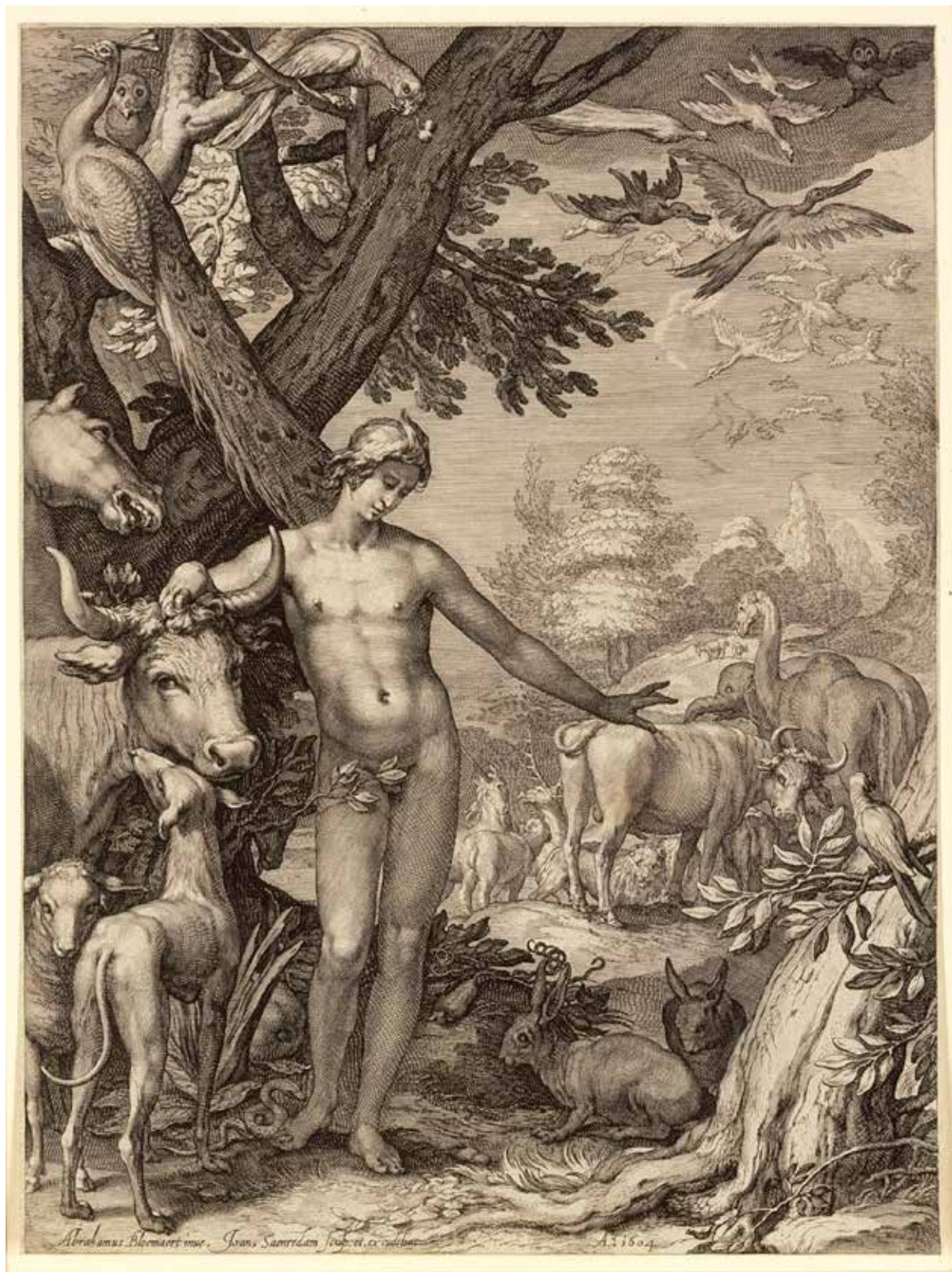
For some artists and their patrons, cats and dogs are symbols of self, family, home, and belonging. Resemblances between human and animal can mark the depth of this relationship, often with humor. Some of the works here depict these creatures on the move with their families, sharing circumstances, and sometimes hardships. Animal breeds in these works can signal the family's social standing and cultural identity.

Unknown artist, Egyptian
Seated Cat, Late Period, circa 712–332 BCE



Humans with their cats and dogs can develop complex ritualized interactions in a domestic setting. Referring to his own pet, writer Adam Gopnik recently commented on the mutual understanding between companion animals and their humans. They have “little imagination about us and our inner lives but limitless intuition about them; we have false intuitions about their inner lives but limitless imagination about them. Our relationship meets in the middle.”

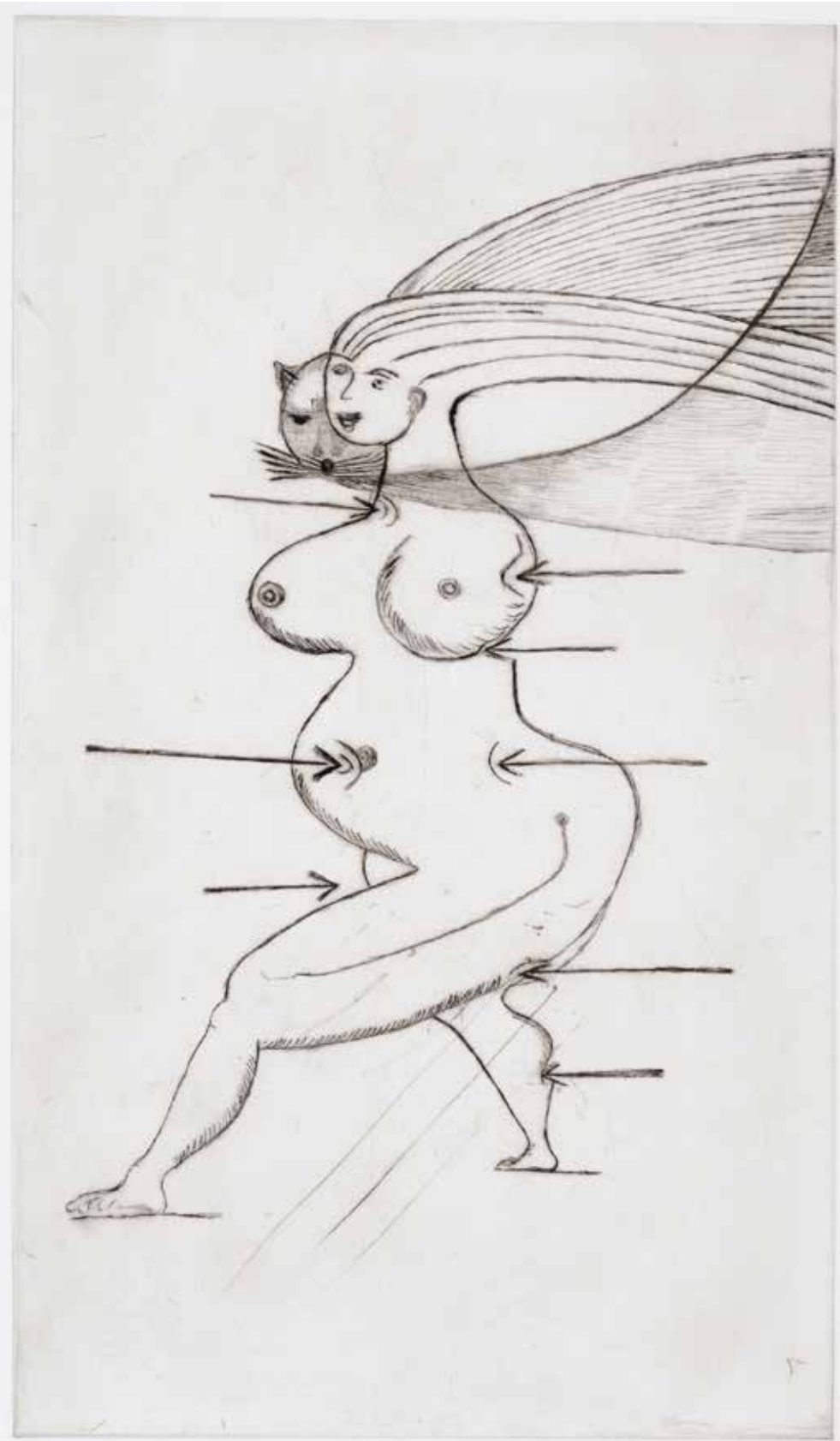
In the Company of Cats and Dogs was exhibited at the Blanton Museum of Art, University of Texas at Austin, June 22 - September 21, 2014. The images and the texts here are reproduced with some editing and adaptation with permission from The Blanton Museum of Art and the Museum of Fine Arts Houston. This exhibition brought together more than 100 works of art from Blanton's collection and included many works on loan. Works included span centuries and genres and include nearly a hundred artists little known in the art world – artists who have touched upon the role of cats and dogs in human civilization. This presentation is a small slice of the total exhibition. To see more please visit : blantonmuseum.org



Jan Saenredam
Adam Naming the Animals



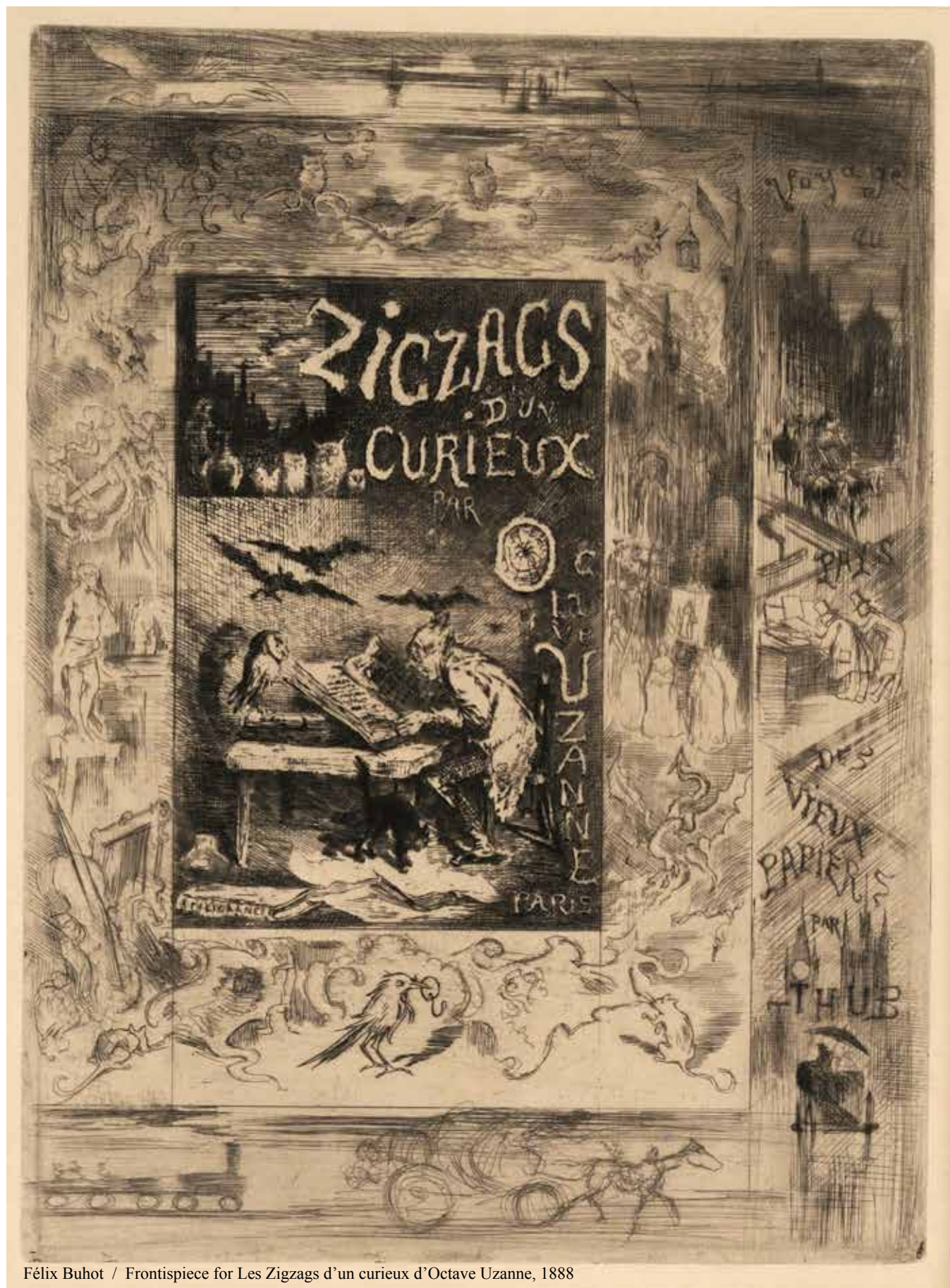
Federico Zuccaro
Saint Roch with two dogs treading on serpents,
between pillars, a town beyond, 1590s



Louise Bourgeois / Ste. Sebastienne, 1990



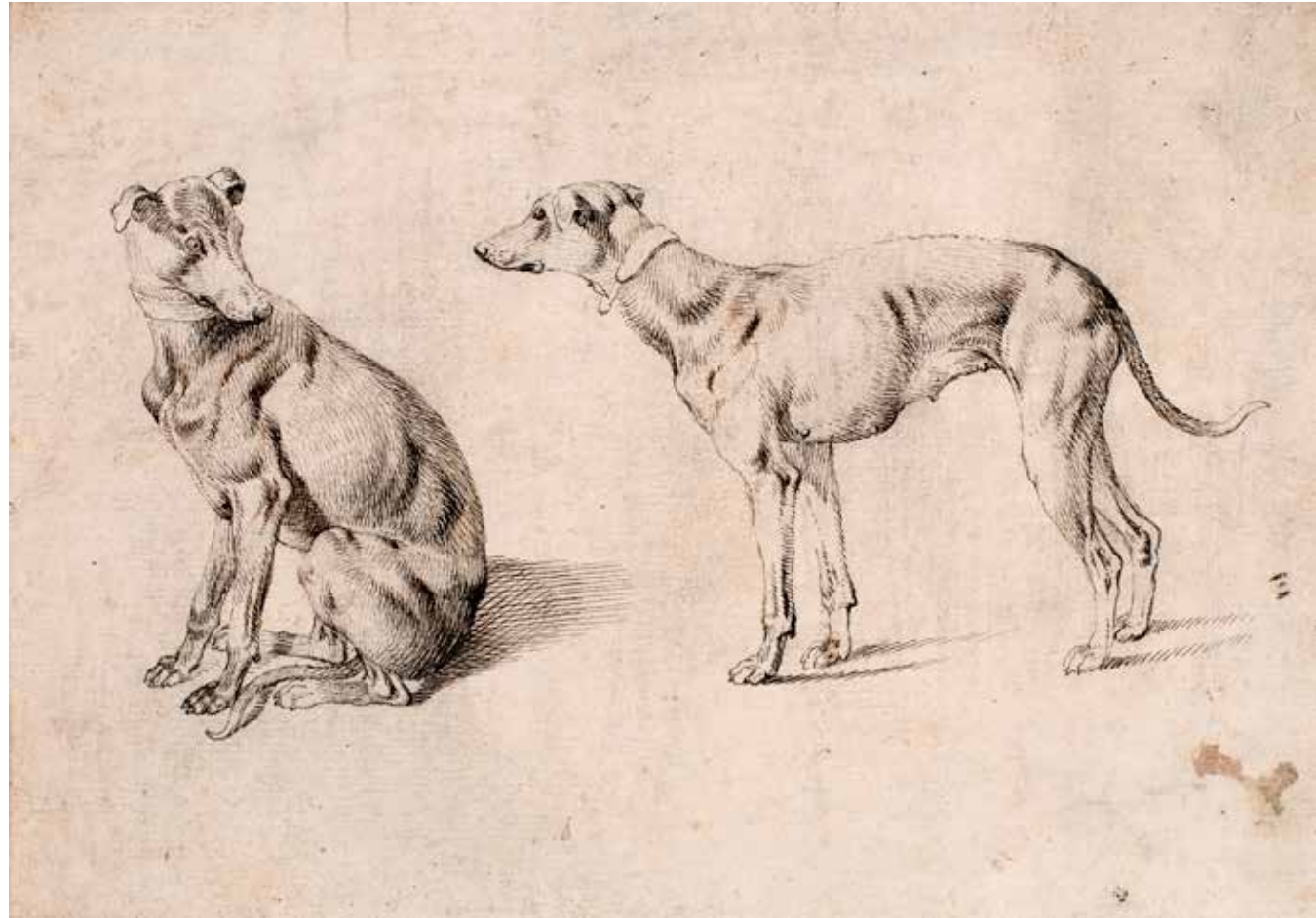
Edouard de Beaumont
Untitled (Lady with a cat), c. 1880



Félix Buhot / Frontispiece for Les Zigzags d'un curieux d'Octave Uzanne, 1888



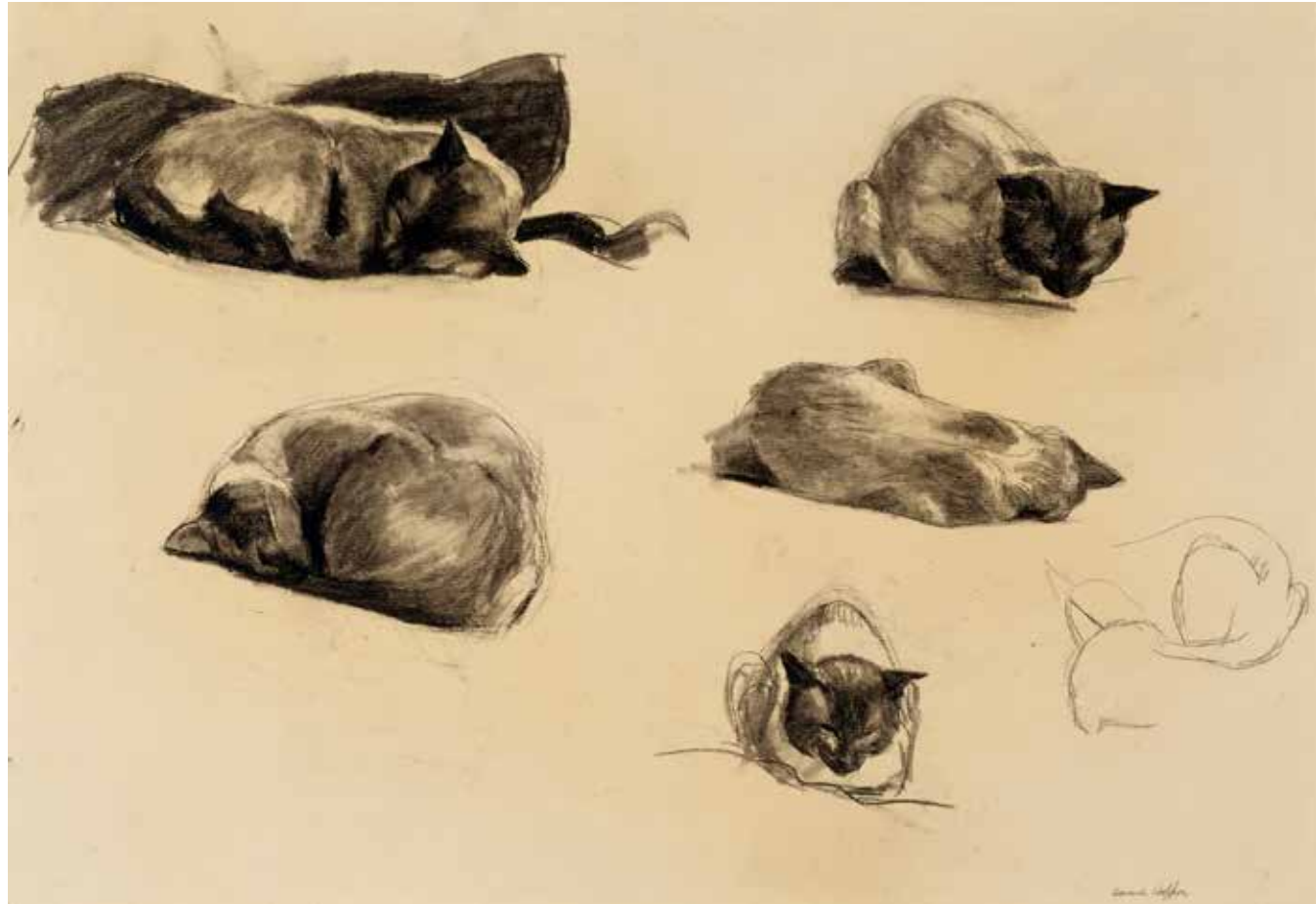
Jan Weenix
Still Life of Game
including a Hare, Black Grouse, and a Partridge,
a Spaniel looking on with a Pigeon in Flight, circa 1680



Sinibaldo Scorza
Studies of a Greyhound, circa 1607

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec / Poster for L'Artisan Moderne, 1896





Edward Hopper
Cat Study, 1941

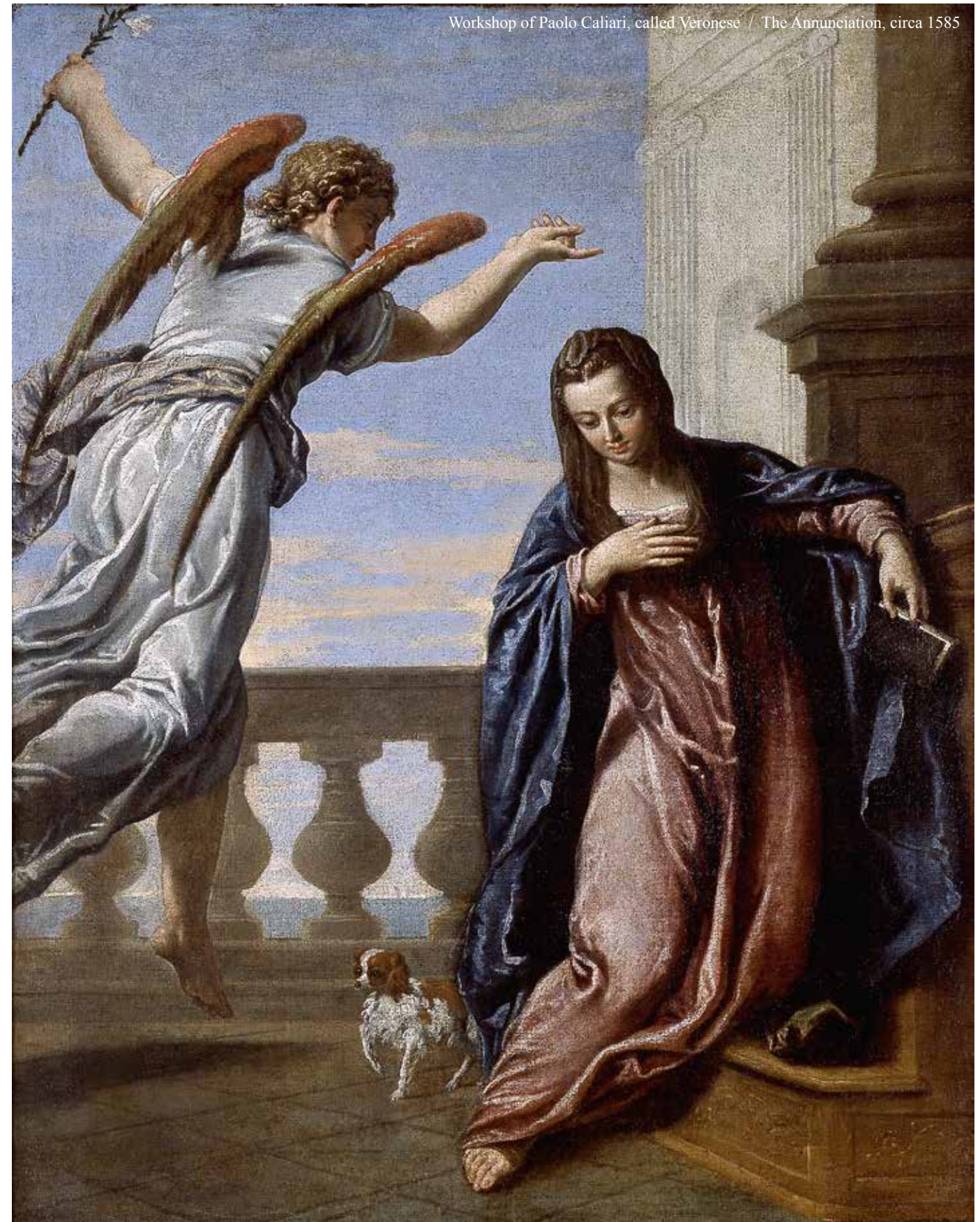


chez Aubert gal. Véro-Dodat. chez Baugier R. du Croissant 16. Imp. d'Aubert & Co.

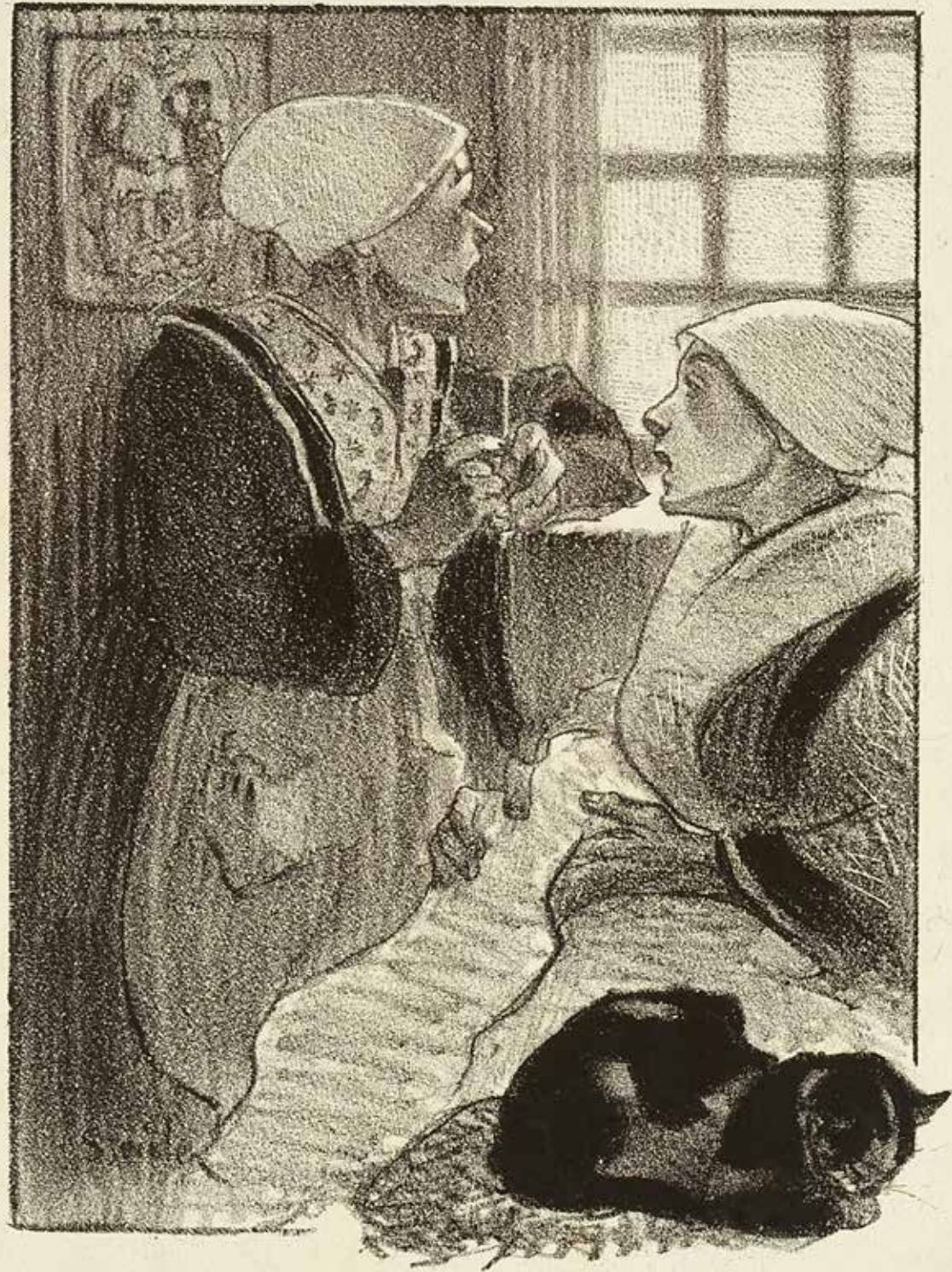
Dangereux effet des pâtes orientales, telles que le Rachaout ou le Nafé d'Arabie, sur des organisations trop délicates.



Ludovic Lepic / Pour les pauvres [For the Poor], 1863



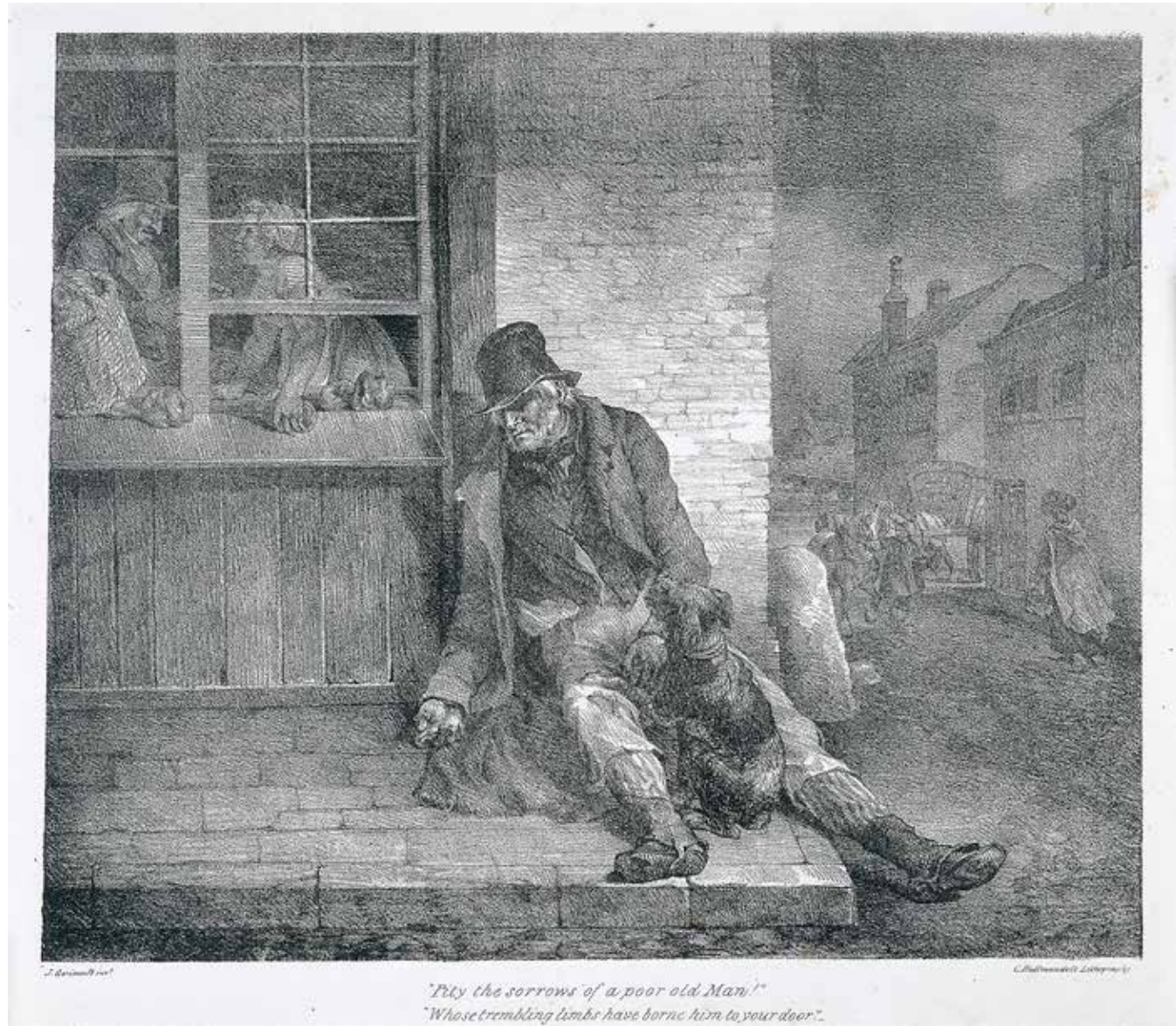
Workshop of Paolo Caliari, called Veronese / The Annunciation, circa 1585



Théophile Alexandre Steinlen
Les femmes de France [The Women of France], 1897



Louis-Léopold Boilly
L'Enfance No. 2 [Childhood], from Les Grimaces, circa 1823



Jean-Louis-André-Théodore Géricault
Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man!, 1821



Jean-Honoré Fragonard and Marguerite Gérard Fragonard
Monsieur Fanfan jouant avec Monsieur Polchinelle et compagnie
[Mister Fanfan Playing with Mister Punchinello and company], 1778

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erin block

Erin Block's poetry, grounded in outdoor pursuits and interests – from

hunting and fishing to mushroom collecting and bird watching – takes in the smells on the wind and the joy in a happily spinning dog and gives back the deeper roots of these things, the underlying connections and the mixed emotions that accompany a fully engaged person at home in the fields, hills and forests. The following poems touch, sometimes very lightly, on the companionship and love of a good dog. That, alone, is worth the price of admission, but you'd do yourself a favor by reading the rest of her new book: *How You Walk Alone in the Dark*, a lovely and nuanced look at the natural world and all we carry to, and back from, our encounters with it. *jn*

Put Down

They say smell is the last sense
to go when you die.
So I stay by your head
and hold my hands to your nose
like I'd do for a new dog to say, This is me.
But we're old friends, so what I'm saying is
Please don't forget,
while the vet does what I'd want
done for me.

