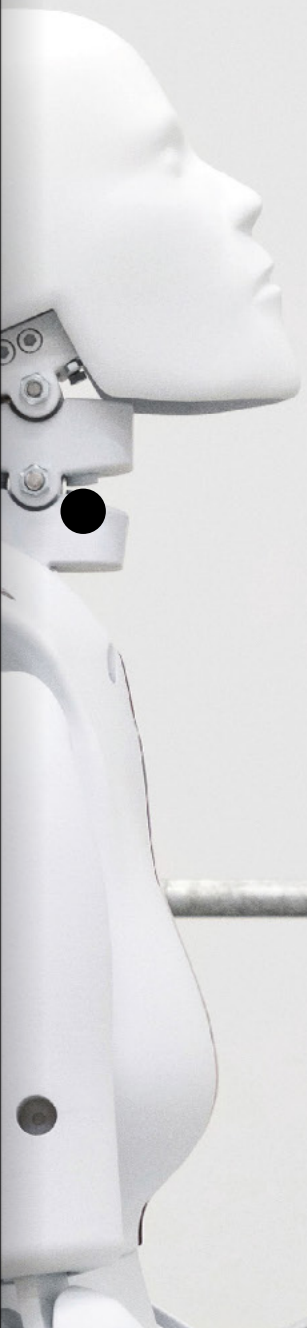


Tora Schultz



*Bitch  
on Wheels*





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Tora Schultz  
*Bitch on Wheels*  
Exhibition period: 19.11.2022 - 29.01.2023

O-OVERGADEN  
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# Bitch on Wheels

## FOREWORD

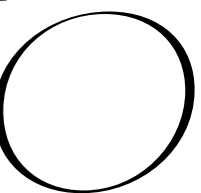
With equal measures of playfulness and diligent material detail, Tora Schultz's sculptural practice unveils the structural violence in some of society's most common furniture. The subtle machismo behind the strappings of an armchair; the privileging of a (super) male body in the making of crash test dummies resulting in non-conforming bodies being more likely to die in a car crash; the classification of women as ill-tempered, vampish "bitches on wheels"—an idea of women being sinful, on a primary level, repeated in any "Eva" figure (Eva is the Danish spelling of Eve)—these are all elements of Schultz's first ever grand-scale solo exhibition, on at O—Overgaden this year.

Educated in Sweden at Kungliga Konsthögskolan, the new body of work that Schultz (DK, 1991) has created for this exhibition spans the automotive industry and bentwood lounge chair design with materials including an apple, strappings, domestic interiors, and public barriers. Across this spectrum, the primary sculptural gesture of creating frozen or motionless moments is central to Schultz: the spectator meets the numb body of the dummy; wood forced into static, curved shapes; the tied-up torso; a Takotsubo pot evoking its namesake syndrome of a traumatized, broken heart; and, metaphorically, the stale rigidity of typification or standardization.

In this publication, the exhibition's close companion, or better perhaps, its naughty offspring, these different sculptural pieces—all circulating a motionless state—spark an associative range of words and thinking. The texts by, respectively, curator and author Laura McLean-Ferris, scientist and creator of the first average female crash test dummy, Astrid Linder, and editor and art critic Nanna Friis, each expand on Schultz's material assemblages and their inherent narratives, resulting in highly entertaining and at times heartbreaking reads.

It is a pleasure to introduce this publication, putting words to Schultz's multilayered objecthood. The one-year collaboration between Schultz and O—Overgaden that has enabled the ambitious artistic production as well as this publication, is made possible by O—Overgaden's INTRO program. INTRO is O—Overgaden's special, resourceful, and tailored program aimed at supporting newly graduated artists related to the Danish art scene, with, among other things, travel funding and artistic, strategic, and technical advice from senior colleagues in the arts. For more than three decades O—Overgaden has premiered new artistic practices to the Danish art scene and beyond. The support from Aage and Johanne Louis-Hansen's Foundation to further develop this ambition through the INTRO program is unique. A heartfelt thank you to the Foundation, the contributors to the publication, as well as all external advisors, and of course to the team at O—Overgaden for seeing this process through. Last, but not least, a most grateful thank you to Tora for her incredible and unwavering dedication to the artistic core of this endeavor, and for sharing her work with us.

Rhea Dall,  
Director, November 2022





# MASS PRODUCED SUBMISSIVE

Laura McLean-Ferris

*The same calm but curious gaze, as if she were still undecided how to make use of me, was fixed on my face shortly afterwards as I stopped the car on a deserted service road among the reservoirs to the west of the airport.<sup>1</sup>*

In J.G. Ballard's *Crash* (1975) bodies meet a built world of bleakly stripped-back form. This universe has no frills: Zadie Smith describes it as a "denatured landscape in which people do not so much communicate as exchange mass-produced gestures." Described with a flattened affect, the concerns of the built environment that Ballard describes are with function, speed, transaction. Instead of a lake, there is a reservoir; instead of a street with a name there is a service road to an airport.

