

klutz



a guide to clumsy travel

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welcome to the travel magazine for the clumsy, the direction challenged, the awkward, the lost, the nervous, the anxious, the tense, the sweaty, the embarrassed, the stumblebums, the dorks, the accident-prone, the sick, the hand wavers, the weirdo, the losers, the dweebs, the blundering, the gangly, the goofballs, the nerds, the planners, the saps, the silly, the faint, the risky, and the foolish.

klutz



klutz is defined as a person who falls down often, a clumsy, stupid person. Why name a travel magazine after such an unpopular character? Well, when I travel, I often feel like a klutz. I can't seem to pronounce words correctly in another language, I can't read the exit sign, and I run through airports sweating profusely with a backpack on. There's no way for me to seem calm and collected.

Often though, these uncomfortable moments are unavoidable. In order to navigate in a foreign land with a foreign language, there will be misunderstandings and hand motions. It's the only way to move through a situation. But often I find that these moments are the ones where I learn the most. In times of stress, I bunker down and do what I need to do to learn phrases, to understand the complicated subway system map.

Thus, a magazine dedicated to being awkward doesn't seem so far-fetched. In being awkward, we are vulnerable in the best way possible. We open ourselves to new experiences and cultures, and end up living experiences that could never be planned. We become more relaxed, more confident, more independent. We train ourselves to problem solve, to look for unique solutions in times of need.

We hope, whether you are a world traveler or waiting for your first flight, that you can enjoy our stories of travel and culture in new places. Our magazine is organized by different aspects of daily life and culture: food, fashion, transportation, photography and music. Maybe our stories will inspire each aspect of your life. Thank you for reading, and let us know what you think of our very first issue. Travel clumsily.

— bon voyage!

traveling

go ahead, get lost

when you don't have a map, don't worry. sometimes the best discoveries happen without planning them.

don't trust trains

the worst travel mishaps were often related to the german train system. here are the funniest mess-ups so far

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food

greener on the other side

traveling is mix of terrible, mediocre food, and the most amazing meals of one's life. finding a good balance means setting priorities and a budget. learn how.

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music

do you speak festival

going to a festival in another language could seem like a pointless endeavor, but music can be enjoyed no matter the words

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photography

in the moment

a dead camera battery could be the worst realization on a day of traveling. here is story though of how to take a seemingly terrible situation and make the most of it.

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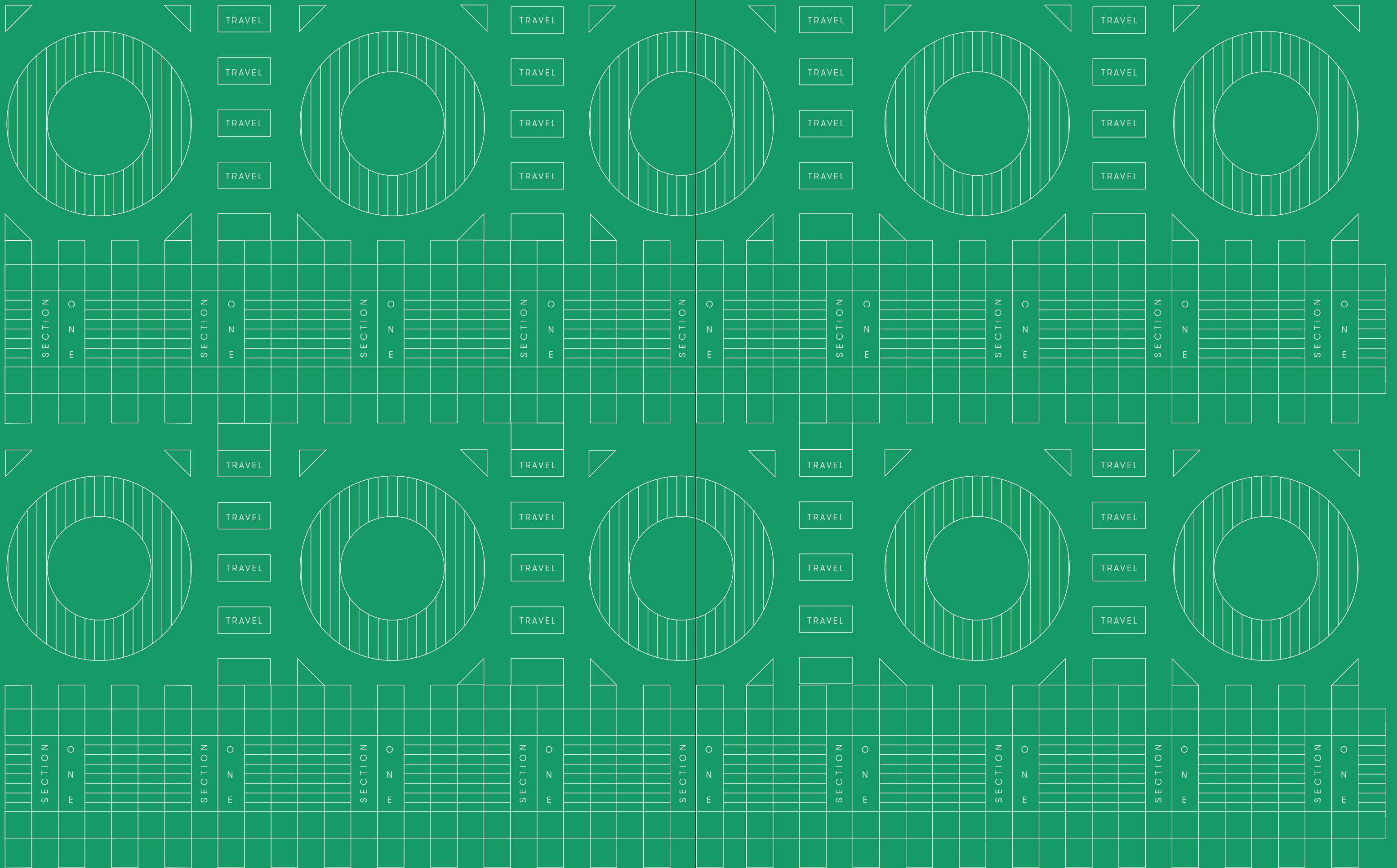
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✦
A MAGAZINE FROM FLORA PUBLISHING
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go
ahead,

