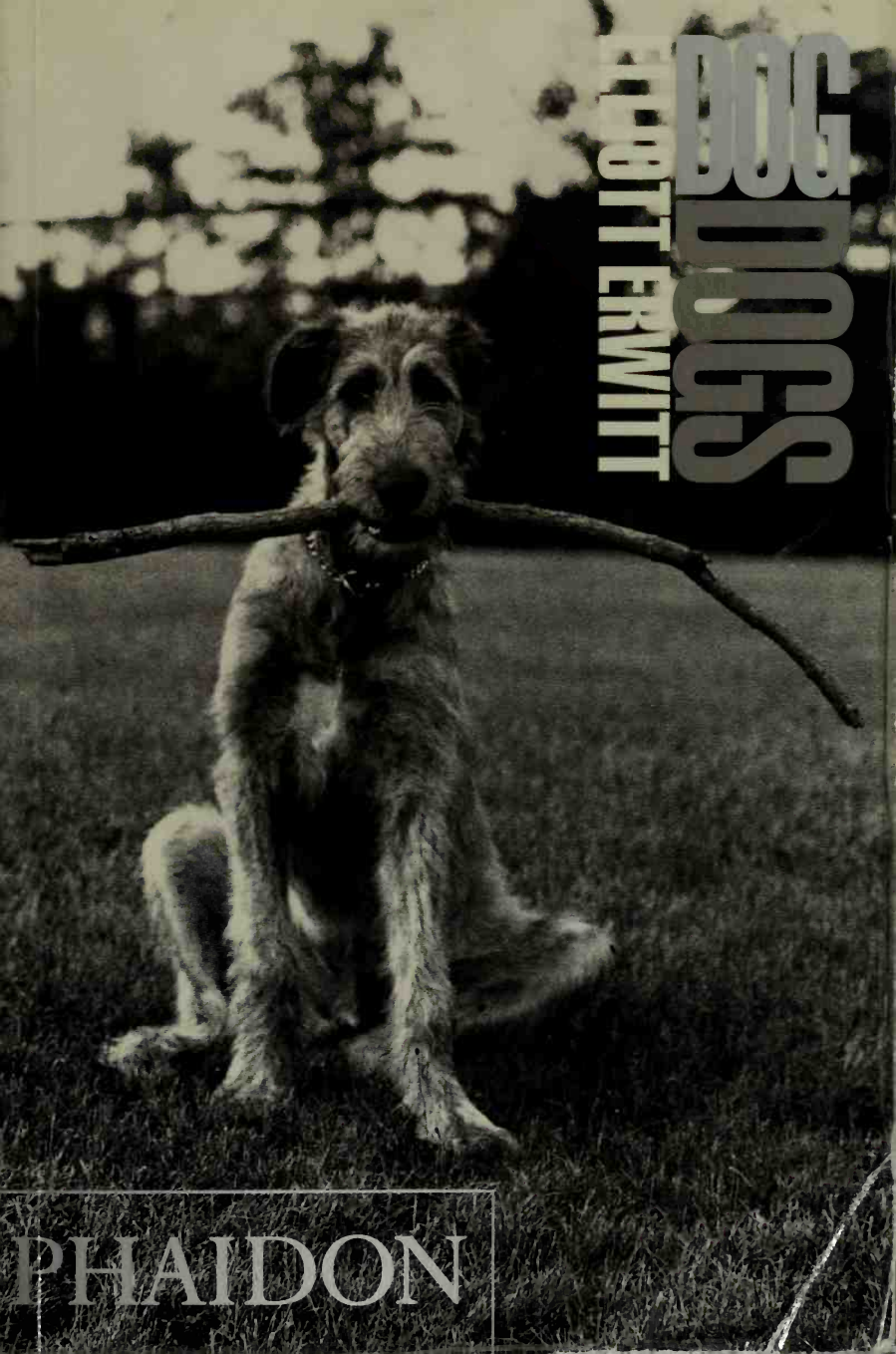


A black and white photograph of a shaggy dog, possibly a Scottish Deerhound, sitting on a grassy field. The dog is holding a long, thin stick horizontally in its mouth. The background is slightly blurred, showing trees and foliage. The overall tone is rustic and natural.

DOG DOGS

HEBOTT ERMITT

PHAIDON



PARIS, FRANCE, 1977





DOGTOWN

POP. 30

ELEV. 180



MIDDLEBURY

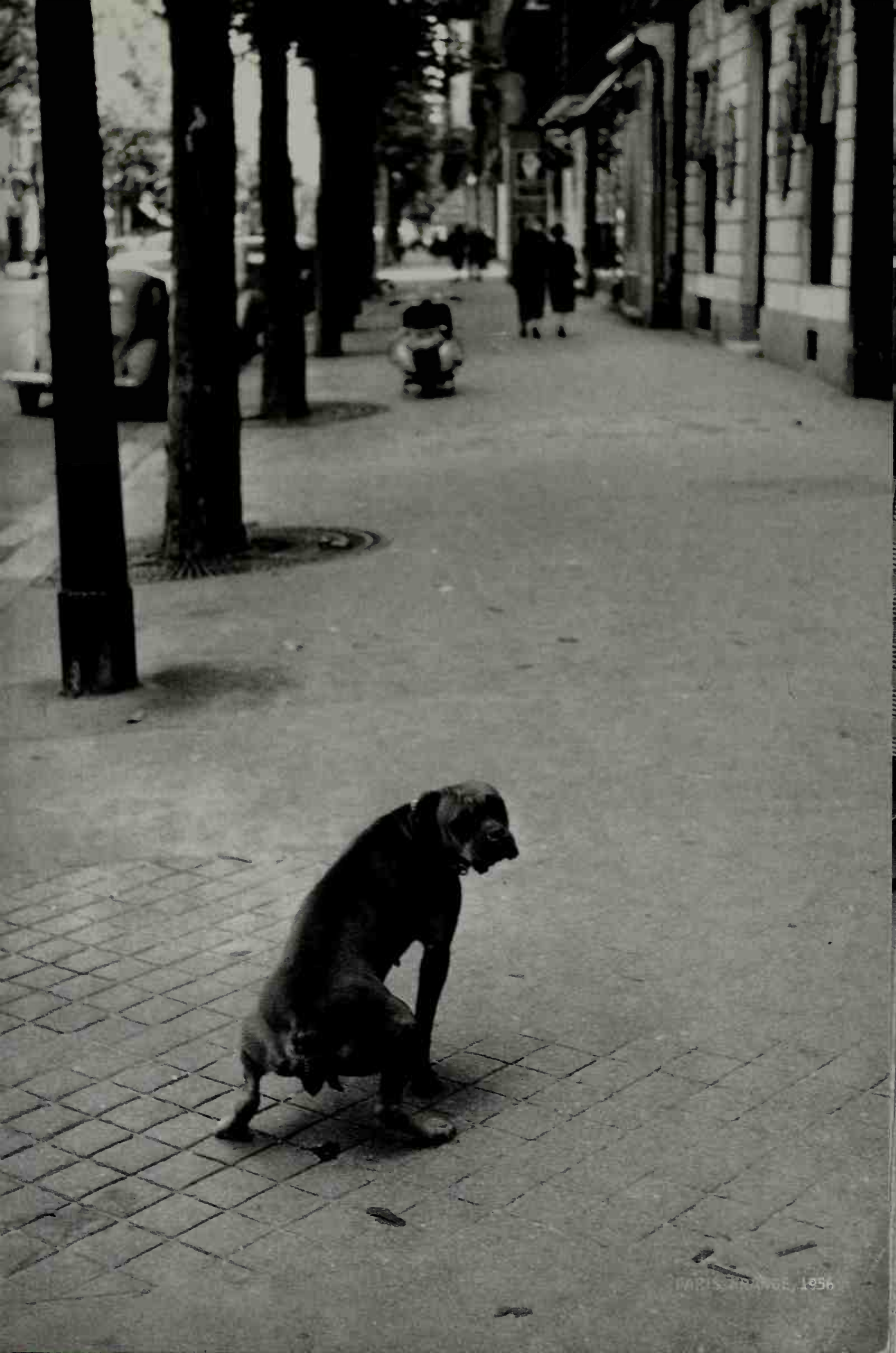




NO



DOGS



PARIS, FRANCE, 1956



BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND 1991



BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991



ST. TROPEZ, FRANCE, 1979







BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991



MILAN, ITALY, 1998



TROUVILLE FRANCE 1965

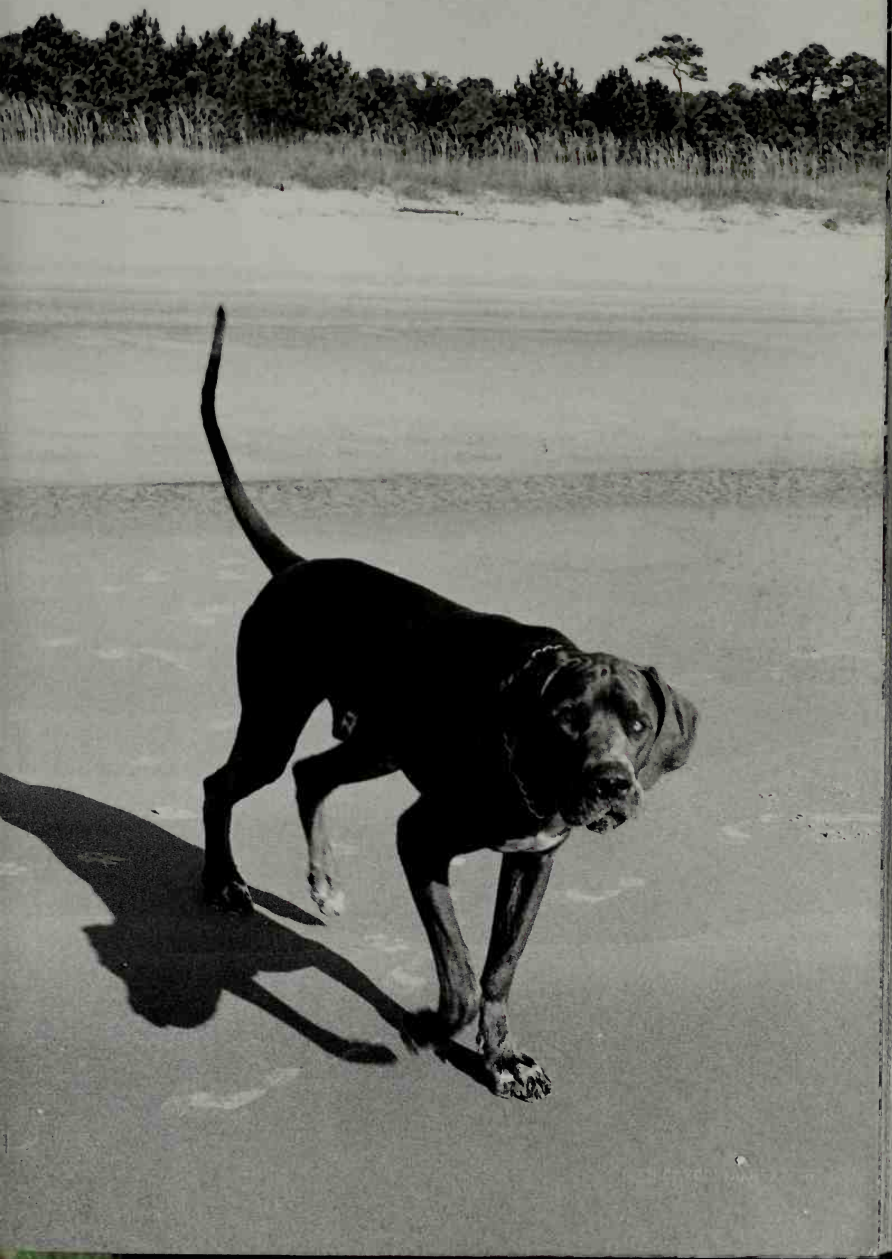




ARMONK, NY, USA 1954



SOUTH CAROLINA, USA, 1962









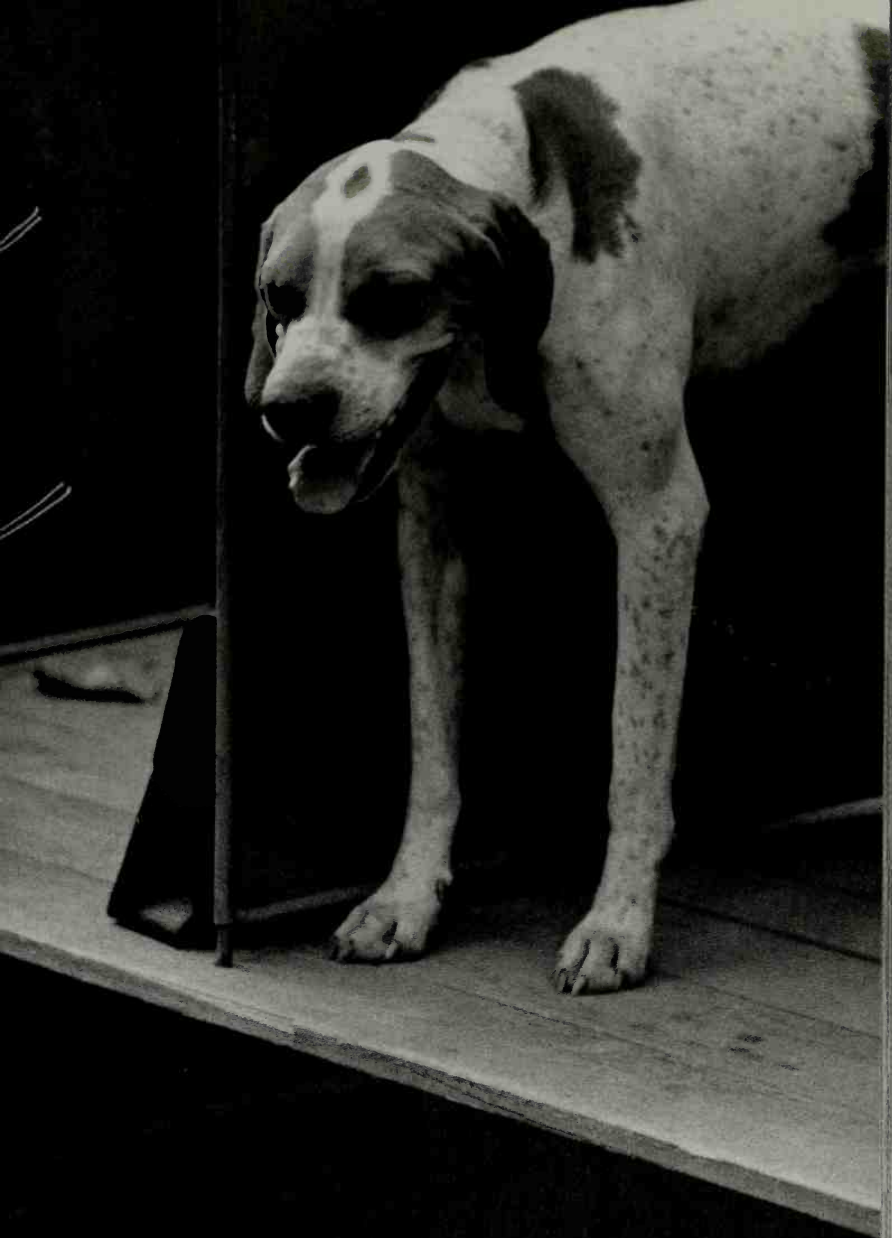




ST. TROPEZ, FRANCE 1979







ST TROPEZ, FRANCE, 1968



BIDEFORD, ENGLAND, 1973



BALLYCOTTON, IRELAND, 1995



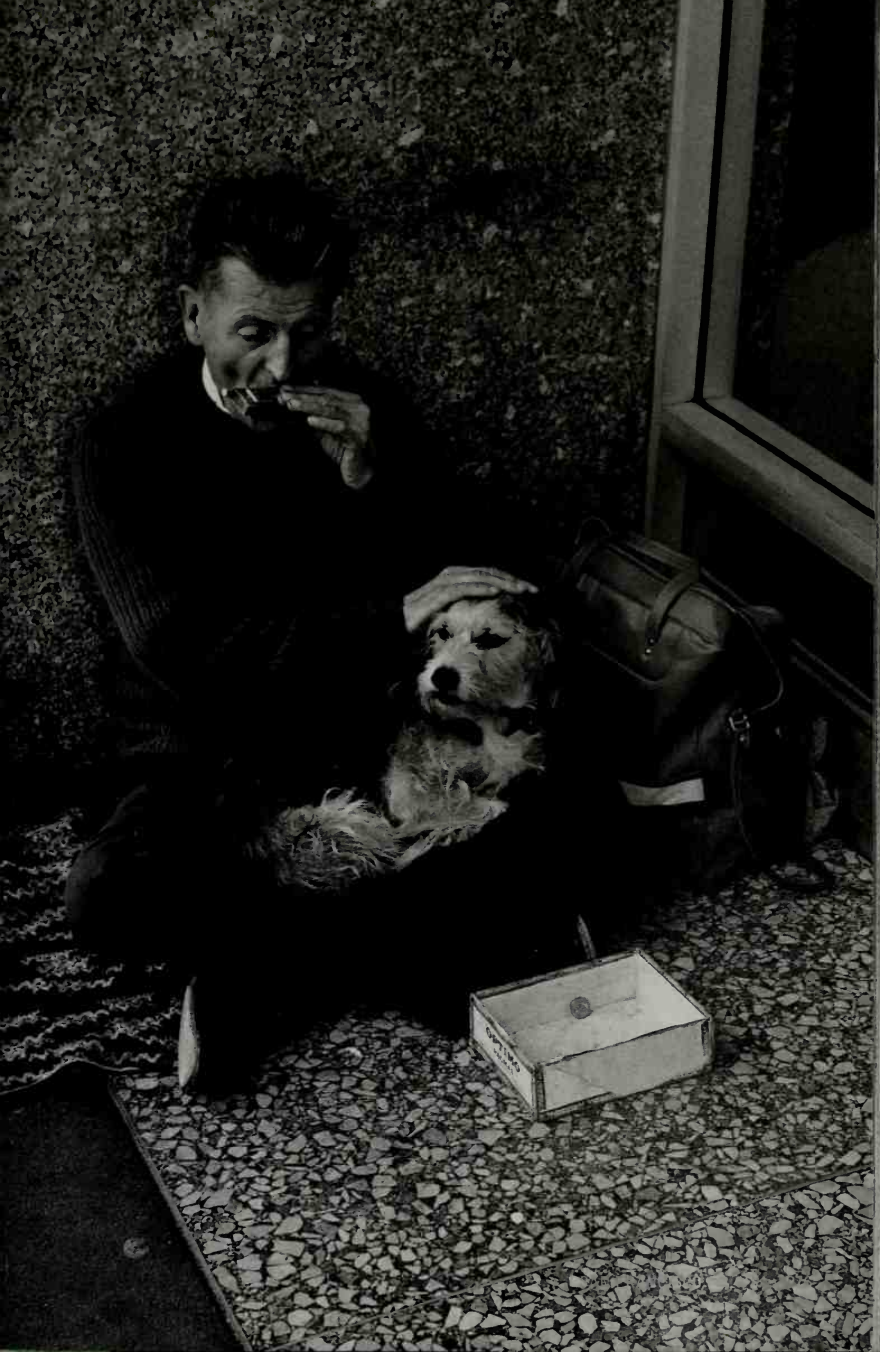








NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1974



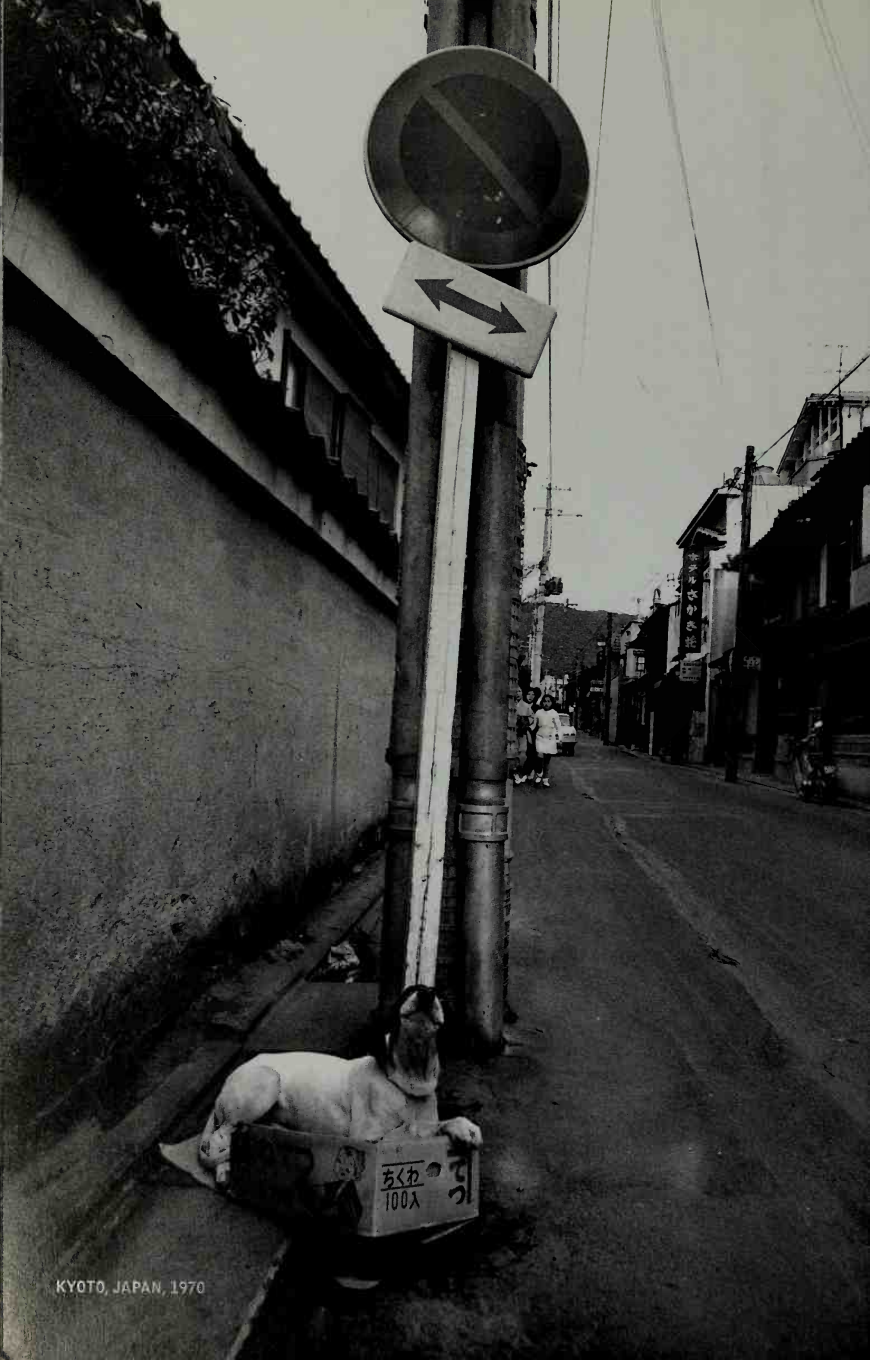


TOKYO, JAPAN, 1985





BRIGHTON, ENGLAND, 1939



KYOTO, JAPAN, 1970





PARIS, FRANCE, 1958





BERLIN, GERMANY 1996



NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1995



BRIDGEHAMPTON, NY, USA, 1996



APR 1973







DEAUVILLE, FRANCE, 1965





ZURICH, SWITZERLAND



NORMANBY, FRANCE 1995



NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1977





ZURICH, SWITZERLAND, 1991





Au Chrysanthème

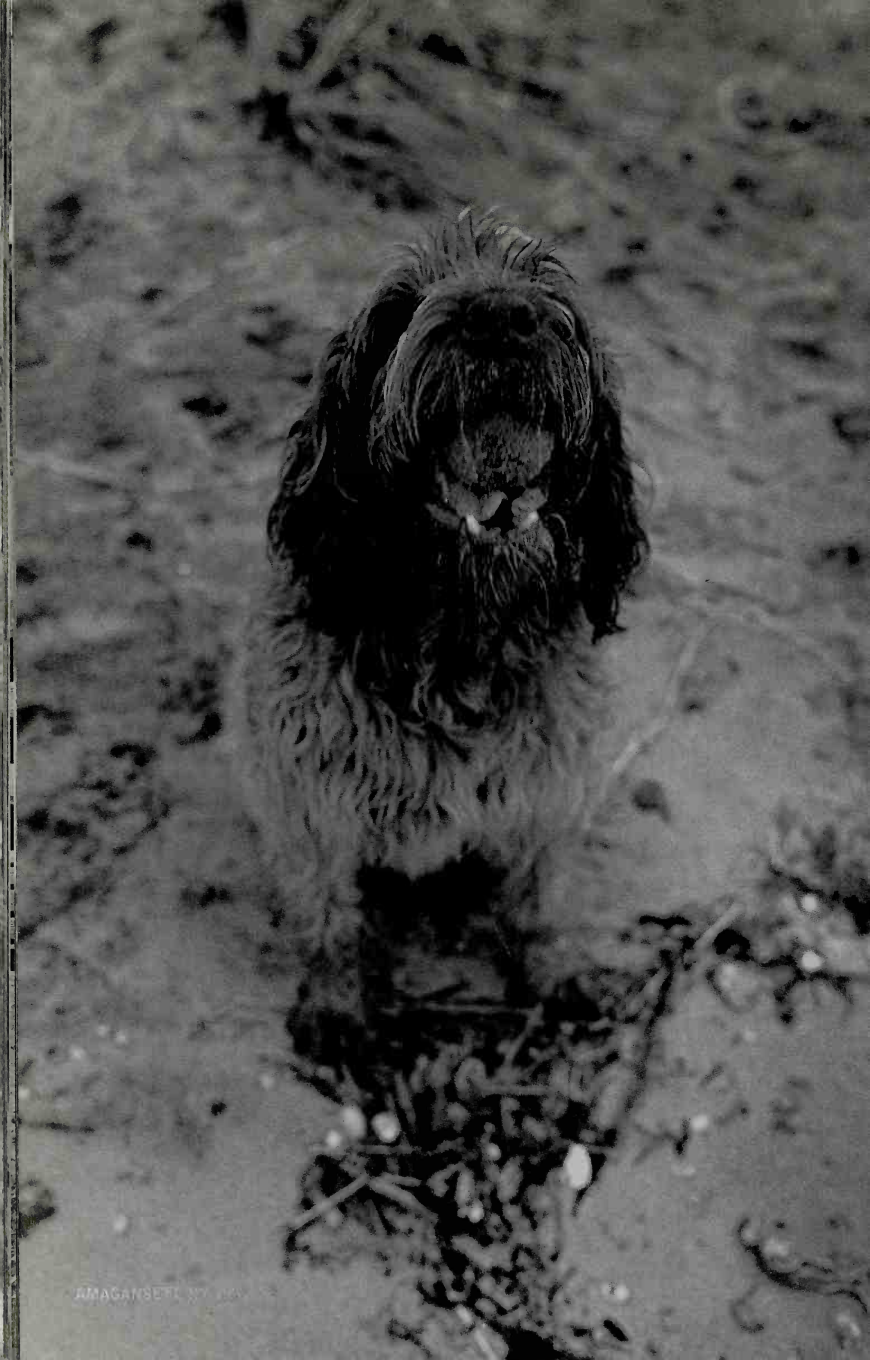
Monuments Funéraires - Fleurs Plastiques





