Gil Heitor Cortesão

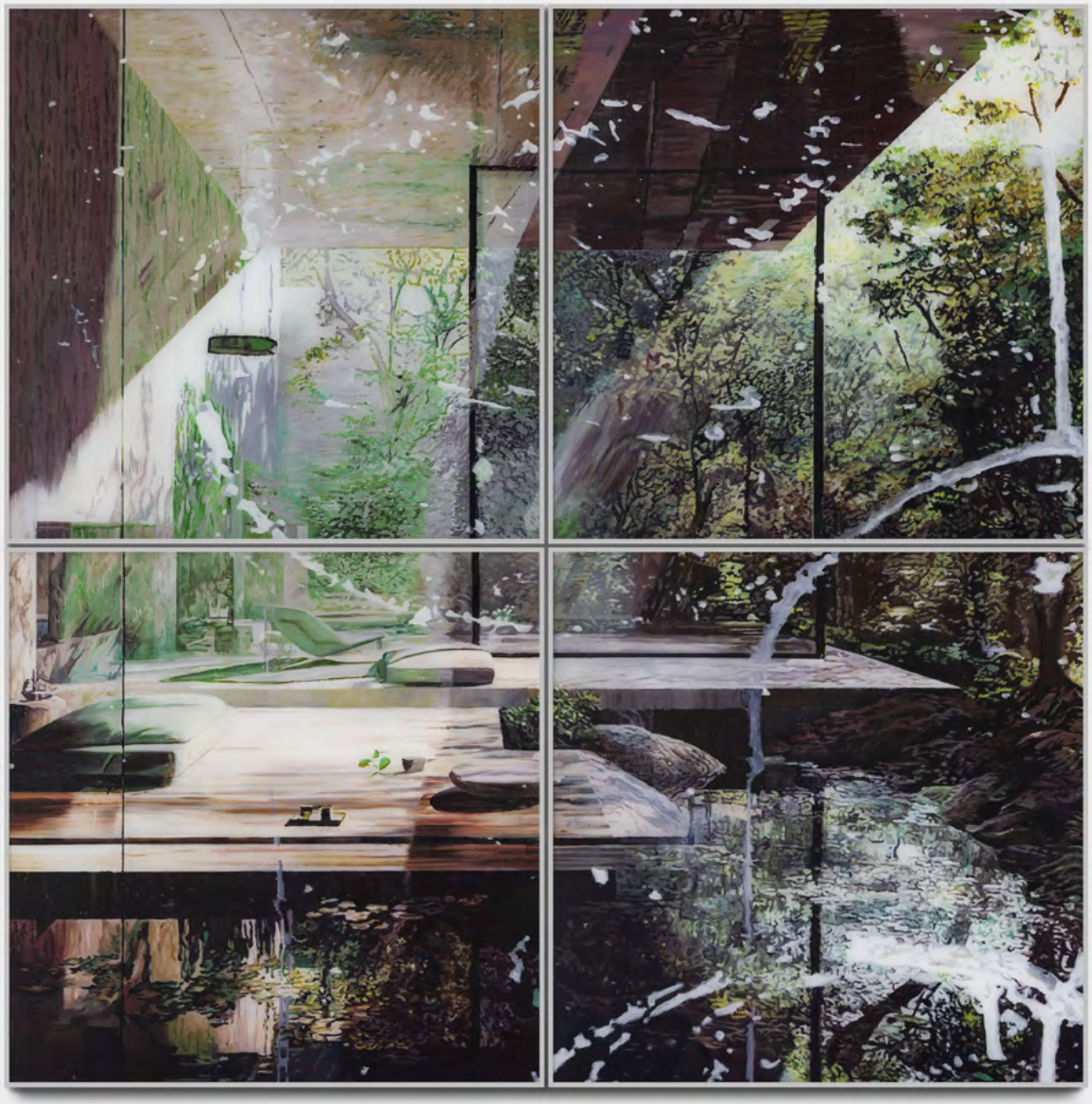
Gil Heitor Cortesão's (Lisbon, 1967) oeuvre aims to keep alive Utopian ideals from modernism, expressed through interior design and architecture. Making painting his principle medium, Cortesão's applies a rare technique of painting oil on the back of a Plexiglas sheet. His paintings seduce with the sleekness of their surface, which conceals the texture of the oil paint, and deceives the viewer by resembling some of the key characteristics of photography.

Although based on old photographic material from books and magazines from the 60's and 70's, the final paintings are in fact variations rather than appropriations of their initial source. Scratches, lines of texture, streaks of paint, alterations of scale, distortions and blurring among other, remove the initial subject and introduce instead a new object, which narrates a culture of its own.

The work of Gil Heitor Cortesão's is included in some of the most important collections including Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian (Lisbon), EDP–Electricidade de Portugal (Lisbon), Coleção Fundação de Serralves (Oporto, Portugal), Coleção António Cachola (Elvas, Portugal), Museé d'Art Moderne Grand–Duc Jean (Mudam, Luxemburg) or SPM: Salsali Private Museum (Dubai) among other.



Monstera's Flight, 2022
oil on plexiglass
240 × 180 cm



Vórtice, 2026
oil on plexiglass
240 × 240 cm



Locus #2, 2025
oil on plexiglass
240 × 240 cm



Suspensão, 2025
oil on plexiglass
200 × 450 cm



Exhibition view *Amnesia ad Ascea* at Pedro Cera, Madrid, 2024



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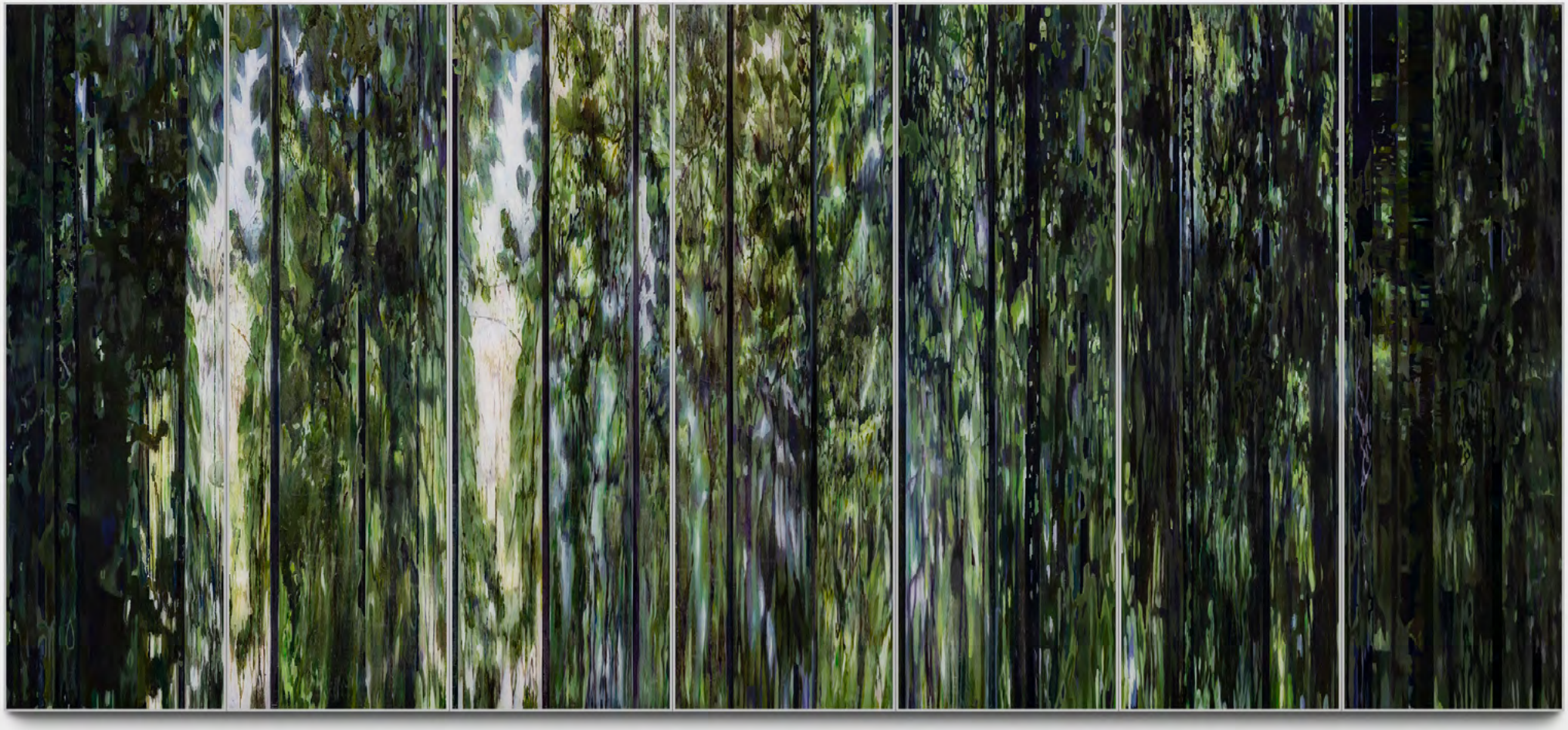
Wave #1, 2023
oil on plexiglass
230 × 646 cm



We want it darker, 2023
oil on plexiglass
200 × 200 cm



Locus, 2021
oil on plexiglass
240 × 240 cm



Arboretum, 2022
oil on plexiglass
230 × 516 cm



Exhibition view *Locus* at Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon, 2021



Exhibition view *Locus* at Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon, 2021



