

cheers

04.16-25.2018

ireland
scotland



This past May I traveled to Ireland and Scotland with my best friend and partner, Henry. We traveled to four cities across the two countries. We flew into Dublin, trained to Belfast in the north, took a ship and a bus across to Glasgow, trained east to Edinburgh and finally flew back to Dublin to return home. Within these cities we took day trips, venturing from the city centers out to the surrounding rural areas via bike. Biking let us experience the land while traveling through it. We rented bikes in every major city we visited and headed in any direction toward a natural space.

This magazine is a tribute to my trip. Even while still traveling, I knew I wanted to create something to showcase the story Henry and I created for those two weeks. I came up with the idea of creating a zine, reminiscing my times in these beloved countries. Henry and I brainstormed ideas throughout the trip as to how I was going to curate it; what fonts would be representative of our experiences, what headers, what places to include. One style choice in particular we knew I had to include was the header font for all four cities: Dou-

ble Feature. Henry and I became infatuated by the dripping, street-wear look of the font. Everytime we discussed what we wanted a spread to look like, we knew it needed the "drippy font."

Upon my return to the states, my personal project got started but never completed. I took this final project as an opportunity to finish what I started, and make it even better by incorporating maps. Rendered on ArcMap and MapBox Studio, the maps allow readers to know where I was geographically in the world, serving as a foundational understanding for my audience to fully immerse themselves in my trip with me.

I have included two written pieces, one by me and one by Henry. We independently had experiences with strangers that left us feeling more complete than when we came. Coincidentally these two experiences took place in Glasgow, a place we have agreed now has a special place in our hearts. Although we were only there for three days, we felt at home in this grunge city.

Additionally, I took this project as an opportunity to practice my art form. I hope to

become a magazine layout designer post graduation. I have a passion for creating magazines; art exhibiting more art. Written, digital and applied arts are curated within a piece of art itself. I took this project as an opportunity to practice my skills as a layout designer, to refine my skills, to hone my personal style. I developed this magazine as professionally as possible, using the skills I have developed through working with student publications on campus.

This time abroad gave me an opportunity to see what is possible at this point in my life. That it is possible to travel in an of itself now that I am of an independent age. That it is possible to travel on a low budget. That it is possible to travel without experiencing the main tourist attractions but still understanding the land and the culture just as much. Traveling, magazines and writing have become my passions. This project gave me an opportunity to spend the time and energy to develop something representative of my trip, what I have learned in my class and ultimately myself as an artist.

***Cheers,
Genevieve Vahl***

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Holyrood Park Photo Spread 46