The characters of *Crash* occupy this perfunctory space—recently designed for moving things around with the greatest efficiency possible—in their cars. Where the population at large diverges from the milieu described in the novel is in their response to this newly transformed landscape: like especially perverse futurists, they see this environment built around speed, in which bodies are delivered and serviced, as fatally and erotically charged by the everyday event of the car accident. By the 1970s cars were a mass market product, and whole cities and regions were being designed around their movement. Their place as symbols of sex and power seemed assured, and yet a possible epidemic of car deaths raised its head alongside the presence of these heavy machines in everyday life. In *Crash*, over and over, we read of soft flesh and brittle bone being brought into horrific contact with metal, glass, and plastic vehicles at speed. As a result of one such impact, a shattered windshield is obliterated into fragments that embed themselves in a woman's skull like a crystal tiara.

The juxtaposition of gory deaths and celebrity car accidents with scenes of characters fucking in crashed cars, covering dashboards and gear sticks with semen and blood, is relentless and ultimately clinically ambivalent—the generalized tone offers the same "calm but curious gaze" that Ballard gives to the character in the quote above. This clinicism is, perhaps, one of *Crash* primary qualities, and a possible key to understanding how the novel and the subsequent film adaptation became a flashpoint in the culture wars, where it was branded as sadistic, depraved pornography. For Ballard, if something is threatening, it is also interesting, and *vice versa*. It's a way of seeing.

Over the years since the novel was published and the film was made, it has now become well established that the novel is a premonitory work of cultural analysis, and a warning (ambivalent to the end, Ballard himself made contradictory statements which both support and undermine this interpretation). This can make it easy to overlook the fact that it is challenging to spend time in the novel's universe, where severed heads and gashes occupy the same scenes as arousal, and where characters dream of penetrating each other's wounds. And yet, they do view themselves as standing at the threshold of a new world: they are transmitters, who believe they can "unlock this immense stasis and free these drivers for the real destinations set for their vehicles, the paradises of the electric highway," in other words, to join a state of pure transport, machine, speed. Jean Baudrillard wrote that the writing in *Crash* made mixtures of bodies and technologies "totally immanent—it is the reversion of the one into the other."<sup>2</sup>

The future that Ballard's protagonists dreamed of has now arrived. Though it doesn't have quite the same quality of visceral explicitness, we do live in incredible intimacy with technology, and the degree to which this is true means that it is passé to mention it. Now that a phone (with its attendant cameras, servers, networks) acts as a gateway, portal, or vehicle toward almost any experience, these technologies define as well as augment human life. Yet rather than bodies being left behind for "the electric highway," the way technology directs human life has shifted experiences of embodiment. As Gene Moreno wrote in 2012:

*Bodies are now engaged in such an unprecedented way that even as we speak of diffused and disembodied experiences, we know this isn't enough to describe the multilateral stimuli that assail us and recode us incessantly. We can't escape the awareness of our corporeality—its dissolutions and condensations—or of the atmospheric qualities that stick to it, the ambient modulations that constantly perturb it, even if we are still learning how to describe these new exchanges.<sup>3</sup>*

Many novels today are populated by characters who seem continually, newly surprised by the corporeality of their bodies: shocked by their bodily functions, fascinated by their skin conditions, accidentally finding themselves in a BDSM relationship.

It is within such a climate that erotic tactility of a car—imagine a sexy bikini carwash scene from a movie or even a recent James Bond car chase—begins to appear like evidence of a culture from the distant past. Consider this passage from *Crash*, in which the protagonist pores over an image of a dead starlet: "Jayne Mansfield stepped from her car in a studio publicity still, left leg on the ground, right thigh raised to reveal the maximum of its inner surface. Her breasts were thrust forward, below an engaging come-on smile, and almost touched the canted door pillar of the wrap-around windshield."<sup>4</sup> In this image of the actress her death is foreshadowed simply by contact with the machine that drives her around, yet this vision of sexuality is from a Hollywood golden age. Today, though cars and vehicles have not decreased in usage, such a direct conflation of cars and sexuality as a fantasy is less present—they have mostly been relegated to a lower position in a shared symbolic realm in favor of other symbols. And yet, it is not quite done: some presence hangs around like a ghost.

Tora Schultz's photographic diptych *Wiper* (2022) is a monochrome pair of images shot from inside a car, printed on two aluminum panels. The car's dark interior looks plain and anonymous, like a rental, and the environment outside the car is obscured in a thick, soupy fog. The photograph on the right looks out toward the passenger side, including the right-hand side of the windshield and window. Besides the fog outside there is a circular permit that creates a black spot on the lower right-hand side of the windshield. The photograph on the left panel has been shot with the lens aimed at the driver's side, and here, at the driver's window, are two black circles that are pressing on the window from the outside. This double presence has the faint look of a horror image—something emerging from the mist that suddenly is so close that it is pressing itself against the glass. Dark drips bleed vertically from the black circles and there is an indistinct, smudgy presence behind them. That the circles are, it turns out, breasts, pressing themselves against the window glass, seems wry—there is an ironic echo of the kind of outdated sexy carwash scenes that it might have been inspired by. And yet, the image is genuinely weird—disembodied and unsettling. It is less the violent, erotic meeting that Ballard's novel imagined between Jayne Mansfield and the window glass and more an imprint made by ghostly body parts that press at a window and demand to be let in. As Leonard Cohen's song of the dead asks: "Who shall I say is calling?"<sup>5</sup>

This kind of revision or review of symbolically gendered objects appears across several of Schultz's recent works, where the artist draws out a quiet, inherent violence across the designed world. The bright red stilettos that featured on the cover of the novel *The Devil Wears Prada* with the devil's fork at the base of the heel are fabricated as a sculpture and shown to be an unwearable fetish made to represent an ancient archetype—the bitch on wheels. A Swedish design classic—the *Eva* chair by Bruno Mathsson—

is named for a woman (perhaps the symbolic "first" woman of Christianity), made by bending wood into a pleasing set of curves and then sitting on it, symbolically sending a message about feminine subordination.

