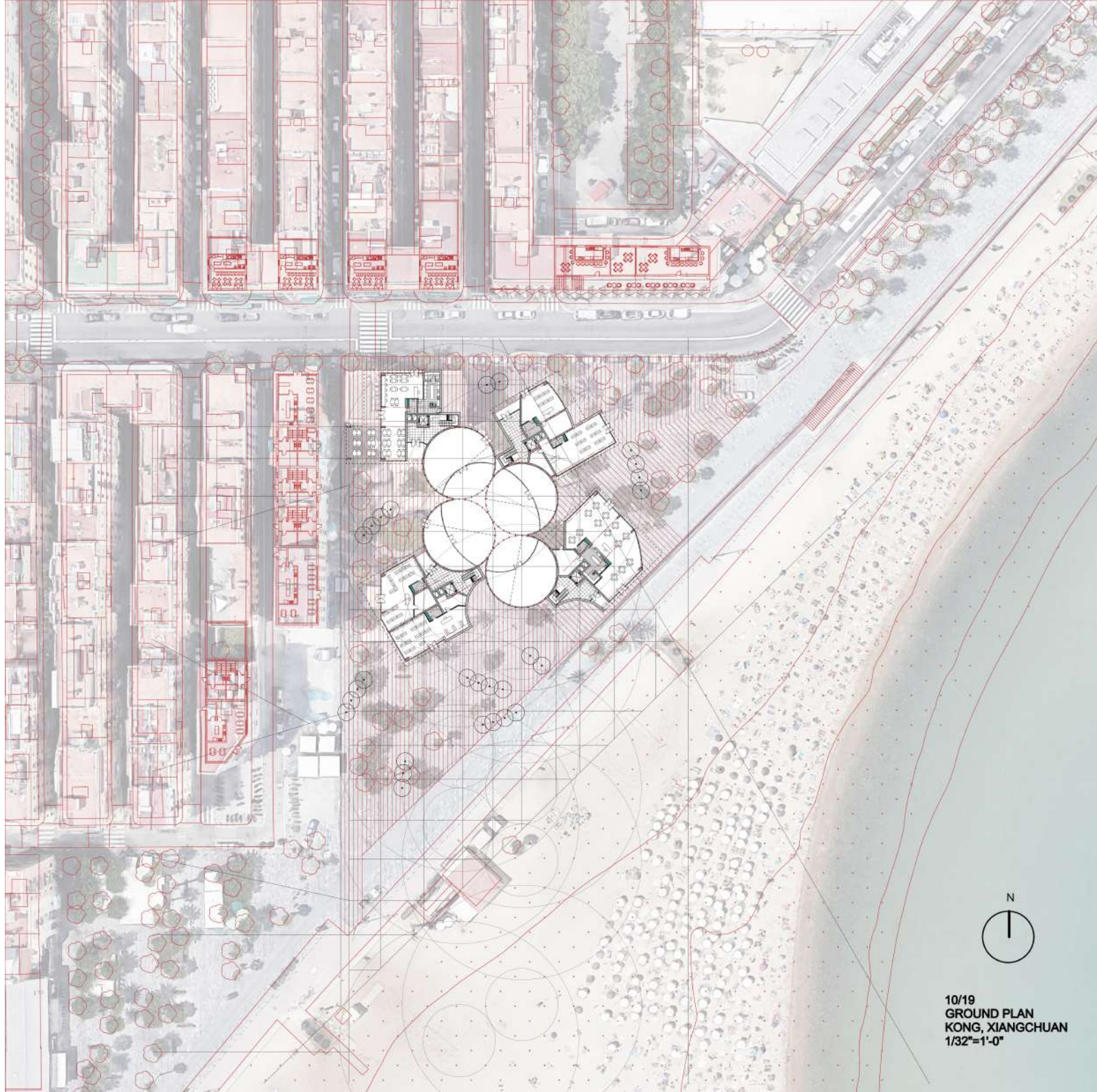


09/19
SITE DESCRIPTION
KONG, XIANGCHUAN
1/64"=1'-0"



10/19
GROUND PLAN
KONG, XIANGCHUAN
1/32"=1'-0"



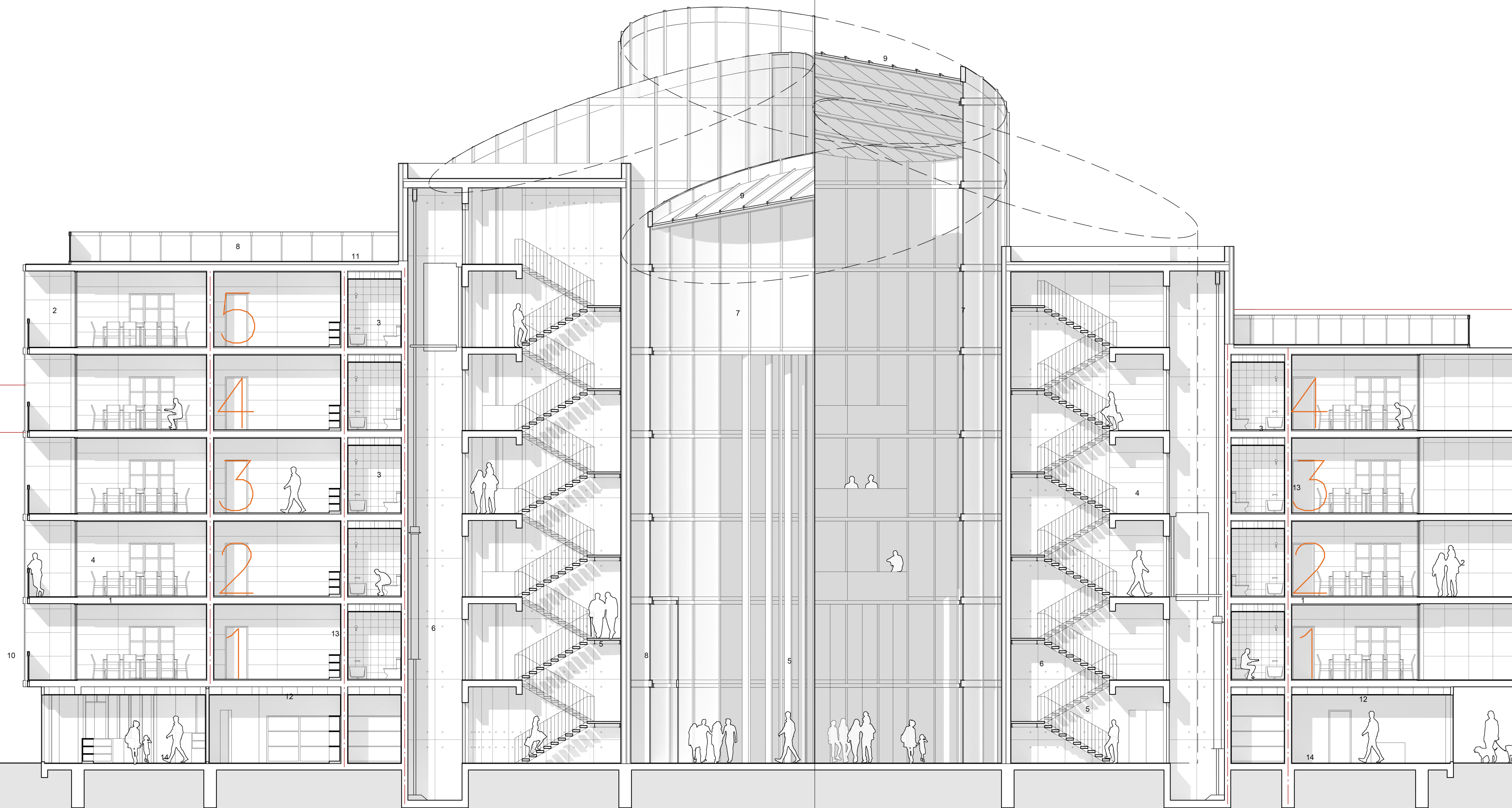




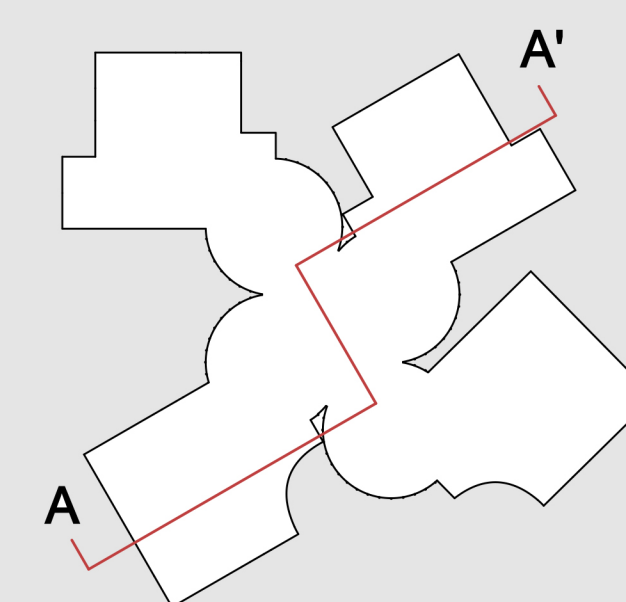
1. 10' CONCRETE SLAB
2. 2x2 FIBER CEMENT PANEL
3. TILE
4. WOOD PANEL
5. STEEL
6. CONCRETE PANEL
7. POLYCARBONATE
8. GLASS
9. METAL ROOF PANEL
10. ALUMINIUM PANEL
11. WOOD DECK ROOF
12. GYPSUM CEILING
13. GYPSUM BOARD
14. STONE



04/19
 FRAGMENT PLAN
 KONG, XIANGCHUAN
 1/6"=1'-0"

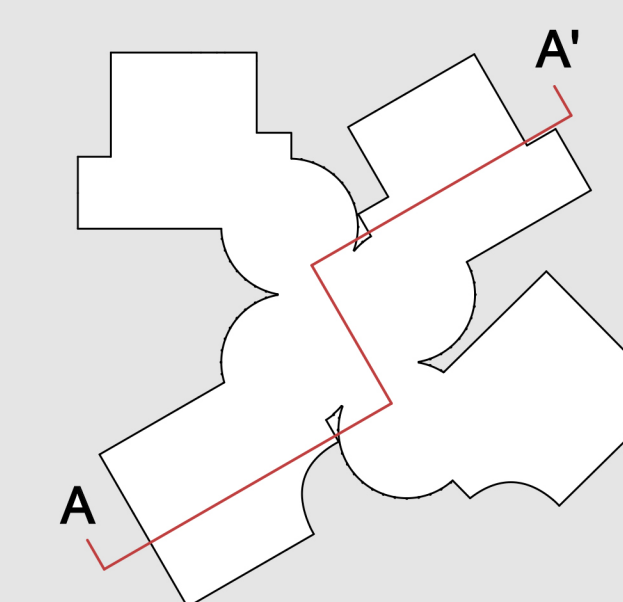


1. 10' CONCRETE SLAB
2. 2x2 FIBER CEMENT PANEL
3. TILE
4. WOOD PANEL
5. STEEL
6. CONCRETE PANEL
7. POLYCARBONATE
8. GLASS
9. METAL ROOF PANEL
10. ALUMINIUM PANEL
11. WOOD DECK ROOF
12. GYPSUM CEILING
13. GYPSUM BOARD
14. STONE

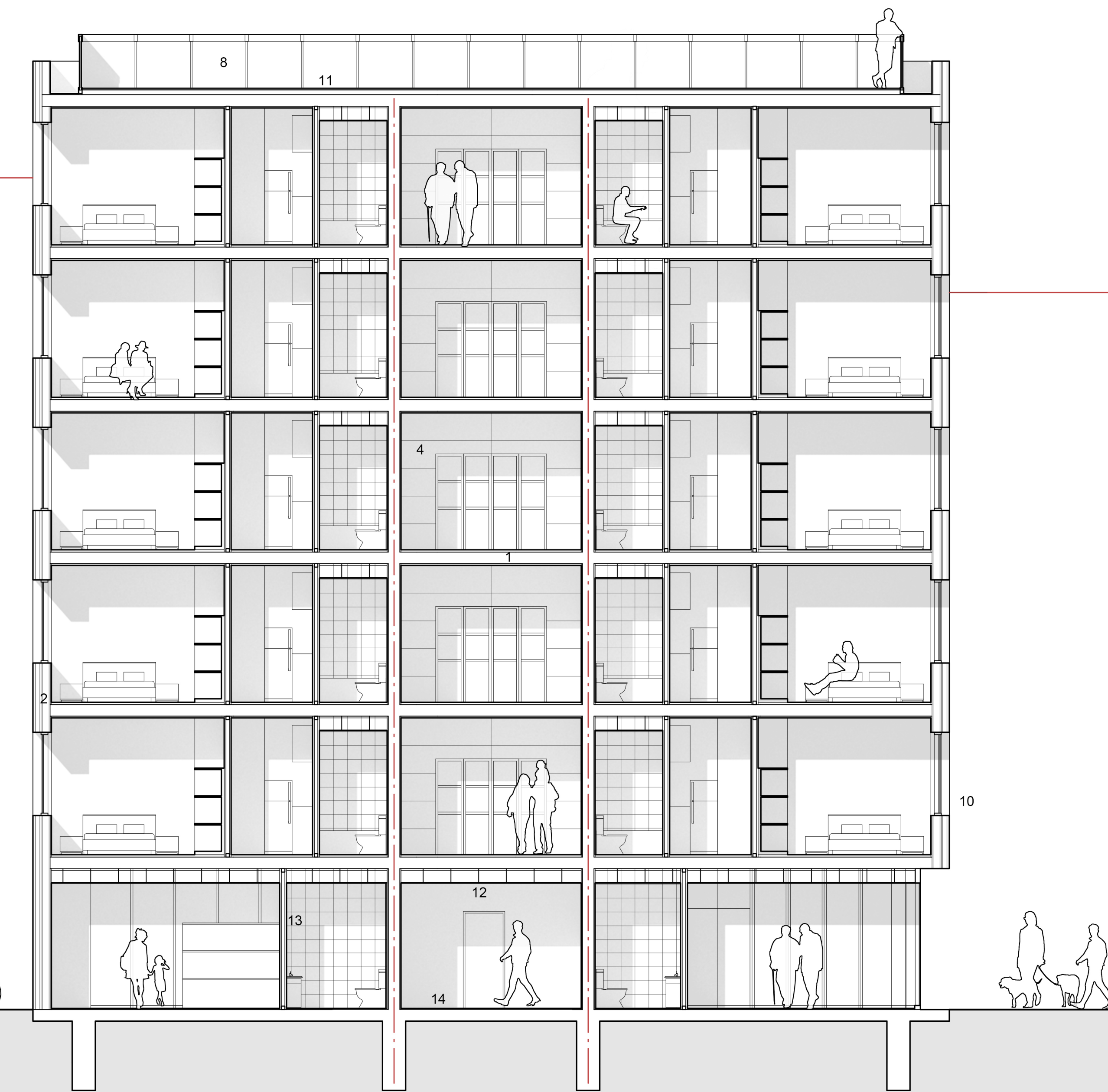


05.1/19
SECTION A-A'
KONG, XIANGCHUAN
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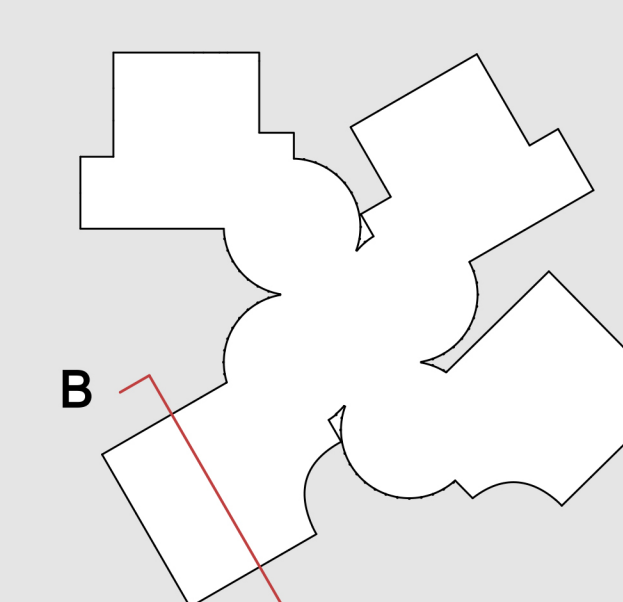
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2. 2x2 FIBER CEMENT PANEL
3. TILE
4. WOOD PANEL
5. STEEL
6. CONCRETE PANEL
7. POLYCARBONATE
8. GLASS
9. METAL ROOF PANEL
10. ALUMINIUM PANEL
11. WOOD DECK ROOF
12. GYPSUM CEILING
13. GYPSUM BOARD
14. STONE



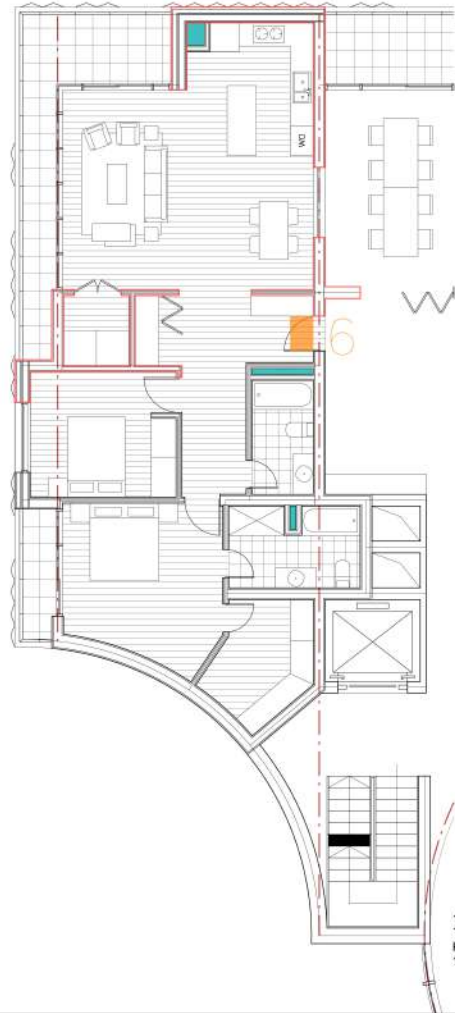
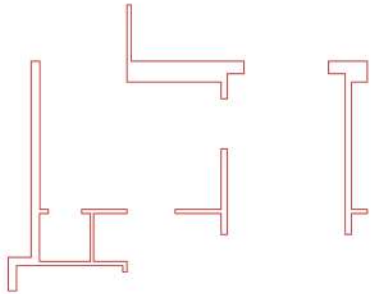
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SECTION A-A'
KONG, XIANGCHUAN
1/6"=1'-0"



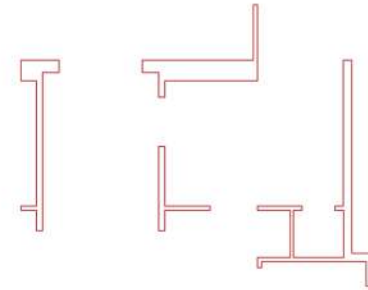
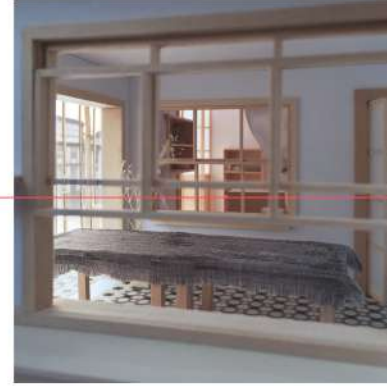
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2. 2x2 FIBER CEMENT PANEL
3. TILE
4. WOOD PANEL
5. STEEL
6. CONCRETE PANEL
7. POLYCARBONATE
8. GLASS
9. METAL ROOF PANEL
10. ALUMINIUM PANEL
11. WOOD DECK ROOF
12. GYPSUM CEILING
13. GYPSUM BOARD
14. STONE



05.3/19
SECTION B-B'
KONG, XIANGCHUAN
1/6"=1'-0"

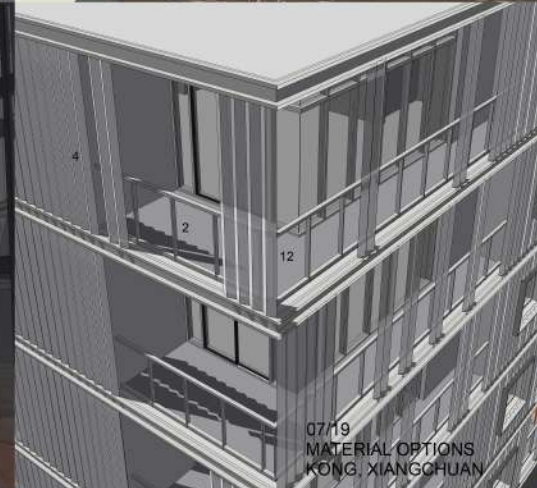
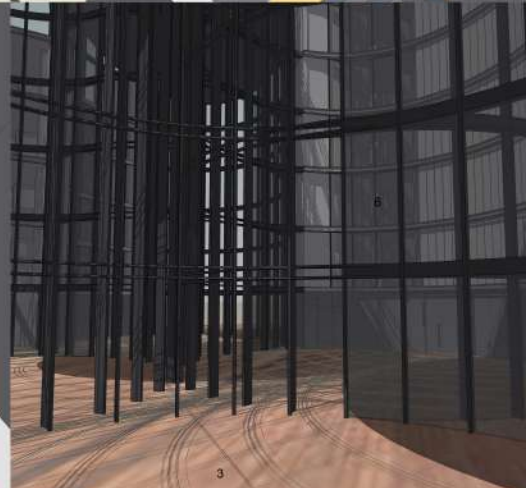
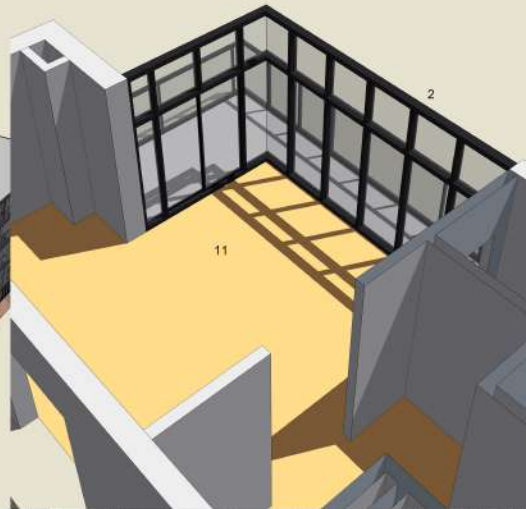


12.1/19
TYPE A DESCRIPTION
KONG, XIANGCHUAN
1/2"=1'-0"



12.2/19
TYPE B DESCRIPTION
KONG, XIANGCHUAN
1/2"=1'-0"

1. A. FIBER CEMENT PANEL/ B. CONCRETE PANEL
2. A. STEEL/ B. GLASS
3. A. WOOD FLOOR/ B. STONE
4. A. WOOD PANEL/ B. METAL PANEL
5. A. STEEL/ B. CONCRETE
6. A. GLASS/ B. POLYCARBONATE
7. A. WOOD DECK/ B. METAL PANEL
8. A. METAL PANEL/ B. WOOD PANEL
9. A. GYPSUM BOARD/ A. WOOD BOARD
10. A. GYPSUM CEILING/ B. WOOD PANEL
11. A. WOOD FLOOR/ B. CONCRETE PANEL
12. A. STONE/ B. TILE







11/13 model of K drawing
10/30/2017
Xiangchuan Kong (Stan)



2004

Pregó of the Festa Major of La Mercè 2004

Carles Ruiz Zafra

Most excellent Mayor, gentlemen councillors, dear fellow citizens and fellow dragons of the city of Barcelona,

I am one of those who lost heart in Barcelona, "roll the world and go back to Born". I have spent a good part of the last eleven years in places where people were awake while Barcelona slept and where the sun set when Barcelona opened its eyes. I suppose, like many travelers before me, I went looking for things that I had not noticed had in my pocket, and that like others who crossed the road, I never went completely. For years I have been returning to these streets between midnight and the first sun, writing stories that sometimes explained to me Barcelona and others that I wanted to explain to her, to see if this way we could get to Understand a little better each other. Now that, as the great poet of the Poble Sec would say, he will soon "twenty years I have twenty years", I realize that I have come to the second part of my own story, to return to Born, and I can not find a better one. How to start it, thank you for this invitation that confirms what I have always believed, that honour does not distinguish who receives it, but who gives it. And since I am no more than a humble storyteller, I would like to try to match the only thing I can do, with a story. It's a small story, I never told anyone but that it is from my Barcelona and maybe also yours.

