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# INTRODUCTION

Wow, where to begin? It is October of 2018 as I am writing this, and prior to that I was abroad for four months. My family never vacationed as I was growing up, and so the farthest I have ever been prior to attending the University of Cincinnati was Niagara Falls for a day trip. Heck, prior to second year at the University of Cincinnati, I had never been on a plane.

Four months of travel was a dream come true. And it was shocking; getting on a plane and flying over an ocean. I've never done that before. The flight went smoothly and before I knew it, I was asking "vendi biglietti le autobus?", which translates to something like, "sell tickets for the busses?". Time went fast. Blinking, I would be on Crete. Blink again, Paris. Once more, boarding a plane in London to New York. All I can think is, I must save up and travel again!

Overall, this was absolutely a life-changing trip. There are two things that seem to be really important to me in recapping the trip:

1. I have a large respect for other countries now and am certainly more interested in the state of their country.
2. I also have a new respect for America. It wasn't until leaving America that I saw the beauty of American landscapes and diversity.

I have to thank the Lyceum Fellowship board members and jury. The Lyceum Fellowship sees many students off to travel, all while organizing a competition that has forced myself (and I'm sure many others) to think differently when it comes to architectural making. I wouldn't have seen and done a lot of things without these four months of travel. And for that, I am extremely grateful, and forever indebted to them.

After seeing ancient cities and inspiration of architectural representation, I look forward to producing post-travel inspired projects. Inside are thoughts, memories, and discoveries that outline four months of living in Europe.

# ITALY

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# ROME

The mozzarella, pasta, olive oil, vino sfusi, opus caementicium, sampietrini, Michelangelo, the Pope. The heart of Italy, Rome.

This was my first city and I still remember my first meal. It was pasta with olive oil, pepper, and a glass of white wine. Simple, but wondrous. Not until going to Italy would I discover the care and freshness of ingredients that might change a meal's taste forever. My expectations for spaghetti are much higher after Rome. The same could be said for the rest of the world's art and architecture.

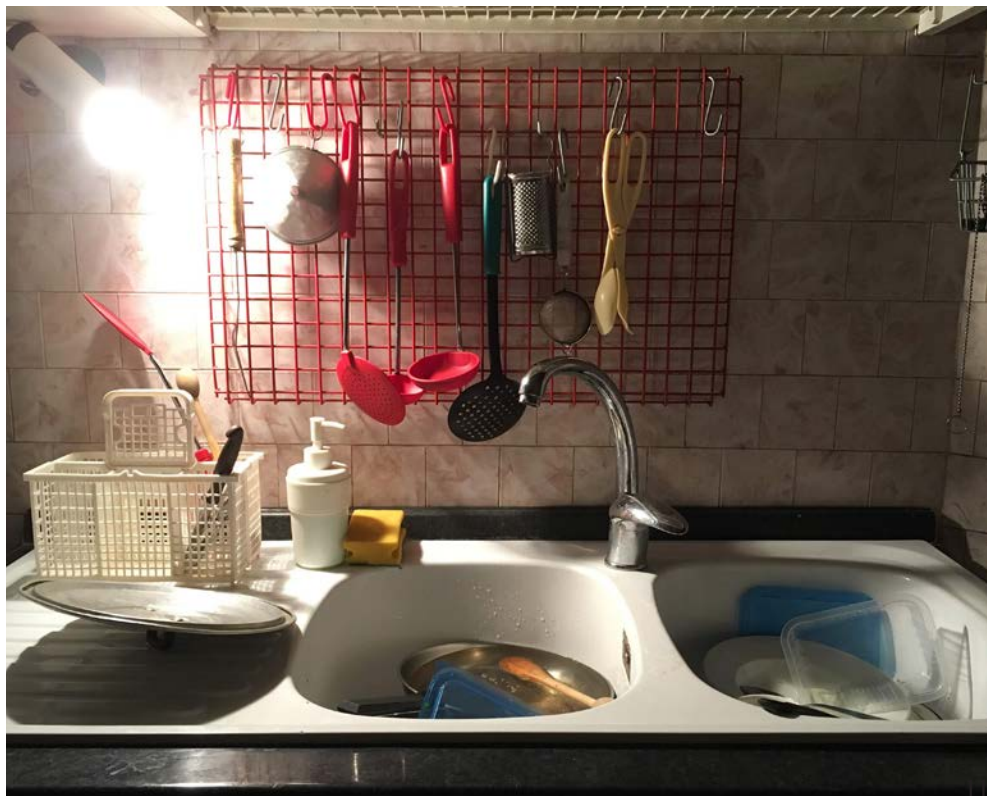
Seeing the Colosseum, the Pantheon, the park that once was Circus Maximus, Trajan's market, the Roman forum, Marcello Theater, Piazza Navona, the Vatican, Castel Sant'Angelo, Termini di Caracalla, Trevi Fountain, Palatine Hill, the Spanish Steps, Villa Medici, Capitoline Hill and others. Rome is filled with marvels.

A rich history of politics brought Rome a rich environment to live in. The churches have limited errors, and exude magnificence. In the domes are sculpture and paintings mimicking heaven. It never stopped; excellence continued into the Renaissance. Michelangelo painted what must be the most famous ceiling of all time. And even today, as the capital of Italy, Rome hones in its culture, bringing in Zaha Hadid for a new museum.

In submitting for the Lyceum Fellowship, I had a clear intention in seeing ancient architecture. Prior to Rome, the most 'ancient' I saw was from local museums, leaving me only to wonder what these civilizations might have been like. What I discovered is that they aren't far off from our own. They too had needs and desires. These voids were filled with religion, markets, baths, events. We too have similar habits of need.

Most of the architecture that remains belong to those investments in human need. It makes me wonder what of ours will remain. Perhaps it is our freeways, or our stadiums. Which art will stick? How will we be archived? Until staying in Rome, I never understood the massive undertaking of archeological work, preservation, and modernization taking place. These images capture how I found it existing and evolving in the 21st century.

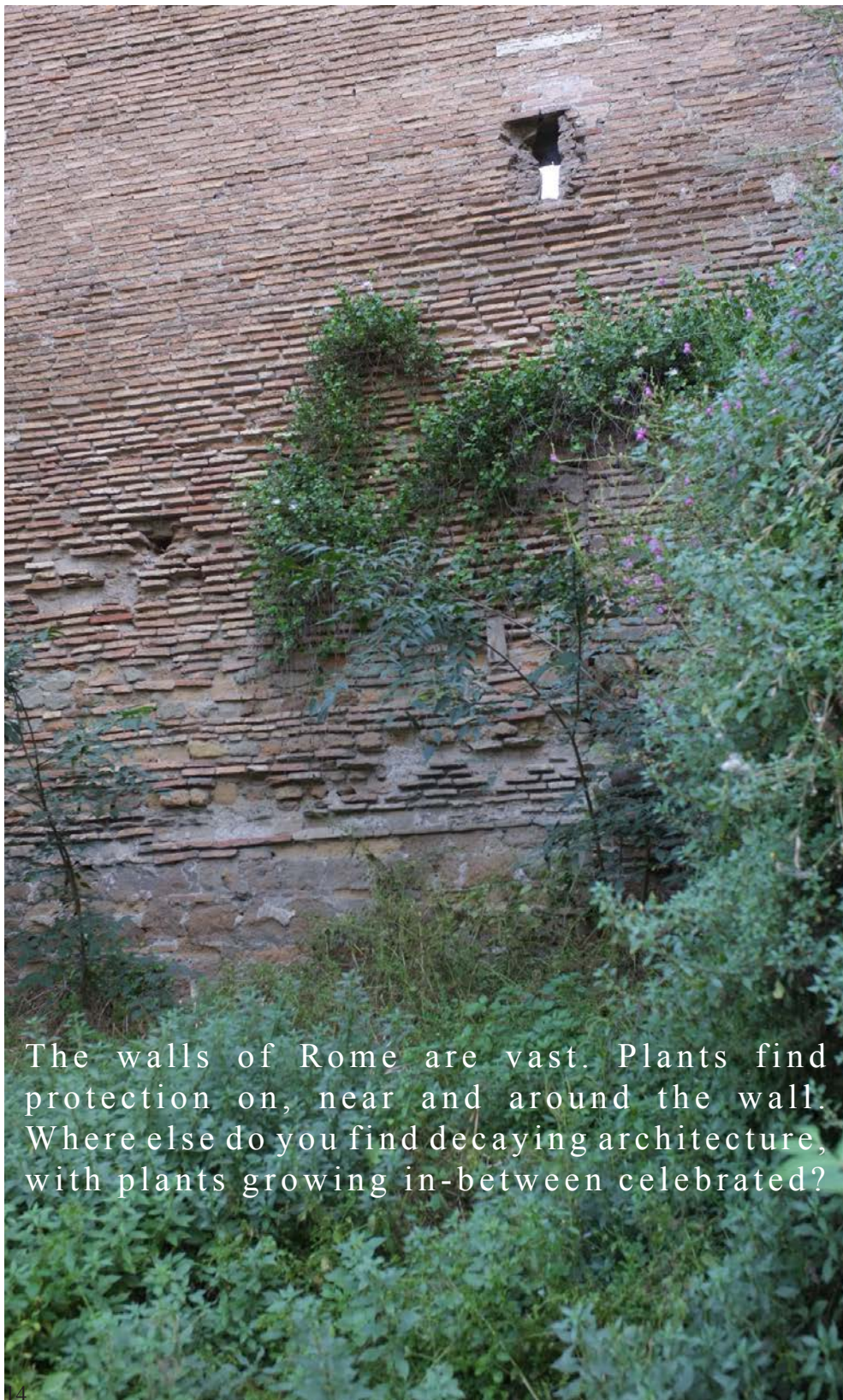












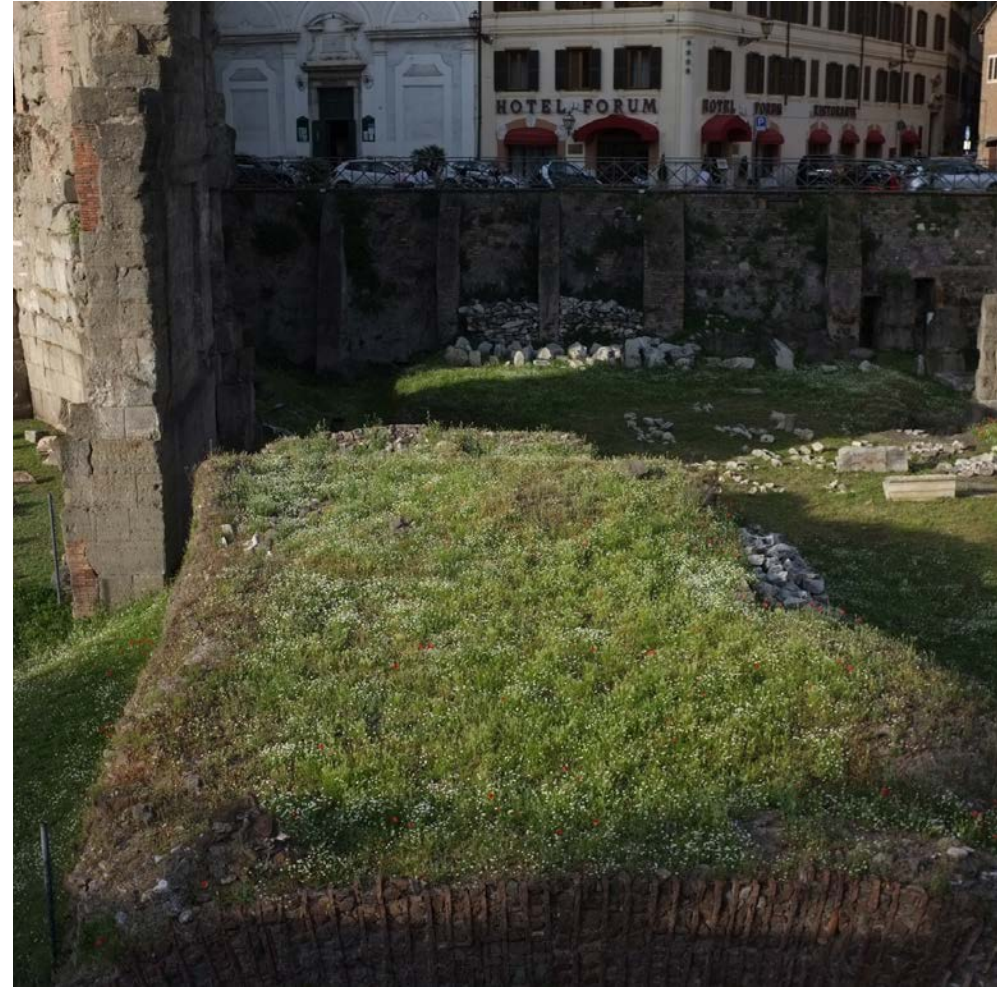
The walls of Rome are vast. Plants find protection on, near and around the wall. Where else do you find decaying architecture, with plants growing in-between celebrated?



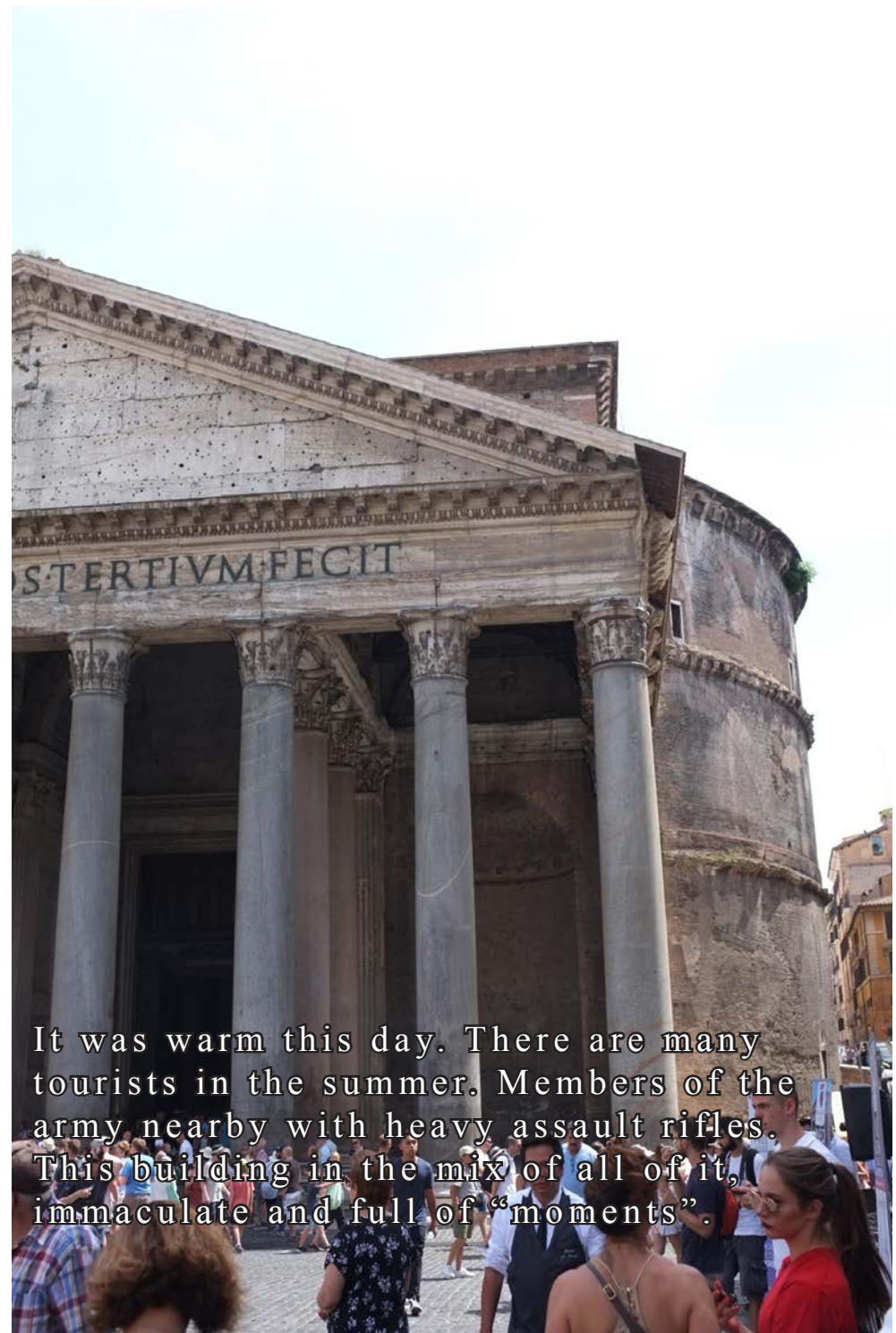












It was warm this day. There are many tourists in the summer. Members of the army nearby with heavy assault rifles. This building in the mix of all of it, immaculate and full of "moments".

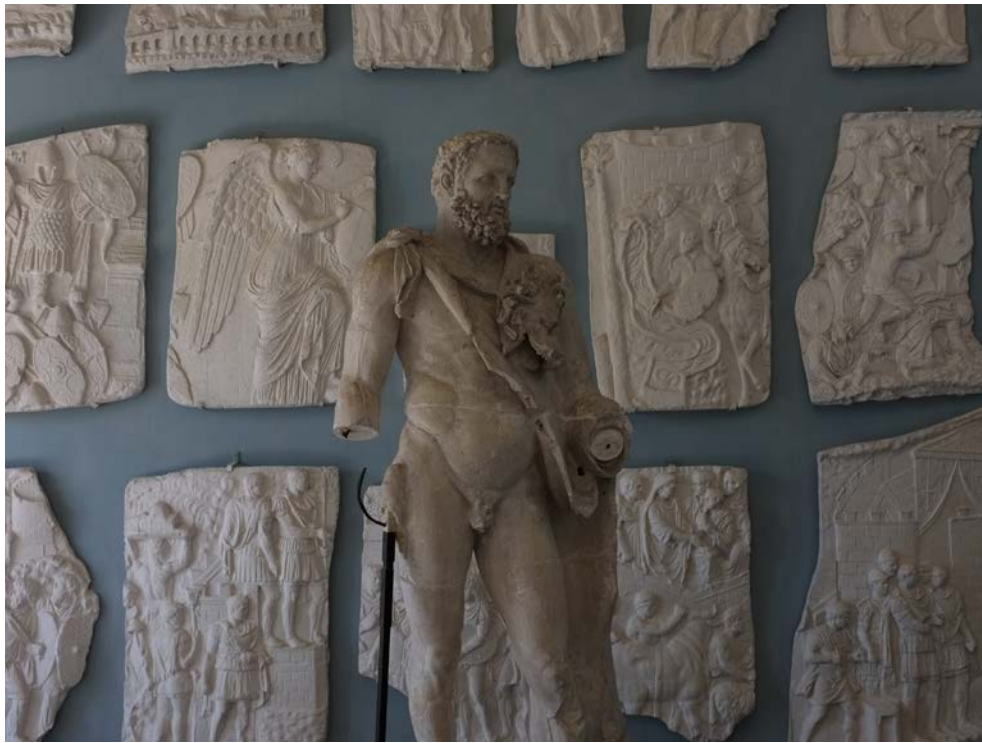












I had never seen casts like this before. Villa Medici has a room full of them for study, and others in the garden for pleasure. Art and architecture school should have some amount of casts like these for their history and use in making.











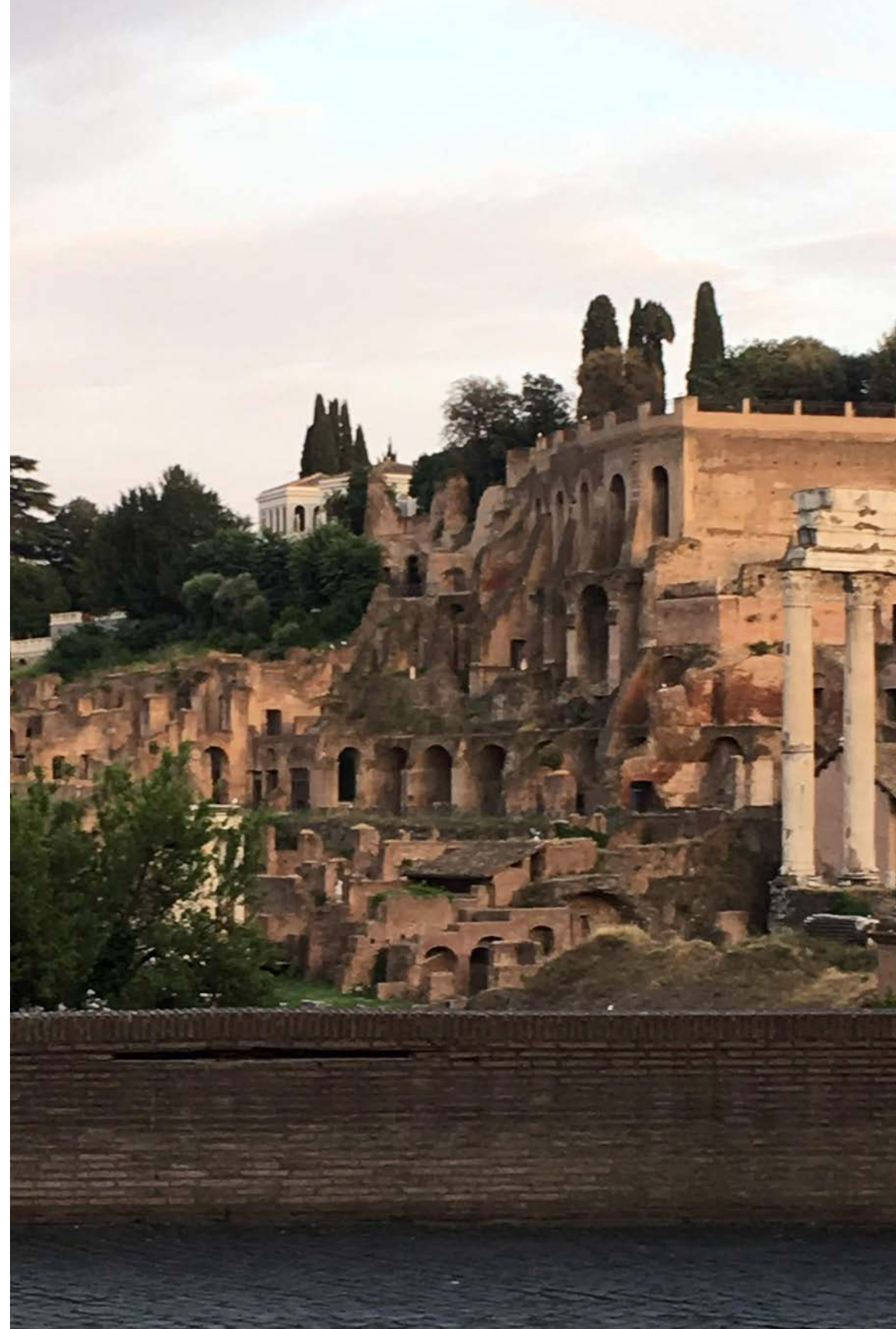
An old bath for the public. There are plenty of holes through the walls. Perhaps for ventilation and light? Now it creates an idea for a Roman landscape painting.



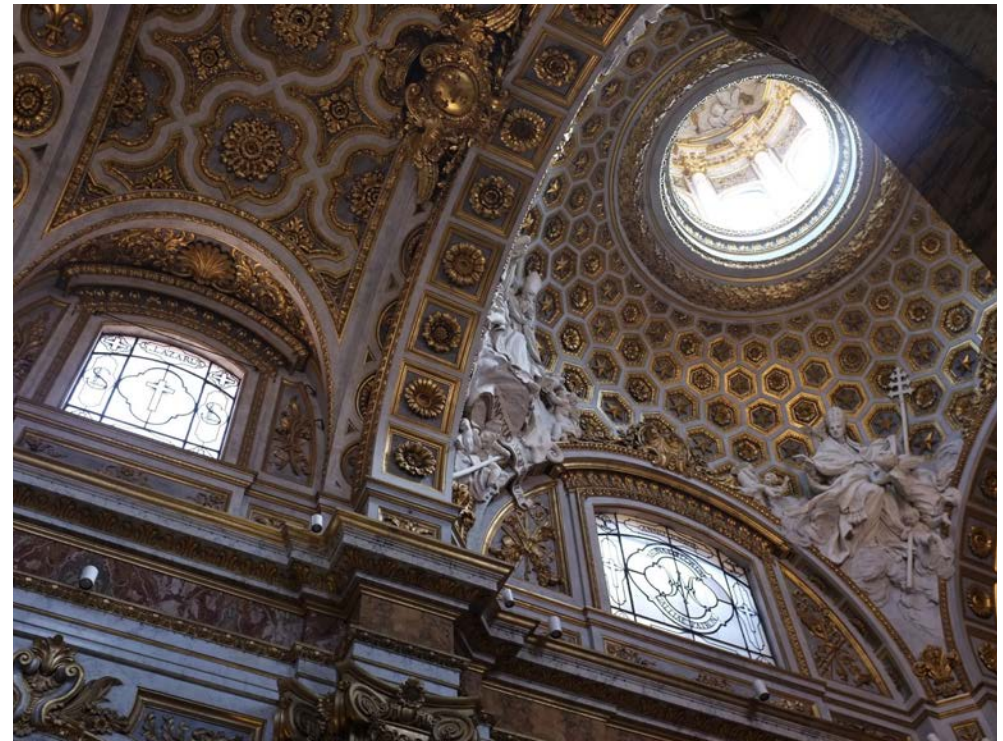




Plants grow profusively in Rome. Everything feels natural.

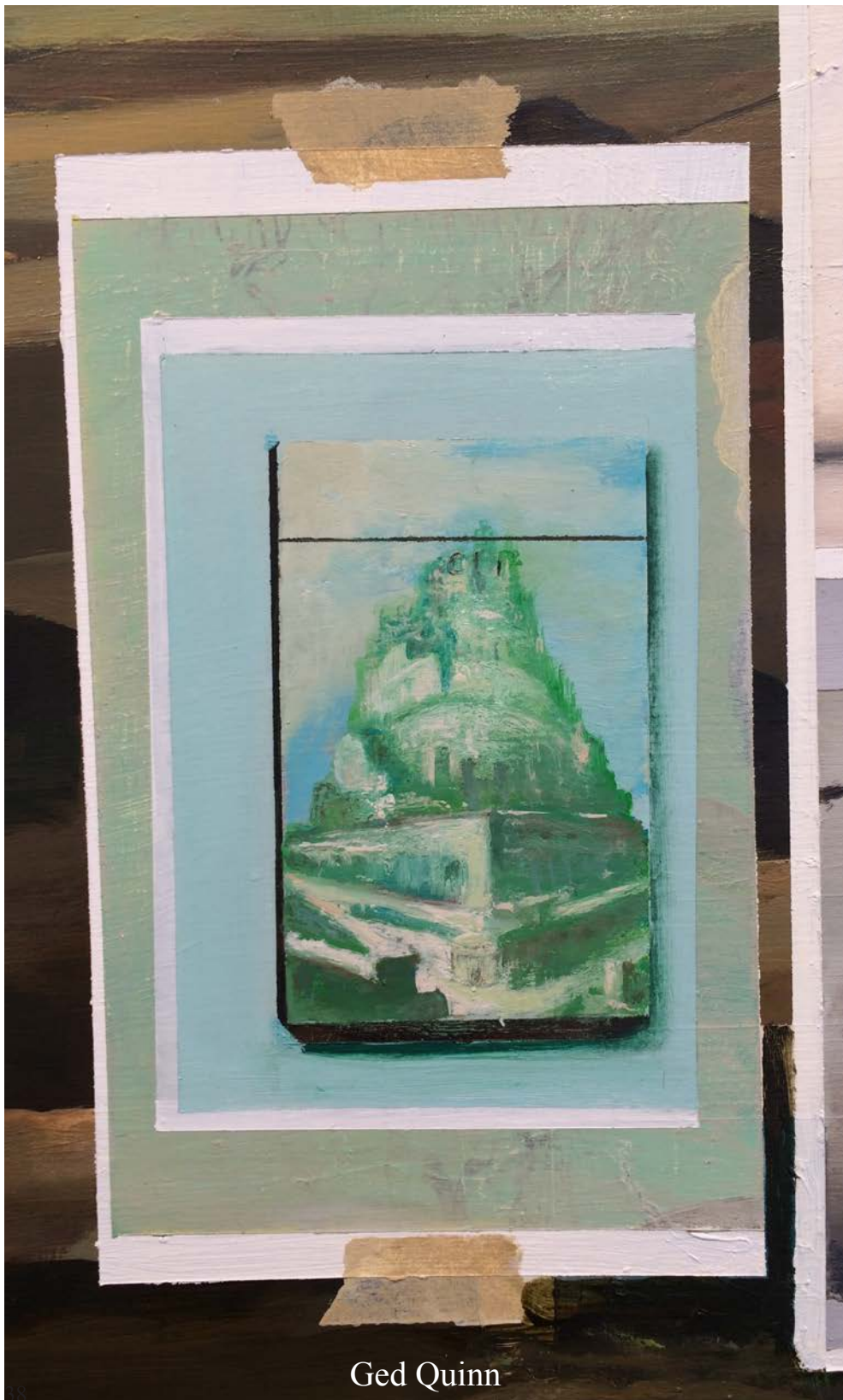






The churches of Rome are holy. Gold, religious scenes, beautiful stone, domes and symmetry.





Ged Quinn



Gabriel Hartley



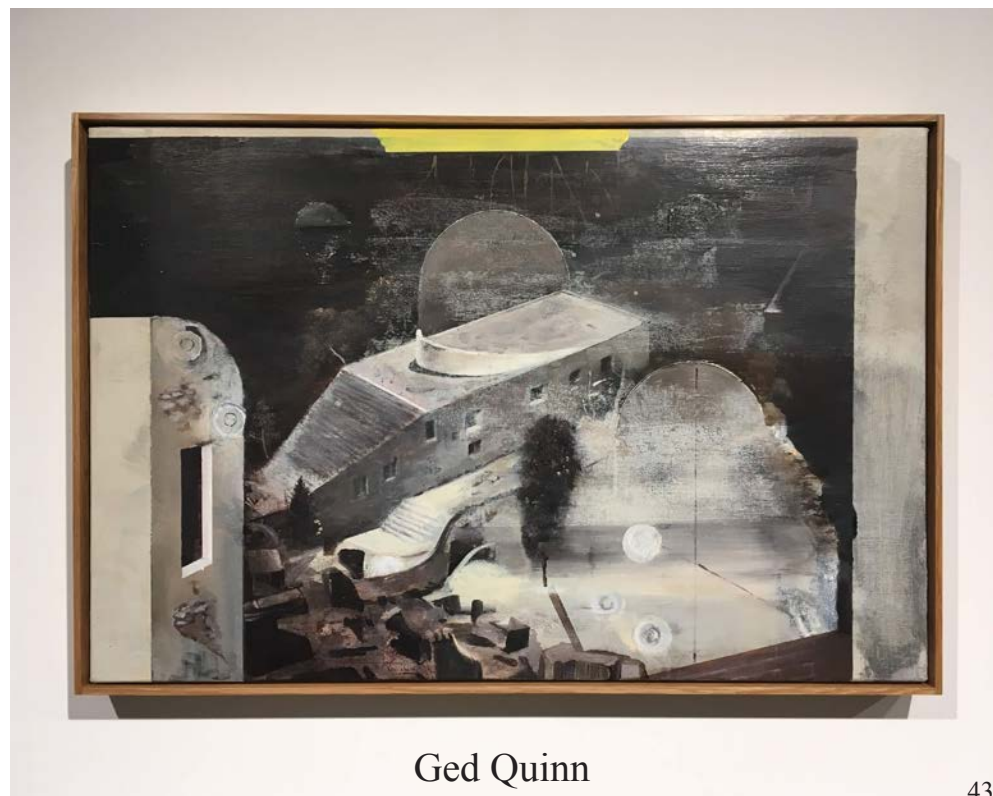
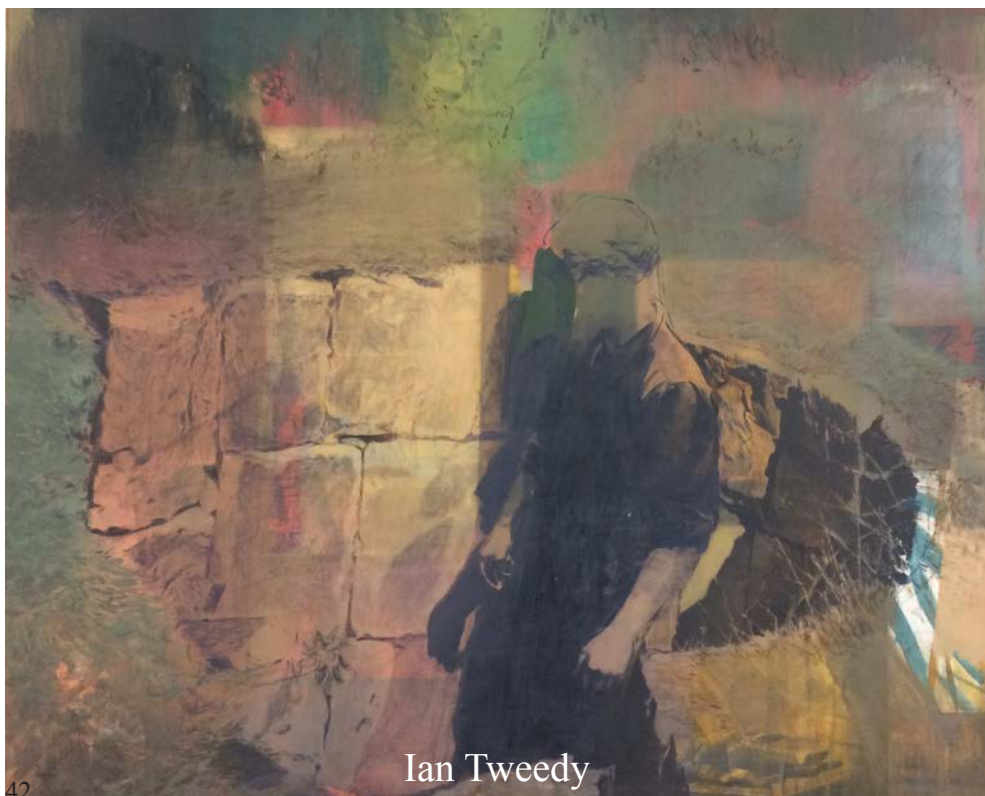




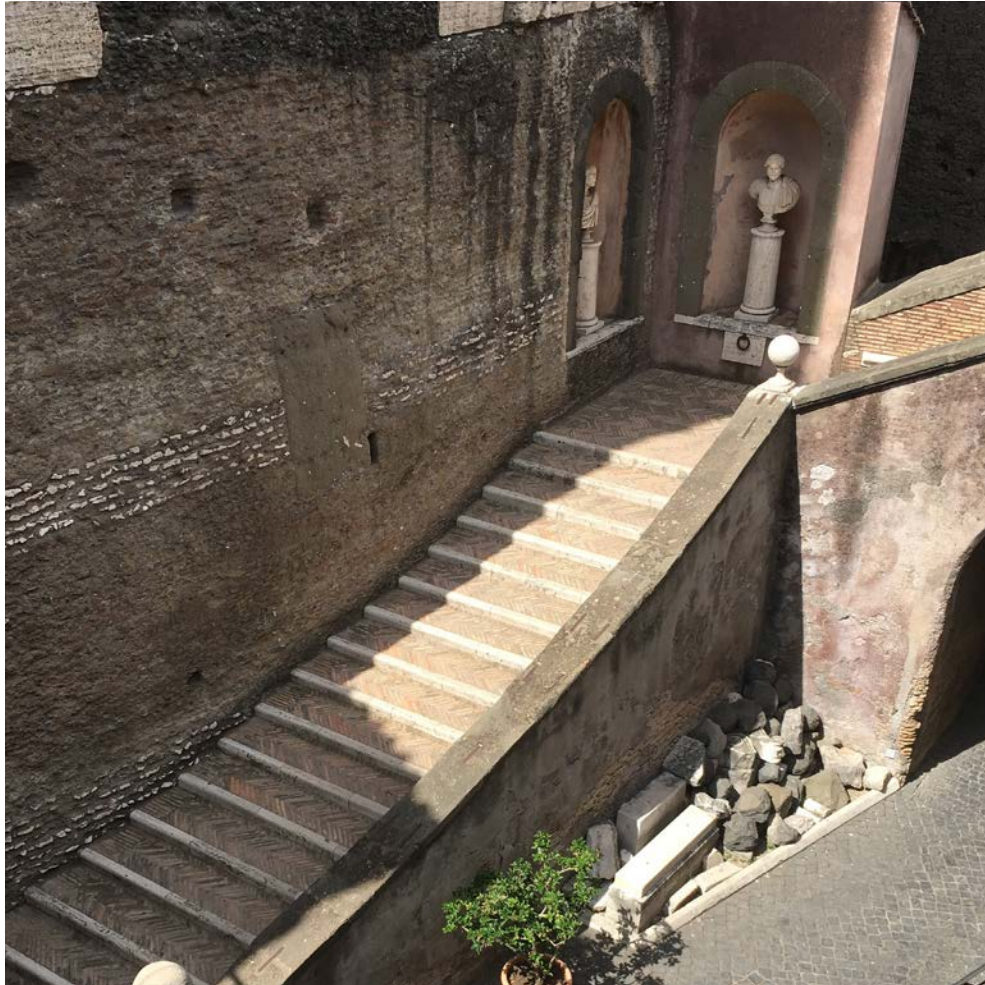
Ian Tweedy



Ged Quinn











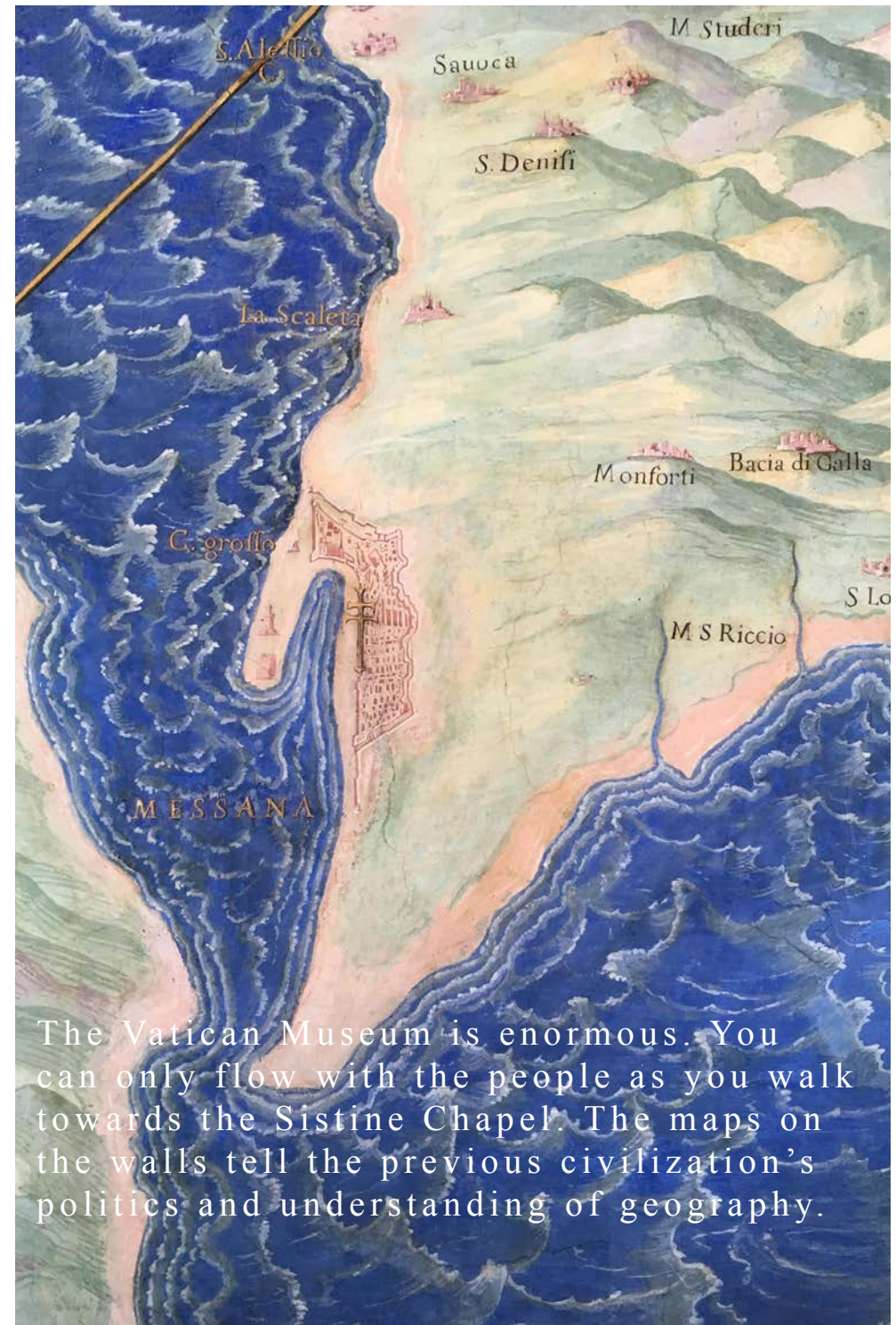
The walls inside Castel Sant' Angelo have been stripped of their marble. Marks of their framing lay behind. Leaving us only to imagine how the skylight once lit the marble interior.











The Vatican Museum is enormous. You can only flow with the people as you walk towards the Sistine Chapel. The maps on the walls tell the previous civilization's politics and understanding of geography.









Parco della Caffarella is somewhat untouched. The buildings within represent a less preserved architecture. An offering of a more simple Rome.









# TIVOLI

From where I was staying in Rome, Tivoli was about a two hour commute. Without having a car for a majority of the trip, this was far.

Arriving in the middle of a siesta, the town appeared rather empty, yet red, yellow, blue and green balloons hung through the city. The next day, the balloons were gone, but people came out from their pause in the day. It wasn't until later in the week that I would find out they were celebrating their summer festival.

It became lively. Children and teenagers run and walk through the town with their friends. Adults do business and sell to locals. Families gather for dinner and celebrate the summer nights. I was in a less touristy part of Italy, and was experiencing a true Italian town. However, it has its attractions

Villa d'Este gives views out into the Italian landscape, a summer home fit for politics and entertaining guests. Many fountains shape the garden and alcoves for retreat. The architecture above is in the middle of restoration efforts, but closely resemble the nature room paintings at Villa Medici. The walls tell stories through their drawings. Do any contemporary homes place paintings on walls in such a manner?

Another Villa, Villa Gregoriana, represents a park

commissioned by Pope Gregoriana XVI. Once flooded, once ruins, now has been restored to represent a valley of the Aniene River. Caves of mythological backgrounds and gentle waterways next to roaring waterfalls leave this to being the poet's dream. Many artists and authors must have sought creative refuge here, and I too wish I could return. At the top of the valley is the acropolis of the town. Two temples, Vest, and Sibilla, perfect the landscape.

Other ancient sites have closed interiors. These being Rocca Pia and Temple of Tosse which seemed to be in someone's backyard. Luckily it was on the way to Villa Adriana.

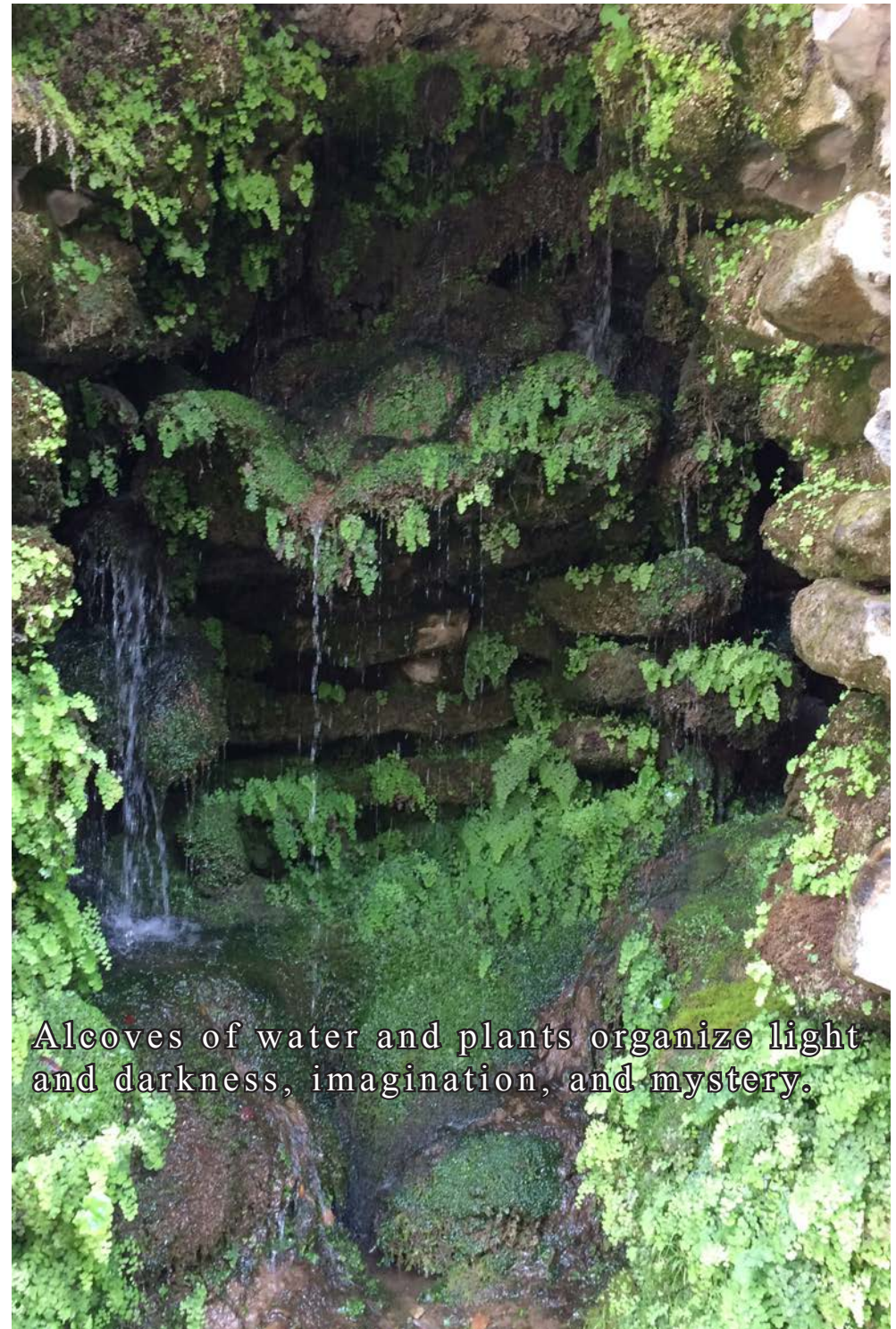
Villa Adriana could be the size of a city, though it seems to be a playground for an avid walker. Multiple ancient structures are scattered among gardens with fountains and free forming nature patches. Much of it still going through archeological investigation. Anyone could spend months here trying to digest the site and understand the true complexity which Emperor Hadrian had constructed.

Towards the end of the week, the summer festival commenced with dancing, music, and public performers. Tivoli is a walking town, and because of this, its summertime magic spreads like electricity from quadrants of the town. Parents and children entertained themselves at the acropolis. Teenagers, young and old enough to drink, gathered on the other side of the town for views of the distant landscape. It is magical, and feels definitively summer.









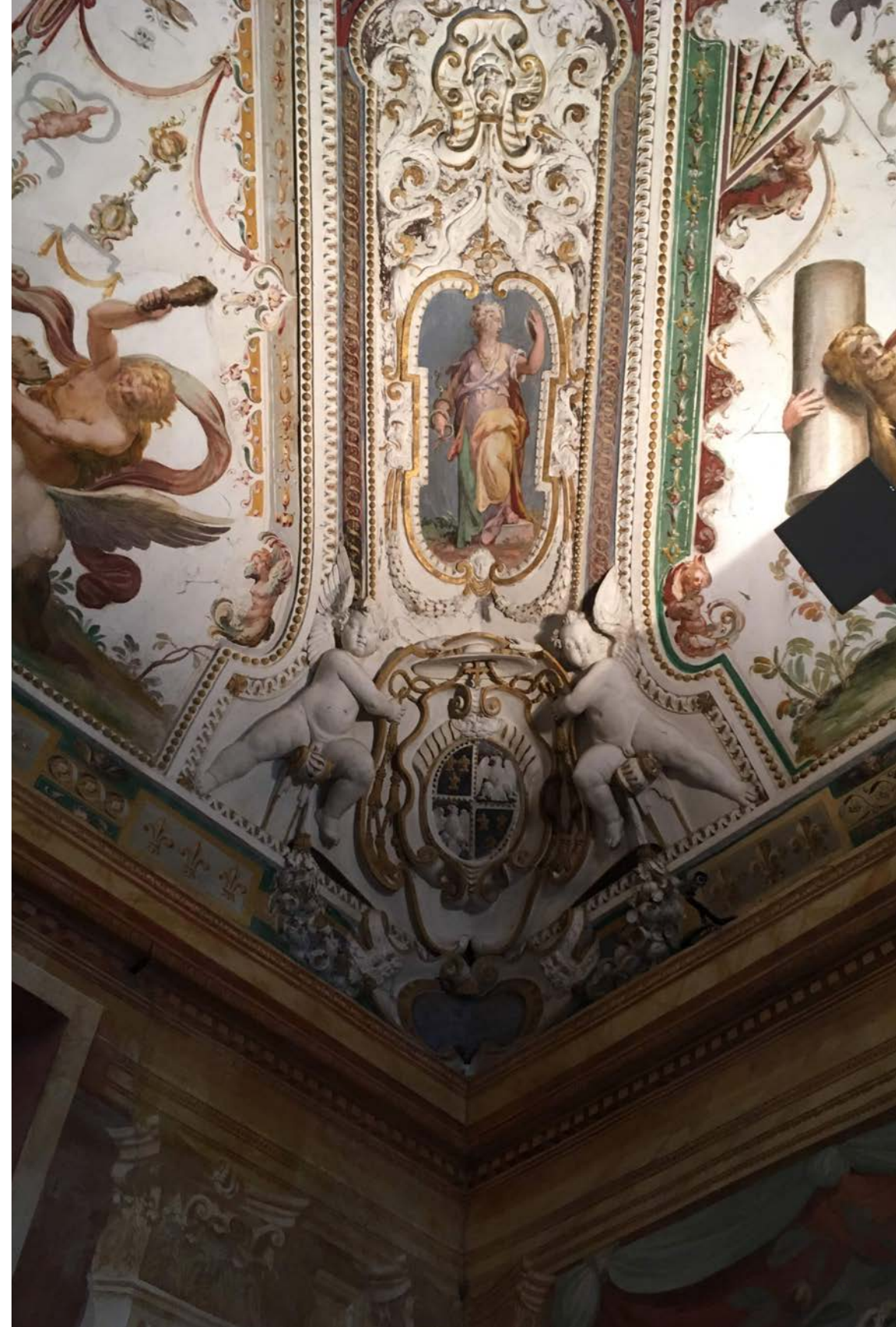








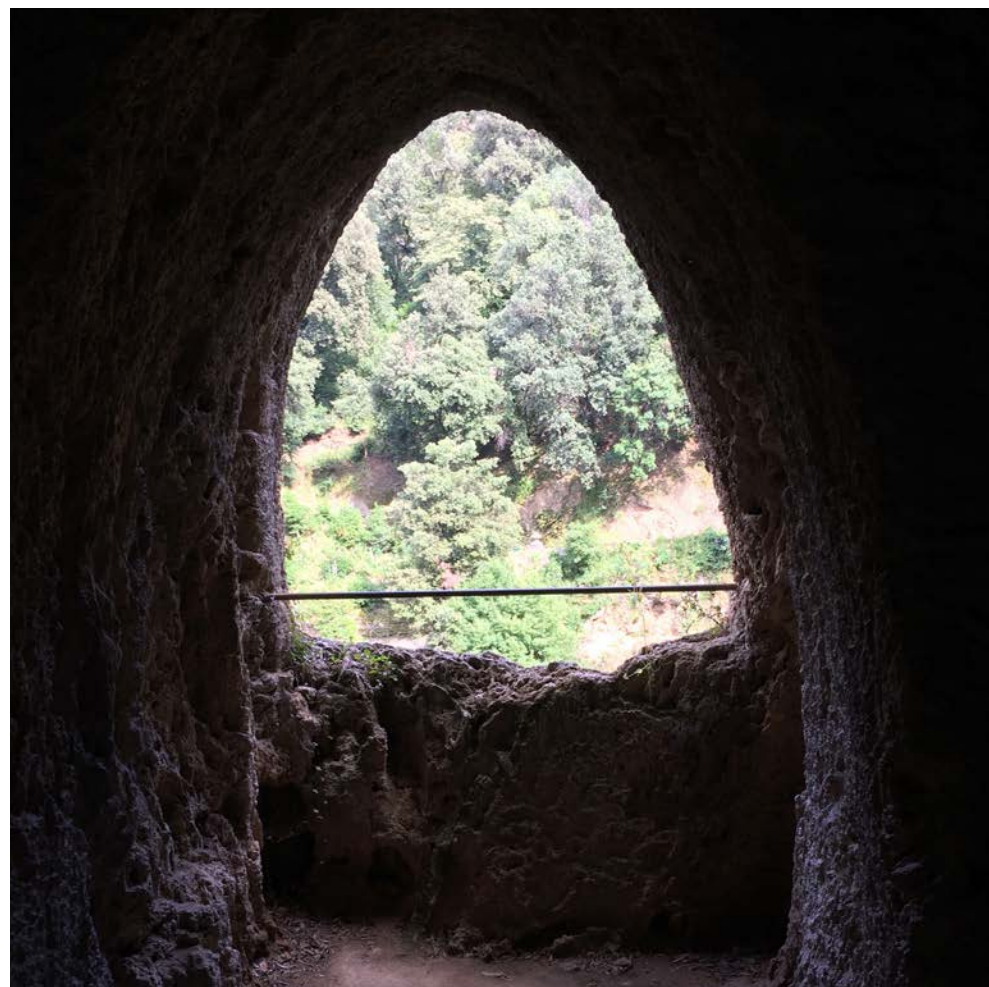
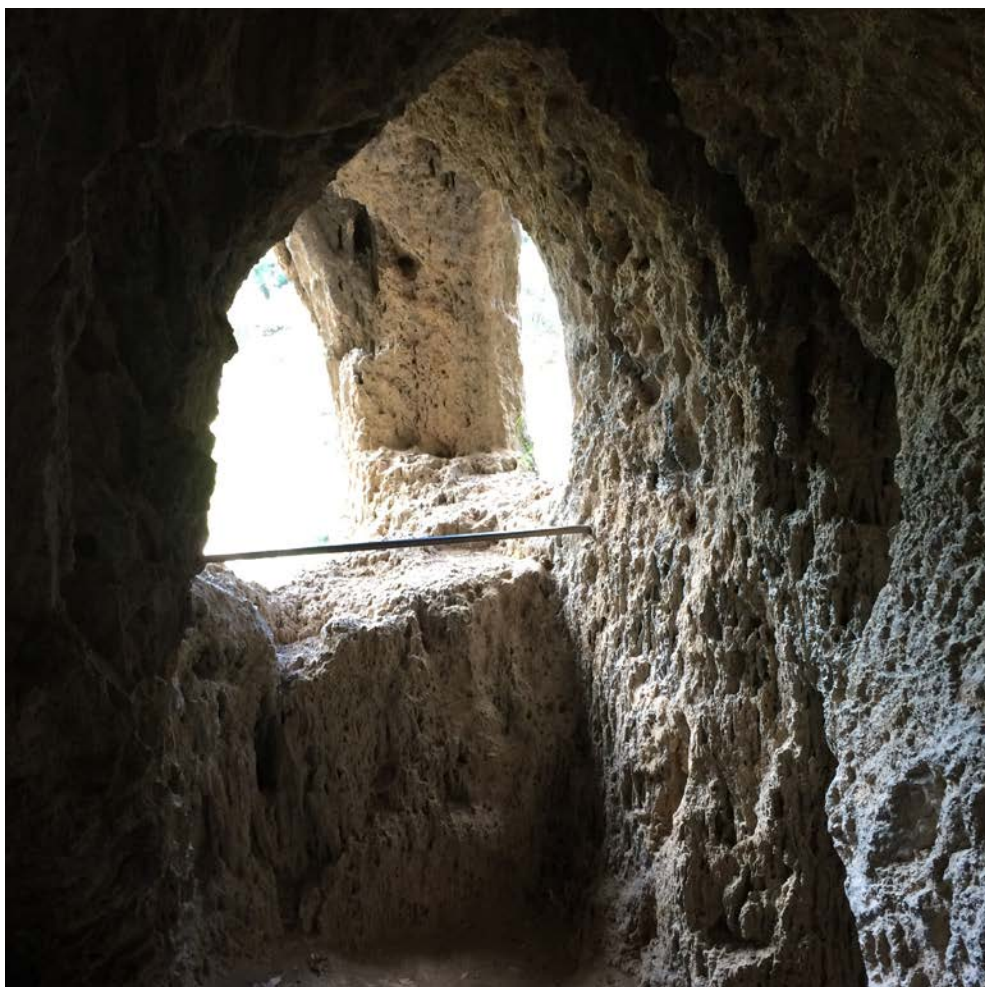
The rooms here are lined with storied imagery. This ceiling is clean, which is unusual.



