Moral Dreams and Practical Realities

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Imagine a scene. It's a hot, sunny, sweltering day. The date is 1963; August 28th to be precise. The place is the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C. The time is late in the afternoon. You are one of 25,000 people who have come from all over America. You hear these words:

> I have a dream that one day men will rise up and come to see that they are made to live together as brothers.

The speaker is, of course, Martin Luther King. He goes on to make an impassioned plea for civil rights.

> I still have a dream this morning that one day every Negro in this country will be judged on the basis of his character rather than the color of his skin, and that every man will respect the dignity and worth of human personality. I still have a dream today that one day the idle industries of Appalachia will be revitalized, and that the empty stomachs of Mississippi will be filled, and that brotherhood will be more than a few words at the end of a prayer but rather the first order of business on every legislative agenda.

And he concludes:

> I still have a dream today that war will come to an end, that men will beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, that nation will no longer rise up against nation, neither will they study war any more. I still have a dream today that one day the lamb and the lion will lie down together and every man will sit under his own vine or fig tree and none shall be afraid.[1]

Martin's words have long passed into history. We are all aware, of course, how it was that Martin's speech encapsulated the hope of a generation. How it was the flash point of a movement, of a long, hard, and continuing movement for social justice. It reflected a conflict which has been faced and fought—at least with some success, despite many failures—all over the world. Much has yet to be done, but how Martin would have been heartened by much of what we take for granted today.

Martin was, of course, a dreamer. I do not mean by that someone who indulges fancy or who fantasizes about the future. I mean rather someone who sees—as

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a visionary—new worlds. Every social reform movement has had its dreams and its dreamers. We, too, in the animal movement have not lacked either.

Imagine another scene. The date is 16th June, 1824. The place is the Old Slaughter's Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane in old London. A meeting is taking place called together by a largely unknown Anglican priest, Arthur Broome. Those in attendance (at this or subsequent meetings) include two members of the House of Lords, six members of the House of Commons, including Richard Martin and William Wilberforce, and four Anglican clergy.[2] The purpose of the meeting is to found the first national animal welfare society in the world.[3] Two weeks later, the first "prospectus" of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was published. Written by Arthur Broome himself, it begins as follows:

> In an age so enlightened as the present it is less extraordinary that a Society should be formed for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, than that such a Society should be of comparatively recent establishment. Our country is distinguished by the number and variety of its benevolent institutions—a tender care for our suffering brethren of every colour and complexion, of every clime and country, of every age and condition of life, has been nurtured by many admirable institutions, all actuated by one common philanthropy, and all breathing the pure spirit of Christian charity and good-will towards mankind.

The second paragraph runs as follows:

> But shall we stop here? Is the moral circle perfect so long as any power of doing good remains? Or can the infliction of cruelty on any being which the Almighty has endowed with feelings of pain and pleasure, consist with genuine and true benevolence? Morality consists in the desire, rationally directed, to promote general happiness, and secondly to diminish general pain, and it cannot be contended that the operation of a principle, so glorious to man, should not be made to embrace in its effects, the whole of animal life.[4]

A number of things may strike us about this early statement of the philosophy of animal protection. We may wince a little at its self-confident, even triumphal nationalism. We may find its assumingly self-evident principle of morality a little strained. We may detect more than a hint of self-congratulation behind the words "(i)n an age so enlightened as the present," or, as in a little later on, "[it] might thus have been expected that a nation so great and generous, *as our own confessedly is*."[5] But one thing we cannot fail to miss: the visionary, dream-like perspective here espoused. Despite the document's astonishing claim to "disclaim all visionary and overstrained views in the pursuit of (its) purpose" (all the more amazing when one considers that two years earlier saw—after vigorous opposition—the first and only anti-cruelty legislation in the world, but that confined solely to cattle),[6] the first prospectus of the then SPCA exudes a certitude of moral righteousness in the humane cause and—no less significant—in its eventual triumph. The object of the Society was nothing less than "the mitigation of animal suffering, and the promotion and expansion of humanity towards... animated beings."[7]

We are the descendants of this dream. At other times and other places, I have drawn attention to the serious shortcomings of the Christian tradition when it comes to animals.[8] There is a negative side to Christian thinking which has failed to acknowledge that animals have worth in themselves, or are capable of experiencing pain, or has denied that humans have any moral responsibilities to animals at all. When the Archbishop of Udine, in northeastern Italy, included these lines in his Christmas sermon of last year:

