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...unrecognized on earth, would bring them together
the bar of final judgment, and make that their
age-altar, for a joint future of endless retribution
and over a PARKETT NO. 20 1989 KUNSTZEITSCHRIFT / ART MAGAZINE SFR. 25.- / DM 30,-
...upon Hester's contemplation and laughed at
e and desperate joy with which she seized, a
to cast it from her. ...the ide
...and hastened to bar it ... What
herself to believe,— ... crea
...motive for continuing ... new
...half a truth, and half a ... Here, s
...f, had been the scene ... and here
...ene of her earthly pur ... and so, per
...e of her daily shame ... length pur
...ork out another purit ... that which
...saint-like, because the ... martyr
...ter Prynne, therefore ... see. On the outskirts of
...wn, within the verge ... peninsula, but not in close
...y to any other habi ... there was a small thatched
...e. It had been bui ... by an earlier settler, and aban-
... because the soil about it was too sterile for cultiva-
...while its comparative remoteness put it out of the
...of that social activity which already marked the
...of the emigrants. It stood on the shore, looking
...a basin of the sea at the forest-covered ...
...st. A clump of scrubby trees, such a ...
...insula, did not so much conceal ...
...as seem to denote that here was some ...
...fain have been, or at least ought to be, ... In
...tle, lonesome dwelling, with some slender ... that

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...he herself had been, during that m
Pearl was imbibing her soul from the
er bodily frame from its mater ...
's impassioned state had been the ...
...were transmitted to the unborn ... rays of
...life; and, however white and ...
...ken the deep stains of crim ... gold, the fiery
...the black shadow, and the ... light, of the
...ning substance. Above all ...
...at that epoch, was perpe
...ze her wild, desperate,
...temper, and even some
...and despondency th ...
...were now illumina ... morning radiance of a
...child's d ... in the day of earthly
...ce, might ... storm and whirlwind.
...discipli ... those days, was of a far
...gid kind ... the harsh rebuke, the
...at applica ... enjoined by Scriptural
...ty, were use ... in the way of punishment
...ual offence ... wholesome regimen for the
...and pr ... childish virtues. Hester
... , neverth ... of this one child,
...le risk ... due severity. Mind-
...however, of her own errors and misfortunes, she early

...little garden, or coming forth along the pathway that led
townward; and, discerning the scarlet letter on her breast,
would scamper off, with a strange, contagious fear
...on ... who dared to show himself, she, however, incurred
...of want. She possessed an art that sufficed, even in a
...afforded comparatively little scope for its exercise,
...d for ... infant and her ... It was
...n, as ... most
...—of ... work. ...
...emb ...
...ive s ... of a ... might
...have ...
...rich ... more
...spiritual adornment of human ingenuity to these fabrics of
silk and gold. Here, indeed, in the sable simplicity that
generally characterized the Puritanic modes of dress, there
might be an infrequent call for the finer productions of her
handiwork. Yet the taste of the age, demanding whatever
was elaborate in compositions of this kind, did not fail to
extend its influence over our stern progenitors, who had
cast behind them so many fashions which it might seem
harder to dispense with. Public ceremonies, su ...
...tions, the installations of magistrates, and
...give majesty to the forms in which a ...
...manifested itself to the people, were ...
...marked by a stately and well-condu ...
...sombre, but yet a studied magnifi ...
...fully wrought bands, and gorgeo ...
...were all deemed necessary to ...
...assuming the reins of power; and ...