get

LOSING YOUR PATH CAN
BE THE BEST WAY TO
FIND SOMETHING NEW

lost



in the small towns of asilah and chefchaoen, morocco, one can easily get lost amongst the endless sea of blue windows, walls & doors.

klutz

Tucked away in the mountains in the north of Morocco, the cities are a sight to see; unbelievably saturated with color and culture. For a girl traveling from the Midwest in the United States, I was as far out of my element as possible. The trip exposed me to a romantic new language, dress, set of customs, religion, people and food that I could have only otherwise read about in a National Geographic Magazine. But for me to access such a developing nation, one still rid with poverty, unkempt housing and less than stellar water supplies, my travel companions and I had to take part in the dreaded guided tour. Why dreaded, you ask? In my mind the tour would be filled with American travelers, unconscious of their loudness, disrespect and

bright camera flashes. It would mean a tour guide who would make us wear name tags and play ice breakers and sing campfire songs. In previous travels I had seen groups of retired Americans in orthopedic shoes following an overenthusiastic tour guide waving a flag. Nothing could say, "Look at me! Take my fanny-pack, pickpocketers, I am not from here!" louder. My soul aches for the poor folks. When did their pride slip away, I think to myself.

With said ideas in mind, I begrudgingly signed up for the tour. The argument provided by my friends was though; a guide would provide us with the most information about a continent that we had no previous knowledge. They would helpfully navigate us safely through a new continent and culture.



travel



ABOVE. One of the many blue lined streets, painted for religious and climate related reasons. Even doors get a coat of bright cerulean.



LEFT. An assortment of blue-drenched photos. Even the doors and pottery have been painted to match the blue walls.

Indeed, the tour guides provided us with the necessary information to walk through the streets of Chefchaouen and Asilah, Morocco. They taught us how to begin bartering with locals for rugs, how to say thank you in Arabic and where to order a mint tea. All necessary information for our trip. We even followed a tour guide native to Chefchaouen through the streets of his “blue city,” as it is called. He taught us about the custom of painting the city blue and white, and how the city was opened to tourists in the middle of the 20th century.

However nice it was to follow a guide, to absorb new information and stories from them, I tended to enjoy wandering off the beaten path. There is something so romantic about taking a solo stroll through unknown territory, in silence, completely unaware of the language and people that surround you. In wandering off I could catch glimpses of everyday life in Chefchaouen: people baking bread, carrying groceries or children with cats, running through side streets without shoes.

Although I was obviously an outsider on the streets, I felt like I could observe my surroundings without the stigma of being a tourist. I wasn't surrounded by selfie sticks and university t-shirts. Alone, I might belong to the city. A new place, yet a new home.

Not only did walking alone allow me to peacefully observe, but it seemed like exciting new discoveries made themselves known to me. Without a map, my friends and I somehow stumbled upon new people and sights. No matter the city, this proved true.

For instance, in Montpellier we found ourselves wandering through tight alleys. We weren't particularly looking for anything, but wanted to see what the streets looked like. Somehow, we found a small creative studio with 4 artists. One of the illustrators explained that she had lived in many different cities, one in California, but was now living in Montpellier. I bought an inspiring publication of comic book illus-

GETTING LOST FREES YOUR MIND FROM THE MAP. YOU NO LONGER RELY ON A PLAN, AND EVERYTHING SEEMS A NEW DISCOVERY.

trations. There was no way that any of us could have planned to walk into that studio. It probably wasn't on any Trip Advisor list, nor would a local maybe even know about it. But how lovely it was to meet another creative person in a completely different country who could talk to us about her work.

A similar experience took place in Paris, where I took yet another solo walk through the Luxembourg Gardens. A man walked up to me, looking for directions. Though I could understand his French, I admitted that I was not French and didn't know the area. Once we started talking though, he gave me his background, how he ended up in Paris, and how he enjoys talking to other travelers. He was friendly enough to give me his e-mail, in case I needed a tour of Paris another time.

The same event happens when we stumble upon great restaurants. In Versailles, we roamed around the palace gardens for hours. Starving afterwards, we found a great location for a meal: the Cheese Club. The food, at this random location, was more than superb. It hit just the right spot for our tired feet.

Whether it be a book and print sale under a bridge in London, a new pastry love in Budapest or basement bar in Copenhagen, it seems that the best experiences are happenstance. Sometimes it's better to let experiences unfold without planning them, to get lost and return home with a better story than expected.



We travel for romance,
we travel for architecture,
and we travel to be lost.



klutz



TOP. The guided tour included a camel ride near the ocean. BOTTOM. At a sidewalk cafe, a milche-caffe is a must.



travel



TOP. A rest stop on the way to Chefchaouen provided a scenic photo opportunity. Plus a fresh mint tea. BOTTOM. A view of the white buildings with pops of blue.

1

GO FOR IT

You will feel embarrassed in about 90% of your daily activities, whether it be ordering food or getting on the bus. But these functions are necessary to survive, and you just have to get over the awkwardness in order to keep going. Forget others' judgment: locals are nicer than you think.

