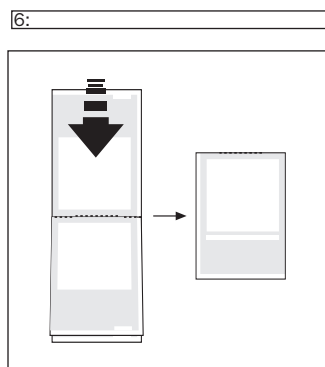
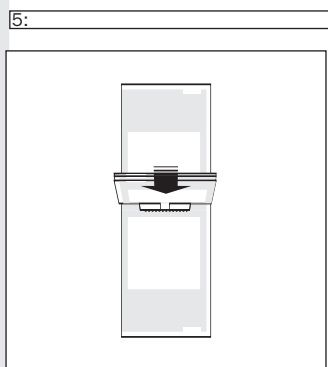
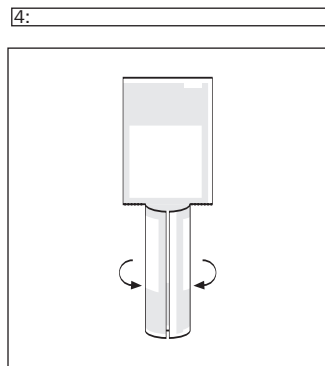
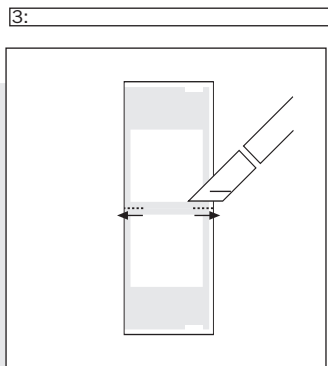
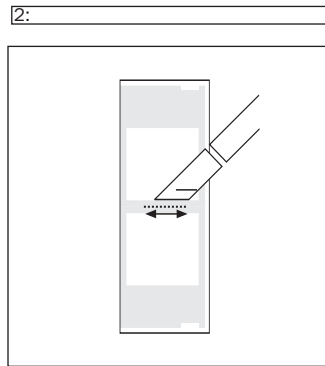
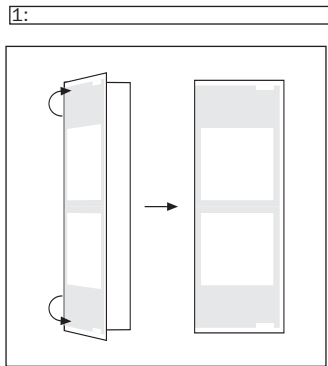


