



**Gerund of draw.** Colour pencils on paper, Utrecht, 2011.

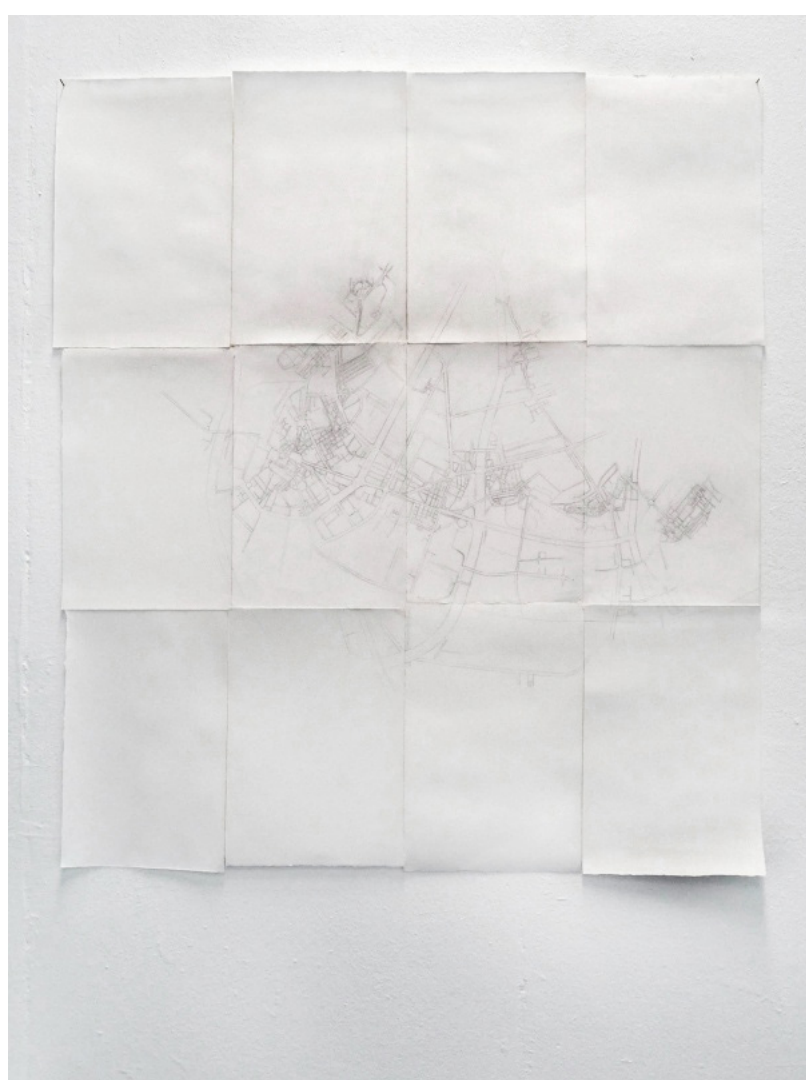


We must agree that drawing is, among other things, a trace. Thus, that rest/sediment/affected space, is the result of a process that does not show neither testify. What remains is what is left. Sometimes it's almost everything and other times what is left does not matter.

When I am drawing so many lines I believe that what is relevant about it is that the drawing proves that I have been doing that and not something else. I think it is interesting to think about everything I could have been doing in that time, and then I realise that in that time I have been doing a lot more than drawing. I have been thinking, listening, singing and imagining things. There is always something left from everything that combusts during the drawing's time.

By recalling strongly (but very, very strongly) the streets of Madrid it is possible to plot a map. Not an accurate one, it does not matter because it is not made to guide anybody. Its only intention is to be drawn whilst thinking about Madrid when abroad. The most efficient thing to do, which I realised after some days, is to imagine the angles and intersections. I drew it by heart and abandoned it when I came back from The Netherlands.

As in the drawings that depict the flame's traces, this map is something like a negative of what is taking place, the imprint of a mental process: sometimes its conclusive, at other times the complete contrary.



**Croquis**  
Pencil on paper, Utrecht, 2010-2011

