

Muse: A beautiful painting Mr. Pullmann...

Pullmann: Isn't it?

Muse: It's amazing! A work of classical beauty, picturesque bravura and skill. And still a work of this century.

Pullmann: It's good of you to say that, I intend namely to exhibit this piece in the art realm. It downright COMPELS success! I say this with sincere modesty; it deserves a place among the great works. It should actually make me famous.

Muse: Oh God Pullmann! I'm afraid you're too euphoric.

Pullmann: But even you said it's amazing!

Muse: Yes yes! But aside from that I find this wanting to be famous ridiculous, I don't believe in it.

Pullmann: Okay. And why not?

Muse: Because nobody becomes famous through a painting.

Pullmann: Where from then Ms. Muse?

Muse: Through special circumstances.

Pullmann: For instance?

Muse: For instance, when someone famous points you out making people aware of how indispensable you are for contemporary artistic value.

Pullmann: But the work Ms. Muse! The work! This is exactly what counts!

Muse: I have to disappoint you Pullmann. Nobody really cares about the work from someone not already famous.

Pullmann: But that's ... terribly unjust!

Muse: That's just the way it is. You have to accept the fact that it's the great name that counts, not the great art.

Pullmann: What happened to fairness? Equal opportunity? I mean the art realm considers itself a democratic space doesn't it? So it ought to...

Muse: Oh Pullmann! What planet do you live on?

Pullmann: ... I only care about the work. And when it's good it's all the same to me who made it.

Muse: And how do you know when it's good?

Pullmann: I just know. I see it, I feel it, I have a sixth sense for these kinds of things.

Muse: Oh really?

Pullmann: Yes really! You should believe me Ms. Muse. I notice the opposite too. Like when works from famous artists are bad.

Muse: Well done, Pullmann. But the standards aren't so clear. Crudely speaking, very few people can distinguish art from trash.

Pullmann: But the experts!

Muse: Which experts?

Pullmann: The curato... you're right Ms. Muse.

Muse: There you see! That's your dilemma. Art can't be measured, that's why people follow names and nothing else.

Pullmann: A sad truth.

Muse: Did you know that a wonderful symphony is no longer performed after it was found out that it wasn't by Beethoven, as assumed?

Pullmann: Have mercy Ms. Muse, you're robbing me of my last courage and my last faith.

Muse: When you've said it yourself that only the work counts, what kind of success do you need then? Enjoy the bliss of having created it.

Pullmann: ...tcha...

Muse: ...I can understand... every soccer player who shoots a goal is celebrated as a hero.

Pullmann: Exactly.

Muse: But you're an artist Pullmann! A muses son, as they say!

Pullmann: Yeah and?

Muse: Sons of Muses don't vie for just any career. – Do you know what PR stands for?

Pullmann: No. What is that?

Muse: Public relations. It's extensive marketing campaigns to make products known. Even celebrity artists are made that way nowadays. Is that what you want Pullmann?

Pullmann: Why not as well Ms. Muse?

Muse: Because then you would hardly have any time to paint here in your atelier. You'd have show yourself in public, have a say everywhere, take a cup of tea where ever the art world meets, make yourself important and court the media.

Pullmann: Court the media? I thought they were there to discover the extraordinary art!

Muse: You can only imagine Pullmann!

Translation by Amber Lane