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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 KUN pon Hester's contemplation and laughed at

e and desperate joy w to cast it from her, nd hastened to bar it herself to believe,—w motive for continuin 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

the ide What al rea de lew lere, s ind here and so, per t length pu hat which wartyrd

eized, a

e. On the outskirts of ninsula, but not in close y to any other habi there was a small thatched . It had been bu by an earlier settler, and abanbecause the soil about it was too sterile for cultivavhile 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-covereg st. A clump of scrubby trees, such a ninsula, did not so much conceal as seem to denote that here was sor fain have been, or at least ought to be, tle, lonesome dwelling, with some slender hat

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he herself had been, during that m bearl was imbibing her soul from the er bodily frame from its mate 's impassioned state had been the 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 perpeze her wild, desperate, temper, and even som and despondency the vere now illuminate

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child's di ce, migh discipli igid kind it applicat ity, were use ual offence and pr , nevertl

e risk

rth. m thro e rays of iginally, the gold, the fiery red light, of the fare of Hester's

norning radiance of a in the day of earthly orm and whirlwind. I those days, was of a far rown, the harsh rebuke, the od, enjoined by Scriptural v in the way of punishment olesome regimen for the ildish virtues. Hester er of this one child, due severity. Mind-

wever, 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

N STZEITSCHRIFT / ART MAGAZINE SFR. 25.- / DM 30,on in who dared to show himself, she, however, incurred the of want. She possessed an art that sufficed, even in a la forded comparatively little scope for it vertice, tan to d for the possessed and here. It was on

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rich more al adornment of human ingenuity to the prics 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 p 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; a

to insist, persuade, or plead. I inexplicable, so perverse, generally accompanied by Hester could not help such nts. whether Pearl was a hum med an airy sprite, which, after p ic sp a ttle while upon the cottag flit aw a ocking smile. Whenever that appeared in ild, ht, deeply black eyes, it invested her with a s reness and intangibility; it was as if she were he in and might vanish, like a glimmering light that e know not whence, and goes we know not whither. g it, Hester was constrained to rush towards the e little elf in the flight which she invarioursue 1 h her to her bosom, with a close press,-not so much from overflowing su that Pearl was flesh and blood, and love not But Pearl's laugh, when she was of merriment and music, made caught moth tful than before.

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his bewildering and baffling spell, the n herself and her sole treasure, whe and who was all her world, Hes resionate tears. Then, perhaps,—

there was no foreseeing how it might affect her,-P

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 KOEPPLIN • 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

In b a sorrow. be cone for her ving that rdly safe bassed, as

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still another pos By degrees, n would now be tion for a the morbid cur common or w tangible circum on some persons Hester really remained vacan requited 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 v Hester sough stence, of the f, and a sim of the coa only that per doom t stinguish ic ingen

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beyond the mo And then what Hester, Prynne with the upro tinguished and the entangled this could neve world. An imp no right amou remarkable that ld comprehe wn an invio arity, in short lever, since h ublic gaze wi earl, too, was ards'as the l lding a fore ng at the i ster's. She s ssy margin disporting then nurture would chance; or at sham-fight with freaks of imitat ly, but never

en wore robes of state-afforded oil and emolument.

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vly, her handiwork became what e fashion. Whether from comso miserable a destiny; or from gives a fictitious value Den vo ings; or by whate other in then, as now, sufficient to bes ow, ers might seek in vain; or have p which must otherwise ain that she had ready and as many hours as she sa anity, it may be, chose to remonials of pomp and ite, rought by her sinful ha ds. he ruff of the Governor milita s band; , and the minister on] coffin o the dead. ut it is not nstance, kill was called in aid

eil which was ception indiated t e ever relentty frov ee apon he sin. cquire a thing eyond a subption, for her-Her own dress l most ascetic desc nce for her child st sombre hue; etter,—which it rials and the m ent,-the scarle the other hand, e child's attire, nciful, or, we ght rather say, a served, ind to heighten the

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Her only real to fort 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 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 disl her own darling's tones, amid all a group of sportive children! Bu was a born outcast of the infanti blem and product of sin, she ha ned infants. Nothing was nct, as it seemed, with whi loneliness; the destiny that

round about her; the whole sition in respect to other from prison, had Heste In all her walks about t as the babe in arm small companion of r h her whole graan ree or four for a ildren of the the uldren of the three on the eet, or at the resholds, such grim fas n - 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-

