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Dog Blog

1

Fri 6 Nov, Nicosia: sipping Cyprus (or Turkish?) coffee, listening to the call to morning prayer, 24 degrees outside, perfect for thinking, working, photographing.

Moved residence to NiMAC yesterday, following the opening of British Artist Tom Dale's exhibition Black Atolls – an eclectic range of art work showing everyday life at its most absurd; YBA meets David Shrigley.

The planning of my 'rescue' road trip around Cyprus, from Paphos to Aya Napia (tourist areas to the West and East), with Limassol and Larnaca districts in between – is coming together at last. People are responding positively: from the two English women who foster 45 dogs in their home (and have promised me tea and Lemon Drizzle cake...), to a Cypriot woman who runs a hotel for dogs

and cats (Doolittle's), and others who devote many hours for free to helping out at pounds and sanctuaries. Have tracked down a Manfrotto (kindly lent to me by University of Nicosia), a D800 spare battery and a few spare memory cards and stocked up with snacks for the trip.

Will miss the easy conviviality of Nicosia. Tomorrow a visit to the city pound with Rafaella, an organiser for PAWS (Protecting Animals without Shelter), is planned. One of the residents I have to be wary of is a Dogue de Bordeaux whose teeth were filed down by his (previous) owner. And in the afternoon a Dogathon organised by Nicosia Dog Shelter (situated in the 'buffer zone' between Greek and Turkish Cyprus).

Meanwhile I've spent time photographing the Feral Cats of the Pedieos River, a green artery that runs across Cyprus and through Nicosia. It is estimated there are around 2 million cats

on the island (Oct 2014) and growing, many of whom live a semi-feral existence. Debate rages over questions about whether the cats should be 'culled', whether spaying programmes work, whether people should leave food for them. Some say they keep down the mice, snake and cockroach populations and some that they spread disease.

These otherly creatures live in the spaces (both physical and metaphorical) between; inhabiting the cracks between urban and 'nature', between human and 'animal', between reason and instinct, in a terrain vague.

2

Nicosia Sun 8 Nov: Gradually recovering this morning from the assault on the senses that was the Nicosia City Dog Pound; the heat, glare, nauseous smells, irritating flies and

intermittent bursts of barking, howling and whining where at times overwhelming.

Rafaella arrived early yesterday at NiMAC and we took a taxi to the Buffer Zone where the Pound is situated, to the West of the city, past the now-derelict Nicosia International Airport. The Pound itself is an oasis-like compound with high fences and barbed wire, surrounded by flat, empty fields of arid sand-coloured earth, bordered by distant mountains.

Alex, the sole employee, caring for, currently, 70 dogs (but often more), exudes a calmness and reassurance, making it a strangely tranquil place to pass the time. Officially it is a 'kill shelter', death after the statutory 15 days, but Alex doesn't comply; consequently, the numbers rise.

Whilst we are there a scene unfolds which illustrates the dilemma. A hunter arrives to

'adopt' a hunting dog. He 'tries out', first, a striking Pointer, taking him outside the shelter on a long rope into the surrounding fields to see how keen he is to hunt (rabbits and other wildlife thrive in the Buffer Zone where human activity is restricted). The dog is young and too playful, so the hunter chooses another, older hound. This time he is satisfied and takes the dog. He appears to handle the dog well and 'pets' him (which I am told, is unheard of for a hunter), but as he is leaving he asks Alex to "save the other dog for me, in case I lose this one". Because it is a city pound, Alex cannot refuse him, and he has 70 dogs to feed on a limited budget. We sit for a while after in silence feeling helpless.

I tour the pound, entering the cages; mobbed by puppies, shunned by the aging female pinscher with the long teats from her numerous litters, followed and gazed at and scratched and vied for by hordes of nervous, excited, restless, desperate creatures.

“To be dumb... is not to be lacking in language, but to have an alternate means of apprehending the other and the world.” (Weill, K Thinking Animals: Why Animal Studies Now, 2012 p87).

