

HECTOR DIAZ

Edgar Mendoza

Presentation

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Index

Introduction 4

Statement 6

Biography 12

Artworks 24

Catalog 36

Contact 38

Introduction

About

Edgar Mendoza, one of the most outstanding contemporary realists in Latin America, is an artist who transcends the mimetic representation of reality to create dreamlike worlds and visual poems that invite reflection. His work, which is characterized by a style he calls "Actual Realism", is a constant dialogue between reality and his inner world, a universe of emotions and sensations that he shares with the viewer.

He defines himself as an artist committed to his time and his own truth. For him, being an artist in the 21st century means being authentic and faithful to his own voice, creating regardless of trends or fashions. His humility and his connection with the essentials of life are reflected in his vision of art and in his desire to connect with the public through his creations.

As a gallerist, I am proud to represent an artist of the stature of Edgar Mendoza, a creator who invites us to look within ourselves and appreciate the beauty and complexity of the world around us. I invite you to discover his work, a testimony of his talent, his passion and his commitment to art.

Recognition

Edgar's international career is distinguished by his inclusion in high-profile collections, notably the European Museum of Modern Art (MEAM).

His worldwide recognition is further underscored by his articles in major media outlets, including his appearance in a full-page article in Mexico’s El Economista. Such consistent media coverage reinforces his relevance and strengthens collector confidence in his work.

He has been represented by HECTOR DIAZ since 2025, joining our select group of exceptional contemporary artists.

–Héctor Díaz

Statement

My work is the result of 36 years of technical and conceptual research in contemporary realist painting.

My painting is in a pre-maturity stage that already conveys its own identity, but its consistency requires new challenges and discoveries in its inexhaustible desire for creation.

Each painting is a new beginning and a new opportunity to rediscover and perfect my path.

My paintings are conversations that dialogue with the viewer to provoke questions and answers that they themselves carry within. I want to calmly awaken the feeling that what is being observed belongs to a reality.

One detail I would like to mention is the fact that I do not intend to create stereotypes with my characters; their appearance, actions and the scenery they are part of are actually just a pretext to suggest a kind of guide that narrates certain symbols and concepts.

Practically all my portrayed characters only use that narrative framework that surrounds them as an ornamental setting. Its function is rather to invite you to look at their faces and go inside them so that you can discover yourself.

My characters are surrounded by external metaphors in simple or complex scenarios that express my concepts and concerns; but my main function is to show an internal portrait that communicates sensations and feelings in the viewer, regardless of whether it coincides with my narrative or not.

The women I usually paint, try with their clean gaze to whisper an invitation for you to look at yourself and dialogue with your being listening to your own silence.

Since a painting cannot communicate with a verbal dialogue, the style that has best allowed me to transmit this silent language of codes is Realism. The more truthfulness of reality I manage to paint in a scene, the greater the possibility of provoking emotions and feelings in a viewer. A merely abstract style does not serve my purpose.

I am interested in generating an objective and also subjective reality.

As the years go by, I am grateful to begin to perceive the simplicity that allows us to stop pretending to be what we are not.

Cinema and its influence

Cinema is undoubtedly a reference for my work. I belong to a generation of realist painters whose interpretation of reality has been influenced by each of the technological advances in cinema that have been perfecting their own challenges to show the veracity of the genre that seeks its expression in each film.

In my opinion, cinema is the most versatile, sophisticated and contemporary artistic expression that exists at this moment.
Its limits, even though they are highly manipulated by its industry, are still in constant experimentation where we can find a variety of possibilities that have given rise to a set of truly masterful creations.

The evolution and changes that cinema has experienced and its great contrasts according to its time and historical moment, can only be captured in their essence by the sensitive eyes of someone who encodes as a receiver those messages full of creativity.

Cinema since its origins has been a wonderful box of dreams in which we have been able to put the other artistic disciplines together, forming perfect teams.

The capacity of cinema is unimaginable and it is an open window that will continue to propose the most subtle and simple ideas to the most complex and sophisticated concepts about the existential thought of the human being.

I grew up watching charro movies, romanticized stories in black and white that disguised their limitations through ingenious resources.

Since I was a child I have experienced deep feelings before a scene of joy or sadness and I have aspired to recreate the settings for my own creative universe that is pictorial but with the soul of cinema.

Why would I not feel inspired by this great reference of our times, why would I not try to make respectful tributes to the films and their concepts that have marked a part of my creativity.

