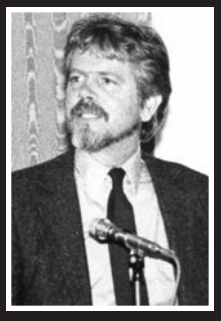
The Animals Voice

presents



The Life and Times of
Tom Regan

Kinship

I am the voice of the voiceless;
Through me the dumb shall speak
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear
The wrongs of the wordless weak.

From street, from cage and from kennel,
From stable and zoo, the wail
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin
Of the mighty against the frail.

Oh, shame on the mothers of mortals
Who have not stopped to teach
Of the sorrow that lies in dear, dumb eyes,
The sorrow that has no speech.

The same force formed the sparrow
That fashioned man the king;
The God of the whole gave a spark of soul
To furred and to feathered thing.

And I am my brother's keeper
And I shall fight his fight
And speak the word for beast and bird
Till the world shall set things right.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 1850-1919

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The Animals Voice Presents

Publisher
The Animals Voice

Laura Moretti
Editor & Design Production

1380 East Ave., Suite 124, #252
Chico, CA 95926
EMAIL: 4rights@animalsvoice.com
WEB: www.animalsvoice.com

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On the Road Again

For those of you who remember *The Animals Voice Magazine*, we hope you'll appreciate our new publication, *The Animals Voice Presents*. And for those of you new to The Animals Voice and its myriad of projects and publications, we welcome you into our family.

As financial support for *The Animals Voice Presents* grows—and we sure hope it does—we'll broaden its content scope by including all the things our two million visitors appreciate about our web site: timely news, a calendar of events, action alerts, guest commentaries, compelling photography, and the like. In the meantime, allow us to present our first topic: "The Life and Times of Tom Regan."

I first discovered Tom's work when I was just out of high school, in a book titled *Animal Rights and Human Obligations*, one he co-edited with Peter Singer. It was such a rare find that I checked it out of the library for weeks at a time just so I could carry it around with me and know there was another animal rights activist *somewhere* on planet Earth. The book became my companion, a conduit to my sanity. For, you see, back in 1977, there wasn't any such thing as an animal rights activist, to speak of, let alone an animal rights movement.

And suffice it to say, the town I was living in was a *long* way from progressive thinking, even for three decades ago. So it was quite unbelievable, I must admit, when the California State University, Chico, faculty invited Tom Regan to visit its campus in the spring of 1987, some ten years after I'd first discovered that such a man even existed—though better late than never, I say.

The year before Tom's arrival, I'd begun production on a little and a little-known newsletter I called *The Animals Voice*. Combining my skills in graphic design with my passion for animal defense, I did all I knew to help animals: educate others about their plight in human hands and rely on the human heart to do the rest.

Tom was kind enough to give me an interview; *The Animals Voice* was no booming publication, and the article was even smaller, a short piece on civil disobedience. But I scraped up enough dollars to have a few thousand printed, and somehow that put us on the map. Tom then suggested that I contact Gil Michaels, an activist in Los Angeles who had the funding to produce the newsletter as a magazine, but I didn't have the courage. I was a nobody from a small town in northern California, doing all I knew to do, and I couldn't imagine it being worthy of anyone else's effort. But Tom had faith in me even if I didn't—before I knew it, I was in the middle of an award-winning, international full-color animal rights magazine—and it was full steam ahead.

The Animals' Voice

... dedicated to the rights of animals through education and action

Witness to a Killing

The very first Animals Voice, 4 pages, produced on a typewriter.

We went off press in 1997 due to funding issues, and went online in 2000. But I can't get the need to see animal rights in print out of my system, so here I am, starting over. I also couldn't think of a better way to begin again than to come full circle: by presenting herewith the life and times of Tom Regan (in his own words). If you're new to animal rights, his story is an invaluable history lesson; if you're a pioneer, you'll enjoy the walk down Memory Lane.

And since Tom Regan won't tell you this, I will: There wouldn't be an *Animals Voice* without him.

In any of its incarnations.

So, here's to you, Tom.

LAURA A. MORETTI

Cover photos from left to right: Tom Regan as an infant; Regan as a boy playing in the snow with Tippy; his high school graduation picture; and Tom, a master spokesman and lecturer.

COVER PHOTOS: COURTESY CULTURE AND ANIMALS FOUNDATION

The Power of History and Networking

Gil Michaels was a man whose life had only recently been altered by his hearing the cries of animals.

From the helpless horror of one nine-year-old girl watching a dog strangled to death only a few yards in front of her to a web site providing some 5,000 visitors a day with the harsh realities of how animals are treated—and also providing visitors with thousands of resources to help animals—the history of The Animals Voice demonstrates the power of a single voice and the exponential—inevitably magical—power when voices connect.

When nine-year-old Laura Moretti stood petrified and speechless, that dog's cries reached her ears and lodged in her heart, never to disappear.

At twelve, she began writing short stories and essays about animals. People who "loved animals" read them and just adored them and asked her to write more. So she did.

At thirteen she tuned into what she hoped would be a TV special extolling the beauty of seals, but watched in horror as a hunter's boot stomped on a seal pup until it died, screaming. And then she wrote about that.

IN GOOD COMPANY

"It's a matter of taking the side of the weak against the strong—something the best people have always done. –*Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1811-1896"*

At fifteen she began mimeographing her essays and, for the next several years, mailed and faxed them to the handful of people on earth who were starting to talk about animal rights—people who sensed that a movement was beginning. They listened for similarities in philosophical, artistic, legal and educational domains—sharing everything they could get their hands on with everybody they thought might have a sense of animal rights.

Tom Regan met Laura in her hometown of Chico, California, when she was 29. She had been amazed to find he was coming there to give a lecture and present a film on—of all things!—animal rights.

Gil Michaels was a man whose life had only recently been altered by his hearing the cries of animals. Tom Regan gave Gil Laura's phone number. Gil called and—having the financial ability to do so—made her an offer she couldn't refuse: to provide beyond-her-dreams funding for production of *The Animals Voice,* publishing it as a high-gloss, full-color, professionally researched and marketed publication.

The premiere issue was launched in the spring of 1988 to the profound appreciation of animal activists around the world. Gil generously financed the *The Animals Voice Magazine* until 1993. After that, Laura and Jeri Lerner slavishly and devotedly kept the magazine alive and in production until it was no longer financially viable. The last issue was published in March of 1997.

Realizing the dynamic potential and unbelievable reach of the Internet, Laura taught herself web design with a

small grant from Sudhir Amembal, a former Board President and *Animals Voice Magazine* supporter. In 2000, they created and launched Animals Voice Online: **www.animalsvoice.com.**

The reason for telling you this abbreviated history of The Animals Voice is to remind you of the impact of one voice, one lecture, one phone call.

The premiere issue of The Animals Voice Magazine was launched in the spring of 1988 to the profound appreciation of animal rights activists around the world.

Stated that way, it probably doesn't inspire excitement or enthusiasm or a life-altering awakening.

And this *is* the point.

Excitement and enthusiasm and life-altering awakenings may happen when we are alone and listening to our own voice. But we all *really* know that magic happens, that differences get made, that paradigms shift, when our voices are in concert with the voices of other human beings.

Whenever you doubt the ability of one individual to make a difference, remember the powerless nine-year-old girl who created a vehicle that empowers and supports thousands of people every day—day after day, year after year.

When you hesitate to go to one more meeting because you're tired or don't like some of the people who may be there or wonder what difference can it make anyway, remember Laura going to hear Tom Regan's presentation.

When you meet someone on the street or over the phone or via the Internet and hesitate to speak of this great person or this fantastic project that matters to you, remember that Tom called Gil.

Having taken on the Herculean task of creating a world free of animal cruelty, discouragement is inevitable. And, a friend once advised me to "never underestimate the inevitability of gradualness." If each of us takes action, and then we work with each other, our success *will* be inevitable.

If you are reading this, then you are someone who is and has been a voice for animals. And too bad for whatever your opinions may be about you, *you* are hereby profoundly acknowledged for having been heard, for having gotten through, for having altered peoples' relationships with animals.

And in doing that, you are causing a world that works for everyone and everything, with no one and nothing left out.

Thank you for being the animals' voice.

VEDA STRAM

A Bird in the Cage

by
Tom Regan

Portions of this autobiograhy were previously published in 'Between the Species,' 1985.

BEGINNINGS: A KID OF THE STREETS

I was born and raised in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—"the Burgh" as we who have lived there call it. Although I have not had a permanent residence there for more than forty years I still consider Pittsburgh my home. The Burgh sets its roots deep in those who have known it. The City gets in your blood. You can't go away from home again.

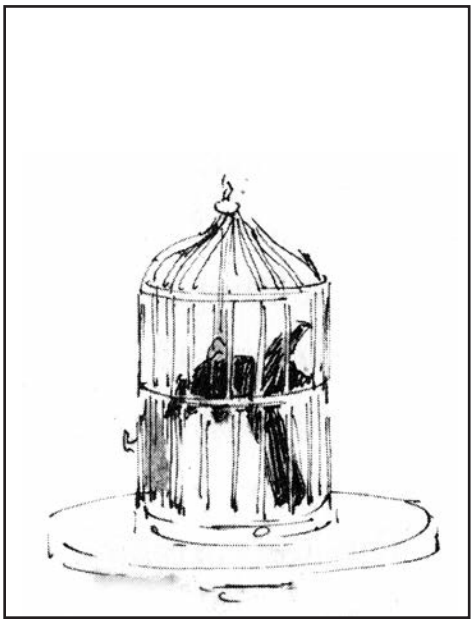
The house where I spent the first fifteen years of my life fronted California Avenue, a busy thoroughfare on the city's North Side: three lanes of traffic, two trolley lines. It could get hectic. We never played ball on California Avenue. Beyond the traffic there was a sharp drop to a leveled space some fifteen feet below the street. A dozen train tracks sliced their way to the horizon. You could not see the trains, either from the street or from the second story windows of our house. But their relentless presence was the most dominant aspect of daily life.

The human mind is remarkable for its ability to see the world in bits and pieces, like an expansive vista viewed through the narrow slits of a picket fence.

This was before diesel engines. Everything was steam. That means coal-powered. The air was filled with great plumes of grayish white smoke and phosphorescent cinders that glowed in the night air. Passenger and freight trains hurried by, their whistles wailing throughout the day and all the night. Everywhere there was the crashing sound of cars being coupled and uncoupled on the Hump. Great lines of cars, hundreds at a time—freight and oil, flatbeds and cattle—were strung together by the skilled workmen. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, every day of every month, you heard the sound of heavy metal.

Everyone who lived along this sprawling artery that linked the coal-mines of West Virginia to the steel mills of Pittsburgh belonged to the railroad. This was true even when, as in my family's case, no one worked for it. The soot and smoke invaded your eyes and ears, your nose and mouth, the elastic around your underwear and the clothes in your dresser. When you took a bath, a black ring remained in the tub after you drained it, a reminder, lest one forget—how could one?—of the clanging world outside. My neighborhood was a child's paradise, a place where a kid could luxuriate in the steamy dirt of industrial urban living.

That neighborhood is all but gone now. The house where I was raised has been demolished. In fact the entire small block of houses now is an open field, full of weeds and wildflowers. Even the railroad is all but idle. Most of the hous-



es that remain have been boarded up, condemned by the city as uninhabitable.

When I drive through the neighborhood today, grown silent and all but deserted, I am a ghost in a ghost town. No one from my youth remains.

The house, where Regan spent the first fifteen years of his life, fronted California Avenue in Pittsburgh.

Viewing the fading shrouds of what was once a vibrant neighborhood, where VJ Day and the Fourth of July were celebrated with patriotic fervor, where Jews mixed with gentiles, whites with blacks, every nationality with every other, no one would believe that there once were people here who loved these streets and narrow alleyways, the hard cement porches and creaking swings, the wooden steps winding to the hills above. But love it I did. It always saddens me to see the stilled emptiness "progress" has left in its wake.