The specter of the car crash continues to permeate this recent work, however. As well as the chair, Schultz has been exhibiting another *Eva*: *EvaRID*, a prototype crash test dummy that is modeled on the average physical makeup of a human woman, designed by Astrid Linder. It is currently not used at a regulatory scale, even though when women are involved in a crash, they have a significantly higher chance of dying or being injured, and safety aids designed around 6-foot-tall men may aggravate women's injuries rather than prevent them. Breasts are not taken into consideration when designing a car for a body to use; they are supposed to simply appear around cars, in figments of erotic contact, or as muses. Schultz has also been making bedframes that take the form of crash barriers, as if the bedroom is really the scene of the ultimate crash. There is an ambivalence here too—who is getting fucked? There is material evidence that this "denatured world" that was designed for speed and movement, was also only designed for one type of body, but also, possibly that the "mass produced gestures" have got inside everything: inside one's head, inside one's bed. Does everything that has been left out of this designed world hang around to haunt it? The body that touches the car is the body of an apparition.

1. J.G. Ballard, *Crash* (New York: Vintage, 1995; first published by Jonathan Cape, 1973) p. 36.

2. Jean Baudrillard, *Simulacra and Simulations*, translated by S.F. Glaser (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1994), p. 314.

3. Gene Moreno, "Notes on the Inorganic, Part II: Terminal Velocity," *e-flux Journal*, no. 32, February 2012 [www.e-flux.com/journal/32/68266/notes-on-the-inorganic-part-ii-terminal-velocity](http://www.e-flux.com/journal/32/68266/notes-on-the-inorganic-part-ii-terminal-velocity)

4. Ballard, *Crash*, p. 51.

5. Leonard Cohen, "Who by Fire," from the album *New Skin for the Old Ceremony* (Columbia, 1974).

# MODELS OF THE ADULT POPULATION IN CRASH TESTING

Astrid Linder

As a Professor of Traffic Safety at VTI and Adjunct Professor at Chalmers University in Sweden, I have been involved in the area of improving occupant and road user safety since I started as a PhD student in 1996. I was then part of a project that developed the first crash test dummy for low severity rear impact testing addressing whiplash injuries. That dummy, the BioRID, was based on the dimensions of an average male, since those were the crash test dummies we had access to and could compare the BioRID with. As a PhD student doing an extensive literature review in the late 1990s, I realized that females had higher risk of whiplash injuries than males. Therefore, the next step after developing the BioRID would be to develop a dummy model representing the part of the population with highest risk of injuries: females.

When it comes to whiplash injuries in particular, we have known from the late 1960s that females have a higher risk of injury than males. Lately, additional studies have shown that this gendered imbalance applies to a much broader range of injuries than just whiplash.

In the assessment of safety, a dummy model of the average male is used to represent the adult population. This dummy is placed in the driver seat in the tests conducted as type approval tests in the EU and in consumer tests such as Euro NCAP. Attention to occupant safety gradually emerged during the twentieth century and this testing also started with using only a model of an average male to represent the occupants. The history of the dummy models used today can be traced back to research published in the early 1980s. At that point a dummy family was suggested consisting of a small female, an average female, an average male, and a large male dummy. All those figures, except for the average female, were put into production as commercially available dummies (the Hybrid III 5th percentile, 50th percentile and 95th percentile).

Still today, the female part of the population is not represented in the assessment of occupant protection. Furthermore, the regulatory framework that is used for type approval in the EU 27, the UNECE test, requires that a model of the average male must be used in all tests of driver protection in the event of a crash.

To address the lack of representation of the female part of the population in assessment of occupant protection, the VIRTUAL project that I coordinate created a pair (an average female and male) of both virtual models (the VIVA+ which are models with structures matching that of a human) and physical models (the SETs/Seat Evaluation Tool) of the 50F (female) and 50M (male). The data for the female comes from the same source of data that we initially used for creating the average male models. This data is found in literature, but the female data hasn't been used until recently. As a society, we still ignore the female part of the population in the assessment of occupant protection in the event of a crash.

In addition to developing the virtual and physical models, we have made them accessible via open source. Models and supporting data are available at [OpenVT.eu](http://OpenVT.eu).

# CONTAINERS

Nanna Friis

Everything is surface. The glossy beauty is water-resistant and self-sufficient and scratch-free; the beauty of the shells is unnecessary, a crowd pleaser. Container within container because it is usually not possible to expose something's true colors just like that.

The takotsubo pot has nothing to do with grief or shock, and nowhere in the object can be found the possible heart failure to which it has given its name. One might justly claim that the pot with its shape and its name holds a symbolic potential for suffering, but it does not show it. The clay, the shells, its pleasing outline become an external proxy for something intangible inside. Giving form to anything immaterial (sensitivity, mood, memory, imagination) is always a characteristic of art. So, what does art do more: hide or reveal.