My deepest gratitude to this source of inspiration and all the respect from my humble position to the credits and intellectual properties of other creators in their various artistic branches.

All my recognition.

The nude

Nudity can be objective when we see it as it is, and subjective even if we see it dressed.

In my painting, nudes do not seek to express a sensual eroticism in relation to love and sexual pleasures.

Women, who are mostly the protagonists of my stories, are shown naked as a subjective concept that expresses the inner body that we carry within and the existential concerns or psychological conflicts about our own being.

These reflections aim to express the degrees of nudity that I handle in my works, they want to insinuate some anatomies that provide readings as if it were a geographical map of a living ecosystem.

One of the main reflections to debate about the nude are the canons and the politically correct stereotypes that are supposed to be the ideals. I am interested in analyzing the issue of objectification, both of men and women, through which we turn people into pieces of things or objects of desire in a kind of banality fair in which we all participate, but whose expression often lacks arguments that can go beyond.

My idea about the nude does not pretend to question the above as if I were alien, I am part of that system and language so rooted in our society, but I am interested in being aware of why and for what I need to use nudes in my paintings to transmit an honest message.

Eroticism as such is a field of unlimited cultivation for creativity, in fact I myself also show my own doses of sexuality in my nudes that although they pretend to suggest abstractions, ultimately they cannot avoid showing their subtle nature of that erotic sensuality.

Through my characters I try to transmit concepts about the influence that our interior exerts on what we are in general and what we think about our existence. Nudity would be the model to objectively represent this complex idea about the interior. Through nudes I translate these concepts. Being semi-nude the characterization that best adapts to my expressive needs since it allows me to make a second skin or tailor-made suits.

I have found in transparencies the indicated materials that also have the capacity to reinforce an anachronism that I need to have in the environments where my stories take place.

My work ultimately requires nudes to show these portraits, not only of faces that express concepts, but also of those bodies that receive us in the intimacy of themselves among their circumstances, sometimes artificial and other times human.

In the nudes that we artists execute, we can find, depending on the author, a whole dictionary of identities. Each one knows how he wants to use this wonderful tool to express what he is and what he feels.

Perhaps, in the end, everything comes down to a single idea: getting naked is nothing more than the reflection of what each one experiences when he decides to take off his clothes.

Edgar Mendoza
Hondón de las Nieves, Alacant, Spain
January–March 2025



Edgar Mendoza

Biography

Edgar Noé Mendoza Mancillas

B. October 11, 1967 - Durango, Mexico.

35 years ago I painted my first painting, in 1989, I was 22 years old, I was in one of those existential crises in which you tend to question the direction of your life.

I had been working as a sign painter, a job I learned with my teacher Antonio Chávez and his son Jorge Antonio Chávez Vela, “Tony”, also a fellow painter, whom I baptized a son and became his godfather.

Life had put me in a dilemma, between continuing to paint letters on walls, an action that would surely have led me to do graffiti, or dedicating myself to music, a recurring dream in which I saw myself playing the piano surrounded by a symphony orchestra.
The music school closed its doors to me, or rather, the inscriptions because I did not arrive on time. And regarding the painting of signs, frankly it did not meet my inner needs. At that moment, my sad state of mind reflected that of a disoriented young man who, although he wanted to take on the world, his education, lacking and disorganized, made him a frustrated being.

One spring morning in 1989, I took refuge in Guadiana Park. Its visitors are loyal people, but they are also people that you seem to have never seen, people who constantly renew themselves, but if your memory registers them, those people do exist every day. You often go to Guadiana Park to be invisible, because despite being surrounded by I don't know who, the rules of coexistence of that place allow you to go unnoticed, nobody wants to mess with the person next to you, except the onlookers. That morning I came across a fluorescent-colored advertisement stuck to a tree. It was from the “School of Painting, Sculpture and Crafts” of the Juárez University of the State of Durango, inviting me to join its ranks; I did not hesitate and immediately went to ask for information.

The first person I spoke to was the teacher Guillermo Bravo Morán (at that time I didn't know the importance of that veteran), after introducing myself and explaining my interest in entering, he replied that the registrations were also closed, I think that at that moment I lowered my head and backed away, but feeling like I was in the slaughterhouse, I had an impulse to survive and insisted again, that day I had gotten up on the right foot, Guillermo Bravo, due to my insistence, admitted me as an auditor in his class, there I began to paint.