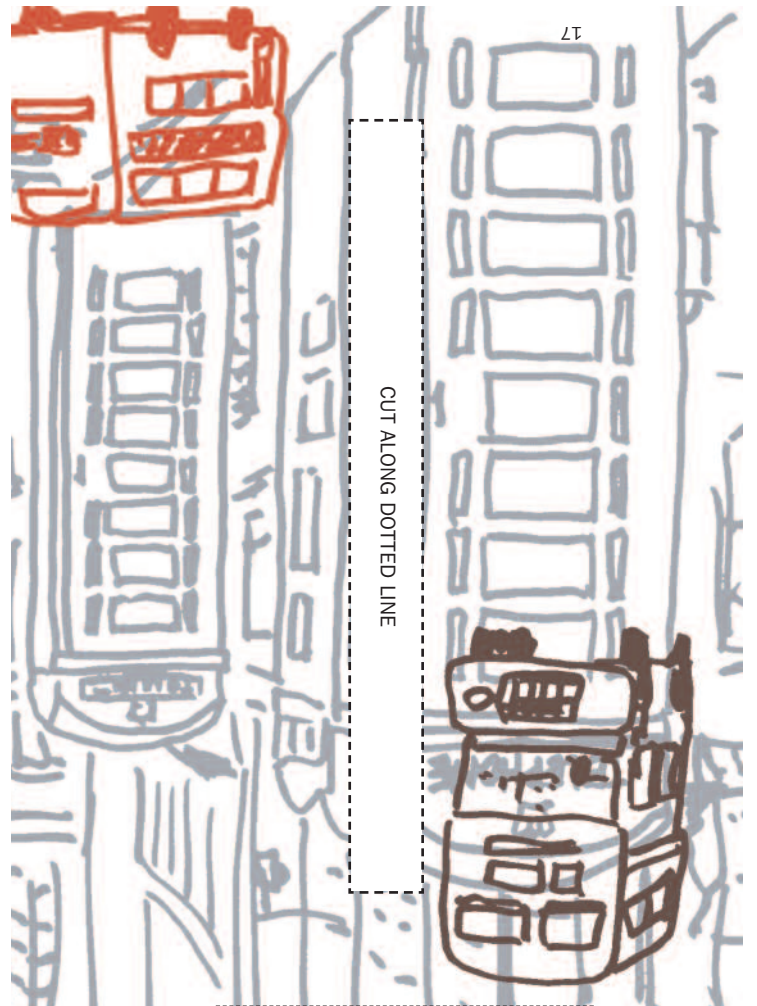
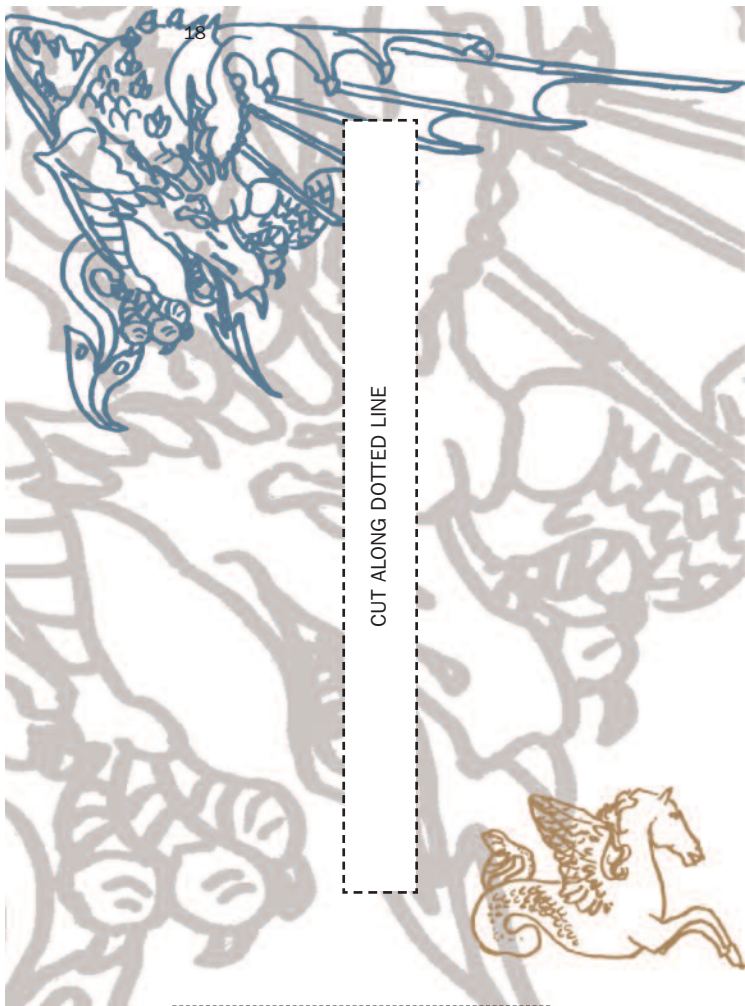
DIFFUSION



Construction

- 1: First, fold each sheet in half along the vertical axis.
- 2: Using a craft knife or scalpel, cut a horizontal slot along the centre dotted line of the first sheet. (pages 1/2/13/14)
- 3: Then cut along the dotted lines on all the other sheets. Make sure to cut to the very edges of the paper.
- 4: Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second page (pages 3/4/23/24).
- 5: Thread the curled page through the centre slot of the first page. Repeat this process with the third (pages 5/6/21/22), fourth (pages 7/8/19/20), fifth (pages 9/10/17/18) and sixth sheet (pages 11/12/15/16) with the even pages in ascending order.
- 6: When all the pages have been threaded through, check the pagination. Finally, fold the booklets in half along the horizontal axis.

