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In an essay called "FemaleMan®_Meets_OncoMouse™," I confronted a genetically engineered lab critter, patented under the name OncoMouse, whose work was to serve as a breast cancer model for women. Commanded by her suffering and moved by Lynn Randolph’s painting The Passion of OncoMouse, which showed a chimera mouse with the breasts of a white woman and a crown of thorns in a multinational observation chamber that was a laboratory, I argued: "OncoMouse™ is my sibling, and more properly, male or female, s/he is my sister... Although her promise is decidedly secular, s/he is a figure in the sense developed within Christian realism: s/he is our scapegoat; s/he bears our suffering; s/he signifies and enacts our mortality in a powerful, historically specific way that promises a culturally privileged kind of secular salvation—a 'cure for cancer.' Whether I agree to her existence and use or not, s/he suffers, physically, repeatedly, and profoundly, that I and my sisters might live. In the experimental way of life, s/he is the experiment... If not in my own body, surely in those of my friends, I will someday owe to OncoMouse™ or her subsequently designed rodent kin a large debt. So, who is s/he?" It is tempting to see my sister OncoMouse as a sacrifice, and certainly the barely secular Christian theater of the suffering servant in science and the everyday lab idiom of sacrificing experimental animals invite that thinking. OncoMouse is definitely a model substituted for human experimental bodies. But something the biologist Barbara Smuts calls copresence with animals is what keeps me from resting easily with the idiom of sacrifice. The animals in the labs, including the oncomice, have face; they are somebody as well as something, just as we humans are both subject and object all the time. To be in response to that is to recognize copresence in relations of use and therefore to remember that no balance sheet of benefit and cost will suffice. I may (or may not) have good reasons to kill, or to make, oncomice, but I do not have the majesty of Reason and the solace of Sacrifice. I do not have sufficient reason, only the risk of doing something wicked because it may also be good in the context of mundane reasons. Further, those mundane reasons are inextricably affective and cognitive if they are worth their salt. Felt reason is not sufficient reason, but it is what we mortals have. The grace of felt reason is that it is always open to reconsideration with care.

I am trying to think about what is required of people who use other animals unequally (in experiments, directly or indirectly, in daily living, knowing, and eating because of animals’ sensuous labor). Some instrumental relations should be ended, some should be nurtured, but none of this without response, that is, nonmechanical and morally alert consequences for all the parties, human and not, in the relation of unequal use. I don’t think we will ever have a general principle for what sharing suffering means, but it has to be material, practical, and consequential, the sort of engagement that keeps the inequality from becoming commonsensical or taken as obviously okay. The inequality is in the precise and changeable labor practices of the lab, not in some transcendent excellence of the Human over the Animal, which can then be killed without the charge of murder being brought. Neither the pure light of sacrifice nor the night vision of the power of domination illuminates the relationships involved.

Inequality in the lab is, in short, not of a humanist kind, whether religious or secular, but of a relentlessly historical and contingent kind that never stills the murmur of nonteleological and nonhierarchical multiplicity that the world is. The questions that then interest me are, How can the multispecies labor practices of the lab be less deadly, less painful, and freer for all the workers? How can responsibility be practiced among earthlings? Labor as such, which is always proper to instrumental relations, is not the problem; it is the always pressing question of nonsymmetrical suffering and death. And nonmimetic well-being.

KILLING

Jacques Derrida has been lurking in this reflection for quite some time, and it is time to invite him in directly. Not least, Derrida eloquently and relentlessly reminds his readers that responsibility is never calculable. There is no formula for response; precisely, to respond is not merely to react with a fixed calculus proper to machines, logic, and—most Western philosophy has insisted—animals. In the lineage of Western philosophers with and against whom Derrida struggled all his life, only the Human can respond; animals react. The Animal is forever positioned on the other side of an unbridgeable gap, a gap that reassures the Human of his excellence by the very ontological impoverishment of a lifeworld that cannot be its own end or know its own condition. Following Lévinas on the
subjectivity of the hostage, Derrida remembers that in this gap lies the logic of sacrifice, within which there is no responsibility toward the living world other than the human.\textsuperscript{15}

Within the logic of sacrifice, only human beings can be murdered. Humans can and must respond to one another and maybe avoid deliberate cruelty to other living beings, when it is convenient, in order to avoid damaging their own humanity, which is Kant's scandalous best effort on the topic, or at best recognize that other animals feel pain even if they cannot respond or in their own right obligate response. Every living being except Man can be killed but not murdered. To make Man merely killable is the height of moral outrage; indeed, it is the definition of genocide. Reaction is for and toward the unfree; response is for and toward the open.\textsuperscript{16} Everything but Man lives in the realm of reaction and so calculation; so much animal pain, so much human good, add it up, kill so many animals, call it sacrifice. Do the same for people, and they lose their humanity. A great deal of history demonstrates how all this works; just check out the latest list of genocides-in-progress. Or read the rolls of death rows in U.S. prisons.

Derrida understood that this structure, this logic of sacrifice and this exclusive possession of the capacity for response, is what produces the Animal, and he called that production criminal, a crime against beings we call animals. "The confusion of all nonhuman living creatures within the general and common category of the animal is not simply a sin against rigorous thinking, vigilance, lucidity, or empirical authority; it is also a crime. Not against animality precisely, but a crime of the first order against the animals, against animals."\textsuperscript{17} Such criminality takes on special historical force in view of the immense, systematized violence against animals that deserves the name "exterminism." As Derrida put it, "No one can deny this event any more, no one can deny the unprecedented proportions of the subjection of the animal. . . . Everybody knows what terrifying and intolerable pictures a realist painting could give to the industrial, mechanical, chemical, hormonal, and genetic violence to which man has been submitting animal life for the past two centuries."\textsuperscript{18} Everyone may know, but there is not nearly enough indigestion.\textsuperscript{19}

Within the logic of sacrifice that undergrids all versions of religious or secular humanism, animals are sacrificed precisely because they can be killed and then ingested symbolically and materially in acts saved from cannibalism or murder of the brother by the logic of surrogacy and substitution. (Derrida understood that patricide and fratricide are the only real murders in the logic of humanism; everybody else to whom the law is applied is covered by courtesy.) The substitute, the scapegoat, is not Man but Animal.\textsuperscript{20} Sacrifice works; there is a whole world of those who can be killed, because finally they are only something, not somebody, close enough to "being" in order to be a model, substitute, sufficiently self-similar and so nourishing food, but not close enough to compel response. Not the Same, but Different; not One, but Other. Derrida repudiates this trap with all the considerable technical power of deconstruction and all the moral sensitivity of a man who is affected by shared mortality. Judging that the crime that posits the Animal is more than idiotic (a lètice), Derrida goes much further: "The gesture seems to me to constitute philosophy as such, the philosopheme itself."\textsuperscript{21}

Derrida argues that the problem is not human beings' denying something to other critters—whether that be language, or knowledge of death, or whatever is the theorerico-empirical sign of the Big Gap popular at the moment—but rather the death-defying arrogance of ascribing such wondrous positivities to the Human. "The question of the said animal in its entirety comes down to knowing not whether the animal speaks but whether one can know what respond means. And how to distinguish a response from a reaction."\textsuperscript{22} Taking as given the irreducible multiplicity of living beings, Homo sapiens and other species, who are entangled together, I suggest that this question of discernment pivots on the unresolved dilemmas of killing and relationships of use.

