

MANIFESTO

JULIAN ROSEFELDT

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A film installation in twelve scenes

With essays by
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and an interview with the artist by
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Darkness. A burning and sparking fuse cord of a large fireworks rocket, seen in close-up and extreme slow motion. We see hundreds of sparks out-of-focus, drifting away, until the rocket ignites in a spray of fire...

All that is solid melts into air.

voice over
KM|FE 1848

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.

TZ 1918

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

PS 1920

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?

TZ 1918

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

A foggy day on a field amidst the industrial ruins of an abandoned old factory complex. We see the fuse cord from the prologue, once again in in close-up and slow motion, but this time in daylight. The rocket takes off. Cut to three old women, as amused as children, who continue to ignite a few more rockets. In the background, two boys are flying a kite. In the foreground is a grumpy bearded homeless man in a

greasy dirty coat with a trolley full of plastic bags, and his old black dog who barks at the rockets. Cut to the exploding rockets in the winter sky, now seen from a drone's perspective underneath us. Far below are the three women, and the homeless man who slowly starts to walk away. Slow drone flight through the post-industrial landscape, away from the scenery, across the roofs of abandoned factories...

voice over

LF 1946

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.

JRC 1932

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!'

CN 1948

homeless man starts talking to himself, huskily speaking words that he might have said a million times before, as if preaching

AR 1919

continues, now screaming into a megaphone in his hand

JRC 1932

suddenly talking on one pitch level into camera

talking on pitch level ends

talking continues, into camera

GD 1960



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.

voice over

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...

*euphoric, voice over
continues*

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.

FTM 1909

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.

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?

UB|CC|LR|GB|GS 1910

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.

she turns her head towards the camera, starts talking on one pitch level

talking on pitch level ends
FTM 1909

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.

voice over continues

UB|CC|LR|GB|GS 1910

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?

FTM 1909

Shit to Florence, Montmartre and Munich. Shit to dictionaries. Good-taste-isms. Orientalism. Academicism. Shit to Dante, Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Goethe. Beshitted dilettantisms. Shit to Montaigne, Wagner, Beethoven, Whitman and Baudelaire!

voice over continues, getting more and more obsessed

GA 1913

Look at us!
We're not exhausted yet!

calmer again

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.

FTM 1909

DV 1922

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

Make room for youth,
for violence, for daring!

concluding resolutely
FTM 1909

UB|CC|LR|GB|GS 1910



*Bruno Taut
Antonio Sant'Elia
Coop Himmelb(l)au
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.

BT 1921

*on the moped,
voice over continues*

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.

ASE 1914

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!

BT 1920

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.

CH 1980

I like elements which are hybrid
rather than ‘pure’,

compromising rather than ‘clean’, distorted rather than ‘straightforward’,
ambiguous rather than ‘articulated’, boring as well as ‘interesting’, incon-
sistent and equivocal rather than direct and clear.

*starts talking on
one pitch level into
camera*

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’.

*talking on pitch level
ends*
RV 1966



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.

voice over, while we see the guests smoking on the terrace, checking their smartphones, chatting and drinking

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.

VK|FM 1912

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.

BN 1948

the CEO in conversation with one of her guests

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!*

she starts to deliver her speech after asking for everybody’s attention

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.

*starts talking on
one pitch level into
camera*

*talking on pitch level
ends*

*ends her speech
WL 1914*



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

A private party in the backstage area of a performance venue, half rehearsal room, half studio. The party is almost over, people drinking and doing coke, a lonely dancer, a drummer, a bassist and a guitarist jamming chaotically. A tattooed guest is sitting alone on a sofa next to a flirting couple, gazing in abstraction and mumbling to herself.

tattooed guest starts talking

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.

jumps up from the sofa, screaming to the musicians and into camera

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?

voice over, after she slumps into an armchair

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.

VH 1922

Impose aesthetic limits.

Create art from one's own abilities.

Don't reincorporate old values but create anew.

MMA 1921

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

We take the present day.

NG|AP 1920

No more retrospection!
No more Futurism!

*talking on one pitch
level into camera*

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.

*talking on pitch level
ends*

In my glorious isolation, I am illuminated

talks into camera

by the marvellous incandescence of my
electrically charged nerves.

MMA 1921



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

A scientist in a white protective suit working in a high-tech laboratory, wandering through the building – somewhere in the background a poster of a prehistoric man, lost in thoughts like Rodin's Thinker – until reaching a large laboratory, covered all over with the abstract-geometrical pattern of sound-absorbing elements, in which a weird object that looks like a horizontal version of the monolith from 2001 – A Space Odyssey floats in the air.

*voice over from
loudspeakers all over
the building complex,
while we observe her
wandering through
various sections of
the building*

NG|AP 1920

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.

KM 1916

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.

OR 1917

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?

NG|AP 1920

We live in an abstract spiritual creativity.

Objects died yesterday.

We are creators of non-objectivity.

stops when she discovers the open door of a normally inaccessible room and enters the space, attracted by a strange and unknown sound.

AR 1919

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.

starts talking on one pitch level, looking at us

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!

talking on pitch level ends; flinches, alarmed, when the object suddenly produces weird noises

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

voice over continues, now coming from the floating monolith, louder, climax

Only dull and impotent artists veil
their work with sincerity.

Art requires truth, not sincerity.

KM 1916



Tristan Tzara
Francis Picabia
Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes
Paul Éluard
Louis Aragon
Richard Huelsenbeck

*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*

A mourning close friend of the deceased delivering an oration at a funeral ceremony beside an open grave surrounded by people in black. Earlier, we've observed the typical ceremonial activities: the coffin being carried out of the church, accompanied by a small brass band, the mourning crowd walking towards the grave, etc.

voice over while we see the quiet crowd on the way from the church to the grave

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.

TT 1918

she starts talking after the group of mourning family members and friends arrives at the grave

FP 1920

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.

GRD 1920

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.

PE 1920

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.

TT 1918

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.