As a kid of the streets, the animals I knew were mostly the animals of the streets. Mainly cats and dogs but there were horses, too. In those days vendors and junkmen rode four-wheeled wagons through the city, pulled by stoop-shouldered, weary creatures who were occasionally aroused from their dolorous fatigue by the high pitched clang of a trolley's bell or the crack of the driver's whip.

Tippy was another matter. One hundred percent mutt, she was an energetic, tri-colored wisp of a dog with a small but clear tip of white at the very end of her tail. She was eager for affection and designed by nature to be free. Give her just the slightest crack in the gate and pow!—she was gone! Like a shot she was through the gate and around the corner.

I understand now that she lacked the space she needed to be the dog she was. Still, Tippy did not want for warm human companionship. My fondest memory of her is when, wonder of wonders, thirty-six inches of snow fell on Pittsburgh in a matter of a few days. That kind of development suspends all the ordinary rules of behavior. Tippy spent long hours free to wander and play. She knew a good time when she had one. Some photographs of those days remain. It is hard to tell who is happiest—Tippy or me.

EXCURSIONS: THE COUNTRY

Not everything was urban in my youth. Along with my parents and sister I enjoyed fishing along the upper Allegheny River. We also visited friends who had farms. Sometimes I stayed on for a day, maybe a weekend, occasionally a week.

The farm I knew best was small, devoted mainly to vegetables and flowers. In the winter, plants were grown in a long, low-slung greenhouse. It was bewildering to enter that luminous space, quiet as a church, feel the accumulated heat of the sun on a bitterly cold day and smell the sometimes dank, sometimes sweet odors of the plants. Without a doubt these were the most mysterious, most awesome moments of my youth, occasions when my experience was so full of inchoate meaning that I could not then, and cannot now, find the words to describe it. It was, I think, more a yearning than a fact I felt.

My guess is, many people of my generation had a farm like this in their childhood. Back then, families took drives in the country on Sundays; farms were places people visited. Urban kids of my time and place were bred and

raised on the machine, but we took sustenance in our real and imaginary commerce with the garden.

Some children understand early on what meat is. They realize that a roast or a pork chop or a chicken leg is a piece of dead animal. A corpse. I was not that

Tom Regan, as a boy, playing in the snow with Tippy.

precocious. Like most Americans I grew up unmindful of the food on my plate and the death of the creature it represents. The animals I knew personally, Tippy for one, I considered my friends. But I lacked the imagination then to make the connection between my fondness for these animals and the silent pieces of flesh that came from my mother's skillet or oven. The human mind is remarkable for its ability to see the world in bits and pieces, each part disconnected from the rest, like an expansive vista viewed through the narrow slits of a picket fence. It was not until much later in my life that the force of logic and the vicissitudes of experience overwhelmed the chronic idleness of my imagination.

TRANSITION: THE BURBS

Had my family remained on the North Side it is virtually certain that I would never have gone to college. People in that neighborhood grew up to work, not to study. My parents were products of that pattern. Neither finished the ninth grade. There was work to be done. Mouths to be fed. Education was a luxury. My parents were unable to pay the price.

My sister was different: She graduated from high school. But then the pattern took hold again. She went directly from the classroom to the workforce. A much better student than I was and natively much smarter, she was certain to have had a distinguished university career had she had the opportunity. And I? I was destined to follow my sister's lead. The duty of work called. It was not a matter of whether but where to get down to the task of making a living.

But then a momentous thing happened: We moved. To the suburbs. My parents decided that they had had it. That grime-filled heaven of my boyhood had been their hell for too long. We were getting out! No ifs, ands, or buts. And I? I was fifteen, with deep roots in the friendships and places of my youth. If ever a child was resentful and full of anger, these powerful emotions found a home in me. I was determined to be unhappy.

The world did not cooperate with my resolve. In the end, the move was not as traumatic as I was bent on making it. I made new friends and soon found myself a part of a quite different environment. Many of my friends' parents had gone to college. They had professions—in medicine, the law, education. Their taste for culture trickled down to their children and, through them, to me. I soon found myself reading and talking about Camus and Andre Gide, discussing Nietzsche and Norman Mailer, listening to Bartok and Stravinsky. With my companions I drove into and around the Burgh to watch foreign and classic films. We debated God's existence and free will into the morning hours. For the first time in my life I began to write. Horrible fiction. Worse poetry. But I took the demands of the Muse seriously. And my teachers liked it. They told me I was a writer-in-the-making.

Music was important. By my junior

year I was making a little money playing in big dance bands and in small combos. I played any reed instrument but mainly clarinet and tenor sax. I doubt if I ever would have become a really good musician had I continued playing. I enjoyed the camaraderie as much as the music. In the civilian world the closeness of musicians may be the nearest thing to those legendary wartime friendships formed in foxholes.

After graduating from North Allegheny High School I went to college. This I did for a simple reason: it was what all my friends were doing. I then had only the faintest idea about what a college was. All I knew firsthand was that people "like me" went to one because—well, because that's what colleges were for. I was encouraged in this belief by the testimony of my teachers and other interested persons. I had a good but hardly outstanding academic record in high school (top tenth of my class, as I recall). Every Open House all my teachers told my parents the same thing: "Tommy could do much better if only he would apply himself." "Who couldn't?" I wondered at the time. And still do.

One person in particular, Reverend Luther Fackler, who was the minister of the Lutheran Church I attended, encouraged me to give college a try. I thought I felt a "calling" for the ministry. But I was unsettled in my faith. Even before I went off to college I was unable to join in the recitation of the Apostles' Creed. The words stuck in my throat. Reverend Fackler told me not to worry. God would find me—but only if I stopped trying to find God. This seems as unsound to me now as it did to me then. Any God who would find me only on the condition that I was looking the other way is a God not worth finding. That much hubris any human worthy of being created by God ought to have.

I wrote an essay on this issue at the time, called "The Seeker." Neither perturbed nor distracted, Reverend Fackler counseled me not to worry. A true faith is measured by the depth of its temptations to deny, he said. As I was sorely tempted in the latter regard, off I went to college, to find (or, perhaps, to be found by) the Divine Mind. I chose Reverend Fackler's college—Thiel College, a small liberal arts college affiliated with the Lutheran Church, an hour and a half drive north of Pittsburgh. I applied to no other. My friends' parents were most supportive. My mother and father for a variety of reasons were less sure. I was too. Folks from the North Side could smell trouble a mile away.

Philosophical argument can lead the heart to water, but perhaps it is only experience that can make it drink.

ON THE BANKS OF THE SHENANGO: THIEL COLLEGE

At the beginning, college was everything my last years in high school had not been. I had a hard time making friends during my freshman year, despite playing (at 138 pounds) halfback on the football team. To say I "played" halfback in college may be—well, actually it is an exaggeration. I did letter in football (and in track and golf) in high school. College was a different league. I was in over my head and should have had enough sense to quit. It was not until my sophomore year that the Age of Wisdom dawned. I never played varsity football again. But even to this day I harbor the belief, as deep and unfalsifiable as any I have ever held, that I have good hands. You throw a ball near me and damned if I won't catch it!

Whatever Red Barber might write about my sporting life, my early academic career at Thiel was unspectacular. Something like a 2.5 average on a 4.0 system. Before going off to college, as I mentioned earlier, my teachers encouraged me in the belief that I might someday be a writer. My teachers during my first two years at Thiel seemed to be

intent upon demonstrating how reprehensible my high school teachers had been in fostering this belief in me. I received a more or less steady stream of Ds and Fs for my early compositions. This gave me second thoughts. Perhaps the Muse I was listening to spoke in dangling participles? I even managed to flunk Spanish. Elementary Spanish at that. Believe me, I thought long and hard about quitting more than once.

But then—and this was perhaps the most important event in my early years as a prodigal scholar—I stopped wearing socks. You need to understand: back then, no one, I mean absolutely no one, went sockless. Back then baring your ankles in public was the social equivalent of walking around in your underwear. Moreover, as I embarked on my sophomore year, I stopped going to class. In a course in English Novel, for example, I showed up twice. Once for the mid-term. Once for the final. When I received a B+ for the course, who could doubt that I was above the common fray? I was becoming somebody. As my parents scrimped and saved, I spent my time burnishing my public image by not wearing socks, not going to class, staying up to two or three in the morning winning pocket money at poker and bridge, playing in dance bands and combos, and (on most days) sleeping well past noon.

In retrospect, I count my lucky stars in the knowledge that, throughout this period of my life, my parents never knew I was wasting their hard-earned money as I squandered opportunities they could never have imagined.

TO AVOID HISTORY: A PHILOSOPHER IS BORN

A crisis occurred during my junior year. I was an English major at the time and to complete the required course of studies I was obliged to take a full year of English history as well as a year of United States and Pennsylvania history. This was like asking me to spend hours lounging on a bed of hot coals. Whatever talents and interests I may have had at this time, the study of history did not nourish or answer them. Fortunately for me, the forces of serendipity took charge of my life—not for the first or the last time.

Thiel was just about to introduce a new major in philosophy. I had taken a few philosophy courses by then and was pleased to discover that a subject actually existed where people discussed the questions I increasingly was inclined to ask on my own. In addition, my professors in philosophy showed an interest in me that was lacking in most of their counterparts in English. I would like to be able to say that I decided to major in philosophy because of my commitment to pursue Truth, whatever the cost. But the really decisive factor in my decision to change was far more banal. This new major in philosophy did not require any classes in history over and above those I had already taken.

That much settled, the decision was easy. I was to be Thiel College's first-ever philosophy major. It was a decision made in the stars. During my senior year I was virtually a straight A student, barely graduating, however, because of a D for the second semester of Elementary Spanish. I doubt if I could do any better today. Many are called but few are chosen to Elementary Spanish.

By the time of my graduation from Thiel I had abandoned any desire I may once have had to prepare myself for the ministry. I didn't know where I was headed. My summer employment as a counselor at a YMCA camp was fulfilling. Another summer's apprenticeship in a local butcher shop was not. This was not because I found butchering ethically intolerable. I had no moral qualms what-

It is no exaggeration to say that, during the past thirty years, philosophers have written vastly more on the topic of ethics and animals than our predecessors had written in the previous three thousand.

ever about preparing the ground meat, making city-chicken, stocking the cold-cut section, fixing the minute steaks, or skewering the chickens for the rotisserie. My hands were deep into the

Tom Regan, third from left in front row, has enjoyed golf from then till now.

corpses of animals, but I was stone deaf to their cries. I didn't like my apprenticeship because the work was too bloody hard, not because it was too bloody. My days in the butcher's trade were numbered. But not for anything like the right reasons.

As my graduation from Thiel approached I interviewed for a variety of jobs: selling insurance for Sears; serving as a Youth Counselor for a suburban branch of the YMCA; pursuing a career in marketing for H.J. Heinz. These interviews were glorious fiascoes. It did not take me long to learn that I was a round peg trying to fit into square holes. I knew quite well what I did not want to do. The problem was to find the round hole that answered my needs and interests.

If the idea of college was mysterious to me while I was in high school, the idea of graduate school was even more incomprehensible to me while I was in college. "What was a graduate school?" I wondered. "And what did a person do there?" I had only the foggiest idea. As my job prospects dwindled (I was eliminated from consideration for the YMCA job because I didn't have the "right" ideas about where blacks belonged in the particular branch: They belonged outside I was told), I had to do something.

