Francisco de Goya y Lucientes

Aestas Infinity



13 PLATES · 16:9 · EDITION 01 · LTD 100

Contents Essay Archive

Thirteen plates

Each picture has a canvas behind it. The line under the title names that work.

About this edition. Thirteen plates after Francisco de Goya (1746–1828): the print in the shop window (Capricho 43), the two majas, the night of 3 May 1808, seven of the Black Paintings from the Quinta del Sordo, the family of Carlos IV, and the mirror in Lille. Each plate names the canvas it comes from and says where the picture and the painting disagree. The essay that comes first takes about ten minutes to read; each plate takes one.

Read the essay first

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Goya

Fuendetodos, 30 March 1746. Bordeaux, 16 April 1828.

Francisco de Goya y Lucientes was born in Fuendetodos, outside Zaragoza, on 30 March 1746. His father gilded frames. The son wanted pictures. He tried for the Academy’s competitions as a young man and was passed over. He went to Italy. Madrid took him in the end. In 1786 he was named painter to the king. In 1789 Carlos IV made him Pintor de Cámara. In 1799 he became Primer Pintor de Cámara, first painter of the chamber.

In the winter of 1792–93 an illness in Andalusia took his hearing. It began in Seville and held him in Cádiz, in the house of his friend Sebastián Martínez. He returned to Madrid deaf. He was forty-six. People have been naming the disease ever since. This book will not choose one in order to sound exact. What is certain is the silence. He kept paper, so that other people could write their half of a conversation. The work did not stop.

This book is thirteen pictures made after him. Each one has a canvas behind it, in the Prado or in Lille. The frame is not that canvas. Where the two disagree, both facts are printed. A sword is not turned quietly back into a club. AI tools were used in making the pictures, after the paintings; the methods stay private. They are new images, not copies.

The order is the film. Plate 01 is the print from the shop window. Plates 02 and 03 are the two majas, nude and then clothed, two canvases rather than one. Plate 04 is the night of 3 May, painted in 1814. Then the house by the river: two old men, the dog, the sabbath, the Fates, the duel, the woman in black, a city seen and not entered. Plate 12 returns to the palace of 1800, the painter still inside the family. Plate 13 is the mirror in Lille. Look at the picture first. The line under it only says where the picture came from.

The archive

Why these pictures are filed at Aestas Infinity.

Aestas Infinity is an archive. Finished work keeps a room. A feed can use a picture up in an evening and then forget it on purpose. The page is built so that use does not finish it. The night may find a person on a channel. The morning still has the address. Houses, episodes, and the shorter records sit on one shelf. The shelf is the interesting thing. Any one series is only an object on it.

Goya is on that shelf for a reason that is his. He made a record in two rooms that were not a gallery. The house was later pulled down. The paintings were saved by being cut off the walls, and the saving changed them. What a museum holds is already a translation of a room that no longer exists. An

archive is the decision to keep the translation, and to say, in the same breath, that it is a translation. The plates in this book may be moved again. They may not invent an object and let the reader think he put it there.

One series filed here, Signal Null, is about a record that outlives the world that sent it. That is as much of it as these pictures need. There is no ship in the frames. The plates are not a chapter of that series, and they do not illustrate an episode. They sit beside the rest of the work, the way a late painting sits beside a print. Same shelf. Different object.

Calle del Desengaño

February 1799. Eighty prints, in a shop.

In February 1799 the Diario de Madrid announced eighty prints, on sale in a perfume and liquor shop on the Calle del Desengaño. The street’s name means disillusion. The series was Los Caprichos. He soon took them off the open market. In 1803 he handed the copper plates and the unsold sets to the king, and a pension went to his son Javier.

The rank and the series do not cancel each other. Primer Pintor de Cámara is a job. The Caprichos are the argument he was willing to put in a shop window, briefly. Paper had already become the other half of his conversation. For a few weeks it was also public.

Sleep, and also dream

Capricho 43, which Plate 01 does not copy creature for creature.

Plate 01 starts from the print people mean when they try to say the whole series in one picture. A man has fallen asleep over his papers. In the etching, owls and bats crowd the dark, and a lynx is awake. The title is El sueño de la razón produce monstruos. Sueño will not sit still. It means sleep. It also means dream. Goya did not pick a side.

The commentary preserved at the Prado, close to his own hand, says the part the title leaves hanging. Fantasy abandoned by reason produces impossible monsters. United with reason, fantasy is the mother of the arts and the origin of their marvels. Another manuscript, once owned by López de Ayala, says nearly the same thing more briefly. A third, in the Biblioteca Nacional, treats the sheet as a frontispiece: when men will not hear the cry of reason, everything turns into visions.