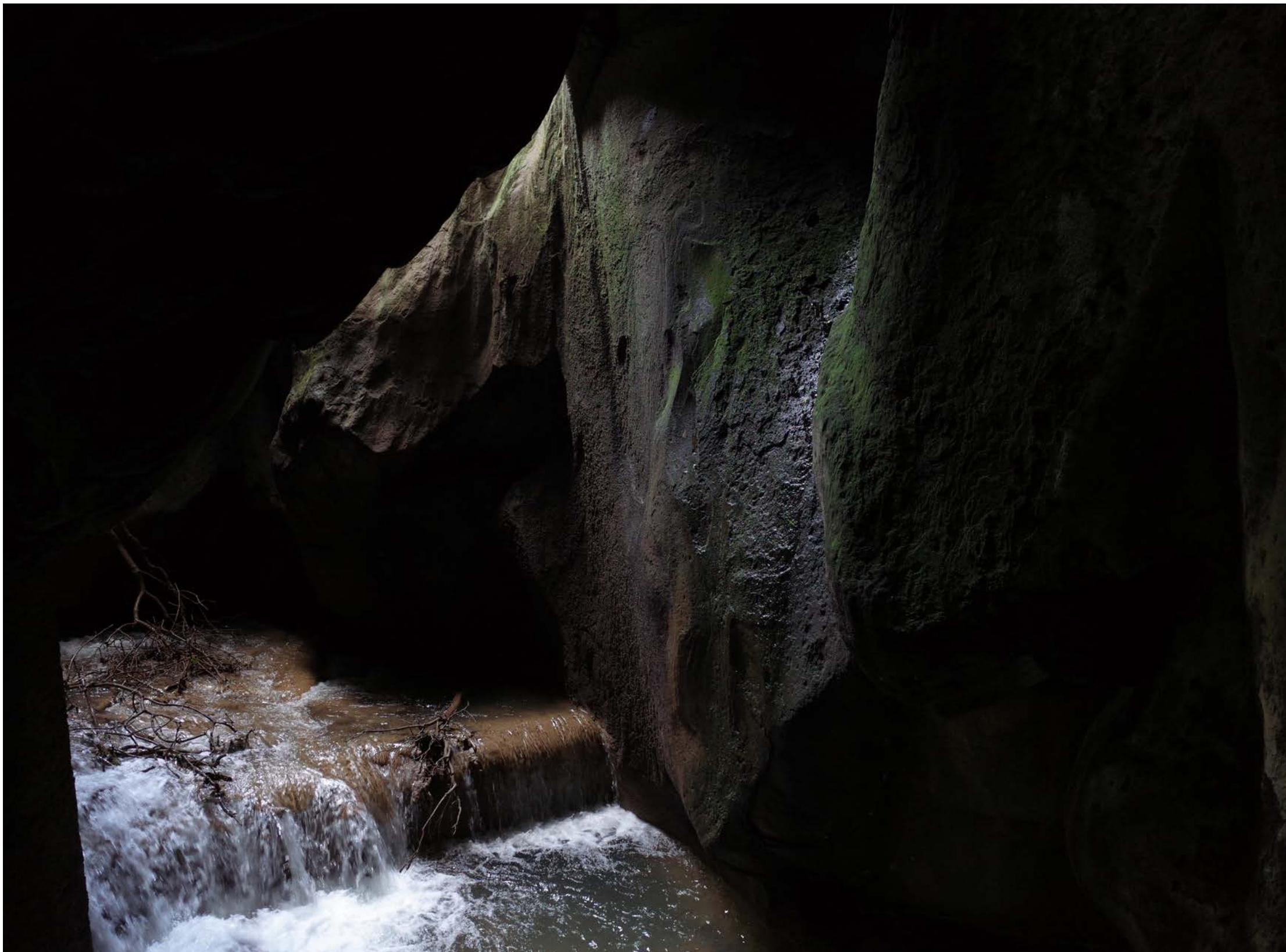








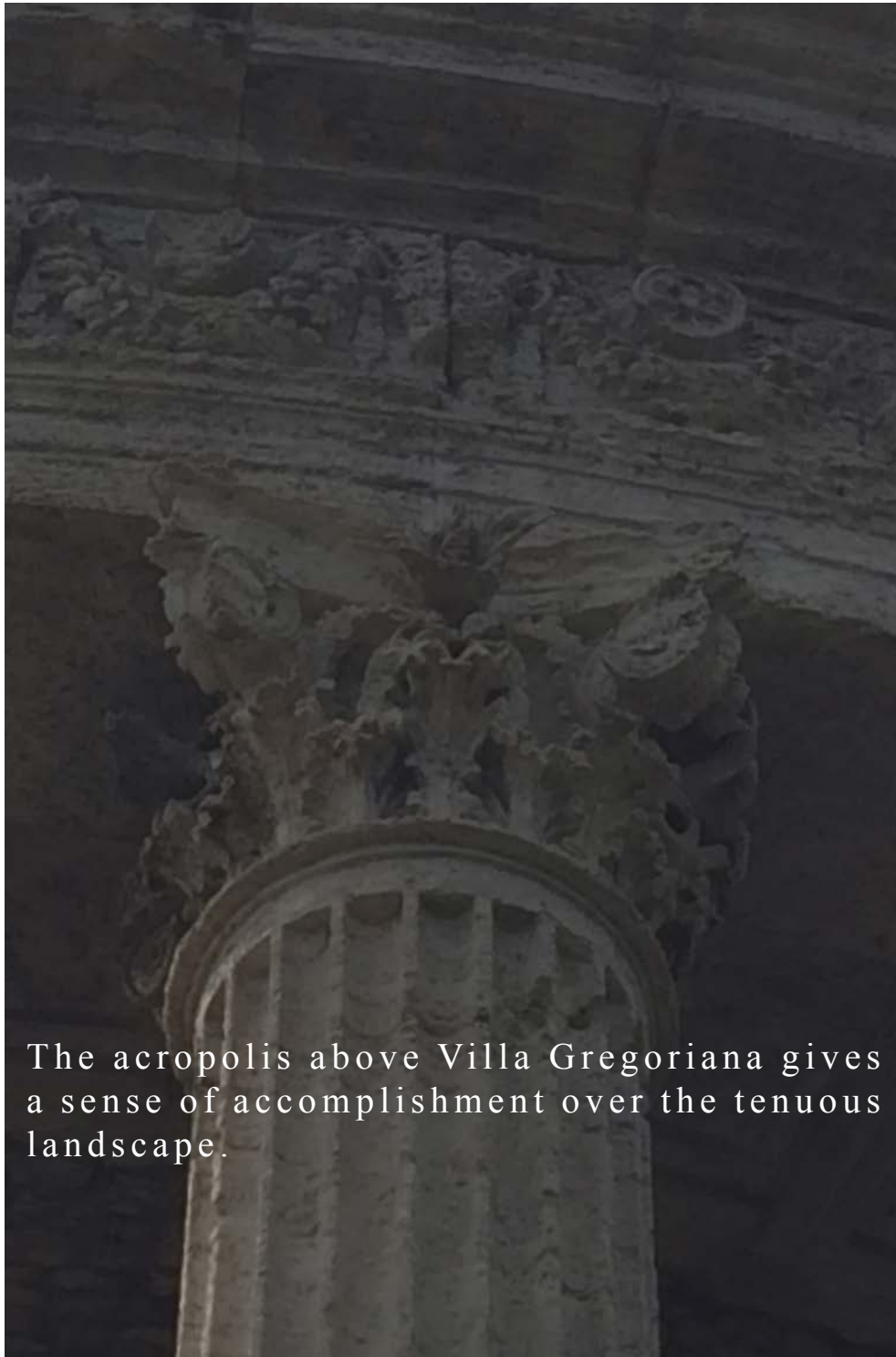




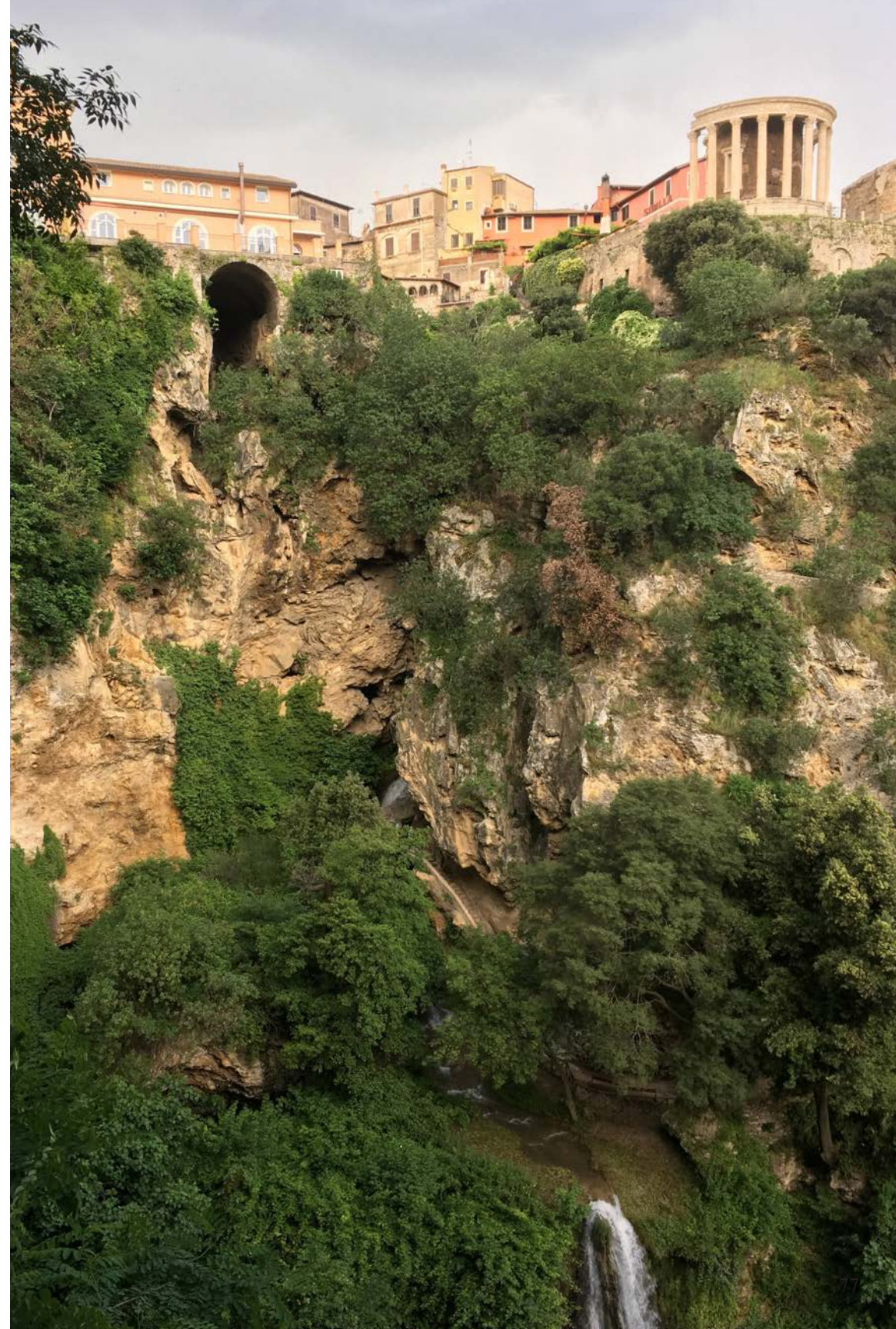








The acropolis above Villa Gregoriana gives a sense of accomplishment over the tenuous landscape.





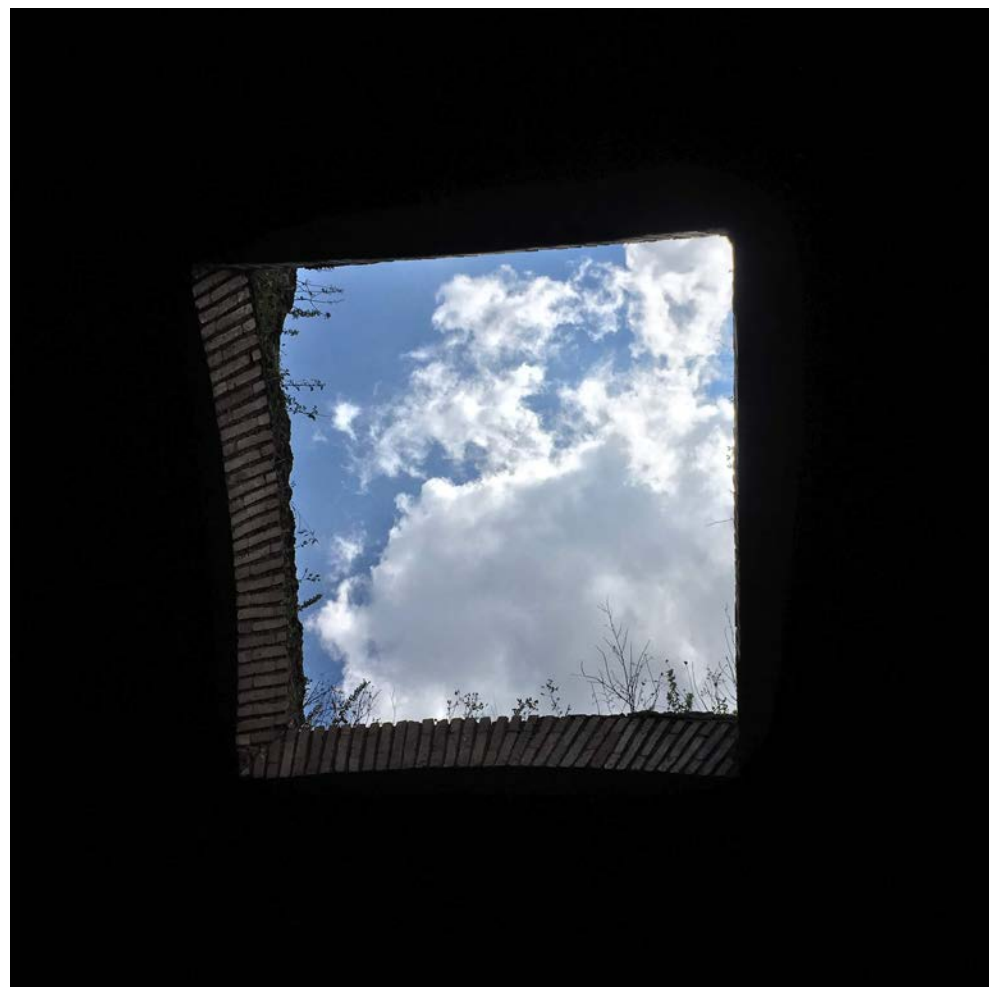


In every private Villa, don't forget to add a court for sports. At least I think this is what that is? Unless those notches in the partial wall are toilets?















# OSTIA

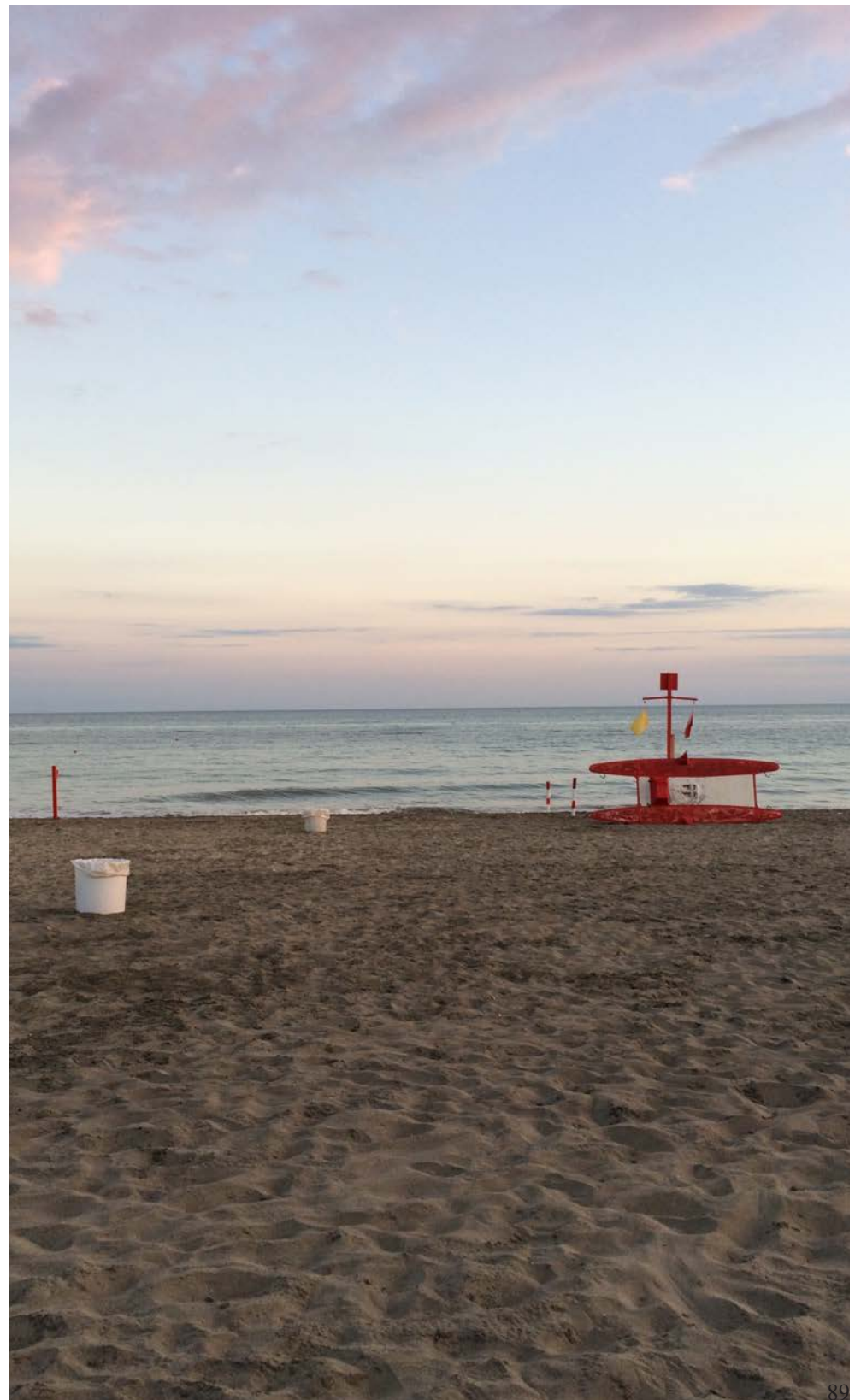
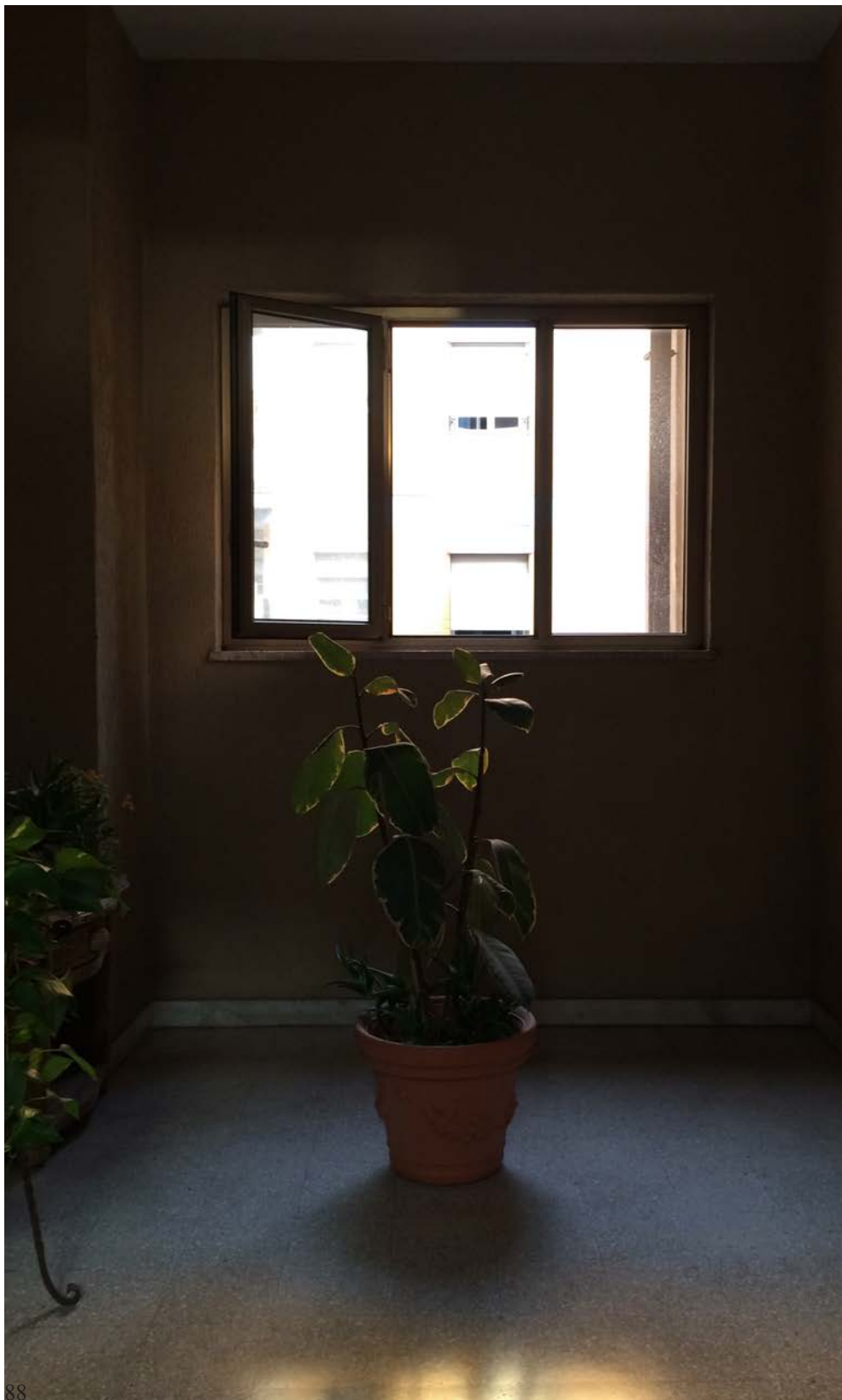
A coastal city heading back in the direction of Rome, but further east. Once again, far enough to have a new feel of Italy.

Enjoying the Mediterranean Sea for the first time of the trip. Seeing the native beach architecture and comparing it to the likes I've seen in Los Angeles and San Francisco (where I previously took part in cooperative education experiences). Ethiopian food and talking to the restaurant owner, being bitten by mosquitos. Scratching my mosquito bites while attempting to oil paint, then pausing to read *Carlson's Guide to Landscape Painting* and Gertrude Stein's biography. Packing lunch and water for a heavy site visit.

Ostia Antica, once a port city quite as large as Rome's historical district, is now in ruins. There was much to see in its expanse. I wasn't expecting to be able to grasp a city's districts but this was easy enough with the help of signs and the architecture itself. Ostia Antica is organized by program. Programmatic design seemed to have come first, and then the "design" came on top of the main elements or were adjacent as sculpture. Perhaps painting was also added but has been washed away. Marketplaces were in a pre-determined location. The city conformed to its programs in which the architecture became a clear-cut diagram. The parts (burial grounds, market, theater, apartments, temples, churches, etc.) became a whole

connected to a main street. There is no doubt that cities with such successful city plans have referenced the likes of ancient cities. Ancient cities express themselves in their basic needs first and foremost.

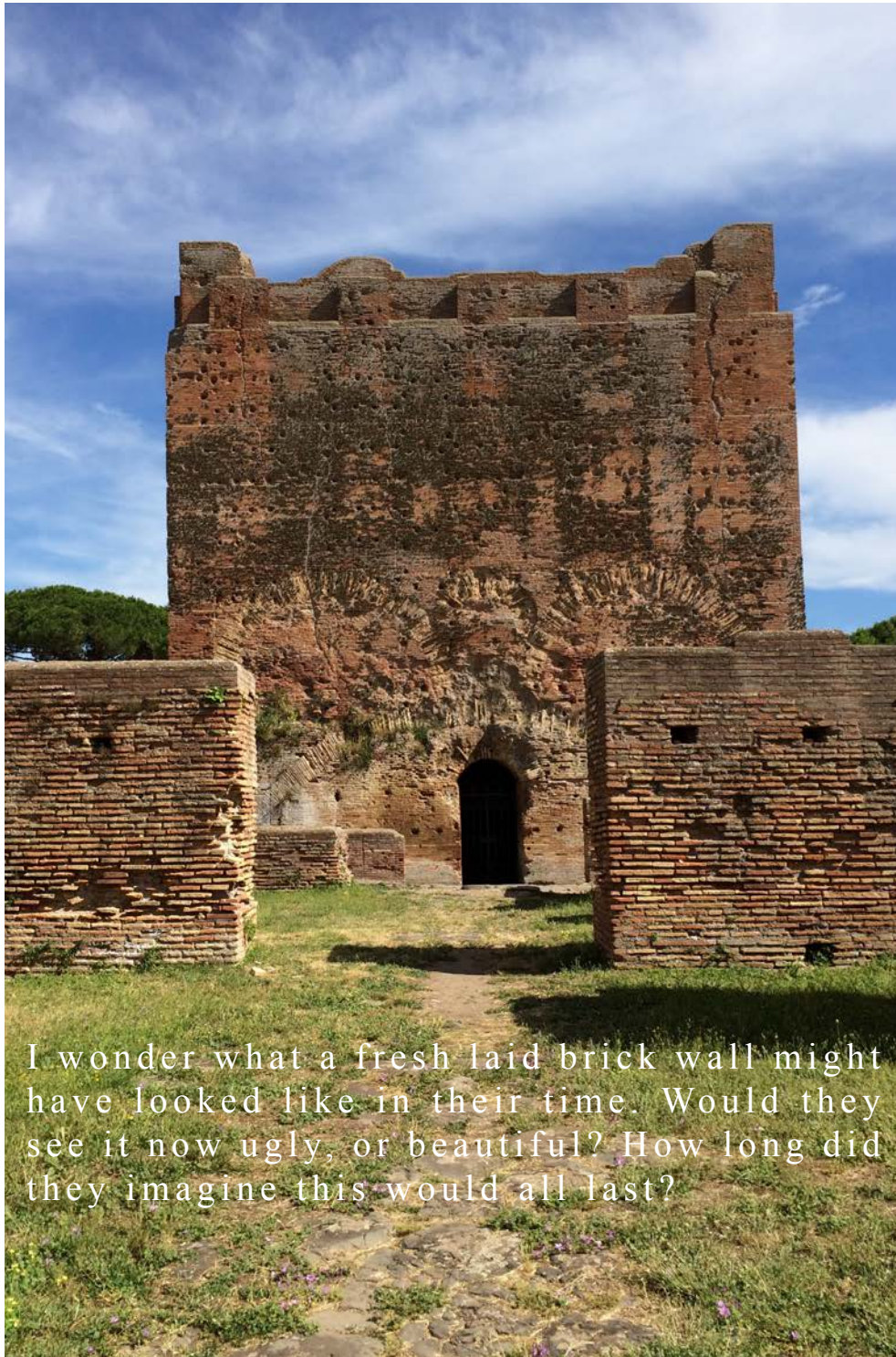












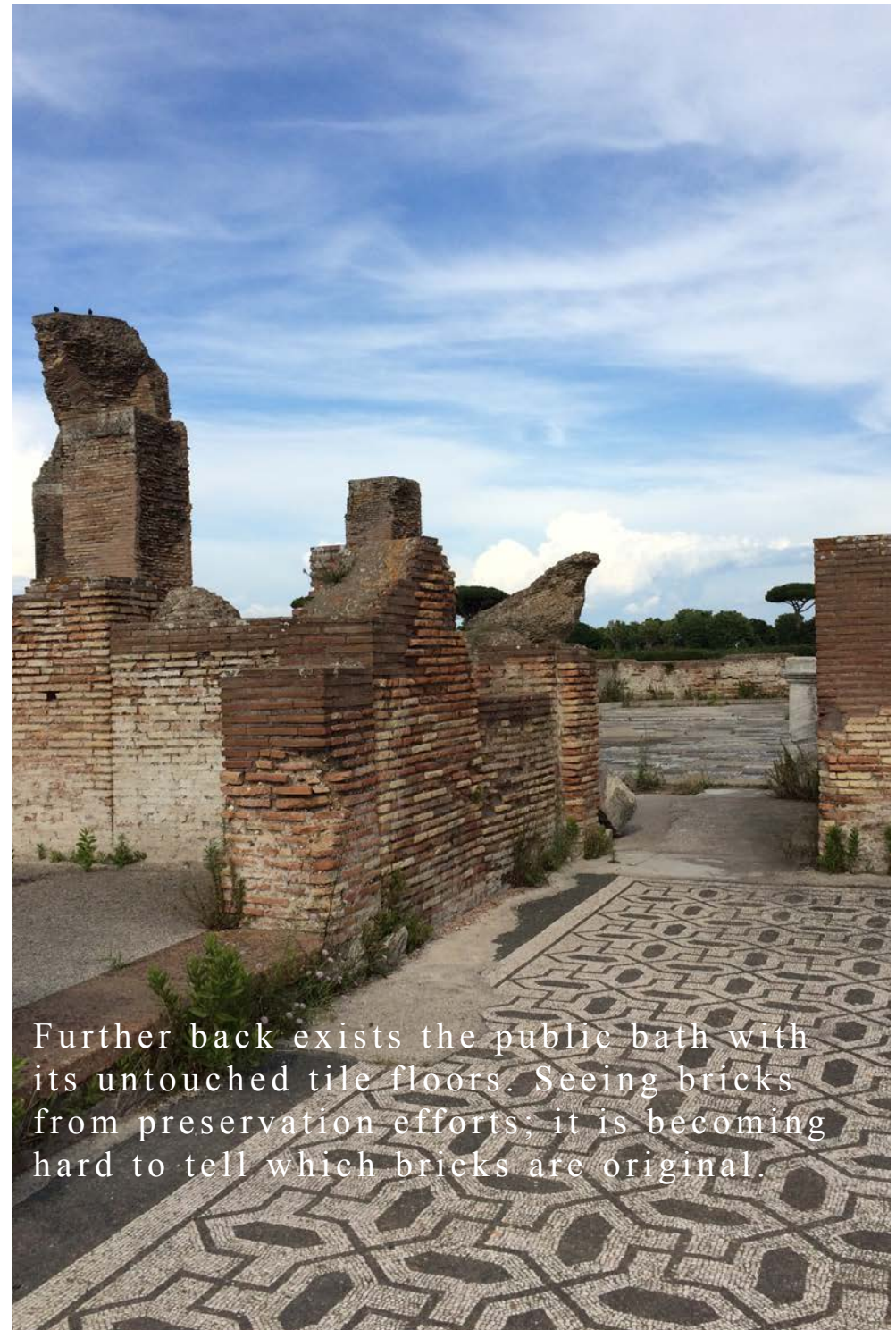
I wonder what a fresh laid brick wall might have looked like in their time. Would they see it now ugly, or beautiful? How long did they imagine this would all last?











Further back exists the public bath with its untouched tile floors. Seeing bricks from preservation efforts; it is becoming hard to tell which bricks are original.



# FLORENCE

Hours north of Rome, the city that birthed the Renaissance. Here, there isn't a difference between the historical district and modern living. Florence as a city relates more to its past, with a lot of it stemming off of Cattedrale di Santa Maria del Fiore.

The cathedral is largely stripped of its interior glory which now is stored in a museum close to the cathedral. The exterior is breathtaking, even during restoration. Restoration adds an interesting element. Large chunks of architecture are covered up, and it shows how massive of an undertaking construction might have been in the past. On top of this, the scaffolding and barriers of our time have an interesting aesthetic which includes layering and different materials.

The cathedral is very regimented. Buildings of Rome weren't using patterning of stone in the facade yet. Cattedrale di Santa Maria del Fiore has a pattern of stone, assuring to us their perfection of craft, equaling beauty. The Campanile di Giotto and Battistero di San Giovanni mimic their surroundings and add to the spirit of the area.

Besides the cathedral, Michelangelo was worth seeing in the Laurentian Library and the Medici Chapel. Michelangelo had a distinct vision that set himself apart from his contemporaries. His use of symbols gave life and stories to the frozen objects. In the Medici Chapel,

it is the sculptures representing the four times of day, each with different poses. If not symbolism, it was the layout of a space. Graceful, yet inventive in methods of distribution. There is still a lot for me to study and discover of Michelangelo.

My younger brother was in Italy for a school internship and I was lucky enough to see him in Florence. We were able to get drinks, see a few sights, and partake in a wine tasting. It was nice to speak with someone in English for an extended amount of time. At night, the city drinks and mosquitoes are out.

There were a few galleries that I popped into, where I was able to see contemporary Florentine art. It makes me wonder how the city of Florence has affected their take on today's aesthetic expressions. Is it easier or harder to make art when beauty is standardized? Which city will have a similar Renaissance event, spawned by commissions and love for art? Florence left me with these questions.







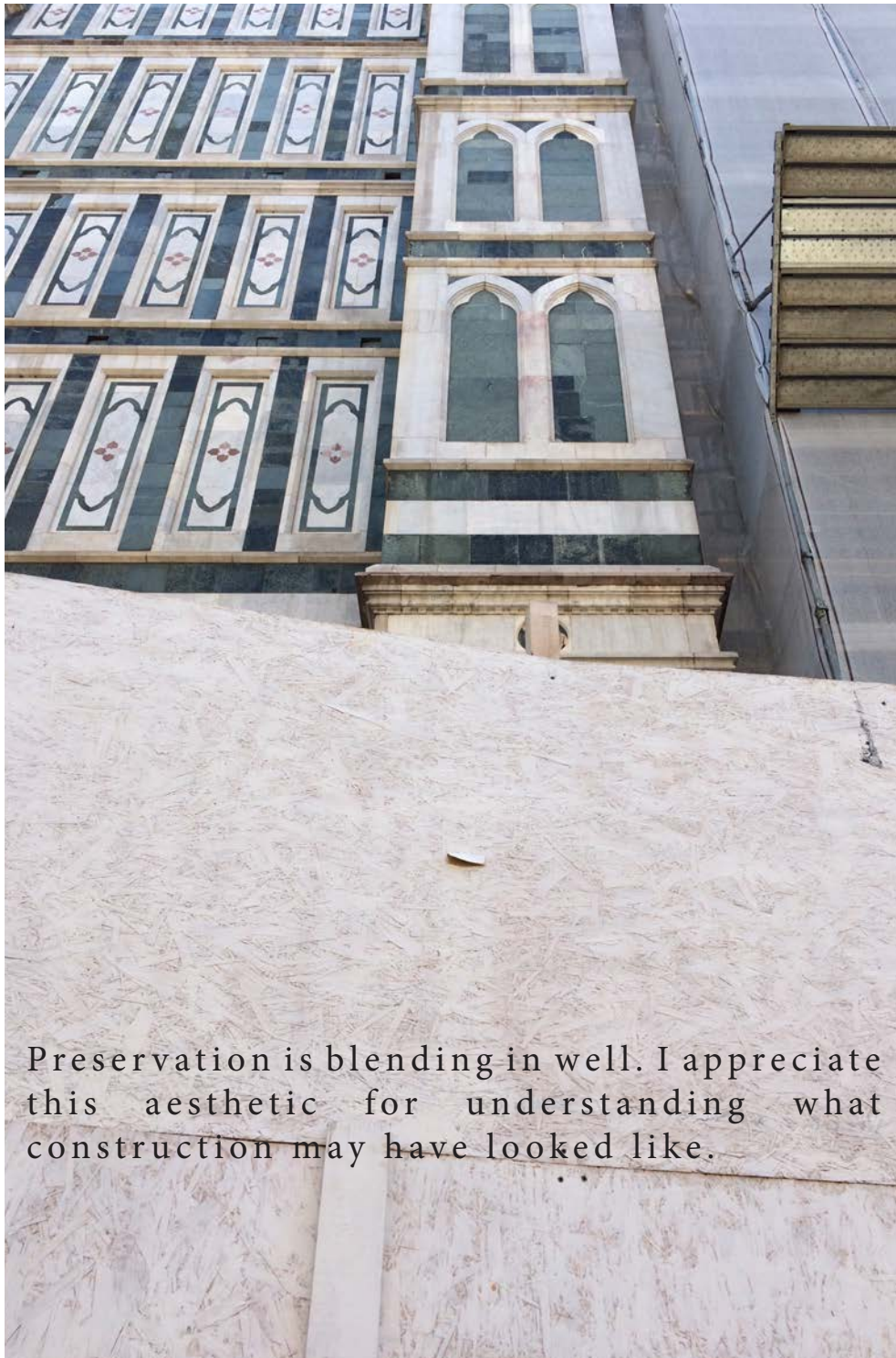


Lindsay Mapes

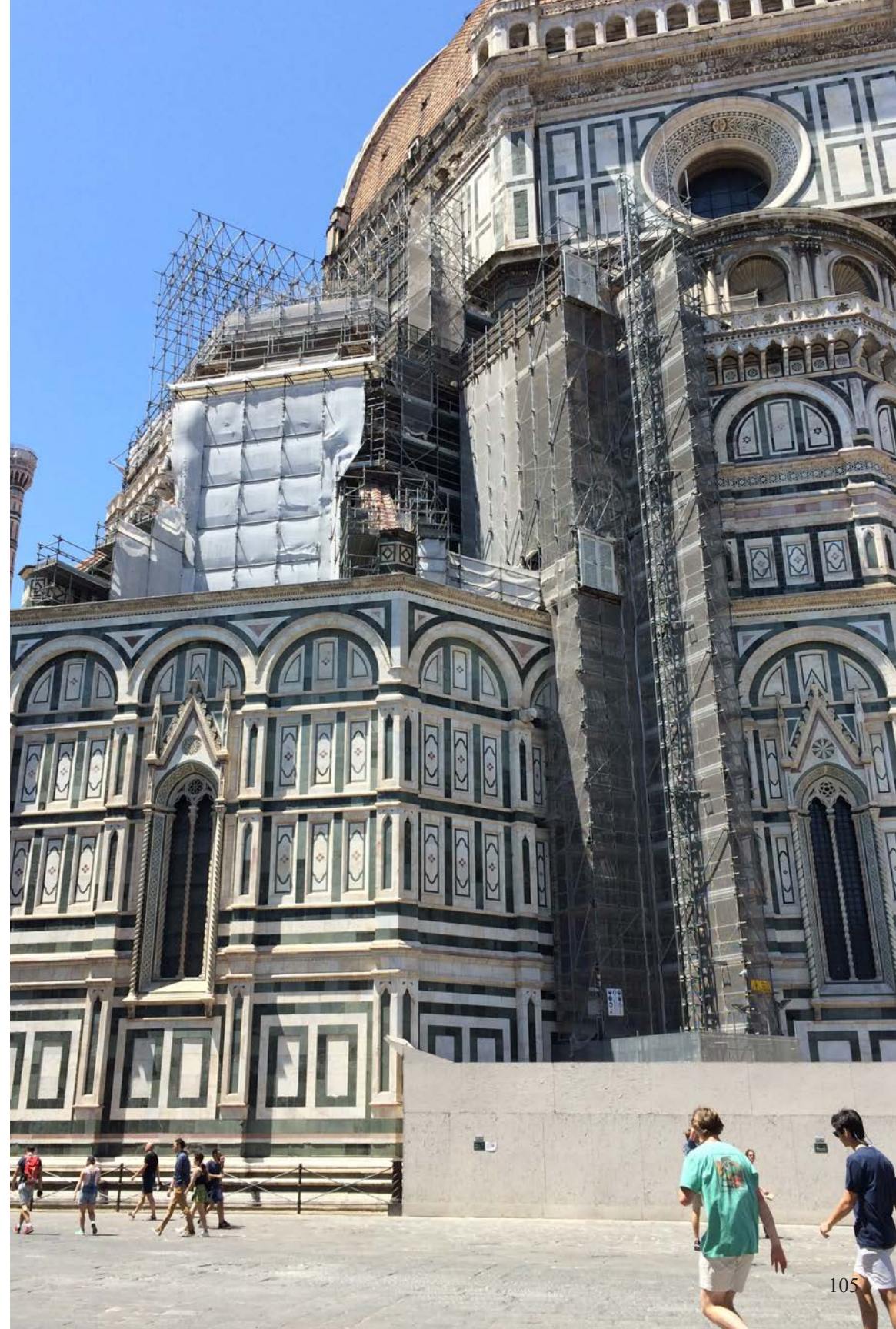


Lindsay Mapes

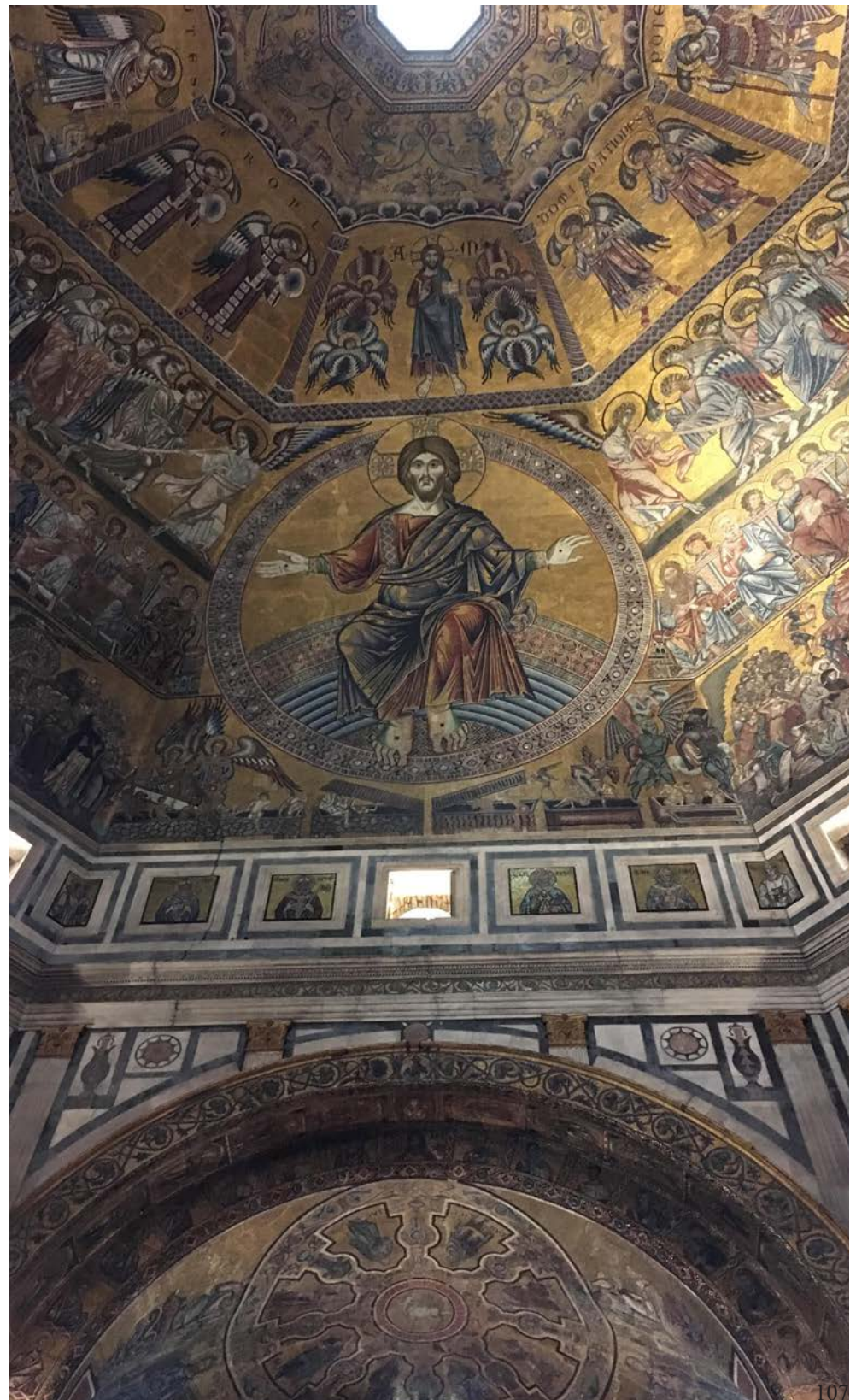




Preservation is blending in well. I appreciate this aesthetic for understanding what construction may have looked like.









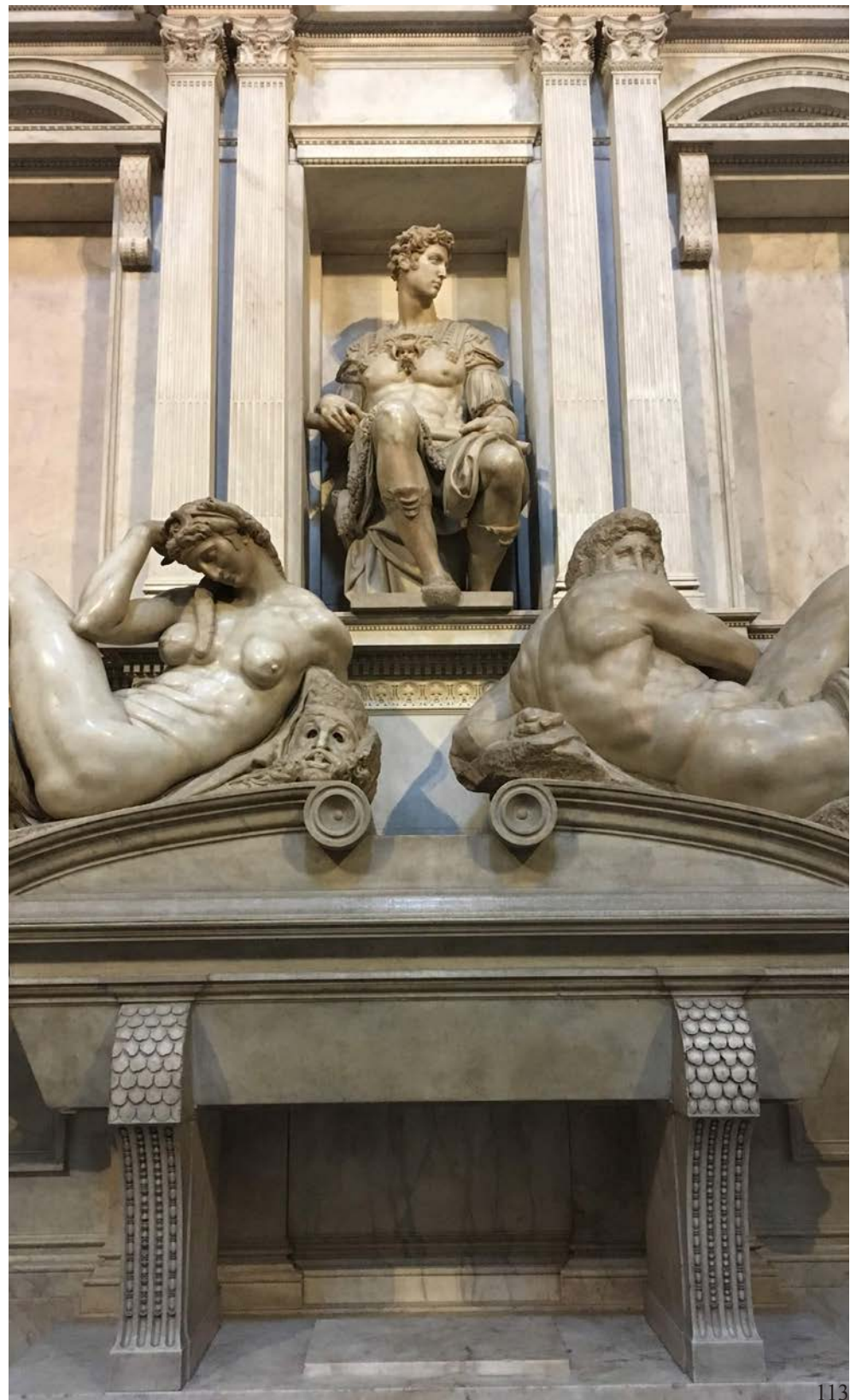






It is here where you can discern city design guidelines - like a set of ingredients.





