

When you hear the knell of a requiem bell, weird glows gleam where spirits dwell.

Restless bones etherealize, rise as spooks of every size!⁵

EPILOGUE

In 1984, Madonna released *Borderline* with a B-side including “Think of Me” and “Physical Attraction.” *Slaughterhouse* was made for \$110,000 dollars and is also known as *Bacon Bits*. Disneyland attracts roughly twenty million visitors per year, and the lines for the Haunted Mansion are long as hell!

To see more of Adam’s work, please visit: <http://www.adamwolpa.com>.

NOTES

1. Madonna, “Borderline,” track 2, on *Madonna*, Sire Records, 1984.
2. Madonna, “Borderline.”
3. “Haunted Mansion,” Disney Park Scripts, February 13, 2017, accessed October 1, 2018, <http://www.disneyparkscripts.com/haunted-mansion-disneyland/>.
4. “Haunted Mansion.”
5. “Haunted Mansion.”

DISCOGRAPHY

Madonna. “Borderline.” *Madonna*. Sire Records. 1984.

Chapter Sixteen

Logos, Pathos, and the Absent Presence of the Persons We Eat

Brian G. Henning and Hope Philea Henning

The fear-house. Where I am. Where I wish I wasn't. Here, where the haze of tears never goes away, the will to live slowly seeps away, leaving me, killing me. I am wasting away . . . but, then again, we are all wasting away. I don't remember ever feeling any other way. Sometimes the Higher will forget to close a door and some sunlight will flow through, giving me a brief, yet wonderful, moment of warmth and peace. It somehow seems more cruel to me, however, that I know what it's like and cannot reach it. That I can only experience it for a second, have it yanked from me so quickly. In the end, I will never reach that warmth and peace, that feeling of freedom and serenity. Here there is nothing but musty, damp air and darkness. Darkness that never truly goes away, and even when the light comes, is still ever present inside. And so my curse, my burden, my prison. . . . The fear-house.

Several years ago as my then middle school-aged daughter Hope and I walked to the bus stop, our rambling conversation drifted to one of her passions: creative writing. An aspiring writer, she was sharing the latest on her current project. At a certain point in the conversation she turned and playfully noted, “You nonfiction authors have it easy. All you have to do is say facts and arguments that are true.” Chuckling, I replied, “You fiction authors have it easy. All you have to do is make stuff up.” This chapter is our first attempt to collaborate on a project of shared interest. We seek to combine the philosopher’s logos and the writer’s pathos in the interest of avoiding a common lacuna within academic discussions (including in the philosopher-author’s previous work on the topic) of what is euphemistically referred to as animal agriculture. To use an analogy from *Star Trek*, a favorite movie franchise of both authors, this chapter is motivated by the conviction that human beings are not and should not attempt to be Vulcans, motivated by nothing but the dispassionate application of reason. As Captain Kirk frequently and garishly

reminds his Vulcan first officer Spock, human beings are wonderfully messy, passionate beings who are intermittently rational but always enthralled and frequently motivated by deeply felt emotions such as sadness, fear, love, joy, and disgust. Our present multimodal collaboration as a father and daughter is an attempt to bring together two different writing forms (philosophical argument and creative narrative) to help bring forward the absent presence of the animal persons we eat. My Spock-like work as a philosopher on the magnitude and impact of animal agriculture is interwoven with my daughter Hope's short fiction story "Humane." This unconventional interdigitation of modalities attempts to bring together logos and pathos to foreground the absent presence of the persons we eat.

GLOBAL ANIMAL AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION

Animal "meat" is omnipresent in Western culture, and yet the animals themselves are virtually absent. The most common way that most people of the developed world interact with nonhuman animals is by biting into them during a meal. Globally more than 68 billion animal persons are raised and slaughtered each year. In 2016 this amounted to an estimated 329.89 million metric tons of animal flesh, enough for 93 pounds for each of the 7.6 billion people on earth.¹ As large as it is, this figure obscures great discrepancies in per capita consumption. The average American annually consumes nearly three times this amount (249.44 pounds), whereas the average Bangladeshi annually consumes less than 5 percent of the global average (4.09 pounds).² Most of these animals are "produced" in conditions of abject suffering the industry euphemistically calls Concentrated Animal Feeding Operations (CAFOs).

