



Why It's
So Hard
to Think
Straight
About
Animals



HAL HERZOG



"Everybody who is interested in the ethics of the relationships between humans and animals should read this book."

—Temple Grandin, author of *Animals Make Us Human*

Some We Love, Some We Hate, Some We Eat

Why It's So Hard to Think Straight About Animals

Hal Herzog

 HarperCollins e-books

*To Adam, Betsy, Katie, and most of all, Mary Jean,
to whom I owe everything*

Contents

[Introduction](#): Why Is It So Hard to Think Straight About Animals?

[1](#) Anthrozoology: The New Science of Human-Animal Interactions

[2](#) The Importance of Being Cute: Why We Think What We Think About Creatures That Don't Think Like Us

[3](#) Pet-O-Philia: Why Do Humans (and Only Humans) Love Pets?

[4](#) Friends, Foes, and Fashion Statements: The Human-Dog Relationship

[5](#) "Prom Queen Kills First Deer on Sixteenth Birthday": Gender and the Human-Animal Relationship

[6](#) In the Eyes of the Beholder: The Comparative Cruelty of Cockfights and Happy Meals

[7](#) Delicious, Dangerous, Disgusting, and Dead: The Human-Meat Relationship

[8](#) The Moral Status of Mice: The Use of Animals in Science

[9](#) The Cats in Our Houses, The Cows on Our Plates: Are We All Hypocrites?

[10](#) The Carnivorous Yahoo within Ourselves: Dealing with Moral Inconsistency

[Recommended Reading](#)

[Notes](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Praise](#)

[Credits](#)

[Copyright](#)

[About the Publisher](#)

Why Is It So Hard to Think Straight About Animals?

I like pondering our relationships with animals because they tell a lot about who we are.

—MARC BEKOFF

The way we think about other species often defies logic. Consider Judith Black. When she was twelve, Judith decided that it was wrong to kill animals just because they taste good. But what exactly is an animal? While it is obvious that dogs and cats and cows and pigs are animals, it was equally clear to Judith that fish were not. They just didn't *feel* like animals to her. So for the next fifteen years, this intuitive biological classification system enabled Judith, who has a PhD in anthropology, to think of herself as a vegetarian, yet still experience the joys of smoked Copper River salmon and lemon-grilled swordfish.

This twisted moral taxonomy worked fine until Judith ran into Joseph Weldon, a graduate student in biology. When they first met, Joseph, himself a meat eater, tried to convince Judith that there is no shred of moral difference between eating a Cornish hen and a Chilean sea bass. After all, he reasoned, both birds and fish are vertebrates, have brains, and lead social lives. Despite his best efforts, he failed to convince her that from a culinary ethics perspective, a cod is a chicken is a cow.

Fortunately, their disagreement over the moral status of mahi mahi did not prevent them from falling in love. They married, and her new husband kept the fish-versus-fowl discussion going over the dinner table. After three years of philosophical to-and-fro, Judith sighed one evening and gave in: "OK, I see your point. Fish are animals."

But now she faced a difficult decision: She could either quit eating fish, or stop thinking of herself as a vegetarian. Something had to give. A week later, friends invited Joseph to a grouse hunt. Though he had no experience with a shotgun, he somehow managed to hit a bird on the fly, and, in grand caveman tradition, showed up at home, dead carcass in hand. Joseph then proceeded to pluck and cook the grouse, which he proudly served to his wife for dinner along with wild rice and a lovely raspberry sauce.

In an instant, fifteen years of moral high ground went down the drain. ("I am a sucker for raspberries," Judith told me.) The taste of roasted grouse opened the floodgates and there was no going back. Within a week, she was chowing down on cheeseburgers. Judith had joined the ranks of ex-vegetarians, a club that outnumbered current vegetarians in the United States by a ratio of three to one.

Then there is Jim Thompson, a twenty-five-year-old doctoral student in mathematics who was working on his dissertation when I met him. Before beginning graduate school, Jim had worked in a poultry research laboratory in Lexington, Kentucky, where one of his jobs consisted of dispatching baby chicks at the end of the experiments. For a while, this posed no problem for Jim. However, things changed one day when he was looking for a magazine to read on a plane and his mother handed him a

copy of *The Animals' Agenda*, a magazine that advocated animal rights. He never ate meat again.

~~That was just the start. Over the next couple of months, Jim quit wearing leather shoes, and he pressured his girlfriend to go veg. He even began to question the morality of keeping pets, including his beloved white cockatiel. One afternoon Jim looked at the bird flitting around her cage in his living room, and a little voice in his head whispered, "This is wrong." Gently, he carried the bird into his backyard. He said good-bye and released the cockatiel into the gray skies of Raleigh, North Carolina. It was a great feeling, he told me. "Amazing!" But then he sheepishly added, "I knew she wouldn't survive, that she probably starved. I guess I was doing it for myself more than for her."~~

Our relationships with animals can also be emotionally complicated. Twenty years ago, Carolyn fell head over heels for an 1,100-pound manatee. She had applied for a job—any job—at a small natural history museum in central Florida. The museum had an opening; they were looking for a caregiver for a thirty-year-old sea cow named Snooty. Carolyn had no experience working with marine mammals, but they offered her the position anyway. She did not know that her life was about to change.

On the phylogenetic scale, Snooty falls somewhere between the Creature from the Black Lagoon and Yoda. When Carolyn introduced me to him, Snooty hooked his flippers over the edge of his pool, hoisted his head two feet out of the water, and looked me straight in the eye, checking me out. While his brain was smaller than a softball, he seemed oddly wise. I found the experience unnerving. Not Carolyn. She was in love.

For over two decades, Carolyn's life revolved around Snooty. She spent nearly every day with him, even coming around to visit on her days off. Food was a major part of their relationship. Manatees are vegetarians, and Carolyn fed him by hand—120 pounds of leafy green vegetables, mostly lettuce, every day.

But life with an aging sea cow has its downside. Snooty adored Carolyn as much as she doted on him. When she and her husband would sneak off for a week or two of vacation, Snooty would get in a funk and quit eating. All too often, Carolyn would get a call saying that Snooty was off his feed again, and she would rush back to gently ply him with a couple of bushels of iceberg lettuce.

At some point, Carolyn gave up going on vacations. That's when her husband accused her of having her priorities screwed up, of loving a half-ton blob of blubber and muscle more than she loved him.

