

Muse: Are you taking a break Mr. Pullmann?
Pullmann: Nonsense! I've been taking a break all day Ms. Muse.
Muse: It sounds like you're a little demotivated. Should I inspire you a little?
Pullmann: If you want, but it won't work.
Muse: And why not? It's always worked before!
Pullmann: I'm done with painting, I'm done with art, I'm done.
Muse: Then it's even worse than it looks Pullmann. Tell me what's bothering you!
Pullmann: Freedom of art. Its autonomy.
Muse: But that's something wonderful! – An achievement that's not yet so old. Art has found itself because of that. It's a blessing for the artist.
Pullmann: It's not!
Muse: Why not?
Pullmann: Because art that has found itself is stuck in its own narrowness. Its freedom is a corset!
Muse: I think you need a vacation Pullmann; distance and fresh air!
Pullmann: That won't change anything. Carrying the burden to do whatever they want the artist stands before a void. And art that's found itself yawns at them.
Muse: What are you talking about?!
Pullmann: When it comes into itself it then turns into a gray mush.
Muse: I see... and what do you suggest?
Pullmann: Nothing. The liberation of art is the end of art.
Muse: You're like a child, blaming their toy when they're bored.
Pullmann: You think so?
Muse: Indeed Pullmann, and now pull yourself together!
Pullmann: That's not the problem Ms. Muse, but actually there's nothing more to be said through art, because it's all really just about it.
Muse: That's honestly too much for me! What are you talking about?
Pullmann: About arts aesthetic state, which you're always speaking for Ms. Muse. Have you never noticed it contains a paradox?
Muse: Something dawned on me. But speak! Maybe I'll have to quite my job.
Pullmann: If art, because of this state, which ascribes to it to find the highest ideal in itself, focuses on itself, then whatever is searching coincides with that which should be found. And that is impossible.
Muse: Bravo Pullmann! A logical masterpiece. That's what happens when you substantialize art.
Pullmann: When you do what?
Muse: Make art an entity. But ART neither exists, nor does it want anything or has anything in itself.
Pullmann: Then there's no paradox either?
Muse: There is! The contradiction you're referring to takes effect when art is misunderstood.
Pullmann: What? Did I misunderstand?

Muse: It happens to a lot of people Pullmann. It happens to great artists. It happens to entire epochs.

Pullmann: Tell me finally; what did I misunderstand?

Muse: Art is, strictly speaking, not really anything by itself! It's relative to something. – For example to life, society, politics, poverty, wealth, faith, death. What ever you want.

Pullmann: I thought it stood at an ironic distance to all this.

Muse: The distance is its relation. If you cut it out, there's nothing left of art; just an empty shell.

Pullmann: Hm... so art shouldn't find itself?

Muse: That's just a figure of speech Pullmann. Art finds itself by including not by excluding something.

Pullmann: And what should I do now Ms. Muse?

Muse: What I've always told you; don't think about art! It's completely uninteresting.

Pullmann: And that's coming from you?

Muse: Light-Heartedly Pullmann! I'm responsible for the artistic. Why should I care about art?

Pullmann: Wait Ms. Muse, stop, stop! One more question!... What is the artistic?

Translation by Amber Laine