The candle in Plate 01 is lit. The papers are a mess. The man is gone into sleep. The creatures leaving him are ordinary birds, not the owls and not the lynx. The pun still belongs beside the picture. The animals do not.

Two canvases, two frames

The nude was one painting. The clothed woman was another.

Between 1795 and 1800 Goya painted a naked woman on a couch, in a private room. An inventory tied to Manuel Godoy listed a picture of this kind as a nude gypsy. The version in which the face is the Duchess of Alba has not been proved, and a face is not proof. What the canvas proves is ruder. She is not a goddess interrupted at her bath. No story excuses her. She looks out.

He painted her again a few years later, in clothes, on the same couch. The clothes change nothing important about that gaze. Both hang in the Prado. La maja desnuda. La maja vestida.

Plate 02 is the private room: a heavy brown cloth, one bare foot, the head turned to a window. Plate 03 is the clothed face: white cloth, a candle, a look that meets you. The sofa has left that frame. One is a room that was never meant to be seen. The other is a face.

The night of 3 May

Painted in 1814. The rifles stay in the Prado canvas.

On 2 May 1808 Madrid rose against the French. The fight in the street is the picture he painted in 1814 as The Second of May 1808. The night of the 3rd, on the hill of Príncipe Pío, is the other half. He painted it in 1814, after Ferdinand VII was back, when the city was ready for a memorial and he gave it something harder to hang.

The Third of May 1808 is organized like a sentence. A lantern on the ground. A man in a white shirt, arms thrown wide. Bodies beside him. At the right, riflemen seen from behind. The squad is the machine. The shirt is the person.

Plate 04 keeps that night as one man: white shirt, bare feet, lantern, arms up, the hoods still far. The rifles stay in the Prado canvas.

In the years after the rising he drew the war, the famine of 1811 and 1812, and the peace that followed, and he did not publish the sheets. The Royal Academy of San Fernando issued eighty of them in 1863. Two further plates were left out of that edition. Those drawings are another work. This book goes on to the house.

The deaf man’s house

Quinta del Sordo, February 1819.

In February 1819 he bought a house on the right bank of the Manzanares, about three hundred meters from the Segovia bridge, on the road out to the hermitage of San Isidro. Two floors. It was already called the Quinta del

Sordo, the deaf man’s house, after a previous owner. He was seventy-two, and deaf, so the name fitted him without having been meant for him.

Josefa Bayeu had died in 1812. At the Quinta he lived with Leocadia Zorrilla and with Rosario, her daughter, who would paint. In the winter of 1819–20 a second illness nearly finished him. He recorded the survival on a small canvas: his own body held upright, Doctor Eugenio García Arrieta at his side, a cup at his mouth. The words on the picture are his thanks, for the care with which Arrieta saved his life at the end of 1819, when he was seventy-three. He painted it in 1820. The canvas is in Minneapolis. The rooms he returned to are the rooms of the Black Paintings.

Fourteen pictures, painted directly in oil on the dry walls. No commission. No titles in his handwriting. Lower floor: Saturn with his child, Judith, a sabbath around a he-goat, the long walk toward San Isidro, and the woman in black. Upstairs the scale drops. Two old men. The dog’s head in a bare slope. The Fates. Two fighters with clubs. Figures in the air over a rocky town. Around 1828 Antonio de Brugada inventoried the house and gave the woman in black Leocadia’s name. The names stuck. Goya never signed them.

Bordeaux, then the walls come off

1823 to 1881.

In 1823 the liberal years ended. A French army, the Hundred Thousand Sons of Saint Louis, put Ferdinand VII back into absolute power. In September of that year Goya signed the Quinta over to his grandson Mariano. He was still in Madrid. In 1824 he left Spain for France and settled in Bordeaux, where Leocadia and Rosario joined him. A drawing from those last years is an old man on two sticks, and under him a line: Aún aprendo. I am still learning. He died in Bordeaux on 16 April 1828.

Mariano sold the house in 1859. In 1873 Baron Frédéric Émile d’Erlanger, a banker in Paris, bought it for the paintings. In 1874 Salvador Martínez Cubells, restorer at the Prado, began lifting them. Cloth, hot wax, the wallpaper peeled from the plaster, the paint bedded onto canvas. What tore, he repaired. What he repaired, he sometimes repainted. A picture made for a particular stretch of wall was made to behave like an easel picture.

