

CONCENTRIC GUASCH CORANTY - UB

# ORBITS ON BLACK: THREE ESSAYS ON MOVEMENT

Ivonne Villamil / Ana Cosac / Helena Laguna

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The movement of the gesture, of migratory flows, of the stars in orbit. This zoom-out, or zoom-in if we read it in reverse, is the sequence proposed by the three projects awarded grants by the Fundació Guasch Coranty in the 2023–24 academic year.

Three installations that are activated by the presence of other over the course of the programme of related activities designed in partnership. Ivonne Villamil, Ana Cosac and Helena Laguna present concomitant points of view, but all three address the question of how to make movement – the movement that continues us and connects us – visible or audible.

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A, D, I, M/N, many thanks for the conversations, for recounting, expressing and opening wounds that were never closed. Thank you for allowing me to expose them and so show realities. And even though it's a cliché, this project would never have come to fruition without you. To Montse Morcate, my project tutor: if it weren't for your efforts, I wouldn't be here today; thanks for being by my side and for all the paragraphs underlined in yellow, yours and mine alike, that established a bit of order. Thanks to the Al'Akhawat collective for being keen to participate, unite and debate from various territories. And lastly, thanks to my mother (A) for all her support and help. She likes to tell me that everything in life has an order; I hope to show her that everything in life has a bit of chaos. (Ana Cosac)

To Jo Milne for being by my side and supporting me; to blanca arias for her care and measured dialogue; to Ares and Jordi for teaching me so much and for helping me to build this thing. To all the hands of my relatives who caressed my practice in writing and other gestures. And to all the artists and writers who create meaning and guided me in my endeavours. (Helena Laguna)

## IVONNE VILLAMIL *METEORO*

**Ivonne Villamil** is a visual and sound artist. In her practice, she investigates the soundscape in a broad sense, exploring aspects that cannot be heard by the human ear as a means to study the interaction between species, materiality and atmospheric phenomena, as well as the sound universe at a planetary scale.

### ***Meteoro***

*Las cabañuelas* are an ancient weather forecasting method commonly used to plan when seeds should be sown over the course of the year. It involves observing and recording the behaviour of the climate during the first twelve days of January, with each day corresponding to the coming months.<sup>1</sup> This age-old system makes it possible to 'divine' or predict periods of rain or drought, for example.

Silvia Rivera Cusicanqui quotes an image by Waman Puma, the text of which reads: 'INDIAN, ASTROLOGIST, POET WHO KNOWS about the sun and the moon, eclipse, stars, comets and hour, Sunday, month and year and the four winds for sowing food since ancient times'.<sup>2</sup>

And we have never ceased to observe since 'ancient times'. With the development of instruments and technologies, the effort – or overwhelming enchantment – to understand, attempt to foresee or even 'control' the unknown or ungovernable, such as the climate and the stars, has remained hidden.

Amid radio broadcasts, weather satellites, ancient knowledge and climate reports,

*METEORO* considers a broad range of issues, among them the disturbing changes to the weather and the astonishing measuring instruments and systems that we use in a bid to anticipate what will happen on Earth and in the cosmos.

'Predominantly overcast skies. Average early morning temperature 12 degrees. In the morning, overcast skies and thick clouds. In the afternoon, a brief spell of light drizzle. Towards the end of the afternoon, gentle breeze and skies partially overcast with hazy cloud. Drizzle around Guachetá and San Miguel.'<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> In Spain, they are better known as *témporas* and observations are carried out in accordance with the seasons of the year.

<sup>2</sup> Rivera Cusicanqui, S. (2018). *Un mundo ch'ixi es posible. Ensayos desde un presente en crisis*. Tinta Limón.

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<sup>3</sup> When I began this project, I asked my father to send me *Las cabañuelas*. This is his observation of the weather on 12 January 2024 – corresponding to the month of December that same year – from a mountain in the Eastern Cordillera of the Andes in Colombia (5.622276-73.676981).

