

# ATTIC

M A G A Z I N E

*JOURNEYS THROUGH MELBOURNE - AUTUMN*

*2025*

---







# N<sup>o</sup>1.

*ATTIC Magazine is my creative outlet — a place to give my photos and projects a life beyond the hard drive. It's where ideas, experiments, and stories come together, not just from the past but from what's still to come. This is about making, sharing, and staying inspired.*

*Thanks for being here.*

*Craig*

---



# CITYSCAPES

---

INSPIRED BY THE CITY ON THE YARRA



Melbourne's skyline rises rough-edged along the Yarra, where old industry and new ambition rub shoulders. Brick warehouses, weathered bridges, and concrete underpasses sit alongside glass towers and neon signs. The river steady, carrying the weight of a city that's been built, rebuilt, and reimagined time and again.

Along its banks, there's a rawness – graffiti-tagged walls, rusted railings, and alleys that remember harder days – but always with a spark of renewal.

The Yarra doesn't just divide the city – it stitches its layers together, old and new, worn and rising.

---

*Along the promenade dusk deepens and then the flames rise. Towers of fire punch into the sky, fierce and fleeting, their heat cutting through the cool evening air. It's theatrical, bold, and unmistakably Melbourne.*

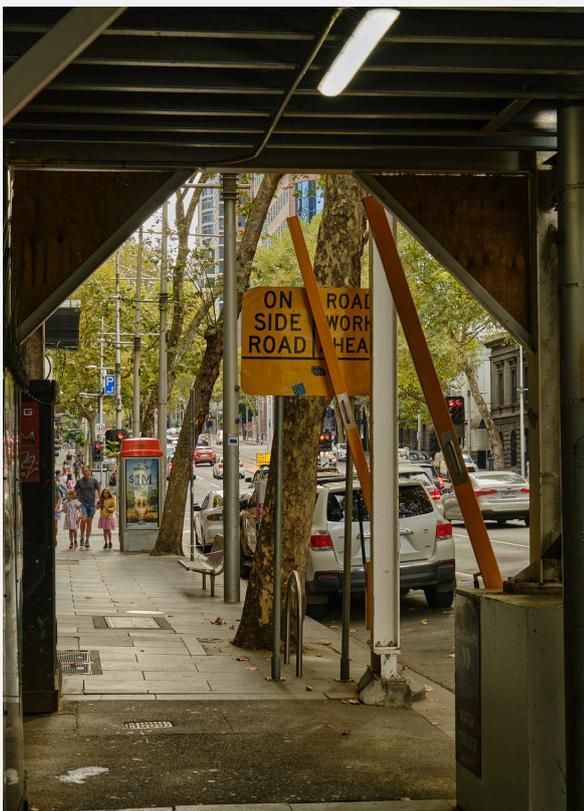
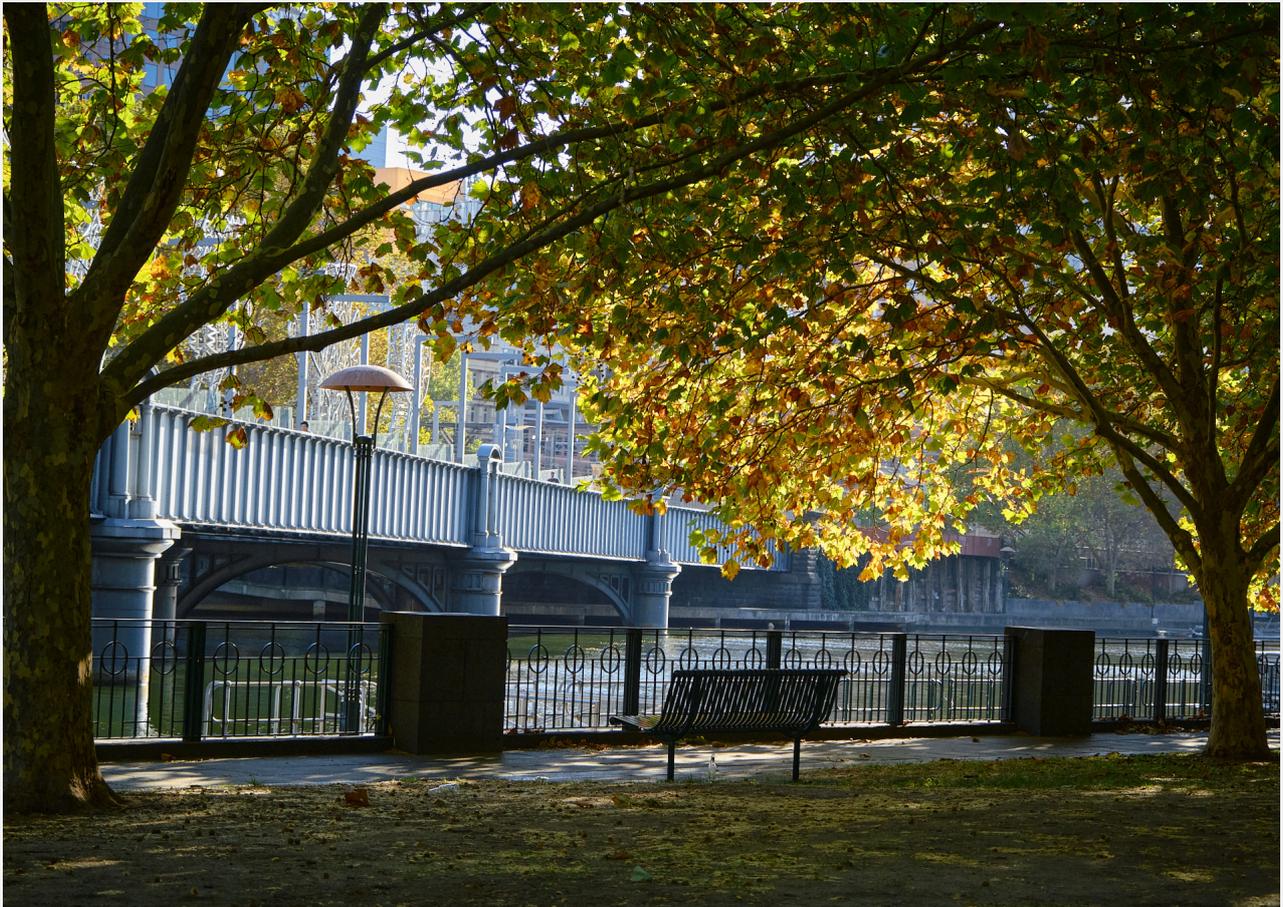