The fear-house. My hair is long and shaggy; they never cut it. I am not allowed to use the rough edges that might keep it shorn. My long legs wobble from exertion. I am so tired and hungry. I am so sad. My children, my five babies, have each been stolen from me and there is nothing I can do about it. I cannot protect myself. What am I to do about this child I carry? When it is born, what will happen to it? Will it go to Nowhere along with the rest of my children? Nowhere is evil, I decide. It is where they are taken when they are supposed to be with me.

The fear-house. This is where I have grown up, where I have cried and lost hope, where I have suffered alongside my brothers and sisters. The Higher, as the Mothers have come to call them, enslaved us long ago with temptations of safety and lack of hunger. But a natural life seems so much safer to me now. The Higher steal my sons and daughters and take them to Nowhere, and then they steal my body's food for their children.

The fear-house, where we are murdered for the Higher to eat. The fear-house is where we are meant to suffer for the good of the Higher. There have been

rumors that the Higher don't even know about it. They sell my body's food under a pretend name so that other Higher, who purchase it and feed it to their children, don't understand that the food belongs to me, and my children, who starve without it. But the truth is that I don't really know what happens here, or in Nowhere. That is why I am going to see the Elder.

The fear-house. The last place in this world that I would ever want to bear another child. But like the Mothers before me, and those that lay beside me now, I am powerless to prevent it. I lay down on the hard ground, in preparation for what's to come. I know from experience it is to happen now, whether I want it or not. The other Mothers don't look twice; they have their own problems. The other Mothers giving birth are tear stained and ragged, exhausted and hopeless, just like me. I close my eyes and wait.

Though animal agriculture occurs across an intensive-extensive spectrum, globally more than three-quarters of all new meat production has been in the form of intensive animal agriculture.³ The degree of production intensity strongly correlates to the depth of animal suffering. That is, the more animal agriculture resembles a factory, the more animals are treated not as the sensitive creatures that they are but unfeeling food conversion machines. The horrors of intensive animal agriculture have been well known and documented for decades. From the time that my spouse and I first became aware of these realities in the 1990s as undergraduates at Seattle University, we stopped eating meat from animals. When we later had children, like any parent, we raised them with an appreciation of our values, though we also always made clear that it is up to them to decide whether to embrace or reject those values as they come into their own. Throughout their childhood, Hope and her sister were regularly exposed to age-appropriate versions of the realities that nonhuman animal persons face in the industrial production of meat. Thanks to popular literature and well-produced movies, in the developed West all but the most willfully ignorant are aware of the suffering animals endure before arriving on our plate. The ecological impacts of industrial animal agriculture are also becoming better known.

At present, approximately 75 percent of all arable land on the planet is dedicated, whether for pasture or feedstock, to animal agriculture.⁴ This enormous appropriation of land has had devastating impacts on habitat, biodiversity, carbon storage, and soil health.⁵ Indeed, as I have previously argued, the mass consumption of animals (and the intensive, industrial methods that make their consumption possible) is a primary reason why humans are hungry, obese, or sick and is a leading cause behind the depletion and pollution of waterways, the degradation and deforestation of the land, the extinction of species, and the warming of the planet.⁶ The urgency of this realization becomes even more apparent when considered in light of the rapidly accelerating rate of meat consumption. With the growth of the global middle class,

by 2050 the consumption of animal and animal-based products is expected to grow 73 percent from 2010 levels.⁷

Taken together, the impact of global industrial meat production is overwhelming. Intensive animal agriculture is unimaginably cruel and ecologically ruinous. In returning only a small fraction of the 35 percent of the global annual harvest dedicated to it, meat production is also nutritionally wasteful, resulting in a total net loss in edible nutrition.⁸ When made aware of these facts, some people feel compelled to reduce or eliminate their consumption of animals and animal products. Others, perhaps the majority, are ultimately unmoved. Each semester in my classes, students learn about the diverse impacts of industrial meat production. Their reactions vary. Some, like I did when I was in their place, choose to stop eating nonhuman animals. The reasons for their decisions are diverse, but there does seem to be a trend away from making this choice based primarily on the treatment of the animals. Most find the practices abhorrent, but recently it seems that the environmental and climate impacts of industrial meat production motivate them more to change what they eat. Most students, however, although impressed by the impacts of industrial meat, do not change their habits. Why, when confronted with these overwhelming facts regarding animal suffering, human harm, and ecological devastation, are many (most?) people unmoved?⁹ The economic, psychological, and sociological reasons for this are complex.