And what do you smell
as your eyes drift like smoke
that's making this whole day glow
like the wildfire to our north
that won't go out
like your heart won't,
like my tears won't after three,
six, nine months from now.

And will my sorrow always burn so hot
like embers under snow?

Is it me you smell like I want it to be?
Is it alpine sage and elk shit?
Highcountry meadows or ginger cats
or the goose liver fried in butter
you ate for your last meal.

And now at the end
it's your piss I smell and I'll leave
dried on the pine floor boards
for months before mopping.
Just to smell anything of you
one last time again.



Remember

Remember the heat of standing by a woodshed
in slant autumn sun,
when all the warmth's come inside
like the mice,
like the stray cats,
like the pack rats
who'd steal jewelry if you had it.

And when the snow comes
and someone,
but never you,
wins the canyon bet on first fall,
remember how it rained
once in the whole month of August
and how it felt like falling
in love with a man again
after enough years
you can't remember how it started,
like all the fights you made love for afterwards.

When the doe walks slow
pass-grazing on jamesia and maple,
and you need just one more step
for the shoulder to open the world
wide like a High Plains sunrise,
remember how to be patient
with your finger on that trigger,
like your cat sitting stand on a vole.
How he takes no chances
because in the real world
those'll leave you hungry,
or worse.

And when the mountain freezes
like a snowshoe hare under spruce,
remember how the soil was once so soft
when you put your old dog in the ground
no one could hear the tears fall.



Snow Days

To My Dog, Dead 165 Days Now

I miss you the most on snow days
because that's when I remember
there's no tracks anymore
but mine.

Walking a straight line
like life isn't.
All work, no play,
no spins and circles by the door.

I just walk out.

And I feel that cold
like arthritis in my knees,
like turned down sheets,
like geese flying over
as I shoot and I miss
and the big wolf moon
howls at the wind,
so I'm not the loudest cry
in the canyon tonight.



Too Late

He says it's too late.
I can't go back
now that it's instinct
to shoot when a rabbit runs.

Now that my shotgun comes up
like heartburn
and I don't flinch anymore
at the bruises I know it'll leave.
But it's not working that way
for my heart and a new dog,
because the old one's still mounded
too high to see over
so I'll just lay down
and look up
and wait,
like he always did for me.

And I know it's too late.
I can't go back
now that I don't hesitate
to finish a rabbit off
with my hands around its neck
because a boot feels like cheating,
not having to feel breath
move through fingers
like split ends of my hair
all rough and ragged
near the end
where they're dead.



Keys

Jim Harrison has that line,
“the cost of flight is landing.”
And the Bible says,
the price of life is a death.
But I want to know:
When can I breathe easy again,
like finding my lost keys
hanging from the lock of the door
I was walking out anyway.



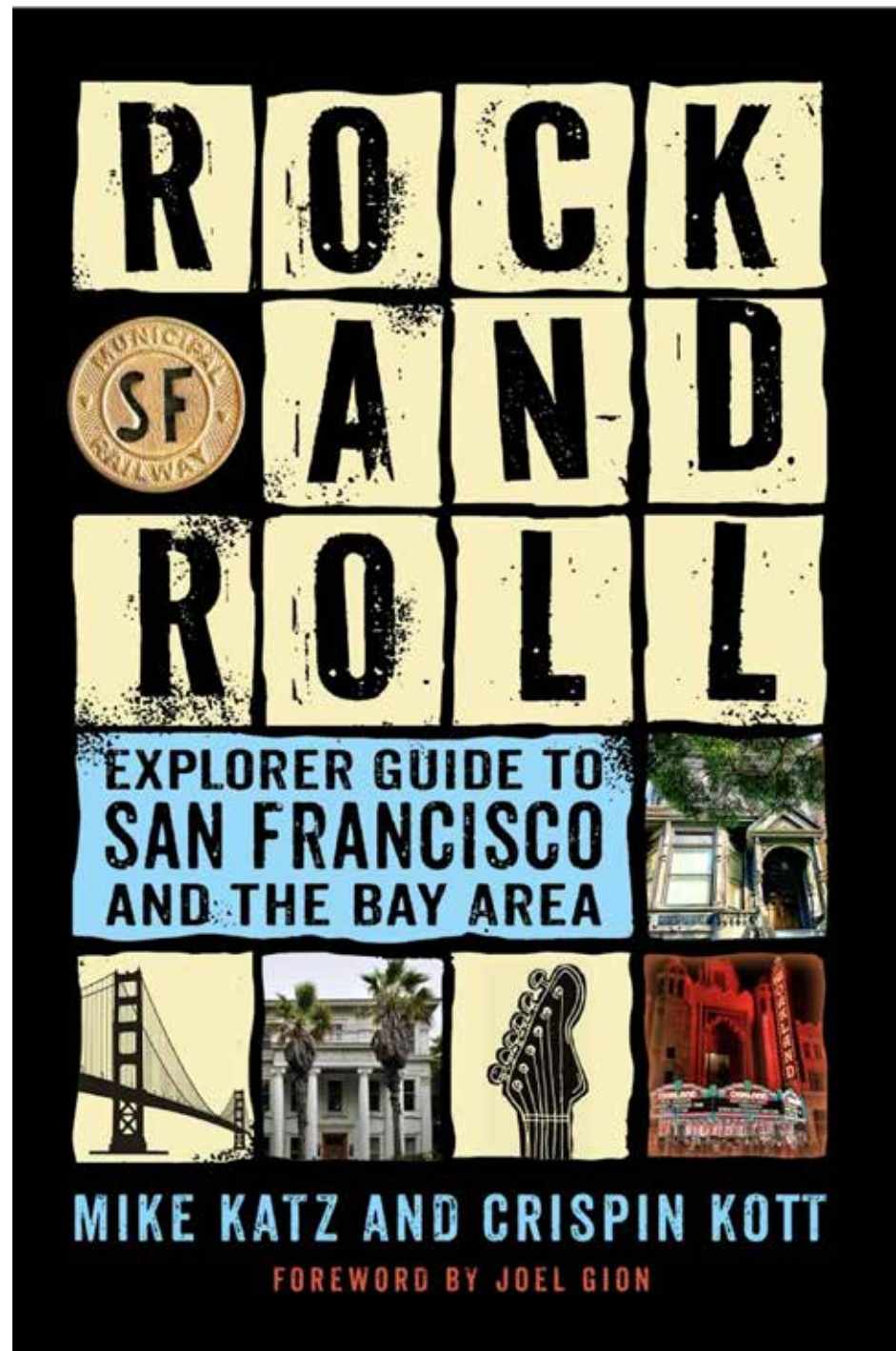
Erin Block works as a librarian and freelance writer. She is the author of *The View from Coal Creek* and *By a Thread*. Her fiction has been published in *The Rumpus* and *The Columbia Review* and sporting essays and articles have been published in *Gray's Sporting Journal*, *American Angler*, *Fly Fisherman*, and *Field & Stream*. Her latest book is a collection of poetry called *How You Walk Alone in the Dark*. She lives in a cabin in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado where she hunts, forages, and gardens.

Illustrations based on original photographs by Erin Block
Instagram: @emblock



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While working on a post doctorate in Colorado during the summer of 1978, I discovered that photography offered me an incomparable aperture onto the world. I dropped out of science and began photographing voraciously without thinking of what the future would offer.

That summer turned out to be one of the happiest times of my life. I was in love, and I spent much of my time walking in and around Washington Park in Denver, making portraits of children and adults who kindly offered themselves to my camera. Here are a selection of those with either a cat or dog in them.

Many more photos from this expanded series can be viewed by flipping through my book: <https://www.blurb.com/books/7318246-that-was-then>.

I have lived in Paris since 1996 making photographs, artists books and works on paper. You can visit my work at ricardobloch.com and Instagram: [@ricardo_bloch](https://www.instagram.com/ricardo_bloch).



Brendan Haymaker with Valentino



Jane with Alice



Mike Tychoncink with his puppy



Mike with Jeff



Don with Marco



Grace Barger with Muffy



Frank, Mays and Christopher with Sundance



Mr. Brooks with Mattie Belle



Pat with El Quasar de Blavo



the nonsense continues...

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- Ken Maiuri, Daily Hampshire Gazette



Johan Larnouhet
Ringo, 2022
11 x 15 x 2,5 x 2,5 cm, oil on wood

Doggone it

**Becoming the animal my animal thought I was:
a lament and a confession**

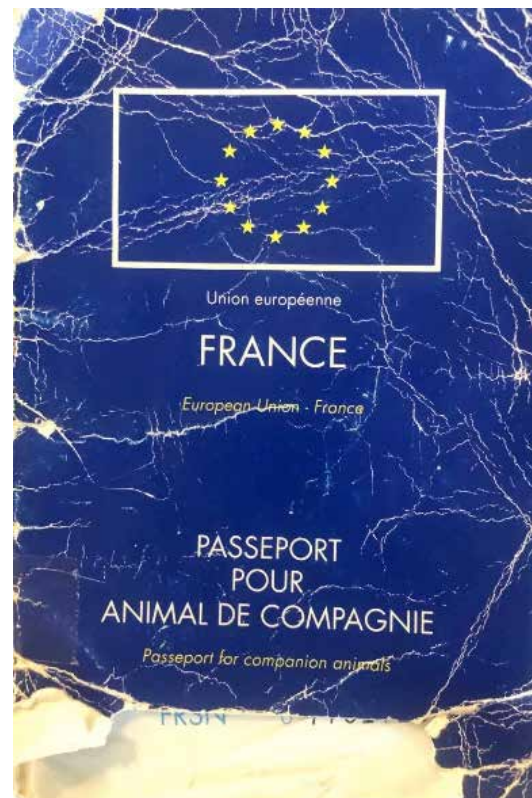
Christopher Mooney

“Later, the dogs were with their masters, protecting them with loving looks, and later still they were dead, and little stelae sprouted up in the clearing to commemorate love, walks in the sunshine, and shared joy.” — Michel Houellebecq, The Possibility of an Island

The stelae are on the Île des Ravageurs, just upstream from where Seurat painted his bathers and Van Gogh his fishers, and where, a few years later, for five francs, you could bury a dog in a common grave. Fifty francs bought your pet its own plot and a decade of peace. A hundred bought it 30 years. Today, a burial costs about a grand and a year between €150 to €300, depending on the beast’s bulk. Twenty years costs €4,000.

Many thousands have been thus disbursed; and under the jumble of kitch-enriched tombs fanning out willy-nilly from the cemetery gate, animals from every corner of their kingdom enjoy paid repose: dogs, cats, horses, fish, tortoises, lions, cows, rabbits, mice, hamsters, calves, pigs, guinea pigs, hens, sheep, lemurs, a fennec, maybe a leopard, and a bee.

“It’s a bit like Disneyland,” a cemetery security guard likes to tell visitors, “except that Mickey is dead.”



“No dog was forgotten: their embossed photos decorated the stelae at the foot of which the masters had left their favourite toys.”

—Michel Houellebecq,
The Possibility of an Island

If you take a hard left at the cemetery entrance and, following the Seine, walk about three-quarters of the way down the length of the burial ground, past tombstones and grave markers covered with squeaky toys, chew toys, plush toys and throwing balls, past the 1930s movie star Rin Tin Tin and Barry the 19th-century chien sauveur (“He saved the lives of 40 people, he was killed by the 41st”), past Moustache the Napoleonic soldier dog (“Lost a leg at Austerlitz and saved the regimental flag”), past the beloved beasts of Jean Cocteau and Sacha Guitry, and Sully, Alexandre Dumas’s cat, you’ll arrive at the toyless, joyless tomb of Michel Houellebecq’s best friend, Clement.

*“On March 25, 2011 in the middle of the night,
Your heart stopped beating
And the world became duller.
Sleep, my little man.*

*What great escapades
How much love
Thank you little Clement.”*



Nearby inscriptions: *“The more I know of men, the more I love my dog.” “Disappointed by the world, never by my dog.” “Faithful companion and only friend of my wandering and desolate life.” “Rather than going to paradise without her, I prefer to join her in hell forever.”*

I have never given much serious thought to what I would like done with my own remains. Cremation? Biodegradable coffin? Full nine-organ donation? “Dress me in my best suit and leave me out with the trash,” I often tell my family. They think I’m joking. But why not? In Paris, you can make a *“demande d’enlèvement d’encombrants”* (“request for removal of bulky items”) and the city will come and pick it up for free—as long as your itemised bulkiness is no larger than 3 cubic metres and you’ve pinned the assigned 11-digit pick-up code to its lapel.



Nor have I any idea what post-mortem pith I would like plaqued to the wall of my apartment building, or, should more conventional minds prevail, carved into my tombstone or crematori-

um niche. Just as I can think of no symbol, word or phrase I would like permanently inscribed upon my still-living skin. I've never seen a tattoo that I thought worthy of the needle. But I understand the attraction. The body as canvas, parchment, pamphlet, marquee, billboard. Or stela.



I know three men who have had the name of a significant other—wife, girlfriend—tattooed on a limb. And then, when the relationships soured, had the tattoos removed or redacted—blotted out with a block of black ink. A couple I know recently had the name of their dog tattooed on their limbs—his leg, her arm.



This makes more sense. The chance of their affection for the dog ever souring is unlikely. Dog love outlasts dog life.

Burying the leash lead.

Trigger warning. Actually, Trigger was a horse, and this is about a dog, one of 9,500,004 listed in the most recent French census, but the only one that I've ever cared for, or, if you will, loved, and—here comes the triggering bit—it died, a month ago, alone behind the glass door of a veterinary cage 12 hours after being run over by an SUV in plain sight of dozens of witnesses: people drinking apéritifs at the sidewalk cafés on both sides of the street on which we live; those serving them; the distraught driver; my daughter and my wife, both shrieking, weeping, inconsolable; and myself, who didn't, and hasn't, as yet, in public or private, shed a single tear for this very dear little friend of mine.



If you stop reading here, I'll understand. I'd probably do likewise. Life is rife enough of late without someone else's dead dog being added to the pyre. But I'll keep going. Dry-eyed. Too emotionally stunted to shed even a single manly tear for a beloved pet. Is this true? Further indi-

cation of my sadly conventional suck-it-upping masculinity: my use of "it"—the most impersonal of personal pronouns—to designate a very close member of my immediate family. It died? It? Who does that? Not even Freud, who was famous for calling un chat a chat, and, sometimes, a cigar a cigar, but who, during just a six-month separation from his Chinese chow, Jofi, wrote in a letter to Lou Andreas-Salomé: "I miss her now almost as much as my cigar. She is a charming creature, so interesting in her feminine characteristics, too. Wild, impulsive, intelligent and yet not so dependent as dogs often are."



Almost as much as his cigar. To be fair, Freud lived at a time when genders, like cigars,—or cats and dogs for that matter—were sometimes just genders, cigars, cats and dogs, not psychological, or, in the case of genders, sociocultural, hot potatoes. Discrimination and inequality, as we are rightly told today, are reflected and reinforced by language. Gender-sensitive precision is therefore the proper path to a better world. "It" then it was and is, this dog, my dog, and all dogs, because, well, technically, dogs don't have genders. They have sexes. Except, in my dog's case, after a visit to a strip mall in Vancouver in 2019, on the very last day of our summer vacation, just hours before our flight back to Paris, it didn't have one of those, either.

"I love you, but, because, inexplicably, I love in you something more than you... I mutilate you."—Jacques Lacan

Ouch. Never before in my life have I come even remotely close to quoting the French psychoanalyst and psychiatrist Jacques Lacan. Who, besides being deliberately turgid and obscurantist, was, by all accounts, a dick. And who, btw, had a much-beloved bitch, Justine, named after the sex-slave in the Marquis de Sade's book by the same title.¹

JACQUES LACAN (a dog walks across the stage in the lecture hall) —I'll talk about my muse, who is one of those (nodding his head in the direction of the dog). She's the only person I know who knows what she's talking about. I'm not talking about what she's saying—it's not that she's not saying anything: she's just not saying it with words. She says something when she has anxiety—it happens—she puts her head in my lap. She knows I'm going to die, which a number of people know, too. Her name is Justine.

INTERVENTION—Hey, what the hell? He's talking about his dog!

JACQUES LACAN—She is my dog, she is very beautiful and... the only thing she lacks, compared to the one who walks her, is not having gone to university.



Standing from left to right in Picasso's studio: Jacques Lacan (with deliberately obscured face), Cécile Eluard, Pierre Reverdy, Louise Leiris, Zanie de Campan, Pablo Picasso, Valentine Hugo, Simone de Beauvoir. Sitting, from left to right: Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus (petting), Michel Leiris, Jean Aubier, 1944.

Before we get anywhere near any of that, or to the sequence of events that led to the reproductive silencing of my dog in a strip mall in Vancouver in 2019, or to any attempt to explain why 80% of dogs in Canada and only 20% in France are “fixed”, let me back digress first further into the more Freudian-friendly turf I was on earlier: is the male resistance to weeping a pathology? Homer’s heroes didn’t suffer from it: “The dog Argos lay there, covered in ticks. As soon as he realized it was Odysseus, he wagged his tail and flattened his ears, but he lacked the strength to get up and go to his master. Odysseus wiped away a tear.”

So why do I suffer from it? I wish I were the potter on TV my wife and daughter admire, who cries when he sees a well-proportioned teapot. But, alas, I cannot, due to social conditioning, perhaps, or a repressed personality, or too much testosterone, or not enough prolactin.

“Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.” If humans are the only animals that cry, am I then nonhuman? When my dog died, well, of course, yes, I welled. And still do. As I did and do for my dead father and mother; and for many dear friends, and as I do whenever I hear “Ghost Town”, which came out the same week my brother died, and is forever linked in ear and heart with his passing. As are Jim Byrnes’ version of “Just Like Tom Thumb’s Blues” and Jesse Winchester’s “Sham-A-Ling-Dong-Ding”, the latter my brother’s favourite song (I don’t think he would have cared much for the Kanye), which Jim sang on the porch at my brother’s memorial. Or, as I do at each viewing of *Babe*, when, near the end, the protagonist, a pig, walks six sheep through their shepherded paces, and their owner, a tough, taciturn, emotionally reserved farmer—much like myself, I like to think, except taller, thinner, and Australian—closes the paddock door behind them, and the astonished, wholly hushed crowd of spectators in the stands leaps to their feet and roars with joy.

This, for me, I am not embarrassed to say, is the most affective scene in all cinema. No open-

ing of the floodgates, however. Ever. Which is strange, no?

“Who will write the history of tears? In which societies, in which periods, have we wept? Since when is it that men (and not women) no longer cry?”—Roland Barthes

Freud believed that the stimulation of the lacrimal gland relieved the brain from accumulated stress. But like me, he never cried. Yet, when, in August 1929, while returning from Berchtesgaden to Vienna, his first dog, a chow named Lün-Yu, pulled free from the leash and ran directly into the path of an oncoming train, Freud was devastated by grief, which he compared to that which he had felt after the death of his favourite daughter, Sophie, seven years before.

“We know that the sharp pain we feel right after a loss will run its course, but it will always be inconsolable, and we will never find a substitute. Whatever happens, whatever we do, the pain will always be there. And that’s how it should be. It’s the only way to make a love that we don’t want to give up last.”

This, I feel, especially right now, a short month after my own little dog’s death, is a very wise and accurate description of grief’s keen sting.

Seven months after Lün-Yu’s death, a substitute was found — her sister Jofi.

Of course, no substitute could ever be found for his daughter Sophie. When, three years after her death, her son Heinele died, Freud wrote in a letter to Ludwig Binswanger, “For me, that child took the place of all my children and other grandchildren, and since then, since Heinele’s death, I have no longer cared for my grandchildren, but find no enjoyment in life either.” Two years later, to Ernest Jones: “Sophie was a dear daughter, to be sure, but not a child... when little Heinele died, I became tired of life permanently.”

And then he got that first dog. From Peter Gay’s *Freud: A Life for Our Time*:

[The] gift could not have been better chosen: in June, Freud reported to Eitingon that he had “a charming Chinese bitch, a chow, which is giving us much pleasure.” ... From then on, Freud and a succession of chows, especially his Jofi, were inseparable. The dog would sit quietly at the foot of the couch during the analytic hour.

All was not gloom, then.



* * *

Q: How many running-dog lackeys of the bourgeoisie does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Two. One to exploit the proletariat, and one to control the means of production.

The French philosophers Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, who sought to create a “libidinal economics” by marxing Freud and freuding Marx, broke with both thinkers, and their teacher Lacan, in part, it could be argued, because of their “bourgeois” affections for domesticated animals.

For Marx too, as Marian Comyn tell us, “was fond of dogs”:

[His] three small animals of no particular breed—of a mixture of many breeds indeed—

formed important members of the household. One was called Toddy, another Whisky—the name of the third I forget, but I fancy that, too, was alcoholic. They were all three sociable little beasts, ever ready for a romp, and very affectionate. One day, after an absence of six weeks in Scotland, I went to see Eleanor and found her with her father in the drawing-room, playing with Whisky. Whisky at once transferred his attentions to me, greeting me with ebullient friendliness, but almost immediately he ran to the door and whined to have it opened for him. Eleanor said: ‘He has gone down to Toddy, who has just presented him with some puppies. She had hardly finished speaking before there was a scratching and scrambling in tile hall, and in bounded Whisky, shepherding Toddy. The little mother made straight for me, exchanged affabilities in friendly fashion, then hurried back to her family. Whisky meanwhile stood on the rug, wagging a proudly contented tail, and looking from one to the other, as who should say: ‘See how well I know how to do the right thing.’

Dr. Marx was much impressed by this exhibition of canine intelligence. He observed that it was clear the dog had gone downstairs to tell his little mate an old friend had arrived, and it was her bounden duty to come and pay her respects without delay. Toddy, like an exemplary wife, had torn herself away from her squealing babies, in order to do his bidding.



Whiskey Marx (1876-1881)

**A lover pays his court where his heart has taken root;
 he aims at gaining every one's favour in that spot;
 and so as to have no one opposed to his flame,
 even the very house-dog he strives to please.**
 —Molière, *Femmes savantes*

*It took some nerve for D&G
 to write about becoming-woman
 just a few pages later!*

My dog. My friend. My daughter, my wife,
 my family.

* * *

Deleuze & Guattari sneered at this neutered,
 domesticated, mawkish love for the “dog in the
 kennel, the analyst’s bow wow”:

*Individuated animals, family pets, sentimental,
 Oedipal animals each with its own petty history,
 ‘my’ cat, ‘my’ dog. These animals invite us to regress,
 draw us into a narcissistic contemplation,
 and they are the only kind of animal psychoanalysis
 understands, the better to discover a daddy,
 a mommy, a little brother behind them... : anyone
 who likes cats or dogs is a fool.”*

D&G thought that by becoming animal, not the
 domesticated or state-controlled versions but the
 wildest species, humankind could unleash itself
 from patrilineal capitalism and imperialism. The
 wolf. Part of a pack. Free of all organisations,
 all genealogies and identities. Transformed but
 not assimilated, the equal of every beast, neither
 superior nor inferior, nose to the ground not the
 grindstone, on the hunt for all multiplicities of
 desire.

Why do the D&Gs of the world have all this
 scorn for the lowly dog and and the “little house
 dogs” that “own” them? Or the “little cat or dog
 owned by an elderly woman who honours and
 cherishes it?”

Donna Haraway, the pet-friendliest of philoso-
 phers:

*The old, female, small, dog- and cat-loving:
 these are who and what must be vomited out by
 those who will become-animal. Despite the keen
 competition, I am not sure I can find in philoso-
 phy a clearer display of misogyny, fear of aging,
 incuriosity about animals, and horror at the
 ordinariness of flesh, here covered by the alibi
 of an anti-Oedipal and anticapitalist project.*

My my my. You see the pattern. My my my. Few
 things throw the possessive reflex more into relief
 than the presence in one’s complicated life
 of a complicated companion animal. And, then,
 its sudden, devastating absence.

It was not my first dog. The first, actually my
 sister’s dog, was Abe, short for Abraham, a male
 German Shepherd-Siberian Husky cross—a
 Shepsky, and today, a scant memory set. Rein-
 forced by only one very blurry photo. But whose
 face, whose entire colossal head, I can visualise
 better than I can my mother’s or my father’s.



Abe never died. Abe was “taken to a farm.”
 When I was ten years old. After having bitten
 a neighbour. Or so I was told, and so I chose to
 believe. The separation was painful, but much
 less so than with this dog, my closest friend for
 the last nine years, whose death scene did not
 take place, like Abe’s, following ancient Greek
 conventions, “ob skené”, —“off-stage”—but
 obscenely (“a scene that should not be seen in

the light of day”) on my sunlit street, hit by a
 car, as we always knew it would, on the theat-
 rical proscenium just beyond our front door, a
 tragedie sur quatre pattes before a full gallery of
 spectators.



* * *

*These are the ashes
 Of all the fire that blazed for us.
 Of those big eyes, so full of faith and love,
 That muzzle where my heart drowned.*
 — Charles Baudelaire, *Un Fantôme*²

Most of my dog’s ashes will be spread in Paris,
 where it spent most of its nine years inside our
 apartment, asleep in its bed or next to me on the
 couch.

Or waiting, nose on full alert, for the next per-
 son, perhaps still as far as half a block away—
 such was its olfactory powers—to knock on the
 front door.

The Paris ashes will be discreetly spread in a
 nearby park, where it chased down tennis balls
 and crabapples. The remaining remains were di-



vided in two and shot from a cannon and bur-
 ied under a tree, next to those of a dachshund
 named David and another named Lorraine, three
 days ago in Bamfield, British Columbia, where
 it spent most of its summer vacations—at the
 beach barking at waves, or in the rainforest herd-
 ing people and flushing out bears.



Hard to believe that a dachshund barely the size of a plucked chicken could flush out a bear. Yet it did. Thrice. The little snout would lift, collecting molecular whiffs of the animal's stench, and off it would scrabble full throttle on its four stubby legs, barking, snarling, driven by instinct, not a doubt of its outsized capacities in its tiny head.



For this absurdly legged, long-torsoed beast was first warrior class, bred to slide under and disembowel wild boar, to lunge headfirst into badger holes, sink its canines into the larger animal's flesh, and hold on till the hunter pulled them both out by its tail.

But then, four years ago, we took him to the strip mall. And a half day or so later, head cleared of sedative and all traces of traumatic pain and testicular possession, it was back home in Paris.

Which for many reasons, I'm sure, it found confusing.

First because, though it was incapable of thinking causally—no amount of stern tone could make it link the sternness with its own actions or behaviour: wildly barking at the sight of the leash; shitting or peeing when and where it shouldn't; eating garbage; humping the wrong species—first because, the afternoon before, in the backseat of my sister's car on the car deck of a BC Ferry, it had bitten the hand that fed him—his mistress's, for which it was most sternly reprimanded.

A few hours later, upon arrival in darkness at my sister's house in Vancouver, it leapt barking and snarling from the car the moment the door



opened, raced past the darkened hedge into the pitch-blackness of the front yard, and there let out an unearthly, long-pitched death squeal so horrifying I had no choice but to stumble in after it, into that same darkness, broken only by the two shining eyes of a giant racoon reared up on its powerful haunches, the dog's blood no doubt dripping from its brandished claws, the dog nowhere to be seen but still shrieking in the bushes, mortally or caninally or whatever the canine-equivalency for mortally wounded is—and I lunging full force at the hissing beast with my backpack, a giant swinging lunge that grazed the side of its its head and sent me over the side of the stone steps with the follow-through, leg and arm scratched and bleeding, lying on the ground in the darkness exposed to the raised claws of the beast, which dropped to all fours, made a contemptuous clicking sound with its teeth, turned its head, and disappeared into the night.

Then the still-shrieking dog emerged from the bushes. Unscathed. Except sheared of a micro-millimetre of snout tip.



The next morning, he lost his nuts.

Or rather, he was relieved of them. A day later, after 13 sedated hours confined in a small, soft-walled box, most of it under the seat in front of me in an Air Transat Airbus 321, he was back in Paris, still puzzling over his recent befallments. Was this punishment for the bite, or for the curious incident of the beast in the nighttime? Did it ask itself such questions? Probably not. Existential queries did however most surely arise. For example, why? Why are my nuts not there? Who or what removed them? And who or what was that beast that sliced away the tip of my snout? To the first, if it queried directly, I would have answered that the strip-mall visit that morning was on the advice, which sounded sound at the time, of an animal-loving Bamphibian concerned by the dog's temperament, disposition and randiness. So concerned that she had offered to do the deed with her teeth, as she had done to and for countless sheep in Australia during a previous chapter of her life.

"It is for his own good," she said, using the possessive determiner commonly used at the time. "It will make him less aggressive."

For it had already, a few months before, badly bitten the same hand of the same mistress, requiring surgery to prevent infection from spreading up her arm, potentially to her heart. Two years before it had nipped the petting hand of a HUU-ay-aht toddler. In between, it had bared his teeth at two small Parisian children. It was getting more bellicose around other dogs, and would mount, or attempt to mount, the legs of friends—usually the best-looking young metrosexual male in the room—until, exhausted by its excited exertions, it would deposit sausage-like piles of bilious vomit on the floor of our apartment, ghostly white and flecked with detested kibble.

Though very fond of all manner of meat, fish and cheese and even some fruit and vegetables, this dog couldn't eat any of them as it had chronically high levels of uric acid in its blood—dog gout—so severe that our Parisian vet condemned it to a dismally monotrophic diet of Royal Canin Veterinary Urinary S/O ("Struvite Oxalate") Small Dog dry kibble.

It loathed every mouthful. But this is all it ever ate for the last six years of its life. Except for what scraps it could find in gutters, lick off the kitchen floor, or beg from diners on the sidewalk patios on both sides of our street.

Which explains why, a month ago, what happened to it happened to it.

More on that later. First, another question. Did I own it, this fur-bearing friend? Hardly. It ran the show. The apartment was its lair, the street its territory, the family its private staff. As the biologist Stephen Budiansky puts it:

Dogs belong to that elite group of con artists at the very pinnacle of their profession, the ones who pick our pockets clean and leave us smiling about it. Dogs take from the rich, they take from the poor, and they keep it all. They lie on top of the air-conditioning vent in the summer; they curl up in front of the fireplace in winter; they commit outrages upon our property too varied

and unspeakable to name. They decide when we may go to bed at night and when we must rise in the morning, where we may go on vacation and for how long, whom we may invite over to dinner, and how we should decorate our living rooms. They steal the very bread from our plates. (I am thinking here of a certain collie I used to have whose specialty actually was toast.) If we had a roommate who behaved like this, we'd be calling a lawyer, or the police.

Budiansky's is not the usual view. Most dog people (formerly known as dog owners) over-anthropomorphizing, see their dog as an outpouring, fathomless vessel of unconditional love; or, like Houellebecq, the misanthropic French writer quoted at the outset, as a "machine for loving:"

Goodness, compassion, fidelity, and altruism therefore remain for us impenetrable mysteries, contained, however, within the limited space of the corporeal exterior of a dog... Through these dogs we pay homage to love, and to its possibility. What is a dog but a machine for loving? You introduce him to a human being, giving him the mission to love—and however ugly, perverse, deformed, or stupid this human being might be, the dog loves him. This characteristic was so surprising, so striking for the humans of the previous race that most of them—all testimonies agree on this point—came to love the dog back.

Cat people (most of whom would never dream of calling themselves cat "owners"), like the three French philosophers above³, scornful of Fido's fidelity, view dogs as dogsbodies, submissive, cowardly, abject. The cat-fancying French fabulist Jean La Fontaine is exemplary of this species: revisiting Aesop, he expressed his love of liberty through his contempt for the willingly subjugated canine, who, unlike the lean, prowling wolf, exchanges its self-dignity for a collar and chain and "all manner of well-cooked meat—cold pullets, pigeons, savoury messes—besides unnumbered fond caresses."

*"Chain! chain you! What! run you not, then, Just where you please and when?"
"Not always, sir; but what of that?"*

*"Enough for me, to spoil your fat!
It ought to be a precious price
Which could to servile chains entice;
For me, I'll shun them while I've wit."
So ran the Wolf, and runneth yet.*

And runneth yet the Wolf still, almost to its extinction. While the Dog idles on the couch, eats from its bowl, has its poop thrice daily scooped, begs for cold pullet and wags its tail at the door.



But enough of it. Let's give it its name.

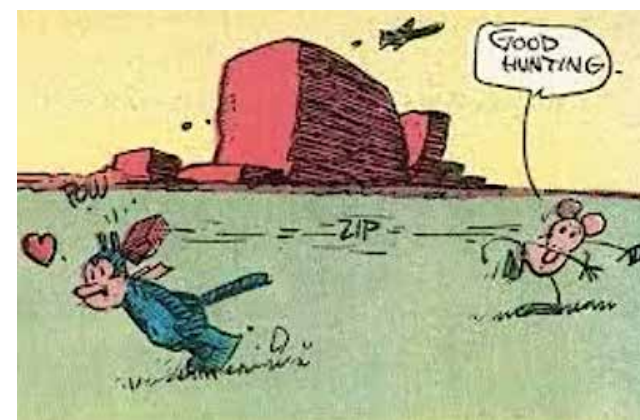
"The name: what does one call it? What is meant by the name of name? And what happens when we give a name? What do we give then?"
—Jacques Derrida

Onomastics is the study of the history and origin of proper names, especially personal names, and its fundamental unit is the orthonym, the name—the "real name"—of the object of onomastic study.