We leave as the sun begins to set and the shadows lengthen. Alex drops us off at the nearest shopping area and from there Rafaella’s father drives us back into the city centre. My hire car is reserved for Monday at 9 and so will begin my tour of the island’s rescue shelters and rescuers.

3

Tue 10 Nov, Lania, Troodos Mountains: At 9.30 in the morning I leave Nicosia. Yesterday’s feelings of dejection at only two confirmed appointments for the week subside when two further rescues agree to my visits, and I am optimistic, eager for the

new experiences ahead. I drive first West and then due South on the Troodos road, where the flatness of the land gradually gives way to gentle hills and later to soaring ascents and deep ravines of parched Ophiolite rock, causing the road to curl and twist.

After two hours (that should have been one) I arrive in the pretty village of Lania, with its clear air and stunning views, and after a phone call, introduce myself to Tina and her husband, an English couple from the Midlands, who drive here to direct me to their home. Tina's life is devoted to rescuing dogs; currently they share their home with 13, but they have had as many as 16. Her husband remembers agreeing to 6.

It has been this way for nine years since moving to Cyprus from the UK, and discovering their first dog, Iggy, running in the road. The majority are 'fosters', prepared

for adoption, mainly in the UK, and sometimes in Holland (a flight in a few days to Amsterdam was leaving at 3am). The emotional cost of parting is high, but, as Tina says, it is more than a full time job, with vet visits, airport runs, cleaning, feeding, walking and petting, it is 'a calling'.

The majority of her 'charges' are small (and cute), which she insists upon as they are easy to rehome. Perhaps there is some truth in the belief that black dogs are harder to rehome. Larger 'non-descript' dogs certainly are, and two of her current long-term residents fit this description.

Sometimes she takes on small puppies, with their constant need for care and attention, and sometimes, dogs with medical problems. Dhillon was found a few days earlier in 'private kennels' (a basic enclosure funded by the municipality to keep dogs off the streets) and Tina believes he was picked up by his

hind legs (a practice observed by hunters) and thrown, hitting his head; the only explanation she could think of for his concussion and inability to walk. She nursed him back to health and he had 'come back' to life, a sweet boy, but with severe hip dysplasia (a corrective operation will cost around 300 euros).

The dogs have their daily patterns; lively in the morning, sleepy early in the afternoon and then lively again until bedtime (when both humans and dogs lay down beside one another). They play together and with the numerous toys and bones (and furniture) strewn around the house. I leave as the sun turns the slopes a vivid orange hue, as the dogs begin their boisterous antics once more, and head south towards Limassol, arriving at my Airbnb apartment in darkness.

Wed 11 Nov, Moni, Limassol: Sandwiched between a Power Plant and a Limestone Quarry, an hour's drive from the old town of Limassol, Sirius Dog Sanctuary is not signposted (on later asking why I'm told it's to stop people from constantly dumping dogs there). It's a sanctuary rather than a pound, funded purely from donations and fundraising; because of this no dog is put to sleep, sick dogs are immediately treated, and Anna and Julian, the two paid employees, are free to choose who they allow to adopt (she tells me stories of refusing hunters and those she considers are not serious about dog ownership, and the abuse she receives for doing so).

I arrive at 7am; turning onto the dirt road, left at the small chapel, I see a huge corrugated iron shed surrounded with small enclosures (for dogs with Leishmaniasis, a potentially fatal parasitic disease caused by the bite of the sand fly). As I approach, a

woman with a London accent greets me and introduces herself as Anna. She's running late and so quickly takes the two 'office' dogs for a walk and then rushes around administering medication disguised in food to the dogs in the shed. Currently there are around 200 dogs at the sanctuary. Anna tells me that the land is rented and that the owner has it up for sale. I ask if she thinks it will sell, and she says Russians are moving into the area and buying up the surrounding land and so there is a chance it will. If it sells she asks, what will she do with 200 dogs? She will have to chain herself to the shed.