IS IT WRONG TO FEED KITTENS TO BOA CONSTRICTORS?

As a research psychologist, I have been studying human-animal relationships for twenty years, and I have found that the quirky thinking when it comes to animals that we see in Judith, Jim, and Carolyn is not the exception but the rule. I began to think seriously about the inconsistencies in our relationships with other species one sunny September morning when I got a phone call from my friend Sandy. At the time, I was an animal behaviorist and Sandy was an animal rights activist who taught at my university.

"Hal, I heard that you were picking up kittens from the Jackson County animal shelter and feeding them to a snake. Is it true?"

I was completely taken aback.

"*Arrgh*. What are you talking about? We do have a pet snake, but he is just a baby. He could not possibly swallow a kitten. And I like cats. Even if he were bigger, I would NEVER let him eat a cat."

Sandy apologized profusely. She said she figured the charge was not true, but that she just had to check. I told her I understood, but would appreciate it if she would assure her animal protection pals that I was not dipping into our community's reservoir of unwanted cats to feed my son's snake.

But then I started thinking about the moral implications of keeping a predator for a pet. We had acquired the baby boa by accident. I had spent the summer as a visiting scientist at the University of Tennessee, studying the development of defensive behaviors in reptiles. I was in the lab testing animals one day when the phone rang. It was a stressed-out man who had awakened to find that during the night, his seven-foot red-tail boa constrictor had given birth to forty-two wriggling newborns. He and his wife were understandably shaken; the new mom had never shown any amorous interest in the male with whom she had shared a cage in the couple's living room for the previous eight years.

The man had heard that I was a snake behaviorist and was looking for tips on how to keep the new babies healthy and where he could find good homes for them. I recommended that he contact a reptile expert I knew at the university's veterinary college for information on raising baby snakes, and agreed to adopt one of the babies myself. That evening, my eleven-year-old son, Adam, and I drove to the couple's house, where they gave him the pick of a very large litter. Adam selected the cutest one and named him Sam.

Sam was a low-maintenance pet. He did not scratch the furniture, keep the neighbors awake, or require daily exercise. He was gentle—except for the time he tried to swallow Adam's thumb. It was Adam's fault. He made the mistake of lifting Sam out of his cage immediately after handling a friend's pet hamster. Sam's brain was about as big as an aspirin tablet, and he could not tell the difference between a rodent and a human hand. He just smelled meat.

The accusation that the Herzog family was feeding kittens to snakes came a few weeks later when we were back home in the mountains of western North Carolina. I had no idea how the rumor got started, but the charge, of course, was ridiculous. While boa constrictors are equal-opportunity eaters when it comes to small mammals, Sam was only eighteen inches long and could barely swallow a mouse.

Over the next couple of days, however, several questions kept nagging me. My accuser had inadvertently forced me to confront questions I had never really considered about the moral burdens of bringing animals into our lives. Snakes don't eat carrots and asparagus. Given Sam's need for meat, was it ethical for my son to keep a boa constrictor for a pet? Is having a pet that gets its daily ration of meat from a can of cat food morally preferable to living with a snake? And are there circumstances in which feeding kittens to boa constrictors might actually be morally acceptable?

The person who started the rumor about me lived with several cats that she allowed to roam the woods around her house. Like many cat lovers, she conveniently ignored the fact that from lions to tabbies, all members of the family *Felidae* eat flesh for a living. Each day the cats of America chow down on a wide array of meat. The pet-food shelves of my local supermarket are piled high with six-ounce tins of cow, sheep, chicken, horse, turkey, and fish. Even dried cat foods are advertised as containing "fresh meat." With about 94 million cats in America, the numbers add up. If each cat consumes just two ounces of meat daily, en masse, they consume nearly 12 million pounds of flesh—the equivalent of 3 million chickens—every single day.

In addition, unlike snakes, cats are recreational killers. It is estimated that a billion small animals a year fall victim to the hunting instincts of our pet cats. Oddly, many cat owners don't seem to care about the devastation their feline friends cause to wildlife. A group of Kansas cat owners were informed of the results of a study on the devastating effects of cats on local songbird populations, and then asked if they would keep their cats indoors. Three-fourths of the respondents said no. In a cruel irony, many cat owners also enjoy feeding birds in their backyards, inadvertently luring legions of hapless towhees and cardinals to their deaths at the claws of the family pet. It is likely that at least ten

times as many furry and feathered creatures are killed each year as a result of our love of cats than are used in biomedical experiments.

So, pet cats cause havoc. What about pet snakes? Well, first, there are a lot fewer of them. In addition, each snake consumes only a fraction of the flesh that a cat does. According to Harry Greene, a Cornell University herpetologist who studies the feeding ecology of tropical snakes, an adult boa living in a Costa Rican rain forest consumes maybe half a dozen rats a year. This means that a medium-size pet boa constrictor needs less than five pounds of meat a year to stay in good condition. A pet cat requires far more flesh. At two ounces a day, the average cat would consume about fifty pounds of meat in the course of a year. Objectively, the moral burden of enjoying the company of a cat is ten times higher than that of living with a pet snake.

In addition, about 2 million unwanted cats, many of them kittens, are euthanized in animal “shelters” in the United States each year. Presently, their bodies are cremated. Wouldn’t it make more sense to make these carcasses available to snake fanciers? After all, these cats are going to die anyway and fewer mice and rats would be sacrificed to satisfy the dietary needs of the pythons and king snakes living in American homes. Seems like a win-win, right?

Yikes...I had inadvertently painted myself into a logical corner in which feeding the bodies of kittens to boa constrictors was not only permissible but morally preferable to feeding them rodents. But while the logical part of my brain may have concluded that there was not much difference between raising snakes on a diet of rats or a diet of kittens, the emotional part of me was not buying the argument at all. I found the idea of feeding the bodies of cats to snakes revolting, and had no intention of hitting up the animal shelter for kitten carcasses.

THE PARADOXES OF PET-KEEPING

The boa constrictor incident got me thinking about other instances of morally problematic interactions between people and animals that I had encountered. For instance, my graduate school friend Ron Neibor studied how the brain reorganizes itself after injury. Cats, unfortunately, were the best model for the neural mechanisms he was studying. He employed a standard neuroscience technique: He surgically destroyed specific parts of the animals’ brains to observe how their abilities recovered over the succeeding weeks and months. The problem was that Ron liked his cats. His study lasted a year, during which time he became attached to the two dozen animals in his lab. On weekends, he would drive to the lab, release his cats from their cages and play with them on the floor of the animal colony. They had become pets.

