What we know of Cristian’s life and works (translated from original Spanish)

Cristian Pinto Ferre was an artist from an early age, with great aptitude for music and painting. Although he died very young at only 23 ([LÉON](https://www.aytoleon.es/es/inicio/Paginas/default.aspx) July 16,1924 - September 6, 1947) he left a

record of his worth and testimony of his family, all of whom he portrayed in paintings he made.

His love of drawing and painting stood out, even as a very small child. He was a disciple/student of

[Demetrio Monteserin](https://dbe.rah.es/biografias/55883/demetrio-monteserin) in the Painting Academy on [Condesa de Sagasta Street](https://www.pinterest.es/pin/95842298305202666/). His teacher said of him: “He was a man ahead of his age/time, and he had a very advanced painting technique.”

The first painting we have of his, is “The Three Graces”. It seems he went into a room and did not wish to come out until he had finished this work. When everyone saw what he had done, they realized that he was gifted. He won 3rd prize in the exhibition at the [Feria de Muestras in Gijón in 1946](https://publicaciones.ucuenca.edu.ec/ojs/index.php/tsantsa/article/download/1741/1341) and first prize at the University of Oviedo Exhibition. A year later in 1947, he died of a hemorrhage, 3 days after an operation for angina. (My father always said his brother died of complications from a strep infection, as penicillin was not yet available.)

He was a violin virtuoso and he knew how to play the piano. He played the viola in [Odon Alonso’s](https://orfeonleones.es/odon-alonso) (father) orchestra. The sculpture in front of the [concert hall in Leon](https://www.ecosia.org/images?q=auditorio%20de%20le%C3%B3n%202023&_sp=9B3E54D1-2A6F-4766-951D-5ED309E487E9) depicts Odon with his young son [Odon Alonso Ardas](http://www.spainisculture.com/en/artistas_creadores/odon_alonso_ordas.html), (1925-2011) who later became a renowned orchestra conductor in Spain. And the boy who is depicted as seated, attending the lesson is Cristian.

He died in September 1947, when he was finishing 5th year in Law. His life had a kind of romantic destiny. My father (Cristian’s cousin Ramiro) said that Cristian felt sad, because he was made to study a profession that did not interest him, but he signed up for love, and to have a family. He was in very much in love with Lola de la Vega (Maria Dolores De la Vega Alvarez), he wrote poetry dedicated to her and they wrote letters to each other.

Cristian’s father urged him to study Law, so that he would not live on air alone. To his cousin Ramiro Pinto Diez he confessed he did not enjoy his studies. He had a melancholy disposition.

Lola De la Vega remembered with great sadness the day that Cristian died. She and her parents went to the summer house in the village of [San Andres del Rabanedo](https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/San_Andr%C3%A9s_del_Rabanedo), as everyone was staying there at that time. Cristian’s mother Agustina repeatedly said, what a terrible grief in this house all three had come to, and so different to what they had expected, as they had intended to agree on a formal engagement to marry. Cristian’s death was a tragedy for both families.

Demetrio Monteserin, professor of drawing, wrote an

**In Memoriam, published in the newspaper:**

“At 23 years of age a fatal blow destroyed the promise of a life full of artistic achievement. The least for Cristian was the law he was studying, to make up for years lost to a pernicious illness that he had recovered from. And once cured, angina poisoned his blood and killed him in a matter of hours.

He was such an artist that everything inspired … him. A phrenologist would have been able to make a a study of his ample forehead – where his genius activated. He had an extraordinary sensitivity for everything that is art. He was constantly invaded by a great spiritual disquiet.

He played the violin with rare perfection. Our chamber music orchestra was in need of a viola player and Cristian learned and mastered the  instrument, playing in the orchestra of maestro Odon Alonso. He was a painter besides. He was a student of mine. And he would have arrived at a more advance technique, being influenced by daring tendencies in his eagerness to better himself, perhaps influenced by reading ultramodern, practical methods in a constant battle to …. Of Art which of course he he knew how to direct.

But I had to train this restless disciple so full of energy and curiosity to learn his trade well without complete disregard for academics - to give him full advantage of of his abilities and to ensure that what happens for many when they learn the a, b, c of painting, and without further preparation, they believe they know all and produce terrifying monstrosities, - would not happen to him.

He also wrote poetry and very well too. He was not content to simply write verse that more or less advanced whatever style. He wrote them in a way that I like, besides an idea there was musicality, an internal rhythm.

He gave me many unforgettable moments in my studio. I don’t how he learned to play the piano; he had a strong touch and a good hand despite not practicing daily. While I worked, and without really my understanding, Pinto Ferre improvised delightful/delicious motifs of a highly romantic exquisite nature, with breathtaking resolution.

As he knew I was crazy about the Divine Art and that I know almost all musical literature and I’ve dealt with many musicians in my wanderings through the world, he would ask me endless questions about these great and sacred artists. I told him anecdotes and incidences and more when I had lived with some of them over the course of my already long life, as intensely as I lived it. Cristian knew the lives and works of the classical masters, as he was enormously cultured, and the same held for the great painters in art.

His disposition/genius encompassed everything. Lately he was intensely preoccupied with aerial navigation. He spent hours doing mathematical calculations and building beautiful models. We argued over it once, I wanted to convince him of my axiomatic dislike. For me, aeroplanes are tragic playthings and that aerial navigation simply must follow the same principals as the sailing ship. And he became truly obsessed, with all the vehemence of his exalted/impassioned soul. He made beautiful models that were nothing less than what we had seen in a recent formal exhibition.

Besides he was good in the way that artists should be, without desire or capacity for stabbing anyone in the back. There’s many a swindler, so full of vanity, narcissism and egomania, so convinced of himself that just by lifting an index finger he illuminates the world.

Cristian Pinto Ferre was a great artist. All of us who knew him feel intense pain because of a life that has been broken, leaving his family and everyone of us who loved and admired him so very much, in the most despairing grief. As God has chosen, may He have Cristian at His side.”