

# BEGINNINGS

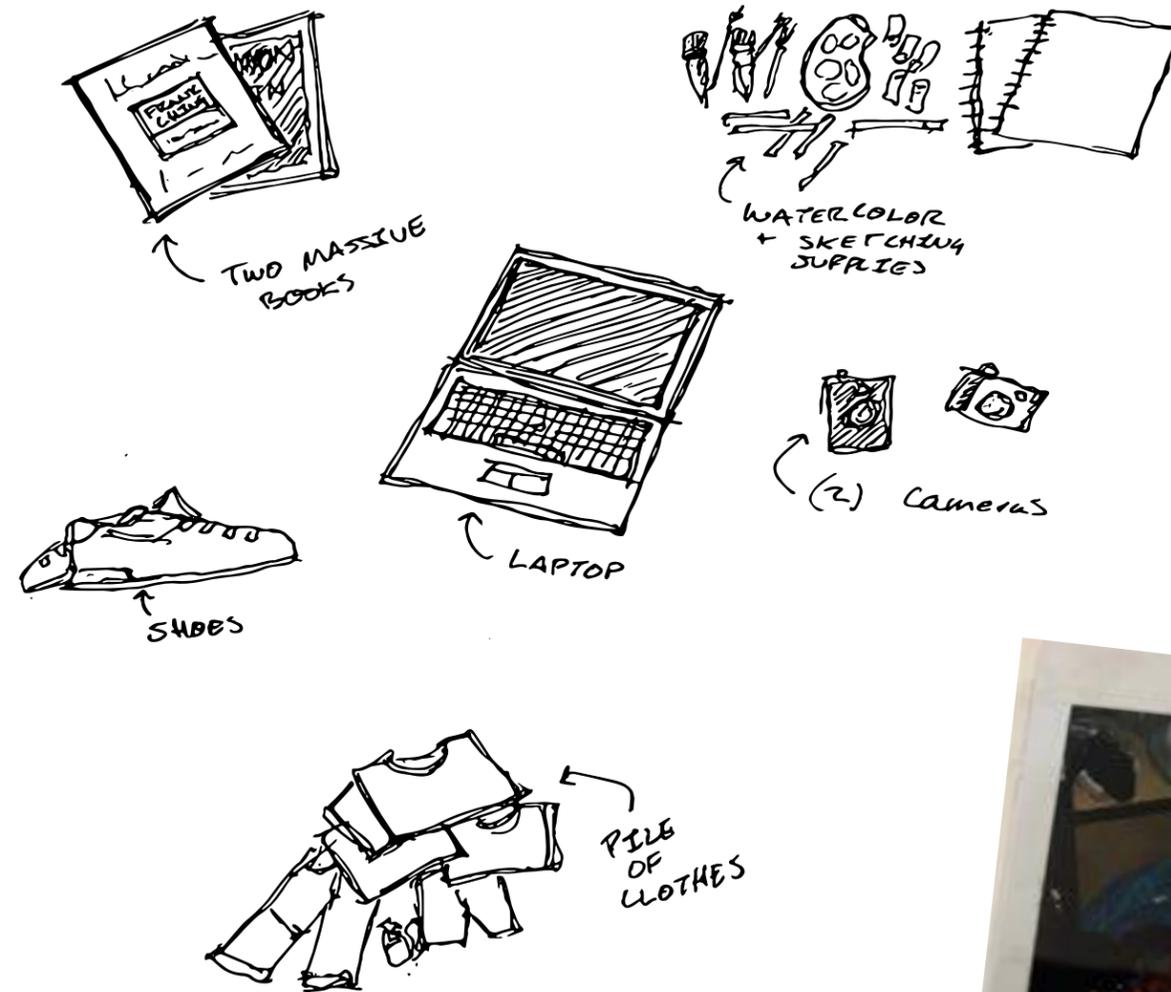
SOUTH CAROLINA — MAY 13, 2022

Right before I left, I layed out all the items I wanted to bring. Clothes, cameras, pen and pencils, and two massive architecture textbooks. The kind that you are hesitant to put into your backpack when you go to class, let alone travel the world. When packing, I saw a skeptical look from my sister who was more of an experienced backpacker than I. She gave the wisdom that when hiking you feel every pound twice. So often you find heavy things discarded on the trail, silverware, cups and pans — aspirational weight.

My two textbooks were Francis Ching and Simon Unwin's elementary architecture books. They were the basic principles, the fundamentals of space. I was feeling lost after graduation, architecture had suddenly become extremely complex. Space had a multiplicity of requirements placed on it, life safety, structural, MEP, etc. It was no longer the planes, boxes, focal points that I had started with. I felt that I had lost something in my years of education that I wanted to gain back. That was my aspirational weight.

The irony of course being that I never opened those books, I left one in Indonesia, running out of space in my backpack, and I still don't have that feeling of simplicity back.

In fact, I would argue the opposite: space has become more complex. I've learned a fundamental lesson that you gain while traveling — there is more than one way of looking at the world. And there are countless more ways of building in it.



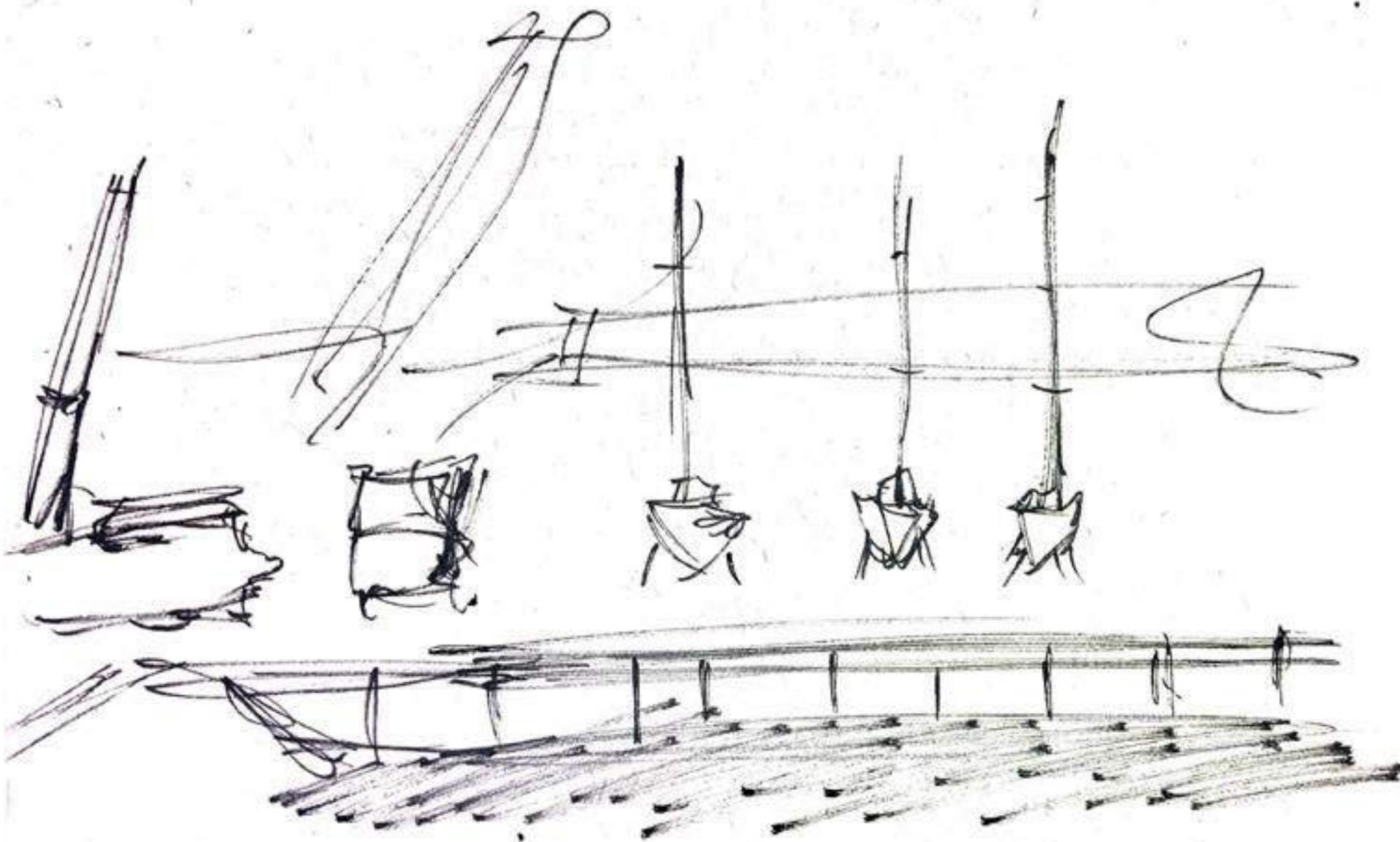
A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a narrow alleyway between tall buildings. The buildings are rendered in deep shadow, with their facades showing faint outlines of windows and architectural details. The sky is a stark, bright white, creating a dramatic silhouette effect. The word "NICE" is superimposed in the center of the image in a simple, white, sans-serif font.

NICE



NICE – MAY 16, 2022

”Nice feels like a maze. The alleyways and streets cut through solid blocks of houses, leaving barely a meter for the crowds to use. Light trickles down these canyons preciously and it’s almost oppressive. But then you emerge from the maze onto the ocean and you feel like the horizon is infinity. You feel the sun and the salt and you understand why people lived here like they did for thousands of years. You just as easily imagine yourself living here for thousands of years.”





## NICE – MAY 16, 2022

"I understand the allure of the French Riviera now. I see why it has such a hold on culture and our collective imagination. It is as close to perfect as we can allow, this sunny side of paradise with the parade of pasta, wine, and lounging.

The history here stretches back to neanderthals congregating in their limestone caves, and I can imagine them going about – lazily fishing, taking an indulgent nap, swimming away the heat. Not much has really changed and I hope it never does."



PORTO



## CASA DE CHÁ DA BOA NOVA – MAY 22, 2022

"I came to the Portuguese coast and was concussed by the shock of cold and wind after spending a week on the French Riviera. This windy, rock-claimed coast wasn't a place to set up your umbrella and tan. This was a place of staggering and harsh beauty, not comfort. These waters and stones informed the structures that Siza built here: wind-swept and sheltering.

The Casa de Cha de Boa Nova was a lesson that architecture is as only as good as the program that inhabits it. Formerly a house, now a fine dining restaurant – gastronomy here was perfectly melded with place, the seafood dishes were timed to window openings for the smell of salty breeze, certain dishes were served in rooms befitting them."



TO THE SKY.

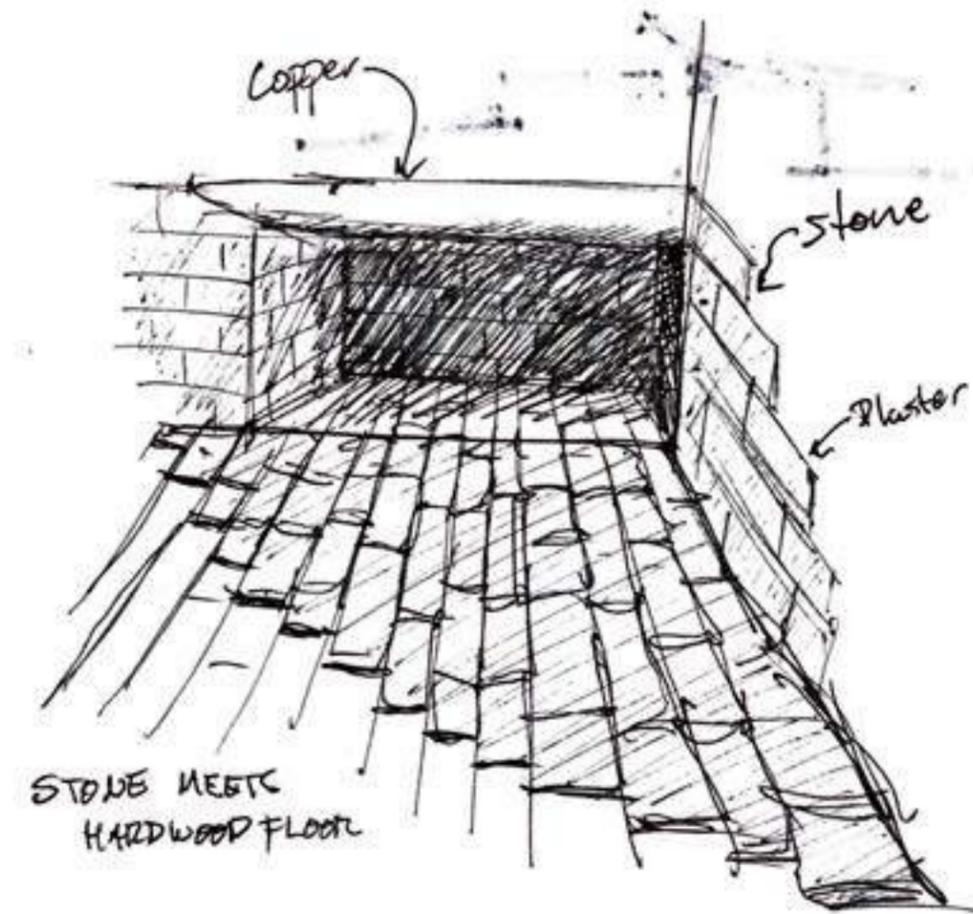


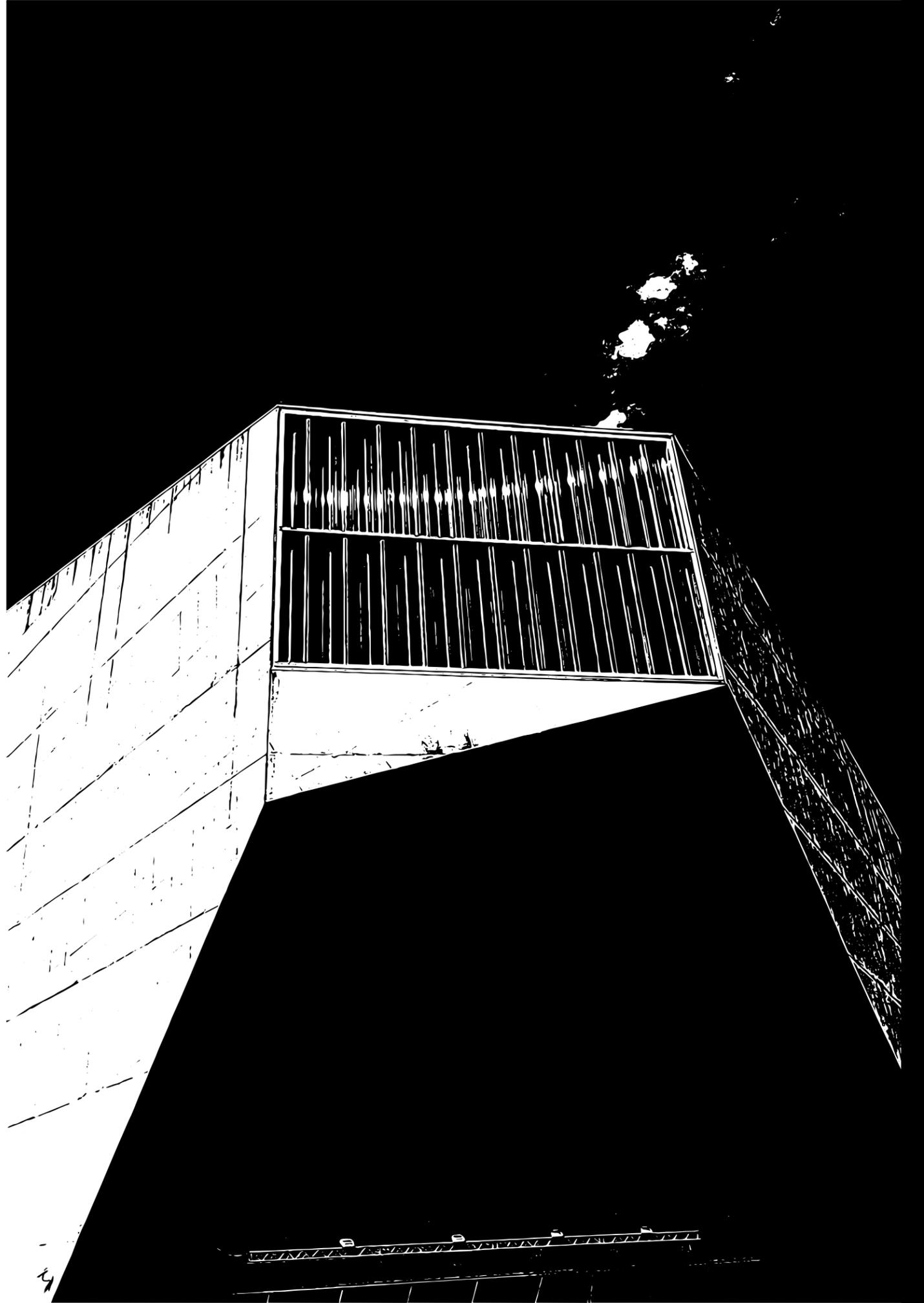
## CASA DE CHÁ DA BOA NOVA — MAY 22, 2022

"Architecture and food have similarities. Both are things done to satisfy the basic requirements of life, but when elevated and celebrated — become something incredible, a reminder of the gift that we are living."



IT'S ABOUT MIMICKING  
THE HORIZON. NARROWLY  
YOUR VIEW LIKE A  
RATHKO.