His experimental protocol required that he confirm the location of the neurological lesions in the animals in the experimental group by examining their brain tissue. Part of this procedure, technically referred to as perfusion, is grizzly. Each animal is injected with a lethal dose of anesthetic. Then, formalin is pumped through its veins to harden the brain, and the animal’s head is severed from the body. Pliers are used to chip away the skull so the brain can be extracted intact and sliced into thin sections for microscopic analysis.

It took Ron several weeks to perfuse all the cats. His personality changed. A naturally cheerful and warm-hearted person, he became tense, withdrawn, shaky. Several graduate students in his lab became concerned and offered to perfuse his cats for him. Ron refused, unwilling to dodge the moral consequences of his research. He did not talk much during the weeks he was “sacrificing” his cats. Killing them took a toll on Ron. Sometimes his eyes were red, and he would look down as we passed in the halls.

These sorts of moral complexities also extend to man’s best friend, the dog. My neighbor Samm

Hensley, a farmer who lived just down the road from us on Sugar Creek in Barnardsville, North Carolina, is an example. His two passions were dogs and raccoon hunting. Coon hunting wasn't really a sport for Sammy; it was a way of life. He didn't eat the raccoons he killed. He skinned them out and nailed their pelts and paws to the side of his barn so his neighbors could track his success during the hunting season. (It was while helping him skin a coon that I learned that raccoons—and most mammals—have a bone in their penis; humans are one of the exceptions.) I once accused him of nailing the skins up just to irritate my wife, Mary Jean, who once had a pet raccoon and is nuts about them. But it really wasn't about that. It was just the North Carolina mountain way.

There were two kinds of dogs in Sammy's life—pet dogs and coon hounds—and they led very different lives. He kept four or five hounds at a time, a couple of experienced hunters and a pup or two in training. I loved the names of the breeds: treeing walkers, Plott hounds, blueticks, redbones. Lanky animals with deep voices, languid eyes, oily coats, and the pungent smell hounds have, they usually looked lethargic. That's because they lived most of their lives lying in the dirt, tethered to dog house by eight-foot chains. But they came alive during hunting season, when they got to tear through the rhododendron thickets in the middle of the night, baying, nose to the ground. You could hear them baying all through the cove.

Sammy loved his hounds. He could tell their voices apart; he knew by the tenor of their yips and yells when they had treed the coon (good) or when they were on a possum's trail (not good). He worried when they got lost and didn't come home in the morning. But they were working dogs, not pets. If a dog couldn't do its job, he would sell it or swap it for a new one.

But Sammy and his wife, Betty Sue, also had pet dogs. While the hounds never saw the inside of the house, the pet dogs—smallish animals like Boston terriers—had the run of the place. Unlike the hounds, these dogs were part of the family. They were petted and played with and allowed to beg for food at the dinner table. One afternoon, when Sammy was mowing hay on a steep section of hillside pasture, his tractor flipped over, killing him. After Sammy died, Betty Sue didn't keep the hounds long, but their little terrier helped her get through the tough times more than anything else. In the Hensley home, the hounds and the pet dogs might as well have been different species.

Most of the dogs living in American homes are simply companions, but our attitudes toward them can be as convoluted as Sammy's relationships with the two categories of dogs in his life. Over half of dog owners think of their pets as family members. A report by the American Animal Hospital Association found that 40% of the women they surveyed said they got more affection from their dogs than from their husbands or children. Yet there is a dark side to our interactions with dogs. One in ten American adults is afraid of dogs, and dogs are second only to late-night noise as a source of conflict between neighbors. (My friend Ross had to sell his house and move because his neighbor's barking dogs turned his life into a nightmare.) In a typical year, 4.5 million Americans are bitten by dogs, and two dozen people, mostly children, are killed by them.

From a dog's eye view, the human-pet relationship isn't always rosy either. Between 2 million and 3 million unwanted dogs are euthanized in animal shelters each year. Then there are the horrendous genetic problems we have inflicted upon dogs in our attempts to breed the perfect pet. Take, for example, the English bulldog, a breed that dog behavior expert James Serpell refers to as a canine train wreck. Bulldogs have such monstrous heads that 90% of bulldog puppies have to be delivered by cesarean section. Their distorted snouts and deformed nasal passages make breathing a chore, even during sleep, and they suffer from joint diseases, chronic dental problems, deafness, and host of dermatological conditions caused by their wrinkly skin. To add insult to injury, English bulldogs also easily overheat and have a tendency to slobber, snore, fart, and suddenly drop dead from cardiac arrest.

Things are worse for dogs in Korea, where a puppy can be a pet or an item on the menu. Meat

dogs, which are typically short-haired, largish animals that look disconcertingly like Old Yeller, are raised in horrific conditions before they are slaughtered, usually by electrocution.

We usually ignore these contradictions but as a psychologist, they began to fascinate me.

FROM THE BEHAVIOR OF ANIMALS TO THE BEHAVIOR OF ANIMAL PEOPLE

In the weeks after I was accused of feeding kittens to boas, I found myself thinking more about the paradoxes associated with our relationships with animals and less about my animal behavior studies. By conventional standards, my research program was a success. I published articles in good journals, received my share of grant funds, and presented my research at scholarly meetings. But it dawned on me that there were plenty of smart young scientists investigating topics like vocalizations in cotton rats, tool use in crows, and the offbeat reproductive habits of spotted hyenas (female hyenas give birth through their penises). On the other hand, there were only a handful of researchers trying to understand the often wacky ways that people relate to other species. Here was an emerging field, one that I could enter on the ground floor and possibly make a contribution to. Within a year, I had closed up my animal lab to concentrate full time on the psychology of human-animal interactions.

Since shifting from studying animal behavior to studying animal people, my research has largely focused on individuals who love animals but who confront moral quandaries in their relationships with them—the veterinary student who tries not to cry when she euthanizes a puppy, the animal rights activist who can't find someone to date because “just going out to eat becomes an ordeal,” the burly circus animal trainer whose life is completely focused on the giant bears he hauls around the country in the dreary confines of an eighteen-wheeler, the grizzled cockfighter who beams when I offer to take a picture of his beloved battle-scarred seven-time winner.

