

# PORTFOLIO



**Christina Schultz**

artist, performer and linguistic nomad

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# STATEMENT

Christina Schultz describes herself as a research-oriented, multidisciplinary artist, performer, and linguistic nomad. The word, written, sung, or recited, is the central axis of her work; it is the medium to create lasting relationships, collaborative processes, and performative-literary outcomes. To address a broad audience, Schultz works with different forms of language and expression, from role-playing to interviews, fiction, and reality staging.

She devises complex projects on socio-political issues in close, transdisciplinary exchange with participants, artists, and specialists. In her research processes, which are as important as the results, she uses writing techniques from literature, composition, and theater, which are offered and collectivized in workshops, seminars, or laboratories. Although the research results are process-dependent, they range between performative and audiovisual formats such as open rehearsals, readings, performances, theater scripts and publications, animated video works, and documentaries.

These largely transient materializations retain their consistency through the high level of commitment of the participants and their sense of authorship. Schultz accompanies her research with drawings that often find their way onto printed textiles or framed formats.

Experimenting with knowledge transfer through bodywork, transversal writing, and hospitality, thereby constructing belonging, empathy, and neighborhood, is a priority for her. In doing so, she builds bridges between invention and truth, role and identity bringing the far close. She transfers the limitless possibilities of fantasy to reality, trying to take away the shapelessness of an uncertain future and the fear of it for herself and others.

The artist is currently focusing on refining her research method - the transition from intimate conversations to rehearsed dialogues - and making it accessible as a tool.

# MAKING HOLES

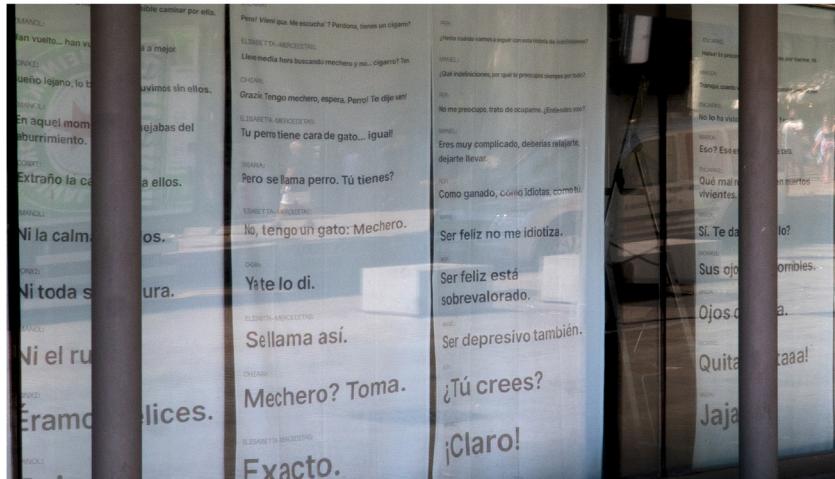
*Fer Forats*, or 'Making Holes' in English, is a cross-sectional, philosophical-poetic, and artistic investigation from 2021-2022 on the capacity of transversal writing to create meaningful relationships. It was supported by a residency grant from the Santa Mònica Art Centre in Barcelona and the City Grant CREA. It became a tool to engage with the dangerously overwhelming gentrification process and dehumanization of the Rambla, Barcelona's most emblematic dividing axis of the city center. Over 15 participants formed part of three writing cycles and were instructed to write dialogues collectively between actual and fictitious neighbors of the Ramblas. The resulting dramatized texts concluded in a theatrical performance:

