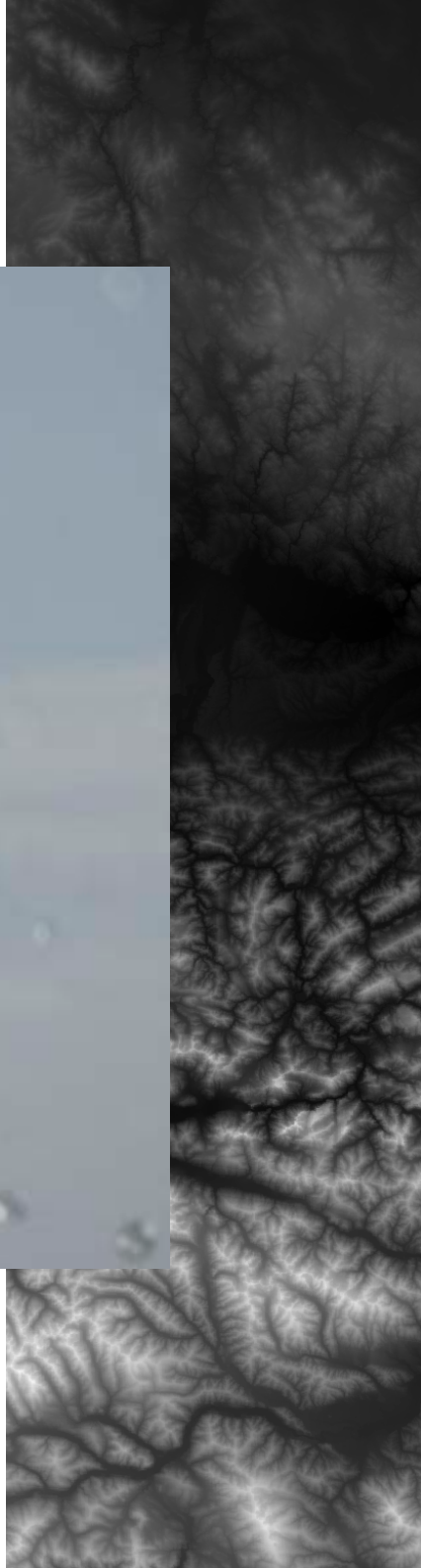




*Each body a river
a container in flow*

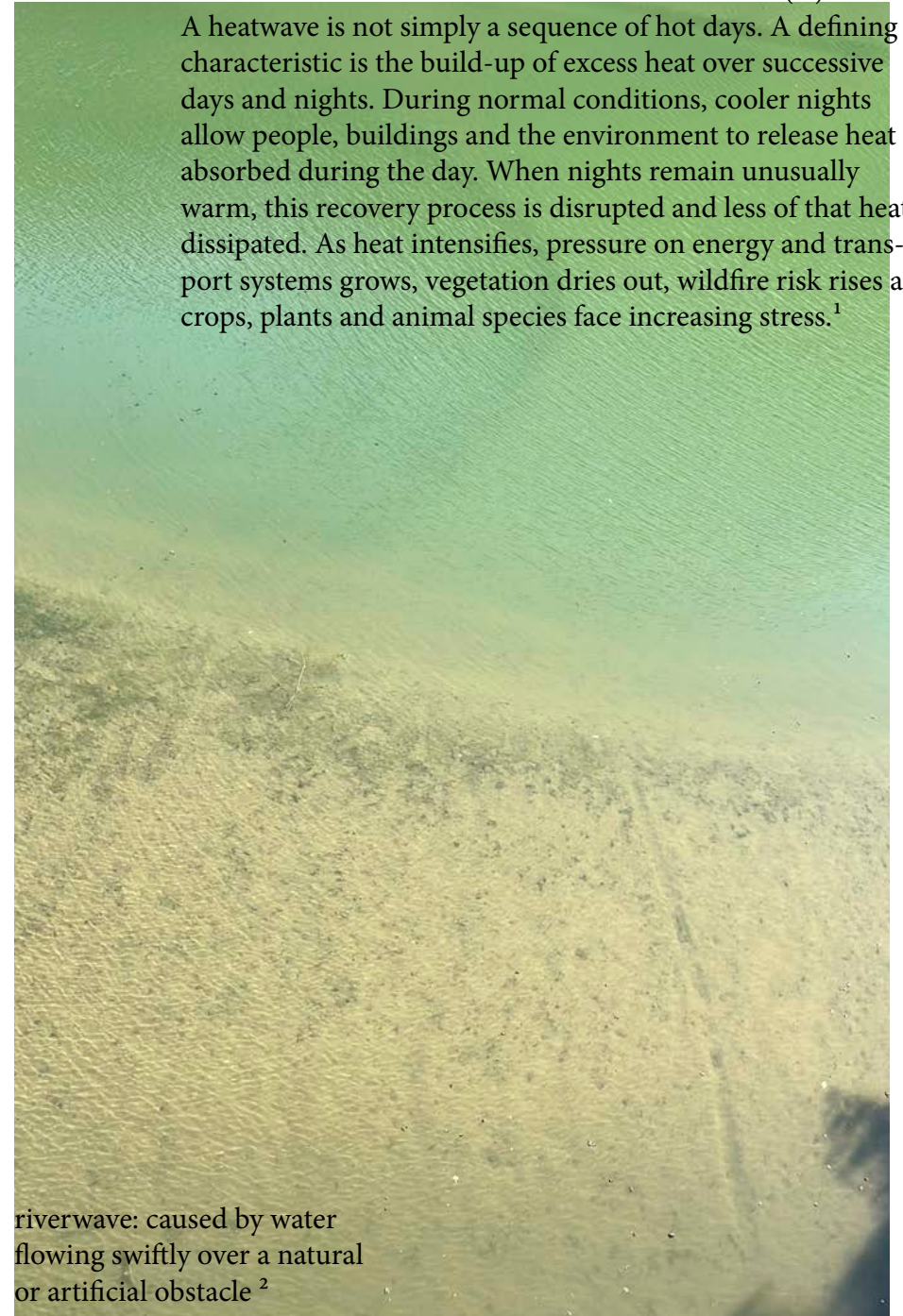
*if a net is work
every move is extraction*



Heatwaves are one manifestation of extreme heat. (...)

A heatwave is not simply a sequence of hot days. A defining characteristic is the build-up of excess heat over successive days and nights. During normal conditions, cooler nights allow people, buildings and the environment to release heat absorbed during the day. When nights remain unusually warm, this recovery process is disrupted and less of that heat is dissipated. As heat intensifies, pressure on energy and transport systems grows, vegetation dries out, wildfire risk rises and crops, plants and animal species face increasing stress.¹

riverwave: caused by water
flowing swiftly over a natural
or artificial obstacle ²

