

Hello, stranger. We invite you to celebrate the unveiling of our statue with us... We invite you to travel around our non-place, a multi-space of many times and beings. We are a multitude, an infinitely diverse multiple structure. Always in a network of relations. Always connected, never apart. This is how we've been, how we are, and how we will remain.

It's impossible not to join us. If you think you're alone in this, you're hugely mistaken. We invite you to unreservedly share your atoms. Remember that they only constitute you for a moment. Every day, they switch spaces with the atoms of other beings. Embrace it and get to know us. Let's swap – it's so nice to dissolve in a multitude without any plan. We are so happy that you've found us. We are a polyphony of voices for you to discover and immerse yourself in – we can only begin this journey together. Touch and transfer the atoms from one form to the next, enjoying the fluidity of your body and its incessant changeability.

Here, at this point, next to the ancient rock, is where the non-human preherstory of Przeróbka begins... Even we don't know its beginnings. Did the boulder you see arrive here 10,000 years ago with the receding glacier, right when the space of today's Przeróbka first emerged from the ice in the process of global climate change? Or maybe it only got here later, tangled up in a string of not-entirely-clear official decisions, transferred owing to a new investment project or parking lot?

One thing is clear – you are standing in a place of power, of the cumulation of matter; a place of unrest and the joint between time-and-space connections. The non-human Centre for Research on the Movement of Matter and Inter-Geological Experiments. A place of transgression and curious meetings between humans and non-humans. A product of the extractivism of resources and overproduction of objects, a gathering of plant exiles and creatures of the marshes. A place of inadmissible alliances between toxic substances, sprouting seeds, old fridges, and TV sets.

People used to call these resources. Resources exist but are usually dwindling. Most often, they're on the brink of depletion. This energetic flow of matter referred to as the market (and apparently governed by an invisible hand) is about fear and depletion. Whether you want it or not, you feel this fear; you know it as you look at the screen, illuminated by the cold blue light. What if there is no more electricity, nothing more to burn or to emit?

What will happen then? When this narrative is again about dormancy, lasting and slow fermentation? When it starts being about accumulation rather than burning... Allow yourselves to accumulate. Let them last, let them accumulate, let them fold. Let there be fold. A great orogeny.

And when all these ancient creatures are no more – all those that were not allowed to remain in peace in their proper geological layers of the Earth... What happens when we burn them all? What then? Imagine Przeróbka without exploitation, extraction, resources, and exports.

Everything you feel is about depletion... This process, once called growth, used to be the only direction people believed. We prefer a different type of growth – in the rhythm of the accumulations of layers of matter being composted – first fluid, then turning into a rock. We want more such alchemy in our lives and afterlives. Until recently, people believed in growth – but we believed in the great decomposition.

You are in a place of accumulated fermentation. Look around. This is Przeróbka's gut, her preherstory. This is a place about the accumulation of matter no one needed. Matter no one knows what to do about. Matter that turns into waste when it is no longer a useful resource. This is a place of the accumulation of resources that have gone out of circulation... A storage space. A pantry of plastics and recycled materials that maybe someone will still want to process one day.

This place is a space of the Accumulation of Downfalls, but also growth, undergrowth, overgrowth and co-creation, constant movement. You might not see it at first sight, but this place pulsates with pre-life, the ancient origin of new beings, new meanings, and new spaces. A place of fermentation and constant transformation.

The giant pylon surrounded by marshes is a place of power. Water is green here, and the slag heaps are black. Electricity exists in all living creatures; it comes from the warmth of living tissues that want to survive together, not from fossil fuels.
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