I have attended animal rights protests, serpent-handling church services, and clandestine rooster fights. I have interviewed laboratory animal technicians, big-time professional dog-show handlers, and small-time circus animal trainers. I've watched high school kids dissect their first fetal pigs and helped a farm crew slaughter cattle. I analyzed several thousand Internet messages between biomedical researchers and animal rights activists as they tried—and ultimately failed—to find common ground. My students have studied women hunters, dog rescuers, ex-vegetarians, and people who love pet rats. We have surveyed thousands of people about their attitudes toward rodeos, factory farming, and animal research. We have even pored over hundreds of back issues of sleazy supermarket tabloids for insight into our modern cultural myths about animals. (The original title of our article on tabloid animal stories was “Woman Gives Birth to Litter of Nine Rabbits.” Unfortunately, the editor of the journal to which we submitted the manuscript did not find the title sufficiently scientific and insisted we change it.)

Like most people, I am conflicted about our ethical obligations to animals. The philosopher Strachan Donnelley calls this murky ethical territory “the troubled middle.” Those of us in the troubled middle live in a complex moral universe. I eat meat—but not as much as I used to, and not veal. I oppose testing the toxicity of oven cleaner and eye shadow on animals, but I would sacrifice a lot of mice to find a cure for cancer. And while I find some of the logic of animal liberation philosophers convincing, I also believe that our vastly greater capacity for symbolic language, culture, and ethical judgment puts humans on a different moral plane from that of other animals. We middle-class people see the world in shades of gray rather than in the clear blacks and whites of committed animal activists and their equally vociferous opponents. Some argue that we are fence-sitters, moral wimps. I believe, however, that the troubled middle makes perfect sense because moral quagmires are inevitable in a species with a huge brain and a big heart. They come with the territory.

I wrote *Some We Love, Some We Hate, Some We Eat* for anyone interested in human-animal relationships. As a researcher, I normally write for specialists whose job it is to wade through jargon-laden prose that can quickly make your eyes glaze over. But I am convinced that scientists have an obligation to communicate with the public, people who do not know the difference between an analysis of variance and a factor analysis but who are eager to read about current research findings and the hot controversies in our field. The trick is to inform readers about the latest results in a way that is interesting, but at the same time respect the complexity of the issues and be honest about what we know and what we don't.

Many of the topics in the book are controversial. Researchers disagree, for example, about whether your dog feels guilty when it poops on the living room rug; whether children who abuse animals become violent adults; and about the role that meat eating played in human evolution. The passions of the public run high over animal issues such as whether the ownership of pit bulls should be outlawed, or whether trying to discover a cure for cancer is worth the deaths of millions of mice each year. Some of these debates have become bitterly divisive, with the partisans viewing the issues with passion approaching religious zeal. (For this reason, as is customary in ethnographic research, I have changed the names of some of the participants.)

For the most part, I have tried to approach these issues as objectively as I can. This means, of course, that well-intended and intelligent people on both sides of some of these controversies will sometimes disagree with me. That's fine. To this end, I have included an extensive list of research citations and recommended readings at the end of the book. If you want to delve further into the effects of pets on human health or the psychology of animal activism, I point you to some of the relevant studies. My goal is not to change your mind about how we should treat animals but to encourage you to think more deeply about the psychology and moral implications of some of our most important relationships: our relationships with the non-human creatures in our lives.

Late one afternoon in 1986, I was standing in a hallway of a posh Boston hotel deep in conversation with Andrew Rowan, the director of the Center for Animals and Public Policy at Tufts University. We were at one of the first international conferences on human-animal relationships, and we were discussing the paradoxes that so often crop up in our attitudes toward the use of animals. How can 60% of Americans believe simultaneously that animals have the right to live and that people have the right to eat them?

Andrew looked up at me and said, "The only consistency in the way humans think about animals is inconsistency."

This book is my attempt to explain this paradox.

Anthrozoology

THE NEW SCIENCE OF HUMAN-ANIMAL INTERACTIONS

Our failure to study our relationships with other animals has occurred for many reasons.... Much of it can be boiled down to two rather unattractive human qualities: arrogance and ignorance.

—CLIFTON FLYNN

The thirty-minute drive from the Kansas City airport to the conference hotel was much more interesting than the three-hour flight from North Carolina. I had flown in for the annual meeting of the International Society of Anthrozoology. I found myself sharing a ride with a woman named Layla Esposito, a social psychologist who tells me she recently completed her PhD dissertation on bullying among middle school children. Puzzled, I ask her why she was attending a meeting on the relationships between people and animals. She tells me that she is a program director at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development. She is at the conference to let researchers know about a new federal grant program that will fund research on the effects that animals have on human health and well-being. The money is coming from the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and Mars, the corporate giant that makes Snickers for me and Tempting Tuna Treats for my cat, Tilly. NIH is particularly interested in the impact of pets on children: Is pet therapy an effective treatment for autism? What role does oxytocin (the so-called love hormone) play in our attachment to pets? Are children raised with pets less susceptible to asthma?

“How much money are you giving out?” I ask. Two and a half million dollars a year, she says. “Fantastic! This is just what the field needs,” I say. I am thinking that Layla is going to have a very full dance card for the next couple of days.

WHY OUR RELATIONSHIPS WITH ANIMALS MATTER

While \$2.5 million is paltry compared to the \$6 billion that NIH doles out every year for cancer research, the funds will be a shot in the arm for anthrozoology, a field you have probably never heard of. Anthrozoology is a big tent. It includes the study of nearly all aspects of our interactions with other species. For example, the Kansas City conference included talks on how caring for chronically ill pets affects the quality of lives of their owners; the effect of pet ownership on surviving a heart attack; how children decide whether a strange dog is friendly or dangerous; sex differences in cat behavior (neutered males are more affectionate to humans than are spayed females); and the existence of morality in non-human species.

While animals are important in so many aspects of human life, the study of our interactions with other species has, until recently, been neglected by scientists. Take my field, psychology. For a

hundred years, psychologists have concentrated on uncovering behavioral processes such as motivation, perception, and memory, and have neglected important facets of daily life such as food, religion, and how we spend our leisure time. Our relationships with animals, especially our pets, also fall into the category of things that everyday people care about but psychologists usually don't.

