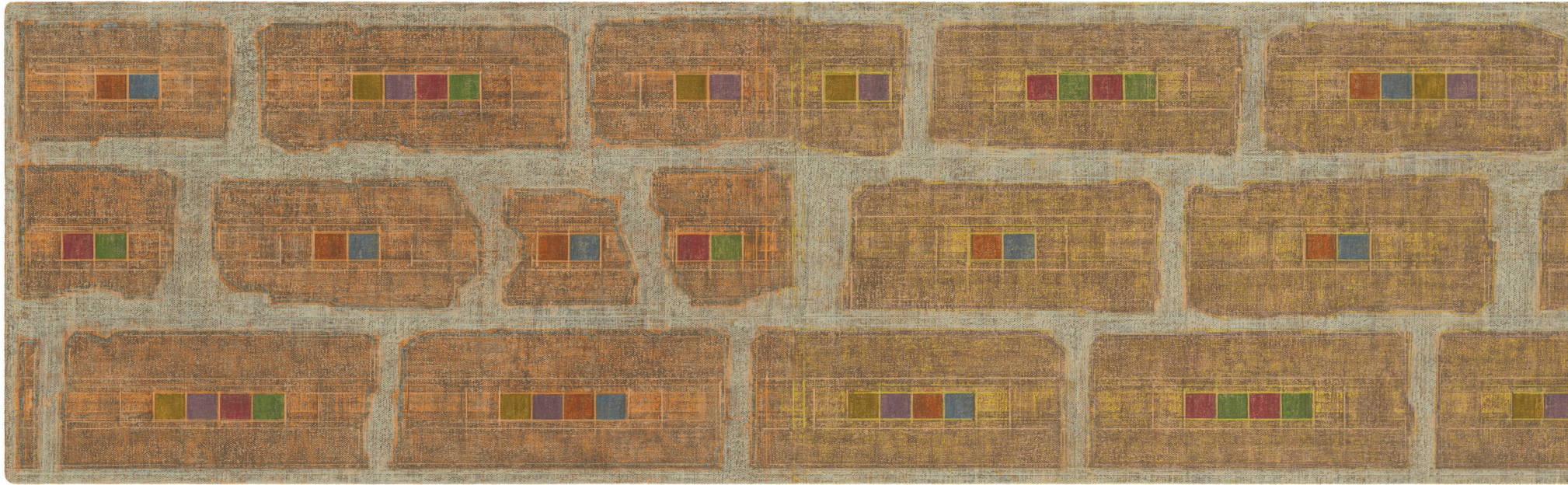


RHONA HOFFMAN GALLERY

Julia Fish

Hermitage Threshold/s — scores + bricks

May 19–June 24, 2023



As a performance artist, writer and dramaturg, Matthew Goulish lives and works inside the spoken or silent word, inside the written, performing thought. This guide to selected paintings included in the exhibition reflects on conversations over several studio visits since 2021, and serves as the sequel to an expansive set of episodic views regarding my work published in 2022, **Practical Expression / Infinite House**.

JF

Studio Threshold with Hermitage spectrum [east to west]
2021–2023. Oil on canvas
12 x 120 inches (30.48 x 304.8 cm)

Bach / Brick

Matthew Goulish

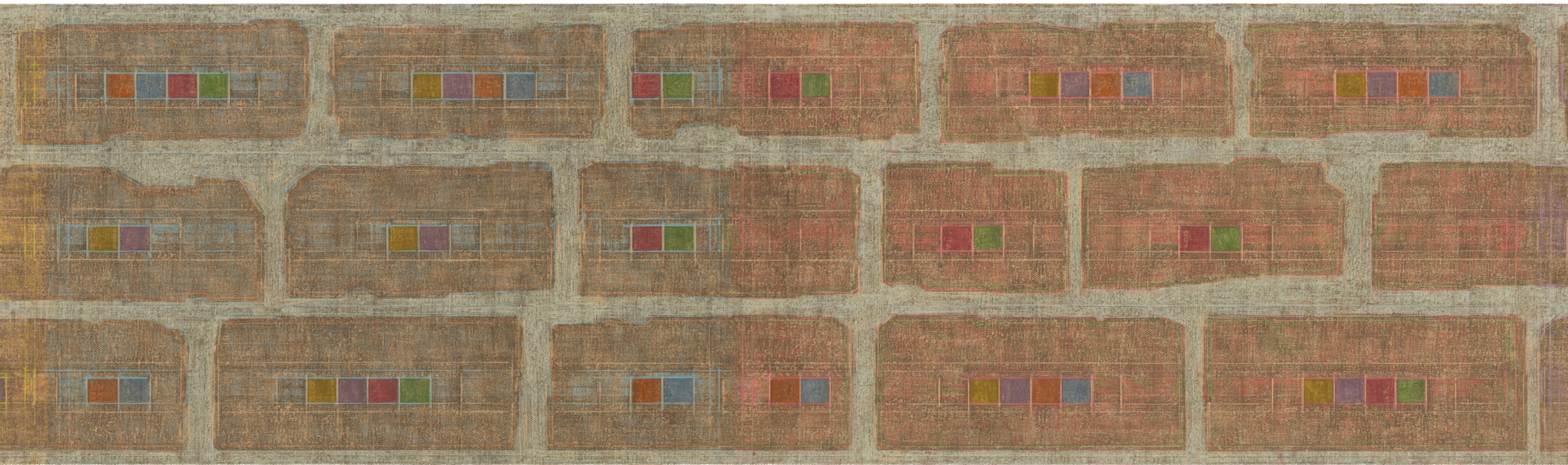
There can be a brick
In a brick wall
The eye picks

