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Solo Exhibition by Adytria Negara  
11 April - 9 May 2026

## I

Against the wall objects lean. Like clockwork to our viewing, they pile themselves flat one over another: stretching across, a tape adhesive; a plastic board turning its back already, a book closed showing only the gleam of its cover. A wooden board appearing only as itself. The act of objects.

## II

Paintings and visual images are as if small windows, small frames to which men can hold onto on their journey through time. Small holes, brighter than other kinds, that tunnel through and connect what is past, present, and future. Frames capturing what has already happened, and what might be. Forever tied to whichever level is the readiness of our mind and body, at encounter.

## III

The sheen and stains of adhesive tape and the paper backing of plastic board rasp indifference. In cold arrangement these minutiae are put up in isolation in empty white expanse. It is more common a view as such encountered when our hands flip through what available things are in racks of shops. A busy, not an empty scene, a fragmented setting, a view not un-isolated. Protective film of industrial acrylic sheet, with masking tape binding miscellaneous items together into single unit, an act of active manipulation between the seller and the buyer, so that goods at larger numbers can easily be bought. But perhaps not, it doesn't seem to be that simple. Parts though appearing fresh, age harboured by them within. Binding, perhaps assembling, things tied up in probability to be stored and later for use. Something previously and still owned.

## IV

The painter takes his time sedimenting textures with his small brush. No matter how large a brush may be, the canvas always feels larger than the finished image. The painter is in a race of captures, in chase with the gusts of ideas like winds around him to shrink the canvas into the thing we eventually see. As brush strokes accumulate, they become determining. Branching in directions, forking paths within a same garden to capture niches, environments and events experienced, nature continues in perpetuity.

## V

From where does this patched knowledge come? Letters and words, a signifying elixir-makers, indifferent to practicality, rigour of method or weight of philosophy. A book loop-tied, loose synthetic string it with. A box cut abrupt, conjoined as image with acrylic film sheet protector from before. The box is a bar, but a plate or sheet it became, a plane flattened extreme to become pure layer without any thickness whatsoever. Is this vista pure image without physicality? Borrowed textures are play of fragments, micro-memories from someone when binding man's own encounter with many moments into one body with experiences whole. A collage of scavenged time?

## VI

In faith for good fortune, the painter now is facing his painting as if a mirror. Mirror imitates anything placed before its face. But a painting becomes a mirror of the mind. The depicted defies the laws of measured time, but with a flux a shadow emerges. A painter is expected to have mastery over such impulses. The rationale for 21st century painter is one that can do wild with colours, yet steady with symbols and its significations. Would be better it has ties strong with issues, to be read just as easily as reading biting news. But a painter knows, every painter understands, that the time of his own life always appear more interesting. And yet, this is always hard to explain.

## VII

Pastel colours spreading its reach evenly to fill space. Textures dissipate to elaborate an emergence—of cartoon figures. As image within image, their presence became boldly recognisable and warmly familiar. They familiarly too are being borrowed from their original images, their narrative iterations, and seemingly their souvenir versions. Generations ago, small stickers with similar images would be gifts from magazines, things we could own, and also find in the homes of friends of same age, their older, young siblings. These small stickers pass through and surpass their original narratives. They no longer are canonical, when they've become ours.

## VII

Whatever sticks are things borrowed. How can we know the fate of an object? What we do know is that its material constitutes does decay, and yet sometimes a small part—its essential image and the imagination thereafter, endures. “Habent sua fata libelli?” “Habent sua fata imagi?” Is it really true books have their own fate? And do images—as pictures drawn without delay upon our heads—disseminate and find their own fate in between many minds after? Once owned, each image becomes a book of language of its own, a distinct articulation of the world. To whom it is inherited, to them the doorway of potentiality in the world and its interpretations are transferred. Yet the eternal imagination always is actualised as something that never could have been lived by its previous owner, coming from an earlier time. What for them was on offer, is in time not what is available to us as the world is now. But knowing them, there life breathes something impossible for the now. In actuality, actualised never really as same. The painter is thoroughly aware, of this idea. He merely is an assembler of things, sensible things: reaching towards something he would probably never be able to experience himself.

## IX

The image speaks: within my body is the word that had already existed in your mind. You just did not know yet if when would become what. Depictions, depictions.



