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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 futurity 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. What she did, she did  
and hastened to bar it. What she did, she did  
herself to believe,—what she did, she did  
motive for continuing to live. Here, she  
half a truth, and half a lie. Here, she  
f, had been the scene of her daily shame  
e of her earthly purport, and so, perhaps  
ork out another purport, that which she had lost;  
saint-like, because she had been a martyr  
ter Prynne, therefore she was free. On the outskirts of  
wn, within the verge of the peninsula, but not in close  
y to any other habitation, there was a small thatched  
e. It had been built 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 hills, the  
est. A clump of scrubby trees, such as grew on the  
insula, did not so much conceal the house as  
as seem to denote that there was something  
fain have been, or at least ought to be, in the  
tle, lonesome dwelling, with some slender trees that

he herself had been, during that moment  
Pearl was imbibing her soul from the  
er bodily frame from its material earth.  
's impassioned state had been transmitted  
were transmitted to the unborn child, the rays of  
life; and, however white and innocent, she  
ken the deep stains of crimson and gold, the fiery  
the black shadow, and the bright light, of the  
ning substance. Above all, the suffering  
at that epoch, was perceived in the  
ze her wild, desperate, and even some-  
temper, and even some-  
and despondency that had been  
were now illumined by the morning radiance of a  
child's disposition in the day of earthly  
ce, might be a storm and whirlwind.  
discipline in those days, was of a far  
igid kind. The harsh rebuke, the  
at application of the rod, enjoined by Scriptural  
ty, were used in the way of punishment  
ual offences, and wholesome regimen for the  
and proud childish virtues. Hester  
, nevertheless, for this one child,  
le risk of her own due severity. Mind-  
however, of her own errors and misfortunes, she early

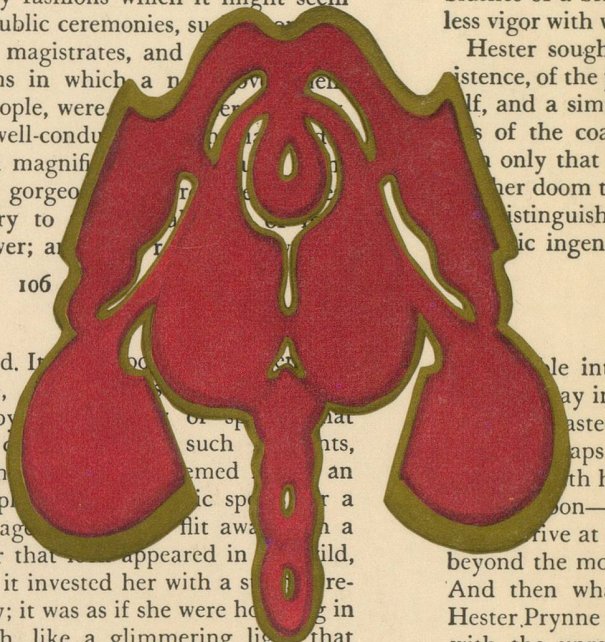
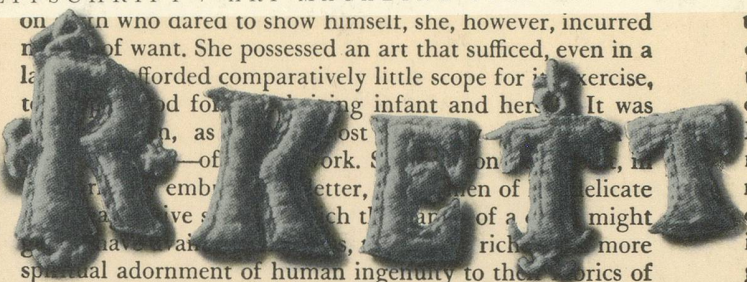
little garden, or coming forth along the pathway that led  
toward; and, discerning the scarlet letter on her breast,  
would scamper off, with a strange, contagious fear  
on a man who dared to show himself, she, however, incurred  
of want. She possessed an art that sufficed, even in a  
afforded comparatively little scope for its exercise,  
to afford food for a starving infant and herself. It was  
n, as most of the women of the town, she  
—of her work. She was a woman of delicate  
embrace, and her hands were such that she might  
give such a richness to the more  
spiritual adornment of human ingenuity to the 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, such as  
titions, the installations of magistrates, and  
give majesty to the forms in which a man  
manifested himself to the people, were  
marked by a stately and well-conducted  
sombre, but yet a studied magnificence,  
fully wrought bands, and gorgeous  
were all deemed necessary to  
assuming the reins of power; and

