



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2011 with funding from  
Carleton University, Department of Sociology & Anthropology

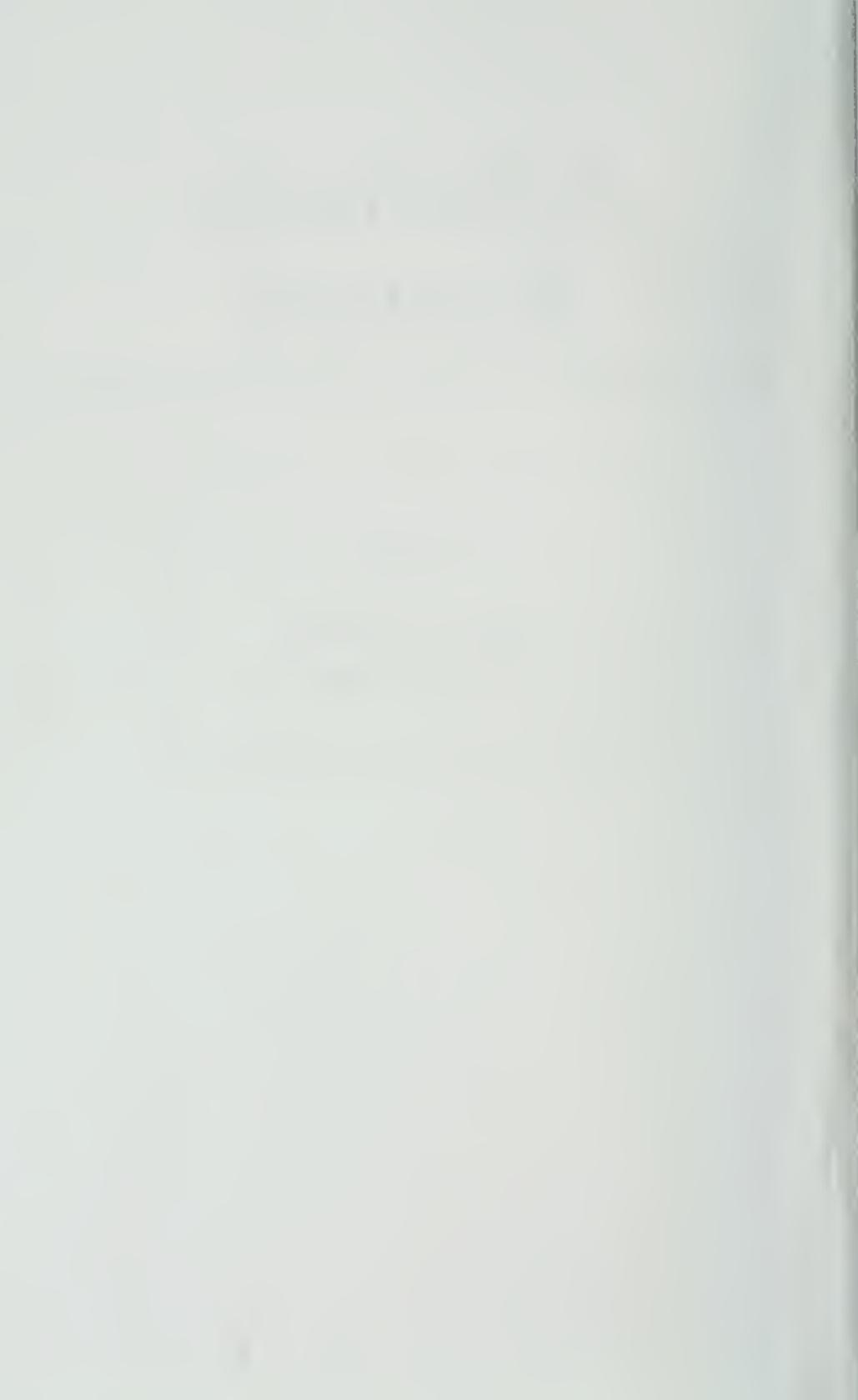
# Alternate Routes

A Journal of Critical Social Research

**Editors**

Amanda McCarthy

Siomonn Pulla



# Alternate Routes

A Journal of Critical Social Research

Volume 18, 2002

*Editorial Policy/Call For Paper* . . . . . 4

## *Perspectives*

*Mike Patterson*      Walking the Dog: An Urban Ethnography of  
Owners and their Dogs . . . . . 5

## *Articles*

*Terry Provost*      Bodying Black Goddesses: The Duty of Represent-  
ation Across Time and Cultures. . . . . 71

*Janet E. Gwilliam*      Dangerous Customs: Censorship in Risk  
Society . . . . . 100

*Contents of Past Issues* . . . . . 127

## **Editorial Policy/Call For Papers**

*Alternate Routes (AR)* is a refereed multi-disciplinary journal published annually by graduate students in the department of Sociology and Anthropology at Carleton University Ottawa, Canada, K1S 5B6, [altroutes@lists.carleton.ca](mailto:altroutes@lists.carleton.ca). As a peer reviewed journal, *AR* provides a forum for debate and exchange among North American and International graduate students. We are interested in receiving papers written by graduate students (or coauthored with faculty), regardless of university affiliation.

The editorial emphasis of the journal is on the publication of critical and provocative analyses of theoretical and substantive issues. We welcome papers on a broad range of topics and encourage submissions which advance or challenge theoretical questions and contemporary issues. We also welcome commentaries and reviews of recent publications, works in progress and personal perspectives.

*Alternate Routes* is currently seeking submissions for Volume 19, 2001. Papers should be submitted double-spaced and in triplicate, following the American Psychological Association (APA) referencing system, keeping endnotes to a minimum. Please see our website for a style-guide.

Back issues of *Alternate Routes* are available at the following prices per volume: *Current Issue* (Volume 18, 2000) — Individuals \$12.00; Students/Un(der)employed \$6.00; Institutions \$21.50. *Volume 16/15 (99/97)*: Individuals \$12.00; Students/Un(der)employed \$4.00; Institutions \$12.00. *All previous years*: Individuals \$3.00; Students/Un(der)employed \$1.50; Institutions \$6.00 .

*Alternate Routes* is indexed in *Sociological Abstracts* and the *Left Index*.

The *Alternate Routes* Collective gratefully acknowledge the financial assistance of the Carleton University community; the Departments of Sociology and Anthropology and it's Chair; the Dean of Arts and Social Sciences; the Dean of Graduate Studies and Research; and the Vice-President of Research. We also wish to gratefully thank all the anonymous reviewers.

## Perspective

### **Walking the Dog<sup>1</sup>: An Urban Ethnography of Owners and their Dogs in the Glebe (Where Can 'Lassie' 'Go?' Territoriality and Contested Spaces)**

**Mike Patterson**

This paper examines the ways in which dogs and their owners interact in the Glebe, a small upscale neighborhood in the centre of Ottawa. Using participant observation and autoethnography, the paper documents my arrival with my dog in this new neighborhood, and our adventures good and bad. Issues such as contested use of territory, along with an examination of stratified layers of legislation and local, more personal views on dogs, are combined to provide a picture of a society in transition and partition, particularly with regards to public land and park use. Competing interest groups include cyclists, young families, seniors and those who believe dogs should be neither seen nor heard. The paper shows that dogs are 'lightning rods' for different levels of public opinion, which are manifestly concerned with animals but latently more involved with human socialization, with governance of the neighborhood, and with allocation of natural resources in the area.

#### *Theories Informing this Study*

I have heard there is a way of keeping your relationship with your dog. Spit in his mouth and he will always be faithful to you" (Peltier 1988: 12)

I used informal interviews, material culture (newspapers and magazines), and subjective experience and observation as a type of theoretical sampling where "the analyst jointly collects, codes, and analyzes his data and decides what data to collect next and where (and when) to find them. "process of data collection controlled by the emerging theory" (Glaser and Strauss 1967: 45). I ended up with "slices of data," in an open

inquiry aspiring to "no limits to the techniques of data collection' (I also use newspapers and the current dog literature to help with 'triangulation' in this study (Albas and Albas 1998: 133)), resulting in "a variety of slices of data that would be bewildering if we wished to evaluate them as accurate evidence for verifications," but are useful in generating theory as this variety "is highly beneficial, because it yields more information on categories than any one mode of knowing (technique of collection)" (Glaser and Strauss 1967: 65-66).

I also used this participant action research as a learning tool for my own techniques in sociology. This paper, then, becomes also an autobiographical narrative,<sup>2</sup> based on notes that include everything in my "field," including influences of colleagues, friends, family and neighbors.

Charmaz and Mitchell argue that, beyond discourse,:

...there is also merit in audible authorship. We speak of the writer's voice from the standpoint of ethnographers committed to the vocation of using all we can of our imperfect human capacities to experience and communicate something of others' lives. We go and see and sometimes join; we ask and listen, wonder and write, and tell our stories, not necessarily in that order. We believe that these simple acts of outward inquiry and inward reflection together with effort and creativity will give us something to say worth of sharing. We do not pretend that our stories report autonomous truths, but neither do we share the cynic's nihilism that ethnography is a biased irrelevancy. We hold a modest faith in middle ground (Charmaz and Mitchell 1997: 194).

They maintain that "We do ourselves and our disciplines no service by only telling half-tales, by only reporting finished analyses in temperate voice, by suppressing wonder or perplexity or dread" Clarity and truth are more likely found in "ethnography, (where) the emergent self is acculturated; it learns the limits of its own power" in a reflexive way (Charmaz and Mitchell 1997: 212-213, also see 1998)

This is, I think, in line with what Glaser and Strauss say about a reader's judging the credibility of theory (and the effectiveness of sociological writings): "First of all, if a reader becomes sufficiently caught up in the

description so that he feels vicariously that he is also in the field, then it is more likely to be kindly disposed toward the researcher's theory than if the description seems flat or unconvincing." also judged are "how the researcher came to his conclusions" and the use of "multiple comparison groups" to make the "credibility of the theory considerably greater" (1967: 230-231).

It is surely not pure science, but as Cassel says: "Atoms do not read scientific papers and change their behavior accordingly. On the other hand, a social scientist's theories about the world can make a difference to the very nature of social life itself" (1993: 35).

This is also akin to the methodology of Robert E. Park:

Park was impressed by the number of examples where social sciences owed some of their most profound insights to persons whose knowledge was based more on a broad and intimate acquaintance with people and their actions than on the methodically structured investigations of a systematic science. In such cases, "ideas" may emerge from saturated experience (Lindner 1990: 38).

This work is urban anthropology in the Chicago School sense, a critical ethnography borne of a method of direct observation and the epistemology of realism. Lindner points out that the "Chicago sociologists' original position (also) concealed a critical potential with respect to the social circumstances being investigated" (1990: 65). This potential can be seen in the "image of a sociologist as poet, someone who is concerned with *atmospheric content* and, as a literary person, someone who is concerned about *reporting and not putting things right...* In a culture distorted by norms ("the distortion of reality through normative preconceptions"), it is the empathy, intuition and sensitivity of the poetic person which can successfully break through the ossified fields of conventional thought" (1990: 204 *Itals. mine*).

Finally, this work owes a debt to the pioneering research of Clinton Sanders. He acquired two Newfoundland puppies in 1988 after the death of his previous dog, and, "as he was spending massive amounts of time with his new companions, he decided to examine systematically the interactional process in which he was deeply involved" (Arluke and Sanders 1996: 20).

## ***Narrative, Data and Analysis***

### *Introduction*

I moved back to the Glebe to finish my Ph.D. in Sociology at Carleton University, after 15 years having last lived there. It reminds me of Lower Westmount and the West End in Montréal, places where I grew up. It is a leafy, treed part of town with slow streets and a mix of people, from yuppies to empty-nesters and DINKS (double income, no kids), to the many students and faculty from Carleton University to local family people from several generations ago, descendants of early Ottawa settlers and people from before.<sup>3</sup>

I brought Peaches, a dog I've had since she was five weeks old. She's a three-year-old Siberian Husky/Border Collie/Wolf(?) mix who needs to run. She has lived on the road, in the bush and in the country most of her life, although when she was very young we<sup>4</sup> lived in Overbrook below Vanier. I like to be able to walk in peace, participate in the green spaces around me (like my dog); I now know that while trying this on a daily basis, every space in the neighborhood becomes contested.<sup>5</sup>

After having lived in the country with dogs as a boy and adult, I went without a pet for many years in the city. I got Peaches because I was thinking of getting a dog, and some friends of mine were having puppies at the same time. I thought she would be good for me.<sup>6</sup> I also thought she would help expand my social circle, which she still does.<sup>7</sup> She still is the subject of conversation all over the neighborhood, from the corner store to the park, and particularly with the immediate neighbors, where some of the best and worst of our relations became somehow invested in the dog.<sup>8</sup> She is still a people magnet anywhere we go, which used to include everything to classes at the university (she enjoyed quantitative methods because of a low-key instructor; contemporary theory sent her spinning in circles), to the many parks around the city, stores, pubs, and social gatherings of all types and places including parties and powwows.

In my old neighborhood, Peaches at four months soon became a source of trouble when spring arrived, as some people objected to her romping around as we went down our dead-end street. We had started in winter, the streets were empty, snow covered and quiet, and I let her run along as I walked to the store. Summer brought people out on their porches, suddenly alive on the street again. A new Lebanese family at the corner came out in numbers (a number of young lads with stones in

their hands on a hot July day) to accuse Peaches of defiling their lawn, as I waved white plastic bags in self-defense; someone with a small engine repair shop in his garage on the opposite corner came out and smashed a chair against his balcony to warn me of the consequences should Peaches come on his property; the people upstairs called the police because my dog was not on a leash. I decided after many happy years there to move and try something else.

First we set out for wide open spaces, and for the bush. We soon found that life on the road was even more tricky. In going across Canada, we found that most campgrounds are suspicious of dogs and do not encourage them, let alone let them run. Stops at the parks around the Great Lakes down logging roads were better.

Living in the country wasn't easy or ideal either, with regard to dogs, and we spent a winter in the rural Ottawa Valley. Most dogs in the neighborhood roamed unsupervised across the roads and fields, in and out of back yards. Although I had been careful not to allow Peaches to get pregnant, it was a stray hound from across the tracks that found her out back one night in an unguarded moment. And although the puppies were cute and bright, I had to have her fixed afterwards because the hounds would not stay away otherwise. My landlord complained that he had never seen so much dog shit around his property; half the strays in the county wanted to mark it after Peaches arrived. It was a bit of a mess in the spring.

And so I thought the Glebe, a more civilized place with parks known to be dog-friendly, might be a compromise solution. Perhaps because the Glebe seems to smile on dogs, we hoped to find here a combination of urban and rural spaces and attitudes, something much more relaxed than the troubled streets of Vanier or the roaming and packing behavior of country dogs.

### *Spring*

May and June were our first exploratory months in the Glebe and at first, it seemed we had found the optimum combination of attitude and spaces for dogs. As we became more familiar, it became apparent that what appeared to be a 'free' park or area to a neophyte was in fact a highly contested space, involving neighbors with conflicting ideas of the priorities of these parks.<sup>9</sup> There are many parks within walking distance of our

home, some with posted times for dogs, such as Central Park (Patterson Creek), some owned by the National Capital Commission,<sup>10</sup> only one that is informally designated "kids and families only," some include bike trails and rivers, where dogs run free anytime; there are many trails around Lansdowne Park, where dogs can unofficially run when there are no crowds.

Almost immediately I found that cyclists complain about the dogs, dog owners complain about the cyclists, people with young children complain about both, picnickers try to maintain the integrity of their territory, and joggers compete with cyclists and dogs for space in most of these parks.

At the same time dogs seemed to be welcomed all up and down Bank St., on both sides, from Lansdowne Park to the Queensway. There are bowls of water left out for passing dogs by the shop owners on hot days. Even some of the panhandlers sitting on the sidewalk have dogs (and there are sometimes two every block now, as opposed to none 15 years ago). When I go in the smoke shop with Peaches, they give her a cookie over the counter first thing. She now leaps for the counter every time we walk in. At another store, a woman came out to tell me I didn't have to tie my dog outside, that she was welcome to come in, it was air conditioned. She now jumps up on everyone's counter, looking for cookies. I should restrain her perhaps but most people are quite happy to have a dog jump up and say hello. Many apologize to her for not having anything for her.

Dogs are also welcome in some local pubs. At one place, at a semi-private birthday party, there were dozens of partygoers, balloons, streamers, a blues band, and four dogs. The staff had bought Kibbles 'n Bits and cookies so the dogs could share in the party. After getting to know each other, they tore all around the bar all night. Casual customers came wandering in, looking like they had never seen anything like it. The dogs were like the kids at a wedding party, running inside, outside, after each other, sitting on the benches by the wall, jumping up on the tables out back. A yappy terrier kept up an annoying bark, but someone remarked that he was "barking in time with the music."

In one dog park<sup>11</sup>, a woman told me that this area reminds her of France where she is from, in that everyone has at least one dog. We talked about Pablo Picasso and his great love of dogs; the fact that he

would give dogs to his friends as gifts so that there would always be a dog where he was visiting. "The French are crazy about their dogs and bring them everywhere," she said. "Even in Britain, but not so much, you can't bring them in the restaurants" (See Appendix A, also 4/12/99: A17).

She has been coming to the park with her dogs for many years and said she has never seen any trouble, but she is not happy about the signs going up recently, which prohibit dogs during certain hours during the summer. As it turns out, the new rules are a sign of things to come, as this summer was unique in its attention to dogs, and dog controls, in the city.

Another early informant, a university professor who owns a house backing on one of the parks,<sup>12</sup> gave an example of how things can get out of hand, and dogs can get a bad name. She told me about her dog Buster, who in most ways is obedient but has one problem.

When he was three months old we were in the park, and there was a workman there with a sandwich, a salami sandwich, in his hand and Buster jumped up and grabbed it. He's been imprinted; now whenever anyone brings any food out he goes for it. Last year I was walking him at the Arboretum and there were four middle aged women there, with canvases and easels, having a picnic. Buster ran over and grabbed a sandwich and ran off. At first they were upset but then thought it a little funny, until it came out that the sandwich belonged to this diabetic woman who needed her special diet. As we were talking Buster ran through and grabbed another sandwich. This time they were not laughing and started saying "control your dog" (I couldn't) and I was trying to get him when Buster came tearing through and took the third sandwich. At this point their eyes were red with rage and they were yelling at me and I'm thinking "pick up your damn sandwiches don't leave them on the ground" but then I finally got Buster to come over and took him away. When we were alone my anger came out and I started yelling at him "don't you EVER do anything like that to me again!" when a man stopped to accuse me of abusing my dog... I finally got home and thought of going to the bagel

shop to get those poor women some more sandwiches, but I just couldn't go back there...

