



TADAIMA!
OKAERINASAI

COVID-19
新冠病毒
病毒

DESAFIA O NOSSO PEITO, Ó LIBERDADE
EM TEU SEIO, Ó PRÓPRIA MORTE

17 Comprimidos
revestidos
Empatia
2020mg

MARJÔ MIZUMOTO.

portfolio | abril 2025

Marjô Mizumoto (São Paulo, Brazil, 1988) makes oil paintings that illustrate everyday characters inserted in almost scenographic environments. Her paintings are like human interest stories, narratives of everyday scenes that record memories of a time and place. They are fragments of a particular universe.

Affectionate and family moments are poetically elaborated in the work of Marjô Mizumoto, telling stories that transcend from personal experience to a common sense. The artist's practice takes place in realistic oil portraits, which illustrate characters of her daily routine in a home environment, photographed by the artist and later transformed into paintings. Mixing traditional painting references, such as still life and elements of Pop culture, Marjô Mizumoto produces, with her paintings, chronicles of everyday life, which transcend from its biographical place to a universal place of memory.

She graduated in 2010 in Plastic Arts and attended a graduate course in History of Arts from 2014 to 2015, both at Fundação Armando Álvares Penteado (FAAP - SP).

She has worked with artists from the contemporary Brazilian scene, such as the painters Rodolpho Parigi and Ana Elisa Egreja; the architect and mosaicist Isabel Ruas during the making of the Candido Portinari panel at PUC-RIO (RJ), a project that was supported by João Candido Portinari.

Some of her works are part of public and private collections, such as the **National Museum of Fine Arts** (Rio de Janeiro (RJ) Brazil, 2023), **14th National Salon of Art** (MAC Museum of Contemporary Art - Jataí (GO) Brazil, 2015) and **25th SAV Vinhedo Visual Arts Salon** (Visual Arts Collection of the Secretariat of Culture - Vinhedo (SP) Brazil, 2020).

She recently had her trajectory recognized as she was contemplated at the **8th Tomie Ohtake Arts Prize** (Tomie Ohtake Institute – São Paulo (SP) Brazil, 2022), **32nd Exhibitions Program – CCSP** (São Paulo Cultural Center – São Paulo (SP) Brazil, 2022) and she received an award in the **11th DASartes Award** (DASartes Magazine – Rio de Janeiro (RJ) Brazil, 2021).





I am part of a story, although one still under construction. I believe that the simple act of living is political and the recording of life is the history we leave for future generations.

The now is pure nostalgia, we want to keep words, moments, feelings, record everything we can today for tomorrow; we live by our memories, without them we almost don't exist. That's why I keep, record, and collect moments. They're like souvenirs of time, memories of a visited life, little daily remembrances eternalized in painting

My research comes from this nostalgic place, from the romantic idealization of the trivial, the ordinary, the banality. I feel that there is power in the common.

I see painting as an instant from a film, it is a fragment of a story in movement. They are digitally edited scenes, idealized in every detail, almost utopic, sometimes more truly felt than the reality from which they were extracted.

I sometimes feel suspended, observing other lives, other times, other stories. Like someone who peeks into a window and sees their own reflection on the glass, projecting their own image over someone else's reality. For an instant, I am not myself anymore. I am the person on the other side, I am nobody, I am a mere spectator of private universes.

Marjô Mizumoto, São Paulo, August 26, 2021



Photo credit: Filipe Berndt

“The Best Lunch In The World”

(Pedro Gomes, Leon Mizumoto
Gomes, Marie Yuki Mizumoto Gomes
and Tinha Pereira de Mello Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto

2024 -2025

Oil on linen

150 x 200 x 3,5 cm





Photo credit: Filipe Berndt

“Hello, how are you?”

(Marie Yuki Mizumoto Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto

2024

Oil on linen

180 x 130 x 3,5 cm





"Shooting Stars"

(Leon Mizumoto Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto

2023

Oil on canvas

140,5 x 120,5 x 3,5 cm

(Gabriel Aleixo Private Collection)

I would bring you all the stars
if they fit in my hand.
Every dream would be born
of the seeds on the ground.
No peace would be missing
in the corners where
every now and then it squeezes the heart.

I've been asking to the moonlight,
to stay on your street.
And bring it on the wind
your noblest thought.
Drizzling joy,
mining poetry
in every passing cloud.

And if I can fly,
I'm going on the wings of longing to find you.
To be truly free by holding you.
Rethink things in life in front of the sea.

And if I can fly,
I will bring you the rainbow in a flower.
To the silence that waits for the sun to go down,
I will ask you to light up the window of my love.

(Flávia Wenceslau – Se eu puder voar)





Photo credit: Filipe Berndt

“Run Baby Run”

(Marjorie Mizumoto, Leon Mizumoto
Gomes and Marie Yuki Mizumoto Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto

2023

Oil on Canvas

135 x 180,5 x 3,5 cm

(Arthur Uzum Private Collection)



I've been thinking a lot about time.

Wondering if I'm letting something pass me by.

I wonder if I should do more, go out more, read more, work more...

More and more, make the most of every second.

At the same time, I want to be able to stop and slow down...

To allow myself to rest, to contemplate, to "dolce far niente"¹, to feel the breeze blow over me and carry me away... "Deixa a vida me levar, vida leva eu..."²

I want to be adrift, feel light on my body and feel free.

Let the waters of time carry me.

Perhaps life is like the sea, governed by the phases that keep us moving.

Like a moving circle, my feelings are constantly changing.

Sometimes I feel the need to disconnect, to rest, to stop.

And for now, I just want to run at the fastest speed my body can support.