I am afraid to start writing what I have been thinking about all this, because I will get it wrong—emotionally, intellectually, and morally—and the issue is consequential. Haltingly, I will try. I suggest that it is a misstep to separate the world's beings into those who may be killed and those who may not and a misstep to pretend to live outside killing. The same kind of mistake saw freedom only in the absence of labor and necessity, that is, the mistake of forgetting the ecologies of all mortal beings, who live in and through the use of one another's bodies. This is not saying that nature is red in tooth and claw and so anything goes. The naturalistic fallacy is the mirror-image misstep to transcendental humanism.
I think what my people and I need to let go of if we are to learn to stop exterminism and genocide, through either direct participation or indirect benefit and acquiescence, is the command "Thou shalt not kill." The problem is not figuring out to whom such a command applies so that "other" killing can go on as usual and reach unprecedented historical proportions. The problem is to learn to live responsibly within the multiplicitous necessity and labor of killing, so as to be in the open, in quest of the capacity to respond in relentless historical, non-teleological, multispecies contingency. Perhaps the commandment should read, "Thou shalt not make killable."

The problem is actually to understand that human beings do not get a pass on the necessity of killing significant others, who are themselves responding, not just reacting. In the idiom of labor, animals are working subjects, not just worked objects. Try as we might to distance ourselves, there is no way of living that is not also a way of someone, not just something, else dying differentially. Vegans come as close as anyone, and their work to avoid eating or wearing any animal products would consign most domestic animals to the status of curated heritage collections or to just plain extermination as kinds and as individuals. I do not disagree that vegetarianism, veganism, and opposition to sentient animal husbandry right up to the table. It is not killing that gets us into this distinction—obliterating discourse of universal suffering? How do the moral dilemmas of Disgrace meet the searingly generic, category-saturated moral demands of The Lives of Animals? And who lives and who dies—animals and humans—in the very different ways of inheriting the histories of atrocity that Coetzee proposes in these novels' practices of moral inquiry?

I suggest that what follows from the feminist insight that embraced historically situated, mindful bodies as the site not just of first (maternal) birth but also of full life and all its projects, failed and achieved, is that human beings must learn to kill responsibly. And to be killed responsibly, yearning for the capacity to respond and to recognize response, always with reasons but knowing there will never be sufficient reason. We can never do without technique, without calculation, without reasons, but these practices will never take us into that kind of open where multispecies responsibility is at stake. For that open, we will not cease to require a forgiveness we cannot exact. I do not think we can nurture living until we get better at facing killing. But also get better at dying instead of killing.
Sometimes a 'cure' for whatever kills us is just not enough reason to keep the killing machines going at the scale to which we (who?) have become accustomed.

**Caring**

It is always bracing to go back to the lab after a visit with great philosophers and the awful places one gets into because of them. Let me revisit the hemophilic canines in "Value-Added Dogs and Lively Capital" (chapter 2). There we saw how dogs suffering from hemophilia became model patients, as well as surrogates and technologies for studying a human disease, over the course of years beginning in the late 1940s in the laboratory of Kenneth Brinkhous at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. To share the dogs' suffering, or that of participants in today's experiments, would be not to mimic what the canines go through in a kind of heroic masochistic fantasy but to do the work of paying attention and making sure that the suffering is minimal, necessary, and consequential. If any of those assurances are found impossible, which is always a risky judgment made on the basis of reasons but without the guarantee of Reason, then the responsible work is to bring the enterprise to a halt. Breaking the sacrificial logic that parses who is killable and who isn't might just lead to a lot more change than the practices of analogy, rights extension, denunciation, and prohibition. Examples could include making sure experiments are well planned and executed; taking the time to practice care among and for all the people and organisms in the lab and in the worlds reached by that lab, even if results come more slowly or cost more or careers aren't as smooth; and practicing the civic skills of political engagement and cultural presence in these sorts of issues, including the skills of responding, not reacting, to the discourse of those who do not grant the goodness or necessity of one's scientific practices. None of this makes the word *wicked* go away; I am not advocating cleaning the soul by hygienic reformism. I am advocating the understanding that earthly heterogeneous beings are in this web together for all time, and no one gets to be Man.

If the plant molecular biologist Martha Crouch was right that some of the pleasures of lab science that tend to make practitioners less able to engage in full cosmopolitics come from a Peter Pan–like preadolescence, in which one never really has to engage the full semiotic materiality of one's scientific practices, then maybe sharing suffering is about growing up to do the kind of time-consuming, expensive, hard work, as well as play, of staying with all the complexities for all of the actors, even knowing that will never be fully possible, fully calculable. Staying with the complexities does not mean not acting, not doing research, not engaging in some, indeed many, unequal instrumental relationships; it does mean learning to live and think in practical opening to shared pain and mortality and learning what that living and thinking teach.

The sense of cosmopolitics I draw from is Isabelle Stengers's. She invoked Deleuze's idiot, the one who knew how to slow things down, to stop the rush to consensus or to a new dogmatism or to denunciation, in order to open up the chance of a common world. Stengers insists we cannot denounce the world in the name of an ideal world. Idiots know that. For Stengers, the cosmos is the possible unknown constructed by multiple, diverse entities. Full of the promise of articulations that diverse beings might eventually make, the cosmos is the opposite of a place of transcendent peace. Stengers's cosmopolitical proposal, in the spirit of feminist communitarian anarchism and the idiom of Whitehead's philosophy, is that decisions must take place somehow in the presence of those who will bear their consequences. Making that "somehow" concrete is the work of practicing artful combinations. Stengers is a chemist by training, and artful combinations are her métier. To get "in the presence of" demands work, speculative invention, and ontological risks. No one knows how to do that in advance of coming together in composition.

