

Pablo's Birthday presents *stable fragility*, a solo exhibition by Berlin painter Pius Fox. In his practice, he explores the thresholds between the recognizable and unrecognizable, painting and drawing, form and content—always hovering on the verge of the non-objective.

From photographs of doors or façades that often serve as a starting point for Fox's work, only traces remain. The works in *stable fragility* emerge from his studio environment, translated through a process of continual construction and erosion. Applying oil and/or egg tempera on paper or aluminum, Fox scrapes, sands, drags, presses, and layers his surfaces in a meditative interrogation of perspective and perception.

These movements result in a tension where yellow triangles press against a blue that seems at once sky and ocean; black grids let light escape as if a window doesn't quite fit; wandering lines cross pink fields like quick notes written in a margin. The dynamic interactions of surface and depth, structure and fragment, suggest a temporal juxtaposition—an interplay between memory and immediacy, between the historical and the contemporary.

Walking into Pius Fox's studio in Berlin immediately conveys a proliferation, prolixity of painting, due to the sheer number of works stacked on the ground, hanging on the walls or stored in the big drawers of a filing cabinet. Many of these paintings are quite small in size—miniatures one might say—and it almost comes as a surprise to discover, amid such profusion, the presence of large paintings that are conspicuously not extensions of the small paintings or, more precisely, that preclude the small formats from being viewed and regarded as sketches, preparatory works, ideas, fragments, or short forms of the large paintings. — Introduction from The Pleasure of Painting by Jean-Charles Vergne, Translated by Nathalie Lithwick.

Pius Fox (b. 1983, Berlin) graduated from University of the Arts in Berlin under professor Frank Badur and a master's class under professor Pia Fries in 2010. The Berlin painter has held solo exhibitions in Paris, New York, London, Tokyo, and throughout Germany and is featured in international collections across Europe and the US. He currently lives and works in Berlin.

You had to memorize it to be there.
Paintings in Pius Fox's studio played your last step.
Breathing Layers of before you look at it.
letting oil chase one another
when caught. themselves be scratched

Each layer carries the
The surface searches
never fully settles.
In Stable Fragility the
to save your hiccups.
Yellow triangles press
is sea and sky at once.
A black grid lets light
window that doesn't
Fugitive lines cross
like notes someone
margin of your dream.
Photographs of doors and
served as a starting point
dissolve into pure structure;
the image becomes
memory turns into
Fox learned to
under the discipline
and Pia Fries.

From them he inherits
but his painting
it touches history just
Like those modernists
in times of censorship,
Fox asserts the autonomy
raising his voice,
with the obstinacy
knows that fragility
is another
Here painting
it produces
presence where
absence.

Each work is an
a balance that
trembles.

Fox returns the gaze
to stumble over color.

And to never find your friends on a night out.

muscular memory of dust.
for a silence that

colors hold the air,
against a blue that

escape like a
quite fit.
pink fields
scribbled in the

façades that once

non-image,
the next traffic light.
listen in Berlin,
of Frank Badur

precision and sensuality,
resists homage:
enough to leave it al dente.
who defended abstraction

of the canvas without

of someone who

form of strength.
does not represent

the wisdom tooth left

unstable architecture,
asserts itself better when it

the right to linger,

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