



To all my teachers at school, who never believed in me.

To my parents, who always did it from the shadows. Thanks for not spoil me.

To Ale, the only reason I became an artist. Thanks for be the brother I never had.

To Hannah, the person who brings balance to my world. Thanks for bear me.

To the common people, thanks for keep it real.

# Lost Memoirs

As many of the best thing in life, this project started by mistake.

The printer broke in February, and while I was trying to fix it, I realized of the images coming from the machine. The typical lines of colours, instead of the proper picture, that every owner of a printer suffers time to time.

It is then when I decided that I did not want to fix the printer anymore, but the images.

As a nurse, working in dementia for the last seven years, these broken images were like the broken memories of my patients, or my own broken memories.

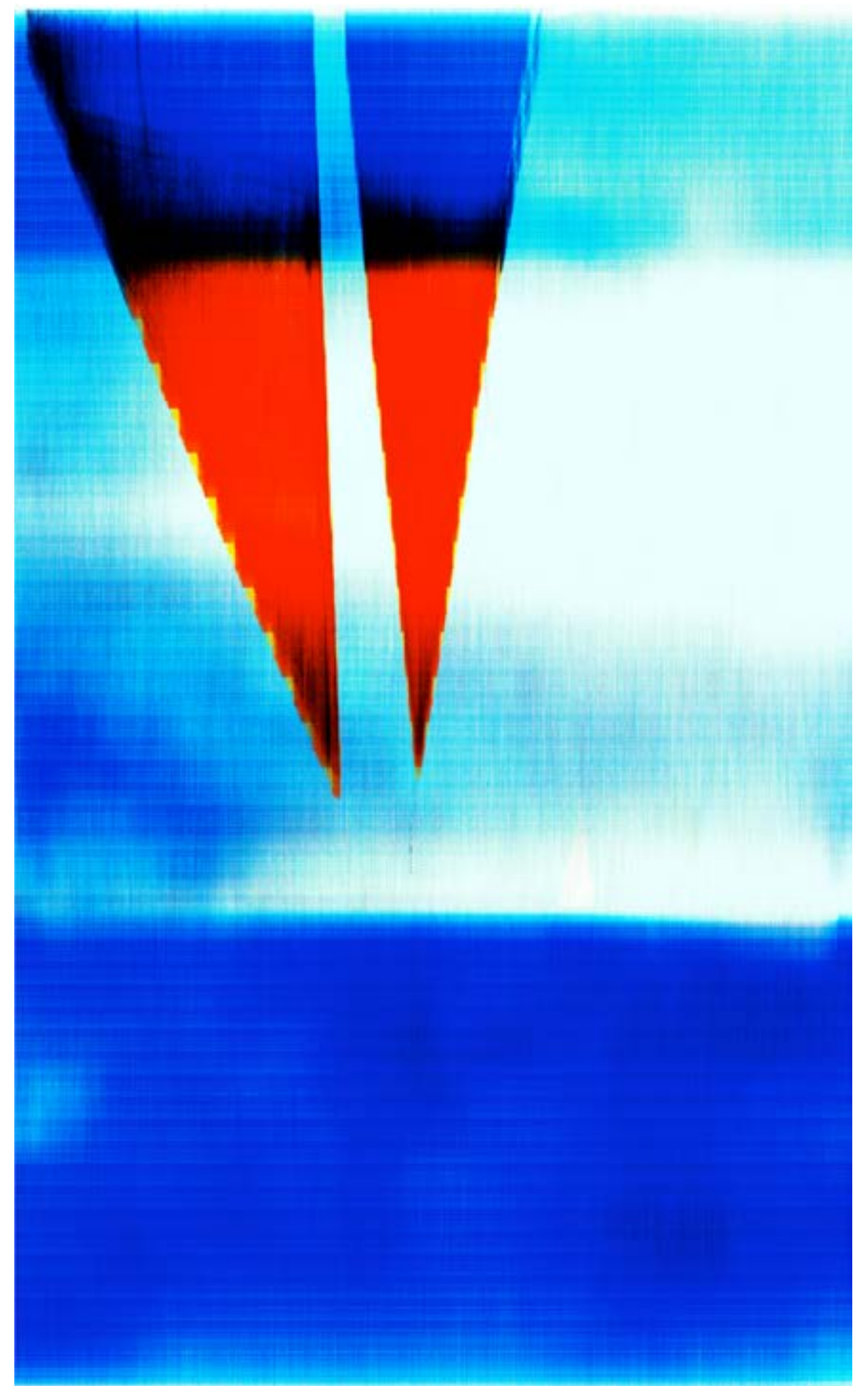
The months working during Covid were probably the hardest time of my life. I was finishing my BA in photography when the world stopped, and I was called. I was working almost every day, trying to finish my Major Project, lying to my parents who were in Spain telling them everything was fine in Edinburgh.

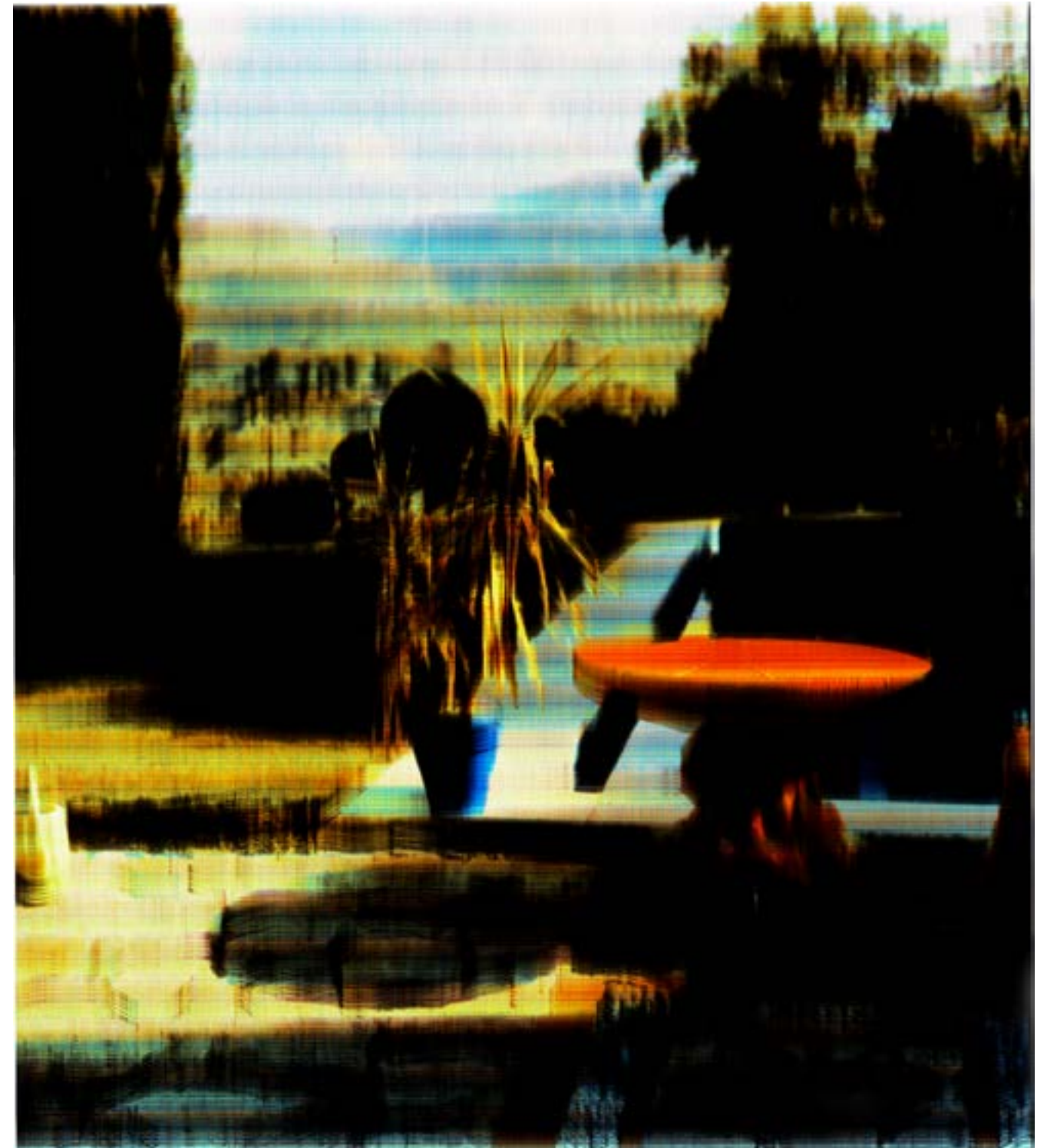
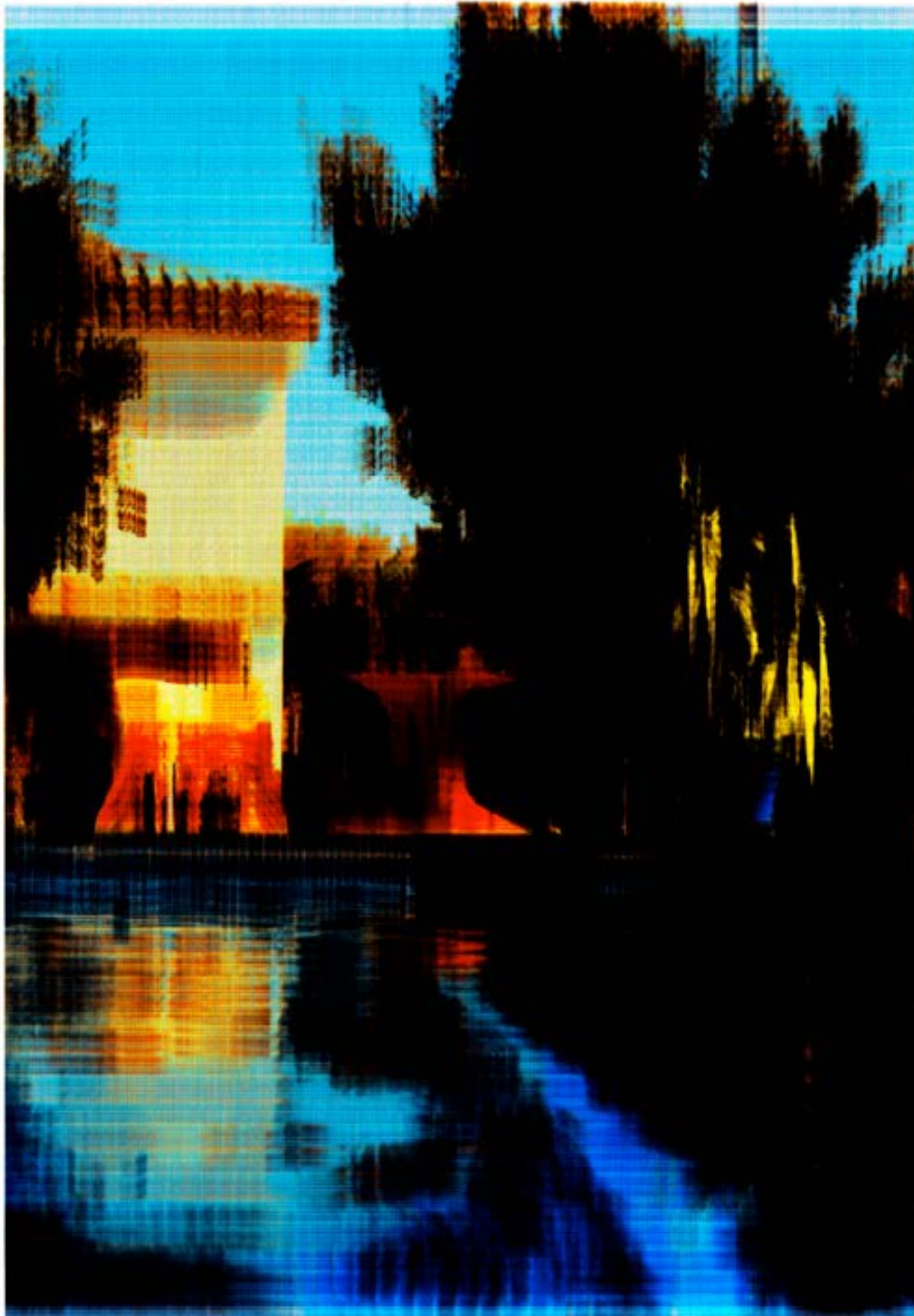
The summer of the 21, when we all had finally a relief, I got a depression, as many health workers. If I did not have the time before to make photographs, now I did not have the strength. It was painful to even look at my old work.

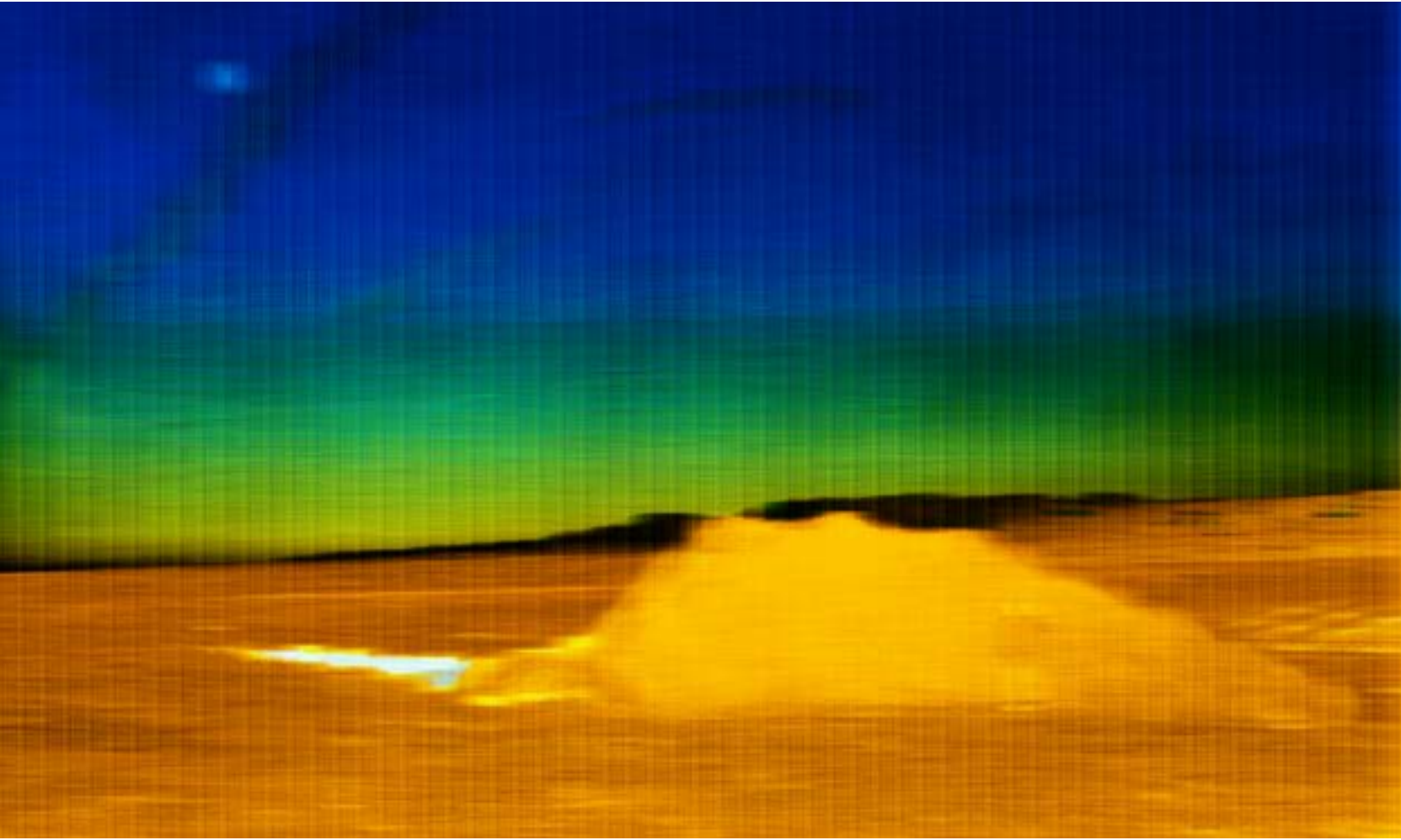
So, I printed all with the broken machine, to fix every image, to accept them. Because when you work as a nurse you become a hypochondriac, you fear every disease, and there is no disease I fear most than the disease of forget who I am, what I did.

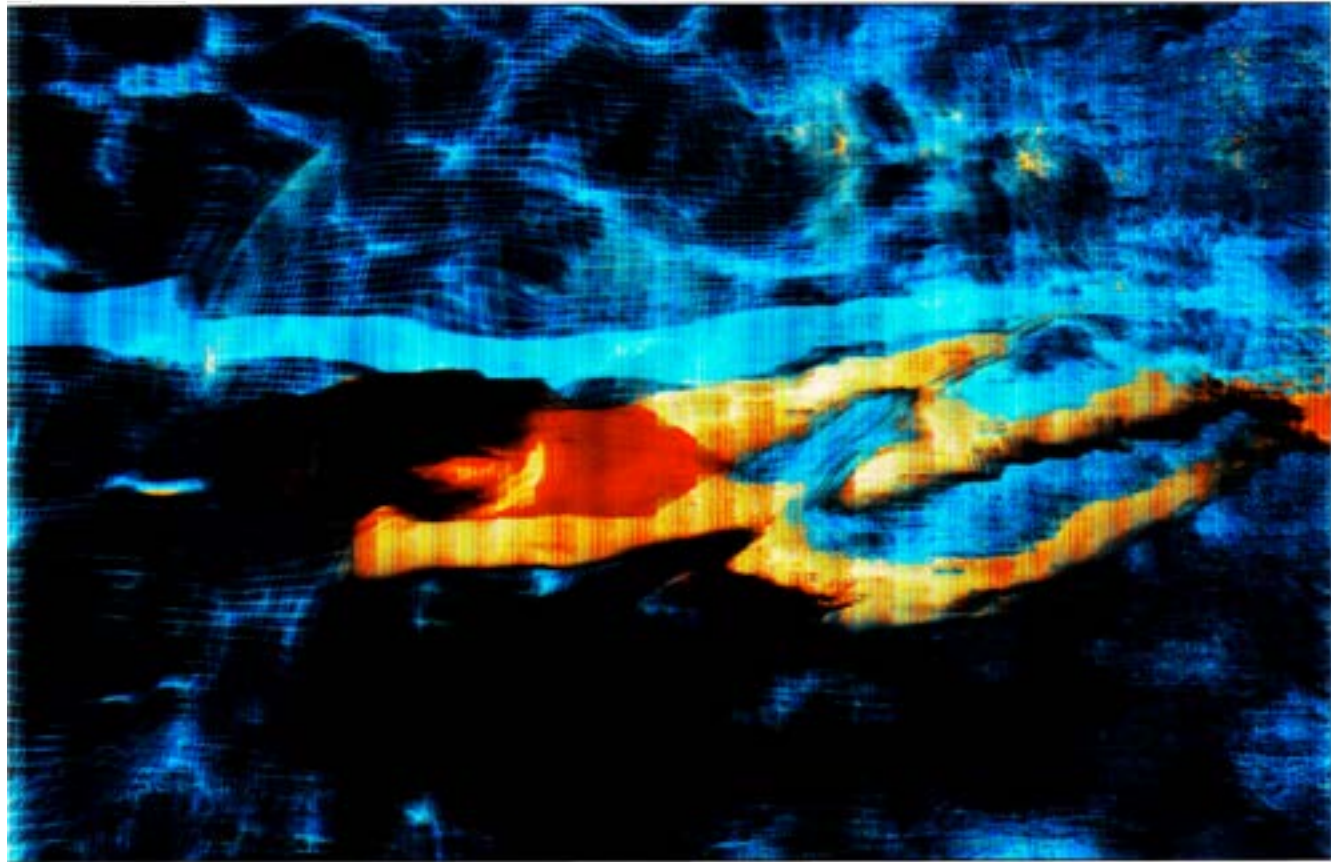
This book is time capsule, a fight against fear, a celebration of the beauty of life. I tried to create a visual story; from when I was a kid, until I became an artist, from when I discovered lust, until I discovered love.