## **Dawn on the Yarra**

Morning stretches over Melbourne as new light spills across the Yarra. The city wakes with glass towers catching the first glints, water rippling under soft skies, and quiet streets shaking off the night. It's that fleeting moment where everything feels paused yet full of possibility – the calm before the city's familiar hum begins again.



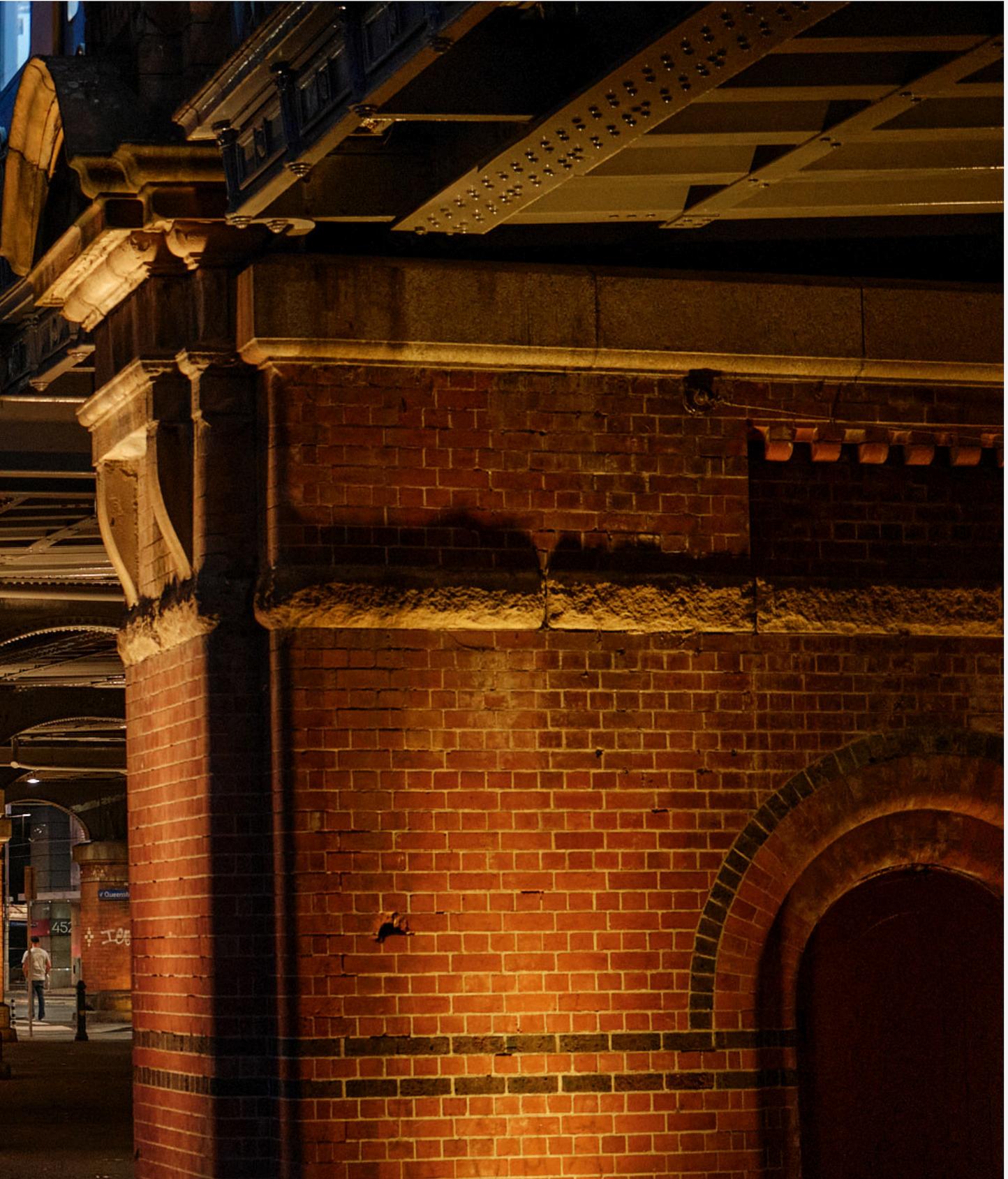


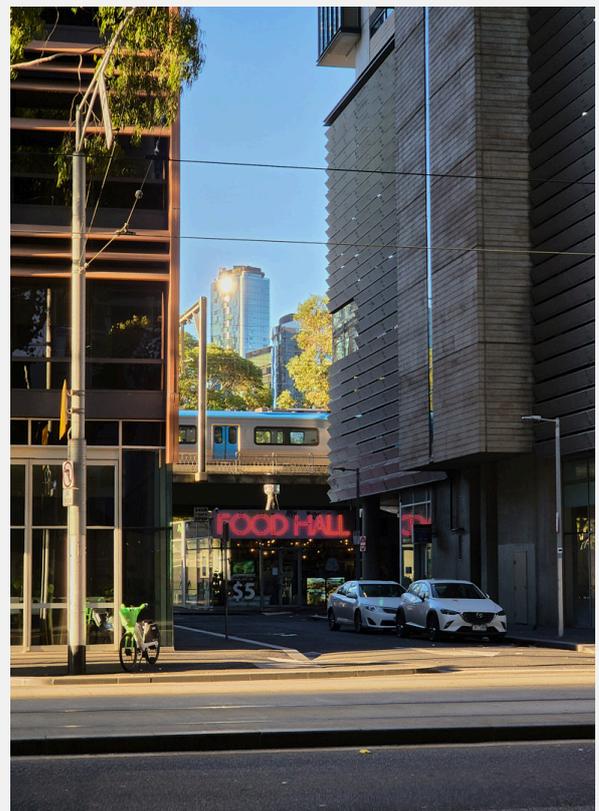
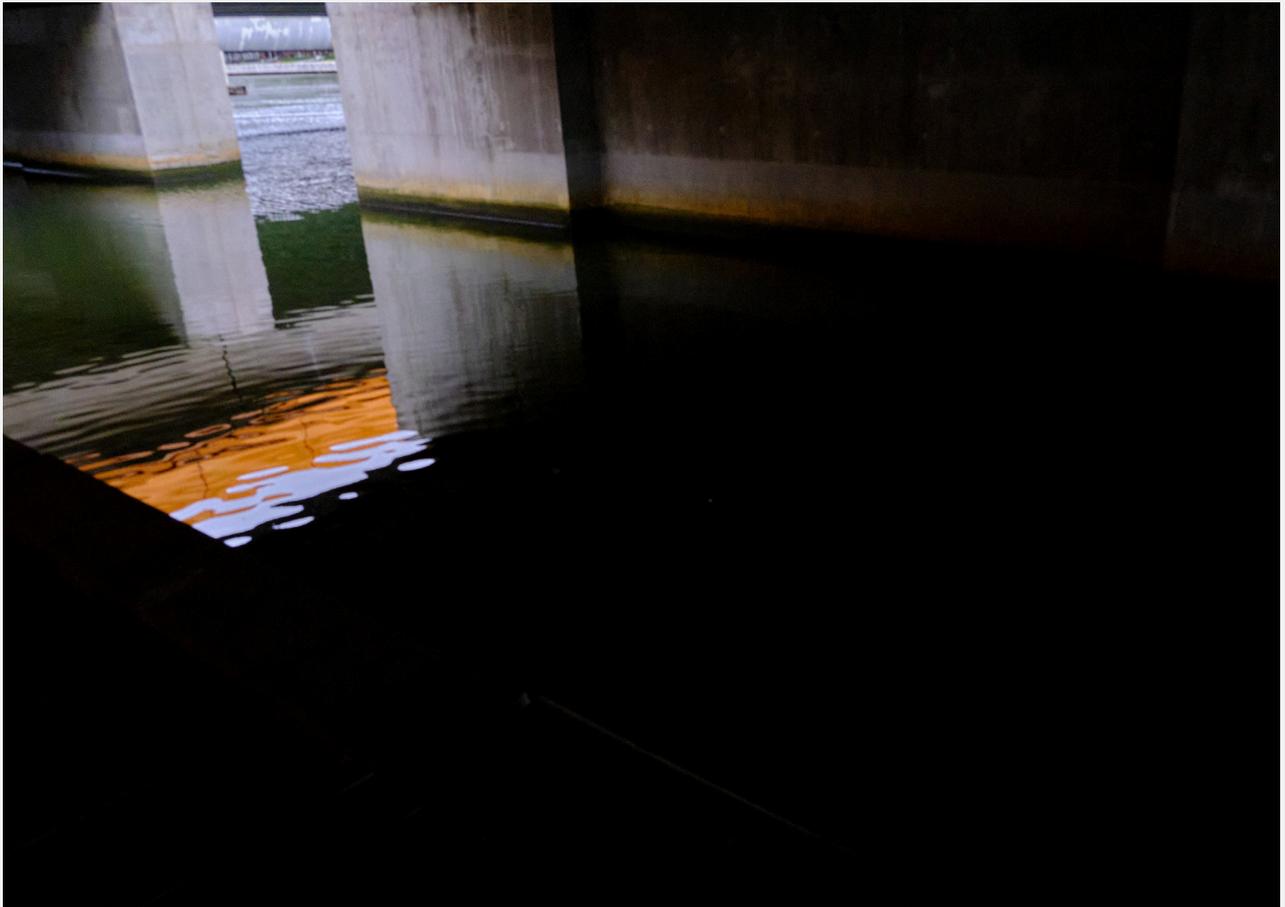