I breathe a sigh of relief when it is done. I lie and sob, my pain too thick to think through. I am without my mate and this little male's five siblings. I look down at my son; how beautiful he is, how gentle, how bittersweet. He is my own. He has my brown eyes, but must have his father's brown hair, so light I can tell even in the shadows. I have nothing to give my son; I will not feed him the food they give us to eat. It tastes awful and makes me sick when I have to eat it. My body's food will be produced slowly, so there isn't much now, but I offer him what I can. I have no future to give him; I don't know what Nowhere is like. I have no hope for him . . . that was gone a long time ago. I want to love him with all my heart, but it is already in five fragments, one for every child stolen from me. As I think of my child's stolen future, I weep and allow the despair of this world, so unjustly thrust upon me, to consume me.

Not long after, I hear the Higher come suddenly. Their two legs plod in and boards creak under their weight. Do they even care about us? Do they hate us so much they take our children? Their skins are smooth, and they have barely any hair; and they hold death-power and pain in their pockets. If I don't behave they will use their power and it will make a sizzling sound and it smells like fire. . . . If they use it, then I will die. But they are taking my child, my son, my heart. I cry out as they wrench him from me. It feels no less a betrayal to have expected that it would happen. This is my last moment with my son. It has happened be-

fore, five times before. Another fragment of my soul is stripped away, leaving me lonely, tired, and hopeless. I will never see him again.

Before he is completely gone I give a final, miserable goodbye. Something whispered, something spoken, but never heard. Something that sucked my pain out of me, for a brief moment of respite, and then poured it back in—an uncanny feeling, like drinking liquid fire.

CAN RATIONALISM HELP US FEEL ANIMAL DEATH?

A central question that I grapple with in this chapter, and in my life, is whether the academics' hyper-rationalist approaches are ultimately sufficient, sufficient to actually capture the experience of the persons we eat and sufficient to motivate people to see these persons for who they are. When I read Hope's narrative account and observe people's reaction to it, I see some of what is missing in the philosopher's account. By literally giving voice to the persons we eat, she helps her reader *feel*, not just understand, what is at stake. Peter Singer evokes a similar tension between philosophy and feeling in the preface to his 1975 genre-defining book *Animal Liberation*, a text credited with starting the modern animal ethics movement. He shares a story of having tea at the home of a kindly woman who was passionate about animal welfare.

When we arrived our hostess's friend was already there, and she certainly was keen to talk about animals. "I do love animals," she began. "I have a dog and two cats, and do you know they get on together wonderfully well. Do you know Mrs. Scott? She runs a little hospital for sick pets . . ." and she was off. She paused while refreshments were served, took a ham sandwich, and then asked us what pets we had.

We told her we didn't own any pets. She looked a little surprised, and took a bite of her sandwich. Our hostess, who had now finished serving the sandwiches, joined us and took up the conversation: "But you *are* interested in animals, aren't you, Mr. Singer?"¹⁰

The story is used to create the context for Singer's subsequent arguments. He wants, of course, to point out the hypocrisy of animal welfare advocates who eat animals. But beyond that he is at pains to make it clear to his audience that he is not one of those soft-hearted "animal lovers." He is a hard-nosed philosopher giving rational arguments (a utilitarian philosopher, to be specific).¹¹ Singer was rightly worried that he and his wife would be dismissed as "sentimental, emotional 'animal lovers.'"¹² He wanted his reader to be clear that his argument for equal moral consideration of all sentient beings succeeds or fails on its intellectual merits alone. He expected that those who

read his work and recognized the truth of his arguments would change their behavior and boycott the eating of factory farmed animal flesh.¹³

In an interview thirty years after the publishing of *Animal Liberation*, Singer was asked to reflect on the success of this strategy:

I suppose when I wrote *Animal Liberation* I didn't really quite know what to expect. But I did think the argument was very clear and compelling and that any reasonable person who read it would say, "well, that's right, so therefore I shouldn't be eating animals and I should change my whole lifestyle." And if enough people did that, and told others about it, then these animal industries would collapse fairly quickly. Now, I wasn't totally naïve even then. I guess I realized that these were big, powerful interests and maybe people are just too selfish to accept a rational argument when it goes against their eating habits. So I wasn't really sure that would happen, but I did think there was a really powerful argument that should appeal to people. I still think that's true, but given that we haven't got anywhere near where I hoped we would be, 30 years down the track, I think we do have to look for other things.¹⁴

It is important to recognize that Singer's work has indeed had an enormous influence on people around the world. It is rightly attributed with being a key intellectual inspiration for the modern animal welfare movement. Some people (myself included) who read it were rationally persuaded by the arguments and changed their behavior. However, as Singer himself admits, a good many people are horrified to learn about how animals are treated in CAFOs and agree that Singer's arguments are "clear and compelling," but others shrug and carry on as before, perhaps a bit guilt-ridden, but nothing more.