The hours pass, the days pass, the seasons pass. Life passes in the blink of an eye.

Am I letting time pass me by?

Come on love, get up, it's time to wake up.

Your time has come, don't waste time, the world won't stop turning.

RUN BABY RUN!

Don't stop till you get there.

¹ Italian expression meaning "The sweetness of doing nothing"

² Deixa a Vida me Levar – song by Seu Jorge and Zeca Pagodinho. "Let the life takes me, life takes me away..."



Photo Credit: Gabi Carrera

“What’s the matter my love?”

(Leon Mizumoto Gomes and
Marie Yuki Mizumoto Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto

2023

Oil on canvas

135 x 180,5 x 3,5 cm

(Táki Cordás Private Collection)







Photo credit: Rafael Salim

I take a deep breath.
I close my eyes.
I dive deep.

Little by little,
the pressure
squeezes
my chest.

Aware of the heart,
I feel its pulse.
Like waves
coming
and going
to the sea.

It washes me.
Carries me away.

Immersed,
submerged,
dispersed.

To the sound of silence,
my thoughts echo.
I appreciate the moment.

With my soul washed clean
from the waters that have passed in.

In Silence,
Solitude.

Quietness.

Peace floods in.

Nude.

“The Sound of Silence”
(Leon Mizumoto Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto
2023
Oil on canvas
160,5 x 100,5 x 3,5 cm





“Tomorrow is yours” (Heroes)

(Lui Haru Jorqueira Nakumo and Tom Inari Jorqueira Nakumo)

Marjô Mizumoto

2022

Oil on canvas

180 x 135 x 3,5 cm

(Táki Cordás Private Collection)

Before going to sleep you ask me for a kiss and a hug, several times until you laugh so much that dad says: “Heeey look at all this mess, go to bed!” Asking for my little arm to nest on it, and I lose count of how many stories I have to invent, once upon a time, once again and “one more time”! Rest my love, sleep well, just close your eyes and let it come.

I see you sleeping so pure and taken by a deep sleep. I stay there just watching you rest. What dreams a heart that only knows how to love may have?

I wonder how was your day, how many new things you experienced, what you learned. Oh my little hero, how many battles have you won, how many dragons have you faced, how many little friends have you helped? Have you played, sang, danced? I wonder if you had the freedom to be everything you wanted to be. I pray so.

I pray you keep finding happiness in the little things and all over the place. I pray that you have health and a peaceful home to live in. I pray to be by your side, to protect you and to take care of you. I pray the days are bright and even in the darkest nights, you may know for sure the sun will always come.

Good morning my love, it's dawn.

Get up because tomorrow is yours.



We can be heroes



“While they sleep”

(Leon Mizumoto Gomes, Francisco P. M. Gomes
and Marie Yuki Mizumoto Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto

2022

Oil on canvas

190 x 250 x 3,5 cm

(Leo Romano Private Collection)





- Hello, Mr. President.
What about us?

Photo credit: Filipe Berndt

“Hello Mr. President”

(Leon Mizumoto Gomes and Marie Yuki Mizumoto Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto

2022

Oil on canvas

180 x 135 x 3,5 cm

(Marcos Pitanga Ferreira Private Collection)

Sometimes people look at me and take for granted that I’ve always wanted to be a mother, such a simple and natural decision, but in so many moments have I found myself wondering if I really wanted to have children... Not because I didn’t want to have them, but I had many doubts whether I could provide a good life for them.

I had so many concerns that I felt incapable. Thoughts came as insecure reminders: will I be able to provide a good education? Put them in schools that not only teach ABC but also how to live. Insurance is so expensive... But God forbid! It’s better to pay it and never have to use it. Will I have a good home? A safe and warm nest, very green and peaceful... Yes, a rarity in the middle of this city. What about our daily bread, food on the table, my children’s milk?

Gosh, I have so many fears. I look more to the sides everywhere, I put my children on the inner part of the sidewalk, I’m afraid they’ll take them away from me. That one day I might not be there, to protect them under my wing and teach them how to fly.

How will we ever be safe in a world without peace, where there is food in abundance for a few and many living with uncertainty of tomorrow? Savagery all around us and such neglect with one’s own people.



Will I be able to do everything by myself? The bills don't seem to add up... So many priorities that shouldn't be placed on just the parents, but shared throughout society. Do you know the sentence "It takes a village to raise a child"? We need a village, a city, a country. The whole world to raise our children well.

Still, with so many fears, doubts and uncertainties, I took a deep breath and dived headfirst. From love and hope I became more optimistic. For them, I need to believe that one day the world will be better and not worse. That they will have the future that was also promised to us and repeated on each election campaign rally. "Thou art the gentle mother of the children of this soil?"^[1]

Mister President, what about us?

^[1] Quote from Brazil's National Anthem.

- Hello, Mr. President.
What about us?



Common Sense, Anita Schwartz Gallery – Rio de Janeiro (RJ), Brazil. 2022



AND IN THIS CORNER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
To fight for the lead and take the reins of this society...

They are the new generation of fighters, lightweight, nimble and restless!
Warriors of peace and love, rebels with a cause, they are THE FUTURE OF THE NATION!