As she was telling me this, a young family sat down at the other end of the park and began unpacking a picnic. Buster immediately started drifting in their direction but his owner got him back and put him in the house, just to be safe.

I soon began hearing complaints myself, when walking with the dog. Hans is a contractor in his 50s who bought a house in the middle of the Glebe. He has no pets; he says he thinks there are more dog owners per capita in the Glebe than anywhere in the world.<sup>12</sup> His wife is worried about the black Lab next door at the frat house, says the dog is "crazy" and has bitten people. Carl covered his front lawn with a garden, as "it's the only way to keep the dogs off," and he is tired of having to pick up after people's pets. His favorite new addition is the short, bristly Ragosa roses that hug the sidewalk, like "natural barbed wire."

Another informant, Buddy, lives on the east side of the Glebe, near a busy late-night corner. His dog, which he had owned for 15 years and traveled the country with, died last year. His dog had hitched trains with him, stopped intruders, been shot by crazy neighbors, stared down cougars, had died without much pain, and now sits on Buddy's mantle in an urn.

Buddy saved a tomcat during the Ice Storm and that's his only pet now. He's upset at people who don't pick up after their dogs. One night he was sitting on his porch when a dog came along and squatted down, owner standing behind.

"The cat tore into him and started scratching him up... the dog took off so fast he didn't finish his shit... the owner yelled at me: 'Hey, your cat attacked my dog' and I said, I don't see you holding any baggie in your hand pal, keep your dog off my lawn and piss off, and he did."

Buddy has been known to come down from his porch at night to punch the lights out of rowdy passing drunks and assorted punks, and the dog owner got out of there fast enough. Buddy is also about six foot two with a healthy swagger. A sign on his lawn declares it to be a 'Crap-Free Zone.'<sup>13</sup>

I could begin to see that the mix of city and parks, which I thought would be ideal for me and the dog, could prove more contested than I had imagined.

*Summer*

Some people insist that dogs should be leashed or always 'under control.' But things today in the year 2000 in the Glebe are under control, at least as compared to this letter to the editor from 100 years ago, May 29, 1900, in support of the enforcement of a tax on dog owners. It shows (along with other letters over the past 100 years published by the *Citizen* as a millennium feature) that dogs have always been a concern in the cities. A resident of busy Lower Town (at that time the Glebe was still a rural shire), the complainant wrote that his neighborhood "is fairly polluted with yelping, barking, howling and fighting mongrels of no breed in particular." He asks: "What right has a man to keep an unclean, noisy and often dangerous animal on the street, impeding travel, defiling lawns, flowers, door-steps – in fact everything in sight. Would such nuisances be endured from human beings? Yet the depredations committed by those dogs are more unspeakable than anything a human being could do." He goes on to argue that "dogs are unnecessary in a city where police protection is paid for and furnished" and concludes that "if people are bound to make themselves disagreeable in a community, let them pay for it, make the tax prohibitive..." (6/9/99: B5).<sup>14</sup>

I found that dogs have now been banned at our department at Carleton University. No dogs in the Loeb building allowed at all, according to decree engineered in part, I suspect, by a past functionary who is averse to dogs. It didn't help that I showed up with Peaches in his office. His body stiffened like a board and he squeaked in a strangled voice "keep that dog away, I can't have dogs around, it gets in the air..." It's true that the air quality and ventilation in the department is less than desirable, but there is more to it than that. There is a history of people bringing their dogs there. And I imagine there have been other complaints.

For the first winter (Peaches was born Dec. 1, I got her at five weeks, just in time for winter classes) I took my dog to class and everywhere else, in my pocket and later my jacket inside, with a bag of toys, balls and paper towels. She peed on the grad coordinator's floor, and took a dump at the PoliSci department (which some people agreed was a politi-

cal act), but generally was pretty good in class (she enjoyed quantitative methods because the speaker was slow paced and quiet; she hated contemporary theory because the arguments and debates charged the room and she couldn't relax, nor could anyone). I take it as partly our fault that the Loeb building has formally barred dogs.<sup>15</sup>

Mike's Place, the grad pub, also barred dogs soon after I got Peaches (I had looked forward to joining a tradition of owners with their dogs there), because the Muslim students who now use nearby Porter Hall as their prayer room objected to dogs being in the bar. Walking the dog around Carleton, I see these and other new Canadians looking at her with fear, something I never saw before. To us, it is a loss of freedom.

I talked to a handler from the Canadian Guide Dogs for the Blind. He parked his van all summer across the street from us, using the leafy shade to cool the dogs in the truck as they walk and train two at a time.

He told me they chose this spot for its mix of side-streets and Bank St., for its "lines" or straight sidewalks with clear intersections stretching over many blocks. They are from Manotick, which makes the Glebe handy, and having been training dogs in the city for nine years. They have many walking sites. I ask him which is the favorite.

"The Glebe," he says. "It has the right mix and the people are aware of us, they try to help out. Sometimes by moving their dogs out of the way, which is not what we want (for training purposes). The dogs here are quiet, the streets are a good mix of trees and city..."

The worst area?" Around Parkdale Market, although it's been getting better the past few years. You get more aggressive people and dogs there, the big four: Pit Bulls, Rottweilers, Shepherds, Dobermans."

"The people there are aware of us, but sometimes their dogs are too aggressive."

Eventually dogs are taken downtown as well. Around Bank and Gloucester, there are no parks, few trees, lots of asphalt and cars.

"The people there don't have pets really. And they don't seem to see us, it's as if we weren't there."

He tells me that increasingly, they are running into situations in public places like malls, where "people just don't expect to see a dog there. And it freaks them out. We have to leave."

I ask him what kind of people, and he answers, after a moment, "Asians, Muslims, other, uh, new Canadians."

Last winter, a chain of convenience marts narrowly missed being sued after a blind man and his guide dog were refused entrance by an employee for religious reasons. We leave off wondering where legislation, human rights and the New Canadians will affect things. Will dogs have to stay in their apartments?

As the summer wore on I found more and more restrictions. The newspapers were full of disputes about dogs. I read in early July that Montréal was considering a bylaw to classify dog pee as pollution so owners would be charged with polluting on their daily rounds. Another dog owner commented: "Wow, I didn't think that Montréal was that uptight. So perhaps they'll outlaw pigeons, squirrels, and maybe they'll do something about their rats, too. I can see a big market for flushable indoor facilities for dogs and cats (thereby contributing to the water shortage) and for professional animal potty trainers" (This bylaw was scrapped, see 16/7/99).

A siege mentality seems to exist at the dog park. Ten years ago there were no dogs allowed, then dogs were allowed freely, then some neighbors complained about that (to the point of dropping little red flags wherever they saw dog droppings) and now new regulations, created at a series of town hall meetings, prohibit dogs during the day, to 7 pm. Over the past weeks I have let Peaches run during unauthorized times, usually when there is nobody around. I have been in the park at odd times I guess (ca 1pm and 11pm), because the park is often empty.

Usually you can see a small parade headed down the street at 6:45 toward the park, people and their dogs. At about 8 pm the park is flooded with dogs and owners. There are 15-20 dogs (and their respective owners) at the height of the rush, crowding packs of romping dogs and cliques of owners crowded between the trees and the water. The crowd tends to form a large circle, discussing daycare, teachers, kids' school, and talking with and about their dogs. On nights near the full moon, from the distance, it looks like an Occult ceremony, with dogs.

One night a freelance journalist for CJOH hopped off his bike and started filming the dogs in the fading light. He explained he was doing a feature on the new summer dog debate at the Arboretum, also Kanata. He showed me his video of dogs running around having fun, in and out of the water.

He has lived in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Montréal, Toronto and elsewhere. He said Ottawa has the most liberal dog bylaws in the country.

It's only a few dogs that are problems and they would still be around, leash laws or no. I say, while observing a dog run out of the park after a cyclist, barking at him and chasing him down the road.

Another night in early August at 7 pm I was the first in the park, followed by a man loping along with a Player's Light cigarette tin in his hand, preceded by a puppy Spaniel, light brown.<sup>16</sup> His last Spaniel died last Christmas, he told me, and he just got the new puppy yesterday. Scamp is 12 weeks old with long coltish legs that seem to make it impossible to stand, so he just flops around joyfully.

Cal has been coming here ten years. Always has a bag of cookies with him and extra baggies.

"Back then they used to hit me with \$48 fines all the time. No dogs allowed in the park. Leash or no leash. One bylaw guy came up, he was a big guy, and sits down with me to give me a warning about my dog. Sat down right here on this bench where we're sitting now..."

"Teams of them would come down and give tickets, look for licenses."

He was at the meetings last year.

"It was neighbor against neighbor. The things people said about each other, they were at each other's throats. All because of a dog park. This park is perfect for dogs, you can see from end to end, you have the water on one side (which was an argument at the meetings: "is the water and inlet part of the park?") Of course it is, especially in winter!) and a fence on the other, only one way in and out..."

He points out a house across from the park, one that others have mentioned to me, as being the home of the primary complainant in the recent battles.

"She must have nothing better to do. She calls the police if there's a dog off leash at five minutes to seven. What can they do? They have to come down..."

He hasn't got any tickets under the new regime, but then again, Scamp just arrived today.

There is a nice walking circle from my house, along the north side of Landsdowne Park, through the fenced in dog run by the baseball field, and up into the Glebe east, then back through Central and Patterson Parks. Despite the throngs of people at the Exhibition in August, the greenspaces are relatively clear of people, so the dog can run through (or

around) the accumulating layers of pizza boxes and pop cans left by the tourists (geeks) and the beer bottles and sardine cans left by the carnies.

We walk further north along O'Connor. I let Peaches go at Central Park, and one day a woman in a lime green pantsuit came walking down the hill from one of the mansions on the avenue. Her dog was off the leash also.

"Look at that sign!" she called out to me a couple of times.

Sure enough there was a new set of posted hours for the dogs in the park. No dogs off leash from noon to 4 pm.

"I've been living here 40 years," she said, adding, "I was a little child when I moved here."

"It doesn't seem possible" I ventured.

"This is my park. We own it. Leased it to the city for 99 years. Jim (Watson, Ottawa mayor) promised me this wouldn't happen. He's going to get a call from me. Maybe we'll just take the park back and develop it.

"All our dogs around here always ran around. Never used leashes."

I asked her who is responsible, who has been complaining.

"Not Dr. (soandso) over there across the park, not Judge (soandso) over there, not Jim over there or Frank or any one of the old neighbors. It's the yuppies."

A new house owner joined us, a man in his 50s with an old Collie.

"It's the whole city," he said, "not just the Glebe."

"Anyway, I'm going to call Jim. They'd better take these signs down. They say they need the park free of dogs for the seniors. Well I'm a senior enough and my dog can do what she wants in my own back yard, and if I forget to pick up once in a while so what?"

I say I'll be seeing her later.

"If not, you'll hear from me. I'm a bitch."

This discord seemed to be extending to the dogs. Peaches was getting into more and more scrapes. One day a Terrier mix,<sup>18</sup> Rex, ran yapping across the street to run after Peaches while we were playing ball at the park. After a while his owner came over. By this time the Rex had run Peaches ragged and she was holding him down for relief, panting. He started snarling and snapping at her so she bit him and squished him a little harder.

I called her off.

The terrier started yapping in Peaches' ear with a piercing, high-pitched stabbing sound.

"Stop it, stop it," yelled the owner. "God I hate that sound" she said. Peaches had another run-in with Rex the terrier on another day. After a minute or so of initial peace, with both off their leash, Rex leapt up and tried to take a tear out of Peaches' throat. Luckily, her thick fur prevented that and in a second she was on the little dog, holding him down, while he furiously barked and snapped at her. I pulled her off, she was upset and in shock at the sudden, vicious attack.

Before coming to the Glebe with its dog parks, Peaches had never been in a dog fight. Since we arrived, she has been attacked by a Pit Bull, a black longhaired dog, and another young female Husky, although it's hard to say who started that one. It seems that every time we go to the park, there is potential for contested territory.<sup>18</sup> Many dogs are familiar to each other, but every day we meet more and more new ones, *a dog society in transition*. I think they are all insecure and defensive (meaning more likely to fight) because they have no sense of home territory. Unlike dogs in the country, which relate to and defend their territory through displays and arrangements, these dogs have no territory to call their own.<sup>19</sup> everything is up for grabs.

There is also the instinctual behavior involved whenever dogs meet, often beyond the ken of their city owners:

It is not simple experience that teaches an animal territorial boundaries which he will cross at his peril. Eskimo dogs in East Greenland live in packs, each pack defending rigorously a social territory... immature males wander about, violating boundaries and continually taking severe punishment in consequence. Yet they seem unable to learn, despite the most bitter experience, where to go and where not to. Then, however, they mature sexually and immediately learn all boundaries... first copulation, first territorial defense, and first avoidance of the next pack's territory" all occur rapidly in sequence (Ardrey 1970: 25).

The confusion of behaviors, human and animal, instinctual and arbitrated, and politicized, can be seen in Los Angeles: "Welcome to Los Angeles, City of Dog Parks, where they'll eat you up and spit you out and eat you up again. (Or, as my favorite line from the Bible, Proverbs

26:11, puts it: 'As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.') Nothing divides neighbor against neighbor, celebrity against celebrity, like the dog park issue. Celebrity dog trainer Matthew Margolis suggests that we might not be doing our dogs any favors: "I don't love 'em," Margolis says of dog parks. "There's a lot of dog fights, a lot of diseases. Even if your dog is vaccinated, how do you know all the other dogs are? *It's more for the people than the dogs*" (*SALON Magazine*, see Appendix B, italics mine).<sup>20</sup>

One neighbor takes her walks to the dog park religiously, she meets different people at different times. Separated with young kids, she meets with the many other parents in various circumstances to talk about schools, kids, and I don't know what else (I am not privy to these circles).<sup>21</sup> Early on, my neighbor regarded Peaches and me with suspicion and not a little animosity. When we first approached her to talk about this project, she said "I don't want to hear about it" and walked away.<sup>22</sup> When her dog jumped at Peaches trying to get her going, she used her Husky snarl in response... "We'd better keep them apart then" said my neighbor. I'm not convinced she was talking entirely about the dogs.<sup>23</sup>

Most people I talk to are aware I am doing research on dogs. "No matter how neutrally they are perceived, most fieldworkers are never completely accepted by their subjects. Short of conducting covert fieldwork where their research identities are unknown, ethnographers become "marginal natives," part member, part guest... (rather than becoming) a fly on the wall (researchers should) carefully monitor how participants come to regard us" (Arluke and Sanders 1996: 23).

The dog park, the neighborhood and this project all involve what Goffman calls "temporary tenancy," of "territories of the self," that is, to be involved "measured in seconds, minutes or hours, informally exerted, raising constant questions as to when the claim begins and when it terminates" (1971: 29).

Another night at the bar, a small dog jumped up at Peaches. She took a fast snarl at her and then they both settled down. A waitress referred to her as being "aggressive." I later heard that other people had made various complaints about my dog and certain staff had formed particular pro and con attitudes.<sup>24</sup>

I think we had been too frequent visitors over the summer. I was told later that one patron was complaining because Peaches made his dog

"uncomfortable," another that she was "always there," another that she was bothering diners (she does have a tendency to stare). In public pursuit of our study on dogs, we had become obvious and ubiquitous.<sup>25</sup> I later learned that Peaches had been barred.<sup>26</sup> The owner regretfully informed me that it was said she had become "too territorial."<sup>27</sup>

This bar is similar to Al's bar described by Gusfield as a "creator of intimacy." With alcohol as "dissolving reserve between strangers," he notes that self-expressiveness is quicker to reach action and display than in soberer places. "It is a place where friendliness can be fostered; it is also a place where hostility and antipathy are closer to expression. Both help and abuse are there as tangible possibilities" (1996:140). A dog amplifies these possibilities: "It is often noted how quickly humans can feel and show strong emotions for new animals they encounter, and that these feelings are sometimes as intense if not stronger than those felt for humans" (Arluke and Sanders 1996: 27).

People had competed for Peaches' attention at this place since she was five weeks old, engaging her in all sorts of games (she is very playful); but when she barked at a waitress (in defiance of a no-barking rule) I knew her time there was almost done.

Later, after she was barred, I tried tying her outside, but people would not leave her alone, so she resorted to barking then nipping at the worst ones. It took me some time to work her out of that reaction; she was not used to being tied on a short lead and it (they) scared her.<sup>28</sup> One night was particularly ghastly as people streamed back from the Ex down Bank St. I looked out the window and there was a woman looming out of the night in the reflected lights of the bar, holding a large purple heart-shaped balloon in one hand and a child in the other, yelling and waving the balloon. I went outside and her husband was there threatening to call the police, a kid in a stroller was crying, they had obviously been through a big day. Peaches had grabbed the kid's hand, not hurt him, when the group had stopped and surrounded her. I talked to Peaches and the boy, who was less upset than his parents, who were verging on hysteria. After suitable warnings, apologies, admonishments and the like, they continued the long hike back to their car.

Later, tied outside the grocery store, she was harassed by Buddy, of the "Crap-Free Zone." It was dusk, she was watching some parcels, and I observed from the cash as Buddy came along from the bar with his girl-

friend, and bent over to pet the dog. He started by patting her head. Then, looking up at his girlfriend, he took her head in both his hands and rubbed around, giving her a good workout behind the ears. I almost ran out to tell him to stop, but then he let go. He then reached down again to grab her head, and she bit him. No blood, no marks, just a warning. "Your dog bit me!" he yelled as I came out of the store. I told him he was being too aggressive, and that he was drunk.

To correct her fear of being leashed I spent several months after that tying her at various places with myself nearby, able to talk and maintain eye contact with Peaches, then I removed myself more and more from the situations. Also, I tried getting more people to pet her while holding her on a short lead. All of these exercises work best after she has had a good run and is not too excitable. Still, I wish I could advise people, who take our dogs to be their own, that one should not approach strange dogs tied anywhere, let alone on the street. It seems the people who cannot resist this are the ones who know little or nothing about dogs (in other incidents, this was the case).

