



## To the Dogs

June 30–August 5, 2007





## To the Dogs

Whenever you observe an animal closely you feel as if a human being sitting inside were making fun of you.

—Elias Canetti

Reversing the order of invention, humans didn't invent dogs, dogs invented themselves and adopted humans as part of their reproductive strategy.

—Donna Haraway

*To the Dogs* reflects on the entanglements of humans and canines through an array of photographs, media works and vernacular documents. The exhibition is a form of dedication: to the "companion species" of dogs and humans, whose bodies and behaviours, the cultural critic Donna Haraway tells us, are deeply related through history.<sup>1</sup> As the pictures in this exhibition demonstrate dogs are always within close proximity, lying between legs, the underside of chairs and tables, loping past on the street, sharing a sofa or a walk in the park. The images that have been gathered together for this exhibition are of docile pets and creatures of beauty; we see dogs as dedicated workers and performers, and at times, vicious combatants or just moody strangers.

As suggested by the title, "to the dogs," this exhibition reflects on complex cultural conditions and histories. To *go to the dogs* means declining into ruin, taking a downward slide, or degenerating into the antisocial state of our own bumbling ids. The lofty heights of human propriety and judgement are set against snuffling animal instincts and lower order impulses. But, why does this phrase represent the dog's world as low, debased, and the return of the repressed? After all, is not persistent *doggedness* one of the more celebrated human traits? Are not the trammelled *underdogs*, who after repeated failure *will* themselves to finally clamber up to the podium of success, considered our consummate heroes?

Apropos, the status of the dog, in Vancouver as much as any Western city is currently undergoing a phenomenon of unseen proportions—not just in the sense of an ubiquitous apartment companion, but also the economy of surging dog appreciation services. Businesses historically reserved for the most privileged doyenne are now availed to the regal pooch. The truism that people acquire a dog so that they can feel like Napoleon, is in fact reversed: dogs are now our Napoleons—little generals running us about town and into neighbourhoods never before ventured. Pet-icurists now outnumber pedicurists. The old joke that dogs are a proxy, a child substitute has lost its punchline: Dogs have their own spas, reiki treatments, and haute cuisine containing the tenderest of veal and blueberries. Products from leather shoes, home security, and cellphone plans are being sold by dogs because, well...dogs know best.

And with the increasing densification of our downtowns we see renewed interest in the glamour of earlier metropolises. Central to the iconography of pre- and postwar big city life are image of streetscapes adorned with humans and dogs tethered together by the slightest of life-lines—our low slung leashes. Lithe metropolitan strollers and their panting compatriots on walks through the leafy Upper West Side or tilting sidewalks of the Left Bank have become part of our collective fantasies of city living. *To the Dogs* brings to light these idealized worlds through familiar, and at times iconic, imagery. The lustrous dog-with-owner photographs of Jacques-Henri Lartique, Elliott Erwitt, and Herbert List have perhaps come to define what a desirable lifestyle might mean. Whether bedraggled mutt or trophy-winning Poodle, the pride and prestige of dog ownership is an extension of personal identity—the "I am I because my little dog knows me" of Gertrude Stein.



Cover: Dave Heath, *Central Park, New York City*, 1957, gelatin silver print, 25 x 20 cm.  
Courtesy the artist and Stephen Bulger Gallery.

Top: Anonymous tintype, *Zeno*, 1877, 3.25 x 4.25 cm.

Bottom: John Divola, *Dogs Chasing My Car in the Desert* series, 1996-2001, gelatin silver print, 40.6 x 50.8 cm.  
Courtesy of the artist and G. Gibson Gallery.



Celebrities—as seen in Martin Parr’s photograph of Valentino in his studio or David Seymour’s famous picture of Peggy Guggenheim on Venice’s Grand Canal—have known this as much as anyone, mugging countless times for the pictures inscribed in the photo albums of our shared twentieth century. Can we tell by these photographs if the fiercely independent Emily Carr confided more with her Pug than did the tactician General Custer with his Springer Spaniel?

