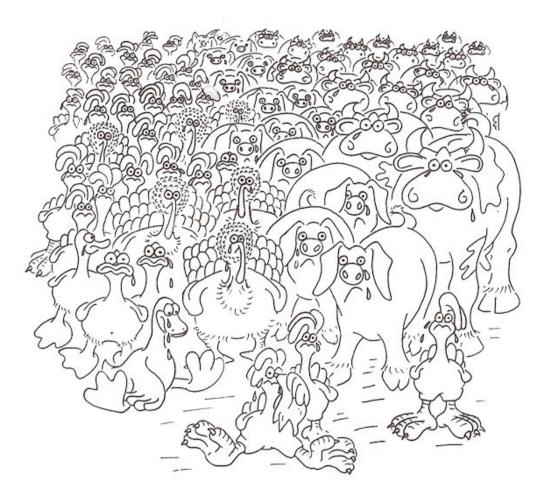
Liberating the Language of Animal Abuse: Choosing Our Words Carefully to Get People to Care About and Help Animals

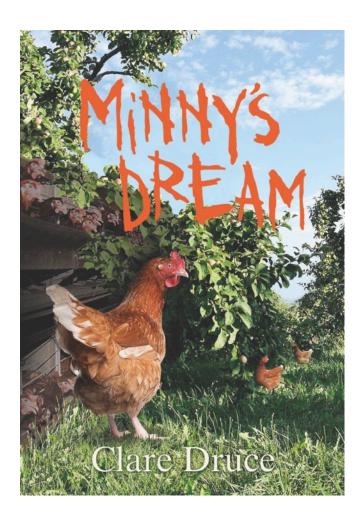


A Presentation by Karen Davis, PhD, President of United Poultry Concerns

Cattle, sheep, swine, asses, mules, and goats, along with chickens, geese, and turkeys all agreed enthusiastically to give their names back to the people to whom - as they put it - theybelonged. – Ursula Le Guin, "She Unnames Them," The New Yorker

Illustration from Nature's Chicken by Nigel Burroughs





"Please, never, ever, call me a battery hen. A hen in a battery cage is not a battery hen. I, Minny, am a proud descendant of the Red Jungle Fowl." – Clare Druce, Minny's Dream



"We cannot presume that animals react to stress and fear in the same manner as humans."

"They're only animals."

A problem for animal advocates is the terminology of animal usage. Speaking for animals involves negotiating a terrain of verbal conventions that devalue animals, starting with separating "animals" from "humans."

"Animal rights people know animals mainly as pets, and having been taught that humans 'really are like animals,' these people have a sentimentalized view of animals." Agribusiness professor quoted in the Journal of the American Veterinary Medical Association in 2004

Farmed animal advocates, especially, are beset by the language of agribusiness. Animals are depersonalized, degraded, de-animalized, in farm-speak as "broilers," "layers," "livestock," "cattle," "steers," "veal," "swine," "poultry," "meat birds," and the like. Putting these terms in quotation marks is one way to signal that a cow, for example, is not just a "dairy" cow. How She is Used is NOT . . .

Photo by Hope Bohanec, California Dairy Farm 2014



Who She IS: a Loving **Mother Whose** Milk is For Her Own Babies.



"We Are NOT 'Thanksgiving' Turkeys!"



Sugar: "I am NOT a 'Meat' Chicken!"

Sugar photo by United Poultry Concerns



"And I am NOT a 'broiler,' despite what the chicken industry has done to destroy me."



Delaware chicken house chickens. Photo by David Harp

If in certain circumstances we feel compelled to use the term "broiler" to distinguish chickens bred for meat, this term should never be used as a noun but only as an adjective: Do not say "broilers." Say broiler chickens. Don't call hens used for eggproduction "layers" or "egg-layers" but rather laying hens. Don't talk about raising "veal" or refer to a veal calf's prison as a "veal crate." Instead say veal calves and veal calf crates. Make the animals visible.

As much as possible, simply say chickens, hens, cows, calves and pigs, and always avoid terms like "grass-fed beef," "pasture-raised eggs" and "pasture-raised chicken." Only a live animal can be raised, not body parts and corpses. There's a big difference between "pasture-raised chicken" versus "pasture-raised chickens." Likewise, a "chicken leg" is one thing, a "chicken's leg" is another.





Responding to a United Poultry Concerns campaign alert urging the National Fire Protection Association to require the owners of farmed animals to install smoke control systems in animal housing facilities, a reader sent me a "friendly reminder" that saying "owners of these animals" reaffirms the animals' status as property, not individuals with rights. Isn't guardian the right word to use? I would say Yes in most cases, but not in this one.

