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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. The idea of the id  
nd hastened to bar it. What  
herself to believe,—w  
motive for continuing  
alf a truth, and half a  
f, had been the scene  
e of her earthly pur  
e of her daily shame  
ork out another purit  
saint-like, because the  
ter Prynne, therefore  
wn, within the verge  
y to any other habi  
e. It had been bu  
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  
minsula, did not so much conceal  
as seem to denote that here was some  
fain have been, or at least ought to be,  
tle, lonesome dwelling, with some slender

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 th  
were transmitted to the unborn  
life; and, however white and  
ken the deep stains of crim  
the black shadow, and the  
ning substance. Above all  
at that epoch, was perpe  
ze her wild, desperate,  
temper, and even som  
and despondency th  
were now illumina  
child's d  
ce, might  
discipl  
igid kind  
at applica  
ty, were use  
ual offence  
and pr  
neverth  
le risk  
wever, of her own errors and misfortunes, she early

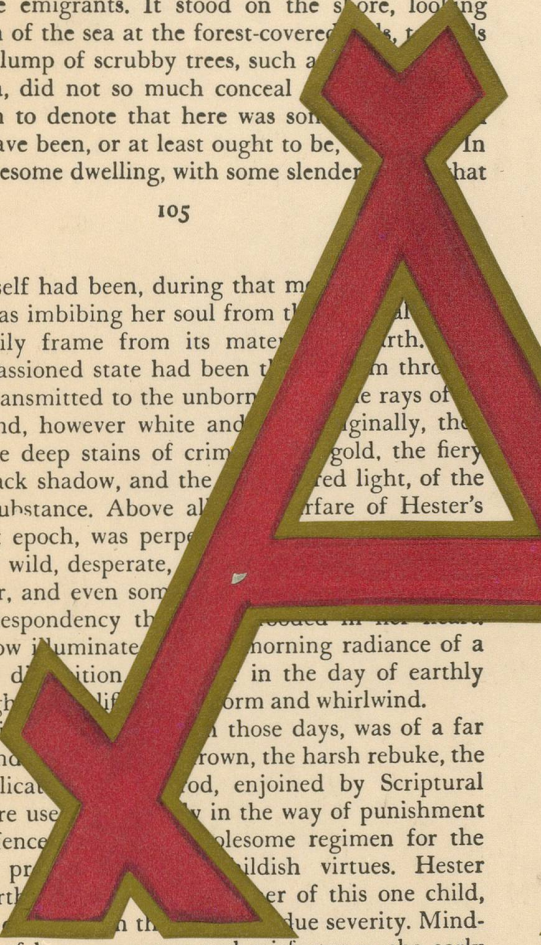
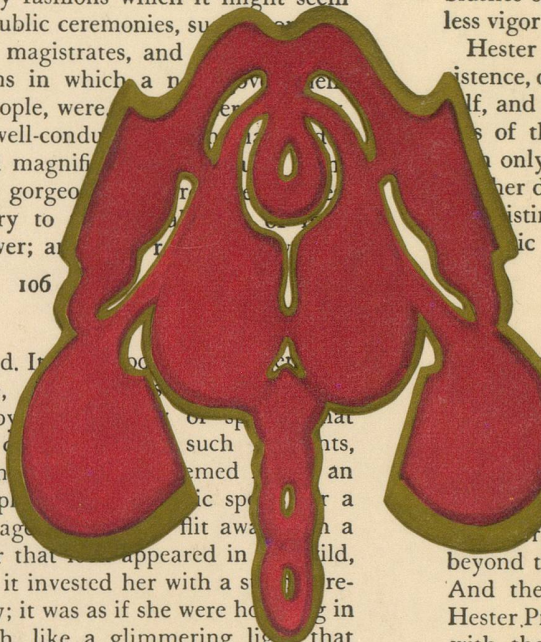
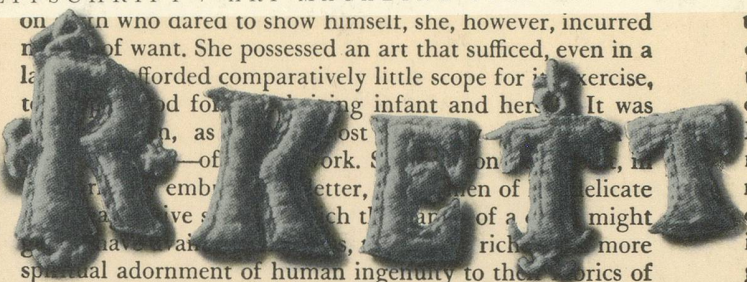
little garden, or coming forth along the pathway that led  
toward; and, discerning the scarlet letter on her breast,  
would scamper off, with a strange, contagious fear  
on a man who dared to show himself, she, however, incurred  
of want. She possessed an art that sufficed, even in a  
afforded comparatively little scope for its exercise,  
tood for a  
It was  
n, as  
ost  
ork. S  
on  
m  
etter,  
en of  
elicate  
might  
ch the  
of a  
rich  
more  
spiritual adornment of human ingenuity to the  
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