A few years ago I had a friend called Xavier. Ours was one of those friendships that can only be ten or twelve years old. I talk about the time when the news was still black and white, where the policemen, and sometimes even the days, were gray, and Barcelona had not yet been beautiful or even more than ever. For us, however, it was the largest place in the world. We had what the old people say "life in front", and every day, when we left the school of Jesuits, we crossed Barcelona on an urban safari from the streets of Sarrià to the neighborhood of the Sagrada Família, drawing thousands of alternative routes and, of step, making plans of how we were going to eat the world. Xavier wanted to be an engineer to build things that were useful and make life better for the people. I, with perhaps less social awareness, wanted to be a writer and what he wanted was to learn to build stories that put the hairs on the staff. For a couple or three years we traveled the whole city, street to the street, building bridges and skyscrapers and inventing oysters where

there was not even the pointer. We were the kings of line 4 of the bus, which is now called 34 and is no longer served by those noisy dinosaurs, with uniformed collector in the tailgate and suspension independent of the law of gravity. We knew the subway tunnels better than the mice on the hillside and on the way home we stopped at the bookstore of Cinc d'Oros in the bush or also disappeared at the French Bookstore, where my friend was sure that in A matter of months one of my creations would end up vis à vis the showcase with those of his favorite author, a writer with a little more experience called George Orwell. One of our favorite hobbies was to think about where we would be after thirty years. Who would tell me now, when reading this announcement of the Mercè, that my memory of the celebrations would continue being the one of a career we did with Xavier in the streets of Gràcia painted with fire, of Dragons and music. But perhaps my favorite memory of those white years is that of one afternoon that Xavier and I were slipping into the grounds of the Sagrada Família and climbed, on a bare slope, the whole staircase of one of the towers from the portal of the nativity to the point, without breath but convinced that we had made the top of the world, on the stone bridge hanging from the sky. We watched Barcelona look at an angel for a while. Maybe it was the height, or a drop of sugar after climbing, but before going back to real life, I told my friend that I would also like to build something that you do in the world, or at least of those streets that were seen in miniature, a slightly better place. Xavier, who always wore on wisdom years ahead, suggested that, well looked at, the books could also make a better world and that perhaps the secret was that while he built his bridges and train stations, I had to make the effort to learn to write something that, even if it were only one person in the whole universe, would contribute something good, light, magic, illusion or life. Sometimes, when they ask me what it means to my Barcelona, I usually put a poker face and tell me some nonsense to get out of the way, but then I think that for me it is the city I discovered hand in hand with my fellow fatigue before we can endure the earthquake of life, starting with the discovery of the girls and the thousand and one things they do. They make these first friendships full of ingenuity transform into distance and oblivion.

Years later I felt that my friend had become an engineer, as I had said, and that was what is now called a "crack". Then I no longer lived in Barcelona and, although the destiny had led us on very different paths, I had not forgotten my friend or our city. I often wondered what he would have done about his life, if he was married, if he had children and if he had created many gadgets to make life easier for everyone. And I also wondered if he would remember his former classmate, if perhaps he had found some of the books he had written and if he had

not been disappointed to see that after all I had not been able to Do a lot of the things we dreamed when the world was still far away and it seemed like it had the smallest toothpicks.

I remember a winter day, now it will take two or three years, when I went for a visit to Barcelona for some of the places that we had often traveled with Xavier and ended up at my old school in Sarrià, another classmate of those times. We sat down in the school chapel to remember in a low voice the things we had fallen down the road. It was as well, as he talked about what had been done about this and that one, the companion told me that Xavier, whom he almost did not know and without knowing that he had been my best childhood friend, He had died weeks ago in a traffic accident. Sometimes, including the writers we are without words.

I do not know if he had already begun thinking about going back to Barcelona, or if that day the world became smaller. I decided it was time to go home, but from then on I have been thinking about the city to which I would like to return, and I realize that neither my friend the engineer could have built it. We must create this one among all, because each of us has one of the pieces in our hands.

The Barcelona to which I want to return is a place where the first citizen is the dialogue, where ideas have no race and cultures with other skin are at the table and not only serve it. It is a Barcelona that fights for peace, not for ingenuity or for idealism, but because it reminds us of the flesh and emptiness of wars in living flesh. It is a city that is open to the word with all the accents of the world because it still carries the scars of darkness and silence in shots. It's a city that has been around for days that I think we have very close to, although others seem to be still halfway, as if we were within reach, but we had to win it by pulse. And do not expect us to fall from the sky.

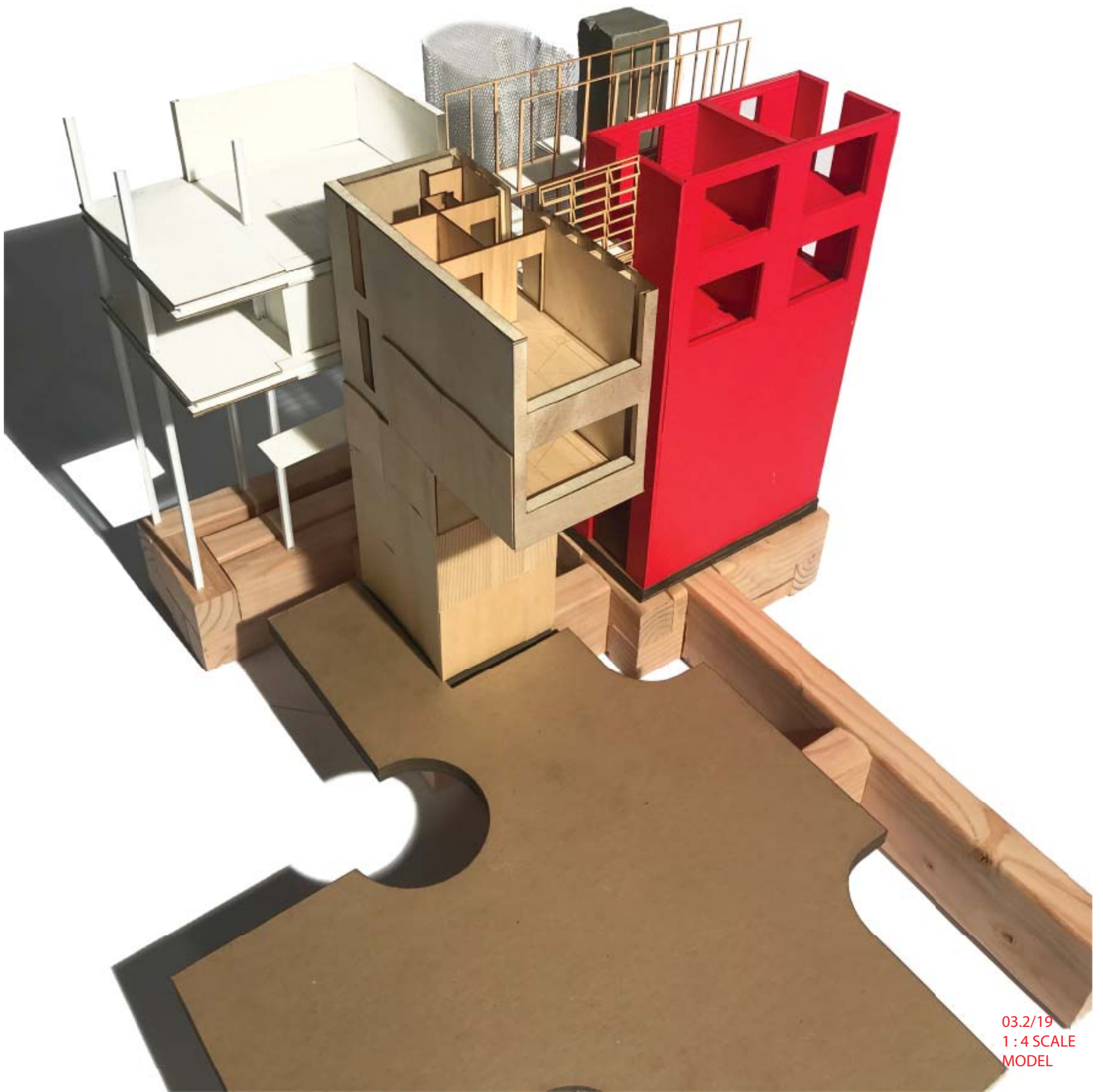
Someone who knew what he was saying once said that if you think you can do one thing, you're right, and if you think you can not do it, too. The Barcelonins have believed at some time and have done a lot, and sometimes I hesitated and lost something. I think that today is a day to believe and, above all, to work, something that Barcelona knows how to do well. Today we celebrate the opening of this Mercè festival that this year comes with a hat from the Forum.

But before the dragons leave, fire and magic on the streets of Barcelona I would like to talk about another no less magic party, a 365-day party that will begin on January 1, 2005. It's the great party of the Year of the Book of Barcelona that will arrive at the port of the helm of Sergio Vila-Sanjuán and the almagüers of the Institute of Culture of the City Council, some of which are today sitting here putting on a

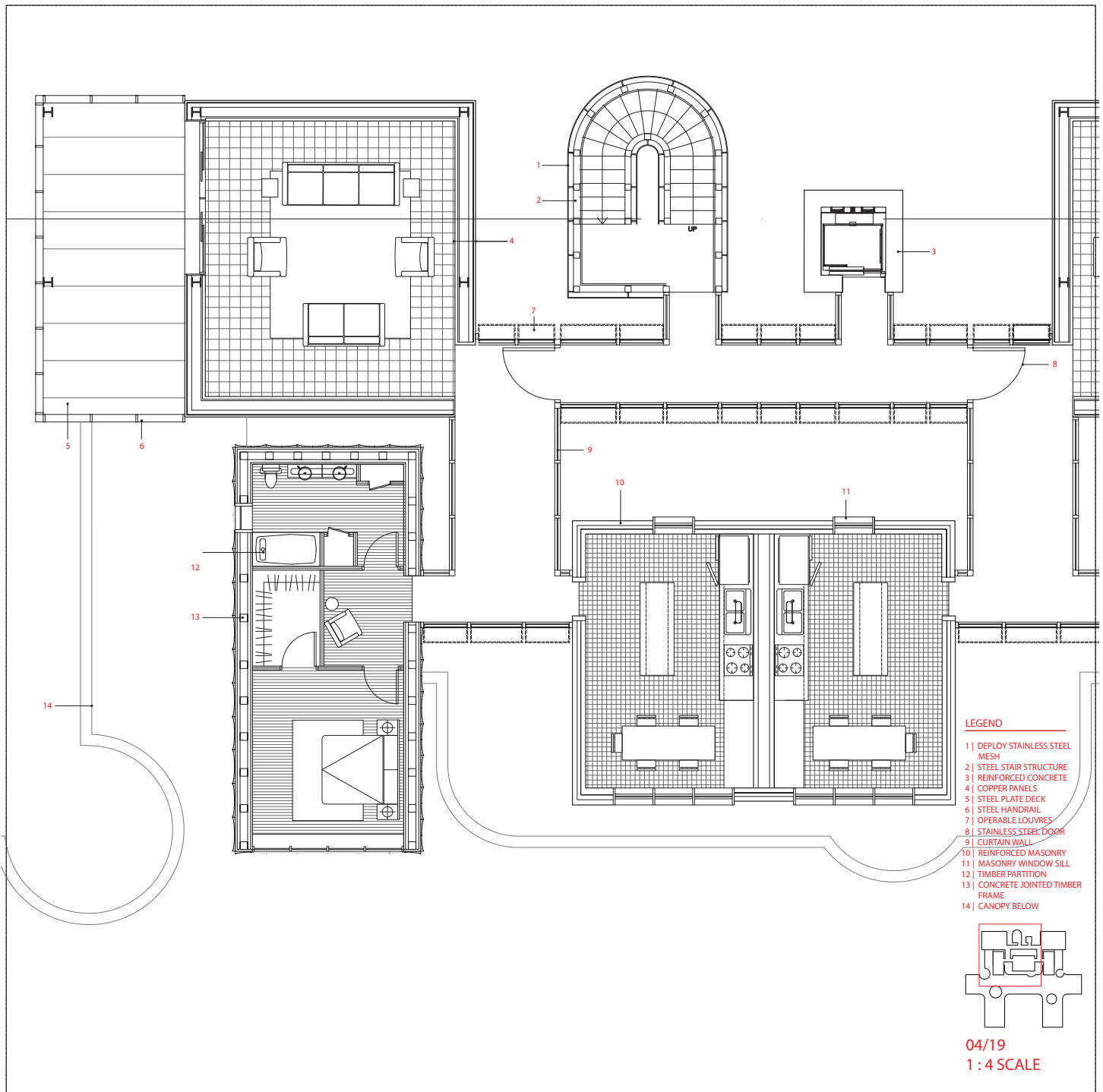
very serious man's face. This year of the book of Barcelona is a celebration for all, for whom they are friends of the books and especially for those who still do not know what they are. It's a party where Barcelonians around the world are invited to come from the five continents to enjoy the pleasure of imagination, language and intelligence.

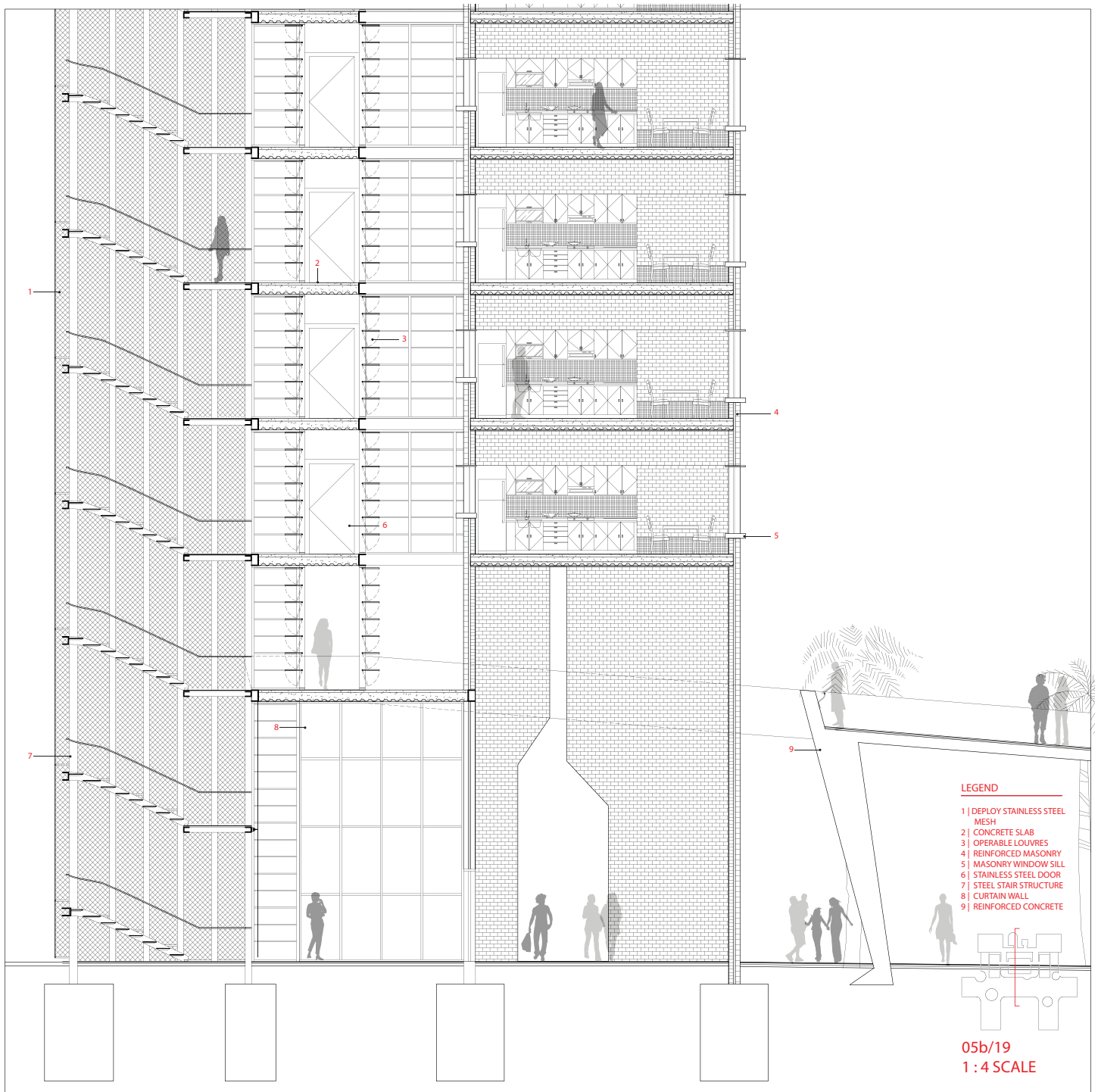
Since then Cervantes took refuge in his years of youth not far from this Hall to return years later, at the time of his creative fullness, to kiss him in front of Barcelona, the only one town that is referred to by its name in Don Quixote-, ours has been a city of merchants of ideas, publishers, booksellers, writers and readers. And now it has to be more than ever.

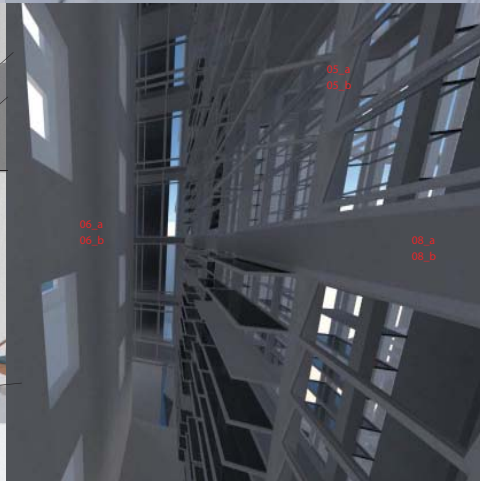
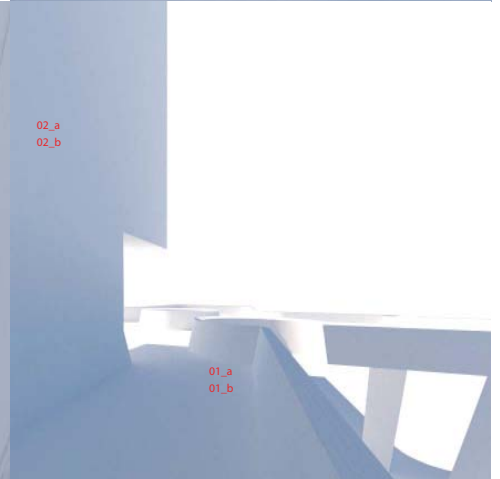
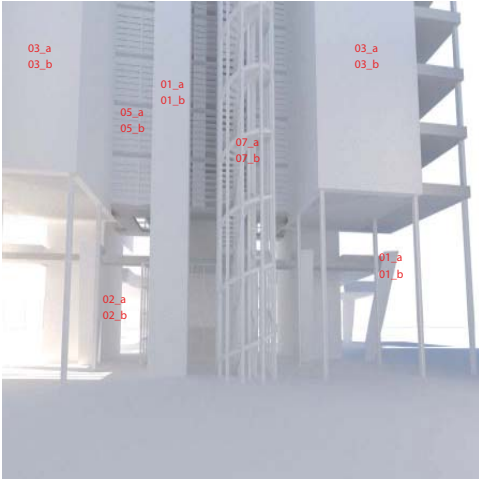
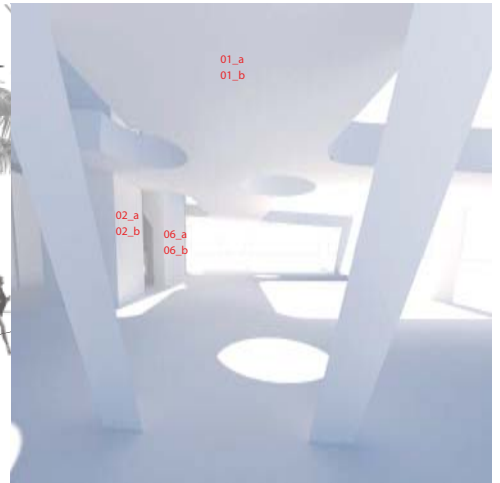
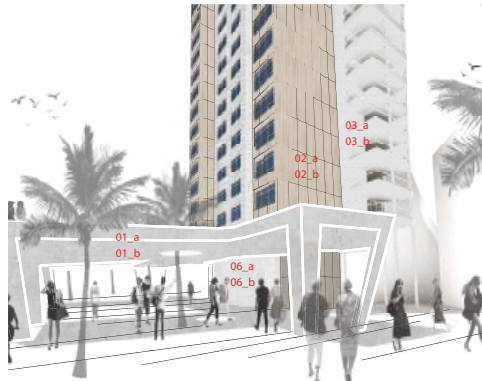
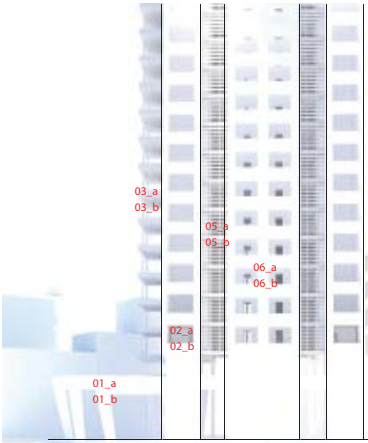
My friend Xavier has always been a good reader and, for that reason, I am sure that, to him, he always wanted to do things that would make our lives better, we would like to build with us this Barcelona of books, ideas And from thinking, friendship and peace, because he was a practical man and knew that with these materials he built himself strong and safe. I want to think that this is the Barcelona to which I will return, what we are doing already together, and that maybe if tomorrow or in thirty years ago, a couple of guys will go up to the towers of the Sagrada Família or the one of Colserola to fly dreams, you can say yes, that this is the largest city in the world or, what would be even better, the biggest we have been able to create among all.



