

Pullmann: Finally! What luck you even showed up Ms. Muse! Two hours too late!
Muse: What's the big deal Mr. Pullmann? We're not in the military! Don't you know anything about an ARTISTIC life? Tell me, where's the fire?
Pullmann: You purposely mislead me Ms. Muse! Either admit it or I'm leaving you.
Muse: I'm slowly getting tired of fighting with you.
Pullmann: And I'm tired of listening to your wisdom, which is wrong from front to back!
Muse: Dumb man!
Pullmann: What? Did you just call me dumb man ?
Muse: I said Pullmann, you must have heard wrong.
Pullmann: I did not you silly thing!
Muse: Silly thing is that what I am to you? Adieu Mr. Pullmann! From now on you can inspire yourself!
Pullmann: Stop, stop Ms. Muse! Stay where you are. Even in the best marriages they fight a little.
Muse: Did you forget? We're not married.
Pullmann: Yeah, yeah you're right, please come back!
Muse: Good; but would you kindly apologize.
Pullmann: I'm so sorry.
Muse: I do hope so. So, what's going on?
Pullmann: To contradict your account, art is nothing metaphysical! So it's otiose to talk about it as if it were a fact established by eternal..... by divine law.
Muse: But?
Pullmann: It's historical and is based on nothing but a social agreement that can be changed at anytime.
Muse: Did you walk through the art realm again?
Pullmann: Is that forbidden?
Muse: I would just like to know.

Pullmann: All of our conversations were nothing but smoke and mirrors Ms. Muse.
Muse: That's enough. I never claimed that art is something metaphysical or that it has an existence from which specific properties are derived.
Pullmann: You didn't?
Muse: No!
Pullmann: But you always talk about how art has an aesthetic basis, could be so and so, includes this and that, completely excludes the other things and so on.
Muse: So?
Pullmann: It can't all be true if it's clear that art is just that what is currently understood by it.
Muse: So you mean when it's clear that every one can define art as they see fit?
Pullmann: As they see fit? Well of course!... that means...no...well not really...just a second! Let me think.
Muse: Can I help you out?

Pullmann: Please do.
Muse: Let's assume we're into sports. You're the soccer player and I'm your coach. I would yell to you: faster, faster! Run Pullmann! The ball, the ball! Don't fall asleep! Are you playing or are you looking in the air?
Pullmann: And what then Ms. Muse?
Muse: And then some one comes along and says: It's all nonsense. You have a completed outdated concept of sports Ms. Muse that has nothing to do with life.
Pullmann: I find it good.
Muse: Just wait. The new paradigm is as follows: Instead of senselessly kicking goals, running faster, jumping higher, sports have to be socially relevant; soccer players have to intervene, shake things up, denounce the madness of competition and the pressure to do well.
Pullmann: Great! How?
Muse: Simply by laying around and reading newspapers.
Pullmann: Absolutely correct.
Muse: But it would absolutely nothing more have to do with SPORTS!
Pullmann: You could indeed be right about that.
Muse: I'm pretty sure. And now it would be discussed. These outdated sports fans would have to listen to accusations that they held onto something that would only be called sports because of its past, while it would finally be time to demystify this bubble idea. NEW SPORTS would have nothing to do with muscles or movement anymore, but much more with rallies, manifestos and interdisciplinary projects.
Pullmann: Did you say demystify?
Muse: That's the counter magic word if you want to shake the foundations of an existing thing with tradition and structure.
Pullmann: Tscha... And what does this all have to do with art Ms. Muse?
Muse: Nothing... I was just babbling because I'm bored.
Pullmann: Really?
Muse: Pullmann! How can you be so slow-witted?!

Translated by Amber Laine