TT 1920

DADA MEANS NOTHING.

TT 1918

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 idols: nothing. Like your political men: nothing. Like your heroes: nothing. Like your artists: nothing. Like your religions: nothing.

TT 1920
starts insulting the audience while the mourning family members and friends keep listening as if her behaviour is normal

FP 1920

No more painters, no more writers, no more musicians, no more sculptors, no more religions, no more republicans, no more royalists, no more imperialists, 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.

starts talking on one pitch level into camera

talking on pitch level ends

LA 1920

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 –

starts screaming, spitting out the words disdainfully, while the audience continues to listen quietly

It's us who are the murderers –

Of all your little newborn babies...

GRD 1920

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

calmer again all of a sudden, concluding

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.

TT 1918

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.

RH 1918



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.

voice over, while the camera pans over dozens of puppets hanging close together side by side on the wall

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 conditions are fine. The woods are white or black; one will never sleep.

AB 1924

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

puppeteer starts talking, rehearsing with her alter ego puppet

AB 1929

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?

continues talking, now with another voice of her puppet which turns to the camera

AB 1924

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.

starts talking into the camera on one pitch level, holding the puppet next to her face

The subconscious shapes, composes and transforms the individual.

talking on pitch level ends

LF 1946

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.

continues talking with the voice of her puppet which addresses us

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.

continues talking, rehearsing again with the puppet

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.

voice over continues

Existence is elsewhere.

AB 1924



Claes Oldenburg

*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

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*

**I am for an art that
is political-erotical-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.

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

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.

*the eldest son
chuckles, she rebukes
him*

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.

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.

I am for the art of

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.

starts talking on one pitch level, looking at us

talking on pitch level ends

continues praying

all together, holding hands and closing the prayer in order to start eating

CO 1961



*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*

A choreographer with a Russian accent instructing dancers from the side of the stage during a rehearsal. She isn't of a Moulin Rouge-/ Las Vegas-style show dance company happy with what she sees.

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.

YR 1965

voice over, while we see her observing and instructing the dancers

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.

EW|PC|JC|DH|AB|LM|
EA|TS|BV 1963-1987

Fluxus is a pain in art's ass.

shouting at them, while they keep on dancing

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.

GM 1963

voice over continues, talking to herself while dancers continue dancing

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.

MLU 1969

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

*choreographer inter-
rupts rehearsal and
calls everybody for
a briefing, talking
to the dancers, and
continuing shout-
ing, animating,
encouraging*

Take gigantic surfaces,
cloak them in colour and shift them menacingly.

Bend drilling parts of the voids infinitely together. Paste smoothing sur-
faces 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 thou-
sand 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.

*starts talking on
one pitch level into
camera*

*talking on pitch level
ends*

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

*continues instructing,
talking calmer now*

I demand

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

Mighty erections of aquatic giants.

*addressing the
dancers before send-
ing them away*

*alone on stage, talk-
ing in a dissatisfied
way to herself*

KS 1919



Sol LeWitt
Elaine Sturtevant
Adrian Piper

*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,

*Crevasse, Errors,
Daring and Courage*

A newsreader in the TV studio waiting for the countdown before the live broadcast starts. She is checking her look, going through the texts of the different news items, rehearsing them quietly to herself, concentrating when the managing editor announces the countdown, then reading her

'news' with the typical singsong voice of a newsreader. She starts questioning a reporter (named Cate, like herself) via live conference and the reporter answers. The reporter is in an anorak, standing under an umbrella in pouring rain and stormy weather, reporting live from an outside location.

SL 1969
voice over, while we observe the preparations for the live broadcast

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.

SL 1967

newsreader starts, speaking directly into the camera

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.

turning towards the reporter on another screen on her side

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?

reporter answers

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?

ES 1999

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.

newsreader
ES 2004

reporter answers,
while a strong squall
blows in her face

ES 1999

newsreader

reporter answering,
suddenly talking on
one pitch level

talking on pitch level
ends

newsreader, now
answering on one
pitch level, too

talking on pitch level
ends

reporter continues

newsreader inter-
rupts her, trying to
be funny; a small
man walks by in the
background of the
reporter
reporter

newsreader, conclud-
ing, speaking directly
into the camera
SL 1967

while the newsreader
announces the next
feature, technicians
dismount a wind and
a rain machine which
created the ‘stormy
weather’
AP 1969



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

A school teacher speaking to a class of eight- to nine-year-olds before handing out exam papers and then walking around the classroom, observing the kids working on the test and instructing them.

voice over, while we observe the children concentrating on their work

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.

SB 1963

Nothing is original.

teacher starts talking and hands out a test

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.'**

JJ 2002

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.

*she walks around
giving some words of
advice here and there
while the children
focus on their exams*

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 avail-
able and at the cost of any good taste and any aesthetic considerations.

*entire class starts
humming, and then
talking on one pitch
level together with the
teacher*

*talking on pitch level
ends*
LVT|TV 1995

**Fact creates norms,
and truth illumination.**

*all together, talking
normally*

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.

*school bell rings,
children run off for
the break, voice over
continues*
WH 1999

*voice over, while we
observe the children
from the preceding
scene playing in the
schoolyard in extreme
slow motion*

