

WE ARE

Raimundo Figueroa

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There is a line Raimundo Figueroa has carried for decades, one that does not describe a shape so much as it performs an act: reaching, coiling, breaking open. To stand before his paintings is to understand that the line is never merely formal. It is biographical, cosmological, and above all relational. It moves toward something, toward someone, with the urgency of a question that already knows it will outlast the answer.

We Are marks Raimundo Figueroa's debut at RUDOLF BUDJA THEGALLERY, arriving at a moment of particular density in a practice that spans more than forty years. Born in San Juan, Puerto Rico in 1957, Figueroa came to painting through music. Trained as a violinist at the Conservatory of Music of Puerto Rico and later at the Manhattan School of Music and the Peabody Institute at Johns Hopkins University, he brings to the canvas something that formal art education rarely teaches: an understanding of duration, of silence as structure, of the musical phrase which exists only in relation to what surrounds it, transposed into paint.

At the core of that labor is a sustained intellectual formation that resists easy summary. His extensive studies alongside renowned psychiatrists, his profound engagement with Jungian psychoanalysis, Eastern philosophy, and hermetic thought have led him to view art as transmission: a vibratory exchange between interior states and the world. The conviction running beneath all of it, articulated in texts from Paracelsus to *The Kybalion*, is that consciousness and matter are not opposites but expressions of a single vibratory principle; one he has followed into the studio, into the act of listening to a painting to discern its completion.

Recent paintings sit alongside works on paper, each a different register of the same sustained inquiry. What holds them together is not a theme but a quality of attention: the sense that every surface has been listened to rather than simply made.

We Are is, at its core, a title about the first-person plural: about the irreducibility of relation, about the self that can only be understood in the presence of another. It is also a philosophical assertion, quietly held. The boundary between self and world, between interior consciousness and exterior matter, is a membrane, porous, vibrating, alive to correspondence in both directions. Figueroa has exhibited across Mexico, São Paulo, Florence, Tokyo, Amsterdam, and Madrid; his work is held in the collections of the Museo de Arte Moderno in Mexico City, the Museo Rufino Tamayo, and the São Paulo Museum of Art. What this exhibition makes visible is the full weight of that accumulated practice: the decades of formal inquiry, philosophical engagement, and sustained commitment to the act of painting that have built, work by work, toward what is gathered here.

The paintings resolve into presence.
