

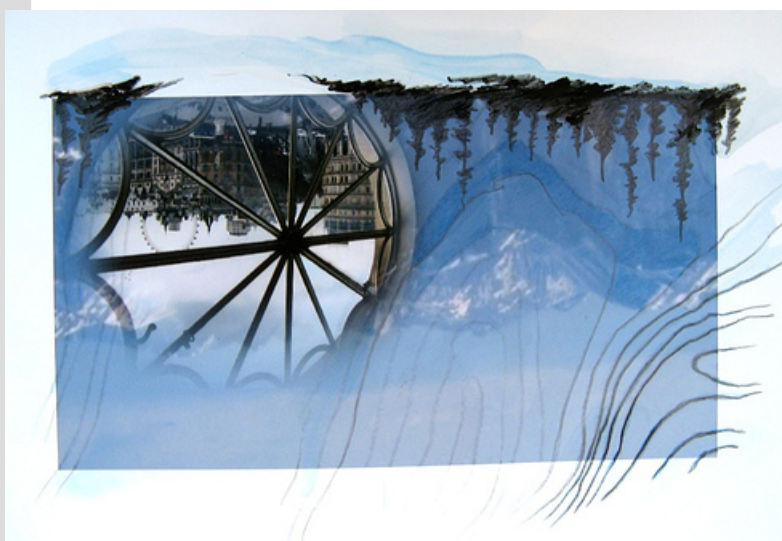
You say tomAto and I say tom-ah-to
 Language and all of its peculiarities can confound,
 enchant and confuse. I love the exactitudes of
 language and how we are all so particular about
 our words, accents and idioms. I love speaking
 another language and the way my face and the
 tone of my voice changes. At times, I feel like a
 character in a play where I roll my rs and speak

The evidence and signs of our collective past is
 palpable in a way only found where people have
 lived for a very long time. In these places there is
 a juxtaposition of the ancient with the
 contemporary; a place where restored stone ruins
 now house internet cafes.



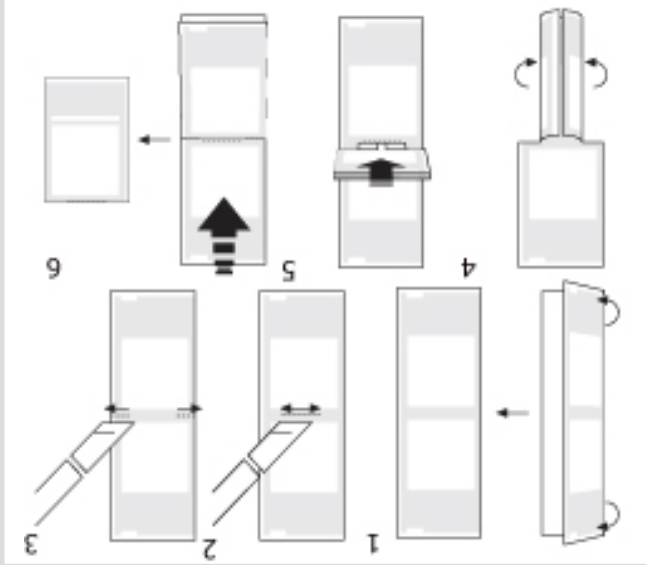
Juxtapositions and Reflections Part 1

Joyce Majiski



Based on a long term collaboration with Alice
 Angus for our project Topographies and Tales,
 this e-Book contains a collection of images,
 reflections and current thoughts regarding
 journeys we made for the project and those that
 have arisen as a result.

Juxtapositions and reflections.....



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Juxtapositions and Reflections Part 1
Joyce Majiski



The juxtaposition of things familiar and not familiar interests me. In a new place I search out the things that are different and note these changes while I see things that I understand, know and recognize. In a strange landscape we all tend to move back and forth between these perspectives as a way to contextualize the unknown.



During my travels abroad I find myself wandering the streets of a new city, searching for landmarks to find my way. I am drawn towards the details of architecture, an old wall, crumbling plaster, cobblestone streets. We all use different reference points to navigate the city. When there is little access to natural cues, like where the sun is in the sky, I look for strangely shaped buildings, odd

