

Table of Contents:

1. Editorial Note. CANTINELA 05.
2. Photographic Index.
3. Writing. Esther Gatón.
4. Acknowledgements.

If you add movement to a sound, then it has a rhythm. Focusing broadly or not at all. A used hole. The silver passes through as if it were transparent — could it be because it is reflecting. A detour prompted by the shine. Bas-relief. Sculpture museum. When they are outside, they are more vibrant. Like one on the floor, which is a bit like a grasshopper. If you try to look at every joint in full detail, you end up in a tangle, like the itself, a kind of tangle with unruly branches. The Prado. Paintings, little windows on wood panels. I find it difficult to follow a route, to trace it. It's easy to get tangled up. Looking back and forth again. I like this distraction. Jingle bell.

These are some quick notes I wrote on my phone during my first visit to *Tú, tú, tú, mi incesante,* an exhibition by Esther Gatón at the Museo Patio Herreriano in Valladolid, curated by Rafa Barber Cortell.

For this fifth edition of Cantinela, we set out to rethink how we traditionally document exhibitions, a process that tends to present clean, orderly scenes, with the aim of conveying and faithfully representing the exhibition's layout and visitor's journey through it. Although we are familiar with — and enjoy — this kind of documentation and material, we thought it might be worthwhile to propose another way of documenting and reading an exhibition.

This edition of Cantinela has emerged from several different perspectives, always in dialogue with the exhibition: remembering it, asking questions about it, or returning to it through photographs. We decided to mix our own images with those taken by other people who had visited the show. As we worked on this, a desire arose to introduce other diversions: photographs that had accompanied our conversations, as well as others saved in our phone galleries.

Months before Esther opened her exhibition, we began exchanging photographs. These images did not depict specific artworks, but rather landscapes and elements that resonated with what she was working on at the time. They were photographs that entered into a dialogue with the artistic process unfolding over those months and which, above all, had something in common: colours in the making, tones sticking to one another, whether because of the time of day, the camera's poor quality, or the zoom flattening and blending shapes together. Like cheerful, smudged make-up. Over the last months, these images have acted as loose threads, diverting our attention from the everyday life we were sharing with one another, while sharpening certain moments of seeing — and those yet to come.
This proposal moves closer to and further away from the artworks, mixes places, and doubles back. It seeks to bring here a light, wandering eye that moves through the space.

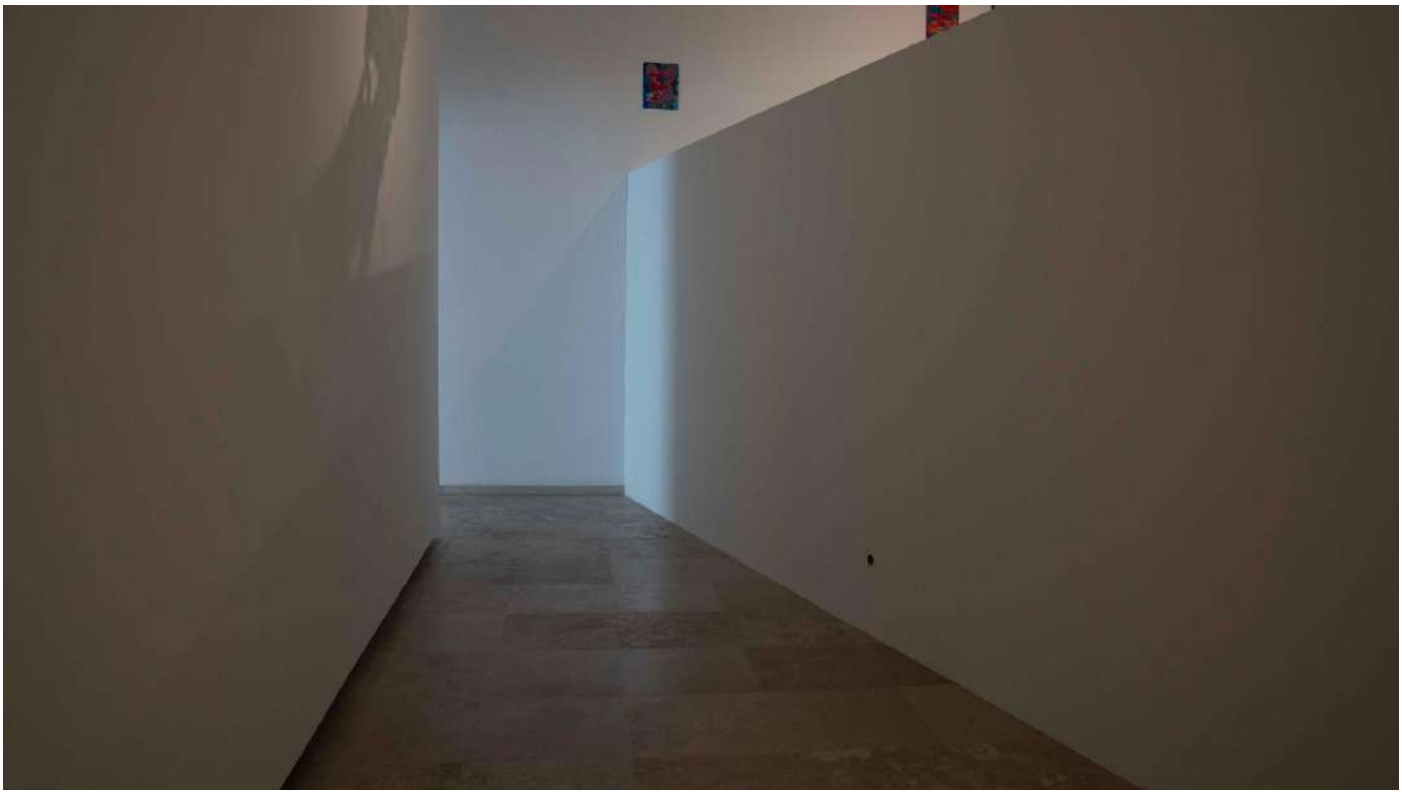
Vera Martín Zelich

Photographic Index.