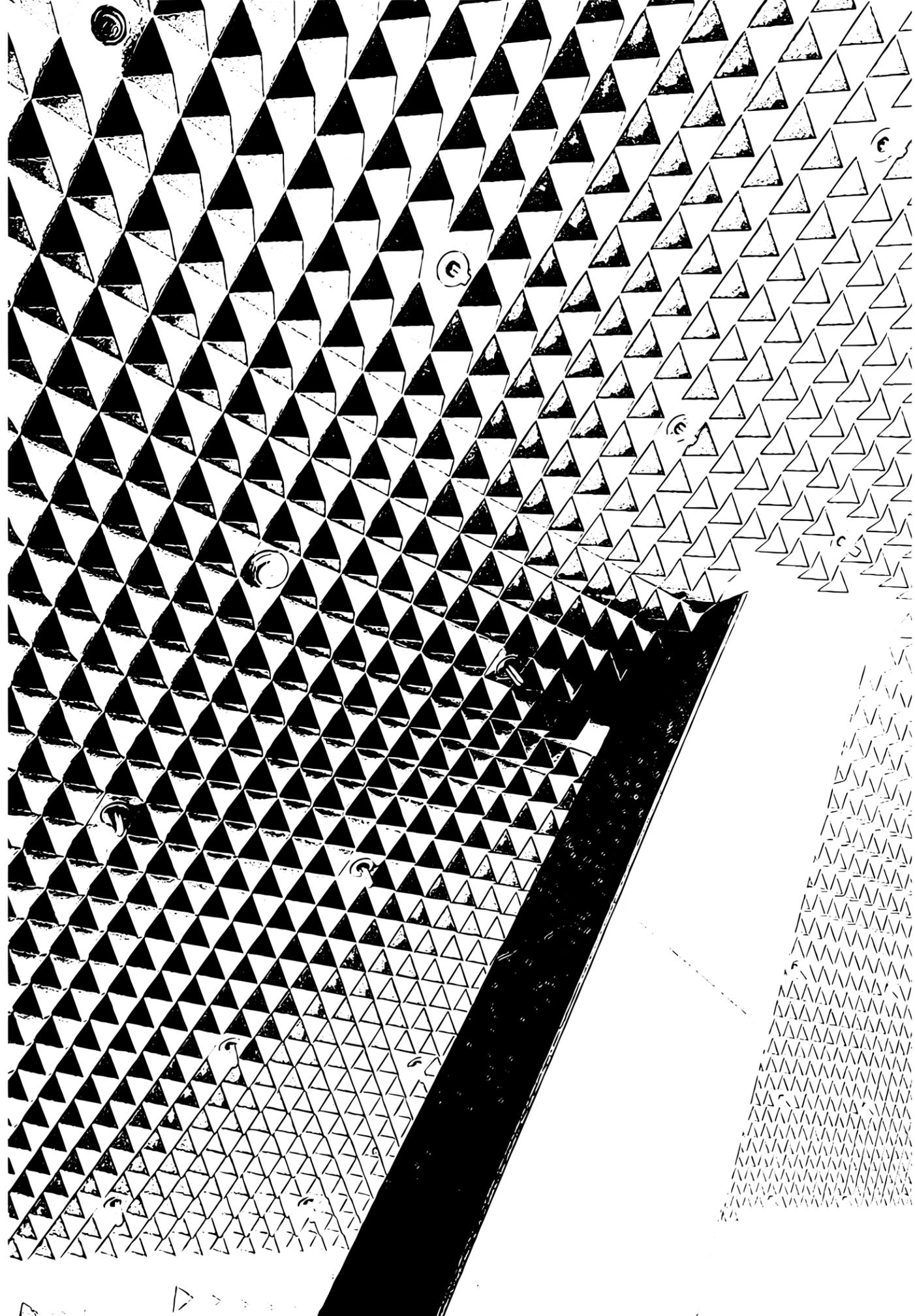
OSADA MUSEO

THE GUITARIST PAUSES SUDDENLY, WIPING A SINGLE  
TEAR FROM HIS SWEATY FACE. HE PLAYS INTO THE  
DRAMA, HOLDING THE SILENCE FOR LONGER THAN IS  
BEARABLE. HIS FINGERS JUMP FROM STALENESS TO NUCLEAR  
FISSION - THE SONATA CONTINUES, VIBRATIONS  
FINDING THEIR WAY INTO THE HELLISH, RED PINE BEHIND  
HIM AND INTO THE EAGER DRIFTS OF THE AUDIENCE.  
THE GUITARIST STOPS AGAIN SUDDENLY, CHECKING HIS NAILS,  
LOOSENING HIS BACK, REGAINING HIS COMPOSURE AND  
ONCE AGAIN EXPLODES A SILENCE OVER THE ROOM IN  
THIS AGONIZING DEATH, THE AUDIENCE WAITS, LICKING  
THEIR LIPS, THERE IS A SUDDEN TWITCH OF THUMB, CREASED  
BROW, - I SUDDENLY FEAR FOR THE WELLBEING OF HIS  
GUITAR. THIS IS CASA DA MUSICA.



## CASA DA MUSICA - MAY 22, 2022

"The guitarist pauses suddenly, wiping a single tear from his sweaty face. He plays into the drama, holding the silence for longer than is bearable. Suddenly, his fingers jump from staleness to nuclear fission - the sonata continues - vibrations finding their way into the hellish red pine behind him and into the eager canals of the audience in front. The guitarist stops again suddenly, checking his nails, loosening his back, regaining his composure - exploding a silence onto the room. In this agonizing death the audience waits, licking their lips. There is a sudden twitch of thumb, creased brow, - I suddenly fear for the wellbeing of his guitar. THIS IS CASA DU MUSICA."

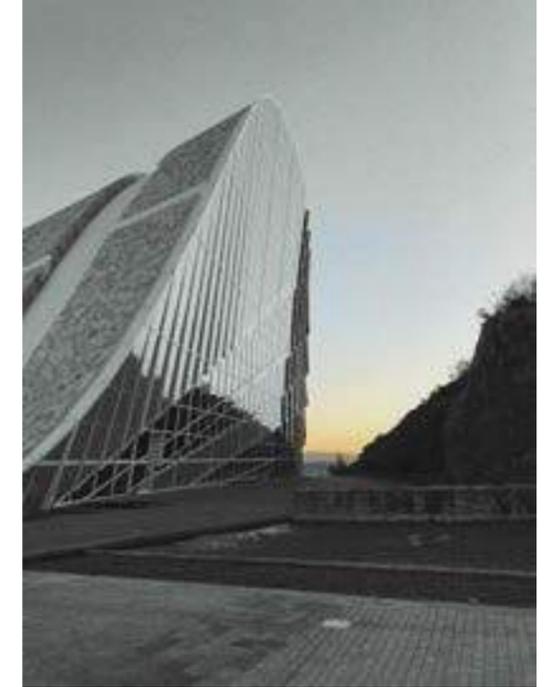




# SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

MAY 24TH, 2022

"Spain's public parks are more containers of life than greenspaces for recreation. There is a real sense that the constrained interior environments of small spaces have pushed people out on the streets. The overly affectionate lovers, the elderly slow-walkers, the family picnics and school groups all inhabit the parks. Everyone has familiarity with each other because you are seeing life play out in front of each other. I wonder if there is less tragedy of the commons when we are forced to live collectively in the commons?"



## CITY OF ARTS AND CULTURE, SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA – MAY 25TH, 2022

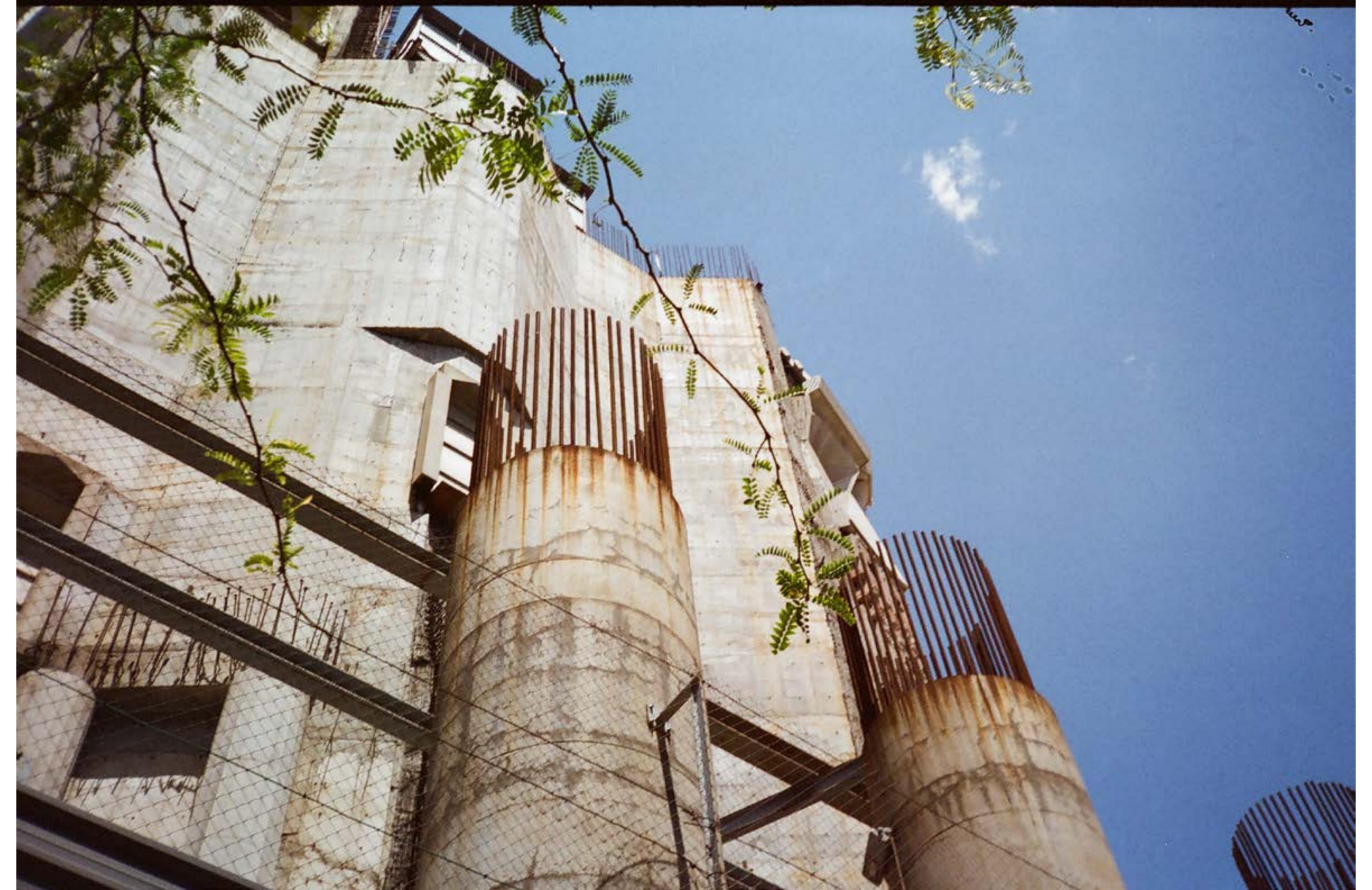
"To visit the city of Arts and Culture is to see a monument in decay. It feels like a dedication to delamination – veneers everywhere are cracking, weeds grow out of stones, the more you touch the more you peel away. The more you walk, the more you – hear the creaking of metal under your feet. Wandering the canyons and quarries of this monument, you see the swooping lines and etching in the "mountains" (the buildings). These lines cut through an oppressive and unrelenting grid cast over everything like a net. These lines are haunting, they serve as a reminder of the mountaintop that was, before a madman capped it to announce his work.

You try to find sanity in a place like this, it only comes when the bells of the adjacent town ring through the canyon's walls – reminding you that there is an actual place of inhabitation nearby. But as the sound fades, you find yourself returning to questioning the purpose of these hulking forms, the massive urban plazas, the skatepark and rock climbing walls, the museum, the offices – all seemingly devoid of people. It is the disney world of it all that gets me, the fantasy that would drive the construction of such a place.

After a while the spectacle of this abandoned mall fades, but the tragedy remains. I walk down the hillside toward the town, walking through the old farms and fields that have been tended for centuries, past the tiny chapels and slow chanelns cut alongside the dirt road. This isn't the intended path to the city of culture, but the one that I prefer."



**BARC**





## SANGRADA FAMILIA — MAY 29TH, 2022

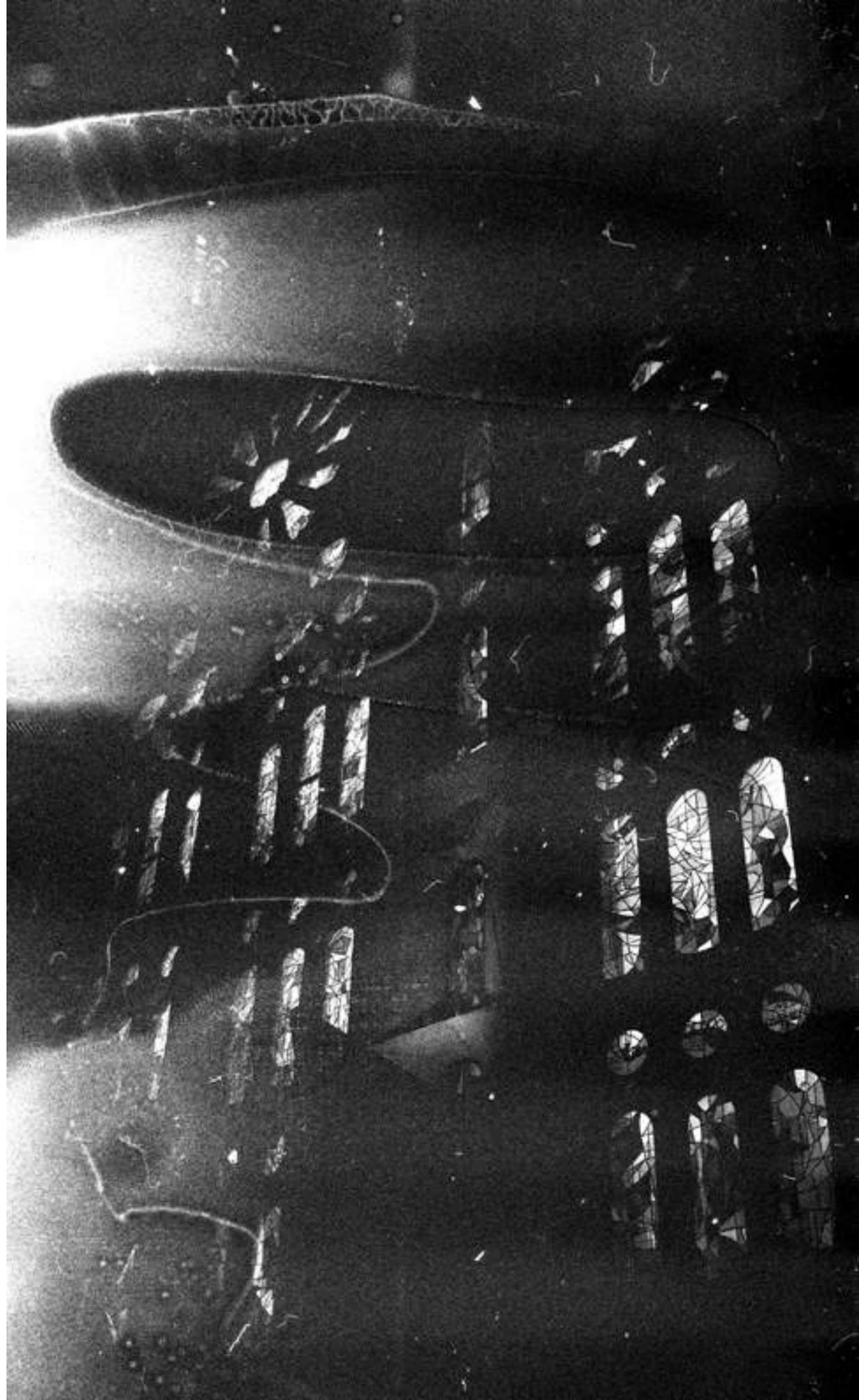
”The Sangrada Familia is a building that I will never forget. It is a masterpiece that is deserving of humanity’s eyes and a jewel that we will continue to treasure for generations.

