

THE FACULTY **BODY** OF INVISIBILITY CALLS YOU.



IT'S ONLY CALLING TODAY, ONLY ONCE!

WHOEVER MISSES THE CHANCE NOW, MISSES IT FOREVER!

WHOEVER THINKS TOWARDS THE FUTURE, LISTEN TO US!

EVERYONE IS WELCOME!

ANYONE WHO IS AN ARTIST OR ELSE, REPORT!

ANYONE WHO IS TIRED AND EXHAUSTED, REPORT!

ANYONE SICK OF COMPETING, REPORT!

OUR CAMP NEEDS EVERYONE, EVERYONE IN THEIR

OUR CAMP BRINGS CURE DURING SLEEP.

PLACE.

WORK

OUR CAMP IS THE TIME WHICH TRANSFORMS ALL RELATIONS!

BAD EXPERIENCES WILL BE TURNED INTO GOOD ONES!

LOST FRIENDSHIPS WILL BE REPAIRED!

OLD GRUDGES WILL BE SETTLED!

ASSEMBLE IN FRONT OF A SCREEN THAT SHINES

IN THE SETTING SUN!

SIT WITH US IN THE MANEGE!

REST IN THE ABATON TO DREAM OF A CURE!

ANYONE WHO CHOOSES US, WE CONGRATULATE YOU

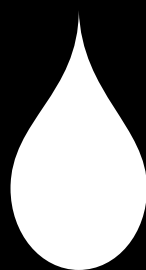
RIGHT NOW!

BUT HURRY, ALL OF YOU, SO YOU WILL STILL BE LET IN!

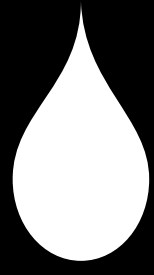
DAMN THOSE WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN US!

ON TO WORPSWEDE!

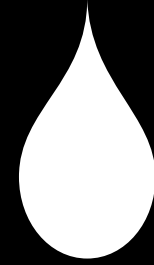
no program
no workshop
registration required
www.body-of-work.org



A summer camp like a passage. The duration of the camp like an exposure time. Like a theatre without theatre. No program, no workshop, no work. Neither production nor reproduction of our labour force as artists. Nothing will be like before.



BODY OF WORK



My body is a formula, a ritual incantation. An incessantly active formula.

As such my body is a skilful form for exhibiting itself. It's a surface folded many times. Ready to expose itself from all sides to all its sides. Ready to be flipped open with just a flick of the wrist. Ready to display my life, if desired. I arrange my life with regard to that particular textuality, a life which I call less and less my own.

Ever since it became my profession to embody knowledge, I turn my knowledge inwards and outwards, making work and life inseparable. In fact, the knowledge I embody comes forth from this indistinguishability between life and work, and such is the articulation I fabricate. I embody the privilege that all affects and emotions make part of my work, that no area of my life remains untouched, that I live life in close proximity to writing. It is the demand that I follow in being an artist: to be citable at any time. Insofar as I call myself an author, and insofar as I am the author of myself, I am writing life as my body of work.

A particular disciplining force resides within these written words. A ceaseless transcription, running ahead of me, prescribing life, consuming my body, blending body and writing into each other, until they can no longer be told apart. Until they are forever similar, so that I come to embody those improbable words that my life seems to be in description. In fact, it is through this work that my life completes itself. It is due to this work, that I am my own producer, assessing the value of every appearance I make for my résumé.

My body of work is an appliance, a constant measure I use to secure myself from endangerment. I have no other assurance but that the production of myself never rests. Struggles I realise can't be won are shifted to the inside, distributing grains of frustration and fear, until nothing but their indeterminate symptoms show. It carries little weight whether I am governed or whether I govern myself. While I engage to alter the institutions from within, I realise that they reside inside of me and have begun to hollow me out. They keep asking for ever more room. Through my body the institutions confer with each other. Everyday another emotion, another sensation changes sides.

I perpetuate what I would like to push back. I am entirely exhausted, yet entirely mobilised. I still wish to be the dividing line running through myself, a line that can not be withdrawn, that would restore my body for myself. A spell that could undo the silent yet constant invocation, that works continually to produce a new form of intimacy within me. Still, the mode of production that governs me maintains countless relations within myself, so that I would begin to destroy myself if I were to abandon it.

Illness remains as the only possible form of life. Countless particles within my body have radicalised themselves and can no longer be controlled. They conspire against me. I am in a physical state of rebellion. The permanent and ever growing sense of anxiety. The fatigue that I can no longer get rid of. If I had ever dreamt of a cure, that could tear me from the formula I call my body of work, I imagine something hardly noticeable, like a scarcely audible sound that could take hold of everything that must be redeemed. A sound that could form a passage, a sound that could forever split what was, from what will be. A sound just like the persistent ringing in my ear. A sound that one only need dream of.