03.2/19
1 : 4 SCALE
MODEL

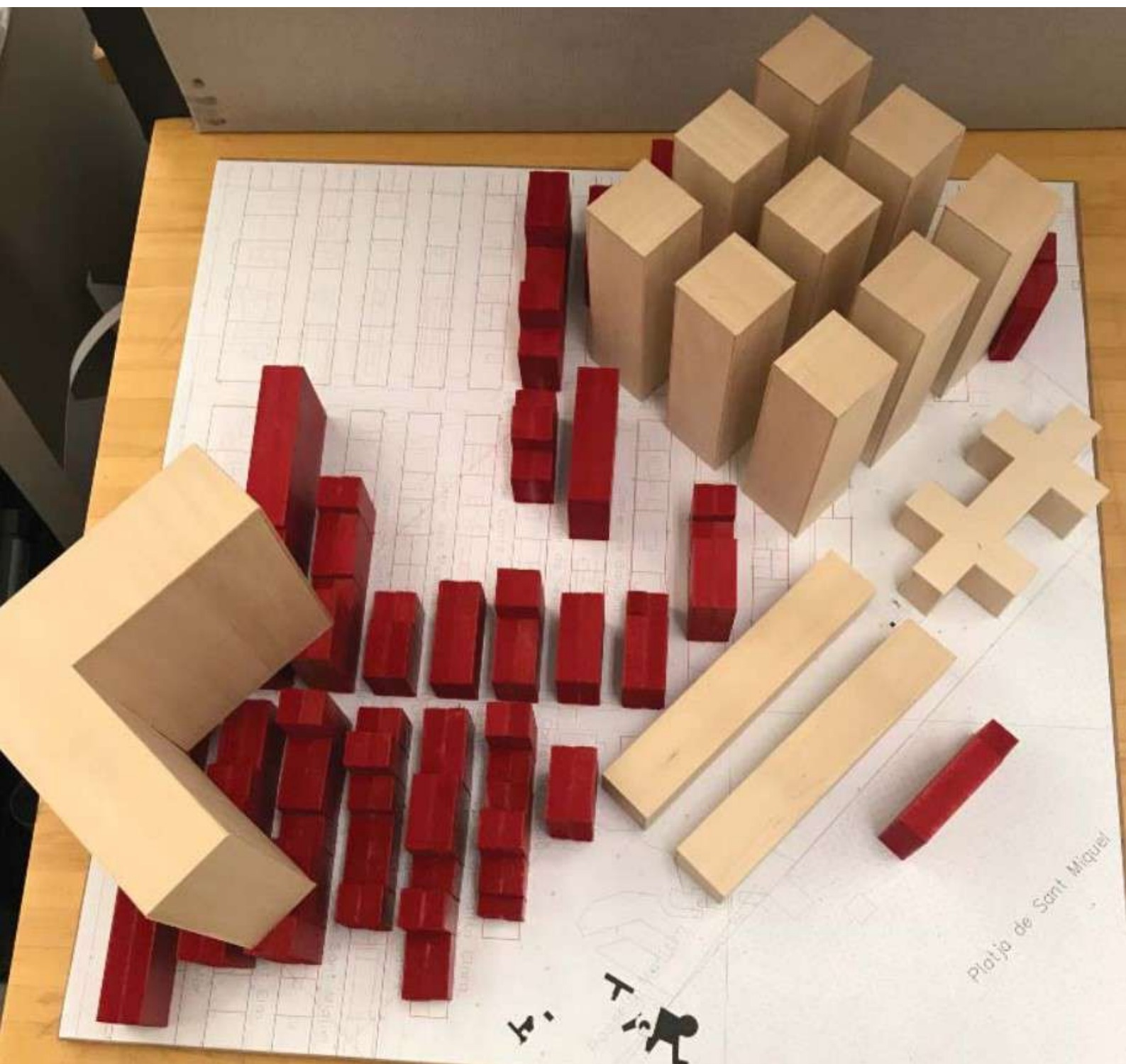


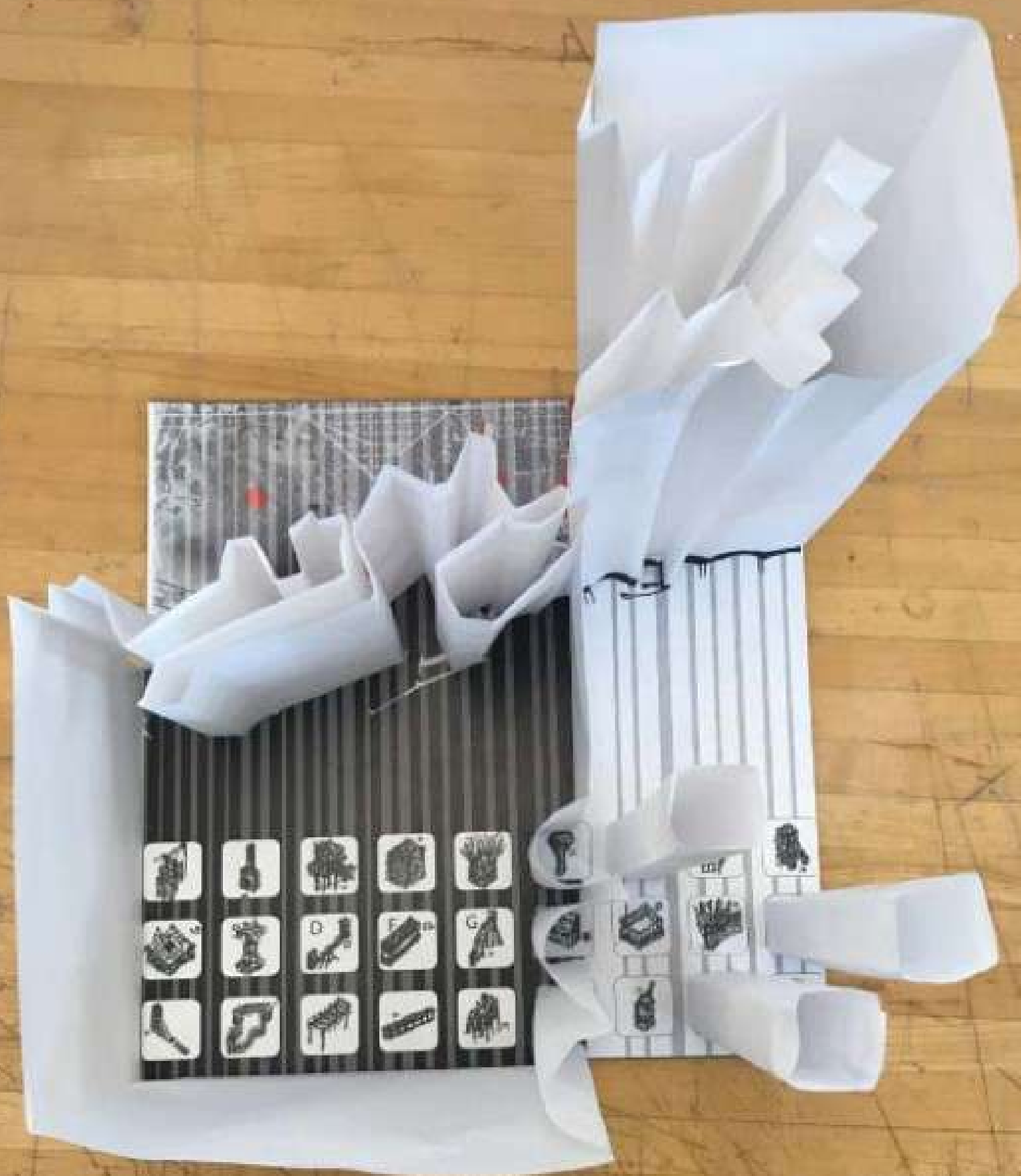






09/19
1:64 SCALE

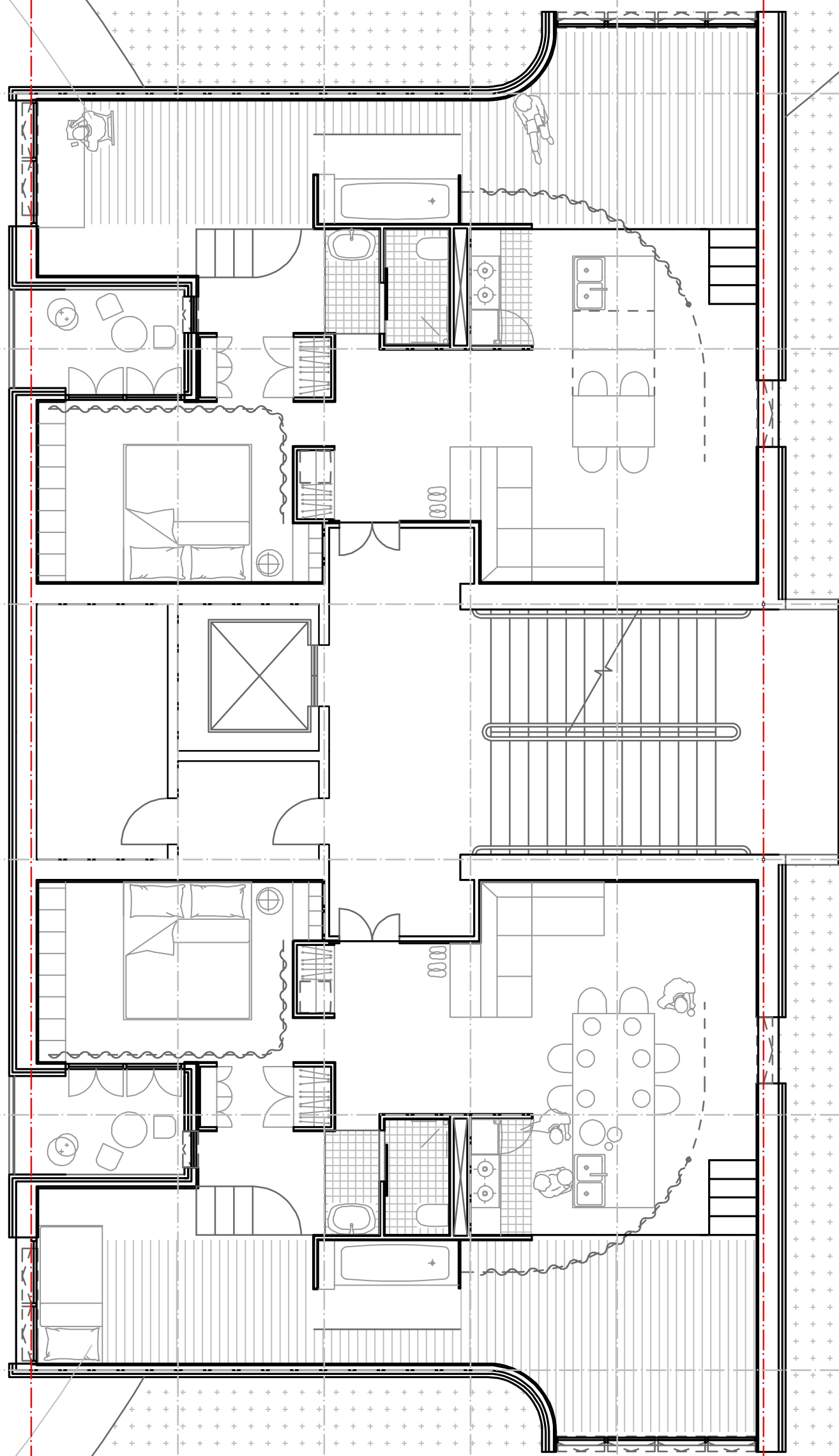
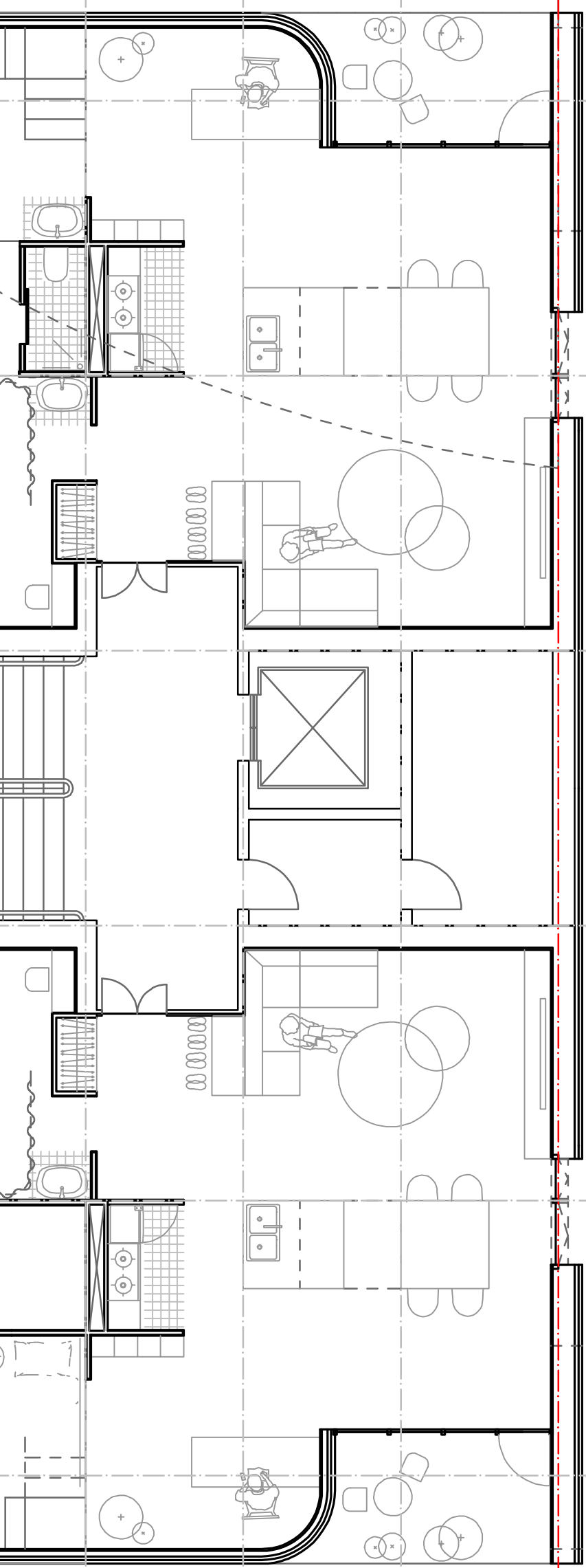


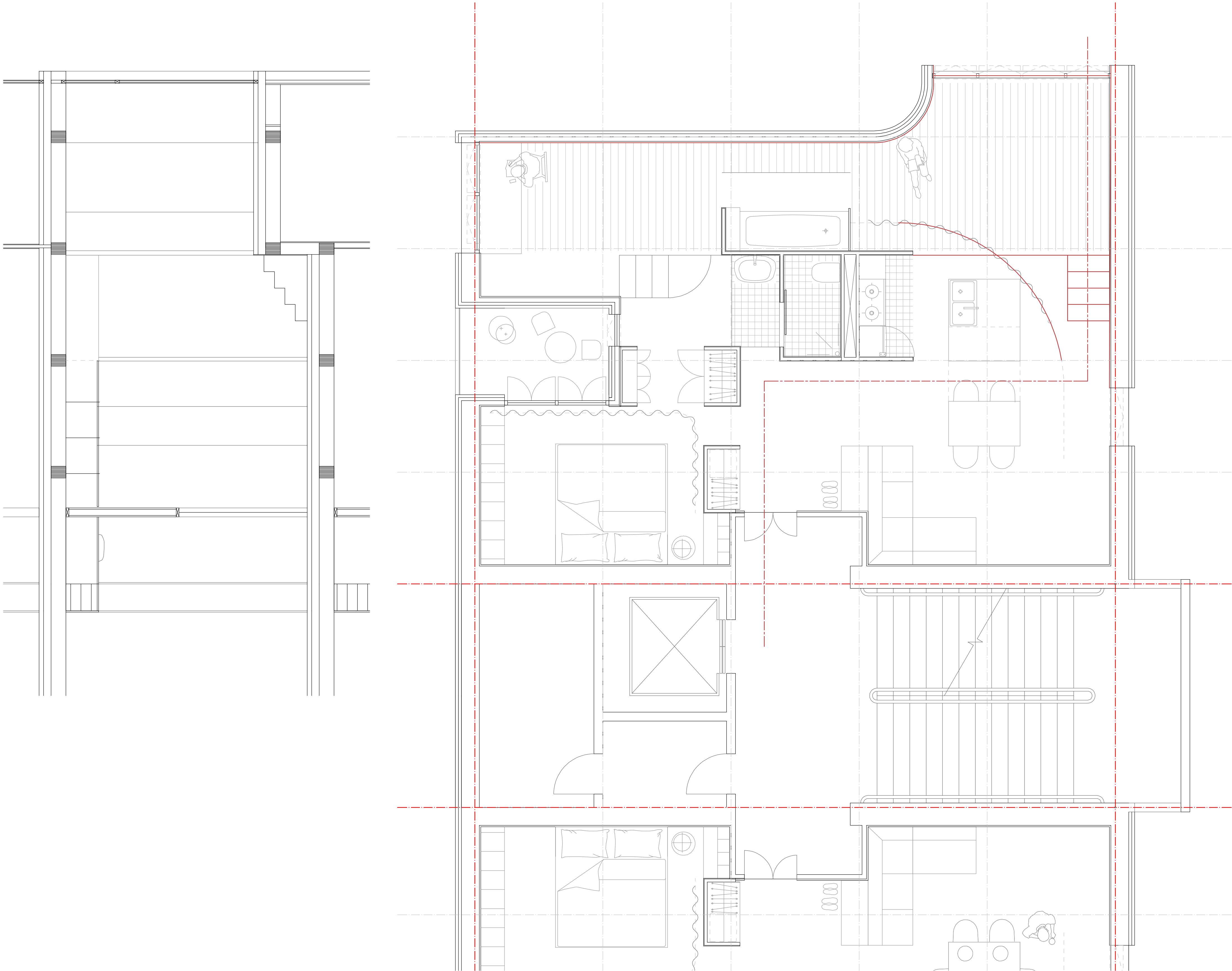
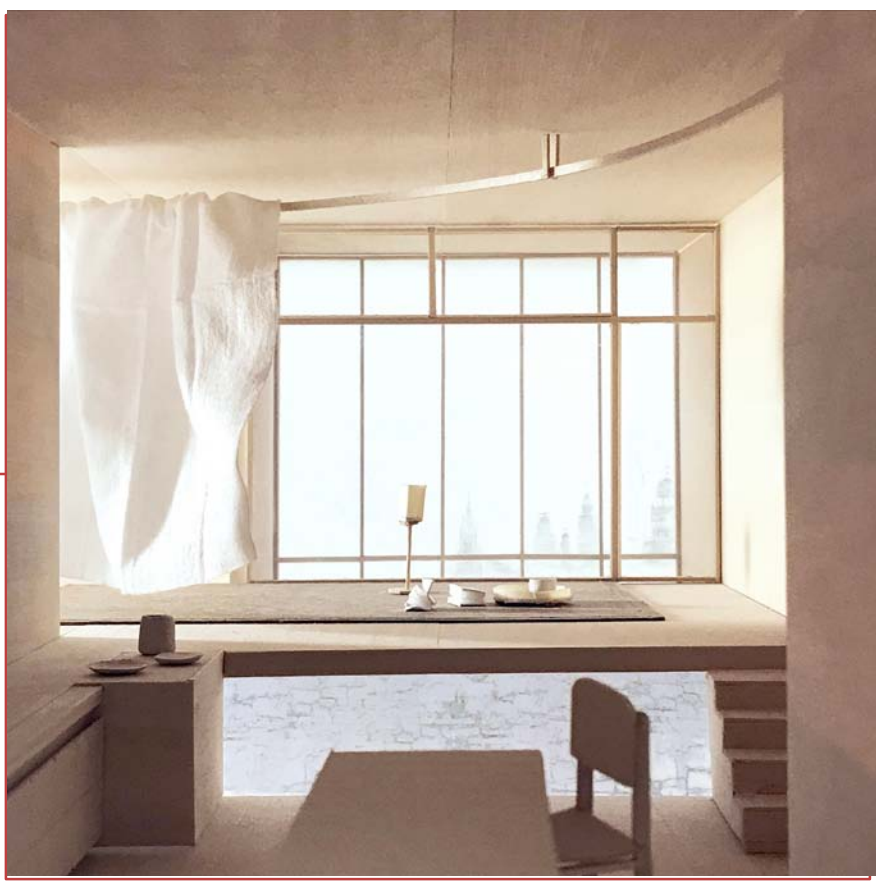






