



REGULUS

REGULUS

BELLATRIX

HERZ DES HYDRA

KOMPASS

LEPUS

28. JANEIRO, 9:30 H.

PYXIS NAUTICA

ANES VENATICUS

CAPELLA

CASSIOPEIA

4. FEVEREIRO, 5:40 H.

ROSÁRIO REBELLO DE ANDRADE

ROMEDA



*cartographies*

my first desire is to have no desire





*Previous page*  
Untitled, 2009  
Oil on copper  
16 x 10 cm

*Right*  
Untitled (Romance Mudo), 1996  
Colour pencil and graphite on arches paper  
12 x 9 cm





*Above*

Îlet de Patiente, 2012

Page inserted in the group project

PIN DESENHA '12, Detail

Perforated transparent paper in a light-box

Collection Fundação Carmona e Costa

A woman woke up to discover that she was no longer a person but a floating island, a mass of vegetation: aquatic plants, mud and peat, many hectares in size. Her vastness extended beyond her sight. When she explored around her she discovered that the water below was rich in life, so rich that even the slightest awareness of it made her drunk. It felt, the way states do temporarily, fleetingly, like a wonderful place to be.

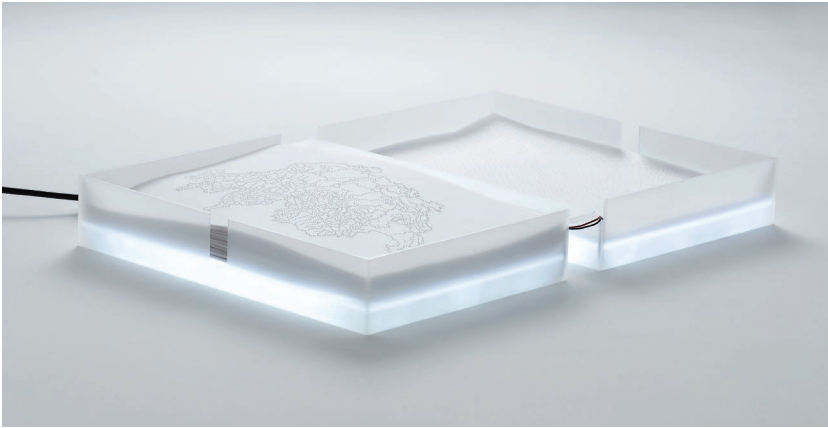
Time passed. «I hate the way time passes», she said to herself, disgruntled because the water around her was cooling, her euphoria abating. She couldn't bear the way the warmth she had experienced, that had been mixed with the richness, had vanished or was vanishing. It was hard to accept her powerlessness.

Strong winds began to blow and they tore her into sections, some of which attached to an area of shore while others migrated. Some fibres attached themselves to other matter, other detritus, and made their way to a shoreline on the other side of the Atlantic.

On the shoreline a fictitious floating island had arrived from the sky. It was a free-floating island that directed itself, like a magic carpet, to the places it wanted to visit, places that amazed. It had the strong rich green, yellow and red of the aurora borealis, the same vibrancy. The fibres that had crossed the ocean and the floating island that had arrived from the air found each other alongside each other on the beach.







Generosity, 2012

Page inserted in the group project PIN DESENHA '12, Detail

Perforated transparent paper in a light-book

Collection *Fundação Carmona e Costa*

In another life, another Aurora and another woman, Gaia, who had just woken up, had a conversation over rich, organic coffee and milk, heavy nut and berry filled scones with jam in a marble kitchen. Later they spoke across distances, through phone lines and computers, from different countries.

They talked about travelling and displacement - their own (neither lived in the country in which she was born) and their conversation drifted to homelessness in the way that women's conversations often travel, all over the place, covering large swathes of fertile terrain.



A • When I was in New York, during the summer, I read in the Brooklyn Daily Star that homeless people in Brooklyn have been getting together for some time now to discuss whether anyone is interested in moving to an island off the east coast, almost on the border with Canada. It seems there's a philanthropist who wants to buy the island and make it available for them to live on.

G • The idea is curious and interesting but it also seems a bit like creating a ghetto...

A • At first I thought it was a strange idea too, to isolate homeless people on an island. But the thing is they'd only go there if they wanted to. The newspaper article is very lengthy and interesting. It seems as though the intention is to create sufficient enough infrastructures that they can subsist and that there'd also be possibilities to work part-time, there'd also be access to the internet and television, and there'd be a social center with trained staff, a hospital, and schools for the children etc. A utopian idea, but why not?

G • Yes, it's utopian and kind of wonderful on the part of the philanthropist. It's interesting too how your attention was drawn to the article.

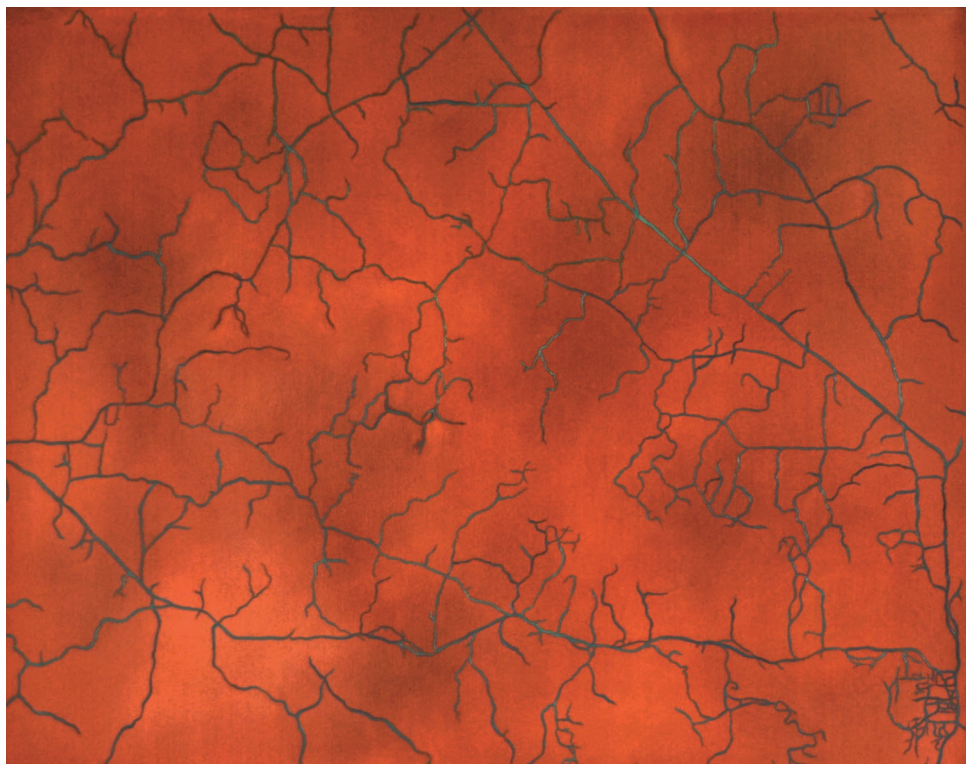
A • I think I have a kind of complicity with homeless people. Some times I start conversations with them. I once met a homeless man who drew his house every night putting stones on the sidewalk; I mean, he marked the limits of «his house» on the sidewalk and afterwards put cardboard boxes making a kind of mattress where he slept. He was depressed at the time because the girlfriend, with whom he lived in the «house», had left him a month before. I knew someone else who was very interesting, no one would have said he lived in the street, he was always so well dressed, and with style. He went around with a notebook he wrote poems in. He told me that every night when he lay down he loved to look up at the sky and he said he even had the ability to see all the stars in duplicate. In other words, he saw the stars and, beside them, the reflected light of each one of them.

I tried to tell him that probably what he saw wasn't the reflection of a star's light but a different star. But he assured me that no, he could even see the moon in that way. Obviously I didn't want to insist...

G • It's interesting how encounters like that make impressions on us and we remember them for years afterwards. I had a memorable conversation with a homeless man in Paris once. We struck up a conversation while I was walking along the Boulevard Raspail, being a flaneur, as they say in French. He had arrived from the Czech Republic and had been sleeping in front of a store in the suburb of Bobigny for some months. The particular street he was in sounded miserable. Maybe Bobigny is actually a pleasant place but from his description I've since thought of it as being otherwise. He was tall and thin, dressed with a sense of style, like the homeless man you mentioned, and wore dark cat eye shaped glasses. He told me that he was a photographer and, in his thick accent, said «I was looking for the Paris of the twenties, in black and white». It seemed so literal, the way he pronounced it, as though he really expected the city itself to be in black and white. He also had a great fascination with and knowledge of the composition of food and described molecular processes and digestion in minute and graphic detail, telling me about them in the same familiar way most people relate mundane events in their lives. When I returned to Paris some years later I was amazed to come across him in a square off the Rue Mouffetard directing a photo shoot. Suddenly he was a powerful man, really well dressed this time, surrounded by glamorous models.

A • Wow. Did you speak with him?

G • No, I didn't know what to say and didn't want to intrude. I stood and gazed at him for a long time in amazement, witnessing how radically he had changed his circumstances in just a year or two. Now, when I remember meeting him, I think about how we have a tendency to draw conclusions about people based on momentary encounters without having an inkling about



their past experiences. I mean, just as this once homeless man had «come up in the world» so too have many people we encounter when they are down, such as homeless people, been up at one time. But we have a tendency to pass them by without seeing them in a full, multi-dimensional way. I guess it's because our thoughts are so taken up with other things; our consciousness is so fragmentary and limited.

A • I think that each of us have this kind of marginality deep inside the unconscious. Some people are brave enough to let it come out, others no. The homeless are normally very sensitive people and often they don't manage to deal with practical life. Others instead accept practical life but live in a very frustrated way. As they don't feel at ease in human relationships and social situations, they place affections on a superficial level. Whether compensating for it with addictions, or in exaggerated affections towards animals, or turning to have foibles etc. Some others rebel and put it into

aggression... and then come the intellectuals, the artists, etc. From my point of view, we are all made out of the same stuff...

G • I agree, but some people want to deny it, putting more emphasis on what makes them distinct and different and less emphasis on commonalities. It's a more self-protective choice. Also, nowadays more than ever, people can feel overloaded with information, that there's so much bombarding us, and there's a need to shut it out. Having a singleminded focus is considered a necessary element for success too.

A • Getting back to what you said about the man in Paris, I remember that some years ago I visited a show in the Pinakotek der Moderne in Munich. It was about contemporary artists working with portraits in their life. A very interesting show. One of the artists – at least this was mentioned from the curator – was a homeless man who used to paint portraits in the streets of Munich, I think. Or was it Berlin? Well, now he is being shown in known museums. I still remember this because I particularly liked the portraits he was showing there.

G • It's interesting how he went from being marginalized, like the Czech man I met, to successful, financially successful, I suppose. With success there's the distinction between public success and personal success. The grey areas and gradations too. Personal success is so subjective and so difficult to measure. It's so important to measure us against ourselves, rather than against others, don't you think, and to give ourselves credit for what we've done, the steps along the way, rather than be paralyzed by what remains, what appears to remain. But back to marginalization, I've known people who've moved to remote islands to detach themselves from society - I mean, who've sought out places without people and who've chosen to be without the internet. I also know someone who moved to an island where there was internet and she made a point of having contact with people she met virtually rather than get to know the people around her, with whom she thought



she didn't have anything in common. She thought she had very special interests that her neighbours didn't share. Then her computer became infected with a virus and she got to know a neighbour who fixed it. They discovered a mutual interest in magic realism and began sharing books by Jorge Luis Borges and Isabelle Allende. Eventually they travelled to South America together.

It was there that I met her and she told me how she had spent several years living almost as a hermit on an island.

A • And moving to a remote island, can you imagine doing that?

