Political Animals

BY BRIAN TYRRELL*


Humans have always told stories about animals. One of the earliest remnants of culture in Europe, the Lascaux cave paintings depict three enduring motifs: humans, animals, and abstract patterns. Aesop populated his fables with tortoises, wolves, and lions. Our cartoons are filled with animal protagonists like Yogi Bear and Scooby-Doo. Novelists, painters, and biologists all tell stories about animals. Not to be left out, historians have conferences, special issues, edited volumes, and focus groups all devoted to researching animals. Each year academic and trade presses vie for academics’ time by publishing a mountain of monographs about all creatures great and small. We have studies of mosquitos, wolves, bison, dogs, rats, pigs and cows, sheep, salmon, horses; even the plastic pink flamingo has had its day. Heavyweights in environmental history and the

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history of science are working on synthetic works as well. (I could reach my word limit with a single footnote!)

How can we account for the proliferation of scholarly attention toward animals? At my least confident I wonder what Henry Adams, or any other of the founders of professional history, would think about my work, and the work of other, more accomplished historians. They’d sniff and snarl and cluck their tongues demanding, maybe, another account of Napoleon’s conquests or a reappraisal of the Industrial Revolution. Why focus on animals when there is so much we don’t understand about really important things?

Before I started writing this review essay I made a list of my recent experiences with animals. I live in a small city on the West Coast of the United States. Raccoons with canine distemper threaten our pets and may be slowly poisoning our brains. The roof rats making a nest on top of my apartment building are driving my landlord apoplectic. Seagulls routinely steal food off hot grills in oceanside picnic areas, and once the sun sets, skunks run the city bike paths. I could go on. The point is I interact more with animals in my day-to-day life than with elected officials, bank tellers, or police officers.

All these interactions with animals suggest boundaries crossed. Humans are used to thinking about their world as apart from animals. Cultural critic Akira Mizuta Lippit even lists “the disappearance of wildlife from humanity’s habitat and [] the reappearance of the same in humanity’s reflections on itself” as a hallmark of modernity. Maybe all the animals I interact with are


evidence that we have never been modern, or maybe the return of wildlife to urban areas is a symptom, like the writing of animal histories, of postmodernity. Nonetheless, Lippit’s point is well taken: when we see animals, it’s usually either on their turf or ours; someone, or something, has trespassed, and it’s likely that something is not going according to plan. Humans and animals are masters of their own domains. When a wild turkey alighted on a telephone wire outside my apartment a few years ago, it caused a stir precisely because it wasn’t supposed to be there. The area was too urban, too paved over to support an animal like that. My neighbors, city folks all, had never seen a bird that big alive and outside of a grocery store. It earned a spot in the neighborhood lore, told and retold (getting bigger every time) in stoop stories on warm summer nights.

For all its buzzwordy pretensions, the Anthropocene as a concept has done a lot of work bridging the divide between humans and animals. By recognizing the planetary impacts of human industry, communication, and history, people are beginning to realize that humans and animals don’t live in separate worlds. We share the same spaces, and both humans and animals deal with the effects of ecosystem change. In the Canadian Arctic brown bears and polar bears have interbred, scientists believe, because climate change has caused an expansion in brown bear range. At the same time, polar bear habitat has contracted to perilous lows. That’s a sad story. Rock pigeons, on the other hand, are thriving in the artificial canyons of urban areas. As the human population grows and becomes more urban, rock pigeons are poised to thrive. That story is at the least more ambivalent, depending, of course, on one’s relationship to pigeons. The boundaries that kept animals out of history books and in biology labs are about as real as lines on a map.

I’ve learned to exorcise the ghosts of those who would suggest I focus on “real” history. There is no animal history without human history; what historians are realizing is that there’s no human history without animal history. (Readers of this journal will also know that there are no biological or physical laws, for that matter, without human history.) In the stories sketched above, pizzly bears and pigeons tell us something about the


4. There is currently no consensus on what to call these hybrids, which are at times called pizzly bears, grolar bears, and polizzly. Scientists generally refer to them as “grizzly-polar hybrids,” while some have suggested “nanulak” as a portmanteau of the Inuit names for polar bears (nanuk)
changes humans make to ecosystems. The animals in our stories could be indicator species telling us something about the health of habitats. Animals could be objects of study, like Karen Rader’s mice or Donna Haraway’s primates, telling us about the social, institutional, and cultural biases implicit in the creation of scientific knowledge. Animal stories allow us to understand not only how humans interact with other species, but also how humans interact with each other.