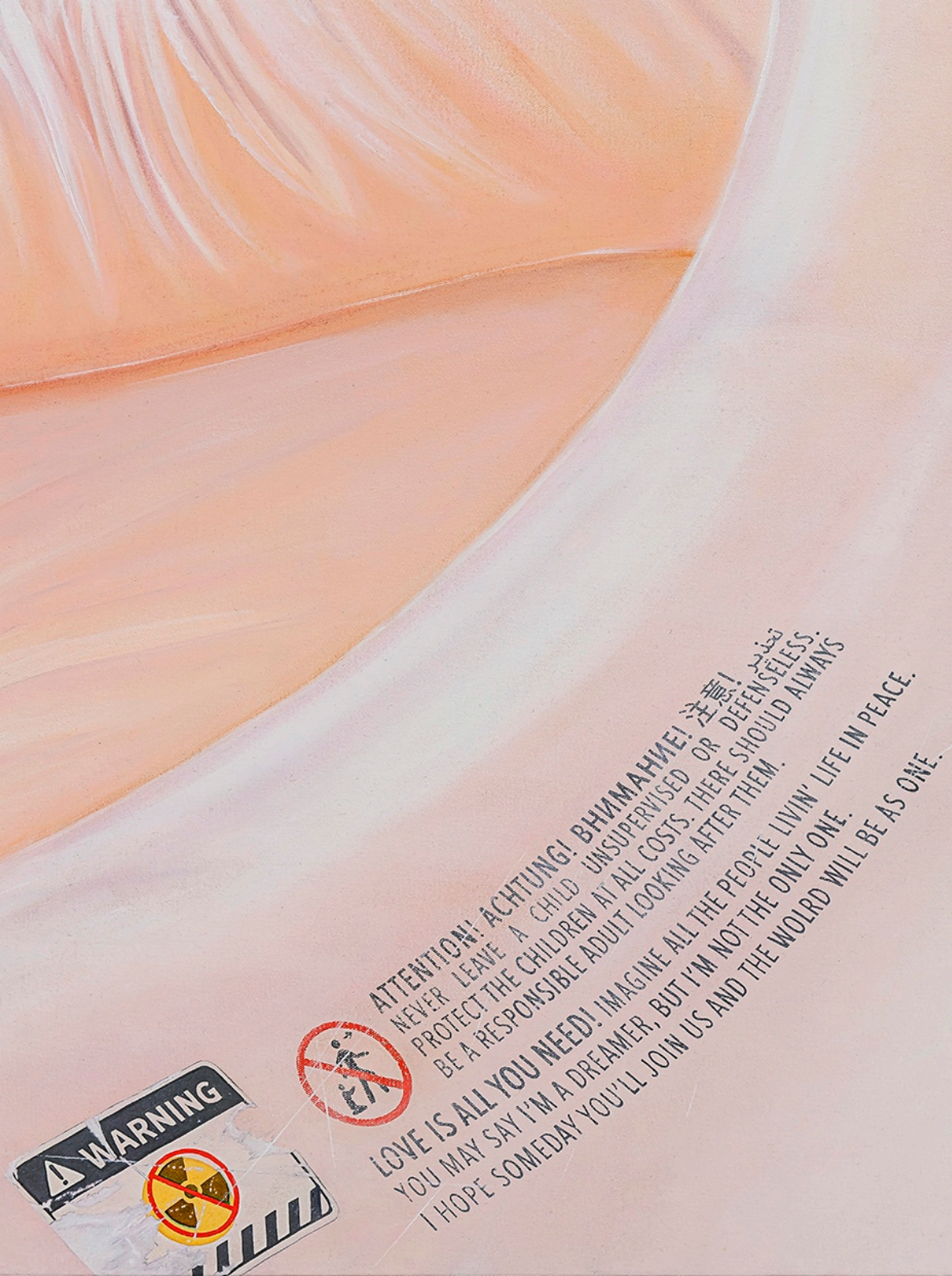
This fight belongs to everyone!
It has no face, no race, nothing that segregate!

LA LUCHA ÉS POR SER LIBRE!¹

ATTENTION!!
Get your heart ready... Because THEEEY AAARE...

THE CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTIOON!!
((((BOOM!!!!)))

¹ The fight is to be free!



My father was silent. He was analyzing the painting down to the smallest detail, I think he was absorbing everything that was there in that apparent chaos. After a while he said:

– Daughter, I think this is your most surrealist painting.

I tried to look at it like someone seeing it for the first time, I realized that through the eyes of other people it could be a little absurd and disconnected, but for me everything is exactly where it should be. Perhaps the surreal aspect of this situation lies in the fact that in the 21st century we still have to ask for wars to end and for peace.

I remember watching the news with great anguish about the situation in Ukraine, watching in real time a war taking shape, where a few men decided the lives of many. Whole families running away through the streets, because overnight their houses were no longer a home, now it was not safe to be there... The squares were no longer for playing, bombed and empty, now there remained only the protests, silent and absent, from those who were still hiding somewhere, but who could not remain silent. Lined up on the floor, hundreds of little shoes without little feet... Baby carriages empty... No children, no life, no hope, nothing else to hope for.

As a mother, those scenes hurt me and still hurt so much in my heart, and it was something I needed to talk about, but I didn't want to add another image of suffering, pain, violence... I thought maybe I could try to see it through the eyes of a child who, in the purity of innocence, plays of fighting wars. Heroes in pajamas, ready to go to bed and dream... Dreaming of peaceful days, with respect and equality, dreaming of peace and love, dreaming of the future, dreaming of freedom, dreaming that one day we can all live as one.

You may say I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one.

I hope someday You'll join us and the world will be as one.



Photo credit: Filipe Berndt

“Freakazoid!”

(Leon Mizumoto Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto

2022

Oil on canvas

120 x 80 x 3,5 cm

I was a kid in the late 90s and I remember the first thing I did when I got home from school was put down my backpack, grab the remote, and turn the TV on.

