

Natascha Sadr Haghghian Waiting for Alfred

A: Are we still waiting for Alfred?

B: No idea, should we be? We've already been sitting here for quite some time. He would have...well, I don't know. We should wait a few more minutes.

A: Let's have a coffee then. I'm getting kind of depressed.

B: Feels odd, doesn't it!

A: Yeah, especially since he was one of us before. Now it's as if there were worlds between us.

B: I guess he's always been a little eavesdropper. Kind of a stealth jet in our collective. Now he's just been unveiled.

A: You mean he was just observing us and not really participating? Yeah, you might be right. But it didn't bother me then. What worries me most is my own perception of him right now. It's as if I want to sell something to him and I fear he might not buy my story. He might say: "Don't call us, we'll call you!" See what I mean? At the same time we're friends.

B: I know exactly what you mean, but that's not him. That's the system. That's power. It just happens to be represented by this lad right now.

A: But why did he accept the job in the first place? At the end of the day an artist is not a curator and...feels like a fuckin' undercover cop! I'd rather be arrested by a proper policeman—uniform and all that! It's this ambivalence that is killing me.

B: I'm quite surprised by what you say! Didn't we believe in the concept of interdisciplinarity, curating, doing art, doing other things, writing. Obviously one of us would be picked for such a job, bringing in the skills to represent this practice on a larger scale. You can't have an artist-artist for that, can you?

A: And now he will pick one of us!

B: I know it feels odd!

A: It kills the idea of practice that we pursued. Might sound paradoxical, but I'd rather face a proper curator-curator who never pretended to be in the same position that I'm in. That's clearly perceptible. No blurry good friends la-li-la-la situation, where in the end only one is in the position to decide things. It's about how power is organized! The shift within ideological positions is irrelevant there. Artist, curator, this, that — who gives a fuck! When it comes to rules of representation it's not one's attitude that matters, it's one's position!

B: But if you refuse to take a powerful position on principle, your ideas will never have to prove their relevance! I think we have to take the risk of getting involved in structures that allow us to realize a critical approach on a larger scale. If we don't, we're fucked! Our desire will be a training camp for people like Alfred who are eager to make a career.

A: I agree. We failed. And we will keep on failing. It's a new movement: Impossiblism! I like it!

B: You're totally schizophrenic.

A: No I'm not. I just found out, you're right! It's not him. Could be anybody. He's trapped in the mechanism of representation.

B: But you are as well! You're waiting here for Alfr... Oh, hi, Alfred! What's up? We almost thought you got the date wrong!