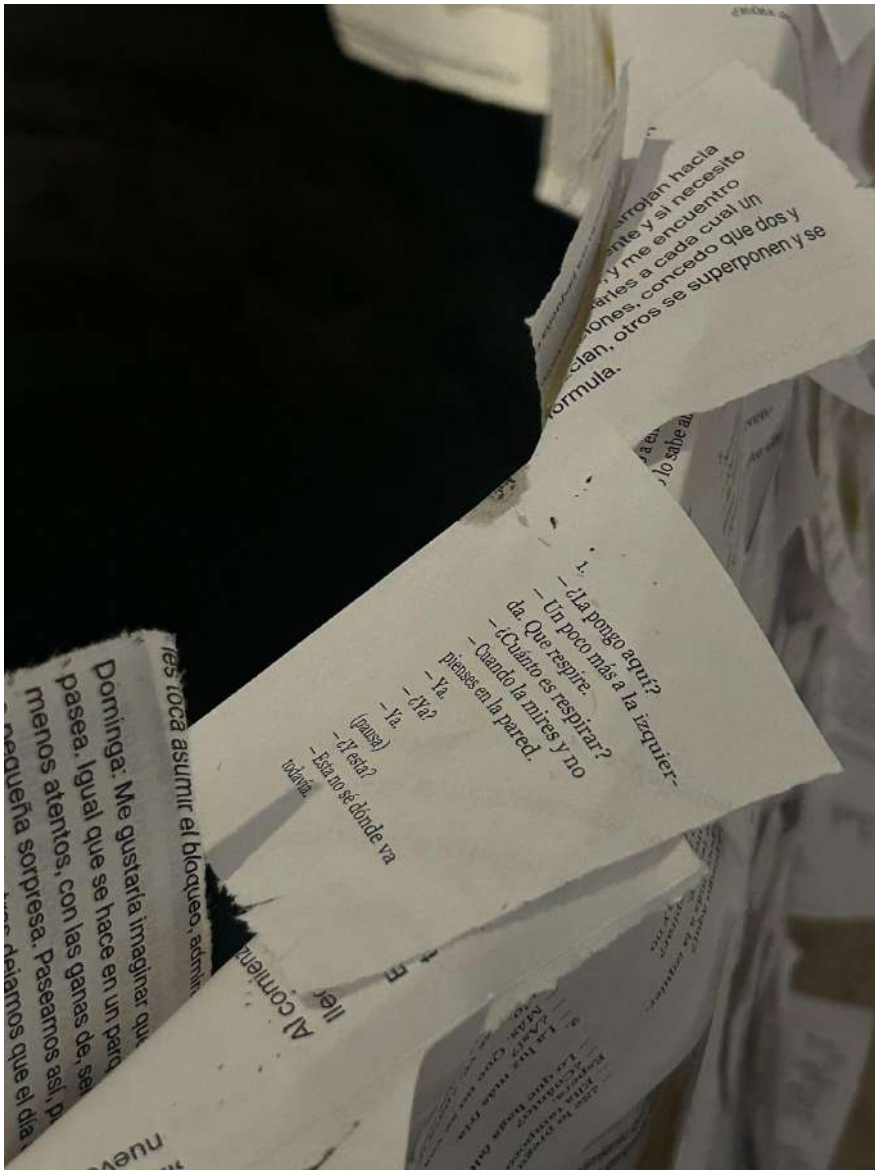
01. At night. Or is it daytime? Zamora.
02. Entrance to the second room.
03. How much is breathing?
04. Installation in the main room.
05. Ibid. 04, turning around.
06. Humps from lakes.
07. Ibid. 04, shadows.
08. White Nights. Luchino Visconti.
09. If we get up early.
10. Vowels, up close.
11. Vowels.
12. Views of the void, from above.
13. Ibid. 12.
14. Brancacci Chapel, in Florence.
15. Void in a former Dominican convent.
16. Bellosguardo.
17. This tooth I have lost.
18. Bird's-eye view of the entrance.
19. By the guest, to the bone and Doble Fondo.
20. By the guest, to the bone, Doble Fondo and Magnifying your arrival.
21. Too much sea.
22. Herbs.
23. Ibid. 09.
24. Ibid. 02.
25. The towels don't move (they watch you), Madrid.
26. Sticks, branches, garage.
27. Benji sleeping with me in Vienna.
28. Experiments with pom-pom wool.
29. Ibid. 28, without the hand.
30. A garden that looks like a labyrinth, from the outside.
32. On the way to the station, in Valladolid.
33. A cat keeps an eye on the work.
34. Vignette.
35. Clownlike, happiest on your hands.
36. They ring true, like good china.
37. Tasks, facts.
38. A well made of broken text on little notes.
39. Painting number six.
40. To look at, crouching down.
41. A gathering of oil paintings on a square table.
42. Albertina Museum.
43. Shop window and summer sunlight.
44. Eclipse.
45. Jelly bubbles.
46. Looking

1





2


rrollan hacia
nte y si necesito
, y me encuentro
arles a cada cual un
iones, concedo que dos y
clan, otros se superponen y se
ormula.
1.
– ¿La pongo aquí?
– Un poco más a la izquier-
da. Que respire.
– ¿Cuánto es respirar?
– Cuando la mires y no
pienses en la pared.
– Ya.
– ¿Ya?
– Ya.
(pausa)
– ¿Y esta?
– Esta no sé dónde va
todavía.
les toca asumir el bloqueo, admir
Dominga: Me gustaría imaginar qu
pasea. Igual que se hace en un parq
menos atentos, con las ganas de, se
pequeña sorpresa. Paseamos así, p
dejamos que el día
Al comien
ller