For at least 32 years, doctors and researchers and specialists have tried to approach the physiologically broken heart. When does it swell, for what reasons, what can relieve it, and why is it a striking majority of women who are affected by this anatomically bizarre organ failure? The diseased hearts can be closely studied, dissected, analyzed quantitatively and qualitatively, and results can be derived from them, even if results do not necessarily equal truth.

The objects Tora Schultz has arranged next to each other in a room do not provide any answers, even if they are straightforward. Chairs and a fence, an apple, shoes, a seat belt. These are recognizable objects, but they turn away from recognition. Their backs to us, bars in front of the beautiful or wounded, a varnished anger. As objects they are clear, as sculptures they are knots or barricades around an interior that has no language.

The takotsubo pot is slightly pinched in its coffin. It is called *Motionless*. It stands still because what else can a pot and a sculpture do with its static heritage? It stands still because motionlessness is its inner state. In trauma there is also immobility; the bloated, sick heart is a bound heart in a bound body. We fasten surroundings and people to secure them against accident. Bodies and pots are easy to break, but can a body that remains intact and safe not also be broken.

*Motionless* is also a condition. The condition is invisible. All of Tora Schultz's sculptures are conditions, conditions that may not be able to reveal themselves to the world and must hide in a sculpture and be revealed in a sculpture. Something invisible is made physical. Two devil-red stilettos look like a type of discomfort next to desire. What is the bed when the bed frame is bars and romance and traffic accident? Can't the apple be released just a little from sin and sweetness and just share its colored circumstances with alarm red or safety red or fetish red? A locked-ness is omnipresent between things. Tora Schultz's sculptures look away and they don't look at all. In the takotsubo pot, trauma and silence and resistance and superior material precision can be found side by side. This pot is a trap and a hiding place. A usable darkness.

In 1990, Japanese cardiologist Hikaru Sato discovered a new heart disorder: a left heart chamber that swelled up and suddenly took on the shape of the so-called *takotsubo*, a particular kind of clay pot that has been used for centuries in Japan to catch squid. The pot is cast into the sea and, ideally, hoisted back up with animals in it that have mistaken the trap for a safe place to hide. Isn't it always the logic of the trap to look like a reliable hiding place (or be invisible)?

Takotsubo syndrome (TTS), an aberrant, vase-shaped heart chamber, was later nicknamed "broken heart syndrome" because correlations were found between the swelling of the heart and sudden, emotional overloads: death, heartbreak, violence and abuse, an abrupt layoff, serious diagnoses, other kinds of unexpected emotional meltdowns. It is the logic of trauma to hide itself as well as possible.

The crash as container for the body as container for the heart as container for the feeling. The artwork surrounding all of this, all of this inside the artwork.

Tora Schultz has placed a takotsubo pot in an upright coffin. There it stands, functionally patinated at the bottom of an open pillar, and the pillar is glossy black like an economic boom or a car.



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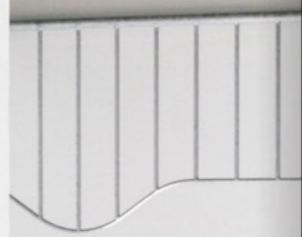