For those hemophilic dogs in the mid-twentieth century, their physiological labor demanded from human lab people the answering labor of caring for the dogs as patients in minute detail before addressing questions to them as experimental subjects. Of course, the research would have failed otherwise, but that was not the whole story— or should not be allowed to be the whole story when the consequences of sharing suffering nonmimetically become clearer. For example, what sorts of lab arrangements would minimize the number of dogs needed? Make the dogs' lives as full as possible? Engage them as mindful bodies, in relationships of response? How to get the funding for a biobehavioral specialist as part of the lab staff for training both lab animals and people on all levels, from
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1. WHEN SPECIES MEET

Introductions

Two questions guide this book: (1) Whom and what do I touch when I touch my dog? and (2) How is "becoming with" a practice of becoming worldly? I tie these questions together in expressions I learned in Barcelona from a Spanish lover of French bulldogs, autre-globalisation and autre-mondialisation. These terms were invented by European activists to stress that their approaches to militarized neoliberal models of world building are not about antiglobalization but about nurturing a more just and peaceful other-globalization. There is a promising autre-mondialisation to be learned in retying some of the knots of ordinary multispecies living on earth.

I think we learn to be worldly from grappling with, rather than generalizing from, the ordinary. I am a creature of the mud, not the sky. I am a biologist who has always found edification in the amazing abilities of slime to hold things in touch and to lubricate passages for living beings and their parts. I love the fact that human genomes can be found in only about 10 percent of all the cells that occupy the mundane space I call my body; the other 90 percent of the cells are filled with the genomes of bacteria, fungi, protists, and such,
some of which play in a symphony necessary to my being alive at all, and some of which are hitching a ride and doing the rest of me, of us, no harm. I am vastly outnumbered by my tiny companions; better put, I become an adult human being in company with these tiny messmates. To be one is always to become with many. Some of these personal microscopic biota are dangerous to the me who is writing this sentence; they are held in check for now by the measures of the coordinated symphony of all the others, human cells and not, that make the conscious me possible. I love that when “I” die, all these benign and dangerous symbionts will take over and use whatever is left of “my” body, if only for a while, since “we” are necessary to one another in real time. As a little girl, I loved to inhabit miniature worlds brimming with even more tiny real and imagined entities. I loved the play of scales in time and space that children’s toys and stories made patent for me. I did not know then that this love prepared me for meeting my companion species, who are my maker.

Figures help me grapple inside the flesh of mortal world-making entanglements that I call contact zones. The Oxford English Dictionary records the meaning of “chimerical vision” for “figuration” in an eighteenth-century source, and that meaning is still implicit in my sense of figure. Figures collect the people through their invitation to inhabit the corporeal story told in their lineaments. Figures are not representations or didactic illustrations, but rather material–semiotic nodes or knots in which diverse bodies and meanings coshape one another. For me, figures have always been where the biological and literary or artistic come together with all of the force of lived reality. My body itself is just such a figure, literally.

For many years I have written from the belly of powerful figures such as cyborgs, monkeys and apes, oncomice, and, more recently, dogs. In every case, the figures are at the same time creatures of imagined possibility and creatures of fierce and ordinary reality; the dimensions tangle and require response. When Species Meet is about that kind of doubleness, but it is even more about the cat’s cradle games in which those who are to be in the world are constituted in intra- and interaction. The partners do not precede the meeting; species of all kinds, living and not, are consequent on a subject- and object-shaping dance of encounters. Neither the partners nor the meetings in this book are merely literary
conceits; rather, they are ordinary beings-in-encounter in the house, lab, field, zoo, park, office, prison, ocean, stadium, barn, or factory. As ordinary knotted beings, they are also always meaning-making figures that gather up those who respond to them into unpredictable kinds of "we." Among the myriad of entangled, coshaping species of the earth, contemporary human beings' meetings with other critters and, especially, but not only, with those called "domestic" are the focus of this book.

And so in the chapters to follow, readers will meet doned dogs, databased tigers, a baseball writer on crutches, a health and genetics activist in Fresno, wolves and dogs in Syria and the French Alps, Chicken Little and Bush legs in Moldavia, tsetse flies and guinea pigs in a Zimbabwean lab in a young adult novel, feral cats, whales wearing cameras, felons and pooches in training in prison, and a talented dog and middle-aged woman playing a sport together in California. All of these are figures, and all are mundanely here, on this earth, now, asking who "we" will become when species meet.

JIM'S DOG AND LEONARDO'S DOG
Meet Jim's dog. My colleague and friend Jim Clifford took this photograph during a December walk in one of the damp canyons of the Santa Cruz greenbelt near his home. This attentive, sitting dog endured for only one season. The next winter the shapes and light in the canyon did not vouchsafe a canine soul to animate the burned-out redwood stump covered with redwood needles, mosses, ferns, lichens—and even a little California bay laurel seedling for a docked tail—that a friend's eye had found for me the year before. So many species, so many kinds, meet in Jim's dog, who suggests an answer to my question, Whom and what do we touch when we touch this dog? How does this touch make us more worldly, in alliance with all the beings who work and play for an alterglobalization that can endure more than one season?

We touch Jim's dog with fingery eyes made possible by a fine digital camera, computers, servers, and e-mail programs through which the high-density jpg was sent to me. Infolded into the metal, plastic, and electronic flesh of the digital apparatus is the primate visual system that Jim and I have inherited, with its vivid color sense and sharp focal power.
Our kind of capacity for perception and sensual pleasure ties us to the lives of our primate kin. Touching this heritage, our worldliness must answer to and for those other primate beings, both in their ordinary habitats and in labs, television and film studios, and zoos. Also, the biological colonizing opportunism of organisms, from the glowing but invisible viruses and bacteria to the crown of ferns on top of this pooch’s head, is palpable in the touch. Biological species diversity and all that asks in our time come with this found dog.

In this camera-begot canid’s haptic-optic touch, we are inside the histories of IT engineering, electronic product assembly-line labor, mining and IT waste disposal, plastics research and manufacturing, transnational markets, communications systems, and technocultural consumer habits. The people and the things are in mutually constituting, interactive touch. Visually and tactically, I am in the presence of the intersectional race-, sex-, age-, class-, and region-differentiated systems of labor that made Jim’s dog live. Response seems the least that is required in this kind of worldliness.

