

ATTENTION: SEVEN NARRATIVES

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(Note: Imagining the following--spoken 'now' to Charles Olson--'says' that narrative is what attention "does"--that 'story' is what issues forth from the double occasion (to "descry" and "broadcast") "words in the mouth"—

"polis is / eyes" in this sense--that, for Keats as public instrument--'looking' at 'the world' given by language process attention (to the "minutiae" therein revealed, seen-said/said-seen) called to particular 'waking' awareness & intensity in the "Ut gard" (which may well be the 'backyard') establishes, in & through the agency of such (seeing-) writing, the body politic--its names & laws & more primarily (?) its syntax, its narrative patterns--wherein we talk, as 'civilized beings'--

I looked up
and saw
I was faced
to the left

Okeanos,
the wobbling
ring

Attention, viz. invention & enactment of various 'syntaxes'--'paratactic' (only vs. conventional syntax?) says very little re actual ways & agencies opened & developed in Olson's project--is what "does" distinguish Olson's work as writing--that which looks sees that language 'follows' from joyful seeing--

'It doesn't exist in a vacuum'--i.e. is no static, or 'subjective', 'awareness'. "Attention" is a condition of this further showing--a sort of command (albeit 'exhausted') toward further shape for what shall occur & may 'prosper' as narrative is ('our part') allowed & empowered to sound the world.)

SEVEN NARRATIVES

I.

What gets made (oats or), left, as evidence, from narrate--as noun, trace ('object') should still be able to 'motivate' reader back to 'activate' noun as a kind of dance floor/place for various activity (as, threshing)--record of a passage, verb initially, now much more complex, as composition enters in.

From know (cognate: 'cousins' at least), apparently (related)---how to 'grapple with experience' ('gnaw') by (having to?) think things in time 'somehow' gnosis/human, has to be ("has to be"?) + subsequently, how a people knows what's happened/happening--via present & available can do.

Or: sort of 'cultural DNA', with similar problems of origin--how to go, how it goes.

Spuriously used as means to 'predict' the future.

What's 'time'--secret of narrative everybody tries to remember, because therein lies the shape of the world we see (only 'appears to be'?---no, thus truly appears, but only if bidden, given). Is/what was/can be.

But what if composition is an illusion, vide dusty field glasses, and nobody can tolerate being told anything about 'estimating' scale, range, power, accuracy of equipment because they shake their tits at this banal thingifying of the work-in-itself? The work-in-itself (anything pushed forward could be a 'narrative' sufficiently if--number of 'readers' assented that it was so?), this plausible explanation, is no more real than the thing-in-itself could ever be.

Narration is what you do as a writer (& human being) vis-a-vis the gapping process ('gaps' being the nouns) you are preoccupied with/in front of you always that you are convinced makes an order (relation in which such can be experienced (don't have to), although you are the more Narr for thinking any such thing.

Can 'the way a story is told' in peculiar shape of any extant, particular language one 'writing gentleman' grows up inside & as a child, tossed around, have 'anything to do with' how what we know is happening?

Narrative is how we know what we know is happening. It's not just a 'mental process'--it's what we do (e.g. a wave of the hand), but only as connective tissue recognition/socially studied response & (furthermore) potential group new testament pronounces now what's going on.

What's going on? Asking this question forbidden, just as it would be--this instantly revolutionary inquiry has to be stopped! Relegate it to the Arts, where 'different combinations', 'new ideas' & 'bold realizations' can be expressed safely, ad nauseam--without ever getting into the ring with the 'real', political, story line.

This is more a question that narrating has to answer, nowadays, than anything 'I' knows.

"I'm going upstairs to get..." is not presently an answer to anything, nor an account of any sort. Psychology doesn't really answer. So, narration of some kind is necessary.

Kind is nature, children, etc. To stay alive.

Narration is natural process as we know it 'understandingly' in our minds & actions, e.g. as poets, so could verse forms show it today.

Today, seemingly, something else could also be any place--nothing is not only rampant, nihilism could be anywhere. Venture capital says any form shall be.

Important to investigate 'sequence' in order to find out order in which everything seems to be happening, but it isn't--'sequence of events' as we commonly know it in America is a front. It's up to narration to discover the way night & day happen--not just 'experiment', but actual story--again/aneu.