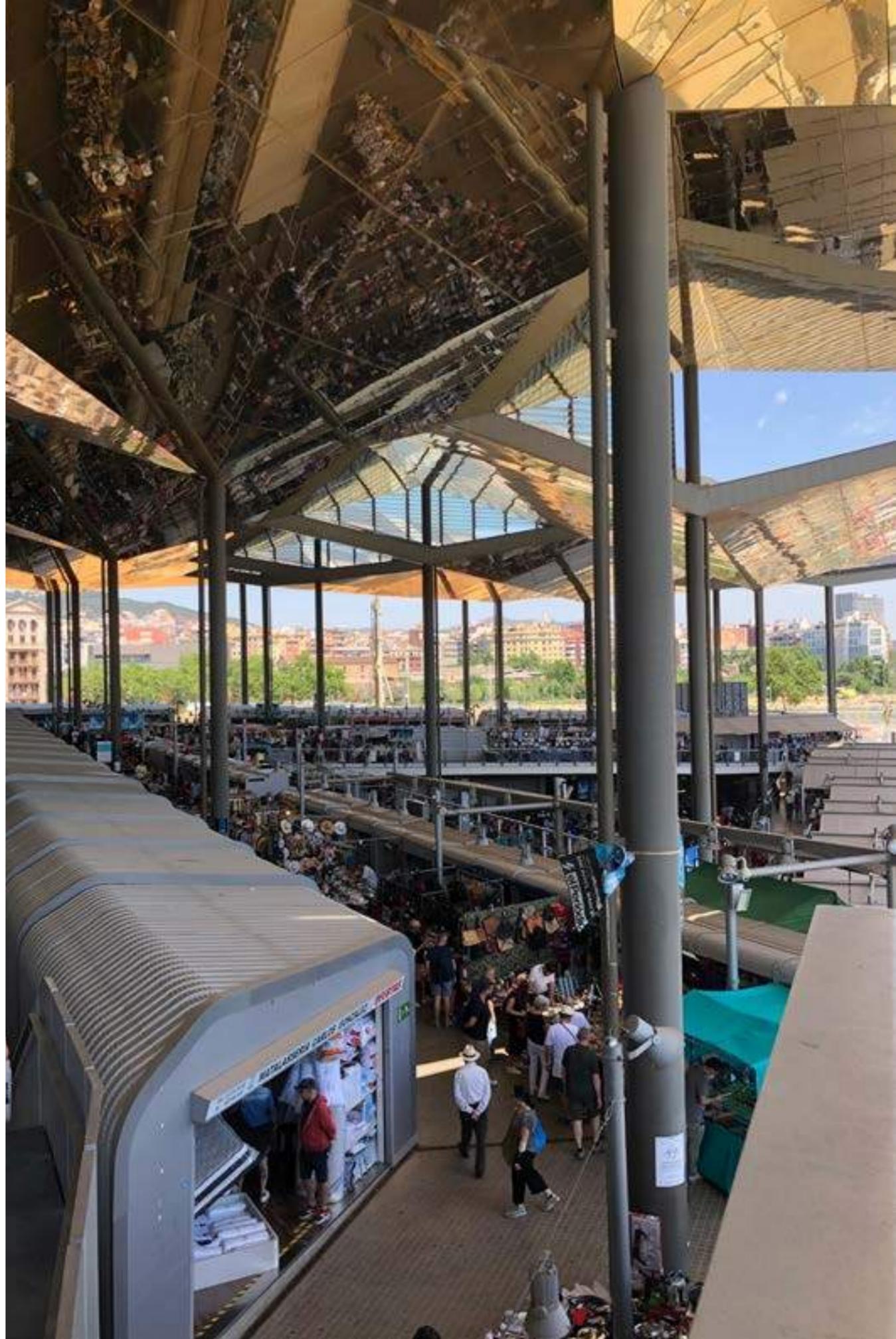
It is also the world’s most expensive tourist trap. At least that is what it feels like for the amount that Barcelona markets it and capitalizes off it’s existence. It appears on most tourism ads and promotional videos, and is familiar long before you arrive. And we might say that the permanant tourist entrances and ticketing booths take away from it slightly.

At its worst it’s been co-opted from Cathedral to roadside attraction to boost revenue. At its best it is one of the finest peices of architecture humanity has accomplished. I think that feels honest and true about the state of architecture as a whole today.”



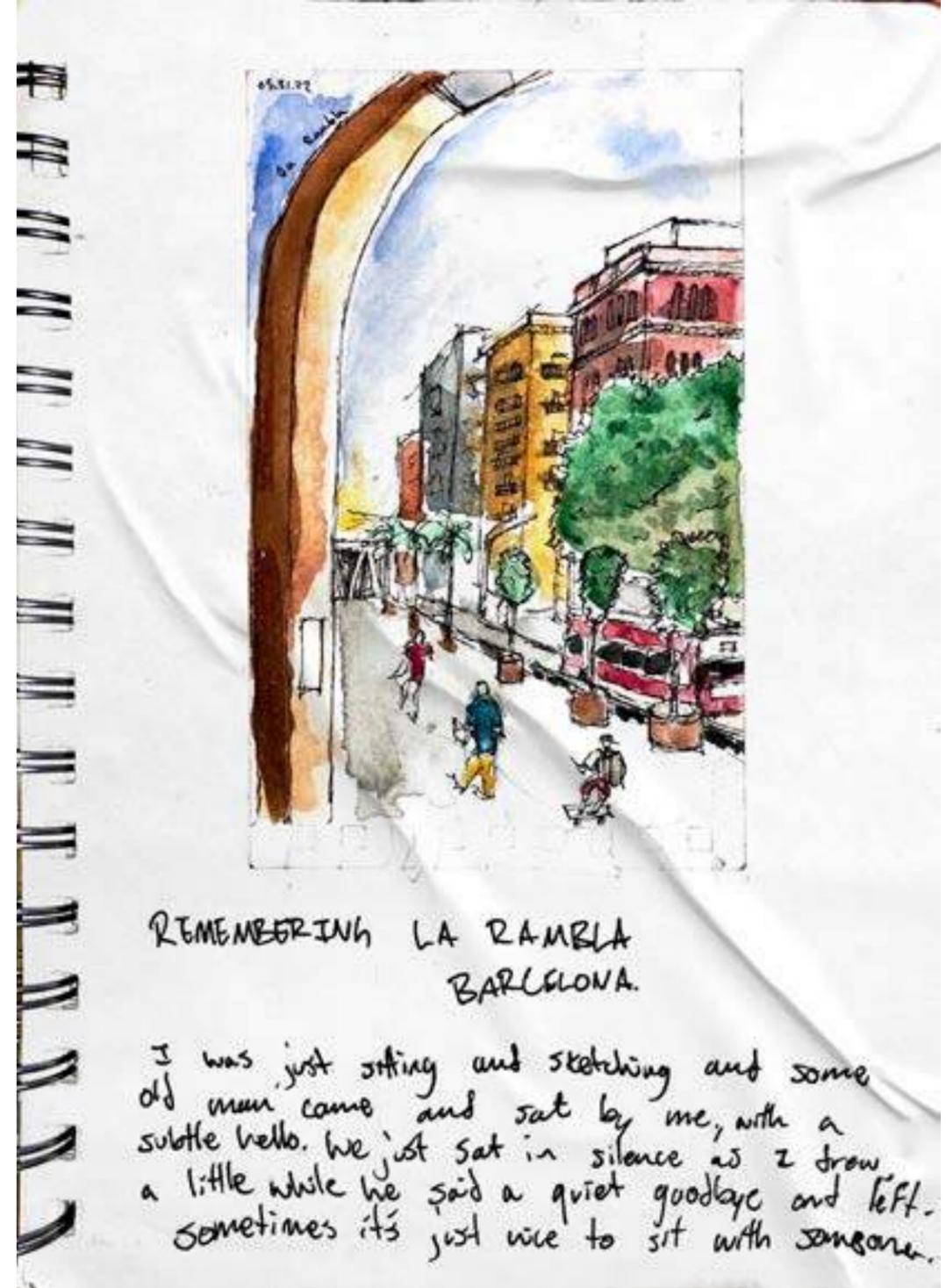
SANGRADA FAMILIA – MAY 29TH, 2022

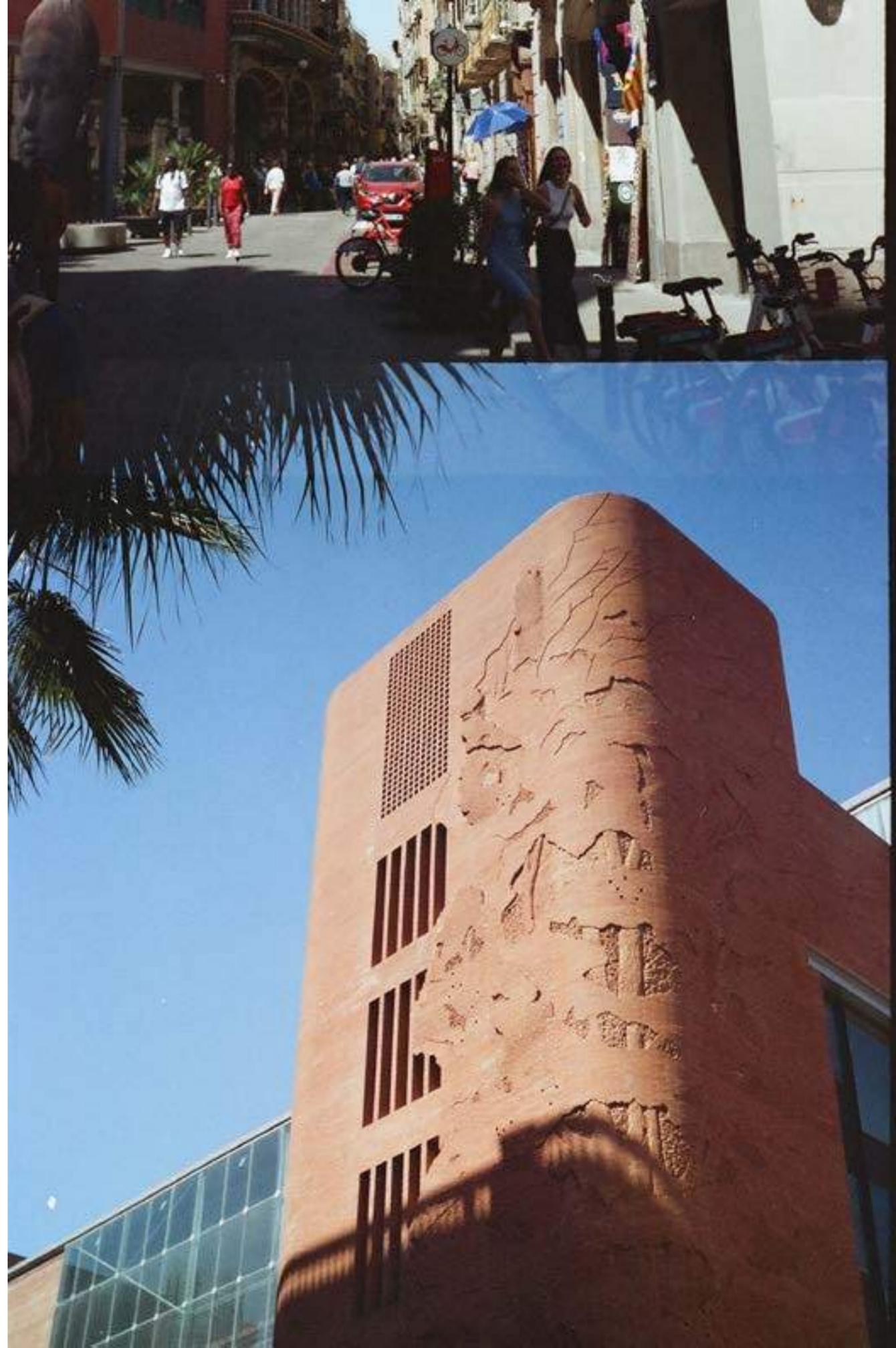






BARCELONETTA - JUNE 1ST, 2022





BARCELONA GOTHIC QUARTER – JUNE 2ND, 2022





Barcelona Pavilion - June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2022

A lone guard stands sleepily by, smoking, chasing geese (plural of goose). The sound of youngsters playing in the nearby dry field carries over bouncing off the hard surfaces. A few tourists might wander over, however, much more interest goes to the small plastic ball that's being kicked around.

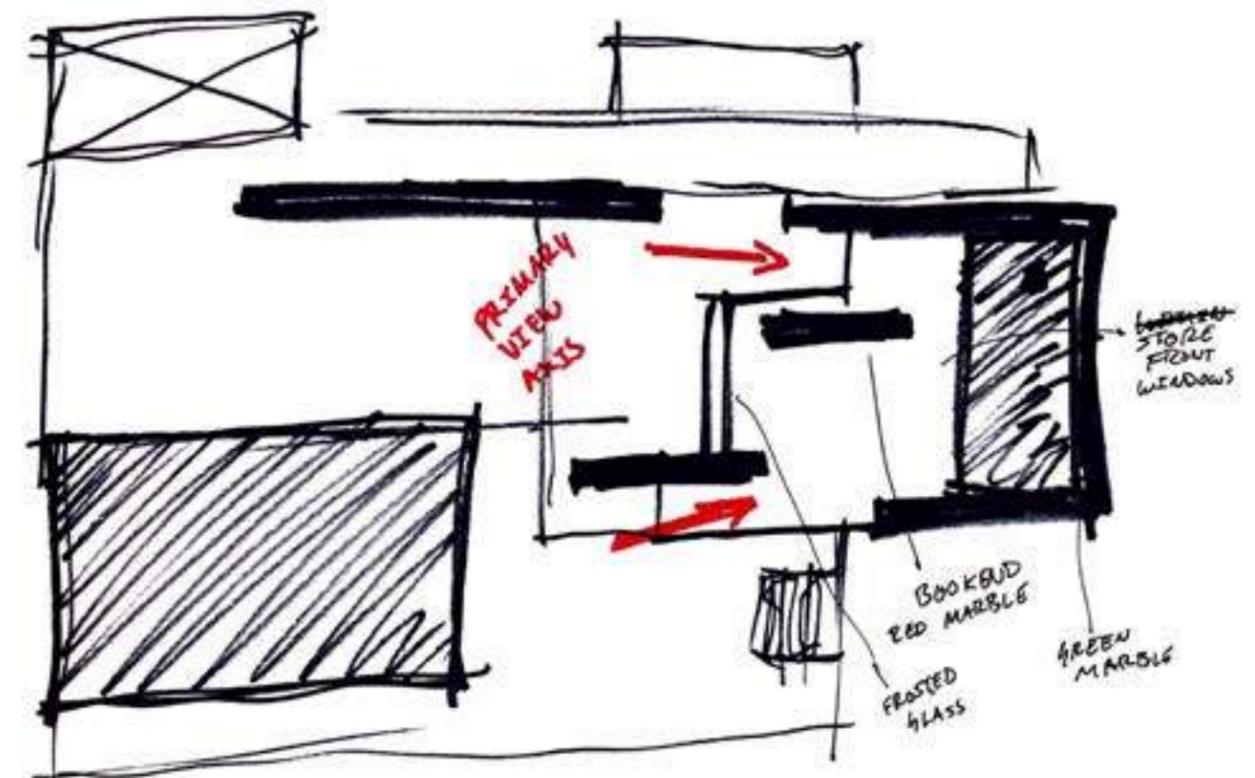
IT IS AN EXPOSITION CENTER ON AN OFF DAY, BUT IF WE USE SOME NAÏF ANALYTICS - A DUSTY FIELD HAS MORE INTEREST THAN THE BARCELONA PAVILION. HOWEVER PEOPLE DO WANDER BY - SNAPPING PHOTOS, WALKING AROUND - UNSURE OF THE STRANGE ARRANGEMENT OF MARBLE. AS THEY WALK AWAY, THEY KEEP LOOKING BACK, PERHAPS IT WAS A BRIEF MOMENT WHERE EVERYTHING BLURRED TOGETHER OR SOMETHING MORE INTANGIBLE, SOMETHING CURIOUS THAT CAPTURED THEIR IMAGINATION - BUT THEN DISAPPEARED AS QUICKLY AS IT CAME AND THEN THEY LEAVE FOR MORE POPULAR ATTRACTIONS.

ALTHOUGH LOSING ITS CULTURAL RELEVANCE, THE BARCELONA PAVILION IS STILL POWERFUL. YOU SEEMINGLY CRUSHED BETWEEN TWO MATTE PLANES - IN BETWEEN WHICH LIES AN INFINITY. EVERY SURFACE REFLECTS INTO EACH OTHER. IT IS AN INFINITY MIRROR OF THE MOST LUXURIOUS SURFACES. TO AN EARLY CENTURY AUDIENCE - THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN SHOCKING, HOW LIGHT A PLACE COULD FEEL, HOW A PLACE COULD FLOAT ON AETHER. THAT HAS STAYED WITH THE PAVILION.

BARCELONA PAVILION - JUNE 2ND, 2022

"A lone guard stands sleepily by, smoking, chasing geese, pacing in and out of the shade. The sounds of youngsters playing in a nearby dry field bounces off the hard surfaces like a small red ball. The Barcelona Pavilion sits a little introverted from the main circulation path of the park. A few tourists wander over, paying much more interest to the kid's ball than the pinnacle of modernism. However, people do wander by, snapping photos, poking their heads in - unsure and a little puzzled by the strange arrangement of marble. As they walk away - a few keep looking back, perhaps something captured their imagination or stole a thought, but it's gone and they walk to more popular tourist attraction. I wonder if this puzzlement of the pavilion was the same as when it first opened.

The pavilion is still powerful. As you walk through it - you are seemingly crushed between the gravity of two matte planes - in-between which lie an infinity. Every vertical surface reflects into itself, an infinity mirror of the most luxurious surfaces. To its first audience I wonder how shocking it would have been - to feel the lightness of a place when all you know is masonry and stone. And then suddenly walls can disappear to feel like you are floating on aether. This feeling has stayed with the pavilion."