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Confluences, Interfaces, Passages

ON THE MEETING OF THINGS
AND THE SPACES BETWEEN

JOYCE MAJISKI

DIFFUSION

Confluences

This publication is one of the second Liquid Geography series commissioned by Topographies & Tales alongside the Topographies & Tales project in March 2005. Topographies & Tales is a project concerned with relationships between people, language, identity and place and includes a short film, a set of StoryCubes, this series of Diffusion eBooks and a two day Creative Lab. The project research has taken place as part of collaborative ventures in Scotland with Glenmore Outdoor Education Centre; in London in the Proposcis Studio; with the Canadian High Commission in London and in Dawson City, Canada with the Klonlike Institute of Arts and Culture. The eBooks and Creative Lab demonstrate and investigate partnerships between the arts, academia and civil society organisations concerned with issues of identity and place.

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ON THE MEETING OF THINGS AND THE SPACES BETWEEN
CONFLUENCES, INTERFACES, PASSAGES

LIQUID GEOGRAPHY: Topographies and Tales

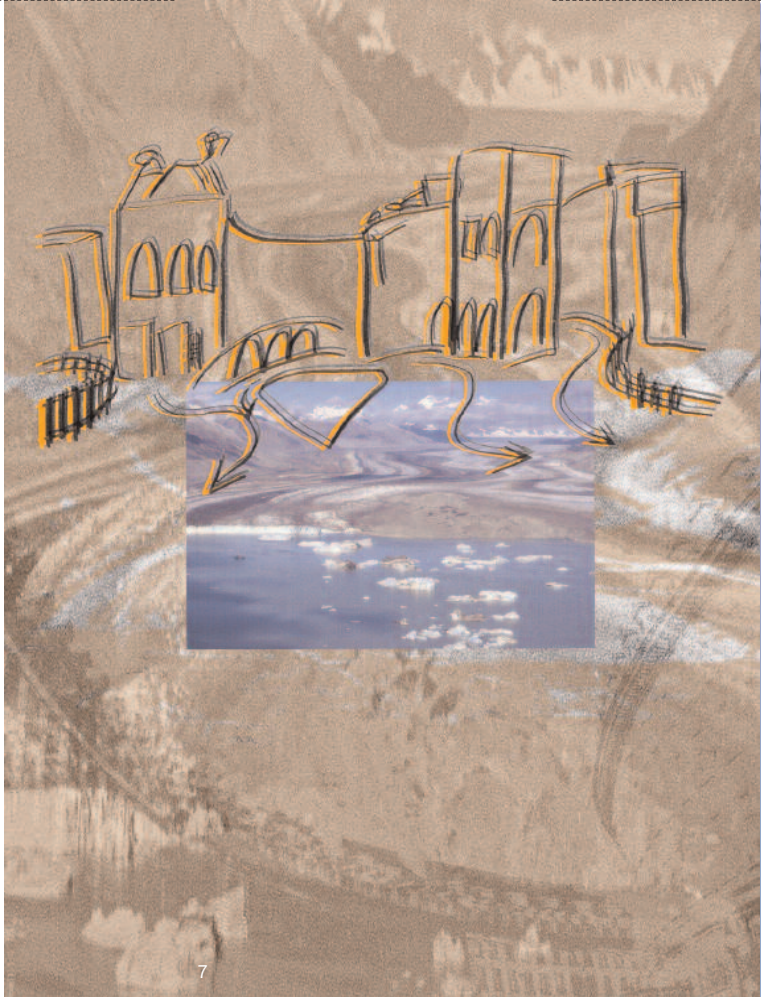
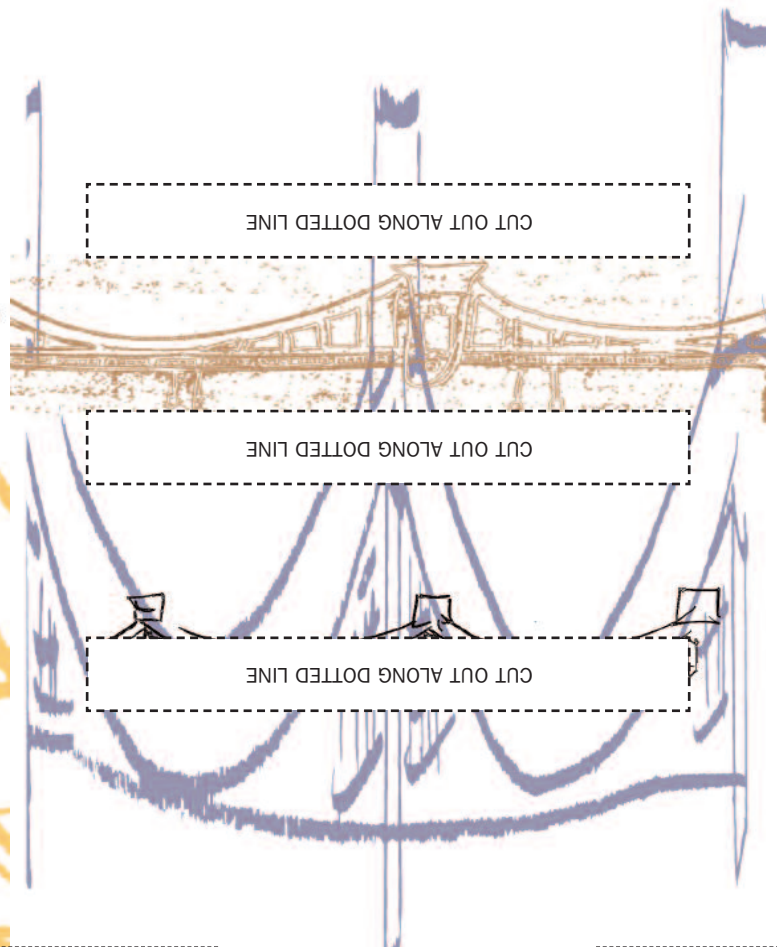
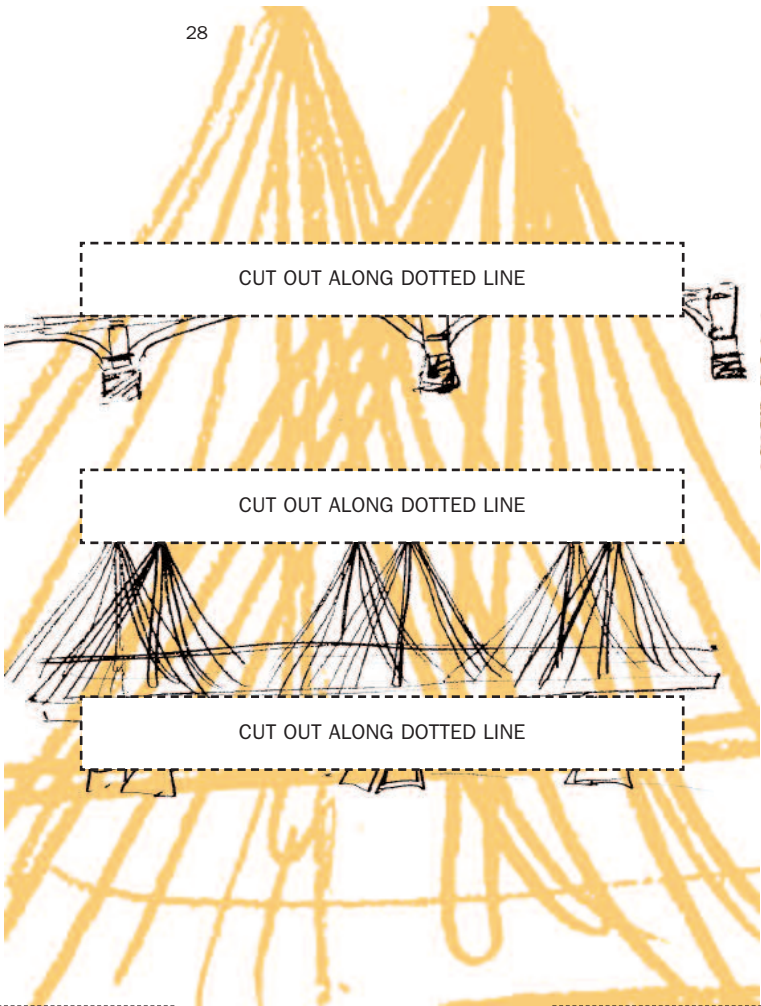