Now, a dog is hardly an object, though in France, until 1976 and before that all the way back to Napoleon, was considered a bien meuble—"moveable property", meaning it had the same legal status as a chair.

In fact, it still does. Article 515-14 of the Code Civil, which the French National Assembly passed in 2015, and which defines animals as "living, sentient beings subject to the laws that protect them," but also "subject to regulations governing property."

This is of course the case almost everywhere, with few exceptions. India, for example, has bestowed personhood on whales, dolphins and porpoises. Others elsewhere, increasingly aware of animal intelligence and emotional capability, seek to grant personhood to all animals. And politicians and judges in India and the United States have successfully given it to corporations. But enough pettifogging, it—this dog, my dog, our dog—nine-years-old on the night of its undoing, was initially named Ignatz, after the brick-throwing mouse in Crazy Kat.



"There are some who call me... Tim?"

However, "Ignatz" proved a placeholder, a name contractually imposed upon us by the woman who bred Ignatz, just as she had bred Ignatz's father, Izac, and Ignatz's grandfather, Izac (who, I fear, after looking more closely at our new dog's breeding records, might have been the same Izac as the other Izac): the name, she told us, had to

start with an I, as this was the first letter of all males in Ignatz's looping lineage. A few days later, however, Ignatz became Tim, not after the above-quoted Tim the Enchanter in Monty Python and the Holy Grail, but after my sister's partner Tim. But that only lasted a few hours. The next name, Ringo, chosen by my youngest daughter, and based, not on the Beatle, but on the gunslinger, stuck.

RINGO (BALLAD OF A GUNFIGHTER)
*I blocked the path of his retreat
He turned and stepped into the street
A dozen guns spit fire and lead
A moment later, he lay dead
The town began to shout and cheer
Nowhere was there shed a tear for Ringo
(Ringo... Ringo...)
The story spread throughout the land
That I had beaten Ringo's hand
And it was just the years, they say
That made me put my guns away
But on his grave they can't explain
The tarnished star above the name of Ringo
(Ringo... Ringo...)
(Ringo... Ringo...)*

Ringo it was then.

Ringo the runt. The only one in the litter that looked up at us from the kennel cage, lifted its little paws up towards us and gave our fingers a lick.

Ringo. This was the name on the tattoo under its ear and on the microchip injected in its neck skin. And this is the name that will be engraved on a copper plaque on the tree next to where a few grams of his ashes are buried, next to David and Lorraine, and just up from the ocean bay where it liked to hunt crab and chase stick, rock and bear.

And yes, I did mention a cannon. But the powder was wet. Still, I think Ringo would have appreciated going out not with a bang but a sigh and a piffle. He was a modest dog, of modest proportions.

And he would have howled with pleasure during each rousing chorus of “The Ballad of Ringo”, composed for the occasion, by Ben Morris, Otis Jordan and Zola Mooney.

*It was a stormy day on the Bamfield shore
When the waves shook the walls of the General Store
And the fish flew as high as a bird.
A figure stood on the Lady Rose
And as the lightning crashes and the wind blows,
The whisper of a name can be heard:
Ringo.*

(Ringo...)

*The figure, he was stoic and strong,
Legs short and body long,
Hair brown and his eyes the same.
Standing proud at one foot one,
As naked as the morning sun,
Was the man with that name:
Ringo.*

(Ringo...)

*Thus began
The legend of the man,
Known as Ringo.*

(Ringo!)

*The ladies couldn't help but swoon
When they saw him hunting a raccoon,
They loved the rebel randy buck.
And after such a mighty fight,
He would hump everything in sight.
Made many man a cuckold, did
Ringo.*

(Ringo...)

*A family man (he was inbred),
He left trails of piss where he tread,
And the forest would tremble in fear.
A man of heart, a man of passion,
And when I say man I do mean dachshund.
I should've been more clear about
Ringo.*

(Ringo...)

Out of the Bamfield fog

*Emerged a sausage dog
Known as Ringo.*

(Ringo!)

*On one fateful summer's day,
When he was swimming in Scott's Bay,
Something was hungrily looking.
It was a huge ursine beast
Who wanted a sausage for its feast,
And who better for cooking
than Ringo.*

(Ringo...)

*With a fierce growl and slobbering jaw,
The bear swung a giant paw
at Ringo.*

(Ringo!)

*That should have been Ringo's demise
But the bear saw something in Ringo's eyes
That filled that great creature with dread.
For it was clear that in that stare
That it was not dog eat dog but dog eat bear,
And the world was still as Ringo said:*

“Woof.”

And the bear was gone.

*Such was the dog's might
That a bear took flight
In the face of Ringo.*

(Ringo!)

*And now Ringo has gone
But we still sing the song
of Ringo.*

(Ringo!)

*And now you must sing along
All of us sing the song
of Ringo.*

(Ringo!)

(Ringo!)

(RINGO!)

— Ben Morris, The Ballad of Ringo

If you're still reading, thank you for bearing with me. I expect many left long ago. The death of a small dog doesn't amount to a hill of kibble in this crazy world. But he, it, Ringo, did indeed mean a world to me. The experts tell us that weeping is often performative and social, that sharing grief with others is more likely to make one cry than keeping it quietly to yourself. Not so in my case. But writing this has indeed

softened the sting of those last cruel moments on the street, and helped me, to paraphrase Nahum Tate, to remember Ringo, but ah! forget Ringo's fate.

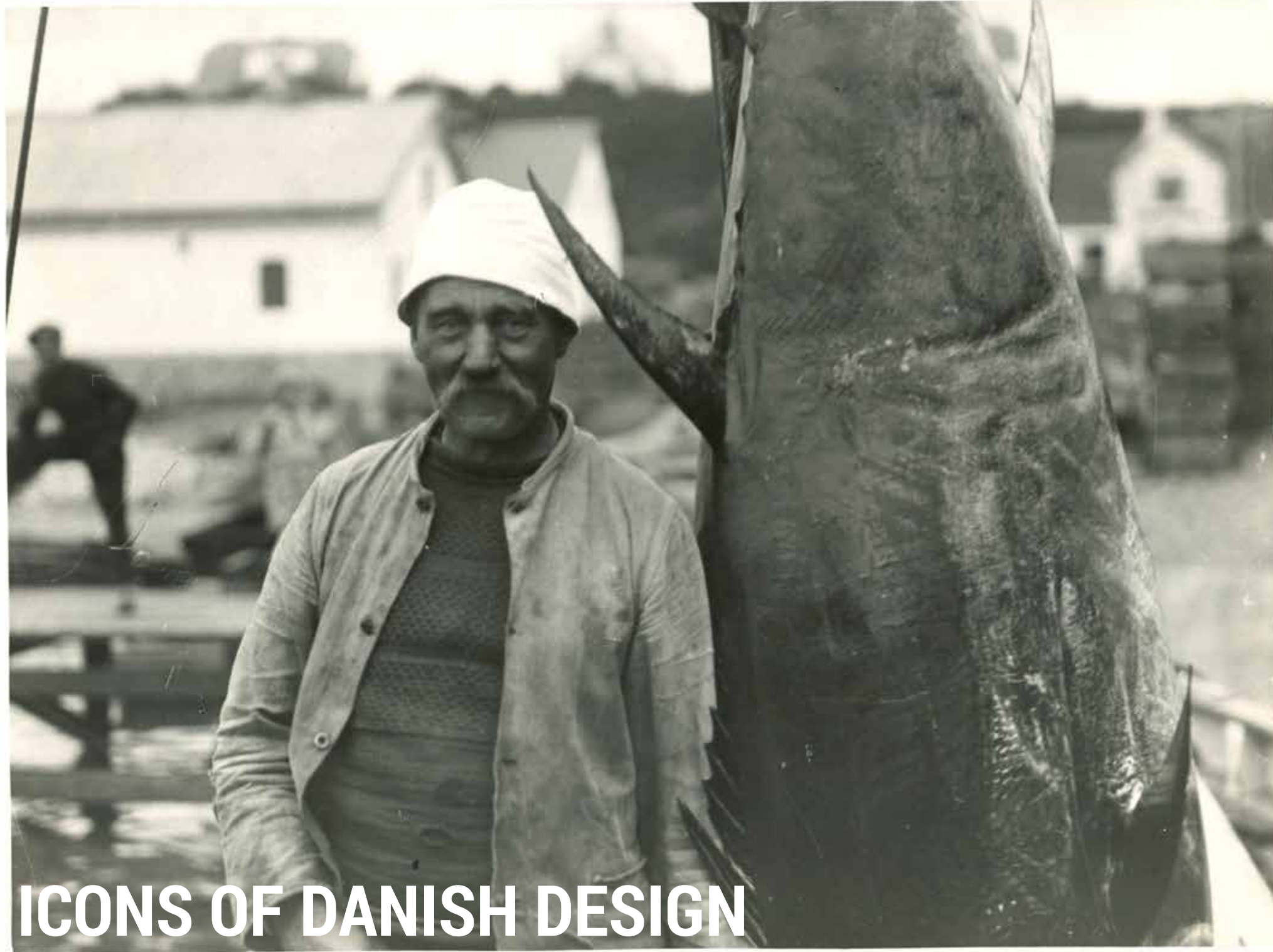


Christopher Mooney is a writer, orphan, husband, father, brother, uncle and cousin. He has lived in Paris roughly half his life. Very roughly, for the most part. <https://hexagonpodcast.substack.com/>

¹ Calling a female dog a bitch raises hackles in some circles, but it is the preferred nomenclature of Donna Haraway, whose *The Companion Species Manifesto: Dogs, People, and Significant Otherness*, and *When Species Meet*, are required reading for anyone seeking to situate our current place in the animals' world.

² Poetic license: “Mouth” (“bouche”) is the correct translation, not “muzzle” (“museau”). Baudelaire's poem is not about a dog. Sorry, Charlie.

³ “So, what happened to me is what happens in many families. I was without cat, without dog, and here comes one of our children, of Fanny and myself, and in his small hands a cat no bigger than the small hands. He found it while we were in the countryside, in a barn or I don't know what. And from this fatal moment, I have always had a cat at home. So, what do I find unpleasant in these animals? Well, it has never been a Calvary. I bear it. What do I find unpleasant? I do not like things that rub. A cat spends its time rubbing itself against you. I do not like that. A dog is another matter, what I fundamentally reproach dogs for is their bark. Barking seems to me the stupidest cry ever. God, there are many cries in nature; there is such a variety of cries. But barking is the shame of the animal kingdom. Nevertheless, I can bear it, on condition that it does not last too long.” — *L'abécédaire de Gilles Deleuze*



ICONS OF DANISH DESIGN



DOGS & CATS

A Turkish proverb offers this celestial nugget about cats and dogs: *Sovereign of the heavenly waves and virtuoso of the secret language of the eyelids, the cat enjoys the confidence of God, while the dog thinks that his master is God.*

For millions of years, a variety of animals have succeeded one another as man's confederates, but few surpass the human connection with cats and dogs. Often considered as opposites, their great duality has not in any way hindered their ability to blend into our lives and homes. These animals, among the first companions of the civilized on Earth, have led us to a broader reflection on our own lives.

In a way, when a man befriends an animal, the latter represents as much his or her personality as his or her own animal strength. Almost magical, the dog and the cat are among those animals that prove an intimate connection of the animal in man and remind us of our connection to Nature.

The cat evokes the talisman of a high priestess and the dog the shield of an adventurer. In the mystical tarot, the dog often accompanies The Fool, or the card "0," while also signaling the beginning of the adventure. The cat frequently places itself alongside "The Queen of Wands" – the one of mysteries and intuitions.

In Western, and in early Egyptian cultures, we will often associate the cat with women and the dog with the men. This separation of sexes has long been fashioned in Egyptian deities. Anubis, personification of the wild dog, becomes by his guardian attitude, the master of Necropolis and Protector of Embalmers. As for Bastet, daughter of Ra, she is the personification of the Cat Protector of the Chaos and, later, of the female in general.

From these companions and associates of Man, stories of love and magic emerge. Faithful, charming, frightening or protective, cats and dogs have animated our daily lives since the dawn of time. Following is a range of artists who pay tribute to cats and dogs, friends and mirrors of mankind.

Ilyana Cléret is a student of Art History at the University of Nantes, in France.

By Ilyana Cléret

By Ilyana Cléret

Un proverbe turc dit que le chat, souverain des ondes célestes et virtuose du langage secret des paupières, est la confiance de l'existence de Dieu, alors que le chien, lui, pense que son maître est Dieu.

Durant des millions d'années, de multiples variétés d'animaux se succèdent mais aucune ne surpasse celles des chiens et des chats. Bien souvent considérés comme de parfaits opposés, leur grande dualité n'a pourtant aucunement entravé leur capacité à se fondre dans tous nos décors. Ces animaux, premiers compagnons des civilisés de la Terre, nous amènent alors à une plus vaste réflexion sur nous-mêmes.

D'une certaine manière, lorsque l'homme devient l'ami d'un animal, ce dernier représente autant sa personnalité que sa force. Presque magique, le chien et le chat font partie de ces animaux qui prouvent une connexion intime de l'Animal à l'Homme et nous rappelle ainsi notre connexion à la Nature.

Le chat nous évoque le talisman d'une grande prêtresse et le chien le bouclier d'un aventurier. Dans le tarot mystique, le chien accompagne bien souvent Le Mat, Le Fou, la carte "0," signifiant aussi le début de l'aventure. Le chat se place lui fréquemment aux côtés de La Reine de Bâton, celle des mystères et des intuitions...

Remarquons que dans la culture commune, nous associons souvent le chat à la femme et le chien à l'homme : cette séparation des sexes s'effectue déjà chez les divinités égyptiennes. Anubis, personification du chien sauvage, devient par son attitude de garde le maître des nécropoles et protecteur des embaumeurs. Quant à Bastet, fille de Râ, elle est la personification du chat protecteur du chaos et, plus tard, de la femme en général.

Malgré ces différences, de ces compagnons et associés de l'Homme se dégagent des histoires d'amour et de magie. Fidèles ou charmeurs, effrayants ou protecteurs, ils animent notre quotidien depuis la nuit des temps. Voici une sélection d'artistes qui rendent hommage à ces bêtes domestiques, chats et chiens, amis et miroirs de l'humanité.

Ilyana Cléret est étudiante en histoire de l'art à l'université de Nantes, en France.

CHIENS ET CHATS



Mark Sink / @marksink



Mark Sink / @marksink



Gideon Rubin / @gideon_rubin

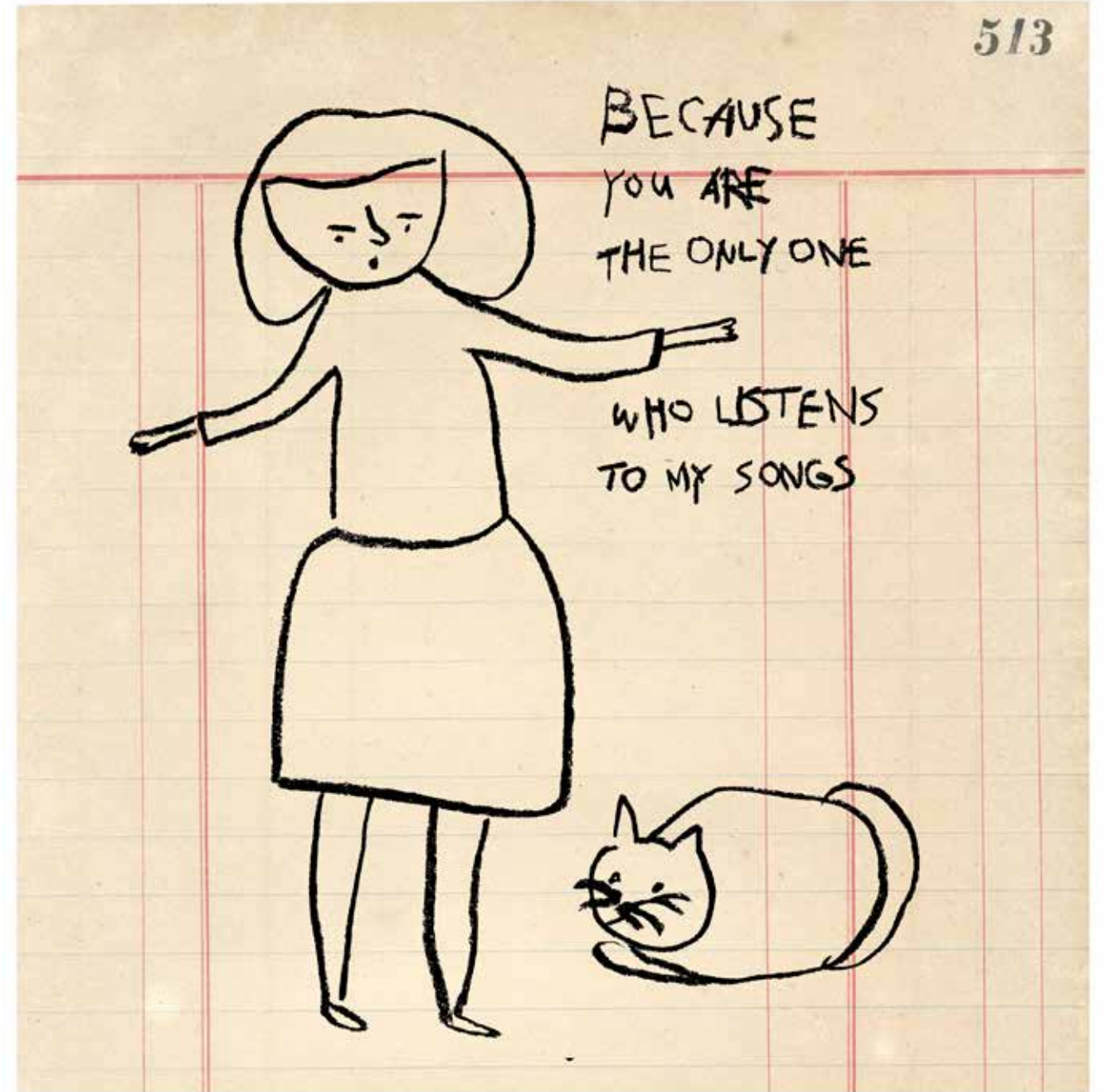


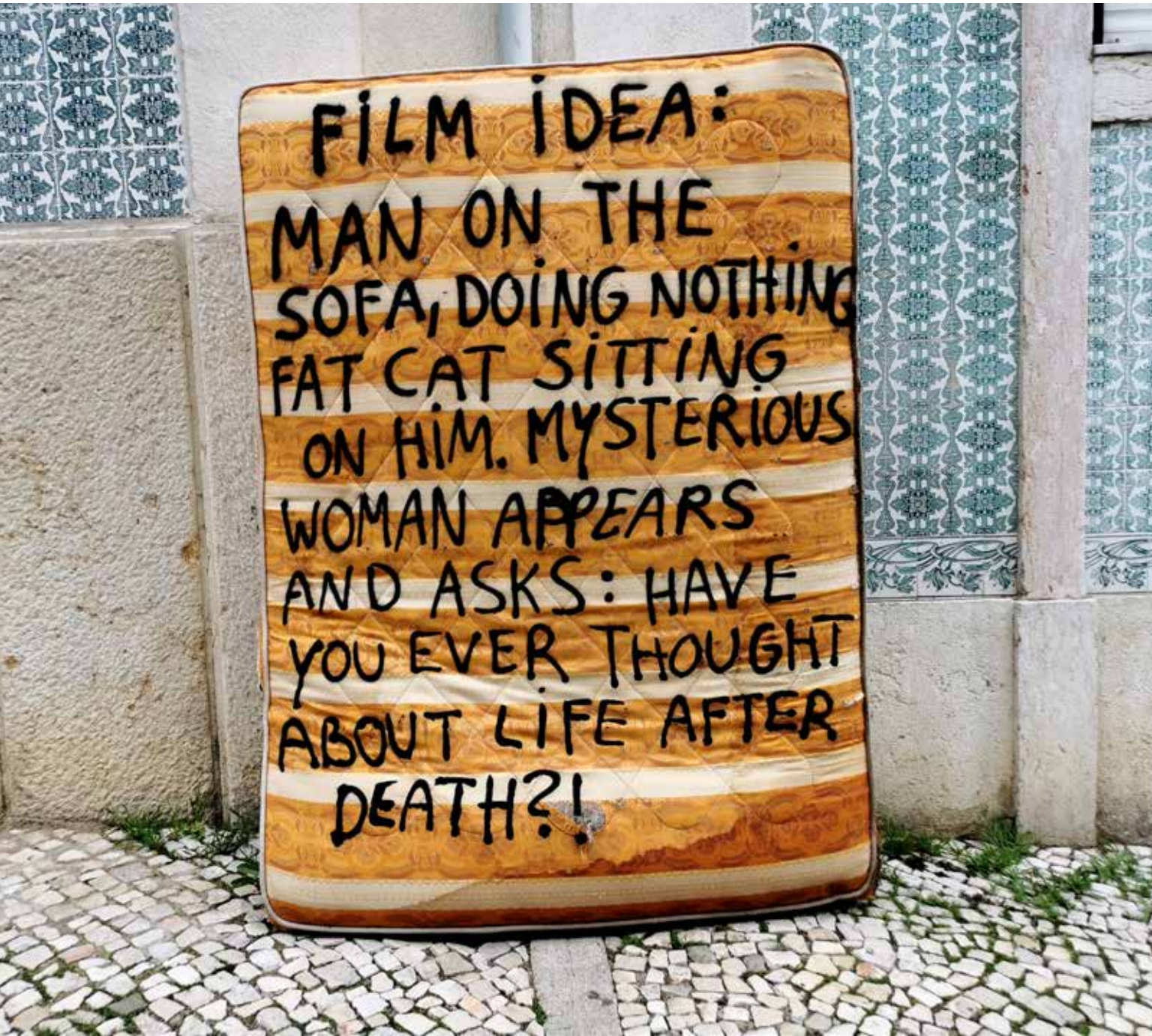
Gideon Rubin / @gideon_rubin



밤공기가 좋아서 마당에 나가 앉아 별을 보고 있었어요. 뭔가 기척이 느껴져서 돌아보니 동네 고양이 한 마리가 멍하니서 나를 보고 있었어요. 24. August. 21

THE NIGHT AIR WAS SO NICE THAT I WENT TO SIT
IN THE GARDEN LOOK AT THE STARS. I FELT SOMETHING,
SO I TURNED AROUND AND THERE WAS A CAT WATCHING ME.
24. AUGUST. 2021





FILM IDEA:
MAN ON THE
SOFA, DOING NOTHING
FAT CAT SITTING
ON HIM. MYSTERIOUS
WOMAN APPEARS
AND ASKS: HAVE
YOU EVER THOUGHT
ABOUT LIFE AFTER
DEATH?!





William Wegman / Stuff, 1994 / color Polaroid / 24 x 20 inches (61 x 50,8 cm) / 35 x 26 1/2 inches (89 x 67 cm) frame
Private Collection / © William Wegman, Courtesy of the artist and Sperone Westwater, New York.



William Wegman / Blonde on Browne, 1991 / color Polaroid / 24 x 20 inches (61 x 51 cm) / 35 x 26 1/2 inches (89 x 67 cm) frame
Private Collection / © William Wegman, Courtesy of the artist and Sperone Westwater, New York.

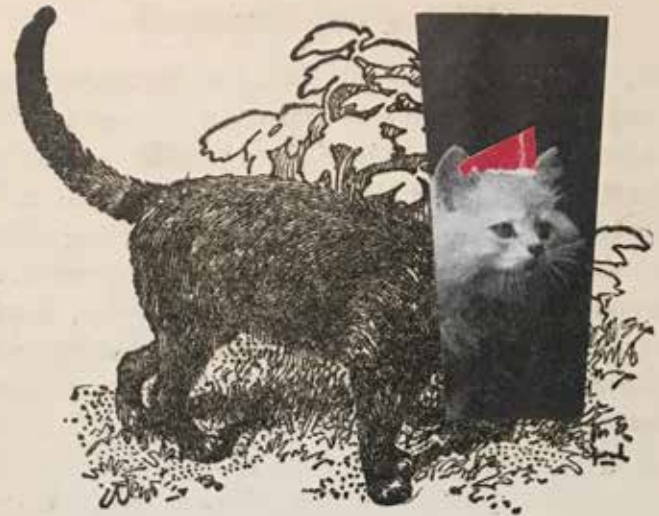


IF YOU EAT DOG FOOD, WOULD YOU
DO A DOG SHIT? WOULD YOU, IS IT POSSIBLE?
IF NOT, WHY NOT?!



NOW, IF A DOG
EATS CAT FOOD?

DOES IT DO A CAT SHIT?
PLEASE



ĈAPITRO XII.
LA KATINO MALTA

KIAM mi unuafoje vidis la katinon de la familio Morris,



"Can you change yourself into any shape that you please?" asked the cat.



ĈAPITRO XXXIII
DANDY—LA VAGULO

JE proksime unu semajno post kiam Billy lasis nin, la
posedanto de nova



sed a
baldaŭ cesis.

Ii estis tiel bonrasa hundo, ke la familio Morris
"We are betrayed and outnumbered!" cried Oliver to Roland.



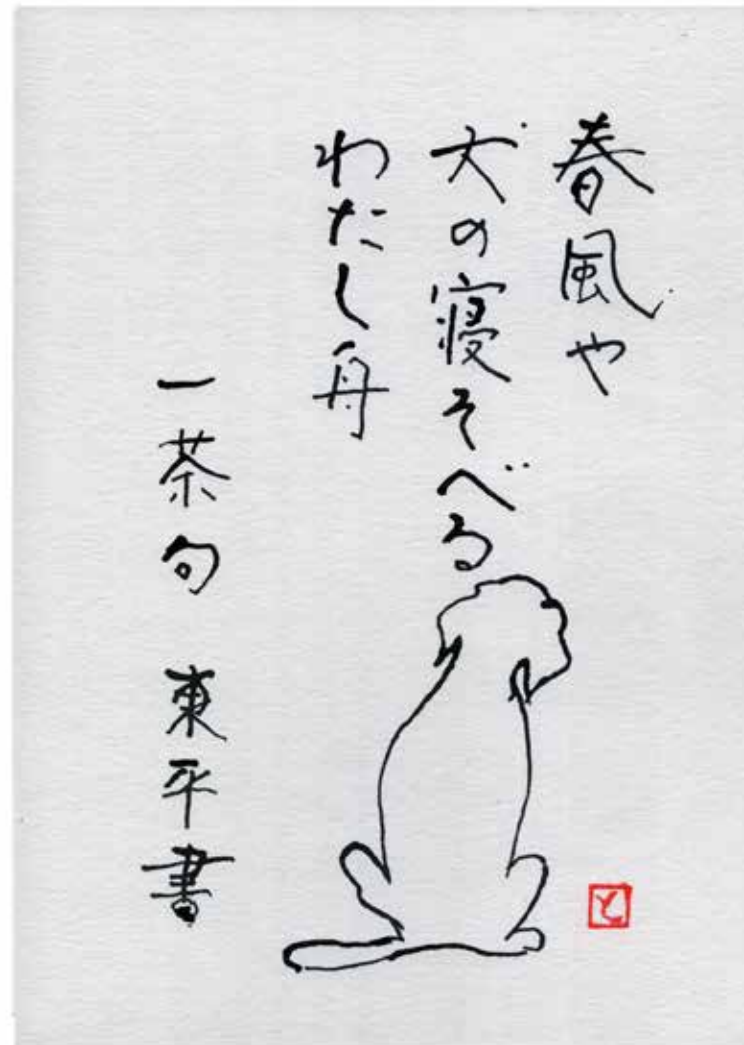
spring breeze

a dog stretched to sleep

in the ferryboat

Kobayashi Issa (1763-1828)

calligraphy by Mano Tohei



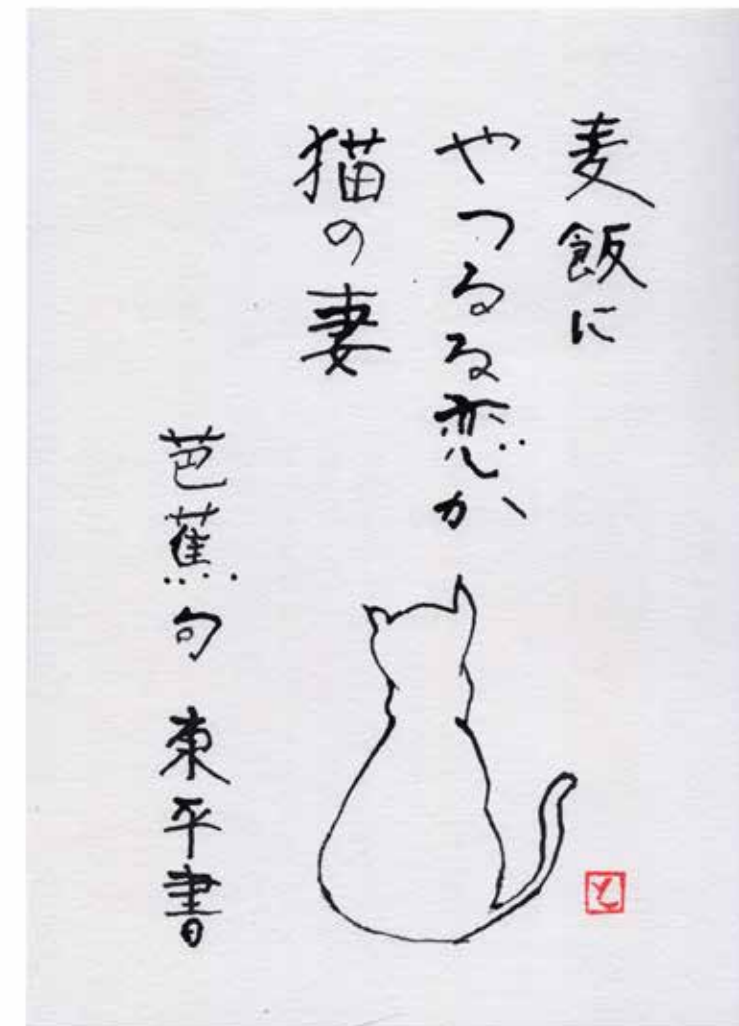
fed only barley rice

a female cat became worn out

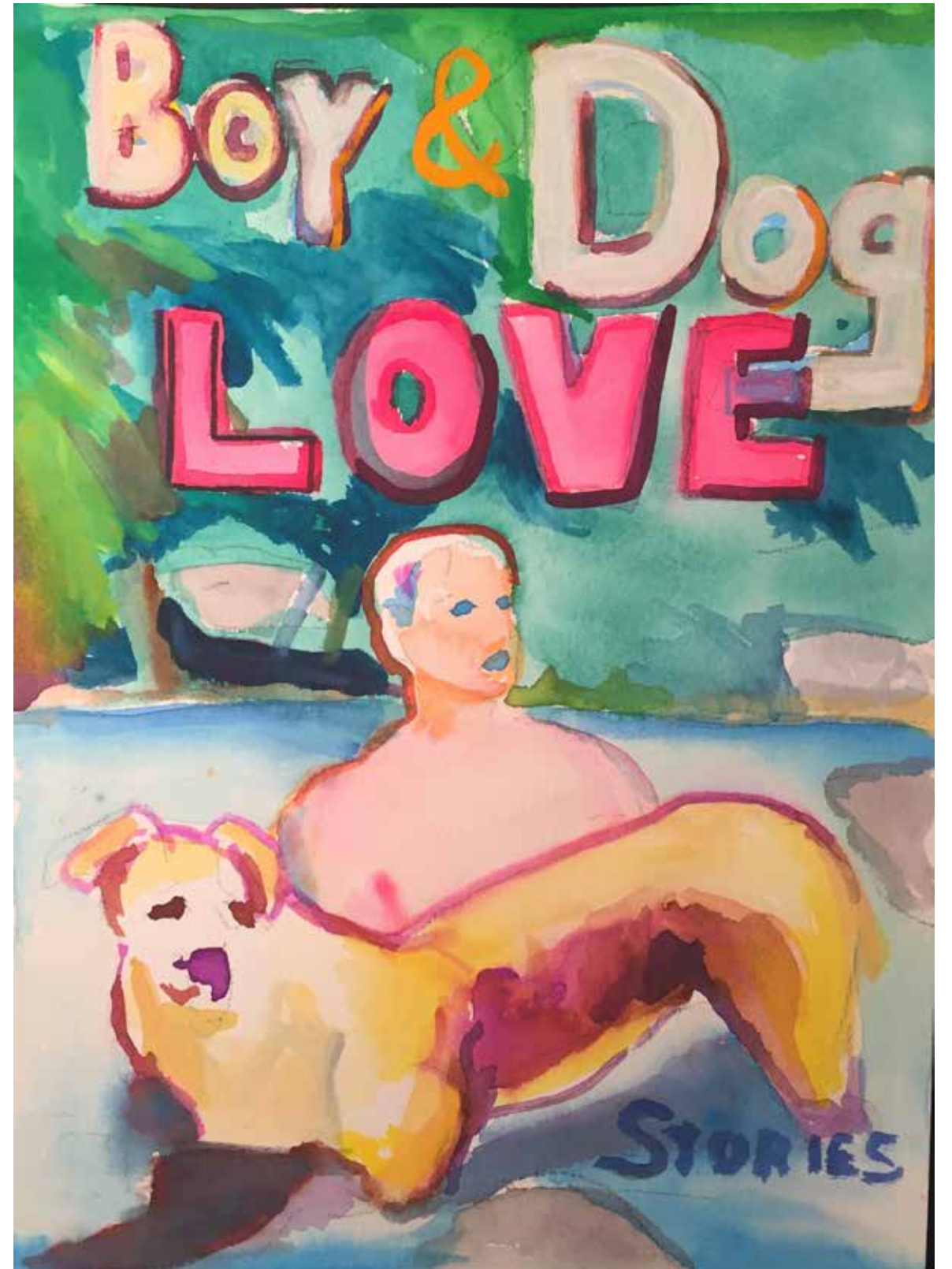
lovesickness

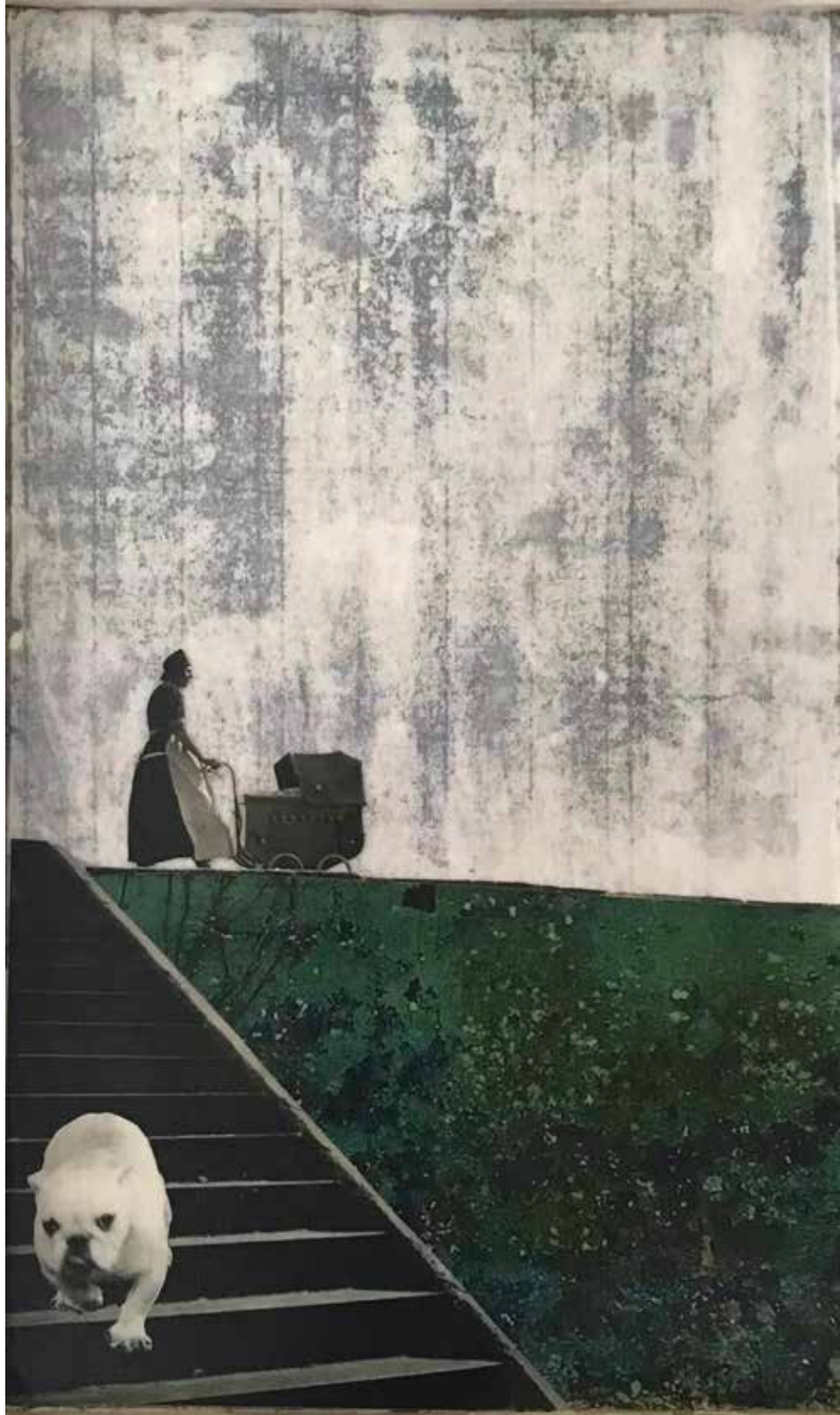
Matsuo Basho (1644-1694)

