



**Fabian Treiber**  
**„Most Common Things“**  
June 10–July 29, 2023

**1. On the threshold:** The 30-meter-high waterfall in the Japanese prefecture of Gifu is the setting for an age-old saga: its water, which tastes like sake, is able to restore youth. The longing bound to this and the scarcely conceivable desires of humanity form a loose chain linking the eras: not just between the break between the twentieth with the nineteenth centuries, but also between the continents, the touching plates, islands surrounded by water. Flowing, charged layers that upon more intense observation slowly begin to reveal themselves.

**2. In the depths:** The master dissects his motifs into their structures: structures of strokes and lines, flat and deep at the same time, which depending on the pressure exerted have an influence on the intensity of the color. Forms cover the picture surface and become patterns.

**3. Animate:** things have the power to oscillate between activity and passivity. When we see them, they are powerful, seductive in the present. If we ignore them, they remain invisible, disappear from the surface.

**4. Selective:** By linking these aspects, Fabian Treiber's macro-microscopic gaze touches on the large and small gestures of landscape painting, in which he has found for every circumstance, every feeling a visual language of its own. But the artist takes us to landscapes and spaces in which the human being has left traces, but is generally absent. His absence can only be suspected, dramaturgically this is just how the human being takes form, in his absence. His testimony is subject to our imagination: a hand loosely placed on a steering wheel, taking up the trail, we gradually move toward our own interpretation, let Treiber's visual worlds become a space of projection: the canvas opens like a flowing curtain. Excerpt and oracle at the same time.

**5. An enhanced metaphysics:** The superficial links that lie on top of one another, rise from the surface, touch one another, fuse in their layers, can be two and three dimensional in a single form, tip over and remain strange despite their proximity. The language of the stroke, the application of paint corresponds and contradicts our experience of how things are supposed to look or be painted. Is that painted at all? Or has it rather been laid down, placed, cut, thought, and composed?

**6. Rise and fall:** The water is either shallow or falling. A hand reaches from the waves, searching for hold, isolated and pointing. Is the person finally departing from Treiber's tricky stage? A hold, but not without special effects, including ambiguous images. For Treiber exaggerates the materiality and physicality of things, the supposedly everyday, standard "common things" until they turn into their opposite.



**7 Palpation:** The window marks the threshold between inside and outside, it filters the framing, the perception. Fabian Treiber communicates and links inside and outside using his own typology of objects. Elements like candles, chairs, body parts, plants and stones are not what they seem to be. They are more, they metamorphose, indeed move in the space and become a plea for the dissolution of definition. He invites the wind, the water, the rain, the sun, and the quiet to test their strength to animate these things. In this way, he creates scenic stage sets and micro-dramas with his paintings. His point of departure here is a private one, whose extent and weight only he knows.

**8. The blob:** if interiors in the general understanding provide views inside or outside, with his textiles, which seem in their form and shape just as seductive as the deep blue waterfall, Treiber directs our perception toward ambiguous realms. His (not) graspable surfaces take us with their spectrum of colors and surfaces to the era of the “anything goes attitude,” coupled with the “German angst” of the 1980s. A large blob, mountain and crater at the same time, encounters a gigantic softball glowing yellow-red. Two beings, perhaps a tree and a bony body in one, push themselves to the foreground as the idea of completing a subject.

**9. Lucid dreaming:** In this sense, his depiction of nature is like a description of our present: deeply tamed structures that rebel suddenly, wildly, violently against the neo-extractive attitudes of the Industrial Revolution. His textures, but also the outer influences attest to this, that seep into his work and moisten the painterly ground repeatedly in new ways. His spectrum of colors stands in contrast to this: nimble and pale, veil-like, pastel-like, seemingly decorously powdered and yet strangely clear. His gaze on those “most common things,” which are equipped with all ingredients of aesthetic affixation, is airy-lucid. Marvelously without a hold in a delicately balanced play of feelings in which the absent is present and the present can be absent.

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