There is a meeting of streets which extends outwards from a central hub like the spokes of a wagon wheel. I am surrounded by the narrow points and concave ends of buildings. Long stone structures with archways curve with endless grace around these passages, interwoven with a lace work of roads. I am seduced by the shapes and lulled into imaginings by the coordinated flow of vehicles around me.

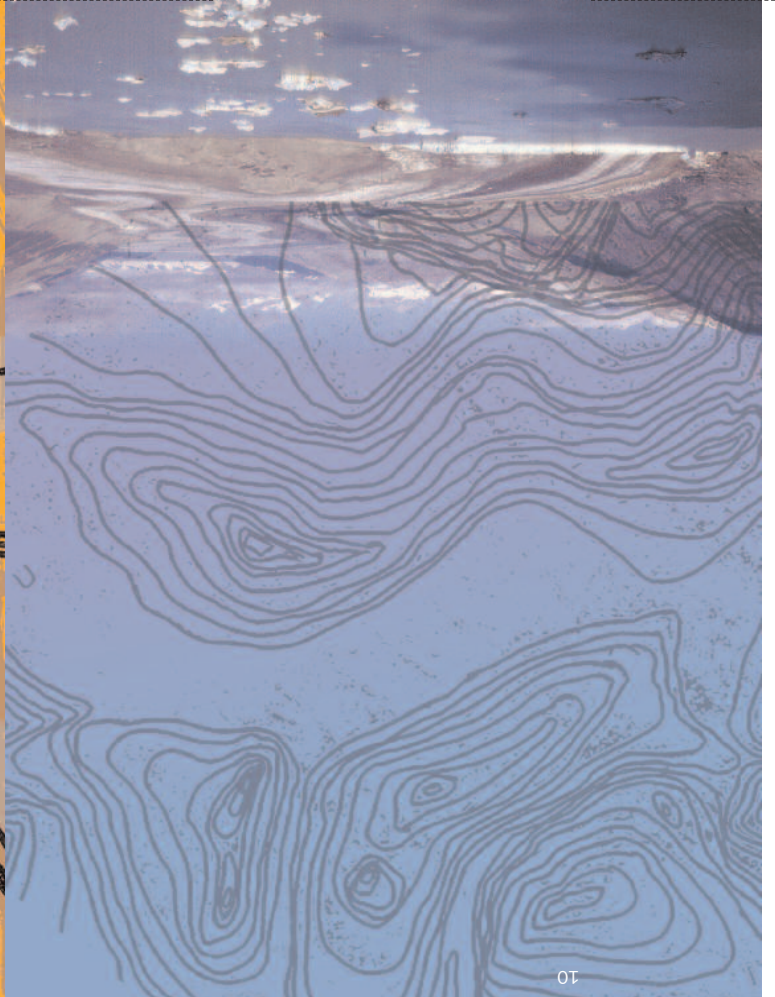
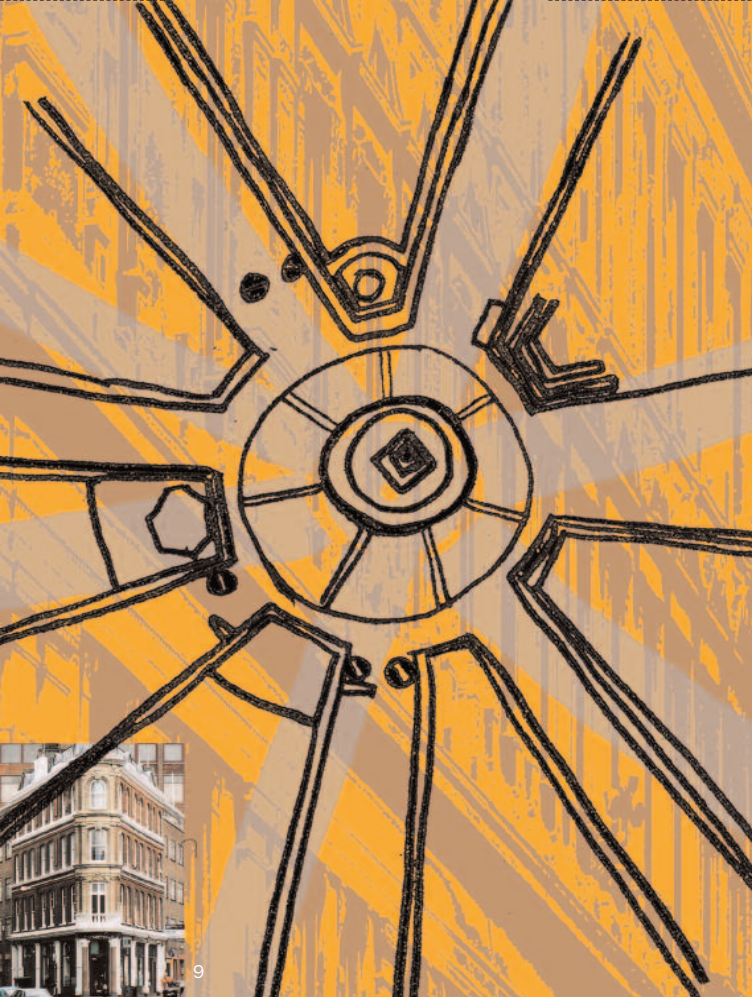
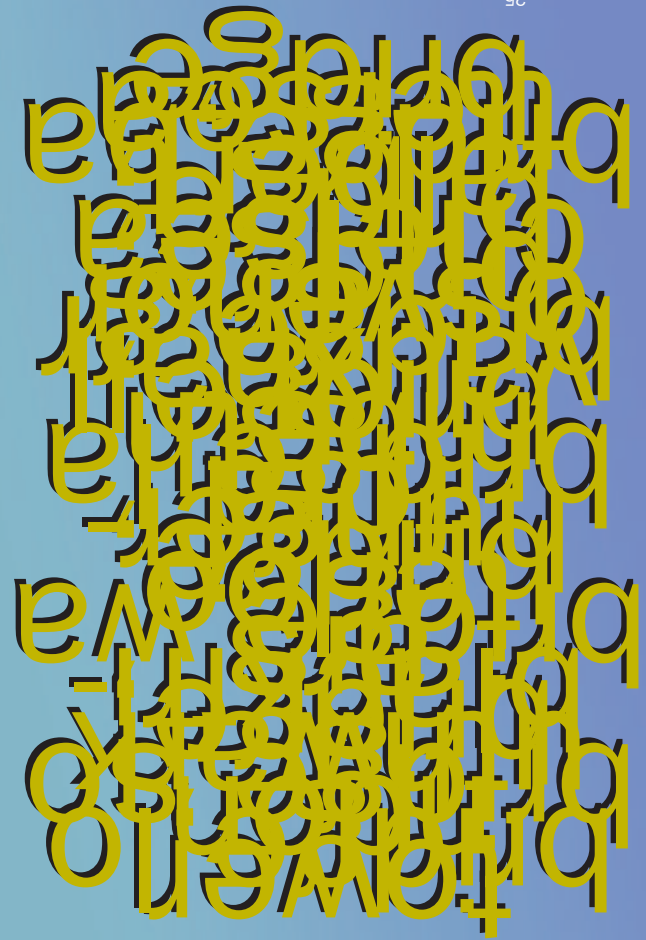


During my time in the city, I struggle to bridge the gap between my mythical ideas of London and present day reality. The fog has dissipated over time and the wear of tourism has tarnished the romance from some areas. Centuries old buildings sit serenely beside glass towers, creating a strange landscape. Despite this, I sense a history here that is palpable. Perhaps this is why I have such strange dreams.





Motionless, I am transported as my eyes lose focus. Slowly glacial features superimpose themselves on this cityscape, the remains of a massive movement of glaciers which flowed down these streets. The buildings become mountain slopes, scoured smooth and left with pointed arêtes and truncated ends. This confluence of roads becomes a myriad of drainage channels for glacial melt water. I am transported to another place.



