

«**i** like the surprise of the drawer that opens sideways»

I have always believed that knowledge is innate; wisdom is in the voluntary act of apprenticeship.

To think that there is no moment the same as another, in which there is nothing that is not inside one, that everything is given in this world in which we live, in which it seems that the easiest thing is to put on a white coat, put a label on oneself, capitalise information as if it were not the legacy of everyone, in order to speculate with the ignorance of others. Jujol is a dearly beloved case; a reference difficult to accept.

I should have liked to have known Jujol, seen him walk, listened to him, embraced him, even given him a kiss.

Frequently I have missed the esotericism of Valeri, because of which it is impossible to fix one's viewpoint anywhere and which creates a sensation that surrounds and envelops one; the mysticism of Gaudí, exuberance that makes him incomparable in his transparencies and which situates one in a luminous, floating space.

I have appreciated this in Jujol, knocked down, clinging to everydayness in a time not so far back, understanding religion as yet another factor in the equilibrium of the whole.

Frequently I have missed formal duality; the very use of created objects that gives rise to new ways of using them, like Valeri's gallery on the St Jordi tower in the Vallcarca district, in which the rounded points of the arches face downwards and create the sensation that space is upsidedown, or Gaudí's double chair, which in itself creates an atmosphere that invites one to be an accomplice.

Jujol is nearer to the craftsman who knows that material can be used as a surprise factor in a world of fantasies, like someone who practises sleight of hand.

For this reason, I like Jujol's bannisters, because their transparency reveals danger. For this reason, I like his grilles, because they are a song of tenderness by someone who knows what it is to be imprisoned. I also like the wavy façade of the Casa Negre, because it gently cuts the sky. I also like the surprise of the drawer that opens sideways...



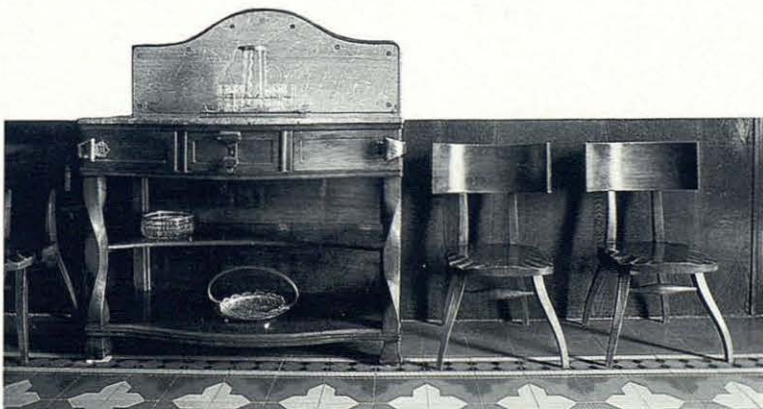




Office inkwells used by the architect himself, Barcelona, 1923.  
Photograph: Lluís Casals.



Bookshelves in a private house, Canet de Mar, 1923. Photograph: Lluís Casals.  
Desk for the Manyach factory offices, Barcelona, 1916. Photograph: Català Rocà.  
Lamp for the Mas Carrera chapel, Roda de Barà (Tarragona), 1944. Photograph: Pedro Pablo Vaquer.



Sideboard and chairs in a private house, Canet de Mar, 1923. Photograph: Lluís Casals