So quiet of a Sunday
Here is the brick, it was waiting
Here when you were born

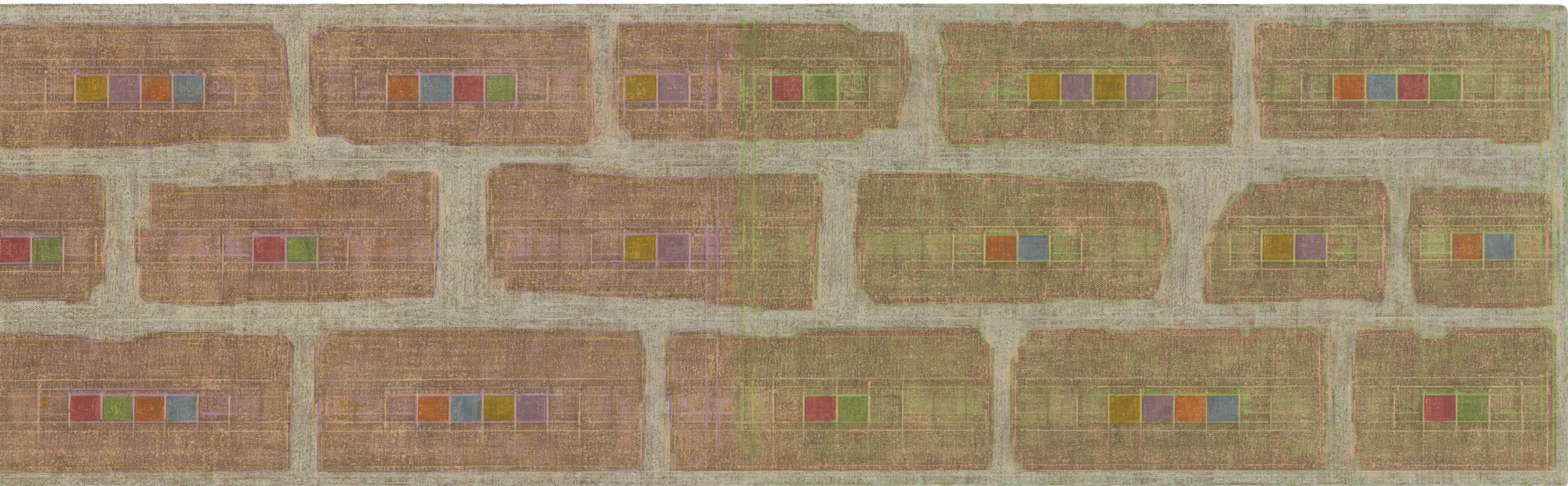
—George Oppen
Of Being Numerous

the edge an endless dwelling

—Andrea Rexilius
To Be Human Is To Be A Conversation

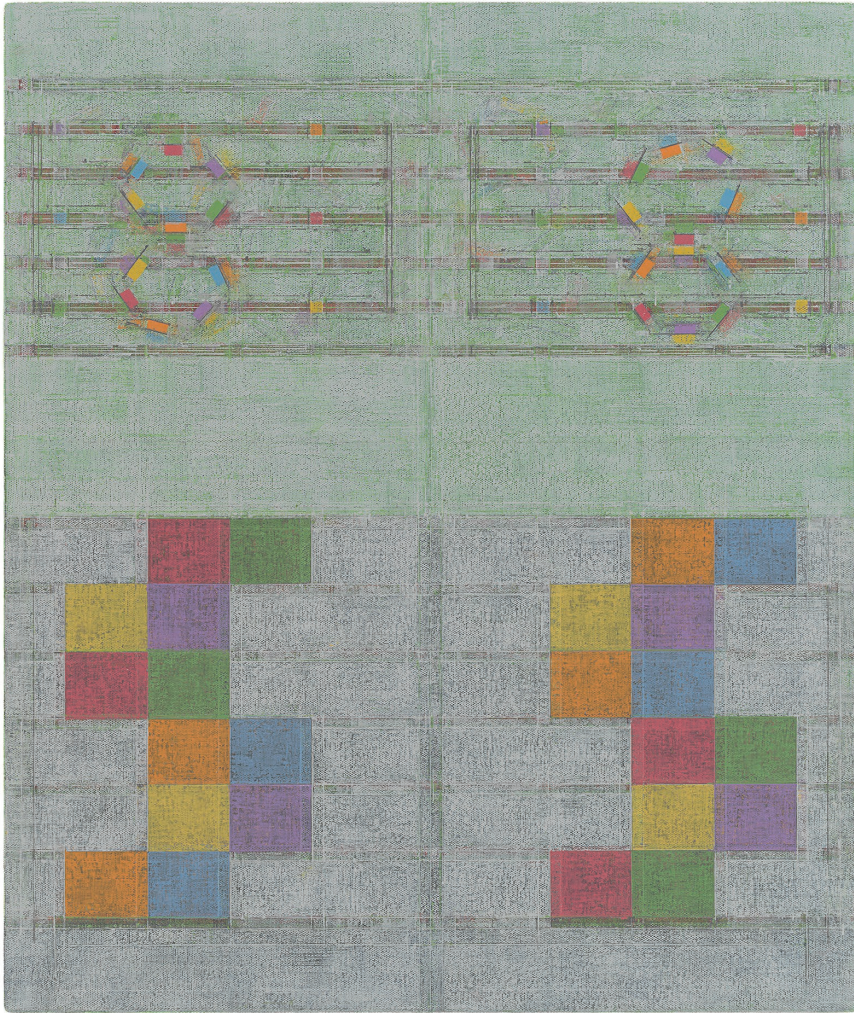


Everything happens in this depth, this thin depth of surface, complex terrain, weave threaded with networks, lines like circuits on a board, a threshold inexhaustible. They seem to float, these lines, atop a battered grid of degraded form, each partialized shape and ragged edge demonstrates that time has worn away at it, and how unevenly that wearing unfolds. Ghosts of precision shadow the system of formations, here as with any ruin, but leave drama aside undisturbed in this work and whisper of ordinary archeology, so beyond ourselves, so long ago. A steady hand has applied with clockmaker's care layers of thought apparent and textual as a score. One of many valences treats "geometricized versions of organic forms." Another shepherds a variegated flock of color, tinted lenses modulating texture in their zone, a spectrum parade imported from another investigation, "transcribe" the artist names the act; "enriched by chromaticism" another describes it or something similar. Such words speak of music in manner and mode, reading as written landscape left to right, twelve inches high one-hundred-twenty long, a ratio of pure and harmonic proportion, of edge an endless dwelling.