2

TWO TOO MANY

You will never need as much clothes for a weekend escapade as you think you do. Wear the same pair of pants, bring a couple layers and you're set. No one will ever see you again, so it's ok if you wear the same outfit from yesterday.

4

LIVE

This may not be the case for all study abroad programs, but in Germany the work load is half as much as the states. Don't worry about studies so much and go out for a beer, take a day trip and live life. Just make sure to keep up with the class somewhat, and exams won't be so hard.

5

THE RULE OF FIVE

At all times, remind yourself to have the following important travel supplies: your passport, a camera, a charged camera battery, your phone (complete with local number or international data plan), and a wallet with cash.

3

THREE MEALS

Don't forget to eat while you're traveling. Yes, trains will get hectic and it will seem like you need to forgo everything in order to get to a place, but it's impossible to do anything pleasantly on an empty stomach. Prepare for high activity and eat.

6

LEARN THANK YOU

It's impossible to be fluent in the language of every county you visit. Learning simply, "Hello," "Please," and "Thank you" will be immensely helpful though. It will show at least slight courtesy for another language, and expand your worldview. If you're really up for a challenge, try using native languages in restaurants. Even an unsuccessful attempt is flattering to the staff.

9

BE PATIENT

Life, for me at least, was slow in Europe. There is nothing to do when the Ethernet doesn't work in the dorms, it will get fixed when it's fixed. There will be plenty of lines for museums and shops as well. Be prepared and don't get frustrated.

7

WRITE

Whether you choose to write e-mails to people back home, postcards, journal entries or blog updates, writing can be a way to help organize your thoughts. Traveling can be overwhelming, and writing can help you relax and unwind.

8

GRAVITATE

...to new people, different people, crazy people. You will learn so much more by being around those from unique backgrounds, about how they use language and what customs are like in their country. Take time to talk to them and not just those you are traveling with.

10

TAKE IN THE MOMENT

Breathe and take a second to soak in where you are. Turn off your phone for a little while and, sure take the photo, but take a mind photo as well. Your photos will be that much more meaningful, and hopefully you will enjoy the trip even more so.

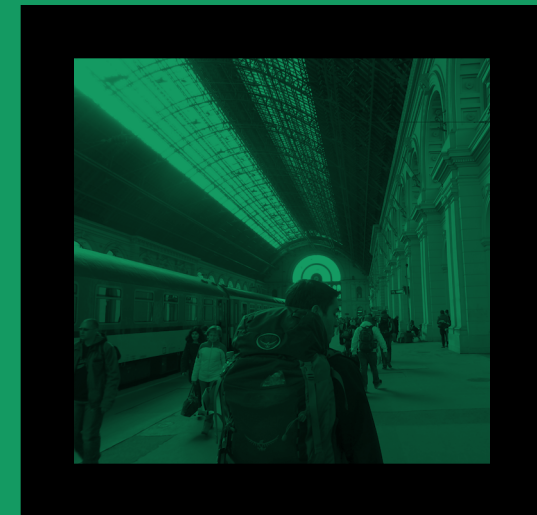
don't trust

trains

HORROR STORIES
FROM THE GERMAN
TRAIN SYSTEM

Photographed By Lauren Argent

Written By Kylee Dree



at the beginning of march, we were all new baby travelers. we didn't know any german and could barely understand our tickets. unscathed, we hopped on our first train to budapest from frankfurt. seemed easy enough, to lug a backpack onto a train, wait a few hours and arrive in a new city. we were so wrong.



For travelers who don't understand another language, or who have barely conversed with a German about traveling, there are very few clues about how the German train system works.

No glaring lights or signs about where to go, or how to function. In this way, one must simply move through an experience and hope for the best. However painful it may be to make the wrong move, it is unavoidable when a language barrier exists. Thus, we made a lot of wrong moves.

The first of our mishaps was, of course, on our first train ride in Europe. From Frankfurt to Budapest we wistfully sat aboard the Deutsch Bahn trains. For most of our journey, we enjoyed peaceful naps while the wheels rolled through the German country side. Our accident happened towards our last exchange, a layover in Deventer that would take us straight to the Hungarian capital. At 11:00 PM, we got off the train at what we thought was our stop in Deventer. There were no announcements on the train to say which stop we had arrived at though, so it seemed from the station signage that we were in the right place. We walked off the train, headed to our connecting platform.

But the train never came. We watched the timetable, checked our ticket, but the train to Budapest was nowhere to be found. There is no worse feeling than looking for a train you know will never show.

It wasn't until a few minutes had passed that we knew what was going on. Checking our tickets, it seemed that we had gotten off at North Deventer, and not the actual Deventer station. Our train had pulled away, and we were left to make new plans to Budapest. The DB attendant was no help, and in broken English told us that we were screwed, that there were no other trains headed to Budapest. The ticket machine said otherwise though, and we bought an extra 100 Euro ticket to our destination.

We didn't realize though, that the ticket we bought had a 4 hour layover in the middle of nowhere Czech Republic. The train station that we stopped at near 1:00AM could have been a gas station for how big it was. One room, 4 metal seats, one timetable, 2 sets of doors, and no heating in the middle of a frigid March

night. "It won't be that bad, right?" we encouraged ourselves in preparation for four hours of sitting in this decrepit station. For some time, we preoccupied ourselves by writing in our journals and feeding the pigeons gummy fruit candy. We huddled by the only heater in the room, listening to two homeless men mumble to themselves as they slept on the cold tile floor. Until 2:00 AM, we were fine. Not comfortable, but surviving.