What is clear is that the social peculiarities of dog culture has been well documented through out the history of photography: from the Victorian portraiture of early tintypes and stereo cards to the photojournalist spreads that dominated twentieth-century lifestyle magazines. Documentary photography has revealed the diverse roles of canines in different cultures, often as undomesticated participants in everyday activities, rather than personal treasures on display. Across cultures dogs inhabit the casual pictures of domestic situations, worksites, and journeys. In these images the presence of dogs seem to act as a stabilizing force in our efforts to *face history*.

With contemporary art photography, a four-legged friend performing for the camera often raises questions about pedigree, display and the photogenic, as seen in William Wegman’s collaborative behaviourist experiments with his Weimaraners, Marc Joseph’s proud owners displaying the biting power of their Pitbulls, and Jo Longhurst’s interpretations of Whippet breeding in relation to the history or photography and nineteenth-century eugenics. Yet, in many of the artworks in this exhibition, breed plays a less significant role. Dogs take on anthropomorphic associations in Shari Hatt’s eclectic gallery of dog portraits *Black Dogs, Series One* and Francis Alys’s homeless dogs in *Sleepers II*. In Eadweard Muybridge’s classic motion studies and John Divola’s *Dogs Chasing My Car in the Desert* it is the canine’s physical prowess and agility that is captured. Hiroshi Sugimoto’s photograph of a museum diorama, *Alaskan Wolves*, opens up the question of how we perceive these animals and what roles they are given in our cultural narratives. This artificial landscape plays on our desire to maintain a wilderness fantasy for wolves, while at the same time taking comfort in the domestication of their wild exoticism.

*To the Dogs* attempts to show the many ways management of our own human animality is co-dependent on our relationship with the figure of the dog precisely through *how* we record that relationship in photographs, video and film. Or, to put it another way, the “co-constituted” contemporary bond between dogs and humans, that Haraway describes, is regulated by the leashes of our camera straps. In the end, we are left with the question, posed by another philosopher of animal human relations, Giorgio Agamben: what if “the total humanization of the animal coincides with the total animalization of man”?<sup>2</sup> What would that picture look like?

<sup>1</sup> “I use the term “companion species” neither to scold or to edify, but as a kind of interrogative term for this sort of historical emergent of animals who are not meat animals, are not lab animals, are not wilderness animals, nor war dogs, not vermin, not pariah dogs, but are part of a historical relationship. This is not ‘dog’ and ‘man.’” Donna Haraway, “Birth of the Kennel: A Lecture” (August 2000) <<http://www.egs.edu/faculty/haraway/haraway-birth-of-the-kennel-2000.html>>. (accessed June 5, 2007)

<sup>2</sup> Giorgio Agamben, *The Open: Man and Animal* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2002).

## Dogland by Peter Culley

If dogs run free then why can’t we?

—Bob Dylan

I hate the human love of that stinking mutt...

—Les McCann

I replied that I could no more define poetry than a terrier can define a rat, but that I thought we both recognized the object by the symptoms which it provokes in us.

—A.E. Houseman

The ancient codependency of dogs and humans has meant that dogs have incidentally witnessed even those turning points of human history they were not helping to bring about; and from Sparta to Stalingrad the dogs of war, cleanup, guard duty and companionship have been working hard alongside us, observing without judgement or comment beyond the usually-inferred *keep up the good work, master!* It is impossible to imagine either a police riot or a concentration camp without its eager smiling canine helpers; the *couriers de bois* who, decades before Lewis & Clark, forced fingers of commercial expansion into the resistant wilderness of North America could hardly have done so without the aid of canine loyalty, warmth and observational intelligence. And who can doubt that it was a dog who first claimed the Pacific for European hegemony, looking up “with wild surmise” before dipping an eager paw, just as it was a dog who first glimpsed for us the abysses of orbital space, our shared planet in its wholeness? Not to mention, in a pinch, as the long history of Arctic exploration has taught us, they can be eaten.