Animals provide perfect metaphors. They are assemblages constructed from scientific and tacit knowledge, human-animal interactions, and evolutionary and historical forces. But animals also have their own ontologies, and this presents a methodological problem for historians. If you cared to look at a bat long enough, you might realize that the quality of being a bat escapes your understanding. Once we recognize the unbridgeable alterity of animals, how do we write about them? Historians have generally been of two minds answering this question. Some, like Thomas R. Trautmann, join professional groups to learn from their scientific colleagues. Others turn, with differing degrees of engagement, to the works of Michel Foucault and Jacques Derrida and, presumably, use more phrases like “unbridgeable alterity.” Both methods suggest metaphors for historians to flesh out. The four books under review suggest relationships between animals and political and political economic regimes. Elephants suggest kingship; Louis XIV’s menagerie, absolutism; greyhounds, aristocracy; and pigs (along with certain strains of wheat, sheep, and rubber plants), fascism.


Stories about humans and animals tend to be downers. That makes sense; it’s a sad time to be an elephant. Elephant populations in Asia struggle with a growing human population and its corollary habitat loss. Poaching for ivory persists despite international efforts to curtail the practice. Rather than dwelling on the relative absence of elephants, Thomas R. Trautmann begins *Elephants & Kings* with a different question: “Why have elephants persisted so long”?

The most compelling evidence available suggests, for instance, that in North America the introduction of humans to the landscape sparked a *blitzkrieg* against the Pleistocene megafauna. There are no woolly mammoths or saber-tooth cats in North America, the argument runs, because that continent’s earliest inhabitants hunted them to extinction. Ecologically naïve animals stood no chance against technological hunters. The story is largely the same—and continues—for lions, tigers, bears, rhinoceroses, and other large land mammals. Modern India supports a population of about thirty thousand elephants, a fraction of the population before the British Raj, and the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES) lists Indian elephants as endangered, threatened by habitat loss and degradation, fragmentation and poaching.

But the elephant persists. Trautmann explains that Asian elephants didn’t meet the same fate as their hairier North American cousins for one reason: war elephants. The importance of war elephants guaranteed the protection of not only elephants, but, because of the difficulties of raising and breeding elephants in captivity, also their habitats. Even the wealthiest kings couldn’t afford to keep an elephant year-round. A wild elephant spends up to nineteen hours a day grazing. To feed their elephants, ancient kings developed vast systems of reserves where their trained war elephants could roam and, in peace time, feed themselves. Raising and rearing war elephants required such an elaborate infrastructure and social organization that “elephants” becomes the answer to hosts of questions about the ancient Indian subcontinent. They are the perfect “actants” for mediating ancient Indian political history. Thankfully, Trautmann spares his readers the cumbersome language of actor-network theory in telling the overlapping story of kings, elephants, and forest people.

Central to Trautmann’s thesis is a tension. Elephants and kings *needed* one another. Our models of symbiosis—the birds who find protection with elephants, or the small fish that follow sharks around and dine on their scraps—are insufficient to capture this tension. Kings needed elephants in their “four-legged” armies, and elephants needed kings to protect their wooded
habitats. To illustrate what Aldo Leopold would call a “land ethic,” Trautmann digs into ancient Sanskrit sources. The *Arthasāstra*, a text from the third to second century BCE, lists eight elephant forests preserved for war elephants. Mughal sources from 1600–1800 CE, almost two millenia later, suggest that the great Central Indian forest remained a continuous range for wild elephants. Trautmann finds evidence of more than a thousand years of kings capturing elephants for warfare without sizable contractions in their population (17).

Trautmann recreates the world of the war elephants through archaeology, pollen studies, Sanskrit epics, and Vedic poetry. A good war elephant was a sixty-year-old male in musth, a frenzied state associated with the rutting season. During this state of increased testosterone, male elephants, or “tuskers” as they are sometimes called, are especially ferocious. Capturing, training, driving, and maintaining war elephants depended upon the “embodied knowledge of practical specialists—the elephant hunter, trainer, driver, and physician—who have learned their trade through apprenticeship” (183). In a modern form of elephant-knowledge, Trautmann joined the Elephant Interest Group of the American Society of Mammology, and he has synthesized a good deal of scientific knowledge for the lay reader. This comes across especially when he discusses elephant physiology and habitat. The ample maps displaying habitat change are informative but hard to read.

Although Trautmann emphasizes the narrative of persistence, this is still a story bounded by decline. After the British invasion of South Asia, the elephant population declined. Asian elephants are on the International Union for Conservation of Nature Red List. Kingship may have preserved a place for elephants, but colonialism and the inherent vices of capitalism, standardization, and modernization had no affection for them. This leads Trautmann to the mournful conclusion, “Ours is a world with ever-fewer kings, without war elephants, in which animal power of all kinds is, we may say, on its last legs” (331). The declension narrative is elegiac for both elephants and kings, but Trautmann’s story is hardly a tragedy.