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.**

LW 1993

Lebbeus Woods







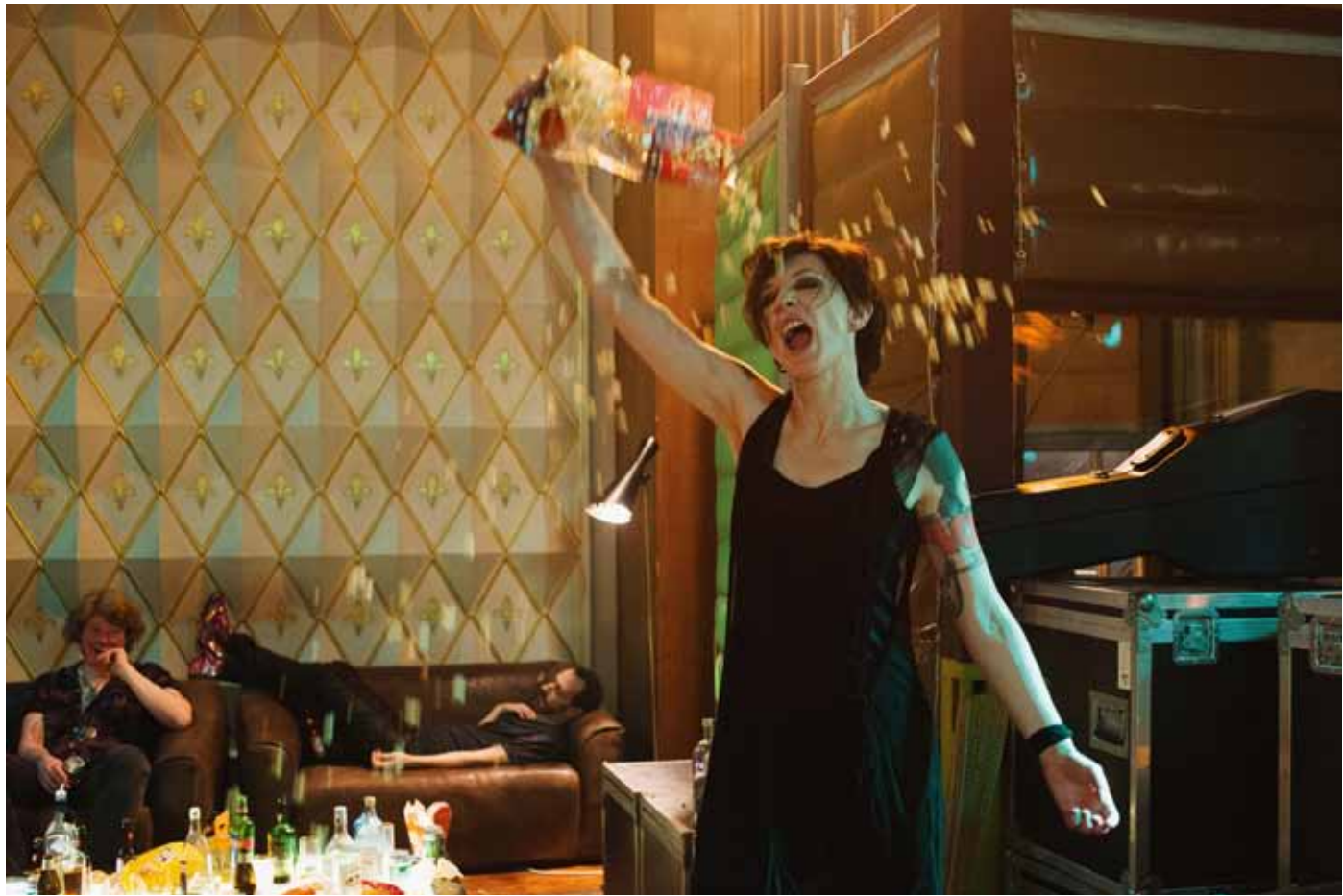










































FOREWORD

‘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 Medienboard 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

Udo Kittelmann
Director, Nationalgalerie –
Staatliche Museen zu
Berlin

Katrina Sedgwick
Director, Australian
Centre for the Moving
Image

Reinhard Spieler
Director, Sprengel
Museum Hannover



TO GIVE VISIBLE ACTION TO WORDS¹

Anna-Catharina Gebbers and Udo Kittelmann

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.’²

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?’³ 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.⁴ In other words: an utterance is invariably an action, and ‘with the aid of linguistic utterances we can perform a wide variety of actions’.⁵ 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*,⁶ 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.'⁷ 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 the condition of existence for earlier industrial classes. Everlasting uncertainty and agitation, on the other hand, was what distinguished the bourgeois epoch.

The Communist Manifesto is in fact the text that is most frequently associated with the term 'manifesto'. Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels were commissioned by the Communist League to write this work, which was originally titled *Manifest der Kommunistischen Partei* [The Manifesto of the Communist Party]⁸ in the winter of 1847/48. When it was published in early 1848, neither the February Revolution in France nor the March Revolution in the German Confederation had yet taken place. Inspired by the spirit of

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)⁹: 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 declamations 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*,¹⁰ the avant-garde endowed the genre with some distinctive features: the urgent and precise communication of authorial intent; appellative rhetoric; a combative, provocative style; and frequently propagandistic self-promotion.¹¹

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 newsreader. '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',¹² she declares, quoting Sturtevant in a sharp tone of voice. During the broadcast, Rosefeldt also confronts the rhetoric of the well-groomed newsreader 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,¹³ the manifesto can be located 'somewhere between literature and non-literature, poetics and poetry, text and image, word and action'.¹⁴ 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.'¹⁵ Similar approaches based on décollage 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 declamatory 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 chords¹⁶ – 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',¹⁷ where relationships and experiences are

increasingly mediated by visual images. The ‘crisis of narratives’¹⁸ 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.

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- 1 Elaine Sturtevant, ‘Man Is Double Man Is Copy Man Is Clone’, in: Anne Dressen (ed.), *Sturtevant. The Razzle Dazzle of Thinking*, Ringier, Zurich, 2010, pp. 115–117, here p. 115.
 - 2 Based on Tristan Tzara, ‘Dada Manifesto 1918’, in: Robert Motherwell (ed.), *The Dada Painters and Poets. An Anthology*, trans. Ralph Manheim, 2nd ed., G. K. Hall & Co., Boston, 1981, pp. 76–81, here p. 76.
 - 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.
 - 4 Cf. John Langshaw Austin, *How to Do Things with Words*, ed. J. O. Urmson and Marina Sbisa, Harvard University Press, Cambridge, MA, 1962.
 - 5 Wolfgang Stegmüller, *Hauptströmungen der Gegenwartsphilosophie*, vol. 2, 8th ed., Kröner, Stuttgart, 1987, p. 64; translated from the German by Jacqueline Todd.
 - 6 *La Notte*, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni (Italy/France 1961, 122 min.).

