

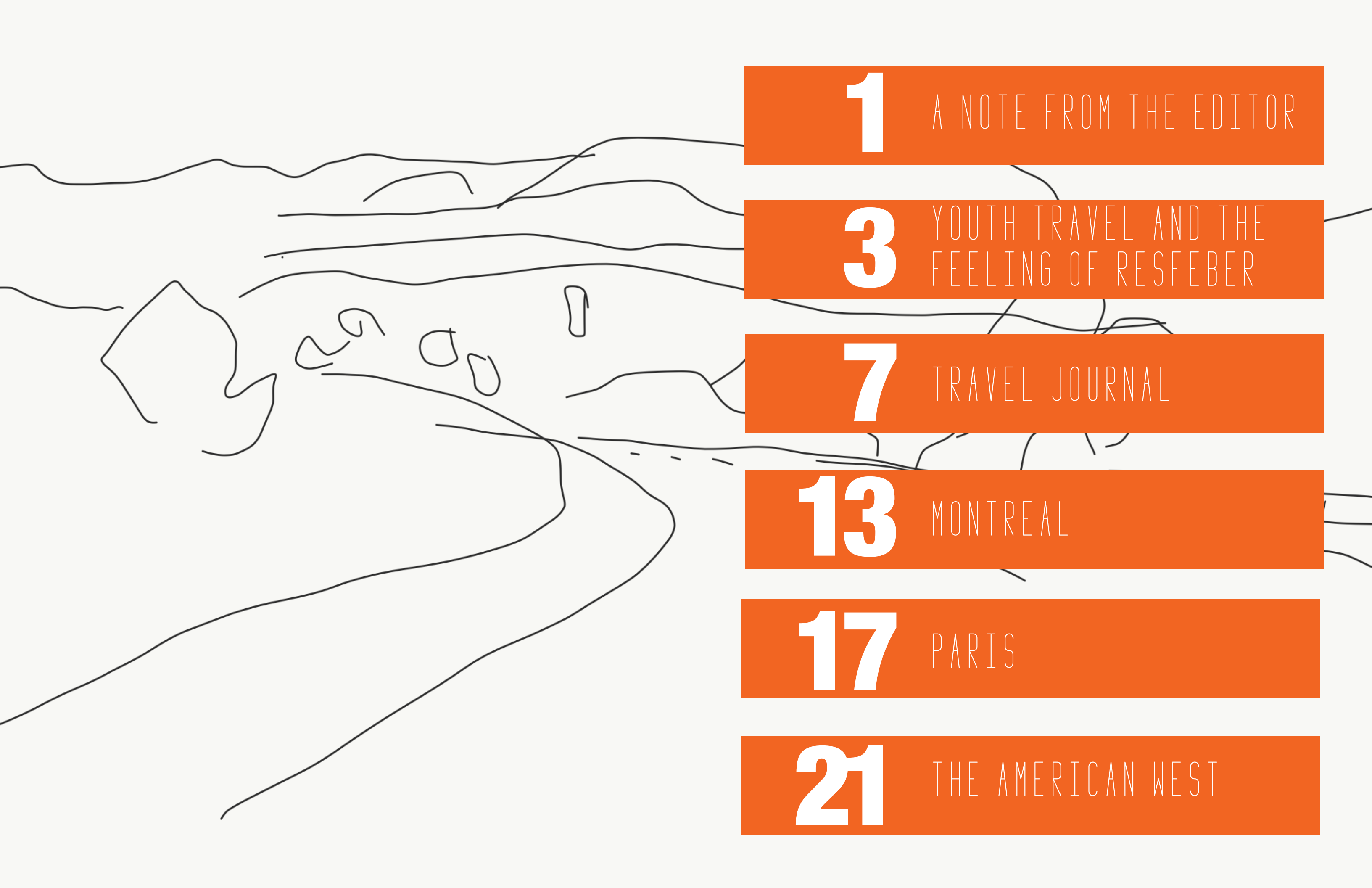
RESFEBER



A TRAVEL JOURNAL

Definition: Resfeber (pronounced: RACE-fay-ber); Swedish; noun

1. The restless race of the traveler's heart before the journey begins. When anxiety and anticipation are tangled together; a 'travel fever' that can manifest as an illness.