For a while I preferred to hide from my parents, and from everyone, that I would attend a painting school, surely they would not have agreed because when they found out, a couple of months later, the news did not sit well with them.
I was already of age, and the rebellious background of my older brothers at that time made my younger brother Joaquín and I hope to correct our professional and work path... in my case, a red light was beginning to come on.

In 1986 I finished high school as a Forestry Technician. In 1986 I finished my high school as a Forestry Technician, I was 18 years old and I was tired of the violence that contaminated my friends in the neighborhood: alcohol, street fights, sexist values, military service, etc.; All this planted in me the desire to be a priest, but at the Seminary they kept me under observation, and then they rejected me.

I started working with “el chido”, a neighbor who used to take all the young people in the neighborhood as apprentices. We worked in masonry, electricity, plumbing, painting houses, and repairing household appliances. I think I was a good helper, but I preferred the salary that the Chavez family later gave me.

For my parents, their son (the one who narrates), despite having left school, was not showing signs of laziness either, they were getting used to my precarious, but correct, stability; that is why when they found out that I wanted to be a painter, they grew more gray hairs.

At the painting school, the teacher Bravo gave me a board primed with wall paint so that I could do my first exercise (days before I had to steal from my mother a case with oil paints that she used to paint her pictures, she was very good at drawing and she did not do it badly).

When you are new at a school you feel watched, and I was just a listener in the first year classroom. My classmates were nice, but as the days went by I realized that they were just having fun, and not necessarily with painting, it was as if they didn't care about what they were doing, which is why the upper semesters worried me so much. I managed to sneak into the upper semesters classroom from time to time since I wasn't allowed to be there, I felt like I belonged with them, because I saw them concentrating, I remember that they were painting a still life with purple cabbages, I was intrigued by how Yanira Bustamante works with a lot of material and spatulas, and I was fascinated by Gustavo Correa's surrealist paintings.

A good exercise to start a painting is to copy a living or inanimate model. With a living model you gradually realise that it represents very serious execution problems. With an inanimate model you have the advantage that it is motionless so you can copy it for as long as you want, and that is precisely what I did. I became obsessed with copying the objects that the master Bravo had given us as models and I became a hermetic being when I painted. I tried to put into practice all the teachings that I had received from a painting encyclopedia that I had bought in installments when I was still working as a sign painter at “La Soriana” (a well-known and very popular shopping center in Durango). In it I discovered the painter Johannes Vermeer from Delft, Netherlands. When I saw an illustration of his paintings for the first time, it caused such amazement in me that I felt like the world had stopped around me. From that moment on, he became my main idol.

I remember the day I finished my first painting. There were people who mockingly told me to finish it, and there were others who made good comments. The result of that work exhausted me, but at the same time, my personality began to take shape, that of never being satisfied. Something else that I also began to notice was that teaching was not easy, especially when the person teaching you does not paint realism, as was the case with my teacher Bravo, but no one else did it at school. There was no academy for this style in Durango, there was no such trend, not even a moderately established academy in the city.
Bravo explained to me, suggested to me, made technical observations, but with a language that only experienced painters manage to understand each other. Unfortunately, not all good artists have the teaching ability to teach such sophisticated knowledge in a practical and simple way. I was just a novice, and for a while I could not understand those complex instructions.

The summer of 1989 was ending and I was finally able to enroll in school and attend other practical classes, such as drawing and clay modeling. Something unexpected also arose: my brother Oscar also enrolled with me for the first semester.

I think I owe the origin of my beginning to draw to my brother Oscar, who used to do it for as long as I can remember. Back in 1974, I sat next to him to watch him draw with a pencil the stories in the books that I still couldn't read fluently. As if it were a comic strip, he would tell me about historical battles in books and illustrate them; those drawings were thrown into the trash, but I would recover them and collect them, maybe that's why I can understand the essence that moves collectors; drawings that he made, drawings that I asked him to give me, and on one occasion he simply stopped giving them to me, he told me "If you want more drawings, do them", I surely insisted but he kept his promise, so I had no choice but to start scribbling on my own sheets of paper.

Starting a drawing for the first time in your life or making sense of the blots is a delicate task, it depends largely on your patience and determination. If you manage to get past the first stage and don't despair, your senses, initially clumsy, begin to be better the more you draw, according to the style that your nature dictates.