In our living room, there was a coffee table between the sofa and the television, I would sit there on the floor with paper sheets and colored pencils, trying to copy the characters. I think these were my first observation drawings.

Among them was a superhero created by Steven Spielberg called Freakazoid! A teenager who spent his afternoons in front of the computer until one day he was sucked into cyberspace and then turned into a lunatic superhero. He fought for justice and freedom with his super strength and super speed, but he also had a “super attention deficit”. He had all the knowledge on the internet and the constant updates made him distracted by extremely random scenes, all while trying to save the world.

During my painting sessions, the Freakazoid theme song kept coming to my mind, I think it was my subconscious making the connections between the 90’s drawing and the current times. Nowadays I feel increasingly more connected and informed, but also more distracted and alienated...

The day has barely started and I have already picked up my cell phone, I check the time, a message, a like, scroll the feed: the news of a possible nuclear war...

Oh, who will save us now?

Look, a meme! LOL





Photo credit: Filipe Berndt

“Oyasumi Bachan”

*Good night grandma
(Tiseko Yamaguchi)

Marjô Mizumoto
2021-2022
Oil on canvas
120 x 160 x 3,5 cm
(Sérgio Carvalho Collection)



I remember the first time I realized something was out of the ordinary. It was *Bachan's* 80th birthday, we were at the table having lunch and my son Leon, who was just over one year old, was taking his clumsy little steps around the room, making a mess and laughing.

My grandmother then, surprised, looked around, smiled, and said:

"Look! There's a child here!"

"Yes, *Bachan*, it's my son!", I answered.

She then looked at me with a distant look:

"Your son?"

"Yes, *Bachan*, my son."

Silence.

More lost looks...

"*Bachan*, do you know who I am?"

Silence and doubt.

"*Bachan*, I'm Marjorie, your oldest granddaughter, remember?"

"My granddaughter?"

"*Bachan*, do you know whose daughter I am?"

"Of who you chose to be!", and she let out a huge smile.

I laughed along with her and soon after the look was lost again.

Leon did something funny and she, surprised, said:

"Look! There's a child here!"

Since that day, 5 years have passed and everything that made my grandmother who she was, an intense, intellectual, strong, and independent woman, is in the past. Everything happened so fast and at the same time so slowly...

Gradually, the lunches started to be accompanied, the looks became more lost, and the silences grew longer...

But the kids still make her smile.

SELECIONADA * ARTISTA SELECIONADA * ARTISTA
MARJÓ MIZUMOTO
• • • • •
Enquanto eles dormem
NATURAL DO RIO DE JANEIRO, MARJÓ MIZUMOTO É UMA ARTISTA QUE TRABALHA COM DIVERSAS TÉCNICAS, COMO TINTA, PASTEL, GUACHO E ÓLEO. SEU TRABALHO É CARACTERIZADO POR SUAS TEMÁTICAS DE VIDA QUOTIDIANA, FOCANDO EM SUAS EXPERIÊNCIAS E EMOCIONES. A OBRA "ENQUANTO ELES DORMEM" É UMA DE SUAS MAIS RECENTES, REPRESENTANDO UM MOMENTO DE TRANQUILIDADE E PAZ.





"Back in the Day"

(Leon Mizumoto Gomes and Pedro Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto

2021

Oil on Canvas

120 x 100 x 3,5 cm

(National Museum of Fine Arts Collection – Rio de Janeiro (RJ). Brazil)

We left our cradle.

Over there,

In distant lands.

We slowly wander.

We digressed...

There,

Where the soil is fertile,

There is promise:

A future.

Flourishing.

We stuck our roots

There are sunny days,

Rainy days.

Time floods us.

The seasons change.

And without realizing it,

From seedlings,

We are trees,

Adults.

We grew up.

We matured.

We blossomed.

Blessed fruit,

Embryo.

Germination.

From generation to generation.

We cultivate our origins

And we sow stories.

So that in the one who is born,

The Memory is preserved.



My son is of mixed-race.

Unlike me, who is recognized as Sansei, the third generation of Japanese in Brazil, my children's family tree is much richer and more plural than mine. It is Portuguese, Italian, indigenous, and Japanese.

We know this from what our parents told us, stories passed down from generation to generation, when documents and surnames were often barely available, which makes me question, is there really a "pure race", aren't we all "plural"? At some point in the past, how many times have our stories connected and mixed...

I understand that in the times in which we live, there is no space for segregation, there is no "we" and "they", my children's story is like that of many, children of a multiple and diverse nation, they are Brazilians. But above all, we are all fruits of the same mother, Mother Earth.



