

nar- ra- tive

Drawings That Become Stories, then Your Story

Robert Stanley

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What's This About?

Narrative is ancient, going back to the recorded story tellers of Egypt and Greece. We find who we are in the playing out of stories. Our identities are explored and formed.

Narrative was mostly linear and chronological in early tales. By the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries the linear and chronological was often abandoned for flash-backs, cross-cuts, dissolves, and all manner of space/time bending. Narrative today would likely dizzy a Greek citizen of 400 B.C.

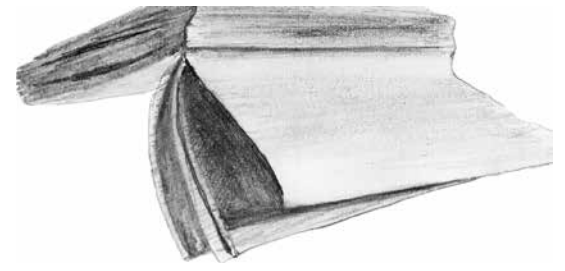
To this, our era has added "interactive." Now, not only can a story be presented from many time and space aspects, but we ourselves can construct stories. Within that new tradition, narrative presents visual incidents that may be looked at and related in different ways. While not random, these incidents are yet constantly changing in relation to the viewer's perception of each and of the story they make together. "You can never step into the same river twice." The river does have a course, but its currents, temperatures, and clarity vary minute to minute. In stepping into this change, the feel of the river against the body defines the body; just as stepping into narrative, the feel of the drawings against the mind defines the person.

For example, the first group consists of (1) a path, (2) a woman leaning against a wall, looking right (3) a book, (4) a woman gazing ahead. What might be one possible narrative? Perhaps, the woman, confronting a hurt...recalling a path...is thinking that all the book theory in the world is as air, a floating meaninglessness at the moment.....while her sensual self leans against a wall, dubious about knowledge....IS there a path?...does Nature have solace? Then, having developed the story, the viewer might slip into responding to it, into becoming an interactive part of the narrative, for example, "How did mom feel when she got sick?... why did I not understand her more then?...yet, I cared....she knew....like the woman in the drawing, she held in herself, at the same time, the joy of a picnic and the knowledge of pain. Me?"

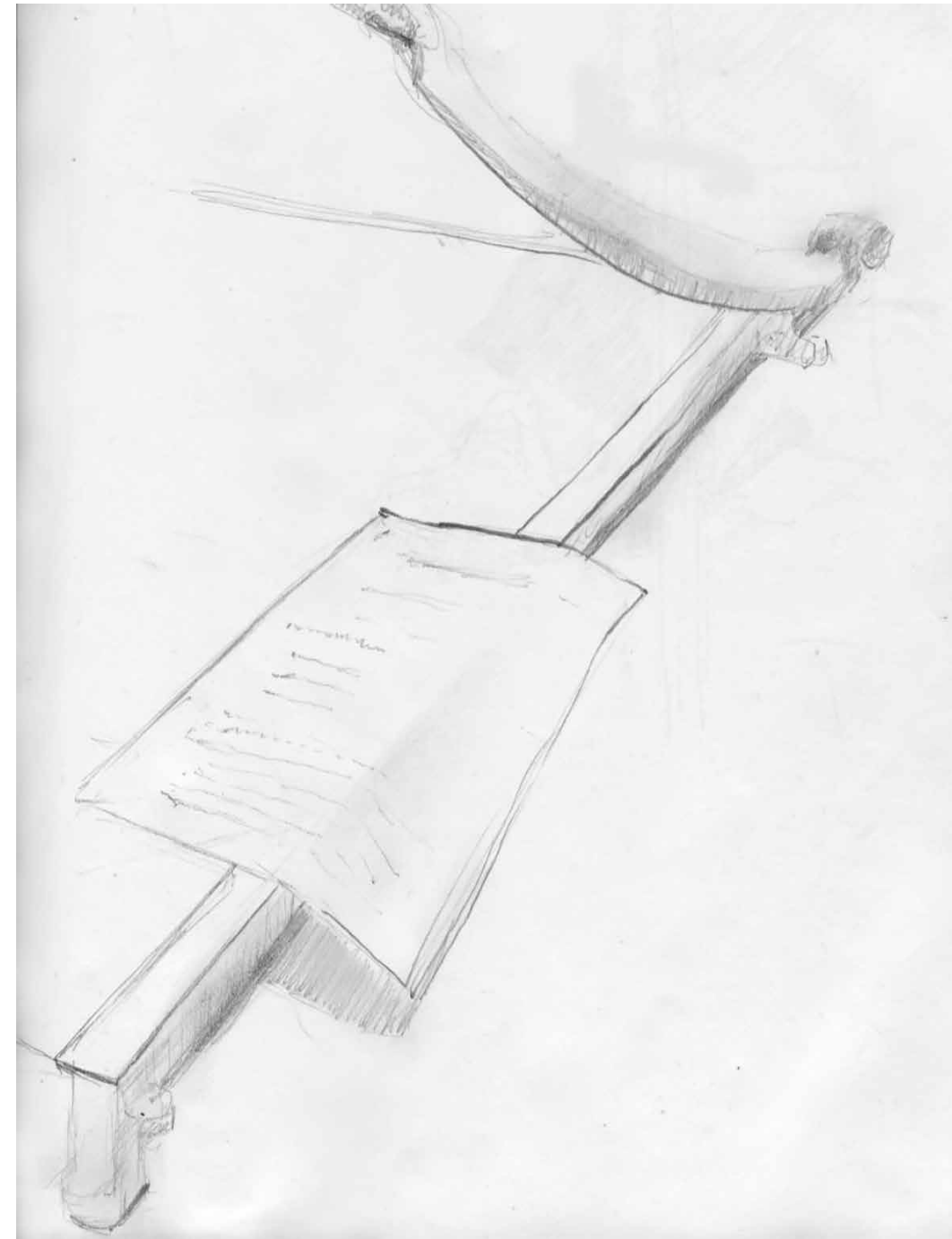
This is hardly the only story though. Each viewer will put the images together in a different way.