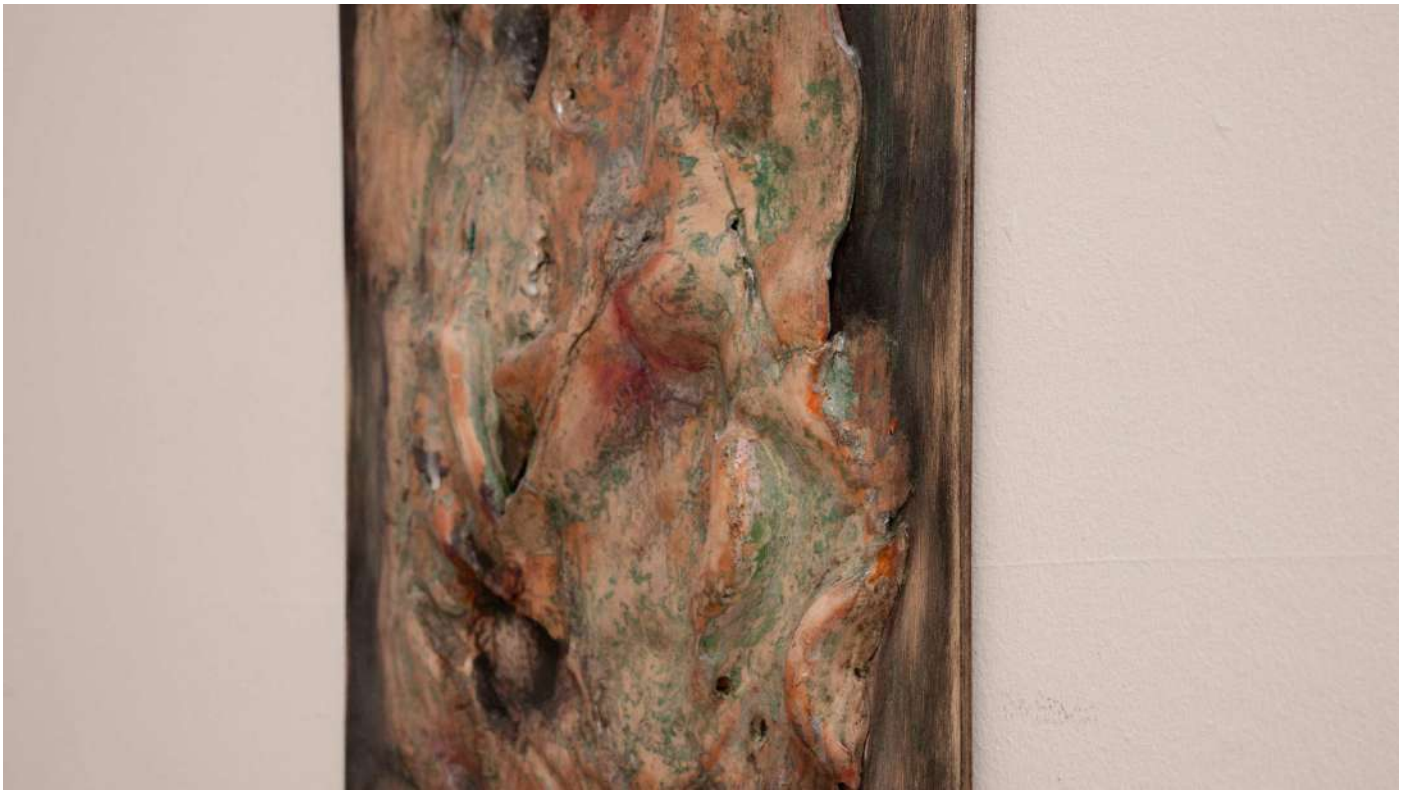


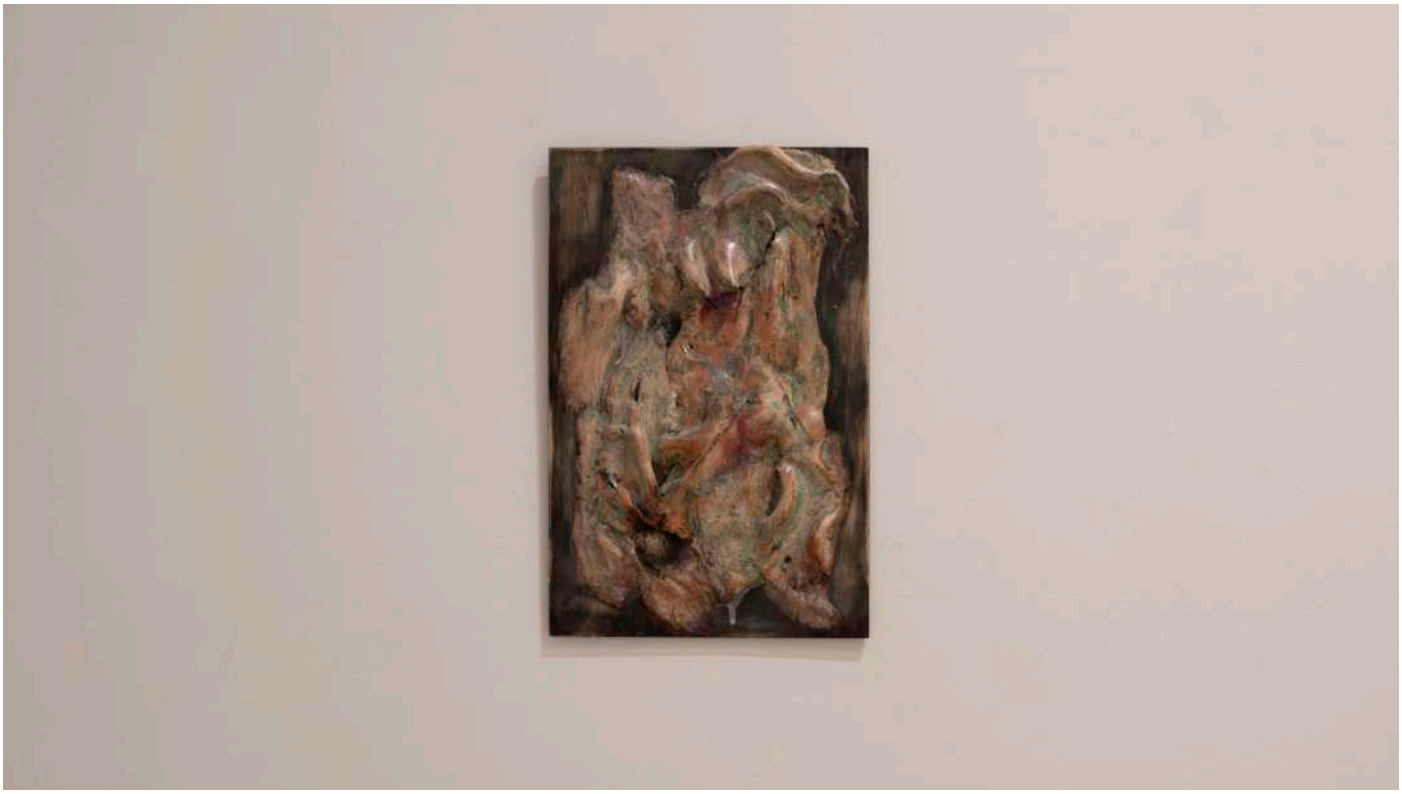












12 13