*Depictions, Depictions: Flowering House Plants,  
Picture Card Sheet, Elastic Cord, 2026*  
oil on canvas  
28 x 22 x 3 cm





*Depictions, Depictions: Stencil Paper, Photograph,  
Pin Button, Plastic Buckle, Nylon Webbing, 2026*  
oil on canvas  
43 x 33 x 5 cm



*Depictions, Depictions:*  
*Superclay, Laser-Cut Acrylic Sheets,*  
*Picture Card Sheet, Masking Tape,*  
*Prusik Cord, 2026*  
oil in canvas  
44,5 x 4,5 x 4 cm

Super  
-clay

Super  
-clay

CE 170  
gms

Superclay

Superclay





*Depictions, Depictions: Plywood, Spray Paint, Picture Card Sheet, Elastic Cord, Screw, 2026*  
oil on canvas  
55 x 20 x 4 cm





*Depictions, Depictions:  
Trip Scissors,  
Pencil Sharpener &  
Safety Matches  
2026  
oil on canvas  
5,5 x 9,5 x 2,5 cm,  
8 x 10,5 x 2,5 cm, &  
6 x 9 x 2 cm*

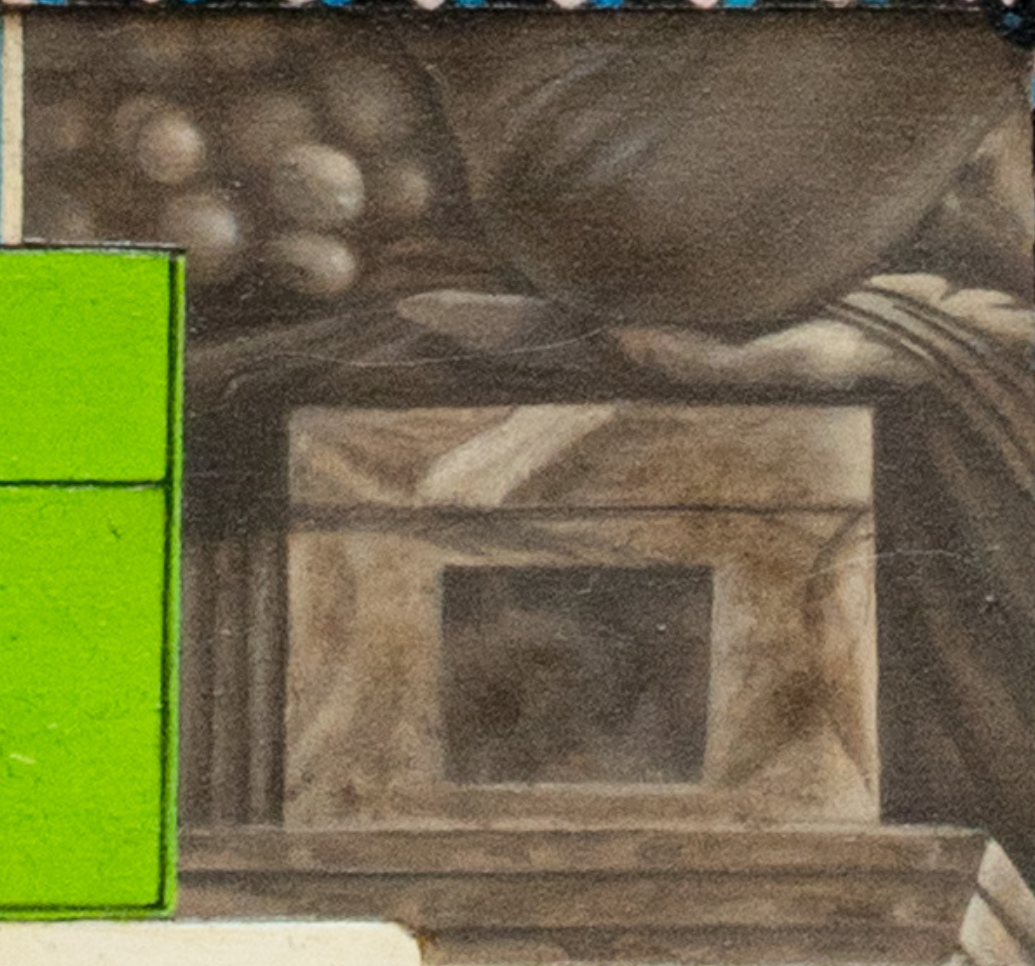


*Depictions, Depictions:*  
*Wooden Tray, Wood Filler,*  
*Sticker, Picture Card Sheet, 2026*  
oil on canvas  
51 x 40 x 4 cm