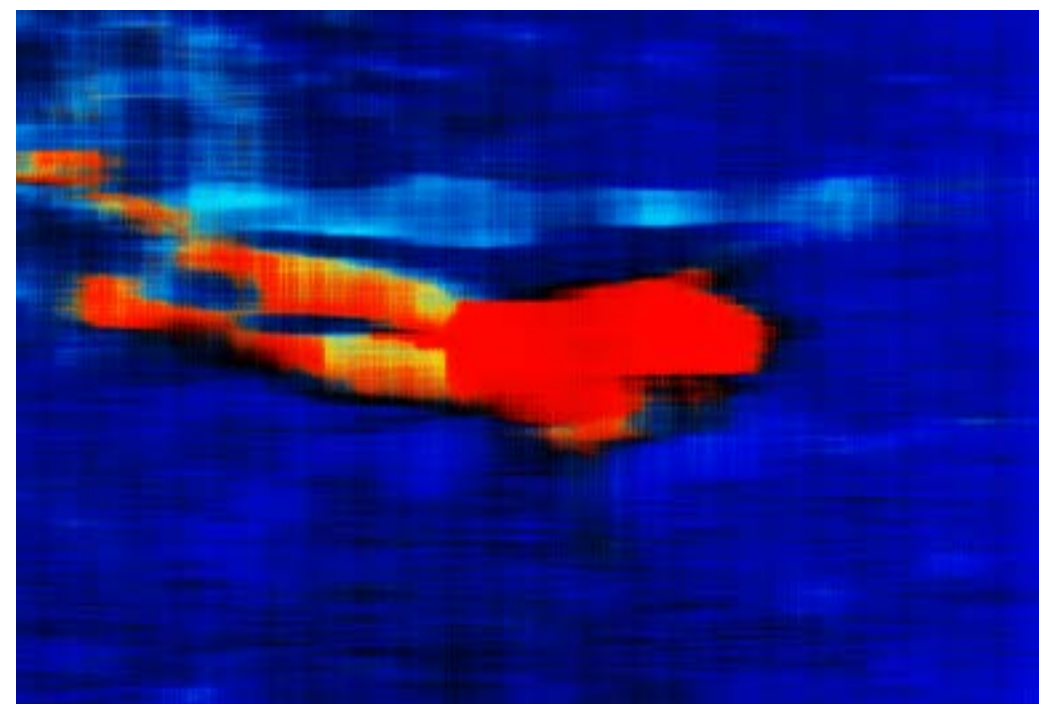
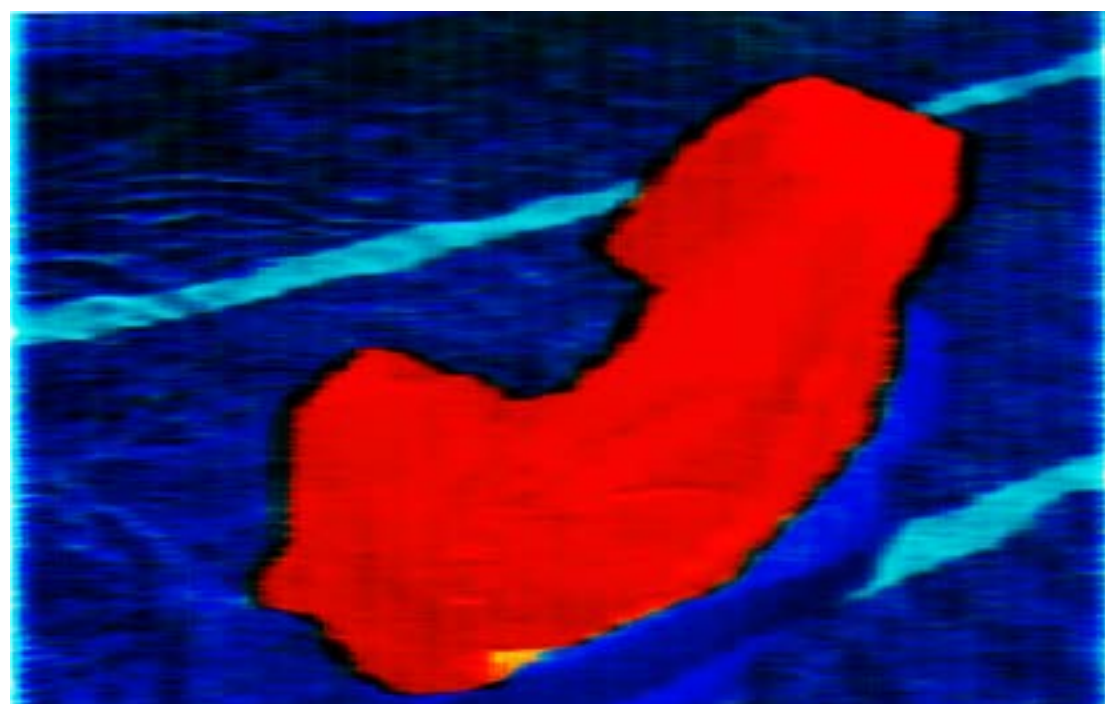
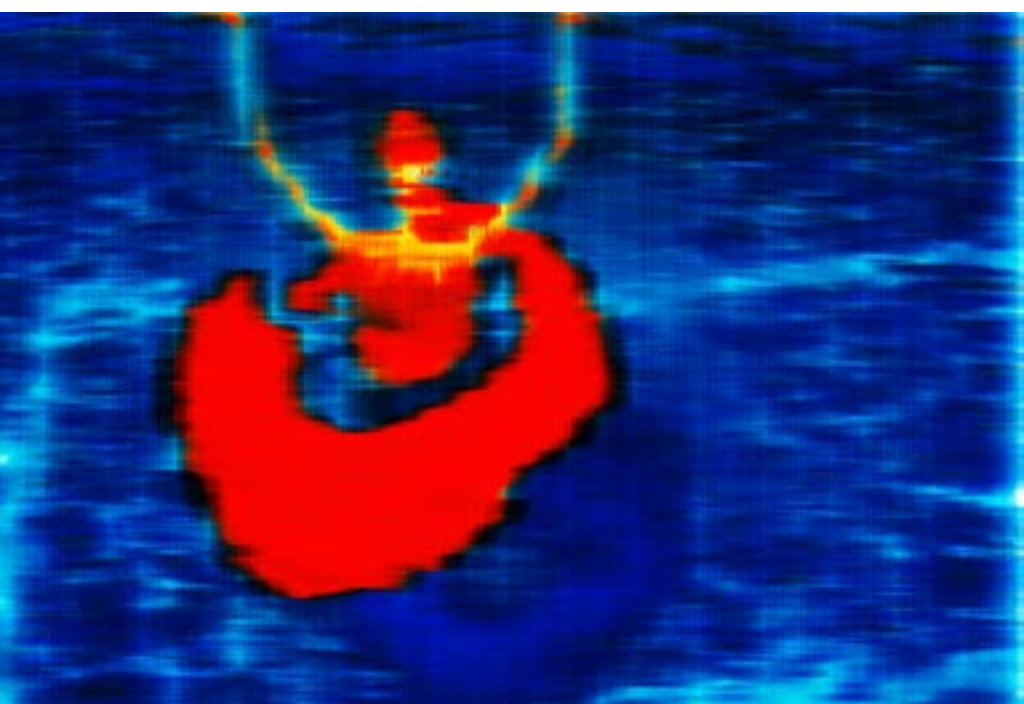
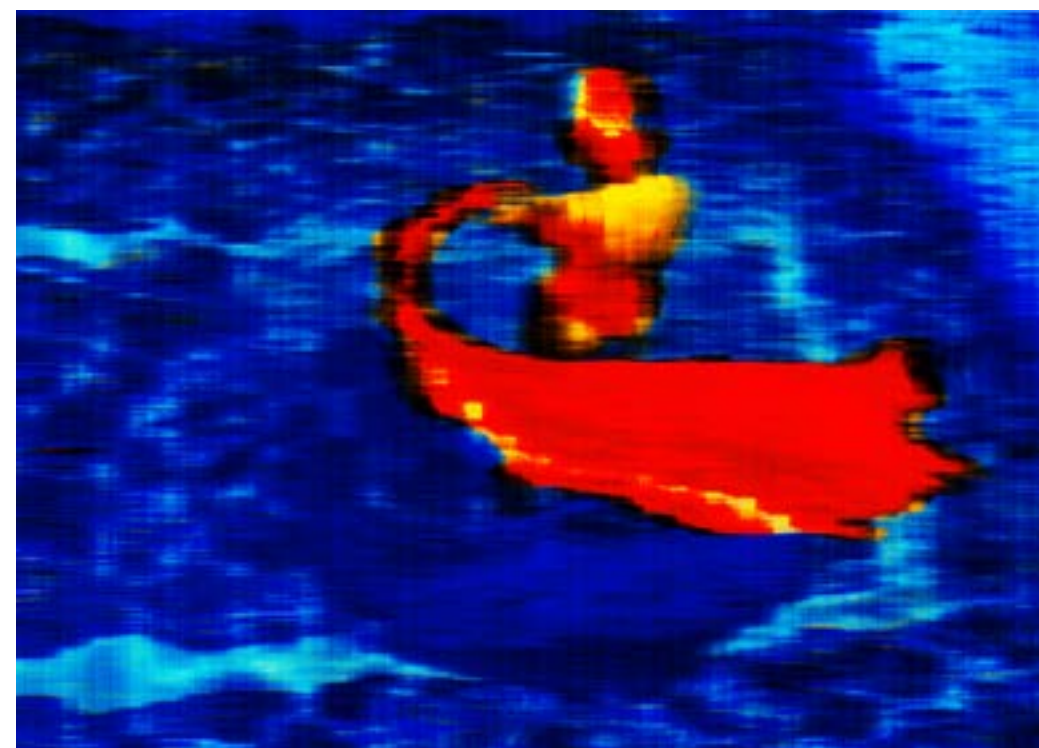
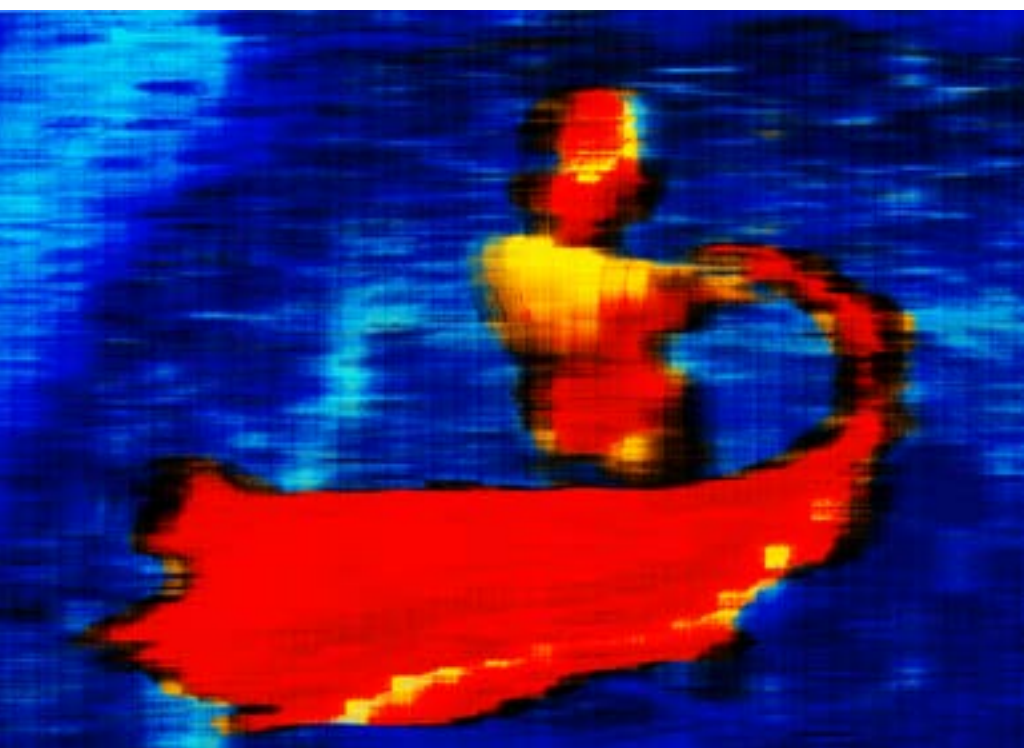
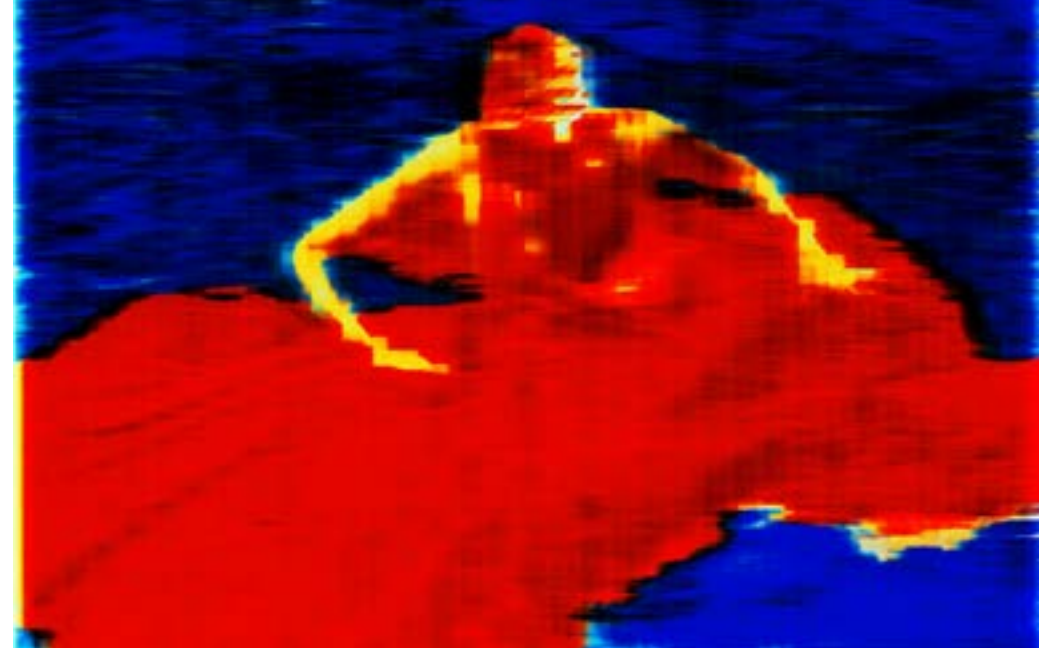
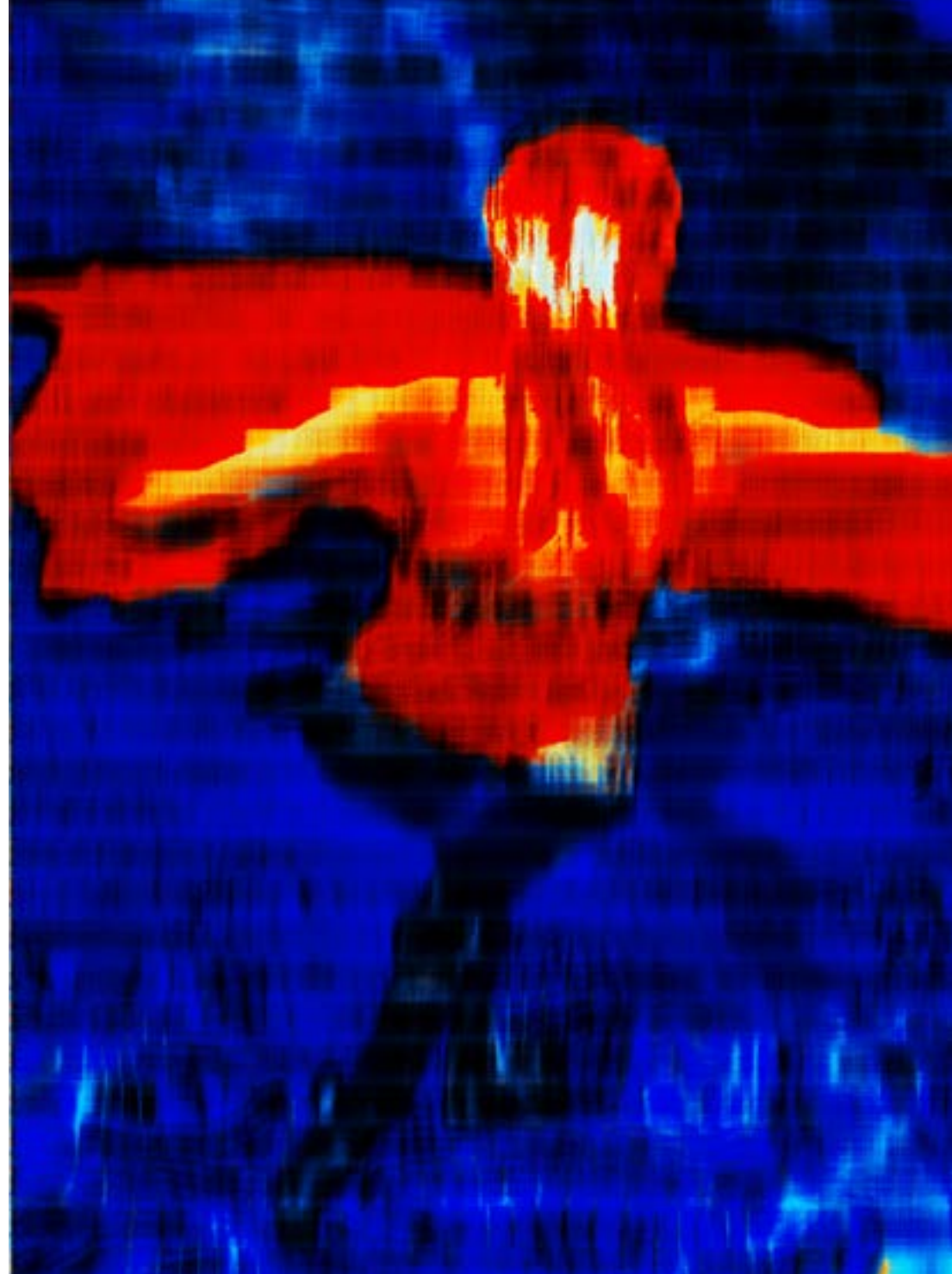
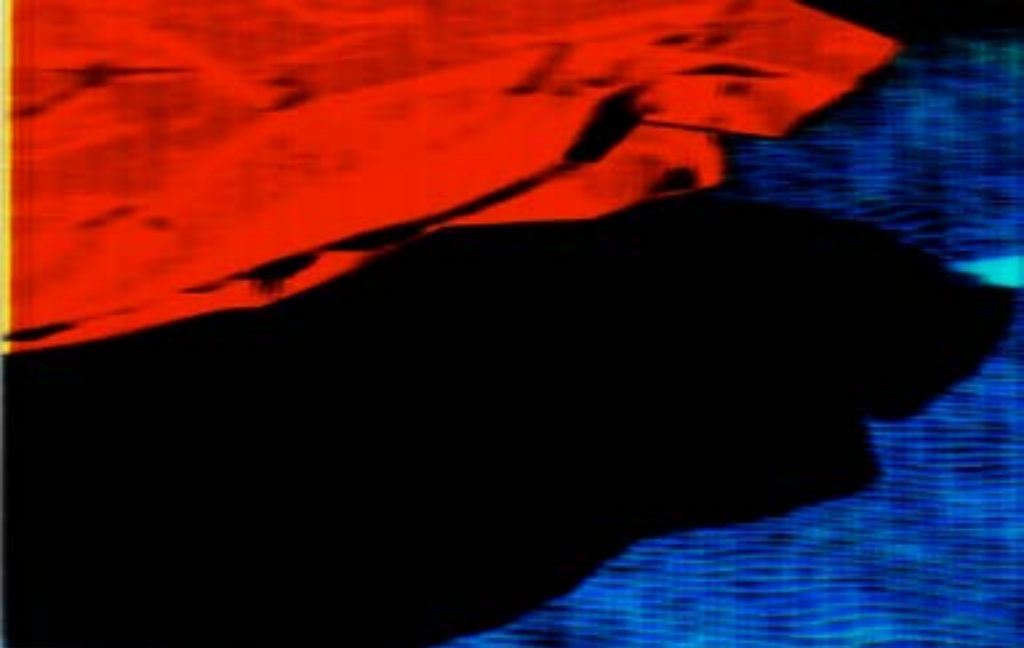


