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## Chaos in Things

José Saborit

Eyes wide open, each step is the echo of previous steps, because *seeing is having seen* and having seen is to keep the cumulated cultural background in our memory, in that dark box that wakes up every time we see something. It opens itself, bringing out its resonances from the sunken, quiet traces of past times that are still with us. In the innermost of such time, memory and oblivion dialogue talking over each other's words. Why here and not there? What cell will we put you in? Are you still doing the rounds? Who will you spend the rest of your life with? Omission and memory, at once, mess up and tidy up, transform the conquests that the eye cumulated, set up associations and break them, discover relations and discrepancies, erect families that will have to disperse. Even dream up, in utterly naïve moments, the sense of an order that would lead to progress, some symmetrical touch that would lead to the definitive place where logic and reason would forever triumph, and each thing would find its place, still, defined, and forever closed. Such place is the repository of death. While the sickness of thought makes it up, defines it and looks for it, ants of life continue their unfathomable dance, their nervous tickling that does not go anywhere, which does not look for meanings, but it does live. In the meantime, collarless dogs look sideways, and a rubbish bag balances on our worried conscience as a Damocles sword, and the lost shells of our childhood replicate the concentric grooves of waves. Anonymous stones hit us with their unavoidable presence. Sleepy branches and faraway mountains are still there, behind the frames, notebooks, folders and all those objects that life brings to us, for no reason. Rests of painting on our eyes,

and those shoots in vision that stem from memory, not knowing where they are going and that keep cumulating, overlapping and rubbing against each other, like the pieces of a puzzle that do not quite match. Precisely because of that, because they do not match, they are still in motion, looking for a place that will not ever come, and it is because of that, because it never comes, that they still search for it, and move and ask, and ask again and paintings nod. Life is chaos in things.

**Cuaderno.** *El desorden de las cosas*, 2012-2014  
Óleo sobre papel

**Sketchbook.** *Chaos in Things*, 2012-2014  
Oil on paper

