

MIGUEL FISAC WHO ART IN HEAVEN

About the Architecture of Miguel Fisac

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I have often repeated that Fisac is among the greats, among the great creators who, with his work of Architecture of universal dimension, have already crossed the threshold of History. It is not that he has passed into history: he has been part of it for a long time.

Angel Ferrant said that "Everything has already been said. But since nobody hears it, it has to be repeated a thousand times". The media, the advertising media, know it well.

Antonio Gaudí died run over by a streetcar, forgotten by everyone. Gaudí was an architect whose universal dimension was never even imagined by those around him. He was so simple. Today, his figure has grown to reach the farthest ends of the earth.

Miguel Fisac, with his simplicity, his frankness and his clarity of thought has never been a dish of taste for those who pull the strings of media power. He was so direct. But his universal recognition will take day by day dimensions that have not yet reached us. Time to time.

And since I believe that words are carried away by the air, I would like to propose to you today, in order to be effective and not remain mere eulogies, a single idea with reference to Fisac that has to do, precisely, with the air: to hang in the air of the computer network the best web page in the world: [www. miguelfisac.com](http://www.miguelfisac.com). Yes, I know it is already in the air, if only because when I transcribe my words with my computer, the title has turned blue.

When Cervantes wrote Don Quixote, he was so well aware of the universal dimension of his work that he wasted no time in having the first part translated into English by Thomas Shelton in 1611, who would later translate the second part in 1615. And so effective was this action that, in 1801, the third President of the United States, the architect Thomas Jefferson, in a delightful letter that I had the privilege of seeing live at the Museum of History in New York, was able to scold his daughter Maria for not reading Don Quixote.

And, how would it be today to translate El Quixote into English, or better yet, how would it be today to translate Fisac into English, how could we today put into the circulatory torrent of society that is the media the constructed and written message that Miguel Fisac has left us?

Although it is still true that "good is diffusive", what is no longer so true is that "good cloth is sold in the ark". It becomes moth-eaten.

The already resolved controversy of whether Fisac's funds were going to Madrid or to Ciudad Real, no longer makes sense. Those to whom it seemed that taking the funds to Ciudad Real was like taking them to a golden exile, are no longer right. Even if they were, which they were.

And because I would not want these words of mine to remain in a mere flourish, is why I propose something as simple, but as effective as hanging in the air in the most effective way the ideas and works of Fisac. Not for nothing did he live in that marvelous Cerro del aire, as if it were a premonition.

And although it is good that there are still books and publications on Fisac, it is better that all these funds, well ordered and articulated, are made available to everyone on the network. The experts say that they should be made available on the most current means of dissemination, which is the computer network. This is something that many of our older generation resist. To what all those of the new and future generations urge us to do. Because everyone is hung up on this network. And if not, tell me what children are doing today.

And although we have started with Cervantes and Shelton and Jefferson, I cannot resist repeating my praise of Fisac as a new Ulysses. For so many reasons. Of course we can speak of Ulysses because Thomas Chapman in the 17th century translated Homer into English. And it is such that two centuries later, John Keats dedicated a beautiful poem to the translator for such a feat. And so, I could find a thousand arguments to convince you, I think you will already be more than convinced, that it is worth doing everything possible to recognize the universal dimension of the figure of Miguel Fisac. That is why we are here today.

Fisac, like a new Ulysses, crossed the straits of life attached to the main mast of the ship of Architecture with the bonds of reason and honesty.

With his ears and eyes wide open he saw everything and anything happen.

Like the Trojan hero, the fascinating sirens tempted him with their seductive song: money, fame and power.

Like the son of Laertes, Scylla and Charybdis tried to sip him with incomprehension, contempt and oblivion.

But nothing and no one could stop him. And he has finally reached his Ithaca. And just as Penelope was faithful-faithful there, Miguel Fisac had and has, faithful-faithful to Ana María.

And so, as Cortés in Keats' poem gazed in amazement at the infinity of that immense Pacific sea from the top of the Darien, I imagine Miguel Fisac looking at us in amazement, today and now, from up there, happy, in the air, or better, surely, in the skies.