Rift, 2021
oil on plexiglass
100 × 156 cm



Triple Moon, 2020
oil on plexiglass
130 × 100 cm



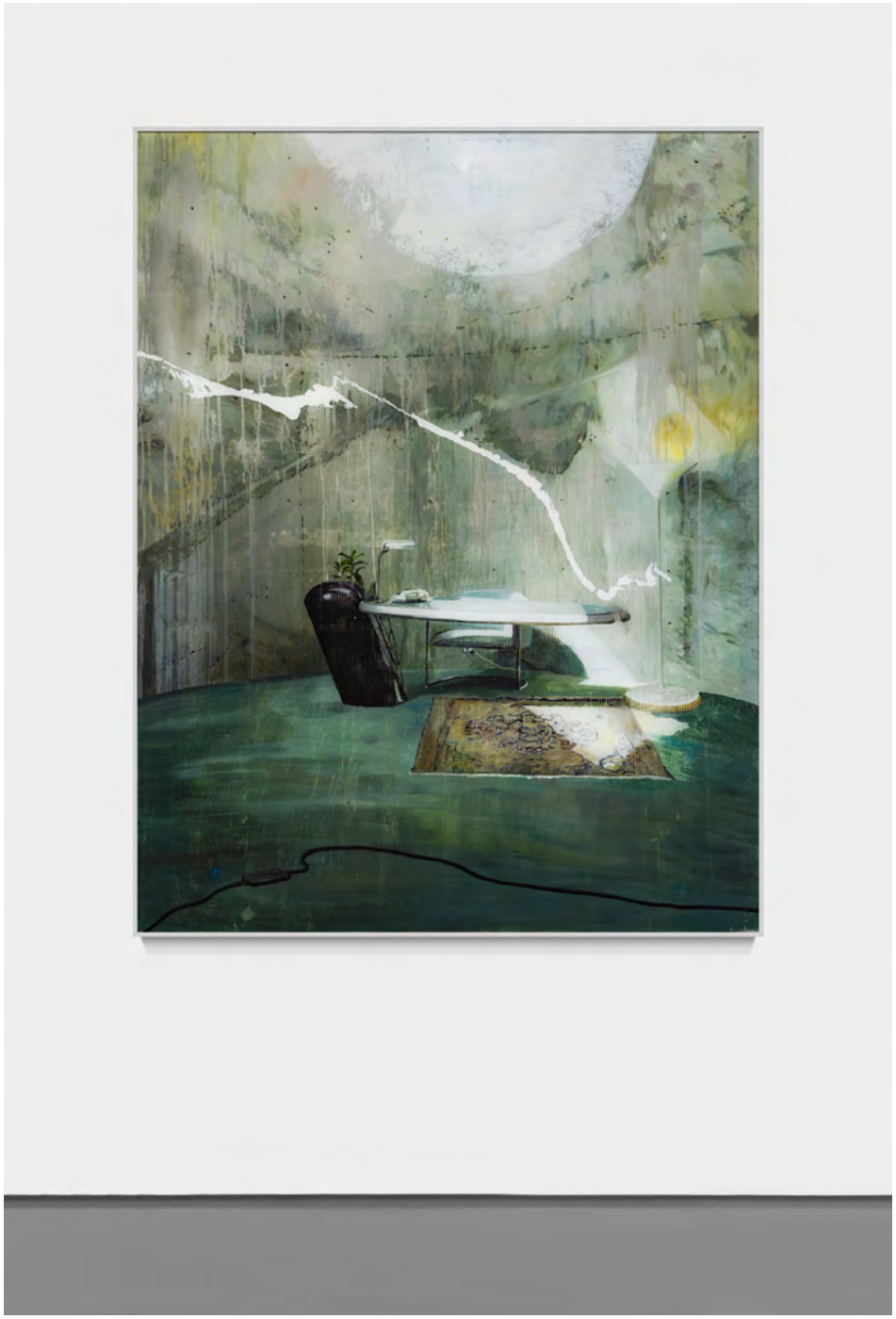
Exhibition view *Desde el salón (From the Living Room) Sol Calero selects from the Hiscox Collection* at Whitechapel Gallery, London, 2020 | Photo Damian Griffiths



Exhibition view *Desde el salón (From the Living Room) Sol Calero selects from the Hiscox Collection* at Whitechapel Gallery, London, 2020 | Photo Damian Griffiths



Camuflagem, 2020
oil on plexiglass
130 × 200 cm



The Lightning, 2020
oil on plexiglass
130 × 100 cm



The Lightning, 2020
detail



The Swimmer, 2020
oil on plexiglass
72 × 72 cm



Unisphere #2, 2020
oil on plexiglass
200 × 200 cm



Exhibition view *The Crossing* at Suzanne Tarasieve, Paris, 2020 | Image courtesey of Suzanne Tarasieve, Paris



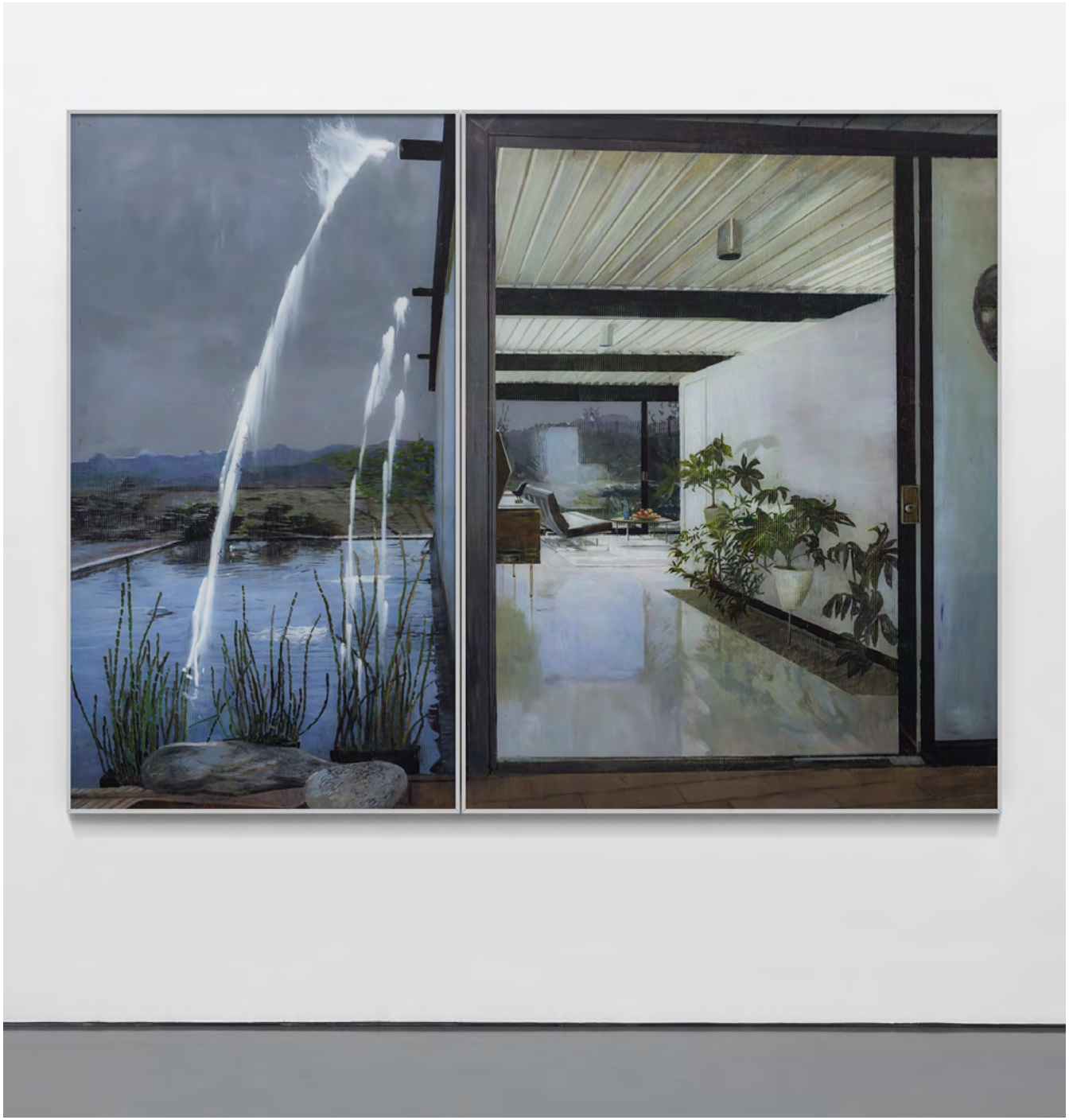
Exhibition view *The Crossing* at Suzanne Tarasieve, Paris, 2020 | Image courtesey of Suzanne Tarasieve, Paris



Winter Drinks, 2019
oil on plexiglass
131 × 272 cm



Varanda, 2019
oil on plexiglass
100 × 185 cm



Dripping House, 2019
oil on plexiglass
130 × 172 cm

Mapping Cities, Mapping Cultures
***Canvas,* May 1, 2018**
Arie Amaya-Akkermans

A sense of loss and melancholy pervades Gil Heitor Cortesão's subdued paintings. They carry an ambivalence that's somewhere between retro-futurism and ruin, a utopia that was never realised. Eschewing traditional painting on canvas, Cortesão composes his works on plexiglass using found images from the 1960s and 70s, creating uncanny tableaux that are dilapidated reproductions of interiors and landscapes from a modernist era, frozen in time. Arie Amaya-Akkermans speaks with the artist about his latest show at Dubai's Carbon 12 (which ran until 5 May), and his dream of lost futures.



Exhibition view *Umbra* at Carbon 12, Dubai, 2018
Image courtesy of Carbon 12, Dubai

Contemporary painting is replete with allusions to architectural space as a form of surrogate domesticity. It is as if depicting these abstractions of space, and the traces of our lived time within them, would be enough to substitute the displacement, a seemingly inevitable characteristic of being modern – of learning how to live without the illusion of a past. But abstract space is not a place with permanent memory, and these can never be transformed into solid spaces. However historically inert, abstract space needs to be ultimately discarded, abandoned and replaced.

