

Muse: What’s wrong Mr. Pullmann? No inspiration today?
Pullmann: I do ... I do... to paint yeah.
Muse: But?
Pullmann: Where’s the real art?
Muse: I don’t understand.
Pullmann: Look Ms. Muse, when I paint I don’t think about real art, but if I think about real art, then I can’t paint.
Muse: Hm. Is it really that important?
Pullmann: Should I paint without real art? What would be the point?
Muse: Just paint, and when it’s finished you also have real art.
Pullmann: How’s it supposed to come in then?
Muse: It doesn’t come in! It comes out!
Pullmann: You think so?
Muse: Well, it’s always been that way.
Pullmann: So? Where is it then?
Muse: But Mr. Pullmann! It’s obviously nowhere. People looking at your paintings will think, this is real art.
Pullmann: No they won’t.
Muse: Why not?
Pullmann: Because they’ll think, it’s painted. Painting is just painting and real art is just real art.
Muse: But that’s not true! It’s always tied to something specific; to a particular piece. There isn’t any real art that just floats freely in space.
Pullmann: Yes there is. Artwork isn’t needed any more, it’s obsolete. That’s what I heard on the radio today.
Muse: What pure nonsense! How does that work?
Pullmann: No idea. Apparently now it’s all about the context of fine art to any sort of thematic background, and not about what’s been painted. So real art has to be somewhat free floating.
Muse: What you’re talking about is what they call “ART”, and is now done by curators. That’s something completely different.
Pullmann: I’m not quite sure... that famous guy.....ahyahyhy! I forgot his name... he’s from China –
Muse: Ai Weiwei perhaps?
Pullmann: Yeah, him... Anyway, he said: “I don’t understand how anyone can still be stupid enough to paint.” And he really knows what real art is.
Muse: Nonsense! Those are bold claims. Don’t get worked up over it Pullmann.
Pullmann: But the Art World listens to these kinds of people. Where at Biennales can you still find a painting for paintings sake? That’s where real art rules and nothing else.
Muse: “ART” Pullmann! That’s just “ART”. Where there’s nothing left to see, it’s a curator’s playground.
Pullmann: They play there? Why?
Muse: Because that’s their job. When not everyone knows what the other’s doing, then ... then... it might happen that they make a fool of themselves because they find some things good that happen to have fallen out of favor.
Pullmann: But they know exactly what uh... “ART” is.
Muse: They only know one from the other. That’s why they have to keep trying. A new paradigm, everything is different again.

Pullmann: A new WHAT?
Muse: Paradigm. That's what they call it when someone who is important to them turns everything on its head and they change their mind.
Pullmann: What then Ms. Muse?
Muse: What do you mean "what then?"
Pullmann: What do they do after such a paradigm?
Muse: ...Well... they hurry to find a new good, new issues, new strategies, new people and try not to fall behind their fellow peers.
Pullmann: New people you say? You mean new artists? – Painters perhaps? Couldn't I just now and then...?
Muse: Ugh Pullmann! What are you thinking? They don't need painters! They're looking for physicists, theorists and philosophers now.
Pullmann: Why's that?
Muse: So that the glory of science radiates over them!
Pullmann: So? And where's the real art?
Muse: "ART" Pullmann, "ART" !

Translation by Amber Lane