calligraphy by Mano Tohei











POPULAR CAT NAMES



LEO



FIDO



COCO



MOLLY



BELLA



BUTTERS



KITTY



POPPY



SIMBA



MILD



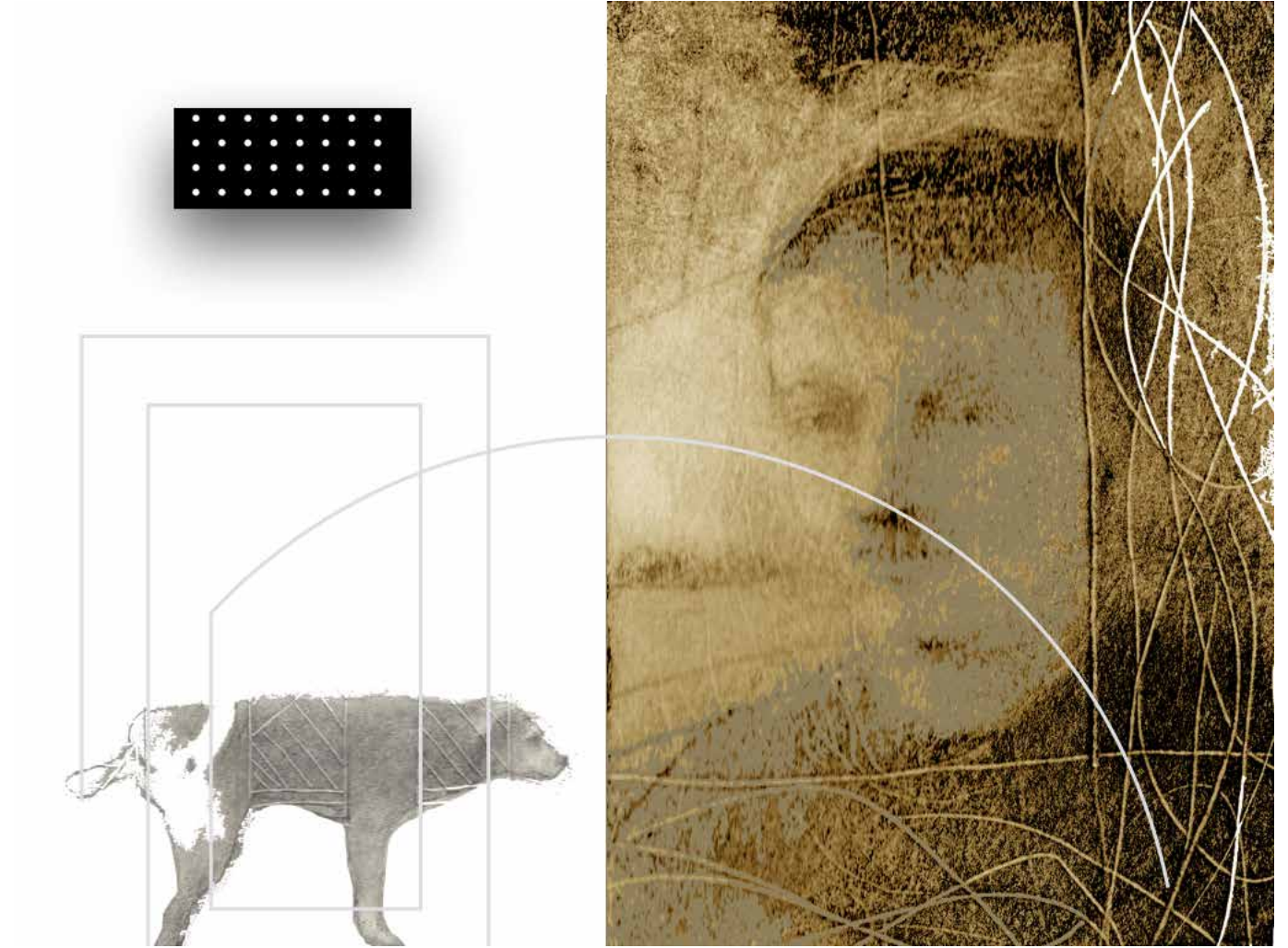
OLIVER

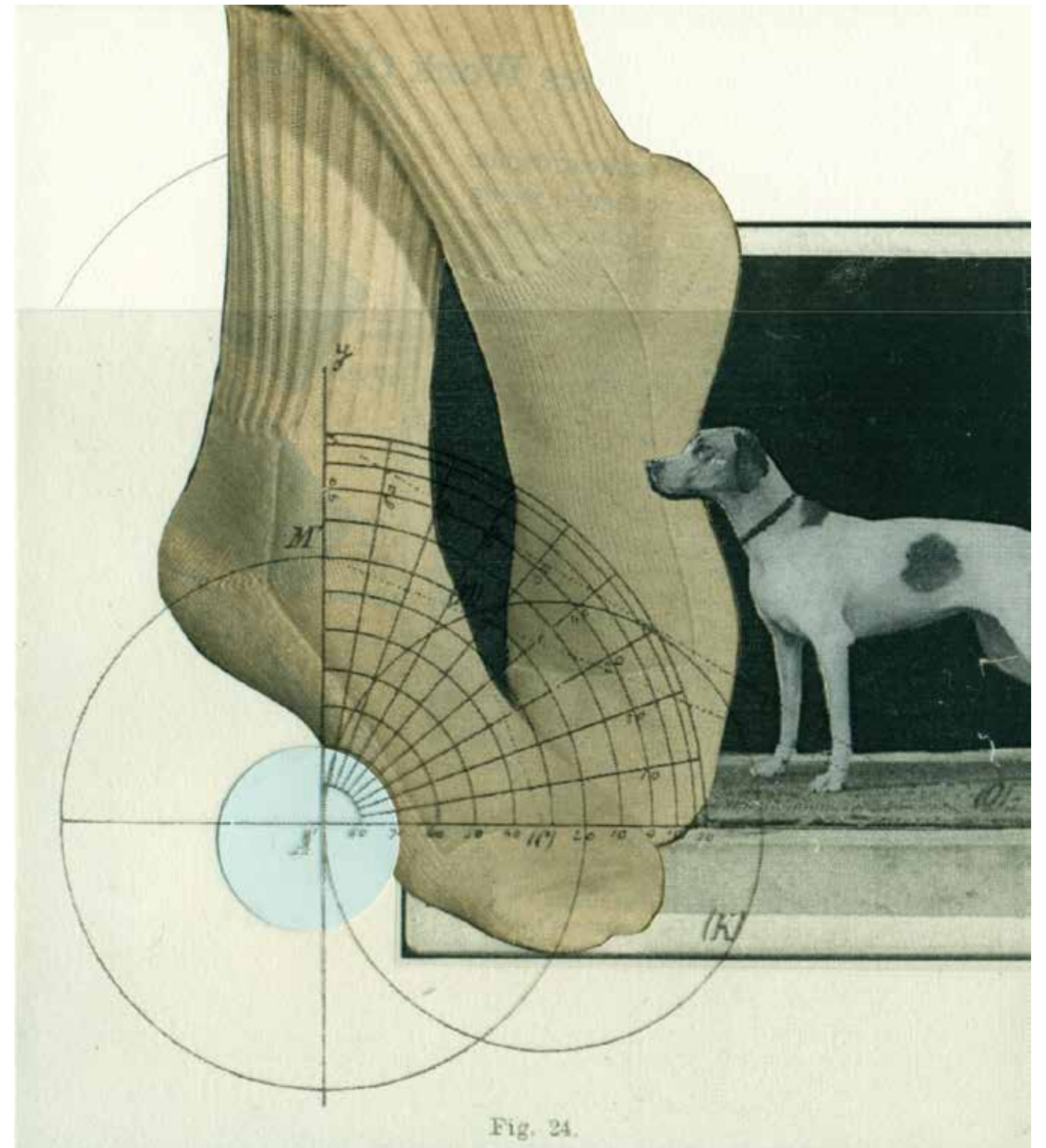


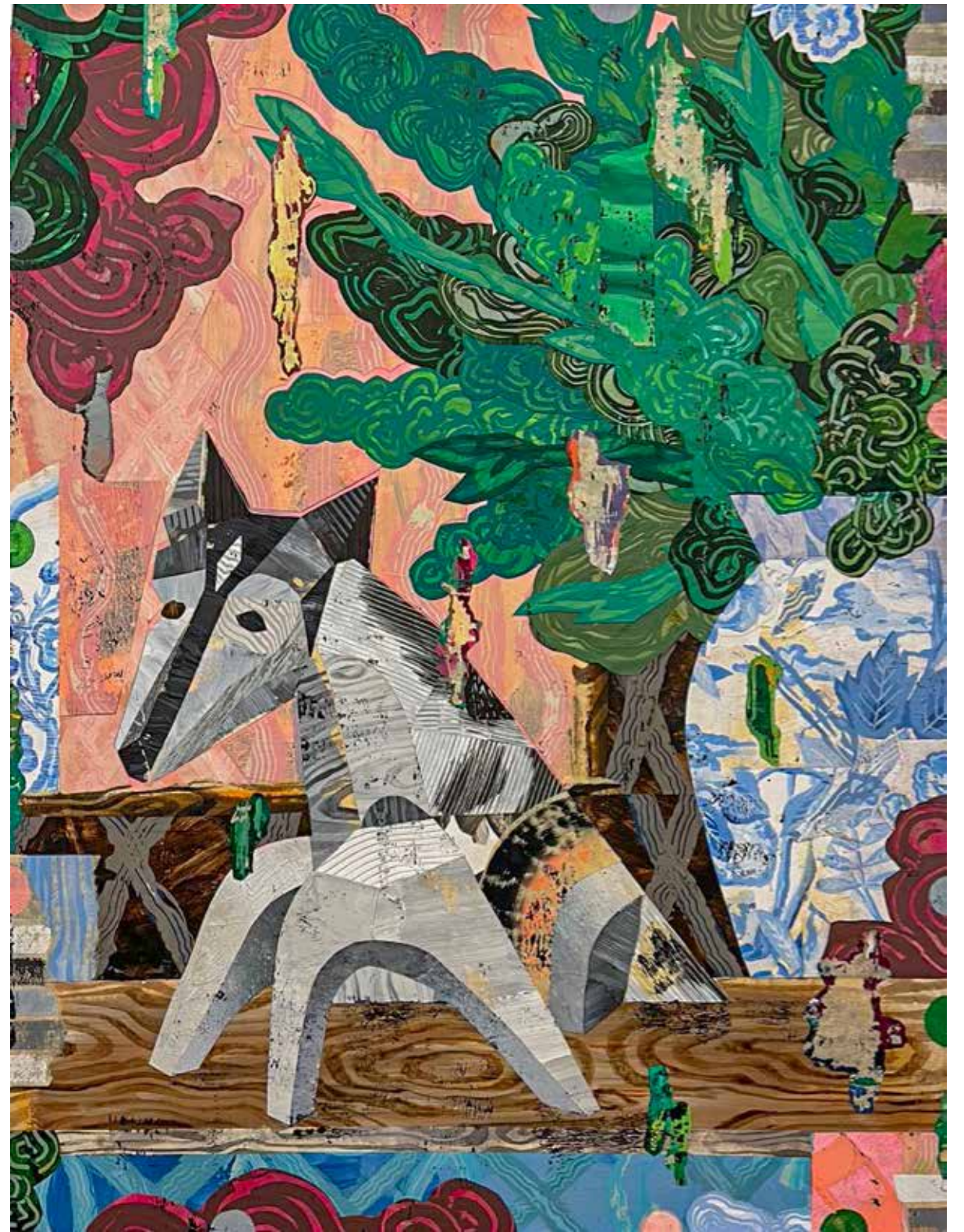
ROCCO

CAT PETTING CHART











JOHNNYROMEOART

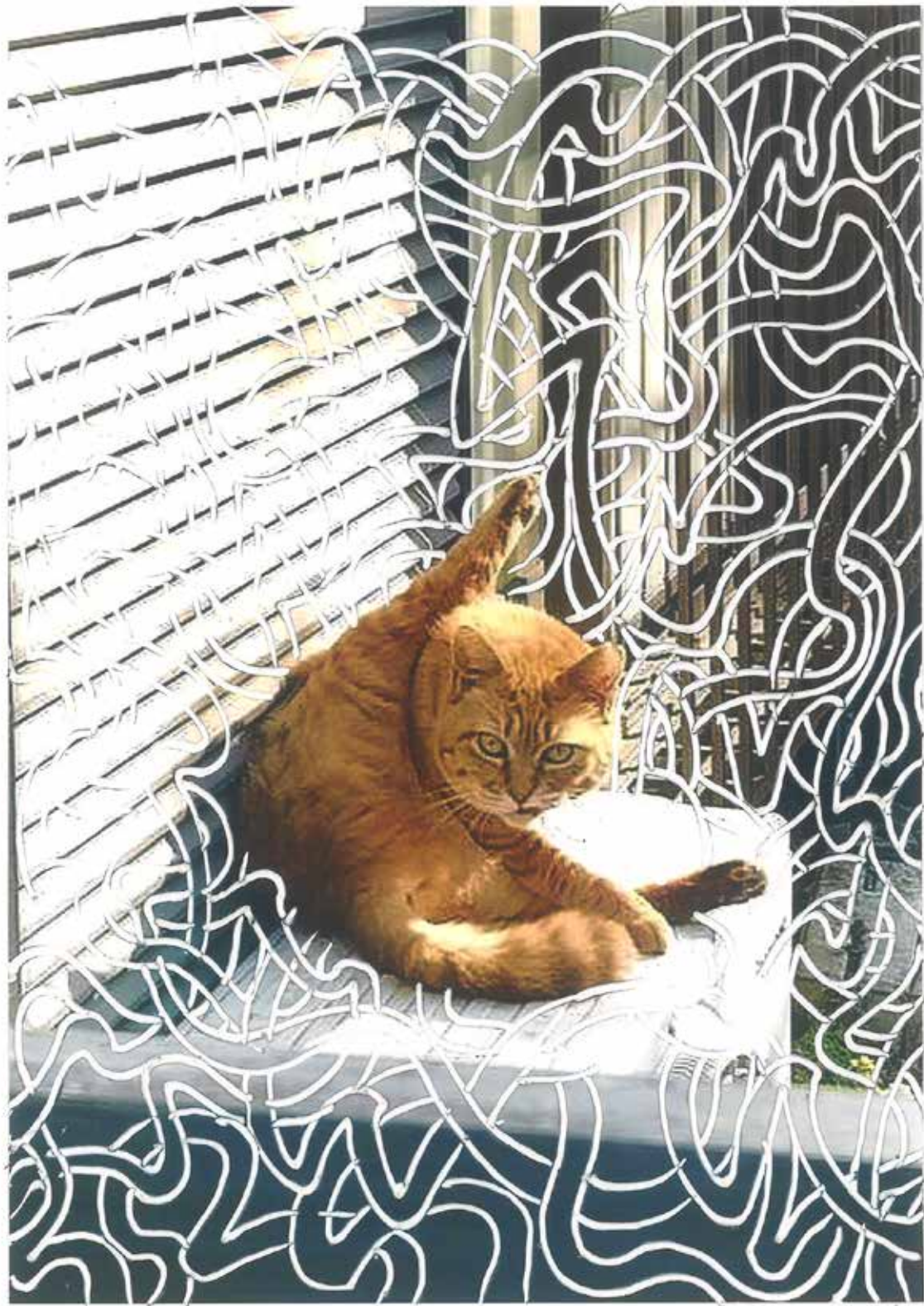
Johnny Romeo / @johnnyromeoart

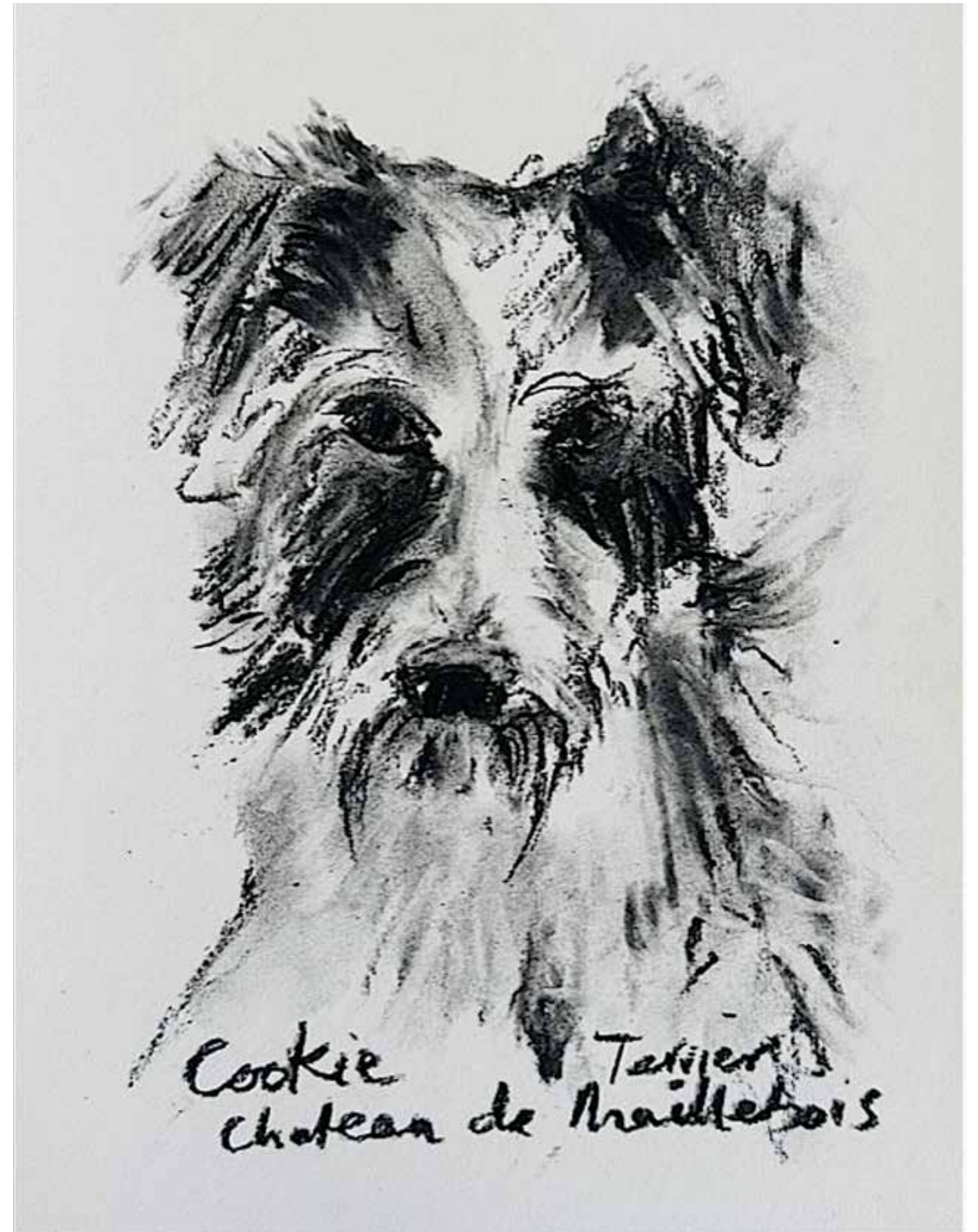


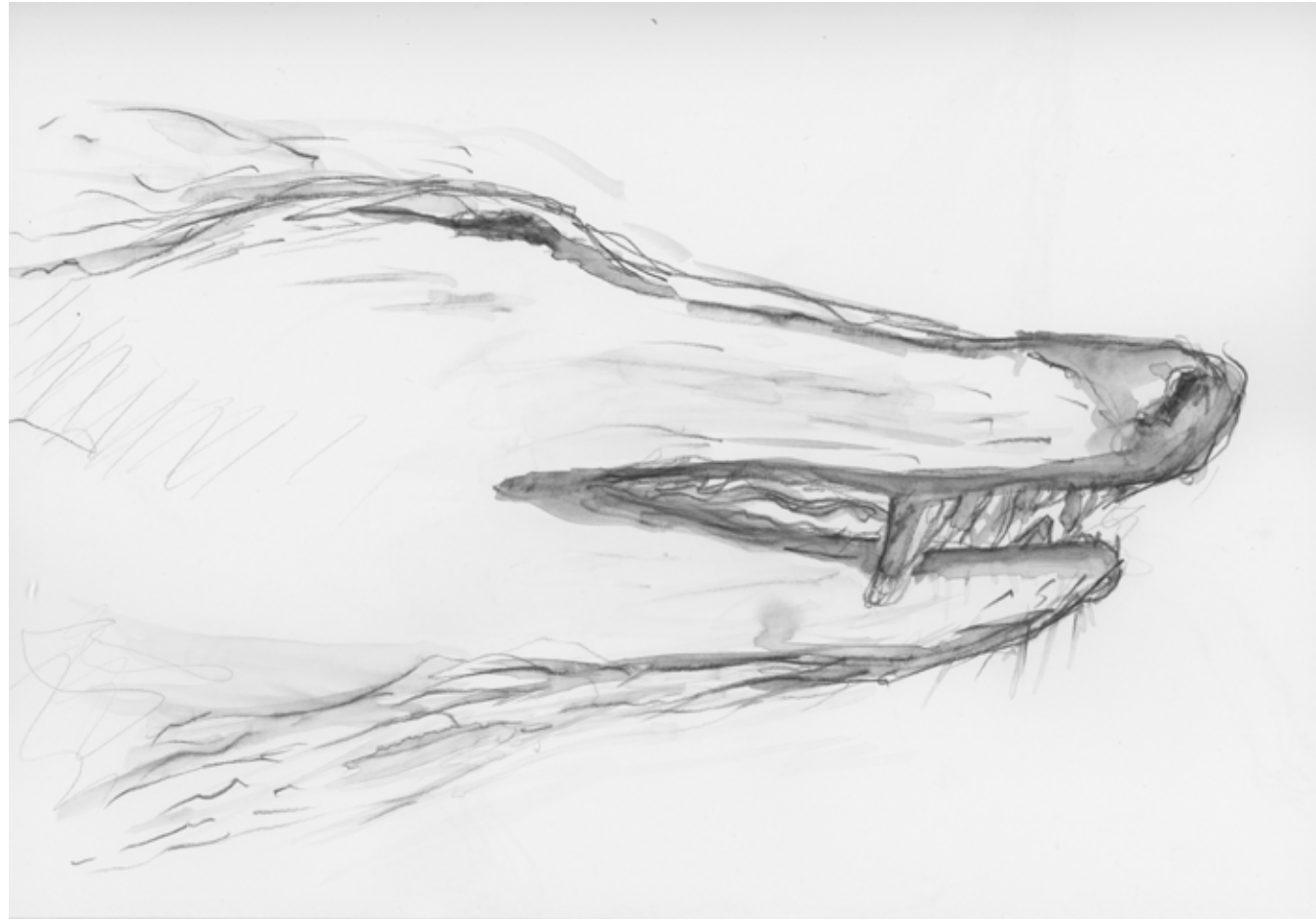
JOHNNYROMEOART

Johnny Romeo / @johnnyromeoart







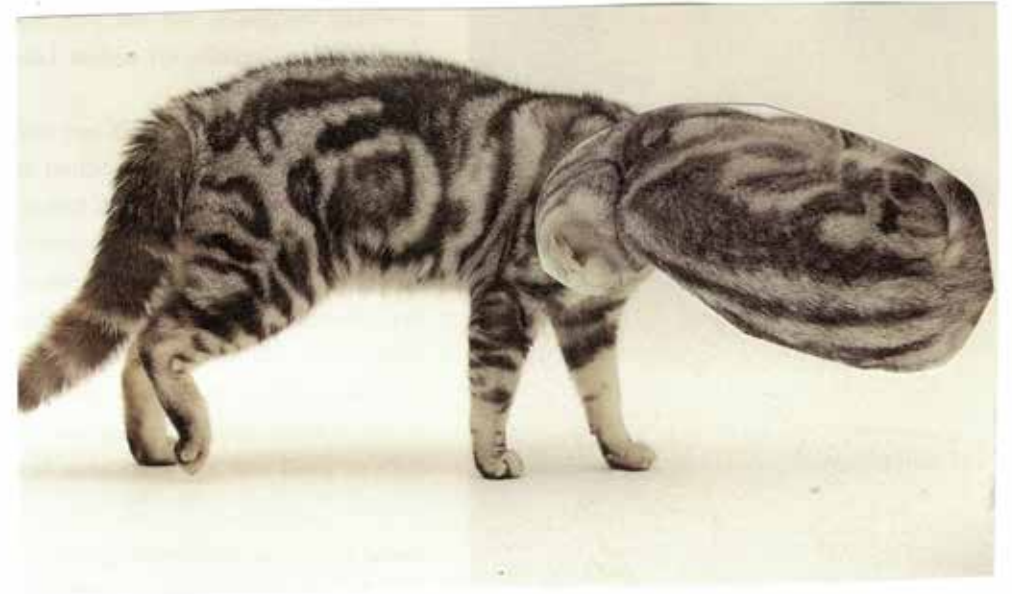


Caterina Verde / Sid II, 2020 / graphite on paper 11 x 14 inches

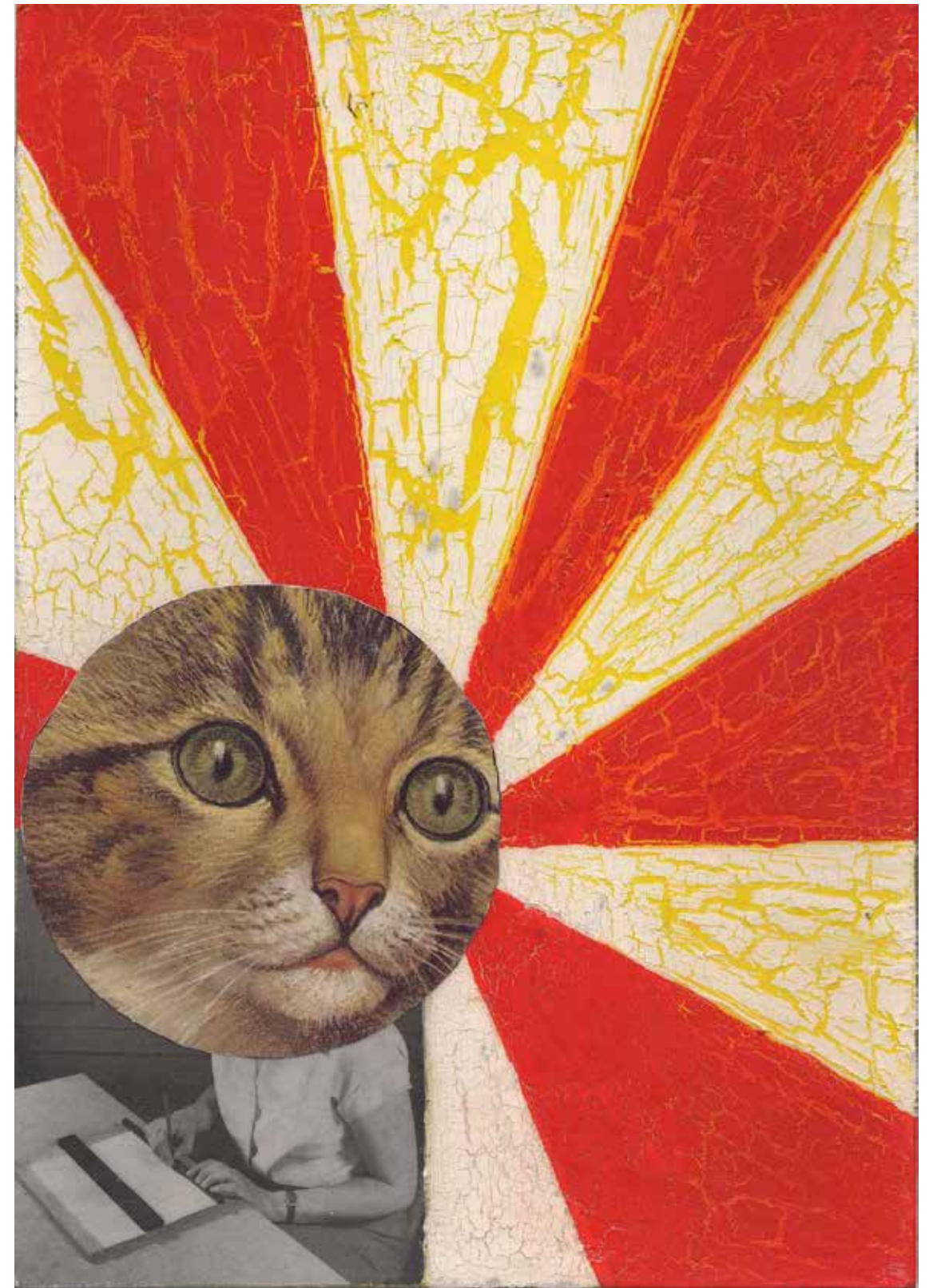


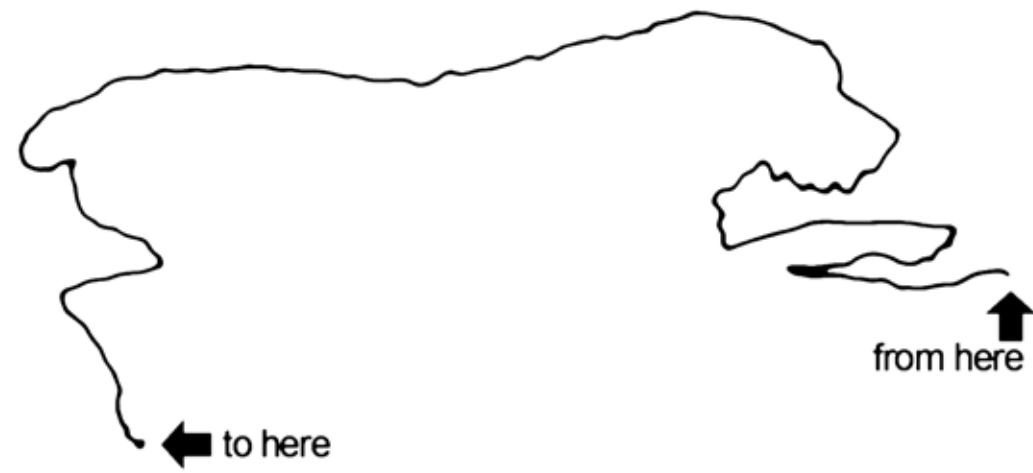
Caterina Verde / Sid I, 2020 / graphite on paper 14 x 11 inches











