

Strata

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Rocks tell stories. Information packs into layers of sediment; the mineral strata describe millennia. As the most permanent surface in the natural world, rock formations carry etchings, paint, and the wear of thousands of footsteps. To the trained eye, rock faces read like sentences and paragraphs. The landscape reveals its history.

North America hosts a strange and troubled convergence of societies. The people who moved here in the past 500 years have almost completely covered those who first arrived over 13,000 years ago. Indigenous Americans tell stories of creation and origin; people of European descent tell stories of exodus. Two separate histories cohabit the same spaces.

The role of the historian or storyteller is to piece together the fragments she has, and spin them into a narrative. My work in progress functions as a landscape itself. While I have arranged my images, my work asks the viewer to become the storyteller himself.

For the past year I have been making photographs between Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Scotland. In this body of ongoing work I distill history into visual elements. I am interested in images that denote deep, glacial time. A time before man when the Earth was covered in ice and continental forms were unmapped. The work contains ideas about immigration from Europe to the New World of Atlantic Canada. It imagines challenges of a transatlantic journey, hopes of a better life, free of famine and persecution. It represents months-long oceanic crossing, fear of a new landscape, homesteading to survive the biting Canadian winter.