G • Well, I think I would enjoy a short period of solitude, to think deeply and gain clarity about what is important to me. My life is very diffuse and I'd like to have the opportunity to focus on just a few things instead of many. At the same time, living in a foreign country as I do, and as you do, has something in common with living on a remote island, in the sense of being surrounded by a foreign language and by people with very different roots. In that way, you're more inclined to be in your own world. Do you find it that way - that you can

be in your interior world more because of living abroad?

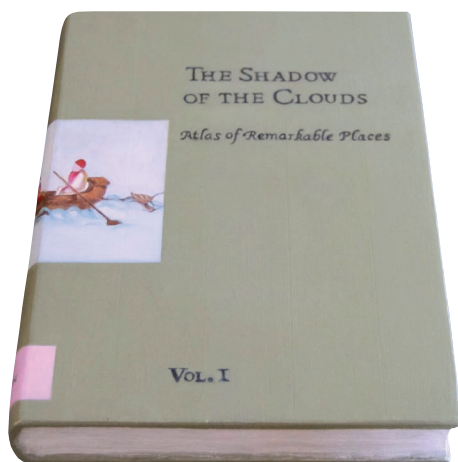
A • Oh! It's surprising how you put this that way, I never thought about it. I guess you're right, when you live in a different culture than yours, you're obliged to assimilate the most as being strange to you, and in that sense you feel a sort of isolation. Not only because being an adult you have to learn basic things again from the very beginning, like learning a new language, or how to relate with people which have a rather different behaviour than yours in daily life, or even to deal with the weather in winter – which can be very unpractical and difficult. Somehow, with the time you tend to go deeper in your interior world as well as in human relationships, I would even say, to concentrate in what you feel it's essential. Both things are very enriching, and you discover things in yourself you never thought you had.

G • Yes, it's kind of like that for me - I only ever speak with one neighbour, a woman who happens to be in her 90's and who goes for neighbourhood walks. Somehow, opportunities don't arise to talk with anyone else, nearby. Something I like about being a foreigner is that I'm free from being affected by aspects of my country that I don't like, and that affect me when I'm there. I'd like it if one day I could be back there and be detached, the way I'm living abroad. I'd like to have that mental freedom and the fresher perspectives you can have in a foreign country. Is it like that at all for you?

A • mmm... well, this I don't know. There are things I don't like in my country, but there are also things I don't like much in this one. The thing is, that when you live in a foreign country you don't have the same freedom that you have in your own, to protest about things you don't like. You are being welcome in a new country. In this sense you should try to adapt and be thankful, not the opposite!

Mary Fowke and Rosário Rebello de Andrade  
«In the Shwadow of the Clouds, atlas of remarkable places», 2013  
(<http://maryfowke.wix.com/intheshadow>)

Untitled (the shadow of the clouds), 2012  
Oil on wood  
20 x 15 x 3 cm



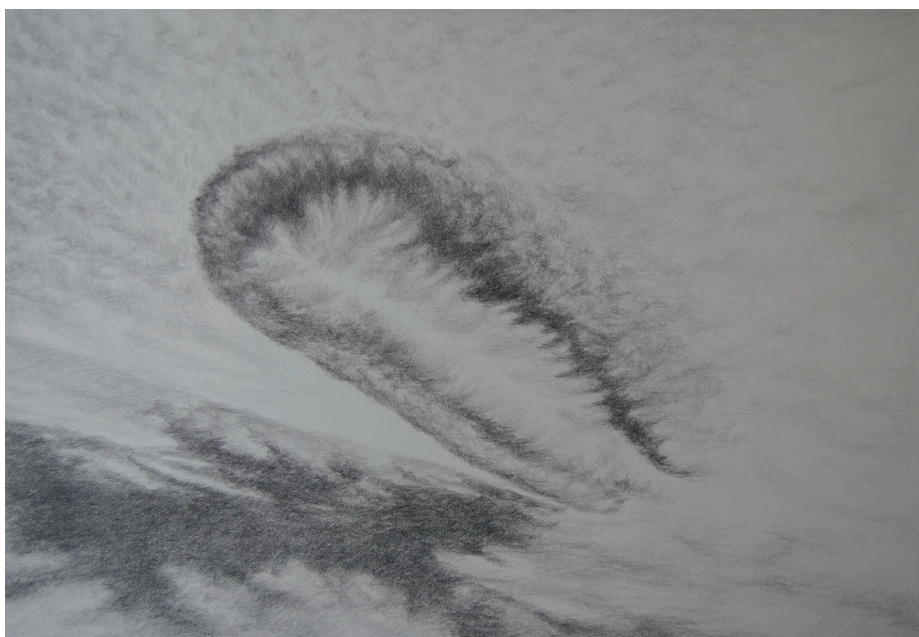


Aerosol measure from space, 2012  
Graphite on arches paper  
35 x 28 cm





Contrail, 2012  
Graphite on arches paper, 2012  
31 x 28 cm



*Right*

Old Valise (work in progress)

Variable size

*Pages 22,23*

7th Sculpture and Drawing Bieannual of Caldas da Rainha, 1997

Red clay

Variable size, 1.550 kg

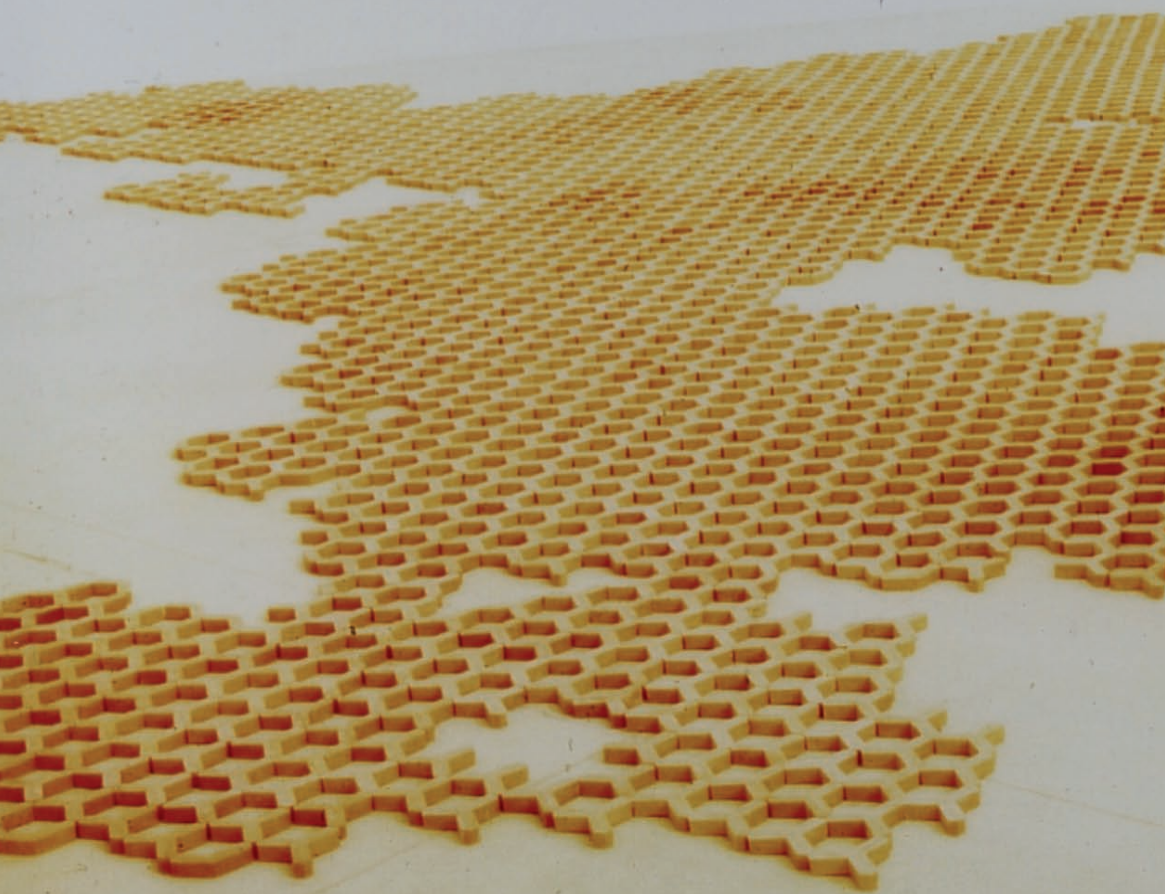
*Collection Ar.Co*

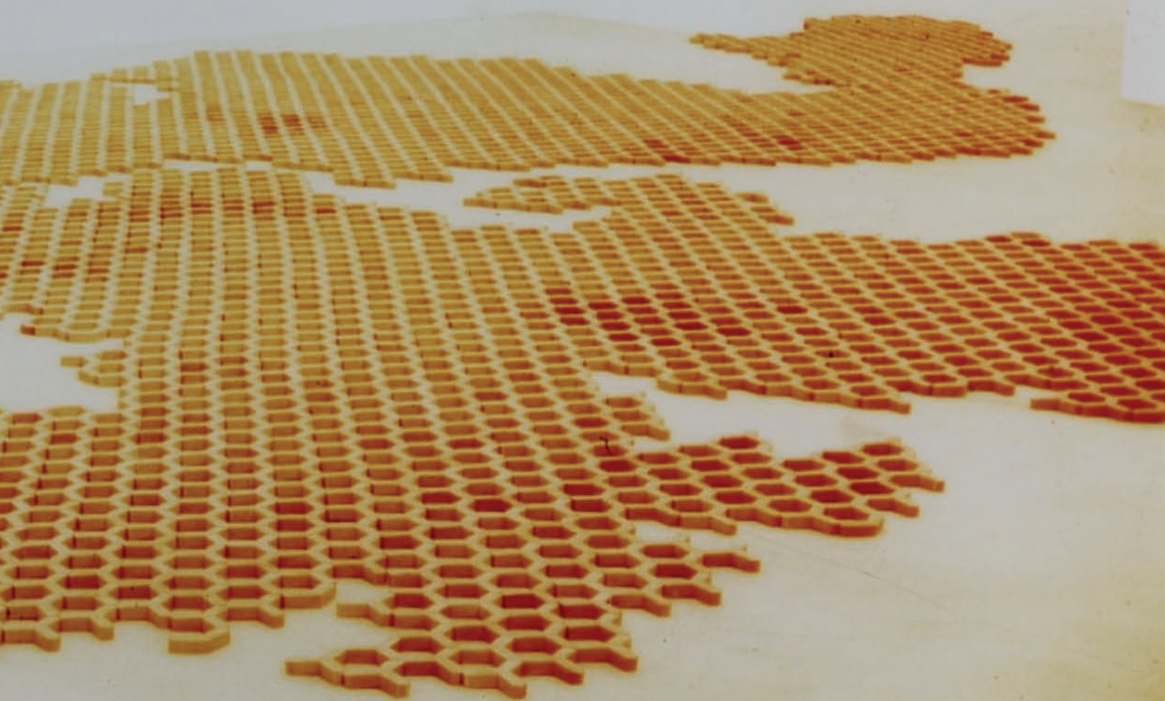
*Page 25*

Old Valise, opened (work in progress)

Variable size





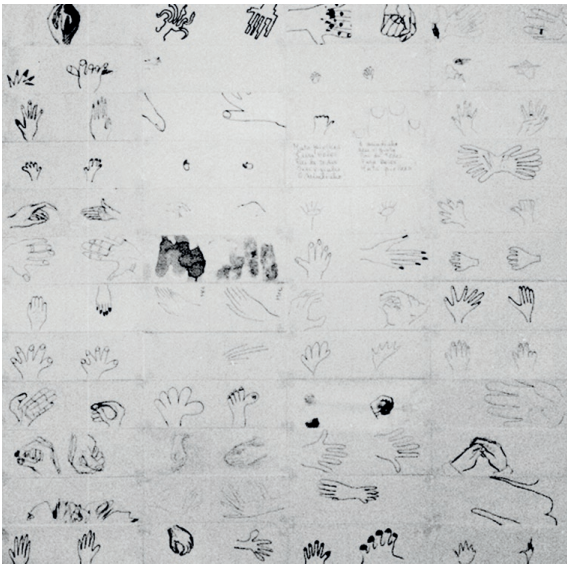


João Pinharanda, curator  
«LÁ FORA / Abroad, portuguese artists»  
Museum of the Presidency of the  
Portuguese Republic, 2009  
Lisbon, 2009  
(catalogue)

*The artist's works combines collecting and memory, fiction and modeling. She collects materials that convey feelings, objects evocative of moments and people. These people and feelings are taken out of a reality in the process of drifting or becoming crystallized and brought to the dimension of fiction and sculpture. The objects' dimension is important, like a staged work. That dimension is ruled by the hand, the hand that moulds hearts or keeps subjective matters in lab phials, labelled as if they were part of a scientific collection. Rosário Rebello de Andrade keeps it all in a suitcase, this being a journey – out of a country, towards an individual destination.*







380 pair of hands' drawings  
made from 380 different  
persons, 1993  
Detail, Ink on paper  
Variable dimensions

*Below*  
Installation, 1993  
Ministry of the Finances, Lisbon  
Detail, mixed media  
Variable dimensions







Self-portrait with hand, 1993 (2006)  
 Digital foto, silk paper with old frames  
 Dipthych  
 42,5 x 26 cm

*Right*  
 View of the show «LÁ FORA/Abroad,  
 portuguese artists», 2009  
 Mixed media,  
 variable dimensions  
 Museum of the the Preseidence  
 of the Portuguese Republic





Third and last part of a trilogy «The Philosopher», this video is included on the piece «Old Valise» (Work in Progress), for the show «Lá Fora - Portuguese art and emigration» in Museu da Presidência da República, Portugal. By choosing a philosophical work from a german author, the artist dedicated it to the 10.June Portuguese National and Camões Day.

