The chronicles tell us that Joan Miró was born in Mont-roig, but in fact he did not come here until he was eighteen to recuperate from a long illness (1911). The year before, his father had bought the farm called Mas d’en Ferratges from the Marquis of Mont-roig. At that time, Mont-roig was already a large village with some 2,500 inhabitants. The farm was an extensive property between the sea and the village. It had a large white house with a tower built by the Marquis’ father, who had been born in Mont-roig and had made his fortune in Cuba. When Ernest Hemingway visited Miró years later, he said the house reminded him of the buildings on that Caribbean island.

The sick young man quickly recovered and forgot about what had for him been the harrowing life of an apprentice clerk in Barcelona. He began to roam the plains of Mont-roig, from the sea to the red mountain of the hermitage of La Mare de Déu de la Roca. Miró enjoyed himself in Mont-roig.

Later, year after year, he spent long periods at his mas (now known as “Mas Miró”). From 1921 he would spend the winters in Paris and the summers at the farm. In Mont-roig he would walk a lot and observe even more. He would look at the fields full of carob and olive trees with their perennial leaves, the vineyards with their twisting vines, the perfectly straight and freshly sown furrows, and the market gardens full of canes with their climbing bean and tomato plants.

In summer he would have appreciated the cool breeze that blew off the sea and gave respite from the heat. In September he was captivated by the red skies of the sunset. He was surprised by that furious and impetuous wind, the mistral, that pounded the mountains of Pratdip and Colldejou and spread across the plain until it was lost in the flat sea, which turned an intense blue as at no other time. At the beginning of September, the farm workers harvested the grapes and then, at the end of the month, the carobs. Miró took those strong and penetrating aromas with him from Mont-roig: the sweetness of the recently-picked muscatel grape and the tart smell of the carob. In January he probably received some jars of arbequina olives sent by the tenant farmers when they had finished the olive harvest.

In 1956 Miró went to live in Mallorca. But every summer he returned to Mont-roig and stayed from St John’s Day (24 June) until after St Michael’s Day (29 September, the village’s main festival). He always
carried Mont-roig deep inside him.

In November 1975 a carob tree was presented to the Miro Foundation in Barcelona and was planted in its eastern courtyard. On 29 April 1979 a homage to Miró was organised by the Muntanya Roja Neighbourhood Association. He was named an “adopted son”, awarded the town’s gold medal and had a square next to the old church named after him. In this church, on the centenary of the painter’s birth, the town’s Cultural Centre was inaugurated (July 1993). The Miró family donated a tapestry to the people of Mont-roig.

Joan Miró was born in Barcelona on 20 April 1893 and died in Palma on 25 December 1983. Barcelona, Mallorca and Mont-roig can be defined as the Mironian magic triangle.