

Muse: Oh no! I get the impression I should kiss you again Mr. Pullmann.  
Pullmann: No Ms. Muse. You shouldn't do that.  
Muse: No? But it's obvious your inspiration has been lost. That is really just... terribly boring! And downright dilettantish to tell you the truth.  
Pullmann: That's a good thing. Believe me Ms. Muse.  
Muse: Boring and dilettantish is good Pullmann? Since when?  
Pullmann: Since post modernism at least. Art work has been rededicated, it's no longer understood as what it is, in what's to be seen for instance in paintings but rather merely as a visible part of a product of thought.  
Muse: How terrible! This is the end of ... of ... of ... THE FINE ARTS... of art forever...  
Pullmann: Exactly.  
Muse: And is that what you really want?  
Pullmann: I abhor it.  
Muse: Then why are you doing it?  
Pullmann: Because this so called art has been redefined. It's now at the beginning of a supposedly highly exciting...  
Muse: Ruin?  
Pullmann: You can either be there or forget about the art world.  
Muse: That's just idiotic. You've always been above that kind of thing.  
Pullmann: Wrongfully so probably. I did not understand the signs of the times.  
Muse: And you're doing it now?  
Pullmann: Yes, unfortunately. Painting is no longer painting Ms. Muse, but now just a citation of painting, a gesture.  
Muse: What are you talking about Mr. Pullmann?  
Pullmann: I'm indicating to the viewer that I know, that they know, that I know that I'm not painting seriously, but rather listlessly beating around the bush because painting is completely passé. The meaning of the painting isn't in the painting itself, but in a thought that should be collected by the viewer.  
Muse: What's all this about? You know damn well that painting isn't *passé*! At least not for the inspired faced with new tasks.  
Pullmann: I am inspired Ms. Muse, but the post-modern viewers aren't.  
Muse: Every single manhole in the street is visually more interesting than your PRODUCT OF THOUGHT.  
Pullmann: But that way I'm trendy Ms. Muse.  
Muse: Listen Pullmann; for all I care you can do whatever you want. But if you want to start following trends, then do it without me. I will leave you!  
Pullmann: Ms. Muse! Ms. Muse! You can't! Please, please stay here! What am I supposed to do without you? Haven't I always been faithful and devoted?  
Muse: You offended me.  
Pullmann: It won't ever happen again. I promise.  
Muse: Do you really mean it?  
Pullmann: Cross my heart!

Muse: You and your product of thought can go to hell Mr. Pullmann. And do you know why?

Pullmann: No. Well, yeah...

Muse: Instead of seriously working, you ask the viewer stupid riddles because you feel superior to them assuming you know more.

Pullmann: I didn't invent it Ms. Muse. That's exactly what people think art is today. They want to solve absurd riddles because then they think they have an artistic sense, as a hermeneuticist who captures the meaning of a piece of work.

Muse: Let it go! It's not your business to play these games of stupidity.

Pullmann: They're not stupid Ms. Muse. Just the opposite; they're cultivated art lovers who have experienced all the blessings of an art education per se. They think their task should be to decipher artwork.

Muse: That is indeed odd. Either way, you should not join in this sly game.

Pullmann: You are so right. Can we be friends again Ms. Muse?

Muse: Will you stay true to yourself in the future and stop flirting with the art realm?

Pullmann: Yes Ms. Muse, yes.

Muse: And only paint when I kiss you?

Pullmann: Only then. Only then.

Muse: Good Pullmann. Now I am on your side again.

Translation by Amber Lane