One reason behavioral scientists have shied away from studying human-animal interactions is that for many of them the topic seems trivial. This attitude is wrong-headed. Understanding the psychology underlying our attitudes and behaviors toward other species is important for several reasons. About two out of three Americans live with animals, and many people have deep personal relationships with their pets. In addition, our beliefs about how we should treat other species are changing, and a lot of us are torn over whether animals should be used as subjects in biomedical research, or killed because they taste good. The debate over the moral status of animals has become such a divisive social issue that FBI officials have called radical animal rights activism America's greatest domestic terrorism threat. Finally, people are fascinated by anthrozoological research. When I tell someone that I study human-animal interactions, almost inevitably they begin to tell me stories about their wacky dogs or their objections to meat or how their Aunt Sally loves to hunt bears with her Plott hounds.

THINKING LIKE AN ANTHROZOOLOGIST

Anthrozoology transcends normal academic boundaries. Among our numbers are psychologists, veterinarians, animal behaviorists, historians, sociologists, and anthropologists. As in every science, anthrozoologists don't always see eye to eye. We differ in our attitudes toward some of the thorny moral issues that arise in human-animal relationships. We don't even agree on the name of our discipline. (Some prefer to call it human-animal studies.) But, despite these differences, researchers who study our relationships with animals have a lot in common. We all believe that our interactions with other species are an important component of human life and hope that our research might make the lives of animals better.

As academic disciplines go, anthrozoology is a small pond, but in the last two decades we have come a long way. Several journals are devoted to publishing research on human-animal interactions, and the International Society for Anthrozoology holds annual meetings where researchers report their latest findings and argue about whether walking your dog will cause you to lose weight and how long cats have been domesticated. In the United States, courses in human-animal interactions are taught in over 150 colleges and universities, and institutions such as the University of Pennsylvania, Purdue, and the University of Missouri have established anthrozoological research centers.

To get a sense of anthrozoological research, here are a few examples of hot issues in the new science of human-animal interactions. Take, for example, the effectiveness of dolphins as healers, how we select our pets, and the connection between childhood cruelty to animals and adult violence.

DO DOLPHINS MAKE GOOD THERAPISTS?

One of the most important topics in anthrozoology is whether interacting with animals can alleviate human suffering. Animal-assisted therapy (called AAT by anthrozoologists) has been around for decades. The term "pet therapy" was coined in 1964 by Boris Levinson, a child psychiatrist who found that some children who were difficult to work with would open up when they played with his dog, Jingles. The residents in my ninety-two-year-old mother's assisted-living facility perk up when the therapy dogs visit a couple of times a week. I find that spilling my guts to our cat, Tilly, helps me

work out my little problems. (Tilly takes a tough love approach to counseling. When I start to whine, she just sniffs and walks away. I would probably do better with a low-energy golden retriever with watery eyes—a canine version of Dr. Melfi, Tony Soprano's shrink.)

But does riding a horse, playing with a dog, or stroking a cat really cure depression or enhance the communication skills of children with autism? Janell Miner and Brad Lundahl of the University of Utah analyzed the results of forty-nine published studies on the effectiveness of AAT in children, adolescents, adults, and elderly people in settings ranging from doctors' offices to long-term residential care facilities. They found that dogs were the most common animal therapists and that AAT was used most often for individuals with mental health problems rather than physical ailments. In most (but not all) of the studies, the subjects did measurably benefit from interacting with their nonhuman therapists. And, on average, the degree of their improvement was about the same as depressed people get from taking drugs like Prozac.

Dolphin therapy, however, is more controversial than AAT involving dogs or horses. Dolphins used for therapy are, after all, wild animals held in captivity against their will. In addition, many of the claims made about the curative powers of dolphins are over the top: Interacting with dolphins, it alleged, can alleviate Down syndrome, AIDS, chronic back pain, epilepsy, cerebral palsy, autism, learning disorders, and deafness, and can even shrink tumors. Among the presumed healing mechanisms are bioenergy force fields, the high frequency clicks and grunts that dolphins use to communicate with each other, and even the ability to directly alter human brain waves.

Dolphin therapy sounds great. Go swimming, get well. But before you sign up for a couple of weeks in a dolphin tank, you should check out the science behind these claims. Most of them are based on anecdotes, self-reports, or poorly designed experiments conducted by individuals who have a vested interest in the results. Dolphin therapy is particularly attractive to desperate parents who will pay whatever it takes to help their kids with disorders such as autism and Down syndrome. They flock in droves to the more than one hundred therapeutic swim-with-dolphins programs in places like the Florida Keys, Bali, Great Britain, Russia, the Bahamas, Australia, Israel, and Dubai, all of them hoping that, through some unknown force, these creatures with perpetual Mona Lisa smiles will work their magic. Dolphin therapy is expensive. Two weeks at the Curacao Dolphin Therapy and Research Center in the Netherlands Antilles costs roughly 700 bucks for each hour in the water. Is the money well spent? Will their hopes be fulfilled?

Nature does not give up its secrets easily. Scientists have to work hard to get beneath the veil. Just like everyone else, researchers can be duped, particularly when they have a horse in the race. That's why graduate students take courses in research methods and statistics: to learn the tricks of the trade that will help keep them honest. We throw around phrases like "internal and external validity," "placebo control," "random assignment," "single and double blind experiments," and "correlation is not causality." I won't bore you with the details except to say that these conceptual tools help reduce the chances that we will unconsciously tilt the playing field our way.

Good scientists try to be on the lookout for alternative explanations, even if they crush our pet ideas. In 1924, the managers of the Hawthorne Works, a factory outside Chicago, hired a group of psychologists to determine what types of changes in the work environment would make the biggest differences in worker productivity. The psychologists systematically instituted a series of small modifications. First, they increased the lighting on the factory floor, then they made a small change in the pay system. They monkeyed with the work schedule and the length of rest periods. The researchers found that nearly every change they made was followed by a temporary uptick in performance, even when it involved simply undoing a previous change. They concluded that the increases in worker productivity were not due to better lighting or better pay or longer breaks per se. They were just temporary improvements caused by a change in routine.

Could something like the Hawthorne Effect—simply having a new experience—explain the improvements seen in patients undergoing dolphin therapy? Think about it. In addition to hanging out with some of the most appealing creatures on Earth, you travel to beautiful places, spend time floating in tropical seas, and live for a while in a supportive environment where your expectations for success are high.

How can we separate the real effects of interacting with dolphins from all the other neat things that can happen during two weeks at dolphin camp? Fortunately, there are methods to help tease out the actual effects of treatments from those caused by unconscious biases that can creep into our experiments.