Portuguese painter Gil Heitor Cortesão, whose work often depicts aspects of the urban fabric and employs buildings as metaphor-structures for what he calls the memory of modernism, speaks about the utopian – and therefore unfinished – quality of modern architecture. "Modernism has a very strong utopian dimension," he tells me. "In many cases, it was a question of creating a new society, a new world in which art took an hitherto unknown role or stopped being strictly necessary as the boundaries between life and art were overcome. But the modern project was left incomplete and its conclusion was probably impossible anyway." The skillful manipulation between the inside and the outside in his paintings, which are endowed with an almost cinematic chiaroscuro, celebrates this incompleteness – a kind of remote, unattainable 'pastness' of today.

Cortesão's exhibition at Carbon 12, fittingly entitled *Umbra*, as the Latin word for shadow suggests, is a lot about conveying the sombre character of the built environment through the use of subtle contrasts of colour and tone, rather than merely imagining it (which would be too easy). The works speak about something stronger than abandonment or decay.



Exhibition view *Umbra* at Carbon 12, Dubai, 2018 | Image courtesy of Carbon 12, Dubai

Rather, they are about a suspension of temporality, the 'now-time' that Walter Benjamin used to describe the 20th century and, as a whole, the project of modernity; a kind of collective slumber.

'*Umbra*' is often translated as shadow or shade but the original Latin expression also denotes something spectral and ghostly. Accordingly, the word for penumbra in Portuguese, derived from the same Latin root, is translated as a half-light or dusk. This European palette, boasting a nostalgic homesickness and rich in pictorial loneliness, is at times the site of profound contradiction; exteriors and interiors are executed on plexiglass, a material that belies the internal weight of the composition, almost causing them to disintegrate. An essay in deconstruction, Cortesão begins on the backside of the transparent surfaces, moving from painting in the finer details first and the overall backdrop last in a reverse glass- painting technique.

In pieces such as *Giorgio's Room* (2016) or the diptych *Passage #3* (2017), the images are so familiar that they could be polaroids from a family album, or decomposing memories. It is akin to that imaginary moment when Gordon Matta- Clark or Rachel Whiteread were faced with a flat surface, just before they cut up the buildings or filled them with concrete. The pools, depicted in *Passage #2* (2017) or in the quadriptych *Circular Pool (2017)*, could conjure up many art historical references but here they're placeless, cut off from the real.

Though the contrast between the slow methodical painting and the high-speed metropolitan textures of Dubai is very stark, Cortesão doesn't seem intimidated – he has exhibited his heterogeneous yet consistent body of work with Carbon 12 four times in the last nine years – but in a broader reading, this unfinished business of modern architecture and the ever-changing nature of the UAE city complement each other in complex ways. Cortesão's mesmerizing 'anarchitectures' slow down the seamless time warp of the global south; and Dubai, in turn, by means of establishing a radical distance from the European urban model of history, endows the works with the timeless quality of an artefact. The conversation between the artist and his host context remains dynamic and open- ended over the course of almost a decade.

The term 'anarchitecture' is closely associated in art theory with Matta-Clark, referring to a position that's not necessarily posited against architecture as much as it encompasses a critical discourse about architecture that is shaped by the viewers and the world, instead of being conceived in merely functional terms.



Exhibition view *Umbra* at Carbon 12, Dubai, 2018
Image courtesy of Carbon 12, Dubai



Exhibition view *Umbra* at Carbon 12, Dubai, 2018
Image courtesy of Carbon 12, Dubai

This of course applies to Cortesão's work, but the definition falls short, precisely because of the role that architectural depictions have played in contemporary painting since the 1990s, when artists began exploring architecture in a painterly way. Two entire generations of European abstract painters passed before the objects of the world would become tangible for (or mediated in) the act of painting again, so that thinking about architecture from the 1990s has meant also being keenly aware of the abstract essence of (and influence on) spatial thinking today.

When asked about the relationship of figurative painters such as Sabine Moritz (Gerhard Richter's wife), to both abstract European painting and his work on empty architecture, Cortesão remarks, "I was always very aware of the importance of abstraction in 20th century art; I think that in several ways it is like a post-abstract figuration, something like a second-degree figuration." Overcoming the end of painting, once the ultimate project of abstraction, here also means to become sceptical about painting in general, experiencing constantly, as both viewer and maker, the empty spaces under our feet. It is difficult to tell where exactly we stand; Cortesão has aptly titled a number of his paintings *Passage*, in a series that lend the impression of a permanent transition or threshold, a passageway, a double-entendre, and a labyrinth. We are left rootless and perhaps as Cortesão intended, our world has become undermined by the passage of a time that we have consistently failed to grasp or adjust to.



Spiral Pool, 2018
oil on plexiglass
120 × 200 cm



Collector’s House, 2018
oil on plexiglass
110 × 220 cm



Nachtmusik, 2018
oil on plexiglass
120 × 200 cm



Interior com esculturas, 2018
oil on plexiglass
150 × 223 cm



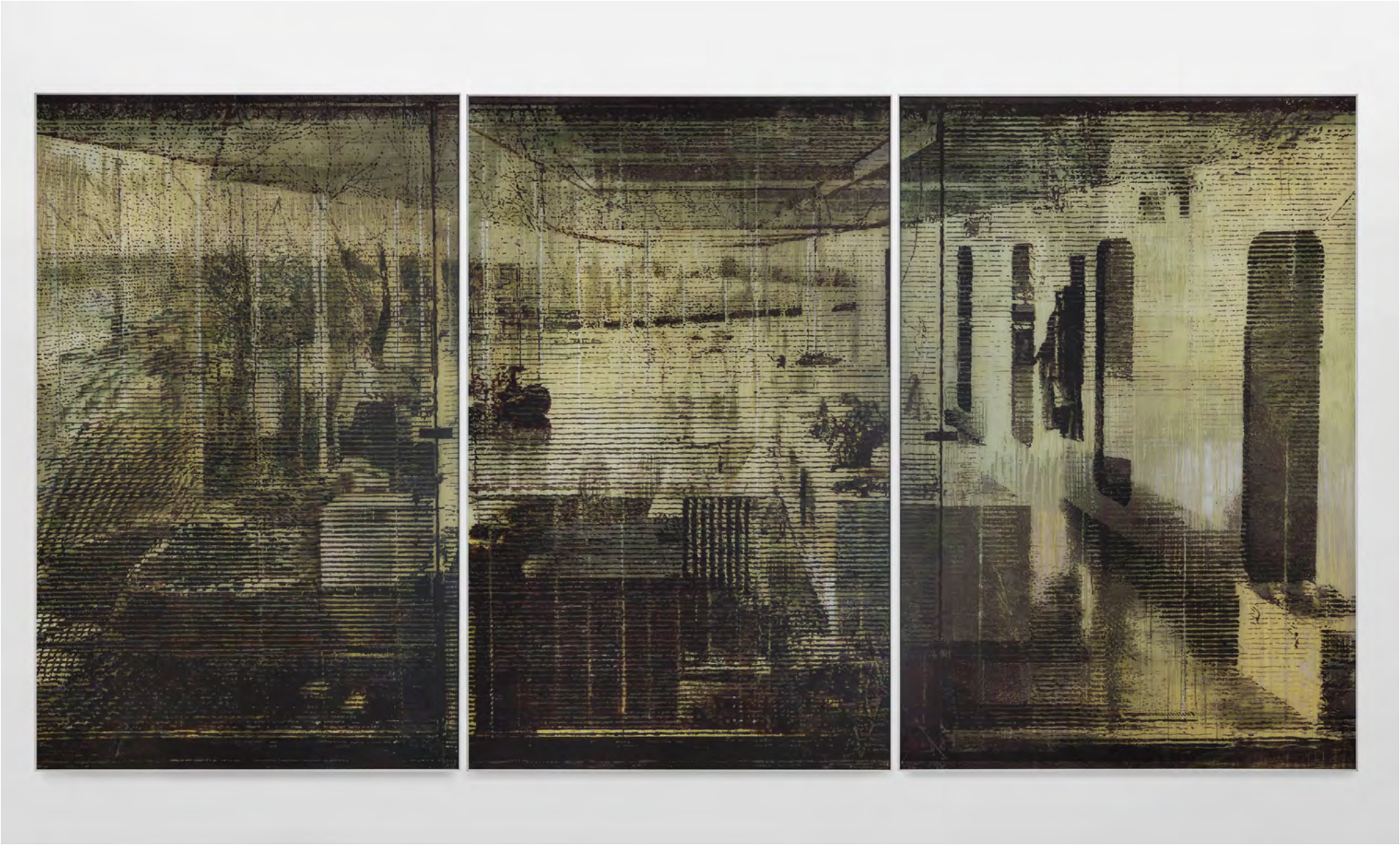
Exhibition view *Late Night Shopping* at Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon, 2017



Exhibition view *Late Night Shopping* at Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon, 2017



La Vague, 2016
oil on canvas
120 × 240 cm



The Blinds, 2016
oil on canvas
200 × 385 cm



Lobby, 2016
oil on canvas
120 × 230 cm



Exhibition view *On a Boat, Looking to Land* at Carbon 12, Dubai, 2015
Image courtesy of Carbon 12, Dubai



Late Night, 2016
oil on canvas
120 × 300 cm



The Party, 2016
oil on plexiglass
170 × 170 cm



Exhibition view *Lost Summer* at Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon, 2014



The Flight, 2014
oil on plexiglass
210 × 450 cm



Exhibition view *Lost Summer* at Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon, 2014



Exhibition view *Lost Summer* at Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon, 2014



Le pavé et la plage, 2014
oil on plexiglass
84 × 252 cm



The Pool, 2014
oil on plexiglass
190 × 255 cm



Rocky ledge, 2014
oil on plexiglass
120 × 200 cm

The paint(ing) before painting
***Inside Out*, Dardo Editorial, 2013**
David Barro

If there's something in Gil Heitor Cortesão's work that seduces me, it's the way he allows the viewer to add their feelings to his painting, to manage the different times it suggests to us, and definitively, how it reminds us that art is an exercise in seeing. It therefore defines a blurred sense of time and a space, and although he usually already has everything in mind beforehand, he calls on chance and embraces the accidental in order to destroy the image – to make the scenario more complex.