The traffic moving in the opposing direction is understandably even less well documented, but I believe that in the decades of my living in Nanaimo I have seen a watershed in the vast, parallel and mostly unwritten dog history—a massive local advance of the ongoing double-sided process of *domestication*. Living away from home for the first time in the late 1970s, there were parts of town I was required to cross on foot late at night where that process was not only far from complete, but seemed in the night hours to hardly have begun. Having grown up as a cat person in a cat-keeping family (frequently-moving Air Force families generally favoured cats, not least for what was then seen as their easier *disposability*), my intimate experience with dogs was limited, and the semi-organized dog gangs I would encounter in my nocturnal journeys through Old Nanaimo and over the hill into Harewood probably intimidated me more than they should have. I should say in their defense, they certainly never bit me. But being followed for half mile or so by a motley group of curs, growling sotto voce and maintaining a disrespectfully short distance, while I walked in that humiliating way that cannot quite declare itself as hurrying, hence provocative (they can smell fear you know!), was at best humiliating. Meanwhile, in the countryside south of town, similar gangs (which, don’t kid yourself is more than happy to cast off its “training” and join) had graduated to the serial murder of sheep, whole herds attacked for sport, untouched but for killing wounds. The next morning owners would find their prize cockapoos sleeping it off under the porch, muzzles matted with blood. Unsheared, reduced in size and proceeding on four





Marc Joseph, *Untitled (Entrant #1)*, 2003, C-print, 101 x 76 cm. Courtesy the artist.

legs, my delicate trot would have availed me nothing. They would have killed me if they could, for kicks. But their nights of roaming were numbered.

It is hard now to recall just how utterly deserted and dark Nanaimo was in the "wee hours" of those nights. Before sodium vapor streetlamps were introduced in the early 1980s—spreading their burnt-orange surveiling glow south towards us from the north end's car dealerships, malls, parking lots, housing developments and industrial parklands—nighttime Nanaimo was a dim, uninhabited country. On these late night journeys a passing car was a rarity, a passing pedestrian almost unknown. After midnight a dull blue TV glow might emerge from one house in ten but otherwise sleep reigned. No motion detectors detected your movement, your passing triggered no lights. Before the twenty-four-hour doughnut shop landed on Terminal Avenue nothing was even *open*, there was no place to spend money assuming you had any, which you didn't. The dogs were the only frightening thing about the wee hours, and mostly because I was a coward who had strayed into a space and time still, provisionally, *theirs*.

The owners who put their dogs "out" on these nights had faith in the night's essential benignity, and faith too that they were realistically acceding to their dog's *nature*, its reiterated desire to wander around for a bit, howl at the moon, sniff the breeze, perhaps even encounter a stranger of its own species for a little anonymous sex or violence. Theoretically Rover could return to the daytime role of pet with a renewal of commitment, having gotten in touch with its "wild" side, as in Jack London's Darwinian fables *The Call of the Wild* and *White Fang*. By drawing selectively on inner resources of wildness the dog could act as a medium between the human and animal realms, a guide. And however crudely essentialist this may have been, however much statistically *safer* a dog who sleeps indoors is, to deny that it is not thereby cut off from a primordial source of sheer dogness is absurd. But the sheep killers of Cedar put an end to the age—which must have stretched to the beginnings of human settlement—of nocturnal canine freedom, at least as far as Nanaimo was concerned. Dogs were citizens now, like everybody else.

The creation of a virtual mall-world north of the old city was, along with the newly illuminated night and the stricter enforcement of leash laws, an important passage in Nanaimo's belated transition from hardscrabble resource town to minor hub. The air of genteel frontier lawlessness which Nanaimo managed to carry into the eighties—the mayor in a pirate outfit marching in a biker toy parade past unincorporated turkey farms—could no longer be sustained. And though this process is still short of completion, the end is in sight—if the boondoggle "conference centre" presently under construction downtown does little else, it will admit Nanaimo to the elite level of third-tier global "destinations".<sup>1</sup> A thumbnail local history of the past couple of decades is contained in another paradox—that where once Nanaimo had stray dogs it now has stray people. An injured human lying on the grass of a downtown park is much less likely to get help or sympathy than an injured dog. If the word "stray" implies a carelessness deserving sympathy, "homeless" is always the rendering of a judgement. The process of Nanaimo's modernization began with the roundup of the dogs and ends with the abandonment of the poor. It is possible to fall lower than a dog, but probably through your own doing. The fresh air will do you good.

