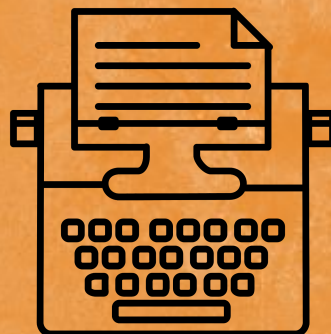


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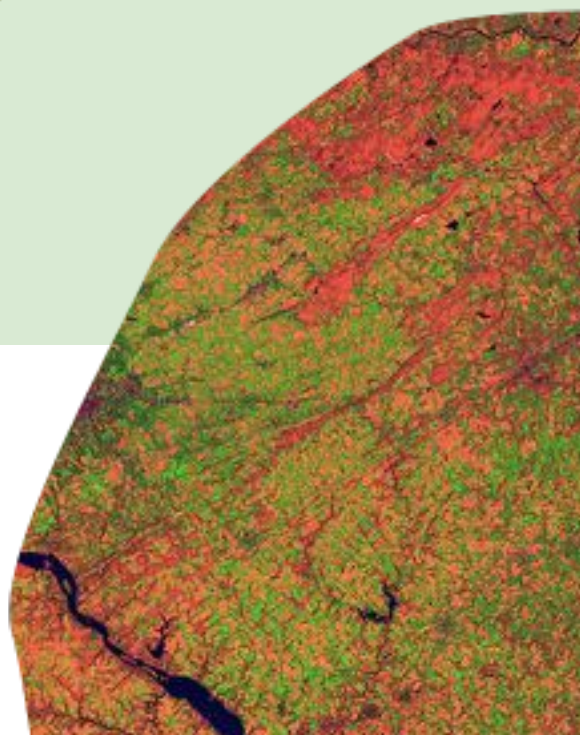
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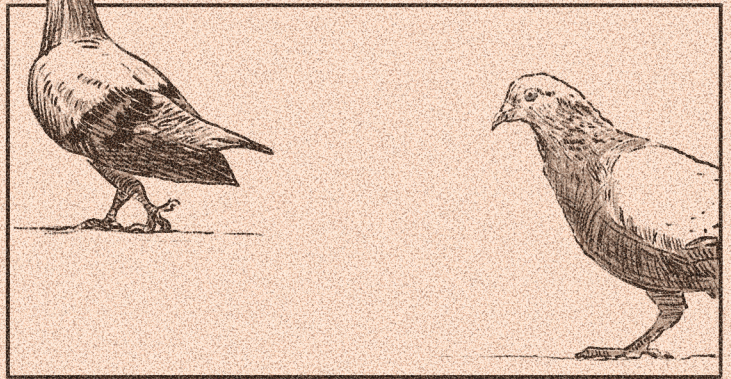
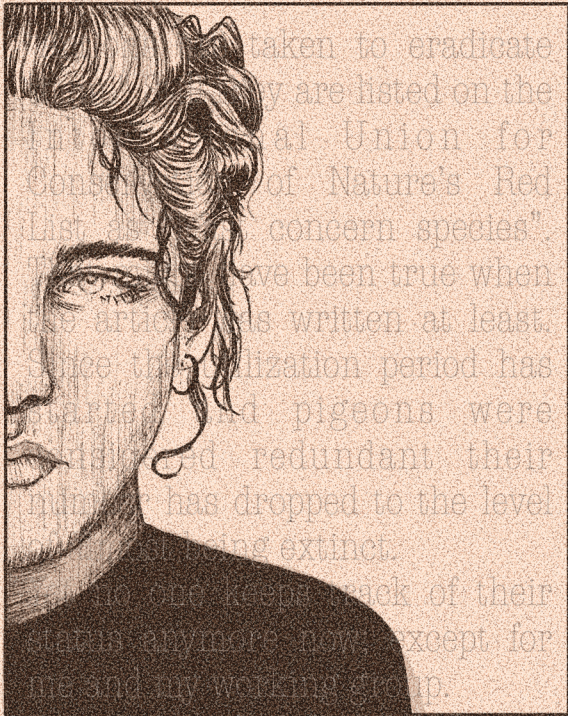
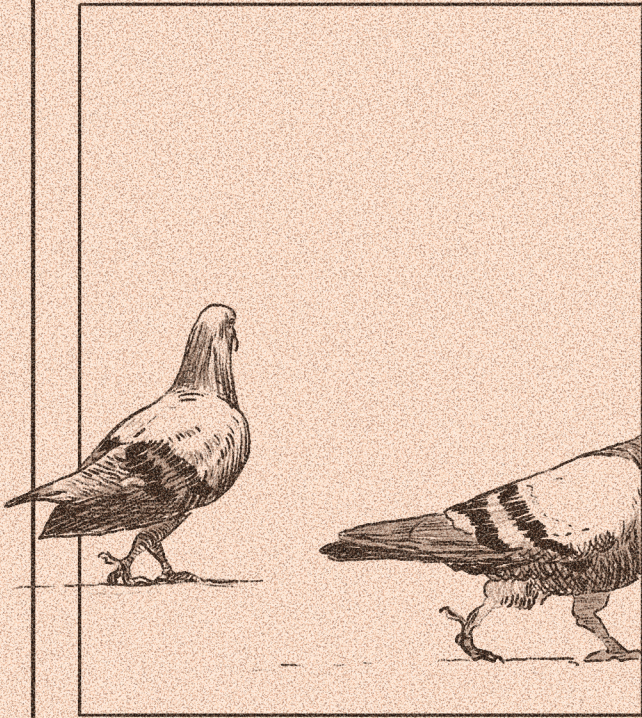
Occupy Climate Change (OCC!)