I should begin by confessing that I stole the title of this text, just as artists steal images to reinterpret them and give them other meanings. I took it from a chapter of a book Gilles Deleuze dedicated to Francis Bacon, entitled *Logique de la sensation*. By deleting the comma and the ellipsis, the meaning changes substantially. The chapter begins by stating that it is a mistake to believe that the painter merely stands in front of a white surface, because if that were the case, they would be able to create an external object on the canvas to serve as a model. I agree that that's the way it is, and that everything in the painter's head and his surroundings are already on the canvas, at least potentially, or virtually, before he even begins. Therefore, the painter, rather than filling, should be emptying, extracting, painting over images that are already there. Imagining comes before painting, especially in an exercise as complex as that proposed by Gil Heitor Cortesão when it comes to constructing an image.

Gil Heitor Cortesão's paintings arise from images, rather than from a narrative structure. Hence, the absence of human figures, which



Piscina Coberta, 2013
oil on plexiglass
84 × 84 cm



can nevertheless be sensed from a perspective that is very intimate with the viewer, as intruders in their own scene. The artist uses the surface as a means for creating an estrangement. In this regard, the selection of Plexiglas as an artistic medium, with its plastic appearance, is not accidental – it emphasizes the feeling of artificiality, of a story without a narrative, or of a suspended narrative. It's as if the medium presents itself like skin, or a structure. The production-painting process of the medium is reversed, based on a logic of inverse layers as compared to the normal pictorial process; in other words, the last thing painted on the canvas, which, in this case, is the starting point on the glass – disorienting the viewer with on a clean, hygienic appearance, concealing the textures of manual work and flattening the painting, which nevertheless appears polished to the eye. What we initially think is a protective glass, like in the work of Francis Bacon, is actually, in this case, the medium of the painting.

Deleuze talks about an important experience for painters – the existence of an entire category of things that can be called clichés, which already occupy the canvas before starting. In this regard, he quotes the words of D.H. Lawrence about Cézanne: "If Cezanne had been willing to accept his own baroque cliche, his drawing would have been perfectly conventionally all right, to Cezanne himself it was mockingly all wrong, it was a cliche. So he hew at it and knocked all the shape and stuffing out of it, and when it was so mauled that it was all wrong, and he was exhausted with it, he let it go; bitterly, because it was still not what he wanted." Gil Heitor Cortesão exerts the same severity with his work, and corrects certain complacencies with color. Similar to Bacon and his distorted images. Thus, both artists introduce chance, the accidental, the improbable. Deleuze claims that these marks are not representative as they depend on an act of chance and do not express anything concerning the visual image: they only concern the painter's hand. The painter knows what he wants to do, but not exactly how to get there. Before the painting begins, artists such as Cortesão are already on the

Reflection, 2012
oil on plexiglass
84 × 84 cm

such as Cortesão are already on the canvas, searching for a sort of catastrophe to give meaning to their serendipitous process.

I believe that many of these digressions can be found when visiting the place where one dedicates one's time, that secret place – which, for an artist, is the studio. Just one visit to their place of work is enough to imagine a determined artist, serene and resolute, who is also attacked by a world of doubts, always attentive to change but rarely decided to fully follow through. I'm not talking about contradictions, but rather attitudes. The way he moves through his studio gives him away, showing and hiding his work at the same time – the construction process. Meanwhile, the reflection of the light from outside filters through the branches and illuminates the medium, further impeding the viewer from entering the painting, which is definitive and cracked – like his reality, full of doubt.

It is important to note that glass is a medium that reinforces the notion of chance – an unexpected meeting. The paint quickly blurs on its surface – like the image floating in Cortesão's mind as he paints. Gil Heitor Cortesão inverts the traditional order of painting by initially painting what is in the first plane. He thereby works various degrees of complexity into the image. Nothing fits our logic, and the painting and stain exist in a virtual, clean, impeccable space, which paradoxically reveals a deception. As you can see in photographs of sketches by contemporary artists, such as Thomas Demand and James Casebere, everything in Gil Heitor Cortesão's paintings seems to be a product of falsification: impeccable, clean, void of human figures, lacking delimiting marks... There are two likely interpretations: the first leads us to believe that his work is austere and clean; the second is a product of a more deliberate, physical vision, which shows us a more expressive and, above all, pictorial piece, constructed from the purest foundations of painting.

Gil Heitor Cortesão builds a landscape like filmmaking, causing us to forget about the complex framework of its structure. The glass has the effect of slowing down one's approach to the painting,



Moon's Milk, 2012
oil on plexiglass
150 × 150 cm

forcing the viewer to assess the image, delving into it, seeing the entire space in order to reveal the strokes that expose the fiction, and the imperfections created in the painting. This creates different distances; from the nearly imperceptible to a sort of protective covering that softens the more chaotic side of painting. The artist meticulously, precisely recreates the space based on what is real, but there is something perverted in this process, and the evocative aspects gain momentum, making the accidental an integral part of the image. I think about how in older films, while a plan is formulated inside a car, the trees and buildings that appear and disappear are on a different plane than the surface of the image, as if they had been cut out and stuck on the screen afterwards. This technical precariousness is Gil Heitor Cortesão's virtuosity. If, on the one hand, the car's windshield is the boundary that exposes the fiction, on the other, the abstract elements emerge similarly to the tradition of a painting within a painting. The glass is thereby associated with the concept of heterotopias, as defined by Foucault, separated by the reflection. Understanding the image is a bit of an ideal once the medium is recognized as a mixed experience, somewhere in the middle, like a place without a place. As viewers, we see ourselves reflected in an unreal space that virtually opens behind the glass surface, we exist where we do not exist and get confused with the painted image behind it, which also reflects our own image. All of the realities that are present are altered.

We're talking about latent images. As we see with artists such as Gerhard Richter the canvas is no longer empty beforehand and the painting does not serve to produce the image, but rather it is the image that serves to produce painting. So it is the image, or its shifting, that generates another new image.

Richter makes this clear in one of his notes dating from 1964 and 1965. "When I paint from a photograph, conscious thought is suppressed. I don't know what I'm doing. My work is more like the informal than any type of "realism". Photography has an abstraction of its own that isn't easy to penetrate". For Richter photography is a way of gaining distance at the time of penetraing the real and takes on a religious function at the moment that everyone makes their own remembrance cards through it. There is no doubt that photography has changed reception. Although the crisis of the notary truth of photography is a reality, in his notes Richter already warned that it was still an image looking to be perfect. And it suffers from this and from that condition of information, of success fixed on an image. Painting, or rather, painting pictures from photographs, makes representation ridiculous. But Richter is interested in the "making" of photography, in painting from it knowing that this could also be done in a dark room without a paintbrush. In Richter's words, the freedom "of no longer having to invent, of being able to forget what painting means – colour, composition, space – and everything that one knew and had thought". The difference in relation to the original will only be in the technique, and technique is as real as any image. Richter assumes, without doubting it, a premise: if in photography reality becomes an image, when this comes to painting the image becomes reality.

Richter points out that he does not plan his paintings, nor adds anything or takes anything away: "I like things without style: dictionaries, photographs, nature, myself and my paintings". In this manner, just like photography, Richter documents a real space, but he does so through painting, "originating a special space that arises from a feeling of understanding and tension between what is represented and the pictorial space.



Front Room, 2012
oil on plexiglass
130 × 226 cm

This formula is not foreign to Gil Heitor Cortesão, who strives for silence and self-exclusion to mitigate his sense of authorship. Like Richter, Gil Heitor Cortesão's reality is never evident – it is veiled. Like when Tuymans reduces the range and takes his characters out of shot. Something like seeking the diffuse memory. As if someone had rubbed it with a damp cloth in order to see further. And that is precisely the process that Richter follows when he runs across the surface of the canvas with the brush before the painting has dried. Richter veils realism, erases it and blots it in order to break the illusion of what is represented. He thus makes the fiction evident. He stretches the canvas and in that game of distances he blinds us by cheating our perception. Cortesão works with glass to draw viewers into the image as if on a journey to the indefinite, distancing oneself from the subject.

To a certain extent, we could venture to say that Gil Heitor Cortesão's painting approaches destruction. Let me explain: in other words, the more the painting comes into view, the blinder the viewer is to the image. The artist has confessed that this chaotic tendency drives him to the point of near blindness, forcing him to turn the canvas in order to see it. His painting is a sort of palimpsest, which in Greek means "scraped again." A palimpsest is a manuscript that has traces of older, former writing on its surface, although the old has been scraped away expressly to make way for the new. The blind spot in Cortesão's work – the void that is paradoxically full – begins to serve as a subtle membrane, which, rather than an inert space, is manifested as a scenario conducive to the (re)construction of the image and for invisible energy, such as light, and the unspeakable, such as painting, to coalesce at this enigmatic point or active background. Like the Erased De Kooning Drawing by Rauschenberg, the void becomes dense and saturated. The ink, which is mostly white, hides everything. This approaches Duchamp's concept of "infra-thin," posing reality as an unanswered question – a painting as a transit surface or an interstitial space, born from an excess of information. According to Celso Martins, this painting enables its own deterioration, situated in a time that is external to it and, therefore, the virtual game is destroyed. Gil Heitor Cortesão involves us in a game of concealment and visibility that approaches Bataille's sense of blindness – an essential element of knowledge.