1

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

3

YOUTH TRAVEL AND THE
FEELING OF RESFEBER

7

TRAVEL JOURNAL

13

MONTREAL

17

PARIS

21

THE AMERICAN WEST

A Note from the Editor



Since I was a child I cannot remember a single time in my life when I was not dreaming about visiting some magical place I had seen in photos or on the television. As I grew into adulthood, my curiosity for the places other than the ones I had known my whole life had grown to the point where I could no longer stand not visiting them. I was only 19 years old the first time I saved my money, and decided to take a 1300 mile road

trip with my sister to go to a music festival, and from that point all options seemed possible and I started to realize all of the options and opportunities that were available to me. I realized travel was accessible to me, as long as I was willing to take on a little adventure along the way. Some of my peers grew up taking family vacations where they would fly to whichever destination their parents had chosen, stay in a hotel, eat at the restaurants, and follow whatever itinerary

of activities was planned. I did not have this experience, so I learned to find the cheapest way to get wherever I wanted to go, I stayed in hostels for \$20 a night in shared rooms with eight other travelers, I cooked rice in shared kitchens and limited my spending in restaurants and shops. I haven't traveled in the ideal luxury that most imagine when they think of a vacation. I hit some rough spots, I had to change plans and make sacrifices, but I have lived some amazing days because of that, and I have seen some incredible places that I never would have imagined. Jack Kerouac wrote in his novel *On The Road* "Nothing behind me, everything ahead of me, as is ever so on the road." This sentence captures the very essence of why I constantly feel the need to travel anywhere and everywhere. It opens a whole new world and a whole life that you would never be able to imagine unless you saw it with your own eyes. I hold my experiences traveling this earth very close to my heart, and I encourage everyone to step out and see where they can go. I would not be the human being that I am today, and I would not have the same perspectives I do had I not taken chances and adventured in whichever way was possible. This is a beautiful life we live on a beautiful planet, and it is up to only ourselves to find what it has to offer. This issue of Resfeber magazine is a collection of stories from my travels to many special places. These stories are some of which have shaped me, and influenced me in very significant ways. I hope the things I share about my life inspire others to know that it is possible to take chances and travel to wherever their wildest dreams may lead them. The only things standing between one's dreams of adventure and reality is a little bit of motivation. Stay curious, and wander, and your dreams will come true.

10/10,
Jenni

Resfeber

Created by Jennifer Hess

Written by Jennifer Hess

Edited by Jennifer Hess

Images by Jennifer Hess

Creative Consulting by Ben Gaydos
and the students of ART 342

Printed by Blurb

Created for
University of Michigan -Flint
Art 342 : Design III
Professor Ben Gaydos
Fall 2019

YOUTH TRAVEL AND THE FEELING OF RESFEBER



The term resfeber comes from the Swedish language, expressing a feeling than many non-swedish speakers know all to well. It describes "the restless race of the traveler's heart before the journey begins. When anxiety and anticipation are tangled together; a 'travel fever' that can manifest as an illness." This feeling of resfeber is the reason people go. It is triggered by the excitement and fear one feels before heading into the unknown. Planet earth is a very diverse place, with many unfamiliar things to explore, and sometimes that can be a bit frightening,

especially for those who prefer their travels solo. Not everyone enjoys the thrill of resfeber, but for those who do, it is the most addicting feeling in the world. The World Youth Student and Education (WYSE) Travel Confederation has been conducting research on travelers under the age of 30 since 2002. The research the WYSE has conducted provides statistical information about the ongoing changes in habits of young travelers, including what they are more willing to spend money on, how they book their travel, their preferred places to travel to, and how long they stay on their trips. In June 2018 the WYSE published a document titled Horizons

IV: a global study of the youth and student traveler. The information in Horizons IV is based off of surveys. In 2017 youth travelers made up **23%** of all international arrivals, this amount of youth travelers has continued to grow since the emergence in youth travel at the beginning of the century due to more accessibility in travel planning. Technology has played a key role in travel for young people, with the internet not only providing information on places to visit but also by making it possible to book travel with the click of a button. The WYSE survey showed that

“In 2017 youth travelers made up 23% of all international arrivals”