Creative story entry



FORMAS





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Carina Antonia
Schlager

*„Numbers and data trying to explain,
trying to define what defines us.
We among you, demonized.
But you made us to what we are today.
We are timeless.“*

a short story about lost connections, cohabitation & displacement
for the OCC! Atlas of the Other World 2022
KTH Stockholm

La Paloma

Carina Antonia Schlager

The pigeon is not only one of the oldest, but also one of the most controversial domesticated animals of humankind: worshipped as a bringer of salvation and symbol of the Holy Spirit, fought against as a facade pollutant, bred as a champion in long-distance flight, celebrated as a savior in times of wars and poisoned as an alleged plague. It would even be impossible for a pigeon not to lose its orientation in this chaos of contradictions.

This story is about the symbol for peace and freedom whose offspring, branded as rats of the air was later on used for surveillance and suppression in a society where human and non-human relationships are in such a way alienated and detached from each other that it is impossible to find a common ground for cohabitation. The pigeon is an epitome of the human self-inflicted control loss, break-and-fix mentality, the notion of “us” and “them”, the marginalization of groups and displacement.

*This story is dedicated to
René, Mathilda, Ante & Granit,
the pigeons that used to live on my balcony
and who inspired me to engage more with their kind.*

Human sitting on the park bench talking to themselves without making a sound.

Staring into the void – eyes scrolling up and down..

What is it looking at? Who is it talking to?

What can it see that I can't see?

d23, m4, y5, 15:34

field note 1 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

Today is the first day of my new job and I've decided to save all of my thoughts to make it easier to document my progress. PTech offered me this new technology that is supposed to transform neurological impulses into digital data and render it as readable text. A bit spooky, but let's see how well it works. At least it can be turned on and off. The working group for strategies for non-human evaluation and preservation of the PTech organization hired me to “document the population and observe the conditions of *Columba Livia Domestica* (Feral Pigeon) in order to develop strategies for re-population and potential utilization”. I definitely need to get my hands on more information about those animals – I feel like I know nothing about them. I have seen a couple of them – maybe five or six – before, but that was back home; but apparently here in Vienna there still more of them left. But to be honest I've never really felt the need to engage with them or try to change the status quo, maybe because I've never had a connection to them besides knowing that they were a symbol for peace and freedom. I'm looking forward to finding out more about them! The situation of these birds is alleged to be extremely precarious - they seem to be almost extinct. However, I am still not quite certain what the entire purpose of this project is. The management was extremely mysterious and tight-lipped, but stressed the "significance and urgency of these efforts”. I hope this will turn out better than my latest research project...all of those corporations steered by self-serving capitalists only devoted to technical progress. “Technology ruined our planet...let's save it with... more technology.” I'm so sick of it. Nevermind, “saving the last pigeons” sounds like a rewarding mission and quite innocuous, so let's hope for the best!

