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Impressions on Lund

Do you guys like impressions?... What I love about impressions is when people repeat twice the impression they're going to do. Like you're going to completely forget what they just said? Do you like impressions? Alright, this is my impression of a person doing impressions. My impression of a person doing impressions. Do you guys like impressions? Yeah? Alright, this is my impression of a person doing impressions. My impression of a person doing impressions. Do you guys like impressions? This is my impression of a person doing impressions. My impression of a person doing impressions.

- Tig Notaro

...it's really what I'm running into all my inks about, so I had better mention it: the use of language like a lover...not the language of love, but the love of language, not matter, but meaning, not what the tongue touches, but what it forms, not lips and nipples, but nouns and verbs.

- William Gass, "On Being Blue"

Dentists take impressions of the mouth to produce false teeth. Tig Notaro gives an impression of a person doing impressions. The limit of a voice imitator's abilities is his own voice. "Does your first solo exhibition with David Lewis Gallery have a title?" I had to ask the artist. It's just the words, "Israel Lund."

Lund's paintings do impressions of images. They have done impressions of Buren stripes and Kippenberger drawings. They cut their teeth on the screen-printing process itself. Impressions are a low form of comedy, derision disguised as flattery. It's not quite acting, it's exaggeration; it's not illusion, it's caricature, embellishment, melodrama. With obvious artifice, the act is clear: the language and manners are stolen. The impression is free to mean something, anything else. So how do impressionists continue to survive? As with painting, it has something to do with style.

Even a crass impression examines its subject carefully. A tender impression might actually care. Can the impressionist impress himself with an impression of himself? The self abstracts into an act of its own invention. All surface and polish. Lund's two large paintings for this exhibition border on self-impersonation, though he still plays the room. Big paintings. A hodgepodge of other paintings made of striped quarters, cyan magenta yellow quarters. Pick and choose: imagination absorbs projections. The impressionist doesn't expect every impression to land, so there's variety. If the impression can be projected upon infinitely, how do you pick a detail? There is a complicated pleasure in Lund's work, he holds critique and sensation in equal measure. The impressionist is never whom he imitates. It's a farce: funny, but false. There's still pleasure in the

pick and choose. There doesn't have to be a reason. The impressionist is not the arbiter of wide spread recognition. Lund is giving an impression of a system.

The new sculptures show this, too. Height and width, approximately a standing adult. Impressions of silkscreens standing throughout the gallery. They've changed the space. The impression possesses a human scale. Framed in bright colors, abstract images burned on the screens, it's possible to see through them. It makes plain what they are. A good impersonator knows how to exploit such dominant traits in order to be convincing. Sometimes it's about getting the blunt point across. He must focus his audience's attention to avail himself of his greatest threat: style and desire are never far from camp.

What is a true impression? For any good impression to land, it must feel like it possesses an expressive agency all its own. In accord with itself. The pleasure is almost erotic, this love of images. To give them a body. To be believed as they are. How can Lund's work be seen together? These impressions are a love of images, but one that admits and revels in a foundational truth about how they work today. The impression makes light of grammar and Lund's is a grammar of light and color passing through a screen. Another word for impression could be reflection.

— Sam Korman