Aware of this phenomenon, Singer has recently attempted to change his approach, noting, "My ultimate goal, an end to speciesism, has not changed, but I have become more of an incrementalist."¹⁵ To the frustration of some animal activists, Singer has softened his approach in some of his more recent books.¹⁶ However, he notes that this moderation is strategic, not philosophic. He continues to affirm all of the arguments in *Animal Liberation*, but in addition to boycott he now embraces incremental reforms as well. What this strategic moderation has not brought with it is a move away from the hyper-rationalism that characterizes his utilitarian approach. His basic approach continues to be to raise awareness of brutal practices in animal agriculture and make compelling rational arguments as to how one should respond to this awareness. What Hope and I wonder is whether Singer's logocentric approach will ever achieve its goal if it holds at arm's length the pathos of animal experience. This question looms all the larger when we consider the rest of Hope's story, "Humane."

What I don't know yet is that he will have nothing. He will be robbed of anything he knows: a mother's warm embrace, something sweet filling his stomach . . . a heart beat. I pull myself to my feet; my eyes seem too tired to cry. It is so different not to feel the extra weight. I hobble awkwardly, after a week of staying in bed, to Elder. I pass the Tortures, the big metal hooks and tubes that take our food painfully. I cry to the Mothers that I am sorry. That it happened again; nothing has changed. They are too tired to reply. I walk down the factory's concrete halls. The steel door creaks open as I lean my weight into it.

I bow my head respectfully and announce, "Elder. I have come for answers."

I hobble farther into the room. It is dimly lit and bare. The space isn't much, but she still has more privacy than the rest of us. Sitting down, the ceiling looks far away and I feel small. The Elder turns around from where she is standing and sits next to me. She is blind with great white cataracts covering the pupils, her hair mostly gone and standing in odd patches here and there, her ears full of holes. She must have lived about nineteen winters. But most of us only live to five. I have four years, but who knows how much longer I will live. She is an Experimental. I feel horrible about my self-pity then; the Higher use foul smelling liquids with the Experimentals and they are fed very nasty things. There are white boards with black marks along the walls. Occasionally, Higher with white coats and red gloves talk there and add more black marks.

"Yes . . . this is a confusing, difficult time for our people," she croaks.

"My six children, one by one, have been taken. I am weak now but my strength will return. I need to know, where did they go and what can I do to get them back?"

One can imagine how many hard-nosed academics might respond to a narrative such as this. After a polite affirmation of the creativity of expression, many would likely express concern: "Yes," they might say, "animals in industrial meat production lead terrible lives. But their plight is not helped by pretending that they have the degree of self-awareness and cognitive ability implied by the story. This anthropomorphization is ultimately not helpful." Indeed, they might go on to note that this error is embodied in the very title of the present chapter, with its reference to the "persons we eat."

SEEING ANIMALS AS PERSONS

To be clear, neither Hope nor I are of the view that cows, for instance, have long spoken conversations and complex narratives about their collective captivity. Still, critiquing the short story as anthropomorphic—dismissing it because it attributes human (*anthropos*, in ancient Greek) form (*morphe*, in ancient Greek) to nonhuman entities—misses the point because it treats the short story as though it were a piece of philosophical argumentation. Its goal,

however, is pathos, not logos. The story is intended to be read without an initial understanding that it is talking about nonhuman persons in order to *evoke* empathy, cognitive dissonance, revulsion, shame, and sadness.

But there is a further issue regarding concerns over anthropomorphism. It is important to realize that the criticism of anthropocentrism is leveled within the context of a generally Cartesian worldview that cleaves the world into thinking and nonthinking things, with the former understood as free, rational *persons* and the latter understood as mechanistically determined *things*. Now it is quite true that most people no longer believe, as Descartes did, that nonhuman animals are merely complex organic machines that could not subjectively experience pain.¹⁷ Nevertheless, the underlying bifurcation of our worldview seems to persist. Though scientifically refuted for more than a century and a half, most legal systems have enshrined a fundamental Cartesian dualism that divides the world into persons (rights) and property (no rights). Thus, in an important sense, charges of anthropocentrism take place within a latent mechanomorphism. If it is a mistake to ascribe to cows, chickens, or pigs mental lives as complex as adult human beings, it is also a mistake to conceive of them as little more than complex organic machines with no mental life at all. As the other founder of the modern animal welfare movement, Tom Regan, successfully argued decades ago, there is ample evidence that many animals are subjects-of-a-life.¹⁸ There is ample evidence that most animals have unique, enduring identities and experience a range of thoughts, fears, memories, and joy. Too often "person" is incorrectly used as a synonym for "human." Personhood is not a binary trait. Rather, personhood runs a more or less spectrum that seems to track phylogenetic complexity.