to do

- find resources about pigeons
- where do they live?
- origins?
- status?
- special abilities? - why?
- utilization?

p-note

“Only as parts of a mass, not as individuals who believe themselves to be formed from within, do people become fractions of a figure. The ornament is an end in itself.”¹

d26, m4, y5, 11:32

field note 2 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

I managed to find an encyclopedia with an article about pigeons in what is left of the old public library, the “Österreichische Nationalbibliothek” in Vienna - indeed a very impressive building. It is one of the few buildings that were preserved from pre-utilitarian times. Even though the book that I found is very antique - it is dated to the year 2025 according to the old calendar so it has to be from around 200 years ago. Still, I am sure to get some insight from it. I was told to be careful and not make use of modern search engines to avoid online surveillance. I wonder why this project is kept so confidential?

Feral pigeons (*Columba livia domestica*), also called city doves, city pigeons, or street pigeons:

...descended from the domestic pigeons that have returned to the wild...

...originally bred from the wild rock dove...

...naturally inhabits sea-cliffs and mountains...

...ledges of buildings to be a substitute for sea cliffs...

...have become adapted to urban life...

... are largely considered a nuisance and an invasive species...

...actions are taken in many municipalities to lower their numbers or completely eradicate them.



I feel a heaviness spreading in my stomach reading the last lines. “Actions are taken to eradicate them.” Still they are listed on the International Union for Conservation of Nature’s Red List as “least concern species”. That might have been true when the article was written at least. Since the utilization period has started and pigeons were considered redundant their number has dropped to the level of almost being extinct. Yet no one keeps track of their status anymore now; except for me and my working group. Actually, I hope we can change the situation of those animals for the better, they seem very interesting in a way. And who knows, maybe it is a tiny step in the right direction.

p-note

Who is the planet worth saving for?

For them? For us?

Them and us -

the mysterious OTHER.

Name all the species and living creatures on this planet

monitor them

categorize them

own them.

Call them peace bringers

call them freedom

call them symbols of love and loyalty

call them dirty, useless immigrants

call them a threat for the ecosystem

call them rats of the air.

What if it doesn't want to be saved?

Do we even save ourselves?

field note 3 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

Today I sat down on a park bench for observing and documenting in the hope of spotting a specimen there. I've heard from a colleague that the five pigeons gather here. The area is called Yppenviertel and is located in the 16th district close to new maglev train track, where the old U-Bahn used to be. The surroundings are plain, effective, minimalistic. Straight lines, grey blocks, icy reflections from the huge window fronts. Even though it is unpleasantly warm today the facades and the people hidden in their air-conditioned homes remain cold. It is a rather calm area, but the Yppenplatz seems to be attracting people from all around. Moths swarming around in the cold and empty streets in desperate need for a saving light pole. A lighthouse in the middle of the dark ocean.

Flying towards the light

longing for warmth

longing for life.

The eager, yearning wings beat,

burn.

The flame steals from the creature

what it sought.

It needs so badly,

desires what destroys it.

It remains behind in the shadow

that you cast,

unreachable.

The Yppenplatz is covered in turf rolls that are been laid out freshly to replace the old and brown ones. I decide to take off my shoes and feel the grass between my toes. It is soft, cool and free from dangerous insects that could spread diseases. I close my eyes and take a deep breath trying to absorb the genius loci; in hope for smelling the refreshing scent of grass and maybe even some bird songs. Instead I hear the carefree yells of the kids running around on the playground and smell the sweetish artificial scent of teenagers vaping on park benches, while the adults gather around the

picnic tables. There I see her for the first time – P#2384. Actually, I am not sure if it is a he or a she but I just assume it is a female, I don't know why. I literally can't pigeonhole it but I'll ask my colleague from the biology team about it later. I've done some more research recently but couldn't find anything of use. P#2384's green and lavender neck shimmers in the late afternoon light and create a contrast to the grey of the rest of her feather coat. Her orange eyes seem to unwittingly stare into the nothing. The way she rapidly moves her tiny head back and forth, the way she eagerly picks up the dirty rests humans leave on the ground. Feeding on leftovers and trash. Why do we even try to save those creatures? My thoughts get interrupted as my gaze meets the commercial appearing in front of my eyes - god how I hate it when they just appear out of nowhere.

