



Illustration

EMILIA BERTOLÈ

(ARGENTINE PLASTIC ARTIST, BORN IN EL TRÉBOL -SANTA FE- IN 1896, DIED IN ROSARIO IN 1949)

*I returned from the future to the meeting, descended
from the later time, from oblivion to rescue the
portrait and poetry that the men had convicted of
being underground, beyond their unique essence as
humans: feeling.*

'La dama de azul' ('The blue lady') emerges from this page, for the first time, to anonymous observation since its creation in the twenties of last century. It never left the house of Luján where it joined, perhaps not even the wall that supports it. Only a short drive from the studio of the artist in Mercedes to the site near the Basilica, just the outer light ventilated it. Today is exhumed from the most pitiful oblivion that man has to have to hide his affections. In this dejected reality that keeps the portrait which join in the illiation of bifurcations to the past circumstances that moved to the close ground to its actors, Emilia Bertolè and her sister Cora, to whom later became President of the Chamber of Deputies of Nation Federico Fernández de Monjardín (Frondizi's Presidency) and to the honoured Mendocino poet Alfredo Bufano (1895-1950). The time, craftsman of oblivion, left only a hole through which filtered in its labyrinth through Dr. Lila Masci de Monjardín to return that original flame which contains the work and revive the most precious thing a man has to be happy: love. The secrecy often leads to ashes the purest passions. In this land of men, reason is the free will that makes them unhappy and tragic. Reason and instinct. The feeling is hiding behind the depth of the being to avoid being thrown into the inquisition of the human order.

Plastic artist and poet, Emilia Bertolè attended to the bohemian Buenos Aires of the Anaconda group at the Café Tortoní with Horacio Quiroga, Alfonsina Storni, Arturo Mon, Emilio Centurión. In this environment she met the poet Alfredo Bufano, who through his friendship with Federico Monjardín allowed them to reaffirm these meetings and not only among themselves but with the Bertolè's family. There emerged a felt relationship between Bufano and Cora, Emilia's sister, shielded in secrecy because of the personal situation of the poet. Bufano used to spend time staying in the house of Monjardín in Lujan, where love and summer time roamed the river bordering the lot.

Emilia Bertolè was an exquisite portrait artist. The prestigious doctor Gregorio Araoz Alfaro's wife, President Hipolito Yrigoyen, Ignacio Corsini, Libertad Lamarque, were some of her famous works. 'La dama azul' (Cora Bertolè), it seems to be removed from the bottom that flows into the contour of the figure. The light emanating from a pale face, suggestive eyes, and delicate features that give to the composition a mysterious and hidden aura that the time would accentuate to relegate passional sensitivity of its origin to put it into oblivion. "For me, art should always be the natural representation of life, embellished by the creative genius and perfection". These words expressed by Emilia herself in the newspaper 'La Prensa' (ca. 1927) are premonitory in the chiaroscuro that the circumstances impose to men vulnerating the conscience of affection. They are full evidence of the forbidden that determined the fate of this modest portrait.

MAN LIVES THE PARALLEL WORLDS OF REALITY AND IMAGINATION, FROM THE FIRST ONE THE TRAMP AND THE ARTIST OF IMAGINATION WILL BE CAPTIVE. THE REST OF THE MORTALS WILL NEVER KNOW TO WHAT THEY BELONG TO THE UTOPIAN WAITING OF WHAT THEY CONVERGE.

It was the time of the flower. The arboreal tannins impregnated the diaphanous and hot air at midday of Luján. The sun eternized in the zenith breaking the light between the thicknesses of the dense green of the branches. On the lawn the shadows danced to the compass of them. Not too far the high crosses of the Basilica were imposing erected in view of the open space extending from the house of Monjardín. The car slowly puffed then seemed behind a deep sigh lying on the floor. The traveler did not need to open the portal. An overflowing fullness Federico Monjardín received him with vest and bow tie. His right hand came forward to the visitor. When extending it his sensual and flat voice faded.

- How is it going, Alfredo?

Bufano smiled slightly shaking hands with his friend at the time that he responded affirmatively with a slight nod. Then again, it was heard the voice of the host.

- I have a surprise! Tonight, we will have dinner with the Bertolè - and continued with a wink - and among them Cora. But I think that you will have another satisfaction.

- What is it about? Bufano waiting-uttered.

I am not allowed, but it will thrill you.