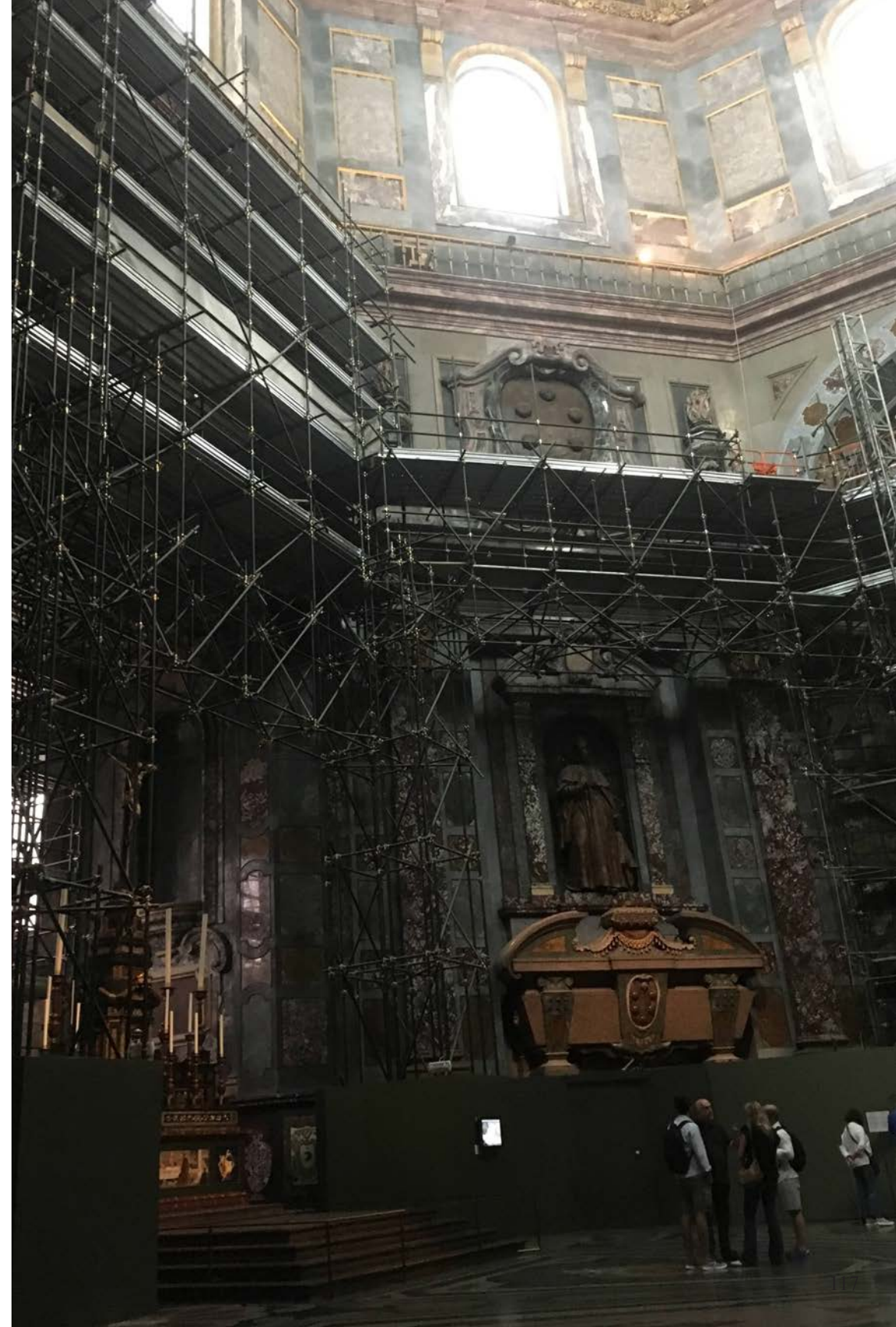








The Medici Crest, seen often. A signature of their wealth.





# VENICE

I couldn't not stop in Venice. The train ride in felt like I was heading to Cedar Point of Ohio. I'm glad I've gone to Venice once, because now I know how the ferry system works.

There is a lot of water, and many tourists. I stayed on Giudecca and found myself where the Venetians live. It was more calm, and they have the view of the main island. Here, they take care of their nature. Ducks drink fresh water from pans set out by humans at the fountains. Trees flourish on this island. Night is full of eating and drinking, walking around and reflecting with the water.

During the first day, I spent time seeing the Venice Biennale. Many architecture offices have interpreted "Freespace". Some are great. Others are disappointing, using their exhibit as a marketing scheme for their practice. I suppose this will happen. The second day was viewing the country's pavilions, each building containing their country's own take on architecture, inside and out. It gave perspective into how the world differs in opinions on architectural narratives, construction, politics, and representation.

The third day was spent visiting the Vatican Chapels. These were fun and rather simple, like architectural sculptures. Next to this, I quickly ran into a glass exhibition and bought a book.

Later, I sought out the rest of Venice and its beauty. I was able to see two of my brothers here: the one I saw in Florence, and another who lives in the Czech Republic. We were able to walk through the Byzantine Saint Mark's Basilica and go up the Campanile. Afterwards, walking into a Louis Vuitton Ian Cheng exhibition, getting food and wine to end the day. It was quick.

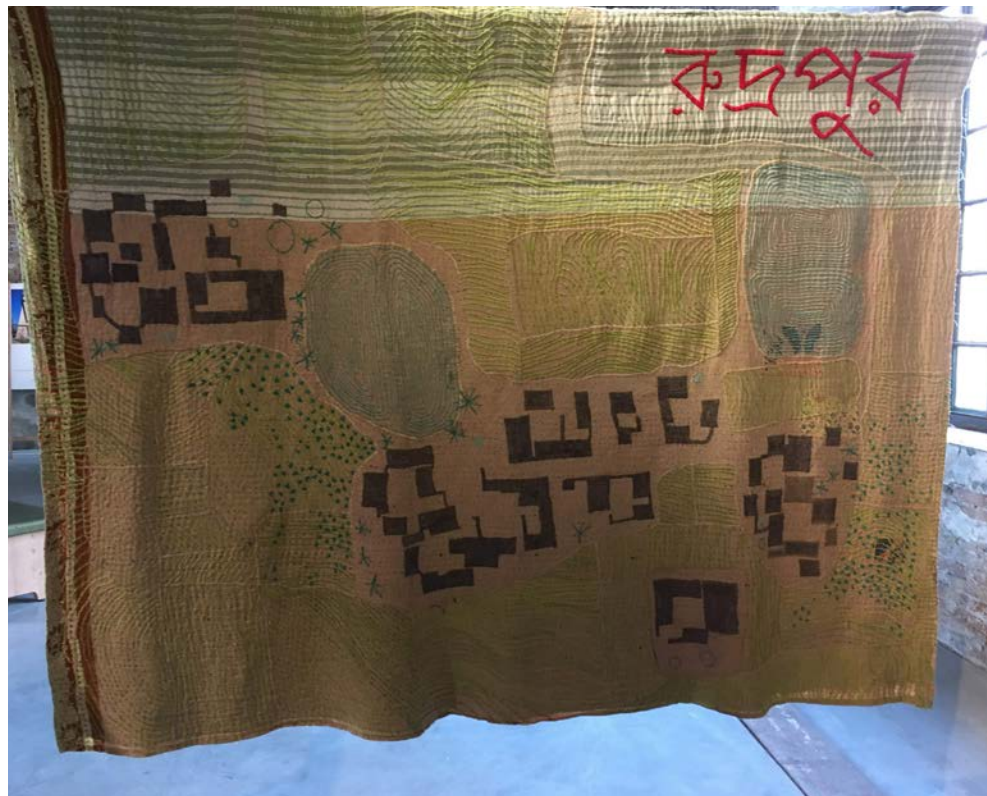
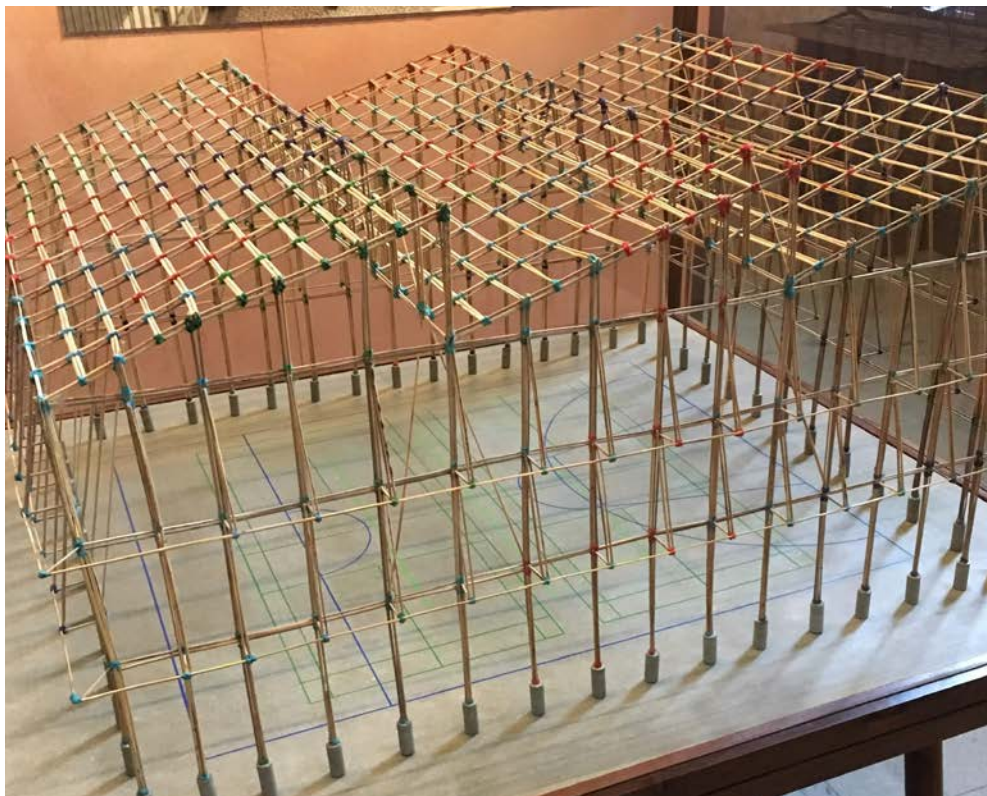








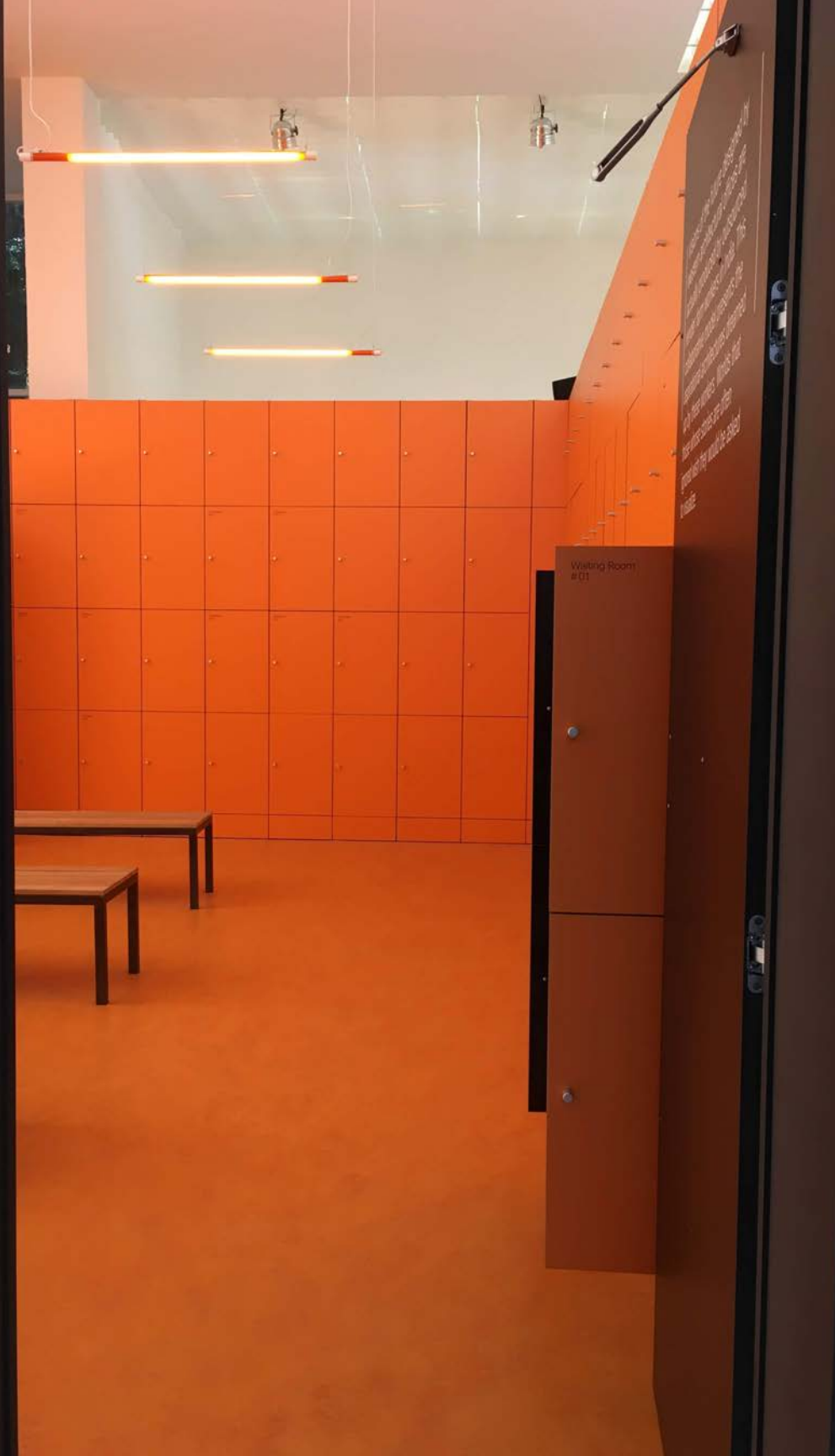












Bold color seems to be a style of our contemporary practice. Some of the country's exhibitions contain minimal information, instead explaining their work on handouts.

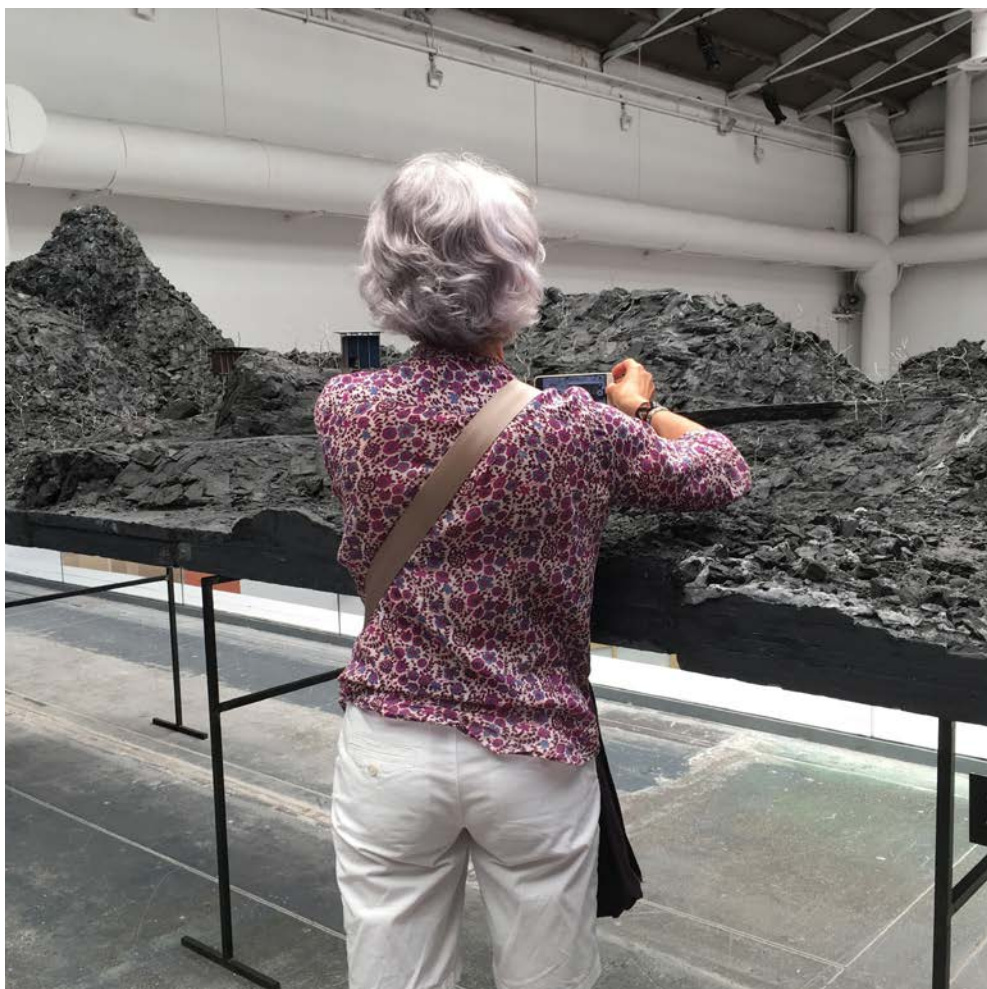




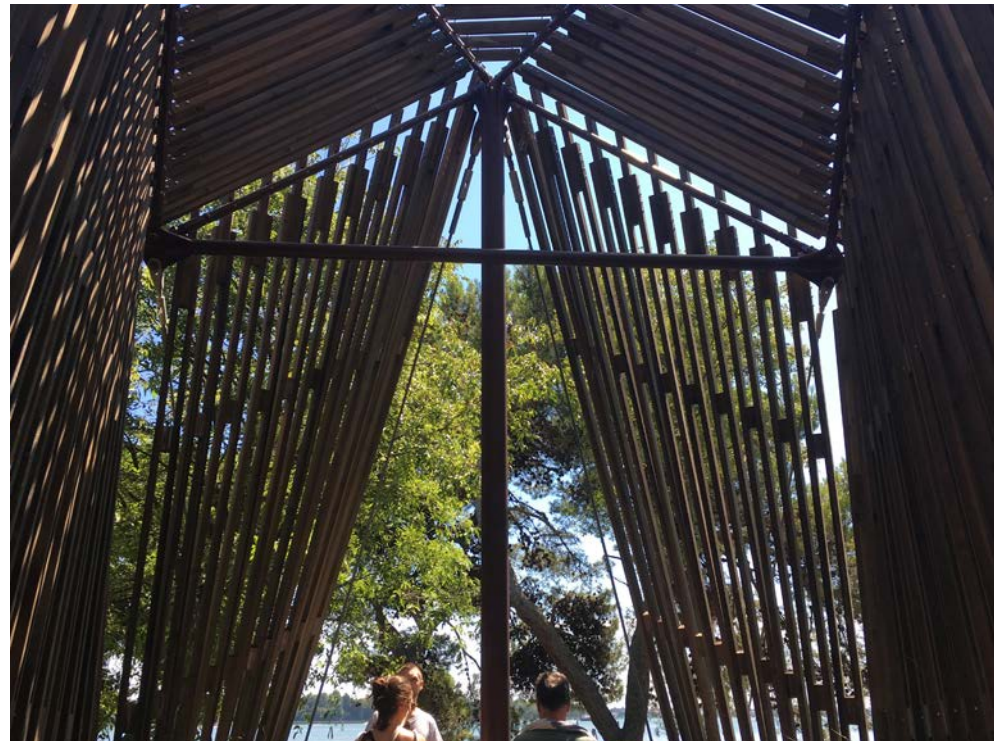
Graphic tales and instructive drawings.











The chapels each exhibit different techniques of construction, light distribution, and form.

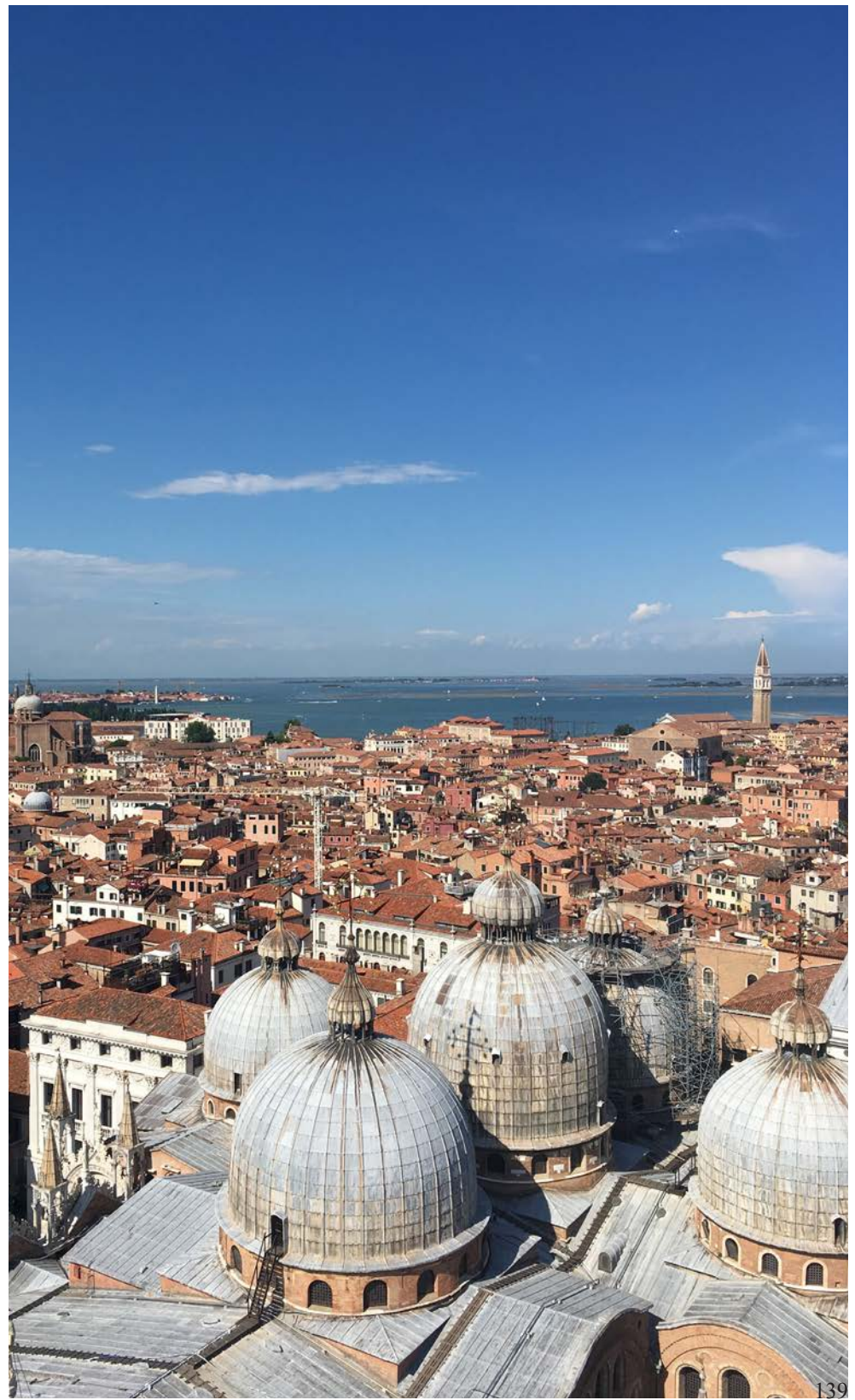




Andrew Berman Architects

Flores & Prats







# GREECE

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# ATHENS

Into a new country, immediately realizing the language is different. Oh, and less tourists. It's raining and I'm arriving late to my AirBnB. Luckily everyone eats dinner in Greece past 9:00pm. Where I stayed, there is a lot of graffiti. There are many people too, eating, drinking and smoking. It had the liveliness of Paris, but darker. Off the rebound of a financial and political moment, Athenians seem to be doing well. The city is alive.

It is my first room since Tivoli with air conditioning. I am so grateful. No more mosquitoes for now. I go to bed after learning a few Greek words from a poster on the wall, and wake up to a bright city, walking on the roof deck, looking around to just barely see the acropolis over a few other buildings. There is a small succulent garden, and it is all dried out. I drank a bottle of water and put on sunscreen next.

After a superb breakfast full of Greek vegetable dishes, I went to the National Archeological Museum. I notice there is a difference between Greek and Roman sculpture. The sculptures from ancient Greece contain a more controlled energy. It is difficult to pinpoint, but Roman sculpture appears inspired by the Greeks, yet more rigid. There is jewelry, utensils, garments, and documentation to compare as well.

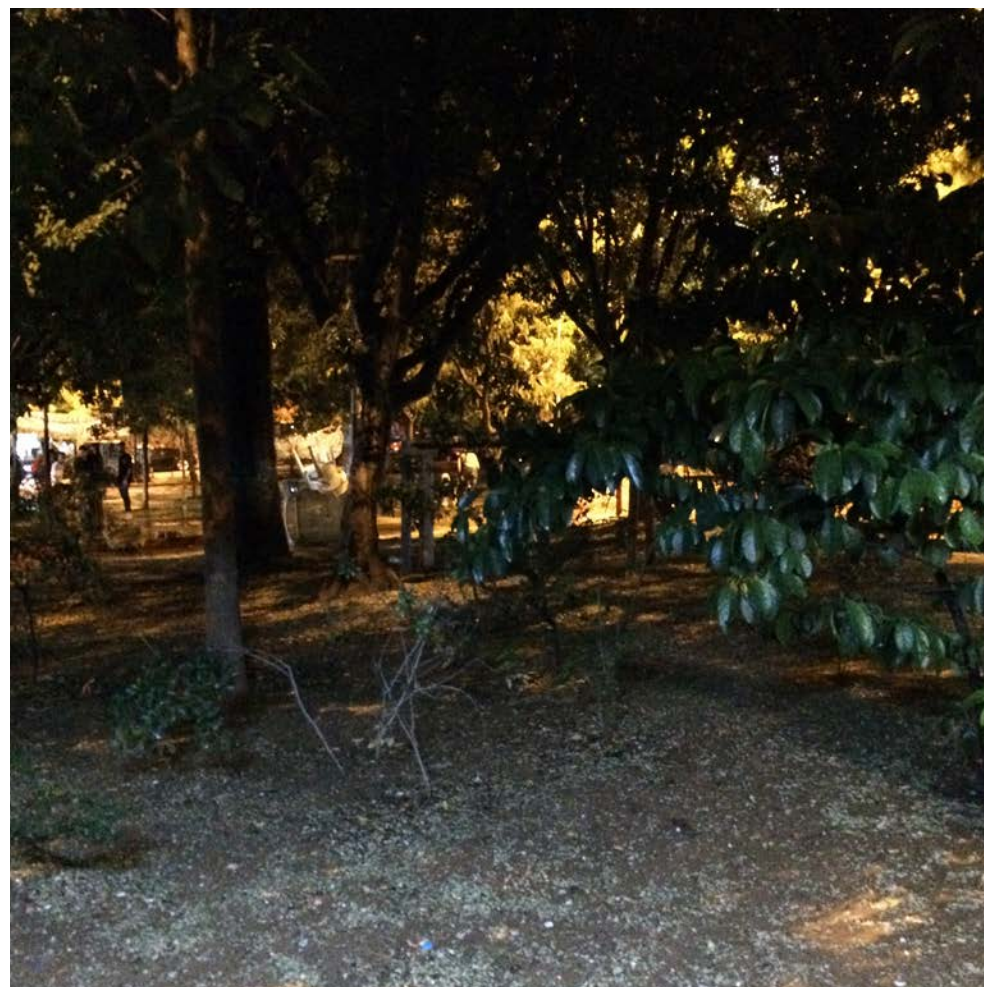
The acropolis museum came a day after. Designed by

Bernard Tschumi and holding artifacts and casts of the acropolis. The curation provides great details into how the Greeks lived, and why they created the things they did. It is revealing and unnerving to see the history of the acropolis. Architecture can be ripped at its seams for pleasure and greed. That is unpleasant.

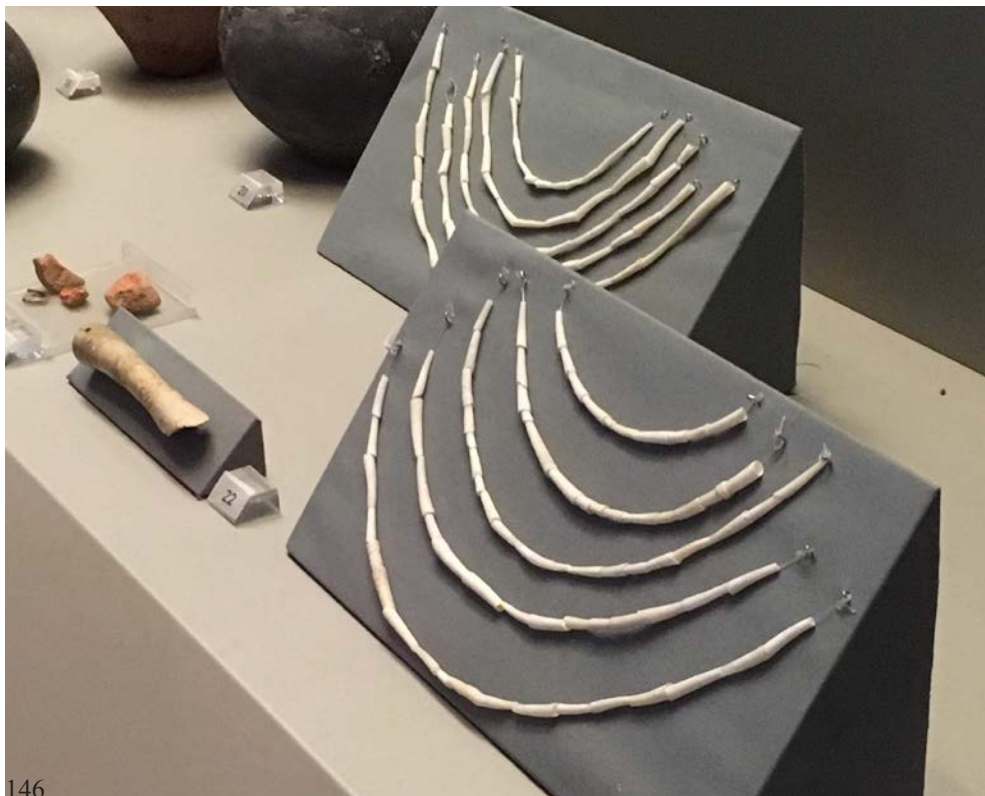
I spend the night around the area visiting smaller temples, and gazing at the significance of the acropolis. Dogs roam the city together and navigate our human constructs. People eat, drink, and smoke cigarettes all while the acropolis is up in the sky with the stars.

Reaching the acropolis requires quite the hike. I understand it now more as a commune of structures, rather than simply the Parthenon. It was the cultural center of the past. A theater on the way up, an entrance structure, and multiple temples sprinkled around. There is a lot of restoration work and it shows. From up there, the city is vast and the sea is barely in sight. So monolithic and full of cultural value, it is probably my favorite architectural moment of the whole trip. I head down for rest, as I have a 2:00am flight to Chania.

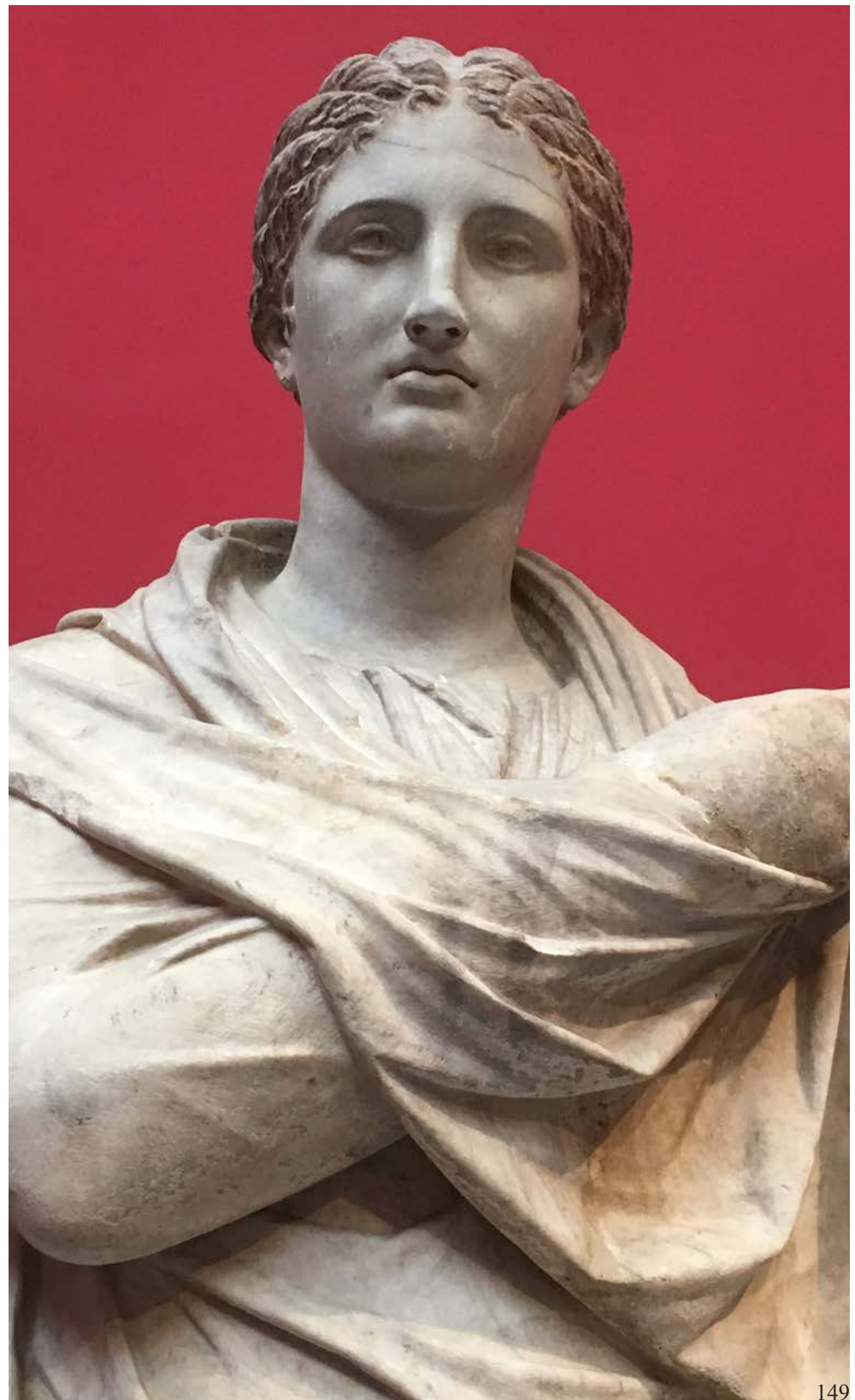














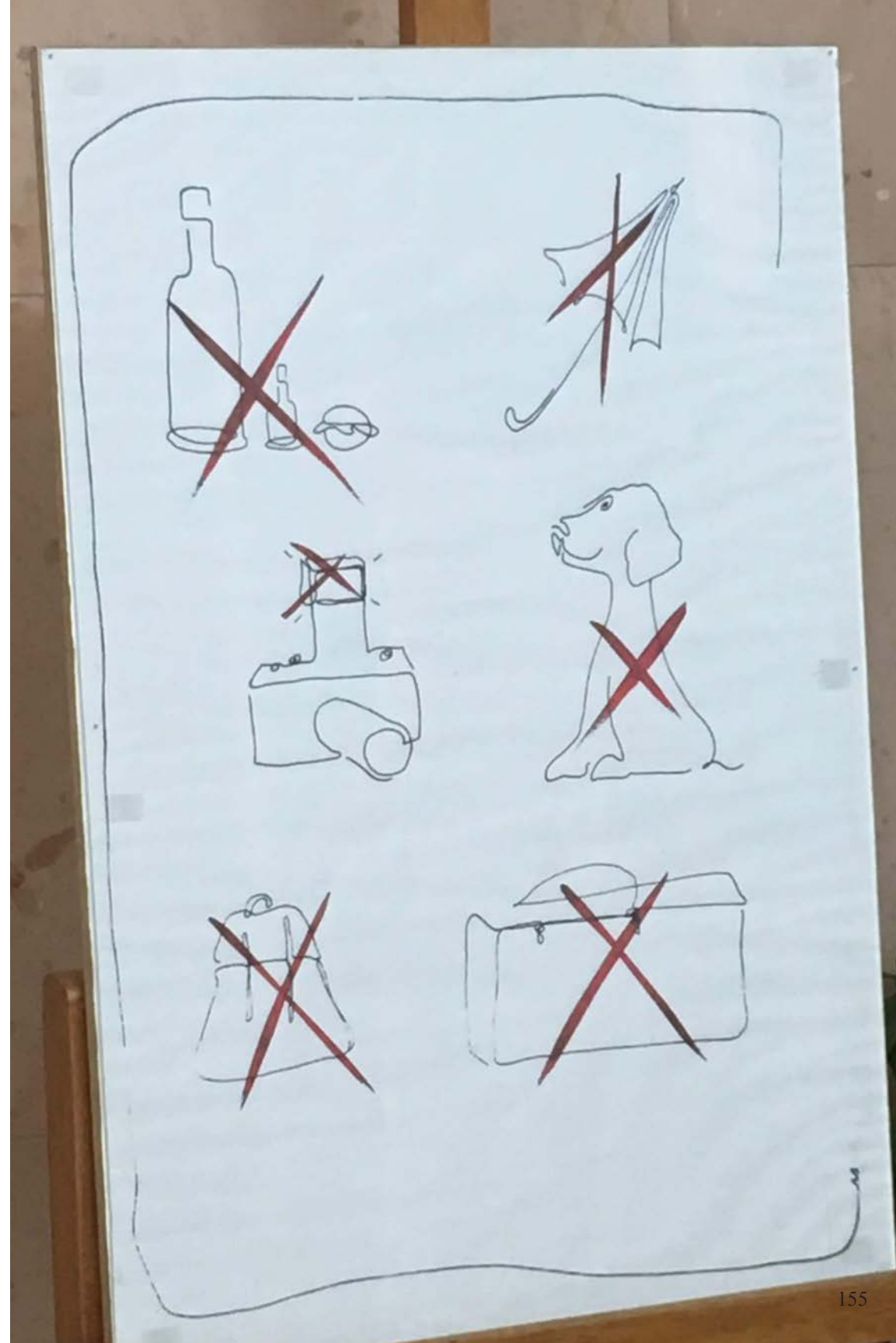
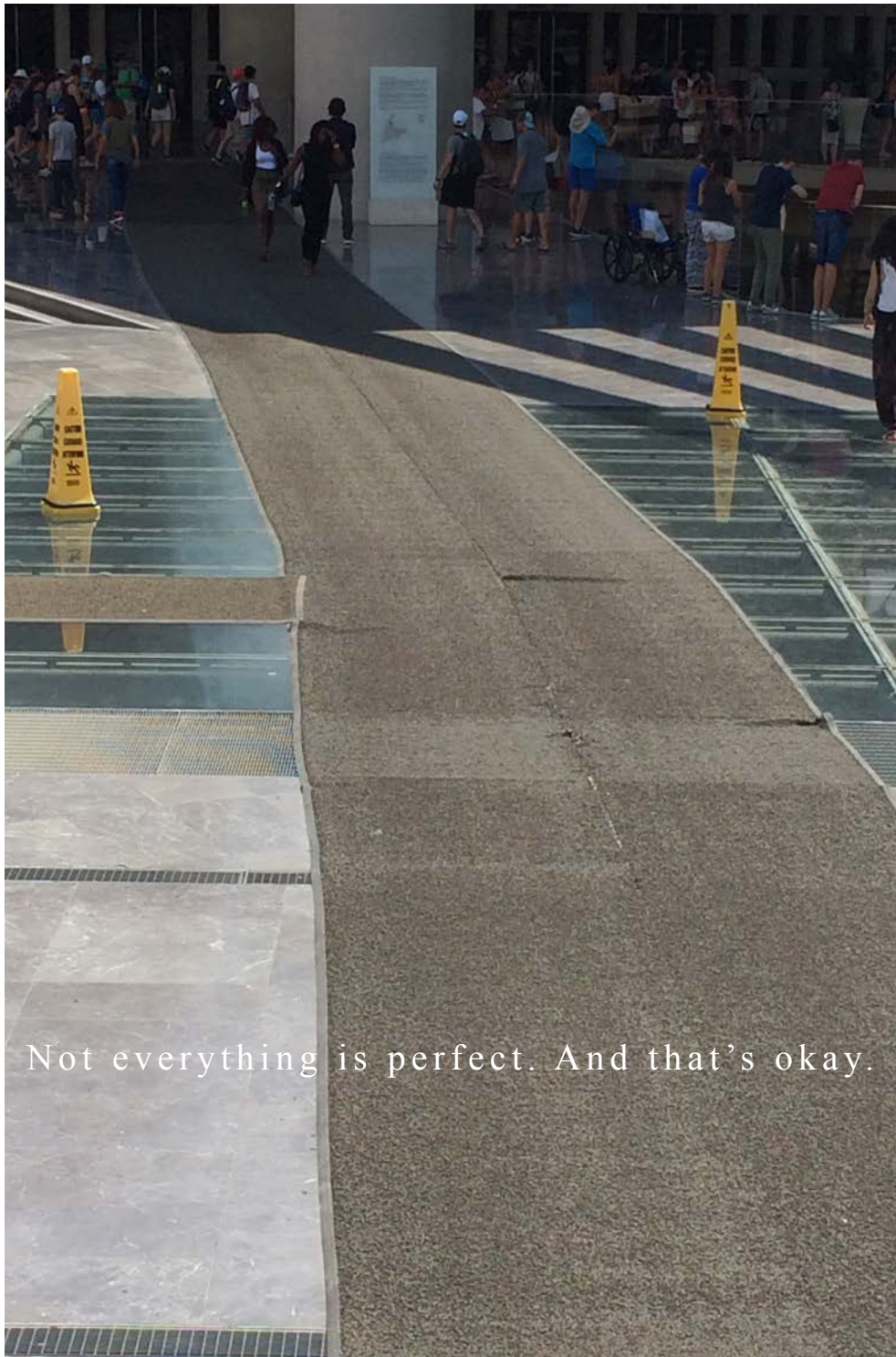


A mural on the wall represents a Greek aesthetic. It is vastly different from the Italian stylization of the human figure.

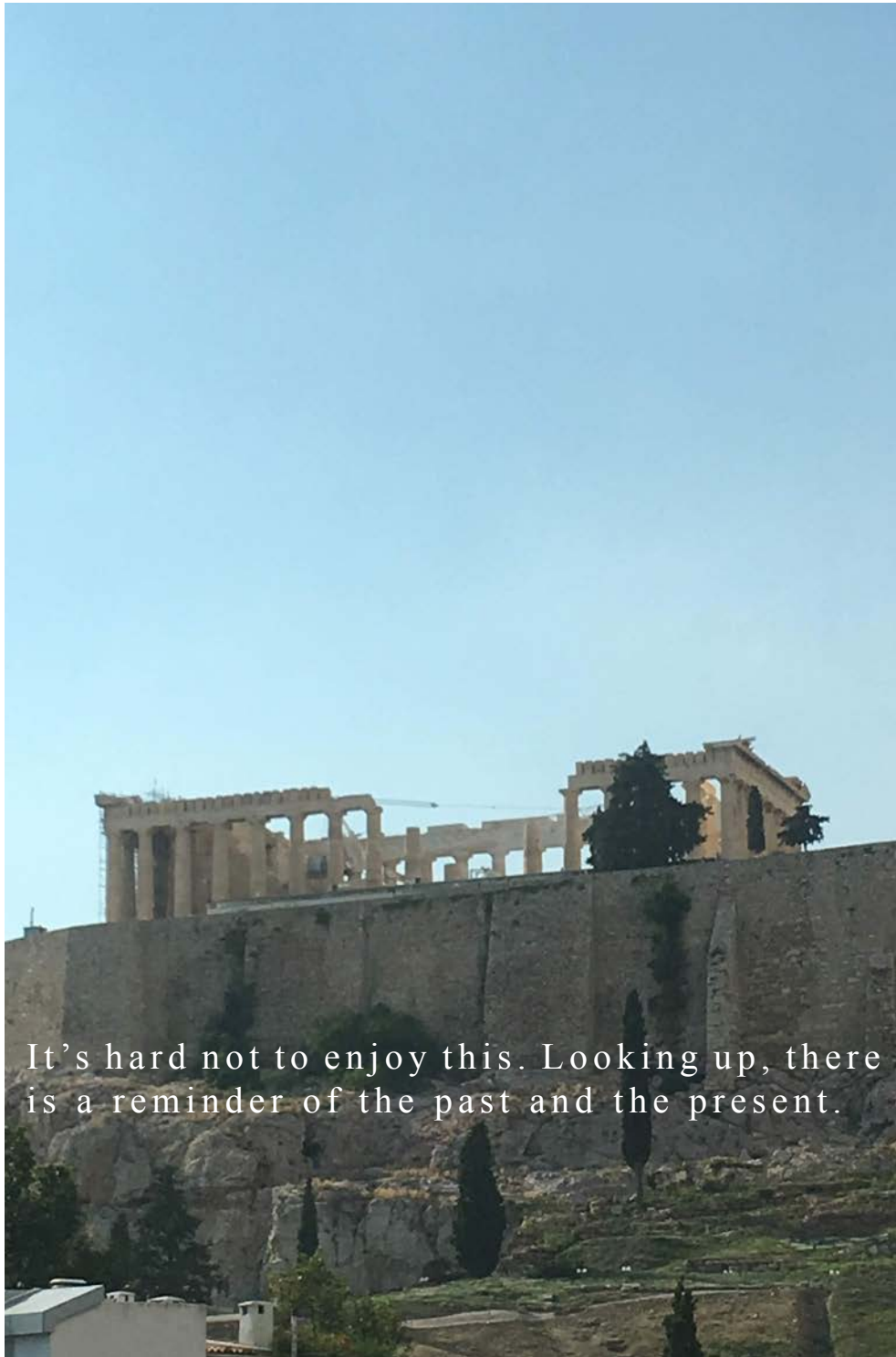












It's hard not to enjoy this. Looking up, there is a reminder of the past and the present.









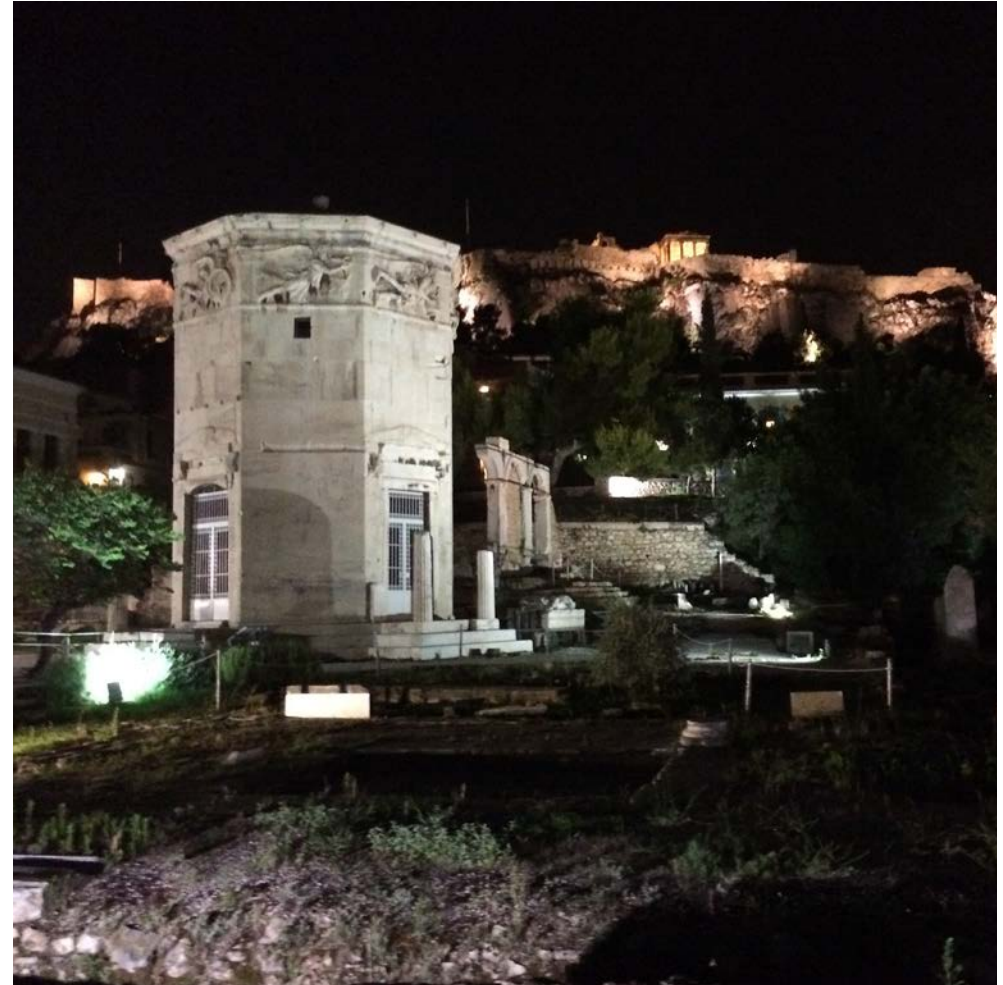






Architecture is becoming less indigenous. The graffiti of Athens, whether liked or hated, is a genuine product of Athens.







# CHANIA

Flying again and so quickly this time. This is my first trip to the Greek Islands and Crete. Arriving to Chania extra early, and renting a car to drive it around before afternoon check-in. Being tired from the flight, and wanting to rest, I pass time by eating breakfast, looking at the sea, and walking around. The architecture represented a different view from my perceptions. It is a village alright, but it isn't painted white with blue accents. Chania was more natural in tones of color, with plants all around. At long last, check-in arrived and I fell asleep.

Waking up, eating delicious traditional Greek dishes, and walking along the town walls that extended into the water. The sea at night is dark, and in the distance is a bustling city with lights, sounds, music, food, talking and laughing. It was rowdy at night, but more romantic than Athens. Still tired, I head to bed for an early morning.

The next day involved a visit to a Balos Lagoon. It is west of Chania, and requires about a two hour drive. Another forty-five minutes driving on a dirt path at ten miles per hour past the sea. The reveal is a place like Mars, but with goats. The ground is dry, barren with plants, however a footpath leads to a paradise.

The water is clear and tastes of salt. The sand is clean. The twenty dollar sunscreen doesn't help much and I'm applying often. Five euros for an umbrella; there aren't

many on the beach. Into the water and looking back; it is the only moment I've ever felt in my whole life like I was in a film or painting. The landscape there is unreal. Just before packing up, a cruise ship arrives. Fitting.

It belongs at a place like this, and 200+ people drop onto the sand. I head back to the car and begin my dehydrated journey back. I stop at a family owned restaurant where there is no menu. It refreshes my soul. Later on, so does the sunburn. Even with the sunscreen I put on, I was no match for the Cretan sun.

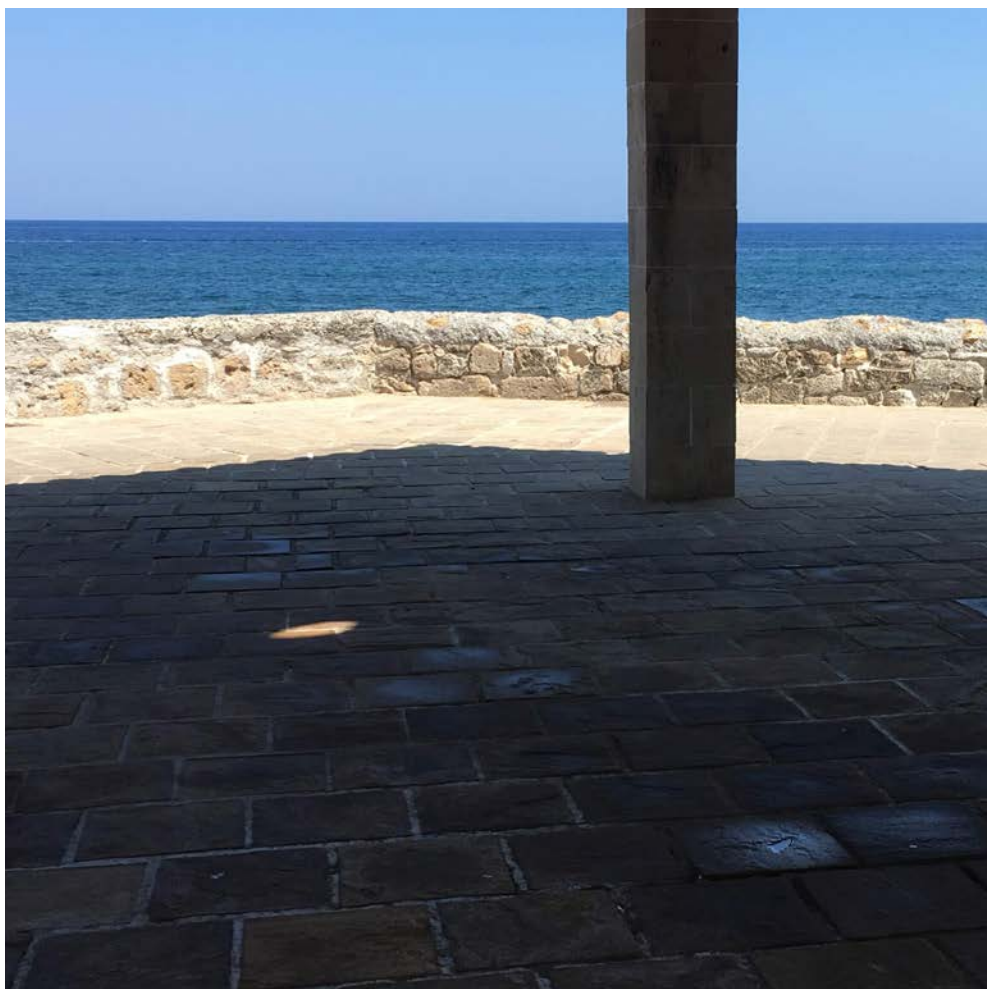




It is early, and no one is awake yet. The sky and mountains remind me of a California morning.