This dog could not have come to me without the leisure-time promenading practices of the early twenty-first century in a university town on the central California coast. Those urban walking pleasures touch the labor practices of late nineteenth-century loggers who, without chainsaws, cut the tree whose burned stump took on a postarboreal life. Where did the lumber from that tree go? The historically deliberate firing by the loggers or the lightning-caused fires in dry-season California carved Jim’s dog from the trees blackened remains. Indebted to the histories of both environmentalism and class, the greenbelt policies of California cities resisting the fate of Silicon Valley ensured that Jim’s dog was not bulldozed for housing at the western edge of real-estate hungry Santa Cruz. The water-eroded and earthquake-sculpted ruggedness of the canyons helped too. The same civic policies and earth histories also allow cougars to stroll down from the campus woodlands through the brushy canyons defining this part of town. Walking with my furry dogs offleash in these canyons makes me think about these possible feline presences. I reclip the leashes. Visually fingering Jim’s dog involves touching all the important ecological and political histories and struggles of ordinary small cities that have asked, Who should eat whom, and who should cohabit? The rich natural-cultural contact zones must offer a provocation to curiosity, which and deepest pleasures of worldly

Jim’s seeing the mutt in these terms as a man who had not sought dog, had been particularly present before he responds to little else. Furry dog view him, but another sort of canid takes me. As my informants in U.S. dog culture make plain, like a fine mixed-ancestry dog when one encounters. Surely, there is no dog of ancestors, as well as contemporaries. I think this is what Alfred North Whitehead meant by the precession of pretensions. It is difference in the world. I ask whom I touch when I touch my informant’s dog. I think this is what Alfred North Whitehead meant by the precession of pretensions. It is difference in the world. I ask whom I touch when I touch my informant’s dog. I think this is what Alfred North Whitehead meant by the precession of pretensions. It is difference in the world. I ask whom I touch when I touch
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Jim's seeing the mutt in the first place was an act of friendship from a man who had not sought dogs in his life and for whom they had not been particularly present before his colleague seemed to think about and respond to little else. Furry dogs were not the ones who then came to him, but another sort of canid quite as wonderful dogged his path. As my informants in U.S. dog culture would say, Jim's is a real dog, a one-off, like a fine mixed-ancestry dog who could never be replicated but must be encountered. Surely, there is no question about the mixed and myriad ancestors, as well as contemporaries, in this encrusted charcoal dog. I think this is what Alfred North Whitehead might have meant by a con­
crescence of prehensions. It is definitely at the heart of what I learn when I ask whom I touch when I touch a dog. I learn something about how to inherit in the flesh. Woof ...

Leonardo's dog hardly needs an introduction. Painted between 1485 and 1490, da Vinci's Vitruvian Man, the Man of Perfect Proportions, has paved his way in the imaginations of technoculture and canine pet culture alike. Sydney Harris’s 1996 cartoon of Man’s celebrated canine companion mimes a figure that has come to mean Renaissance humanism; to mean modernity; to mean the generative tie of art, science, technology, genius, progress, and money. I cannot count the number of times da Vinci’s Vitruvian Man appeared in the conference brochures for genomics meetings or advertisements for molecular biological instruments and lab reagents in the 1990s. The only close competitors for illustrations and ads were Vesalius’s anatomical drawings of dissected human figures and Michelangelo’s Creation of Adam from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. High Art, High Science: genius, progress, beauty, power, money. The Man of Perfect Proportions brings both the number magic and the real-life organic ubiquity of the Fibonacci sequence to the fore. Transmuted into the form of his master, the Dog of Perfect Proportions helps me think about why this preeminently humanist figure cannot work for the kind of autre-mondialisation I seek with earthly companions in the way that Jim's dog does. Harris’s cartoon is funny, but laughter is not enough. Leonardo’s dog is the companion species for technohumanism and its
natural-cultural contact zones multiply with each tactile look. Jim's dog is a provocation to curiosity, which I regard as one of the first obligations and deepest pleasures of worldly companion species. 

Jim's seeing the mutt in the first place was an act of friendship from a man who had not sought dogs in his life and for whom they had not been particularly present before his colleague seemed to think about and respond to little else. Furry dogs were not the ones who then came to him, but another sort of canid quite as wonderful dogged his path. As my informants in U.S. dog culture would say, Jim's is a real dog, a one-off, like a fine mixed-ancestry dog who could never be replicated but must be encountered. Surely, there is no question about the mixed and myriad ancestors, as well as contemporaries, in this encrusted charcoal dog. I think this is what Alfred North Whitehead might have meant by a con­crescence of prehensions. It is definitely at the heart of what I learn when I ask whom I touch when I touch a dog. I learn something about how to inherit in the flesh. Woof . . .

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dreams of purification and transcendence. I want to walk instead with the motley crowd called Jim's dog, where the clean lines between traditional and modern, organic and technological, human and nonhuman give way to the infoldings of the flesh that powerful figures such as the cyborgs and dogs I know both signify and enact. Maybe that is why Jim's dog is now the screen saver on my computer.

![Leonardo da Vinci's Dog](image)


PROFESSIONAL MEETINGS

That brings us to the more usual, which their supposed enmity is...
PROFESSIONAL MEETINGS

That brings us to the more usual encounters of dogs and cyborgs, in which their supposed enmity is onstage. Dan Piraro's *Bizarro* Sunday cartoon from 1999 caught the rules of engagement perfectly. Welcoming the attendees, the small dog keynote speaker at the American Association of Lapdogs points to the illuminated slide of an open laptop computer, solemnly intoning, "Ladies and Gentlemen... behold the enemy!" The pun that simultaneously joins and separates lapdogs and laptops is wonderful, and it opens a world of inquiry. A real dog person might first ask how capacious human laps can actually be for holding even sizable pooches and a computer at the same time. That sort of question tends to arise in the late afternoon in a home office if a human being is still at the computer and neglecting important obligations to go for a walk with the effectively importuning beast-no-longer-on-the-floor. However, more philosophically weighty, if not more practically urgent, questions also lurk in this *Bizarro* cartoon.

Modernist versions of humanism and posthumanism alike have taproots in a series of what Bruno Latour calls the Great Divides between what counts as nature and as society, as nonhuman and as human.¹⁰ Whelped in the Great Divides, the principal Others to Man, including his "posts," are well documented in ontological breed registries in both

`MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF LAPDOGS

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past and present Western cultures: gods, machines, animals, monsters, creepy crawlies, women, servants and slaves, and noncitizens in general. Outside the security checkpoint of bright reason, outside the apparatuses of reproduction of the sacred image of the same, these "others" have a remarkable capacity to induce panic in the centers of power and self-certainty. Terrors are regularly expressed in hyperphilias and hyperphobias, and examples of this are no richer than in the panics roused by the Great Divide between animals (lapdogs) and machines (laptops) in the early twenty-first century C.E.

Technophilias and technophobias vie with organophilias and organophobias, and taking sides is not left to chance. If one loves organic nature, to express a love of technology makes one suspect. If one finds cyborgs to be promising sorts of monsters, then one is an unreliable ally in the fight against the destruction of all things organic. I was quite personally made to understand this point at a professional meeting, a wonderful conference called "Taking Nature Seriously" in 2001, at which I was a keynote speaker. I was subjected to a fantasy of my own public rape by name in a pamphlet distributed by a small group of self-identified deep ecology, anarchist activists, because, it seemed, my commitment to the mixed organic-technological hybrids figured in cyborgs made me worse than a researcher at Monsanto, who at least claims no alliance with ecofeminism. I am made to recall those researchers even at Monsanto who may well take antiracist environmental feminism seriously and to imagine how alliances might be built with them. I was also in the presence of the many deep ecologists and anarchists who have no truck with the action or analysis of my hecklers' self-righteous and incurious stance. In addition to reminding me that I am a woman (see the Great Divides above)—something class and color privilege bonded to professional status can mute for long periods of time—the rape scenario reminded me forcibly why I seek my siblings in the nonarboreal, laterally communicating, fungal shapes of the queer kin group that finds lapdogs and laptops in the same commodious laps.

