

ANTIQUARIAN  
HISTORIOGRAPHY

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EXCERPT

“Imagine the most extreme example, a human being who does not possess the power to forget.”

—Nietzsche, *Untimely Meditations*

## Antiquarian Historiography

The longer way stands in that great fixity: objects of event recede in the restriction of their decoupling. Or, perhaps they simply anchor themselves against return, though not, at once, deindividuated residuals of desire, or the point at which the fiction of exchange splits open as an egg. Its edges fixed, as the spatialities reproduce effected movement with the suddenness, not in Pompeii's elsewhere in which history still or perhaps could only have raised an after, but as a point of persistent anticipation, where all, as from the past of a permanent midday sun and its emptying out, the enunciated affixed to a topological certainty now figured as contiguity and respondent of retrieval, picked from the expanding rings of this being-nailed to the floorboards. Each image, thus, as a mapping of time, an anticipated randomization of the interval, and so simulating the planar continuity of time as internalized warp.

The foreclosure of a future? "The untrammelled extension of the memory's jurisdiction, its dominion." As though defamiliarized, the future's character brought of the extension of a syntax. "Sea serpent, a few sharks." Its tension was harnessed to the lip of *It*, the mouth hardened to a sound in the spatial milieu or its "of *it*" and the finitude of set until its indefinite arrival at the memory of the present. I kept sucking on my fingers, long after the blood had ceased flowing from the cut. Even then, it seemed, I needed that copper piping along the

ridge of my teeth—speaking would have prevented that—and the way the skin stretched lightly as I pulled the finger through my lips, the indentation of where I had nicked myself. I sat down, and the stool rose to me.

*It* cannot be thinking of the past, but the willful doubled or trebled self, not always watching oneself live but knowing that a third self watches the One live, drunk on the proximate machinery of multiplied fluidities extending from the mirror where the man closes his eyes behind the sheet. That disorientation of the multiplied vectors of time-space, the whole city blocks, the whole neighborhoods given to decoding in the police van, bumping over the result of a once over-salted street. But the violence is never entirely given to this: it must be as aberration: One cannot see oneself as within the fantastic. He wrote in his journal, over and over and over again: Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Positioning the cancelation of the mapped consequence of *why* results in the recurrence of its historiographic direction. The directive of why is to produce the miracle of consequence, but there is only so much I can hash out on the page: Why why why why why why why why why why why, plaintive and bleating performance of failed recognition, the disorienting mirror: I am the man who closes his eyes behind the sheet.

Suddenly, I said, I am in the remote zone of consequence; I can see myself, prone, grasping the

leash though each of the lashes feels ridiculous in privation and aleatory conceit that this is not gaining any more ground than the granular counting of hunger. Here, *it* feels that the chimerical form of calendric time finds itself as the formal apathy of the humble Rabbit, spinning down a muddy highway embankment as the bad side of history, that which acquires doughy lump after lump, keeps reminding Itself of the invariable lag whereby its encoding is anterior to the object: History Itself: spinning, sliding, until finally coming to a stop, hemmed in by the tree-line. And so as shorthand, the car is hollowed out to the cathartic crunch of the driverless peristalsis emptied of a subjectified desire hanging upside-down from the great arch-less victory of the present.

With the flaps extended, the plane defies itself. I exit wondering if anyone else can feel that *I* am *dead* having exceeded my environmental, animal response to this overcoming of space by time but as I piss in the urinal next to the rest of those recently disembarked, I superimpose myself on all that *waits* beyond the bathroom door. Why not just piss on the floor? All of these nauseating pigs slipping on it, all the piss I welled up within me come to as a resistance to their unctuous bodies, the smell of the back of their left palms, all that I might have used to suddenly desiccate, and so, preserve my organs so as to be brought back at a more opportune moment. Wake me up when I'm dead, indeed. In the cool, fluorescent bathroom glow someone crying out,

finally: aren't we ever going to get out of here? No, we're not. The deluge flows from my body. I wash my hands.

The city, by necessity, feels steroidal and I am a fatty substance, sticky, my attractive particles bristle on my flesh. All sorts of things tie themselves to me and mark themselves as a passing tide of euphoric indeterminacy. *Where* are the bodies that attach themselves? Discrete like pages sewn repeatedly to my vertebrae, and the calendars glued to me, me with a wooden pole bracing my jumpy marionette spine. My back is killing me and someone nails, as though into a boot, others' repressed sentiments come to in the object: the hard backed chair, the too-small silverware, the poor light I hobbled myself in trying to make out the letters in a book—Mallarme's *Livre* sewn into me, just out of reach, and only half readable in the mirror. Ergonomics, that desperate and costly apology for the false consciousness and implacably injurious ideology of a present yearning for a still-missing past.

