MANIFESTO
JULIAN ROSEFELDT

A film installation in twelve scenes

With essays by
Burcu Dogramaci
Anna-Catharina Gebbers / Udo Kittelmann
Reinhard Spieler

and an interview with the artist by
Sarah Tutton and Justin Paton

Koenig Books, London
All that is solid melts into air.

To put out a manifesto you must want:
  ABC to fulminate against 1, 2, 3;
to fly into a rage and sharpen your wings to conquer and disseminate
  little abcs and big abcs; to sign, shout, swear; to prove your non plus ultra;
to organize prose into a form of absolute and irrefutable evidence.

I am against action;
I am for continuous contradiction: for affirmation, too. I am neither for nor
against and I do not explain because I hate common sense.

I am writing a manifesto
because I have nothing to say.

I speak only of myself since I do not wish to convince; I have no right
to drag others into my river, I oblige no one to follow me and everyone
practises his art in his own way, if he knows the joy that rises like arrows to
the astral layers, or that other joy that goes down into the mines of
corpse-flowers and fertile spasms.

Does anyone think he has found a psychic base common to all mankind?
How can one expect to put order into the
chaos that constitutes that infinite and
shapeless variation –

man?

Karl Marx
Friedrich Engels
Tristan Tzara
Philippe Soupault
Lucio Fontana
John Reed Club of New York
Constant Nieuwenhuys
Aleksandr Rodchenko
Guy Debord
We call upon all honest intellectuals, all writers and artists, to abandon decisively

THE TREACHEROUS ILLUSION THAT ART CAN EXIST FOR ART’S SAKE

Or that the artist can remain remote from the historic conflicts in which

All Men Must Take Sides
We are continuing the evolution of art. The ideas are irrefutable. They exist as seeds within the social fabric, awaiting expression by artists and thinkers.

Mankind is passing through the most profound crisis in its history.

An old world is dying; a new one is being born. Capitalist civilization, which has dominated the economic, political and cultural life of continents, is in the process of decay. It is now breeding new and devastating wars. At this very moment the Far East seethes with military conflicts and preparations which will have far-reaching consequences for the whole of humanity.

In the meantime, the prevailing economic crisis is placing greater and greater burdens upon the mass of the world’s population, upon those who work with hand or brain.

The present crisis has stripped capitalism naked.

It stands more revealed than ever as a system of robbery and fraud, unemployment and terror, starvation and war.

The general crisis of capitalism is reflected in its culture. The economic and political machinery of the bourgeoisie is in decay, its philosophy, its literature and its art are bankrupt. The bourgeoisie is no longer a progressive class, and its ideas are no longer progressive ideas. On the contrary:

as the bourgeois world moves toward the abyss, it reverts to the mysticism of the Middle Ages. Fascism in politics is accompanied by neo-Catholicism in thinking.

Modern art, suffering from a permanent tendency to the constructive, an obsession with objectivity, stands isolated and powerless in a society which seems bent on its own destruction. Western art, once the celebrator for emperors and popes, is becoming an instrument of the glorification of bourgeois ideals.

Now that these ideals have become a fiction with the disappearance of their economic base,

a new era is upon us,
in which the whole matrix of cultural conventions loses its significance.
But, just as with a social revolution, this spiritual revolution cannot be enacted without conflict.

In this period of change, the role of the artist can only be that of the revolutionary:

it is his duty to destroy the last remnants of an empty, irksome aesthetic, arousing the creative instincts still slumbering unconscious in the human mind.

Our art is the art of a revolutionary period, simultaneously the reaction of a world going under and the herald of a new era.

We glorify the revolution aloud as the only engine of life.

We glorify the vibrations of the inventors.

Young and strong, we march with the flaming torches of the revolution.

This is the place – for the rebellious spirit.

The petty and materialistic – be off with you!

We call upon all honest intellectuals, all writers and artists, to abandon decisively the treacherous illusion that art can exist for art’s sake, or that the artist can remain remote from the historic conflicts in which all men must take sides. We call upon them to break with bourgeois ideas which seek to conceal the violence and fraud, the corruption and decay of capitalist society. We urge them to forge a new art that shall be a weapon in the battle for a new and superior world.

Against the spectacle,

our culture introduces total participation.

Against preserved art, it is the organization of the directly lived moment. Against particularized art, it will be a global collective practice. This culture would not be dominated by the need to leave traces. A revolution in behaviour capable of extension to the entire planet, and of being further extensible to all habitable planets.

To those who don’t understand us properly, we say with an irreducible scorn: ‘We, of whom you believe yourselves to be the judges,

we will one day judge you!’
Filippo Tommaso Marinetti
Umberto Boccioni
Carlo Carrà
Luigi Russolo
Giacomo Balla
Gino Severini
Guillaume Apollinaire
Dziga Vertov
Look at us! We’re not exhausted yet!

Our hearts feel no weariness, for

THey FEED ON FIRe,  
ON HATRED,  
AND ON SPEEd!

Let the reign of the divine Electric Light begin at last

Make Room for Youth, 
for Violence, for Daring!
A broker in a huge stock-exchange hall full of computers, among colleagues, everybody absorbed in work. The camera looks at her first from a bird’s-eye view, then draws closer to her and finally pulls back to reveal the entire space.

---

My friends and I stayed up all night. We were sitting under mosque lamps hanging from filigreed brass domes, star-studded as our souls, all aglow with the concentrated brilliance of an electric heart.

For many hours, we’d been trailing our age-old indolence back and forth over richly adorned, oriental carpets, debating at the uttermost boundaries of logic and filling up masses of paper with our frenetic writings. Immense pride filled our hearts, for we felt that at that hour we alone were vigilant and unbending, like magnificent beacons or guards in forward positions, facing an enemy of hostile stars, which watched us closely from their celestial encampments. Alone we were, with the floundering drunks, with the uncertain beating of our wings, along the city walls...

At long last all the myths and mystical ideas are behind us!

See there, the Earth’s very first dawn! Nothing can equal the splendour of the sun’s red sword slicing through our millennial darkness for the very first time!

We believe that this wonderful world has been further enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed.

We want to sing about the love of danger, about the use of energy and recklessness as common, daily practice.

We intend to glorify aggressive action, life at the double, the slap and the punching fist.

We wish to glorify war, and beautiful ideas worth dying for.

We will elevate all attempts at originality, however daring, however violent. The suffering of a man is of the same interest to us as the suffering of an electric lamp.

We rebel against everything which is filthy and worm-ridden and corroded by time.

---

Manifesto • Futurism

FTM 1909
We must breathe in the tangible miracles of contemporary life – the iron network of speedy communications which envelops the Earth: the Earth which itself is hurtling at breakneck speed along the racetrack of its orbit.

How can we remain insensible to the frenetic life of our great cities and to the exciting new psychology of nightlife?

We shall sing of the great multitudes who are roused up by work, pleasure or rebellion; of the pulsating, nightly ardour of arsenals and shipyards, ablaze with their violent electric moons; of railway stations, voraciously devouring smoke-belching serpents; of factories hanging from the clouds by their twisted threads of smoke; and of the lissome flight of the aeroplane, whose propeller flutters like a flag in the wind, seeming to applaud, like a crowd excited.

We will destroy the cult of the past, the obsession with the ancients and academic formalism. We want our country free from the endless number of museums that everywhere cover her like countless graveyards.

Do you really want to waste all your best energies in this unending, futile veneration for the past, from which you emerge fatally exhausted, diminished, trampled down?


Look at us! We’re not exhausted yet!

Our hearts feel no weariness, for they feed on fire, on hatred, and on speed!

Look around you! Standing tall on the roof of the world, yet again, we hurl our defiance at the stars! Our eyes, spinning like propellers, take off into the future on the wings of hypothesis.

Let the reign of the divine Electric Light begin at last.

Make room for youth, for violence, for daring!
Bruno Taut
Antonio Sant’Elia
Coop Himmelblau
Robert Venturi
Glassy and bright a new world shines out in the early light; it is sending out its first rays

THE GREAT SUN
OF ART
WILL BEGIN ITS VICTORIOUS COURSE

Today more than ever we believe in our will, which creates for us the only life value.
And this value is:

Everlasting Change
A factory worker gets up very early in the morning. We see her – a single mother – first in her apartment: morning rituals, strong coffee, preparing a breakfast for her daughter who is still sleeping, writing a note for her. She leaves her house and rides on a moped through the city to her job (she works as a crane operator in a garbage incineration plant, monotonous job, quite sombre). Having entered the building, she changes in the locker room and starts working.

voice over, while she is having breakfast

How day will eventually break – who knows? But we can feel the morning. We are no longer moonstruck wanderers roaming dreamily in the pale light of history. A cool early morning wind is blowing around us; he who doesn’t want to shiver must stride out. And we and all those striding with us see in the distance the early light of the awakening morning!

Glassy and bright, a new world shines out in the early light; it is sending out its first rays. A first gleam of jubilant dawn. Decades, generations – and the great sun of art will begin its victorious course. Today more than ever we believe in our will, which creates for us the only life value. And this value is:

everlasting change.

We fight without respite against traditionalist cowardice. We no longer feel ourselves to be the men of the cathedrals, the palaces and the podiums. We are the men of the great hotels, luminous arcades, straight roads and beneficial demolitions.

Let us overturn monuments, pavements, and flights of steps; let us sink the streets and squares; let us raise the level of the city. We must invent and rebuild it like an immense and tumultuous shipyard – agile, mobile and dynamic in every detail; and our houses must be like gigantic machines.
In the distance shines our tomorrow. Hurray for the transparent, the clear!

**Hurray for purity!**

Hurray and hurray again for crystal, for the fluid, the graceful, the angular, the sparkling, the flashing, the light –
hurray for everlasting architecture!

**Architecture that bleeds,**

that exhausts, that whirls, and even breaks. Architecture that lights up, stings, rips, and tears under stress. Architecture has to be cavernous, fiery, smooth, hard, angular, brutal, round, delicate, colourful, obscene, lustful, dreamy, attracting, repelling, wet, dry, and throbbing.

**Alive or dead.**

If cold, then cold as a block of ice.
If hot, then hot as a blazing wing.

**Architecture must blaze.**


**I am for messy vitality over obvious unity.**

I am for richness of meaning rather than clarity of meaning;
I prefer ‘both-and’ to ‘either-or’.
Vasily Kandinsky
Franz Marc
Barnett Newman
Wyndham Lewis
We do not need the obsolete props of an outmoded and antiquated legend

WE ARE FREEING OURSELVES OF THE IMPEDIMENTS OF MEMORY, ASSOCIATION, NOSTALGIA, LEGEND AND MYTH

We are creating images whose reality is self-evident, both sublime and beautiful

The Sublime is Now
A private board meeting in the villa of the CEO who has invited everybody on this special occasion to present a new concept for the company. The board members enjoy the party – smoking on the terrace, chatting and drinking – until she calls the meeting; then everybody takes their places and listens while she talks.

A great era has begun: the spiritual ‘awakening’, the increasing tendency to regain lost ‘balance’, the inevitable necessity of spiritual plantings, the unfolding of the first blossom.

We are standing at the threshold of one of the greatest epochs that mankind has ever experienced: the epoch of great spirituality.

Art, literature, even ‘exact’ science are in various stages of change in this ‘new’ era; they will all be overcome by it.

We do not need the obsolete props of an outmoded and antiquated legend.
We are creating images whose reality is self-evident, both sublime and beautiful.

We are freeing ourselves of the impediments of memory, association, nostalgia, legend and myth.

Instead of making cathedrals out of Christ, man or ‘life’, we are making them out of ourselves, out of our own feelings.

The image we produce is the self-evident one of revelation, real and concrete, that can be understood by anyone who will look at it without the nostalgic glasses of history.

The sublime is now.

It is not necessary to be an outcast bohemian, to be unkempt or poor, any more than it is necessary to be rich or handsome, to be an artist.

Art has nothing to do with the coat you wear.

The ‘Poor’ are detestable animals! They are only picturesque and amusing for the sentimentalist or the romantic!

And the ‘Rich’ are bores without a single exception, en tant que riches!

Ladies and gentlemen –

Long live the great art vortex!

Our vortex is not afraid of the Past: it has forgotten its existence.
The Future is distant, like the Past, and therefore sentimental.
The new vortex plunges to the heart of the Present.
But we wish the Past and Future with us — the Past to mop up our melancholy,
the Future to absorb our troublesome optimism.
With our vortex the Present is the only active thing.
The Past and Future are the prostitutes Nature has provided.

Art means periodic escapes from this brothel.
Life is the Past and the Future.

**But the Present is art.**

We want to leave Nature and Men alone.
We need the unconsciousness of humanity —
their stupidity, animalism and dreams.

The art-instinct is permanently primitive.

We only want the world to live, and to feel its crude energy flowing through us.

Ladies and gentlemen…

**BLAST**

BLAST sets out to be an avenue for all those vivid and violent ideas that could
reach the public in no other way.

BLAST will be popular, essentially. It will not appeal to any particular class, but
to the fundamental and popular instincts in every class and description of
people: to the individual.

The moment a man feels or realizes himself as an artist, he ceases to belong
to any milieu or time.

BLAST is created for this timeless, fundamental artist that exists in everybody.

BLAST presents an art of individuals.

We want those simple and great people found everywhere.

There is one truth, ourselves,
and everything is permitted.

We are proud, handsome and predatory.
We hunt machines, they are our favourite game.

We invent them and then hunt them down.

Thank you very much.
Manuel Maples Arce
Vicente Huidobro
Naum Gabo
Anton Pevzner
Truth never occurs outside our own selves. Things have no conceivable intrinsic value and their poetic parallels only flourish in an inner dimension.

In my glorious isolation,

I AM ILLUMINATED
BY THE MARVELLOUS
INCANDESCENCE
OF MY ELECTRICALLY
CHARGED NERVES

Logic is a mistake and the right to wholeness is

A Monstrous Joke
To the electric chair with Chopin!
The blue discharge of car exhausts, scented with a dynamic modernity, has exactly the same emotional value as the beloved talents of our ‘exquisite’ modernists.

Man is not a systematically balanced clockwork mechanism.

Ideas often run off the rails.
They never follow on continuously, one after another, but are simultaneous and intermittent. Logic is a mistake and the right to wholeness a monstrous joke.

The whole world is conducted like an amateur band.

And who raised the question of sincerity?
Just a moment, ladies and gentlemen, while we shovel on more coal.

Who of us is the most sincere?
Those of us who purify and crystallize ourselves through the filter of personal emotions? Or all those ‘artists’ whose only concern is to ingratiate themselves with the amorphous crowd of a scanty audience? – An audience of retrograde idiots and blacklegging art dealers?

My madness has not been reckoned with.
Truth never occurs outside our own selves.

Life is but a system open to the rains that fall at intervals.
Things have no conceivable intrinsic value and their poetic parallels only flourish in an inner dimension.

We seek truth not in the reality of appearances but in the reality of thought.
We must create.
Man no longer imitates.
He invents, he adds to the facts of the world, born in Nature’s breast, new facts born in his head: a poem, a painting, a statue, a steamer, a car, a plane ...