Tiger dancing happily with a tiny can of soda in its odd hand-shaped paws
rigid
a blend of alienating enthusiasm and bewilderment
joyfully shaking its tiny soda can.

I decide to swipe it away even though I am almost out of my weekly blocks and can't help myself thinking: What about all of the other species we've lost throughout the last couple of years? The happy tiger in his joyful sadness still refuses to leave my thoughts. I remember when there were still real animals around us all the time. No animated holograms, no recreated duplicates with eMimic technology in our zoos, homes and on our plates. They might have controlled the ecological burden induced by the meat industry, but now we are left with those lifeless creatures. Empty vessels without instincts, no requirements let alone feelings. First cows and pigs to satisfy our endless desire for meat, then polar bears and orcas for pure entertainment; cats and dogs for moral support. All of them equally dull and empty. Why pigeons? Why are they more worth saving than the others?

p-note

In need for a reason

- do we have to be useful?

For you? For us?

We are prohibited to exist for our own sake.

field note 4 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)²

Today I found more information together with my colleagues. One article was solely about what measures have been taken to monitor and lower the numbers of pigeons in the cities – “population control, potential health risks to humans, property damage, poison, reducing food supply, avian contraceptives, dummy egg nesting” and so forth. Isn’t that a typical problem of humanity? Creating a “problem” ourselves and then blaming the victim?

...rock pigeon is the world's oldest domesticated bird...
...research suggests that domestication of pigeons occurred as early as 10,000 years ago...
...pigeon withdraws itself from the typical dichotomy of domesticated and feral animals...
...double hybrid: created by humans for domestic use but then escaped to become feral...
...Its physical and biological structure, as well as its reproductive abilities and habits such as dwelling on window ledges, are the product of millennia of human intervention in nature...
...particular type of pigeon never existed ‘in the wild;’ its ‘natural habitat’ is among humans

p-note

Numbers and data

trying to explain

trying to define

what defines us

demonized

we among you

but you made us

to what we are today

we are timeless.

“The structure of the mass ornament reflects that of the entire contemporary situation. Since the principle of the capitalist production process does not arise purely out of nature, it must destroy the natural organisms that it regards either as means or as resistance. Community and personality perish when what is demanded is calculability; it is only as a tiny piece of the mass that the individual can clamber up charts and can service machines without any friction.”

d50, m4, y5, 13:04

field note 5 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)³

- pigeons incredibly social loyal animals, they form lifelong bonds
- for pigeons there is no question of a gray mass - within a flock all pigeons know each other personally and they have preferences of who they get along with best
- intelligence by human standards; they can lie, plan, trick, cheat, grieve, use tools, pass on knowledge and have an awareness of themselves - even recognize themselves in the mirror

Pigeons can memorize 725 different patterns and distinguish Marc Chagall's paintings as well from a Vincent van Gogh's as a Picasso from a Monet. In a series of tests at the University of California, deaf people passed pattern recognition tasks. with an extraordinary success rate of 85 percent, they detected breast cancer on X-rays. Pigeons master orthography; they can learn up to 90 words that they can distinguish from 80,000 non-words and are equally good at multitasking. To this day, it is not entirely clear why pigeons have such a well-developed sense of direction and, with 2.3 million nerve fibers in each optic nerve, they have more than twice as many as humans and therefore much greater visual abilities. These are also a reason for the pigeon-typical jerking of the head. The birds always have a detailed picture of their surroundings. However, when scurrying about on the ground, the view shifts much faster than when flying with in bird's-eye view. Therefore, they fixate on an object until it disappears from the field of vision. This is similar to how people's eyes move when looking out of a moving train.

