

OF DRUNKENNESS AND BEAUTY 3

Following the book Ebrietas by Íñigo Pirfano

UNPUBLISHED

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Drunkenness: 1. Temporary impairment of physical and mental capacities due to excessive consumption of alcohol or some kind of narcotic. "In a treatise attributed to Aristotle, ergot-parasitized weeds are considered a vehicle for drunkenness similar to some strong wines.

2. A state of excitement caused by great emotion or satisfaction.

To keep writing about Beauty, what a great privilege! Because to continue writing about this subject, Beauty, means that I continue to reflect on such a central theme. Because Beauty is the central theme of all creative work, also of Architecture. "The Necessary Beauty" was the more than significant title of my entry speech at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts of San Fernando. And "Necessary Beauty" was the theme for the text I was asked to write for the REP Revista Española de Pedagogía.

I always recommend the best students to keep studying and writing. And to do their doctoral thesis, which is a very good excuse to study and write. Writing is a more than good way to make the head work.

I must admit that the reason for returning to Beauty has been the reading of a text by a prestigious orchestra conductor, Íñigo Pirfano, with the beautiful title of EBRIETAS, Latin for drunkenness. In an unforgettable breakfast we talked about all the topics related to artistic creation. And we exchanged books. His book, with the suggestive title of EBRIETAS, in Spanish ebriedad, is a hymn to the very special emotion that Music is capable of awakening in us to lead us to Beauty.

When music invades us, when I listen to Bach's St. Matthew Passion, we enter, I enter and I end up like an ubriac in that composition and I often say that I would like to be one of them, one of the children who sing there. And singing with them to produce that Beauty capable of dazzling all those who listen to that divine music.

But what about the drunkenness that leads to Beauty when the enjoyment comes from Architecture? It is as much or greater than that produced by Music. In my memory the image of Eduardo Chillida embracing the column of solid sunlight entering through the oculus of the Pantheon in Rome, and weeping, and I with him, how many times have I wept immersed in Architecture! And I with him. How many times have I cried immersed in Architecture! Also in mine.

The last time, when I finished concreting the floor slab of the top floor of the Casa Rotonda, I went up and saw, for the first time, what I had already projected and seen in my head, the 360-degree view of the whole of Madrid, from the 4 towers to the mountains. Exciting. I cried with emotion, drunk.

I always bring up Billy Eliot's "a sort of disappear" because it is capable of summarizing in an extraordinary way everything I am saying here, the drunkenness of the human

being before Beauty. That drunkenness of Beauty that the boy Billy experiences when he dances and that he expresses with just those words "a sort of disappear" when, after the interview with the jury, and already leaving, the old lady asks him "What do you feel when you dance?" and he answers: "like a bird... a sort of disappear".