

**ACCIDENTALLY
WES ANDERSON
ADVENTURES**



PARACAS NATIONAL RESERVE

Ica, Peru | c. 1975

Photo by Vincenzo Rizza



ACCIDENTALLY WES ANDERSON

ADVENTURES

WALLY & AMANDA KOVAL

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VORACIOUS

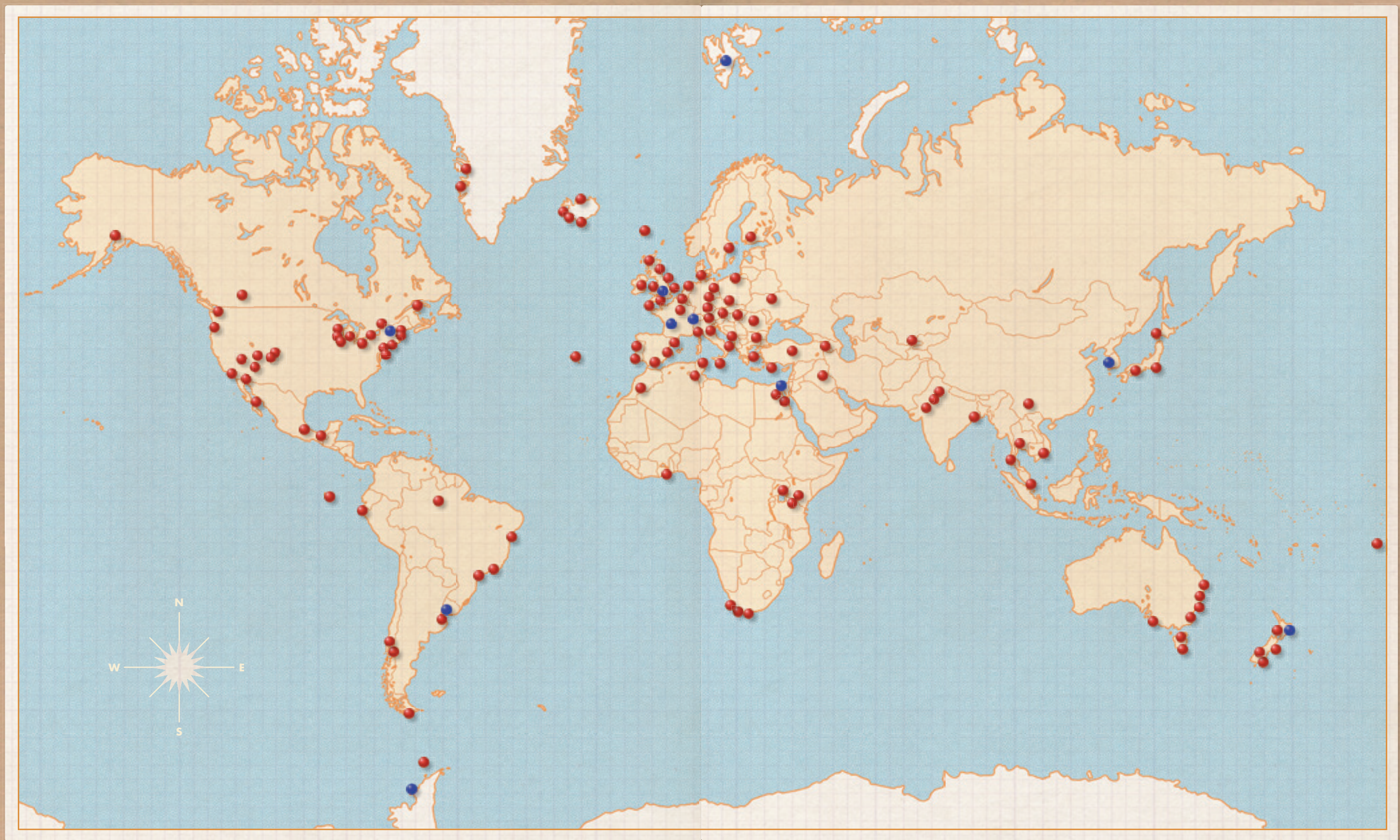
Little, Brown and Company
New York Boston London