At that point, a policeman came to the door and motioned to us that the station was closing. He had to lock the doors and throw all the people out. Begrudgingly, we headed out into the cold Czech air, in search of a warm room. While wandering around, we took shelter in an open bar. Thankfully Allie had some leftover money from her trip to Prague a few weeks

THERE IS NO WORSE FEELING THAN LOOKING FOR A TRAIN YOU KNOW WILL NEVER SHOW.

earlier. She ordered a Coke under buzzing florescent lights and cheap portraits of Old Hollywood starlets. It was maybe the most scared I had ever been, and I kept my eyes down at our booth in the bar. Scared because I had no clue where I was, if our train would arrive or if we would be in the cold again. Once the bar closed, we did have to freeze on the steps of the station. The homeless men were just outside the station, and a police car circled through the streets.

Despite our misery, the train did arrive on schedule. I was worried that the train might fall apart it was so old, but we did make it to Budapest. On wooden benches we tried to get as much rest as possible before our excursion to the thermal baths.

In all our story was mostly the result of poor attention and little experience. Had we been more careful, or asked an attendant, we maybe would have made it there quickly. As I said before, failure was the best way we could learn.

But did we learn our lesson right away? Of course not. There were a few more blunders with the trains.



ABOVE. A stop at the Frankfurt Hahn train station provided a much needed travel break, and a serendipitous burst of light.



klutz

The second incident took place right in Trier, before we had even gotten very far. On our trip to Switzerland it seemed our first connection didn't arrive. We boarded the train at the stop where our train should have been. This doesn't say the right stop on the side? But it's at the right platform? And it's exactly the right time that it should arrive? I thought to myself.

Upon boarding the train, we found out from an attendant that we were going the wrong direction, that there was another train we should have boarded. But there was only one train at the stop! How could we have gotten on the wrong train? There was no way we could have immediately made a mistake on the trains.

We headed back to our starting point, waiting for the next train to our true destination. When the next train arrived, a local told us that the train split apart with one train going our direction, and the other the

opposite. Trains splitting apart. It blew our minds. Who knew that that was even possible with a train?!

Of course after that incident the rest of our schedule was completely off. We had yet another 4 hour layover, this time at a station with a dance club attached to the side. We attempted to turn a boring layover into a fun evening, but the bouncer wouldn't let us in with our backpacks. Instead we roamed for Wi-Fi and sat in the station for a few more hours.

On a different train episode, I can't remember where, we were suppose to spend a long night ride on a train. Taking our seats, we thought we would be able to relax until we arrived at our destination. However, it seemed that we were suppose to reserve spots on the train and 4 times in a row, we were scooted out of our seat by people with reservations. Finally, we landed in the very last car to sleep not



travel

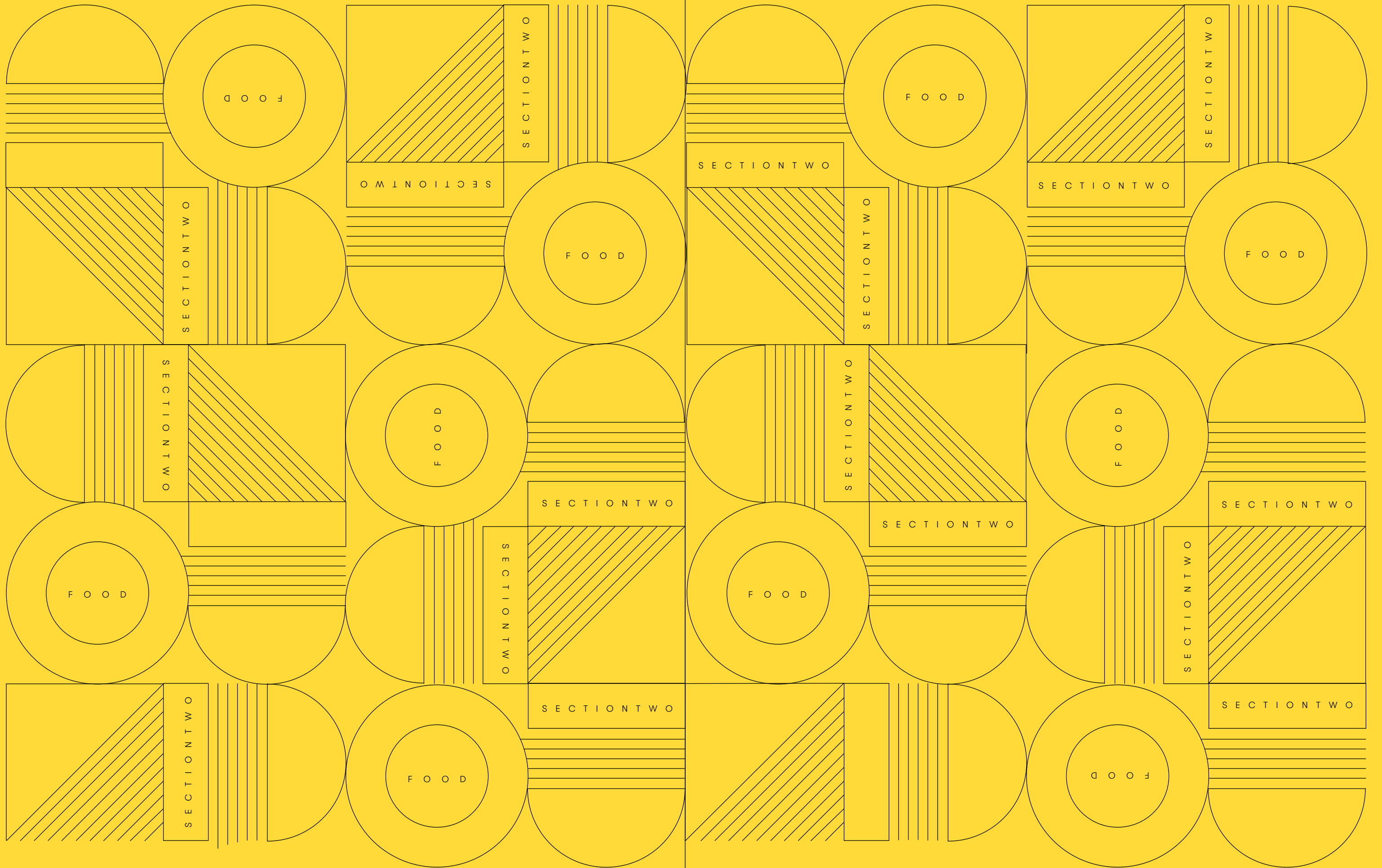
in reclining chairs, but yet another uncomfortable bench to sleep the night away.

