



Jérónimo Rüedi's Intellectual Paintings

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by Edward Waisnas



Installation view: Jérónimo Rüedi: *Preaesns*, Bureau, New York, 2025.

“There is no classification of the universe that is not arbitrary and full of conjectures.”

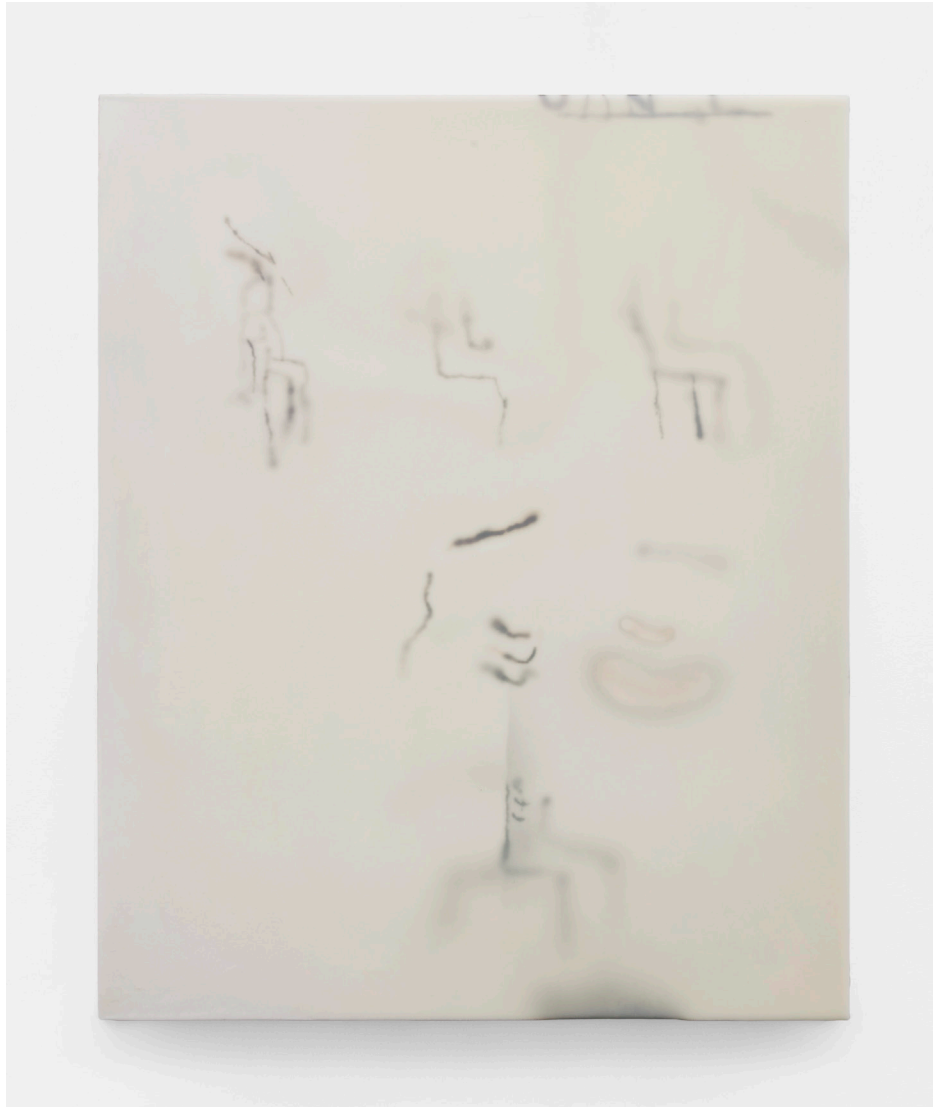
– Jorge Luis Borges

Jerónimo Rüedi's octet of new paintings – with two additional works, one bathed in royal purple tones, secreted away in the galleries subterranean tier¹ – comprise a first solo exhibition at the gallery (and in the States). The show represents the apotheosis of Rüedi's quest for removing the vestiges of reference. Whether in the inherent objectless of painting itself (the physicality of surface, namely, the tooth of the support as well as the texture of the substance laid upon it), or the explicitness of content.

