



mi chiedo se c'è un posto in questo mondo...

Dragutin Banic Lutz Braun Robert Elfgen
Brunhilde Groult Nschotschi Haslinger
Filip Henin Ilse Henin Semra Henin
Magdalena Kita Özlem Sakalsi

curated by Dragutin Banic & Ilse Henin

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Sea and Island of the SAROM. Outside. Day.

The steel island of the SAROM, six kilometers in front of the coastline.

A large tanker moored on the stern side.

Crude oil flows through a big black hose hanging from a crane arm.

Giuliana is standing on the platform looking at the built structures on the island. She leans over the railing and sees a flock of seagulls flying low above the sea, then she turns around and her gaze follows the hook from which the hose is hanging in the air.

Corrado comes hovering on a seat dangling from a kind of pulley, from where he greets the captain, who responds with a wave.

Corrado is lowered onto the island and approaches Giuliana with a gesture signaling: done.

CORRADO: It costs me half of my material and men. It travels to Buenos Aires, but that's okay with me.

Giuliana says nothing. Corrado talks excitedly. He appears to be fully preoccupied by the departure and the practical problems of the journey and the organization.

GIULIANA: What are you taking along?

CORRADO: Electric generators, trucks, cranes, pipes ... the plant equipment.

GIULIANA: No, I mean your ... personal things.

CORRADO: Nothing. A few suitcases.

Again a pause. A muffled engine sound and the sea incessantly washing up against the iron posts that support the island.

GIULIANA: If I would leave, I'd take everything along, everything I see, what I have in my hands every day, even the ashtrays.

CORRADO: In that case you should stay where you are, otherwise you'll mourn over each and every thing. The street where you live, the city ...

GIULIANA: Sometimes you read in newspaper ads: sale because of relocation ... as if that were an excuse for giving up everything you have, or at least a part of it.

She makes a move, suddenly reinvigorated.

GIULIANA: Why? That shouldn't be. How do you know what you still need? ... And then the things you leave behind, the people, will you find them again when you return? ... And if you do find them, will they still be the same?

CORRADO: Maybe I won't return.

GIULIANA: If I would have to leave and never return, I'd take you along.

Corrado gets serious, touched by Giuliana's words.

GIULIANA: Yes, because you now also belong to me, I mean, to what's around me.

A pause. Corrado approaches her with a tender gaze.

Giuliana feels a moment of open intimacy toward him.

She goes to the steps to board the waiting ship. Corrado follows her.

(English translation from the transcript of the german version of *Il deserto rosso* (1964) by Michelangelo Antonioni)