In order to take a cold, hard look at whether the benefits of interacting with dolphins are due to more than just temporary feel-good, we need to use a *Consumer Reports*-type approach. What, for example, does the research really show about the effect of ultrahigh-frequency dolphin sounds on handicapped children? A group of German researchers carefully observed sessions in which dolphins interacted with groups of mentally and physically handicapped kids in a dolphin therapy program in the Florida Keys. They found that most of the dolphins ignored the children, and there was not much ultrasonic dolphin talk going on. In fact, the children were exposed to an average of only ten seconds of dolphin ultrasounds during each session, not nearly enough to be beneficial. The researchers concluded that the kids would have been better off playing with dogs.

But what about the dolphins' purported ability to heal through good vibes, a healing smile, and mysterious electric fields? Careful analyses of these claims have been conducted by several researchers. Among them are Lori Marino and Scott Lilienfeld at Emory University. Lori is an animal person. She spends her Saturdays trying to find homes for rescued cats. But her real love is dolphins. She was originally attracted to the unusual anatomy of their brains when she was a graduate student in neuroscience. She has now been studying dolphins for nearly twenty years and was the first scientist to show that they have the ability to recognize themselves in mirrors (a trait shared with humans, apes, elephants, and magpies). Scott is a clinical psychologist who has made a career out of taking on some of psychology's most sacred cows, such as whether those Rorschach inkblots reveal much about your personality (they don't).

Given Lori's expertise with dolphins and Scott's ability to cut through psychobabble, they were the perfect team to assess whether dolphin therapy has a demonstrable effect on troubled bodies and minds. Lori and Scott carefully evaluated the methods of published studies claiming that dolphin therapy is effective for disorders such as depression, dermatitis, mental retardation, autism, and anxiety. They found that every one of them was methodologically flawed: small sample sizes, lack of objective measures of improvement, inadequate control groups, inability to separate the effects of the dolphins from an increased feeling of well-being that comes from doing new things in pleasant environments, and researcher conflicts of interests.

Lori and Scott contend that there is no valid scientific evidence that dolphin therapy is an effective treatment for any of the disorders that its advocates claim. They think it is all pseudoscience. Not content with blowing off dolphin therapy as scientific mumbo jumbo, Lori and Scott want to put the industry out of business. They call it a dangerous fad. I can see the fad part, but why is it dangerous? If you can afford it, why not let kids with too little joy in their lives frolic with Flipper for a couple of weeks? Seems harmless.

Lori doesn't agree. She points out that this "therapy" poses risks for both humans and animals. Dolphins can be aggressive, even to the children they are supposed to be healing. A recent study found that half of over 400 people who worked professionally with marine mammals had suffered traumatic injuries, and participants in dolphin therapy programs have been slapped, bitten, and rammed (the latter resulting in a broken rib and a punctured lung). You can even contract skin diseases from these

animal therapists.

~~Dolphin therapy also raises pesky ethical issues. Clinical psychologists choose to become therapists. Dolphins do not. While most animals used in dolphin therapy programs in the United States are born in captivity, in other countries they are usually captured in the wild, often in massive roundups. Lori says that seven dolphins die for each one that makes it to a cetacean Guantanamo, where it will spend the rest of its life swimming circles in a concrete pool.~~

Do we have the right to capture intelligent animals with complex social lives and sophisticated communication systems and turn them into therapists for autistic children? I suppose the practice might be justified if these animals really did possess special curative powers. But I would need rock-solid evidence that dolphins can transform the isolated autistic child, or that a couple of hours of dolphin play could add fifteen points to the IQ of a girl with Down syndrome, or that dolphin electric fields could jolt the middle-age depressive out of his debilitating funk. But that evidence does not exist.

Dolphin therapy is an unregulated industry that is not certified or approved by any recognized psychological or medical professional organization. In 2007, the British Organizations the Whale and Dolphin Conservation Society and Research Autism called for a ban on all dolphin therapy programs. Even a pioneer in the dolphin therapy movement has joined the cause. Betsy Smith was an anthropologist at Florida International University in the 1970s when she began bringing dolphins and mentally handicapped children together. At first, the results looked good, and she quickly became a proponent of dolphin therapy. Not any more. In a letter released by the Aruba Marine Mammal Foundation, Dr. Smith wrote that “the primary motive of all captive programs is money.” Ouch.

According to my friends who have done it, swimming with dolphins is fun. But marine mammals are not magic bullets. A week of dolphin therapy won't straighten the spine, heal the troubled mind, or prevent epileptic seizures. Save your money; save a dolphin.

DO PEOPLE LOOK LIKE THEIR DOGS?

When people find out I study human-animal relationships, they often tell me, “Oh, you should talk to my friend _____. She is crazy about her _____.” When my sister told me I should talk to Paulette Jacobson, I took her up on it. Paulette lives with a Shih Tzu named Miss Bette Davis (Missy for short) on Bainbridge Island near Seattle. Missy is a rescue dog who was severely neglected by her previous owner. Now she lives a life of luxury that includes home-cooked meals, boat rides on Puget Sound, and a fancy wardrobe. Paulette gets a kick out of dressing Missy up. Missy has a raincoat and sweaters, sunglasses and goggles. Sometimes Paulette and Missy dress alike and ride around Bainbridge on their motor scooter. They make a cute couple. People wave and stop to take their picture. A pet boutique is opening on the island, and Paulette can't wait to see the new lines of doggy fashions they will offer. She adores Missy. Paulette told me, “She is everything I want in a dog.” But Missy is more than a companion for Paulette. “Missy is my alter-ego. I think of her as a fashion accessory.”

Nicole Richie took the idea of her pet being an extension of herself literally when she had hair extensions that matched her own hair color attached to the coat of her dog, Honey Child. That people resemble their dogs is an enduring piece of folk psychology—that's psychology-speak for conventional wisdom. You know the stereotypes—burly bikers with jailhouse tattoos go for pit bulls, leggy fashion models stroll down Park Avenue with pairs of lanky Afghans. But do people really look like their dogs?

University of British Columbia psychologist and dog expert Stanley Coren thought the idea was

not that far-fetched. After all, social psychologists have found that people are attracted to romantic partners who are about as attractive as they are. Why shouldn't picking an animal you want to live with follow the same principle? Coren reasoned that if people were attracted to animals that looked like themselves, women with short haircuts that exposed their ears would prefer breeds with sharp prick ears—huskies and basenjis, for example—while women with long hair would prefer floppy-eared breeds like beagles and springer spaniels.