The more I read the more I begin to understand why pigeons used to be a symbol for faith, love, peace and even intelligence. How did all those connotations change that much in the course of

time? The fact that I have underestimated these animals so much puts me even more in a bad conscience considering their intelligence and awareness. That has to be the reason why the artificially reproduced birds could never even compete with the real ones. That is why PTech is so interested in them, maybe their intelligence is the key to their planned innovations.

p-note

A note

am I.

You inscribe yourselves into my empty existence.

Smart but stupid -

Yet useful enough.

d2, m5, y5, 14:78

field note 6 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

I managed to get my hands on a very significant academic thesis; for safety's sake I will not reveal my sources and the name of the author, since his work has been banned. Anyhow I found this unbelievably old book with records from his research about goose migration that has been blacklisted for "undermining the authority of the state and failure to comply with the orders of the authority for reclamation". The dusty, well-thumbed wrapper almost dissolved by itself when I opened it. This worn, old book, which seemed more like a collection of individual tattered pages, was the only thing that remained of this mysterious man who dedicated his entire life to the survival of the geese. It put all my hope in this testimony of times bygone. I've heard from my colleagues at the department of Environmental Humanities about this pioneer of the fighters against the new rules and advocate for birds and non-humans in general. The yellowed pages revealed numerous illustrations, notes, quotes and citations. Depictions with technical references, explanations, legends. Pages and pages of equally confusing and fascinating information and terms I neither

knew, let alone understood. However, the last lines of his book put me into a state of anxiety and numbness.

“Environmental apocalypse is not immediate and total, but slow and painful. It’s not revelatory and there is no outlook on improvement. There is no redemption not even for the “righteous” ones. There are no outcasts. If the boat goes down, the first-class passengers will also drown”⁴

Rumor has it that his controversial and critical writing has put him in a precarious situation and rumor has it that after publication he was never seen again. I feel yet another anxiety attack crawling up my throat, washing up face like a hot wave, breaking on my forehead and turning my hands ice cold at the same time. I take out my insta-scent and let the comforting smell of my grandmas old house on the countryside wrap me in a blanket of familiarity and wash away the pulsating warmth that has expanded into my chest.

p-note

the countryside flowed into the city

convergence

tensions

railroad tracks river through the countryside

rivers no longer led by the flow of time

led by the current of exploitation

long forgotten panta rhei

metamorphosis

but what do we turn into?

“A number of parallel lines, the goal being to train the broadest mass of people in order to create a pattern of undreamed dimensions. The end result is the ornament, whose closure is brought about by emptying all the substantial constructs of their contents. The ornament resembles aerial photographs of landscapes and cities in that it does not emerge out of the interior of the given conditions, but rather appears above them.”⁵

field note 7 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

Today one of my supervisors has talked to me and seemed a bit concerned about my work process. He ~~he~~ urged me to be careful and just to observe and write down what I find. He warned me “not to dig too deep into past omissions”, whatever that is supposed to mean. But I’ve heard about some kind of secret district here, which is independent from the rest of the city and “tolerated” by the government. It is a self-governing society/commune whereby each and every individual holds themselves responsible over the wellbeing of the entire community. I also found out that people there “know more than they should” and that there is still more animals left there. Maybe even pigeons? I am very intrigued by the idea of their resilience - maybe we can adapt some strategies that can be useful? But is it even worth taking the risk to go there? Especially now that my superiors are already suspicious of me anyway. But i can’t stop now, I need to know more.

p-note

Masters of resilience -

but how much do we have to adapt,

endure,

overcome?

How much can we take on us,

absorb,

consume,

before we overflow?

field note 8 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

I’ve never seen a place like this. It dripped from the plastic-covered thatched roofs of the makeshift and provisionally assembled dwellings, no, it literally poured from the ledges and brownish water

collected in the gutters and crevices of the cobbled streets. The soles of my shoes slowly began to swell and retained the moisture, causing them to make a squeaking sound as I increased my slightly slithering steps. The Lobau district was not at its prime in these circumstances. But what does that even mean? It is probably never desirable to dwell here. This place is a mess, here cables are still used for electricity. They entwine along the improvised walls of the buildings and clump together in a chaotic manner like spider webs, which one tries to remove with a stick. Did they refuse to use wireless technologies? Was it taken away from them? Or were they never introduced to the latest innovations?