Until 1971 dogs roamed freely around Cyprus. A dog control scheme was introduced to eradicate disease (particularly echinococcosis), resulting in the extermination of nearly 86,000 stray dogs, compulsory registration and mass spaying of females. This left an estimated 16,810 dogs on the island. The organized destruction of

dogs has continued since then without interruption. Today there are an estimated 180,000 stray dogs each year in Cyprus. A 1983 paper by the Director of the Government Department of Veterinary Services states that “[a]t present, the dog population is under control, and all stray and unwanted dogs are euthanized.” Further “[t]he Cyprus experience....can well serve as an example for many other countries.”

Walking into the middle of the large shed a deafening cacophony of sound erupts from the surrounding enclosures. The majority of dogs at Sirius are large (Anna estimates 70% are hunting breeds). One or two growl or bark warily but most lick my hand through the wire and some lie down and roll on their backs, gazing up appealingly. Anna asks if I’m ok remaining while Julian opens each enclosure in turn to clean and I say yes; as the doors are opened the dogs bound out in packs, leaping and running, nose to the

ground. Occasionally one rushes up and jumps at me, but all are friendly and playful and seeking attention and reassurance. After ten enclosures I retreat into the sunlight and fresh air. I spend some time in the play enclosure where some of the dogs run round, sniffing the air and looking out at the distant hills, while others sit in the shade. I leave in the early afternoon, back to Limassol to prepare for tomorrow's 6am start to Oroklini.

5

Thur 12 Nov, Oroklini, Larnaca: I'm up at 5.30 and on the road to Larnaca district at 6, leaving from my Airbnb in Limassol old town. I turn straight down onto the coast road, past the tourist hotels, restaurants and bars, and head east for the hour's drive. car

Jeanette, a Swedish woman, and her team of (mainly British) volunteers visit the Oroklini pound each day at 7 and stay until 9.30 to

clean, feed and walk the dogs, then leave and return in the afternoon to repeat the routine. It is a municipal pound, but because this small group of non-paid volunteers have run it so efficiently over the last few years, the authorities are happy to allow them to continue, whilst providing food and basic building materials and rent for the land. It's the smallest pound I've visited; only around 8 dogs; Jeanette tells me they aren't inundated with huge numbers, but also that her trusted team (which she's built up over the last few years) are very active and successful in re-homing, mainly to the UK, but occasionally Holland and Germany, and so very few dogs are in the pound for very long. 2dogs

They have been based at this site for only a few months, originally being located in a built up area of Oroklini and then moving to the outskirts and then moving again after a neighbour complained about the noise. It's a pleasant and tranquil spot, with plenty of

space to walk the dogs and allow them to run off lead. Jeanette is pleased that it's out of the way, so that surrounding areas which are less successful in homing their dogs, do not dump them here. They are successful because they don't take on more than they can cope with. The municipality have promised to move the rubbish that's strewn around, which the dogs enjoy investigating, but which poses potential dangers.

A couple of days before my visit a black dog, they name Blaze, arrives at the pound frightened and unwilling to walk on a lead (and so must be carried to the car when he's taken to the vet's for blood tests). He's making good progress; is beginning to trust humans and other dogs and starting to sniff them and show an interest, which are the first signs of recovery. Although he is rather introverted (but with a tail that constantly wags), Blaze's placid nature is obvious and he draws us all (humans and other dogs) to his

presence. Most of the dogs that arrive are young, between a year and a year and a half, and Jeanette believes this is just past the puppy age when families get tired of them and can no longer be bothered to care for them. With such small numbers at Oroklini, the dogs receive one to one attention; affection, exercise and training. And those that are sick or very young are fostered. The atmosphere is cheerful and friendly; once the volunteers return the dogs to their enclosures and leave, the place is quiet again. We stay til 10 and then Jeanette and Lizzie load up their own dogs and the fosters in their cars and I follow them back to Oroklini's main street and from there onto the motorway to Nicosia.

6

Sat 14 Nov, Limassol: The days are so full, of brightness and travel, of newly met people, dogs, places and experiences, that finding

space for reflection, for thinking about what has been achieved, and considering what is still possible, is a challenge.

