

Muse: Are you having a creative crisis Mr. Pullmann?  
Pullmann: I'm having an art crisis Ms. Muse. At the moment nothing seems more unnecessary than art.  
Muse: Am I being an inconvenience or would you like to talk about it?  
Pullmann: Both Ms. Muse. It's actually you who triggered this crisis.  
Muse: How is that Pullmann? Usually artists complain if I don't pay them a visit.  
Pullmann: I've thought it all over and I've come to the conclusion that only idiots mess around with art!  
Muse: Do you want to offend me Mr. Pullmann?  
Pullmann: Don't take it personally but...  
Your overestimated views are twisted in self-contradictions.  
Muse: You're not exactly charming today, but you've peaked my curiosity. Go on let it out, what's bothering you?  
Pullmann: You mostly claim that art has been constituted aesthetically and that's why it would stand in an ironic relationship to the environment, which then prevents art from participating.  
Muse: That's true. That's what I said more or less. What else?  
Pullmann: Nothing else! If you happen to be right Ms. Muse, then art has gotten itself in a catch-22 whereby it can't get out of, where it can go neither forward nor back.  
Muse: Absolutely right! I'm dumbfounded! And what's troubling you about it?  
Pullmann: You still have to ask? Art that only mocks its participation in the environment is not only not that what it pretends to be, but also not something, that is something itself; its autonomy is a soap bubble. In reality it's just busy with itself, which is just absolutely meaningless!  
Muse: Not bad Pullmann! Your complaints have reached me.  
Pullmann: How? You don't have any objections?  
Muse: Why should I? What you're saying is true. Except for one small thing; art is not meaningless, it's pointless Pullmann.  
Pullmann: Are you joking Ms. Muse?  
Muse: Absolutely not.  
Pullmann: Meaningless or pointless is exactly the same thing.  
Muse: It's actually not. To say art is meaningless would mean there's nothing about it people could comprehend. Art is pointless though because it's in and of itself meaningful and therefore not usable for a practical goal. It is what it is.  
Pullmann: And you're content with that Ms. Muse?  
Muse: Well of course!  
Pullmann: Well... that may be... but still there's something fishy about this obsolete art that only ever works on itself because it knows that in reality everything it makes is a lie; invention and jugglery.  
Muse: You're absolutely right Pullmann.  
Pullmann: Why?

Muse: Why why? Should I explain what you said?  
Pullmann: Please do Ms. Muse.  
Muse: Because strictly speaking, it's true! Art that's just busy with itself is just coasting. Out of the simulation of real connections it creates its substance.  
Pullmann: Isn't that absurd?  
Muse: Art is an absurd entity, granted, beyond all instrumental sanity on which things can be acted out that have no place in life.  
Pullmann: An absurd entity you say?  
Muse: If someone behaved on the street like they do in art, they would probably end up in a mental institution or prison.  
Pullmann: Then art is insane?  
Muse: It isn't art that's insane Pullmann! Life is insane! Reason is insane! What people do everyday is insane! All of this has to somehow get out!  
Pullmann: So you're saying that art can provide information about it?  
Muse: In its own weird way it does. At least when it's good.  
Pullmann: And when it's not good?  
Muse: Then it lies the lie true.  
Pullmann: Which lie is that Ms. Muse?  
Muse: The lie that's enough in and of itself; simulation is its reality and irony is its condition.

Translation by Amber Lane