



author &  
shibaken fan  
thomas  
bjelland

## SHIBADUDE

photography, illustration, written, designed & produced by Thomas Bjelland  
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# SHIBADUDE



A QUIET  
SUBURBAN LIFE  
by thomas bjelland

# SHIBADUDE

The first time we saw Gen, we called his name and he acknowledged our presence by scampering up with a sanguine canine grin, looked us over and then casually sauntered away as if he couldn't care less if we or any other humans on earth even existed. I instantly liked him! That he was the still un-chosen puppy after his two (minutes younger) brothers Genji and Genzo had already found homes with other families due to their "friendlier" demeanor seemed unworthy of his consideration. Classic Shibaken character already on full display, a trait amongst many others that we would learn over time, attributable to the distinct characteristics of one of the most independent and smartest dog breeds ever. His first born, self-assured, aloof disposition combined with the signature curly-tailed foxlike cuteness made Genichi one charismatic three-month-old pup!

Yoshiko graciously handed over an under-market-value check for five hundred bucks to the Katsumotos and *ojisan* Katsumoto scooped Gen up and over the small wooden fence that divided the backyard into shaded back patio and grassy dog yard. He fastened a short strand of thick cotton rope around Gen's slender puppy neck as a collar/leash and *obachan* Katsumoto bid farewell to his mom, dad and uncle for him, the last to go of another home-bred litter that the family had been raising in their Anaheim backyard for decades. They gave us photos of Gen and his brothers mounted on scrapbook pages, chub-

## GENICHI

(Out front)

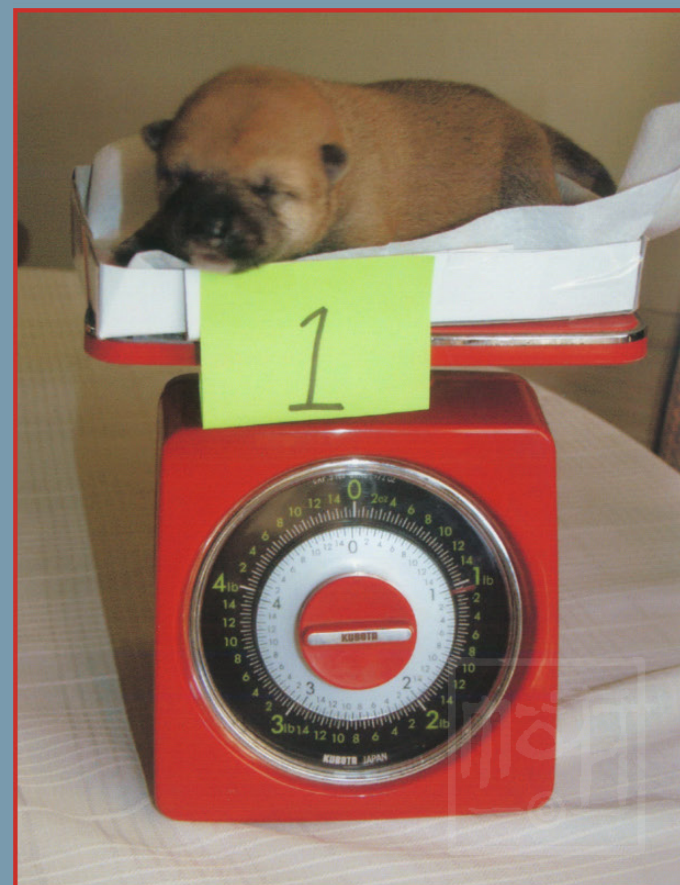
Shibaken  
Shiba Inu  
Shibadude  
the best!

all photos: Thomas Bjelland  
CanonAE1 • manual focus!  
Fuji velvia(velveeta) slide film



by guinea pig-like newborns, balanced tenuously on a small scale with weight and birth order 1 - 2 or 3 recorded in thick Sharpie on lime green Post-Its visible in each image. One page had prints of Gen's elders; mom, dad, grandpa and grandma, and even a certificate in Kanji authenticating his pure-bred lineage going back to Japan.