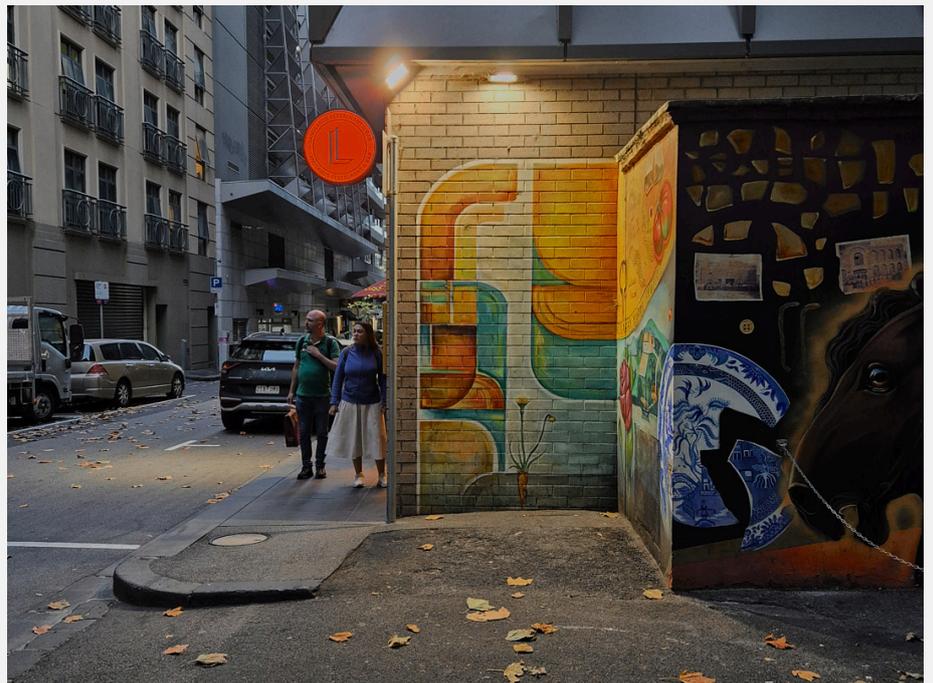


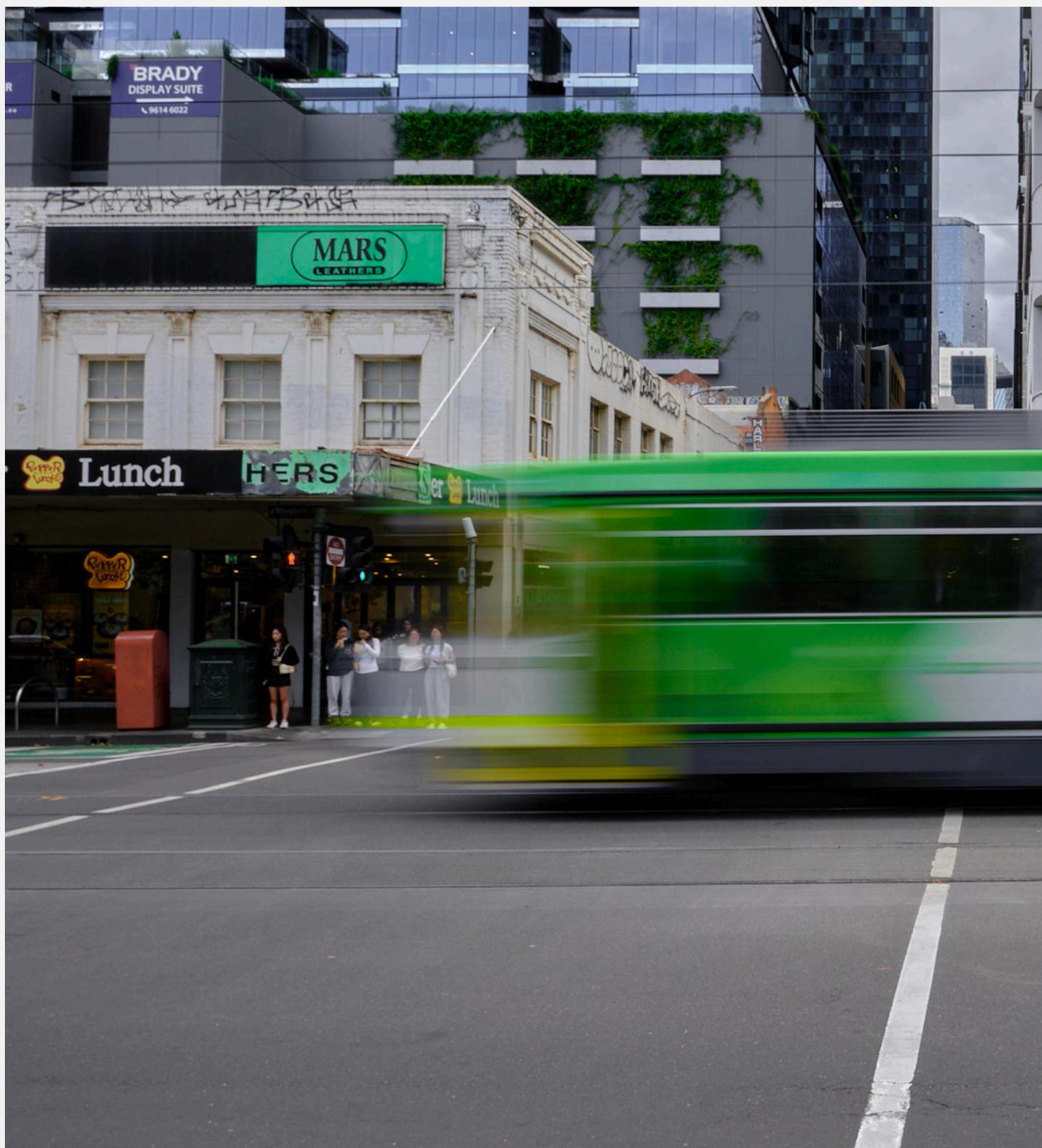
## Gotham

Alone under the glow of city lights and steel shadows, Melbourne leans into its moodier side. Bricks, iron, and electric hum – the pulse of the urban night.









## Watch Out for Trams

There's beauty in the pulse of wheels over tracks. The tram is gone before you can name the destination, but the scene lingers – with stories you'll never hear and glances you'll never meet. Melbourne, raw and restless, always slipping just out of reach.





# FOOD & FESTIVITIES

---

## *FOOD AND FUN ARE AT THE HEART OF MELBOURNE*

In Melbourne, food and celebration are woven into the city's heartbeat. Markets buzz with the scent of spice and coffee, laneways hum with clinking glasses and shared plates, and festivals spill into the streets with music, laughter, and lights.

There's an energy here that feels constant – a collective momentum where cultures meet and create something uniquely Melbourne. Every meal, every festival, feels like a celebration of who they are: diverse, curious, and hungry for connection.







# ON THE STREETS



*Commanding the promenade with a wink and a whirl, crimson hoops spinning like laughter. She juggles rhythm and mischief with every turn, pulling smiles from strangers and applause from the air.*