Over time too the era of the *roving* dog gave way to the era of the *yard* dog. However invisibly, the state (with its police, cameras, nets, holding cells and lethal injections) now ruled the streets, people still put their dogs "out" at night, but into a yard that was generally well secured—the pound only let you know the first time. Whatever exercise and entertainment the dog would get it would have to get there, or, if fortunate, during a four-block neighbourhood sniff, shit and stroll. The arrival of something as interesting as a burglar would be like Christmas morning. Anyone who walks is necessarily witness to the abject misery and humiliation of the average "yard dog". Dogs don't continually bark unless they're bored and unhappy, and in the dogs that



furiously bark at me as I walk up for the mail each day—snouts poking eagerly through the fence—the emotions of aggression, boredom and earnest dutifulness seem to exist in a self-canceling loop: the barking gives no relief, but can't end either. Humanity has perhaps worse sins on its record, but the transformation of these clever, noble warriors into neurotic backyard prisoners is not a pretty sight. The statistically tiny number of actual working dogs, admirably fulfilling real functions from digging tots out of rubble to detecting *plastique* at the airport, mock the purposelessness and indirection of the others.

Nanaimo is still primarily a place of yard dogs, but even here the final drama of domestication is being played out: the symbolic movement from the yard to the house, from the animal to the human. The time-honoured, seigneurial slave/master relationship of "pet" to "owner" is regarded by many as the residue of a less enlightened age; the cliché of the visiting Martian's question on seeing a human following a dog with a plastic bag—*just who's in charge here?*—has become an open question. And another cliché—if you want a friend, get a dog—has moved from being a cynical statement about human loyalty to an *active instruction* many are happy to follow. Yet another cliché—that dogs come over time to resemble their owners—has also come oddly true for our society as a whole. Increasingly clannish, volatile, and with an ever shorter-attention span, much of our culture exists at a dog level already. The inwardness and emotional solipsism endemic to the post-Diana-9/11 West has brought the dog indoors as much as leash laws have. A lot of people seem to need what dogs offer, and they need more and more of it. It's easy to see the appeal; in a friendship with a dog, one need fear neither criticism, contradiction, nor an invocation of the wider world. A dog won't call you stupid, or ruin the mood by bringing up Iraq. In this calculus, cleanup duty seems a fair exchange—or, seat at the table, even. But the residue of this collectively implied rejection of the *human*, without even much of an interest in what that condition might signify, is a burdensome misanthropy for the rest of us, a void.

"Dogland" was the name we gave to the part of town on the border between the Old City and Harewood through which the Cat Stream<sup>2</sup> (invisible then in the unclipped alder/blackberry thicket that grew over the midden from the 1962 Chinatown fire) flowed; bounded by Pine Street, Harewood Road and the unpaved alley at the foot of Machleary, it was probably a couple of acres in extent. The alley—a mostly unacknowledged (because rarely needed) uphill short cut—was its centre. If dogs were intending to follow me on a given night, it was this alley (in a dark notch between the dim streetlight's coronas) from which they could be expected to emerge. And even though I passed through untroubled on all but a handful of nights, that sense of *passing through* an urban area in which another species controlled was always there. In a dark corner of town was a free republic, a zone of autonomy that one trespassed with respect.

It was a sensation that I was vividly reminded of on a recent visit to Manhattan. Traumatized beyond simple calculation by the attacks of 9/11, many social network disruptions, shifts and cataclysms seem to happen there first, prophetically, as if being tested for the rest of us. The great wave of women in their forties having children, which held demographic sway in the borough for several years, seems to have given way to a social integration of the dog on a scale I have never seen before. Even in an old school dogtown like Berlin (in which I once saw a matched pair of speckled gunmetal mastiffs, a couple of minutes apart, run down the street and into a bar, then emerge with their *fetched* master in what was clearly a daily ritual) dogs *knew their place*. Though one might find them under nearby restaurant tables, eyeing your steak *frites* with a long sigh, they weren't seriously expecting any. People mostly saved the kisses and the little outfits for the privacy of their homes. But in the Manhattan of 2007 anything goes—dogs in carriages, pockets, purses, riding on the handlebars and walking endlessly in outfits casual and formal, being spoken to in tones alternately exasperated and melting. And on every block a dog boutique

or salon whose glimpsed palatial interiors would beggar the satiric imagination of an Evelyn Waugh, let alone a Tom Wolfe.