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SEASIDE AQUARIUM

Seaside, Oregon | c. 1937

Photo by Kristen Mita

Vickie Forney, seafood manager at the Seaside Safeway grocery store, rescued a 25-pound lobster in 1993. “He had to ride in the back seat of my car,” Vickie described to the local paper. Had she not intervened, the chunky lobster would have likely ended up as the centerpiece of a Valentine’s Day dinner table, but thankfully for the sizable shellfish, Vickie had been on the hunt for a gigantic lobster to donate to the nearby aquarium. To aid in her quest, she had asked her seafood supplier to get in touch immediately should one come in, so when this big fella was caught in New England, Vickie got the call, and its cross-country journey began.

The considerable crustacean was carefully packaged, FedEx’d to the northern Oregon coast, picked up, chauffeured in the back of Vickie’s car, and delivered to his new caretaker, Tom Thies—an “all-purpose aquarist” at Seaside Aquarium.

A local nun won a contest to name the lobster, and he became Victor—as in “victory over death” but also honoring Vickie, his savior. Safeway employees and aquarists alike proposed that Victor was the largest living lobster in captivity.

Those claims remain unverified, but we do know that an absurd tragedy struck the following Labor Day weekend. An aquarium worker was taking tickets when she noticed a stranger strolling out the exit with Victor under his arm. She called the general manager, who emerged with a baseball bat. A confrontation on the promenade caused the man to drop Victor, who initially seemed fine, but closer examination revealed his shell had cracked. He died four days later, succumbing to internal injuries. The thief was charged with a misdemeanor, and ordered to serve 120 hours of community service and pay the aquarium \$800—or approximately \$32 a pound.







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POST OFFICE AT THE END OF THE WORLD

Tierra del Fuego National Park, Argentina | c. 1997
Photo by Accidentally Wes Anderson, CAP

Standing proud at the base of Tierra del Fuego National Park, at the southernmost tip of Argentina, is the Post Office at the End of the World. A vision of corrugated metal and wooden piles, this shanty ships postcards and parcels from the last stop in the Americas before plunging toward Antarctica. At your service is Carlos de Lorenzo, a septuagenarian, mustachioed postal officer who found his way to Ushuaia after a career as a teacher in Buenos Aires. Carlos settled on the tiny island of Redonda—about 2 kilometers from shore—and took up a job at their post office, which was stationed there until 1997. Today, Carlos works at this post office back on the Argentinian mainland but still lives on his isle ten

minutes off the bay. He is also the self-proclaimed prime minister of the “Independent Republic of Redonda.” He and his two sons are the only residents of the fifty-hectare micronation he founded and calls home. This anarchist state is bound by one rule: “Do what you want, as long as you respect others.” Indeed, do what you want when you visit here. But consider sending a postcard with a coveted seal from one of the most remote places on the planet, using a stamp commemorating Prime Minister Carlos’s 1948 birth. If you’re feeling especially worldly, pursue a passport stamp from Redonda.



TELEFÉRICO DE ORIZABA

Orizaba, Mexico | c. 2013
Photo by Arely García Chama

Orizaba, Mexico, is a designated Pueblo Mágico (meaning it has been recognized by the Mexican government for its “magical” qualities). Visitors are drawn to its colonial buildings, cultural preservation, and Cerro del Borrego, a peak reached by this family of bright, outgoing *teleféricos*, or cable cars. The maiden voyage embarked in 2013. American, Colombian, and locally trained engineers worked together to design and construct what is now one of the highest, smoothest, and most vibrant cable-run lifts in Mexico.

One of these multicolored cars takes you on the half-mile journey from the river-adjacent Plaza Pichucalco to the top of Cerro del Borrego in just under six minutes. If you reach Cerro del Borrego on a weekend in May, be sure—or prepared—to admire costumed locals re-creating a late-nineteenth-century military battle, dressed in full attire as vivid as the cable car that brought you there.

