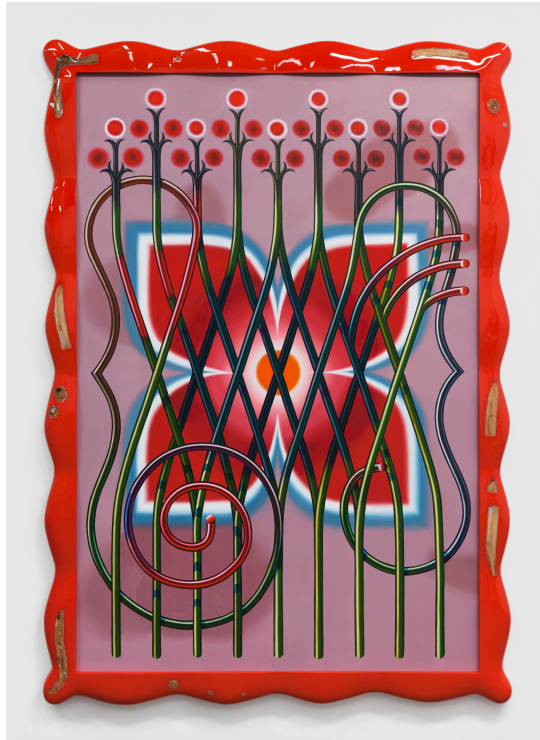


Orion Martin

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*Nombreflad Quint en Rouge*, Oil on canvas, MDF with inlaid driftwood and drumsticks, automotive paint.

If you were to glimpse one of Orion Martin's pieces in your periphery, you might nearly dismiss it as an impressive printed poster. This is not to suggest there's a ubiquity to the subject matter—it is instead a marvel at his technique, and the scarce evidence of a clumsy human hand. Martin's mark-making is nearly indiscernible. The precision with which he works seems uncharacteristic of our time—in favour of digital finesse, the act of pushing the limits of the human anatomy for the sake of art seems to have grown obsolete. Martin favours intricate, maze-like designs; painted in unprecedented detail, they reflect the patterns hidden in quotidian objects we've come to take for granted—the backs of playing cards, flashy pre-millennium bus seat upholstery. Echoing medical textbook illustrations of the 19th century, or billboards from a faraway future, Martin's works possess a quality of temporal unbelonging, seeming at once ancient and ultramodern. Recognizable forms in unrecognizable places, his paintings see-saw between hyper-real and hallucination. It is the language of photo-realism that is perhaps best suited to elucidating his world of labyrinthine fantasy.

– Rebecca Storm



*Lucy Teacher Tether Whip*, Oil on canvas, walnut with mother of pearl inlay  
frame 35.3 x 51.5 x 2 in



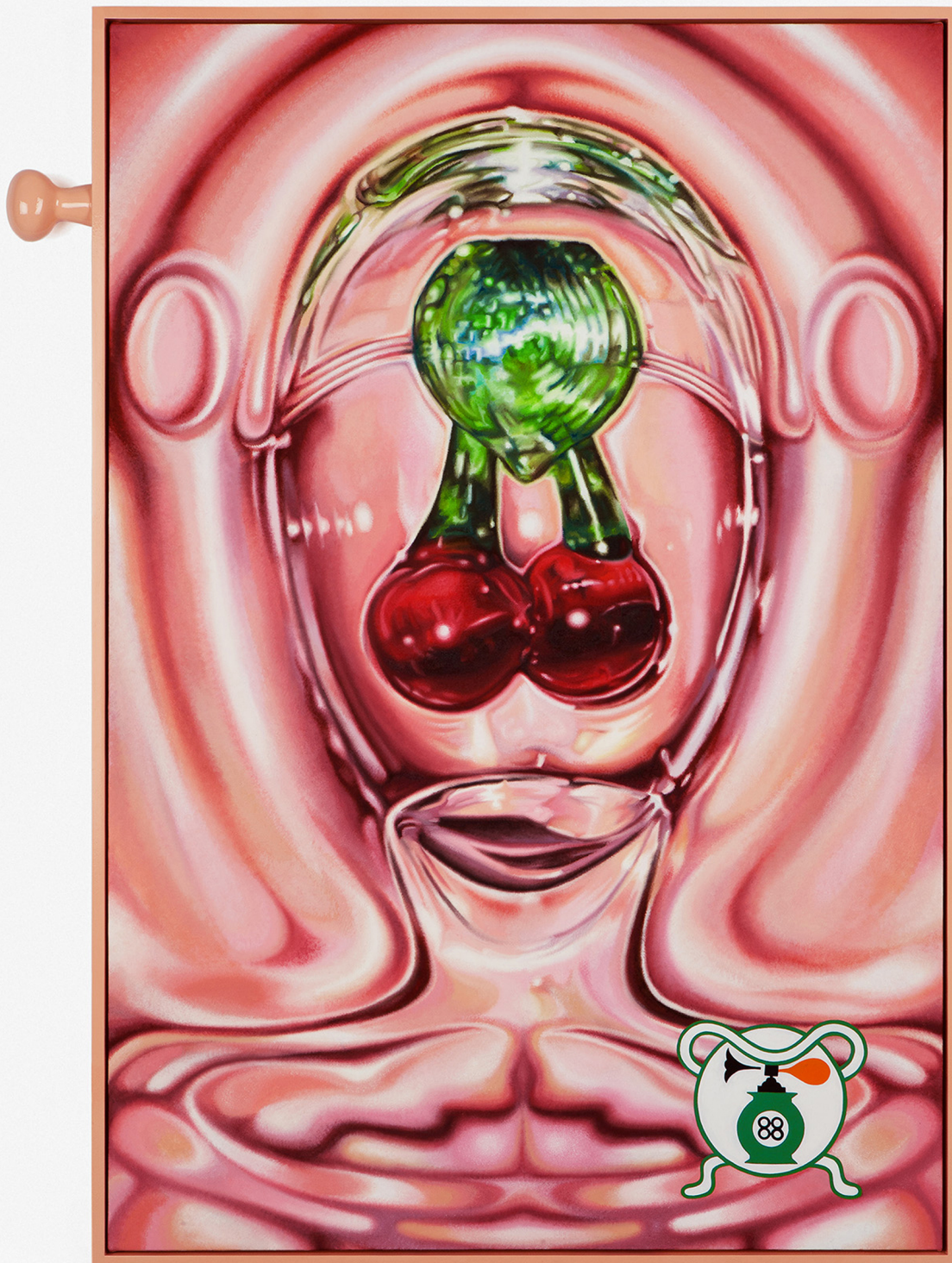
*Eczema Song II*, Oil on linen, bronze frame, 20 x 16 in



*Bakers Steak*, Oil on canvas, 35.5w x 51.5h in.



*Nombreflad Grand*, Oil on canvas, MDF, automotive paint, 78 x 38 in



*Shrimp Pastel N°88*, oil on canvas, frame, 40.5w x 51.5h in.