The few shop gates had been closed already and the numerous stalls along the roadsides were already wrapped in their nightly protective drapes. Slowly, the grey afternoon had turned into an even hazier evening and the light from the whirring neon signs penetrated only dimly through the greyish veils, thus drawing a purple-turquoise halo effect around the letters. I blinked briefly and my blurred vision cleared again as the familiar tone sounded to transmit a message. After a quick glance at the information created an indescribable warmth and throbbing rose in my head. “You are leaving the connection zone and entering unmonitored territory.” I’ve come so far, I can’t turn around now. Another bleep tone rises the heat of my mind “Warning: Do not pass this point.” I accelerate my pace in the hope to make it stop, I step up even more until the hurry becomes a race and I had to be careful not to trip over my own – *signal lost*.

p-note

If it works it's obsolete.⁶

As soon as regularities are broken

you begin to notice

you pay attention

you rethink

Your familiarity becomes a strangeness

Our familiarity is your strangeness.

Why does it have to be broken

to make you realize, to make you see

what has been disappearing

slowly yet painfully.

field note 9 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

I am back. I have no idea why It seems like my TTTS has lost its connection while I was in the “unmonitored zone”. Strange. It really felt like a parallel universe in this community. I actually came across some incredibly knowledgeable, fascinating and strong people and I am so intrigued by their lifestyle. They gave me pen and paper so I could write down some of the information they gave me. It has been a while since I’ve written down something.⁷

- Lobau used to be a floodplain, has been a protected area
- from 1978 to 2022 as a biosphere reserve by UNESCO
- recreational area, was known as a popular site for families, nudists and nature-enthusiasts
- source of groundwater for Vienna
- housed huge amount of different species of flora and fauna
- were already endangered and now extinct

- Autobahn and tunnel were planned to connect the eastern part with the rest of Vienna
- 19 km long section was agreed in 2005 by the federal minister of transport and the governors of Vienna and Lower Austria

- then was occupied by climate activists who set up camps there
- several fire attacks by unknown offenders
- 2022: government decides to eradicate the camp
- followed by rebellions, activists succeeded in establishing this stateless enclave
- numerous sanctions such as limited water supply, no internet, no wireless electricity, no access to infrastructure, education, ...

So these people have been building an entire self sufficient community with all of those limitations and deprivations, based on the efforts that have been made by activists in order to save the area almost 200 years ago! It’s fascinating. Still, they didn’t succeed in their original endeavors. I can’t even imagine that this part of the city used to be wetlands, forests, meadows and hills. Now this is all sealed by concrete and dead substance.

p-note

Rivers flow into streets

marshes harden into concrete

retain the grayness.

hollow, lifeless

trees so high

houses so high

reaching and stretching

up to the sky, so high

dragonflies, drones

wing beats encircle the area

flying above our heads

coming closer to our domain

here with you

There is no belonging.

d40, m5, y5, 18:05

field note 10 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)⁸

Rock pigeons have an excellent sense of navigation, which helps them on their exploratory flights to find food for their nestlings. Through earth magnetism, movements in the earth's interior, infrasound and scents they always find the way back to the home nest. Early on, humans realized that they could take advantage of the pigeons' location accuracy and ability to find their way home. In ancient times, pigeons were already used as couriers.

The capabilities of the pigeons have also been used in wars since ancient times. Hundreds of thousands of military carrier pigeons sacrificed their lives in World War I to deliver important messages. G.I. Joe, a pigeon from the U.S. Army Pigeon service that carried information for three years during World War II, saved the lives of thousands of Britons and was celebrated as a hero. Paratroopers carried pigeons in tight jumpsuits to deliver their position reports when bombers were shot down. The greatest risk to the pigeons, however, was not between the fronts but on training flights, but the sacrifices were worthwhile. The world's last pigeon division was disbanded in Switzerland in 1995.

