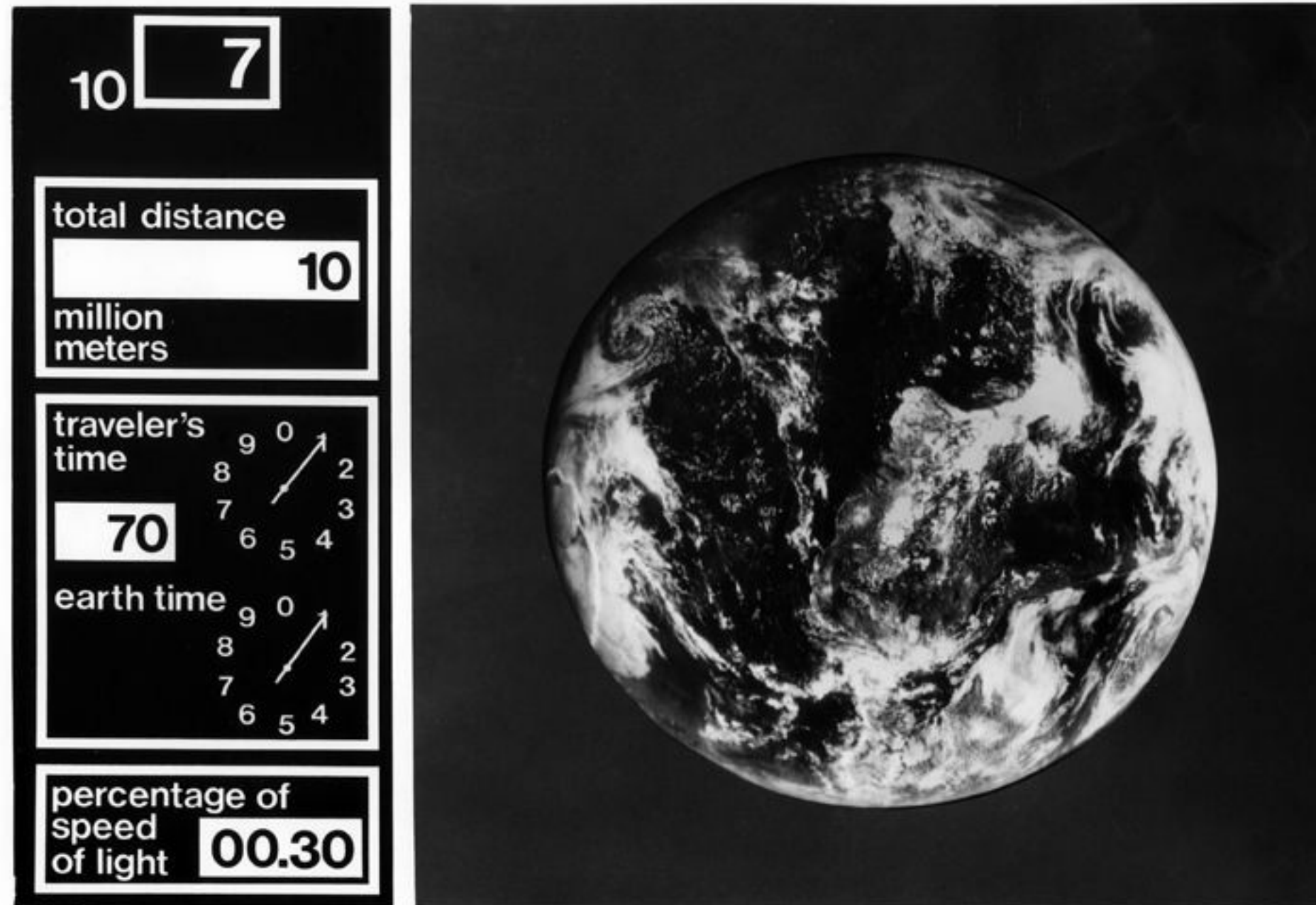


“YENTE SEES ALL”

TOKARCZUK/ CROFT, 2018.

‘The Books of Jacob’



‘TIME WITH NO HORIZON’ | PHYLLIDA BLUEMEL | FALMOUTH UNIVERSITY

“in an age of ecological awareness there is no one scale to rule them all”

“thousands of equally legitimate spatiotemporal scales have suddenly become available and significant to humans.”

- MORTON, 2018, *Being Ecological*

“collective human temporality now has to be thought of on at least three different scales: on the scale of a human history that has generated multiple inequalities between humans, on the scale of a humanity that has become an agent as a species, and on the scale of a geological power that transforms the planet’s physical nature.”

- HEISE, 2019, *Science Fiction and the Time Scales of the Anthropocene*

THE BOOKS OF JACOB

OR

A FANTASTIC JOURNEY ACROSS
SEVEN BORDERS, FIVE LANGUAGES
AND THREE MAJOR RELIGIONS, NOT
COUNTING THE MINOR SECTS.

TOLD BY THE DEAD, SUPPLEMENTED
BY THE AUTHOR, DRAWING FROM
A RANGE OF BOOKS AND AIDED BY
IMAGINATION, THE WHICH BEING
THE GREATEST NATURAL GIFT
OF ANY PERSON.

THAT THE WISE MIGHT HAVE IT FOR
A RECORD, THAT MY COMPATRIOTS
REFLECT, LAYPERSONS GAIN SOME
UNDERSTANDING AND MELANCHOLY
SOULS OBTAIN SOME SLIGHT
ENJOYMENT.

