**Why I’m so conflicted by zoos**

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They fill us full of wonder and awe. And yet, there’s a wrongness at their heart that we can’t deny

The elephant stared balefully down, its eye as big as my head.

“Well, this is terrifying!” I said.

“It’s fine,” said the zookeeper. “Why are you frightened?”

“I thought it would be smaller,” I said.

“It’s an elephant,” he replied.

“Are you sure?” I said. “It’s the size of a stegosaurus.”

“These are the most docile elephants in the world,” said the keeper. “This is London Zoo. They see crowds of people every day. They’ve had their photo taken with the Queen. There is nothing to be worried about.”

“Fine,” I said, picking up the shovel. That dung wasn’t going to clear itself. We swept the enclosure as the elephant looked on.

Area cleared, I edged over to the giant creature. With a trembling hand, I patted its vast, wrinkled neck. Returning the favour, the elephant prodded me all over with its trunk. I felt oddly flattered.

The keeper smiled and nodded encouragement as I nestled close enough to give the elephant a proper cuddle. “Totally fine!” he mouthed.

The following year, it trampled him to death.

There are no elephants at London Zoo any more. The ones I met were moved, I think, to Whipsnade. I remember seeing a sign saying: “The elephants have moved away” and hoping it wasn’t a euphemism.

I have a complicated relationship with the zoo; maybe everyone does. It’s so wonderful and so sad. [The recent story of the gorilla](http://www.cincinnati.com/story/news/2016/05/28/police-child-taken-hospital-after-falling-into-gorilla-pen/85095094/) that was shot dead at Cincinnati Zoo, after a child fell into the enclosure, has shocked and rattled everyone I know. The widespread horror comes, I think, because we all feel culpable.

Why was there relatively so little coverage of last week’s court case, in which [South Lakes Safari Zoo in Cumbria](https://www.theguardian.com/world/2016/jun/08/cumbria-south-lakes-safari-zoo-pleads-guilty-death-keeper-mauled-tiger-sarah-mcclay) was fined £297,500 for its culpability in the death of a keeper who was fatally mauled by a tiger? Everyone talked about the instance where the human survived and the animal died, but not the other way around.

It must be because we don’t feel responsible for the human’s death, but we do for the animal’s.

I grew up near London Zoo, with which I was obsessed. I would lie in bed at night, thinking about the lions and tigers and wolves that were prowling only a few miles away. (I assumed they were prowling. God knows, when we visited in the daytime, they were always asleep.)

It wasn’t a frightening thought; it was a wondrous thought. What a strange, magical, Victorian idea: a marvellous menagerie in the park! I knew that in the 19th century the zoo had housed a [quagga](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Quagga): a sort of weird zebra, now extinct. I yearned to see one. I dreamed of growing up and becoming a zookeeper.

Sure enough, I *did* grow up and become a zookeeper, albeit only for a day. I was sent in by the *Radio Times*, to promote a documentary.

I remember my idyllic happiness, that morning, as I prepared the ant-eaters’ breakfast. What do you think an anteater has for breakfast? That’s right: porridge. A porridge of fruit, vegetables, honey and mince. The dish was so sophisticated, I was tempted to pop it on a tray with a napkin and a copy of the *Daily Telegraph*.

I fed locusts to [tamarin monkeys](https://animalcorner.co.uk/animals/tamarin-monkeys/) and chopped apples for [naked mole-rats](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Naked_mole-rat). The reason I went to the elephants’ enclosure was to collect dung for the dung beetles.

I remember, at the end of the day, not wanting to put my trousers in the washing machine because they still bore the muddy imprint of the elephant’s inquisitive trunk – like a crazed fan not wanting to wash her face after a kiss from Mick Jagger.

The memories were ruined, of course, by that keeper’s awful death the following year. But “ruined” is not the right word, because awfulness needs to be part of the picture. Keepers die in zoos quite a lot. Only a few months after Jim died, [a keeper was fatally crushed at Chester Zoo by an elephant](https://www.theguardian.com/uk/2002/mar/19/davidward) that had been volatile following a foot injury and was put down immediately after the incident.

There is never much public conversation after a keeper dies. I imagine people think: “Occupational hazard. Live by the sword, die by the sword.”

This may be harsh but we all, even those who love visiting a zoo, feel guilty about their existence. Whatever they do to promote conservation – and I don’t know about Cincinnati, but London Zoo does an enormous amount – we know those animals don’t want to be in cages. We feel the frustration of the big cats, the terrible sadness of our cousins the gorillas.

What deal did we, humanity, make with Harambe from Cincinnati Zoo? He was bred in captivity. He never knew freedom. We stared at him every day of his life. Our fascination incarcerated him in a place where there was a risk that one of our own species might fall in; when that happened, we killed him.

Witnessing that death, we’re like the audience of *Twelfth Night* who laugh at the tricks of Malvolio: we have to take responsibility for the horror because we’ve all enjoyed the fun bit. We all understand the thrill of seeing these beautiful creatures in the flesh. Perhaps the reason we don’t mourn keepers is that keepers represent us, culpable humanity: their deaths can feel like a balancing sacrifice. Not so the gorilla, which had already given enough.

London Zoo is *amazing*. I want to take my child there, so that she can feel the awe and wonder I felt (and feel) myself. I don’t want zoos to stop. But, if they’re going to continue, perhaps every zoo should have a statue of Harambe the gorilla, right in the middle of everything, to remind us of the central wrong that can never be put right.

