

From the workbench of:
Date:

* complaint filed in court

I've been running dogs for more than a decade. Don't ask me why, because, if with living in this rugged isolated part of the world with it's extreme climate, you either understand, with out explanation or the concept is so alien that you wouldn't get it no matter what I say.

In the spring of '98, I purchased a small piece of land near Dawson City. Leaving behind 8 years of living in an assortment of wall tents, prospectors cabins and trapline cabins. The dog yard never more than 10 meters from the door and the neighbours rarely closer than 10 Kilometers.

Now, to go along with my new home, I had neighbours. And with neighbours, come complaints about the noise, all the noise my dogs were making. So when Oswald came knocking at my door to ask if he could make audio-recordings of my dogs, my first thoughts were somewhat paranoid... "oh, great, he's come to gather evidence for some sort of ~~legal action~~" Oswald continued "their singing is beautiful, a dog orchestra..."

"oh...?! It wasn't so much I was a bit surprised, it's not so much that I'd been taking the dogs ~~noise~~ for granted. It was just that not many people share my taste in music. Now it would appear that their howls will be heard around the world. I can't help but to wonder though, as with any performer, the critics always make comparisons to other artists. Who will my dog team have cited as influences? Beethoven, ~~Mozart~~, Truett Reznor (Nine Inch Nails)? Brummel"

enjoy
Jeremy Roht
West Dawson, Yukon
2001