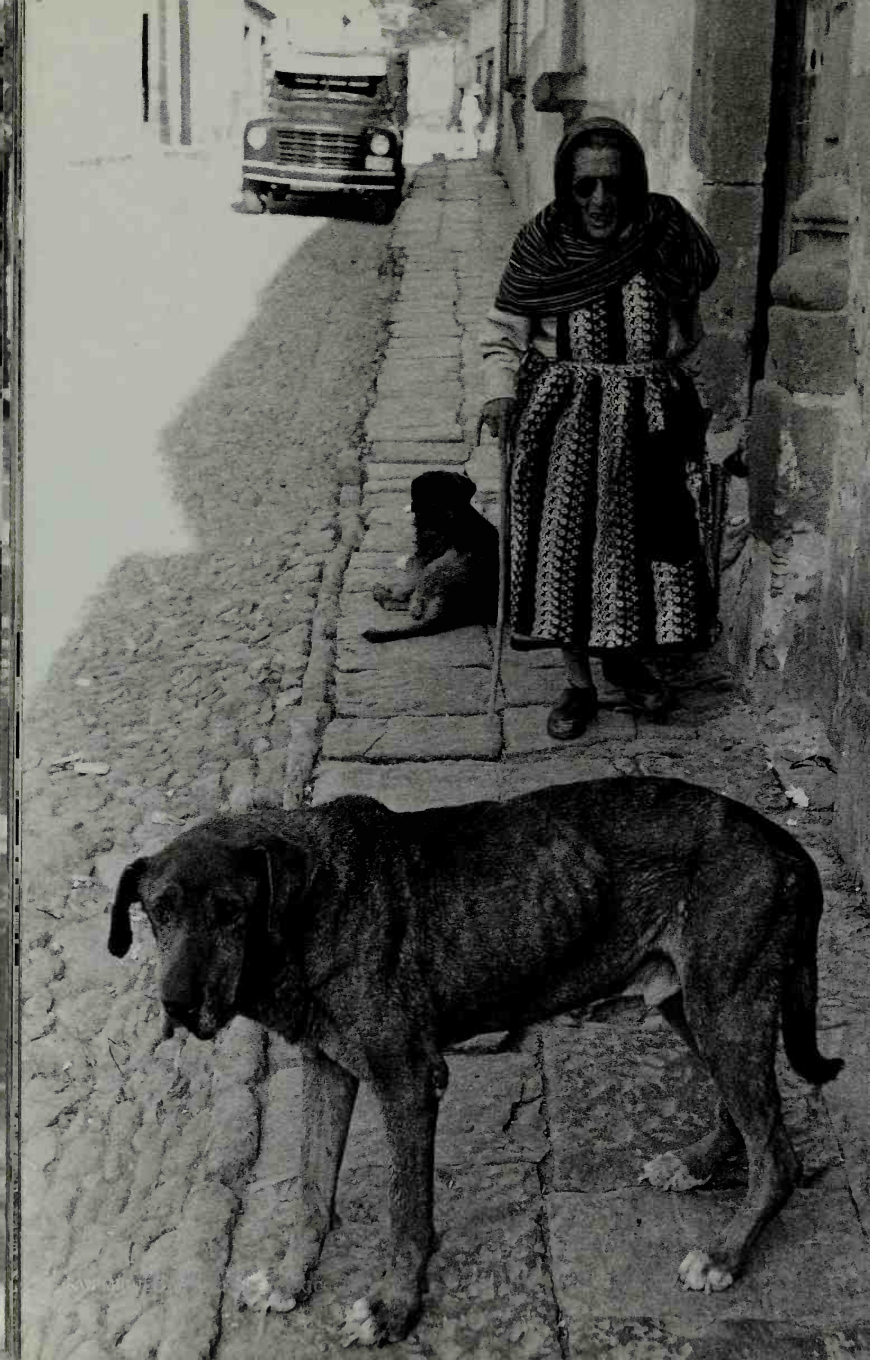
NEW YORK, N.Y., 1997

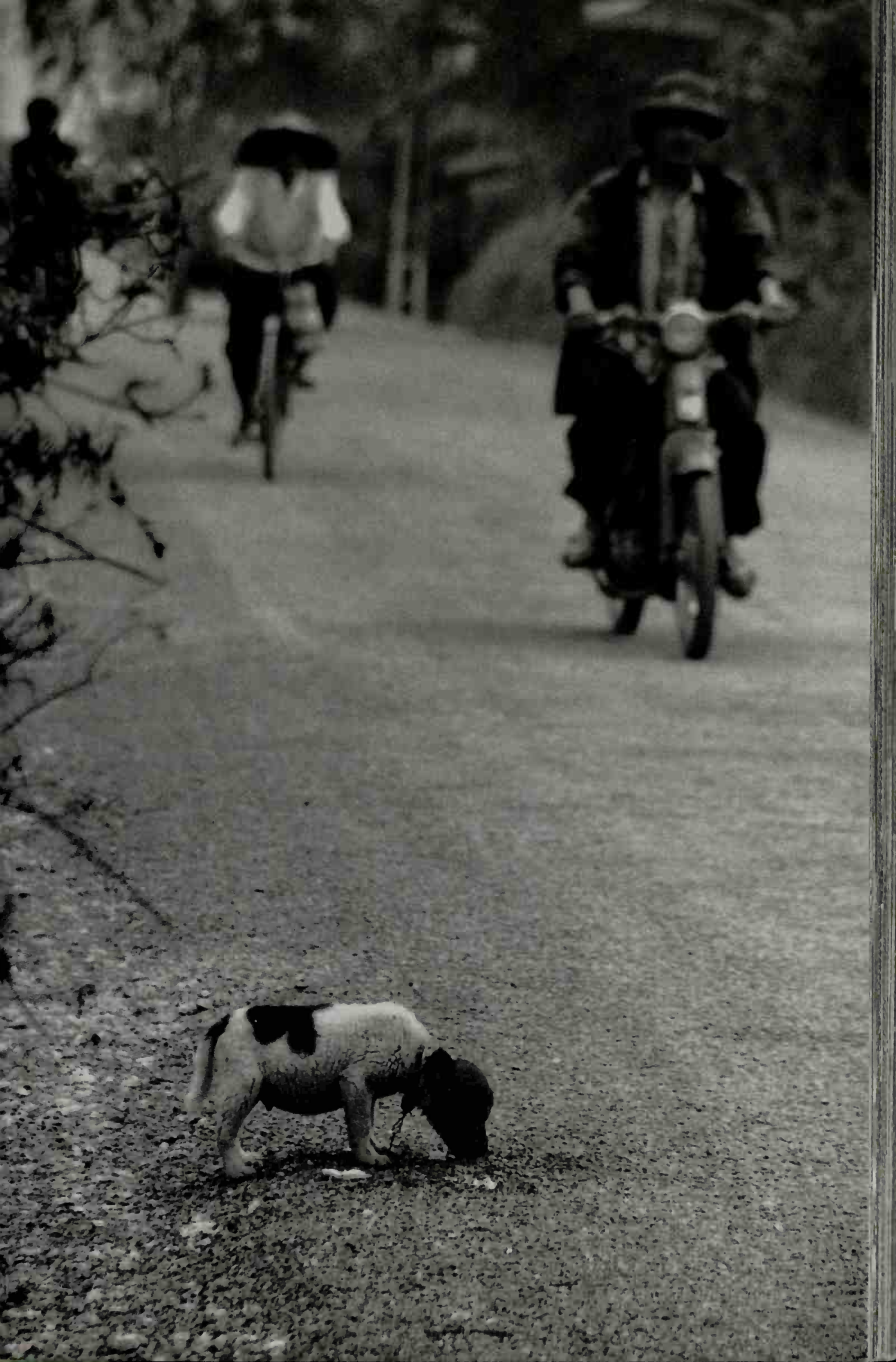




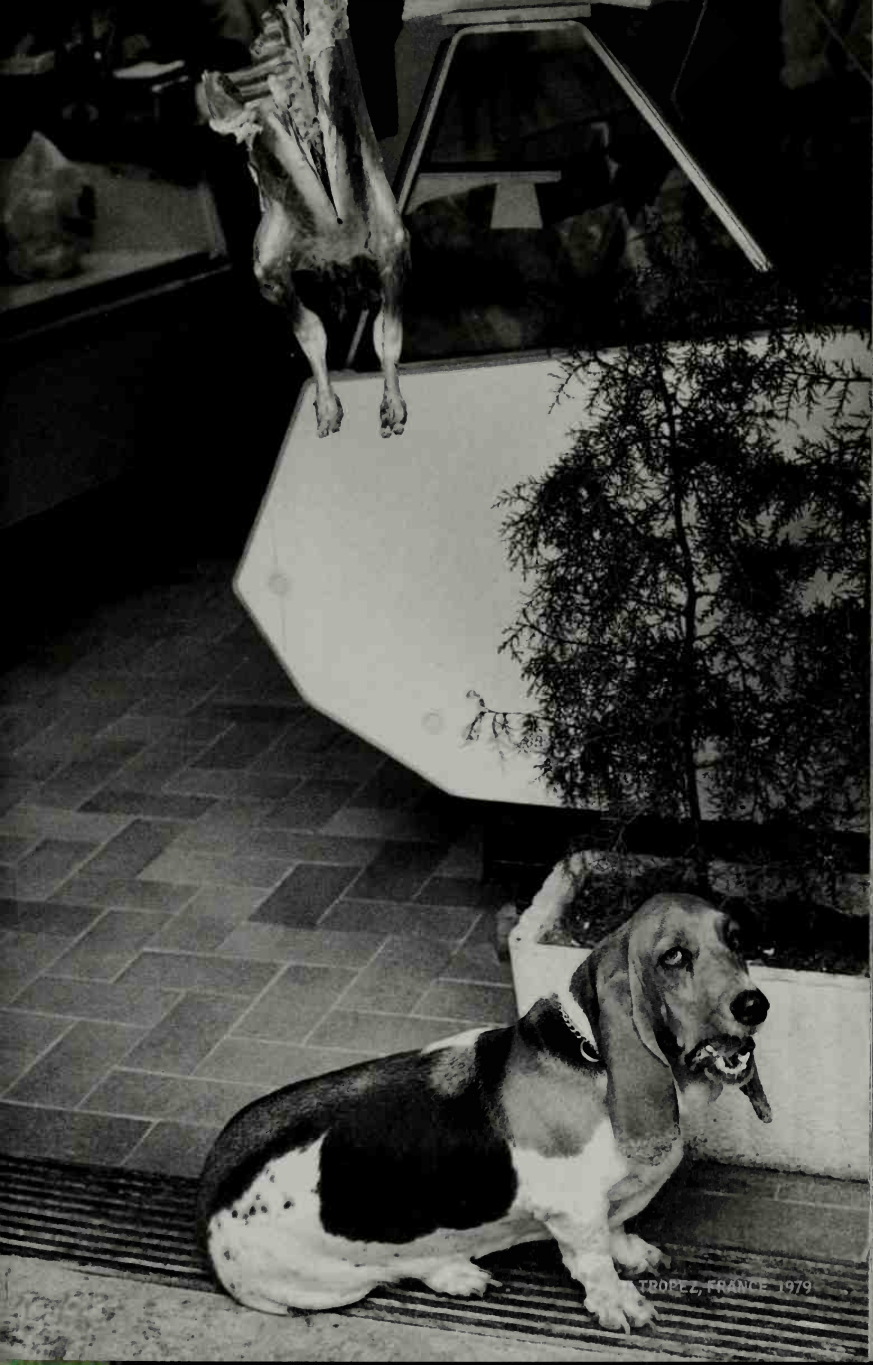


SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA, 1979









TROPEL, FRANCE 1979

1409

ENTRANCE
CATS

ENTRANCE
DOGS



FRENCH CONTRASTIDE 1969







NEW YORK, NY USA, 1973



NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1994











JULY 1965



NEW YORK, NY / USA 1973



WASHINGTON, D.C., J.A. 1965





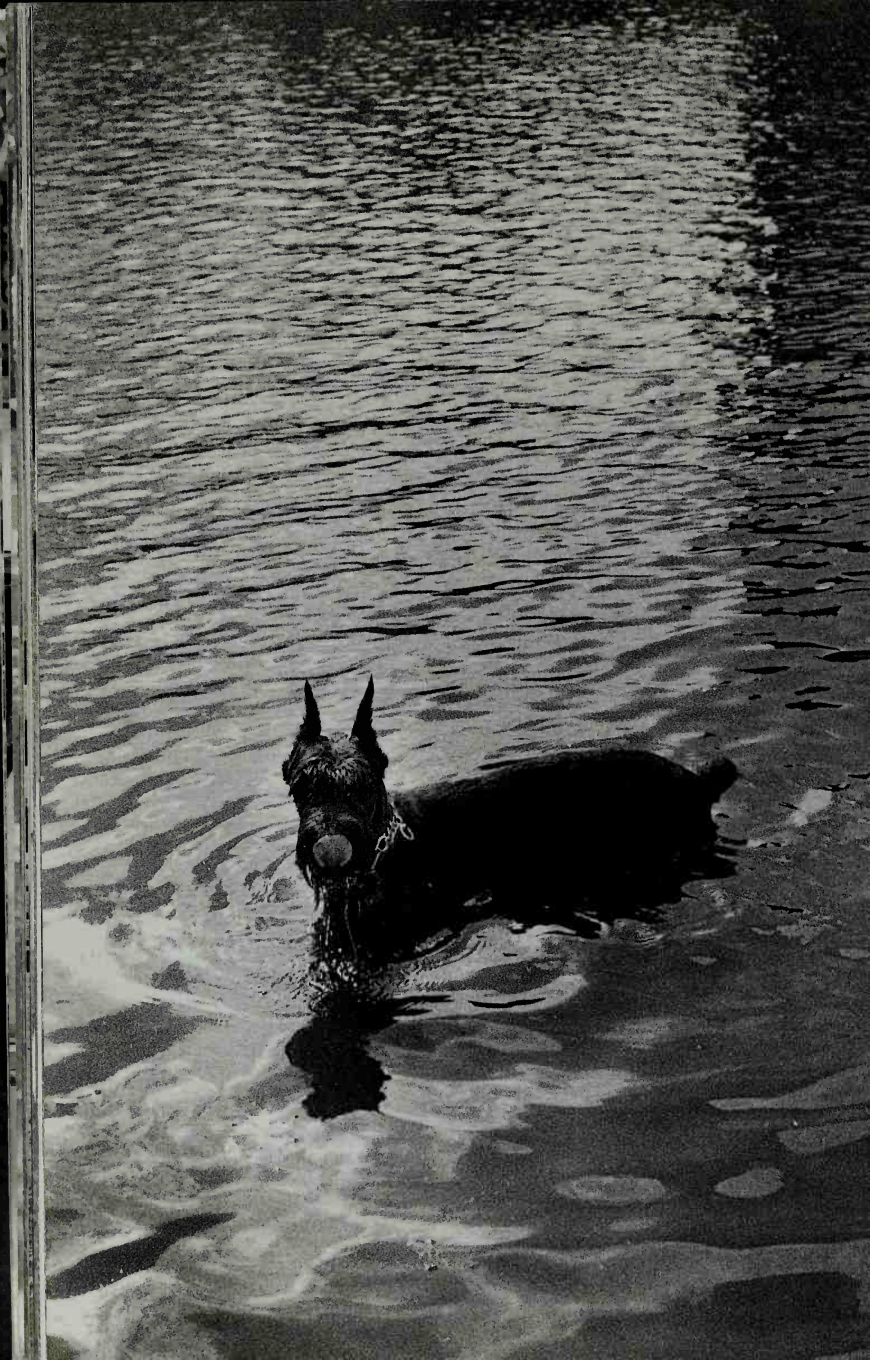
LONDON, ENGLAND, 1968



PARIS, FRANCE, 1998

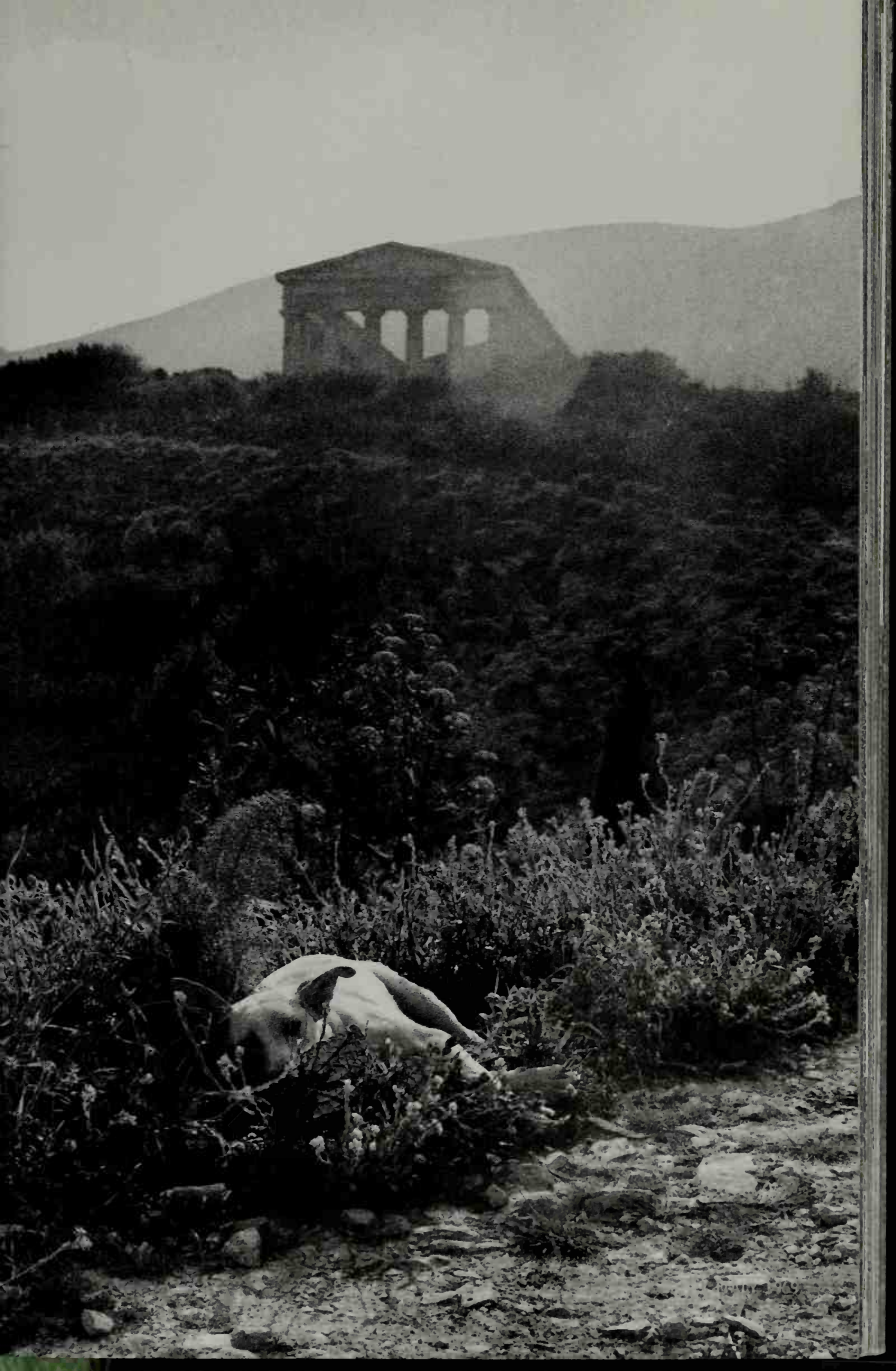
















SOUTHERN FLORIDA, USA, 1962







WEST HAMPTON, NY, USA, 1995





ST. TROPEZ, FRANCE, 1968



SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO



NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1990



NEW YORK, USA, 1990



NEW YORK, NY, USA 1990



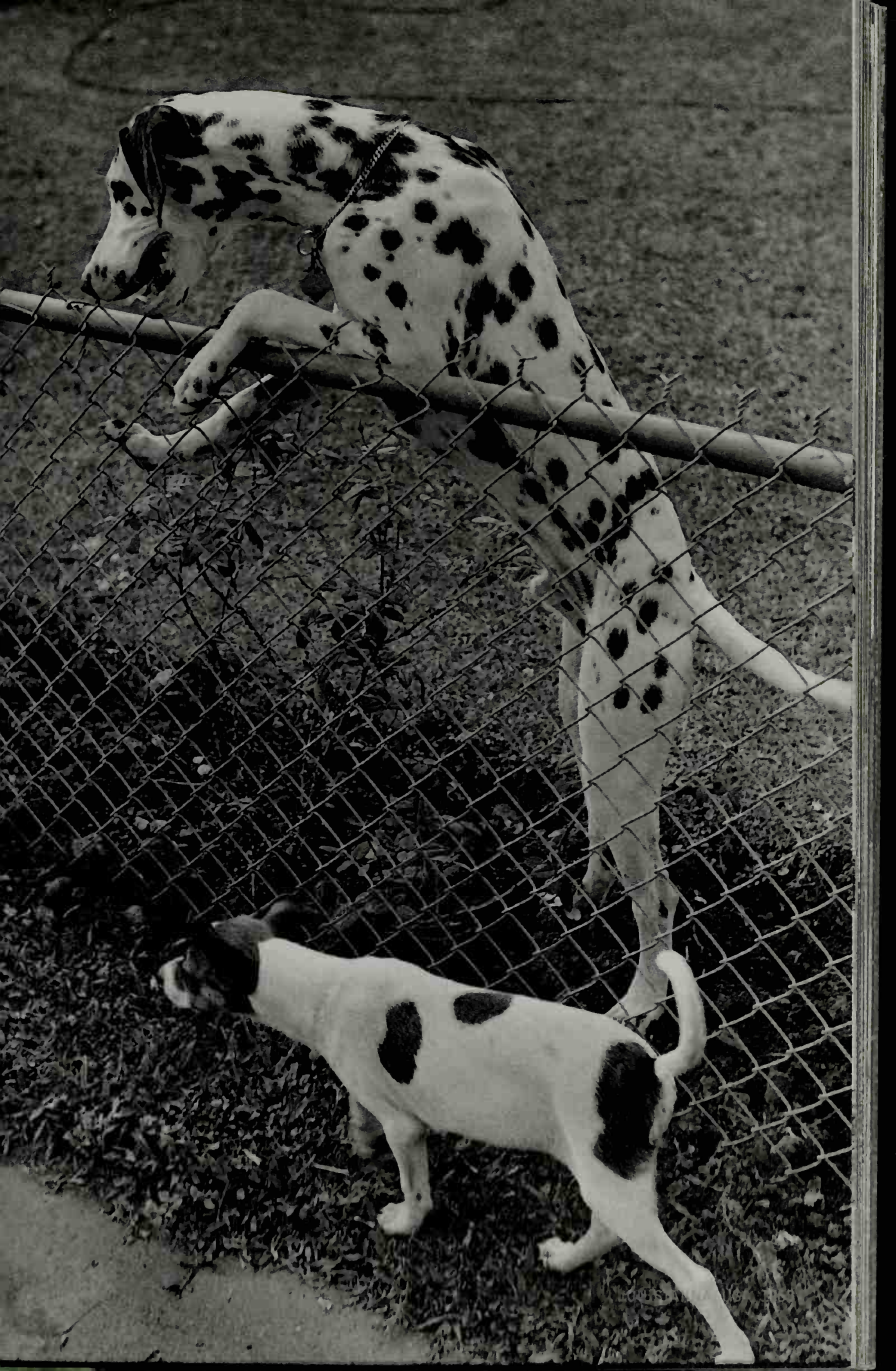
de peetvader

de peetvader is een vader die niet van de
biologische vader afkomstig is, maar van de
moeder afkomstig is. Het is een vader die
niet van de biologische vader afkomstig is, maar
van de moeder afkomstig is.