To test his hypothesis, Coren asked women with different hairstyles to rate pictures of four dog breeds that differed in the shape of their ears. Each of the women rated how they liked each dog's looks, how friendly the dog seemed, how loyal it would be, and how smart it appeared. Just as he predicted, Coren found that women with long hair liked the springer spaniels and beagles better and women with short hair preferred basenjis and huskies. In addition, short-haired women rated the prick-eared dogs friendlier, more loyal, and smarter. Coren argued that people like a certain look. They like it on themselves and on the dogs they are attracted to.

Interesting. However, Coren did not actually prove that people tend to look like *their* dogs. That task was taken on recently by psychologists Michael Roy and Nicholas Christenfeld. While reading from storybooks to his kids one night, Christenfeld noticed that dogs in the books often looked like their owners. He wondered if this were the case in real life. And, if so, why?

The researchers came up with two possible reasons why people might look like their dogs—convergence and selection. The convergence theory is that owner and pet actually grow to look more alike over the years. On the surface, the idea seems nutty. However, there is evidence that couples who have been married for a long time do in fact converge in the way their faces look. Plus, obese people tend to have overweight dogs. If the convergence idea is true, the researchers figured that there should be a relationship between how long people live with their dogs and how much they look like them. The selection theory, in contrast, holds that we unconsciously seek animals that look like us when picking a pet. Roy and Christenfeld predicted that if this idea is correct, there should be more dog-owner similarity in purebreds than in mutts. This is because it is harder to know what a mixed-breed puppy will look like as an adult.

To test these ideas, Roy and Christenfeld hung around dog parks and took pictures of owners and their pets. The researchers then made sets from these photographs consisting of a picture of the owner with his or her dog, and a photo of a different dog. They asked college students to try to match the owner with the right dog. If only random chance were operating, the students should make the right match about 50% of the time. But, if the dogs tended to resemble their owners, the judges should do better than that. The researchers thought that the selection theory was a better explanation of owner-dog appearance matching than convergence. Thus they predicted that matching would occur only in purebreds and that there would not be any relationship between how long people lived with their dogs and how similar dog and owner looked.

The researchers were right on all counts. The students correctly matched owners and their purebred dogs two-thirds of the time. This was a significantly better hit rate than would be expected if they were just randomly guessing. And, just as predicted by the selection theory, the students were not successful at matching owners of mixed breeds with their pets. Finally, as predicted by their selection theory, there was no evidence that people grew to look more like their pets the longer they lived with them.

Like most scientists, I have a skeptical streak. I was not at all convinced when I first read Roy and Christenfeld's article. But I have become a believer. Research groups in Venezuela, Japan, and England subsequently found that people can match pictures of owners and their dogs at better than chance levels. While not everyone resembles their pets, the scientific support for the idea that a lot of people do tend to look like their dogs is surprisingly strong. Go figure.

DO DOG PEOPLE AND CAT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT PERSONALITIES?

My friends Phyllis and Bill have a mixed marriage. She is a cat person; he is not. Phyllis has had cats since she was in college, usually two or three at a time. I once spent a month housesitting for her and agreed to give one of her cats, the foul-tempered Chris, two pills every day, one for epilepsy, the other for depression. It was a daily struggle that I won only part of the time. In recent years, Phyllis has forked out thousands of dollars to veterinarians for patching up Chipper, her gray tabby, who has a penchant for going into full battle with stray tomcats and raccoons.

What does Phyllis like about cats? She claims it's their nicely balanced need for both affection and independence, a mix that she also likes in her husband. She thinks dogs are suck-ups.

Bill, on the other hand, does not particularly like animals. He never has. His parents didn't have pets when he was growing up, and Bill never felt the slightest desire to live with one himself. But then he married Phyllis and he was suddenly living with cats. Over time, his attitudes toward the cats in his home have shifted slightly, from indifference to tolerance. He admits that he enjoys letting one of them lie on his belly at night when he watches the news. But he doesn't feed the cats and he never asks how they are doing when he talks to Phyllis on the phone when he is away. Bill says that if he were living by himself, he would not have a pet at all.

Phyllis is a psychotherapist, a good one. Given her clinical expertise, I asked if she saw a difference between cat people and dog people. I was surprised when she said no, that it was not personality but serendipity that determines the types of pets people fall for. A cute kitten simply shows up in your backyard or you happen to grow up in a family that has dogs or you want an animal companion that will get rid of the mice in your basement.

I am almost certain that you think of yourself as either a dog person or a cat person, probably a dog person. That's because, if asked, most people will instantly put themselves into one of these categories. And according to a recent Gallup poll, 70% of Americans say they are dog people. This aspect of pet demography is paradoxical as there are more cats than dogs in American homes. (Mary Jean and I, by the way, are both dog people, even though we live with a cat.)

But is it true that dog people and cat people have different personalities, or is this yet another piece of common sense that proves to be wrong?

This question was taken on by Sam Gosling, a psychologist at the University of Texas who studies individual differences in people and in animals. His research on human personality (which is described in his fascinating book, *Snoop: What Your Stuff Says About You*) has shown that while some of our personal preferences reveal aspects of our personality traits, others do not. He can, for example, tell a lot about you from knowing what music is loaded on your iPod, how messy your bedroom is, and whether you hang inspirational posters on your office wall. On the other hand, he has found that the contents of your refrigerator say nothing about what you are really like.

But before we can answer the question of dog people versus cat people, a brief lesson in the psychology of personality is in order. Psychologists have been arguing about the nature of human personality for a hundred years. One issue they fight about is how many personality traits there are. While there are a few holdouts, most psychologists agree that we can get a good description of a person's personality by measuring five basic traits. (Technically this is referred to as the Five Factor Model; psychologists usually just call it the Big Five.)

The Big Five traits are:

- Openness Versus Closed to Experience

- Conscientiousness Versus Impulsiveness
 - Extroversion Versus Introversion
 - Agreeableness Versus Antagonism
 - Neuroticism Versus Emotional Stability
-

Sam and an anthrozoologist at Cambridge University named Anthony Podberscek wondered if the personalities of pet owners were different from non-pet owners. They scoured the scientific literature, located dozens of studies comparing the two groups, and found a hodgepodge of results. For every study reporting that pet owners were more extroverted or more emotionally stable or less independent than non-pet owners, there was another one that found no difference between the two groups. They concluded that there was no evidence that pet owners were different from non-pet owners in their basic personalities.