On Saturday morning I set off at 8am, on the now familiar A1 motorway south to Limassol, to meet Marina, who spends the majority of her free time as an independent dog rescuer. I have a personal reason for wanting to meet Marina; she found my own Cyprus rescue dog, Florrie, nearly two years ago, racing over when she got a call to keep the tiny black puppy from being put in the pound (a dangerous place for puppies, because of disease and the cold) and finding a foster carer, Roulla, in Nicosia, who kept her until she could be flown to England. We meet at McDonald's, just off the motorway, to the north of Limassol. She has also made use of this rendezvous to meet up with a girl who has found a very young stray puppy; Marina will take him to the sanctuary we will be visiting. She has followed this puppy on

Facebook posts; two or three successive people find him, photograph him for their FB pages, and then put him back on the streets; a common pattern, until finally, Marina persuades a girl to bring him to her.

We take Marina's car to Cydra (Cyprus Dog Rehoming Association), on the outskirts of Limassol and meet Barbara, a German woman, who set up the charity six years ago. They are not a shelter, but work with other shelters to rehome the dogs most likely to be adopted. They also train dogs (and train volunteers to train dogs). They are funded entirely by private donations, which Barbara tells me she has worked hard to build up from a body of supporters, mainly German business men and women, who pay monthly (including herself). They rent the land, but over the years have added breeze block enclosures and offices. It feels remote, with only a handful of houses nearby, and a cat

sanctuary across the road, but organised and cared for.

The premises accommodates just over a hundred dogs. Most are re-homed or fostered in Germany, but a volunteer has just set up a UK FB site which is proving successful. They've just received two litters of puppies and are measuring, naming and photographing them – they will find homes quickly. They also have a number of older dogs; with scars, arthritis, missing teeth and cataracts; we discuss whether these should be put to sleep to end their suffering and make way for younger dogs with more potential to be re-homed. It is an ethical question that sanctuaries have to confront, as the number of strays is more than any of them can take.

“No one supposes that one of the lower animals reflects whence he comes or whither he goes, – what is death, or what is life, and

so forth. But can we feel sure that an old dog with an excellent memory and some power of imagination, as shewn by his dreams, never reflects on his past pleasures of the chase? and this would be a form of self-consciousness.” (Charles Darwin *The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex*, 1871, Princeton University Press, 1981).

Whilst at Cydra, the foster dog of a volunteer goes missing; later on the road outside the shelter I catch a glimpse of her, but she turns tail and quickly disappears. We scour the surrounding countryside but to no avail, until near sunset, Barbara spots her cowering in a corner of the cat sanctuary. She growls at Marina who nimbly climbs the 6 foot fence and secures her with a lead. As we are just about to leave for home Marina gets a call about a stray poodle that she’s been following on FB and we race off to collect it from a group of teenage girls who are holding it. Marina and Barbara take him to the vet’s

and find he is microchipped, but the vet doesn't have the facilities to read the number. Marina says she will check the microchip number the next day (a Sunday) and the dog stays at the clinic overnight. We return finally to my car and I drive the hour long journey back to Nicosia in the dark.

7

Sun 15 Nov, Moni, Limassol: Anna asks me to return to Sirius to photograph the Dog Walk, an event which is run monthly. They're expecting, and get, a good turn out, as the weather is perfect for walking (not too hot and no rain). I arrive at 11 and many dogs have already joined their walkers; the dirt track leading to the shelter is full of animated people being pulled along by eager dogs to the sound of laughter, barking and chatter. Some arrive alone, others in couples or family groups.

Anna and her team of volunteers are trying their best to meet the demand for dogs, but queues are forming. She argues with a woman with two small children, explaining that they can't take three dogs they have no small dogs, only hunting dogs who are extremely strong; eventually the woman agrees to take one, and is suddenly swept down the road, pulled by an excited canine.