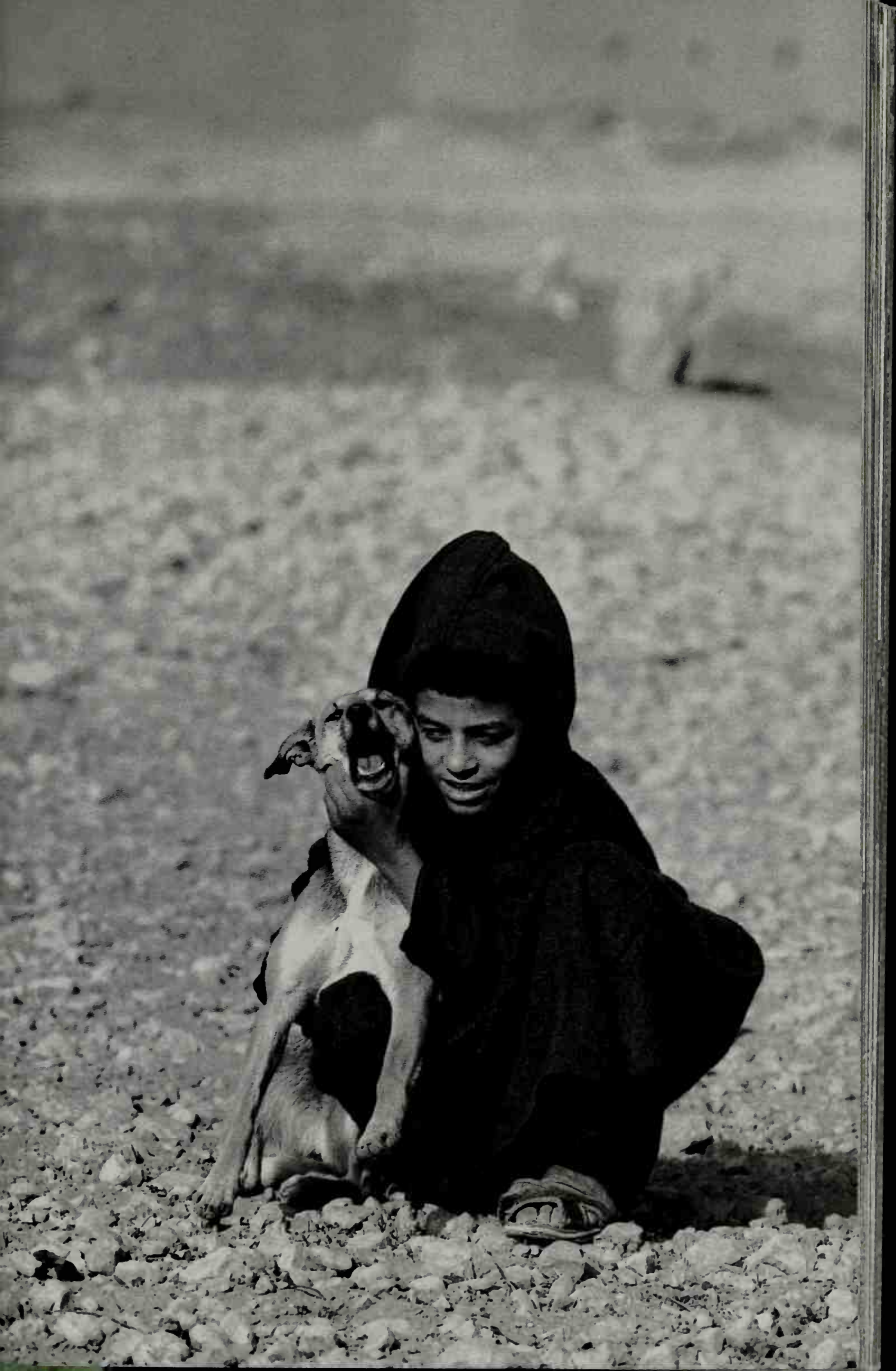


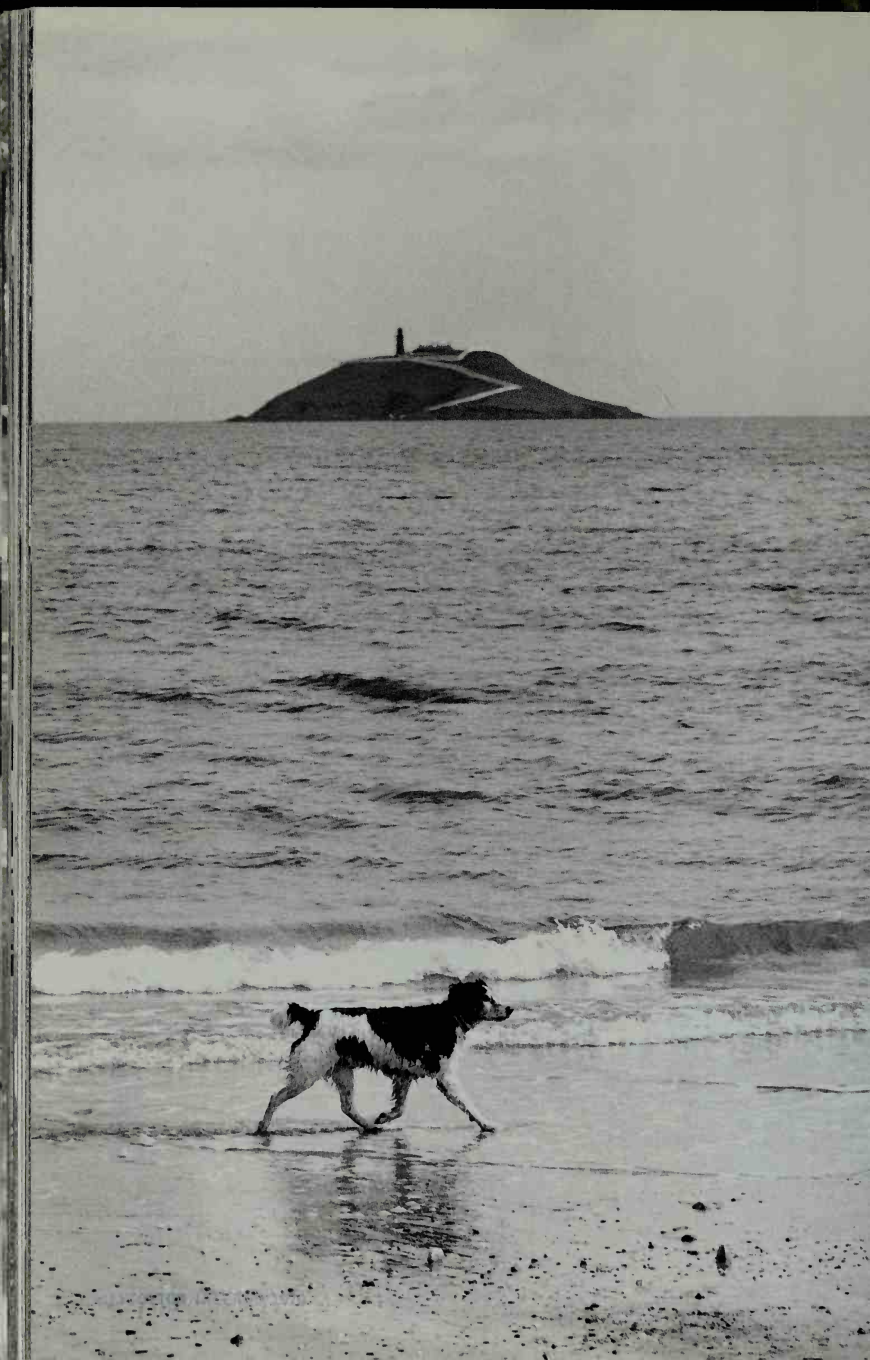
ZURICH, SWITZERLAND, 1991



FAIRBANKS, AK, USA, 1966















NEW YORK, USA, 1972



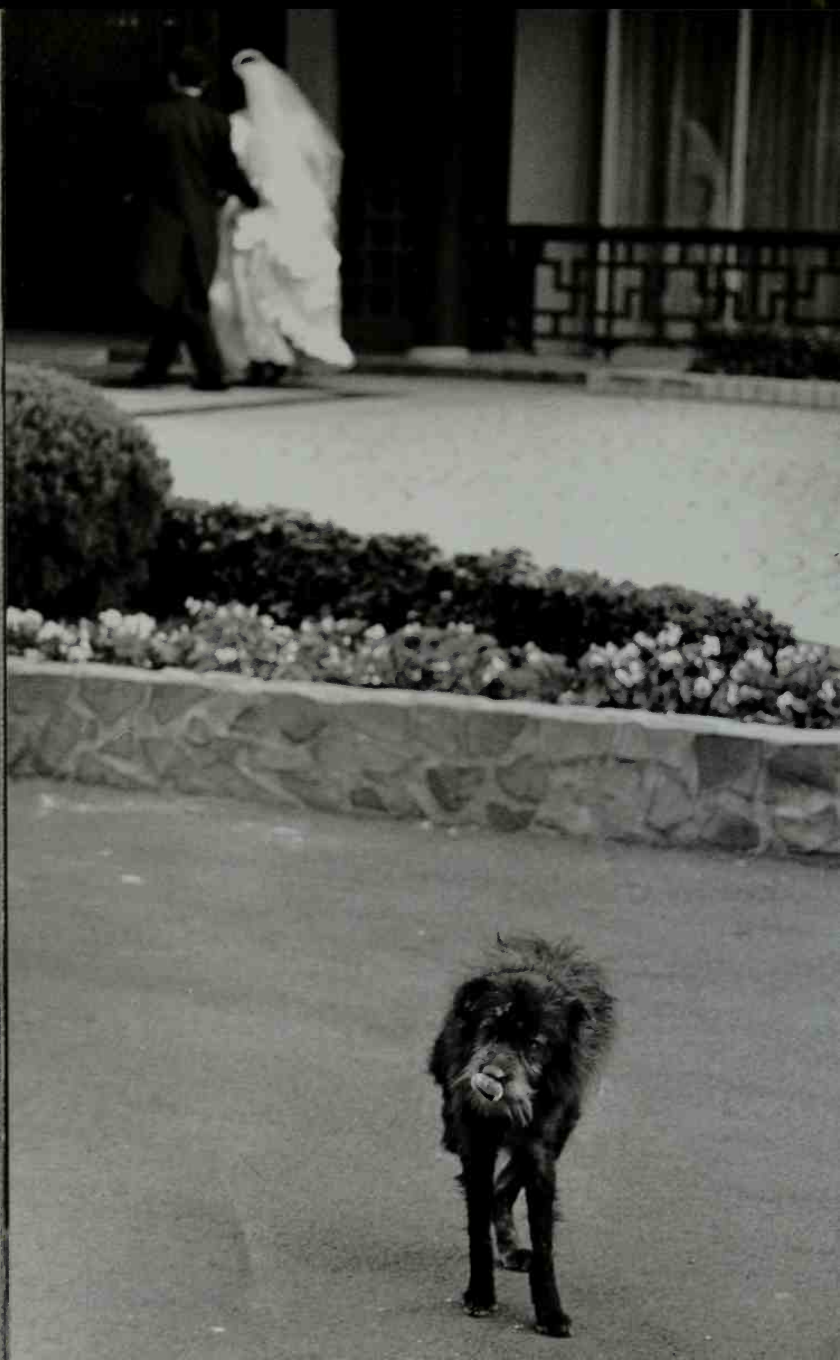
BALLYCOTTON, IRELAND, 1968





ET
LA
PRINCESSE LOUANO

PARIS, FRANCE, 1971





LONG ISLAND, NY, USA, 1991

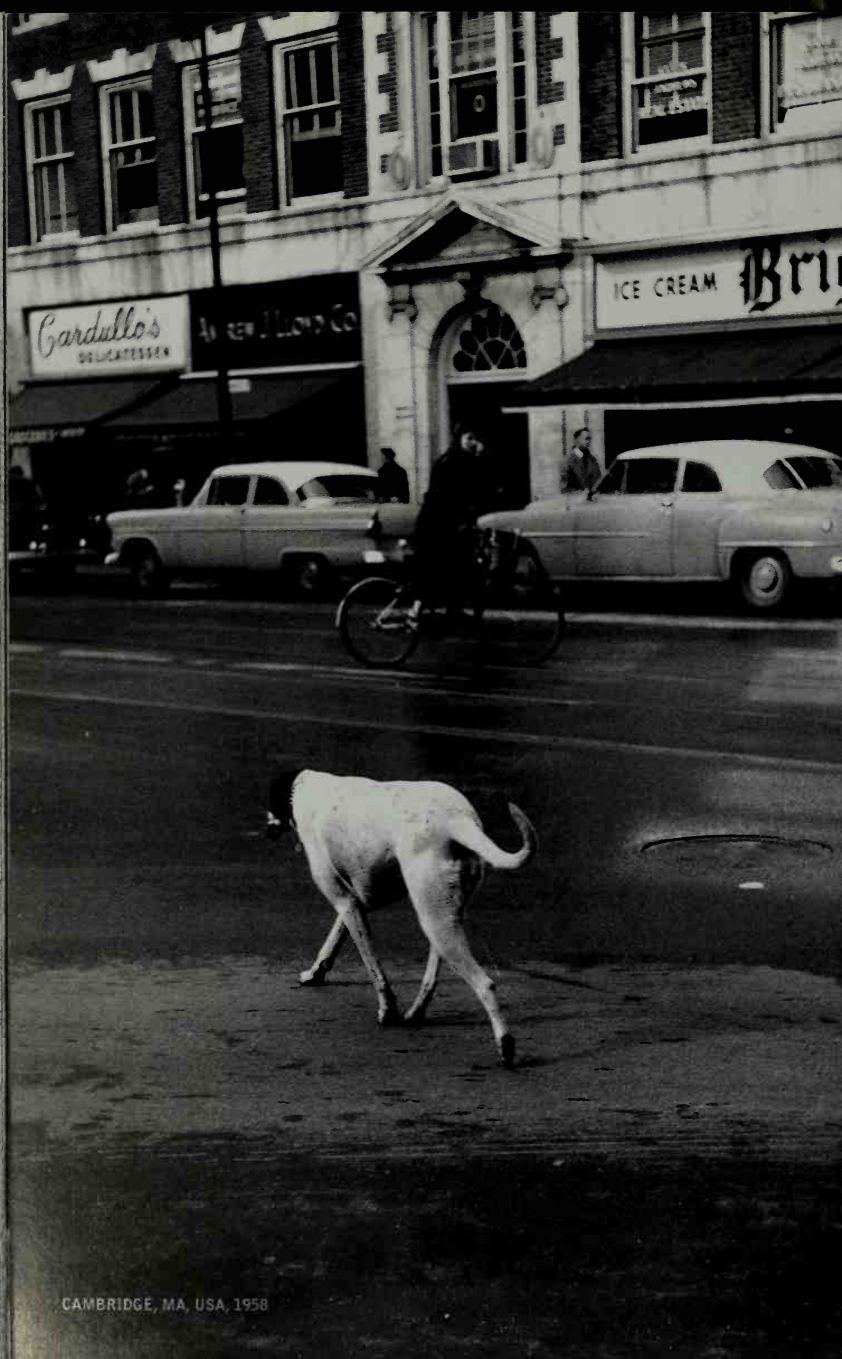


NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1975









CAMBRIDGE, MA, USA, 1958





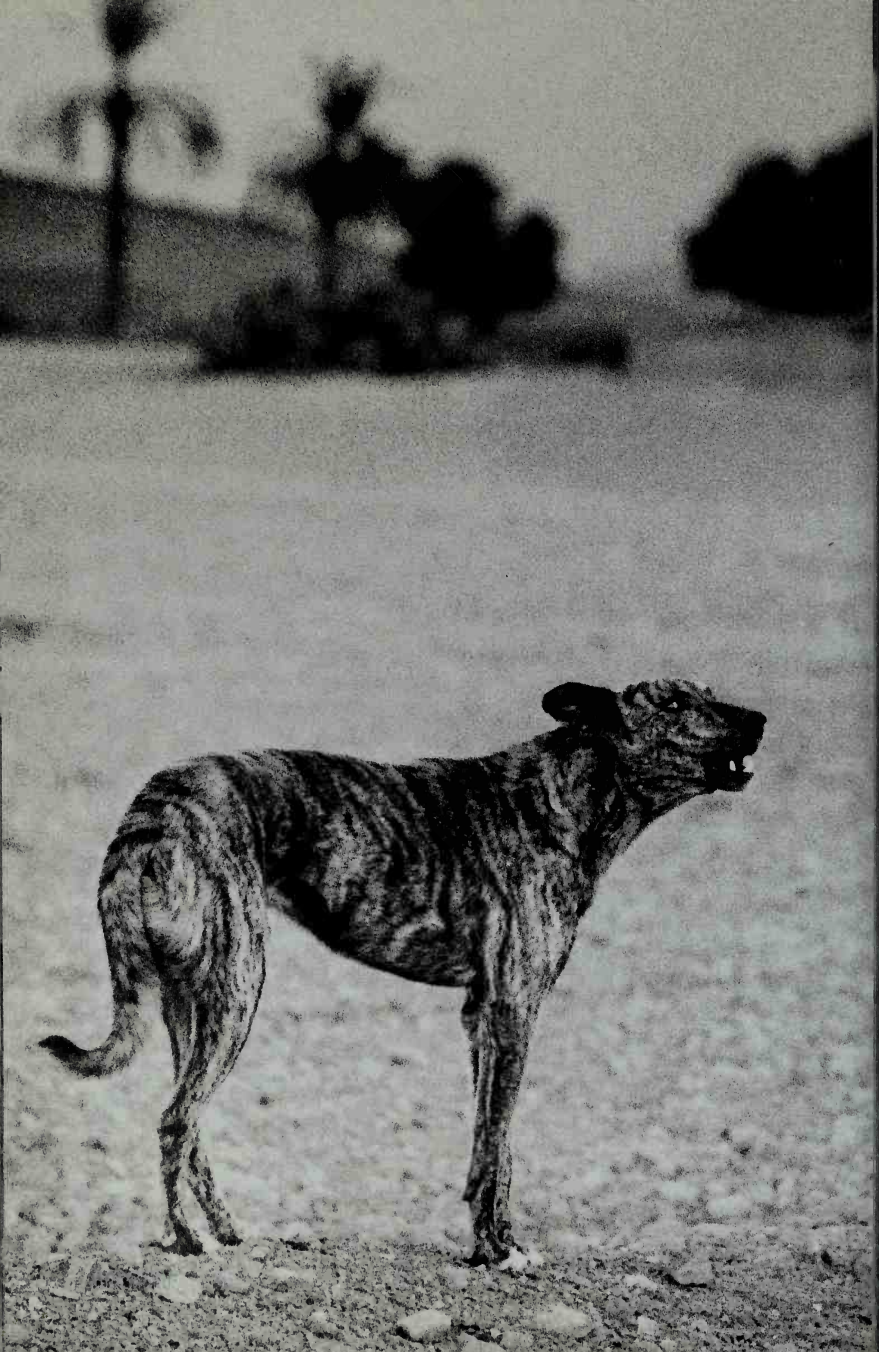
BIRMINGHAM ENGLAND 3991



SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO, 1955











PARIS, FRANCE, 1952





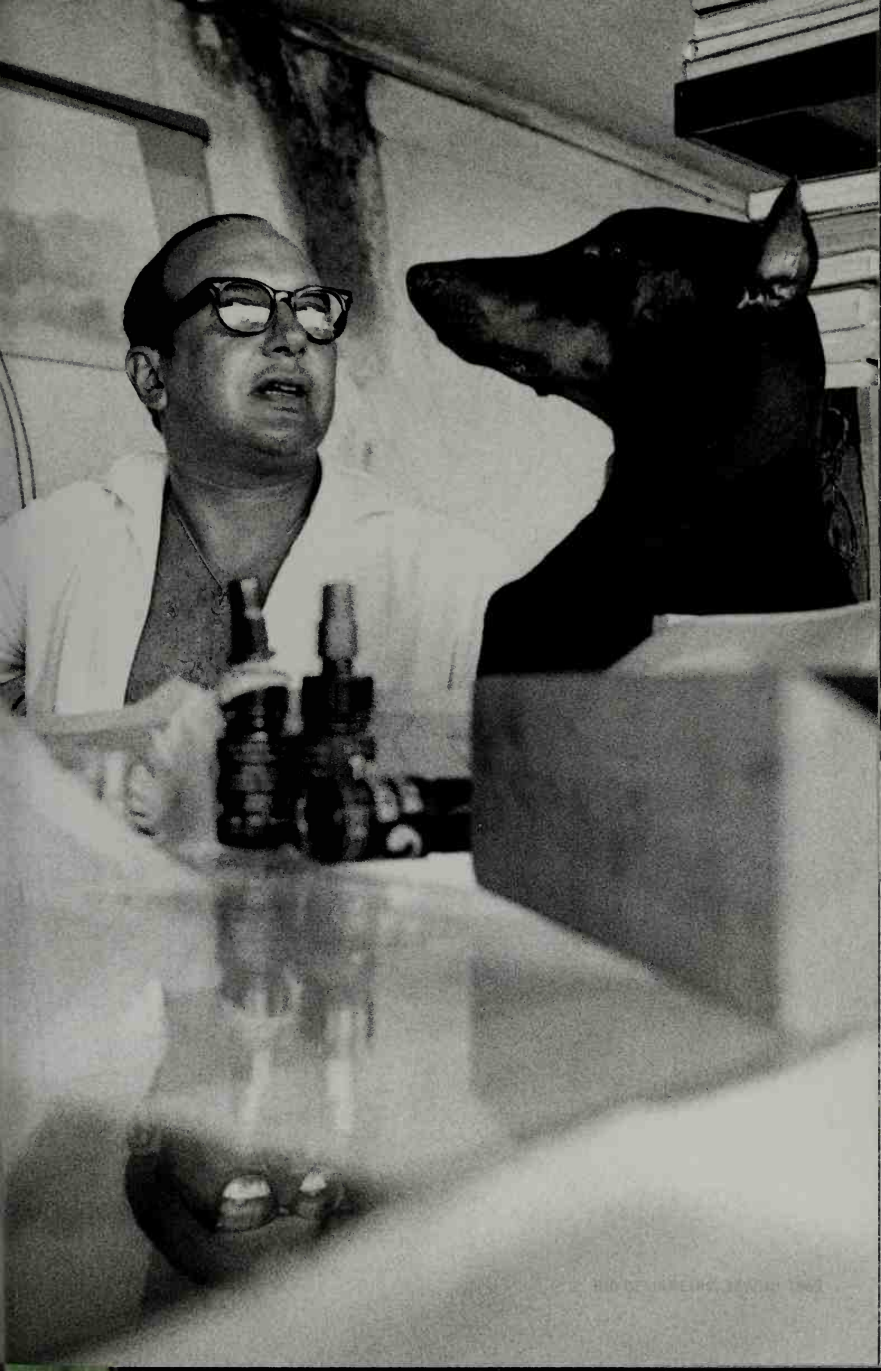


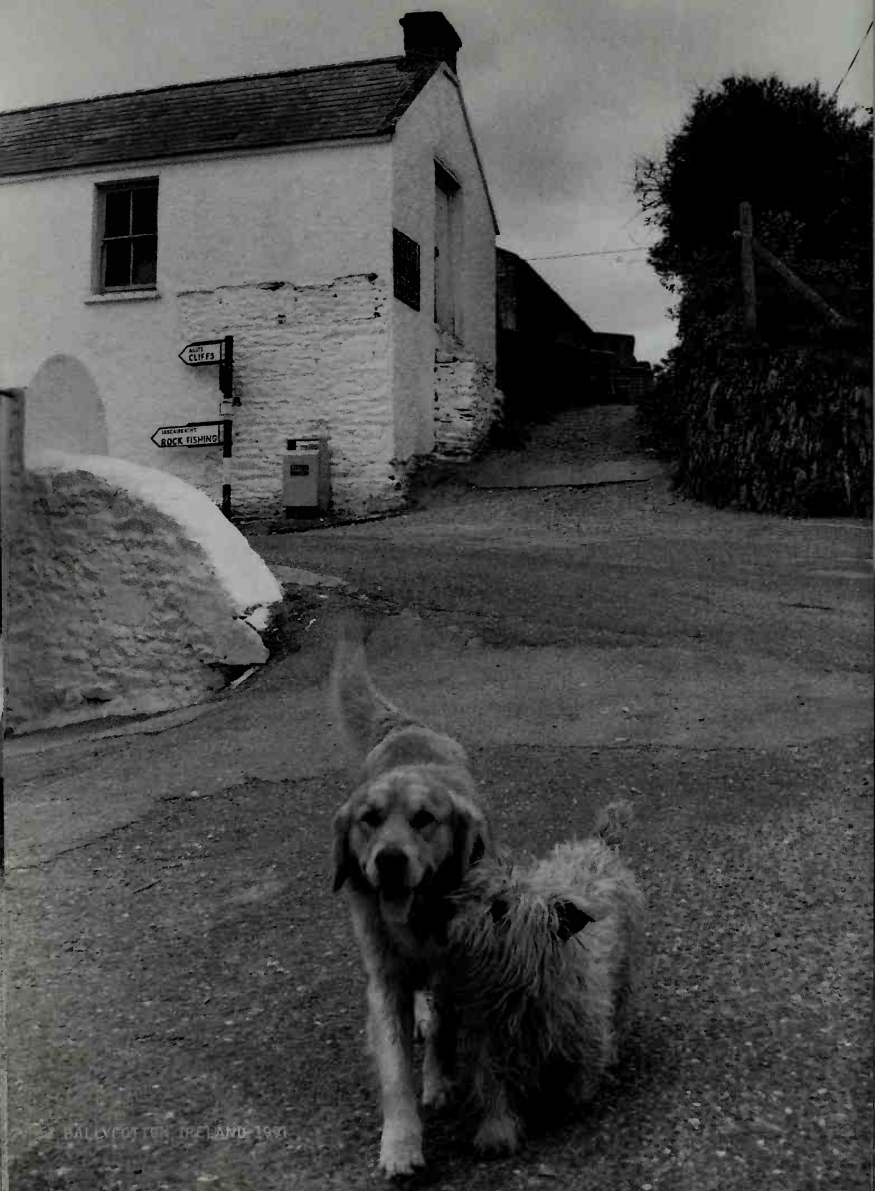




PARIS, FRANCE







Telefôn



SHANAGARRY, IRELAND, 1982







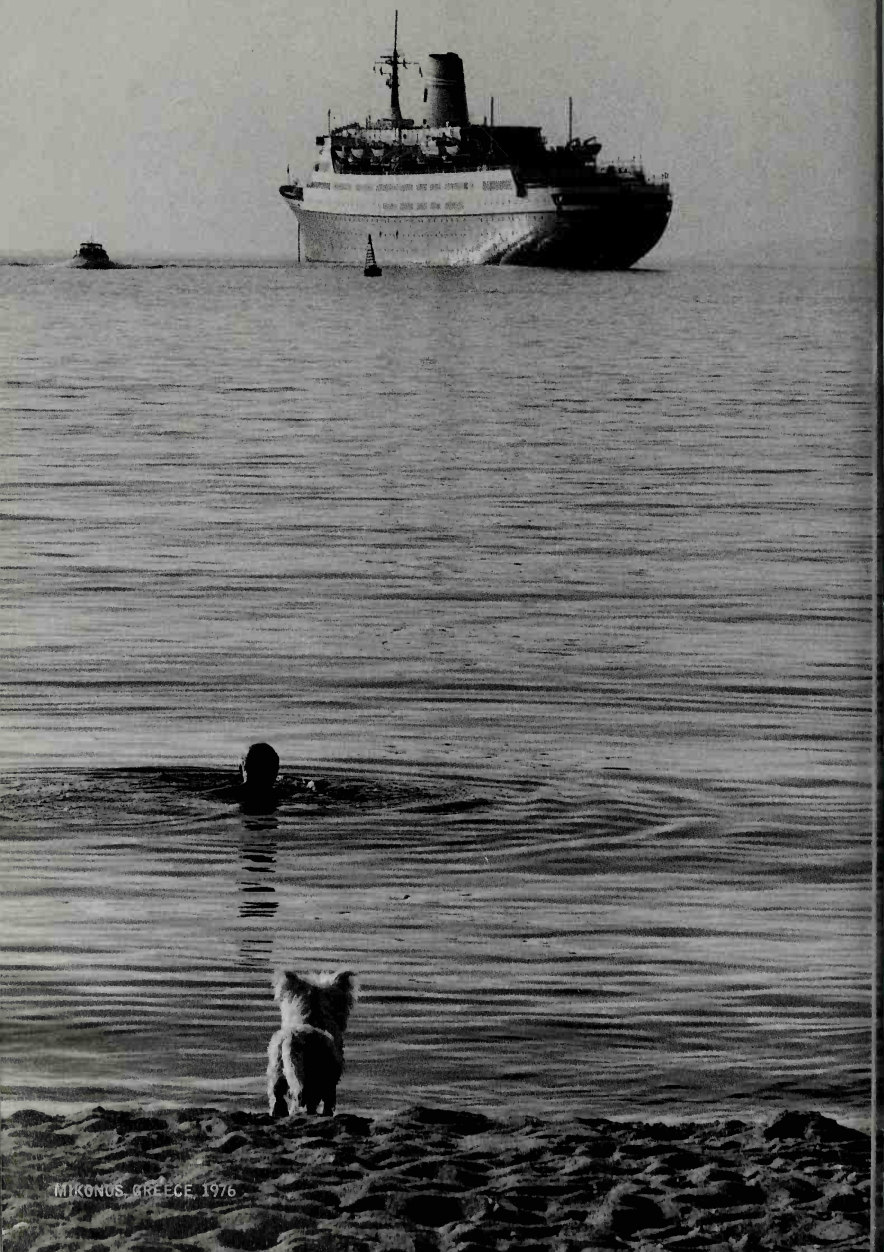
ARENAL, MEXICO, 1952



NORTH VIETNAM, 1994

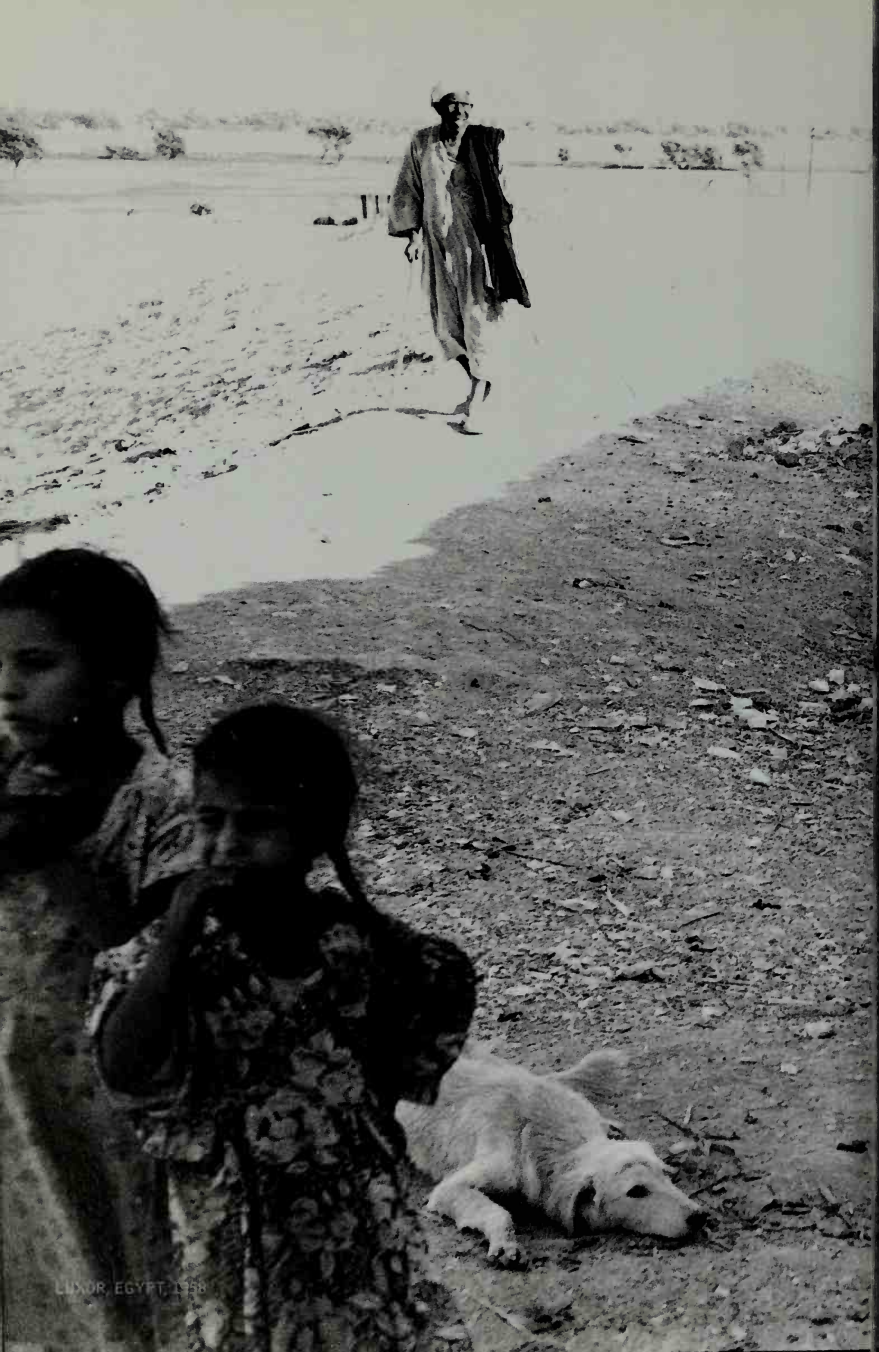


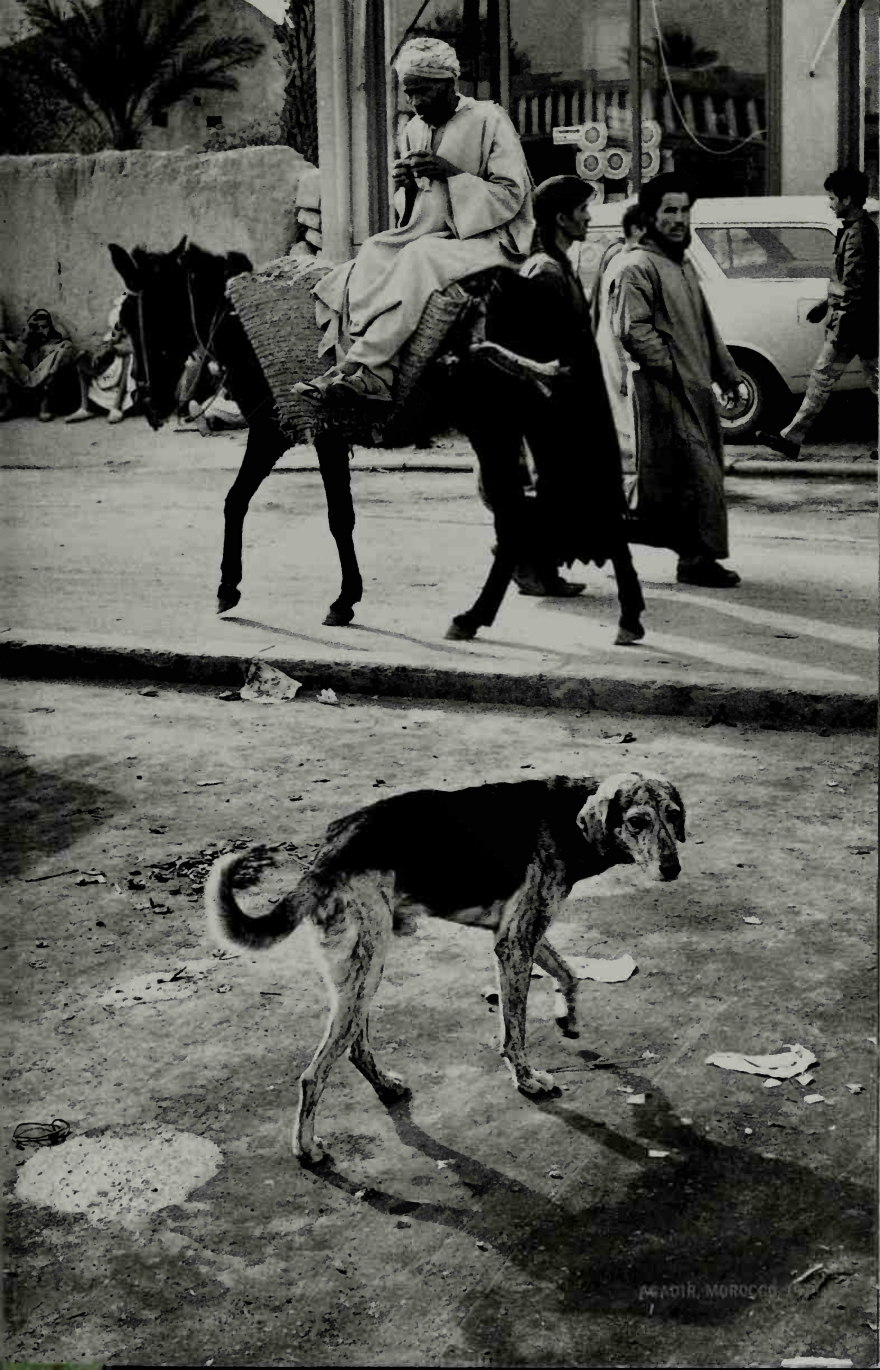


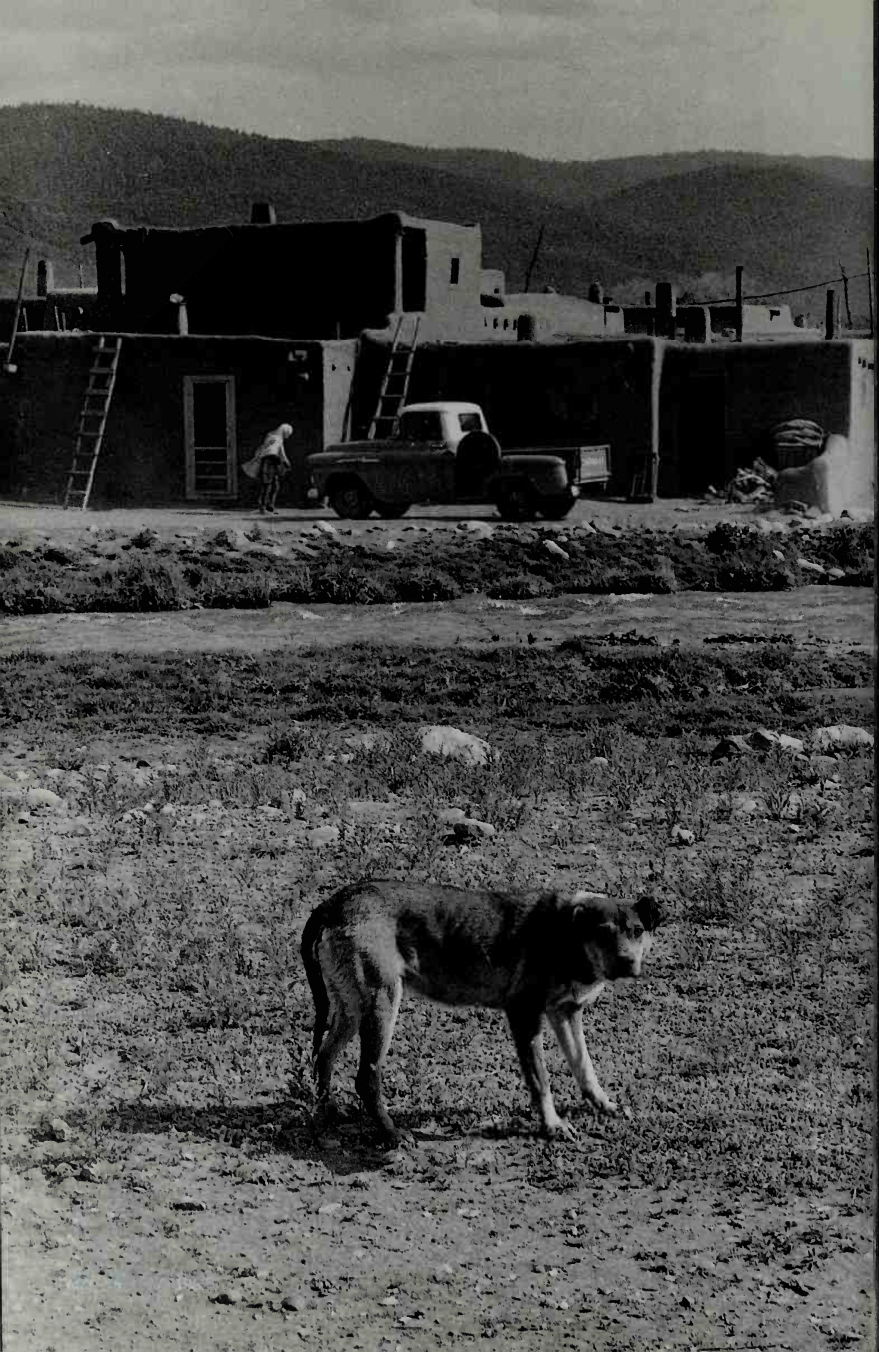


MIKONOS, GREECE, 1976











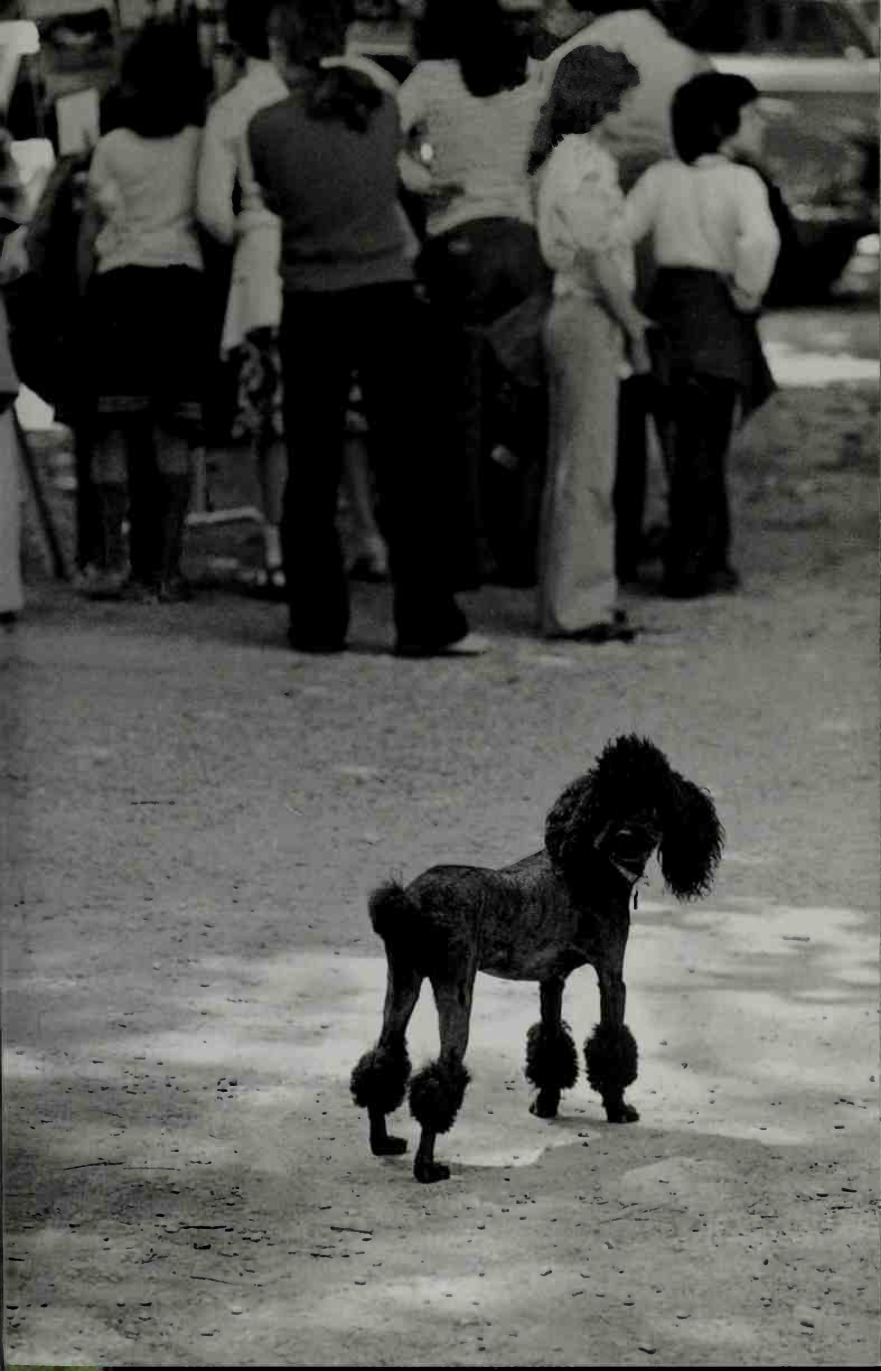


MILAN, ITALY, 1949



BALDWIN, HAMPTON, NY, USA, 1920









MILAN, ITALY, 1990

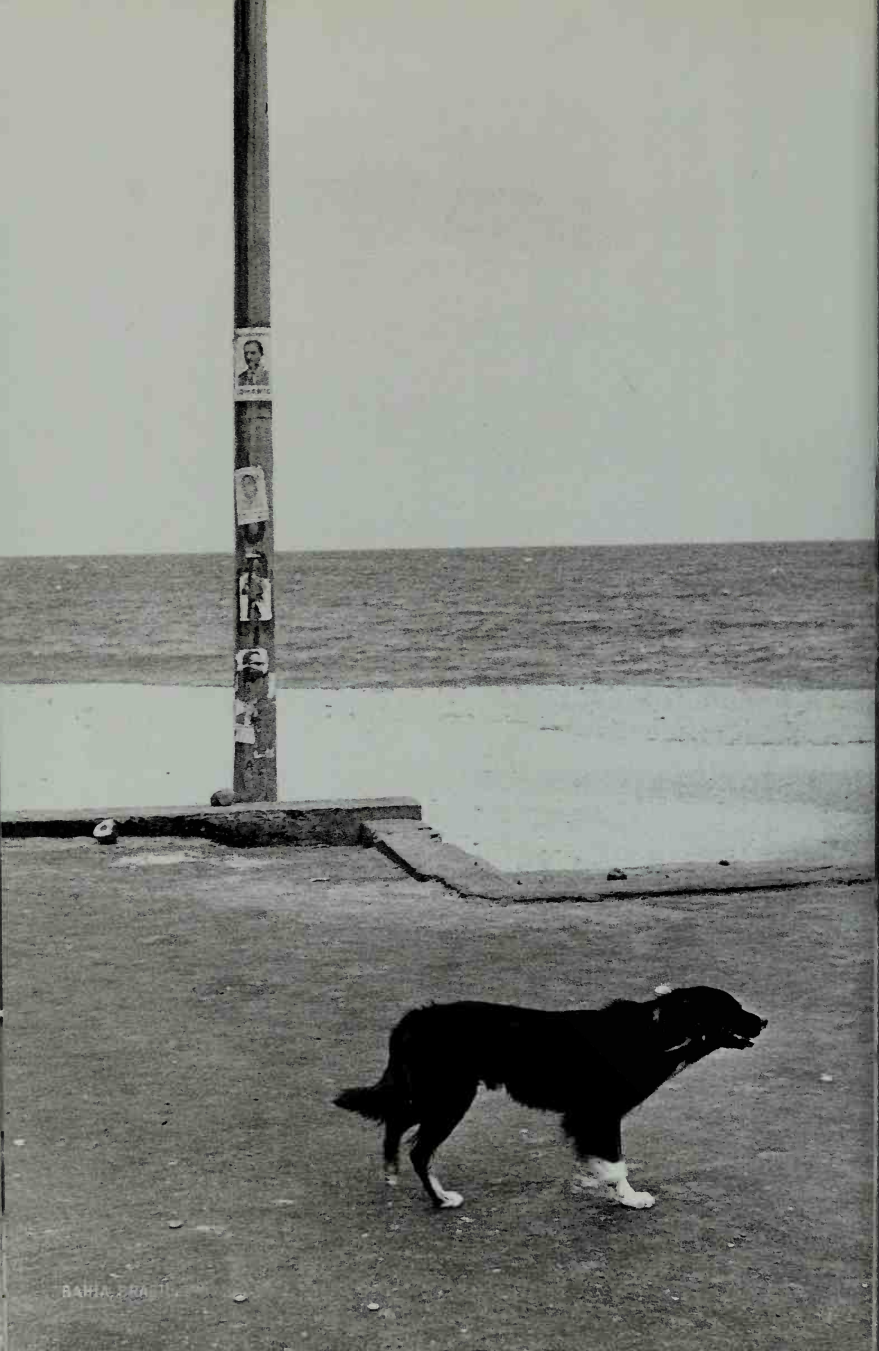




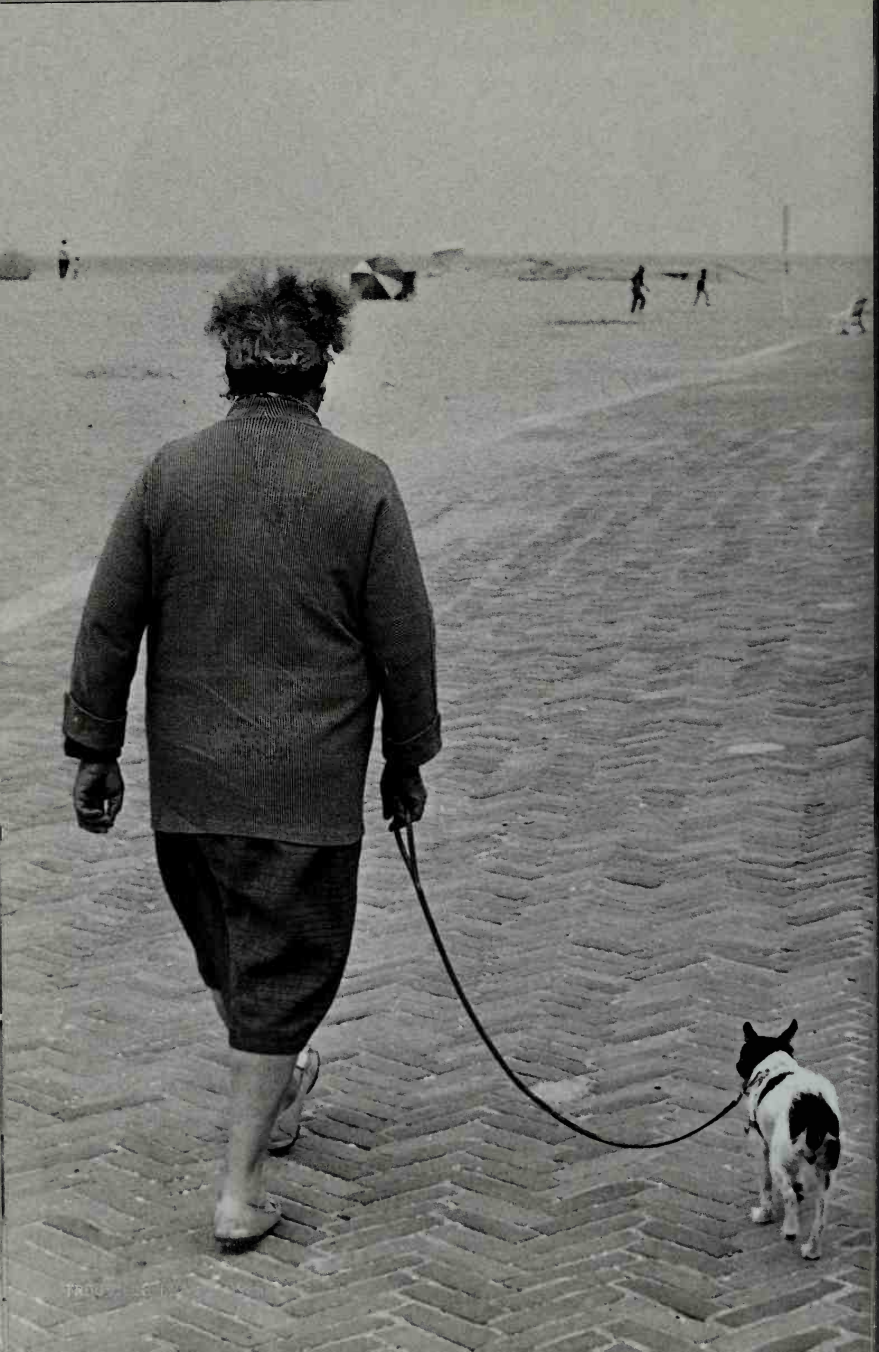


GUARD
ROOM

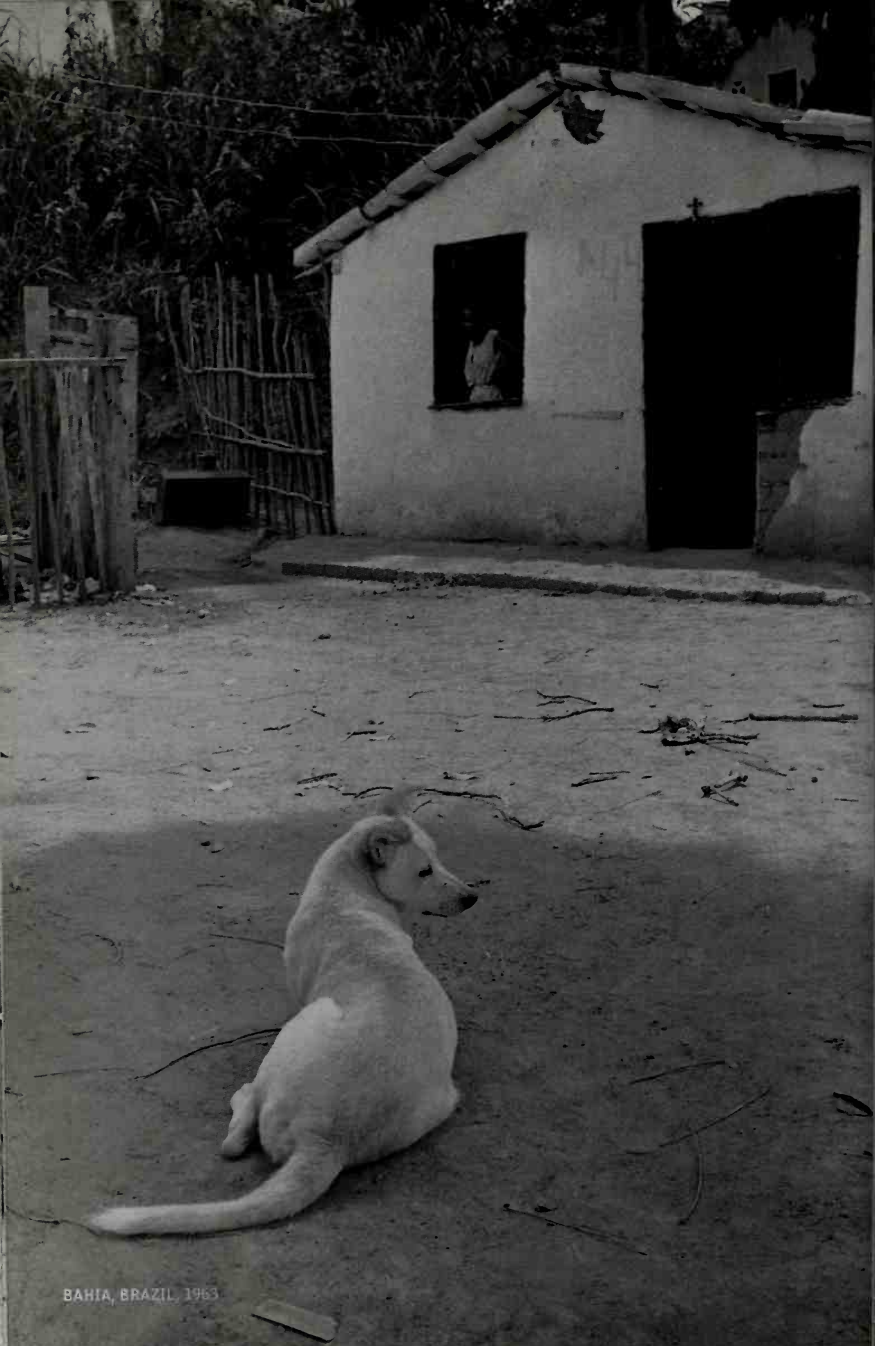












BAHIA, BRAZIL, 1963



MILAN, ITALY 1998



BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991



DUBLIN, IRELAND, 1910



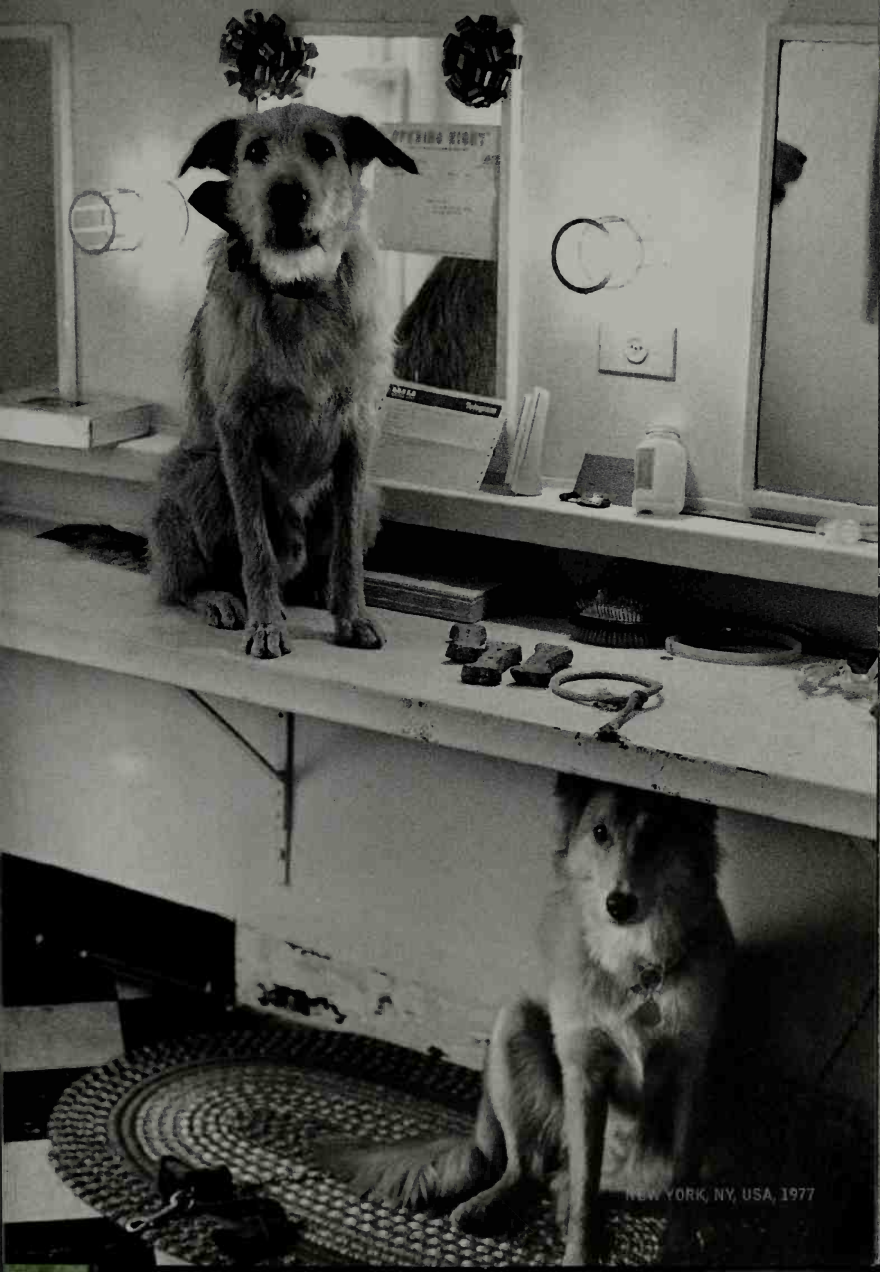








BERLIN, GERMANY, 1995



NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1977





KYOTO, JAPAN, 1977





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DRINKS
GROCERIES
OPALS
SAPPHIRES
TOPAZ
AGATE
PETRIFIED
WOOD
CRYSTAL
WATER
AM ST
GA TS