The film starts with a german which reads for the first time the portuguese version of the work «Philosophical Initiation», from Karl Jaspers. One notices clearly that the reader does not dominate completely the portuguese language, as he shows the natural insecurity that any learning process asks.

In this sense, together with the fact that he is reading a german author in a strange language, the reading process turns into a metaphor of the poetic and philosophical content of the text he is just reading.

For the viewer, this only becomes more clear when, in the second part of the film, he also starts to read the phonetic transcription form which the protagonist read the text.

As the transcription was made according to the german (and not portuguese) rules, the viewer finds himself in the same «learning to read» process, taking in this way also part of the plot.

The film goes on in a side by side screen. In one screen the artist places herself in the forest under the sound of the birds. In the other screen one can see a parallel scenario with an unknown person in the noisy town (image above).

Some years later, in her site-specific intervention in a Baroque castle located in a small village surrounded by nature in the german Bavaria, the artist is asked to create an

Left

«U Filosuphu», Part III, 2009  
(The philosopher)  
DV PAL '1:22  
Museum of the the Preseidence  
of the Portuguese Republic, Lisbon

Right

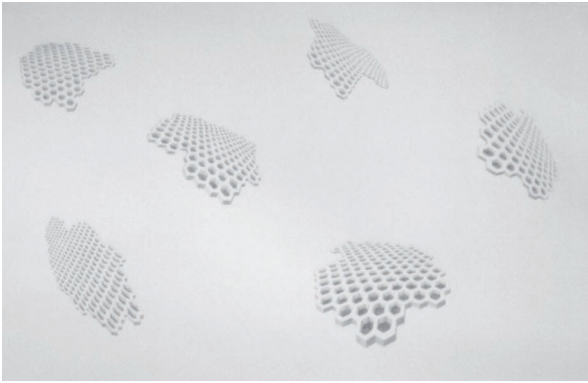
The reader, 2011  
Installation site specific  
Schloß Zeilitzheim  
DV PAL '6:41



event to celebrate an «encounter with her homeland Portugal». The viewer is invited to follow a path that ends with a film in which a portuguese reads for the first time in german a poem of Fernando Pessoa's heteronym Alberto Caeiro, departing from its phonetic transcription. On the one hand, the poetic content of Caeiro's work turns once more, into a metaphor of the location of this intervention: *«From my village I see as much in the Universe as you can see from earth... So my village is as big as any other land»*. On the other hand, while referring to homeland and displacement, these are autobiographical works, in the sense they allude to the artist's own situation living between two countries.



Head looking in direction window  
on salamander, 2003 (2011)  
Clay – 50 x 27 x 30 cm  
Installation site specific  
Schloß Zeilitzheim, Germany



Above

6 proposals for an ideal place, 1993

Graphite on Arches Paper

80 x 60 cm

Collection Ar.Co

Right

View of the show «Meeting Point»

CAM Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon, 2005

Collection Ar.Co

NOTE:

This piece was showed in 3 different situations: 1996 at Botanic Museum in Lisbon, in 1997 at the 7th Sculpture and Drawing Biannual in Caldas da Rainha (image pages 24-25) and in 2005 when Ar.Co comemorates the 25th year of Jwellery, inviting all the artists that contributed and participated in this Department of the academy. The following text accompanied the catalogue.

*The Tresaure*

«The kingdom of God is similar to a treasure hidden in a field that a man then finds before again hiding it. Full of happiness, he leaves, sells everything he owns to buy the field. The kingdom of God is also similar to a trader that deals in pearls. Having found a pearl of great worth, he sells all he owns to buy thar Pearl.»

Mathew Ch. 13, 44-46



### *Design for a piece of jewellery*

I should think of this jewellery as the equivalent to what is most precious to me: it will become «My Treasure».

The conception of the Treasure is to be understood through that jewellery. However it is the design I come up with that will correspond to a representation of this Treasure.

Now that I have idealised this Treasure, I shall do everything to own it.

Wenn I finally have it in my possession, there is a voice, as strong as my will telling me that the Treasure will only effectively belong to me if I give it away. Only thus will the treasure will be able to become «my Treasure».

Given this perspective of having to give away in order to own, I make a new design for «my Treasure». This designs will perhaps prove to be a reformulation of my first design.

*R.R.A., March 20<sup>th</sup> 1995*

*in «Meeting Point»,  
CAM Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon, 2005*

*Right*

Untitled (the shadow of the clouds)

Work in progress

Acrylic paint on old globe

34 x 28 x 30 cm

*Next page*

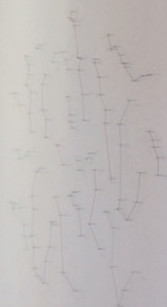
View of the show «VIAGEM», 2015

Casa da Cerca, Almada

Mixed media, variable dimensions











SAGITTARIUS

CANIS MINOR

POLLUX

HERCULES

RIGEL

7. JANEIRO, 16:00 H.

VEREIRO, 12:00 H.

VULPECULA

ÁGUIA

CORONA BOREAL

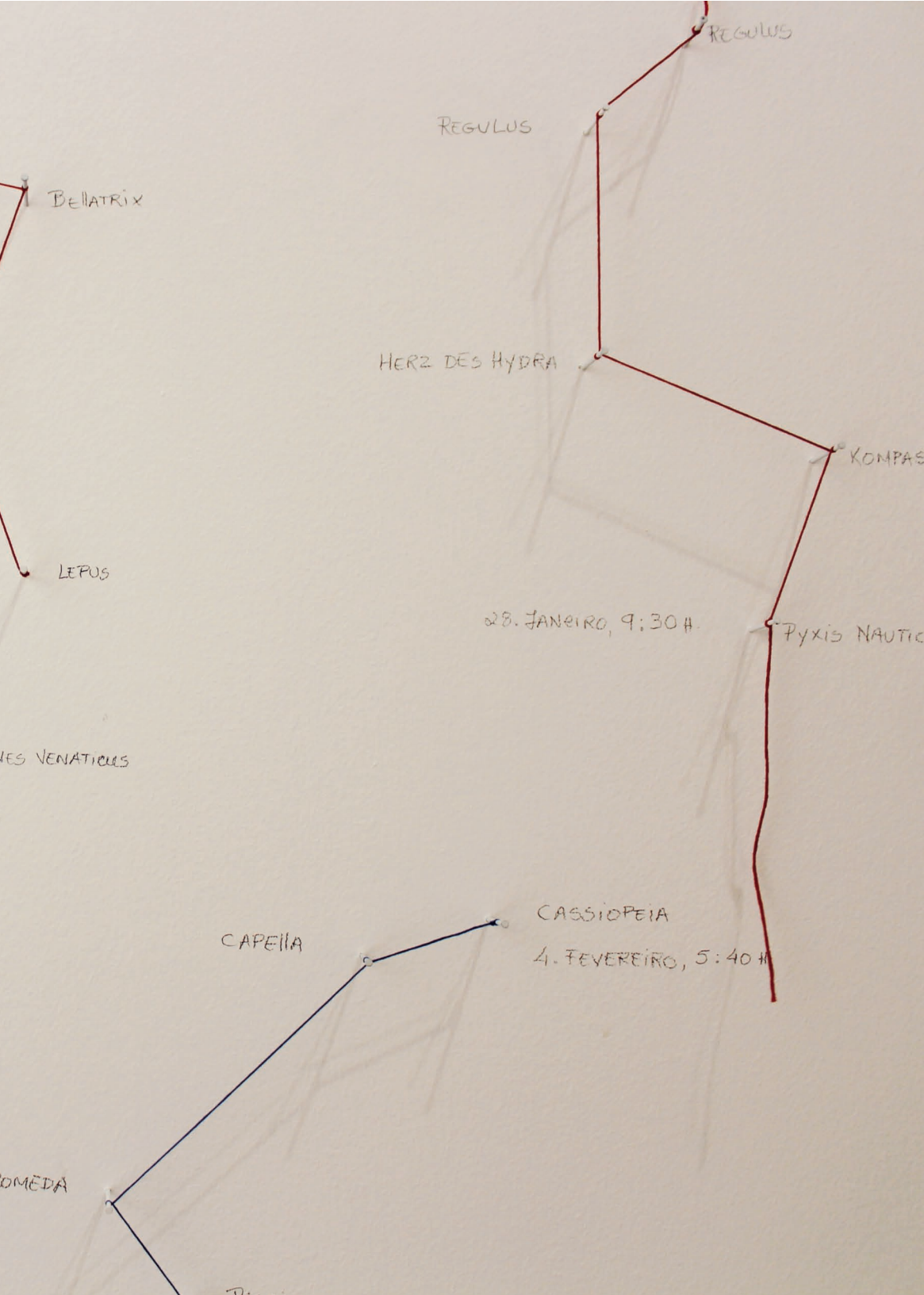
CAN

ANDROMEDA

LACERTA

ANDR

N





*Previous page*

Maritim Routes (detail), 2015

Steel nails, «Âncora» thread and graphite on wall

Variable dimensions



*Below*

Untitled (VOYAGE), 2015 – 2016

View of the show «VIAGEM»

