

# Animal Farm

an Epilogue by  
Marco Bene

A great deal of time has passed since the dissolution of Manor Farm. All of the animals who dwelled within – those who actively partook in the uprising, those who called it Animal Farm, or those who adhered to the principles laid down by the animalism of Old Major – have long since departed. Their principles, however, have endured.

Across the agricultural expanse, every animal is familiar with the tale of a farm that stood defiant, vehemently fighting human oppression. Etched within the collective memory of every being – be they feral or domesticated, human or non-human – is the haunting spectre of those pioneering creatures that, for a short while, seized control of the means of production.

Yet, the prevailing consensus among historians, including the neo-Majorists (whether of the animal or human realm), is that the practical implementation of animalism failed abysmally. Everyone is well-versed in the chronicles, brutality and conditions to which most of the animals fell prey under the sway of the porcine nomenklatura.

Since the animatroika, a phase of zoalist restructuring that ushered in policies of reconciliation between humans and animals, and between pigs and wild creatures, Manor Farm and its satellites have adopted a therocratic approach (from Ancient Greek *Θηρόκρατία*, *therokratía*, meaning “beasts”, *thero* and “rule”, *kratos*). Thenceforth, periodic elections have been held to choose a popular representative and, despite the fact that pigs or humans are almost always elected, the common populace believes fervently in therocracy.



As of today, only a few neo-Majorist purists persist in speaking of rebellion, and hardly any animal recalls the commandments scribed during the initial Animal Farm regime (before surreptitious edits and alterations by the pig ruling class). Yet, those who do remember deem them antiquated. The world has undeniably changed.

If, in the first phase, it was decreed that “whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy”, in this day and age many animals have acclimatised to it – either by practice, by birth or, in several cases, by the natural loss of front or hind legs.

If “whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings” was once deemed “a friend”, these days interspecies relationships, even with two-legged humans, chimaeras and hybrids, are commonplace.

A sad example of a two-legged animal is the struthioquine, the crossbreed of a horse and an ostrich, which often endures derision for its diminished utility. These pitiful hybrids lack both the robust strength and load-bearing capacity of a packhorse and the impressive stamina of a swift ostrich (along with its famed head-burying ability). And, adding to their woes, the eggs they lay are no more the once-prized delicacy, now yielding a strange, viscous goo akin to a dairy-like foam. Despite this, some resourcefully ferment them to create a potent moonshine spirit known as horsich yolk milk.

Anyhow, if it was once written that “no animal shall wear clothes”, at present there are countless fashion brands for animals, humans and even therianthropes.

Most chihuahuas sport cardigans, dogs don mackintoshes on cloudy days, pigs flaunt corduroy trousers and refined Scottish animal families perpetually parade their tartan patterns.

If it was set in stone that “no animal shall sleep in a bed”, today viscoelastic mattresses for mammals and water mattresses for amphibians are in vogue. There also exist department stores where every animal is presented with the choice of a variety of animal-inspired bedroom styles like Skogsfowl, Lynxäng and Ormstool, among other animal-designed chambers. And numerous animal accommodation companies, including Dogbnb, Nest Inc., and the like, offer bedding.

If the original edicts stated that “no animal shall drink alcohol”, nowadays everyone imbibes. No farm seems immune to groups of animal tourists masquerading as different creatures and revelling in excessive inebriation under the guise of a stag party.

If the dictum “no animal shall kill any other animal” once held sway, at this point in time both animals and humans kill each other and one another indiscriminately, but discriminatorily too.

Last but not least, the once-cherished belief that “all animals are equal” has faded into obsolescence. Humans perceive themselves as wiser than animals, pigs believe they outsmart other domestic creatures, domestic animals regard themselves as superior to their wild counterparts and an aversion to insects unites them all.



Following the fall of the Manor Farm Fence, nearly all farms are bestialist, in spite of varying degrees of intervention by each farm's central government. It's every beast for itself, humans included, of course.

On farms run by more zoalist parties, they pride themselves, among other things, on a purportedly "free" health and veterinary system, funded by taxes imposed on every animal. Bees contribute a portion of their honey; roosters, often in the service of wealthier beings, ply their trade as living alarm clocks; and humans utilise their opposable thumbs to craft various items for sale. Likewise, cows retail their milk, chickens market their eggs, a variety of ride-hailing services rely on equids, llamas and camels for transportation, and most food delivery companies engage avian contractors. Across the board, and in the majority of instances, a portion of the revenue returns to the farm's local treasury.