OLGA TOKARCZUK

Translated by
JENNIFER CROFT

Then suddenly, as though from some unexpected impact, Yente sees everything from above: herself, the balding top of old Shorr's head – in his struggle with her body, he has lost his cap.

And this is how it is now, how it will be: Yente sees all.

- TOKARCZUK/ CROFT, 2018. *'The Books of Jacob'*

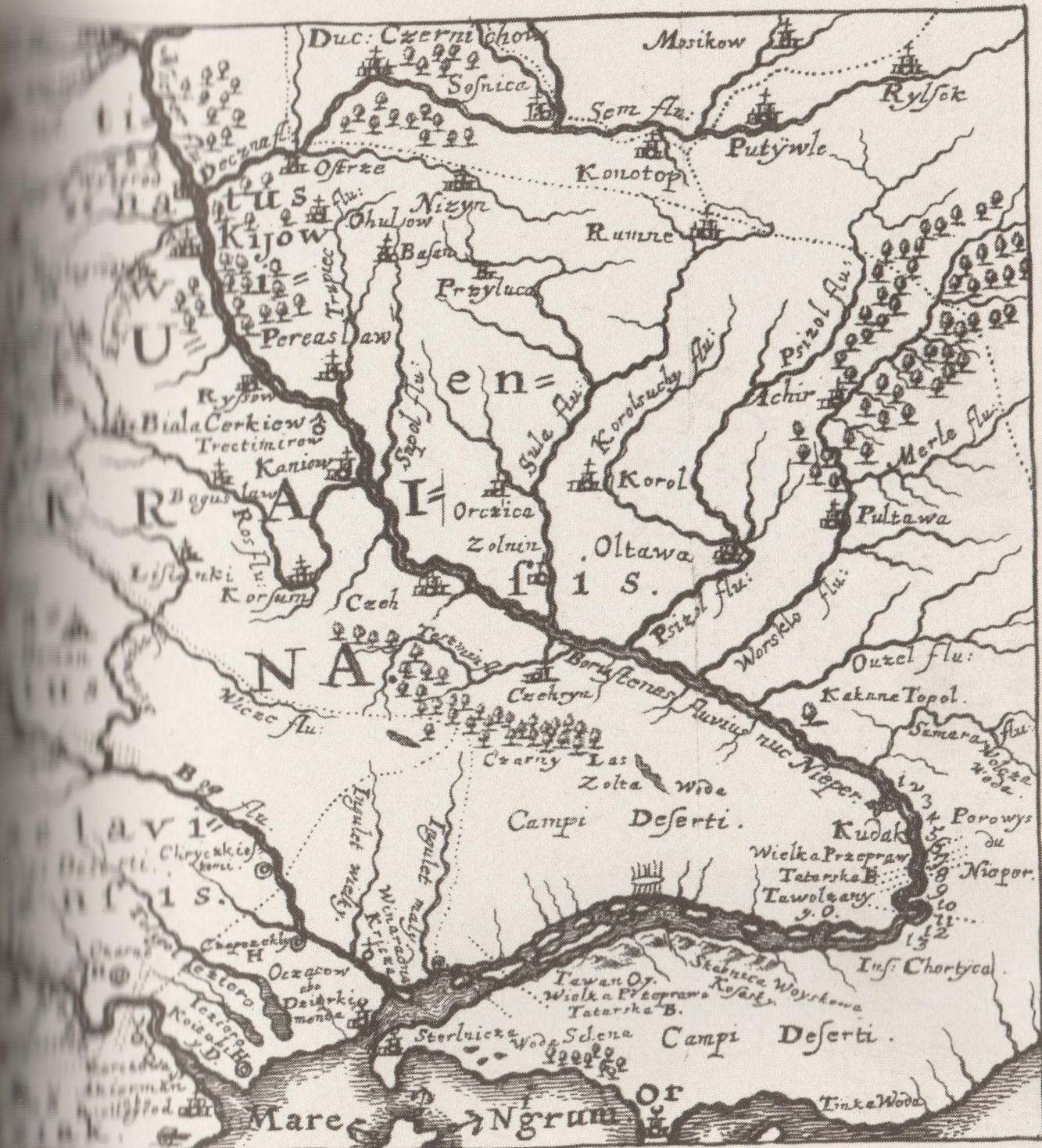
In her scattered state, it seems to her she won't be able to return to the hardwood floor of this world. So be it. It's better here – times intermingle, overlap. How could she ever have believed in the flow of time? She had thought time flowed! Now she finds it funny.

- TOKARCZUK/ CROFT, 2018. *'The Books of Jacob'*



**RUSSIA RUBRA,
PODOLIA,
VOLHYNIA ET
UKRAINA**

P. 113.





Katascopos (*kata* – downward; *skopos* – view, or target)

“In the simplicity of a continual present, which embraces the vistas of the future and the past, and he considers all this in the act of knowing as though all things were going on at once”

- BOETHIUS, *Consolatio Philosophiae* 5

praevidentia - foresight (seeing ahead in time)

providentia - oversight (seeing all time at once)



“The image identifies *mundus*, a spatial concept, with *saeculum* a temporal one”

