

It is not difficult to imagine Enric Miralles as a smiling fisherman, scanning the horizon, a cigar at his lips, at the bow of a boat, endlessly navigating against the current or with the winds and armed with all kinds of fishing gear, lures, harpoons, hooks, nets, fishing rods, even his hands, fishing incessantly and almost not mindful of the products caught nor governed by fishermen's rules, not surprised by what has been trapped; planks, driftwood, branches, logs, tin cans, boxes, stones, letters, algae, rails, wires, bottles, maps, candy wrappers, baskets, fabrics, occasionally a fish or even a boat. Once full, he would lighten the boat's load, from time to time, leaving his captured trophies on shore in an almost casual way, stuck together festively just as they had appeared in the boat's hold. Few were returned to the water, some remained weightless or anchored or hung or unstable, others when grouped recalled sunshades, other deformed skeletons of indescribable animals, other crushed, others making enigmatic words, others flying, others becoming temporary shelters, still others like fence posts which when dragged through the earth have left behind their traces as furrows and holes. Something always remained in the boat's hold, those found objects that he personally wanted to keep as curious treasures. When he had to mend the hull, the boat was temporally beached, upside down, offered up as a protective roof.

Once having set foot onshore and unexpectedly being asked by someone to come up with a shelter or build a fence, he'd approach, his large arms still laden with the boat's catch, all the while gathering local fragments off the land, so that the shelter's inhabitant would know that it was also made with pieces of the place wherein it stood, and thus would feel at home. One day, while sailing on a Japanese river he assembled vines and lianas, found under a bridge, together with wood and wire and built a shrine dedicated to Nature. The next day he collected railroad tracks, cables and electricity poles, added Christmas lights found in a local store, and transformed the hole lot, at the request of a friend, into a canopy to protect his village train station.

On the way back to the boat, and from a certain distance, he'd turn his head and glance back at what he'd left behind, one could see him enjoying himself as he'd just been to a Monty Python film. Gales were formed with his speed and mobility, producing whirlwinds which dragged along and followed him; stuck to these whirlwinds were words, fragments of texts, music, other's voices and, above all, an infinity of unconditional followers which in fact meant everyone he met upon mooring his boat on shore.

The other day when he stopped navigating the world's seas and his body was laid to rest in the cemetery that years earlier he had built with the remains of a flood, those who unconditionally cared for him appeared wrapped in the dust of the place as if the force of a gale had first swept them up in a whirlwind and then set them down in layers around him as if bestowing upon them the role of protective guardians of his memory and of his work, while listening in silence to the rite of the sealing of an architect's tomb, the knocking of the mason's trowel against brick, reproducing the most elemental of gestures found in the trade of building. The scene appeared as if imagined by Enric as the piece of work at his last mooring.

No es difícil imaginar a Enric Miralles como un pescador sonriente, oteando a su alrededor, con un puro en la boca, en la proa de una barca, navegando sin parar contracorriente, o a favor de los vientos y armado con todo tipo de artes de pesca, anzuelos, arpones, garfio, redes, cañas, incluso con sus manos, pescando sin cesar y sin prestar mucha atención ni a los productos pescados ni a la disciplina pesquera y sin sorprenderse de lo atrapado: tablones, maderas, ramas, troncos, latas, cajas, piedras, letras, algas, raíles, alambres, botellas, mapas, papeles de envolver caramelos, cestos, telas, algún pez y alguna bota.

Llena la barca, la aligeraba dejando, de tanto en tanto, depositados en la orilla los trofeos ganados con un orden casi casual, pegados unos a otros con aspecto festivo, tal como iban apareciendo en la bodega. Pocos se devolvían al agua, unos quedaban ingravidos o anclados o colgados o inestables, otros en grupo aparentando un sombrero o unos esqueletos deformados de indescritibles animales, otros aplastados, otros formando unas palabras enigmáticas, otros volando, otros convirtiéndose en refugio temporal o en una empalizada que dejaba rastros de las cosas encontradas que quería guardar como tesoros o curiosidades para sí. Cuando tenía que limpiar fondos, la barca se varaba temporalmente y su casco, boca abajo, se ofrecía también como techo protector.

Al desembarcar, y ser llamado inesperadamente por alguien para que le organizara un refugio o le construyera un cercado, mientras se acercaba con parte de la carga de su barca en sus grandes brazos, iba recogiendo otros fragmentos en tierra para que así quien iba a disfrutar de su nuevo refugio supiera que estaba hecho con trozos del lugar y no tuviera que sentir extrañeza. Un día navegando por un río japonés, con unas hiedras y unas lianas que crecían junto a un puente, ligadas con unas maderas y unos alambres construyó una capilla de evocación a la naturaleza. El día siguiente, recogió trozos de vías, cables y postes eléctricos, añadiéndoles bombillitas de navidad de una tienda vecina y lo transformó en el cobertizo que un amigo le pidió para la estación de su pueblo.

Cuando regresaba a su barca y volvía su cara para mirar a cierta distancia lo que había dejado a su paso, se le veía disfrutar como si acabara de asistir a la proyección de una película de Monty Python.

Con su rapidez y movilidad se formaban vendavales que en torbellinos arrastraban, dejando pegados y siguiéndole, palabras, fragmentos de textos, músicas, voces de otros y sobre todo infinidad de incondicionales que eran todos los que encontraba a su paso cuando armaba su barca.

El otro día cuando dejó de navegar por estos mundos y su cuerpo reposó en el cementerio que años atrás había construido con los restos de una riada, aparecieron sus incondicionales envueltos en el polvo del lugar como si la fuerza de una ventolera les hubiera transportado en un remolino y colocado a su alrededor en estratos para convertirse en guardianes protectores de su memoria y de su obra, mientras escuchaban en silencio el rito de cerrar la tumba de un arquitecto con golpes de paleta y de ladrillos que reproducían los gestos elementales del oficio de construir. Esa escena parecía haber sido imaginada por Enric como la obra de su última escala.

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