

Large Print Guide

**Nocturnal Creatures:  
Nichole Bachman**



Toynbee Hall

**This guide includes a large print version of interpretation panels included in the space, as well as a transcript of Nichole Bachmann's film 'along the rims', 2020.**

## **Nicole Bachmann**

**'along the rims', 2020;**

**'Come together', 2020–21**

6–11pm continuous film screening,  
performances at 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30 and  
10.30pm (ticket holders only)

Movement and sound by performers coming together and apart, alternates between the screen and in real-life, in *along the rims* Nicole Bachman (b. 1973, Zurich). Set in Toynbee Hall's historic Lecture Hall, the work explores connectedness and communication, through physical exchange and unexpected alliances.

How do we connect, communicate and share information with other human bodies but also the world around us? Filmed in the green spaces of the Hackney Marshes during the release of lockdown in summer 2020, *along the rims* features three dancers that exchange ideas through movement and sound, touch and song, exploring modes of communication

beyond language. The film and performance explore power structures and dominant discourses, creating a space for improvisation and alternative, non-verbal meaning. A series of ink drawings made in dialogue with the work, capturing the development and rewriting of the script, are shown in the adjacent Ashbee Hall.

## **'along the rims', 2020**

### **Transcript:**

along the rims

carefully treading

in my coat of skin

not to be left hanging shielding but not impairing

flakes

falling

i dissolve

or

i become

partly

anchored

then free flowing

a mesh of seeds

suspended in air

not quite floating rather in a vacuum gaping for air

bloodless creature following necessities we believe in

riotous noise

deafening all sounds

sleek silver hand

feels across

I want to shake it

desperately

not quite there

mirroring

my gaping mouth

dark

moist

wanting

no the hand

an eager move

place my flesh on its cool surface suck its cool and

beauty sucklings we are

living on

juices in abundance

dripping

sugary advices

cautious

sticky pleasure

held across

exchanged despite

liquid seeps in

I'm slowly melting  
loosing my shape  
dissolving  
invisible to others  
but yet  
becoming  
other  
under your skin i imagine  
my temporary  
refuge  
held by  
invisible hands passing me around  
together  
illusion  
or  
last resort of hope understanding parity of all things  
and respect  
my boundaries dissolved willfully  
what a relief  
i don't want to eat  
i don't want to talk

it's spilling

even though i feel calm the spilling is violent erratic

nothing i have planned for or have been prepared

for i feel cut off

amputated

it's not how it should be no life line

no hands to carry me

what exactly happens do i touch you?

what touches you

a piece of me

a me?

or do we both reach out meet somewhere

but what reaches?

how do i know?

or you?

do we decide

we have?

am i a melting bun

filled with strawberry sauce leaking everywhere

sticky

afterthought