One day, I decide to cross the bridges of the River Thames. Weaving my way back and forth along the river, I study the unique construction and personality of each bridge. When I reach Tower Bridge I turn around to take a few photos. As a child I sang the song *London Bridge is Falling Down* but I struggle to remember more than one verse. This childhood song takes on a new significance when I read the history of the bridge.

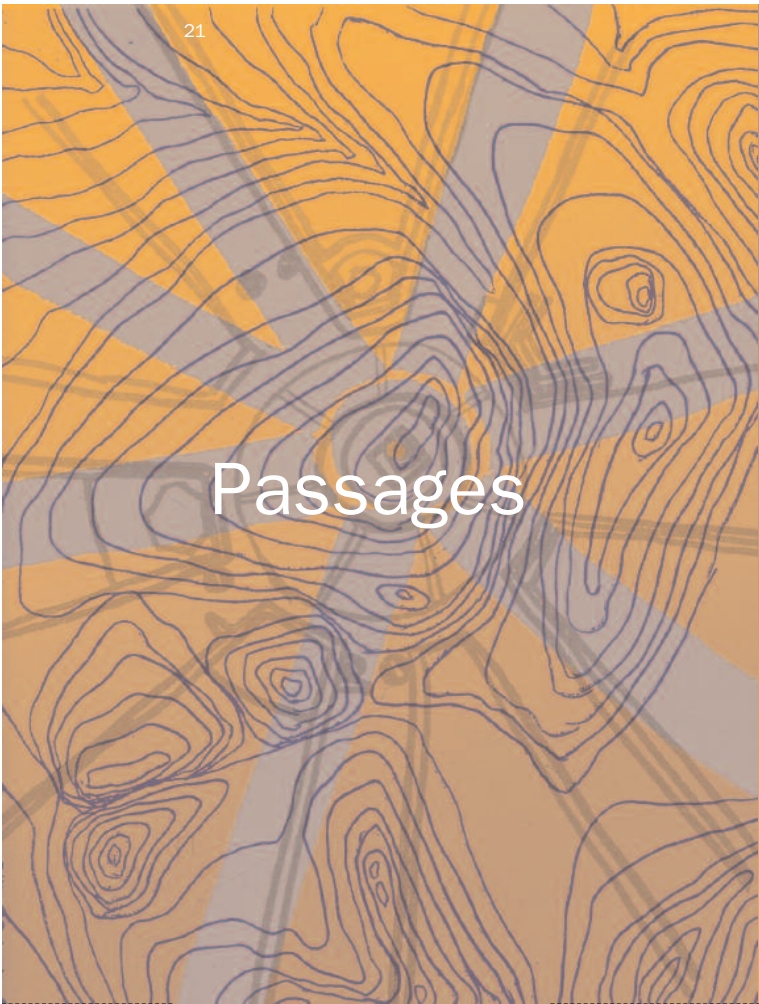
The Fleet River flows under Fleet Street. An unsuspecting public walks over this anomaly each day, unconscious it. I suddenly recall an old western movie called *Paint Your Wagon*, where a crew of enterprising gold diggers discover that there is more profit to be made from excavating below the saloons than in the gold fields. They dig a massive network of tunnels under the town's saloons, collecting the gold dust that has filtered through the floorboards. The 'jig is up' when the town finally collapses into the tunnels.

I wonder how long it would take to wash down into the River Thames from here.

Fed by high mountain snow, an immense river of ice carves its way down from jagged mountains. It is joined by smaller valley glaciers, each carrying a distinctive streak of earthen debris with it. Over tens of thousands of years, this rubble is carried along, its sinuous script a testament to time, physics and geography. It is the record of a journey from the clouds.

Interfaces

Passages



In my search for vantage points I dodged the crowds and shortened my stride to avoid collisions. My disorientation built with my frustration. I thought that if I could get above the crowd, find a ridge line to walk along or at least find the River Thames, I could find some peace of mind. The River or a gap in humanity became my goals and the anticipated sources of my return to sanity.