THIS IS ANTARCTICA

ADVENTURES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD

Photos here and page 322 by Accidentally Wes Anderson and Marjorie Becker, CAP

In 1911, led by a squad of sled-pulling super-dogs, Norwegian Roald Amundsen, forever fascinated with polar exploration, embarked on the ultimate winter...vacation? He and his team braved treacherous, freezing terrain and other Antarctic terrors to become the first humans to reach the South Pole.

Their daring escapades tread a path for other explorers, scientists, and adventurers to acquaint themselves with the windiest, coldest, driest continent on Earth. But first they had to get there.



ANTARCTICA

1. THE DRAKE PASSAGE

Between the base of South America and Antarctica's South Shetland Islands flows a 600-mile-wide stretch of water where the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans meet. This powerful convergence of seas is in the middle of the shortest route to the bottom of Earth. If you're prone to seasickness, you will meet with it here.

For at least two days without sight of land, you will endure the strongest ocean currents in the world, gale-force winds, and waves that can reach as high as 60 feet. "Are we there yet?" Not quite.

Unless you have military clearance, scientific expertise, strong wings, or the last name Bezos or Musk, the Drake is a required route and rite of passage

for anyone with their headlamps aimed at the frozen bottom of Earth.

Curiously, this massive confluence can shift without warning from the calm, flat rippling waters called the "Drake Lake" to its ferocious twin, the "Drake Shake," a turbulent ride that assaults ships and seafarers from all sides.

But upon reaching the Antarctic Peninsula, you're met by a wonderland: sparkling glaciers, boisterous birds waddling in tuxes, and the euphoric sight of solid ground. Plow forward despite the ice in your eye-lashes—there's much to discover.



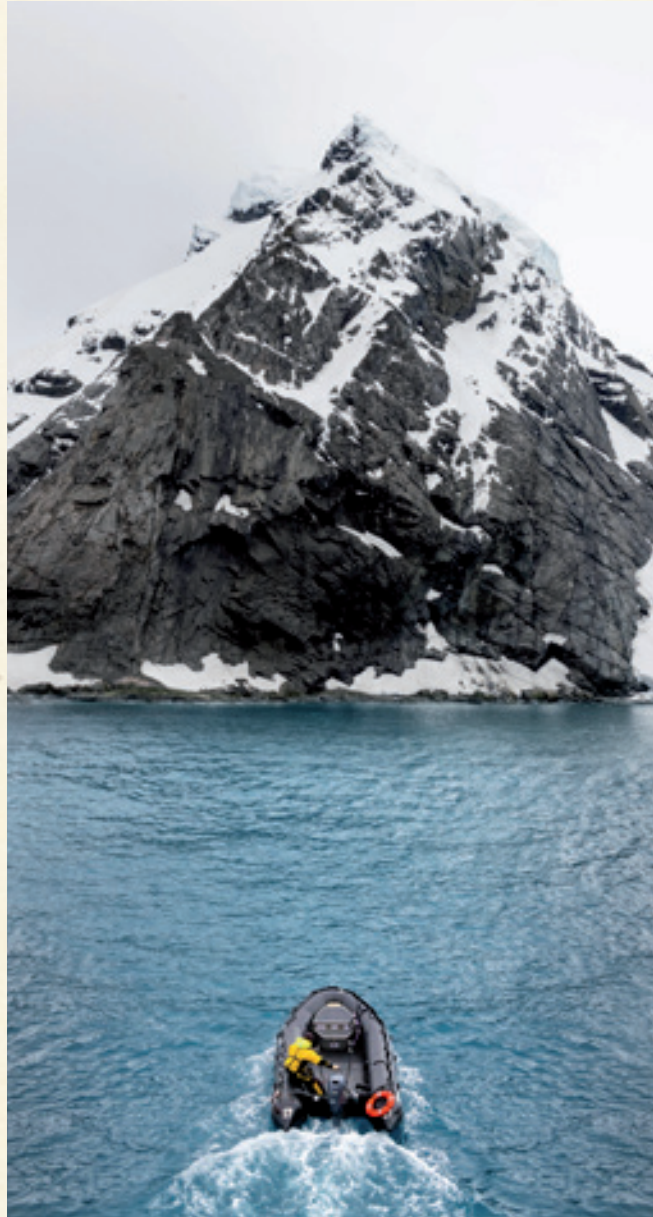


2. ELEPHANT ISLAND / POINT WILD

In 1916, British explorer Sir Ernest Shackleton and his crew of twenty-seven suffered a terrifying ordeal after their ship, the *Endurance*, became lodged in an icebank. For eight months the icebank served as the unelected navigator of their impaled vessel, but the men were ultimately forced to abandon ship, lest they sink along with her. They boarded tiny lifeboats that delivered them to refuge at the edge of a glacier on the south of Elephant Island. The nightmare was far from over.