- 7 Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, ‘The Manifesto of the Communist Party’, in: *Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels: Selected Works*, trans. Samuel Moore in cooperation with Friedrich Engels, vol. 1, Progress Publishers, Moscow, 1969, pp. 98–137, here section 1, paragraph 18.
- 8 Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *Manifest der Kommunistischen Partei*, printed in the office of the ‘Bildungs-Gesellschaft für Arbeiter’ [German Workers’ Educational Society] by J. E. Burghard, London, 1848.
- 9 Cf. Eric Hobsbawm, *The Age of Capital: 1848–1875*, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, 1975. According to Hobsbawm, the age of capital was followed by the ‘age of empire’: Eric Hobsbawm, *The Age of Empire: 1875–1914*, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, 1987.
- 10 Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, ‘Il Futurismo’, in: *Gazzetta dell’Emilia*, 5 February 1909, title page.
- 11 Cf. Janet Lyon, *Manifestoes: Provocations of the Modern*, Cornell University Press, Ithaca/New York, 1999, p. 13.
- 12 Elaine Sturtevant, ‘Shifting Mental Structures’ (1999), in: Dressen, op. cit., pp. 135–139, here p. 135.
- 13 Alfons Backes-Haase, *Kunst und Wirklichkeit: Zur Typologie des DADA-Manifests*, Athenäums Monografien: Literaturwissenschaft, vol. 106, Anton Hain, Frankfurt/M., 1992, p. 130.
- 14 Hubert van den Berg, ‘Das Manifest – eine Gattung?’ in: Hubert van den Berg and Ralf Grüttemeier (eds.), *Manifeste: Intentionalität*, Avant-Garde Critical Studies, vol. 11, Rodopi, Amsterdam/Atlanta, 1998, pp. 193–225, here pp. 194 f; translated from the German by Jacqueline Todd.
- 15 Tristan Tzara, ‘Dada Manifesto on Feeble Love and Bitter Love’ (1920), quoted in: Sarah Ganz Blythe and Edward D. Powers (eds.), *Looking at Dada*, The Museum of Modern Art, New York, 2006, p. 27.
- 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 newsreader and the reporter, this particular film is present in both chords.
- 17 Cf. Guy Debord, *The Society of the Spectacle*, trans. Donald Nicholson-Smith, Zone Books, New York, 1995, pp. 12ff. (original French version 1967).
- 18 Cf. Jean-François Lyotard, *The Postmodern Condition: A Report on Knowledge*, trans. Geoffrey Bennington and Brian Massumi, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, MN, 1984, p. xiii (original French version 1979).

SPARKS FLYING: THE MANIFESTO AS FIREWORKS

Reinhard Spieler

‘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!’¹ 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.’² 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 Düsseldorf’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 Michelangelo 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' firework 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 firework 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 Any Winehouse 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 undermines texts by Antonio Sant'Elia (1914), Bruno Taut (1920/21), Coop Himmelb(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, Michelangelo 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,'³ 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'.⁴

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.'⁵ 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.

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- 1 Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, 'The Manifesto of Futurism', in: idem, *Critical Writings*, edited by Günter Berghaus, trans. Doug Thompson, Farrar/Straus/Giroux, New York, 2006, pp. 11–16, here p. 16 (original Italian version 1909).
 - 2 Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, 'Manifesto of the Communist Party', in: *Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels: Selected Works*, trans. Samuel Moore in cooperation with Frederick Engels, vol. 1, Progress Publishers, Moscow, 1969, pp. 98–137, here section 1, paragraph 18 (original German version 1848).
 - 3 Based on André Breton, 'Manifesto of Surrealism', in: Charles Harrison and Paul Wood (eds.), *Art in Theory, 1900–1990: An Anthology of Changing Ideas*, trans. Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane, Blackwell, Cambridge, pp. 433–439, here p. 436 (original French version 1924).
 - 4 Elaine Sturtevant, 'Shifting Mental Structures' (1999), in: Anne Dressen (ed.), Sturtevant. *The Razzle Dazzle of Thinking*, Ringier, Zurich, 2010, pp. 135–139, here p. 135.
 - 5 Tristan Tzara, 'Dada Manifesto 1918', in: Robert Motherwell and Jean Arp (eds.), *The Dada Painters and Poets: An Anthology*, transl. Ralph Manheim, Harvard University Press, Harvard, 1981, pp. 76–82, here p. 81. 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.

SPEAKING, ACTING, TRANSFORMING: THE MANIFESTO AS METAMORPHOSIS

ON JULIAN ROSEFELDT'S *MANIFESTO*

Burcu Dogramaci

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'.¹ Notable texts that were set down in the form of a manifesto, such as Tristan Tzara's *Manifeste 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.² 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 1911.³ 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')⁴ – 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.⁵ In this respect, modern, post-modern 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.⁶ 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 1913.⁷ Key figures of the Fluxus and Happenings movements, such as Allan Kaprow and Henry Flynt, declaimed 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.⁸ 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 1970.⁹

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.¹⁰ 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.'¹¹

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 of restaging 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.'¹² 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 is 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.¹³ The characters in *Manifesto* do not simply voice and embody the manifesto – they become the manifesto.