Jean Laurent photographed them in place around 1873–74, paper borders still around several, the rooms still papered. Nigel Glendinning set those photographs beside the canvases and showed how far a rescue can travel from the thing rescued. The sabbath on the wall was wider than the sabbath in the museum. Where the photographs and the canvases disagree, the disagreement is part of the record, and no one can say how much of the dark was touched again.

What the Prado holds

A translation, filed as the painting.

D’Erlanger sent fourteen canvases to the Paris Exposition of 1878. They did not sell. By royal order of 20 December 1881 he gave them to the Spanish state. They came to the Prado after the gift. The house was pulled down in 1909. Of the rooms, what exists is a list of dates, a set of glass negatives, and fourteen paintings that are already translations.

The paintings were moved once so that they would survive. A plate may be moved again. Plaster can become rust. A figure can be brought nearer. What a plate may not do is put a new object in the frame and let the reader think Goya put it there. Where the plate adds something, the line under the picture says so.

So the goat is not the lion in Plate 07. The scissors are not the thread in Plate 08. The clubs are not the swords in Plate 09. The mound is not the wall in Plate 10. The mirror in Lille, with Qué tal? on it and a broom in Time’s hands, is not Plate 13. The Family of Carlos IV is a palace. Plate 12 is that arrangement after the palace has failed, the painter still inside it. Where the book and the museum disagree, both facts are printed.

The house and the shelf

What was saved is not the same as what was painted.

The likeness is real. It is not an identification. It is not a likeness between a painter and a plot. A record is made where almost no one is invited to see it. The place does not last. What lasts is changed by the effort of keeping it. Laurent’s photograph and Cubells’s canvas are both honest, about different hours of the same wall. The archive makes the same admission about its own rooms. A file can outlive the night it was made for, and still not be the night.

The cover is a ring of stone. A lion is carved in it, lying down, asleep or keeping watch. It is not a coat of arms. Thirteen pictures follow. Look at the picture first.



01 The sleep of reason

After Capricho 43, El sueño de la razón produce monstruos, 1797–1799. Etching and aquatint, published in Los Caprichos in 1799.

Capricho 43 in the Prado

His head is down on his arms, and the arms are on a desk that has stopped being tidy. Sheets of writing, a quill, a black spill of ink, books stacked beside a candle that is still burning. Birds come out of the dark on the right. They do not touch him. The frame does not say whether they are leaving or arriving.

In February 1799 the Diario de Madrid announced eighty prints, on sale in a perfume and liquor shop on the Calle del Desengaño. This sleeper is number 43. The title, El sueño de la razón produce monstruos, turns on sueño, which means both sleep and dream; he left both standing. In the etching the creatures are owls and bats, and a lynx sits awake at the edge of the desk. A manuscript kept with the series finishes the sentence the title cuts short: fantasy abandoned by reason produces impossible monsters; united with reason, it is the mother of the arts.

This plate keeps the desk, the candle, the papers and the sleep. The animals are ordinary birds; the warning stays in the title. By 1799 he had been deaf for six years, and the papers on the desk are also a way of speaking.



02 The private room

After La maja desnuda, about 1795–1800. Oil on canvas. The Prado picture is naked, and she looks straight out.

The Naked Maja in the Prado

She lies on a dark sofa under a heavy brown cloth. One bare foot comes out of it at the left. Her face is turned to a window, not toward the person looking. Dust hangs in that light. The room feels shut. What the picture is holding is the closed room, not the famous outward look.

The Prado canvas shows a naked woman on a couch, painted for a room that was not public. An inventory connected with Manuel Godoy, the favorite of Queen María Luisa, listed a picture of this kind as a nude gypsy. That the face is the Duchess of Alba has been repeated for two centuries and never proved. What the canvas does prove is simpler, and ruder: no myth makes her nakedness polite, and she looks straight out. By 1814 the Inquisition had seized both majas, and in 1815 Goya was required to give an account of them. They hang together now.

This plate covers the body and turns the head aside. The sofa, the bare foot and the shut room are the shot; the look that meets you belongs to the next plate, and to a different canvas. It returns to the earlier hour: dust in a window, a head turned away, as if the person looking had not yet been invited.



03 The clothed face

After La maja vestida, about 1800–1807. Oil on canvas. A second painting, not a detail of the nude.

