

Minerva,
"I've been out walking"
Onrie Radovic
15 Nov - 13 Dec 2025

An introduction to the outside

In the darkness of the lived moment. Fearing that in describing the limited horizons that are the predetermined provisions of possibility, we might reinscribe them.

Attempts for utopia.¹ Barriers thrown up everywhere say it isn't possible. Imagined futures provide succour. But how do we get between here and there before becoming unworkable dreams? The sweet poetry of the remote future starkly contrasts with the long-form prose of immediate tasks.

I can't see the horizon. I can't see anything up close.

Every window is a door for the brave and the reckless or a support and refuge... for the weak and impotent.

But it's all fine really.

Come inside and leave negativity at the door
Live inside and forget it
A connected silent partner
What appears here is good
A personal success

Maintain the pretence of a functioning society
Practice duplicitous optimism and cover your profound resignation
Radical rhetoric conceals barren opposition
A religion of evasion
The school of bile

Patrol the perimeter with the sterile spirit of the night watchman
Or an independent contractor cleaning the windows in the Potemkin village
Repress the feeling of a horrible internment of the subject in the structure
But with a little effort at home anyone can be spared a loveless world
Here you can say peace, when there is no peace

You once found a door onto something beautiful, then the way was blocked. You know in theory there are other doors but will you ever find another?

But to reach a limit in some sense is to already be on the other side of it. And we don't yet remember what we are capable of doing.

- OR

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1 The necessary

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Auxiliary statement

You can start by looking at a complicated picture, but you may not understand what it means. Specificity requires deeper engagement. You must go through a process of abstraction to try and understand the basic relationships. Once done you can rebuild a picture layer upon layer. Start with the concrete, abstract, then rebuild. Each step complicates yet adds another layer of understanding, changing what came before.

Realism is its own kind of abstraction.

A continual process of formation, self-criticism (reflection) and readjustment
Careful consideration, judicious action and building slowly
Each layer tries to deal with the partial and inadequate nature of the previous
Resulting in a highly contingent structure that barely holds together
Advances and inevitable slippages
Constantly teetering on the brink of falling apart

Can we go back and make changes to the image?
No, we can only add to it, modifying while relying on previous layers and developments
A living application of old models
Forms, lines and values are redefined over time

The image begins from below and new information is fed upwards through successive strata, subsumed into larger plans. A readymade system will face difficulties when applied to new contexts, it won't answer every question and the 'right' move may not be available at the current stage of the process. Failure cannot be disavowed and will need to be addressed in the next round with urgent patience and more planning. Getting the balance right in practice between tradition and interpretation and trying not to put one above another.

The paintings objective focus complimented by a subjective register
A connection between sense and reason, conjunctural analysis
An estranged sensuality, a haunted rationality
Of one language struggling to emerge through another's constraints

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