“...familiarity with animals was regarded by the devout as proof of a dirty, beastly and unholy life.” (p101 Samantha Hurn, *Humans and Other Animals: Cross-Cultural Perspectives on Human-Animal Interactions*, 2012)

The dogs know from early morning that it is Dog Walk day, and are already in a state of high excitement by the time the walkers arrive. Some people return a dog after their walk and immediately take another (and some yet another). A (British Army) family

take two pointer dogs all the way down to the beach; Anna, worried that they are not going to return, takes off on a bicycle to find them, but they turn up a little while later smiling, dogs tongues lolling, apologetic. I walk a little way along the track that most are taking which leads to the sea; they are happy to pose for photographs, seeing it as part of the event.

“...pets are valuable social catalysts.” (p 102 Humans and Other Animals: Cross-Cultural Perspectives on Human-Animal Interactions, 2012)

I leave at 1.30pm and take the motorway back to Nicosia.

8

Wed 20 Nov, Nicosia to Paphos via Troodos Mountains: After two days in Nicosia I begin my journey to Paphos and choose to go via

the B9 motorway through the Troodos mountains, rather than the quicker A1. I drive West, passing the old airport, and then sweep south, the mountains spread out before me, past the roadside pottery sellers and through the strip villages. Eventually the road increases in steepness and pine clad the slopes. I pass through the wine region, with its billboards offering free tasting. I reach a crossroads; one road leading to Troodos (and Mount Olympos, the highest point in Cyprus), the other to Limassol. I stop at a roadside café and drink a Cyprus coffee. The air is cool and fresh and the pines thicker, obscuring the treacherous slopes. Occasional deciduous trees add surprising sparks of orange, a reminder that it's November. A group of aging British bikers arrive and order tea and chips.

I continue down the steep incline towards Limassol (Lemesos) (one day I will take the Troodos road and from there cross to

Paphos) and as I descend to the coastal plain and sweep round on the motorway (the 'Paphos Highway') heading West, a gleaming strip of blue Mediterranean appears to my left. After Limassol, rocky outcrops of chalk-like rock surround me; passing through the 950 metre Paphos tunnel I see the gleaming white buildings of Paphos. The directions I've been sent make it easy to navigate the winding streets of Chlorakas, and I soon find the Airbnb I'll be staying at for three nights.

Thur 19 Nov, Paphos: My arrangements to meet Anita, who runs Paphos Private Dog Sanctuary, are complicated by a case of horrendous horse abuse that Anita has been called to deal with. Eventually she agrees to me coming to see her at 10.30 the following morning; her sanctuary is on the way to Paphos airport on the main road to Kouklia. I park outside the double iron gates and a man walks up the drive to open them for me (he is

a client dropping off his two large dogs for boarding). Anita, a Londoner, welcomes me and we talk about the stray dog situation in Cyprus. She suggests the government should fund large (no kill) shelters in each province, with volunteers rehoming the (neutered and vaccinated) dogs, and implementing a Cyprus-wide neutering programme. The reasons for Cypriots' aversion to neutering appear to range from religious objections, to machismo, to economic.

I stay only for another half hour and take only a few photographs, since Anita has to leave to take a dog to the vet's, who closes for an hour and a half around lunchtime. With the afternoon free I decide to visit Tala Monastery Cat Sanctuary and its 600 cats, situated just below the Twelfth Century Monastery of Agios Neofytos, in a stunning location high in the hills with sweeping views down to the sea.

Fri 20 Nov, Paphos: at 6.30pm on Thur I finally receive email confirmation of my visit to PAWS Dog Shelter run by the charity, Cyprus Association for the Protection and Care of Animals (CAPCA), in Acheleia, not far from Anita's. I arrive at 10 (and stay until 12.30pm). I'm greeted by a friendly Geordie voice, who introduces himself as Pete, one of the two Kennel Consultants, and who shows me around. It's an impressive purpose-built shelter constructed eight years ago on land they purchased, after fund-raising half a million pounds. The municipality sets the limit of 150 dogs, and there are just over that number at the moment; they home around 20 dogs a month (most in Cyprus, the UK and Germany).

