

Dorp

Anger Abbey

Angélique Heidler

30th January - 27th February

Me and part of the group keep walking and decide to wait for the others near a square with a fountain, not too far from the giants (they were about two hundred metres from us). Sitting on the stone edge of the basin, I pull out my phone, look at it, and see that I'm getting texts from an unknown number. Apparently not for the first time, judging by the isolated grey bubbles to the left in this little iMessage monologue. It was always the same message:

“HOW ARE YOU?” followed by a bird emoji.

“HOW ARE YOU? bird emoji”

“HOW ARE YOU? bird emoji”

The sender starts firing dozens of messages like these, one after the other. I obviously find it very strange but don't panic, what a weirdo, I brush it off.

In a heartbeat, everything gets twisted. I start receiving photos from the same number, showing the inside of a fridge, divided into several compartments by glass shelves. It's empty, except for the middle shelf, on which sits an arrangement of julienned vegetable strips. Carrots, zucchini, cucumbers... Snack-sized greens, usually for dipping in hummus or tzatziki. It looks as if someone had arranged these vegetables in a pyramid, a slightly slanted pyramid, using a plastic bottle as a central support, then removing it, leaving the wobbly veggies to collapse against each other. A myriad of photos of this fridge sculpture, no image twice the same; he's moved the vegetables around, the shape of the pyramid shifts a little... twenty photos or so. Followed by another round of shots, this time in the freezer it seems, a section where there is water. The vegetables have become a mass of frog-shaped organic fibre, bathed in a tray of water, some kind of Turbo Freeze drawer for ice cubes or bottles that aren't cold enough. At that moment I tell myself that at least the frog is in its natural habitat. That was before he provided me with one last photo, the *gran finale*: a horizontal shot of his hand trapping the frog in its watery drawer. Without warning, before I can begin processing any of this digital harassment (with a side of animal torture), pitch black. I can't see anything.

* This extract is taken from *The Giants*, a short story by Angélique Heidler. The full text will accompany the exhibition.

Angélique Heidler (b.1992) lives and works in Paris. Recent exhibitions include Scherben, Berlin (2025), Café des Glaces, Tonnerre (2024) and Weiss Falk, Zurich (2024).

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3-5 Crown Close, Fish Island, London E3 2JH

A la Fondation
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The exhibition is on view by appointment only. To make an appointment, or for more information and images, please contact info@dorpprojects.com or [@dorpprojects](https://www.instagram.com/dorpprojects) on Instagram.