We carried Gen to the Highlander, cracked the windows and cranked up the AC against the stifling inland SoCal Anaheim August afternoon for the drive back home to Mesa Verde, Costa



### LITTLE DUDE

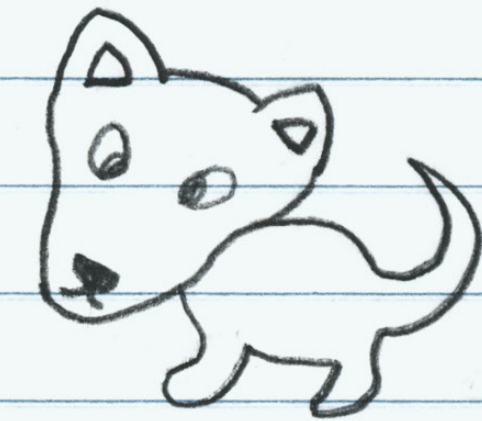
Genichi weighs in. Little over a pound of absolute studliness.

Mesa, where a reliable Summer sea-breeze was all the air conditioning normally needed since we faced west on the ocean side of the 405. Our first pet, a joyous new addition to our small family, and for son Sean, a rite of passage and of "promised responsibility" (he did a good job sometimes picking up the poop and I of course got my share of collecting the barged deuces - preferably dried in the sun for a day or two) for an adolescent ten-year-old boy, the thrill of having his "own" dog come true. Genichi was the perfect sturdy, medium size fit for our own Alder shaded backyard which wrapped around the back rooms of an eighteen-hundred square foot, three-bed two-bath with attached garage home in quiet middle-class suburbia. It seemed my decade of meticulous gardening, landscaping and professional artist pruning sensibilities (it's like outdoor living sculpture-my preference is for a balance between classic *Niwa* technique and comfortable grown-in tidiness and was cultivated since working part-time for seven years at Lakewood Nursery back in college) were in preparation for his arrival, the backyard now replete.

As a little dude, Gen's bed was under a plastic chair in the corner of the garage next to the dryer along the wall adjoining the front master bedroom/bath and it was always a joy to see his youthful pointy-eared fluffy head framed in the corner of the sliding French door after he had heard me flush the toilet after rising and draining my morning wood. An early riser (my entire life) in a home of late sleepers, it was our own special moment to start each day. He slept soundly, never barked at neighborhood noises, in general ig-

Mr. Katsumoto  
714 812-8419

Has shiba  
Inu



art by taiku

### LITTLE DUDES

We can't see nothin' yet, but rest assured we know we cute.



### THREE BROTHERS

You know you want to pick us up and cuddle, the question is which one?

*Ojisan* Katsumoto scooped Genichi up and over the small wooden fence that divided the backyard into shaded back patio and grassy dog yard. He fastened a short strand of thick cotton rope around Gen's slender puppy neck as a collar/leash (economical and old skool) and *obachan* Katsumoto bid farewell to his Mom, Dad and Uncle for him, the last to go of another home-bred litter that the family had been raising in their Anaheim backyard for decades.



**GENICHI'S FIRST COLLAR**  
(his folks & grandparents both sport proper rope collars in their photos)  
Bringing home the little dude. A fun day for all!

art by taifu



### KATSUMOTO'S LADY

Newborns genichi, genji, and genzo sidle up to a teat each and drink fresh milk from their mom.

Ichi, ni, san. One, two, three.

photos by katsumoto

nored cats as a waste of his energy and intellect, and woe to any alligator lizard or small creature that dared enter his backyard domain! Except for his longtime nemesis, the sure-footed grey squirrel forever taunting him from the safety of his perch atop the back-fence rail or always out of reach tree branch. He even snapped up low-flying flies and insects with a laser quick clack of canine teeth. His youthful, instinctive, exuberant leaps with front and hind legs stretched out horizontally when excited running in the back yard were not to be missed!

One Easter, the next-door neighbors, the Nakamuras, got a new young bunny that sadly only lasted a couple days as it found a shrubby concealed hole in the weathered slat wood fence, “escaped” from one yard into another only to find himself immediately spending his last seconds of life swinging rag-doll in the clenched jaws courtesy of the Shibaken’s hard-wired hunting instinct. I collected the limp bunny’s body in a shoebox and Sean and I rode our bikes to the nearby Santa Ana River channel and gave him a proper burial beneath some rocks that formed a small retaining wall next to the bike path outside the immense concrete flood control structure. A few days later, by strange coincidence, we saw another bunny in the front yard of a house a few blocks away in the neighborhood while I was taking him for a walk. The next chance he got, Gen bolted from the left-open backyard gate in the direction of said bunny. Sean and I were knuckling around outside in the street and he yelled at Gen to “Stay!” Gen flipped him a sideways “yeah-right” glance and took off in his pursuit. We

jumped on our bikes and found him in that same yard sniffing around, no carnage had happened and we took him back home.