"The ethical turn... is a concern with and for alterity, especially insofar as alterity brings us to the limits of our own self-certainty and certainty about the world." (p15 Kari Weill

Thinking Animals: Why Animal Studies Now, 2012).

It's leafy, airy and light and the enclosures are set at angles to one another, less confrontational. I meet some of the 50 volunteers, and there is a good atmosphere. The majority of the dogs are hunting breeds, abandoned because they are poor hunters or injured. The hunting (of game birds and hares) is permitted in Cyprus on Wednesdays and Sundays during the hunting season, which runs from 1st November to 27th December. A hunting dog permit, licence and microchip are required by law, but in reality most stray hunting dogs have no microchip making tracing owners impossible.

“If we accept that animals other than human beings may be conscious, intentional agents, then we have also to ascribe to them personal as well as natural powers. That is, we are forced to recognize that they embody

attributes of personhood which in the West are popularly identified with the condition of 'humanity'. (p9 Tim Ingold *What is an Animal?* 1994)

Pete, who has ten dogs of his own at home and another seven foster dogs, stops to introduce me to a medium-sized, slightly nervous, light brown dog. He has just been offered a home in the UK after being here for two years. Pete says this makes it all worthwhile for him. We talk further about the stray situation in Cyprus and are the last to leave, the other staff and volunteers having driven away, leaving the place calm and peaceful; the dogs finally having nothing to bark at.

9

Sat 21 Nov, Paphos: Having tried, and failed, the previous afternoon to locate the entrance to Paphiakos Animal Sanctuary, I return with

renewed determination. I study maps, take directions, drive round and finally I see the small unobtrusive entrance on Spyrou Kyprianou Avenue in the centre of the old town of Paphos (despite being a fairly substantial area, it is not, unlike the Karting or Paintball centres, marked as anything on the map).

I was to meet Marina to visit the shelter where she found my own dog, Florrie, but she has to work today, so I decide to spend the morning at Paphiakos. It has a dubious reputation as a shelter; unlike most (except municipal pounds), it has a kill policy, although they keep quiet about the numbers that are put to sleep. It is also said to be not very active in rehoming dogs and, indeed, some have been here for a number of years; almost their whole lives. It's a complex organisation with travel facilities and education programmes, and, people have spoken well about their veterinary services,

which offer free cat neutering. I'm greeted by Laura, a kennel assistant, who is very friendly, welcomes me and talks affectionately about the dogs, cats and donkeys on the site. They currently have around 300 dogs. She begins to show me around, but is called away, telling me it's fine to photograph anywhere.

As I walk I acquire a following of cats and donkeys. A number of bull breed dogs are chained to trees and I'm careful to gauge the length of their chains as I pass, although when I finally do stray too close a black dog greets me affectionately. The site is stony and barren, with a few corrugated buildings and one house, around which the large dog enclosure is situated, with the small dogs and puppies in separate enclosures.

"...visual experience is saturated with the tactile history of the experiencing agent. The tactile and the visual are interwoven, in that

my history of touching objects similar to the one in question is woven into my current visions of it.” (p182 Diana Coole *New Materialisms: Ontology, Agency and Politics*, 2010).

Although clean, the enclosures contain nothing but blue barrels for sleeping, and the dogs appear anxious and readily break into barking and howling; I see some being picked on aggressively by others lacking any other stimulation. The small dogs flock to the wire to lick my fingers, but soon become bored as I remain there quietly and they eventually wander off to sit or lie down. Suddenly a donkey appears by the bars and the whole enclosure erupts in frenetic noise and chaos once again.

“In an aversion to animals the predominant feeling is fear of being recognized by them through contact. The horror that stirs deep in man [sic] is an obscure awareness that in

him something lives so akin to the animal that it might be recognized. All disgust is originally disgust at touching.” (Walter Benjamin ‘Gloves’, in *One-Way Street and Other Writings*, 1997).