I remember some fifteen years ago David the baker, who had a Husky with one green and one blue eye, quite purebred, that he would tie outside his shop in Ottawa south in the winter, on a short chain near a doghouse under a tree. I had seen the dog a number of times and always admired it and one day, with some apprehension, I approached it as it was lying there. It didn't move, nor growl, just lay there with its blue/green eyes staring straight into mine as I leaned over to pat it on the head with my glove. With an unconcerned motion, the dog raised its head and clamped its jaws down tight on the inside of my glove, where the thumb and first finger meet, not touching the skin. It kept surveying me calmly as I tried to get my hand out of the glove (impossible, he had my hand locked inside the glove) and so I slowly lifted him until he was almost off the ground, thinking he would let go. Not a chance. He just kept looking at me, until David saw what was going on and came out of the shop. "Let him go" he said, and the dog dropped to the ground, sat and continued to eye me. I went inside and got some bread.

Peaches' mother Trixie, also a Husky, was another who didn't bark. She would bite, but not hurt people. I have since learned this oral communication is a Husky trait. When Trixie's puppies were a few weeks old, a neighbor and his daughter came to see them. Despite warnings not to get too close, the man got on all fours and crawled toward the puppies.

Trixie stayed very close to him. "Don't worry I know all about dogs. I'm an expert on wolves" he said as his daughter picked up one of the tiny puppies and promptly dropped it on the floor. Before the pup had a chance to yelp, Trixie had clamped her jaws over the father's face, covering it. For a day or two he had the imprints of four large canines on his face, but no damage done. "She bit me!" he yelled, but then he took two of the puppies later on.

Just as our social situations were going through transitions at the bar and the dog park, the dog days had truly arrived that July in the press: dogs were a hot item for discourse. One leading item was a cover story in the *Atlantic Monthly* ("Why Your Dog Pretends to Like You") which argued (using canine genetics) that dogs are "social parasites," that we are up against an "evolutionary sharpshooter" who has learned to exploit our hospitality with a complicated mix of dominance and submission, purely instinctual behavior inherited from the wolf: "We are primed to seize on what are, in truth, fundamental, programmed behaviors in dogs and read into them extravagant tales of love and fidelity. Often dogs need do no more than be their simple selves to amaze and beguile us so." The author pointed to the unnaturalness of the urban milieu as a big cause for problems with dogs, such as "barrier frustration" among sled dogs and other running breeds which do not get enough exercise, resulting in destructive behavior, and "yuppy-puppy syndrome" in which working young couples buy dogs and leave them alone all day.<sup>29</sup> He also showed how selective breeding, through "obsessive preoccupation with physical appearance and breed definitions" has served to create a more aggressive animal that is also prone to a host of unique ailments (Budi-ansky 1999).<sup>30</sup>

The story resulted in a flood of letters to the *Ottawa Citizen* over two weeks and was the subject of two columns. Two letters were attributed to a family pet. All of the letters decried the argument that dogs were acting solely out of instincts for self-preservation, and gave examples of dog rescues, selflessness (altruism?), and real affection and emotion.

People's affection for their pets became more apparent in reaction to this article.<sup>31</sup> Of the 169 items referring to dogs in the *Citizen* in the six months from September to February (found in addendum Newspapers - A Coded Index and cited such as (1/9/99 A1)), 66 or almost half argued for more freedom for dogs, and 35 were generally favorable information

pieces, and six told stories of dog heroism. Some 45 items called for more laws or confinement for dogs, so almost two-thirds were in support of 'doggie rights.'

As columnist John Robson put it: "As Pavlov showed, any argument that animals are machines applies to people too, and frankly I'm more certain your dog loves you than your wife does" (23/7/99: A15).

Later, this affection came out in another newspaper debate, where a front cover feature focused on the debate between Catholics, who do not believe that dogs go to heaven, and Anglicans, who have recently stated that they do. One Anglican minister argued that since dogs can't sin (no free will) they must be allowed into heaven, also: "Mean dogs that attack people also warrant a place in heaven, because such behavior is often the result of poor training, or reflects a personality trait of the dog's owner" (3/10/99: A1, also see Appendix C).

### *Fall*

The last long weekend day we went to the Arboretum. Two young women and an older man were talking near the 'dog beach' while their dogs ran around. We started talking about dog issues and the dogs ran in and out of the water, across the bike path to the benches where we were, and back again.

One of the women said that cyclists don't slow down at this spot, a turn on the path, as they should. I noted a couple of cyclists zip through, ignoring the dogs.

She was quite upset at the fishermen who leave line and hooks along the shoreline. "Hooks this big!" she said, indicating a large jig. "A dog got cut last year!" I often take my dog fishing, but I didn't mention it.

As we were talking more dog owners approached, mainly young Carleton students apparently. Within 10 minutes there were 15-20 dogs at the spot. One group of six or so ran in and out of the water along the path while another group tore around the park benches in circles; a pair of Jack Russell terriers start digging a hole.

We stood away from the *mêlée* while a couple of owners attempted to call their dogs or impose order. They soon give up and we watched in amazement as the packs of dogs tore around this small space, in between, over and under everything.

Several groups of cyclist ventured through, stopping and starting, smiling at the scene. An older pair of cyclists stopped, as had several other non-dog owners, just to watch.

After about five minutes the owners started to call their dogs away and drift off. A couple of determined and serious (stupid?) cyclists zipped through the dogs, eyes straight ahead, as if to avert hitting a wandering dog through sheer willpower. This day they survived. Next day at the same spot, cyclists (on this first work day of the week) zipped around the corner with abandon. I had to jump across the path at one point to make sure Peaches wouldn't cross; the cyclists were now seemingly oblivious to her presence. There is a bike trail in Vanier where we used to live, and Peaches had been hit there once (see Appendix D). We decided not to push our luck near the bike trails any further.

Dogs are a focal point in the competition for space and resources in the area. Fishermen, cyclists, families with kids, women painting in the park.<sup>31</sup>

In late October the NCC announced an information session for dog owners, to announce new leash laws and controls on all of its lands, including much space in and near the Glebe, spaces such as Bruce Pit in Nepean, the Arboretum, Gatineau Park and beyond. The plan called for fenced-in runs for dogs, financed and maintained by subscribing dog owners, with no dogs allowed off-leash in other areas.<sup>32</sup>

I attended the meeting, along with some 1,000 other dog owners, to witness the hijacking of the meeting by owners led by the National Capital Coalition for People and Dogs, ([www.sympatico.ca/nccpd](http://www.sympatico.ca/nccpd)) greeting everyone at the front doors with petitions and buttons calling for dog freedom ("Let's Walk It Out").<sup>33</sup> Many owners got up to speak for themselves and their dogs during the evening, and NCC spokespeople sitting at information tables were flummoxed. I was so enthused with the turnout that I invoked the freedom of Lassie and accused the NCC of Nazism in their desire to segregate and partition lands that were mixed use (see Newspapers, a Coded Index from late Oct./early Nov. for more comments from participants). The next day my picture was prominently displayed in the Citizen; I got many congratulatory comments from neighbors and professors at school, from people in the park and on the street. I wished they had used a better picture; I also wondered if I was

overstepping the bounds of participant/action research.<sup>33</sup> (See 23/1099-23/1199)

The National Capital Coalition for People and Dogs declared NCC's planned 3-5-acre fenced runs were too small and inappropriate. Coalition founder Candice O'Connell said: "if they want to take dog walking and throw it into that level where everybody is standing around having a cup of coffee and watching their dogs run around, that's not the basis of recreational dog walking."

In his column, John Robson noted "The growing uproar over the NCC's incomprehensible decision to ban dogs from its parks is a classic example (of how to politicize the previously non-political): About one-third of households in the region have dogs; people with dogs are the main users of those parks; dogs unlike people absolutely must have access to open semi-wild spaces for their mental and physical health; people have lived with dogs since the dawn of time; so some bureaucrats decided in effect to ban them" (and so a political backlash ensued) (5/11/99 A18). In its report on the important issues of 1999 on the letters page, the Citizen stated that "dogs in the parks" was the eighth most important issue, with 78 out of a total of 5,200 letters (29/12/99: A15).<sup>34</sup>

Candice O'Connell, chairperson, National Capital Commission for People and Dogs, pointed out in a letter to the Citizen that "the struggle between outdoor enthusiasts has been escalating for some time. It is clearly a sign of an increasing trend to seek greater physical health through outdoor activity, and a diminishing availability of recreational green space." (21/2/00: B5)

Peaches and I had witnessed the escalation of territorial gripes and wars, from the personal encounters in the parks and streets of the Glebe, to a regional level where the contest was to be at least partially decided for us.<sup>35</sup> This macro contest, involving an appointed and anonymous council with an eye to increasing property values and a public outcry in the media, was putting a severe pinch in our ability to wander about the neighborhood, and run where we found the spaces.

As one of my Ph.D. advisors (all three are dog owners) who has moved from here to the country commented, when I told him of the meeting, and the resultant flood of press calling for freedom for dogs: "Good. We really enjoyed having an NCC field nearby for dog running. Wouldn't have obeyed the rules in any case."

I think, as a dog walker, it is virtually impossible to obey all the rules in every space we traverse, and traverse them we must.

*Winter*

Peaches got in a fight at the park in December and ended up with a bleeding right front paw (cut between the pads). It was my fault, I was not paying enough attention. A kid about eight was playing in the snow with his Lab mix, a young one, and at one point sat down in the snow and hugged the dog with both arms. Like most dogs, he didn't like that and growled. Peaches went over to see what was happening and very quickly the Lab attacked. I realize now that he was probably thinking of the kid sitting eye level with Peaches as she came over.

They both went up snarling on their hind legs and snapped their way toward me (Peaches was retreating, backing toward me) and I yelled out a few "Heys" and held my hands flat over them, trying to get Peaches by the collar and pull her away. The Lab had that "I'm about to lose it" look in his eye and was not listening, and Peaches was getting ready to take him on for real when I managed to grab her and pull her away. The Lab backed off and I threw the leash on her and held her back. The kid apologized (he was not much concerned, had this happened before?).

At one moment when the two were just about to get serious I realized that this could be one of those dog fights you can't stop from happening. At the same time, the huge crowd of tobogganing kids and their parents on the nearby hill had stopped everything to listen and watch. The snarls were really quite scary.

They recently put up a sign at that end with a No-Dogs designation, mostly to keep the pee off their toboggan runs I guess but after yesterday, I expect they will be talking about the threat of dog attacks and fights. I wondered while this was going on: "Why did you guys have to pick this moment, in the middle of a busy holiday afternoon, a dozen nervous parents watching, to do this?"

A friend of mine from the country, who has two dogs, commented on my worries via e-mail, and made a salient point regarding recent controversies around dogs. Could dogs be being used as scapegoats in an increasingly violent and unpredictable society?:

Don't you think it's odd that our society is straining to become more tolerant and accepting of bizarre human

behavior, at the same time we become less tolerant of normal things such as pets and so on? People get warped out of shape if they see a pussy cat strolling about, a dog kicking up its heels in a public park, or goose poop by the river bank. I once heard an old lady declare "We are at the mercy of Canadian wildlife!" She was referring to goose poop. I think the geese might have a different take on who's doing the suffering. Anyways, dogs will be dogs, and as you say, the Lab was just doing his job, nervous about Peaches being close to his kid. This is what dogs do, obey the instinct to protect. Good thing you were there to break it up.

Peaches never fought before in the country or the city. The cause of her trouble might be that dogs downtown are too many, too crowded in these dog parks, and unsure of whose territory is whose. Owners do not know how to 'handle' them. Everyone's dog has attacked or been attacked around here; it just goes on and on. I think these city dogs have lots of space, but no territory, so they are victims of urban anomie (normlessness) and stress.<sup>35</sup>

We began staying away from the dog parks, finding new routes through the neighborhood. In the cold days and nights there were fewer people and distractions (such as cats and squirrels) so I trained her to listen to me, off-leash, as we walked the streets and ducked through the alleys. The early conviviality of the dog park experience had yielded to too many problems. There were sheets of ice all around the city, in January, not much fun walking. But we started to find our own territories, out of the way places and corners of parks where I could throw her Kong (a bouncy, indestructible dog toy) for exercise. Where we were out exploring together, breaking various city and regional bylaws as we walked, marking territory. As my friend from the country commented via e-mail:

I'm sure you are right about dogs in the city. Dogs need territory. I take mine every day back across the fields and into the bush, to check their territory. They like to show me all the things that are new since the day before, this is wildly exciting to them. Buster is more enthusiastic about it than Harpo, maybe because he never had a "real" territory before, having been a town dog. He fetches me and drags

### *Alternate Routes*

me off in the direction of his latest discovery. I learn all sorts of things with these dogs, and it gives them such pleasure that I participate.

We had learned to stay away from partially frozen waters on the Rideau canal and river. A fellow student went through the ice on the Rideau river trying to pull out his Dalmatian. It went under the ice going after ducks; he went after it and had to be pulled out by the fire department, and just in time after 10 minutes in the water. In the country, my friend reported that "Buster went through the ice back at the beaver pond yesterday. Couldn't get out and the water is deep enough to drown in. I was able to reach his collar and give a tug, that was enough to get him over and up onto dry land. He thought this was great fun, big adventure, leaping up and down at me with joy... what a dope."

I found in the winter isolation we could create our own routes, and concentrate on working together. While working with the idea of socialization in parks, streets, bars and shops all summer, we had lost the mutual focus we had had in the country. I realized that the human sociability (and conflicts) of the dog parks and the streets had taken precedence over our dog-human communication.<sup>36</sup>

If dogs are "thoughtful, or minded social actors,"<sup>37</sup> how is the ethnologist to study them? One technique would be to "learn how to *take the role of the animal-other and communicate effectively in the appropriate idiom.*" also to maintain a "continuous sympathetic observation' of the animal *in as natural conditions as possible.* To some degree, one must transfer oneself into the animal's situation and inwardly partake in its behavior" (Lawrence 1989: 118, *itals. mine*).

I think we are both happier walking alone together, I think Peaches taught me that. I have noticed that a few others in the Glebe, people who spend a lot of time with their dogs, do the same. We don't often stop to talk; it's a walk somewhere we are after.

### *Spring again*

Almost daily I began noticing a young Asian woman headed towards the dog park, first with two dogs then often with three or more, sometimes just one, all times of the day. She walks past my place, with combinations such as a small Terrier, large Poodle and a German Shepherd. Yes-

terday on Bank St. I saw a young Asian man with three dogs pulling him along, again a mixed bag of breeds. All winter long I had seen the notices for dog-walking services at the dog parks. These must be the pros.

I just heard about the first ticket of the season at the dog park. A woman who regularly walks her dog home off-leash, who lives about half a block from the park, was ticketed \$115 by police in a cruiser. Apparently, they had been parked there waiting for her and were acting on a complaint. My informant suggests it is the same woman across the street from the park that has been complaining over the years.

This complainant fits the profile described by Alison Leigh Ingram. Using a survey, she assessed the reactions of people to various types of conflict in a number of urban and suburban U.S. communities. Conflict situations included neighborhood children trampling a garden, chores left undone, borrowed property not returned, burglary, and noise or intrusion by neighbor's pets, particularly dogs. Conflicts with pets were most likely to be "endured," and not subjected informal conflict resolution, as were most of the other conflicts. While the majority of people apparently chose to endure a problem with dogs rather than confront people, in situations where chores were left undone, tools unreturned or gardens trampled, people were most likely to confront or inform the transgressor. Pointedly, in the case of roaming dogs or burglary, however, the majority of people chose to inform-on, not inform, the transgressor, so their "endurance" had a price (1995: 140, 149, also see Appendix E).<sup>38</sup>

The German Shepherd across the street, who is kept penned in the back yard but for his daily walk to the dog park at 7 pm, lunged at Peaches from halfway across the street, snarling, the other day. Barrier frustration. The owner, a young guy, looked embarrassed. Another Shepherd we hadn't seen before came over our last time at the dog park. He looked old and a little chewed up. The owner was holding what looked like a muzzle or harness; we steered around them.

It occurs to me that the dog park is the only socialization for many of the dogs there. In the back yard all day, one frantic run in the evening.

I stopped recording field notes when I had reached "saturation" this spring, when I realized that "everything one sees and hears has been encountered before" and additional data was merely adding bulk rather

than finding cases that altered the patterns I had observed (Arluke and Sanders 1996: 38, also Glaser and Strauss 1967).

We haven't been to a dog park in months. Peaches' Kong was lost on the roof of a commercial building nearby (where there is a great parking lot for play) and so we use tennis balls and sticks, and walk down Bank St., through the alleys and the parks, at odd hours, without a leash. She knows her routine is to find things, and mine is to throw them. We are working together. Peaches rarely thinks to take time for other dogs, or even cats or squirrels, as long as I keep her focused with a focused banter and directions. I look ahead as we roam, checking for obstacles. I am her seeing-eye person.

### *Conclusions and Theoretical Wrapup*

Inherent to the claim of the ethnographer as to how understanding is generated from data is a coolness toward summaries, conclusions and propositions as doing irreparable violence to the complexity of the subject. Discussions of method and theory are then not an adequate substitute for reading the study (Gusfield 1996: 109).

- Dogs make people more visible and approachable, and they are also social units in their own right. They also, partly because of that very fact, mediate and redefine their familiars' daily social interactions.
- Territory becomes more obviously contested when a dog enters the picture. Often the areas of home and public territories are not always clearly differentiated from a dog's point of view, so what may be defined and used as a public place by people may be defined and used as a home territory dogs.
- Territory always involves or at least implies acts of aggression and/or defense.
- Dog parks allow for dog interaction and socialization, which is good, but they also are places where dogs can get into territorial disputes and where (largely new) owners sometimes visit with out-of-control dogs. Puppies are also vulnerable to disease.
- Territory exists on many levels in the dog park. There is the primal

interaction of the dogs, mixed with the politics and personalities of the owners, city bylaws enforceable by police, annoyed neighbors, prevailing public opinions. In public places such as stores, streets, bars and universities, other levels of territory come in to play i.e. more city or regional bylaws, the attitude of an owner towards dogs, administration, ethnic and religious attitudes. At any time a dog and its owner can become engaged at any or all of these levels.

