

Dear,

The performance of an institution rests in a plurality of voices and the uncountable acts of many. To bring one's voice and acts to serve an institution means to comply with one's substitutability in holding a replaceable position.

Despite a preliminary disconcertment these daily acts of agency come easily now. Still we'd like to acknowledge that you have sometimes felt a degree of tiredness, an exhaustion which made you wish to not have to attend and to let go of your duties.

We assume you're familiar with that sort of exhaustion. We're aware it results less from your actual tasks, but rather from a discrete form of labour that you conduct unnoticeably.

Yours,
Faculty of Invisibility

Faculty of Invisibility

Dear,

We would like to reveal the rupture of address that these letters would have to perform. In fact we do not approach you as a person, rather we would like to address the office that you hold. As if unbound of its holder we would like to speak to the office alone.

We hope that yet you understand the indirection we have chosen. It is impossible to write to a place such as the office as if it were void of its current bearer, as if it were empty and unoccupied. That its constant execution would be at rest.

Yours,
Faculty of Invisibility

This series is sent to you
by the Faculty of Invisibility
in the frame of Parallel Events,
Manifesta 8, Murcia, Spain.

The Faculty of Invisibility
(www.faculty.cc) is a
self-generating institution
traversing different formats
of publicness.

Dear,

That we address you has to do with a certain difficulty accompanying our acts. To interrupt the course of things just for an instant requires one to commit to its time. To unconditionally belong to it.

Please understand that our letters enter the place of your office to approach a threshold in language. They merely hint at a moment in language in which each word might be full as well as empty. Meaningful as much as without meaning.

Our writing can't be anything but entirely provisional and undefined.

Yours,
Faculty of Invisibility

Dear,

With receiving these letters it is as if you shared an event that remained unnoticeable. We are writing to insist on an event that necessarily must have taken place while escaping its insertion into a chronological order. That these letters are here at once, yet our seemingly careless manner of sending – don't be mistaken – still bears the possibility of an indeterminate solidarity. An engagement that obliges you to nothing. That asks nothing of you, that makes no demands.

Still we have taken the liberty to count you in to an undefined number of figures who might be bound into an unavailable time. The time our letters rely on, while being completely uncertain, persists in conveying the chance to slip into the real.

Yours,
Faculty of Invisibility

Dear,

In your acts the possibilities of the public are weighed. At the same time we admit it seems impossible to realize this responsibility within each action. The institutional act must remain blind to some extent.

Our ability to relate to reality is transformed by the institution, as you know. By putting the gestures of language into service it ties us into agreement. But in order to act in the name of the institution one still has to turn into one of those figures, that are fully embedded in the public image – figures that are rising and falling in complementing this work. Only under the condition of fully belonging to this image can one partake in changing it.

Yours,
Faculty of Invisibility

Faculty of Invisibility

Dear,

Naturally a series of letters, which does not address you but rather your office, does not encourage you to lay down your work. The call our letters might convey would belong to the realm of literature rather than to that of the office. Maybe it would be entirely entrenched in language. It would relate to the margins of things and acts.

To lay down what you permanently discretely comply with, what remains essentially below notice, would have required another gesture. A gesture as unspectacular as tearing this envelope open.

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Dear,

Don't let the choice of our words lead you astray if we refer to the activity, which still accompanies all your tasks, as a silent agreement. Like a daily inaudible request that you meet. You cross the threshold of the institution day-to-day. Taking up and leaving your work, accomplished with a series of gestures, seems to touch upon the ban that encompasses the institution.

It is this supplementary activity, as you assume, which inserts you into the public order while it still effectuates it.

You comprehend better than we do how this inaudible agreement, which may show itself as tiredness, is inseparably embedded in our existence. It seems to be completely natural and without mentionable effort, not even actually activated, but essentially inapproachable. Almost unattributable and impersonal.

Yours,
Faculty of Invisibility

Faculty of Invisibility

Dear,

We'd like to ask you to consider the appearance of our letters just like a game, which however maintains the form of the ritual but conducts it void of the meaning once assigned to it.

Would one wind up and tighten the strap of the institution, and let the office jump off the cord, what if it would continue to spin like a top? If only a figure bound into language remained, effectively spellbound in language, would that be so strange?

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