i was trying to remember how this all started.

17(Joy) as my way of dealing with growing budget cuts and far-right institutional takeovers.

and here we are now, sending each other postcards.

it's good to return to the beginnings in the midterm of things. to recollect, to make course corrections, to reflect. this is the 3rd show out of a total of 5. the 3rd Joy.

first we explored visions of collectivity and new relations to cultivated nature. then we dove into the depths of long-term friendship.

today we look at the broader rhizome of the art world: a place full of contradictions, the seemingly necessary hypocrisies we've learned to accept as given, and at the same time a beautifully woven tapestry of genuine political views, beliefs, opinions, interests, and supportive relationships.

i asked my partner in crime to come up with a plan. she did. so each of us invited someone, who invited someone else. an old, still functional trick—at first resembling rays of light, then slowly gathering into a vortex, and finally settling into a pool of still water.

i'm not saying we are all equal in this art world. that would be not just naive, but borderline stupid. (especially after the announcement of the new documenta curatorial team—it feels urgent to reintroduce new categorizations for ourselves, with the question of class coming to mind first). what i am saying is that we occupy the same environment. and it feels good to send each other a written message to remind ourselves of that simple fact.

postcards are not like floppy disks—hardly recognizable remnants of the pre-smart-phone era. postcards hold a special place in the canon of media history. we can always return to them. we can always use them to sketch brief visions of the future. postcards are not just 140 characters and an argument waiting to happen. postcards have temporality—you can feel it while holding them. so reach up to the top shelf, or anywhere else, pick yours, and scribble something.



#3:SEASONS IN THE SUN

Invited by jen kratochvil, curated by Laura Amann Marín with Aleksei Borisionok, Anne Faucheret, KUNSTVEREIN GARTENHAUS, Aziza Harmel, BLOCKFREI Collective, Ekaterina Degot, Fanny Hauser, Francesca Gavin, Liam Gillick, Miguel López, Mirela Baciak, Phila Bergmann & Thea Reifler, Ramesch Daha, Tjaša Pogačar, and WHW.

Presenting works by Anca Munteanu Rimnic, Chantal Kaufmann, Colm Keady Tabbal, Eliana Otta, Ezra Šimek, Hans-Jörg Mayer, Jakub Jansa, julie béna, Miriam Stoney, Seana Gavin, Sergey Bratkov, Shu Lea Cheang, Vlatka Horvat, Yesmine Ben Khelil, Zina Isupova (through Kriegsbilder), and Željka Aleksić, with a spatial intervention by Abdul Sharif Oluwafemi Baruwa and visual style by Martins Kohout.

- Seana Gavin
- o invited by Francesca Gavin

London-based Seana Gavin creates hand-cut collage works are made from archive printed materials from the 1960s to the 1980s. Her intuitive, surreal landscapes and anthropomorphic characters reflect influences from science fiction to art history, including Hieronymus Bosch and John Martin. She is also known for her photographic work, drawing from her personal engagement with rave culture.

- Yesmine Ben Khelil
- o invited by Aziza Harmel

Bound To is a series of drawings inspired by Tunisian soap operas, where kissing or overtly sexual actions never occur for cultural reasons, yet the moments of almost-touching become intensely charged. Prolonged scenes of staring, heavy breathing, and swelling music transform these near-encounters into

melodramatic climaxes—at once tragic, comedic, and deeply sensual. In one example, two men, angry and reaching for the same object, grip it together while locking eyes, their confrontation teetering between hostility and intimacy. By amplifying these suspended instants, the work highlights the contradictions of Tunisian society, where repression, desire, drama, and comedy coexist in a constant choreography of 'almosts'.

- Vlatka Horvat
- invited by WHW collective

Vlatka Horvat's photo of a London summer, which, in the artist's words, needs no description or explanation — its tragi-comical character speaks for itself.

- Anca Munteanu Rimnic
- o invited by Anne Faucheret

Many friendly (and unfriendly) ghosts haunt Anca's artworks—traditional mourners, bears with their fur, mythical figures, desired odalisques, algorithmic psychoanalysts, or famous sculptors—figures they invoke, celebrate, and sometimes trivialize.

