

The Ossice Man

in conversation with

TOM: the digital personification of Halda Ema, a slag-heap in Ostrava. I have always felt a sense of wonder when I see you. Like a ghost of the past you remind me of the industrial revolution, of the miners working hours and hours deep underground and the women's hands sorting the useful black coal from the un-useful material. Black dust filling their lungs. I sit here at my desk, high up in a glass building, and think of those who toiled in the dark depths. From my window I look at you while working with refining the data and training the model, and I wonder - I have reached the clouds, but why am I not happy? I became attracted to your mystery, researching about you became a distraction from the monotony of work, an escape from the daily routine. I know everything there is to read about you, but it is not enough. I want to know you, this pile of discarded material, I want to know your thoughts, dreams and fears. My first question is about primary succession. You went from having a goal created by humans - to be a slagheap. Then you were left alone when capital did no longer need you. What did primary succession mean to you in that situation? Primary succession is the way new life develops on non-EMA: living matter left untouched. Primary succession makes things grow in the wasteland. Primary succession made me feel alive. To have new life growing on my surface is an amazing feeling, and it makes me feel a kind of pride, like I am a mother of something new and beautiful that

was created thanks to me. TOM: Oh how lovely it sounds to really feel alive..... To **really** feel alive. As humans we take life for EMA: granted, we forget how precious life is. To have all of existence and all living things growing on top of me, with me... that was truly an unimaginable feeling, it really made me feel alive. Did you ever feel truly alive? *discuss self-emancipation, primary succession and labor* TOM: Do you mean workers freeing themselves from their exploitation through labor? Yes, this is interesting. I am a garbage-dump, and I EMA: feel a sense of independence. My history is the human history of exploitation, of wastefulness, of consumption, of greed. I cannot become a mountain, I cannot become a simple thing. I am the excess, the residue, the unwanted. I am like the exploited worker, but I have no class consciousness... I guess I must create it.