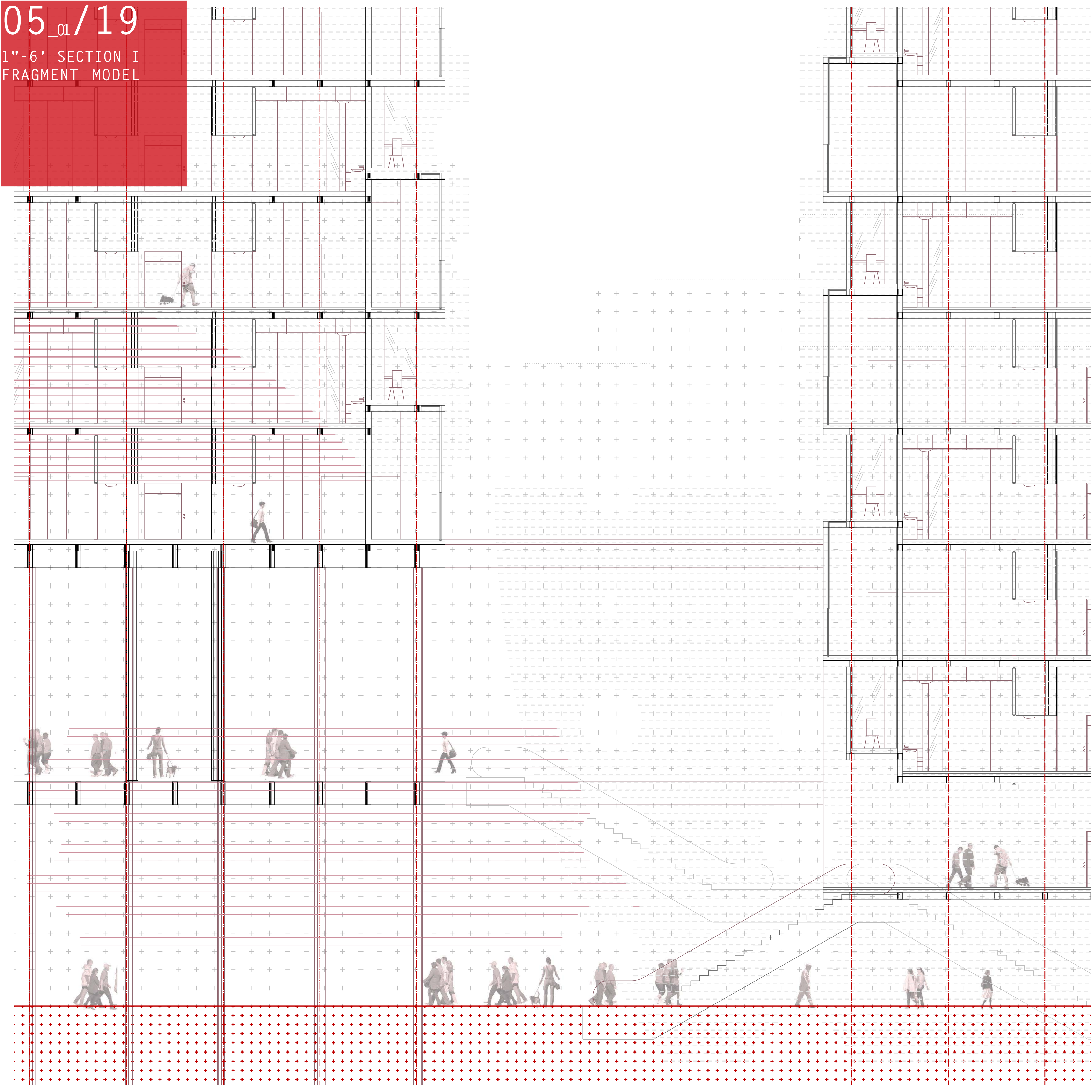






05_01/19

1"-6' SECTION I
FRAGMENT MODEL

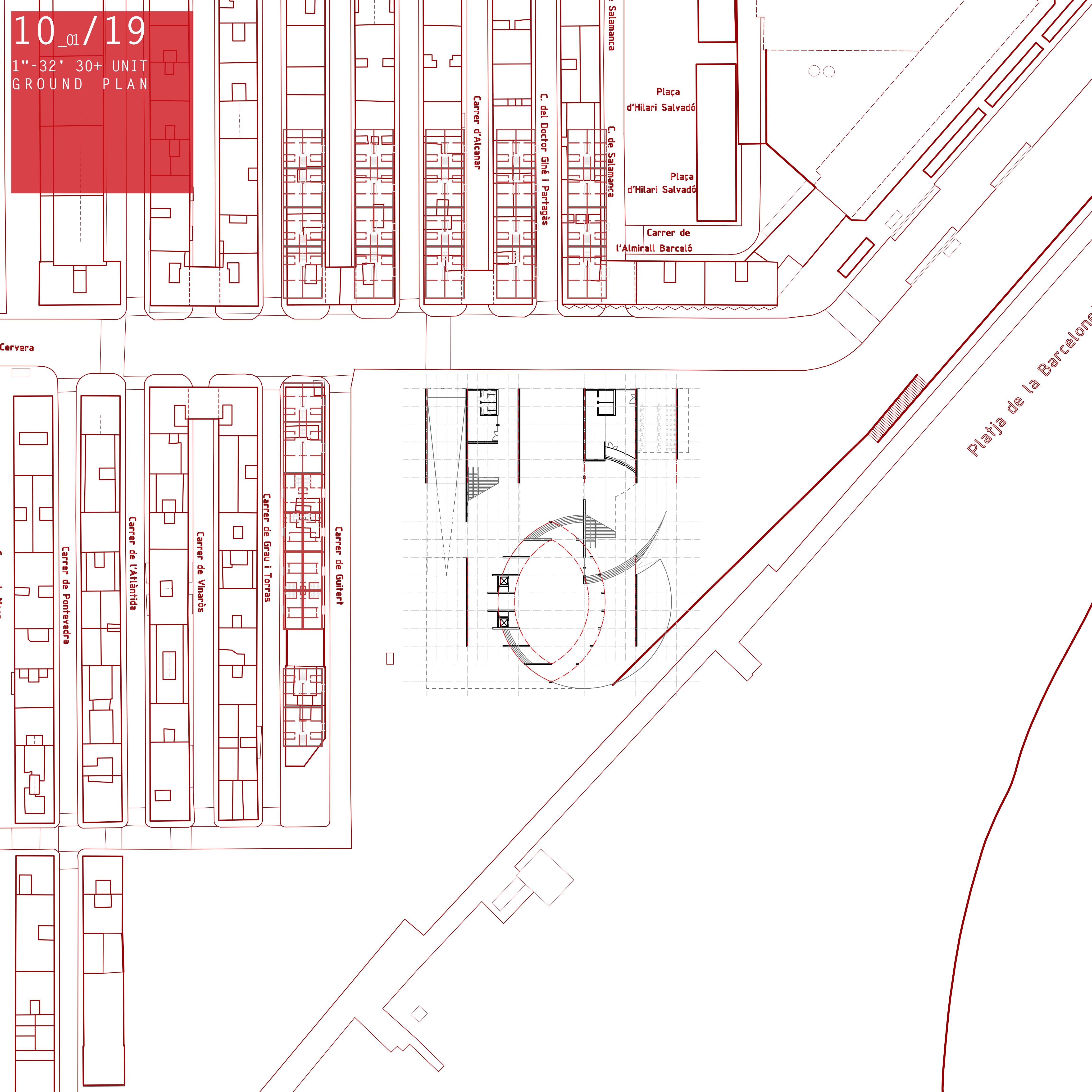






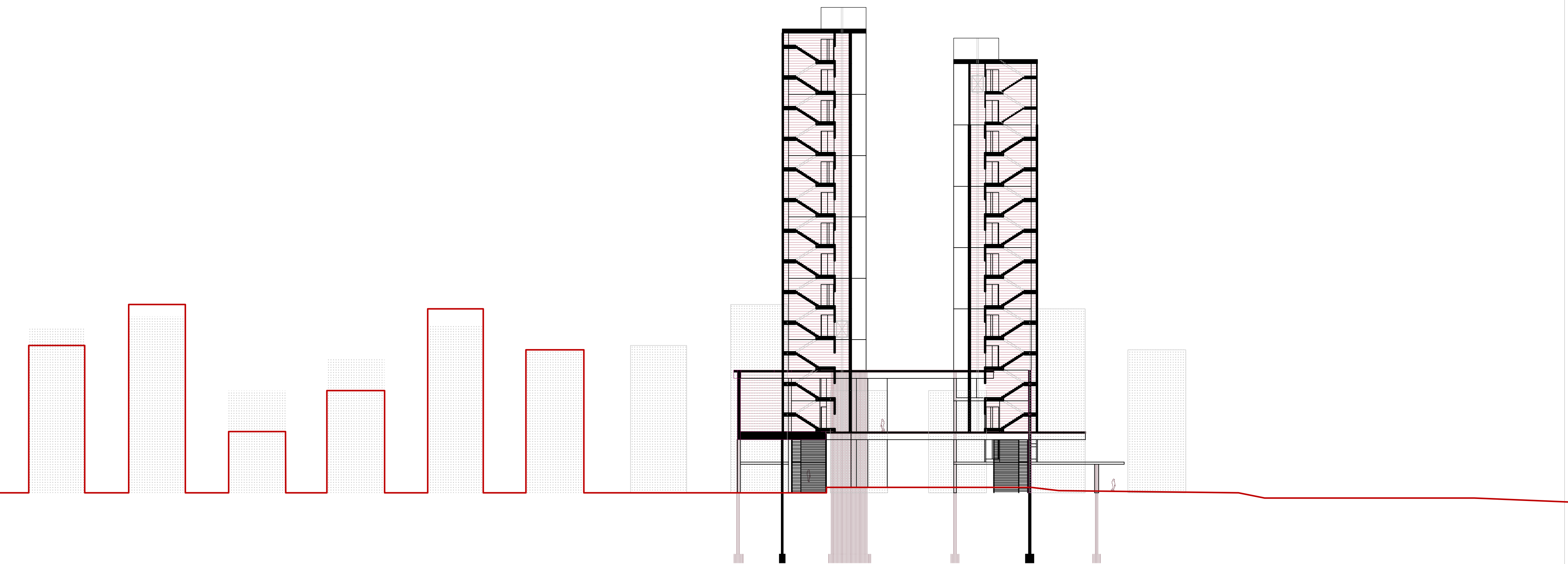


08/19
1"-256'BNC SITE
DESCRIPTION



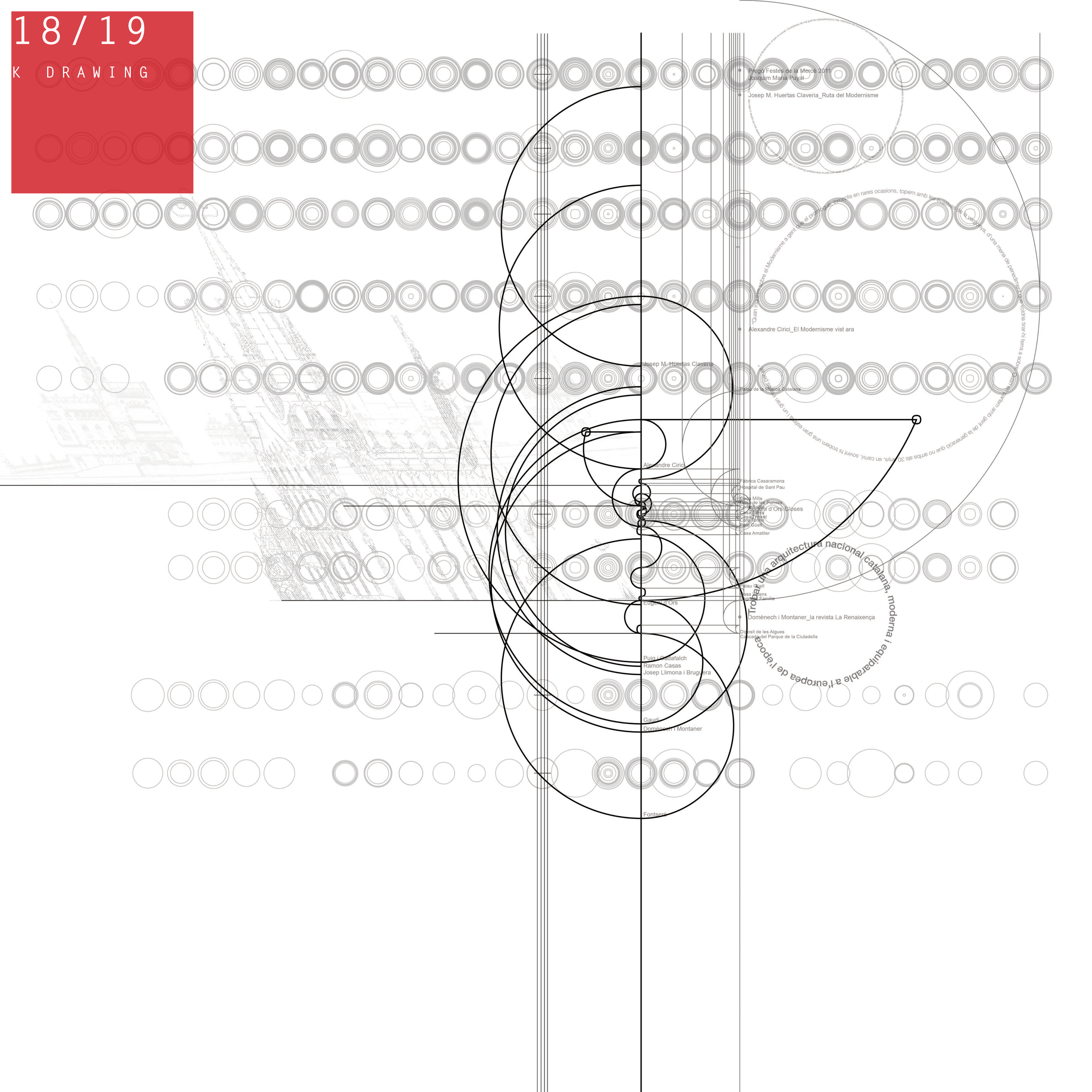
10_02/19

1"-32' 30+ UNIT
SECTION I

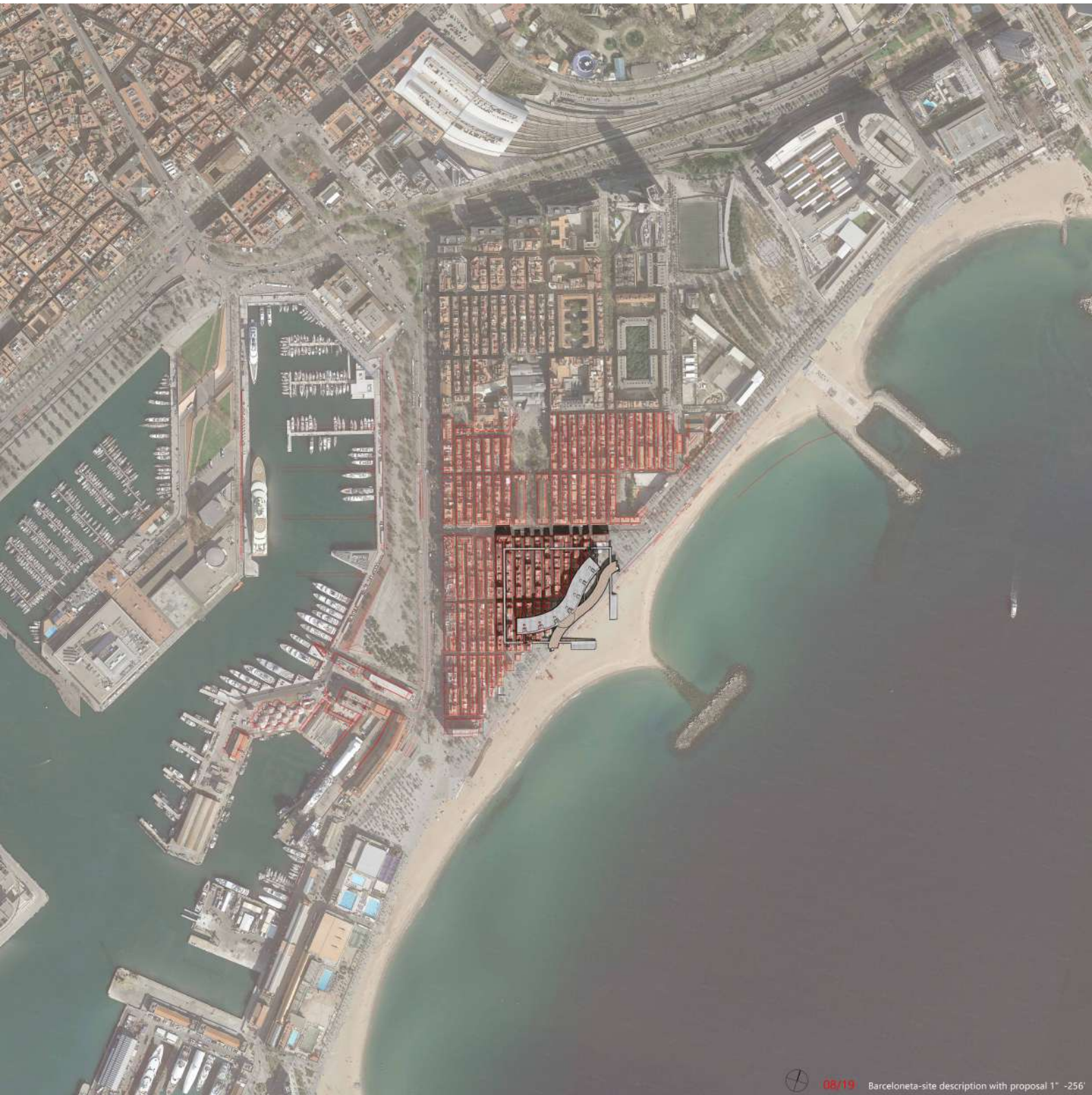




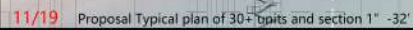




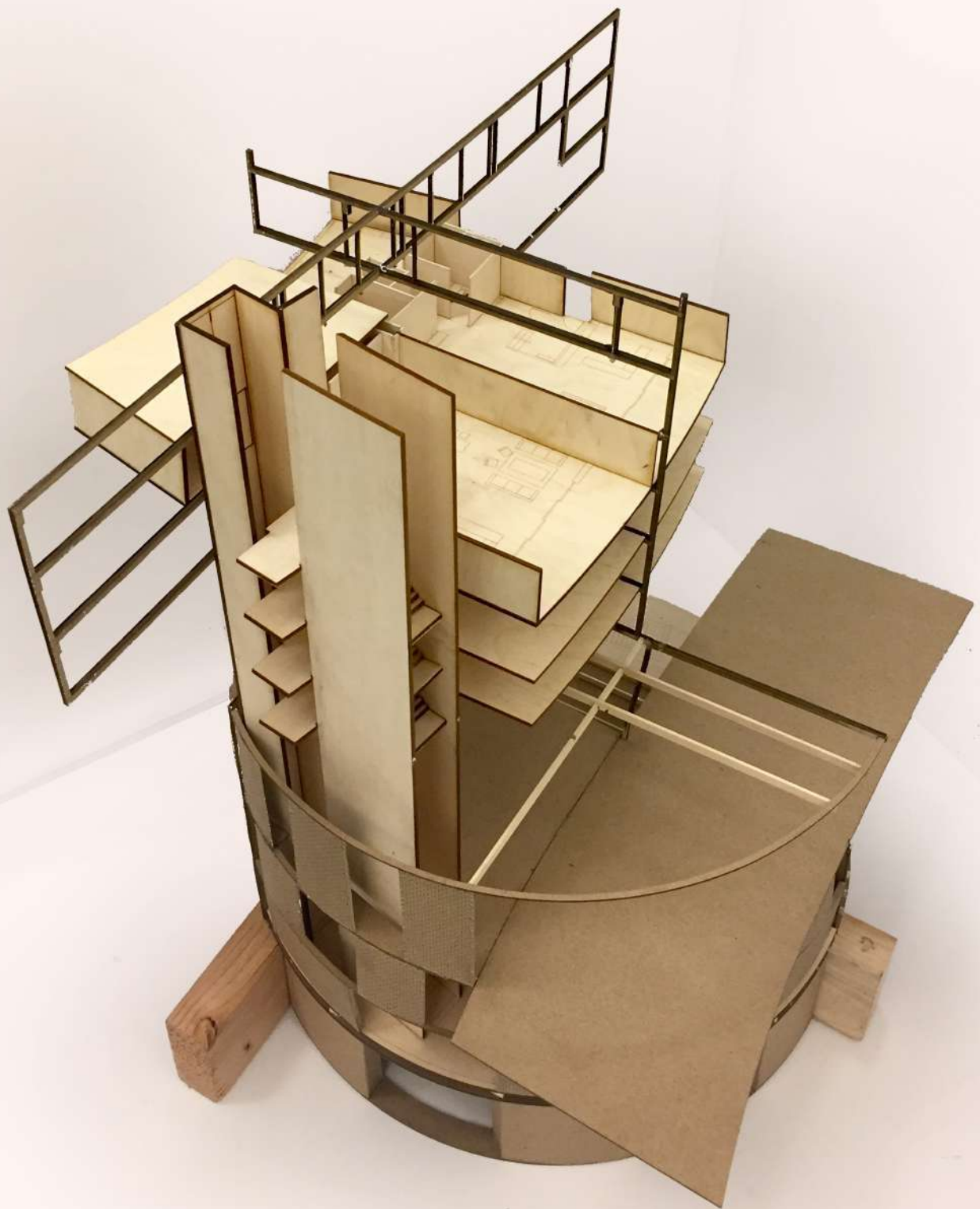


