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CAMERON MARTIN

Eclipse

Eleven Rivington
11 Rivington Street
Lower East Side

Greenberg Van Doren
730 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street

Both through Saturday

Cameron Martin's grisaille paintings have a carefully cultivated mystique, which has less to do with their subjects — stark rocks and branches — than with those subjects' paths from computer screen to canvas. In this two-gallery solo Mr. Martin uses tape and spray-paint to approximate the weird, alienating compression that occurs when images of the natural world hurtle through digital space.

Executed in a subtle register of grays with mossy undertones, Mr. Martin's acrylics bring to mind Gerhard Richter, Vija Celmins and other masters of the muted sublime. In the eight paintings uptown pebbled outcrops and bare branches are thrown into relief by smooth, photographic gradients. Clearly derived from digital reproductions, they fetishize the illusion of texture with meticulously applied layers of spray paint.

In "Valtresk" and "Asha" desiccated branches appear to have been torqued and then flattened. The landscapes, which resemble underexposed black-and-white photographs, are even spookier. In "Prastulus" a rocky promontory occupies the lower left corner of the canvas; the composition suggests, but does not supply, a lonely figure looking out to sea.

At Eleven Rivington three paintings of a similar rock formation, each titled "Arbital," add up to a kind of apocalyptic Impressionism: Monet's "Cliffs at Etretat" gone over to the dark side. KAREN ROSENBERG