- If a dog is offending someone in some way, they are less likely to take it up with the owner than to complain to authorities such as landlords, neighborhood circles, or police, in order to effect a resolution.
- We have found that resorting to dog parks for exercise and socialization at appointed hours often results in more confusion and conflict than play.
- To walk and run in the Glebe on our own routes (territory), it is almost impossible not to break some bylaw on a regular basis.
- There is also always the risk of one's dog offending, scaring or bothering someone; the reverse is also true. My dog has nipped people in self-defense.
- In the end, my dog and I became much closer as a result of this study, but the learning experiences we endured in the interest of this project, some of them traumatic, brings ethical questions into consideration. Nonetheless, these are experiences we can use: "Involvement in the creative social process of participant observation has the potential of providing researchers with self-understanding and a repertoire of social skills which will prove to be invaluable and personally enriching long after they have left the field" (Sanders 1980: 169).

This paper has been a process, akin to what Mills describes:

By keeping an adequate file and thus developing self-reflective habits, you learn how to keep your inner world awake. Whenever you feel strongly about events or ideas you must try not to let them pass from your mind, but instead to for-

mulate them for your files and in so doing draw out their implications, show yourself either how foolish these feelings are, or how they might be articulated into productive shape... To maintain a file is to engage in the controlled experience (1959: 197).

In using a triangulation approach, integrating personal comments, slices of field data, newspapers, contemporary thinkers and theorists and the like, I appreciate that the results of this file are hard to judge scientifically, nonetheless a picture of dog life in the Glebe emerges. "As personal writing becomes more common among social scientists, researchers will need to develop new avenues of criticism and praise for such work. One element in this new evaluative understanding might be a clearer sense of how to combine 'scientific' with 'literary' standards, without mystifying the latter" (DeVault 1997: 224).

This aligns with what Glaser and Strauss say about a reader's judging the credibility of theory (and the effectiveness of sociological writings, which become "grounded theory"): "First of all, if a reader becomes sufficiently caught up in the description so that he feels vicariously that he is also in the field, then it is more likely to be kindly disposed toward the researcher's theory than if the description seems flat or unconvincing." also judged are "how the researcher came to his conclusions" and the use of "multiple comparison groups" to make the "credibility of the theory considerably greater" (1967: 230-231).

My sociology here has been partly autobiographical, and that is intrinsic to the way that this project evolved. As Mykhalovsky says: "To characterize autobiographical sociology as self-indulgent is also to make claims about the nature of its content. Just as the charge collapses the text's author and reader into one, it posits the writer's self as the text's object. This is a reductive practice..." More positively, there is "truth in the use of self-involvement as a metaphor for describing the object relations of autobiographical sociology. To name my self as the content of autobiography is one way to describe its specificity; its distinction from work in which the self of the writer is not deemed worthy of inquiry." and further, "to write individual experience is, at the same time, to write social experience" (in line with Mills' *The Sociological Imagination* in which he states that "private troubles become public problems").

As Gusfield points out:

Critics of fieldwork of this kind frequently point to its imprecision and selectivity of data... the observer attends only to some and not to all that occurs. Is record of observations is itself selective because he only places into notes that which is seen as pertinent or "interesting," and that is limited by the intervening screen of memory... But social research is seldom able to achieve ideal conditions. Costs must be adjudged against benefits, (and) the goals or results of social research must also be seen as distinctive and different from those of research on natural and nonhuman subjects (Gusfield 1996: 106).

At the very least, ethnographic data "shows that it is possible to develop a plausible and empirically grounded interpretation of a phenomena which is at variance with some other, often conventionally held, system of interpretation. In this fashion it demonstrates that the other interpretation need not be an exclusively and necessarily "true" account. Such falsifiability is... one of the major ways in which knowledge is developed... Ethnography creates new images of social life and thereby forces the reader to recognize the rules of behavior which are taken for granted and the alternative possibilities available" (Gusfield 1996: 109).

Further:

Fieldworkers, in fact, may far outstrip quantitative researchers when it comes to studying emotionally charged or highly sensitive issues, as those in human-animal interaction often are. Quantitative methods using fixed and highly structured questions to survey large numbers of respondents may at best just skim the surface of meaning and at worst highly distort it (Arluke and Sanders 1996: 36).

Lyman argues for symbolic interactionism and ethnomethodology in his "sociology of the absurd," stating that "The world is essentially without meaning... (and) all systems of belief, including that of the conventional sociologists, are arbitrary... The problems previously supposed to be those of the sociologist are in fact the everyday problems of the ordinary man, (who) must carve out meanings in a world that is meaningless" relying on "intentionality, consciousness and subjective meaning" (1970: 1-2). And whatever meaning may be gleaned, "symbolic interactionists have long argued that all meaning is a product of social interaction rather than a quality inherent in the objects themselves" (Arluke and Sanders 1996: 9).

The approach I have used also "points to the fallacy of self/other, individual/social dichotomies and replaces them with "notions of simultaneity: how particular experiences both constitute and are constituted by social relations which transcend a given (research) particularity" (Mykhlovsky 1997: 239-240).

Howard Becker talks about tricks in perspective, such as imagining the impossible to be true, then looking to for examples in the field, part of a bag of tricks for "expanding and complicating your theory of the world" such as: "The opposite is true, too" (for a completely different attitude towards dogs, see Appendix F) and "You don't have to prove anything" (1989: 489).

### *Notes*

1. I am conscious of the equivocal nature of this phrase, but choose it in defense of my position that "everything is data" at least potentially (Karen March et. al.), and therefore a task as mundane as walking the dog (or what critics call "hanging around" in the field) can be made into the object of study and research. In likening the sociologist to a hustler, Robert Prus explains: "Since professional hustlers think of hustling as a long-term activity, they tend to look for hustling opportunities in almost all settings they encounter (much like the symbolic interactionist). Card and dice hustlers, for example, do not particularly care whether the event they are going to work is a community picnic, an undertakers' convention, a turkey shoot, a benefit dinner, or a policeman's retirement party. Much more important is whether they can locate the event and successfully involve the participants in a gambling event... If researchers build their projects around existing contacts (or activities that build contacts, such as

dog walking), they, like the hustlers, can often expedite the process" (1980: 134) (Comments mine).

2. Or autoethnography, when incorporating "systematic examination of personal experiences, emotions and interpretations" (Sanders 1993: 208). Also see Denzin 1989.

3. This would be Algonquin, Odawa, Iroquois and other ancient people, going back some 10,000 years.

4. By using the term "we," the animal-human dyad is constructed as a "single acting unit" (Arluke and Sanders 1996: 73). Also, as will later be seen, "The meanings of animals re not fixed because they are social constructions. How we think about animals, as well as ourselves, is bound to change as society itself changes" (1996: 191).

5. "Public territories are those areas where the individual has freedom of access, but not necessarily of action, by virtue of his claim to citizenship... Since the rights of discrepant groups to use these territories as citizens sometimes contradicts the privileges accorded them as persons, such territories are not infrequently the testing grounds of challenges to authority... Public territories are thus ambiguous with respect to accorded freedoms. First, the official rights of access may be regularly violated by local custom. Second, status discrepancy may modify activity and entrance rights." Further confusion arises in "home territories" such as clubs and bars, where "regular participants have a relative freedom of behavior and a sense of intimacy and control over the area," but the areas of home and public territories "are not always clearly differentiated in the social world and what may be defined and used as a public place by some may be defined and used as a home territory by others" (Lyman 1970: 91-92). Hence contested.

6. The effect of pet ownership on people's health has been shown to be a positive one in most studies. Siegel worked with multiple regression of demographic, health, life events, pet ownership and other variables for 938 Medicare patients in the U.S., and showed that "these data show quite clearly that pets – in particular dogs – can influence physician utilization among the elderly. Pet owners visited the doctor less than non-owners... and pets seemed to buffer people against the impact of stressful life events." Dog owners "spent more time with their pets... felt more attached... were more likely to cite security as a benefit... dogs more than other pets met their owners' needs for companionship and attachment" (1993: 165). Vormbrock and Grossberg demonstrated that touching and petting a dog, as opposed to speaking to it, significantly lowers blood pressure rates (1988: 509). Walsh and Merton found that training dogs significantly lowered depression and raised self-esteem among a population of women prisoners (1994).

7. Dogs can be a social aid; this is confirmed by a study in which subjects rated photographs of people with and without dogs, results of which "indicate that people appear happier, safer, and make a better 'picture' when seen with a dog," also they are seen to be "more relaxed" (Rossbach and Wilson 1992: 40). Further, a recent study by June McNicholas in the *British Journal of Psychology* shows that dogs are a "wonderful social ice-breaker." A woman followed on her daily routine for five days had three conversations when without a dog, and 65 when accompanied. Even shabbily dressed experimenters with vicious looking dogs had "improved social interaction." (15/2/00: B4). Robins et al showed that dogs breach the "civil inattention" normally expressed between strangers (Goffman 1963: 84); further that societies of dog owners are formed. Their "Westside Park" is similar to the Glebe dog parks in that dog owners form an "ongoing public collectivity," create boundaries for the drafting of new members (such as the limiting of early conversations to dog matters) and so on. (1991).

8. In *Regarding Animals*, Arluke and Sanders show how a dog's identity is mutually constructed among the owner, dog, and others (a discursive production of selves): "Typically, those who live with companion animals routinely define them as minded actors, as virtual persons... they typically are socially incorporated as members of the family... It is through ongoing interactional experience with the dog that the owner learns to "read" gaze, vocalizations, body expressions and other communicative acts." Going further, "through the process of speaking for the dog," the owner "actively constructs – both for him or her-self and others – the identity of the animal" (1996: 65-67).

9. I admit to a certain nostalgic sentiment toward the way things 'used to be' when I was a kid with my dog in the city and country. Perhaps it was my youth, but also different times, as Maria Battiata describes: "Some tectonic plate had shifted in the culture from my childhood in the 60s and 70s, when responsible canine management still consisted mostly of opening the back door and letting the dog out... By the mid-90s, leash laws and clean-up-after-your-dog-laws had been joined by no-dogs-on-the-beach laws, and keep-your-dog-out-of-my-park laws, even proposals for banning entire breeds of dog... (and) had not the tenor of this conversation changed as well, from pleasant suggestion to indignant demand? From 'Responsible dog owners clean up after their pets' to 'DON'T EVEN THINK OF LETTING YOUR DOG SQUAT HERE' (31/7/99).

10. The NCC is a semi-autonomous regional body with jurisdiction over hundreds of acres of greenspace in Ottawa-Hull. Its federally appointed officers are not answerable to local, provincial or regional authorities, they make their own rules. As will be seen, their attempt to impose new regulations on dog owners in Ottawa resulted in a severe backlash.

11. Lands designated as dog parks are a recent phenomenon. "The first organized struggle for a formal dog park in the United States came in 1985... in Berkeley (Calif.) as competition for local space was intensifying" (31/7/99).

12. As a supervisor on this paper and also a local dog owner, this professor was what Johnson calls an "Inside Dopester," who is "a person who expresses an interest in directing the substantive concerns of a research project. To put it differently, he is the one with his own ideas about what the researcher should study" (1975: 122). In this case, our interests in freedom for dogs coincided, and my informant was able to provide me with many good leads for interviews and events.

13. In Ottawa overall, John Robson estimates that some 33% of households have dogs, meaning there are at least 300,000 dogs in the city (5/11/99: A18). That figure would seem to be higher in the Glebe: Of the 14 apartments in my building, three have dogs for a total of five and people sometimes babysit other dogs. The two houses directly opposite my apartment have dogs; the woman two doors down the street has a dog, as does our neighbor on the other side of and behind the building. In eighteen households, there are ten dogs, or over 50% of households have dogs. This is closer to a 1988 national survey by the Veterinary Medical Association which shows that almost 40% of American households include an average of 1.5 dogs (Sanders 1993: 209). In the U.K. and Northern Ireland, the number is around 25% (Wells et al 1997: 45). Based on a number of studies, Siegel estimates that "one third to one half of all households in the English speaking world have pets" such as dogs and cats (1993: 157).

14. In Paris, where the city's 200,000 dogs deposit 16 tonnes of waste daily, largely on city streets and sidewalks, some 12,000 is cleaned up by 70 contracted workers on scooters. Nonetheless, 650 people per year are admitted to hospital after slipping on dog excrement on the sidewalk. Parisians are known to be dog lovers but are notoriously lazy about picking up; a Harris poll shows that 94% of Parisians polled found dog waste to be the most offensive type of public litter (10/11/99: A15). *Washington Post* reporter Mary Battista, who compiled a four-page feature on dogs for the *Ottawa Citizen*, estimates that "The average dog produces about 140 grams of excrement a day. There are about 28,000 dogs in the city of Ottawa alone, producing 3,920 kilograms (daily)" or roughly the equivalent weight of two large cars (31/7/99).

15. This 1900 letter is from a time of transition, when working dogs were no longer needed and the concept of "pets" had not yet arrived in the cities. In a Marxist analysis, Phineas points out that dogs as domestic pets, as opposed to working animals kept along with farm animals in the 19<sup>th</sup> century cities, were a post-WWI phenomenon among the lower and middle classes. "The non-utilitarian pet is something of an unknown for nineteenth-century society" although cities were "full of wandering animals." As the extended family

## *Alternate Routes*

collapsed in the industrial cities, servanthood declined, births became more limited leading to the nuclear family, dogs became "docile and undemanding... subordinate family members" to compensate and also add social cachet (1973: 339-340). As the history of pets became "the history of middle-class standards for pets," it came to be that the "award-winning animal was not the natural animal, but a cosmeticized creature whose main virtue was complete docility" (342).

16. When recounting some of these stories recently to a colleague, one who has no pets, he remarked that I had a lot of nerve to be "imposing" Peaches on people and the public. I hadn't thought of it that way, I just wanted to bring her along and most people enjoyed that, but I must admit that some people do find her presence an imposition, or a territorial intrusion.

17. I smoke, as does this owner, and probably my dog is exposed to too much of it. The effects of owners' smoking (and other licit consumption, such as alcohol) on dogs has not been studied. In a 1995 Health Canada survey of smoking and non-smoking women in university some respondents "equated smoking in the home with child abuse, and one even mentioned animal abuse, if pets were forced to live with smokers" (Kellner 1999: 5).

18. Although breeds such as the Pit Bull and Rottweiler account for a large number of serious dog attacks, Terrier types account for almost a third of all dog attacks (see Budiansky 1999). There are many statistics on dog bites, but none are conclusive. Most fail to take into account relative numbers of breeds in the dog population (Pit Bulls are a small but growing percentage, Terriers are common). In his 1985 study of dog bites in Dallas, Wright showed that the most common dog bites are inflicted by "owned, male dogs that bit victims that were male, 20 years of age or younger, and acquainted with but not living in the same household as the dog" (1990: 113). Owned dogs were more likely to bite, and cause serious harm, than strays. Most dog attacks/bites occur in late May and early June (ibid, *Ottawa Citizen* reports), partly I think because dogs and people are meeting again after a period of long confinement and separation (territorial bounds must be redefined). Dogs most at risk to attack are those that are normally kept chained or confined and not properly socialized or exercised. Another survey show that in Texas in 1996, 56% of serious dog attacks were by Mastiff breeds such as Pit Bulls, which is a very high number considering that Mastiffs make up a small percentage of the total dog population. B. C

19. For both animals and people, Robert Ardrey observes that "The disposition to possess a territory is innate. The command to defend it is also innate. But its position and borders will be learned" (1970: 24). It is in the learning that conflict occurs. Also, perhaps, at least for people, "We are antagonistic beings, despite all social necessity..." (despite a biological right of privacy); "Why do we enter crowds the more advantageously to resent them, gather in cities the

more richly to possess neighbors to complain about?" (1970: 162-163) Is it partly because, as Ardrey argues in the case of human warlike behavior, "The territorial imperative is as blind as a cave fish, as consuming as a furnace, and it commands beyond logic, opposes all reason, suborns all moralities, strives for no goal more sublime than survival" (236).

20. In his examinations of "human ecology" and the city as a natural phenomenon, Park argues that social stability is determined "largely by physical distances" and by people being "rooted in the soil," a reference I think of every time I am in my garden. While some, such as property owners, are rooted in the Glebe, the mobility of many other people in the area makes for constant change (1952: 120).

21. Regarding the "community" or "society" of dog owners, more from the same article: "The roots of all this go back around 10 years, when the first Los Angeles dog park formed at the top of Laurel Canyon. Many people in the Hollywood crowd live here, and celebrities quickly chose sides. The late Anthony Perkins complained that his wife and children were afraid to use the park because of the dogs. Artist David Hockney, whose much-painted dachshund, Stanley, used the Laurel Canyon park to exercise, defended the right of dogs to run free. "Whenever I run into David Hockney," Mike Woo, then a Los Angeles City Councilman, remarked wearily to me in the early days of the Laurel Canyon leash-free zone, "all I want to do is talk about art, and all he wants to do is talk about the dog park." The star-studded status of the Laurel Canyon park is not lost on those in less rarefied sections of town. "I don't take Chopper here anymore," said one of my Silverlake neighbors, an actress, about her boxer. "Over at Laurel Canyon ... well, you just meet a better class of dog." Silverlake, being Silverlake, does attract its share of weirdos." In the Glebe also, certain people seem to prefer certain parks, perhaps partially for the human social circles involved.

22. Gusfield notes that "common territory" is necessary to "communal sentiment," to the extent that it is "an essential condition for community" and is often coterminous as in "the local community"" (Gusfield 1975: 32). As a single male and an avowed researcher, new to the territory, I am not part of this "community" in the park.

23. Most people I talked to were enthusiastic about this project. This neighbor regarded me as a threat. As Sanders says, "the presentation of oneself as non-threatening is of central importance for the field worker. Additionally, the researcher is well advised to adopt a relatively naïve manner... (which) allows the researcher to legitimately ask questions about taken-for-granted features of the setting and the interaction which takes place therein...(But) Presenting oneself as an acceptable incompetent because increasingly problematic as the researcher spends more time in the field and becomes identified as someone

## *Alternate Routes*

who knows the ropes" (Sanders 1980: 164). The more I "legitimately" asked questions or made comments regarding dogs or the park, the more my neighbor became hostile.

24. "Social risks may arise wherever there is an encounter... encounters are morally serious occasions fraught with great risks where one puts on the line a public face... While the interactants are aware that each is putting on a public face, they will look for clues to glean some "real self" presumably lurking beneath the mask... encounters are hazardous because of the ever present possibility that identity and status will be disconfirmed or damaged by behavior" (Lyman 1970: 146-47). The risk here would perhaps be brought about obtrusion, "the capacity of a claimant to press territorial demands into a wider sphere than others feel is his due" (Goffman 1971: 51).