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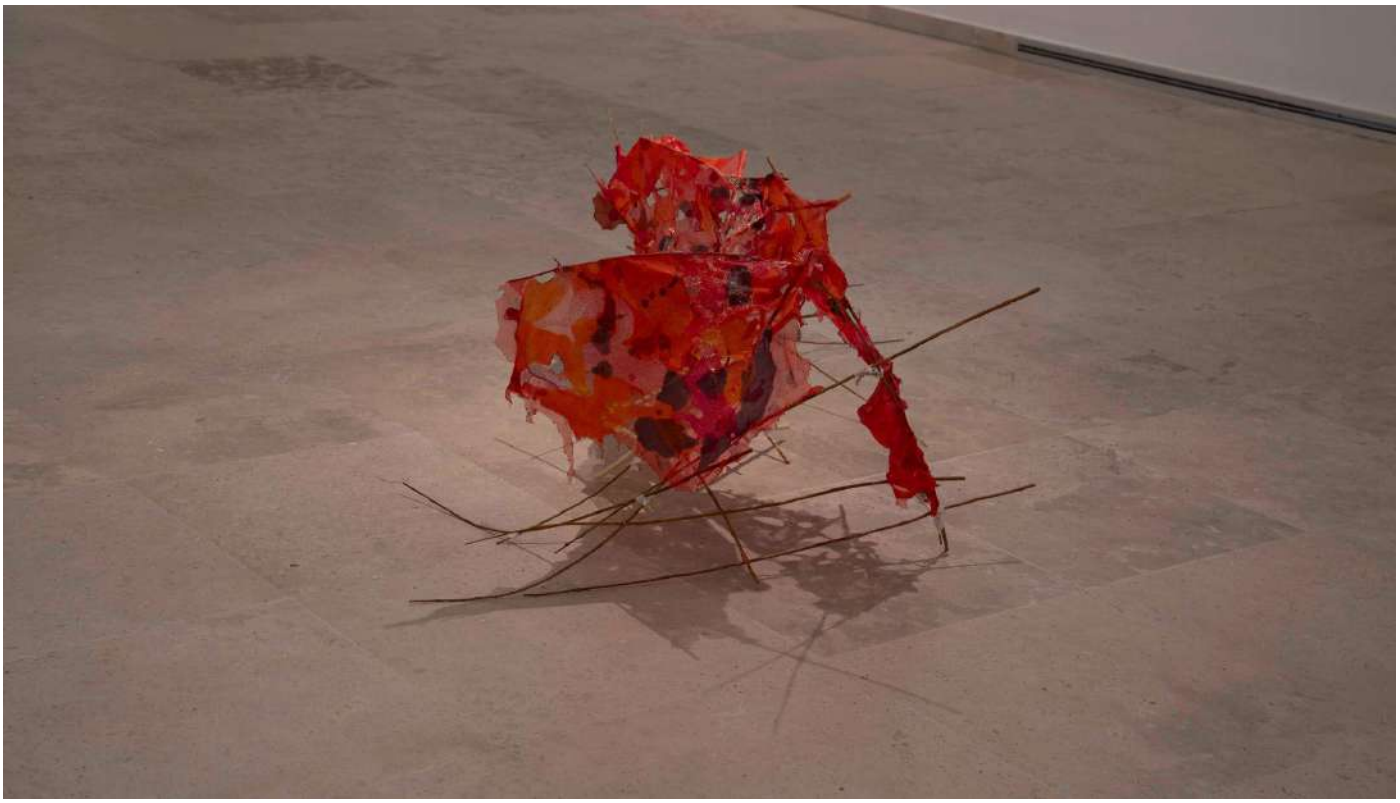