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...to insist, persuade, or plead. In
inexplicable, so perverse,
generally accompanied by
Hester could not help ...
...whether Pearl was a hum ...
...airy sprite, which, after p ...
...little while upon the cottage ...
...locking smile. Whenever that ...
...t, deeply black eyes, it invested her with a s ...
...ness and intangibility; it was as if she were h ...
...er and might vanish, like a glimmering lig ...
...we know not whence, and goes we know not whither.
...ing it, Hester was constrained to rush towards the
...pursue the little elf in the flight which she invari-
...—to ... her to her bosom, with a close pres-
...sures,—not so much from overflowing
...love ... that Pearl was flesh and blood, and
...not ... But Pearl's laugh, when she was
...caught ... of merriment and music, made her
...mother ...
...H ... this bewildering and baffling spell, th
...s ... herself and her sole treasure, wh
...and who was all her world, Hes
...es be ... passionate tears. Then, perhaps,—
...there was no foreseeing how it might affect her,—Pe

...still another pos
By degrees, n
would now be
...tion for a
the morbid cur
common or w
tangible circum
on some person
Hester really
remained vacan
required emplo
occupy with he
itself, by puttin
garments that l
needle-work wa
men wore it on
decked the bab
and moulder a
recorded that, i
to embroider t
blushes of a bri
less vigor with
Hester sough
istence, of the
elf, and a sim
s of the coa
only that
her doom t
distinguish
ic ingen

...le in
ay in
aste
aps
th H
...ive at
beyond the mo
And then wh
Hester Prynne
with the upro
tinguished and
the entangled
this could neve
world. An imp
no right amo
remarkable th
could compreh
own an invio
arity, in short
Never, since h
public gaze wi
earl, too, was
ards' as the l
olding a fore
ing at the s
Hester's. She s
... margin
disporting then
nurture would
chance; or at
sham-fight with
freaks of imita
ly, but never s

Collaboration TIM ROLLINS + K.O.S. INSERT: ANDREAS GURSKY
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VIOLA • STEPHEN ELLIS • ROSS BLECKNER • KLAUS KERTESS • TRISHA BROWN • LES INFOS DU PARADIS:
JACQUES HERZOG INTERVIEWED BY THEODORA VISCHER • CUMULUS: JOAN ACOCCELLA /
DIETER SCHWARZ • BALKON: DAVE HICKEY

Her only real comfort was when
lity of sleep. Then she was sure of
quiet, sad, delicious happiness;
perverse expression glimmering
lids—little Pearl awoke!
strange rapidity, indeed!—did
it was capable of social intercourse,
ready smile and nonsense-words!
iness would it have been, could
her clear, bird-like voice mingling
er childish voices, and have dis-
her own darling's tones, amid all
a group of sportive children! But
was a born outcast of the infantile
blem and product of sin, she had
ned infants. Nothing was more
inct, as it seemed, with which
loneliness; the destiny that lay
round about her; the whole be-
sition in respect to other things
from prison, had Hester never
In all her walks about the town,
t as the babe in arms, and after-
small companion of her mother,
h her whole grace and clinging
ree or four feet from the side of
children of the multitude, on the
et, or at the thresholds,
such grim fashion as the Puritanic
playing at going to church, per-
Quakers; or taking scalps in a
ans; or scaring one another with
raft. Pearl saw, and gazed intent

[illegible]

In this manner, Heine was able to have a perfect command of the English language. With the energy of a giant and rare capacity, it could not entirely cast her off. It set a mark upon her, more intolerable to her heart than that which branded the brow of Cain. In intercourse with society, however, there was made her feel as if she belonged to it. Every word, and even the silence of those with whom she came in contact, implied, and often expressed, that she was banished, and as much alone as if she were in another sphere, or communicated with the common world by other organs and senses than the rest of her. She was apart from mortal interests, yet close to the spirit that revisits the familiar firmament.

mother tremble, be
witch's anathemas in

The truth was, that the most intolerant brood that ever had a vague idea of something outlandish, and with ordinary fashions, in the mother and daughter, and therefore scorned them in their hearts, and not only reviled them with their tongues. Pearl felt that, and repaid it with the bitterest hatred that a child could propose to its mother in a childish bosom. These children had a fierce mother; but she was not a mother; she was a fierce mother; because there was at least an interest in her for her own sake, in the mood, instead of the fitful and capricious mood, which she showed in the child's manifestation of her power. She was, to discern here, again, a shadowy reflection of the evil that had existed in herself. All this enmity and bitterness that Pearl inherited, by inalienable right, out of her mother's heart. Mother and daughter stood together in the same isolation of seclusion from human society; and in the same isolation, the child seemed to be perpetuated those quiet elements that had distracted Hester Prynne before Pearl's birth. But since begun to be soothed away by the soft influences of maternity.