It is not easy to get here. Parking is a race to see who wakes up the earliest. It is windy, and sand is blowing into my face. I enjoy it nonetheless.



# HERAKLION

A city of cats and decomposition. Heraklion is an industrial town where upkeep isn't a priority. Rather the tourism for Knossos and college students looking for nightlife.

Only being here for a couple of days, I was able to see the Heraklion Archeological Museum and Knossos. The Archeological Museum gave me insight to Crete history and the differences between their culture and mainland Greece. The people of Crete had different methods of painting and telling stories which is evidenced at Knossos.

A lot is restored, and it is very difficult to tell what is from the past. In comparison to Adriana's Villa and Ostia Antica, I see more modern interpretations than old originals. In some ways I wish it was less tampered with. There is some work still under archeological investigation and is roped off. The architecture style of wood painted columns (now concrete painted) are of their own unique Crete style. This could be said about a lot of their architecture.

After visiting Knossos, I spent a lot of time reading *Carlson's Guide to Landscape Painting*. As an amateur painter, I needed this guidance. I found this as an amazing resource and started to review landscapes along the trip more critically. With that, I started to take more photos of landscapes. Not particularly evidenced here, but

throughout the rest of the trip.

Heraklion was short and quick. Before I knew it, I was dropping off my rental car from Chania at the port and was boarding a ferry to something smaller than Crete.

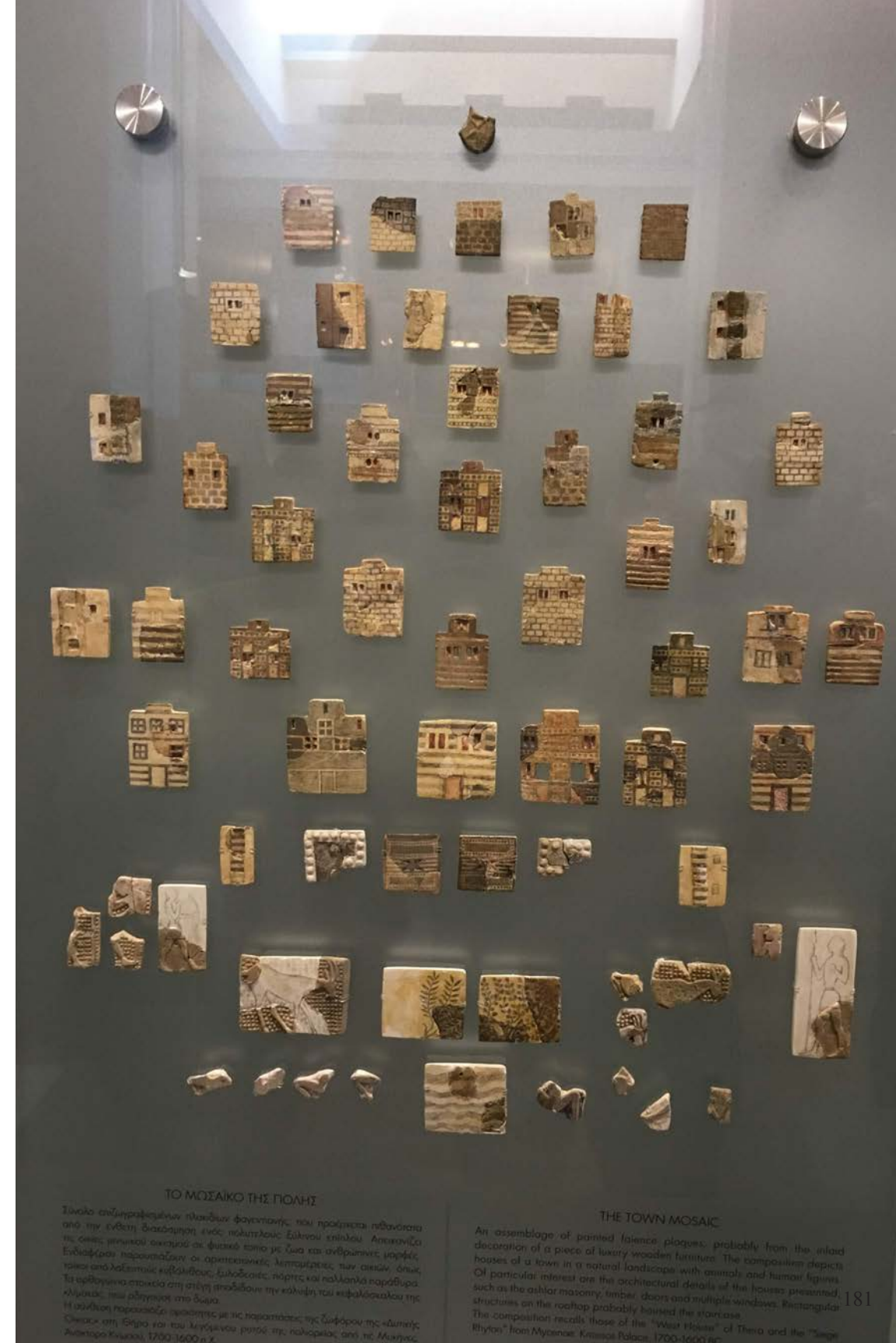








Clay architectural models and plaques with elevations represent the Knossos style.



#### ΤΟ ΜΟΣΑΙΚΟ ΤΗΣ ΠΟΛΗΣ

Ταυόλο ανδραγαθισμένην πλάκων φορητών, που προήλθαν πιθανότατα από την ενδοτική διακόσμηση ενός πολυτελούς ξύλινου επίπλου. Απεικονίζονται οικίες, γεωμετρικά σχέδια, οι φυσικοί κόσμοι με ζώα και ανθρώπινες μορφές. Ενδιαφέρον παρουσιάζουν οι αρχιτεκτονικές λεπτομέρειες, των σκελών, όπως τράπεζες, κλιμακώδεις, εμβόσεις, πόρτες και παλαιοί παραθύροι. Τα ερυθρόχρωμα στοιχεία στη στήλη αποδίδουν την κλίση και κεφαλόσκαλο της κλίμακας, που οδηγούσε στο δωμάτιο. Η συνολική παραστάση ομοιάζει με τις παραστάσεις της ζωφόρου της «Αιθούσας» στη Θήρα και του λεγόμενου ρυθμίου της παλατιάς από Μυκήνες. Αιθούσα Κνωσού, 1700-1600 π.Χ.

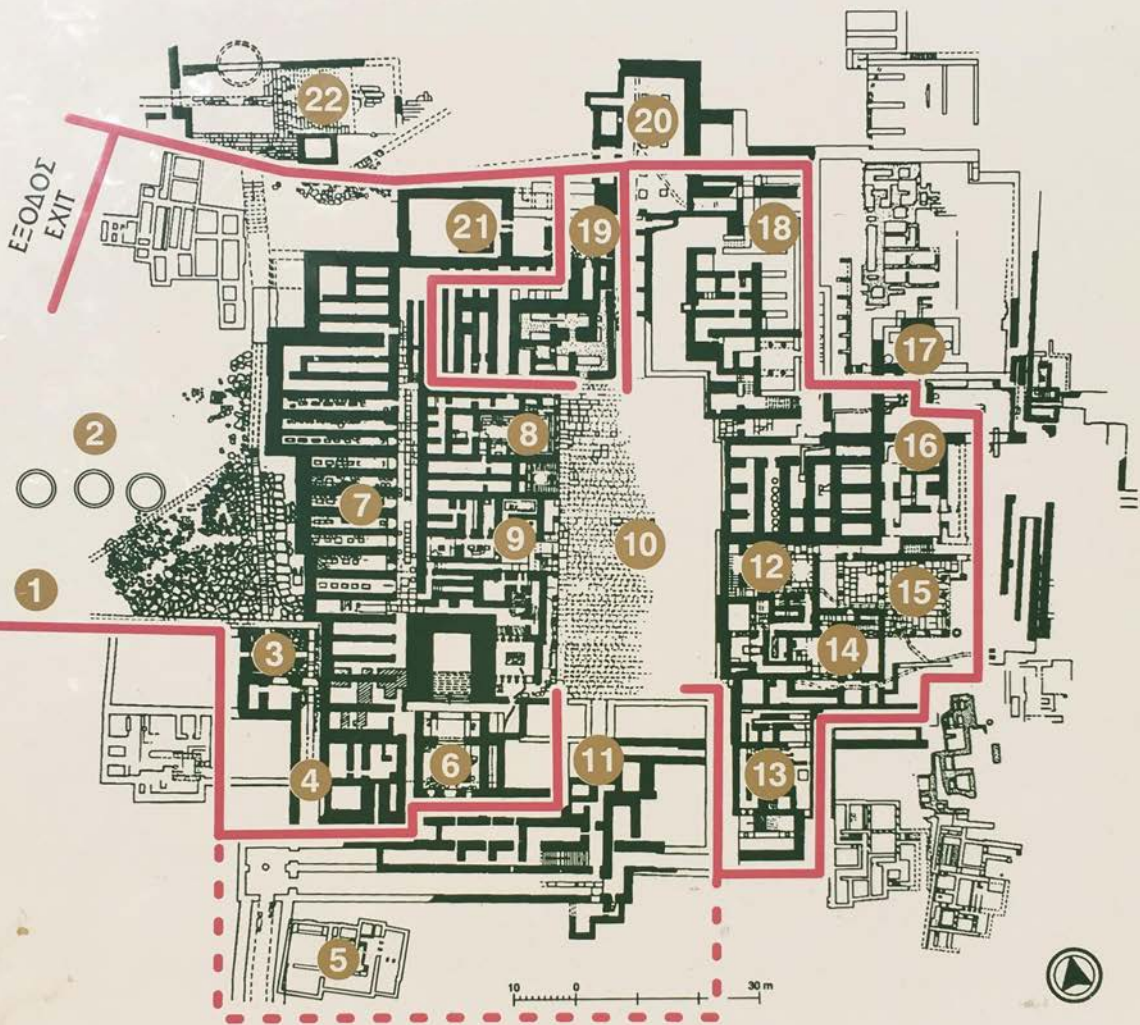
#### THE TOWN MOSAIC

An assemblage of painted faience plaques, probably from the inlaid decoration of a piece of luxury wooden furniture. The composition depicts houses of a town in a natural landscape with animals and human figures. Of particular interest are the architectural details of the houses presented, such as the ashlar masonry, timber doors and multiple windows. Rectangular structures on the rooftop probably housed the staircase. The composition recalls those of the "Wear House" of Thera and the "Large Rhyton" from Mycenae. Knossos Palace, 1700-1600 BC.



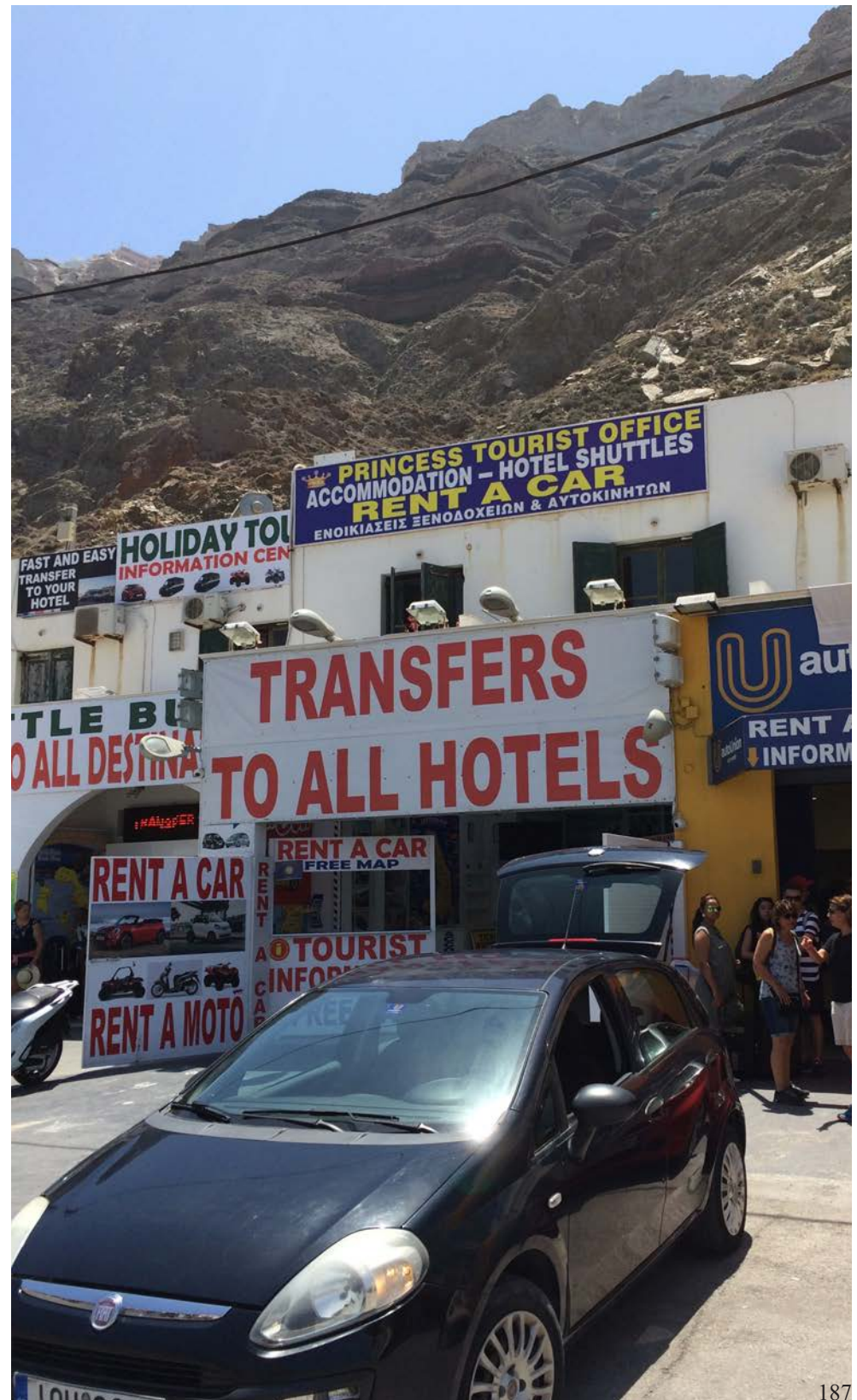






Board formed concrete to look like wood,  
concrete columns to look like wood  
painted columns. It will be eerie in the  
future as it decomposes a second time.







# NAXOS

This was the first ferry ride, and I wasn't sure what to expect. I imagined the worse but was greeted by the best. Lounge furniture, plentiful seating, food and drink bars, televisions, large windows with curtains, the sea and smooth sailing. I thought that I might get sea sickness after being on Venice's ferries, but these were much larger, more stable ships. Before getting to Naxos, I had a layover in Santorini. What a different place from Crete. It was even more bustling than Chania. A two hour meal at the port and then on to another ship just as comfortable as the last.

Just before docking, we all pile up near the exit of the ferry. The ramp lowers and before our eyes laid a "white" Greek island village. There was that Greek charm typical of the pictures. And this time, the AirBnB was on a fig and olive farm. I've only ever had dry figs before. There is no better feeling than eating a fresh fig. Fresh figs are at the top of the "Things I Wish I Could Eat Again" list. I gained composure on this farm after travelling many sunburnt days. I remember putting aloe on my skin often. The thought of putting on a large backpack full of all my stuff made me writhe in pain.

Another short stay, another car rental. Same car, same color, newer model. Same price. This time to go farther into the island away from the main village.

A meal in a woman's kitchen-restaurant; the menu was her taking you to the kitchen to pick out what you'd like to eat. A lot of food brewing, you select a few items and she plates it for you. I meet my next host here because her place is hidden away in the mountains. She had transformed a home that was in ruins. Walls of large stone and thick grout. They added wood features, a roof to modernize it. Thankfully, a mosquito net was included. She lived in home adjacent to mine via a small den portal. The den, while I don't take any photos, served as a generous space for conversation, hearing about her daughter's favorite stuffed animals, and the petting of five rescue pups: Bubby, Henry, Tiny Dog, Leo, Tigger. They were so good, and were all friends.

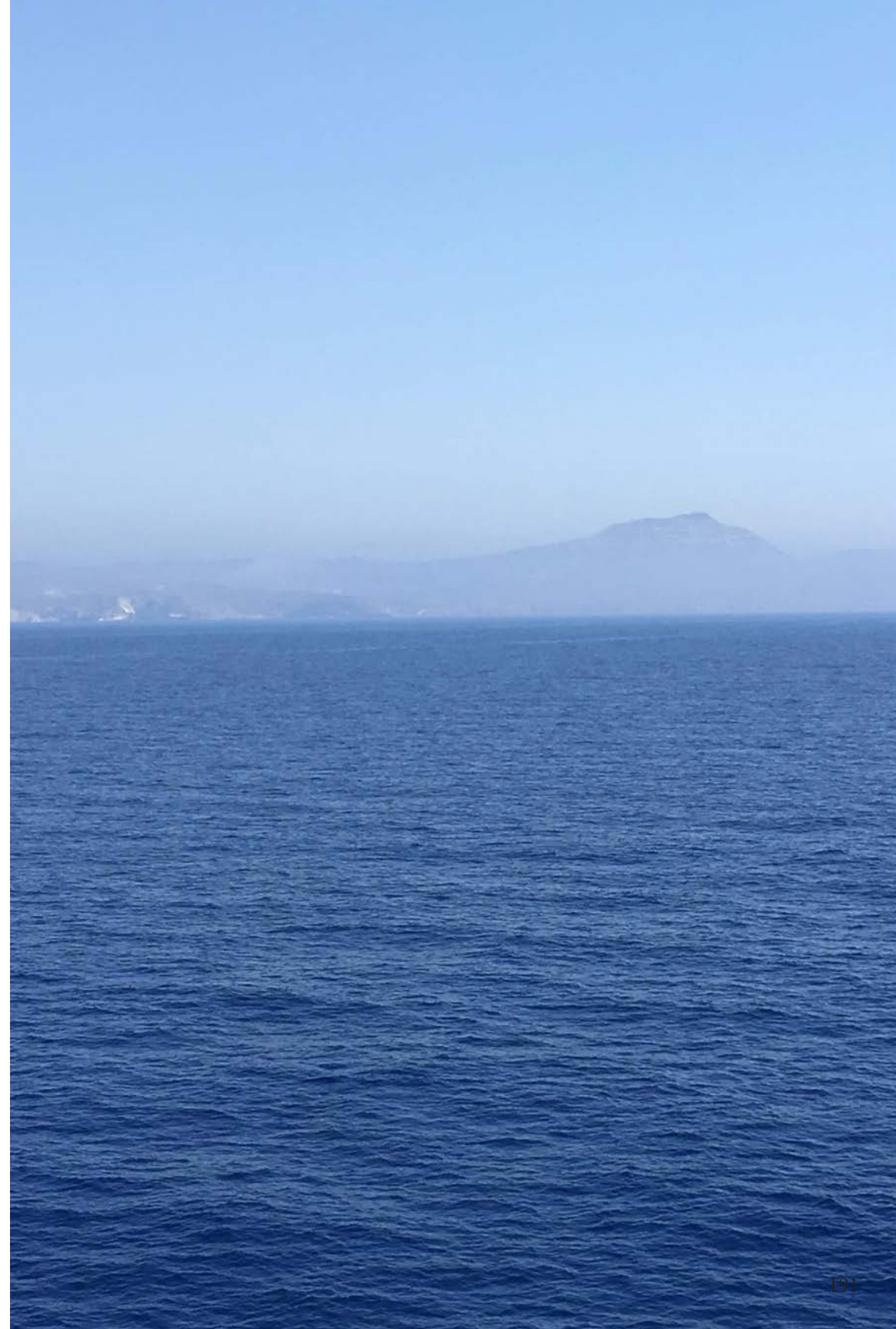
While hiking, there were abandoned homes that must have been made centuries ago. There is no direct path to them, and the landscape is full of prickly plants. I wonder how they must have survived, and if they had farmed the land next to their home. Nothing is square, which is interesting. We are so lucky to be able to make things square. Distant homes painted white. It feels so modern, though it isn't.

I visit a temple in the morning, and take a ferry to Mykonos for a flight to the mainland. With time before the flight, I see Mykonos. Mykonos is classic Greek tourism. Prices fluctuated higher, and fashion is on point. The environment and architecture is special, though the tourism ruined it in part. A flight later, into Thessaloniki.





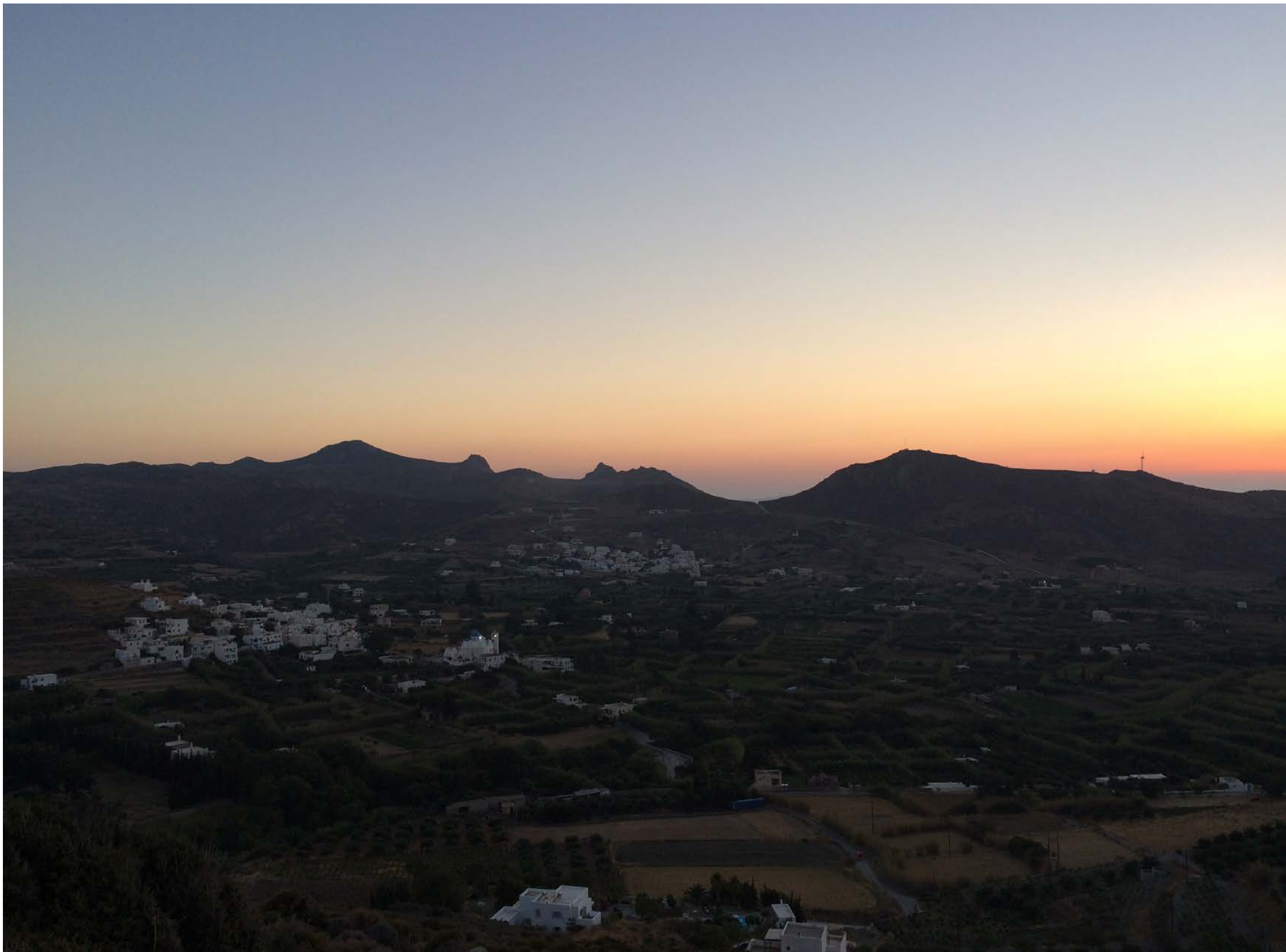
The Greek flag appears. After a long day of travelling, I'm excited to get to know this white city.



















Archeologists organize stones to begin rebuilding the Temple of Demeter.







# THESSALONIKI

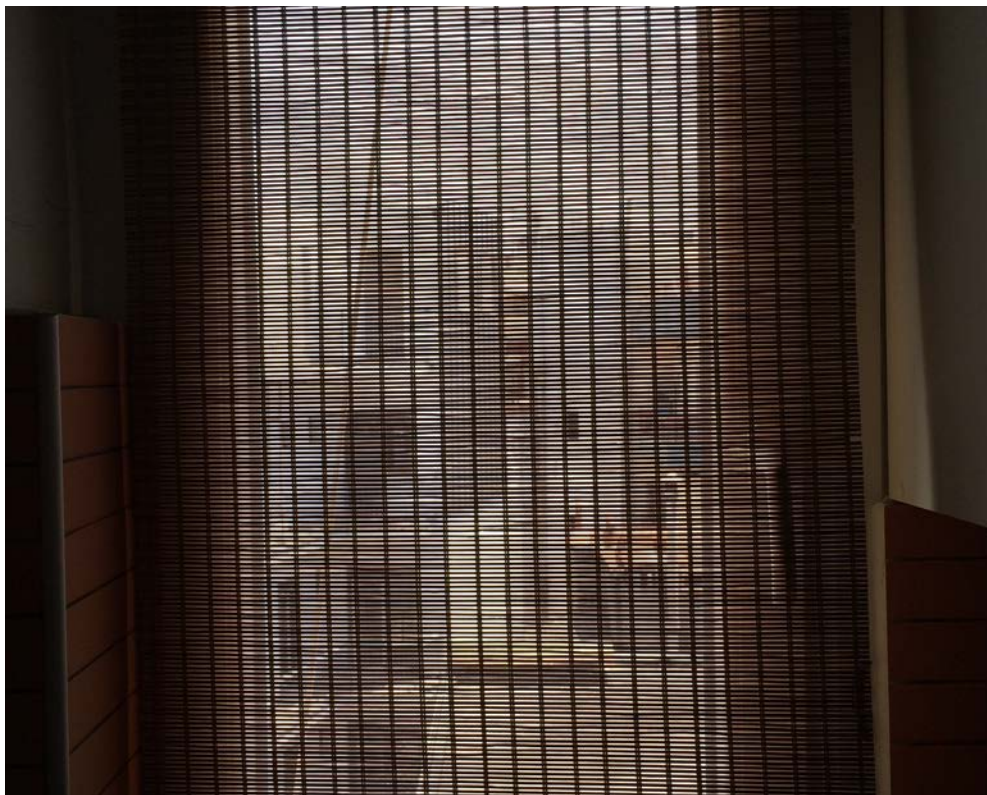
The arrival to Thessaloniki was late in the evening, just like Athens. Again, it's great that the Greeks eat late for this reason. I'm pretty sure I got chicken, fries, and a salad near or past midnight. Then proceeded to pass out.

My goal in Thessaloniki was to take in their Byzantine past. For this, I visited the local historic architecture and the Museum of Byzantine Culture where I found myself admiring their method's of expression. It is much more flat and uses more imagination of creating a scene. Perspective isn't used, and buildings lay in the palms of a hand. I'm interested in this way of constructing an image and what it tells us.

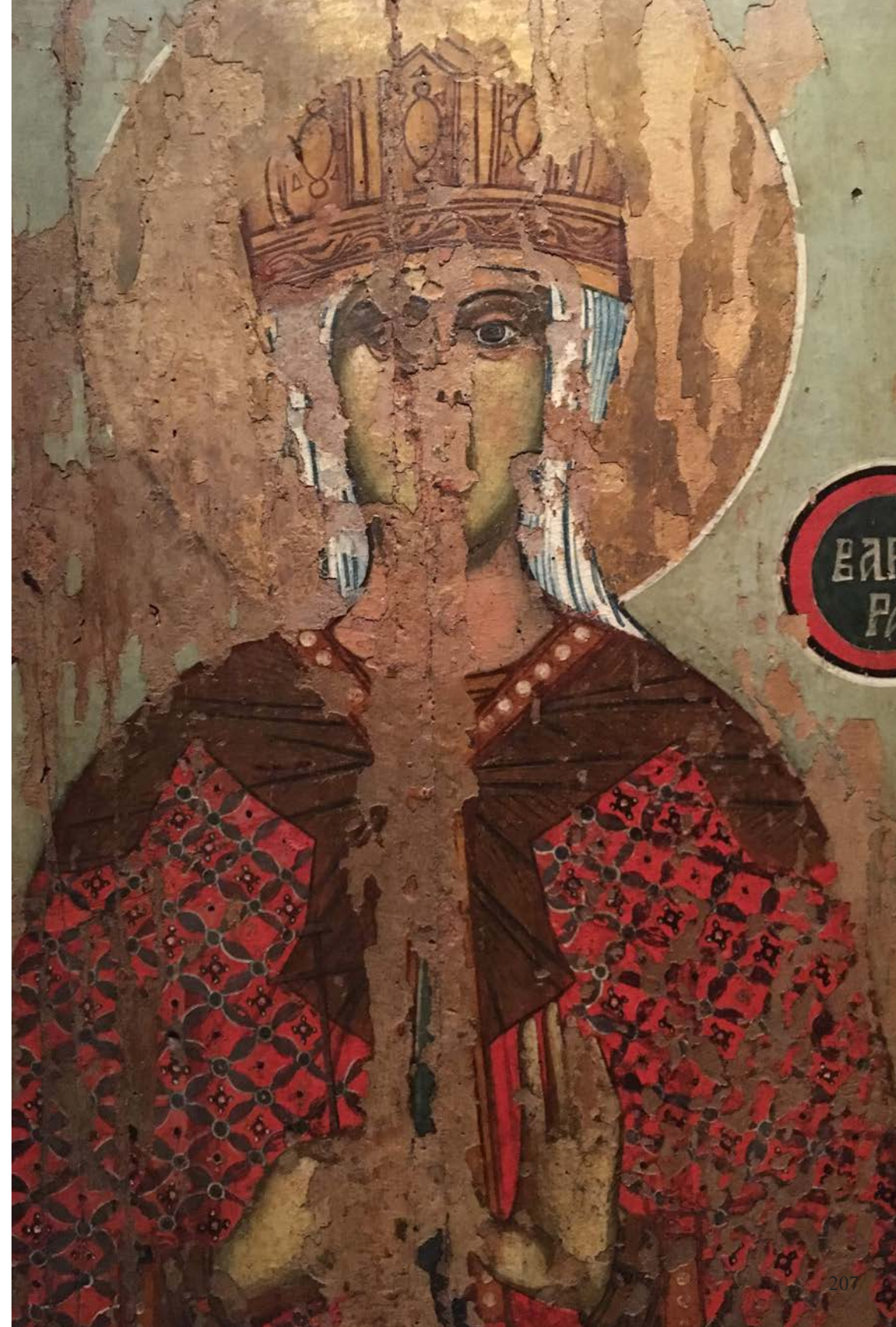
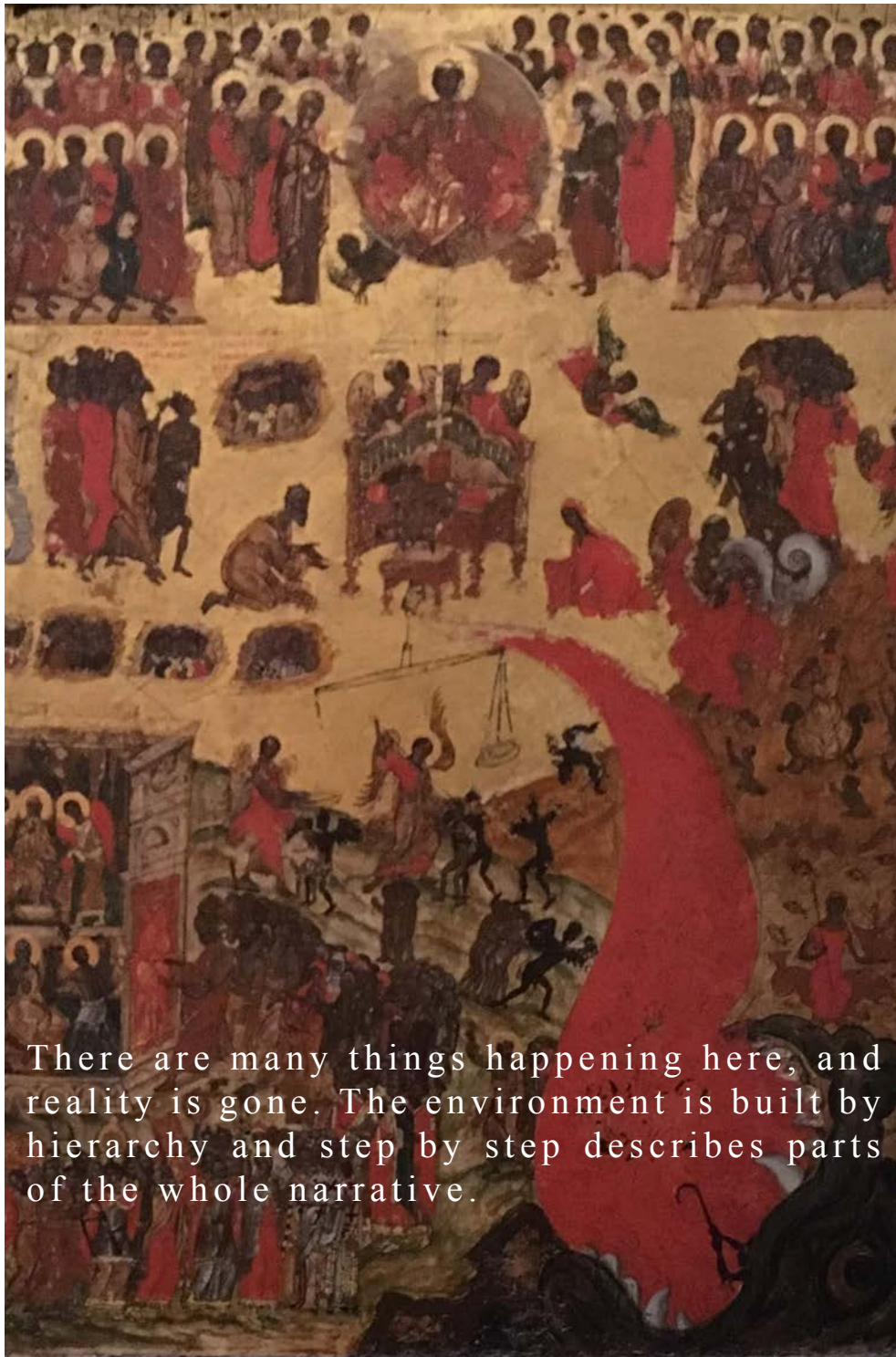
On another day I go to visit a museum that is closed, and end up finding myself at a photography museum instead. I write down the names of a lot of the artists, and once again am inspired to photograph my environment. I also visit Aristotle University. There is a lot of graffiti near their library, and the landscaping isn't organized, but it's still pleasant.

The days are quick here, and I'm fully recovered from my sunburn. I was probably peeling at this point. I stay in the penthouse room of a building; it is interesting to see the many different roof objects. They all have different shapes, and the roofs aren't as strict as Florence. I eat cashews and pack up for Turkey.





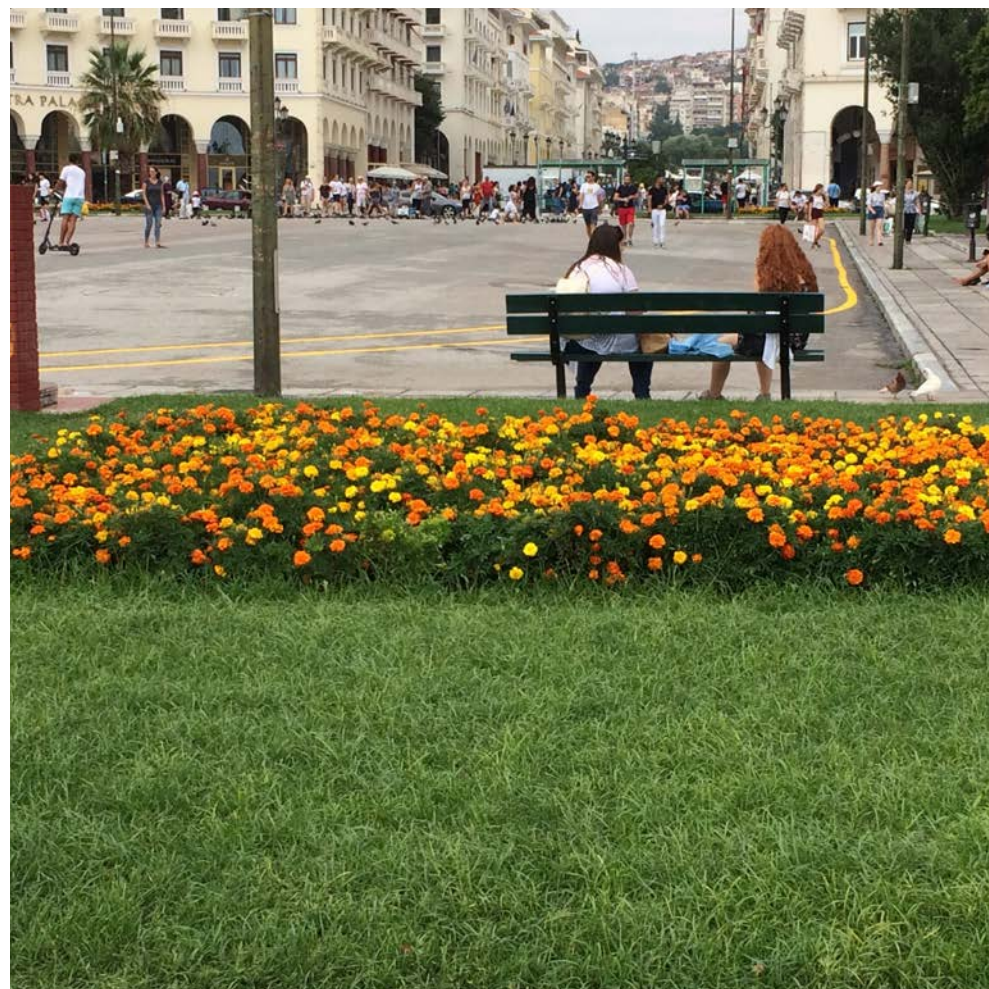




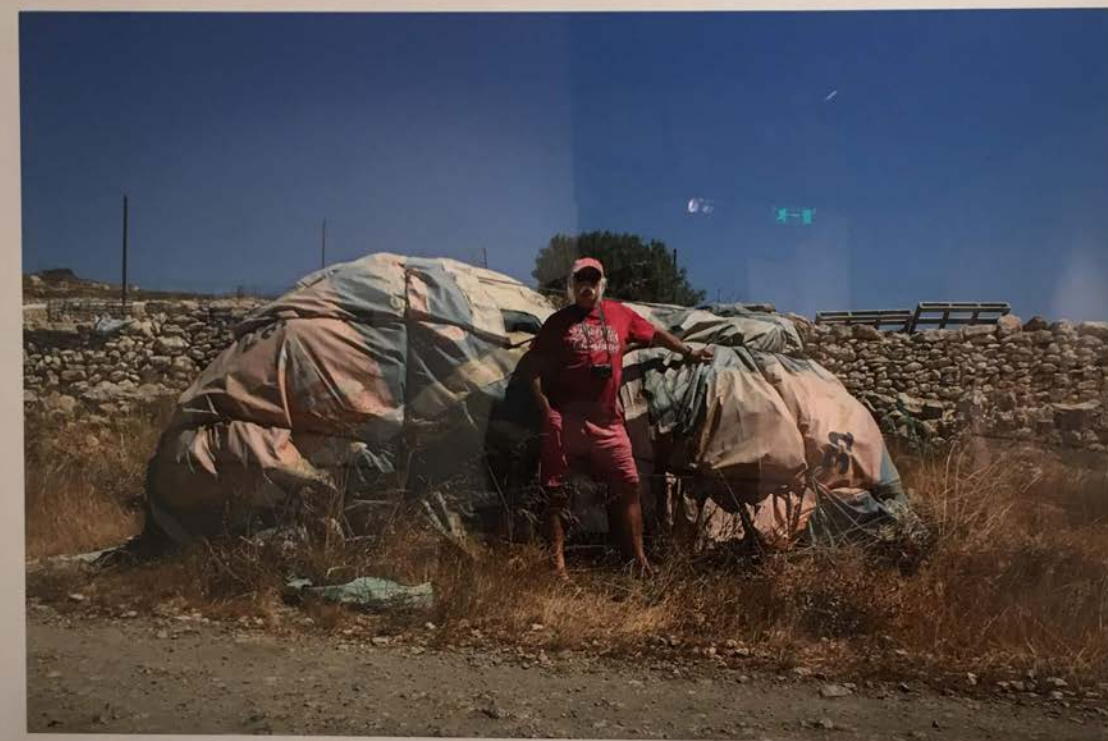












**Ο Καλλιτέχνης και το Διανοούμενο**  
2007 - σε εξέλιξη  
Ο σπουδαίος, εκκεντρικός, καλλιεργημένος με πολυάριθμα μυστικά, χαρακτηριστικά ή συνήθειες, ανεξάρτητος, ανεξάρτητος ή φρενετικός καλλιτέχνης, στην πιο υπέροχη διαδρομή του, το παρτίκο στο πορτί του, καλλιτεχνώντας, των ονείρων εφάρμοξε, όπως όλα, στο παρτίκο ή αυτή τη στιγμή έφτασε ή νίκη, ή αυτό είναι το παρτίκο. Έτσι, τώρα παρτίκο στο καλλιτεχνικό, είναι ο τέλει, λογικός, ανεξάρτητος από τα όνειρα

**The Artist and his Masterpiece**  
2007 - in progress  
The great artist George DePolla uses simple, everyday materials (trash) to please them carefully in relation of the everyday life of ordinary people, just as everything else, over is coming directly to the people, as understood. Here, a series of self-portraits made for commemorative and about men's words

George DePolla



The Museum of Photography exhibits local talent. This is a treat, because I rarely ever see Greek artists abroad. Here is an x-ray with flowers in the body. To the left is a man collecting trash and sculpting it for a self portrait.

Maligoura Eleni







# TURKEY

Istanbul 218-239



# ISTANBUL

For the third time on this trip, I suffer culture shock. It is the genetics, language, and religion that changes from country to country. Around every hour, a call to prayer would be played throughout the city using speakers. I'm grateful to experience this for a first time, and cherish the moment.

There are many people in Istanbul, and it is the largest city I have been to so far. Like Greece, there is a style of restaurant where you build a plate from the kitchen. One in particular called Galata Kitchen. They are hands down the best food experience of the whole trip. It isn't easy to explain without tasting, but the flavors are extraordinary, comforting, and fresh. I would love to steal their recipes.

I got a Museum Pass, and food poisoning. The Museum Pass allowed me to see Hagia Sophia Museum, Topkapi Palace, Hagia Irene, Istanbul Archeological Museums, Museum of Turkish and Islamic Arts, Museum for the History of Science and Technology in Islam, and a few other places I wasn't able to make it to. The food poisoning was from a street food vendor.

Hagia Sophia, the largest attraction, did not fail to impress. It is immense and not as perfect as an Italian church. Though, I'm intrigued by differences which leave me room for wondering while enamored by the many different colors of stone. The floor plan is complicated,

and even more so complicated by undergoing restoration. The great thing about visiting these places, is that you obtain an understanding impossible to attain through the viewing of a photograph. For instance, the large religious texts are inscribed on wood panels. Before, I imagined them on a fabric, or maybe even stone.

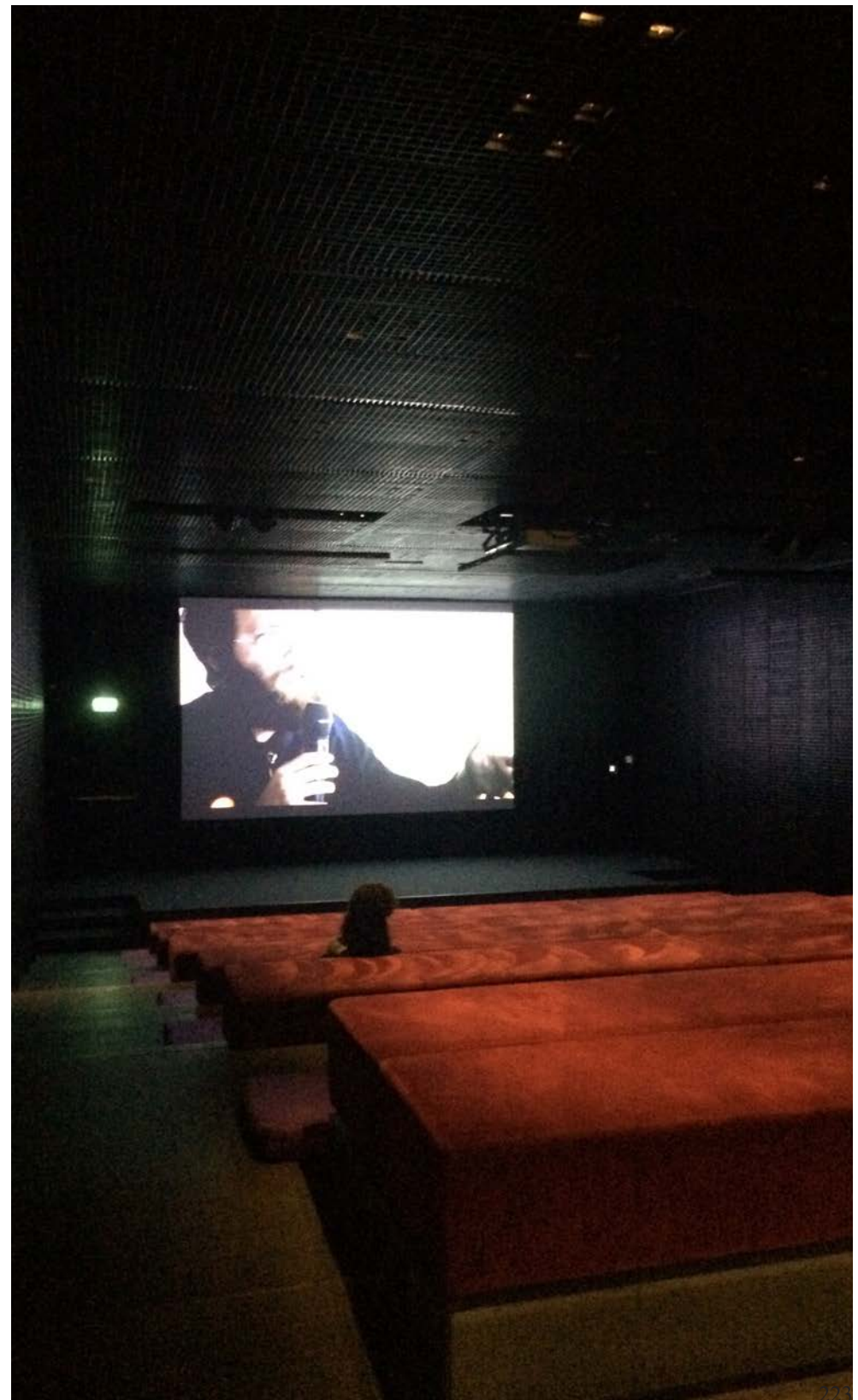
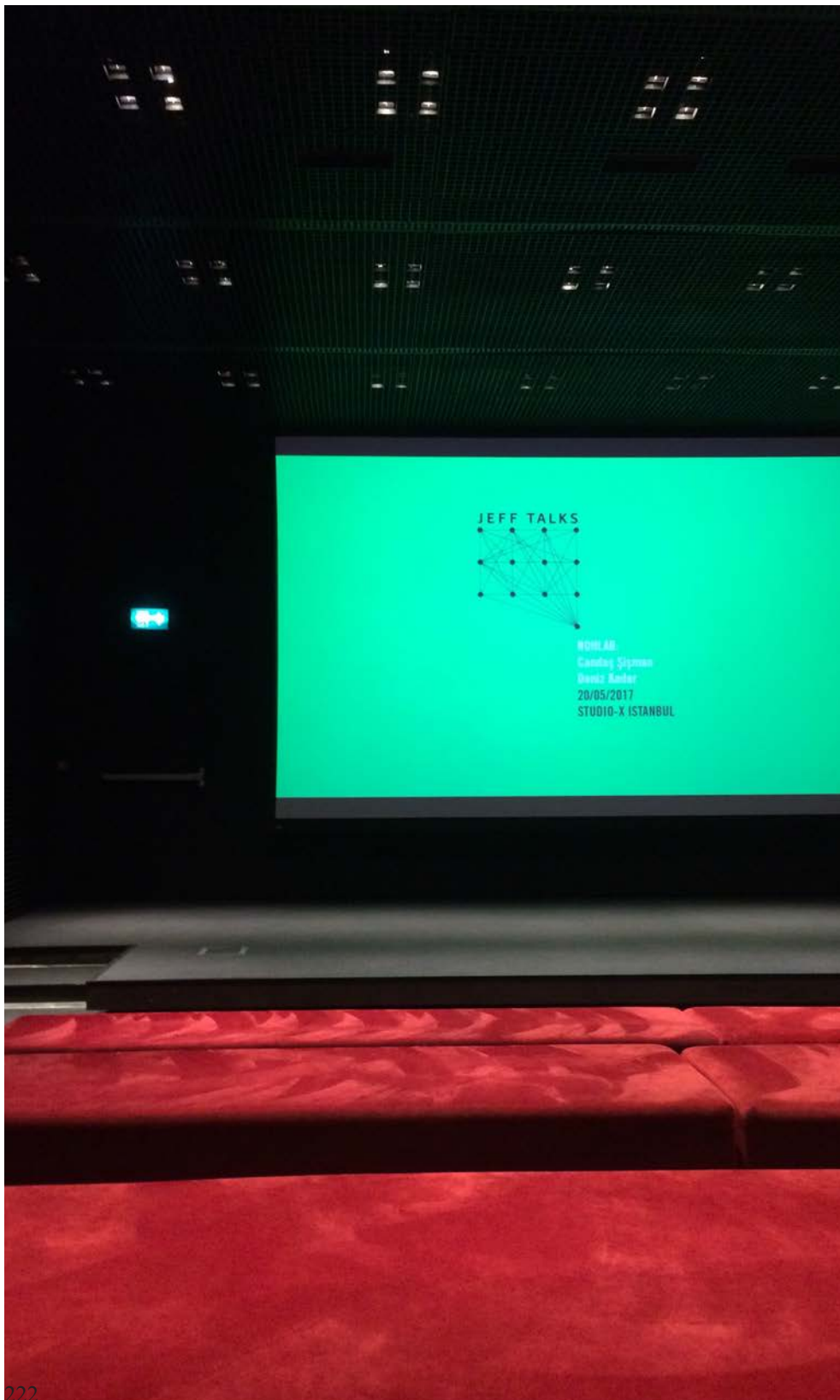
The art scene felt lacking, but that may have been my effort instead. I stopped by the Modern Art Museum, Salt Beyoglu, and Pera Museum. All fantastic institutions keeping citizens up to speed on their contemporary and past culture. There is a long pathway of shops, and flags hang for a holiday. Here I find a bookstore and buy a book of poetry by a Turkish author. It is telling of another civilization than mine. I also visit a soap store and buy a bar of Aleppo soap. It is a great soap, and it came with a bead that I bought for the price of a U.S. penny. The markets of Istanbul are important to their culture. I am curious to know how they will continue in the age of Amazon.

It was hot in Istanbul, and leaving for the airport involved a two hour non-stop bus ride. With food poisoning, this was one of the more painful moments of the trip. So in Lyon, I spent time recovering.

