PATENTED MOUSE

Those little creatures of fields and homes feeding on berries grain and domestic debris, tasty prey for birds and mammals; those Old World Muridae, tiny passengers to the New World in dark depths of ships laden with food never seen or tasted.

Nerve-wracked bundles of boundless energy named Mus musculus by Carl von Linné who could not know the albino cousins bred by predators in white gowns for laboratory labors on life and death.

The New Mouse, red-eyed whisker-twitching pink-footed naked-tailed neurotic flesh and fiber assembly line robots bloengiered to unlock the mysteries of disease.

Now in the dawning of the New Age, Needles prick naked embryos of the little ones; mouse mammary cancer genes spread within pale pink bodies like liquids flooding a yielding sponge, grow new generations of time bombs for tumors.

To patent or not to patent, the question a faint echo in the great halls where answers roll like thunder drowning a choir of ethical objections to the first government patent, a genetically engineered animal.

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Books Received

Sharon Gottermeyer and David Youngmeyer, eds.
*Behavioural and Political Animal Studies* Bi-annual, 44p
Hamilton, New Zealand: Animal Archives
NZ$8.00

Susan Sperling
217p, bibliography, index
$19.95