I had never in my life coincided with one of my brothers in a classroom. Oscar is seven years older than me, and although he was always my favorite brother in some way due to our natural affinities, his training and tastes were different.
I think I paid off that debt I had with my brother for getting me started in drawing in 1989 when I insisted that we enroll in painting school, and he accepted the invitation.
I was surprised by the fluidity my brother had in drawing, painting, and modeling with clay; in addition, he had a very particular vision of forms, and tireless discipline; he was a great support and example.

The group that entered in the fall of 1989 was large, there were people of various ages and occupations. The school was in a critical period because its patriarch, the great artist Francisco Montoya de la Cruz (1907-1994) had retired due to age-related problems. He was the founder of the school and its head for decades. At the very least, a museum should bear his name. It was not necessary to have lived with him to not admire the character in many of his facets.
During the time I spent at the painting school, stories were constantly told that made Montoya a myth and a legend impregnated in its walls, formidable anecdotes and the occasional bad review, but of all those comments made by the teachers, workers and students who knew him, unfortunately I never witnessed from 1989 to 1994 that his people paid him a deserved tribute at his school, and if they did, I do not know. But what recognition should be given to a person of this stature, in addition to those already granted to him in times past? How can we thank him for having founded a school and given us a space in which generations of artists continue to be trained? To begin with, we must continue to thank him when the artist is still alive, so that he feels like a very necessary person in this society.

When the “School of Painting, Sculpture and Crafts” welcomed me for the first time, it showed me its set of rooms and workshops, surrounded by huizaches and eucalyptus trees in a considerable area. As I became familiar with its history and facilities, the comparison with an archaeological site seemed similar to me; I realized that the school was not even in a post-classical period of its development. The classical period of this ceremonial center had become extinct, and that year in which my brother and I entered, it only showed an institution occupied by people who lived off past

glories, but who did not care to generate, with energy, new conquests. The golden age was over, and in my opinion, only three teachers were maintaining those ruins with an imaginary scaffolding.

Teacher Donato Martínez (who was a member of the “Mexican Communist Party”), a veteran who undoubtedly knew quite a bit of the technical and historical details about the school – perhaps from its beginnings – was in charge of the direction since 1988.
Martínez participated in the elaboration of several monuments that still exist in the city of Durango. For me, he was a very accessible man, full of anecdotes. He commissioned me to make a bust of General Guadalupe Victoria that was cast in bronze, which is currently in the central garden of the University of Durango. Donato had a simplicity that characterized him, but this, I believe, made him easy prey for the disorganization and apathy of the school staff.
The school had several well-equipped craft workshops: glass blowing, ceramics, textiles, casting, among others. The large production that was generated in them at one time gave rise to a craft unique to Durango: red glass, with its gold-based formula, a unique technique, and at one time secret, from the state of Jalisco. In the workshops there was forgotten machinery, even broken, like the textile machines that were brought from La Constancia, in the same state of Durango.

I don't know exactly when the workers in the craft workshops became a nightmare for anyone who tried to manage them. I think that it was terrible for them, from the labor point of view, to have unionized, because although these organizations have made a huge leap in rights, in certain cases the obligations have been corrupted.

The school's educational system offered the career of "Technician in Painting, Sculpture and Engraving," but courses could also be taken in the different craft workshops. I intended to complete the full degree, but along the way (practically from the beginning) I became obsessed with painting, drawing, and modeling, leaving the theoretical classes behind. The result was that these subjects were not recorded in my school record, so I became an "official" irregular student. Among the factors that caused my disorganization, in addition to the personal ones, was the lack of theoretical teachers, as well as the absence of a well-structured study plan. In my opinion, only Guillermo Bravo Morán, who was in charge of the higher semesters, and Marcos Martínez Velarde, recently deceased at 86 years old (1938-2024), with whom I lived the entire first year, were those who kept the attention of their students; Marcos was, perhaps, the most effective, punctual and dedicated teacher, he transmitted work discipline, very necessary in this profession, he had not had great experiences like those that Bravo had alongside Siqueiros and other consecrated artists, but he was an artist who connected with the new students in his educational work, he taught drawing and modeling classes.

In 1990 he invited us to exhibit the Mendoza brothers at the Technological Institute of Durango, and shortly after he got me the commission to make a life-size female nude cast in plaster.