- 1 Wolfgang Asholt and Walter Fähnders, 'Einleitung', in: eidem (eds.), *Manifeste und Proklamationen der europäischen Avantgarde (1909–1938)*, Metzler, Stuttgart/Weimar, 1995, pp. xv–xxx, here p. xxv; translated from the German by Jacqueline Todd.
- 2 Besides the many collections of manifestos of individual movements such as Dada, Futurism or Surrealism, there are a number of notable general anthologies of manifestos from the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, including Charles Harrison and Paul Wood (eds.), *Art in Theory 1900–2000: An Anthology of Changing Ideas*, 2nd ed., Blackwell, Malden, MA and Oxford, 2002; *Wetterleuchten! Künstler-Manifeste des 20. Jahrhunderts*, Edition Nautilus, Hamburg, 2000; Alex Danchev, *100 Artists' Manifestos. From the Futurists to the Stuckists*, Penguin Books, London, 2011.
- 3 Illustrated in: Umbro Apollonio, *Der Futurismus. Manifeste und Dokumente einer künstlerischen Revolution 1909–1918*, DuMont, Cologne, 1972, p. 9.
- 4 On the etymology of the term 'manifesto', its cross-linguistic meaning and various usages, see Hubert van den Berg and Ralf Grüttemeier, 'Interpretation, Funktionalität und Strategie. Versuch einer intentionalen Bestimmung des Manifests', in: eidem (eds.), *Manifeste: Intentionalität*, Rodopi, Amsterdam/Atlanta, 1998, pp. 7–38, here p. 19ff.
- 5 Duncan Forbes and Florian Ebner, 'Manifeste! Eine andere Geschichte der Fotografie', in: *Manifeste! Eine andere Geschichte der Fotografie*, exh. cat. Museum Folkwang, Essen, Fotomuseum Winterthur, Steidl, Göttingen, 2014, pp. 69–71, here p. 69; translated from the German by Jacqueline Todd.
- 6 Cf. Roberto Ohrt, 'Vorwort', in: *Ein kultureller Putsch. Manifeste, Pamphlete und Provokationen der Gruppe SPUR*, Edition Nautilus, Hamburg, 1991, pp. 6–11, here p. 10.
- 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 Hörner, *Die Gruppe SPUR. Politische Manifeste einer Künstlergruppe*, SLC Scriptline Publishers, Wörth am Rhein, 2014, p. 66.
- 8 See: *Concept. Action. Language. Pop art, Fluxus, Concept art, Nouveau Réalisme and Arte povera. From the Collections Hahn and Ludwig*, exh. cat. Museum Moderner Kunst Stiftung Ludwig Wien, Vienna, Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther König, Cologne, 2006, p. 182; Sarah Maske, 'Fluxus und die Manifeste von George Maciunas. Theoretische Basis, politische Stellungnahme oder Werbemittel?', in: *Fluxus at 50*, exh. cat. Museum Wiesbaden, Kerber, Bielefeld/Berlin, 2012, pp. 172–185, here pp. 173, 178.
- 9 Wolf Vostell, *Happening & Leben*, Luchterhand, Neuwied, 1970, pp. 269–272. See also Hans-Edwin Friedrich, "'lesen sie dieses manifest und décollagieren sie es.'" Wolf Vostells Manifeste', in: Klaus Gereon Beuckers, Hans-Edwin Friedrich, and Sven Hanaushek (eds.), *Wolf Vostell. Dé-collage als Manifest – Manifest als Dé-collage. Manifeste, Aktionsvorträge, Essays*, Edition Text + Kritik, Munich, 2014, pp. 213–220, here pp. 213–216.
- 10 Hans Belting has conducted an in-depth study of the etymological relationship and semantic links between the face and the mask. Hans Belting, *Faces. Eine Geschichte des Gesichts*, C. H. Beck, Munich, 2013, here above all pp. 25–44.
- 11 Hugo Ball, *Flight Out of Time: A Dada Diary*, trans. Ann Raimés, University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, CA, 1996, p. 64.
- 12 Elaine Sturtevant, 'Shifting Mental Structures' (1999), in: Anne Dressen (ed.), *Sturtevant. The Razzle Dazzle of Thinking*, Ringier, Zurich, 2010, pp. 135–139, here p. 135.
- 13 This draws upon concepts of performativity developed by Judith Butler in the late 1980s and later elaborated by Erika Fischer-Lichte in her book *The Transformative Power of Performance: A New Aesthetics*: 'Bodily, performative acts do not express a pre-existing identity but engender identity through these very acts.' Erika Fischer-Lichte, *The Transformative Power of Performance: A New Aesthetics*, trans. Saskya Iris Jain, Routledge, Abingdon, 2008, p. 27.

INTERVIEW WITH JULIAN ROSEFELDT

Sarah Tutton and Justin Paton

'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 Lust* (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 Lutheran 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 Schönigh
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
Set Manager: Sven Jorden
Assistants Set Manager: Anna Klöble,
Christian Rost
Set Runners: Leonard Hadrich, Aileen
Zimmermann, Yara Behrens
Head Accountant: Monika Wank
Accountant/Payroll: Marion Sigusch
Location Scout: Roland Gerhardt
Assistant Upton Family: Julia Scheurer

CAMERA DEPARTMENT

Director of Photography: Christoph Krauss
2nd Unit Cameraman: Axel Fischer
Steadicam Operators: Matthias Biber,
Richard Eckes, Benjamin Treplin
1st AC A-Cam: Frederik Tegethoff
1st AC B-Cam: Gregor Grieshaber
2nd AC A-Cam: Paul Gredig
2nd AC B-Cam: Julian Rabus, Laurence
Heintz
DIT: Maximilian Link
Still Photographer: Barbara Schmidt
Making Of: Cristian Pirjol

ART DEPARTMENT

Production Designer: Erwin Prib
Set Decorator: Melanie Raab
Prop Master: Dorothea Schiefeling
Assistant Prop Master: Olga Kostka
Props Driver: Thommy Schlegel
St/By Props: David Thummerer
Assistant St/By Props: Katharina Kluge
Art Department Assistant: Margherita
Allorio
Set Dressers: Hubert Böck, Ingwer Neitzel,
Ludwig Schult, Felix Mathias Ott, Nathalie
Wild, Andi Heinrich, Sarah Wibbeler
Graphics: Sabine Steinhoff
Set Painter: Eva Maria Müller
Puppet Master: Suse Wächter