We must create.
That’s the sign of our times.

Impose aesthetic limits.
Create art from one’s own abilities.
Don’t reincorporate old values but create anew.

The past we are leaving behind us as carrion.
The future we leave to the fortune-tellers.

We take the present day.

No more retrospection!
No more Futurism!
Everyone silent, open-mouthed, miraculously illuminated by the vertiginous light of the present;
unique and electronically sensitized to the upwardly moving ‘I’.
Forever renewed yet forever the same. Let us honour the avant-garde.

Let us love our unparalleled century.
Our egotism is now supreme, our confidence unswerving.

In my glorious isolation,
I am illuminated
by the marvellous incandescence of my electrically charged nerves.
Naum Gabo
Anton Pevzner
Kazimir Malevich
Olga Rozanova
Aleksandr Rodchenko
I have transformed myself in the zero of form

I say to all:

ABANDON LOVE!
ABANDON AESTHETICISM!
ABANDON THE BAGGAGE OF WISDOM!

Only dull and impotent artists veil their work with sincerity

Art Requires Truth, Not Sincerity
Above the tempests of our weekdays,
Across the ashes and cindered homes of the past,
Before the gates of the vacant future,

I proclaim today to you artists,
painters, sculptors, musicians, actors, poets... to you people to whom
Art is no mere ground for conversation but the source of real exaltation,
my word and deed.

I have transformed myself in the zero of form and have fished myself out of
the rubbishy slough of academic art.

Objects have vanished like smoke; I have destroyed the ring of the horizon
and got out of the circle of objects: this accursed horizon ring that has
imprisoned the artist and leads him away from

the aim of destruction.

The savage was the first to establish the principle of naturalism: in drawing
a dot and five little sticks, he attempted to transmit his own image. This first
attempt laid the basis for the conscious imitation of nature’s forms. Hence
arose the aim of approaching the face of nature as closely as possible. The
more his awareness embraced nature, the more involved his work became,
and the more his experience and skill increased. But his consciousness
developed only in one direction, towards nature’s creation and not towards

new forms of art.

Forms move and are born, and we are forever making new discoveries. And
what we discover must not be concealed. It is absurd to force our age into
the forms of a bygone age.

Life must be purified of the clutter of the past,
of parasitical eclecticism, so that it can be brought to its normal evolution.

Art should not advance towards abbreviation
or simplification, but towards

complexity.
The Venus de Milo is a graphic example of decline. It’s not a real woman, but a parody.

**Angelo’s David is a deformation.**

All the masters of the Renaissance achieved great results in anatomy. But they did not achieve veracity in their impression of the body. Those artists were officials making an inventory of nature’s property, amateur collectors of zoology, botany and archaeology.

The living was turned into a motionless, dead state.

The savage happily drawing the outlines of a bull or a deer on a piece of stone, the artists of antiquity and of the Renaissance, the Impressionists, the Cubists, and even the Futurists – they are all united by the same thing: the object.

**Look at a ray of sun...**

the stillest of the still forces, it speeds more than 300 kilometres in a second.

What are our earthy trains to those hurrying trains of the galaxies?

We live in an abstract spiritual creativity.

**Objects died yesterday.**

We are creators of non-objectivity.

Intuitive form should arise out of nothing. Such forms will not be repetitions of living things in life, but will themselves be a living thing. Nature is a living picture, and we can admire her. But in repeating or tracing the forms of nature, we have nurtured our consciousness with a false conception of art.

To reiterate Nature is theft,

and he who reiterates her is a thief. An artist is under a vow to be a free creator, not a robber. Only in absolute creation will he acquire his right.

To create means to live, forever creating newer and newer things.

There should be a miracle in the creation of art!

I say to all: Abandon love, abandon aestheticism, abandon the baggage of wisdom, for in the new culture, your wisdom is ridiculous and insignificant.

Only dull and impotent artists veil their work with sincerity.

Art requires truth, not sincerity.
Here we cast anchor in rich ground. Ghosts drunk on energy, we dig the trident into unsuspecting flesh

I am against systems

THE MOST ACCEPTABLE SYSTEM IS ON PRINCIPLE TO HAVE NONE

The best and most extraordinary artists will be those who, with bleeding hands and hearts, hold fast to the intelligence of their time

To Sit in a Chair for a Single Moment is to Risk One’s Life
Here we cast anchor in rich ground. Ghosts drunk on energy, we dig the trident into unsuspecting flesh. We are a downpour of maledictions as tropically abundant as vertiginous vegetation; rubber and rain are our sweat, we bleed and burn with thirst, our blood is vigour.

I say unto you: there is no beginning and we do not tremble, we are not sentimental. We are furious wind, tearing the dirty linen of clouds and prayers, preparing the spectacle of disaster, fire, decomposition. We will put an end to mourning and replace tears by sirens screeching from one continent to another. Pavilions of intense joy, and widowers with the sadness of poison. To lick the penumbra and float in the big mouth filled with honey and excrement.

I destroy the drawers of the brain and of social organization; I spread demoralization wherever I go and cast my hand from heaven to hell, my eyes from hell to heaven.

One dies as a hero, or as an idiot, which is the same thing. The only word which is not ephemeral is the word death.

You probably enjoy life. But you’ve got some bad habits. You’re too fond of what you’ve been taught to be fond of. Cemeteries, melancholy, the tragic lover, Venetian gondolas. You shout at the moon. If you weren’t so cowardly, sinking under the weight of all those lofty thoughts and non-existent abstractions you’ve been forced into, all that nonsense dressed up as dogma, you’d stand up straight and play the massacre game, just like we do. But you’re too scared of no longer believing. You don’t understand that one can be attached to nothing and be happy.

We see everything, we love nothing.
We are indifferent.
We’re dead but we’re not rotting because we never have the same heart in our breast, nor the same brain in our head.
And we suck in everything around us; we do NOTHING.

I am against systems;
the most acceptable system is on principle to have none.
Abolition of logic: Dada.
Abolition of memory: Dada.
Abolition of archaeology: Dada.
Abolition of the future: Dada.
Dada is still shit,
but from now on we want to shit in different colours to decorate the art zoo
with all consular flags. Dada is neither madness, nor wisdom, nor irony.
DADA MEANS NOTHING.

And you are all idiots.
You are all complete idiots, made with the alcohol of purified sleep.
You are like your hopes: nothing. Like your paradise: nothing. Like your
Like your artists: nothing. Like your religions: nothing.

No more painters, no more writers, no more musicians, no more sculptors,
no more religions, no more republicans, no more royalists, no more imperi-
alists, no more anarchists, no more socialists, no more Bolsheviks, no more
politicians, no more proletarians, no more democrats, no more bourgeois,
no more aristocrats, no more armies, no more police, no more fatherlands,

enough of all these imbecilities, no more anything, no more anything,
nothing, NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING.

Before I come down there among you to tear out your rotten teeth,
your scab-filled ears, your canker-covered tongue.

Before I rip off your ugly, incontinent and cheesy little dick –
Before I thus extinguish your appetite for orgasms, philosophy, pepper and
metaphysical mathematical and poetical cucumbers –

Before all of that –

We’re going to have a great big bath in antiseptic –

And we’re warning you –

It’s us who are the murderers –

Of all your little newborn babies…

What we need is works of art that are strong, straight, precise and forever
beyond understanding. Logic is a complication.

Logic is always wrong.

Married to logic, art would live in incest, swallowing its own tail, still part
of its own body, fornicating within itself.

The best and most extraordinary artists will be those who every hour snatch
the tatters of their bodies out of the frenzied cataract of life; who, with
bleeding hands and hearts, hold fast to the intelligence of their time.

To sit in a chair for a single moment is
to risk one’s life.
André Breton
Lucio Fontana
Farewell to absurd choices, the dreams of dark abyss, to the artificial order of ideas

KILL, FLY FASTER, LOVE TO YOUR HEART’S CONTENT

Let yourself be carried along

May you only take the trouble to

Practise Poetry
A puppeteer in her workshop full of tools, machines and puppets on the wall, completely immersed in her work of finishing the head of a puppet that looks and is dressed exactly like herself. She is absorbed in thought while modelling her alter ego into perfection, interrupting the work from time to time to look at it (as God to his creation), then abruptly speaking with her voice and moving the puppet according to it.

Beloved imagination,
what I most like in you is your unsparing quality.

The mere word ‘freedom’ is the only one that still excites me.

Among all the many misfortunes to which we are heir, we are at least allowed the greatest degree of freedom of thought. Imagination alone offers me some intimation of what can be, and this is enough to devote myself to it without fear of making a mistake.

We are still living under the reign of logic.
The absolute rationalism that is still in vogue allows us to consider only facts relating directly to our experience.
Under the pretence of civilization and progress, we have managed to banish from the mind any kind of search for truth which is not in conformance with accepted practices.

From man’s birth until his death, thought offers no solution of continuity.
Yet a part of our mental world has finally been brought back to light:
the dream.

An ordinary observer attaches so much more importance to waking events than to those occurring in dreams. Thus the dream finds itself reduced to a mere parenthesis, as is the night.

When will we have sleeping logicians, sleeping philosophers? I would like to sleep, in order to surrender myself to the dreamers; in order to stop imposing, in this realm, the conscious rhythm of my thought. Can’t the dream also be used in solving the fundamental questions of life? Is the dream any less restrictive or punitive than the rest?
The mind of the man who dreams is fully satisfied
by what happens to him. Look at children... They set off each day without
a worry in the world. Everything is near at hand, the worst material condi-
tions are fine. The woods are white or black; one will never sleep.

Dashing down into the street, pistol in hand, and firing blindly, as fast as
you can pull the trigger, into the crowd.

Kill, fly faster,
love to your heart’s content.

Let yourself be carried along.
And if you should die, are you not certain of reawakening among the dead?

I believe in the future resolution of these two states, dream and reality,
into a kind of absolute reality, a surreality.

Reason does not create.
In creating shapes, it is subordinate to the subconscious. The subconscious,
that magnificent well of images perceived by the mind, harbours the notions
that make up man’s nature.

The subconscious shapes, composes
and transforms the individual.

I believe in the pure joy of the man who sets off from whatever point he
chooses, along any other path save a reasonable one,
and arrives wherever he can.

Farewell to absurd choices, the dreams of dark abyss, to rivalries, the
prolonged patience. Farewell to the flight of the seasons, the artificial order
of ideas, to the ramp of danger, to time for everything! May you only take
the trouble to practise poetry.

This summer the roses are blue; the wood is of glass. The earth, draped in
its verdant cloak, makes as little impression upon me as a ghost. It is living
and ceasing to live, which are just imaginary solutions.

Existence is elsewhere.
I am for an art
that grows up not knowing it is art at all

I AM FOR ALL ART
THAT TAKES
ITS FORM
FROM THE LINES
OF LIFE ITSELF

I am for art that twists and extends and accumulates
and spits and drips,
and is heavy and coarse and blunt and sweet

And Stupid as Life Itself
I am for an art that
is political-erotic-al-mystical,
that does something other than sit on its ass in a museum.
I am for an art that grows up not knowing it is art at all.
I am for an art that embroils itself with the everyday crap & still comes out on top.
I am for an art that
imitates the human, that is comic,
if necessary, or violent, or whatever is necessary.
I am for all art that takes its form from the lines of life itself, that twists and extends and accumulates and spits and drips, and is heavy and coarse and blunt and sweet and stupid as life itself.
I am for art that comes out of a chimney like black hair and scatters in the sky.
I am for art that spills out of an old man’s purse when he is bounced off a passing fender.
I am for the art out of a doggy’s mouth, falling five stories from the roof.
I am for the art that
a kid licks, after peeling away the wrapper.
I am for art that is smoked, like a cigarette; smells, like a pair of shoes.
I am for art that is put on and taken off, like pants; which develops holes, like socks; which is eaten, like a piece of pie, or abandoned with great contempt, like a piece of shit.
I am for art that
limps and rolls and runs and jumps.
I am for art that coils and grunts like a wrestler.
I am for art from a pocket, from deep channels of the ear, from the edge of a knife, from the corners of the mouth, stuck in the eye or worn on the wrist.
I am for art under the skirts, and the art of pinching cockroaches.
I am for the art that comes down out of the skies at night, like lightning, that hides in the clouds and growls.

A mother saying grace before dinner, surrounded by her family. Earlier we’ve observed her setting the table together with the maid. She calls her three sons. The two younger ones arrive (after she’s called again, more loudly) and sit down. The eldest arrives in a bad mood. The mother sits down quietly and starts her prayer. The father arrives late, tucks a napkin into his shirt collar and starts murmuring the text, too, though not knowing it as well as his children.

mother starts saying grace

The father arrives late, she darts an angry glance at him

the father arrives late, she darts an angry glance at him

the eldest son chuckles, she rebukes him

A mother saying grace

manifesto • pop art

the father arrives late, she darts an angry glance at him

the eldest son chuckles, she rebukes him

mother starts saying grace

the father arrives late, she darts an angry glance at him

the eldest son chuckles, she rebukes him

manifesto • pop art

mother starts saying grace
I am for art
that unfolds like a map; that you can kiss, like a pet dog.
Which expands and squeaks, like an accordion;
which you can spill your dinner on,
like an old tablecloth.
I am for the art of sweat
that develops between crossed legs.
I am for the art of dead birds.

I am for the art of bar-babble, tooth-picking, beer-drinking,
egg-salting, in-sulting.

I am for the art of falling off a barstool.
I am for the art of underwear and the art of taxicabs.
I am for the art of ice-cream cones dropped on concrete.
I am for the majestic art of dog-turds, rising like cathedrals.

I am for art falling, splashing, wiggling, jumping, going on and off.
I am for the art of meows and clatter of cats and for the art of their dumb
electric eyes.

I am for the white art of refrigerators
and their muscular openings and closings.
I am for the art of hearts, funeral hearts or sweetheart hearts, full of nougat.
I am for the art of the finger on a cold window, on dusty steel or in the
bubbles on the sides of a bathtub.
I am for the art of teddy-bears and guns, exploded umbrellas, burning trees,
firecracker ends, chicken bones, and boxes with men sleeping in them.

slightly rotten funeral flowers,
hung bloody rabbits, bass drums & tambourines, and plastic phonographs.

I am for Regular Price art,
Spend Less art, Eat Better art, ham art, pork art, chicken art, tomato art,
banana art, apple art, turkey art, cake art,

cookie art.

I am for an art that is combed down, that is hung from each ear, that is laid
on the lips and under the eyes, that is shaved from the legs, that is brushed
on the teeth, that is fixed on the thighs, that is slipped on the foot.