Shackleton and a select few ventured blindly to seek help, as the rest of the crew endured unimaginably harsh conditions—using lifeboats as shelter and surviving off seals and penguins for four and a half months. (FOUR AND A HALF MONTHS!) From then on, the small, rocky spot was known as Point Wild—named not merely because of the ordeal but also to honor Frank Wild, who was left in charge of those left waiting.

Finally, a smoke signal appeared offshore. It wasn't a mirage but Shackleton himself. He had miraculously made it to a whaling station on South Georgia Island, borrowed a tugboat from the Chilean government, and returned to save the crew. He called from the craft, "Are you all right?" to which the men replied, "All well."



3. DAMOY POINT

This humble structure, packed in snow, was built by British researchers in the 1970s. With the weather in Antarctica fluctuating as drastically as it does, the hut served as a halfway point for scientists en route to research stations farther south, hence its nickname as the world's most southerly waiting room. With enough beds here to house fifteen adventurers, groups would wait for weeks at a time for the weather to improve—consuming books, playing board games, or etching poems into the wall. The menu was entirely canned—from bacon to banana pudding. But one recent discovery shed light on the drinks menu.

In 2010, conservationists found Ernest Shackleton's stash of booze beneath the floorboards of the polar explorer's abandoned hut (not unlike this one). Among several crates of whiskey and brandy were three bottles of rare, nineteenth-century scotch sloshing around. A century of subzero temperatures had not frozen the liquor. They remain unopened, with the exception of one.

Distillers chartered the bottles to Scotland and, using a syringe, withdrew just enough to reformulate the lost recipe, then created fifty thousand new bottles. A percentage of the proceeds went to the Antarctic Heritage Trust, and the original bottles were returned to Shackleton's hut to preserve the era's legacy.

The waiting hut at Damoy Point was not the site of any scientific epiphanies but became essential to research that would affect the entire world. Teams have passed through on the way to making discoveries like the hole in Earth's ozone and other crucial findings about our climate. The hut was retired in 1993, with a grateful nod to modern aviation and meteorology—which rendered a waiting room unnecessary. But the historic importance of the shed is still recognized. Today, it's a museum with a caretaker. Introversion is a likely prerequisite for the role; a taste for whiskey also wouldn't hurt.



4. DECEPTION ISLAND / WHALERS BAY

Though steamy, you wouldn't want to get too comfortable in this variety of natural hot spring. Just south of Point Wild is the aptly named Deception Island. Shaped like a C, the island's natural harbor, Whalers Bay, is actually the crater of a volcano that spends *most* of its time sleeping underwater.

The nearly mile-long stretch of beach is littered with the remains of its formerly active whaling and research station. Whalers Bay was startled by successive eruptions in the late 1960s yet is typically considered a "safe" harbor. If an eruption does occur, seismic monitors pepper the coast, enabling the ship to offer you a generous six-minute warning to get the hell out of there. So no matter how enticed you are by the large oil barrels or other dilapidated artifacts on shore, don't stray too far from your ship.



5. DANCO ISLAND



Unlike the massive Antarctic terrain or the enormous blue skies above, Danco Island is notably small—just 1 mile long. Sitting at the end of the Errera Channel, the relatively tiny space is home to 1,600 breeding pairs of gentoo penguins. While exploring, make sure not to tread so deeply as to create accidental traps for the island's abundance of very cute penguin pals. These holes tend to be filled in by a grumbling guide following behind, accustomed to visitors being so gob-smacked by the lookout view that they forget to cover their tracks. This is especially the case when minke and humpback whales make a surprise appearance, or when their songs can be heard off the shore of islands like Danco.

