

The Vienna Years
By Zuzanna Wilska

When I was going to Vienna for the first time, I was afraid that this city doesn't really exist. It's hard to explain why my anxiety took this form, but I had to call my sister to confirm—no, Vienna was not a result of a group delusion. To meet you there—was even less possible.

I remember how astonished I was with the beautiful, black and white bathroom in your apartment—a room full of light, with an old pipe system and tiles bearing traces of the imperial past. Back then, I was making sure to show you how independent and strong I am, but became sick quickly after nearly three days. After all, it was November.

When laying in bed with you, I drew you a map of my apartment. Explained how Warsaw's name actually comes from a names of two lovers: Wars and Sawa. You hanged the drawing on the wall of your room, it hanged there the whole winter.

You told me you love me for the first time in Vienna. I still remember where it happened: we were walking home from a bar on Schadekgasse, next to the Haus des Meeres. We spent the first Valentine's Day together. You took me to Paris, and on the way to the airport, the bus stop information panel said:

Ein BUSsi für dich. Schmatz!

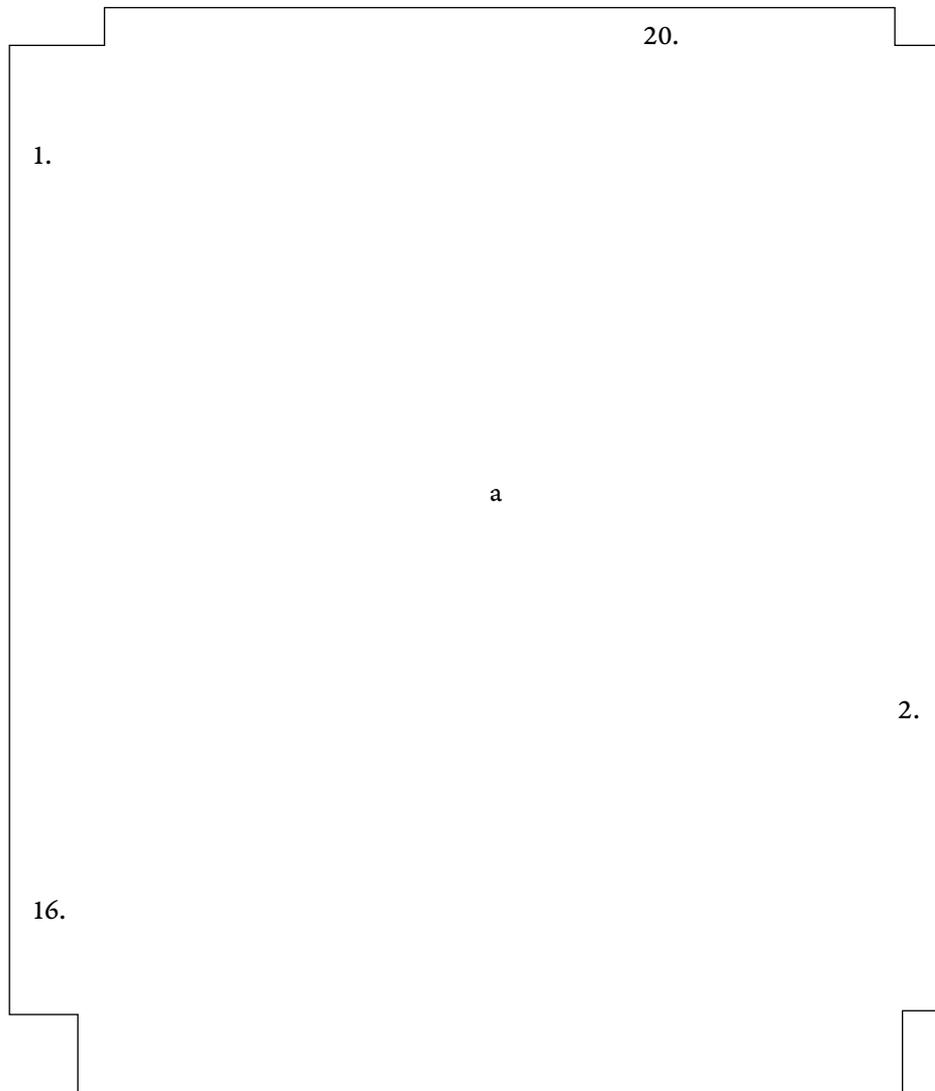
We went on bike trips to the Donau Island and long walks to Prater, we were bowling in Cafe Weidinger, we had breakfast at the Yppenplatz. The spring in Vienna was so beautiful, and the hot summer followed quickly after. The last time I visited you in Vienna was in late August.

Cyril Tyrone Hübscher

CREDBIT

14.02.–20.02.2025

Cache Wien



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Riesenrundgemälde, 2025

Foam cardboard, glue, spray paint, acrylic paint, wire, Mozartkugeln, birthday candles, little soy fish & soy bottles, magic candles, hot glue, glitter, alu tape & packaging tape, plastic bottle, spray cap, papier-mâché tree, plastic straws & nylon strings

16., Yppenplatz

1., ZwiDeMu

20., Flakturm

2., Prater