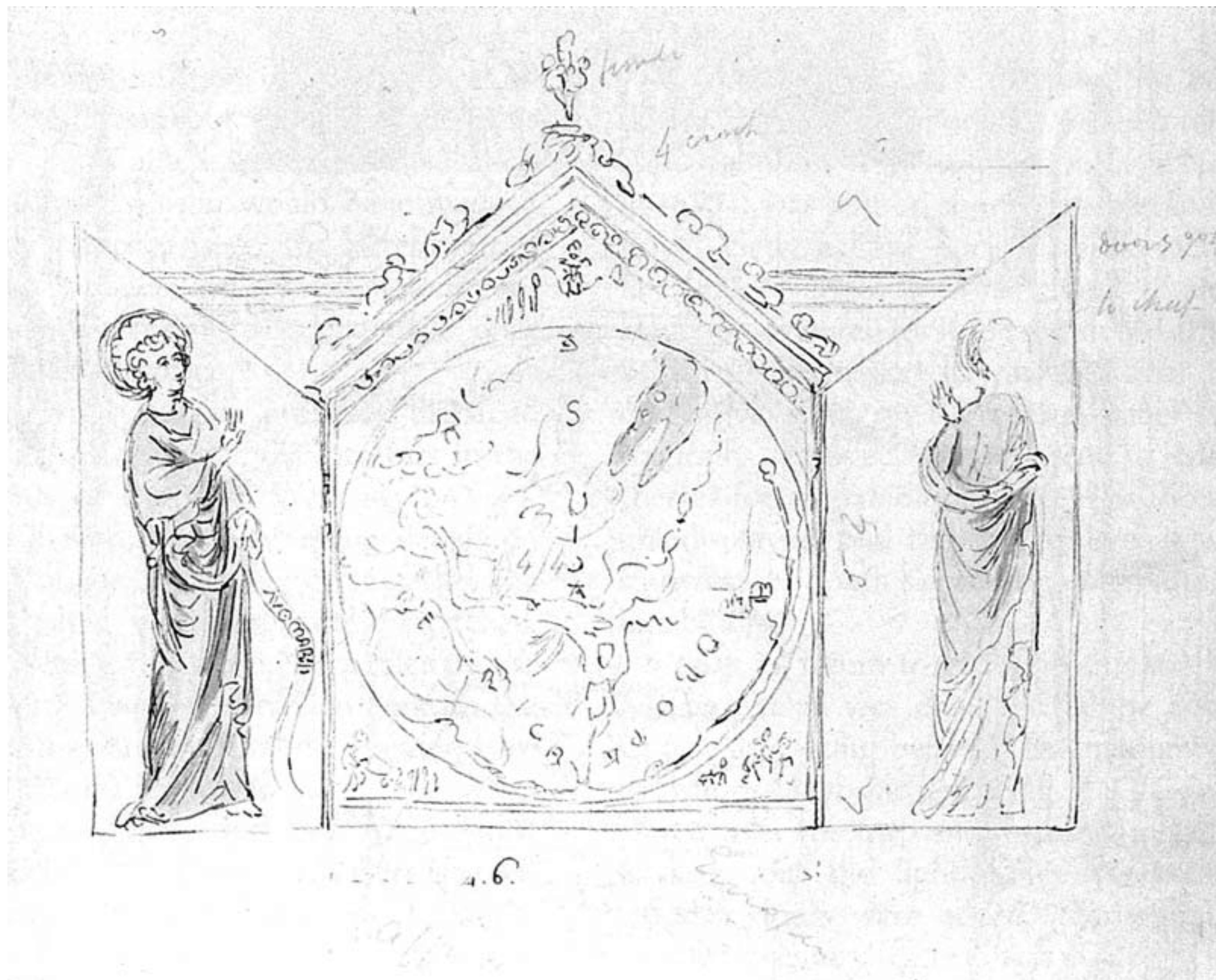
“*saeculum* ... denotes the finite realm that undergoes cyclical (calendrical) change punctuated by singular (historical) events until the consummation of the ages.”

- KUPFER, 2016.

“the map works visually to pull the reader’s attention upward from the specifics on which the text instructed, to the holistic totality that made knowledge of the manuscript’s contents meaningful. The image effects the cognitive shift of the ‘overview’, our own metaphor on which generalization depends.”

- KUPFER, 2016





“The stupendous epiphany of the world’s entire compass; the sudden apprehension of all things in a single synoptic gaze; the flash recognition of man’s true place in a divinely ordained scheme and, a fortiori, comprehension of the insignificance of his works – these are the affective and cognitive responses that the Map’s revelation from behind closed doors was meant to induce. They are also topoi that belong to the cosmic vision or the celestial prospect, and its rhetorical equivalent, the aerial view from an elevated observatory or specula.”

- KUPFER, 2016





maioris primarii. itaque...
dispositio. inuenit quadragas in medio capite

terra habundans

terra curat auti.

Fluv. Arnon.

Siluar. piperis.

Fluv. Aug. sic quodam
de qua. hinc et dicitur
hinc dicit in orbe.

Fluv. filioz. nilei. 2
dicitur tubum.

Damascus
curtis.

marphi. ler.
et mandru
tara.

Fluv. Ioh. nilei
et ut pecti. et

Fluv. abarna.

Artoame.

in curatibus dicitur

terra habundans

Fluv. Abala. sic et
si dicitur. 7 pluvia
mergna.

Fluv. S. piperis.

mons. neb.

Solima. **Hic** nascitur in yndia. erumio corpo
re. cauda elephanti. nigre colore. maxillas ei
pauis. pates. coenua uti. aditale lon
ga. neq. enim uigent. A mo
uerit. ut uis erigit plandi
quay. cum uno pugnat. alter
repliat.

Hic congregatus popu
lus istius. si tamen. et
ut de egypto. altera die
post pasca.

Fluv. Saba.

Fluv. Aquarum
et dicitur. mo
et piperis. 7 dicitur.

Fluv. curat.

Democra. curat.

Democra. curat.
7 Fluv.

Democra. curat.

Fluv. Ioseph.

terra curat.