## BARCELONA PAVILION – JUNE 2ND, 2022

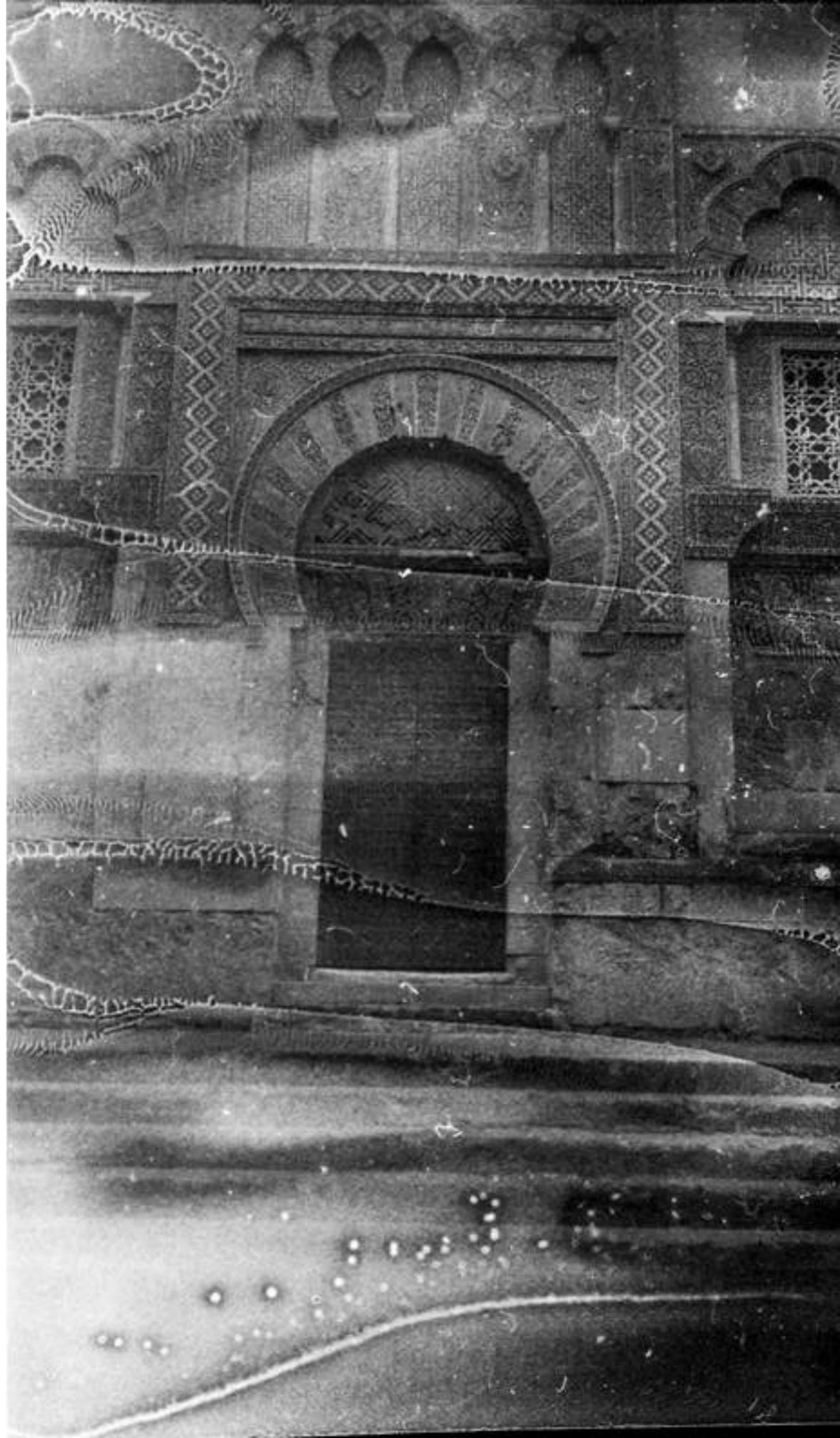
”Steel, Glass, and Marble. There’s a love affair here between these materials, with marble being the mistress who takes the show. The bookend marble, a piece of stone that is split and mirrored –only serves to further the fantasy of reflection amongst all the surfaces.

These materials are a magician’s disappearing act – elevated by their erasure.”



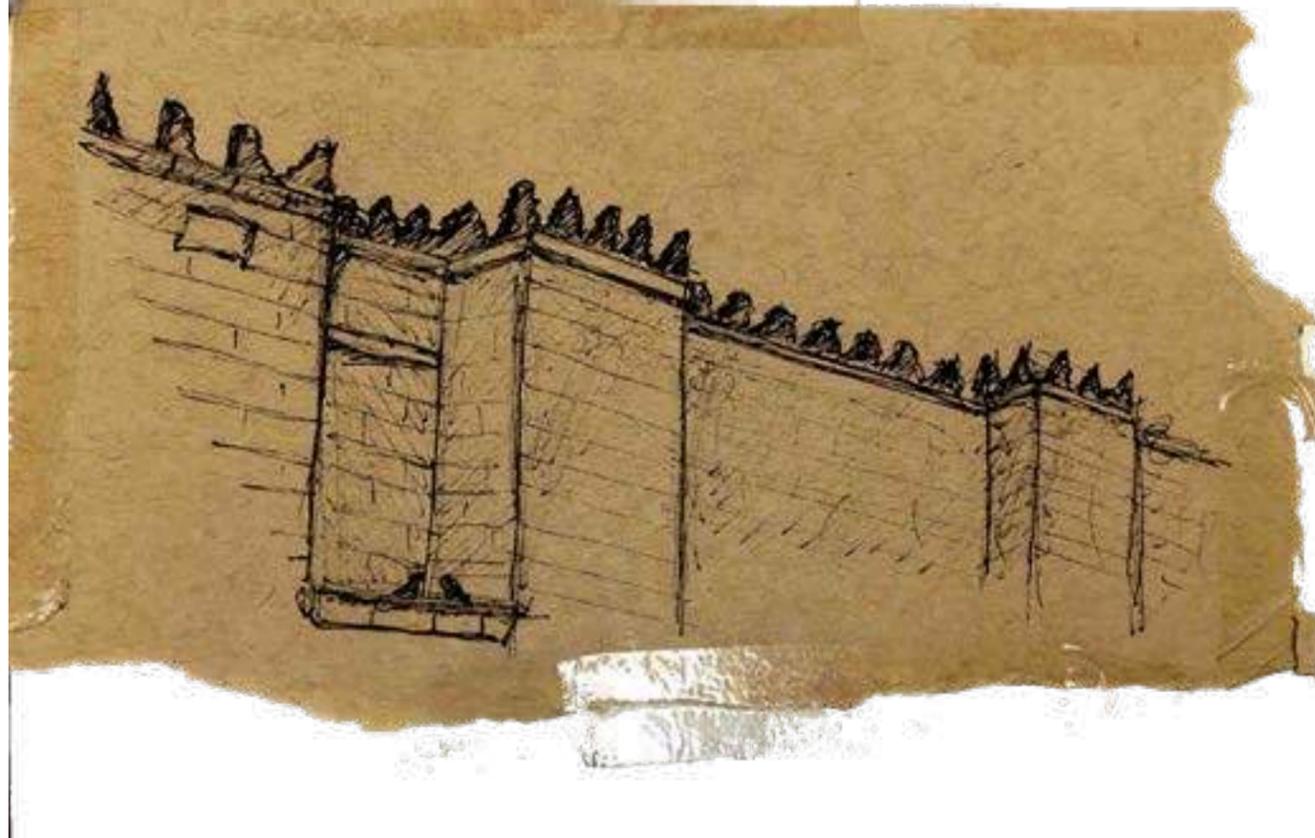


SOUTH  
SPAIN



CORDOBA – JUNE 4, 2022

”Ancient places can be overwhelming. The collective histories, the thousands of generations that have come here and worshipped, who have lived and died by this patch of earth. Rulers have built and expanded this mosque over their lives to show their power and wealth and generosity. Workers have stacked stones and carved columns to accept that power and wealth and generosity. There are many stories here.”

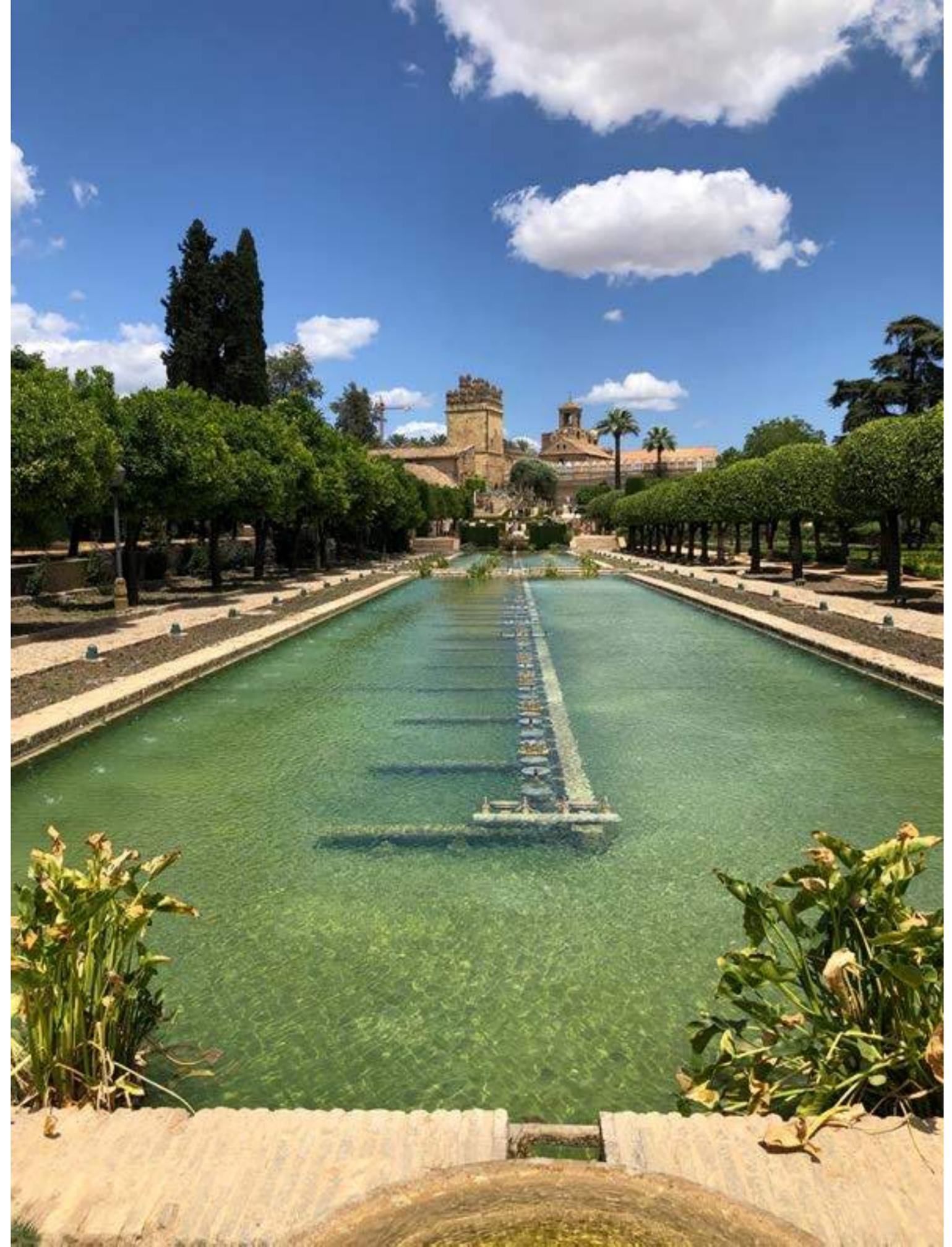


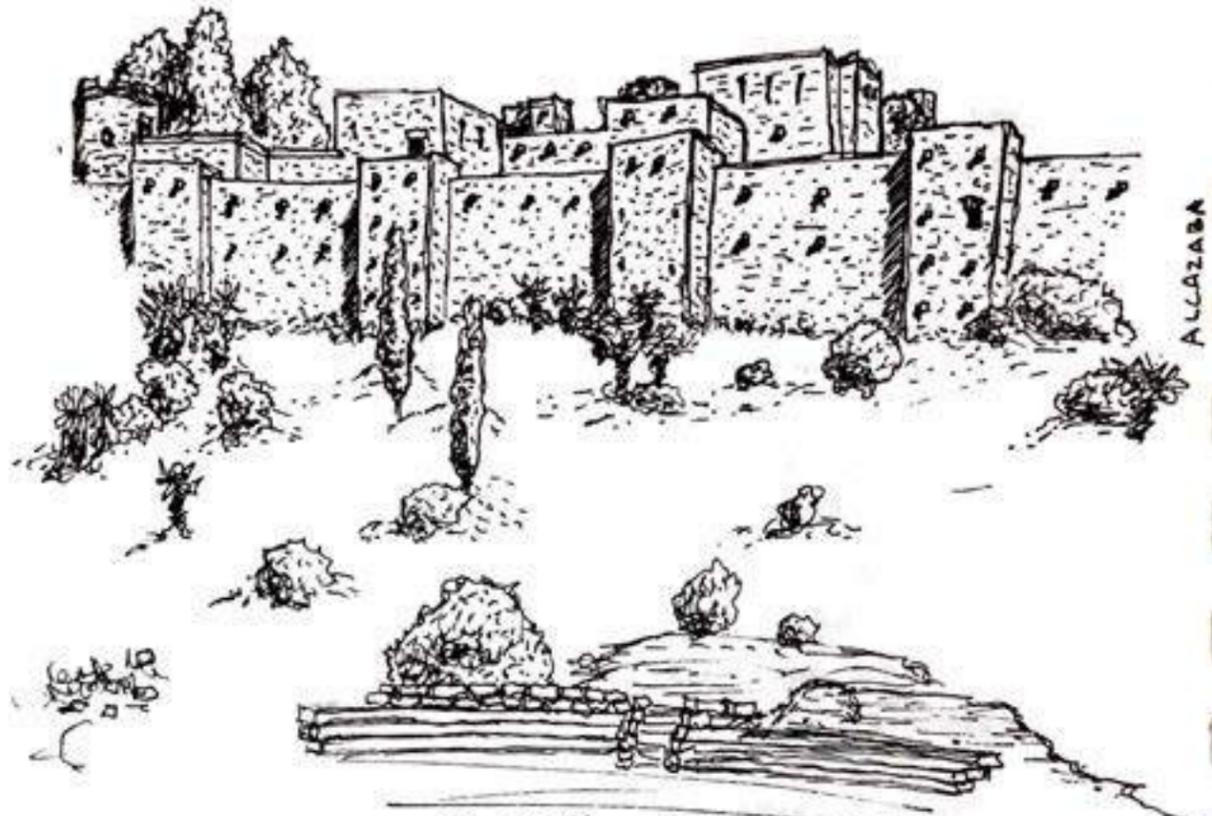
## ALCAZAR DE LOS REYES – JUNE 5, 2022

”The curse of the sleepy little town that wants to be more.

I wonder if a legacy of monumental architecture in Spain has created a unique relationship with the built environment. Spain spends a fortune on capital projects and cities. It might be because architecture has played a more important role for Spain over the centuries than for say the United States— there is a culture of investing in the built world.

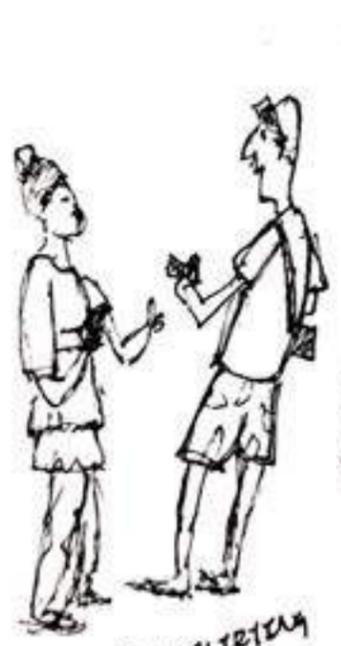
Cordoba’s lifeline is the mosque and alcazar which generate most of the attraction and income. I am not sure what other industries exist here, but tourism makes this place breathe.”