But the sight of a tall, couture-wearing woman striding down the street trading lingering wet cupcake bites with a bug-eyed dog the size of a beer can shock less for any implied perversion, or pathos, but for the sheer, unforced *naturalness* of it: the relationship between the two was clearly so mutually rewarding that churlish comment seemed beside the point. What touristic sneer dare vouchsafe any moment of love in a world gone mad? Though such exchanges are of course nothing new, what has changed is the lack of self-consciousness—the integration of dogginess into all aspects of everyday life. Though sported like a piece of jewelry, the dog was clearly no accessory, but an intimate friend whose aura of enthusiastic delight could be drawn upon for support. Just as cell phones liberated the insane street monologue for general use, dogs have allowed many otherwise sensible New Yorkers to act in cloyingly "cute" and infantile ways on a semi-permanent basis. Everything is mediated by the speechless enthusiast. Though not entirely a retreat from the human, it is always a barrier to "seriousness", to upsetting content—Iraq? *Just relax and have a cookie*. Gitmo? *Is that my icing-covered finger in your mouth?* Likewise, the poster I saw in a record store advertising an album by rapper Snoop Dogg, in which he leads diamond-collared women around on leashes, was surprising not in its misogyny—which seemed *pro forma*, hardly the enthusiastic hatred of "Under My Thumb" or "Bitch"—but how happy everybody seemed, in this polymorphous new doggworld of bling, weed and sex. Dogginess as aspiration, as class. If the condition of humanity, always an ambiguous legacy, is keeping you from self-actualization, then by all means cast it off and join the dogs, scratch when it itches, hang from a tire. With the theory of evolution, Darwin dethroned the dog from its role as the animal most resembling humans, but photography has preserved the intimacy and resemblance—every photograph of a dog is a self-portrait.

#### *In memoriam Odie & Mac*

<sup>1</sup> This new Nanaimo will not be defined by a historically unwavering 15–20% unemployment rate, a sulphurous Pulp Mill, the embarrassing Bathtub Race or the highest heroin addiction rates in North America. Instead a hastily assembled "waterfront" is uneasily grafted, lego-like, onto the old city and a Microsoft call centre succeeds the pulp mill as the town's largest employer. Cruise ships eject hapless tourists to be fleeced. One paradox of this transformation is that along with the revitalized service economy that has allowed Nanaimo's "renaissance" have come increasingly harsh and punitive social welfare policies. Life for Nanaimo's poorest has become more marginal. In the wandering nights of my youth I never recall encountering the drug activity, prostitution and homelessness that now define parts of the old city. Such things were there, and in greater proportion than now, but the people that did them had places to live.

<sup>2</sup> "According to the book Harewood, Land of Wakesiah the name for the Cat Stream came from the drowning of unwanted pets. On the other hand, this could be the stream that has nine lives. It flows in all four directions of the compass (north, east, south and west in that order) in the course of its four kilometre length and it has endured a colourful history." Charles Thirkill, *Nanaimo: City of Living Streams* (Nanaimo: Coho Publishers, 2002), 93.



