

Four Argonauts are searching for work. That's the handwritten text on the photograph in which we see four men walking on a desert road. The photograph is grainy, as if the shot was captured from a long distance or subsequently enlarged. Then again, maybe the blurring is caused by fine sand blown up by the wind. The men walk one behind the other, their only interaction is when one of the four turns to the two behind in order to (we assume) say something. I'm not sure what we could read from this photograph based only on the scene and the words written on it. The Argonauts, the famous ancient heroes and Jason's crew on the famous Argos that set sail for the Golden Fleece, seem eons away from the four lonely men on this dust-golden desert road. At first glance, they appear to us as anti-heroes, quite different from Jason's company, and their journey is clearly caused by the search for work, and it is not a brave treasure hunt. I say at first glance, because it is certain that both the goals of the journey become one and the same at a certain moment. Since this photo is part of the exhibition *Black glass on the road* of the artist Amela Frankl, we know that the scene was taken on the streets of the capital city of Nouakchott in Mauritania. The exhibition includes works created in the period 2019-2023, and in the form of a diary it takes us through photos, videos and performances on the roads from Zagreb, France, Mauritania and back, to finally reach Osijek, where the artist is exhibiting for the first time. The pieces in the exhibition form a kind of diary, serving as intimate documentation of a moment in time as well as symbols of eternally crucial questions of human existence such as survival, power dynamics, prejudices and, ultimately, the artist's own life. By travelling through time and space, the artist observes the world around her from the edge (of the desert, the city, the country) – through the wind that carries everything in its path, through scenes that tremble from the heat, through the sun and sand that burn the skin. Amela Frankl, like a mythological traveler-stranger, moves seemingly soundlessly, yet completely laid-back, between all these environments. Like the Argonauts in the ancient narrative, Amel Frankl's paths intertwine into stories of personal experiences, feelings, thoughts, images, sounds and dreams. Like in another photograph of the same work – the artist writes *Sorry Zeus, today is my turn!* on the rainstorm cloud thereby signaling a new shift of power. And indeed it is. This is a human story, not a divine one, and as such it fascinates us and shares with us the desert horizon here and now.

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