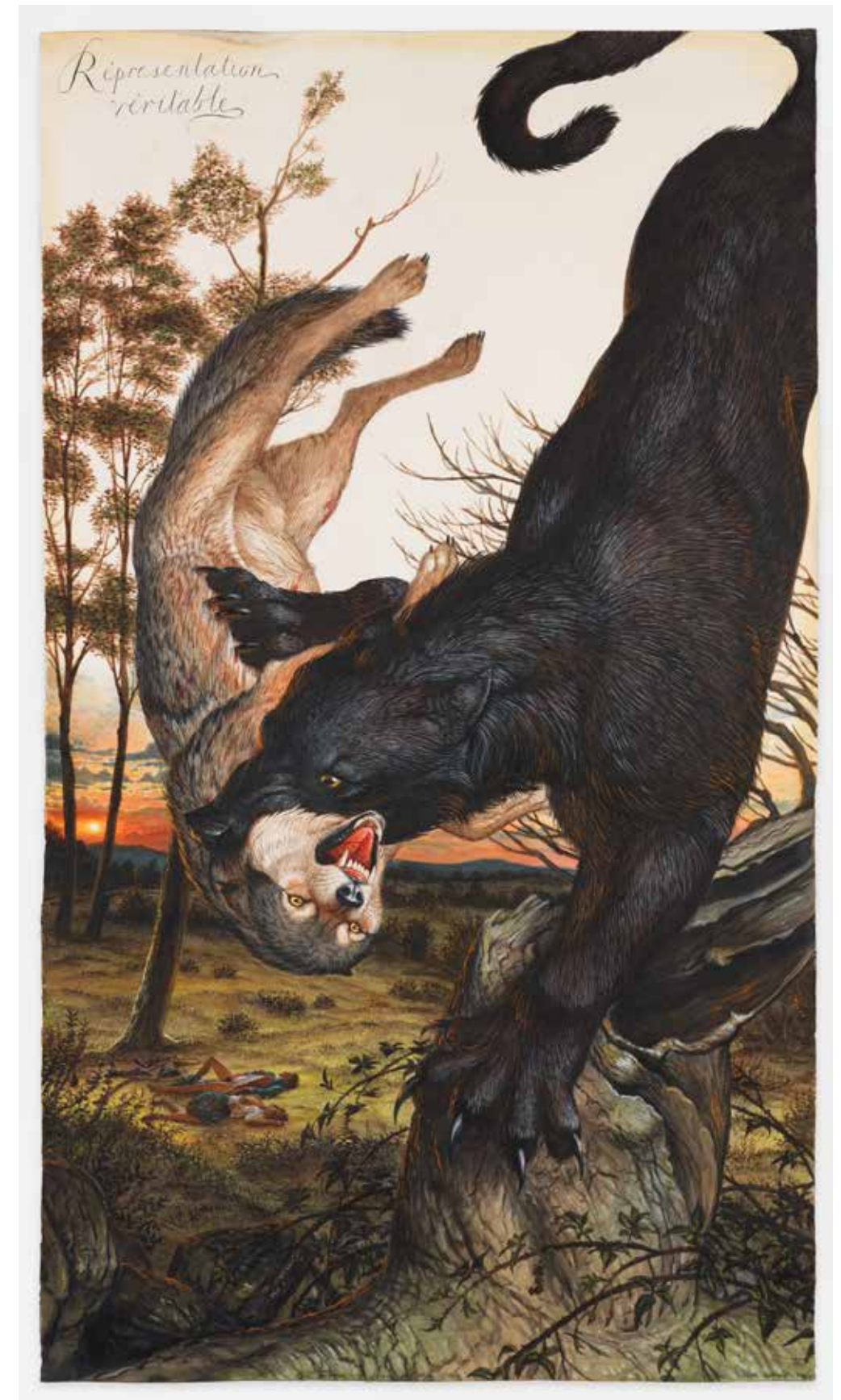
the length of my dog



Jamie Newton / Kirby outline (w/ Kirby) / @concretewheels

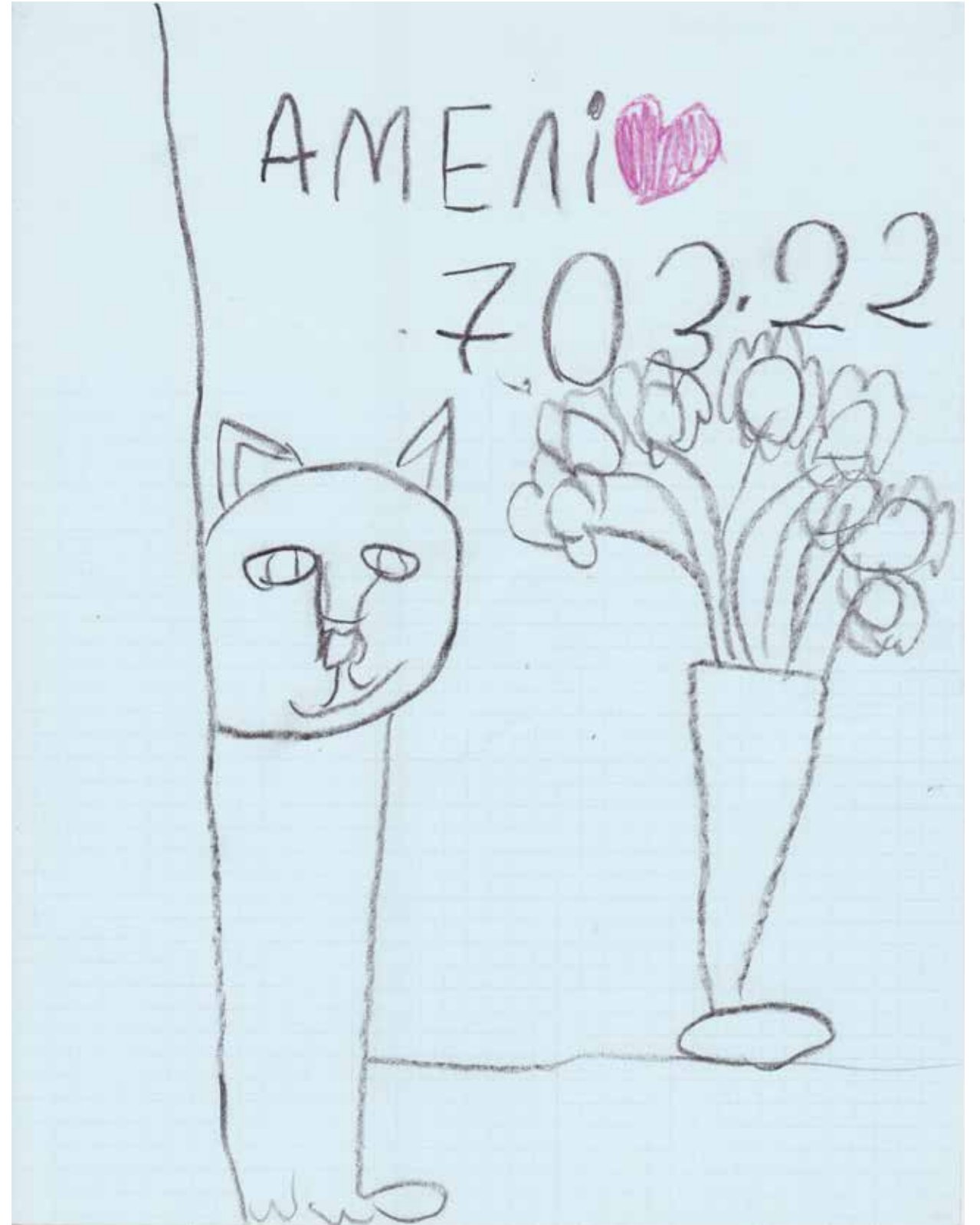


La bête jouant avec un chien de chasse / Watercolor, gouache, and ink on paper
151.8 x 105.4 cm. (59 3/4 x 41 1/2 in.), 2015
© Walton Ford / Courtesy Kasmin Gallery. Photo: Christopher Burke Studio.



Représentation Véritable / Watercolor, gouache, and ink on paper / 266.7 x 153 cm. (105 x 60 1/4 in.), 2015
© Walton Ford / Courtesy Kasmin Gallery. Photo: Christopher Burke Studio.







Dora Maar / photograph by Luc Pâris

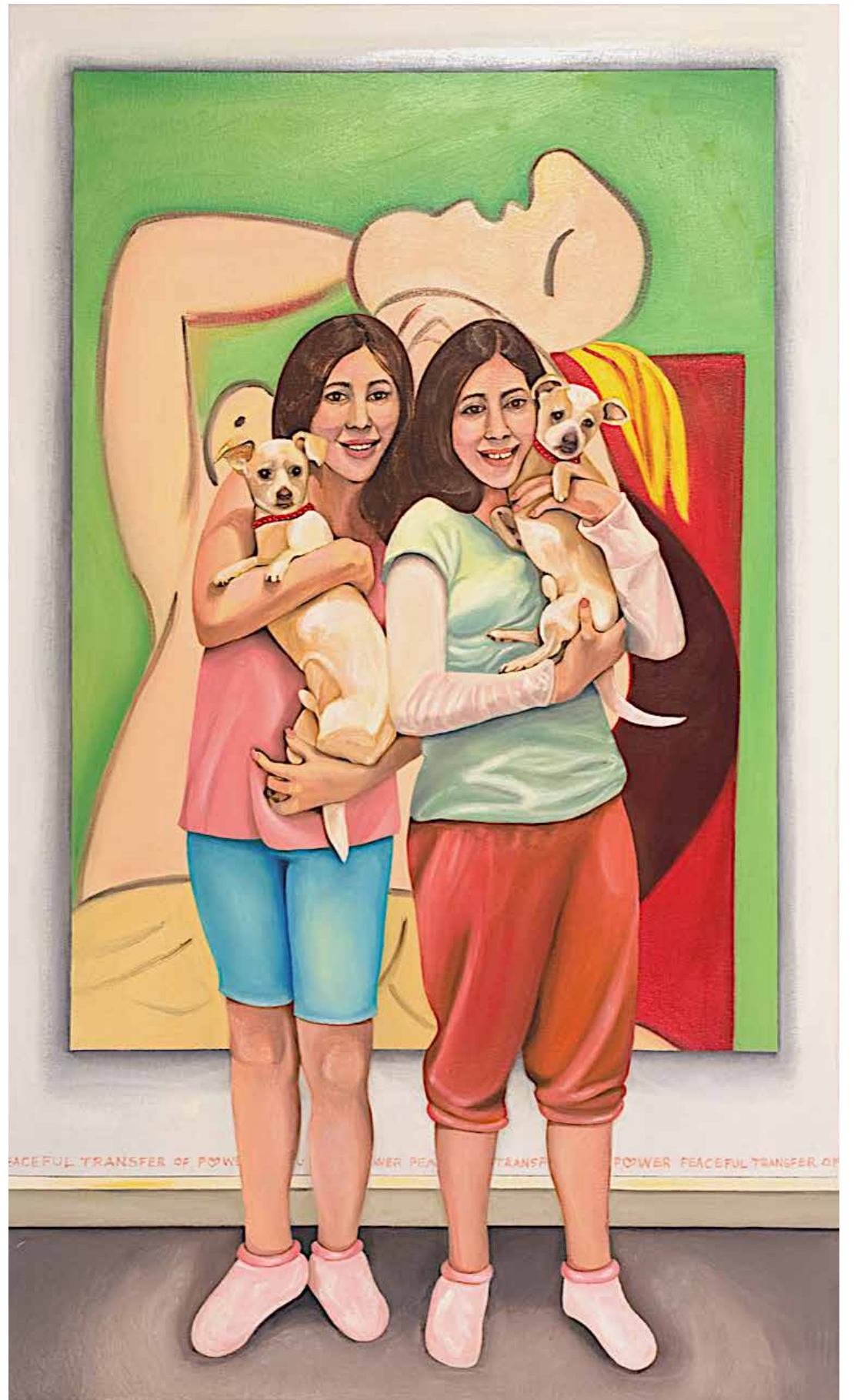
Exhibition at La Mob : "Dora Maar, Secrets d'atelier"
texts and drawings from Dora Maar's notebooks
17 June - 30 November 2023

Maison Dora Maar
58 rue du Portail Neuf
Menerbes 84560
France

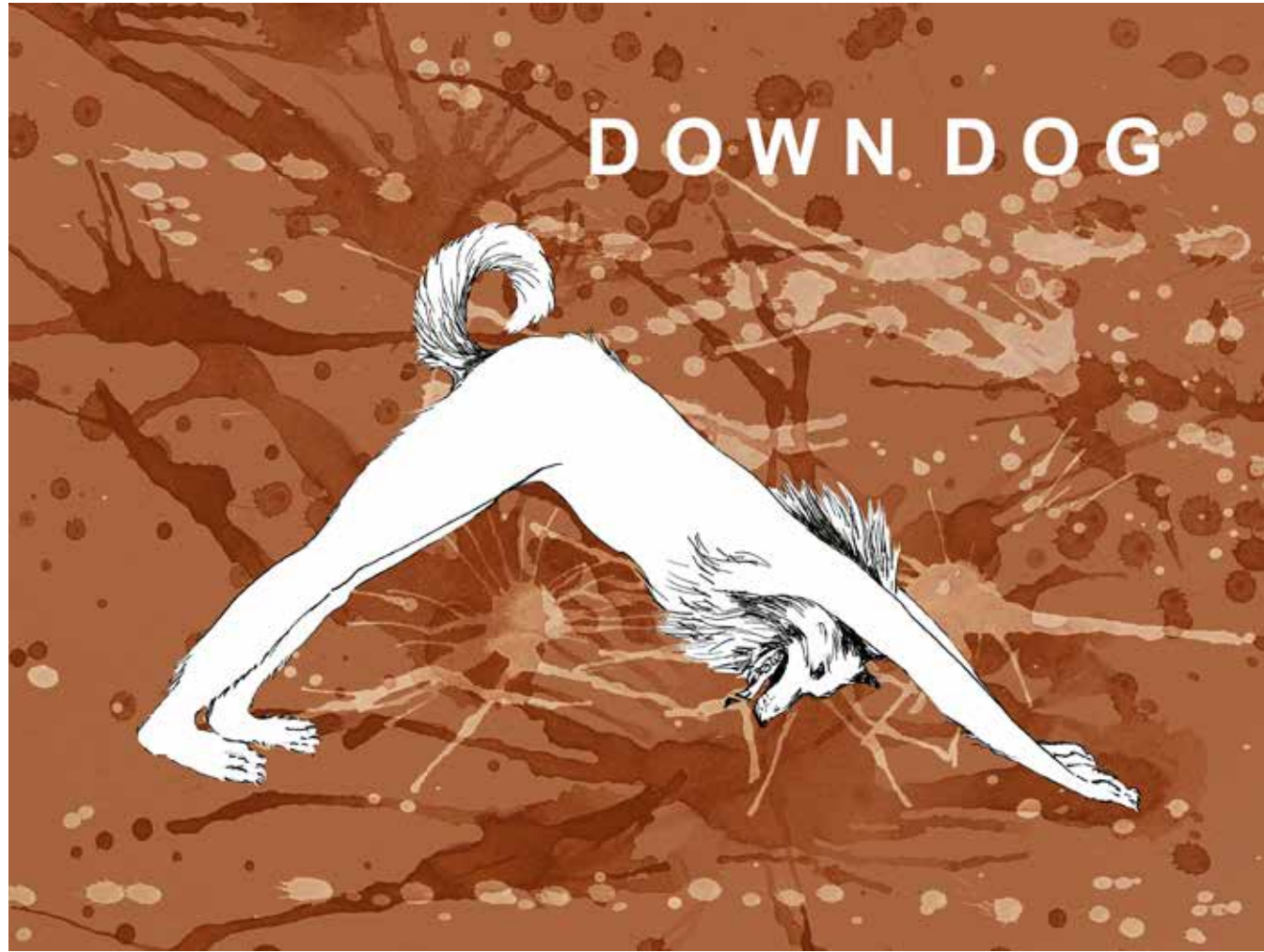


152 trouble

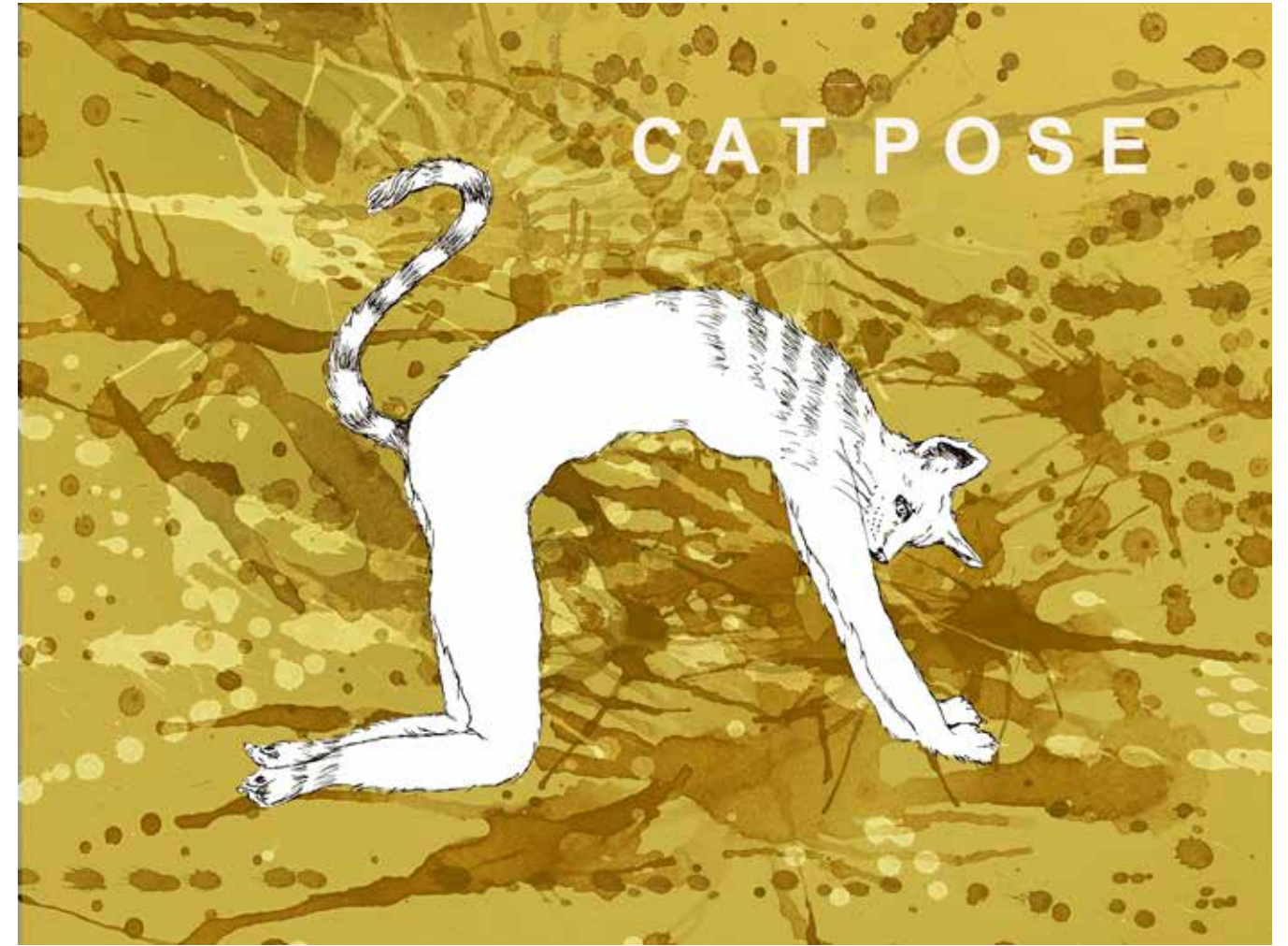
Robin Tewes / @robinjtewes



Robin Tewes / @robinjtewes



Joan Harrison / @joanhstudio



Joan Harrison / @joanhstudio





Erika Kobayashi
"Hikari no kodomo / Luminous"
(c)Erika Kobayashi, Little More, Inc.



Erika Kobayashi
"Madamu Curie to Choshoku wo / Breakfast With Madame Curie"
(c)Erika Kobayashi, Yutaka Kikutake Gallery



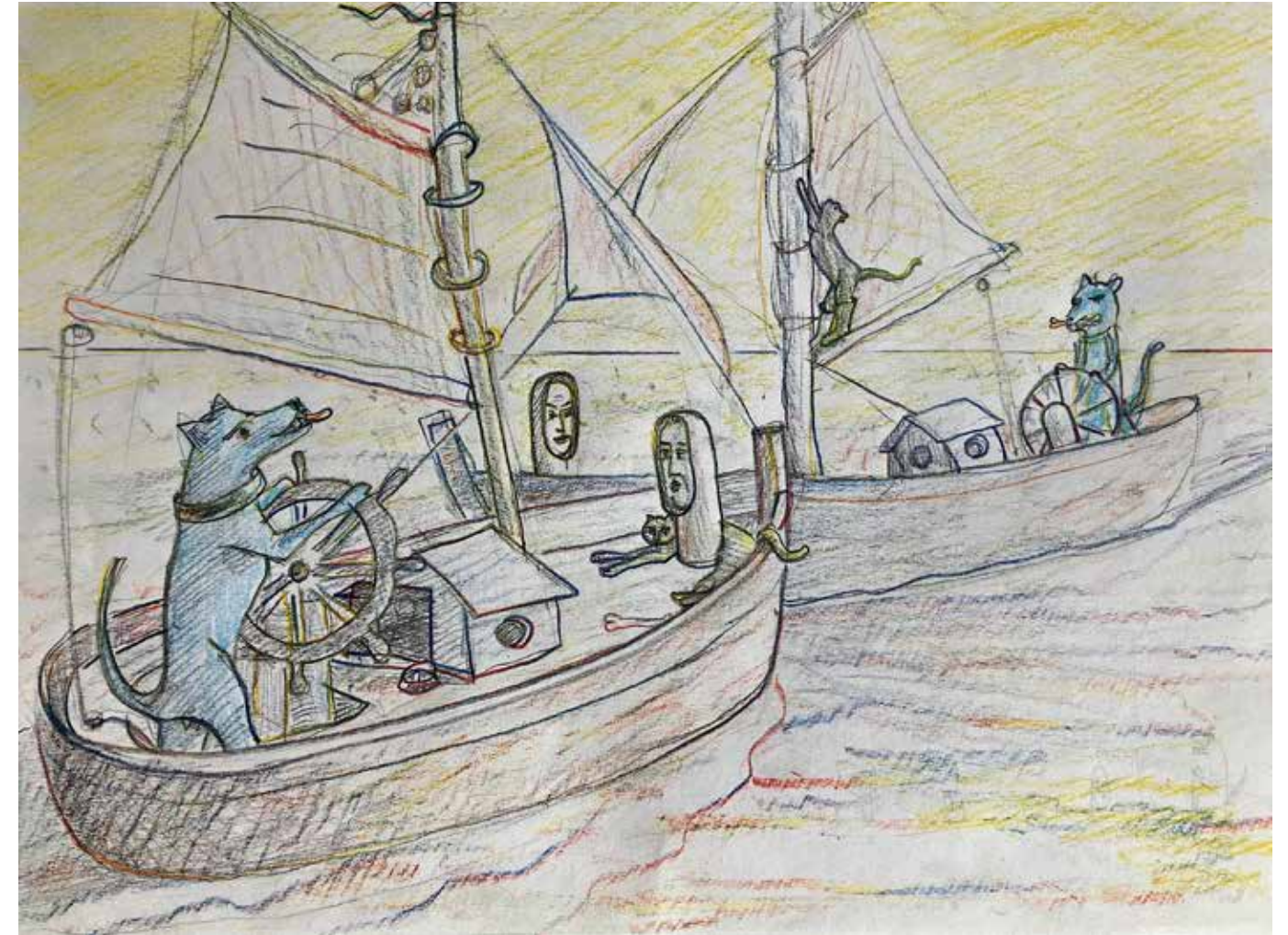


Grace Graupe Pillard / <http://gracegraupepillard.neoimages.net>

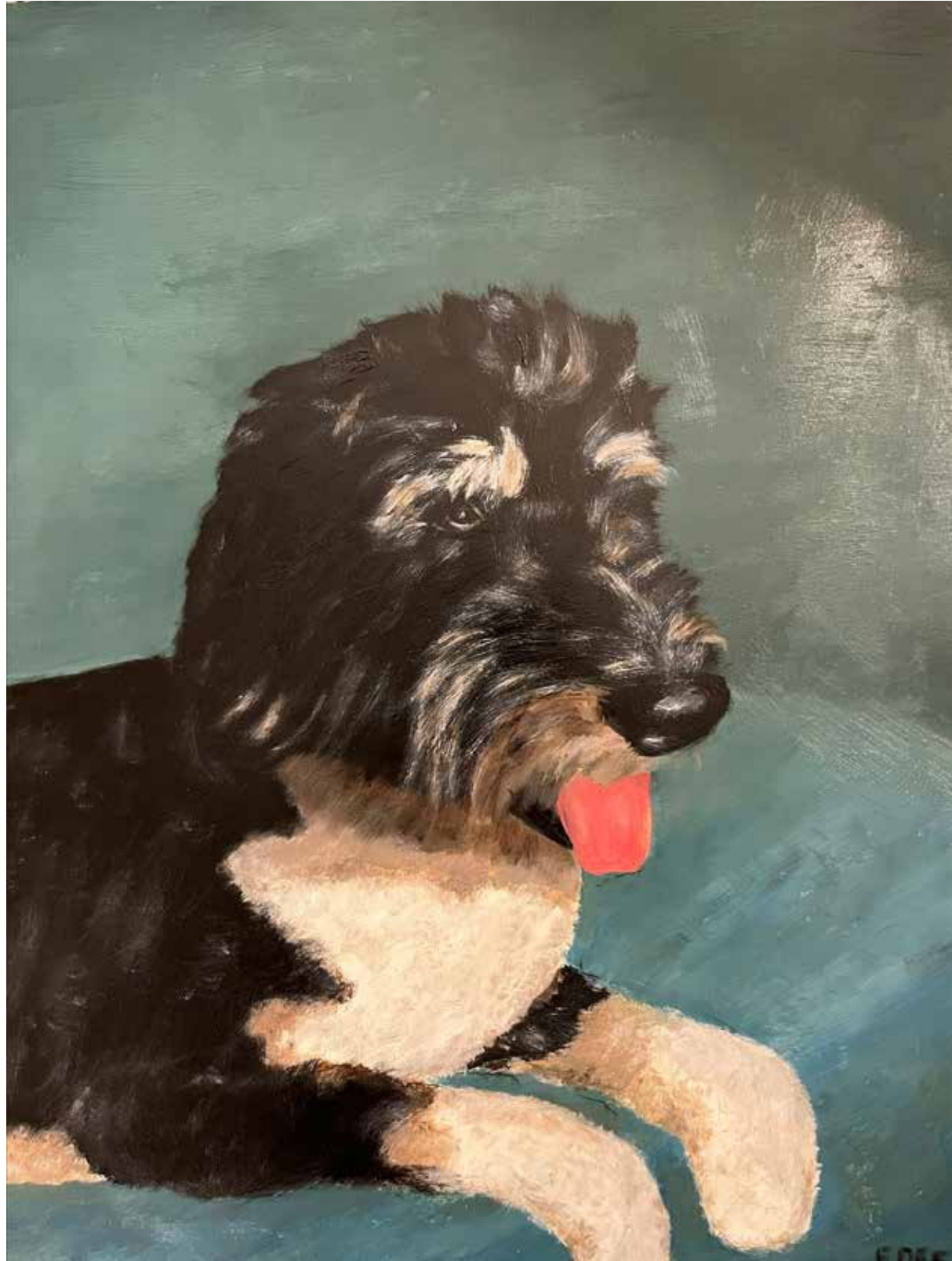


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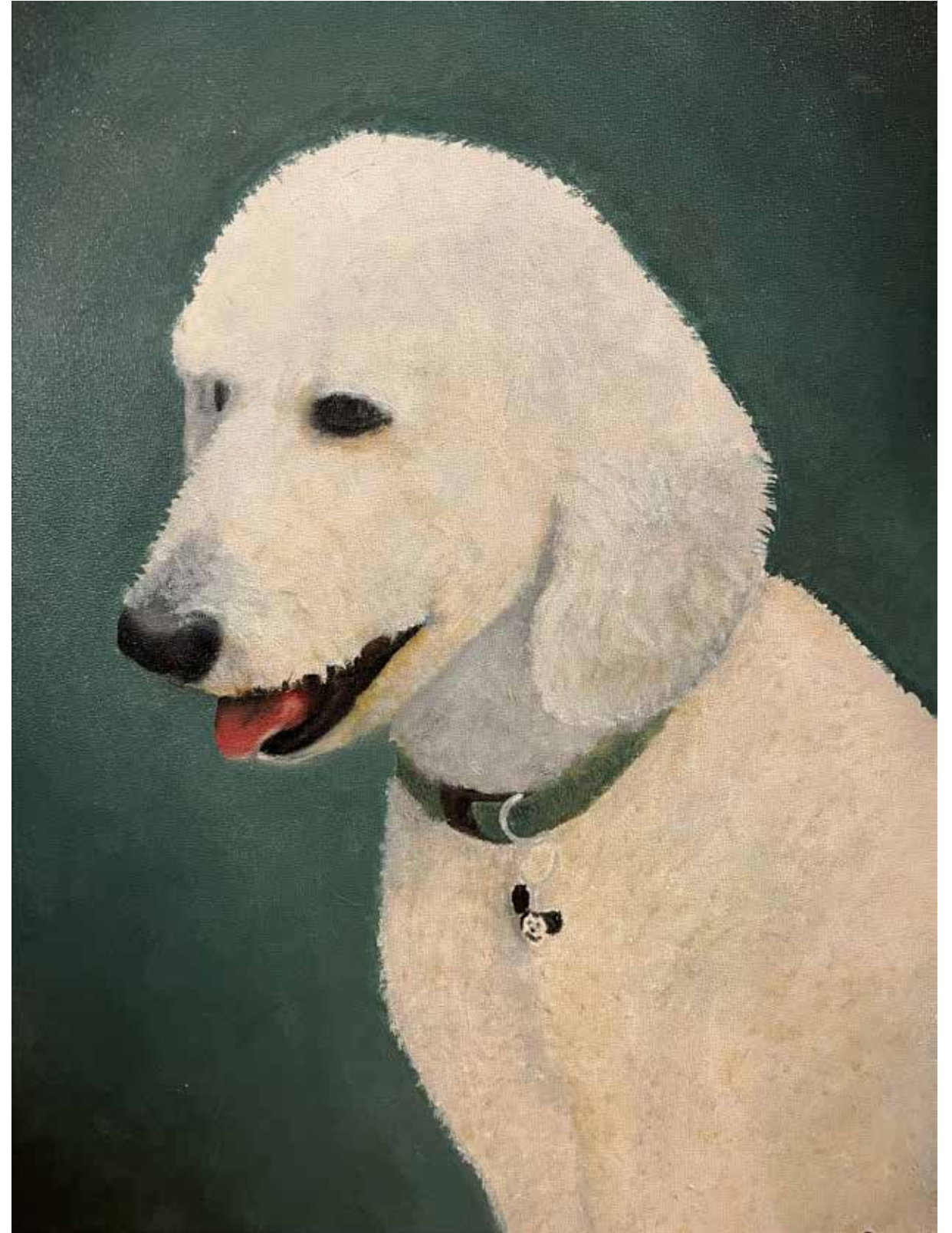


Max Mulhern / @maxmulhern



168 t r o u b l e

Fred Dee

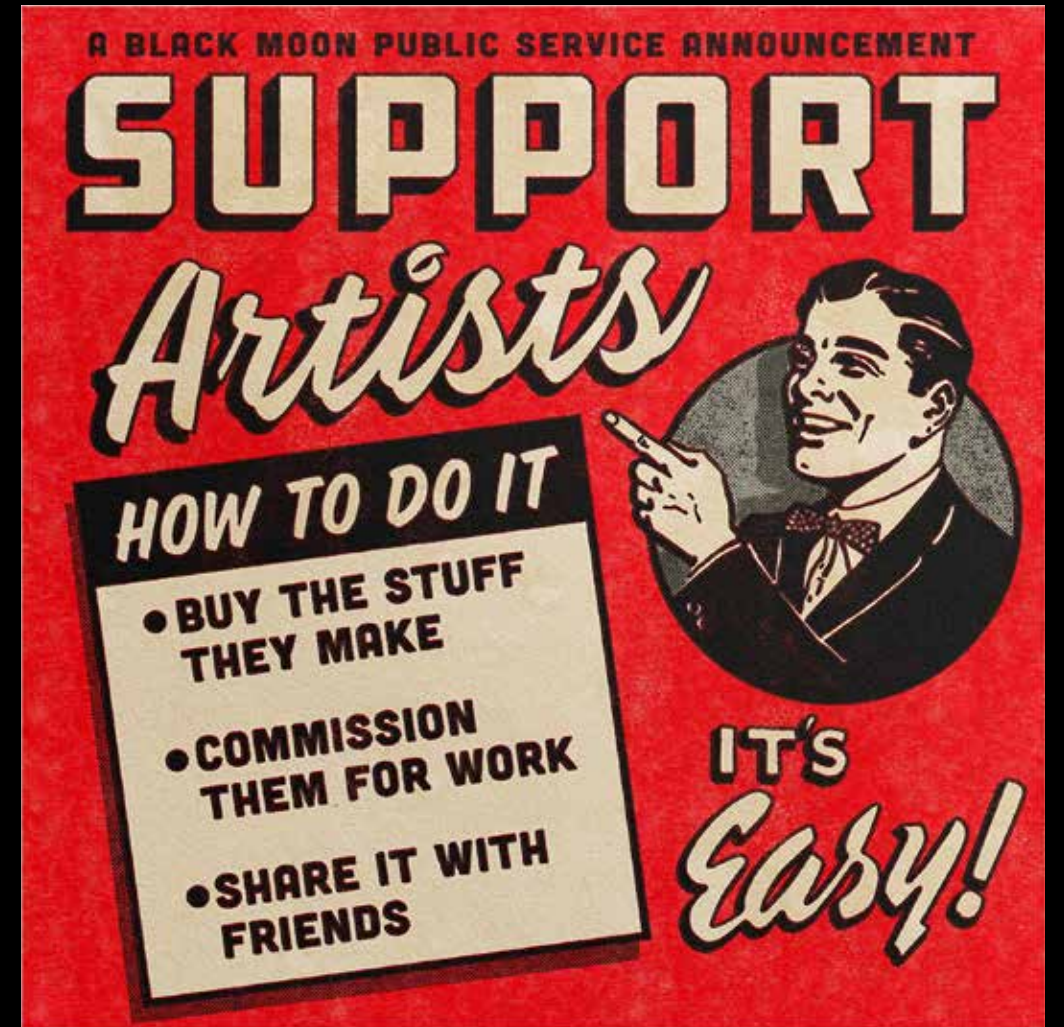


Fred Dee

t r o u b l e 169



Alice Welliger / Blossfeldt's dog / @alice.wellinger



Henry Blue

the incomplete oeuvre
with critical appreciations by jamie newton



05 May 2022

One of Henry's earlier works. He'd been rather delicate, even hesitant, previously, but this day he saw the potential in the basic brown tubing and he released the form hidden within.