After saying my goodbyes to Laura, I head for the gate, trailing a stream of cats to my car. I begin the hour and a half journey to Nicosia, past Aphrodite’s Temple, back through the Paphos Tunnel and past Limassol.

I stop off for a Cyprus coffee at the kiosk near Sirius and consider revisiting the Sanctuary, but decide against it. Each visit is an emotional experience and I have experienced enough for a while.

I rejoin the A1 motorway and arrive back at NiMAC mid-afternoon.

Wed 25 Nov, Xylofagou near Ayia Napa: I set off (for what in fact proves to be) my final rescue visit at 9 in the morning, heading South toward Larnaca and then sweeping East towards Ayia Napa. It's a bright day and the motorway driving is easy and relaxed. Mostly the land is flat with some small terraced hills formed from creamy white dessicated rocks. I pass under the billboards raised high above the motorway; advertising giant hamburgers and Kit-Kats, and Lidl and the University of Nicosia. I pass Oroklini and imagine Jeanette and her team just leaving the pound after the morning's feeding and walking. Soon after the earth becomes red in the ploughed fields and a strip of gleaming blue sea appears to my right.

I leave the motorway at Junction 64, as directed, and, since I'm early, drive on a little further and find a juice bar at the roadside, where I have freshly-squeezed orange. I then head back to the motorway junction and

wait. It's not long before Andrea's white Fiesta van appears and she smiles and asks me to follow her. We pass along the flat roads, past more red ploughed fields (it is known as the kokkinochoria – the red earth area), through the little village of Xylofagou and on, towards a dirt track where we pass a flock of dirty red sheep, and finally reach a large isolated house, with a large surrounding fence; horses and dogs milling around.

As we walk through the double gates dogs slip out past us, but quickly return and jump up in greeting, barking and running around. I meet Lorraine, Andrea's sister, in the kitchen. She offers me tea and we sit and talk, while the dogs become gradually calm. There are all manner of dogs; Doberman, Hound, Poodle, Mini Pinscher, Labrador, Chihuahua; although most probably a mixture. They are friendly and want to sniff, be stroked, run, play. Andrea and Lorraine know each of their names and their individual characters.

I become fascinated by how they interact with one another; giving constant signals; of friendliness, playfulness, anxiety, wariness... they each have friends they like and those they don't. A tiny brown dog called Dave, who Andrea explains most likely has brain damage, tries to keep others in order, particularly a new female who hasn't been here long. He barks at her and growls and turns circles in front of her, while she tries to ignore him. The hunting dogs, with their graceful movements glide past on their long limbs with effortless elegance.

There are a number of puppies there and some of the older dogs play gently with them, in moments of remembered youthfulness. There is an older white pointer who was due to be destroyed at the Pound when Andrea and Lorraine took her – something they often do. She will remain here for the rest of her life.

“Thinking with animals can take the form of an intense yearning to transcend the confines of self and species, to understand from the inside or even to become an animal.” (p230 Daston & Mitman Thinking with Animals: New Perspectives on Anthropomorphism, 2005)

While I’m there Andrea goes to collect a small black puppy, just a couple of months old, who was found by a man (who photographed it and offered it for free on FB and then took it to the Pound). It will travel on to Lania and Tina will find him a home. We walk down to the kennels – not all the dogs like other dogs, while some dislike certain dogs and so have to be contained while the others are free. This is rotated, so no one dog is in the kennel for long. One little dog, new here, doesn’t emerge from his kennel when the door is left open and when Lorraine goes to check on him she finds that

the area around his microchip is bleeding; so he will be given antibiotics.

I stay until the sun is getting low in the sky, painting the fields an even more vivid red. I then begin the hour-long drive back to Nicosia. The following day it rains – the first dull weather of my trip. Although Kyrenia and Famagusta shelter in the Northern Turkish sector of Cyprus are very positive about my visit we have been unable to arrange it for today – I therefore tell them that they will be the first visits on my next trip.

Carole Baker 2015

Dog Blog Slides <https://goo.gl/3gy4Vu>