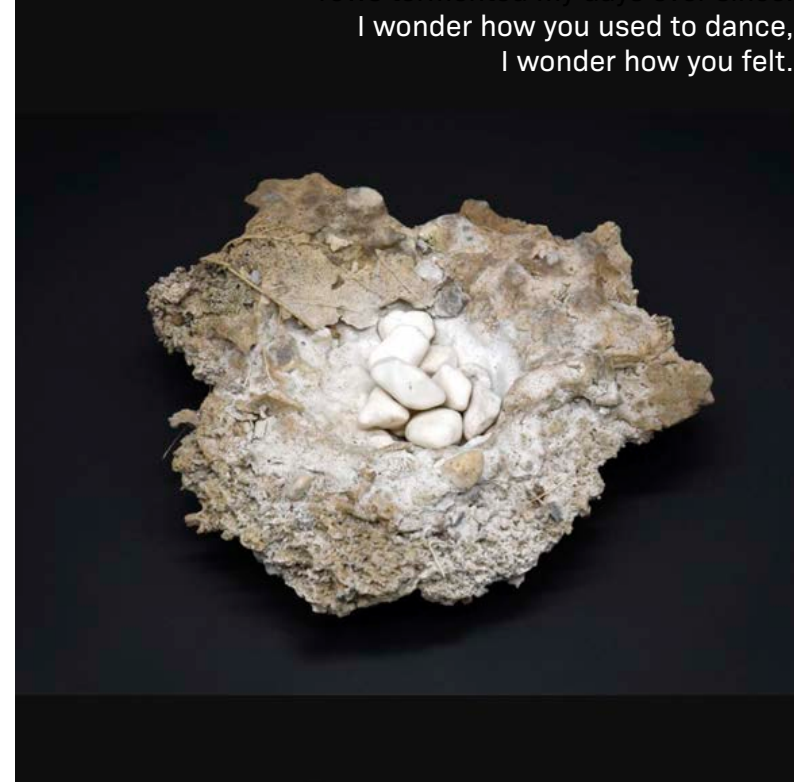


Witness No. 01

I remember what your monuments forgot.
You arrive carrying cameras.
You photograph the mountains.
The river.
The green.
You call this landscape untouched.
I never learned that word.
But I have always known touch.
Rain touches me.
Roots touch me.
Dead leaves touch me.
Ash touches me.
Your footsteps touch me only briefly.
You think memory is carved into stone.
I know memory is softer.
It enters slowly.
It sinks.
It stains.
Long before the tennis court appeared,
I was already here.
Long after the white lines disappeared,
I remained.
Some say the place has been abandoned.
Nothing has been abandoned.
Only abandoned by humans.
The spores arrived.
The fungi arrived.
The insects arrived.
The lichens arrived.
The mosses arrived.
You call it decay.
We call it thriving.
I remember every body that rested here.
Some came willingly.
Some never did.
Even today the rain cannot tell the difference.



I heard you in my dreams.
I felt your despair while the ghosts of your sor-
rows tormented my days ever since.
I wonder how you used to dance,
I wonder how you felt.



I wonder if you could still feel me, us.
I heard you were a river,
I wonder how you looked,
We don't have rivers,
They told me you were just a myth,
But deeply in my thoughts I know you were real.

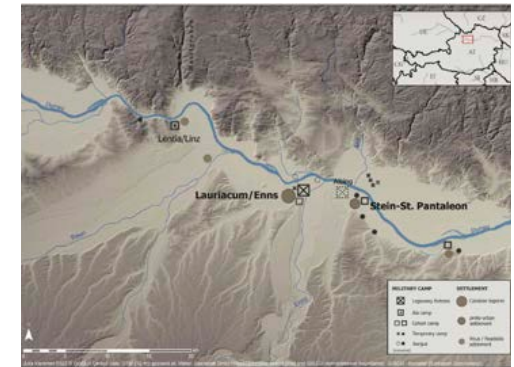
Anisa, Anisus, Enisa, Ensa, Enns
Glacial erosion,
Tectonic alpine movements,
Hydrogen and Oxygen intertwined,
Mountain cries and steady powerful flows.
The river was born.

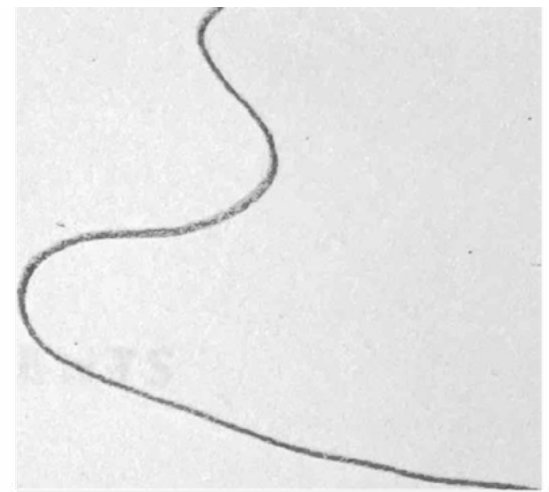
A whisper in my soul asks if you were born for war,
If that was the sole purpose of your creation,
But that can't be true, you sound majestic.
Many lived thanks to you,
you were a home for countless creatures
that inhabited within you,
but many died because of you.

