

STORIES OF SOFT SKIN



(This is Not my Language)

Detroit

2012



When I would get home at night, this summer, during my stay in Detroit, I would write down certain conversations I'd had with people I'd met, and small observations I'd made during the day. Returning to Berlin and Oslo, the cities I live in, I had hundreds of unsorted notes saved to my computer.

Presented on the following pages is a selection of 12 of these notes, accompanied by two screenshots of my computer, taken while in Detroit.



Maya Deren - At Land (1944)









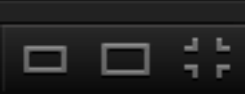
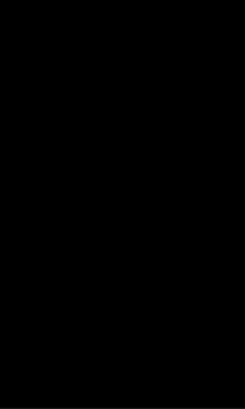




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In a bar. Nighttime.

- I wanted to ask you, are you afraid to  
be here alone?

- No.

On the street. Midday.

- There is really nothing to be afraid of.
- OK.



On the lawn. Midday.

Small birds were hiding in the grass. They were brown, as the ground between the green straws, and almost impossible to see, but every time a car passed you could see their movements, as they they would flap their wings and fly some feet away before settling down at some new spot.

In the kitchen. Morning time.

- If you could, would you travel to the moon?
- I don't know. Would it take long?
- Let's say a day or two.
- Yeah. Sure.

In the living room. Nighttime.

I was tired. I was watching the same film on my computer, over and over again. It was a silent film.

As I was watching, a car passed by on the street outside. It was playing loud music. I sat in my chair without moving as it passed.

No one could hear me. The blinds were down.

In a backyard. He was throwing sticks to a large black and white dog. It was hot out.

- I never sleep better than when I sleep in my bed next to this dog. It is so simple. I never sleep better, than next to this dog.

On a roof. Nighttime.

- I try to keep this place secret, but you can sit here anytime if you want to.

- Thanks.

- If you sit here for a bit now, the sun will set on that large tree over there, and it will turn bright red.

- Is it pretty?

- Yeah. I guess so.

On the bed. Late morning.

I touched his arm and his chest and moved my hand in-between his body and the mattress.

- This is the part of the body I like the most.

I said.

- Right here, where the ribs stop and the skin turns soft and sensitive.

He sleeps with a baseball bat next to his bed.

On a roof. The sun was setting. A dog was standing on the top of a pile of logs, barking.

- Do not worry.

He said

- It cannot get to us.



On the street. Alone. Nighttime.

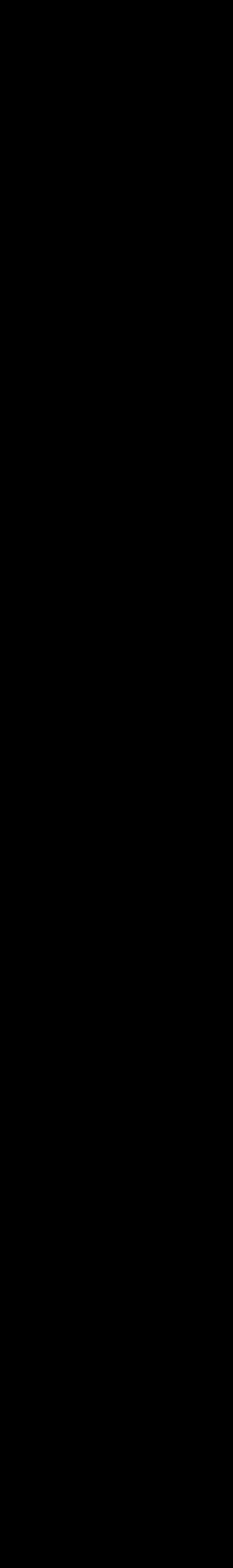
- How are you?
- Fine thanks. How are you?
- Fine thank you. Fine.

I was afraid.







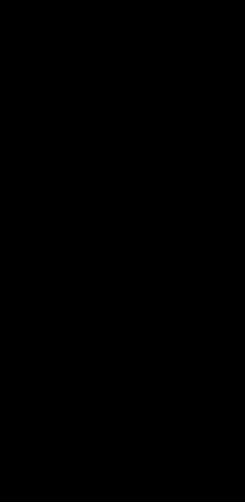












On the porch. Nighttime.

- This is not my language.
- Do you speak any other language?
- No.





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INCA

2012