Square which becomes blobby.
Yvonne Rainer
Emmett Williams
Philip Corner
John Cage
Dick Higgins
Allen Bukoff
Larry Miller
Eric Andersen
Tomas Schmit
Ben Vautier
George Maciunas
Mierle Laderman Ukeles
Kurt Schwitters
I demand the total inclusion of all materials 
from double-track welders to three-quarter size violins

I DEMAND THE TOTAL MOBILIZATION OF ALL ARTISTIC FORCES

to create the total work of art

Take man-traps, automatic pistols, infernal machines, 
all of course in an artistically deformed condition

Flexible Tubes
Are Highly Recommended
we hear announcements through the loudspeaker next to the choreographer while the camera pans over the backstage area.

No to spectacle.

No to virtuosity.
No to transformations and magic and make-believe.
No to the glamour and transcendency of the star image.
No to the heroic.
No to the anti-heroic.
No to trash imagery.
No to involvement of performer or spectator.
No to style.
No to camp.
No to seduction of spectator by the wiles of the performer.
No to eccentricity.
No to moving or being moved.

Life is an artwork and the artwork is life.
The more we know, the less we understand, the better it is.
I welcome whatever happens next.

Fluxus is a way of doing things, and a way of life and death. Fluxus is inside you, it is part of how you are. Fluxus is bigger than you. Fluxus has made an art of nothing and vice versa. Fluxus makes absolutely no sense.

Fluxus hasn’t even taken place yet.

Fluxus is a pain in art’s ass.
Purge the world of intellectual, professional and commercialized culture!

Purge

the world of dead art, imitation, artificial art, abstract art, illusionistic art, mathematical art. Promote Non Art Reality to be grasped by all peoples, not only critics, dilettantes and professionals. Promote a revolutionary flood and tide in Art. Promote living art, anti-art.

But after the revolution, who’s going to pick up the garbage on Monday morning?

Maintenance is a drag; it takes all the fucking time.
Clean your desk, wash the dishes, clean the floor, wash your clothes, wash your toes, change the baby’s diaper, finish the report, correct the typos, mend the fence, keep the customer happy, throw out the stinking garbage, watch out don’t put things in your nose, what shall I wear, I have no sox, pay your bills, save string, wash your hair, change the sheets, go to the store,
say it again, go to work, clear the table, call him again, flush the toilet,

stay young...

Now, I will simply do these maintenance everyday things,
and flush them up to consciousness, as Art.

Everything I say is Art is Art.
Everything I do is Art is Art.

I demand the principle of equal rights for all materials,
equal rights for able-bodied people, idiots, whistling wire netting, and
thought-pumps.

Take gigantic surfaces,
cloak them in colour and shift them menacingly. Bend drilling parts of the voids infinitely together. Paste smoothing surfaces over one another. Make lines fight and caress one another in generous tenderness. Flaming lines, creeping lines, surfacing lines. Let points burst like stars among them and dance a whirling round. Bend the lines, crack and smash angles, choking revolving around a point. Roll globes whirling air they touch one another. Collapsible top hats fall strangled crates boxes. Make nets firewave and thicken into surfaces. Net the nets. Make veils blow, cotton drip and water gush. Hurl up air soft and white through thousand candle-power arc lamps.

Then take wheels and axles and make them sing.

Find a sewing machine that yawns.
Take a dentist’s drill, a meat grinder, a car-track scraper.
Take buses and pleasure cars, bicycles, tandems and their tyres.

Take lights and deform them as brutally as you can.
Make locomotives crash into one another, make threads of spider webs, dance with window frames and break whimpering glass. Explode steam boilers to make railroad mist. Take petticoats, shoes and false hair, also ice skates, and throw them into place where they belong, and always at the right time.

For all I care, take man-traps, automatic pistols, infernal machines, all of course in an artistically deformed condition. Flexible tubes are highly recommended. I demand the total inclusion of all materials, from double-track welders to three-quarter size violins. Even people can be used.

I demand
the complete mobilization of all artistic forces to create the total work of art.

Mighty erections of aquatic giants.
Art is what surrounds you.
Art does not come from ‘nowhere’
or for that matter anywhere

CREATIVITY
DOES NOT POP INTO
THE HEAD

There are grounds, forces, powers
that create and make art
a hazardous journey of leaps,

Crevasses, Errors,
Daring and Courage
Ideas can be works of art.

In conceptual art the idea or concept is the most important aspect of the work. When an artist uses a conceptual form of art, it means that all of the planning and decisions are made beforehand and the execution is a perfunctory affair. The idea becomes a machine that makes the art. This kind of art is not theoretical or illustrative of theories; it is intuitive and it is purposeless.

No matter what form the work of art may finally have, it must begin with an idea. What it looks like isn’t too important. It is the process of conception and realization with which the artist is concerned. Once given physical reality by the artist the work is open to the perception of all, including the artist.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.

All current art is fake, not because it is copy, appropriation, simulacra or imitation, but because it lacks the crucial push of power, guts and passion. All of man is fake. All of man is false. Not only because he cheats and lies with charming ease and hates and kills with determined speed, but also because man’s new cyber form is Man as God.

Speed is over time and place. Speed is power. Speed permits misinformation, disorients time and place, and is a fierce and uncompromising ruler. Our obsession with high speed leaves no time or place for return. It is now already too late and today is yesterday with its memory already lost.

Cate, how can we go forward, when action is to watch action? When the eyes are locked in a fixed gaze. When knowledge becomes information. When words are stumbling blocks and have lost their representation. When discourse is opinion. When you don’t have to know anything, and you think you know everything. When to reflect is gazing in the mirror. When to contemplate is thinking about yourself. Cate?

Well, Cate, perhaps all this could be dealt with if man were not facing a black hole; the realization that his absolute function, his primary sense of being has been snatched from him. Man was once original, held and contained a certain authenticity. But now all that is dead, finished. Man is disposable and dispensable. Cate?
And what about art? Can it hold up these harsh blows? Cate?

Certainly not, Cate, for art is what surrounds you.

Art does not come from ‘nowhere’ or for that matter anywhere. Creativity does not pop into the head. There are grounds, forces, powers that create and make art a hazardous journey of leaps, crevasses, errors, daring and courage. Cate?

I see. And what about Conceptual Art?

It is the objective of the conceptual artist to make his work mentally interesting to the spectator, and therefore usually he would want it to become emotionally dry. Cate, there is no reason to suppose, however, that the conceptual artist is out to bore the viewer?

Well, Cate, it is not only the expectation of an emotional kick that would deter the viewer from perceiving this art. Conceptual art also isn’t necessarily logical. Logic may be used to camouflage the real intent of the artist, to lull the viewer into the belief that he understands the work, or to infer a paradoxical situation – such as logic vs. illogic. Cate?

I see, so some ideas are logical in conception and illogical perceptually. And as far as I understood the ideas don’t need to be complex. On the contrary: most ideas that are successful are ludicrously simple. But you’re saying that it doesn’t really matter if the viewer understands the concept of the artist.

Cate, once it is out of his hand

the artist has no control over the way a viewer will perceive the work. Different people will understand the same thing in a different way. For instance, art critics use a secret language when communicating with each other through the medium of art magazines: ‘primary structures’, ‘reductive’, ‘ejective’, ‘cool’, or ‘mini-art’.

‘Mini-art’ sounds interesting. It must refer to very small works of art. Or maybe the mini-artist is a very small person...

Thanks very much, Cate.

You’re welcome. Thank you.

So conceptual art is one way of making art; other ways suit other artists. Conceptual art is good only when the idea is good.

Idea, form, context.

Idea: The existence of an idea is necessary and sufficient for the existence of art. Form: The existence of form is necessary but not sufficient for realizing an idea. Context: The existence of context is necessary but not sufficient for form through which an idea has been realized.
Stan Brakhage
Jim Jarmusch
Lars von Trier
Thomas Vinterberg
Werner Herzog
Nothing is Original

STEAL FROM ANYWHERE THAT RESONATES WITH INSPIRATION OR FUELS YOUR IMAGINATION

Select only things to steal from that speak directly to your soul

If you do this your work and theft will be authentic

Authenticity is Invaluable
Originality is Nonexistent
Imagine an eye unruled by manmade laws of perspective, an eye unprejudiced by compositional logic, an eye which must know each object encountered in life through an adventure of perception. How many colours are there in a field of grass to the crawling baby unaware of ‘green’? How many rainbows can light create for the untutored eye? How aware of variations in heat waves can that eye be?

Imagine a world alive with incomprehensible objects and shimmering with an endless variety of movement and innumerable graduations of colour.

Imagine a world before the ‘beginning was the word’. Allow so-called hallucination to enter the realm of perception, accept dream visions, daydreams or night-dreams. There is no need for the mind’s eye to be deadened after infancy.

Nothing is original.

Steal from anywhere that resonates with inspiration or fuels your imagination. Devour old films, new films, music, books, paintings, photographs, poems, dreams, random conversations, architecture, bridges, street signs, trees, clouds, bodies of water, light and shadows.

Select only things to steal from that speak directly to your soul.

If you do this, your work, and theft, will be authentic. Authenticity is invaluable; originality is nonexistent.
And don’t bother concealing your thievery –
celebrate it if you feel like it. In any case, always remember what Jean-Luc Godard said:

‘It’s not where you take things from – it’s where you take them to.’

Shooting must be done on location.
  Props and sets must not be brought in.
  Music must not be used unless it occurs where the scene is being shot.

The camera must be handheld.
  The film must be in colour. And special lighting is not acceptable.
  Optical filters are forbidden.

The film must not contain superficial action.
  Temporal and geographical alienation are forbidden.
  Genre movies are not acceptable.

The director must not be credited.
  I swear to refrain from personal taste.
I am no longer an artist.
  I swear to refrain from creating a ‘work’, as I regard the instant as more important than the whole. My supreme goal is to

force the truth
  out of my characters and settings. I swear to do so by all the means available and at the cost of any good taste and any aesthetic considerations.

Fact creates norms, and truth illumination.

There are deeper strata of truth in cinema, and there is such a thing as poetic, ecstatic truth. It is mysterious and elusive, and can be reached only through fabrication and imagination and stylization.
I am at war with my time,
with history, with all authority that resides in fixed and frightened forms.

I am one of millions who do not fit in,
who have no home, no family, no doctrine, no firm place to call my own,
no known beginning or end.

I declare war on all icons and finalities, on all histories that would chain me
with my own falseness, my own pitiful fears.

I know only moments,
and lifetimes that are as moments, and forms that appear with infinite
strength, then ‘melt into air’.

I am a constructor of worlds,
a sensualist who worships the flesh, the melody,
a silhouette against the darkening sky.

I cannot know your name. Nor can you know mine.

Tomorrow,
we begin together
the construction of a city.

— Epilogue —

Lbbeus Woods
Manifesto ♦ Situationism
— Manifesto ♦ Stridentism / Creationism —
— Manifesto ♦ Stridentism / Creationism —
— Manifesto • Pop Art —
— Manifesto ♦ Fluxus / Merz / Performance —
‘To manifesto is to perform’ states Alex Danchev in his introduction to 100 Artists’ Manifestos: From the Futurists to the Stuckists (2011). Turning the noun into a verb, Danchev traces a lineage from Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels’s Communist Manifesto (1848) to Filippo Tommaso Marinetti’s The Foundation and Manifesto of Futurism (1909). The artist’s manifesto is positioned here within a historical context that owes as much to dissent and revolution as it does to poetry and theatre.

Julian Rosefeldt’s multi-channel film installation Manifesto pays homage to this energetic and various tradition. Drawing on the writings of the Futurists, Dadaists, Fluxus artists, Situationists and Dogma 95, and the musings of individual artists, poets, architects, performers and filmmakers such as Kazimir Malevich, Sturtevant, Sol LeWitt, Claes Oldenburg, Mierle Laderman Ukeles, André Breton, Bruno Taut, Lebbeus Woods, Yvonne Rainer and Jim Jarmusch, Rosefeldt has edited and reassembled a collage of artists’ manifestos to create a series of striking monologues performed by Australian actor Cate Blanchett.

Performing these ‘new manifestos’ while inhabiting thirteen different personas – among them a school teacher, a puppeteer, a newsreader, a factory worker and a homeless man – Blanchett gives dramatic life to these famous words in unexpected contexts. Rosefeldt’s work questions whether these passionate statements, composed by artists with utter conviction, have survived the passage of time. Can they be applied universally? How have the dynamics between politics, art and life shifted? And what is the artist’s role in society today?

A Berlin-based artist who came to prominence on the cusp of the twenty-first century, Julian Rosefeldt is internationally renowned for his visually opulent and meticulously choreographed moving image artworks. Inspired equally by art, film, architecture and the history of popular culture, Rosefeldt creates complex and compelling multi-screen installations that carry viewers into surreal, theatrical realms, where the inhabitants are absorbed by the rituals of everyday life. Within these episodic arrangements, Rosefeldt uses familiar cinematic tropes and devices to explore cultural identities and myths, social and psychological disruption, and themes of dislocation and alienation. Whilst his narratives are often ambiguous and elliptical, Rosefeldt employs humour and satire to seduce audiences into familiar worlds made strange.

The Art Gallery of New South Wales in Sydney, the Australian Centre for the Moving Image in Melbourne, the Nationalgalerie – Staatliche Museen zu Berlin and the Sprengel Museum Hannover are honoured to be the commissioning partners for Manifesto, a brilliant new work by a truly exciting artist. Together we would like to thank and congratulate Cate Blanchett and Julian Rosefeldt.

Our particular thanks are extended to the Verein der Freunde der Nationalgalerie, the Freunde des Sprengel Museum Hannover e.V. and the Mediendienst Berlin-Brandenburg, as well as to the co-producers, the Burger Collection Hong Kong and the Ruhrtriennale, all of whom generously supported this project.

Manifesto was produced in cooperation with the Bayerischer Rundfunk, to whom we would also like to express our special thanks.

Michael Brand
Director, Art Gallery of New South Wales
Katrina Sedgwick
Director, Australian Centre for the Moving Image
Udo Kittelmann
Director, Nationalgalerie – Staatliche Museen zu Berlin
Reinhard Spieler
Director, Sprengel Museum Hannover
A flickering coloured shape snakes across the black screen, its pulsing light accompanied by a growing hissing noise. For the viewer, it is not immediately obvious what this encroaching object is. It turns out to be a burning fuse that Julian Rosefeldt is using to ignite his film project *Manifesto*. The aim of a manifesto, after all, is to demolish traditional views with an explosive force. Manifestos call for revolution and herald new eras. Along with the impetus of intentionality and performativity, a mood of departure and subversion is literally ‘inscribed’ within them, as Rosefeldt’s introductory film both reveals and obfuscates. This indeterminacy is deliberate. As the flame of the fuse gradually takes shape, enlarged almost to the point of abstraction, an off-screen voice announces: ‘To put out a manifesto you must want: ABC to fulminate against 1, 2, 3; to fly into a rage and sharpen your wings to conquer and disseminate little abcs and big abcs; to sign, shout, swear; to prove your non plus ultra; to organize prose into a form of absolute and irrefutable evidence.’