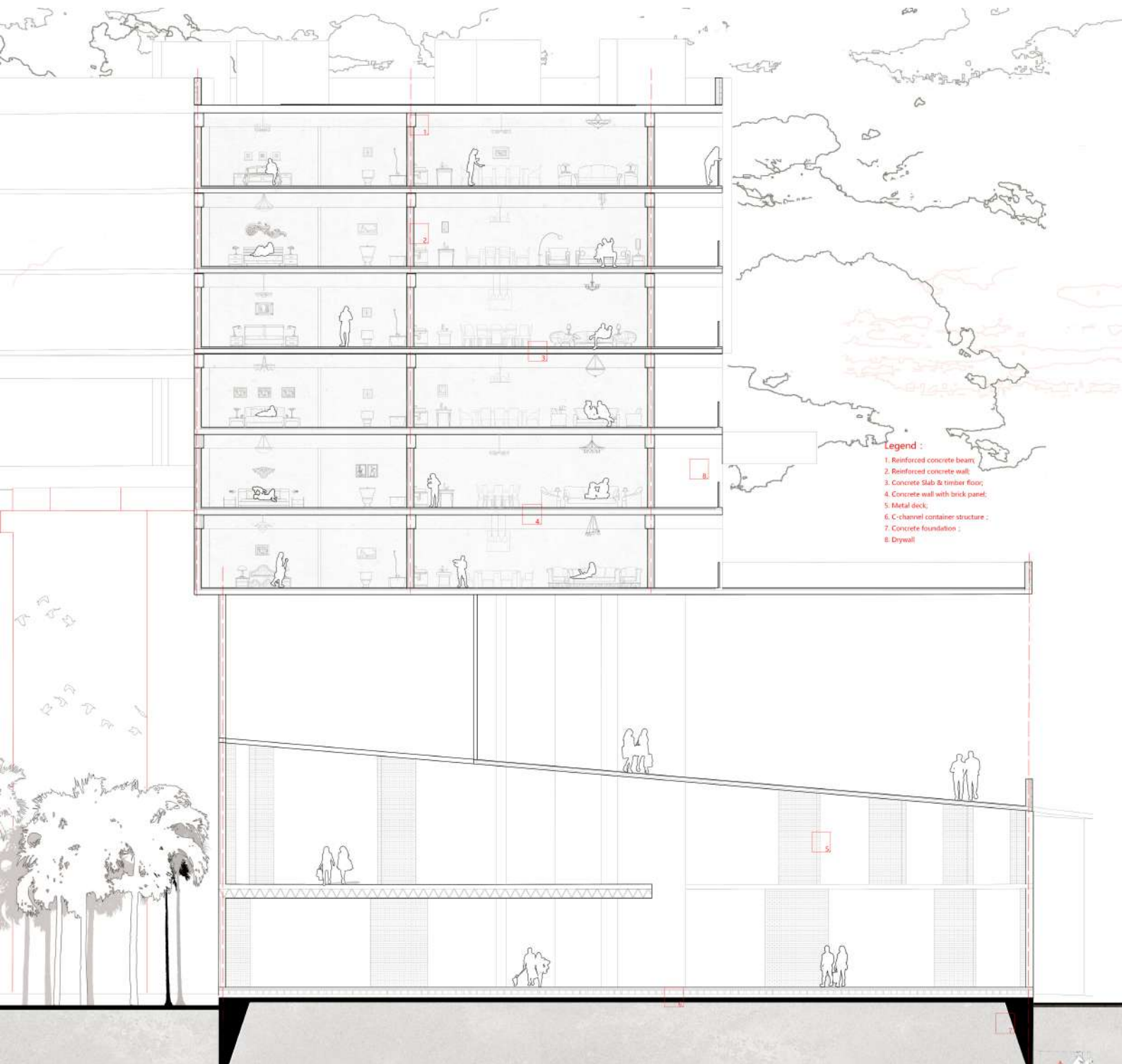




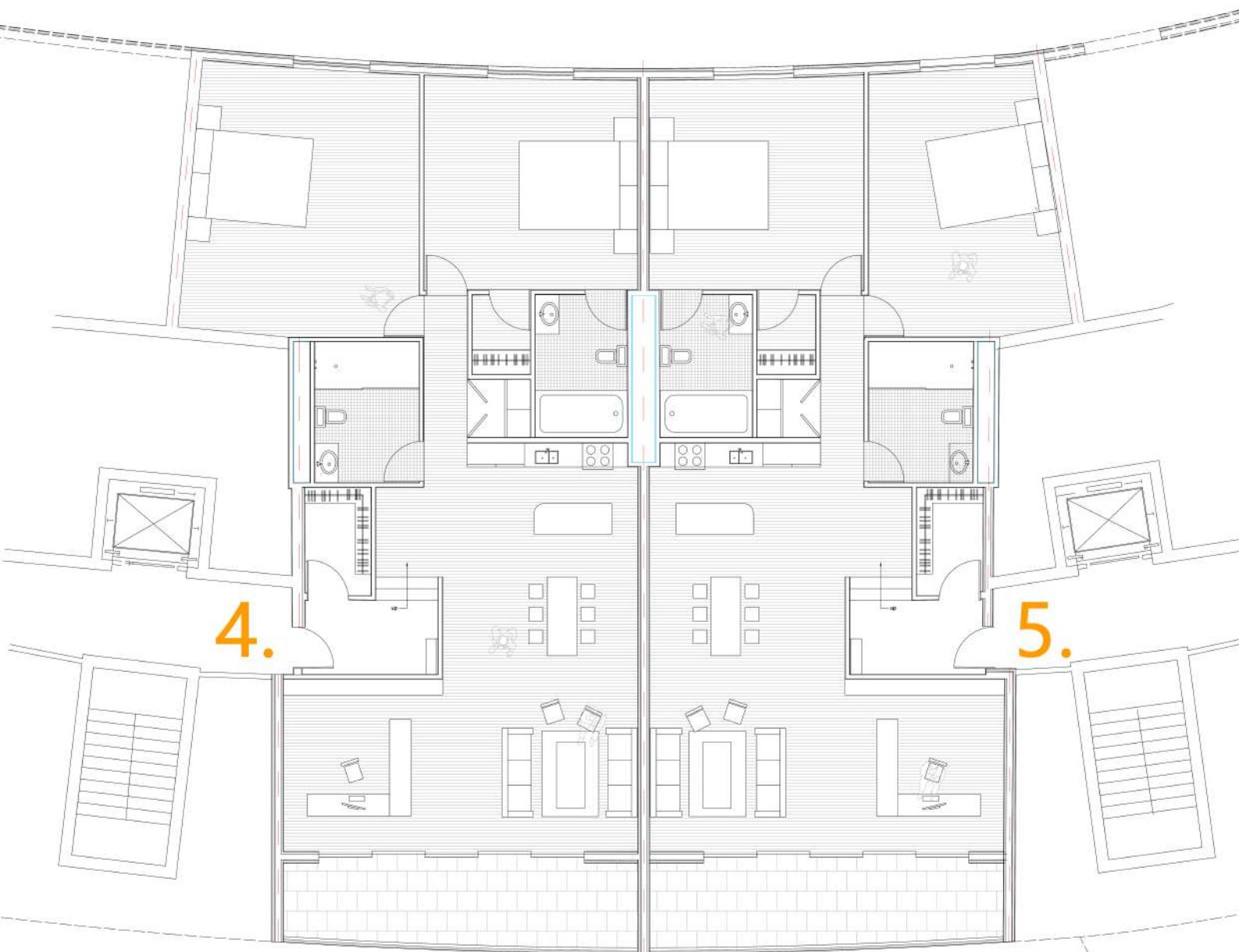


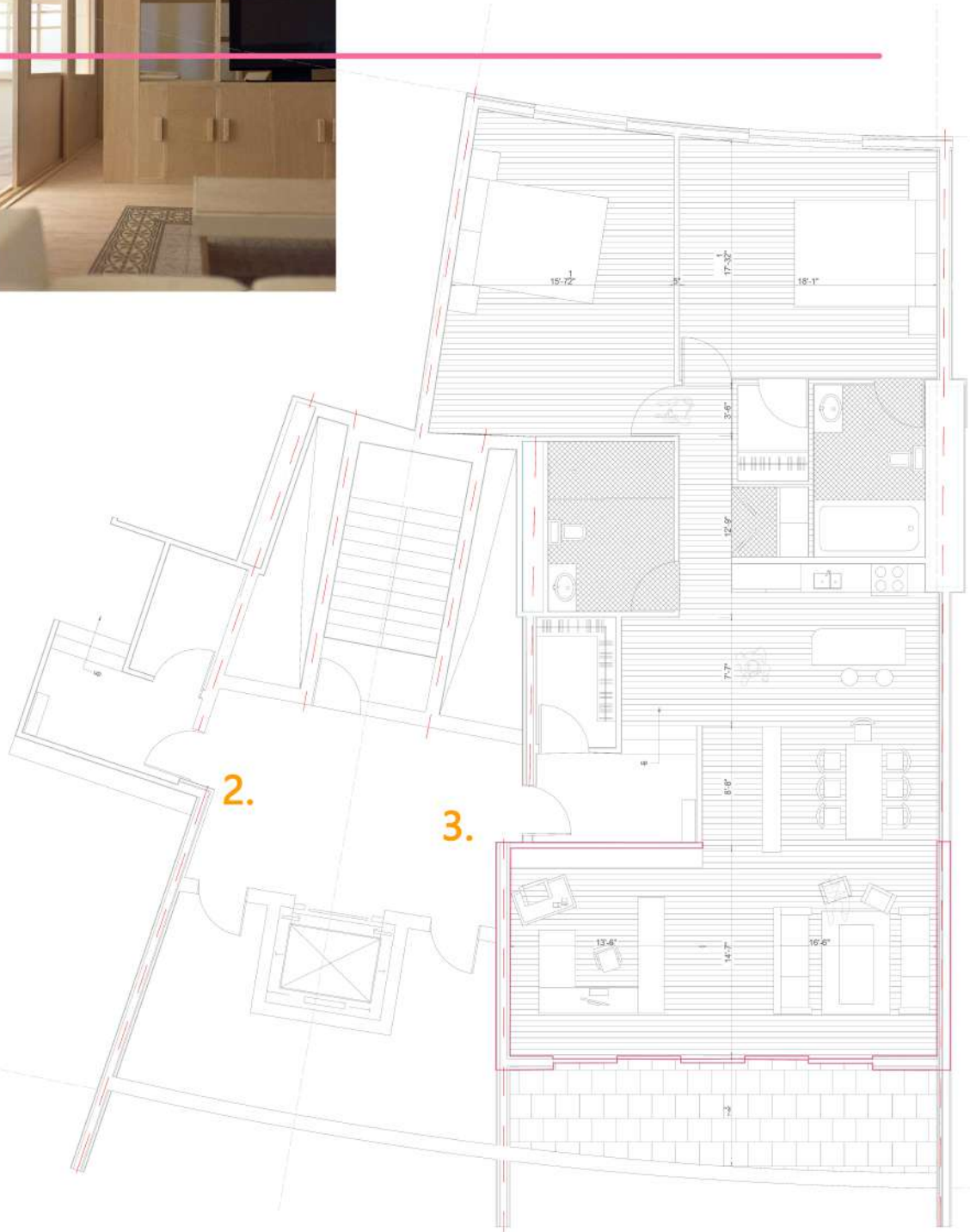


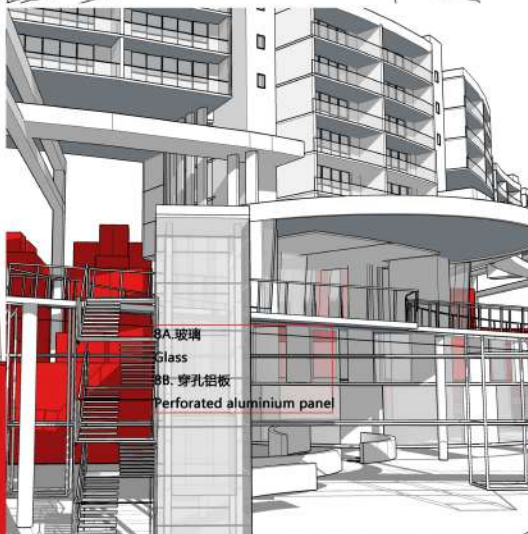
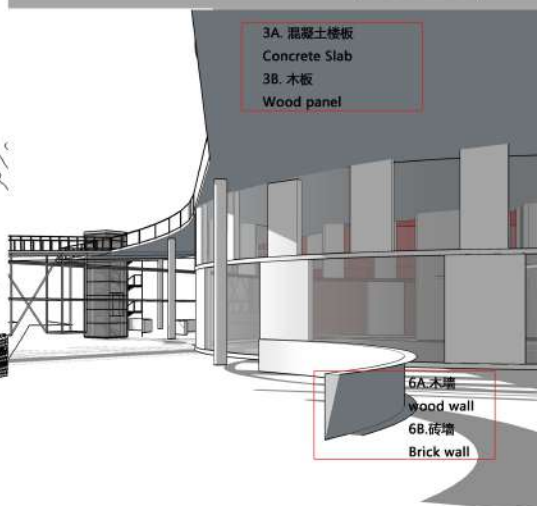
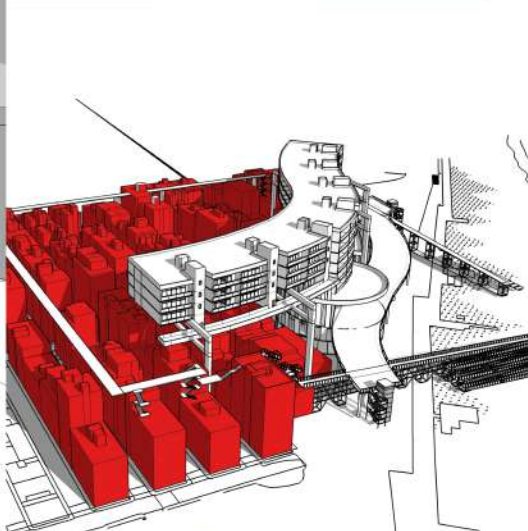
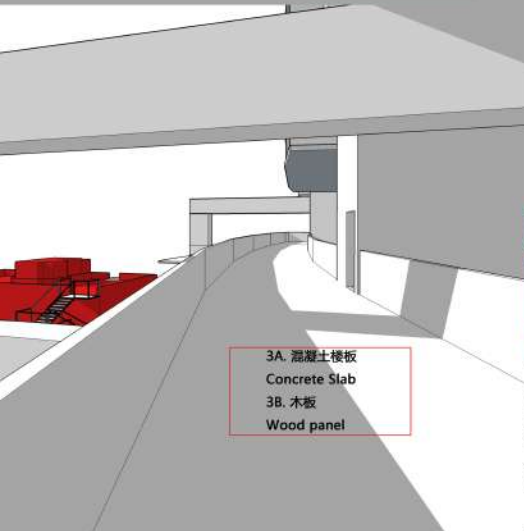
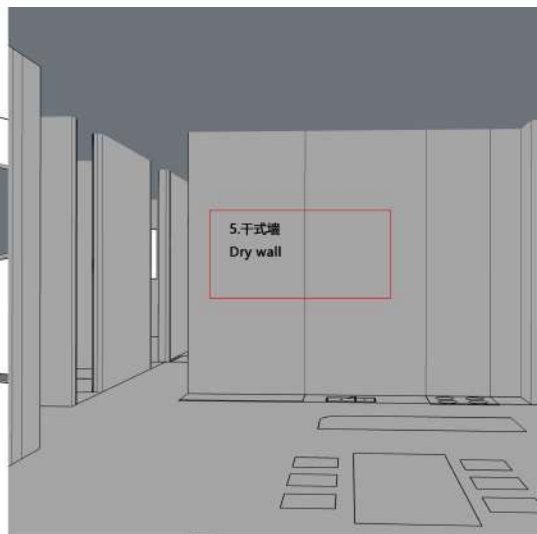
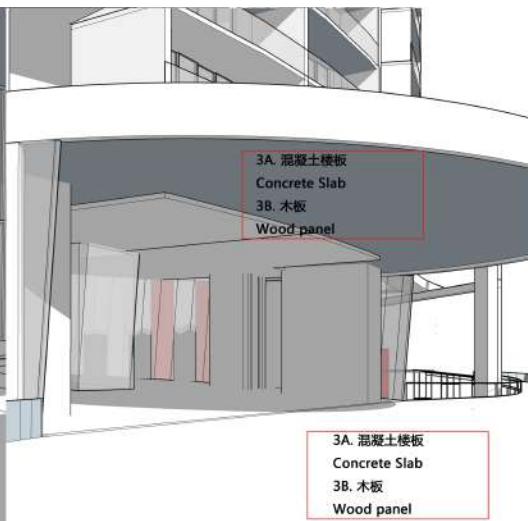
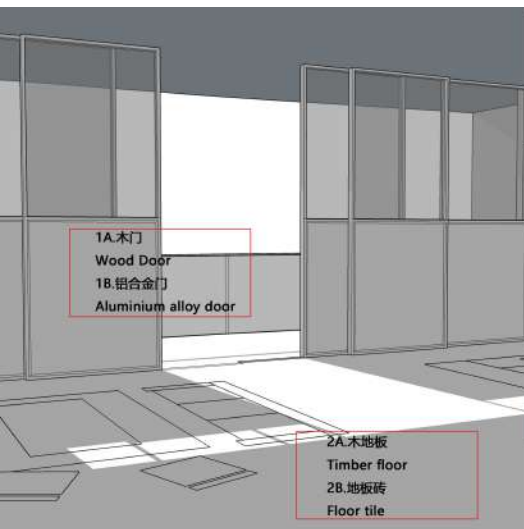