## **ANA MARIA GABRIELA COSAC** **ZIDURI DE TRECERE**

**Ana Maria Gabriela Cosac** is an artist from Bucharest who lives in Tomelloso, Ciudad Real. Her projects are centred on memory, family albums, Rumanian migration and the territory and are based on the use of photographs, both those she takes herself and others gleaned from family archives. She started studying art at the Cuenca School of Fine Arts in Castile-La Mancha University, which she followed with a Master's in Artistic Production and Research, specialising in the Art and Technology of the Image..

### ***Ziduri de Trecere***

Shortly after we arrived in Tomelloso, my mother had to return to Rumania and she thought about taking to her relatives a video made by her as proof of our experiences. In one clip, my mother never stopped asking me what I wanted to say to all the family now living elsewhere. With all the innocence of my four years of age, I told her in almost invented Rumanian:  
'I miss you.'

At that time of such innocence, I thought we were only on a long holiday. That we would soon go back home and that it would be sooner rather than later. I even told them in the video that we would see them the following year.

I started school and I was still on holiday. I received extra classes to help me learn Spanish and adapt faster, holidays. I got my first tax identity number for foreigners, holidays. My father returned to Rumania to see the family, holidays. People heard me speaking Spanish without an accent and took me to be Spanish, and still I was on holiday. 'You're more from here than there, aren't you?' At the age of fifteen, I went to Rumania to see the family. Holidays... 'You don't

remember who I am? Well, you did leave when you were very small...'

I ended up realising that my holiday destination had changed.

I gradually came to terms with the fact that I did not belong to either side. I lost a lot of my Rumanian vocabulary, but there are words I can only say in Rumanian. I no longer recognise one culture, the other neither. Everyone can see you but you are still a blind spot for them too. What with all this, I also began to realise that over and above what this journey entailed, we ended up getting more used to living surrounded by boxes than furniture. House moves were now almost routine.

I no longer remember the homes I lived in.

But... how many families are the same?

**HELENA LAGUNA BASTANTE**  
***CORRESPONDENCES. AN EPISTOLARY***  
***ESSAY ON GESTURE***

**Helena Laguna Bastante** is an interdisciplinary artist and curator from Terrassa (Barcelona). Her projects are based primarily on her strong interest in writing, its limits and the potential of the body and the gesture as a relational space.

She graduated in fine arts from the University of Barcelona, holds a post-graduate qualification in curating awarded by EINA (Barcelona) and is currently completing her Master's in Artistic Research and Production at the University of Barcelona.

***Correspondences. An Epistolary Essay***  
***On Gesture***

clack, clack. It seems that if you pay enough attention, you can hear the bobbins going round. clack, clack. The two bodies connect and synchronise thanks to the movement. clack, clack. It seems as if this movement has always been there, between, uniting and sustaining the relationship.

When there is an obstacle to linking with another body, writing provides a mechanism of union, an area of contact between. Correspondence – used here in both its meanings: written communication and the act of maintaining a relationship based on equality – becomes a space or a methodology for bending the need for a physical presence.

Nevertheless, the written word does not always sustain proximity and can represent a cultural barrier. Gesturality, in contrast, becomes a space of a somatic relationship: by dint of repeating others' gestures and movements, a circular flow of information is generated, a correspondence that extends beyond the paper and touches on the body itself.

I have identified in myself my grandmother's gesture of rotating her ring that so delighted me. It seems that after watching her do it so often, I have ended up adopting that movement. When I find myself doing it now, I smile and feel the warmth of her hand. In that repetition, I feel her body inside mine: the linearity of time is folded in that gesture (which is also circular) and an interaction occurs: a flow that goes back and forth and which is formed in the movement itself.

clack, clack. The turning of the ring activates the mechanism. clack, clack. I hear the bobbins rotate and I think of all those bodies stretching in time as they appear in others' movements. clack, clack. My hand that is my grandmother's hand and vice versa.