

Four times a day, as I stroll through the streets of Berlin, I ask my dog and I ask myself:  
*Who is a good boi?*

To do as one is told makes a *good boi*. Being cute and friendly is showing *good boi* manners. If you are invited, then kindly sniffing the butts of other *good bois* also makes a very *good boi*. You will know that a *boi is good* when he is an attentive student, but what releases the greatest number of treats, is when the *good boi* doesn't bark.

I assimilate the *good boi* to fit my visions and my habits, to make him silent when he needs to be, assuming flexibility is a default. I tell the world that it is just as much for his sake as it is for my own. I teach him that he is only good if I find him good and that goodness is the goal.

In the shaping of a dog one attempts to strip away most things that makes a dog, and in the mending of a pair of pants one can't avoid but to ruin the fabric in the act of stitching it back together. In Riepshoff's exhibition *A Stitch in Time* we are asked whether the caring hand always is a gentle hand and if teachings are always blessings as we are introduced to five needle threaders and a patchwork grandmother who combined constitutes a choir of voices from the past who all equally has taken part in the alteration of a truly great boy

– Tanja Nis-Hansen