25. The resultant discussions amongst staff did nothing to help the situation, in that rather than confront issues and resolve them they escalated things through what Goffman calls the "treatment of the absent," where "in service trades... customers who are treated respectfully during the performance are often ridiculed, gossiped about, caricatured, cursed and criticized... plans may be worked out for "selling" them, or employing "angles" against them, or pacifying them... secret derogation seems much more common than secret praise, perhaps because such derogation serves to maintain the solidarity of the team, demonstrating mutual regard at the expense of those absent and compensating, perhaps, for the loss of self-respect that may occur when the audience must be accorded accommodative face-to-face treatment (1958:108-109). In the case of dogs, as Alison Ingram demonstrated, people are more likely to complain to authorities about dog behavior than confront the owner (see Ingram in last Spring section).

25. Smaller communities tend toward more "intimate and personal associations." Park pointed out in his 1916 study "The City" that in urban environments "the individual's status is determined (more by) fashion and "front," and the art of life is largely reduced to skating on thin surfaces and a scrupulous study of style and manners" (1952: 47). Similarly, "Goffman's social actor, like Machiavelli's Prince, lives externally. He engages in a daily round of impression management, presenting himself to advantage when he is able, rescuing what he can from a bad show. His everyday life consists of interaction rituals... saving his own and someone else's face... in general being continuously alive to the requirements of behavior in public places" (Lyman 1970: 20). One of those requirements, I think, is a lower profile than the one we had been keeping, as both patron and researcher.

26. As Gusfield found in his study of four bars, "there was both interaction between legal and social controls and observance of social controls with indifference to law" with regards to drinking and driving, but the same can be

said of this bar and its pro-dog policy (1996: 166). This helps make the idea of a dog being barred from its 'local' somewhat less absurd.

27. "Control of territory is a major source of identity, and among persons and groups in status transition (which is endemic in a pluralistic society such as the Glebe) the territorial imperative may be uppermost in their minds" (Lyman 1970: 219). "Public territories are... ambiguous with respect to accorded freedoms. First, the official rights of access may be regularly violated by local custom. Second, status discrepancy may modify activity and entrance rights." Further confusion arises in "home territories" such as clubs and bars, where "regular participants have a relative freedom of behavior and a sense of intimacy and control over the area," but the areas of home and public territories "are not always clearly differentiated in the social world and what may be defined and used as a public place by some may be defined and used as a home territory by others" (Lyman 1970: 91-92).

28. Dr. Michael Fox, veterinarian and senior scholar of bioethics with the Humane Society of the U.S.: "My voice as a veterinarian and a behaviorist is that dogs on the leash tend to be more aggressive because they feel more vulnerable when they're constrained and they are protective when they're attached to their owners" (4/11/99: A1).

29. I think this is one of the worst causes of misbehavior in dogs. As *Rogue Primate* author John Livingston argues, "there are those who will leave their dogs alone, chained in a backyard or garage or shut in a basement all day long, and then expect them to behave like gentlefolk. But dogs, like us, are social beings, and solitary confinement is just about the worst thing that can befall us. We go stir-crazy. Then, anything can happen." (29/1/00: A 19-20)

30. English Mastiffs were bred in the 1700s as an "agent of social control" and kept chained during the days, to be released at night to attack poachers. Like the Rottweiler, a descendant of Roman Mastiffs trained in Germany as personal attack dogs for farmers and merchants carrying money from market, it was bred to be a fearsome and deadly attack dog (Lilly 1997: 133). There is a rich history in the use and breeding of dogs for social control, in everything from war to slavery to police work and private protection, beyond the ken of this work. It is worth noting though that fears for individual safety today that result in "informal responses to crime" such as house alarms and gun ownership "have long shaped the parameters that define the custodial and protective expectations people have of dogs" (1997: 132); and so there is acceptance and even encouragement of ownership of aggressive breeds.

31. Sanders points out that "animal companions (are) far more than objects: they (are) minded, creative, empathetic, and responsive. The animal-human relationships they share is authentically social" (1993: 212). Further, "pets (particularly dogs) can be emotional substitutes for significant others like

spouses, romantic partners and children," and single, divorced, childless and remarried people are most likely to "attribute human qualities to their pets" (Albert 1987: 22). Wells et al point out a gender difference in the attitudes towards animals in Northern Ireland: Women are described as having more "moralistic" attitudes towards animals (against exploitation, humanistic and sentimental) while men are characterized as more "utilitarian" and "dominionistic" (practical functions, dominance in sporting or competitive events) (1997: 46).

32. Mary Battiata traces this through "rapidly developing suburbs around major cities" in the 70s, with shrinking land and increased auto traffic making it inhospitable for dogs, to echo boomers "filling the parks with strollers and toddlers once again" in the 90s. At the same time, larger dogs, the canine equivalent of SUVs, became more popular and "So the dogs were getting bigger and everything else was shrinking – time, green space. In those conditions, marginal dog behavior became intolerable. Jumping up on strangers, knocking over toddlers, sullyng the sidewalk – all of those behaviors once treated with a measure of forbearance suddenly were not." Or, as J.R. Ackerley, author of *My Dog Tulip* put it: "Like the smoker, the dog owner in the late 1990s is a presumed scofflaw, guilty until proven otherwise, a self-indulgent creature whose expensive little habit carries health risks that pose an economic burden to the rest of society... a loose dog, once as unremarkable as a loose cat, is now an emergency" (31/7/99).

33. Although the NCC declared it was acting on an escalating number of complaints (their figures show a rise from 100 to 600 yearly from 1994 to 1999), critics claim that the commission may be acting a) to regulate and stabilize lands it may be thinking of selling and b) to force owners to assume liability for "public liability and property damage insurance coverage" including dog run signage specifying "that owners take full liability for any personal injury, death or property damage caused by their dog" (NCC 1999).

34. Battiata sees increasing dog regulation and parks as inevitable, designed with "private initiative, public resources and compromise all the way around," noting that "the struggle to establish a dog park can strengthen as well as divide a community, and the benefits can ripple far beyond the park's confines" (31/7/9).

35. "From the outset, the observer should carefully monitor his or her subjective experience in the field. Feelings of discomfort, threat, and self-consciousness are important data, as they are recognized, analyzed and recorded in the researcher's field notes. This data allows the investigator to keep track of research bias and changes in the ways he or she is perceived by various interactants... (and) also provide a foundation for understanding the discomfort normally experienced by other actors in the setting" (Sanders 1980: 168).

Further, "Researchers acquire the richest data by examining their own experiences, seeing how others react to their in-the-field performances, and attending to the changes in their self concepts as the investigation proceeds" (Arluke and Sanders 1996: 25-26).

36. The NCC had underestimated people's affection for their dogs, as was shown in the reaction to the *Atlantic Monthly* article, and their desire to exercise and socialize them as part of their family. A January 2000 American Animal Hospital Association survey of 1,200 pet owners in Canada and U.S. showed that 72% of people greet pet before mate when arriving home; 31% state that their pet understands them better than mate; 84% call themselves their pet's "mom" or "dad;" 65% have sung and danced with or for their pets; 46% allow their pet to sleep in their bed most of the time. Owners take their pets to the vet twice as often as they visit doctors. 98% celebrate Christmas with their pet, but only 2% Hannukah. 23% dress their animal up on Halloween, 65% throw birthday parties for their pets and when giving gifts to their pets, 43% wrap them. 51% of dog owners have just one dog, and 28% have two, compared to cat owners, 33% who have at least three cats and 11% have at least five. (9/1/00: A5)

37. The Glebe is not unlike other communities in this of course. Park described two communities in an urban region in 1919, one well-off and one a slum, where "the laws which prevail are not a communal product, and there is no organized public opinion which supports and contributes to their enforcement." Like the Glebe, he describes this region of "different classes and kinds of people" as in transition: "Everywhere the old order is passing, but the new order has not arrived. Everything is loose and free, and everything is problematic" (1952: 88-89).

38. In Iroquois culture, around mid-February, a Midwinter ceremony is held to cure the sicknesses of the winter and welcome in the strength of spring. Tooker (1985) describes the attendant White Dog Ceremony from years ago where a white dog is imbued with all the fears and hopes of the community, then thrown into the fire. This is an extreme example of the dog-human closeness, a direct link, evoked when the situation becomes trying or dangerous. So-called "cabin fever" kicks in at this time of year also, and there is no reason to believe that dogs do not suffer from it as well.

39. "In contrast to conventional positivistic assumptions about the interactional abilities and emotional experience of nonhuman animals, there is considerable evidence that dogs and other animals with whom humans routinely interact do at least possess a rudimentary ability to "take the role of the other;" and they behave in ways that are purposefully intended to shape interactions to *accomplish their defined goals* or *communicate an understanding* of their associates' subjective experience" (Arluke and Sanders 1996: 44-45).

40. This goes well beyond the traditional concept of dogs' abilities. As Mead explained... "the dog cannot give to himself that stimulus that somebody else gives to him. He can respond to it he cannot himself take a hand, so to speak, in conditioning his own reflexes" (1962: 108). Most people would disagree, according to a study on anthropomorphism by Eddy et. al., who found that when asked to rate 30 animals' cognitive abilities, according to questions such as whether "you feel the animal could trick another animal into going to a place where he/she knows food *isn't* in order to get the food itself" or "the degree to which you feel the animal experiences the world in a way that is similar to the way you experience (it)," rated from one to 10, dogs placed 6.6 on the index, slightly lower than chimps and gorillas in the 7 range, and not far behind humans at 9.7. By comparison, cats were rated 6.1, pigs and cows at 3.6, canaries and crocodiles at 2.6, and worms and cockroaches at 1. (1993: 92-93)

41. In her conclusion, the author tells of being intimidated by a neighbor's dog, leading to fences being erected and right-of-way disputes. She had tried "informal mediation" with the neighbor and the landlord (who was also his neighbor's father) and thought she had been successful, using a tried and tested sociological technique. After a few more encounters though, she was asked to move out. "Conflict management, in my study, did not prove to be a simple matter of practicing moral minimalism and hoping somehow everything would work itself out. Instead, people seem to be willing to use various tactics, searching the range of possibilities until they arrive at an action that brings the conflict situation to a workable solution..." Given her own later data showing that direct conflict was the least preferable way of dealing with dog problems among her respondents, the author could have foreseen that after numerous complaints on her part, her landlord would solve the conflict using "permanent avoidance" and serve her with an eviction notice (1995: 169-170). Perhaps, like the woman across from our dog park, she should have called the police instead.

### **References**

- Adler, Patricia A. and Adler, Peter. 1997. "Parent-as-Researcher: The Politics of Researching in Personal Life" in Hertz, Rossana (ed.). *Reflexivity and Voice*: 21-44.
- Albas, Dan and Albas, Cheryl. 1998. "Experience, Methodological Observation and Theory" in Grills, Scott. *Doing Ethnographic Research*: 121-142.
- Albert, Alexa and Bulcroft, Kris. 1987. "Pets and Urban Life" in *Anthrozoos* 1/ 1: 9-25.
- Ardrey, Robert. 1970. *The Territorial Imperative*. New York: Athenum
- Arluke, Arnold. and Sanders, Clinton R. 1996. *Regarding Animals*. Temple University Press.
- Becker, H. S. 1989. "Tricks of the trade" in *Studies in Symbolic Interaction* 10: 481-490.

- Budiansky, Stephen. "The Truth About Dogs" in *Atlantic Monthly* July 1999: 39-53.
- Charmaz, Kathy and Mitchell, Richard G. Jr. 1997. "The Myth of Silent Authorship" in Hertz, Rosanna (ed.) *Reflexivity and Voice*: 193-215.
- Davies, Bronwyn and Harré, Rom. 1990. "Positioning the Discursive Production of Selves" in *Journal for the Theory of Social Behaviour* 20/1: 43-63.
- Denzin, Norman K. and Lincoln, Yvonna S. 1994. "Entering the field of qualitative research" in the *Handbook of Qualitative Research*: 1-17.
- Denzin, Norman K. (ed.). 1994. *Handbook of Qualitative Research*. Thousand Oaks, Calif.: Sage Press.
- Denzin, Norman K.. 1989. *Interpretive Interactionism*. Newbury Park, Calif.: Sage Press.
- Diamond, Beverley and Witmer, Robert (Eds.). 1994. *Canadian Music - Issues of Hegemony and Identity*. Toronto: Canadian Scholars Press.
- DeVault, Marjorie L. 1997. "Personal Writing in Social Research" in Hertz, Rosanna (ed.) *Reflexivity and Voice*: 216-228.
- Eddy, Timothy J. with Gordon G. Gallup Jr. and Daniel J. Povinelli. 1993. "Attribution of Cognitive States to Animals: Anthropomorphism in Comparative Perspective" in *Journal of Social Issues* 49/1: 87-101.
- Glaser, Barney G. and Anselm L. Strauss. 1967. *The Discovery of Grounded Theory*. Chicago: Aldine Publishing.
- Goffman, Erving. 1971. *Relations in Public: Microstudies of the Public Order*. New York: Basic Books.
- Goffman, Erving. 1958. *The Presentation of the Self in Everyday Life*. University of Edinburgh Press.
- Grass, Gunter. 1999. "To be continued..." in the *Ottawa Citizen* 9/12/99: A10.
- Grills, Scott. 1998. *Doing Ethnographic Research*. Thousand Oaks: Sage.
- , 1998. "On Being Nonpartisan in Partisan Settings" in Grills, Scott. *Doing Ethnographic Research*. Thousand Oaks: Sage.
- Guba, Egon G. and Lincoln, Yvonna S. 1994. "Competing Paradigms in Qualitative Research" in the *Handbook of Qualitative Research*: 105-117
- Gubrium, Jaber. 1988. *Analyzing Field Reality*. London: Sage Publications.
- Gubrium, Jaber F. and Holstein, James A. 1997. *The new language of qualitative method*. New York: Oxford University Press.
- Guiness, Alec. 1999. *A Positively Final Appearance - A Journal, 1996-1998*. London: Harrish Hamilton Ltd.
- Gusfield, Joseph R. 1996. *Contested Meanings - The Construction of Alcohol Problems*. Madison: U of Wisconsin Press.
- , 1975. *Community - A Critical Response*. Oxford: Basil Blackwell.
- Herndon, Marcia. 1982. *Native American Music*. Darby, Pennsylvania: Norwood Editions.

## *Alternate Routes*

- Hertz, Rossana (ed.). 1997. *Reflexivity and Voice*. Thousand Oaks: Sage Publications.
- Homans, George. 1964. "Bringing Men Back In' in the *American Sociological Review* 29/6: 809-818.
- Ingram, Alyson Leigh. 1995. *Barking Dogs, Bothersome Neighbors, and Trampled Gardens (and Other Serious Conflict Situations): How People Respond to Nuisances and Conflicts at Home*. Ph.D. Dissertation, Washington State University.
- Johnson, John M. 1975. *Doing Field Research*. New York: The Free Press.
- Karp, David A. 1980. "Observing Behavior in Public Places: Problems and Strategies" in Shaffir, William B. et. al. *Fieldwork Experience – Qualitative Approaches to Social Research*: 82-98.
- Kellner, Florence. 1999. "The Smoking Self: Views of Young Women's Tobacco Use by Users, Former Users and non-Users." Paper presented in May 1999 at the Qualitative Analysis Conference, Fredericton NB.
- Latour, Bruno. 1996. *ARAMIS or The Love of Technology*. Cambridge: Harvard U Press.
- , 1993. *We Have Never Been Modern*. Cambridge: Harvard U Press.
- Laughlin, Charles D. 1992. "Fuzziness and Phenomenology in Ethnological Research: Insights from Fuzzy Sets Theory" in *Qualitative Analysis Conference Proceedings* 2, May 22-25, Carleton University: 1-48
- Lawrence, Elizabeth. 1989. "Wild Birds: Therapeutic Encounters and Human Meanings" in *Anthrozoos* 3: 111-118.
- Lilly, J Robert; Puckett, Michael B. 1997. "Social Control and Dogs: A Socio-historical Analysis" in *Crime and Delinquency* 43/2: 123-147
- Lindner, Rolf. 1990. *The Reportage of Urban Culture: Robert Park and the Chicago School*. Cambridge University Press.
- Lyman, Stanfrod M. and Scott, Marvin B. 1970. *A Sociology of the Absurd*. New York: Meredith Corporation.
- Mead, George Herbert. 1962. *Mind, Self and Society*. Chicago: U of Chicago Press.
- Mills, C. Wright. 1959. *The Sociological Imagination*. New York: Grove Press.
- Mitchell, Robert W; Thompson, Nicholas S. 1990. "The Effects of Familiarity on Dog-Human Play" in *Anthrozoos* 4/1: 24-43.
- Mykhalovsky, Eric. 1997. "Reconsidering "Table Talk" – Critical Thoughts on the Relationship Between Sociology, Autobiography and Self-Indulgence" in Hertz, Rosanna (ed.) *Reflexivity and Voice*: 229-251.
- NCC. 1999. *Proposed NCC Domestic Animal Regulation and Dog Run Facilities Study – Executive Summary*. Press Release Kit November 1999.
- Patterson, Michael. 1996. *Native Music in Canada: Through the Seven Fires*. Carleton U MA thesis.