Lastly, on a train ride to Paris, it seemed that we could finally be prepared for every mishap possible: missing our stop, trains splitting and reserving our seats. Leave it to the German train employees though, to have a strike on the weekend we were planning to travel. Thankfully, we had heard about the strike from one of our German friends, but even he couldn't tell what that would mean for our train. The website for DB could only alert us that the schedule had changed. We had to visit the station information desk to see how the time table had adapted. Apparently our train would now be arriving 40 minutes early because of the strike.

In all, taking the trains never proves boring. There was always a new lesson to be learned, a new obstacle to overcome. A new awkwardness to endure.

Our train experiences helped us learn how to think creatively, how to deal with people and stressful situations. Maybe in hindsight I can appreciate those embarrassing moments on trains as character building, as making me a stronger more resilient individual thought that sounds so cheesy. It's hard to judge at the moment, but it's possible that I feel more independent and confident after my travel experiences. If I can work my way through the plethora of hardships related to solely train travel, I think I can find the creative energy in me to work through other problems. I think for now I might avoid taking the German train, but in the future I'll know what to expect and how to react. Thanks to you, German trains, I can call myself a well-traveled individual.

ABOVE. Eventually, we did make it to Budapest to marvel at the ornate parliament building along the river. LEFT. A pair of older ladies take a walk.





greener on the

other side

SOME MEALS ARE
GREAT AND THE
OTHERS ARE NOT
SO GREAT

Being a traveler means sacrificing the comforts we have come to expect in our day-to-day lives. We sleep in different beds, sometimes forget to floss or shower, and even forget whole meals. Abroad, I found that it was difficult to plan each meal in advance. Wi-Fi was a rarity in Europe, and while we had classes, my friends and I often planned a trip once we had arrived at our



destination. When we couldn't plan meals, we ended up eating at whatever restaurant we happened to pass by. Sometimes that meant a tourist-ready joint; other days it meant eating at the airport food stands where the standard cold meat cut with too much tartar-sauce

wrapped in plastic sandwich sits patiently in the fridge. Those meals were especially sad and added to the difficulty of moving constantly. ¶ However, on rare occasions my friends and I had some recommendations from friends or travel websites that pointed us to the right restaurant. The one where the locals visited on the regular, where the ingredients were fresh and the service friendly. On the following pages are those meals where the stars aligned and we found something to eat besides a cold soggy sandwich. The tapas, the fancy cheeses, the works. ¶ In Spain, it seemed we always hit great tapas. From one special dish

to the next, there were always fresh ingredients and lovely servers. The idea of taking one's time to enjoy a small plate, of sharing that with others people, is so lovely. In contrast to U.S. food service, or even that in Germany, the atmosphere around eating in Spain is so pleasant. I wish I could always take such leisurely time to enjoy my meals. ¶ In Denmark, one cafe surprised me with the best aero press I've ever had. Upon walking in, the shop felt more like someone's basement than a cafe. The baristas were all facing the wall, and a lego menu board hung from the wall. Minimal decoration lined the walls, and the crowd gathered in awe. ¶ When an Erasmus friend showed us around her home town in Belgium, even the local fast food was amazing. Cooked fresh right before us, fresh meat cuts were loaded with sauces and fries. ¶ In all, remember to treat yourself every now and then on food that you might get a chance to have in the states. Traveling is a whirlwind of experiences, and taking time to eat and discuss over a meal can be relaxing and rewarding. There's nothing like a great meal to bring together new and old friends. Lesson: Don't expect great



things for food on the road, and appreciate the meals that do turn out better than expected.

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ABOVE. A delicious set of tacos from a food truck in Valencia, Spain. RIGHT ABOVE. A casual truffle pizza near the L'Arc de Triomphe. RIGHT. Brunch in Paris.

SEVILLA

Meal Tostada

Ingredients White cheese, herbs, toasted white buns, peach jam or blackberry jam

Somehow this tostada was both simple and sophisticated, while being also dirt-cheap. I'd never thought that cheese and jam would go together, but they compliment each other nicely with the herbs. Taken with a milk coffee, this breakfast is something I need to repeat in the states.

COPENHAGEN

Meal Coffee

Ingredients Aero press coffee, Costa Rican origin

It is rare to find black coffee that is not espresso in Europe. I was craving a pour-over or aero press coffee and thankfully found The Coffee Collective. They had an interesting set up that felt like I was walking into someone's kitchen instead of a cafe. The menu board was set in Legos, and the back room was minimally decorated in classic Danish style. Love.





treats

NICE

Meal Gelato

Ingredients Cactus and Rose gelato

After a long day at the pebble beaches in Nice, it was necessary to cool off with a scoop (or two) or frozen gelato. At this particular venue, the dessert came in odd flavors. Think: beer, fig, cola, and the like. I enjoyed this cone with rose and cactus flavors. The two light, floral tastes complimented each other (and the day) very well.

