

Morality figure, out of the Sherlock Holmes novels,” for his penchant for showing up at meetings of anti-animal rights groups. Lapointe is now associated with a pro-whaling group called Riches of the Sea, and to Scully he is a “grim little tyrant” and “dealer in death” whose concept of the sustainable use of animal resources will “suffer no exceptions,” and who entertains no distinction between animals domestically raised for slaughter or those in the wild whose numbers are diminished to dangerously low levels.

The North Carolina factory farmers who raise hogs for the Smithfield Foods fare no better in Scully’s hands. He describes the “mass confinement” factories as massive barrack-like buildings, so mechanized that neither hogs nor attendants are visible to the casual passerby. The animals are conceived and raised in crowded and confining pens that make few concessions to their physical or emotional comfort, but ease the job of feeding, fattening, and tending to them. When they have achieved the requisite size, they are taken to slaughterhouses and prepared to enter the food market. According to Scully, Smithfield kills 83,200 hogs of the 355,000 killed every 24 hours in the United States. His description of factory-farm conditions leaves little doubt that mass production farming removes any element of compassion for the animals. Their physical space is minimal, and sows are bred with a regularity that produces high mortality rates among them. Casualties of this approach to farming are either buried in “dead holes” — mass graves that dot the landscape — or rendered “into livestock feed and other products such as gelatin for Jell-O and Gummy Bears. ... But swine and poultry remains may still be fed to their own kind and to cows, sheep, and goats. And the remains of those other animals, our share of the 40,000 metric tons of slaughterhouse leavings collected and rendered every week across the world, may legally be fed to pigs and birds. It is confidently assumed within the industry that no porcine equivalent of bovine spongiform encephalopathy [mad cow dis-

ease] will ever appear. And they just can’t see any reason not to feed dead herbivores to live ones.”

Other by-products of factory farming of hogs aren’t so easily recycled. North Carolina has 4,800 “active or abandoned waste lagoons,” some as large as “two or three times the length of a football field, and collecting yearly at least five times the waste of the state’s human population. ...” The state became so concerned about the health hazards of this industry that it enacted a moratorium on the building of mass-confinement farming facilities.

Scully depicts the barns as the finished product of a science that has removed from the equation almost any consideration of animals as sentient beings, although it pays lip service to the concept of their emotional well-being. Here they are economic units for whom mass production and preparation for the marketplace are the goals, and the hygienically engineered buildings and production techniques serve those ends, with other interests taking a distant back seat.

The slaughterhouses offer another example of the industry’s mercilessly pragmatic approach. The pressure for speedily dispatching the animals is so great that some are not killed quickly and cleanly, and end up being taken to the next step in their preparation for market before they are dead. These animals may be boiled alive, painfully rendered, or escape their butchers momentarily, only to be killed in less humane ways on the slaughterhouse floor. For the unpleasant and physically taxing jobs in this industry, Smithfield recruits in the third world, and many of its workers come from Mexico on green cards. North Carolina experienced a 700 percent increase in its Hispanic population in the 2000 census, due principally to large-scale factory farming of hogs.

Among the tasks Scully sets for himself in *Dominion* is “to examine the current literature on animal intelligence and emotion. It is an ethereal world, difficult at times to make sense of, but there is no avoiding a thorough inquiry. These are the theories that today define what is permissible in our treat-

ment of animals and what is not.” The theorists Scully criticizes evaluate the intelligence of animals on the basis of whether they “think thoughts about thoughts.” Those who believe animals are driven strictly by “hard wired” instinct, not thought, assert that what gives humans the ability to think of themselves — their consciousness — is language, and that, because animals lack language, they lack a sense of self. Thus, we cannot say whether they experience conscious pain the same way we humans do. These writers dismiss opposing views as anthropomorphic. “[A]mong today’s theorists there is still no more dreaded accusation than ‘anthropomorphism,’ or ascribing any trace of conscious thought or feeling to any animal. We are prohibited by the terms of modern behavioral science, the reigning school of animal research, from saying that animals can *believe, think, desire, want, intend, try, hope, feel, or suffer* anything.”

Scully believes they are wrong and that they are also missing the key point. The question they should be considering is whether animals, as sentient beings, consciously suffer, and whether we should treat them more humanely in view of the overwhelming evidence that they do. The rest of their arguments he dismisses as pure sophism, a positing of unanswerable questions to divert us from the inevitable and irrefutable answer. On the subject of animal intelligence, Scully cites the work of researchers Dian Fossey, Jane Goodall, and Roger Fouts, among others, to refute those who argue that pure instinct is the basis for all animal conduct. Fouts’ report of an experience with a chimpanzee to whom he had taught American Sign Language (ASL) is particularly touching. Years after Fouts had completed his research and the chimp had been sold to a laboratory for use in testing drugs and other products, Fouts sought out the animal, who instantly recognized him and signed to him in ASL. The chimp was visibly animated by Fouts’ visit, and when Fouts signed to the chimp that he had to leave, the animal expressed his unhappiness by moving back into a cor-