One of his recent paintings, *Bifurcação*, is quite significant. It possesses a tension – the tension of doubt. I think of Axel Hütte and how many of his photographs, which portray nature as supremely dominant, are intended to leave out as much as possible from the image. We have seen this in the mysterious paths close to the platforms that he photographs in the early eighties in the Berlin metro stations. Empty spaces, where time pauses and moves on mysteriously through the penumbra. Something like as if the event were about to take place. As if one has to clear away bushes in order to move forward. The pictorial aspect of the landscape is taken to an extreme situation. It is necessary to penetrate into the inner world, veiled by nature itself, by fog, or by darkness. Or split by the reflection, by liquid, by the shifting movements, Although this comes to us in a halt. Thus one of the things that most disturbs me in Axel Hütte's work, such as in Cortesão's work, is that there is always something that escapes us. The gaze, our gaze, brings a sort of vertigo or abyss that takes over the experience. There is the generation of a specular situation, a domain of the indiscernible, a first effect of blindness that, as Duchamp pointed out, the artist is not the only one who brings about the creative act, and it is necessary for the spectator to establish the contact that the work has with the outside world, "deciphering and interpreting its deep marks



Large interior, 2012
oil on plexiglass
200 × 350 cm

in order to then add its own contribution to the creative process. *Bifurcação* asks us to remain still, immersed in a horizontal abyss. The same occurs with *Patamar*, which invites us to remain hidden, lying in wait, contemplating the image. They are intense paintings, with extreme temperatures. Before these, and before many other paintings by Gil Heitor Cortesão, I recall when Deleuze and Guattari mention an enigmatic quote about painting from Cézanne in their book *What is philosophy?*: "man is absent, but entirely within the landscape." There is no doubt that this evokes both what is familiar and what is strange, as if divesting the image of its meaning, making everything strange, disorganizing everything with light and color.

A unique example is *Wallpaper*, a large pictorial ensemble in the form of diptychs, triptychs and polyptychs, creating a sort of contemporary reredos. We could think of it a result of Cortesão's inclination to be more open to natural spaces and elements in his recent work. It is, but only ambiguously, as the repetition that divides the image reveals artificiality – a simulation of plants on paper with ornamental elements that give it a natural appearance, which can be used to cover a wall. The artificial, domestic forest, paradoxically becomes an indoor product, similar to a cultural construction that especially interests the artist. Certainly, the outdoor spaces take on a greater relevance and visibility in his most recent paintings, but always with the conviction that there is no such thing as virgin nature, but rather it is a product of a construction – of a symbiosis with culture.

Meanwhile, in *Patamar* and other pieces such as *The Guest, Party Room, Moon's Milk,* the series of paintings entitled *Atrás do Vulcão, Remote Viewer and Memories from the Future*, or the triptychs *Transatlantic and Large Interior*, among others, we discover the face of the postmodern condition and "nostalgia for the present," based on photographs of architecture and interior design from the fifties or sixties. The strange air of an off-beat era, a sort of retro passion and *fin de siécle*, defines the contemporary contradictions experienced by the artist and his generation – a feeling of always



The Guest, 2012
oil on plexiglass
150 × 150 cm

having the future in the past. Saturated color accentuates that sense of confusion, that state of interference, in a sort of homage to that temporary discontinuity, like the yellowing of the image in an old photograph. This decision was not accidental. His painting brings to mind modern design and architectural finishes, hiding textures and embracing a sort of sterilized shine or polished appearance associated with the popularity of plastic as a predominant design material during that time period. Everything, including painting, is a result of human creation, a product of artificiality that should be reconsidered and inhabited once again. As Baudrillard claimed, we are not standing before an image of the world, but rather a substitution through a simulation. They are more than just natural cultural landscapes, hence, the feeling of artificiality. “Architecture constitutes a ready-made space. I recall the historical memory of modernism through images of buildings and architectural structures.”

We’re talking about an ideal, but also resistance, and nostalgia. About the archaeology of the image, a reflection. In Gil Heitor Cortesão’s work, we move inside (or outside) an undefined space with signs that are drowned in the absence of limits, before we even get situated. Since his art is intended for viewers who are able to experience distortions and energy; for those who are able to appreciate the “between” rather than the “before” and “after.” It determines how a sculptor of “lost forms,” forms that collide with time, may unfold before our very eyes, through the spectral property of memory as expressed by Bachelard. I imagine that Cortesão is attracted by the world of shadows, dreams and everything dream-related, the exchange of gestures. We can therefore understand the idea of glass not as a limit or flat representation – which



becomes rather ambiguous as it reflects the life that lies ahead – but rather as an interval or threshold for imagining the infinite – a shape duplicator. It’s all about embracing the simulation, the artifice, the otherness. Always with a poetic tension in the painting. The occurrence, the frame, is understood to be an evolution, as a time in which nothing apparently happens, but something could

Wonderland (After Slim Aarons), 2012
oil on plexiglass
84 × 84 cm

be triggered at any moment. This situates him as an inventor of possible narratives, even though it comes from the non-narrative – the suspension of an instant in time. The artist meaningfully stated that: "There's something hypnotic about the pictorial process in some cases, especially in paintings of indoor spaces; it's like I'm hypnotizing myself, like autosuggestion in the sense that I believe that I'm actually entering that space, entering inside the painting... Like the voiceover at the beginning of Lars von Trier's 'Europa': "I shall now count from one to ten... on the count of ten you will be in Europa..."

This is probably why there are so many houses in his paintings, so many refuges without people. Because as Derrida has repeatedly expressed, architecture is, above all, an inhabited construction, an inheritance that concerns us before having attempted to reflect upon it. That's why we often use the word "home" and not "dwelling," which is natural if we think about the nude interiors displayed in design and architecture magazines – interior designs that are often aseptic, but nevertheless seem to be complete and finished. The dilemma between architecture without people and lived-in, inhabited, architecture is elegantly expressed by Le Corbusier when he confesses that he strives for houses as "houses of men" and not "houses of architects." Total order only exists in this kind of sterile house, without any trace of its inhabitants. And although these inhabitants do not appear in Gil Heitor Cortesão's work, the painting brings us that clean image in another, tenser way. It's as if the painting disorders architecture. Because for Cortesão, painting coexists with chaos. "I can use a structure, but that structure will be invaded by a chaotic element...simplifying things and running the risk of being excessively dichotomous, I can associate architecture with an idea of order, organization, formal clarity, cleanliness, functionality, rationality, and authority, while working on the painting in the opposite direction, almost sabotaging, dissolving and disorganizing that order."

Leonor Nazaré successfully deconstructs Gil Heitor Cortesão's progressive dream in the essay "Arder na cor. A painting of Gil Heitor Cortesão," which was included in a book published by ADIAC and Assirio & Alvim in 2010. The green spaces that Le Corbusier longed for, which surround Cortesão's houses, and the large pieces of glass that allow life to exist in symbiosis between the inside and outside of the house. In Cortesão's time reference, a sort of emotional comfort was at stake, rather than a statute. The balance between the natural and the manufactured, between natural and artificial light, between design and artisan products, between the new and the old, are common features distorted by the artist, diverted to loneliness and estrangement. Everything is in its place; everything is ready for the scene, but something is missing, which makes the situation uncomfortable. Surely, one of the keys and one of the most characteristic and complex features of Gil Heitor Cortesão's painting is how he keeps our eyes from anchoring to any central point. Cortesão convolutes us, disorients us, as if he only intended for us to grasp part of the image, like in a dream. This is probably why he avoids the human figure, because it usually organizes the meaning of a painting, the construction of our vision. We can see this in a series of paintings from the mid-90s, in which a multitude of people watch as we, the spectators, move closer to the painting. Without hierarchies, a sort of *horror vacui* breaks the notion of center, opposing order, and the sense of observation. The multitude destroys individuality and identity, as with non-emblematic buildings without a first and last name, although they are bearers and representatives of a specific aesthetic of modern architecture.



In the series *Remote Viewer*, our place becomes just that, a sort of box seat. Once again we are inside the scene and, immersed in the image, we experience an abyss with a romantic cut. The past, in the shape of a void, is manifested as a sort of resonance, rumor, or decadence. Like with many of Cortesão's paintings, I feel as if we always arrive late. In other cases, this feeling ends in doubt. Like Flannery, a writer, and the main character in Italo Calvino's novel *If on a winter's night* a traveler: "I got the idea to write a novel consisting of just the beginning of a novel. The main character may be a reader who is continuously interrupted." Cortesão narrates, but without advancing in the narration, blurring the directions and producing an indescribable void, interrupting and breaking the narrative.
In the paintings with crowds of people, some nullify others in the same way as in contemporary society – some images are nullified by excess. These voids are paradoxically full of everything – like Caspar David Friedrich's monk in front of the sea – or examples of *horror vacui*, which empty the scene of its content in their immenseness. Cortesão is a master of diverting images, driving from one thing to another. It's as if with every certainty, we assume a sort of uncertainty, of questioning.

Perhaps, like Handke, he sees extreme fatigue as an opportunity for us to become vulnerable to the unknown of reality. Bataille also constantly refers to a fatigue or exhaustion in his texts that are analogous to the fragmentation of the *oeuvre*. For Bataille, blindness is an essential element of knowledge. And that feeling of blindness, which is more like a deluded impossibility rather than a blindness, as an extensive seduction, an abyss.