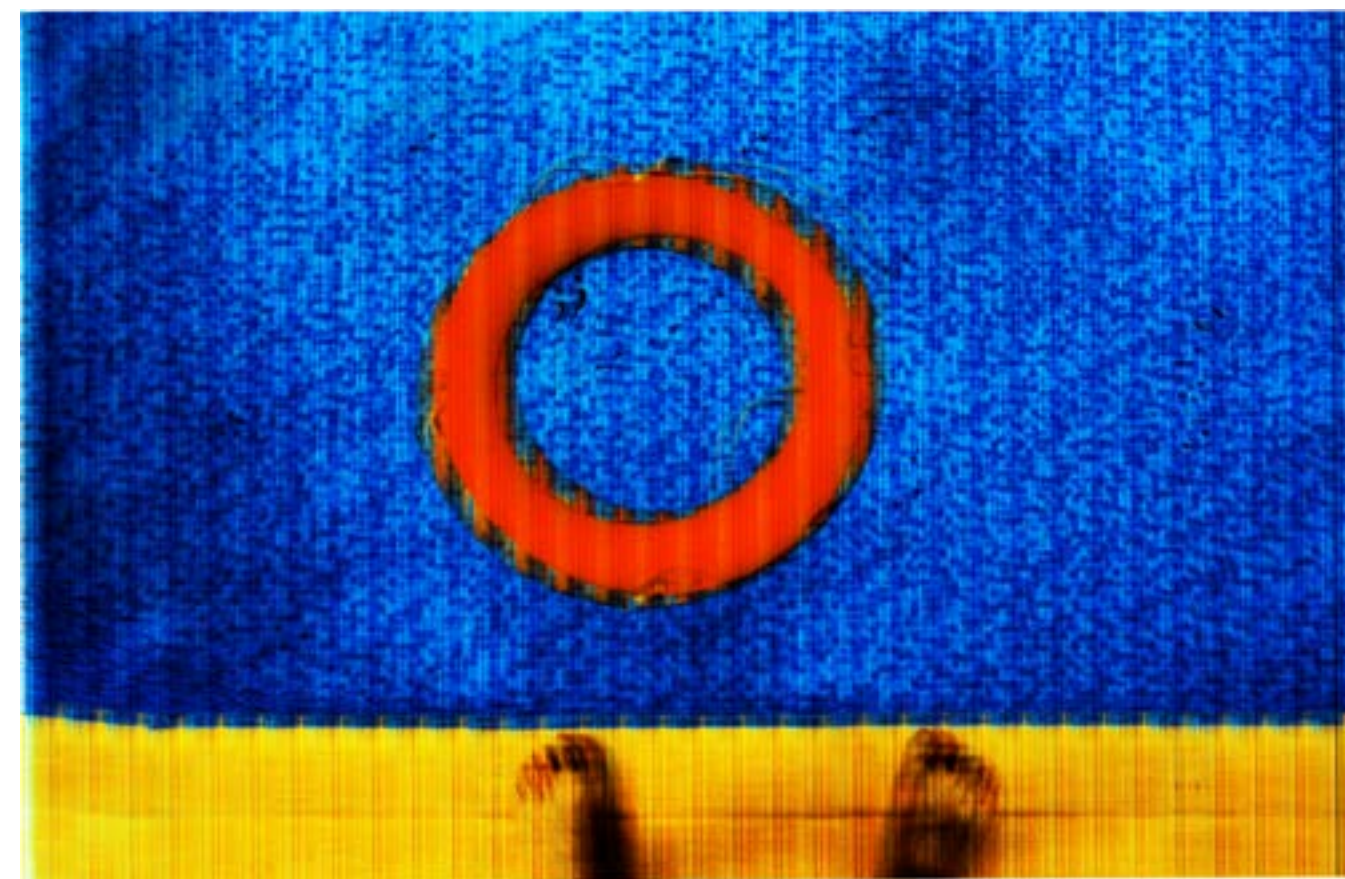
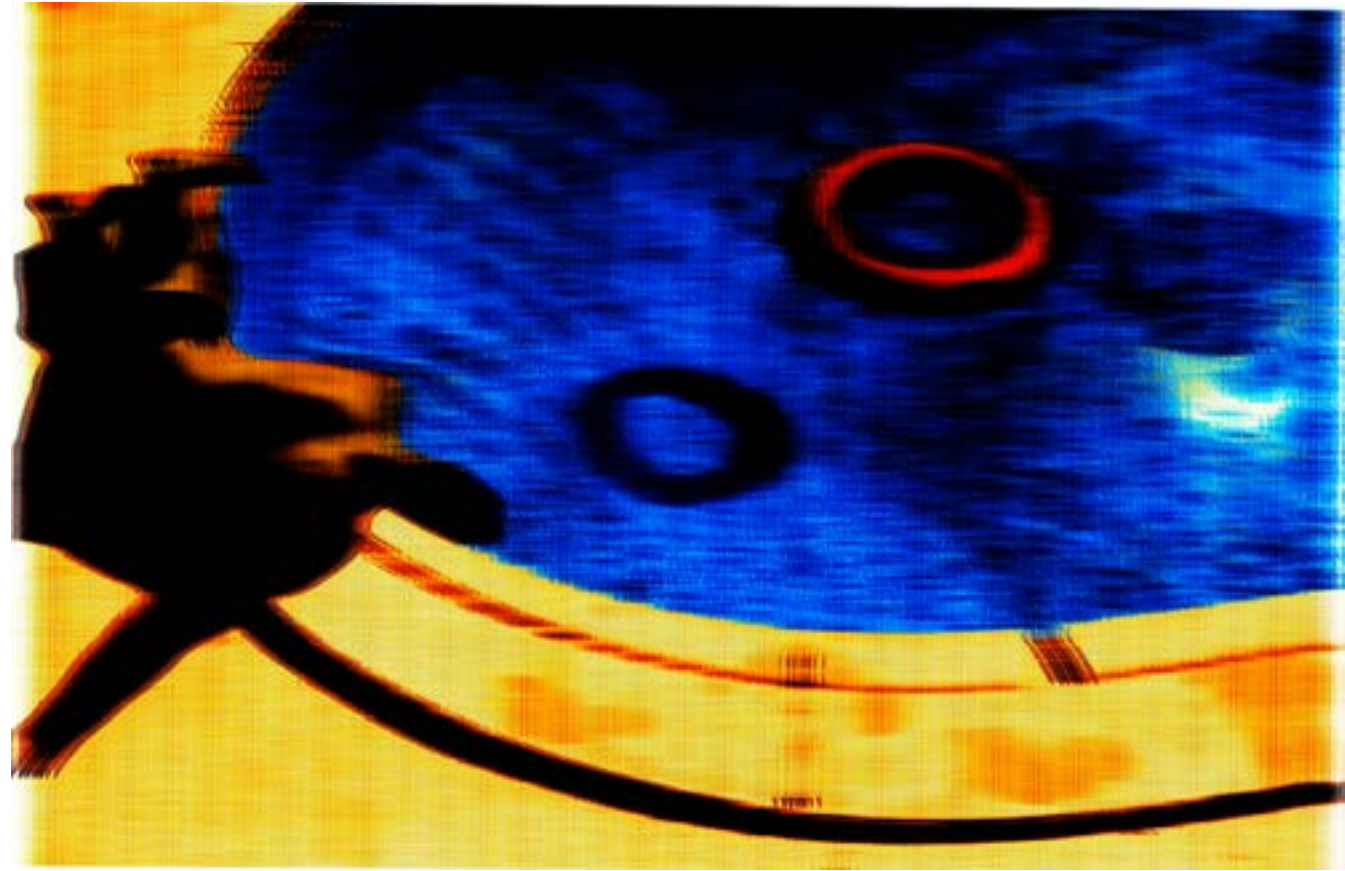




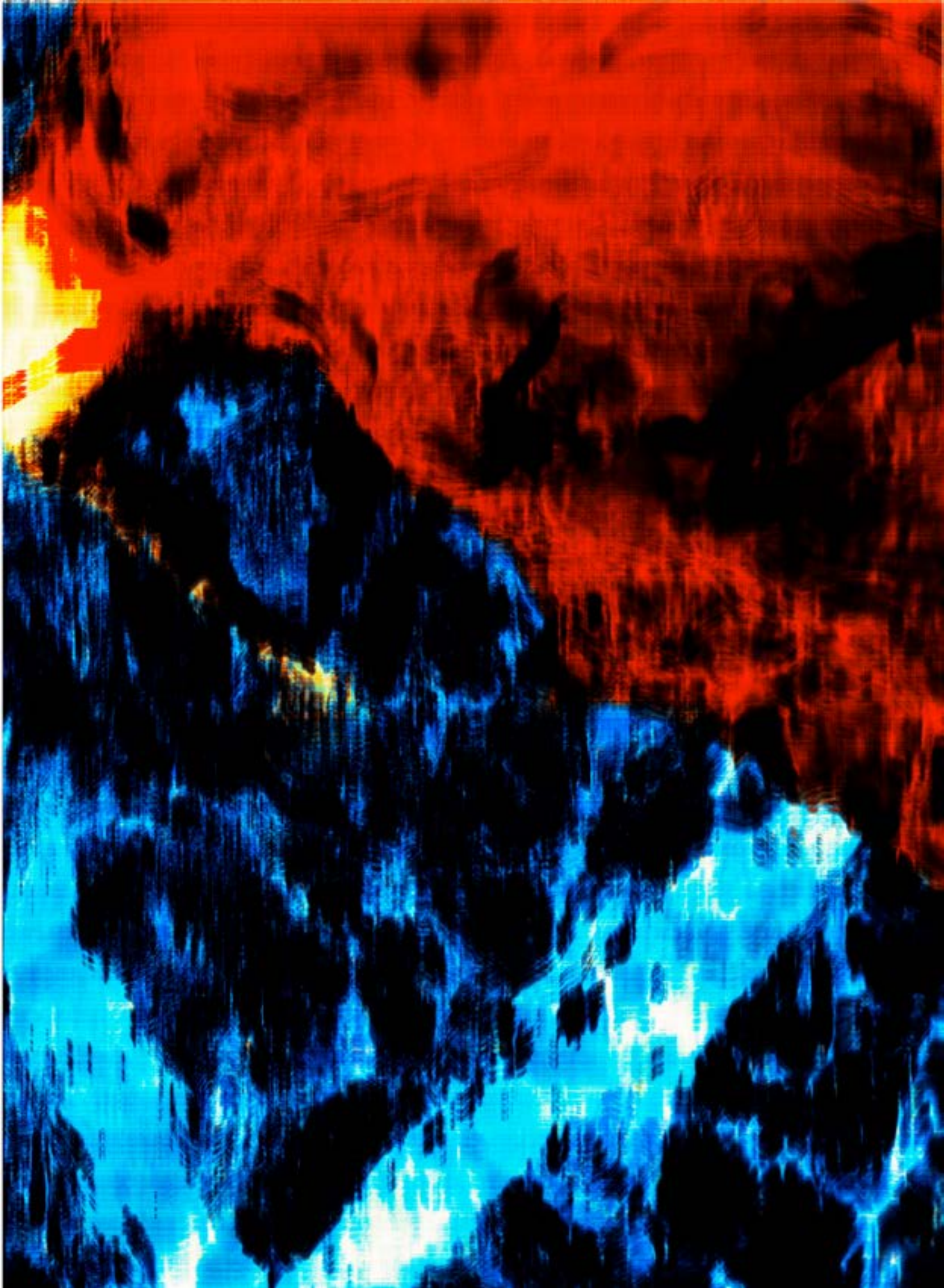
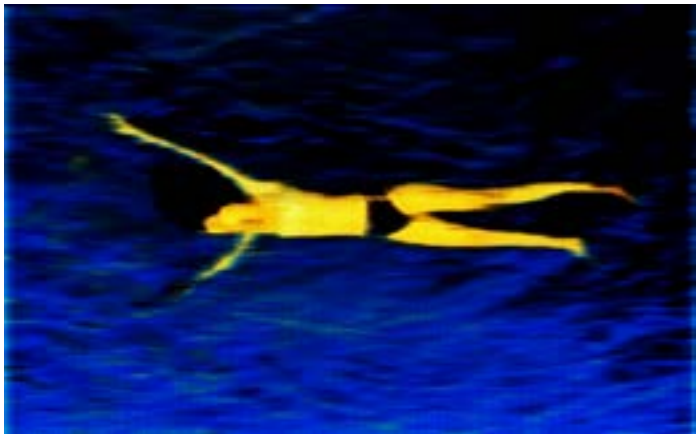
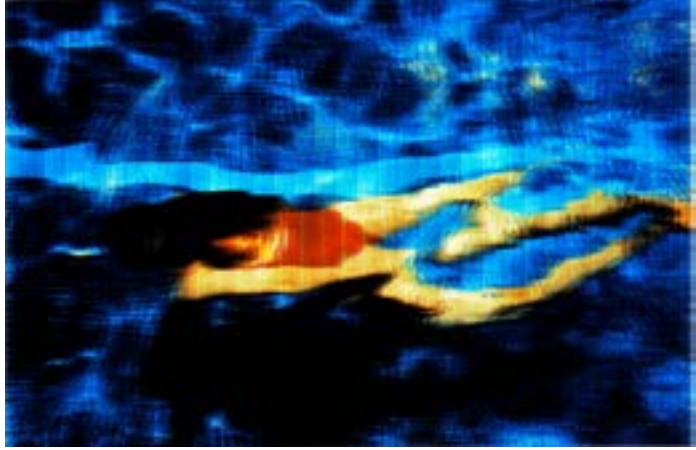