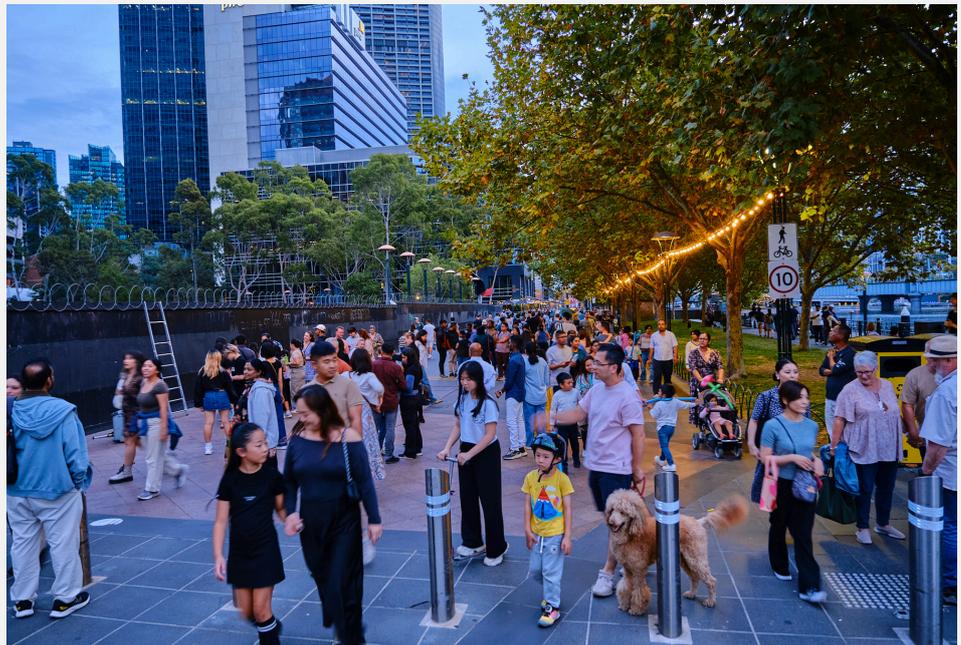
---

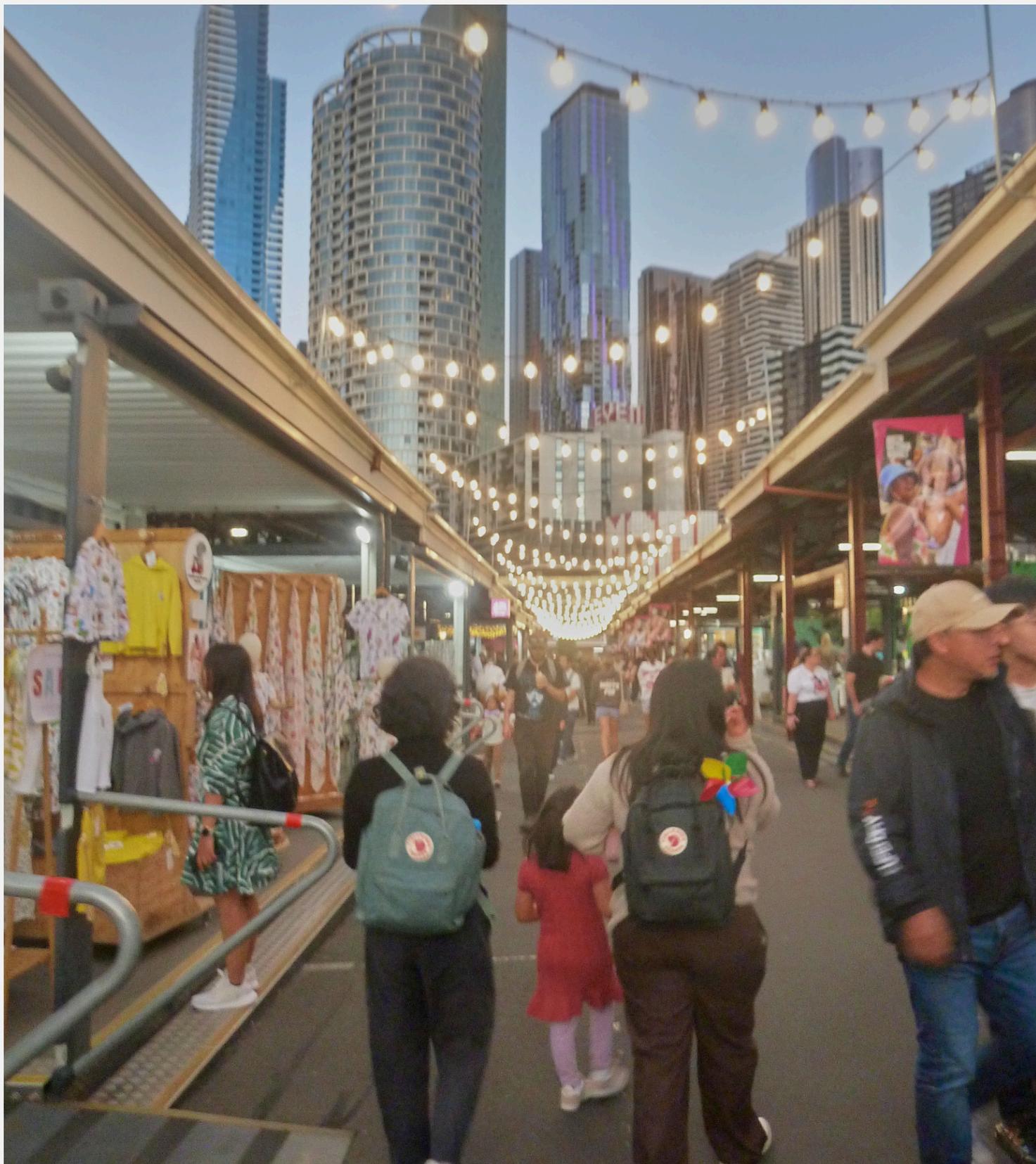
The streets swell with motion – a steady surge of footsteps, voices, and fleeting glances.

People move like currents, drawn forward by purpose or pulled sideways by distraction. It's a city in full stride, each figure a fragment of its rhythm, each crossing a tide of strangers briefly in