Once, at the beginning of my stay, I decided to leave the A-Z London behind and navigate by instinct. I discovered that the difficulty for me lay in the lack of visual cues orienting me to 'south'. My inner navigational map led me to think north was south and I was only mildly amused at being so disoriented. I wanted to see more sky, find something on the horizon to help.



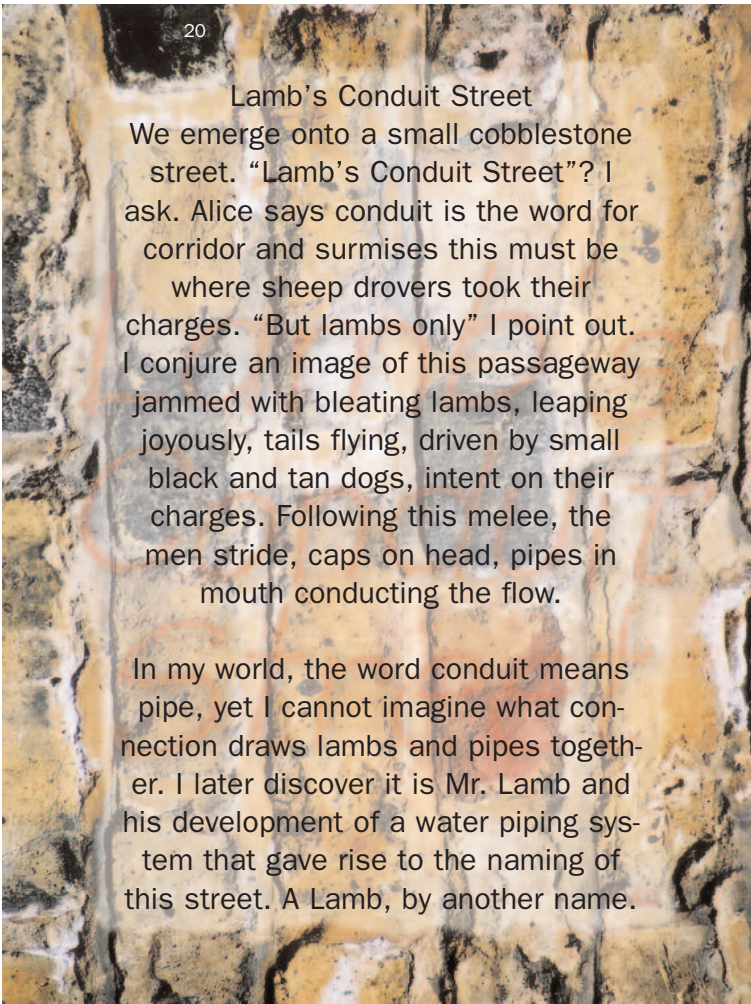
I am drawn by cobblestone streets, the narrow fronts of triangular buildings and the juxtaposition of old and new, the places where past and present collide to create an interface between reality and myth, places that exude time and history, heavy with the promise of a good story. The London of my imagination is dense with fog, and out of the mist step characters like Sherlock Holmes, Jack the Ripper and Oliver Twist. I have heard tales of a network of streets and rivers that exist under the city and the previously unlocked door that opened on to them at street level. All seems possible in this zone between myth and reality.



Lamb's Conduit Street

We emerge onto a small cobblestone street. "Lamb's Conduit Street"? I ask. Alice says conduit is the word for corridor and surmises this must be where sheep drovers took their charges. "But lambs only" I point out. I conjure an image of this passageway jammed with bleating lambs, leaping joyously, tails flying, driven by small black and tan dogs, intent on their charges. Following this melee, the men stride, caps on head, pipes in mouth conducting the flow.

In my world, the word conduit means pipe, yet I cannot imagine what connection draws lambs and pipes together. I later discover it is Mr. Lamb and his development of a water piping system that gave rise to the naming of this street. A Lamb, by another name.



DEAD SLOW



When the streets are thick with humanity, I seek refuge in quiet side streets. The possibility of adventure beckons with each arched door and darkened passageway. I discover a place called the Meat Market. Nearby, there is a rounda once used to drive the cattle to the abattoir. I have been con-