ALCAZABA

ROMAN THEATRE



GUY FLIRTING



LADY WALKING

WOMAN



GUY W/ SCOOTER

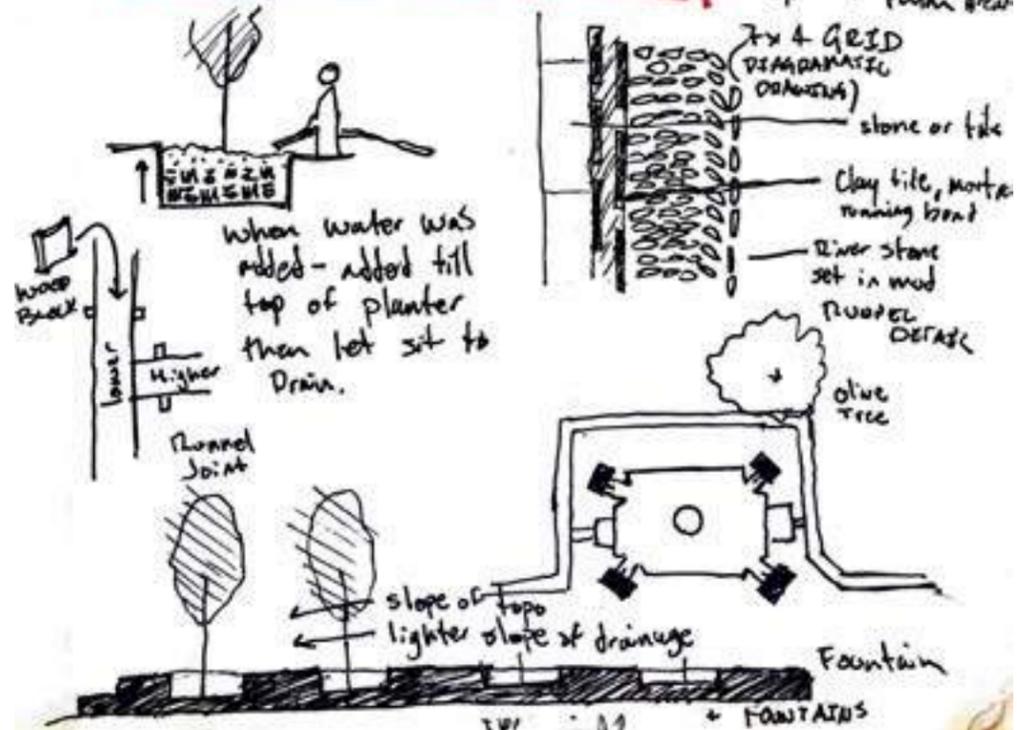
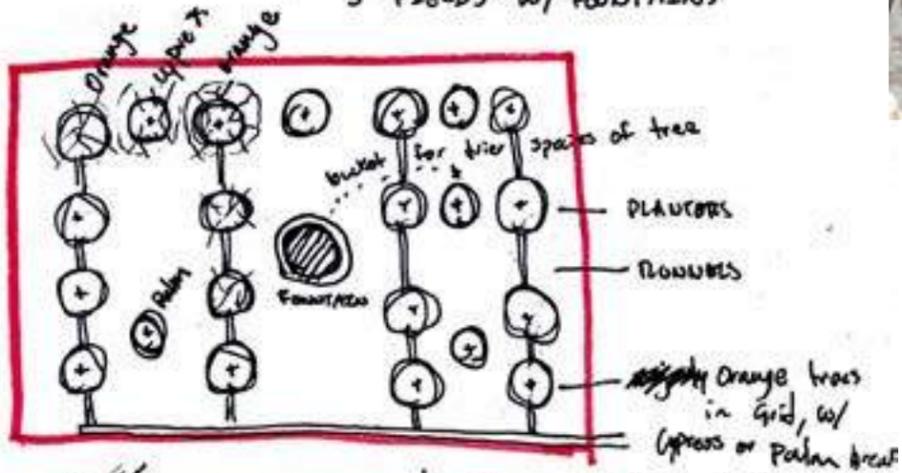


MOORISH IRRIGATION  
(BEFORE PLASTIC)

COURTYARD OF ORANGES - CORDOVA  
MOSQUE

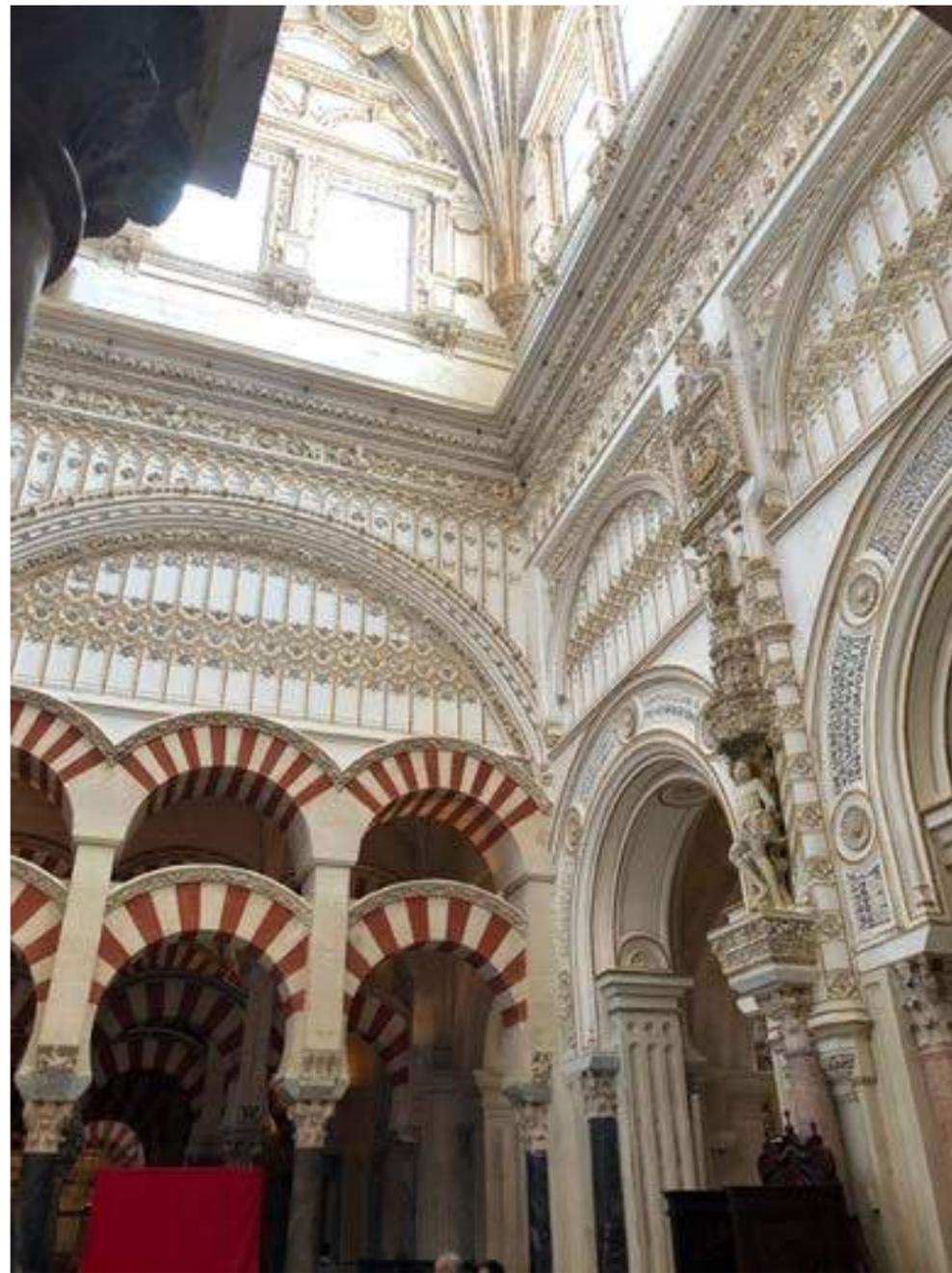


3 "FIELDS" W/ FOUNTAINS



MOORISH GARDENS, CORDOBA – JUNE 5, 2022

"Water is precious. It generates life. And life in the desert is only possible from careful control of most precious resource. In gardens water is celebrated, shown, heard, and gifted."



GREAT MOSQUE OF CORDOBA — JUNE 4, 2022

# MARRAKESH

(IT'S PRETTY F\*CKING HOT)

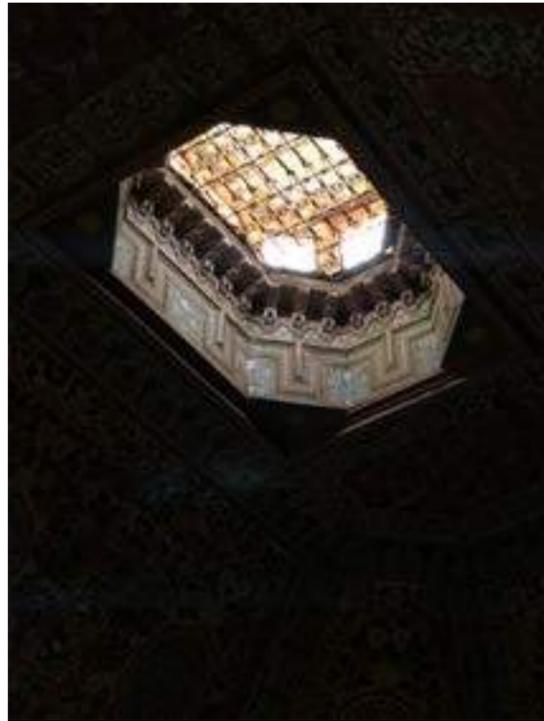




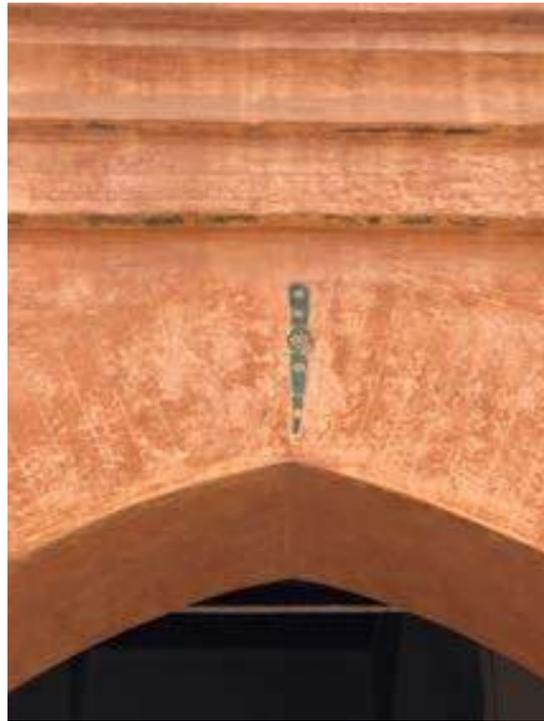
## MEDINA OF MARRAKESH – JUNE 6TH, 2022

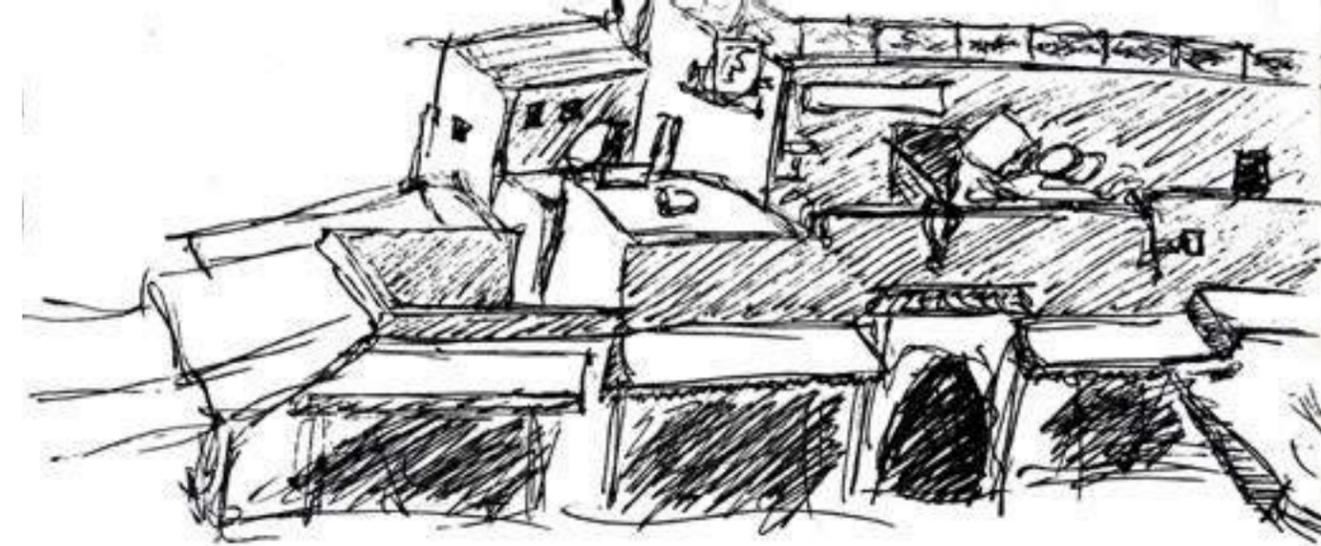
”Morocco is a place that I wanted to like. I wanted to love it like the travel brochures and shows. But I can’t. Too much seems useless to me. In Spain, I saw old mosques and Moorish ruins, it seems in Morocco these ruins are still living and breathing. Mosques are still worshipped in after a thousand years, medieval souks still function. Urban modernization always sounds so sour, conotating racist practices and a lovely amount of corruption. But as the constant scream of motorcyles bursting through the crowds confirm – life changes. Surrounding this old medina of the city’s heart rings modern development. But I don’t understand it, shopkeepers seem chisled into their shops like the surrounding columns. All selling the same goods as their neighbors, relatively unchanged for decades. Part of the reason for coming to Morocco was to understand the craftsmanship of this place, traditions that serve for generations. But I see these shopkeepers – all selling the same product and I swallow a capitalistic thought, ”Where is the innovation in this market?” Any perhaps I am embracing my westernization when I deem what is useful. I don’t know.

But I realize that I think of architecture in the same way. Tradition serves as memory, but not as future action. We must be careful of nostalgia when we build, and look to what is useful for our future lives.”



”Houses etched out of earth, containing the same red hues and crumbled textures – straw speckled and forgetting what rain is. The villages are the same, camouflaged with the landscape and hard to distinguish between the two. Everything is so dry. I laugh as I write this. My dry, dusty cough, never far away, breaks through. Why do people choose to live here?” JUNE 10,2022





## MEDINA OF MARRAKESH – JUNE 7TH, 2022

”The real way to experience Marrakesh is on the back of a scooter. Zooming through the maze of medieval souks and alleys, dodging lanterns, carts, and all sorts of safety precautions. It’s hard to put a finger on, but there is a different kind of urbanism here. Life is more private. Other than the central market plaza – parks and green spaces don’t occur. They come in the form of interior gardens, courtyards, and rooftop terraces. Someone said that the Spanish live on the streets, and the Arabs inside. I’m not sure of the intention of this phrase, but superficially it is true. The contrast is noticeable between the two countries. A street in Spain can seem like the houses where empty with all the laundry, lunch, and family fighting happening on the curb.”



"Behind the hues of pink that are the layers and layers of Marrakesh's walls lie many secrets. Exotic luxuries and staggering wealth lie behind drab, crumbling walls of thousand year old mortar. I find this hiddenness beautiful. A desert oasis doesn't flaunt it's wealth, but waits for the seeker.

These pink walls are intentional, built out of a sense of modesty and to hide the shame of wealth. When you are rich, you are only rich when you see it in the reflection of another's eyes. Perhaps limiting the gaze, the status, and whole goddamn gaudiness of it all may be healthier than we might think." JUNE 8, 2022



## MEDINA OF MARRAKESH — JUNE 12TH, 2022

”I feel my body slowly wearing down to exhaustion — the heat, the sun, the dust, the frenetically slow pace of life. As I make travel plans, I look forward to embarrassing comforts and stability — I’ve seen myself as relatively resilient. But the desert has crushed that fantasy — the harshness of life is the gift given freely here. I look forward to leaving Morocco.

Being here, I’ve learned that Morocco is a western story. A place constructed from a western imagination since colonial times. Millions of tourists come to see the “gateway to Africa and the Sahara,” populated by camel rides, the crass flutes of snake charmers, and hidden palaces. We tourists pay for a certain image of Morocco, freezing certain places in time and narrative.

A friend here told me a story, about the historic city of FEZ. As it is a UNESCO world heritage site there needs to be a certain degree of preservation associated with it. However the irony comes with it still being a functional city, but made from earthen brick construction — longevity not being its strength. To solve this, populations have been relocated from the city so that their houses can be restored. Restoring and confining people to a certain lifestyle. Seemingly modernity in FEZ has been killed with this UNESCO designation.

Marrakesh’s medina was last updated with the Abbasid Caliphate centuries ago. As modern Marrakesh grows around this, preservation of parts of this city confine it to a certain mode of life. Whether that is a prison or a cultural privilege I am not the one to judge.”