With these opening lines from his *Dada Manifesto 1918*, the Romanian-French artist Tristan Tzara (born Samuel Rosenstock, 1896–1963) intentionally evokes associations with the avant-garde manifestos of the Futurists, among others, and plays with the blatant intentionalism of such texts. From this starting point, however, he goes on to develop a Dadaist anti-manifesto that is filled with unsettling ambiguity. His text represents an unspoken but practised anti-intentionalism: ‘How can one expect to put order into the chaos that constitutes that infinite and shapeless variation: man?’ The blurred imagery in Julian Rosefeldt’s introduction is a reference to this critique of modernity and the belief in progress that was so clearly reflected in the Futurist manifestos. Here, as in Tzara’s text, blurring is a purposeful confrontation with the world as we know it. Rosefeldt thus places his filmic blurring in the context of the avant-garde movement.

In *Manifesto*, Julian Rosefeldt not only examines the concerns and intentions that are so compelling and urgent they must be expressed in the form of a manifesto; he is also interested in the specific rhetoric of manifestos and how they create a ‘call to action’. This leads him to ask: what do we do by saying something? At the action level, a manifesto issues a proclamation and makes a postulation. Over and above this, however, it is intended to shape reality in a very concrete way. The connection between speaking and acting in a manifesto can therefore be analyzed both in terms of content and in relation to speech-act theory.

In a series of lectures delivered at Harvard University in 1955, which were published posthumously under the title *How to Do Things with Words*, the British philosopher John L. Austin (1911–1960) demonstrates that constative utterances also have a performative dimension, and that by issuing an utterance we are doing something – we are performing an illocutionary act. In other words: an utterance is invariably an action, and ‘with the aid of linguistic utterances we can perform a wide variety of actions’. Julian Rosefeldt explores this theme by developing specific links between his filmed images and the spoken manifesto texts: does a loudly or quietly spoken phrase leave a visible trace on a person’s physical actions? Is embodiment intrinsic to the text? And how do the spoken words alter the perception of the filmed images that are shown concurrently?
The introduction is the only film in this multipart work that does not feature a person on screen. *Manifesto* clearly wants to show individual characters with their personal struggles, their interactions with others, and their cultural and film-historical traditions. And so this first glowing fuse in the darkness is mirrored in a daylight scene: on a misty morning in an industrial park, three elderly women can be seen setting off fireworks like excited young kids. The image has a distant echo of the three children playing with fireworks in Michelangelo Antonioni’s (1912–2007) movie *La Notte,* which captures the ennui of the affluent modern bourgeoisie. In the foreground of Rosefeldt’s film we see a scruffy, bearded man in a grey overcoat, dragging a shopping cart full of collected empty bottles behind him. The film then cuts back to the fireworks exploding in the sky – but now we see them from the bird’s-eye view of a drone. We look down upon the three women and the homeless man, who slowly moves off as the camera flies over the industrial park and a deep female voice is heard off-screen. The speaker is reading excerpts from texts filled with Situationist critique of elitism and capitalism, compiled and collaged by Rosefeldt from manifestos written by Aleksandr Rodchenko (1891–1956), Lucio Fontana (1899–1968), Constant Nieuwenhuys (1920–2005), Guy Debord (1931–1994) and the John Reed Club of New York (1932). In these texts, the artist is hailed as a revolutionary and demands are made to abolish commodities, wage labour, technocracy and hierarchy – life itself is to become art.

In his introductory film, Rosefeldt precedes the quotations from Tzara’s text with a line from *The Manifesto of the Communist Party*: ‘All that is solid melts into air.’ This immediately creates a highly ambiguous link between the individual texts, as well as between texts and images, because for Karl Marx (1818–1883) and Friedrich Engels (1820–1895) it was clear that the bourgeoisie itself could not exist without constantly revolutionizing all relations of society. Conserving the old modes of production in unaltered form had been assumed that these important survival rituals do not leave much room for revolutionary activities, yet while Engels twenty-seven when her morning routine of making coffee and preparing breakfast for her sleeping daughter, and then driving to work at a waste incineration plant. It is to be assumed that these important survival rituals do not leave much room for revolutionary activities, yet while she roars through the city on her moped, texts can be heard from ambitious manifestos by architects such as Bruno Taut (1880–1938), Antonio Sant’Elia (1888–1916) and Robert Venturi (b. 1925), or the Enlightenment, the ‘age of revolution’ was a period of social and political upheaval in western societies. Beginning with the American Revolution in 1776 and continuing through the French Revolution of 1789 to the Revolutions of 1848, it was succeeded by the ‘age of capital’ (1848–1875): following on from the uprisings against the aristocratic, feudal order, *The Communist Manifesto* was intended to mobilize the working class to take part in a revolutionary overthrow of capitalism.

By choosing this line as his opening quotation, Julian Rosefeldt also highlights the fact that manifestos are mainly written by young, angry men. Marx had just turned twenty-nine and Engels twenty-seven when they demonstrated with this approximately thirty-page essay how the written word can fundamentally transform the intellectual and political world. Many of their statements and declarations have become well-known sayings, including the opening line, ‘A spectre is haunting Europe – the spectre of Communism’, and the call for action with which *The Manifesto of the Communist Party* concludes: ‘Working Men of All Countries, Unite!’

Following the publication of Marx and Engels’s manifesto in the mid-nineteenth century, the word ‘manifesto’ entered the vocabulary of the labour movement and became a recognized designation for this kind of text. As a generic term, however, it remained firmly rooted in political discourse. Although numerous proclamatory aesthetic texts were also written in the realm of art and literature over the years, the term ‘manifesto’ was rarely used in these contexts until the early twentieth century, when it was adopted by visual artists specifically because of its political implications. After Filippo Tommaso Marinetti (1876–1944) unleashed a flood of manifesto writing with his *Manifesto of Futurism,* the avant-garde endowed the genre with some distinctive features: the urgent and precise communication of authorial intent; apppellative rhetoric; a combative, provocative style; and frequently propagandistic self-promotion.

Julian Rosefeldt recalls the proletarian origins of politicization with his highly ambiguous portrayal of a factory worker – a single mother going through her morning routine of making coffee and preparing breakfast for her sleeping daughter, and then driving to work at a waste incineration plant. It is to be assumed that these important survival rituals do not leave much room for revolutionary activities, yet while she roars through the city on her moped, texts can be heard from ambitious manifestos by architects such as Bruno Taut (1880–1938), Antonio Sant’Elia (1888–1916) and Robert Venturi (b. 1925), or the
architectural studio Coop Himmelb(l)au, which was founded in 1968. Taut’s unshakable belief in the power of architecture to completely transform the world, his ‘Wandervogel’ romanticism, and his enthusiasm for the new materials of glass, steel and concrete shatter against this woman’s everyday existence, as she travels from a dreary modernist housing development to a factory where she looks out of a huge glass window onto an alpine landscape of garbage.

The first avant-garde was on the one hand closely linked to the political utopias of modernism; on the other, it aimed to integrate art into the praxis of everyday life and establish a new, revolutionary aesthetics. An integral part of this was the use of the term ‘avant-garde’, originally a French military expression denoting the ‘advance guard’ that was sent ahead of the massed body of soldiers to enter enemy territory. The new aesthetics was also characterized by its self-staging in a variety of media, a particular rhetorical style, and the development of specific types of texts such as manifestos. Rosefeldt recalls these aspects by, for example, having an announcer in a television studio read excerpts from manifestos by Sturtevant (1924–2014) and Sol LeWitt (1928–2007) in the typical style of a newreader: ‘All current art is fake, not because it is copy, appropriation, simulacra, or imitation, but because it lacks the crucial push of power, guts and passion,’ she declares, quoting Sturtevant in a sharp tone of voice. During the broadcast, Rosefeldt also confronts the rhetoric of the well-groomed newreader with her alter ego – a field reporter standing in the rain, wearing an all-weather jacket. One is enclosed within the aseptic environment of the TV studio; the other is apparently exposed to the storms of the real world (dramatically simulated using special effects, although the wind and rain machines are ultimately exposed). The field reporter and the studio anchor address each other as ‘Cate’ as they discuss the fact that conceptual art is only good if the idea is good.

Manifestos are not simply a mode of providing information or giving instructions for action, however. The affirmative nature of their language, their apodictic, imperative style, their declamatory tone, the use of the future tense, hyperbole and superlatives but also the frequent inclusion of lists, memorable sequences and polar thinking are all intended to serve an appellative function. The distinctive style of a manifesto aims to create an emotional impact. Besides texts that are virtually impossible to recite, Rosefeldt has discovered manifestos with truly theatrical qualities. By taking them out of their usual context, he also draws attention to the literary, poetic beauty of numerous art manifestos by the likes of Francis Picabia (1879–1953), Bruno Taut, Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes (1884–1974), Kurt Schwitters (1887–1948), Richard Huelsenbeck (1892–1974), André Breton (1896–1966), Tristan Tzara or Lebbeus Woods (1940 –2012). To create his text collages, Rosefeldt studies the speech rhythms of the various authors and in doing so reveals surprising parallels between them; the same musical, synesthetic approach is also used to compose his images. He links texts and images both metaphorically – for example, by establishing a connection between the manifestos of the Futurists and stock exchange traders, on account of their shared love of speed – and anti-thetically, when he puts Claes Oldenburg’s Pop Art manifesto into the mouth of a Southern American housewife. He also invites viewers to experiment by creating their own combinations of images and sounds as they move through the Manifesto installation. With this elaboration of the complex nature of manifestos, Rosefeldt not only gives existing texts a contemporary relevance by placing them in new contexts – a method he has already employed in other works – but for the first time he assigns the leading role to the words themselves.

As a combination of a functional text and an art text, the manifesto can be located somewhere between literature and non-literature, poetics and poetry, text and image, word and action. Tristan Tzara’s humorous interventions upset linguistic conventions and hence subvert the logic of language comprehension. The method he recommends for making a Dadaist poem involves dismantling familiar structures and developing new ones, as follows: ‘Take a newspaper. Take some scissors. Choose from this paper an article of the length you want to make your poem. Cut out the article. Next carefully cut out each of the words that makes up this article and put them all in a bag. Shake gently. Next take out each cutting one after the other. Copy conscientiously in the order in which they left the bag. The poem will resemble you. And there you are – an infinitely original author of charming sensibility, even though unappreciated by the vulgar herd.’ Similar approaches based on décalage were later developed by James Joyce (1882–1941) and Max Frisch (1911–1991), among others; William S. Burroughs (1914–1997) and Brion Gysin (1916–1986) used what they termed the ‘cut-up technique’. In the new millennium, this practice is also found in the realm of music, where it is known as a ‘mash-up’. It invariably involves subverting expectations in order to move beyond normal practice in the contemporary world.

The thirteen text collages that Julian Rosefeldt has compiled from a large number of art manifestos also subvert expectations, above all through their juxtaposition with his filmed images. Here, there are no
angry young men mounting the barricades or declaring their demands to a secret assembly of potential conspirators. On the contrary: the majority of the protagonists are women – often not the youngest – who are either formulating the text as an interior monologue intended only for themselves, or delivering it to an audience that expects anything but a revolutionary call to action.

Although the relationship between language and image is not always asyntopical – often a person is visible on screen as we hear their inner voice – the text and the filmed images do not appear to have the same referential objects. The texts do not specify or explain the images, and this serves to emphasize the principle of expenditure, the declaratory style and the expressionistic language that are inherent in manifestos. The effect of this discrepancy between image and language is illustrated by Rosefeldt in a scene where a schoolteacher and her pupils quote passages from manifestos by experimental filmmakers such as Dziga Vertov (1895–1954), Stan Brakhage (1933–2003), Werner Herzog (b. 1942), Jim Jarmusch (b. 1953), Lars von Trier (b. 1956) and Thomas Vinterberg (b. 1969).

Despite the discrepancy between image and text, a connection is made in the viewer's perception of what is seen. Each of the films shows someone going about their everyday business, doing their job, engaging in their usual activities – basically 'functioning' in a normal situation. In the viewer's mind, due to the intuitive association between sound and images, the monologue becomes the audible testimony of the portrayed character's inner struggle with their particular situation, or of a conflict they find themselves in. Whether it is an inner voice or an audibly articulated one, what is being 'discussed' are alternative possibilities for action, but these actions are never performed. Instead, a decision is made in preparation for an action. In this way, Rosefeldt adds a level of tension that runs counter to the mainly peaceful images, generating the kind of subliminal rumblings which often lead up to the implementation of an action and put viewers on alert.

Rosefeldt uses the appellative nature of the texts to heighten this tension. The verbalizations and subsequent rationalizations that occur in a monologue generally create a certain detachment from a situation, while an interior monologue is only aimed at the person him- or herself. Here, however, although the audience is not present at the fictional level of the respective characters, viewers feel that they are being addressed and challenged due to the proclamatory style of speaking. Rosefeldt draws attention to this aspect by including – at exactly the same point in each film – a moment when the main character looks directly at the viewer and addresses him or her. Different dialects and stylistic elements, such as choice of words and sentence structure, were used to create an individual manner of speaking for each of the protagonists. By turning towards the audience in this moment of synchronicity, however, the characters temporarily put their roles aside, also in a linguistic sense: their individual monologue becomes a monotonous vocalization at a constant, predetermined pitch. As each film has its own set pitch, the combined sounds briefly produce two successive chords – diegetically created by the orchestral harmonization of different manifestos.

The stylistic device of the aside does not have the same distancing effect (Verfremdungseffekt) in the Manifesto films as it normally does in the theatre, however. The characters do not use the aside to comment on what is happening in the film, nor do they give us information on the relationship between things or people within the communicative frame of the narrative, nor do they make critical or insulting observations. Nevertheless, the scenic unity is threatened and the fourth wall to the audience becomes porous – the screen becomes a membrane. Strangely enough, however, the characters do not actually step outside their roles; instead, the viewer steps inside the film. The seductive power of the inflammatory texts and the sense of identification with the predominantly female protagonists have an affirmative effect that draws the viewer in.

A further level is added to Manifesto by its leading actor, Cate Blanchett. Her extreme versatility and ability to authentically convey a wide range of speaking styles and dialects enable the viewer to grasp both the variety and the unifying elements of the different manifestos on an emotional level. Over and above this, Blanchett's international celebrity guarantees that the project will receive media attention far beyond the art audience, and thus emphasizes the work's manifesto-like character.

As the goals of the avant-garde artists – to break with tradition and move away from the idea that naturalistic representation was art's primary task, to unify the arts and integrate art into life – also involved communicating sociopolitical ideals, their innovative approaches required careful elaboration and explanation. They wanted art to be not only the expression of, but also the driving force behind, sociopolitical change. The specific correlation between image and text is ultimately what defines the manifesto as a medium of reception control.

Julian Rosefeldt's complex film installation draws on Guy Debord's concept of the 'society of the spectacle', where relationships and experiences are
increasingly mediated by visual images. The ‘crisis of narratives’ at the end of the twentieth century also contributed to this development. At the same time, however, the growing volume of available images and texts, along with the expansion of the pool of recipients through print media, TV shows, web-based magazines and social media platforms, has led to increasing attempts – by commercial image makers, advertising media, and political bodies as much as by artists – to control reception. The desire to communicate grows, while the individual message gradually loses its distinctive quality and impact due to the endless possibilities for reflection and dissemination. Rosefeldt makes ‘manifest’ how all of this rekindles our desire for manifestos, but also shows how curiously unreal it would seem if we were now to proclaim universal ideals in the form of a manifesto.

