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ter Prynne, therefore, within the verge of the peninsula, but not in close proximity to any other habitation, there was a small thatched cottage. It had been built by an earlier settler, and abandoned, because the soil about it was too sterile for cultivation, while its comparative remoteness put it out of the range of that social activity which already marked the life of the emigrants. It stood on the shore, looking out over a basin of the sea at the forest-covered hills, to the west. A clump of scrubby trees, such as are to be found on the peninsula, did not so much conceal as seem to denote that here was something that might have been, or at least ought to be, a comfortable, lonesome dwelling, with some slender

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she herself had been, during that moment when Pearl was imbibing her soul from the motherly frame from its mate. Her mother's impassioned state had been the cause of all the trouble; and the rays of light, which were transmitted to the unborn child, had, however white and pure they were, been mingled with the deep stains of crime. The black shadow, and the red light, of the welfare of Hester's

at that epoch, was perpetuate her wild, desperate, temper, and even sombre and despondency there were now illuminate child's disposition, might, life, discipline rigid kind, application, were used, usual offence and practice, nevertheless, risked, however, of her own errors and misfortunes, she early morning radiance of a in the day of earthly storm and whirlwind. In those days, was of a far crown, the harsh rebuke, the rod, enjoined by Scriptural law in the way of punishment, wholesome regimen for the childish virtues. Hester, however, of her one child, of extreme severity. Mind-

window, or standing in the door-way, or laboring in her 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.

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to insist, persuade, or plead. It was incomprehensible, so perverse, generally accompanied by a smile, such as Hester could not help detecting, whether Pearl was a human being or a airy sprite, which, after playing a little while upon the cottage door, would flit away, like a shadow, in a twinkling smile. Whenever that shadow appeared in the light, deeply black eyes, it invested her with a singular impressiveness and intangibility; it was as if she were hovering in air and might vanish, like a glimmering light. "We know not whence, and goes we know not whither. Catching it, Hester was constrained to rush towards the shadow, to pursue the little elf in the flight which she invariably made— to clutch her to her bosom, with a close pressure, —not so much from overflowing love, as from the conviction that Pearl was flesh and blood, and not a spirit. But Pearl's laugh, when she was caught, was full of merriment and music, made her mother more fearful than before.

He was under this bewildering and baffling spell, though he could not see himself and her sole treasure, who was the most important, and who was all her world, Hester, before his eyes, weeping with passionate tears. Then, perhaps,—there was no foreseeing how it might affect her,—Po-

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**Collaboration** TIM ROLLINS + K.O.S. **INSERT:** ANDREAS GURSKY

TEXTS: TIM ROLLINS + K.O.S. • MARSHALL BERMAN • DOUGLAS FAIRBROTHER • STATEMENTS: FRANZ MEYER • KELLIE JONES • ROBERT STORR • DECLAN McGONAGLE • LUCY LIPPARD • DAN CAMERON • DIETER KOEPLIN • PURA CRUZ • WILFRIED DICKHOFF • JOWITA NEJD • JAY GORNEY • JEAN FISHER • WILLIAM ALLEN • FELIX GONZALES-TORRES • MICHAEL NASH: BILL VIOLA • STEPHEN ELLIS: ROSS BLECKNER • KLAUS KERTESS: TRISHA BROWN • LES INFOS DU PARADIS: JACQUES HERZOG INTERVIEWED BY THEODORA VISCHER • CUMULUS: JOAN ACOCELLA / DIETER SCHWARZ • BALKON: DAVE HICKEY

en wore robes of state—afforded oil and emolument.

ly, her handiwork became what e fashion. Whether from com- so miserable a destiny; or from gives a fictitious value to things; or by what other in- then, as now, sufficient to beslow, others might seek in vain; or the use up which must otherwise have gain that she had ready and fairly as many hours as she saught to anity, it may be, chose to dignify remonials of pomp and state, sherought by her sinful hands. For the ruff of the Governor's milita- , and the minister on his band; p; it was shut up, to be mildewed coffin of the dead. but it is not instance, the skill was called in aid eil which was

ception indicated the ever relen- tly frowned upon her sin. equire any thing beyond a sub- most ascetic description, for her- nce for her child. Her own dress rials and the most sombre hue; ent,—the scarlet letter,—which it e child's attire, on the other hand, nciful, or, we might rather say, a served, indeed, to heighten the

