



is this Jujol?

I should like to say where my interest in this work began...

Where Jujol's capacity was born that makes anyone who approaches his work enter into direct dialogue with it.

Break with that naturalness with which his work seems to be shared. See how one of his major qualities is to offer himself transparently through the thought behind it.

Although I cannot say if his work reflects his own thought, or that of those who contemplate it with enthusiasm.

It seems that in this work we find unmodified intuitions, specific emotions, individual impulses, occurrences, all annotated in a direct way.

They appear constructed obeying no other rules than those they themselves define. They seem to follow the maxim that «maximum rigour is at the same time maximum liberty».

It is a work that obliges us from the very first to judge it according its own rules: no style, no school, no master...

An individual thought guides his work.

An individual thought that seems to stop for moments without going from major to minor scales. Perhaps they are series all formed by elements of equal value.

There is no passing from the large to the small or vice versa.

The different parts, and by extension the works, are born without any reference to scale. That genuine size⁽¹⁾ that approaches the miniature.

Let us not forget that smallness is a way of thinking. It is a thought that rejects everything one cannot carry in a small suitcase. A thought that becomes lost in the to and fro of the

journey from here to there⁽²⁾...

In these works, his way of thinking emerges slowly, as we contemplate them. We have the impression that understanding the author is the only way to understand them.

We see Jujol working painstakingly on the small but reaching large-scale consequences. It is a thought that knows no repetitions: what was said once becomes hidden and never reappears...

His thought process is deliberately brief. And it invites us to think of a subjective soul that he leaves unfinished, solutions are begun then left to their own devices.

These are let loose, alone... But never disfigured to form a preconceived unit.

A differentiating eye divides, separates... And unity is achieved giving a visible, or rather, sensitive, character to the auxiliary lines that construct form.

He seems to take some of the «thousands of rays that fill the air»: light, gravitational waves. The forces to which we subject things on holding them, pushing them, etc...

All of these acquire the value of «banded light» and, as the classics explain, seem to occupy the whole depth of space.

They are lines that already existed, though not in an immediate way, in place.

In his work there is no archaeology. Neither does it belong directly to the site...

Only, perhaps, to what he found in the air: that brilliant dust of many of his details.

His credited work of composition using broken ceramics in the Park Güell enables us to see how his work cannot be explained unless we accept that the thought behind it values work in common, almost depersonalised... attentive to conversation, to the smallest decisions: a game of questions and answers: Like this or like that? This one or that one? Following marginal lines to the limit.

His interrupted, poor, inconclusive works are never the result of a complaint. The intensity they offer is possible only if the thought goes straight to the work itself. And here there is no trace of any sentimental complaint.

In the work process, in this relation with others' decisions, he seeks a distant objectivity, far above what might be a reference to the origin of each project.

The *Papiers Déchirés* by Arp and Miró, the *frottages* by Max Ernst... A way of recomposing material itself by forcing one's own work to become the work of others. Being papers first drawn upon, then torn up, then recomposed... In Jujol this is done in a real way.

Following indications, commentaries, waiting for replies... All this in oneself: far from any responsibility.

Then, his mark on the bench, he tells what for him is its right size. And this is the sign that interlaces the figures and gives form to the whole.

This need for another is the way in which his work offers itself for interpretation.

There is no single way of looking at the work, except for that of the author.

It is a work capable of assimilating any insinuation...

It seems that the author's only task was to fix these insinuations. So many things seem to have arrived by accident. Nevertheless, we see a thought that follows and obeys the technical demands of the different materials, and with them produces a second simplicity.

It cannot be said of Jujol that any of his solutions obliterates the question that gave rise to them; neither do they obliterate the material from which they were born. A concentration of diminutive lines appears. Almost added, identical to the materials that construct them: iron, ceramic, lead...

These give slightly smaller dimensions to

everything:

Children, not adults...

Despite the diminutive size of these lines, it is possible to see the real size of the Vistabella plan: that of the marks in the ceramic on the bench in the Park Güell.

In Jujol's work there are never changes of scale: from the beginning, everything has its true dimensions: from large to small... from small to large...

His thought is expressed like an anagram, as if it were a hieroglyphic still capable of revealing great wisdom and knowledge, of a thought that is simply proof of our desire to approach it.

His work is not a solution, but rather the posing of questions. As the many times that Jujol wrote about his finished works proves, there is still the memory that architecture can be born from, and be the support for, «those figures, instruments of the intellect, that represent thought in an analogous way.»

They are thought and form at the same time: they can be read or, rather, deciphered...

They are hidden expression, but they complete the concept...

Jujol writes on walls. He dedicates his works with pious phrases.

He rejoices in the marks that appear.

He draws Arabesques... On his work he shows us the value of another superficial work³, which we need to approach in company. Except that it is impossible to decipher all those reflections, talking shadows... All ciphered writing that willingly presents itself in an archaic way.

It is a work we must see through the eyes of others:

It must be shown.

Jujol—and this is all I wanted to say in this article— provides a way of seeing his work. It is a way that needs company, someone else's

eyes, his commentary.

Thus we find him in our hands in class... He appears in conversations... The strolls — it matters not if one took part in them— during which Llinàs became gradually familiar with each of Jujol's works... They reveal his way of working.

His work consists of a series of echoes that need to bounce off other people...

That way of working as if it were «the enthusiasm for stains on sheet metal», for «the smoke that makes walls invisible». That «as you like» with which he answered all questions.

They speak of a work that reflects a conscience that always, at each moment, modifies itself, while at the same time modifying, in an invisible way, the way of working of those who contemplate it.

These works have managed to escape from dreams, from instants...

1. Miró, referring to the series of Dutch Interiors from the end of the twenties, speaks of this work of getting away from miniatures: «Soon I understood that it was necessary to go beyond the spirit of the miniature. To expand details until they become part of the whole».

It might appear that Jujol, basing the overall plans of his works on gravitational lines, sought a similar way of solving the problem. However, Jujol never went totally away from the means of expression that allows the creation of miniatures. The way to approach the real dimensions of his works is closer to the small deformations with which sculptors construct the sense of their works: making a feature smaller; slightly altering the real size of a figure.

This deviation of dimensions gives a real size to things so that they cease to be a copy of our movements. From here they become monumental.

In this work, the reduction of size gives real dimension to things. They become real in themselves without any direct reference to any dimension.

2. «... to miniaturise is to make portable, and this is the tramp's or the exile's ideal way of carrying things...»

«... to miniaturise also means to make invisible...»

«... what is reduced is somehow liberated from meaning. Its smallness is, at the same time, a whole and a fragment...»

These arguments are developed by Vila-Matas in his *Historia Abreviada de la Literatura Portátil*, Barcelona, 1985.

3. Many of the terms used to describe Jujol's work have their origin close to Surrealism. The term «superficiality» is the one used by Savino to present a thought free from shackles that slips between things... that brings to the surface everything that should be hidden... that accepts everything that suddenly appears, etc...