85% of youth air travel was booked on a computer, phone, or tablet. There now exists many websites which cater specifically to youth and student travelers. Student Universe, a company based in Waltham, Massachusetts, was one of the pioneers of the student travel booking industry. The company partners with more than 90 airlines to offer the best fares for students and young people under 26. Student Universe is also one of the few web-

sites to offer promotion codes for its subscribers to use toward travel. Other resources like HostelWorld.com are available, allowing travelers to search for all budget hostel options all in one place. The websites offers ratings and reviews which help ensure that all amenity needs of travelers are met, and that their security can be ensured. Another very important resource in youth travel which became available in the last decade is AirBnB, despite it's controversy on certain levels, this home-sharing application and website has opened up a multitude of lodging options to travelers of all ages with a range of options to meet every budget. The amount of resources available has undoubtedly made a great stride in accommodating youth travelers, and allowing those in search of resfeber a place to find their flight away and their place to stay, but many people wonder, why are young people traveling so much? And how can they afford this? The reasons for their travel were also studied in the WYSE research, concluding that the main reason for this travel-bug was to build one's resume. **22%** of travelers surveyed said they wanted to travel to learn a foreign language, followed by **15%** who wanted to gain work experience, and **15%** who wanted to study abroad. Young people feel that in the very uncertain job market that is available after graduation from high school or college, the cultural, practical, and language skills

“it is undeniable that the youth of this earth feel a strong sense of fulfillment and happiness from exploring the beautiful planet that we call home.”