Quick to learn discipline, Gen would not leave the house by himself (‘cept for the bunny incident just related!) and always complainingly stuck out his neck (to me at least since I was the disciplinarian–Sean–being his “bro” could get him to obey most anything else) in a protest against ultimate domestication or complete submission even if he was squirming to go outside—to receive his harness and leash in anticipation of his necessary twice-a-day walks, his chance to sniff & squirt some pee on the various chosen shrubs along the sidewalk. He usually would be a bit excited the first block or so, jet out some too-long streams, then towards the end of the walk have nothing left but a few meager squirts for the so-privileged bushes. My favorite was when he would shift his weight forward balancing on both front paws with curly-tailed rump in the air for that extra angle/pressure to eke out a last few drops. Or after puckering inside out and bargaining a deuce, his hind legs wheeling, kicking up a few strands of grass (never laying a turd on the sidewalk, good boy) he performed the imaginary covering dance ritual over his offering. Being good neighbors, we always followed him around dutifully carrying the plastic pooper handbags and hoping for (me at least) a hard tootsie roll–thanks–as opposed to gushy peanut butter–squishy, hot & fresh and stinky!

It took a bit of effort to establish just who was the alpha-male in the household at first, as Gen peed on the corner of my bed comforter inside

## gen’s family tree

源一号の父犬 コロ松号 福生園  
(通称 コロ)



dad/otosan

源一号の母犬 達磨の冬華号 岩国達磨荘  
(通称 ハナ)

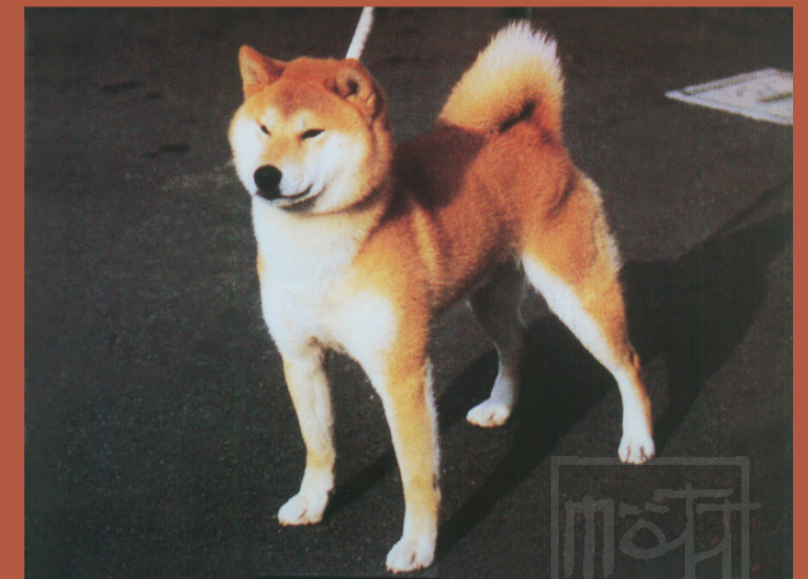


mom/okasan



grandpa/ojisan

丈源号 三郷インダ  
平成16年(2004)第101回 全国展  
準最高賞  
コロの母方祖父犬



grandma/obachan

神威号 阿萬の川荘  
平成3年(1991)第88回 全国展  
最高賞  
ハナの父犬

日本犬血統書		日本犬犬籍簿 (日保籍)		受賞履歴																													
小型 柴犬		登録番号 小 H17-11675 号		年次	会の種類	審査員	級	評価	賞																								
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## GEN'S CERTIFICATE OF SHIBA

from Japan to California / East to West  
comes the (semi-domesticated) Ameriken Shibaken.  
Thank you (arigato gozaimasu) Katusmos!

the house a couple times in an effort to mark his territory. Hell-no lil' dude! A few swats on his head with stern No-No's!, then banishment to the garage where he hid under the cars for a while until it blew over did the trick, but was a source of chagrin for me later as he always gave a slight flinch if my hand was above his snout even fourteen years on. Shibakens don't forget!

I would have loved for him to father puppies of his own. We tried once to mate him with a young also first-timer Shiba girl that was owned by a friend that Yokko and Sean knew from Japanese school, but their combined inexperience only resulted in a clumsy extended dance of whimpers, unsuccessful mounts and unfortunately for him an unending stretch of doggy blue-balls. At least we didn't neuter the little dude! Later as an old lil' dude, around twelve years or so, he got a tumor and had to have his nards removed (they didn't swing down—they were stacked slightly diagonal, nearly sideways one on top of the other tucked just below his furry brown-eye balloon knot and not the most pleasant view from behind with curly-tail up and wagging). I sometimes wonder if the tumor on his nuts developed from never busting one. Ouch!