**Why zoos are good**

The days of the Victorian menagerie are over, but modern zoos are much more than a collection of animals and more important than ever

I am a lifelong fan of good zoos (note the adjective) and have visited dozens of zoos, safari parks and aquaria around the world. I also spent a number of years working as a volunteer keeper at two zoos in the U.K. and my own interests now span to the history of zoological collections and their design, architecture and research so it is probably fair to say I’m firmly in the pro-zoo camp.

However, I am perfectly willing to recognise that there are bad zoos and bad individual exhibits. Not all animals are kept perfectly, much as I wish it were otherwise, and even in the best examples, there is still be room for improvement. But just as the fact that some police are corrupt does not mean we should not have people to enforce the law, although bad zoos or exhibits persist does not mean they are not worthwhile institutes. It merely means we need to pay more attention to the bad and improve them or close them. In either case, zoos (at least in the U.K. and most of the western world) are generally a poor target for criticism in terms of animal welfare – they have to keep the public onside or go bust and they have to stand up to rigorous inspections or be closed down. While a bad collection should not be ignored, if you are worried the care and treatment of animals in captivity I can point to a great many farms, breeders, dealers and private owners who are in far greater need or inspection, improvement or both.

If you are against animals in captivity full stop then there is perhaps little scope for discussion, but even so I’d maintain that some of the following arguments (not least the threat of extinction) can outweigh arguments against captivity. Moreover, I don’t think anyone would consider putting down a 10000 km long fence around the Masai Mara to really be captivity, even if it restricts the movement of animals across that barrier. But at what point does that become captivity? A 10000 m fence? 1000 m fence? What if veterinary care is provided or extra food as in many reserves or as part of conservation projects?

What I would state with absolute confidence is that for many species (but no, not all) it is perfectly possible to keep them in a zoo or wildlife park and for them to have a quality of life as high or higher than in the wild. Their movement might be restricted (but not necessarily by that much) but they will not suffer from the threat or stress of predators (and nor will they be killed in a grisly manner or eaten alive) or the irritation and pain of parasites, injuries and illnesses will be treated, they won’t suffer or die of drought or starvation and indeed will get a varied and high-quality diet with all the supplements required. They can be spared bullying or social ostracism or even infanticide by others of their kind, or a lack of a suitable home or environment in which to live. A lot of very nasty things happen to truly ‘wild’ animals that simply don’t happen in good zoos and to cast a life that is ‘free’ as one that is ‘good’ is, I think, an error.

So a good zoo will provide great care and protection to animals in their care. These are good things for the individuals concerned, but what do zoos actually bring to the table for the visitors and the wider world? This is, naturally, what I want to focus on, but it is I hope worth having dealt with the more obvious objections and misapprehensions.

[Conservation](https://www.theguardian.com/environment/conservation) – reservoir and return. It’s not an exaggeration to say that colossal numbers of species are going extinct across the world, and many more are increasingly threatened and risk extinction. Moreover, some of these collapses have been sudden, dramatic and unexpected or were simply discovered very late in the day. Zoos protect against a species going extinct. A species protected in captivity provides a reservoir population against a population crash or extinction in the wild. Here they are relatively safe and can be bred up to provide foundation populations. A good number of species only exist in captivity and still more only exist in the wild because they have been reintroduced from zoos, or the wild populations have been boosted by captive bred animals. Quite simply without these efforts there would be fewer species alive today and ecosystems and the world as a whole would be poorer for it.

Education. Many children and adults, especially those in cities will never see a wild animal beyond a fox or pigeon, let alone a lion or giraffe. Sure television documentaries get ever more detailed and impressive, and lots of natural history specimens are on display in museums, but that really does pale next to seeing a living creature in the flesh, hearing it, smelling it, watching what it does and having the time to absorb details. That alone will bring a greater understanding and perspective to many and hopefully give them a greater appreciation for wildlife, conservation efforts and how they can contribute. All of that comes before the actual direct education that can take place through signs, talks and the like that can directly communicate information about the animals they are seeing and their place in the world. This was an area where zoos were previously poor and are now increasingly sophisticated in their communication and outreach work. Many zoos also work directly to educate conservation workers in foreign countries or send keepers abroad to contribute their knowledge and skills to zoos and preserves helping to improve conditions and reintroductions all over the world.

Research. If we are to save many wild species and restore and repair ecosystems we need to know about how key species live, act and react. Being able to study animals in zoos where there is less risk and less variables means real changes can be effected on wild populations with far fewer problems. Things like capturing and moving at-risk or dangerous individuals is bolstered by knowledge in zoos about doses for anaesthetics, and experience at handling and transporting animals. This can make a real difference to conservation efforts and to reduce human-animal conflicts, and collectively provide a knowledge base for helping with the increasing threats of habitat destruction and other problems.

All in all with the ongoing global threats to the environment it’s hard for me to see zoos as anything other than being essential to the long-term survival of numerous species. Not just in terms of protecting them and breeding them for reintroduction, but to learn about them to aid those still in the wild, as well as to educate and inform the public about these animals and their world: to pique their interest so that they can assist or at least accept the need to be more environmentally conscious. Sure there is always scope for improvement, but these benefits are critical to many species and potentially at least, the world as a whole, and the animals so well kept and content, that I think there can be few serious objections to the concept of good zoos what they can do. Without them, the world would be, and would increasingly become, a much poorer place.