BANGKOK, THAILAND, 1955







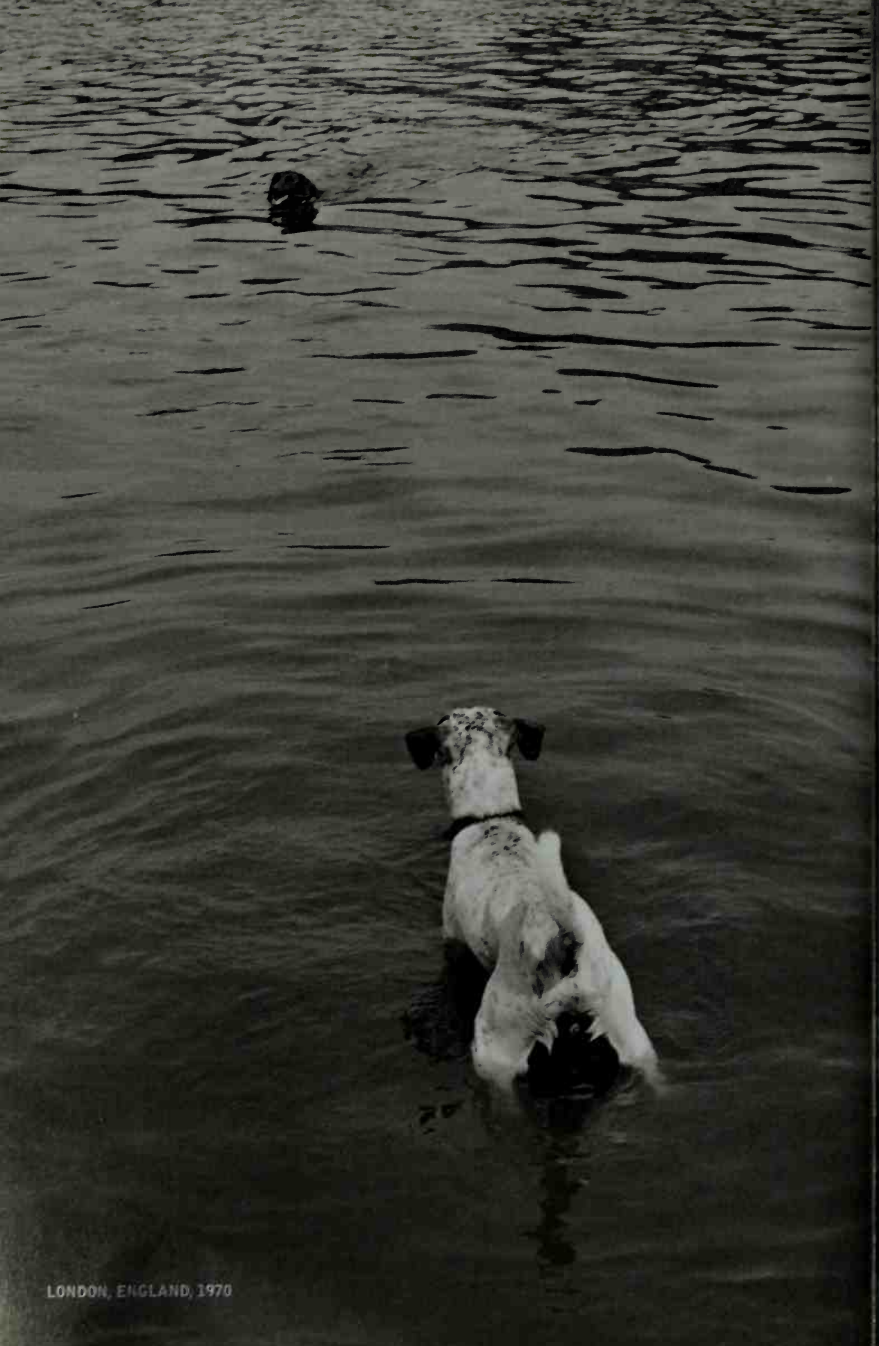
NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1992







BERLIN, GERMANY, 1949



LONDON, ENGLAND, 1970



EAST HAMPTON, NY, USA, 1995





NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1968

VISITES
CONFERENCES
ALYSCAMPS

1005 bis 2005, novembre à 147
Sous le Coudou de la Gare
CONFERENCES

Tout

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EAST HAMPTON, NY, USA, 1996





BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991





MADRID, SPAIN, 1961









NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1996

My Dog Days Elliott Erwitt

The original concept for this book was to include 1000 dogs and one cat. But as the days grew longer in preparation, the number of dogs grew shorter and I managed to squeeze only 820 dogs (and a few cats for balance) into these 512 pages. Be assured, dear reader, that my collection of pooches over the past 50 years far exceeds a mere thousand. Starting with my first published Chihuahua, photographed in New York in 1946, to my last mongrel taken in Ayutthaya in 1998, I hope to have assembled a representative number and variety of man and woman's most enduring and loyal friends worldwide.

My attraction to dogs is stirred purely by emotion. The romance started in the mid-1940s when, as a lonely teenager growing up in Hollywood, California, I adopted a shabby, nondescript, but exceptionally intelligent and sensitive mutt who was suffering from life-threatening canine distemper. Old Terry did pull through and recover after massive intervention from the local veterinarian at my insistent urging when a *coup de grace* might have been more appropriate. His physical appearance declined even further during the convalescence but his intelligence and sensitivity grew.

I guess suffering humbles and enriches. He was one lovable mess. Our relationship was one of mutual respect and interdependence. He continued to be a street dog but one who always came home whenever it seemed appropriate. . . and not just to be fed. Terry was friendly to my neighbours along Fountain Avenue and often accompanied the postman on his rounds. When the spirit moved him, Terry used to visit my mother who lived several miles away in the eastern part of Hollywood. All on his own, Terry would cross streets and boulevards, dodge traffic and always find his way there and back. Terry's only vice was a meek chasing of the occasional bicycle – unconvincing at best in his reduced condition.

With dogs, as in love affairs, the first and the last are the most vivid. Terry has been in dog heaven for about seven dog generations. There have been just a few interim *canis familiaris* in my life due to its essentially vagrant nature with my peripatetic travels, all of them very nice and *familiaris* but none especially remarkable. That is, until the recent arrival of Sammy.

Sammy is a Hamburg-born cairn terrier of proper breeding and worldly demeanor. An essential cosmopolite, having travelled extensively through Europe and transatlantically a half-dozen times, he came in to my life a few years ago with my zweedhardt Pia and her son Jonny. Sammy is a sophisticated, socially apt and wilfully opinionated little beast (you'll see his political statement on the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin and his general attitude on this essay's opening spread). We like each other but he doesn't go overboard and make a federal case of it, as say a golden lab would. Our *modus vivendi* is mutual respect and an awareness of one another's boundaries.

Sammy and I have the start of an as-yet-unrealized project for which we are seeking corporate or art-foundation sponsorship. That is, to travel and repeat the Brandenburg statement upon every other important pompous monument in the world, except for Britain where the six-month dog quarantine would be make our scheme unworkable. Imagine the scope of our plan. Sammy marking the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, the Coliseum in Rome, the Statue of Liberty in New York, the Royal Palace in Bangkok, the Pyramids of Giza in Egypt, the Lenin Mausoleum in Moscow's Red Square, the Gateway to the Forbidden City in Beijing and so on and on. What magnificent gestures. I guess we can dream.

Like Sammy, dogs don't mind being photographed in

compromising situations, which is not to say that dogs are never self-conscious. In fact, a cruel person, or a photographer could easily embarrass them. But they are usually unaffected because of their innocence, and lack of guile. Perhaps that's why dogs seem to have a natural bond with children. Maybe they still have some fundamental values that haven't been corrupted by society.

Dogs are not exactly like children, though. They are more nonchalant. They don't necessarily want you to notice that they are around, because they know that they belong. Dogs don't have to say "Look at me!" the way children often do. However, they are more unfocussed than children. For one thing, they are forced to lead a life that is really schizoid. Every day they must live on two planes at once, juggling the dog world with the human world. And they're always on call. Their owners demand instant affection every day, any time of day. A dog can never say that he has a headache or other things to do.

I am a professional photographer by trade and an amateur photographer by vocation. Most of the time when I am out of the house I carry a small unobtrusive camera and I snap away obsessively at things that interest me and whatever I think would make a good picture. Until recently, I have never especially set out to take dog pictures but somehow dogs appeared in large numbers on my contact sheets. A few years back while looking through my inventory of pictures to assemble a retrospective book and exhibition of random photographs taken on my travels, I was surprised by the preponderance of dogs. Obviously my sympathy for the creatures was deeper than I had imagined.

Many of the dogs pictured must have looked appealing to me in their exotic settings, other dogs were appealing in reasonably well-composed photographs and some others

seemed to transcend their easy obvious charm and to have allegorical connotations to us humans and to our human condition. As I think about this now, my comments don't sound particularly surprising. I don't know of any other animals closer to us in qualities of heart, sentiment and loyalty. Some people say elephants come close. Personally, I find elephants too bulky, unwieldy and inaccessible for everyday photography and not at all cuddly or attractive with those big long noses. Besides, they do not roam the streets in every town and every country like dogs do. And dogs make easy, uncomplaining targets without the self-conscious hang-ups and possible objections of humans caught on film.

Because of my growing dog inventory I have become increasingly sensitised to the omnipresence of pooches everywhere I travel and so I have been throwing my psychic and photographic frame around them, manipulating their image inside of my geometric mean, organizing the compositions and attempting to make them my own.

And so we have the result in this volume. If dog-lovers think this is a dog book, that's all right with me. Especially if they buy extra copies for their dog-loving friends. One of these little guys might remind you of a dog you know, or used to know. That's fine too.

For me, the dogs are both an excuse and a reason for taking these pictures. They give me an excuse because they make good subjects. I like them, people want to see them, I can't resist!

In the end, this is not a book of dog pictures but of dogs in pictures.



For Sammy boy (left) and zweedhardt Pia (right)

和 白

水



called on me to say his ducks were disappearing and suspicion had fallen on my Rudolph. Why? I asked, and he said because mine was the only dog in the vicinity except his own Towser, and Towser had been so carefully trained that he would not touch a duck if you brought it to him with orange sauce over it.

I was indignant. I said he had only to gaze into Rudolph's candid brown eyes to see how baseless were his suspicions. Had he not, I asked, heard of foxes? Or weasels? Or stoats? How much more likely that one of these was the Bad Guy in the sequence? He was beginning to waiver and seemed on the verge of an apology, when Rudolph, who had been listening with the greatest interest and at a certain point had left the room, came trotting in with a duck in his mouth.

Yes, dachshunds overplay their sense of humour, and I suppose other dogs have their defects, but they seem trivial compared with their merits. So put down that camera, Mr. Erwit, and join me in a standing ovation to all dogs, whether Airedale, wire-haired terriers, bulldogs, Pekinese, cairns, spaniels, pugs, Maltese, Yorkshires, borzois, bloodhounds, Bedlington's, pointers, setters, mastiffs, Newfoundland's, St. Bernards, Great Danes, collies, chows, poodles, and those peculiar little Mexican dogs beginning with C and sounding like a sneeze.

thing was very like the big scene in one of those old movies where the prison personnel are trying to persuade James Cagney to enter the death chamber. Eventually, after many days, he decided his fears had been ill-founded and we were all able to relax.

The question of whether dogs have a sense of humour is often hotly debated, and I should like to take it up with Mr. Erwitt next time he has a moment. My own opinion is that some have and some don't. Dachshunds have, but not St. Bernards and Great Danes. It would seem that a dog has to be small to be fond of a joke. You never find an Irish wolfhound trying to be a stand-up comic.

But it is fatal to let any dog know that he is funny, for he immediately loses his head and starts hamming it up. As an instance of this I would point to Rudolph, a dachshund I once owned, whose slogan was *Anything for a Laugh*. Dachshunds are always the worst offenders in this respect because of their peculiar shape. It is only natural that when a dog finds that his mere appearance makes the viewing public giggle, he should assume that Nature intended him for a comedian's role.

I had a cottage at the time outside an English village, not far from a farm where they kept ducks, and one day the farmer

course. For centuries they belonged only to Emperors. If you were not an Emperor and were found with a Peke on your premises, you got the Death Of a Thousand Cuts, an old Chinese punishment for minor offences roughly equivalent to our fifteen-dollar fine for parking next to a fire plug. But none of our Pekes pulled rank on us. They could not have been more democratic and affable. And how Mr. Elliott Erwitt would have loved to photograph them.

Over Bill the foxhound, the first of our Remsenburg dogs, even Mr. Erwitt, broadminded though he is, would, I'm afraid, have shaken his head. Bill was a stray in the last stages of starvation and so covered with ticks that only the keenest eye could detect that there was a dog underneath.

Taken in and fed and nursed and scientifically de-ticked, he soon settled down – but only in the country. Came a time when he had to come with us to New York, when, alighting from the car, he refused to enter the apartment house, evidently suspecting a trap. I dragged him as far as the elevator, and again he jibbed. I finally got him on board, and he then refused to emerge. No doubt he thought that while conditions in the elevator were pretty bad, they were nothing to the horrors which lurked behind that sinister apartment door. The whole

any child who collected a quarter thought he had done well.

When Sammy succumbed to old age, I made what I think was a mistake by appointing as his successor an Aberdeen terrier who was supposed (though he seldom did) to answer to the name of Angus. Aberdeen terriers are intelligent and (if you don't mind those beetling eyebrows) handsome, but so austere and full of the Calvinistic spirit that it is impossible for an ordinary erring human being not to feel ill at ease in their presence. Angus had a way of standing in front of me and looking at me like a Scottish preacher about to rebuke the sins of his congregation. Sundays with him were particularly trying. There is almost nothing you can do on a Sunday which does not arouse the disapproval of an Aberdeen terrier. He would grudgingly consent to come with me for a walk after lunch, but if I so forgot myself as to whistle for him, his manner plainly showed what his opinion was of people so sunk in sin as to whistle on the Sabbath. It was a relief when I gave him to a better man than myself.

After Angus my wife and I fell under the spell of Pekes. Many people, I know, disparage Pekes, but take it from me, they are all right. If they have a fault, it is a tendency to think too much of themselves. One can readily understand it, of

are. It does one good to look at them. There is not a sitter in his gallery who does not melt the heart. And no beastly class distinctions, either: Thoroughbred or mutts, they are all here.

What with one thing and another it was not till I went to live at Great Neck, Long Island, that I actually owned a dog of my own. Guy Bolton, Jerry Kern and I were writing a revue for Flo Ziegfeld at that time. It did only thirty-seven performances, so the pickings were none too good, but I was able to save something out of the wreck, for one of the company gave me a French bulldog called Sammy, as amiable and sweet-natured an animal as ever broke biscuit. Too amiable, we sometimes used to feel. He was always liking the looks of passers-by outside our garden gate and trotting out to fraternize with them. The first time he disappeared I gave the man who brought him back ten dollars, and this got around among the local children and stirred up their business instincts. They would come to our gate and call, "Sammy, Sammy, Sammy," and old Sam would waddle along and they would bring him back with a cheery "We found your dog wandering down the road, mister," and cash in. Obviously no purse could stand the drain, especially with revues running for only thirty-seven performances. The bottom dropped out of the market, and it was not long before

About my Friends P.G. Wodehouse

We all have plenty to say about dogs, but very seldom are we allowed to say it. One of the familiar sights at any cocktail party is that of a man – call him Man A – trying to tell another man – call him Man B – all about the intelligence of his dog and the other man cutting in and starting to tell him all about the intelligence of *his* dog; whereupon Man A raises his voice and Man B raises his voice until both are bringing plaster down from the ceiling and giving bystanders the impression that they have wandered into a student protest demonstration. It is estimated by statisticians that more pique, umbrage, dudgeon, and bad blood are engendered in this way than by any other method of engendering p, u, d, and bb. True, blows are seldom exchanged, but these encounters nearly always lead to the ending of friendships.

How wise, then, of Mr. Elliott Erwitt to avoid those vulgar brawls and stick to photographing dogs instead of talking about them. No agony for him of being shouted down by some uncouth moron with a louder voice. And what superb photographs his

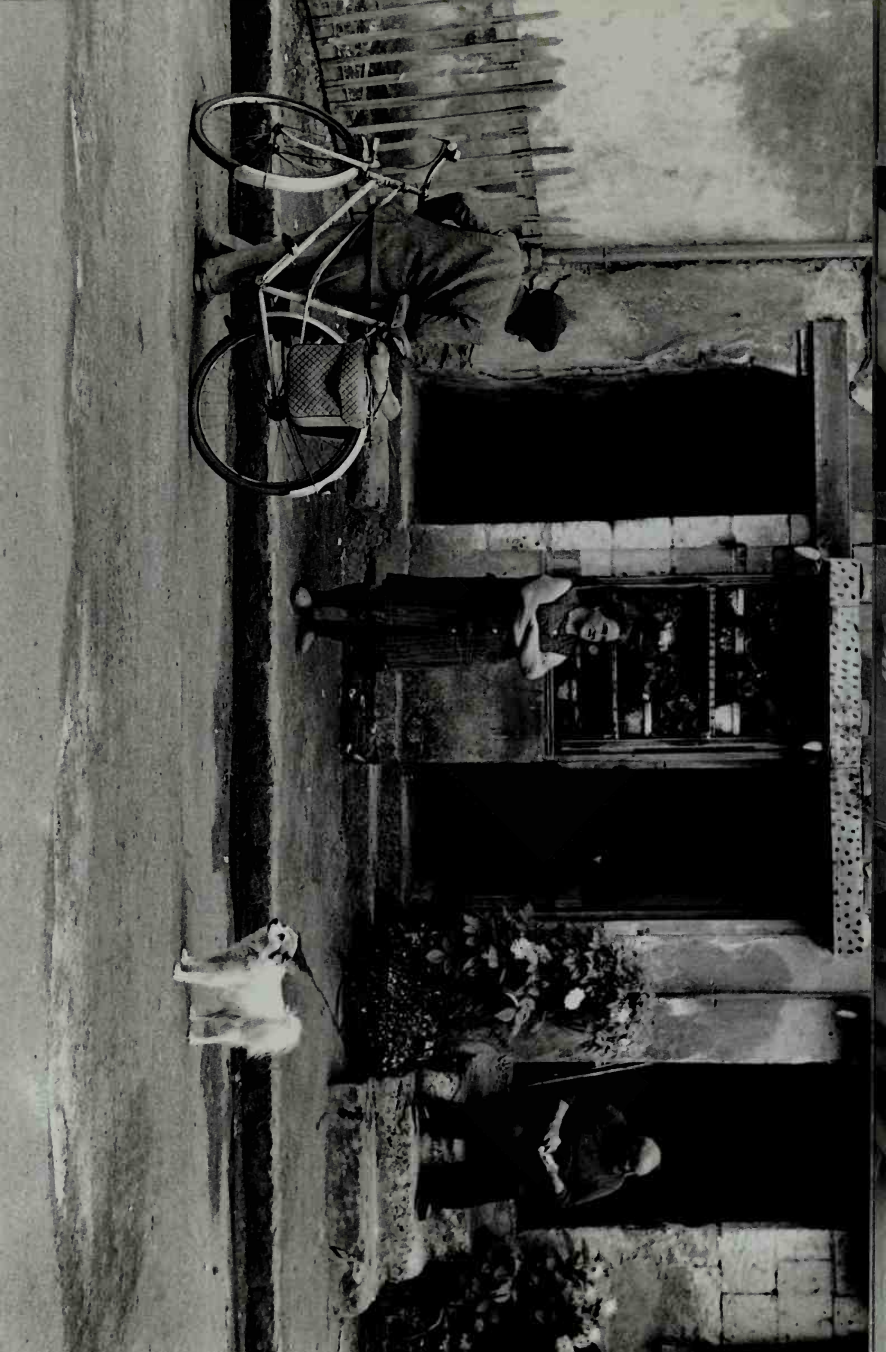






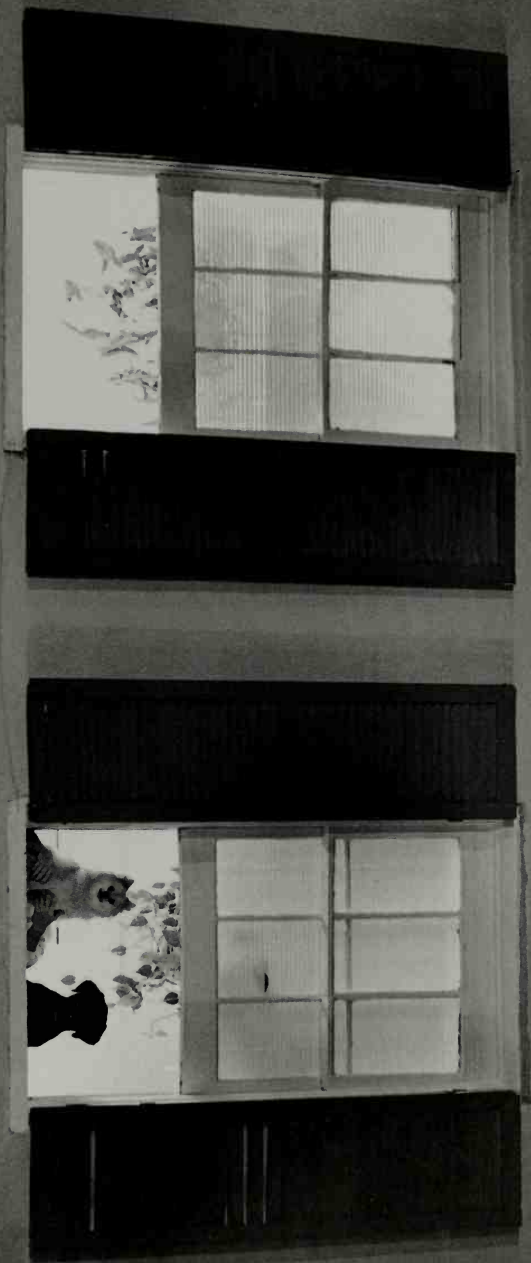


















EWING COLLECTION, 1978



















WIMBORNE, ENGLAND, 1991







NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1989

PLATE 10. A. 1. 1911. 1911. 1911.





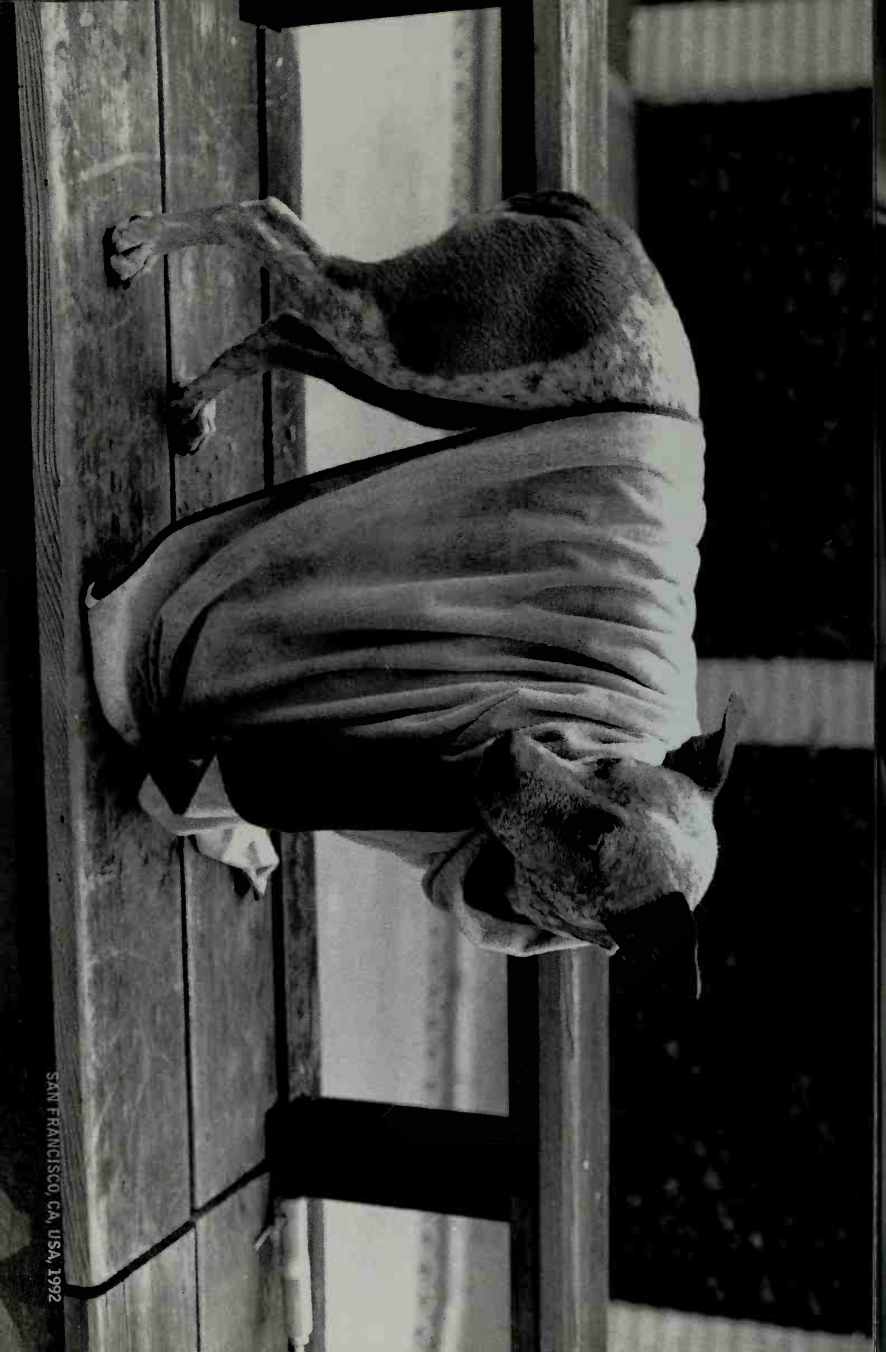


NORMANDY, FRANCE, 1998



MADE IN NY, USA 1960

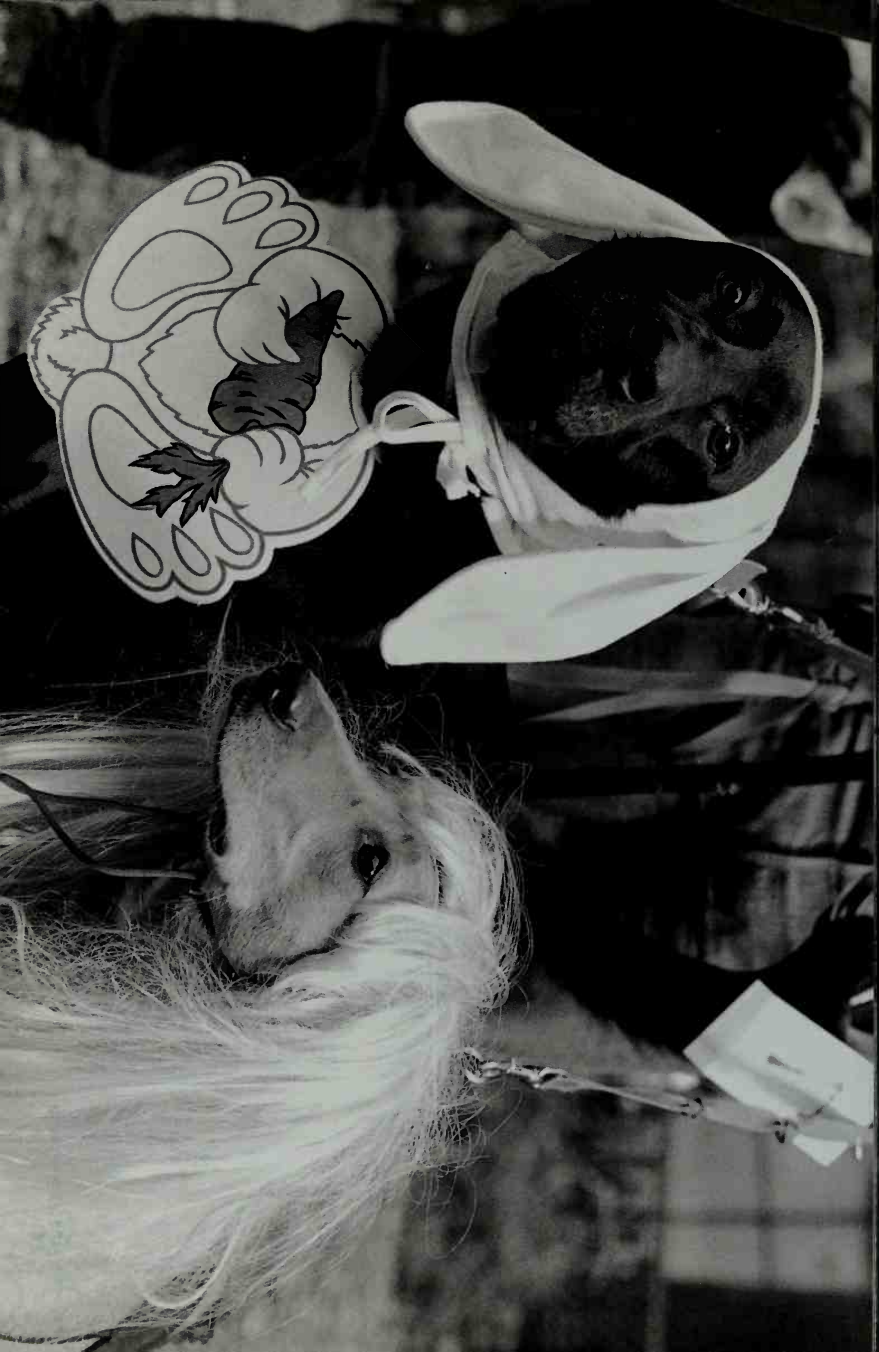




SAN FRANCISCO, CA, USA, 1992



P 0 1100, 1995





NORTHERN ITALY 1965









BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991









ENGLAND, 1991

A MEMORIAL TO THE MEMORY OF MARY HARRIET WIFE OF EDWARD ROGERS DECEASED 27TH 1923. REST ON ALL.