In essence, this iconoclastic strategy is as valid as destroying images. It is important to remember that the iconoclast does not devalue the image, but rather gives it great value, which is why he tries to destroy it. Jean Baudrillard points out that art has become iconoclastic, but that this modern iconoclast posture no longer consists of destroying images, as in history; but rather it consists of manufacturing images, producing a profusion of images where there is nothing to see. The images taken of photographs by Gil Heitor Cortesão are not void of meaning, but neither do they have an excessive or specific purpose. It's not about venerating the object or building in question, but rather showing images that serve as perceptive fissures, temporary frictions or detoured spaces that avoid the conventional, the easy way.

Detour, 2012
oil on plexiglass
150 × 200 cm



Trasatlantic, 2011
oil on plexiglass
190 × 375 cm

Thus, when human figures do appear, such as in the case of *Memories from the Future #1*, from 2009, they seem disconnected from to the image, as if they wasn't an important part of the nakedness he really wants to show us – the architecture. In Gil Heitor Cortesão's paintings, the reality of the house is melts away. Because Cortesão's reality is a spectral painting where everything is drained. In some cases, it is decidedly dark, like in the series *Entre chien et loup*, which emphasizes that feeling even more intensely. As viewers, we move towards the image, just like the figure located at the bottom side of the painting, peeking into the scene – but we are not able to definitively enter it.

This is all connected and gives meaning to his obsession for painting cities, as well as maps and screens; different forms of an abyss. I think about the perverse relationship with minimalism of artists such as Dan Flavin and Sugimoto. The first of them will used fluorescent tubes like ready-mades. While in conventional minimalism the material is shifted from one context to another, in Flavin the neons realize their normal function, which is to supplto another, in Flavin the neons realize their normal function, which is to supply light. This is not the case with Andre's works for example and much less with other minimalist artists like Judd. Flavin takes an element of sculptural form and makes it function like an indeterminate painting. The relation to architecture is evident as the tube irradiates a light that transforms the wall into a sort of blind screen that affects adjacent works. So in this case, nobody better than Sugimoto to support the change in perception experienced by the spectator after looking at Flavin's piece. Sugimoto, in his photographs of open air theatres and cinemas, prevents the observation of the films projected by means of photographic exposition that lasts as long as the film itself and results in the screen becoming blind, so that perception of the content is prevented by the excess of images. Minimalist formal simplicity is evident, as is his intention to represent the passage of time in a photogram, freezing ephemeral moments into a whole. But the relationship with the vastness has more to do with romanticism and its confusing, somnambulist nature.

It's as if everything has been abandoned. Including the painting, with its stains, its drips. In essence, it's about showing the painting, although, like the house, it is hidden behind a large glass. Gil Heitor Cortesão distorts our perceptive logic, from the formal and the conceptual, making chaotic movements. He thereby approaches Michel Serres' theories that the history of science is subject to turbulence; in other words, it is subject to all types of random connections in diverse areas. Science advances based on what is unpredictable and unexpected, and, in this regard, Serres, like Cortesão, challenges our good sense and rigid conventional order to propose the disorder of poetry; in other words, chance and exception.

It's as if life is consumed in Gil Heitor Cortesão's turbulent paintings, as if it melted, as if the dream definitively were a painting. Everything in the painting is altered and dissipates. In any case, the traces of the crime always remain, the latent painting, the stripes that point out that no painting is a perfect crime, without a criminal, without a victim, and without a motive, although in this case it seems to be so. Because Gil Heitor Cortesão's reality is virtual. What we see is what it is, but this description reveals its own impossibility. It's a disturbed, deceiving reality that never becomes a reality. It is important to remember that the complex problem portrayed by the artist does not refer to the natural realm, but rather the cultural realm, and, in this regard, it is important to understand its degree of artificiality. It's as

understand its degree of artificiality. It's as if the painting's evolution – which can no longer be understood as a technique, but rather a tradition – were the construction of an idea that constantly needs to rethink its place and meaning.

This is not far from the artist's idea that it would be wonderful if the world were made of Plasticine. Indeed, despite a degree of rigidity, the Plexiglas makes flexible, plastic images, as if they were painted by flattening Plasticine – a material that, oddly enough, he used in the mid-nineties to shape the figures for his paintings. I think of the stark paintings of Philip Guston, or the alchemy of Sigmar Polke. As with Bacon and Cortesão, they also possess a certain sense of unrest, like fire consuming paper, consequently melting the image. Strangely enough, in some pieces of *Atrás do Vulcão*, the artist introduces a painting that depicts fire. I believe that the typical construction of a painting within a painting goes further beyond in this case. I recall how David Reed introduces one of his paintings in a scene from *Vertigo*, by Alfred Hitchcock, which takes place in a hotel room. Reed exhibited the frozen film image with the real painting, occupying the space of the observer and the fictitious role of the film character. This emphasizes one of Reed's obsessions, which he calls "bedroom painting." This was a starting point for Arthur Danto's well-known theories about the end of modernity and making progress in a post-historical reality. We don't know if this painting of fire is intended to represent Cortesão's painting in and of itself, but it's true that in nearly all of Cortesão's work depicting architecture, there is a volcanic upheaval, a deformation similar to painting a scream or making an effort visible.

Gil Heitor Cortesão's painting is an ironic struggle with reality. The need for evasion evokes the form of absurdity when used for toys or a house or landscape – the painting seems to begin to dissolve. This is important to reiterate. For Gil Heitor Cortesão, it's all a result of diverting the image, rerouting it. Hence, it is not by chance that his figures are Plasticine toys and his landscapes are fleeting images, airports, swimming pools, scenarios, glass, mirrors, and other floating realities that seem to come from a surrealist universe, with credits and impossible stains. Like in Francis Bacon's paintings, reality tends to escape and the figure practically disappears. This is why Deleuze finds Bacon with Lewis Carroll and quotes a fragment of *Alice in Wonderland*, which we could very well fit into Alcolea's painting: "it vanished quite slowly...and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone."

Hence, Gil Heitor Cortesão's abyss is a full, dense void, as if it were a breath, and also a crack. Even the monochromatic backgrounds no longer project themselves as neutral, inert spaces, to be assumed as material, energy, a scenario. I am thinking for instance of Beckett and how he said that "the only chance of renovation is to open our eyes and see the mess". Yet it is not a mess one can understand, rather chaos as a way of forgetting, which can be a higher form of memory, like Borges' *Funes*, able to see everything with the same intensity. He thus cultivates the place as the ruins of time and as a trace, but above all as a transition and transformation. Like Borges, he understands time as substance. It is as if bodies were shrouded in a halo of time.

We are speaking of temporality, but also of fragments, of not finding words to describe something when the possible trembles without knowing its fate. Yourcenar talked of an involuntary beauty associated with the avatars of history. That which is born from a body eaten away by time. The beauty of the fragment. Of the ruin of things. A ruin understood as Derrida does so in a text of his on the occasion of a

a drawing exhibition about the blind in the Louvre Museum: “the ruin survives as an accident of a monument that was intact yesterday. The ruin does not stand before us, it is not a spectacle nor an object of love. It is experience itself: neither the abandoned yet still monumental fragment of a wholeness, nor even, as Benjamin thought, a subject of baroque culture. It is not a subject; indeed, it ruins the subject, the position, the presentation or the representation of something. Ruin: rather a memory that is open like an eye or the opening in a bony orbit that allows us to see without showing anything at all/of the whole.”

It seems to be appropriate to end with Derrida’s words, to add more theories to the debate and digressions on the subject of Gil Heitor Cortesão: “A text is not a text if it does not hide the laws of its composition and the rules of its game from the first glance. A text moreover is always imperceptible. The law and the rule do not cover themselves with the inaccessibility of a secret, they simply never discover themselves, in the present, to anything that might rigorously be called a perception (...) In any case the dissolution of the fabric hiding the texture might take centuries. The fabric the covers the fabric. Centuries to dissolve. Reconstructing it also as an organism. Indefinitely regenerating its own fabric behind the imprint that cuts, the decision of each reading. Always reserving a surprise for the anatomy or physiology of a criticism that believes that it dominates its game, guarding all the threads at once, also deceiving itself by wanting to see the text without touching it, without touching the ‘object’, without risking addition, the only possibility of entering the game trapping the fingers, a new thread. To add here is to give to read. One must attempt to think that it is not a question of embroidering, unless one thinks that knowing how to embroider is also following the given thread. That is to say to make it follow us, hidden. If there is a unity of reading and writing, as may easily be felt today, if reading is writing, this unity does not designate either undifferentiated confusion or tranquil identity: it is that what unites reading with writing has to be partly unpicked. It would be necessary to read and write in a single but unfolded gesture then. And whoever believed themselves, precisely for this reason, to be authorized to add, that is to say add anything, would not have understood the game at all. They would add nothing; the stitching would not be maintained”. It is not easy to enter one of Gil Heitor Cortesão’s paintings because the painting was already there before it was painted. Georges Duby hit the nail on the head: “The trace of a dream is no less real than a foot print.”