Once in a while I would leash him to the immaculately pruned—if I do say so myself—small birch tree on the front lawn while washing the cars, and if the grass was long and due for mowing, he settled into a comfortable recline and impersonated a little red-brown fox, resplendent in his luxuriant twice-yearly-shedding thick and thin coats of fur. The different winter and

summer coats being necessary for the breed's comfort from originating in a climate such as Japan's biting cold, snowy winters and converse meltingly humid, torpor inducing, hot Summer extremes. If you don't like finding squiggly hairs in every room, in every drawer, and on nearly every article of even freshly-laundered clothing all year round, a Shiba may not be the dog for you! I can imagine saving all the shed hair over a Shiba's (thirteen and still kicking!) lifetime, you could easily fill a mattress and set of pillows at the minimum.

Gen could acutely distinguish between any real or non-threatening situation with the slightest effort and the fierce loyalty built up over the years made him equally a calm trusted ally and a surprisingly capable dispenser of vicious retaliation should he be challenged. Lightning quick, with an ear-piercing scream-like bark, originally bred as guard and hunting dogs way back in the Samurai days, in a pack Shibaken can harass and hold down a bear for the arrival of the hunter to finish off the job. Outward cuteness belies an formidable internal intensity. On the one hand, it warms the heart to feel his unwavering loyalty, he's got your back—yet on the other somewhat saddens the intellect to realize he would fight to the death at the drop of a hat any big dog that tries to will his alpha position over the intrepid twenty-five pounder.

Brave beyond question, fearless of any opponent, yet he amusingly cowers beneath my desk, hunkering down around my feet on the occasional event of thunderstorm or lightning crack. Such a tuff dude! It could sometimes be a bit unnerv-

# 犬 舎

6 KODAK 125PX



SEAN and GEN  
(Out front)  
Taiku  
(means to grow up strong)  
A boy and his dog.  
photos: Thomas Bjelland  
canonAE1 • manual focus!  
Kodak 125PX B&W film

Sumink brush:  
Taiku no obachima  
Fumiko Kitada





GENICHI SLEEPS (NAPS) 1

©Thomas Bjelland • Original watercolor, gouache and prismacolor study on paper.  
2009 • 11" x 14" (Plein air sketch before rendering color image in the studio).



Opposum dares traverse the fence  
only in the middle of night.  
Darkness no cover, stealth no option  
in range of the Shiba's keen senses.  
Only during sound sleep,  
snout tucked into paws,  
wrapped with his signature  
curled-tail *inverse of normal*  
in a fox-like ball  
does the Shiba afford Opposum  
his nightly foraging journey.  
He dreams of the hunt  
*but does not awaken.*





## GOTCHA BRO! [burger-stealer]

Watching TV in the living room  
Sean went into the kitchen  
for something and left his  
unwrapped-yet-untouched  
Carl's Jr.



Famous Star on  
the table. Gen  
leapt onto his  
empty chair,  
stretched out  
his compact  
frame, front  
legs up-top  
and snatched

the patty & cheese for himself  
leaving the onion, tomato and  
lettuce on the now-sad bun for  
his bro-“Thanks Amigo!”





## GENICHI SMILES

©Thomas Bjelland • Original graphite study on paper. 2008  
9" x 12" (plein air quick sketch - he doesn't sit still once engaged).

ing, when heading out on a walk through the neighborhood, if an unleashed “friendly” big dog should think that Gen was either not a dog—some type of fox—or ultimately find out that he was not about to take any BS about submitting to its idea of pecking order due solely to size. Having been harassed by two juvenile pit bulls on the loose testing out their prowess back in the day, he’s not about to wait around and entertain any notion of projected superiority. I’ve never been to a police station in my life, yet unfortunately had to report three incidents to the Costa Mesa cops caused by leash-less dogs’ owners projecting their own human train of thought—anthropomorphically—that an animal’s actions can always be predictable as to their “friendly” behavior and are devoid of any undomesticated long-seated instincts. Theirs’s is different. They were wolves once. Please! I love your dog; for goodness sake, keep him on a leash folks. A couple encounters in the hood stand out. A big yellow lab around the block owned by a rail-thin (meth?) lady constantly barked (encouraged by the lady letting him do it day-after-day) at us from the screen door as we walked by on the other side of the street. I imagine he thought Gen might be a fox? “I don’t know what that creature is, but I need to kick its ass!” One day it got out, and sure enough bolted full speed towards us. I picked up Gen and ran around the corner, the bastard chased us and caught up just as I was setting Gen on top of one of the large closed trash containers provided by the city. He grazed my elbow with a lunge, and the luckily not-deep bite had me off to the Police after the chick’s boyfriend had run out and subdued the culprit. Labs are cool! It’s (some) owners who are dicks and

self-absorbed!

