

The experience of going to the other side is something you live every night, when you sleep and dream. Already during childhood you learned that death, that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns, dramatically separates life from another place of which you know little or nothing. Consciousness is a small island surrounded by a narrow, unconscious sea, and going deep into that other place, chasing your demons, can be a one-way trip.

Apparently, there is one side —this one— and many other sides. But, at the same time, there is the ever-growing sense that perhaps this side is also not unique. Rigid and binary definitions are insufficient to describe the complexity that surrounds and pervades us: man or woman, madness or sanity, virtuality or reality. Imposing these categories on us bind and destroys us. It prevents us from passing from what we believe to be towards what we wish to be. Reality and fiction begin to be indistinguishable from each other and, in the end, perhaps there is no other side.

The other side is all that you want it to be. Or, rather, everything that, not absolutely wanting it to be, you absolutely want it to be.

Forget for a moment everything that this side, the only one you think you know anything about, forces you to do: forget the categories, the reason and logics. Forget about imposed names and words. Forget about language that seems so solid. Forget everything you think you remember and go... into the other side.

Ferran Utzet and Enric Puig Punyet

# **ACTIVITIES**

# 19.03 The other side

Conversation between Miquel Bassols, Miquel Missé, Eurídice Cabañes, Josep Maria Fericgla and Núria Martínez-Vernis

# 13.04 Towards the subtile

Artistic-esoteric retreat, by Elisa Arteta

# 18.05 1518/840 Passing the invisible

Long lasting and resistance performance, by Zoe Balasch, the perfomers of the Unclassifiable Corpographies Laboratory and Xavi Lloses (Night of Museums)

# 21.05 / 28.05 / 04.06 / 11.06 / 18.06 Mortals/Liminal

Citizen laboratory about death and grief, by Albert Potrony and Roser Sanjuan

# ANTONIA ROSSI + ROBERTO CONTADOR BLACK BIVER

Observe what they are when they eat. Observe what they are when they sleep. Observe what they are when they copulate. Observe what they are when they defecate. Imagine. Continue to work your imagery. Mingle their identities. Play at representing the living with the identities of the dead. Then entertain this thought: so where are theu? Nowhere and everywhere. On the other side, shadow,

Based on Rhétorique Speculative, by Pascal Quignard.

### PERFILLORERA . MEMORY WITHOUT VOICE



But nobody knows anything. Nobody heard the concert, nobody remembers it, nobody was there. More voices join the chat, the mustery deepens and is self-perpetuating, at the limit of reality or memory. What was the concert like? Did it really happen? Can we recreate something we don't know existed?

On the other side, a dream.

Montserrat Abbeu.

# FRANCESCA LLOPTS L'IMMINENT... (1984-2024)

An artist's book, made larger and hung from the ceiling. A compilation of events and remakes, of past and future loves and heartaches, of traces of your body and mine, of joys and sorrows. Every page, every capsule, every memory an invitation to transform ourselves in the margins. Plants, asteroids, insekts and other cosmic contraptions coming from near

and far to form a living tapestru of interwoven other side, stories, experiences тетоги and friendships.

#### GUILLAUME FAURE . ECHO

Eurídice Cabañes

EVRU.

Laltrecostat Entrevistes

Miquel Missé

Júlia Carreras Tort

Josep Maria Fericgla

Núria Martínez-Vernis

Miguel Bassols

The mirror plaus a decisive role in the construction of the self. The mirror reflects ourself as well as our

Echo simulates an encounter with the self that regards us from the other side of the mirror, affording us a unique opportunitu to converse with ourselves. Yet the encounter takes place through the prism of our own perspective of reality, producing an unsettling and disturbing experience we are unable to fully comprehend.

Will we end up like Narcissus, in love

with our own image? Or will we know how to interpret Echo's words? On the other side.

the double.

#### MAX DE ESTEBAN RHETORIC OF SILENCE / 7 MINUTES

You. Yes, you are at the Santa Monica, visiting an exhibition: the other side. Specifically, you are in a room hung with several paintings. Each one reproduces a fragment of an epistolary work translated into binary code. Suddenly, another artwork addresses you. It feels threatened, and speaks to you. It actually speaks

to you. It asks you to stay with it, for seven minutes. You do so. Or maybe you leave? The decision is yours. A decision that will lead to someone deciding whether the artwork stays... or goes. On the other

side, the

machine

On the other side rehirth Tlazoltéotl.