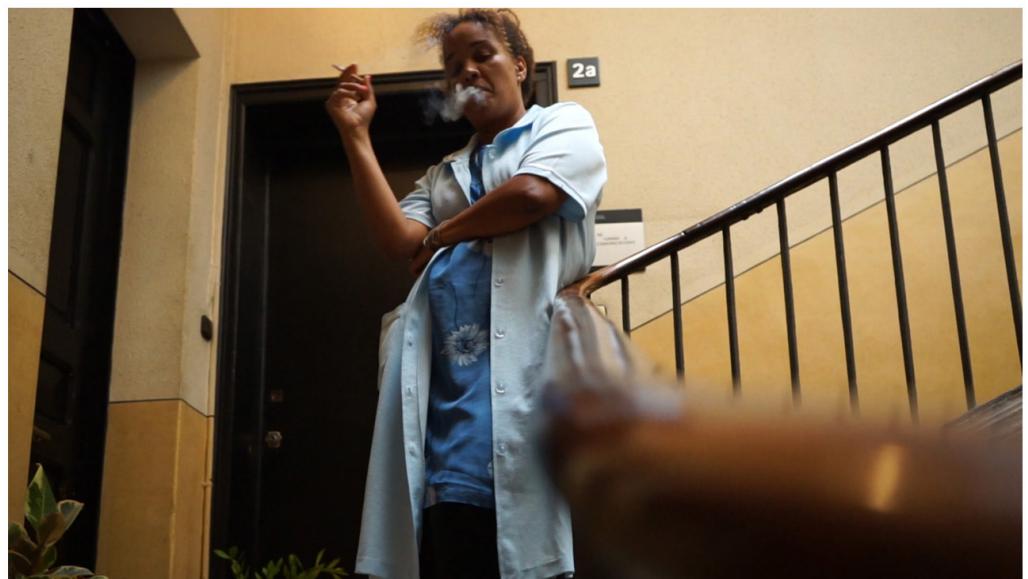
AND

RAMBLA 14

The performance simulates a journey through time, starting in 1973, passing through the present of 2022, and arriving at the near future, 2072. The stage was the staircase of a half-empty building of the Ramblas, where the audience could catch glimpses of daily life situations on each floor. A selection of the texts were printed on customized curtains for the Santa Mònica Art Center, located at Rambla 7, in front of Rambla 14. They face outside the centre, visible to the passers-by of the Rambla.

"Manoli. Manoli! Would you mind getting a loaf of bread for me quickly?" Encarna





# CHARMS & POTIONS

'*Conjuros y Colocones*', 'Charms and Potions' in English, is a project in collaboration with Metzineres, a daycare space in the city centre of Barcelona for women who take drugs, with the support of the regional research grant OSIC from Catalonia. It started at the beginning of the pandemic in 2020 and continued until the end of 2021. During the first year, this artistic investigation offered weekly sessions to recover and invent female knowledge on poetic cures through conspiring spells, charms, potions, rituals, and magical objects to attract love, money, health and the fulfilment of specific personal needs. In the second year, the proposal was to design and devise a Tarot deck with drug-related archetypes and use them to write stories between reality and fiction for a performative reading.

AND

# ANARCOMISTICAL HERSTORIES

The texts of the *Anarcomistical Herstories*, devised during weekly sessions, were scripted and choreographed for a performative reading. The fantastical lecture of the dramatized writings, Anarcomistical Herstories, was staged at the Museum for Contemporary Art in Barcelona, the scenic art residencies Nau Ivanow, Barcelona and Escoles Velles, Gerona.

"Who comes through the door? A raven! Yet, taking a closer look I saw it was just a man with a coat." Aida