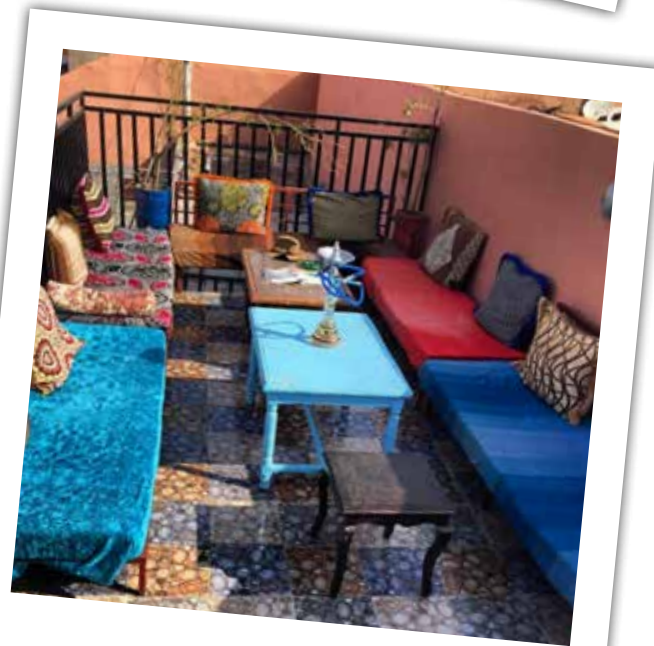
Headed to Africa



Travel Buddies



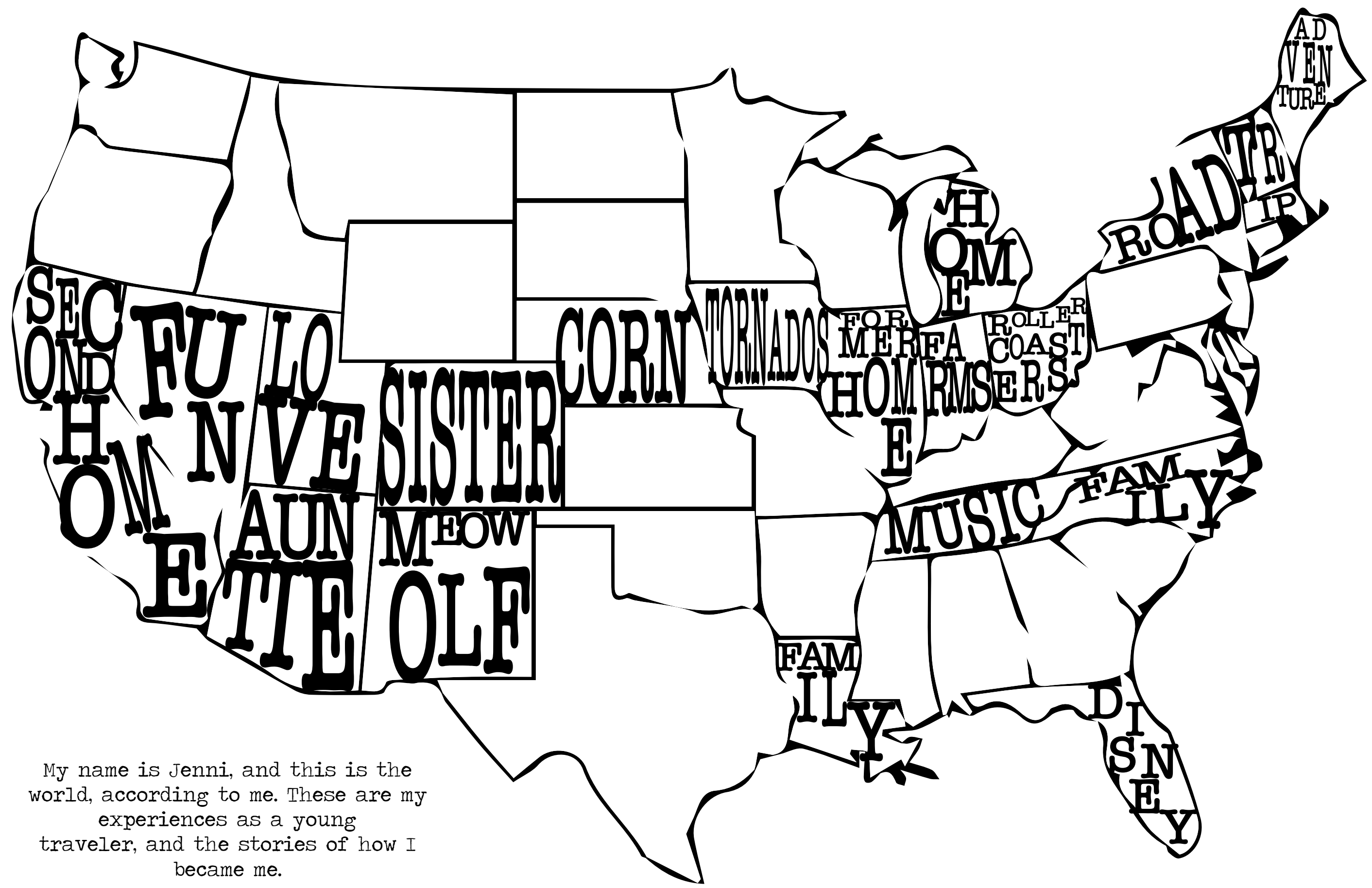
ITH Adventure Hostel San Diego



Hostel Riad Rouge Marrakech

gained through their travel give them more experience for a job than those who have not traveled. Most of the travelers surveyed by the WYSE expressed desire to live like the locals of the places they visit by immersing themselves in the culture to broaden their perspectives on life. As for the financing of their travels, it seems that parental income has a very large role to play in paying for the travel of most young people, though 28% of respondents to the WYSE survey said they worked full-time and 26% worked part-time. 60% of the travelers surveyed were students, meaning that portions of travel could also be financed through scholarships, student loans, and government study abroad programs. With the statistical look on youth travel that the WYSE has provided, we can see in

numbers and facts why and how young people are traveling so much, but the true answer lies in the feeling that travel gives to everyone. Whether that feeling be described as wanderlust, excitement, adventure, or as we like to say, resfeber, it is undeniable that the youth of this earth feel a strong sense of fulfillment and happiness from exploring the beautiful planet that we call home. So if as a reader you are already a seasoned traveller, or you are just getting started, keep in mind that the resources and opportunities are out there, and you have the support of fellow youth by your side!



My name is Jenni, and this is the world, according to me. These are my experiences as a young traveler, and the stories of how I became me.



"There was
nowhere to go
but everywhere..."

**"...so I just kept on
rolling..."**



**"...under the stars."
- Jack Kerouac**

MONTREAL

TRE

AL

“Deux McDoubles et deux frites, s’il vous plaît”



My story has to start with Montreal.