3 Ibid., p. 77. Recited by the author on 23 July 1918 in Zurich at the Zunfthaus zur Meise, the ‘Manifeste Dada 1918’ was first published in Dada, vol. 3, December 1918, pp. 1–3.
6 La Notte, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni (Italy/France 1961, 122 min.).
16 A total of thirteen notes are heard: one chord consists of six notes; the other contains seven. As two notes are assigned to the split screen of the newreader and the reporter, this particular film is present in both chords.
‘In the beginning was the Word.’ The artist’s manifesto is the equivalent of the Christian’s profession of faith. The manifesto often precedes the work; it may even precede the artistic act. It serves not only as an artistic statement of self-assertion and intent but as a revolutionary call that extends far beyond art, whose deliberately presumptuous aspiration is often nothing less than to change the world. ‘Standing tall on the roof of the world, yet once again, we hurl our defiance at the stars!’ Such were the words of Filippo Tommaso Marinetti as he proclaimed his universal aspiration in the Manifesto of Futurism, published on 5 February 1909 in the Italian daily newspaper Gazzetta dell’Emilia and shortly afterwards, very prominently, on the front page of the French newspaper Le Figaro. Manifestos are mental sparks – and verbal sparkplugs – whose purpose is to cause an explosion.

In his large-scale film installation, Manifesto, Julian Rosefeldt has forcefully translated this into images. The installation itself is an artistic manifesto, juxtaposing images and text, giving equal priority to both. Thirteen manifesto collages trace a path through the arts and their history. The work is a tour de force through architecture, film, theatre, performance and the visual arts, through the -isms of the avant-garde to the present day, ingeniously accompanied by images, which themselves in turn guide us through the history of these media and their protagonists.

‘In the beginning was the Word.’ For Rosefeldt, the beginning is the image. The introductory screen shows a sparking fuse against a black background. Although a flame actually only sets off a firework at the end of a fuse, Rosefeldt has staged the actual sparks of the burning cord as a firework. In a single long take, we see a comet-like fiery tail in extreme slow motion – a spectacular contrast with the glittering sparks. The words ‘And the light shineth in darkness’ appear in the same paragraph in the Gospel of John. The tension increases, we wait for the powerful, liberating or devastating explosion – yet we wait in vain. The rocket is tethered; it cannot launch. At the end of the ten-minute take the fuse, glowing feebly, falls spent and charred into a little pile of ash, like a glowing excrement on the earth: ‘and the darkness comprehended it not’ (John 1,5).

But in the voice over, Rosefeldt does not contextualise the introductory images with the biblical quotation but rather with a quotation from the first chapter of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels’s Manifesto of the Communist Party: ‘All that is solid melts into air.’ Viewers must decide for themselves whether the burning fuse, used here by Rosefeldt as a preamble, is to be interpreted religiously, politically or artistically.

The sequence with the fuse appears for a second time in the introductory scene of the collage made from manifestos by the Situationists, who worked at the interface of art, politics and everyday reality. In this scene, however, the dark background is replaced by a realistic setting. And here, at the end, the fuse does not fall to earth as a damp squib but actually ignites a rocket – a rocket that turns out to be a firework, with countless different references to art and film history.

The countdown to the launch of a rocket ends with ‘zero’. Correspondingly, the firework was an artistic manifesto for the ZERO group and a key element of their happening-like ZERO ‘festivity’ on 5 July 1961 in Dusseldorf’s historic centre. The rocket represents zero point, a beginning and a new departure – and thus fundamentally any artistic manifesto. Here Rosefeldt
refers even more specifically to cinematic examples, particularly to Michangelo Antonioni’s La Notte, which, interestingly, was released the same year as the ZERO festivity. In this film, a very beautiful young Monica Vitti as the somewhat disorientated Valentina Gherardini watches as three young men set off a rocket – clearly an erotically charged scene. Rosefeldt’s enactment is an inverted mirror image of Antonioni’s film. He transforms his lead actor, Cate Blanchett – every bit as impressive as the radiant Monica Vitti – into a completely bedraggled tramp; in Rosefeldt’s version, the three young men become three old women who light the rocket and celebrate like young boys. The setting is very similar to that in Antonioni’s film but, while the Italian director’s work is rooted in post-war malaise, Rosefeldt chooses as his showcase the post-industrial backdrop of a former fertilizer plant in Rüdersdorf near Berlin. The excerpts from the manifestos, which span the twentieth century from Aleksandr Rodchenko (1919) through the John Reed Club of New York (1932), Constant Nieuwenhuys (1948) and Lucio Fontana (1946) to Guy Debord (1960), formulate a harsh criticism of capitalism. Rosefeldt’s artist-tramp appears as a victim of circumstances, and the ‘virile’ fireworks no longer conveys a belief in the future and an affinity with technology but instead has become the childlike pastime of bored old women.

The motif of the burning ‘fuse’ appears for a third time in the scene dealing with the manifestos of Stridentism and Creationism. Here we see a close-up of the lighting and burning of a cigarette. Just as in the introductory scene, in which the sparkling fireworks is categorically not set off, Rosefeldt uses this image as a metaphor for burning down and burning out. We see a backstage setting featuring rock musicians. The protagonist is a tattooed and drunken Cate Blanchett, who reminds one of Anya Worthington in looks, and Kate Moss in speech. Wolfgang Tillmans and Nan Goldin provide the inspiration here, as do Otto Dix, George Grosz and Ernst Ludwig Kirchner; Jeff Wall also gets a nod in the closing shot with his Thinker (1986), which in turn references Auguste Rodin.

The scene for the architecture manifestos is also located in a setting characterised by a lack of prospects, hopelessness and sadness. Rosefeldt underlines texts by Antonio Sant’Elia (1914), Bruno Taut (1920/21), Coop Himmelbl(l)au (1980) and Robert Venturi (1993) – all of which can be associated with the utopian potential of architecture – with the reality of a depressingly hopeless social environment. We catch a glimpse of the joyless daily routine of a rubbish plant worker and single mother in a piece resonating with references to cinematic works by Claude Chabrol, Aki Kaurismäki, the Italian Neorealist Pier Paolo Pasolini and, once again, Michangelo Antonioni. The protagonist’s moped journey from home to work becomes a trip through the architectural history of twentieth-century Berlin. At the end, the grandiose architectural utopias end up, figuratively speaking, as waste in the refuse sorting plant.

Rosefeldt relocates the vision of the Futurists, who applauded noise, speed and modern technology, to the eerie silence of an online trading floor. Speed and technology disappear behind sterile screens; the world is ruled by invisible mainframe computers engaged in real-time trading. The automated world events do not allow for any independent acts; people are essentially superfluous and perform only ritualised gestures of excited nervousness.

Rosefeldt embeds the utopias of the Russian Constructivists and Suprematists in the futuristic ambience of a Silicon Valley setting: a technology lab that looks as if it comes from another planet, in which capsules glide up and down completely automatically and people in white protective suits walk around. In this case, the manifesto texts can be heard in an Orwellian Big Brother-like voice over as an omnipresent computer voice, which sounds throughout the entire building.

A strange black object hovers in the innermost technology sanctum, in the heart of the laboratory temple. It seems as if Kazimir Malevich’s Black Square (1915) has made its way from the corner of the room, where it once claimed for itself the rank of icon, into the middle of the room and has transformed into the mysterious three-dimensional (foreign) body familiar to us from Stanley Kubrick’s 2001: A Space Odyssey (1968). Kubrick’s film opens with a scene depicting apes which suddenly instigate a war and discover a club as a lethal weapon. In one of the most legendary cuts in cinema history, the club that is thrown up into the air is transformed into a spaceship – a leap of a hundred thousand years in one cut. Rosefeldt alludes to this scene in the poster of a Neanderthal (adopting the pose of Rodin’s Thinker, from 1902) stuck to an office door. The scene is perfectly choreographed. Our gaze is drawn to an emergency exit sign opposite the poster, suggesting a presumed exit from the story. The emergency exit on the pictogram is a white rectangle – coincidence, art historian neurosis or director’s device? At any rate, it is difficult, not only in the case of the hovering black object but also in the case of the white rectangle on the emergency exit sign, not to think of Malevich’s Black Square and the black monoliths from Kubrick’s Space Odyssey.

Under Rosefeldt’s direction, a spiral staircase in the future laboratory is transformed into a space galaxy,
which appears again as a company logo on the protective suits worn by the laboratory staff – a tongue-in-cheek reframing of the Black Square into an esoteric spiral nebula logo in a colour and design typical of Olafur Eliasson.

For his collage based on André Breton's *Manifesto of Surrealism* (1924), which includes extracts from Lucio Fontana's *White Manifesto* (1946), Rosefeldt has chosen a mannequin workshop as the setting. The mannequin was a key metaphor for the Surrealists, and was a motif they increasingly called upon. In the legendary *Exposition internationale du Surréalisme* of 1938, the wonderful exhibition as *Gesamtkunstwerk* choreographed and staged by Marcel Duchamp, Salvador Dalí and others, a row of specially decorated and dressed shop window mannequins constituted the central motif. In Rosefeldt's work, our gaze slides across a hand puppet workshop via a gallery of ancestral portraits of potentates, statesmen and other personalities from world history – Fidel Castro, Vladimir I. Lenin, Mao Zedong, Yassar Arafat, Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Nelson Mandela, Pope John Paul II, Mother Teresa, Albert Einstein and Marlene Dietrich. In between, we encounter various sinister figures that make the entire setting look like a chamber of horrors from history. It is a journey through the world of dreams: Karl Marx, to whom Rosefeldt tellingly grants the first word in Manifesto, hangs side by side with Sigmund Freud; Yuri Gagarin greets us as the first man in space, and John Lennon allows us to dream of better times ('Imagine...'), while he waits at Yoko Ono’s side beside Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler.

The tracking shot ends with Cate Blanchett as a puppeteer shaping her own alter ego. Gradually she transforms the puppet in her hands from a male-looking bald head into an image of herself. In this way, the role of the puppeteer also hints at the manifold metamorphosis of Blanchett in Manifesto. The wig is secured to her head with needles, bearing an eerie resemblance to a voodoo doll. The puppeteer brings her own alter ego to life, and starts up a dialogue. ‘I believe in the future resolution of these two states, dream and reality into a kind of absolute reality, a surreality,’ she says, quoting André Breton. The direct encounter and the dialogue between face and mask (here the puppet) immediately addresses one of the icons of Surrealism: Man Ray's famous photo of Kiki with the mask (*Noire et blanche*, 1926).

We see the duplication of the figures once again in the manifesto collage made from Minimal and Concept Art texts written by Sol LeWitt (1967) and Sturtevant (1999), but in this case in two lively versions featuring Cate Blanchett. The tracking shot initially travels through the studio sky of a spotlight television news studio. Rather than presenting the light itself, the emphasis is on the machinery that is generating the light. Accordingly, Rosefeldt does not focus on the image that the television audience gets to see but rather on the technical means of creating the cinematic illusion. We see the newsreader a few minutes before she appears on the programme, the cameras that are trained on her, and the assistants who make the last-minute hand signals. It is only when the programme begins that the camera zooms in, until the image we, as the viewers of the installation, see is identical to what is usually seen by a television audience. The duplication of figures is now presented as a link to a reporter who is standing outdoors in the pouring rain, reporting on location from under an umbrella. At the end, we see that the outdoor shoot was just as much a construction of illusion as the studio footage was: the camera reveals the rain generator and the wind machine, and the equipment used to generate the illusion is switched off – thus confirming the newsreader’s top story at the start of the programme: ‘All current art is fake […]. All of man is fake. All of man is false’.

The combination of text and image do not always correspond to what we might initially associate with the manifesto texts. Claes Oldenburg’s Pop Art manifesto is set not against the backdrop of 1970s Pop design, for example, but in a claustrophobic, petit bourgeois family household in the USA – in precisely the type of environment that the Pop movement attacked, redolent with the smugness the movement sought to vanquish with bright colours and indulgent consumption.

A similar setting is staged for the Dadaist manifesto. Even the compilation of texts is consistent with the movement, forming, in best Kurt Schwitters style, a large collage and a ‘super’ Dada manifesto. After, and even during, the First World War, Dada turned away from all meaningfulness and instead asserted absurdity, the absence of all logic and consistency in world affairs: ‘Dada; abolition of memory; Dada; abolition of archaeology: Dada; abolition of prophets: Dada; abolition of the future.’ Here, Rosefeldt has chosen a situation in which each deviation from standard behaviour is associated with the greatest possible breach of taboo, and which is charged with the greatest possible gravity and seriousness imaginable: a funeral. The staging of the Dadaist manifesto as a graveside oration gives us an idea of what a breach of taboo the Dadaist movement represented in its time.

Julian Rosefeldt’s medium is film, the moving image. It is striking that he constantly slows down or even completely stops the movement of images. He achieves
this with long takes and very slow tracking shots, which seem almost stationary, with the result that the film solidifies into a static image – such as at the beginning of the scene with a tangle of quotes from the Blaue Reiter, Vorticist and Abstract Expressionist manifestos. The tree-framed view of the lake looks like a Caspar David Friedrich painting and only after a very long take does the camera zoom out, gradually moving the viewer into the contemporary environment of a villa. In other scenes, Rosefeldt uses extreme slow motion to slow down the plot and shift the focus from the action to the image. This happens most noticeably in the scene of the film manifesto, initially set in a school classroom and then moved outside to the schoolyard. By using slow motion Rosefeldt alludes to various styles of direction – such as in the succinct portrayal of a classroom, when Cate Blanchett, as the teacher, drums formulas from Lars von Trier’s Dogma 95 into the children, or in a pathos-laden, soaring dove, as seen in the grandiose shooting choreography of John Woo’s films.

Twelve of the thirteen manifesto collages, each of which lasts ten and a half minutes, solidify synchronously at one point into an almost static image. As the main protagonist in every scene, on one occasion Cate Blanchett steps out of character, turning to face the viewer with an unswerving gaze, and reciting part of the manifesto texts in a ritualistic, almost prayer-like, sing-song voice. Her outstanding acting blends text and image and itself becomes a manifesto of the dramatic arts. The film scenes are transformed unexpectedly into a portrait gallery – now we are looking at an ancestral gallery of artist manifestos. Thirteen voices are superimposed one on top of the other, combining to form a symphonic tone, in which the individual texts can no longer be heard. Instead, the resulting tone conveys the message – sparks flying from word to sound. It is the sound of pathos and rebellion, of passion and a new dawn, the canon of manifestos, the profession of faith of Modernism.