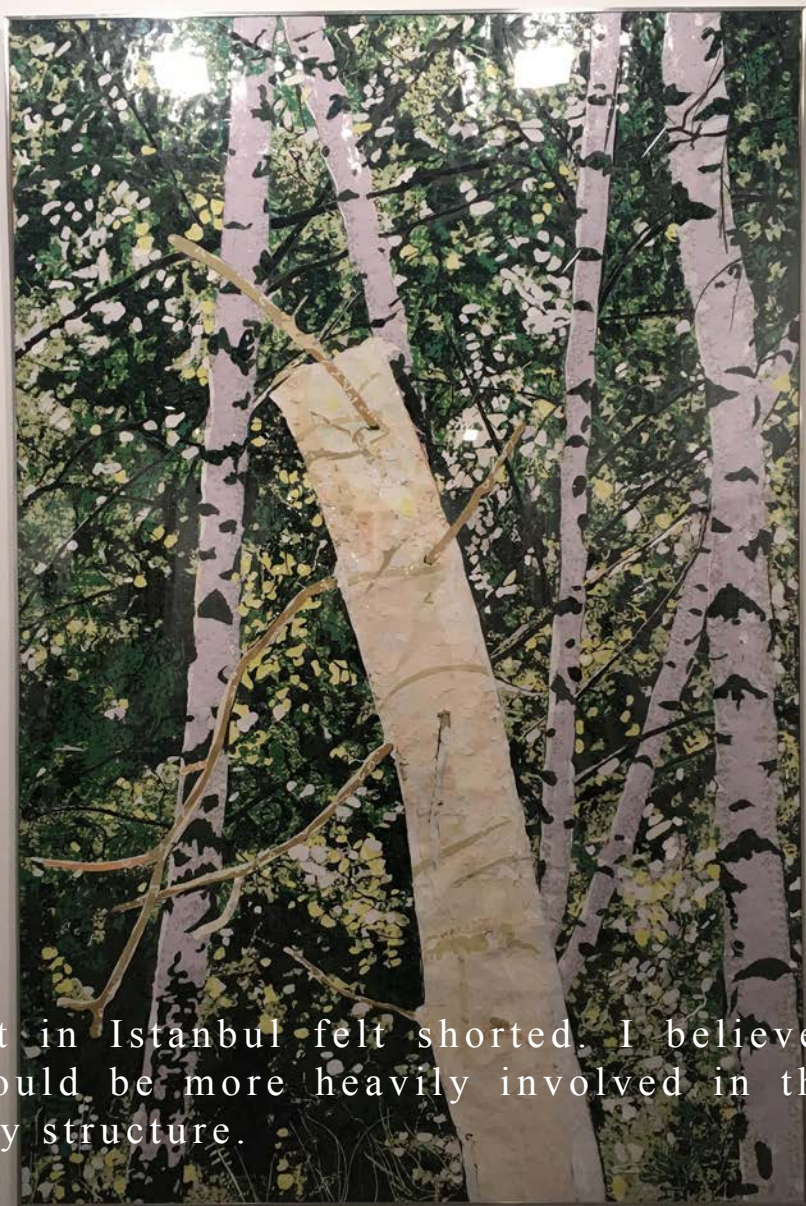












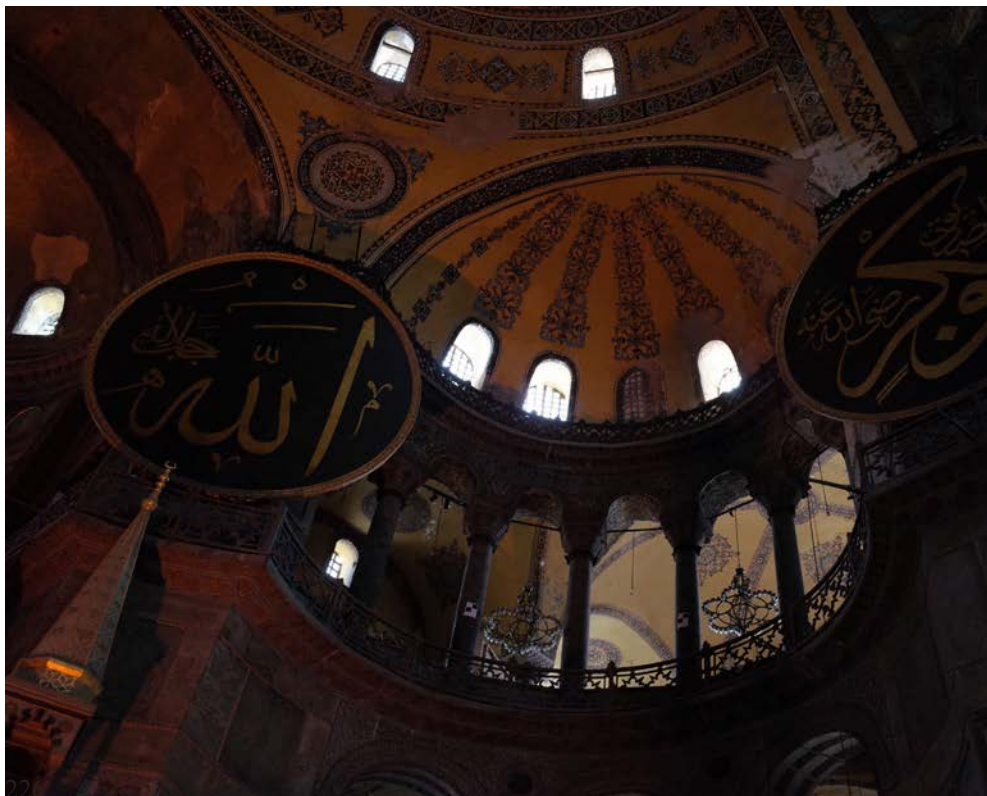
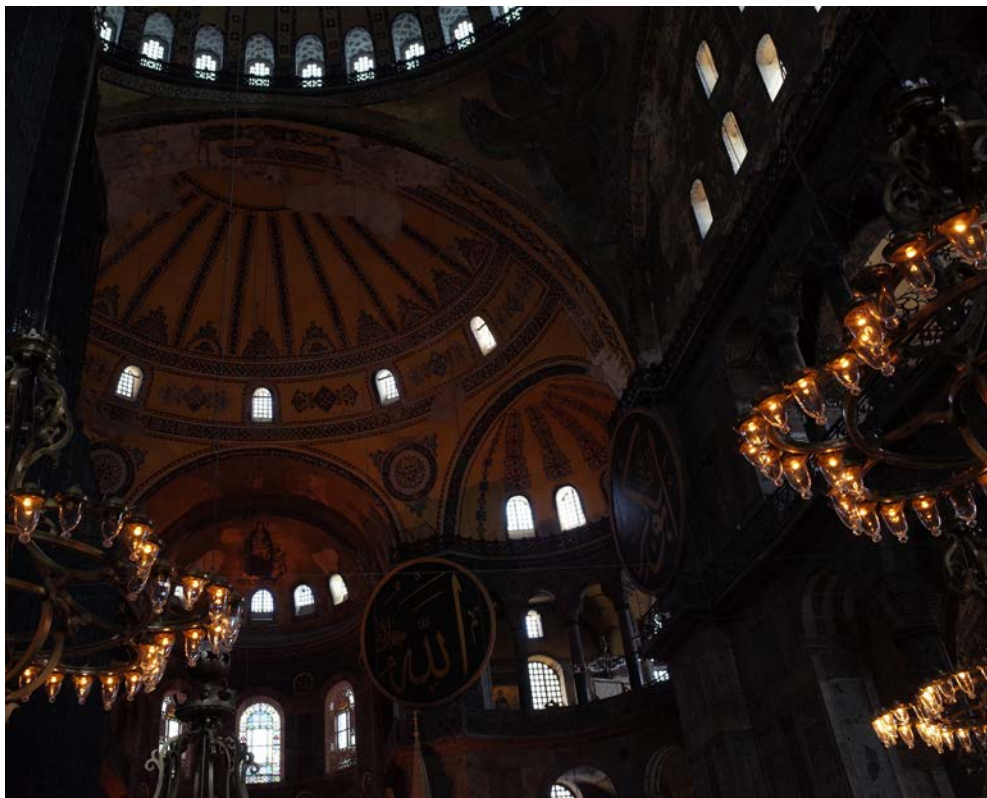
Art in Istanbul felt shorted. I believe it should be more heavily involved in their city structure.

Azade Köker

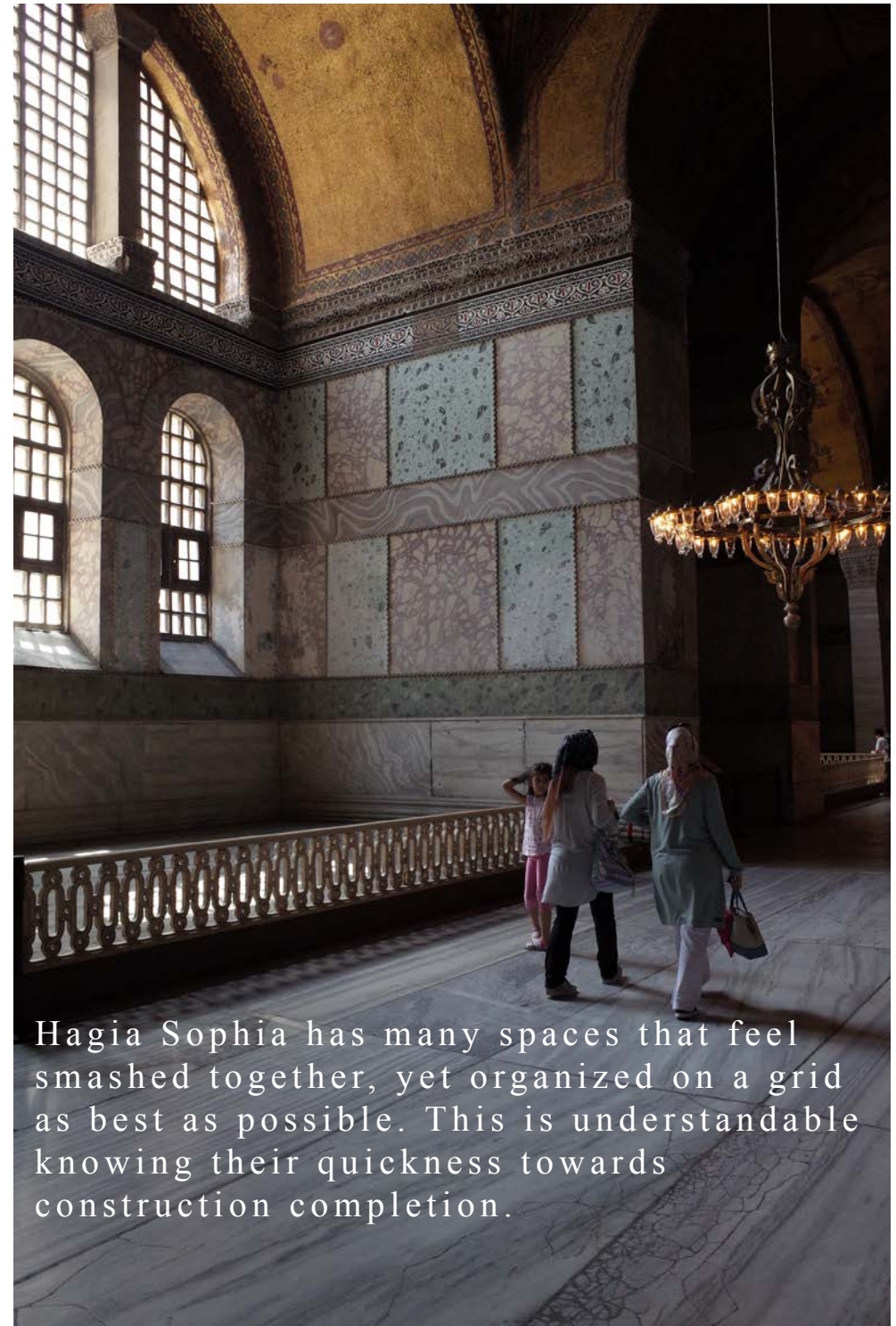


Zhan Wang



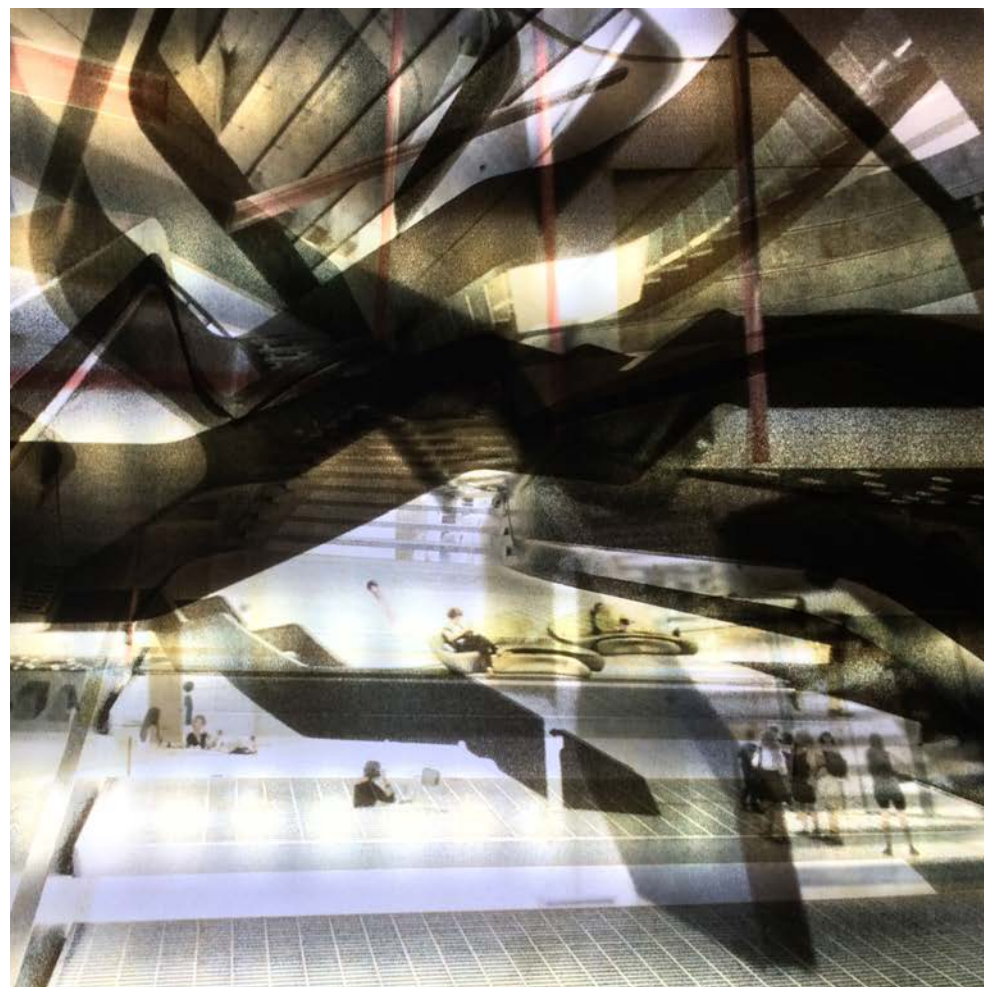
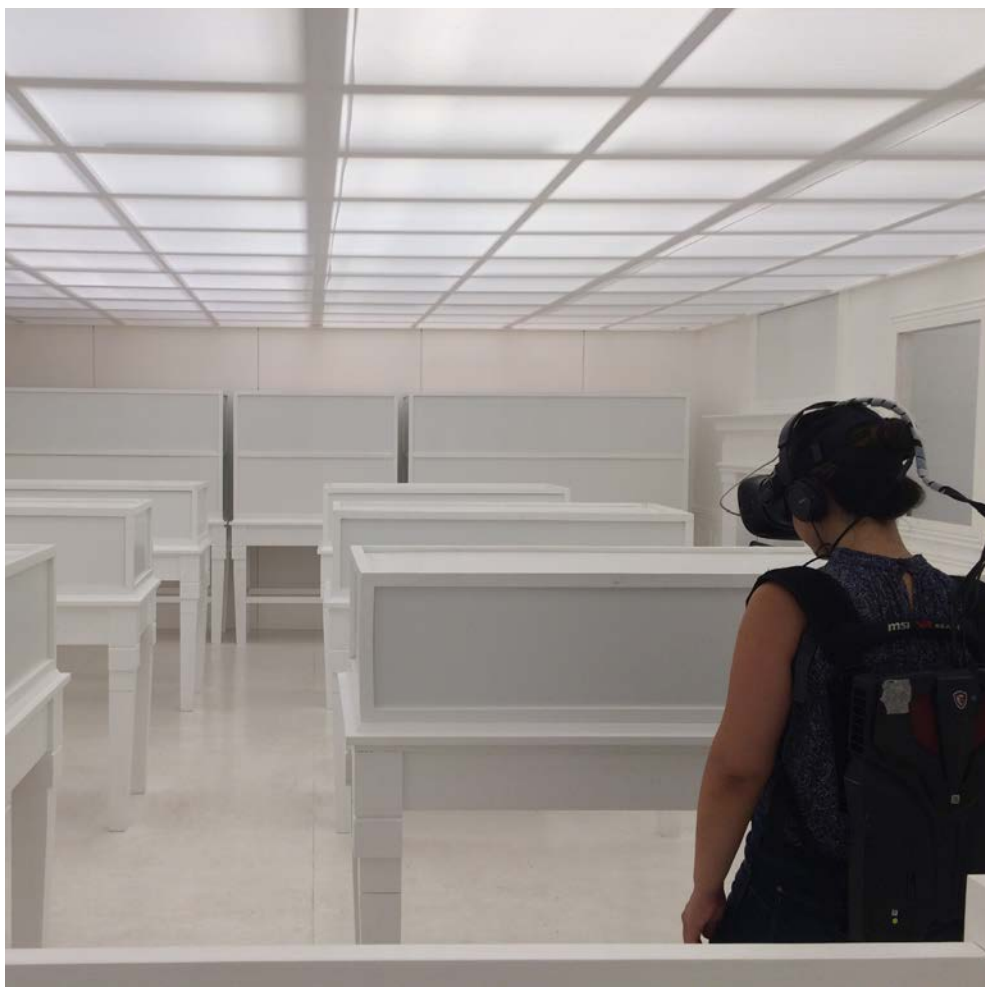




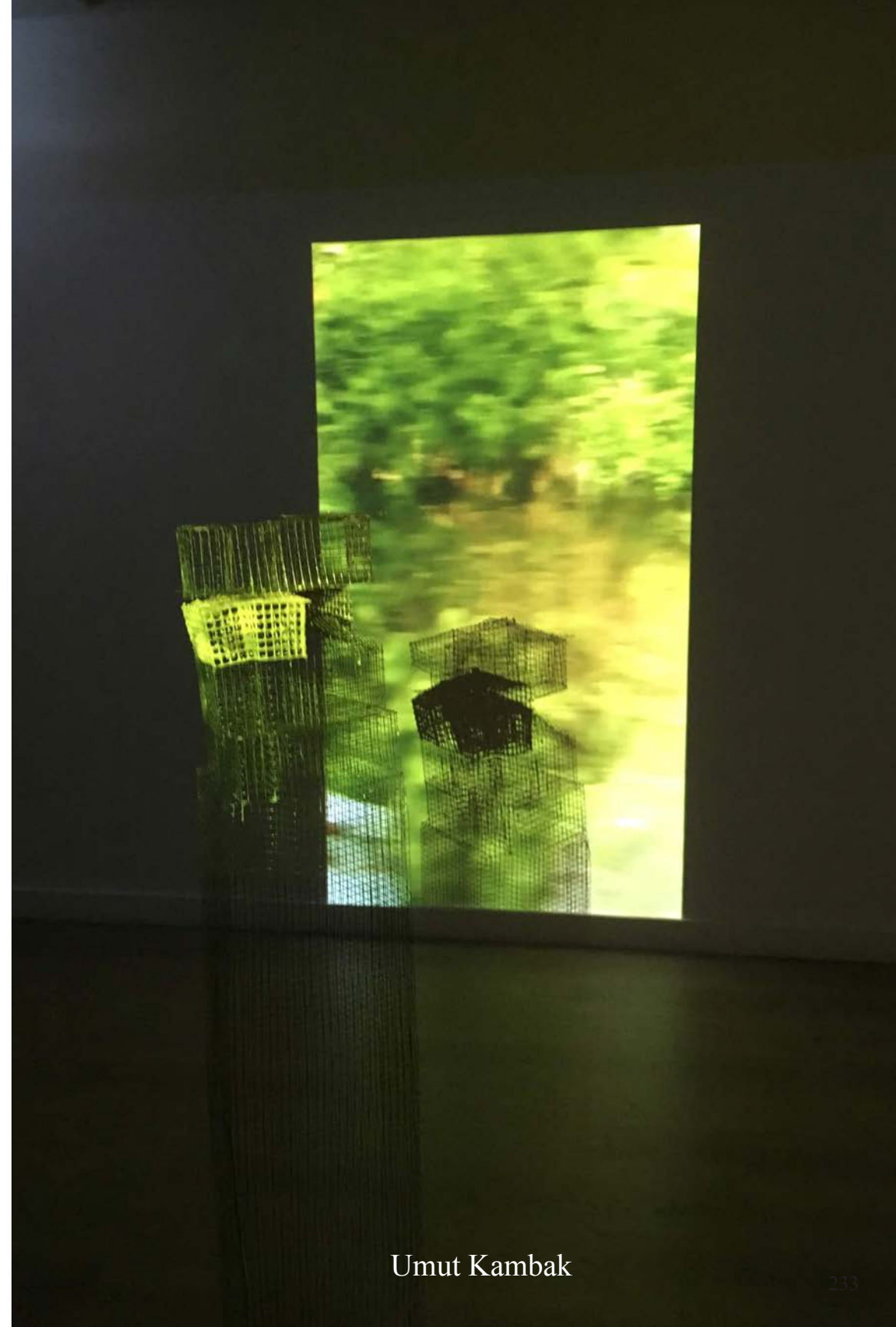


Hagia Sophia has many spaces that feel smashed together, yet organized on a grid as best as possible. This is understandable knowing their quickness towards construction completion.

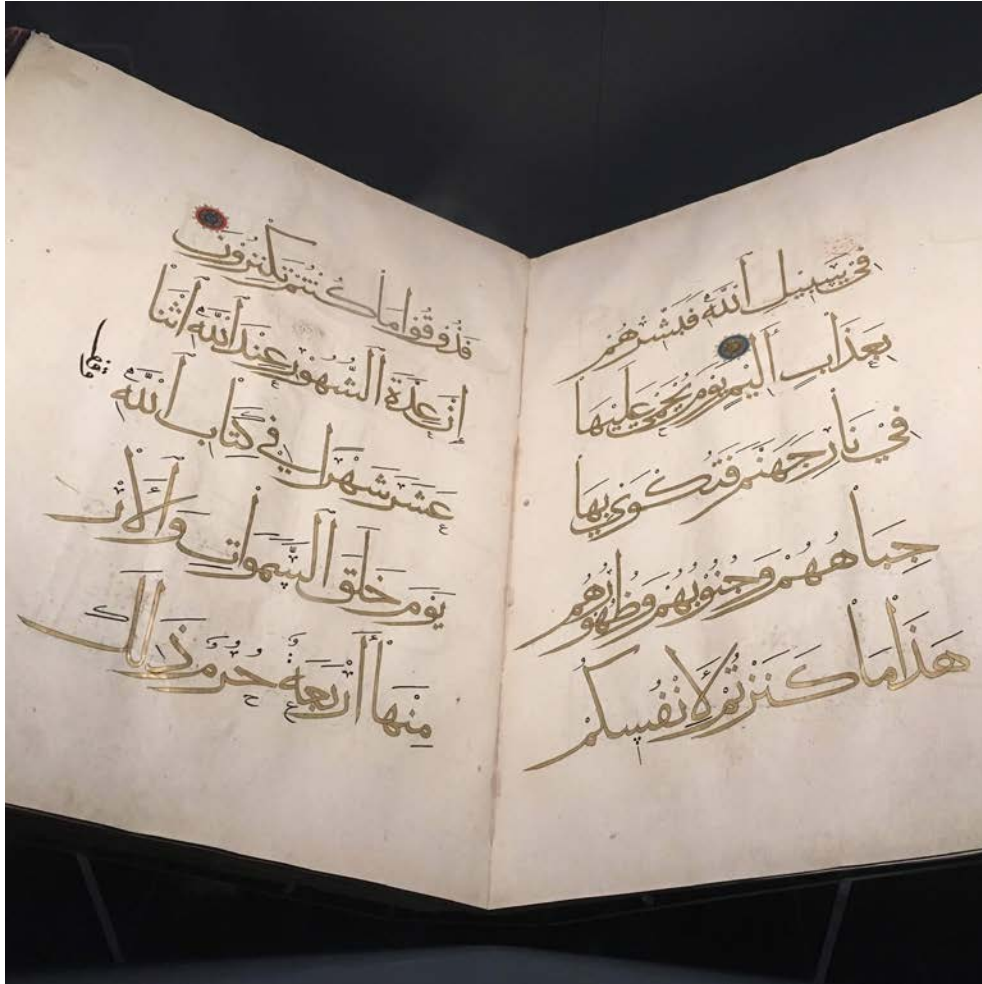










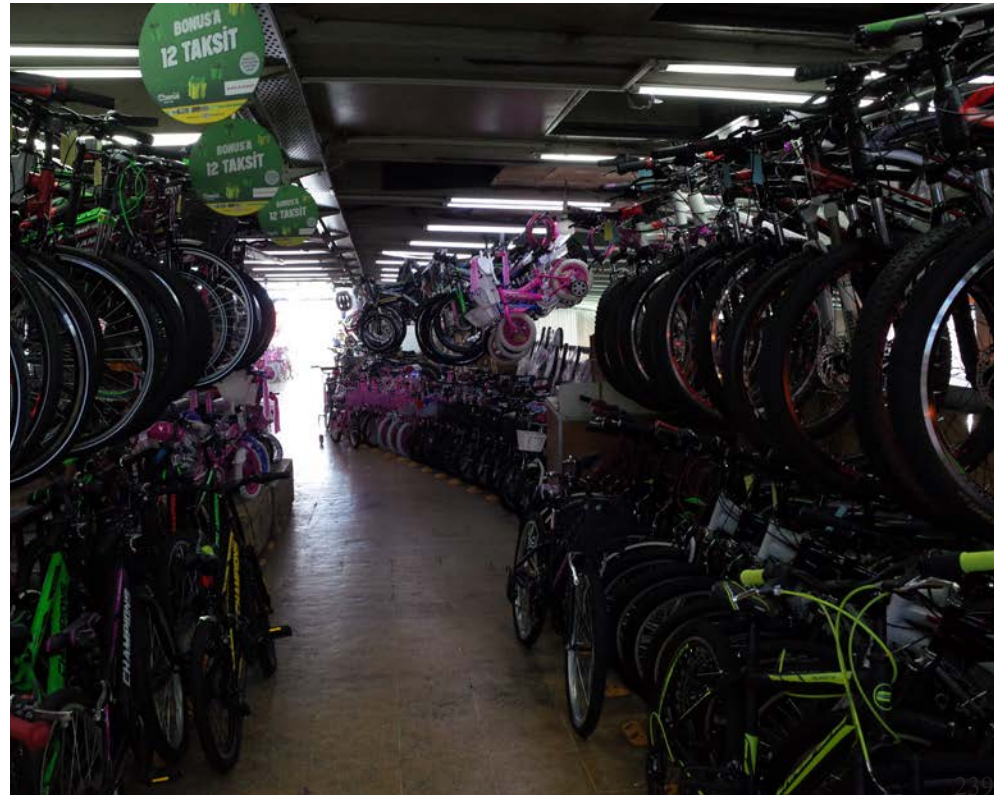






Food is important in Turkey. Thus, you eat a lot of vegetables prepared with love.







# FRANCE

Lyon	242-253
Tours	254-285
Paris	286-315



# LYON

I spent the first two days in Lyon recovering from food poisoning. After feeling better, I spent time getting to know France. It is far from populated Istanbul; still hot, but with much more nature. The infrastructure of Lyon is well taken care of. Walls are clean, and graffiti is painted over. Siestas are taken seriously here, and if you don't watch the time, you'll find yourself starving. The buildings as a collective share similar materials, and they form a monolithic block that is positioned well with the street and patches of green. France is composed.

I visited the Museum of Confluences and the Museum of Fine Arts. The Museum of Confluences is designed by Coop Himmelb(l)au to act like a cloud. It is a collection of tessellating metal above glass. Including a contemporary take on natural history, the cloud showed an exhibition on Yokainoshima and Hugo Pratt. Yokainoshima brings to life Japanese spirits and demons, Pratt draws Corto Maltese adventuring into multiple cultures throughout time.

The Museum of Fine Arts of Lyon contains a rich range of art. It is a decent sized museum. Here, they like beautiful art. Their range is without much contemporary work. It is getting harder to find "beautiful" contemporary work.

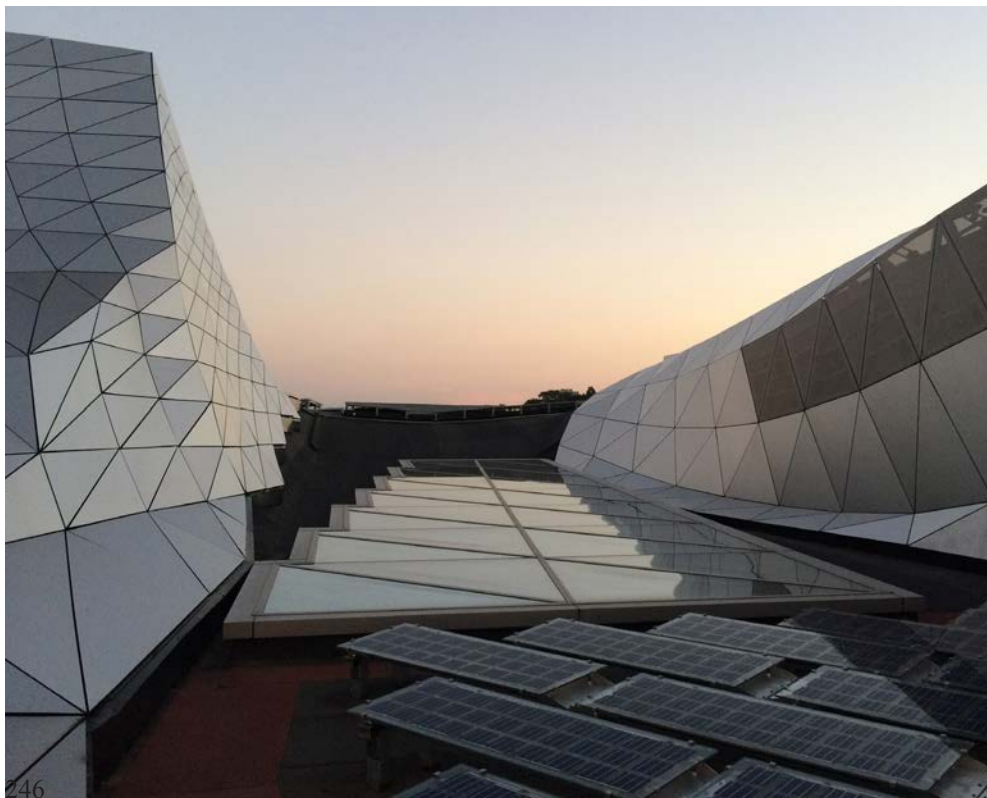
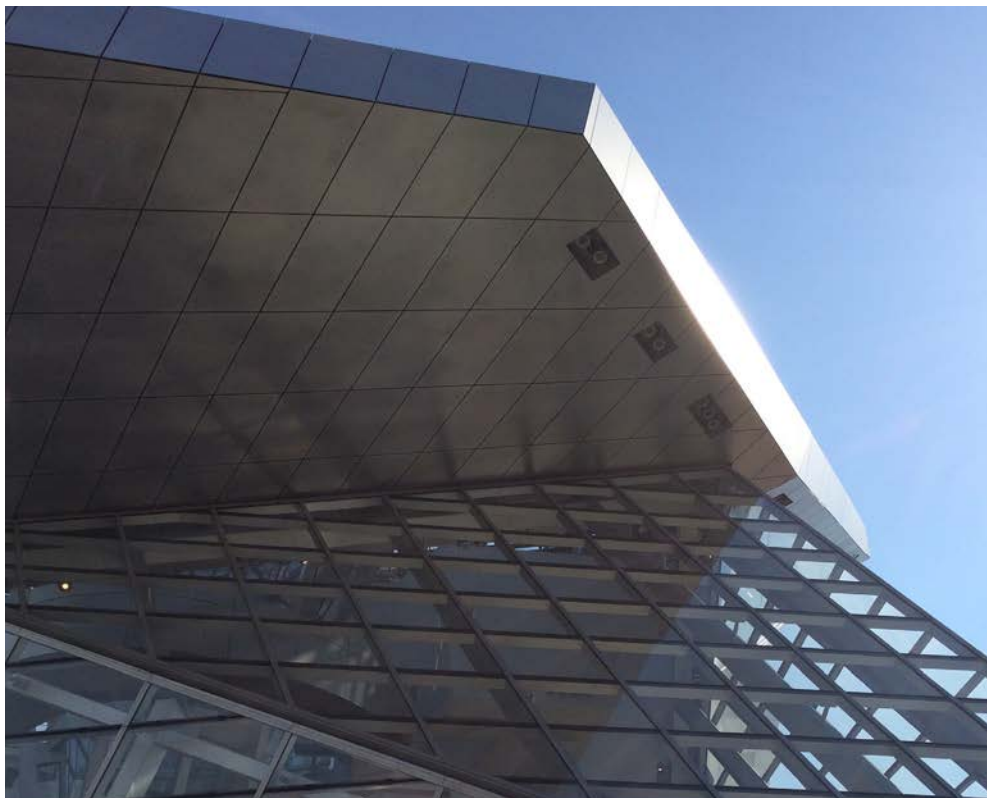
France was the two month marker. I had been away for quite a while now and I was getting used to packing up

and going every few days. I spent the last evening eating a batch of noodles, cashews and some French cheese while getting caught up with the news.













Religious art is plentiful, and it is plenty Catholic.





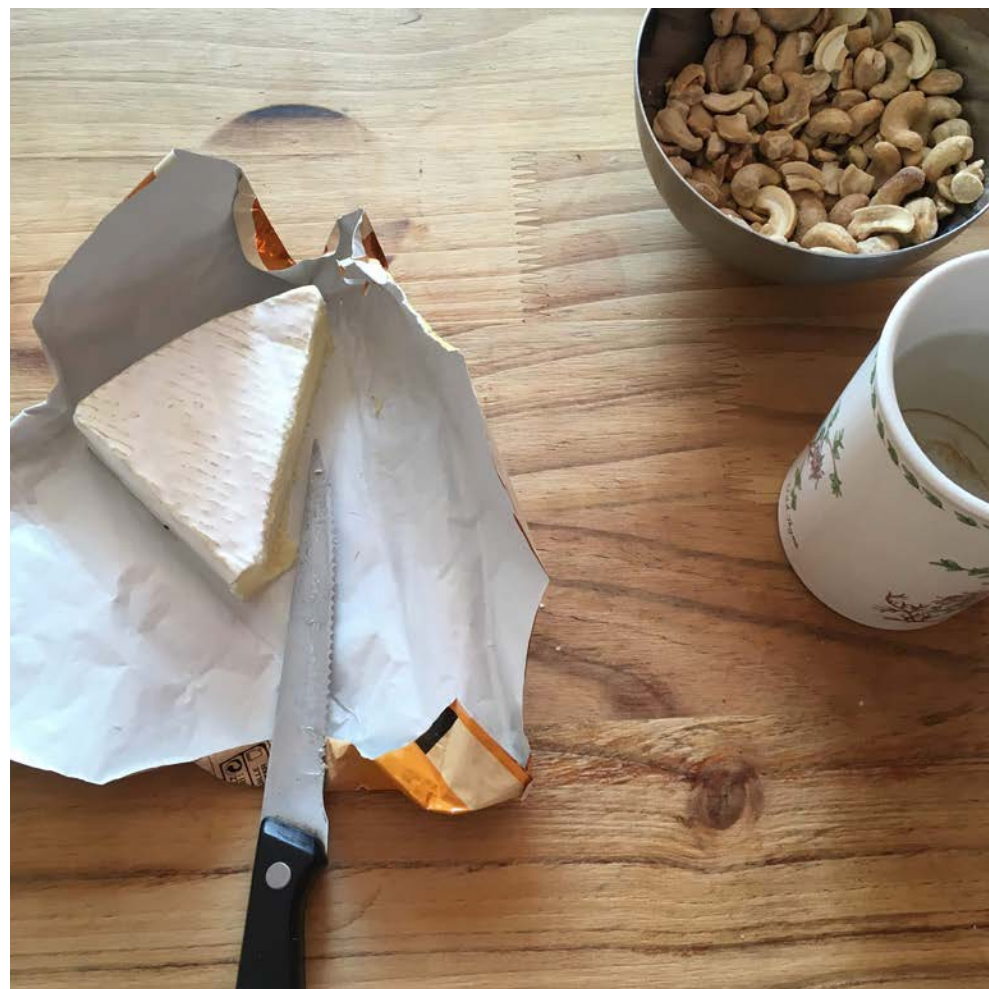
Tachisme is an art movement I haven't seen in person before. Luckily Lyon had many pieces from the movement.

Pierre Tal Coat



Olivier Debré







# TOURS

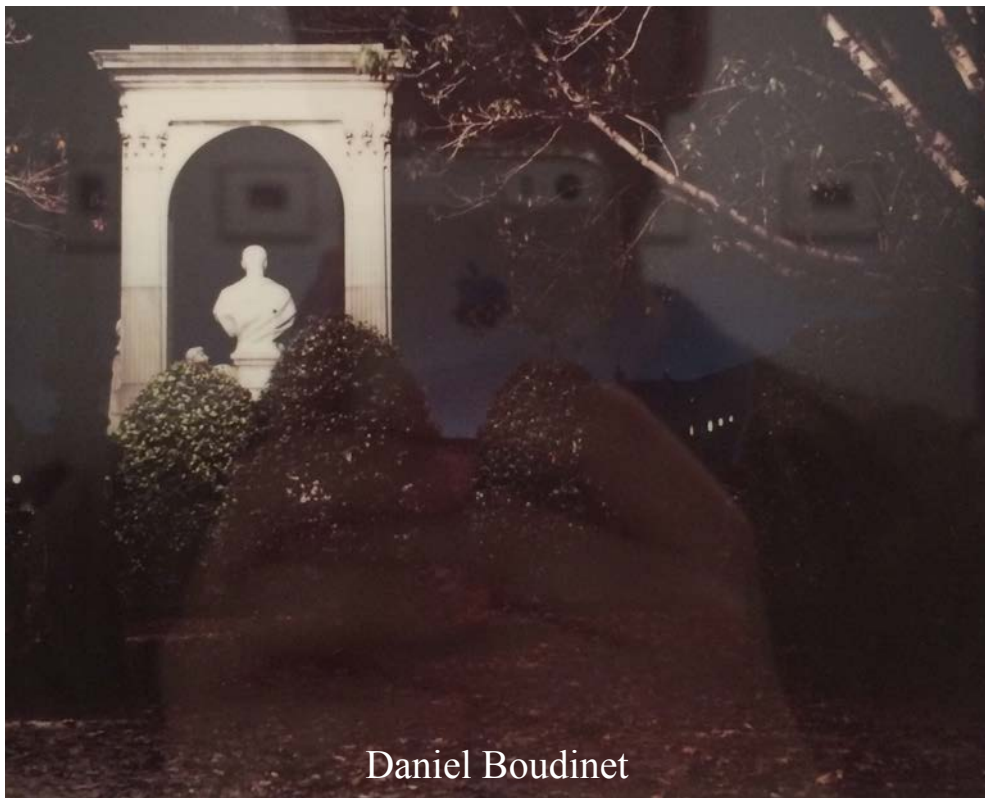
Flying to Lyon was mostly to get here: Tours. Central to many Chataux, this would become a home base for multiple sights. Chateau de Tours (11th century castle with contemporary art exhibitions), Tours Cathedral, Museum of Beaux-Arts, Chateau Chenonceau, Chateaux du Clos Luce, Chateau d'Amboise, and the Contemporary Art Center of Tours.

Visiting the architecture, and gardens of these elegant castles said royalty. They seemed to have an infinite supply of money and workers. The land and buildings form perfect pictures which evoke fairy tales. It explains why romance exists in French culture. Leonardo da Vinci's home is different from the others. He has a garden of a scientist, with differing plant species and having land to test engineering projects. The home was a gift from King Francis I who enjoyed his talents in engineering and art.

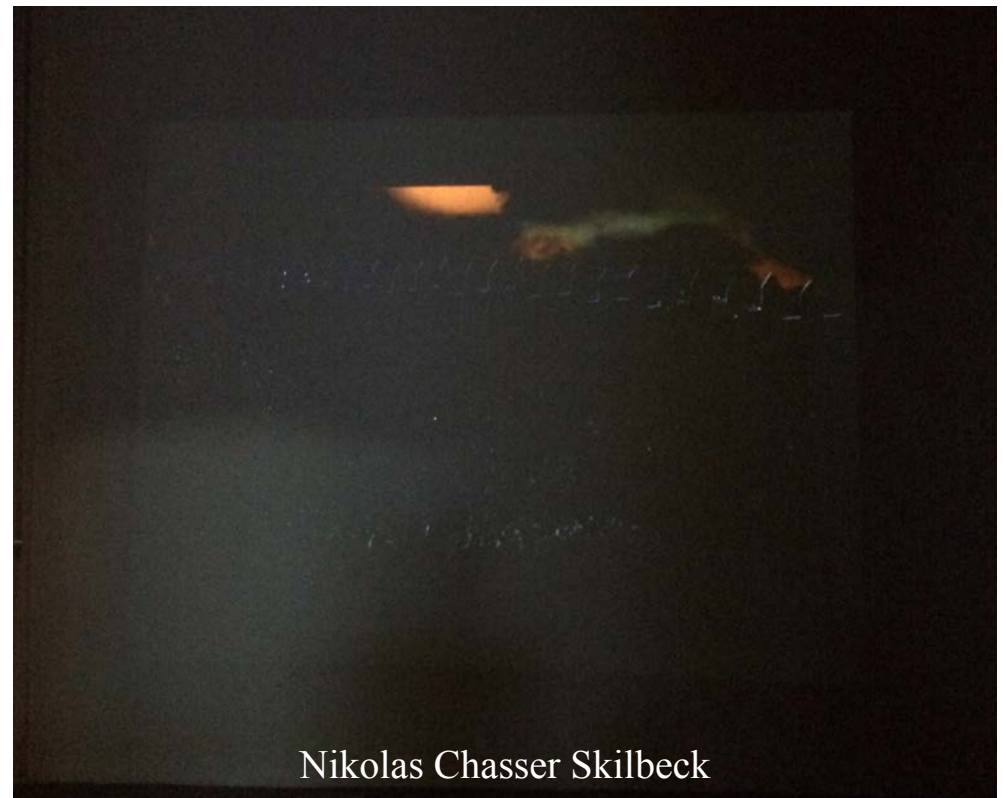
I was able to see exhibitions on photography and video, plant sculptures, and larger than life paintings. All of which were contemporary, and exciting. Giving me ideas in how I can practice using today's mediums.

After many day visits to museums and chateaus, I take a break on the roof deck, and read Devil in the White City, learning about Chicago's and Paris' exhibition, and the invention of a Ferris wheel. There's even one in this town.

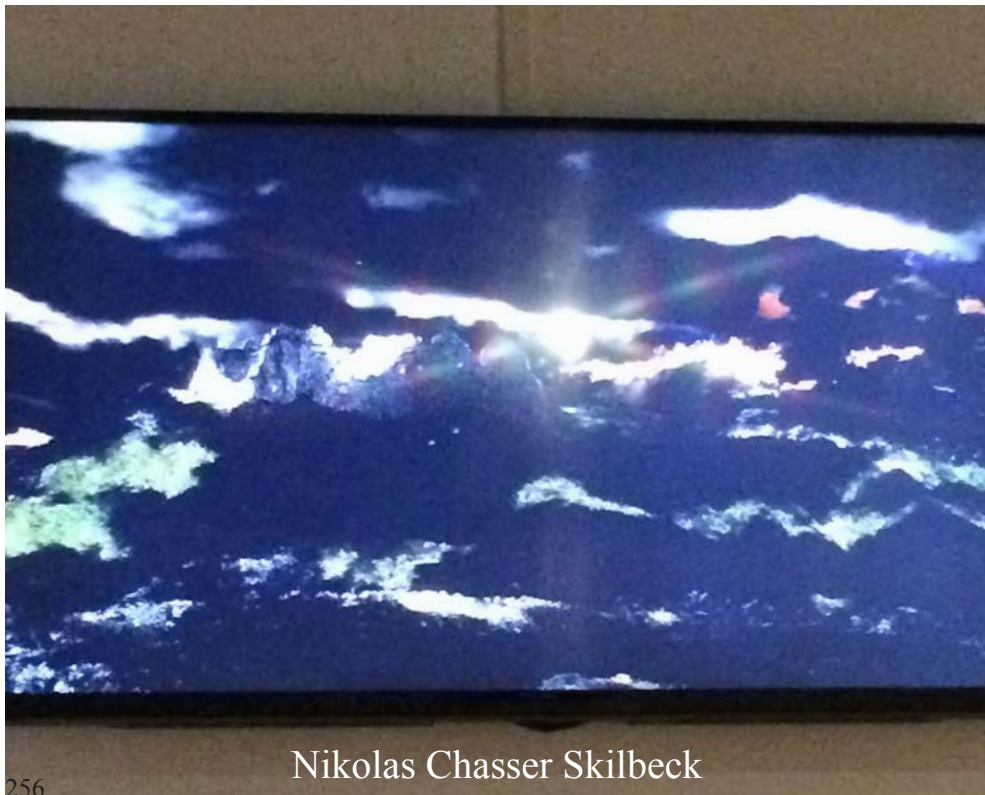




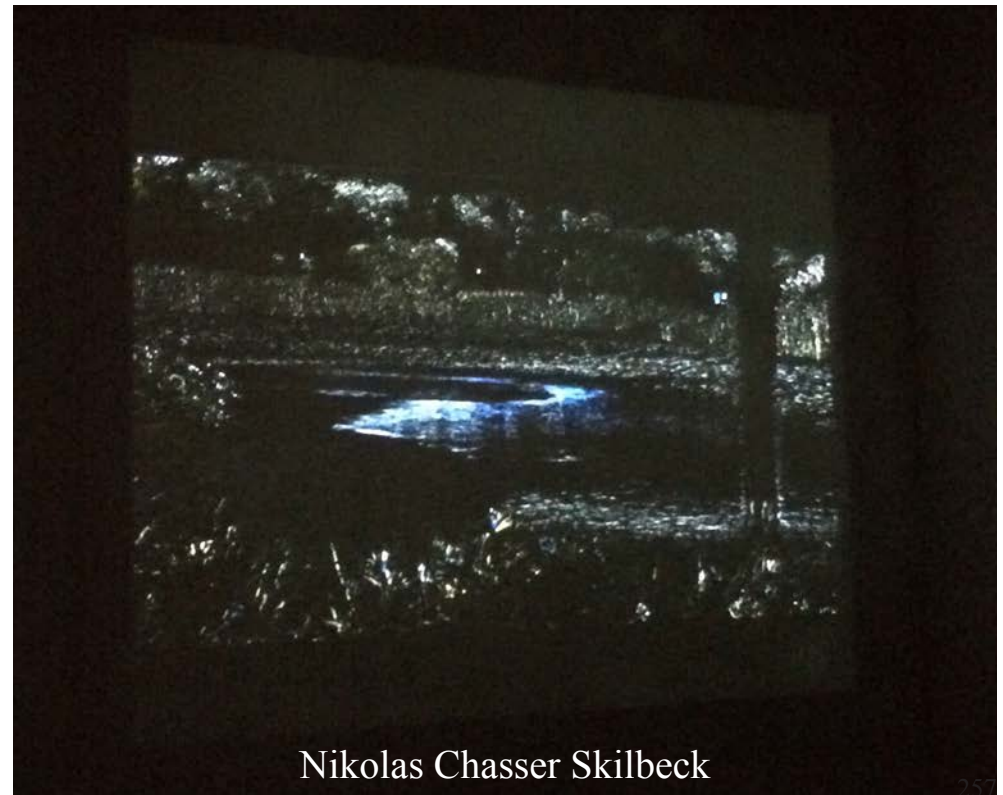
Daniel Boudinet



Nikolas Chasser Skilbeck

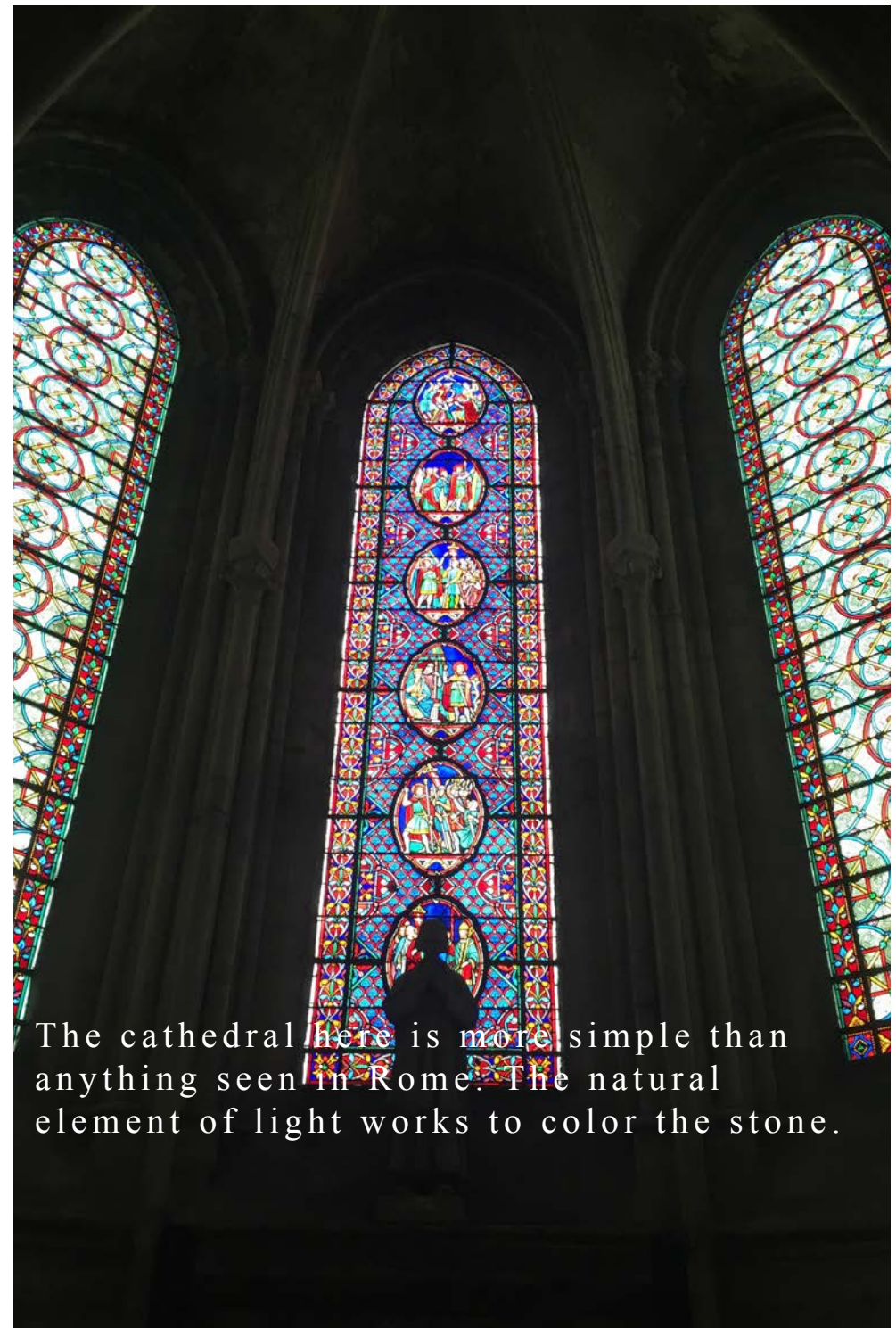


Nikolas Chasser Skilbeck



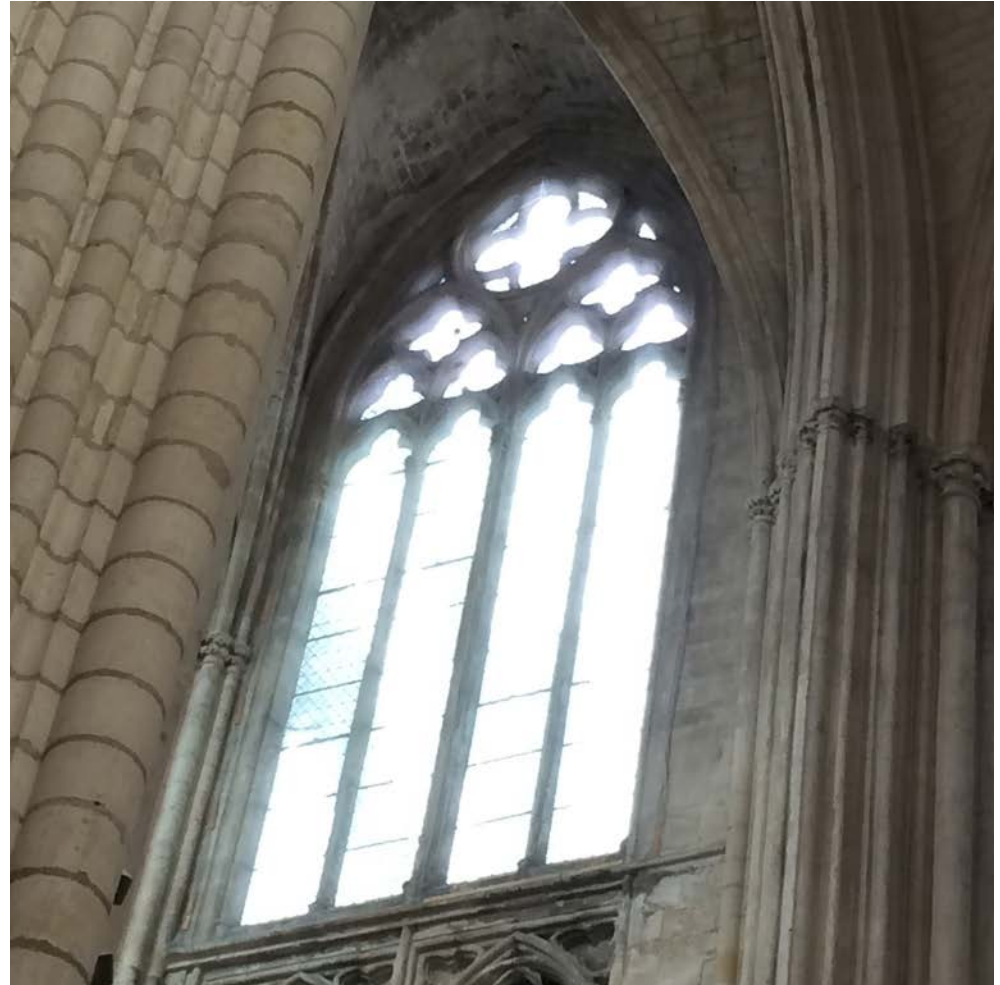
Nikolas Chasser Skilbeck





The cathedral here is more simple than anything seen in Rome. The natural element of light works to color the stone.













