

*Eugene Martin paints archetypical beings that are at once flowers, birds, fireworks, lovers, beasts, moving ever towards restraint in his vocabulary of symbols-wings, hands, faces, claws, breasts, teeth, petals. And within that discipline explodes in a freedom of complexity, tension, multiple imagery; intense in its stillness, resolved by its contradictions.*

*There is ever this puzzle-this play-of polarities resolved, yet maintained. Mr. Martin works within a world of dreams which are more real than waking, real because unnameable. The wild fancy is achieved within intense discipline. The elemental works are so complex. The elaborate are so simple. The colors that should shout, instead glow in a juxtaposition of umbers, magentas, olives, apple greens, molten oranges.*

*He ranges from near-pictorial to the almost purely abstract; can be delicate, brutal, serene, ironic, sardonic, sly, gentle: He shows us architectures of monsters or people, organisms of steel, violent movement in utter stillness. His command of techniques is psychotechnic, but always within discipline.*

*Eugene can mock savagely, but always paints knowing himself ourselves. He articulates structures, worlds out of nothing, yet all contained in a single point of no time, no space. Often sly, often laughing.*

*He makes us squirm that we should see corruption in a child, manhood in a skull, the phallus in a flower. Yet all is organic, has its own geometry, its own architecture of emotions. But these self-contained logics of form, of image, of color, of meaning, are not married, they are one.*

Thomas Stark