15 May 2022

Henry's still in exploratory mode here, testing the boundaries of his material and finding that still moment...



15 June 2022

Contrasts. Just when you think you have him figured, Henry comes up with something unexpected. This was one of his early experiments with 'winged' pieces, a dramatic addition to the basic columnar compositions he'd been developing up to this point.

performance piece
11 Feb 2023

Henry's work often includes performance pieces. He refers to this one as "beach ... ball" although formally it remains untitled (there are several similar pieces that vary in small ways, each unique to the time of day, reference to tide line, quality of the sand, etc.).





06 July 2022

Continuing to explore the contrast between the ethereal 'wing' and the more stolid column, Henry has here addressed both with some vigor, balancing the left columnar flare with the larger extension of the right side 'wing.' A remarkable piece.



13 July 2022

After the "winged" explorations, Henry returned to the basics. Understated, subtly layered, elegant, with a slight tilt to one side the sole nod toward the eccentric.



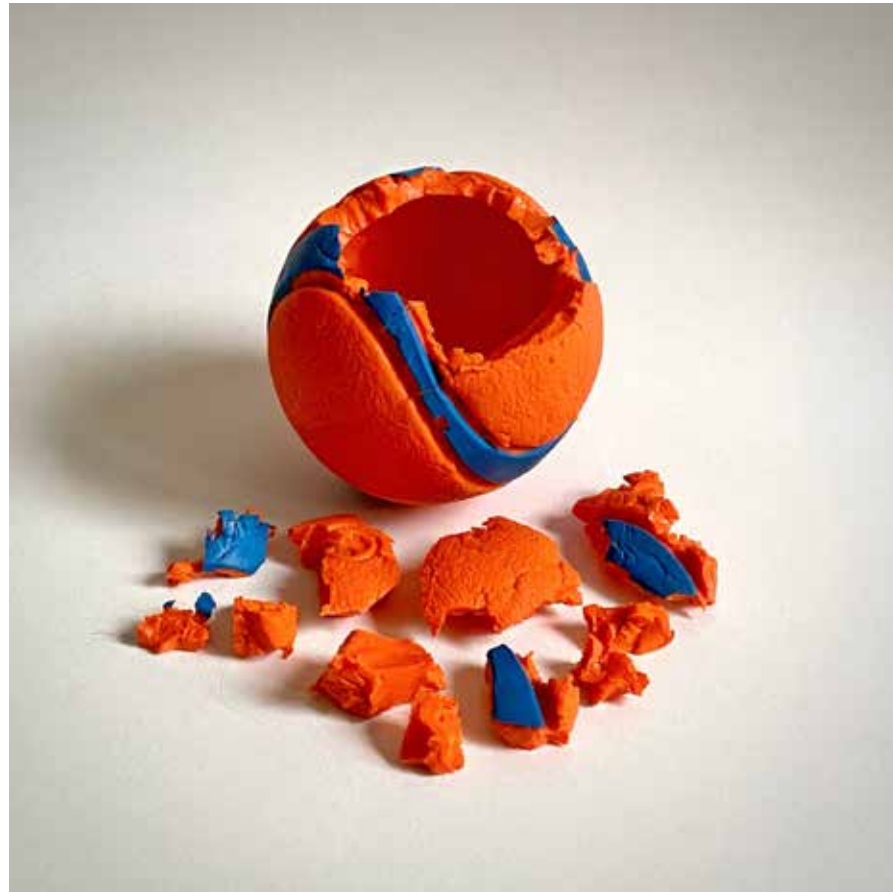
15 Aug 2022

Moving straight on from the piece he'd finished earlier the same day(!), Henry developed this masterful work. Bringing the previously interior white touch to the outside, and then gently referencing that interior with a single hole in return, Henry generated a truly unique piece. As always, he was nonchalant about his accomplishment and looked, almost immediately, to his next challenge.



18 Sept 2022

From the simple, clean approach in past efforts to the all-over worked surface here, it's the variation in the material handling and composition, the attitude in which the work is addressed, that keeps Henry, and, by extension, his viewers, engaged.



09 Feb 2023

Henry is showing his remarkable versatility here. A favored material and object for quite some time, he slowly worked this orange ball with a blue stripe (and, perfectionist that he is, this was the ONLY ball he'd consider) into a deconstructed masterpiece.

[Note: This orange ball with a blue stripe is a duplicate of the same in the previous performance piece. THAT orange ball with a blue stripe stays in the car, ready for spontaneous work(s) should a locale and/or occasion present itself.]



19 Feb 2023

This piece was a breakthrough in Henry's ongoing look at material handling. Eschewing his regular layering, he demonstrates in this work his phenomenal grasp of relationships, both within and between the various elements. Henry is relatively relaxed, somewhat surprisingly, about the final display of this piece, perhaps because horizontal or vertical formation variables do not diminish its inherent expressiveness.



performance piece
29 Apr 2023

Another untitled performance piece by Henry. The tension created here, the almost-but-not-quite-launched ball, is a common element in Henry's work. The balance he achieves by coming to rest in the freshly-dug trough, the exhalation, also allows the viewer to exhale, to contemplate the ball as ball, essentially unmoved (though bitten).



17 May 2023

After a brief lull in output, Henry demonstrated that he'd been productively mulling all the while. This is one of three(!) pieces completed in a single, active day of work. Here, a new scale, easily twice the size of previous works, leaves no doubt as to the artist's command of form and composition. To maintain the energy and spontaneity at such a remove from his usual working method is yet another confirmation of Henry's consummate skill.



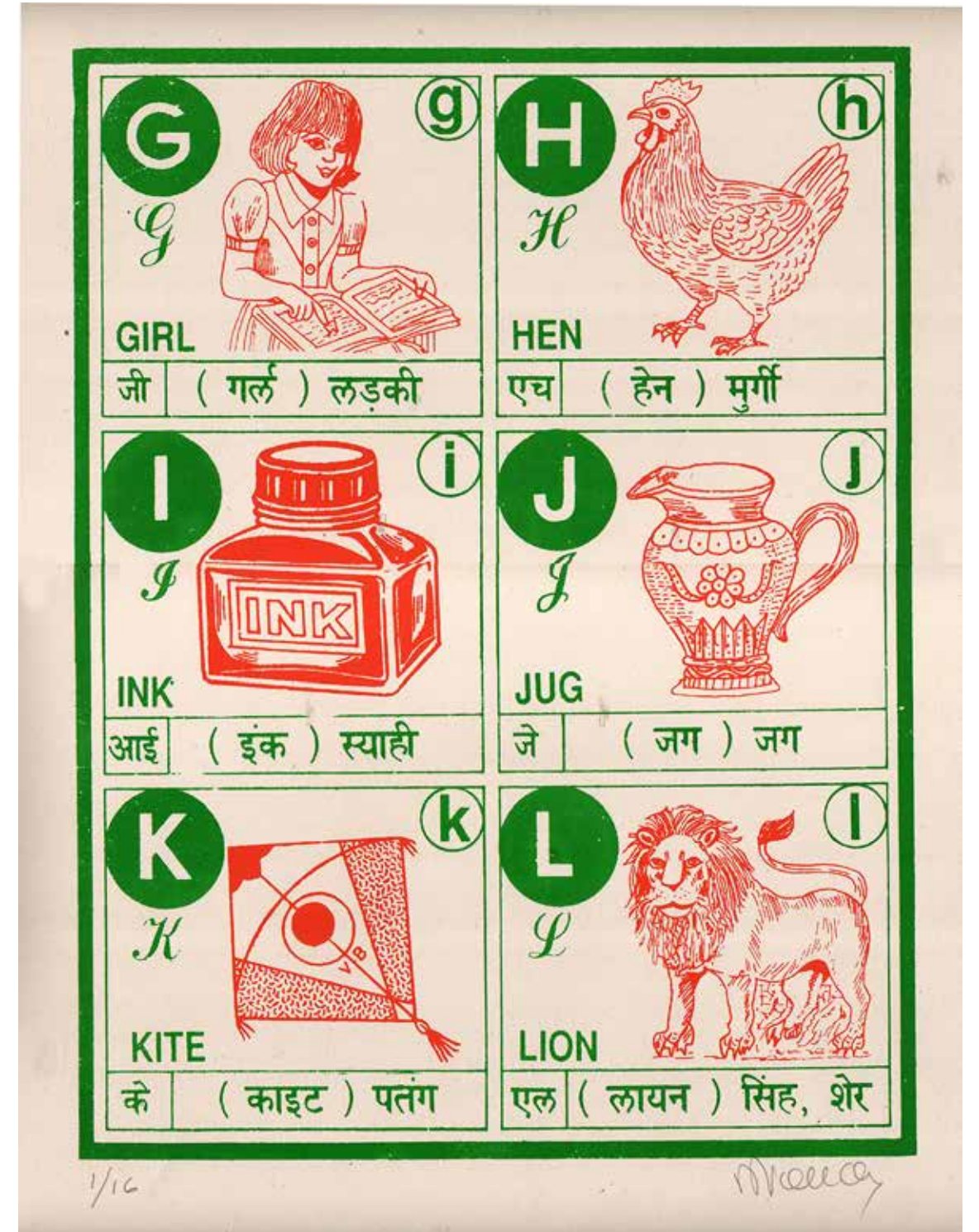
Henry Blue was found as a wandering stray in SW Washington State. He'd been walking on two broken front legs for long enough that they'd healed, one with a bone still protruding. Nobody knew his story but they decided he was healthy enough, and good natured enough, to save. Barely avoiding humane euthenasia, he was taken in by an amazing rescue organization, [One Tail at a Time](#), in Portland, Oregon. There, through the care of many people, he was mended and fostered through several operations and attendant recoveries. Once fully healed, Henry was adopted and came to be the unbound creative talent he is today.

Henry lives and works at Maple Reach Farm, just to the west of Portland. He keeps the chickens in line, commands the sheep's attention, visits with the neighbor's horses and sporadically posts to his Instagram page, [@henry_blue_artist](#). He also claims there is a book in the offing.

A more complete story of Henry's journey can be found at: <https://maplereach.com/2021/08/31/henry-blue/>



*jamie newton lives & works in the coast range foothills west of portland, oregon
he is an artist, writer and co-creator of trouble magazine
@concretewheels / @mocoastabafo*



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Comme Chien & Chat

30 Artistes

en collaboration avec **Trouble**
Magazine d'Art



Galerie Jean-Louis Cléret

Du 17 Juin au 22 Juillet 2023

11 rue des Ponts St Michel - Guingamp

du mardi au samedi - 06 76 35 12.00



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L'exposition soutient la
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ASSOCIATION POUR L'INSERTION

Comme Chien et Chat

Jean-Louis Cléret

I don't like dogs or cats. And cats don't usually like me either. But their presence does not require any special effort on my part, even if I feel more like I'm living in my cat's house than my own. Although I kind of appreciate his independence, his spirit of freedom, his "freedom" demands that he claw my cushions.

The dog is too servile and must be trained if it is to be trusted. A dog requires as much attention as a child. It is more of a constraint than an asset. And as I'm not a shepherd or a hunter or a blind person, I don't need one. To me, dogs are not "the best friends of man" since they cost a lot of money in food and care. Maybe the cat sometimes does a favor when he hunts up rats and mice, especially if rodents disturb you or plunder your cellars.

I also detached myself from these "friends," perhaps because I attach myself too easily and because we do not live in the same space-time.

The Dog (*Canis lupus familiaris*) is a domestic subspecies of *Canis lupus* (the Wolf). The dog line differed genetically from the grey wolf line about 100,000 years ago. Since prehistory, the dog has accompanied humans throughout their phase of sedentarisation, marked by the appearance of the first agricultural civilizations.

The Cat is the domesticated species of the Wild Cat (*Felis silvestris*). Paleontological research has revealed that the line of the genus *Felis* diverged from that of two genera 6.9 million years ago and that their common ancestor dates from 3.4 million years ago, and appears in the deserts and dense forests of the Mediterranean Basin. Domestic and wild cats belong to the same species.

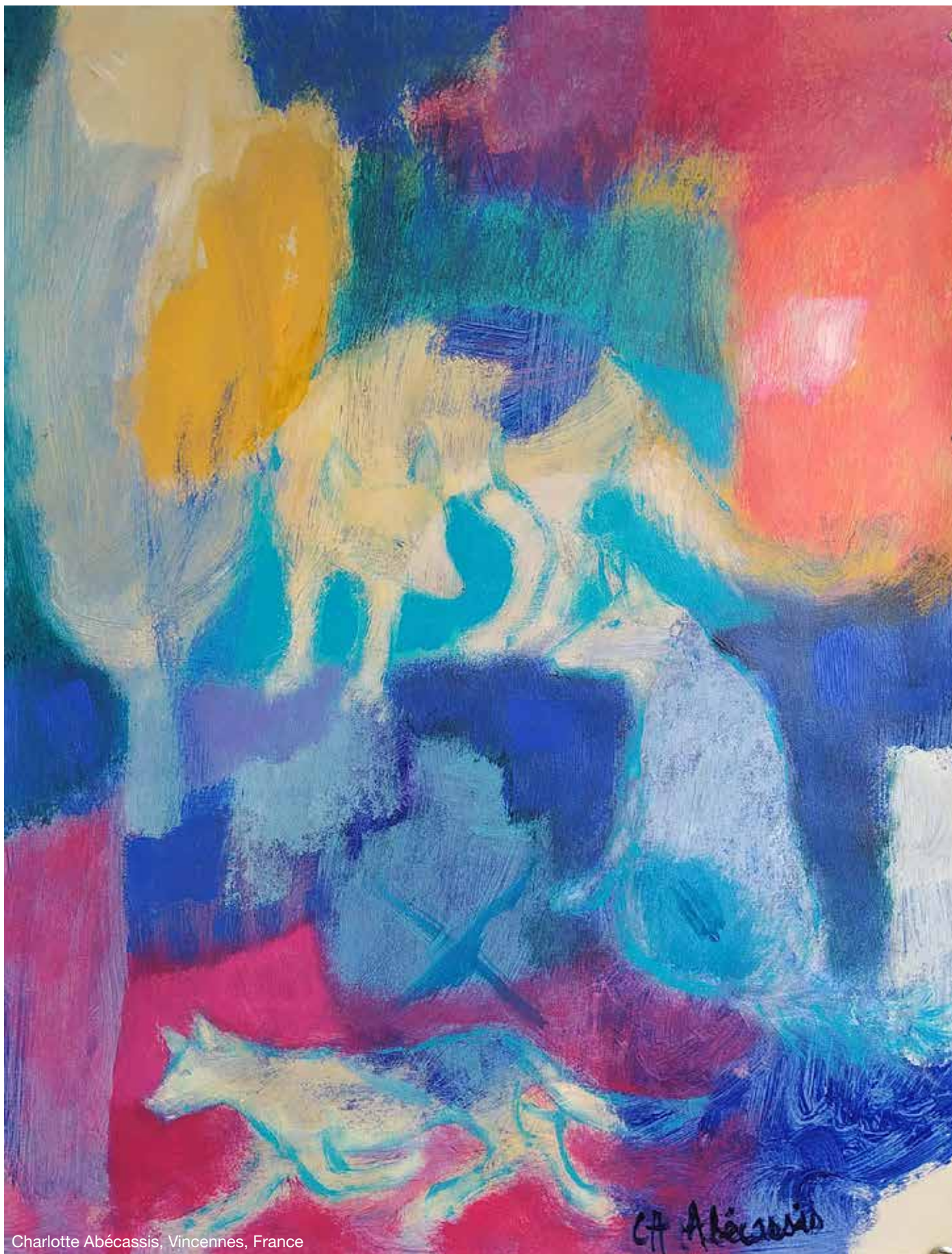
One helped man settle, the other was welcomed to protect the grain crops from rodents. So we share a common civilizational history.

Personally, when I think of dogs and cats, I cannot help but think of Jean de La Fontaine – reminiscent of my early years at school. Learning fables was boring because there were lots of 17th century terms and phrases that a young child couldn't understand and wasn't going to easily use them in a future conversation!

La Fontaine wrote 240 fables and finally speaks little of the cat or dog. I have counted 19, but only two are still somewhat in my memory: "The Cat, the Weasel, and the Little Rabbit" and "The Wolf and the Dog." They were morality tales and disguised mockeries of the man's behavior.

I realize that by proposing to artists to illustrate the subject of this exhibition, there were many more proposals around the cat than the dog. And I imagined more explorations when the theme of the exhibition was announced. No artist has proposed conceptual works, but rather a literal representation of the animal as the only subject.

We could however extrapolate on our sayings, expressions or fables to illustrate the subject. "Fight



Charlotte Abécassis, Vincennes, France

like a dog and cat” to express the conflict; “It’s raining dogs and cats” to express the fury and abundance of the elements; “Ne soit pas chien”, “Chienne de vie”, “Des yeux de chattes,” « Nom d’un chien, « Comme un chien dans un jeu de quilles » « Malade comme un chien », « Se regarder en chien de faïence », « Mal de chien », “Elle a du chien,” “Les chiens ne font pas des chats,” “Une vie de chien,” “Donner sa langue au chat,” “Il n’y a pas un chat,” “Avoir un chat dans le gorge,” “Chat échaudé craint l’eau froide.”

And it works also in English and other languages: “Big cat,” “Curiosity killed the cat,” “Cat got your tongue?” “Let the cat out of the bag,” “Going to the dogs,” “Doggy bag,” “Doggy style,” and on and on ... You can find them everywhere, and probably even invent new ones.

These idiomatic links are perhaps more to look for (or find) in the title or concept of a work.

Heroes of my childhood and adolescence, cats and dogs have always surrounded me, from the heroes of Disney (Goofy, The Aristocats, Lady and the Tramp, 101 Dalmatians, etc.) to those of my first comics (Pif the dog, Pat Hibulary, Pluto, etc.) and more after: Milou, Idéfix, Rantanplan, Grosminet, Tom, Snoopy, Kador, Gai Luron, Fritz the Cat, and I forget a lot, obviously.

Why do so many dogs and cats populate our comics and cartoons? Anthropomorphism can certainly tell human stories in animal bodies... A natural return to Jean de La Fontaine who was the first to use this device for his moralizing fables or criticisms of human faults. Perhaps not the first since it seems that it was inspired by the oral fables of Aesop dating from the 7th century B.C.

So finally nothing very new in our relationship to these faithful animals and friends of man for thousands of years.

Present in Greek, Roman and Egyptian mythology, the cat occupies a very important place. He is also a totem animal in Nordic mythology. Among the Egyptians, the cat was considered a member of the family and the Japanese consider it a beneficial animal bringing friendship and happiness. The dog, in mythology, is more often guardians of the dead or souls (Anubis or Cerberus).

In pictorial art, the cat is not often a main subject, except for some artists. He did not really appear until the end of the 19th century, because since the Middle Ages he has been considered a «heretical» animal, a creature associated with the devil and witchcraft. From a simple figure in the Middle Ages, the dog transforms itself into a subject of painting with animal artists. And it is with Courbet that the animal competes with history painting.

Many painters and sculptors have been creative on the subject: Jan Van Eyck in “Portrait of Arnolfini and his Wife,” where the dog could be the symbol of fidelity and loyalty. With Paolo Uccello’s “Hunting in the forest,” dogs give depth to the canvas. Sandro Botticelli, Bassano, Tintoret, Velasquez in the “Meninas,” Greuze, Édouard Manet, Pablo Picasso, Pierre Bonnard, Fernand Léger, Zhou Chunya, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Keith Haring, Roy Lichtenstein, Yayoi Kusama, William Wegman are just a small sample of artists who employ dogs in their works.

Although Miro did not give many other explanations to his work beside that it was made to “fertilize the imagination,” he made several paintings where the dog and the cat are present. As in “The dog barking at the moon” which evokes the arcane XVII of the Tarot.

Koons and his “Balloon Dogs” or his monumental floral “Puppy” floral in Bilbao ombines dog, kitsch and ego: “*I wanted them (the audience) to find the whole joy of the child who experiences colors, blue, pink. Let them forget the guilt of masturbation. The spectator is ashamed of his own story and the issue was to rid him of it. Because everyone’s story is perfect.*” What could be simpler indeed to speak to the whole world by addressing the child who is in us as in comics, cartoons or advertising.

And for cats, obviously the Japanese Utagawa Kuniyoshi and Hiroshige II are potent forces. Kuniyoshi used cats in his satirical prints. In one of his most famous works, the felines take varied and expressive poses to illustrate Japanese proverbs, again the anthropomorphic bias to convey a message.

The German painter Paul Klee, a fan of felines, created in 1928 “The Cat and the Bird,” perhaps his most emblematic expressionist cat painting.

Balthus, who called himself the “King of cats,” frequently represented felines in his art. Like cats, Balthus was wild, independent. He gave no explanation on his paintings. And in some respects, Balthus remained frozen on his childhood visions. “*Very early I understood my secret, mysterious belonging to the world of cats. I felt the same concern for independence,*” he wrote in his memoirs.

I pass on literature, poetry, cinema, circus and music; the object of our exploration being limited to the plastic arts.

The object of this exhibition “Chien et Chat” is to question contemporary artists about their vision, and their relationship to these faithful companions of men and women and artists, and the dimension they wish to give us to see or think. From childrens’s drawings to contemporary painters and sculptors, our relationship with them is of course different. Sometimes mirror, sometimes vector, subject or pretext, these domesticated animals offer an infinite source of interpretation.

Jean-Louis Cléret is an art dealer based in Guingamp, Brittany, France. Instagram: [jeanlouiscleret](https://www.instagram.com/jeanlouiscleret)

Comme Chien et Chat

Jean-Louis Cléret

Je n’aime ni les chiens ni les chats. Et les chats, en général, ne m’aiment pas non plus. Mais leur présence ne me réclame pas d’effort particulier, même si j’ai plus l’impression d’habiter chez mon chat que le contraire. J’apprécie quand même son indépendance, esprit de liberté, bien que cette liberté réclame qu’il fasse ses griffes sur mes coussins.

Le chien est trop servile et doit être dressé si l’on veut lui faire confiance. Il demande autant d’attention qu’un enfant. Il représente plus une contrainte qu’un atout. Et je ne suis ni berger ni chasseur ni aveugle, donc je n’en ai pas l’utilité.

Ce ne sont pas, pour moi, « les meilleurs amis de l’homme ». Ils coûtent un argent fou en nourriture et en soins. Peut-être que le chat rend parfois service quand il chasse rats et souris, si les rongeurs



Philippe Devaux, Auvers sur Oise, France



Doudoudidon, Brest, France

vous dérangent ou vous pillent vos celliers.

Je me suis détaché aussi de ces « amis », peut-être parce que je m'attache trop facilement et que nous ne vivons pas dans le même espace-temps.

Le Chien (*Canis lupus familiaris*) est la sous-espèce domestique de *Canis lupus* (le Loup). La lignée du chien s'est différenciée génétiquement de celle du Loup gris il y a environ 100 000 ans. Depuis la Préhistoire, le chien a accompagné l'être humain durant toute sa phase de sédentarisation, marquée par l'apparition des premières civilisations agricoles.

Le Chat est l'espèce issue de la domestication du Chat sauvage (*Felis silvestris*). Des recherches paléontologiques ont révélé que la lignée du genre *Felis* a divergé de celle de 2 genres il y a 6,9 millions d'années et que leur ancêtre commun daterait d'il y a 3,4 Millions d'années, et apparait dans les déserts et les forêts denses du Bassin méditerranéen. Les chats domestiques et les chats sauvages font partie de la même espèce.

L'un a aidé l'homme à se sédentariser, l'autre a été accueilli pour protéger les récoltes de céréales des rongeurs. Nous partageons donc une histoire commune civilisationnelle.

Personnellement, quand je pense chien et chat, je ne peux m'empêcher de penser en premier lieu à Jean de La Fontaine. Sûrement une réminiscence de mes jeunes années à l'école. Apprendre les fables était barbant car il y avait plein de termes et de tournures de phrases datant du XVII^e siècle qu'un jeune enfant ne comprenait pas et qu'il n'était pas près d'utiliser dans une conversation !

La Fontaine a écrit 240 fables et finalement parle assez peu du chat ou du chien. J'en ai compté 19 (1), mais seules deux raisonnent encore un peu dans ma mémoire : Le Chat, la Belette, et le Petit Lapin et Le Loup et le Chien. Il s'agissait de morales et de moqueries déguisées du comportement des hommes.

Je m'aperçois qu'en proposant aux artistes d'illustrer le sujet de cette exposition, il y a eu beaucoup plus de propositions autour du chat que du chien. J'imaginai plus d'explorations quand le thème de l'expo a été annoncé. Aucun artiste n'a proposé d'œuvres conceptuelles, mais plutôt une représentation littérale de l'animal comme unique sujet.

On pourrait pourtant extrapoler sur nos dictons, expressions ou fables pour illustrer le propos.

« S'entendre comme chien et chat » pour exprimer le conflit; « It's raining dogs and cats » pour exprimer le déchainement des éléments; « Ne soit pas chien », « Chienne de vie », « Des yeux de chattes », « Nom d'un chien », « Comme un chien dans un jeu de quilles » « Malade comme un chien », « Se regarder en chien de faïence », « Mal de chien », « Elle a du chien », « Les chiens ne font pas des chats », « Une vie de chien », « Donner sa langue au chat », « Il n'y a pas un chat », « Avoir un chat dans la gorge », « Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide » Marche aussi en anglais et dans toutes les langues : « Fat cat », « Curiosity killed the cat », « Cat got your tongue ? », « Let the cat out of the bag », « Gone to the dogs », « Doggy bag », « Doggy style », ...

On peut en trouver à la pelle et même, sûrement en inventer.

Ces liens idiomatiques sont peut-être plus à chercher (ou à trouver) dans le titre ou le concept d'une œuvre.

Héros de mon enfance et de mon adolescence, ils sont aussi très nombreux à m'avoir entouré, des héros de Disney (Goofy, Les Aristochats, La belle et le clochard, Les 101 Dalmatiens, ...) à ceux de mes premières BD (Pif le chien, Pat Hibulaire, Pluto, ...) et plus après : Milou, Idéfix, Rantanplan, Grosminet, Tom, Snoopy, Kador, Gai Luron, Fritz the Cat, et j'en oublie beaucoup, évidemment.

Qu'est ce qui fait qu'autant de chiens et de chats peuplent nos BD et dessins animés ? L'anthropomorphisme permet certainement de conter des histoires d'humains dans des corps d'animaux... retour naturel à Jean de La Fontaine qui était le premier à utiliser cet artifice pour ses fables moralisatrices ou critiques des travers humains... Enfin peut-être pas le premier puisqu'il semble qu'il se soit inspiré des fables orales d'Esopé datant du VII^e siècle avant JC.

Donc finalement rien de très nouveaux dans notre relation à ces animaux fidèles de l'humain depuis des milliers d'années.

Présent dans la mythologie grecque, romaine et égyptienne, le chat occupe une place très importante. Il est aussi un animal totem dans la mythologie nordique. Chez les Égyptiens, le chat était considéré comme un membre de la famille et les japonais le considère comme un animal bénéfique apportant amitié et bonheur. Le chien, dans la mythologie, est plus souvent gardiens des morts ou des âmes (Anubis ou Cerbère).

Dans l'Art pictural, le chat n'est pas souvent un sujet principal, excepté pour quelques artistes. Il n'apparaît vraiment qu'à la fin du XIX^e siècle, car depuis le moyen âge, il est considéré comme animal « hérétique », une créature associée au diable et à la sorcellerie. De simple figurant au Moyen-âge, le chien, lui, se métamorphose en sujet de peinture avec les peintres animaliers. Et c'est avec Courbet que l'animal rivalise avec la peinture d'histoire.

Peintres et sculpteurs ont été nombreux à avoir été créatifs sur le sujet :

Jan Van Eyck dans « La Chambre des Epoux Arnolfini », où le chien pourrait être le symbole de la fidélité et de la loyauté. Avec « Chasse dans la forêt » Paolo Uccello, les chiens donnent la profondeur à la toile. Sandro Botticelli, Bassano, Tintoret, Velasquez dans les « Ménines », Greuze, Édouard Manet, Pablo Picasso, Pierre Bonnard, Fernand Léger, Zhou Chunya, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Keith Haring, Roy Lichtenstein, Yayoi Kusama, William Wegman.

Miro, bien que n'ayant pas donné beaucoup d'autres explications à son œuvre que celle de prétendre « féconder l'imagination », a réalisé plusieurs tableaux où le chien et le chat sont présents. Comme dans « Le chien aboyant à la lune » qui n'est pas sans évoquer l'arcane XVII du tarot.

Koons et ses « balloon dogs » ou son « Puppy » floral et monumental de Bilbao qui associe chien, kitsch et ego : « Je voulais qu'ils (le public) retrouvent la joie entière de l'enfant qui expérimente les couleurs, le bleu, le rose. Qu'ils oublient la culpabilité de la masturbation. Le spectateur a honte de sa propre histoire et l'enjeu était de l'en débarrasser. Car l'histoire de chacun est parfaite.»

Quoi de plus simple en effet de parler au monde entier en s'adressant à l'enfant qui est en nous comme dans les BD, les dessins animés ou la publicité.

Et pour les chats, évidemment les Japonais Utagawa Kuniyoshi et Hiroshige II. Kuniyoshi a utilisé des chats dans ses estampes satiriques. Dans l'une de ses œuvres les plus célèbres, les félins prennent des poses variées et expressives pour illustrer des proverbes japonais, à nouveau le biais anthropomorphique pour faire passer un message.



lfig, Boulogne-Billancourt, France



Hélène Legrand, St Germain en Laye, France

Le peintre allemand Paul Klee, grand amateur de félins, a réalisé en 1928 l'œuvre « Le Chat et l'oiseau », peut-être son tableau de chat expressionniste le plus emblématique.

Balthus, qui se nomme lui-même le « Roi des chats », représente fréquemment les félins dans son art. Comme les chats, Balthus est sauvage, indépendant. Il ne donnait pas d'explication sur ses toiles. A certains égards, Balthus est resté figé sur ses visions d'enfance. « Très tôt j'avais compris mon appartenance secrète, mystérieuse au monde des chats. Je ressentais leur même souci d'indépendance », écrira-t-il dans ses Mémoires.

Je passe sur la littérature, la poésie, le cinéma, le cirque et la musique ; l'objet de notre exploration étant restreinte aux arts plastiques.

L'objet de cette exposition est bien de questionner les artistes contemporains sur leur vision, et leur relation à ces, donc, fidèles compagnons de l'homme et des artistes, et la dimension qu'il souhaitent nous donner à voir ou à penser.

Du dessin d'enfant aux talentueux peintres ou sculpteurs contemporains, notre rapport à eux est bien sûr différent. Tantôt miroir, tantôt vecteur, sujet ou prétexte, ces animaux domestiqués sont une source infinie d'interprétation.

J'espère que cette exposition vous divertira et vous permettra de découvrir de nouveaux talents artistiques.

