

Muse: What in the hell are you doing Mr. Pullmann?  
Pullmann: I'm burning holes in my paintings.  
Muse: Have you gone mad? You'll catch the house on fire!  
Pullmann: It's about the art Ms. Muse, not about the house.  
Muse: Stop it now! Nothing can justify arson.  
Pullmann: I just wanted to...  
Muse: Do something completely stupid. Ah!... Your wonderful paintings!  
Pullmann: What good are wonderful paintings to me if they're nothing more than wonderful paintings Ms. Muse?  
Muse: A lot! You ungrateful muses son!  
Pullmann: INNOVATION is what's important. Stepping out of the constraints of tradition.  
Muse: What are you talking about again Pullmann?! Did you read that somewhere too?  
Pullmann: Come now! That sprung from my own thoughts.  
Muse: Oh my.  
Pullmann: BREAKTHROUGHS are what count in the art realm, not repetitions of familiar things.  
Muse: You're right in this sense, but do you really think that paintings with holes burned through them are BREAKTHROUGHS?  
Pullmann: They're not?  
Muse: Of course they're not. Be glad I was able to stop you.  
Pullmann: I am glad, but what am I supposed to do now Ms. Muse? If I can't think of anything other than to paint something good, I'm simply non-existent as an artist in the art realm.  
Muse: I'm afraid you won't be that, even if you did.  
Pullmann: No?  
Muse: No! There are thousands who don't do anything else other than think about such idiotic breakthroughs.  
Pullmann: But breakthroughs are important aren't they?  
Muse: Sometimes Pullmann! Sometimes. But never for its own sake. You should be oriented from within and not according to the expectations of the art world. You should breakthrough this stupid tradition of breakthroughs!  
Pullmann: I'll have to remember that.  
Muse: And don't forget that through every frivolous improvement something irretrievable is lost.  
Pullmann: I'll have to remember that too... why is that though Ms. Muse?  
Muse: Because they promise progress at the cost of meaningful certainties.  
Pullmann: Should everything remain the same?  
Muse: Art is always a creation of something new. But creating something new is far from creating art.  
Pullmann: What's art then Ms. Muse?

Muse: How should I know Mr. Pullmann? Nobody knows. It's apparently something phenomenal, uncertain – and it can't be renewed or undergo progress either. That's why it can't be *renewed* or undergo *progress*.

Pullmann: Then why is everybody so passionate about it?

Muse: The myth of victoriously outdoing one another! The same thing is true with sports, and with technology... even in science. It drives consumer behavior. This never- before -seen is considered fascinating and a drug against boredom.

Pullmann: You think art will bore people?

Muse: Absolutely! For many it's like a foreign language, they don't understand it.

Pullmann: Hm. But they all listen to music, read books race to the Louvre and stand there awestricken at the works of the great masters!

Muse: I have to disappoint you Pullmann. Listening, reading and seeing rarely open to art.

Pullmann: Really?

Muse: They often open to some sort of ideologies, contents, eruditeness that are the outside of art. And of course they stick to what has emerged glorious and victorious, sometimes even to shocking *innovations* like burning holes in wonderful paintings. At least since they've been made to understand that contemporary art has to be destructive, cynical and absurd.

Pullmann: I didn't know you were so pessimistic Ms. Muse.

Muse: At the moment there is a certain crisis of the muses Mr. Pullmann. Hardly anyone wants to be kissed when blowtorches are in such high demand.

Pullmann: But art is still nowadays very important!

Muse: So important that everyone involved in the art world is only concerned about their own importance. They're like architects who build skyscrapers higher and higher just to outdo each other.

Pullmann: What are you telling me?

Muse: Stay behind Pullmann, ARTISTIC! Do what you really find to be right. And take heed; when someone goes their own way, they can't be overtaken.

Pullmann: I'll have to write that down Ms. Muse.

Muse: Do that. And consider yourself kissed.

Translation by Amber Lane