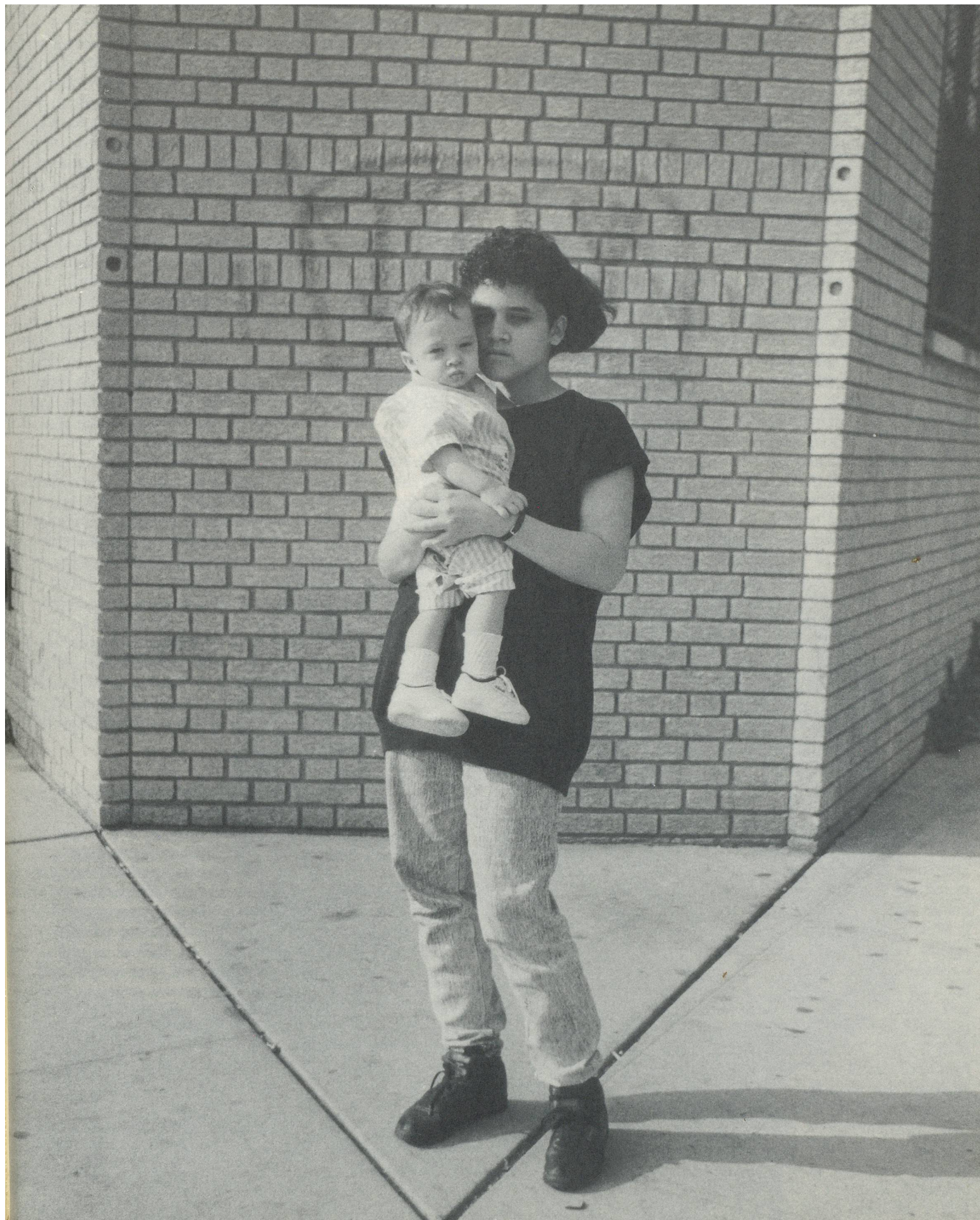
At home, within and around her mother's cottage, Pearl wanted no other playmate than the various circle of acquaintance. The spell of life in the north from her ever creative spirit, and communicative, turned into a thousand objects, as a torch kindles a fire, and wherever it may be applied. The unlikelyst materials, a stick, a bunch of rags, a flower, were the puppets of Pearl's witchcraft, and, without undergoing any outward change, became spiritually adapted to whatever drama occupied the stage of her inner world. Her one baby-voice served a multitude of imaginary personages, old and