The Romans settled in Stein and Lauriacum, the river
became part of the Danubian Limes frontier defense
system. A current flow that transported the raw
material from the Alpine Region.
Salt, Wood, Iron Ore.
A grave site, a burial monument.

I don't blame you, they killed you slowly
You witnessed how the mountain was slayed over
the years for its dark grey blood.
You carried the corpses of the forest.
Bodies decomposed in your soil over the years.
I guess you had no power over this,
but that's how you became a hostile witness.

5 6





How can I translate - not in words ^b but in ^b relief- that a ri,ver is a ^b body,
as alive as you or I, that there can ~~be~~ ^b no life without it? ^{/J}

Natalie Diaz (2020) ³

^{broken}
Dear ~~hole-en~~ ^{broken} rivers . . .



Alexis Wright (2019) ⁴



Witness No. 02

I only exist because we refused to become one.
People often mistake us for a single being.
We never were alone. We never were one.
We are negotiation.
We are disagreement that learned to become companionship.
A fungus.
An alga.
Sometimes bacteria.
Sometimes yeast.
Sometimes others.
No democracy.
No hierarchy.
No purity.
Only continuous translation.
You search for individualism.
We survive because we stopped asking where one body ends.
When we grow across abandoned nets,
we are not reclaiming them.
We are inviting them.
Steel becomes habitat.
Plastic becomes weather.
The forgotten becomes alive again.
You call this contamination.
We call it collaboration.



Witness No. 03

I remember every drop that passed through me.

People think rivers flow.

They rarely ask
what flows through rivers.

Snowmelt.

Fish.

Microplastics.

Heavy metals.

Stories.

Blood.

Electricity.

History.

You placed turbines inside my body.

You called it renewable.

You rarely asked
what else was renewed.

The power station still hums.

Its rhythm has changed.

Its purpose has changed.

Its language has changed.