> It is not a sin to beat a dog or leave it to starve to death...A dog is not a person, it belongs to man.

he was merely articulating standard Catholic theology found in all the major textbooks.[9]

And yet this tradition which has provided the best (or at least the most successful) arguments against animals, is also the same tradition which gave birth to the humane movement in the Nineteenth Century. In perhaps the one and only line of understatement in the entire prospectus, it is pointed out that "much remains to be done towards the *entire accomplishment* of the humane views of those who in various ways have recommended the great moral and Christian obligation of kindness and compassion towards the brute creation," and it continues: "and *for this purpose* the present Society has been established."[10] Indeed a little later,

the SPCA was to record in its minute book the declaration that "the proceedings of this Society are entirely based on the Christian Faith, and on Christian Principles."[11]

We are the descendants not only of a dream but also of a dreamer. It was a priest, Arthur Broome, who founded the RSPCA. He became its first Secretary. He gave up his London church to work full-time unpaid for the Society. He was the first person to instigate the system of anti-cruelty inspectors. He was the person who went to prison to pay for the Society's debts.[12] We do well to recognize the value of dreams and the courage of dreamers.

There is a great deal to be said—both morally and politically—for the art of dreaming. Looking back over 150 years of what we hope has been social progress, how obvious it now seems that the dreamers of emancipation either for slaves, blacks, women or children had right on their side. So often history vindicates the dreamer, even if he or she is an object of scorn among contemporaries. Given the enormous changes in modern society, the dreamer of today can become the realist of tomorrow. Being "with-it" today may mean being "without-it" tomorrow. The case for the moral art of dreaming is infinitely more practical than many suppose. Moral effort frequently requires the exercise of imagination. To do good at all, we need some sense of what Goodness is and how our effort relates to some common Good. Without high motivation, even our best efforts can dissipate.

For myself, I am on the side of dreamers. You might expect no less from someone whose vocation is that of a preacher. Although I cannot quite say with George Bernard Shaw that "I was at home only in the realm of my imagination and at ease only with the mighty dead,"[13] I have some sense of what he meant. Individuals, societies, institutions, churches, nations, parties, books, programs, and policies will pass away; a good dream lasts forever. In this regard, I was delighted to read from President John Hoyt's Report for 1988 that: "At the time of its emergence in the mid '50s, (the HSUS) was undoubtedly viewed by some as being too radical, an upstart organization of dreamers and fanatics."[14] Well, fellow dreamers and fanatics, I am beginning to feel at home.

And yet there is a case *against* dreams that should be recognized. In the first place, the art of dreaming rests upon an assumption that humankind *is* capable of moral improvement. And it is this assumption—to put it boldly, this *hope*—that has undergone much battering. The same 150 years which have seen the triumph of many a socially reforming movement have also seen great barbarity, inhumanity, and cruelty on a massive, hitherto undreamt-of, scale. Is it surprising if people who have lived through one or even two world wars involving such crimes as Auschwitz, Belsen, Dresden, and Hiroshima are a little weary of dreams? And even the generations who have grown up since the second world war have lived with the terrifying possibility of all-out nuclear destruction. At worst, the pessimist has half of the truth, even more. The political philosopher, William Godwin, has taught us how the phrase "all nature suffers" is no empty one. "Every animal, however minute, has a curious and subtle structure, rendering him susceptible, as it should seem, of piercing anguish. We cannot move a foot without becoming the means of destruction," he argues. But not only for animals, argues Godwin, is life frequently hellish:

> Let us survey the poor; oppressed, hungry, naked, denied all the gratifications of life, and all that nourishes the mind. They are either tormented with the injustice, or chilled into lethargy...Contemplate the physiognomy of the species. Observe the traces of stupidity, of low cunning, of rooted insolence, of withered hope, and narrow selfishness, where the characters of wisdom, independence and disinterestedness might have been inscribed. Reflect the horrors of war, that last invention of deliberate profligacy for the misery of man. Think of the variety of wounds, the multiplication of anguish, the desolation of countries, towns destroyed, harvests flaming, inhabitants perishing by thousands of hunger and cold.