Thus, while there is real reason to worry about giving human traits to beings that do not possess them (despite evidence to the contrary, for example, printers are not evil and your ailing car does not hate you), we must also worry about the opposite concern when we refuse to recognize the amazing complexity of nonhuman persons. Perhaps by bringing together the philosopher's logos and the writer's pathos we can safely sail between the Scylla of mechanomorphism and the Charybdis of anthropomorphism and properly relate to the persons we eat.

Yet it is important to recognize that even bringing together logos and pathos is not a magical solvent that washes away all inconsistency and lived tension. I grew up eating a "typical" American diet in the meat and potatoes state of Idaho. Confronted with the realities of industrial meat production as an undergraduate, my spouse and I felt compelled to stop eating animals. As a Spock-like philosopher, I was motivated almost entirely by the facts and the rational arguments that followed from them. For my spouse, the arguments were compelling, but it was deep empathetic sadness and revulsion at the

treatment of these sensitive persons that motivated a change in eating habits. When nearly a decade later we had Hope, our first daughter and the writer-author of this essay, we naturally chose to raise her as a vegetarian. Neither she nor her sister has known anything different. Now old enough to make the decision for themselves, they remain vegetarians, despite the fact that this makes them a target of ridicule among their peers.

"They are in Nowhere." Elder looks away with tears dripping down her cheeks.

"Elder, what do they do in Nowhere? What is Nowhere? Could I go there? Are they happy?"

"It is a lie, you know, Nowhere. I will tell you a secret, The Secret, The Truth. You must not tell anyone, or everyone would panic, and the Two-legs don't like that." She paused, seeming to chew on her words a little, before speaking. "Your sons and daughters are dead. The Higher buy our babies to eat," she spoke bluntly, with a bitter snarl of distaste. "And they don't even think of our suffering. Babies are tender and the meat in their muscles taste better to the Higher. They pay great sums to have access to your children. Dear, Highers are ignorant and ruled by their tongues and guts. Those who know they eat babies don't care; we taste too good to care. They don't think about how they're eating a baby, our babies. Your three sons; they are all dead. Skinned and chopped and sold for the Higher's delight. Most Highers don't even believe our people feel, let alone think or communicate. Those that do know work hard to prevent that knowledge from spreading. The Higher are happily ignorant about our strife. Some argue this life is better for us. Some female, male, and child aliens are eating your children."

How could they? How could I not know? My breath leaves me, shock taking over my body. I feel sick. The hole in my heart rips open even bigger. I cannot breathe. It is too disgusting, too gruesome, too sad. My chest shakes with sobs. I cannot see because of the tears in my eyes. The reality, the Truth: Nowhere doesn't exist. My sons are dead . . . but what of my daughters? My two girls.

"Elder, what of my daughters? How are they? Surely they cannot be eaten?"

IMPERFECT COMMITMENTS

Several years ago, our whole family attended a conference on nonhuman animals and intersectionality. The experience brought to a head what had long been a tension. Though our family did not eat animals, we did eat many of the products they "produce." That is, we were vegetarian but not vegan. As Hope's short story captures vividly, in some ways the lives of the animals in the "dairy industry" are worse than those who end up as hamburgers. And the life of "layers" (egg laying hens) is just as bad, if not worse, than "broilers" (hens that are raised to be eaten). As a family we made the decision to stop

eating animals and also their products. Three years on, a vegan life is now the new normal in our home. But for the daughters of our family (including Hope), it has not been so simple. Living as a vegetarian among teenage peers in eastern Washington State was already a near-daily challenge; being vegan has proved to be too much, for now. Despite both a rational and emotional appreciation of the suffering of the nonhuman persons who suffer for the dairy products that they eat, they are not yet willing to act on this outside the home. And in this way they are not unlike their peers. It is not difficult to maintain what one has always known from birth. But it is quite challenging to change long-engrained habits, especially when doing so runs counter to your culture and social context. As flawed, finite beings we do not always do what we know (rationally) and feel (emotionally) to be right. Hope and I live imperfectly within these tensions. Even logos and pathos must struggle to swim against the all-too-strong currents of convenience, cultural expectation, and social convention that inexorably pull us along. Still, we opt to give pathos the final word here.