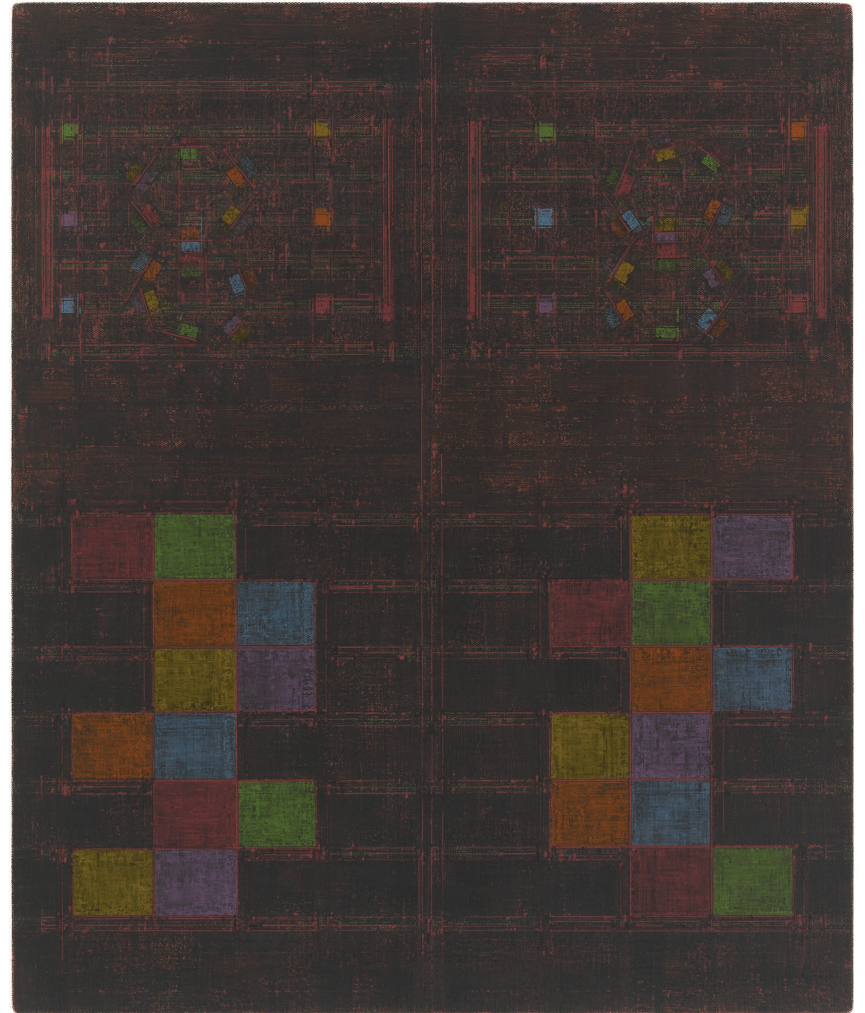


And what if J. S. Bach were living and painting in compositions rendering the art in each fugue in analogous visual terms, leaving behind his trace epitaph a signature not in notes but in stone? The portrait of a brick inflected as all portraits by echoes of Bellini's Doge and framed as such one inch taller than its width with spectrum in six touches. The brick, the skull: irreducible bone of house, a syntagm once embedded now unearthed, scraped over at the point of waking. See the stamp of its manufacturer's coincident capricious name knowing less of Venice or augmentation and more of pottery Midwestern earth vast expanse of lake. I will speak of interdiscursive figuration that portraiture of such a block figure necessitates, to analyze and give form to feeling, the sense of following a gradient back to its source, to the atom falling plumb through the unbottomed void with its clinamen swerve the birth-shock of collision from which all has sprung and grown, so like this woven canvas that warps each line's straight intent, because after all a brick never neutral but named – B A C H – speaks of figures and fugues, already underfoot and so quiet of a Sunday waiting here when you were born, and now alone it stands, and standing testifies, like every painted portrait a constant ovation in contrary motion.

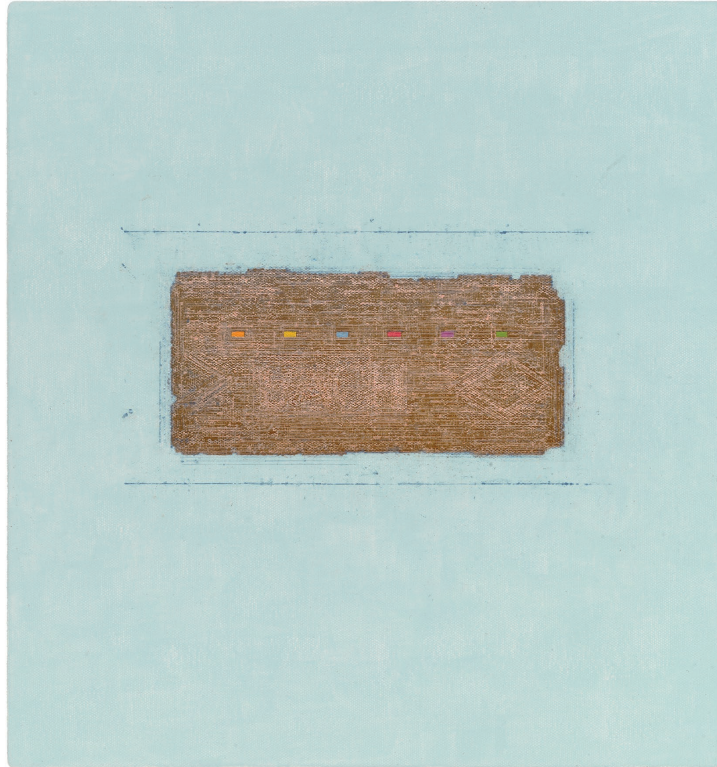
1.07:1



Score for Threshold, SouthWest – Two [spectrum in green]
2020–2022. Oil on canvas
23 x 19.5 inches (58.4 x 49.5 cm)



Score for Threshold, SouthWest – One : dark days [spectrum in red]
2020–2023. Oil on canvas
23 x 19.5 inches (58.4 x 49.5 cm)



Epitaph : Studio Threshold : [B A C H]
2022–2023. Oil on canvas
15 x 14 inches (35.56 x 38.1 cm)

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