

Muse: Are you summoning spirits Mr. Pullmann?
Pullmann: I'm trying to get rid of them; specifically, auratic, do you understand Ms. Muse?
Muse: Not entirely. Does it bother you while painting maybe?
Pullmann: It bothers the art realm. Art should be something ordinary, for everyday use, not something that sends chills down the spine, at least that's what they say.
Muse: "Sending chills" seems unnecessary to me. But that there should be nothing extraordinary about art is difficult to ask for. What makes you say that Mr. Pullmann?
Pullmann: I heard a lecture about it.
Muse: And you think you can scare away the extraordinary this way?
Pullmann: What choice do I have? Art, which by virtue of its aura glorifies the ordinary to the extraordinary, is now shunned.
Muse: You'll not really find a way against it Pullmann!
Because it has nothing to do with you or your work.
Pullmann: With what then?
Muse: The charisma of the art realm, more specifically; it's an unspoken agreement with its audience, that there exist special circumstances.
Pullmann: But there they claim just the opposite. They talk about how art has to come out of its elitist White Cube.
Muse: All lies Pullmann. Elitism is literally the art realms livelihood, which ensures its special position. If it should every really be considered something as ordinary, it would collapse.
Pullmann: Interesting. And why are they against aura there of all places?
Muse: Of course not against their own Pullmann! It's like a halo. Everyone wants it for themselves and envies others if they have it. That's why it should be saved as much as possible. It's especially reserved for the high priest.
Pullmann: That's just like in church Ms. Muse.
Muse: You're surprised? Art has rendered church services for centuries.
Pullmann: But not anymore.
Muse: Art has fostered it's own church, with popes, bishops and priests. And a thick layer of aura surrounds them all, which makes the banal then seem miraculous.
Pullmann: Is this true Ms. Muse? The banal becomes miraculous?
Muse: No, not really! The banal obviously stays banal, it's just that nobody realizes it anymore.
Pullmann: And why not?
Muse: Because the auratic clouds all the critical views of everything it encompasses. It covers everything meager like a strong perfume.
Pullmann: I've noticed that too! Like when curators claim absurdities to be revelations...
Muse: Right Pullmann! Good observation.

Pullmann: More importantly that's a kind of cynicism, come to think of it. On the one hand they preach simplicities and are down to earth and on the other hand they stage their sacred elevatedness.

Muse: You've got it. Aura and cynicism unfortunately have a close ominous connection.

Pullmann: You mean aura by itself wouldn't be so bad?

Muse: Why should it be Pullmann? There are actually particular things that rightfully deserve dignity and admiration.

Pullmann: Do you mean artwork?

Muse: Of course. But also other achievements that by virtue of their uniqueness extend beyond the trivial.

Pullmann: I get it. Like the railway.

Muse: Ugh! What made you think of that?

Pullmann: It was invented by great minds. Even the steam engine was...

Muse: Mercy Pullmann! Even though you are right about the great minds, the railway doesn't really have any aura!

Pullmann: It does! It does Ms. Muse! There are downright fanatics who are really into every possible rolling stock; for them the railway has quite an incredible...

Muse: Ok. Ok. If aura is compliant even for a curator, why not for the railway as well?! But you just wanted to exorcise the evil that supposedly is attached to your work.

Pullmann: I already forgot. In the meantime I'm kind of proud that they get on the art people's nerves because they threaten to rob them of some of the radiance they claim as a monopoly for themselves.

Muse: Better that way Pullmann! May it survive for them and the railway!

Translation by Amber Lane