And so it was that during the summer of 1960 I applied for admission to the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at the University of Virginia, to continue my study of philosophy. Two months before the first class—at least this is my recollection—I received a letter informing me that I had been accepted "conditionally." This meant I was admitted but that my status would be reevaluated on the basis of my work during the first semester. There was, after all, enough evidence of mediocrity on my college transcript to rattle anyone's confidence. Thank heavens my major professor at Thiel was a graduate of Virginia. Had it not been for the influence and guidance of Bob Bryan at this time I may well have ended up selling collision insurance for Allstate. And this is not the least of my many debts to him.

STILL UNSETTLED: THE UNIVERSITY YEARS

My graduate career at Virginia began inauspiciously enough. I was blue collar in my background. The students I met all seemed to be Blue Blood in theirs. Virginia had no female students at the time and we Gentlemen (as we then were called) wore coats and ties to class. I had one suit and two ties. I was the kid without socks who spilled soup on his pants to the delight of the country club set. Or so it seemed.

I remember well a young man in my Plato seminar, a graduate of St. John's College in Annapolis, where the education consists of reading and discussing the Great Books, many of which I had never heard of, let alone read. We were walking together after a seminar in which we discussed Plato's Theatetus. I couldn't make much sense of the dialogue and was rash enough to say so. Others seemed not to find the material difficult. Stopping abruptly, my compatriot looked me squarely in the eye. Taking his pipe from his mouth (the

smoking of a pipe, I discovered, was an essential mark of an educated Gentlemen, one I tried to acquire, albeit unsuccessfully) and speaking with an affected British accent, he said, "Regan, you strike me as a man to whom it will not be difficult to say goodbye come the end of your first and, dare I say, your only semester." Then he placed his pipe back in his mouth and walked away, leaving me transfixed on the spot where I stood.

I was shattered. Here I was, a kid off Pittsburgh's streets, trying to make an honest go of it at Mr. Jefferson's University. And here was this J. Press son-of-privilege putting me in my place, telling me that I didn't belong. And who was I to deny that he was right? Didn't I think his very thoughts myself?

Socially and intellectually, this was the lowest point of my life. It took me months to begin to regain any semblance of self-confidence. But in time I did, and though I am not a particularly vengeful or spiteful person I must confess that I took more than a little pleasure when, at the end of my first semester, I was invited to continue my studies in philosophy while my solemn colleague from St. John's was not. I thought of it then, and I think of it now, as a small but real victory for the working class.

My record at Virginia was better than my record at Thiel. A few Bs during that first year; the rest As. I have the deepest affection for the teachers who taught me during the years I was there, and I have nothing but the most profound respect for the ideals The University embodies. I count myself very lucky indeed for having had the opportunity to pass through its corridors.

But lest it seem that I slight my debts to Thiel I must cite a sentiment one will find inscribed on that College's sundial. Roughly translated from the Latin it reads: "Perhaps in the future these things will appear beautiful." The sundial's message rings true. Time does soften the harsh edges of past places and events. And that is not the only truth Thiel College gave me.

MORAL INDIFFERENCE: ANIMALS COME AND GO

In the Spartan, no-nonsense regimen of Thiel, and the more refined ambiance of Virginia, animals were all but absent.

Regan, right, jamming with friends at Thiel.

The University had some legendary dogs—legendary largely for their proclaimed accomplishments as drinkers. (Back then students at UVA took pride in their well-deserved reputation as the biggest drinkers around.) Perhaps the story is apocryphal but one dog (Jock was his name, I think) was reputed always to have lifted his leg on the opponent's goal post at half time during football games. And (so the story went) some two thousand people attended Jock's funeral, the dog having been killed (suitably enough, it was thought) while chasing a beer truck through the streets of Charlottesville.

All this was part of the oral tradition of The University at this time. No one I knew thought for a moment that there was anything morally dubious about getting a dog drunk or finding it really funny that old Jock would get himself killed by a truck filled with Budweiser. That I also found the story amusing is symptomatic of those deeper, unarticu-

lated beliefs I then had about how they may be treated.

The same insensitivity I showed toward Jock's fate I exhibited in the face of another's emotional anguish. At the beginning of my studies at Virginia I had a room in a spotless older home. In the room next to me lived a med student, a tough looking, broad-chested Polish Jew from New Jersey, very streetwise, very

When God gives humans dominion, we are given the task of being as loving toward creation as God was in creating it in the first place.

determined to get ahead with his career. Even so, he did not like what he was required to do to a dog in his class in surgery. He described to me how he broke the poor animal's leg and then set it, only to break and set it again. Throughout her long, painful ordeal the loyal animal greeted his arrival with a wag of her tail and even licked the very hands that had injured her.

In the end, he was required to "euthanize" the dog. It did not sit well with him. He thought it cruel and unnecessary. He wanted to speak out, to object, but he lacked the courage. He wondered what sort of human being he was or would become. He even questioned whether he should make a career of medicine. In all this I believe he was as sincere as any person can be. It hurt him to hurt another, even a dog.

For my part I was too much involved in understanding Plato's Theatetus and withstanding the insults of my peers to find time to empathize with this medical student, let alone a dog. I wish I could say that my ethical sensitivities regarding animals have always been highly developed. The sad truth is, they have not. The story about this dog bothered me no more and no less than the story about Jock. Animals were not on my moral map.

LOVE AND COMPANIONSHIP

Among the truly major blessings in my life was my marriage to my wife Nancy on June 17, 1961. We remain indissolubly wedded, committed to our mutual growth. We are different people now than we were when we first met back in my sockless days at Thiel, and perhaps it is as much a matter of luck as it is of our love for one another that we have managed to develop in ways that have brought us closer together rather than driving us farther apart. Sometimes we even seem to look alike, impossible though this is—she of Lithuanian and Austrian blood, her face showing the strong beauty of her Eastern European ancestry; I of sturdy Irish stock, ruddy of complexion, stump-nosed. How very fortunate we are to have settled permanently into one another. There is so much more one can do with one's life after the questions of a soul mate and lifetime companion have been answered.

Early on in our marriage we purchased a miniature poodle. We called him "Gleco," after the name of a company we drove past every day. Nancy was an instructor in Special Education in the public schools. I was taking my graduate seminars. We lived in two rooms on the second floor of an older farmhouse about thirteen miles from The University.

The landlady was a strong-willed but friendly Southern woman. She permit-

With his future wife, Nancy, at a college dance.

ted her handyman to graze a few cows on her pasture. Once, after a calf had been taken from his mother (I did not know what had happened at the time), I approached her because of the mournful cries of the mother. All through one night and into the next day the poor animal moaned and groaned. Surely, I said, the animal must be dying or at least be very sick. Shouldn't we do something to help?

Always the gentlewoman, our landlady permitted my city ignorance to pass without making much over it. Mothers worry about their children, she explained. The cow was calling for her lost child. It was that simple. There was no need to do anything. She could forget her loss in time. As usual this sturdy twig of a woman was right. The following day the mother grazed contentedly. The next time I heard these same cries I understood what they meant, only this time I thought them rather a nuisance. I remember shouting out the window at the grieving mother, telling her to shut up. I had important work to do and she was bothering me.

To my way of thinking, everything depends on what love for Creation comes to. If (as I believe) it makes no sense to kill those you love, or to make them suffer, or to deprive them of their full measure of freedom, then the Bible is nothing if not pro-animal rights, whatever others might say to the contrary.

Like so many newly married couples who acquire a companion animal, we treated Gleco as our substitute child. We took him everywhere we could, fretted over his every sign of unhappiness, felt guilt-ridden because we had to leave him alone during most days. For his part Gleco became a loyal but in some ways an always independent companion. There was something of the cat in him—a trace of aloofness beneath the surface sheen of his ordinary congeniality. He never cared overly much about pleasing us, though he loved us just the same. His subsequent death helped change my life forever.

THE WAR: FIDDLING WITH MY PROFESSION

My education at Virginia was more or less typical of the time. "Analytic philosophy" was the dominant approach to the discipline in places like UVA that had a strong British presence. The ruling preoccupation in moral philosophy, which is where my interests naturally led me, concerned questions about the proper analysis of concepts.

My spirit bent to what my teachers required. I wrote my Master's Thesis on the concept of beauty and my Ph.D. Dissertation on the concept of goodness. As a true professional my concerns were strictly analytic; I inquired into the meaning of the words "good" and "beauty." Not a single judgment about the goodness or beauty of anything fell from my pen. At this time and in that place it was not the business of a philosopher to take a moral or aesthetic stand on anything. To do so was beneath the intellectual dignity of the profession. I practiced what I heard preached.

After my graduation, when I embarked on my teaching career, my classes in moral philosophy initially mimicked those I had had as a graduate student. But I was never wholly satisfied with this way of doing moral philosophy. What had originally attracted me to the subject were my deep worries over what things are just and unjust, right and wrong, good and bad. Perhaps I would have managed to leave these interests permanently behind me had it not been for a development over which neither I nor any other ordinary person had much control. Before any of us quite realized it, America was at war in Vietnam. And that fact changed a great deal, including the direction of my intellectual development.

The dilemma I faced at the time was quite simple. Every evening on the news I sat and watched people being killed.

Americans and Vietnamese. Young men the age of most of my students. Women and children. And here I was, an educated moral philosopher, worrying about the meaning of the word "right" and whether there is such a thing as the naturalistic fallacy. I could see myself fiddling with my profession while Vietnam burned.

Something had to give. And since it was beyond my power to stop the war (though Nancy and I worked politically to help end it), I decided to approach things from the philosophical side. Ought we to be there? Was the war a just war? Is violence ever justified? As strange as it may sound, the immediate ancestor of my views about animal rights was my first crude attempt to come to terms morally with the war in Vietnam.

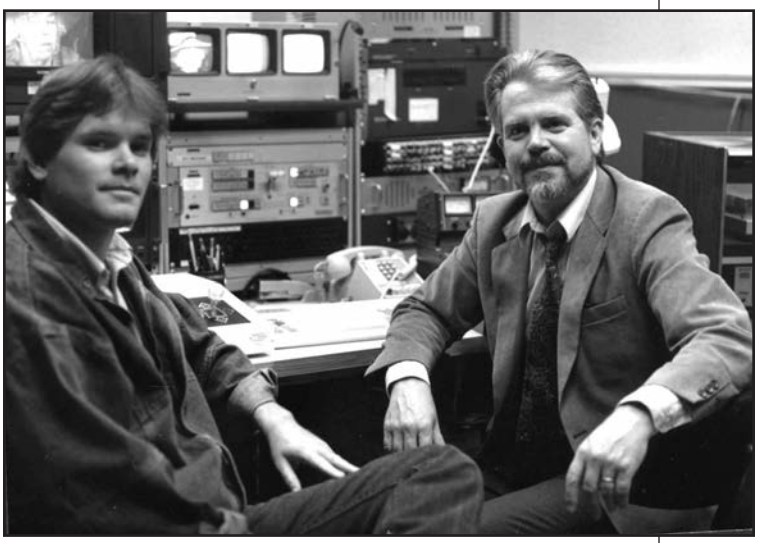
If I had to be more precise and try to fix a particular time when the ride-of-ideas began, I would say it was during the summer of 1972. It was then that I was the beneficiary of a Summer Grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. My plan was to think about pacifism—the view that it is always wrong, no matter what the circumstances, to use violence, whether in self-defense or aggressively. The conclusion I reached then, and the one I still hold, is that occasions can arise in which the use of violence is justified. I was not then, and am not now, a pacifist.

Now, no one who sets out to think about violence and pacifism can do the work that needs to be done and not read Gandhi. And read him I did: hundreds and hundreds, even thousands of pages of his simple prose. This in itself was remarkable. I have never been an energetic reader. I envy people (Nancy is one of them) who are. Especially during the next twenty years or so, when I wrote more and more, I read less and less. Except, as I say, in the case of Gandhi. I read him with enormous energy and dedication.

