

PULLMANN&MUSE Film 6 „The Visitor“

Pullmann: This empty canvas has to stay white... no... this white canvas has to stay empty because... because... because I've already painted so much nobody really wants to look at ... no living human being is interested in looking at. Which in this day and age ... already for sometime ... so called ... obsoletideality ... obsolity of colorization which would be seen in this case when painted.

Muse: I'm begging you Mr. Pullmann, what kind of nonsense are you going on about? You're making my hair stand on end.

Pullmann: I'm practicing Ms. Muse.

Muse: And what exactly if I may ask?

Pullmann: The art of explaining! I'm expecting a visit from a curator.

Muse: And you're going to show her empty canvases?

Pullmann: What else am I supposed to do? She can't stand paintings.

Muse: Then perhaps she's out of place.

Pullmann: Why? I have empty canvases!

Muse: Alright. And what's with this rambling?

Pullmann: It's all about the DISCOURSE Ms. Muse. About talking; that's what makes everything turn around today.

Muse: I get the impression that your strengths lay elsewhere though Pullmann.

Pullmann: Do you think so?

Muse: I have to inform you that everything you could possible think of has already been said about empty canvases. It's old news.

Pullmann: That's not good. I need to show this lady something because she's already on her way over.

Muse: Then you have a problem Pullmann.

Pullmann: Phhh.

Muse: You shouldn't pretend under any circumstances. You're a painter, you have paintings and you're going to show them to her. Then she has the problem.

Pullmann: And my speech?

Muse: What for? It's pointless to explain works of art. That's what the school principal does.

Pullmann: I have a bad feeling about this Ms. Muse...

Muse: O.K. You don't want to offend this woman. Alright, get going! What are you going to say to her?

Pullmann: Here are my paintings.

Muse: You're not going to say that. You already know she doesn't like paintings. You're going to say; if at all paintings, then of course only a painting that is in dialectical proportion to itself.

Pullmann: What does that mean Ms. Muse?

Muse: Nothing! That's just art realm language. Nobody cares what's meant by it. Alright, let's continue.

Pullmann: Me?
Muse: Of course you. ... it's good, we're practicing. Listen; a painting that raises an issue itself and brings resolution to the dichotomy of a topic and artefact. Are you getting it all Pullmann?
Pullmann: As clear as mud.
Muse: You don't have to understand it; you just have to repeat it, like a parrot. Moving on; the focus is not in addressing the means of expressiveness, but in critical analyses of semantic potential which is always immanent in the moment of "poesis". You should learn the part about "critical analyses" by heart Pullmann because it's indispensable. Those in the know will recognize those phrases.
Pullmann: I give up Ms. Muse! I could never remember all of that.
Muse: Don't lose heart Pullmann! It's not more than twenty different words you need to be familiar with; you can use them as you see fit.
Pullmann: And these people will believe me?
Muse: Don't worry, they're programmed to. Everything rhymes with "critical analyses" as well as with "deconstructive", "structural" or "idiosyncratic". If you want you could throw in a bit of gender studies, but only if you can credibly represent yourself as an avowed anti-sexist. Few are able to.
Pullmann: My head is spinning Ms. Muse! What have I gotten myself into?!
Muse: You wanted to meet with this lady. Didn't I warn you about curators?
Pullmann: I should have listened. But they're still people, aren't they?
Muse: That's just it. People are vain, selfish and self-opinionated. And if they're intelligent they'll find a thousand reasons for encouragement. Still, good luck Pullmann! May the art realm open for you.
Pullmann: I don't really want to be part of the art realm. I've lost all desire. I feel most comfortable here in the silence of my atelier.
Muse: It will still be there Pullmann, I'm sure of it.
But if it's any consolation you're not alone.

Translation by Amber Lane