

*REPEAT AGAIN. REPEAT.*

*Come in.  
Entrez.  
De gauche.  
À droite.*

From the corridor, you hear distant, far-off voices; benevolent and sensual, they seem to be calling you. The words talk but they don't order. As if attracted by the song of the siren you head towards them while the echo gets louder and louder. And when you penetrate the room, a spotlight flashes straight at you. You've just made a dramatic entrance.

*Move nearer.  
Silent.*

Once the surprise effect has passed, you get closer and decide to examine the installation. It consists of two black tripods, one in the middle of the room supporting three large speakers and another one located in the corner on which hang four spotlights. These two unassuming objects inhabit the entire space, releasing a powerful and intangible atmosphere. The disembodied voices – a man and two women – overlap with the flashing lights in a harmonious collision and create a delicate yet disturbing presence. You wander into the room, look around and vaguely listen to the story of a man meditating, searching for the word. After a while, this floating monologue becomes almost too impersonal. Tired of it, you start to walk away, but another voice suddenly takes over. It calls you back.

*Listen.  
Understand.  
Do you?*

This constant shift between narration and conversation forms the pattern of *Repeat Again. Repeat*. It is this subtle balance that makes the visitor successively active then passive towards the piece, in it then outside of it, complicit then not. Operating as a *mise en scène*, it engages with the audience in many different ways. While the lights direct your gaze, the voices influence your movements; together they are disconcerting. *Repeat Again. Repeat* manifests in the gallery as a disruptive element, producing its own space while at the same time invading its surroundings. Gently intrusive but not hostile, the piece unveils the stillness of the gallery and makes you conscious of your physical presence, here and now.

*Sharply.  
Slowly.  
Edgy.  
Quietly.*

In Nicole Bachmann's work, words are everywhere. She uses language as a raw material from which she creates elegant and accessible forms that range from installations and sculptures to performances, films and magazines. Her pieces emphasize the notion of communication and its potential for creating discomfort, both physically and mentally. By their very nature, words are intimate; they have a tendency to expose, to give too much away, especially when we

share them with other people. Read, heard, written or spoken, they sometimes betray our thoughts and feelings, revealing something about ourselves, something we might not even consciously know.

*Embarrassed.*  
*A conscious glance.*  
*A furtive look.*

In *Repeat Again. Repeat*, the distinction between seeing with the eyes and experiencing with the body is collapsed. Invited to perform a range of sensory tasks, from listening and viewing to moving and so on, the audience gets intimately and physically related to the piece which can only exist together with them. It is precisely this strong connection that makes the work of art not just an object to consume but a subject to activate. Now, it's time to leave the room. You notice one of the lights pointing out the exit and the words still follow you. When you push the door, you quickly turn round to give a last glance. But it's too late. As soon as you withdraw yourself from the piece, you become an outsider, a foreigner. You stare one last time at that space you no longer belong to and hear one of the voices calling you back, again.

*Leave the room.*  
*Turn around.*  
*Walk back.*  
*Swiftly.*  
*Behind the curtain.*

— Louise Chignac

Text written in reaction to the piece *Repeat Again. Repeat*, presented in the exhibition *Disappearing Into One* at the Zabłudowicz Collection, London, January 2013.