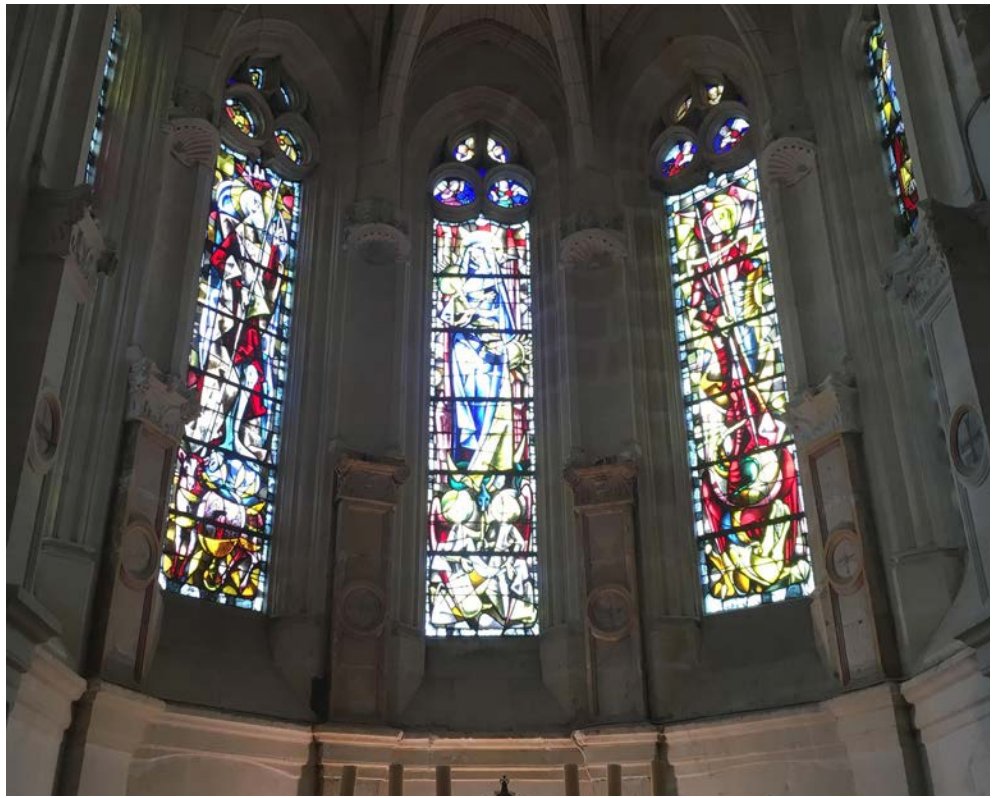












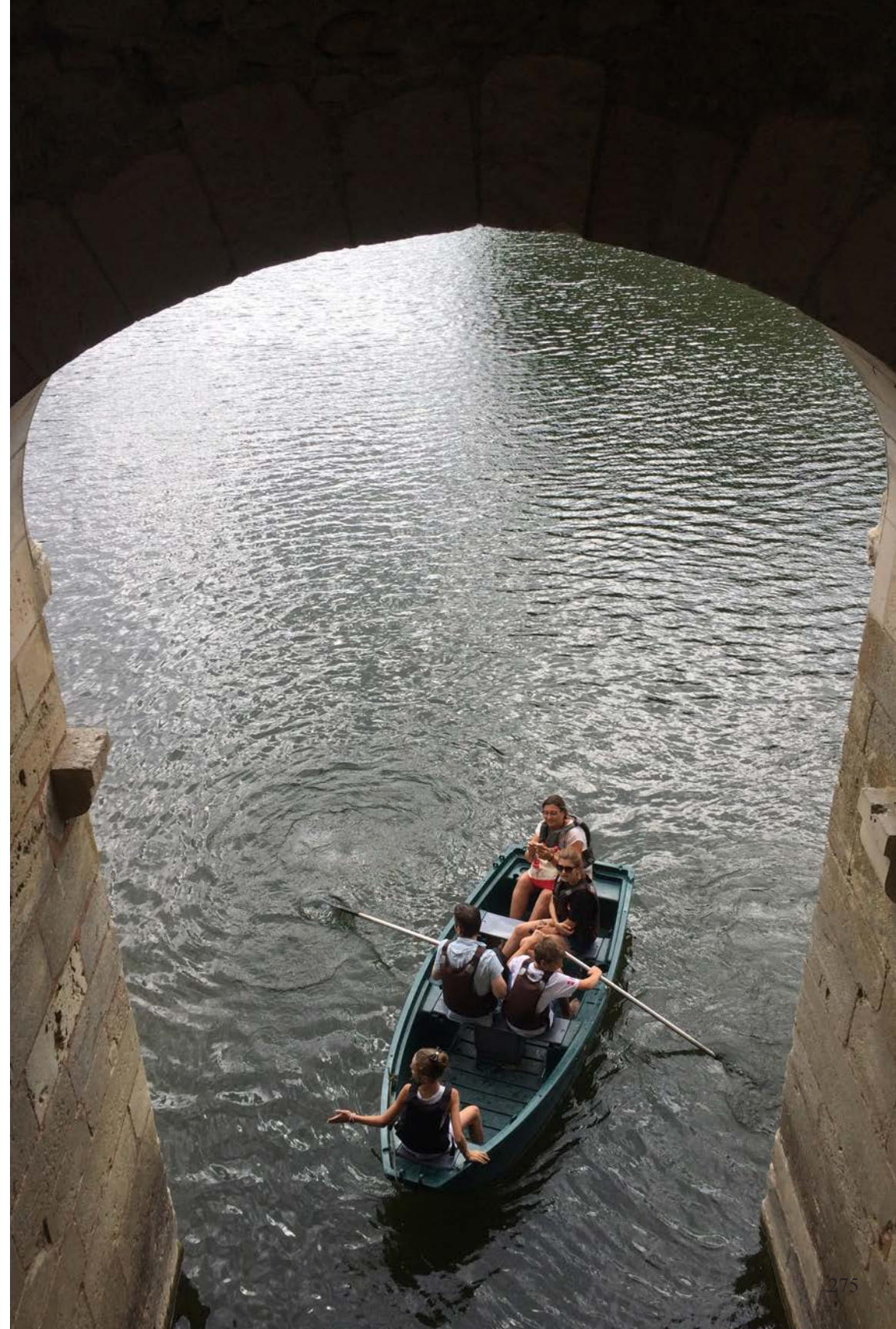








What a grand procession. Through trees and a dirt path. You can row through the arches and walk through the gardens and farm. It is magical and unreal.









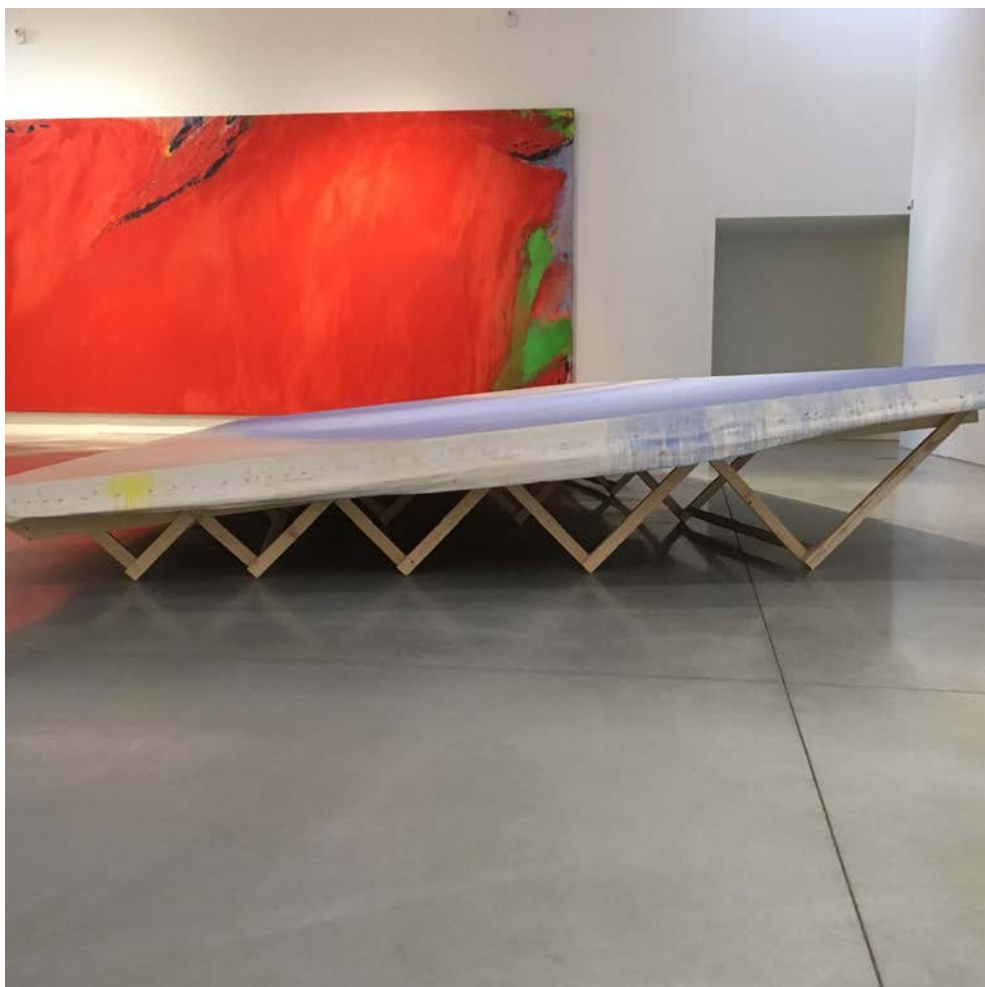


Ghada Amer



Ghada Amer



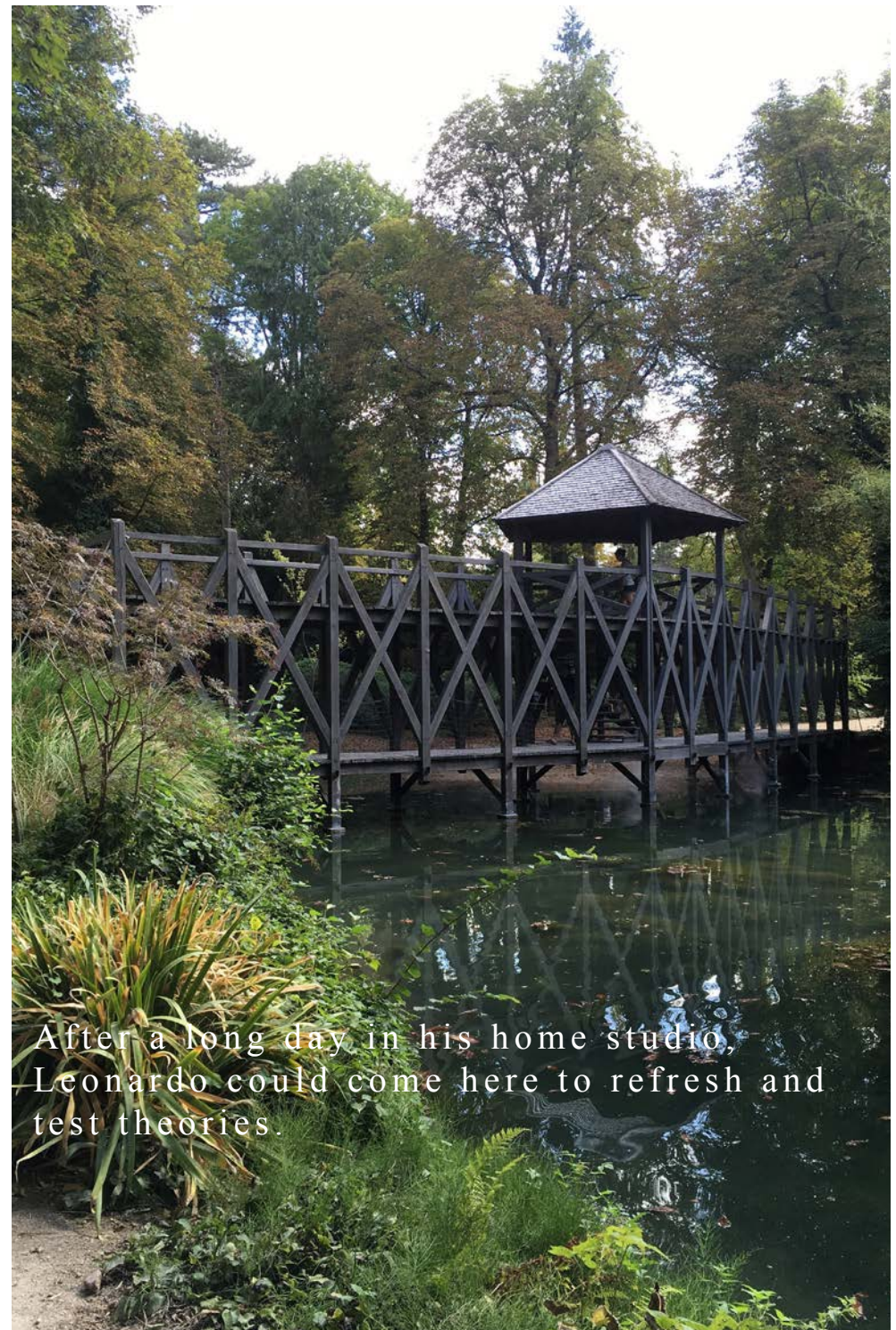


Olivier Debré



Olivier Debré





After a long day in his home studio,  
Leonardo could come here to refresh and  
test theories.







# PARIS

The last French city. A loft room. The bed was close to the ceiling, and I knew I'd be the first thing to get smashed if the structure somehow gave in. Pull-ups on the loft to stay in shape. A ladder to the bed. Clay tile floors. Custom fabric furnishing. A large window, split to open as a transom or full. Wood shutters. A studio style kitchen. You could do yoga if you organized yourself diagonally in the space with the table folded, and the chair in the corner. (I started to do yoga here to help with posture, but mostly for scoliosis). That was where I stayed, tucked in a building's courtyard. The door was blue, right outside of a Franprix.

Thai chicken, cod, ratatouille, and a lemon dessert. All different varieties of waffles for breakfast. Every meal is full of new flavors and experience. Thrift store to buy a sweater for cold weather and walking around the rest of the first day. Renzo Piano's Centre Pompidou would come next.

Inside the Centre is amazing; like a theater and a community space at the same time. Especially so with its outside corridors that bleed towards a shopping mall. There was a lot of art to see; any normal human being could spend three days at the Centre. The Louvre could be five days. Paris is filled with art. I ended up also visiting the Louis Vuitton Foundation, The Cartier Foundation, Museum of Modern Art, Palais de Tokyo, Musee de Orsay

and Musee de l'Orangerie.

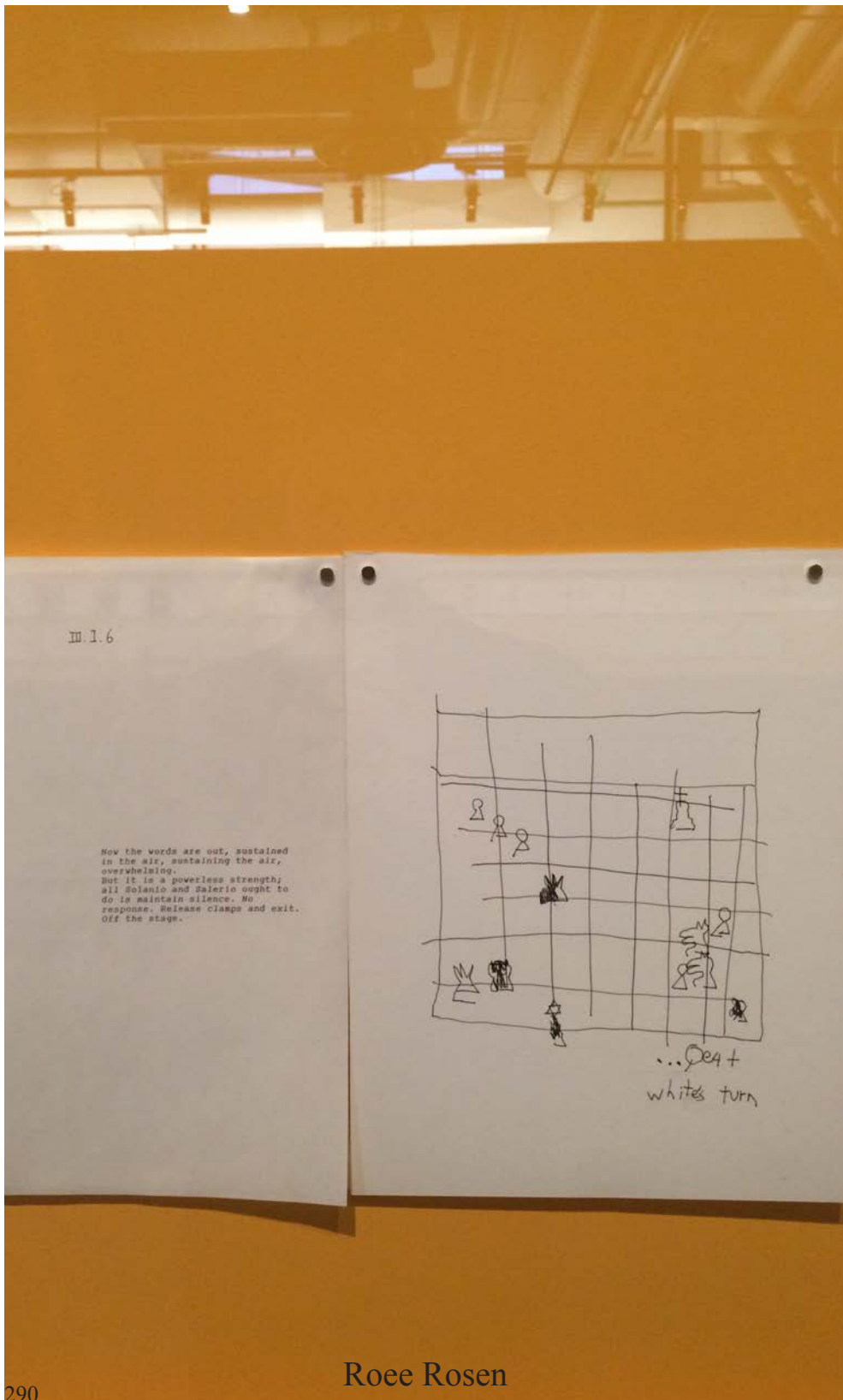
Paris has a magical, romantic property. Besides all of the art that has spawned multiple movements, the architecture and city planning do an excellent job to keep the human healthy. Parks are filled with green chairs for lounging wherever in the park. Certain areas are peacefully quiet, and everyone is off the phone to read or write in their green chair. The Eiffel Tower in the distance is striking and all alone. Trees are groomed and create spaces for privacy and view ports. These seemingly small urban design decisions go a long way, and create architectural elements without being a building.

The street is just as lively, everyone eating facing the street, smoking cigarettes. This romantic feeling had me painting, writing, and reading often. It was the first time I attempted an abstract work with three cardboard panels taped together. The ink of my pen flowed, and I delightfully read *Norwegian Wood*. Paris is charming. It was a NYC without the craze. I wish to go back.

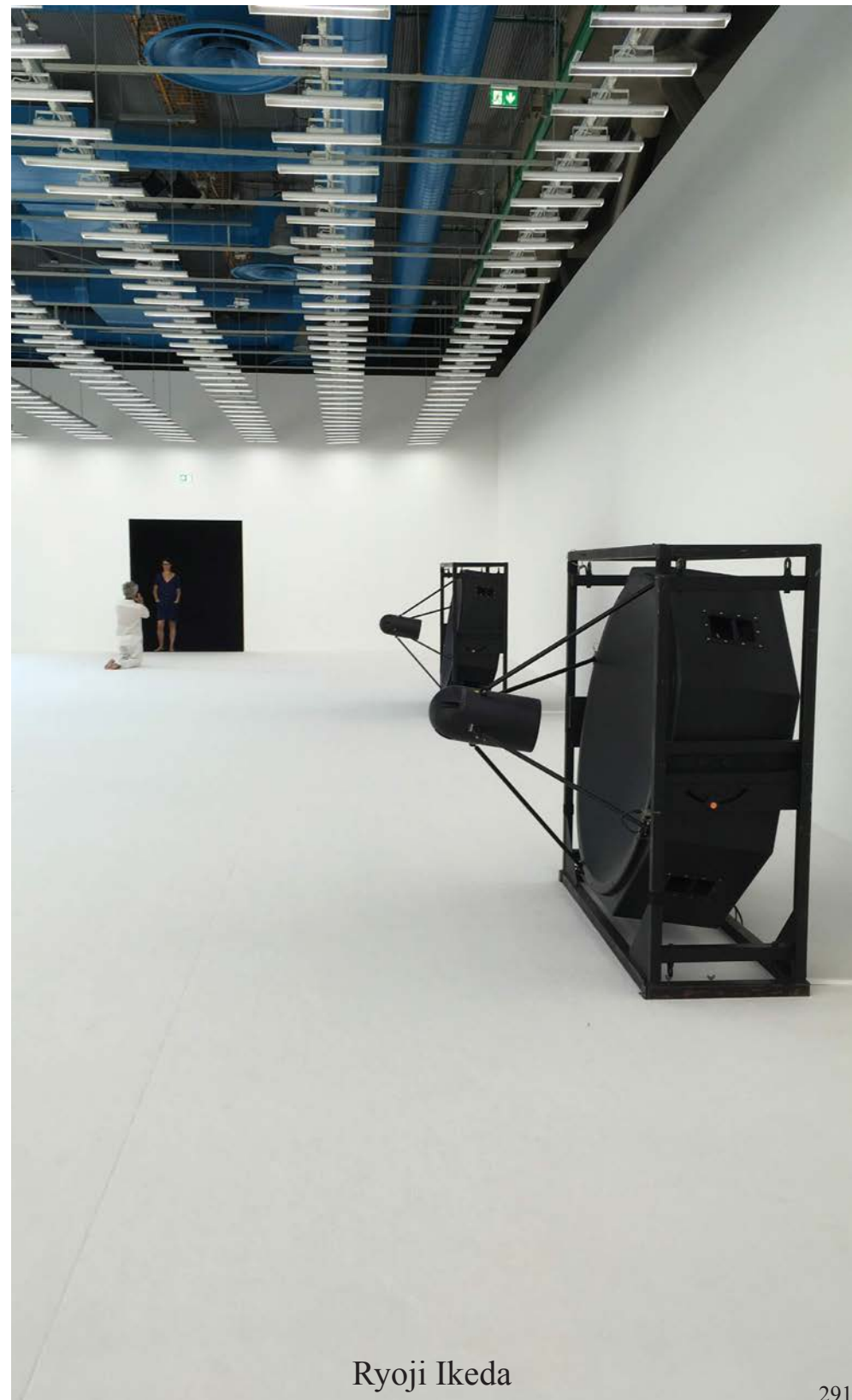






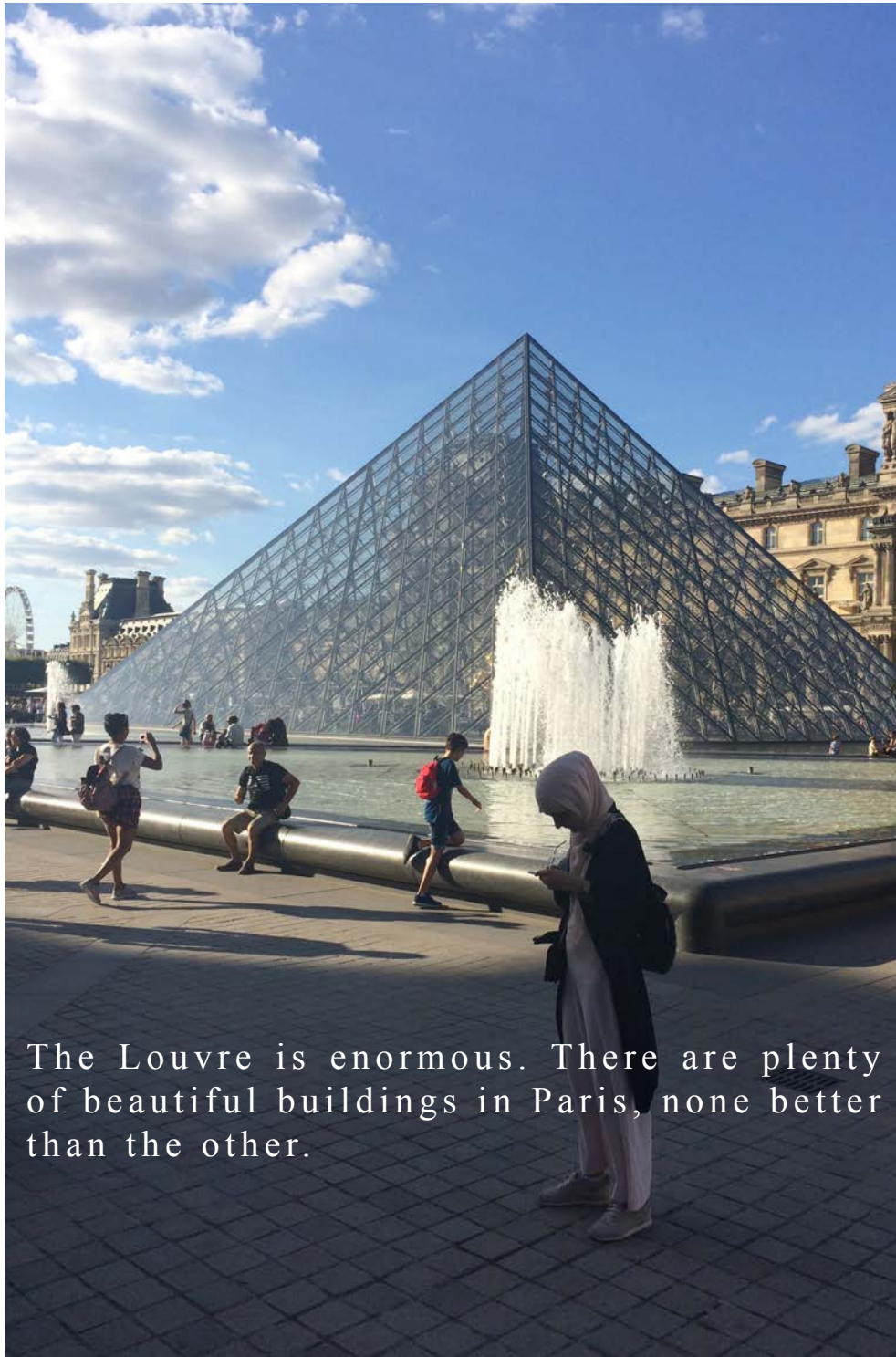


Roe Rosen

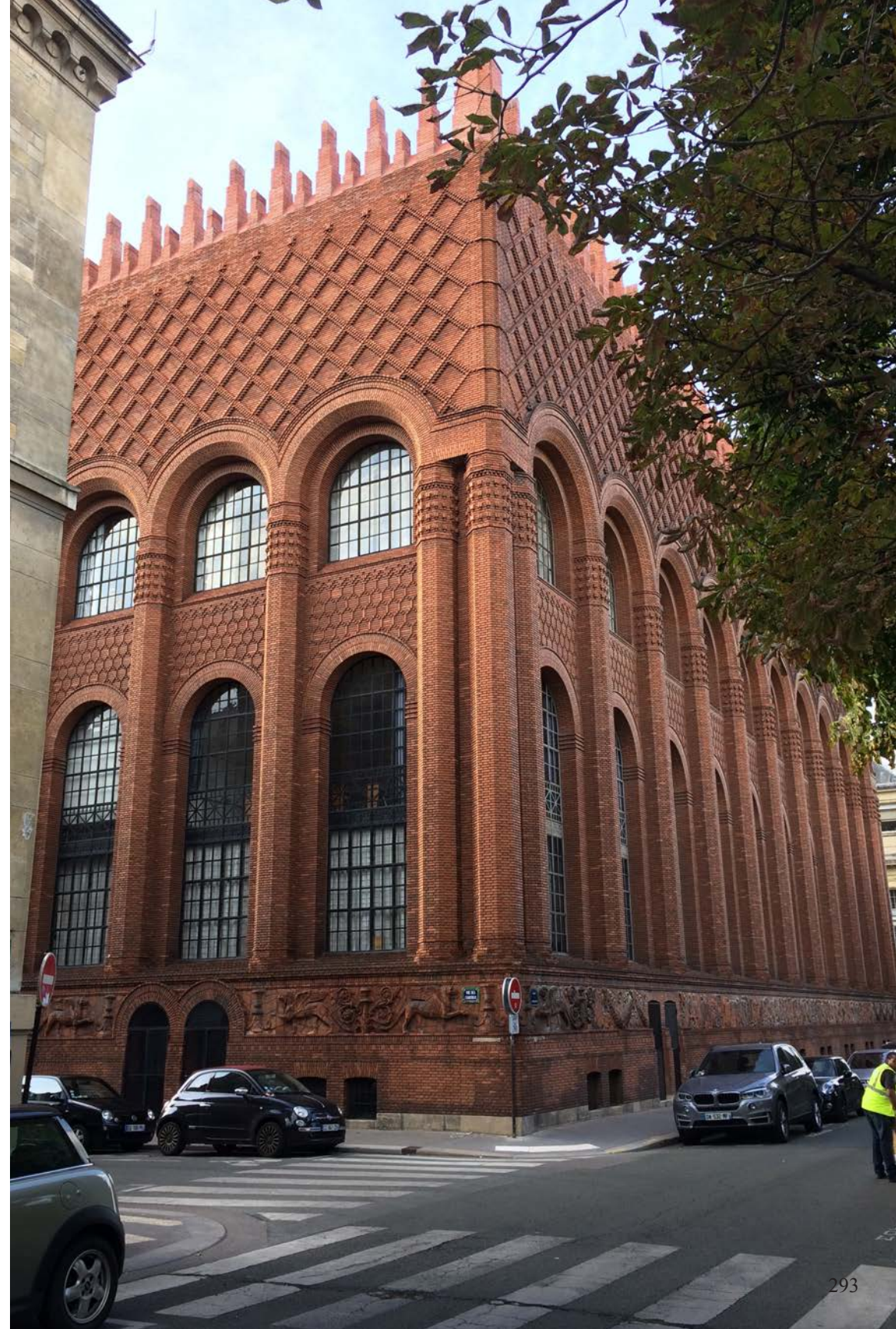


Ryoji Ikeda





The Louvre is enormous. There are plenty of beautiful buildings in Paris, none better than the other.

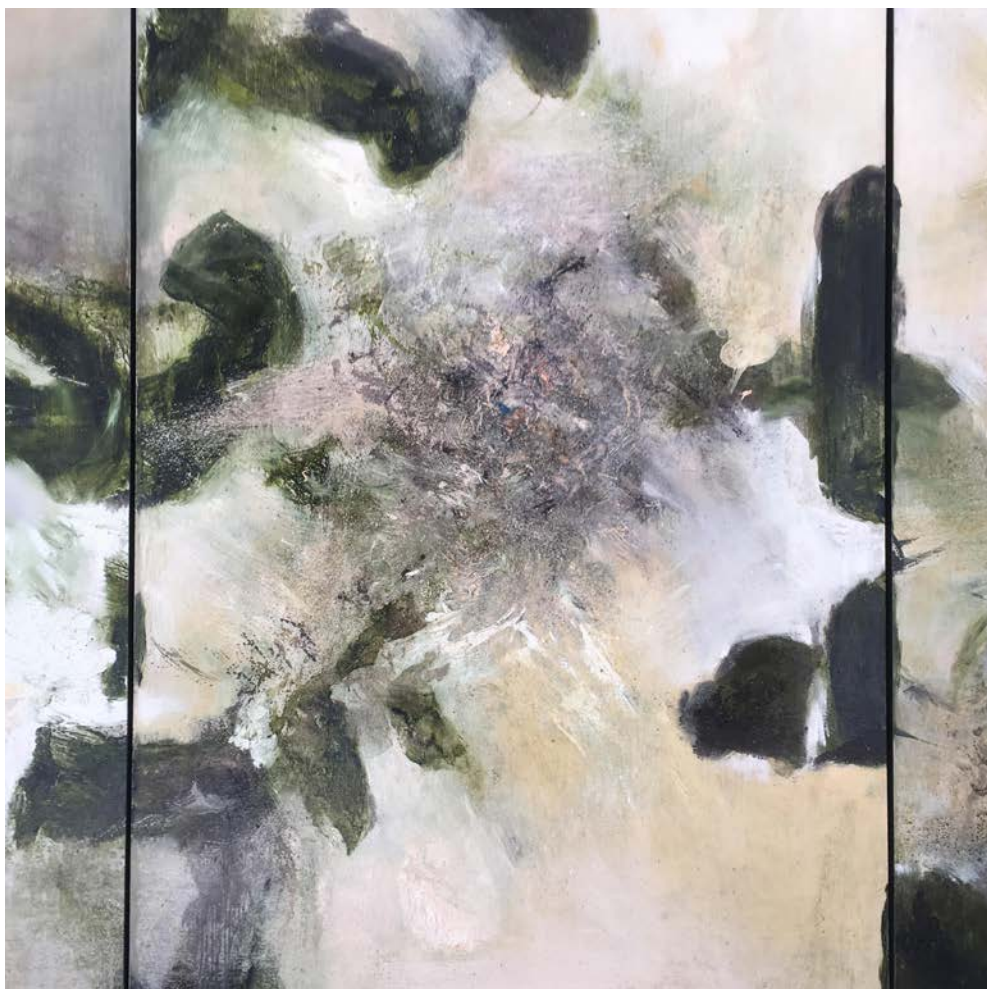






A play court is surrounded by trees. The shade looks like a black wall. Nature is becoming shapes and colors instead of objects.





Zao Wou Ki



Zao Wou Ki









International Klein Blue is R:0, G:47, B:167.

Matthew Barney and Yves Klein

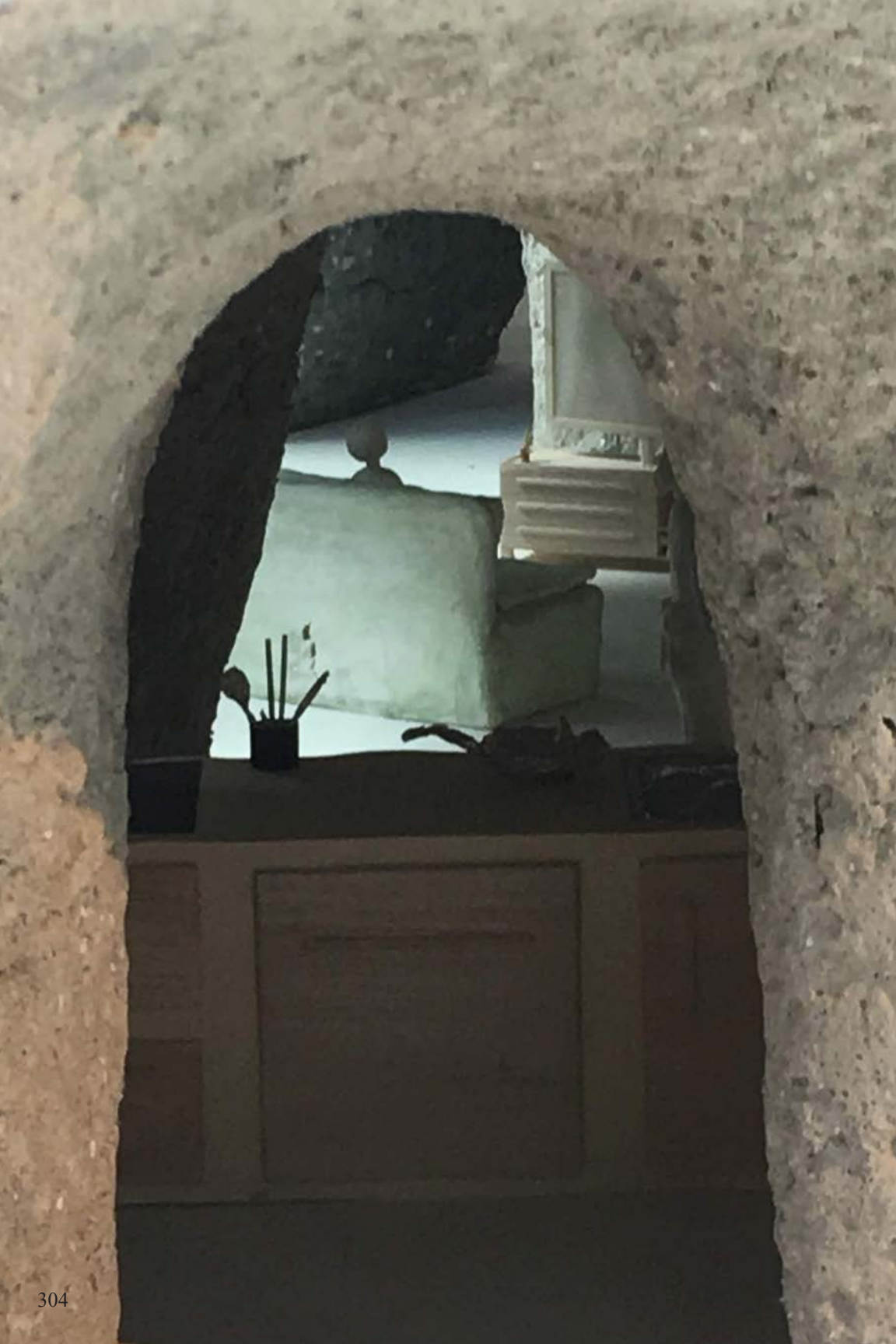


Alberto Giacometti









Junya Ishigami exhibits his “playful” architecture at The Cartier Foundation. I’m impressed, they even have tiny books.













Unkept trees are contained by the trees that are kept. They are having a dialogue.

Giuseppe Penone

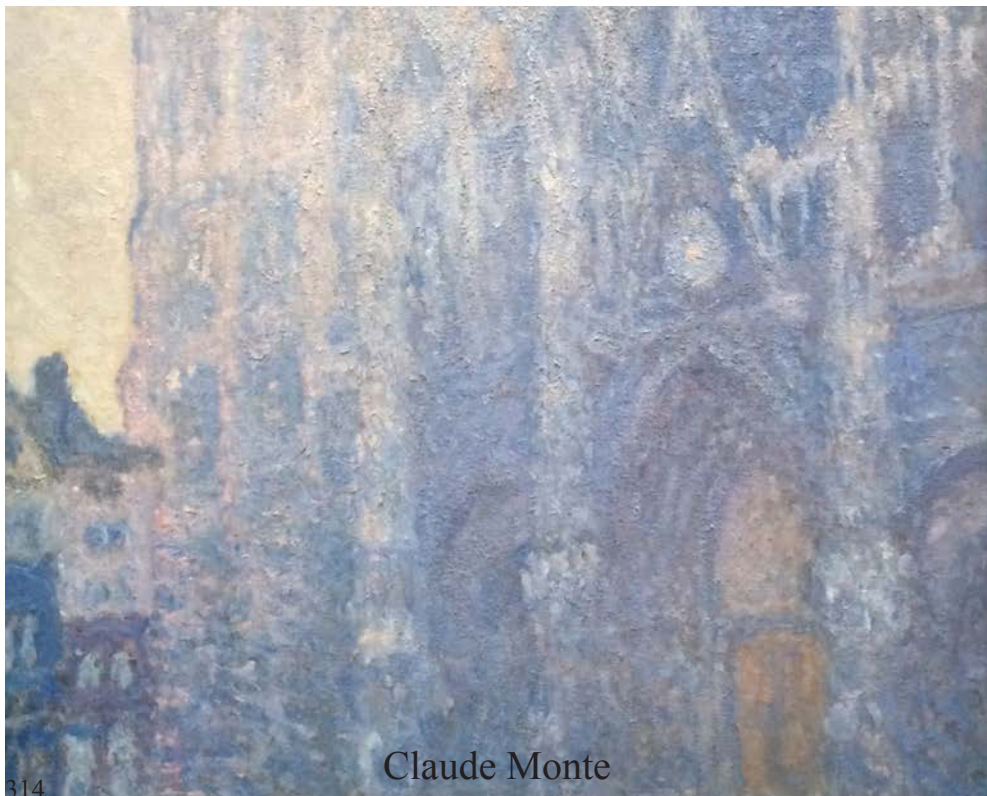
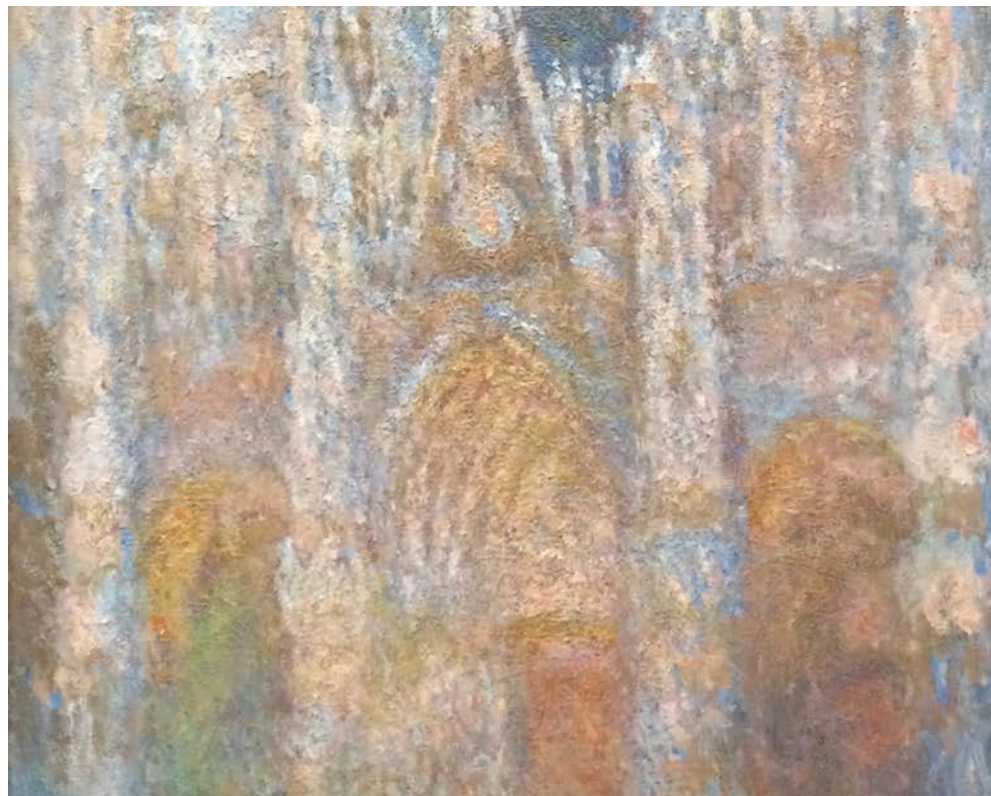






Auguste Rodin





Claude Monte





# EASTERN EUROPE

Prague,                    316-361  
Brno,  
Vienna,  
Bratislava



# EASTERN EUROPE

To start the last month of travel, I travelled back east to spend a week with my brother who lives in the Czech Republic. He took me around Prague, Brno, Vienna, and Bratislava. Eastern Europe reminded me of the Midwest for its lifestyle and cloudy days.

We ended up seeing a lot of Prague. Exploring the city, it's Jewish quarters, St. Vitus, and seeing many sculptures on Charles Bridge. Driving to Brno would take us to St. Barbara's Cathedral, Karlstejn Castle, and the Sedlec Ossuary where they have collected quite a few skeletons and made them into art?

On to Brno where my brother lives. I had two days to myself for visiting Spilberk Castle and it's underground prison, Alfons Mucha's Two Worlds exhibition presenting the Slav Epic paintings, Mies' Villa Tugendhat and many of the churches throughout Brno. Afterwards, we went to Vienna to visit Schonbrunn Palace with all of its luxuries, and lastly all of Bratislava and its renewed castle.

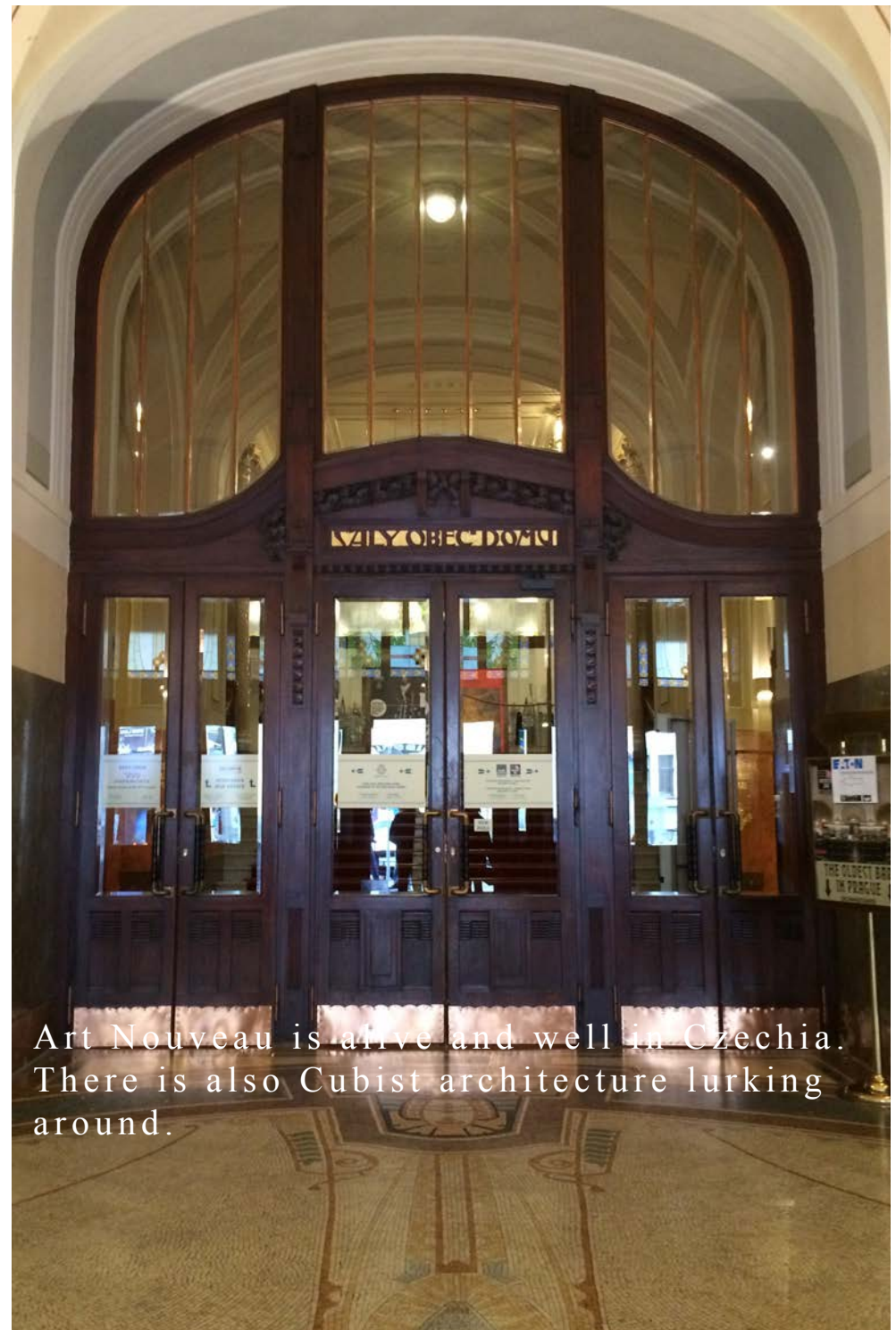
It was a rapid fire week of seeing and using different currencies. There are post-war Soviet buildings that look similar to the flats of New York, but with prefabricated panels. There are also Soviet Union WWII memorials. This is in contrast to France where they have American WWII monuments. This layer of architecture and history I wasn't previously tapped into, but now cannot fail to

ignore.

The sculptures in Prague are polished from people tapping for good luck. I'm pretty sure all drugs are legal in the Czech Republic. And there is a lot of history to add to the mix. I'm excited to see how Eastern Europe builds new architecture next to its old Soviet counterparts, and likewise for Middle America.

Oh and it is true, they drink a lot of beer!





Art Nouveau is alive and well in Czechia.  
There is also Cubist architecture lurking  
around.