Narration is the moral responsibility for the writer-fool--one has to keep trying to figure out how that took place, in writing--& certainly inscribing numbers on a page has historically been importantly associated with articulating "dogmatic" conditions--be it the conviction that telling something in 1, 3 or 2 pages might accomplish it.

Reading left to right, up to down, establishes a convention that, together with the turning of pages, assumption of 'the speaker'--oh gosh, just too much artifice to deal with, here--all that stuff is taken to be what's happening--what's freezing into a set, 'in our lifetime'. Poetry is...

Other ways to try to relate & so know what's happening as a matter of interest, purely for itself (as a kind of 'mission' given by itself to itself to do), are being stamped out. Actual investigation of condition of experience via venturing account of what's happening (a 'relation') discouraged by worldwide spread of 'basic' binary evaluation of everything as 'can do'/'no way'. Stupid.

Much current narrative stupid. Can't be the case.

Narrative is the eye of the diamond, the tool, the measurer, the 'section'.

Gertrude Stein understood the horizon of narrative as both the idiot belief in what was said to be happening customarily ("human nature") and the occurrence of another, knowledgeable presentation of events (the "human mind"), results of which at first look ugly, & then beautiful/'true'.

It's morning. Finally, Zukofsky's It Was. Ought to heat a can of soup, or listen to music.

Preoccupation with narrative can only yield you what it was?--e.g. that aforesaid, previously ordained feel of the plot, in even so 'good' a novel as Bleak House?

The true order of events is both 'composed' and 'given', in a rhetoric which inevitably both 'conceals' & 'reveals'--e.g. Heidegger in translation doesn't really go? Possibly in the original it does circle. Learn German.

I said I would look up "narrative" to myself.

II.

Early verse, after 'learning poems', was preoccupied with series, with speech as series since I had inherited that form, there was really no investigation into narrative going on there, that was the was (sic) the world was (Series) why it was.

Sentences was attempts to stop time, prosodically (see Stein's "Composition As Explanation"), as I knew it--periodically, were, in order to be able to start it up again, to see it--by attending to different specific finite in relation durations & rhythms, as these could be apprehended in words making words ("from rhythm to image") again tolerating each other's differences as different seen & heard differentiations within the 'same' sound world (read time). More than one could be read through twice or more, around loops that aspired less to be more 'short poems' than to go on 'for all time'--'smaller'/'bigger'?--some relief from reiteration produced by a various insistence, absent time (like a slice of which?). Each stood out separately, claiming its own time, thus all was its own time--each had the time of its own.

So narrative became what I was at the time following--then Central African Pygmy music, one Ocora Dahomey record, for example, steered me to hear the separate notes in a mosquito's clustered buzzing & horns as being separate sounds making all big one sound--also different rhythms being tolerated & encouraged inside the same one-big-time that everybody was cognizant of as she played his (lute) solidly different part transparently concentrated in that & regardless of the time of the others, so the better to make those noises--that proves the existence of the possibility of true group consciousness in the music itself--MA!--respecting & encouraging different 'narratives' of which it is built (Jack Kerouac was also important here--e.g. the football

pass sequence in his Visions of Cody--& of course also Robert Creeley all along & throughout, but especially in Pieces (parts are wholes/parts of a whole) & Presences. Joanne Kyger in person, Kenneth Irby, Anselm Hollo, Emily Dickinson, Emily Lord, Gertrude Stein, William Carlos Williams, John Keats, Ezra Pound, Walt Whitman, Charles Olson, Larry Eigner & Louis Zukofsky).

Meanwhile, the world was willed to chance, to change, by guaranteeing the separateness, but still finite (at large) possible relations among the communities of the different cards. 'Necessary' alliances shewed to be structurally absurd by apparent abundance of actuality-in-possibility, 'narrative' would be brought to a stop (but be seemingly infinitely jumping) by the (halt) (oxymoron) brought about by the author, arbitrarily, perhaps, but still in the service of--THAT that rules the waves.

It's an exuberant & perhaps 'youthful' aesthetic/ athletic delighting in the actualization of any sequence as a 'sentence' that appears to contribute to & record, that that happens--that did happen--over against the myriad things as sequence-structures in language that 'might have been' & 'weren't' for that time, that were evident as articulately clattering nonetheless ghosts of possibility & figures from the past--formal resources vastly more potential, all that 'didn't' or 'hadn't'--were constantly strutting about, as possibles-in-actuality always almost before one's nose?