# List of Works

Shelby Lee Adams

*Chester with Hounds*, 1992

Gelatin silver print, 40.6 x 50.8 cm

Courtesy of the artist and Stephen Bulger Gallery

Francis Alÿs

*Sleepers II*, 2001

80 35 mm colour slides, installation

Collection of the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa

Miguel Rio Branco

*Between America and Europe*, 1996

Salvador de Bahia, Pelourinho District, 1979

Inkjet prints, 27.9 x 35.6 cm each

Courtesy of Miguel Rio Branco/ Magnum Photos

John Divola

*Dogs Chasing My Car in the Desert series*, 1996-2001

5 gelatin silver prints, 40.6 x 50.8 cm each

Courtesy of the artist and G. Gibson Gallery

Elliott Erwitt

*Ballycotton, Eire*, 1968

*New York City*, 2000

Inkjet print, 27.9 x 35.6 cm

Courtesy of Elliott Erwitt/ Magnum Photos

*Central Park, New York*, 1974

Gelatin silver print, 20.3 x 30.5 cm

Collection of Bill Wu

*Paris, France*, 1952

Gelatin silver print, 30.5 x 20.3 cm

Collection of Bill Wu

Shari Hatt

*Black Dogs, Series One*, 2001-2002

39 C-prints, 38.4 x 38.4 cm each

Collection of the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia

Gift of the Artist, Montreal, Quebec, 2006

Dave Heath

*Central Park, New York City*, 1957

Gelatin silver print, 25 x 20 cm

Courtesy of the artist and Stephen Bulger Gallery

Lewis Hine

*Sunday 5 A.M. Newsies Starting Out, Boston*, 1909

Inkjet print, 27.9 x 40.6 cm

Marc Joseph

*Life is Short, Bite Hard and Shake*, 2005

DVD

*Untitled (Entrant #1), Untitled (Entrant #2)*, 2003

2 C-prints, 101.6 x 76.2 cm each

Courtesy the artist

Jacques-Henri Lartigue

*Monsieur Folletete Avec Son Chien Tupy,*

*Bois de Boulogne*, 1912

Photogravure, 19 x 17 cm

Collection of Bill Wu

Herbert List

*Man and Dog, Liguria, Portofino*, 1936

Inkjet print, 50.8 x 40.6 cm

Courtesy of Herbert List/ Magnum Photos

Jo Longhurst

*Breed*, 2005

4 C-prints, installation

Courtesy of the artist

Eadweard Muybridge

*Animal Locomotion, plate 449*, 1887

*Animal Locomotion, plate 514*, 1887

Collotypes, 47 x 60.3 cm each

Courtesy of Equinox Gallery

Martin Parr

*Thailand, Bangkok, from Common Sense series*, 1998

*Valentino and Giancarlo Giammetti, Paris*, 2001

Inkjet prints, 27.9 x 35.6 cm each

Courtesy of Martin Parr/ Magnum Photos

Lise Sarfati

*Old Circus, Moscow*, 1996

Inkjet print, 27.9 x 35.6 cm

Courtesy of Lise Sarfati/ Magnum Photos

David Seymour

*Peggy Guggenheim at her Palace*, 1950

Inkjet print, 27.9 x 35.6 cm

Courtesy of David Seymour/ Magnum Photos

Giorgio Sommer

*Impronte (Impression), Pompeii*, c.1885

Albumen print, 20.3 x 25.4 cm

Collection of Bill Jeffries

Chris Steele-Perkins

*Dog Fight in a Bar, Bosnia, Sarajevo*, 1994

*Hotspring Bath, Dog Hotel, Japan*, 1998

*Lamping for Rabbit, County Durham*, 2002

Inkjet prints, 27.9 x 35.6 cm each

Courtesy of Chris Steele-Perkins/ Magnum Photos

Nina Raginsky

*Untitled*, c. 1975

Hand-tinted gelatin silver print, 17.5 x 11.5 cm

Courtesy of the artist

Hiroshi Sugimoto

*Alaskan Wolves*, 1994

Gelatin silver print, 35 x 58.6 cm, 3/25

Courtesy of the Tichenor Collection

Larry Towell

*Perquin, Morazan, El Salvador*, 1991

Inkjet print, 27.9 x 35.6 cm

Courtesy of Larry Towell/ Magnum Photos

William Wegman

*Blue Striped Shirt*, 2006

*Global*, 2004

*Table of Vases*, 2005

*Thermometer*, 2006

*Thru*, 2004

Polaroid prints, 61 x 50.8 cm each

Courtesy of Douglas Udell Gallery

*Gray Hairs*, 1976

*Selected Works, 1973-74*

DVDs

George S. Zimbel

*Black Boy and Great Dane, Harlem*, 1962

Gelatin silver print, 40.6 x 50.8 cm

Courtesy the artist and Stephen Bulger Gallery

ANONYMOUS

*A Boy and His Jack Russell*, c. 1870

Tintype, 6.4 x 7.6 cm

*Champion Dogs, John Sinclair Ltd.*, 1938-39

52 cigarette cards, 6.4 x 7.7 cm each

*Christmas Morning*, 1899

Keystone Stereo Card, 8.5 x 17.5 cm

*Dog on Lap*, c. 1870

Stereo Card, 8.5 x 17.5 cm

*Family with Boy in Dress*, c.1880

Tintype, 12.7 x 17.8 cm

*Zeno*, 1877

Tintype, 3.25 x 4.25 cm

## ARCHIVAL PRINTS

Dominion Photo Co.