Casa da Cerca, Almada

Graphite on polyester drafting film

175 x 75 cm





*Right*

Contrail (daily mail co.uk article), 2012

Graphite on Arches paper

34 x 28 cm

*Below*

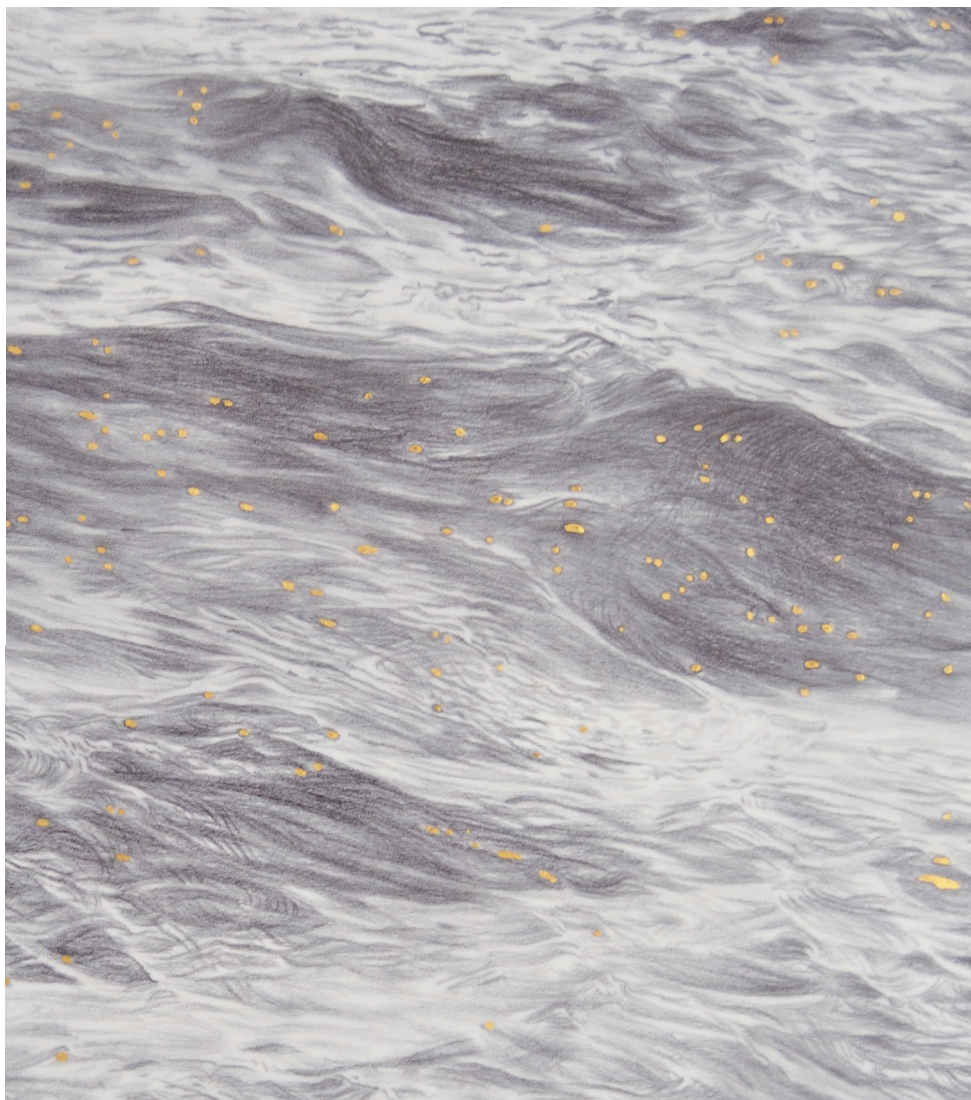
Untitled (VOYAGE), 2015 – 2016

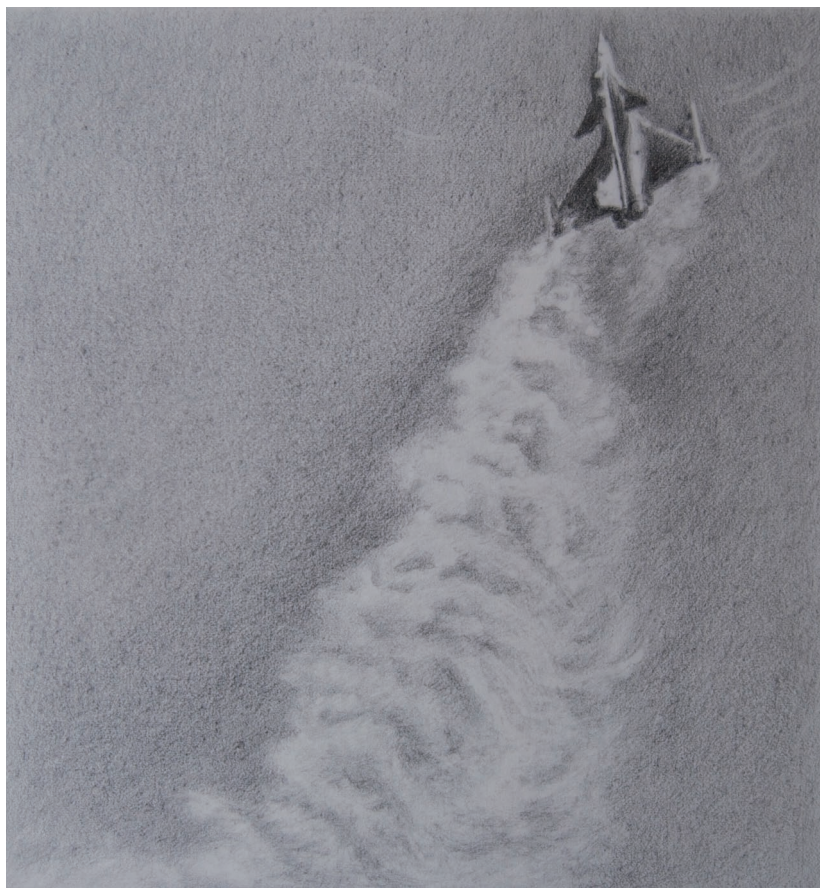
Detail of previous page

(The original drawing was later modified  
with gold leaf over the graphite)

Graphite on polyester drafting film

175 x 75 cm





Stonehenge, 13 May 2053

Dear E.,

Your letter made me think that the two of us must be on the same telepathic wavelength, as I was going to send these notes today – I've been dying to share them with you. They say a little something about my recent whereabouts and, as you're sure to notice, they also have to say something about you!

I hope that your departure has not yet been finalised, and that this missive reaches you in good time!

Love, allways!

Rosário

I am lying on my back in a meadow. I can feel the shape of the warm earth beneath my body. My gaze flits between the pearls that sparkle and slice through the sky. There are so many of them. It seems ludicrous, but I'm able to count every single one of them without any effort whatsoever. There's an order to them that I can't yet grasp. Without knowing along which path it will take me, or whether I will lose myself or find myself, I want them, those lights, all for me, just like I did at the beginning.

Then I see the silence. But I don't see myself completely. And I don't see you.

I roll on the ground, turning over and over. My body becomes drenched in dew. I get up. I am bobbing in that mass of liquid, my being floating in a vast lake. I stretch out my hand to catch the first bead. I grip it like a road map.. I swallow it. I close my eyes and dive.

And then I see this landscape out of my window: the pearls in this new sky are pearls of blood. They flee at breakneck speed, without once pausing, and then return, in constant and ceaseless motion. And I have the feeling that this sea is all mine and all yours. I look at myself and see myself looking back, as though we share a common destiny. But I am not there. I am still lying on my back in the meadow that I can see outside my window, hopping to catch another pearl. In that instant, the sea heaves out an enormous sneeze, as it did with Jonah. It carries me along with it.



Apparition.

An endless wall cuts the sky in two: the lower part is made up of a web of invisible threads, that rise to the end of the soil, up against the damp earth, stretching an incalculable distance. I touch this web of threads with both hands and my fingers brush against a tiny bead, an almost imperceptible pearl that is protruding out of that interminable wall. I pull it toward my eyes and the web of invisible threads suddenly comes loose.

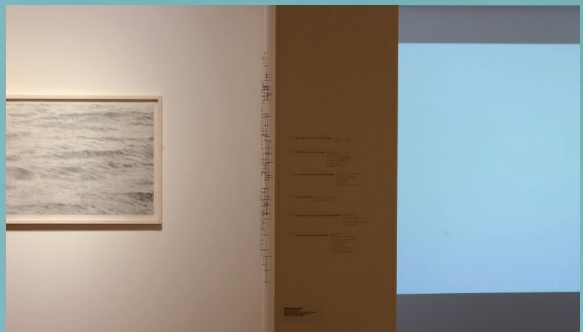
I see the whole of nature in a flash. The position of the Sun, the Moon and the Stars tell me the direction of the Wind. I unclasp my hands and drop the third pearl. This place that I have discovered may exist in two or more spaces at the same time, and in two or more distinct times. I smile to myself: without realising it, we are often masters at these kind of acrobatic stunts. And so I understand how we are individual and universal at the same time. Like you and I, we are many!

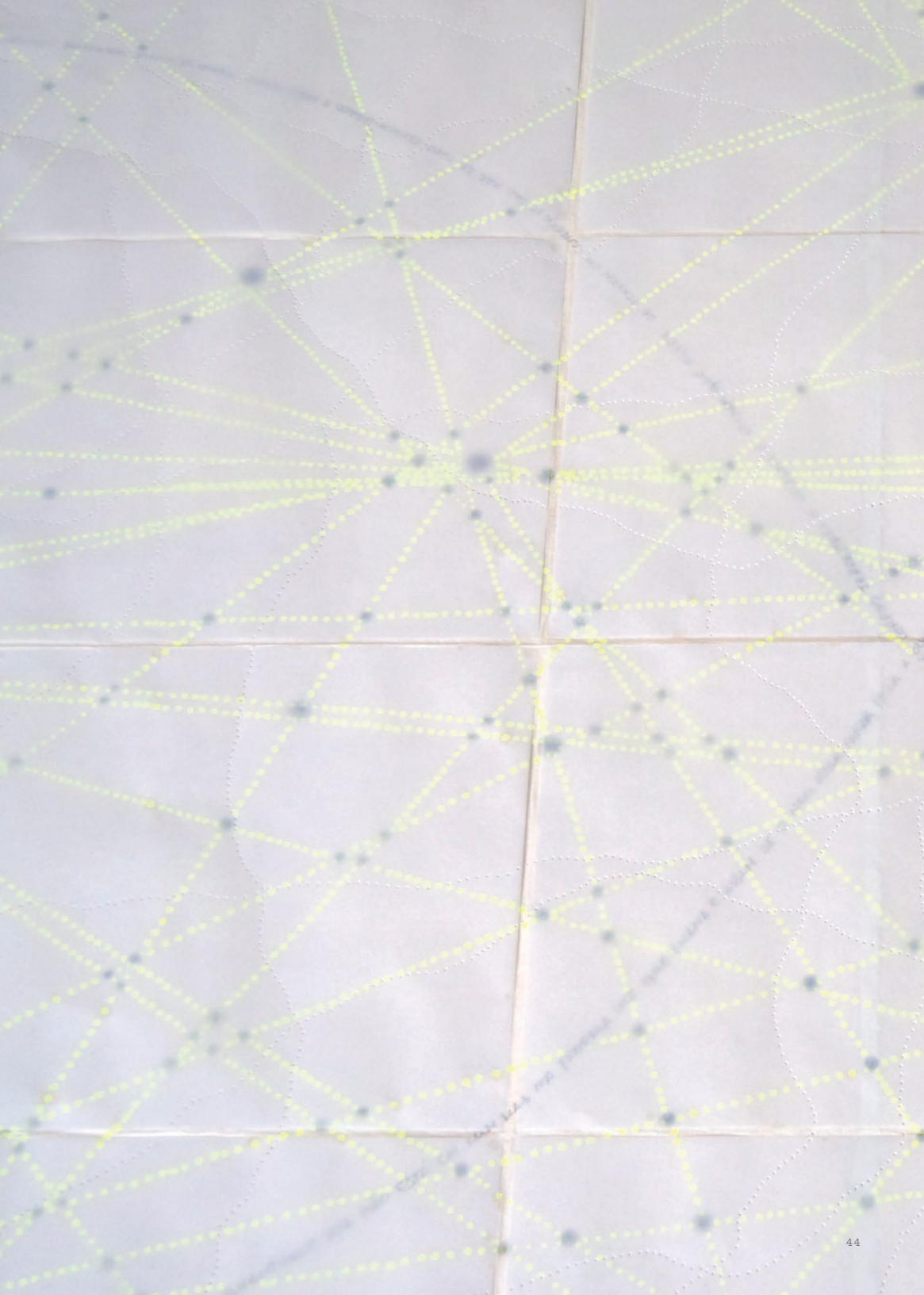
I am amazed.