Who can deny the truth of Godwin's conclusion that the "whole history of the human species, taken in one point of view, appears a vast abortion?"[15] If, as Tolstoy once held, it is possible for humans to conspire together to do good, so too can they conspire (and how successfully) to do evil. The notion that we are fundamentally capable of moral regeneration may, to some, appear itself to be *the* dream—one, for which, as yet, evidence is still wanting.

In the second place, dreaming can become a compulsion, all demanding, all pervasive. Dreaming can become religion. And like all religion it can serve

good or bad causes. To find oneself however small a part of the cause of moral good can be an uplifting, edifying experience. But if we are honest, we will know the ambiguity of the satisfaction that it gives to our souls. There is a beautiful incident in David Lewis' biography of King worth relating. It concerns a 72-year-old black woman from Montgomery, Alabama, who got battered for refusing to ride on a segregated bus. She walked to work, almost 50 miles, and afterwards when asked how she felt, she replied, "My feets is tired but my soul is at rest."[16] One morning at breakfast in the Linzey family, I recall waxing eloquent about dreams of a better world arising from my not inconsiderable, and as it so happened, not unflattering mail. At the end of all my eloquence, my long-suffering wife spoke out: "I want you to know, Andrew, that there are two kinds of people in the world: saints and martyrs. Saints are the people who do good, and martyrs are the people who have to live with them."[17] How often I have reflected upon that thought and the realization that not only animals need the movement for animal protection.

In the third place, the art of dreaming can so easily turn into a narrow, life-less moralism. It happens something like this: dreams raise people's hopes and expectations—they can motivate people to great heroic heights—but—after time—they can also be a source of the most profound disappointment. Many humanitarians *are* disappointed people. It is this disappointment that can give rise to resentments, even hostility. I am reminded of the line from George Bernard Shaw: "I know many (blood) sportsmen; and none of them are ferocious. I know several humanitarians; and they are all ferocious."[18] But the most worrying feature of the animal movement today is not its moral disappointment or even its ferocity, but its self-righteousness. What is most worrying is the way in which some of us have come to enjoy a good condemnation as others enjoy a good dinner.[19] Animal people have something to learn in this respect from the Christian tradition. For the Christian church has for centuries excelled in self-righteousness. Christians have cajoled, intimidated, vilified, persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, burnt, and mutilated those who disagreed with them. There is hardly an implement of torture used in the world today that has not had an antecedent ecclesiastical use at one time or another. The Spanish Inquisition, I assure you, was no invention of pagan imagination. But what most of us have learnt—most but I have to say not all—is that, morality aside, it does not work. Hundreds of years of pagan persecution has not produced Christian civilization. Moral intimidation and self-righteousness do not make people good, or even better than they were. This then is the debit side of dreaming—it can turn ordinary, sometimes callous, indifferent—but otherwise well-meaning—people into individuals so convinced of the moral rectitude of their own convictions that they become purists—indeed so pure that almost everyone else is thought of as impure or unclean in relation to them.

In fact, however, there is no pure land on earth. We "all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God."[20] I have been a vegetarian for twenty years, the last two of which I have spent trying to be a vegan. In practice this means not only abstaining from the primary products of slaughter (flesh, fish, and fowl) but also all the myriad by-products of animal exploitation. I have failed. The fact is that *all* vegans fail. It is simply not possible completely and absolutely to extricate oneself from all the by-products of animal exploitation. The plastic shoes I am wearing have doubtless been tested for their toxicity on animals. The postage stamps I lick consist of glue which comes from the offal which derives from the slaughterhouse. The secondhand car we could afford for our large family has leather seats. There is hardly a human-made product—from fire-extinguisher substances to wall decorations—that has not at some point been the subject of animal tests. This does not mean that we should not go on trying to avoid dependence upon animal products. But we must be clear that our Western society is so inextricably bound up with the exploitation of animals in almost every conceivable way that it is simply not possible for any one of us to claim that we are absolutely free from this exploitation either through the food we eat, the products we buy, or indeed the taxes we pay. I do not say this to discourage any would-be fellow traveler on the vegan road. By no means. But it is essential that all of us realize that there is no pure land. I see no grounds anywhere for self-righteousness, especially when it comes to our involvement with animals.[21] A clean conscience is a figment of the imagination or, as Schweitzer once put it, "an invention of the devil."[22]

Imagine another scene. It is another hot, sunny day. The date is 4th April, 1969, just six years after Martin's speech in Washington. The place is the Lorraine Hotel in Memphis, Tennessee. Martin is staying here before he addresses one more civil rights meeting. The time is about six o'clock. He goes out onto the balcony to

take some air. Less than three minutes later, he is shot. The assassin escapes. A crowd gathers. Martin is dead on arrival at the hospital.