COSTUME DEPARTMENT

Costume Designer: Bina Daigeler
Assistant Costume Designer: Daniela Backes
Wardrobe: Alexandra Hannemann, Anne
Sophie Velten

HAIR AND MAKE-UP DEPARTMENT

Make-up Artist for Cate Blanchett:
Morag Ross
Hair Artist for Cate Blanchett: Massimo
Gattabrusi
Make-up and Hair Artists: Katharina
Thieme, Sonia Salazar Delgado
Additional Make-Up Artist: Karla Meirer
Tattoo for Cate Blanchett: Tobias Werner

ASSISTANTS DIRECTOR

Dramaturgical Advisor: Janaina Pessoa
1st AD: Chris Tromboukis
2nd AD: Caroline Veysiere
Assistant 2nd AD: Mayra Magalhães
3rd AD: Fabian Götz
3rd AD: Hélène Delage
Script/Continuity: Anne Kodura
Personal Assistant to Julian Rosefeldt:
Viktor Jakovleski
Personal Assistant to Cate Blanchett:
Lydia Korndörfer

MOTION CONTROL / PHANTOM CAMERA

by Master Moves Motion Control
Motion Control Supervisor: Marcel
Neumann
Motion Control Operators: Heiko Matting,
Pascal Rossow
Phantom Flex 4K Operator: Marcel Reategui
Phantom Flex 4K Technician: Thorsten Reimer
Fuse Slow Motion Advisor: Viktor Jakovleski

AERIAL IMAGES

by PHX-Pictures
Drone Pilot: Ben Tewaag
Camera Operator: David Schlange
Best Boy: Marcus Gelhard

CAM CAR

by MCC Fahraufnahmen GmbH
Cam Car Operator: Leo Plank

SOUND DEPARTMENT

Sound Recordist: David Hilgers
Boom Operator: Gero Renner

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

Gaffer: Christoph Dehmel-Osterloh
Best Boy: Florian Birch
Electrician: Daniel Lasius
Junior Electrician: Katrin Lehmacher
Additional Electrician: Thomas Hofmann

GRIP DEPARTMENT

Key Grip: Klaus Witt
Grip: Bat Gankhuyag
Crane Operator: Jerome Lauer
Grip Assistants: Laure Gilquin, Elias Heiduk

TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT

Personal Driver for Cate Blanchett:
Wolfgang 'Wuff' Hütter
Production Drivers: Ilja Kloppenburg,
Daniel Janssen, Ioannis Tsakmakidis

SPECIAL FX

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

EDITING

Editor: Bobby Good

POSTPRODUCTION

Postproduction Supervisor: Jan Schöningh
Colourist and Online Playouts: Jan Schöningh
CG Artists: Jan Piccart, Christian Pundsusch, Jan Schöningh
Futurism Scene by Rise FX:
VFX Supervisor: Florian Gellinger
VFX Set Supervisor: Bastian Hopfgarten
CG Artists: Oliver Schulz, Pascal Xander
Compositing: Steffen Richter
Matchmoving: Denis Trutanic
Coordinator: Robert Aldag

POSTPRODUCTION SOUND

Re-recording Mixer and Supervising Sound Editor: Markus Stemler
Sound Designers: Hanse Warns, Markus Stemler, Fabian Schmidt, Alexander Buck, Kuen il Song
Foley Artist: Carsten Richter
Foley Mixer: Marcus Sujata
Supervising Sound Editor Linear Version: Fabian Schmidt
Re-recording Linear Version: Tschangis Chahrokh-Zadeh
ADR Recording: Alexander Buck, Kuen il Song
ADR Voices: Prue Densem, Jeff Wood, Mayra Magalhães, Sophie C. Dyer, Rosie Eveleigh, Matthew Coleman, Stewart Tryster, Mark Corrigan, Soma Pysall, Alexander Bähnk, Bryn Chainey, David Frush, Grayson Millwood, Anita Walter, Megan Gay, Daniel Iribarren
Additional Drums for Backstage Scene: Karl Ventulett
Voice Over Recording Cate Blanchett: Ben Lightowlers

MUSICAL ADVISOR

Hans-Jörn Brandenburg

CATERING

Filmissimo GmbH – Michael Tausch

MANIFESTO SCENES

SITUATIONISM

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

FUTURISM

Extras: Max Burger, Thorsten Albertz, Alexander G. Yassin, Andreas Flechs, Andy Wong, Beatrix Seewaldt, Bertil Sjamsi, Carlo Wanka, Carolin Büttner, Cassandra Pope, Christian Donner, Christian Ernsdörfer, Emi Matsumori, Evan Marchman, Frank Trollst, Hartmut Fleischmann, Hartmut Schuler, Hailing Zhu, Imre Marton, Janine Kauk, Jerémiás Franca, Jochen Pfister, Kathleen Tronnier, Kevin Neumann, Klaus Schmitt, Lars Weiffenfeldt, Manish Patni, Michael Schoeler, Nicola Romare, Omio Horo, Peter Trzka, Philip Broesamle, S. M. Wahidul Alam, Sascha Gebauer, Yen An Hauw, Jan Böhme

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Berliner Stadtreinigung (BSR): Krzysztof Baranowski, Norman Cerajewski, Wolfgang Doering, Martin Grünefeldt, Sebastian Harnisch, André Heidemann, David Homuth, Zeljko Novak, Christian Roy

VORTICISM / BLUE RIDER /

ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM

Extras: Cornelia Ackers, Ivo Wessel, Reinhard Spieler, Stefan Becker, Degenhard Androlat, Katja Blomberg, Tamara Pallasch, Christian Bratz, Clemens Pätzold, Daniel Schlesener, Emmanuel Bourdin, Julian Morar, Joni Caparas, Klaus Berchner, Marina Vozhegova, Sigrid Rostock, Yasmin Hallensleben, Zohreh Mohseni-Pour, Fred Schikora, Jürgen Müller, Janina Bellach, Volker Bringmann