Solima.
et dicitur
in marba
ne curat.







WHOLE EARTH CATALOG

access to tools



Fall 1968

\$5

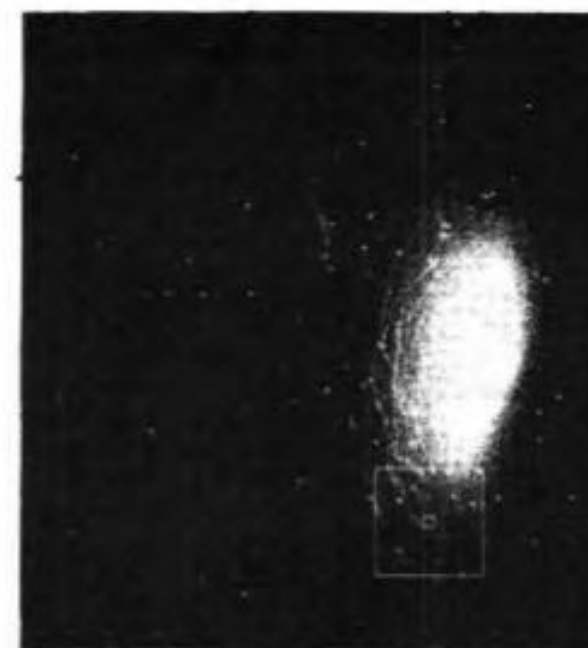
Cosmic View

"The Universe in 40 Jumps" is the subtitle of the book. It delivers.

The man who conceived and rendered it, a Dutch schoolmaster named Kees Boeke, gave years of work to perfecting the information in his pictures. The result is one of the simplest, most thorough, inescapable mind blows ever printed. Your mind and you advance in and out through the universe, changing scale by a factor of ten. It very quickly becomes hard to breathe, and you realize how magnitude-bound we've been.

I'm amazed this book isn't more commonly available. It's the best seller of The Whole Earth Truck Store. People get it for their friends.

Cosmic View from
Kees Boeke The Day Company
1957; 48 pp. 600 45th Street
C. N.Y.
W. EARTH CATALOG
3.75 postpaid



Full Earth

In November 1967 an ATS satellite whose funds phenomenally had not been cut made a home movie. It was a time lapse film of the Earth rotating, shot from 23,000 miles above South America. (This is synchronous distance. The satellite orbits at the same speed the Earth turns, so it remains apparently stationary over one point of the equator.) Color photographs of the Earth were transmitted by TV every 1/2 hour to make up a 24 hour sequence. The shots



Earth photographs

NASA SP 129 is a hell of a book. Two hundred forty-three full page color photographs of our planet from the Gemini flights of 1965. If it were a Sierra Club book, and it could be, it would cost \$25. It costs \$7.

There are numerous discoveries in the book. One is that this beautiful place is scarcely inhabited at all.

were lap dissolved together to make the movie. You see darkness, then a crescent of dawn, then advancing daylight and immense weather patterns whirling and creeping on the spherical surface, then the full round mandala Earth of noon, then gibbous afternoon, crescent twilight, and darkness again.

A 16mm 400-foot silent color print of the film includes several forms of the 24-hour cycle and close-up cropping of specific sectors as their weather develops through the day.

The film (NR 66-712) costs

\$48.94 plus shipping

from
B. Iron Pictures
601 4 NE
Washington, D.C. 20002

An 8x10 color print of the full earth (DS-HC-74) costs

\$5.64 postpaid

from
C. Arts Studio
E. wet, NW
Washington, D.C. 20001

Color posters (22x27) of the full earth photographs may be ordered from the WHOLE EARTH CATALOG for

\$2.00 postpaid

The posters are available for resale (minimum order 5) at 50% discount.



Earth Photographs from Go

NASA
1967; 266 pp.

\$7.00 postpaid

from:
Superintendent of Documents

“I happened to glance out of one of the still clear windows just at the moment the Earth appeared over the lunar horizon. It was the most beautiful, heart-catching sight of my life ... Raging nationalistic interests, famines, wars, pestilences don't show from that distance.”

- BORMAN, cited in LEKAN, 2016.



“all seems not just mythically about the god trick of seeing everything from nowhere, but to have put the myth into ordinary practice.”

“that view of infinite vision is an illusion, a god trick... only partial perspective promises objective vision. All Western cultural narratives about objectivity are allegories of the ideologies governing the relations of what we call mind and body, distance and responsibility.”

HARAWAY, 1988.

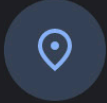
“the fractal – whether in digital, analog, or ocular form – provides a more effective index of a post-Holocene critical practice, energizing an earth-wide network of connections amidst a fragmented, unequal, and exuberant world of difference.”

LEKAN, 2016.