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 may hours to such rude handirich, voluptuous. Oriental

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work. She had in her n characteristic,-a taste save in the exquisite nothing else, in all the self upon. Women der other sex, from the Prynne it might] fore soothing, tl rejected it as si an immaterial genuine and stear something that mig

In this manner, He perf in the world. Wr.

and rare capacity, it could not entirely cast her of rset a mark upon her, more intolerable t heart nan that which branded the brow of C intercourse with society, however, there wa made her feel as if she belonged to it. Ever word, and even the silence of those with w contact, implied, and often expresse banished, and as much alone as if she sphere, or communicated with the con organs and senses than the rest of hi art from mortal interests, yet clo that revisits the familiar f

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and was in little danger of fo before her vivid self-perceptic rudest touch upon the tender already said, whom she sough bounty, often reviled the han succor them. Dames of elevate she entered in the way of her to distil drops of bitterness through that alchemy of quiet concoct a subtile poison fron nes, also, by a coarser ex

rer's defenceless breast erated wound. Hester had ell; she never responded to tl n that rose irrepressib subsided into the dep ,—a martyr, indeed,—b les; lest, in spite of her fc blessing should stubbe

ontinually, and in a thous innumerable throb ngly contrived for sentence of the Pur street to address crowd, with its mir sinful woman. If Sabbath smile Universal hap to fir

the text o children; for of some 10

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cifully. It was wonderful, t ch she threw her intellect, darting up and dancing, ral activity,—soon sinking l and feverish a tide of li es of a similar wild energy he phantasmagoric play of e exercise of the fancy, hov owing mind, there migh ervable in other children c l, 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, nies, against whom

-then what (heart the recognitio e energies hat must ester Pry cried ou idden, but ch and a gro I my Father,-

ho nave brought into the world!' ejaculation, or aware, through s those throbs of anguish, would little face upon her mother, gence, and resume her play. One peculiarity of the child

mother tremble, be witch's anathemas in The truth was, th

something outlandish

r; because there was at least an h the mood, instead of the fitful of

> ss, to discern here, again, a shadowy reflection of hat had existed in herself. All this enmity and d Pearl inherited, by inalienable right, out of eart. Mother and daughter stood together in the e of seclusion from human society; and in the child seemed to be perpetuated those unquiet had distracted Hester Prynne before Pearl' ł i since begun to be soothed away by th hf ences of maternity.

thin and around her mother's cottage, Pearl At 1 and various circle of acquaintance. The wanted n th from her ever creative spirit, and spell of l o a thousand objects, as a torch communi i kindles a stice, a such 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 babyvoice served a multitude of imaginary personages, old and

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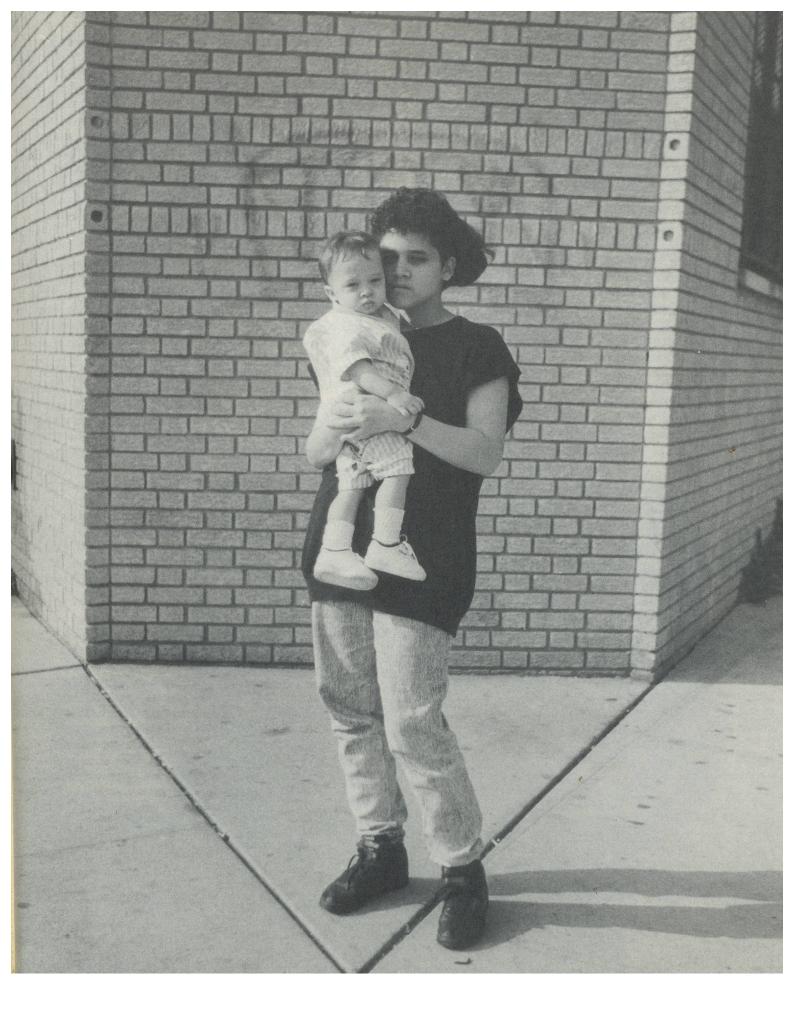
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nary fashions, in the mother and scorned them in their hearts, and not n with their tongues. Pearl felt th it with the bitterest hatred th in a childish bosom. These r had a kind of value, and even