STRIDENTISM / CREATIONISM

Extras: Laurie Young, Jeff Wood, Jochen Arbeit, Viktor Jakovleski, Jeewi Lee, Florian Günzel, Guido Dorigo, Anastasia Coyto, Mila Coyto, Claudio Oliverio, Shaz, James Cameron aka Jimmy Trash, Martin Stahlke, Constantine 'Dino' Karlis, Gerald Pasqualin, Paul Bonomo, Charles Michel Warzee, Claudio Oliveira, Liliana Velasquez, Pauline Stolze, Philipp Danes, Shaharazad 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 Kitagawa, Marion Schulz, Raffaele Sellitto, Sydney Klein, Airlangga A. J. S. Tjakraatmadja, Arlette Vander Pan, Reinhard Ferber, Sebastian Kriesch, Stefanie Kautz, Thao Tran

DADAISM

Musicians: Luanda Magalhães Bem (clarinet), Benjamin Weidekamp (clarinet), Paul Brody (trumpet), Magnus Schrieffl (trumpet), Vinzenz Jander (trombone), Dieter Fischer (tuba), Hans-Jörn Brandenburg (cymbals), Joe Bauer (snare drums)
Extras: Janaina Magalhães Pessoa, Leon Magalhães Schoyerer, Wolfgang Schoyerer, Thierry Leviez, Ricardo Fraya, Sveva Castelli, Jacob Castelli, Maximilian Werkhausen, Georgina Rowse, Marie-France Rafael, Horst Klöver, Gioia Brandenburg, Degenhard Androlat, Stefan Becker, Astrid Becker, Percy Becker, Lennart Holst, Babette Marie Werner, Peter Koziel, Jürgen Lucius, Claus Niederländer, Cornelia Leschke, Johannes Bruck, Friedrich Müller, Thomas Müller, Clara Schuessler, Louisa Schuessler, Eric Hermann, Martin Schuessler, Gabriel Malaev, Alice Zacherl, Richard Rothaus, Andreas Ritter, Ivelina Stoyanova, Ilona Sobetzki, Veronika Lau, Blanca von Hardenberg, Brigitte Guhl, Aine O'Dwyer, Hans Wiessmann, Joachim Rüstig, Madalena Faria, Hamid Rahnama, Eberhard Päller, Rebecca Hoffmann, Eugene Peppers, Ralf Tempel, Herwig Andres, Akiko Hitomi

SURREALISM / SPATIALISM

–

POP ART

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

FLUXUS / MERZ / PERFORMANCE

Extras: Servan Durmaz, Sascha Vorpahl, Rafeu Ahmed, Mario Vogel
Ballet Ensemble Friedrichstadt-Palast Berlin: Coraline Arnaud, Christine Bach, Maria José Baeza Pamies, Eliton Da Silva De Barros, Corynne Barron, Azama Bashir, Azza Najiyba Bashir, Miranda Bodenhöfer, Viktoriya Chumakina, Jemima Rose Dean, Madlen Engelskirchen, Maria Esau, Allen Andrew Fabre Costa, Nikolay Golovanov, Tamás Hári, Lisa Jost, William Nascimento Lima, Roman Lukyanchenko, Arielle Martin, Djalil Makhamud, Laura Matheson, Dácil Mederos, Alysha Pacheco, Charlotte Peters, Siniša Petrovi (drag queen), Iuri Prokopchuk, Pavel Pukha, Cathleen Reinke, Dan Revazov, Georgina Rowse, Sofia Schabus, Annick Schadeck, Miriam Schegerer, Liam Michael Scullion, Anita Tortorella, Renáta Turziková, Filip Vereš, Emanuele Vignoli, Sophie Wensel, Hanna Woldt, Justyna Woloch, Zahari Zahariev, Elitsa Zafirova
General Director: Berndt Schmidt
Show Concept: Manfred Thierry Mugler and Roland Welke
Music Director: Daniel Behrens
Show Couture-design: Manfred Thierry Mugler and Stefano Canulli
Stage Design: Jürgen Schmidt André
Composition 'Alien Kickline': Anja Krabbe, Frank Kretschmer, Martin de Vries
Ballet Director: Alexandra Georgieva

Ballet Master and Choreographer 'Alien Kickline': Maik Damboldt
Stage Crew: Peter Müller (Head), Dietmar Spolert
Light Department: Olaf Eichler (Head), Birger Krause, Norbert Zimmermann
Sound Engineer: Thomas Heidel
Director Costume and Make-up: Sylvia Zuhr
Make-up: Antje Potthast (Head), Jana Gänßle, Johannes Gundlach, Katja Palm, Antonio Caballero Prada, Sonja Rauer
Dresser: Cordula Stummeyer (Head), Annette Bellmann, Karen Ellmer, Simone Fahrlich, Manja Knothe, Cornelia Rach, Petra Wagner
Coordination Friedrichstadt-Palast: Ghazal Weber

CONCEPTUAL ART / MINIMALISM

Extras: Jia Shen Guo, Andreas Jentzsch, Julian Theiner, Morag Ross, Massimo Gattabrusi, David Hilgers, Alexandra Hannemann, Julian Rebus, Fabian Götz
Thanks to the ZDF:
Production Manager: Sybille Heine
Hauptstadtstudio: 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

Berlin Metropolitan School, Friedrichstadt-Palast Berlin, former Olympic Village, Vattenfall – Klingenberg CHP plant, Studio P4 (Funkhaus Berlin), Pallaseum, BSR – Abfallbehandlungswerk Süd, Versuchsanstalt für Wasserbau und Schiffsbau, Stahnsdorf South-Western Cemetery, Helmholtz-Zentrum Berlin – BESSY II, former fertilizer factory Rüdersdorf, Villa Rembold, Teufelsberg, ZDF-Hauptstadtstudio, Adler-Löwen-Kaserne,

'Mäusebunker' – former animal research center Charité, Villa Palombini, Jakob-und-Wilhelm-Grimm-Zentrum / Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin, Department of Engineering Acoustics / Technische Universität Berlin, Remise Bergmannstraße, library of the Brandenburgische Technische Universität Cottbus-Senftenberg