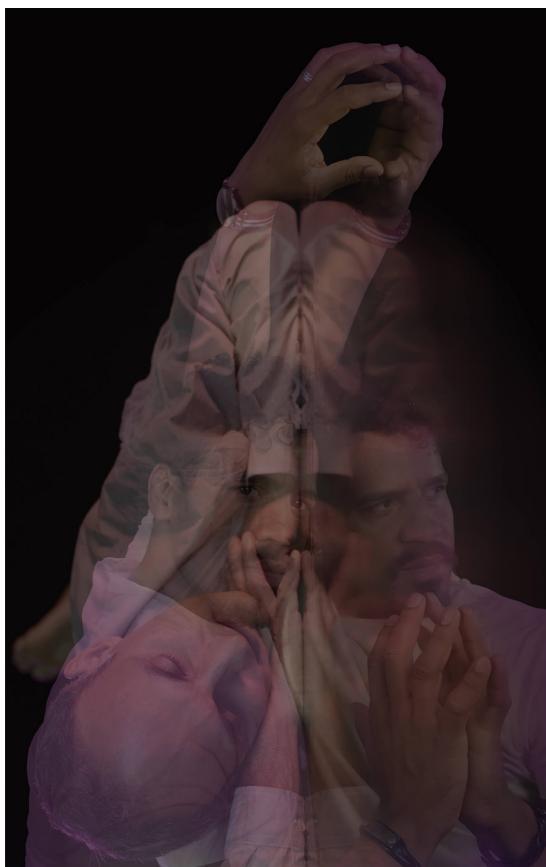


# RESONANCES

Through embodied theory, voice, and collective choir work, this project investigated sexual dissidence in Barcelona with a group of LGTBQI+ people in 2019, thanks to the Art For Change grant of La Caixa Banc and Homesession, art residency in Barcelona.

During four months in weekly meetings, a diverse group of 16 people who define themselves as queer+ devised collective narrative exercises based on their authentic experience through writing, transcription, song and bodywork, sharing taboos, shames, conformities and disagreements with sexuality in our societies. The result of this collaborative work was a performance at the Museum for Contemporary Art and Graner, a theatre art residency in Barcelona, and a solo show of the artist hosted by the Homesession Art Center which comprised drawings, [a website](#), a documentary, a holographic and a textile installation and a photo collage of the collective body.

*"I knew I was different since I was seven years old and dressed up secretly as a girl." Leo*





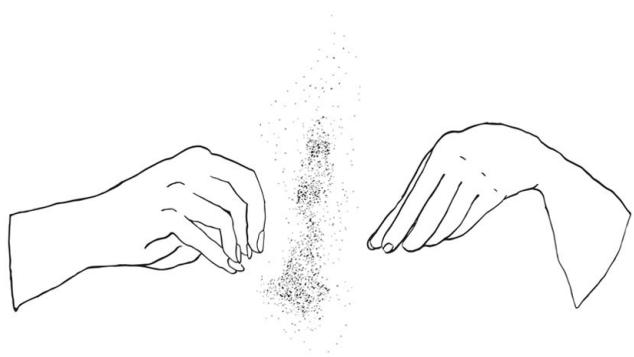
# THE WEIGHT OF MY NEIGHBORS

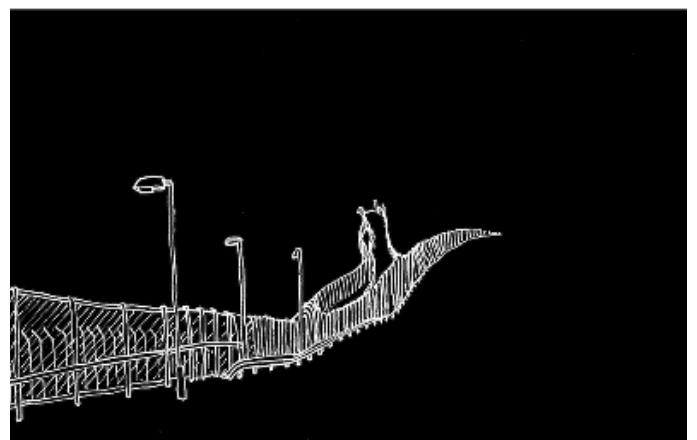
Thanks to the city grants of Barcelona Producció from 2017, Jiwar and Le18, art residencies and the PEI study program, the project [El Peso de Mis Vecinas](#), 'The Weight of My Neighbors' in English, began to investigate the relationships of distance and proximity with our Moroccan neighbors in Barcelona and at the Spanish-Moroccan border through poetry, song, and recipe writing.

Piramidón Art Center showed the project's results at a solo exhibition, which comprised a series of drawings, a publication, and a performative conference, 'The voices of trabando'.

