

Muse: What kind of an abomination is that Mr. Pullmann?
Pullmann: Just look at it Ms. Muse! This here represents a rigid ordered structure and here it's disturbed by rough incidents. It's about the disturbance as such.
Muse: You're completely right: the entire thing looks rough and disturbed. But it's not only showing the disturbed, it's disturbed itself!
Pullmann: Yeah and, Ms. Muse? Isn't that great art?
Muse: I already told you what it is Pullmann. I'd prefer to keep out of discussions whether or not the disturbed can be great art.
Pullmann: I want to know what your opinion is!
Muse: Well it's shit!
Pullmann: Bravo Ms. Muse! That was just a test for Muses and you didn't fall for it.
Muse: You know what Pullmann...! Why would you do something like that?
Pullmann: Let me tell you: Nowadays no one is horrified by anything anymore. When in doubt the assumption that something is art is always valid.
Muse: You didn't have to do that.
Pullmann: I wouldn't have had to! Do you remember how upset Paris was when Monet presented his painting “Impression Sunrise”? And Picasso was thought to be insane for decades.
Muse: What are you getting at Pullmann...?
Pullmann: I miss legitimate reservations from ordinary citizens against innovations in art.
Muse: You think that's important?
Pullmann: Of course! Nobody dares to admit they're angry over something stupid so that they're not called a philistine.
Muse: That's something in itself!
Pullmann: You think so? Art has basically become immune to criticism Ms. Muse! And it is even less disputable the more it distances itself from all the references where criticism could apply.
Muse: Criticism doesn't work presuppositionless if you mean that. In contrast to unreflecting rejection, it always needs an objective basis.
Pullmann: That's true. And still, meanwhile there are only careful people who rush ahead to greet every nonsense as great art.
Muse: And that bothers you?
Pullmann: Well yes! Resistance is missing against where art should prevail.
Muse: What you're criticizing seems to me to be less the missing anger of an audience that has difficulty making decisions and more the helplessness of those who claim to be competent. That's certainly a problem.
Pullmann: Exactly!
Muse: When binding principles are missing then nothing can really be judged. But just saying “shit” does little.
Pullmann: It was you who said so Ms. Muse.
Muse: That's something different. As a muse, I don't get into the suspicion of philistinism.

Pullmann: Is that the way it is? Someone has to be equipped with privileges to be able to judge so carelessly.

Muse: I'm afraid so. Besides, it's easier to speak for art than against it.

Pullmann: Does this mean that even you can't say this painting ... uh ... isn't great?

Muse: Not even you could say that Pullmann! Because even against your own will some one could argue it's great. Your warning that you painted it merely out of cunning intentions would be completely irrelevant.

Pullmann: Hm. How is that possible?

Muse: As long as art is defined as a place of meaning it's untouchable because people can pull meaning out of their sleeve at anytime.

Pullmann: But that's obviously wrong! Nonsense! Humbug! How could it get this far?

Muse: You said so yourself, its incomprehensibility would have been a nuisance. So they helped make it happen: namely with scientific efficiency so that denying judgment would be impossible. Science doesn't evaluate, it falsifies. However artwork doesn't allow itself to be falsified, it can neither be right nor wrong.

Pullmann: How true! And who established scientific efficiency?

Muse: The theorist peer group. In a technical-scientific time they have all the say.

Pullmann: And before them?

Muse: It's complicated historical movements Pullmann. Do you remember the genius of the romanticists? He was the pronounced opponent of the infamous intellectuals who emerged at the time to argumentatively justify the power of the ruling elite.

Pullmann: He did what?

Muse: He spoke for the powerful and thus provoked the rejection against the blessings of the Enlightenment because it became clear you could twist everything around with refined arguments.

Pullmann: And the genius?

Muse: He was worshipped as the hero of art, a true spokesman who promised to satisfy the longing thirsty souls with a priori certainties. In any case those of the members of the educated classes at the time.

Pullmann: I understand Ms. Muse.

Muse: Then maybe you will also understand in reverse; meanwhile the genius is unpopular but the intellectual on the other hand - in another self-conception of course - is on top. That's why art is now something theoretical, an ongoing discussion among insiders.

Pullmann: Do you think that is good Ms. Muse?

Muse: I could care less.

Pullmann: And you say that just like that?

Muse: I'm a muse Pullmann! – A goddess, said in all modesty. I don't have to prove myself.

Pullmann: Then explain to me now please: is this painting art or not?

Muse: Gladly Pullmann! It's a real, juicy piece of shit.

Translation by Amber Laine