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Rommel, Caroline Link, Ires Jung, Lydia Korndörfer, Alfons Hug, Amanda Bross, Ben Lightowlers, Thierry Leviez, Anne-Catherine Grimal, Joachim Jäger, Thomas Ostermeier, Tobias Veit

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Cate Blanchett

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and Ruhrtriennale

QUOTED MANIFESTOS

PROLOGUE

- KM|FE 1848 ~ Karl Marx / Friedrich Engels, *Manifesto of the Communist Party*
TT 1918 ~ Tristan Tzara, *Dada Manifesto 1918*
PS 1920 ~ Philippe Soupault, *Literature and the Rest*

SITUATIONISM

- LF 1946 ~ Lucio Fontana, *White Manifesto*
JRC 1932 ~ John Reed Club of New York, *Draft Manifesto*
CN 1948 ~ Constant Nieuwenhuys, *Manifesto*
AR 1919 ~ Aleksandr Rodchenko, *Manifesto of Suprematists and Non-Objective Painters*
GD 1960 ~ Guy Debord, *Situationist Manifesto*

FUTURISM

- FTM 1909 ~ Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, *The Foundation and Manifesto of Futurism*
UB|CC|LR|GB|GS 1910 ~ Umberto Boccioni / Carlo Carrà / Luigi Russolo / Giacomo Balla / Gino Severini, *Manifesto of the Futurist Painters*
GA 1913 ~ Guillaume Apollinaire, *The Futurist Antitradition*
DV 1922 ~ Dziga Vertov, *WE: Variant of a Manifesto*

ARCHITECTURE

- BT 1920 ~ Bruno Taut, *Down with Seriousism!*
BT 1921 ~ Bruno Taut, *Daybreak*
ASE 1914 ~ Antonio Sant'Elia, *Manifesto of Futurist Architecture*
CH 1980 ~ Coop Himmelb(l)au, *Architecture Must Blaze*
RV 1966 ~ Robert Venturi, *Non-Straight-forward Architecture: A Gentle Manifesto*

VORTICISM / BLUE RIDER / ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM

- VK|FM 1912 ~ Vasily Kandinsky / Franz Marc, *Preface to The Blue Rider Almanac*
BN 1948 ~ Barnett Newman, *The Sublime is Now*
WL 1914 ~ Wyndham Lewis, *Manifesto*

STRIDENTISM / CREATIONISM

- MMA 1921 ~ Manuel Maples Arce, *A Strident Prescription*
VH 1922 ~ Vicente Huidobro, *We Must Create*
NG|AP 1920 ~ Naum Gabo / Anton Pevzner, *The Realistic Manifesto*

SUPREMATISM / CONSTRUCTIVISM

- NG|AP 1920 ~ Naum Gabo / Anton Pevzner, *The Realistic Manifesto*
KM 1916 ~ Kazimir Malevich, *Suprematist Manifesto*
OR 1917 ~ Olga Rozanova, *Cubism, Futurism, Suprematism*
AR 1919 ~ Aleksandr Rodchenko, *Manifesto of Suprematists and Non-Objective Painters*

DADAISM

- TT 1918 ~ Tristan Tzara, *Dada Manifesto 1918*
TT 1920 ~ Tristan Tzara, *Manifesto of Monsieur Aa the Antiphilosopher*
FP 1920 ~ Francis Picabia, *Dada Cannibalistic Manifesto*
GRD 1920 (left page) ~ Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes, *The Pleasures of Dada*
GRD 1920 (right page) ~ Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes, *To the Public*
PE 1920 ~ Paul Éluard, *Five Ways to Dada Shortage or two Words of Explanation*
LA 1920 ~ Louis Aragon, *Dada Manifesto*
RH 1918 ~ Richard Huelsenbeck, *First German Dada Manifesto*

SURREALISM / SPATIALISM

- AB 1924 ~ André Breton, *Manifesto of Surrealism*
AB 1929 ~ André Breton, *Second Manifesto of Surrealism*
LF 1946 ~ Lucio Fontana, *White Manifesto*

POP ART

- CO 1961 ~ Claes Oldenburg, *I am for an Art...*

FLUXUS / MERZ / PERFORMANCE

- YR 1965 ~ Yvonne Rainer, *No Manifesto*
EW|PC|JC|DH|AB|LM|EA|TS|BV 1963-1978 ~ Emmett Williams, Philip Corner, John Cage, Dick Higgins, Allen Bukoff, Larry Miller, Eric Andersen, Tomas Schmit, Ben Vautier
GM 1963 ~ George Maciunas, *Fluxus Manifesto*
MLU 1969 ~ Mierle Laderman Ukeles, *Maintenance Art Manifesto*
KS 1919 ~ Kurt Schwitters, *The Merz Stage*

CONCEPTUAL ART / MINIMALISM

- SL 1967 ~ Sol LeWitt, *Paragraphs on Conceptual Art*
SL 1969 ~ Sol LeWitt, *Sentences on Conceptual Art*
ES 1999 ~ Elaine Sturtevant, *Shifting Mental Structures*
ES 2004 ~ Elaine Sturtevant, *Man is Double Man is Copy Man is Clone*
AP 1969 ~ Adrian Piper, *Idea, Form, Context*

FILM

- SB 1963 ~ Stan Brakhage, *Metaphors on Vision*
JJ 2002 ~ Jim Jarmusch, *Golden Rules of Filmmaking*
LVT|TV 1995 ~ Lars von Trier / Thomas Vinterberg, *Dogma 95*
WH 1999 ~ Werner Herzog, *Minnesota Declaration*

EPILOGUE

- LW 1993 ~ Lebbeus Woods, *Manifesto*

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Australian Centre for the Moving Image,
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Berlin (10 February – 8 May 2016)
Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney
(28 May – 13 November 2016)
Sprengel Museum Hannover (5 June 2016 –
15 January 2017)

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