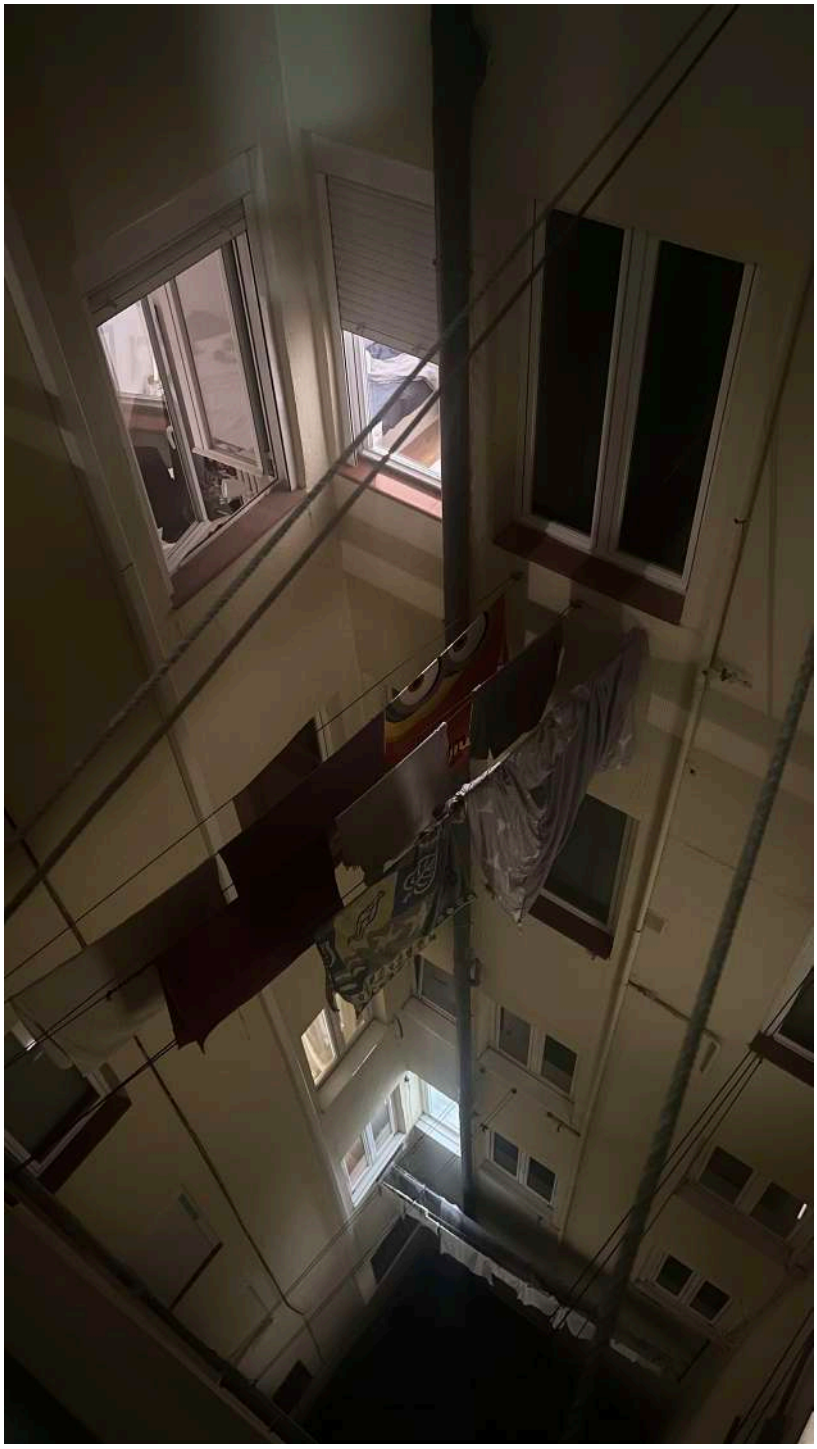








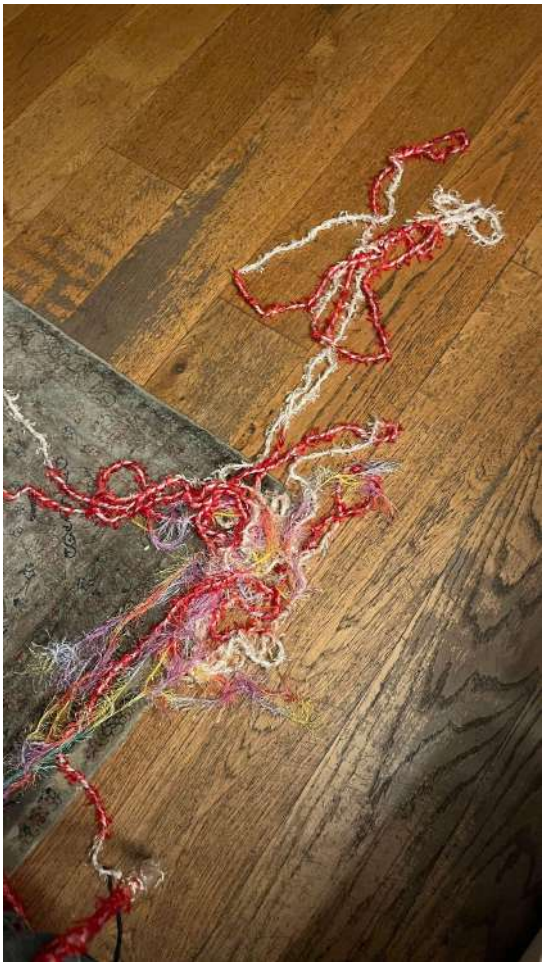








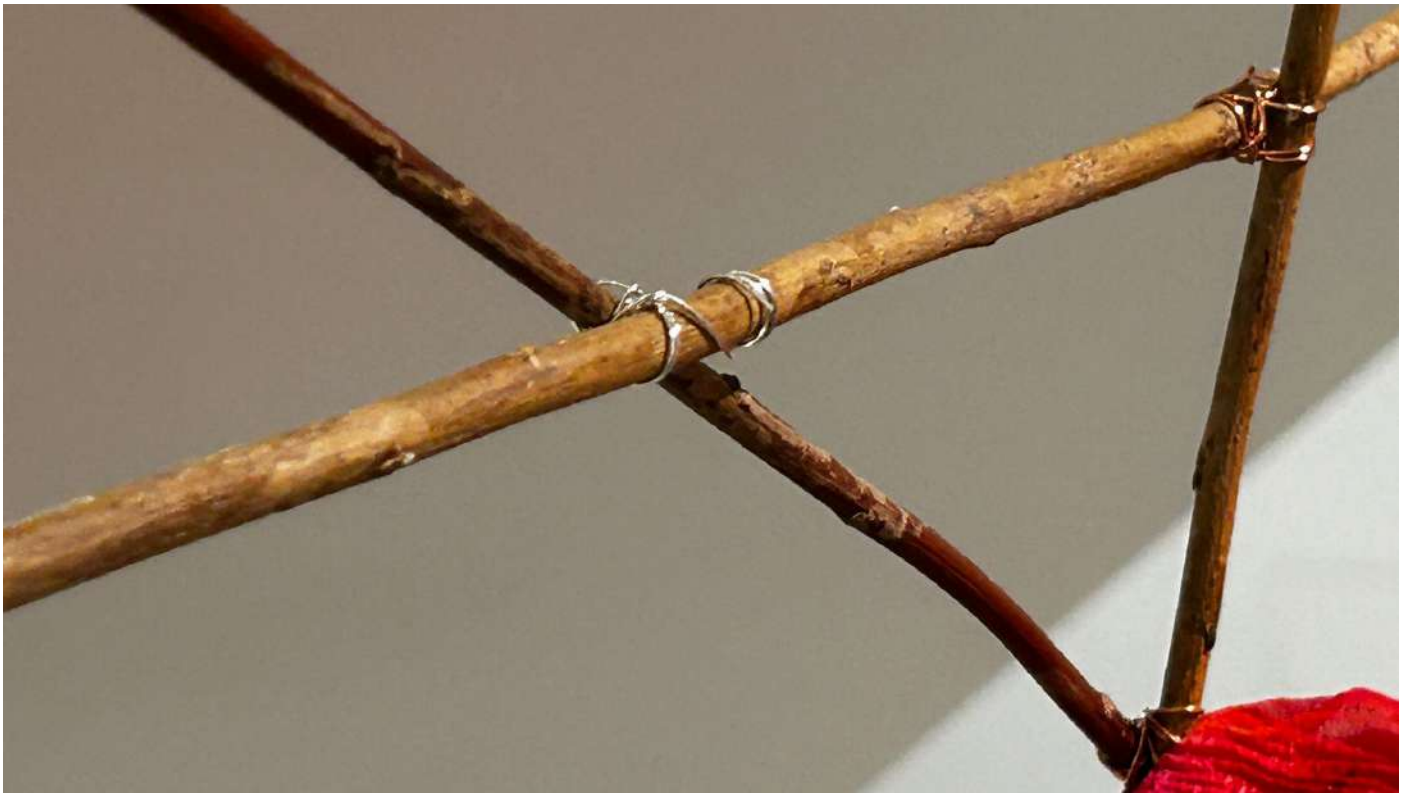


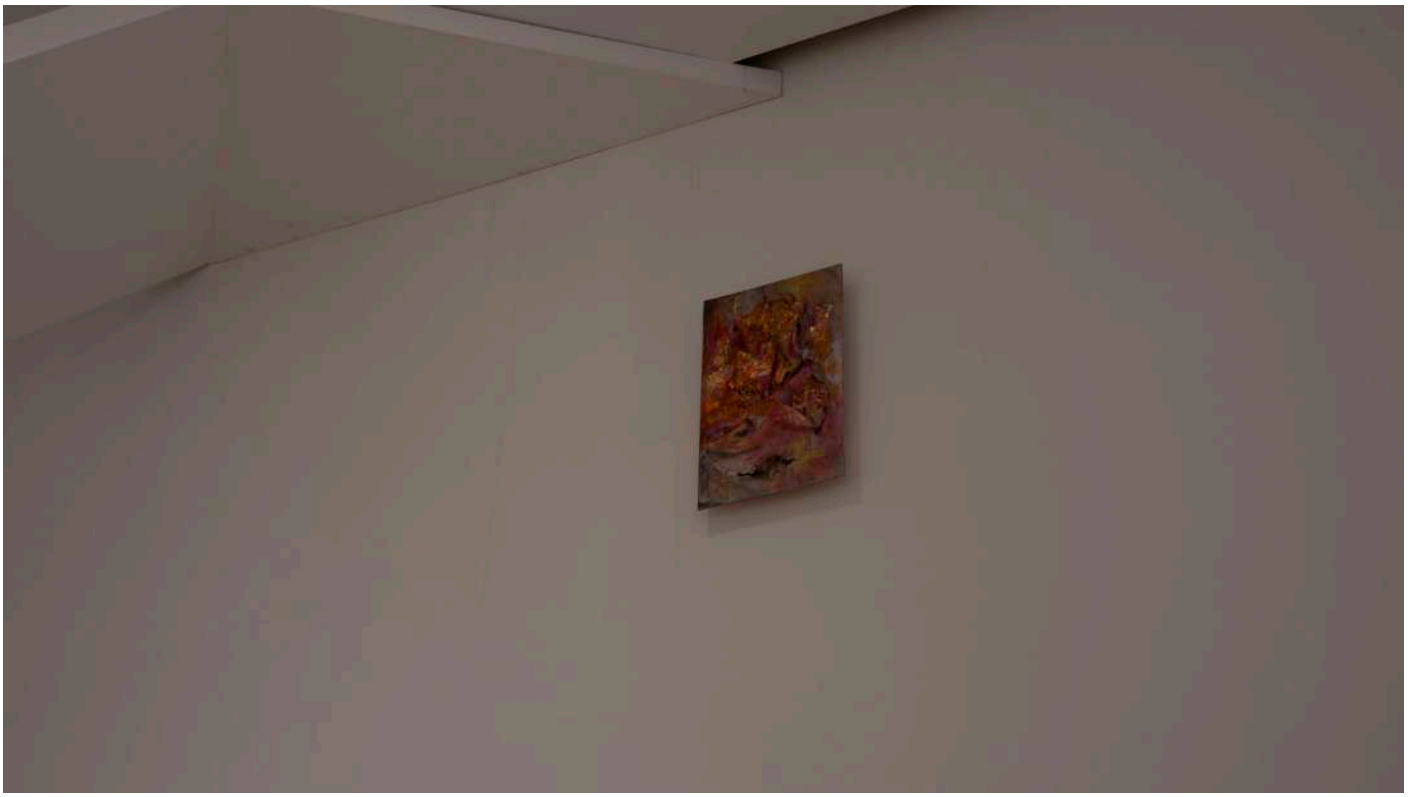


























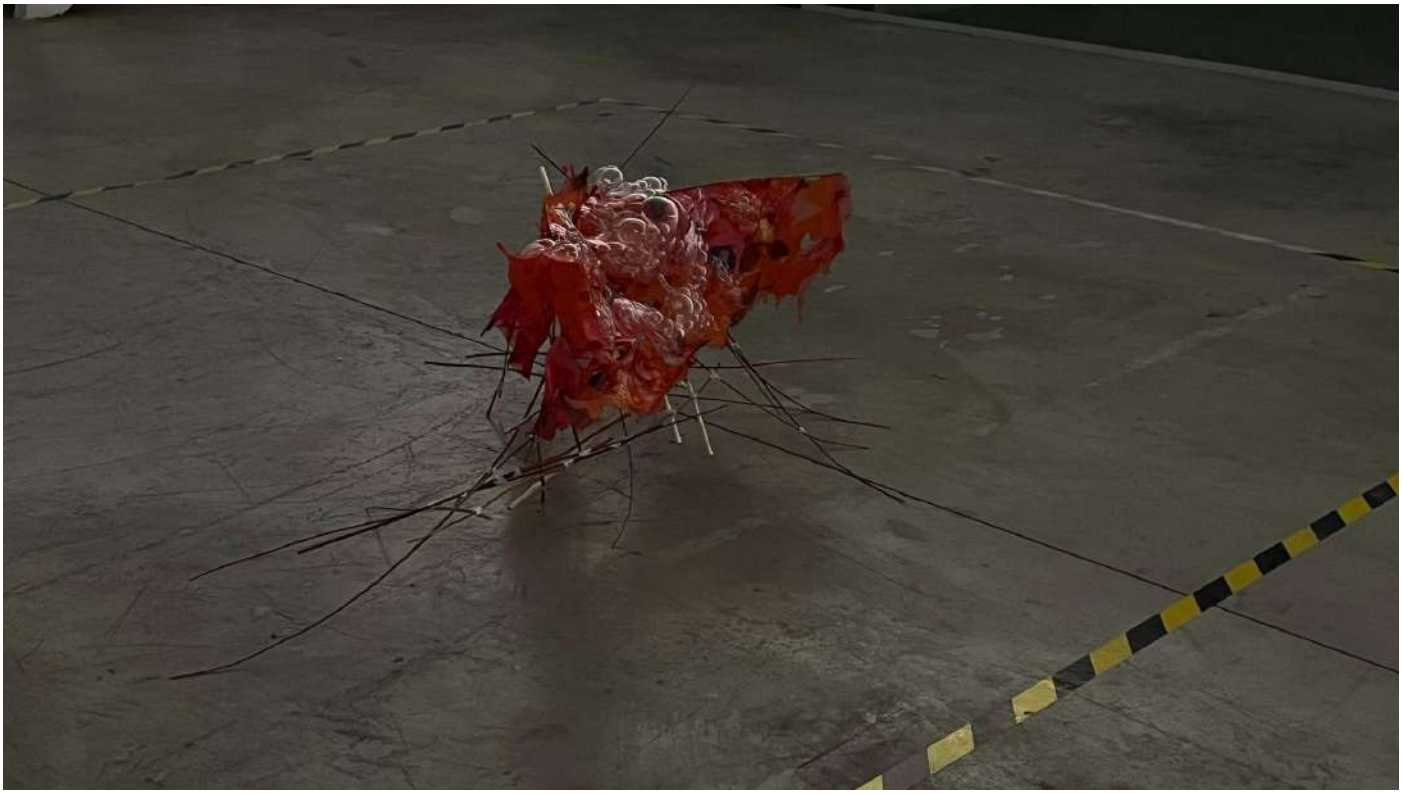










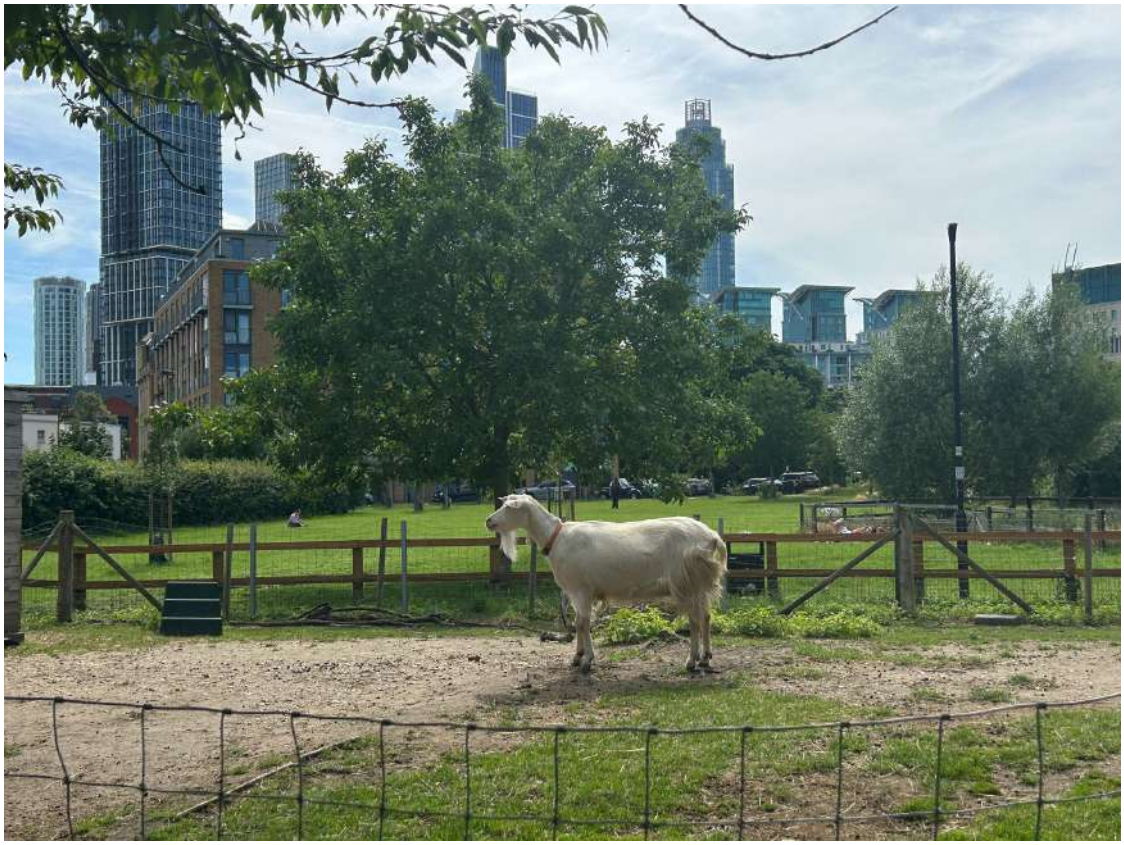













THE
EXORCIST





When Vera visited the exhibition for the first time, she went on her own. It was a Saturday morning in late May. She took a bus from Gáname, her mother's small town near Zamora, to Valladolid. There, she went to a bar and wandered around the museum. Vera told me that the exhibition made her feel a bit dizzy. The rooms disoriented her; she wasn't sure what she'd seen and what she hadn't. She was confused. Although I hadn't planned it that way, I thought that Vera was spot on, and that the atmosphere of *Tú, tú, tú, mi incesante* leaned toward that sense of disorientation and lack of focus. It was easy to lose the thread there.

We agreed to work on a publication that would transfer that unsettling museum atmosphere to the screen and onto paper. Our narrative gradually expanded, and Cantinela 05 now encompasses much more than the exhibition. It includes the preparations and some of the surrounding areas, along with scenes we encountered in other, distant cities; the pages link together leaps in time, shifts between galleries, bird's-eye and worm's-eye views, the studio, the home, and the street. In principle, the exhibition had little to do with what we were looking at and photographing, wherever we went. Still, I