Dada was a movement shaped by transformation processes; whether it was at the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich or the Théâtre Michel in Paris – prior to every proclamation or reading, the participants donned costumes ranging from the fanciful to the downright bizarre. These costumed performances were not only conceived as a gesture of provocation, but they also reflected the Dadaists’ fundamental approach to communicating the innovative, future-oriented content of their manifestos. Transforming into a different, masked self was an essential means of creating the body that could then be used to articulate their impassioned public declarations.

The communicative nature of the art manifesto, which is both a declaration and an artistic action, demands and cultivates particular types of staging that involve language, illustration or design, and articulation through performative practice. From the outset, manifestos are ‘texts that are intended to be performative’. Notable texts that were set down in the form of a manifesto, such as Tristan Tzara’s *Mani feste Dada* 1918, or the leaflet *Manifestation* from 3 January 1967, which was written by Daniel Buren and three other artists, were meant to be presented as spoken-word and performance-based actions prior to being distributed in a written form, usually at a later date. However, in some instances there are asymmetries between text and recorded action. This traces back to the fact that little evidence remains of the actual performance of manifestos. In most cases, the written manifesto is not only documented in the original sources but is also still in circulation in numerous anthologies of manifestos, which in turn form the basis of in-depth studies. By contrast, the performative practices of twentieth-century and contemporary manifestos are often time- and location-dependent and hence more ephemeral in nature; sometimes these are only handed down in the form of descriptive accounts, reviews, and very occasionally in visual materials such as drawings, photographs or film footage. One such example is a pen-and-ink drawing by Umberto Boccioni of a ‘Futurist Evening’ in Milan in 1911. It depicts Boccioni himself alongside Francesco Balilla Pratella, Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, Carlo Carrà and Luigi Russolo; they are standing on the stage and gesticulating wildly, surrounded by their artworks and accompanied by an orchestra. This illustration, however, can only convey a general impression of the situation on stage and says little about the actual content of the performance or the actions that took place. For this reason, the text itself remains the main point of reference for our current perspective on historical and contemporary art manifestos.

**MASKING AND PERFORMATIVITY**

A manifesto – a term derived from the Latin *manifestus* (‘clear’, ‘evident’) – can be disseminated in various ways: over the years, both spoken and written manifestos – which may be published in different countries and in a number of languages – have been distributed via newspapers, postcards, books, leaflets, films and videos. In the majority of cases, the artistic declarations are directed at a public audience, or at least have an implicit addressee. They have a conative or appellative function, are meant to be read or heard, and place a metaphorical exclamation mark with their statements. Artists’ manifestos are generally intended to have a socially formative or transformative effect that goes beyond the sphere of art: ‘Historically speaking, the manifesto is a declamatory form: it
speaks loudly and urgently to the present day. It may warn of impending crises or propose an alternative vision of the future. In this respect, modern, postmodern and contemporary manifestos are demonstrative articulations that assert themselves as a pars pro toto. For the performance of ‘Erklärung vor dem Fernseher’ (1960) by the artists’ group SPUR, which put forward the notion of an art freed from social norms, the artist Helmut Sturm adopted the demagogic linguistic style of National Socialist politicians. This deliberately provocative speech act was among other things intended to highlight ideological and personnel continuities between the Nazi regime and the young Federal Republic of Germany.

The vociferous public presentation of a manifesto often takes place as part of a live event or action within a set spatial and temporal framework. Leaflets containing Futurist manifestos were reportedly dropped from the top of a clock tower in Venice on 27 April 1910, and also handed out from a car on Berlin’s Potsdamer Platz in 1913. Key figures of the Fluxus and Happenings movements, such as Allan Kaprow and Henry Flynt, declared their manifesto-like texts in other datable lecture performances. At a Fluxus concert in Wuppertal on 9 June 1962, Arthus C. Caspari read a manifesto by George Maciunas, while two transparencies were projected onto a wall. A few months earlier, in February 1962, Maciunas himself had thrown offset-printed copies of a manifesto into the crowd at the Festum Fluxorum in Düsseldorf. These examples illustrate the connection between written text, spoken word and action, thus drawing attention to the theatrical or performative aspect of manifestos. A blurring of text and performative action is above all seen in the manifestos of Happening and Fluxus artists. Wolf Vostell’s Manifest 1963, Wuppertal was read in the context of the Happening NEUN NEIN DECOLLAGEN on 14 September 1963, and a facsimile copy of the text was subsequently published as an autonomous manifesto in 1970.

The performative articulation of manifestos and their transformation into action requires a particular spatial environment, which can be an art venue (gallery, museum), a stage (theatre, opera), or other public place (street, square); masking and costume design can also be used to transform the actors’ appearances. In this context, ‘masking’ refers not only to the theatre masks that give the face a single, fixed expression, but also to the transformation of the face with the aid of make-up. The Dadaist Hugo Ball’s description of a performance at the Cabaret Voltaire in May 1916 shows how the use of masks could take on a life of its own, providing inspiration for expressive and highly imaginative performances:

‘Janco has made a number of masks for the new soiree, and they are more than just clever. They are reminiscent of the Japanese or ancient Greek theater, yet they are wholly modern. [...] We were all there when Janco arrived with his masks, and everyone immediately put one on. Then something strange happened. Not only did the mask immediately call for a costume; it also demanded a quite definite, passionate gesture, bordering on madness. Although we could not have imagined it five minutes earlier, we were walking around with the most bizarre movements, festooned and draped with impossible objects, each one of us trying to outdo the other in inventiveness. The motive power of these masks was irresistibly conveyed to us.’

The game of masks thus becomes a borderline experience for both the actors and the audience. The disguising costume is the creative stimulus and driving force behind the actions performed. Masking and defamiliarizing the speakers’ faces allows them to assume different identities, while the spoken words are in turn detached from the self of the artist and can thereby become a more general – but also a more fundamental – articulation.

**BECOMING THE MANIFESTO**

Julian Rosefeldt’s Manifesto is both a filmic re-enactment of manifestos that remains independent of their original authors, and a new kind of super-manifesto that extracts, collages and recontextualizes existing material. While the idea ofrestaging manifestos is in itself not unusual, Rosefeldt’s artistic exploration of the history of manifestos is entirely different from a literal revival. He has compiled and interwoven a large number of excerpts from manifestos from the nineteenth to the twenty-first century, ranging from the 1848 Manifest der Kommunistischen Partei [The Manifesto of the Communist Party] by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels to manifestos of Expressionism, Futurism, Surrealism, Minimalism and Pop Art through to texts from the recent past. Manifestos from the realms of visual art, architecture, dance, and film are equally represented. Each film in Manifesto is set in a different location that creates the appropriate framework for the narrative scene, such as at a lakeside party, in a stock-market trading room or a woodland cemetery. Long takes are used for the opening sequences and provide surprising introductions to the scenes, whereby the camera angle, framing and perspective are matched to the particular setting. In one film, for example, the camera lingers on a stunning landscape view before a long tracking shot takes us across a terrace and into a villa furnished with design objects and works of art, where a party is being held. In another film we are given a bird’s-eye view of an open-plan office where stock-market traders’ desks are
arranged in tight rows. The brokers' identity cannot be established from this height; they have assimilated and become hard-working parts of a greater whole. At first, the manifestos are read in voice over; only later does the camera shift to the leading actor, Cate Blanchett, who appears as thirteen surprisingly different personas with distinctive outfits, hairstyles and make-up.

When Blanchett assumes thirteen different identities to read and enact texts that are in turn compiled from a range of canonized works, she never plays the role of Kurt Schwitters, Filippo Tommaso Marinetti or Lucio Fontana. The gap in time between the creation of the manifestos and Rosefeldt's filmic adaptation is accompanied by a transformation of the performative enactment. The manifestos issued by artists such as Yvonne Rainer, Barnett Newman or Claes Oldenburg were written in response to their situation in the United States during the 1960s and reflect the artistic, social and political contexts of that time. This situation cannot be reactivated or simulated – or at least there is not much to be gained by doing this for contemporary recipients and their understanding of manifestos as a political art form. Julian Rosefeldt's concept for Manifesto therefore eschews any direct connection with the historical figures of the manifesto writers and their social, political or historical contexts.

To transport the manifestos into the present day, Rosefeldt has defined a typology of nameless yet universally comprehensible everyday figures in the early twenty-first century, including the homeless man, the teacher, the funeral speaker, the newsreader, the broker, the (US-American) mother and the choreographer. With the aid of professional hair styling, make-up and costume design (by Massimo Gattabrusi, Morag Ross and Bina Daigeler respectively), Cate Blanchett demonstrates her exceptional acting skills as she transforms herself into each of these characters. In the various guises of the imaginary figures – each of whom has their own distinctive physical appearance, behavioural traits and manner of speaking – she appropriates the selected excerpts and utters statements which at the time of writing were often incredibly provocative, representing a break with tradition and marking a new departure. In Rosefeldt's work, the dynamism and technological advances reflected in texts by the Futurists from the early twentieth century are juxtaposed with the speed of stock price fluctuation in today's world, while the devoutly religious mother from the American South embodies the very conservative values that Pop artist Claes Oldenburg so strongly opposed fifty years ago. Blanchett voices Conceptual and Minimal Art manifestos in the role of an attractive news anchor, denouncing the commodification of art and asserting that the idea and the creative imagination constitute the work of art. The presenter uses a firm tone and harsh diction to sell this 'news' to her imaginary audience: 'All current art is fake, not because it is copy, appropriation, simulacra or imitation, but because it lacks the crucial push of power, guts and passion.'121 Radical statements of artistic intent thus metamorphose into commonplace TV news items. Presented in their new guise, the newsreader's statements can also be understood as a contemporary critique of media, in the sense that 'all news is fake'. The inherent social criticism in the majority of manifestos becomes visible once more and can be considered in a new light.

Manifesto is an attempt to breathe new life into documents of art at a point of departure – once provocative texts that have since led a rather sad existence, trapped inside books and anthologies. Art manifestos only reveal their real power when they are read aloud, addressed, declaimed and performed by active participants in a setting that has been carefully designed for this purpose. Released from the receptacle in which they have been stored – the cultural archive of a book – they return to being spoken words and performative actions. The distancing effect (Verfremdungseffekt) between the content of the text and its enactment thereby reflects the basic structure of many performed manifestos, which are less concerned with achieving a coincidence of word and action than with introducing discontinuities, dissonances and irritations into their presentation – perhaps best exemplified by the performances of the Dada and Fluxus artists.

Rosefeldt's Manifesto also has different modes of presentation: it can be shown as a thirteen-channel installation or as a single-channel, linear film piece. While the latter resembles an anthology film, the simultaneous projection of the twelve manifesto compilations – the thirteenth film is projected as an introduction on a screen set apart from the others – creates a sound collage where individual voices and texts can only be made out if you are standing close to one of the screens. But there are also a moment of overlap when Blanchett speaks parts of the texts at a predetermined pitch, so that at a specific point in time, two successive chords created from the combined voices produce a distinctive harmony that fills the space. The films present a performative enactment of the spoken words by the chameleon-like Cate Blanchett. She adopts a different persona in each of her thirteen roles in the twelve films, whereby hair, make-up, costuming, acting and setting help to create a range of characters that are completely independent of one another. At the same time, it is not unimportant that all of the roles are embodied by a single person, who in this way demonstrates her incredible versatility – following in
the tradition of the eight male and female roles played by Alec Guinness in the film *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (1949). Nevertheless, Blanchett shines through every role, with the result that her combined performances also enable a comparative reflection on the manifesto as an art form. In all the texts selected by Rosefeldt, single-mindedness, a sense of urgency and a desire to change the world are clearly evident; manifestos don’t ask, they demand. In *Manifesto*, the actor’s changing roles are a dramaturgical means of giving these demands a transcendent significance, whereby the performative act does not refer to a meaning that is already inherent within the texts, but instead generates meaning through action. The characters in *Manifesto* do not simply voice and embody the manifesto – they become the manifesto.

---


7 Cf. Apollonio, op. cit., p. 18. Leaflets have always been an important medium for the distribution of manifestos. In January 1961, for example, the Situationist International’s leaflet *Avantgarde ist unerwünscht!* was distributed by the artists’ group SPUR in Munich. Cf. Richard Horner, *Die Gruppe SPUR. Politische Manifeste einer Künstlergruppe*, SLC Scriptline Publishers, Würth am Rhein, 2014, p. 66.


‘Manifesto’ is a word with a lot of historical weight. What does it mean to you?
I have used the title Manifesto as a clear statement that the focus in this work is above all on texts, whether by visual artists, filmmakers, writers, performers or architects – and on the poetry of these texts. Manifesto is an homage to the beauty of artists’ manifestos – a manifesto of manifestos.

Were manifestos important to you as a young artist?
No, I must admit that they were not important to me in the past. I simply didn’t know them at the time. Today I think of the manifesto as a rite of passage, not only for young artists but also for young people in general. As we move beyond adolescence, we leave home and scream out our newly discovered fury at the world. A manifesto often represents the voice of a young generation, confronted with a world they don’t agree with and they want to go against. You can either play in a punk band, start yelling at your parents or your teachers – or you can write or make art. Art historians tend to regard everything created and written by artists with reverence and respect, as if, from day one, the artists themselves intended their work to become part of art history. But we shouldn’t forget that these texts were usually written by very young men who had barely left home when they reached for the pen. Thus their manifestos are not only texts which are intended to turn art – and eventually the whole world – upside down and revolutionise it; at the same time they are testimonials about the search for identity, shouted out into the world with great insecurity. So I read the artist’s manifesto firstly as an expression of defiant youth, then as literature, as poetry – so to say, Sturm und Drang remastered.

The texts you have selected come largely from the first half of the last century. Why?
Yes, most of the manifestos that I have included in Manifesto are from the European avant-garde in the early twentieth century, with others from the neo-avant-garde in the 1960s. The art scene at the beginning of the last century was still very small and those writers of art manifestos were again a minority within this tiny art scene. To be heard, artists needed to yell. The art scene today is a global network and business with diverse means of expression. The manifesto as a medium of artistic articulation has become less relevant in a globalized art world. You could say that the interview, the podium discussion, the talk show, the dialectically led discourse have replaced the former loud bellowing sole claim of the manifesto. It would sound unnecessarily exaggerated and almost romantic, even a bit ridiculous, to shout ‘Down with...’ or something similar today. Still, there are a few very interesting contemporary manifestos – as, for instance, the Manifesto for an Accelerationist Politics (2013) by Nick Srnicek and Alex Williams or the feminist Cyborg Manifesto (1991) by Donna Haraway – but they read more like socio-economical and -political analysis. Yet when you read a manifesto from the 1920s or even the 1960s, you still hear that original voice, that fervent desire to propel an idea into the world.