sync. Figures blur into silhouettes, gathering like low tide at the edge of the Yarra – the city never pausing, only shifting its shape as night begins to breathe.

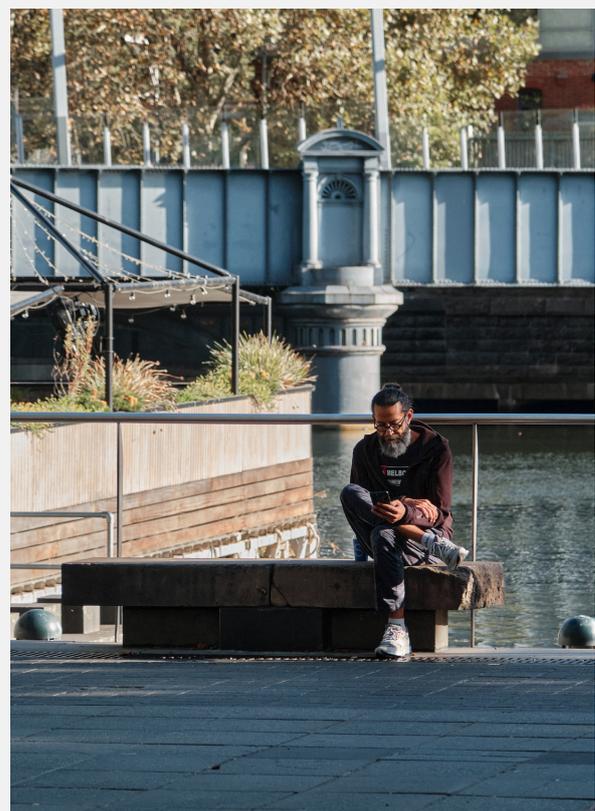
---

*Families bustle along the Melbourne promenade at dusk, their voices rising beneath the warm orange glow of streetlights and river reflections, as the city softens into evening.*