All in all, visitation. I arrange to be woken up by a hand steadying the boat, where, overnight I have returned to the bruised finger as the vessel listed in the waves. What a time to depend on the battened code of insulated thought, I mumble to myself. Except, the mumbling comes out a raspberry and my control over the language feels soggy, all groggy shoes. Come on now, tell us what you'd like us to do, then. Come on, now, tell us what you'd like us to do, then. Come on. Now tell us what you want us to

do. I combat this amnesiac fugitive retreat, but the boat rolls in the wind, excepting the shakiness of the plane. I took myself back upstairs.

A grappling with value as a total sum of our injuries. Wind was streaming through the window, so I came to it, brushing away the rusted patch as best I could. There was a relational discourse I walked into, and even if *it* had gone south, I would have followed—as best I could. I want to stop talking about me, so the hard and fast of the elemental becomes necessary. Objects sprout up out and reproduce themselves by the magnitude of their being, their dimensions only half fleshed. Some of them seem to lap up, but most come to in the half light of late afternoon, a purplish waning of machinery.

It's revealed that he is his own killer and is brought to court all the while declaiming the proceedings as being evidence of incredibly trumped up charges. There is a slight scent, that acrid indeterminacy, that space in which one realizes that it must be burning hair. *It* gives pause. The rough edges of the past have given way to a tumultuous though sanded limestone future where a mouth filled with marbles is passed off as valedictorian address. What's he saying, shouts a man in the audience. We can't understand a god damn word. Somewhere there is an easier explanation, a subsequence that renders the whole thing a joke, given our knowledge.

The rigor of behavior is what lies to us about the corpus we draw from. How much, in terms of

reservation, should we hold out for the listening post. How much for the dwarf elm out beyond the gardening shed. All the days of our lives we spend here spotting pelicans might find a way out of the prosodic, if not prosaic, though the rhetoric of One substitutes for the Other's origin. Fruited increase wafts from the garden, and I hesitate to stop You, a substitute for Other One. The rigor of behavior stands in as metaphysical gristle, but the gardenias, in full bloom, lump the scented corpse—so much for the dwarf elm.



## Bad Infinity

I am the excessive data the plane stretches out across two discrete axial sets, sharing a limit, an aporia of origin so that the world building begins from the contingency that the writing be a measure of the time of writing *and* that it will exist within a consistent simultaneous though only semi-contingent paralogic and plane whereby meaning is made in the linear extrapolation of description (landscape). There are all sorts of suns available to us in this opening of time, there are all manners of discourse that might exist as limit-case – not *the* limit case, but the ones that produce a poetry of coincident meaning (and in that, the indebted anti-meaning that always looms on the horizon – miss a payment, they’ll go out in the snow to dig up the memoirs of the loose god tethered by a slowly spooling string).

If it maps the space in the anticipation of the present, squeeze squeeze, squeeze squeeze, here comes the rusty *bios* – just try giving him lip, the lowly art of the seller, or the bellowing lion inscribed in the frieze. That’s what a curse is: try to break open the egg, which is a “what happens, stays” where the interiority of the commons is one of these fascist omelets distributing an extra e for fabrication in the hatchery.

That’s what a curse is, lighting out from the lush fields we inherited from our forefathers who scrupulously avoided the plow and ate themselves rotten on the current bushes and the papaya cross-sectioned ochre on the freezing ground. That’s what

a curse is: put the man in his coffin and buy him a long-tailed bobbin, rope or the slowly shifting lens adjusting to the dissonance of monofocal reaction and split panorama. The phantoms appear in the left eye, the hitchhiker imbalances of peripheral detection. *There* not there—that's what a curse is—*there* and one turns and the image bows, comes near the snapping of the figures as the balance reproduced in semblance, parallel figure as limit: no uncanny proximation, but the contingency of the normative vision effecting its cancellation or false memory of the present: this is the world that grows by bad infinity, the shifting of the limit, it renders the phantom as an exteriorization of textural consequence. But it's real: that's what a curse is.

When we bark at the door, the problem is that the dimension of productive interpolation (imaginative/imagined recollection of magnitude) is always scaled up: the threat, or rejection of the curse's futurity for the immediacy of the continuity of the plane (the actionable consequence as manifest in violence). A curse cannot come to be and so, the moon, miniaturized and collected as a reified lump. Put it in your pocket—the lump. A curse, however, is the recognition that the moon is in fact pulling you taut in unstable orbit, a reversal of the spiraling accumulation at the heart of the threat (more, and ever so)—how to manifest the threshold of the future, where the reliance of parallax produces the oceanic hole within the multiplied center.