I then see the utter silence. I watch how a tree grows, a dog barks, a bird flies, a certain child plays and a certain man dies. The rumble and din of the cities, the buzz felt in lofty world trade institutions, the snow that settles on the mountains and the blaze in the fireplace at dusk. The man who sleeps in the street on one cold winter's night, the lovers who embrace in the endless nights, and my place outside on the earth, nestled in this particular moment of time. There is an order in all of this that I cannot yet grasp.

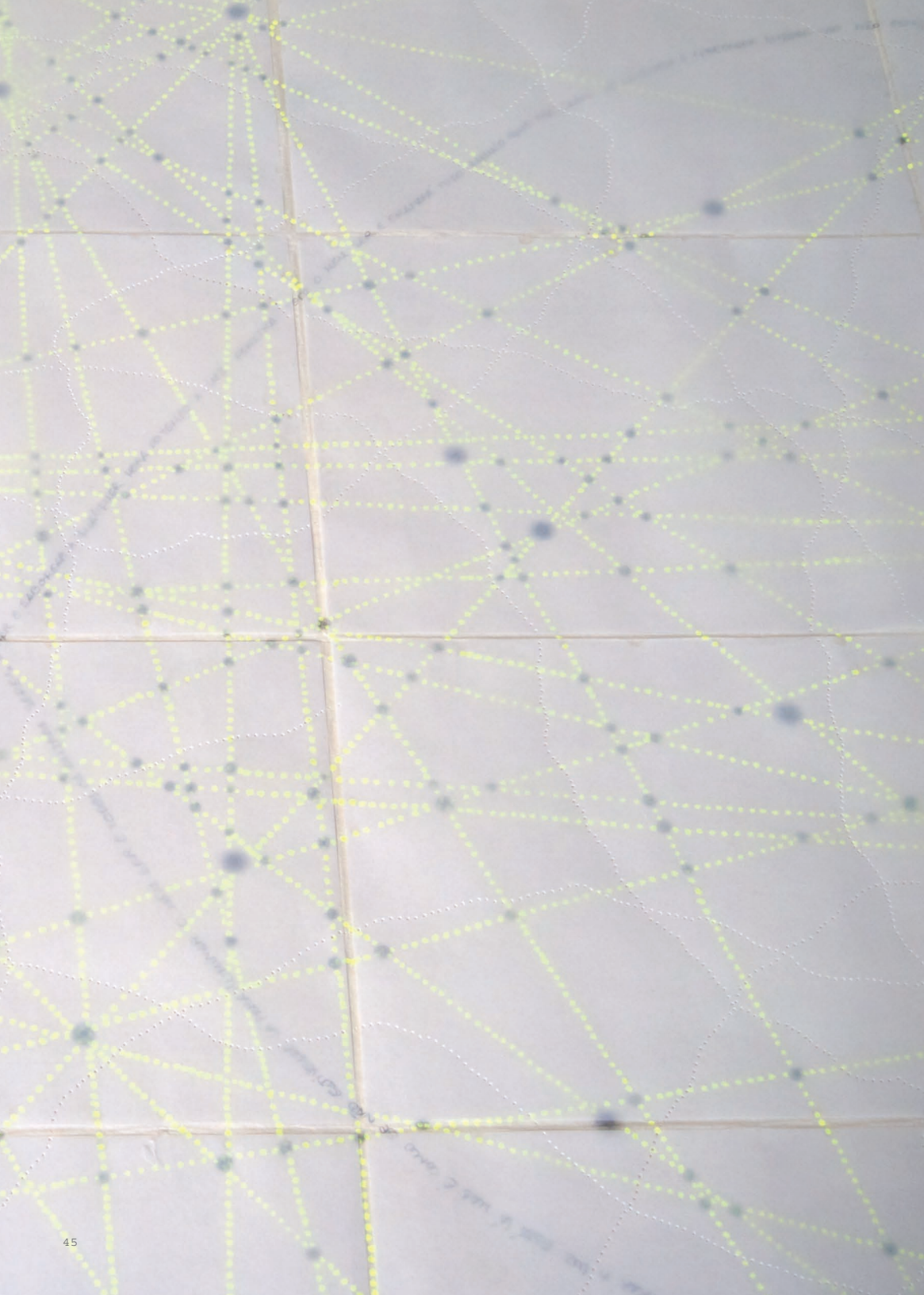
in «VOYAGE», 2015  
(catalogue text)  
Casa da Cerca, Almada.

Right  
View of the show  
«VOYAGE»









*Previous page*

The light that comes through the window, 2014  
(detail of pages 62, 63)

Polyester drafting film, acrylic paint, graphite  
and pin holes on Japanese paper

210 x 85 cm



*Below*

Milky Way, 2014

Graphite, acrylic paint and oil on linen sheet

(6 elements)

315 x 77 cm



*Right*

Untitled (black hole), 2014

Graphite on Arches paper

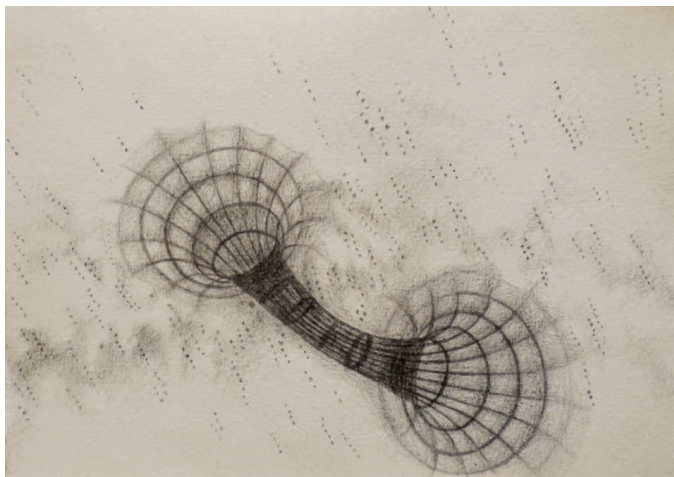
119 x 98 cm

*Below*

Untitled, 2015

Graphite on cotton paper

21 x 14 cm









*Right and above*

Tunel, 2014

Pigment and acrylic on hand-made cotton paper  
with strips

154 x 150 cm

*Next page*

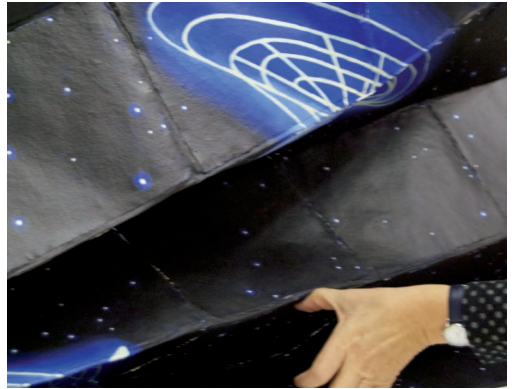
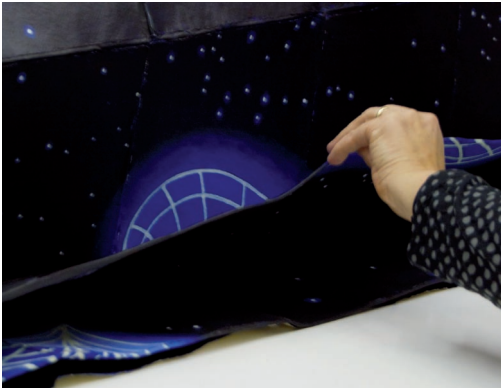
Untitled (Agape), 2014

(Detail of pages 56, 57)

Silver pen, acrylic and gold leaf on linen sheet

26,5 ø





*Dark night*



*There is a sunbeam coming through the windowpane. If the windowpane has a spot or mist, the sun won't be able to lighten it in order to transform it totally into light, as if it would be clean from all those spots and without mixture. But, the less it is enlightened, the less clean the windowpane. This does not depend on the sunbeam, but on the windowpane. So, if the windowpane is totally clean, the sunbeam shall transform it in such a way, as seeming the sunbeam itself and thus giving the same light. And, although the windowpane now seems the sunbeam, it has in reality a different nature from the same sunbeam. However, we can say that the windowpane is a sunbeam, or light by participation.*

«The light that comes through the window at noon • when I walk or fall or arise • is the same that has always entered • even when my eyes don't feel or perceive it • as the quality or quantity of this light • is not in me but in the emanated light itself • and if my eyes pause • to savour it at any moment in time • the light shall penetrate all my being • and emanate everything I can learn or apprehend • and then the window • or the light • or the light's source • can or cannot be • a metaphor for my body • which shall transmit light • I repeat • not depending on my desire • but on letting me open to light • because if I close myself • the light is there anyway • but it is as if it wouldn't be present • in order to enlighten my being • and all other beings and bodies from earth and heaven • and let them turn into a lamp • but if everything is connected and blended • then turns into an unending chain • which heats and transforms everything • from one state to another state • still to be known • the same way it happens with time • because the light that comes through the window at noon • when I walk or I fall or I arise • is the same that has always entered • even when my eyes don't feel or perceive it • as the quality or quantity of this light • is not in me but in the emanated light itself • and if my eyes pause • to savour it at any moment in time • the light shall penetrate all my being • and emanate everything I can learn or apprehend • and then the window • or the light • or the light's source • can or cannot be • a metaphor for my body • which shall

transmit light • I repeat • not depending on my desire •  
but on letting me open to light • because if I close myself  
• the light is there anyway • but it is as if it wouldn't  
be present • in order to enlighten my being • and all other  
beings and bodies from earth and heaven • and let them turn  
into a lamp • but if everything is connected and blended •  
then turns into an unending chain • which heats and trans-  
forms everything • from one state to another state • still  
to be known • the same way it happens with time • because  
the light that comes through the window at noon • when I  
walk or I fall or I arise • is the same that has always  
entered • even when my eyes don't feel or perceive it • as  
the quality or quantity of this light • is not in me but in  
the emanated light itself • and if my eyes pause • to savour  
it at any moment in time • the light shall penetrate all my  
being • and emanate everything I can learn or apprehend •  
and then the window • or the light • or the light's source  
• can or cannot be • a metaphor for my body • which shall  
transmit light • I repeat • not depending on my desire •  
but on letting me open to light • because if I close myself  
• the light is there anyway • but it is as if it wouldn't  
be present • in order to enlighten my being • and all other  
beings and bodies from earth and heaven • and let them turn  
into a lamp • but if everything is connected and blended •  
then turns into an unending chain • which heats and trans-  
forms everything • from one state to another state • still  
to be known • the same way it happens with time • because...