"Your daughters will meet a worse fate, young Mother. They will become just like you, another Mother living in a fear-house. They will produce children they will never meet; their sons, your grandsons, will be stolen, murdered, and fed to the Higher, the cycle will continue as it has. Their daughters, your granddaughters, their food will be harvested just like yours for the Higher to enjoy, not thinking of the pain, of our pain or our suffering to produce it.

They do not even think about how it makes them sick. Surely, you've noticed the Higher who work in the fear-house smell odd and grow great bellies compared to those who first enslaved us. Our food isn't given to our children like it was made for, it is given to the Higher's children. Eventually, like you and me, your children will be unable to produce any more children and then no more food, and then will be murdered. You will be eaten, as will your daughters, when you can no longer produce your body's food for them. Eaten with relish, with gusto, and called meat. Called meat. The Higher will eat us, our sons, our daughters, and then their sons, and their daughters, just as they ate our brothers and soon our sisters, and our parents, and their parents. The cycle just never ends, like it has been going on for centuries. This is the sacrifice we have made for 'safety' and a 'domestic life.' We were fools not to rebel and resist the Higher when they first caged us."

My mind whirls with sadness and anger. My daughters have futures, but ones filled with the same horrors I have had to live. My sons are dead and eaten. My child, hours old, headed to the slaughter. My daughters are pregnant before their time and producing food, stolen for an alien race that neither knows nor respects our right to a humane life. And after all of that, we will all be eaten. Our existences meant nothing but a tasty meal for the Higher. My life, our lives, our race's lives, cows' lives . . . suffering, pain, and endless grief.

NOTES

1. "FAOSTAT," Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations, 2017, <http://www.fao.org/faostat/en/>.
2. See "Meat Consumption," OECD, accessed July 1, 2017, <https://data.oecd.org/agroutput/meat-consumption.htm>. OECD here defines meat as follows: "This indicator is presented for beef and veal, pig, poultry, and sheep. Meat consumption is measured in thousand tonnes of carcass weight (except for poultry expressed as ready to cook weight)." Note that this obscures the total number of animals raised and excludes entire categories of animals, especially fish.
3. According to the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, "an estimated 80 percent of total livestock sector growth comes from industrial production systems." Henning Steinfeld et al., *Livestock's Long Shadow: Environmental Issues and Options* (Rome: FAO, 2006), 278.
4. See also, "As we face the twin challenges of feeding a growing world while charting a more environmentally sustainable path, the amount of land (and other resources) devoted to animal-based agriculture merits critical evaluation. For example, adding croplands devoted to animal feed (about 350 million hectares) to pasture and grazing lands (3.38 billion hectares), we find the land devoted to raising animals totals 3.73 billion hectares—an astonishing ~75% of the world's agricultural land," Jonathan Foley et al., "Solutions for a Cultivated Planet," *Nature* 478 (2011): 2.
5. See Foley et al., "Solutions for a Cultivated Planet," 2.
6. See Brian G. Henning, "Standing in Livestock's 'Long Shadow': The Ethics of Eating Meat on a Small Planet," *Ethics and the Environment* 16, no. 2 (2011): 63–94.
7. Cf. "Driven by strong demand from an emerging global middle class, diets will become richer and increasingly diversified, and growth in animal-source foods will be particularly strong; the demand for meat and milk in 2050 is projected to grow by 73 and 58 percent, respectively, from their levels in 2010." In P. J. Gerber et al., *Tackling Climate Change through Livestock: A Global Assessment of Emissions and Mitigation Opportunities* (Rome: FAO, 2013), 1. See also, "With demand for livestock products projected to grow by 70 percent by 2050, concerns about the unbalanced nature of this growth and its attendant environmental and socio-economic consequences are increasing. To date, most of the increase in demand has been met by rapidly growing, modern forms of production while hundreds of millions of pastoralists and small-holders, who depend on livestock for survival and income, have little access to emerging opportunities for growth." Gerber, *Tackling Climate Change through Livestock*, 83.
8. As Foley et al. note, "Feeding more people would be easier if all the food we grew went into human hands. But only 60 percent of the world's crops are meant for people: mostly grains, followed by pulses (beans, lentils), oil plants, vegetables and fruits. Another 35 percent is used for animal feed, and the final 5 percent goes to biofuels and other industrial products. Meat is the biggest issue here. Even with the most efficient meat and dairy systems, feeding crops to animals reduces the world's potential food supply. Typically, grain-fed cattle operations use 30 kilograms of

grain to make one kilogram of edible, boneless meat." Foley et al., "Solutions for a Cultivated Planet," 62.