Imagine yet another scene. The date is 16th July, 1837—just thirteen years after the London meeting which founded the RSPCA. The place is Birmingham, England; a cemetery in Birmingham, to be precise. Somewhere in this place lies the body of Arthur Broome. A burial place, unmarked, unloved, uncared for. The Society whose work came into existence as a result of his vision forgot about him. The man who changed the world for animals died in obscurity and oblivion. According to historians, "he seems to have slipped out of the world 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.' "[23]

True dreaming involves real cost. It is that openness to bear the cost of dreaming that makes dreamers the people they are. Anyone can entertain hopes of social progress, only the dreamer lays his or her life on the line. Dreams can truly become more important than life itself. And truly the stuff of dreams as well as nourishing our soul can give us life.

Today the animal movement is more split than ever between "dreamers" and "realists." Between those who want "pie in the sky," as it is sometimes called, and others who insist upon the necessity—if you will forgive the meaty analogy—of "ham where we am." Should we aim for the abolition of all animal experiments or only some? Should we oppose all zoos or just inhumane ones? Should we be working toward humane slaughter or no slaughter? Should we campaign against all trapping or trapping solely for commercial purposes? The list goes on, and so do the arguments and the debates. Now I do not want to suggest that these debates are unimportant. On the contrary, they represent fundamental divisions within the movement. But what I want to suggest is that the dreamer and the realist need each other. There is an ugly polarity developing within our movement which, I believe, is not only counter-productive but actually unnecessary. The simple truth is: we need to match our ability to dream with our determination to realize our dreams. "I am, indeed, a practical dreamer," wrote Mahatma Gandhi. "My dreams are not airy nothings. I want to convert my dreams into realities, as far as possible."[24] It is this spirit of *practical dreaming* so characteristic of our visionary forebears, that I want to commend to you.

There is no more pressing task than the making of our dream both practicable and intelligible. And what is our dream?

It is a dream deeply embedded within the Judeo-Christian tradition. It is a dream still capable of stirring the imagination and strengthening our will. It is nothing less than a dream of peace. Of a time when, according to Isaiah:

> The wolf shall dwell with the lamb,
> and the leopard shall lie down with the kid,
> and the calf and the lion and the fatling
> together,
> and a little child shall lead them.
> The cow and the bear shall feed;
> their young shall lie down together;
> and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
> The suckling child shall play over the hole of
> the asp,
> and the weaned child shall put his hand on the
> adder's den.
> They shall not hurt or destroy
> in all my holy mountain;
> for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of
> the Lord
> as the waters cover the sea.[25]

This then is the vision of peace—not only between humans and animals but also between animals themselves. What the biblical writers are expressing here—and in the other important passages in Genesis, Hosea, Jeremiah, Amos, Psalms, Colossians, Romans, Ephesians, and Revelation[26]—is the conviction that order and harmony and peace is God's original will for creation.

Imagine then a different world: A world of peaceful co-existence between all species. A world where there is room for all and every need is met. A world teeming with life with each creature living free of violence. A world in which human beings self-evidently reflect the glory and love of God. A world in which humans look after the world, knowing it to be God's own possession and therefore a sacred treasure. A world in which everything is blessed, and its very life is a blessing to God. A world transfigured by Sabbath thanksgiving, where humans precede other creatures only in grateful, reverential praise and worship. A world in which all creatures, animate and inanimate, sentient and non-sentient, human and nonhuman exist in perfect unity before their Creator.

This world is none other than that described in Genesis, chapter one. God creates all life, giving the

earth to be shared among all forms of life (verses 10-25). Humans are made in God's image and given the commission to have dominion (verses 26-28). But dominion means not tyranny but responsibility. Finally, humans are commanded along with the animals to be vegetarian, to live free of violence (verses 29-30). Because of this, God "saw everything he had made, and behold it was very good" (verse 31). Clearly, Genesis One is not so much a statement of *what was*, but *what is yet to be*. Forward—not backward—to Genesis.

This then, as I see it, is our dream. It provides us both with a challenge and an invitation.