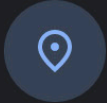
Places



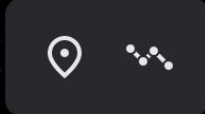
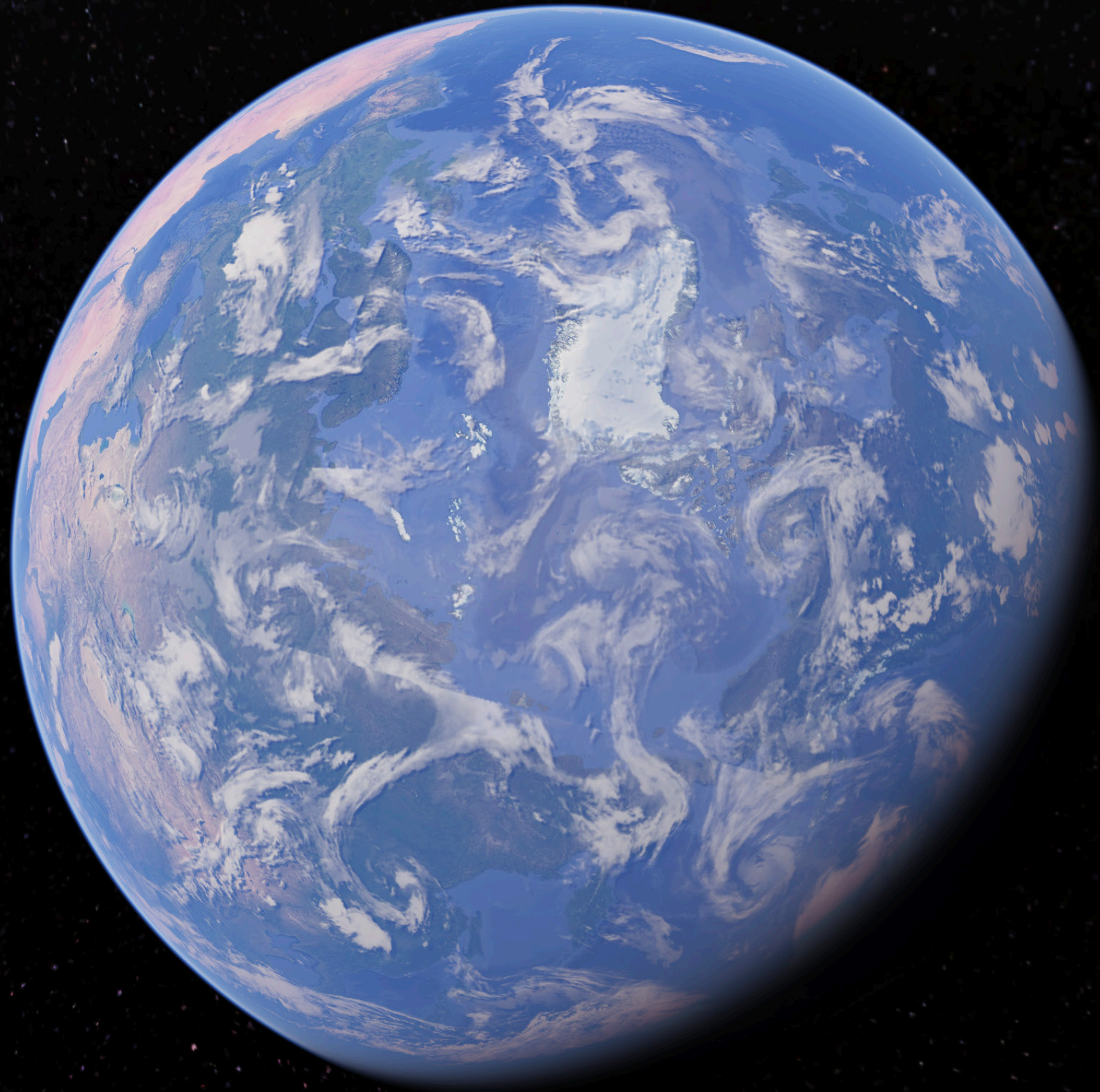
Falmouth University - Falmouth Cam...
University in Falmouth, England



Falmouth University - Penryn Campu...
Public university in Falmouth, England



Falmouth University Games Academ...
University department in Penryn, England



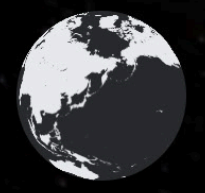
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100%

Data SIO, NOAA, U.S. Navy, NGA, GEBCO Landsat / Copernicus IBCAO U.S. Geol...

2,000 km

Camera: 22,252 km 87°45'00"N 155°32'51"E





Kerris Vean

Falmouth
University -
Falmouth
Campus

Fox Building

Falmouth
University School of...

Charles Coffey
Elementary School



Falmouth
University School of...

University
College Falmouth



FALMOUTH
UNIVERSITY
NO
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Falmouth
University School of...

University
College Falmouth



Kerris Vean

Falmouth
University -
Falmouth
Campus

Fox Building

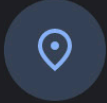
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University School of...