feel it may have helped us notice all those other things. As if exhibitions served as a reflective lens and a magnifying glass, helping us to perceive particular forms, linked in strange ways to what was on display, even from a distance, when we're already outside the show.

Our Cantinela offers a journey that weaves together ups and downs, detours, digressions, and returns. It is a photo album orchestrated by the formal affinities between the images, rather than by what actually happened. I made the earliest sculpture in 2019, but most of the works on display are from 2024, 2025 and 2026. *Tú, tú, tú, mi incesante* established an initial point of contact between different times, and now our selected photographs form an 'aftermath' that lends new meaning, distinct from what came before.

Looking back, I'd say this album reveals a romantic viewpoint, somewhat self-absorbed and even prone to infatuation. We follow someone who gets carried away, who is fascinated by things that are a little mundane and, often, clichéd: shop windows, cats, soap bubbles, clouds, towels, a hole… Unlike other media, photography bridges the gap with the viewer; it reverses the roles of action and reception. Their functions are intertwined. A photograph generally does not show the result of a creative process; instead, it tracks what we are looking at. When we take it, there is no time to think or wonder, and we capture whatever catches our eye. Photographs reveal where our gaze –the realm of love– wanders. Showing the photographs that we take can make us feel a little embarrassed. They divulge how easily we can be captivated by a turn of a neck, and how commonplace a moment of affection is.