It was late April 2014, I was working in a photography lab owned by my neighbors. During a break I was scrolling through twitter on my phone and entered a contest to win passes to a weekend music festival in downtown Montreal. I had entered these kind of contests before and usually never heard anything back, so it was of great surprise when I received a message asking for my contact information because I had won the passes. My neighbor worked around my schedule so I was able to have the next weekend off to go, and then I had to figure out how to actually make it happen. At this time, most of my friends didn't have passports so everyone had to decline my invitation to come along. Finally, I con-

tacted a girl named Rachel that I had met at work in sandwich shop a few months prior. I knew she had a passport, and thought just maybe she'd be up to the road trip. Rachel loved the idea and decided to join. So I quickly calculated all of our costs, found a trendy downtown hostel that wouldn't cost us very much, and a week later we were taking off at 5 in the morning headed for Montreal. I remember one of the most exciting moments was crossing the border out of Ontario into Quebec and going through a McDonald's drive-thru. The menu was in French, the people were speaking French, and it was the first foreign language speaking place I'd ever been. "Deux McDoubles et deux frites, s'il vous plaît." I'd been taking French for a few years so I knew quite a bit, but when it came to understand-



FRENCH CANADIAN WALMART
IS REAL AND IT'S MAGICAL

ing the fast-talking French Canadians, I wasn't so great, but we got by. We finally got to Montreal and arriving in the city was so surreal, we drove through china town, and across the big bridge, then finally to the famous St. Cathrine St. on which our hostel was located just one block up on a side street. We settled in to our six bed dorm room, and went to go pick up our festival passes a few miles away at the University of Quebec It was the first weekend of may so the weather was nice, but we got hit with some rain. It rained and poured on us for the entire walk back to our home for the weekend, so we were completely soaked, but we didn't care, we were in our early twenties roaming free in a beautiful city that we had no idea we'd be visiting a week prior. We stoped at a small supermarché and grabbed ingredients to make turkey sandwiches, a

“we didn't care, we were in our early twenties roaming free in a beautiful city that we had no idea we'd be visiting a week prior.”

bottle of champagne, and some orange juice. We headed back to our room for our sandwich and champagne feast, which was just as great as any meal. Our roommates were in, a Belgian girl, a dutch girl, and an Australian girl named Sam. They were all nice people and we had some good laughs in the

room with them. We set out that night to see some shows at the festival, one of my favorite bands was playing that night. The whole night was a whirlwind of excitement, we met a bunch of other American who had driven in from Vermont, New Jersey, and New York, everyone was just there to enjoy the music and have the best time. The next day we talked and hung out quite a bit with our roommate, Sam. She was about the same age as us and had been living in North Carolina going to college there. She shared with us her stories of traveling around the US by MegaBus. She had been to over half the US states in the 3 years she'd been in the country. I remember talking with her and having a light go off in my head, realizing that maybe trips like this one to Montreal could happen all the time. If Sam could do all of that traveling around the country then maybe I could too. This was kind of my turning point in life where I decided I needed to keep going, and keep seeing more. Our weekend in Montreal came to an end after only staying for two nights. We had to be back for work on Monday, and we had about 12 hours between Montreal and home. We attended the "Hangover Brunch" put on by the festival at a local pub, where they served scrambled eggs, beans, and hotdogs along with beer and mimosas to kick off the last day of the festival. Once we left there, we walked to the car and started the journey back home. It was a short trip, but one I'll never forget because I know that it changed my life forever.

PARIS

“I had dreamt my whole life of being fluent in a second language”



Paris is such a cliché.

Every American girl wants to go to Paris and fall in love underneath the Eiffel Tower, right? I guess. My story has to include Paris, it was the first place I ever called home besides the city in Michigan where I grew up. The whole thing with Paris started when I was in high school, I started studying French in school when I was 17. I really excelled in the subject, I aced every single test for the two years that I studied the language until graduation. When I first started college I didn't take any French courses, but by my second year I realized I missed it, I needed it. I had dreamt my whole life of being fluent in a foreign language, so I continued. One summer during college I took a trip to California by myself where I had met some really inspiring people. Many other Americans as well as international travelers who offered a lot of insight on my

journey with the French language. One guy from Delaware who was working at the hostel I was staying at shared with me his stories of living in Germany for a year. He was now fluent in German and regularly did exercises and listened to podcasts to retain the language skills he'd learned abroad. The thing he advocated the most was that immersion was the only way to learn a new language fully. So from that moment on, I began scheming. What I finally came up with was a third-party program offered through my university that had a semester-long French Language Immersion program. I started a job waiting tables to save money, figured out financial aid resources, and before I knew it, it was six months after that trip to California, and I was boarding a plane in Flint, Michigan, final destination: Paris. The beginning of this experience was pretty insane. The apartment arranged through



