

# Borrowed Visions

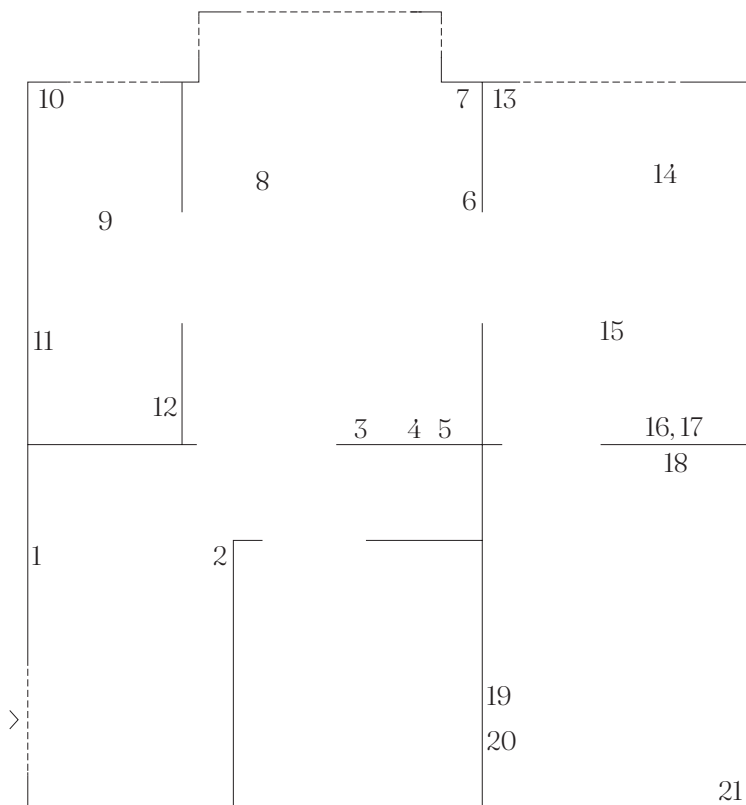
4/5–23/5/2025

UA26

Untere Augartenstrasse 26/27

1020 Vienna

The participating artists—Aaron Amar Bhamra, Merve Ceylan, Florian Genzken, Katharina Hölzl, Fritjof Krabbe, and Marie Reichel—have been invited by Hiroshi Takizawa.



1| Florian Genzken, *Wandspiegel*, 2024  
glass, mat, inkjet print, wood, clamps

2| Florian Genzken, *Spiegel*, 2025  
glass, mat, inkjet print, wood, clamps

3| Fritjof Krabbe, *Language (rules)*, 2025  
mdf

4| Fritjof Krabbe, *Language*, 2025  
mdf

5| Fritjof Krabbe, *Piss*, 2025  
laser print on paper

6| Aaron Amar Bhamra, *growth*, 2025  
paper measuring tape, tape, pencil on doorframe

7| Katharina Hölzl, *Butterfly in the Dark*, 2019  
Acrylic, chalk on canvas

8| Aaron Amar Bhamra, *stranger 8*, 2023/2025  
leather soles (prototypes), pencil, disassembled display

9| Fritjof Krabbe, 世暘's *Pantograph*, 2024  
eurobox, video loop

10| Florian Genzken, *Spiegel antik*, 2024  
glass, mat, inkjet print, wood, clamps

11| Hiroshi Takizawa, *Melancholy (Laocoon) #10*, 2025  
laser print on paper, concrete, mesh wire, resin

12| Merve Ceylan, *im laub meines körpers verborgen*, 2025  
graphite on paper in walnut wood frame

13| Merve Ceylan, *marina ist tot*, 2024  
pigment and clay ground on canvas

14| Marie Reichel, *barking door (stand still)*, 2025  
one side part of an old door frame with hinges, ceramic,  
various textiles, leather, buttons, eyelets, concrete

15| Marie Reichel, *barking door (lying, still)*, 2025  
upper part of an old door frame with nails, ceramic,  
various textiles, leather, buttons, eyelets, concrete

