

Unpublished text and tree photographs by Francesc Torres
signed and numbered,
Bilingual edition in Spanish and English
Text in bodoni lead typography on Arches Paper 250gr. by Grupo MGC,
Universidad Politécnica de Valencia.
Black and White photographs in fiber-based Arches paper.

Edition of 30 copies, each signed and numbered, divided in thee different
books of copies each with the same text but different photographs:
Triptych Barcelona, Triptych Carnota, Triptych Cuevas de Cañar

7 copies numbered from 1 to 7,
3 copies reserved for the artist and the editor numbered from PA I to PA III

15,7" x 11,8"
Set presented in a burnt wood case, 43,5 x 33.5 x 5 cm, with gold title.

Printing finished on 11 th of september of 2003.
Raíña Lupa Edition

P.V.P: 4.750 Euros



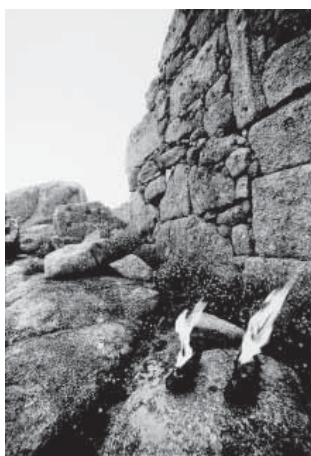
FRAGILE IS THE FLAME

You are already on the other side of the image. You have passed through the negative and its silver intact; the mirror of your life reflects nothing but an absence of yourself. The promise of your plans has been consumed as the passions you once felt, the wanton bodies you possessed, the carnal banquets you devoured. The fire of memory burns, etched like twin jewels on the irises of your eyes, elucidating the obituary of your spontaneous combustion, shining like fragile flames, reflecting your children yet unborn, now lost, burning like the unwritten words you spewed. The avid conclusion is not in its place at the very end of a vital A-B segment, the last vestige of an intact life. Now your future is the past in another's reveries. There is no present, only unconscious eternity with neither sweat, nor urine, nor spilled fluids, nor sperm ejaculated over the map of the nameless bodies you once stole, the forsaken souls you loved, the banal epidermises you licked. You are no longer here; life scorched your flesh while your gaze fell elsewhere. All that remains is the last volute of exhaled smoke, now on the ground your wingless capacity for dreaming, landed like the cigarette ash that preserves, for a few seconds, the shape of the unsullied worlds you yearned for, the incredible entelechies you believed, the plausible futures not seen, the possible lives to be lived, all expired.

English Translation, Francesc Torres and Jere Herzenberg.



Tríptico Barcelona



Tríptico Carnota



Tríptico Cuevas de Cañar