Then a very close neighbor, on the other side of the Nakabaras, had a German Shepard/mix named Scooby that strained at the leash every time he saw Gen, particularly when he was on a bike ride with his “Dad.” Barking, snarling, Dad would laugh-it-off with a feigned admonishment, and I thought to myself “It’s on the second that dog gets his chance” and was always uneasy anytime near the house. Then finally when Yokko was out walking Gen one day, out loose as dad had moved out and had recklessly left Scooby with his renters, he got his chance and attacked. A fight ensued, he had Gen in a lockjaw hold around the back of his furry neck (good thing it was so thick!) Yo-chan ran home and got me, luckily another neighbor had intervened by the time I got there and loosened the prick’s hold. We had to take Gen to the vet, and were surprised but not entirely relieved that the blood on his neck was Scooby’s and not Gen’s, he had gotten in a few good licks. Another trip to CMPD and we managed to get dad and his renter to pay the bill, but it just nails it home - it ain’t the dog, it’s the owner who sucks.

Then one more time, a stout bulldog got out the front door of another house around the block and had his turn. A tough fight was fortunately broken up shortly by the careless teens that had left the screen ajar and were out front. I helped with the break-up and carried Gen all the way home as a gesture of admiration wrought with compassion for a noble warrior. He was okay, my friend Kyle a few houses down from the encounter who had heard the melee and then saw us



THREE 'LIL INDIANS  
masa-san, taiku, emi-chan (kawaii!)  
wrestle genichi



# Dog Star



In the past dog were samuri.  
Now they are pets  
In the future the will be  
protectors of the Earth from the Cat Bots  
and leader Cat Necros



## GENICHI DAYDREAMS

Daytime naps forego the hunting escapades of nighttime's deep sleep. In the afternoon slumber dogs take their proper place in the world...

Translations: Sean 2005  
Redrawn by Tom 2018 (T/K)  
Bkg image: iPhone / Mac  
digital 2018



That's right. Thirteen and still playin' the cute card.



**genster**  
genichi • lil' dude since 1/24/05

## SHIBADUDE

Not a fox.  
Not a puppy.  
Still playin' the cute card at thirteen!  
If you got it, you got it.  
And don't forget about the fur you'll enjoy finding in every room, everyday, until we part, and then still for months after.  
A few strands stuck to even freshly washed clothes.  
You know I'm worth it!

## GENICHI at THIRTEEN

©Thomas Bjelland  
Pen drawing from iPhone digital foto, Mac digital.  
2018 8.5" x 11"

through his screen door mistakenly thought I was carrying him home to be put down. Not so! Another trip to the station, at least the owner/parent came over to the house and apologized after Animal Patrol visited him with quarantine orders and the cops gave them our address. I knew he was sincere, but Jeez, Gen never started nothin'—but he never took no crap.

After the big divorce, (hey—it's complicated!) I was saddened to miss quite a few years' worth of living with the Genster. I dare say at times I seemed to miss him almost as much as Sean but of course in a different way—dang it! There's the parent/child unconditional love that has its hurdles but is paramount. Then the no-strings-attached bond between owner and pet. Simple. Always glad to see you, never holds a grudge. Just don't give a Shiba too much attention and you won't get nipped or disappointed by his lack of enthusiasm for your overt offerings of affection. They care and enjoy a quick scratch—under the chin—doesn't like having his view impeded, or pet of the fur—so fluffy!—but not that much.