Wallpaper #3, 2011
detail



Wallpaper #2, 2011
oil on plexiglass
200 × 395 cm



Exhibition view *Wallpaper* at Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon, 2011



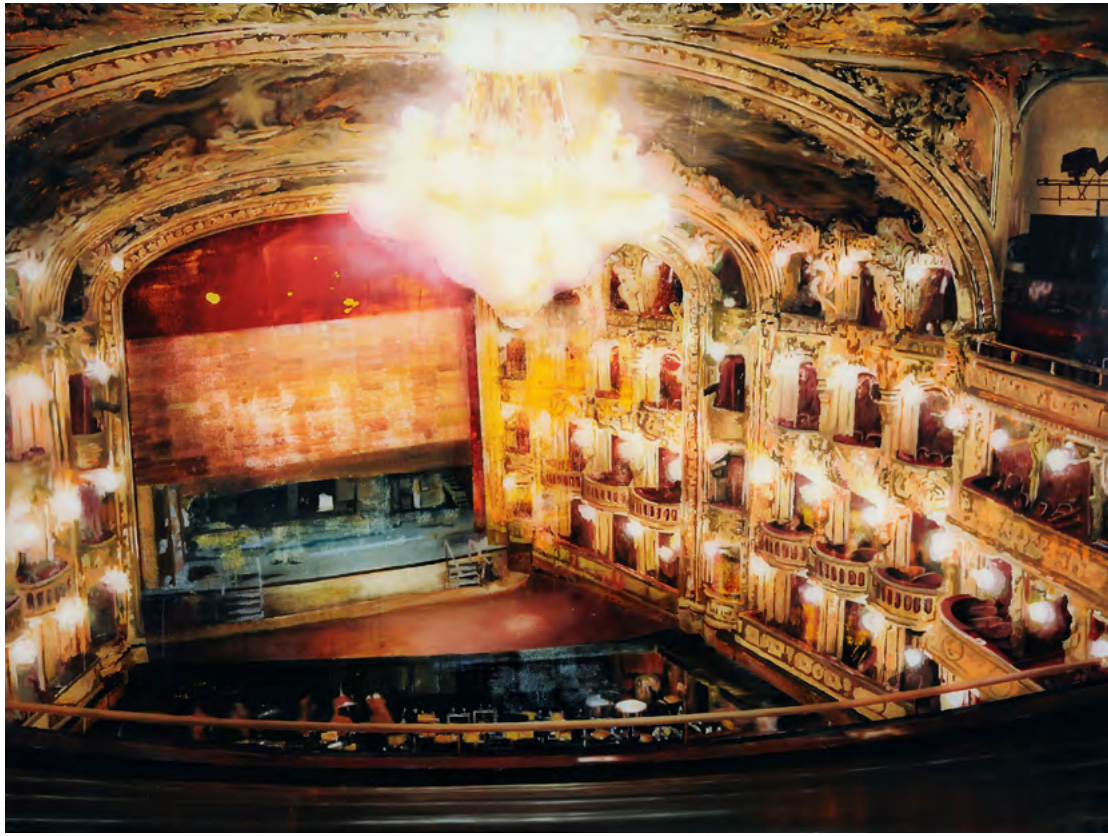
Tríptico, 2010
oil on plexiglass
123,8 × 442 cm



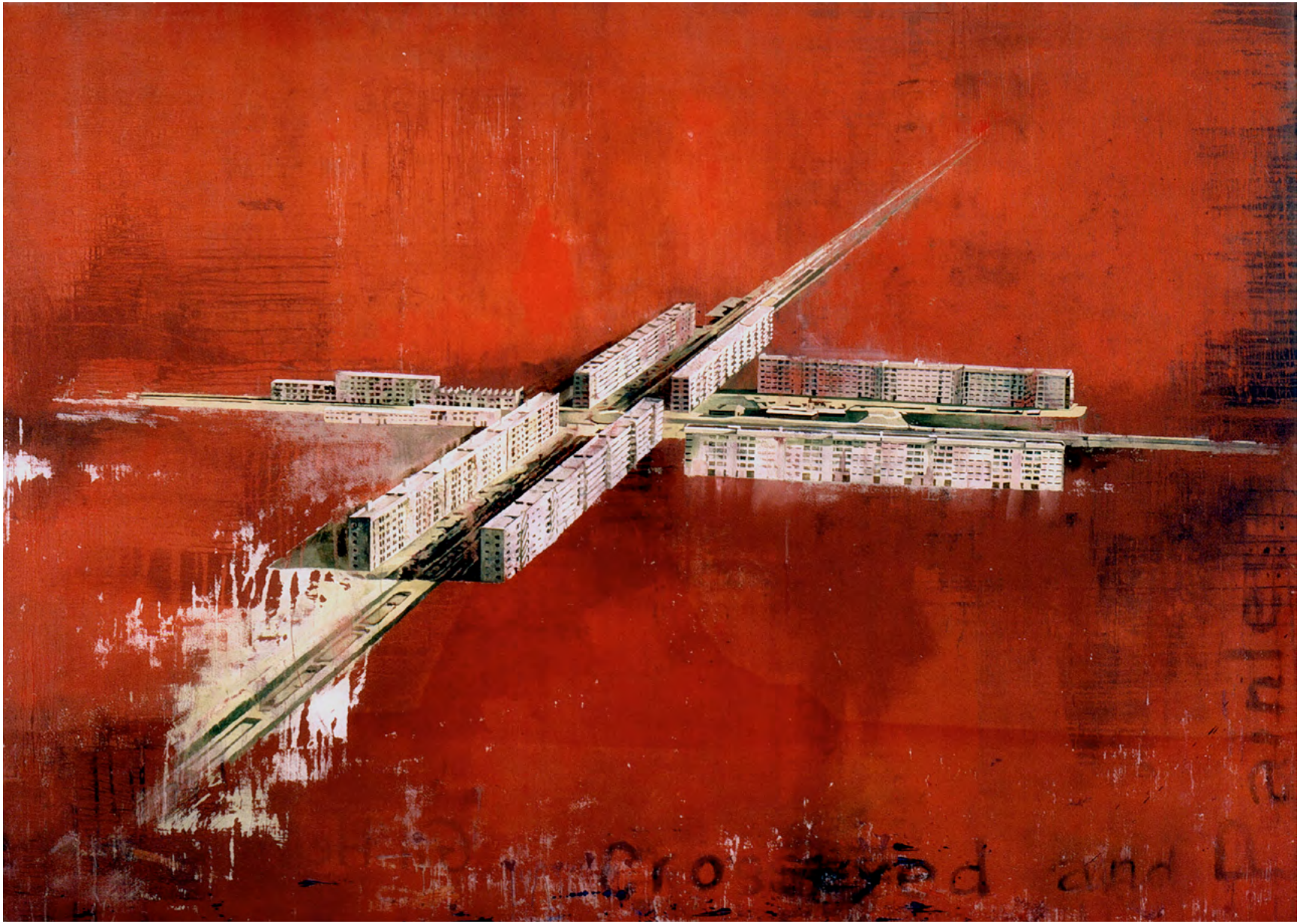
Terminal, 2009
oil on plexiglass
120 × 400 cm



Untitled, 2009
oil on plexiglass
135 × 190 cm



Opera, 2008
oil on plexiglass
120 × 160 cm



Untitled, 2006
oil on plexiglass
136 × 191 cm



Untitled, 2004
oil on plexiglass
190 × 135 cm

Untitled, 2004
oil on plexiglass
190 × 120 cm





Untitled, 2003
oil on plexiglass
190 × 235 cm

Gil Heitor Cortesão
Born in Lisbon, 1966
Lives and works in Lisbon

Education

1985-90 BA Fine Arts–Painting, FBAUL, Lisbon

Solo Exhibition (selection)

2026 Pedro Cera, Lisbom (upcoming)
2024 *Amnesia ad Ascea*, Pedro Cera, Madrid
2022 *À Rebours*, CARBON 12, Dubai
2021 *Locus*, Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
2020 *The Crossing,* Suzanne Tarasieve, Paris
2018 *Umbra,* Carbon 12, Dubai
Outside In, Ala da frente, Ala da Frente, Galeria Vila Nova de Famalicão, Portugal
2017 *Late Night Shopping*, Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
Viagem à sombra, Centro Cultural de Vila Nova da Barquinha, Portugal
If I had a Magic Carpet, Sismógrafo, Oporto, Portugal
2015 *Second Nature,* Suzanne Tarasieve, Paris
Out of Season, Carbon 12, Dubai
2014 *Lost Summer*, Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
2013 *Reversos*, Palacio de Congresos y Exposiciones de A Coruña, Spain
2012 *Coming Home,* Carbon 12, Dubai
2011 *Wallpaper,* Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
2009 *Memories from the Future,* Carbon 12, Dubai
Atrás do vulcão e três pinturas semi–amestradas, Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
2008 *The Remote Viewer,* Suzanne Tarasieve, Paris
2007 *Mapa*, Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
Modelo para Armar, Galeria Fortes Vilaça, Sao Paulo, Brazil
2005 *Um hóspede muito discreto*, Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
2004 *Mnémopolis*, Centro de Arte Moderna, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon
2003 *Torcicolor*, Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
2002 Galeria Fortes Vilaça, Sao Paulo, Brazil
2001 *Os Dias Passam Claros,* Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
1999 *Destruir, diz ela,* Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
1998 *Dançam lebres na selva,* Galeria da Restauração, Oporto, Portugal
1996 *Rosas Azuis,* Museu Botânico, Lisbon
1995 *Defenestrazione,* Ruggine, Turin, Italy
1992 Galeria Módulo, Oporto, Portugal
1990 Galeria Módulo, Lisbon
1988 Galeria Módulo, Lisbon

Group Exhibition (selection)

2026 *Nachleben. Every Image Is a Potential Painting*, Es Baluard Museu d'Art Contemporani de Palma, Mallorca, Spain
2025 *Aula do Visível*, Edifício Abel Salazar, Porto, Portugal
2024 *Linha de Maré*. Coleção do CAM, Centro de Arte Moderna Gulbenkian, Lisbon
O rumor da imagem, Centro de Arte Contemporânea de Coimbra, Portugal
2023 *Natureza-Viva: Paisagem e sustentabilidade*, Edifício dos Leões - Espaço Santander, Lisbon
A Quem Possa Interessar: Uma Coleção, uma Carta, Serralves, Porto, Portugal
the only constant, The Art Gallery at NYU Abu Dhabi, Abu Dhabi