It was during this particular period, during the summer of 1972, that Gandhi began to raise my consciousness about the place of animals in the moral scheme of things. His views on vegetarianism were both simple and of a piece with his more general views about right conduct. The practice of ahimsa (frequently translated "nonviolence") does not stop at the borders of our species. Morally we are called upon to minimize our casual role in the use of violence in the world at large, even when animals are victims.

Once I had digested it I could no longer look at the world in quite the same way. The meat on my plate now had an accusatory voice. It was Gandhi's. And it would not take my history of indifference as an answer.

As a piece of reasoning, Gandhi's argument seemed unassailable. Give him his premises and you couldn't avoid his conclusion. The problem was, I was not prepared to give him his premises, one of which included his commitment to pacifism. And so I set myself the task of thinking about the moral status of vegetarianism in ways that did not rely on Gandhian pacifism. My first published essay relating to animal rights, "The Moral Basis of Vegetarianism," is



At work editing 'We Are All Noah.'

the tangible result of the line of reasoning I began to investigate in the summer of 1972 and which I completed in the fall of 1973.

THE DEATH OF A FRIEND: THE IMAGINATION AWAKENS

Another event helped change my life irrevocably, and this one had nothing to do with philosophy. This was an affair of the heart, not the head. And it also took place in that momentous summer of

Gleco, the dog who helped change Tom Regan's life.

1972. Nancy and I, and our two children, Karen and Bryan, who then were one and five respectively, had taken a vacation. Earlier on the day we returned home, Gleco was killed—hit by a car while darting across a road.

Faced with this incalculable loss, Nancy and I lapsed into a period of intense, shared grief. For days we cried at the mere mention or memory of Gleco. Earlier that summer, while thinking about Gandhi and pacifism, I had encountered the rude question of the ethics of meat eating. Once severed from any essential connection with pacifism, the rational arguments seemed to be there. My head had begun to grasp a moral truth that required a change in behavior. Reason demanded that I become a vegetarian. But it was the sense of irrevocable loss that added the power of feeling to the requirements of logic.

What Gleco's death forced upon me was the realization that my emotional attachment to a particular dog was a contingent feature of the world. Of my world. Except for a set of circumstances over which I had no control, I would have loved some other dog (Jock, perhaps, or the poor creature at the mercy of the med student). And given some other conditions, over which again I had no control, I would never have even known Gleco at all. I understood, in a flash it seemed, that my powerful feelings for this particular dog, for Gleco, had to include other dogs. Indeed, every other dog. Any stopping point short of every dog was, and had to be, rationally and emotionally arbitrary.

And not just dogs. Wherever in the world there is life that feels, a being whose welfare can be affected by what we do (or fail to do), there love and compassion, justice and protection must find a home. From this point forward, my heart and head were one. Philosophical argument can lead the heart to water, but perhaps it is only experience that can make it drink. Nancy understood this, as well if not better than I did. Throughout our journey, she was beside or ahead of me every step of the way. We awoke one day to the realization that we had become vegetarians. The intellectual challenge before me was to make our sense of the world less vague and the grounds for accepting it rationally more compelling. That in general was the task I set myself and at which I have worked more or less continuously during the rest of my life.

COMES THE REVOLUTION: CHANGES IN THE WORLD OF IDEAS

In 1972 an unknown philosopher submitted an unsolicited review of a previously unnoticed book to *The New York Review of Books*. The book was *Animals, Men and Morals: An Enquiry into the Maltreatment of Non-Humans*, a collection of essays edited by Roslind and Stanley Godlovitch, and John Harris. To the reviewer's surprise, his

review was accepted and, in April 1973, published.

Reader response was overwhelming. The Australian-born, Oxford-educated philosopher opened the eyes of many readers to some of the terrible things being done to animals. The editors of New York Review of Books understood that this was something special, so special that they took the unprecedented step of offering to publish a book on the topics covered by the reviewer if he was interested in writing one. He was. A contract was tendered and the book written. The philosopher's name: Peter Singer. The title of his book: *Animal Liberation.* The rest, as they say, is history.

As it happened, I had an opportunity to teach at Oxford during the summer of 1973. I had read Singer's review and wrote to him, explaining that we shared many of the same interests. While I was in Oxford, we met several times. We agreed that an anthology of mainly philosophical writings on our duties to animals would be both timely and useful. By the fall of 1975, we had a manuscript. We even had a title: *Animal Rights and Human Obligations*. Our next challenge was to find a publisher.

So off I went to the annual meeting of the Eastern Division of the American Philosophical Association. One of the major textbook publishers had a reception to which I was invited. After introducing myself to the philosophy editor, I handed him a copy of the prospectus Singer and I had put together. The editor's response was one of startled incredulity. He looked at me as if I was in immediate need of the most profound psychiatric help.

"You want to publish a book on..." he began. Unable to complete the sentence, he tried again. "You want to publish a book...on..." This time he found it impossible to stifle his laughter. Guffaw. Guffaw. "I'm sorry," he said, "but this is too much. I mean, 'animal rights'!" More guffawing. If there had been a hole in the floor, I would have crawled into it, I was so embarrassed. And angry, too.

But here's the rest of the story. The editor took the prospectus home, looked it over, and sent it out for review. A few months later, Singer and I had a contract in hand. Over the years, that little book has sold tens of thousands of copies and has been read by tens of thousands of students. As for the philosophy editor: after making a name for himself as someone who was ahead of the times, he went on to have a distinguished career in the world of book publishing.

Animal Rights and Human Obligations was just one among many books that found a niche in the college market from the 1970s onward. It is no exaggeration to say that, during the past thirty years, philosophers have written vastly more on the topic of ethics and animals than our predecessors had written in the previous three thousand.

This has made a profound difference in the classroom. Whereas there was not a single philosophy course in which the idea of animal rights was discussed when I began writing "The Moral Basis of Vegetarianism," today there are perhaps as many as a hundred thousand students a year discussing this idea. Just in philosophy. Comparable changes are underway in other disciplines, including anthropology, art history, film studies, law, literature, religion, and sociology. Clearly, in the world of ideas, in univer-

Any time some people (the 'Ins') want to exploit other 'inferior' people (the 'Outs'), the Ins will always have two powerful forces on their side: One will be organized religion; the other, the 'best' science of the day. Both will say (in their authoritative voices): The Ins really are better than the Outs. Our sacred books say so. So do our esteemed scientists. So, what's to complain? The Outs are exactly where they belong. Under the boot of the Ins.

sity classrooms throughout the world, "animal rights" is no longer a laughing matter.

OTHER WORK

In addition to anthologies in which I served in an editorial capacity, I kept myself busy throughout the 1970s writing a number of essays for a mainly professional audience, some of which were collected in *All That Dwell Therein: Essays on Animal Rights and Environmental Ethics* (1982). Whatever their philosophical shortcomings may be, these essays chart the history of my struggle to articulate a rights-based understanding of the moral ties that bind us to other animals. Each is a sketch at best. But each seems to me now to have been an essential step along the way to the view I was looking for.

That view is set forth in *The Case for Animal Rights* (1983). This work represents the fruit of more than a decade of hard thinking about the rights of animals. It comes as close as I'll ever come to getting at the deeper truths on which, in my view, the Animal Rights Movement stands or falls. It is a work of serious, methodical scholarship, written in the language of philosophy: "direct duties," "acquired rights," "utilitarianism," and so on.

I made every attempt to make the hard ideas I discuss as accessible as possible. But no amount of effort can make hard ideas easy. On this score I have been heartened by the number of people, including the book's toughest reviewers, who have praised *The Case* for its exemplary clarity. Moreover, I am especially grateful now that a second edition, with a new preface, has just been released. Not many books have this kind of shelf life.

LIBERATION: OUT FROM UNDER THE NEED TO SAY MORE

The process of writing *The Case* was remarkable. I worked as many as eighteen hours a day for almost a full year, during which time I again was the fortunate recipient of a Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities. I am a compulsive rewriter. I doubt if there is a single sentence in *The Case* that wasn't recast at least once. Maybe even twice. Physically, the work was exhausting. Psychologically, it was invigorating. I never was tempted to abandon the project. Once underway I never veered off course. I was never depressed or displeased about how the book was going. Each day was too short, not too long. I was absolutely filled with, and by, the process of writing.

There is another point I should mention. When I started *The Case* I did not hold the "radical" conclusions I reach in the final chapter. At the beginning I was against causing animals "unnecessary" suffering in scientific research, for example, but I was not against making them suffer if this was "necessary." What was perhaps the most remarkable part of working on *The Case* was how I was led by the force of reasons I had never before considered to embrace positions I had never before accepted, including the abolitionist one. The power of ideas, not my own will, was in control, it seemed to me. I genuinely felt as if a part of Truth was being revealed to me. I do not want to claim that anything like this really happened. Here I am only describing how I experienced things. And how I experienced them,

Nancy and Tom Regan with two canine members of the family.

especially toward the end of the composition of the book, was qualitatively unlike anything else I have ever experienced. It was intoxicating. It was as close to anything like a sustained religious or spiritual revelation as I have ever experienced.

I can never think of my past without being overwhelmed by how much of what has happened to me (and this includes the very best things) was due to factors quite beyond my control. I try to remember this when I meet people whose ideas and values differ significantly from my own."There but for a series of contingencies go I," I think.

Of course, when you have a book published, you can't help hoping for favorable reviews, written by really important people, published in highly prestigious places. Fortunately, *The Case* enjoyed a number of such responses. One in particular, written by the late Robert Nozick, had an interesting afterlife.

As it happened, Nozick and I both attended the same philosophy conference in December 1983. At this time Nozick was among the three or four most influential moral philosophers in the world, so it was with some trepidation that, spotting him, I introduced myself.

He could not have been nicer. He was warm, and effusive in his praise. "There's just one thing I want to know," he said. Drawing me closer, he asked, "Now what are you going to do?"

Without having fully realized it, this question had been gnawing away at me ever since I finished *The Case*. I mean, what was I going to do now that I had emptied myself of everything that went into the book?

"Well," I said, looking for an answer, "I guess I'll...I guess I'll. You know, I guess I don't know."

"You will," Nozick replied. "You will." And with that we shook hands and parted company. I have never met anyone who knew me so well so quickly.

What was I going to do? One thing I knew: I did not want to try to write another "big book" on animal rights any time soon. After mulling things over, three fresh possibilities presented themselves.

First, if I was going to continue to try to make a contribution to the Movement, as a philosopher, I would need to find new ways of doing so. Second, if I wanted to try to make a contribution in some other way, I needed to look for new outlets. Third, if there was something else I could explore, some new creative challenge that had nothing to do with animal rights, I would have to discover what this was.

So (to repeat Nozick's question): what was I going to do? The answer I reached—the one I have tried to live the past 20 years and more—was, "All of the above."

TOM REGAN, THE HISTORIAN?

One creative challenge required a near total immersion into late 19th and early 20th century English history. It was during these years that the famous Bloomsbury Group began to take shape and flourish. Members included Virginia Wolfe and her sister, Vanessa, as well as John Maynard Keynes and Lynton Strachey. The Group was as renowned for its unconventional behavior as for its brilliance.

Oddly, the Bloomsburies identified the philosopher George Edward Moore as their chief inspiration. I knew Moore's philosophy reasonably well, having written both my Master's Thesis and part of my Ph.D. Dissertation on his theories. His laborious style of writing shaped my philosophical voice as a writer more than anything else. Despite this influence, Moore the man always struck me as more conventional than brilliant. It seemed wildly improbable to me that the Moore I knew could have had the influence the Bloomsburies attributed to him.

With the luxury of a year's leave as a fellow at the National Humanities Center, I set out to find the answer to the riddle before me. My answer is given in *Bloomsbury's Prophet: G.E. Moore and the Development of His Moral Philosophy* (1983), followed by *Moore: The Early Essays* (1988), and *G.E. Moore: The Elements of Ethics* (1992). Without my having to say so, these new books said that Tom Regan was exploring a new line of work, in (of all things) the history of ideas. It would not be the last time I would embrace a field of study my disgruntled younger self had rejected.