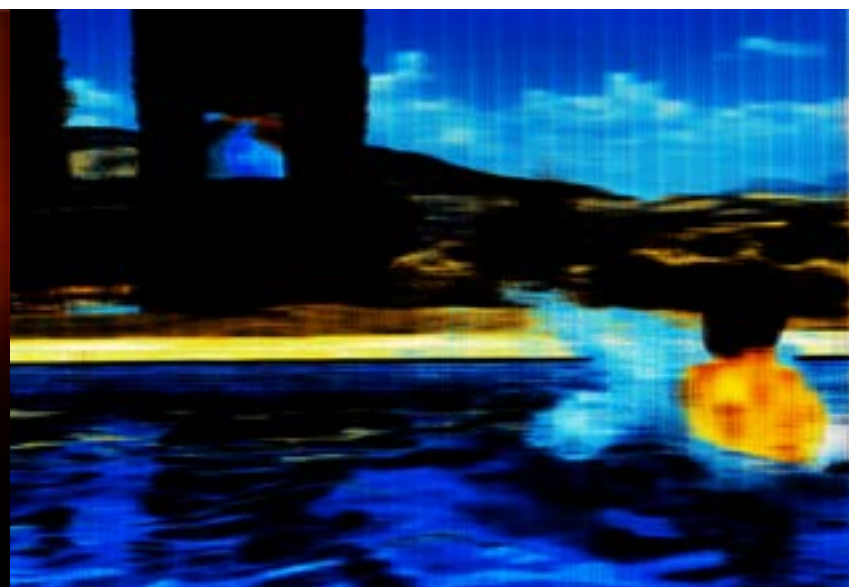




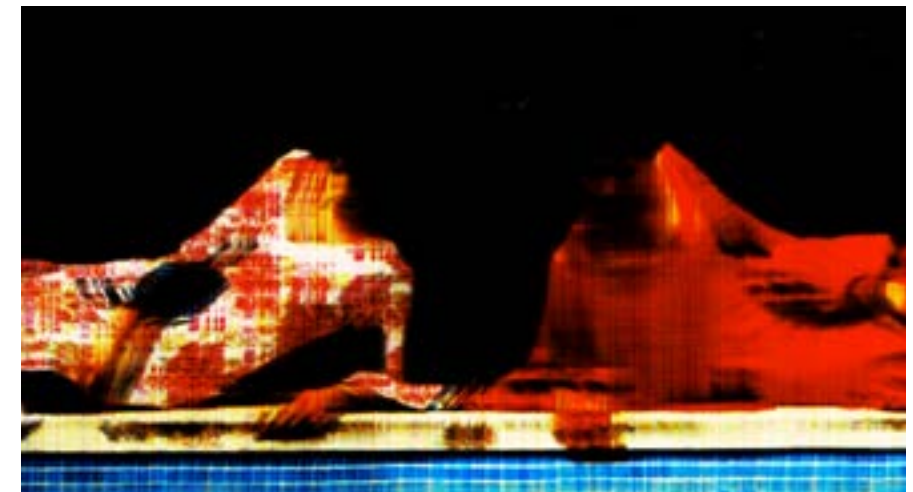








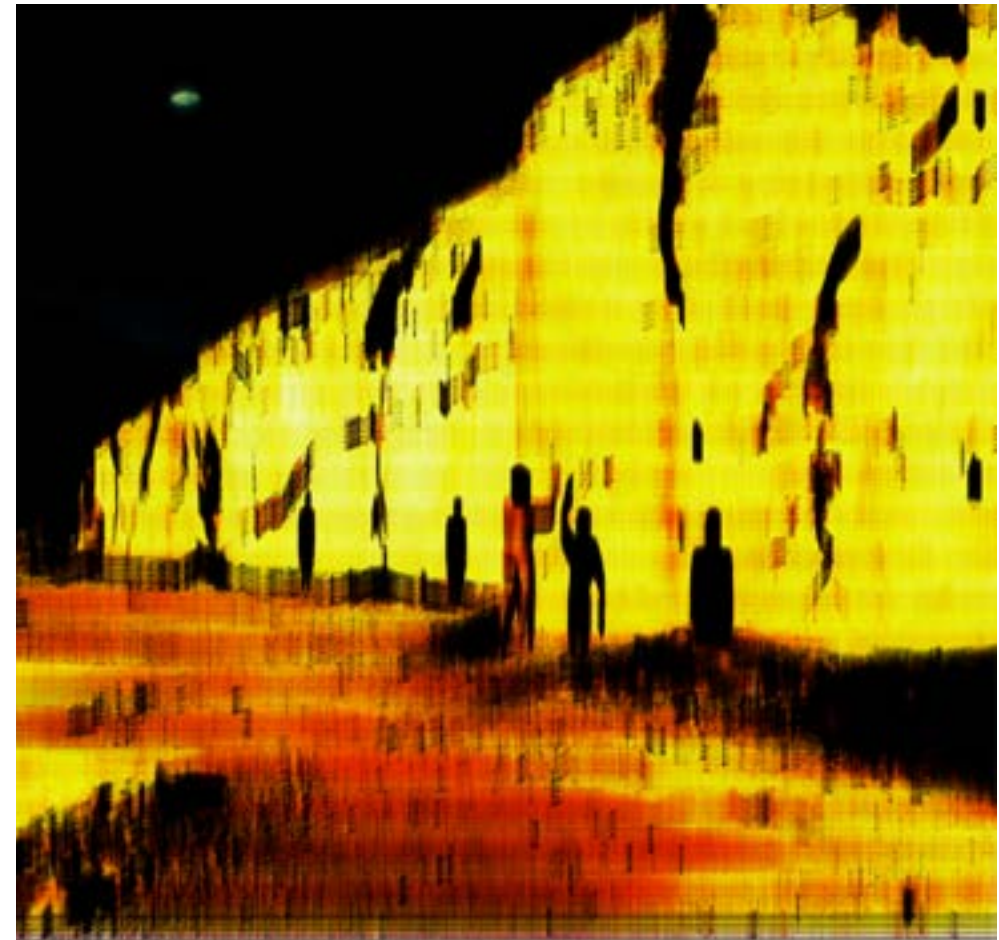
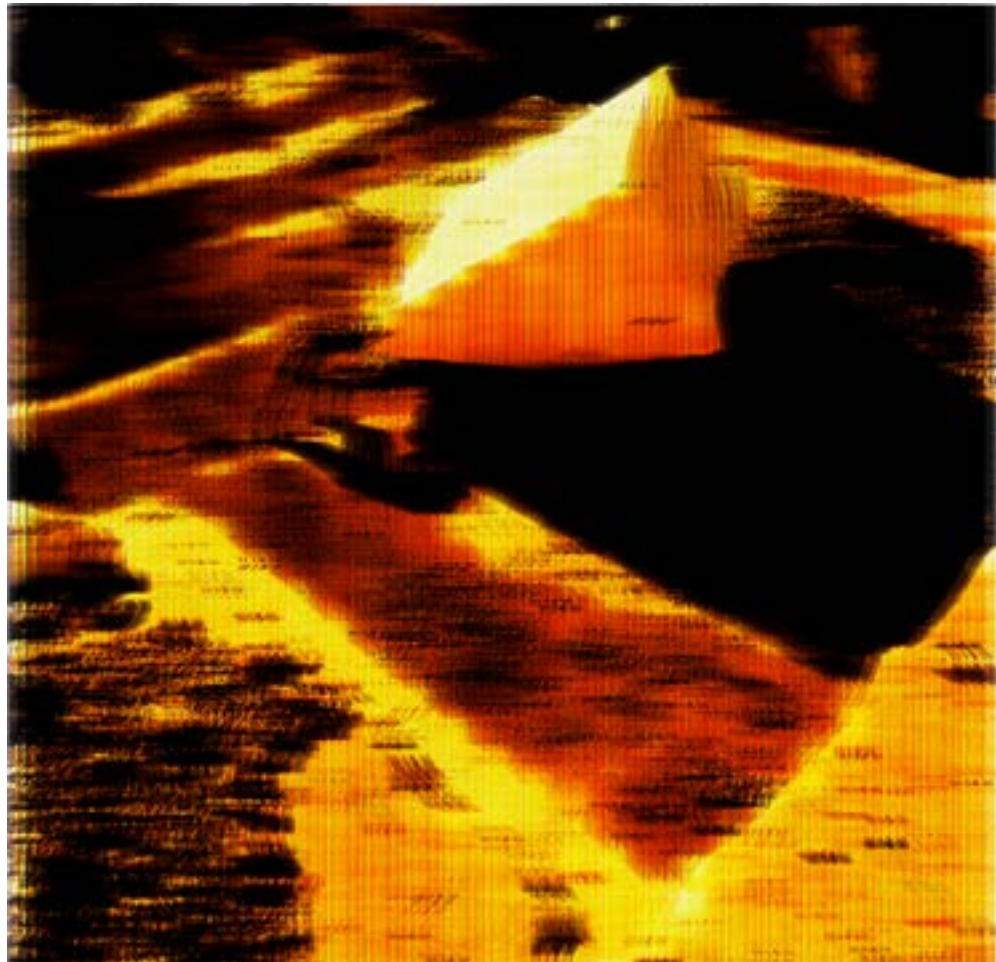
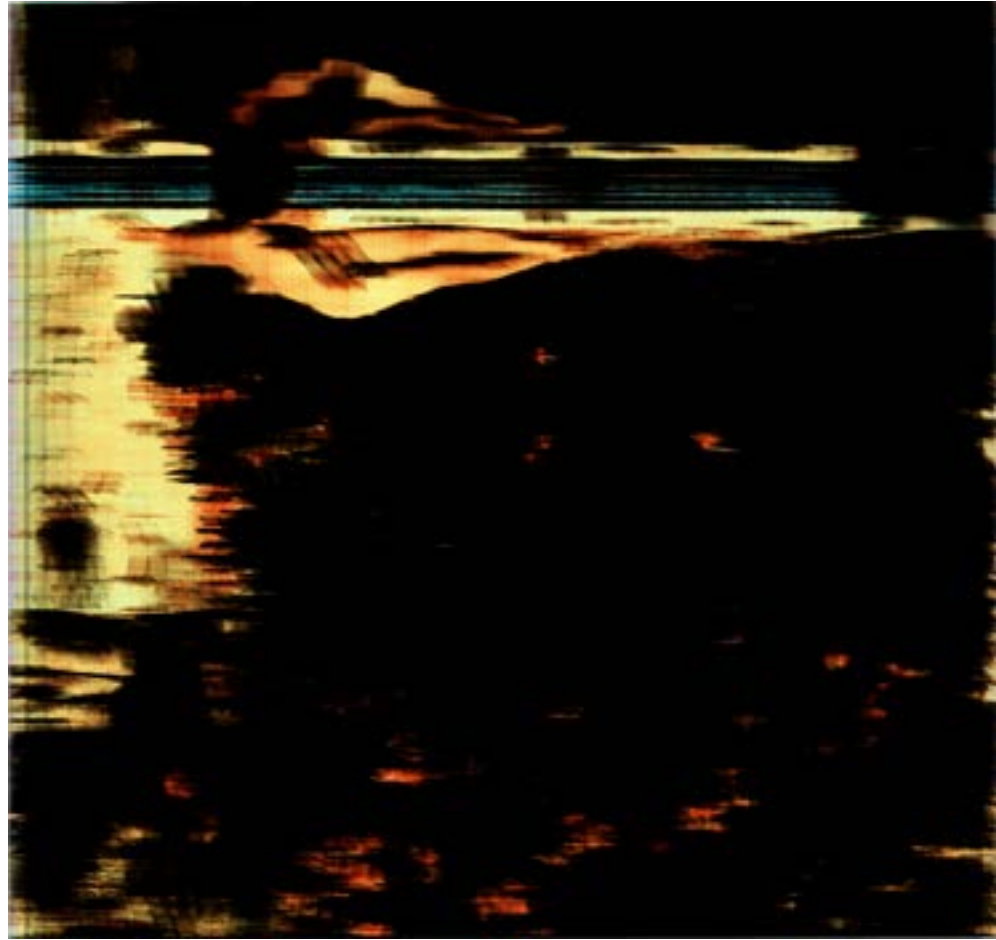




