

VENUS

MANHATTAN

“Where’s is Jack Goldstein? (Another one of my ‘question’ paintings?). Or: Paintings for the eyes and not the ears.” *Richard Prince’s Blog*, November 15, 2012.

RICHARD PRINCE

11/15/2012

Where’s is Jack Goldstein? (Another one of my “question” paintings?). Or: Paintings for the eyes and not the ears.

One of the best essays I ever read on an artist is David Salle’s essay on Jack Goldstein. Salle wrote it when Goldstein had a show up in Buffalo N.Y. at Hallwalls in 1978. Now there’s another, (essay)... this one by Ashley Bickerton... that accompany’s a small catalogue put out by Adam Lindermann for Goldstein’s show at Venus Over Manhattan. The show opened last night. Lindermann’s gallery is at 980 Madison... a building that I like to refer to as the Brill Building for Art and Design. Lindermann’s space is warehouse like... deliberately unfinished and lit like a nightclub. (EYE.lIke.it).

Goldstein’s show there reminds me of nothing that I thought I remembered from when he showed at Metro Pictures in 1980. The work now looks like ‘good yesterday’ and what was good yesterday is good today. (The paintings could easily hang alongside John Stezaker’s early silkscreen paintings from 1982. Goldstein and Stezaker are of the same generation. John was Jack’s counterpoint in London in the late seventies).

The first painting I saw of Jack’s was in a summer “preview” show at Janelle Reiring’s loft in Tribeca in 1979. The painting was all one color and in the middle of the painting there was a small “right on” representation of an astronaut falling. Falling falling and falling. It was summersaulting through a monochromatic field of colored space. The painting was magical.

Goldstein was the reason why Metro Pictures opened. Or at least that was my impression at the time. And even though I was part of the original line up, I never really felt part of the “family”. I knew most of the artists... Sherman, Longo, Welling, Laurie Simmons and Troy Brauntauch... but I never fit in. If I talked to Jack twice during the three years that I was there I don’t remember... It might of been once. I know he didn’t want anything to do with me, and he acted as though he had one thought in mind... ‘how do I cross you off my list’? He wanted the spotlight and he never got it. And you can see why... the paintings that he showed at Metro are the same paintings that are being shown at Venus Over Manhattan. Do you think it takes time? Just wait. Now is as good as time as any.

I think what Bickerton says about Jack’s position of being “dead set against being overly ‘artistic’ and unnecessarily ‘painterly’, pretty much left him in open water... To quote Christian Metz... “his paintings had that general lowering of wakefulness”..

His barking dog, his flaming window, his records with sound tracks of cars crashing are part art history. That’s what we know.

I have a couple of his paintings in my collection. That’s what I know.

His paintings are the fucking turtle.