# ROMA



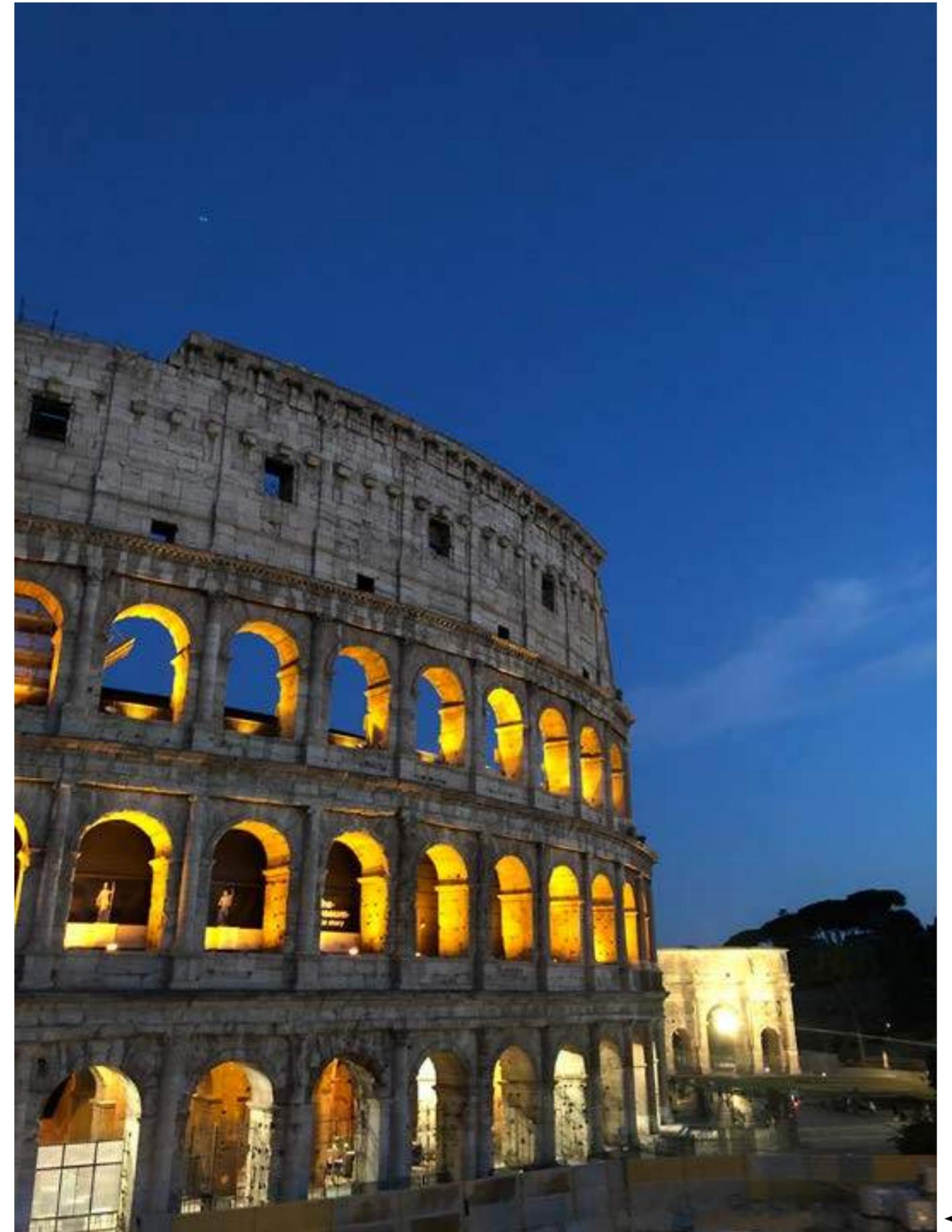
(WATCH THE MOVIE INSTEAD)

"Rome felt exactly as it should. The years of Olive Garden going, Italian impressions, and Hollywood prepared me well. My short visit was confined to the major tourist destinations – and somehow an embrace of these stereotypes.

Rome had too many tourists, too many ruins and history, too many cameras, too much good gelato and pasta, too many tailored suits and receding hairlines.

As I walked over the hard cobbles, I couldn't tell what I was looking at. Pastiche and history blended together, Italianate architecture seemed so familiar to what I had know in the strip malls and amusement parks.

But as my walk continued into night and the cobbles continued to kill me, the production clap board snapped and I heard the accordion players and guitarist serenading the cafes, the drunks rambled with the the cats pawing through the garbage – and I finally understood what Hollywood knows: where better to have a set than Rome."



# ISTANBUL CRAZY

ISTANBUL

CRAZY

IT WA  
ALL A  
Dip...  
11

(MORNING VIEW OF THE BOSPHORUS)





## ISTANBUL – JUNE 19, 2022

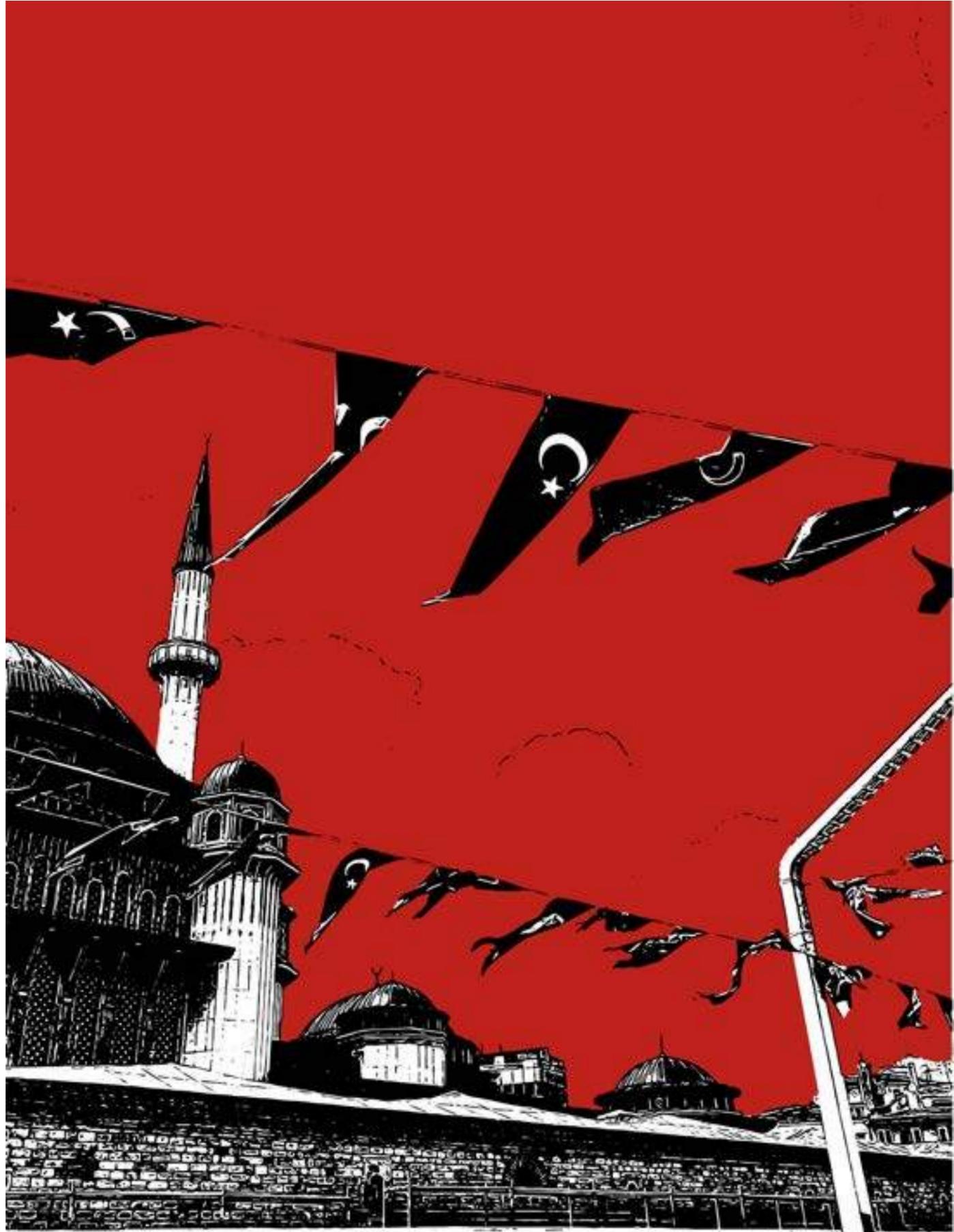
”Sometimes the world aligns itself to you. These moments make you feel unstable like divinity has kissed you. They come with the right people, song, or cloud formation and make you feel more than is bearable. They do not come frequently, and even less to those who don’t know the alchemy.

They came in brief moments in Rome, walking around at night listening to the cafe chatter. They came in Barcelona with sangria and sunsets.

But it was the full force that hit me like a gunshot in Istanbul. The moment I arrived I was thrown into a taxi with two smoking Omani’s, blasting unfamiliar arabic music and taunting my accent. We sang as we drove over the bridges and into the heart of the city.

I arrived at my hotel and the reception asked me, ”Have you known your friends long?”

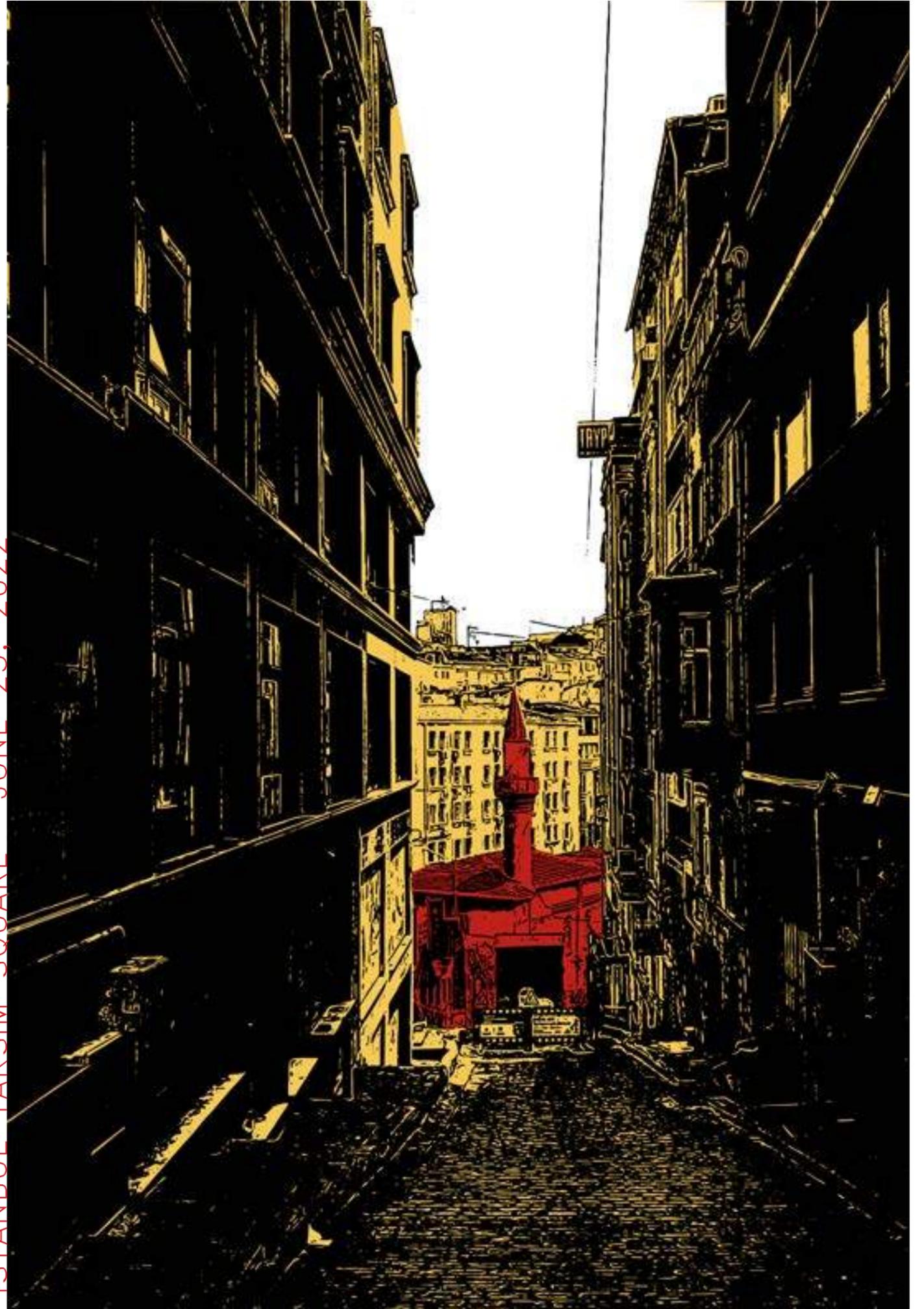
”No, but I feel like I’ve known this city my entire life””



TAKSİM MAKSEMİNİ  
RESTORE EDİYORUZ



İSTANBUL TAKSİM SQUARE – JUNE 23, 2022





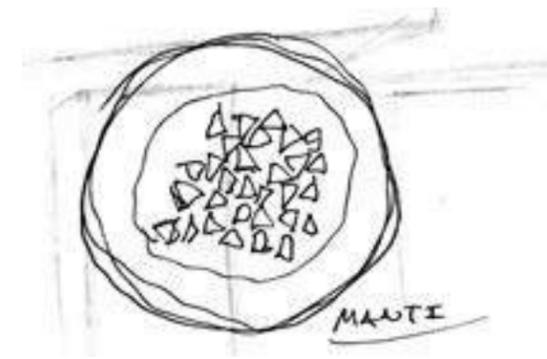
FERRY FROM  
PRINCE'S  
ISLAND

JUNE 23<sup>RD</sup>



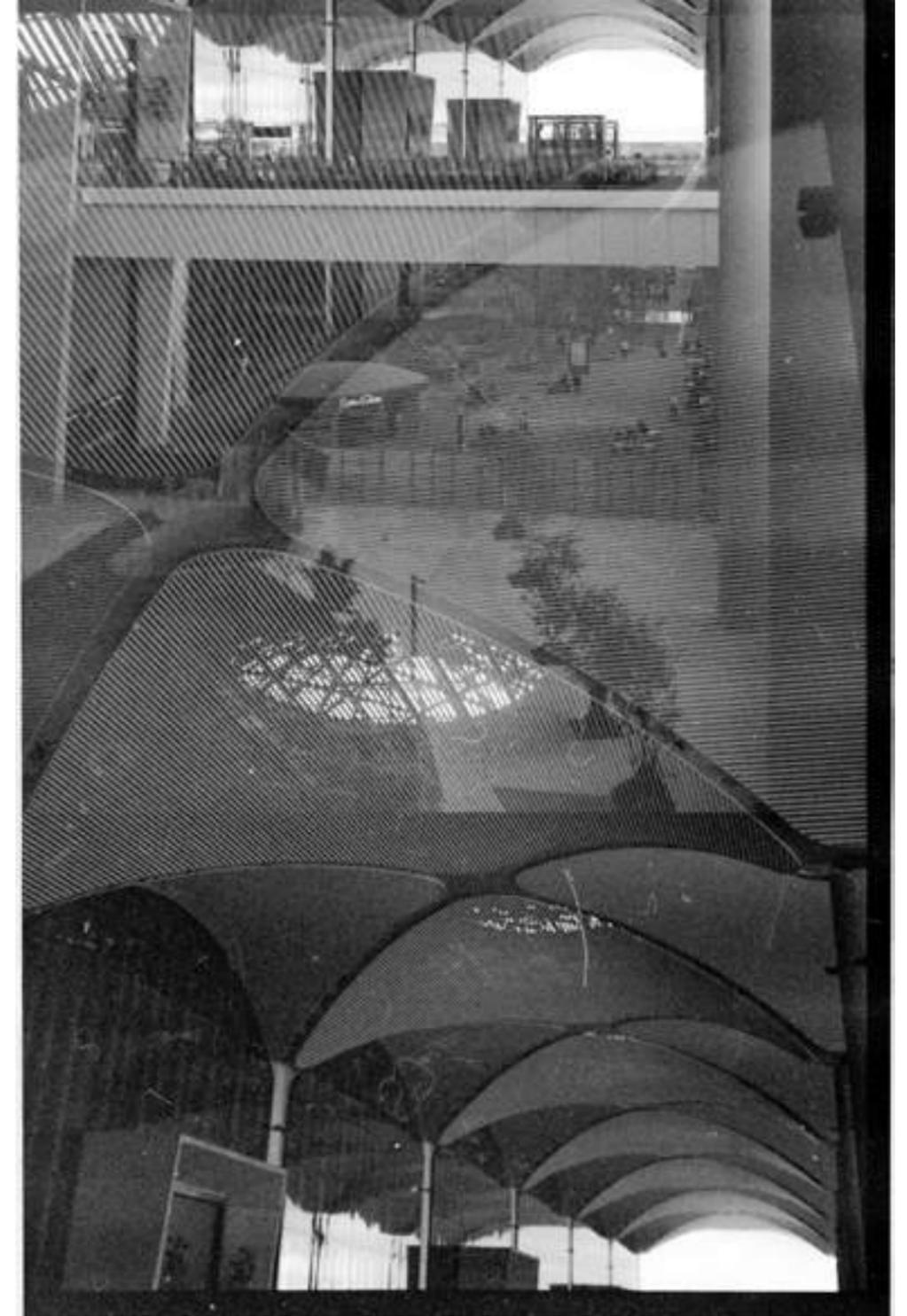
ISTANBUL — JUNE 22, 2022

"The Golden Horn is the name of the outlet of water that feeds into the Bosphorus and was the heart of old Constantinople. It formed the city's greatest assets — defense and trade. Today the Bosphorus still forms the city. The smell of salty water, the fisherman dipping their rods in and out, the honks of the ferries. Water is a form of currency here."



## ISTANBUL – JUNE 22, 2022

”Restaurants are a puzzle. The vast majority of them are terrible, there are a few that because of serendipity are divine. As I sit and eat fried manti, the crunchiness mingling with the tang of mint and yogurt and the thousand other spices exotic to the tongue – the melody of the mosques carries over with the breeze and calm cafe chatter. God has blessed this moment it seems. Many times God shows up with the Michelin star, but every meal can be divine. The recipe is simple: loose yourself to it.”