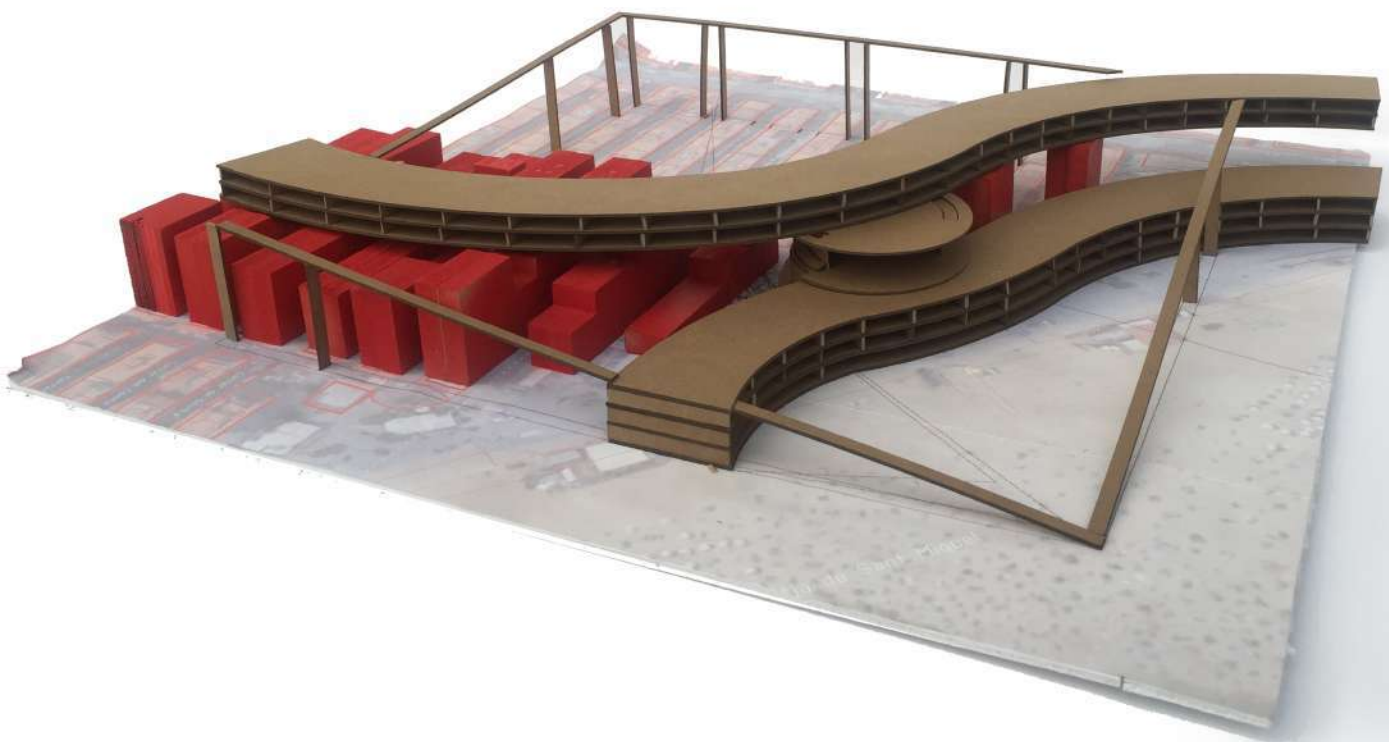


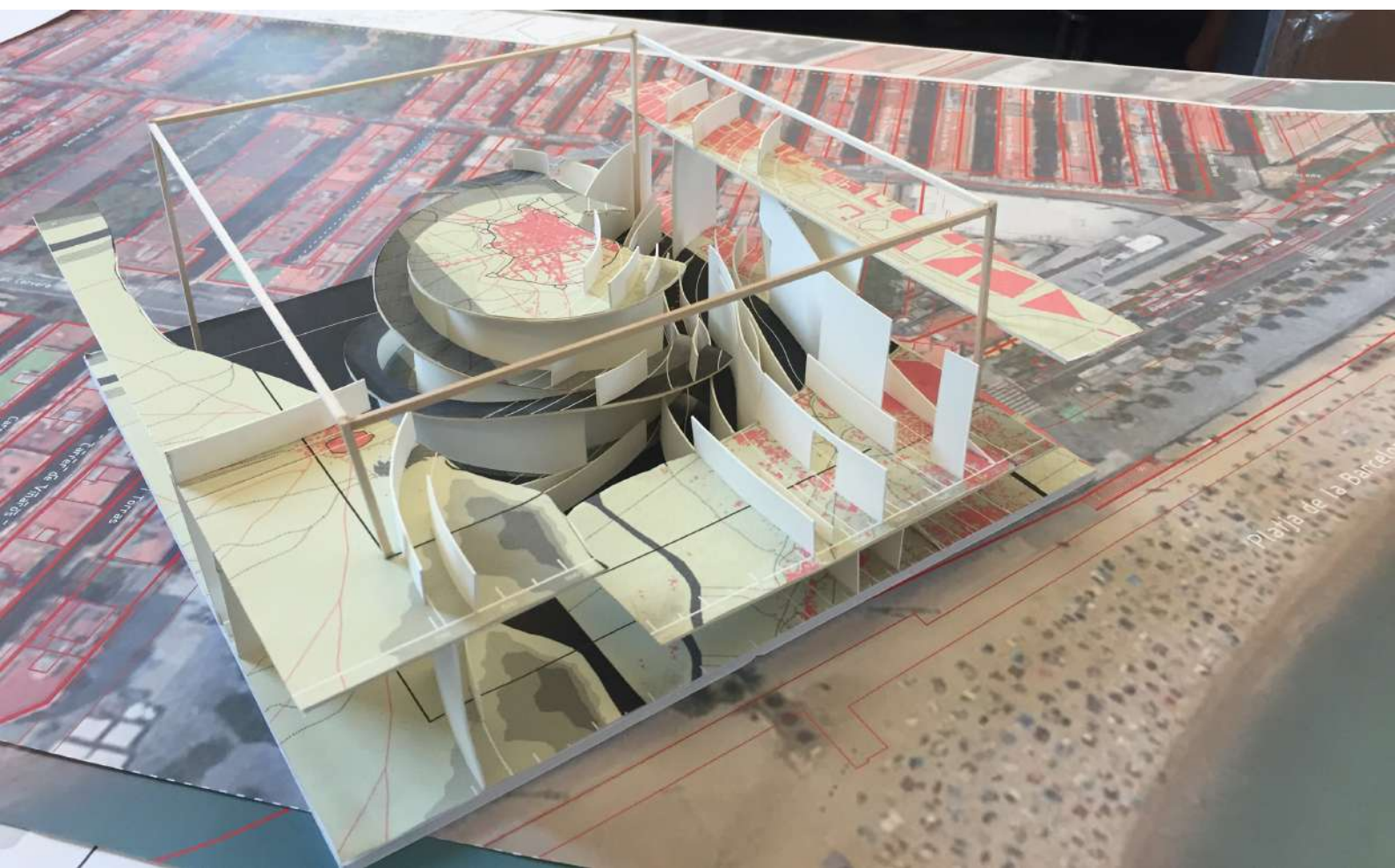


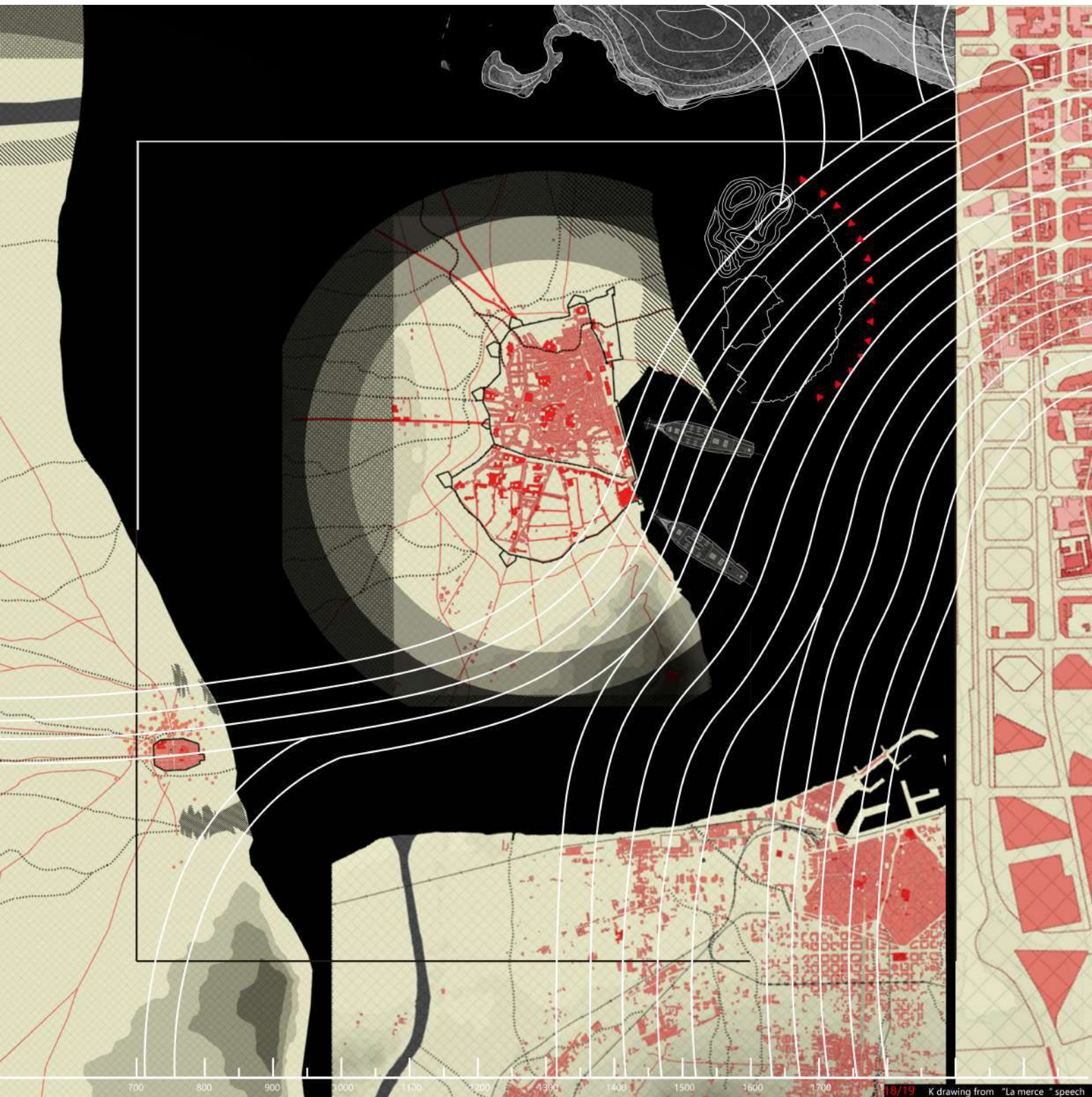
















03/19 MODEL OF PROPOSAL BUILT FORM
SECTION AND PLAN

SCALE 1'-6"

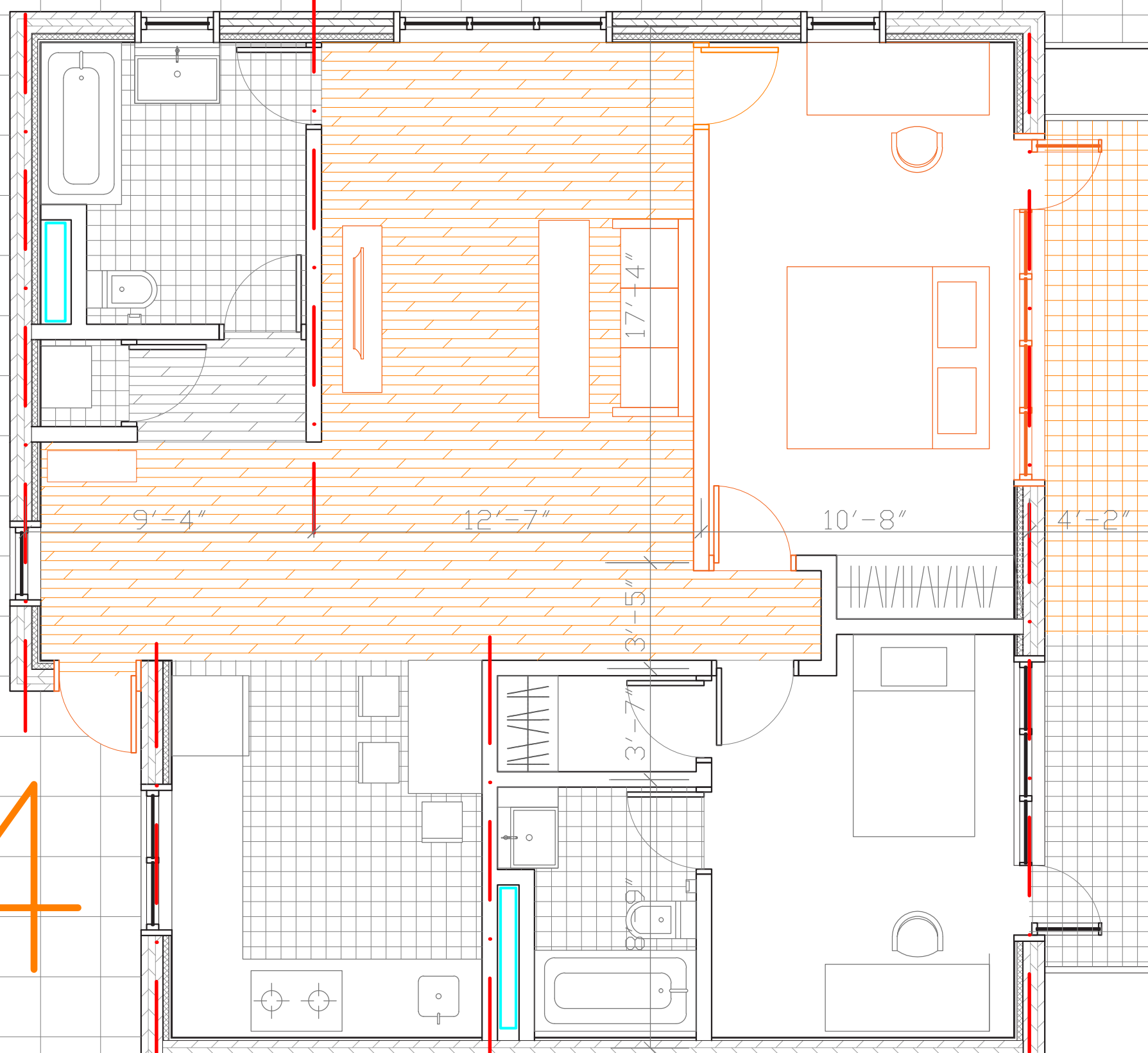
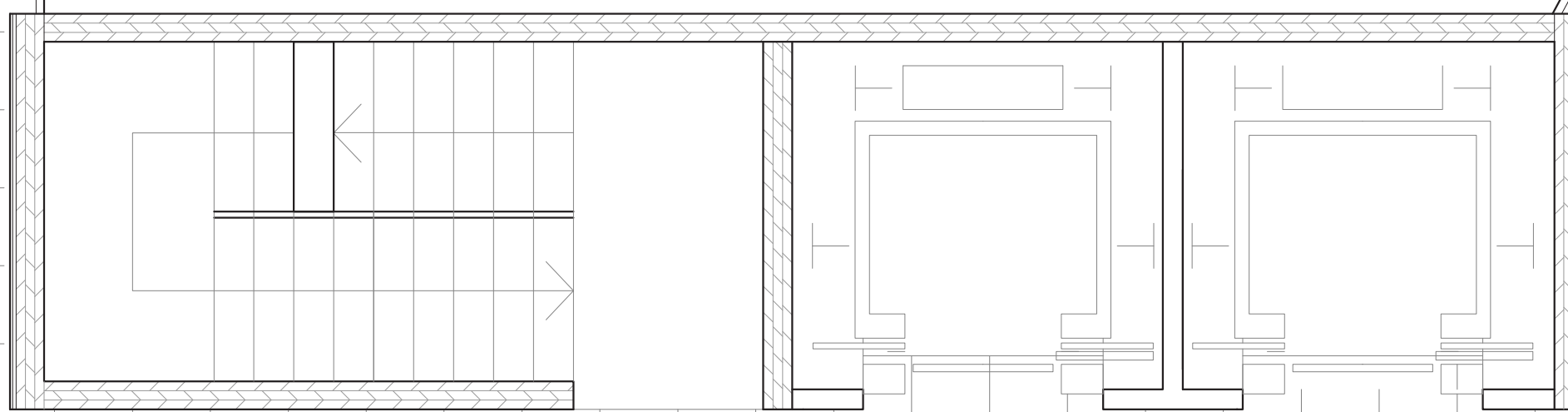
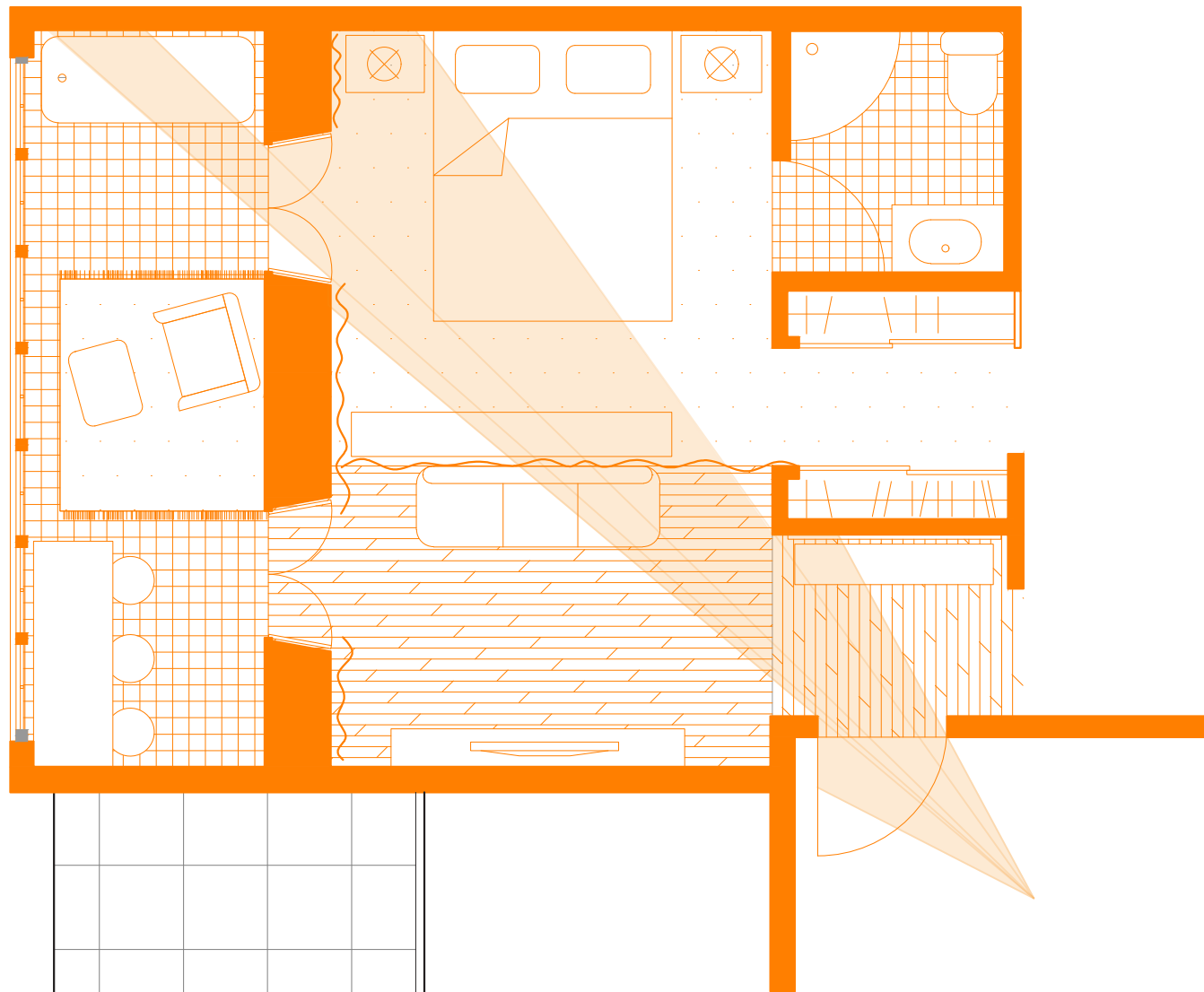


04/19 PLAN FRAGMENT OF THE PROPOSAL

SCALE 1'-4"



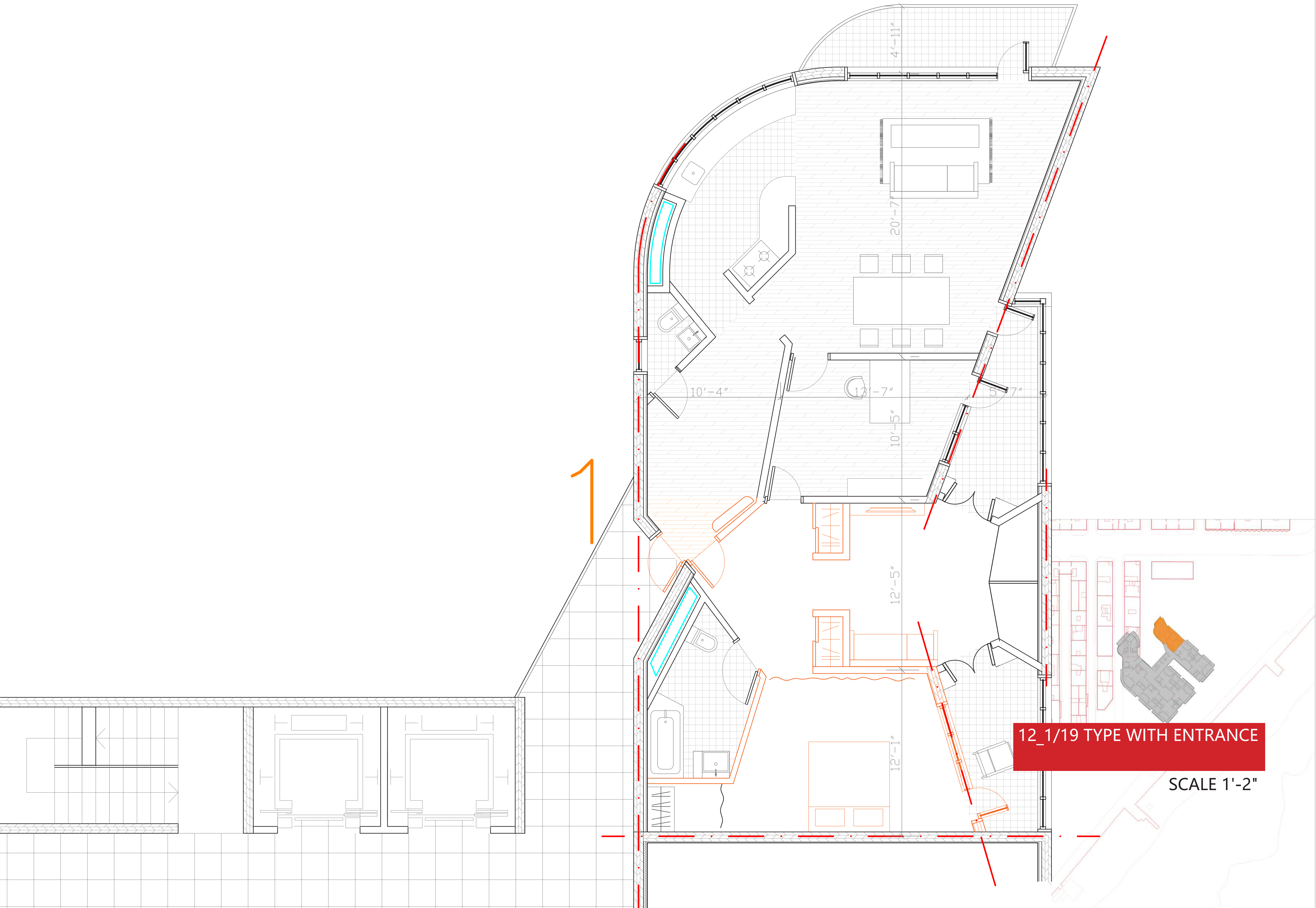
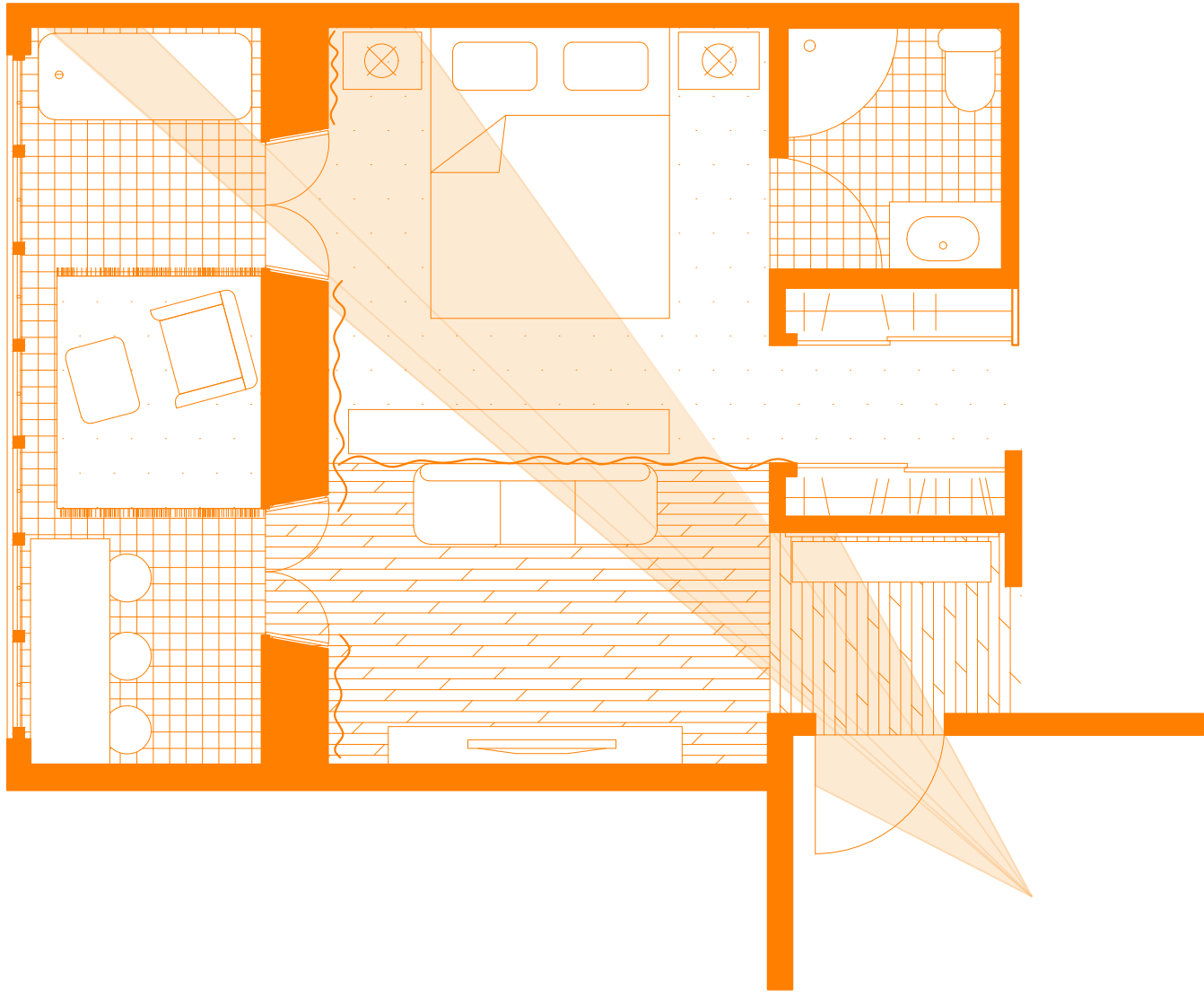
06_2/19 2 IMAGES FOR FULL DESCRIPTION