At one of the conference panels, I heard a sad man in the audience say that rape seems a legitimate instrument against those who rape the earth; he seemed to regard this as an ecofeminist position, to the horror of the men and women of that political persuasion in the room. Everyone
I heard at the session thought the guy was slightly dangerous and definitely politically embarrassing, but mainly crazy in the colloquial sense if not the clinical. Nonetheless, the quasi-psychotic panic quality of the man's threatening remarks is worth some attention because of the way the extreme shows the underside of the normal. In particular, this would-be rapist-in-defense-of-mother-earth seems shaped by the culturally normal fantasy of human exceptionalism. This is the premise that humanity alone is not a spatial and temporal web of interspecies dependencies. Thus, to be human is to be on the opposite side of the Great Divide from all the others and so to be afraid of—and in bloody love with—what goes bump in the night. The threatening man at the conference was well marinated in the institutionalized, long dominant Western fantasy that all that is fully human is fallen from Eden, separated from the mother, in the domain of the artificial, deracinated, alienated, and therefore free. For this man, the way out of his culture's deep commitments to human exceptionalism requires a one-way rapture to the other side of the divide. To return to the mother is to return to nature and stand against Man-the-Destroyer, by advocating the rape of women scientists at Monsanto, if available, or of a traitorous keynote environmentalist feminist, if one is on the spot.

Freud is our great theorist of panics of the Western psyche, and because of Derrida's commitment to track down "the whole anthropomorphic reinstitution of the superiority of the human order over the animal order, of the law over the living," he is my guide to Freud's approach on this question. Freud described three great historical wounds to the primary narcissism of the self-centered human subject, who tries to hold panic at bay by the fantasy of human exceptionalism. First is the Copernican wound that removed Earth itself, man's home world, from the center of the cosmos and indeed paved the way for that cosmos to burst open into a universe of inhumane, nonteleological times and spaces. Science made that decentering cut. The second wound is the Darwinian, which put Homo sapiens firmly in the world of other critters, all trying to make an earthly living and so evolving in relation to one another without the sureties of directional signposts that culminate in Man. Science inflicted that cruel cut too. The third wound is the Freudian, which posited an unconscious that undid the primacy of conscious processes,
including the reason that comforted Man with his unique excellence, with dire consequences for teleology once again. Science seems to hold that blade too. I want to add a fourth wound, the informatic or cyborgian, which infolds organic and technological flesh and so melds that Great Divide as well.

Is it any wonder that in every other election cycle the Kansas Board of Education wants this stuff out of the science text books, even if almost all of modern science has to go to accomplish this suturing of rending wounds to the coherence of a fantastic, but well-endowed, being? Notoriously, in the last decade voters in Kansas elected opponents of teaching Darwinian evolution to the state board in one election and then replaced them in the next cycle with what the press calls moderates. Kansas is not exceptional; it figured more than half the public in the United States in 2006. Freud knew Darwinism is not moderate, and a good thing too. Doing without both teleology and human exceptionalism is, in my opinion, essential to getting laptops and lapdogs into one lap. More to the point, these wounds to self-certainty are necessary, if not yet sufficient, to no longer easily uttering the sentence in any domain, "Ladies and gentlemen, behold the enemy!" Instead, I want my people, those collected by figures of mortal relatedness, to go back to that old political button from the late 1980s, "Cyborgs for earthly survival," joined to my newer bumper sticker from Bark magazine, "Dog is my co-pilot." Both critters ride the earth on the back of the Darwin fish.

That cyborg and dog come together in the next professional meeting in these introductions. A few years ago, Faye Ginsburg, an eminent anthropologist and filmmaker and the daughter of Benson Ginsburg, a pioneering student of canine behavior, sent me a cartoon by Warren Miller from the March 29, 1993, New Yorker. Faye's childhood had been spent with the wolves her father studied in his lab at the University of Chicago and the animals at the Jackson Memorial Laboratories in Bar Harbor, Maine, where J. P. Scott and J. L. Fuller also carried out their famous inquiries into dog genetics and social behavior from the late 1940s. In the cartoon a member of a wild wolf pack introduces a conspecific visitor wearing an electronic communications pack, complete with an antenna for sending and receiving data, with the words, "We found her wandering at the edge of the forest. She was raised by scientists." A student of Indigenous media in drawn to the join of ethnography Miller's cartoon. Since childhood life through the rituals of polite is in my kin group in feminist this I find myself also in that female figure collects its people through histories, science and technological behavior studies, and the New.

This wolf found at the edge of figures who I find myself to be in by a post-World War II biologies and technologies, a biologist practitioner of the humanities and.

*We found her wandering at the edge of the forest. She was raised by scientists.*

Warren Miller, from CartoonBank.com. Copyright reserved.
student of Indigenous media in a digital age, Faye Ginsburg was easily drawn to the join of ethnography and communications technology in Miller’s cartoon. Since childhood a veteran of integrating into wolf social life through the rituals of polite introductions, she was triply hailed. She is in my kin group in feminist theory as well, and so it is no surprise that I find myself also in that female telecommunications-packing wolf. This figure collects its people through friendship networks, animal–human histories, science and technology studies, politics, anthropology and animal behavior studies, and the New Yorker’s sense of humor.

This wolf found at the edge of the forest and raised by scientists figures who I find myself to be in the world—that is, an organism shaped by a post–World War II biology that is saturated with information sciences and technologies, a biologist schooled in those discourses, and a practitioner of the humanities and ethnographic social sciences. All three

“We found her wandering at the edge of the forest. She was raised by scientists.”

Warren Miller, from CartoonBank.com. Copyright The New Yorker collection, 1993. All rights reserved.
of those subject formations are crucial to this book's questions about worldliness and touch across difference. The found wolf is meeting other wolves, but she cannot take her welcome for granted. She must be introduced, and her odd communications pack must be explained. She brings science and technology into the open in this forest. The wolf pack is politely approached, not invaded, and these wolves will decide her fate. This pack is not one of florid wild-wolf nature fantasies, but a savvy, cosmopolitan, curious lot of freewill.

A great deal is at stake, guaranteed. There is no teleologic or unhappy ending, socially, commercially, or biologically. There is the chance for getting on together; for animal/human, nature/culture coexistence, and demand respect and responsibility for the chance for getting on together.

