



CURRICULUM

Newton Mesquita, born in São Paulo, 1949. An Architecture graduate (1977), he has participated in collective shows and official expositions since 1972. Newton's works of art have been displayed among important collections in Brazil and abroad, in the following Museums: MASP - São Paulo Museum of Modern Art/SP; MAB – Brazilian Art Museum, São Paulo/SP; MAC – Londrina Museum of Contemporary Art/PR; São Paulo State Pinacoteca/SP; MAM – Museum of Modern Art, São Paulo/SP; Afro Museum, São Paulo/SP; Salvador Allende Museum, Santiago/Chile; Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence/Italy. He's accomplished 54 individual expositions in the drawing, watercolor, sculpture, objects and painting techniques.

More information, complete résumé, exposition images, recent work and contact details are available on the website: www.newtonmesquita.com.br



Urban

newmy my mme











Essay Naked

newmyy mmm



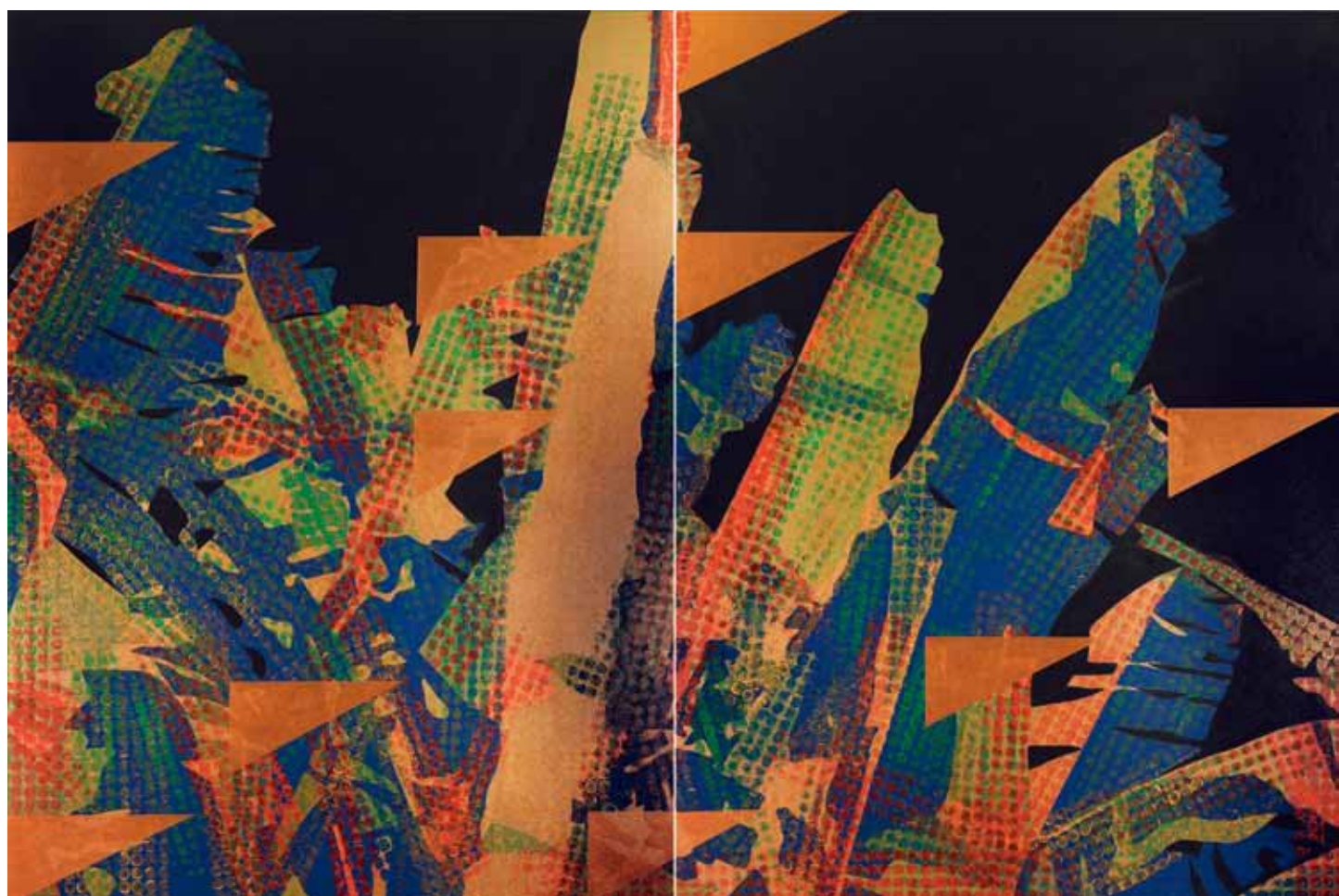






Landscape

newmy my m m c



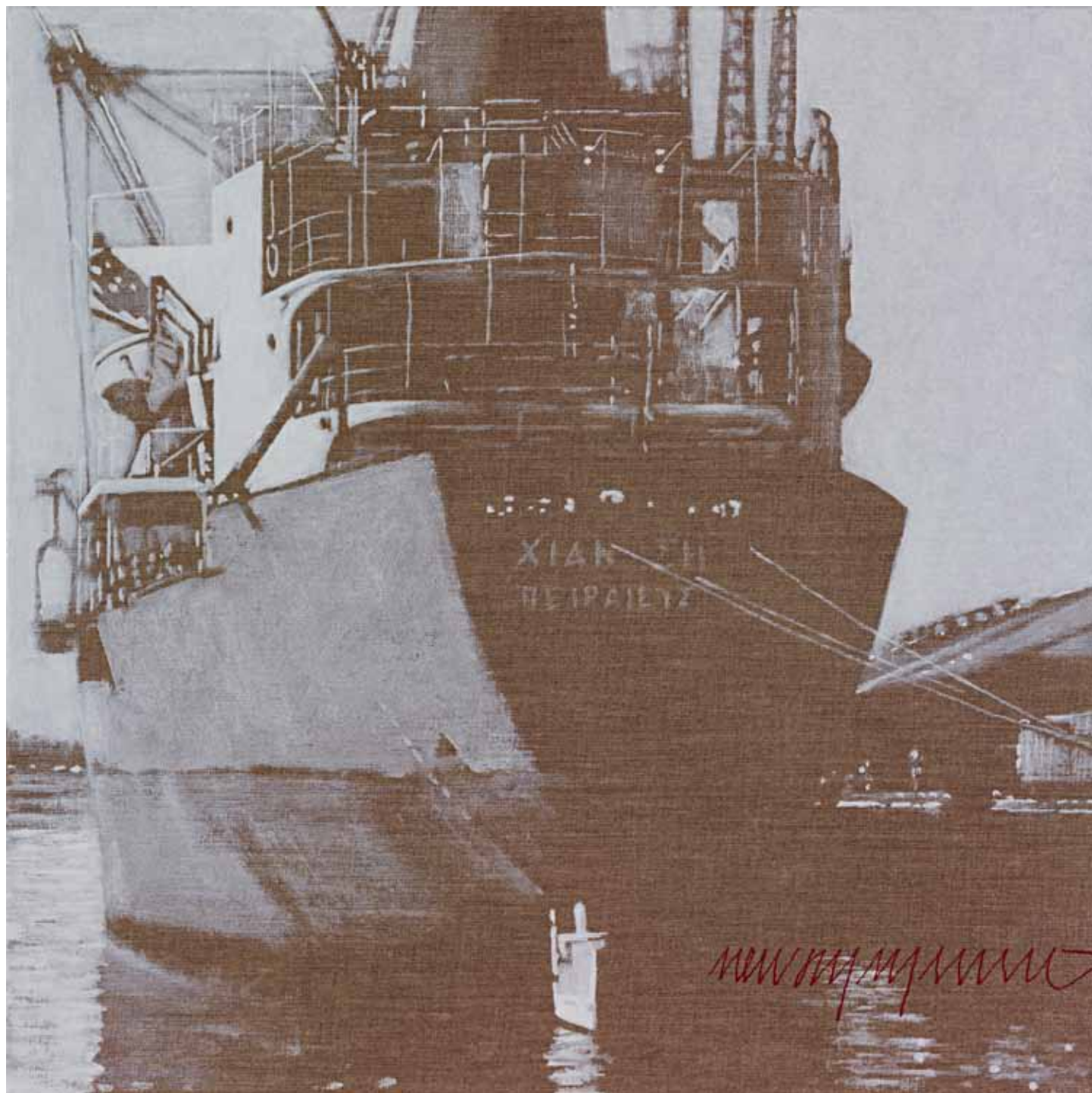












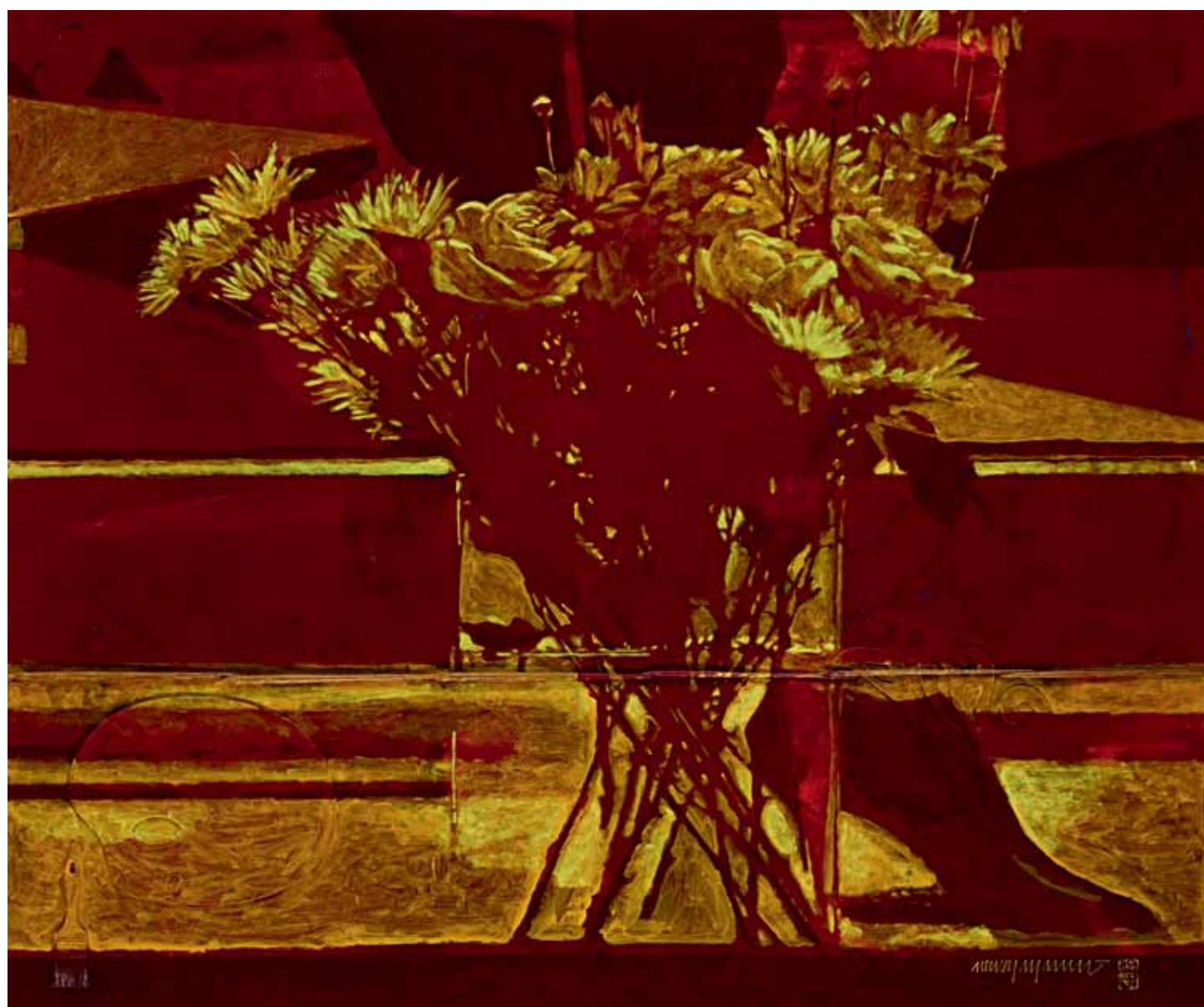