photo by henry michael on film





Ireland

Belfast

Dublin

City of

DUBLIN



photo by genevieve vahl



photo by genevieve vahl

Pt. 1

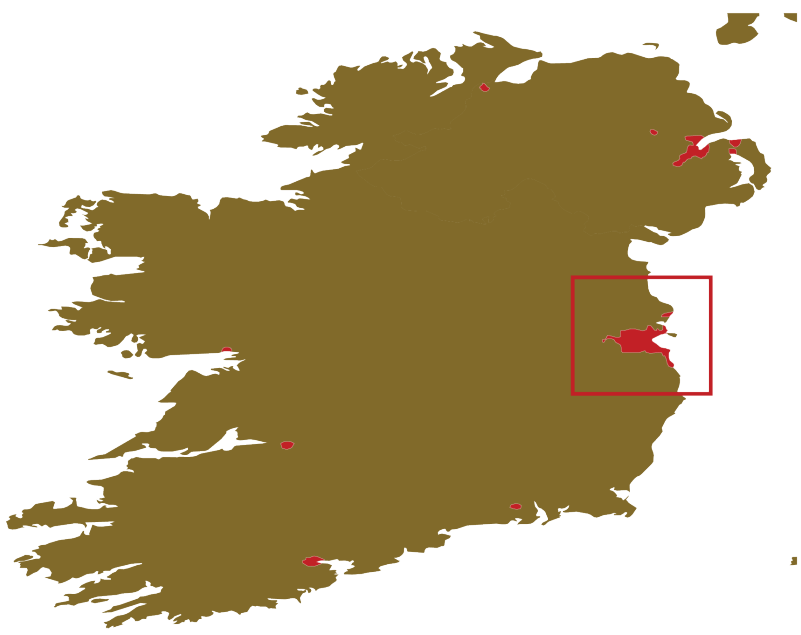




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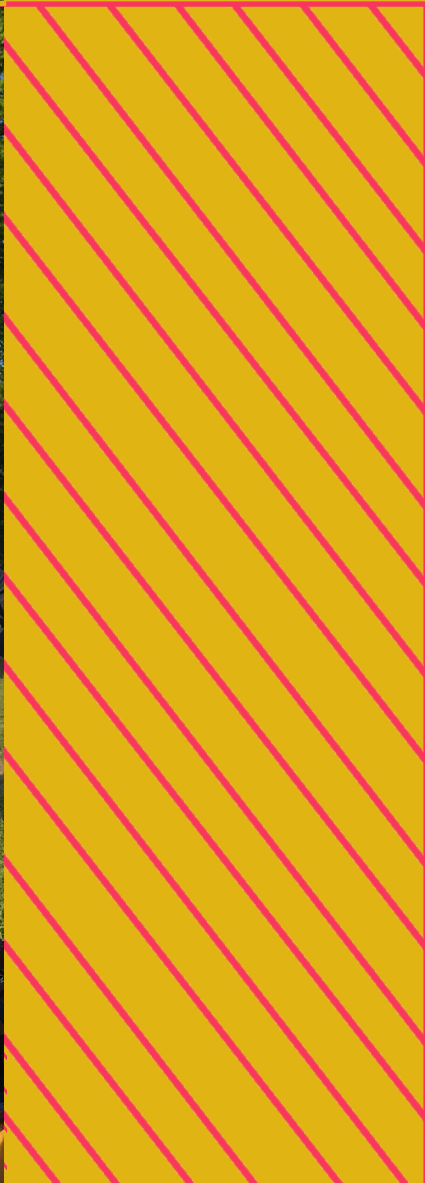
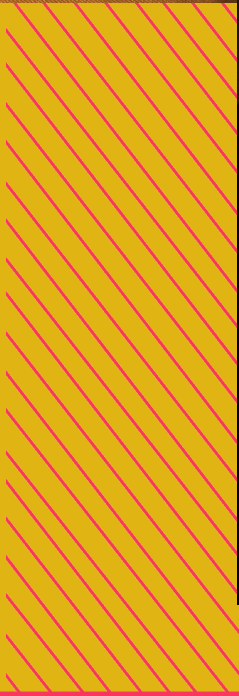
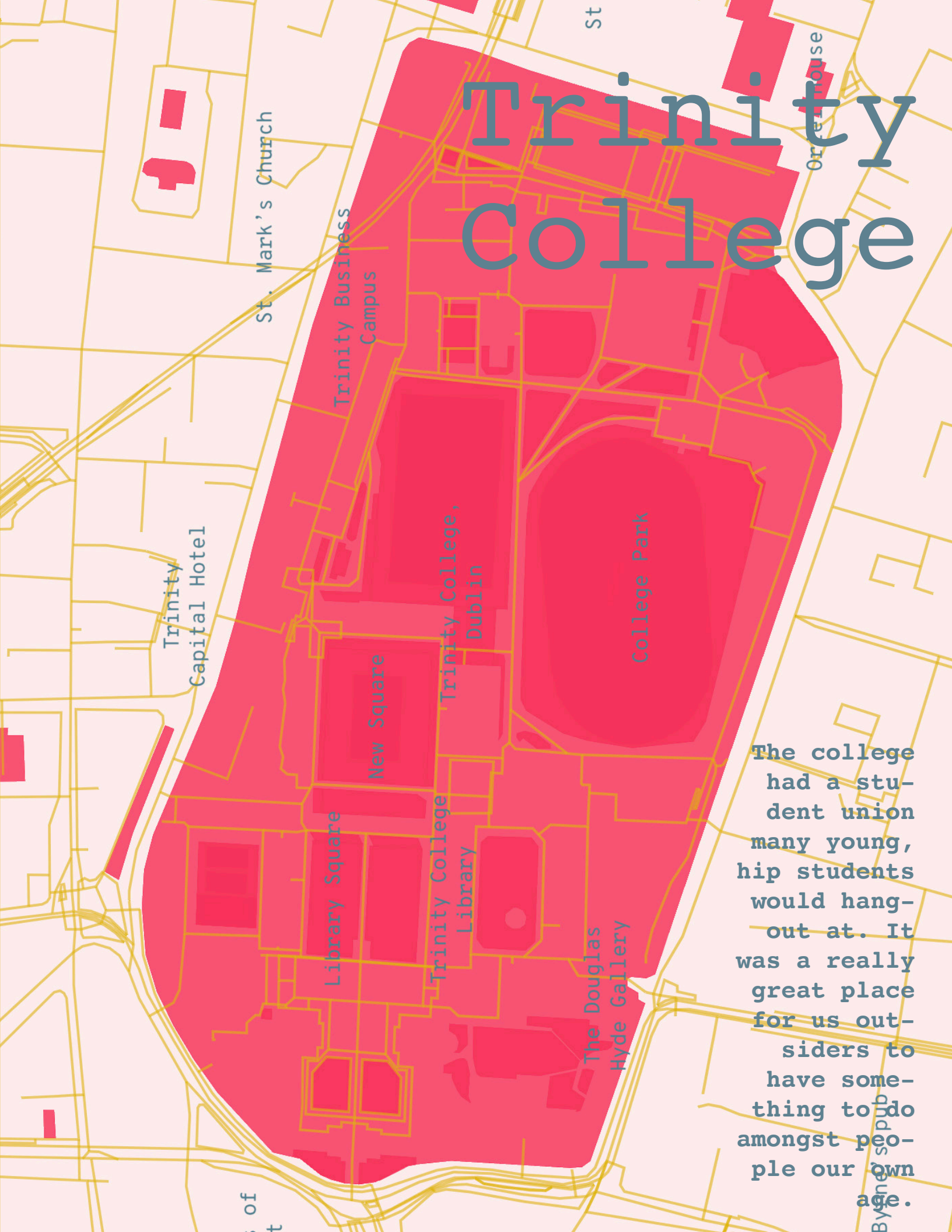


photo by henry michaelis on film



Trinity College



St. Mark's Church

Trinity Business
Campus

Trinity
Capital Hotel

New Square

Trinity College,
Dublin

College Park

Library Square

Trinity College
Library

The Douglas
Hyde Gallery

The college had a student union many young, hip students would hang-out at. It was a really great place for us outsiders to have something to do amongst people our own age.

Byrne's pub

Howt h







Muir Eir

Dublin Bay

Dublin

eann



We biked
an hour
north-
east of
Dublin
to Howth
on a
path
along
the
ocean.