Is any narrative static? No; the next time the drawings are looked at, the relationships could change, the viewer could have changed, or, seeing another set of drawings in the book, a part the narrative might deepen and/or change the entire story. A new interaction of self with story might emerge.

Narrative. Like a river, it has a course, but currents swirl and new experiences abound as we feel its presence.

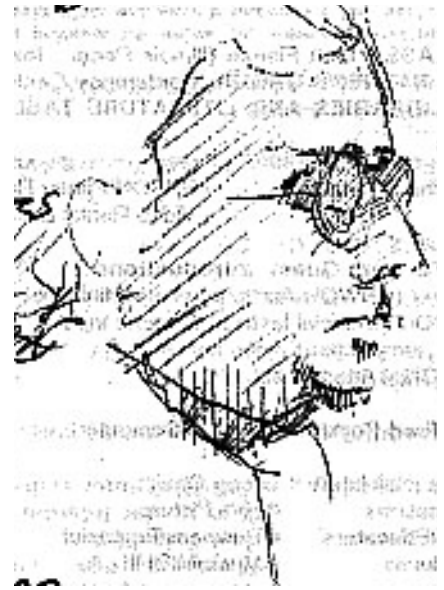
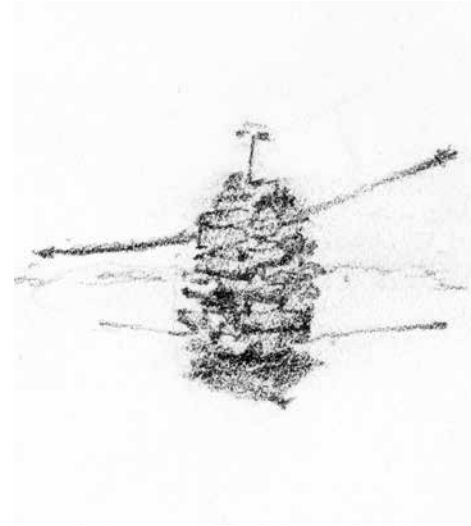
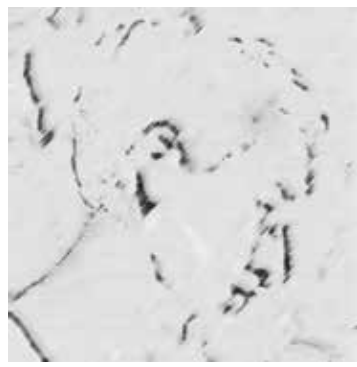