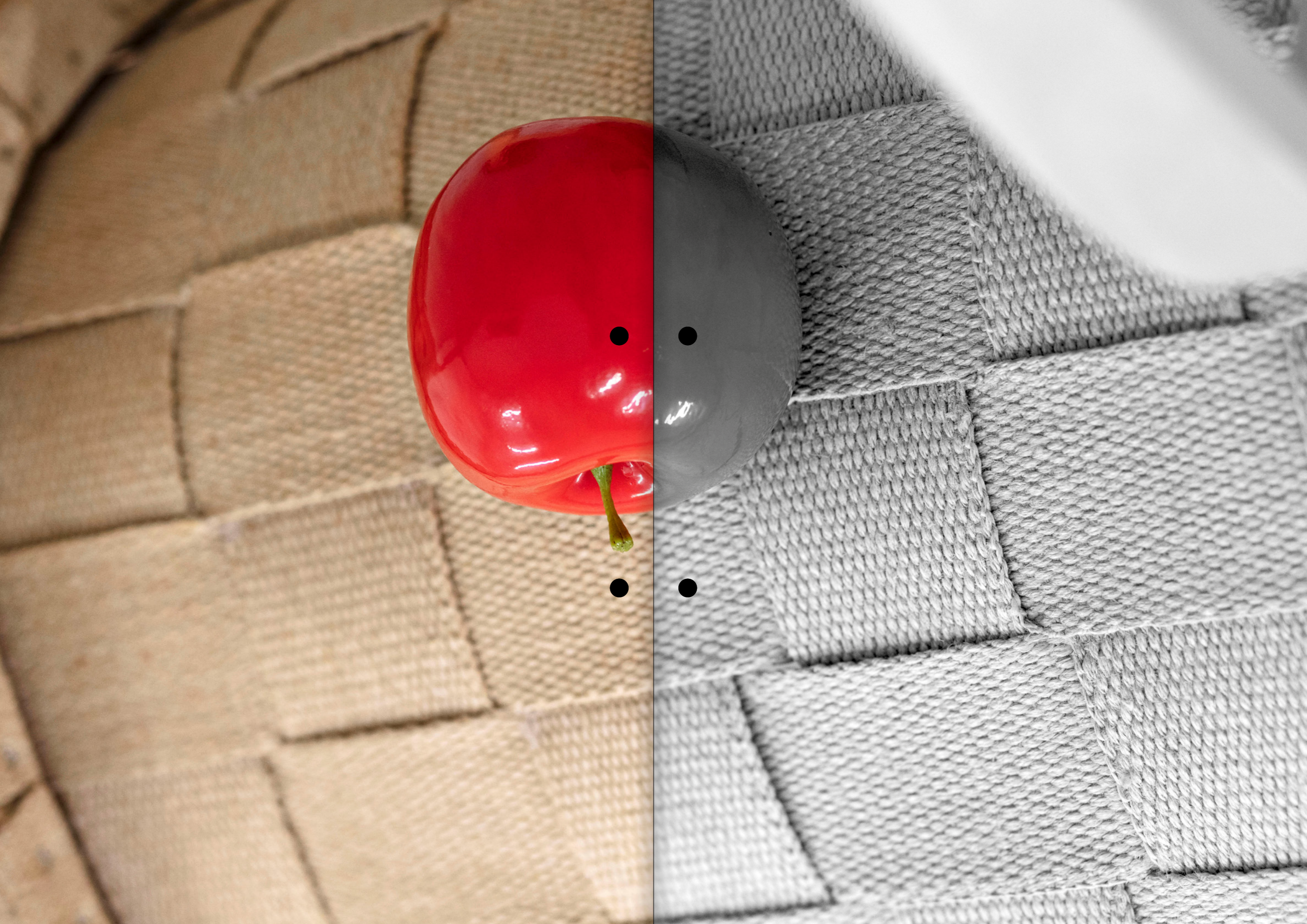






















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# CRASH-TEST-MODELLER AF DEN VOKSNE BEFOLKNING

Astrid Linder

Alle disse figurer, bortset fra gennemsnitskvinden, blev sat i produktion og gjort kommercielt tilgængelige (dem vi i dag kender som Hybrid III i 5-percentil-, 50-percentil- og 95-percentiludgaver). Den kvindelige del af befolkningen er dog stadig ikke repræsenteret i vurderinger af passagersikkerhed. Derudover kræver regulativer omkring de tests, der anvendes til brugse en model af gennemsnitsmanden til samtlige tests af førersikkerheden i tilfælde af en bilulykke. For at adressere den manglende repræsentation af den kvindelige befolkning i udarbejdelsen af bilers sikkerhedsvurderinger, har det VIRTUAL-projekt, jeg i øjeblikket koordinerer, lavet to modeller; en mandlig og en kvindelig udgave). De data, der er brugt til og Seat Evaluation Tool-modeller i en mandlig model, hvis struktur matcher et menneskes form. (Det drejer sig henholdsvis om VIVA+ og Scat Evaluation Tool-modeller i en mandlig oprindeligt brugte til at udvikle gennemsnitsmanden. Det er data, der kan findes i litteratur, men som – for kvinders vedkommende – ikke er blevet brugt for for nyliq. Som samfund ignorerer vi stadig den kvindelige del af befolkningen, når det kommer til at have sikkerhedsvurderinger og -kontrol i tilfælde af en bilulykke.

Udover at have udviklet de virtuelle og fysiske modeller, har vi gjort dem tilgængelige via open source-kanaler. Både modeller og underbyggende data er således tilgængelige på OpenVTEU.

at 1990'erne lavede en omfattende oversigt over litteratur om emnet, gik det op for mig, at kvinder havde højere risiko for at få piscesmældsskader i biluheld end mænd. Det naturlige skridt efter at have udviklet BioRID-dummyen ville derfor være at lave en dummy, der repræsenterede den befolkningsgruppe med størst risiko for skader: kvinder.

Særligt i forhold til piscesmældsskader har vi siden 1960'erne vidst, at kvinder er mere i risikozonen end mænd. De senere år har yderligere studier vist, at denne form for kønnet ubalance også gør sig gældende for en lang række andre skader udover piscesmæld.

I sikkerhedsvurderinger af biler anvender man en dummy baseret på en gennemsnitsmand til at repræsentere hele den voksne befolkning. I de tests, der udføres som sikkerhedsgodkendelse i EU og i forbrugertests såsom Euro NCAP, placeres dummyen i førersædet. En øget opmærksomhed på passagersikkerhed etablerede sig gradvist gennem det 20. århundrede, og denne form for tests begyndte også kun med modeller af en gennemsnitsmand som passager-dummy. Historien om de dummy-modeller, vi bruger i dag, går tilbage til begyndelsen af 1980'erne. På det tidspunkt blev det foreslået at bruge en dummy-familie bestående af en lille kvinde, en gennemsnitskvinde, en gennemsnitsmand og en stor mand.

# CONTAINERE

Nanna Friis

Alt ing er overflade. Det blankes skønhed er vandafvisende og selvtilstrækkelig og ridsløs, muslingernes skønhed er unødvendig, en crowdpleaser. Beholderen i beholderen, fordi det som regel ikke er muligt at blotlægge noget sande indhold uden videre.