Since then, the musical conference has been held at the Museum for Contemporary Art in Barcelona, Galerie 3 in Vienna, Vilaller Festival, and Museum Terra i Mar at Sant Pol. This ongoing research just finished an audiovisual sung documentary and aims to continue the collective creations with the participants in the future.

*"Ay, Christina, why did you leave, and left me alone?" Zbor*

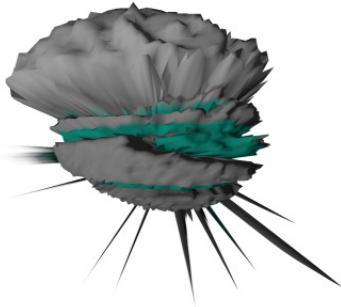




# DOING NOTHING

The project started in 2015 and marked the beginning of my glocalized research interests. It began with a digital diary on doing nothing and a resulting solo exhibition thanks to the production grant of the Nau Côclea Art Center. It developed into a laboratory in different formats and places in Barcelona, Spain, Pergine, Italy, and Graz, Austria. It reflects the various aspects of nothing, such as leisure and play, endurance and discipline, subversion and resistance, reduction, non-action, and wasting time as possible strategies to circumvent production for its own sake. Some of the most relevant versatile outcomes are a [collaged podcast in four chapters](#), a publication printed as a score, a manifesto, a [series of drawings](#) and photos, and a [telephone number](#) for sleep problems.

*"You can't define doing nothing unless you want to sell it." Christina*



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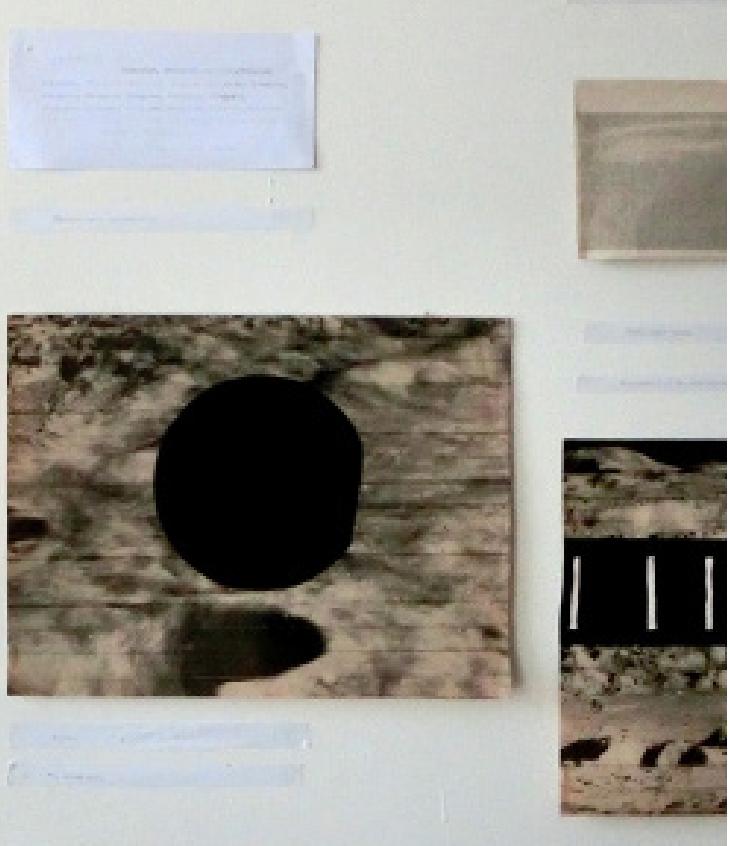
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# ROUNDABOUT

## EXCERPT

Zila's speech is an excerpt from the play "Roundabout," which I am working on with the support of my tutor David Spencer and the Outside Edge Theater in London. It's a play about the coming-to-be of three middle-aged women dealing with mental health and societal traumas about what it means to be an adult woman.