The Clothed Maja in the Prado

Only the head. White cloth over the hair, a candle at the right, and a face that looks straight at you. Nothing is written beside her. There is no sofa, no bare foot, no window. The body has left the frame. The cloth is what the light falls on.

He painted her a second time, clothed, on the same couch; the dates usually given are about 1800 to 1807. These are not one canvas cut in half but two decisions, hung now as neighbors. In the Prado the pose is repeated almost exactly, with a short jacket and a rose-colored bodice added, the dress of a maja of Madrid rather than the drapery of a goddess. The nude refuses a goddess. The clothed woman refuses the idea that cloth has solved the room.

This plate withholds the body and keeps the face, the candle and a look that meets you. The sofa is gone. Covering her changed the scandal less than the room had hoped: first the body is covered, then only the look remains, and the look is aimed straight out.



04 The gesture

After El tres de mayo de 1808 en Madrid, painted in 1814. Oil on canvas. The firing squad is not in this frame.

The Third of May in the Prado

Bare feet on broken ground. A white shirt. Both arms up, the hands open, the face lifted. A lantern by his feet throws sparks into the dirt. Hooded figures stand off to the sides, far enough back that they do not take the picture from him. One body has been made visible. That is the shot.

On 2 May 1808 Madrid rose against the French. The next night, on the hill of Príncipe Pío, the executions followed. He painted it in 1814, after Ferdinand VII was restored and the city wanted a memorial. The canvas is more than three meters wide and built like a sentence you can walk: a lantern on the ground, a white shirt bright as a target, the dead beside him, a firing squad seen from behind. The squad is the machine. The shirt is the person.

In 1814 he wrote to the Regency offering to paint, at his own cost, the most notable and heroic actions of the rising. What he made was a pair: the street fight of the 2nd at the Puerta del Sol, and this night. Heroic is the word in the letter; the picture is harder than the word. This plate stays on the near side of the rifles, with the hands still open. The hoods here are not soldiers, and nobody is aiming.



05 What is not said

After Dos viejos, a Black Painting, about 1820–1823. On the wall one man speaks into the other’s ear. Here they face each other, and still do not speak.

Two Old Men in the Prado

They face each other. Flat caps, a broken loaf, two cups, a candle. Behind them a map of the world, of no use to whatever they are not saying. The food is less a meal than a reason to stay in the chairs. Their eyes meet. The sentence does not.

On the wall of the Quinta the two old men are crushed together, and one has his mouth at the other’s ear. Goya left no titles; most of these walls received their names from Brugada’s inventory of about 1828, and it does not record what was whispered. Early photographs show a large crack in the plaster at the upper right, and Cubells’s restoration hardened the faces. When the plaster was lifted in 1874, a secret painted for a private room was made to hang in a public one.

This picture pulls the men apart, sets a table between them, and lets them look. The looking does not become speech. The map and the table are not on the museum wall; the map is hung here so a small room will feel larger, and it still does not tell them what to say. The failure to speak is the part that is on the wall. A map is for people who are going somewhere, and these two have already sat down.



06 The dog

After El perro, Black Paintings, about 1820–1823. Oil on the wall, transferred to canvas. Jean Laurent photographed it there around 1873–74.

The Drowning Dog in the Prado

The head comes up out of the dark ground. The ears are soft. The eyes are on something above the frame, and the frame does not contain it. There is no horizon. Ground and dark are the same substance. Nothing answers. The body stays under.

This is one of the fourteen pictures painted over the wallpaper of the Quinta del Sordo. There was no commission, and no title in his handwriting. Around 1873–74 Jean Laurent photographed the rooms before Salvador Martínez Cubells lifted the paintings, and those photographs are the best record of how the wall looked. Nigel Glendinning showed that the canvases differ from them. How much of the dark belongs to Goya and how much to the transfer is not settled.

The canvas now in the Prado is already a translation of a wall. Nothing in this plate gives the dog a master, a hunt, or a hand reaching down. The work is the head, the slope, and the fact that the picture does not answer. Almost no one outside the household saw this room. A restorer’s later hour is not that hour.



07 The lion in the stone

After El aquelarre, the Witches' Sabbath, about 1820–1823. The wall has a he-goat and a crowd. This frame has four hoods, a carved lion, and a torch.

The Great He-Goat in the Prado

Four hooded figures lean over a block of stone. In the stone a lion is carved, lying down, the body at rest. It does not preside. A torch burns on a stand at the right. Saturn, who eats his child, is on another wall of the same house, and he is not in this room. The four of them look at the carving as if looking could make it speak.

