

Muse: What are you doing Mr. Pullmann? You're not painting, you're writing?!

Pullmann: Of course Ms. Muse! People want to read!

Muse: And what gave you that idea?

Pullmann: It's what I've seen over and over. They go through the exhibitions with some catalog in their hands and read. Painting seventeen: Paul Cezanne, still life with onions. Then they read what's on the painting, when and why it was painted, take a quick glance and move along.

Muse: And that's what gave you this glorious idea to describe your paintings instead, if I understand correctly.

Pullmann: Absolutely correct.

Muse: But something's missing, right Mr. Pullmann?

Pullmann: You're right; a board with everything there is to know about the painter and their life, and in great detail. People want to know these things Ms. Muse. Parents, friends, habits, favorite foods, what toilet paper they prefer... everything!

Muse: THE PAINTINGS ARE MISSING Pullmann! THE PAINTINGS!

Pullmann: That's where you're wrong Ms. Muse. Most don't even see them! – So, like the electrician who was recently here, comes in the atelier and only sees the sockets.

Muse: That's probably why he came.

Pullmann: True. But he could have said: Oh! There are PAINTINGS! But he didn't. To him they didn't even exist.

Muse: An ELECTRICIAN! An electrician is a technician!

Pullmann: And? I see his sockets too!

Muse: YOUR sockets. These here are yours.

Pullmann: Fine, you don't want to understand Ms. Muse.

Muse: Understand what?

Pullmann: That people don't have eyes in their head! Or better yet, they don't see anything with them. It's enough for them if they recognize their grandmothers if they meet them on the street.

Muse: It's never good to speak *of people* Pullmann. It's disrespectful and too general. Of course there are those who understand what it is to see.

Pullmann: Few Ms. Muse, very few... like I already said; they go through the exhibitions reading and consider the paintings as an illustration for the text evidently. A quick look is enough for them.

Muse: It's just that no one's ever encouraged them to give seeing a try!

Pullmann: The wonderful colors! The cold grays, the warm grays...the translucence of a reddish ground under a barren Veronese green!

Muse: Yes, yes! Calm down. I'm familiar with this problem.

Pullmann: And you're not concerned about that? The entire artistic sense only works through understanding. Facts, data, coherences.

Muse: That's artistic knowledge Pullmann. Not artistic sense.

Pullmann: That's what I said.

Muse: ...Fine; you're right. It's too bad it's that way.

Pullmann: Finally you give me some credit Ms. Muse! What kind of sense does painting even make if nobody looks at it? All of these museum people are to blame, do you understand?- These curators with their ambition, to FORM the audience through their ideas!!

Muse: Now don't get carried away Pullmann. It's boring always picking at the curators! They don't know any better themselves though.

Pullmann: Who should I pick at then?

Muse: Nobody if it's possible. In a fast paced time, paintings are consumed like fast-food. Take television, or magazines browsed through like in a whirlwind. The stimulation won't last five seconds.

Pullmann: Then it's probably really obsolete to even paint.

Muse: Of course! Then go ahead and make the wrong decision. It's also obsolete to contemplate something, to have an in-depth conversation with someone or to let yourself fall in love; to pay attention to absolutely anything else other than yourself and instant gratification.

Pullmann: That's terrible!

Muse: You're telling me!

Pullmann: So does it even make sense to continue?

Muse: Absolutely. There are certain things that stay indispensable, even if they've already gone out of style and are paid little attention. Otherwise you would give up hope that you owe the world.

Pullmann: You mean, they're still worth something?

Muse: Sometimes their worth is inversely proportionate to their reputation, to their success and to their reward. That's what you should finally accept Pullmann.

Translation by Amber Lane