Unfortunately for all the consequences of splitting-up and selling the house was evenly distributed (or fortunately with regard to karma and fair suffering). Gen lost the yard and was relegated to apartment living with just a small patio and even had a bout with anxiety for a while since he was newly alone often very long days without the whole family to be around and take turns with him. He chewed up blinds and escaped by jumping out the window from the Irvine apartment a couple times, one instance being picked up by animal control. He had the

## GEN WALKS

Jingle-jangle collar,  
jaunty gait.  
Pointy-eared,  
curly-tailed joy!

iPhone / Mac digital

# old dude

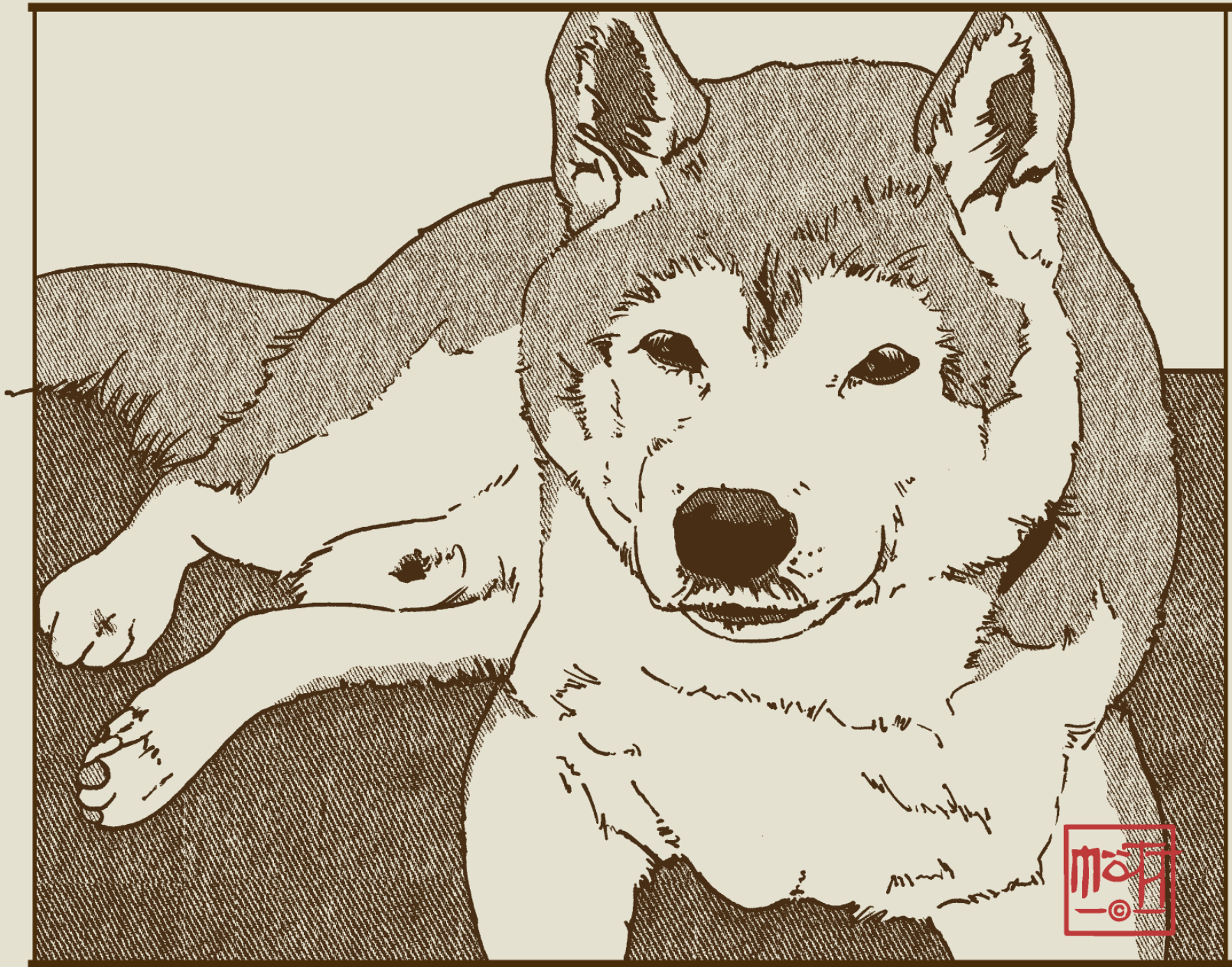
part 2

A SEMI-QUIET  
SUBURBAN LIFE

the genster

([mostly]-same as he ever was)

ELDER STATESMAN



# Lil' Olde Dude

Not too much changed in Genichi's demeanor after he officially became *Ojisan* (old-dude), that is to say around age twelve and older; he's currently on the back-end of sixteen. Seventeen seems a given (although in dog's years at seven per—and I ain't so good at math, but—he's certainly not a hundred-and-twelve? Perhaps that computation isn't meant to go beyond a dozen-or-so for the general canine population), as long as he doesn't have a bigger seizure than the ones he's endured the last couple years.