rnes ofte .ppalled her, her in the child's manifestatio



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 converse events.

society of your contemporaries, the con-Great men have always done so, and childlike to the genius of their age, ber that the absolutely trustworthy was working through their hands, prebeing. And we are now men, and m mind the same transcendent destiny; valids in a protected corner, not cowa olution, but guides, redeemers, and Almighty effort, and advancing on (

What pretty oracles nature yields us of and behaviour of children, babes, and vided and rebel mind, that distrust of arithmetic has computed the strengt our purpose, these have not. The eye is as yet unconquered, a we are disconcerted. Infform to it, so that one of the adults who youth and pubquancy and ch claims not to the youth h me. Hark! emphatic. It

saying, Wh if I live these imp plied, "T Devil's q sacred t names v is what against i oppositio he. I am a and names, cent and wellthan is right. I out rude truth in all ways. philanthropy, shall that p bountiful cause of Abolin news from Barbadoes, v thy infant; love thy modest: have that grace charitable ambition with folk a thousand miles o Rough and graceless we

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 stoms.

Vhoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who ld gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the e of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothis at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Abre 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 etimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

ues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception nan and his virtues. Men do what e piece of courage or charity,

in explation of daily nonare done as an apology or world,—as invalids and the irtues are penances. I do not

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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 tavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they w As great a stake depends on your private a lowed their public and renowned steps. Wh 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 colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due fit man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywh fered 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 n money but with honor, and represent the law is was the hieroglyphic by which they obconsciousness of their own right and every man.

The magnetism which all origin when we inquire the reason of s What is the aboriginal Self, on be grounded? What is the nabaffling star, without paralla which shoots a ray of beau actions, if the least mark of in

But do your work, and I sh you shall reinforce yoursel blindman's-buff is this gam sect, I anticipate your argur for his text and topic the exp of his church. Do I not know can he say a new and spontaneou with all this ostentation of examining stitution, he will do no such thing? pledged to himself not to look but ted side, not as a man, but as a p tained attorney, and these airs of affectation. Well, most men have or another handkerchief, and attac one of these communities of opinion them not false in a few particulars, false in all particulars. Their every Their two is not the real two, their that every word they say chagrins u to begin to set them right. Meant equip us in the prison-uniform of here. We come to wear one cut of fa by degrees the gentlest asinine exp

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?

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

or h consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With incy a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as cern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what tobinks in hard words again, though it contradict id to-day.—'Ah, so you shall be sure to be it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? erstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and and Galileo, and Newton, and every ver took flesh. To be great is to be

> ate his nature. All the sallies of aw of his being, as the inequalte insignificant in the curve of ow you gauge and try him.

possession. That which can teach him. No man t person has exhibited it. have taught Shakspeare? nd 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 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 thousandrepeat 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, hou shalt reproduce the Foreworld

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