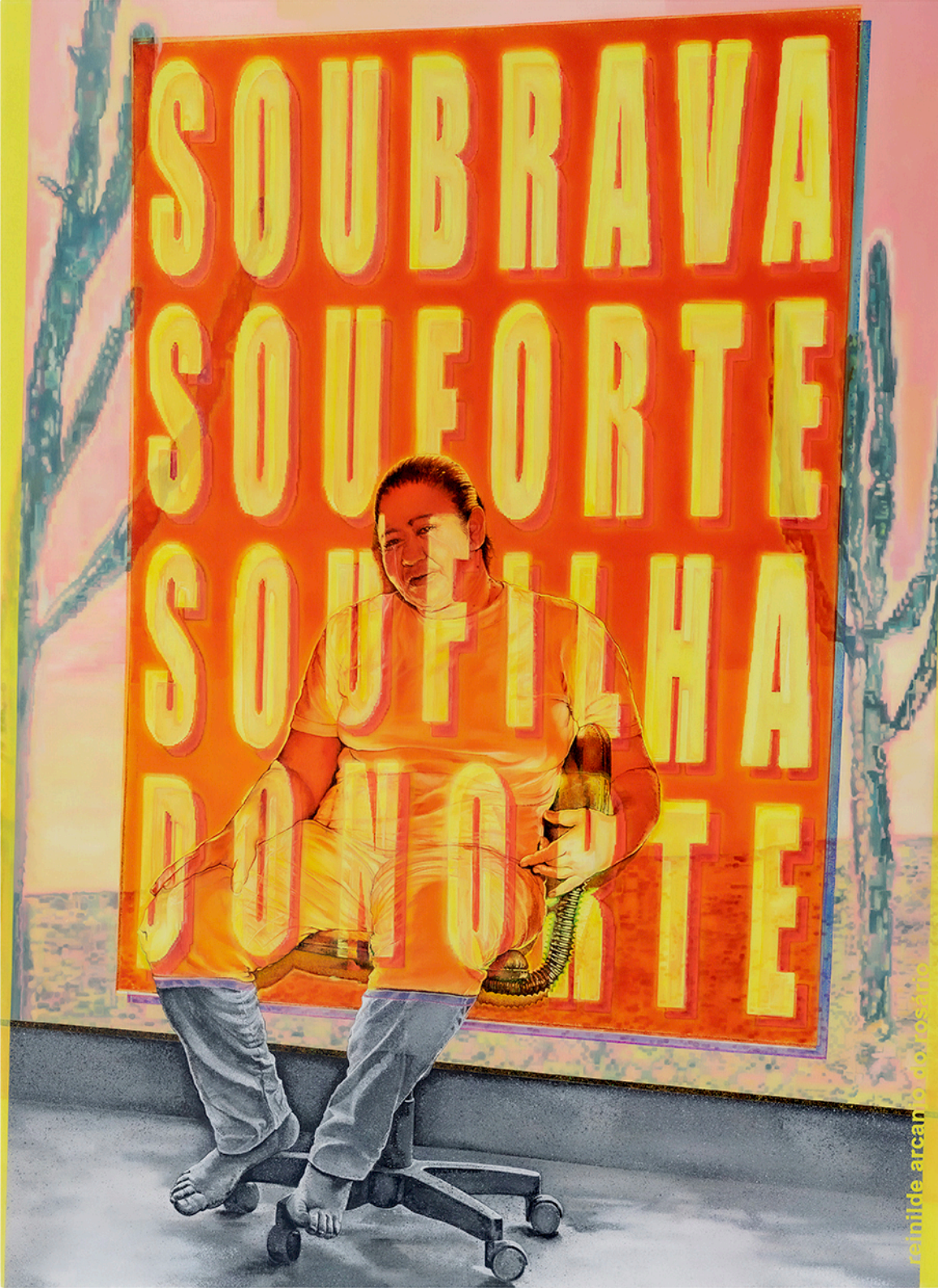


Photo credit: Filipe Berndt

“Daughter of the North”

(Reinilde Arcanjo do Rosário)

Marjô Mizumoto

2021

Oil on Canvas

180 x 130 x 3,5 cm

(Rodrigo Terpins Private Collection)

I take care. I take care of the house, the children, the grandma, I take care of what needs to be taken care of. I take so much care, that it became my profession, it's there, on the books: caretaker. Every day I wake up and take care of everything and everyone, except me. Not that I don't want to, but I don't have a lot of time left for this.

Time... Time is a funny thing, I'm in the present, but my head seems to always be there in the future, dreaming of a life other than this one... My heart, on the other hand, is in the past, in the memory, in the nostalgia... There are days they hit me hard, I miss those who stayed behind, my family, grandma, son, mommy...

It's dry there, there are those who call it “The Land of the Sun”, I think that's the only reason why everyone comes here, there's water here, there's work, it's where the money is. But we can never forget the old land... Those who come dream of the day they will return. Because the struggle here is daily and often lonely...

After all, who takes care of you when you take care of everyone else? There is no lack of rain here in the “Land of Drizzle”, and there's plenty of crying, too.

Eee... it's a struggle, you know.





Photo credit: Filipe Berndt

“The Pulse Still Pulses”

(Dr. Raquel Santana)

Marjô Mizumoto

2020

Oil on Canvas

100 x 60,5 x 3,5cm

(Karla Osório Private Collection)

Palpitations

Anxiety

Agony.

...SCREAM!

The sound suffocates in the N95.

8, 12, 24

7 days.

Every day.

Scrubs

Jumpsuit

And apron.

Glasses

Gloves

And Hydrocoll.

Cap

Turban

Stetho

N95.

Mask

Face shield

... Exhale ...

... Inhale ...

... Exhale ...

They don't stop coming.

All of them out of breath.

Examine.

Stabilize.

Intubate.

... Pray ...

I recognize some.

I do the evolution.

The diagnosis:

Loneliness

Isolated

Insecure

And frightened.

They ask for water.

They ask for air.

They ask for family.

Chloroquine.

... Inhale ...

... Exhale ...

Waiting room,

Hope.

I inform the report.

Unfortunately,

They passed away...

... Inhale ...

... Exhale ...

... Inhale ...

... Exhale ...

... Cry ...

... Inhale ...

... Exhale ...

I'm exhausted

Stressed out

Terrified

... Inhale ...

... Exhale ...

... Inhale ...

... Exhale ...

I'm still breathing...

COVID-19

新冠病毒



EM TEU SEIO, Ó LIBERDADE
DESAFIA O NOSSO PEITO A PRÓPRIA MORTE

"Miss Empathy 2020"

(Self-portrait)

Marjô Mizumoto

2020

Oil on canvas

160 x 120 x 3,5cm

(Private Collection)

I grew up among a heroic people, where equality isn't a right, it's conquered by mighty arms. Despite all difficulties, we are a symbol of love and hope.