photo by henry michael's on film

BELFEAST

Pt. 2



Belfast



photo by genevieve vahl



The art of the

Irish

Breakfast

Toast

Mushrooms

Sausage links

Eggs how you like

Roasted tomatoes

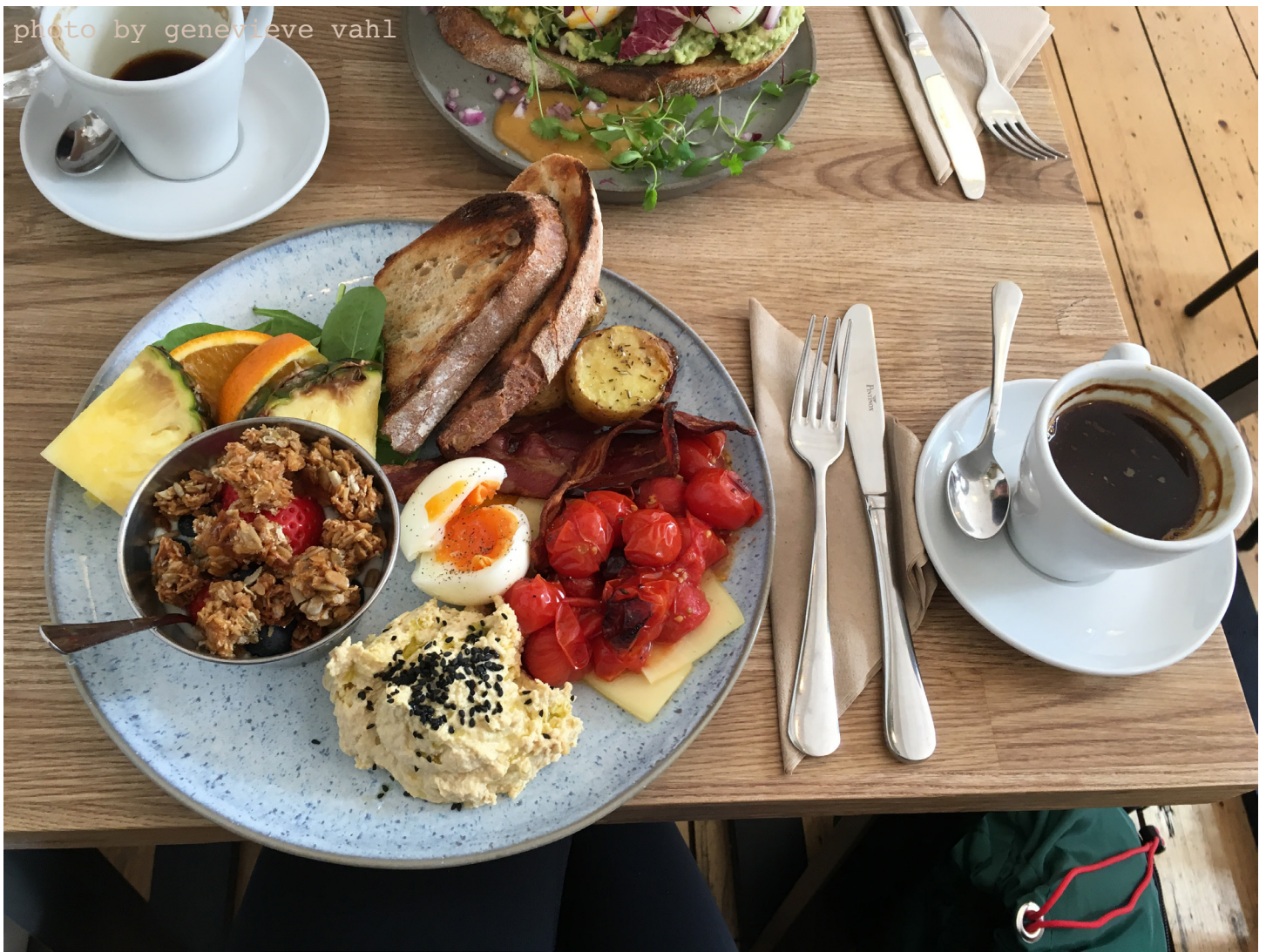
Black pudding

White pudding

Ham



Eac restaurant we vis-
ited for breakfast had
their own rendition
of the classic Irish
Breakfast. Although
slightly different ev-
ery time, each plate
had the core ingredi-
ents.





Scotland

Glasgow Edinburgh



photo by genevieve vahl



photo by genevieve vahl

Pt. 3

City of Glasgow

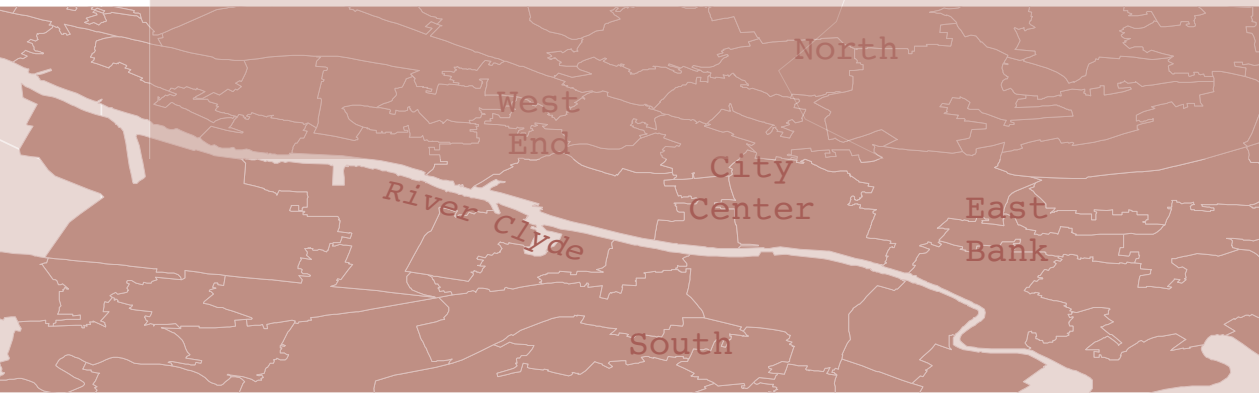


photo by genevieve vahl

The most profound relationships come when you least expect them. Back in May, I traveled through Ireland and Scotland with my best friend, Henry. We started in Dublin and went to Belfast, ferried over to Glasgow and finished in Edinburgh. We left each city in more awe than the last. Until we reached Glasgow, we did not know a soul in the places we were visiting. We kept social by going to pubs and concerts. Drinking pints and smoking cigarettes was the European pastime we inherited. When we got to Glasgow, however, we met up with Henry's friend from home who goes to Glasgow Uni. Hoping for an insider's look into the city, we reached out to Lily. Little did I know she was going to have a profound impact on me.

