



# Euro-vision

## Photographic journeys across a continent

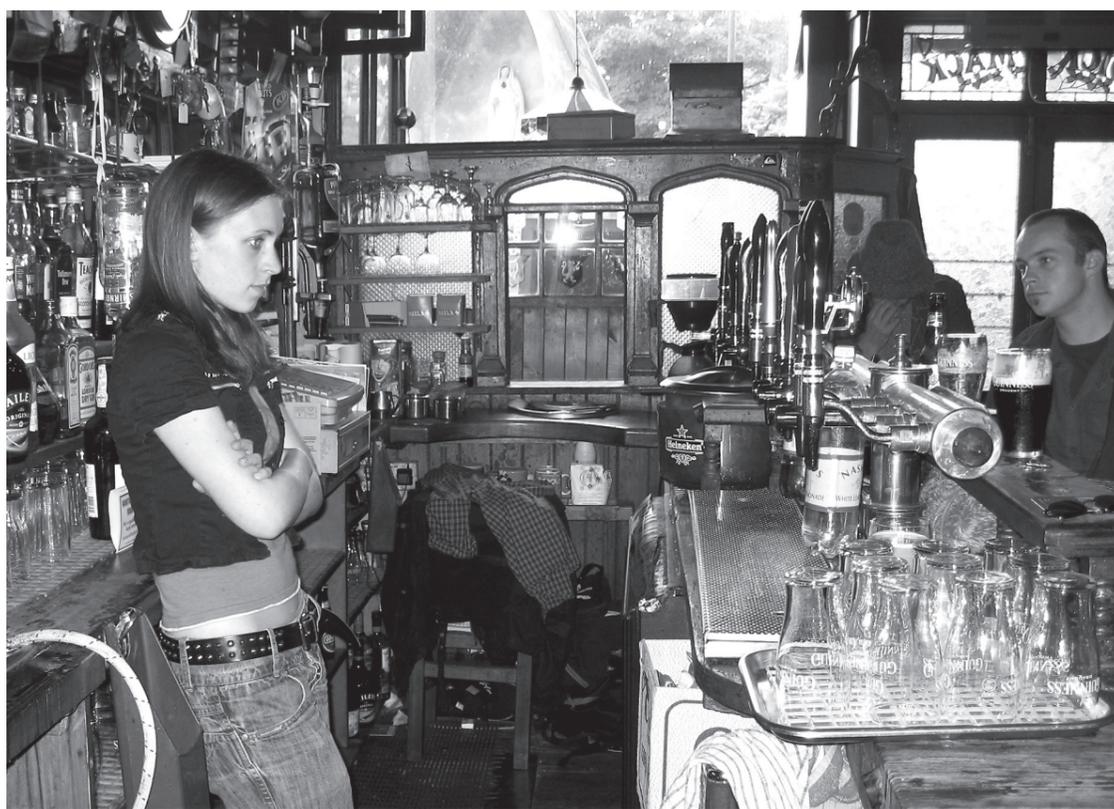
For the second time in three years, I decided to embark on a whirlwind tour of Europe. After exploring the world through years of study and close to two degrees, I endeavored to enrich my studies and my own sense of understanding with a ten-week journey across the continent, from the Austrian Alps and the streets of Sarajevo to my

home country of Poland, the rugged shores of Ireland and the green fields of England. Armed with my brand new laptop, digital camera, and a deep sense of curiosity, I burnt countless CDs and wore my poor camera's chrome body down to the core as I set about creating a visual record of my journeys.

Feature and photos by  
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### WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Dubrovnik, Croatia: "The jewel of the Adriatic" shines brightly in the early morning sun, its ancient winding streets eerily silent, as if anticipating the multilingual flood of voices and camera flashes soon to descend upon its charming old town. I ascend the 1940 metre-long walls after a restless night voyage from Bari, Italy, where I parted ways with huddled Albanian families on their way back to their beautiful but troubled homeland. From the top of the walls I command a bird's-eye view of red-tiled roofs, lazy cats, loads of laundry that seem to hang mid-air, and the occasional local, rising for the day whilst thoughtfully puffing his cigarette and sipping his coffee, as if contemplating how quickly his country had been transformed from a nationalist war zone to Europe's version of Puerto Vallarta.



### A PINT O' GUINNESS AT DICK MACK'S

After two months of journeying the continent, my travels took me to the Emerald Isle. Starting in Dublin, I felt a bittersweet sense of disappointment; the Ireland that I encountered didn't feel like the fabled land one hears about in stories. Rather, I found myself in a cosmopolitan Dublin where coffee and bagel bars seemed more commonplace than back home, where medieval churches had been converted into tourist centers, and where speakers of my native Polish outnumbered those of the indigenous Gaelic. After several days of wandering these streets, I took a four-day solo journey to the coastal town of Dingle. The surrounding area is a stunning vista of hills, mountains and miles of ocean. I visited the Great Blasket Island, where hordes of dishevelled sheep watched my every move, abandoned stone homes acting as the only reminder that a community of Irish-speaking poet-fishermen had once lived there. One alluring niche in this fascinating place was Dick Mack's, an old shoe store turned pub. Here, where there were no televisions, radios or computers, I found a modern taste of that dream of Ireland: I drank the best Guinness I've had in my life and met one quintessentially Irish fellow who lectured me at length on the specifics of buying an Irish drum, before turning to the bar and ordering another pint in his native Gaelic. Going to O'Byrnes on Whyte will never be quite the same.