ROGERS



SAN GIMIGNANO, ITALY, 1959













NEW YORK, NY USA, 1990







942



NEW ORLEANS, LA, USA 1991

C L B S

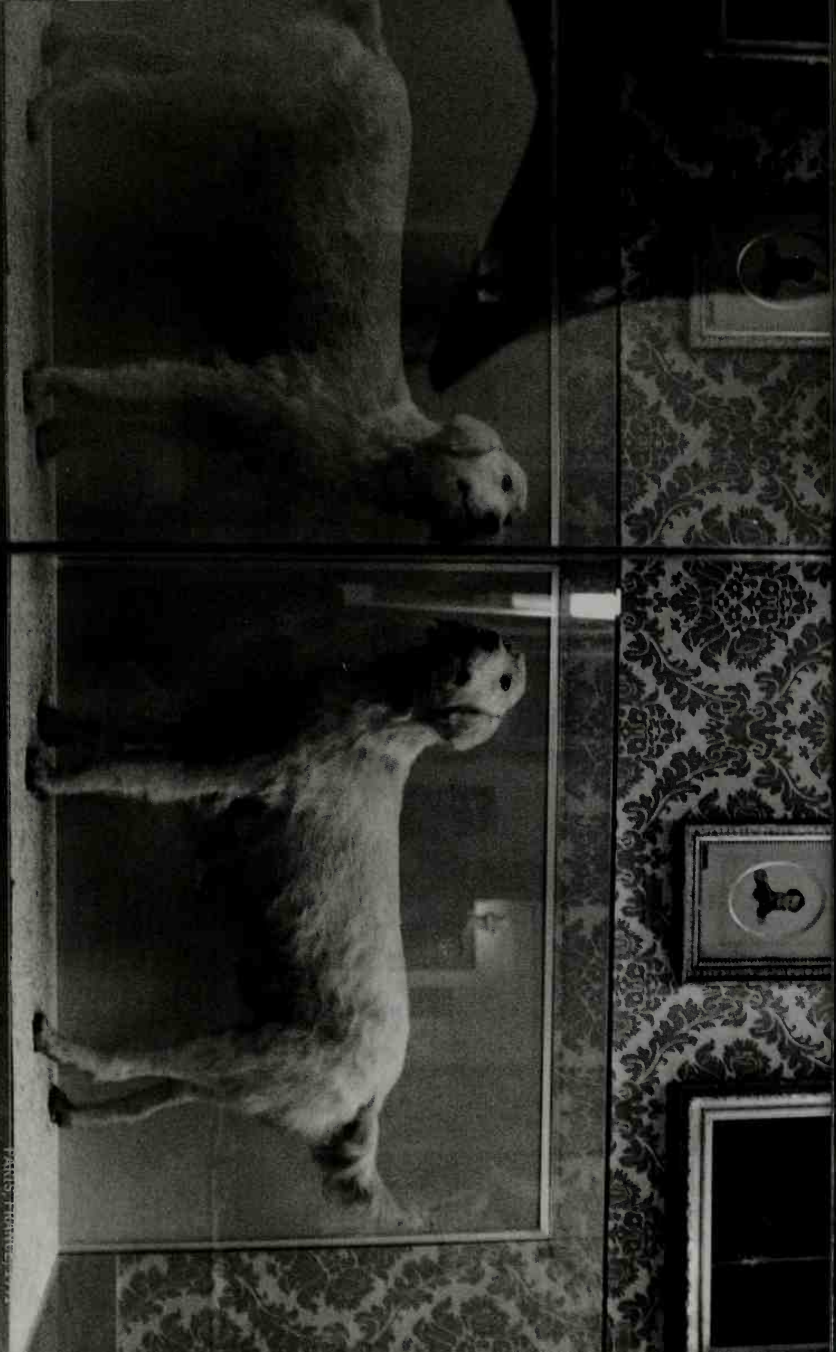


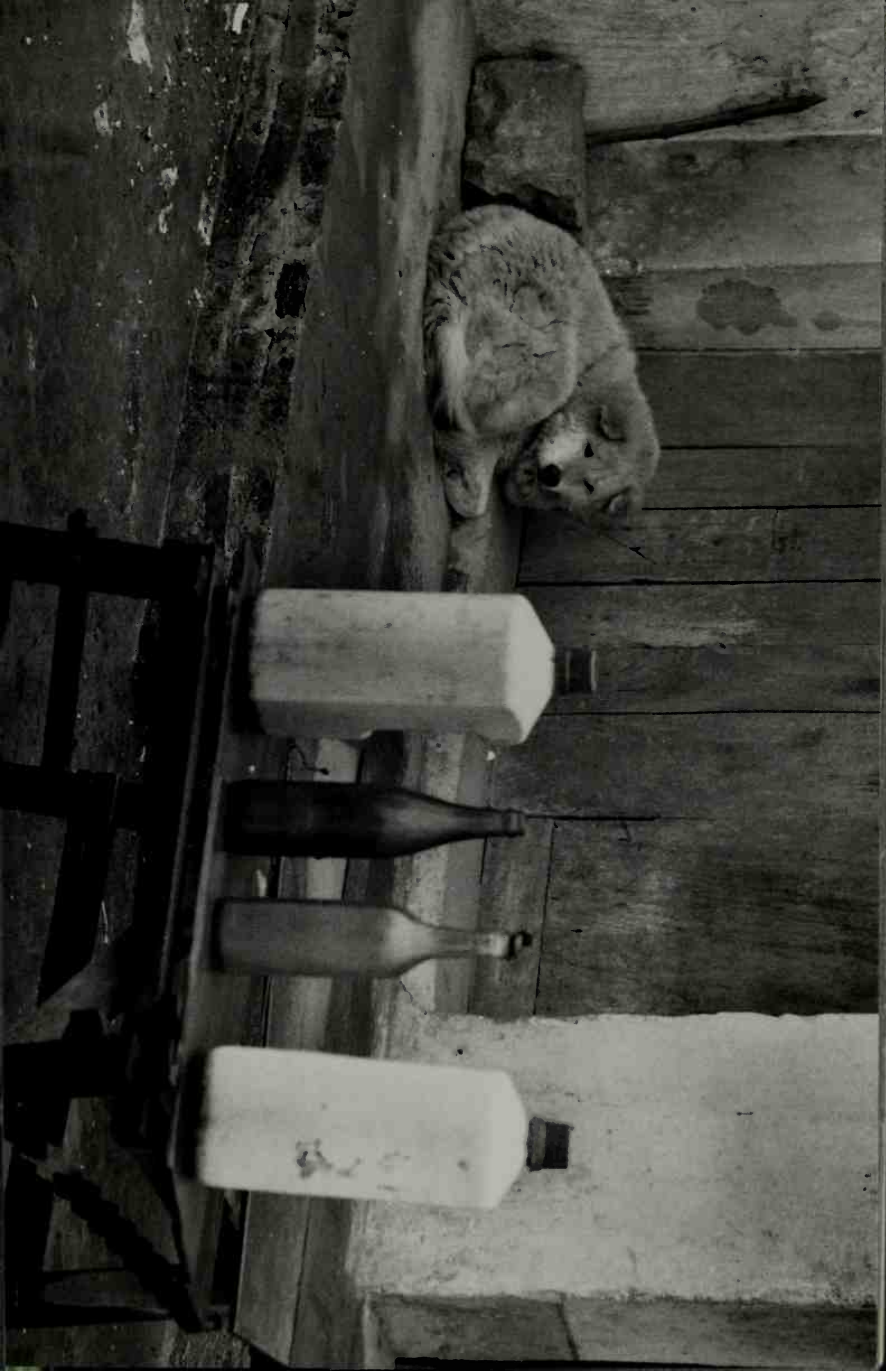






VIRGINIA, USA, 1959











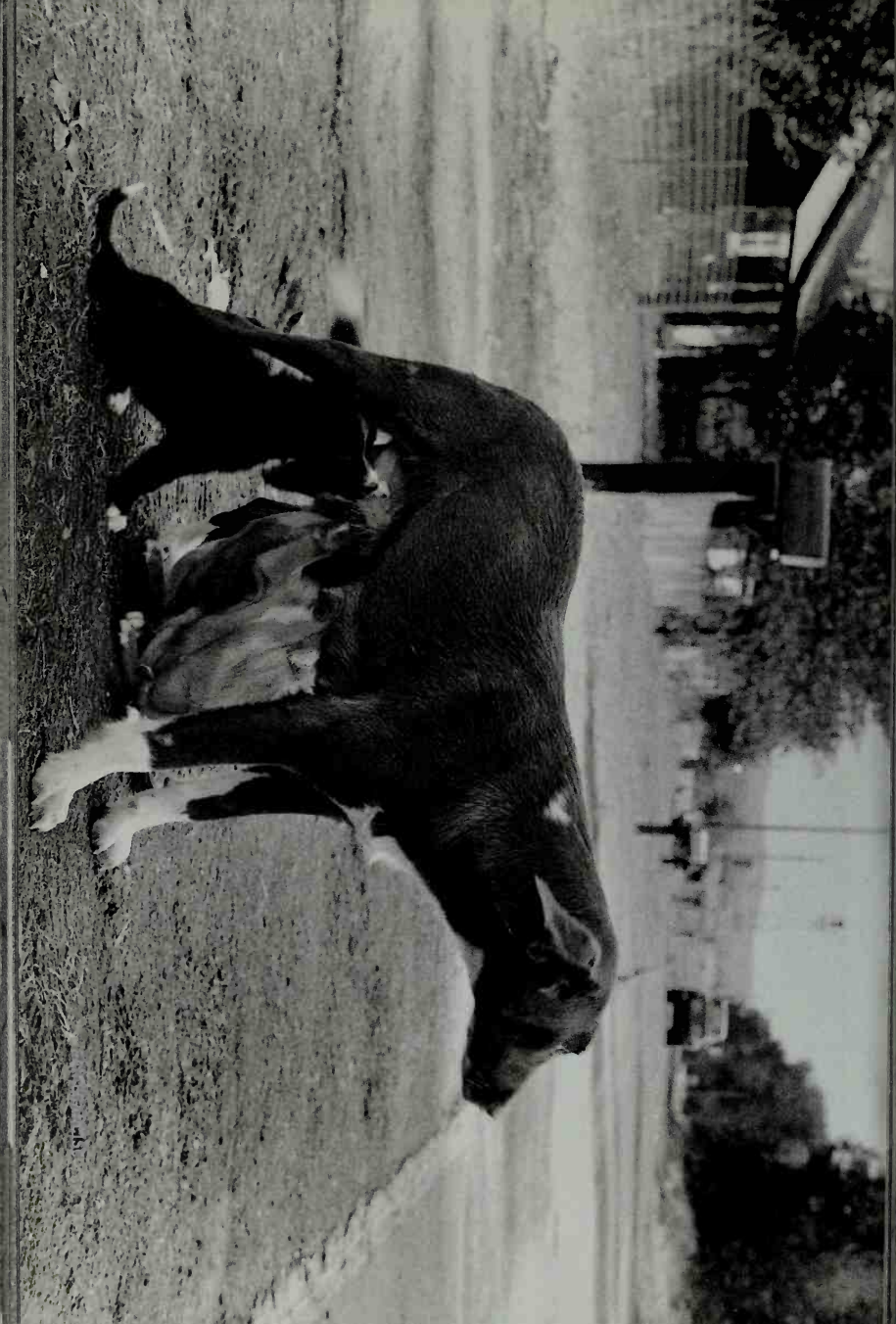
PARIS, FRANCE, 1957

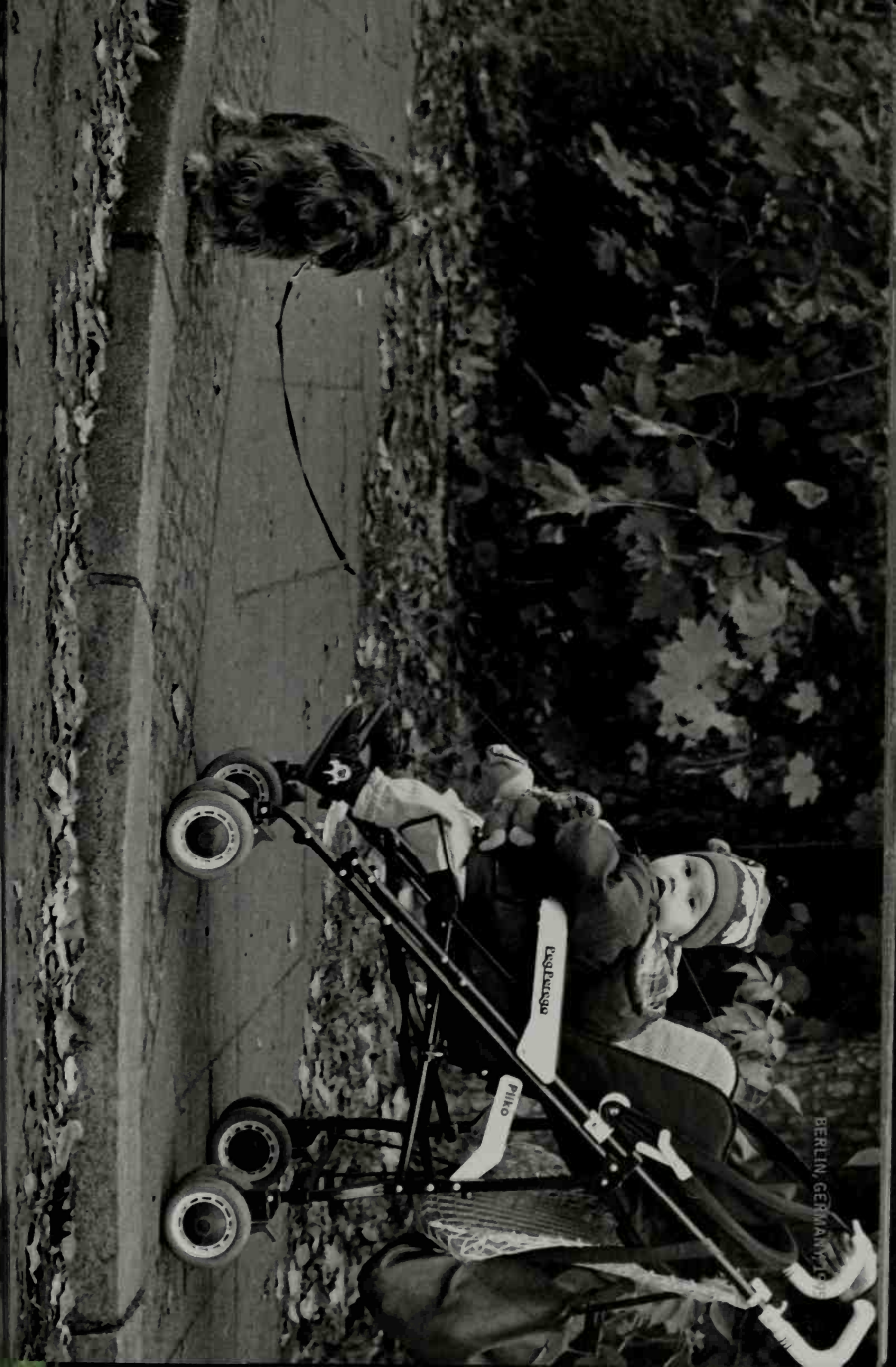




BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991







BERLIN, GERMANY





Sanatogen
ORIGINAL

NATURAL
**COD
LIVER
OIL**

Helps maintain suppleness
and the suppleness of bones
and is healthy for teeth

with Potassium A.D. salt

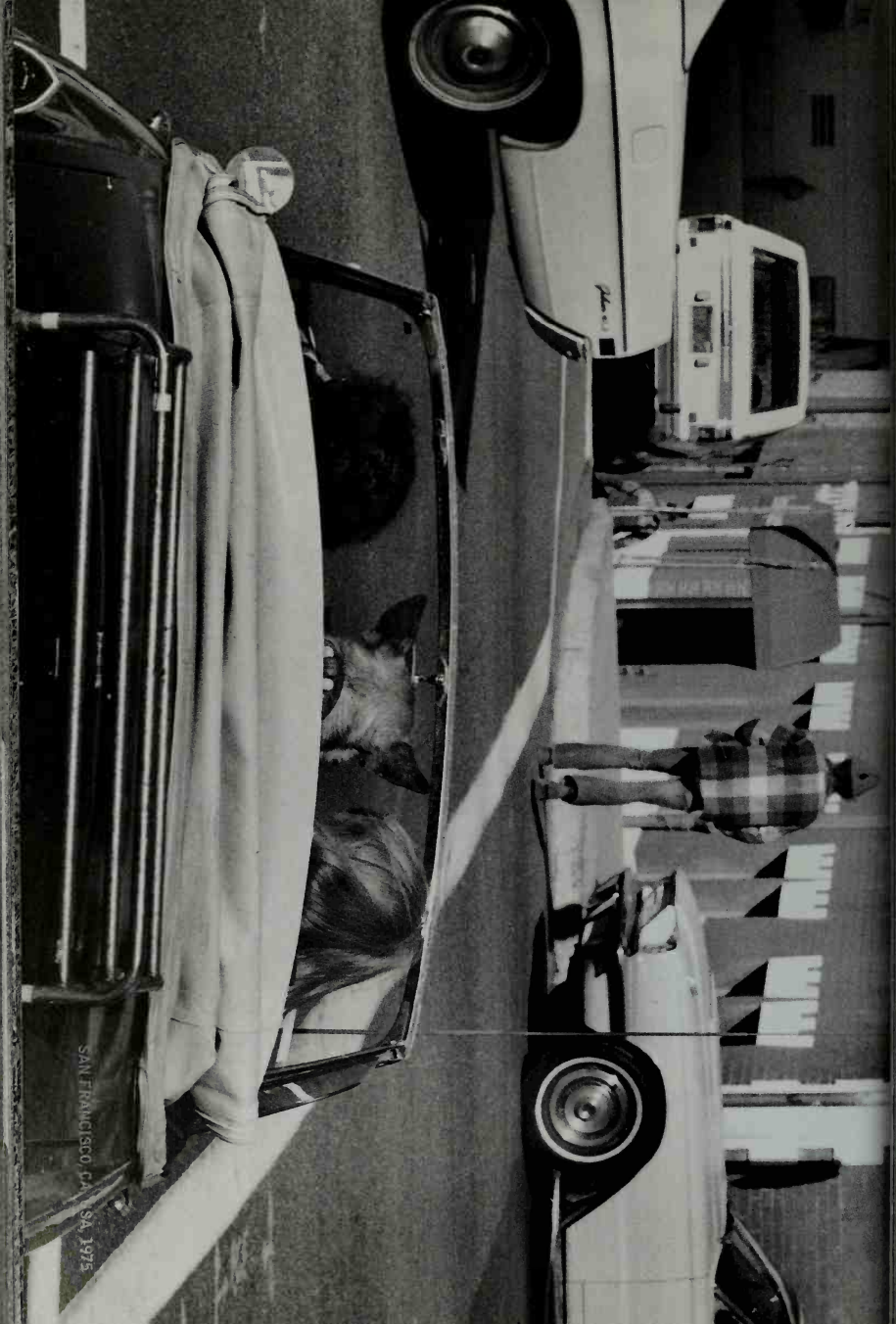
Robiussin
EXPECTORANT

Robiussin
EXPECTORANT





NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1977



SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 94, 1975













PARIS, FRANCE, 1952





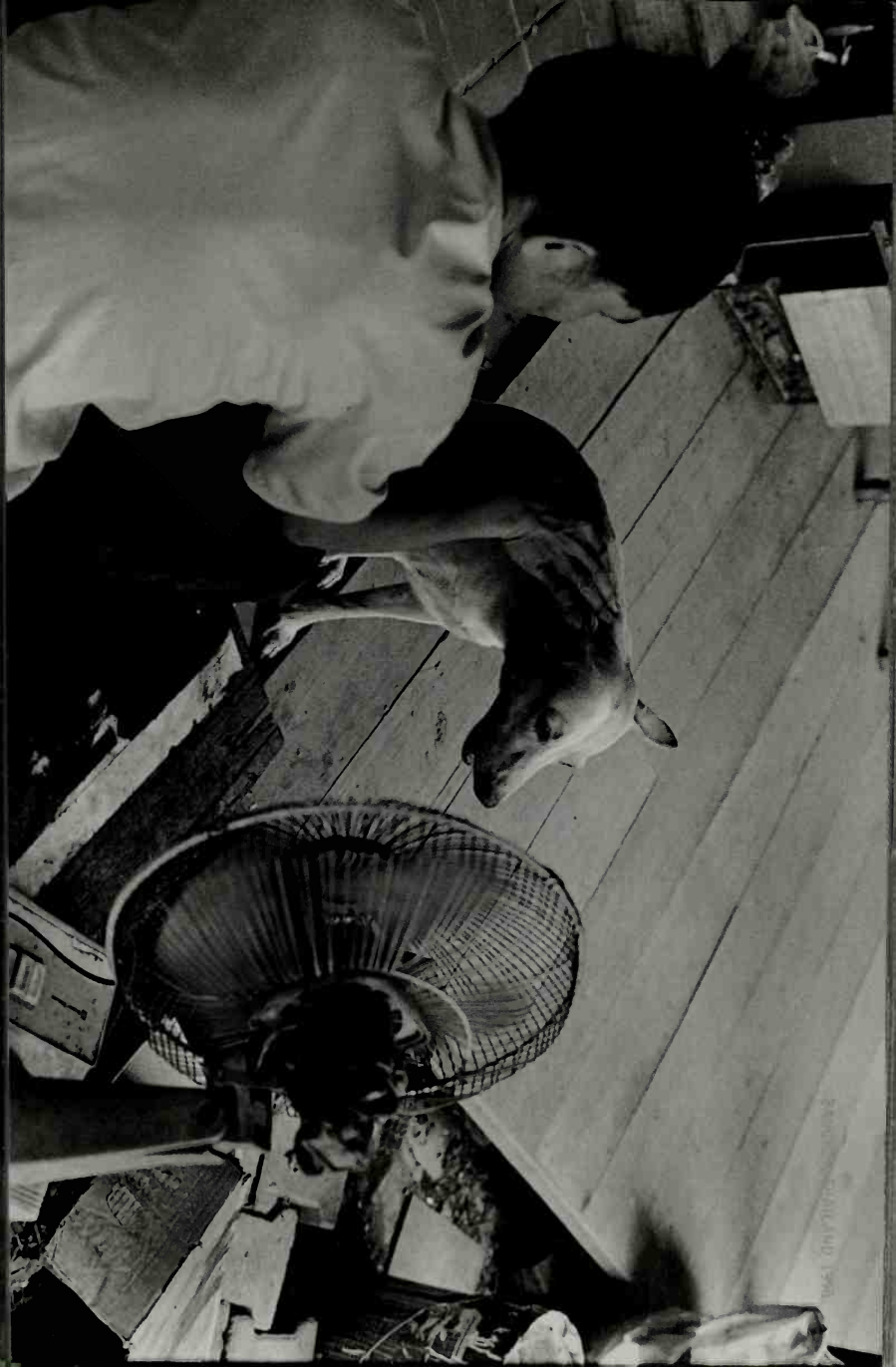


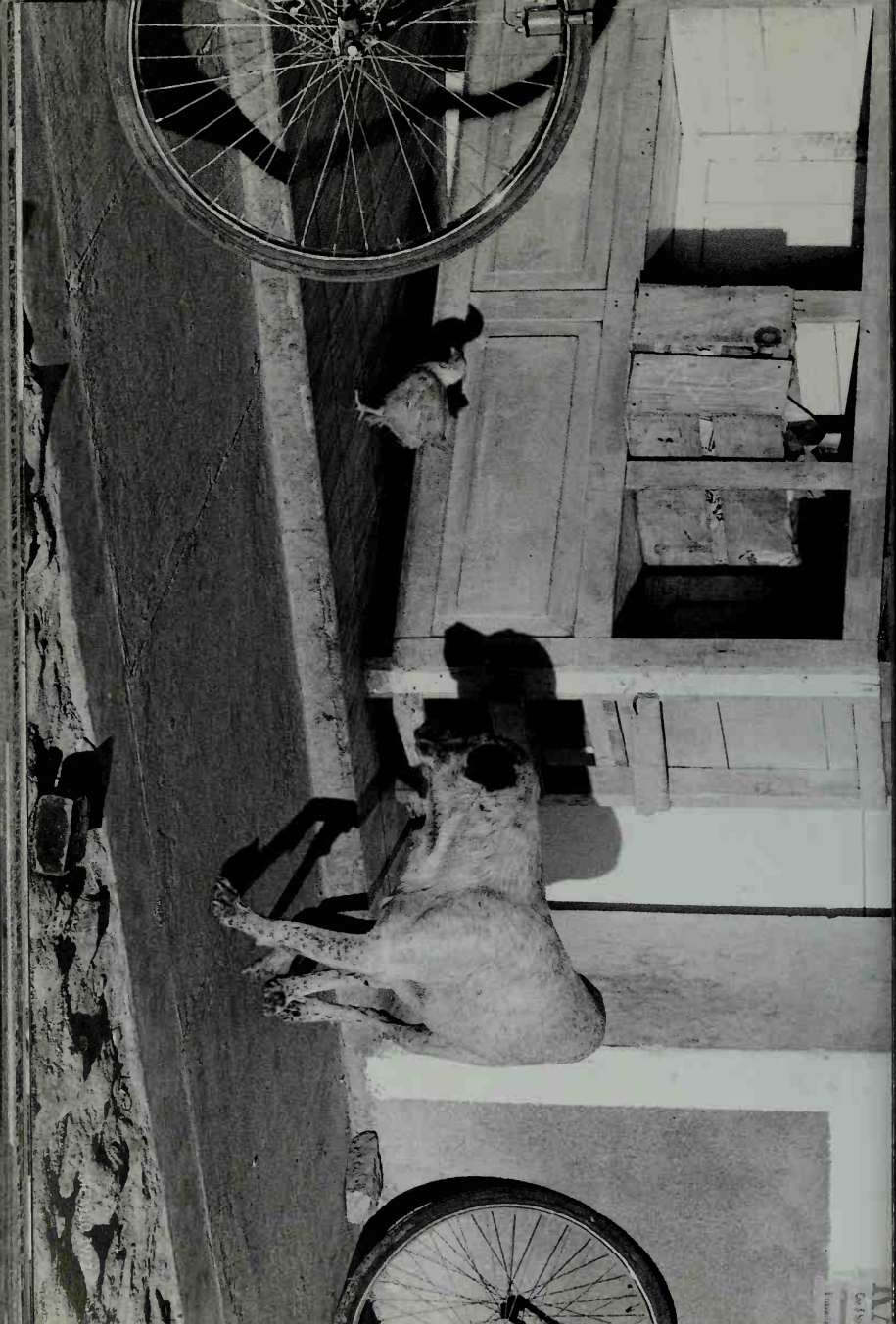


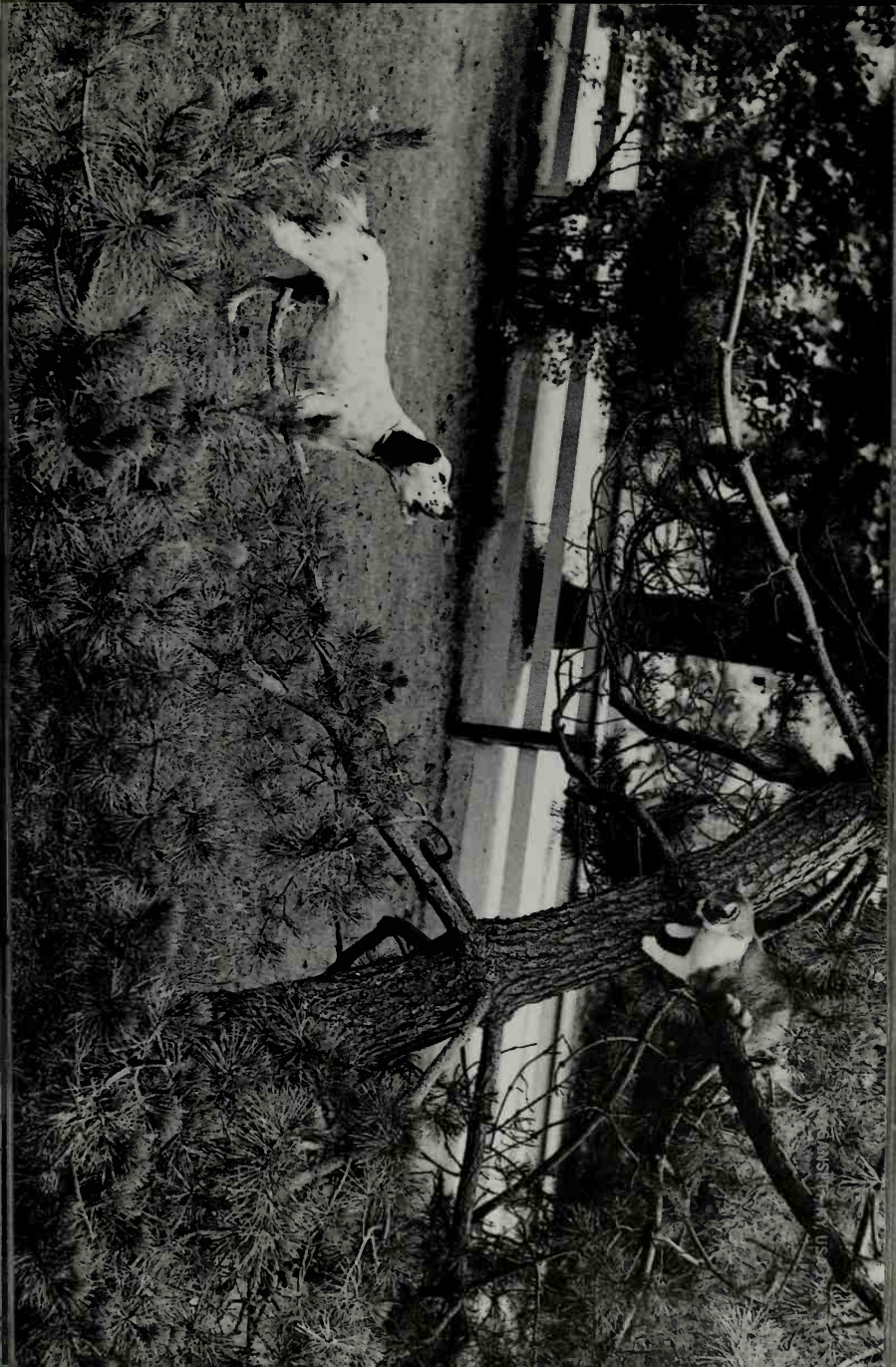


NORMANDY, FRANCE, 1975

















NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1960



THOMAS KRAIG, 1965



PORT, ME, USA, 1976







LONDON, ENGLAND, 1995





HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON, NY, USA, 1960

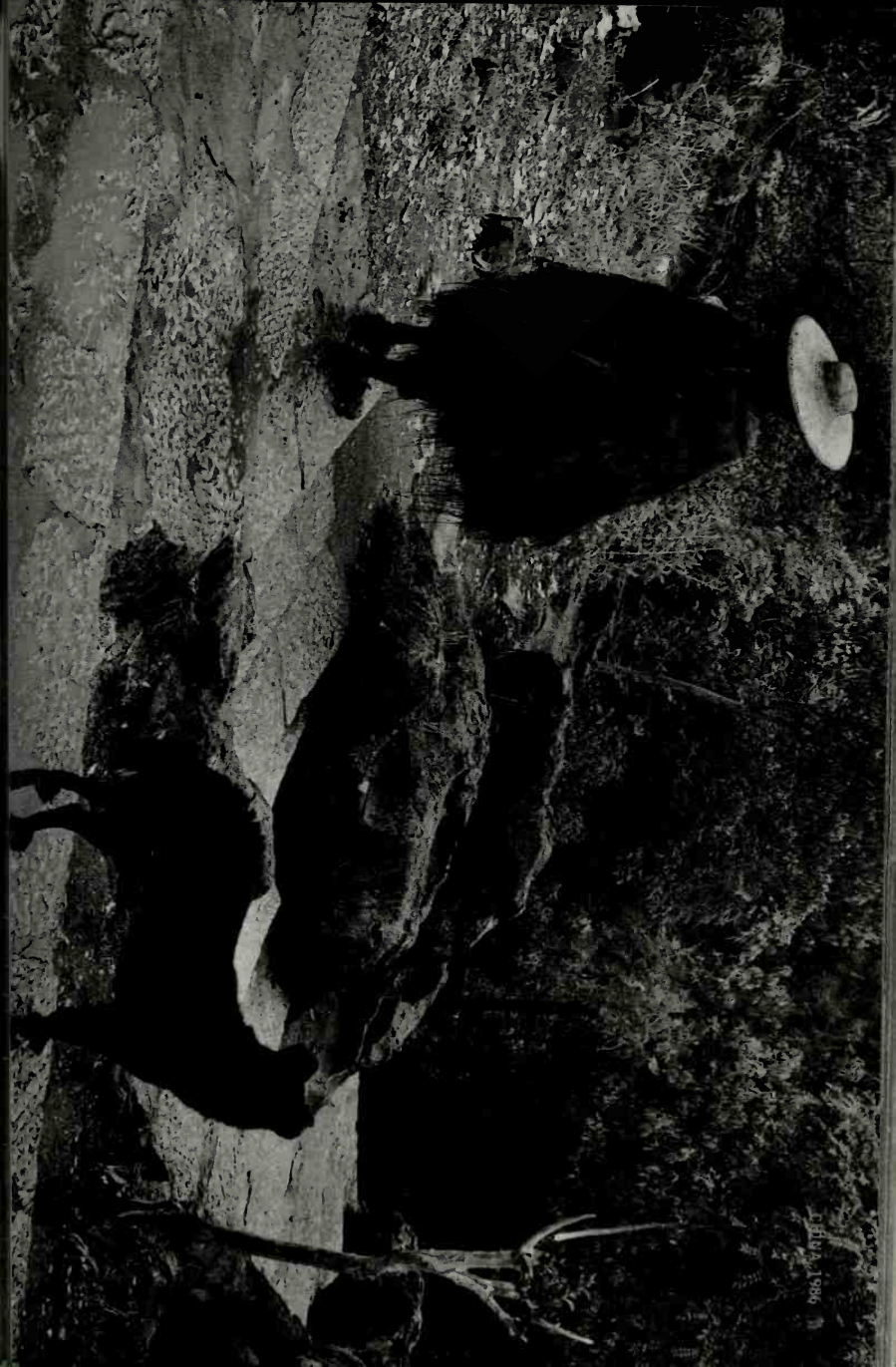








BRAZIL 1965





BERLIN, GERMANY 1972

