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ARTFORUM

Every exhibition by Marina Pinsky, and this one is no exception, is ineluctably constructed upon a series of foundations—namely, a profound interest in the specificity of the context and an apparently effortless and uninhibited choice of materials. Nonetheless, a solid relationship between sculpture and photography in particular persists throughout her oeuvre. The young Russian now lives in Brussels, where she seems to have quickly absorbed the somewhat uncanny sense of humor that governs Belgian people's take on almost everything.

On the ground floor of this gallery, Pinsky's intervention oscillates between the heavy institutional charge of Brussels and the former domestic ambience of the space along Avenue Louise, one of the city's arteries. All as part of an untitled installation, Pinsky has restituted a mould that runs horizontally across the exhibition space so as to emphasize the building's past as a bourgeois dwelling. Wallpaper mischievously portrays a story of dreariness and melancholy. Clumsily outlined images of institutional landmarks are enclosed in cloud-shaped balloons. They are islands in a sea of rain; a brilliant array of line and pattern represents different forms of rainfall, in what stands as a fair example of Pinsky's extraordinary ability to produce playful narratives related to vernacular leitmotifs. Incidentally, an old safe at the end of the room appears empty, its content gone: the scene of an unresolved crime.



View of "Marina Pinsky," 2016

On the floor above, a series of photographs documents the same two pairs of hands with dogged persistence, in *Woman and Child 8*, 2016. It evokes some ritual, perhaps involving a gloved magician engaged in a performative sleight of hand. Their small format and the proximity of the motif inevitably bring to mind Pinsky's long-term bonds to photosculture. The pictures turn out to depict a tutorial on fingerprint recognition. As the visitor counts a total of twenty-four photographs installed in a horizontal frieze, the sequentially unfolding narrative begins to evoke film noir—and the memory of the safe too. Associations flow as, through the window, the rain falls indifferently.

— *Javier Hontoria*