Gennem i hvert fald 32 år har læger og forskere og specialister forsøgt at nærme sig det fysiologisk knuste hjerte. Hvernår svulmer det op, af hvilke grunde, hvad kan hindre det, hvorfor er det et påfaldende overtal

af kvinder, der rammes af denne anatomisk set bizarre organ[er]? De syge hjerte kan nærstudies, dissekteres, analyseres kvantitativt og kvalitativt, resultater kan udlæses af dem, selvom resultater ikke er lig med sandhed. De ting Tora Schultz har artangeret ved siden af hinanden i et rum giver ikke nogen svar, selvom de er tydelige. Stole og hegn, stole, sko, sikkerhedssele. Det er gennendelige ting, men de vender sig væk fra gennendelsen. Ryggen til, tremmer foran det smukke eller særede, en vrødt lakert. Som objekter er de tydelige, som skulpturer er de knuder eller bari[er]er om et indre, der ikke har noget spor.

Takotsubo-krukken er lidt klemt i sin kiste. Den hedder *Motionless*, og den står stille, fordi hvad andet kan en krukke og en skulptur gøre med sit statiske ophav, og den står stille fordi ubevægeligheden, indre tilstand. I traumer sidder også ubevægeligheden, det opvusede, syge hjerte er et fastspændt hjerte i en fastspændt krop. Vi spænder omgivelser og mennesker fast for at sikre dem mod ulykken; kroppe og krukker er nemme at knuse, men kan en krop, der er intakt og i sikkerhed ikke også være kunst.

*Motionless* er altså en tilstand. Tilstanden er usynlig. Alle Tora Schultz' skulpturer er tilstande, tilstande der måske ikke er i stand til at afslore sig selv for verden og må skjule sig i en skulptur og pakkes ud i en skulptur. Noget usynligt gøres fysisk. To djævlerøde stiller ligner et ubehag ved siden af begæret, hvad er sengen, når senggærdet er tremmer og romantik og trafikulykke. Kan æbler ikke løses lidt fra synden og sødmen og bare dele farvede omstændigheder med det alarmerede eller der sikkerhedsrøde eller det fetisjerede. Fastlåsnngen er over det hele mellem tingene, Tora Schultz' skulpturer kigger væk, og de kigger ikke. I takotsubo-krukken kan traume og stilhed og modstand og overlegen materiel præcision findes side om side, denne krukke er en fælde og et skjul. Et anvendeligt mørke.

I 1990 opdagede den japanske hjerte-karspecialist, Hikaru Sato, en ny kardiologisk lidelse: et venstre hjertekammer, der svulmede op og pludselig delte form med den såkaldte *takotsubo* – en bestemt slags lerkrukke, man i århundreder har brugt i Japan til blækspruttefangst. Krukken kastes i havet og højstes i bedste fald op igen med dyr i. Dyr, der har forvækslet fælden med et gemmested. Et der ikke altid fældens logik at ligne et tilforladeligt skjul (eller være usynlig).

Takotsubo-syndromet (TTS), et afvigende, vasceformet hjertekammer, fik siden tilnavnet broken heart syndrome, fordi man konstaterede sammenhænge mellem hjertets oppustning og pludselige, emotionelle overbelastninger. Dødsfald, hjertesorq, vold og overgreb, en abrupt fyting, alvorlige diagnoser, andre former for uforberedte, følelsesmæssige nedsmeltninger. Det er traumets logik at gemme sig så godt som muligt.

Ulykken som beholder for kroppen som beholder for hjertet som beholder for følelsen. Kunstværket rundt om alt dette, alt dette nede i kunstværket.

Tora Schultz har stillet en takotsubo-krukke ind i en opretstående kiste. Så står den der med sin funktionsbestemte havpatina i bunden af en åben søjle, og søjlen er blanksort som højkonjunktur eller bil.



# MASSE PRODUCERET UNDER- KASTELSE

Laura McLean-Ferris

*The same calm but curious gaze, as if she were still undecided how to make use of me, was fixed on my face shortly afterwards as I stopped the car on a deserted service road among the reservoirs to the west of the airport.*

Hvis noget er tryende, er det også interessant for Ballard og vice versa. Det er en måde at se på.

I løbet af årene, siden romanen og filmen udkom, er det blevet bredt kendt, at bogen er et stykke forudgående kulturanalyse, en advarsel (Ballard kom, ambivalent til det sidste, med modstridende udmeldinger, der både støtter og underminerer denne fortolkning). Det kan være let at overse det faktum, at det er udfordrende at bruge tid i romanens univers, hvor flængert og afskærnede hoveder eksisterer i de samme scener som seksuel ophidselse, og hvor karaktererne drømmer om at penetrere hinandens sår. Samtidig ser de sig selv som stående på tærsklen til en ny verden: som budbringere, der er overbevist om, at de kan "unlock this immense stasis and free these drivers for the real destinations set for their vehicles, the paradises of the electric highway". Med andre ord træde ind i en tilstand af ren transport, maskine, fart. Jean Baudrillard skrev, at sproget i *Crash* gjorde sammenblandingen af kroppe og teknologi "totalt immanent – it is the reversion of the one into the other."<sup>2</sup>