I haven't seen him have one; although it includes falling/rolling over on his back, tongue hanging out to the side, eyes bulging and bladder releasing—all his pee streaming out. Sounds like it could be a description of a Saturday morning cartoon snippet, but unfortunately it's not funny at all for the little Dude. Turns out he has a form of epilepsy developed from old age. One might surmise it a physical deterioration issue at front if previously unfamiliar with the condition, but it's actually a brain signal/message misfire that causes *nerve/muscular system jerks*, basically the same as what occurs in humans enduring the disorder. Now, he takes a control medicine that is similar prescription for humans but in dog dosage (and arouses new empathy for those folks afflicted as a side note).

The bummer part is that the pills have a sharp-bitter smell that even if I—his least “privileged” handler/family member—hide rolled into a piece of chicken or sweet potato, he easily sniffs the pill with his keen Shiba senses and will eat the snack—but spit out the tablet. And if offered a second time in succession will then refuse the snack attempt completely. “Not today Old Man, who you tryin' to fool—Fool?”

And you can't persuade him you're just tryin' to help, due to our long-standing Alpha

tussle from when he first came home with us as a puppy and I was the one who took on the good intentioned, but perhaps slightly naive discipliner role—he still resents the “superiority castigation” and never gives-in all the way to this fellow!

Not so for a submission request he allows to Sean (his bro) and Yoshiko (mum) as to the personal space intrusion policy he refuses me, I imagine he swallows the pills offered in the same matter for them as a courtesy. I'm pretty sure he isn't fooled with the same Trojan Horse administration for so long a stretch; and I mentioned to my brother E that his son/my nephew Josh upon graduating from Pharmacy College could make a fortune inventing pills that smell like jerky treats instead of the off-putting chemical odor. Maybe not so strong as to be overly attractive; but a neutral natural essence with a hint/aftertaste of beef/fish/fowl—your choice. That's the ticket. Million-dollar-idea! Shoots! Or try CBD it you're open-minded.

He's still stubborn! Stubborn as he ever was. And the fun thing about that is he's a dog and not a human—if there are any folks out there who have family or friends with a predilection for that particular disposition—and know what I might be alluding too—they're *never* admitting to the charge, and who's the nimrod ever expecting change in any shape, form or circumstance what-so-ever. Fun stuff! But Gen being a dog, doesn't require all the requisite prevarications and denials as his two-legged brethren; he'll unabashedly plant his twenty-five pounds *on course* for the morning or afternoon walk (they vary slightly, at least with me in my current hood) and there's no diversions allowed—period!). Ain't having it!



circa 2010

KISSYBOY! Genichi loves Yoshiko and vice versa. Although he'll only let Sean hand-pick his ever-shedding fur hairs, so he gets the edge on the Shiba-to-Human personal space tolerance. Considering Yokko and I were a “couple” for only the first few of our twenty year marriage and he's sixteen; I would assume it safe to deduce he's gotten more kisses from her than I ever did! Ouch! Attaboy-Gen.

But he's still got a nice jaunty gait when the mood strikes, can make it up the stairs albeit with careful watching and a steady hand assist here-or-there, and is in good shape for his age thanks to keeping active and rarely ever having missed his daily walks which are good (and usually fun) for all involved.

Gen's of course a little slower, and despite getting whiter and quite shaggier; his coat is thick and keeps his appearance on the attractive side—he still gets his “cute” compliments as ever. And although the meds and his mental faculties give him a slightly demented and sometimes spaced-out continence, he wears his smile often and makes one smile congenially in return, enamored in that human-to-canine connection that is so pure and simple.

Olde Demento Boy is just one look though. I'd have to wager (and still must keep a vigilant eye out for interlopers) he's still non-impressed with big-dog dominance insinuations; and if pressed—at heart *ever* fearless—he'd still rip-your-face-off if seriously up in his grill. And while Sean and I affectionately now call him—*Lil'-Old-Dude*—he's medium in stature and big in nature as always.

Genichi—how old can we go? I've heard of hearty Shibaken in Japan that might entertain a romp towards twenty—which is awfully hard to fathom—but maybe they enjoy a great diet of *sakana* (fish), *tofu*, *wakame* (kelp) and veggies, like their generally more healthy “owners”—but who knows? There are some old-timers in Japan no doubt, and Genichi—although born and raised in SoCal—still seems to exude some inherent and deeply entrenched Japanese traits of his forebearers.

