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Thirty years after Orwell The animal potential movement.

Manor Farm did not long remain in its decadent state. The owner of nearby Nazeby Farm, seeing the condition of Manor Farm's whiskey-sodden rulers, plotted to take over their land by force. Once alerted to the emergency, the pigs got down on their four legs and joined with all the animals to oppose the Nazeby tyrant. Everyone feared him: he had got his own animals whipped into a frenzy of enthusiasm for him; at the rallies he held they glorified their brute strength and aggressiveness and youth, and believed in him when he made them hate all the animals in the farms around. They victimised the weak animals and the intellectual animals amongst them, tormented and scapegoated them, throwing them out. Some found refuge in Manor Farm. When the inevitable battle came, all the animals there fought together and the divisions that had once existed were forgotten. They began to call it Animal Farm again. The tyrant of Nazeby was destroyed and his regime dissolved. After the terrible destructions in both farms there was peace and, in time, prosperity. But a great fear remained with the animals that perhaps none of the problems had been solved and all the inequality and hatred and violence might come back.

Some animals got together and founded a Movement for Animal Potential. They believed that animals could really develop themselves fully and joyously as individuals and in relationship to one another. If they allowed themselves to grow - according to the ideas of Animalistic Psychology - and if their influence spread, there was some hope for animalkind, and the cycle of suffering might end. **LET US FIND ANOTHER WAY THAN INEQUALITY AND HATRED AND VIOLENCE** their posters declared. They formed groups and learned a good deal about themselves and the way many of their misfortunes had come about. They felt and behaved freely as never before: they loved and were happy and creative: they were courageous in facing the pain and badness inside themselves. They believed in respecting each other's feelings, and saw in their groups that far more was possible in animal relationships than anyone had ever dreamed.

But they didn't make much headway with any of the other animals on the farm. They were just about tolerated and allowed to continue their unconventional activities, but the bulk of the other animals were unaffected: they carried on in the old manner, restricted, fearful, stressful, nervous, addictive, anti-social at their worst, and ignored what was being discovered. The Farm's animal leaders were insistent: "You have to conform to *our* system of work and rewards. Obey rules. We won't feed you for what you're doing. Creativity and freedom won't feed anyone. You've no idea of the realities: you're so busy 'growing'."

The animals in the AP Movement responded sagely "All animals are growing". Most of them sighed and acquiesced. They could get by on a little less food

if need be, they decided. But some of the pigs in the movement became restless. They looked at the leading Farm animals with mean hatred, especially when they saw them drinking whiskey.

And as time went by strange things began to happen. One or two pigs took over big barns and encouraged bigger and bigger groups to form. They sealed the doors and put **KEEP OUT** notices on them. The animals in their groups willingly gave large amounts of their food to these pig leaders and listened avidly to the powerful voices they'd developed with bioenergetic exercises.

"Only here in this locked barn", the leaders said, "Can you be truly free." Here the animals could do what they wanted without rules and restrictions, and prove to the world outside that they weren't to be controlled. They took down the posters about finding another way than inequality, hatred and violence and put up ones reading **ALL ANIMALS ARE GROWING BUT SOME ARE MORE GROWING THAN OTHERS**. The meetings grew bigger as more and more animals came to hear these leaders and follow their methods. Some of them were frightened by the large noisy groups and protested. "We know what is best for you" said the leaders. "We know your true potential. Just let yourself fully experience your fear." And they decreed periods of silent meditation in which everyone lost contact with reality.

The group animals were in a frenzy of enthusiasm. Increasingly they glorified their body strength and aggressiveness and youth and believed in the pig leaders when they made them hate the animals in the farm outside. They victimised the weak animals and the intellectual animals amongst them, tormented and scapegoated them, throwing them out of the barns. . . .

A day came when a poster appeared on one barn door reading **INEQUALITY HATRED AND VIOLENCE ARE INESCAPABLE TRUTHS**.

Just passing at that moment was a ewe with her new lamb who'd strayed from the flock: she was taking it back home. She saw the notice and trembled. She thought it must have been put up by one of the young terrorist pigs, descendants of the Nazeby farm pigs, who were now hi-jacking cartloads of sheep and threatening to set fire to them, sometimes desperately doing so. She kept her lamb close and hurried back to the flock nearby. They were grazing in a lush green field, bordered by strong old trees. The spring air was fine. The lambs were suckling or gambolling about, stretching their legs. Here she could breathe and feel safe and happy.

Two members of the AP Movement, a horse and a goat, came by and saw the poster. They sat down with their backs to the field and pondered a long time over the situation in the barns.

"I don't like it at all" said the horse. "But what's to be done? It would do the Movement no good to draw too much attention to them. Fortunately the barns are soundproofed; so not too much noise is getting out. I've tried reasoning with the leaders and the members. They won't listen. My voice is too quiet and they shout me down., When they're silent, meditating, I mustn't interrupt."

"Well, I look at it this way", said the goat. "In time those pigs are going to get overfed, and bored with their followers. They'll leave, and go looking for whiskey out here . . . Anyway, it'll get so suffocating in there everyone will have to come out for air."

"If they don't all destroy one another first!" said the horse sombrely.

They got up, looking helplessly at the closed barn doors. Then they turned to look at the field where the sheep were grazing. They headed towards it. Here they could spend hours of true pleasure.

"I sometimes wonder" the horse said, as they munched the grass, "What we've all been struggling so hard for."

"Animal Potential" the goat replied. "Potential? Potency? Power? Tricky." They mingled with the sheep out in the sunlight, or under the trees. They didn't feel as close to the sheep as they felt to their friends in groups. Yet somehow the quiet cropping of these animals, their unpretentious enjoyment, their delight in their lambs, their games, their stupidities, their acceptance of their own nature and of Nature around them, was an undeniable patient strength; and the horse and the goat felt strengthened also.