Den fremtid, Ballards protagonister drømmer om, er nu ankommet. Selvom virkeligheden ikke besidder en helt lige så dyb tydelighed, lever vi i dag i uafrettelig intimitet med teknologi, og det i en grad, der gør det passende at nævne det. Nu hvor en telefon (med sine medfølgende kameraer, servicer, netværk) agerer portal eller transportmiddel til nærmest hvilken som helst oplevelse, er vores tilværelser både defineret og forstærket af disse teknologier. Men snarere end kroppe, der lades i stikken til fordel for "den elektriske motorvej", har mæden hvorpå teknologi styret menneskers liv ændret vores oplevelse af kropsliggørelse. Som Gene Moreno skrev i 2012:

*Bodies are now engaged in such an unprecedented way that even as we speak of diffused and disembodied experiences, we know this isn't enough to describe the multilateral stimuli that assault us and recode us incessantly. We can't escape the awareness of our corporality – its dissolutions and condensations – or of the atmospheric qualities that stick to it, the ambient modulations that constantly perturb it, even if we are still learning how to describe these new exchanges.<sup>3</sup>*

Mange romaner i dag er fyldt med karakterer, der usandtsejligt overtrækkes af deres egne kroppes kropslighed: chokerede over deres hudlidelser, funktioner, fascinerede over deres hudlidelser, tilfældigvis befindende sig i et BDSM-forhold.

Det er indenfor disse rammer, at en bils erotiske raktilitet – forestil dig en sexet bilvask udført i bikini fra en film eller endda en nyere James Bond-biljagt – begynder at virke som spor af en kultur, der ligger langt tilbage i tiden. Bemærk denne passage fra *Crash*, hvor protagonisten nærstuderer et billede af en aldød kendis: "Jayne Mansfield stepped from her car in a studio publicity still, left leg on the ground, right thigh raised to reveal the maximum of its inner surface.

Her breasts were thrust forward, below an engaging come-on smile, and almost touched the canted door pillar of the wrap-around windshield."<sup>4</sup> I dette billede af filmstjernen varles hendes død simplethen af kontakten med den maskine, der kører hende rundt, og idéen om den slags seksualitet stammer fra Hollywoods guldalder. Selvom (populær)kulturel brug af biler og køretøjer ikke er faldet, er en så direkte sammensmeltning af bil og seksualitet som fantasi mindre præsent i dag – begge dele er blevet degraderet til et symbolsk domæne, hvor andre symboler fortrækkes. Men det er stadig ikke helt forbi: visse tilstedeværelser bliver hængende som spøgelses-

Tora Schultz' værk *Wiper* (2022) er to monokrome fotografier taget inde fra en bil og printeret på to aluminiumspaneler. Bilets mørke interiør ser almindeligt og anonymt ud, som en lejebil, og uden for bilen er luften sløret af en tyk, suppelignende tåge. Det højre fotografi kigger ud mod passagerens indusiv højre del af forrude og vindue. Udover tågen udenfor kan man se en rund parkeringsstillaelse, der sidder i forruden og laver en sort plet i billedets nederste højre hjørne. Det venstre fotografi er taget med linsen rettet mod chaufførens side, og det på chaufførens vindue presseser to sorte cirkler sig på udefra. Denne dobbelttilstedeværelse har et skær af horror over sig: noget kommer ud af dissen, pludselig er det tæt på og presser sig mod glasset. Mørke dråber bløder vertikalt fra de sorte cirkler, og der er noget utydeligt, udværet over dem. At cirklerne, visser det sig, er brytser, der presses op mod vinduesglasset, virker tørt ironisk – det er et ekko af ironi fra de outdagede, sexede bilvasskscener, der er ikke-kropsligt og foruroligende, ægte underligt. Det er ikke-kropsligt og foruroligende, i mindre grad på grund af det voldelige, erotiske møde mellem Jayne Mansfield og vinduesglasset, som Ballard beskrev, og i højere grad som aftryk af spøgelsesagtige kropspole, der presses sig mod en rude og kræver at blive lukket ind. Som det lyder i en Leonard Cohen-sang om død: *who shall I say is calling?*

Denne form for revidering eller granskning af kønede objekter findes i adskillige af Schultz' nye værker, når kunstneren trækker vores designede verdens lavmælte, iboende void frem i lyset. De skinnende røde stiler fra forsidens af romanen *The Devil Wears Prada* med en trefork i bunden af stilthælen har hun lavet til en skulptur. Skoene præsenteres som fetishobjekter, der er umuligt at iføre sig og repræsenterer en ældgammel arketype: den såkaldte "bitch on wheels". Den svenske designerklassiker, Bruno Mathssons Eva-stol, er opkaldt efter en kvinde (måske kristendommens symbolske "første" kvinde) og fremstillet ved at bøje træ for at man derefter kan sidde på den: et symbolsk budskab om kvindelig subordination.

Ikke desto mindre hænger bilulykkens spøgelses også over Schultz' nye værker. Udover stolen udstiller hun endnu en Eva: EvaraID, en prototype på en crash-test-dummy, der er udformet efter mål og data på den gennemsnitlige menneskekvinde, designet af ingeniør og trafikforsker Astrid Linder.