MEXICO, 1973



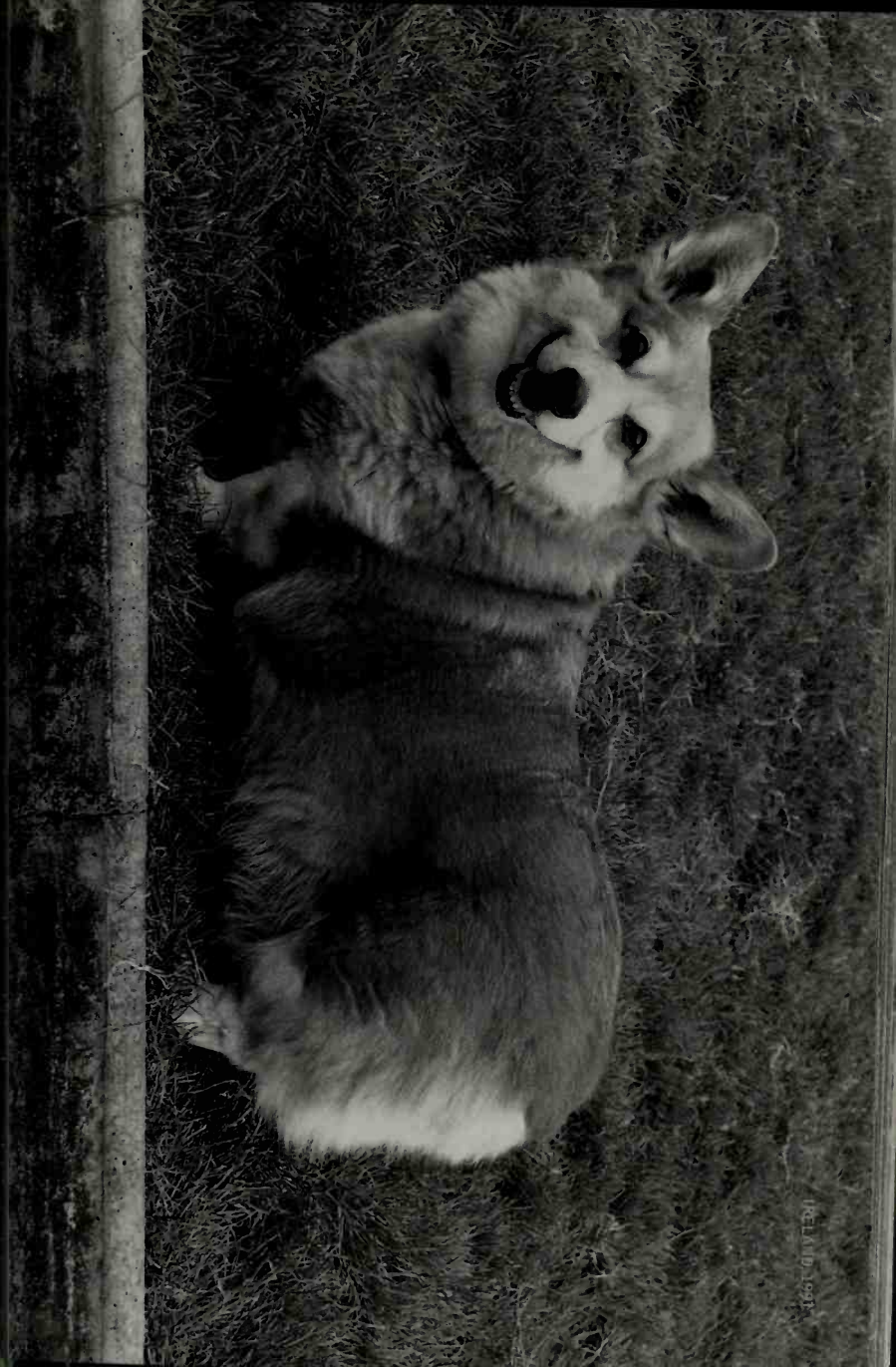
ARIMONK, NY, USA, 1955







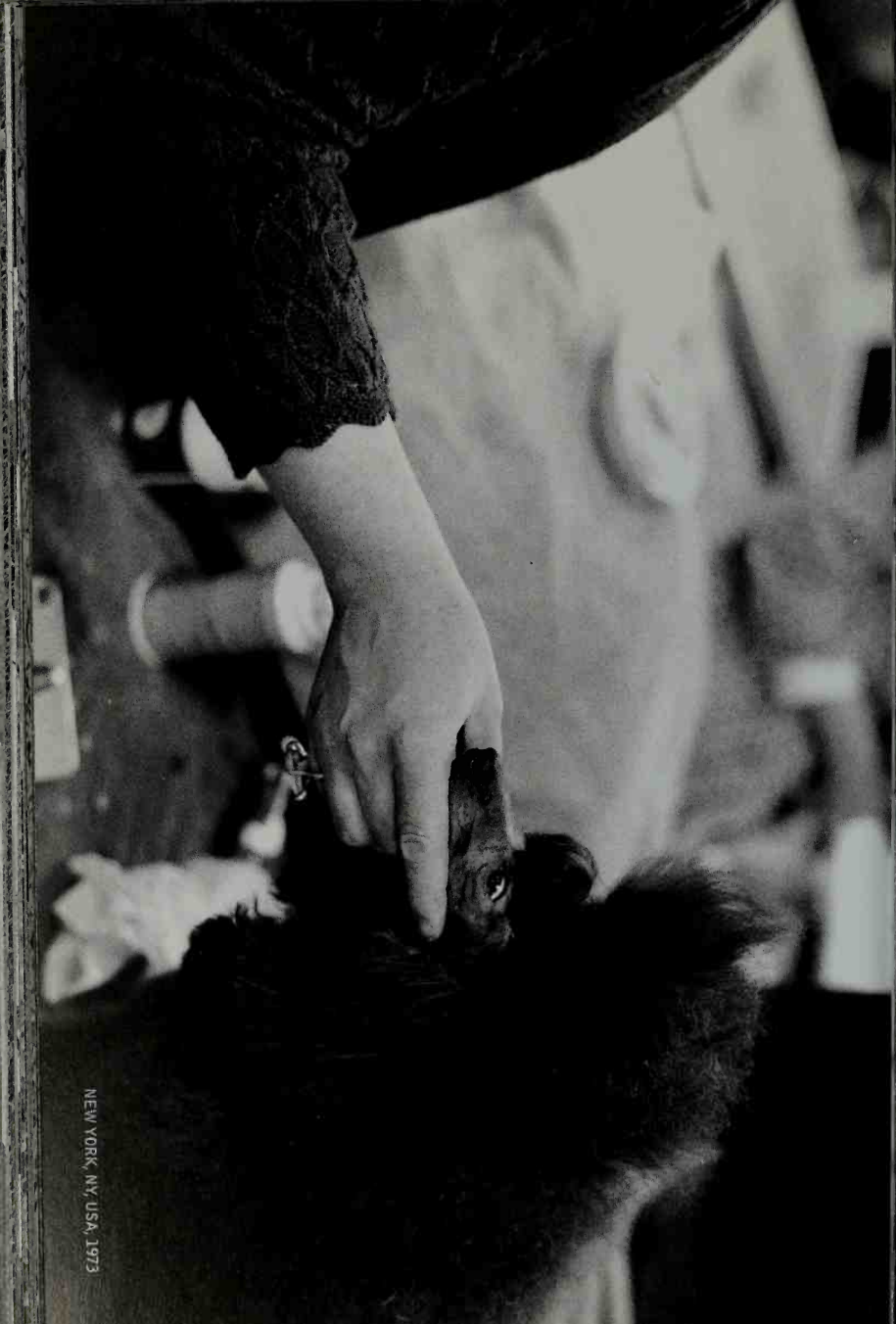
GSTAAD, SWITZERLAND, 1996.



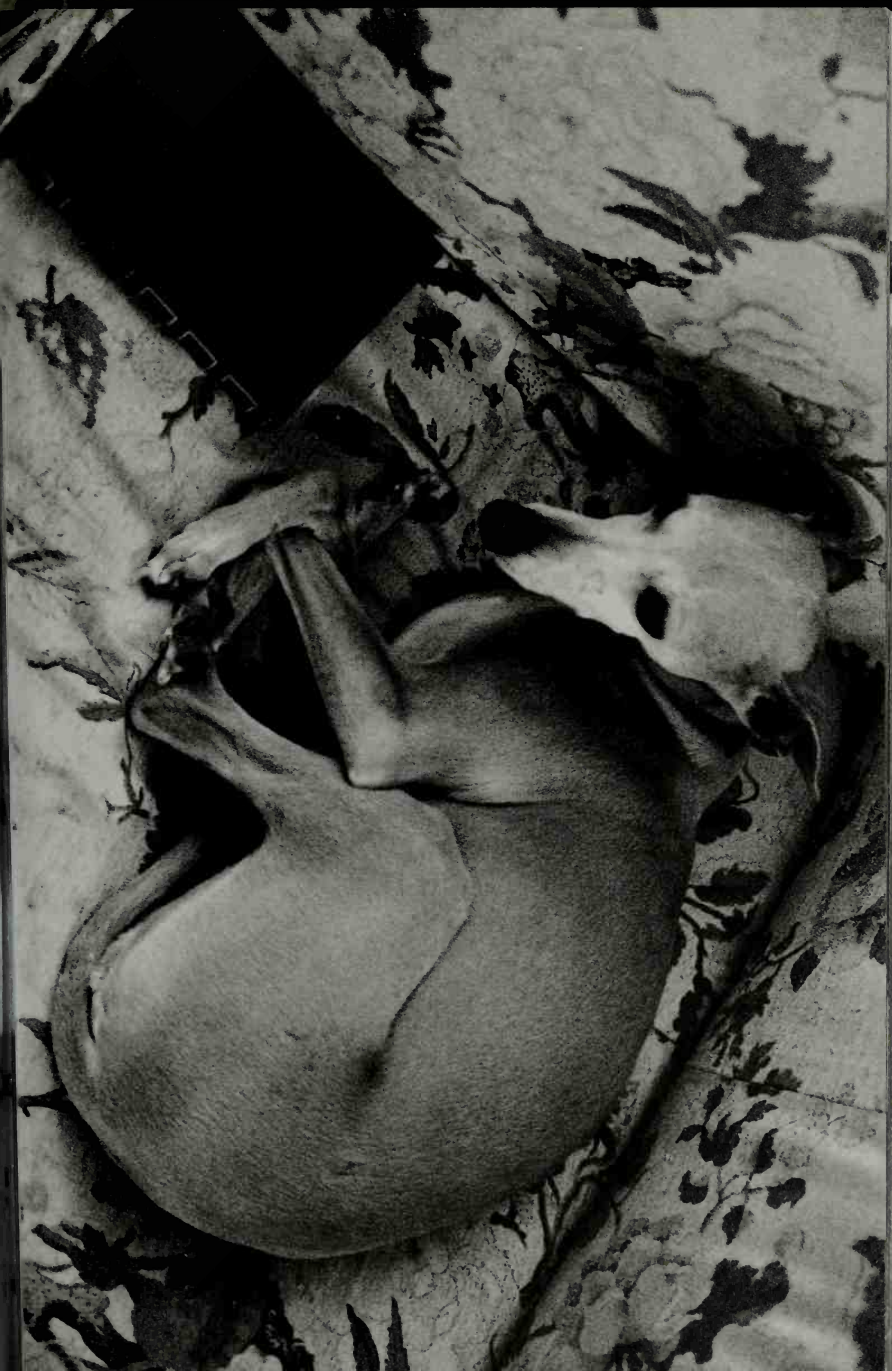


100-110-1964





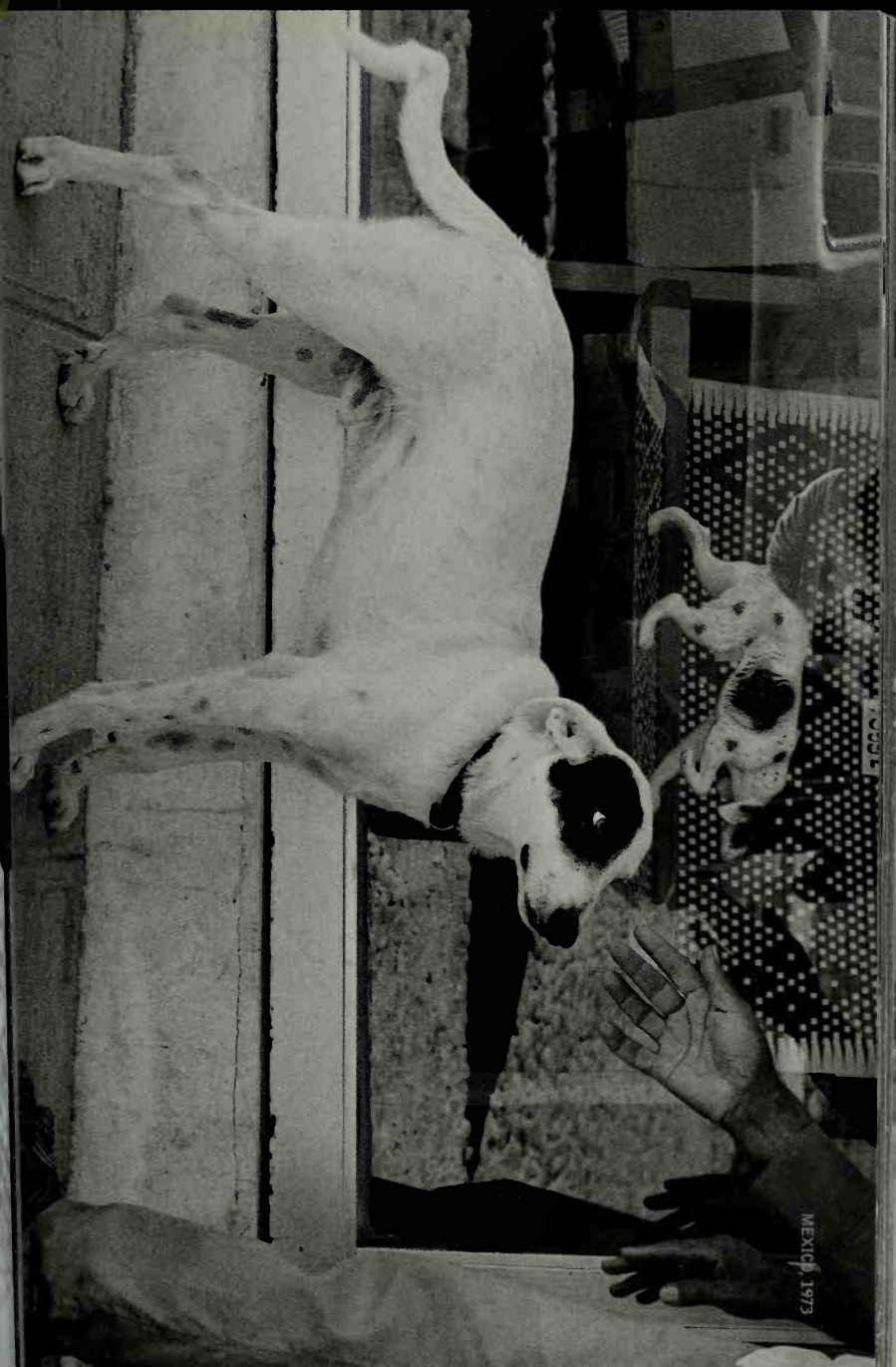
NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1973









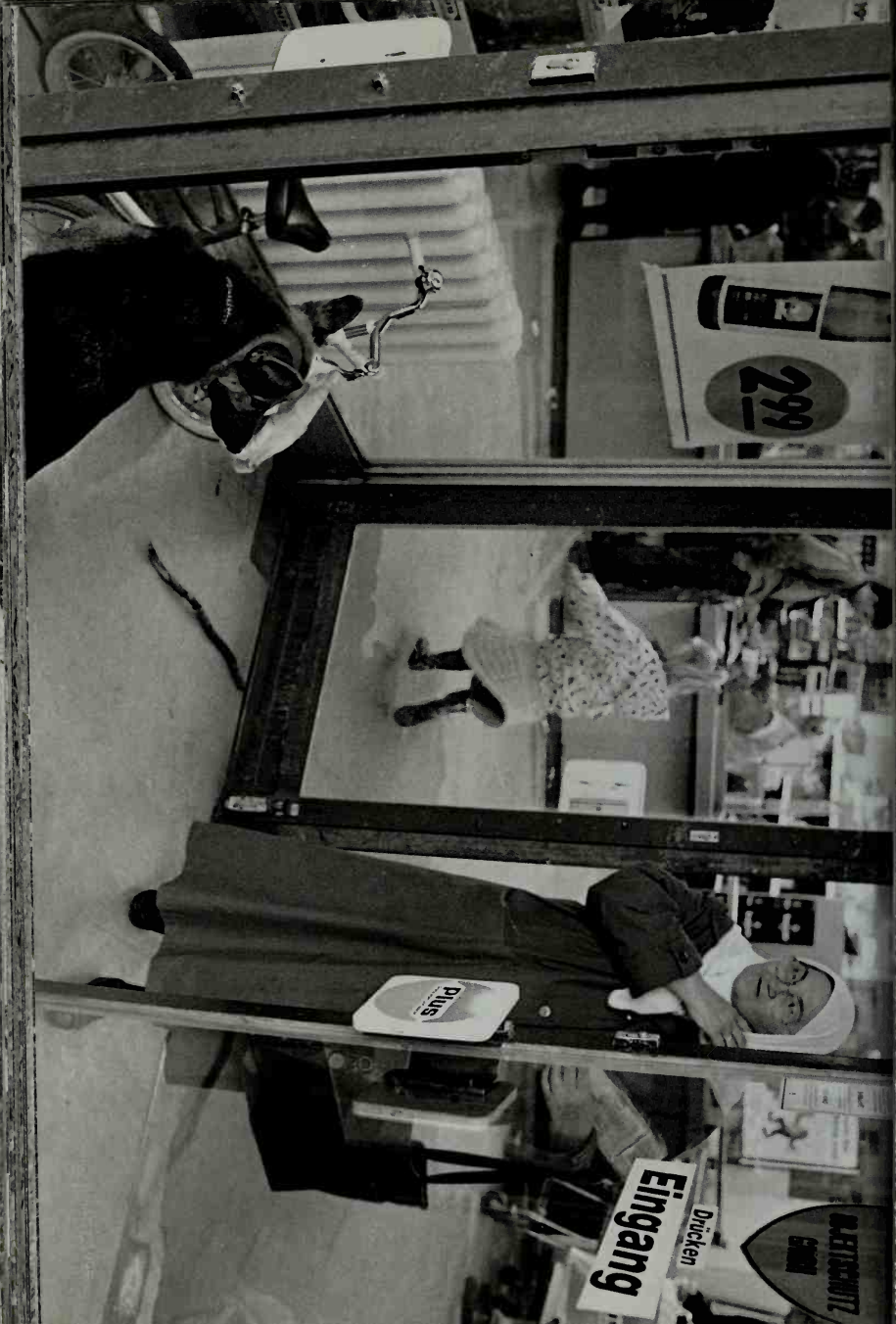












299

plus

Eingang

Drücken

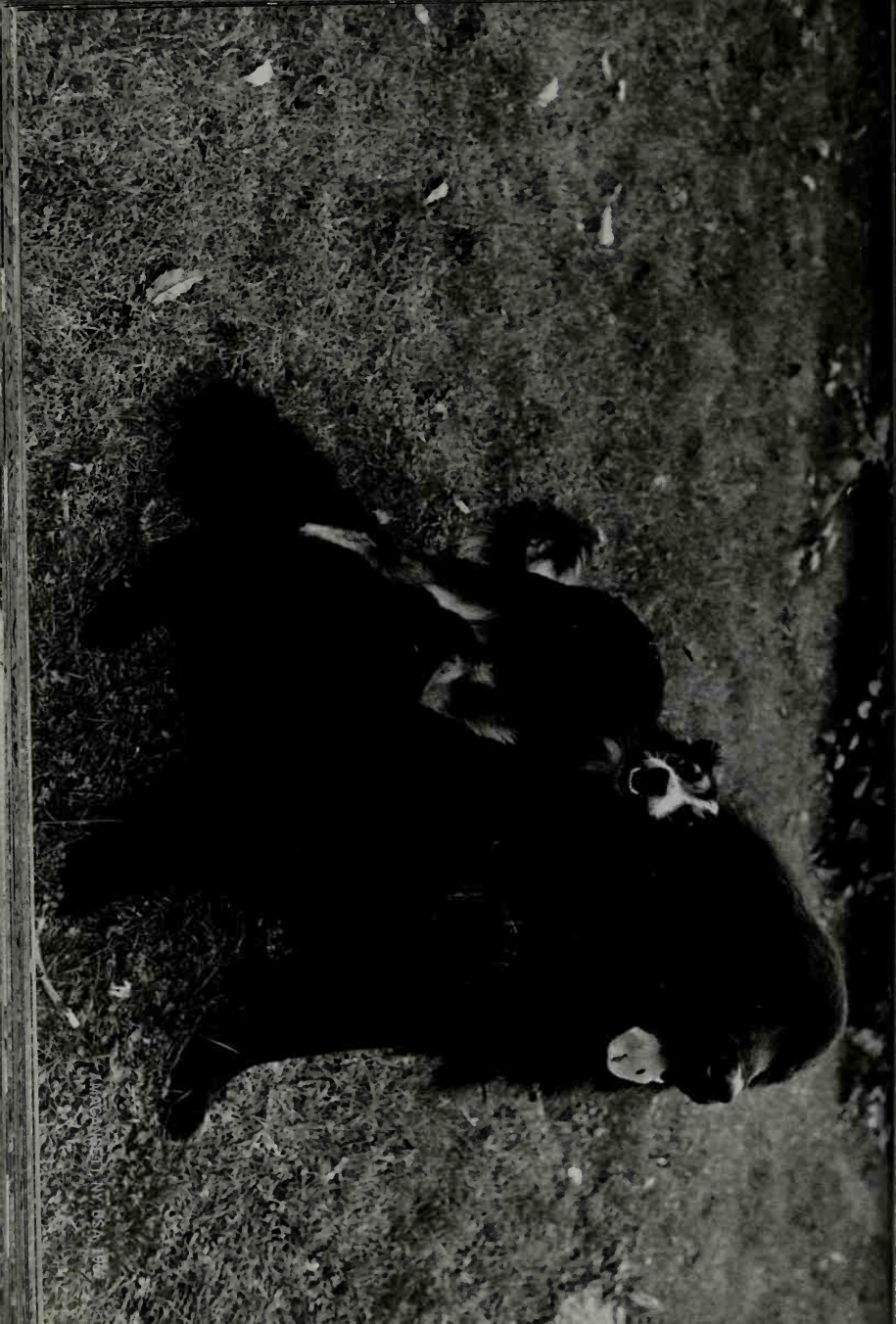
MAIENSCHUTZ
GEM





BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991





THEY ARE BOTH VERY GOOD DOGS

MACAU, CHINA, 1986





SOUTHAMPTON, NY, USA, 1969





THE TWO MEN, 1911

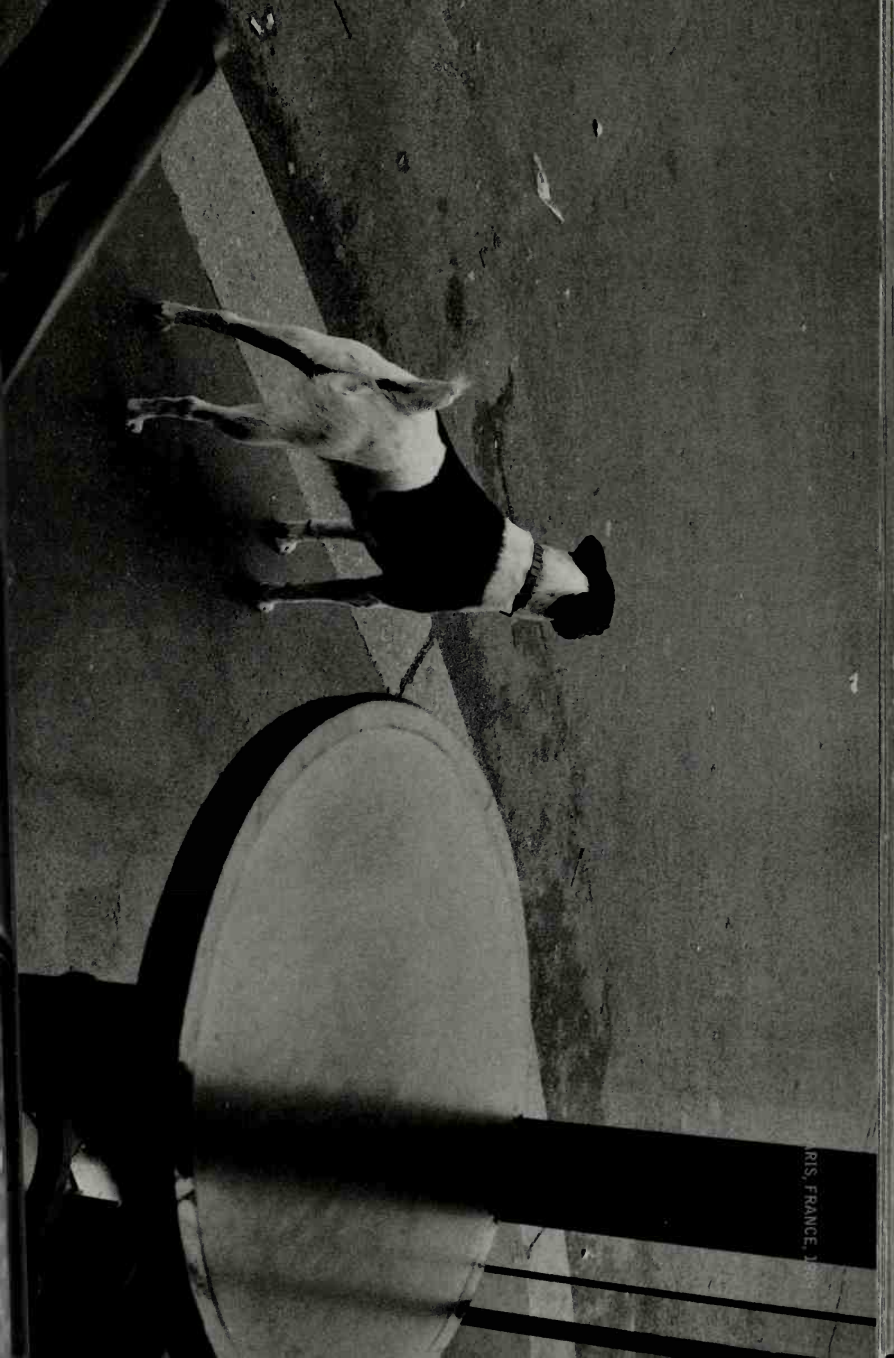
BERLIN, GERMANY, 1995











PARIS, FRANCE, 1991





FRANKFURT, GERMANY, 1978



33
VIE

BAYOUX

PARIS, FRANCE, 1989



SOUTH OF FRANCE, 1991





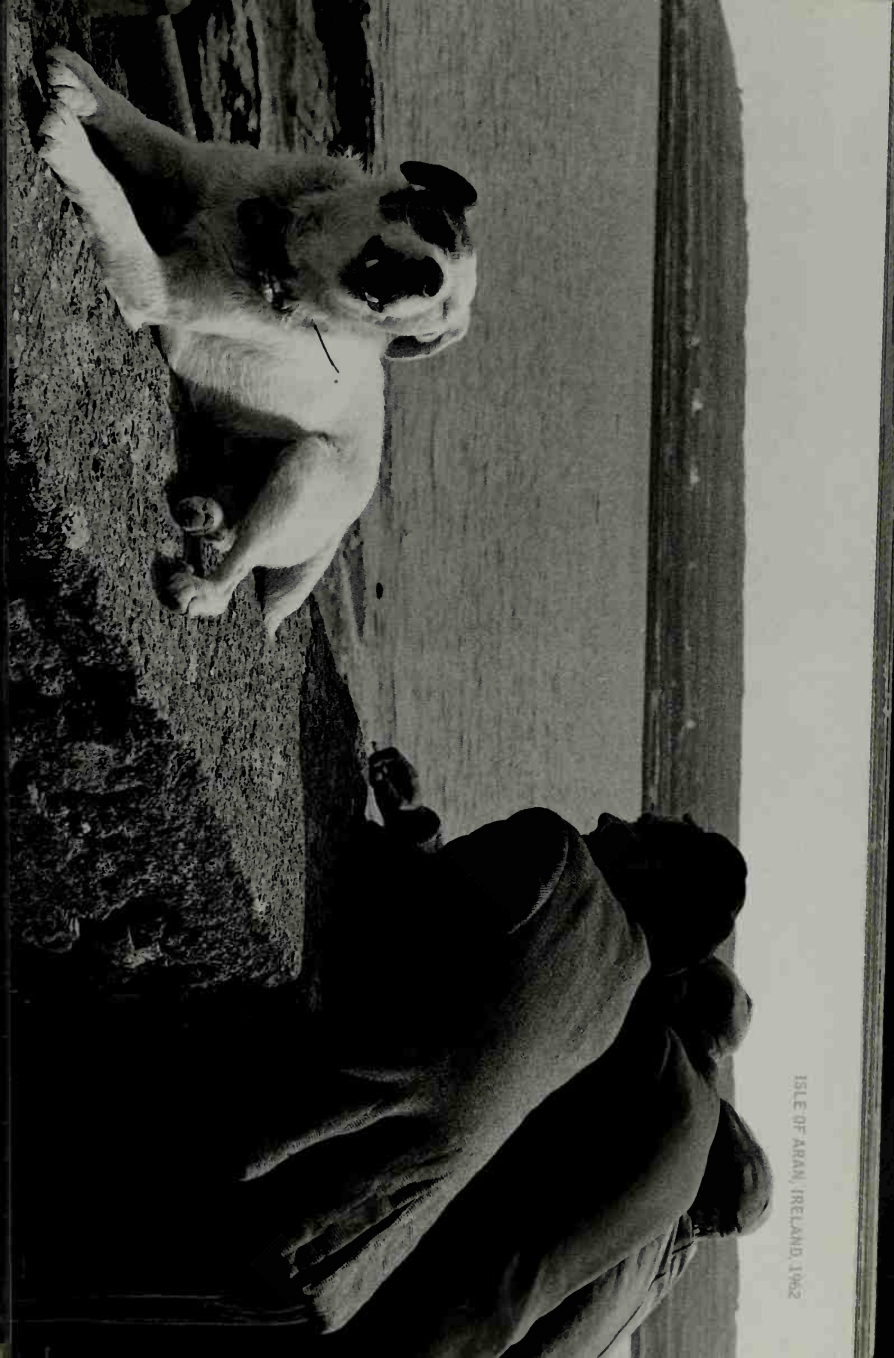
GRANDES, FRANCE, 1960





PITTSBURGH, PA. USA, 1950

ISLE OF ARAN, IRELAND, 1962





BALLYCOTTON, IRELAND, 1991

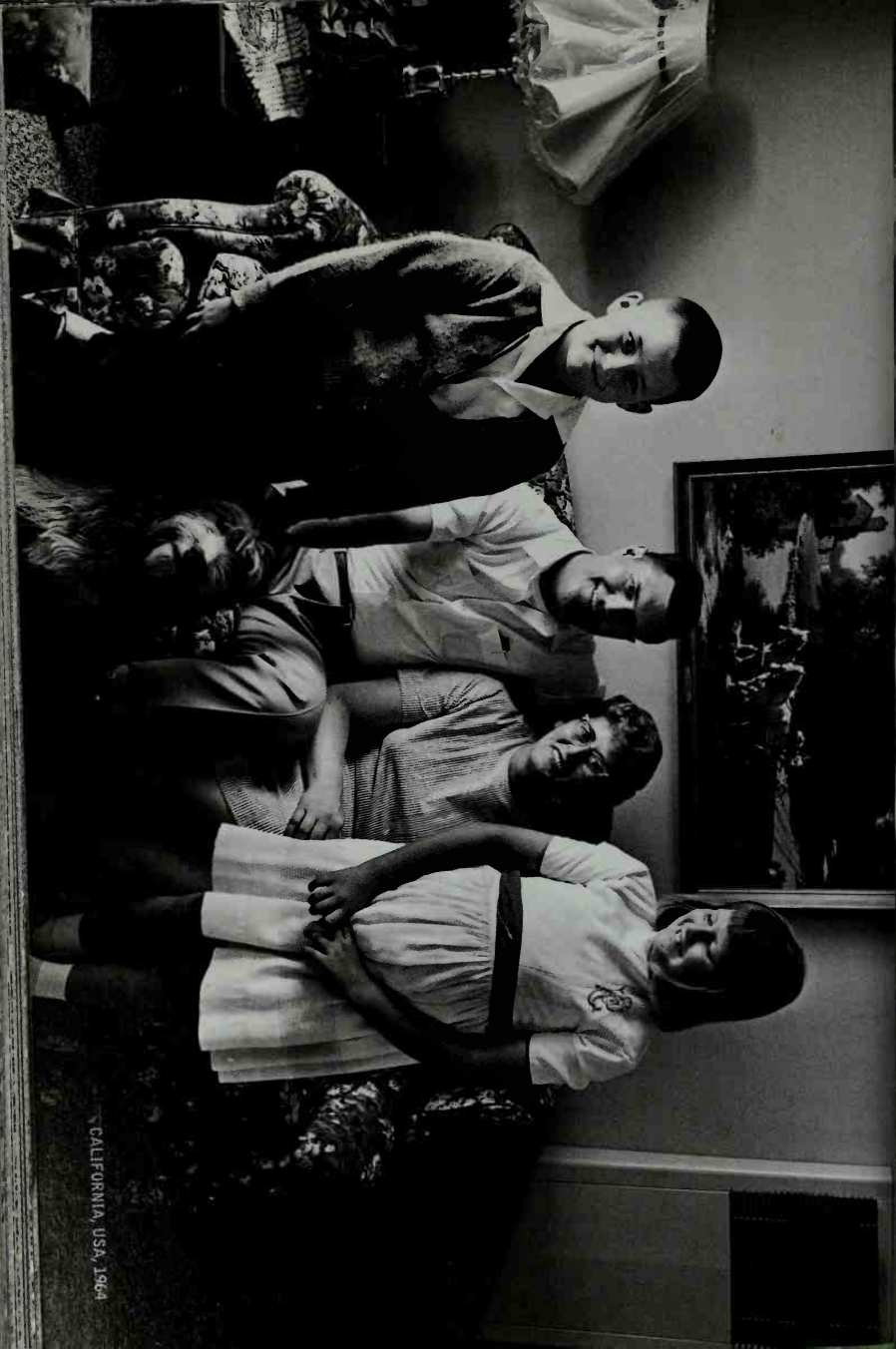
STINSON BEACH, CA, USA, 1973





BERLIN, GERMANY 1999

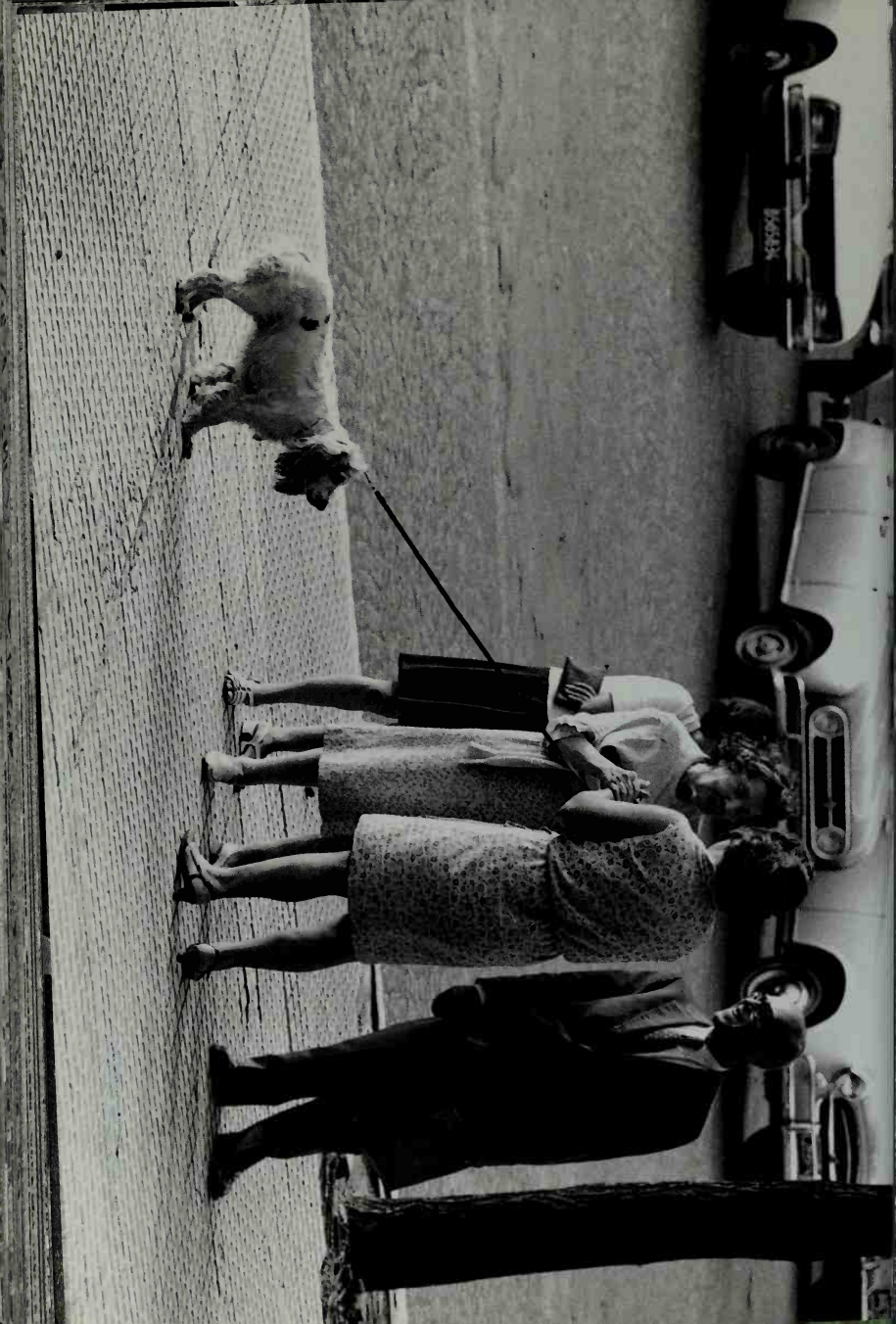




CALIFORNIA, USA, 1964



BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991



BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991





SPAIN, 1976. FRANCE, 1976.