Is this also true of the dog person/cat person dichotomy? Sam maintains an online version of the Big Five Personality Test that thousands of people have taken over the last ten years. (You can take it yourself by going to www.outofservice.com/bigfive.) In 2009, he temporarily added an item in which participants were asked if they considered themselves to be a dog person, a cat person, neither, or both. In a little over a week, 2,088 dog people and 527 cat people had taken the personality test.

Here are the results:

- Dog people are more *extroverted*.
- Dog people are more *agreeable*.
- Dog people are more *conscientious*.
- Cat people are more *neurotic*.
- Cat people are more *open to new experiences*.

So, in this case, folk psychology is right—there is a difference between dog people and cat people, and most of the differences are along the lines that you probably would have predicted. But in science, there is often a catch. In this case, the catch is that the differences in their personality scores were relatively small. (The exception was extroversion, which was in the moderate size range). The bottom line is that whether you call yourself a dog person or a cat person tells us something about your personality—not as much as the contents of your iPod, but more than the state of your refrigerator.

DO CHILDREN WHO ABUSE ANIMALS BECOME VIOLENT ADULTS?

On a recent visit to Manhattan, I spent an afternoon strolling through the Metropolitan Museum of Art looking for paintings depicting human-animal relationships. There were lots of them, but one of the most striking was an oil painting by a sixteenth-century Italian artist named Annibale Carracci aptly titled *Two Children Teasing a Cat*. The painting portrays an innocent-looking young boy and girl and a cat. The boy is holding the cat with his left hand and a large crayfish in his right. He has provoked the crayfish into clamping one of its massive claws onto the cat's ear. That the children are angelically smiling, apparently delighted with their "game," makes the painting especially chilling. What should we make of this wanton cruelty? Is it just a childish prank or an indicator of deep-seated

psychopathology that will someday erupt into far worse violence?

~~The infliction of abject cruelty toward members of other species illustrates how our interactions with animals reflect larger themes in psychology. For example, is animal abuse the result of nature or nurture? Some scientists believe that roots of cruelty lie in our evolutionary history, particularly the fact that our ancestors were likely meat-eating apes that delighted in ripping their prey to pieces. Others, however, argue that human children are naturally kind, and that callousness toward animals is instilled in us by a culture that promotes activities like hunting and eating flesh. Cruelty also offers fodder for those looking for moral inconsistencies in our treatment of animals. What, for instance, is the moral difference between the pleasure that a hunter derives from shooting deer and that a mean child gets from tying a tin can to the tail of a dog?~~

The anthropologist Margaret Mead wrote that “one of the most dangerous things that can happen to a child is to kill or torture an animal and get away with it.” She was echoing a theme that has been knocking around for hundreds of years. John Locke and Immanuel Kant connected animal cruelty and human-directed violence. In fact, Kant thought that the only reason we should be nice to animals is that animal cruelty leads to human-directed brutality. Some anthrozoologists are convinced that animal abuse in children is often the first step on a path that leads to adult criminality. Others, however, are not so sure.

One of the first systematic studies associating animal cruelty and criminality was conducted by Alan Felthous, a psychiatrist, and Stephen Kellert, a leader in the study of human-animal interactions. They interviewed groups of aggressive criminals, nonaggressive criminals, and noncriminals. The highly aggressive criminals were much more likely to repeatedly abuse animals than men in the other groups. And their level of violence was different. They cooked live cats in microwave ovens, drowned dogs, and tortured frogs.

In the wake of this and similar studies, I have taken to asking my friends if they ever abused animals when they were children. It was an eye-opener. For example, my buddy Fred, a builder, confessed that he and his childhood pals blew up frogs with firecrackers. When he was five, Henry’s mom bought him a little brown puppy with floppy ears. One day Henry and his friends decided to play catch with the puppy by tossing it back and forth over a picket fence. The dog banged into the pickets over and over. The pup died a couple of days later. Henry told me that just thinking about it now makes him want to cry. When I asked Linda if she had participated in animal cruelty as a child, she got very quiet and suddenly serious. She said yes but that she just could not talk about it. Ian was the least of the offenders. All he did was fry ants with a magnifying glass.

I was surprised that so many people I knew admitted to abusing animals when they were little. Yet none of them turned to the dark side—no felons, wife-beaters, or serial killers among them. Neither did Charles Darwin, who wrote in his autobiography that, as a boy “I beat a puppy, I believe simply from enjoying the power.” (However, Darwin then wrote, “This act lay heavily on my conscience as shown by my remembering the exact spot where the crime was committed.”)

I plead guilty, too. When I was growing up in Florida, my friends and I used land crabs and toads for target practice with our Daisy Red Ryder BB guns. One morning, BB gun in hand, I saw a songbird sitting on a limb. I figured, why not take a shot at it? I was sure I would miss. And, after all, a BB wouldn’t do much damage. I was wrong. A puff of air, and the bird silently dropped to the ground, dead. I was horrified. There was a huge gulf between an ugly land crab and a lively bird perched in a tree. It was the last animal I ever shot.

The idea that there is a strong link between childhood animal cruelty and violence directed toward people is so well established that the term “The Link” is now a registered trademark owned by the American Humane Association. Public presentations by Link advocates often begin with tales of tragedy. First, the serial killers: Albert DeSalvo (the Boston Strangler), Jeffrey Dahmer, Lee Boyd

sample content of Some We Love, Some We Hate, Some We Eat: Why It's So Hard to Think Straight About Animals (P.S.)

- [The World According to Itzik: Selected Poetry and Prose \(New Yiddish Library\) for free](#)
- [read online The Black Prince](#)
- [click White: Essays on Race and Culture](#)
- [Unspoken pdf, azw \(kindle\), epub, doc, mobi](#)

- <http://tuscalaural.com/library/The-FastDiet--Lose-Weight--Stay-Healthy--and-Live-Longer-with-the-Simple-Secret-of-Intermittent-Fasting--Revise>
- <http://redbuffalodesign.com/ebooks/The-Sins-of-the-Wolf--William-Monk--Book-5-.pdf>
- <http://test1.batsinbelfries.com/ebooks/White--Essays-on-Race-and-Culture.pdf>
- <http://omarnajmi.com/library/Top-50-Most-Delicious-Parfait-Recipes--Recipe-Top-50s-Book-119-.pdf>