*Safeway Stores Ltd. No.1 –2159 W. 41st*, 1939

Courtesy Vancouver Public Library (24967)

Leonard Frank

*Aviators Mears and Collyer*, 1928

Courtesy Vancouver Public Library (3210)

Jack Lindsay

*Asleep at Skookum Kennel Club Dog Show*, 1954

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archive (1184-1865)

*Bulldog and Dachshund at a Show, April*, 1944

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archives (1184-600)

*Portrait of Eli, the Red Cross Dog*, 1943

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archives (1184-769)

F.H. Nowell

*Dog Sledding Outfit on Display, Victoria*

Courtesy of BC Archives (I-51621)

Stuart Thomson

*174-E-529th Battalion, Jack, Jim, and Ned*, c.1915

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archives ( 99-1130)

*Dr. Trevellyn Sleeth's Hospital*, 1923

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archives (99-3465)

*H.M.S. New Zealand's Mascot Pelorous Jack*, 1917

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archives (99-347)

*Portrait of Two Unidentified Women and Puppy*, c. 1925

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archives (99-1262)

*Woman and Her Dog in Park*, c. 1939

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archives (99-2955)

Philip Timms

*Collie's Head*

Courtesy Vancouver Public Library (18910)

*Crowded Pier*

Courtesy Vancouver Public Library (7806h)

*Four Views of Streets*, 1906

Courtesy Vancouver Public Library (5285)

James Quiney

*Bear and Dog Embracing*, c. 1911

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archives (7-291)

ANONYMOUS

*A Dog Known as Biller*

Courtesy B.C. Archives (I-67957)

*Bill Nicholson*, 1933

Courtesy B.C. Archives (G-05174)

*Child with Huge Dog*

Courtesy Vancouver Public Library (68017)

*Cougar Hunters, Stanley Park Entrance*, 1911

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archives (86.2)

*Lady June and Emily Carr*

Courtesy of B.C. Archives (I-51568)

*Man Washing Dog in Tub*

Courtesy B.C. Archives (H-02544)

*Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nye's Dog*

Courtesy North Vancouver Museum & Archives (4440)

*Mr. McLean, and John and Tom Murray*

Courtesy of B.C. Archives (B-03345)

*Rowdy, Mascot for New Westminster Hockey Team*, 1912

Courtesy City of Vancouver Archives (Sp P113.11)

*Travelling Dog Circus at Trail, B.C., West Kootenay*

Courtesy B.C. Archives (C-00034)

*Beattie Family Dog, 739 Chesterfield Avenue*, 1945

Courtesy North Vancouver Museum & Archives (3710)

*Yukon Dog Team*

Courtesy B.C. Archives (A-06679)

*Yukoner and His Dog*

Courtesy Vancouver Public Library (1268)

CBC Vancouver News Clips, 1955 -1964

Courtesy CBC Vancouver Media Archives





June 30  
Opening Reception

July 1 to 8  
Shari Hatt Photo Studio

July 28  
Film Night, dusk

*Lady of Lelant,*  
*Champion Dogs, John Sinclair Ltd., 1938-39*  
52 cigarette cards, 6.4 x 7.7 cm each

**Presentation House Gallery**

333 Chesterfield Avenue  
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Telephone: 604.986.1351  
presentationhousegall.com

**Gallery hours**

Wednesday to Sunday, 12 to 5 pm, Thursday 12 to 8 pm

*Dogland* © Peter Culley, 2007. Peter Culley lives in South Wellington, near Nanaimo, British Columbia. He is the author of numerous essays on contemporary art and six books of poetry, including the forthcoming "Age of Briggs & Stratton".

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