Tom Regan with his parents.

ROUSING THE SLEEPING GIANT

Some animal rights advocates are openly hostile towards religion in general, Christianity in particular. It is not hard to understand why. Given standard readings of the *Bible*, animals were put on earth to satisfy human wants and needs. This is why hogs fulfill their God-given destiny by ending up as pieces of bologna between two slices of bread.

However, this is just one possible reading of scripture, and an implausible one at that. When God gives humans dominion, we are given the task of being as loving towards Creation as God was in creating it in the first place. That's how I read the opening chapters of *Genesis*. I don't know how anyone can read the words found there and come away with a different understanding.

To my way of thinking, therefore, everything depends on what love for Creation comes to. If (as I believe) it makes no sense to kill those you love, or to make them suffer, or to deprive them of their full measure of freedom, then the *Bible* is nothing if not pro-animal rights, whatever others might say to the contrary.

Fortunately, some animal rights advocates agreed, Ethel Thurston and the late Colin Smith among them. On behalf of the International Association against Painful Experiments on Animals, Ethel and Colin invited me to organize and chair a major 1984 conference on religion and animals. In 1986, I was privileged to publish the proceedings under the title *Animal Sacrifices: Religious Perspectives on the Use of Animals in Science.*

The year after the London conference, with the support of Claire and Bill Allan, among others, I was able to write and direct a half-hour film, *We Are All Noah*. When the film won a Silver Medal at the 1985 International Film Festival of New York, everyone involved in its production thought we finally had a teaching aid that would rouse the sleeping giant of organized religion. It did not take long for us to realize that we should have thought again.

Dietrich von Haugwitz has been a dear friend for the better part of three decades. Working with other members of the North Carolina Network for Animals, Dietrich found a place where *Noah* could be shown. Hundreds of invitations were sent to clergy in the area even as the event was publicized in other ways. A lovely spread of meat-free finger food was prepared. And (as has always been true of anything he does)

Dietrich had composed a first-rate introduction to the film.

So there we all were, waiting for the first arrivals. And there we sat, waiting. And waiting. And waiting. Will it surprise anyone when I say, "No one came"? It surprised all of us, no one more so than a crestfallen Dietrich. One thing was certain: it would take a lot more hard work, involving many more people, to rouse the sleeping giant. Happily, the last twenty years have witnessed many positive changes, much of them spurred on by the fine work of writers like Keith Akers, Daniel Dombroski, J.R. Hyland, Roberta Kalechofsky, Gary Kowalski, Andrew Linzey and Richard Schwartz.

TALK, TALK, TALK

Publication of *The Case* opened new doors. Invitations to present lectures on campuses, give speeches at rallies, and read papers before professional meetings increased. I have never kept an exact record of when and where I have spoken; all I know is that, whether for good or ill, I've done a lot of talking.

My stump speech was "Animal Rights, Human Wrongs," in which I sketched the central philosophical issues defining the animal rights debate. The response that greeted my scholarly ruminations sometimes was surprising. Here are two examples.

The philosophers at one university invited me to their campus. In the months leading up to my lecture, local and national animal rights groups had targeted the work of campus researchers who were doing ghastly experiments on nonhuman primates. You could feel the tension in the air.

When I arrived at the room where I was scheduled to speak, the overflow crowd blocked my way. New arrangements were quickly made: I would speak to a standing room-only audience in a large auditorium. Before entering, I was taken aside and introduced to the head of campus security. He would be sitting in the middle of the front row. If things got out of hand, he would wink at me and mouth the words, "Head for the nearest exit!"

So there he was, in the front row, looking at me with a wide-eyed intensity. I'm sure everyone has had the experience of doing one thing even as we are thinking about another. That's how things were for me. I was covering familiar philosophical ground: moral standing, indirect duties and so on, while, in the back of my mind, I was thinking, "Just wait till I get to Kant's categorical imperative: that's when all hell will break loose!" Needless to say, when I got to Kant, all hell did not break loose.

On another occasion, all hell broke loose before I arrived. Faculty who did research on animals were enraged that I would be invited to their campus. Letters of protest were circulated in which I was described as a dangerous zealot and a rabble-rousing demagogue. The researchers likened me to Hermann Goring and to monomaniacal mental patients who think they are Jesus Christ or Napoleon; one spokesperson even went so far as to call me the Jim Jones of the animal rights movement.

Perhaps . . . there is in everyone a natural longing to help free animals from the hands of their oppressors—a longing only waiting for the right opportunity to assert itself.

As for my public lectures, the researchers accused me of advocating violence, spreading lies, of asserting that I have the right to impose by violent means my notion of ethics on others; and of inflaming my audiences to commit unlawful acts. And there was the "suggestion" that the invitation should be revoked because I was a prime suspect in the recent murder of a researcher, shot dead in his driveway.

Not a word of what they said is true; all of it is pure fiction. It just goes to

show the lengths to which "experts" who don't like the idea of animal rights sometimes will go in their attempt to discredit those who would dare to disagree with them.

"THERE'S A HOLE IN THE MOVEMENT"

The Animal Rights Movement is so varied in its membership and programs that it will never have one leader. No, the movement goes forward because of the efforts of many hands, on many oars. Much of this work involves recruitment: attracting new people. Another part requires educating ourselves about our deep cultural roots—in philosophy and poetry, art and sculpture, music and dance.

Moreover, we must continue to add to this body of cultural resources, not just rest content with those we already have. Back some 20 years ago, when Nancy and I looked around, we discovered that no one was helping make this happen. Right at its center, there was a hole in the movement.

The need to fill this hole was what motivated the creation of The Culture and Animals Foundation (CAF). Now entering its twentieth year, CAF is a tax-exempt, nonprofit, all-volunteer organization that raises and distributes money to fund three programs: research, creativity and performance.

Over the years, CAF has funded hundreds of "cultural activists" (as we call them) and hosted an annual International Compassionate Living Festival, working collaboratively in 2004 with the Institute for Animals and Society. Thousands of people have attended, always returning home with passions stirred and minds on fire. Watching CAF's birth and growth, with the assistance of current board members Marion Bolz, Rondi Elliot, and Jean Hollowell, has been a source of great pleasure and satisfaction for Nancy and me.

I still remember walking into Building 31-B on the National Institutes of Health campus. All 101 activists showed up there, like a hurricane making landfall.

"PUT UP OR SHUT UP!"

There comes a time in everyone's life when the sincerity of our commitment is on the line. For me, that time came in the summer of 1985. That's when I decided it was time to get arrested.

In May of this same year members of the Animal Liberation Front "liberated" more than 70 hours of videotape of research being done at a head injury laboratory at the University of Pennsylvania. The tape revealed numerous violations of federal guidelines and presented the researchers as uncaring, sometimes even sadistic. Funded by the National Institutes of Health (NIH), the research had been going on for years and was headed nowhere.

The stolen tapes somehow ended up in the hands of Ingrid Newkirk and Alex Pacheco, founders of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. *Unnecessary Fuss*, a 26-minute video, summarized what was happening. The case against the lab was incontestable. So what did the funding agency do? Like spitting in the eyes of Animal Rights Advocates everywhere, NIH increased the funding. It was time to act.

On the evening of July 14, a hundred and one animal rights activists gathered at a motel not far from the NIH. Each of us had a "buddy" (mine was Bobbie Wright, a wonderful activist from Arizona). Plans were sketched. Every one of us knew what we were supposed to do. And when.

To this day I still remember walking into Building 31-B on the NIH campus, meeting Bobbie in the cafeteria, taking an elevator to the top floor, then (at the appointed time) descending stairs and entering the funding office. Mind you: Bobbie and I were not the only folks who entered at that time. All hundred

and one activists showed up there, like a hurricane making landfall.

Once crushed inside, we all sat down, some in chairs, most on the floor. Then we started to chant, at the top of

101 animal rights activists converged in the funding office of the National Institutes of Health to protest its financial support for the head injury experiments at the University of Pennsylvania.

our lungs, "What do we want? Animal rights! When do we want them? Now!" Our entrance was so unanticipated, our presence so undeniable, and our volume so loud, that the staff in that office were in total shock. If a boulder had fallen through the roof, it would have made more sense to them than our being there. As we chanted ever more enthusiastically, we all thought the same thing. We figured the police would be there any minute.

But the police were nowhere to be found as, first one, and then another staff person left. Then other people in other offices were seen leaving until, to our surprise, the entire eighth floor had been vacated. Without having set out to do so, the intrepid animal rights activists were in charge of thousands of square feet of federal government property.

Our occupation lasted four days during which time some of the original participants had to leave, the air conditioning was turned down to arctic temperatures (some NIH officials got the idea they could freeze us out), and the media and members of Congress actually began to pay attention to why we were there.

When, on the morning of July 19, 1985, the remaining civil disobedients marched out of Building 31-B, the funding for the lab having been withdrawn, we all felt that animal rights was a force to be reckoned with. None among us could doubt that we had seized the offensive, that there would be no stopping us now. Five years later, this same feeling of robust confidence would reassert itself again, only multiplied more than a thousand-fold.

"ONWARD ANIMAL RIGHTS SOLDIERS!"

Gwyneth Snyder, Diana Basehart, and a handful of other California animal rights activists deserve credit for formulating the idea. Scores of others deserve credit for helping implement it. Everyone agreed: the time had come to flex our muscles. We were going to march on Washington!

As plans evolved, I was asked to co-chair the March with Peter Gerard. This does not mean that we shared the work equally. Peter did far more than I did when it came to the details: advertising the event, getting the necessary permits, crafting a program, and so on. My main jobs were to help raise funds and to motivate animal rights activists to participate. The latter was much easier than the former.

When the day of the march dawned, all the Regans wandered down to the assembly area. We did not know what to expect. We were just hoping we would not be among the few on hand. We were not.

Huge banners waved in the wind for each of the states. Huddled around each banner were flags identifying all the groups from the several states, sometimes, in the case of Alaska, for example, a handful, sometimes, for California and New York, a truckful.

This was one noisy family reunion! Music could be heard at every turn. Some folks were singing, others were chanting. Vendors were selling everything that had anything to do with animal rights, from soy dogs to belt buckles.

Off we started. We knew there were a lot of people but still couldn't get a sense of the numbers until...until there were still marchers turning on to Pennsylvania Avenue, all the way back at the White House, as the people at the head of the march were beginning to sit down in front of our nation's Capitol!

Estimates ranged from 30,000 to 100,000 marchers. No one will ever know the exact number. Believe me, I was not the only one with tears in my eyes on that day. Such a mass of human compassion the world had never seen before. Or, sadly, has not seen since. In 1996, when a second march was organized, fewer than 3,000 people participated.

Tom Regan and Peter Gerard inspire tens of thousands of activists at the 1990 March for the Animals in Washington, D.C.

CHANGING TIMES

Something happened to the animal rights movement in the six years between the two marches. I don't think anyone fully understands why. I know I don't.

Everyone who marched in 1990 could feel a kinship with everyone else. We were united. We spoke and acted as one. I mean, we all felt that our movement, the Animal Rights Movement, was going to take off!

Things did not turn out that way. Instead of growing more unified, more focused, more powerful, the years after the first march witnessed increasing movement fragmentation often accompanied by bickering and back-biting. And whereas, in the years leading up to the first march, new people were entering the movement in unprecedented numbers, by the time of the second march unprecedented numbers of tried and true activists, people who had made a major commitment to animal rights, were leaving.

Don't get me wrong. Important things continued to be done, both by grassroots activists and by the big national organizations. But things were not the same. That fragile feeling of unity was broken. Veterans of the struggle couldn't help noticing that some of the wind had gone out of our sails.