When the sun fell behind the horizon with its last fiery light and shadows lengthened until to be a single, Emilia, Cora and their parents arrived at the appointment. The evening came to Alfred Bufano and Cora Bertolè more than one meeting. It reaffirmed between them that complicity that held them together through the distance. The confident moments had become more frequent and Lujan was the place that offered to them the possibility, the calmness and the sense that at that time they had their lives. But that night a circumstantial and haphazard event, as it often happens in the everyday happenings of men, it would allow that this story was not rusted into final oblivion. When coffee and anise, under a sky studded with white fire that suggested the concavity of the celestial sphere, extending the evening, Emilia Bertolè emerged from the door of the house with the portrait of her sister Cora, which had been finished hours before. The blue pastel painting of the image wrapping la facies luminosa of the protagonist of the painting lit an additional glow among the shadows, but this time at the eye level of Bufano, who remained expectant. The painter did not let him recover.

-This picture of my sister is for you, Alfredo, as offering of affection.

The poet managed to replicate – it is so beautiful what you did Emilia, as she is!

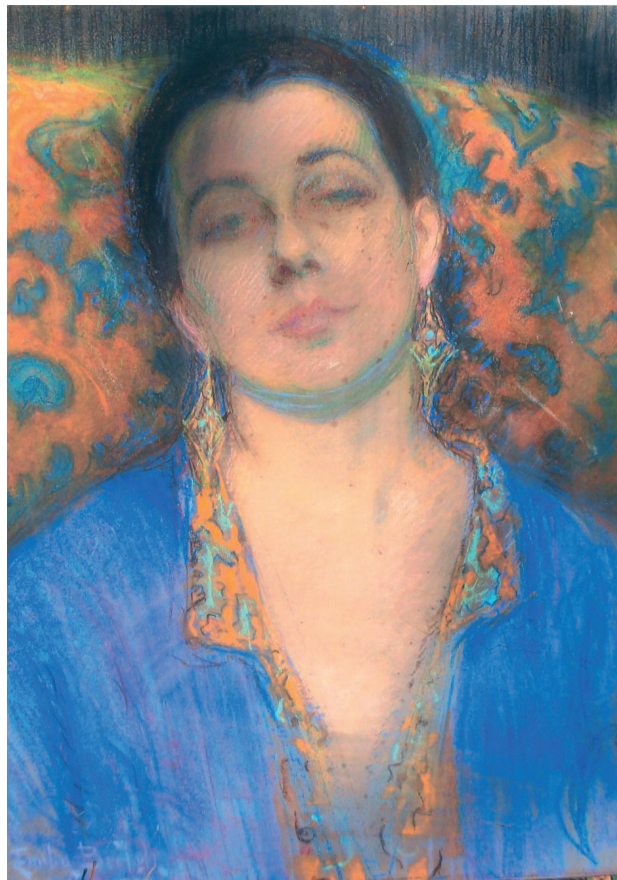
Insensitive the oncoming days were taking the incandescent time of the flower. Lovers never used to suspect that the executioner of oblivion wandering around in search of feelings.

Days later when Bufano returned to his land at the time to say goodbye to Monjardín, this remembered him - Alfredo ... do not forget Cora's portrait!

Bufano bowed his head, perhaps he hid a tear. His voice came from the shame, sad, shadowed, imploring – Federico, it hurts me in my soul but I cannot take it, if I did so I would be disrespecting my situation, but you keep it, who are my friend. I will come looking for it.

Events crossed out that spring and many more. The characters were mimicking in the past until disappeared, the story was losing and Cora's portrait remained since then to the shelter of all the memories. Only he still retains this time of the flower. From the blue canvas springs the same genuine joy when Cora laid down with her slightly blushed face. Decades of parsimony now lie on its surface. This exquisite creation hides the sentimental bound secret because of the clandestine event that it contained.

That evening when I found the told chronic of Cora's portrait suspended always on that wall, I had the feeling that I had to rescue the characters from oblivion and the painting made by Emilia Bertolè from its ignored transcendence. I picked it up.



"La dama azul"
Pastel painting, 0.50 × 0.40m

Looking back over the premonition became true. An attached envelope kept Emilia's poem that reflected her excitement to look at her own work.

'It emerges from the dark background of the head/ abandoned a little/ maybe shyness or fatigue/ on the very small and graceful shoulder./ Wide pale forehead, and vague,/ mysterious eyes,/ it does not know if they are gray or the soft/ colour of heliotrope. / Pink mouth as light pink / it opens to an intimate murmur / and it is painful and deep the smile / that encourages warm ivory of her face' ('Mirror in Shadow', 1927). (1)

If leaving is an act of freedom, the memory that we carry, limits us its significance. It returns us to yesterday. Where we go carrying the anguish of our past. Our ghosts are perpetuated. Memory is the shadow of consciousness. Here lies our will of sadness. The mere fact to have been, it reiterates us irremediable. We never be able to feel again what we have felt. Events are unique. Only lack of memory would restore us the plenitude to live events as if they were originals. On this lies the contradiction between man and nature that contains him. The impression that sustains it extends beyond the advisable. It does not favour to the being, but to rust it on the sadness. (2)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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