

Muse: You haven't gotten very far Mr. Pullmann!

Pullmann: How so? The piece is finished.

Muse: I'm sorry? What is that supposed to be?

Pullmann: I'll gladly tell you. USUALLY this dot would be nothing but a dot. You could walk right by it, not even notice it or wipe it away if it bothered you. But this dot is ART Ms. Muse, do you understand?

Muse: I'm afraid I do. You're swimming on the wave of theory again and want to tell me that the ART-DOT has to be seen differently.

Pullmann: You know that Ms. Muse?

Muse: I wasn't born yesterday! It's better to say it right away; these kinds of ART-DOTS bore me.

Pullmann: Because you have a biased relationship with ART!

Muse: Do continue Pullmann. I'm listening.

Pullmann: It makes a definitive difference if something is seen as ART or not. If it's ART then it's a thing that does not belong to real life but to a fiction and must therefore be asked about its MEANING.

Muse: Has a theorist perhaps provided you with assistance? Or who else is behind it?

Pullmann: I don't find this joke appropriate Ms. Muse. And anyway you do business with a certain blindness if I may be allowed to criticize.

Muse: You deserve five years of creative crisis for that Mr. Pullmann. But please, proceed.

Pullmann: You refuse with tenacious obstinacy the basic art reference you deem unnecessary because you assume namely, that works of art, because of their artificial features should be recognized as such. And so you close yourself to the knowledge that contemporary art assesses precisely where conventional features no longer dominate.

Muse: ABSOLUTELY RIGHT Pullmann. ABSOLUTELY RIGHT.

Pullmann: You don't have anything else to say?

Muse: Maybe that I find works of art that first have to be subtitled especially boring.

Pullmann: But those are exactly what grace the art realm nowadays Ms. Muse and there are a lot of ART FANS who find that to be incredibly exciting.

Muse: I have nothing against it. Let them, they should. I'm not interested in any theory realms.

Pullmann: ART REALMS Ms. Muse.

Muse: In this case they coincide. Listen; I'm now going to declare my extremely conventional deeply old-fashioned muse dogma: a work of art that doesn't provide evidence of its means is not a work of art.

Pullmann: And what does that mean?

Muse: A bike stays a bike, a table a table, a ladder a ladder. And if ART is written over it three times bold and underlined in red.

Pullmann: But TENSION does arise Ms. Muse, an alienation that casts a new light on reality!

Muse: *De gustibus non est disputandum.* Delighted is whom it is given! This tension is pure theory.

Pullmann: But isn't that what it's getting at Ms. Muse?

Muse: Say you're walking down the street. Suddenly a man begins to scream in front of you on the sidewalk. Everything is shit! He continuously yells, behead the politicians! Destroy civilization! Set the world on fire!

Pullmann: And then?

Muse: And then the police come. They want to arrest him but then he explains that his bout of craziness was meant to be understood as ART.

Pullmann: So the man isn't crazy?

Muse: How should I know? Maybe he is crazy and considers himself to be an artist.

Pullmann: And what is it you're trying to say Ms. Muse?

Muse: What I've already said Pullmann; a work of art always provides evidence of its means. If it doesn't do that then it falls back into real life. If a crazy person who pretends to be an artist can't be differentiated from an artist who plays a crazy person, then the problem of the fire extinguisher arises.

Pullmann: What kind of problem?

Muse: The problem of the fire extinguisher standing by. Is it part of art or not?

Pullmann: That's a joke right?

Muse: Not entirely. If other objects in its category are reversed by virtue of their inclusion in the exhibition room to art, then the fire extinguisher of course belongs to it as well. – Or it refutes the artisticness of all the others because of its being profane.

Pullmann: Isn't that sophistic Ms. Muse?

Muse: From whom? From me? Did I invent that? I'm a hard-line muse Pullmann and stick to fortified certainties. You're lucky because I like your paintings, except for this ART-DOT.

Translation by Amber Lane