*Depictions, Depictions: European Painting & Sculpture, A Dictionary of Psychology, Spine Label, Prusik Cord, 2026*  
oil on canvas  
18 x 11 x 3,5 cm

# and Sculpture



## ***What Depictions Tell Us***

Text by Yacobus Ari R

Adytria Negara has long been replicating objects onto canvas. In one of his earlier series, he imitated wall-mounted objects. In canvas he rendered their depiction with analogous sense of scale and texture.

In painting tradition, this is known as *trompe l'oeil*, meaning: deception of the eye. In them, static images, lifeless events and depictions are brought to life via painterly simulation, being made to feel just like the materials and actuality of the objects it's mimicking. Thus, they become sensation singularly through deceiving our perception. This can be via spatial illusions, sense of three-dimensionality—or dimensionality itself; can be as though the feeling of being gazed by subjects; as a directed viewing attention towards certain significant objects the painting's space; or even the urge to touch, a sense of freshness, rancidity and many others. At its simplest, it is a gesture for highlighted signification, something symbolic, we being manipulated in perception so that a thing occupies and seizes our senses and imagination: that “this”, or “that”, is what matters.

Adytria's paintings, however, take on a different scene. The allure of symbolic signification is replaced by depictions of simple devices which furnish everyday urban life. Window box fans, light switches, fuse boxes, parcels and its packagings, books from households, wooden planks, and many others which he made looking just as our surrounds, seemingly un-emerging. In their three dimensionality, even the thickness of the canvas matches the original measurements of the devices exactly. Why insist on repeating ordinary objects that, once installed in an exhibition setting, would appear insignificant anyway? In fact, anti-significant. Some of them, even within the confines of the white cube, can be mistaken for the real objects; they can even naturally coexist. What does a painter contemplate about when working with such immaculately transparent objects?

### **What images narrates to us, now**

Half in jest, I came to call this as a shared gesture practice among artists of Adytria's generation, as something in Indonesian we call *memulung*. Colloquially that would be translated to as scavenging, or foraging, usually among discarded heaps of domestic trash, in urban settings. Some contemporaneous artist friends do have stronger inclination than the previous generation to pick up forgotten objects and breathe new life into them. Each seen as if dwelling in their own interstice in time, in the spaces they share no matter big or small, with life itself.

I recently found the word “*pulung*” itself, actually carries a more poetic meaning than what us 21st century citizens have been imagining it: “good fortune”. To *memulung* (as adverb) is to be good-fortune-ing. Thus, reimagined: seeking good fortune, or to be attentive, to be with our hearts towards good fortune. If so does a number of artists do persistently scavenge fragments from everyday life to be part of their artworks—even in years working willing to be remain misunderstood—in there perhaps remain traces of good fortune which escapes our attention. Could the search for beauty itself become a form of good fortune?

If we try, deeply, to sense what good fortune is, we may perhaps hope: the things we feel, the beautiful, becomes the good. And that we are unified with it as a body. Sharing its breath, to be one at least as a body of imagination. Which would then continue to become more good breaths, breaths to be lived as fortune as we are again faced with reality,

To wish for good fortune, then, would probably be akin to praying ad nauseam, willing to something to the point of being nauseous. Like praying, because it demands attention, and nauseous because its dizzying motion turns and swirls to find what is worthy of the attention, to the point of finding the good, that is fittingly integrated, embodied. It is this act of aligning and fitment that is difficult. Thus we might already consider it a blessing when we do not instantly succumb to the nausea, fallen upon us when seeing a contemporaneous artwork seeking for this beautiful-good fortune. An image truly contemporary to us is one which can fit this nausea and brings forth movement over said will. It reaches and moves beyond the nausea.