The trouble with an Antarctic adventure is that it ends too soon. Any brief survey through these islands and locales—their stark icebergs, protective glaciers, snow cliffs, unexpected volcanoes, storied research facilities, and startlingly abundant wildlife—is just scratching the surface of what the seventh continent holds.

However homesick you might be among the penguins, it's hard not to wonder if you'll ever be back to the base of Earth, bearing witness to the scope of its sky. The greater anxiety, however, is a little more urgent. Because on the path toward the comforts of home, you'll have one more rendezvous with the Drake.





TERMUNTERZIJL

Groningen, the Netherlands | c. 1660

Photo by Barbara Makkes

Within close proximity of this red wooden cabin are sheep, the town dike, a large windmill, and more sheep, all cuddled together in the delightful village of Termunterzijl. This tiny coastal village appears to be straight out of a postcard, bearing charming traditional Dutch architecture and functional buildings that have developed alongside the Ems river.

The town's claim to fame(?) is its unique lock

system—a fancy contraption that controls the canals' water levels, saving the land from being flooded over.

Life in Termunterzijl moves at a leisurely pace, and is recognized for its serene and easygoing vibe. Many consider both the village and its log cabins as hidden gems of the Netherlands—though this particular gem, if hiding, is doing so in plain, positively red sight.



PÚFA

Reykjavík, Iceland | c. 2012

Photo by Louis Gilliland

Over the past few decades, Iceland's capital of Reykjavík has devoted resources to developing architectural works that reflect its burgeoning cultural strides. Among dozens of newly built landmarks is Thufa—or Púfa, as it's locally known—an art installation that looks like a curiously placed, 25-foot-high knoll.

Púfa was designed in 2012 by an Icelandic artist, as the result of a competition set up by a fish factory beside the site. The resulting mound is a nod to Iceland's traditional rural houses, which are often covered with insulating turf.

Outside, a narrow pathway invites viewers up to the summit while inside, a spiral staircase offers an ascent to one of Reykjavík's coolest observation decks. Atop, you are greeted with a view of the

skyline and surrounding harbor. Don't presume the unique aroma is coming from the water, however.

Crowning the grass is a small wooden shed, the likes of which have been used for centuries across Iceland for drying fish. The structure is barred to prevent the unlikely theft of its contents; the gaps also let in the requisite salt air off the Atlantic, thereby preserving the dangling goods. A glimpse inside reveals the sight of dried fish heads, a staple of an Icelandic diet.

All told, this eye-catching monument is worthy of the intrigue and attention it receives. Ascending it is akin to stepping up to a capsule, where art, history, and fish heads collide. If you are able to reach the top, prepare to feel like the king or queen of the hill... but maybe a little bit queasy.

SOUTHERN & EASTERN EUROPE



LIGHTHOUSES OF ICELAND

Iceland | c. 2016

Dyrhólaey Lighthouse by Christopher Jack Centrella (p.124)

Photos opposite, clockwise from top left: Reykjavík Skarlagarður by Heather Varner,
Malarrið Lighthouse by Elisa Nocentini, Djúpvogur Lighthouse by Gentry Hudson

In a seemingly ordinary corner of an Icelandic warehouse sits a single cabinet. Within that nondescript cabinet are the keys to every lighthouse in the country. The master keeper and custodian of these is a man who has dedicated his livelihood to the beacons that have been saving sailors and enticing explorers for centuries.

When Ingvar Hreinsson took on the job and its exhaustive responsibilities, many of Iceland's lighthouses were deteriorating. More than two decades later, his work has been nothing short of magnificent. He's visited every single one of the country's 104 lighthouses—assessing, tinkering, and reconfiguring until he felt confident that each nut, bolt, and bulb was working as it should, and that every tower was living its best life.

The work of a lighthouse keeper generally entails a great deal of monotony, but for Ingvar, no two days are the same. Some lighthouses have been severely worn down due to years of exposure to harsh and unrelenting elements, requiring a bit more TLC. His visits are bespoke—each lighthouse gets what it needs, no matter how long it takes.