The first night we linked with Lily, we met her at one of the classic student spots on campus. We sat in the grass on a hillside drinking beer together, brushing through all of the standard small talk "getting to know" one another, observing the dynamic of Glasgow Uni life. She told us of a function that night her uni radio station was hosting that

The Power of Vulnerability

by genevieve vahl

she wanted to take us to.

After walking under highways and through a water treatment facility, we were approaching our destination. It was a very inconspicuous area of Glasgow, to say the least. We were walking down an alley behind a group of people seemingly going to the same place as us. They suddenly disappeared into an opening through some bushes. Shocked, we followed. We were winding on a dirt path lit by candles hanging in mason jars on the canopy of bushes above us. We had no idea what we were getting ourselves into.

The event turned out to be a compilation of DJs performing in an empty warehouse in the boonies of Glasgow. At first we were the only people at the event. Little did we know Glaswegians do not make their way out for their evening activities until midnight at the earliest. But we didn't let that postpone our fun—this gave Lily, Henry and I time to really open up to one another.

We sat on old spools circled together sharing stories and becoming ever more comfortable with one another. We engaged in conversation with people around us. It was

a conglomerate of people from all over. Some from the UK, others from around Europe. Some people did not even go to the uni. It was a bunch of students, outcasts and friends who found their way to Glasgow.

Eventually, conversations split and Lily and I caught ourselves in deep conversation. We confided in one another. I was sharing information about myself I had never shared with anyone so quickly. She felt comfortable enough with me to share her tough experience being an international student. Making friends she really connected with was a struggle she faced all year. She confessed how refreshing and thankful she was to have become such good friends with me. She even showed me her personal music. She let herself be vulnerable, allowing me to reciprocate the mutual appreciation of her friendship to me. I found myself opening up to Lily in ways I do to my closest friends who I've known for years. But I had known this girl for less than a day. She would listen to me and I would listen to her, we would empathize with one another, we would cheer each other on.

We eventually ditched

Henry to dance in the warehouse where the DJs were playing. We twirled one another like a married couple, laughed at each other like babies and cared for each like best friends. We were in a setting neither of us had ever been in, an environment unfamiliar to both of us. We allowed ourselves to become vulnerable, quickly escalating our comfort with one another. This fostered a relationship we relied on. Lily and I, we formed this mutual appreciation within the other that we continued for the rest of our time together in Glasgow.

Glasgow is known as a gritty city, and many people find it hard to see past its rough exterior. High crime rates and a dark past give it a bad rap. Yet, I have such fond memories of an unexpected friendship. Lily showed me the power of vulnerability and how it can foster a relationship organically, forming a relationship from nothing to something beautiful. I have not seen Lily since, and do not know the next time I will see Lily again, but I am so thankful for the friendship we had for those four days.

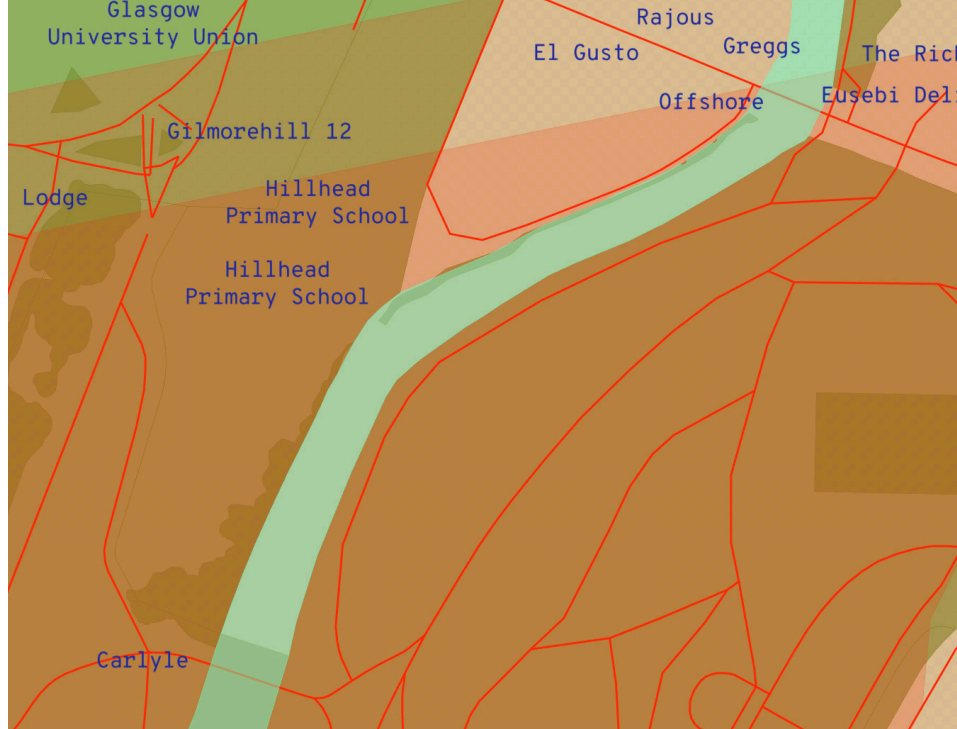
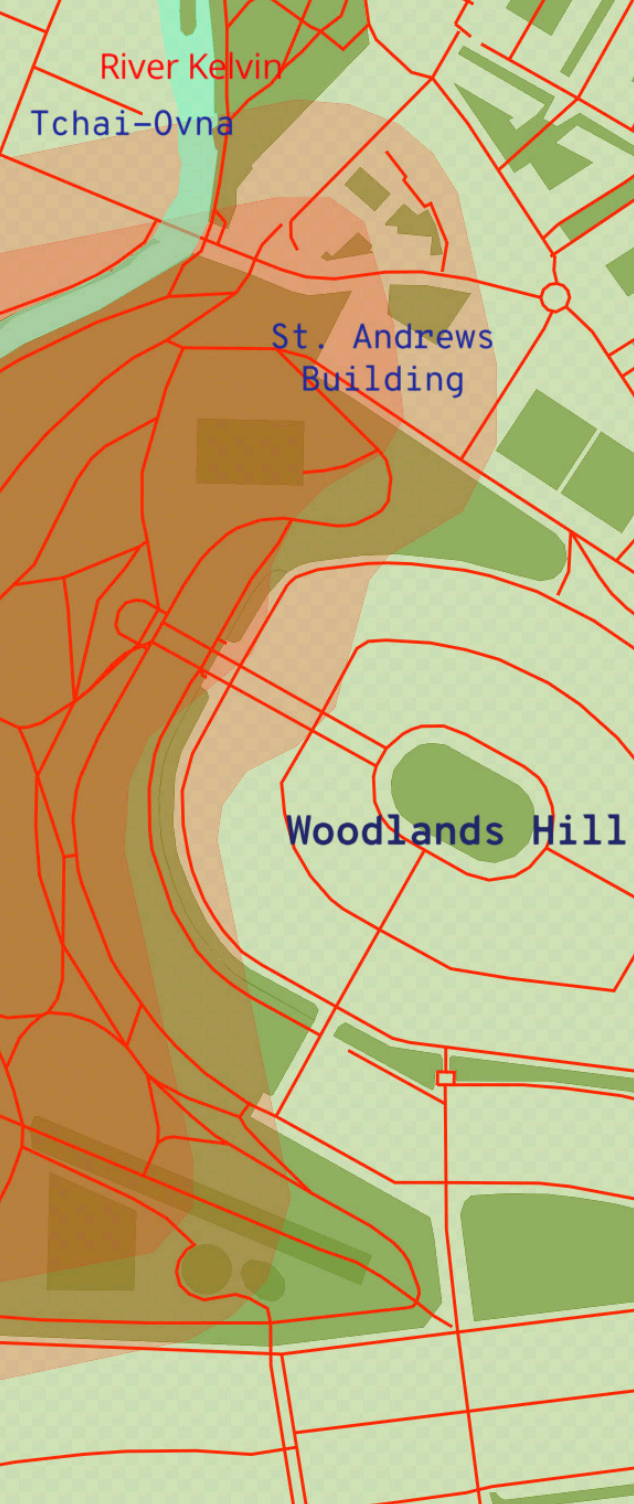


