

**2025**

**Antes que la forma, escucho los lamentos**  
*(Before form, I listen to the lamentations)*

In Situ Gallery, Fabienne Leclerc, Paris, France

**Before form, I hear the lamentations.**

2025, images of lands, trunks, petals, feathers, scales, manes, eyes, and mouths on the edge of the known. A storm in a slow tempo, along with that black cloud that stifles speech.

When time takes a wrong turn, when the compass is lost in the void, it is the moment to open my ears.

Sharp knocks, hoarse throats, sustained songs, rolling water, and howling gusts.

I count and sing the elements that shape every internal vibration that makes matter resonate; I observe the sounds of barking, crying, and lamenting.

Weary, dissident curves, they listen to sighs with closed eyes.

I wonder at what moment a sound becomes a lament.

Can a lament be gentle?

Is silence a form of lament?

Is laughter a process of lament or the threshold of its dematerialization?

What do the winds do to accompany the lamentations?

There are herbs that soothe and galaxies that offer placebos

chamomile against anger

peppermint to soothe hoarse throats

thyme that cleanses and clears

rosemary that broadens horizons

the earth holds the key in its plants and roots; they multiply to calm and accompany all resonant bodies.

We only mourn what does not return; we mourn and cry out over the transformation of a form that never arrives.

I'm going to find the final note on the line where I can improvise more ways to move people.













Dear Marina,

What a thrill it is to write to you! Thank you for this invitation to accompany you in your creative process.

Across the distance, I reach out to this present quest of yours, and I am moved again to grasp what an immense artist you are. To approach your new drawing series at this historic moment of planetary pain, when we seem too blind to visualise possible futures, is a true privilege.

I search among your drawings for the human figures that have always driven you and that you know so well. I find myself looking for them among your now formless entities, which yet stand present, steadfast and compelling. These formless forms bring me relief. Your drawings speak of solidity. There is a place we can count on, somewhere to lean and – perhaps – rest. In spite of it all.

There is landscape. An real, existing, restless, suffering landscape.

A landscape, you tell me, that deeply affects us and makes us change – a landscape that transforms us.

A landscape we are one with.

A landscape that affects our physical and emotional state, constitutes and invades us to transform us into who we are.

You tell me about your last visit to the Prado and your encounter with the central panel of Hieronymus Bosch's *Garden of Earthly Delights*, teeming with imaginary, interspecies and ecological figures – and so extraordinarily contemporary... I look for them in your drawings and smile as I look.

And there, among your colours, forms, details and new oilstrokes, I catch glimpses of the bodies, the beings, the lives in action. The hands outstretched and powerful, the torsos touching and tumbling. The weeping.

You tell me weeping is transformation, a body that becomes water, a body that dissolves. And you describe how tears exit the eyes, where images enter. And I think of the privilege we have as human beings, of being that point of contact between the images we record of the world and the images we create through the power of imagination. We are tangible witnesses to that connection.

The power of imagination to access an understanding of our environment, and the power of imagination to respond, act, articulate, dream, propose.

You remind me of the power of fable-beings, animal and human beings, bird-men or bird-women. I smile. I recognise you in these imaginary constructions, and I can picture your delight at your encounter with Bosch. The power of imagination traversing centuries of painting, creation, proposition, search.

In the face of today's uncertainties, I recognise you searching, making for that realm of fantasy that is so you; searching for the fable-being and finding its shadows, uncertain, reclining. And I think of the shadows as traces, witnesses to our passage through the world.

I think of your political being, your profound need for activism, your decision – a political one – to situate your political being in your imaginary being. Your deep commitment to an alliance between politics and imagination. And I think of these drawings and your trust in art as the primal space of origin from which new worlds or imagined futures can still emerge.

In our bond of friendship, you confide to me that this uncertain time challenges the imagination; that we are blinded and that all that remains is to improvise, to unite the improbable, to test and try out, to be closer to the world.

I am grateful – always – for colour.

Colour as a vital response to the world, a connection with the world.

Colour as political, so masterfully articulated in your poetic project *Chromoactivism*. I feel you have now made that project collective, so that it can breathe, expand, take on unimagined forms.

Colour as poetic, a path on which to travel other possible realities, other possible tones, other possible emotional and human states.

Colour as joy, colour as peace.

I also think of your line, which, in your smaller drawings, always describes the state of humanity as a whole, reminding us of who we want to be and what we don't want to see; detailing for us the reality of what we are, or can be, or don't want to be.

Thank you, Marina, for bringing the world another exhibition of your drawings. I have always considered them to be among the most sincere and profound expressions of art. To those of us around you, they are an inspiration: to keep working, to go on seeking a place for art in a world that demands we should imagine – hopefully together – another time of hope for our planet.

Thank you!

**Victoria Noorthoorn**