The keeper's favorite has been outfitted with a very special feature. Ingvar enjoyed the ample amount of time he spent atop the dramatic cliffs of Dyrhólaey—which means “the door hole island,” referring to the tremendous stone arch the sea has eroded from the headland. So he decided to build a fully stocked apartment within the peninsula's lighthouse. (For those who may have dreamed of living in one, if only for a night, keep in mind that when Ingvar is away, you can rent it as a B&B.)

Resisting the stereotype and expectations that might shine upon a lighthouse keeper in Iceland, Ingvar does not relish solitude. Instead, he works alongside a team of eighty volunteers, buoyed by

an elaborate, spectacular workshop that's loaded with all the lamps, lenses, pulleys, and other lighthouse-related gear one might need to keep mariners safe. Revise your presumptions of an old toolshed. The centerpiece of Ingvar's workshop is an indoor ocean simulator. This marvel spans half the size of an airplane hangar and is filled with a water system capable of re-creating the conditions of any harbor in Iceland.

In 2016, more than two decades after he set off on his long, winding, windy traverse along the coastline, Ingvar completed the circuit, repairing the final, 104th lighthouse on his list. Many presumed this would mark the end of his tenure, him having fulfilled his original mission. Nah. He'd be the first to tell you: there will always be more water, wind, sand, and salt guaranteed to take their toll on these lighthouses. Given that reality, paired with an expertise and passion that has grown stronger with each tune-up, Ingvar's work will never end.

This is a great fortune for Icelanders and visitors to the beguiling island, as Ingvar's project has changed the way lighthouses are used altogether. Sure, lights will keep spinning for sailors veering too close to any number of Iceland's cliffs...but he's also transformed a choice few into inimitable venues for concerts, art exhibitions, and weddings.

Our lighthouse keeper extraordinaire has more keys than he can count, but the most magical of them all isn't one he can add to what must be an awfully formidable chain. With his decades of dedication, Ingvar has unlocked a brighter future and an enduring appreciation for the stunning lighthouses of his island nation.

Here is a mere sampling of the beaming towers he has swiveled through and enhanced for present and future generations:



THIS IS

Angoulême

ADVENTURES IN CRAFT, COMICS & COGNAC

Photos by Accidentally Wes Anderson and Marjorie Becker, CAP



Once a strategically important cross-roads besieged by knights and catapults, Angoulême is now swarmed by a different army: comic strip fans. Perched atop a hill beside the Charente River, Angoulême is the “Balcony of South West France,” with all the winding streets and quaint cafés you’d

expect, against the backdrop of street art and graphic installations you would *not* expect. Few small cities are as rich with history as Angoulême, and its artistry is not confined to the comics world. Its story is best told through an unlikely trinity of specialties: paper production, visual arts, and barrel-aged spirits.

ANGOULÊME



1. MOULIN DU VERGER



Jacques Bréjoux is keeping the art of traditional paper production alive. For fifty years he’s helmed the Moulin du Verger, a paper mill founded in the early sixteenth century, while practicing the traditional methods of his craft.

In the early days of the Printing Revolution, Angoulême and its environs became an industry hub. Why? Moulin du Verger was built upon a tributary of the Charente River called Eaux Claires, or “Clear Waters,” which feels like an understatement given its crystalline flow. The water powered the mill and became one of two prime ingredients in the recipe for paper pulp.

The other ingredient: old rags. After collecting tattered cloths, Bréjoux pulverizes them for up to two days with massive wooden mallets to create a moist white pulp. Then he dips a wooden frame of wire mesh into the slurry and hangs the remaining product to dry. *Et voilà!* A beautiful piece of stationery.

In 1656, more than sixty mills in the area produced paper en masse. But when the Industrial Revolution mechanized paper-making in the nineteenth century, most mills folded or pivoted to specialties, like cigarette papers.

Today, a resurgence in interest for artisanal paper enables Moulin du Verger to hold fast to its origins. Bréjoux is among the last traditional papermakers in the region. He has no intention of changing anything—certainly not his paper, or the way he produces it. About that, he remains crystal clear.