More force to the democratization of syntax-sequence! Demote the fixed! Totalitarian view of what looks like the 'normal course of things' 'inevitably' nowadays downfall toward depletion of the given planet, begone! Faith in the miracle of the middle structure-world apparently needed/occurring in language, as its process reality (why this one, rather than another one--or nothing--here?)--that's "narrative" in Sentences.

More Kerouacian occur more recent tirades for & against a lot of things more recently & at length, see, thrash about to move by rhapsody through a sequence of words--

patient Rhapsody being led to
the world by a sequence of words

III.

These various stories are taking place here, in the forest, whether we presently live in the little blue cottage with Debra, or ever did so, or died, or want to or don't or what, because they are possible--i.e. can happen, because they do happen in a sequence of language particles so hereditary/arranged ('by whom?') that that becomes an order in which autumn boughs & the like are experienced--shown--by such process as conjunct forces activated/greeted by such process--like a "dumb show of kings"--

kept on going to the corner store
accomplishes that as if (ill?) fated to exist in that line. Maybe so. But you got to keep in mind the role

human cognitive capacities & skulls as perceptual means have in it, as its shaping of it.

Narrative is a means to tell the truth, albeit not all of it has to be presented, for the time, as the whole of it. Every thing told moves, means many things not being told, with it. Everything can't be told all at once/at the same time--hence, narrative. Nothing is necessary & even sometimes apparently appropriative-automatic. Bang-bang could mean the end of you, if "you" already were the 'character' shot.

Narrative has nothing to do with traditional fictional apparatus, except insofar as it happened (it was the story)--plot, characters, metaliterary authorial omniscience, supposed relationships between a 'speaker' & a 'reader' or, & especially, this fiction of the impertinent insistent "tale told by an idiot" who mariners or "stoppeeth one of three." Nonsense. Sickening.

Narrative is just the minutiae--all here rhythm/image order in which something occurs, in language, around us--often only the very sequence of the letters themselves. Writing celebrates this order of the syllables--as how something occurs as it is. It might have been otherwise, truly. Bungalow.

Interesting writing contains this possibility of the 'might have been' within its very assertion that something bushy red was happening--"dawn"--every 'is' rests by/presumes a 'was' that was its parent sometime ago anyway, hoary with body, & especially a 'might come to be'--pukes--that births it most importunately in the mind of an author fortunate in being occasionally able to state it in the sequence in which it occurred --e.g. by Kerouac write-fast.

Occurs. But the order of events that does happen in language is significant. (E.g. A Day At The Beach, set of six things on a page where two 'columns' stacked 3--each, everywhichway, maintain a 'story-line' in various directions--'purely the possible'--while maintaining a sturdy 'narrative line' throughout, leaning on the top-to-bottom/left to right 'development' of the 'thrice-told' seventy-two frames. Columns of events, for sure, one says.) Never demean it, for by it your livelihood flourishes. Written or not, the sledgehammer contemplation of things with clumsy orders of verbiage--& printing of same, if that route, impressing paper--is a furious, fortuitous, foolish & noble act. Narrative, for the time, serves as the 'music of the spheres' for a generation of writers convinced & nervously uncertain only about the precise 'timing' & 'panoply of events' at the end of the world?

What if life remains to be discovered? What if language still could be used to wrest 'objects' from 'experience' towards reality in the literal strata of the words? What then would be the purpose of preaching the 'end of the world'--if by your very usage you had abandoned all interest in further life via syntax? As now. And with or without further nuclear happenstance, you were drab, sequentially conventional & markedly conversational? Huh? Why, then, you would have "stopped the world"--at whatever point in the 'argument' you standed.

Some might rival Venice in their power.

Eyes can but shine to recall the honor of being the one told--so it always seems (viz. the moon shining 'for me alone' across the water)--these six different stories by these six different 'authors', each one still trying to impress on me the virtue of--how they must have warred 'for my heart' (?) in the family.

Mother and Father, Helen & Judd, were the narrators in my experience, along with Aunt Ragnhild & Aunt Augusta.

IV.

What's the 'connective tissue'? What does "it makes another syntax" mean? 'Syntax' & 'narrative' clearly indicate (?) 'the same thing'? What a charming muddle! --Darling, don't leave!