Yet, oddly, the grander the beastly conglomerate, the lower the remuneration of the creatures it employs, the bleaker their working circumstances and the smaller the tributes that the clawporate ventures, creaturcorps and pawnerships are required to pay.

Partly, this is due to so-called dachshund tactics involving the exploitation of the disparity in tax rates prevailing between neighbouring farms, the shrewd use of tax breaks and incentives, the use of offshore ranches and other comparable stratagems.

Regardless, in a therocratic world where the chains of direct enslavement have been loosened from the animal kingdom, a whispering discourse is now growing amongst the champions of florafauna rights. These advocates, who stand for the voiceless zoophytes, plants and vegetables, have cast light upon a form of lingering discrimination, questioning the very boundaries of sentience.

They challenge the rapacious extraction of natural resources, in a world that is out of joint, teetering on the brink of imbalance and hurtling towards a dire end – an epoch now ominously termed the Anthropotherocene.

This concern has become more pronounced in our age, an era where farms of every conceivable nature dot the landscape and animal legislation struggles to keep apace. From sprawling macro farms to minuscule quasi-quantic acreages, the variety is staggering – genetic ranches, embryonic farms, zoonotic estates, pharmazoological plantations, hydroponic croplands, adamic homesteads, zoolatry and secular orchards, etc.

Amidst this multitude, the majority lean heavily on the vegetal kingdom, a silent sustenance for these diverse agricultural realms.

Lately, a notable shift towards eco-friendly energy sources has been observed, yet this transition is not without its own set of complexities. The emergence of estates solely dedicated to harnessing the sun's power – so-called solar farms – is booming.

These state-of-the-art bastions of light enable other agricultural ventures to bathe their meadows and crops, operating around the clock in unending artificial daylight. Ceaseless illumination, in turn, disrupts the natural circadian rhythms of flora. Amid the constant photic zeitgebers, these holistic plants mature at an unrestrained, perilously rapid pace, engulfing river borders and hedges, threatening all of God's creation.

Adjacent to the emporium of solar farms, peculiar phenomena have been observed: the renowned alarm clock roosters, once the heralds of dawn, are reportedly crowing at all times, consequently losing their call and, ergo, their livelihood, whilst neighbouring sunflower fields – those colourful and vigilant trackers of the celestial body – wither away bewildered.

Despite these and other advancements, there is a stark paucity of research into the effects of solar energies or the potential sentience of these rapidly growing plants, while a plethora of studies, largely funded by the burgeoning cattle industry and its interests, assert the improbability of plant awareness.

This same industry, on numerous farms, has adopted a novel approach: by animal consensus, they have embarked on a genetic crusade. A modified version of the Transmissible Spongiform Encephalopathies (TSEs) disease has increased the physical size of “citizen cows” to four times their natural volume.

In this new paradigm, these so-called “flat-cows”, transformed into titans of dairy production, find themselves at the centre of a lucrative corporate enterprise. Their amplified yields are eagerly sought

by companies like Trotters and Co., catering to a diverse animal clientele.

Extra creamy full-fat milk is now a staple of the diets of many creatures; yoghurt, kefir and quark are revered by cats and deer; pigs bathe in butter; and cheese fondue is the delicacy of choice for mice, rats and other rodents. All of these products have become ubiquitous.

Nevertheless, by virtue of their immense size, the titancows also require vast quantities of fodder. And what could be more fitting than grass which grows ceaselessly, both day and night, to sustain such colossal beings?

Amidst this backdrop of agricultural innovation, there have, however, been glimpses of advocacy regarding the detrimental impacts of circadian disruptions on vegetables.

This surge is largely attributed to the incidents widely known among animavists as the “Cucurbita Genocides.” The most infamous of these took place at the Wondrous Pumpkin Farm, an amusement park devoted to educating humans on the virtuous benefits of squash in regulating bowel movements.

On this secluded estate, managed by a consortium of owls, an albino hare and a struthioquine, a staggering harvest of pumpkins of every variety was achieved. This was made possible by using the aforementioned artificial sunlight technique. The mutant vegetables produced by this labour would then be exhibited at renowned beastivals, such as the famed Burning Goat and others.

As later unearthed, the true motive behind this intense



pumpkin fever was to extract a specific fluid from its seeds. When blended with tarragon and mustard, this concoction turns into a powerful self-love hallucinogen. Dubbed “mostardine”, it rapidly became the substance of choice for a wide array of revellers, both party animals and humans alike, who flocked to such super-duper parties.