In the further course people found pleasure in breeding pigeons and forcing them to high performances in racing. While a pigeon was originally coming home from 320 km away, a breeding racing pigeon can now travel up to 1000 km. This is achieved by sending partnered pigeons on their way while they are incubating and expecting babies. anxious pigeon parents ignore thirst, hunger, danger, fatigue and thus set records (380km in 3 hours) to reach the home loft. On such a race pigeons lose up to one third of their body weight and on average there is a loss rate of more than two thirds of the pigeons sent off on such races. For some pigeon breeders, these acceleration measures are not enough and they increase the pressure by allowing pairs only a few brief reunions when they have flown at top speed. This is called the widowhood method and takes advantage of the loyalty of the animals, which form a partnership bond for life. Performance can be further enhanced with the jealousy method by encouraging same-sex pairings during the races to prevent brood laying and making returning partners jealous. This method must be used with care, because some of the cheated on pigeons fly at a slow pace or do not return at all, due to their unhappiness. Doping through amphetamine and cocaine can also make pigeon racing more efficient.

p-note

Are you lost?

Disoriented?

We know, we can sense it.

You have distanced yourselves from us.

We have stayed,

but the connection is lost.

As soon as familiarity is broken we begin to realize.

Break it and fix it -

it may work with machines, devices,

but not with us.

We could have been companions.

field note 11 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

I had another meeting with the supervisor and I can't believe what is going on here. Apparently one of my colleagues has found three more dead pigeons, headless - again. That means...there are only two more left. "My" P#2384 is still alive. I hope her partner is still with her. She might be all on her own now. The supervisor said some very condescending and suspicious things to me. "What are you doing all the time? Your job is not to write a useless poetry book! Do you really think this is leading somewhere? We have a task here - I can't see a single file from you, no observations, no data, no documentation. And what is this blank space in your logbook supposed to mean? Have you been to uncertified territory? You know that we are role models and pioneers so get your shit together and work, or we have to ... you." This is at least my thought protocol, I was not allowed to keep PTech on during the talk, but this is what I remember.

p-note

Who are you?

Who do you follow?

You are a miniscule part of a vast grey swarm floating in the wind.

Flying towards it, changing direction, breaking away is impossible.

You're just like us.

Within a blurry mass.

*"The production process runs its secret course in public. Everyone does his or her task on the conveyor belt, performing a partial function without grasping the totality."*⁹

field note 12 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

What if this is all planned? Why do they only focus on finding more and more and more pigeons, but don't care for the existing ones? We are always encouraged to find more of them, the zoology team is instructed to help them increase their numbers, urged to ensure their species survival. I can't believe they really want to save the pigeons anymore. They need them for something. Something no other remaining animal is capable of.

p-note

*Like the pattern in the stadium,
the organization stands above the masses,
a monstrous figure whose creator withdraws it from the eyes of its bearers
and barely even observes it himself.*

Like the mass ornament, the capitalist production process is an end in itself."¹⁰

field note 13 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

What have I done? What if I am supporting something horrible? What if they [this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out.][this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out.] Maybe I can [this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out] P#2384.[this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out.][this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out.]

p-note

*Our voices are getting lower
our wing beats slower
soon we will fall silent.*

d41, m5, y5, 09:99

field note 14 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

I need to go back to Lobau and ask for help there! I cannot allow these innocent animals to be abused even more for whatever purpose. Maybe someone there can help me find more about the [this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out.][this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out.][this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out.][this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out.] We need to tell their story and try to [this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out.] What if this is all a [this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out.]

p-note

*We don't want you to give us a voice,
we want our own to be heard.*

d47, m5, y5, 00:01

field note 15 (automatically created by thought-to-text-software® powered by PTech)

[this was detected by PTech software, classified as potentially harmful and filtered out.]