First, the challenge. There are people today who say that these dreams are things of the past, that they represent wanton anticipation at best, or, at worst, reckless fantasy. There are those who say we should give up altogether on cosmic dreams and concentrate solely on the narrow, self-serving gains we can make in the short span between our life and our certain death. There are people who despair totally and absolutely of any approximation of these dreams, or of their capacity to give hope, or of the human capacity to realize them. And yet who is the realist here? At the end of the day (and our days' end may well be sooner than we think) our clever—but visionless—technological accomplishments have brought us to the brink of total destruction. Our challenge is to insist that living peaceably, developing every ounce of humanity left within us, is not just a moral extra, but actually essential to the survival of our species and every species. Living humanely is not now, if it has ever been, an optional extra. Everything hangs now on whether human beings can become more human. The protection of the natural world is the surest way of securing human survival. Unless we can share the earth, we shall have nothing to share.

The pioneers of our movement sought to change the moral feeling of the countries in which they worked. That aim remains our challenge, and it is a challenge that has to be made repeatedly to institutions, corporations, societies, governments, businesses, multinationals, schools, colleges, universities, and—not least of all—the churches. I shall not mince words here. The Christian church is the proud possessor of a dream which it has itself only faintly grasped, frequently misunderstood, and all too often practically frustrated. Buried somewhere in the archives of the ASPCA lies an unpublished history of the Society written by Edward Buffet. His chapter on "Ecclesiastical Relations" begins as follows:

> The aloofness of the clergy, with some exceptions, from active concern for animal welfare work is a perennial subject of remark amongst humanitarians. One can conjecture various explanations, but none of them is wholly convincing. Their apathy can sometimes be overcome by personal contact. Most of the ministers are good at heart, but they have some mental twist which needs to be straightened out. It still remains that there is something in their profession which forms a hindrance, rather than a help, to acquiring that sympathetic imagination which conditions pity for suffering animals. That this is an inversion of the true influence of Christianity, goes without saying. The result is to produce bitterness against official religion in humane workers generally, even in those who are religious people themselves, and we find an occasional humanely-minded preacher excoriating the apathy of his brother clergy.[27]

These lines were written in 1924. Sixty-five years later it is astonishing—as well as lamentable—to see how little has changed. It is important to appreciate that the failure of the church in this regard is not just a failure to take on another moral cause in the world. Always the church is asked to be involved in one cause, campaign, reform movement or another—and understandably so. But the failure of the church is not just that kind of failure—important though that might be. Neither is it, I suggest, simply a failure on the part of the clergy who have—as Buffet suggests—some disposition toward "mental twists" in their thinking. That may or may not be so, of course, though I sometimes have sympathy for those who feel that those who want to be ordained nowadays cannot be quite right in the head. Neither do I think that the failure of the church is due overmuch to the moral apathy of my brother clergy. In general, I find them, if anything, over-eager to moralize—even condemn—and, on some issues, I rather think the church has done too much condemning with too little actual understanding. No, I suggest that the failure of the church to champion humaneness is a fundamental failure on its own part to understand its own Gospel. For that Gospel as exemplified in Jesus Christ is about service to the sick, poor, disadvantaged, diseased, imprisoned, and all others who are regarded as the least of all, and not

least of all the whole world of suffering nonhuman creatures, too. There is no theological reason sufficient to prevent Christian concern for animals, and many, many theological reasons why such concern should now be viewed as priority. For too long Christian churches have been part of the problem rather than part of the solution. We cannot love God and be indifferent to suffering creatures.

It is time then for the challenge to be posed to the church directly. Not only to the churches, of course, and certainly not because they are some of the best institutions but rather because they are some of the worst. We need in this movement not just Christians but those of every philosophical persuasion or none. But let us be quite clear: whoever else is in this movement, it is time for the churches—with their immense power and human resources—to throw themselves into the making of the more humane world. We must say to the churches not: "Here is another moral cause, please back it"—rather we must say: "This cause is *your* cause, and if you are to have any credible claim to be part of the Gospel of love, your place must be alongside us." And I believe that when this challenge is made, as it is increasingly being made, churches have no alternative but to be involved in a little heart-searching and no little repentance. Already there are signs in the recent pronouncements of Anglican Archbishops, even in Papal Encyclicals, and most especially in the recent pronouncements of the World Council of Churches in particular that our challenge is being heard, and in at least some cases, met.[28] What our movement has failed to do, however, is to make the theological challenge direct and in the theological language the churches understand. For myself, I am determined, as my life's work, to ensure that this theological tradition gives heed to the plight of animals not just as an issue of sentiment or feeling but as a matter of reason and justice. The animals deserve no less.