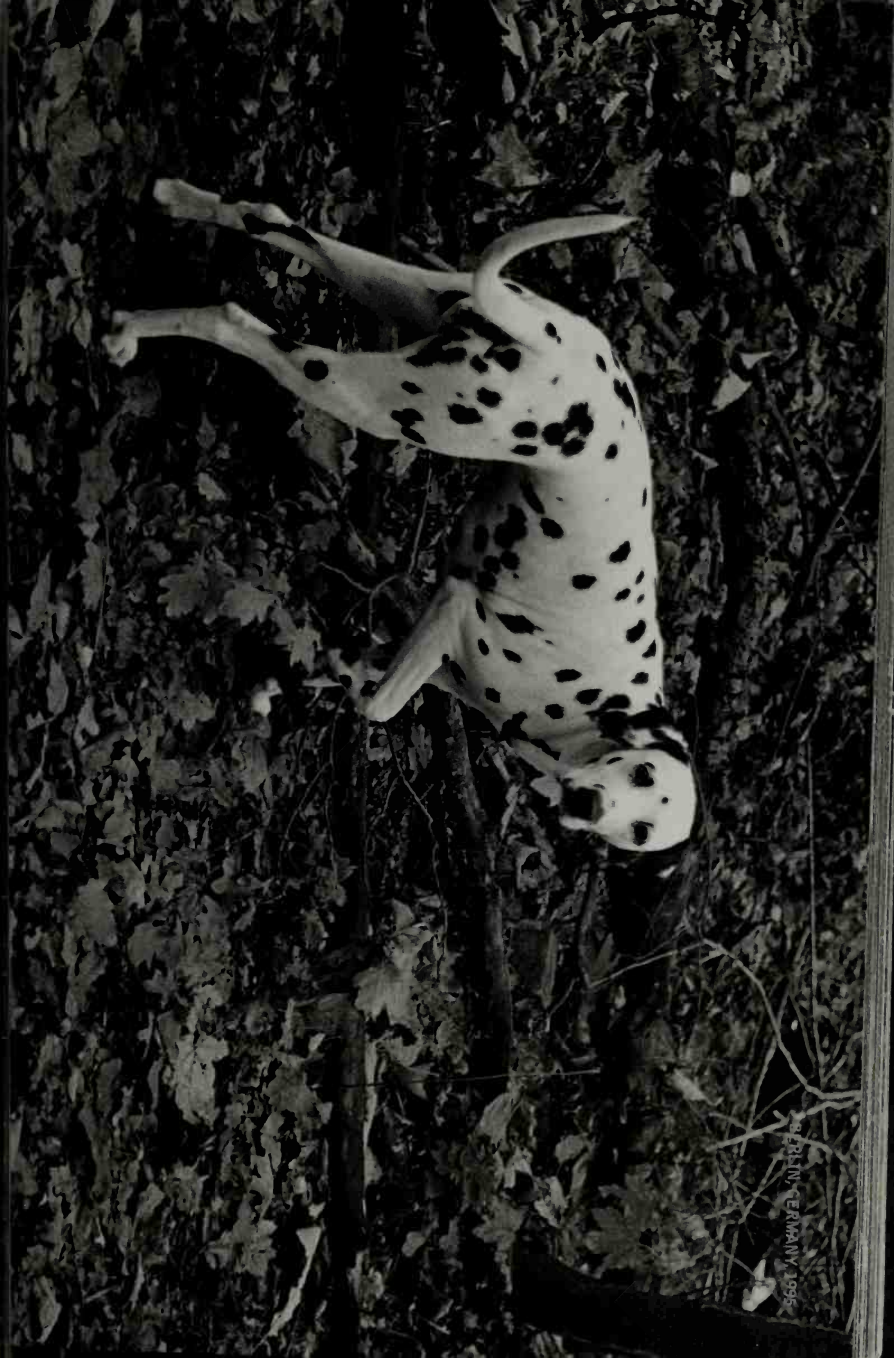














AMERICAN OIL CO. OIL 1975











NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1953







IRELAND, 1970



RDAM, HOLLAND, 1966



BRIDEGROOM: JAMES W. WOOD



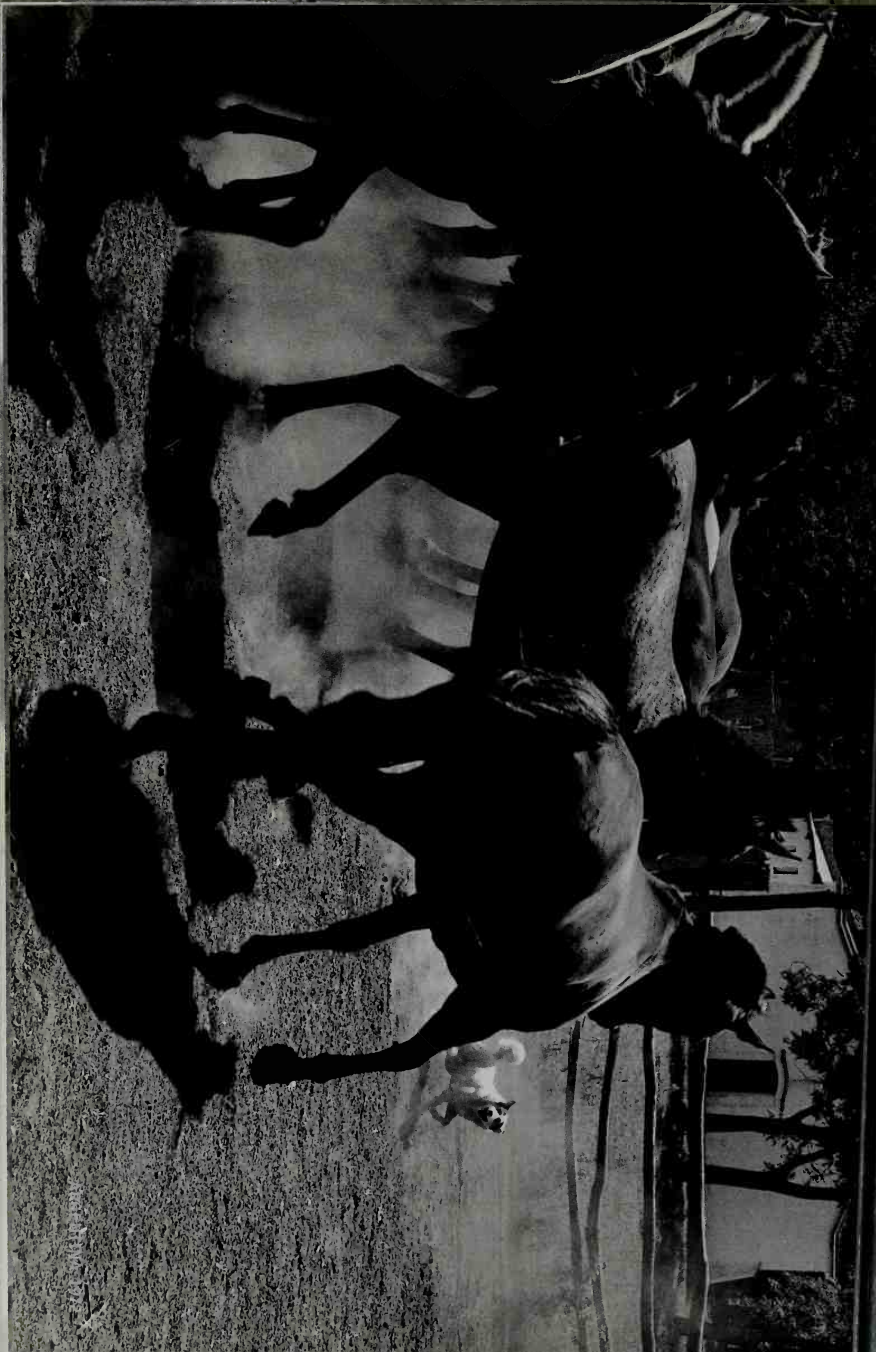


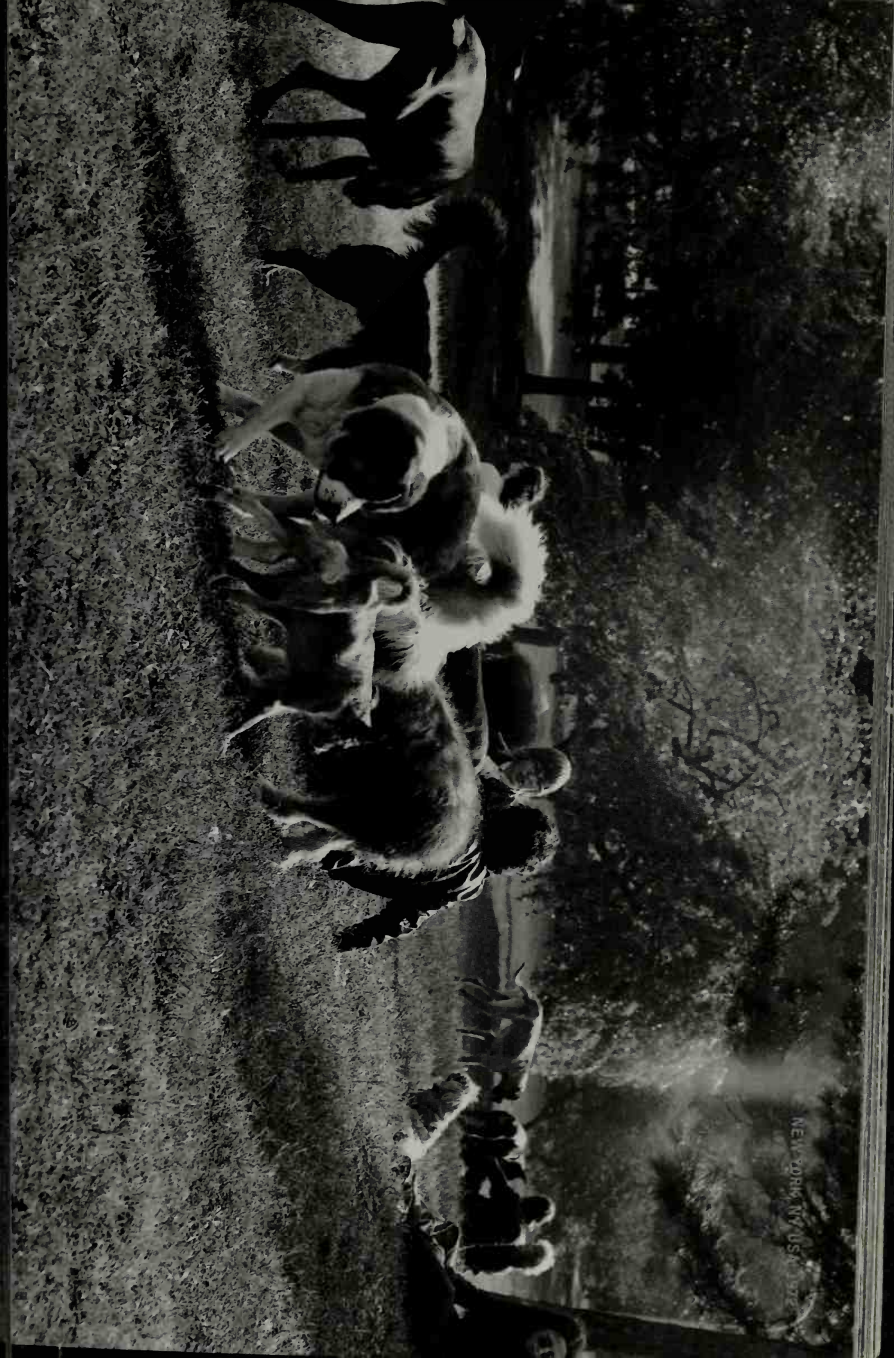




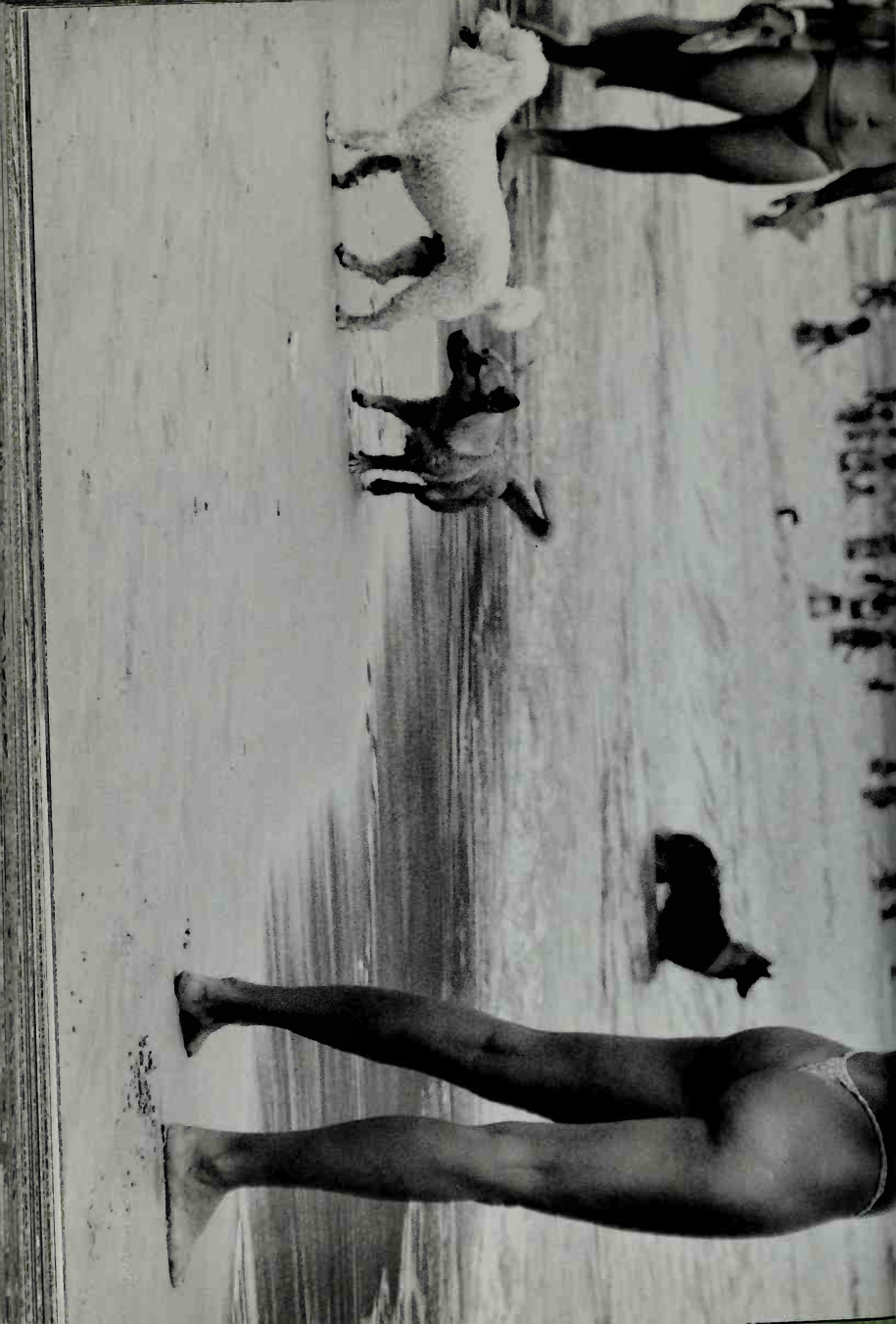
ST. TROPEZ, FRANCE, 1970







NEW YORK, NY, USA 1922







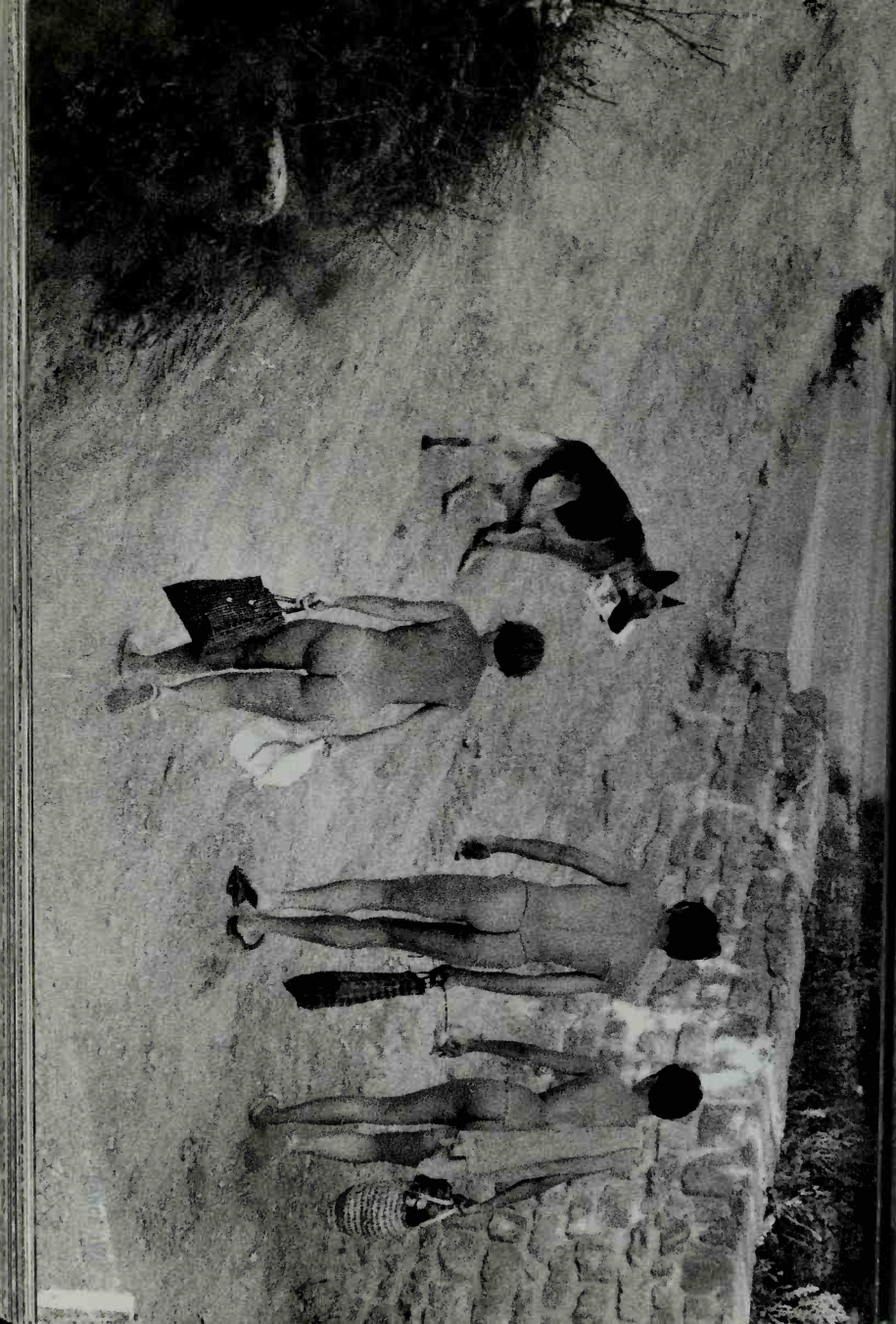


NEW YORK, N.Y. USA, 1973

A black and white photograph capturing a man and his dog walking through a field of tall, dry grass. The man, dressed in a light-colored jacket and dark trousers, is walking towards the right. Behind him, a dark-colored dog is also walking in the same direction. The tall grasses are in sharp focus in the foreground, creating a sense of depth. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape. The overall mood is quiet and contemplative.