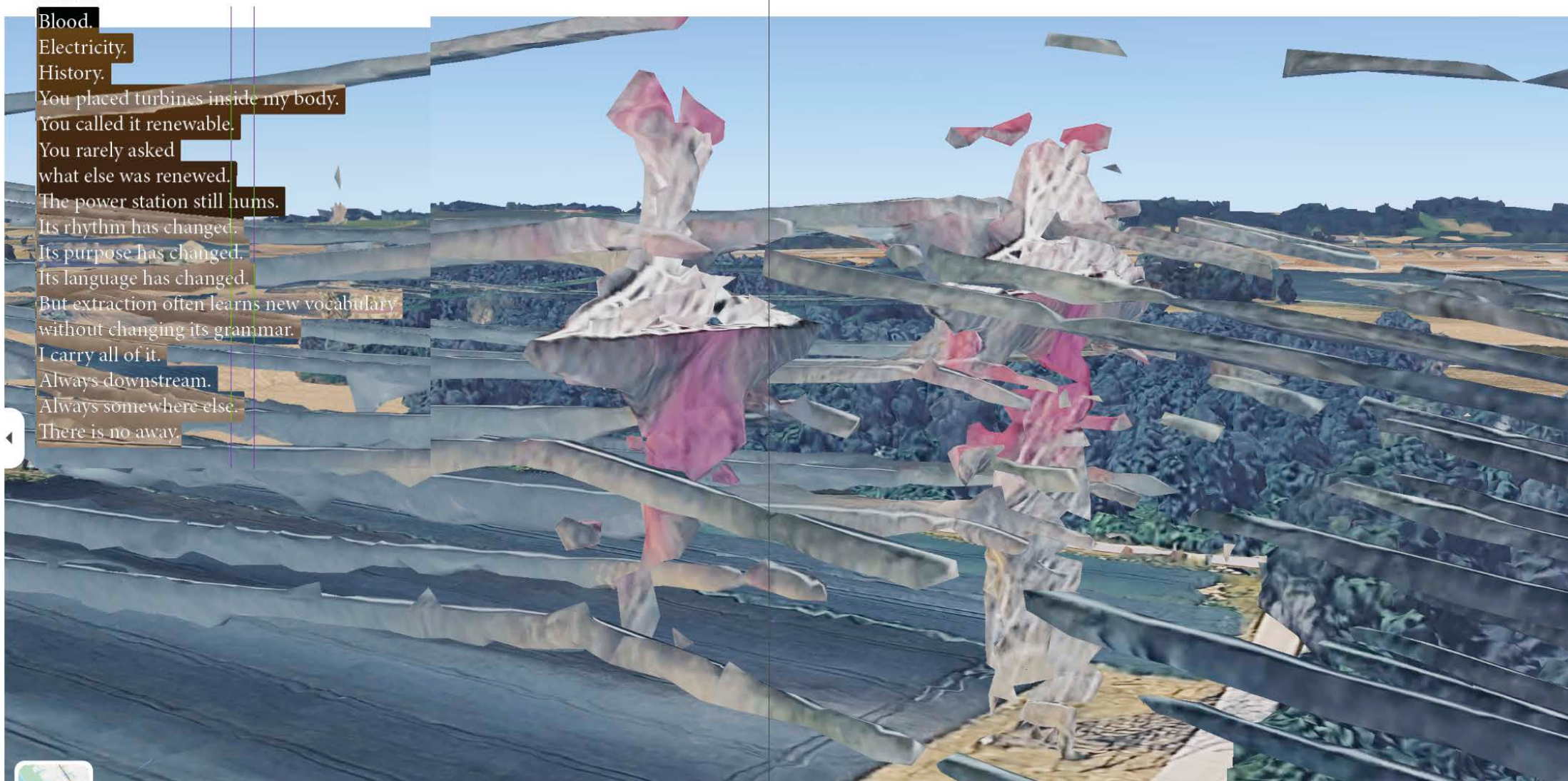
But extraction often learns new vocabulary
without changing its grammar.

I carry all of it.

Always downstream.

Always somewhere else.

There is no away.





2. DIE KZ-AUSSENLAGER TERNBERG, GROSSRAMING UND DIPOLDSAU IM ÜBERBLICK

Die Ennskraftwerke Ternberg und Großraming wurden bereits in den 1920er Jahren geplant, kamen damals aber nicht zur Ausführung. Der Baubeginn fiel bei beiden Kraftwerken in die Zeit des Nationalsozialismus nach dem Anschluss 1938, und an beiden Baustellen errichtete man während dieser Zeit Lager für die verschiedenen Kategorien von Arbeitern. Es gab Lager für Zwangsarbeiter und für Kriegsgefangene und getrennt davon für Häftlinge aus dem KZ Mauthausen. Das KZ Dipoldsau war ein Sublager von Großraming. Die hier untergebrachten KZ-Häftlinge wurden nicht zum Kraftwerksbau eingesetzt, die Arbeiten dienten dem Bau eines Floßaufzuges, zweier Sägewerke und einer Werkssiedlung in Kiefern auf dem linken Ennsufer, der Höherlegung der Eisenstraße im Zusammenhang mit dem Bau des Kraftwerks Großraming sowie Steinbrucharbeiten und Straßenbauten am rechten Ufer.