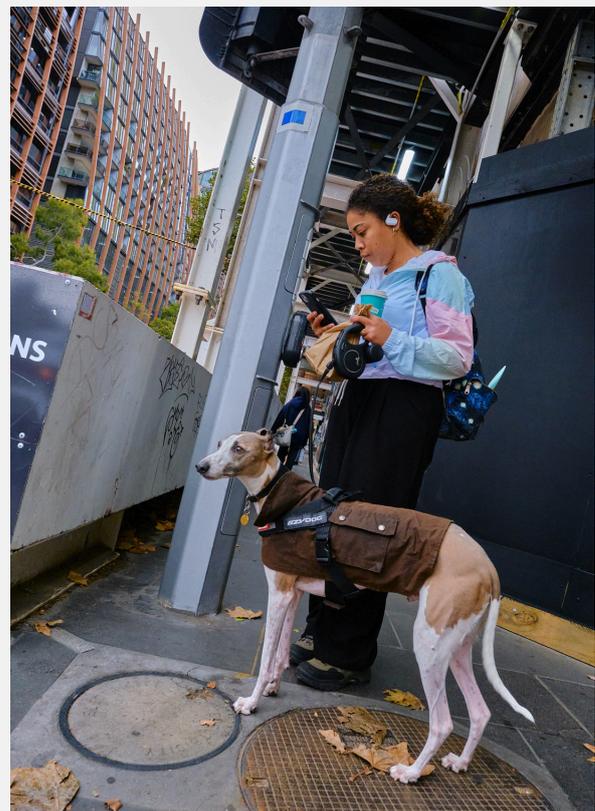




*Walking through the night market, lights sparking overhead like fireflies strung on wire.  
The city rises behind it all — glass and shadow against the sky — watching as crowds drift through the  
glow, chasing the promise of something exciting in the next stall.*







# URBAN ART



Melbourne's street art doesn't sit still – it leaps off laneways, dances across rooftops, and blazes through alleys with a riot of colour and voice. The city's walls are alive with stories scrawled in spray paint and stickered truth, where murals stretch skyward and stencils speak in shorthand rebellion. It's graphic, gritty, and gloriously chaotic – social commentary wrapped in neon, humour dripping from shadows, protest and play swirling in every line. You don't just look at Melbourne's street art – you feel it, like the thump of a bassline under your feet. It's the pulse of a city refusing to be silent.

Turn a corner and the unexpected is waiting. A trail of bees hums above a rooftop, mushroom trees bloom from brick, a wide-eyed rebel jumps from a wall.

Every corner holds a surprise, every surface a challenge or a wink. This is a city where the streets speak – in colour, in symbols, in layers of paint and time. It's a gallery with no walls, no rules, and no end – just a living, breathing expression, scrawled boldly across the bones of the city.

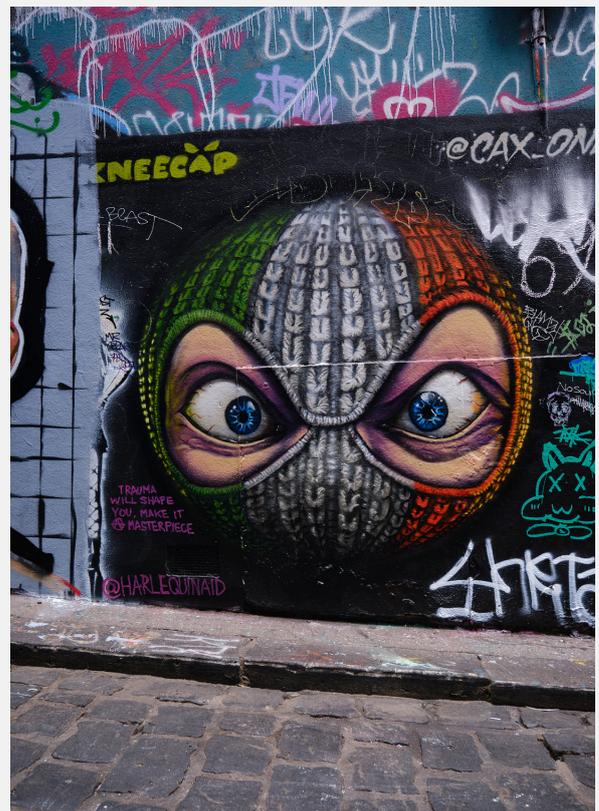
---

*From Bees to Mushroom Trees - Street art abounds spilling across the city like an open sketchbook*



From street art to graffiti, from crumbling laneway walls to forgotten station entrances, Melbourne pulses with creative vision. Art spills across the city like a living language – bold, messy, brilliant – turning doors into declarations and back alleys into open-air galleries. It's not curated, it's claimed; not polished, but powerful. Everywhere you look, the city speaks in colour, in protest, in play – alive with the imagination of those who dare to leave their mark.

