

Muse: Good evening. Are you still undecided Mr. Pullmann? Should I perhaps kiss you?

Pullmann: Thank you Ms. Muse. It's not because of impetus.

Muse: What then?

Pullmann: Thinking!

Muse: I see. And why is that?

Pullmann: I first have to clarify the question of what painting is intended to express. After that it'll decide what and how I paint.

Muse: Interesting. This approach seems odd to me but... after all... somehow... diligent...

Pullmann: Isn't it?!

Muse: And? Do you already know what it is you want Mr. Pullmann?

Pullmann: More or less. I would like to be able to say with this painting that the traditional Euro centrism cannot be maintained in this day and age of digital networking and economic globalization. Rather an overlapping world culture would be required, which...

Muse: WHAT? You want to, in all seriousness, paint that? How are you supposed to do that?

Pullmann: That's a different question. That all depends on the statement Ms. Muse. On what the recipient can translate into theory.

Muse: Who says that Pullmann?

Pullmann: That's what's happening in art Ms. Muse. Works have to be resolved with theory or else they're nothing more than aesthetic nonsense.

Muse: I don't believe it! Could you repeat that nonsense?

Pullmann: Take Goethe's *Faust* for instance. What is it about? What does the poet ACTUALLY want us to understand? The failure of intellect. Everything else is just padding.

Muse: My God! Pullmann! Art doesn't work like that! This "ACTUALLY" you're talking about is by no means the WORK. Otherwise Goethe could have saved himself this wonderful tragedy.

Pullmann: You're right... he could have *actually*... This statement is quite poor and couldn't fill a postcard.

Muse: That just goes to show how dumb your thesis is that art should be considered as purely thematic and has to be resolvable through theory.

Pullmann: It's dumb? Do you really think so?

Muse: Look Pullmann, art wants almost the opposite of theory. It doesn't make the mysterious understandable but rather takes the simulacrum of what is understood back to the mysterious; namely where it can similarly reach the viewer again like it did before they archived it in their thoughts.

Pullmann: Maybe that's how it used to be Ms. Muse. Nowadays it's different. Art is understood as a sort of illustration for theory, as a sort of rebus perhaps where its actual content can be easily comprehended.

Muse: Is art not something? Is that what you really think?

Pullmann: From the perspective of the contemporary art realm it's a means of transportation for statements.

Muse: That's enough Pullmann! How can a man who paints so beautifully, talk such rubbish? Stick to your intuition!

Pullmann: Okay I will. But mere intuition is in the meantime not enough. You have to turn on your mind.

Muse: A true word from the wrong mouth. You should finally understand that you *ACTUALLY* don't understand.

Pullmann: But the recipients! The people who view my paintings! They would like to understand what they mean Ms. Muse

Muse: That's not your problem Pullmann. Your work is what it is. And it's obvious you want to say something you don't have the words for, otherwise you would probably write essays.

Pullmann: What you're saying is true of course Ms. Muse.

Muse: You see!

Pullmann: Still, people will think that they *ACTUALLY* mean something, that once it's expressed in words it has meaning.

Muse: Well put. Explain to me then the meaning of meaning.

Pullmann: HOW?

Muse: What is meaning?

Pullmann: Well... I wave to you and you understand that you should come closer.

Muse: Good example.

Pullmann: Isn't it?

Muse: And what does that mean?

Pullmann: It means...

Muse: You know what it means, - but you don't have the words for it. Isn't that right? Why do you think authors write such thick books?

Pullmann: Tell me Ms. Muse.

Muse: Not just because they want to pass something on that would fit on a postcard. They want to say something where words *ACTUALLY* aren't enough.

Pullmann: Poets say things for which there are no words?

Muse: This surprises you? Don't you paint things that *ACTUALLY* can't be painted?

Pullmann: That's true Ms. Muse! What *ACTUALLY* doesn't work excites me.

Muse: And how is it you're able to do it Pullmann?

Pullmann: ...Talent perhaps?

Muse: I was actually waiting for a compliment, but I certainly don't want to force you.

Translation by Amber Lane