- Park, Robert E. 1952. *Human Communities - The City and Human Ecology*. Glencoe: The Free Press.
- Park, Robert E. with Ernest W Burgess and R. D. McKenzie. 1925. *The City*. Chicago: U of Chicago Press.
- Peltier, Wilfred. 1988. "Thinking the World in to Being: Storytelling in Native Society." MA Research Essay for the School of Canadian Studies, Carleton U.
- Phineas, Charles. "Household Pets and Urban Alienation' in *Journal of Social History* 7/3: 338-343.
- Prus, Robert. 1980. "Sociologist as Hustler: the Dynamics of Acquiring Information' in Shaffir, William B. with Robert A. Stebbins and Allan Turowetz. 1980. *Fieldwork Experience - Qualitative Approaches to Social Research*: 132-144.
- Talk at the QAC on interactionist ethnography with sharpened poststructural tools including increased awareness of subtexts, expressions of power secreted in the research, primacy of the text or event over the subject; the resulting prioritizing of concerns of the researcher over the concerns and claims subject of the subject runs counter to traditional interactionist ethnography and intersubjectivity (Dilthey, Mead, Blumer), however.
- Robins, Douglas M. with Clinton R. Sanders and Spencer E. Cahill. 1991. "Dogs and their People: Pet-Facilitated Interaction in a Public Setting" in *Journal of Contemporary Ethnography* 20/1: 3-25
- Roszbach, Kelly Ann and John P. Wilson. 1992. "Does a Dog's Presence Make a Person Appear More Likable?: Two Studies" in *Anthrozoos* 5/1: 40-51.
- Sanders, Clinton R. 1993. "Understanding Dogs: Caretakers" Attributes of Mindedness in Canine-Human relationships" in *Journal of Contemporary Ethnography* 22/2: 205-225
- Sanders, Clinton R. 1980. "Rope Burns: Impediments to the Achievement of Basic Comfort Early in the Field Research Experience" in Shaffir, William B. with Robert A. Stebbins and Allan Turowetz. 1980. *Fieldwork Experience - Qualitative Approaches to Social Research*: 158-183.
- Shaffir, William B. with Robert A. Stebbins and Allan Turowetz. 1980. *Fieldwork Experience - Qualitative Approaches to Social Research*. New York: St. Martin's Press.
- Siegel, Judith M. 1993. "Companion Animals: In Sickness and in Health" in the *Journal of Social Issues* 49/1, Spring: 157-167.
- Tenner, Edward. 1996. *Why Things Bite Back: Technology and the Revenge of Unintended Consequences*.
- Tooker, Elisabeth (Ed.). 1985. *An Iroquois Source Book. Volume 2: Calendric Rituals*. New York and London: Garland Publishing.
- Vormbrock, Julia K and John M. Grossberg. 1988. "Cardiovascular Effects of Human-Pet Dog Interactions" in *Journal of Behavioral Medicine* 11/5: 509-517.

### *Alternate Routes*

- Walsh, Paul G; and Peter G Mertin. 1994. "The Training of Pets as Therapy Dogs in a Women's Prison: A Pilot Study" in *Anthrozoos* 7/2: 124-128.
- Wells, Deborah L. and Peter G. Pepper. 1997 "Pet Ownership and Adults" Views on the Use of Animals" in *Society & Animals* 5/1: 45-63.
- Wright, John C. 1990. "Reported Dog Bites: Are Owned and Stray Dogs Different?" in *Anthrozoos* 4/ 2: 113-119.

### ***Newspapers - A Coded Index***

This data list is in chronological order, covering six months from September 1999 to February 2000. All clippings are from the *Ottawa Citizen* which I read daily, unless noted otherwise. I estimate that these references represent 75%-80% of all references in that paper over the months. There are some 60 clippings noted, with 169 articles and letters related to dogs. Of these, 66 argue for more freedom for dogs, 45 for increased controls, 35 provide general information, 10 are stories about animal abuse, seven are dog bite reports and six are dog rescue stories.

Index Code: A, reports of abuse by familiars; B, dog attack stories; C, arguments for legal controls or territorial containment of dogs; F, movements and arguments for increased freedom for dogs, lifting of restrictions; I, informational or "human" interest stories; S, dog rescue stories. Note: Routine adoption notices by the Ottawa-Carleton Humane Society were not catalogued.

- 12/7/99: D5 Two letters asking that dogs be allowed to continue to run free at Bruce Pit. F F
- 13/7/99: D5 Two letters calling for leash-free zone in Arboretum and other areas. F F
- 14/7/99: C2 Article on dog bylaws. I
- 15/7/99: D5 Six letters on both sides, regarding leash laws. C, F
- 15/7/99: A3 Two articles arguing for better integration of dogs into community through more green spaces for animals and city planning that takes dogs into account. Toronto considering creating more leash-free areas. F
- 16/7/99: D18 Mayor of Montréal announces that plans to "regulate where dogs can urinate" have been scrapped. City council had voted to prohibit dogs from urinating on private property. F
- 19/7/99: D6 Letter calling for freedom for dogs at Bruce Pit. F
- 23/7/99: F5 Three letters supporting dog freedom, one pointing out that dog owners are reliable "neighborhood watch" in places such as Bruce Pit. Letter from a dog in rebuttal to the *Atlantic Monthly* article, claiming to love his family. F F F
- 23/7/99: A15 Column by John Robson in rebuttal to the *Atlantic Monthly* article, claiming that there is cooperation and mutual emotion between dogs and

owners: "As Pavlov showed, any argument that animals are machines applies to people too, and frankly I'm more certain your dog loves you than your wife does." F

26/7/99: B5 Two letters in rebuttal to the *Atlantic Monthly* article, citing minded, concerned behavior and rescues by dogs. F, S

27/7/99: D3 A Muslim shopkeeper who refused entry to a blind man's dog is charged under the Ontario Blind Persons' Rights Act. F

27/7/99: D5 Six letters arguing for freedom for dogs, one complaining about loose dogs chasing deer. 5 F, C

28/7/99: 4 Ottawa Sun reports dog attacks cat and man. Recent "vicious" dog attacks: June 4, 8 1999; June 1, May 29, May 19 1998; May 27 1997. C

30/7/99: B2 Letter attributed to a dog in rebuttal to the *Atlantic Monthly* article. Letter arguing that dog owners are more responsible than in the past. F

31/7/99 B2-B4 Four page feature on dogs, dog parks, current troubles in Ottawa. I

31/7/99: B2 *National Post* story on Washington DC's first daycare centre for dogs. I

7/8/99: B8 Letter in rebuttal to the *Atlantic Monthly* article. I

7/8/99: B8 Letter in rebuttal to the *Atlantic Monthly* article, stating that dogs are not pets, they are our "owner-managers" and train us to do their bidding. Written by an admiring union executive. I

7/8/99: K1 Article about woman who has started dog-biscuit baking business. I

10/8/99 ? Letter by dog and cat owner in Chelsea arguing that with retractable leashes now available, no domestic animals should be allowed to run loose in the city or the country. Argues for legal accountability for dog owners and mandatory pet training. C

10/8/99 ? National Post story on dog prostheses for neutered pets (neuticles) and many other pet indulgences in the U.S. I

17/8/99 A3 "Dog lovers abuse accused" in Cobourg dog-dragging story (see below). A

17/8/99: F3 Sony pet robot dog sells 5,000 units in U.S. and Japan in two days at US\$2,500 each. Most successful new product launch in Sony history. Astro is his name-o. I

17/8/99: 16 *Ottawa Sun* describes how a man in Cobourg Ontario, who dragged his dog behind his truck, is confronted by an angry mob outside the courthouse where he was charged. The community has raised \$52, 000 towards vet bills. A

17/8/99: A1 *National Post* describes how dog found amongst a group of Chinese illegal migrants creates lineups for its adoption while public opinion insists the migrants be sent home. I

18/8/99 ? Dog found amongst a group of Chinese illegal migrants creates lineups for its adoption while public opinion insists the migrants be sent home. I

## *Alternate Routes*

23/8/99 B3 Marlen Cowpland buys fourth dog, a "fierce, four-year old rottweiler" for "protection." I

25/8/99 B1 *National Post* report on the new legal phenomenon in the U.S of "joint pet custody" for separated couples. I

31/8/99: A11 Bruce Pit in Nepean mentioned as nuisance spot with too many free dogs. NCC says it has received complaints. Candice O'Connell organizes 250 owners to gather and prepare a pro-dog strategy for the fall. F

6/9/99: B5: Reprint of 1900 letter, "Down on Dogs." A resident of Lower Town, the complainant writes that his neighborhood "is fairly polluted with yelping, barking, howling and fighting mongrels of no breed in particular." He asks: "What right has a man to keep an unclean, noisy and often dangerous animal on the street, impeding travel, defiling lawns, flowers, door-steps – in fact everything in sight. Would such nuisances be endured from human beings? Yet the depredations committed by those dogs are more unspeakable than anything a human being could do." He goes on to argue that "dogs are unnecessary in a city where police protection is paid for and furnished" and concludes that "if people are bound to make themselves disagreeable in a community, let them pay for it, make the tax prohibitive... (and) why not have dog trappers like other large cities?" C

9/9/99: C5 Reprint of 1903 letter penned by "An Old Dog" complaining about the imposition of a \$2 yearly dog tax by the city. F

13/9/99 B5 Reprint of 1910 letter complaining about packs of roving dogs in downtown Ottawa. "A lady and two little children crossing Metcalfe Street at Waverley were saved, through what seemed to the onlookers to be a miracle, from being knocked down by a horse goaded into a furious pace by the onslaught of five collies, a setter, two fox terriers and several others of the dogs infesting that neighborhood." Second letter from the writer, who does not give his name, in fear of the many reprisals from dog owners he received with his last letter. C

14/9/99: F7 A pensioner who must euthanize her Poodle of 18 years receives over 300 calls of offers to help with the costs. I

28/9/99: D5 Letter from 1916 in which writers complain about treatment of horses and dogs in Ottawa, in particular the common practice of hitching dogs to carts and having them pull "ignorant and thoughtless boys" around the streets. "Often times it is only a small Spaniel, and the boy is 15 or 16 years of age... Lame horses and harnessed dogs seem to be more peculiar to Ottawa than to any other city of my experience." F

3/10/99: A1 Feature on the debate between Catholics, who do not believe that dogs go to heaven, and Anglicans, who have recently stated that they do. Also a review of books on the subject such as Mary Buddemeyer's *Will I See Fido in Heaven?* Anglican Rev. Bill Prentice argues that since dogs can't sin (no free

will) they must be allowed into heaven, also: "Mean dogs that attack people also warrant a place in heaven, because such behavior is often the result of poor training, or reflects a personality trait of the dog's owner." Rev. Deacon holds a "blessing of the animals" at the Humane Society. Also see 12/10/99, 22/1/00. I  
4/10/99 B1 Feature on the blessing of animals at the Feast of St. Francis of Assisi. I

8/10/99: 13 Notice in the *Glebe Report* by columnist Clyde Sanger that "Rafiki intends to celebrate his 13<sup>th</sup> birthday in his accustomed manner, by inviting all other Jack Russell terriers in the neighborhood and beyond to a party in Brown's Inlet, for games and a character contest. Due to the absurdly stringent regulations and heavy fines put upon unleashed dogs in Brown's Inlet until October 31, he is planning the party for Saturday, November 6, at 4 p.m." F

12/10/99: A17 Arguments for and against dogs going to heaven, in response to an Anglican minister's assertion that they do. Three letters. One argues that the beaver, endowed with reason and the possibility of cultural evolution, as described by writers in the 1800s, would be a likelier candidate. I

16/10/99 B2: Feature about a woman from Edmonton crossing Canada on her buckboard, pulled by six Huskys. Left with a quarter in her pocket after a fight with her boyfriend. She was in Kakabeka falls near North Bay, headed for Newfoundland. F

23/10/99 A1: NCC announces "plans to transform the dog's breakfast of leash laws on its lands into a single menu of rules to cover all its properties," calling for leashes on all land and trails, exclusion of dogs from picnic areas, beaches, campsites etc., and the creation of "special fenced-in areas" for dogs, financed and maintained by the dog owners. C

28/10/99: D5Reprint on 1939 letter: The writer is distressed that a Fox Terrier is listed as part of a lot in a bailiff's sale. If the dog was seized along with the owner's belongings, it should be returned. F

31/10/99: A1 Above the fold color picture of a dog barking at a Sony Aibo Robot Dog. Cost: \$3,500 I

31/10/99: A9 Article on dog "perceptiveness," a kind of telepathy described by scientist Rupert Sheldrake. I

31/10/99: C6 Letter from cyclist recently attacked by roaming Rottweiler in Rockcliffe Park, who gets no sympathy from the dog's owner. Has been attacked 4-5 times cycling on city paths by different types of dogs. Hopes police will act. C

2/11/99: A17 Two letters in support of free dogs, one backing the NCC. F F, C

2/11/99: D3 National Capital Coalition for People and Dogs declares NCC's planned 3-5-acre fenced runs are too small and inappropriate. Candice O'Connell says "if they want to take dog walking and throw it into that level where everybody is standing around having a cup of coffee and watching their dogs

run around, that's not the basis of recreational dog walking." A Florida consultant, who runs a dog park in Coral Springs, says that fenced-in dog parks, with varied recreational areas (open space, "discovery zone" with tunnels and jumps, park benches for "reading" etc.) are a good idea. Also Humane Society announces 167 dog adoptions during Adopt-s-Dog month in October. F, C

3/11/99: C1 "Dog owners hijack NCC dog meeting" as 1,000 people in Ottawa show up to protest the NCC rules. 30 owners get up to give impromptu speeches. Comments from owners include mine: "I walk my dog all around the Glebe. I take her down to Brown's Inlet and let her go. This is Nazism. That sounds extreme but I can see they're trying to corral people into a U.S. system of segregation. The trend in the U.S. is for common dog places where they put fences between dogs and people. Do you remember Lassie? If Lassie had been caged up little Timmie wouldn't have been rescued." One of my key informants: "I run with my dog through the arboretum. I put him on a leash and get there and then let him off. I'm out by 7 a.m. It would be cruel to me and my dog to put him on a leash." One owner from Russia bought a house near Bruce Pit so her dog could run free: "When I see a dog walking on a leash, I feel not safe. I'm afraid of dogs on a leash; it means the dog's not obedient." A retired woman who enjoys dog walking says: "Dog walkers do a great deal for our neighborhood. We keep the parks clean and safe. My dog and I, we both run free." FFFFF

4/11/99: A1 Dr. Michael Fox, veterinarian and senior scholar of bioethics with the Humane Society of the U.S. states that dogs need to run and be with each other off leash. He notes an ideal park in Washington where dogs run free, mixed with cyclists and kids, self-policed by the owners. "My voice as a veterinarian and a behaviorist is that dogs on the leash tend to be more aggressive because they feel more vulnerable when they're constrained and they are protective when they're attached to their owners." F

4/11/99: D1 NCC dog forum in Hull attracts only 40 people. In most Québec parks, dogs are not allowed at all and leashes are required everywhere else, so the public may even gain some ground with the new laws. C

4/11/99: A17 Five letters against NCC, two in support. CC, FFFFF

5/11/99: A18 Columnist John Robson: "The growing uproar over the NCC's incomprehensible decision to ban dogs from its parks is a classic example (of how to politicize the previously non-political): About one-third of households in the region have dogs; people with dogs are the main users of those parks; dogs unlike people absolutely must have access to open semi-wild spaces for their mental and physical health; people have lived with dogs since the dawn of time; so some bureaucrats decided in effect to ban them." F

5/11/99: F4 Columnist Randall Denley argues that "real dogs" should be kept out of cities. C

7/11/99: C2 Letter advocating large fees for dog ownership, in the thousands of dollars, on the reasoning that if one can't afford the fee, one can't afford to be a responsible dog owner. C

8/11/99: B12 Feature about a golden retriever credited with helping a patient recover from heart surgery. S

10/11/99: A15 *National Post* story on Parisians' love for and indulgence of dogs, problem being there are few parks for them to use so the city contracts 70 people on scooters to pick up dog deposits on city streets and sidewalks. Some 650 Parisians are hospitalized after slipping on dog excrement each year; the city's 200,000 dogs deposit 16 tonnes of waste daily, of which the city cleans 12,000. I

21/11/99: A17. Reprint of 1959 letter: "I hope that I will see the day coming when no one will be allowed to keep a dog, since according to my observation many dog owners care more for a dog than for helping one of their less fortunate fellow men in distress." C

23/11/99: 4,000 dog owners sign petition by NCCPD calling for moratorium on NCC proposals; Humane Society joins call. F

24/11/99 C1: Columnist Dave Brown takes up the case of man whose dog was killed by two Pitbulls. Argues for stricter controls and fines. C

25/11/99: C10 Rockliffe residents question NCC stats on dog incidents, say the figures are vague, flawed and do not apply to them. F

29/11/99: A5 Girl mauled to death by roving dogs in Garden River Alta.; story special to the Citizen. B

2/12/99: A5 Justice Minister Anne McLellan announces tough new laws on animal abuse. Says she receives more than 100 calls a week about animal abuse, it is "one of the top three concerns among Canadians." A, F

4/12/99: A17 Letter from emigrants from Britain who decry lack of freedom for their dogs here. "Our vision of Canadians had always been of rugged outdoor people at one with animals and nature, not a people afraid to walk in the park in case they might get bitten by a pooch, or, even more terrifying, step in a piece of dog poop... if you continue to restrict one of the simplest pleasures of life from a large segment of the population because of the phobia of a few, some of that population might just take their skills, their hard-earned money and their dogs and move elsewhere." See 28/12/99. F

14/12/99: E5 Reprint of a letter from 1979: Owners should be held responsible for stray dogs killing deer. C

28/12/99: A17 Letter from dog owner who is leaving the city due to threats of NCC leash laws, "and taking my tax money with me." F

29/12/99: A15 Report on important issues of 1999 in letters. Of 5,200 letters printed, "dogs in the parks" was the number eight issue with 78 (the top three were Kosovo, tax breaks and Alexandre Yashin and the Senators). I

## *Alternate Routes*

1/1/00: D4 Feature writer Janice Kennedy describes her regular walks through Rideau Hall and the Governor General's properties and others with her dog, apparently unleashed. F

9/1/00: A5 American Animal Hospital Association survey of 1,200 pet owners in Canada and U.S. 72% greet pet before mate when arriving home; 31% state their pet understands them better than mate; 84% call themselves their pet's "mom" or "dad;" 65% have sung and danced with or for their pets; 46% allow their pet to sleep in their bed most of the time. Owners take their pets to the vet twice as often as they visit doctors. 98% celebrate Christmas with their pet, but only 2% Hannukah. 23% dress their animal up on Halloween, 65% throw birthday parties for their pets and when giving gifts to their pets, 43% wrap them. 51% of dog owners have just one dog, and 28% have two, compared to cat owners. 33% who have at least three cats and 11% have at least five. I

12/1/00: A1 Tantau, a Mastiff, attacked an elderly man recently as was widely reported in the press. Tantau's history revealed in court (attacks on 2 people and one dog); verdict of euthanasia seems unlikely as it is very rarely ordered. C

13/1/00: D1 Interview with man attacked by Tantau he says putting the dog down is only option. Owner says dog is her "lifeline to the world" C, F

17/1/00: B5 Ten letters about Tantau, 5 of support and 5 condemning the dog and owner. "Mastiffs are a 2,000 year old breed that has been selectively bred to launch unprovoked attacks on any size victim... they are appropriate for hunting down escaped criminals, military service and search and rescue. They are not appropriate as domestic pets." Also: "English mastiffs are wonderful dogs... who knows whether these mistakes were provoked... there are other options for controlling these animals." 5 C, 5 F