Reflection

The mode of storytelling was inspired by Leah Zani's "fieldpoems"¹¹, which I came across through a colleague of mine. I based my descriptions on observations I have made in my residence of many years, Vienna. Here I was particularly struck by the large amount of sealed floors, spike-like anti-pigeon contraptions, similar to those used against homeless people. One striking irritation that I included in the text for example was the practice of laying out rolled sod instead of taking care of the grass. This break and fix mentality is found in so many aspects of our daily lives. The never-ending consumption of cheaply produced goods that are designed to break early, only to be replaced by a new product as soon as possible. The overproduction, the discarding, the loss of the connection between humans and non-humans, animals, plants, relationships, habitats, landscapes.

The initiative of activists in the Lobau camp in Vienna, which I also presented at the Winter School, was the inspiration for the part of the city in my story where time has visibly stood still for a bit. Today the Lobau is still a nature reserve (although this practice must also be questioned) - in 200 years this area can easily be imagined to be a part of the city. Another inspiration was the text "The Mass Ornament" by Siegfried Kracauer. This text dates from 1927 and represents the fears, concerns and criticism of the 1920s. A glance into the past shows - almost exactly one hundred years ago similar relevant observations were already made - but in other configurations. The idea of air conducted electricity in the world of the future is inspired by Nikola Tesla's efforts, who was a self-confessed pigeon enthusiast. I also included my feelings, comments, and thoughts on the topics and texts covered in Winter School. Another source of inspiration was the in "Staying with the trouble" by Donna Haraway¹² described project PigeonBlog. Haraway uses tales about pigeons to question opposites like friend and enemy, the own and foreign, but also between anti-speciesism and the mistreatment of animals. For the project researchers artists and engineers and their animal colleagues "revived the almost defunct proficiencies of pigeon-human kinship from the history of carrier pigeon and racing pigeon practices." My research in general is dealing with the question what the impact potential of literature and (visual) art is, that politics, science, academic discourse in general etc. do not have. I am interested in how addressed and made visible in the example and what identificatory strategies of mediation are used to generate affect and identification in the recipients, to possibly provoke agency and new social practices and political action, so it was a very enriching practice for me to to apply these strategies this myself. Dealing with the environmental issues has raised my awareness of how anthropocentric many approaches on the concept of nature

are and how they are characterized by outdated dichotomies, like culture–nature, human–non-human, civilized–uncivilized, transformed–untouched, male-female, private–public, etc. Throughout my engagement with the concept of the Anthropocene, I was particularly bothered by the degree of anthropocentrism. When talking about agency of humans there are two poles: on one side the traditional idea of the special position of the human (either as a center, as an external observer or as a transformer of nature) and on the other side as part of the system that coexists with non-human living beings. Therefore I aimed to draw the attention of the narrative from humans to non-human subjects like in this case the pigeon, who speaks through the “p-notes” and ultimately falls silent. In my writing I am very much inspired by Authors like Andri Snær Magnasson (*Um tímann og vatnið* 2019) and Peter Adolphsen (*Machine* 2007). They mention the problem of representing time and change and the impossibility of grasping and processing, let alone imagining and sensing the history of the universe through data, numbers and facts. I want to counteract that in my story by evoking emotions without a “moralistic pointing finger”, but rather to evoke affection and identification and to sensitize for the topic in a more accessible way. In my opinion the potential of art and literature is to raise awareness and convey a sense of urgency in the face of the ecological crisis.

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Notes

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- ⁷ Information to the Lobau camp: <https://lobaubleibt.at/> [last accessed 10.03.2022].
- ⁸ Schneider, Karin (2021): *Tauben. Ein Portrait*. (Naturkunden 69) Berlin: Matthes & Seitz.
- ⁹ Kracauer, Siegfried (1995): *The Mass Ornament*. In: Thomas Y. Levin (ed.) *The Mass Ornament: Weimar Essays*. Harvard University Press, 77-86.
- ¹⁰ Kracauer, Siegfried (1995): *The Mass Ornament*. In: Thomas Y. Levin (ed.) *The Mass Ornament: Weimar Essays*. Harvard University Press, 77-86.
- ¹¹ see <https://anthrobookforum.americananthro.org/index.php/2019/03/21/a-fieldpoem-for-world-poetry-day/> [last accessed 13.03.2022].
- ¹² Haraway, Donna J. (2016): *Staying with the Trouble. Making Kin in the Chthulucene*. London: Duke University Press.