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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 t was capable of social intercourse, ready smile and nonsense-words! ness would it have been, could her clear, bird-like voice mingling her childish voices, and have dis- her own darling's tones, amid all a group of sportive children! But was a born outcast of the infant emblem and product of sin, she ha- ned infants. Nothing was more inct, as it seemed, with white loneliness; the destiny that lay round about her; the whole se- sition in respect to other drudges from prison, had Hester to bear. In all her walks about the town, t as the babe in arms, and after- small companion of her mother, h her whole gray and lapping ree or four footed, one of children of the village, on the street, or at the village 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 draft. Pearl saw, and gazed intent-

might readily have applied to the better efforts of her art, she employed in making coarse garments for the poor. It is probable that there was an idea of penance in this mode of occupation, and that she offered up a real sacrifice of enjoyment, in devoting so many hours to such rude handiwork. She had in her nature, a curiously beautiful, and nothing else, in all the self upon. Women derive other sex, from the Prynne it might be, before soothed, then rejected it as something that was an immaterial, genuine and steadfast, something that might

In this manner, Hester Prynne had to have a perfect life in the world. With the energy of mind and rare capacity, it could not entirely cast her off. But set a mark upon her, more intolerable than that which branded the brow of Captain Ahab, was the intercourse with society, however, there was made her feel as if she belonged to it. Even the stare, a 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 dwelt another sphere, or communicated with the common organs and senses than the rest of human kind. She was apart from mortal interests, yet close connected with that revisits the familiar f

and was in little danger of fo- before her vivid self-perceptio- rudest touch upon the tender already said, whom she sought bountiful, often reviled the han- succor them. Dames of elevat- she entered in the way of her to distil drops of bitterness through that alchemy of quiet concoct a subtle poison from her, also, by a coarser ex- her's defenceless breast a tender wound. Hester had well; she never responded to the man that rose irrepress- subsided into the deep heart,—a martyr, indeed,—blessing should stubb

continually, and in a thou- innumerable throbs, an- singly contrived for the sentence of the Puritan street to address the crowd, with its mingled sin and sinfulness. If she uttered a Sabbath smile, the Universal hap to find the text o

of some

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mother tremble, before the sound of a