It is hard to bear the thrill of others observing us, of them looking at what we have seen, and of returning that gaze. Often, modesty and embarrassment drive us to divert their curiosity elsewhere. Both in the exhibition for El Patio Herreriano and in Cantinela 05, attention is distorted. We have twisted its usual channels to obscure it, and to direct it towards places that are not typically taken into account. In both cases, we encounter hazy, distant visions alongside details and surprises.

That said, obstacles heighten our attention and desire. Just as when, for example, we strain to listen in on someone else's conversation, or one in a foreign language. All these swarms of walls, holes, heights, tremors, and dim light in the museum make us look beyond what we have already seen.

I hope I have created an indecent and crude exhibition, one that makes us look beyond the stage. Our Cantinela uses it to spread unblushing eyes, ways of loving from the outside, amidst the distractions.

Esther Gatón, 28 October 2026

Acknowledgements

I would like to express my heartfelt thanks to everyone who supported me in bringing the exhibition at the Patio Herreriano to life, helping me with my work and accompanying me through studio visits over the past few years and throughout the exhibition.

I would like this edition of Cantinela to serve as a small tribute to the time you have given me, and as a journey back to Valladolid.

Rafa Barber Cortell, Juan Martín Loiz, Jorge Martínez, Gonzalo Seises, Jorge Suárez-Quiñones Rivas, Isabel Rivas Crespo, Guillermo Pozo, Marcio Alaor, Flàvia Nespatti, Laure, Philippe Courtet, Oliva Arauna, David Morán, Laura Valor, Charlie, Clara Burillo Feduchi, Julia Spínola, Choon Mi Kim, Sofía Montenegro, Lucía Bayón, Gabriel Pericás, Sofía Corrales Akerman, Jaime del Corro, Clara Martínez, Margot Cuevas, Lu Millet, l. San Gregorio, Victor Sánchez, Isabella Benshimol, Darya Diamond, Ajla, Pol Esteve Castelló, Amy Jones, Bianca Stopanni, Jordan Derrien, Daré Dada, Piero Bisello, Benjamin Anderson, Marina Moro, Jack Roberts, Jacob Blackaller, Lizzy Collar, Paul Evans, Philippa Zu Knyphausen, Carmen Riestra, Javier Hontoria, Cristina Fontaneda Berthet, María Baños, Andrea Celda, Cristina Herráiz, Marta García de Faria, Eduardo Vicente, Andrés Carretero, Javier García, Marta Álvarez, Andrés Izquierdo, Alexander Santema, Nùria Montclús, Santiago Dammert, Ale Monteverde, Fátima Poppe, Victoria Álvarez, Francisca Portugal, Berta Gutiérrez, Magdalena, Louis Mason, Ignasi Ayats y Carmen Salamanca, my family, neighbours and former teachers.

Tú, tú, tú mi incesante was a solo exhibition by Esther Gatón, curated by Rafa Barber Cortell, at the Museo Patio Herreriano, Valladolid. 21 March – 13 September 2026.

Thank you, Vera Martín Zelich, for making Cantinela happen, for inviting me and for putting so much care into this work. Thanks also to Aitana Bellido and Louis Mason for proofreading and editing the translations.