Jean-Louis Cléret est galeriest à Guingamp, Bretagne, France. Instagram: jeanlouiscleret



Wong Wa, Saint Ouen, France



Vicky-Lou, Pabu, France



Philippe Vercellotti, Toulouse, France



Michel Audiard, Rochecorbon, France



Sophie Patry, Saint Leu la Forêt, France



Maud Le Duc, Pléhédél, France



Stephanie Brody-Lederman, NYC, USA



Oliver Zabel, Bremen, Allemagne



Barbara Daeffler, ST Brieuc, France



Hervé Duval, Corneilles-en Parisis, France



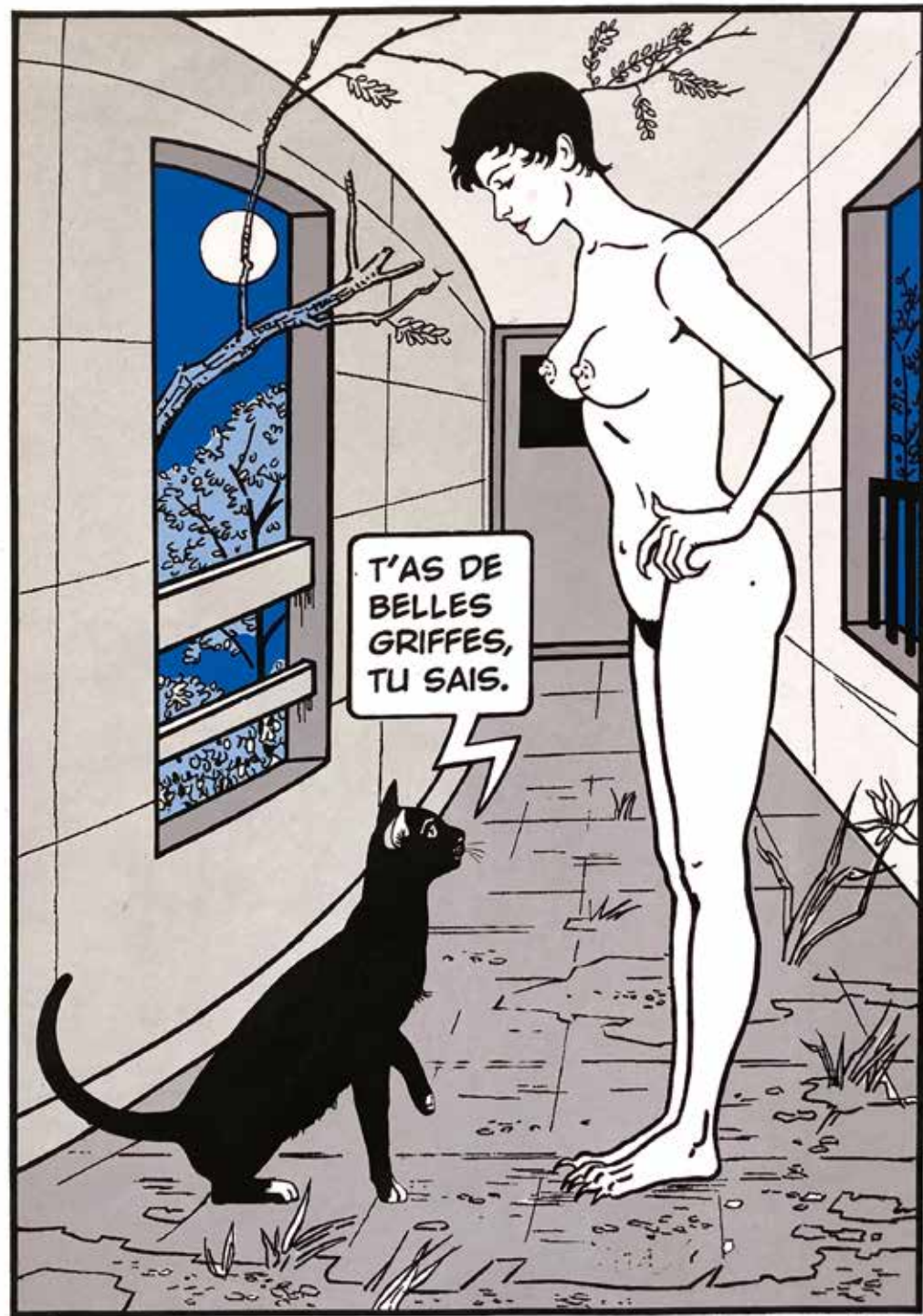
Bernard Jannemin, Paimpol, France



Matthew Rose, Paris, France



Benoît Mercier, Dinan, France



Chantal Montellier, Saint Etienne, France



Victoire Le Corre, Paris, France



Safo Dermé AKA Yabré, Koudougou, Burkina Fasso



Nagsoul, quelque part en France ou ailleurs



Julia FAURE
E.E

Julia Faure, Paris, France



Eric Valat, Toulouse, France



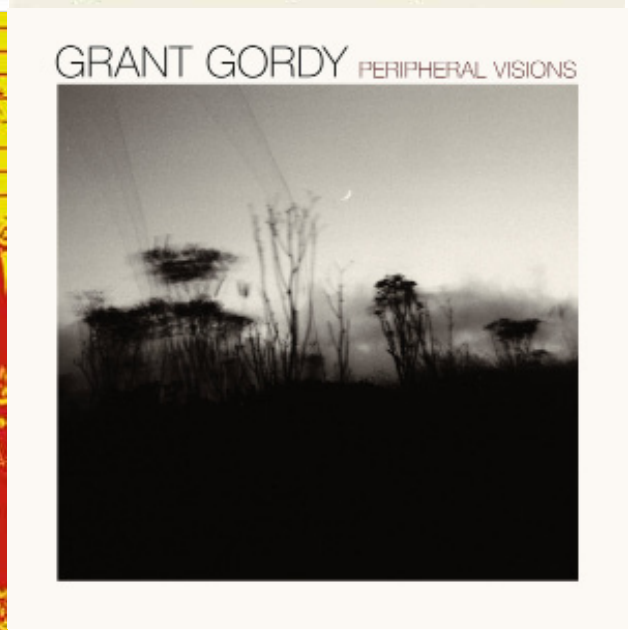
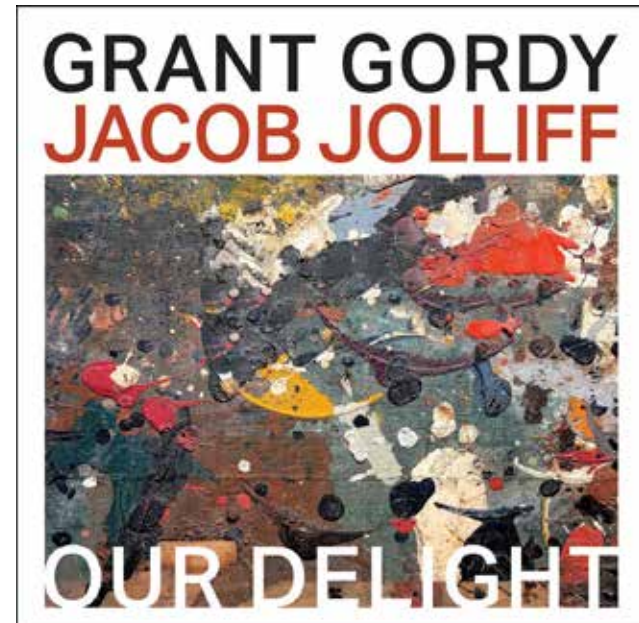
Pelo, Guingamp, France



Tati Mouzo, Trédaniel, France



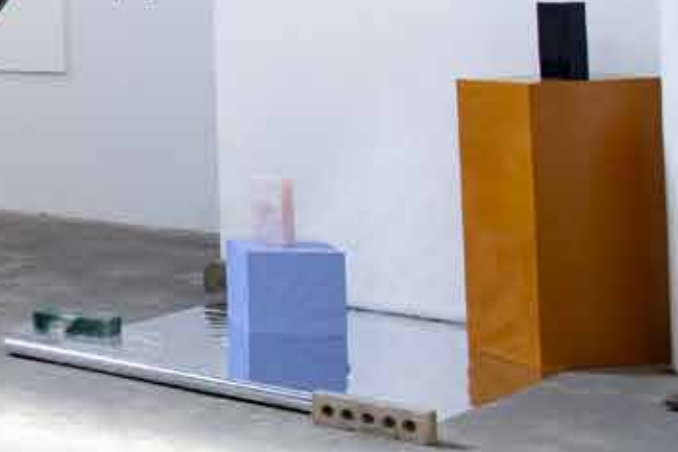
Ayoko, Gèlèdè masks..
The Gèlèdè is a important cultural group in Benin. These masks are used during “night dances.”



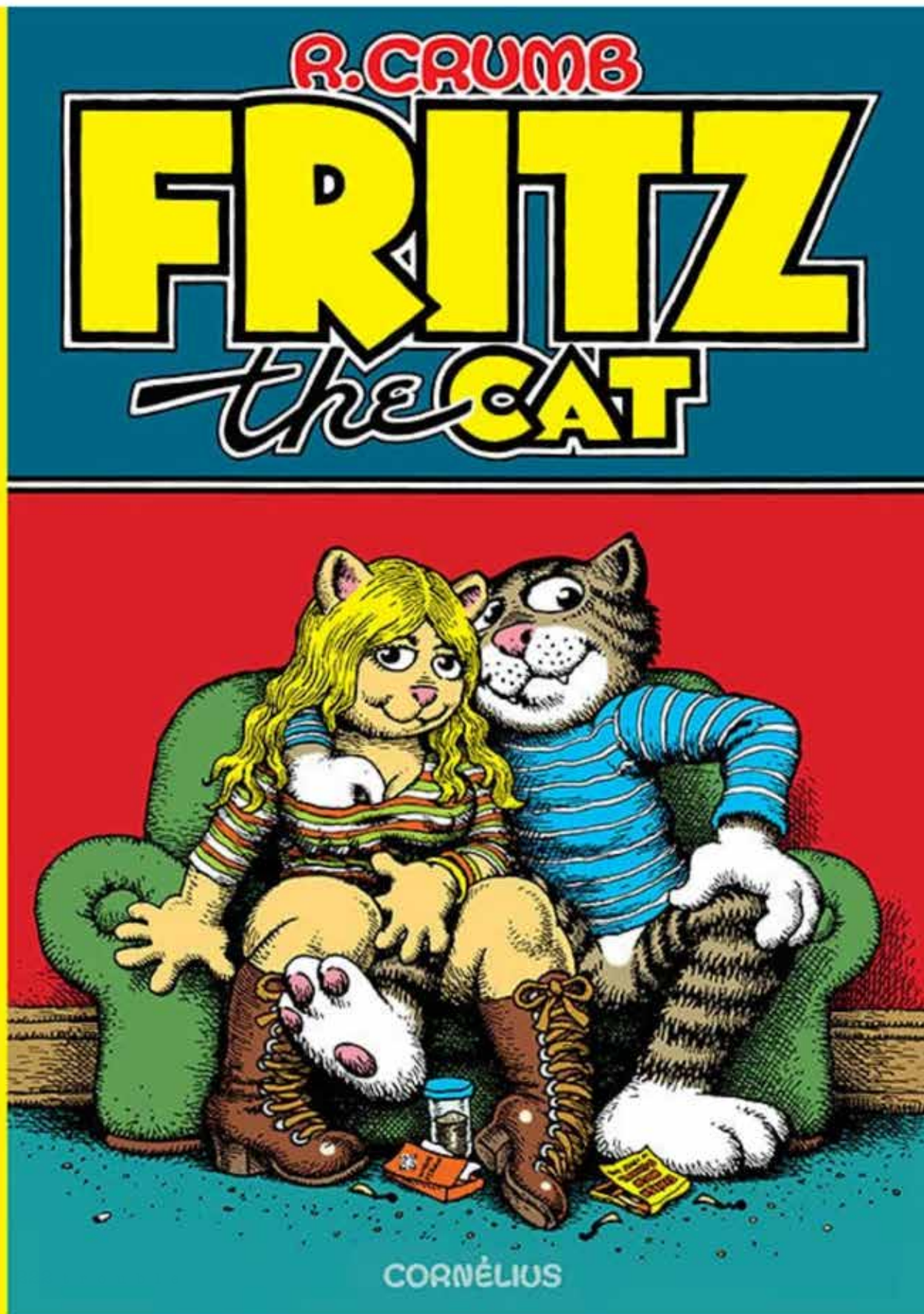
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The Sexual History of Fritz The Cat

Prompt author: Dr. Oregon Hunter

Answer author: GPT-4

So, tell me about the reproductive life of Fritz the Cat.

Fritz the Cat is a fictional character created by American cartoonist Robert Crumb. First appearing in 1965, Fritz is an anthropomorphic cat who often engages in various hedonistic behaviors, including sexual escapades.

As a fictional character, Fritz the Cat does not have a reproductive life in the same sense that a living animal would. However, his sexual exploits and encounters with various female characters are often depicted in the comics, graphic novels, and films featuring the character.

In 1972, an animated film called "Fritz the Cat" was directed by Ralph Bakshi, which was the first animated feature film to receive an X rating in the United States. The film, as well as its 1974 sequel, "The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat," showcased Fritz's sexual experiences and relationships. These encounters are intended to satirize and comment on various aspects of American culture and society during the 1960s and 1970s.

Now, please describe in detail the hedonistic behaviors of Fritz the Cat.

Fritz the Cat, as an anthropomorphic character created by Robert Crumb, engages in several hedonistic behaviors throughout his appearances in comics, graphic novels, and animated films. These behaviors include:

- 1. Promiscuity:** Fritz is known for his sexual escapades with various female characters, often engaging in casual sex without any emotional attachment. These encounters are usually depicted in a graphic and explicit manner, reflecting the countercultural attitudes towards sexuality during the 1960s and 1970s.
- 2. Drug use:** Fritz frequently indulges in recreational drug use, including marijuana and other substances. The character often partakes in smoking marijuana with friends and acquaintances, highlighting the prevalence of drug use in the countercultural movement.
- 3. Alcohol consumption:** Fritz can often be seen drinking alcohol, attending parties, and partaking in other forms of revelry. These actions reflect the character's hedonistic lifestyle and his desire for pleasure and self-indulgence.
- 4. Laziness and irresponsibility:** Fritz often shirks responsibility and avoids engaging in any form of serious work or commitment. He is portrayed as a freeloading character who prefers to live off the generosity of others rather than pursuing a career or education.
- 5. Rebellion:** Fritz embodies the rebellious spirit of the countercultural movement, frequently challenging authority and societal norms. This can be seen in his interactions with authority figures, such as police officers, and his disdain for conventional values.
- 6. Materialism:** Fritz occasionally pursues material possessions, such as cars and luxury items, to impress others and satisfy his own desires. This behavior can be seen as a satirical commentary on American consumer culture.

Overall, the hedonistic behaviors of Fritz the Cat serve to satirize and critique various aspects of American culture and society during the 1960s and 1970s, including sexual liberation, drug use, and the countercultural movement as a whole.

Thanks so much.



HEXAGON

PODCAST

In France, there are six sides to every story...

hexagonpodcast.substack.com

CONTENTMENT

She could not get winter out of her system...
the longing for love

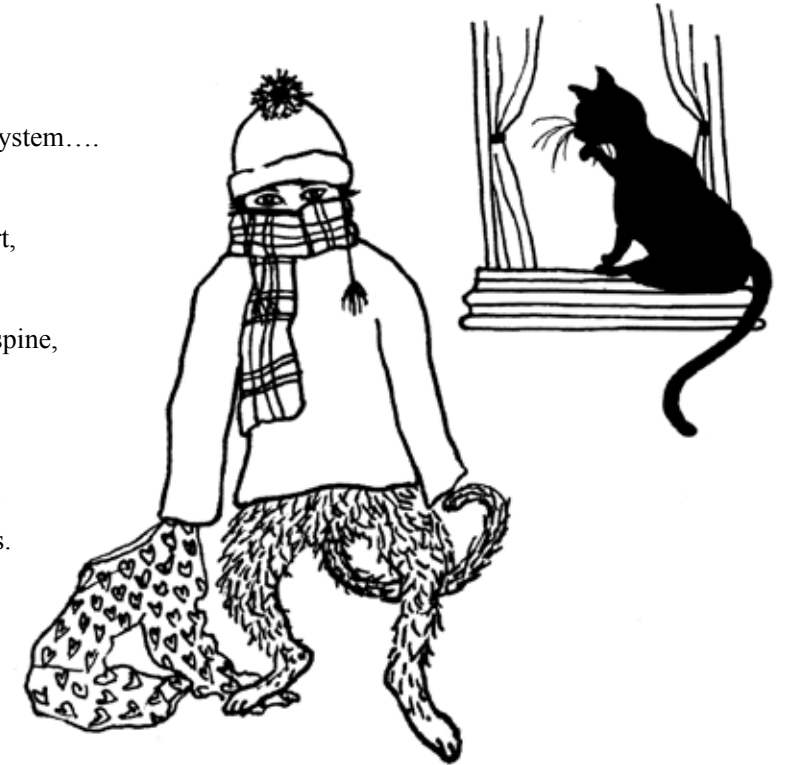
When her hindquarters started to hurt,
she thought it was piles.
It wasn't.
There was a bump at the end of her spine,
like a tail starting to grow,
then fur on her legs.

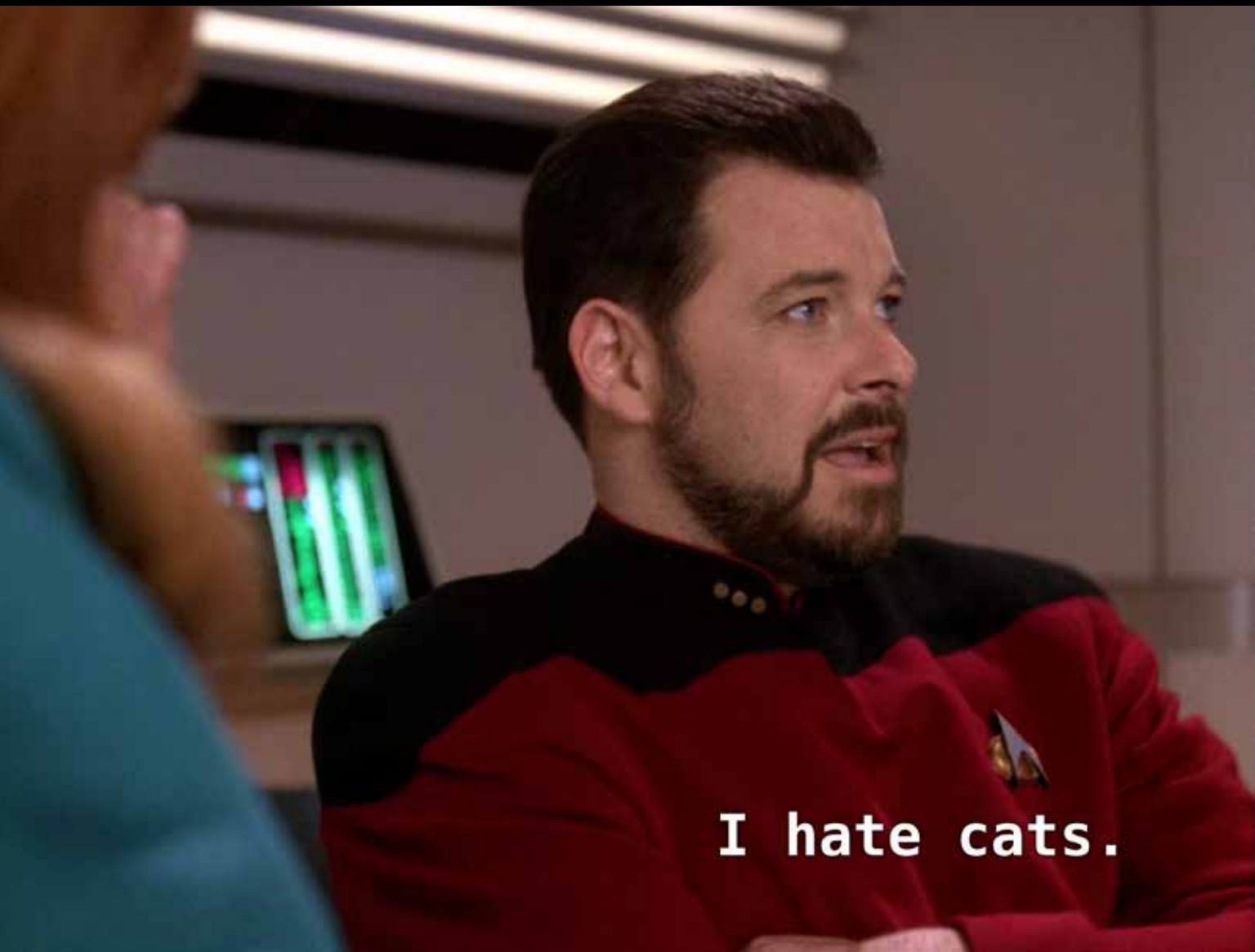
She thought of a Brazilian wax
and decided against it.
She wore leggings and long sweaters.
Large furry places replaced her ears.
She wore a cap.

When the whiskers grew
she relaxed.
She found a warm place in the sun,
shucked her clothes
and stretched.

This was contentment.
Now she could have as many lovers as she wanted
and no one would think anything of it.

—Joan Harrison / Illustration: Emily Harrison-Ach





I hate cats.

STRIKE



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RIES OUT



Decoding The Catsuit

By Nancy Jones

The performative aspects of clothing can be dramatic and the model's persona animated. Clothing is on the one hand a protective layer between the body and the elements and on the other hand an active visual language that communicates ideas, attitudes, and values. And sexuality – either concealing it or revealing it. Somehow, somewhere humanity discovered the catsuit, a body-hugging silhouette with an enigmatic allure, abstracting what a cat represents – slinky, mysterious, predatory independence. The catsuit plays in an iconography of both sadism and masochism, seductiveness and charisma. Wearing one, a woman is immediately transformed into a beautiful savage.

Favored by sleek actresses and the occasional Halloween party host, the catsuit is typically a black, patent leather body outfit, or a latex head-to-toe ensemble that can drive men (and possibly other women) wild, turning them into puddles. Yes, all that and more, plus the catsuit is a daring fashion statement whose natural sexiness challenges conventional perceptions of femininity by exploiting overt instinctual qualities inherent in women.

When worn by the likes of Cat Woman actresses like Julie Newmar, Lee Merriweather, Eartha Kitt, Michelle Pfeiffer, Halle Berry, Anne Hathaway, Cameron Bicondova and Zoë Kravitz, their cat suits evoke dominance, autonomy and self-assurance. It defined the sinuous essence of what it is to be “feline.”

Playing the role of Batman's nemesis and significant other, these women are fast, tricky and terribly clever. Their black suits are slick and intimidating, but also come off slightly homespun with their zigzag stitching. Theirs is a personal wardrobe for a homemade comic book heroine whose sense of justice is seemingly up for grabs.

Pouring oneself into a catsuit and the requisite face mask, intensifies the transformation of human into animal and its goal of unleashing a brand of magic, primordial power. With its form-fitting shape, the catsuit is so clearly not a dress but a skin, one that accentuates the contours – in nearly cartoon fashion – of the female form. The catsuit has become a contemporary language that finds expression on the red carpets of Cannes and cultural events like the Met Gala, fashionistas' version



of sexual heaven. And that liberation – wearing your skin in public – conveys a heady message about personal identity and empowerment, and the potency of fantasy for both men and women..

The male gaze is a sexualized way of portraying women; the association between cats and female sexuality has long been ingrained in Western Culture. Terms like “sex kitten” used to describe sexually provocative women, draw on feline qualities. Actresses playing “cat woman” will embody a combination of playful kittenishness, captivating charm and a nonchalant viciousness – that is perhaps a defense mechanism and in effect evokes a fragility. The catsuit taps into all these cultural associations, allowing some women to reclaim their sensuality and predatory superpower, engender jealousy in other women and of course, control over men. The male gaze is a two-way mirror.

Mysticism, and defiance align with the character of Cat Woman but her personality is far more complex: She reeks of the femme fatale archetype, embodying the complexities of rebellion and sensuality. The black cat, a Western symbol of bad luck, is also a symbol of resistance to authority and the state in anarchist movements. Its image in propaganda reflects a rejection of traditional power structures. Historically, cats have been perceived as predators, admired for their ferocity and known for their intelligence, agility, and strength. In ancient Egypt, cats were also strongly linked with fertility and often symbolized womenkind in a myriad of ways.

The catsuit performs as a powerful medium, one that transcends all sorts of boundaries, and represents a fusion of rebellious feminine, animalistic and human qualities, pointing ultimately to metamorphosis.

Nancy Jones is an artist and PhD. Web site: nancyjonesart.com Instagram: [@image_is_crisis](https://www.instagram.com/image_is_crisis)



Paintings by Nancy Jones





Innocence and Menace

in Goya's Portrait of Manuel Osorio Manrique de Zúñiga (1787–88)

By Ruben C. Cordova

When is a portrait more than just a portrait? Goya's magnificent picture of Manuel Osorio Manrique de Zúñiga (1787–88) is a painted disquisition on good and evil, cloaked in satin, feathers, and fur.

Take the little boy. Manuelito is, of course, a child of great privilege. The son of the 12th Count of Altamira (who was a rich banker to boot), he was accorded the honor of a full-length portrait by Goya at the ripe age of three or four. His head radiates the kind of light one normally sees in depictions of Catholic saints and holy figures. This boy is special. He is light, he is grace. There is no guile in his saucer-like eyes, or in his face.



Francisco Goya, *Manuel Osorio Manrique de Zúñiga*, detail of head and collar.

There is no trace of the aristocratic hauteur we find in so many pretentious English paintings, for Manuelito is innocence personified. He is beatific, almost otherworldly. His clothing bespeaks great privilege. The red silk or satin jumpsuit shimmers in the light like a divine raiment. Though it is very loosely painted, the boy's filigree collar is translucent. Goya transmits a wonderful sense of material fragility and transparency. As the light penetrates the collar, it dissolves it.



Francisco Goya, *Manuel Osorio Manrique de Zúñiga*, detail of arms and sash.

The boy's knotted sash is even better. We can perceive the different layers that wrap around his little waist, and read the bulges and hollows where it is knotted up on his left side. At its extremities, the material almost vanishes in puffs of white, like the final traces of fireworks in the night sky. His wrists, too, are girded by half-vanished lacey handcuffs.

This garb didn't come cheap, and, in Spain, materials really mattered. Commoners who dared to wear silk were like privates who impersonated generals. They upset the established order, they called into question the hierarchy itself. They could be whipped for dressing above their station in life.



Francisco Goya, *Manuel Osorio Manrique de Zúñiga* (1787–88), oil on canvas, 50 x 40 inches, The Jules Bache Collection, 49.7.41, The Metropolitan Museum of Art (all photographs courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum).



Francisco Goya, Manuel Osorio Manrique de Zúñiga, detail of left hand.

Goya has endowed Manuelito with Christ-like qualities, beginning with the miraculous light that envelops his head. Manuelito's suit is the color of blood. We can't determine what meanings Goya intended in this painting, but in its day, it would have evoked Christ's sacrifice (the central tenant of Catholicism) for many viewers. Had this been a representation of the Christ child, the string he holds would have been read as a foreshadowing of his arrest and scourging, and the open position of his arms could have been interpreted as a pre-figuration of the crucifixion.

Little Manuel's left hand is too small. Since it is extended towards the viewer, it should be significantly larger. Even stranger, some of the fingers look like raw, disembodied chicken drumsticks, futilely grasping at a straw. Perhaps Manuelito is just too young and coordinated for this task, since his small fingers can't seem to grab hold of the string.

Goya's painting stands in dramatic contrast to works by the great Spanish Baroque painters Murillo and Ribera, who rendered powerful and sympathetic images of ill-clad, low-class urchins going about their business in the streets. Manuelito is neither scamp nor rascal. He is of enormously higher standing than the afore-mentioned urchins, and he likewise answers to a higher calling. But whereas Murillo's and Ribera's young commoners are suffused with vigor and personality, Goya's red child exhibits a high degree of psychological blankness, which is an affliction common to artistic subjects who are too good for their own artistic good (as witnessed by great volumes of timid, little goody-two-shoes Christs and insipid, benevolent madonnas of any age). Consequently, the painting's high drama is transmitted not by its sole human subject, but rather through the cats and birds at the bottom of the picture. Both the beatific child and the birds themselves seem rather oblivious to the trio of stalking cats. As spectators, we witness the peril that the innocents cannot themselves perceive.



Francisco Goya, Manuel Osorio Manrique de Zúñiga, detail of cats and birds.

Before turning to the cats and birds, I'd like to note the resolute flatness of Manuelito's red suit (which is nicely accentuated by the olive background used in many great Spanish Baroque paintings). That flatness, the generalized facial blankness, and the setting within an interior space wholly lacking in furnishings were elements that Manet found in Spanish painting that inspired his own works, such as [The Fifer](#) (Musée d'Orsay). Like his compatriot Velázquez, Goya was a major influence on modern artists who sought to break away from academic traditions.



Francisco Goya, Manuel Osorio Manrique de Zúñiga, detail of cat's eyes.

Let us now consider the three cats. Nothing but evil subsists in the soulless, black-hole eyes of Goya's all-devouring murder-cats. Their irregular irises are like mini cyclones, struggling to avoid getting swallowed up in the maelstrom of evil, the black, all-devouring void that resides inside of these feline heads. Goya's cat eyes, in fact, are more sinister than those of any of his haggish witches, or his goat-horned demons-from-hell.

When one looks closely at them, the afore-mentioned monsters look quite convivial in comparison to Goya's hellcats. Throughout a good swath of human history, cats were understood to be witches' familiars. Give me the witch and keep the cat. At least you could party with the former, especially if you like masquerades and enjoy quaffing bubbly witches brew.

A cat is nothing more than predation personified. They have the qualities of the worst humans, like the cruelest of inquisitors and the most sadistic, torturing Nazis. We recognize these humans as aberrations, damaged beings produced or enabled by horrific historical circumstances. But cats are natural-born killers and torturers. Did any evil Nazi enjoy torturing innocent victims more than your average cat, which prolongs the suffering of its prey, just because it can, and just to refine its deadly skills? A cat's bloodlust is in-born. As thieves of life itself, they are brigands without respite, always on the prowl for their next victim. No one has to teach a cat to be cruel, and good luck to anyone who thinks they can teach a cat to be kind.

Providently, these inhuman executioners, these four-footed mustachioed villains, these fur-covered automatons of death, all have triangular ears at the top of their heads, which function as demonic, horn-like warnings to all who can see them. It was with good reason that cats, bats, and owls made up the menagerie of evil in Goya's [Sleep of Reason](#). Let it be a warning to us all!

Woe to the innocent bird who cannot sense this trio of stalking demons. In ordinary circumstances, a bird will not consume a crumb of bread, nor the merest sip of water without reflexively hopping about and nervously checking to see what predators might be closing in, whether from the sky, the ground, or a tree. But this pet magpie has shed its state of perpetual paranoia. It has instead placed its trust in this child, who is too innocent to serve as a good shepherd.

The bird is bound by the leg. That tether of string could be the magpie's death warrant, if it impedes its flight from the felines. Then that string around the foot would be like a rope around a man's neck. So perhaps it is a good thing that Manuelito cannot properly grasp it.



Francisco Goya, Manuel Osorio Manrique de Zúñiga, detail of magpie with string and calling card.

What, then, does one make of the architectonic cage filled with finches? Birds, since ancient Egypt, have been symbols of the soul, and finches in particular are associated with Christ. The flecks of red on their heads were, in Medieval times, said to have been caused by the bird's attempt to remove Christ's crown of thorns. For this reason, paintings of Mary and the Christ child habitually contain a goldfinch. The elaborate cage may represent the church, and the finches a devout, miniature heavenly choir. Unlike the songless magpie, finches are regarded as among the greatest of singers.