The velocity of that movement, for an artist is intuitive. Man's intuition towards images is not mere instinct that brings about temporary sense of pleasure or displeasure. Rather, it is attuned to what passes through and endures. Things which resonate in our minds. What perhaps, will only feel more as pleasure later. It is a complex yet smooth feeling. Experienced as something real, yet transcends it and carries us forth towards what cannot be contained by any previous realities we have observed. Has Adytria performed this gesture?

### **Depictions once said**

In the 1970s, the way of perceiving images, as Jim Supangkat wrote, had changed, as life in cities in Java also shifted. The increasingly urbanised and cosmopolitan experience with media flourishing, novel to the 1970s, had brought with it a volume of texts, images, and imaginations ready to be consumed by increasing amounts of people. This gave rise to a new world to be depicted. Realistic images, images with intent and purpose, ones in seek of pure beauty and disinterested, quotidian, historical images, tasteful images and tacky ones, all being present, produced, consumed, depicted and re-depicted, reimagined at the same time in a new sped-up rhythm.

A new style of realistic painting was, in Supangkat's observation, born at this time. Writing from the 1990s, he dubbed it "painstaking realism", as a movement driven by a will to laboriously depict a world of new sensations as accurately and as contemporaneously as possible. In them, the increasingly complex reality and its times and spatial volumes enter into assemblage; with dreams, imaginations becoming buildings, built upon in an increasingly unexpected manner as well. Supangkat's realistic paintings of the 1970s would also include trompe l'oeil as part of its guidebook.

Thus painting to deceive eyes becomes a way to transcend them, almost to the point of visualising the invisible, beyond the ubiquitous, beyond things taken for granted which only passes. A gesture to catch up with the times. A willingness to enframe, to be in nausea to find a way to capture the splendour of new realities. For Supangkat, this was interpreted as the ability to be truly contemporary, and there contemporary art was born.

### **Depictions, embodied**

In this exhibition, Adytria comes with a body of new works. Being of smaller-sized images, they are installed amidst lean wooden beams, which themselves fill the space like structure, framing it. It feels as though we are facing the skeleton of a room, its scaffolds, as if observing it through x-ray, entering the bones of this chamber. One layer of dimension is peeled back; the wooden scaffolding itself

as pure in the rawness of its textures, how can a painting act out its immaculateness? This exists in the pure gaze which we can only get through experiencing paintings.

Paintings make us dissolve. A quote which often comes to my mind is that “a painting is to be drunk,” from Jacques Lacan. We drink, or we become drunk and swept away out of consciousness when we truly experience paintings. Its fluidity can go into two directions: the fluidity of the paint itself, sliding against the face of the canvas, sometimes amassing a thickness of some sort, as though a fluid seeking its fate and fortune. Or, the fluidity of our experience, being dissolved and carried into particular scenes, specific imaginations brought about by the illusion of depth, space, and the dynamics of the dimensions that the painted surface creates. If we imagine ourselves drinking, those scenes are truly gulped, becoming parts of our body, being so vividly imagined that they fill the body’s cavities in their nature, capable of becoming vessel for fluid.

The “Imitation” in Adytia’s paintings becomes crucial to that nature of our response when facing paintings, as they fluidly dissolve from one layer to another. On each canvas, there are combinations of images, a collage, or even assemblage. A voluminous book tied with a thin single string thread, both objects being renderings of paint on canvas. They don’t materially exist as “real” book or thread, but as a reimagined depiction, almost indistinguishable from the real. Behind the closest likeness there lies a deliberate choice in how to bring it to life. To mimic, to reduce the dimensions and details of an object to their smallest, to recreate, is an intense form of contemplation and nauseous mental labour. The thick mass ad nauseam. As there are many aspects too contingent to endure. Much to be brought into judgment, much to be brought to life.

There, fluidity becomes an achievement in itself. Within such complexity, Adytia’s paintings assume the flesh of the image that is thicker than that of usual canvases and paintings. They are not mere flat painted plane-surfaces for a particular view to be observed. Rather, we perceive them as already dissolved and merged volumes. Each canvas is a body of a window of vision, capturing what an object is and its vision, which carries us into different spaces and times. They are conjoined and one with each other.