Charles CofE
Primary School

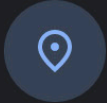
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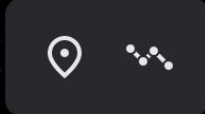
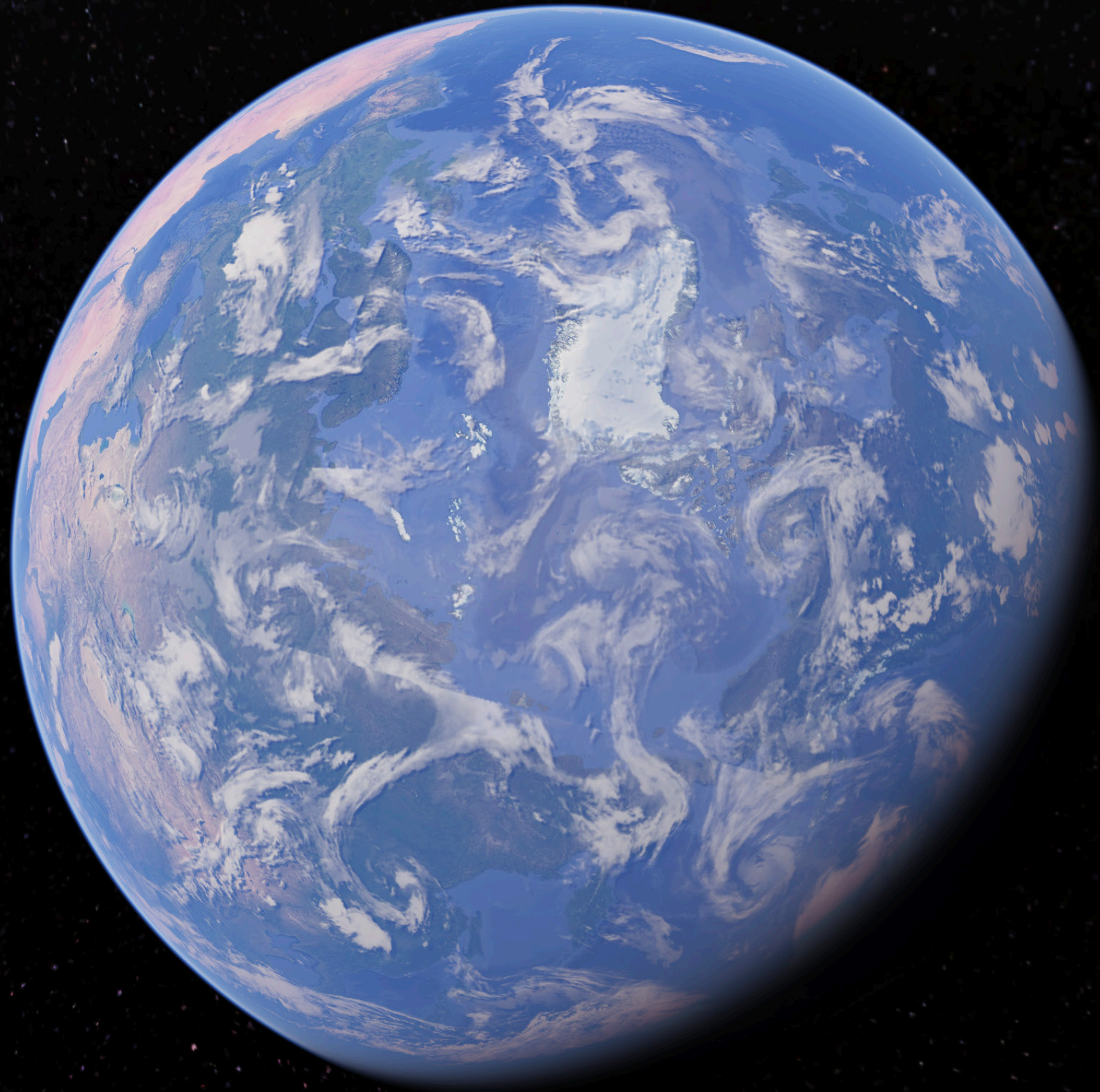
Falmouth University - Falmouth Cam...
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Falmouth University Games Academ...
University department in Penryn, England



Google

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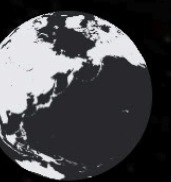
Data SIO, NOAA, U.S. Navy, NGA, GEBCO Landsat / Copernicus IBCAO U.S. Geol...

2,000 km

Camera: 22,252 km 87°45'00"N 155°32'51"E



3D



It brought me great joy to work on the character of Father Benedykt Chmielowski, vicar forane of Rohatyn, later canon of Kiev, first Polish encyclopedist. To anyone interested I do highly recommend reading *Nowe Ateny albo Akademia Wszelkiej sciencyi pełna*, wonderfully selected and edited by Maria and Jan Józef Lipsy in 1966. Truth be told, this fantastic work is overdue for a new edition. Father Chmielowski's encounter with the terrific – though no longer well-known to a general public – Baroque poet Elżbieta Drużbacka is not recorded anywhere, but according to all the laws of probability it could certainly have happened, for after all they moved in similar orbits, in terms of both time and place.

The death, wedding and birth certificates I found in the municipal archive of Offenbach am Main enabled me to reconstruct the composition of the company that remained with Jacob Frank in exile until the very end, and also to more or less trace the fates of the Frankist families that returned to Poland.

That would be a worthy subject for another book.

The drawings that form the basis of the illustrations in this book come, in large part, from the collections of the Ossolineum Library in Warsaw.

The alternative numbering of the pages used in this book is a nod to books written in Hebrew, as well as a reminder that every order, every system, is simply a matter of what you've got used to.

I feel certain that Father Chmielowski would derive great satisfaction from knowing that his idea of information available to all and at any moment would be realized some two hundred and fifty years after his death. It is in fact thanks to the pansophy of the internet that I happened upon the trail of the 'miracle' in the Korolówka Cave – the astonishing story of dozens of people's survival of the Holocaust. This trail also led me to conclude, firstly, that so many things remain quietly connected, and secondly, that history is the unceasing attempt to understand what it is that has happened alongside all that might have happened as well or instead.



..Seeing everything means recognizing the ultimate fact that all things that exist are mutually connected into a single whole, even if the connections between them are not yet known to us. Seeing everything also means a completely different kind of responsibility for the world, because it becomes obvious that every gesture “here” is connected to a gesture “there,” that a decision taken in one part of the world will have an effect in another part of it, and that differentiating between “mine” and “yours” starts to be debatable.”