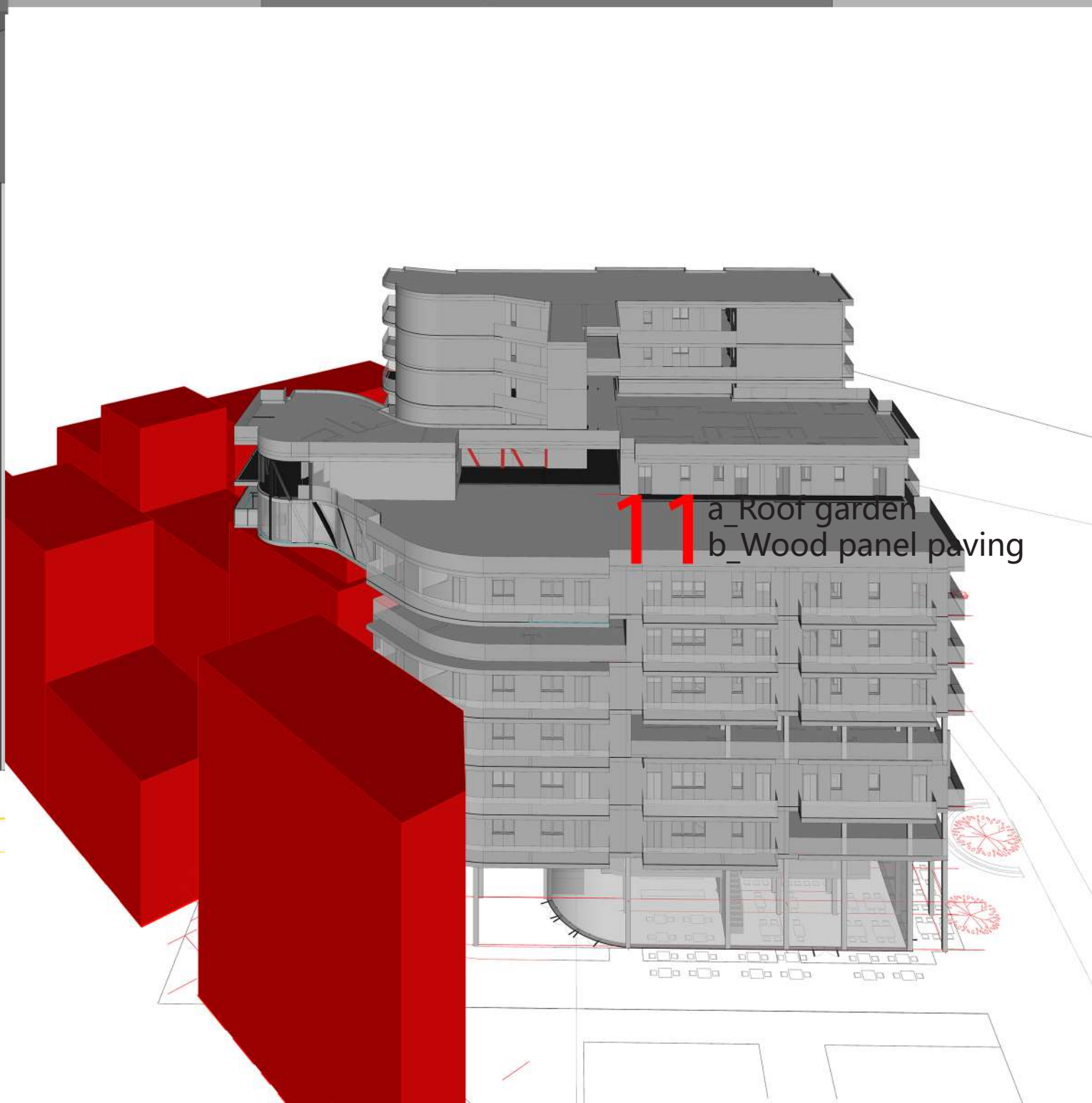
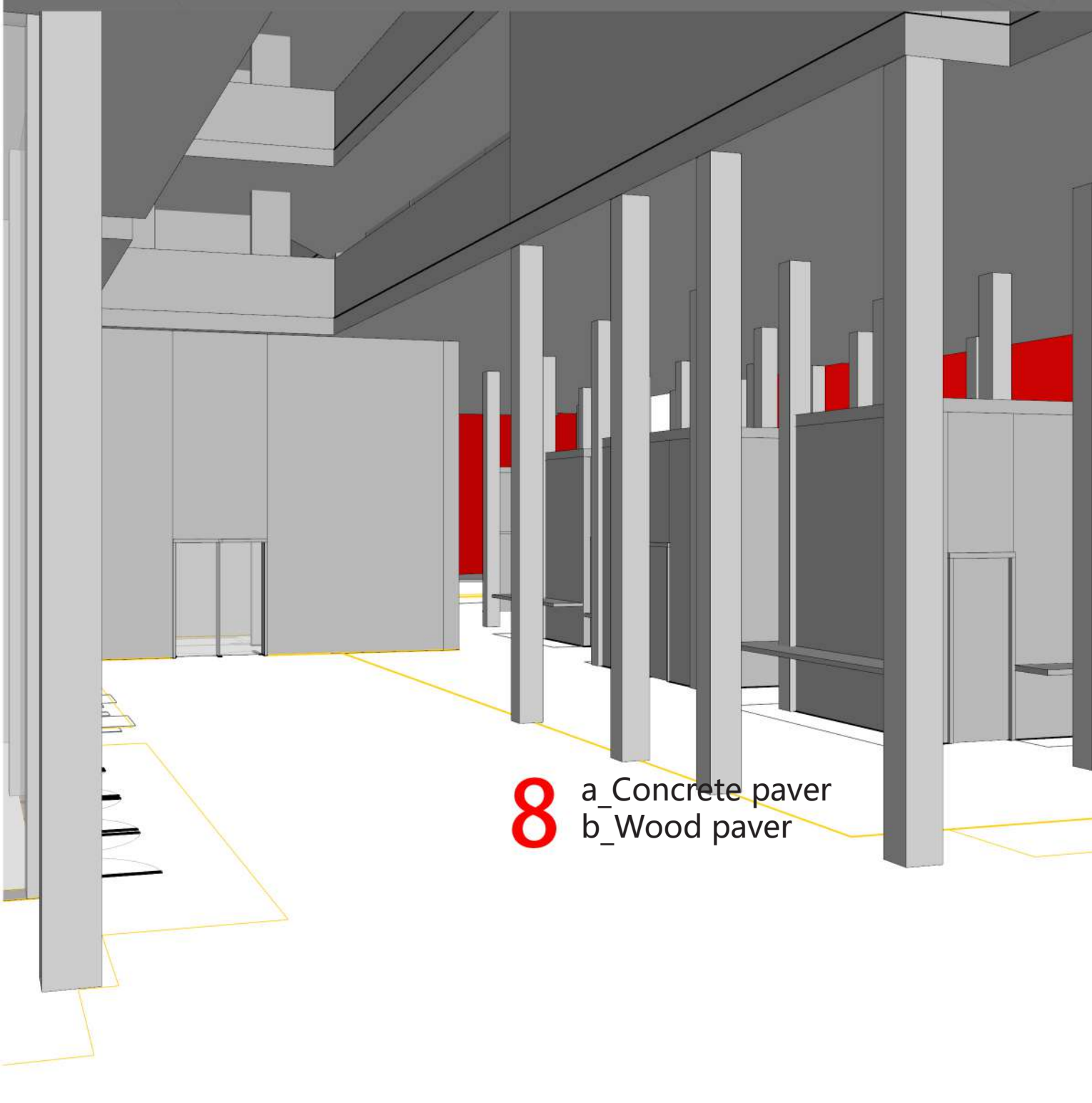
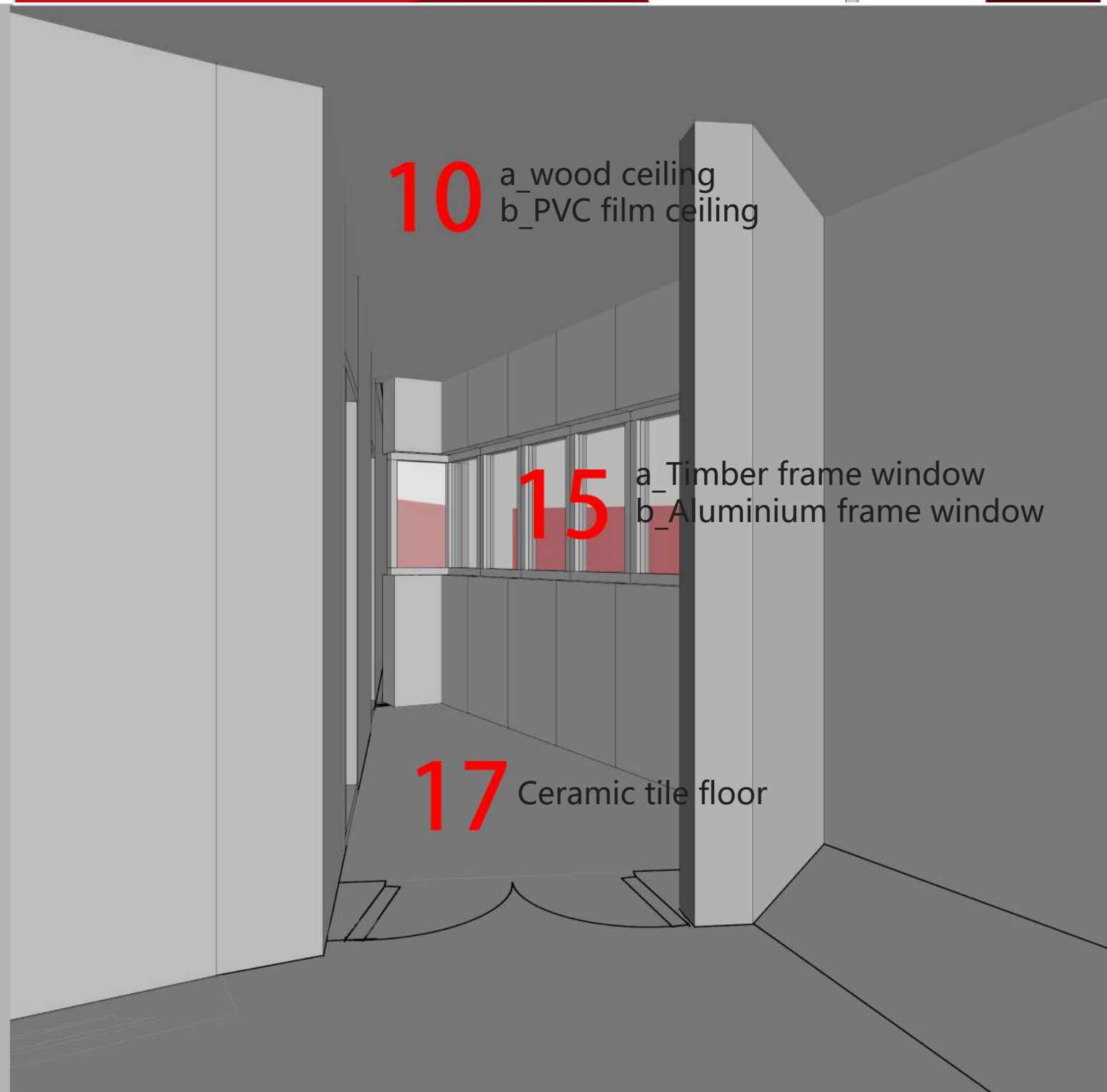
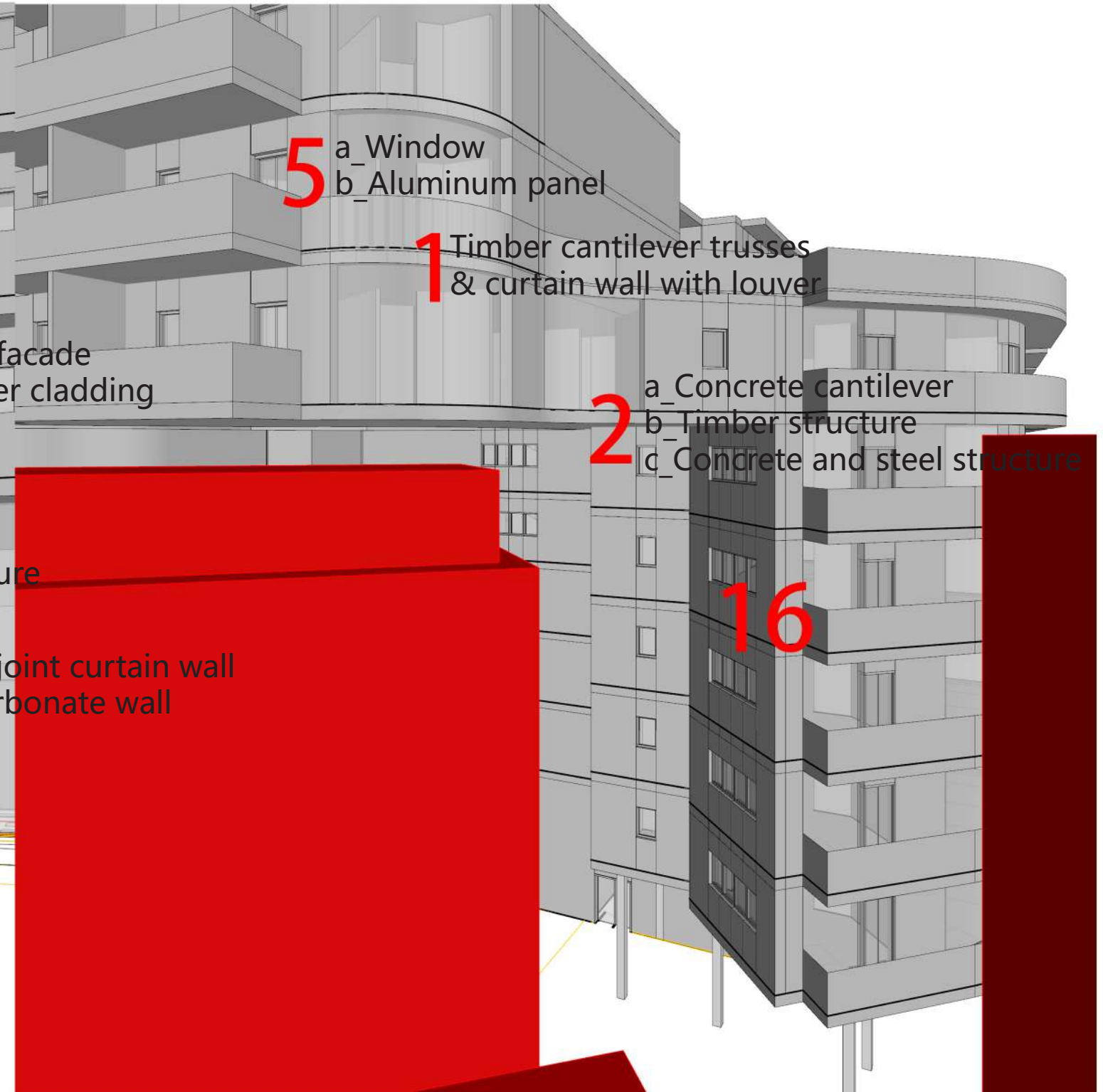
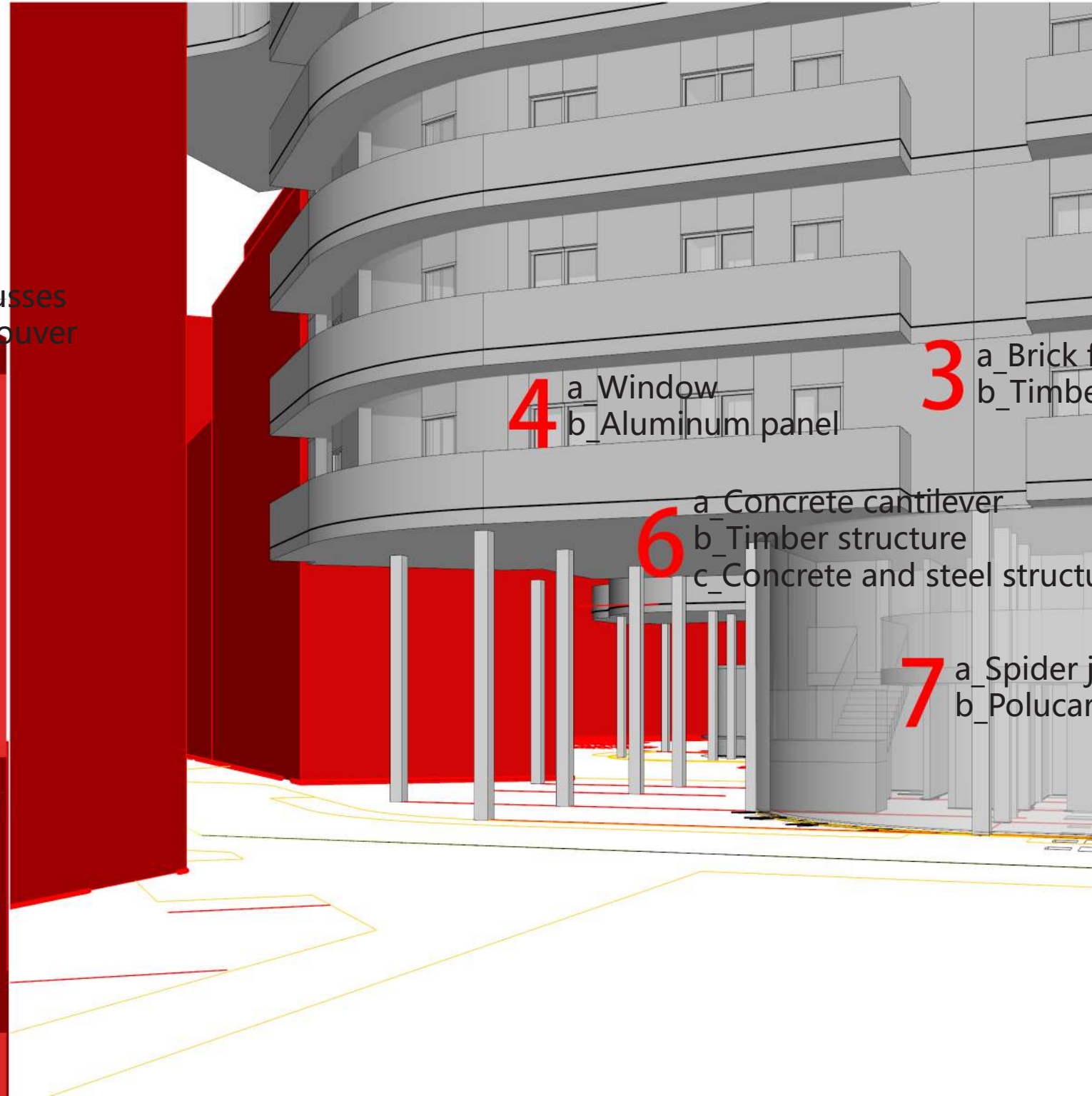
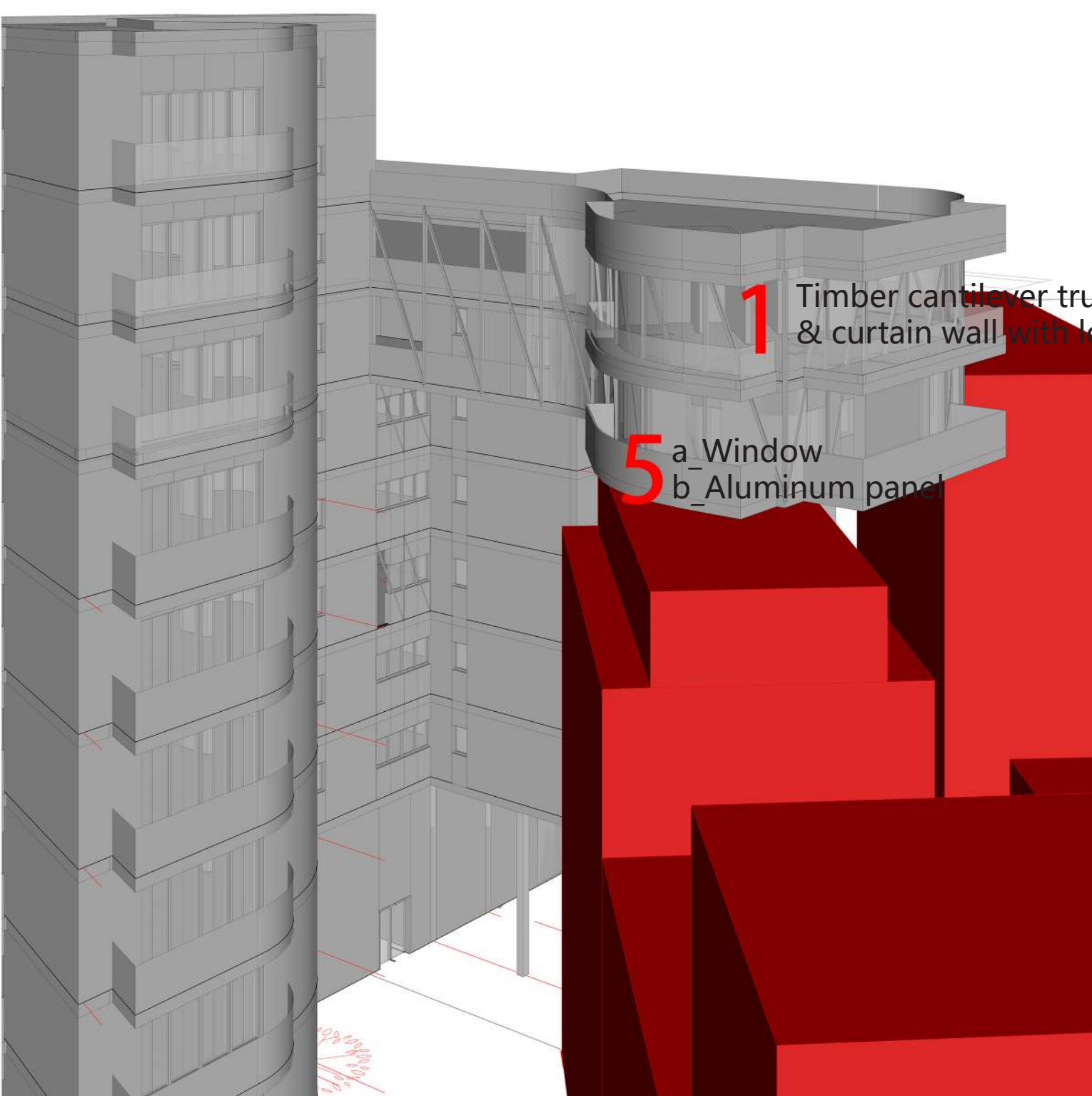