and was in little danger of foreshadowing before her vivid self-perception. The rudest touch upon the tenderest heart, already said, whom she sought for bounty, often reviled the hands that succor them. Dames of elevated position she entered in the way of her path to distil drops of bitterness through that alchemy of quiet suffering to concoct a subtle poison from the lives of others, also, by a coarser exaction from the weaker's defenceless breast. The unhealed wound. Hester had felt the blow; she never responded to the pain, but that rose irrepressible from her, subsided into the deep of her soul,—a martyr, indeed,—but she was not; lest, in spite of her fervent prayers, blessing should stubbornly

continually, and in a thousand
innumerable throats, and
ingly contrived for the
sentence of the Puritan
street to address the
crowd, with its mingled
sinful woman. If I
Sabbath smile at the
hap to find in the text of
children; for some

selfishly. It was wonderful, such she threw her intellect, darting up and dancing, mental activity,—soon sinking and feverish a tide of li-
 ves of a similar wild energy the phantasmagoric play of the exercise of the fancy, how-
 owing mind, there might be observable in other children of her
 girl, in the dearth of human reason the visionary throng which
 city lay in the hostile feeling which she regarded all these offspring of her
 never created a friend, but she broadcast the dragon's teeth, and
 against whom she then what could she hear the
 recognition of the energies of the world that must be
 Master Pryor had cried out, "Hidden, but such and a gro-
 "no, my Father,—have brought into the world!"
 ejaculation, or aware, through those throbs of anguish, would
 little face upon her mother, she gence, and resume her play.

One peculiarity of the child



should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and have never allowed themselves childlike to the genius of their age, believing that the absolutely trustworthy was to be found in the past, working through their hands, present, and future being. And we are now men, and must do our best to mind the same transcendent destiny; no more victims, no invalids in a protected corner, not cowards, not rebels, but guides, redeemers, and saviors. It is an Almighty effort, and advancing on God.

What pretty oracles nature yields us of the wisdom and behaviour of children, babes, and even of the divided and rebel mind, that distrust of itself, that our arithmetic has computed the strength of, and that to our purpose, these have not. The world is not their eye is as yet unconquered, and we are disconcerted. Inform them, so that one of the adults who youth and public opinion and claims not to be the youth himself. Hark! emphatic. It

saying, What if I live with these implications, "The Devil's own sacred names are what is against opposition he. I am as and names, percent and well than is right. I ought rude truth in all ways. philanthropy, shall that p bountiful cause of Abolition news from Barbadoes, w thy infant; love thy modest: have that grace, charitable ambition with folk a thousand miles of Rough and graceless wo

raries. Bashful or bold, then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