Ms Cayenne Pepper continues what the biologist Lynn Margulis has said. If you check our DNA, you'd find so many reptilian genes in our saliva must have the viral vectors to have been irresistible. Even though we are reptiles, we inhabit not just different orders, but altogether different orders.

How would we sort things out? bitch, woman; animal, human; and inject under her neck skin for twenty generations; one of our names, One of us, product of a California driver's license. One of us, equally a product of these names designates a difference in our flesh and, in their consequences in our flesh.

One of us is at the cusp of the other is lusty but over the hill.
cosmopolitan, curious lot of free-ranging canids. The wolf mentor and sponsor of the visitor is generous, willing to forgive some degree of ignorance, but it is up to the visitor to learn about her new acquaintances. If all goes well, they will become messmates, companion species, and significant others to one another, as well as conspecifics. The scientist-wolf will send back data as well as bring data to the wolves in the forest. These encounters will shape naturecultures for them all.

A great deal is at stake in such meetings, and outcomes are not guaranteed. There is no teleological warrant here, no assured happy or unhappy ending, socially, ecologically, or scientifically. There is only the chance for getting on together with some grace. The Great Divide of animal/human, nature/culture, organic/technical, and wild/domestic flatten into mundane differences—the kinds that have consequences and demand respect and response—rather than rising to sublime and final ends.

COMPANION SPECIES
Ms Cayenne Pepper continues to colonize all my cells—a sure case of what the biologist Lynn Margulis calls symbiogenesis. I bet if you were to check our DNA, you’d find some potent transfections between us. Her saliva must have the viral vectors. Surely, her darter-tongue kisses have been irresistible. Even though we share placement in the phylum of vertebrates, we inhabit not just different genera and divergent families but altogether different orders. How would we sort things out? Canid, hominid; pet, professor; bitch, woman; animal, human; athlete, handler. One of us has a microchip injected under her neck skin for identification; the other has a photo ID California driver’s license. One of us has a written record of her ancestors for twenty generations; one of us does not know her great grandparents’ names. One of us, product of a vast genetic mixture, is called "purebred." One of us, equally a product of a vast mixture, is called "white." Each of these names designates a different racial discourse, and we both inherit their consequences in our flesh.

One of us is at the cusp of flaming, youthful, physical achievement; the other is lusty but over the hill. And we play a team sport called agility
on the same expropriated Native land where Cayenne's ancestors herded sheep. These sheep were imported from the already colonial pastoral economy of Australia to feed the California gold rush forty-niners. In layers of history, layers of biology, layers of naturecultures, complexity is the name of our game. We are both the freedom-hungry offspring of conquest, products of white settler colonies, leaping over hurdles and crawling through tunnels on the playing field.

I'm sure our genomes are more alike than they should be. Some molecular record of our touch in the codes of living will surely leave traces in the world, no matter that we are each reproductively silenced females, one by age and choice, one by surgery without consultation. Her red merle Australian shepherd's quick and lithe tongue has swabbed the tissues of my tonsils, with all their eager immune system receptors. Who knows where my chemical receptors carried her messages or what she took from my cellular system for distinguishing self from other and binding outside to inside?

We have had forbidden conversation; we have had oral intercourse; we are bound in telling story on story with nothing but the facts. We are training each other in acts of communication we barely understand. We are, constitutively, companion species. We make each other up, in the flesh. Significantly other to each other, in specific difference, we signify in the flesh a nasty developmental infection called love. This love is a historical aberration and a naturalcultural legacy.18

In my experience, when people hear the term companion species, they tend to start talking about "companion animals," such as dogs, cats, horses, miniature donkeys, tropical fish, fancy bunnies, dying baby turtles, ant farms, parrots, tarantulas in harness, and Vietnamese potbellied pigs. Many of those critters, but far from all and none without very noninnocent histories, do fit readily into the early twenty-first-century globalized and flexible category of companion animals. Historically situated animals in companionate relations with equally situated humans are, of course, major players in When Species Meet. But the category "companion species" is less shapely and more rambunctious than that. Indeed, I find that notion, which is less a category than a pointer to an ongoing "becoming with," to be a much richer web to inhabit than any of the posthumanisms on display after (or in reference to) the posthumanism or postfeminist. For one thing, reference to those who must in and beyond the new trouble and center intersection with other as is; however, it is the patterns of re-intra-actions at many scales of sitting beyond one troubled category or another. The partners do not produce being with: those are the Oxford English Dictionary says a taste my key words for their flavor. Companion comes from the mates at table are companions. Companion in literary contexts Oxford Companion to wine or readers to consume well Business, a term that is also used for a guest, a medieval trade guild, a Girl Guides, a military unit, and Agency. As a verb, to companion is an usional and generative connotations.

Species, like all the old and in the visual register rather at the root of things here, with logic, species refers to a mental notion that thinking and seeing less "specific" or particular and characteristics, species contains it or special—way. Debates about traits or taxonomic conveniences a "biology." Species is about the data interbreed reproductively is the members of the same biological species as bacteria have never made ver
I never wanted to be posthuman, or posthumanist, any more than I wanted to be postfeminist. For one thing, urgent work still remains to be done in reference to those who must inhabit the troubled categories of woman and human, properly pluralized, reformulated, and brought into constitutive intersection with other asymmetrical differences. Fundamentally, however, it is the patterns of relationality and, in Karen Barad’s terms, intra-actions at many scales of space–time that need rethinking, not getting beyond one troubled category for a worse one even more likely to go postal. The partners do not precede their relating; all that is, is the fruit of becoming with: those are the mantras of companion species. Even the *Oxford English Dictionary* says as much. Gorging on etymologies, I will taste my key words for their flavors.

*Companion* comes from the Latin *cum panis,* "with bread." Messmates at table are companions. Comrades are political companions. A companion in literary contexts is a vade mecum or handbook, like the Oxford Companion to wine or English verse; such companions help readers to consume well. Business and commercial associates form a *company,* a term that is also used for the lowest rank in an order of knights, a guest, a medieval trade guild, a fleet of merchant ships, a local unit of the Girl Guides, a military unit, and colloquially for the Central Intelligence Agency. As a verb, to *companion* is “to consort, to keep company,” with sexual and generative connotations always ready to erupt.

*Species,* like all the old and important words, is equally promiscuous, but in the visual register rather than the gustatory. The Latin *specere* is at the root of things here, with its tones of "to look" and "to behold." In logic, *species* refers to a mental impression or idea, strengthening the notion that thinking and seeing are clones. Referring both to the relentlessly "specific" or particular and to a class of individuals with the same characteristics, *species* contains its own opposite in the most promising—or special—way. Debates about whether species are earthly organic entities or taxonomic conveniences are coextensive with the discourse we call "biology." Species is about the dance linking kin and kind. The ability to interbreed reproductively is the rough and ready requirement for members of the same biological species; all those lateral gene exchangers such as bacteria have never made very good species. Also, biotechnologically
mediated gene transfers redo kin and kind at rates and in patterns unprecedented on earth, generating messmates at table who do not know how to eat well and, in my judgment, often should not be guests together at all. Which companion species will, and should, live and die, and how, is at stake.