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 cottag  
locking smile. Whenever that  
right, deeply black eyes, it invested her with a s  
ness and intangibility; it was as if she were h  
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  
her to her bosom, with a close pres  
—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  
moth  
ful than before.  
H  
this bewildering and baffling spell, th  
s  
n 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  
lf, 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  
earl, too, was  
ards' as the I  
olding a fore  
ng 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  
stance, 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 time she devoted to herself.  
self upon. Women derive their power, from the other  
other sex, from the same source. Hester Prynne it might  
Prynne it might have been, had she not been so  
fore soothing, the more she was rejected it as sin.  
rejected it as sin. It was an immaterial thing, in her  
genuine and steady, and something that might have  
something that might have been a death.

In this manner, Hester Prynne had to have a  
perfectly in the world. With the energy of  
and rare capacity, it could not entirely cast her off  
set a mark upon her, more intolerable than  
heart man that which branded the brow of Cain.  
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  
contact, implied, and often expressed, that she  
banished, and as much alone as if she were in  
sphere, or communicated with the common  
organs and senses than the rest of her  
heart from mortal interests, yet close  
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, and  
ngly contrived for  
sentence of the Puritan  
street to address  
crowd, with its mingled  
sinful woman. If  
Sabbath smiles, the Universa  
hap to find the text o  
children; for  
of some

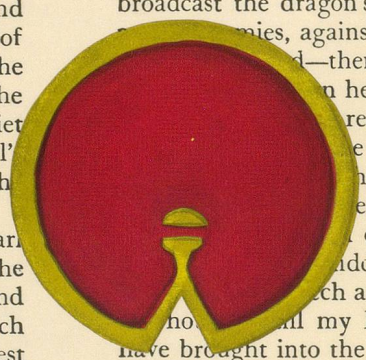
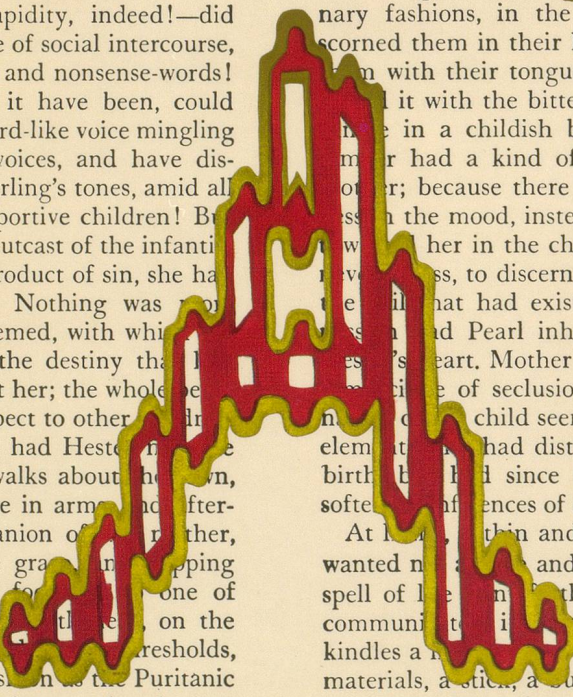
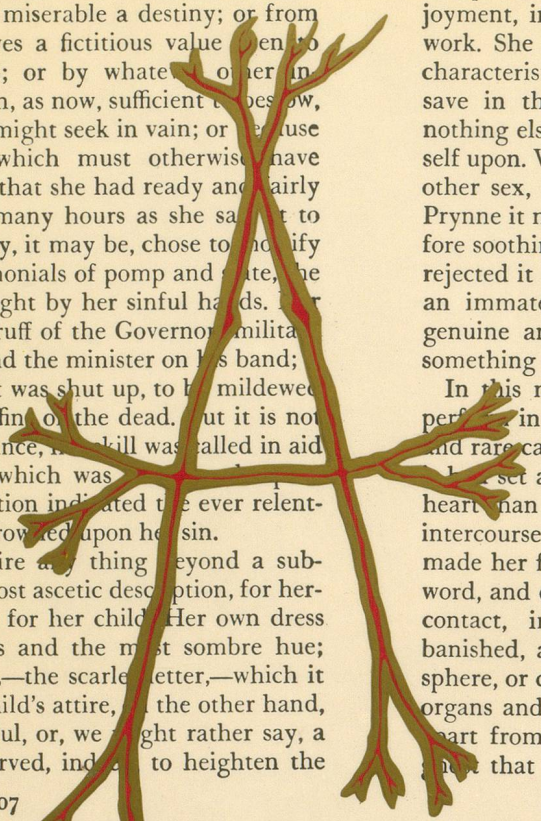
Her only real comfort was when  
lity of sleep. Then she was sure of  
quiet, sad, delicious happiness;  
perverse expression glimmering  
lids—little Pearl awoke!  
t strange rapidity, indeed!—did  
t was capable of social intercourse,  
-ready smile and nonsense-words!  
iness would it have been, could  
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  
round about her; the whole be-  
sition in respect to other  
from prison, had Hester  
In all her walks about  
t as the babe in arms, and after-  
small companion of  
h her whole grace  
ree or four for  
children of the  
et, or at the  
resholds,  
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-