TOKARCZUK, 2019



<i>Super terra</i>	Na ziemi	terra, f. 1. ziemia.
<i>funt</i>	Ń	
<i>alti montes, 1</i>	wyfokie gory, 1	altus, a, um, wyfoki, a, e. mons, m. 3. gora,
<i>profundæ valles, 2</i>	głębokie doliny, 2	profundus, a, um, głębo- ki, a, e. vallis, f. 3. dolina.
<i>elevati colles, 3</i>	wyniosłe pagorki, 3	elevatus, a, um, wyniosły, a, e. collis, m. 3. pagorek.
<i>cavæ spelunçæ, 4</i>	wklęsłe iaskinie, 4	cavus, a, um, wklęsły, a, e. spelunçæ, f. 1. iaskinia.
<i>plani campi, 5</i>	rowne pola, 5	planus, a, um, rowny, a, e. campus, m. 2. pole.
<i>opacæ fylvæ 6</i>	ciemne lasy. 6	opacus, a, um, ciemny, a, e. fylva, f. 1. las.

Every now and then, God wearies of his own luminous silence, and infinity starts to make him a little bit sick. Then, like an enormous, omnisensitive oyster, his body – so naked and delicate – feels the slightest tremble in the particles of light, scrunches up inside itself, leaving just enough space for the emergence – at once and out of nowhere – of a world. The world comes quick, though at first it resembles mould, delicate and pale, but soon it grows, and individual fibres connect, creating a powerful surrounding tissue. Then it hardens; then it starts to take on colours. This is accompanied by a low, barely audible sound, a gloomy vibration that makes the anxious atoms quake. And it is from this motion that particles come into being, and then grains of sand and drops of water, which divide the world in two.

We find ourselves now on the side of sand.

We see, through Yente's eyes, a low horizon and an enormous sky, gold and orange. Great bulbous cumulus clouds flow westward, unaware that soon they'll drop into the abyss. The desert is red, and even the most diminutive pebbles cast long and desperate shadows, with which they try to dig into solid matter and cling on.

Horse and donkey hooves barely leave traces, gliding over the stones, kicking up just a little dust that immediately settles, covering whatever little furrows arise. The animals go slowly, heads bowed, exhausted from long days of journeying, as if in a trance. Their backs have grown accustomed to the weights placed on them every morning, after an overnight stop. Only the donkeys raise a ruckus, shattering the dawn with their squall of suffering and unbearable confusion, waking people up. But now even those born rebels have gone silent, hoping to stop for the night somewhere soon.

People move among them, slender against the backdrop of the animals' shapes, which are rounded, deformed by their loads. Like clock hands that have freed themselves from faces, independently now they mark a stray, chaotic time no clockmaker will ever be able to quell. Their shadows, long and sharp, jab the desert, vex the falling night.

Many of them are dressed in long, light-coloured coats, wearing turbans on their heads that were once green, but which the sun has faded. Others are hidden under the big brims of their hats; their countenances differ little from the shadows cast by stones.

This is a caravan that set out a few days ago from Smyrna, heading north through Constantinople, and then through Bucharest. Along the way, it will splinter, and others will join in. Some of the merchants will break off in just a few days, in Stamboul; they will be travelling through Salonika and Sofia to Greece and Macedonia, while others will continue all the way to Bucharest, some even to the very end, along the Prut to the Polish border, which they'll cross, besting the shallow Dniester.

Every time this caravan stops for the night, they must remove the goods they are transporting from the backs of the animals and check those that lie carefully packed inside carts. Some of them are fragile, like the batch of chibouks, long-stemmed Turkish pipes, each individually wrapped in tow and also tightly bound in linen. There is also some Turkish weaponry and a parade harness; there are ornate woven carpets and the woven belts with which the noblemen of Poland tie their long zupans.

Then there are dried fruits and other delicacies in wooden boxes, protected from the sun, assorted spices, and even lemons and oranges, packed unripe so that they might last the journey.

There is an Armenian among them, a certain Jakubowicz, who joined the caravan at the last minute, transporting luxury goods in a separate carriage: the finest carpets, Turkish kilims. Now he frets over these wares, flies into a rage at the drop of a hat. He had been on the verge of getting on a ship to take everything from Smyrna to Salonika in just two days, but sea trade is dangerous now – one could be taken into slavery, the stories go around whenever the caravan stops to rest around a fire.

Nahman Samuel ben Levi of Busk has just sat down with a slender box placed on his knees. Nahman is transporting tobacco tightly packed in hard packets. Not a lot of it, but he's still expecting to make a sizeable profit, since he bought the tobacco cheap, and it's of good quality. He also has on him, in specially sewn pockets, other small but valuable things: beautiful stones, mostly turquoise, as well as several sticks of highly compressed

