

- a. **Artaud, Antonin**
- b. **Barthes, Roland**
- c. **Baudelaire, Charles**
- d. **Benjamin, Walter**
- e. **Berger, John**
- f. **Bochner, Mel**
- g. **Casanova, Giacomo**
- h. **Cook, Geoffrey**
- i. **D'Agostino, Peter**
- j. **Glaze, Lionell**
- k. **Gogh, Vincent Van**
- l. **Hack, Howard**
- m. **Heidegger, Martin**
- n. **Lond, Harley**
- o. **Malevich, Kasimir**
- p. **Malraux, Andre**
- q. **Marx, Karl**
- r. **Matsumoto, Masashi**
- s. **Nodal, Adolfo**
- t. **Phillips, Donna-Lee**
- u. **Proudhon, Pierre Joseph**
- v. **Ruskin, John**
- w. **Schopenhauer, Arnold**
- x. **Thomas, Lew**
- y. **Twain, Mark**
- z. **Vinci, Leonardo Da**

All art is a revolt against man's fate.

No one has ever written, painted, sculpted, modeled, built, or invented except literally to get out of hell.

Art -- in other words the search for the beautiful and the perfecting truth, in his own person, in his wife and children, in his ideas, in what he says, does and produces -- such is the final evolution of the worker, the phase which is destined to bring the Circle of Nature to a glorious close. Aesthetics and above Aesthetics, Morality, these are the keystones of the economic edifice.

It is clear that while production furnishes the material object of consumption, consumption provides the ideal object of production.

In a divided system of false communications whereby the sender controls and limits information and meaning, the recipient of these messages is voiceless -- an ideological patient.

It is not truly speaking, the labour that is divided; but the men: -- Divided into mere segments of men -- broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little pieces of intelligence that is left in man is not enough to make a pin or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin or the head of a nail.

I have come to see that the arranging of artists in a hierarchy of merit is an idle and essentially dilettante process. What matters are the needs which art answers.

Contemporary artists work in the face of paradox. Once a work becomes a work of art, it assumes the status of a lie despite inspiration or conception.

Only dull and impotent artists screen their work with sincerity. In art there is need for truth, not sincerity.

Art is a Racket.

...so my advice would be to drop the 'known' aspects and move out into a grander, more surprising form of presentation. The 'future of art' lies in its theoretical expansion.

I give warning of a danger. Reason has now imprisoned art in a box of square dimensions. Foreseeing the dangers of the fifth and sixth dimensions, I fled, since the fifth and sixth dimensions form a cube in which art will stifle. Escape before it is too late.

It then becomes clear and certain to him what he knows is not a sun and an earth, but only an eye that sees the sun, a hand that feels an earth...

Every light is a shade, compared to higher lights, till you come to the sun; and every shade is a light, compared to deeper shades, till you come to the night. When, therefore, you have outlined any space, you have no reason to ask whether it is in light or shade, but only, of what colour it is, and to what depth of that colour.

What is drawing? How does one do it? It is the act of working one's way through an invisible wall of iron which seems to lie between what one feels and what one can do. How is one to get through this wall, for it does no good to use force? In my opinion, one must undermine the wall and file one's way through, slowly and with patience.

Some people get a cheap thrill out of detachment.

An author who teaches a writer nothing teaches nobody anything. The determining factor is the exemplary character of production that enables it, first, to lead other producers to this production, and secondly to present them with an improved apparatus for their use. And this apparatus is better to the degree that it leads consumers.

It is clear that while production furnishes the material object of consumption, consumption provides the ideal object of production.

I do not go to the space of a gallery with a collection of fixed and memorable objects. I go there to find the here and now and that is what I present. That is what I expect people to find when they too are there.

We, Suprematists, throw open the way to you.

Hurry!

For tomorrow you will not recognize us.

You're considered mad until your idea succeeds.

Why is there something instead of nothing?

The whole field of human activity, the progress of civilization, the tendencies of society, bear witness to this process. All that makes a man, all that he loves and hates, all that affects and interests him, become for him a matter of art. He composes it, polishes it, harmonizes it, until by the prestige of his work one could say he makes matter disappear from it.

Man makes nothing according to nature: he is, if I dare put it this way, a ceremonial animal (un animal faconnier).

The 'future of art' lies in its theoretical expansion.

What is fair in men, passes away, but not so in art.

He is troubled by an image of himself, suffers when he is named. He finds the perfection of a human relationship in this vacancy of the image: to abolish-in oneself, between oneself and others -- adjectives: a relationship which adjectivizes is on the side of the image, on the side of domination, of death.

...all my life I have been the victim of my senses. I have...

Fucking is the lyricism of the people.

Il faut fusiller le general Aupick!