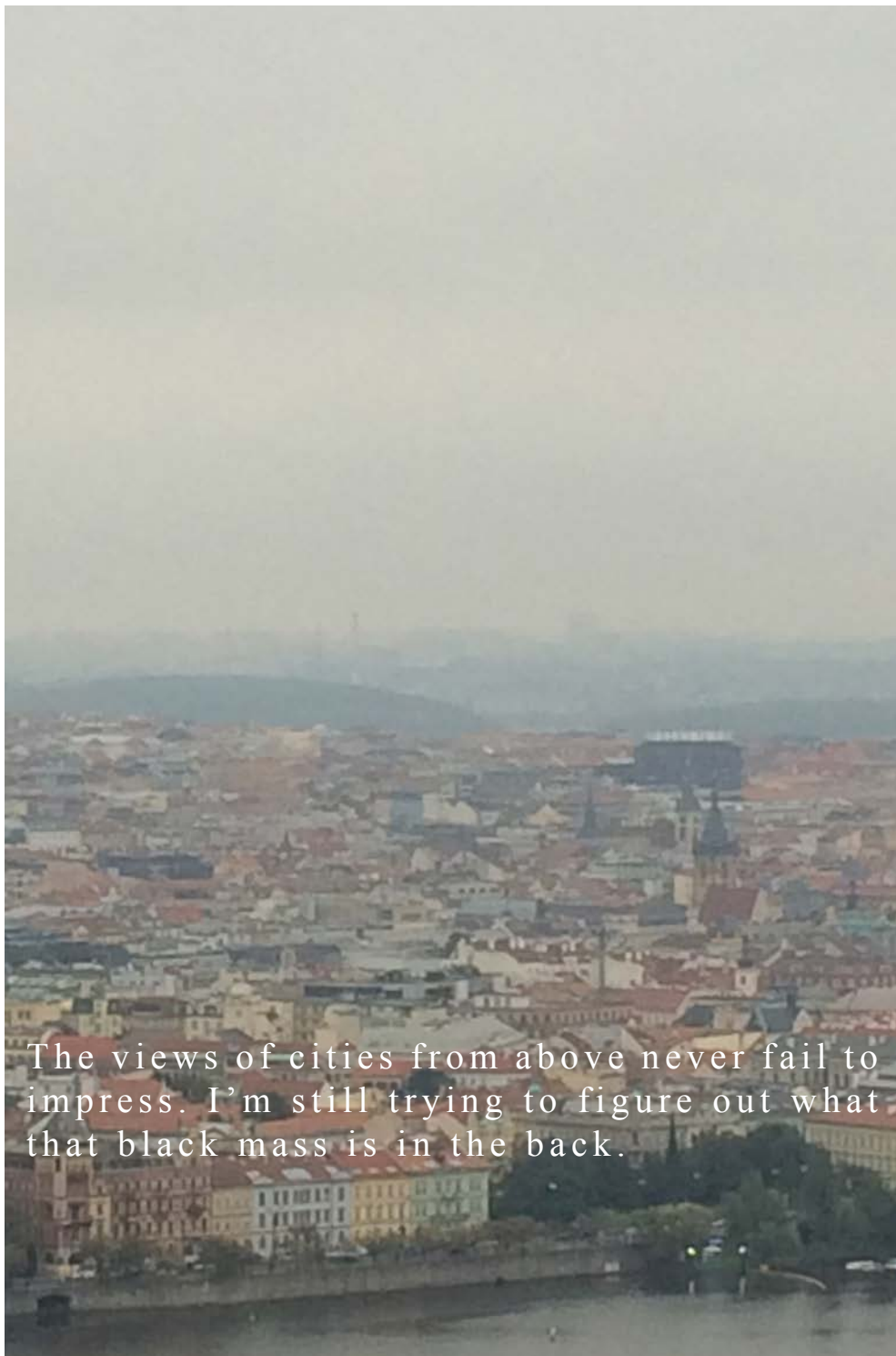












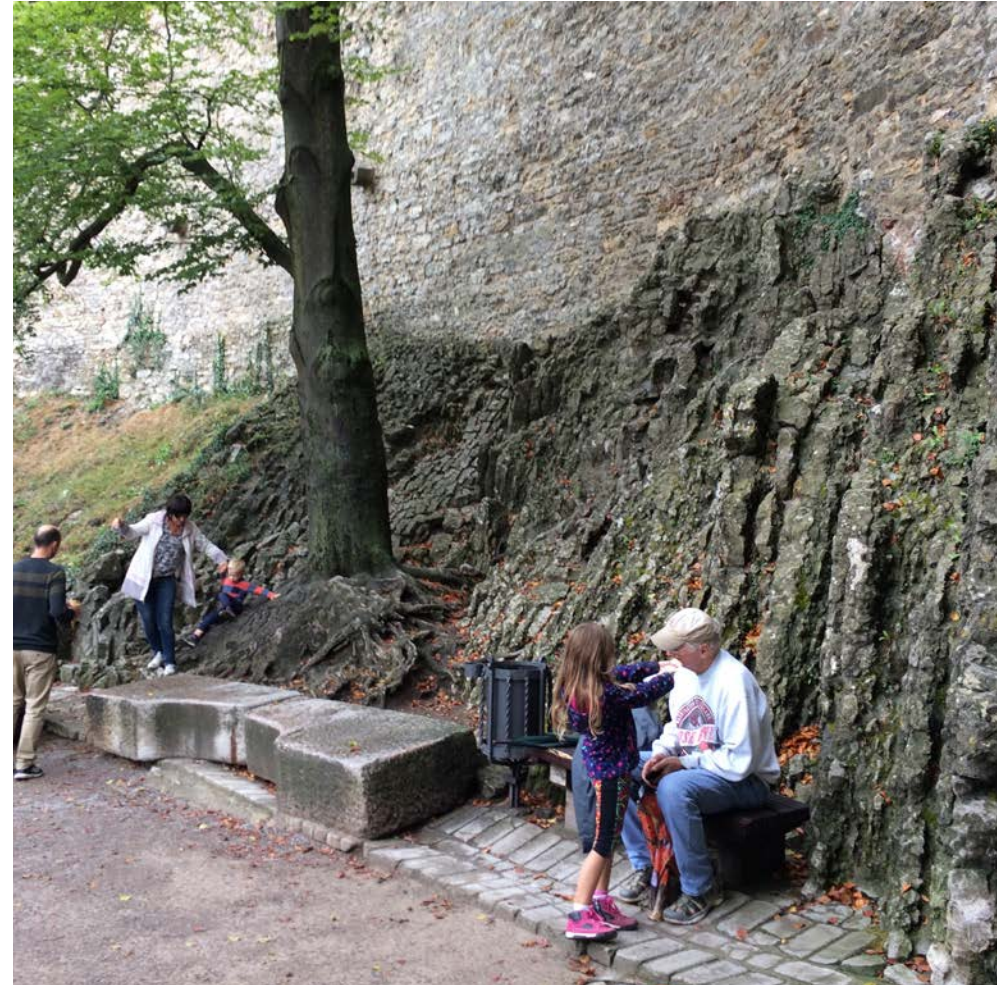
The views of cities from above never fail to impress. I'm still trying to figure out what that black mass is in the back.



















Fireplaces hold different uses these days. Though the craft and simplicity should inspire our design decisions elsewhere.





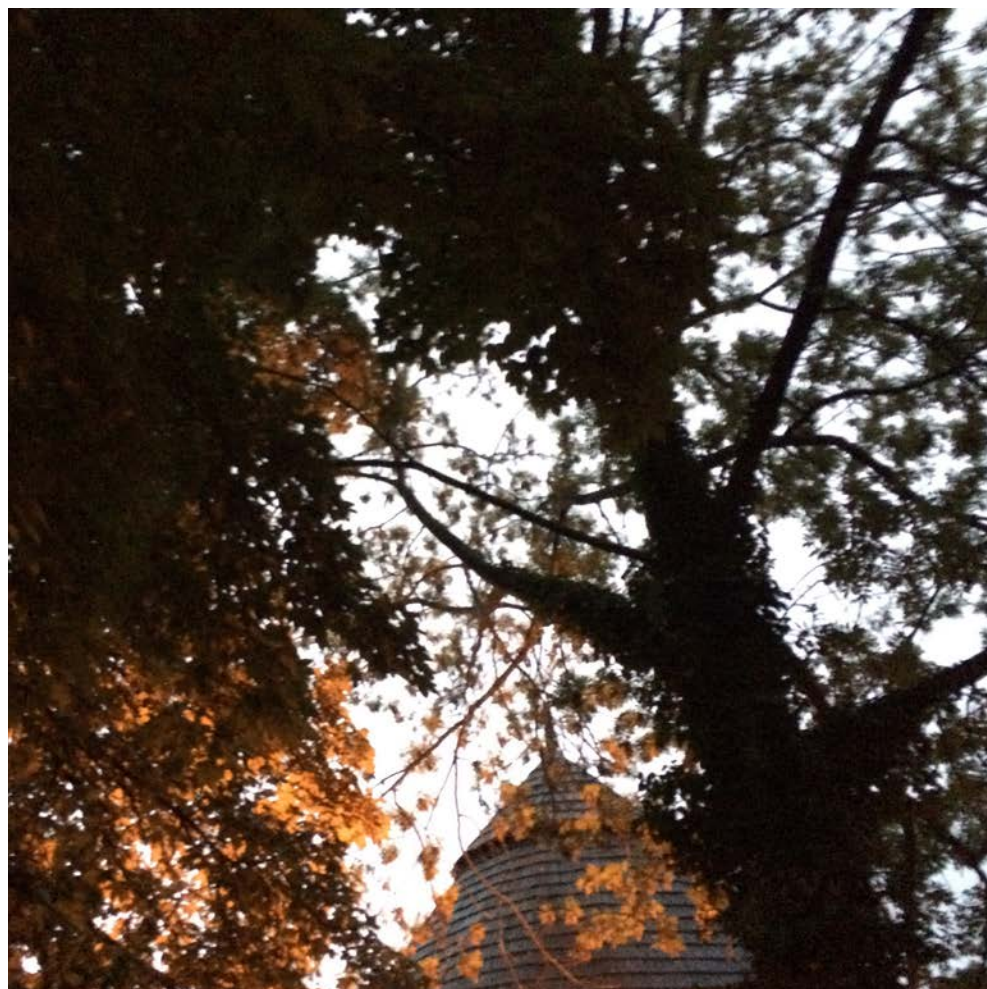




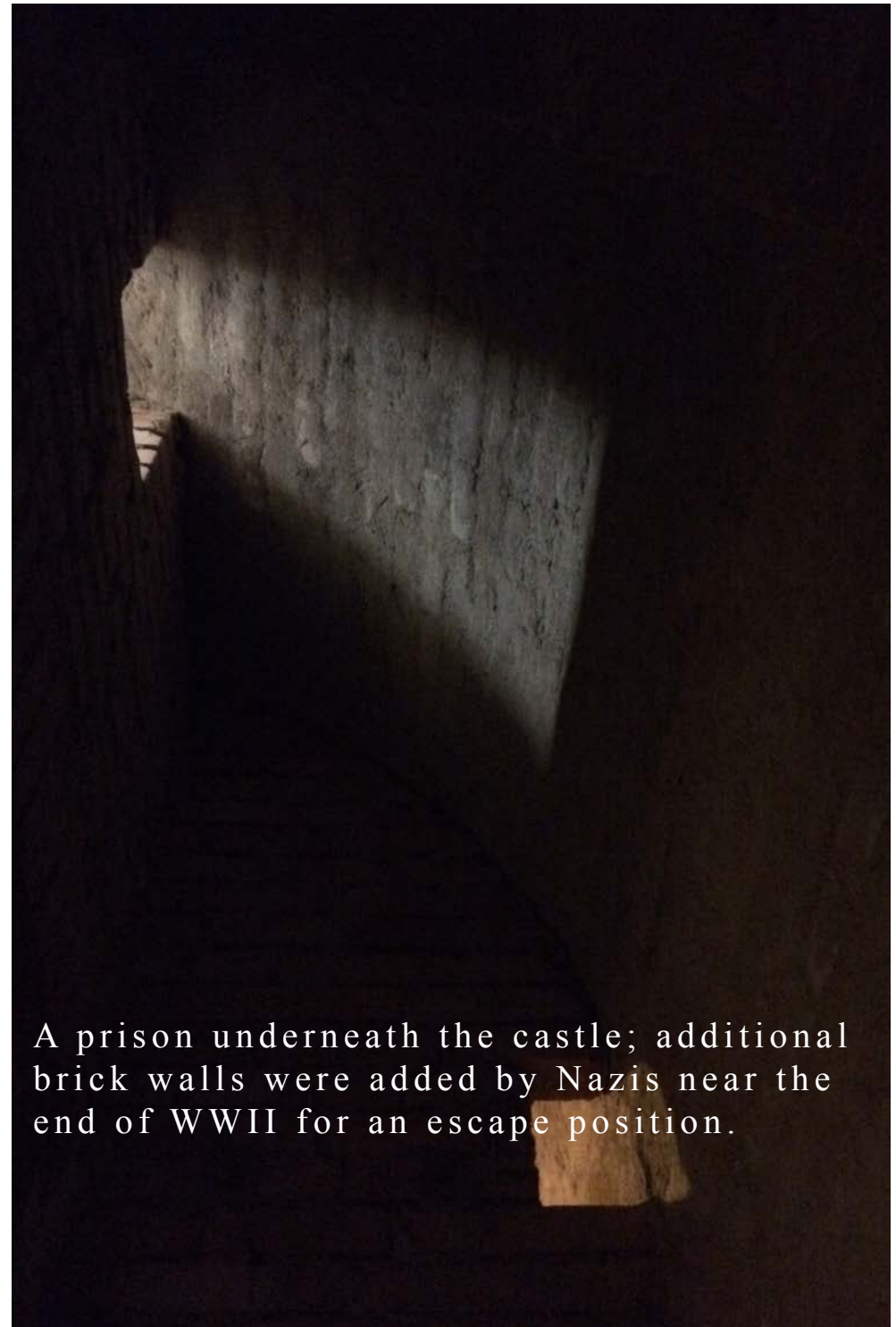
The farms and clouds remind me of Ohio.











A prison underneath the castle; additional brick walls were added by Nazis near the end of WWII for an escape position.

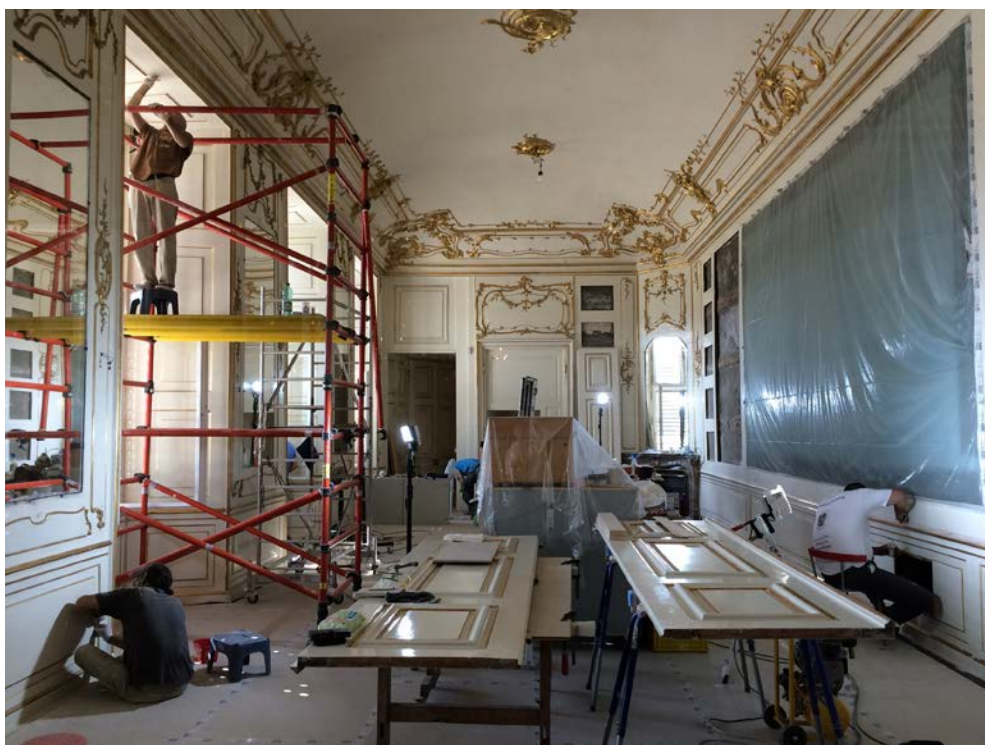




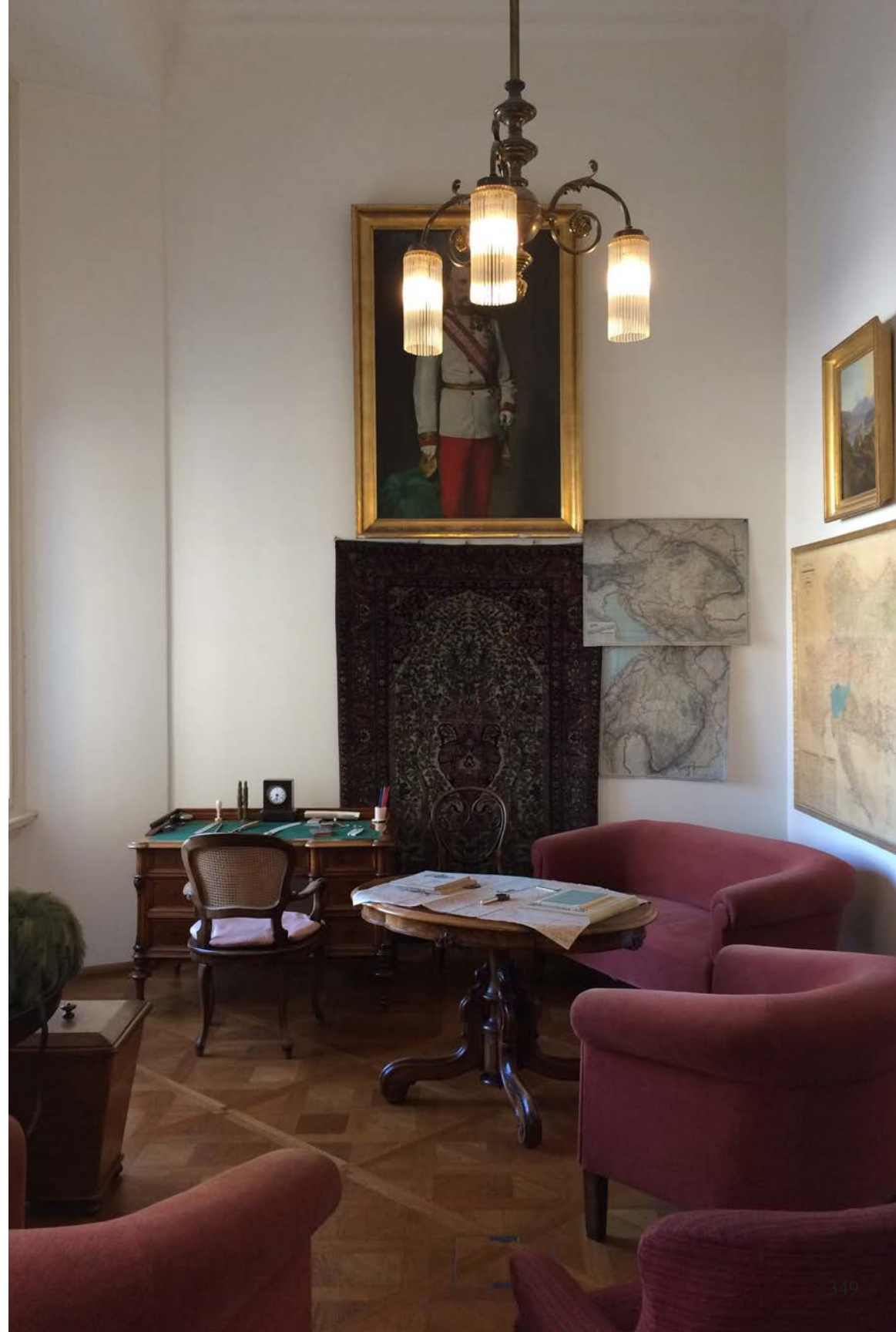








Sneaking photos. Investigating the process.

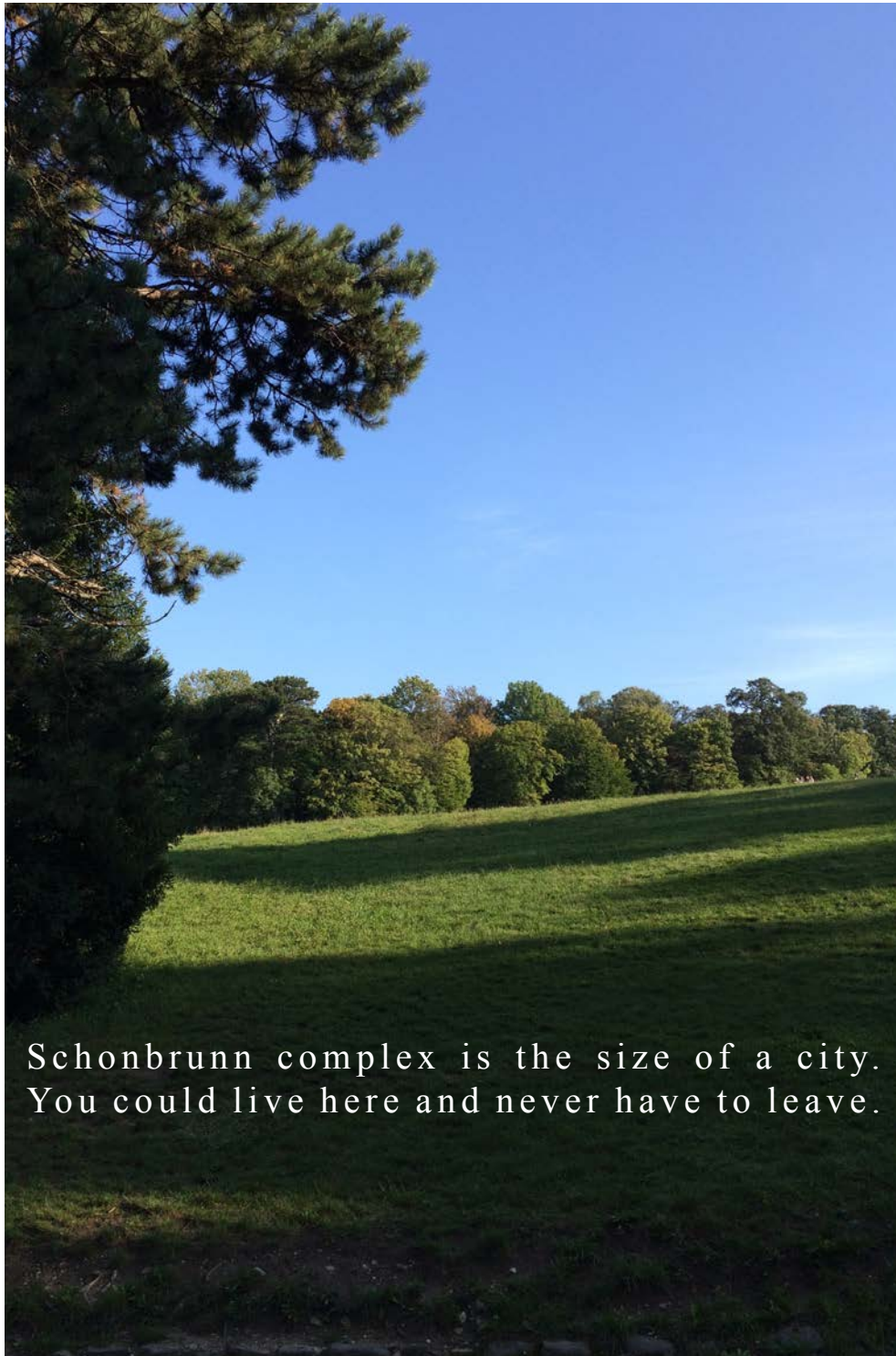






Indian miniatures within golden baroque frames is unusual.





Schonbrunn complex is the size of a city.  
You could live here and never have to leave.















Soviet Union monument and buildings exist here. The buildings are called “khrushchyovka”.





Bratislava castle has been renewed and painted all white recently. The stairs and gate to the castle make us wonder where the ground must have been previously.





# IRELAND

Dublin, 364-385  
Cork



# IRELAND

I have condensed this section into two cities because of their relatively short stay. The first city with only two pictures, is Dublin. Having been sick and only staying one day, I saw a minority of it. Yet I was able to visit the National Gallery of Ireland, St. Stephen's Green, and St. Patrick's Cathedral. Dublin reminded me a lot of Chicago, minus the Loop. It was a short visit, and it felt nice to be in an English speaking country again. By the way, they really do say "cheerio" and "love" in everyday language. It's all sort of charming.

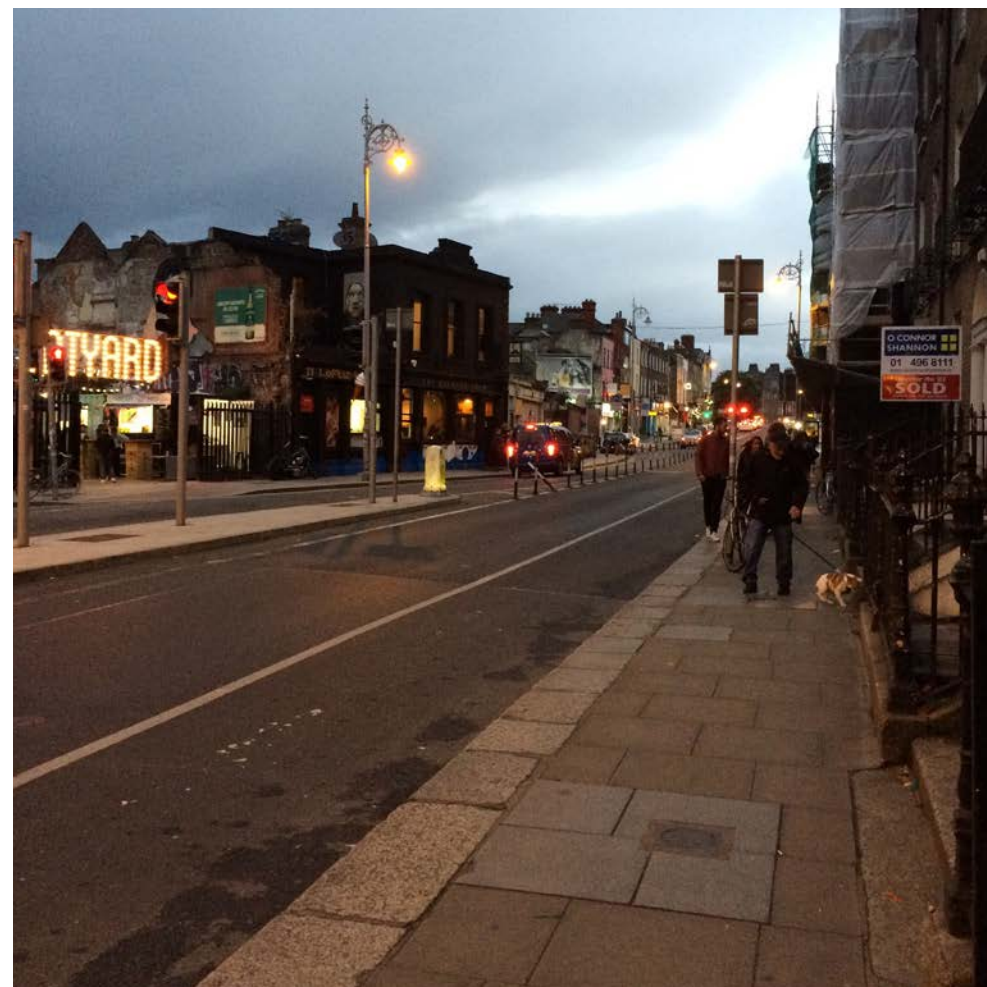
The second bit of Ireland was Cork, a small city west of Dublin. The primary reason of going here was to experience an Irish castle, specifically Blarney Castle.

With a rich history of tales and actual history, this castle was full of surprises. The castle itself is made of rugged stone with a lovable form. Lichen forms and decomposition has been slowed. At the top, everyone kisses a stone while lying upside down for good luck. Besides the castle is a cave that may have gone further previously. A fern garden lays hidden in the forest, and a garden of poisonous plants is behind the castle. Past the woods are farms, cows, ponds, and unusual homes. The cows eat the greenest grass I've ever seen and look happy. Wildflowers grow in front of their fence. I get back to fly the next day, but wish I could stay longer. Next time, I will travel Ireland extensively with a car.





Chaim Soutine



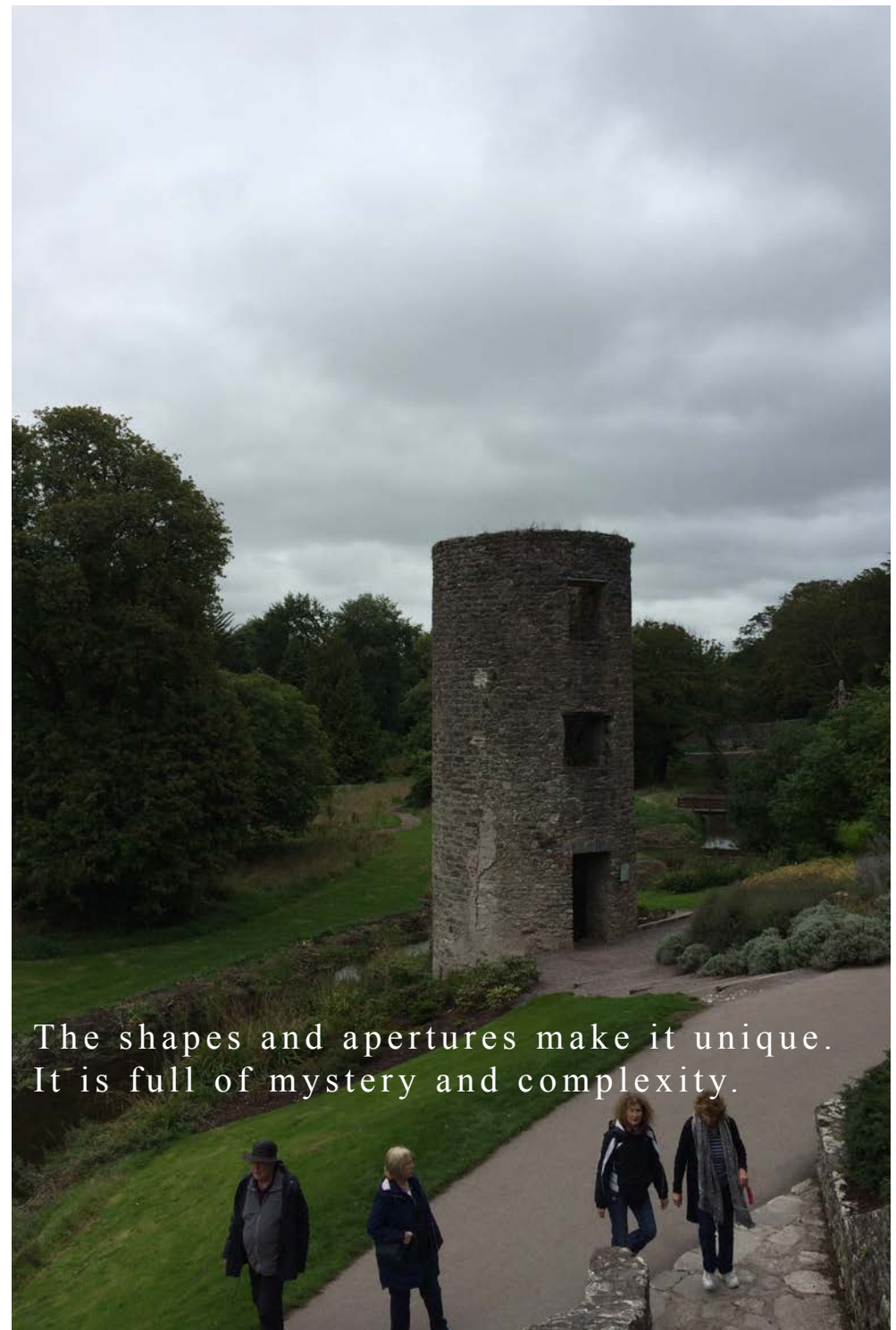












The shapes and apertures make it unique.  
It is full of mystery and complexity.









Unexpectedly arriving on an old fern garden.  
What other types of random gardens might  
one grow in a forest?





















# SCOTLAND

Glasgow 388-393

Ben Nevis 394-423

Edinburgh 424-439



# GLASGOW

My first taste of the United Kingdom. Starting with a marvelous train station during rush hour. I always forget people work until rush hour comes along. It was a reminder of living in New York, not rushing, but walking unusually fast to my destination. Amazing that everyone in the crowd have lives that unfold into lengthy tales.

Where I stayed, there were a lot of immigrants and old brownstone buildings. I rented a room from an artist; a photographer by trade. I don't have many pictures of the space, but it was scrappy, wholesome, and filled with unique plants, furniture, and great light. It was lovely, at least to me. Her place alone was worth going to Glasgow for. She told me others who have stayed found the neighborhood unsafe because of the immigrants. It is sad, and untrue. They are friendly humans, and bring cultural diversity.

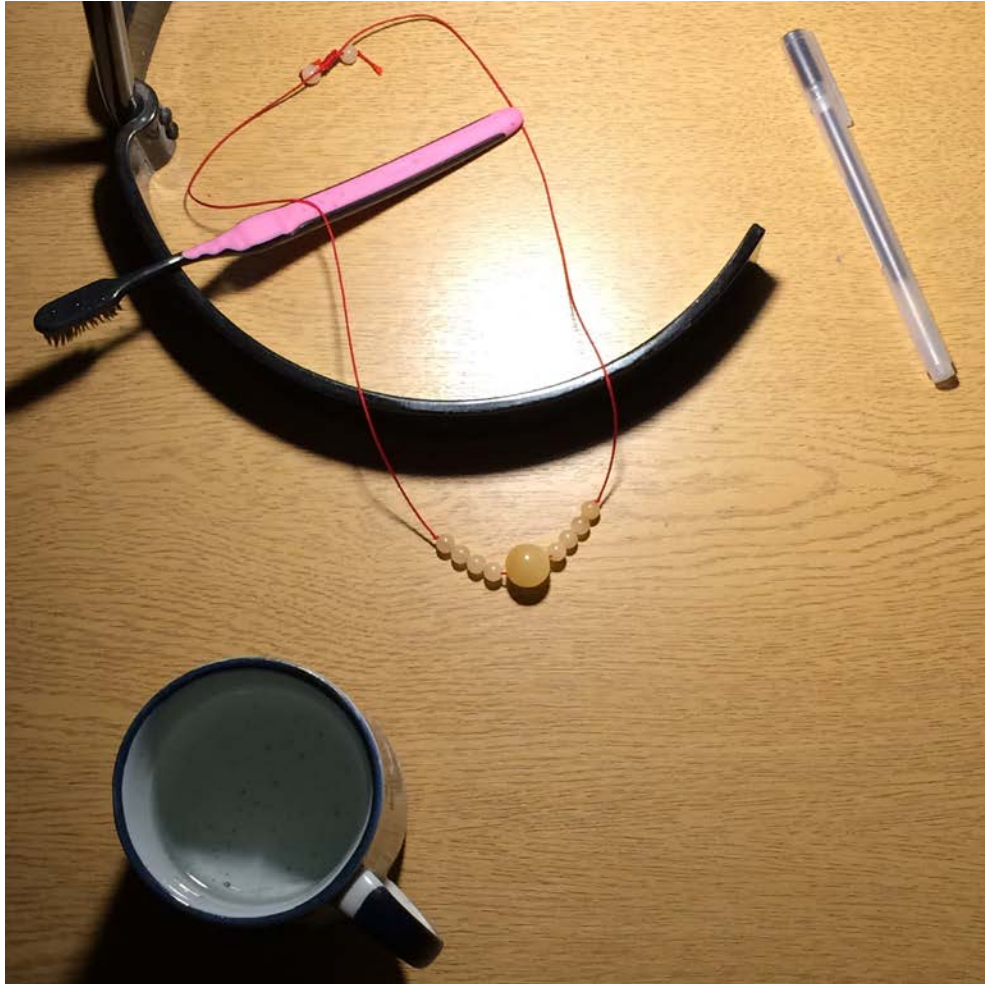
With only one whole day, I spend it shopping to prepare for a Ben Nevis hike. I also popped into the Gallery of Modern Art to see a host of Scotland artists. Finally, I pay a visit to the Glasgow School of Art which has unfortunately been in a tough patch after going through two fires recently. Most of the historical building is gone, and it is questionable as to whether it was an accident or not.

Afterwards I walked around and back to the temporary

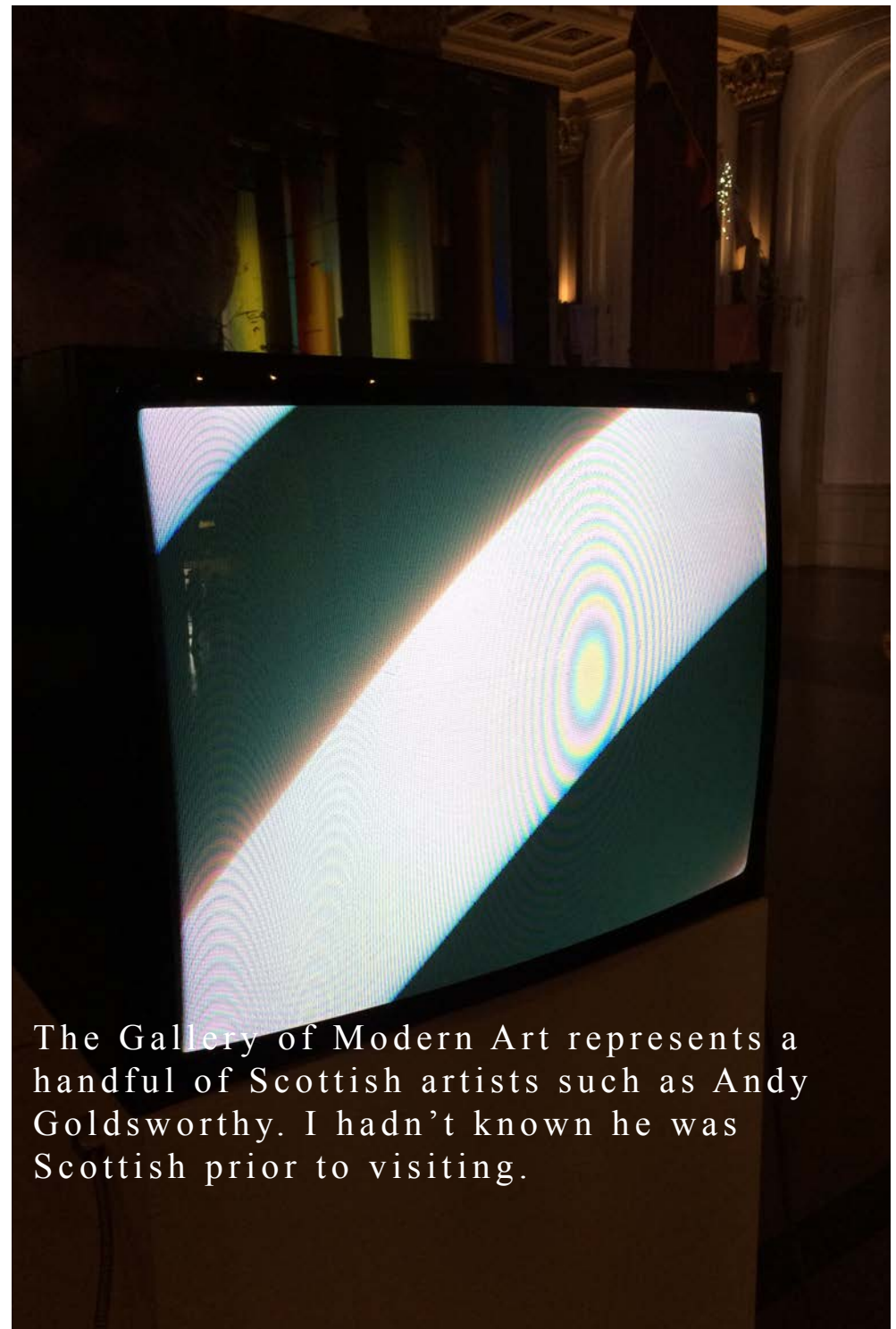
beautiful home. It wasn't until here that I began to wonder what might actually be pre-war. The buildings felt as if from another era than the ones in France and Eastern Europe. It is hard to tell the history of buildings from the front. I wish they had a back cover where you could read their summary.

While short, Glasgow was nice to visit and allowed me to prepare for a deep nature expedition. Glasgow is a blue collar city, and fights for its popularity with Edinburgh. I certainly must revisit, and perhaps journey into the nature of Scotland a second time.









The Gallery of Modern Art represents a handful of Scottish artists such as Andy Goldsworthy. I hadn't known he was Scottish prior to visiting.



# BEN NEVIS

After having seen so many cities, towns, and villages, I had a desire to experience a foreign nature. Ben Nevis, a mountain in Scotland ended up being that place. The area is mountainous and full of valleys in between. There is a small amount of cottages amongst the mass of plant life. I stayed in a proper bed and breakfast this time around. Large homemade breakfast and packed lunches kept me satisfied through the days. Prepared with boots, a waterproof/windproof jacket and pants, I ventured out.

It was windy, chilly, and wet. I chose to hike to the top of Ben Nevis where the ruins of an astrological study remain. It is a long two hour hike up, and one and a half hour down. I remember having a vinegar salmon sandwich, four cookies, chips, and an orange juice box. After getting halfway up the mountain, it tasted gourmet. But there was no time to waste as the longer you sit, the colder it gets. I had to keep moving to stay warm. I brought two water bottles, finished them and refilled them at a waterfall along the hike. It was unfiltered, and the best water I've ever had.

Plants started lush, and then as the altitude changed, it became more rocky like another planet. Water falls from the top in split streams. Visibility is limited. Eventually there is snow and finally the old astrological project. It is cold up there. I digest the feeling of being in a different setting. Up there, nothing but itself exists. It is surreal. I

venture back down, it is slippery but I eventually make it.

Other days incorporated hiking on routes through public parks, another day through a route connected through farms. There was a lot of sheep. Some cows. Water from the mountains fell to the lower altitude hiking areas, where nature is fully awake. It is incredible, untouched, and breathing. It makes sense that many fictions have inspiration from these places. Nature there told stories through their composition aided by time. A moved rock or a fallen tree could forever change the flow of water and an ecosystem. Such fragility lies in nature.

The last photos were of a pit stop in Inverness before taking a train to Edinburgh. I was feeling worn out and resting. There are only baths in Inverness and Ben Nevis. No showers.

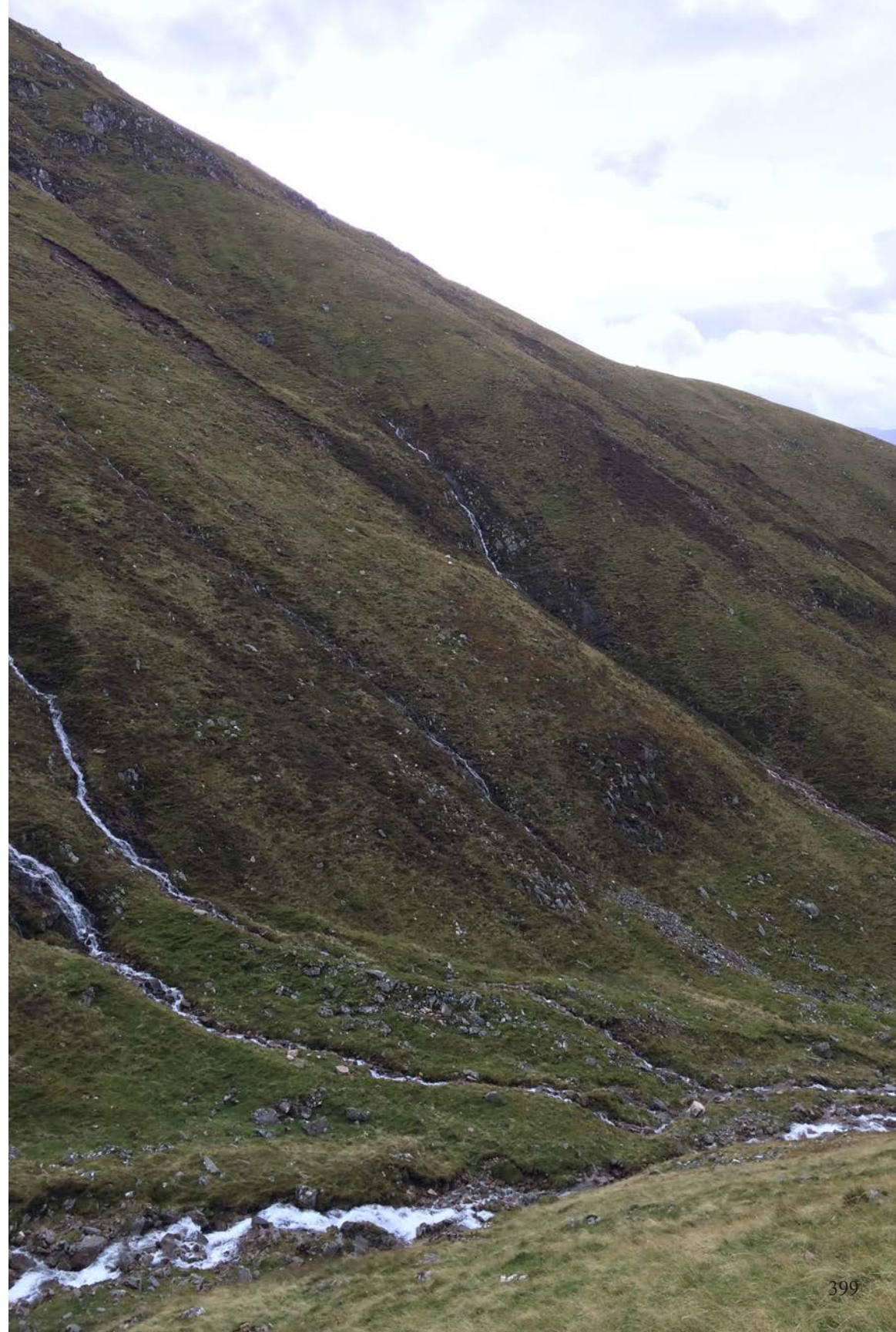








I thank all who worked to create this path.  
There are a lot of plants at this altitude,  
especially ferns.











Visibility starts to fade. Now it's only myself, rocks, and cold air.









I had no idea I would be seeing snow in September. These markers indicate the path. They help with the fog. It reminds me of Andy Goldsworthy's land art.











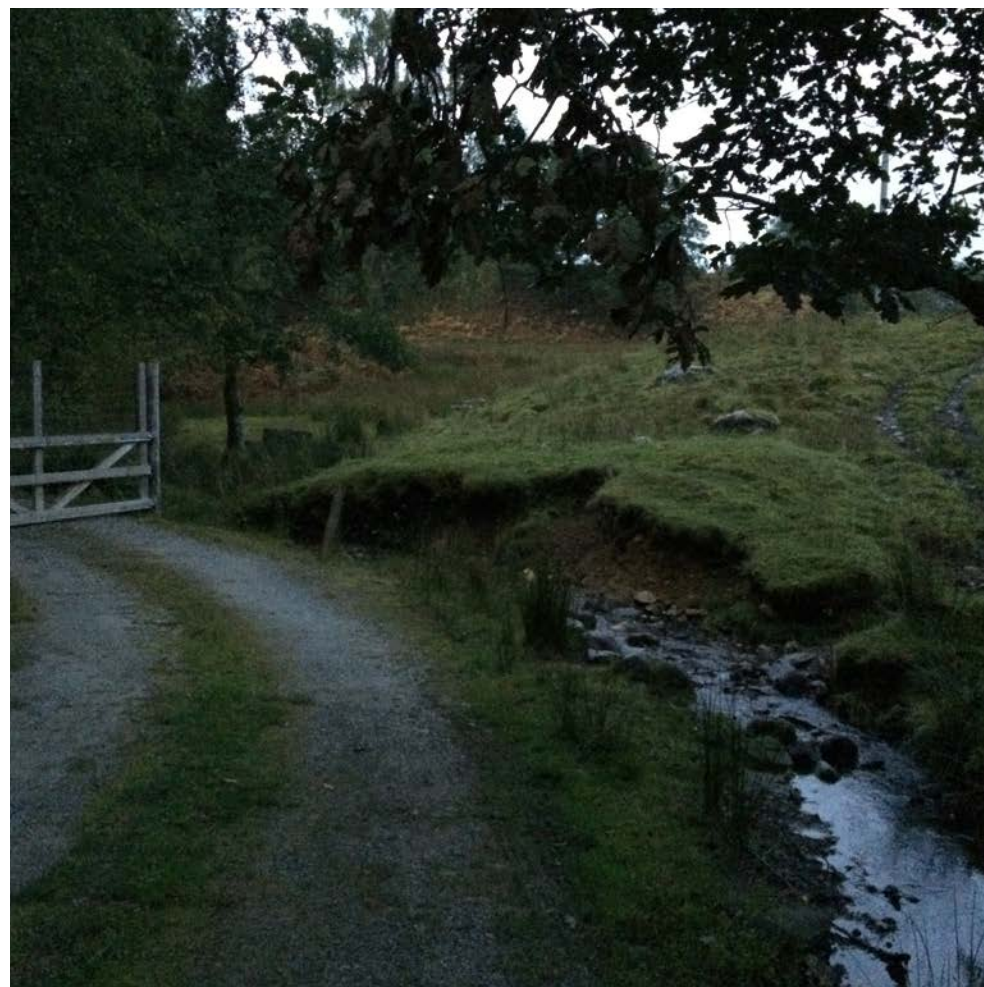


























# EDINBURGH

After being in nature and small villages, I was excited to get back to a thriving city. Edinburgh was bustling and full of busy city folk. A city with a lot of grade changes, reminiscent of Athens, and the acropolis. However this time it would be a castle upon a hill. In the center, a drop of land for gardens and museums. Edinburgh is a city of many parts. I am not quite sure a city in America exists like Edinburgh or Athens. If we're talking similarities in land, maybe Los Angeles or San Francisco? I haven't been to every American city so I'm a bad judge. In Inverness and Ben Nevis, I was away from art and good architecture. I went to the National Museum of Scotland, The Royal Scottish Gallery, the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, and the Ingleby Gallery. I got my fix.

It felt like a portrait city after going to a portrait gallery and also seeing a Rembrandt exhibition, perhaps the best portrait artist of all time. Rembrandt has a keen ability to draw emotion through subtle gestures. I admire his sensibilities and precision, wondering if I could ever draw like so. I drew self portraits on throw away paper and will continue this practice.

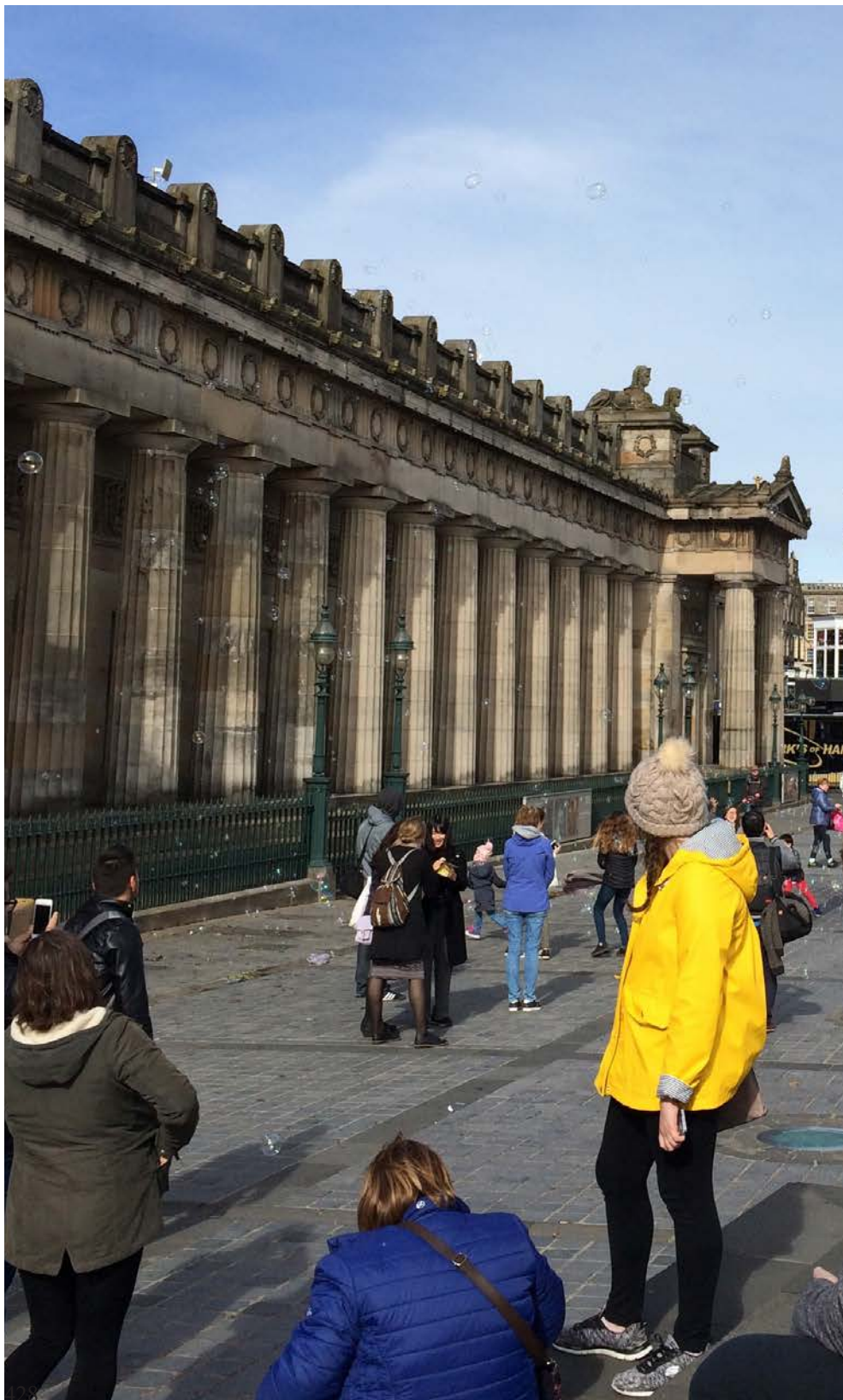
All in all, Edinburgh has many layers of old and new. From the Hollyrood Palace to the new Parliament building. It is lively, filled with Harry Potter stores, and street performers with bagpipes. It is the perfect Scottish city.





On the way, I spot a familiar looking bridge. It is a bridge that I had to study in structures class. Wasn't expecting to see it here.