I was not immune to these changes. Although I continued to write papers and give lectures, I did less rather than more. Instead I turned to my old nemesis, history, to take my understanding of animal rights to a deeper level.

Animal rights activists are fond of saying that our movement is like other "radical" movements. But is it? How could I give an informed answer without being informed? And how could I be informed if I failed to explore the history of our movement as well as the others? Once the question was asked this

clearly, there clearly was no escaping the answer.

I spent the better part of five years reading everything I could about the most important struggles for human justice. The Native American Struggle. The African-American Struggle. The Women's Struggle. The Gay/Lesbian Struggle. I took what I was learning to the classroom, exposing both undergraduate and graduate students to material they knew no better than I did. Student's lives were changed by what they discovered. Mine was too.

A slice of the 'March for the Animals,' 1990.

Here are two important things I learned. Any time some people (the "Ins") want to exploit other 'inferior' people (the "Outs"), the Ins will always have two powerful forces on their side: One will be organized religion (the "church"); the other, the 'best' science of the day. Both will say (in their authoritative voices): The Ins really are better than the Outs. Our sacred books say so. So do our esteemed scientists. So, what's to complain? The Outs are exactly where they belong. Under the boot of the Ins.

So (we ask): Is the struggle for animal rights really like other struggles for social justice? Unquestionably. All we have to do is identify our common enemies. I have history to thank for teaching me that.

FINDING A NEW VOICE

The past four years have been uncommonly productive and rewarding. A collection of my essays, *Defending Animal Rights*, appeared in 2000, followed by my contribution to *The Animal Rights Debate* (2001), another contribution to *Animal Experimentation: Good or Bad?* (2002), and *Animal Rights, Human Wrongs: An Introduction to Moral Philosophy* (2003). Even as this work was published, as far back as 1997, I worked on two other books, one a general introduction to moral theory (still maturing somewhere in my brain) and another, for the general reader (which took too many wrong turns and has been abandoned). It was not until August of 2002 that something dramatic happened, don't ask me why. But happen it did.

It was my habit at this time to go to my office in the library and spend five or six hours working on the two books I just mentioned. (I had retired from the North Carolina State faculty in January 2001 and had time on my hands.) Sometime in August, another book asserted itself. I mean this quite literally.

I was not the only one with tears in my eyes on that day. Such a mass of human compassion the world had never seen before.

The new book took charge of my life, in ways analogous to what happened when I wrote *The Case for Animal Rights*. Only this time, the writing was not easy. This time, the process of writing was sheer agony. I have never worked so hard on anything in my life. I understood why, but that didn't help.

The "why" was simple. I was trained to write the way those I studied wrote. George Edward Moore, for one, than whom no more plodding writer can be

conceived. This (the Moorean) voice was how I put words on the page whenever I sat down to do any "serious" writing. The demons behind the new book would not hear of it. Moore's ponderous, analytic style was to be silenced. A new voice was to be heard. The only problem was, the old Tom Regan was standing in the way.

So each day I went to my office. Each day the old voice fought to be heard. And each day this new voice refused to cooperate. The contest lasted nine months, the length of an average pregnancy, before *Empty Cages: Facing the Challenge of Animal Rights* was finished. Reading its chatty, conversational tone, you would think it had to be a much easier book to write than *The Case for Animal Rights*. In fact, just the opposite is true; the latter wrote itself; the former was like getting blood from a turnip.

Paradoxically, however, when I look back on the process of writing, *Empty Cages* today seems like another gift given to me, only this time from some other source. I am so grateful that I was able to bring it to fruition. Easy to read, if not to write, I harbor the hope that it will reach a much larger audience than *The Case* and that, in combination with the work of others, it will help revitalize the animal rights movement, returning it to that magical time between the 1985 occupation of the NIH and the glorious day when tens of thousands of animal rights activists marched down Pennsylvania Avenue.

FOOTPRINTS

Except for two years at the beginning of my professional life, my home has been North Carolina State University. The University has been good to me, in many ways. Although I was an outspoken proponent of animal rights on a campus where students take degrees in animal agriculture and where hundreds of faculty use animals in their research, I was never punished or threatened for speaking my mind.

Just the opposite. The University has honored my work, presenting me with every award for teaching and research for which I was eligible, culminating in receipt of the William Alexander Quarles Medal, the highest honor the University can bestow on one of its faculty.

Today, on the eve of my 66th birthday, I am just as committed, if not more so, to liberating animals from the clutches of human tyranny than I was more than thirty years ago.

As rewarding as these awards have been, I have the North Carolina State University Library to thank for my greatest honor. This is the Tom Regan Animal Rights Archive, inaugurated in 2001, when, in response to the Library's invitation, I donated my papers, covering the whole of my personal and professional life. Since its founding, the Archive has grown dramatically, thanks to major additions from The Animal Rights Network, among others. Even today the Archive is the premiere repository of animal rights material in the world. On a personal note, the Archive is a lifeline to the future. The Tom Regan Animal Rights Archive will be at North Carolina State University as long as there is a North Carolina State University. For generations to come, the Archive, like a footprint, will attest to my having passed this way.

The same is true, in another way, now that our children have married and have children of their own. There's something of my genes, and Nancy's too, in Brooke, Hannah, Anna Drew and our grandchildren yet to be born. They, too, attest to our having passed this way. Such joy they and their parents bring to our lives; so many blessings; too many to count.

Talk of footprints might create the impression that I think my work is done. Nothing could be further from the truth. Today, on the eve of my 66th birthday, I

am just as committed, if not more so, to liberating animals from the clutches of human tyranny than I was more than thirty years ago, when I first began to think about the issues. Aristotle is reputed to have said (I've never been able to find where he says this), "There are no boy philosophers." I think this means that we have to experience the world and smooth off the rough corners of our personal identity before we can do our best work. My principal influence, the philosopher Immanuel Kant, is a case in point; he did not do his most creative thinking until he was in his sixties. I like to think the same is true in my case: the better, the more creative, the more productive days are ahead.

So (in response to Robert Nozick's question, asked some twenty years ago): "Now what will you do?"

My answer has been, and will remain: "All of the above."

NATURE REBELS: UNDERSTANDING WEAKNESS

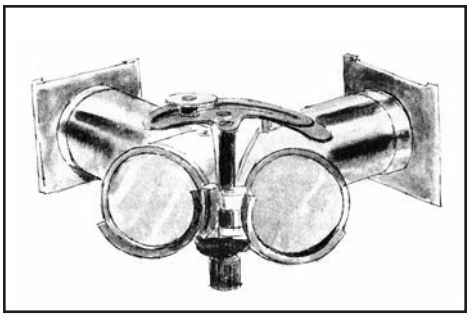
Probably everyone who reflects on the life he or she has lived up to a given point in time is struck by how chancy it all seems. Consider my case. Suppose my family had never moved from Pittsburgh's North Side: Would I have gone to college? Very unlikely. But even if I had, would I have gone to Thiel College? More unlikely still. And that means that in all probability I would not have met either Nancy or Bob Bryan.

How very unlikely then, that I would have gone to the University of Virginia to study philosophy. Or grown into the person who wrote *The Case for Animal Rights.* I can never think of my past without being overwhelmed by how much of what has happened to me (and this includes the very best things) was due to factors quite beyond my control. I try to remember this when I meet people whose ideas and values differ significantly from my own. "There but for a series of contingencies go I," I think.

This helps me in my battle against self-righteousness. And in my efforts to be patient with people who are just entering the Movement as well as those who are currently outside it. How little of what we are and what we will become is within our power to control.

And so it is that I look back uncertainly at that self I once was. I see the boy playing on Pittsburgh's streets, unmindful of the aged, mistreated mare pulling an overloaded wagon of junk and old iron, the whip whistling angrily over her weary head. I watch the teenager running his hands over a butchered side of beef without giving it a second thought. I observe the aspirant Virginia Gentleman listening indifferently to another's anguish concerning a solitary dog used in practice surgery, his own mind preoccupied with loftier worries about Plato's theory of Forms. And in every case I wonder, not superficially but down to the very depths of my being, if there is not the slightest hint, the most miniscule portent, of what my future was to be. Is it all a matter of luck? Of chance? Was there nothing in me that directed my growth from within?

There is, perhaps, one hint of my destiny all but hidden in the blur of my boyhood memories. I was born with what has come to be called a "lazy" or



A troposcope, an ophthalmology device used to aid 'weak eye.'

"weak" eye. Other names for my condition are "cock-eyed" or "cross-eyed." Corrective surgery, which is now routine for young children, was not in vogue back then. What was recommended were exercises, and these were done with the aid of a mechanical device at the ophthalmologist's office.

The device was constructed as

follows: If you looked through the right lens, you saw a bird. And if you looked through the left lens, you saw a cage. People with normal eyes who looked through both lenses at the same time saw the bird imposed on the cage, which gave the appearance that the bird was in the cage. I saw things differently. In my case, because of my weak left eye, the bird always appeared to the right and slightly below the cage. Sometimes, when I concentrated as hard as I could, the bird seemed to move closer to the cage. But try as I might I never could see the bird *in* the cage.

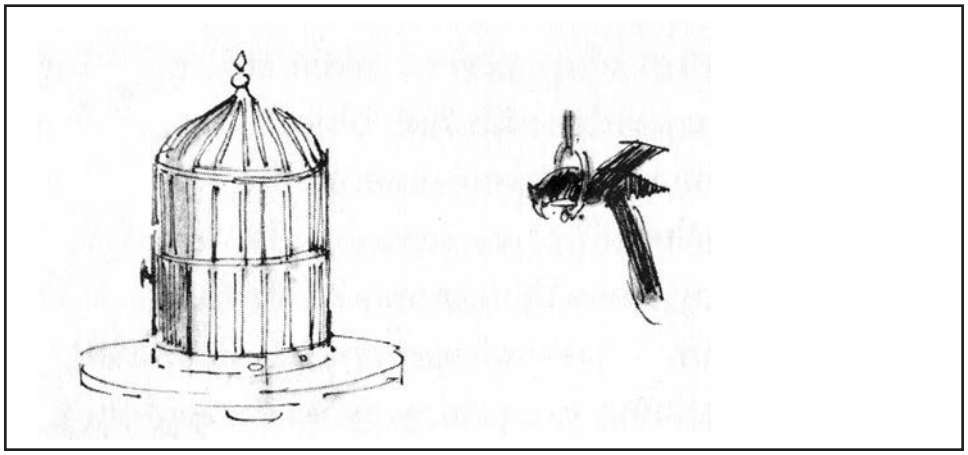
My nature would not permit me to see the bird in the cage. Something in me rebelled against seeing things this way. Others saw the bird as captive. I could only see the bird as free.