4. BOURGOIN COGNAC

You'd be remiss to visit the region without enjoying its worldwide distinction: the liquid gold of French spirits, cognac. And if you have a soft spot for old family-run businesses, visit Bourgoin Cognac, which dates back nearly one hundred years and is run by the founder's great-grandson, Frédéric Bourgoin.

Frédéric's product comes from grapes that his great-grandfather planted in 1930, nurtured by the same clear waters that helped Angoulême's paper industry flourish. His grandfather created the distillery,

and his father added a cellar where the barrels of cognac are aged. His family put in the time required to craft the elite elixir, but it wasn't ready to be bottled and distributed until Frédéric and his wife took over—using a Peugeot passed down through generations.

Not every spirit goes through a meticulous, four-generation process. But to the Bourgoin family, making cognac properly requires years of dedication, and not forgetting how long it took your great-grandfather to establish your roots.



Angoulême takes its time to enjoy things properly. The effort to mill a piece of fine paper, to painstakingly create a comic strip, or to age a barrel of cognac—all require patience, passion, and pleasure in one's craft. The resulting experience is nothing less than...**POW!**





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BEN YOUSSEF MADRASA

Marrakech, Morocco | c. 1565

Photo by Nishant Makvana

Tucked away from the hustle of the labyrinthine streets of Marrakech's Medina district sits Ben Youssef Madrasa. Once the largest Islamic college in Morocco and among the most important institutions in northern Africa, today it also serves as a museum and early Andalusian ornamental sanctuary.

Built in the fourteenth century to honor Sultan Ali bin Yusuf, the original, mosque-adjacent school building underwent a regal reconstruction in 1565.

For four centuries students studied and lived in the dormitories within the madrasa. It was designed to accommodate a large number of students, but as many as seven scholars would share a single bedroom. The small, compact study cells were intentionally cramped, with low ceilings and narrow openings. The purpose was to encourage students to focus solely on their studies. Claustrophobia was not taken into consideration.

→

CAPE POINT VIEWFINDER

Cape Town, South Africa | c. 1970s

Photo by Celeste Jacobs

Looking through this viewfinder on the Cape of Good Hope on Africa's southwesternmost point, you can find a nearly endless view of the ocean. But look through these lenses long enough and you might see into a haunting maritime past: the story of the ghost-ship the *Flying Dutchman*.

Rooted in a real event, the tale has been mythologized and sensationalized over time. We know that a Dutch man-of-war ship was lost off the cape. According to eighteenth-century legend from the Netherlands, it was captained by a man condemned to wander the seas eternally...by the devil. From there, tales diverge wildly, creating a tempest of interpretations. People enchanted by the myth have named everything from esteemed operas to valet services after this phantom of the sea.

Sailors' lore claims that sight of the ship portends a grim journey, one that will necessitate battening down the hatches. Prince George and Prince Albert of Wales both claimed that at least a dozen men aboard their ship spotted the red light of the phantom ship, only to see it vanish before their eyes. A savvy—or perhaps desperate—captain finally delivered a science lecture to his crew, detailing how such mirages can occur, due to optical illusions caused by reflections in the atmosphere. Though *they* may have been pacified, the legend of the *Flying Dutchman* has lingered in Cape Hope's surrounding ocean, forever unable to make it to port.





A photograph of a highly ornate, multi-story building facade. The facade is divided into sections of red, green, and white. The central section features a large, arched doorway with a red door and a green lattice window above it. The sides of the central section are flanked by green walls with arched windows and decorative elements. The building has a complex, layered appearance with many small, intricate details. In the foreground, a woman wearing a purple sari with a yellow border is walking from left to right. The ground is a light-colored, dusty surface.

SOUTH, CENTRAL & EASTERN ASIA



GOLCHA CINEMA

Jaipur, India | c. 1954

Photo by Samir Ben Rahma

Originally known as Prem Prakash Talkies, this formerly single-screen theater is one of the oldest multiplex movie houses in Jaipur. Opened in 1954, the theater is one of several businesses run by the prominent Golcha family, which has always projected an unusually strong devotion to film.