to insist, persuade, or plead. In  
inexplicable, so perverse, and  
generally accompanied by  
Hester could not help  
whether Pearl was a human  
airy sprite, which, after play-  
little while upon the cottage  
locking smile. Whenever that  
right, deeply black eyes, it invested her with a  
ness and intangibility; it was as if she were  
and might vanish, like a glimmering light  
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 press her to her bosom, with a close pres-  
sure, not so much from overflowing  
love as from that Pearl was flesh and blood, and  
not a spirit. But Pearl's laugh, when she was  
caught up in all of merriment and music, made her  
mother more joyful than before.  
Hester, in this bewildering and baffling spell, th  
saw in herself and her sole treasure, wh  
and who was all her world, Hester  
es been a 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  
waste  
aps  
th I  
son—  
rive at  
beyond the mo  
And then wh  
Hester Prynne  
with the upro  
tinguished and  
the entangled  
this could neve  
world. An imp  
no right amon  
remarkable th  
could compreh  
own an invio  
arity, in short  
Never, since h  
public gaze wi  
Pearl, too, was  
ards' as the I  
olding a fore  
ing at the  
ster's. She s  
ssy 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  
TEXTS: TIM ROLLINS + K.O.S. • MARSHALL BERMAN • DOUGLAS FAIRBROTHER • STATEMENTS:  
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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.  
vly, her handiwork became what  
e fashion. Whether from com-  
so miserable a destiny; or from  
gives a fictitious value. Gen-  
ings; or by whatever other in-  
then, as now, sufficient to show,  
ers might seek in vain; or to use  
p which must otherwise have  
ain that she had ready and fairly  
as many hours as she saw fit to  
anity, it may be, chose to modify  
remonials of pomp and state, she  
rought by her sinful hands. But  
he ruff of the Governor's milita-  
s, and the minister on his band;  
p; it was shut up, to be mildewed  
coffin of the dead. But it is not  
instance, her skill was called in aid  
eil which was  
ception indicated the ever relent-  
y frowned upon her sin.  
quire any thing beyond a sub-  
l 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  
a served, indeed, to heighten the

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 en-  
joyment, in devoting so many hours to such rude handi-  
work. She had in her nature a rich, voluptuous, Oriental  
characteristic,—a taste which she consciously bore down,  
save in the exquisite and delicate work which she did  
nothing else, in all the hours which she devoted to her-  
self upon. Women derive their power, not from the  
other sex, from the admiration which they excite in it. Hester  
Prynne it might be said, had no such power. She had, how-  
fore soothing, the sympathy which she had for the poor, she  
rejected it as she would a beggar's gift. She had, however,  
an immaterial, but a genuine and steady, power of sympathy,  
something that might be called sympathy.

In this manner, Hester Prynne had to have a  
perfectly self-contained energy of mind and rare capacity,  
it could not entirely cast her off. She had set a mark upon her,  
more intolerable to her than any other mark that could be  
heart man that which branded the brow of Cain. In her  
intercourse with society, however, there was a certain  
made her feel as if she belonged to it. Every word, every  
word, and even the silence of those with whom she came  
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  
organs and senses than the rest of her kind. She had  
heart from mortal interests, yet close to the earth, and  
that revisits the familiar fire.

and was in little danger of fo  
before her vivid self-perceptio  
rudest touch upon the tender  
already said, whom she sought  
bounty, often reviled the hand  
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  
ones, also, by a coarser ex  
her's defenceless breast  
erated wound. Hester had  
ell; she never responded to th  
man that rose irrepressibly  
subsidied into the deep  
t,—a martyr, indeed,—but  
es; lest, in spite of her fo  
blessing should stubbo

continually, and in a thous  
innumerable throbs of pain  
ngly contrived for her  
sentence of the Puritan  
street to address a  
crowd, with its mingled  
sinful woman. If she  
Sabbath smiles of the Universa  
hap to find the text o  
children; for  
of some

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!  
t strange rapidity, indeed!—did  
t 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-  
d 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 children  
from prison, had Hester Prynne  
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 beauty  
ree or four feet tall, one of the  
children of the street, on the  
et, or at the door of the  
such grim fashion as the Puritanic  
blaying at going to church, per-  
Quakers; or taking scalps in a  
ans; or scaring one another with  
raft. Pearl saw, and gazed intent-

mother tremble, before the  
witch's anathemas in  
The truth was, that  
intolerant brood that  
something outlandish  
fashions, in the mother and  
scorned them in their hearts, and not  
with their tongues. Pearl felt th  
it with the bitterest hatred th  
in a childish bosom. These o  
had a kind of value, and even  
other; because there was at least an  
ness in the mood, instead of the fitful  
w saw her in the child's manifesta-  
veless, to discern here, again, a shadowy reflection of  
the will that had existed in herself. All this enmity and  
ness and Pearl inherited, by inalienable right, out of  
es's heart. Mother and daughter stood together in the  
sion of seclusion from human society; and in the  
n of the child seemed to be perpetuated those unquiet  
element that had distracted Hester Prynne before Pearl's  
birth, but had since begun to be soothed away by the  
softening influences of maternity.

At length, within and around her mother's cottage, Pearl  
wanted no other and various circle of acquaintance. The  
spell of her birth from her ever creative spirit, and  
communicated to a thousand objects, as a torch  
kindles a fire, wherever 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 out-  
ward 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

the sound of a  
carefully. It was wonderful, t  
ch she threw her intellect,  
darting up and dancing,  
rual activity,—soon sinking  
d and feverish a tide of li  
es of a similar wild energy  
the phantasmagoric play of  
e exercise of the fancy, how  
rowing mind, there might  
servable in other children c  
el, in the dearth of human  
on the visionary throng wh  
ity lay in the hostile feelin  
rded all these offspring of h  
never created a friend, but s  
broadcast the dragon's teeth,  
emies, against whom  
d—then what c  
n heart the  
recognition  
e energies  
at must  
ester Pryn  
cried ou  
idden, but  
ch 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, s  
gence, and resume her play.

One peculiarity of the child