4

12_2/19 TYPE WITH ENTRANCE

SCALE 1'-2"





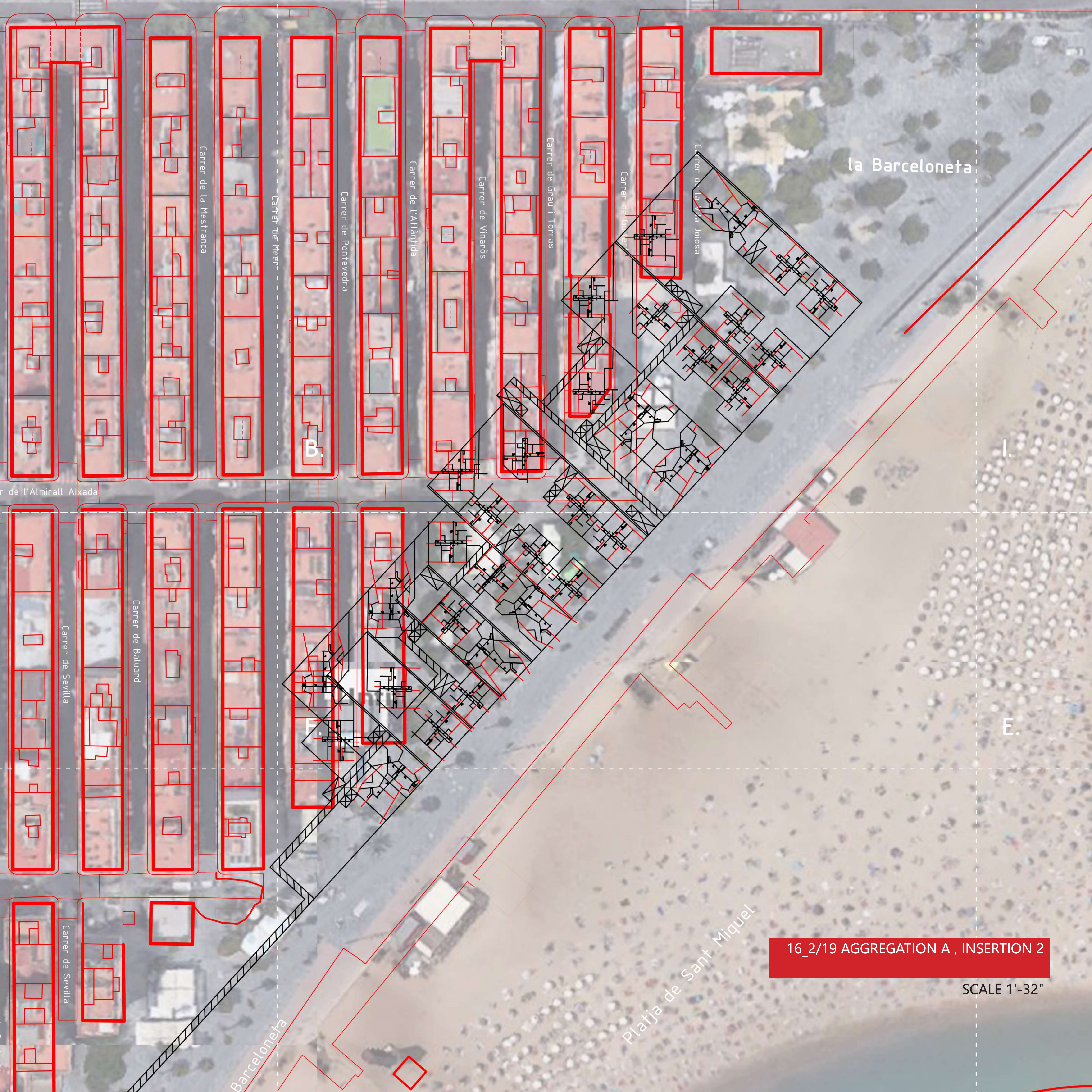
07/19 9 IMAGES WIHT SURFACE NUMBERS AND A-B MATERIAL



Unfit

10/19 GROUND PLAN OF 30+ UNITS

SCALE 1'-32"



la Barceloneta

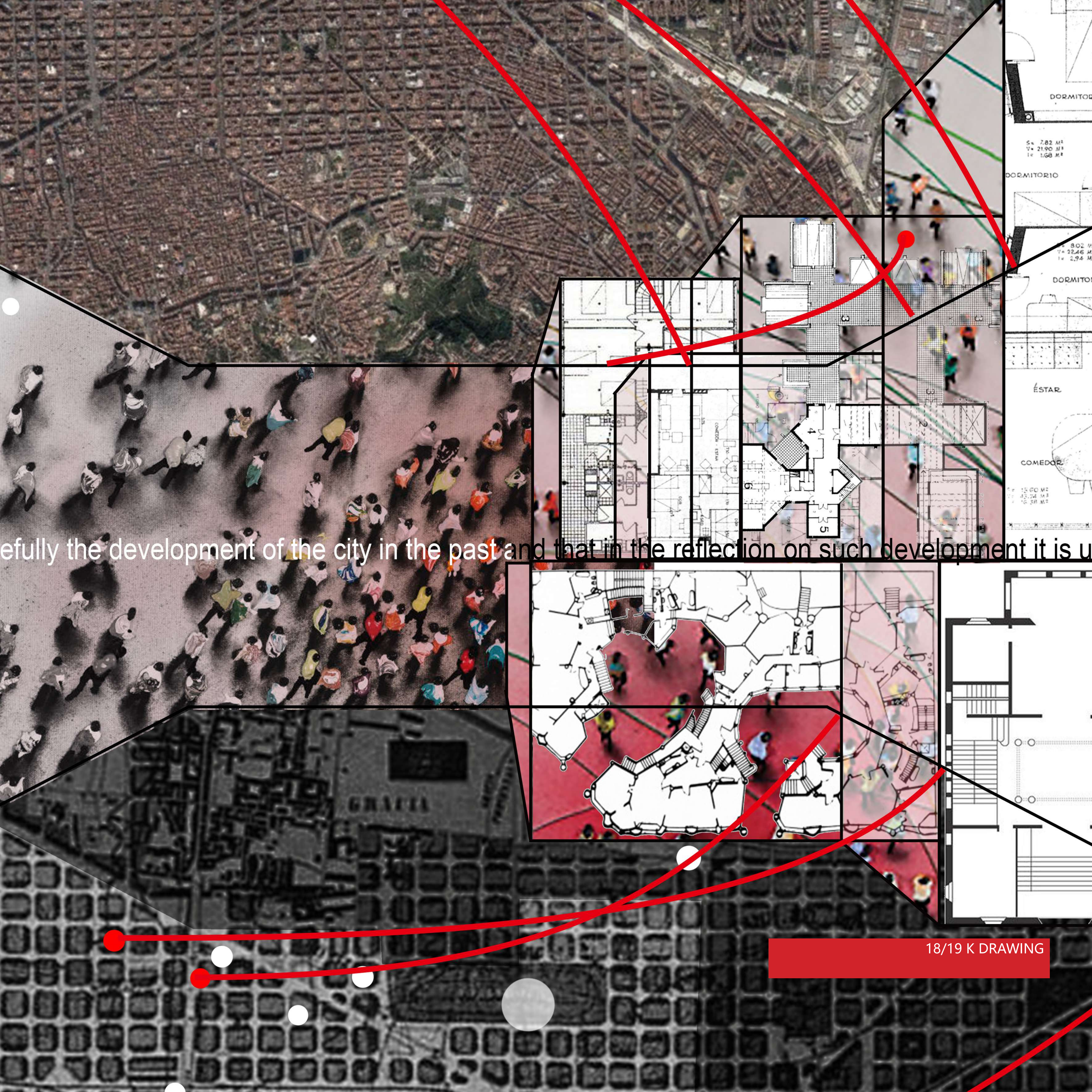
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E.

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16_2/19 AGGREGATION A , INSERTION 2

SCALE 1'-32"



efully the development of the city in the past and that in the reflection on such development it is u

PREGÓ OF THE MERCÈ FESTIVAL 1996

When a common friend announced that Pasqual Maragall, Mayor of Barcelona, was going to ask me to read the Pregó that begins the 1996 Mercè Festival, I was surprised, because next to the natural feeling of gratitude that accompanies To the proof of trust that this commission entails, I soon anticipated the sweat that I feel today and what are those who suffer who, being accustomed to addressing a public composed only of students and all stretching for colleagues, sees before It is a very distinguished audience, like that of the people of Barcelona who are here and now, in the incomparable framework provided by the Consell de Cent architecture. I did not even want to deny that request, which actually took place a few days later. And that is quite clear. On the one hand, Barcelona has given me over the years and so many good friends that I was forced to think about them when the Mayor of Barcelona asked me to read the Speech. On the other hand, this city has shown its trust in me as a professional, giving me the opportunity to build on it, something that I definitely understand as a great privilege, today being able to publicly thank such confidence. So I responded with a yes to your mayor and here I am, ready to read this room where I would like the way I see your city is reflected. I feel very honored and also- why not say so- somewhat intimidated when, seeing me in the midst of reading them, I think that this vision of Barcelona will be the starting point for these Festes de la Mercè that will allow Barcelonians to forget their daily tasks and worries to enjoy the many and varied occasions of entertainment and recreation as it offers the program that the City of Barcelona has prepared for these days. We enter, then, after this compulsory preamble, in matter.

The nominalists were right. Cities have their own life just by mentioning their names. On them, our fantasy is deposited helping us build imaginary cities that for us are real, tangible. For me, at least, it was Barcelona when, when I was a child, I heard about her for the first time my grandmother, Petra Pérez Clemos, a native of Tudela (Navarra) and who, married to Mariano Moneo Marzal, had stayed Suddenly widowed and inherited from her husband what was then called a tissue trade, a fabric store. My grandmother was the soul of that place in the Plaza Nueva de Tudela and I remember her vividly behind the counter trying to persuade the parishioners about the advantages of a twin, as well as counting after a hard day to be able to attend Lists of suppliers who, with Swiss punctuality, carried the employees of Crèdit Navarrès. My grandmother, however, had a horizon that alleviated that fierce routine. Such a horizon was none other than Barcelona, a city that promptly approached all the spring and every fall to buy what she called "genre." For my grandmother, the world ended up in Barcelona. Nothing was as beautiful as the sea that was taking over from Las Ramblas, the street par excellence, where people of all races could be seen, buy flowers or birds and cool off with the best ice creams. On the Ramblas were both the Liceu and the Boqueria, opera and market theater, of which the city felt proud and that for my grandmother they were the sum of what a city can offer to those who live there. "One day you will climb to the top of the Monument to Christopher Columbus and from there you will see the harbor, full of steam, cranes, rafals to store the merchandise ... you will see Montjuïc, Tibidabo, the towers of the Sagrada Familia, the chimneys of the factories of Poble Nou ... You will understand then where wealth comes from to a city that from time immemorial has made the commodity and the ingenuity and work of its inhabitants its fortune. the industry ennoble Barcelona that is the pride of all Spain. Who can compare the cloth that I buy in the Casp street with those of the Sierra de Cameros or Béjar ". This was how my grandmother spoke for those well-aligned and drawn streets of the Eixample where they were a model of what meant modernity and progress and for whom there were no more elegant ladies than those who saw to walk in a hurry, knowing the showcases of the most formidable businesses Paseo de Gracia

Barcelona was for me the city by antonomasia, the one that I was able to imagine thanks to the enthusiasm of my grandmother, much more accurately than Madrid, the city where my mother's father had settled, I was born in Granada and profession magistrate,

or Bilbao, the city to which my grandmother had sent to study industrial engineer to my father and for whom the city of the estuary had become a paradigm of urban life. And so, even though I had never been to Barcelona, your city was, for me, an authentic city of flesh and blood, which took on life in my mind and in which I guessed that diversity intrinsic to the citizen's own condition, which allowed Louis Kahn to talk about the city as of the area in which a child could know what he wanted to be. I did not, however, put my feet in Barcelona until, as a reward for a newly graduated Baccalaureate, my parents sent me a trip with my colleagues in the Tudela school, not keeping another memory of that one trip that of the well-off classes as bedrooms in the Col·legi dels Jesuïtes de Sarrià. Later I returned, already being a student of the School of Architecture of Madrid, to see the work of Gaudí. But to say that he knew Barcelona, what in the case of cities goes beyond mere visit and implies having had occasion to become a part of his life and customs, it did not happen until much later, when in One of the destiny's avatars, whose meaning I could explain later, led me to this city as a result of some professions in the Chair to teach at his School of Architecture. It was, in truth, then when I started not only to know but also to love your city

I discovered at that time that Barcelona was not only that city that shook the sea and formed part of that ring of cities that make it possible for the Mediterranean coasts to be understood as a geographic and historical unit and in which they are , among others, Alexandria and Beirut, Athens and Constantinople, Venice and Genoa, Algiers and Marseilles, Naples and Palermo. After Barcelona there was a firm land that went from the Pyrenees to the Ebro and understood your city as the capital city of the whole territory. This is not the occasion to remember how the borders of the same were established, but it does emphasize that Barcelona is one of the few cities that maintains a relationship of natural and undisputed capital with its territory. To such a relationship, in my opinion, a lot of the fortune of Barcelona is due. Well, at the risk of introducing a notion today somewhat marginalized, as is the concept of organic structure, I will dare say that Catalonia is. What, as in this land, geography and population are not dissociated is a great thing and I do not think it's funny to remember it. Barcelona enjoys that continuity between the medium and society that allows a Catalan, whether it be an inhabitant of the Garrotxa or the Pla, to know who to go to in your city when it comes to finding both a doctor and a doctor a lawyer, an architect as a tailor. This symbiosis city-territory is always present in the life of Barcelona, since Barcelona people are honored with their relationship with the region from which they come from and it may be that it is aware of the diversity of their origins to whom they owe A characteristic feature of your city, its ability to make all of those who are in it and live in it. This characteristic characteristic, which can be described as virtue, makes Barcelona one of the dwellers of this city, regardless of its origin, without being told by immigrants.

And since this reflection on the firm ground in which it deepens its roots Barcelona has given me the talk of the people of Barcelona, I would like to stress now that one can not speak of a city and its inhabitants without mentioning the relationship they have with her. In the case of Barcelona, the relationship of its inhabitants with the city is undoubtedly of deep respect, and nobody will think that I exaggerate if I say that Barcelona people identify themselves with their city, they do their own, they understand it as the The ultimate reality that gives meaning to their lives. It is not so much the norm, nor is it so frequent, that people feel comfortable in their city. In general, the hardness of our lives makes us project our discomfort over everything that surrounds us, thus beginning to denigrate the city where we live. Quite the opposite happens to Barcelona. Barcelona is aware of the fate that corresponded to him when he was born in a city like this and, if it is a Barcelona adoptive, he feels the most livelier and happy of the mortals, having distinguished himself with all success in choosing the city in which to donate with your bones. He loves what is proper, the power to judge with justice what we have, is in the very origin of our behaviors and, extending such principle to the city, it is worth the pain to say that of the esteem that of one The city has its inhabitants depends on both its growth and the development of urban life. Everything looks like little to Barcelona

for their city and I have the impression that when it comes to something that improves and benefits it, ideological differences between its inhabitants are dissipated. How many mayors in our country would like that something like this happen in their cities! With what admiration- it does not exempt from a certain sadness, since we are aware that in no other place it would be possible- we see the important works of infrastructure and the no less important ones, for being smaller, works related to the urban beautification, with which has been adorned with Barcelona in the last twenty years of democratic life! The pride with which those in this city walk through their streets enjoying the public space, pride that, in my opinion, do not feel the inhabitants of other cities, it is more than justified.

Barcelona knows its city and I would even dare say that this knowledge is responsible for the respect it deals with. And thus, without forgetting how much the historians who have worked to clarify their past to the knowledge of Barcelona have done, it would also be worthwhile to mention writers, both poets and novels, who have helped us to understand better a city that has become for them frequently in a mandatory frame of reference to locate a plot or to make a certain state of mind intelligible. How many recent novels are ultimately nothing but a portrait of the city, in which Barcelona prevails as a leading city against any of the characters? And who would not dare say that some of the Barcelonan poets who admire us so much captivate us because of the fidelity with which they have described a collective feeling to which one of the people who live in this city must be described as a unique experience? Without a doubt, his work, by helping us to get to know Barcelona better, definitely helps to stimulate the love we feel for her.

But in this effort to help us to know about Barcelona we have mentioned the writers, it is forced to recognize now how much architects have also done to contribute from their discipline to the knowledge of their city. The interest of architects in their city is old. (L'interès dels arquitectes per la seva ciutat és antic) It should be said that it begins by studying carefully the development of the city in the past and that in the reflection on such development it is used to imagine what the future can be. The architects of these last times - the most troubled, it is understood, those that, on the other hand, were going to become inevitable guides of the profession - complete their activity like professionals with the analysis, as much of the architecture Modernist, like the brilliant episode of the history of the recent urbanism that was the Eixample. The bibliographies that document modernism and the architecture around Gaudí and those that study the Eixample and the figure of Cerdà are, in fact, impressive. Works, courses, books, theses, restorations ... the architects of Barcelona advanced to what was going to be the historicist tendencies that were appropriated architecture in the late 60's, due to their devotion to the city . The city is being explored, as the title of a well-known book by Alexandre Cirici says, "Pam a pam." That is why it can be affirmed - and I do not believe that this is the case with either exaggeration or flattery - that the contagious enthusiasm of the architects of Barcelona for their city has decisively contributed to the fact that Barcelona do not see them as to abstract entelequia and yes as a specific and concrete reality, discovered house to house, street to the street. In his hand, Barcelona has learned to respect the architecture of his city. Nobody in this city ignores the names of professionals such as Domènech i Muntaner or Puig i Cadafalch, and in more recent times Folguera, Durán Raynalds, Torres Clavé, Sert, or Coderch. Barcelona is, largely by work and grace of the architects, a well-known city, explored, whose architecture is not alien to the people that live there.

But such studies could not be reduced to the scope of the academic, giving rise to an open and public reflection on the city. And so, who gets interested in going to the hairdressing studios will see how architects have been, since the end of the 50's, in all battles designed to defend both the integrity of the old neighborhoods of the city, such as the development of the new settlements was carried out with the wisdom that reason demands. On the other hand, and perhaps remembering it now, many of the discussions about the future of the city took place in years in which the precariousness

of political life led to the debate surrounding the burning questions ideologues that were so worried at that time. And this gave rise, or at least I think, to the fact that those who were going to play an important role in the political life of the Barcelona transition would always be close to the discussions that architects set about what the future should have been from the city. Questions of fundamental importance for this future, such as the old city, the peripheral neighborhoods, road problems, the recovery of the sea facades, the infrastructure policy, the integration of nearby towns such as Poble Nou, etc., They were extensively discussed during the 60s and 70s, giving rise to a state of opinion that would facilitate the proposal for intervention in the city to be formulated by politicians. In order to confirm what I would say would contribute to the fact that both Narcís Serra, the first mayor of the democratic Barcelona, and Pasqual Maragall, have always had architects as advisors, who I know how much they loved their advice when it is He tried to decide a bit about what the future development of the city would be. And so, when the Olympic Games cease to be a fantasy and transform into a beloved and bound goal for 1992, the city of Barcelona found a whole urban development program to be carried out, elaborated, more or less consciously, around the group of professionals committed to the knowledge of your city. Barcelona did not improvise all that feverish activity that took place on the eve of the Games. As many times it has been said, the Games became the occasion to carry out a series of interventions that the city had discussed and elaborated long before.

It must be said that the city rewarded the architects by facilitating with the Games that as professionals show their competition and in the mind of all are present all the works that the city undertook in those years and that both were going to contribute to its later decoration and decoration. A city that was responsible for such glorious episodes in the history of architecture was going to have the opportunity to extend them in this second half of the 20th century, giving testimony to what contemporary architecture understood were their most pressing problems. The reaction of the people whose work was done was not expected and Barcelona, it is just recognizing it and I do not think anyone dares to question it, has become a reference point for to all those who make architecture their profession, their way of life. And it is difficult to find a city like Barcelona, in which the Barcelones of the past are still so present and in which the work of the alive architects is so important.

The announcement of the Mercè this year seeks to record this intimate relationship between the city and its architecture, recognizing the respect that the city professes to those who love it so much and have made much effort to share their knowledge of the same with the rest of its fellow citizens, the architects. I know that in the minds of everyone is such an acknowledgment, but I also understand the shame that Barcelona senses, and that is why I am coming from outside praising the architects of this city. When choosing an architect to pronounce the Pregó de les Festes de la Mare de Déu de la Mercè in 1996, your Mayor wanted to say to all the rest of the citizens how much he values the contribution of our profession to the city While the city seems to disperse to the point of disappearing almost in an increasingly broader territory and better communication, the commitment that Barcelona has made over the last few years to physically reinforce its identity - enhancing its infrastructure, worrying-for its decoration, respecting its past- has a great value.

I would like to finish reading these quarters, saying that you are not alone in this interest to maintain what has sometimes been called the culture of cities and that many people take Barcelona as a guide and example of what citizen life may be. Without going any further, one could say that Festivities like these are not alien to such culture. Only in the framework of the city can a few days be understood in which the recreation and the party prevail, the meetings multiply, and the pleasure of feeling alive becomes a priority activity. I finish To celebrate, then, in Barcelona, in this marvelous city, that it captivates us so much, these Celebrations of the Virgin of La Mercè, which begins the reading of this Proclamation! Good party for everyone!