photo by genevieve vahl on film

²⁷ Kelvingrove Park







An enormous park nestled in the middle of the city, this became one of my favorite places. Nothing like some good urban green space. Essentially a mountain sat in the middle of the park creating large elevation gain. Kelvingrove Park became a safe space for me in this city.



photo by genevieve vahl

ST. JOHN'S NECROPOLIS

The Necropolis is a famous, ancient cemetery on the east end of Glasgow. Our friend Lily took us to the Necropolis for the first time after hours, in the middle of the night. We got past the



photo by genevieve vahl



gates and began our mount up to the top of the cemetery. We just kept going up and up.... and up. When we finally reached the top of seemingly a mountain, we had a 360 degree view of the entire city

of Glasgow lit up below us. We stood there for a while, gawking. We sat at the famous monument at the highest point in the cemetery admiring our picture-perfect view.

The Force of Fredo

by henry michaelis

Music is fundamental aspect of culture, and in my experience it has provided spaces where I have been able to witness the most authentic picture of a place and its history. As I sway back forth in the crowd bumping into those around me, I feel myself engaging in a dialogue with the performer and the audience. By the end of the show, I leave feeling like we have all shared something with one another. A connection that reaches far beyond language, economics status or social position. I'm unable to place a finger on where I feel it, but it sweeps through my body like electricity sending a smile shooting across my face.

Experiences like these were frequent growing up in Chicago, where music acted as the connecting force between me and my friends from all over the city. Tagging along with my friends and their parents to see their relatives perform at Day of the Dead Festivals in Pilsen, or class field trips to the Field Museum to see live African music, opened my eyes to what music could teach me about those around

me. These adventures instilled a curiosity and appreciation toward diversity that have fueled my drive to seek out music and concerts around the world.

I brought this enthusiastic spirit with me on a trip to Scotland this past summer. After a deep search through Glasgow's concert magazine, my girlfriend and I spotted the name of a familiar artist, Gus Dapperton, who happened to be playing a show right near where a friend of mine from high school was living for the summer.

After a pint at the local pub, we made our way into the sold out show as Dapperton's band took the stage. What shortly ensued was a kind of call and response between Dapperton and the crowd as his lyrics were shouted back with a distinctive Scottish twang. I was amazed at how many people knew the lyrics of an artist from a small town in New York.

After the show, we ventured to the famous Necropolis Cemetery for a 360 degree view of the Glasgow cityscape. Sneaking into the ancient cemetery felt like an urban spelunking adventure with my friends back in Chicago. A familiar feeling of adrenaline coursed through my veins as we ascended the spiraling walkways. When we made our way to top, the city laid peacefully before

us. It was then that we heard a call from a group of kids nearby, who had the same look of mischievousness across their faces.

After some quick introductions, I

learned that one of the kids was a massive hip hop fan. He described his own interactions with the Glasgow music scene, and how the viral video of Chief Keef's "I Don't Like" sparked his interest in hip hop and Chicago's drill scene. The lack of a strong hip hop presence in Glasgow, pushed him to look across the Atlantic and into the heart of Chicago's South Side. Coincidentally, his only journey outside of Glasgow had been to Chicago to see a Fredo Santana concert.

Santana was a fundamental member and founder of Chicago's drill scene. Alongside his cousin Chief Keef, Santana's raw portrayal of Chicago's South Side paved the way for a new generation of Chicago artists. Santana and his friends created a community from nothing, serving as an inspiration for up and coming artists from all across the city.

Like Chicago, Glasgow has dealt with its own murder epidemic. Once titled "the murder capital of Europe" (Kenyon 2018) Glasgow has been cast in a similar light as my home city. But, what labels like these miss is the persistence of



those within these communities to never back down in the face of adversity. Anthony Bourdain articulates the connection between these two cities perfectly in his Chicago episode of Parts Unknown.