Downstairs at the Quinta the sabbath is a crowd of women around a he-goat large enough to be the reason they came. Brugada called the wall the great he-goat. The museum canvas is more than four meters wide, and Laurent's photograph shows the wall was wider still: the transfer cut the company down.

The goat is not in this room, and neither is the crowd. Four people and a relief are a council, not a rite. The lion is the same kind of animal as the one cut into the ring on the cover of this book: heavy, unexplained, not a coat of arms. The cover is a different picture, and the animal is the only rhyme between them. This plate takes four hoods and a fire and leaves the court behind. The lion in the stone does not rule them. It only lies there, being looked at.



08 The uncut thread

After Atropos, or The Fates, about 1820–1823. On the wall, Atropos has scissors. The thread in this frame is not cut.

Atropos in the Prado

Three women, heads covered, one thread pulled tight through their hands. The hands are doing everything. Their faces are down on the cord, not offered to the viewer. A candle at the far left explains nothing. The thread runs off both edges. It is not cut.

On an upper wall of the house the subject is Atropos, the fate whose work is to cut the thread of a life. The canvas taken off that wall in the 1870s still has the blades: the story gives the cutting to her alone, and the other hands spin the thread and measure it. He never wrote the Fates' names on the wall. The title came later, with the inventories and the museum.

This picture's decision is the opposite of hers, and the decision is the picture. The cord continues past both edges of the frame. Time here is a length under strain, still being pulled through the hands. The museum painting is a sentence that ends; this one stops before the cut. The scissors belong to that canvas. They do not belong to this one.



09 The fight that cannot leave

After Duelo a garrotazos, about 1820–1823. On the wall the weapons are clubs. Laurent’s photograph records the wall before the transfer.

Duel with Cudgels in the Prado

Two hooded men, swords crossed, sparks where the blades meet. The ground has wrapped their legs. They can strike. They cannot step out. Neither is winning. The dark behind them does not offer a way.

On an upper wall of the Quinta this stalemate is fought with clubs, the men sunk knee-deep in a bare field. Laurent’s photograph, taken before the transfer, is not the canvas the museum hangs: Cubells mended that canvas, and in places repainted it, and Glendinning noted the differences. The title the wall now carries, a duel with clubs, was not written by Goya. Later readers made the two men a civil war, two Spains sunk in the same field.

This picture changes the weapon and the clothing. It does not change the verdict. The ground has decided how far they can move, and the sparks are only what metal does when it meets; they are not a sign that anyone is getting out. They can wound, and they cannot leave. Neither hood has a face that could be sworn to later. A body can be shown, and the person can still be kept back.



10 The woman in black

After the figure called La Leocadia, or Una manola, about 1820–1823. She leans on a mound. Here the mound is a rusted wall. The identification is not proved.

Leocadia in the Prado

She stands in profile against rusted iron. Eyes closed. Black coat, hair pinned. The light comes from the right and spends itself on the corrosion, not on a view. She is using a wall that is already failing in order to stay upright. There is no one else in the room.

On the lower floor of the house a woman in black leans on a form that reads as a burial mound. Brugada’s inventory of about 1828 gave her the name Leocadia. Leocadia Zorrilla lived at the Quinta with Goya, and with her daughter Rosario, who would paint. Whether the painted woman is Leocadia has not been proved; an inventory is not a signature. The Prado files the canvas under both names, a manola and Leocadia Zorrilla. A manola was a woman of Madrid who dressed with her own pride.

This picture does not close that argument. The mound has become rusted iron. What crosses from the wall is the black of the clothes, the closed eyes, and a body using something already failing in order to stay standing. If she is the woman who kept the rooms, the portrait refuses to confess it. If she is not, she is still a woman in black, held up by a grave. Here iron replaces the grave. The closed eyes stay.



11 The city not entered

Set beside Asmodea, or Fantastic Vision, about 1820–1823. That painting puts two figures in the air. This frame has one man, on foot, who does not go down.

Asmodea in the Prado

His back is to us. He stands on the lip of a rock above a city that has stopped. Roofs are broken. One fire shows in a street below. He does not climb down. There is no second figure, and nobody is flying. The distance is the whole story: a man, a city, and no path he is taking.

Upstairs at the Quinta, the painting later called Asmodea, or Fantastic Vision, puts two figures in the air above a rocky town, with soldiers farther off. Goya did not title it; the name arrived with the inventories and the museum. Flight is the event of that wall. None of that flight is in this frame, and the link opens the painting that has it, so the difference can be checked rather than trusted.