COPENHAGEN

Meal Chevre Chaud Salad

Ingredients Pear, mixed greens, olives, rye bread croutons, fried goat cheese, honey mustard dressing, dried cranberries

After walking through the neighborhood of Christiania, Evan, Julia and I found this nearby cafe to eat. This was a magical instance where the food happened to be very good and we didn't plan it. I tried to recreate this salad when I returned to Trier.



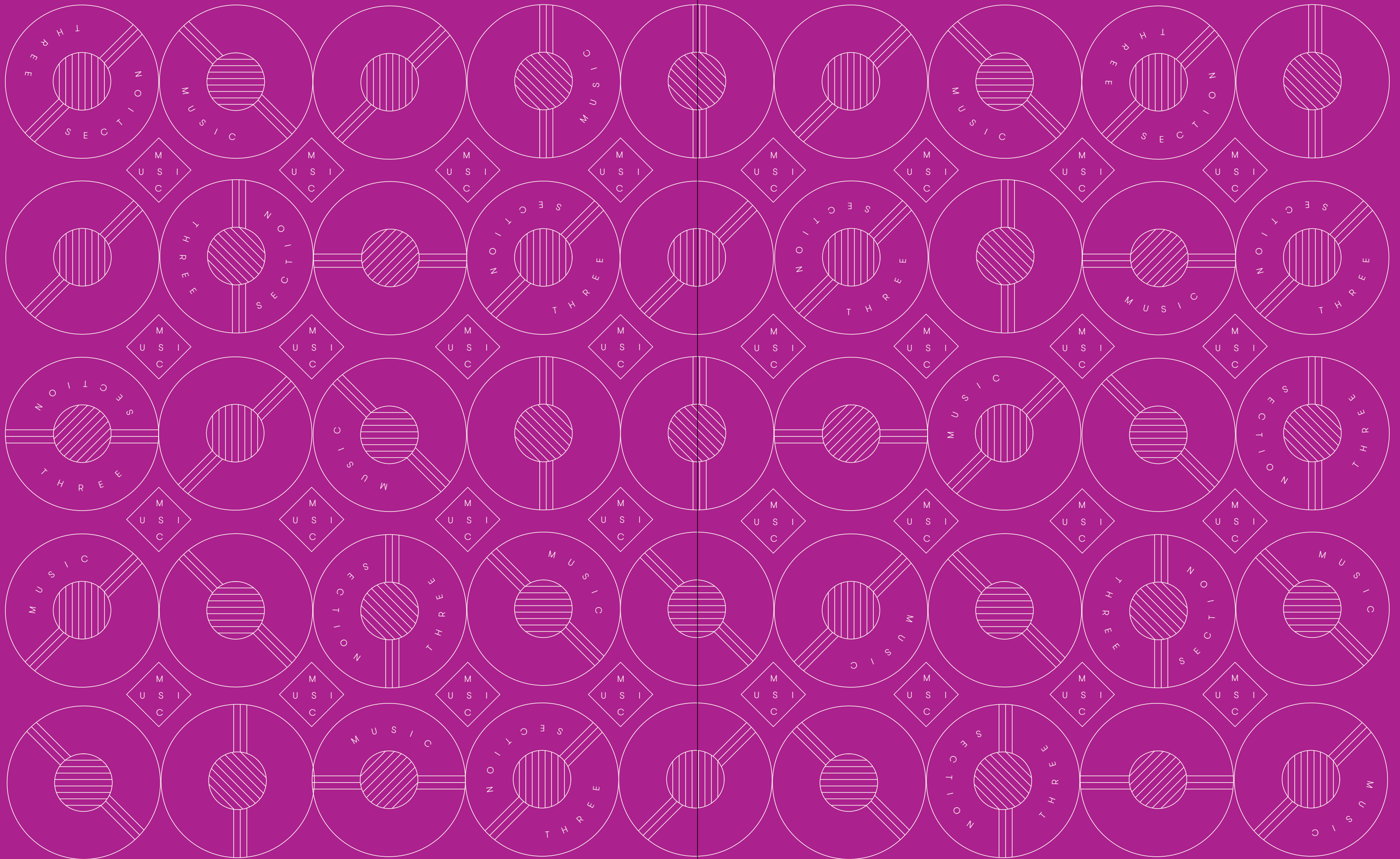
KORTRIJK

Meal Bicky Burger with Fries

Ingredients Sesame seed bun, beef patty, lettuce and tomatoes, fries, samurai sauce

A fellow Erasmus student showed around her hometown and took us to the local fast food joint. At the counter, you first pick the size of fries you'd like, followed by the type of meat and sauce to accompany the fries. Freshly prepared, this burger was better than any cheap burger in the states. It was well worth the long wait in line and day of traveling.







valencia

music

do you speak festival?

LANGUAGE DOESN'T
MATTER IN A EUROPEAN
MUSIC FESTIVAL

Written By Nick Smith

Photographed By Jeffrey Chilcott

i am often asked while listening to music in a foreign language: “can you understand the lyrics?” my reply is always: “no, but it still sounds good to me!”

klutz

GERMAN MUSIC

I knew, of course, not to expect oom-pah-pah music on the radio constantly in Germany, but I was still surprised to see that American top 40 hits were in the streets, in stores, on the radio and in local bars.

How odd it was to make the transition to a new place and still be surrounded by the same music. In a way, it was comforting to find that we could all still enjoy (to some extent) the same “Girl-get-up-and-dance” pop singles from tacky entertainers. Even some of the lesser-known albums that I was listening to in the states showed up in cozy neighborhood bars. When we asked one of our German neighbors if listening to English music bothered him, he said no. He had grown up his whole life surrounded by the same music culture. In some way, it was nice listening to music in a foreign language because then he didn’t have to understand the same cheesy “Turn-it-up-a-little-louder” songs over and over again. Or he was oblivious to their superficiality and could listen to songs for their tune and not turns of phrase. For me, this was an interesting outlook, and I started to consider the relationship between music and lyrics.