In *Fascist Pigs*, Tiago Saraiva isn’t concerned so much about whether organisms have politics, but rather how they both came to be. Saraiva is fluent in the language of science and technology studies (and, based on the citations, Portuguese, Italian, and German as well). This book, Saraiva writes, “delves into the alternative fascist world that science produced” instead of the alternative science produced by fascism (6). Saraiva thus takes arguments about the “generative power of science and technology” and applies them to the “formation of fascist collectives” (14).
Given the choice between a flashy title and a descriptive one, Saraiva opted for flash. Doing so may have sold his project a little short. Yes, he discusses pigs, but also wheat, potatoes, sheep, coffee, cotton, and kok-sagyz, a plant native to Central Asia and useful for its rubber-like properties. Saraiva uses these organisms to discuss the modernist social experiments propelled by fascist regimes. “Mass mobilizations, new state structures, organic communities, and imperial expansionism,” Saraiva writes, “were imagined and enacted through the breeders’ new organisms: wheat, potatoes, pigs, sheep, coffee, rubber, and cotton” (14). Instead of crude anti-modernism, Saraiva argues that “Blut und Boden” (blood and soil) and “Bisogna rualizzare l’Italia” (Italy must be ruralized) reflected a commitment to “alternative fascist modernities” that were more Stewart Brand than Henry David Thoreau. Nowhere is this more obvious than the famous image of Mussolini stripped to the waist threshing wheat. His futuristic goggles seem misplaced amid so much folksiness. As Saraiva tells it, il Duce’s aviator goggles aren’t discordant at all. Harvesting wheat by hand surrounded by peasants, Mussolini had his eyes fixed on the future.

It helps to know that Mussolini’s “Battle of Wheat” was won in a laboratory. Nazareno and Carlotta Strampelli, husband and wife geneticists working at the Rieto Experiment Station, developed a strain of wheat that matured fifteen to twenty days earlier than common varieties. Ardito wheat, a name meaning “bold” that was often applied to heroes of fascism, was a hardy strain that could survive mercurial Italian weather. Before laboratory scientists enlisted in the Battle of Wheat, Italy was the world’s third-largest importer of wheat. The Battle of Wheat was one of the “first materializations of the fascist regime, with scientists, especially geneticists, playing a major role in the process of building the New State” (23). Autarky began with scientific breeding and not the idealized wisdom of the peasant. Even the German Volk, revered in National Socialist mythology for their ingenuity, relied on technology to produce self-sufficiency. Auschwitz started as an agricultural experiment station.

Fascist Pigs focuses on fascist regimes in Germany, Italy, and Portugal. The first part of the book examines technoscientific objects from a domestic perspective. The battles of grain in Italy and Portugal, the modernization of potatoes in Germany, and the titular German pigs—selected for size to help overcome a national fat shortage: these examples all make sense within the context of fascist autarky. A self-sufficient nation needs ample starches and fats, sure, but also enough land to provide for grains and pigs. Portugal grabbed large parts of sub-Saharan Africa after the Berlin Conference inaugurated the Scramble for Africa in 1884, but Salazar turned Mozambique into a cotton
colony, Italy overtook the Ethiopian Empire in 1936 after the Second Italo-Ethiopian War, and Nazi Germany’s expansion into Eastern Europe during World War II is well known.

The book’s final chapter focuses on sheep. Karakul sheep originated in Bukhara in Uzbekistan. They are highly valued animals because their pelts are used to produce Persian fur coats known as Astrakhan. Saraiva follows these sheep from genetics research sites in Europe to the frontiers of each fascist nation: Italy to Libya, Portugal to Angola, Germany to South West Africa. Just as technoscientific objects made “Blut und Boden” and “Bisogna rualizzare l’Italia” more than just slogans but concrete programs, so too did technoscientific objects (this time sheep) make the expansionist dreams of fascist nations possible: German Lebensraum, Grande Italia, and “Portugal não é um país pequeno” (Portugal is not a small country, 234).

Just like the slogans of the fascist regimes, this is an ambitious book. Saraiva handles the expansive scope; the narrative never feels forced, and with the exception of the final chapter, Fascist Pigs avoids feeling peripatetic. Saraiva succeeds in showing that fascist celebrations of the peasant or the völkisch relied on an expansive scientific infrastructure. Blood-and-soil-type autarky was the product of an alternative fascist modernity. The tragedy of fascist technoscience is measured in the staggering human costs of the Holocaust and imperial projects in Africa. Saraiva doesn’t write this as a tragedy; there is no catharsis here. This is a story of world-creating.

