

Muse: Are you not satisfied with your work Mr. Pullmann?

Pullmann: I am Ms. Muse,... but a woman came to visit my atelier...! She was delighted about my work!

Muse: A reason to be happy I would think.

Pullmann: Not at all! She considered my abstracts to be lovely paintings of flowers, my cycle “The Bathers” – a quite sarcastic reckoning with South Sea tourism and Vacation idyll – an adorable wall decoration that goes well in the living room.

Muse: And? That offended you?

Pullmann: She misunderstood everything and couldn't be dissuaded.

Muse: Then let her! Most things in art are misunderstood. Even great successes are often due to the fact that the viewer believes they are seeing what they want to see. Where Pullmann, do you think art would be without the exemplary misunderstandings that bring it into living rooms, in parlors and into the holy halls of great museums?

Pullmann: Isn't that terrible though? – And actually rather cynical of you Ms. Muse to brush this aside!

Muse: A muse is never cynical. The matter is rather that your job ends at the point of interface with the viewer.

Pullmann: It ends where?

Muse: When the thing is finished and you show it.

Pullmann: My “Bathers” are not some lovely figurines though, and I have absolutely no interest in paintings of flowers.

Muse: That's the way it is. You can't teach anyone what to see.

Pullmann: But that's really annoying!

Muse: Do you really think Botticelli would be happy that his “Birth of Venus” is printed on ashtrays? Or Leonardo da Vinci that his Gioconda is used in advertisements for designer glasses?

Pullmann: Then it should be explained to the people Ms. Muse.

Muse: Ah yes... that's the next thing: the explainers misunderstandings.

Pullmann: What do you mean by that?

Muse: Someone had to explain it to the explainers as well. Namely people who intended to convey that about art what not even artists themselves could grasp.

Pullmann: And that's bad Ms. Muse?

Muse: That's the hour of illuminating art studies that seeks to answer its own questions.

Pullmann: That's good though, isn't it?

Muse: It does it from the outside Pullmann. Like dissecting a rabbit. It finds facts, phenomena, correlations and draws conclusions. In the end it has an x-ray of art as well as a great theory.

Pullmann: That doesn't sound quite like art. Then the artists should be asked directly Ms. Muse.

Muse: That does happen.

Pullmann: Great! And?

Muse: The artist, as an informant, is in turn, a source of hair raising misunderstandings because they are either stale, talk shit, or they empty their congested narcissism, which seduces them to the role of know-it-all. Seriously Pullmann, the most honest disclosure from artists would be that they have no idea what they're doing.

Pullmann: Then there's probably not much to expect from the mediation of art.

Muse: But art has already been mediated! It's the master. It's enough when people look, listen, empathize, think.

Pullmann: And if they don't do that?

Muse: And if they don't do that every labor of love is in vain. Then you have at best well-trained followers that repeat everything that is repeated to them.

Pullmann: A bleak scenario Ms. Muse...

Muse: Not at all! Art is not a creed of sectarists. People want art! Need art! Long for art to take something in their lives that inspires them to feel sense.

Pullmann: And the misunderstandings?

Muse: Doesn't every one have the right for them to happen? Laissez-faire
Pullmann! In every beginning there's a great error and a chance.

Pullmann: What chance Ms. Muse?

Muse: Move away from this! On top of that, art has very little to do with
understanding. It works! Believe me. And it does this even against the
own convictions of the viewer.

Translation by Amber Lane