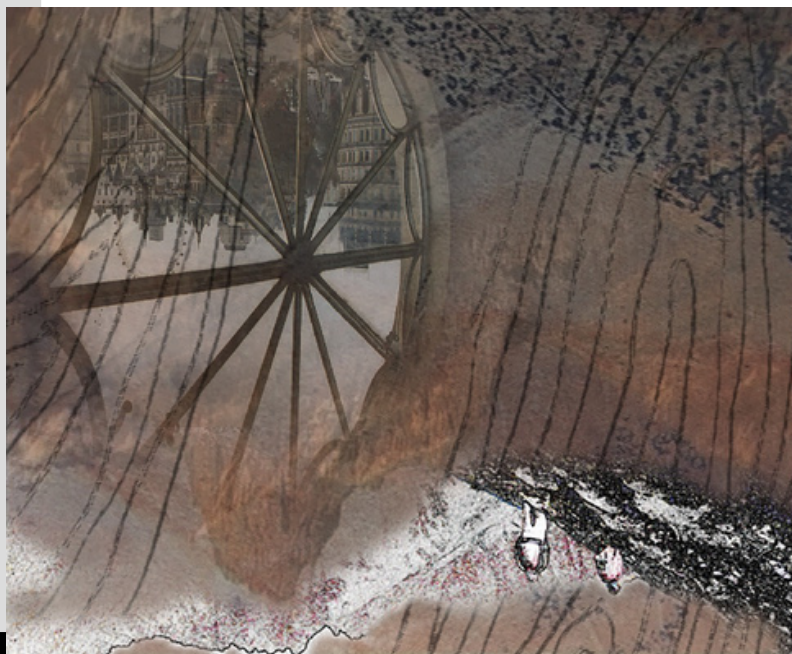
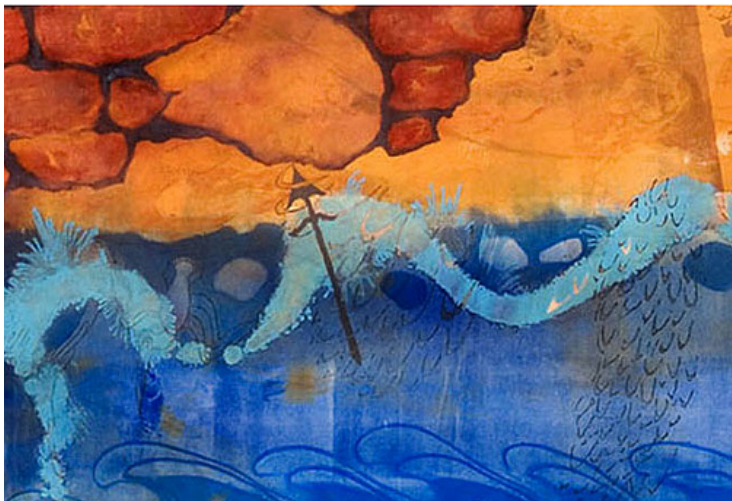


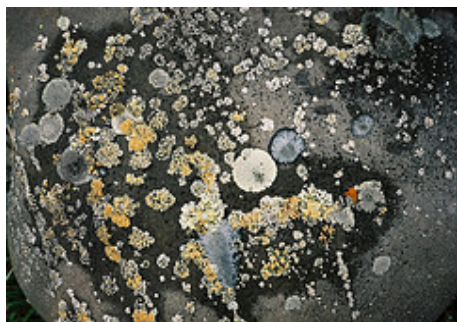
Eventually I find my way.....



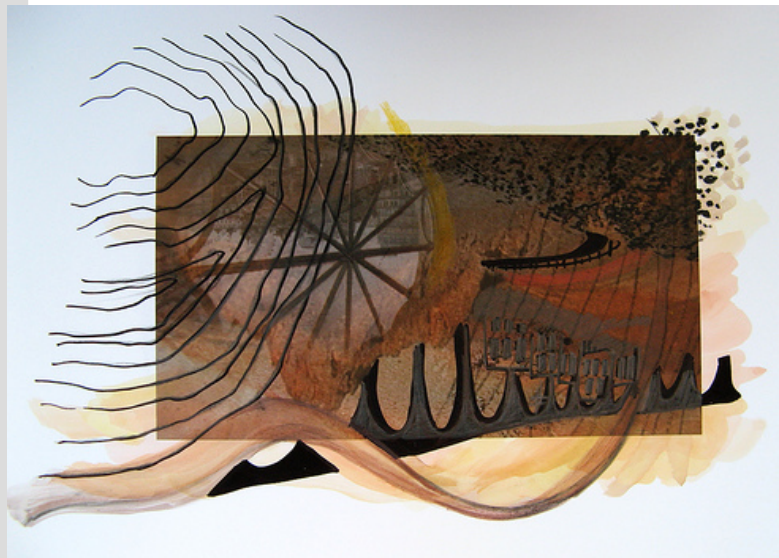
street and store signs and try to keep my inner navigational sense on alert. Unfortunately this doesn't always work as I have spent uncountable hours wandering in circles--not always happily. In some cities where the streets form a maze, criss crossing in all directions, one plaza leading to another and another it is too easy to be distracted and lose all sense of direction. I always exult in a huge AHA!!! when I finally untangle the mess of streets and know exactly where I am.

My home in northern Canada holds a different sense of ancient, in terms of land and culture. Much of the north still feels untouched and in its wild state. This is where I feel most at home and understand how to get from one place to another.





The natural and urban worlds I inhabit are so diametrically opposed, I often feel disconnected during the transitions. It takes time to fit in.



with expressions that don't translate well into English. Learning a new language is humbling and frustrating yet exhilarating. It is the first step towards learning about a culture, enabling one to cross the line from stranger to friend.

In Europe especially, I find my attention wandering between the present and the past, wondering how this place would have looked thousands of years ago.



How does it feel to always be a stranger in a strange land?

Where is home?

What will you find there?