Though in some quarters bestialism is zealously proclaimed as the supreme system, in others, in acknowledgment of its flaws, it is regarded as the lesser evil. All the while, dissenters remain. Learned voices from the animal liberation movements point out a persistent problem: the inextricable linkage of bestialism with the notion of animal freedom, as if they were synonymous.

Veteran anti-speciesists frequently decry this imbroglio, attributing it to what they once called “acute fish memory” (a term that has fallen out of use for its insensitivity towards pelagic collectives). Still, they hold that animal liberation is not a recent development, citing, among other things, ancient animal societies dating back to prehistoric times where every creature stood on an equal footing.

Cave paintings, they argue, were not just man-made but often declarations of animal sovereignty. Evidence has shown, they say, that in cavernous galleries dating back more than 30,000 years, bison, lions and rhinoceroses (among others) proclaimed their dominion through self-portraiture. Some even go as far as to posit that prehistoric structures, such as sarsen standing stones and menhirs, might not be mere ancient human monuments but, rather, spacecrafts crafted by Stone Age animals.

Furthermore, they disclose that ancient Greek philosophy was not solely the domain of men. Diogenes the Cynic, for example, was not, as said in the past, a man who lived like a dog but a real canis – to be

precise, a coyote of thoughtful guile, a truth that ought to have been apparent, considering the word “cynic”, with its roots in the Greek *kynikos*, literally means “resembling a dog”. Meanwhile, in the field of music, it’s now acknowledged that Mozart was indeed a wolverine. On the evenings of his metamorphosis, it’s believed that he roamed, marking his territory, in an instinctual echo of his wilder side.

In the midst of these discussions, certain adherents of varied bestialist beliefs look back wistfully to the era under Jones – the steward of Manor Farm prior to the rebellion – and a time they most likely never lived through but nevertheless perceive as simpler and more stable. Or, employing *Reductio ad Jonesum*, they contend that since Jones refrained from meat and treated animals kindly in his later years, any anti-speciesist, neo-Majorist, animalist and so forth that advocates for alternatives to savage bestialism or neo-bestial populism is, by default, a Jonesist. These arguments are hardly peanuts, considering how Jones, with the endorsement of contemporary philosophers, passionately declared that animals were *weltarm*, or “world-poor”, in comparison to humans.

A diverse assembly of critical zoologists – encompassing animals, humans, hybrids and therianthropes from the Forest School – believe that the stark polarisation witnessed in recent decades between bestialists and zoalists, neo-Majorists and similar ideologies originates from the propagandistic endeavours prevalent during the Hoof War, a conflict that saw the Manor Union and its Animal Bloc allies pitted against the Anthroppo Bloc.

From Zoanovism, animal realism and the so-called “engineers of the animal soul” (with their zoopoetics) to the anthroppo-arts (fur-brush techniques and use of sonic instruments employing only animal-audible frequencies – the so-called “ghost cassettes”) a cultural skirmish raged.

This battle, originating from farms on either side of the Manor Fence, clouded the waters of comprehension, masterfully entangling both liberty and bestialism. As a result, for most beings today it’s impossible to disentangle Old Major’s vision of animalism from the harsh swine-inspired cruelty experienced in the Manor Union and the Animal Bloc.

Therefore, it seems only rational to them to conclude that if humans and pigs continue to dominate the political and economic spheres, it is primarily a testament to their own virtues and merits and not a direct result of lineage, big-farm inheritances or birthright.

As previously stated, it’s every beast for itself, humans (and pigs) included, and perhaps most notably so.

Indeed, “all animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others.”

It's not entirely a tale of woe, though. To an extent, fuelled by the competitive fervour of the Hoof War, certain fields flourished. Zootechnics, for instance, advanced in leaps and bounds. In fact, the progress was so rapid and encompassing that few can recall the days when critter communication networks (like Snoutbook and Birdcall) were not an integral part of daily life.

In any case, the war and the concurrent space race also sparked something more profound: dreams of a new zootechnical society. The excitement was universal (with the exception of humans, obviously), partly because no animal was immune to the thrill of witnessing their own kind reach space before people.