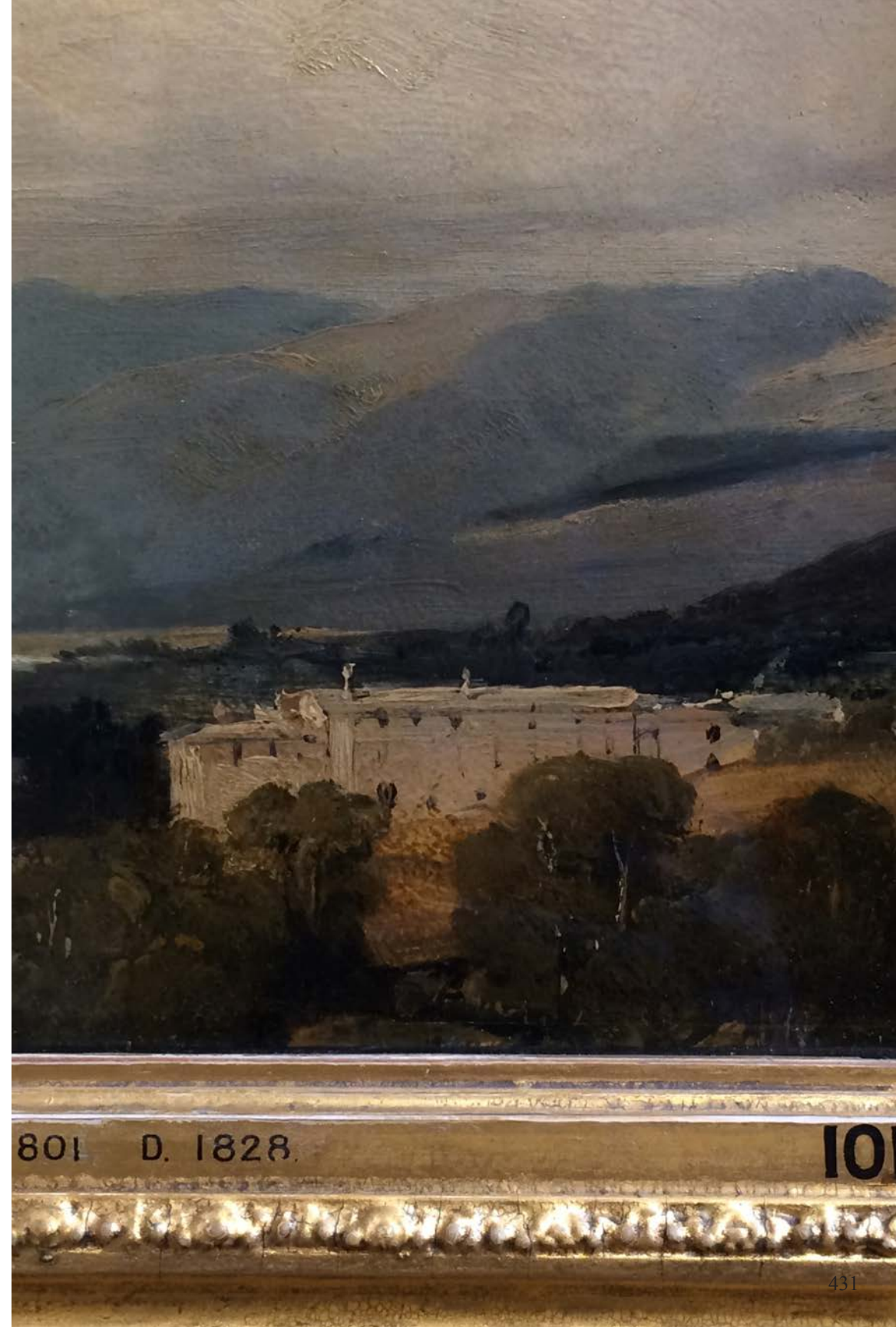


Sir Stanley Cursiter





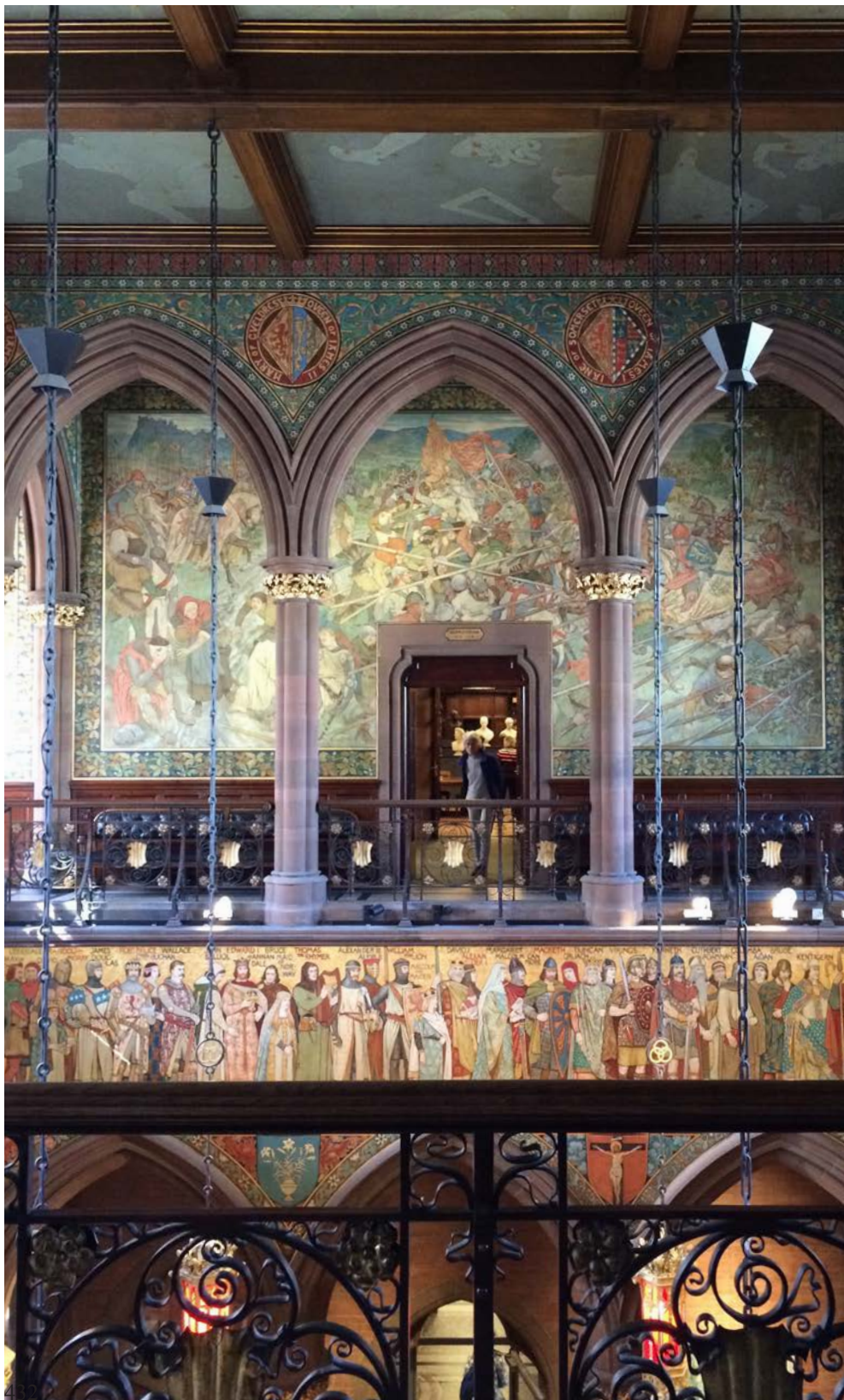
Our perception of architecture from afar or in passing can create interesting images that aren't specifically true.



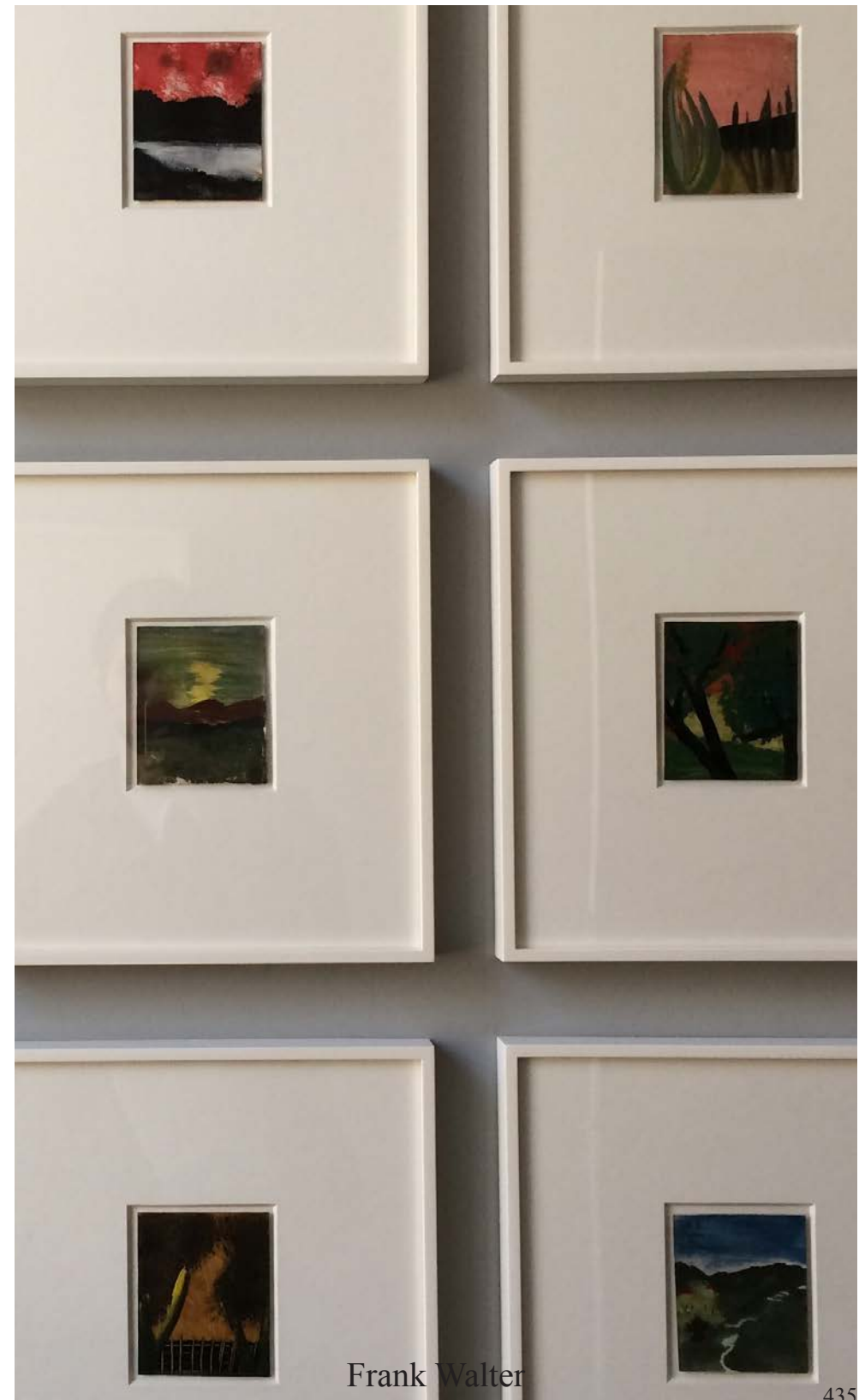
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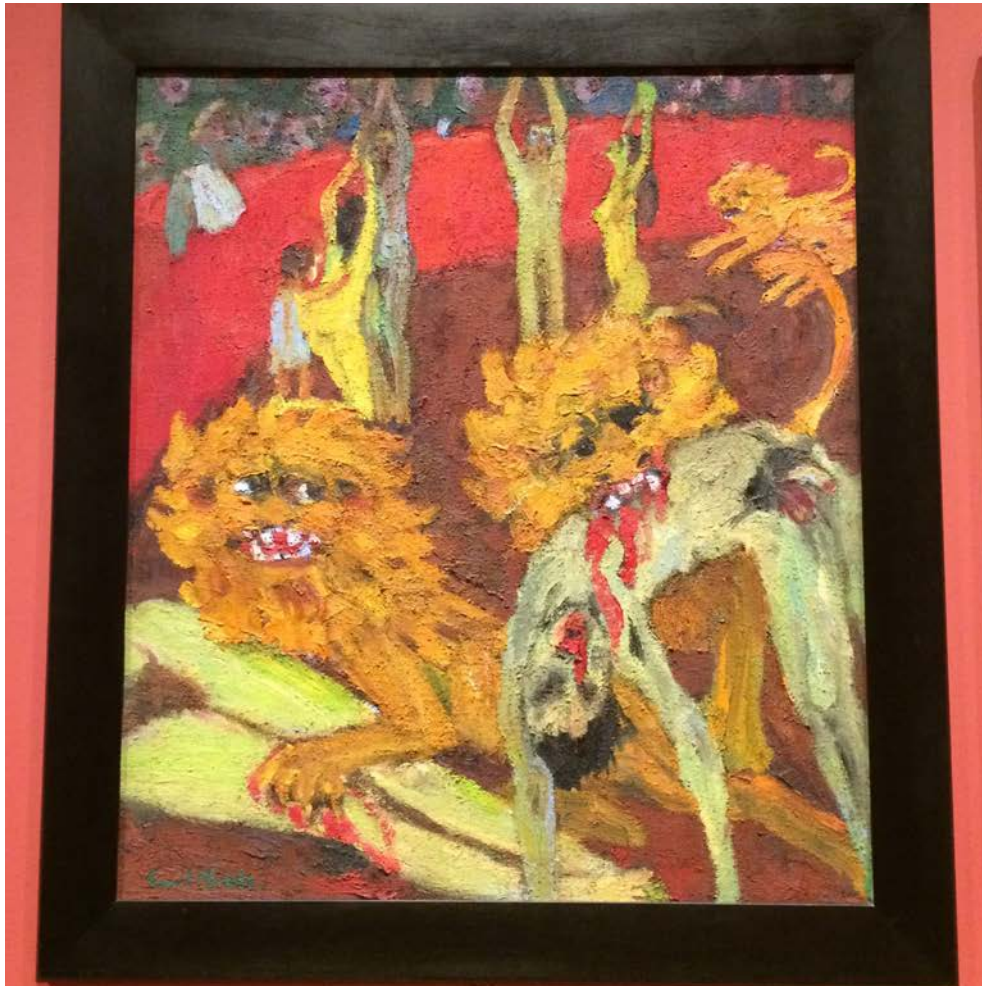












Emil Nolde



Emil Nolde







# ENGLAND

Oxford 442-455

London 456-479



# OXFORD

Oxford, they are a bike commuting town, and heavily influenced in education. Multiple buildings resemble classical architecture, throwing me back to Rome. On another hand, new contemporary architecture is going up. Which buildings will survive time, and what building styles fall away? I wonder what the lifetime will be for many of our contemporary buildings, and also wonder how they will be perceived by future generations. Who of our young generation of architects will be remembered, or remembered by the general public?

In Oxford, I stayed in a lovely sky lit room. I've never slept in a bedroom with a skylight, so this was a real treat. Especially for myself who loves to wake up to a bright room. In a few days I managed to walk around and see quite a bit. Visited the Christ Church Meadow, a wonderful park with canals, giving an escape for students. The Modern Art Oxford showed an exhibition on climate concerns, and showcased artists who are speaking on behalf of nature. Another day spent walking through the very large Ashmolean Museum, seeing a nice collection of Asian art and also an exhibit on witchcraft. I had never seen books for witches before that people had documented and used to practice witchcraft. This only engaged into the magic of Oxford and its influence on Harry Potter. Being a backdrop for scenes of the movie, having a lot of the character's names derived from colleges and streets, and of course the many shops that sell Hogwarts robes.

There was also an exhibit on Tolkien. While a lot of places did not permit photography, I wish I could have taken photos here. Tolkien, an inspiration to J.K. Rowling and others was genuine in interests of storytelling. Beyond creating an annual Christmas tale for his children, he created extensive maps with true distances to create as possibly as real journeys for Lord of the Ring characters. All on top of his watercolors scenes of the book, giving imagination to readers. A true storyteller, and a true Oxford scholar. Seeing Scotland helped understand the inspiration behind these tales.

Oxford ended quickly, and I probably could have spent another week attending lectures and reading in the grass outside the Christ Church Meadow. London would come fast, and soon I would be back in the States.





Seeing the clouds and moon at night while laying in bed is soothing. I wish everyone could have this option.













Utagawa Hiroshige



Xu Bing



Xu Lele



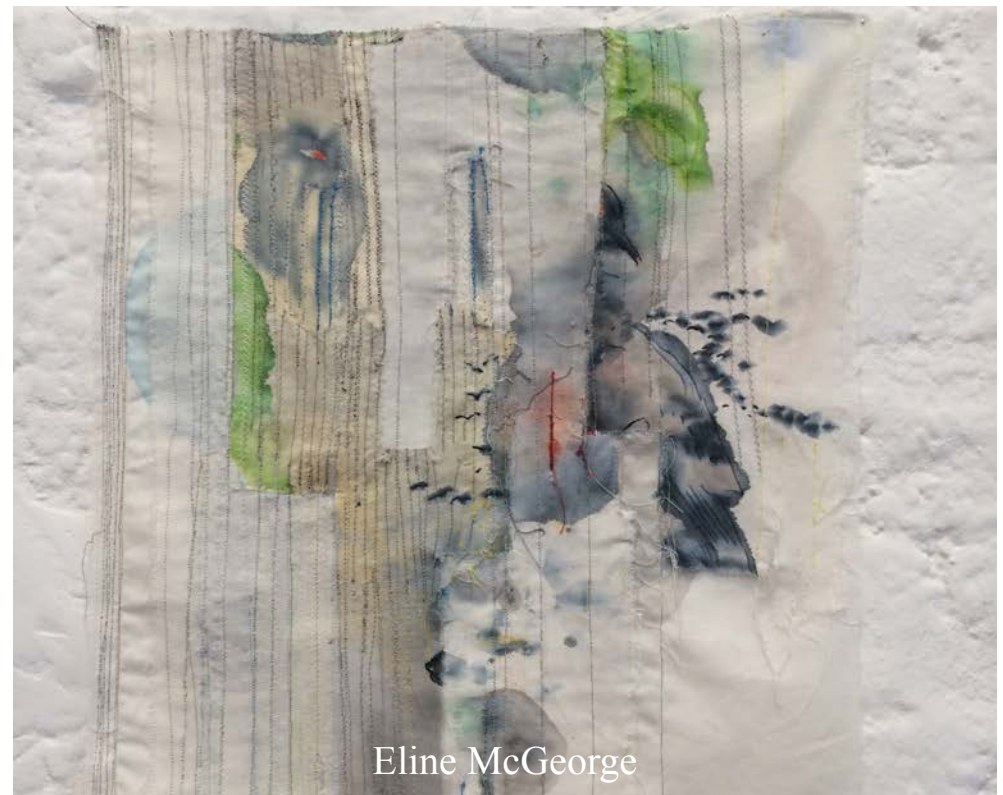








Rachel Sussman



Eline McGeorge



Rachel Sussman



Ecovative Design



# LONDON

The last city, London. I've heard that London is city without an identity, leaving it perfectly neutral. The architecture is both new and old with the new creating pockets of culture to contrast the old. It is wide spreading, so I bounce around to as many places as I possibly can. Seeing the British Museum, Tate Modern, Tate Britain, the RCA, the John Soane Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Esotorick Collection of Modern Italian Art in about a matter of a week. Passing through the Westminster area, and new contemporary areas but running out of time and not being able to visit the Serpentine Gallery. Big Ben was covered and being restored, but I was able to walk underneath the iconic Tower Bridge.

Probably my favorite part of the whole trip was visiting both Tate Museums. They are managed well, and well curated. I visited the Tate Britain twice after spending the whole first day seeing the Turner Prize finalists. They were four different artists using film in different ways of creation. It ended up being about eight hours of content for the Turner Prize alone.

At the British Museum, I saw the Elgin Marbles. It's indeed lovely, and they curate it well, but at what cost to Greece? I'm ultimately sad and have doubts about them being here. My thought is that they should be reunited with their Greek counterparts and shown in full potential.

It makes me wonder what people might pillage if the States went down under. The Statue of Liberty? The Liberty Bell? Maybe one day a large fragment of Lady Liberty will be housed in the future equivalent of the Met.

Towards the end, I start to think of the future, and moving to Boston. The journey coming to an end, and being excited to see friends and family again. I realize how much I've learned from these foreign lands. That now, city fabrics feel more alive than just looking at a map. Whenever I think of these places, I'll have definitive memories. I'm happy they are good ones and I am encouraged to travel more.

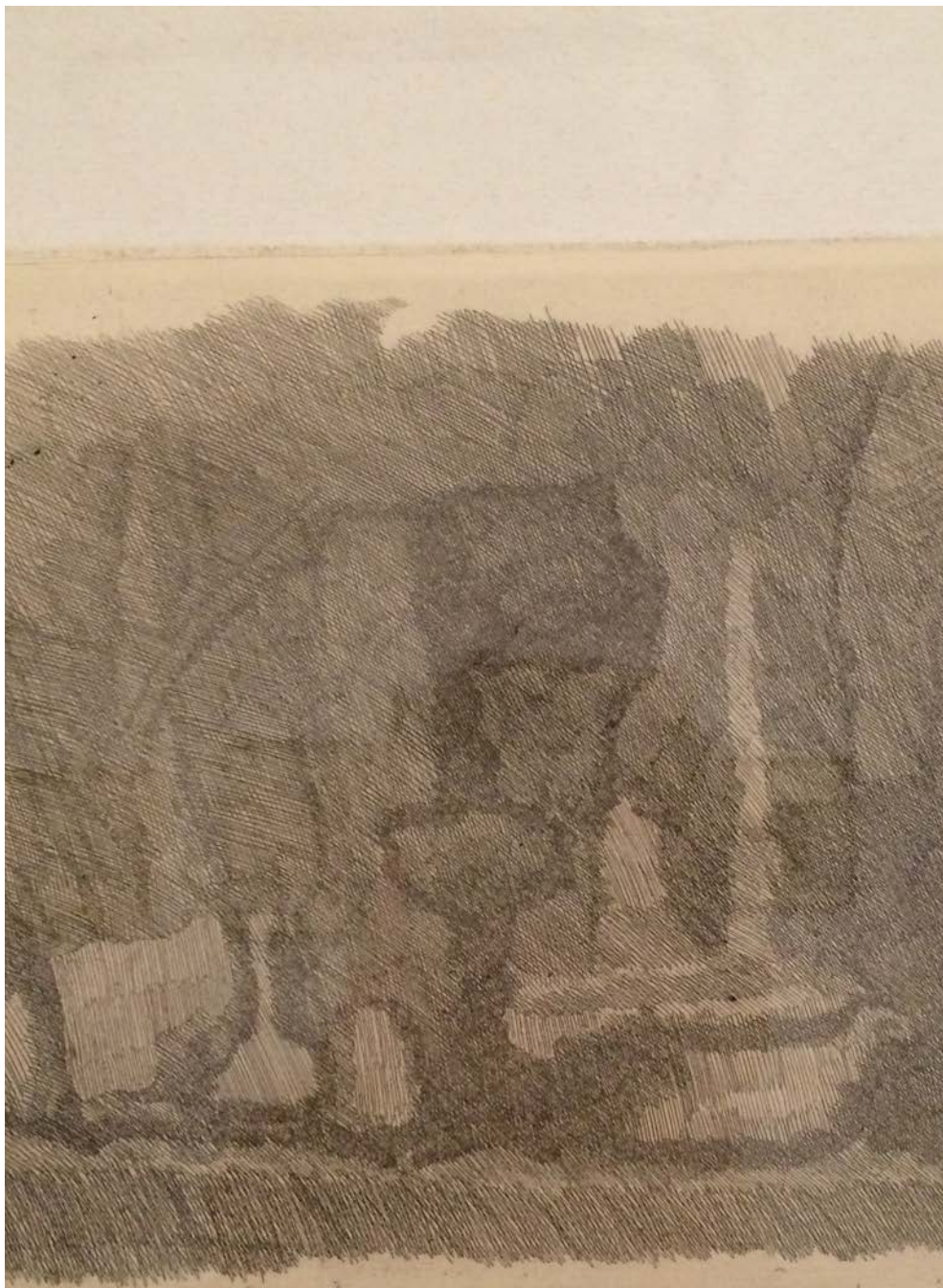




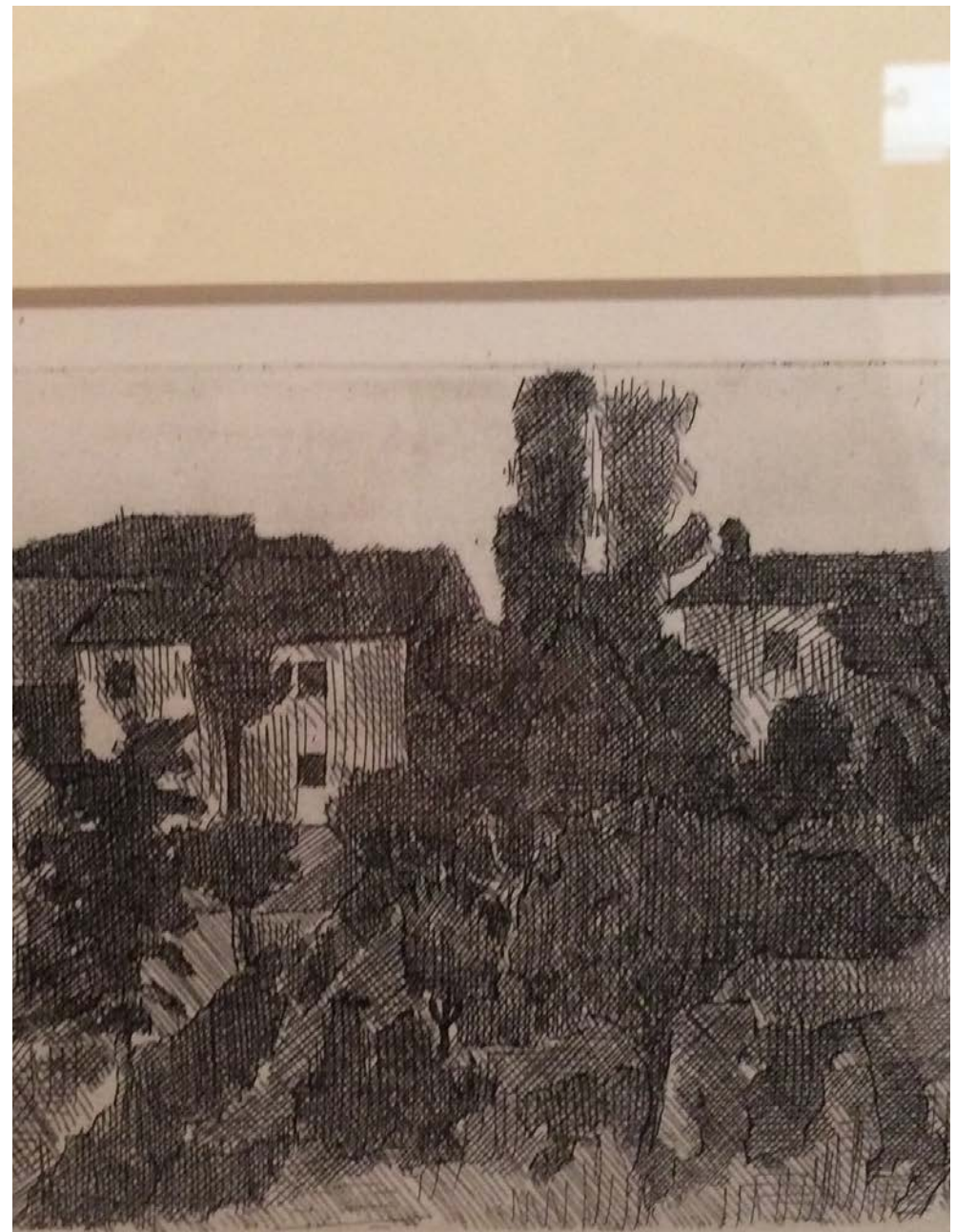
London is full of new architecture, making it feel like the most contemporary city I've ever visited. The Tube is impressive in contrast to the New York City subway.







Giorgio Morandi



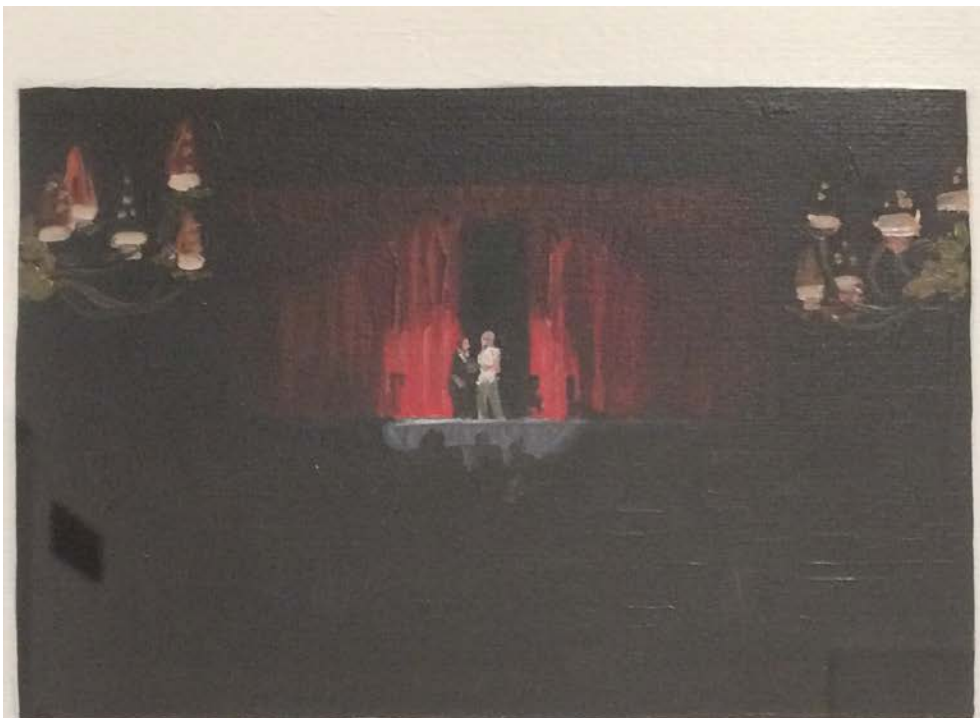
Giorgio Morandi



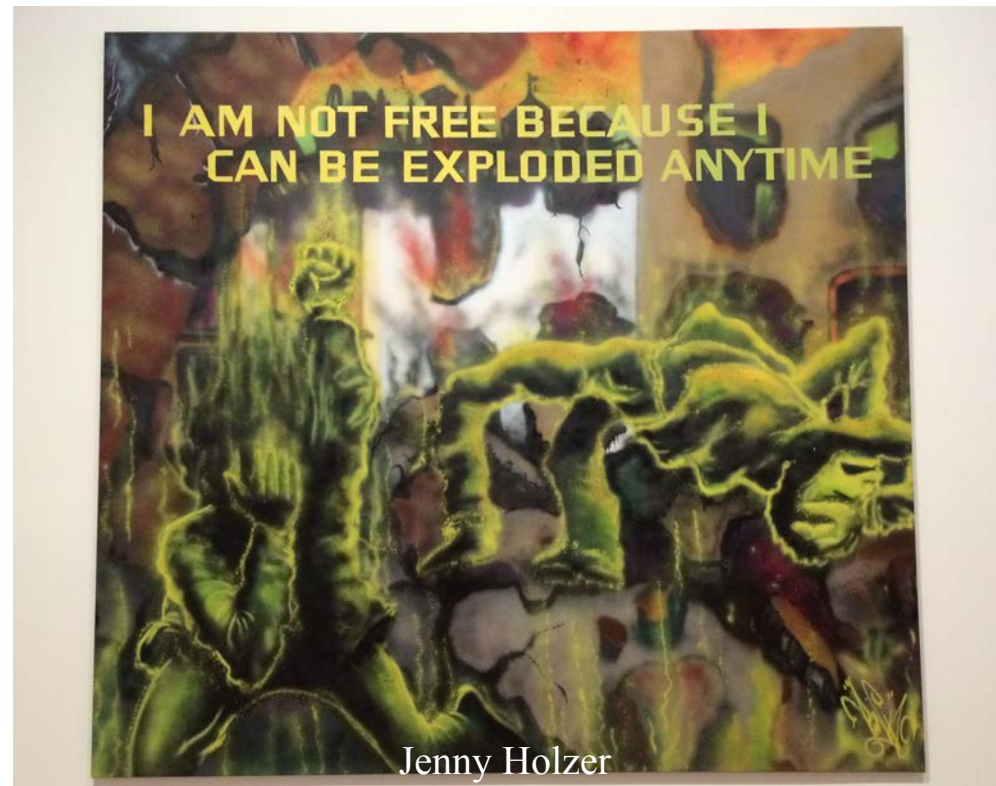


Jenny Holzer





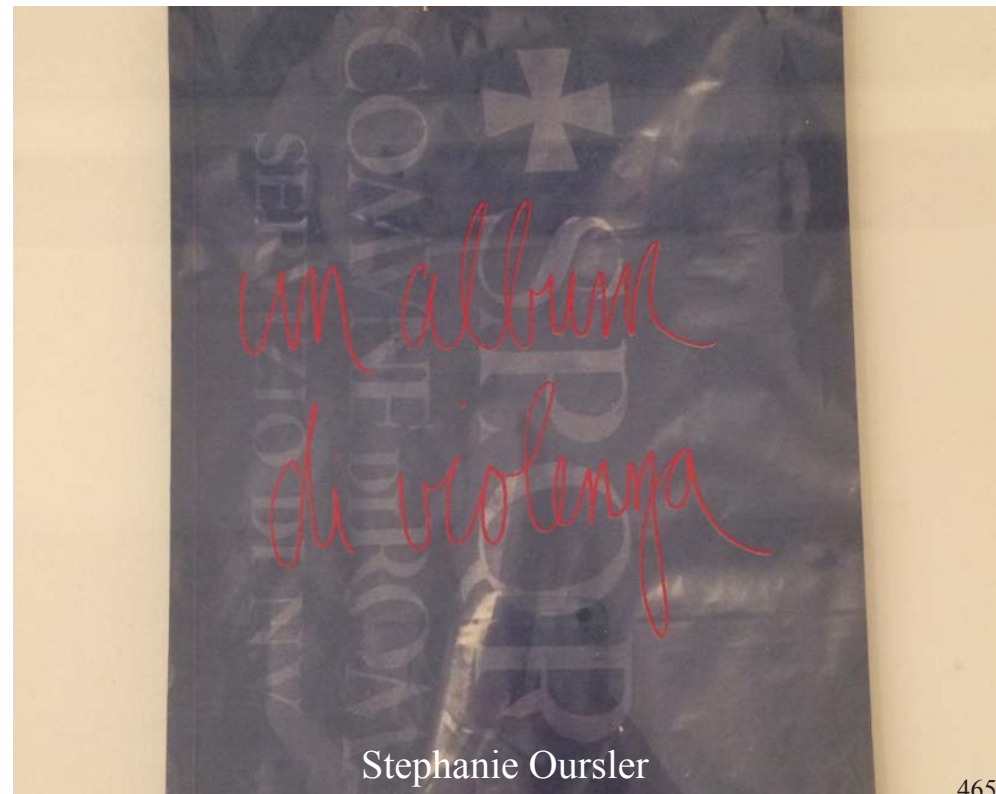
Sandra Gamarra



Jenny Holzer

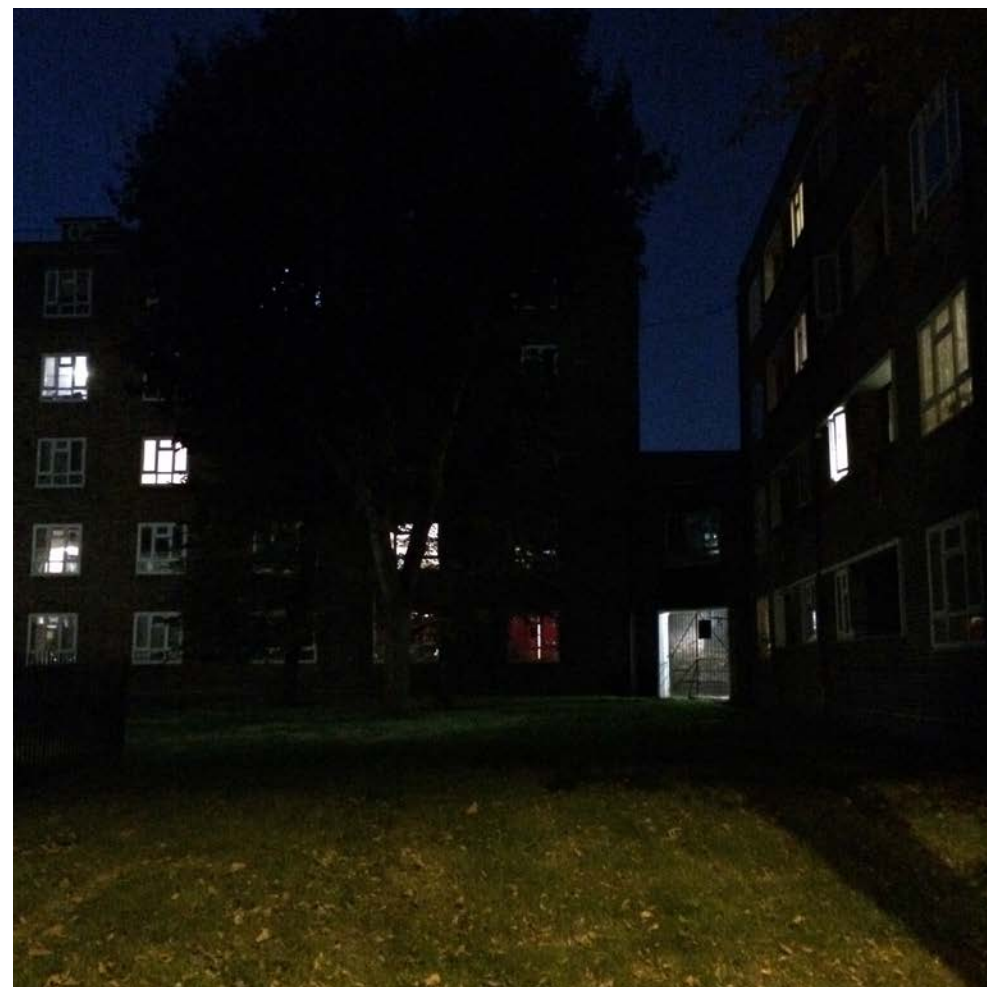
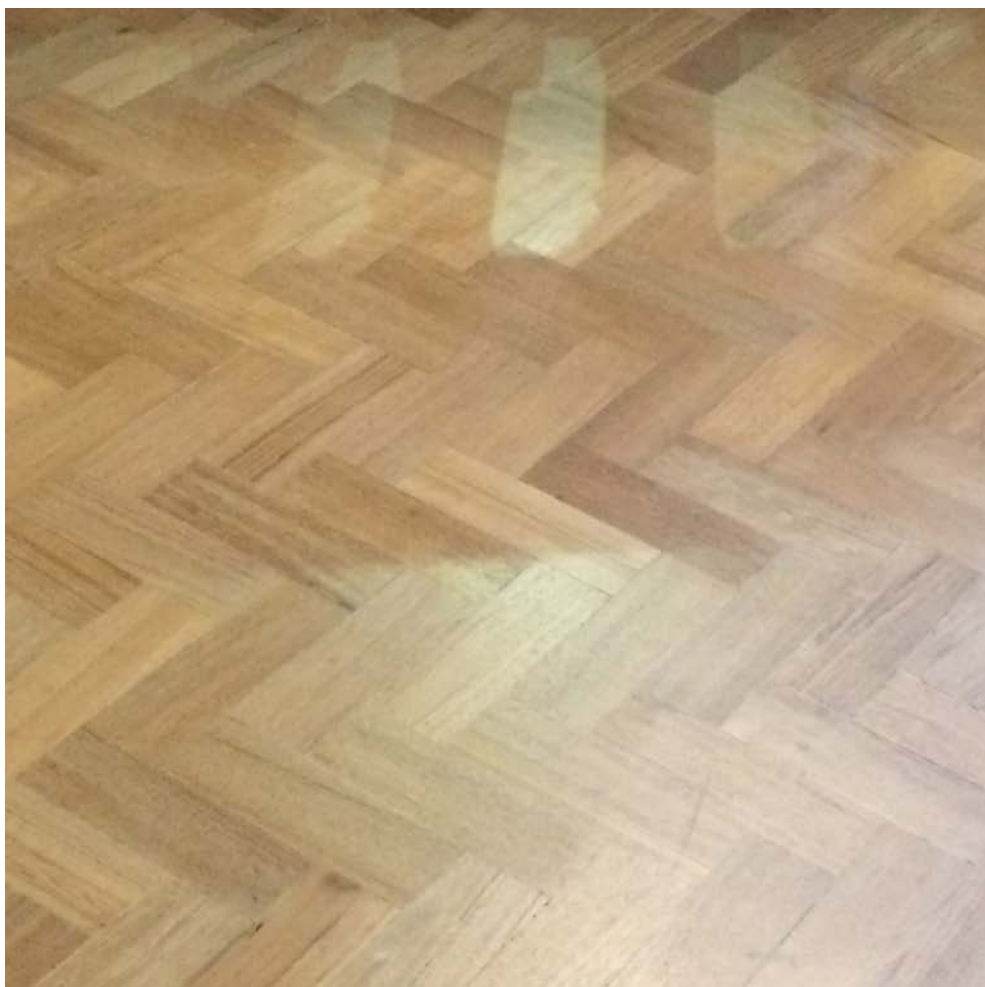


Helena Almeida



Stephanie Oursler









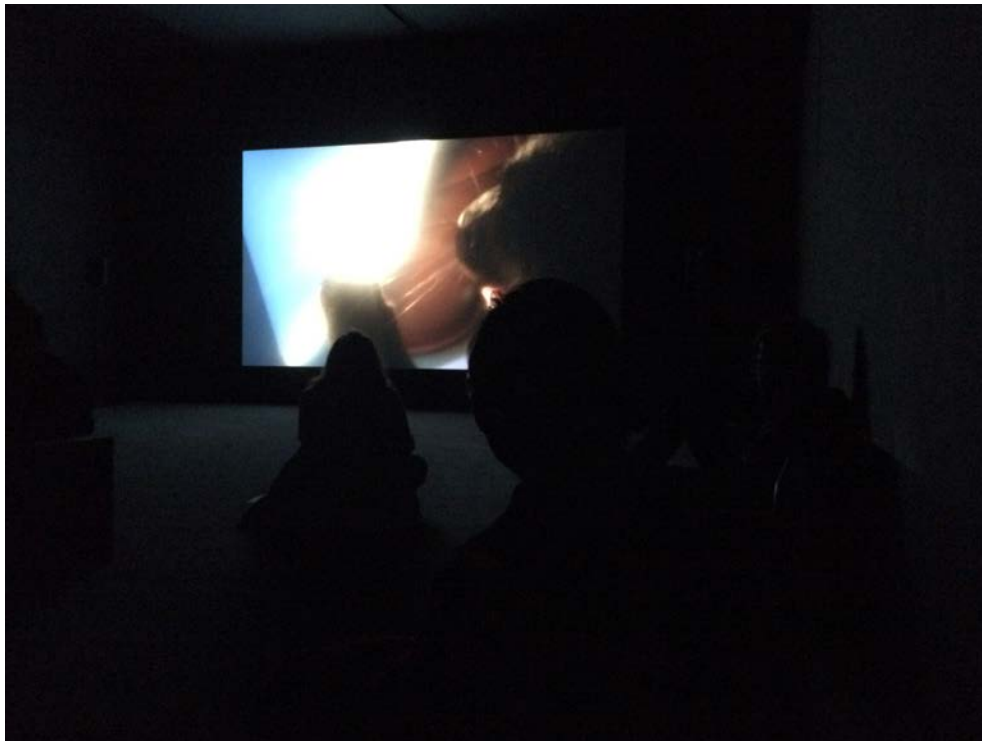
Anthea Hamilton



The Tate Britain holds an artist mimicking people throughout a space in the museum. The grid tile is unordinary for a museum.

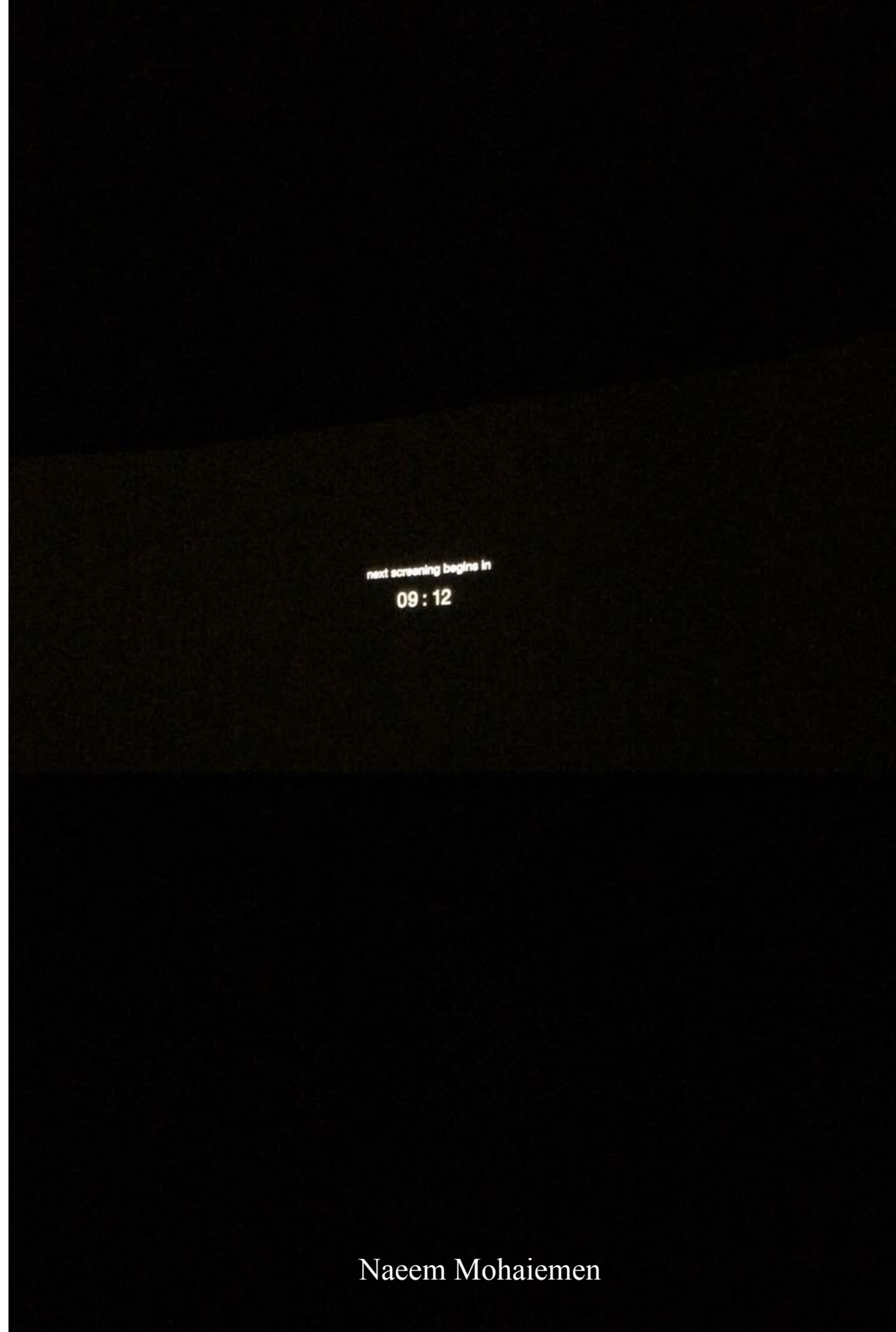
Anthea Hamilton





Film was controversial for the Turner Prize. People wanted to see paint, sculpture, drawings. Will next year be different?

Charlotte Prodger

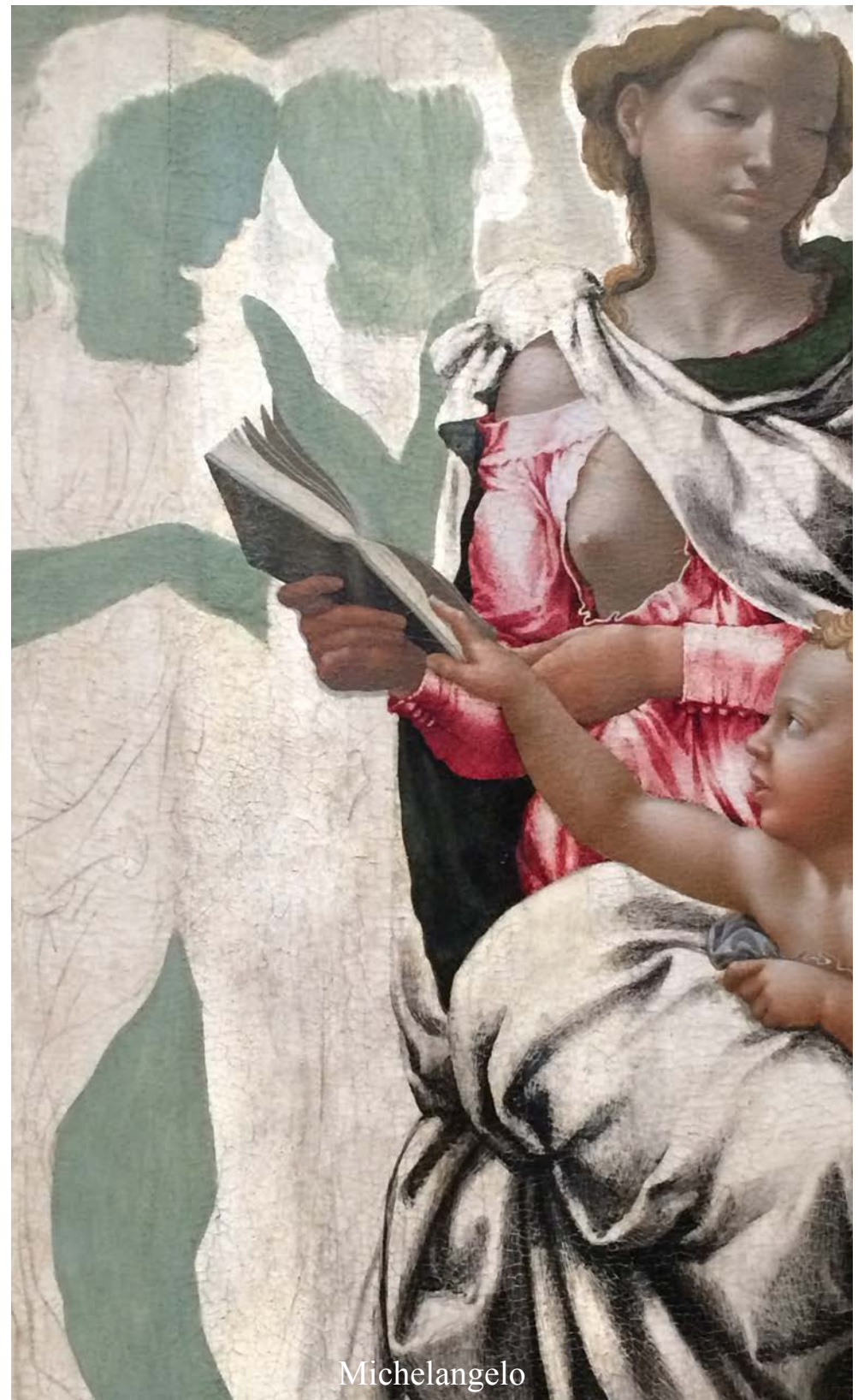


Naeem Mohaiemen





Hans Holbein the Younger



Michelangelo







## What is the British Museum's position?

The British Museum tells the story of cultural achievement throughout the world, from the dawn of human history over two million years ago until the present day. The Museum is a unique resource for the world: the breadth and depth of its collection allows the world's public to re-examine cultural identities and explore the connections between them.

Within the context of this unparalleled collection, the Parthenon sculptures are an important representation of the culture of ancient Athens. Millions of visitors admire the beauty of the sculptures each year – free of charge. They also gain insights into how ancient Greece influenced and was influenced by the other civilisations that it encountered.

The Acropolis Museum allows the Parthenon sculptures that are in Athens to be appreciated against the backdrop of ancient Greek and Athenian history. This display does not alter the view of the Trustees of the British Museum that the sculptures are part of everyone's shared heritage and transcend cultural boundaries. The Trustees remain convinced that the current division allows different and complementary stories to be told about the surviving sculptures, highlighting their significance for world culture and affirming the universal legacy of ancient Greece. More about the Parthenon and its history can be found at [britishmuseum.org](http://britishmuseum.org) and [theacropolismuseum.gr](http://theacropolismuseum.gr)



The Elgin Marbles are beautiful in this curation, but this wasn't how they were designed to be seen.