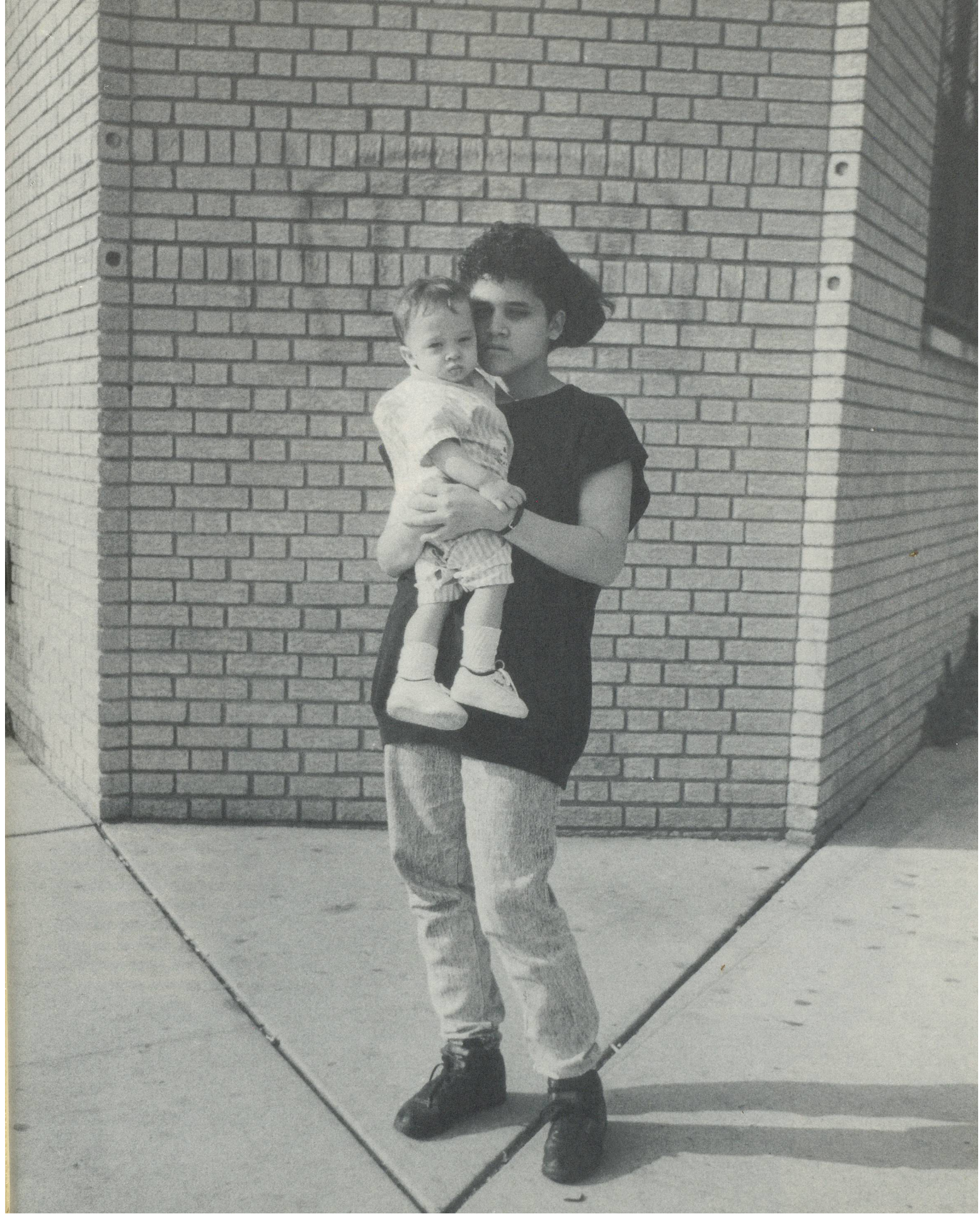
mother tremble, be  
witch's anathemas in  
The truth was, th  
intolerant brood th  
something outlandish  
sary fashions, in the mother and  
scorned them in their hearts, and not  
m with their tongues. Pearl felt th  
d it with the bitterest hatred th  
me in a childish bosom. These o  
mmer had a kind of value, and even  
other; because there was at least an  
ness in the mood, instead of the fitful  
w w her in the child's manifestation  
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, 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 last, within and around her mother's cottage, Pearl  
wanted no  
and various circle of acquaintance. The  
spell of life  
with from her ever creative spirit, and  
communicated  
to a thousand objects, as a torch  
kindles a  
er 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  
he phantasmagoric play of  
e exercise of the fancy, how  
rowing mind, there might  
servable in other children  
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  
n heart the  
recognition  
e energies  
hat 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,  
gence, and resume her play.