The laboratory offered European fascists the possibility of producing alternative modernities, but the scale of animals, wheat, and rubber deployed to produce autarky made complete control an elusive goal. “In and around 1668, in Louis XIV’s newly planted gardens of Versailles, in the Royal Library in Paris, in the city’s literary salons, and in print and visual culture,” Peter Sahlins begins his new book, 1668: The Year of the Animal in France, “animals made a dramatic entrance onto the stage of French history” (11). Of course animals coexisted with people for millenia on the European landmass. Sahlins diagnoses a radical departure from previous conceptions of animals. Over the course of the long 1668—Sahlins’s “year of the animal” is actually closer to a decade—the categories of “human” and “animal” became distinct. Propelled by the Cartesian-influenced “new science,” the courtiers and tastemakers of Louis XIV’s circle posited new ways of thinking about animals, suggesting, also, new interpretations of mechanism and absolutism.

Before the Year of the Animal, the dominant mode of thinking about animals took the form of “Renaissance Humanimalism,” an unfortunate
neologism that describes a condition in which animals occupied a shared moral universe with humans. (Sahlins chooses not to examine in depth the fairy tales of Charles Perrault, collected in 1697 as Tales and Stories of the Past with Morals. Tales of Mother Goose. Tales like “Little Red Riding Hood” and “Puss in Boots” suggest some friction between the changing conceptions of the natural.) By 1668, Descartes’s characterization of animals as beast-machines enforced the modern separation of animals and humans. “Classical naturalism” emerged as the dominant way of thinking about nature and, by extension, animals. Classical naturalists stripped animals of the higher faculties of reason, insisted on depicting them in their natural states, and understood humans as governed by the “beast within.” In eight essays, Sahlins explores the ways seventeenth-century French men and women used animals to theorize absolutism.

If Louis XIV was the state, so too was he the public sphere. The writers and artists who instigated the Year of the Animal revolved around the Royal Court and often received royal patronage. The animals they reckoned with also lived at Versailles, in the Royal Menagerie or roaming in the Labyrinth or the gardens. The first chapter focuses on the construction of the Royal Menagerie at Versailles, with obeisance paid to Foucault and Derrida. Louis XIV stocked his menagerie with regal birds, not the vicious beasts that had populated a menagerie at Vincennes. At Versailles, the monarch no longer subjected his animal subjects to blood sports. Nevertheless, the collection was still more spectacle than practical. Louis made no effort to be comprehensive, and the mortality rate of the exotic birds remained high throughout his reign. The Royal Menagerie didn’t outlast the Revolution, but several aristocratic memoirs of the menagerie survive. Claude Denis’s bad poetry and Madeleine de Scudéry’s account of what might be the world’s first roller coaster provide animal models of acceptable aristocratic behavior. Sahlins calls this Absolutism 1.0, a phenomenon still grounded in Renaissance humanimalism.

The animals of the Sun King’s menagerie lived on in visual representations, in the tapestries of the Gobelins Manufactory and in the illustrations of Charles Le Brun. The representation of the king’s menagerie moved from allegory to zoology. In tapestries, the king’s animals were “drawn from nature” and were recast as luxury goods. The Royal Academy of Sciences naturalized animals in the officially sponsored print culture. The work of scientists associated with the Royal Academy, Claude Perrault among them, moved animals away from their allegorical past. Artists made use of this new naturalism to associate animals with people, especially the lower emotions.
In visual culture, representations of animals moved toward classical naturalism, a trend increased by the acceptance of Descartes’s philosophy of animals. Naturalists cut open animals to learn about them. Xenotransfusion, using blood of animals in human blood transfusions, sparked intense debate during the Year of the Animal. The transfusion affair completely devalorized animals, yet the intelligentsia resisted a complete acceptance of Descartes’s animal machine. Madeleine de Scudéry and Claude Perrault both wrote about chameleons; Perrault re-valorized the chameleon as a moral exemplar and de Scudéry wrote about her pair of lizards in a style that never abandoned the theriophilia (love of animals) of older generations. This tension, Sahlins argues, reached its apotheosis in the Labyrinth at Versailles. Painted lead sculptures of animals—taken from the menagerie—represented not grace, but violence. Louis XIV constructed Absolutism 2.0 from this display. The animals are drawn “from nature,” naturalized and devalorized following Descartes, and the violence suggested the bestiality lurking in human nature. Nature in the labyrinth was violent and mechanistic, and it needed the Sun King to order it.

