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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
ene 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

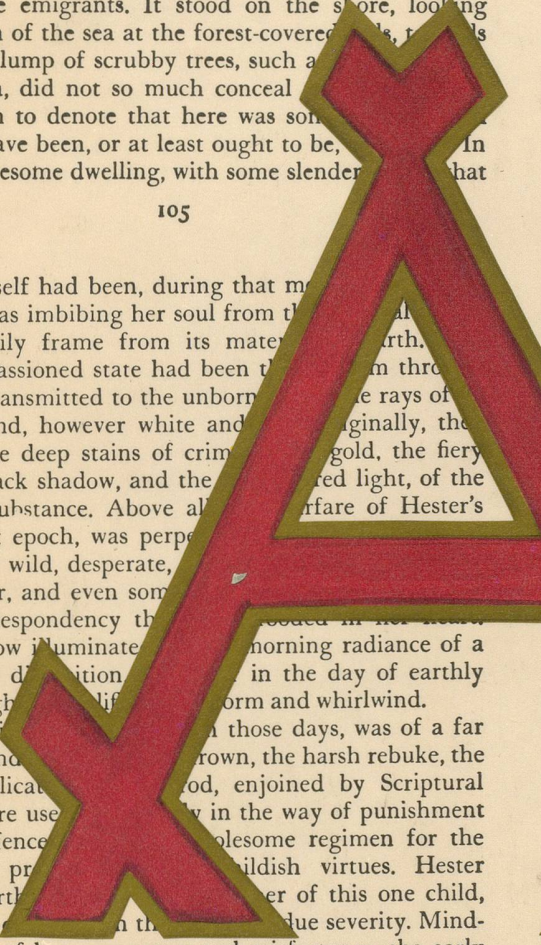
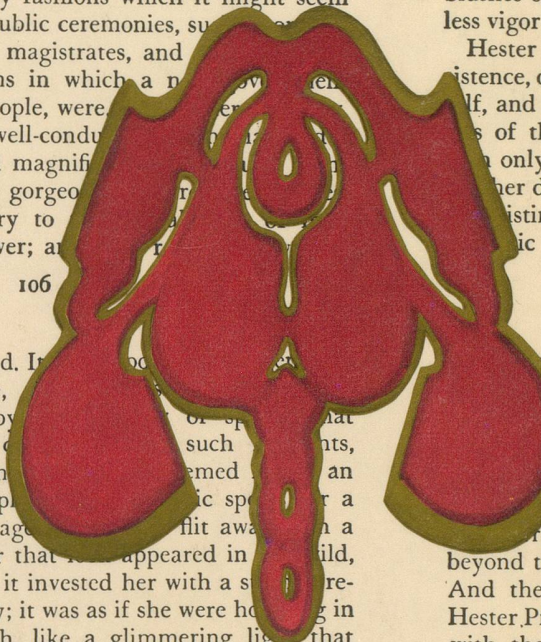
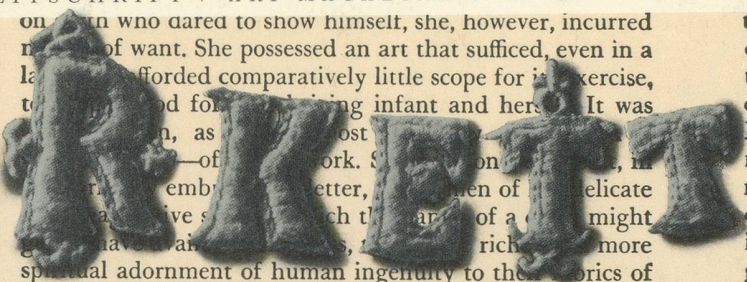
little garden, or coming forth along the pathway that led
toward; and, discerning the scarlet letter on her breast,
would scamper off, with a strange, contagious fear
on a man who dared to show himself, she, however, incurred
of want. She possessed an art that sufficed, even in a
afforded comparatively little scope for its exercise,
tood for a
It was
n, as
ost
ork. S
on
m
etter,
men of
delicate
might
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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CAMERON • DIETER KOEPLIN • PURA CRUZ • WILFRIED DICKHOFF • JOWITA NEDD • 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.
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 her art, she put
self upon. Women derive their power, not from the other
sex, from the other sex, from the other sex, from the other sex,
Prynne it might be said, but she had a more powerful in-
fluence, for soothing, than she had for rejecting it as she
rejected it as she rejected it as she rejected it as she rejected it
an immaterial and unimportant thing, something that might
genuine and steady, something that might be called a death.
In this manner, Hester had to have a perfect command of
perfect in the world. With the energy of a man and the capacity
and rare capacity, it could not entirely cast her off, but she
set a mark upon her, more intolerable than any other mark
heart man that which branded the brow of Cain. In her
intercourse with society, however, there was a certain freedom
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 not
banished, and as much alone as if she were banished, and
sphere, or communicated with the common world, by the
organs and senses than the rest of her kind. She had a
heart from mortal interests, yet close to the earth, and
that revisits the familiar fire.