And while referring to stout character, even in his most challenging latter iteration as not-all-together in mind and body canine, one time I was taking him for a late morning walk as I did when Sean and his Mom were working and not home after driving to their place in Irvine. Their last apartment was on the second floor and as I let him take the stairs down on his own—not entirely sure of his capabilities—he built-up a little too much momentum and over-stepped; sliding sideways down the last few steps, then slamming on his back on the pavement at the bottom. Just ate shite! But bless his heart, the little F-er saved me a lot of guilt and worry of a trip to the Vet when he bounded right-back-up as if nothing was amiss—“This is How We Roll Now!” No Complaints—the little Stud!

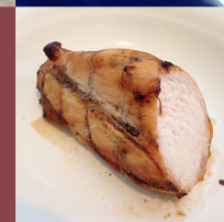
Maybe “extra” friendly or just liked my voice, but the one time I spoke a few phrases of my intonation perfect—but vocabulary limited *Nihongo* (Japanese) to another Shiba while





# gen gets his bird

The Weber Kettle often gets fired-up on the visits to the studio for the weekend or days when I get “shared custody” in taking care of the now (sixteen-and-a-half!) lil’-olde-Dude (how’s that Gandolphy beard hiding his collar?). He gets his own piece of chicken, perfectly-grilled sans-sauce. Has a particular tummy, and now-a-days he might even fall asleep waiting for the all-done sampling (after hounding me the whole set-up time in anticipation!). I’m not saying it’s the *best* Teriyaki Chicken ever, but there *ain’t none better*! Two elder statesmen bonding for a blessed while, I miss(ed) the heck out of the fella for more than a few years. And by the way, since Gen won’t let me brush him—and certainly not bathe him—this shaggy look would be it—if not for Sean and Yoshiko, whom he permits some access to his particulars.

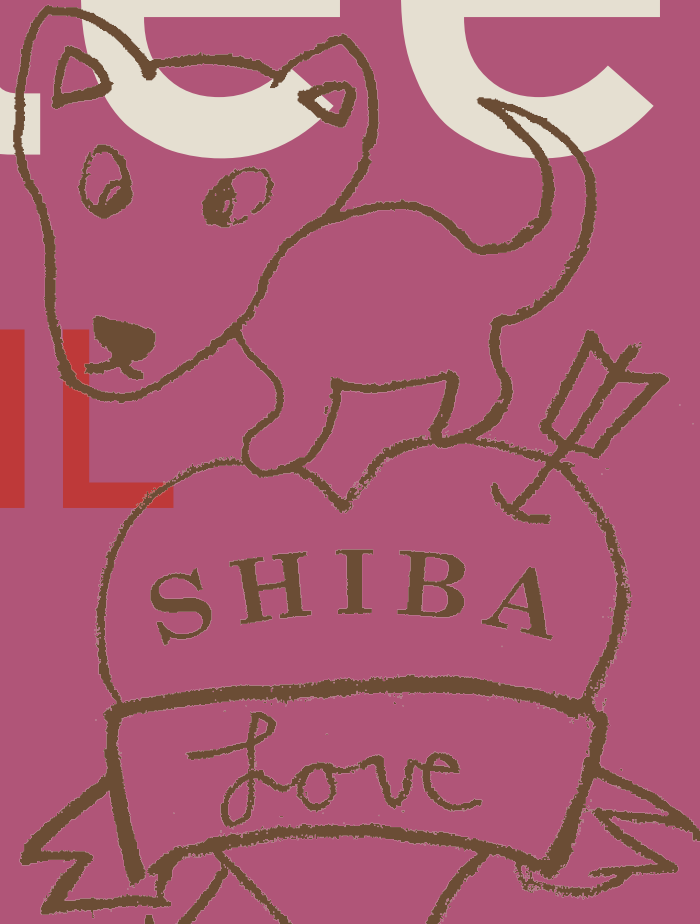


7/22/19 @ 9:05PM    8/8/19 @ 6:42PM    8/18/19 @ 6:56PM    8/29/19 @ 6:53PM    9/27/19 @ 12:15PM    10/8/19 @ 5:32PM    10/23/19 @ 5:02PM

I had a hunch during the challenging(!) C19 shutdowns that it might be fun to document his pieces...would he really notice if it wasn't grilled with utmost care? Probably not. But I'd know—and so would God. Amen.

# the big sleep

FOR  
THE LIL  
OLDE  
DUDE



rest in peace genichi  
Say hello to "ji" and "zo"  
in doggy-heaven-they been  
waitin' for your stubborn-  
butt to show-up-nearly  
18 years old-and-all!  
Love and thanks little  
dude-forever in our  
hearts.



fin.  
[the end]