Given that victimization and violence are the essence of the relationship between agribusiness corporations and the animals they own, calling them "guardians" would be a mockery of the animals and a mockery of the word guardian in the sense of responsible caregiver for a dependent fellow creature or companion.

Conclusion

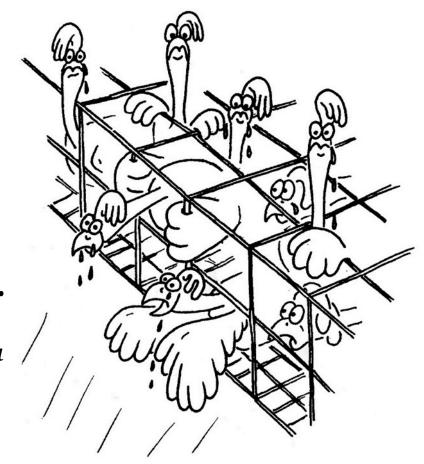
"This is how we have been made to suffer. It is not who we are or were meant to be. Please do not speak or think of us as 'egg-layers' or 'egg machines,' but as fellow citizens of the Earth that we share with you. We are individuals with feelings, vitality, societies, families and a sense of ourselves and others. We have a capacity for happiness, the same as you. Please use language that will help to liberate us not only from our cages and living hell, but from the belittling language that seeks to define us as Nothing."

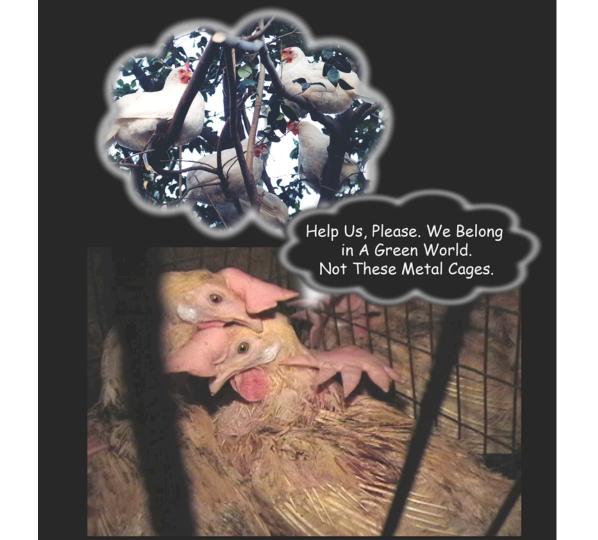
Sound of a Battery Hen

You can tell me: if you come by the North door, I am in the twelfth cage On the left-hand side of the third row From the floor; and in that cage I am usually the middle one of eight or six or three.

But even without directions, you'd Discover me. We have the same pale Comb, clipped yellow beak and white or auburn

Feathers, but as the door opens and you Hear above the electric fan a kind of One-word wail, I am the one Who sounds loudest in my head.





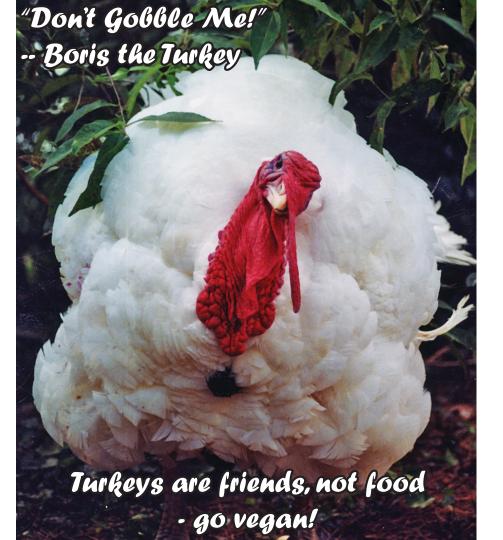




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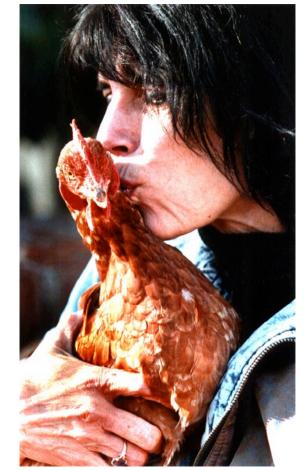


Photo by Frank Johnston, The Washington Post