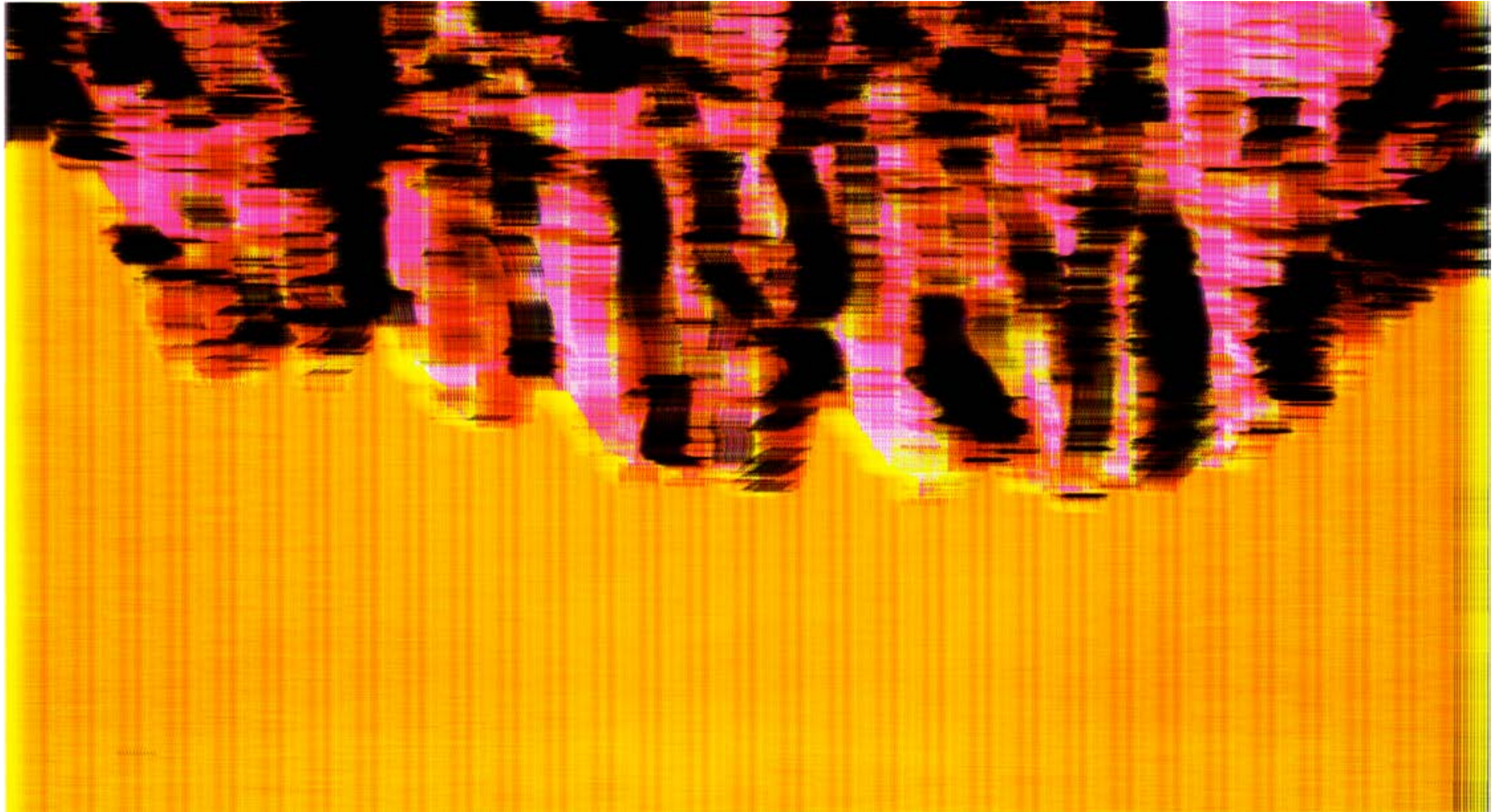


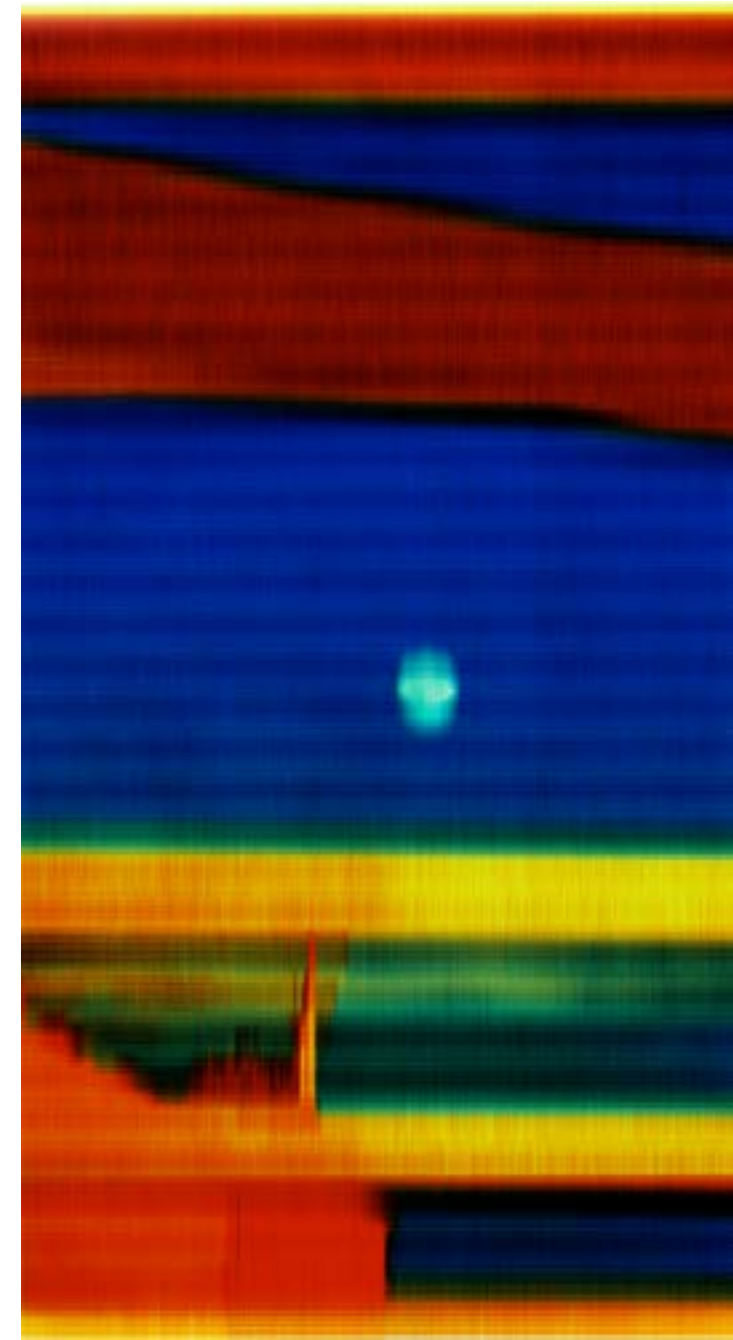
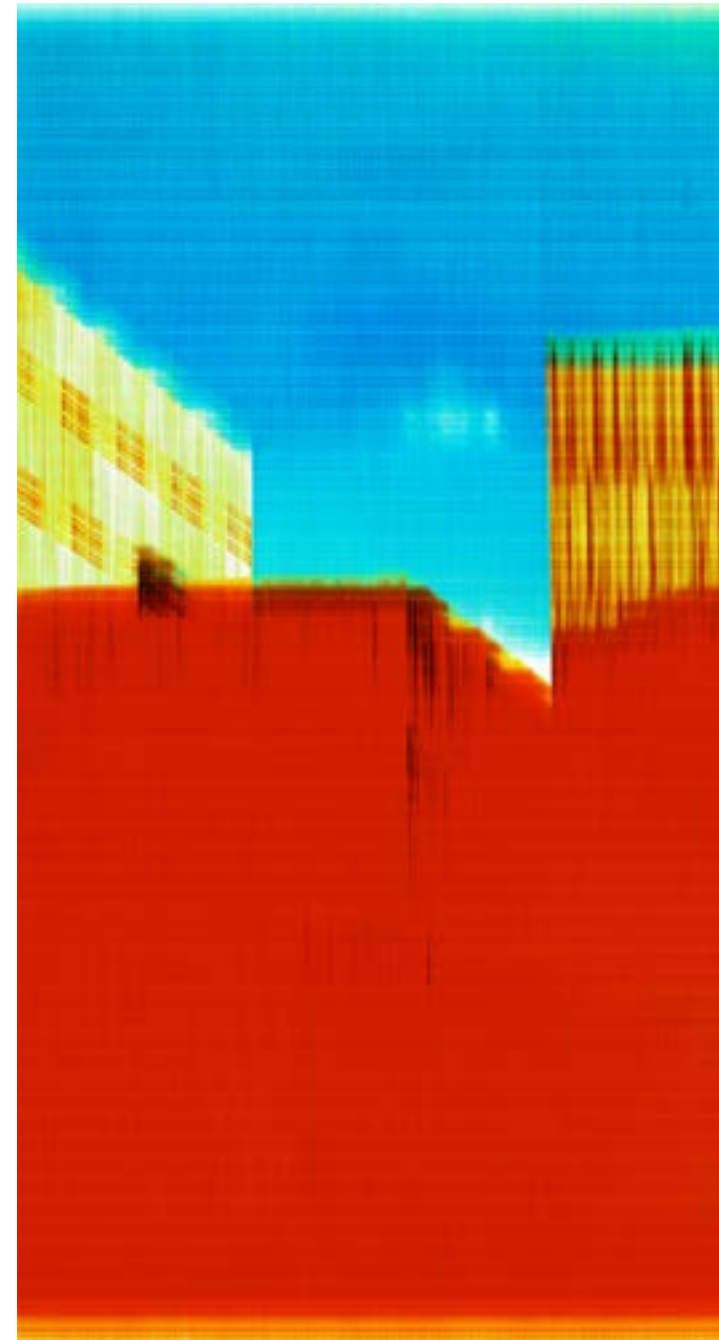
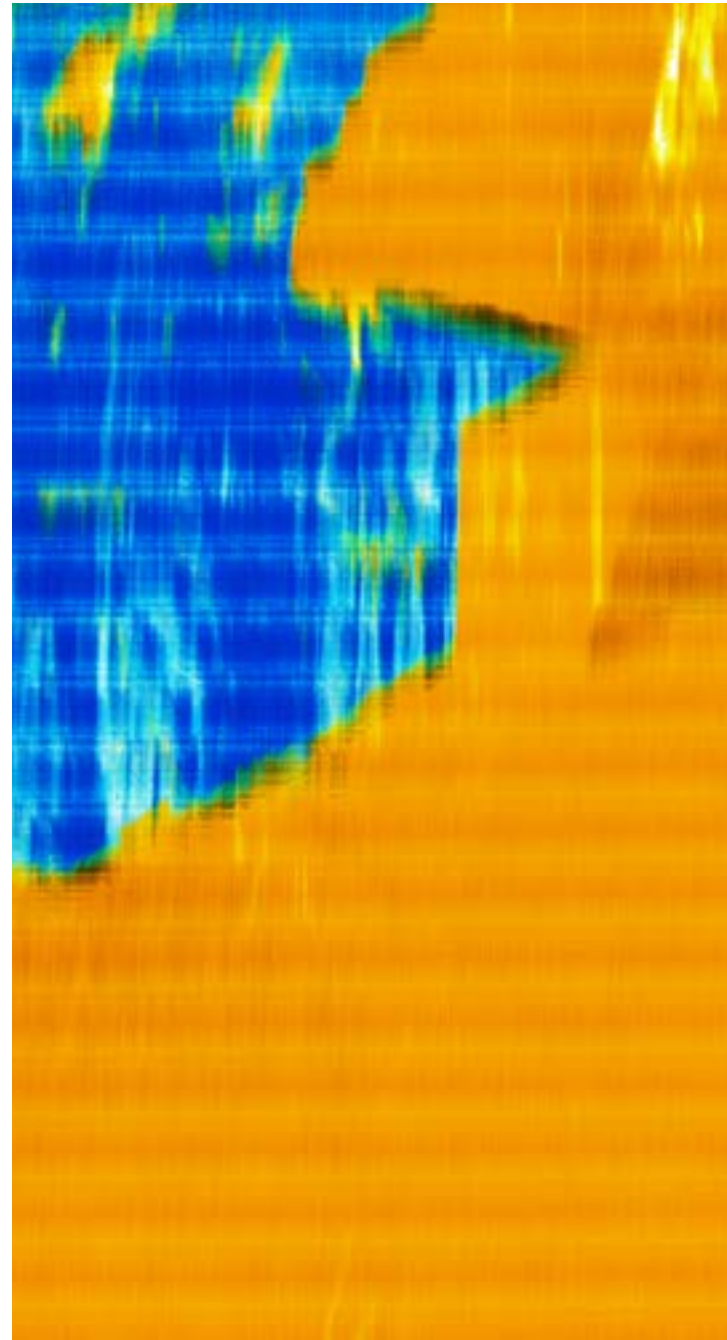
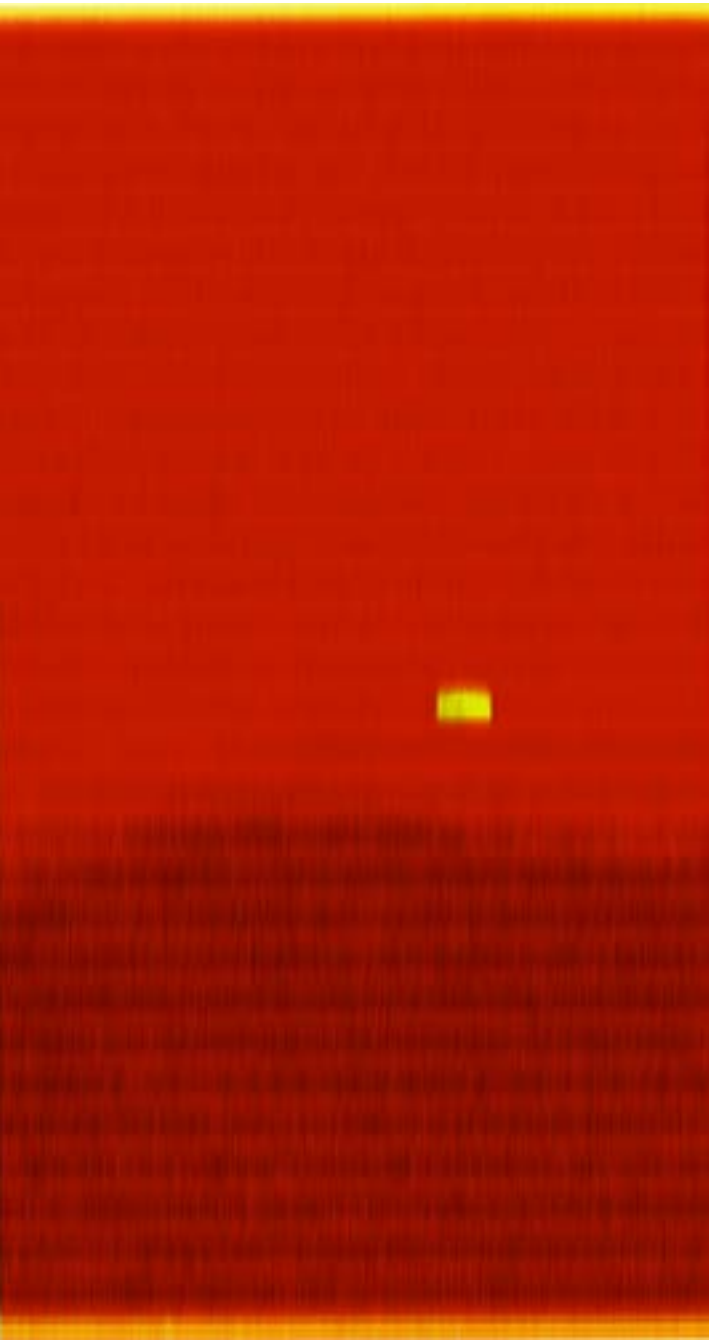