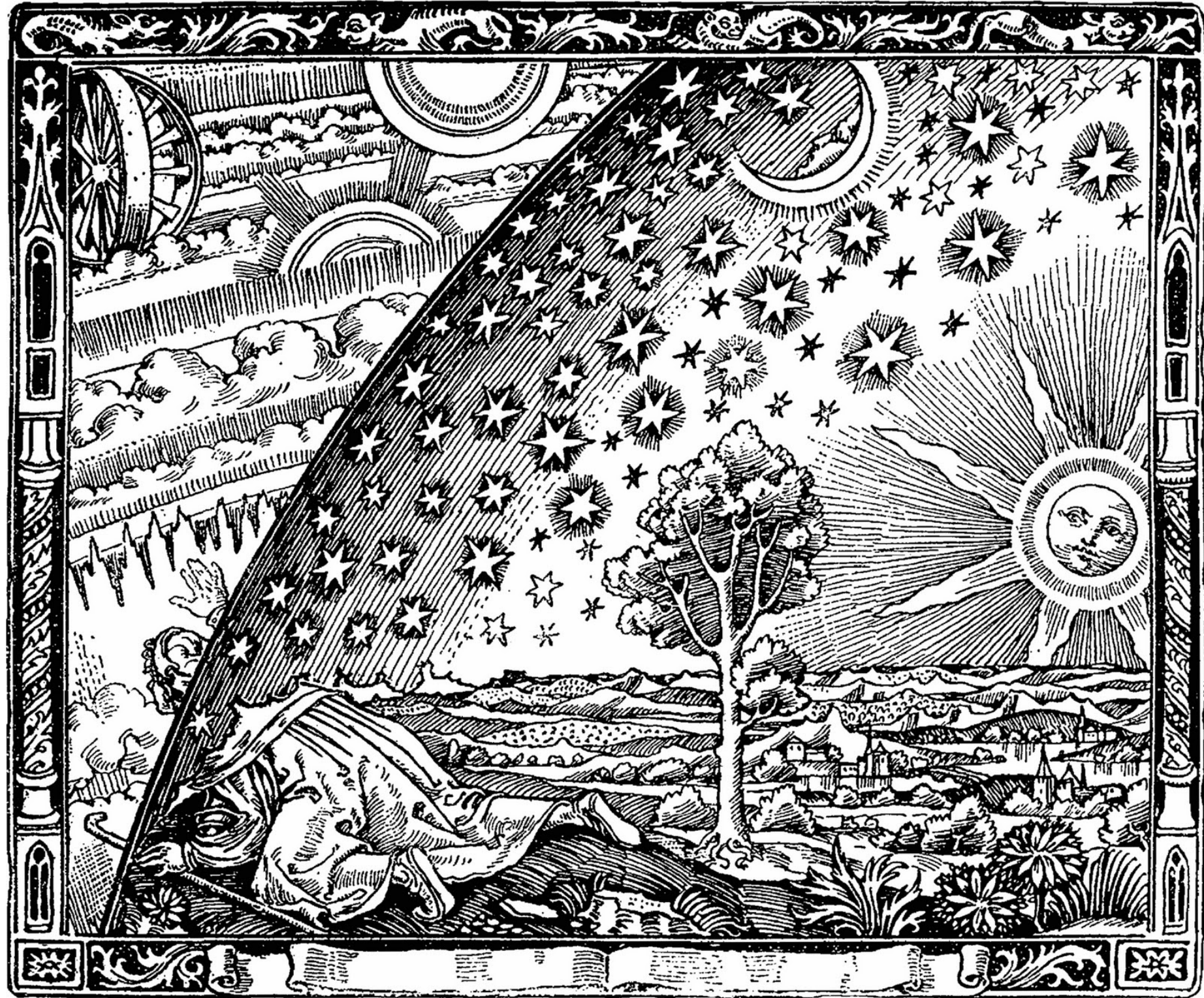
They spent many days readying the caravan, while at the same time going around to all the different offices to get, for a sizeable baksheesh, a firman – an order to the Turkish authorities to allow the caravan to pass.

That's why Nahman is so tired, and why it's so hard for him to shake off his exhaustion. The thing that helps him most is the sight of the stony desert. Now he goes out beyond the camp and sits there, at some remove from all the chatter. The sun has got so low that the long dark shadows cast ahead by the stones look like earthly comets, the opposites of those on high, these made of shade instead of light. Nahman, who sees signs wherever he looks, wonders what kind of future is portended by these lowly bodies, what fortune they are trying to tell. And as the desert is the only place on earth where time spins around, loops back then leaps ahead like some fat locust, select pairs of eyes might be able to get a glimpse into the future here. This is in fact how Yente sees Nahman now, at a time when he has aged, is frail and hobbled. He sits before a little window that doesn't let in much light, as cold flows from the thick stone walls. The hand that holds his pen visibly trembles. In the little hourglass that stands next to his inkwell, the last few grains of sand trickle down: his end is near now, but Nahman is still writing.

The truth is, he can't stop himself. It's like an itch that goes away only when he begins to scratch out the chaos of his thoughts into sentences. The pen's noise soothes him. The trace it leaves on a piece of paper brings him pleasure, like eating nothing but sweet dates, like holding lokum on his tongue. And soon everything falls into place. Because Nahman has always had the sense that he's a part of something bigger, something unprecedented and unique. That not only has nothing like this ever happened before, but also that it never will – never can – again. And that he is the one who must write it all down for all those who've not been born yet, because they're going to want to know.

He always has his writing gear on hand: that shallow wooden case, rather ordinary to look at, but it holds quality paper, a bottle of ink, a box of sand with a lid, a supply of quills and a knife to sharpen them. Nahman doesn't need much: he sits on the ground, opens up his case to turn it into a low Turkish table, and just like that he's ready to start writing.

Ever since he started keeping company with Jacob, however, he



“**Ognosia** (French *ognosie*, Polish *ognozja*)—a narratively oriented, ultrasynthetic process that, reflecting objects, situations, and phenomena, tries to organize them into a higher interdependent meaning; cf. → plenitude. Colloquially: *the ability to approach problems synthetically by looking for order both in narratives themselves and in details, small parts of the whole.*

Ognosia focuses on extra-cause-and-effect and extralogical chains of events, preferring the so-called → welding, → bridges, → refrains, → synchronicities. A connection is often suggested between ognosia and → the Mandelbrot fractal set as well as → chaos theory. It is sometimes perceived as an alternative type of religious attitude, i.e. → alireligion, which seeks the so-called consolidating force not in some superbeing, but rather in inferior, “low” beings, the so-called → ontological odds and ends.”

TOKARCZUK, 2022