We formed a compact group: my older brother Oscar, my good friend and brother for life Ricardo Fernández Ortega, and I. We used to visit the school library, perhaps the best in art books in the entire province, a treasure that was forgotten, moth-eaten and damp, since there were many floods in that area. I remember that the display cases could not be opened because of the humidity. However, under those conditions, we set about classifying books and reading everything we could. We began to discover a world of artistic movements, which increased with abstractionism in the 20th century. “Reality” was always present in my concern to create forms since I saw that illustration by Vermeer, but with so many painters that I observed from the beginning of the 20th century, I soon began to focus my work towards constructivist, cubist, expressionist, and even abstractionist tendencies. Some time later in 1990, and as a result of our study, the three of us did an exhibition at the Durango gallery “Tlacuilos” (Tlacuilo means painter in the indigenous Nahuatl language), the show was called “Estratos, Contemporary Art”.
It began to be said in the cultural associations of Durango that our school had been reborn after many years; this led us to organize all the other students, about twenty who perhaps were looking for the same thing as us, although with less commitment. We wanted to show what we did to everyone, so we decided to do it in the streets, in other schools with children, even in the middle of the markets with street vendors. We did exhibitions anywhere, they lasted about three hours, sometimes the easels fell down due to the dusty winds. That was how we began to become known and receive criticism and reviews in the city.

In 1992, I read a poster in the Casa de la Cultura in Durango that invited young people to join the group of "Mexican Muralist Painters" in Cuernavaca, Morelos, offering scholarships and training for mural painting. I discussed it with Oscar and Ricardo and we decided to join together. We put together some money and set off. The three of us were selected, which allowed us to leave Durango and be in the central area of Mexico. Cuernavaca is twelve hours from our city. It was completely different, since the history of my country, in many ways, has been recorded in golden letters in this area. When we talk about Mexican culture, we have to live and experience this region, perhaps one of the richest in Mexico culturally speaking.

We settled in with the others who had been selected from the other thirty-one states of the Mexican Republic. We received classes of all kinds. Together we participated in the creation of the largest mural I have ever seen in my life, the one on the vault of the “Mercado Adolfo López Mateos” in

Cuernavaca, Morelos, considered the largest in the world at the time, with a surface area of one thousand square meters; unfortunately it was destroyed in 2002 by a fire in the building, and any trace of the painting was erased by a second fire in 2010. Its director was the Mexican artist and muralist José Silverio Saiz Zorrilla, born in 1938 in Tamaulipas, who invested more than 21 years of his life in trying to create that colossal work; he died in 2017 at the age of 79. Zorrilla was a character dressed in a khaki-style military uniform, perfectly ironed, with a summoning capacity capable of moving sky, sea and land; his work team was made up of loyal people that he himself rehabilitated and reformed by taking them off the streets and from the underworld of markets and extreme vices, all this group of characters worthy of a pirate ship crew, taught us strategies on how to
survive from painting without necessarily being a painter, practically like a manual for the perfect beggar patented and tested by themselves.

Along the way we met painters of the stature of José Chávez Morado, Víctor Contreras, Desiderio Xochitiotzin, Cázares Campos and Carlos Kunte, who supported and advised us, in addition to giving us the invaluable teaching of their experience.

Rufino Tamayo himself, who was invited to the installations in 1990, recognized the value of the mural in the Cuernavaca market. Through a curious anecdote told over and over again by the master Zorrilla and by the market's locals, whose testimonies were printed in various photographs that captured the moment of the illustrious visitor. The anecdote is that Tamayo, upon looking at the simplicity of the forms and designs of said mural, questioned its artistic quality in his position as a master, he sarcastically asked Zorrilla if that, although colossal, could be considered a mural, to which Silverio responded shrewdly, "Master, what I am painting, am I painting it on a wall?"... Tamayo let his guard down and answered "Indeed, Master Zorrilla, you are absolutely right, if it is painted on a wall it is a mural," they smiled, hugged each other, and prepared to eat the mole and the Morelos banquet prepared in the market. It was very clear that Tamayo never considered that this giant painting had, in his opinion, artistic quality, so Zorrilla completely dismantled it, putting it between a rock and a hard place, with the pretext that it was painted on a wall and therefore anyone would have to recognize it as a mural.

After Cuernavaca I returned to Durango, and I looked for a way to be able to return to that area, to reconnect with that place that, without a doubt, is one of the most important cultural centers in Latin America.