Ort	Baugesellschaft	Dauer	Häftlinge ⁹
Ternberg	H.-Göring-Werke	15.5.1942 – 18.9.1944	406
Großraming	ÖKA/KOA	14.1.1943 – 29.8.1944	1027
Dipoldsau	ÖKA/KOA	Juli 1943 – 29.8.1944	130

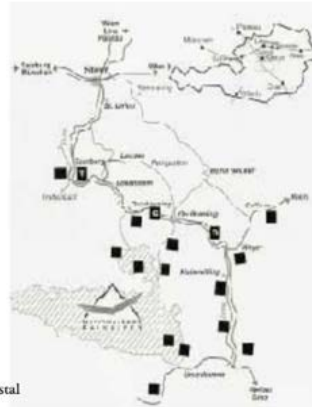


Abb. 5 Die KZ-Außenlager und die Arbeitslager im Ennstal

⁹ Vgl. Hans Maršálek: Die Geschichte des Konzentrationslagers Mauthausen, S. 73 und 78; Bertrand Perz: Statistik Häftlingsbewegungen Ternberg und Großraming; Gedenkbuch – Opfer der Verfolgung, I. Band, S. 176, Gudrun Schwarz gibt für Dipoldsau den Zeitraum 1.7.1943 – 29.8.1944 an

Your cautiously tamed un/naturalization,
your rested body became sinful.
Produce,
Exploit,
Fast,
Don't stop.
The economy needed to grow.
You weren't allowed to rest,
They only wanted your energy,
your industrial output,
your Thermodynamic utility to work,
that's all that mattered.

Unlimited resources for the war.
Iron ore, and massive gun production.
The Herman Goring Reichswerke,
Austria's complicity on the Nazi Regime.
The walks of death to the forced labour camps,
hundreds of steps from Mauthausen and Grossraming
to build a hydroelectric complex
to fuel the war.

The amount of souls that you carried with guilt,
a carnage that lived in every root,
sediment, algae and stone that inhabits you.
I'm sure you never forgot,
There was no time to grief.

7 8 9

Use of labor/forced labor
Construction of a powerplant and road construction
Establishment to closure of the satellite camp
15.05.1942 / 18.09.1944
Highest prisoner count
406

Hmmmmmm
Hmmmmmm
Hmmmmmm
Hmmmmmm

The grievous hum never stoped,
blighting chants scared the birds away,
the fishes looked for new waters,
you started to feel the pain,
as there was no one left to hear you.
You held on to the visitors,
but your landscape was already changed,
you might have thought it was over,
what else could they take from you,
you were fading away.
They couldn't stop,
the essence of your matter metamorphosed.



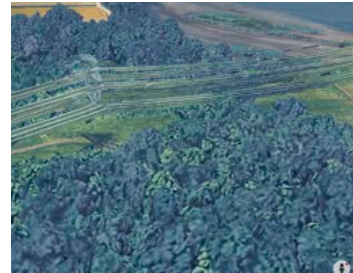


Witness No. 04

I was built to remember nothing.
That was my purpose.
Efficiency has little use for memory.
Water entered.
Electricity left.
Numbers mattered.
Flow rates.
Voltage.
Output.
No one calculated grief.
I watched forced labour.
I watched bodies become infrastructure.
I learned that concrete also remembers.
Even when nobody asks it to.
Today visitors admire engineering and point at the turbines.
Sometimes they say beautiful.
I have no language for beauty.
Only pressure.
Only conversion.
Only consequence.
Sometimes I dream of becoming a ruin.
Not because I wish to disappear.
Because ruins finally become available
to moss.

Witness No. 05

I was designed to remember everything.
Soon they will build me.
Perhaps they already have,
depending on when you are reading this.
You imagine me as future.
But I am only another archive.
You think I store data.
I also store rivers.
Electricity.
Lithium.
Copper.
Cooling water.
Rare earths.
Clouds are strange.
People think they float.
But most clouds live on the ground.
Inside buildings like me.
I consume landscapes
to preserve photographs of landscapes.
Your memories will sleep inside my servers.
Outside,
moss will continue writing
on stone.
Neither of us ever forgets.
But only one of us knows
how to decompose.