SEEING THAT TOWER ON
THE WAY HOME REALLY
NEVER GETS OLD

my program was so beautiful, and in a true Parisienne neighborhood. Situated on Rue de Picpus, it was the type of place you'd probably only go to if you lived there, and would probably never see if you were just a tourist. The apartment had a beautiful balcony that overlooked the street. I spent a lot of time out there both by myself with a cup of coffee, and with friends, causing a commotion for the neighbors in the building across the street (they loved to spy out their windows at us.) I lived with three roommates in this apartment, there was also a close friend I made while there who would crash on our couch quite a bit (even though she only lived a few blocks away.) We were all having the time of our lives, drinking 3 euro per bottle vin rouge from Monoprix, collecting Kinder Egg toys on our living room shelves, meeting French boys, and cooking up huge American feasts of fried chicken and biscuits when we felt homesick. There wasn't a single thing I wanted to miss in this city, and I don't think there was a single thing I did miss. I would go sit and write along the Canal St. Martin during afternoons after school. My friends and I had picnics in the lawn by the Eiffel Tower all the time, sometimes we would cook a full meal and tote it in grocery bags along with plates and utensils through the Paris metro just to get to the Eiffel Tower and eat our meal while the sunset. Mardi Soir was a type of event I established with my friends. All it means in English is "Tuesday Evening." We all had a late start to our day on Wednesdays, not having to be to school until around 2pm, so

“There wasn't a single thing I wanted to miss in this city and I don't think there was a single thing I did miss.”

Tuesday nights were late ones for us always. One particular night I planned an all night party for us. I had the whole thing planned that we would stay out the entire night until sunrise, and drink champagne next to the seine river as we watched the sunrise. We set out on the night as if it were any other Tuesday, first going to the German pub in our neighborhood where they knew us by name. When that closed for the night, we hopped on the night bus at Republique and rode it all the way to the Champs-Elysees. The special thing about this was that no one had ever seen the champs so empty, we were the only ones there. We went into an all-night dance club to kill some time since we still had a while before sunrise. The only other people there were a group of Columbian guys that could hardly see straight. When we left there we wandered the empty champs-elysee and avenue Montaigne until we found the seine. We chose a spot to hang out, but an angry bum ended up making us decide to leave. We then found ourselves at the louvre. The sun was coming up now, so we uncorked the champagne. I think eventually we caught the early metro back home and slept until the after noon. Every day in Paris was a true adventure for me, but that one was probably my favorite.

WILD

WILD

WEST



Red Rock Canyon Nevada

Driving accross America will change a person.

I had traveled to the west coast before and to Colorado to visit my sister, so technically speaking, I had been to the west, however, I don't truly believe anyone's seen the west until they've driven across it. It was May 2017, I had been living in Paris for about a year, when certain circumstances had me headed back to the states. First stop, JFK. I spent a few days in New York City, and then hopped on a Greyhound Bus to Detroit. I didn't know what to expect on a 16 hour bus ride from the big apple to motor city, but if you use your imagination, there's a lot of eccentric people, no leg room, and your ears pop again and again going through the mountains in Pennsylvania. Once I got to Detroit, my good friend Chandler came to pick me up. It was pouring rain like I'd never seen before. I never planned on spending much time in Michigan, so after a couple of days with my family, I soon packed back up, and headed out across the country. I stopped in Chicago where I ate mostly hot-dogs and bought parts to rebuild my skateboard. After two days in Logan Square, the long road to Denver began. Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska don't have much to offer for scenery. Iowa turned out to be some of the greatest fear I'd ever felt in my life when the blue sky over farm land suddenly turned a dark, dusty brown. The wind was blowing hard and everything just looked wrong and creepy. It started raining really hard, people were pulled over under bridges, and there wasn't another exit for miles. My phone went off with a loud, shocking, urgent alert "Tornados spotted in area, take shelter immediately." Knowing that this was exactly the place on the news where they talk about the wild twisters ripping through fields and