9. There was an ancient debate between Plato and Aristotle over this very phenomenon. They even had a word for it, *ἀκρασία* or *akrasia*, which is usually translated as knowing but not acting on what one believes to be right. In Plato's *Protagoras*, Socrates attests that *akrasia* does not exist, claiming, "Now, no one goes willingly toward the bad or what he believes to be bad; neither is it in human nature, so it seems, to want to go toward what one believes to be bad instead of to the good. And when he is forced to choose between one of two bad things, no one will choose the greater if he is able to choose the lesser." *Protagoras* 358d, *Plato: Complete Works*, trans. John M. Cooper (Indianapolis: Hackett, 1997). Much like Singer, Plato seemed to believe that no one who truly knew what was best would not choose to do it. Anyone who acts against what they know to be best must not really believe or know what is best. As ever, Aristotle was more pragmatic, recognizing that *akrasia* is an all too common condition.

10. Peter Singer, *Animal Liberation* (New York: Avon, 1975), ii.

11. As J. S. Mill, the paragon of utilitarianism, put it, the goal of a utilitarian ethic is to act as a "disinterested and benevolent spectator." *Utilitarianism; On Liberty; Essay on Bentham* (New York: New American Library, 1974 [1863]), 268.

12. Singer, *Animal Liberation*, ii–iii. Cf. Josephine Donovan and Carol Adams's critique of Singer in the *Feminist Care Tradition in Animal Ethics*.

13. Though more Kantian than utilitarian in his approach, Tom Regan's approach is similar in its hyper-rationalism. He notes that "it is not an act of kindness to treat animals respectfully. It is an act of justice. It is not 'the sentimental interests' of moral agents that grounds our duties of justice to children, the retarded, the senile, or other moral patients, including animals. It is respect for their inherent value. The myth of the privileged moral status of moral agents has no clothes." Tom Regan, *The Case for Animal Rights* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1983), 280. He is, of course, right that animals deserve respect, but the exclusive focus on a hyper-rationalist approach is unlikely to motivate many people who are rarely Kantian moral agents acting according to pure rationality.

14. "Singer Says: The Satya Interview with Peter Singer," *Satya*, October 2006, <http://www.satyamag.com/oct06/singer.html>.

15. Sarah Von Alt, "Animal Liberation Turns 40: Exclusive Interview with Peter Singer," *Mercy for Animals*, April 15, 2015, <http://www.mercyforanimals.org/animal-liberation-turns-40-exclusive-interview>.

16. Singer himself contends that he is advocating for more moderate strategies but that he has not moderated or softened any of his arguments. Von Alt, "Animal Liberation Turns 40."

17. See also, "A sick man is no less one of God's creatures than a healthy one, and it seems no less a contradiction to suppose that he has received from God a nature which deceives him. Yet a clock constructed with wheels and weights observes all the laws of its nature just as closely when it is badly made and tells the wrong time as when it completely fulfils the wishes of the clockmaker. In the same way, I might consider the body of a man as a kind of machine equipped with and made up of bones,

nerves, muscles, veins, blood and skin in such a way that, even if there were no mind in it, it would still perform all the same movements as it now does in those cases when movement is not under the control of the will, or consequently, of the mind." Rene Descartes, *Meditations on First Philosophy*, in *The Philosophical Writings of Descartes*, volume 2, trans. John Cottingham, Robert Stoothoff, and Dugald Murdoch (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984 [1641]), 58, 84. See also, "they [nonhuman animals] have no intelligence at all, and that it is nature which acts in them according to the disposition of their organs. In the same way a clock, consisting of wheels and springs, can count the hours and measure time more accurately than we can with all our wisdom." Rene Descartes, *Discourse on Method*, in *The Philosophical Writings of Descartes*, volume 1, trans. John Cottingham, Robert Stoothoff, and Dugald Murdoch (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985 [1637]), 141, 59.