Ascribed titles – from the exhibition (*Preaesns*), to a lion's share of the individual works – are tailored nomenclature coming out of the limbo of Rüedi's multi-lingual/multi-national existence (he currently lives and works in Mexico City); as well as his compunctions, burnished by attendance at Escola Massana, Art and Design Centre, Barcelona, known for elevating intellectual attitude in art

making and study. This yearning, in Rüedi's case, led to that search to remove texture in order to serve the ethereal to maximum effect. While perhaps appearing radical, this stance is, in fact, a long-held fallback to the last half century of painting.

Fellow countryman, éminence grise of literature, Jorge Luis Borges is reflected in the labyrinthian realms Rüedi plumbs, as well as his titling choices, supporting the thesis element of his formula; the Borgesian sense of blurriness that Rüedi is finely attuned to.



Jerónimo Rüedi, *Oirgn 01*, 2025. Encaustic on aluminum mounted to wood, 23 7/8 x 19 7/8 inches.

While air brush suits Rüedi's intentions, two works, *Oirgn 01* (tucked in a corner and kicking off the install) and the larger *Whgos Theroy* are encaustic laid down on aluminum. The non-porous metal support providing the ultimate slick incursions for Rüedi's conceptual painting. I have to assume that these are the latest works, implying a new, or furthering of, direction?



Jerónimo Rüedi, *Siegetemas*, 2025. Acrylic on canvas, 66 7/8 x 51 1/8 inches.

A predominate palette of earth and oxide that coalesce into planes calling out the astrophysical, or in the case of *Siegetemas* the aquatic, with its deep ultramarine sea expanse, offering a sense of looking through a sheet of heavy lapis lazuli stained glass. The view beyond strains longing. The inclination to ford through the inky depths in order to reach what could turn out to be phosphorescent deep sea creatures, or evidence of a gathering of extraterrestrial entities, turns up the compelling quotient. Counter to most of the other works in the show that emit, this one absorbs the gaze and the soul. Also standing out here is the similarity to the slate-board erasures of Gary Simmons, with relation to the markings (minus the cartoon references), especially given that the core of the work features ciphers closer to those produced Cy Twombly and, particularly, Brice Marden.



Jerónimo Rüedi, *We could doubt each of these facts, but we cannot doubt all of them*, 2025.
Acrylic on canvas, 110 ¼ × 90 ½ inches.

The overlay of a misty panel, running down the left side quadrant of *We could doubt each of these, facts, but we cannot doubt all of them*, mimicking a tautly-stretched sheer curtain enhances the comparison to Ad Reinhardt's straining of sight in order to probe the darkness.

The nearly overpowering luminescence of *Airady Aftermath* bears strong resemblance to slow shutter images of drawing with light. A famous example being the capturing of Picasso conjuring neon linear constructions in the air. Rüedi similarly pierces the gloom with intensity.



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As part of my research toward writing this piece, I took a look at Rüedi's film *Yanhuitlán*² that accompanied his exhibition at Museo del Ex-Conventor de Yanhuitlán, Oaxaca. In this nine-and-a-half minute work, Rüedi takes a page from various forms of experimental film. From the plain air ramblings of Maya Deren and Ken Jacobs, to the autobiographic excursions of Stan Brakhage. As well as the categorizing structuralism of Hollis Frampton. The shivering hand-held shots pontificate on Rüedi's draw to shadow territory sparked by Lite-Bright[®] flourishes casting moments of clarity that may just be from a dimension not visible to the human eye. The traipsing around and through architectural and natural sites builds an austere poetry of the visuals. Augmentation by a ghostly score of foreboding casts one further into Rüedi's interior-scape. Signature marks, as overlays, make sputtering cameo appearances from time to time.

Upon viewing the show, I flashed back to seeing Bleckner's stripes at International With Monument, in the East Village of the 80s; and, further back still to encountering Larry Poons' lozenges in Emil deAntonio's film *Painters Painting* in the 70s. I tie these two reveries together due to the startling freshness of direction these artists, in these select given eras, my (and, I am sure many others) response.

Rüedi's overriding sense of the qualities of alluring opulence laid over and emerging from arid fields sums up his practice; an admixture of matter and mind. In this sense, he fulfills the credo he has ascribed to.

¹ *dsinteration*, 2025

² Post by Galerie Nordenhake and available on YouTube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YnCLUjpNbFA>