"It is, also, as I like to point out frequently, one of America's last great NO BULLSHIT zones. Pomposity, pretentiousness, putting on airs of any kind, douchery and lack of a sense of humor will not get you far in Chicago. It is a trait shared with Glasgow — another city I love with a similar working class ethos and history."

I share Bourdain's optimism and find myself continually looking to music as the force

fueling this tenacious spirit. Music builds community that not only exists in the place it originates, but reaches worldwide. Despite over 3,000 miles of distance, I was able to form a connection with someone based on our mutual affection for Chicago hip hop. This shows how Keef and Santana have created a culture that is much larger than them. A culture that crosses political and ethnic boundaries, reaching people across the world.



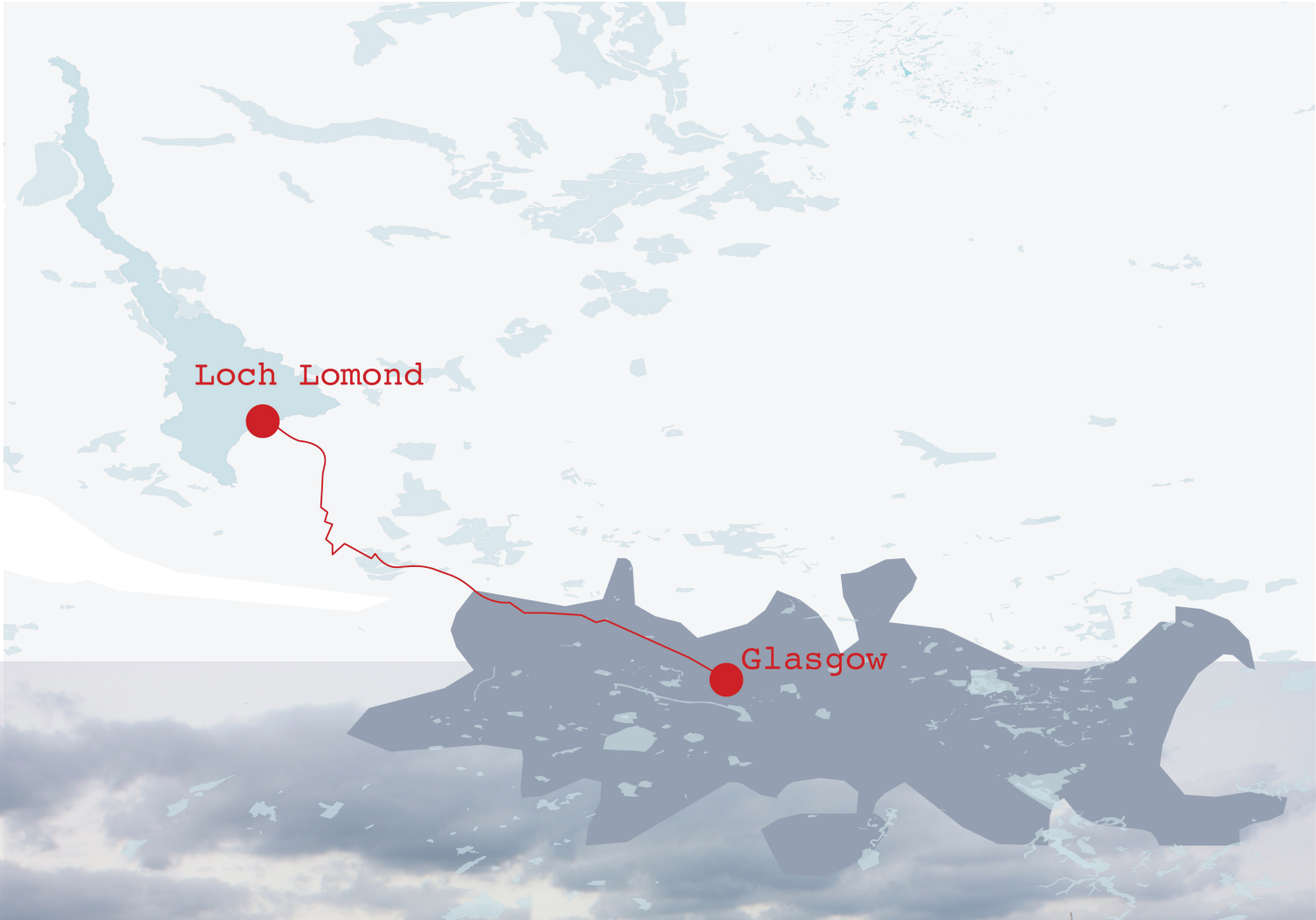


photo by genevieve vahl



Loch Lomond

We biked from Glasgow two hours northwest to a town called Balloch, home to Loch Lomond and the Trussachs National Park. We walked on nature trails and drank tea in the converted boat cafe.