This picture holds one man who has not started down. The streets below him are still readable as streets, and he is not taking them. The frame asks something plainer than the canvas: a city is in trouble, a man can see it, and the picture stops in the moment before seeing becomes the same thing as going down. The rock is that pause, painted as a place.



12 The painter inside

After La familia de Carlos IV, 1800–1801. Oil on canvas. Goya stands at his easel inside that picture, as Velázquez does in Las Meninas.

The Family of Carlos IV in the Prado

He is in the picture. At the left, a cap, a brush, an easel that has been used hard. Five people sit in a row where the plaster has failed: an older woman in a headscarf, a bearded man, a child, a woman, a boy in a cap. They look off to the side. Not at him. Not quite at us. A lantern hangs where a chandelier would have been. He keeps working.

In 1800, the year after he was named Primer Pintor de Cámara, Goya painted the royal family from life at Aranjuez and in Madrid, and he finished the canvas in 1801. It is nearly three meters high. Queen María Luisa stands at the center, the king and the children arranged around her, and Goya stands in the shadow at the left, at his easel, the way Velázquez stands inside Las Meninas. Two large pictures hang on the back wall; what they show is still argued over. He is the smallest authority in that room, and the only one working.

The palace is the painting in the museum. This plate is that arrangement once the palace has failed: rust, a lantern where the chandelier was, a scarred easel. The sitters will not meet his eye, the silk is gone, and the brush is still raised.



13 The younger face

After Las viejas, Time and the Old Women, about 1808–1812. Oil on canvas, Lille. The mirror there reads Qué tal? Time carries a broom. Neither is in this frame.

Time and the Old Women, Lille

Two women, old, in dark hoods, seen from the side. They look at a gold frame. In the frame is a younger face, frontal and quiet, not laughing at them. A candle burns at the right. Nothing is written on the glass. There are no wings, and no broom. What comes back from the gold is a person. Already gone, or not yet in the room. The picture does not say which.

In Lille the painting is Time and the Old Women, also called Las viejas. An aristocrat and her servant sit side by side. The noblewoman holds what is probably a portrait of herself as a young girl, and the servant holds up a mirror that asks Qué tal?, how are you getting on. It is not a kind question. Time stands behind them with a broom. Lille identifies the aristocrat as Queen María Luisa, whom Goya had painted a few years earlier in the same jewels and a kinder light. The canvas is a vanitas: youth does not stay in the room. It was bought in 1836 for Louis-Philippe’s Spanish gallery, sold after the king fled, and reached Lille in 1874.

This picture takes the broom out of the dark and the question off the glass. What remains is the look from the side, the gold, and a younger face that does not laugh. The candle does not announce the hour. It only burns.

Colophon

Edition 01 was made by Aestas Infinity in 2026. It is a book in the archive. It is not a chapter of any series.

Thirteen plates, each at 16:9. The words sit under the picture. The cover is the stone ring and the lion carved in the ring. AI tools were used in making the cover and the plates; the methods stay private. The plates are new pictures made after the paintings named under each one. They are not reproductions.

The file is a narrow page so it can be read on a phone without sliding sideways. A word in amber opens another plate, the canvas in the museum, or a page of the archive. The line at the top of a page is the same kind of link, kept small. On a plate, the line under the text moves to the previous picture or the next.

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LTD 100 is the specification for a physical run: one hundred copies, a black slipcase, gold foil, the number and the price left blank until a copy is made. The cover names that run. It does not mean the hundred copies are already in the world. Edition 01 is this digital book. Buying the object, if it is made, is not a license to republish the plates.

Most of the canvases named here are in the Museo Nacional del Prado, Madrid. Time and the Old Women is in the Palais des Beaux-Arts, Lille. This book is a reading of those works. It is not a reproduction of them, and it does not take their place.

The house was bought in February 1819. In September 1823 it was signed over to Mariano. Goya left Spain in 1824. Baron d’Erlanger bought the house in 1873. Jean Laurent photographed the paintings on the walls around 1873–74, and in 1874 Salvador Martínez Cubells began transferring them to canvas. The gift to the Spanish state was by royal order of 20 December 1881. The canvases came to the Prado after the gift. The house was demolished in 1909.

Francisco de Goya y Lucientes

Aestas Infinity

EDITION 01 · THIRTEEN PLATES · LTD 100

NUMBER

_____ / 100

YEAR

2026

The cover is the stone ring,
and the lion cut into the ring.

Thirteen plates. The words sit under the picture.

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