I want now to turn from challenge to invitation. Desirable though it is, social challenge is not enough. In addition our task has to be to invite individuals to begin taking steps, however falteringly, toward progressive disengagement from inhumanity to animals. Here there is much to be done, and much already being done. Scientists must be encouraged to use alternatives to animals in research. Entertainers must be encouraged to think twice before using animals in their films, television programs, and especially their advertisements. All of us need to be invited to buy products free from cruelty. All of us need to find ways of eating free of violence. All of us need to become conscientious consumers, testing the power of our dreams in the supermarket. Consumers in capitalist societies have great power. When cosmetic companies—in the United States alone—decide, as they did last month, to spend $8.5 million in an effort to persuade the public that cruel experiments on animals are not actually so cruel or unnecessary after all, I promise you we can be sure, as the night follows the day, that our choices are having real effect.[29]

The challenge to us is how we can encourage individuals as consumers, as parents, as educators, as ministers, as lawyers, as businessmen, as senators to take some steps, however apparently small and insignificant, toward the realization of our dream. "Making peace with creation"; after years of wanton violence and cruelty, it makes a good line. But we have to commend our dreams, and invite individual response without intimidation, without moralism, without self-righteousness, without violence, without pretending that there is a pure land and that we alone inhabit it. Neither do we all have to be agreed on the same strategies or the same programs or the same priorities. Here, as everywhere, there is legitimate room for debate, disagreement, and dissent. But one thing is essential—that we give each other hope; that we avoid rancor, jealousy, and acrimony. There is a line, I think from T. S. Eliot, which goes something like this: "When mankind is moving in the wrong direction, the man going the right way will appear, at first, to be lost." Here in Texas as elsewhere in the States, I have been struck by the dedication and professionalism of many individuals working, often at great expense, and frequently under great hardship, and more often than not in the face of outrageous criticism, to accomplish humane goals. Anyone who begins to set his or her foot on the road to recovering a sense of humanity and justice in our dealings with animals begins to pay a price. We must find ways of encouraging one another—whatever immediate strategies or principles divide us. It is not unfair to remind ourselves that it is not animals alone that should benefit from the increase of humanity.

Martin, in an uncanny, prophetic-like speech in Memphis shortly before his death, uttered these words:

> Well, I don't know what will happen now. We've got some difficult days ahead. But it really doesn't matter with me now, because

> I've been to the mountaintop...I just want to do God's will. And He's allowed me to go up to the mountain, and I've looked over, and I've seen the promised land. I may not get there with you. But I want you to know tonight, that we, as a people will get to the promised land.[30]

Like Martin Luther King, we know that we have some difficult days ahead. We know that we do not know "what will happen now." And yet we may also sense—even if we have not been to the mountaintop—that there is a future for our dreams. On Martin's tombstone are inscribed the following words: "Free at last, free at last, thank God Almighty, I am free at last." The suffering animals of the world are not yet free from human cruelty. And neither are we yet free to live in the world of our dreams, except perhaps in our imaginations. But, to borrow the words of an old negro slave: "We ain't what we ought to be, and we ain't what we want to be, and we ain't what we're going to be. But thank God, we ain't what we was."[31]

Notes

[1] Martin Luther King, *Why We Can't Wait* (New York: Bantam Books, 1969), p. 43. There appear to be various—interestingly different—accounts of what King actually said. The account I have chosen is King's own edited version.

[2] Information from "Prospectus of the SPCA," *RSPCA Records*, Vol II, (1823-26), pp. 203-204. I am grateful to the librarian of the RSPCA for a copy of this document. See also A. W. Moss, *Valiant Crusade: The History of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* (London: Cassell, 1961), p. 23.

[3] I say "first *national* society" because the Liverpool Society for Preventing Wanton Cruelty to Animals was founded in 1809, although it appears to have been rather short-lived; see Moss, *ibid.*, pp. 20-21.

[4] "Prospectus," *op.cit.*, pp. 198-199.

[5] "Prospectus," *ibid.*, pp. 198 and 199.

[6] See Moss, *op.cit.*, pp 48-67.