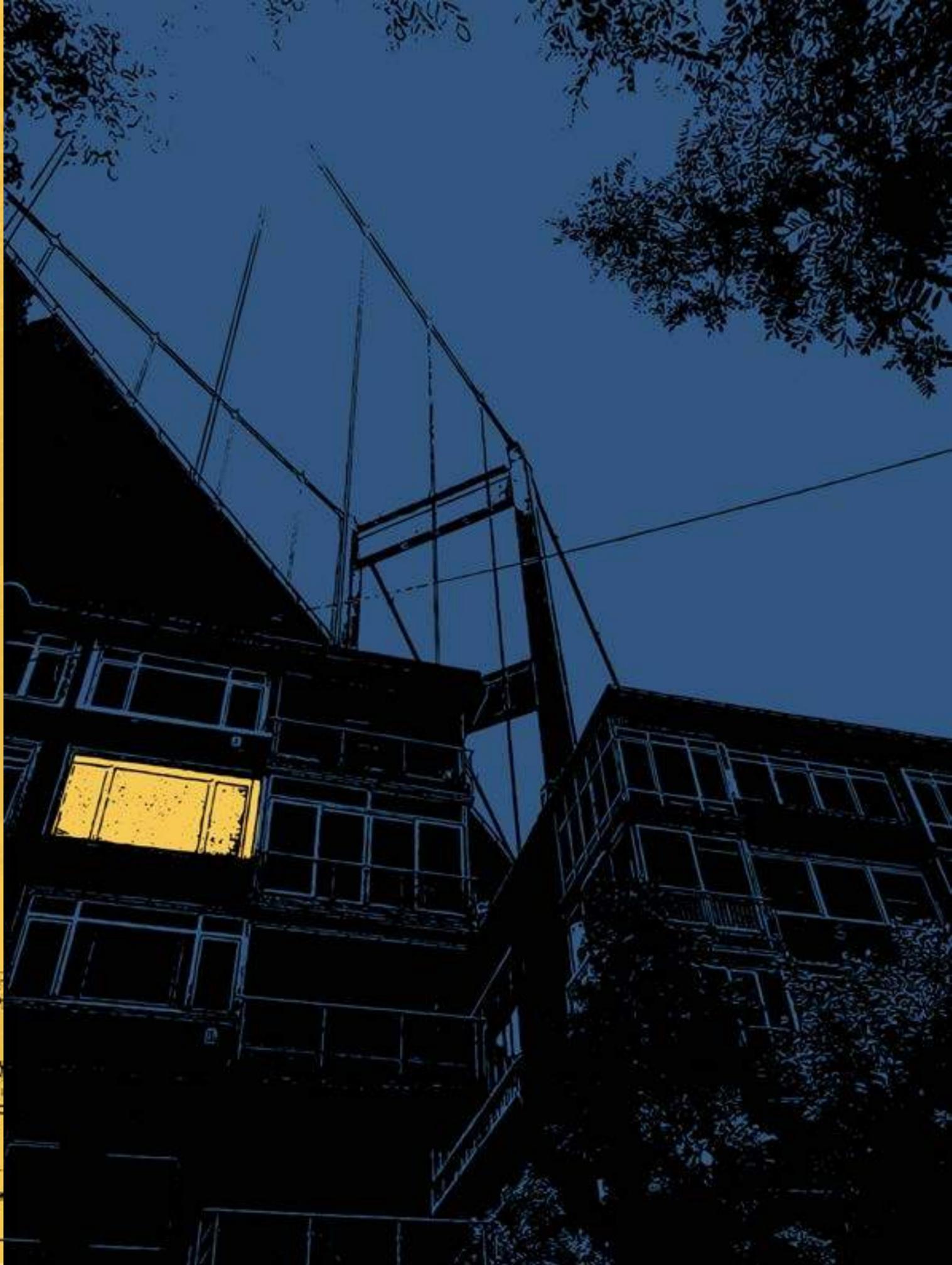


ISTANBUL – JUNE 23, 2022

"Someone said that Istanbul has a soul, whereas few other modern cities do. I believed him. There is a collective history and memory that has produced a tangible spirit of this place. Modern mixes with the ancient, east with west, and you feel like somehow you have gained something greater than yourself just by being here."



SULTANMAHET, ISTANBUL – JUNE 24, 2022

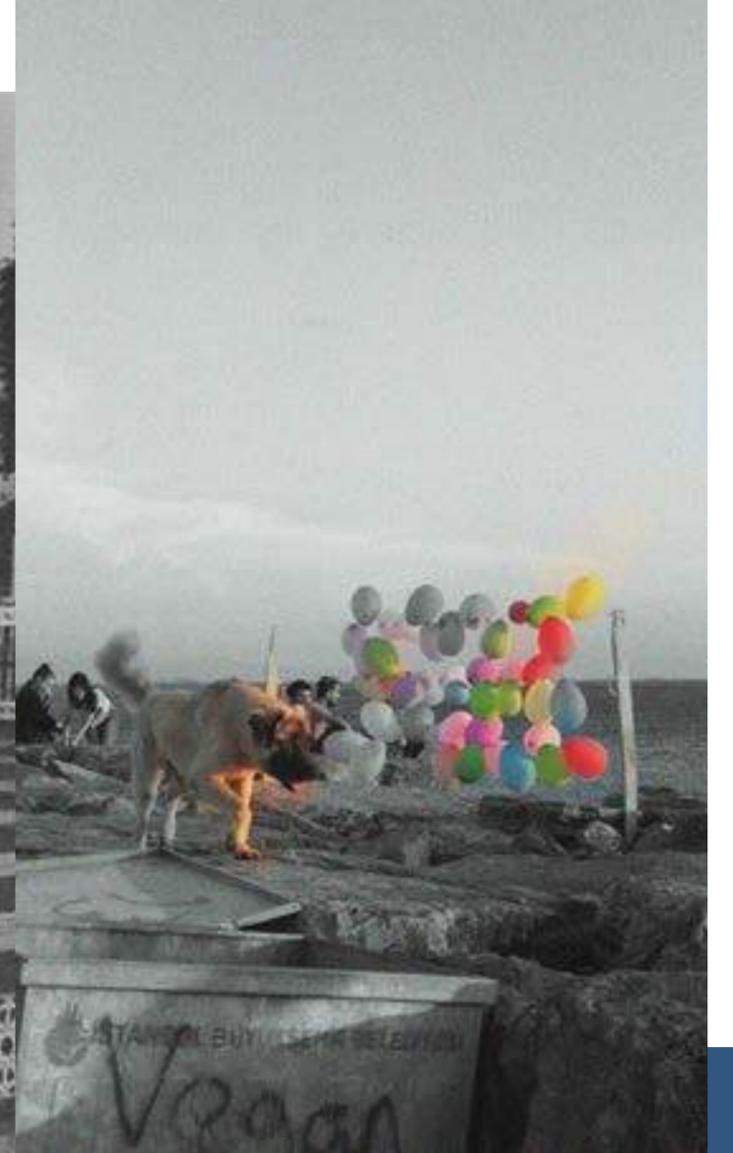


ISTANBUL BOSPHORUS STRAIT – JUNE 21, 2022



ISTANBUL — JUNE 24, 2022

”Street urchins and orphans, the peddlers and the pushers, the homewrecked and the ruined. The hungry, the have-littles, and trash collectors who sort the garbage into useable goods. These are the built environment innovators who reimagine our contexts. These are the intimate guides to the systems of the city that we should pay attention to.”



ISTANBUL — JUNE 26, 2022

"A lesson I have learned from Istanbul is that a city is for all — inclusive of the animals that call it home. Istanbulites care for their public animals. It isn't uncommon to see a shopkeeper bathing a stray dog, food set out for cats, and countless dog and cat houses all over the city."



ISTANBUL — JUNE 26, 2022

”Never far is the watchful gaze of Ataturk, the founder of modern Turkey and nationalistic hero. His image graces posters, statues, monuments, and reliefs all over the city. To me it’s also a reminder of state of ‘democracy’ here and a dark political history that is easier kept silent.”



June 13, 2022

## VIRGINIA – NOVEMBER 14, 2022

”Hearing the news was like hearing your name called out over the speakers at a grocery store, unexpectedly recognizing something familiar. There was an attack on Istikal street. A place that I knew and had walked many times. I sketched meters from where a bomb was exploded. Where people died. The only difference being moments in time.

So many people talk of 9/11 and New York, or Boston. Places that aren't familiar to me, but I understand the feeling that there is a memory about places that you can't shake.

Our places hold memory— collective and beautiful, and hideous.

I still don't understand it, how a place that I spilled beers and had late night snacks with friends, joined crowds in dancing with musicians, walked many times – can change into broken glass, smoldering pavement, and ash.”





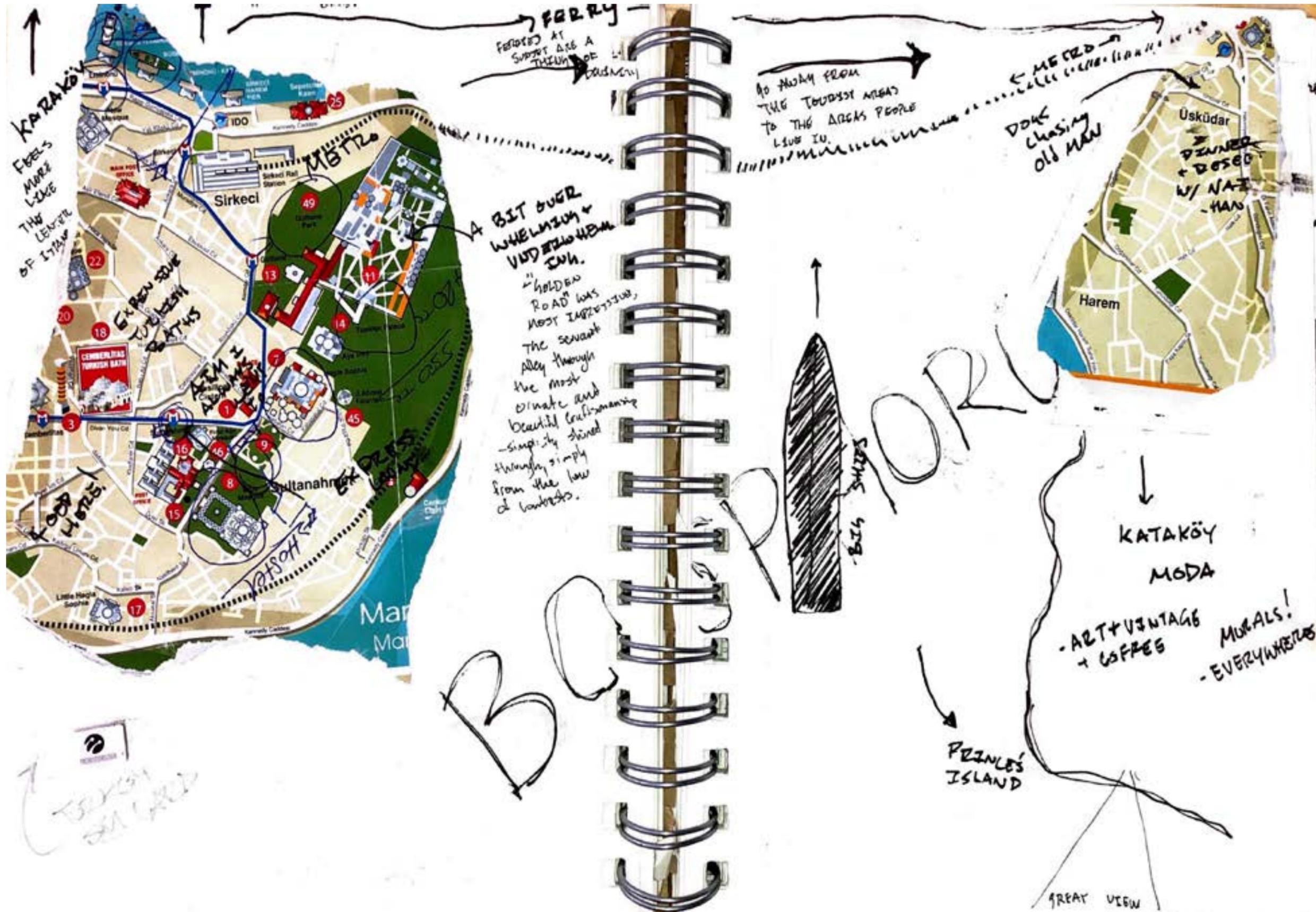
## ISTANBUL — JUNE 26, 2022

"There's a goodness that comes when you enter Istanbul. Not of vibrations in the air, but one that comes from within yourself. You are pushed through a door that disappears behind you, and you find yourself in the center of everything.

A city so vast and full that at every corner you find something unexpected. A city that makes you believe in magic."

ISTANBUL — JUNE 24, 2022

"A day traveling in Istanbul is likely to use one of its numerous forms of public transportation. Metro, tram, trolley, funicular, ferry, bus, taxi, and walking are all necessary to navigate the maze."



ISTANBUL – JUNE 26, 2022

”I think the longer I travel the less interested in architecture I become. People interest me, seeing life unfold in the streets of manifold cities is infinitely more interesting than anything fixed in stone. Shapes and structures and streets all have a certain economy and logic to them. The crazy ones are us. The ones who tear down buildings to replace them with identical structures, or who still live in ancient places. It’s all a bit unpredictable.

I have a feeling that design is more witchcraft than science. There’s a certain unpredictability and wildness that comes with human use. Sometimes we walk on streets because other people are there – othertimes the opposite is true. Nevertheless, the built environment is shaped around our wild, hidden, nonsensical selves.”

ISTANBUL – JUNE 27, 2022

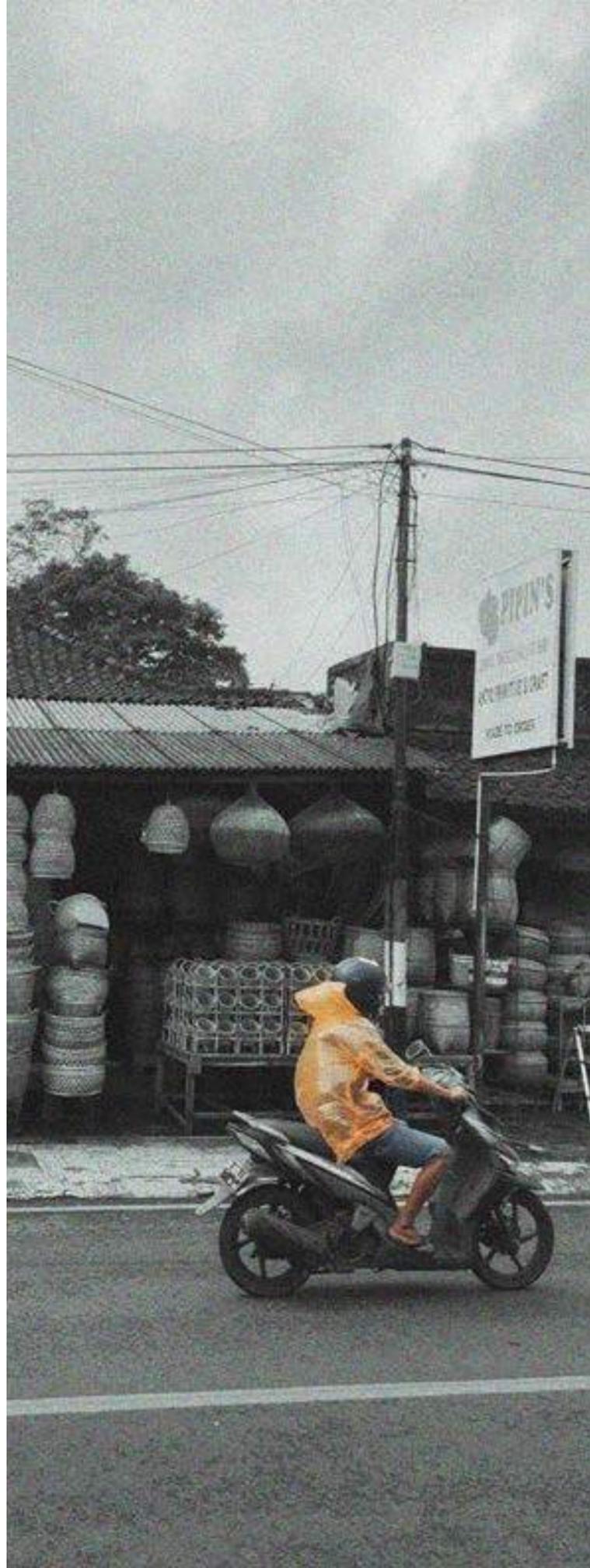
”I am tired. I think my boots are filled up, the rain’s come and given me memories and experiences and it’s enough and more... Being at this hostel, being in this massive city, swirled with the millions of people has a way of making you lonely and missing home.”