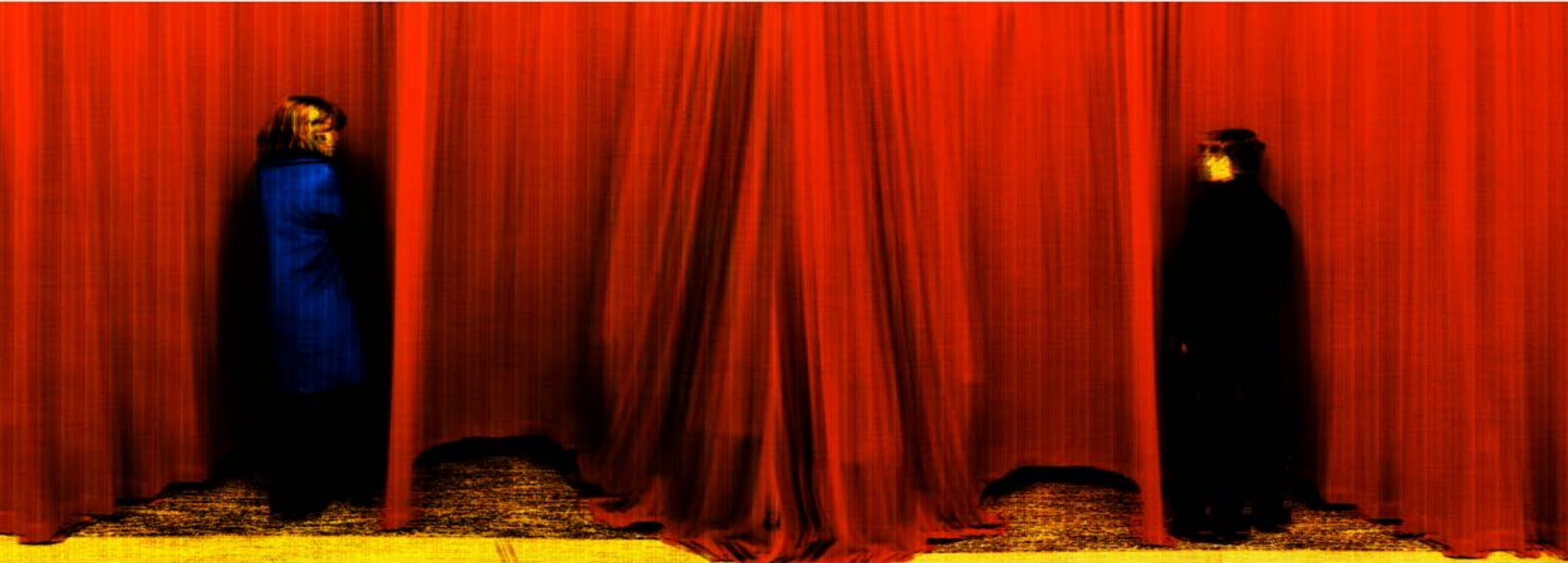


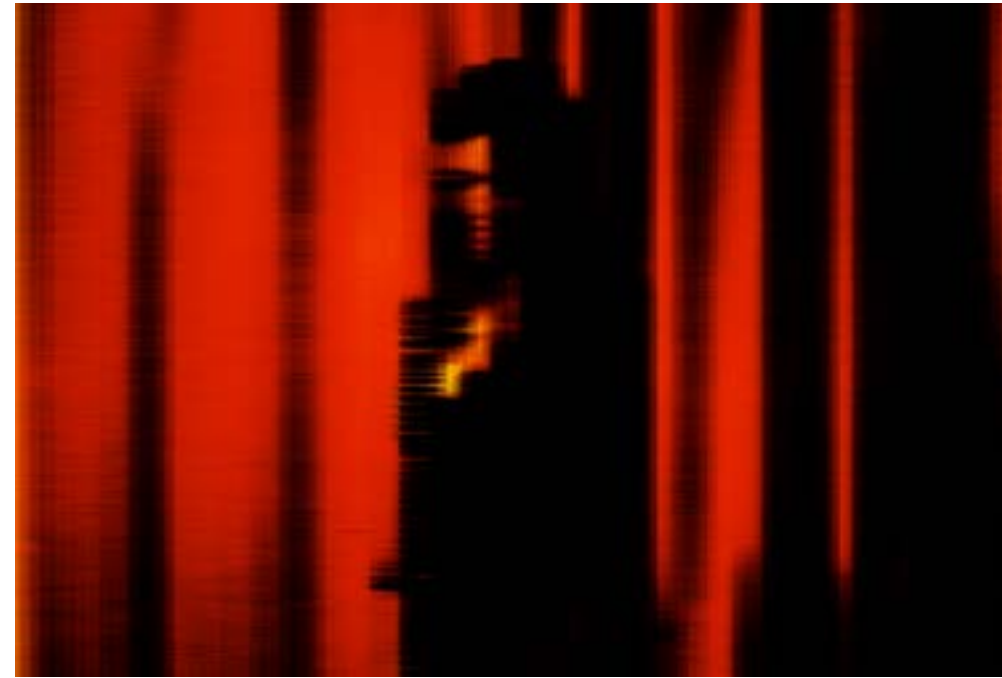




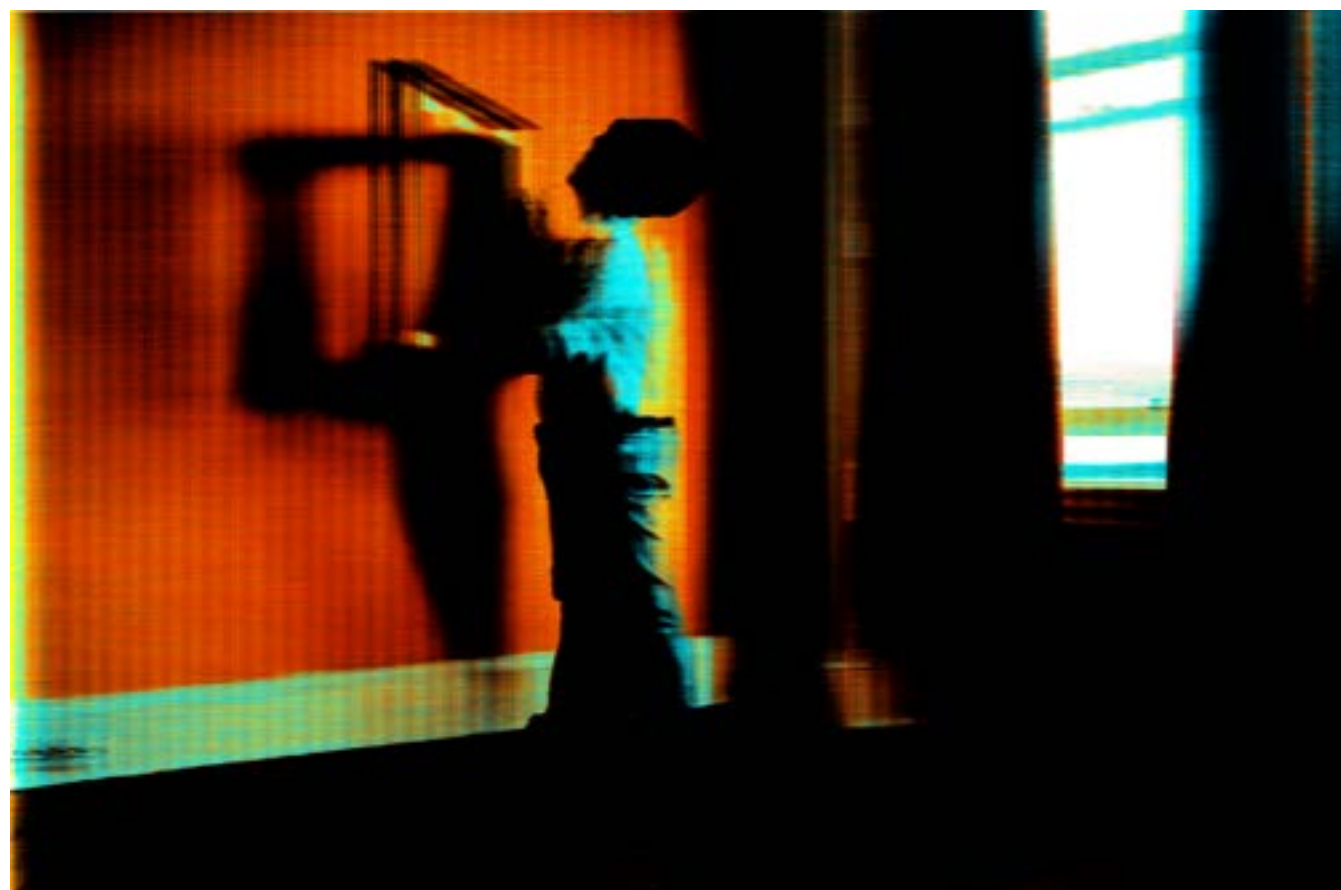




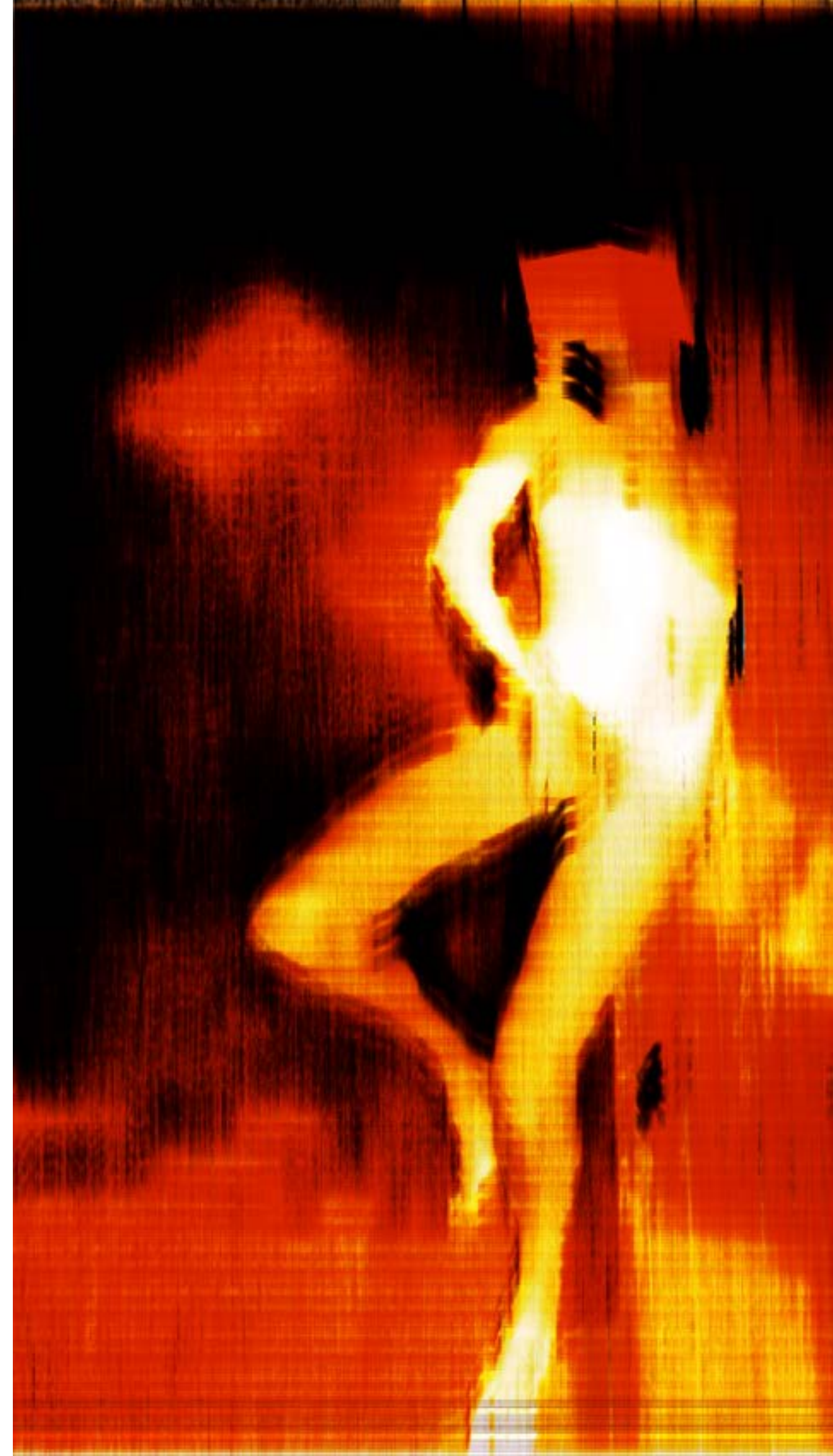
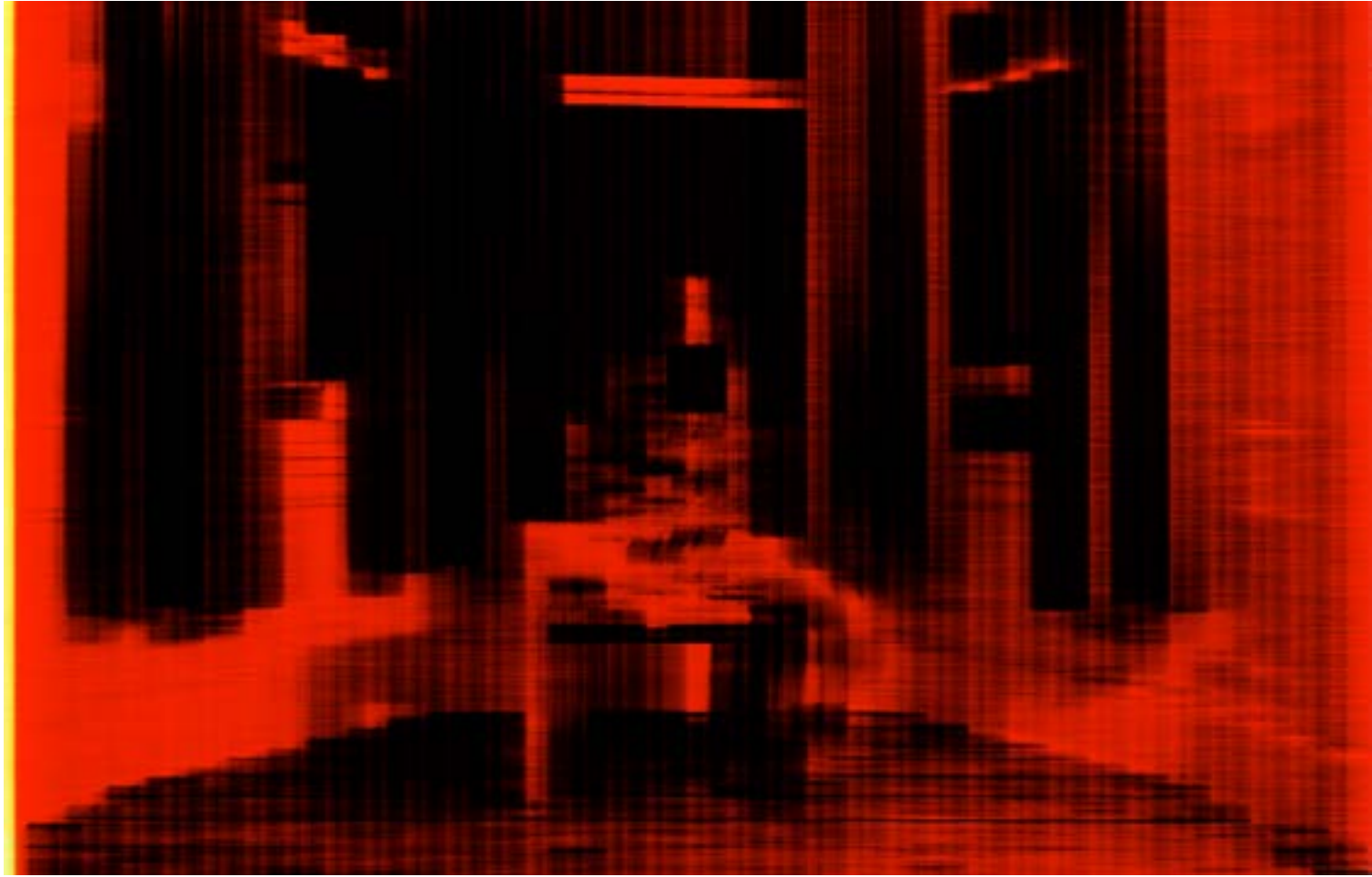




















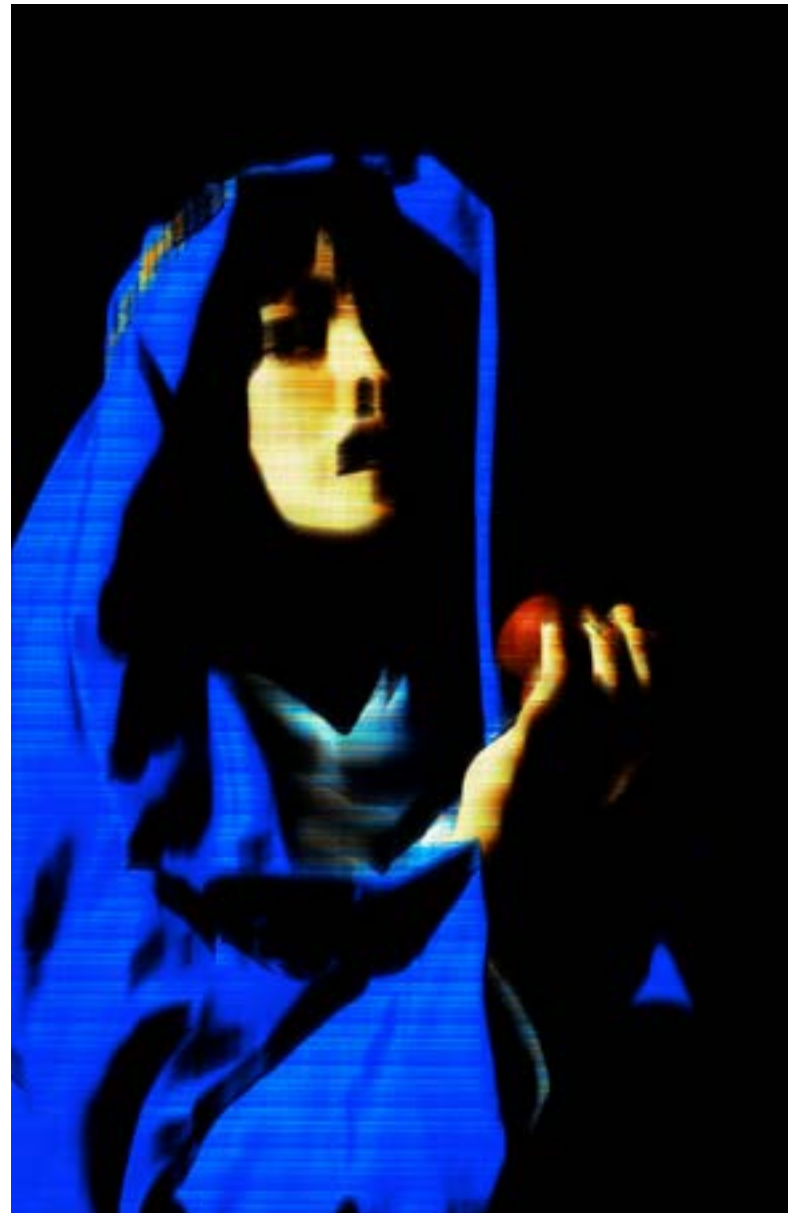


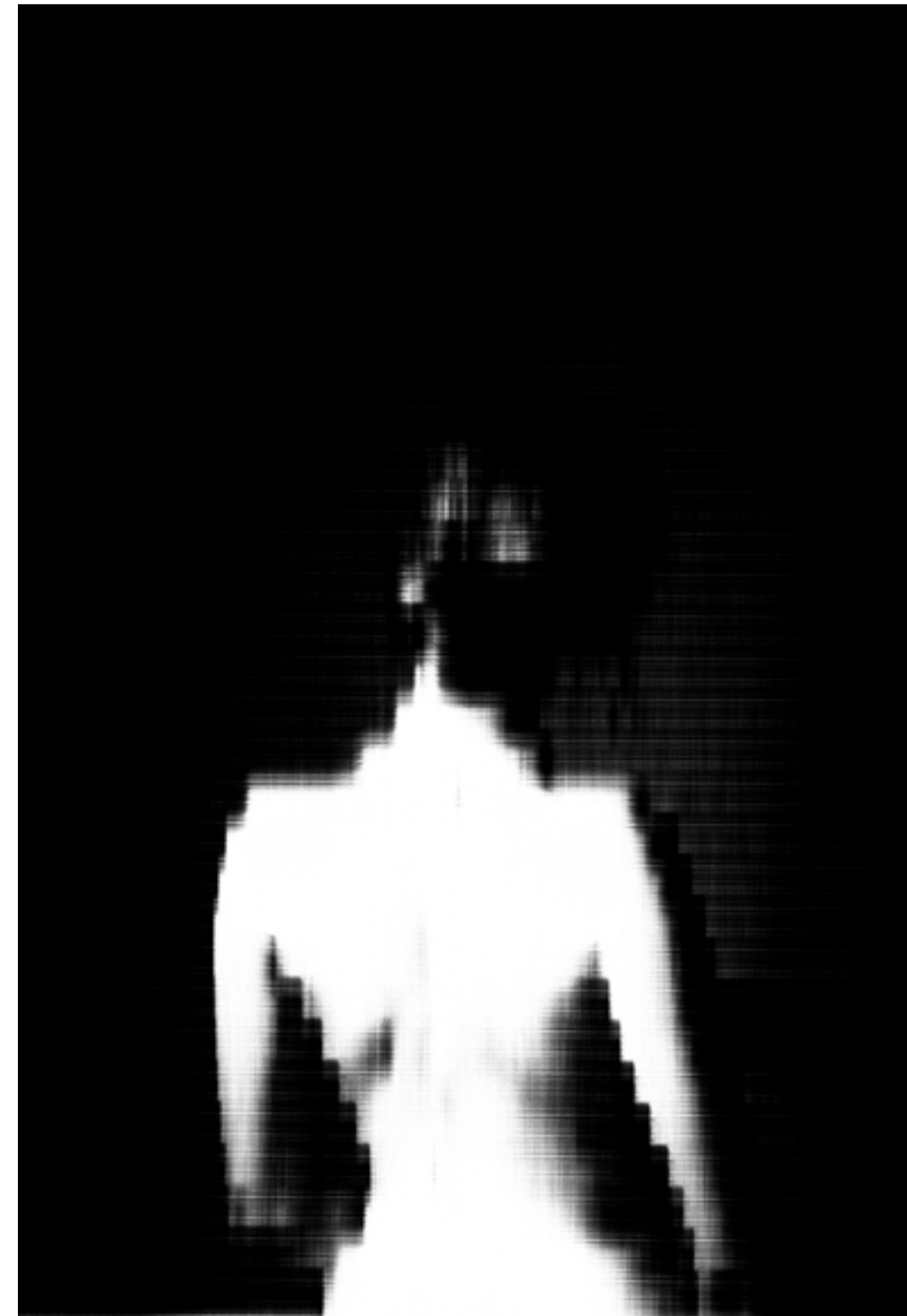
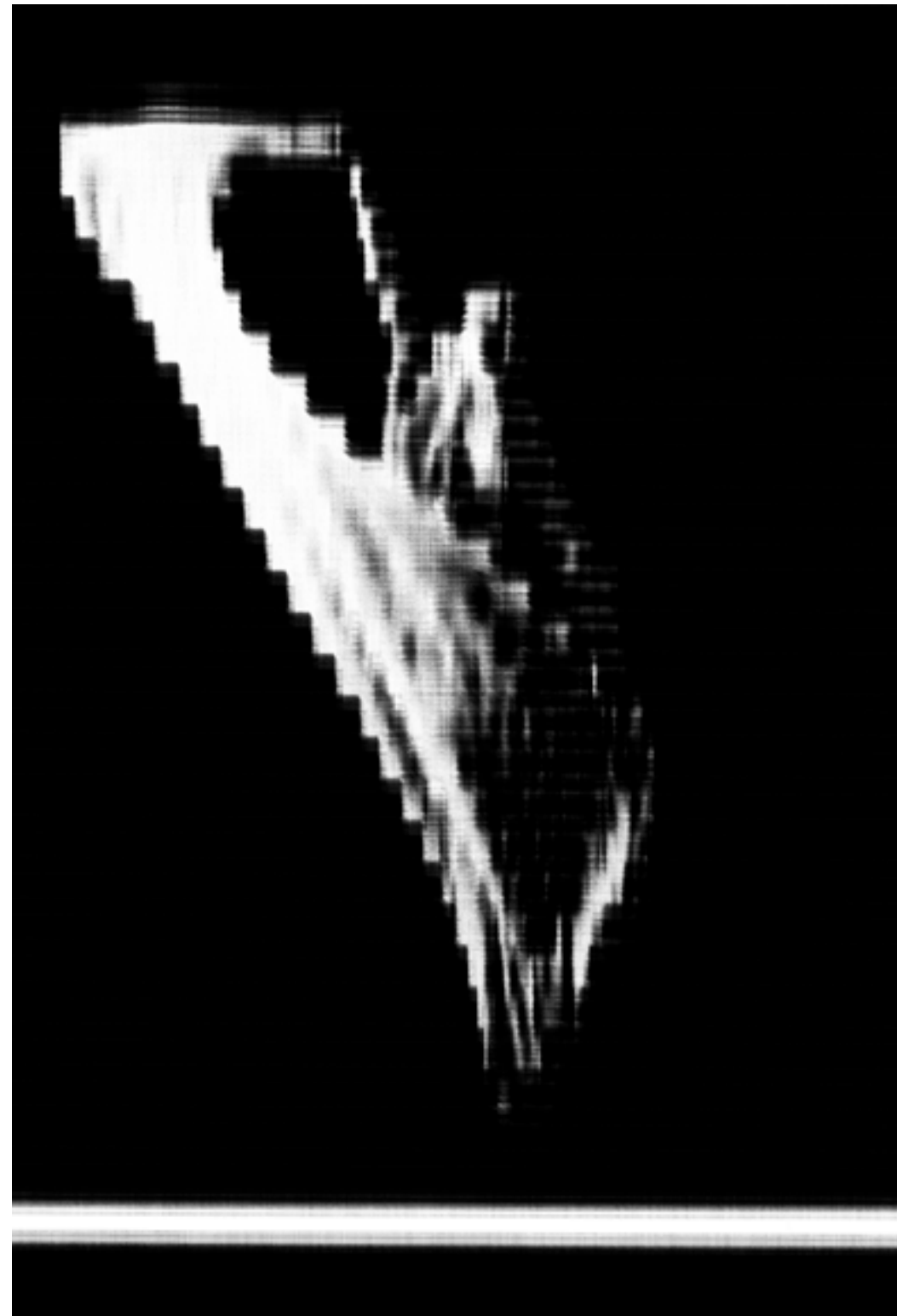