Still Life

newmy my mme



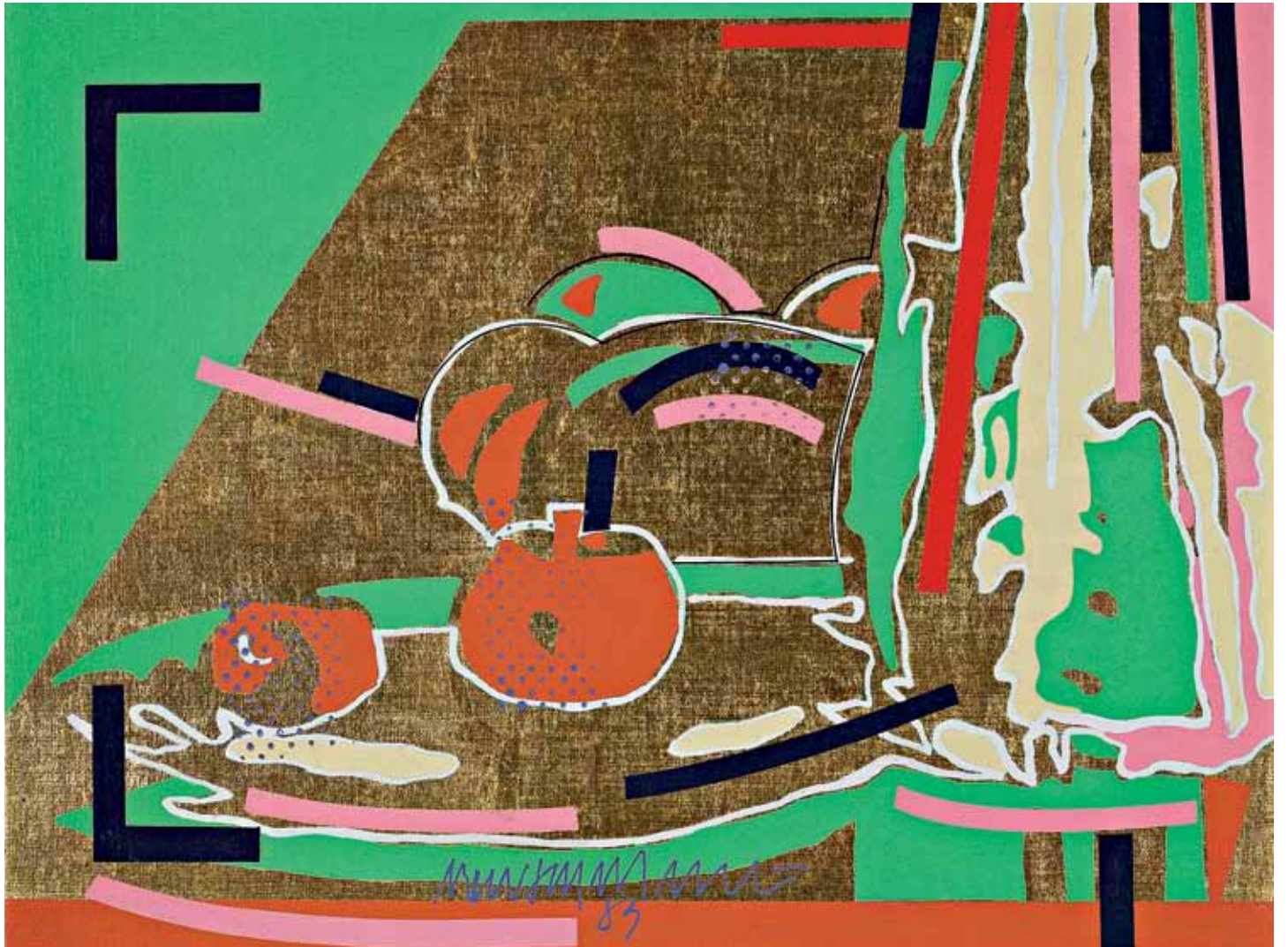






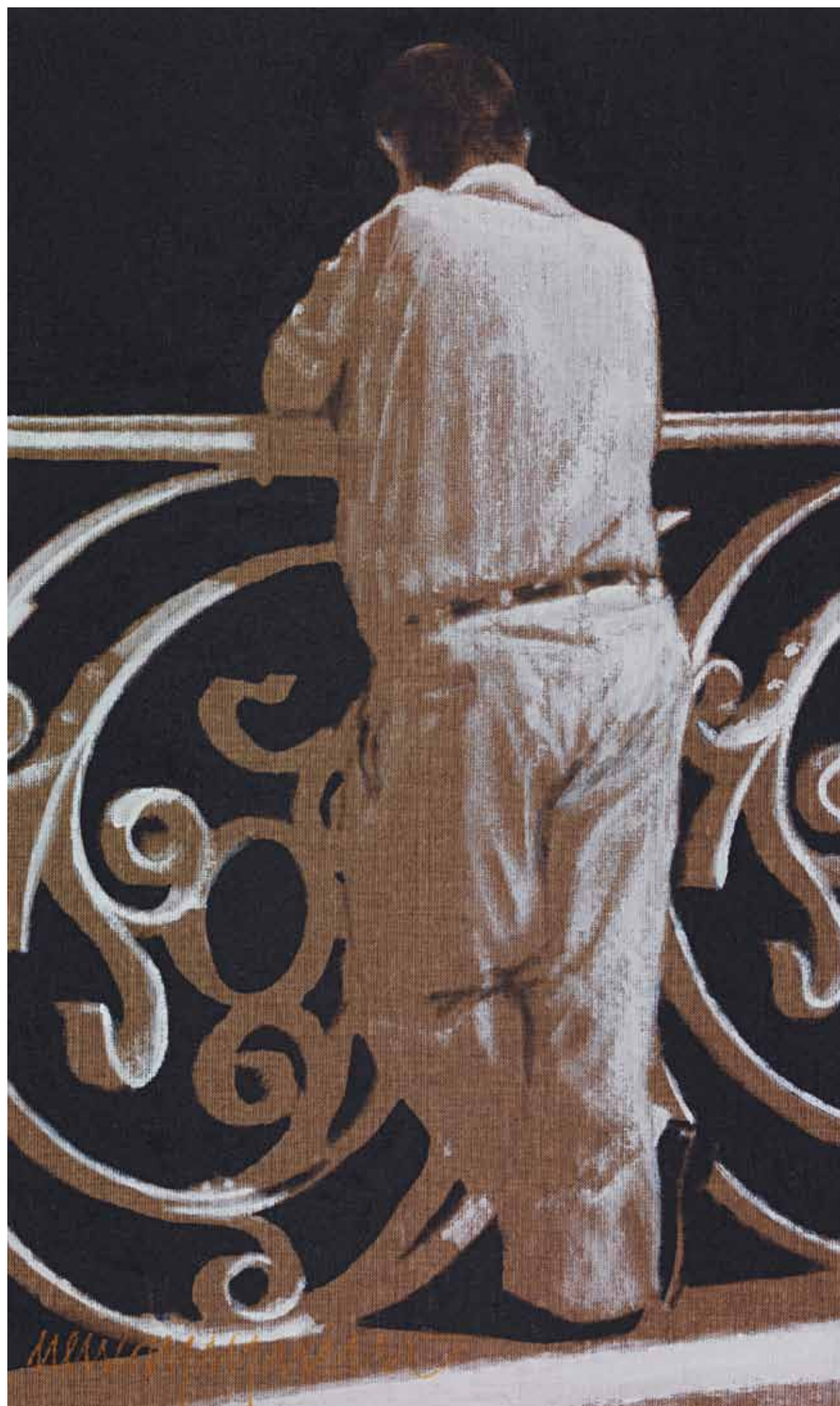


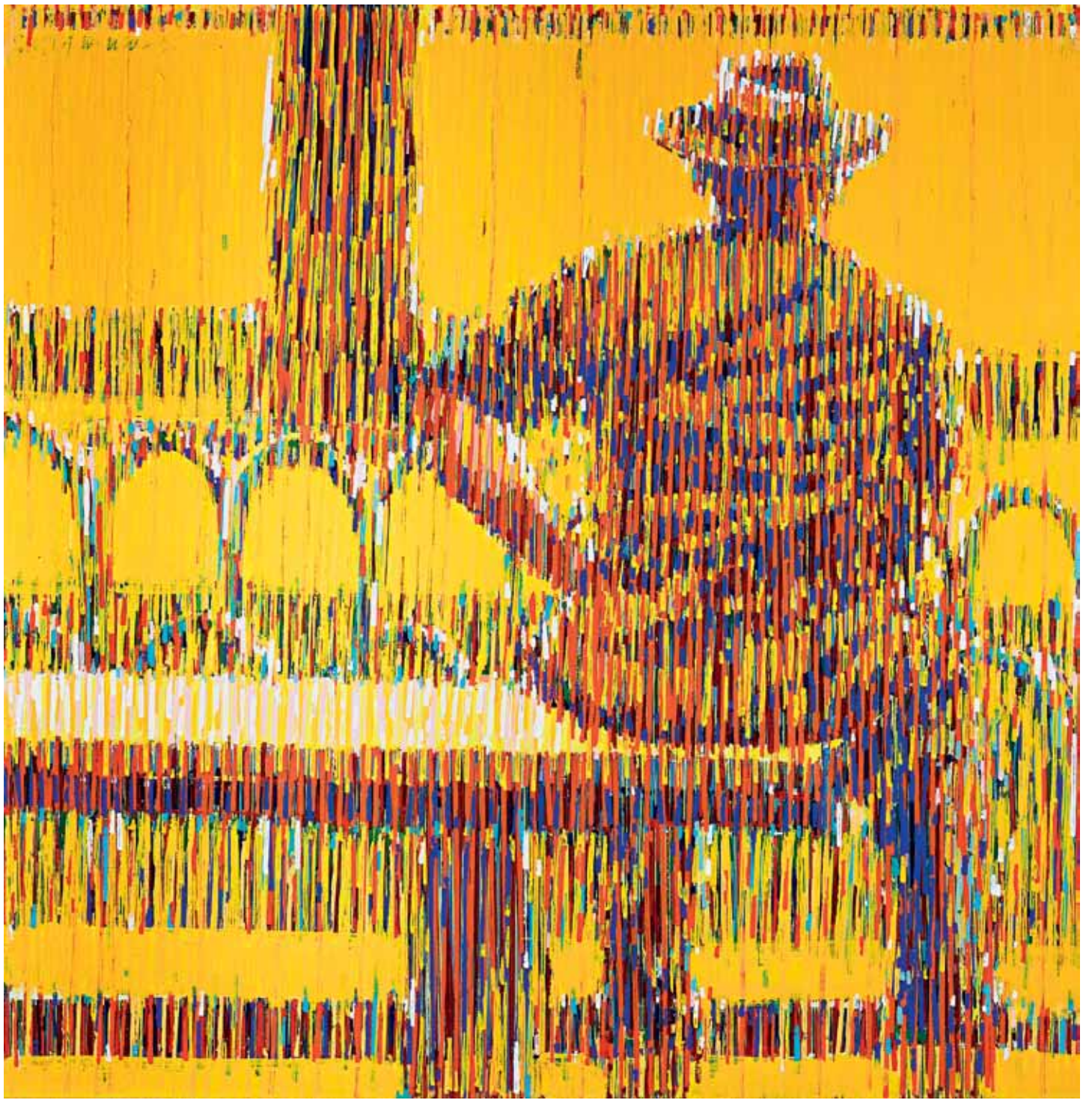




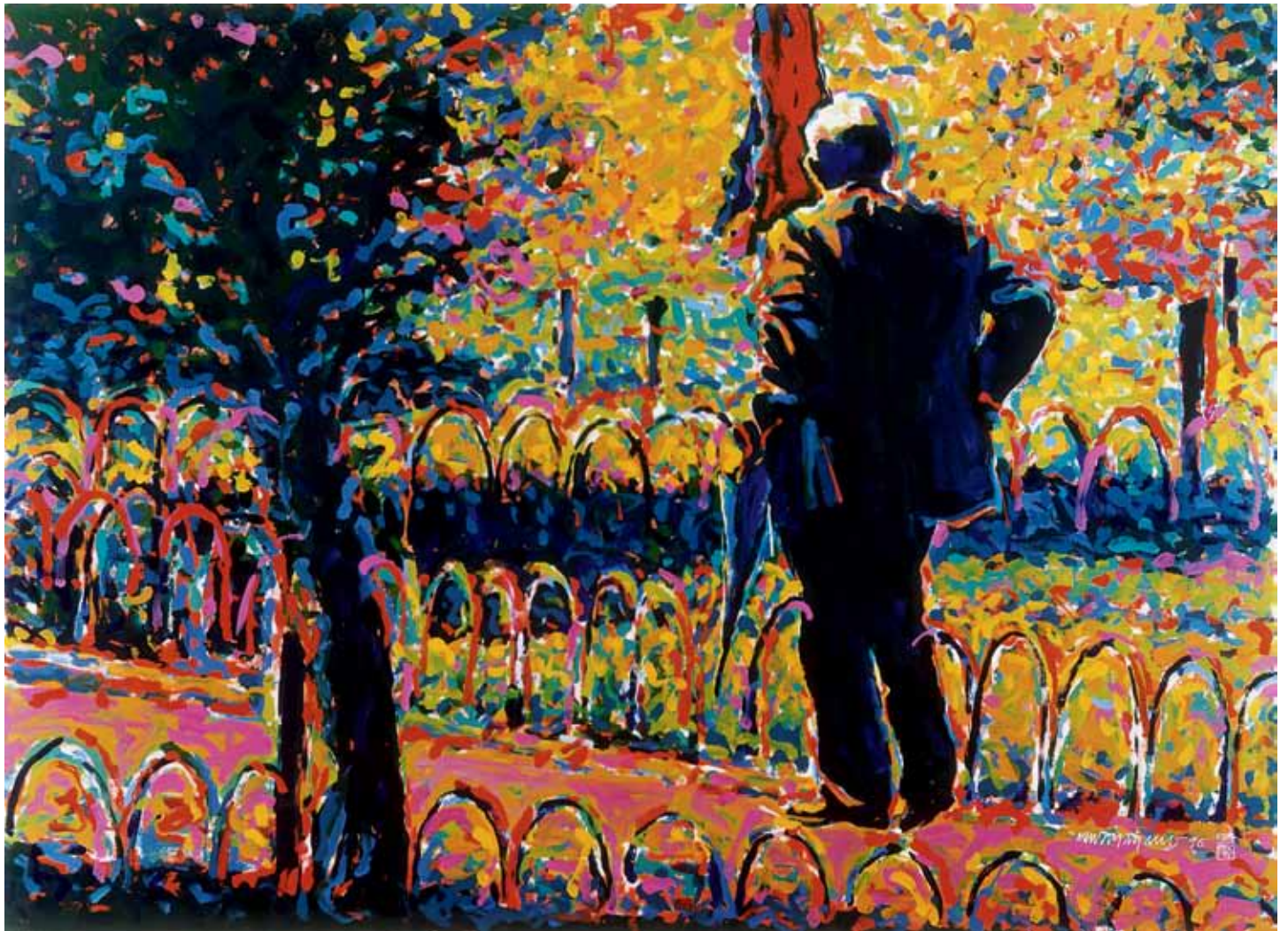
Human Figures

newmy m m c











Graphics



new my mm







www.ny ny www 2011

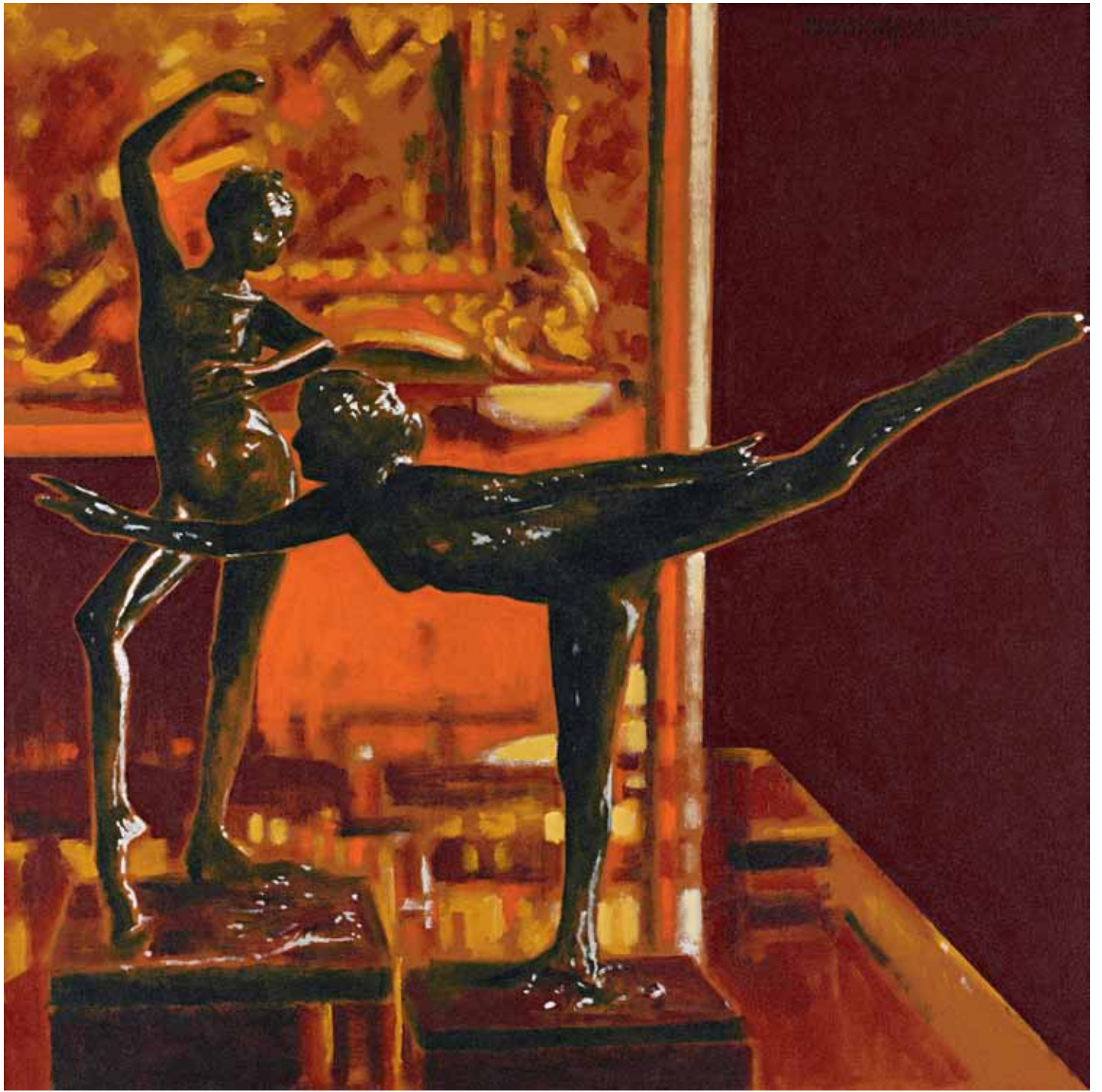


Readings

newmy my m m c













I remember

Jacob Klintowitz



What to say of a man who notices the variations of light on the coffee table bathed in a delicate silver morning light?