The word *species* also structures conservation and environmental discourses, with their "endangered species" that function simultaneously to locate value and to evoke death and extinction in ways familiar in colonial representations of the always vanishing indigene. The discursive tie between the colonized, the enslaved, the noncitizen, and the animal—all reduced to type, all Others to rational man, and all essential to his bright constitution—is at the heart of racism and flourishes, lethally, in the entrails of humanism. Woven into that tie in all the categories is "woman's" putative self-defining responsibility to "the species," as this singular and typological female is reduced to her reproductive function. Fecund, she lies outside the bright territory of man even as she is his conduit. The labeling of African American men in the United States as an "endangered species" makes palpable the ongoing animalization that fuels liberal and conservative racialization alike. Species reeks of race and sex; and where and when species meet, that heritage must be untied and better knots of companion species attempted within and across differences. Loosening the grip of analogies that issue in the collapse of all of man's others into one another, companion species must instead learn to live intersectionally.

Raised a Roman Catholic, I grew up knowing that the Real Presence was present under both "species," the visible form of the bread and the wine. Sign and flesh, sight and food, never came apart for me again after seeing and eating that hearty meal. Secular semiotics never nourished as well or caused as much indigestion. That fact made me ready to learn that species is related to spice. A kind of atom or molecule, species is also a composition used in embalming. "The species" often means the human race, unless one is attuned to science fiction, where species abound. It would be a mistake to assume much about species in advance of encounter. Finally, we come to metal coinage, "specie," stamped in the proper shape and kind. Like *company*, *species* also signifies and embodies wealth. I remember Marx on the topic of gold, alert to all its filth and glitter.

Looking back in this way to the act of respect. To hold in regard notice, to pay attention, to have is tied to *polite* greeting, to *companion*. To knot companion and respect, is to enter the world of *companion Species," Anna Tsing will say. That realization is an autre-mondialisation. Species *worlding* play on earth, and not species of categories in the making of kind species play, indeed.

AND SAY THE PHILOSOPHERS
WHEN ANIMALS LOOK
"And Say the Animal Responded

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WHEN SPECIES MEET

Looking back in this way takes us to seeing again, to *respecere*, to the act of respect. To hold in regard, to respond, to look back reciprocally, to notice, to pay attention, to have courteous regard for; to esteem: all of that is tied to *polite greeting*, to constituting the polis, where and when species meet. To knot companion and species together in encounter, in regard and respect, is to enter the world of *becoming with*, where *who and what* are is precisely what is at stake. In "Unruly Edges: Mushrooms as Companion Species," Anna Tsing writes, "Human nature is an interspecies relationship." That realization, in Beatriz Preciado’s idiom, promises an autre-mondialisation. Species interdependence is the name of the worlding game on earth, and that game must be one of response and respect. That is the play of companion species learning to pay attention. Not much is excluded from the needed play, not technologies, commerce, organisms, landscapes, peoples, practices. I am not a posthumanist; I am who I become with companion species, who and which make a mess out of categories in the making of kin and kind. Queer messmates in mortal play, indeed.

AND SAY THE PHILOSOPHER RESPONDED?
WHEN ANIMALS LOOK BACK

"And Say the Animal Responded?" is the title Derrida gave his 1997 lecture in which he tracked the old philosophical scandal of judging "the animal" to be capable only of reaction as an animal-machine. That’s a wonderful title and a crucial question. I think Derrida accomplished important work in that lecture and the published essay that followed, but something that was oddly missing became clearer in another lecture in the same series, translated into English as "The Animal That Therefore I Am (More to Follow)." He understood that actual animals look back at actual human beings; he wrote at length about a cat, his small female cat, in a particular bathroom on a real morning actually looking at him. "The cat I am talking about is a real cat, truly, believe me, a little cat. It isn’t the figure of a cat. It doesn’t silently enter the room as an allegory for all the cats on the earth, the felines that traverse myths and religions, literatures and fables." Further, Derrida knew he was in the presence of someone, not of a machine reacting. "I see it as *this* irreplaceable living
being that one day enters my space, enters this place where it can en-
counter me, see me, see me naked" (378-79). He identified the key ques-
tion as being not whether the cat could "speak" but whether it is possible
to know what respond means and how to distinguish a response from a
reaction, for human beings as well as for anyone else. He did not fall
into the trap of making the subaltern speak. "It would not be a matter of
giving speech back to animals but perhaps acceding to a thinking ... that
thinks the absence of the name as something other than a privation"
(416). Yet he did not seriously consider an alternative form of engagement
either, one that risked knowing something more about cats and how to
look back, perhaps even scientifically, biologically, and therefore also philo-
sophically and intimately.

He came right to the edge of respect, of the move to respecte, but
he was sidetracked by his textual canon of Western philosophy and liter-
ature and by his own linked worries about being naked in front of his cat.
He knew there is no nudity among animals, that the worry was his, even
as he understood the fantastic lure of imagining he could write naked
words. Somehow in all this worrying and longing, the cat was never heard
from again in the long essay dedicated to the crime against animals per-
petrated by the great Singularities separating the Animal and the Human
in the canon Derrida so passionately read and reread so that it could
never be read the same way again. For those readings I and my people
are permanently in his debt.

But with his cat, Derrida failed a simple obligation of companion
species; he did not become curious about what the cat might actually be
doing, feeling, thinking, or perhaps making available to him in looking
back at him that morning. Derrida is among the most curious of men,
among the most committed and able of philosophers to spot what arrests
curiosity, instead nurturing an entanglement and a generative interrup-
tion called response. Derrida is relentlessly attentive to and humble before
what he does not know. Besides all that, his own deep interest in animals
is coextensive with his practice as a philosopher. The textual evidence is
ubiquitous. What happened that morning was, to me, shocking because
of what I know this philosopher can do. Incurious, he missed a possible
invitation, a possible introduction to other-worlding. Or, if he was curi-
ous when he first really noticed his cat looking at him that morning, he
arrested that lure to deconstruct a Hegelian gesture that he would never
accept, a philosophical reading and writing.

Rejecting the facile and intentionally, move of claiming to have
Derrida correctly criticized two those who observe real animals;
their gaze, and the other set from
ethologists and other animal beh-
the same criticism would apply. What
end of the matter for Derrida?
What if not all such West
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• Great Divides. Why did Derrida
Bateson or Jane Goodall or Marc
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privation." Why did Derrida leave
ication outside the writing techni
arrested that lure to deconstructive communication with the sort of criti
cical gesture that he would never have allowed to stop him in his canoni
cal philosophical reading and writing practices.