**ZILA:** It was not an accident!

**Lyssa to Manie**

**LYSSA:** Who is that?

*Zila starts to do one of the siblings' hair.*

**ZILA:** Oh dear. You should really do something with that hair.  
What is this all-natural look you people have nowadays?  
I mean, we also spent hours and hours, products over products on our hair beauty, but at least there was a difference between night and day.  
Now it almost seems the other way around.  
You do your hair at night, so it will look messy during the day.

*Manie looks at Lyssa. Lyssa shushes her to keep quiet.*

Well, let's see if I can fix this.

*Zila sniffs on Lyssa's hair.*

Oh, the smell of life!  
Aunt Zila had her little tricks to do her buns. I did them all alone my whole life.  
Let me get that.

**MANIE:** Aunt Zila?

**ZILA:** My mother said to me: 'Buns alone won't do!' With all that mathematics studying, you'll never get married. She only said that once.  
I gave her my special looks and my brother, your granddad, hurried to hide under the table cause I would threaten him to put one of mother's needles in his ear.

**ZILA:**

My mother was afraid of the black gaze in my eyes. I found that out early.  
She was right about marriage, though, because I got my doctor's title in maths  
and physics, STUDYING AND being attractive.  
You wouldn't believe the times they said to me:  
You're not that bad looking - so why do you study?  
What?  
They still say that?  
Well, that wasn't certainly YOUR experience, my dear.  
I heard you were quite a disappointment in natural sciences?  
Well, anyway, not to bother, they had their reasons to tell you -  
well, almost nothing about me!  
But that's not what I am here for, right?  
Anyway, I learned to control my see-through look and only loosened up on it by  
the end of my life.  
Which, by the way, I carefully planned.  
I mean, I studied the rules of probability, and I dissected little frog feet to find  
out all about calculating age.  
Of course, nobody would give a shit then. A woman. Calculating life duration.  
Women are supposed to control the beginning of life, not its end.  
All they would offer me was lifelong employment as a state clerk.  
Pff, all that talent behind a desk.  
But I fooled them all along. I had proposed myself a little challenge, you know,  
darling? And this is where you come in, my dear.  
Isn't that what you want to know? How to calculate your own death.

*Zila finishes Lyssa's hairstyle*

Ok, this one's done. Oh. (she notices Lyssas necklace) My mother gave that to  
me. But then, there was no one I could have given it to myself. (she takes it) Let's  
continue with your sister here. Are you family of Dawn? I don't remember you.  
You do share some look alike. Well, traumas can bond, can't they?

*Lyssa shakes her head, and Manie nods.*

We'll get to that later. Where was I? Oh, so  
I put an interesting variable into the calculation of my time of death. / Drugs.  
Legal drugs, of course, with proper prescription and all.  
So, first thing - prepare for your afterlife.  
What I left behind, you might remember, is a cupboard full of unopened medi-  
cine.  
I studied all the side effects and started mixing them to provoke:  
Amnesia, hypertension, schizophrenic tendencies, and - most important, senil-  
ity.

Of course, you didn't know that; you were just a young girl. I didn't mean to scare you back then. It was your father I was going after a bit.  
Don't you agree that he had it all too easy in his life?  
I was to be the first of four women he would have to bury.  
In revenge for those other ones, he disappointed, using them for his own un-achieved self-appreciation.  
His and your mother, about four or five, I can't remember, obligatory secretaries and a couple of girlfriends.  
And at the same time, my weird fantasies would justify my misbehavior and // that large doll in my bed.  
You remember that doll, don't you?

*Lyssa shakes her head, and Manie nods, (the sound of a sea breeze and waves starts).*

She was absolutely gorgeous. She had real hair, a bit softer than yours, and her skin always had the perfect temperature, the same as mine.  
And most important, and you are going to like that part, she wouldn't ever place no hand where it didn't belong. Unlike your mother. Hands should be where they belong, especially in the dark, don't you agree, my darling?  
Oh, is that the beach?

FIN