[7] "Prospectus," *op.cit.*, p. 201.

[8] See especially, Andrew Linzey, *Christianity and the Rights of Animals* (London: SPCK and New York: Crossroads, 1987).

[9] The Archbishop of Udine, reported in *The Irish Times* (AFP), January, 1989. See, for example, the *Dictionary of Moral Theology*, edited by P. Palazzini, compiled by F. Roberti, ET by H. J. Yannone (London: Burns and Oates, 1962), p. 73, as follows: "Zoophilists (animal lovers) often lose sight of the end for which animals, irrational creatures were created by God, *viz.*, the service and use of man. In fact, Catholic moral doctrine teaches that animals have no rights on the part of man."

[10] "Prospectus," *op.cit.*, p. 201.

[11] RSPCA Minute Book, No. 1, pp. 38, 40-41. Cited in James Turner, *Reckoning with the Beast: Animals, Pain and Humanity in the Victorian Mind* (Baltimore, Maryland: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1980), p. 154. Turner argues that this declaration was made principally to exclude "(Lewis) Gompertz's Jewishness," but this overlooks the deliberate association of the Society with Christianity, which is implicit in the founding documents.

[12] See Edward G. Fairholme and Wesley Pain, *A Century of Work for Animals: The History of the RSPCA, 1824-1924* (London: John Murray, 1924), especially pp. 49-64.

[13] George Bernard Shaw, cited in Hesketh Pearson, *Bernard Shaw: His Life and Personality* (London: The Reprint Society, 1948), inside page.

[14] John Hoyt, "Report of the President," Annual Membership Meeting, Humane Society of the United States, October 15, 1988, Arlington, Virginia, p. 5.

[15] William Godwin, *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice and Its Influence on Modern Morals and Happiness* (1798), (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1976), pp. 401-402. This section is reprinted in Paul A. B. Clarke and Andrew Linzey (eds), *Political Theory and Animal Rights* (London: Pluto Press, 1990).

[16] Cited in David L. Lewis, *Martin Luther King: A Critical Biography* (London: Allen Lane, 1976), p. 191.

[17] The line was originally passed on to my wife (through me) from Colman McCarthy of the *Washington Post*. I acknowledge my debt to Colman's perspicacity.

[18] George Bernard Shaw, "Killing for Sport" (March, 1914) in *Prefaces by Bernard Shaw* (London: Constable, 1934). p. 139.

[19] I make this point in Andrew Linzey, "The Place of Animals in Creation—A Christian View," in Tom Regan (ed), *Animal Sacrifices: Religious Perspectives on the Use of*

Animals in Science (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1986), p. 140.

[20] Romans 3:23 (RSV).

[21] Again I make the same point in my contribution to *Animal Sacrifices, op.cit.*, p. 140.

[22] Albert Schweitzer, *Civilization and Ethics* (London: Allen and Unwin, 1967), p. 221.

[23] See Fairholme and Pain, *op.cit.*, p. 64.

[24] Gandhi, cited in Lewis *op.cit.*, p. 210.

[25] Isaiah 11:6-9 (RSV).

[26] For extracts from these biblical books, see Andrew Linzey and Tom Regan (eds), *Animals and Christianity: A Book of Readings* (London: SPCK and New York: Crossroads, 1989).

[27] Edward Buffet, *History of the ASPCA* Vol. VII, *Bergh's War on Vested Cruelty* (ASPCA unpublished manuscript, c. 1924), no page number. I am grateful to Bernard Unti for his generous assistance in obtaining a copy of the chapter on "Ecclesiastical Relations," as well as his pioneering work on the history of the animal protection movement in the United States.

[28] Details of some of the major pronouncements by the churches are found in an appendix to *Christianity and the Rights of Animals, op.cit.* Details of the recent consultative document prepared by the World Council of Churches, entitled "Liberation of Life," can be obtained from the British Council of Churches, Inter-Church House, 35 Lower Marsh, London SE1 7RL, England.

[29] See "Beauty Firms Fight Back on Animal Tests," *The Guardian* (Friday, August 4, 1989), p. 22.

[30] Extract in David J. Garrow, *Bearing the Cross: Martin Luther King Jr. and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1988), p. 621.

[31] Martin used this phrase at the end of his speech in Los Angeles in 1963; see Lewis, *op. cit.*, p. 210.

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