The imitative in his paintings, then, is a deliberate intensity: presenting what endures, what sediments when things are reduced to its essence. It is as if an actual plane is cut from a particular space-time, appropriated from there, to be brought into one’s possession by being of worthy value—di-pulung, scavenged for good fortune. Good fortune means that one has encountered the good in the course of time. Paintings dissolve us into that: towards good depiction as something meant to be eternal. Or, at the very least, something to be continually referred to, remembered.

## ABOUT THE ARTIST

Adytia Negara (b.1995, Indonesia) explores two-dimensional aesthetics through the medium of painting, focusing on the subtle relationship between depiction, perception, and material presence. Through precise and realistic depictions of arranged ubiquitous objects, his works reconsider the boundaries between what is seen and what is understood—between an image’s existence and the reality it evokes. His practice opens a reflective space to question when a depiction ceases to represent and begins to become, tracing how perception and illusion shape the way we experience the world of things.

Selected group exhibitions include Art Jakarta 2025 with ara contemporary, Jakarta, Indonesia (2025); *STEM Show 7*, STEM Projects, Yogyakarta, Indonesia (2025); and *Senang Bersamamu*, Selasar Sunaryo Art Space, Bandung, Indonesia (2025).

## EDUCATION

2013 - 2018 BFA - Bandung Institute of Technology, Bandung, Indonesia

## SOLO EXHIBITION

2026 *Depictions, Depictions*, ara contemporary, Jakarta, Indonesia

## SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 2025 *STEM Show 7*, STEM Projects, Yogyakarta, Indonesia
- 2025 Art Jakarta, ara contemporary, Jakarta, Indonesia
- 2025 *Senang Bersamamu*, Selasar Sunaryo Art Space, Bandung, Indonesia
- 2023 *To Paint*, Grey Art Gallery, Bandung, Indonesia
- 2020 *There & Then: Art after Global-Pandemic*, Sakarsa Art Space, Bekasi, Indonesia
- 2019 *Beyond Memories*, Galeri Soemardja, Bandung, Indonesia
- 2018 *Perupa Muda: Ringroad*, Bale Banjar Sangkring, Yogyakarta, Indonesia
- 2018 *Moving Class: Young Artist*, Quo Vadis, Art Jakarta, Jakarta, Indonesia
- 2018 *Art Unlimited*, Bekraf x Rakarsa, Art Jakarta, Jakarta, Indonesia
- 2018 *Spektrum Hendra Gunawan*, Ciputra Artpreneur, Jakarta, Indonesia
- 2018 *In Sight: Nowadays Painting*, Orbital Dago, Bandung, Indonesia
- 2018 *You’ve Got One Notification*, The Space, The Parlor, Bandung, Indonesia
- 2016 *Bandung Youth Academic Painter*, Platform 3, Bandung, Indonesia
- 2016 *Konfigurasi 1.0*, Lawangwangi Creative Space, Bandung, Indonesia

## ABOUT THE WRITER

Yacobus Ari R is a curator, writer, and docent whose practice engages contemporary art through critical inquiry, pedagogy, and curatorial research. His work considers the intersections between art, knowledge, and philosophy, with a particular interest in contemplative approaches to artistic practice and exhibition-making. Based in Bandung, he lives and works within and alongside artistic communities, including his long-standing engagement with Integrated Arts at Universitas Katolik Parahyangan, as well as a broader network of artists and cultural practitioners. His research has explored exhibition histories in Indonesia, including studies on the work of curator Jim Supangkat, and continues to inform his teaching and writing. His curatorial projects include: *...Nothing Remained Unchanged but the Clouds*, Nonfrasa Gallery, Bali (2026); *Declaring Distance: Bandung–Leiden* (as co-research fellow at the Royal Netherlands Institute of Southeast Asian and Caribbean Studies, Selasar Sunaryo Art Space, 2022); *From Seteleng to Biennale, part of Art Turns, World Turns*, Museum MACAN, Jakarta (2017); and *Akal Tak Sekali Datang, Runding Tak Sekali Tiba*, Indonesian Pavilion at La Biennale di Venezia, (2019), where he served as co-curator. His writing has appeared in *Jurnal Kebudayaan Kalam*, *Harian Kompas*, and *Take on Art Magazine*, among others.



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