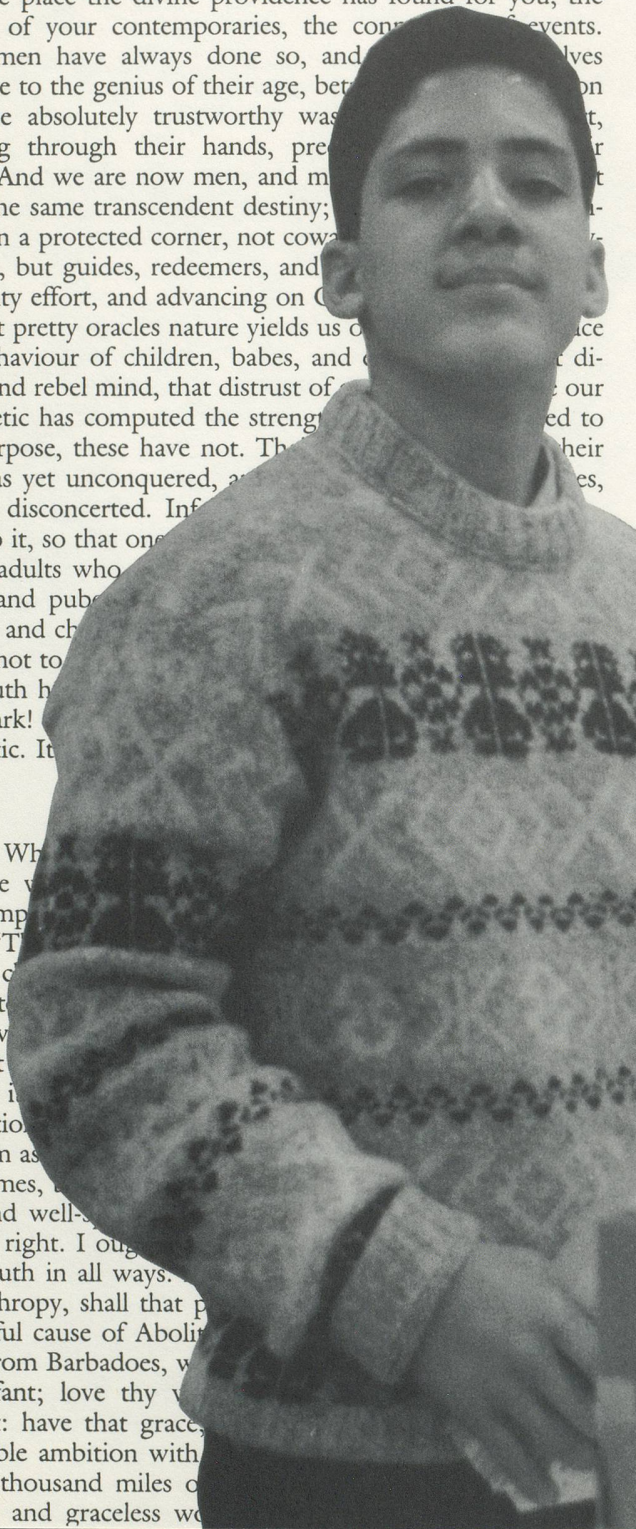
The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in the parlour what the pit is in the playhouse; independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests: he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him: he does not court you. But the man is, as it were, clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with éclat, he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who can thus avoid all pledges, and having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence, must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private, but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men, and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the number of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Abandon you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the

vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and the sandfold Relief Societies;—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Men are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. Men are not men and his virtues. Men do what is a piece of courage or charity, in expiation of daily non-virtues. They are done as an apology or penance to the world,—as invalids and the world's penances. I do not



But do your work, and I shall do mine. I shall do mine, you shall reinforce yourself. The blindman's-buff is this game. I expect, I anticipate your argument for his text and topic the expression of his church. Do I not know? Can he say a new and spontaneous? With all this ostentation of examining institution, he will do no such thing? I pledged to himself not to look but the other side, not as a man, but as a particular attorney, and these airs of affectation. Well, most men have but one or another handkerchief, and attached to one of these communities of opinion. They are not false in a few particulars, and false in all particulars. Their every word is not the real two, their every word that every word they say chagrins us to begin to set them right. Meantime equip us in the prison-uniform of the here. We come to wear one cut of face by degrees the gentlest asinine expression.

our Education, our Art look abroad, so
society. All men plume themselves on the
society, and no man improves.