tearing up homes, my heart began to race. I was in the calmest panic, gripping the steering wheel so tight, I'm surprised it didn't break. When I made it to a gas station eventually, the man working told me a tornado had touched down just two miles from where we were. I waited as long as I reasonably could, and then continued on my way. Night time came as I crossed into Nebraska, I stayed with a nice couple on who had posted a listing on Couchsurfing. It was comfortable, and a great place to shower and continue on to Colorado in the morning. I finally got to Denver and arrived at my sisters house. She was at work at a restaurant where she was the Chef. I went and met her up there, and she fed me a meal that must've had 18 courses, all on the house. It was exactly what I needed after the drive I'd just had. I stayed with her for a week, celebrated her birthday, and then continued on my journey. Next was New Mexico. I didn't see much, but the scenery was something wild, that I had never imagined. I was surprised that the elevation just kept rising after leaving Colorado. They love to brag about elevation there, so I never thought that New Mexico would sit so high. I arrived late in Albuquerque, which didn't have much appeal, so I continued onto Phoenix in the morning. Arizona surprised me just as much. I passed through Flagstaff, where you could still see snow high up on the mountains, and as I came down into phoenix, it was full of palm trees and mountains in the distance. It was beautiful. I thought Arizona was just supposed to be dry desert with front yards full of drab brown gravel. That night I stayed with my sister's best friend. She had a huge German shepherd puppy that was probably as tall as me when he stood on his hind legs.



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT
THE DESERT, I CAN'T
STOP GOING BACK.

That puppy was a fun roommate for the night. I ate my first in-n-out burger for dinner and went to bed. In the morning I showered and headed for Vegas for the first time. The drive there from Phoenix was probably my favorite. It was a winding two lane road the whole way. The huge Sequoia cactus were just a couple of feet from my car. The sequoias eventually were gone and I was surrounded by nothing but Joshua trees. I had never seen one before, and they're pretty crazy looking so I loved every minute of it. By the time I got to Vegas I didn't do much but sleep and eat. I had been driving for so long and bouncing from place to place. Most people don't go to Las Vegas to rest, but I did. Once I was rested, I set out toward California. I went to Bakersfield first to visit a vintage shop that I had bought from online before. While I was there I talked with the owner, he remembered having mailed me a Bart Simpson mask to Paris, and he was really stoked that I had come all that way and stopped at his store. I had a blast going through this place, I bought a couple of things, and then I was on my way. I'd been to California before, so I headed back to San Diego where I spent a week skateboarding, watching dogs play at dog beach, swimming, drinking iced coffees, and sleeping in my car when funds got too tight to afford California lodging. I finally realized it was time to head back east, so I set out back towards Las Vegas one evening, where I could actually afford a hotel. 45 minutes into my drive, my tire went flat. It was a Sunday around 6pm so any hope of getting a new tire was lost. I know they say to only drive on the spare, donut tire for 60 miles, but I didn't have much choice. So I took all of my belongings out of the trunk, dug out the donut, and started changing my tire. I had about 400 miles to go until Vegas and I decided if the donut gave

out on the way, I would worry about it when it happened. I drove the long route through the Mojave desert at a maximum speed of 50 miles per hour. Everyone else blew past me, honking their horns and road-raging, since they had no idea the chance I was taking of driving a donut this far. To the surprise of everyone, I made it to Las Vegas, donut still attached and intact. It was 2am by this point, so when I got to my hotel, I went immediately to sleep. The rest of the trip back to Michigan went by in sort of a blur. I stopped again at my sisters where I slept for a few days straight. I drove on to Omaha, where I arrived late and left early. By the time I got to Chicago, the thought of spending more money on a place to stay seemed ridiculous when home was only a 4 hour drive away. So I ate some more hot dogs, and began my final leg of the trip. I made it back late at night, and again crashed into bed and slept for a couple of days. The trip was over, but I wasn't done with it. I knew I'd go back...and I have. Since I've returned to Denver, New Mexico, Las Vegas, California, and I've even added Utah to my list of western states. Each trip was better than the next, and all leave a story for another time. This one in particular, was just the start of my curiosity for the 50 states that I call home. Each place is so different, and the life there is a new experience. It's crazy how I could live in the same country for most of my life and still have so much to discover. I felt a true sense of resfeber on these travels across America, and I plan to feel that again and again.

**This
magazine was
set in Traveling Typ-
writer. A Typeface created by
Carl Krull, a Danish artist and designer.
The headings in this magazine are set in Hel-
vetica Neue, with subheadings set in Monument
Valley, a typeface created by taylor spaulding in 2016.
All Images and illustrations were done by the author, Jennifer Hess.**