18. See Regan, *The Case for Animal Rights*, 245ff.

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Susie Coston is the national shelter director for Farm Sanctuary, the largest farm animal rescue and protection organization in the United States. With more than two decades of experience working with farm animals, Susie leads the annual Farm Animal Care Conference, providing hands-on training for people interested in caring for farm animals. She also created the Animals of Farm Sanctuary project in 2016, where she frequently shares stories about rescued farm animal friends and the abuses that sentient creatures routinely face in the animal agriculture industry. When she is not at one of Farm Sanctuary's shelters, she shares her home with eight cats and two dogs.

Amy Defibaugh is the director of graduate affairs for the College of Liberal Arts at Temple University in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her research focuses on death and dying studies, animal studies, and feminist and queer theory. Her recent dissertation explores the death and dying of companion animals in North America, companion animal end-of-life and after-death care, and the imagining and creation of new religious and mourning rituals. Amy also does consulting work for animal end-of-life and after-death care and facilitates a pet loss and grief support group. She lives with her partner and companion animals, Maple and Margaret, in Philadelphia.

Brianne Donaldson is the author of *Creaturely Cosmologies: Why Metaphysics Matters for Animal and Planetary Liberation* (2015) and the edited collections *Beyond the Bifurcation of Nature: A Common World for Animals and the Environment* (2014) and *The Future of Meat without Animals* (with Christopher Carter, 2016). She is assistant professor in religious studies and philosophy at University of California, Irvine.

Justin Fifield is a visiting assistant professor of religious studies at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut. His research focuses on Buddhist monastic literature and ethics. In his research, Justin is exploring affect and emotion in relation to critical theory emerging from the intersection of animal studies, disability studies, and religious studies. Although a specialist of Buddhist traditions in South Asia, Justin is committed to findings ways to bring insights from Buddhist practice into our ways of being with and for one another.

John P. Gluck is emeritus professor of the University of New Mexico and research professor of the Kennedy Institute of Ethics, Georgetown University. He earned a PhD in psychology from the University of Wisconsin, Madison, with clinical training at the University of Washington, Department of Psychiatry. He completed a fellowship in bioethics at the Kennedy Institute of Ethics and the National Institutes of Health. His books include *Applied Ethics in Animal Research* (2002), coauthor with Tom L. Beauchamp et al. of

two editions of *The Human Use of Animals: Case Studies in Ethical Choice* (1998, 2008), and *Voracious Science and Vulnerable Animals: A Primate Scientists Ethical Journey* (2016).

Brian G. Henning is professor of philosophy and environmental studies at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington. Author of seven books and more than thirty articles, his work includes the award-winning book *The Ethics of Creativity: Beauty, Morality and Nature in a Processive Cosmos* (2005) and the articles "Trusting in the 'Efficacy of Beauty': A Kalocentric Approach to Moral Philosophy" and "Standing in Livestock's 'Long Shadow': The Ethics of Eating Meat on a Small Planet." His most recent book is *Riders in the Storm: Ethics in an Age of Climate Change* (2015).

Hope Philea Henning is a student at North Central High School in Spokane, Washington. She enjoys reading fantasy, science fiction, or adventures in faraway places. An aspiring fiction author, she writes poetry and short stories that she shares with her friends and family. Raised a vegetarian, she is passionate about animal and environmental rights movements.

L. Syd M Johnson is a philosopher, bioethicist, and neuroethicist, and an associate professor in the Center for Bioethics and Humanities at Upstate Medical University. The focus of her research is on brain injuries, brain death, and animal ethics. She coedited *The Routledge Handbook of Neuroethics* (2018) and coauthored *Chimpanzee Rights: The Philosophers' Brief* (2019).

Nathan P. Kalmoe is assistant professor of political communication in the Manship School of Mass Communication and the Department of Political Science at Louisiana State University. He is coauthor of *Neither Liberal nor Conservative: Ideological Innocence in the American Public* (2017) and author of several articles on public opinion, communication, psychology, and race. He earned his PhD in political science from the University of Michigan (2012).

Ashley King is a doctoral candidate in religious studies at Northwestern University. Their dissertation tracks trans* themes in contemporary speculative fiction. They aim to show how transness provides a crucial method for reading skin and flesh, presence and absence, through diverse mediations and entanglements that leave human and nonhuman identities open to revision. They live in Chicago with a twenty-pound cat named Renaldo.

Anne Mamary is professor of philosophy and women's studies at Monmouth College in Monmouth, Illinois. Her research areas include ancient philosophy (especially Plato), feminist philosophy, environmental ethics, and

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