



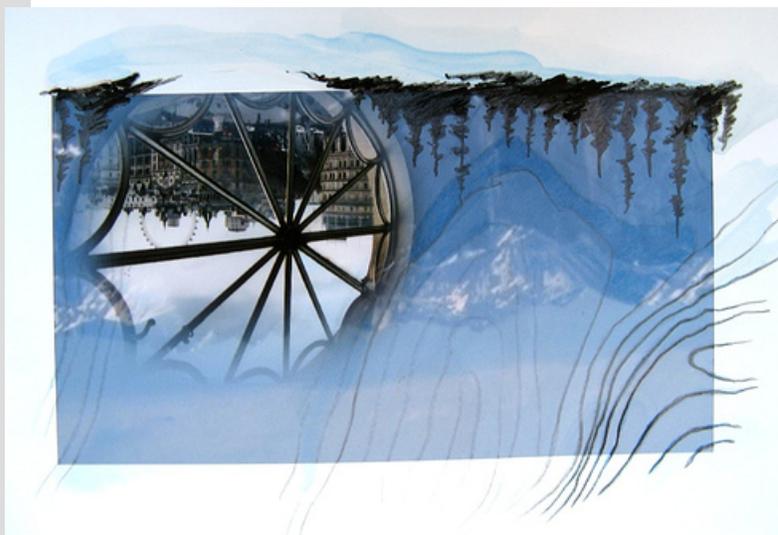
You say tomAto and I say tom-ah-to
 Language and all of its peculiarities can confound,
 enchant and confuse. I love the exactitudes of
 language and how we are all so particular about
 our words, accents and idioms. I love speaking
 another language and the way my face and the
 tone of my voice changes. 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



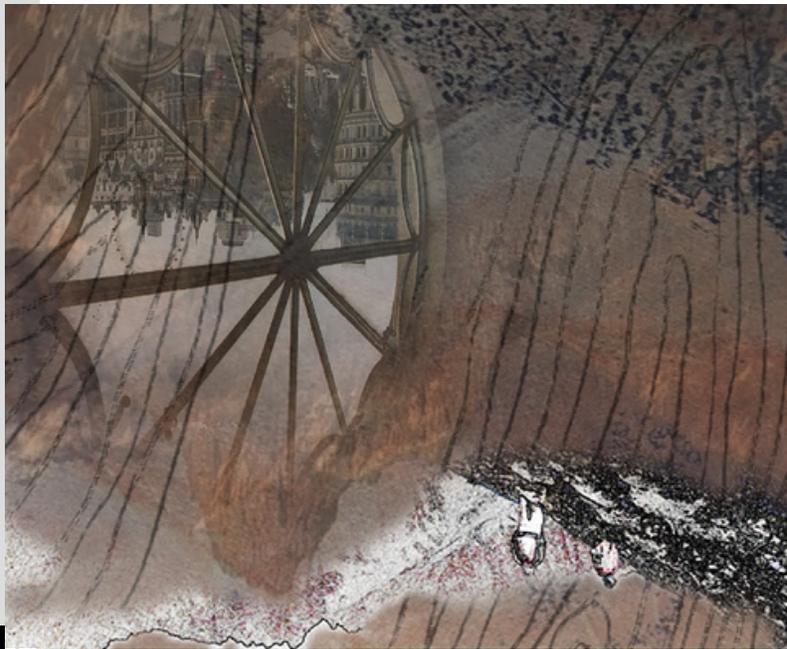
Based on a long term collaboration with Alice
 Angus for our project Topographies and Tales,
 this e-Book contains a collection of images,
 reflections and current thoughts regarding
 journeys we made for the project and those that
 have arisen as a result.

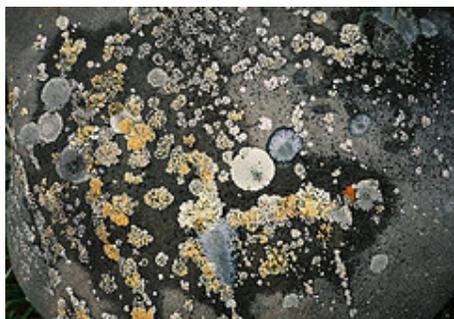
Juxtapositions and reflections.....



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?