As Miss Empathy 2020, it is my responsibility to the sons of this land, to be a gentle mother, to inspire our children that all life matters, to remind them that the elders of today are our destiny of tomorrow. Let's fight so that no one is left behind

Thou art a beautiful, strong, and intrepid colossus, and thy future mirrors thy greatness.

We have to believe everything can be better and the sun will shine over a new world. In thy bosom, O freedom!

Let's win this battle together, our life, in thy bosom, more love. Thou wilt see that a son of thine flees not from battle.

We need to embrace differences and respect others, I shall be the ambassador and symbol of eternal love.

Hail! Hail!

Miss Empathy Speech

* the parts in *italic* are part of the Brazilian national anthem

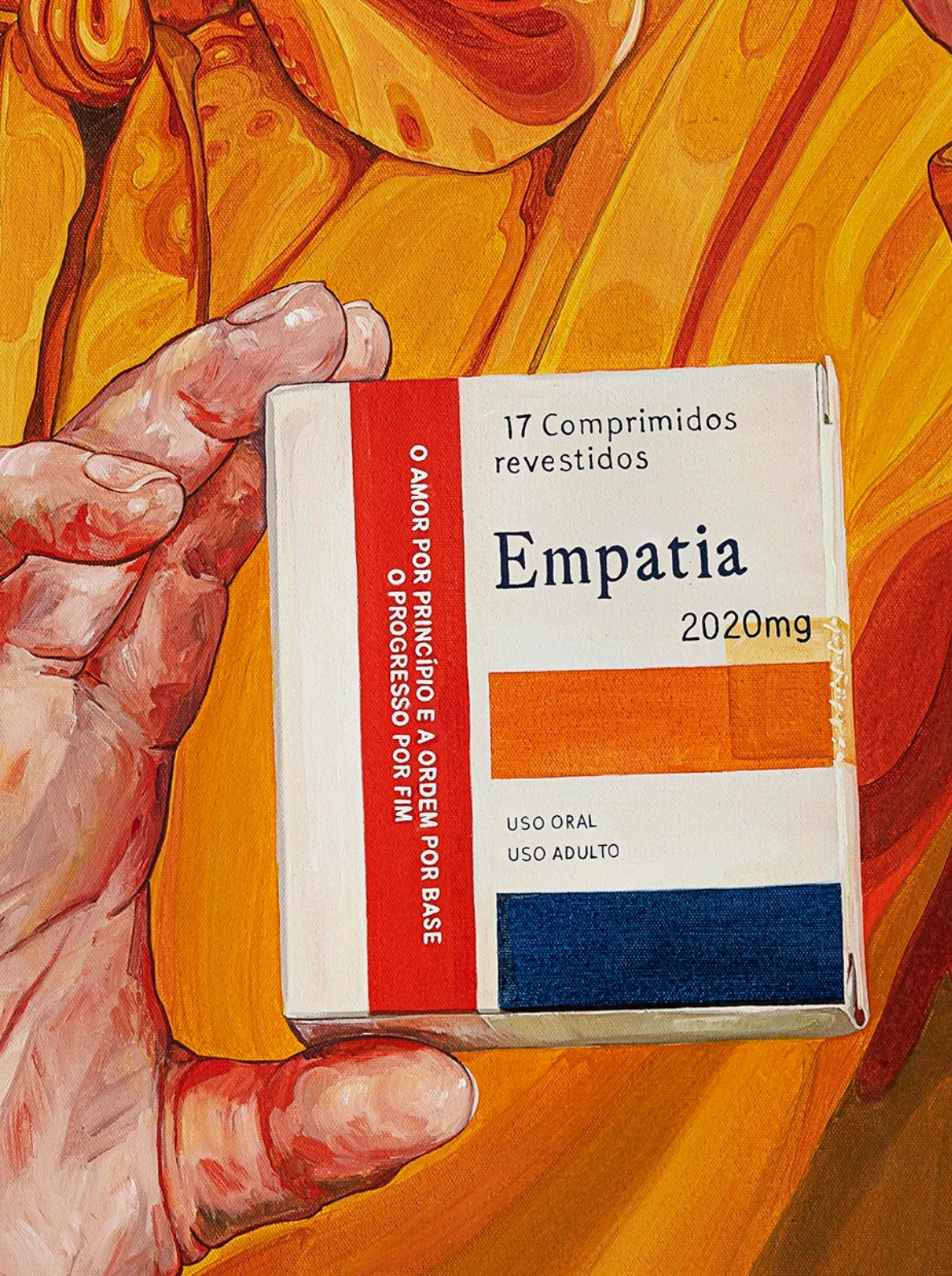
"In thy bosom, O freedom, our brave breast shall defy death itself!"

Empathy

Love as a principle and order as the basis; progress as the goal (Order and Progress)"

Photo credit: Filipe Berndt

MADE IN CHINA



It was April 2020, little by little we were getting to know the harsh reality of the pandemic that we all faced. We were in quarantine, worried about how to survive, both physically and financially.

While our parents and grandparents were in ICU beds, our president was talking about numbers, economics and progress, ignoring the most important: all of his people, with their multiple realities. They all had something in that moment in common that united us, the anguish, the fear of losing someone we love at any moment. Within his ignorance, he could not understand, have the empathy to feel the suffering of thousands of Brazilians who had lost their loved ones, who had no more air to breathe.