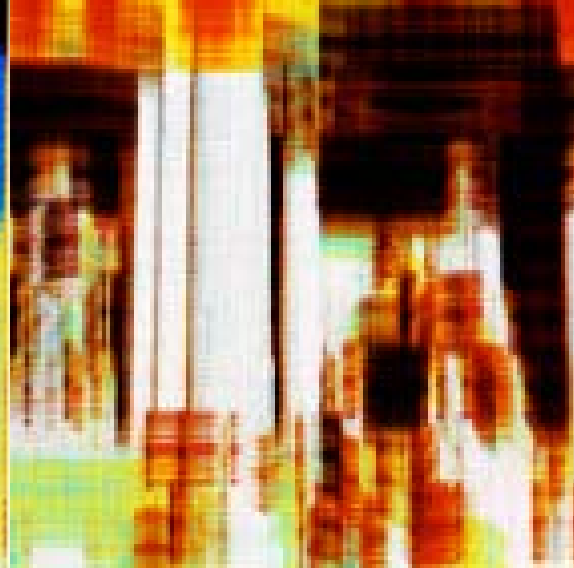
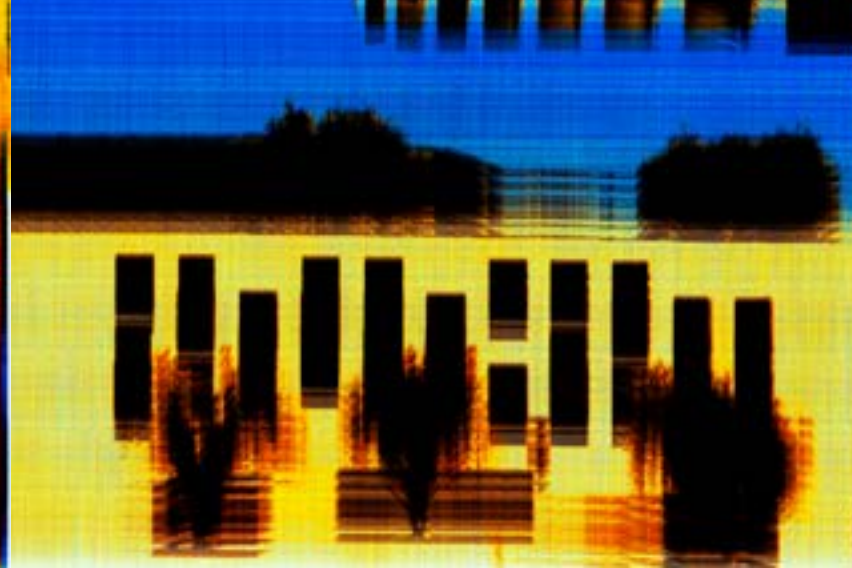
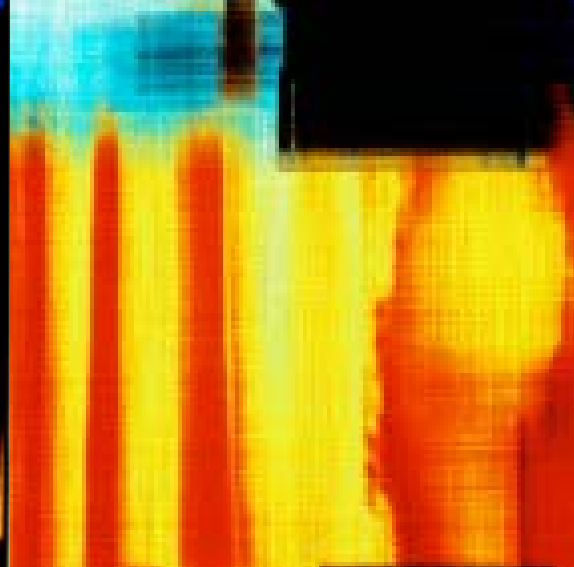
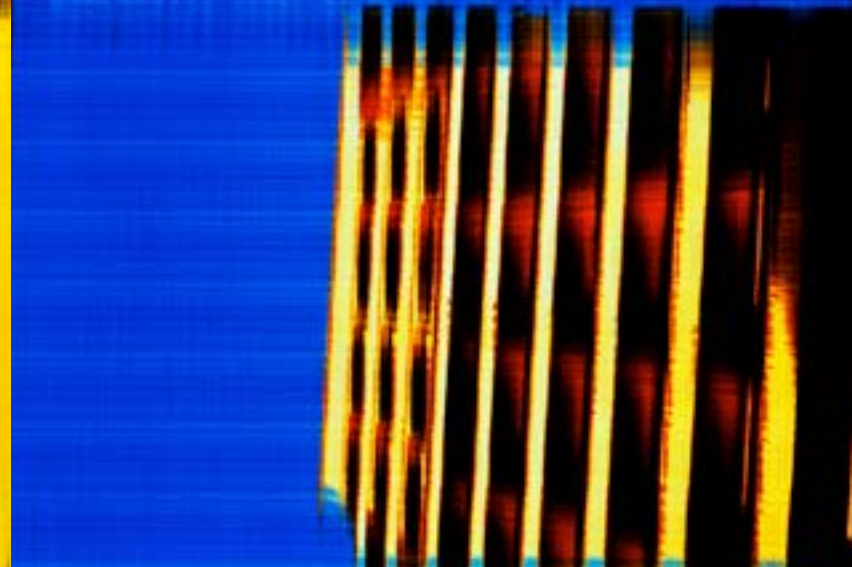
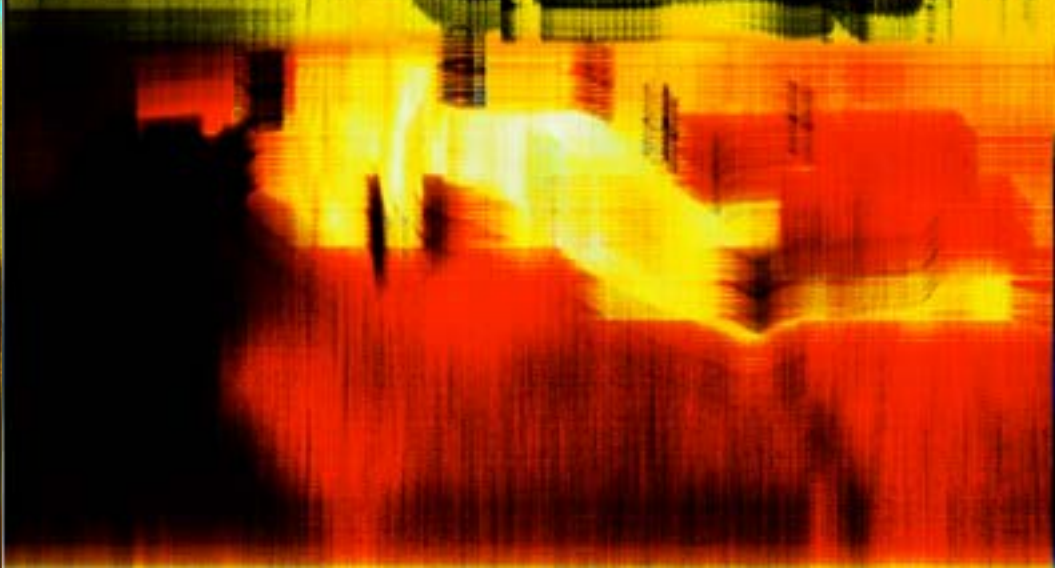
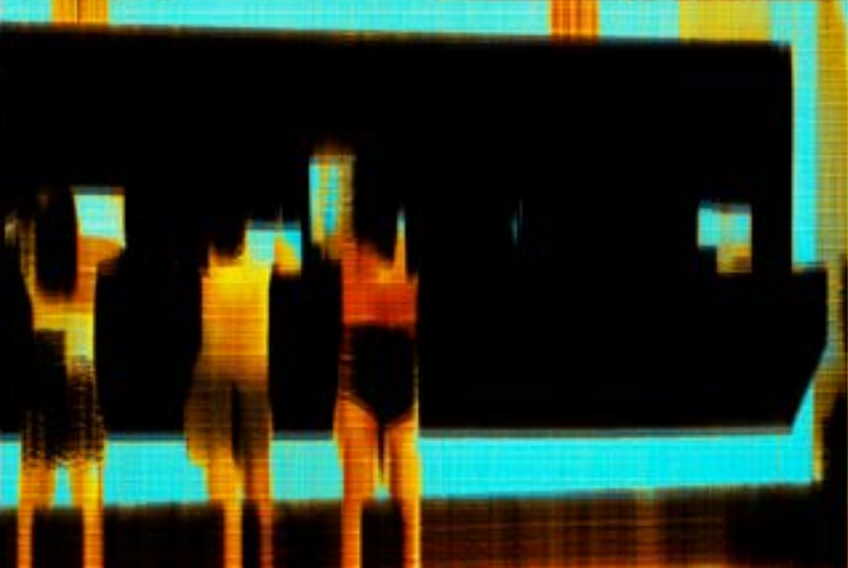
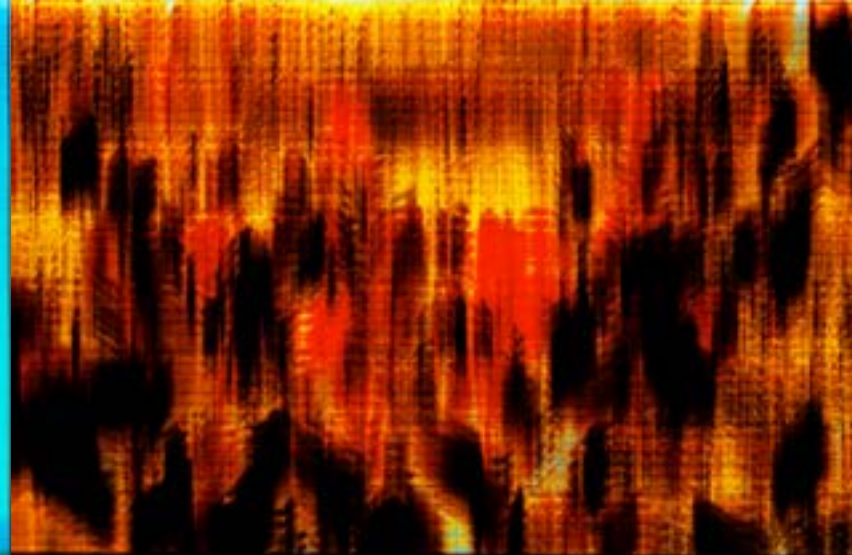


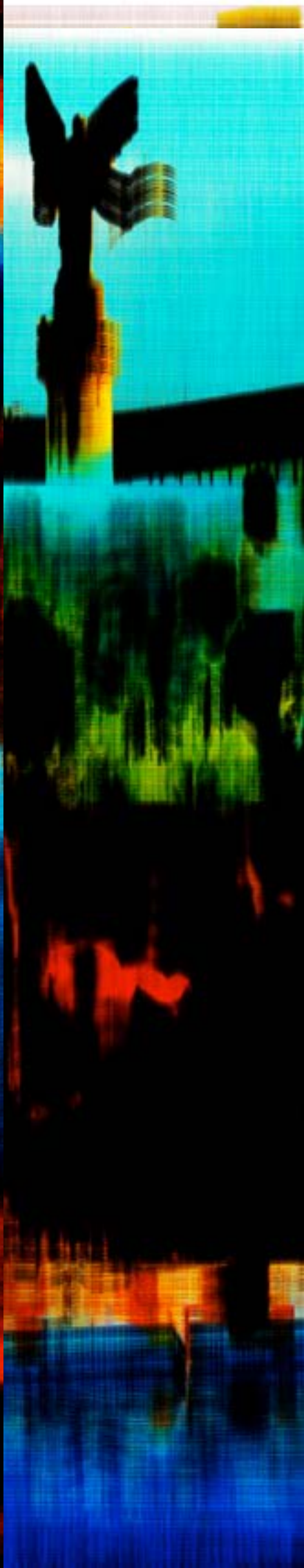
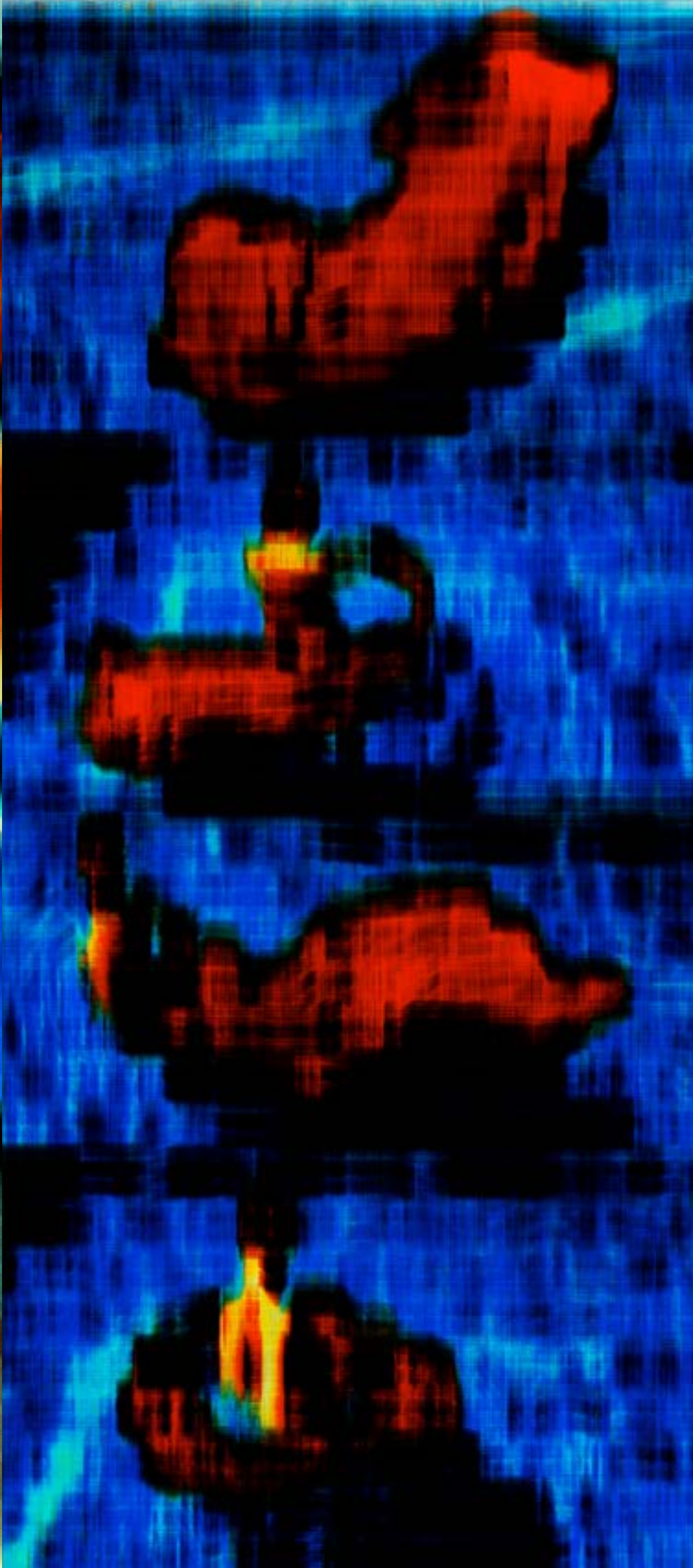




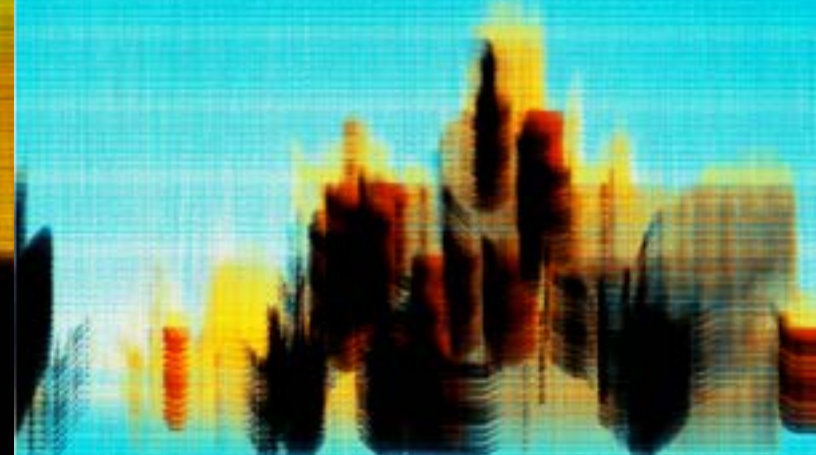
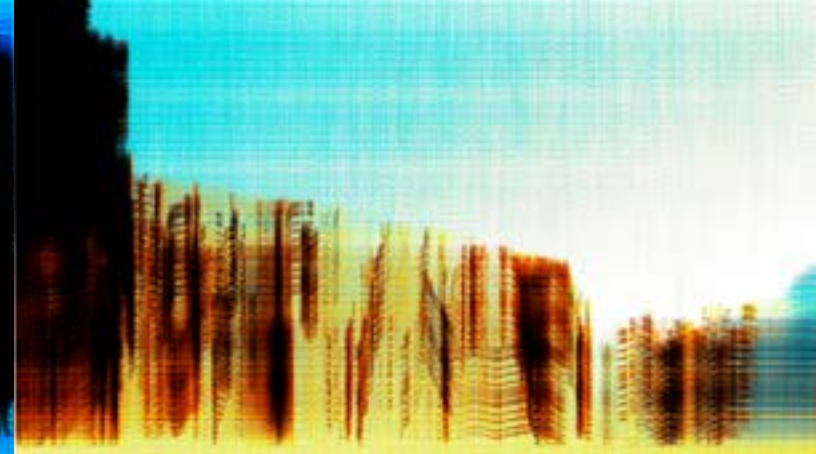
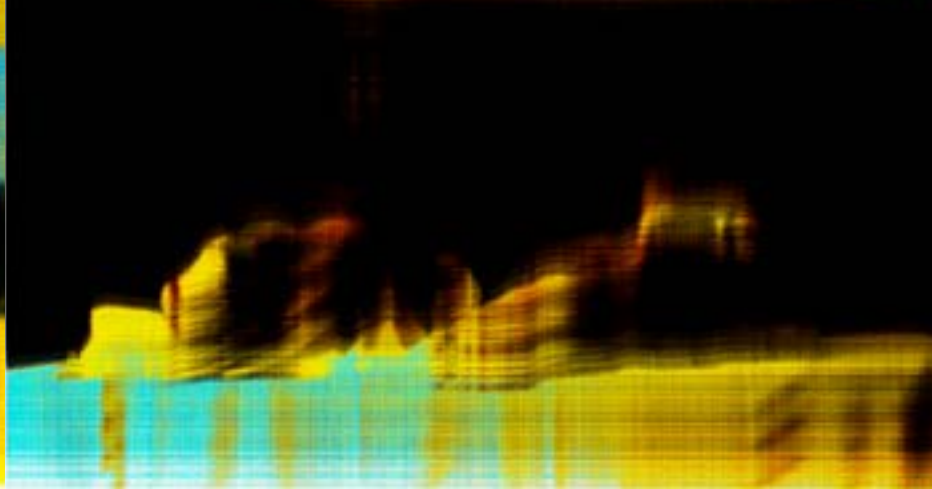
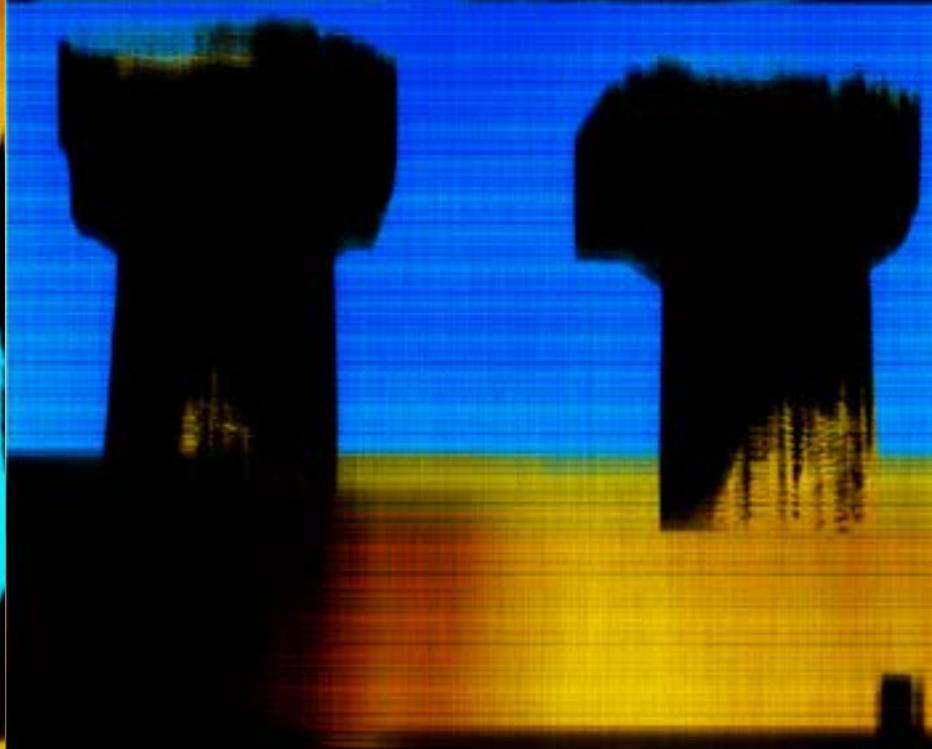
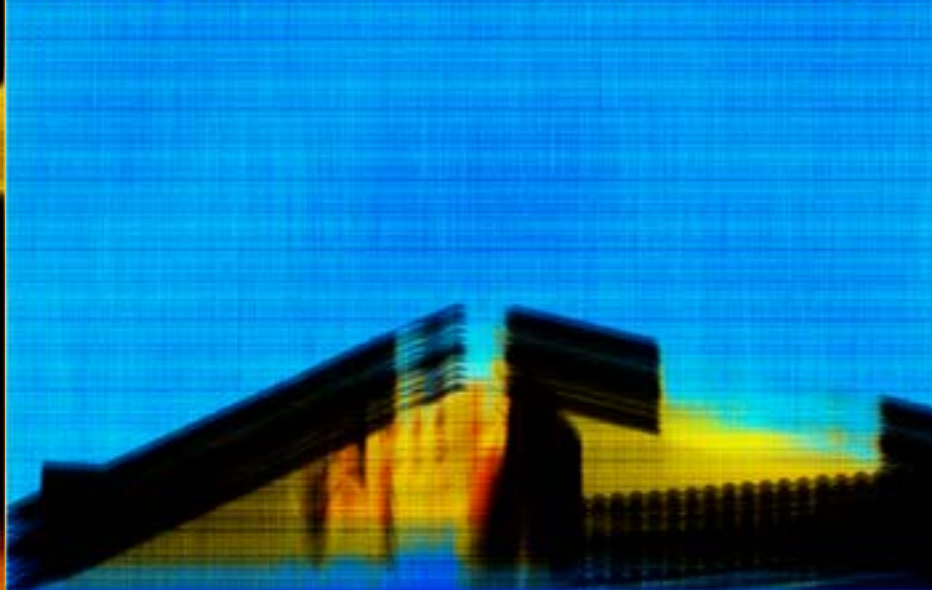
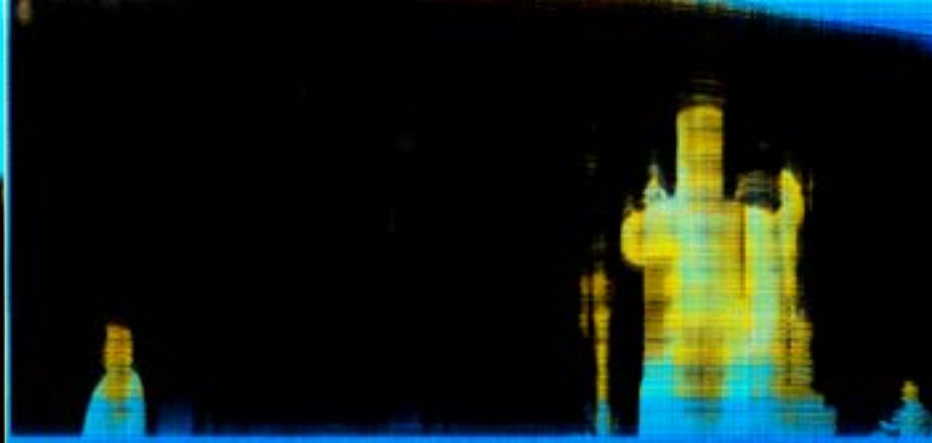
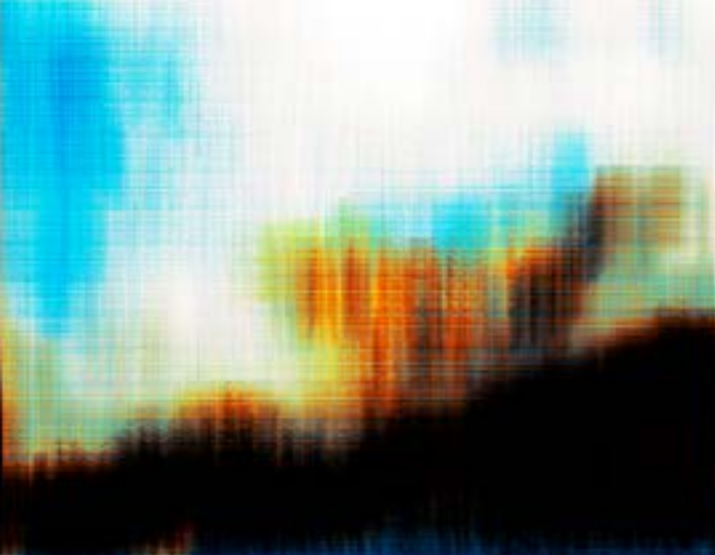




