

THE HEAP

Extract from :

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The heap

A plural heap piles up in no mood.
It takes the risk of emerging from the ground
It progresses quietly, creeping along
Like a trickle of water seeping into a sticky
crack

The heaps are nonchalant. One could almost get the impression that they are sulking, and if they could talk, they would probably tell us to walk away.

We have to imagine a little hunchbacked man, crouching on a dusty floor, turning his back on us, looking over his shoulder from time to time to stick out his tongue. Heaps are capricious like naughty children. They populate the childhood memories of an untidy room like a storm rumbling in the middle of the flat. They infiltrate between shy objects and swallow the shapes that

stand in their way. As immature peeping toms, they show us the shameful treasures of our own intimacy. Exhibitionists without complexes or modesty, these small shapeless piles dance naked and proud in the corners of our lives.

The heap can take all sorts of forms and depends on what it is made of. It is a collection of random additions that come together to form a whole. Its value is often insignificant since we can only partially distinguish what it contains. Here is another thing that contains. A stuff is perhaps one of the words that could best explain what a heap is supposed to be. The word in itself already expresses the heap. We could perhaps start from the principle that, in the end, a heap is first and foremost a space, a surface occupied by a set of things that unfolds in three dimensions. Indeed, it is often necessary to rise to be a heap, to gain height to become existing. Moreover, the heap only exists when it is restrictive. To be a heap, you have to drag, be in the way and take up space. Things are not said to be in a heap when they are in their proper place. The heap has to do with disorder and the anxiety it arouses. Making a heap means condemning a piece of space to its non-penetration, obstructing a piece of surface that is usually available, and therefore creating a spatial restriction, a reduction or even a frustration with regard to the lost space, buried under the heap that one has created.

Yes, because the heap is never created on its own, at worst, it is «left to do», it is allowed to build itself via an overflow action. The heap always overflows. Overflowing means leaving its initial container to wallow in a space that does not belong to us, it is taking the place by force, that of things, that of time. The heap is shaped piece by piece, it takes time, if it is rushed, it is no longer a heap but an arrangement, an assembly. Its designation



Abandoned house, Route de L'Hospital, Le Lorrain, Martinique, France. 2017

is linked to the randomness of the forms that meet to create it. The heap does not choose, it imposes and/or self-imposes, as you wish. However, it always does it slowly, to remain discreet, not to draw attention to itself, at the risk of being organized too quickly without being able to reach its full potential.

The heaps are mad as hell.

Vermin, insect, pest, the heap multiplies like diseased cells gnawing on a foreign body. Or rather; it is the foreign body - the outsider - that stares at you and says: «Look down. Do you see how much space I'm taking ?» The heap is an obstacle, a barrier that did not exist on purpose to block your way. But now that it is in your way, it intends to stay there. The heap is pretentious, it mocks us and our inability to organize our lives. At the same time, it is reassuring; it shows us that our lives are full, that we have a lot of useless stuff and that we can be proud of it. Each little object in the heap is a little piece of our personal history and these pieces are warm. We love them because they bring back memories, but their accumulation quickly goes from being cumbersome to invasive if we don't sort them out from time to time.

Heaps are mischievous. They like borders and confined spaces. They reshape the boundaries of our living areas and it's amazing how much space is wasted. The underside of a piece of furniture, the back of a door, an entire street corner can quickly fill up with things that are apparently useless or obsolete. Heaps are often collections of scraps, stuff and things that we don't really know what to do with at the moment. The heap likes things that are lying around with no immediate use, it feeds on their latency and their vegetative state. It whispers our lifestyles, maniacs fear it and lazy people indulge in it, sometimes with a touch of shame.

The heap is frowned upon, it is an outcast so ill-fated and out of place that it becomes rubbish itself. The heap is an open-air squat, a wasteland with no development plans, a building site whose construction has been suspended due to the company's bankruptcy. It is a space that escapes us to such that it ends up managing itself like an ecosystem. It collects, accumulates and recovers the things that pass within its reach, sipping its cocktail of ruin and debauchery. It smells of abandonment and contempt, which gives it this little sad face making it almost endearing.

The heap is a fullness filled with cynical voids. Its lack of purpose makes it empty and hollow like a story with no plot. It is the place where nothing happens, where nothing really exists in a defined way, where nothing has any meaning or value, it is an aberration full of inertia and flabbiness. You could compare it to a crumbling corpse on the ground or a burned-out carcass. Things have lost their balance and spread like mud puddles on a pristine tile floor. It smells like carrion and dirt, it tastes like boredom and laziness. It sticks to the teeth like a large piece of chewing gum that would solidify under the table. It is aged by time, chewed by memories and crushed in the dizziness of oblivion.

Imagine a small hunchbacked man, crouching on a dusty floor, who turns his back at you, looking over his shoulder from time to time to stick out his tongue.

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