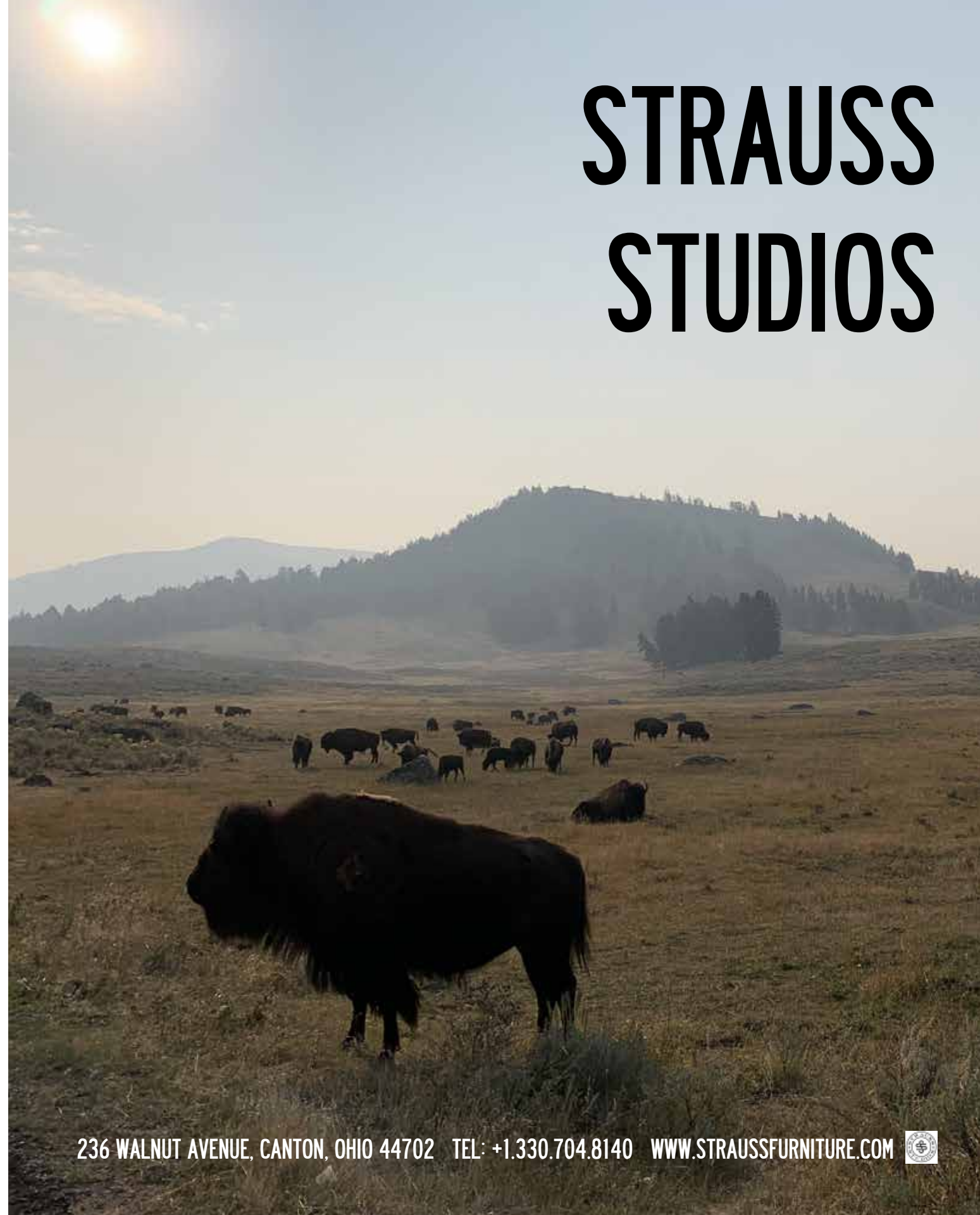
Since the magpie has Goya's calling card in its beak, one could say that the bird, in a manner of speaking, is a stand-in for the artist himself. The reactionary forces in Spain ultimately forced Goya into exile late in his life — he fled the royal coup. He, of course, could not have foreseen that event, just as he could not have known how short a life Manuel would lead. Perhaps, like a number of other artists, Goya associated the magpie with death. If so, Goya's calling card (with a representation of palettes and brushes) would be left behind after the bird's demise. Perhaps it was a wish for posthumous fame, the desire for Goya's great works to outlive him.

...

Ruben C. Cordova is an art historian, curator, and photographer. He witnessed well-fed feral cats eradicate the fauna in a wildlife habitat he had constructed to shelter them. Not content with the annihilation of these innocent creatures, the cats also obliterated his herb garden. Cordova wrote this as a lark, off the top of his head, while being pursued by cats.

<https://www.facebook.com/rubencordova/>

240 t r o u b l e



STRAUSS STUDIOS

FIDELE A LA CONSIGNE



— Je te le confie : Garde-le bien!



Quelques gouttes...



— Ici, Médor!



— Lâche ça!



Médor tient bon.



Sauve qui peut...



Photo: MJ Moon / London

俳句と猫と犬

松橋英一

俳句は最短の形式で表現される文学として世界中で知られています。

実際には俳句よりもっと短い詩や文学作品は存在していますが、俳句の特徴は単に短いということだけでは無く、他の部分にあり、そのことが多くの人々に長く続けられた理由といえます。

俳句は5, 7, 5の文字で構成されている詩の形式で、文字数が限定されることで言葉にリズムが生まれます。もともと俳句は日本に古くからある短歌をさらに短くして生まれたもので、この形式で作られる作品は詠まれることを前提としています。眼で見て読むのではなく、耳に入る発声された言葉による鑑賞が本来のスタイルです。サウンドポエムのように音自体が詩となるスタイルではなく、あくまでもその言葉には意味があり、文字で表現され、書き留められたものは、読むことができるので、書物として文字の形式で保存できます。しかしながら書き留められた俳句については、それが読み上げられ、発音されることで本来のスタイルに戻されていきます。

もう一つの特徴は季語というものが盛り込まれることです。春夏秋冬の季節に関する言葉が俳句の中には入っており、このことで詩の宇宙はより広い具体的な世界を獲得していくと同時に作品に普遍性をもたらし、鑑賞する人たちの心に訴える力を持つことを可能とします。

今回は猫と犬に関する俳句を4首選んでいます。猫も犬も人間と一緒にいるので季語にはならないとされていますが、それぞれの時代と季節を感じてもらえればありがたいです。

俳句は松尾芭蕉など江戸時代の作品が多く取り上げられることが多いのですが、現在まで続いている文学形式であり、興味深い作品は現代でもたくさん作られています。

今回は、私たちの感性に近い近代から現代の作品を紹介します。

•「猫の眼に海の色ある小春かな」 寺田寅彦（てらだとらひこ）

この作品を作った寺田寅彦は明治時代に活躍した物理学者です。地球物理学やX線の結晶透過などの研究と同時に文学にも造詣が深く、多くの随筆や俳句を作っています。俳句については、カットアツプやモニタージュの芸術であると述べており、優れた感性だけでなく理論的な側面で俳句を制作していたことがわかります。

この作品は、小春（冬の谷間の暖かい日）に猫の眼という小さなものに見つけた青い色から海という大きな世界を連想する壮大な宇宙感に基づいた作品です。

•「栗咲けりピストル型の犬の影」 西東三鬼（さいとうさんき）

西東三鬼は第二次世界大戦前にはシンガポールで歯科医として働いていましたが、戦争が始まったことで日本に戻り、そのころから俳句を作り始めます。彼のスタイルは自由でモダンなもので、当時の新しい俳句運動の中心人物の一人でした。戦争になると戦争をテーマにした俳句を多く作りますが、当局から執筆の停止命令があり、俳句の制作は中止せざるを得ませんでした。戦後も俳句を作りますが、三鬼は伝統よりも新しいスタイルを開発していきます。今回の句はまさに今までになかったスタイルの句で、最初の栗の花が咲くことと犬の影には関連性は無く、その犬の影もピストル型というモダンでインパクトのある表現となっています。栗の花は春から初夏に咲くのですが、その香りは独特で精子に例えられる場合もあり、一筋縄ではいかない作品です。

•「しゃぼん石鯨だま玉犬に吹きいる夏休み」 林周作（はやししゅうさく）

林は、現代の俳人で活躍中の作家です。この作品は情景を想像するだけで楽しくなってしまいます。夏休みという季節、シャボン玉がたくさん広がり、犬もはしゃいでいる情景が目浮かびます。誰でも経験のある夏の昼下がりの一日、目を閉じたらその情景が浮かんできます。

•「バリバリと一つ目が喰らう鯨骨」 STREET MUSEUM OF TOKYO

最後の作品は私の句です。今回の特集に合わせて犬と猫の句を取り上げました。犬、猫をテーマにした俳句はたくさん作られています。

犬についてはどちらかという人間の相棒として表現されているものが多く、猫については自由で不思議ないきものとして表現されているものが多いようです。

本作はライオンやトラの仲間である猫の持つ野生的な性質を表した作品です。

俳句はシンプルで誰でも手軽に作れる文学です。ぜひチャレンジしてみることをお勧めいたします。

Haiku, Cats and Dogs

Text and illustrations by Eiichi Matsuhashi

Haiku is known throughout the world as literature expressed in its shortest form.

In fact, there are shorter poems and literary works than haiku, but haiku is characterized not only by its brevity, but also by other aspects, which is the reason why many people have continued to write haiku for a long time.

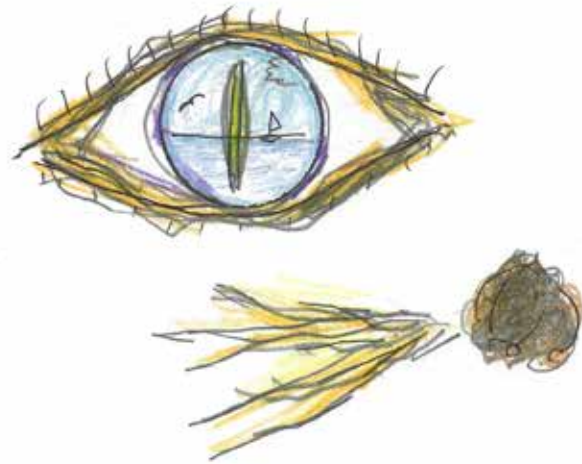
Haiku is a form of poetry consisting of syllables in the order of 5, 7, 5 per line; and the limited number of syllables gives the words a rhythm. Originally, haiku was a shorter version of the traditional Japanese “tanka,” and works written in this form are meant to be composed. The original style of haiku is not to be read with the eyes, but to be appreciated through the vocalized words that enter the ear. The words, of course, have meaning and can be read if they are expressed in writing and written down, so they can be preserved in written form as books. However, for haiku that have been written down, they are read and pronounced, thus returning them to their original style.

Another feature of haiku is the inclusion of seasonal words. This gives the poetic universe a wider, more tangible world, and at the same time, it gives the work a universality that allows it to appeal to the hearts and minds of those who appreciate it.

We have selected four haiku about cats and dogs for this issue of Trouble. Although both cats and dogs are with humans and are not considered to be seasonal words, we would be grateful if you could feel the time and season of each of them.

Haiku is often featured in works by Matsuo Basho and others from Japan’s Edo Period (1603-1867), but it is a literary form that has continued to the present day, and many interesting works are being produced even today.

In this issue, we would like to introduce some modern and contemporary works that are close to traditional sensibilities.



① 猫の眼に 海の色ある 小春かな
寺田実彦

Koharu kana. “The color of the sea in a cat’s eye” by Torahiko Terada

Torahiko Terada was a physicist active during the Meiji era (1868-1912). He had a deep knowledge of literature as well as research on geophysics and crystal transmission of X-rays, and wrote many essays and haiku. He described haiku as the art of cut-up and montage, indicating that he created haiku not only with his superior sensibility but also from a theoretical aspect.

This work is based on a grand sense of space, associating the large world of the ocean with the blue color found in a small object called a cat’s eye in Koharu (a warm day in a winter valley).

① 猫の目に 海の色ある 小春かな
Color of ocean in cat eye at Indian summer.

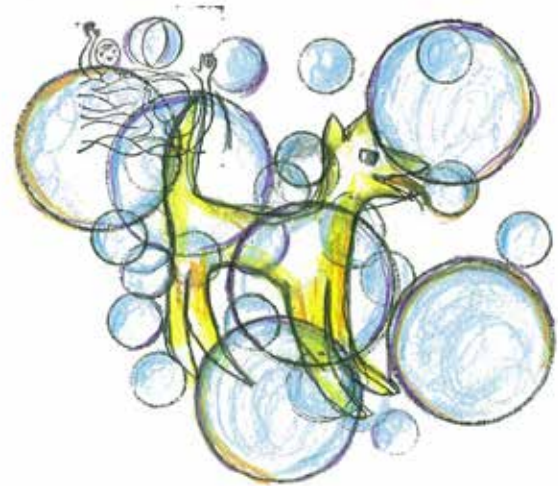


② 栗咲けり ピistol型の犬の影
西東三鬼

“Chestnut Blossom, Shadow of a pistol-shaped dog” by Saito Sanki

Sanki Saito worked as a dentist in Singapore before World War II, but returned to Japan when the war broke out and began writing haiku at that time. His style was free and modern, and he was one of the central figures in the new haiku movement of the time. When the war broke out, he wrote many haiku on war themes, but he was ordered by the authorities to stop writing, and he had no choice but to stop producing haiku. After the war, he continued to produce haiku, but Sanki developed a new style rather than a tradition. The current haiku is truly an unprecedented style, with no connection between the first chestnut blossoms and the dog’s shadow, and the dog’s shadow is also pistol-shaped, a modern and impactful expression. Chestnut blossoms bloom from spring to early summer, and their unique fragrance is sometimes compared to that of sperm, making this a work that is not straightforward.

② 栗咲けり ピistol型の犬の影
It bloom chestnut flower. Dog’s shadow shapes pistol form.



③ シャボンダマ
石鹸玉 犬に吹きいる 夏休み

林周作

**Shabondama. “The soap ball, the dog blowing in the summer vacation”
by Shusaku Hayashi**

Hayashi is an active contemporary haiku poet. This work is a joy just to imagine the scene. It is the season of summer vacation, and the scene of many soap bubbles spreading and dogs frolicking comes to mind. I close my eyes and the scene comes to mind.

③ しゃぼん石鹸だま玉 犬に吹きいる 夏休み
Blow soap bubbles to dog at summer vacation.



④ バリバリと一つ目が喰らう 鯀骨
STREET MUSEUM OF TOKYO

Baribari Hitotsume. “Gates one eating Kippurita bone” by Street Museum of Tokyo.

The last piece is my haiku. I chose haiku about dogs and cats for this special feature. There are many haiku about dogs and cats.

Many haiku about dogs are expressed as human companions, while many haiku about cats are expressed as free and mysterious creatures.

This work expresses the wild nature of cats, which are companions of lions and tigers.

Haiku is a simple and easy literature that anyone can create. We encourage you to give it a try.

④ バリバリと一つ目が喰らう にしん鯀ぼね骨
Crump Crump cyclop eating herring bone.

Eiichi Matsushashi is a poet, artist, musician and the director of the Karuizawa New Art Museum in Karuizawa, Japan.

AN ONGOING CONVERSATION ABOUT ART AND COMMUNITY IN PHILADELPHIA AND THE WORLD

artblog

RADIO



Coronaville Episode 1 "If I Get Corona, I Get Corona."



«Coronaville»

A Dystopian Comic Book Opera

Matthew Rose

«Coronaville is my comic opera of the pandemic, produced during the quarantine in Paris in the Spring of 2020. There are 40 episodes made during 40 days and 40 nights. Coronaville captures the self-dealing and double-speak of (mostly) American politicians who have diasterously and criminally mismanaged the Coronavirus pandemic.»

Coronaville is wicked, an acid romp through the cult minds and neighborhoods of Trump World. Coronaville is the dark comic opera of our times.

Matthew Rose is an American artist and writer living in Paris. Click on the QR code, get your copy of Coronaville.



A Life Of Pets In Turbulent Places

By Matthew Campbell

My first pets, in the 1960s, were African. I was taken to the mysterious continent as a five-year-old colonial child. My father got a job as a cartographer in Zambia, where my mother worked as a nurse.

One day I found a giant snail in the sun-scorched garden and kept it in a shoebox with a few lettuce leaves until my father gently pointed out that it needed to roam. Mimi arrived soon after that, a cream-coloured labrador puppy. She whined and barked so much that she was soon exchanged for Debbie a velvet-eared dachshund.

One day we went on a picnic in a gorge by the crocodile-infested Kafue river. The water was black and deep as it ran between giant boulders. Later, walking back up to the car, we were followed by a pack of baboons. They seemed particularly interested in Debbie. My father threw a stone to try to scare them away. One of them picked it up and threw it back. They rushed forward. Debbie hopped into the car. My father called it a narrow escape: who knew baboons like to eat dogs?

My pets in the 1980s were Nicaraguan. I lived in an abandoned oligarch's mansion for three years in the Central American country known for volcanos, earthquakes and cigars. And for three years I shared this marble-terraced domain with a traumatised grey and white cat and a boisterously dyslexic German shepherd. Sid and Nancy were named on account of their relationship – every bit as twisted and destructive as Sid Vicious, the punk rock Sex Pistols bassist and Nancy Spungen, his girlfriend. Sid would claw at

anything passing by – often my leg – but usually Nance would respond by taking the much smaller cat in her mouth and carrying it around the iguana-filled garden until it was slimy, subdued and, no doubt, even more traumatised. Completing this Central American menagerie was Stan, a Nicaraguan green parrot inherited from the previous occupant of the house. His – the parrot's – speciality was imitating speeches by Daniel Ortega, the former Marxist rebel leader turned president – and these days a dictator every bit as murderous and brutal as the American-backed one he replaced in 1979.

Stan's parroting of the Sandinista leader's rallying cries – "*hasta la victoria, siempre!*" – began after I foolishly placed his cage on top of a radio speaker.

Each day, Ortega would make a rambling speech broadcast on the radio. Like the famously long-winded diatribes of Fidel Castro, the Cuban leader, Ortega's anti-American oratorical marathons would sometimes last hours. So the bird got used to it I suppose. *Muerte al imperialismo yankee!* A bit embarrassing when gringos were in the house.

My pets in the early 1990s were a psychotic Russian feline named Frenzy – I still bear the scars – and her son Frolic whose castration was carried out on my kitchen table by a taciturn Muscovite vet. In the late 1990s, though, if only for the sake of balance, I had American pets. In Nicaragua, the iguanas that basked by day in the sunlit garden would take shelter at night in my roof – I'd hear them slithering around my ceiling. The



American pets also lived in the roof. This was in a leafy neighbourhood of Washington DC. Each morning they would wake me up, frolicking around – much livelier than the iguanas – in my ceiling. Neighbours told me they were a menace and I should call in the vermin exterminators. To me, though, they seemed harmless enough, particularly when I caught sight of them in the garden one day. A whole family of raccoons.

My pets in the 2000s were Parisian. "Time spent with cats is never wasted," according to Sigmund Freud and I must confess to a fascination for felines – despite the terrifying Russian experience. My fine, furry Parisian purring companion was Modigliana di Medaya, otherwise known as Mowgli, who had a temperament as imperious as her name suggested, a mini panther more refined and elegant than the psychotic Russian street-fighter cat. Not that she was without fault: her speciality was chewing holes in my best cashmere jumper.

Pets of the 2010s and 2020s have accumulated, beast and fowl have proliferated in England's

pleasant green land. Now I want a pig. As Winston Churchill put it: "Dogs look up to us, cats look down on us. But pigs treat us as equals."

Matthew Campbell is foreign features editor at The Sunday Times. He lives with his family in Broughton, England.



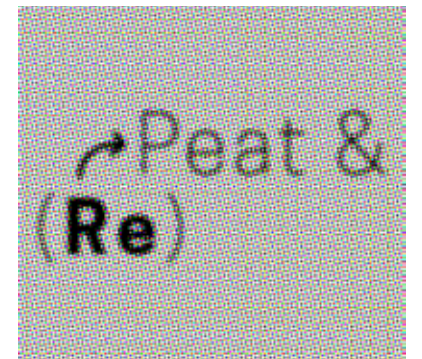
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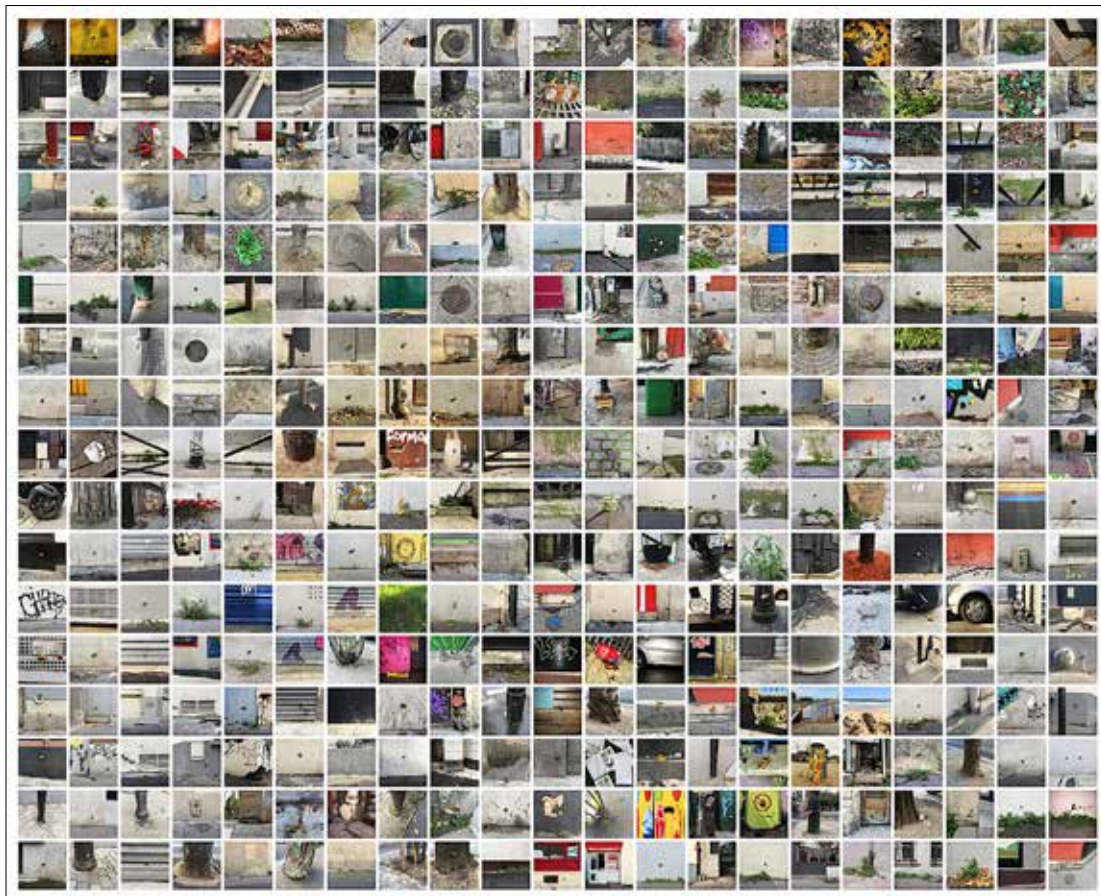
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WALK-IN APPOINTMENTS WELCOME

More Trouble: “Je chie, donc Je suis.”

Zoé Duchesne’s Aesthetics of Failure

By Matthew Rose



“Je chie, donc Je Suis,” wallpaper installation, Galerie Inside Art, Paris 2018

Shit, or “merde” as the French would have it, makes regular appearances in the art world. Piero Manzoni’s “Merde d’Artiste,” Chris Ofili’s “dung paintings” and Maurizio Cattelan’s 18-karat gold toilet are just a few artworks that traffic in excrement capturing the contemporary imagination.

So, metaphorically stepping in it, I walked through the doors of Zoé Duchesne’s “Je chie, donc Je suis” (“I shit, therefore I am”) at the

then just-launched Galerie Lalalande some years ago to find the model, photographer and performance artist offering up another entry to this art world phenomenon.

Riffing off René Descartes’ philosophical proposition “cogito ergo sum,” Duchesne’s savage take on consciousness features “Raffy,” her Jack Russell dog and his unusual habit of pooping directly onto Paris walls. Consisting of documentary photographs, it’s not quite evident what

you’ve just stepped into – just as in real life. A wallpaper installation of more than 300 color photos documenting Raffy’s art greets you but you have to look closely to see what this is all about. For the near sighted, there are two dozen larger framed and unframed photographs of Raffy’s in situ “art actions” in and around Paris. Running in a loop on an iMac, is of course a video of Raffy in his on-the-streets studio, busy at work.

and mistress have found a few fans: Experimental French “New Wave” film maker and feminist icon [Agnès Varda](#), dropped into the gallery before its close, and left with one of the art-making pooch’s works. (Agnès passed away in 2019).

A Cottage Industry

Indeed art world excrement has become a cottage industry. British duo Gilbert & George have been making works about shit for more than de-



“Je chie, donc Je Suis” photographs, installation, Galerie Inside Art, Paris 2018

This peculiar proclivity of her joyful mutt Raffy raising his leg and planting his business on walls, car tires, water pipes is both strange and unique. The pup literally “throws” everything he has at various walls around Paris to see what sticks. Surfaces already loaded with information – spray-painted tags from kids or advertisers’ posters from the adult world of commerce – are photographed almost daily, creating a journal for a year in the life of a dog.

While Raffy’s art is a brand of untamed urban graffiti, Duchesne exploits the end game of what a picture could be in a world eager for endless stream of images. She seems quite aware of the questionable nature of her (and Raffy’s) art. But both dog

and mistress have found a few fans: Experimental British Turner prize winning artist, attached elephant dung to his canvases. There was also Cloaca (2000), Belgian artist Wim Delvoye’s monster that produces actual excrement – in roughly 27 hours after being processed in a massive machine 33 feet long.

Recently Maurizio Cattelan’s 18-karat gold toilet “America” (2017), currently at the Guggenheim in New York City, made the news when chief curator Nancy Spector offered to lend it to [Trump’s White House in lieu of a painting by Vincent van Gogh](#).

Perhaps the king of all this low-brow art is Italian artist Piero Manzoni (1933 - 1963) whose fa-

ther owned a cannery and reportedly told his son that “his art was shit.” Manzoni’s “Merde d’Artiste” (1961) took his father’s words to heart and produced an edition of 90 tuna-fish sized cans containing the artist’s own excrement. Seeking to satirize the art market and expose the dubious value of art works as foul joke, critic Stephen Bury wrote that “Merde d’Artiste was “a critique of consumerism and the waste it generates.” In August 2016, one of Manzoni’s “sculptures” sold for 275,000 euros at an auction in Milan.

Poupée: The Aesthetics of Failure

Duchesne (instagram: @zoe_duchesne) who hails from Quebec, also bends her art towards provocation and irreverence. A series of performances titled “Poupée,” meaning doll, puppet or manne-

quin, featured her on the red carpet at the Cannes Film Festival in 2015. There she **stripped down to a bathing suit bottom made of red “FRAGILE” packing tape** and wandered about topless until security escorted her beyond the velvet ropes.



Zoé Duchesne
Poupée: Les Obstacles
Video, 2:31 mins.
August 2014
Québec.

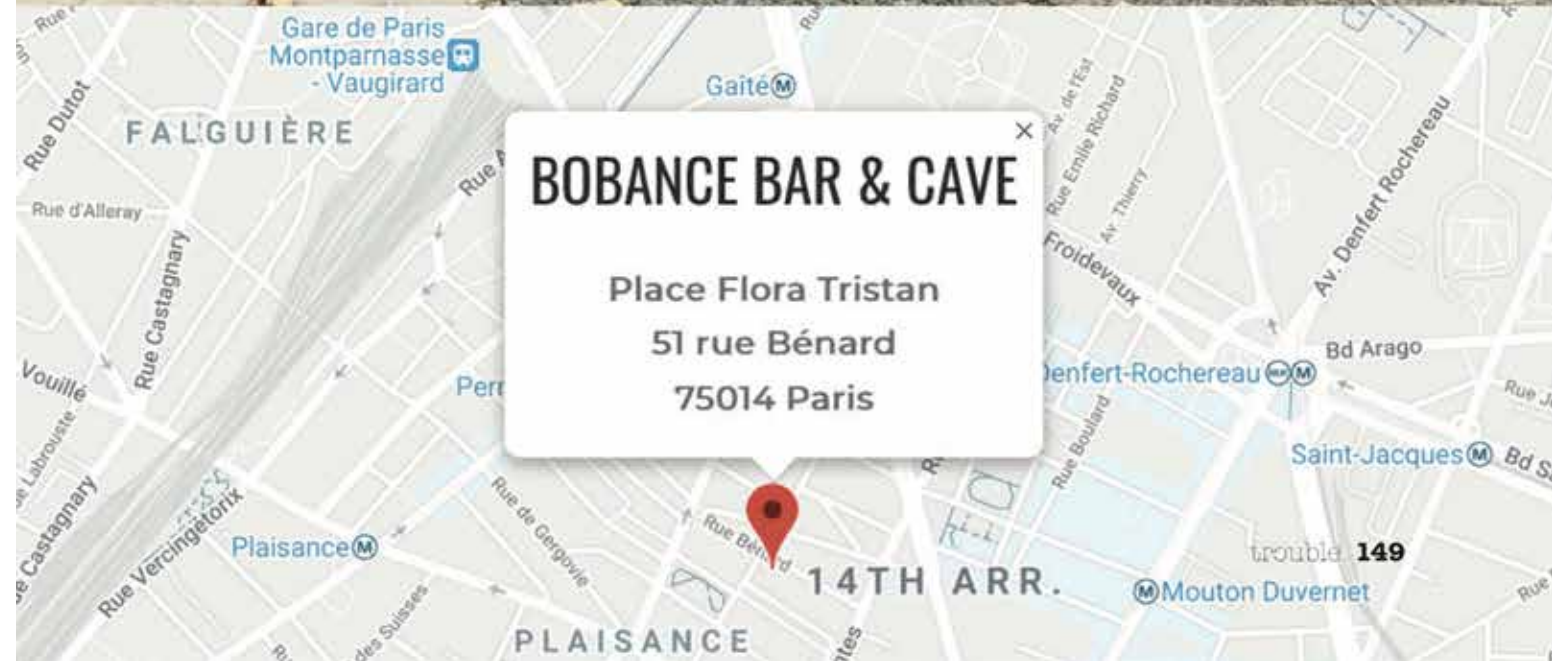


Zoé Duchesne, Red Carpet performance
Cannes, France 2015.

Another performance video seems to epitomize Duchesne’s real interest – an examination of the aesthetics of failure. Again from the “Poupée” series, Duchesne is shown in a blond wig stumbling and falling on her face as she makes her way across a group of hay bales: Trip and fall, trip and fall. “Poupée: Les Obstacles” is oddly heartbreaking – a work of slapstick tragicomedy. Zoé looks like Pipi Longstocking drunk and lost.

Duchesne’s comic narrative could be called a dog’s life, and yes, Raffy does have an Instagram page [instagram: @raffypoopart]. In one tongue and cheek post, Raffy signs a post-it asserting, “One day rich people will pay me to shit on their walls.” Indeed, they have.

Matthew Rose is the publisher and editor of Trouble





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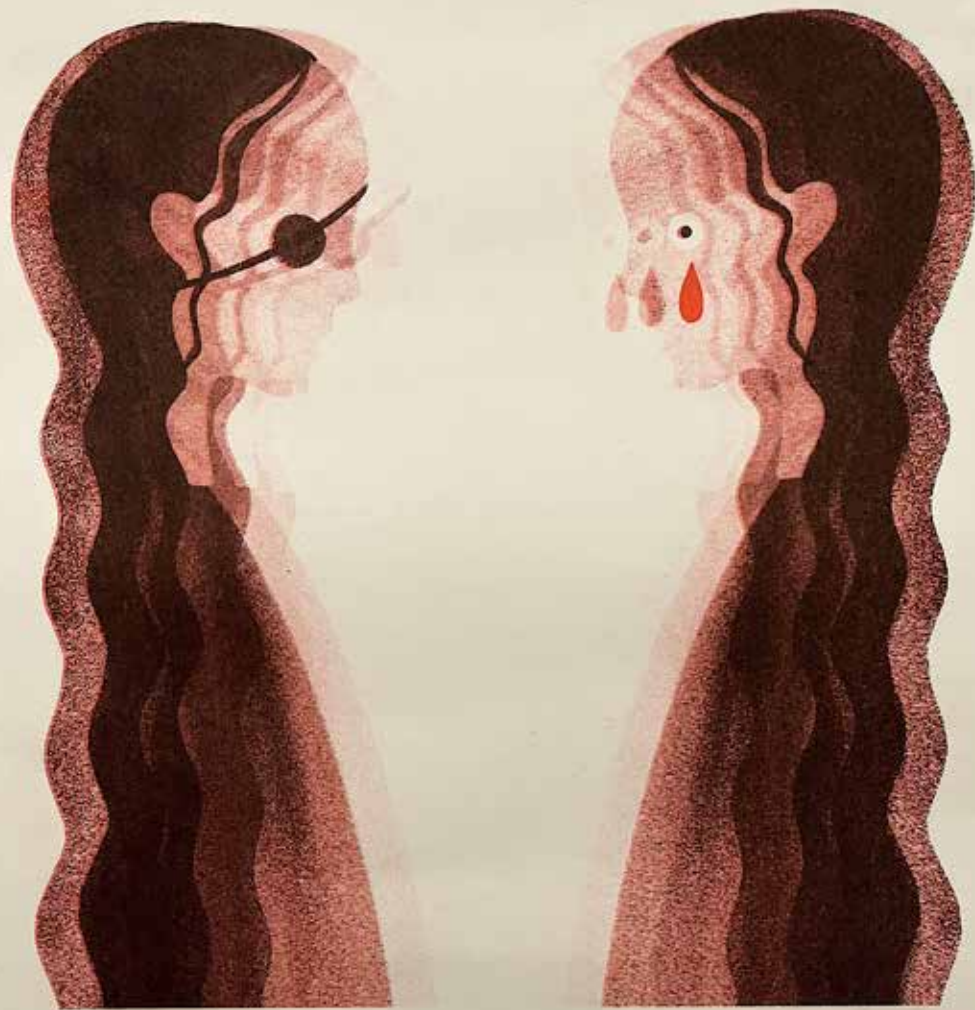
Au Revoir

“We all carry trace fossils within us – the marks that the dead and the missed leave behind. Handwriting on an envelope; the wear on a wooden step left by footfall; the memory of a familiar gesture by someone gone, repeated so often it has worn its own groove in both air and mind: these are trace fossils too. Sometimes, in fact, all that is left behind by loss is trace – and sometimes empty volume can be easier to hold in the heart than presence itself.”

– Robert MacFarlane, UNDERLAND

trouble and its editors
dedicate this ninth issue
to all who have recently departed,
including those listed below.

Al Jaffee, Françoise Gilot, Cormac McCarthy, Vida Blue
Gordon Lightfoot, Hodding Carter III, Ryuichi Sakamoto
Jim Brown, Martin Amis, Marion Berry, Harry Belafonte
Cotton Tree, Tina Turner, Henk Pender, Ilya Kabakov
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