

I am rather like a travelling salesman. I deal in ideas. I do much more for people than just paint them pictures.

I'm not a 'real' painter, nor a 'real' sculptor; I only look at all that from the outside and sometimes try my hand at it, trying to add my own particular spice. I'm not interested in provoking people, but only in trying to be consoling. I always think of the things I do, quite unambiguously, as truly living vehicles. Assuming roles is something that simply won't work for me, since I don't have a style. None at all. My style is where you see the individual and where a personality is communicated through actions, decisions, single objects and facts, where the whole draws together to form a history.

**Martin Kippenberger**

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I have forced myself to contradict myself in order to avoid conforming to my own tastes.

My idea was to choose an object [readymade] that wouldn't attract me, either by its beauty or by its ugliness. To find a point of indifference in my looking at it, you see

**Marcel Duchamp**

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The world is full of objects, more or less interesting; I do not wish to add any more. I prefer, simply, to state the existence of things in terms of time and place.

**Douglas Huebler**

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When we did Cubist paintings, our intention was not to produce Cubist paintings but to express what was within us. No one laid down a course of action for us, and our friends the poets followed our endeavour attentively but they never dictated it to us.

Painting isn't an aesthetic operation; it's a form of magic designed as mediator between this strange hostile world and us.

**Pablo Picasso**

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For I consider that music is, by its very nature, essentially powerless to express anything at all, whether a feeling, an attitude of mind, a psychological mood, a phenomenon of nature, etc. Expression has never been an inherent property of music. That is by no means the purpose of its existence. If, as is nearly always the case, music appears to express something, this is only an illusion and not a reality. It is simply an additional attribute which, by tacit and inveterate agreement, we have lent it, thrust upon it, as a label, a convention – in short, an aspect which, unconsciously or by force of habit, we have come to confuse with its essential being. (1936)

The over-publicized bit about expression (or non-expression) was simply a way of saying that music is supra-personal and super-real and as such beyond verbal meanings and verbal descriptions. It was aimed against the notion that a piece of music is in reality a transcendental idea „expressed in terms of” music, with the reductio ad absurdum implication that exact sets of correlatives must exist between a composer's feelings and his notation. It was offhand and annoyingly incomplete, but even the stupider critics could have seen that it did not deny musical expressivity, but only the validity of a type of verbal statement about musical expressivity. I stand by the remark, incidentally, though today I would put it the other way around: music expresses itself. (1962)

**Igor Stravinsky**

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Sometimes I know why, how, this, that. Sometimes I don't. I collect telephones. Send me your phones. Some days I like my shoes. Some days I hate them. Not enough time to think about him or her. Pushing the wrong button signifies a squint. If you squint it muffles my voice—wipe yourself on the carpet, and yoga is good for you. Hold your knees and scoot forward.

**Paul McCarthy**