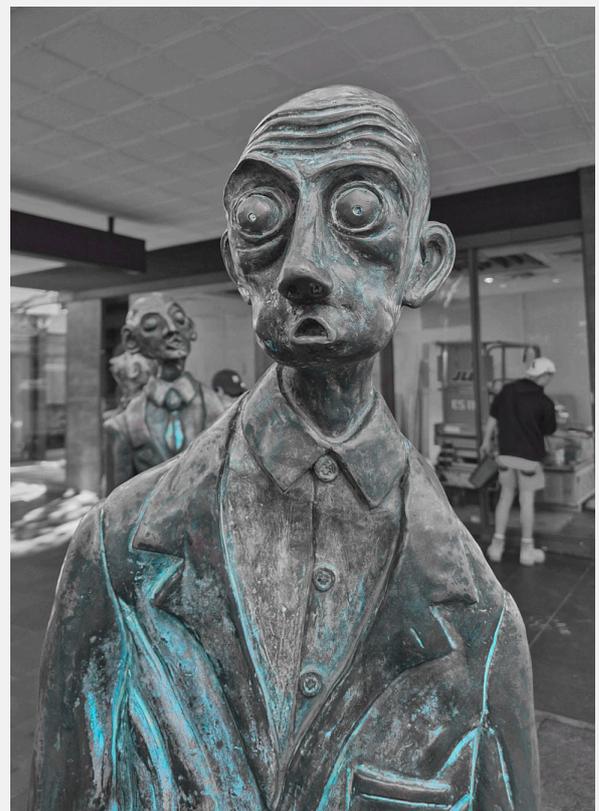


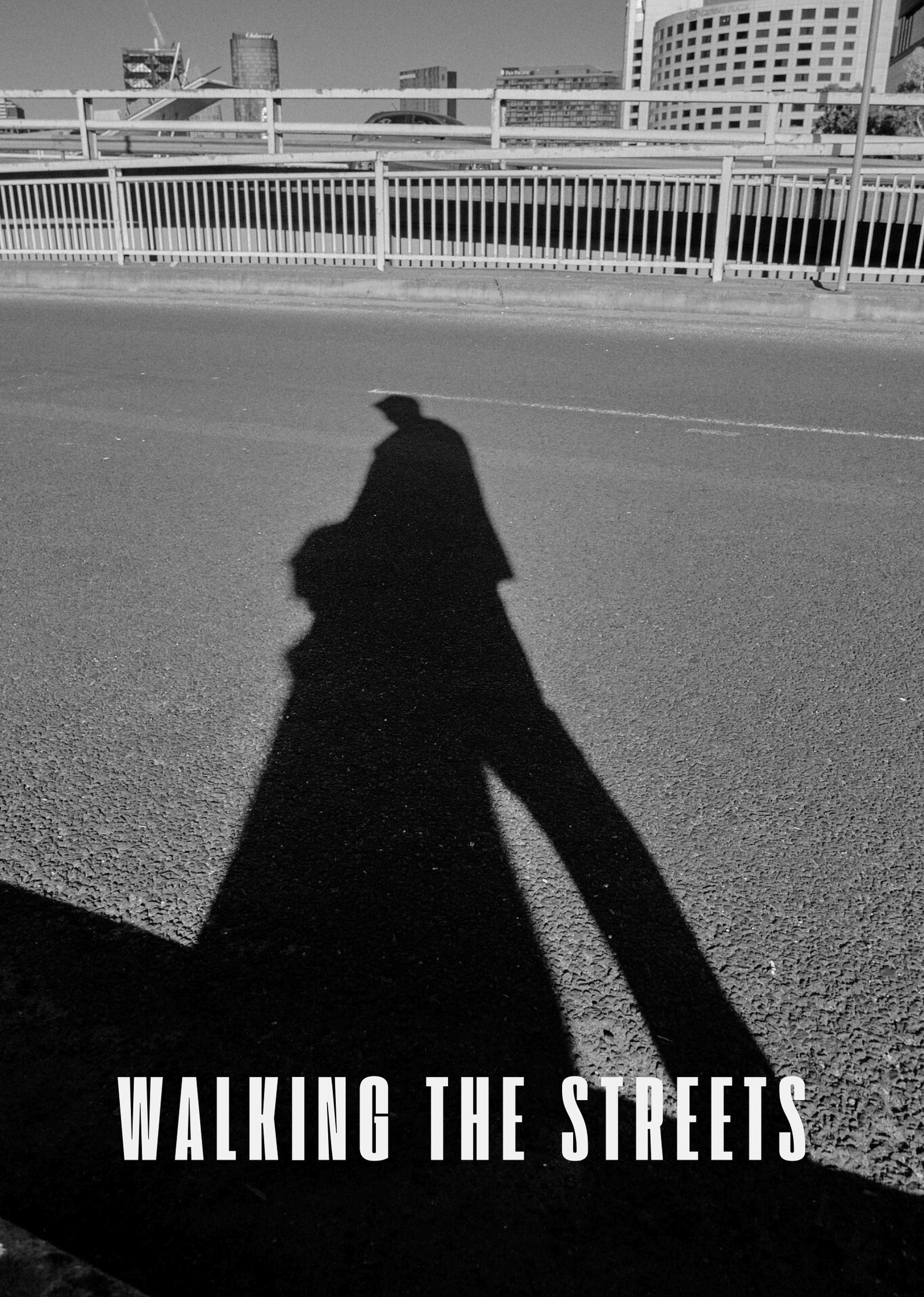






*Whether you're a rose amongst thorns or just chasing the next piece of ink to tell your story, Melbourne has a way of reflecting you back at yourself. This city breathes self-expression. Tattoos, street art, scribbles on café walls — it's all part of the same restless urge to be seen, felt, remembered.*





# WALKING THE STREETS