EAST HAMPTON, NY-USA, 1962



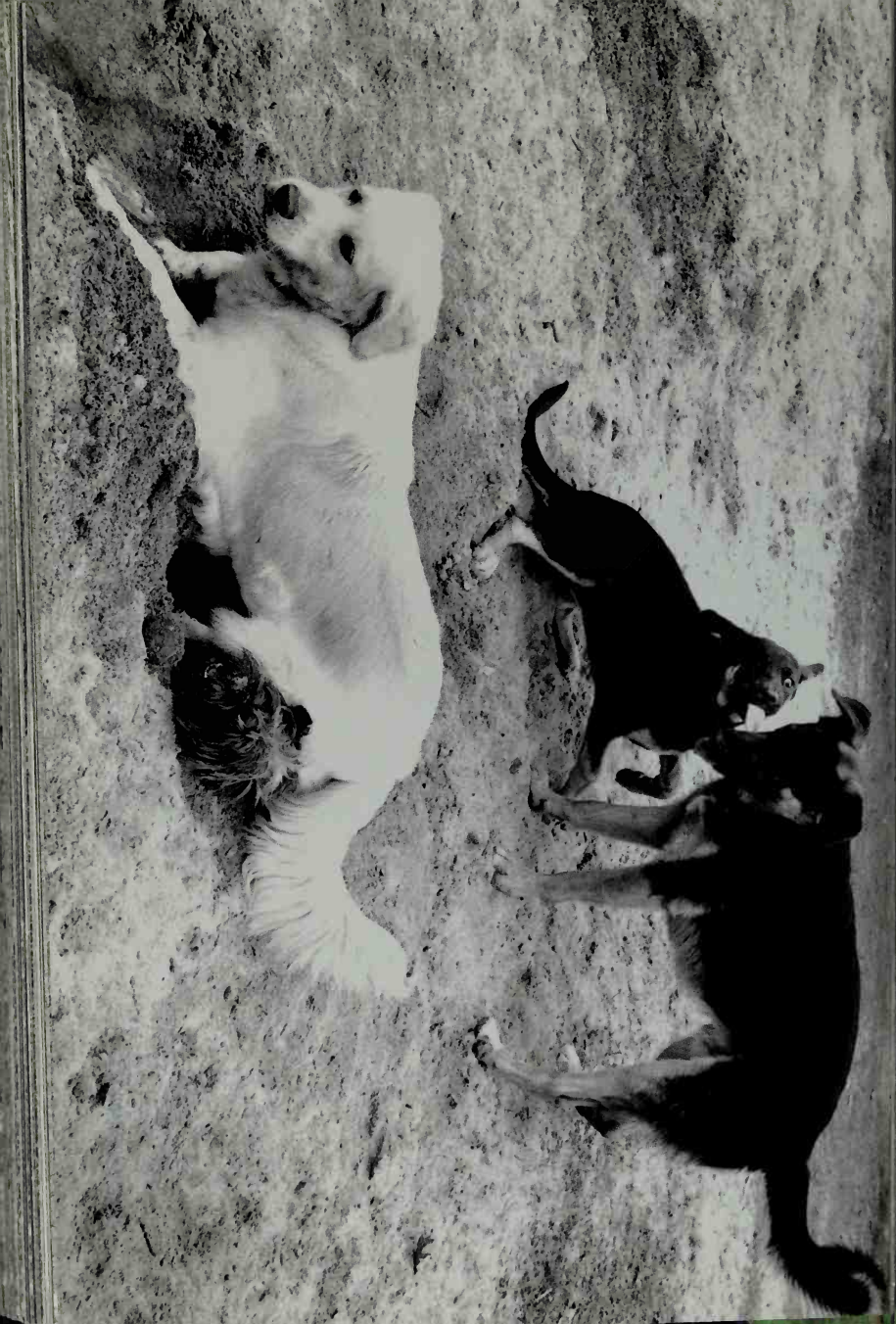






BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991



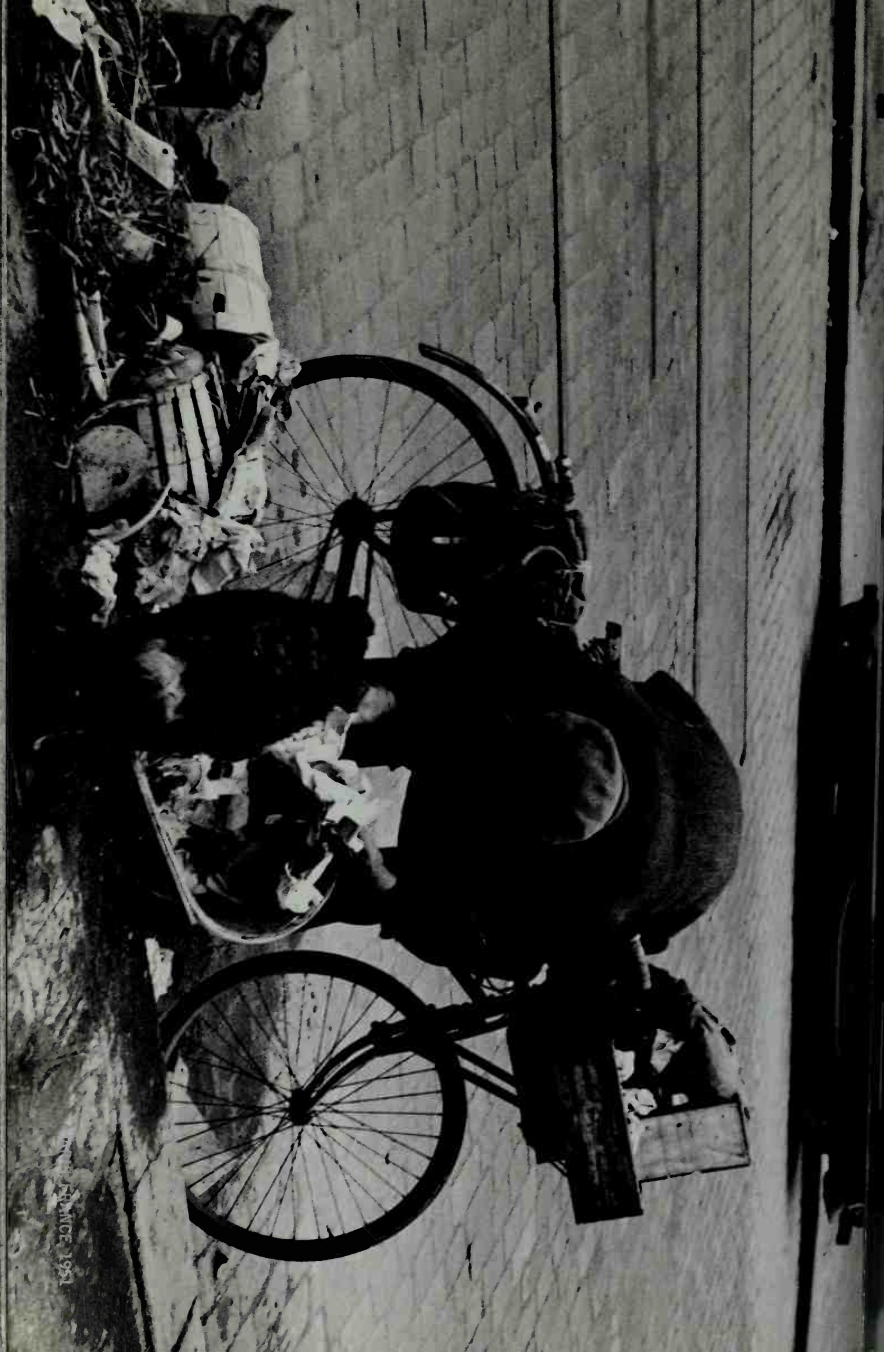






HOLLAND, 1973







PARIS, FRANCE 1951



IRELAND, 1995









BEST
OF GROUP

CRUJETS 1991













CALIFORNIA, USA, 1975



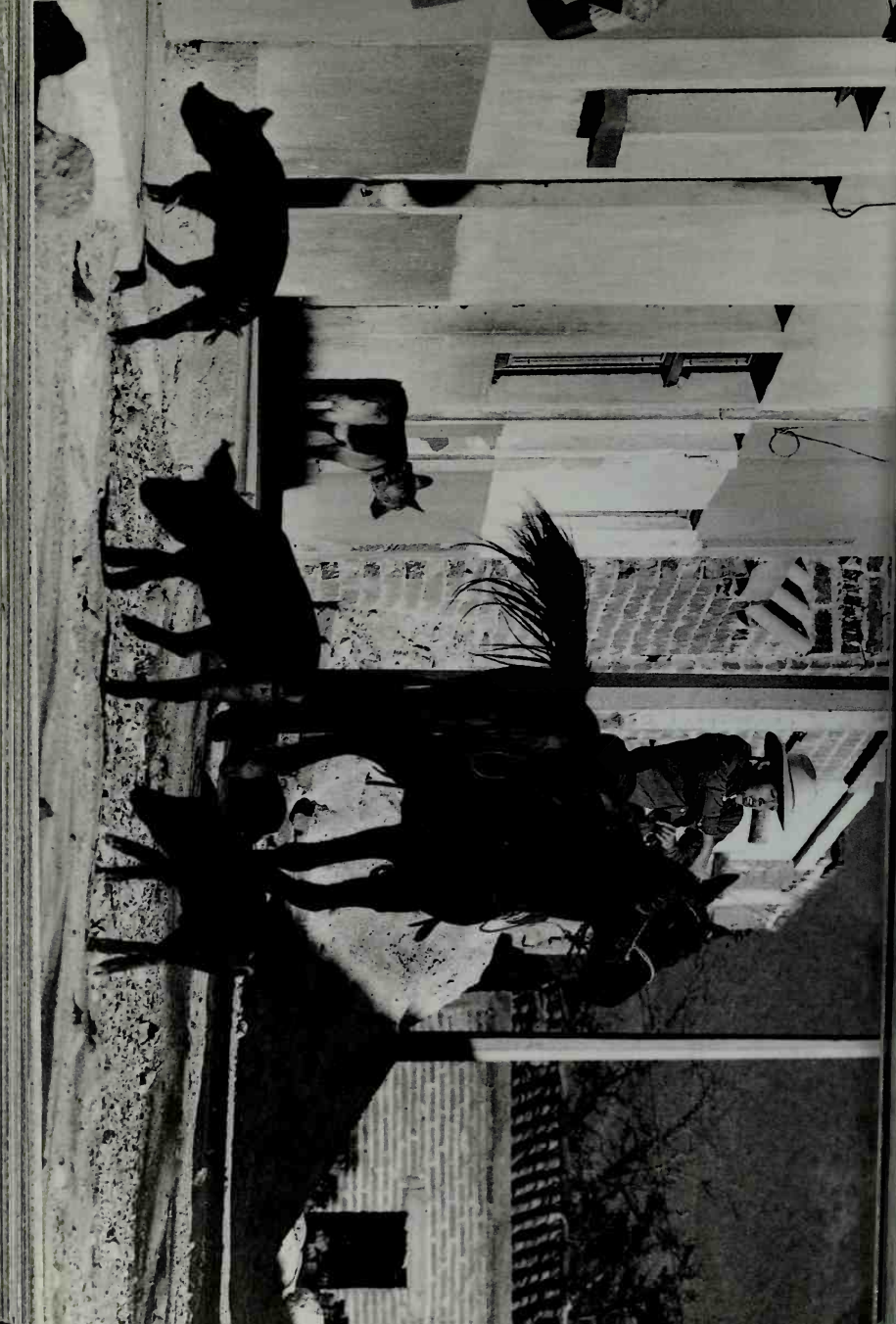




SANTA CRUZ, CA, USA, 1972





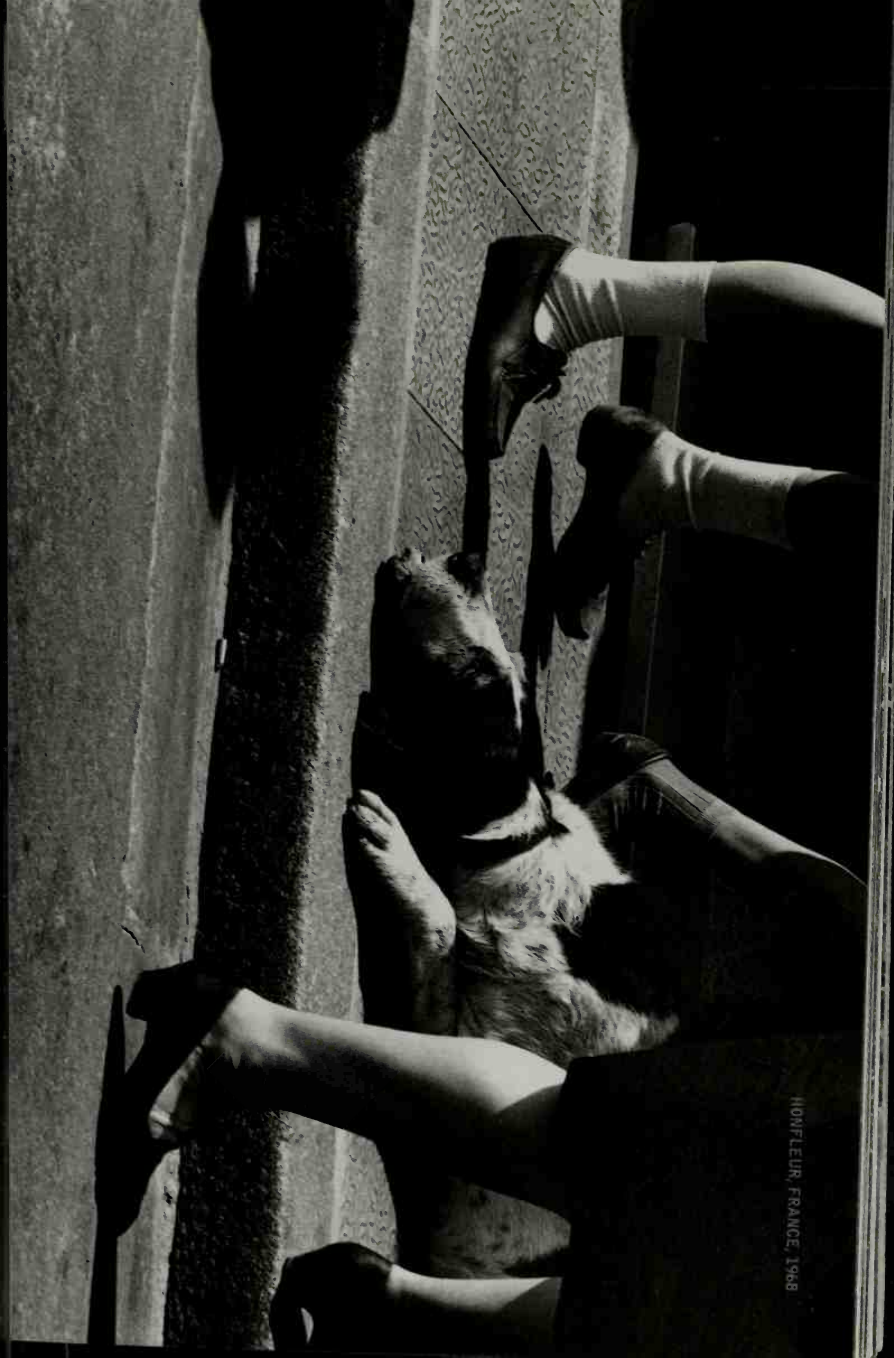






© MONKEY AUSTRALIA, 1994

NONFLEUR, FRANCE, 1968













BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991



PARIS FRANCE, 1989



CORNWALL, ENGLAND, 1974



FOUNTAIN

AIR-CONDITIONED

HYDRATION



DATE



MOUSE, BELLEVILLE



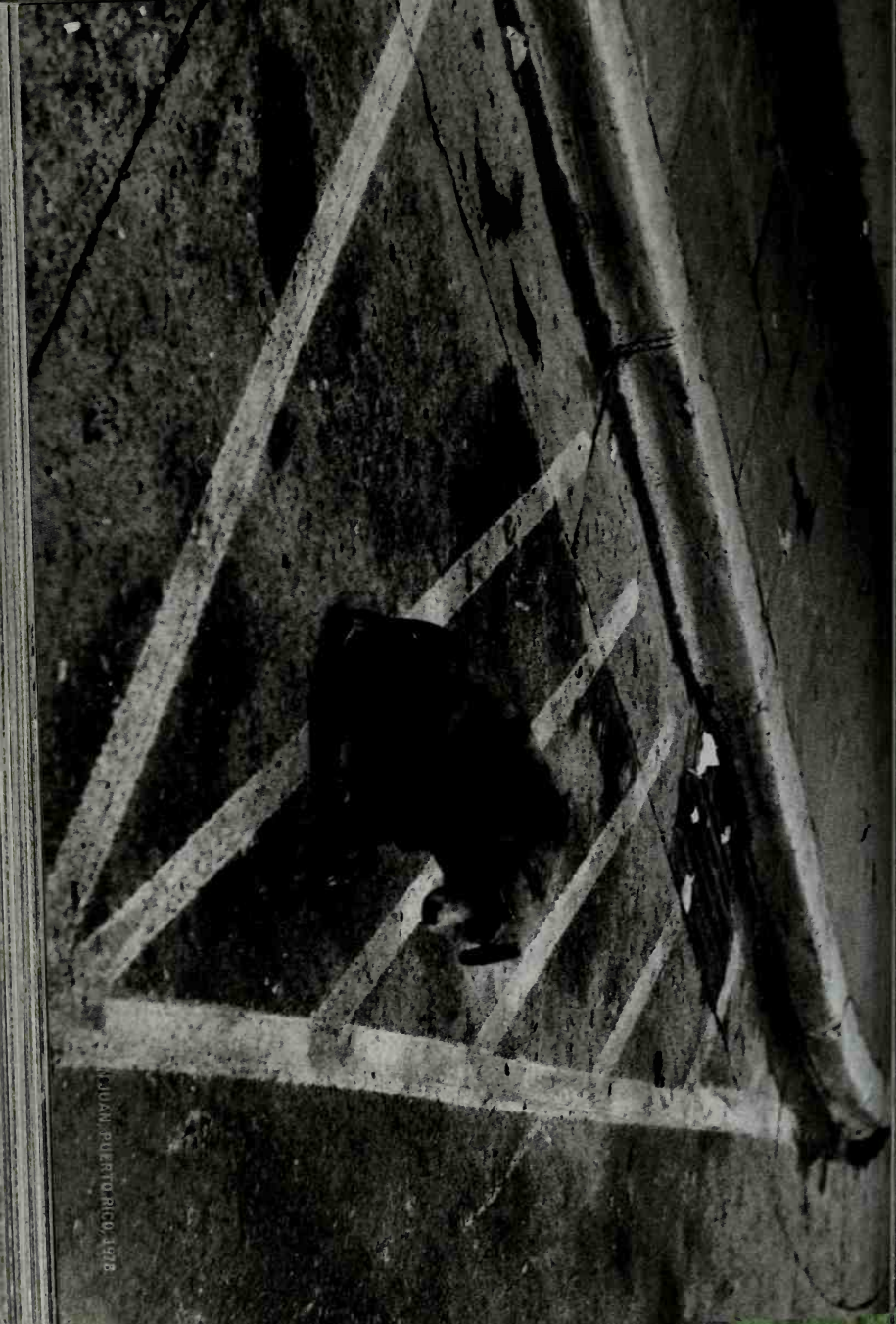
EAST HAMPTON, NY, USA, 1990



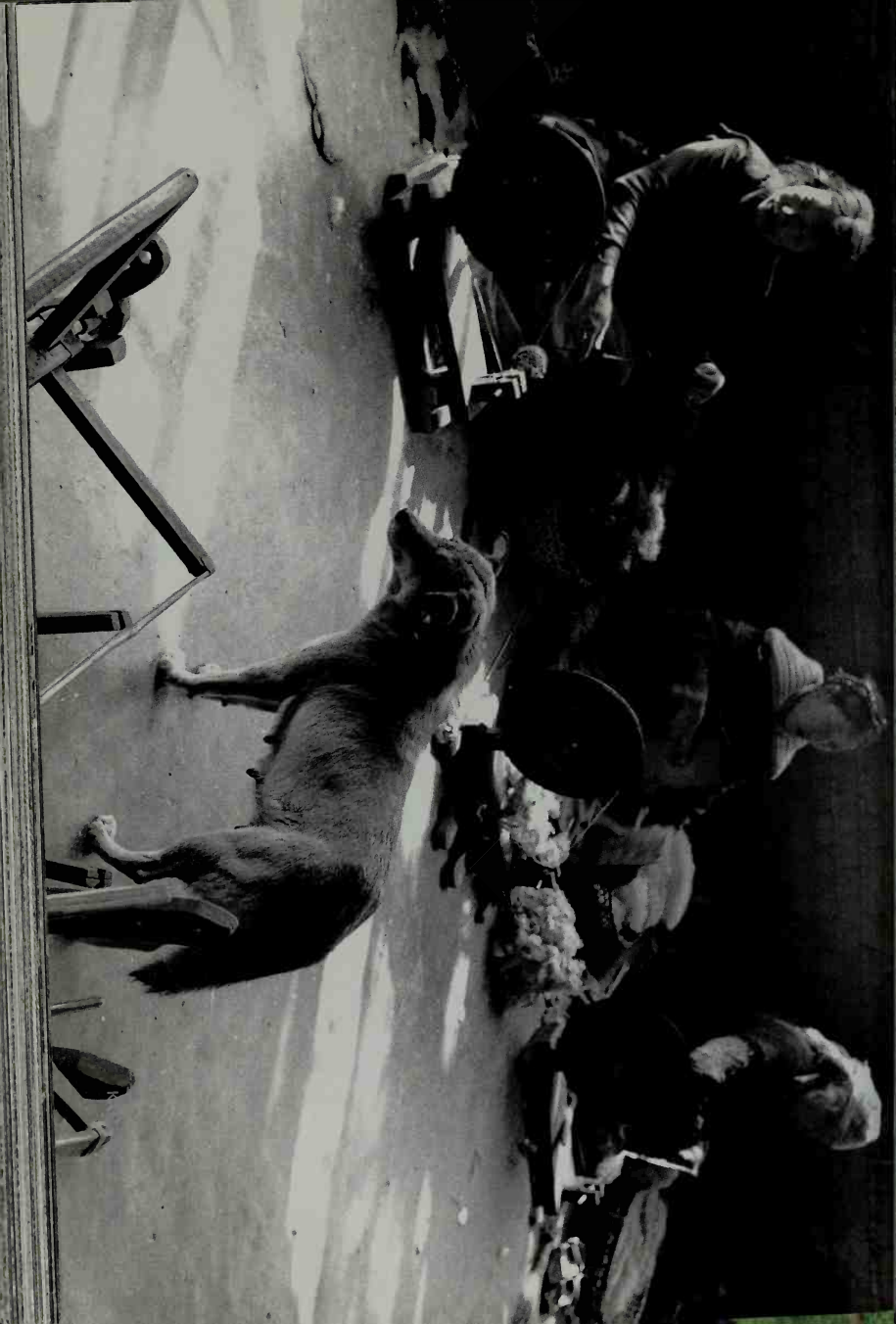


MOROCCO, 1973















MULIER KALING

AT

GOODWOOD

TER MONDAY, MARCH 30th
 WHIT MONDAY, MAY 18th
 SATURDAY, AUGUST 29th

CHEAP TICKETS

ISSUED

FROM THIS STATION

TO

CHICHESTER

DETAILS OF FARES AND TRAIN SERVICES



"LONDON JACK"
 THE OXFORDSHIRE FRIEND
 THIS DOG FROM 1894 TO 1900.
 COLLECTED FOR THE L.A. SEN. SCHWAB
 (approx. £250) for other charitable
 objects about £200.
 All contributions equal to the Dog
 will be going to the rescue and
 to Jack's credit in the rescue in
 the above manner. (Ready)





NEW YORK, NOV. 16/6, 1973



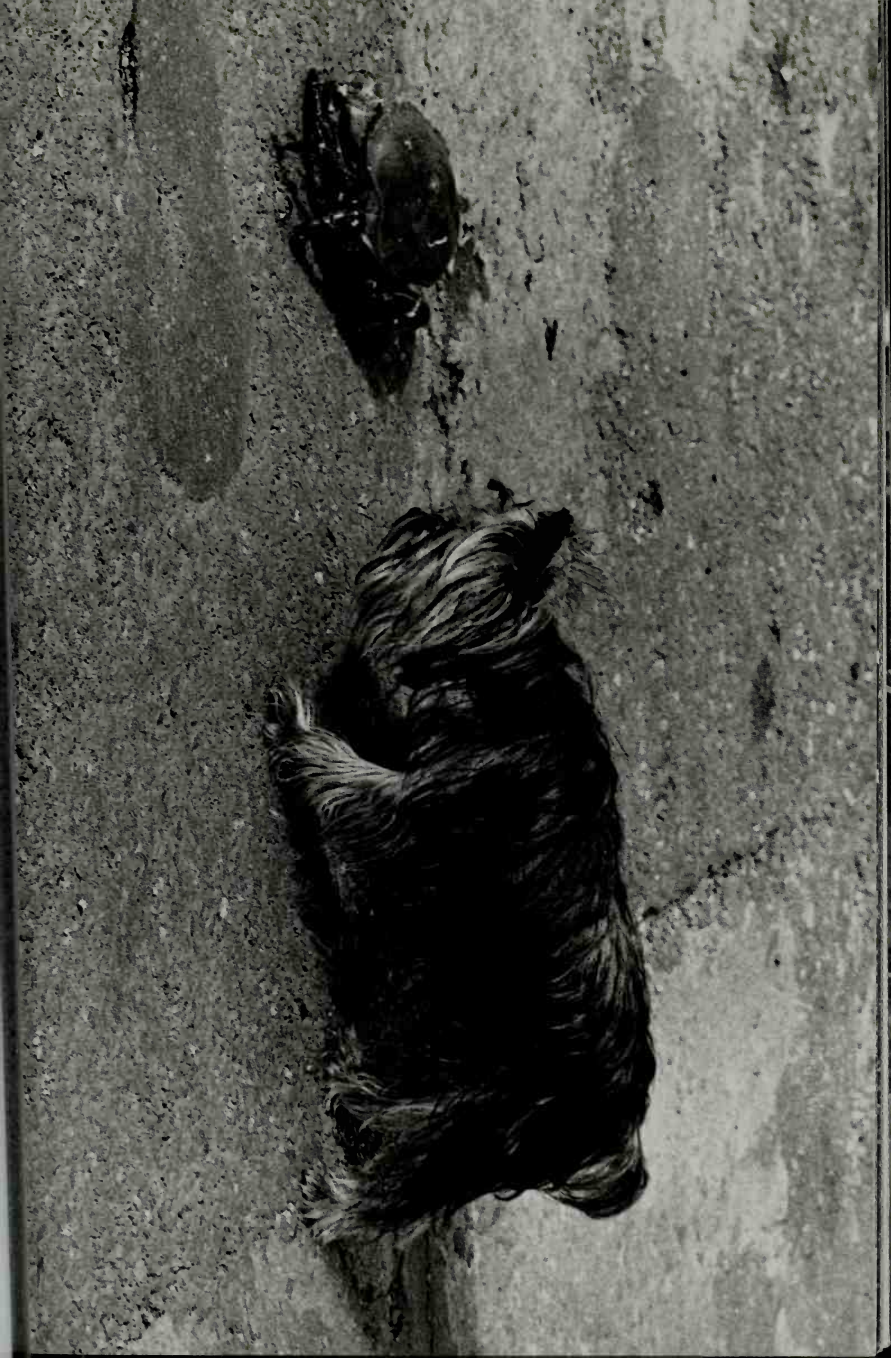


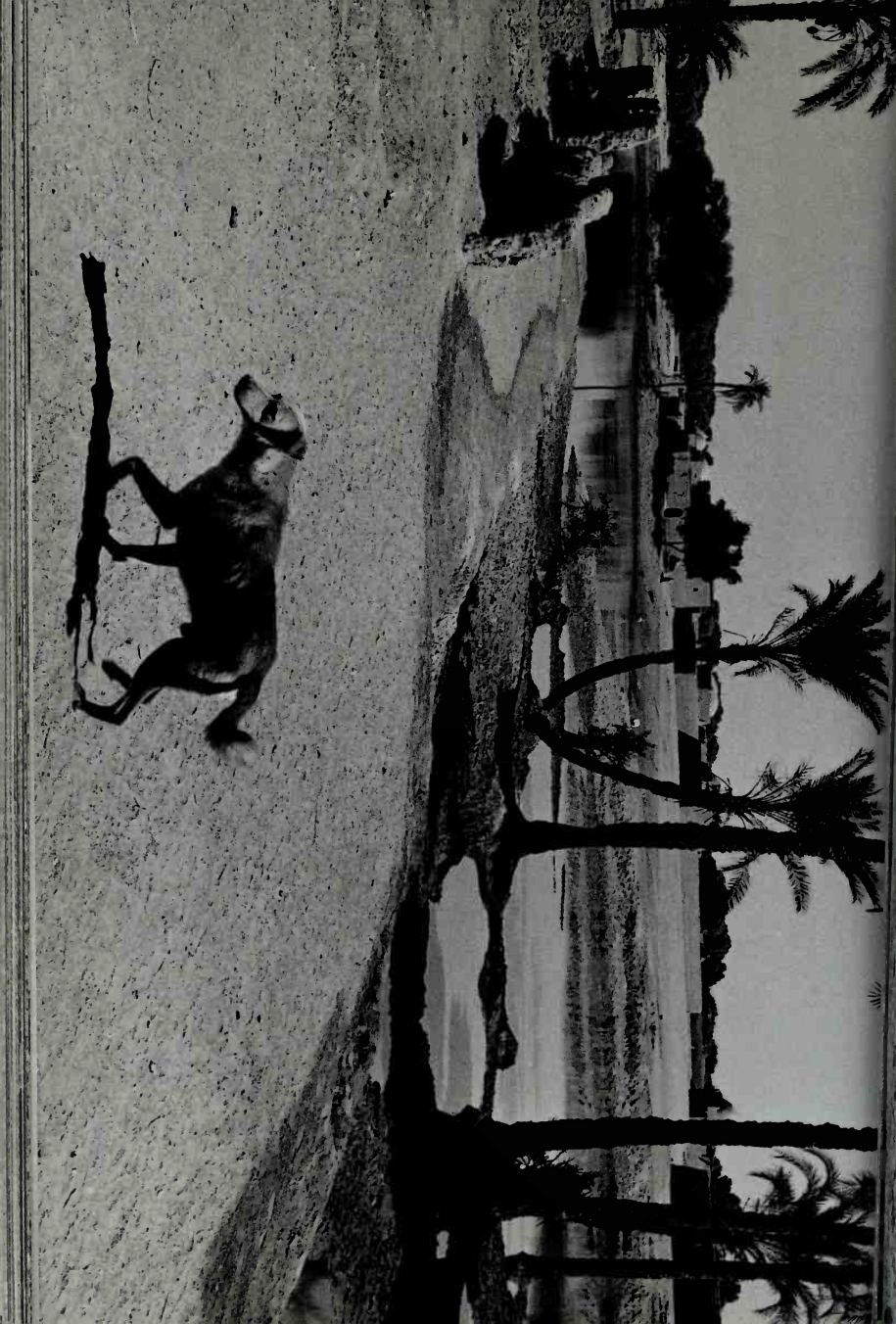
















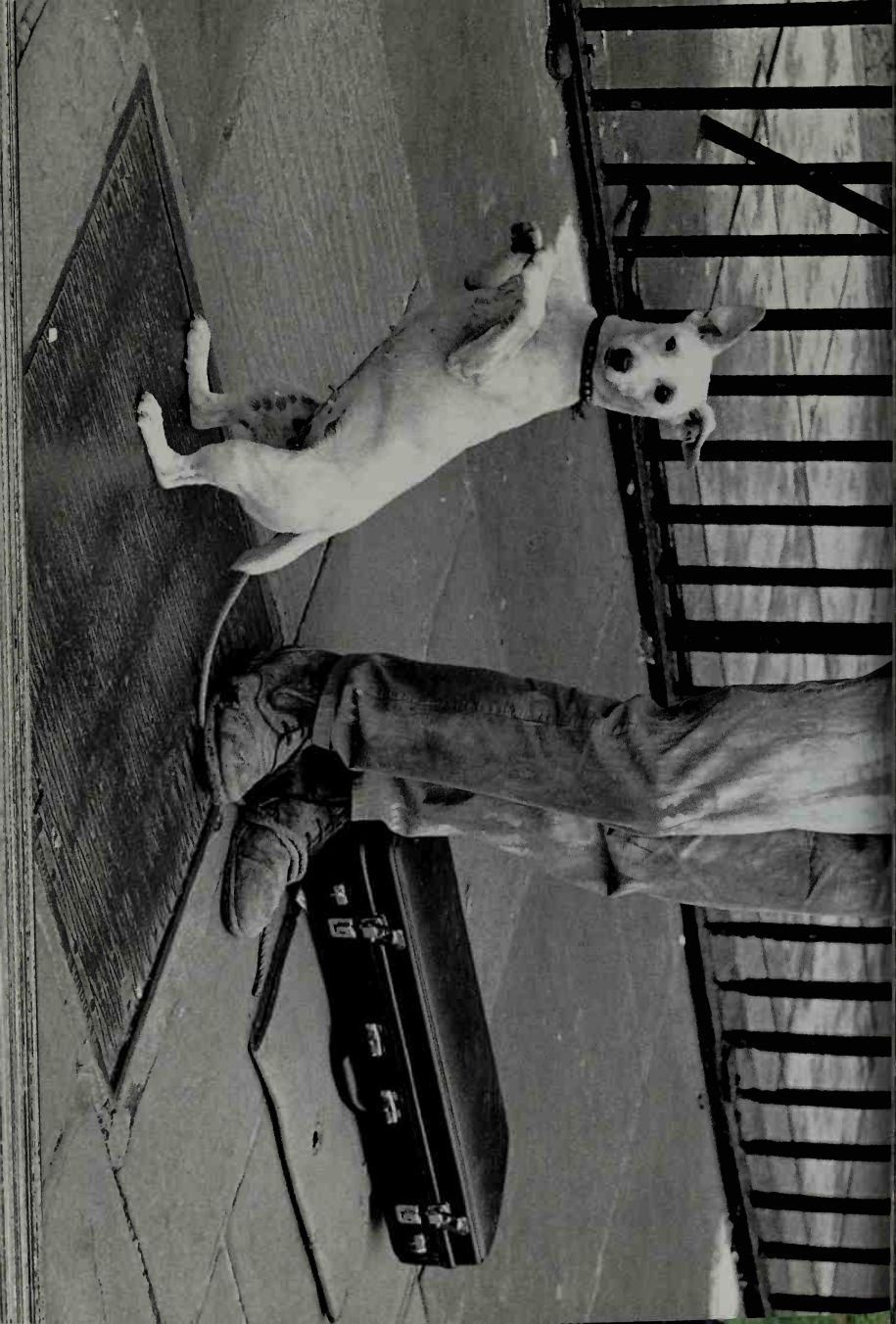
EAST HAMPTON, N.Y. (L.A. 1983)



SOUTHERN IRELAND, 1982



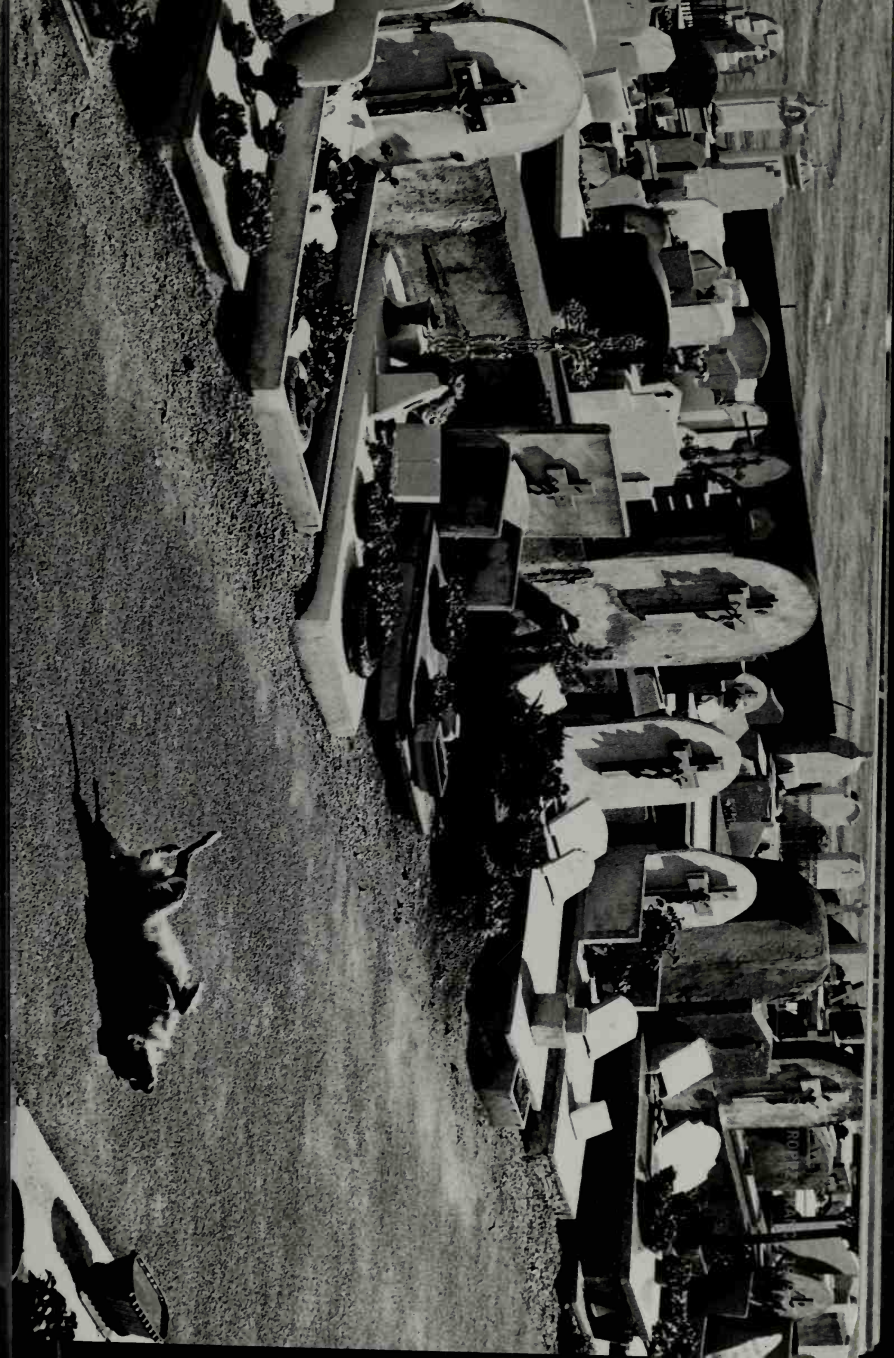






© 1989, USA, 1989









ENCE 1901











© 1990, EVERETT COLLECTION













CHIEN
MECHANIC





ALMERIA, SPAIN, 1987

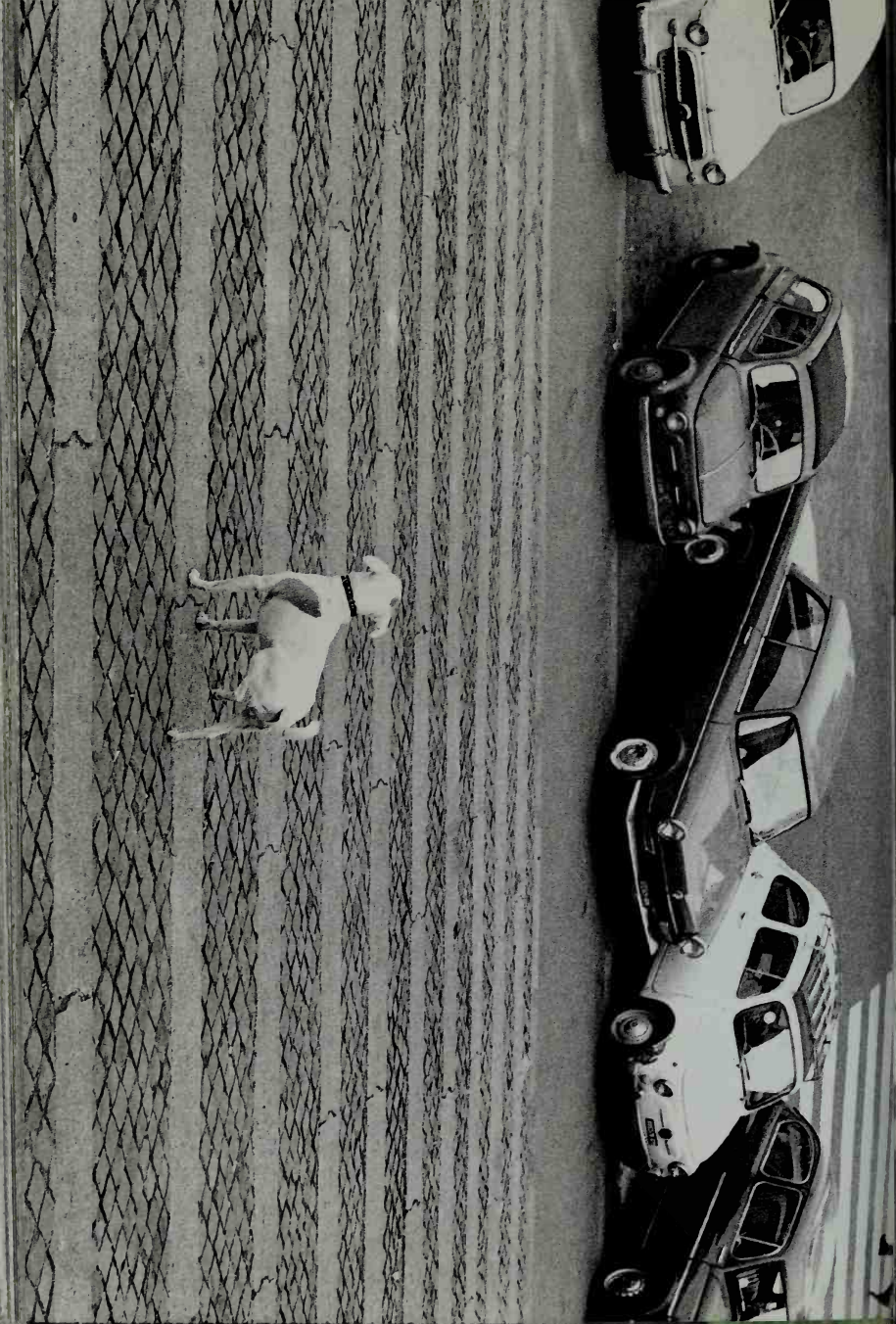




SANIBEL, FL, USA, 1997



PARIS, FRANCE, 1968





654-ASIN
Last of its kind

AVOID HANGOVERS
STAY DRUNK

THEY'RE THE ONLY DOGS THAT CAN DRINK



CALIFORNIA 1939



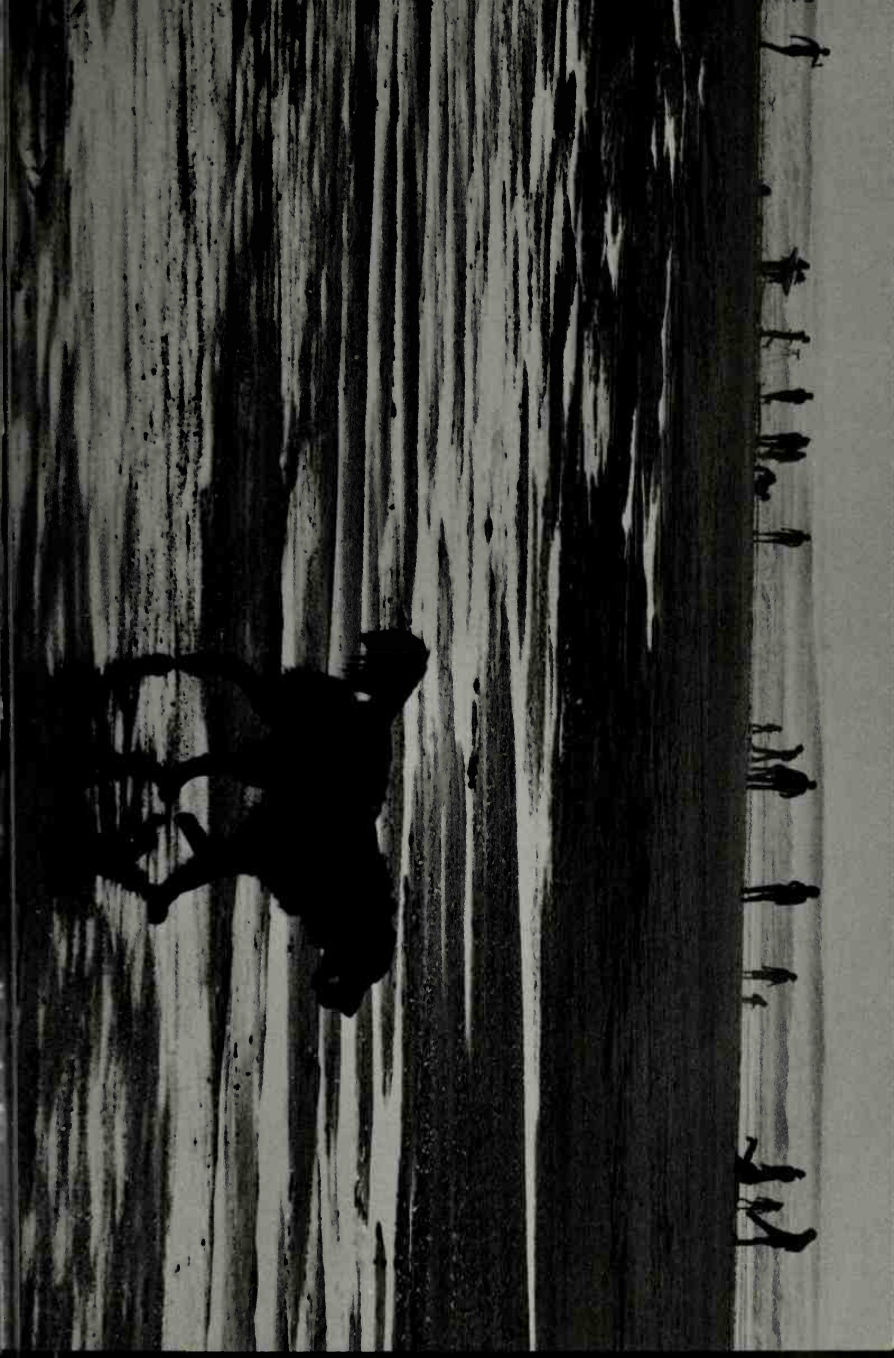
SAINTE MARIE

1971











BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, 1991









NEW YORK, NY, USA, 1990



NEW YORK, N.Y., USA, 1973



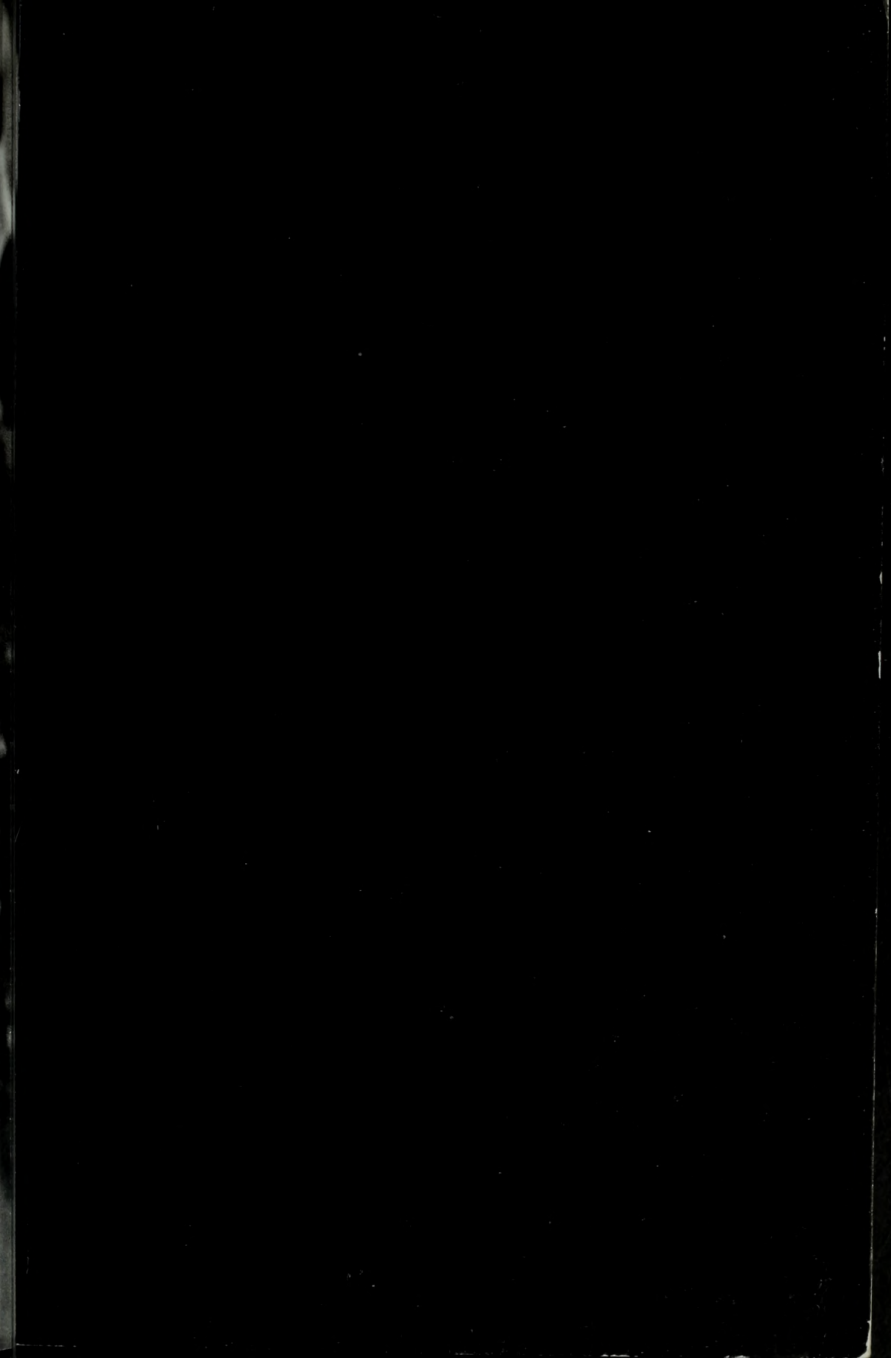




LAS VEGAS, NV, USA, 1998







BOY DOGS

ELLIOTT ERWITT



PHOTOGRAPH BY