20/1/00: D1 Breeder claims Tantau's pain from hip dysplasia caused attack. 5 letters in support of the dog, 3 urging he be put down. Strong support for Mastiff types, emphasis on training. C, F

22/1/00: L8 Religious experts answer the question "Do animals have souls?" Jewish and Baha'I say no, Anglicans equivocate, Unitarians say yes. I

24/1/00: B5 Letter arguing that fighting dogs should be kept away from public and children, i.e. Rottweiler, Chow Chow, Pitbull and other Mastiff types. In Texas in 1996, 56% of serious dog attacks were by Mastiff breeds such as the above, which is a very high number considering that Mastiffs make up a small percentage of the total dog population. B, C

28/1/00: C1 Judge's decision ordering Tantau be put down, based on repeated failures of the owner to keep him under control. B, C

29/1/00: A19-20 *Rogue Primate* author John Livingston says that Tantau was acting rightly, in that "almost all so-called aggressiveness in animals is defensive" and that the dog did not maul his victim, further that socialization is only possible in public and "There are those who will leave their dogs alone, chained

in a backyard or garage or shut in a basement all day long, and then expect them to behave like gentlefolk. But dogs, like us, are social beings, and solitary confinement is just about the worst thing that can befall us. We go stir-crazy. Then, anything can happen." On A20, U of Alberta research lab to stop using live dogs. F

31/1/00: B3 Local article on dogs being used for emotional and physical therapy in hospitals. F, I

4/2/00: A10 *National Post*. Iqaluit council factions argue about dog controls in the town. Sled dogs have killed a child. Dog owners argue they must be with people to be socialized, others want the dogs moved out of town. B, C, F

6/2/00: A3 Owner collapses in snow, dog gets help. S

6/2/00: A10 Terrier attacked and killed by Pit Bull. B

15/2/00: B4 *National Post*. Study by June McNicholas of the University of Warwick in *British Journal of Psychology* shows that dogs are a "wonderful social ice-breaker." A woman followed on her daily routine for five days had three conversations when without a dog, and 65 when accompanied. Even shabbily dressed experimenters with vicious looking dogs had "improved social interaction." F, I

15/2/00: E1 Rockliff City Council to take motion to formally denounce NCC leash rules, allow dogs to run free. F

20/2/00: 13 Ottawa Sunday Sun advertises a dog for adoption, a 55-lb. 2-year-old Husky mix, with the caveat: "But be warned, Aero does not like cats or people in uniform." C

21/2/00: A1 Four cats in Rockliffe killed by roaming Husky Malamute from Manor Park, most recent is the second loss for owner. Calls to put the dog down. Shadow's owner claims thousands of dollars in training and vet costs. Police are drafting warning letter. B, C

21/2/00: B5 Letter from Candice O'Connell, chairperson, National Capital Commission for People and Dogs. "The struggle between outdoor enthusiasts has been escalating for some time. It is clearly a sign of an increasing trend to seek greater physical health through outdoor activity, and a diminishing availability of recreational green space." All park users should be responsible. Dogs are not out of control, complainants are exaggerating, "leashing dogs often increases the risk of aggression... because of fear and the inability to flee (known as Barrier Frustration Syndrome)." F

22/2/00: E3 Cult of fitness for dogs and owners, daycare and fitness centres, trainers in California. I

23/2/00: D5 Eleven letters re Shadow the "Rockliffe Cat-Killer." All C.

24/2/00: C7 Lawyer for Tantauro starts defence fund for appeal. F

## *Alternate Routes*

24/2/00: A8 Aliy Zirkle of Two Rivers, Alaska becomes the first woman to win the Yukon Quest International Dog Sled Race, with a time of 11 days and 23 hours. I

25/2/00: A2 *Ottawa Citizen* given media award by Humane Society for help clearing adoption backlog over the summer. I, S

25/2/00: F8 California animal behaviorist claims that "baby talk" is good for pets, that people instinctively use baby talk with animals because they are more attentive, physically available and "in tune to non-verbal behavior." I

26/2/00: C1 Five dead dogs are found placed along the road on Terry Fox Drive in Aylmer, close to where a woman's body was discovered this summer. A

27/2/00: A6 Animal rights become subject at U.S. law schools, particularly with regard to bioengineering. Steven Wise, author of *Rattling the Cage*, has pioneered "malpractice cases where pets have been killed accidentally by veterinarians so he can establish precedents for awards based on the emotional distress of the animals' "human companions." was hired by Harvard for its first course in the field. I

27/2/00: A4 London ON Humane Society seizes 29 maltreated German Shepherds. A

27/2/00: C5 Report that the dogs by the road had been starved, then strangled or poisoned. A

27/2/00: D5? Rewrite of Post article from 15/2. F, I

5/3/00: A3 Story about stray dogs mistakenly winding up in research labs. Stats from Humane Society: In 1999, 3,281 dogs taken in (2,482 strays and 798 owner-relinquished); 49% claimed, 31% adopted out and 20% euthanized. Of 6,556 cats taken in, only 4% were reclaimed, 41% adopted and 46% euthanized. A, I

6/3/00: C14 Dog saves life by activating phone. S

7/3/00: A3 Purina Hall of Fame Awards in Toronto, two dogs and a cat inducted for saving peoples. Lives. S

9/3/00: A6 Feature picture of puppies. F, I

9/3/00: A13 Six dogs in Vienna to be DNA tested to see which one killed a woman last year. B, C

9/3/00: F3 Problems with dogs are the fault of the owners (neglect, cleaning up) not the dogs, letter states. F

10/3/00: F2 Columnist Dave Brown cautions about bringing new babies into a house where dog has not been "trained" to accept it, and story about a couple who spent \$1,200 on an operation for their dog who died anyway; while sitting in the waiting room they see an dog magazine featuring a picture of them and their dog, which they "took to be a sign' that there is a "dog afterlife." C, I

11/3/00: E16 Police still searching for man who threw dog into traffic in California. A

14/3/00: D2 Injured puppy finds new home. A

14/3/00: D3 Deranged woman throws two dogs to their death from 9<sup>th</sup> floor balcony on Bank St. and Riverside. A

14/3/00: D5 Most dog owners responsible, letter argues. F

15/3/00: C3 Woman with barking dogs pays \$1,200 in fines rather than go to jail. Complains she has been driven from the city by unjust laws: "I mean a dog will bark, it's a dog..." Her dogs barked at every passerby, she now lives in the country. F

15/3/00: C4 Article by volunteer dog walker for Humane Society, extolling "the priceless pleasure of walking a dog" (on leash). C, I

15/3/00: C6 *National Post* story on four online pet stores vying for IPO money and market dominance: Petopia.com, PetsMart.com, Pets.com and Pet-store.com. I

### *Appendix A*

More on the British perspective: In his most recent memoir at age 85, Alec Guinness describes a day spent buying fish at the nursery and pet shop to replenish the village pond, including koi carp and sturgeon. The sturgeon reminds him of one of his dogs, "long, thin and sharp-nosed." He goes on: "We have had Flora for six months; she is now a year old and has settled firmly in our heart, and also in the heart of Dido our Border terrier, who adores her. Even Michaelmas the cat, not a great dog fancier, is content to curl down at her side. God knows what breed she is. A sort of lurcher I suppose, as her mother was a Border collie and dad, we surmise, was probably a whippet... It is rash at our age to have such wildly active creature streaking between us, rummaging in wastepaper baskets, stealing hairbrushes, making off with the toilet roll in a puppyish way, but it is proving healthy, I think, to be looking after something so excitingly young, so full of curiosity and life. I am afraid we cast sentimental or forgiving eyes at her each hour of the day. She has brought also a new lease on life to Dido, now 10 years old, but has added, I fear, a year or so to Japheth (Labrador type) who is 11. He is almost saintly but has reached the age of quietly grumbling at the younger generation" (Guinness 1999). After reading this, another informant from Britain emailed me the following on Jan 2, 2000: "The attitude to animals in England is very different from here. There you can take your dog on trains, buses, and even to the local pub. There, no-one would dare to suggest that a cat should spend its entire life locked in someone's house! When I was in Art school in London, for extra cash, I used to babysit the landlady's spoiled corgi. (I didn't much care for the dog initially, but she took a shine to me, and I guess she just grew on me) The landlady was an eccentric Italian countess who like to travel, but the dog could not stay alone, or in kennels. That

## *Alternate Routes*

dog Belle came with me everywhere, to the greengrocer's, and the butcher who saved scraps for her, and even to classes with me. Different worlds."

### *Appendix B*

CITY OF BROAD POOPER-SCOOPERS

THE GREAT DOG PARK DEBATE IS CONVULSING LOS ANGELES.

Excerpted from Salon Magazine 16/7/99 at: <http://www.salon.com/media/1998/01/30/media2.html>

\_\_\_\_\_ BY CATHERINE SEIPP | I live in Los Angeles, land of riots, earthquakes, fires, mudslides, carjackings, O.J. and deal memos. A town called "this town," where you'll never eat lunch again. A vast, glittering metropolis of broken dreams, where they'll eat you up and spit you out. But my hometown is more than that. These days it's also a land of endless, heated arguments about whether dogs should be allowed to run off-leash to romp and sniff each other's genitals in fenced-off expanses of municipally sanctioned lawn.

Welcome to Los Angeles, City of Dog Parks, where they'll eat you up and spit you out and eat you up again. (Or, as my favorite line from the Bible, Proverbs 26:11, puts it: "As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.") Nothing divides neighbor against neighbor, celebrity against celebrity, like the dog park issue.

On the extreme pro side are people who avoid eye contact with humans but greet each dog by chummy nickname: "Here come the Slimers!" one man shouts jovially at my local dog park in Silverlake, whenever he spies a familiar pair of drooling Great Danes.

On the extreme con side are those so offended by this sort of thing that they lose sight of the laws of physics in their predictions of canine-induced catastrophe. Several Silverlake residents insist that dog urine will somehow run uphill for dozens of yards, continue its gravity-defying trickle over a massive berm of earth and contaminate the reservoir.

Celebrity dog trainer Matthew Margolis sides with the cons. Margolis not only trains celebrities' dogs (Madonna's pit bull, Whoopi Goldberg's Rhodesian ridgebacks, Goldie Hawn's Jack Russell terrier, to name just a few) but is something of a celebrity himself, with more than a dozen books and videos about dog training to his name, a regular spot on "Good Morning America" as resident pet expert and an upcoming PBS series in April called "Woof: It's a Dog's Life."

"I don't love 'em," Margolis says of dog parks. "There's a lot of dog fights, a lot of diseases. Even if your dog is vaccinated, how do you know all the other dogs are? It's more for the people than the dogs."

I actually had a few questions about this, since the only reason I take my own dog to the dog park is that it sends her (not me, you can be sure) into paroxysms

of joy. However, I've known celebrity dog trainer Matthew Margolis long enough to realize that in the Boolean, yes-or-no logic of dog-training there is no room for discussion. You're allowed on the furniture or you're not; you agree with him or you don't. And any hint that maybe you don't 100 percent at all times just means a big yank on the choke chain until you see things his way.

Margolis is such a trainer-to-the-core (more than a quarter-century in the business), that establishing dominance -- the basis of all dog work -- is second nature to him in any interaction, human or canine. A few years ago, I interviewed him about his new business of importing trained protection dogs from Germany, called *schutzhunds*, for rich clients fearful of life in Los Angeles and willing to pay up to \$10,000 a pop for a canine security guard.

But, I couldn't help wondering, what if a carjacker just comes up to your car and shoots the dog?

"No, no, no, no, no!" Margolis said, in the firm voice used with a puppy about to pee on the rug. "There's not a guy in the world who's going to go up to a car with a dog in it. We're not talking about the Brinks job here; we're talking about slimeballs."

But wouldn't it be boring for the dog to be cooped up in the car all day while its owner goes in errands?

"You're worried about the dog, and I'm worried about your life!"

But --

"Sweetheart, sweetheart! Six of my clients have been raped!"

Anyway, speaking of random urban violence, not even the occasional gang shooting at Silverlake Park gets locals worked up the way the leash-free zone there does. It's like this all over town. My friend Prudence, a director's wife, recently had a run-in at the incipient dog park forming near her home in Beachwood Canyon. A pair of dog owners for some reason denounced her as a "dried-up, frustrated old maid" when she asked if they could please remove their dog from the picnic table -- an odd insult, considering she had her two small children in tow, thus the request to remove the dog from the eating area.

"It's not that I don't like dogs," Prudence explained to me later. "I just don't approve of anything with less than two layers of fabric covering its anus."

The roots of all this go back around 10 years, when the first Los Angeles dog park formed at the top of Laurel Canyon. Many people in the Hollywood crowd live here, and celebrities quickly chose sides. The late Anthony Perkins complained that his wife and children were afraid to use the park because of the dogs. Artist David Hockney, whose much-painted *dachshund*, Stanley, used the Laurel Canyon park to exercise, defended the right of dogs to run free.

"Whenever I run into David Hockney," Mike Woo, then a Los Angeles City Councilman, remarked wearily to me in the early days of the Laurel Canyon

## *Alternate Routes*

leash-free zone. "all I want to do is talk about art, and all he wants to do is talk about the dog park."

The star-studded status of the Laurel Canyon park is not lost on those in less rarefied sections of town. "I don't take Chopper here anymore," said one of my Silverlake neighbors, an actress, about her boxer. "Over at Laurel Canyon ... well, you just meet a better class of dog." Silverlake, being Silverlake, does attract its share of weirdos.

The other day, for instance, I realized that the extremely long-legged, skulking dog loping submissively away from the other dogs, who kept harassing it with "You're weird!" type barks, was actually a wolf. What sort of idiot would keep a pet wolf in the first place, let alone allow it to run free in public? The sort of idiot who, as it turned out, goes to the park sans shoes and shirt and with his hair in long, Nature Boy locks. Luckily, it was a very nice, polite wolf -- thus the rather sheepish loping -- but still.

I was enjoying this my-dog"s-better-than-your-dog feeling of superiority when it occurred to me that perhaps it was time to take my own dog, Linda, to meet celebrity dog trainer Matthew Margolis. Linda is a medium-sized, black and white dog, about 18 months old, with a shaggy beard and mustache distinctive of her large tribe of "Terrier X" (which is what the animal shelter, where I found her at the age of 3 months, had on the cage label). All in all, a very clever and wonderful dog, as good as -- no, better than! -- any movie star"s dog. Among her many positive qualities:

1. She is completely housebroken.
2. She quickly learned how to use the dog door -- and so what if the cat figured out how to use it some three weeks earlier?
3. She is very good at obeying the command "Stay!" when I thread the no-pull halter through the no-pull collar -- never mind that the whole contraption is necessary because her furious pulling at the leash was damaging her trachea.
4. She hardly ever steals food anymore. OK, she will jump up on the table when I'm not looking and drink from my forgotten mug of coffee, and once she combined this with a cigarette butt she found in the garden, enveloping me in a rather nostalgic, shades-of-Louella Parsons scent as she took her usual flying leap onto my lap ... but at least she waits now till breakfast is over!
5. She jumps up on visitors somewhat less than she used to.

But when we entered Margolis" office in West Los Angeles, Linda began shaking -- something she had never done before, not even at the vet"s. It was very strange. What was she thinking -- the jig is up?

Only, as it turned out, for me. "How do you discipline this dog?" Margolis asked.

"Sometimes I yell, "No!" but she doesn't listen ..." I began.

"Never yell at your dog!" he said. He quickly put her through some paces, the famous Margolis personality test. "Never even raise your voice to a dog like this!" he added. "This is a submissive dog!"

"But at home she seems pretty feisty ..." I began.

"OK, well, you know what? If you were so good at this, you'd have the Catherine Seipp dog training school. The Catherine Seipp yelling-at-the-dog dog training business. But you don't. One of the problems here is you're the classic dog owner: "But-but-but-but-but!" "He's a good dog, but!" Do you feed your dog from the table?"

"Uh ..."

"Yes, you do. You spoil your dog. And you're the worst type of dog owner there is, because you're in denial: "But officer, my son couldn't have committed that murder -- he gets A's in English!" He dropped to the floor and began a torrent of high-pitched baby talk to Linda, who stopped shaking and apparently entered some sort of hypnotic trance, miraculously obeying every single command Margolis gave her.

"Well," I sighed, tail between my legs, "can we say hello to Ulli before we go?" Margolis' own schutzhund, an enormous German shepherd, came out from behind his owner's desk and sniffed us politely. I was hoping that Ulli would show some sign of imperfection, like when he'd jumped up and put his paws on my shoulders in greeting the last time I'd seen him -- not the best dog manners, needless to say.

"You know," I reminded Margolis, "he did jump on me before."

"Well, I should hope so," he replied suavely. "Nobody's perfect." An answer for everything! Well, that's why Margolis is top dog, of course. And I'm in denial and full of arguments, like the dog who returneth to his vomit, etc. In other words, just a mutt.

SALON | Jan. 30, 1998

### *Appendix C*

#### ALL PETS GO TO HEAVEN

Excerpted from Salon Magazine 16/799 at: <http://www.salon.com/people/feature/1999/07/09/petheaven/index.html>

"They laughed," she says. "But later, the same people were sitting in here crying. You don't know how you're going to feel until it happens to you."

By Kathy Dobie

July 9, 1999 | When Kathleen Leone and her husband Raymond first opened their funeral home in the Carroll Gardens section of Brooklyn, Kathleen could

## *Alternate Routes*

hear the neighbors outside on the street laughing at the sign: "All Pets Go to Heaven Pet Funeral Home."

Kathleen and Raymond grew up in this neighborhood and for 21 years they've operated a funeral home for humans, but still their neighbors laughed or came inside just to gawk when they opened the new establishment. People with pets, even. One can imagine Kathleen sitting patiently through it all, like a mother waiting for her hyperactive kids to wind themselves down. She's been working in the death industry for two decades now. Her feelings aren't so easily bruised. "They laughed," she says mildly. "But then, later, I had these same people sitting in here crying. You don't know how you're going to feel until it happens to you."

All Pets Go to Heaven has been in operation for two years now and it seems very much part of the neighborhood. The Leones describe it as an "all service" pet funeral home, providing burials and cremations, both private and communal, wakes in the Victorian viewing room, online counseling for the grief-stricken, memorial cards and plaques, embalming and even freeze-dried taxidermy.