I needed to be one of the many voices that, within all this chaos that we were in, could still see hope, remind everyone of compassion, of our humanity and our ability to feel and understand each other.

That is when the idea of the Miss came to me, this woman who is only one, but who can be the bearer of a voice that echoes for thousands, representing their origins and ideologies, representing their country.



Photo credit: Marjô Mizumoto

“The Midnight Sun”

(Francisco P. de Mello)

Marjô Mizumoto

2020

Oil on canvas

140 x 110 x 3,5 cm

(Visual Arts Collection of the Department of Culture. 25° SAV_Salão de Artes Visuais de Vinhedo – Vinhedo (SP) Brazil)

Wednesday, April 29, 2020

42nd day of quarantine

I’m safe at home. My days are all the same: I wake up, I cook lunch for my family, I do the washing and take care of the kids. Later, I come to my studio and spend hours immersed in the act of painting. I feel privileged for not having to leave the house to work. My quarantine life hasn’t changed much from what it was before. I think that, as an artist and a mom, I was already used to periods of social isolation, but I miss seeing people dear to my heart, having Sunday lunches, trips to the countryside, playing card games, fishing, gathering relatives, and laugh at life...

At the moment, all I have left is to ask for blessings and wait, wait for more carefree days, when we will be able to meet again, smile, and embrace each other without fear.

“-Your blessing, grandpa.

-God bless you.”



PLAY

PM 12:44
APR. 02 2020

Eu fico com a pureza da resposta das crianças
É a vida, é bonita e é bonita...

"Sunday Funday"

(Marie Yuki Mizumoto Gomes and Leon Mizumoto Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto
2020
Oil on canvas
100,5 x 120,5 x 3,5 cm
(Bruno Gioia Private Collection)

I stand by
The truth
Of the answers of a child
This is life, life is beautiful
and beautiful.

To live
Not being affraid
To be happy,
To sing and nothing less than sing
The beauty of being
a learner throughout eternity.

Oh Lord
I know, I know
Life should be
Way better and surely it will
But this doesn't stop me
From repeating this:
Life is beautiful, it's beautiful
and beautiful.

(Gonzaguinha – O Que É, O Que É?)

Photo credit: Filipe Berndt





Photo credit: Filipe Berndt

“Sweet Disposition”

(Marjô Mizumoto and Marie Yuki Mizumoto Gomes)

Marjô Mizumoto

2020

Oil on canvas

180 x 120 x 5,5cm

(Lilian Gonçalves Private Collection)

5 years ago, I got pregnant and stopped painting due to the toxicity of the materials and dedicated my whole life to maternity. Back then, I thought of painting myself pregnant, floating on a river surrounded by nature. I never actually registered this moment. My son Leon was born, grew up, and the maternal life completely took hold of my time and my being.

I got pregnant again, of a girl, Marie. She was born and, with her, the mother who would teach a girl how to be a woman. I stepped into feminism, felt empowered. I realized all the standards society imposed upon my body lost their meaning, it was perfect: it generated, gave birth to, and nourished my children.

The image of the mother surrounded was present, I still felt close to this feeling of immersion, but the scene didn't make sense in the vastness of a cold river now: how would I shelter and comfort my offspring there? Nature came as a house, in a bathtub with my daughter. We could enjoy our moment of shared loneliness.





Photo credit: Filipe Berndt

“The Shining”

(Tom Inari Jorqueira Nakumo)

Marjô Mizumoto

2020

Oil on canvas

140 x 110 x 3,5 cm

(Sérgio Carvalho Collection)

No

I won't go

I don't like it

I don't want it

No, no, and no!

Freedom

Expression

I said no!

Screaming

Stubbornness

Savagery!



I was on Instagram when I came across the following scene: my nephew, all dressed up in the clothes he himself had chosen, his favorite toy in his hands, waiting, sitting on the couch with the face of someone who had been terribly upset.

As a mother, I couldn't help looking at the scene, laughing and feeling deeply represented at that moment when the son is annoyed by some limit imposed on him.

Maybe my cousin stopped him from going up to a place for his safety or maybe something extremely banal happened and contradicted his most intense desires at that moment.

It is pure anarchy, we are born this way, rebels from birth, but conditioned by life.

Marjô Mizumoto (b. 1988, São Paulo – Brazil)

Lives and works in São Paulo. Brazil.

EDUCATIONAL BACKGROUND

[2010]

Bacharelor's Degree in Plastic Arts, FAAP _ Armando Alvares Penteado Foundation – São Paulo (SP), Brazil

[2012 – 2014]

Attended an Art History graduate program, FAAP _ Armando Alvares Penteado Foundation – São Paulo (SP), Brazil

[2006]

Rudolf Steiner Waldorf School , São Paulo (SP), Brazil

[2015 | 2016]

Art Discussion Group with Regina Parra and Rodolpho Parigi – São Paulo (SP), Brazil

[2010 – 2012]

Paiting assistant to Ana Elisa Egreja – São Paulo (SP), Brazil

[2009]

Painting assistant to Rodolpho Parigi – São Paulo (SP), Brazil

[2007]

Mosaicist, Candido Portinari panel at PUC-RIO. Mentorship of Isabel Ruas. Oficina de Mosaicos – São Paulo (SP), Brazil

AWARDS

[2022]

8th Tomie Ohtake Arts Prize, Tomie Ohtake Institute – São Paulo (SP) Brazil.

32nd Exhibitions Program – CCSP, São Paulo Cultural Center – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

[2021]

11th DASartes Award, DASartes magazine. Issue 103 January /2021 – Rio de Janeiro (RJ), Brazil.