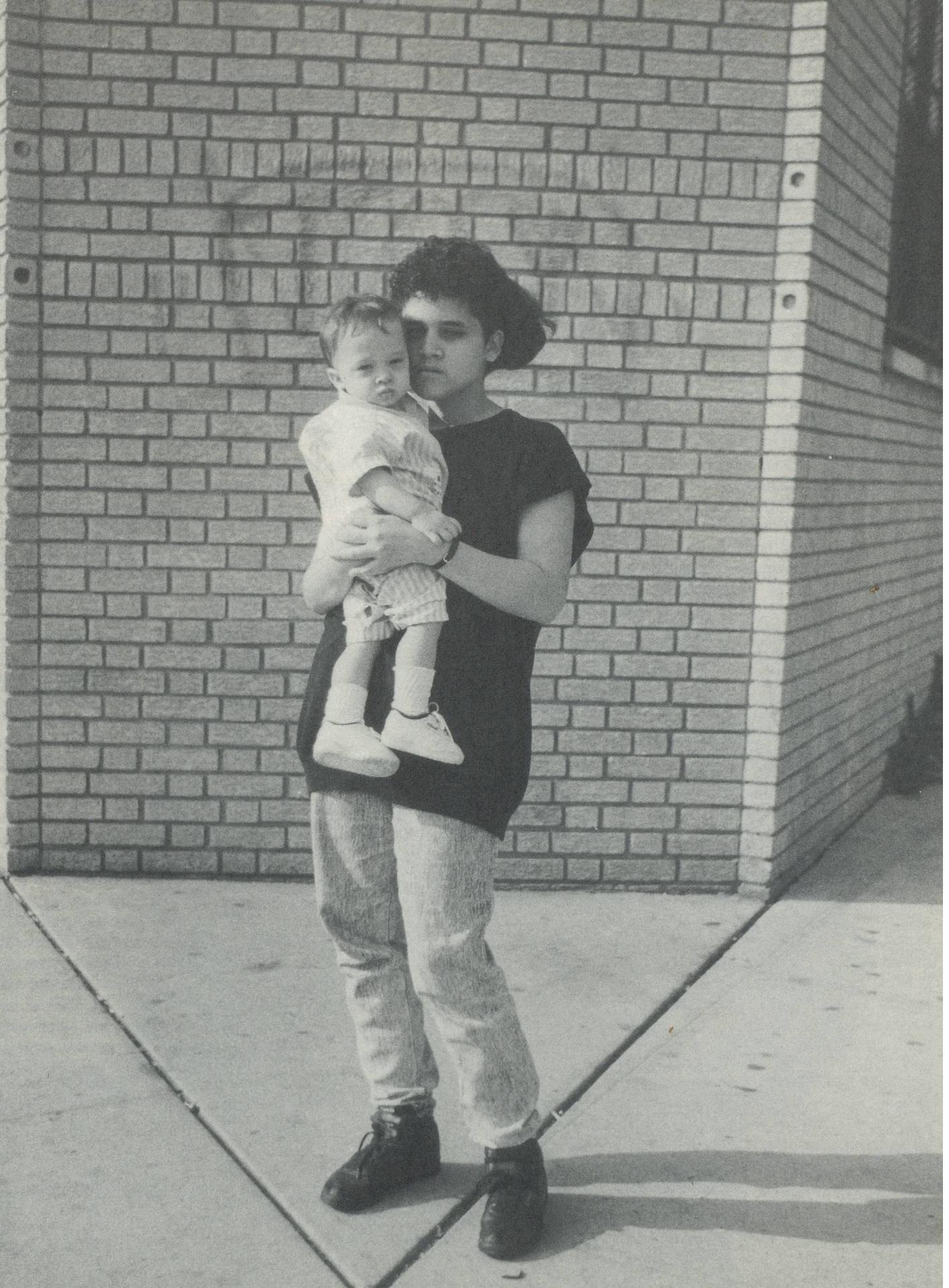
The truth was, that the intolerant brood that dwelt in the town, in the ordinary fashions, in the mother and scorned them in their hearts, and not with their tongues. Pearl felt the enmity with the bitterest hatred that could be born in a childish bosom. These children had a kind of value, and even merit, because there was at least an innocence in the mood, instead of the fitful and often wildness in the child's manifestation. It appalled her, however, to discern here, again, a shadowy reflection of the evil that had existed in herself. All this enmity and scorn that Pearl inherited, by inalienable right, out of her mother's heart. Mother and daughter stood together in the narrow circle of seclusion from human society; and in the narrow circle of the child seemed to be perpetuated those unquiet elements that had distracted Hester Prynne before Pearl's birth, but had since begun to be soothed away by the soft influences of maternity.

At first, thin and around her mother's cottage, Pearl wanted no more, and various circle of acquaintance. The spell of her mind, forth from her ever creative spirit, and communing with it, to a thousand objects, as a torch kindles a flame, after it may be applied. The unlikeliest materials, a stick, a bunch of rags, a flower, were the pup- pets 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

scifully. It was wonderful, t- ch she threw her intellect, darting up and dancing, lar activity,—soon sinking and feverish a tide of li- es of a similar wild energy the phantasmagoric play of the exercise of the fancy, how- owing mind, there might servable in other children of the world, in the dearth of human on the visionary throng wh- ity lay in the hostile feelin- dered all these offspring of he never created a friend, but s broadcast the dragon's teeth, enemies, against whom

—then what in heart the recognitio- the energies that must ester Prynne—cried out hidden, but a speech and a gro- no, all my Father, have brought into the world! ejaculation, or aware, through those throbs of anguish, would little face upon her mother, a- 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.