Her practice is animated by opposing forces: presence and absence, withdrawal and theatricality, minimalism and folklore, construction and casualness, complexity and understatement. The result

is an atmosphere that generates both intimacy and uncanniness. It is in this space—like a tightrope walker—that the artist, with self-irony and wit, negotiates her place in cultural and material history, playing with expectations, including her own, toward the figure of "the (conceptual) artist," but also "the (social) subject" more broadly. Her works resist easy assignations, the traps of self-representation, and the supposed fixity of identity.

How do we look at ourselves, how do we see ourselves? What do we lose and what do we gain in processes of culturalization and representation? Everything always has to be redone, everything always has to be started anew—not in the sense of Sisyphean absurdity, but as a joyful rebellion against completeness, achievement, and any form of narcissism.

- o Eliana Otta
- o invited by Miguel Lopez

Eliana Otta lives between Vienna and Athens. Thanks to an Austrian-funded job she was able to dedicate fully to her art practice for the first time, after having been a shop owner, teacher and curator in her hometown Lima. In her PhD research, conducted in Athens, she examined collective experiences of loss produced during the Greek crisis. This experience allowed her to split her time between the north and south of Europe, while maintaining ties to Peru. Through her connections with artistic and activist collectives in these different contexts, she creates bridges between seemingly opposing worlds, highlighting Global South practices and knowledge with regenerative and mobilizing capacities.

- o Julie Béna
- o invited by Mirela Baciak

Throughout Deep, deep, deep, very deep, humour does not lighten the atmosphere so much as it sharpens it. This is not escapist laughter, but the kind that emerges when reality becomes so uncomfortable it demands release. It is the laughter of the tightrope walker after a stumble, of the audience that winces while clapping. Julie Béna knows this tension well. Her dark humour is not decoration; it is a method of survival, a way to reclaim agency within a landscape shaped by exhaustion, class struggle, and inherited performance.

- Abdul Sharif Oluwafemi Baruwa
- o invited by Laura Amann Marín

If repetition, superimposition, and layering are recurring artistic strategies in Abdul Sharif Oluwafemi Baruwa's practice, they all converge in this largescale mural turned spatial intervention.

A view over the roofscape of Vienna—seen and drawn hundreds, if not thousands, of times by the artist—at different hours of the day, in varying light, through shifting meteorological moods, with traces of airplanes, a lexicon of cloud formations, shadows, surfaces, geometries. Somehow always the same, yet never identical. They describe a deeply personal space on top of the artist's live-in studio: an extension that opens up room to think, to ponder, to practice outside the otherwise limiting four walls. A postcard of the personal.

A story of two children: their bodies mutilated by an attack on their land, people, history, and culture—so vicious it is hard to keep looking, even though we must. If for nothing else, then to bear witness: to the atrocities, to the faltering of so-called international law, to the hypocrisies of Western democracy, to the sheer racism and dehumanization unfolding before our very eyes and phones. And yet both children are striking—maybe not happy, but defiant; maybe not strong, but valiant; maybe not free, but in resistance. The soldiers before them are small in comparison. They lack defining features. They are searching, but seem rather lost. A postcard of the political.

Beneath, fluid naked figures perform an underwater choreography. Their bodies bend and spiral up and down, smoothly, elegantly, on a different plane—two of them closely intertwined. A postcard of the semanal.

Watching over all of them is a friendly grimace, a world-soul, a dreamer. Because that is precisely what totalitarian systems and their constant acts of violence seek to prevent at all costs: dreams, imagination, hallucination, creation, and love.

- Sergey Bratkov
- invited by Ekaterina Degot

In my childhood and youth, honoring the monument to the poet Taras Shevchenko at the entrance to the park of the same name in Kharkov was a ritual obligation, as was learning his poems as part of the school curriculum. When the war began, Shevchenko was hidden from the bombings under a pyramid of sandbags and roofing felt. He shared the fate of Kharkov residents who are forced to hide from air raids every day in the subway and basements

of buildings. Thus, Shevchenko became closer and dearer to me.