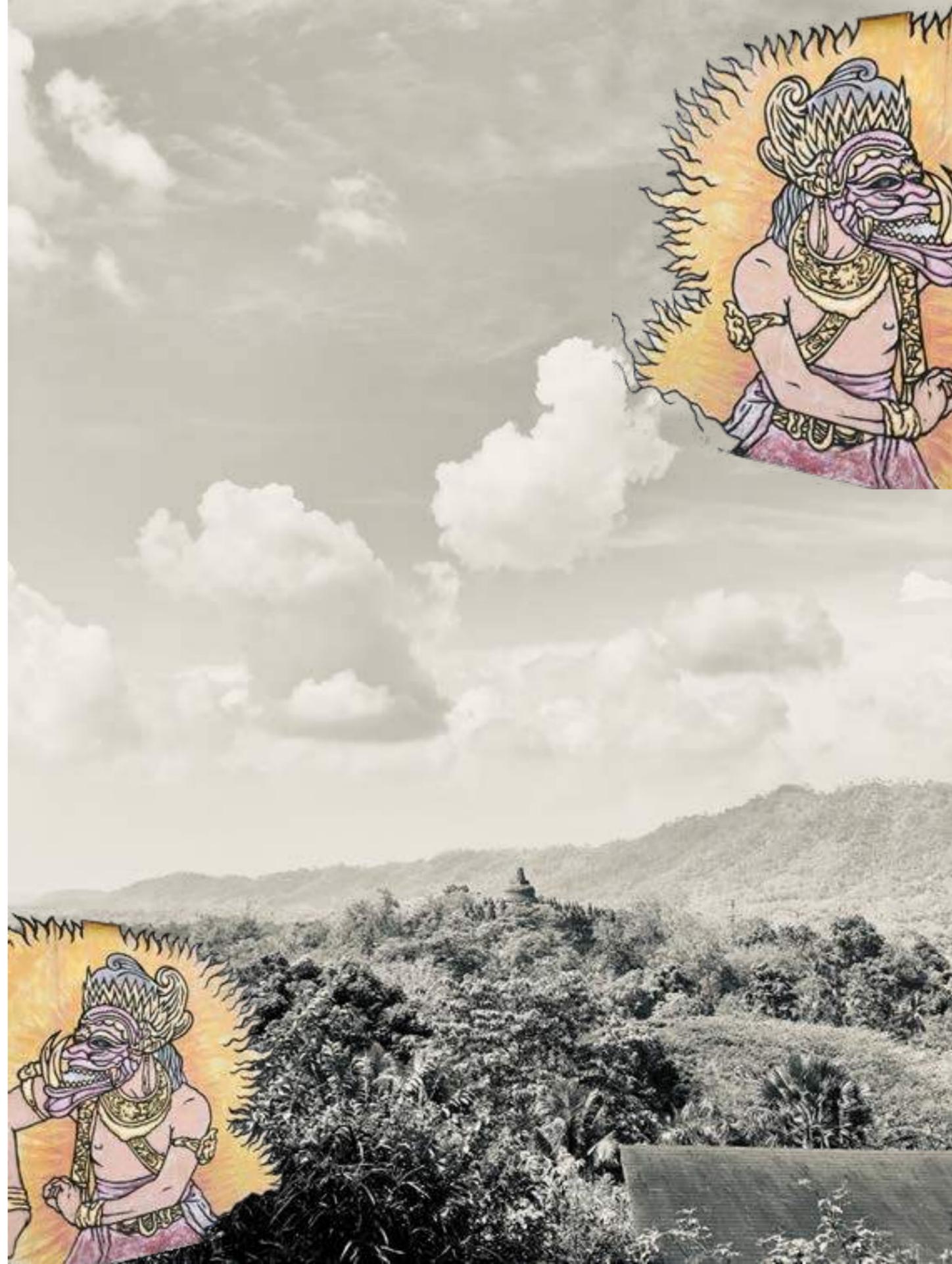
# ISTANBUL CRAZY

IT WAS  
ALL A  
DREAM





# INDONESIA





## JAKARTA — JULY 2, 2022

”The 1–2 hours to get anywhere in the city has been fairly standard these past few days. I think it also reveals the lack of centrality of Jakarta. There are islands of activity (the malls, shopping districts, and high rises) that float over congestion, canals, and sprawl.”

## JAKARTA — JULY 3, 2022

”Get the hell out of Jakarta. This was the primary advice of a local guide.”



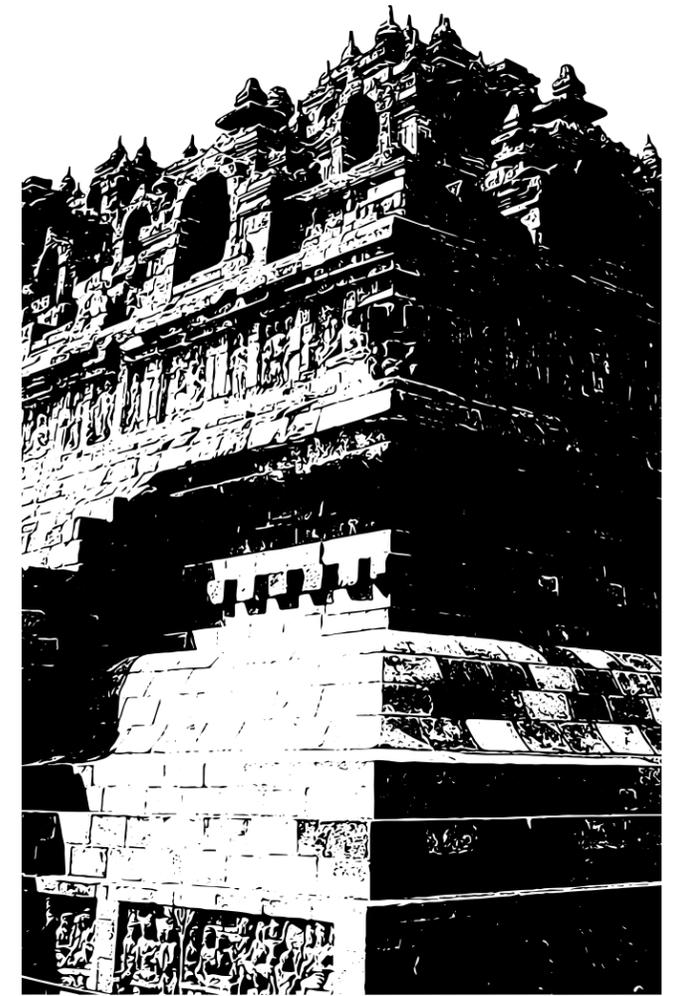


## TRAIN TO YOGYAKARTA – JULY 4, 2022

”The fantasy of the built environment. When we travel we find these narratives in the built environment. Indonesia holds the allure of the ‘exotic’ a legacy colonial fantasy. Beautiful tropical islands, power imbalances, and intact cultures – still speak to the incoming tourist and reveal themselves in the resorts, hotels, restaurants, etc.”

## ARRIVAL IN BALI – JULY 7, 2022

”A place like Bali exists as much as Disneyland. A place where fantasies can be lived out. Ride a scooter like a local, take a photoshoot in the rainforest, indulge in eastern spirituality. Spirituality, t-shirts, and trinkets are all on sale. Walking around you see so many stereotypes: the british chav here for the clubs and EDM parties, the free-spirited aunt here for the yoga retreat and to recenter herself, the surfer here for a few waves and babes. People project what they want to see and find onto this pacific island. I don’t think this is inherently bad, but the problem comes with the number of dreams here. Commercialization is creating cracks in the fantasy. Rampant development, unsustainable tourism levels are changing the face of the island.”



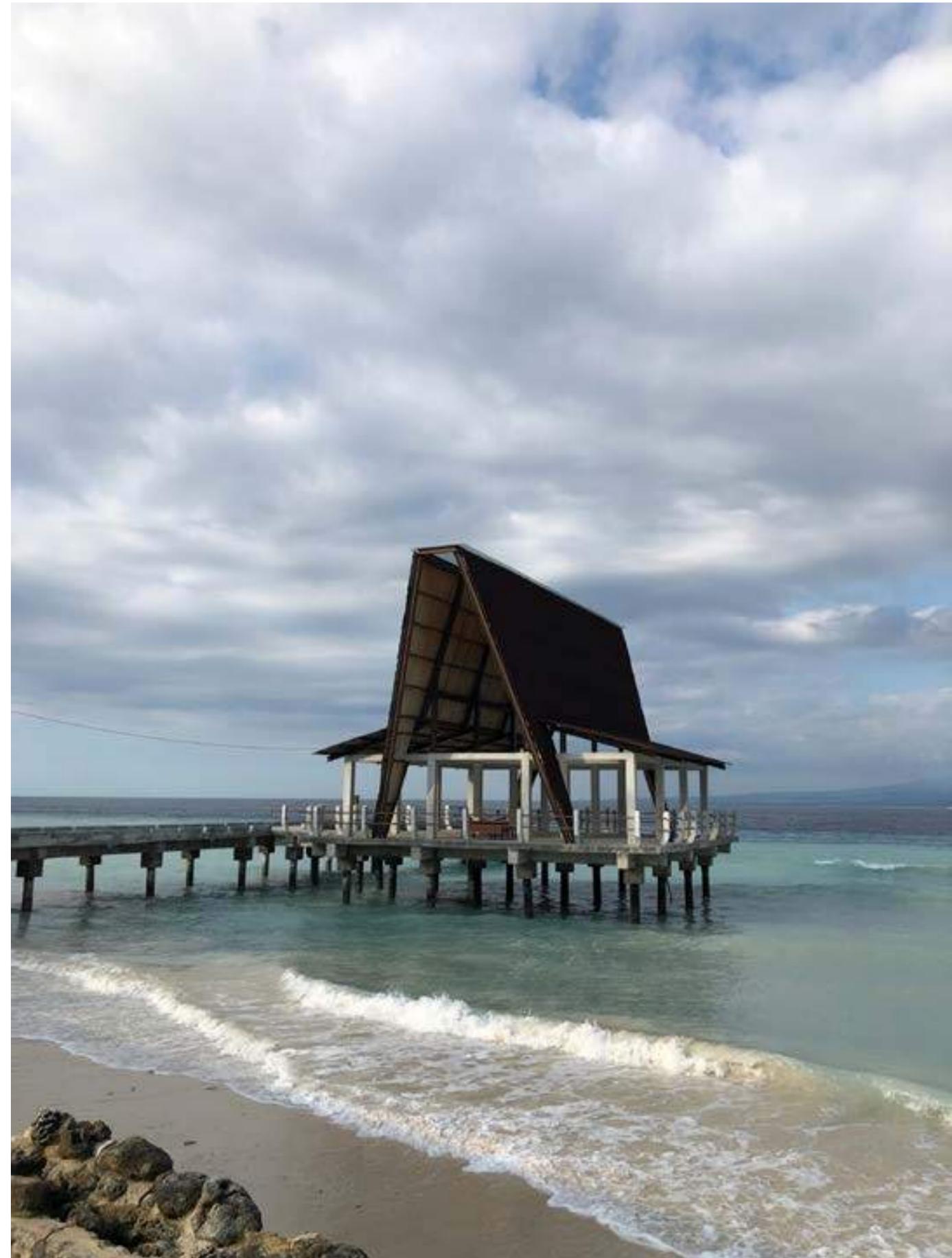


MANDALAS WITH TOO MUCH VODKA AND SHIVA KISSING MICKEY MOUSE.



NUSA PENDIDA — JULY 17, 2022

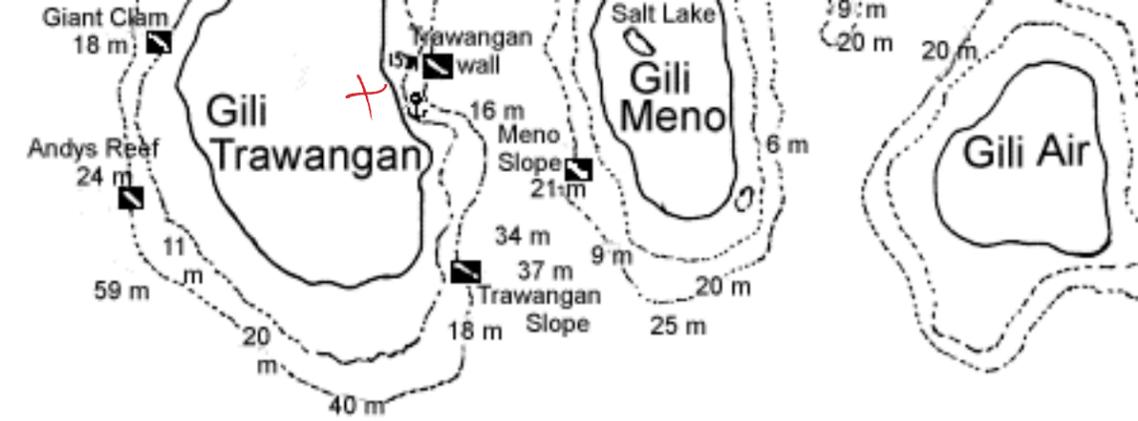
”Pretty damn beautiful.”





~~CULTURAL DISSONANCE ON GILI~~

NIGHT CLUBS AND MOSQUES



## GILI ISLANDS – JULY 21, 2022

”The Gili Islands are a place of contradictions. Mosques are located next to night clubs and bars, locals wearing hijabs walk next to bikini clad westerners. Beer is shipped in daily by boat and empty bottles migrate from the beaches to the interior island trash dumps. There is no official police force, cars, or long-term planning. These islands celebrate the dionysian moments.

However, there is a beautiful balance that is found here. An organic rhythm of the calls to pray that come between the crashing of the clubs and the early mornings when the families are walking the streets and the hungover are limping home. The two contradictions have become symbiotic.”

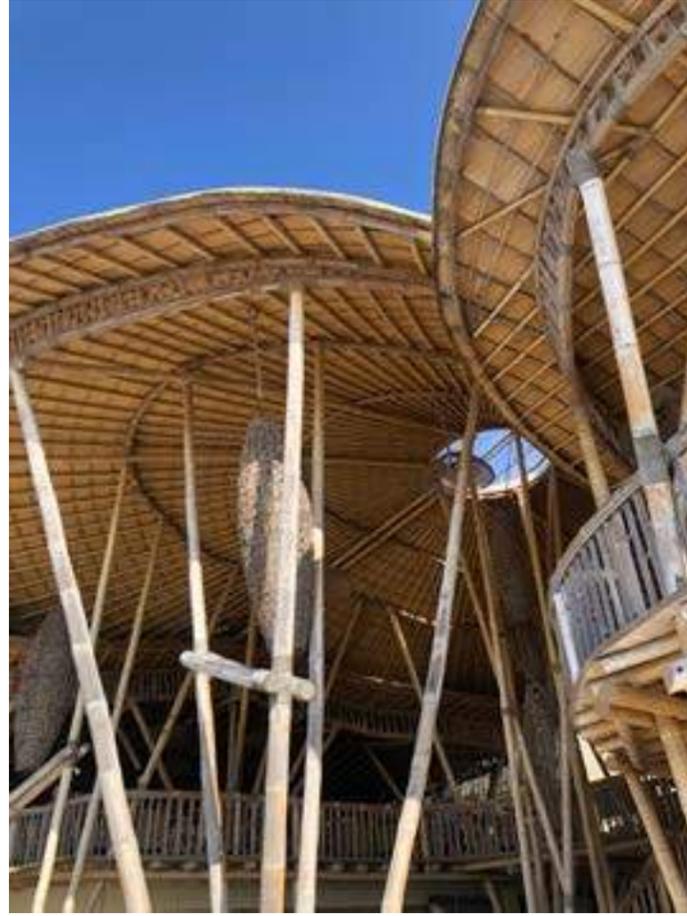
Daily  
Shipment  
of BEER





BALI – AUGUST 7, 2022

”So much of our built environment conforms to certain paradigms that have taken over the globe. Paradigms of efficiency, capital, industrial material production – bricks, and steel, and glass. There is a layer of homogeneity that you find across the globe. Bamboo structures are so interesting in that they go against this paradigm. Bamboo is universal and accessible to all classes – evading monopolization and coercion by capital. Structures can be built simply or complexly. Standardization is impossible – the organic nature of the material prevents that. When processed correctly it’s lifespan parallels our own. As a friend said, ‘Perhaps bamboo is what we need to undo the damage from the industrial revolution.’”



BALI — AUGUST 8, 2022

"Scooters form the backbone of infrastructure here. One quickly learns the invisible compartments on a scooter and can fit just the same as a SUV."





## BALI – AUGUST 10, 2022

"There are moments here where I feel like I'm kissing the sublime. Moments of walking in rice paddies and getting caught in a warm downpour. Moments that smell of spiced cigarettes and fresh rice. Moments that sting like a new sunburn and dried salt on the skin. There are moments here where I feel like forgetting other ways of life. Lives of hard work and family, of careers and mortgages, of sad goodbyes and sicknesses. Lives of familiar paths between office and home, home and grocery store, grocery store and office. It is hard to leave paradise, and so maybe I will leave this version of myself here like the winter coat in summer – ready to be picked up when the environment is right again."



SOUTH CAROLINA – AUGUST 20, 2022

"Returning after a journey brings lots of questions along with the jet lag and culture shock. The routines and roads that I had known previously felt forgotten and unfamiliar. I settled into a post-tropical depression, life wasn't as sunny anymore. The 2% milk, the ergonomic chairs, the daily gas prices, the grocery store aisles – all seemed bland and trivial. This process of making sense is integration, of what you've seen and what you see now. It's essentially a creative act – creating new ways of thinking and living that incorporate how you have changed in the journey. The things that you miss when you travel: the simplicity of having everything you own in a bag, the openness and connections, the acceptance of adventure – you can still do all these things and arguably it's probably more important that you do them – to keep the sanity that you've gained.

When you see so many different types of spaces over the world, you start to understand more of the nuance to them – the intellectual, social, political agendas behind them. Spaces reflect us. Our realities and how we relate to the world come through these spaces. To exist in the world is to mean that we are embodied in a space. And as we move through life, we move through a series of spaces. These spaces are configurations of architectural elements – yes, they have planes, and datums, and organizing elements, and so forth. But they also are configurations of identities, and people, and stories. The spaces that we choose to make and live in become who we are. That is something that I learned in my travels with Lyceum and maybe that is the simplicity that I was searching for.

COMING  
Home,

THE HARDEST  
PART OF ANY  
JOURNEY.

(UNPACKING)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20TH, 2022