Was there a particular text that sparked your interest?
My interest in the artist’s manifesto began whilst I was working on Deep Gold in 2013. Deep Gold is an homage to Luis Buñuel’s film L’Age d’Or about two young lovers and the obstacles that prevent them from consummating their relationship. For Buñuel the lover’s predicament symbolizes the hypocrisy of bourgeois
society, Catholicism and traditional family mores. During my research I was reading a lot about gender and feminist theory, and eventually about manifestos by feminist artists. I came across two texts by the Futurist poet and choreographer Valentine de Saint-Point. She lived an interesting life; she started out as a strong Futurist, later sympathised with fascism as did many of her Italian artist friends, and died in Egypt as a Muslim. She wrote two manifestos, one called Futurist Manifesto of Luxt (1913) and the other Manifesto of the Futurist Woman (1912). They are both published in a book called 100 Artists’ Manifestos [2011, edited by Alex Danchev] which became an important source for Manifesto.

When I was young I had studied – probably like everybody interested in art – Dada, Fluxus, the Surrealists and the Futurists, but only superficially. Now, during my research for Manifesto, when I read any manifesto I could find including those related to theatre, dance, film and architecture, it was exciting to discover that the same ideas appear again and again. And these common ideas all came along with so much energy – that very young, wild energy. The writing was beautiful, and I could hear the words as if they were spoken. I realised that they weren’t just historical art documents, but the most lively, performable text material. They reminded me rather of a piece of theatre, of a Sarah Kane or Frank Wedekind text or something comparable. And so I began to imagine these manifestos in performed scenes.

**According to what criteria did you seek out and put together the twelve manifesto collages you created?**

Before I started writing the script and collaging the manifestos, the development of the work involved a lot of textual research and analysis. With the exception of a fragment quoted from Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels’s Manifesto of the Communist Party of 1848, ‘All that is solid melts into air’, my selection begins at the start of the twentieth century with the legendary 1909 The Foundation and Manifesto of Futurism by Filippo Tommaso Marinetti and ends shortly after the turn of the century. I included Karl Marx, because for me his is the mother of all manifestos – besides the Ten Commandments and the Lutherian Thesis. The most current manifesto I used is the Golden Rules of Filmmaking (2004) by the American film director Jim Jarmusch. From all of the manifesto authors I read, I subjectively chose about sixty whose manifestos I found to be the most fascinating, and also the most recitable. Or I chose them because they suited one another. For example, the comments of Vasily Kandinsky and Franz Marc correspond extremely well with the thoughts of Barnett Newman. And also the texts of André Breton and Lucio Fontana could be linked, while the writings of the many Dada or Fluxus artists could be combined into a kind of condensation, a kind of Super-Dada- or Super-Fluxus-Manifesto. Through cuts and the combination of original texts from numerous manifestos, twelve manifesto collages finally emerged. And these read harmoniously within each collage to a degree that the borderlines between the text fragments could no longer be identified. I have constructed Manifesto as a series of episodes that can be seen separately but that can also be seen together in their entirety, as a choir of different voices. In this sense Manifesto became a new text itself – again: a manifesto of manifestos.

**You have an extraordinary collaborator in all this, the actor Cate Blanchett. She inhabits thirteen different roles set against twelve different scenarios. How did these characters and their dialogue evolve?**

The main idea for Manifesto was not to illustrate the particular manifesto texts, but rather to allow Cate to embody the manifestos. Until the last third of the twentieth century there were only a few manifestos written by women artists. Most were written by men and they are just bursting with testosterone. So I thought it was thrilling to let them be spoken today by a woman.

The process of scripting Manifesto was very organic. I started to play with the texts and to edit, combine and rearrange them into new texts that could be spoken and performed. I like to imagine these texts as the words of a bunch of friends sitting around a table in a bar talking and arguing. They are complementing each other in a playful way. One may say ‘Down with this or that…’ and the other replies, ‘Yes, to hell with…’ I would take a sentence by one artist and interrupt it with the words of another one. Sometimes they would fit perfectly. The words took on a new energy when combined, and if you start to read the text like that it also becomes more vivid and more speakable.

While in one way the process of collaging them together was maybe not very respectful to the original texts, in another I liked the way that it referenced this idea of a collection of voices, a conversation. Many of the early manifestos, of the Futurists and the Surrealists, were written by groups of artists. There were already multiple voices in these texts. I then rearranged these multiple voices from different manifestos into new monologues: in this way the authors talk to one another while, at the same time, they are addressing the audience with one homogeneous voice.

In parallel, I began to sketch different scenes in which a woman talks in monologue, ending up with sixty short scenes, situations right across various educational levels and professional milieus. The only thing these draft scenes had in common was that they are being performed today, and that a woman is holding...
a monologue: whether a speaker by a grave at a cemetery, a primary-school teacher in front of her class, or a homeless person on the street. Sometimes we listen to the woman’s inner voice; in other instances she addresses an audience; once she even interviews herself, etc. I finally edited everything down to twelve scenes and twelve corresponding text collages. A thirteenth collage was used for the introductory film, in which we see a burning fuse in extreme slow motion. Those words that remained were simply the most beautiful, speakable and performable ones.

Manifesto was filmed over a twelve-day period in Berlin in the winter of 2014. Was there any room for improvisation?

Usually there is, but since this time we were working within a very tight time frame there wasn’t much space for improvisation. Just to give you some context, for an arthouse film you normally produce three to five minutes a day. We had to produce twelve minutes a day, which is pretty similar to the timeframe of a TV soap opera. But of course we didn’t want to work on the aesthetic level of a TV soap. So we needed a very generous team and most of all a very generous actor to work under these conditions.

One challenge was the huge amount of text to be spoken in twelve different accents which Cate had to overcome. And then each of the characters had to speak in a milieu represented by the colour of speech. As if this weren’t enough, for organisational shooting reasons sometimes we even had to cover two roles per day, which also meant an additional costume and makeup change each day for Cate and the hair and makeup team. For these reasons and given the tight time schedule we had to plan the shoot meticulously. But, here and there, a certain amount of spontaneity and improvisation was necessary. And of course Cate might have read the text or understood the respective scene differently from me, and so sometimes she surprised me with ideas emerging from the depths of her profound experience and incredible talent. Every day was different, like entering Wonderland, encountering an entirely new world and character. And the way that the dialogue – or better, monologue – shaped the scene was constantly shifting and exciting. And despite the highest level of concentration and dedication, and the many working hours each day, Cate admirably retained her very special sense of humour during work. We laughed a lot.

Humour plays an important role in your work, and there is a lot of humour and absurdity in Manifesto.

It’s very difficult to purposefully create humour – as humour rather derives from spontaneity. To place a good joke in a film, the timing has to be good, and the acting as well; the absurd logic in the scene has to be convincing. Everything has to come together in that one moment, and that’s very difficult to achieve.

For me, the humour in Manifesto stems from the combination of the spoken word and the scenario itself. The interaction of certain images with text fragments happened intuitively. And I find some of them funny, although it isn’t my main intention to make the audience laugh. For instance, the Pop Art scene. If you read a Pop Art manifesto you might at first come up with the idea that we need something ‘pop’, and that we might need a ‘pop’ world in which to read that manifesto. But I thought, no, actually it’s the opposite. You need a background against which the Pop Art manifesto could be written – something more like an anti-world, the fertile ground on which something like Pop Art could actually be invented. Pop Art was clearly a statement against a certain kind of stiffness in society. So I wanted to push this to the extreme and I came up with the idea of using Claes Oldenburg’s I am for an Art (1961) as the text for a conservative, religious, Southern American family saying grace before eating lunch on Sunday. I didn’t expect this scene to turn out funny in the end.

The scene set in the classroom is also very funny. I think so too. I’m a father myself and some words of the class teacher in that scene actually reflect exactly what I would like to say to my children sometimes. And I think it resonates with us because even though we all know how important good education is, we also have this sceptical anger against so-called ‘good’ education. We hate to say ‘no’ to our children, right? And so there’s this woman in the scene, this teacher who says with utter conviction, quoting Jim Jarmusch, ‘Nothing is original. Steal from anywhere that resonates with inspiration or fuels your imagination.’ A wonderful breach of taboo. Cate does it so convincingly. And the children are so persuasive as well. If it weren’t so convincing, it would probably not be funny.

In Manifesto you have used a Sol LeWitt text about Conceptual Art for a scene in which Cate Blanchett plays two characters, a news anchor and a reporter, both called ‘Cate’. What is their relationship to LeWitt’s text?

This is an exceptional scene in a way. Rather than performing a manifesto, Cate is inhabited by LeWitt’s writing. She is the manifesto. The tussle between logic and illogic within the text is also inherent in the scene and the characters. It becomes a piece of conceptual art in a way, right?

It does. This scene is very different to the one dedicated to Pop Art that you mentioned earlier. In fact, one of the things that is so compelling about
Manifesto is this diversity – every scenario is distinguished by its unique rhythm, pace and aesthetic sensibility.

Yes, I used different recipes for each scene depending on the text. The Manifesto of Futurism for instance, which is very much about speed and acceleration, is placed in the world of high finance: the fast-paced parallel world of the stock exchange where highly efficient computer programmes have let speed become invisible. So in this case the scenario depicts very much a direct translation of the original thought.

You have also used manifestos by artists such as the choreographer and filmmaker Yvonne Rainer, the filmmaker Jim Jarmusch or the architects Bruno Taut and Lebbeus Woods.

The writing in these manifestos is particularly beautiful. As an artist who studied architecture and works with film, I don’t see these disciplines as far away from painting and sculpture, anyway. I especially like the Bruno Taut piece in the collage of architectural manifestos. The architects and filmmakers caused me some trouble, though, because I’d originally wanted there to be a linear and chronological progression through the scenes combining manifestos from various creative disciplines according to the school of thought and epoch in which they were written. But in the end it felt better to keep all the architectural manifestos together, and all the film manifestos together.

That brings us to the question of actuality. In general, are these old manifestos relevant today? Absolutely. And not just relevant, but also visionary. Art history is a derivation of history and we learn from history. Artists, as well as writers, philosophers and scientists, have always been the ones who have dared to formulate thoughts and visions whose consistency had yet to be proven. The John Reed Club of New York – named after the US-American communist and journalist John Reed – of which many artists and writers were members, published a Draft Manifesto in 1932, in which a scenario of a capitalist world order run out of control is described. It reads as if it were written yesterday. We’re well advised, therefore, to read artist manifestos as seismographs of their age.

Do you have a favourite manifesto?
Many. And now that Cate has interpreted them all, I care for them even more. The manifesto of the American artist and architectural visionary, Lebbeus Woods, of 1993, comes into my mind. It is simply beautiful: pure lyrics, beginning with the sentence, ‘I’m at war with my time’, which echoes the tenor of many manifesto texts I’ve read and used. But Woods’s manifesto ends optimistically with a line full of hope: ‘Tomorrow, we begin together the construction of a city.’
FILM CREDITS

MANIFESTO

2015
13-channel film installation
HD 16:9, colour, 5.1 sound loop
12 x 10 min 30 sec
and 1 x 4 min (intro)

with
Cate Blanchett
(in 13 different roles)

HEADS OF DEPARTMENT

Wassili Zygouris
Executive Producer

Christoph Krauss
Director of Photography

Erwin Prib
Production Designer

Bina Daigeler
Costume Designer

Morag Ross
Make-up Artist

Massimo Gattabrusi
Hair Artist

Christoph Dehmel-Osterloh
Gaffer

David Hilgers
Sound Recordist

Suse Wächter
Puppet Master

Bobby Good
Editor

Jan Schönig
Postproduction Supervisor

Hanse Warns and Markus Stemler
Sound Design Supervisors

FULL CREW AND CAST

Director, Producer, Writer:
Julian Rosefeldt

Executive Producers:
Marcos Kantis (Schiwago Film GmbH), Martin Lehwald (Schiwago Film GmbH), Wassili Zygouris

Commissioning Editor: Cornelia Ackers (Bayerischer Rundfunk)

PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT

Line Producer: Wassili Zygouris

Production Supervisor: Anna K. Guddat (Schiwago Film GmbH)

Location Manager: Michael Herbell

Production Coordinator: Louise von Johnston

Production Assistant: Katarina Cvitic

Production Coordinator: Monika Wank

Production Assistant: Julia Scheurer

CAMERA DEPARTMENT

Director of Photography: Christoph Krauss

2nd Unit Cameraman: Axel Fischer

Steadicam Operators: Matthias Biber, Richard Ecke, Benjamin Treplin

1st AC A-Cam: Frederik Tegethoff
1st AC B-Cam: Gergor Grieshaber
2nd AC A-Cam: Paul Gredig
2nd AC B-Cam: Julian Rabus, Laurence Heinitz

DIT: Maximilian Link

Still Photographer: Barbara Schmidt

Making Of: Cristian Pirjol

ART DEPARTMENT

Director of Photography: Christoph Krauss

Set Decorator: Erwin Prib

Set Decorator: Melanie Raab

Props Master: Dorothea Schiefeling

Assistant Props Master: Olga Koszka

Props Driver: Thonny Schlegel

Sţy/Props: Christoph Dehmel-Osterloh

Assistant Sţy/Props: Katharina Kluge

Art Department Assistant: Margherita Allorio

Set Dresser: Hubert Böck, Ingwer Neitzel, Ludwig Schulz, Felix Mathias Ott, Nathalie Wild, Andi Heinrich, Sarah Wibbeler

Graphics: Sabine Steinhoff

Set Painter: Eva Maria Müller

Puppet Master: Suse Wächter

COLOUR DEPARTMENT

Colourist: Max Wachholz

Color Correction: Sabine Schmitt

Sound DEPARTMENT

Sound Designer: Marc Reategui

Sound Recorder: Martin Lehwald

Boom Operator: Gero Reither

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

Gaffer: Christoph Dehmel-Osterloh

Best Boy: Florian Birch

Electrician: Daniel Lasius

Jr Electrician: Katrin Lehmacher

Additional Electrician: Thomas Hofmann

MOTION CONTROL / PHANTOM CAMERA

by Master Moves Motion Control

Motion Control Supervisor: Marcel Neumann

Motion Control Operators: Heiko Matting, Pascal Rosnow

Phantom Flex 4K Operator: Marcel Reategui

Phantom Flex 4K Technician: Thorsten Reimer

Fuse Slow Motion Advisor: Viktor Jakovleski

AERIAL IMAGES

by PHX-Pictures

Director: Ben Tewaag

Camera Operator: David Schlange

Best Boy: Marcus Gelhard

CAM CAR

by MCC Fahraufnahmen GmbH

Camera Car Operator: Leo Plank

SOUND DEPARTMENT

Sound Recordist: David Hilgers

Boom Operator: Gero Reither
**GRIP DEPARTMENT**

Key Grip: Klaus Witt
Grip: Bat Gankhuyag
Crane Operator: Jerome Lauer
Grip Assistants: Laure Glaquin, Elia Hasiduk

**TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT**

Personal Driver for Cate Blanchett: Wolfgang “Wuff” Hütter
Production Drivers: Uja Klopoppen, Daniel Janssen, Ioannis Tsakmalakis

**SPECIAL FX**

by Nefzer Babelsberg GmbH
SFX Coordinator: Klaus Miichel
Head Pyrotechnician: Paul Marcus
Preussing
SFX Foreman: Bernd Reutenberg
SFX Technician: Thomas Thiele