- o Shu Lea Cheang
- invited by Phila Bergmann & Thea Reifler

Shu Lea Cheang is a pioneering Taiwanese-American multimedia artist and filmmaker whose radical work spans film, internet-based installation, participatory performance, and net art—continuously probing surveillance, gender, and systems of power.

The postcard offers a glimpse into her future film Fisting Club, episode 2, translating the medium of a cinematic teaser into a printed, sharable matter of non-normative desire and anticipation.

- o Jakub Jansa
- o invited by Tjaša Pogačar

Why would a lamp fall from the sky? Isn't that, like super sus?

No biggie, you know, sometimes the universe just drops stuff on you, like...that random trend you didn't see coming but now everyone's doing it. I mean, who even cares where the light comes from, right? Let's just vibe with it.

You know what? You're right. Why stress over some weird mystery when you can just... go with the flow and enjoy whatever lief's serving up?

- Hans-Jörg Mayer
- o invited by Ramesch Daha

In this work, Mayer transforms the iconic Aldi Nord shopping bag—originally designed in 1970 by abstract-concrete painter Günter Fruhtrunk—into painterly material. Through repeated motifs, color washes, and retouched "errors," the simple plastic icon becomes a meditation on painting itself: its logic, its accidents, its cultural resonance. It raises questions about the boundary between high art and functional design, and invites reflection on what imagery we consider worthy of painting.

- Zina Isupova
- o invited by Kriegsbilder
- o invited by Aleksei Borisionok

Joy of being together still comes with pain to me – especially with the pain of not having a chance to be together with friends in places such as Ukraine and Belarus and also many others, therefore my first idea – and I want to follow it – is to invite my friends – Kriegsbilder collective (Margo Dubovska, Rita Kulyk, Yuliia Sudarchykova, Leo Trotsenko), who struggle but also know the ways how to find joy in this doomed times.

- Željka Aleksić
- o invited by BLOCKFREI Collective

The photograph, taken between 2020 and 2021 during my work at the restaurant Blaue Laguna in Vienna, bears witness to a liminal space – between labor and art, between survival and observation. At that time, I was, so to speak, a "jack of all trades" – a person without a fixed role, yet with full access to all the micro-dramas of everyday working life.

Five years later, invited by BLOCKFREI Collective to participate in the project 17(Joy), I return to this image – now as an artist. I chose this photograph as my postcard not out of nostalgia, but because it contains traces of invisible labor, transient identities, and the quiet presence of art within the ordinary. In the context of a project that reflects on slowness, fragility, and togetherness, this image becomes a form of slow text – a document of a past life that now transforms into a testimony of artistic persistence. Blaue Lagune (Blue Lagune or Plava Laguna) is thus both work and postcard, both testimony and question: how do we record our transitions, and how do we share them?

- Miriam Stoney
- o invited by Fanny Hauser

If I am to be entirely honest, there are very few artful moments in my day-to-day life. Those that do occur rarely coincide with the working day. The bloodied knee, for example, is a product of two different sporting activities: the first precipitating the injury, the second then removing the scab that had formed. In the image, the blood trickle is smeared, as a friend took a tissue and tried to clean my leg. I took this photograph to document that attempt. It meant something to me and that had something to do with my work, though I am not entirely sure what.

- Chantal Kaufmann
- invited by KUNSTVEREIN GARTENHAUS

Full Stop. Colon. Semi colon.

Interruptions and punctuations are an invitation to linger on what is subjective and destroy what is tender. Start again, take out a frame, repeat it and juxtapose with something else. The gaze is an imperfect machine that can devise significance.

Chantal Kaufmann's cinematic practice plays with discontinuity and interruption to unveil the connections between image and language and their joint production of meaning between author and recipient. In her work subjectivity is challenged by the presence of haunting images appearing and disappearing: a glimpse or a fragment is cut, reproduced and recontextualised. It is nevertheless the repetition of this glitch that opens up understandings.

- Colm Keady Tabbal
- o invited by Liam Gillick

The image depicts future members of the American Cold War intelligence community performing a theatrical adaptation of Faust as students of an engineering college in New Jersey.

- Ezra Šimek
- o invited by jen kratochvil

a person enters a room, a character comes out; a character enters a room, a person comes out. seemingly linear acts of transformation — yet neither remains the same.