Prototypen er stadig ikke sat i brug på trods af det faktum, at kvinder involveret i bilulykker har mærkbart højere risiko for at blive dræbt eller såret, og at sikkerhedsforanstaltninger designet til 180 centimeter høje mænd i virkeligheden kan forværene kvindetroops skader snarere end at forhindre dem. Der tages ikke højde for brytser i udformning af bilen som bryngsstand – brytserne skal hellere bare findes rundt om bilerne i forestillinger om erotisk kontakt, som musen. Schultz har også lavet senggærdet, der tager form som trafikkegn – som dannede soveværelset i virkeligheden ramme om det ultimative sammenstød. Det er en ambivalens på spil her – for hvem er det, der bliver fucket? Der er materielle beviser på, at vores "denaturerede verden" skabte til fart og bevægelse, kun er designet til en type krop, men det er også beviser på, at "masseproducerede gestusser" har sneglet sig ind i alting: ind i ens hoved, ind i ens seng. Bliver alt det, der holdes uden for denne designede verden hængende for at hjemsege den? Den krop, der rører bilen er en genfærdskrop.

1. J.G. Ballard, *Crash*, Vintage, 1995 (first published Jonathan Cape, 1973) p. 36
2. Jean Baudrillard, *Simulacra and Simulations*, trans. by S.F. Glaser (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1994), p. 314
3. Gene Moreno, "Notes on the Inorganic, Part II: Terminal Velocity", *e-flux Journal*, issue 32, February 2012 ([www.e-flux.com/journal/32/68266/notes-on-the-inorganic-part-ii-terminal-velocity](http://www.e-flux.com/journal/32/68266/notes-on-the-inorganic-part-ii-terminal-velocity))
4. J.G. Ballard, *Crash*, ibid p. 51
5. Leonard Cohen, "Who by Fire", from "New Skin for the Old Ceremony" (Colombia, 1974)



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Tora Schultz  
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# FORORD

Med legende, materiallemæssig præcision blottægges Tora Schultz i sine skulpturer den strukturelle vold og ulighed, der er nedfældet i nogle af vores mest velkendte brugsgenstande. Den subtile magt, der ligger gemt i gorden, der udspændes som sæde i en lænestol; restdukker til biluheld, der er standardiserede og dermed privilegerer nogle kroppe fremfor andre; den stereotyp profilering af kvinder som temperamentsfulde og ureglerlige, såkaldte: "bitches on wheels", eller idéen om at kvinden helt grundlæggende, hvis man kigger på "Eva" som metaforisk figur, er syndefuld – alt dette er dele af kunstnerens soloudstilling på O – Overgaden.

Schultz (f. 1991, DK) er uddannet i Sverige, og hendes nye værker, som er skabt til udstillingen på O – Overgaden, spænder visuelt fra bilindustriens polerede flader til møbelindustriens formspændte træ. Kunstnerens materialer inkluderer en restdukke, et æble, bælte, privat møblement og offentlige gadehegn. Som et væsentligt omdrejningspunkt vender Schultz igen og igen tilbage til skulpturens urtilstand, nemlig det frosne eller bevægelsesløse moment: den fastspændte kollisionsdukke, træ rvinget ind i statiske former, den bundne torso, en *lakotsubo*-krukke, der har givet navn til en tilstand, hvor et traumatiseret hjerte standser, eller, i metaforisk forstand, stereotypernes eller standardiseringens konservative fastlåshed.

I denne publikation, der følger udstillingen som en slags ureglerligt barn, igangsætter Schultz værker – og deres tilbagevendende fokus på den bevægelsesløse, fastlåste tilstand – en række associerede ord og tanker. Teksterne, som på forskellig måde underholder og hjerteskerende vis udvider de fortællinger, der ligger i Schultz værker, er skrevet af henholdsvis kurator og forfatter Laura McLennan-Ferris, trafikforsker og skaber af den første kvindelige kollisionsrestdukke Astrid Lindet og redaktør og kunstkritiker Nanna Frits.

Det er – med udgangspunkt i disse tekster om Schultz' mangefacetterede objekter – en stor glæde at introducere denne publikation. Schultz' ambitiøse nye værker producerer ikke mindst denne publikation er muligt gennem O – Overgaden INTRRO-program – et særligt og ressourcerigt samarbejde mellem kunstner og kunsthal, der er støttet af Aage og Johanne Louis-Hansen Fonden og er skreddersyet til at støtte den enkelte nyuddannede kunstner gennem blandt andet rjescstøtte og kunstnerisk, strategisk og teknisk rådgivning fra udvalgte kolleger i kunstfeltet.

I mere end tre årtier har Overgaden været den ofte første platform for nye kunstneriske stemmer. Støtten til INTRRO-programmet fra Louis-Hansen Fonden skaber en unik mulighed for at udvikle og udvide denne ambition, hvilket vi er meget taknemmelige for. Der til en stor og varm tak til bidragsyderne til denne publikation, de eksterne sponserpartnere og selvfølgelig til alle ansatte på O – Overgaden, der har løftet denne proces i hus. Sidst, men ikke mindst, en dyb og varm tak til Tora for den uddelte dedikation til den kunstneriske kerne af alt dette – og for så generøst at dele den med os.

Rhea Dall,  
Leder, November 2022

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