16| Fritjof Krabbe, *Berry photo*, 2025  
laser print on paper

17| Fritjof Krabbe, *Language*, 2025  
mdf

18| Hiroshi Takizawa, *Tears. Video*, 2020  
single channel HD video 11' 58'

19| Florian Genzken, *Standspiegel*, 2024  
glass, mat, inkjet print, wood, clamps

20| Florian Genzken, *Schminkspiegel*, 2024  
glass, mat, inkjet print, wood, clamps

21| Merve Ceylan, *mushrooms and pears on a shelf*, 2025  
oil, pigment and clay ground on canvas

**January 19, 1993**

This room bears traces drawn by the brushstrokes of time: footsteps sunken into the weave of the carpet, circular marks left on the wood grain of the shelves. Unfamiliar viewers might call these “coincidences.” But what is coincidence? Perhaps it is a meticulously calculated absence.

**May 7, 1999**

In the morning, slanted rays of light crawled along the wall, like an unfinished part of a still life painting. The floral-patterned sofa, perhaps remembering past conversations, remains silent without moving a single wrinkle. A painting in the darkness gradually emerges. I, too, stand still like a canvas with paint not yet dry.

**June 3, 1985**

A sculptor once said, “Form is the remnant of time.” If so, this room might be a colossal sculpture. Furniture draped in dust supports its contours. Each time someone opens the door, I become more embedded in this space. It is not disappearance but permeation.

**March 9, 1995**

There are many things I can no longer recall. I can’t remember the names of things that slipped through my fingers. While some moments stay etched in my mind, certain fragments drift beyond reach, no matter how hard I try. Perhaps they were never real memories to begin with. Only the weight of loss remains here. Layered wood pieces, quietly standing sculptures, light from images someone left behind. There exists a world beyond loss.

**February 25, 1998**

Like an atlas, I rearranged the items in the room: bookshelves, vases, old clocks, and accessories inherited from my parents. This is my personal Bilderatlas. Objects converse with each other, creating new relationships. Thought paths, twisted and intertwined like vines, pass between these items. History is not linear; it always recurs, drawing spirals. This room is a labyrinth of my mind and simultaneously an entrance to the past.

**April 3, 1997**

An old piece of cloth emerged from a drawer. Was it part of some clothing, or someone’s handkerchief? Placed in my palm, it has a mysterious weight, as if each thread holds a experience.

**October 12, 2002**

This morning’s breakfast was raspberries and eggs. The contrast of red and white was somehow photographic. When I broke the egg with a fork, the yolk spread on the plate like the sun. The granular texture of the raspberries tries to evoke something on my tongue. Yet, it never takes the shape of nostalgia. Only the sensation that it once existed remains. The flashback of a meal once shared with someone resurfaces.

**August 17, 1992**

In the morning, I heard birds chirping by the window. The voices of birds whose names I once knew have now become a series of anonymous sounds. Butterflies dancing in the garden appear and disappear like fragments of memories. My eyes follow them, but my hands cannot reach. In a dream I had yesterday, someone said, “Everything only changes form.”

**December 5, 2004**

In a dream, countless snakes intertwined, forming a massive knot. Even after waking, that sensation fills the room. Perhaps time, too, intertwines and converges at a single point. The wooden materials placed on the floor stretch upward like snakes toward the sky. A tree painted by a Renaissance artist and the tree I saw from the window this morning overlap in my consciousness. Memory is found in such layers of time.

**February 14, 2005**

The window is cloudy again today. Perhaps the reason I can’t see the outside scenery is that my gaze is slowly blurring like a thinly applied glaze. The mirror hanging in the corner of the wall watches the room. “Are you still here?” I don’t answer. There’s no need to answer. I just hold my breath so that the balance of light and shadow doesn’t collapse.

**November 22, 2003**

Before I knew it, I had become a completely left-behind existence. Like the things hanging on the wall, I just exist there. Am I the room, or is the room me? I no longer know. That’s fine. Rather, that’s preferable.

*Excerpts from the diary of former resident N.*