[2020]

25th Acquisition Prize at SAV _ Vinhedo Visual Arts Salon, Engenheiro Guerino Mário Pescarini Cultural Center – Vinhedo (SP), Brazil

[2015]

Acquisition Prize at the 14th National Salon of Art, MAC_Museum of Contemporary Art – Jataí (GO), Brazil.

PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

National Museum of Fine Arts – Rio de Janeiro (RJ), Brazil.

MAC_Museum of Contemporary Art – Jataí (GO), Brazil.

Visual Arts Collection of the Secretariat of Culture – Vinhedo (SP), Brazil.

Ar: Rotating Collection – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

Rodrigo Terpins Collection – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

Sérgio Carvalho Collection – Brasília (DF), Brazil.

INDIVIDUAL EXHIBITIONS

[2022]

While They Sleep, 32° Exhibitions Program – CCSP, Cultural Center São Paulo – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

Curatorship by Beatriz Lemos, Vânia Leite Leal Machado, Renata Aparecida Felinto dos Santos, Sylvia Monasterios and Maria Adelaide do Nascimento Pontes.

COLLECTIVE EXHIBITIONS

[2025]

21ª SP-Arte, Bienal Pavilion at Ibirapuera Park – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

[2024]

14ª ArtRio, Marina da Glória – Rio de Janeiro (RJ), Brazil.

What makes you kook at the sky?, Correios Cultural Center– Rio de Janeiro (RJ), Brazil.

20ª SP-Arte, Bienal Pavilion at Ibirapuera Park – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

[2023]

Mother in the imaginary of art, Afro Brazil Museum Emanoel Araujo, Ibirapuera Park – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

Curatorship by Claudinei Roberto da Silva

Divers, MAC_Museum of Contemporary Art – Jataí (GO), Brazil.

Works from the museum collection.

Anita Schwartz XXV, Anita Schwartz Gallery – Rio de Janeiro (RJ), Brazil.

Curatorship by Bianca Bernardo

Ar: Acervo Rotativo (Ar: Rotating Collection), MACS_Museu de Arte Contemporânea de Sorocaba – Sorocaba (SP), Brazil.

Curatorship by Laerte Ramos

19th SP-Arte, Bienal Pavilion at Ibirapuera Park – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

13th ArtRio, Marina da Glória – Rio de Janeiro (RJ), Brazil.

[2022]

8th Tomie Ohtake Art Prize, Tomie Ohtake Institute – São Paulo (SP) Brazil.

Curatorship by de Aline Albuquerque, Horrana de Kassia Santoz, Júlia Cavazzini, Priscyla Gomes, Renata Bittercourt, Rita Vênus and Sallisa Rosa.

Common Sense, Anita Schwartz Gallery – Rio de Janeiro (RJ), Brazil

Curatorship by Bianca Bernardo.

Gallery opening OMA Jardins, OMA Jardins Gallery – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

18th SP-Arte, Biennial Pavilion at Ibirapuera Park – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

1st ArtSampa, OCA Ibirapuera Park – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

12nd ArtRio, Marina da Glória – Rio de Janeiro (RJ), Brazil.

[2021]

15° Itajaí Arts Salon, Itajaí's Cultural Foundation – Itajaí (SC), Brazil.

Curatorship by Kamilla Nunes, Gabi Bresola e Sofia Brito.

Ar: Acervo Rotativo (Ar: Rotating Collection), Oficina Cultural Oswald de Andrade – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

Curatorship by Laerte Ramos

A Portrait for a New World, Casa da Luz – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

Curatorship by André Niemeyer

MáscarART Cultural Exhibition, Awareness campaign for the use of masks at São Paulo Metro – Paulista, Mackenzie and Eucaliptos stations – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

[2020]

16th Guarulhos Contemporary National Arts Salon, Adamastor Educational Center – Guarulhos (SP), Brazil.

Curatorship by Anna Guerra, Adriano Gambim and Oscar D'Ambrosio

25th SAV_Vinhedo Visual Arts Salon, Engenheiro Guerino Mário Pescarini Cultural Center – Vinhedo (SP), Brazil.

Curatorship by Luiz Gustavo Paffaro, Marisa Gallerani Solimeo and Miro Bampa

[2017]

Attendance, MAC_Museum of Contemporary Art – Jataí (GO), Brazil.

Works from the museum collection..

[2015]

14th National Salon of Art, MAC_Museum of Contemporary Art – Jataí (GO), Brazil.

Curatorship by Clara Lima, Edney Antunes e Sandro Tôrres

Sharpen Your Senses, House of Work – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

[2011]

It's Not Ketchup, It's Blood, MAB-FAAP_Museum of Brazilian Arts of Armando Alvares Penteado Foundation – Lutétia Building – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

[2009]

41st Annual of Arts, FAAP_Armando Alvares Penteado Foundation – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

Curatorship by Laura Lima, Márcio Harum, Marcos Moraes and Rodrigo Moura

[2008]

40th Annual of Arts, FAAP_Armando Alvares Penteado Foundation – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

Curatorship by Cristiana Tejo, Marcos Moraes, Nilton Campos e Paula Perissinoto

COMMISSIONED WORKS

[2024]

R.U.R – Rossum's Universal Robots, Book cover for ALEPH Publishing – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

[2021]

Cult Magazine | Poetry Anthology #4, artwork for Bregantini Publishing – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

Curatorship by Fernando Saraiva

[2020]

A Canticle for Leibowitz, Book cover for ALEPH Publishing – São Paulo (SP), Brazil.

MEDIA | PRESS

<https://linktr.ee/Marjomizumoto>





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