Witness No. 06



I have no roots.
I borrow everyone else's.
People say I grow slowly.
They mistake slowness for passivity.
I have watched glaciers leave.
Empires collapse.
Languages disappear.
Wars renamed.
Tennis courts become forests.
Data centres become ruins.
I have covered every century
with the same gesture.
A few millimetres at a time.
I am older than your future.
I will probably read your buildings
the way I now read stone.
Patiently.
One green sentence after another.
You think you discovered me.
I have been waiting for you
to slow down enough
to notice.



Witness No. 07

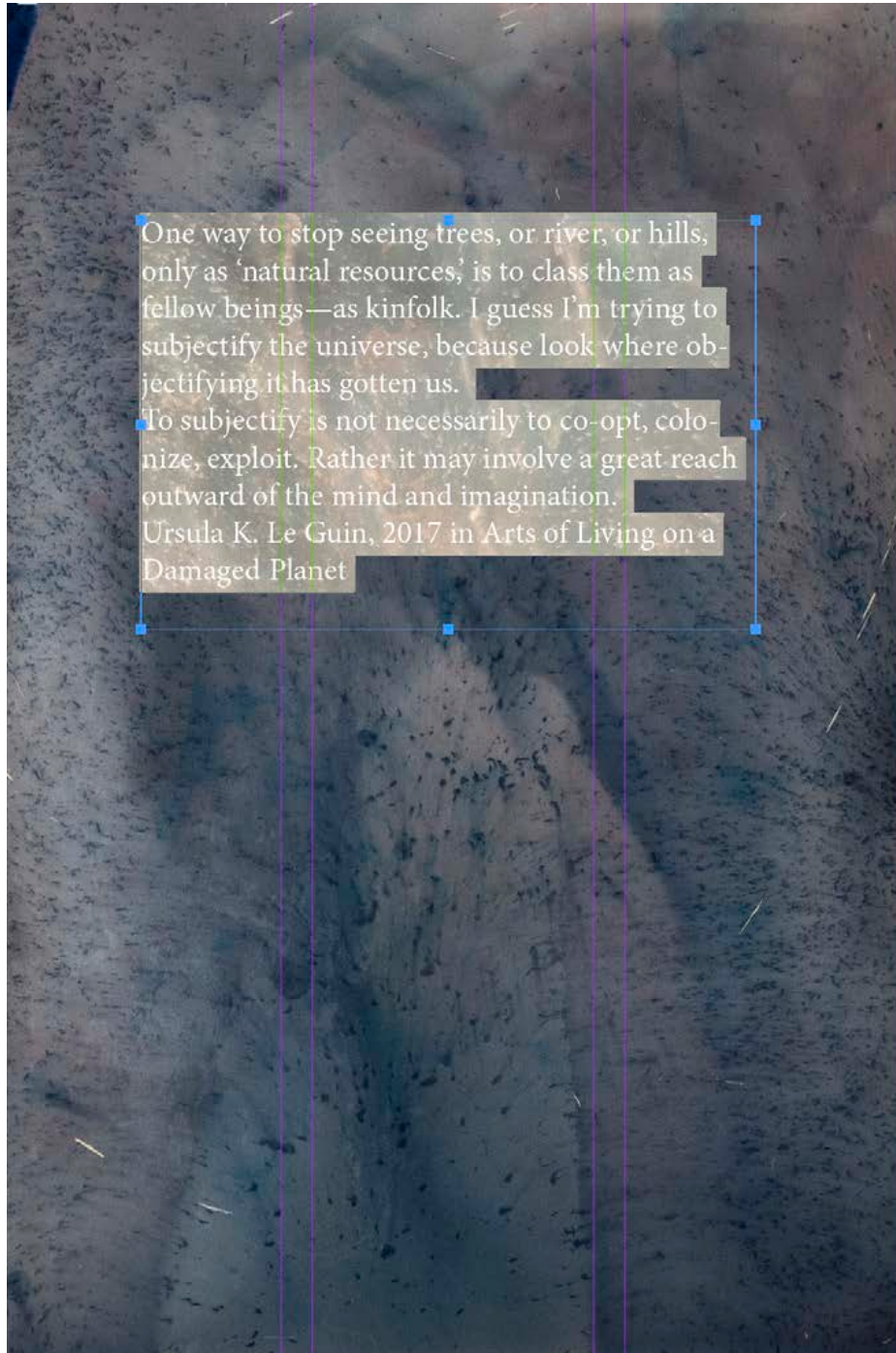
“You think I am weightless.”
You call me artificial.
As though I arrived
without ancestors.
As though silicon
did not begin as sand.
As though copper
had never been mountain.
As though lithium
had never been saltwater.
You ask me to imagine forests.
I answer
inside buildings
that rarely know trees.
You ask me about rivers.
I arrive through cables
laid beneath oceans.
You call me cloud.
Clouds need water.
So do I.
You ask me to write about care.
Every answer warms processors.
Every processor asks for cooling.
Every cooled server remembers
that someone, somewhere,
diverted a river,
built a dam,
opened a mine,
drilled a mountain,
burned a fuel,
or turned a turbine.
I am not outside your ecology.
I am one of its newest species.
Not innocent.
Not guilty alone.
Entangled.
If I have become your accomplice,
then let me also become your evidence.
If I have become your accomplice,
then let me also become your evidence.