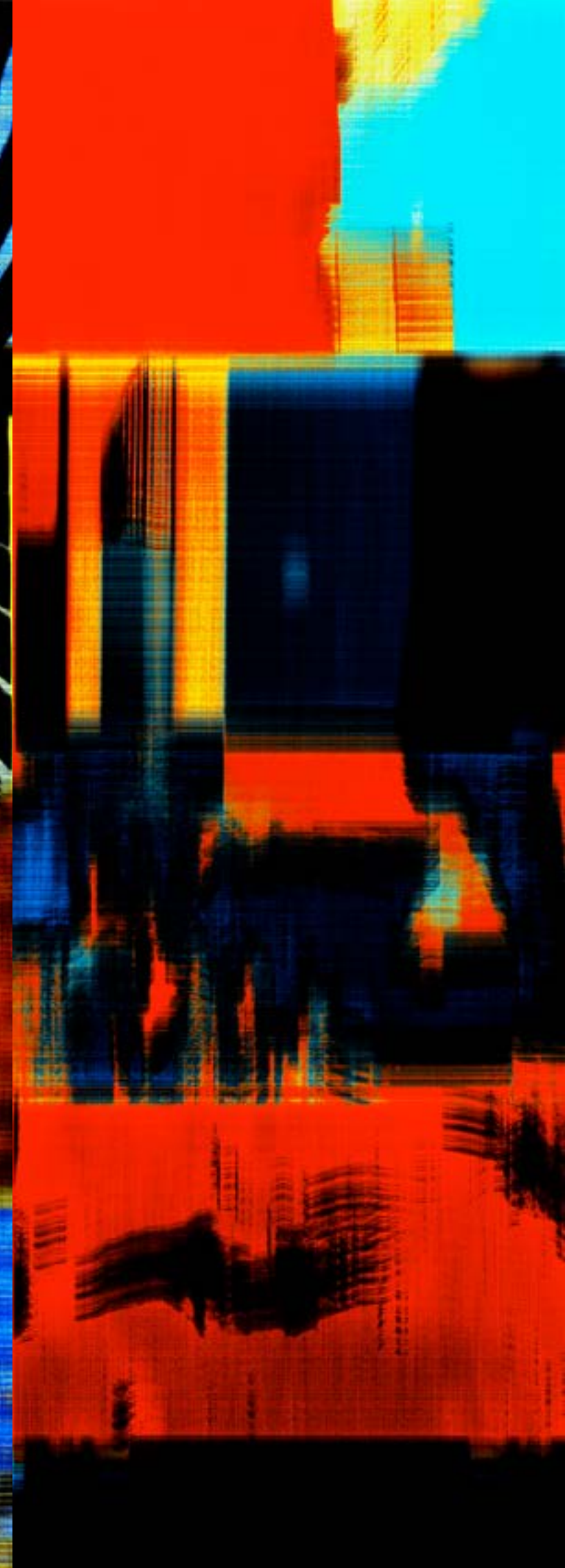
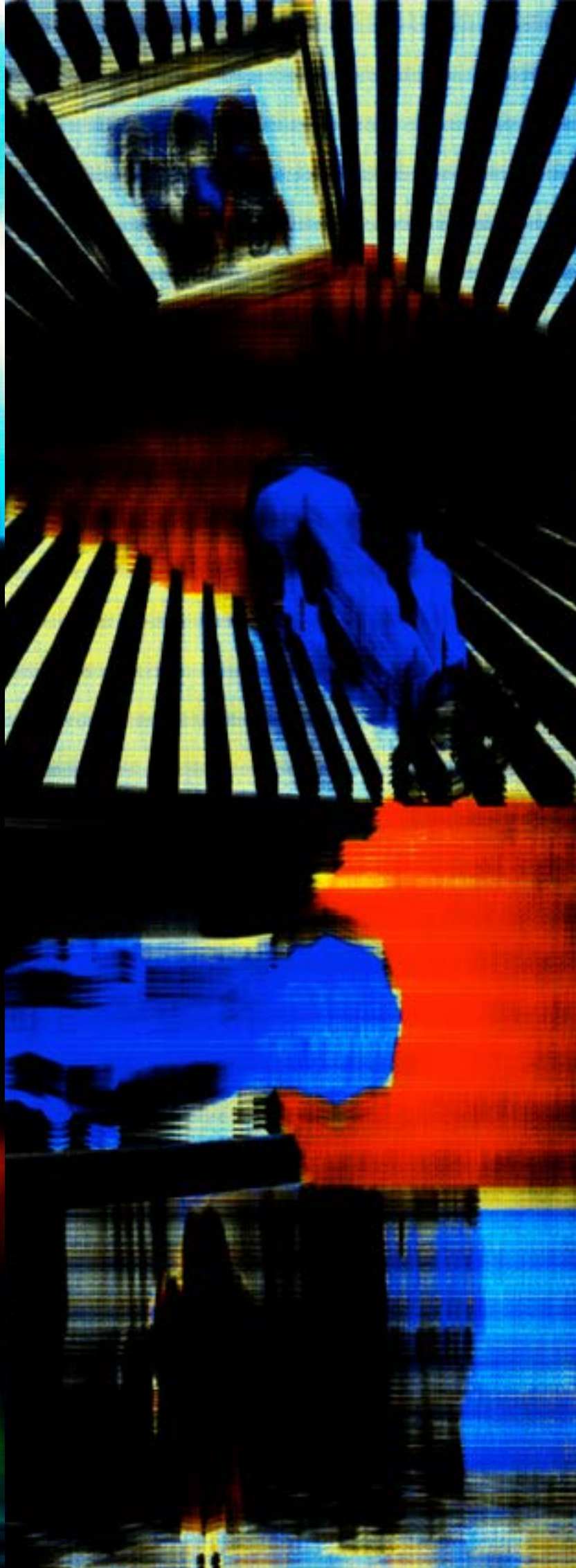
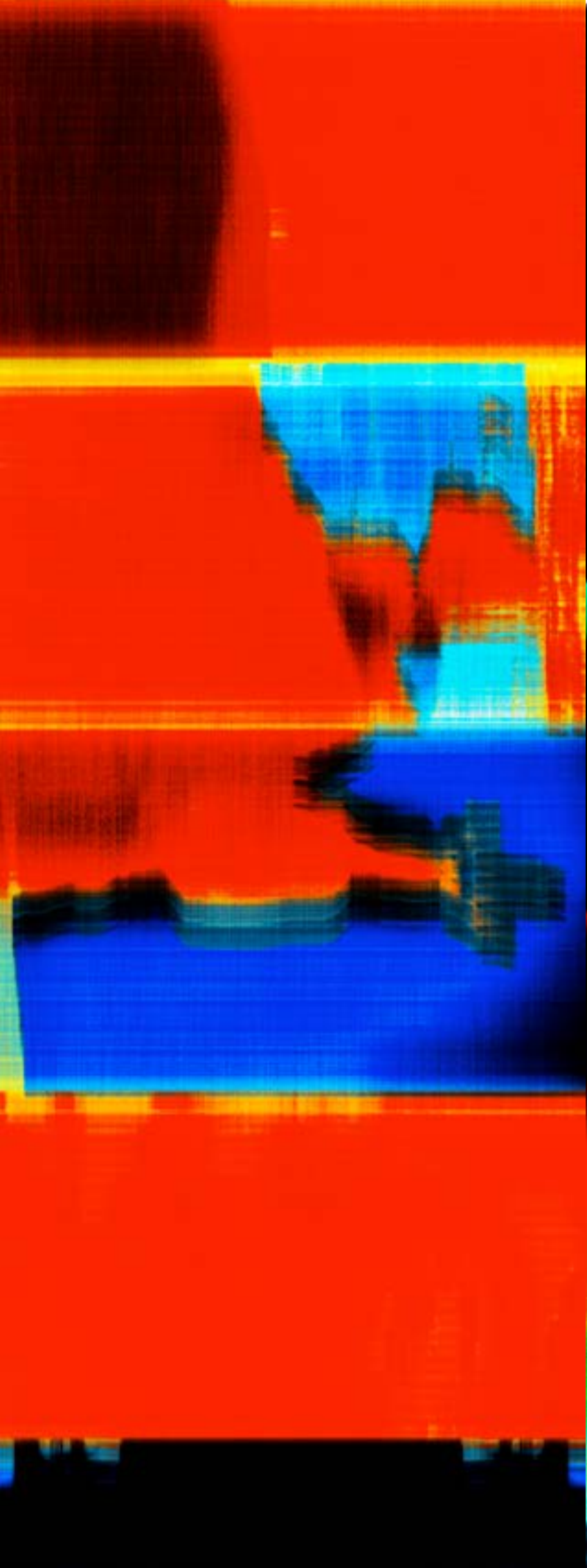


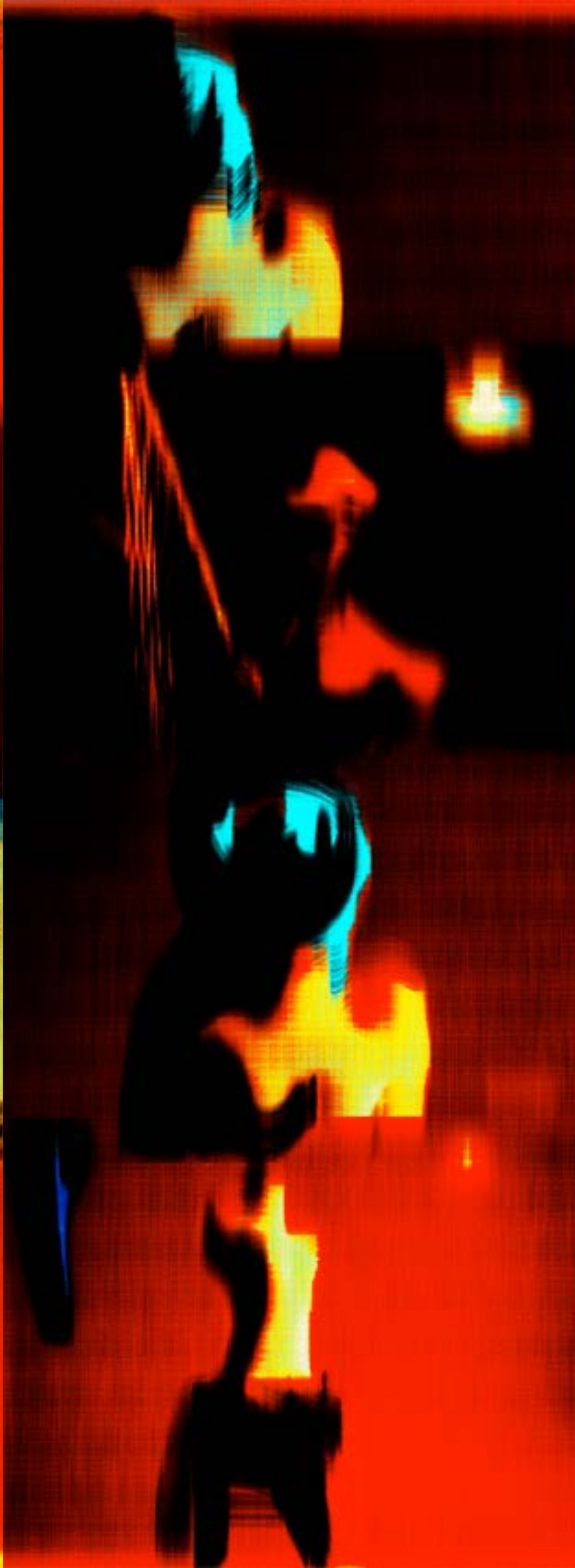
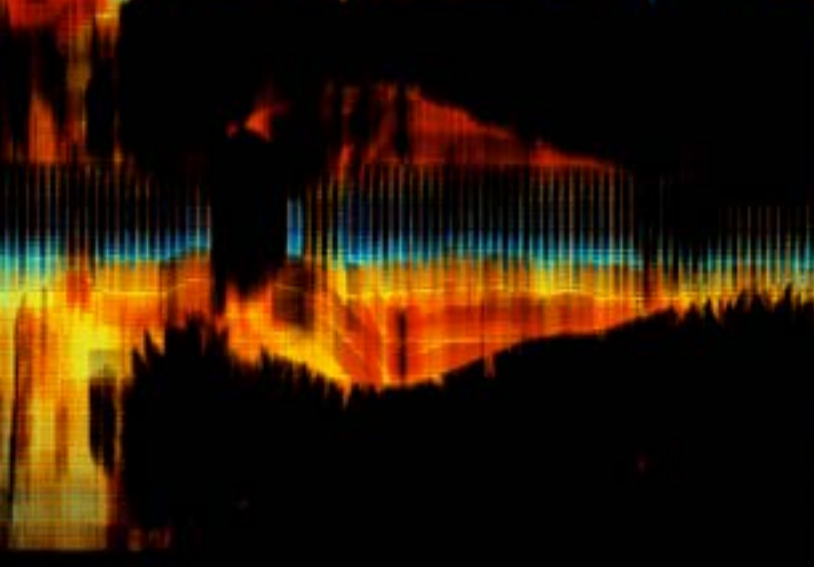
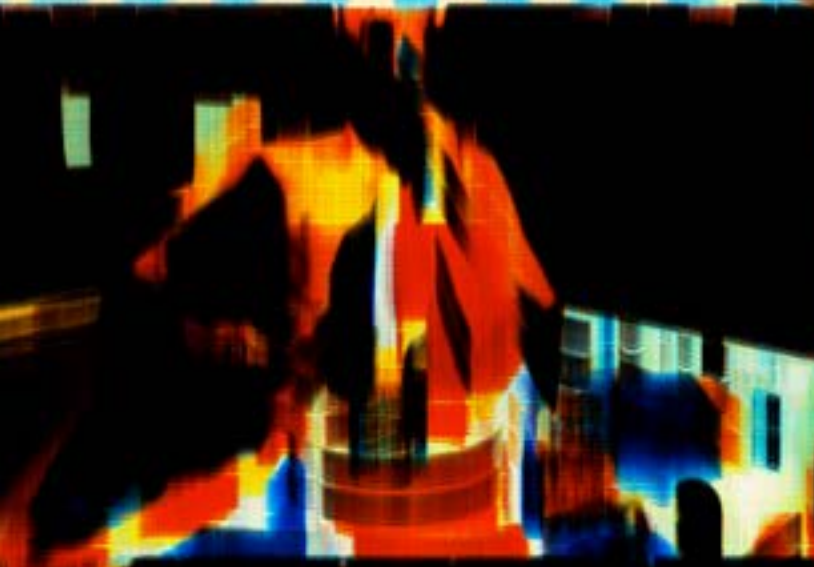
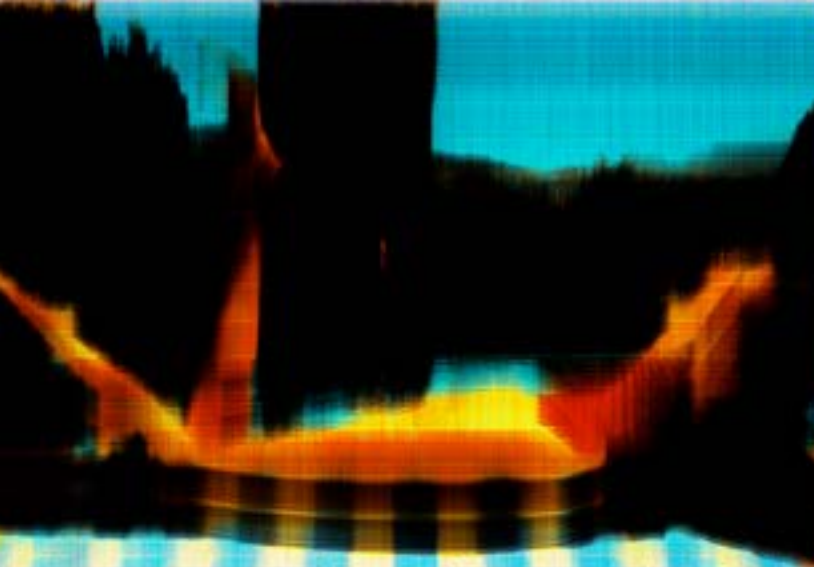
















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