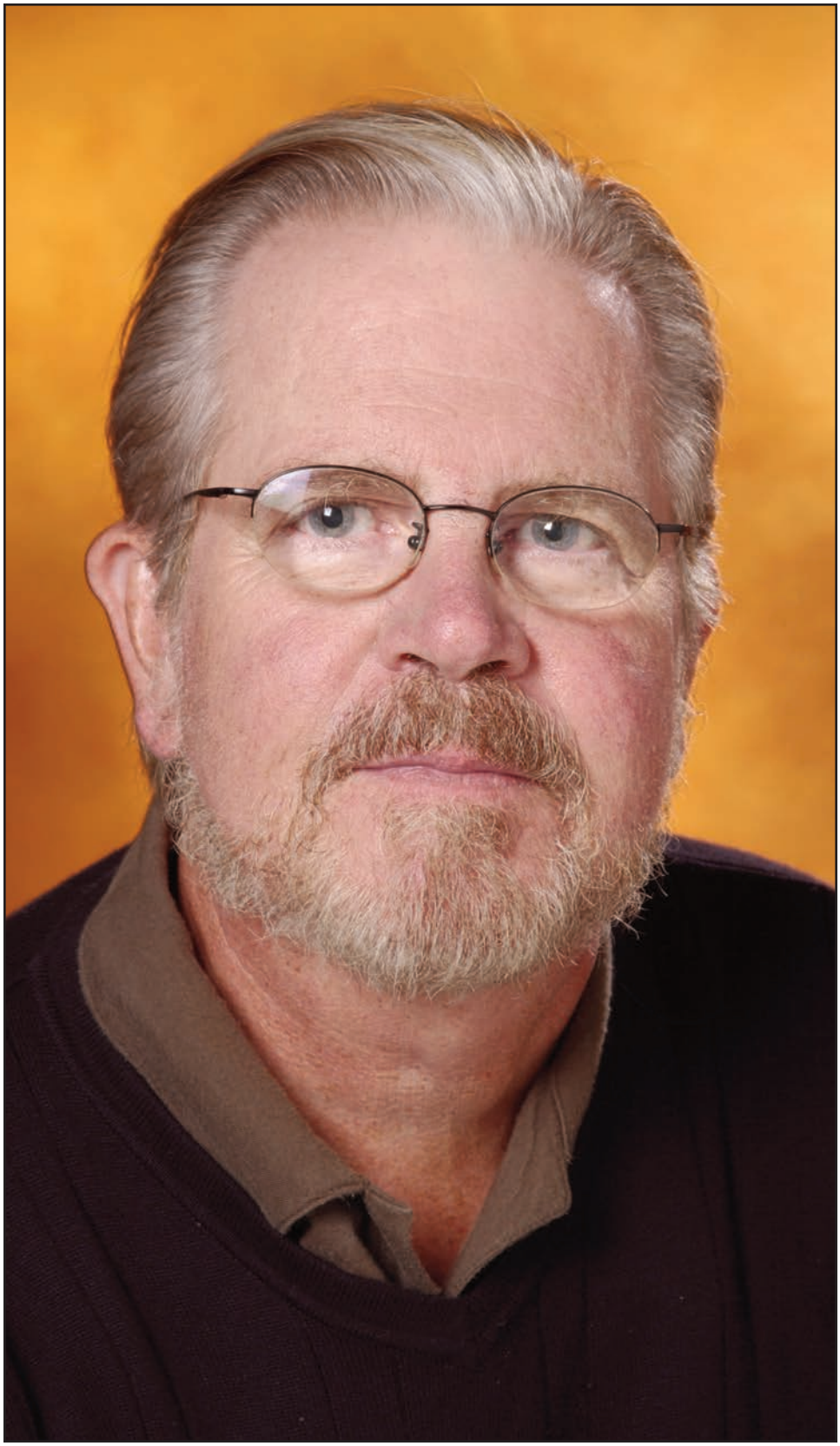
Today, thinking back on what at the time appeared to be a serious failure on my part, I glimpse the one deeply mysterious suggestion of where I was headed with my life, the one possible portent of what I would—and must—become. Try as I might my nature would not permit me to see the bird in the cage. Something in me rebelled against seeing things this way. Others saw the bird as captive. I could only see the bird as free. And that, in its way, is a prophetic metaphor of what I have become.

My fate, one might say, is to help others see animals in a different way—as creatures who do not belong in cages. Or in leghold traps. Or in skillets. Perhaps, indeed, there is in everyone a natural longing to help free animals from the hands of their oppressors—a longing only waiting for the right opportunity to assert itself. I like to think in these terms when I meet people who are not yet active in the Animal Rights Movement. Like Socrates I see my role in these encounters as being that of the midwife, there to help the birth of an idea already alive, just waiting to be delivered.

I have some sense that this was true in my case; the early evidence is there in my natural inability to see the bird in the cage. And yet how long it took for the idea contained in that "failure" to be born!

When viewed in this way, and notwithstanding the painful evidence to the contrary—the many instances of my own indifference to animal suffering, some of which I have been obliged to confess on this occasion—when viewed in this way I think I sense that all has not been chance or accident in my life. When viewed in this way I see that the child I was is the father of the man I have become. I have found my proper destiny. My reason for being. Or perhaps this has been given to me. Maybe Reverend Fackler was right after all. χ





Tom Regan is Emeritus Professor of Philosophy, North Carolina State University, Raleigh, North Carolina (USA). During his more than thirty years on the faculty, he received numerous awards for excellence in undergraduate and graduate teaching; was named University Alumni Distinguished Professor; published hundreds of professional papers and more than twenty books; won major international awards for film writing and direction; and presented hundreds of lectures around the world. In 2000, he received the William Quarles Holliday Medal, the highest honor NC State University can bestow on one of its faculty. Among his books, two (The Case for Animal Rights and Bloomsbury's Prophet: G. E. Moore and the Development of his Moral Philosophy) were nominated for the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award.

"The true objective for which animal advocates should work is empty cages, not larger cages."

by Tom Regan

Critics

In lieu of fair criticism of my philosophical case for animal rights, some people in high places—including some lofty towers of academe—have attacked me rather than addressing my ideas. For example, they have slandered my character by accusing me of inciting others to riot and by implicating me in a variety of crimes, including murder.

The way one philosopher shows respect for another philosopher is by challenging the other's ideas, by trying to show (fairly, of course) that these ideas are false, or unsupported, or worse. To do anything else would be ...well, philosophical bad manners.

Change

Ethical progress is never easy. We would be better at it, if it were.

None of us is so acculturated that we sleepwalk through our moral lives.

You don't change unjust institutions by tidying them up.

The verdicts of history teach that entrenched social practices not only can change, they have changed. But never without a struggle.

People should not be deterred from moving forward on their journey because someone else doesn't understand where they are on theirs.

A human being is not a robot, not a genetically hard-wired stimulus-response machine, not a body lacking a mind and will.

Everything we know about human growth—about the flourishing of the human spirit and the actualization of those capacities that make a human life truly worth living—points to the need for each of us to take charge of our life, to nurture our rational autonomy, and to cultivate our capacity to care, not only for ourselves and others but for what is true and just and good.

So long as we rest content with what we have been taught about right and wrong, we give sad testimony to the fact that our life really does not matter much to us.

Rights

Rights involve justice, not generosity; what one is due, not what one wants.

The money someone makes by violating another's rights is never moral reason enough for doing so.

To attempt to determine which humans have rights on the basis of race is like trying to sweeten tea by adding salt. What race we are tells us nothing about what rights we have.

What happens to us after we die does not help us understand why we have the rights we do while we are alive.

Asking who has an immortal soul is as logically irrelevant to asking who has rights as asking who has blond hair or missing teeth.

Morally considered, a genius who can play Chopin etudes with one hand tied behind her back does not have a 'higher' rank than a seriously mentally impaired child who will never know what a piano is or who Chopin was.

The interests of those who profit from animal exploitation should play no role whatsoever in deciding whether to abolish the institution that furthers those interests.

The rights of animals should never be violated so that some people can have a good time or because others make a comfortable living from doing so.

The Animal Rights Movement

The struggle for animal rights is not for the faint of heart. The pace of social change requires the endurance of the marathoner, not the lightning speed of the sprinter.

My belief in the ultimate triumph of justice for animals is no less today than it was [twenty years ago, when I wrote The Case for Animal Rights]; if anything, it is stronger. Let's just say my idealism has been tempered by a strong dose of realism.

The struggle for animal rights...calls for a deeper, more fundamental change in the way we think about membership in the moral community. It demands not an expansion but a dismantling of the for-humans-only conception...

Philosophy

The ethos of avenging angels is past. Ours is an age when benevolent assassins are asked to bury false ideologies. If philosophers have a future, it is this. Moral philosophy is no substitute for political action. Still, it can make a contribution. Its currency is ideas, and though it is those who act—those who write letters, circulate petitions, demonstrate, lobby, disrupt a fox hunt, refuse to dissect an animal or use one in 'practice surgery,' or are active in other ways—though these are the ones who make a mark on a day-to-day basis—history shows that ideas do make a difference.

Animal Rights Advocates

Every Animal Rights Advocate has something to contribute to the animal rights movement. And not just any old something. What each person contributes is something special, something needed.

Eternal vigilance is required no less from us, to protect the basic rights of nonhuman animals, than it is required of everyone, if we are to protect the basic rights of human beings.

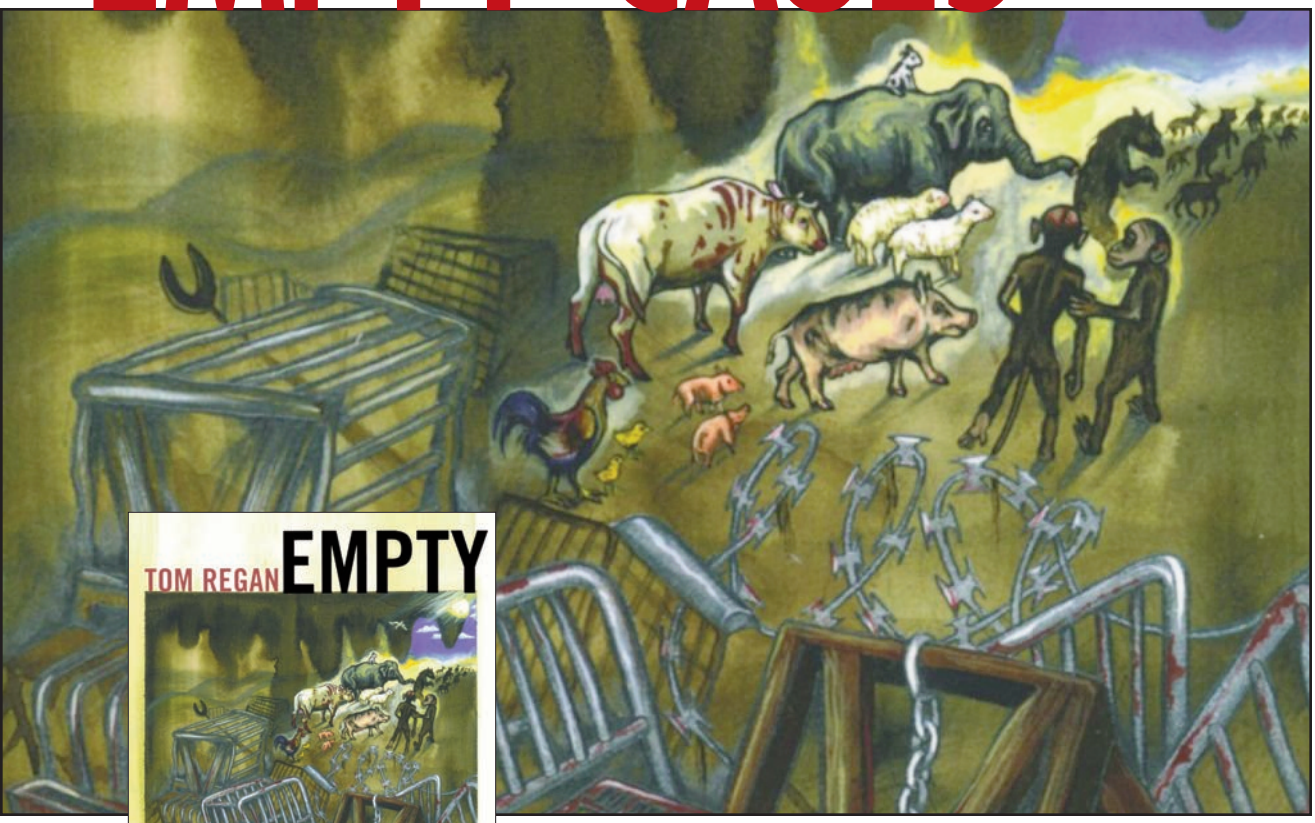
P O T P O U R R I

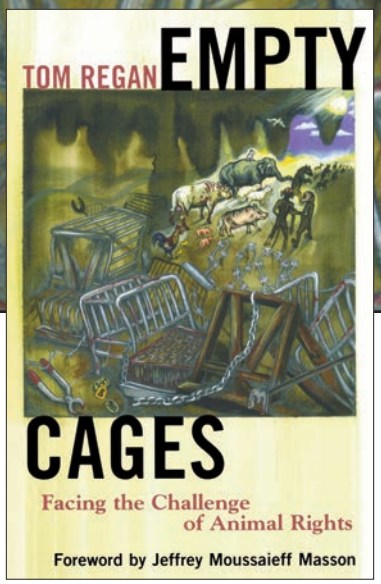
"You don't motivate people to become more compassionate toward animals by showing a lack of compassion toward humans in hard times."