2021 *Un goût de vacances, des saveurs d'été*, Abbaye Saint-André Centre d'Art Contemporain, Meymac, France
"IRRADIAÇÃO VIEIRA" Obras da Coleção Fundação Ilídio Pinho, Fundação Arpad Szenes – Vieira da Silva, Lisbon
Desde el Salón (From the Living Room): Sol Calero selects from the Hiscox Collection, Whitechapel Gallery, London
A Vida Secreta das Plantas, Casa da Cerca, Almada, Portugal

2020 *Living Art - leben mit Kunst, lebende Kunst*, Kunstclub 13, Munich, Germany
Prazer do Espírito e do Olhar na Arte Portuguesa da Coleção Arquipélago, Museu Francisco de Lacerda, São Jorge, Açores, Portugal
Bring the boys back home, Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
Out of the Woods, Carbon 12, Dubai

2019 De outros espaços, Galeria Municipal do Porto, Oporto, Portugal
Criteria. Obras da Coleção Fundación ARCO / IFEMA, Galeria do Torreão Nascente da Cordoaria Nacional, Lisbon
Helga de Alvear: Coleccionar libremente, Sala Vimcorsa, Cordoba, Spain

2018 *Arte em São Bento. Obras da Coleção António Cachola*, Residência Oficial do Primeiro-Ministro, Lisbon
Da Coleção em Famalicão: A minha casa é a tua casa. Imagens do doméstico e do urbano na Coleção de Serralves, Casa do Território, Famalicão, Portugal
HAUS WITTGENSTEIN. Arte, Arquitectura & Filosofia, MAAT, Museu Arte Arquitectura Tecnologia, Lisbon
Diálogos no Espaço entre Acontecimentos, Obras da Coleção Norlinda e José Lima, Núcleo de arte da Oliva, São João da Madeira, Portugal
Escala 1:1 - 21 artistas contemporâneos portugueses, Tabacalera, Madrid
Germinal - O núcleo Cabrita Reis na Coleção de Arte Fundação EDP, Galeria Municipal do Porto, Oporto, Portugal
Prazer do Espírito e do Olhar Paisagem e Viagem em Arte Portuguesa da Coleção Arquipélago, Museu da Graciosa, Açores, Portugal
Variations portugaises, Centre d'Art Contemporain, Meymac, France

2017 *1000 anos depois entre Vénus e Marte*, Galeria Municipal do Porto, Oporto, Portugal
Where and When, Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
Da coleção em viseu: a minha casa é a tua casa, Quinta da Cruz, Viseu, Portugal
Uma coleção = um museu | 2007–2017, MACE, Coleção António Cachola, Elvas, Portugal
Linhas Cruzadas–Coleção da Fundação PLMJ, Fundação PLMJ, Lisbon

2016 *A minha casa é a tua casa, Representações do Urbano e do Doméstico,* Fundação de Serralves, Oporto
As casas na Coleção do CAM, Museu Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon

2015 *On a Boat, Looking to Land,* Carbon 12, Dubai
Fundación Barrié: La Colección, Centro Cibeles, Madrid
Summertime, Suzanne Tarasieve, Paris
Houses in the CAM Collection, CAM–Centro de Arte Moderna, Lisbon

2014 *La Colección* (Fundación Barrié), Centro Cibeles, Madrid
Glocalização ou Colapso, *Colecção Marin Gaspar, Colecção de arte contemporânea*, Alvito, Portugal
Acervo – Artistas portugueses en la Colección Navacerrada, Centro de Arte Alcobendas, Madrid
A Boca do Inferno, Sismógrafo, Oporto, Portugal
Do Sagrado na Arte, Mosteiro de São Vicente de Fora, Lisbon
Closer Encounters, Carbon 12, Dubai
A minha casa é a tua casa: Representações do urbano e do doméstico na Coleção de Serralves, Galeria Municipal de Matosinhos, Matosinhos, Portugal

Peónias, Galeria Diferença, Lisbon
Uma sala, duas pinturas, um cartaz, duas pinturas, uma sala, Parkour, Lisbon

2013 *Coleção Manuel de Brito. Aquisições recentes,* Centro de Arte Manuel de Brito, Algés, Portugal

2012 *Verride*, Palácio de Santa Catarina, Lisbon
Génesis, Colecção António Cachola, MACE, Elvas, Portugal
La Colección, Fundación Barrié, A Coruña, Spain

2011 *Casa Comum– Obras da Colecção do CAM*, Centro de Arte Moderna da Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon
An Urban Silence, The Exchange, Penzance, UK
Regresso ao Acervo, Galeria João Esteves de Oliveira, Lisbon

2010 *En construcción 3*, Fundación Pedro Barrié de la Maza, Vigo, Spain
The Unbearable Lightness of Being, Carbon 12, Dubai
Res Publica. 1910 e 2010 – Face a Face, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon
A culpa não é minha (Obras da Colecção António Cachola), Museu Colecção Berardo, Lisbon
Regresso a Casa, Fundação de Serralves, Oporto, Portugal
O Arquitecto de Nuvens, Galeria João Esteves de Oliveira, Lisbon

2009 *Never ending story*, Suzanne Tarasieve, Paris
Irreversible, Dobre Cara de Colección Sánchez–Ubíria, Pazo da Cultura, Pontevedra, Spain

2007 *Portugal Agora, À propôs dês Lieux d'Origine*, Musée d'Art Moderne Grand–Duc Jean Mudam, Luxembourg
Some stories on paper, Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
A Postcard from the Volcano, Suzanne Tarasieve, Paris
Colecção António Cachola: Algumas Paisagens, Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Elvas, Elvas, Portugal
Transfert, Obras do CAMJAP em Itinerância, Lisbon/Palácio da Galeria, Tavira, Portugal

2006 *Densidade Relativa,* Centro Cultural Emmerico Nunes, Sines, Portugal

2005 *Densidade Relativa,* Centro de Arte Moderna, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon
Prémio de Artes Plásticas União Latina 2005, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon

2004 *Premio del Golfo 2004, Biennale Europea di Arti Visive La Spezia*, Centro Arte Moderna e Contemporânea della Spezia, La Spezia, Italy
Entre Duas Luzes, Arte Contemporânea na Assembleia, Assembleia da República, Lisbon

2001 *Colección Fundación ARCO,* Círculo de Bellas Artes de Madrid, Madrid

2000 *Accrochage* Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon
Salon de Montrouge, Montrouge, France and Lisbon
Collectors Choice Exit Art, New York
Prémio EDP de Pintura e Desenho, Palácio da Ajuda, Lisbon

1999 *Accrochage,* Galeria Canvas, Oporto, Portugal

1997 *Biennale dei Giovani Artisti del Europa e del Mediterraneo,* Turin, Italy

1996 *Der Stand der Gezeiten,* Galerie am Scheunenviertel, Berlin
Jovens criadores, Cordoaria Nacional, Lisbon

1995 *Box Benefit,* Willis Gallery, Detroit, USA

1990 *EIAM*, Cáceres, Campo Maior, Portugal

1989 *Perspectivas,* Galeria Módulo, Lisbon
Desenho, Galeria Módulo, Lisbon

Scholarship

1991–92 Grant from Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian - Academia Albertina di Belle Arti di Torino, Turin, Italy

Publication and Catalogues (selection)

2018 *Outside In*, Sistema Solar e Câmara Mucicipal de V.N. de Famalicão, Portugal, 2018
2017 João Pinharanda, *Viagem à Sombra - Gil Heitor Cortesão*, Câmara Municipal de Vila Nova Da Barquinha, 2017
2015 Leonor Nazaré, *Gil Heitor Cortesão – Second Nature*, Suzanne Tarasieve, Paris, 2015
2013 David Barro e Monica Maneiro, *Gil Heitor Cortesão: Inside Out*, Dardo Editorial/ Ayuntamento de A Coruña, A Coruña, Spain, 2013
2012 Albert Allgaier, *Coming Home: Gil Heitor Cortesão*, Carbon 12, Dubai, 2012
2011 Jean-François Chougnet e Leonor Nazaré, *Gil Heitor Cortesão: Pinturas / Paintings 2002–2010*, Editorial Assírio & Alvim, Lisbon, 2011
2010 João Miguel Fernandes Jorge, *O Arquitecto de Nuvens*, João Esteves de Oliveira, Lisbon, 2010
2008 Chris Harp, *Gil Heitor Cortesão – The Remote Viewer,* Suzanne Tarasième, Paris, 2008
2004 Leonor Nazaré, *Mnémopolis*, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon, 2004
2002 Celso Martins e Leonor Nazaré, *Gil Heitor Cortesão–Pintura 1996–2001*, Galeria Pedro Cera, Lisbon, 2002

Collections (selection)

CAM/JAP, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon
Coleção Arquipélago, Açores, Portugal
Coleçao Armando Martins, Lisbon
Coleção Marin. Gaspar, Alvito, Portugal
Coleção Norlinda e José Lima, São João da Madeira, Portugal
Coleção Manuel de Brito, Lisbon
Coleção Fundação de Serralves, Oporto, Portugal
Coleção António Cachola, Elvas, Portugal
Coleção Associação Industrial Portuguesa, Lisbon
Coleção Fundação Ilídio Pinho, Oporto, Portugal
Coleção Arquipélago, Açores, Portugal
Coleção PLMJ, Lisbon
EDP–Electricidade de Portugal, Lisbon
Fundación Helga de Alvear, Cáceres, Spain
Fundación ARCO, Madrid
Fundación Pedro Barrié de la Maza, La Coruña, Spain
Museé d'Art Moderne Grand–Duc Jean, Mudam, Luxemburg
Salsali Private Museum, Dubai