YAPCI RAMOS · PARTO

The desire to procreate is a pol-

usemic desire that abounds with

possibilities as well as the innu-

merable pressures and oppressions

women face as they reach matu-

rity. Parto illuminates the process

through which women expel and

relieve themselves of the burden of

this social construct, clearing a path

to other horizons. A narrowing cor-

ridor evokes three stages in the life

of a single woman, or of all women:

sexual desire, the desire to be a

mother, and the desire to be free.

#### DOMESTIC DATA STREAMERS . HIPERDEATH

Xu Gang, a doctor of neurophusiologu at the University of Michigan, has recently demonstrated that people experience a peak of huperconsciousness right before they die. At the very instant the heart

stops, gamma wave activity and brain speed increase dramaticallu. Whu? Is it, as we have long believed,

because we see a tunnel with an intense white light at the end? Or is it because we are viewing a highspeed replay of our life?

Whatever the reason, these are three to five seconds of intense conscious activity. Perhaps the most intense in a life that is now at an end. A few last instants of luciditu we still know nothing about.

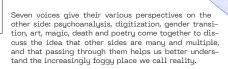
> And on the other side, death.

# JABA SOLANO ABANA. SLEEPWALK COLLECTIVE

ಶಸ್\*ಕ್ YOU ARE HERE

You are here. In a transitional space, living a private experience in a public space. You are here, in the dark in an arts centre, with nothing to see; you are suspended, floating on a magical element that acts as a boundary between the inside and the outside. You are here, in the liminal zone where everuthing is about to begin, lone inhabitant of the womb in which this rite of passage will take place. You are here, in bardo or, in Tibetan, 55.5, an intermediate state passed through bu the soul on the way to its next reincarnation. You are here. And on the other side, life,

> Rardo Thödol tibetan book



#### GIAN MARIA TOSATTI

On the other side, iou.

מייו הארץ איז בלאנק ווי א שפיגל - קאפע טאוו עפיזאד MY HART IS SO LEEG SOOS 'N SPIEËL KAAPSTAD EPTSODE

ANNA TRINA

RUSSELL . SWELL UP LIKE

Bodies move, meet, intertwine. Unstable, affected,

agitated. Codes of conduct are broken. The movements

become more intricate. One body then looks for ways to

counter the danger of the situation, to avert the potential

threat. It increases its volume, swells its membranes, fills with

air. The other bodies above it trip, tumble and, perhaps, play.

Who lives through apartheid without visible scars or wounds? Those who are part of a system but outside it at the same time. Those who live through history and go with the flow.

During the fascisms that took place in Europe during the first half of the 20th century, and in South Africa during the second half, most people did not themselves commit atrocities. But they were there while racial laws were proclaimed, and while deportation and segregation took place; some looked the other way, others believed everything



What remains in the houses of those who stayed silent? An unutterable imprint, tarnished photographs and mirrors that blur the image of the other as well as their own self. On the other side, silence,



STORTES



# VISIT US

Free entry

The other side is an immersive, walk-through exhibition with limited capacity based on order of arrival.

Tuesday to Sunday and public holidays: 11:00 am - 8:30 pm Closed on Mondays, except public holidays. Closed: Good Friday and 1 May.

For inquiries about the visit, you can call 935 671 110 or write to us at santamonica@gencat.cat

Check out the activities of the exhibition and the entire programme at santamonica.cat

Find out more about the creative processes and everything that goes on at the arts centre at #SantaMonicaPerDins santamonica.cat

**Artists** 

Anna Trina Bussell Antonia Rossi and Roberto Contador Domestic Data Streamers

Francesca Llopis Gian Maria Tosatti

Guillaume Faure

iara Solano Arana, Sleepwalk Collective

Max de Esteban

Pere Llobera

Yapci Ramos

Interviews

Eurídice Cabañes

Еуги

Josep Maria Fericgla

Júlia Carreras

Miquel Bassols

Miquel Missé

Núria Martínez-Vernis

Curatorial board

Ferran Utzet

Enric Puig Punyet

Exhibition design

Espai e: Anna Alcubierre with the collaboration of Laura Salvador

Illustration

Mabel Piérola

3D illustration

Mònica Molins

Sound creation

Damien Bazin

Interviews creation

Marc Tardiu

Costume design

Giulia Grumi

Theatrical stagers

Mònica Molins

Paula Guardiola

Paula Roto

**Performance** 

Glòria Ros

Iver Zapata

Lara Brown

Mauricio Sierra

With the collaboration of La Caldera