In 1994, the FONCA – National Fund for Culture and the Arts – had just launched its first scholarship program in Durango, called “Scholarships for Young Creators.” I participated and they gave me the scholarship. This encouraged me to go and live in Mexico City, then called D.F. – Federal District. There I met the teacher Francisco de Santiago Silva, professor at the “San Carlos Academy of Fine Arts” and director of the highest academic performance project at the “National School of Plastic Arts” of the UNAM – National Autonomous University of Mexico. Although I had no official papers of study in the fine arts, he invited me to participate with his students in certain workshops, such as that of Javier Anzures, who for the first time taught me to distinguish color by itself, without relation to drawing or chiaroscuro. Thus began a totally abstract stage in me, based on bright and strong colors; reality took a back seat. Even so, the portrait commissions kept me in the realism that had always been present in my short career.

In 1996, the Governor of Durango, Maximiliano Silerio Esparza, commissioned me to paint a portrait of one of his sons, and paid me some plane tickets to Spain. It was on this first trip in 1997 that I met the art critic Joan Peiró López, Vice-Rector of “Culture, Communication and Institutional Image” at the Polytechnic University of Valencia, who gave me a food grant that allowed me to stay in that country for a year.

At that time my work was a mix of abstract painting with realism. When I had the opportunity to visit the “Museo del Prado” in Madrid and the “Louvre” in Paris, it was such an impact to see for the first time all those paintings from the books of my adolescence, that “reality” became the style in which I wanted my images to be expressed.

When I returned to Mexico, I began to feel very deeply the identity of my people and my culture, completely different from what I had managed to perceive in Europe.
The conquest of the Aztec Empire by the Spanish brought syncretisms that produced a fusion that has not changed over the centuries; this has given rise to a way of feeling and living that may seem like a fantasy but is real and that permeates every part of life…it is as if one were “dreaming”…. These themes, up to now, make me create stories without any pretentious purpose other than to show what I have heard, felt, enjoyed and experienced in the places I have been to and the people who have touched my heart.

In the then D.F. –now Mexico City– we met the members of the “Herme” engraving workshop in the south of the city, Luis Garzón Chapa and Hermenegildo Martínez. In this workshop I learned to work with 1.25m x 2.50m wooden plates with popular culture motifs. We began to get moving and

managed to exhibit our work in several museums, such as the Frida Kahlo Museum in Mexico City, and others in the Mexican province.

In 1991, alongside the engraving workshop, I began to work as an assistant in the workshop of the Chiapas painter Enrique Estrada, making life-size portraits of famous politicians and writers. This allowed me to have a fixed salary and gain more experience. When you are under the orders of another easel painter, you simply have to do what he wants. In this way, discipline is created and you learn other ways of seeing painting. Estrada began to awaken in me the need to distinguish and balance warm and cold colors. In my case, I tended too much towards warm colors, a very common tendency in many Latin American realist painters.

In 1998, Pilar Vivo Baturone and I decided to live together in Mexico City. I was awarded a new FONCA scholarship, and she was given another from the Polytechnic University of Valencia to stay in Mexico.

After all the learning and experiences, my personal work began to show stories that tended towards Magical Realism, images that reminded me of those written by Juan Rulfo. In a very important stage of my work, between 1998 and 2008, the themes and techniques I experimented with maintained stories that sought to narrate precisely the symbols of that syncretism experienced up to that point.

I never belonged to a specific movement or teaching, I have painted using one of the most universal languages: the figurative. I try to create a world with people who belong to any place. My characters are human, and also symbols disguised as humans. I like the stories and lies that people tell, because they become myths and legends that they themselves end up adoring. I don't like to follow rules that later prevent me from painting incoherent scenes, because it makes no difference to me to grab images from here and there and put them, glued, in my fields, just like in dreams, trying not to think too much about why they are there, although, sometimes, because they are repeated so much, the symbols end up telling you something.
In 2001 I began to sell a couple of works in a gallery in Mexico City. That same year, Pilar showed my paintings in New York, and was invited by the Latin American workshop Grady Alexis Gallery for a solo exhibition, which would also be shown at Gracie Square Hospital. Unfortunately, the embassy of that country did not grant me a visa, so these exhibitions could never be held.

In 2002, FONCA granted me another scholarship for the third time; we decided to go live in Spain.