photos by genevieve van

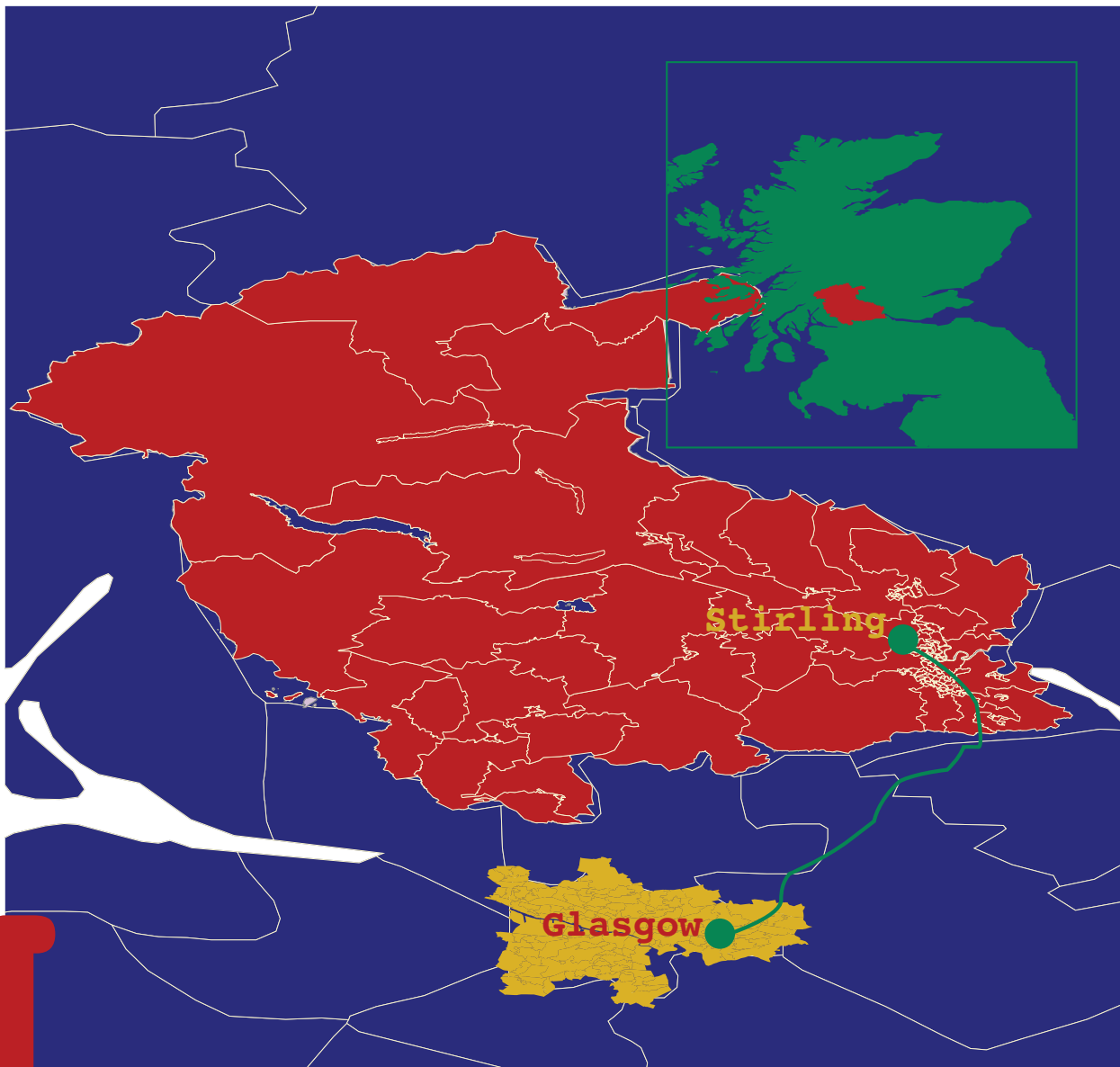
StirLin

Napizza Pizza

In Stirling we ate at a local, neo-politan style pizza place. The place was small with incredible character. Arriving there during peak golden hour, the bold colors were striking. They pulled

colors found within intricate tiles throughout the restaurant to create a cohesive, mediterranean feel. The pizza matched the sophisticated yet fun ambience of the restaurant. The ingredients used

were so clearly fresh. We watched the cook roll, cure and fire our pizza right in front of our table. Napizza Pizza was the epitome of fresh, local and delicious food.



q





photo by genevieve vahl



BRGH

Pt. 4

Edinburgh
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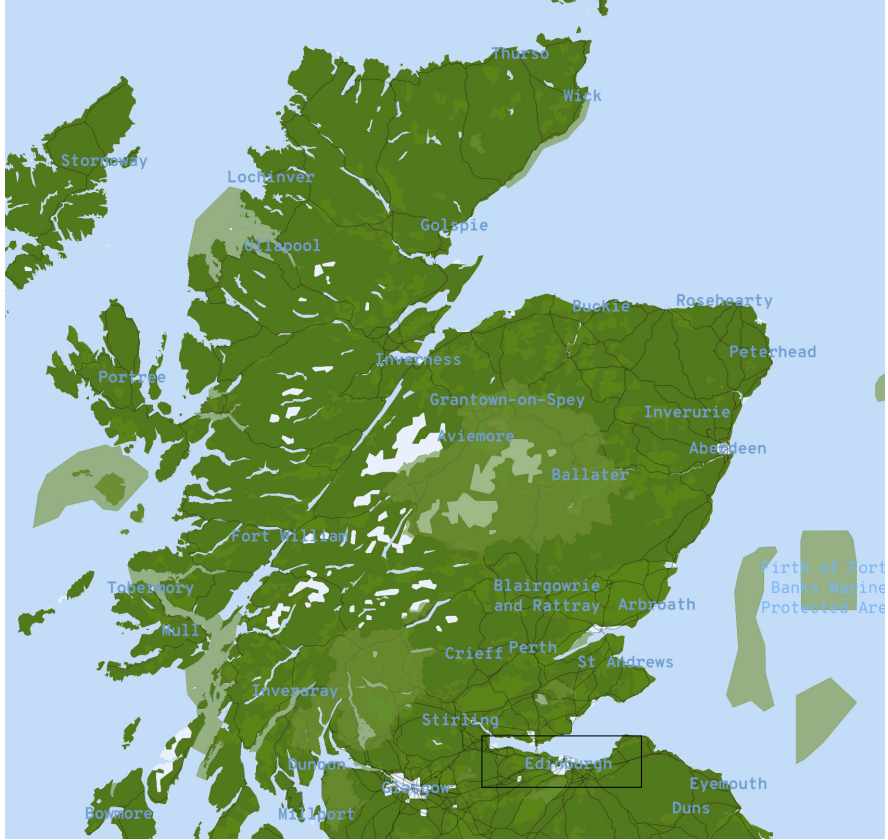