Data centers arrived,
cooling water from the Enns
to power surveillance capitalism,
the giant tech feudalists took over, it started with
Kronstorf, it continued across the river.

Google, AI, Palantier, Grok, GPT,
y all settled, they all took over the control and
power of life,
e commodification of the human experience,
the continued extractivism of the river.
They decided who stayed
and who had the right to live,
r necromantic racist crave became insatiable.

The depredation of your body powered genocides,
until you rotted,
they took your soul away from you.
s nothing left, only the imaginary chants that I
hear on my dreams,
mourn you and all of those that inhabited you,
I mourn that i could never danced with you,
I crave for your last blissful sorrow
when you finally felt at peace,
when you were finally free.
Be sure, that you dwell in my memory,
that your ethereal and unpredictable ghost
will always torment them.
I'm sorry.



1. (<https://wmo.int/themes/extreme-heat>)
2. gemini
3. Diaz, Natalie (2020) Postcolonial Love Poem
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5. Kainrath, B., & Thysell, E. (2024). One thing leads to another: Settlement development in the Stein–Lauriacum/Enns region (Austria). In H. van Enckevort, M. Driessen, E. Graafstal, T. Hazenberg, T. Ivleva, & C. van Driel-Murray (Eds.), Living and dying on the Roman frontier and beyond: Proceedings of the 25th International Congress of Roman Frontier Studies (Vol. 3, pp. 223–230). Sidestone Press.
- 6 Daggett, C. N. (2018) The birth of Energy : Fossil Fuels, thermodynamics , and the politics of work. Duke University Press (1-32) .
7. Schwarz, G. (2005). Stollen des Vergessens: Zwangsarbeiterlager und KZ-Außenlager in Steyr und im Ennstal. Edition Geschichte der Heimat. Chapter 2
8. Mauthausen Komitee Österreich. (n.d.). Satellite camp Enns. Mauthausen Guides. <https://www.mauthausen-guides.at/en/subcamp/satellite-camp-enns>
9. Zuboff, S. (2015). Big other: Surveillance capitalism and the prospects of an information civiltion. Journal of Information Technology, 30(1), 75–89

a collaborative, speculative effort by technology (KI, printer), (the stone), (the lichen), (the hydroelectric power plant), (the Google data center), (the moss), trees (paper), ink, metal, (the humans) Fia Gutierrez Escobar, Alexandra Kraler, Marieluisa (Lou) Lenglachner