SPANISH MUSIC FESTIVAL

A few months after our arrival in Germany, my friends and I took a week to explore Spain and Morocco. In Spain, we planned to attend the Festival de les Arts. Over two days, we listened to Spanish and English bands alike, perused food trucks and booths from local vendors and creatives.

While grabbing a beer one evening, a cashier asked us where we were from. “Kansas,” we said, and added that we were studying in Germany but traveling through Europe. “Do you speak Spanish?” he asked. “Not quite,” Allie said. “So do you like Spanish music?” “Yeah, it sounds great!” she said, enthusiastically trying to stop such an awkward and confusing conversation. We left to discuss thereafter.

To the waiters, I guess it seemed odd that we would go so far away to listen to music in a language we didn’t understand. In our minds, we just wanted to ex-

perience a music culture different from our own and be a little uncomfortable. Sure, about half of the bands were singing in Spanish, but music can still be uplifting or danceable with instruments and melodies alone. Tunes can carry the emotion there.

LUXEMBOURG MUSIC FESTIVAL

Lastly, I visited Rock-A-Field in Luxembourg for the last day of music. The day ended with big name bands singing in English, but the earlier acts were a myriad of nationalities. Spanish, French, American, British.

What made the festival interesting, not only in that musicians were constantly changing languages each show, was attending the concerts with my erasmus friend from France. She had heard of a few of the bands, including the headliner Muse, and was curious to see what the day would bring as well. When one of the American acts was singing, she tried her best to understand the refrain. What she heard as “I wish I could get rid the cookie,” was actually “I wish that I could be like the cool kids.” Close enough.

Another English band was completely new to both of us, verging on intense scream-o rock. Even with our lack of interest in the genre, seeing the musicians perform their songs with gusto made us stay for the entire act. Who knew that an American girl and a French girl could bond over a hardcore rock act in the middle of nowhere Luxembourg? I didn’t.

TAKING NOTES

In all of my experiences with music in Europe, I think my thoughts boil down to the fact that music is universal. The Beatles are still as popular in Germany as in the States and London. Snoop Dogg is still a laughable and danceable rapper everywhere. When visiting a friend’s classical music recital, the melodies brought up different reactions in a Brit, Italian and American, but we could all still appreciate the complex musical quality. And in discotheques in Germany, we can all start dancing to groovy beats, without lyrics.

Music is music, no matter the language. An open-minded listener can look beyond cultural barriers to enjoy the heart and soul of music.

music

Even though it may seem like an exaggeration, the above story does happen quite often. In clubs and festivals, it was a common conversation topic to bring up. I guess it makes sense, since I have very little knowledge of German while I live in a German speaking country. However, as I’ve been living in a foreign country I’ve begun to realize that language and music have an odd relationship. It’s not necessary to understand lyrics to understand a song. Language and music: a pair so necessary and yet so separate.

IN THE STATES

At home in the United States of America, my music choices fluttered between indie rock and mainstream hip hop. I hadn’t been exposed much to world music, only a few French songs here and there that I enjoyed

from studying the language. I only noticed that a Latin jazz album in my car was Portuguese until my Brazilian roommate understood the lyrics one day. And does a Spanish Enrique Iglesias song count for world music? Probably not. So needless to say, my music was almost exclusively in English.

Were lyrics important to me? For the most part. I first started listening to indie music because I was tired of the repetitive “Dance like it’s the end of the world,” “Hey, sexy lady,” “Let’s get drunk tonight,” lyrics that pervaded most mainstream songs. It is nice to listen to lyrics with a storyline and thoughtful composure, but I didn’t mind balancing that with “crank it up, DJ” lyrics every now and then, too. What I was looking for was a tune to fit my mood, and a lyric to say what was on my mind at the time.



klutz



ABOVE. The setting for the festival in Valencia was a beautiful paradise. Just walk outside and we were greeted with plants and fresh air.



klutz

Music is the universal
language of mankind.