Rejecting the facile and basically imperialist, if generally well-
tentioned, move of claiming to see from the point of view of the other, Derrida correctly criticized two kinds of representations, one set from those who observe real animals and write about them but never meet their gaze, and the other set from those who engage animals only as liter­ary and mythological figures (382–83). He did not explicitly consider ethologists and other animal behavioral scientists, but inasmuch as they engage animals as objects of their vision, not as beings who look back and whose look their own intersects, with consequences for all that follows, the same criticism would apply. Why, though, should that criticism be the end of the matter for Derrida?

What if not all such Western human workers with animals have refused the risk of an intersecting gaze, even if it usually has to be teased out from the repressive literary conventions of scientific publishing and descriptions of method? This is not an impossible question; the literature is large, complemented by a much larger oral culture among biologists as well as others who earn their livings in interaction with animals. Some astute thinkers who work and play with animals scientifically and profes­ionally have discussed at some length this sort of issue. I am leaving aside entirely the philosophical thinking that goes on in popular idioms and publishing; not to mention the entire world of people thinking and engag­ing with animals who are not shaped by the institutionalized so-called Western philosophical and literary canon.

Positive knowledge of and with animals might just be possible, knowledge that is positive in quite a radical sense if it is not built on the Great Divides. Why did Derrida not ask, even in principle, if a Gregory Bateson or Jane Goodall or Marc Bekoff or Barbara Smuts or many others have met the gaze of living, diverse animals and in response undone and redone themselves and their sciences? Their kind of positive knowledge might even be what Derrida would recognize as a mortal and finite know­ing that understands “the absence of the name as something other than a privation.” Why did Derrida leave unexamined the practices of commu­nication outside the writing technologies he did know how to talk about?
Leaving this query unasked, he had nowhere else to go with his keen recognition of the gaze of his cat than to Jeremy Bentham’s question: “The first and decisive question will rather be to know whether animals can suffer... Once its protocol is established, the form of this question changes everything” (396). I would not for a minute deny the importance of the question of animals’ suffering and the criminal disregard of it throughout human orders, but I do not think that is the decisive question, the one that turns the order of things around, the one that promises an autre-mondialisation. The question of suffering led Derrida to the virtue of pity, and that is not a small thing. But how much more promise is in the questions, Can animals play? Or work? And even, can I learn to play with this cat? Can I, the philosopher, respond to an invitation or recognize one when it is offered? What if work and play, and not just pity, open up when the possibility of mutual response, without names, is taken seriously as an everyday practice available to philosophy and to science? What if a usable word for this is joy? And what if the question of how animals engage one another’s gaze responsively takes center stage for people? What if that is the query, once its protocol is properly established, whose form changes everything? My guess is that Derrida the man in the bathroom grasped all this, but Derrida the philosopher had no idea how to practice this sort of curiosity with his highly visual cat.

Therefore, as a philosopher he knew nothing more from, about, and with the cat at the end of the morning than he knew at the beginning, no matter how much better he understood the root scandal as well as the enduring achievements of his textual legacy. Actually to respond to the cat’s response to his presence would have required his joining that flawed but rich philosophical canon to the risky project of asking what this cat on this morning cared about, what these bodily postures and visual entanglements might mean and might invite, as well as reading what people who study cats have to say and delving into the developing knowledges of both cat—cat and cat—human behavioral semiotics when species meet. Instead, he concentrated on his shame in being naked before this cat. Shame trumped curiosity, and that does not bode well for an autre-mondialisation. Knowing that in the gaze of the cat was "an existence that refuses to be conceptualized," Derrida did not “go on as if he had never been looked at,” never addressed, which was the fundamental gaffe he teased out of his canonics.

Levinas, Derrida, to his credit, located look. Still, shame is not of multispecies histories, even not become a symbol of all cat—cat—human figure for the shame of philosophy, generated an important essay, before it. Thinking perhaps by thinking, finding the right word, word for the shame of philosophy in public. That is a challenge.

But whatever else the other human male frontal nudity be, in his philosophical tradition, the distraction that kept her human male polite greeting. I am prepared this cat and began each morning dance, but if so, that embodied philosophy in public. That is a problem.

For help, I turn to someone to recognize that she was looking for science. To respond was to rewrite the fibers of the scientific ethic of the anthropologist at the University of graduate student in 1975, she went to study chimpanzees. After being a bulent nationalist and anticolonialist world in the mid-1970s, she ended her PhD. About 135 baboons call a rocky outcropping of the Great Smuts the baboons and I definitely did not want to address her research question from her threatening self as projective science, Smuts had been be like a rock, to be unavailable.
he teased out of his canonical tradition (379, 383). Unlike Emmanuel Lévinas, Derrida, to his credit, recognized in his small cat "the absolute alterity of the neighbor" (380). Further, instead of a primal scene of Man confronting Animal, Derrida gave us the provocation of a historically located look. Still, shame is not an adequate response to our inheritance of multispecies histories, even at their most brutal. Even if the cat did not become a symbol of all cats, the naked man's shame quickly became a figure for the shame of philosophy before all of the animals. That figure generated an important essay. "The animal looks at us, and we are naked before it. Thinking perhaps begins there" (397).

But whatever else the cat might have been doing, Derrida's full human male frontal nudity before an Other, which was of such interest in his philosophical tradition, was of no consequence to her, except as the distraction that kept her human from giving or receiving an ordinary polite greeting. I am prepared to believe that she did know how to greet this cat and began each morning in that mutually responsive and polite dance, but if so, that embodied mindful encounter did not motivate his philosophy in public. That is a pity.

For help, I turn to someone who did learn to look back, as well as to recognize that she was looked at, as a core work-practice for doing her science. To respond was to respect; the practice of "becoming with" rewove the fibers of the scientist's being. Barbara Smuts is now a bioanthropologist at the University of Michigan, but as a Stanford University graduate student in 1975, she went to Tanzania's Gombe Stream preserve to study chimpanzees. After being kidnapped and ransomed in the turbulent nationalist and anticolonial human politics of that area of the world in the mid-1970s, she ended up studying baboons in Kenya for her PhD. About 135 baboons called the Eburru Cliffs troop lived around a rocky outcropping of the Great Rift Valley near Lake Naivasha. In a wonderful understatement, Smuts writes, "At the beginning of my study, the baboons and I definitely did not see eye to eye." She wanted to get as close as possible to the baboons to collect data to address her research questions; the monkeys wanted to get as far away from her threatening self as possible. Trained in the conventions of objective science, Smuts had been advised to be as neutral as possible, to be like a rock, to be unavailable, so that eventually the baboons would go