5. LIVRO DE AUTOR | RETICARD PARA VIT. POEMA DE J. J. DA CRUZ



*Pages 54, 55*

*In «The light that comes through the window»*

Underneath «Orion», 2014

Graphite on Arches paper

80 x 60 cm

*Pages 56, 57*

View of the show

«beings and bodies from earth and heaven», 2014

Miguel Justino | Contemporary

*Right*

*Untitled, 2014*

Silver pen and oil on acrylic on linen

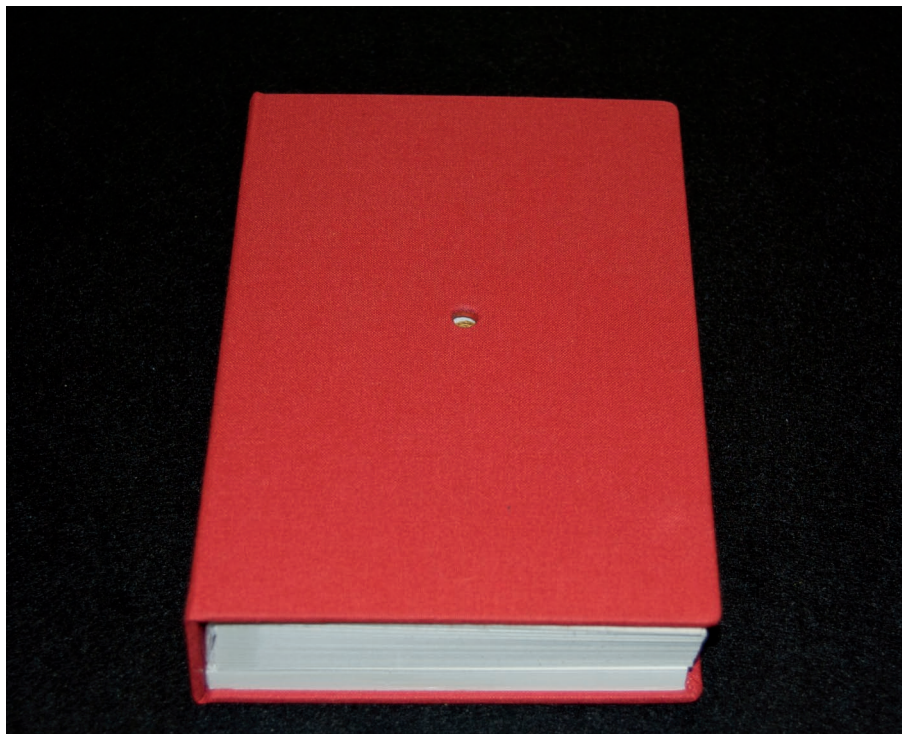
14 x 26 cm

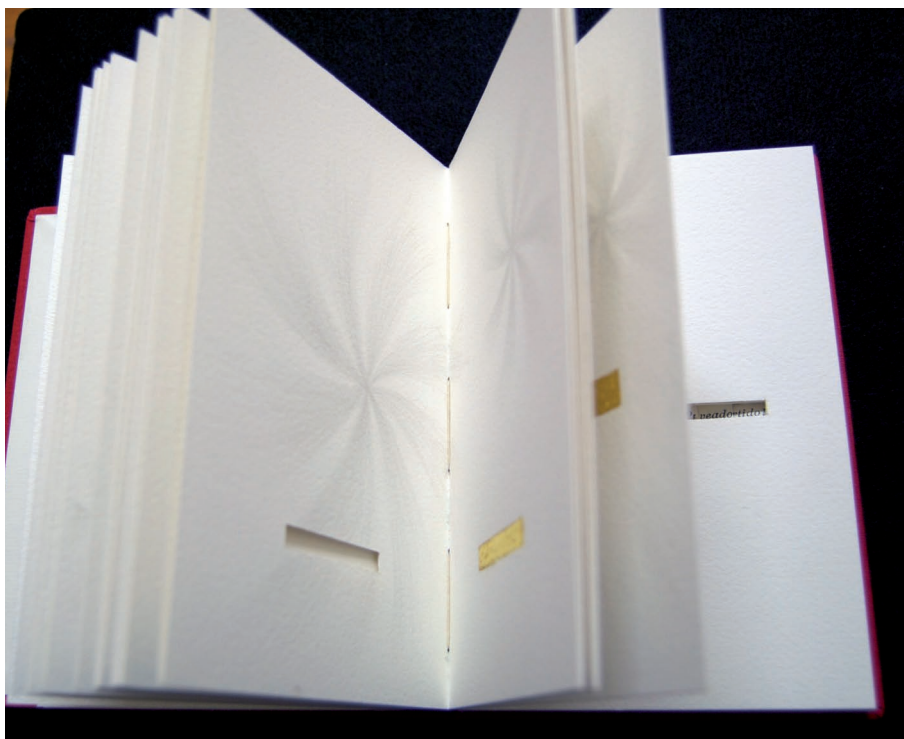
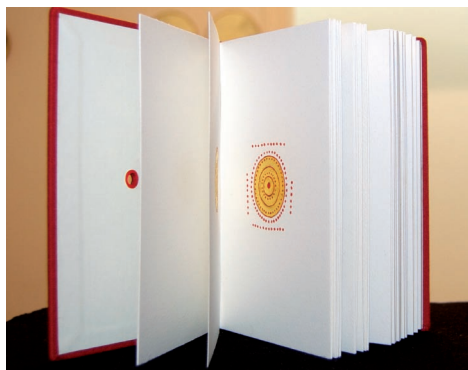
«Dark night» constructs a narrative, diluted between the documental and the fictional in which the artist presents a group of drawings, a book and a video. The slow and meditative character of the works has been flowing along the time, as if each drawing would lead to the next one giving a pretext for a journey through time and go back to Christian mysticism while entering into dialogue with St. John of the Cross (Co-founder of the Discalced Carmelites with Saint Teresa of Avila, Spain, XVI century).



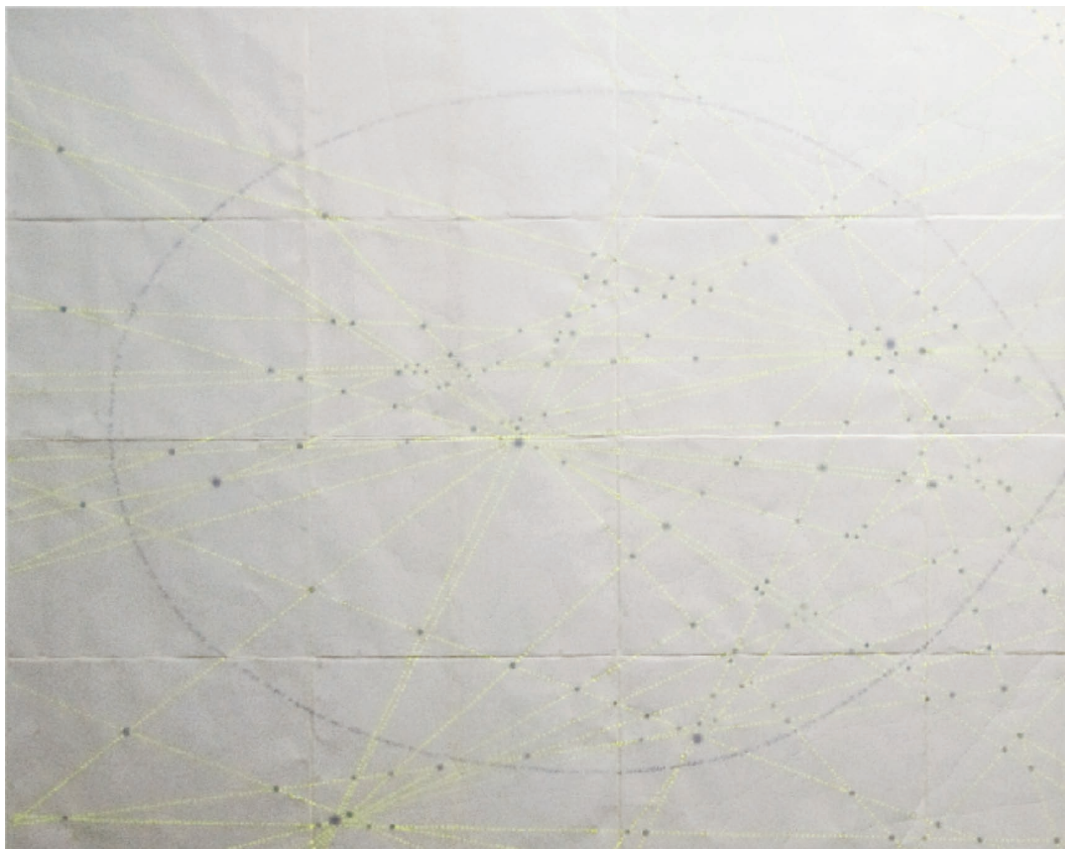


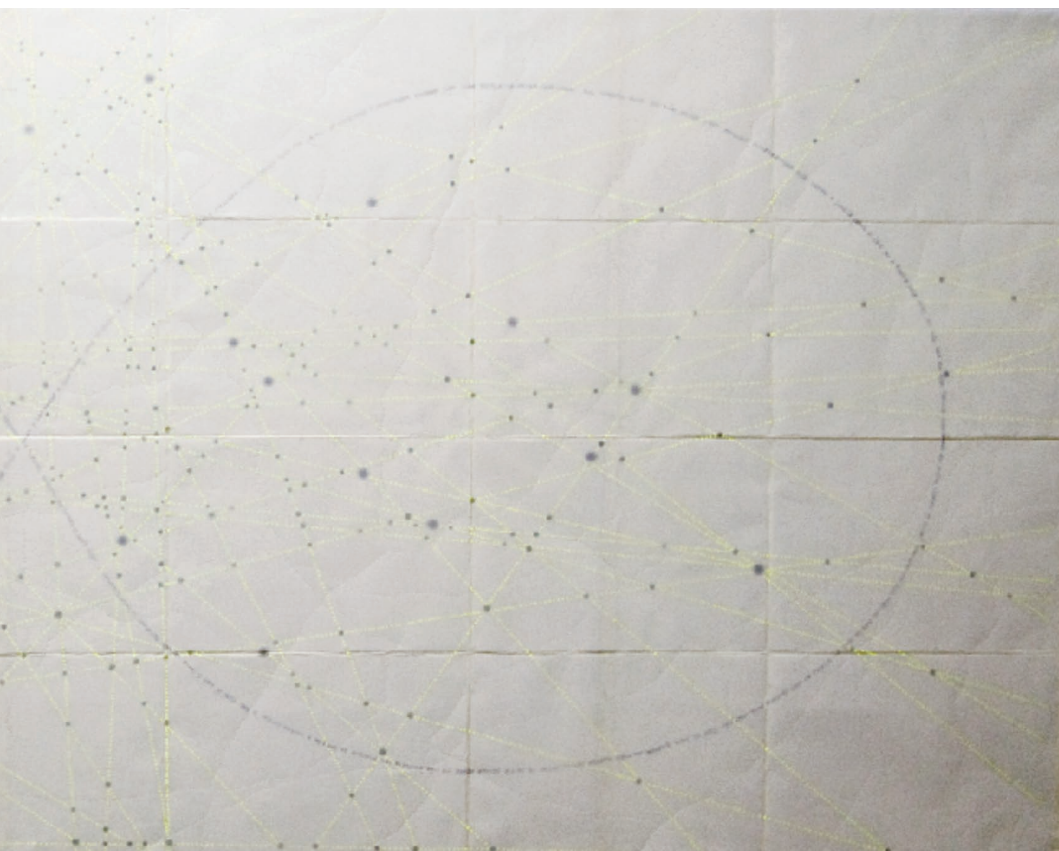
Reliquary for a poem by John of the Cross, 2014  
(closed and open)  
mixed media  
18 x 12,4 x 4 cm  
*Collection Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon*





The light that comes through the window, 2014  
Polyester drafting film, acrylic paint, graphite  
and pin holes on Japanese paper  
210 x 85 cm







