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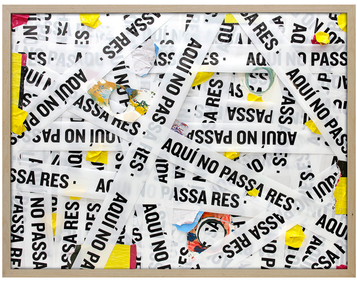
Object and meaning. Jordi Lafon and the art of storytelling

Jordi Lafon is another example of the lament that states that the most difficult thing is to be a prophet in your own home.

— Jordi Solà Coll

06/24/2017

The art gallery El quadern robat in Barcelona has a clear vocation that marks its genetic code from the very day of its inauguration as a sanctuary of aesthetic sensitivity: to vindicate the work of modern classics who, for one reason or another, remain far from the big buzz, and at the same time, to highlight the raison d'être of some creators of undeniable quality who, despite their long journey, are still to be discovered in some latitudes.



This is the case of **Jordi Lafon** (Barcelona, 1967) in yet another example of that lament that states that the most difficult thing is to be a prophet in your own home. Because the exhibition at El quadern robat confirms his trajectory in the second of the assumptions advanced in the previous paragraph: the gallery has opened the doors of its temple of immaculate white walls to a display of objective intelligence that –in discreet silence– asks for an alternative to an artist in the midst of the evolution of his talent.

Lafon. Work and meaning

Beyond his multidisciplinary capacity, there are two features of his artistic identity that I have been able to observe in this initial taste. First, the remarkable ability –in the sense of *technê*– when it comes to giving an innovative meaning to the decontextualized object of its original medium. And, secondly, the poetic faculty that defines each of the works that, within a more general discourse, marks the possibility of semantic self-determination of the objects exhibited.



A discourse not without an irony that constantly challenges us based on a material rhetoric –certainly Socratic and maieutic– and, likewise, a hypnotic form that, now and then, is repeated in a sort of mantra that abducts, all things considered, as long as the observer remains attentive to the narrative that Jordi Lafon proposes to us with his particular language.

Unpublished art and consciousness. Visual poetics as a game between understanding and imagination. El quadern robat nails it once again in its bet. Lafon, certainly, needs more exhibition space in order to deploy its entire battery of resources. And yet, one senses the invitation in small format that Anna Belsa proposes to us. Intelligence in its purest form. Will we rise to the circumstances?







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