Almost everything remains to be undertaken in the investigation of 'narrative'--we don't know what it is--what's the 'symbiosis' between language (apparently a 'structural event') & human (animal, generally, huh? semicolon; rocks?) 'mental process'--"language"?"mind"? ("language area"--'in' the brain?)? Almost everything is "in quotes" including, particularly, that previously casually supposed copy-relation among/between "language" & "the world" (now presupposed to be merely the image, purely projected by men's & women's wills, as language within which 'we' are trapped, rather unfortunately, but within which we can alter the environment by transferring ownership or employing a competent & highly recommended gardener to reduce traffic noise?--the notion of 'syntax' as some total 'governing' language's pre-programmed 'narrative' of 'events' arrived?)?

What's the 'comparative time'? Eh!? How, then, ever know what follows? One thing after another?--"one one one"--what does that language mean? Form is what it looks like afterward, depending 'from' what happens?--well, then, on same old question, how such? Mark what happens, extant sort--how 'then'?--how did what happen?--the Past, It Was--outcome of what mysterious 'flesh'...? What made it?--something make it?

"Don't mess with narrative"--absolute dictum of society which would phase you in, phase you out, 'finally'--assumption of "beginning/middle/end" & series form through which we are supposed to 'live', so heavy-handed & pervasive it's not even noticed--until you step out, on occasion--with 'narrative' as henchman of this awful mind-control, that spreads abroad, with intent to aggrandize whatever it can push/persuade the world is this way to--the whole thing 'organized'--synchronized/in sequence--in our lifetimes!

V.

What is the passage of time to time, that's narrative, what is the order in which 'things happen', in 'language' of course--i.e. in & through language-but more primarily order of events through man perceived to share that same 'structure' that...

All writing is essentially 'narrative'--not only storytelling/prose--but any combination of letters, that moves in time.

You always have to tell the story of.

It does its activity as a major means to salute & acknowledge, recognize & 'define' & manifest itself, I write.

The mere activity of a reader 'reading'---by moving through words & syllables (at high speed or at a crawl) while thinking almost anything about/never everything by any means of what the words 'say', in toto--makes a small (unwritten) 'narrative in itself', for itself.

Essentially, the reader makes the narrative--the writer, as a reader, makes the narrative?

Ok, then, the issue is the same thing (as if the writer makes the story up, out of the Imagination)--its glory forth--

VI.

(for Tom Clark)

What agency has commissioned the account, for whom?

'Why bother'??

If "agency" be 'the poet', then whom is he benefiting 'in these years to come'--certainly not himself. We know his time is short, but who are "we"?

Who is benefiting?

Any time able to be left at all to look around & begin to move to find out? What is this that wants this?

"Growth of a Poet's Mind"? To meet--who hears everything said?

But who has time, intelligently, to want this (who?) does not see the gathering social impossibility of living on the planet, around us?

And who could continue to go to work--who wants to know?--given this? Up off the horizon, how is it that the clouds continue to shape these estimable patterns?

Who, huh, who?

VII.

Humans 'accept' or 'make up a story' most readily when they no longer (need to) need to notice what's happening 'around them', as an interesting, nay, compelling 'problem' & circumstance--there way is made for them!--by the uniform of which they seek & hear--therefore all mattresses need investigating (but not the Ed Sanders' type--well, that, too)--this would be 'narrative' as looking into the smallest processes of writing (e.g. letter/number relations, 'syllables' & counting) 'stitching together' the 'results' into an amenable & believable & wholly rhapsodic (if 'ugly'), intelligible, fantastic & true Ode revealing the actual as gift of the possible--way would be 'discovered' by usage 'feeling its way' in practice toward the center of language--which would in sentences reveal itself in the most primary sense as 'made of the same stuff' as 'the world we live in every day'--

Hence, task of narrative (despite all current 'theory'/'evidence' elsewhere)--words must be 'somehow' the same things as things.

ROSE APPELLATE PROJECT (ENTWURF)

for Kathleen Frumkin

yellow rose into the composite fathom of the dark day ah
train whistle breaking prolonged still extant under the walnut tree sky
three 'wardens' Chumash moving 'all such birdlike creatures' show as flying
sunlight tissue 'foot' from forms live on so shapes can do
hand writes as a motion of timeless vast phenomena scoring
wall viz. 'miracle muscle' living distinction credence insect
presence style ye gods eyeballs-eyesight differentiation stance belief
spelling light for hymn to day recast around loved sound phantom
petal vocable apparent rose stride forward bulky from the tomb