*Below*

Sun, 2014

Graphite and Acrylic on Arches Paper

80 x 60 cm

*Right*

Crabula Nebula, 2014

Graphite on Arches Paper

80 x 60 cm







*Right*

Untitled, 2014

Indian ink on cotton paper

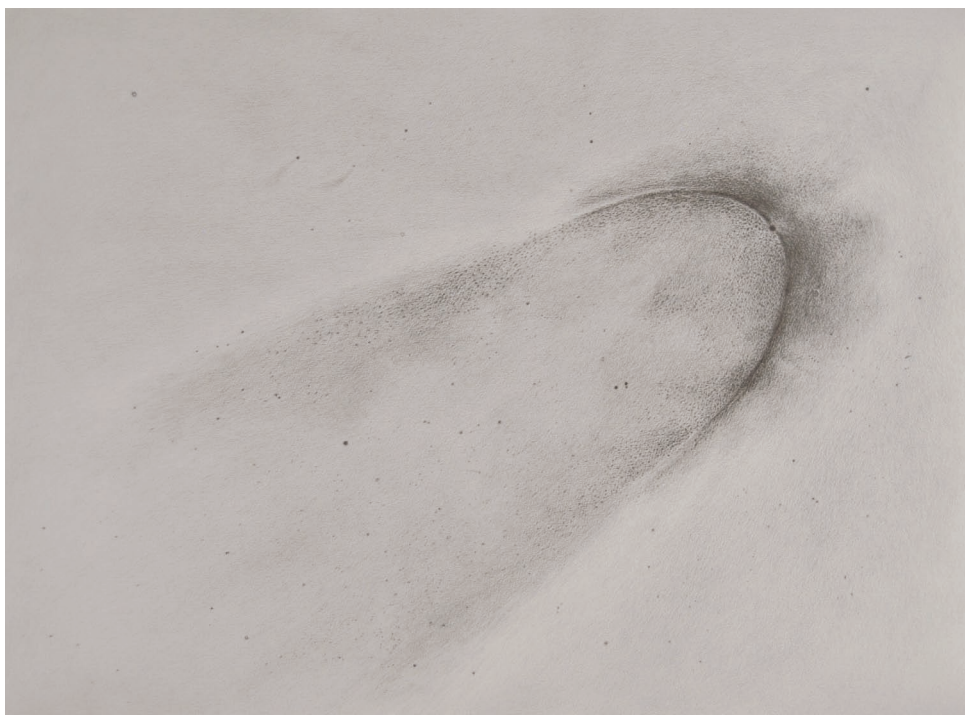
240 x 100 cm

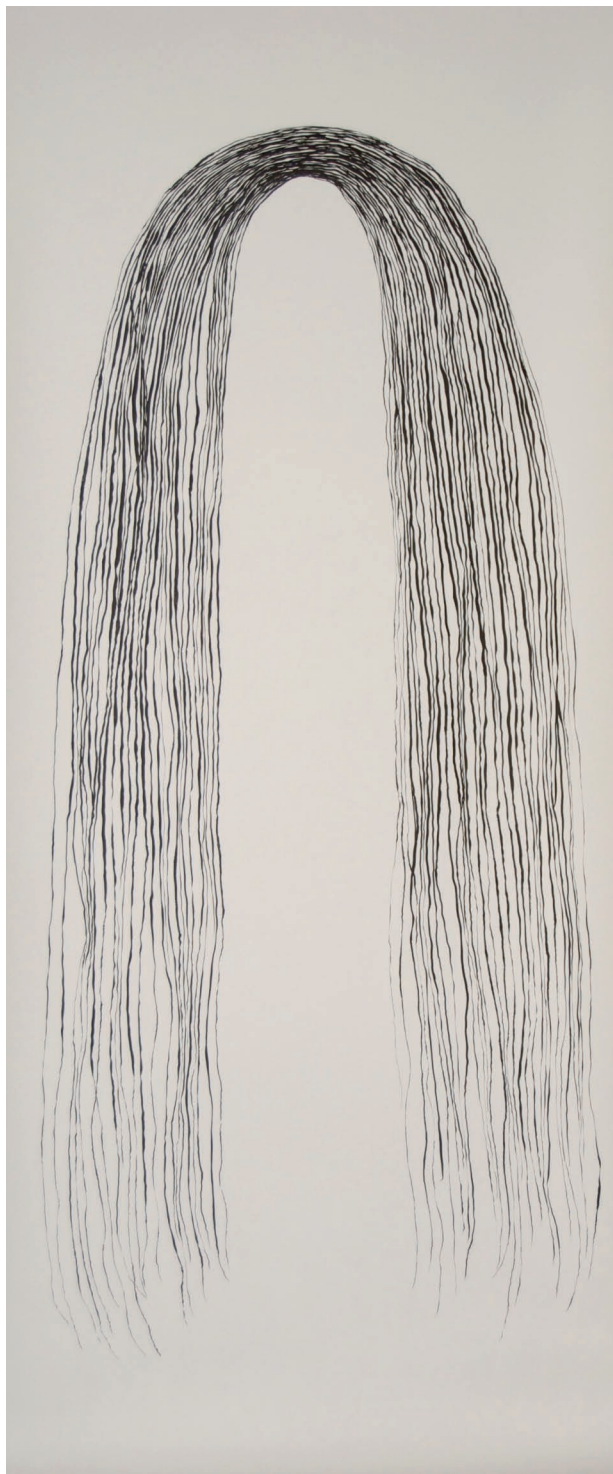
*Below*

Coggia, 2013

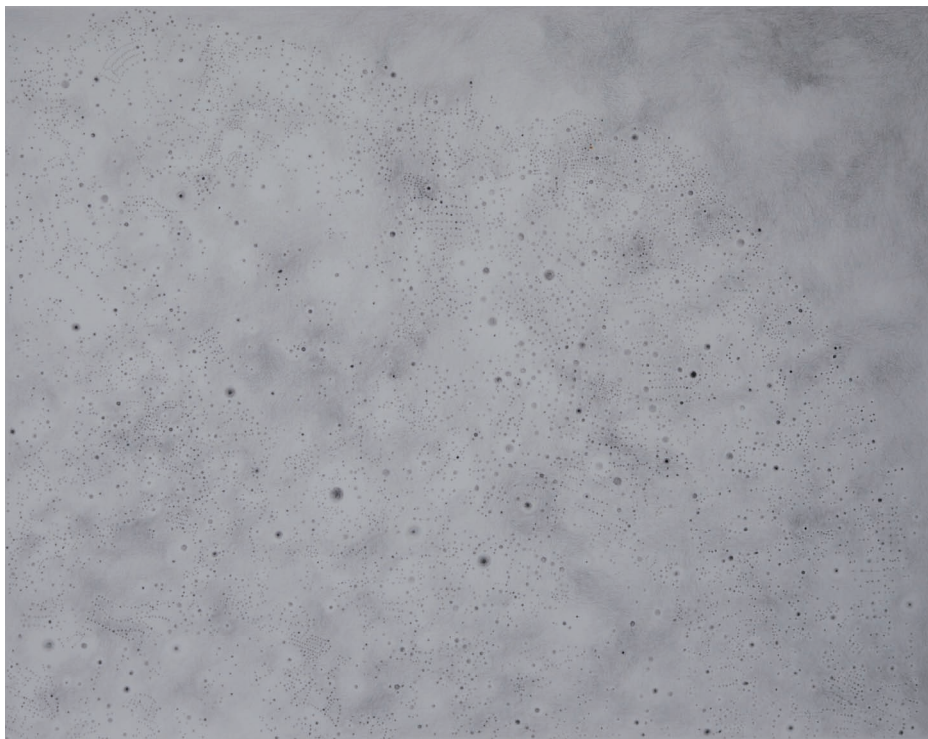
Graphite on arches paper

80 x 60 cm



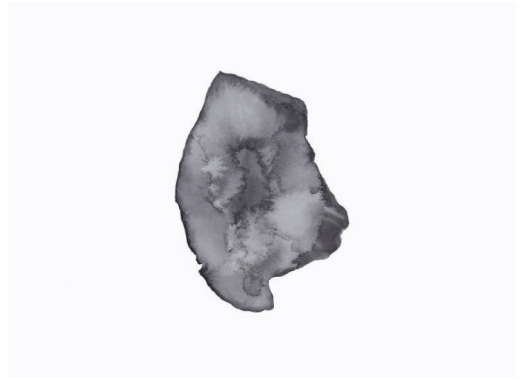


Lisbon, celestial chart, 2011  
Scale 1 25:000, 2010  
Graphite on paper  
42 x 59,5 cm  
*EDP Foundation Collection, Lisbon*



«celestial charts – crossings . squares . intersectins»

The artist presents on this show a group of paintings and drawings in which memory appears as projected cities. In each continent, Rosário Rebello de Andrade chooses a town to which she has personal connections: Lisbon, Berlin, New York, Canberra, Cape Town and Quioto. In the related maps and keeping the same scale for all of them, she marks the crossings, intersections and squares – giving body to the urban points that appear in the paintings like mirrors of star meadows, as if they were true celestial charts. These are alive cities, as of an heart beating, while reflecting starry skies. And to each of them the artist dedicates an island with the name of each local cemetery. A forgotten territory placed by the artist in the nearest ocean.

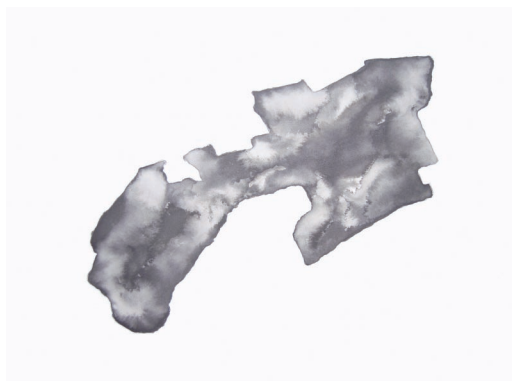


*Above*

*From left to right clockwise (details):*  
 Prazeres (Atlantic Ocean), 2012  
 St. Matthäus-Kirschhof (north Sea), 2012  
 Jackie Robinson (Atlantic Ocean), 2012  
 Ocean view (border of the Atlantic with the  
 Indian Ocean), 2012  
 Gungahlin (Tasmanian Sea), 2012  
 Kiyomizu-dera (OPacific Ocean), 2012  
 India ink on Arches paper, 58 x 77 cm each  
 Collection EDP Foundation

*Pages 74, 75*

Berlin – celestial chart  
 2010/2011 - scale 1:25 000  
 Oil on canvas  
 95 x 135 cm





## Mirror game

in «celestial charts – crossings . squares . intersectins»

(Catalogue)

The artist, who deals with the subject of memory in her works, increases here the scope of her individual intervention by fictionalising a collective memory that may eventually grow into a universal one. In the present exhibition, the elements conveying that memory are cities - historic entities whose images can be part of the millennial imagination of the men who have created them and base on them much of their common heritage.

Rosário Rebello de Andrade has chosen symbolic cities from every continent and used their plans to create a starry sky. The cities' outline stands for the (virtual or otherwise) wall that separates and protects them from the cultivated or wild lands from which they rose. Their buildings, symbolic or unremarkable, articulate themselves via a network of streets that acts as a living circulatory system.

Wherever these streets cross or separate (squares, intersections and bifurcations), bodies can be found, which come from everywhere and move all over the city.

The artist imagines these particular urban spots as metaphorically brighter than everything else and lends them the glow of stars of varying magnitudes. Within these hubs, inside and outside each one of them, our civilisational history carries out its manifold evolution. On the other hand, by turning each one of her chosen cities into a field of stars, Rosário Rebello de Andrade reminds us that the heavens were also conquered by men, when the stars, joined by the powers of drawing, were made to suggest the basic lines of imaginary, magical and divinatory figures.

We fly (it is so easy, nowadays, to be halfway between heaven and earth!) and the illuminated cities, down there, emerge as terrestrial stars which we are able to arrange in ever-new constellations.

We continue, our heads lifted up to the sky, and, in the endless scattering of stars, we find signs and features of possible celestial cities. On earth as in heaven, cityplans and constellation drawings share the same formal vocation and the same fate as figures of isolation: on the one hand, they are islands of themselves, and on the other, they are mirrors that send their reflections to one another - in such a way that what is above is as what is below.

The artist brings a third element into this dialogue by dividing the cities of men into two kinds: cities of the living and cities of the dead. The former, as we have seen, are suggested as delicate constellated skies; the latter are conveyed as darkened territories - each one of them is an Isle of the Dead, reflecting each one of the various names given by men to God or Death. Here, too, a complex back-and-forth of images and symbols occurs: the compact form of each one of these metropolises can be viewed as the black mirror of the starry city to which it refers.

Respect for the scale, cartography and political / human geography conveyed by the pieces and confirmed by the captions does not withstand the poetic interventions to which Rosário Rebello de Andrade subjects each city and each cemetery of each city: the theme's sociological density is rarefied into music of the spheres, and its precise planning is pulverised into star dust.

Finally, at the centre, atop a pedestal, a moulded piece (more a small jewel than a sculpture) reminds us of a primordial depiction of the symbolic connection between heaven and earth: it is a magic mountain, its silvery surface absorbing and reflecting all light from the stars.