What pretty oracles nature yields us of the  
and behaviour of children, babes, and of  
divided and rebel mind, that distrust of  
arithmetic has computed the strength  
of our purpose, these have not. The  
eye is as yet unconquered, and  
we are disconcerted. Infants  
form to it, so that one  
of the adults who  
youth and pub  
quancy and ch  
claims not to  
the youth ha  
me. Hark! It  
emphatic. It

saying, Wh-  
if I live v-  
these imp-  
plied, "T-  
Devil's c-  
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and names, b-  
cent and well-  
than is right. I ought  
rude truth in all ways.  
philanthropy, shall that p-  
bountiful cause of Abolit-  
news from Barbadoes, w-  
thy infant; love thy v-  
modest: have that grace,  
charitable ambition with  
folk a thousand miles o-  
Rough and graceless w-

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 eclat, 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 love of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Above you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the

ain end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and the sandfold Relief Societies;—though I confess with shame 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. The man *and* his virtues. Men do what piece of courage or charity, in expiation of daily non-are done as an apology or world,—as invalids and the virtues are penances. I do not

to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead drunk in the street, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact, that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason, and finds himself a true prince.

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history, our imagination plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work; but the things of life are the same to both; the sum total of both is Why all this deference to Alfred, and Scanderb<sup>t</sup>avus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they w<sup>t</sup> As great a stake depends on your private a<sup>t</sup> lowed their public and renowned steps. Wh<sup>t</sup> shall act with original views, the lustre will from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen

The world has been instructed by its king, magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been by the colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere revered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to among them by a law of his own, make his own scale and things, and reverse theirs, pay for benefits no money but with honor, and represent the law in was the hieroglyphic by which they observed consciousness of their own right and every man.

The magnetism which all originate when we inquire the reason of something. What is the aboriginal Self, on which we can be grounded? What is the natural baffling star, without parallel, which shoots a ray of beauty and action, if the least mark of it

But do your work, and I shall reinforce yourself. Blindman's-buff is this game, I anticipate your argument for his text and topic the expression of his church. Do I not know that he can say a new and spontaneous thing with all this ostentation of examination? In his constitution, he will do no such thing? He pledged to himself not to look but the tattered side, not as a man, but as a gaunt attorney, and these airs of affectation. Well, most men have a handkerchief, or another handkerchief, and attach it to one of these communities of opinion. They are not false in a few particulars, but false in all particulars. Their every word is not the real word, their every word that they say chagrins us, to begin to set them right. Meant to equip us in the prison-uniform of here. We come to wear one cut of falsehood by degrees the gentlest asinine expression.

rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Those you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to me of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone,

...le of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, but in acts of pure memory, but to bring the past into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in your metaphysics you have denied personality; yet when the devout motions of the soul come, heart and life, though they should clothe God and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat of the harlot, and flee.

ough consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well cern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradicts what you said to-day.—‘Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood; it so bad, then, to be misunderstood?’ — ‘Misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every one who ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.’

late his nature. All the sallies of  
law of his being, as the unequal-  
lities are insignificant in the curve of  
how you gauge and try him.

possession. That which  
can teach him. No man  
that person has exhibited it.  
have taught Shakspeare?  
ould have instructed Franklin, or  
on, or Newton? Every great man is a  
ism of Scipio is precisely that part he  
akspeare will never be made by the  
o that which is assigned you, and you  
or dare too much. There is at this  
ance brave and grand as that of the  
or trowel of the Egyptians, or the  
, but different from all these. Not  
all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-  
o repeat itself; but if you can hear what  
ely you can reply to them in the same  
ar and the tongue are two organs of  
simple and noble regions of thy life,  
ou shalt reproduce the Foreworld

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