The impulse to order nature reached new levels during the Enlightenment, but it exploded in the modern period when breeders formally established breed standards. In Greyhound Nation, environmental historian Edmund Russell elaborates his concept of “evolutionary history” using seven centuries of greyhounds in England. In Russell’s account change over time becomes evolution, behaviors, traits, and cultural transmission memes. Russell lades his narrative with the language of evolutionary biologists. His larger point seems to be to emphasize the utility of history to the sciences, but the narrative heaves and groans under the added weight of biological terminology. The biology comes off as an unnecessary layer of tinsel on an already decorated Christmas tree. Russell wants to establish history as a science, not in the Comtean or Marxian tradition, but in that of Darwin. The laboratory has replaced the library in biological research, and Russell thinks evolutionary history is the antidote.

Greyhounds first appeared (in print) in England in 1200, but as Russell is quick to note, this animal probably didn’t look too much like the animals we call greyhounds today. Breeds, like most things, are historically contingent. Until at least the nineteenth century, breeds responded to selection pressures and changed based on niche (understood as both habitat and job). The historical record shows greyhounds with long hair, greyhounds for deer hunting, greyhounds for chasing hares, greyhounds in the highlands. In short, not really greyhounds at all.
Until 1831, laws limited greyhound ownership to the upper classes. This made practical sense. Greyhounds hunted, and only the elite classes could hunt. For more than half a millennium, patricians shaped greyhound evolution to suit their purposes. Larger greyhounds could down larger prey; more agile hounds coped with the zigging and zagging of hares. Russell’s point, though, is that greyhounds and humans evolved together. The changes in greyhound biology created opportunities for new behaviors, which patrician greyhound owners adopted as ritual.

Russell marks the last half-century of the patrician era of greyhound ownership as transitional. Greyhound owners established coursing clubs, which narrowed the niche (again, both habitat and job) of their canines. Greyhounds became modern animals created by bureaucracies (clubs), standardization (written rules), mass communication (sporting magazines), and an ideology of progress (scientific breeding). The result, for Russell, was “islands of similarity in a sea of national variation” (12). The dogs experienced similar changes.

According to Russell, when Parliament abolished the land and income requirements for greyhound ownership in 1831, it was part of an historical-evolutionary moment. The scale of bureaucratization and standardization increased. Mass communication swelled, and progress became a middle-class ideology rather than just a patrician preoccupation. Democracy, capitalism, bureaucracy, and industrial transportation had evolutionary effects on greyhounds. By the second half of the nineteenth century, the creation of the dog fancy further standardized the greyhound breed. Stud books promoted by the Kennel Club (self-consciously modeled after the patrician Jockey Club, formed a century earlier to govern Thoroughbred identification and horse racing rules) pushed the importance of pedigree on dog fanciers, and the show arena moved greyhound identification from behavior (hunting deer, chasing hares) to looks. When the Kennel Club closed the breed—earlier breeders famously cross-bred with bull dogs to increase courage or Italian greyhounds to increase sleekness—greyhounds became the breed we identify today.

Russell, more than Trautmann, Saraiva, and Sahlins, takes seriously the reciprocal effects of humans and animals. We change animals to suit our needs, and their presence forces changes in our culture. (We’ve made dogs smile!) But reducing animals to biological entities and forcing biologists’ clunky vocabularies into our stories threatens both our crafts. It flattens our storytelling and threatens theirs. This is not an argument for walls and fences around disciplines, but rather an acknowledgement of our field’s strengths.
These four books are largely stories about animals behaving—it’s the humans who are monstrous: absolutists, fascists, marauders, the British. Telling stories about animals can strip away the artifice and duplicity that envelopes much of history. With animals people lay themselves and their true motivations bare. Are the pigs fascists? Maybe. That’s not really the question, though, and it never was.
Political Animal or Political Animals is a term used by the ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle in his Politics to refer to a human being. The phrase may also refer to: Political Animal (radio show), a British comedy show. Political Animals (TV miniseries), a United States drama. Political Animals (rugby), a sports team of politicians. Political Animal (blog), a United States political commentary web column at Washington Monthly. 14.99 USD. Windows, Mac OS. Political Animals is an election simulation game set within a world populated by corrupt crocodiles and meritocratic mice. In a political contest where corruption is always around the corner, we want players to find out how incorruptible they really are. Political Animals is a powerful, award winning documentary about four California lawmakers -- all women -- who took the fight for equality from the streets into the halls of government to create lasting social justice and equality. Directors: Jonah Markowitz, Tracy Wares. Stars: Jackie Goldberg, Christine Kehoe, Sheila Kuehl.