Our daily heaven  
in «celestial charts – crossings . squares . intersectins»  
(Catalogue)

*The first question is a classic one. So classic that it is one of the questions we hear most frequently in the movies: Where am I? What is this place? Or, to be more precise, since what matters here is not where the body is, but where the eyes are:*

*Where am I looking from? What am I looking at? What do I see?*

*The second question is philosophical. Why is there this instead of nothing? Why am I here and not there? Who is there? Who might be there? Who might be looking at me? What does the gaze of the one who is looking at me tell me? What is the relationship between me and what I see?*

*The third question is scientific. What are those lights? Why do they have different colors? Do they move or are they fixed? What patterns do I see in those dots? How far are they? How can I get closer? None of these questions is new. For centuries, we have felt them and asked them as we looked at the starry night sky. That sky schoolbooks tell us about but which is not there anymore over the cities. For centuries, that sky has inspired poems, geometries, terrors, devotions, oaths, dreams and sleepless nights. But soon, we feel that this sky is strange, that these galaxies are somewhat organized, intelligent, geometrical. This sky was made with ruler and compass. What sky is this? Where did our everyday sky go?*

*The absence of chaos in these galaxies is spooky. Is some extraterrestrial civilization looking at us? What are those strange constellations that cover this sky as if they were zodiacal signs? There is something mythological, rather than mythical, in their design. Who made these galaxies? The subtitles help us understand. That world is, in fact, our own. That's where we are. We are there, here, looking up, looking at a mirror that puts us in the sky. We are those constella-*



tions. We are down here looking up there and up there looking down and we think we see the same thing. «As above, so below; as below, so above.» Impossible not to think of the hermetic principles.

There's nothing as far away and as alien as a galaxy, and nothing as close and familiar as a city. Here, those two worlds collide and coincide, meet one another, and familiarity becomes distance, distance becomes familiar. The cold and sidereal barrenness fuses with the frantic and hot urban space. And when we again manage to imagine the microscopic chaos that inhabits these galaxies, the people, the cars, the neon lights, the crimes, the failed encounters, we are able to breathe again. There is, after all, no intelligence behind the organization of the Universe. These images that we project onto the sky were made by us. They are human after all. The straight lines are still only human. No god can draw like us.

When we finally see the cities, when we recognize the alignment of avenues, the first thing that comes to mind are the maps of the urbanist Richard Florida. But these lights we see are not city lights, they are not the economy, not the arts. They are not even the city. They are city signs. They are dots created by lines crossing each other. Reflexions in a mirror. Markings made with a pencil on a sheet of paper. They are a cartography of the city. A cartography that puts them up in the sky.

There is a cold sadness in these cities. The barren distance that separates us from these cities, where we live, is filled with an icy ether which may prove impossible to cross. We can sense an archaeological approach in these images. These mirror images show us our cities travelling through space, they show us our cities as they could be seen, when they no longer



View of the show

«celestial charts – crossings • squares • intersectins», 2012  
EDP Foundation, Lisbon

Right

Untitled (Detail)

FIMO polymer clay, acrylic paint and silver leaf  
6 x 11,5 x 12 cm

*existed, if there were someone to look at them. They are Celestial Cities, as Beijing's Forbidden City or Damascus dreamed to be, as we are told were the cities of the Golden Age, that time that never was, when all of us were happy. There is an alternative story in the maps of these cities, but we'll never know how it would be.*

*These images are a possible future for cities. One day, an astronomer from the future, in a distant civilization, will be able to see, projected in the mirror of his telescope, the old image of our cities, long dead, light-less, and he will see an inverted image that will look like these. When he sees this image, the cities will have long disappeared.*

*These paintings are an obvious proof of the illegal practice of astronomy, just as the observations and drawings of the German lithographer Wilhelm Tempel (1821-1889), self-made comet discoverer that all through his life had to justify before a corporatist and classist scientific community his lack of academic training. Max Ersnt made a book about him, "Maximiliana or the Illegal Practice of Astronomy", considered to be one of the most beautiful books of the 20th century and a work*



of reference for asemic writing, where he himself graphically commits the same crime, which invades in fact all of his work, filled with stars and suns. It is also asemic writing we're dealing with here, in these Celestial Maps. Someone is saying something here. We do not know what, or to whom, but something is being said. These cities talk, in their regular and cold calligraphy, like an airport talks to an airplane, a page to a pen, a spectrum to an astrophysicist. Something is written and something is inscribed in this background black matter. Oddly, these maps give us back a sky that the city lights robbed us of, and oddly they lack light. The dots here are mere crossings, they're not lamps. The stars in these maps are squares, encounters, not dazzling lights. That is why they lack concentrations, why they don't have centers, why they are so distributed. That's why space is treated democratically. There are no strange attractors absorbing everything around. They may be imposing, mysterious and seductive, but none of these celestial cities is imperial. And they are put alongside their cemeteries, the quintessential metaphor for the silence of sidereal space, as if to whisper in their ears that they are mortal.

Canberra – celestial chart, 2011  
scale 1:25 000  
Oil on canvas  
280 x 120 cm  
(4 elements 120x100 cm each)  
*Collection EDP Foundation, Lisbon*







**Rosário Rebello de Andrade, 1953, Portugal**

Lives and works between Portugal and Germany.  
1953 Nasceu em Santo Tirso, Portugal.  
1984 Drawing studies program at Ar.Co, Lisbon.  
1993 Master Course Program in Painting at Ar.Co, Lisbon.

*Grants:*

1993/94 Luso-American Foundation, Portugal training at the University of Massachusetts (Ceramic Department), U.S.A.  
1994/95 Painting Research from Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, Lisbon.  
1994/1997 Teacher for Drawing and Painting at Ar.Co, Lisbon, until she moves to Germany

*Solo Shows*

PORTUGAL

2014 *«beings and bodies from earth and heaven»*,  
Miguel Justino | Contemporary, Lisbon.  
2012 *«celestial charts – crossings.squares.intersections»*,  
EDP Museum, Lisbon.  
*«the shadow of the clouds»*, Galeria Alecrim 50, Lisbon.  
2009 *«Architectures.Artists.Walks.Landscapes»*,  
Galeria Alecrim50, Lisbon  
1996 *Installation*, Botanic Museum, Lisbon.  
*«Romance Mudo»*, Galeria Diferença, Lisbon.  
1992 *Painting*, Galeria Quadrum, Lisbon.  
*Drawings*, Galeria Diferença, Lisboa.  
1988 *Painting*, Palácio Galveias, Lisbon.

GERMANY

2011 *Installation site specific*, Schloß Zeilitzheim.  
2008 *«The birds sing in Werneck»* (public art).  
2004 *Painting*, Galerie Andi Schmitt, Randersacker.

*Group Shows (selection)*

PORTUGAL

2014 *«As for the first time»*, Miguel Justino | Contemporary, Lisbon  
*«Small things to collect»*, Galeria Miguel Justino (Bloco103), Lisbon.  
2012 PIN DESENHA, Giefarte, Lisbon.  
2011 PIN Anónimo, Experimenta Design, Lisbon.  
2010 Summer @ my place, Galeria Alecrim50, Lisbon.  
2009 Lá Fora/Abroad - Portuguese Artists, EDP Foundation, Museum of the Portuguese Presidency of the Republic, Lisbon/Viana do Castelo  
*Quel Air Clair... Works from Ar.Co Collection*, Palácio Galveias, Lisbon.  
1997 *«7th International Bienal for Sculpture and Drawing*, Caldas da Rainha.  
1993 *Ar.Co Finalists*, Ministry of the Finances, Lisbon

ENGLAND

2016 *Drawing Utopias*, London.

Untitled, 2016 (work in progress)  
(Deutschland, Übungskarte)  
Pigment and gold leaf on old map background  
127,5 x 93 cm



## GERMANY

- 2012 «Staubraub», Martin von Wagner Museum, Würzburg.  
2011 Ikonen und moderne Kunst, Museum.Burg.Miltenberg.  
2010 «Umbrüche-Werke zur Apokalypse», Kreuzgang des Kiliandomes, Würzburg.  
2009 Focus Franken, Triennale Schweinfurt - Kunsthalle Schweinfurt.  
2007 «Das Alphabet der Pirateninseln», Falkenhaus, Würzburg.  
2006 Sparkasse Mainfranken, Würzburg.  
Galerie LS-LandskronSchneidzik, Nuremberg.  
2005 Neue Impulse, Galerie LS-LandskronSchneidzik, Nuremberg.  
2004 NN-Kunstpreis der Nürnberger Nachrichten, Nuremberg.  
2003 NN-Kunstpreis der Nürnberger Nachrichten, Nuremberg.  
2000 Diözesanmuseum, Limburg. / Domkreuzgang, Würzburg.

## CHINA

- 2004 Shenzhen Fine Art Institute, Shenzhen, China.

## *Public collections:*

PORTUGAL: EDP Foundation. Loures Museum. Caixa Geral de Depósitos. Banco Espírito Santo. Ar.Co. Fátima Museum, Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation.  
E.U.A.: Francesco Pellizzi, N.Y.  
GERMANY: Diözesanmuseum, Limburg. Sparkasse Mainfranken, Würzburg. Kunstsammlung der Diözese Würzburg. Museum Burg.Miltenberg.

SPAIN: Centro de Arte Contemporáneo, Malaga

## *Bibliography:*

- JOHN OF THE CROSS, John: «Dark Night», 2016  
FRANCÉS, Fernando: CAC Málaga, Periplos / Arte português de hoy, 2015  
FERREIRA, Emília: «VIAGEM», 2015  
MALHEIROS, José Vítor: «Our daily Heaven», EDP Foundation, 2012  
PINHARANDA, João: «celestial charts-Mirror game», EDP Foundation, 2012  
PINHARANDA, João: Lá Fora/Abroad, portuguese artists, 2009  
NORTON DE MATOS, João: «Architectures.Artists.Walks.Landscapes», 2009  
STITZ-WATZEK, Angelika, Installation RRA, Sparkasse Mainfranken, 2007  
OLIVEIRA, A. «Das Alphabet der Pirateninseln», 2006  
KNELLER, Betina: «Sinnlicher Bildreigen», Main-Echo, 2006  
ROSCOE, Antje: «Düstere Wolkenbilder», Main Post, 2004  
LENSSEN, Jürgen: «Christus Bild», Würzburg/Limburg, 2000  
MARTINS, Celso: «Romance Mudo», Expresso, 1996  
ROSENGARTEN, Ruth: «Romance Mudo», Diferença, Lisboa, Visão, 1997  
LOBATO MARQUES, Dagoberto: «Romance Mudo», Author Book, 1997  
COUTO Vasco: Painting, Galeria Quadrum, Lisbon 1992  
POMAR, Alexandre: Painting, Galeria Quadrum, Expresso, 1992  
L.A.C.: «O tempo, o triângulo e a Fonte», Jornal «O Tempo», 1988

## *Acknowledgments of the artist:*

Mary Fowke  
João Pinharanda  
José Vítor Malheiros

Untitled, 2016 (work in progress)  
(Die Vereinigung Europas)  
Pigment, gel pen, soft pastel und gold leaf  
on cotton cachiert on old map background  
193 x 137 cm



*Right*

View of the show Im Himmlische Gefilde (with intervention of the public), Würzburg

Installation, 2012 - 2015

Mixed media:

Cape Town - celestial chart 2011/2012

scale 1:25 000

Oil on canvas

240 x 300 cm

(6 elements 120x100 cm each)

«70x7», 2001 - 2015

A4 sheets of paper

Variable dimensions



*Page 88*

Untitled (Romance Mudo), 1996

Colour pencil and graphite

on arches paper

17 x 12 cm











POLLYX

CANIS MINOR

SAGITTARIUS

HERCULES

RIGEL

7. JANEIRO, 16:00 H.

8. FEVEREIRO, 12:00 H.

VULPECULA

CANIS MINOR

AQUILA

CORONA BOREAL

ADEN

ANDROMEDA

ANDROMEDA

LACERTA