Nostalgic moviegoers worldwide can appreciate that the beckoning theater, located a stone's throw away from Jaipur's City Palace, has maintained its 1950s style despite multiple renovations

and opportunities to "modernize" it. The pink concrete facade welcomes viewers into a massive marble- and tile-lined lobby with two grand staircases stretching up beyond two faithfully retro ticket counters.

Among its key features are the neon lights that often illuminate the exterior, which—accompanied by the whiff of their fresh samosas—make for an irresistible spectacle for the senses. Best thing to do is sit back, enjoy it, and appreciate that they've "Golcha"!



HOTEL UZBEKISTAN

Tashkent, Uzbekistan | c. 1974

Photo by Carolina Tangerina

Hotel Uzbekistan opened in 1974 to cater to Soviet diplomats in the capital city of Tashkent, which has a two-thousand-year history of existing at the crossroads of the trade routes known as the Silk Road.

An example of Soviet modernist architecture also known as brutalism, it came to be considered a Grand Hotel. Until recently, it was the only hotel capable of handling large groups, thanks to its seventeen floors of accommodation.

By most accounts, little has changed since it was built, but what was once deemed grand now feels like a relic. Still central and commanding in stature, its exterior is either loved or loathed. The lobby remains striking, bright, and well preserved.

The restaurant, by all readings, has also not undergone any grand renovations—some feel this adds to its charm. The menu, which you might describe as vintage, includes items such as Tongue in Mustard Sauce (tongue, mustard, cream, mayonnaise, spices) and Scheherazade Salad (pineapple, turkey, smoked meat, mayonnaise, lettuce, spices). Such items could be interpreted as good reminders not to speak, but they're also why your eyes feel such relief when you reach the most unadorned, strangely comforting option, which simply states: "Sandwich." As an Uzbek proverb tells us: "Respect for bread, respect for nation."

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CAPE BYRON LIGHTHOUSE VIEWFINDER

Byron Bay, NSW, Australia | c. 1901

Photo by Clarice Cho

Cape Byron Lighthouse sits perched like a boss on the eastern Australian coastline of Cape Byron. The vantage offers an epic perspective of the sparkling Pacific. Such a jaw-dropping sight deserves a bit of extra magnification through this borderline-huggable viewfinder.

Getting to it is an adventure in and of itself—one

that involves hiking up the Cape Byron Walking Track, surrounded by wildlife. Once you are safely atop, guides are present to share its history: the maritime mayhem that made it necessary, its concentric six-wick kerosene burner, and how the structure has managed to maintain its status as Australia's most powerful, still-active lighthouse.

→

AORAKI/MOUNT COOK NATIONAL PARK

Canterbury, New Zealand | c. 1953

Photo by Frida Berg

Maori folk legend has it that Aoraki, a celestial being and favorite son of Rakinui, the Sky Father, embarked on a boat ride with his brothers. They hit rough waters and their canoe tipped over. When the brothers climbed on top of it, the raw, bitterly cold south wind turned them to stone. Their canoe became the South Island, while the peaks of the Southern Alps were each named for the brothers, including the mighty Aoraki, the tallest mountain in New Zealand.

The first Europeans to see that mountain were presumed to be members of Captain James Cook's crew during his 1770 voyage. Captain Cook, with his renowned ego, immediately named the mountain after himself. Aoraki's title wasn't officially restored until 1998, when the mountain was given its double moniker.

Names aside, the mountain has always been a focal point for global climbers and explorers. Visiting it helped Sir Edmund Hillary develop his skills while preparing for his conquest of Mount Everest. In other words, it's no joke. But Aoraki/Mount Cook also appeals to more sedentary travelers, as it's well-known as a brilliant spot for stargazing. Such visitors will find plenty of satisfaction with the smaller trails and encounters with kea—playful mountain parrots—among other winged alpine socialites.

This van seems headed for mountaineering purposes. And who knows? Considering their boat and the prevalence of the mountain's origin legend, this heartstring-puller of a vehicle may also be on a mission to turn their canoe into an island.



THANK YOU FOR EXPLORING



TRANS-KYUSHU LIMITED EXPRESS

Kyushu, Japan | c. 2004

Photo by Sarah Ong