

We are all at once novices and adepts of vision, of sight. We are masters of the daily, which is a study in blindness – the habit of not seeing something just beside or just within. Of not seeing the other. It is this habit of which much art – Marina's art in particular – tries to make us aware.

Entrance into the pathos and sensibility of Marina's drawings is easy enough; things are dressed-up, conventionally, almost fashionably pretty.

Here is a red herring.

As in literature and fashion and sex the coupling of depth and banality is provocative in its contrariness. This is paradox: the simultaneous confirmation of two directions bringing insight alongside disorientation.

In Marina's work we have felt paradox before we have even realised. The aesthetic easiness of textile and patterns – which are surface and subterfuge. By the fluid of her inks and the lightness of her pencils, Marina carries off her perception of the terrible within her delineation of the beautiful.

Marina coerces us into an understanding of human terror. She pictures an overture to the ethical and a storm against solipsism, madness and the push to annihilation. As philosopher Iris Murdoch wrote of great art, it is most essentially a mixture of pity and understanding.

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