music



klutz



music



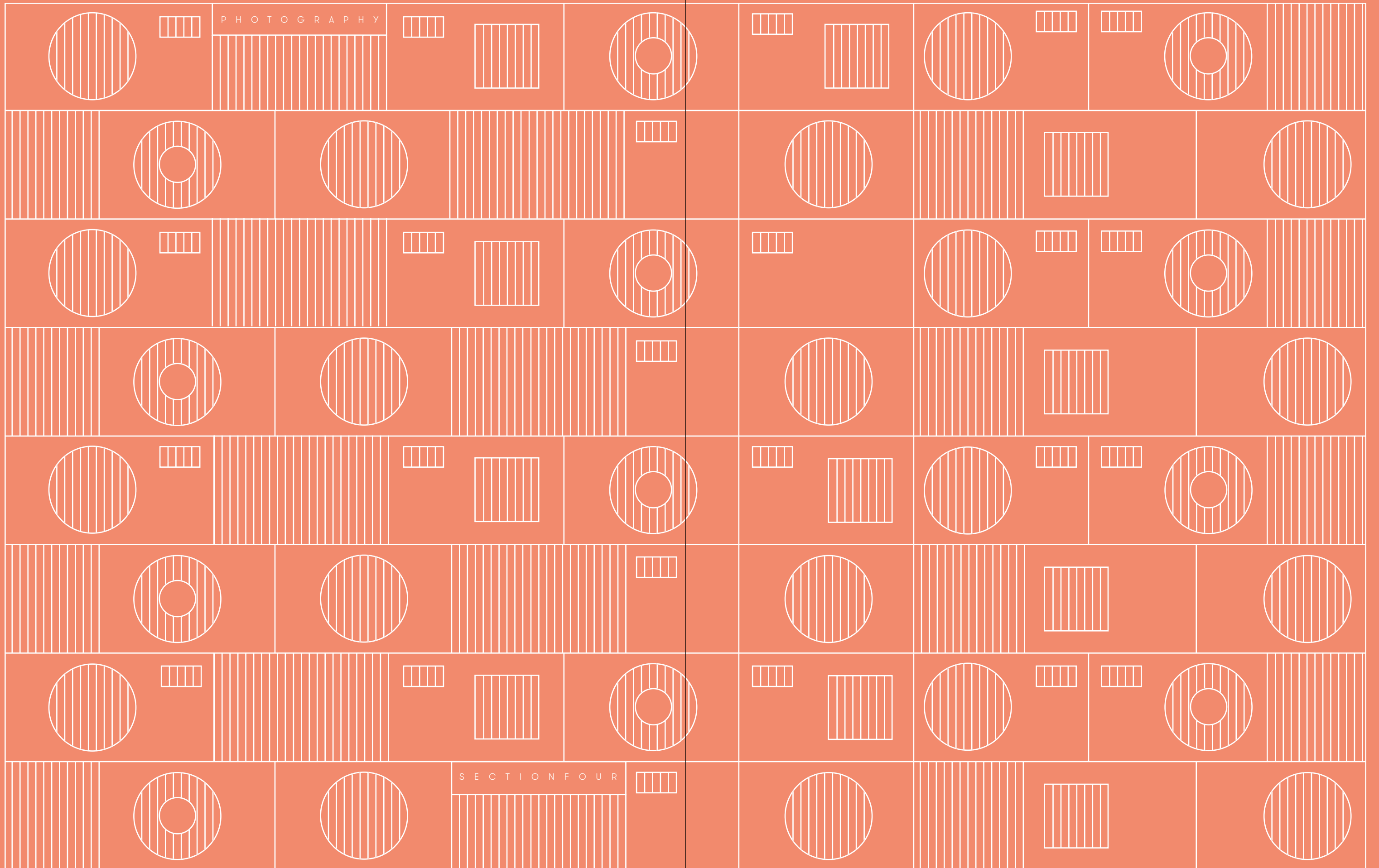
ABOVE. Festival days are a mix of relaxing and jamming to music. BELOW. After resting at the chill zone, we were blown away by Alt-J's performance in Luxembourg.



ABOVE. To stay energized during the day, fries and beer were a must. BELOW. A large crowd gathered for SuperSubmarina at the festival in Valencia.

PHOTOGRAPHY

SECTION FOUR



nice

klutz

photo

in the moment

QUICK THINKING WITH
A DISPOSABLE CAMERA



I am forgetful. Which might be an understatement. I forget my keys on the regular, my student card, the like. ¶ But of all the items to keep with one's self while traveling, the camera must be the most important. I must document. at.

all. times. Food, scenery, plants, trash, shoes, napkins—I've taken pictures of it all. And for most of my travels, I've kept my camera nearby. My brain immediately checks. ¶ But what I failed to remember, one scenic day in Nice, was not the camera itself, but the other necessary factor in taking photographs: a charged battery. I had turned on my camera for a measly 3 pictures on the bus and bam, dead and gone. ¶ It's hard to accurately describe my frustration that day. My thoughts raced, from, "I won't be able to show people the beautiful things I saw in Nice!" to, "My grandchildren won't know what I saw today!" or the most pitiful, "I can't Instagram anything now!" Thankfully, all hope was not lost. ¶ The back-up plan: a disposable camera from a French supermarket. This 10 Euro plastic "fun saver" was well worth the investment. I had used film cameras before and enjoyed their element of surprise, the delicate colors and unique interpretation of light. Plus, who doesn't enjoy the suspense of waiting for film to develop? Thus, I took pictures with no real clue about how the images would

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transfer. There is nowhere to control the white balance, the aperture, the f-stop, or even a panoramic in such a simple camera. What returned to me a few weeks later from the local DM was a pleasant surprise. I found that my camera had captured scenes with surprising clarity and color. Landscapes and night scenes looked realistic; colors from flowers and pastel buildings were lifelike. What I enjoyed most was that the light in these photos was even more realistic than that of my digital camera (once the battery was functioning again). The tone is warmer. In a picture

that looks directly into the sun (page 46), the camera deals with rays in a way that feels natural and soft. Even night lighting isn't completely black, but a hazy interpretation of a sultry blue. ¶ Sure, there were some mishaps. In the aquarium, one photo is illegible because of the dark lighting. On

this page, the photos featured all have a piece of my finger on them, as well as the cover. ¶ The uncontrolled elements of the disposable camera are what make it charming. I'm happy with how events played out, although at the time I might have died for losing my digital camera. It's an idea that we can take to the rest of our travels as well: to embrace what is unexpected.

LEFT AND ABOVE. All of the photos on this spread include my finger accidentally, a funny addition to the shots.

photo



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LEFT. A close-up of the famous pebble beaches in Nice, France. RIGHT. A view of the yachts and mansions from a cliff in Monaco.



TOP. Views of the street in Monaco. BOTTOM. A shot of the beautifully textured coral in the aquarium.



photo

ABOVE. The sun set as we took the bus from Monaco to Nice. The camera dealt with the rays nicely.





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LEFT. Julia Doan strolls in front of me on a street in Monaco.
ABOVE. One of the many perfectly manicured flowers.