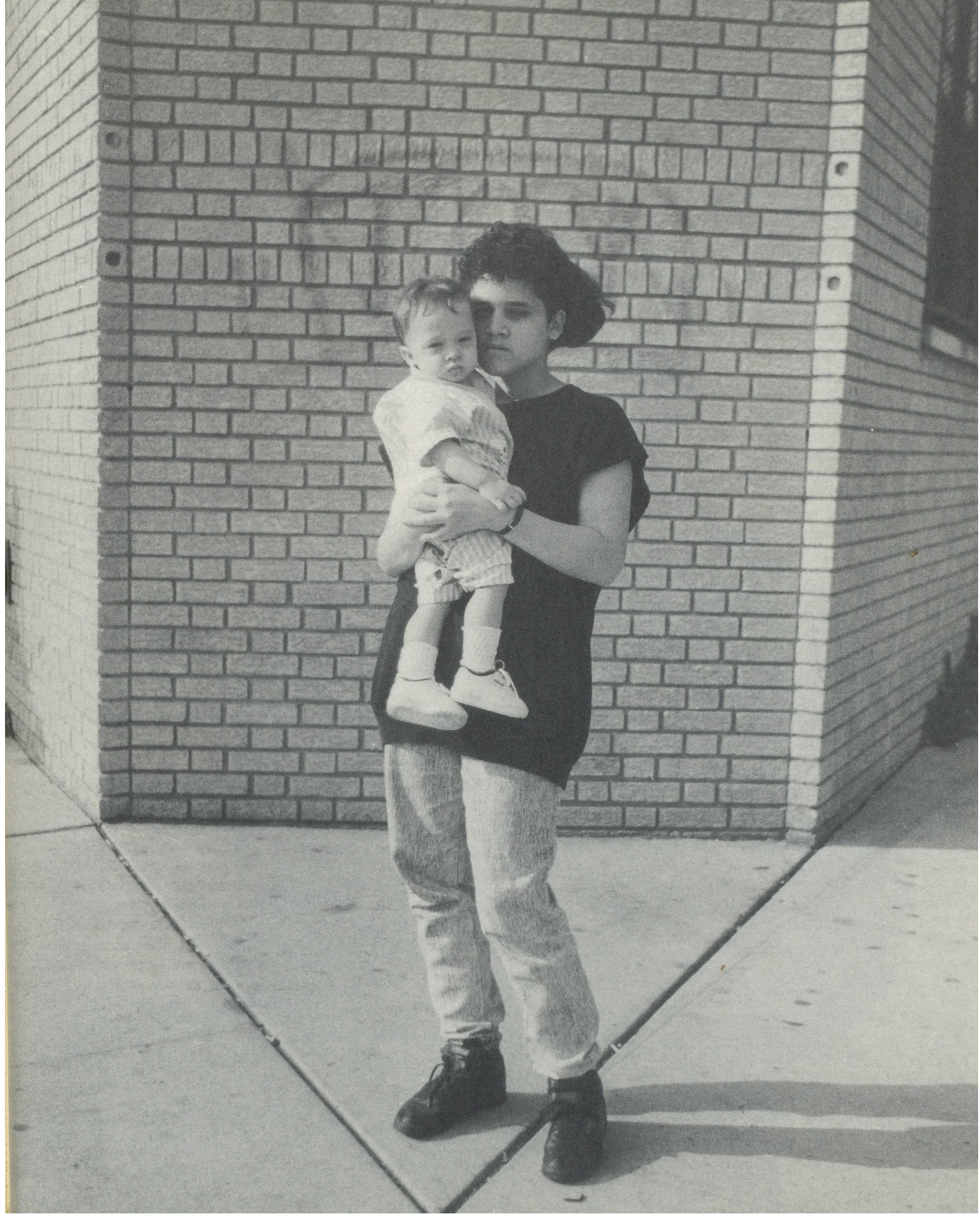
and was in little danger of fo
before her vivid self-perceptio
rudest touch upon the tender
already said, whom she sought
bounty, often reviled the hand
succor them. Dames of elevat
she entered in the way of her
to distil drops of bitterness
through that alchemy of quiet
concoct a subtle poison from
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

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 felt the
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 for the sake of one of
children of the town, on the
et, or at the thresholds,
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 loneliness 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,
r 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
bservable 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 c
n heart the
recognitio
e energies
at must
ester Pry
cried ou
idden, but
ch and a gro
no—“I will 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





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 been childlike to the genius of their age, but have risen on that the absolutely trustworthy was to be found, working through their hands, present, and their being. And we are now men, and must not mind the same transcendent destiny; we are not invalids in a protected corner, not cowards, but guides, redeemers, and

Almighty effort, and advancing on our own. What pretty oracles nature yields us of the intelligence and behaviour of children, babes, and of the divided and rebel mind, that distrust of our arithmetic has computed the strength of our purpose, these have not. Their eye is as yet unconquered, and we are disconcerted. Inform them, conform to it, so that one of the adults who youth and puberty, and claims not to the youth have me. Hark! emphatic. It

saying, What if I live with these impediments, replied, "The Devil's own sacred names were what is what against it, opposition he. I am ashamed 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

varies. 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 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, 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