**EDITING**

Editor: Bobby Good

**POSTPRODUCTION**

Postproduction Supervisor: Jan Schönigh
Colourist and Online Playouts: Jan Schönigh
CG Artists: Jan Pickart, Christian Pumschus, Jan Schönigh
Futurism Scene by Rise FX
VFX Supervisor: Florian Gellinger
VFX Set Supervisor: Bastian Hopfgarten
CG Artists: Oliver Schulz, Pascal Xander
Compositing: Steffen Richter
Matching: Denis Tristanic
Coordinater: Robert Alreg

**POSTPRODUCTION SOUND**

Re-recording Mixer and Supervising Sound Editor: Markus Stemler
Sound Designers: Hanse Wärns, Markus Stemler, Fabian Schmidt, Alexander Buck, Kuen il Song
Foley Artist: Carsten Richter
Foley Mixer: Marcus Sucha
Supervising Sound Editor-Linear Version: Fabian Schmidt
Re-recording Linear Version: Tschangis Chahroudi-Zadeh
ADR Recording: Alexander Buck, Kuen il Song
ADR Voices: True Densem, Jeff Wood, Mayra Magalhães, Sophie C. Dyer
Rosie Heinecke
Matthew Coleman, Stewart Trystar, Mark Corragen, Soma Pyszal, Alexander Bänk, Bryn Chainey, David Frush, Grayson Millwood, Aneta Walter, Megan Guy, Daniel Iribarren
Additional Drums for Backstage Scene: Karl Ventulett
Voice Over Recording Cate Blanchett: Ben Lightbrowers

**MUSICAL ADVISOR**

Hans-Jörn Brandenburg

**CATERING**

Filmissimo GmbH – Michael Tausch

---

**MANIFESTO SCENES**

SITUATIONISM

**Double for Cate Blanchett:** Katharina Luttermann
Extras: Marie Borkowski Foodrowitz, Hannelore Ohlendorf, Marita Michaelis, Erika Bauer, Karl Dietrich, Ottokar Sachse

**FUTURISM**


ARCHITECTURE

Double for Cate Blanchett: Ulrike Harbort
Extras: Diogo Pereira, Mechthild Brückner, Rainer Bergmann, Lenard Mason
Berliner Stadtbrandung (BSR): Krzysztof Baranowski, Norbert Czerwinski, Wolfgang Doering, Martin Grüntfeldt, Sebastian Harnisch, André Heidemann, David Homuth, Zeljko Novak, Christian Roy

VORTEISM / BLUE RIDER / ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM

Extras: Cornelia Ackers, Ivo Wessel, Reinhard Spieler, Stefan Becker, Degenhard Andratat, Karla Blomberg, Tamara Pallasch, Christian Bratz, Clemens Pätzold, Daniel Schesler, Emmanuel Bourdin, Ianne Morär, Joni Caparas, Klaus Berchner, Marina Vozehto, Sigrid Rostock, Yasmin Hallensleben, Zohreh Mohseni-Pour, Fred Schikora, Jürgen Müller, Janina Bellach, Volker Brügmann

STRIENTISM / CREATIONISM

Extras: Laurie Young, Jeff Wood, Jochen Arwein, Vítor Jakovlevski, Jeewi Lee, Florian Günzel, Gáido Dorgo, Anastasia Coyo, Måla Coyo, Claudio Oliverio, Shaz, James Cameron aka Jimmy Trash, Martin Stahlke, Constantine ‘Dino’ Karlis, Gerald Pasqualin, Paul Bonomo, Charles Michel Warzée, Claudio Oliverio, Liliana Velasquez, Pauline Stolze, Philipp Dames, Shabaraad Teymour, Undarmaa Ganbold, Tobias Hottinger, Joe Friedrichsen, Paul Marotz, Martin Stahlke, Terri Laird

SUPREMATISM / CONSTRUCTIVISM

Doubles for Cate Blanchett: Ulrike Harbort, Olga Kostka
Extras: Mayra Magalhães, Olga Kostka, Anthony Byrd, Chikako Katagawa, Marion Schulz, Raffaelle Sellitto, Sydney Klein, Atilga A. J. S. Tjakrutmadjia, Arlette Vander Pan, Reinhard Ferber, Sebastian Kriesch, Stefanie Kautz, Thao Tran

**DADAISM**

Musicians: Luanda Magalhães Bem (clarinet), Benjamin Weidkamp (clarinet), Paul Brody (trumpet), Magnus Schrieff (trumpet), Vinzenz Jander (trombone), Dieter Fischer (tuba), Hans-Jörn Brandenburg (cymbals), Joe Bauer (snare drums)

SURREALISM / SPATIALISM

POP ART

Cast: Andrew Upton, Dash, Roman, Iggy, Ei-Ja Kim

PLUXUX / MERZ / PERFORMANCE

Extras: Servan Durmaz, Sascha Vorpalh, Rafae Ahmed, Mario Vogel

General Director: Berndt Schmidt
Show Concept: Manfred Thierry Mugler and Roland Wilke
Music Director: Daniel Behrens
Show Couture-design: Manfred Thierry Mugler and Stefano Canulli
Stage Design: Jürgen Schmidt André
Composition ‘Alien Kickline’: Anja Krabbé, Frank Kretschmer, Martin de Vries
Ballet Director: Alexandra Georgieva
Ballet Master and Choreographer ‘Alien Kichline’: Maik Damboldt
Stage Crew: Peter Müller (Head), Dietmar Spolet
Light Department: Olaf Eichler (Head), Birger Krause, Norbert Zimmermann
Sound Engineer: Thomas Heidel
Director Costume and Make-up: Sylvia Zahr
Make-up: Antje Pothast (Head), Jana Gänßle, Johannes Gundlach, Katja Palm, Antonio Caballero Prada, Manja Knothe, Cornelia Ruch, Petra Wagner
Coordination Friedrichstadt-Palast: Ghazal Weber

CONCEPTUAL ART / MINIMALISM
Extras: Jia Shen Guo, Andreas Jentzsch, Julian Theiner, Morag Ross, Alexandra Hannemann, Julian Rebus, Fabian Götz
Thanks to the ZDF: Sybille Heine
Hauptstadtsstudio: Christian Amende
Studio Manager: Ulrich Bülow
Production Engineer: Maik Kaiser
Video Technician: Dino Maluck
Light Technician: Dirk-Michael Heppner
2nd Light Technician: Torsten Schwarzer
Grip: Alexander Schulz
Set Manager: Silke Schramm

FILM
Extras: 3rd grade Students 2014/15 of the Berlin Metropolitan School
Special thanks to the staff and teachers

SHOOTING LOCATIONS

GRATEFUL THANKS TO
Schiwago Film GmbH, ARRI Rental

SPECIAL THANKS TO
Cate Blanchett
Andrew Upton, Iggy, Roman, Dash, Jane Blanchett, Jameela Duncan

to all the wonderful team members and extras
to all the wonderful team members and extras

and to (in alphabetical order):
Cornelia Ackers, Matthias Arndt, Ute Baron, Hans-Joern Brandenburg, Monique and Max Burger, Tschanis Charkokh-Zadeh, Lukas Crepaz, Bina Daigeler, Christoph Dehmel-Osterloh, Christoph Fisser, Massimo Gattabrusi, Florian Gellinger, Roland Gerhardt, Jeanny and Stephan Goetz, Bobby Good, Barbara Gross, Michael Herbell, David Hügers, Marcos Kantis, Christoph Krauss, Martin Lehwald, Kirsten Nichaus, Janaina Pessoa, Cristian Pirol, Erwin Prib, Sepp Reidinger, Bettina Reitz, Morag Ross, Barbara Schmidt, Fabian Schmidt, Jan Schöningh, Tobias Staab, Markus Stemler, Suse Wächter, Monika Wank, Hans Werns, Wassili Zygouris

and to all the marvellous authors of those mind-blowing manifestos

Particular thanks for the generous support of Manifesto to:

Bayerischer Rundfunk
Medienboard Berlin-Brandenburg
Verein der Freunde der Nationalgalerie
Freunde des Sprengel Museum Hannover e.V.
as well as to the co-producers:

Burger Collection Hong Kong
Ruhtriennale
# QUOTED MANIFESTOS

**PROLOGUE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Karl Marx / Friedrich Engels</td>
<td>Manifesto of the Communist Party</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tristan Tzara</td>
<td>Dada Manifesto 1918</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philippe Soupault</td>
<td>Literature and the Rest</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SITUATIONISM**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lucio Fontana</td>
<td>White Manifesto 1946</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Constant Nieuwenhuys</td>
<td>Manifesto of Suprematists and Non-Objective Painters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guy Debord</td>
<td>Manifesto of Situationism</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FUTURISM**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Filippo Tommaso Marinetti</td>
<td>The Foundation and Manifesto of Futurism</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Umberto Boccioni / Luigi Russolo / Giacomo Balla / Carlo Carrà / Luigi Futurism</td>
<td>Manifesto of Futurist Antitradition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aleksandr Rodchenko</td>
<td>Manifesto of Suprematists and Non-Objective Painters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guillaume Apollinaire</td>
<td>Dada Cannibalistic Manifesto</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ARCHITECTURE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bruno Taut</td>
<td>Down with Futurism: A Gentle Manifesto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio Sant’Elia</td>
<td>Manifesto of Futurist Architecture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coop Himmelb(l)au</td>
<td>1980</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Venturi</td>
<td>Non-Straitforward Architecture: A Gentle Manifesto</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**VORTICISM / BLUE RIDER / ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vasily Kandinsky / Franz Marc</td>
<td>Preface to The Blue Rider</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnett Newman</td>
<td>The Sublime is Now</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wyndham Lewis</td>
<td>Manifesto</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**STRIDENTISM / CREATIONISM**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Manuel Maples Arce</td>
<td>A Student Prescription</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vicente Huidobro</td>
<td>We Must Create</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naum Gabo / Anton Pevzner</td>
<td>The Realistic Manifesto</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SUPREMATISM / CONSTRUCTIVISM**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Naum Gabo / Anton Pevzner</td>
<td>The Realistic Manifesto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kazimir Malevich</td>
<td>Suprematist Manifesto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olga Rozanova</td>
<td>The Realistic Manifesto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vasily Kandinsky / Franz Marc</td>
<td>Create</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**DADAISM**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tristan Tzara</td>
<td>Dada Manifesto 1918</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tristan Tzara, ManIFESTO As the Antithesϐpher</td>
<td>Manifesto of Dada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Francis Picabia, Dada Canni-balic Manifesto</td>
<td>Ribemont-Dessaignes, The Pleasures of Dada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes, The Pleasures of Dada</td>
<td>Ribemont-Dessaignes, To the Public</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes, To the Public</td>
<td>Shortage or two Words of Explanation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louis Aragon, Dada Manifesto</td>
<td>First German Dada Manifesto</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SURREALISM / SPATIALISM**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>André Breton</td>
<td>Manifesto of Surrealism</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>André Breton</td>
<td>Second Manifesto of Surrealism</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucio Fontana</td>
<td>White Manifesto</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**POPP ART**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Claes Oldenburg</td>
<td>I am for an Art…</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**CONCEPTUAL ART / MINIMALISM**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sol LeWitt</td>
<td>Paragraphs on Conceptual Art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sol LeWitt</td>
<td>Sentences on Conceptual Art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elaine Sturtevant</td>
<td>Shifting Mental Structures</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FILM**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stan Brakhage</td>
<td>Metaphors on Vision</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jim Jarmusch</td>
<td>Golden Rules of Filmmaking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lars von Trier / Thomas Vinterberg</td>
<td>Dogma 95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Werner Herzog</td>
<td>Minnesota Declaration</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**EPILOGUE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Manifesto</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lebbeus Woods</td>
<td>Manifesto</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

103
This book is published on the occasion of the exhibition:

JULIAN ROSEFELDT: MANIFESTO
Australian Centre for the Moving Image, Melbourne (9 December 2015 – 13 March 2016)
Hamburger Bahnhof – Museum für Gegenwart – Berlin (10 February – 8 May 2016)
Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney (28 May – 13 November 2016)

EXHIBITIONS
AUSTRALIAN CENTRE FOR THE MOVING IMAGE
Director and CEO: Katrina Sedgwick
Head of Exhibitions and Collection: Russell Briggs | Senior Manager, Exhibitions and Touring: Chris Harris | Senior Curator: Sarah Tutton | Exhibition Coordinator: Catherine Pyers | Registrar: Sarah Caldwell | Senior Technician: Glenn Willey

HAMBURGER BAHNHOF – MUSEUM FÜR GEGENWART – BERLIN
Director of the Nationalgalerie: Udo Kittelmann

ART GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES
Director: Michael Brand | Deputy Director, Director of Collections: Suhanya Raffel | Head Curator, International Art: Justin Paton | Assistant Curator, Contemporary Arts: Anneke Jaspers | Exhibitions Manager: Diarne Wiercinski | Head, Installation: Niki Reihl | Audio Visual Services Coordinator: Mark Taylor

SPRENGEL MUSEUM HANNOVER

PUBLICATION
At the Serpentine Gallery
Kensington Gardens
London W2 3XA
www.koenigbooks.co.uk
© 2016 Julian Rosefledt; Art Gallery of New South Wales, Australian Centre for the Moving Image, Sprengel Museum Hannover, Staatliche Museen zu Berlin – Preußischer Kulturbesitz; the State Capital Hannover, the Mayor and CEO of Hannover; the authors, the translators and Koenig Books, London © VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn, 2016, for Julian Rosefeldt
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be produced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher.

Printed in Germany
The Deutsche Nationalbibliothek lists this publication in the Deutsche Nationalbibliographie; detailed bibliographic data are available in the Internet at http://dnb.d-nb.de.

The Australian National Library lists this publication in the Australian National Bibliography; detailed bibliographic data are available from http://www.nla.gov.au/

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
Julian Rosefeldt would like to thank the following people for their generous contribution to this book and to the exhibitions (in alphabetical order):

This publication and the exhibitions have been supported by the Art Gallery of New South Wales, the Australian Centre for the Moving Image, the Verein der Freunde des Nationalgalerie and the Freunde des Sprengel Museum Hannover e.V.

DISTRIBUTION
GERMANY & EUROPE
Buchhandlung Walther König, Köln
Ehrenstr. 4, 50672 Köln
Tel. +49 (0) 221 / 20 59 6-53
Fax +49 (0) 221 / 20 59 6-60
verlag@buchhandlung-walther-koenig.de

UK & IRELAND
Cornerhouse Publications
HOME
2 Tony Wilson Place
UK – Manchester M15 4FN
Fax +44 (0) 161 212 9848
distribution@cornerhouse.org

OUTSIDE EUROPE
D.A.P. / Distributed Art Publishers, Inc.
155 6th Avenue, 2nd Floor
USA – New York, NY 10013
Fax +1 (0) 212 627 1999
Fax +1 (0) 212 627 9848
distribution@dapinc.com

ISBN 978-3-86335-856-3
ISBN 978-3-86335-855-6 (German)