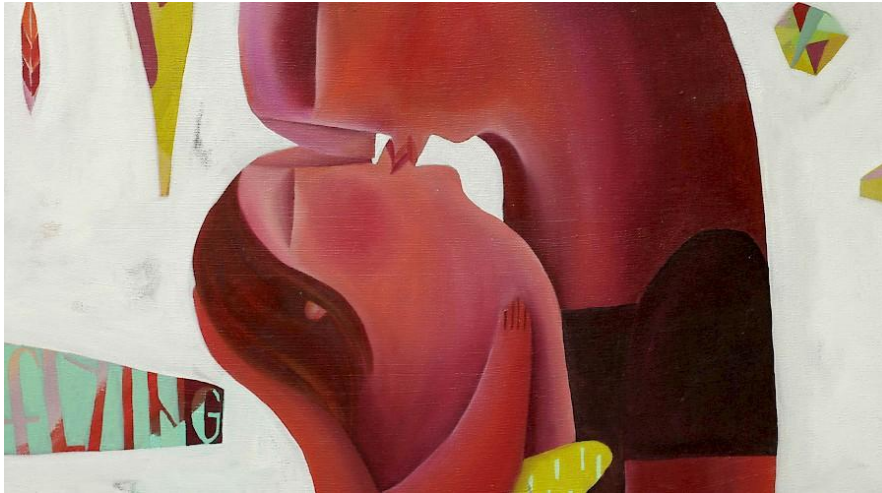




Pregúntale al Viento (Ask the wind)



Palencian artist Marina Anaya presents her work for the first time in Puerto Rico.

There are times when a small moment, tiny, imperceptible, changes our lives and engages us forever. These are times difficult to catch, intangible and elusive, that the mind tries to keep alive based on memories and feelings. It is not easy. Time takes care of diluting the memory, blurring the faces and smoothing the emotions. But there are a few trained beings, with the soul and eyes so open, who manage to get them back again and again. The artist Marina Anaya is one of them.

Her works are breathable, fill our lungs with vital air, with a wind that keeps all the secrets. Her brush is able to capture the full happiness, to extend an image to infinity, to fill it with life and movement. She does this with the beauty of her hugs, with the beat of her boiling nature and with a mutant color that turns her work into an indisputable proof of what is really worthwhile: to feel and live. Her universal characters do not know about frontiers, their home is the life and their journey is the search for happiness. And like Anaya in her first foray into Central America, these characters give us their hands to make the journey in company, putting down roots, linking continents, jumping oceans and destroying kilometers to make, now more than ever, Puerto Rico and Spain closer in an artistic adventure that has no turning back. Far beyond what the eye can reach, there is the next destination of this painter, knowing that to grow, one must first settle down, and to fly, one must first ask for permission from the wind.

With her consent, this element makes an appearance. It comes so hard it hurts, so intense it paralyzes us, so cold it makes the skin crawl, so warm

VISUAL ARTS
SAN JUAN, PR

Thu, November 13–
Thu, December 18, 2014

Venue

Exhibition room of the State
Commissioner of Elections of Puerto
Rico. 550 Ave. Artenice B or Ave.
Hostos, Hato Rey, Puerto Rico

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More information

[Marina Anaya](#)

Credits

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it makes us sweat. It may appear quiet, gentle, like a caress or so strong it takes our breath away. In it is the answer, floating beside the flight of birds and the dancing of the autumn leaves, glowing in the gloom of a party that makes the most of the music until dawn. With the new day the hugs and the feeling of plenitude will come again. And as every morning, we will make the most of every bite of life, of every smile and lock of hair tangled in our fingers. There is no place for excuses, we will have to surrender, tiny, unconscious and infected with the unpredictable moment when doubts crumble and we are invaded by that elusive magic that gives meaning to everything. It is the magic that whistles and whispers in our ears, that lives in the wind.