

SKIN HUNGER

JOHANNA NUUTINEN + COLLABORATORS //

MELISSA A. THOMPSON / JOHANNA NUUTINEN / DANCERS

AMIE-BLAIRE

INTRO

I recently went home after a few years of being away and I saw my Dad. He's a lot older than he was when I left. And I hugged him.

How do you describe that?

My sister has a dog now. She is amazing... She's not the kind that jumps on you and licks your face. But if you sit beside her, she will put her head in your lap.

How do you describe that?

I got to hold an eight-day-old baby. I was so excited. And she was so tiny and so beautiful. But of course, as soon as I held her, she started crying.

How do you describe that?

Holding another person, another universe?

When I was a kid, I used to play this game with my sister: I'd hold my hand out, as close to her as I could, and I'd ask; "Am I touching you?"

I thought I was so clever, because I wasn't touching her— with my hand. But I was with my foot or something else.

I used to play this in the car as well. I think I was annoyed because she is older, and always got to sit in the front. So I'd sit behind her and I'd ask,

"Am I touching you?"

I only ever touched her seat lightly, so I don't know how she knew. But she was never wrong.

Am I touching you?

TEXT 1

AURI.

The flesh

The surface

The weight

The pressure.

The soothing force

It can only belong to an Other.

TEXT 2

AMIE-BLAIRE.

I disappear in these moments.

As a kid, I thought I was becoming transparent,
so much so that I thought that I could talk to ghosts

An in-between state

This dark force you carried
Some nameless place between lust and destruction.

I was certain it would happen then
I slid through my own secret trap door.

Nothing actually happened
But we both know something broke under the threat

I guard my body beyond recognition

I thicken my skin

And hover

"It's okay, I can take it."

TEXT 3

JACK.

My feet are rooted

My arms are open

TEXT 4
GEORGIOS.

A hunger, a bridge, a longing

This need to read the world through my hands
And sometimes to consume it too

I touch for truth
But must remind myself that every touch leaves a mark
A new truth, every time.

My arms are a bridge
My hands, a morse code

TEXT 5
JONNA.

Nothing
Of permissions

Lush
First
Knowing

Unconditional

Bone
Sun
Rain

(we are)
Guests
In this vast forcefield

(we are)
Temporary
In something
eternal

TEXT 6

YI-CHI.

I render myself Untouchable.