Or imagine the garden photographer sitting on a wooden bench when the slanted light of dusk masks with fall his newspaper or his profile? Perhaps we should thank the artist for embellishing our inner landscape with the changing hues that identify your dream.

And recite some of his paintings' titles, like a mantra that will protect us from sinking into brutality, "Alley," "Hope and Glory," "Blue Road," "Lights of May," "Afternoon light," "I remember," "Gulliver's Travels," "The Lives of Others."

The life of oneself, one's own life, experienced only in the memories of the soul. The lives of others in that dream. The "I remember" by painter Newton Mesquita of whom we remember with a night profile, like

a purple shaded cut, like a figure among dim spotlight. Shadows of reality that now, after observing them, we hope live forever in our sensitivity...

ON A CLEAR AFTERNOON A BENCH IN THE SQUARE.

The golden hues surrounded the city like a blanket. Copper abandoned outdoors. An unknown face of our sun. Everything was still and our horizon was only what our eyes could see, this dream city made of gold.

We waited for it for so long, for this city so real as to be dreamed of.... Newton Mesquita's painting is a notable objectivity. It is substantial, a quality we find in every painting of high lineage. The artist creates a reality and it presents itself before us, and it is already disconnected regardless of its source. It is a spiritual being and we can talk to it.

We certainly see a constant theme, a method of seeing and doing, a certain atmosphere, some recurring feelings. And so we know that these works were done by an artist named Newton Mesquita. In what other

painting would we have, together, this marked sense of solitude and sweet solidarity?

... Over the past 30 years Newton Mesquita identified, recorded and interpreted the contemporary city and rural life with his new technological signaling, human figures and history of the man and his objects. It is remarkable how Newton Mesquita is attentive to the contingent, to the world around him, the surroundings, the objects, and ourselves. He makes this thorough inventory and nothing else matters. Newton Mesquita collects the world.

What differentiates Newton Mesquita is that he transforms the everyday into light. Or lights up the world. Or shows the enlightened world that lives in his soul. Or registers illuminated signs of a found city. Or shiny symbols of his inner cartography. Colors, hues, chromatic emergencies. The look through an unknown half-open door or a perceived window blind that filters the emission of the last star prior to Apollo's birth. Flagrant, fleeting colors, an atmosphere of contemplation and, often, of mild sadness. The artist moves in verifying simplicity. The artist tells us their intimacy.