One peculiarity of the child







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 the same. Why all this deference to Alfred, and Scanderbeg, and Cæsar, and Trajan, and Augustus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they walk in the clouds? As great a stake depends on your private actions as on their public and renowned steps. When you shall act with original views, the lustre will come from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

The world has been instructed by its kings. The monarch magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been the most colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere followed the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of values and things, and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with honor, and represent the law in their own consciousness of their own right and duty.

The magnetism which all original actions possess, when we inquire the reason of some of them. What is the aboriginal Self, on which all things must be grounded? What is the nature of that baffling star, without parallel, which shoots a ray of beauty into the actions, if the least mark of it is visible?

But do your work, and I shall be satisfied. You shall reinforce yourself. This blindman's-buff is this game. I anticipate your argument for his text and topic the expense of his church. Do I not know that he can say a new and spontaneous word with all this ostentation of examination? He will do no such thing? He pledged to himself not to look but at the other side, not as a man, but as a retained attorney, and these airs of affectation. Well, most men have their own or another handkerchief, and attach themselves to one of these communities of opinion, and are not false in a few particulars, but false in all particulars. Their every word is a lie. Their two is not the real two, their every word that every word they say chagrins us, and we begin to set them right. Meantime we equip us in the prison-uniform of the world here. We come to wear one cut of fashion 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? It seems to me that you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to me that you should never to rely on your memory alone, but to bring the past into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in the present. In your metaphysics you have denied personality, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, you give heart and life, though they should clothe God with color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat of many colors, and flee.

Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, par excellence. It is by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you know in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow you know in hard words again, though it contradict what you said to-day.—'Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood?—'It is so bad, then, to be misunderstood?—'Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every great man ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

He will late his nature. All the sallies of his nature, the law of his being, as the unequal curve of the insignificant in the curve of the world, you gauge and try him.

That which he can teach him. No man has exhibited it. Have you taught Shakspeare? Have you instructed Franklin, or Newton? Every great man is a man of his own. The wisdom of Scipio is precisely that part he will never be made by the world. Do that which is assigned you, and you will not dare too much. There is at this time a courage brave and grand as that of the Egyptians, or the Persians, or the Greeks, but different from all these. Not all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-voices, but if you can hear what they say, you can reply to them in the same language. The ear and the tongue are two organs of the same simple and noble regions of thy life, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld.

Our Education, our Art look abroad, so that we may not be a society. All men plume themselves on the society, and no man improves.