photo by genevieve vahl

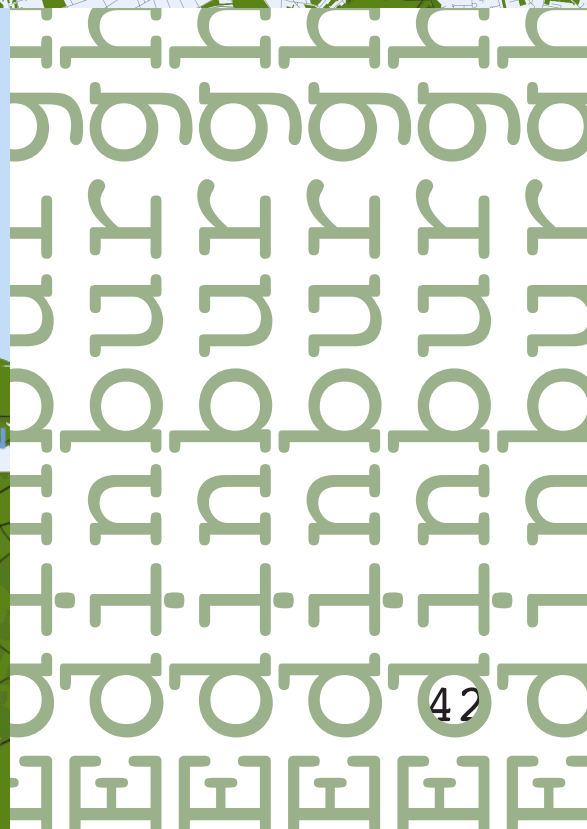
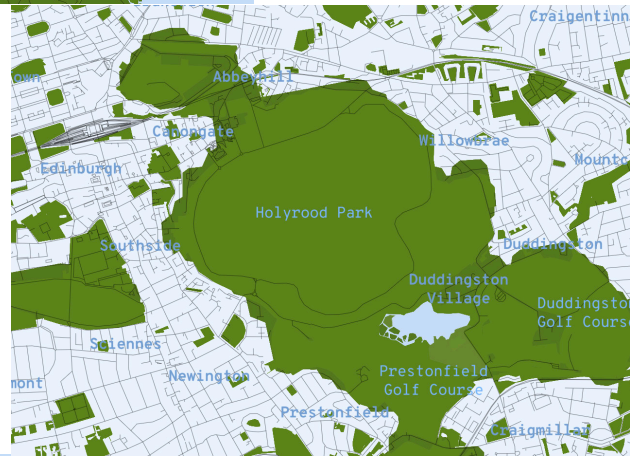
Edinburgh, Scotland



photo by henry michaelis



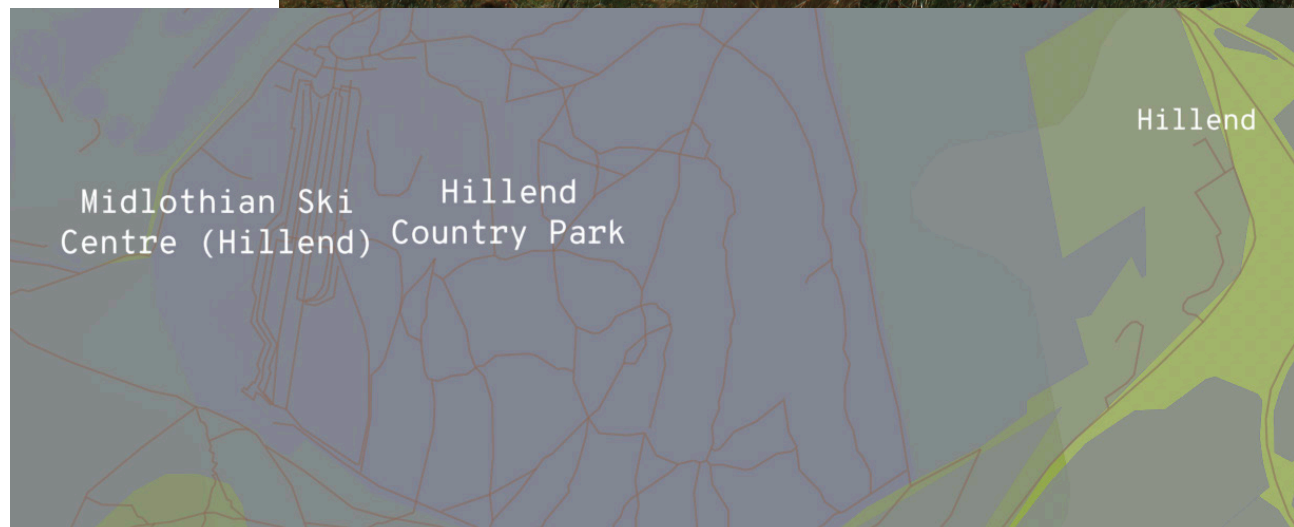
04.23-25.2018



Midlothian Ski Centre

Confused when arriving at an out of season ski resort with ultra rough bristled carpet lining the mountain, we were blown away by the hidden scape just behind the small ski centre.

photo by genevieve vahl



Hillend

The Pentland Hills



Behind the Hillend Ski Centre were the Pentland Hills. Hiking trails lead us to an incredible cliffside overlooking The Hills before us.

photo by genevieve vahl





photo by genevieve vahl

05.24.2018

Photo
Spread

Holyrood Park

Edinburgh,
Scotland

photo by genevieve vahl







photo by genevieve vahl



photo by henry michaelis on film

Although it looks like the picture above is a panorama, it was taken on a film camera. This point at the top of Holyrood Park overlooks all of Edinburgh, with the castle on the left, the city in the middle and the ocean on the right.



photo by genevieve vahl



photo by henry michaelson on film



photo by genevieve vahl



photo by genevieve vahl

Holyrood Park brings nature to the city. This enormous green space is located in the center of of Scotland's capital city. This park draws people in from around the world to bask in its glory. These hills are even featured in movies set in Edinburgh as they represent a huge part of Edinburgh's historical character.



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