Animal Rights Advocates have no reason to be self-righteous, as if the world were divided into the Pure (that would be us) and the Impure (that would be the rest of humanity). Morally, we are all shades of gray.

The truth we must recognize, the truth we must emphasize, is that just as blacks do not exist for whites, or women for men, so animals do not exist for us. They are not part of the generous accommodations supplied by a benevolent deity or an ever-so-thoughtful nature. They have a life, and a value, of their own. A morality that fails to incorporate this truth is empty. A legal system that excludes it is blind.

EMPTY CAGES





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Law

Might does not make right; might does make law.

The old adage, 'You can't legislate morality,' may be true. But we are in deep legal and moral trouble if we can't legislate justice.

Morality in General

Fundamental moral wrongs are not alterable by future results. Or past intentions.

Great people are not above making great mistakes.

To act in ways that are respectful of individual rights is to act in ways that are respectful of the individual whose rights they are.

A prudent morality enjoins us to act on what is true, not on what might be.

Prejudices die hard.

We do not need to know everything before we can know something.

Whether our preferences are evil is not something to be decided by determining how strenuously we deny that they are.

The appeal to tradition—an appeal one finds, for example, in support of fox hunting in Britain—has no more force in the case of hunting than it does in the case of any other customary abuse of animals—or humans.

Violence

The violence done by Animal Rights Advocates ... is nothing compared to the violence done by the major animal user industries, a raindrop compared to an ocean.

P O T P O U R R I

> *"What we should do in practice depends on understanding what we ought to do in principle."*

That we are in the habit of doing something, or that we find it convenient to do it, goes no way toward justifying what we do.

It is the propaganda machines of the major animal user industries that have made violence and animal rights synonymous.

The world grows weary of militancy and meanness.

ON THE HOG INDUSTRY

Turning pigs into commodities, the deliberate reduction of them into mere things, characterizes the mindset of the industry. 'The breeding sow should be thought of, and treated as, a valuable piece of machinery,' advises a corporate manager of Wall's Meat Company, 'whose function is to pump out baby pigs like a sausage machine.' Say what you will, the hog industry is mighty good at this. (*Empty Cages*, p. 96).

ON "RANCHED" MINK

[According to *Fur Commission USA*, mink raised on fur 'ranches'] are treated 'humanely,' meaning with compassion, kindness, and mercy. In fact, they are 'the best cared-for livestock' in the world, a statement that, tragically, just might be true. Compared with veal calves, hogs, and chickens raised in confinement, those lucky mink who spend their waking hours pacing back and forth, jumping up the sides of cages, and rotating their heads, are leading a country club existence. May God forgive us. (*Empty Cages*, p. 110).

ON CAT AND DOG FUR

Beginning in 1987, Americans were outraged when the Humane Society of the United States exposed the international trade in cat and dog fur, especially when they learned that garments in American stores were trimmed or lined with fur from these animals . . . Cats and dogs should not have their fur stolen from them, Americans protested. It's their fur; it belongs to them, not to us. Animal Rights Advocates could not agree more. To kill cats and dogs for their fur is both uncivilized and unethical. Animal Rights Advocates could not agree more. It's just that we think the same is true when the fur is stolen from any animal. (*Empty Cages*, p. 118)

ON THE CANADIAN SEAL HUNT

Despite official assurances to the contrary, many seals are skinned while still alive. It would be a relief to learn that this happens rarely, though of course it should not happen at all. The bad news is, it happens a lot. An independent scientific study, conducted in 2001 by a team of veterinarians, concluded that 42 percent of the seals were skinned alive. That works out to approximately 130,000. (*Empty Cages*, p. 115)

ON ANIMAL RIGHTS ADVOCATES

With rare exceptions, Animal Rights Advocates are for love of family and country, for human rights and justice, for human freedom and equality, for compassion and mercy, for peace and tolerance, for special concern for those with special needs (children, the enfeebled, the elderly, among others), for a clean, sustainable environment, for the rights of our children's children's children—our future generations. In a word, the vast majority are Norman Rockwell Americans, straight off his famous Thanksgiving cover for the old *Saturday Evening Post*, only with this noteworthy difference. We'll pass on the turkey, thank you. We don't eat our friends. (*Empty Cages*, p. 19)

ON CALF ROPING

In rodeos, calves can reach speeds up to thirty miles an hour before they are lassoed ('clotheslined'); often they are jerked over backward and slammed to the ground ... The faster they are running at the time, the harder they are pulled backward. And the harder they are pulled backward, the more their necks are wrenched and the greater the force with which they hit the ground. Some calves do not do encores. It's one performance and out ... So here we have today's brave cowboy, bending over and tying up a frightened, dazed, disoriented baby (the animals are all of four or five months old), with neck and back injuries, bruises, broken bones, and internal hemorrhages. Are those who are working to abolish rodeo in general, calf roping in particular, just overwrought, emotionally unbalanced calf huggers? (*Empty Cages*, p. 152)

ON DOLPHINS TRAINED TO PERFORM IN MARINE PARKS

Free dolphins swim up to forty miles a day and can dive to depths of more than a quarter mile. In their natural environment, they live in extended social groups (pods) and find their way around in an ever-changing, challenging environment via echolocation. (They 'see' by hearing). Once in captivity, these animals are confined in concrete tanks (sometimes measuring as little as twenty-four feet long by twenty-four feet wide by six feet deep) or in small sea-cages. There are no pods here. Nothing changes in any significant way in this desolate world. No natural challenges are faced. Nothing naturally interesting is found because there is nothing naturally interesting to be found. To speak candidly, it is worse than disingenuous; it is shameful that anyone would stand before us and say, 'We really and truly care about the welfare of our dolphins,' animals who have nothing to locate, no family to be with, no place to dive, no miles to swim. (*Empty Cages*. P. 137)

ON SPORT HUNTING

When all the rhetorical dust settles, the real rush for the sport hunter comes from the kill. Any doubt about this, just look through any of the hunting magazines at the local newsstand. The hunters pictured in those pages, displaying their dead wares, smiling from ear to ear, could not be happier. If we asked them to pose with beanbag chairs, it just wouldn't be the same. (*Empty Cages*, p. 149)

ON ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION

On a daily basis, animals are drowned, suffocated and starved to death; they have their limbs severed and their organs crushed; they are burned, exposed to radiation, and used in experimental surgeries; they are shocked, raised in isolation, exposed to weapons of mass destruction, and rendered blind or paralyzed; they are the given heart attacks, ulcers, paralysis, and seizures; they are forced to inhale tobacco smoke, drink alcohol, and ingest various drugs, such as heroine and cocaine. And they say Animal Rights Advocates are violent? The violence done by Animal Rights Advocates (almost all of it taking the form of property destruction) is nothing compared to the violence done by the world's vivisectors, a raindrop compared to an ocean. Just because a profession is legal, perhaps even (as in the case of vivisection) prestigious does not mean it is nonviolent. On a day-to-day basis, the greatest amount of violence in the world occurs because of what humans do to other animals. That the violence is legally protected only serves to make matters worse. (*Empty Cages*, p. 189)

ON LIONS AND TIGERS TRAINED TO PERFORM IN CIRCUSES

An opportunity to expand animal consciousness presents itself if we look behind the eyes of wild animals trained to perform in circuses. In the wild, the home range for African lions and Indian male tigers varies from 8 to 156 square miles; for Siberian male tigers, up to 400 square miles. For the sake of comparison, consider that San Francisco and Boston occupy 47 and 48 square miles, respectively; Chicago, 227; New York City, including all five boroughs, 309 square miles. No sensible person can believe that circuses provide lions and tigers with a caged environment of 'sufficient space,' one that offers the animals 'adequate freedom of movement.' (*Empty Cages*, p. 127)

ON GREYHOUND RACING

Day-to-day life for racing greyhounds is characterized by chronic deprivation. Dogs are confined in small crates, some measuring three feet by three feet. On days when they are not racing, the animals can be crated for up to twenty-two hours, sometimes stacked in tiers. Except when eating, they are muzzled . . . As for why they are muzzled, the explanation is an expression of the industry's commitment to humane treatment. After all, if their muzzles were removed, the dogs could injure their mouth, teeth, or gums when they gnaw on their wire cage. In other words, the industry's remedy for one kind of deprivation (keeping the dogs caged) is to impose another kind of deprivation (keeping them muzzled), the better to treat them more humanely. (*Empty Cages*, p. 156)

ON 'HUMANE' SLAUGHTER

Symbolic of the 'humane' treatment animals receive at slaughterhouses is the plight of so-called downers. These are animals who are so sick or so badly injured that they cannot stand up or walk. Depending on conditions at the plant, downers can lay on the ground for a day or more, without water, food, or veterinary care. Whether dead or alive, eventually they are pulled inside the slaughterhouse by chains or hoisted by a forklift. A Zogby poll found that 79 percent of the adults interviewed opposed the slaughter of downers. Not the dairy industry, which lobbied vigorously to delete legislation before the Congress in 2001 that aspired to ban the sale of downers. Why would the dairy industry oppose such minimal legislation? Because most downed animals are dairy cows who can be slaughtered for their meat after they no longer can produce milk. (*Empty Cages*, pp. 100-101)

Resources

Books

Tom Regan's books may be purchased online through Amazon, or at Barnes & Noble, and other book sellers. As some are out of print, try used bookstores, too.

Animal Defense Books
http://animalsvoiceresources.com/resources/books/

Lantern Books
www.lanternbooks.com

A few books by Tom Regan

- *Empty Cages: Facing the Challenge of Animal Rights*
- *The Animal Rights Debate*
- *Defending Animal Rights*
- *All That Dwell Therein*
- *Animal Rights, Human Wrongs: An Introduction to Moral Philosophy*
- *Thee Generation: Reflections on the Coming Revolution*
- *The Case for Animal Rights*
- *The Struggle for Animal Rights*
- *Animal Rights and Human Obligations*
- *Love the Animals: Meditations and Prayers*
- *Animal Sacrifices: Religious Perspectives on the Use of Animals in Science*
- *Earthbound: Introductory Essays on Environmental Ethics*
- *Matters of Life and Death*
- *Animals and Christianity: A Book of Readings*
- *And Justice for All: New Introductory Essays in Ethics and Public Policy*

Web Sites Regarding Tom Regan

Tom Regan Official Site
www.tomregan.info

The Culture and Animals Foundation
www.cultureandanimals.org

The Tom Regan Animal Rights Archive
www.lib.ncsu.edu/arights/

10 Reasons For Animal Rights and Their Explanations, and 10 Reasons Against Animal Rights and Their Replies
by Tom Regan
http://tomregan.info/animal-rights-101/

Additional Animal Rights Web Sites

The Animals Voice
www.animalsvoice.com

Henry Salt
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Henry_Stephens_Salt

The Institute for Animals and Society
www.animalsandsociety.org

World Animal Net
www.worldanimalnet.org

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