At that time, I met the businessmen and collectors with the surname Jiménez Godoy, an emblematic family from Murcia, Spain, who offered me, through a contract, to acquire practically all my production, which I made between 2002 and 2006. The invaluable experience I acquired during the years dedicated to the paintings of the Jiménez Godoy Collection, ultimately served me to build what I would call my post-adolescent pictorial stage. Here lies the great importance of the leading role that collectors have with their patronage in the development and positioning of an artist. My works for this collection allowed me to materialize the concepts of an entire identity that I carried within me and that had been accumulating, so that when the time came, I could freely express myself through a fantastic and dreamlike language. It also allowed me to embed my ideas through this series that lasted five years, recording a period that included a spring-like beginning of the project, after a summer maturation, and of course, its respective autumn and winter ending; accompanied by its best ally and advisor: a much-needed crisis for the artist; which is not like smallpox, which only occurs once in a lifetime, but like the flu, which hits you constantly, to remind you that creativity is always in a constant state of transformation. Blessed crises that make us realize that we need to clean up and format our hard drives in order to begin building that new evolutionary stretch of road.

Later, my essence stagnated for a couple of years; the language I had achieved no longer communicated with myself. I entered into a deep reflection while walking on the top of a mountain, and then I found myself face to face with the answer: the simplicity of the horizon; I saw it clean and clear, I needed to synthesize, I needed to practice "less is more" to experience my inner commitment to honesty again.

In 2008, after that purifying process, life brought me new challenges that forced me to shed my skin like a snake. Spanish Realism and Hyperrealism appeared in a forceful way in my life. Circumstances were taking place, like a domino effect, adapting perfectly to the changes that I wanted to transform in my pictorial process; a synthesis that needed to modify its own previous language, perhaps with the same concepts, but with a new version that would require my greatest effort with all my resources, my senses, my tools, to achieve the expression of that “reality."

I began to adore and have a great feeling for hyperrealism, and it increasingly influenced my technical execution. I deeply admire the abilities and resources of hyperrealist artists, without excluding the most spontaneous and expressive realists, they are simply extraordinary. Among the painters I have met in Spain, and other parts of the world, there are several with surprising talents.

In my career as a painter, which began in 1989, my stages have alternated between moments of more and less production, due to the laboriousness of the technique, but I have always been consistent in the profession of portraitist. An allergy to the dust of the quarry prevented me from sculpting, which I liked more than painting. I have tried to understand two main ways of seeing painting, the first, the stains themselves, which have taught me a lot; the second, the copy of what I see in photos, in books, in magazines, in the cinema, in dreams, and of course, in reality, in “realism”.

My current goal is to continue to improve day by day in the technical details of my work. The maturity of the years gives you a greater decision-making capacity to get rid of what you consider unnecessary, you learn to better use when to detail too much, and when to only simulate an effect to serve in the transmission of your concept. The path is extremely difficult, and although, honestly, I believe I have many resources, I also know that I still lack important qualities to overcome the pending challenges. But in my nature, those challenges that are said to be impossible, usually come in handy.

I am a happy painter in this present, I hope to continue being so in that future full of learning that never ends, the truth is that being aware of this makes me feel very grateful.

Edgar Mendoza
Hondón de las Nieves, Alacant, Spain
February 2025

Artworks



***Adam and Eve**,* 2021, Oil on Linen, 130 x 195 cm © Edgar Mendoza



Nobody, 2021, Oil on Canvas, 81 x 100 cm © Edgar Mendoza



Visitor, 2020, Oil on Canvas, 89 x 130 cm © Edgar Mendoza



Death, 2017, Oil on Canvas, 81 x 114 cm © Edgar Mendoza



***Bulbs**,* 2016, Oil on Canvas, 114 x 81 cm © Edgar Mendoza



Mutant, 2013, Oil on Canvas, 162 x 114 cm © Edgar Mendoza



Lumen, 2012, Oil on Canvas, 89 x 75 cm © Edgar Mendoza



***Extraction of the stone of madness**,* 2012, Oil on Canvas, 150 x 150 cm © Edgar Mendoza



Alternating Current, 2010, Oil on Canvas, 200 x 200 cm © Edgar Mendoza



***The picnic**,* 2008, Oil on Canvas, 200 x 200 cm © Edgar Mendoza



The surgeons, 2008, Oil on Canvas, 97 x 130 cm © Edgar Mendoza

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Artwork Credits:

Cover: *The picnic*, 2008, Oil on Canvas, 200 x 200 cm
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Back Cover: *Adam and Eve*, 2021, Oil on Linen, 130 x 195 cm
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