Be they comrades or foes, the famous fruit-space-flies caused an uproar. Laika, prior to boarding Sputnik 2, received an unending number of homing pigeons delivering love barks and paw-signed prints. Belka and Strelka were more popular than Darwin. Ham, the chimpanzee, was the idol of every teen. And then there was Félicette – even the mice adored her. Ducks, usually preoccupied with their own plight, would momentarily set aside their fear of *foie grascide*, so captivated were they by the tale of the cat's 15-minute voyage.

During those lofty years, each creature harboured dreams of a luminous tomorrow. They imagined a haven, much like a farm, where humans and animals coexisted in serene harmony, supporting and enriching each other. In short, they dreamed of what the famous Sir Thomas, the Mole, used to call a fauntopia.

In this idyllic setting, the yield of their shared toil was effortlessly produced by a myriad of machines and farming tools, emblematic of a new age of symbiotic living and technological progress. The bucolic farms would be like pictorial landscapes, still lifes, and there would be no place for haste. Leopards would trot alongside hares and squadrons of ducks would fly slowly, as if waltzing, over pretty riverbanks.

Yet, lost in the mists of time (and now scarcely remembered), similar aspirations had also once stirred in all creatures of, what was then, Animal Farm, visions planted by a pig named Snowball, who, it was later revealed, escaped to a Mexican *hacienda*, eluding persecution by the pig power elite.

His discourse, now only remembered by a handful of long-lived and well-read animals – elephants, lobsters, turtles – spoke of grand machinery: windmills, dynamos, circular saws, chaff-cutters, mangel-slicers, the marvel of electric milking machines, and an unlimited sun shining on all creatures.

As is often the case, neither Sir Mole's fauntopia nor the visions kindled by the aforementioned pig tend to materialise as one might envision. Zootechnical progress is, as the serpents wisely discern, a *pharmakon* – that double-edged sword of a remedy in moderation but a poison in abundance.

# VIII

“We’ll always have Sugarcandy Mountain,” some animals muse, while others hum to the strain of *Beasts of England*, an anthem steeped in history. Its endurance is a mystery.

**Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland  
Beasts of every land and clime  
Hearken to my joyful tidings  
Of the golden future time**

**Soon or late the day is coming  
Tyrant Man shall be overthrown  
And the fruitful fields of England  
Shall be trod by beasts alone**

**Rings shall vanish from our noses  
And the harness from our back  
Bit and spur shall rust forever  
Cruel whips no more shall crack**

**Riches more than mind can picture  
Wheat and barley, oats and hay  
Clover, beans, and mangel-wurzels  
Shall be ours upon that day**

**Bright will shine the fields of England  
Purer shall its waters be  
Sweeter yet shall blow its breezes  
On the day that sets us free**



**For that day we all must labour  
Though we die before it break  
Cows and horses, geese and turkeys  
All must toil for freedom's sake**

**Beasts of England, beasts of Ireland  
Beasts of every land and clime  
Hearken well and spread my tidings  
Of the golden future time**

Anthem in  
*Animal Farm: A Fairy Story*  
by George Orwell



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The artist would like to dedicate this exhibition to Ana Margarida Monteiro, but not to her descendants.

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As the very fortunate designers with whom João Maria Gusmão, Marco Bene and Natxo Checa chose to work with on this project... We would like to add a few more lines of text regarding some of the mixed feelings you may or may not be getting from our design choices. This Orwellian paragon has been typeset in Schticks Text an open source font probably based on Times New Roman (if the world ends today be sure that TNR will survive) it has a wider weight range and should be used with the STIX Two typeface, this beautiful typeface is free to be used for the common good of disseminating science and reason. If you wish to know more, you can look it up on Wikipedia. The title *Animal Farm* is set in a typeface called Dark Angel designed by Michael Doret. We picked it out because João Maria fancied this exhibition title to be styled like a Death Metal band logo, Doret is a type designer specialized in designing Baseball logos and as we do not understand this game, Death Metal music, or even their unreadable logos, we thought this would be a good choice. A few extra *schticks* were also added to bridge these universes, this could pose an authorial problem... A famous typographer once compared fonts to insect species he was trying to understand why there are so many different fonts burgeoning in the world. This idea is truly haunting to us and as post-anti-specists and moderate animalists (of the insectist phallanx) ourselves we are fascinated and at the same time enthralled by this entomological commodity. We are not envious of type designers, even if most of them do drive better cars than us. JMG is very sensible of the deontological dilemmas that we face, and we are thankful... but... insectism without class struggle is just... arthropod parlouring.