It's housed in a large, handsome brownstone on a street of brownstones. Raymond's parents own the building and his brother lives upstairs. Brown awnings shade the windows and are stamped with the silhouettes of rabbits and frogs.

Even though every year more and more hip young Manhattanites are moving into Carroll Gardens, it still feels like a working-class Italian neighborhood. There are religious shrines in some of the front yards and small markets run by fathers and their sons. And there's the pet funeral home. As soon as I stepped into the viewing parlor and saw the small, powder-blue coffin for the small male dog or cat, I knew I was among people who weren't afraid of family feeling.

"I just had a wake for a Rottweiler, day before yesterday," Kathleen tells me. "He's being buried this morning. His owner's a single woman. She's burying him with a blanket she crocheted when she was a girl that was supposed to be for her first child. But she never married, never had any children. The dog was her son." Kathleen's the mother of three girls and very pregnant with the fourth. She has short blond hair, a strong face and brown eyes that look tired this particular morning, only a couple of weeks away from her due date. She's a registered nurse, and before she and Raymond opened up All Pets, Kathleen was a nursing supervisor in a long-term care facility for the elderly. Her daughters are named after her and Raymond's mothers and grandmothers. She describes herself as "old-fashioned" and says that their clients are just "regular Joes that come in off the street."

We talk at Kathleen's desk, in the middle room of the funeral home. In the front is the viewing parlor, where rows of chairs face the little blue coffin and a statue of St. Francis of Assisi. In the room behind us, there's a wide selection of urns

displayed on shelves. Some are shaped like dogs; some look like pretty cookie tins and are stamped with kittens' faces or flowers.

The engravable urns are the most popular, according to Kathleen. They come in dark and light woods, white or gray granite and white marble, and are engraved with the deceased pet's name. The dates of birth and death and a photograph are applied to the front -- the smaller ones cost \$125.

"In the past there were no options for people [whose pets have died]," Kathleen says. "Just our being here raises a question in people's minds -- oh, what am I going to do when my pet dies?" The options she and her husband provide raise more questions: Burial or cremation? Would I visit a grave? Do I need them nearer to me? On the mantelpiece? If I give a wake, who would come? And should I have a religious service or just read a poem?

you to think -- if not about what you want to do for your pet when it dies then about animals and where they fit into our lives, and about the rituals we have around death and the ways we circumscribe love.

The Rottweiler was the biggest animal that has been brought to the funeral home so far -- 52 inches long, running the entire length of Kathleen's freezer. He was only 6 years old when he passed away. "His owner was in shock," Kathleen says. "She thought maybe he got depressed when her mother got sick and that killed him."

The smallest animal was a goldfish named Poppy. His owner wanted him cremated. "I tried to convince her just to bury it," Kathleen says. "I said, you're not going to get hardly anything back, if you get the flick of an ash -- and that's about what she got back -- but she wanted that. I gave her the urn because it was ridiculous not to. Firing up the cremator costs the same amount of money whether it's a cat or a goldfish."

Kathleen had a goldfish herself at one time, and though she was sorry to see it pass on, she couldn't grieve for the fish like she would a dog or a cat. "But you know what? Someone could say, 'How can you feel that for a cat?'" I think it's about security and love. That goldfish? That was what she had to come home to at night."

When I ask Kathleen what's the most unusual request she's ever gotten in the pet funeral business, she says, "I don't find anything to be unusual. Everything is individual, so it's not unusual." For a moment she seems to regard me almost warily, but it's not the look of a wounded person; it's sharper, more measuring than that.

"Your customers seem to be mostly women," I say to her, and she says quickly, almost sternly, no, not really, it's women and men, gay and straight, young and old, we get them all.

She's cremated two pythons for two different customers. Cato and Bruno. Bruno's the one she remembers because he was beautiful and big, about 150

## *Alternate Routes*

pounds. The owner was a bouncer in a Manhattan club. He told Kathleen that he had his apartment climatized for the snake. He opted for cremation and a Roman urn.

"Actually I was surprised I didn't hear from him afterward," Kathleen says, since the more grief-stricken clients often feel the need to stay in touch for a while and the bouncer was pretty shaken up.

"But he had his friends," she remembers. "They came with him. I mean, he didn't have a viewing or anything, but his friends all came with him when he brought the python in and when he picked up the cremains, they all came with him again. So he had a good support system there."

It's always easiest for Kathleen when the clients want to tell her everything about the pet, especially if they choose to have a wake. Then she can spend those two hours talking to them about their animal and not just coming in and out of the room, asking if they're all right and if they want some water.

"Most of my people will bring photo albums and share the pictures of their pets with me, tell me about the one funny incident, the one bad incident -- you know, talk about the guilt of how they feel when they yelled at him," she says. "And I'll take them through what I need to do at that point to help them get over those guilty feelings."

She sees no difference between the human and the pet funeral business -- mourning is mourning, she says. "Right now, I have a man whose pet is still living. His wife passed away within the last few months. She's out in St. Charles cemetery and he said he wasn't prepared for her death, and now the dog he's had for 14 years is pretty much ... on her last leg and he wants to be prepared.

"He doesn't want the same thing to happen to him, you know -- the emotions -- as when his wife passed away," she continues. "He wants to be prepared, so I've been talking to him on the phone throughout this week, two, three days a week. He wants to bury [the dog] out at the cemetery, which is very close to St. Charles, so this way he could do two visits in one day."

Kathleen didn't grow up with animals. Just one family dog, she says, and her sister got to have a turtle, a very small turtle, because "we didn't have the space, my mother worked full time, my father worked full time and there was a big stress on education, that was your first priority."

Her husband, Raymond, was the one with the zoo in the backyard. "Pigs, cows, snakes, everything," she laughs. "Believe it or not, when I first met him, they had pheasants flying in their house, they had goats in the backyard. They used to run pony rides in the neighborhood."

"So do you love animals more now, I mean, working in this business?" I ask her.

"I notice them more," she says, sounding careful again.

"Well, has running this business changed you?"

"Not really," she replies. For a minute I think she's just determined to make sure I find nothing strange or unusual about the pet funeral business, but maybe she's just telling me the truth.

"I used to be a regular Joe, working 8 to 4, Monday through Friday, and now I work by appointment when it's convenient for my clients," she explains. "Otherwise I'm really doing basically the same thing I was doing before -- I'm serving the public and I'm providing a service that's necessary. I come from a family of doctors and nurses, so we're all community service."

Finally, I get her to admit to one difference when I ask her if she ever gets her heart broken on this job.

"Yes, that's part of the business," she says. "I mean some people can detach themselves. I found that I was able to do it better -- function in the role of a nurse than I can function in the role of a funeral manager.

"As a nurse, my specialty was geriatrics and I felt that, all right, they had lived a very fulfilling life and they're here now, they're in a long-term care facility and I'm doing whatever I can to make the best of the rest of their life. I made every day fun. I made sure recreation was scheduled; I ran parties, dancing, singing, art. I really investigated their lifestyles," Kathleen continues, "so if they were just some antisocial people, they like to have their cup of tea and their crossword puzzle, like my mother, then I made sure that was maintained. I never forced them to do anything.

"So I felt satisfied, but here you don't have the time. I try to get as much information as possible but I don't have a lot of time. There I had years, you know? Here I don't. I have a very small window to work with."

On my last visit to the funeral home, I have the odd desire to ask Kathleen for a job. She has to take maternity leave, doesn't she? But I never get up the nerve. I feel incredibly peaceful sitting at her desk in the funeral parlor while she tells me the story of a young man named Elvis who had a wake for his cat, though no one in his family could understand.

"I felt so bad for him, he broke down in pieces," she says. "He was a real bruiser, someone you would think wouldn't shed one tear and I had to scrape him off the floor." His mother looked appalled; his girlfriend rolled her eyes. Kathleen sat with him, speaking to him about his cat. She paid no attention to the nonbelievers in the room. "I'm not going to leave the person who's come to me out in the cold," she says.

Elvis still calls her from time to time, though now it's every few months, instead of every week, so Kathleen knows he's worked through his grief; he's feeling better.

And my feelings about Kathleen have changed also. At first, I saw her as a brave defender of a misunderstood, even ridiculed love -- "How can you be so upset for a dog?" But finally, I could see that in defending and protecting these

## *Alternate Routes*

loves, she was protecting love itself, in whatever form it takes -- "Crying for a hamster, for God's sakes!"

Oh, the extravagant heart!

salon.com | July 9, 1999

### *Appendix D*

From an e-mail to an advisor, who had some trouble with an unstable person while walking the dog:

It reminds me of a time two summers ago when I was with Peaches at Rideau River park near the tennis club in Overbrook, she ran across the path and took out a cyclist. Ran right through his front wheel and bent it. She got up immediately; thought it was a game and wanted to go again.

The cyclist, a guy about 25, was groaning flat on his back on the asphalt path. He said his hip was hurt.

"Why don't you control your dog" he complained, groaning.

To my mind he had been speeding along but had plenty of time to see her, it looked to me like he had driven straight into her without trying to avoid her, but I only said I would help him fix his bike etc.

We hobbled over to my place and I saw his front wheel was bent. He was very upset as he used his bike for school, work etc. he told me. He wanted to call his mother and go to the hospital, told me his father was a cop.

I drove him to the Montfort Hospital. On the way he told me how he could easily sue me but wouldn't, I was a nice guy etc. I left him there (I did believe his moaning was getting a little histrionic) and took the bike to Foster's for repairs. Techies there told me the bike should not have been on the road, the brake pads were shot.

"He couldn't have stopped if he had wanted to" they said.

We fixed the bent front wheel and I picked up Buddy back at the hospital. They had given him 2 prescriptions for painkillers, but apparently nothing was broken.

As night was falling we went to the pharmacy and I paid for his pills (\$60) and drove him home with his bike. Turns out he was living in an old senior's residence (251 Donald - my mother used to live there) that had been turned into a low-income mixed building, with his mother. After reminding me again how lucky I was he didn't sue me or get his father and the police involved, he let me go.

Many months later a cop showed up at my door.

"Do you know so and so? He says you have his bicycle, we have him in the back of the car."

Sure enough there was Buddy under the full moon, yelling out the back of the cruiser that I was a thief and he was going to sue me.

I told the officer the story, showed him receipts and parts from Foster's (I had been suspicious enough to keep these, fortunately) and invited him in to look for the bike if he wanted. I explained I had not seen Buddy or his bike since that day.

He looked like I had given him a piece of a puzzle.

"Thanks," he said. "I don't need to look for the bike. We've known this guy for a while... he's not right..."

As the cop went back to his car, Buddy started yelling again about suing me. Then the back window closed and the cruiser headed off to the station, I believe.

### ***Appendix E***

E-mail from an emigrant to BC, September 20, 99.

In Chilliwack, almost every household seems to have a dog. In the reservations, they wander about pack-like but in my neighbourhood there is a covert dog disliker. Under the local ordinance, you get to make two anonymous complaints. After that, you must bring a by-law infraction charge and unmask yourself in court as a witness. Not surprisingly, not very many people choose to go to court. After their two anonymous complaints, they sometimes take to poison pen letters, xeroxes of letters to the editor of the local papers decrying the barking dog situation, that sort of thing. Dorine's sister is plagued by these billet doux in the mail, probably from their next door neighbour. It being mild most of the year, most people leave their dogs outside all the time, either chained up or fenced in. This provides collective protection against thieves, prowlers and wandering drunks all of which are common. The dogs provoke each other to support barking. We have the misfortune of living next to one of these inveterate hair-trigger barkers, a wolf-shepherd cross. The owners do have an electric collar but they are often so drunk or drugged up they fail to recharge the collar battery. The woman grew up on a wandering dog style reserve and the guy is an unemployed jerk with Tourettes Syndrome given to barking himself. They moved in last fall after the little old lady who previously owned it had to go into an old folks' home because "I wake up at nights sometimes in a pool of blood". We receive complaint citations because of the new couple's dog. I tried keeping ours inside but the anonymous complainer can't tell the difference between dog voices. We had to go next door once at 3 AM to get the howling stopped ourselves. We now find air conditioner hum to be more effective. At 3 AM the lady was doped up (because "I fell downstairs and hurt my leg") and didn't even notice the wolflike howling. Their latest solution is to get a companion dog, a fold face Sharpei. She told me that somebody at her work had bought two so that her son could

## *Alternate Routes*

pick the one he liked and then gave the surplus reject away. Unfortunately Farley, though quiet himself, has not quieted the big fellow noticeably. I must add that the first visit from the animal control officer cost me \$65 in dog licenses I would have otherwise avoided. I suspect the odd guy who lives across the street to be the complainer. He is a pension drunk who now lives alone and is trying to sell his house. The woman who lived there (played bingo and drank too) moved out last spring for reasons unknown. He owns two pickup trucks (one with camper van), a car and a motorscooter. But no dog. Only an annoying water fountain which is turned on from April to November when it is disassembled and disappears. Probably somebody told him a long time ago not to drink anti-freeze and doesn't trust himself to have it in the fountain so it could go year round. Might be compelled some night when awakened by dogs to go out and start lapping up the dancing waters.

## *Appendix F*

### MAN BITES DOG

Excerpted from Salon Magazine 16/7/99 at: <http://www.salon.com/wlust/feature/1998/10/28feature.html>

BY ROLF POTTS | "What is this we're eating?" I asked my Korean friend Jemin. I had just helped him edit a research paper for an international architecture conference, and dinner was his way of saying thanks. We were eating a thick stew of green onions, sesame leaves, shredded ginger, crushed red peppers, fermented soybean paste and a very dark, tender meat. It tasted great.

"It's bokk-um," he replied.

"Duh," I said. Bokk-um is a general Korean word for pan-broiled food. "What kind of bokk-um?"

Jemin began to giggle. "Mung-mung tang."

Any person with a basic understanding of Korean knows that tang means stew. However, only those who have spent time around Korean children know what mung-mung means. Having tutored my share of kids during my two-year teaching stint in Korea, I knew that mung-mung means "bow-wow."

As in the sound a dog makes.

In terms of Middle American taboos, eating a dog ranks right up there with practicing polygamy, exploiting child labor and smoking crack. Even die-hard American beefeaters consider eating dog meat to be an unspeakable deviance. After all, dogs have personality, loyalty and charm. Cows, on the other hand, are ambivalent, dimwitted and bad at catching Frisbees.

In Korea, dog meat stew (known commonly as boshin-tang, or "health-enhancement stew") is believed to be an energy-restoring health food, and many men

swear by its power to increase sexual potency -- a Korean folk version of *Via-gra*, if you will.

Despite its allure, dog meat stew is technically illegal. The Korean government banned its sale and consumption just before the 1988 Seoul Olympics, in hopes of avoiding negative international publicity. While reference to the dish was erased from restaurant menus across Korea, the dish itself never disappeared from restaurant kitchens. Ten years after the official prohibition of dog meat in Korea, approximately 20,000 restaurants nationwide still serve dog meat, according to the *South China Morning Post*. Although the ban has been enforced in a handful of highly publicized instances over the years -- perhaps most famously in 1992, when a ship carrying 13.9 tons of dog meat from El Salvador was turned away by customs officials in Pusan -- no serious legal action has been incurred since 1996, when a man charged with selling \$500,000 worth of dog meat to restaurants was acquitted on the grounds that his product was sanitary, edible and popular.

But the question remains: Why is eating dog meat so popular in Korea, while the very thought of such a practice provokes revulsion in the United States? I began asking this question almost as soon as I arrived in Korea, and the most common answer I received was that Koreans eat only *ddong-gae* (literally, "shit dogs") -- semiferal mutts that are not fed by caring owners, but survive on garbage and feces. In other words, Koreans consider pet dogs different from food dogs in the same way that Americans distinguish corydoras from canned tuna.

Even domestic dogs in Korea have never really been considered pets in the sentimentalized *Lassie/Rin Tin Tin* sense of the word. To this day, many older Koreans -- raised on the ideal of duty to family -- are as put off by the American love of dogs as Americans are put off by Koreans' taste for dog meat. Why, they wonder, do Americans gladly spend hours teaching their dogs to do silly tricks, yet consider it an act of extreme generosity and sacrifice to go to the care home and chat with their grandmother once a week?

Historically, both Old World and New World cultures used dogs as a source of food when it became scarce. The Korean practice of eating dog meat is said to have originated in the Stone Age, when (as in Manchuria) dog meat was a staple during the cold winter months. As Korea developed into an agricultural country, dogs continued to be regarded more as barnyard animals than pets -- and since dogs were much less useful in the rice fields than oxen, they were ultimately regarded as a handy source of meat. Wall paintings in a fourth-century Koguryo Kingdom tomb depict dogs being slaughtered along with pigs and sheep. The Sino-Korean character for "fair and proper" (*yeon*) literally translates into "as cooked dog meat is delicious." Ancient Korean medical texts point out the dietary similarities between dogs and humans, and recommend dog meat to fortify the spirit, warm the body and aid recovery from illness.

## *Alternate Routes*

Interestingly, these ancient texts make no mention of the virility-enhancing qualities of dog meat. And using dog meat stew as an aphrodisiac is generally considered a 20th-century fad. It's especially popular during Sambok, a 30-day period on the lunar calendar when the summer heat is believed to deplete one's sexual energy. During this time of year (usually July or August), back-alley boshin-tang restaurants in Korea are usually packed with loud groups of men. The macho, backslapping, joke-filled mood of such gatherings can be compared to that of American men visiting Hooters on payday.

It was under this guise of male bonding that Jemin tried to salvage the situation when he revealed to me that I was eating dog meat stew.

"Boshin-tang is a very useful food," he said, striking a mock Superman pose.

"All of your girlfriends will be very happy."

"I doubt that," I said. "In America I once had a girlfriend who insisted that dogs are more trustworthy than men."

"That's just evolution," he said. "Trust is a trick that dogs play. They don't want you to know how delicious they are."

Jemin's nonchalant attitude bothered me, but I wasn't sure what to say. Since coming to Asia, I had been adventurous with food -- I'd eaten whale, silkworm larvae and deer antlers -- so I couldn't exactly moralize over the ethics of eating dog meat stew. Instead, I decided to simply make Jemin understand the American side of the issue. Citing evidence ranging from drug-sniffing German shepherds to seeing-eye dogs to "America's Funniest Home Videos," I lectured him for 10 minutes on what sets dogs apart from livestock.

By the time Jemin admitted I had a point, I was on my second helping of boshin-tang.

SALON | Oct. 28, 1998