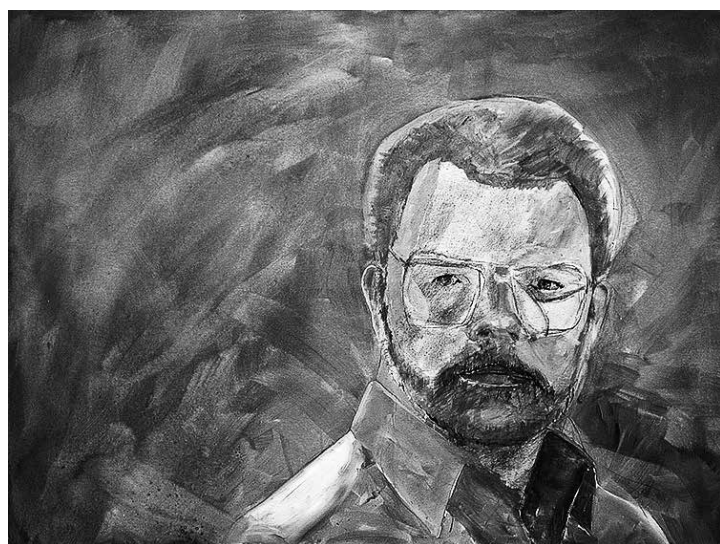




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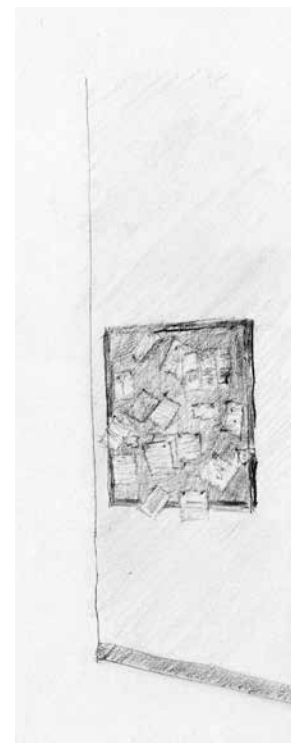


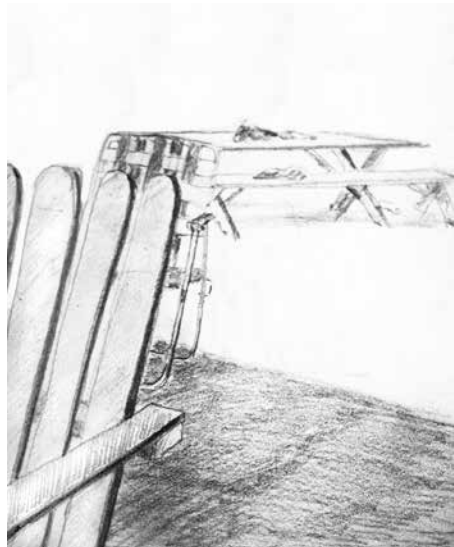
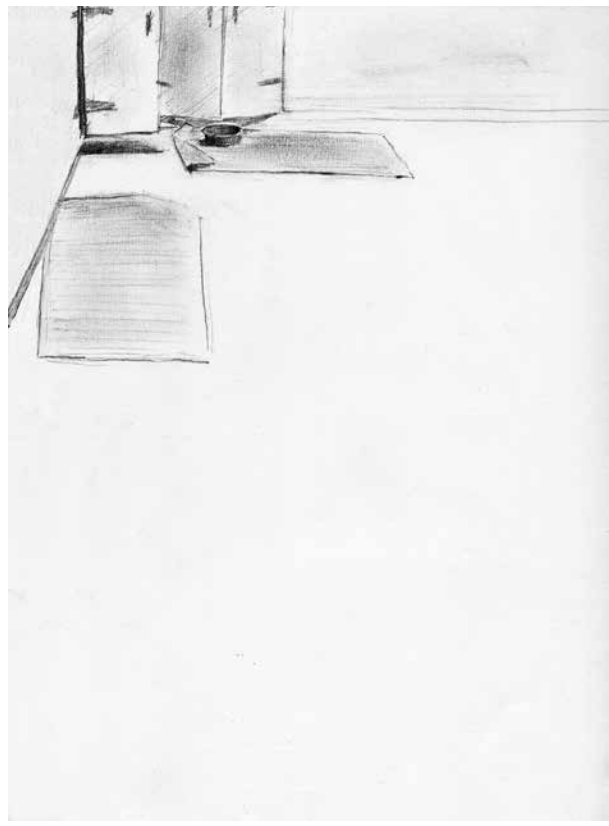












Robert Stanley

<http://robertstanleyart.com>
robert@robertstanleyart.com