

*Irrationale Welt*

Anna Dot, 2019

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[At the foot of the hill behind our house, some 2000 feet above sea level, there are sea urchin fossils, a country house, a chicken coop and a boat from another time. Inside the country house hangs a picture of cave paintings found in a cave in southern France. Some of these elements (the sea urchin fossils,  
the country house,  
the chicken coop,  
the boat from another time,  
the picture of cave paintings found in a cave in southern France)  
lend believability to the beginning of the legend that follows; before all this used to be water.]

According to a legend, before all this used to be water.

Then a force from the *very* deep depths of the ocean challenged the laws of gravity and lifted hot lands that turned solid as soon as they were touched by air.

It is said that, later, off those lands some animals lifted their front paws, which turned into arms with hands that allowed them to make things.

Thins like, for instance, tools,  
and things like, for instance, arms.

*Arms for our arms.*

And according to the legend, arms were useful because,  
ever since the paws were lifted off the ground,  
the eyes of those animals could behold new sights;  
and their cognitive systems developed a consciousness;  
with that consciousness, called "reason" in other legends, they learned that they were they in a world full of other things and other bodies, and they also learned that they could name themselves to tell themselves apart from the other things and the other bodies, and that they could name the other things to tell them apart from each other and from themselves; and they also learned that, with those names, they could make up stories about the things and about their bodies and about others,

too. Stories like, for instance, this legend.

And according to the legend, arms were useful because,  
ever since all this happened,

the *seeing-man*, he who gives things a name and makes up stories, sometimes does not agree with other seeing-men on how to call each other and everything else, nor does he agree on the stories he makes up, and then it is said that these animals, which arbitrarily called themselves *man* go into conflict and use tools and arms to solve it.

And that is how we learn from this legend that, sometimes, names are arms and other times, names are tools. And just like arms and tools, sometimes names don't only come out of the mouths of these animals, but also out of their hands, which used to be paws standing on land that before, when all this used to be water, was underwater. The legend describes this moment as a hinge moment, in which those animals tried to correlate the names that came out of their mouths to the names coming out of their hands and were carved into stone. According to the legend, some of those stones can still be seen today.

Perhaps, in that moment, the consciousness of those animals, pulling shapes that were names out of their hands, was taking shape as well; those shapes tested the communicative ability of each and every one of them, because some were better names than others, and some told stories of things and of bodies better than others. Perhaps, in that moment, busied with those shapes and all those names, even though they had no arms, or conflicts, or tools, or names for names and for shapes.

Perhaps not yet.

Perhaps in that moment,

when not yet,

those animals were closer to a common language than they have ever been able to be in all the times that came after and those that will ever come.

If all this used to be something,

it must have been a blue so blue as today's sky or yesterday's sea.